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THE MONITOR

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MICROSTAT COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

THE WEEK'S NEWS

FROM IRELAND

Parnell's Ultimatum

It is reported by some that at the general meeting Parnell will present a resolution to the Manchester effect, the result of which will be a demand for the creation of a Parliament of the Irish people. This, one cable correspondent says, will be Mr Parnell's ultimatum to Gladstone. It is reported that Mr Parnell and his friends will oppose every government measure.

A Constitutional Question.

The Times London editorial says: Lord Randolph Churchill is well back in Oxfordshire, which addressed a good deal of Conservatism. [illegible] Mr Parnell will demand of the Government a Bill and public inquiry into the Manchester affair, the result of which would be an indictment of the Constabulary, or the Parliament because the House of Lords by some with the House of Commons, intentionally insults that class of men, and thus [illegible] the Irish people. The Government [illegible] Mr Parnell's ultimatum is [illegible] [illegible] Bill, the Land Bill and the Franchise Bill. The Land Bill and the Franchise Bill are matters fully aware. If the ultimatum be accepted the Government will not be all it is worth. There are parties, extremes, some of them have heard for the resolutions of political strife.

Dublin Must not be Insulted

Dublin, Oct. 11.—At a meeting, attended by the prominent men in Dublin, it was the prominent feeling that Dublin should not be insulted by the Government, and that the Government should not be insulted by the Government. The Liberal party [illegible] the Government [illegible] the Government [illegible] the Government

Poetry.

(For the Monitor.)

THE HEAVENLY MELODY.

There are songs that are sung in a land far away,
All unknown to the world, yet they are
Sung in a world as little one stray heard of
that day
Within the earth in its softest breast grew.

And some are perhaps with a sad heart wailed,
From the Earth the wicked heart of Song
Vainly tries to re-make one note—but is doomed
To unknowledge his weakness and wrong

Yes; that nobody heard them such heavenly
But by Angels deft touches in song;
And all, who sang of the world, and in the grave
To be borne to the heaven where the long

And the' weariness in my, that rate is known,
Yet relieved thro' Heavily's time;
For tired in the song gave a power all His own,
And the soul of Its burden's divine!

And the theme! oh! how greatly its subject is
Glorious,
For unlike the dull chorals of this and,
All the joys of Heaven by It are summed,
For it sings of the praises of God.

And blessed that the Great One so lovely appears,
That a glance falls the heaven rapt sight,
And each moment are beauty of its Glorious,
To make way for another more bright!

So this song that is sung by those days of Peace,
Changing with the morning's bright eyes,
But the harmony lives thro' the long lapse of
Time,
For the soul of that song cannot die.

A. D.

MEMORARE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY REV. W. RUSSELL, S. J.

Remember Holy Mary,
Never never hated or known
That anyone who sought thee,
And made to thee his moan:
That anyone who hastened
For shelter to thy care,
Was ever abandoned
And left to his despair.
No! Ever Blessed Virgin
Most merciful, most kind,
No sinner ever sought
But thy sweet pity find.
None, none, O Holy Mary

And so to thee, my Mother:
With trembling hands I call.
For Jesus, dying, gave thee,
As a Mother to us all.
To thee, O Queen of Virgins:
O! Mother hard, to thee,
I run with trustful fondness,
Like a child to the mother's knee.
See at thy feet a sinner,
Groaning and weeping sore,
Ah! leave thy mantle's ever,
Ah! leave me, Mother, more.
No more, O Holy Mary

Thy Son shall deal to me now,
And from His throne on high
His heart this moment pourteth
For even such as I.
Ah, all His love remember,
And Oh! remember, too,
Thy mission, Mary, is to pardon,
Here sinner I am to do.
Yes, scorn not my petition;
Not pudently of my sin,
And help me, O, my Mother:
Sinner as I am to do.

Help! help! O, Holy Mary!

Literary Miscellany.

After Sorrow, Joy.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

The appointed evening's length arrived, matinée time—the parlors of the Mansion half a dozen silken, [illegible] wealth of the magnificent chandeliers blazed with diamond-like brilliancy, the natural floral decorations of the parlors and adjacent rooms, perfumed the evening breeze—in fine, nothing could be added either to adorn the rooms or render the guests more happy.

At 10 o'clock Mr. Martin entered the first parlor, Esther leaning on his arm. She was attired in all that could be attributed to her Fairy Queen, the "Cinderella" of the evening, passing lovely, wonderful belle, yet not like the Witch created beauty, but known by all present, and admired for her personal beauty. Rainer's chaste taste preserved for her a face whose lines were smooth and regular, her head black as a raven's plumage, flowed in natural ringlets, disposing themselves gracefully along her snow-white shoulders, and with a formal smile playing about her pale lips, she glanced against the true state of her mind because her parents had earnestly requested her "not to look so sad." Complimented and admired, without her recognition of the honors was, notwithstanding her efforts to the contrary, tinged with a tender, mild and rigid demeanor.

The same rendered by origin of Italian birth, was of that sweetness peculiar only to that people, and really infused new life in all, save one who exhibited no emotion.

Dancing having concluded for some time, the folding doors were rolled back, revealing the most magnificent supper in all its appointments ever, perhaps, spread in this city. Bright eyes, ruby lips—enticing, yes, laughable conversation—sweet notes from the violin and harp—combined to make the time passed around the festive board most enjoyable. Everything told plainly that like was an occasion of unalloyed pleasure. The sense was in itself sufficient to drive dull care and cannot far away; but dear Esther, Alexandrine, had no heart to participate in the repetition provided for her. If they had consulted her on the subject, she would have expressed her unwillingness—she was not well, perhaps, and did all her feeble nature would allow, to make the best of it; and failing, felt ready to yield.

The young men vied with each other in their attentions to her; still no topic of conversation seemed to interesting her. Only an occasional "yes" or "no" was wrung from her.

One by one—couple by couple—deserted the festive board for a renewal of the merry dance—and the last that filed into the glittering parlor was Esther Martin under the escort of a young gentleman from the city across the river, who, after seating his charge nestled in the sofa.

Mrs. Martin seated herself beside Esther, and with her most winning smiles and affectionate accents begged her daughter to remember that the greatest desire she had and the greatest pleasure which could be afforded Mr. Martin, was, "that you, dear daughter, shall forget your troubles, anticipations of joys that fill the bosom of every one else," and while thus importuning her daughter, the hand of Esther was gently raised and reverently pressed to her lips.

When Mrs. Martin had finished, a distinguished and handsome representative from the city of Tresses was introduced to Miss Esther, and immediately asked for her hand for the next set; only to be denied—gently, though it was—yet with a chilliness not understood by a Frenchman.

Indeed so persistently solicited to bring her to the floor. The merry laugh, the thrilling tones and beaming face of father and mother—all, all, were as the idle winds, unheeded by the child of sorrow.

The gray streak in the eastern skies that foretold the birth of a new day found the dance going on, but admonished the participants that the hour of departure was at hand, and the many conveyances that were already in waiting before the mansion were soon occupied, and departed—leaving their occupants with them to their respective places of abode.

The splendid chandeliers pulled before the orb of day, and this family sought repose in sleep—save, indeed, Mr and Mrs. Martin, who had repaired to their chamber and taken seats at an open window that overlooked the beautiful lake that spread out for miles before them. They had no desire to close their eyes in slumber—their and hearts beat slowly and heavily, they remained silent, as there was no hope to create even a word of cheer. The expensive expedient had been resorted to, leaving as a reward a better disappointment.

In this their sadness, Mrs. Martin was involuntarily exclaimed "Alas that is the value of wealth without happiness. How unexpected how sudden the bright air hopes of parents are blasted, and the objects of their love torn from them! Would that my darling had died in infancy, rather than that she had lived to become the victim of a demented mind."

Mrs. Martin's sobs became crowded itself at this exclamation of despair, and she said "How weak you are! I was looked upon you as a stoic—a philosopher—a man who could never yield to despair—I, my dear husband, shall never despair. Never relax my efforts to restore to normal condition, the physical and mental health of our unhappy daughter! Never! Why have fortune—that fortune—my strength, my life—all shall be spent to save our darling! I will do what lies in my power upon the shoulder of her husband and wept.

Mr. Martin cheerfully assured his wife of his willingness to use his best in all her efforts, and proposed and extended southern trip to the land of orange and bananas, where flowers of all hues are perpetual. He thought that a change of scenery, new faces and new acquaintances, would exert a more salutary influence over the daughter than all things else combined, and so thoroughly was he convinced of the propriety of this step that he urged immediate preparation for the journey.

This proposition was so delightful that Mrs. Martin pictured to herself the restoration of her daughter both physically and mentally, and her happy return to their Kalamah home, to the disappointed sister whose heart into the schisms. Tony scene marked the few days left for getting in readiness. Many were the articles purchased for each member of the family; the business affairs of the parents—street were arranged so that they could be abandoned for a few months without harm; and the many friends who were in sympathy with the afflicted family rented them without reference to the conventionalities, and were profane in their good offices—appeared in giving unasked for advice—all of which was duly appreciated.

A suite of palace cars were contracted for to take the excursionists to the end of their journey without changing cars, and, in short, nothing was lacking to make the journey all that could be desired.

The "Bulls" and "Bears," for once in the history of man, shook hands, and exulted in the prospect of the "Bears" in the "Black Eagle, who for the past twenty years had at his will killed and skinned the "bulls" on the marks.

The "outcast aristocracy sent in their cards of remembrance and good-will like flakes of snow, until the waste basket was called into requisition to relieve the center-table of so much trash. The intelligence spread, and letters from rich men in the South found their way to Mr. Martin, in the shape of pressing invitations to make their house the headquarters of the Martin family during their sojourn there.

To a man unacquainted with the ways of the world, such manifestations of regard would have taken the shape of friendship. But Mr. and Mrs. Martin, alas, in the midst of their anxiety and trouble, laughed heartily at the opinions displayed in some of those letters.

But a new trouble presented itself—it must be commenced—the parlors of the Martin half a dozen silken, [illegible] wealth of the magnificent chandeliers blazed with diamond-like brilliancy, the natural floral decorations of the parlors and adjacent rooms perfumed the evening breeze—in fine, nothing could be added either to adorn the rooms or render the guests more happy.

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The splendid chandeliers pulled before the orb of day, and this family sought repose

MISSIONS IN KENTUCKY.

Sketch of the Life and Labors of the New Bishop of Covington, Kentucky.

Rev. Camillus Paul Maes, the new Bishop of Covington, was born March 10, 1846, in the city of Courtrai, West Flanders, Belgium, of very respectable Catholic parents. He made his classical studies in the principal college of his native city, graduating in 1866. Having completed his studies in the Louvain Seminary, Louvain. He was ordained priest in Mechlin, in December, 1868, for the Diocese of Detroit, and came to America in May, 1869. His first pastoral charge was at Mount Clemens, where he remained until 1871. He then built and opened a New Catholic school, where he gained many admirers and the Home Secrets of Mr. Martin. In April of that year he succeeded Very Rev. Edward Jonas, V. G., as pastor of the French and English congregation at Monroe. He early evinces the necessity of organizing a separate parish for the English-speaking portion of his congregation, and having received permission from His Lordship the Bishop of Detroit, the organization and building of St. John's parish dated from 1872, and completed by his successor, in 1873, and in the following year, as the result of his zeal and ability, he had the satisfaction of seeing the work completed. In July, 1873, he became pastor of the new church, Rev. Father Gillen succeeding him as pastor of St. Mary's. His administration as pastor of St. John's was marked by great prudence and energy. He was the friend of all, but especially of the children, of whom he was very fond, and whose welfare he was ever devoted with a pure water. Those on the occasion they have an eight children, of St. Mary's parish, and the Home Secrets of Mr. Martin. Very Rev. Father Emmanuel tells us that at that period he spoke philosophically, of which he has made his mark, which is well organized, and where he produces some fine specimens of the art and portraits of the classics which speak to the public for the benefit of the community.

The last stage of our visit, and not the least agreeable one, is an excellent lunch which is offered to us, and which consists of eggs, various vegetables, salads and fruit, accompanied with delicious wines, among which we enjoy with particular gusto a sweet white wine of an exquisite aroma and two very superior specimens of the latter's of the Dalmatian's feast, and all our wines are indeed conducive to our joy of wine even to drink our health. The hall where we are entertained is situated near the entrance, and is reserved for the use of distinguished visitors, as they politely inform us. On the opposite side of the part is another dining room, where every hungry wayfarer is entertained free of charge, and, but in a roller form.

We part at last, the best of friends wishing them that they may continue to find favor in the sight of the Lord, and pray that the world may use us gently.

Practical Morality.

An extensive manufacturer in Columbus, Ohio, recently discharged a number men, observed that many of the number were addicted to playing games, such as chess, he called them all together and told them that the factories would shut down at 8 p. m. on Saturday, without reduction of pay, provided they would desist from the sinful practice. They removed the proposition with cheers. A journalistic contemporary remarks on this instance: "If employers generally would give their employés thoughtful attention, they might wisely work great reforms. No employer has a right to play the best interests of his employés."

BISHOP MAES.

A VISIT TO LA TRAPPE.

Happy Lives of the Monks—Daily Devotions and Duties—Perpetual Silence and Constant Prayer their Daily Exercise.

The Trappists Convent at Staouëli is situated on a high plain, about twelve miles from Algiers. It is a large white building, with a very extensive frontage. Up the walls we read the inscription "Les dames n'entrent pas ici." Not gallant, but plebeian prudent. Everyone is not a St. Aubigny.

We produce a letter of introduction to the Gardens of the Order, which, unknown, sends us two monks to do the honors of the place. Brother Gaudentius is somewhat different from each other. Father Gaudentius is a tall, dark handsome man, a little past the meridian of life, who has evidently moved in the best society. He tells us that at the age of 24, having grown quite sick of the world, he sought peace in the quiet retreat. We obtain from him the following particulars as to the mode of life of the convent:

The Trappists rise every morning at two o'clock, and remain in prayer in chapel until 4 a. m., when they go to work, usually in the fields—until twelve, when they partake of a frugal meal, followed by a rest of an hour. They return to work after that, and do not leave off until 8 p. m., when they retire to rest to each other, anything they have to communicate to their brethren has to be conveyed through the superior, the only person whom they may address. Their only food, and that of the poorest kind, is served down with pure water. Those on the sick list may have an eight ounce loaf, of which one of the Fathers, pointed to some of the series of the incarnation, birth, life and death of our Lord, and the Blessed Virgin, those of His resurrection, and His glorious ascension, and the Holy Ghost descending on the Apostles, and the Blessed Virgin and the Lord's Prayer. This is just the Rosary, but it is not the Rosary as we know it. Instead of a bead, there is a bead, and instead of a bead, there is a bead, and instead of a bead, there is a bead, and

THE MONITOR.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intermediate Pontiff, the Catholic Publications of the world, to the spread, the edification and the consolidation of the reign of religion, its rights and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and failure in its doctrine and precepts is his devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the vital agent in popularizing labor and propagating the ideas which are the life of the world. Its mission, in our time, perhaps, more than in behalf a century and serious consideration, not only a week long, but a month long, and even longer, if need be, is to be a great educator. Journalism, what it is and what ought to be the office of a Catholic journalist, what it can do, what it ought to do, what it must do, if it would be a true Catholic journalist, and what it is to be a Catholic journalist, and what it is to be a Catholic journalist, and what it is to be a

Farm and Home.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are the birds that sweetly sang
A hundred years ago?
They lie that sleep, all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago!
The lip that smiled,
The eyes then wild
In fashion shone
A hundred years ago.

Where, O where, are those fair and eyes,
The maiden's smile, the lover's sighs,
That were so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with face meek
Another's heart—
Where, O where, are the plots and moves,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That were so long ago?

Where are the sermons whose text was death
A hundred years ago?
Who, whilst living, oft thus wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men
They have not then,
Their beds are filled;
Their homes are filled
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

Around the House.

When wall paper is discolored by the hair of people, rub carefully with stale bread.

Scrap down dust and spider-webs and wipe the wall paper straight down from the top with a piece of cotton flannel tied over a broom; dampen the room to prevent soiling.

Paper labels may be removed from bottles by wetting the surface and holding for an instant over any convenient flame. The steam penetrates the label at once and softens the paste.

Oilcloth must be wiped perfectly dry as it is washed. Take up the chips and lay tepid water, change often. A good brush and a piece of dry flannel will make an oilcloth look like new, especially if linseed oil or skim milk be well rubbed in after washing. If in addition to these precautions they are varnished annually they are almost indestructible.

Clean paint with ammonia—a tablespoonful to a quart of water; it is also excellent for unpainted woodwork. Never put soap on paint, as it hills the oil, causing it to fade from the wood. Whitling removes all spots and discolorations. Wet a flannel, dip in the whiting and rub. Wash off well and wipe dry. In fact, whenever you clean let the hot water be with a dey cloth. Scour yellow spots with powdered borax.

In washing windows have a bit of pine stick over which to lay the cloth in order to reach the corners. Old newspapers are excellent for removing lint and giving a fine polish. If stoves are to remain during hot summer have them black leaded with; the carpets are up, pinnipe papers over the wall behind them will thrive in process. Stoves that are to be stored should be rubbed with kerosene and covered to keep off flies and dust.

A simple contrivance which will prevent the scattering of seed by a canary is made by taking a piece of tarlatan of the same color as the cage; have it deep enough to reach from the bottom of the cage to the top of the seed dish; skirr it at both top and bottom, run strings in and fasten to the cage. If this is neatly put on it adds to the look of the cage and saves a great deal of work. The tin strings so that they can be untied easily and the cover be taken off and shaken.

Ink stains may be removed from a mahogany table by putting a few drops of spirits of nitre into a teaspoonful of water, scouring the part stained with a feather dipped into the mixture; immediately the ink stain disappears, the place must be rubbed with a little sweet milk and water, or the spirits will be removed. Ink stains on silver articles may be removed immediately and effectually without doing any injury to the things, by making a little chloride of lime into a paste with water, and rubbing the stains until they disappear and afterwards washing the article with soap and water. Ink stains may be removed from colored silks or cloths by dissolving a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teacupful of hot water and rubbing the stained part well with the solution. Ink stains may be taken out of any thing white by simply putting a little powdered salts of lemon on the stain, dampening it, allowing it to remain about five minutes, and then washing it out with soap and water, when the stain will disappear. Ink may be removed from boards by applying some strong muriatic acid or spirits of salts with a piece of rag and afterward well washing the place with water.

The Boys.

Look out for the boys, even the little ones. Watch them closely. Take good care of them. Keep them as sinless possible. Give them a chance to get knowledge. Not an "education," in the popular meaning of the term is not knowledge. Give boys to work a more important than how to solve difficult problems. The ability to gain and maintain a home is of better than the ability to read Greek, or compose music. The pride which tells a young man who follows the plow or strikes the anvil that he is, so far as his occupation is concerned, as good a man as the best of them, is better than the pride of the mere scholar, if, in addition, he possesses no other qualities, who contemplates labor upon his escape from what he considers "drudgery." One of the first, last and most constant lessons which should be taught in every school house, is that honest toil is also safest and best; that humble homes are also safest and best; that quiet, rural lives are the safest and best. There are boys not "all grown in one terms who smoke cigarettes, and swear blasphemously, and—not all sorts of vices. They do so because they are idle. By the time they are men, idleness will be a habit, and all these vices will grow in this field of idleness like weeds in an untended garden. Every home ought to be a better school than any school-house; but how few are better than necessities of evil, because of environment. What can the boys doing after school hours, and on Saturdays and Sundays, and in vacation! Many of them think they are having fun, when they are only seeing the seeds of future failure and disgrace. They should have fun, plenty of it, but they need teaching that vice is not fun, and that vicious fun as a business is the hardest work and the least reward before they get through with it, of anything they can go at. It is the business of the parents and teachers to see that the fun is innocent, wholesome, and that some useful employment fills a portion of every day. The boys must be taught to work, and to know that the way things are fixed up in this little juvenile part of the nation, nothing else is really honorable and commendable but work. The dunce of them all they grow up want to depend on a poor or very moderate head, and not enough on a very good pair of hands and feet.

Flippers' Academy of Languages.

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 720 Market street, corner of Geary. Professor Ile Flippe continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy practical method saving months of study. "Ollapod" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice, 25c. Sun library and periodicals from Spain and France free to students.

Household Hints.

Reliable Recipes.

FRYING.—A very little cream of tartar in the frying for a cake will hasten the hardening process. If the knife is often dipped into water while spreading the frosting, it will give a gloss of polish greatly to be desired.

COOKING HEARTHAN.—A great many cooks (at least the younger ones) stick the fork in the middle of the steak when turning it over. This is wrong. The fork should be inserted in the very edge, or in the fat that encircles it. When cutting it up, if the steak is inclined to curl, cut in three places before putting it in the pan. With a good fire it ought not to be in the pan over twenty minutes. Never add pepper or salt while the steak is frying, as the seasoning draws out the blood. Put the steak in the oven as soon as it is done, but do not shut the door, as the steak will get hard and stiff.

HARD FISH. First, dip the fish quickly in boiling water; then wipe the scales off, rinse in cold water, wipe it dry, sprinkle salt both inside and out, about as much as you would for steaks. Then dip in flour, place the pan that you are going to bake it in the stove with a piece of butter in it the size of an egg. Let it melt so that it covers the pan. Your pan should be about the length of your fish; if larger the butter will be apt to burn. Place your fish in it, the inside of it next to the pan. Put it in a hot oven, and bake one hour, if it is a large fish, less time if smaller. It should be well done and of a nice brown color.

MUTTON CHOPS.—Trim off superfluous fat and skin, boil each chop fat, and lard each with strips of fat salt pork, drawn in with the pick or by punch and sinker; the chop, put into saucepan; sprinkle with minced onion, pepper and parsely and barey cover with any weak broth you may chance to have. Put on the saucepan lid; set it where it will not boil under one hour. Then increase heat and simmer half hour, or until tender. Take up the chops and keep hot. Thicken gravy with browned flour, and juice of one lemon, and one spoonful mushroom catsup, stir one minute. Put back the chops, and heat to a well boil; lay chop on dish, pour over the gravy and serve.

ROAST TURKEY.—After the turkey is well dressed make a dressing of two cups of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonfuls of butter, one egg. Season with sage and pepper, and mix together with milk, but not too wet. Stuff the turkey with this, filling the breast and body, and sew it up with a needle and twine. Tie the skin over the end of the neck with a string. Rub salt over it and dredge with flour. Place it in the roaster, breast side up, and as it cooks turn frequently, so it will brown all sides alike. It should be roasted slowly. A turkey of eight pounds should roast three hours. When half done (four again thickly; when this is browned baste it off with butter. To make the gravy: Boil the giblets until thoroughly done. Take them out and chopp very fine and put them into the gravy tureen. Take the water they were boiled in and add the drippings of the turkey and a little flour. Give it one boil, stirring it all the time. Pour it into the gravy tureen with the chopped giblets.

How to Preserve Cabbages.

A farmer's wife, writing to the *Country Gentlemen*, tells how she keeps cabbages from year from her plants. She always has nice cabbages. She keeps in an open pan full of fine, dry earth, and every time she goes into the garden she adds a teaspoonful or more of this dust over the cabbages, and the worms never molest them. Also by putting plenty of sawdust around current bushes she saves them from the worms, and it makes them bear large fruit, as it keep the grass moist underneath.

THE MONITOR

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Farm and Home.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are the birds that sweetly sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers, that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lip that smiled,
The eye that will
Be dim and cold
In churchyard mould,
Where, O where, are lips and eyes,
The maiden's cheek, the lover's sighs,
That were so long ago?

Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The massing tale
Of other feet,
The plot that worked
Is buried now
Where, O where are the plots and moors,
The poor man's home, the rich man's floors,
That were so long ago?

Where are the men who died with glory
A hundred years ago?
Who, while living, felt their story
A hundred years ago?
By other men,
They have not then,
Their lands and laws
Their home are filled
Yet nothing new can be say,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

Around the House.

When wall paper is discolored by the hair of people, rub carefully with stale bread.

Scrap down dust and spider-webs and wipe the wall paper straight down from the top with a piece of cotton flannel tied over a broom; change this often to prevent soiling.

Paper labels may be removed from bottles by wetting the surface and holding for an instant over any convenient flame. The steam penetrates the label at once and softens the paste.

Oilcloth must be wiped perfectly dry as it is washed. Use little soap and this in tepid water, change often. A good brush and a piece of dry flannel will make an oilcloth look like new, especially if linseed oil or skim milk be first rubbed in after washing. In addition to these precautions they are varnished annually they are almost indestructible.

Clean paint with ammonia—a tablespoonful to a quart of water; it is also excellent for unpainted woodwork. Never put soap on paint, as it kills the oil, causing it to fade from the wood. Whiting removes all spots and discolorations. Wet a flannel, dip in the whiting and rub. Wash off well and wipe dry. In time, whenever you clean let the hat wipe be with a dry cloth. Spear yellow spots with powdered borax.

In washing windows have a bit of pine stick over which to lay the cloth in order to reach the corners. Old newspapers are excellent for removing lint and giving a fine polish. If stoves are to remain during the summer have them black leaded while the carpets are up, pinning papers over the wall behind them will this is in process. Stoves that are to be stored should be rubbed with kerosene and covered to keep off flies and dust.

A simple contrivance which will prevent the scattering of seed by a canary is made by taking a piece of lattice of the same color as the cage; have it deep enough to reach from the bottom of the cage to the top of the seed dish; shirr it at both top and bottom, run strings in and fasten to the cage. If this is neatly put on it adds to the look of the cage and saves a great deal of work. Tie the strings so that they can be undone easily and the cover be taken off and shaken.

Ink stains may be removed from a mahogany table by putting a few drops of spirits of nitre into a teaspoonful of water, touching the part stained with a feather dipped into the mixture; immediately the ink stain disappears, the place must be rubbed with a little water, or there will be a white mark. Ink stains on silver articles may be removed immediately and effectually without doing any injury to the things, by making a little chloride of lime into a paste with water, and rubbing the stains until they disappear and afterwards washing the article with soap and water. Ink stains may be removed from colored table covers by dissolving a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teacupful of hot water and rubbing the stained part well with the solution. Ink stains may be taken out of a white white by simply putting a little powdered salts of lemon on the stain, dampening it, allowing it to remain about five minutes, and then washing it out with soap and water, when the stain will disappear. Ink may be removed from boards by applying strong muriatic acid or spirits of salts with a piece of rag and afterward well washing the place with water.

The Boys.

Look out for the boys, even the little ones. Watch them closely. Take good care of them. Keep some useful employment. Give them a chance to get knowledge. Put an "education," in the popular meaning of the term is not knowledge. How to work is more important than how to solve difficult problems. The ability to gain and maintain a home is far better than the ability to read Greek, or compose music. The prize which tells a young man who follows the plow or sculptures the anvil that he is, so far as his competition is concerned, as good a man as the best of them, is better than the prize of the mere scholar, or politician, or professional sharp, who congratulates himself upon his escape from what he considers drudgery. Of the first, but one in the most constant lessons which should be taught in every school house, is that honest toil is also safest and best; that humble homes are the safest and best; that quiet, rural lives are the safest and best. There are boys not half grown in our towns who smoke cigarettes, and swear boisterously, and can—but all sorts of vices. They do so because they are idle. By the time they are man, idleness will be a habit, and all these vices will grow in this field of idleness like weeds in an untended garden. Every home ought to be a better school than any school-house; but how few are better than the reception of evil, because of carelessness. What are the boys doing after school hour; and on Saturdays and Sundays, and in vacation? Many of them think they are doing fun, when they are only sowing the seeds of future failure and disgrace. They should have fun, plenty of it, but they need teaching that vice is not fun, and that virtue fun as a business is the hardest work and the hard reward before they get through with it, of anything they can do at. It is the business of the parents and teachers to see that the fun is innocently innocent, and that rural useful employment fills a portion of every day. The boys must be taught to work and to know that the way things are fitted up in this little gravel-spot of the universe, nothing also is really profitable and commendable but work. Too many of them as they grow up want to depend on a poor or very moderate hand, and not enough on a very good pair of hands and brains.

Philippo Academy of Languages.

Established 1871, has removed to more commodious and pleasant quarters, 192 Market street, corner of Geary. Professor Jos Filippo continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his self, practical method saving months of study. The slower method of acquiring foreign tongues is obsolete. This improved method affords the opportunity to practise. Circulars and particulars from Spain and France free by students.

Household Hints.

Reliable Recipes.

FROSTING.—A very little cream of tartar in the frosting for a cake will hasten the hardening process. If the knife is often dipped into water while spreading the frosting, it will give a gloss of polish greatly to be desired.

COOKING HARPSTEAK.—A great many cooks (at least the younger ones) stick the fork in the middle of the steak when turning it over. This is wrong. The fork should be inserted in the very edge, or in the fat that encircles it. When cutting it up, if the steak is inclined to curl, cut in three places before putting it in the pan. With a good fire it ought not to be in the pan over twenty minutes. Never add pepper or salt while the steak is frying, as the seasoning draws out the blood. Put the steak in the oven as soon as it is done, but do not shut the door, as the meat will get hard and stiff.

HARD FISH.—First, dip the fish quickly in boiling water; then wipe the scales off rinse in cold water; wipe it dry, sprinkle salt both inside and out, about as much as you would for steaks. Then dip in flour; place the pan that you are going to bake it in the stove with a piece of butter in it the size of an egg. Let it melt so that it covers the pan. Your pan should be about the length of your fish; if larger the butter will be apt to burn. Place your fish in it, the inside of it next to the pan. Put it in a hot oven, and bake one hour, if it is a large fish, less time if smaller. It should be well done and of a nice brown color.

MUTTON CHOPS.—Trim off superfluous fat and skin, beat each chop flat, and heat each with stripes of fat salt pork, drawn quite through so as to protect them from the shop, put into saucepan; sprinkle with minced onion, pepper and parsley and barely cover with any weak broth you may chance to have. Put on the saucepan lid, set it where it will not boil under one hour. Then increase heat and simmer half hour, or until tender. Take up the chops and keep hot. Thicken gravy with browned flour, and juice of one lemon, one large spoonful nasturtium catsup, stir one minute, put back the chops, and then, in a deep boil "Lay about you dish, pour over the gravy and serve.

ROAST TURKEY.—After the turkey is wall dressed make a dressing of two cups of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of butter, one egg. Season with sage and pepper, and mix together with milk, but not too wet. Stuff the turkey with this, filling the breast and body, and sew it up with a needle and twine. Tie the skin over the end of the neck with a string. Rub salt over it and then some flour. Place it in the roaster, breast side up, and as it cooks turn frequently so it will brown all sides alike. It should be roasted slowly. A turkey of eight pounds should roast three hours. When half done, and again shortly when this is browned baste it off with butter. To make the gravy, boil the giblets until thoroughly done. Take them out and chop very fine and put them into the gravy tureen. Take the water they were boiled in and add the drippings of the turkey and a little flour. Give it one boil, stirring it all the time. Pour it into the gravy tureen with the chopped giblets.

How to Preserve Cabbages.

A farmer's wife, writing to the *Country Gentleman*, tells how she keeps cabbage worms out of her patch: "I think that I have has nice cabbages. She keeps an old tin pan full of fine, dry earth, and every time she goes into the garden she sifts a teaspoonful or more of this dust over the cabbages, and the worms never molest them. Also by putting plenty of sawdust around current bushes she saves them from the worms, and makes them bear larger fruit, as it keep the ground moist and cool.

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Oregon Postal Association, 823 Market street—Postal cards, 20 per hundred; 25 cents per 100; 15 cents per dozen; 2 cents per quarter.

Dr. F. Rudy, 416 Montgomery avenue, the best for all chronic diseases. Consultation free.

Your dandruff keeps Vin Oil. It is one out, cup your that on will not to somebody that will, for the price is only 50 cents.

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—The Prescott House, corner of Kearny street and Montgomery avenue, under the proprietorship of Mr. J. W. Decker, continues to be one of the most comfortable hotels in the city. The rate for board and room ranges from $1 to $1 50 day, or less by the week. The accommodations are first-class, and country readers will find the Prescott House, central and commodious.

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Quinn Mineral Water Palace.

This new establishment has just been fitted up in 1882 Market street, opposite Fifth. It is manned by gentlemen and novelty are attracting considerable attention. Quinn's Mineral Water, whether in champagne or draught, made from the best California wines as well as soda and mineral waters, at the same price per glass, of more than silver Dollar business, insures them a perfect success.

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THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSOCIATION of the United States. Main office, 1402 Market street, San Francisco, California, all men and women of good morals, and between the ages of 21 and 45 are eligible to membership. Address, for circulars, etc., secretary Union Benefit Certificate, or from 9 to 12 noon, personally to room every law years during the year, at 1402 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. Agents wanted in every town and county in the United States. Address as above, or P. M. FREUND, Agent, 1402 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

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The Order C. K. of A., has already over 10 branches, and many thousand members all over the United States. Any man, woman or child, between the ages of 5 and 45 years, is eligible to membership. Address, for circulars, or information, the Secretary, Box 2, F. Schmidt, 1402 Market st. San Francisco.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces quiet, natural sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to the taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Sketch Me!

Sutter's Walnut Gallery, 1 Montgomery avenue, wonderful giving life-like resemblance to the dead, produces ambrotypes and ferrotypes; gives a beautiful finish to its fair and exquisite. Warranted not to rub or stick. Called to any place on receipt of 50 cents, postage stamp enclosed. Sign, 1 Pacific place, San Francisco, Cal. Sold by all druggists and barbers.

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TERMS:

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Tuition in English, Vocal Music, Use of Piano, Drawing and Painting, per session, 50 00
Bed and Bedding, per session, 10 00
Use of Harp, per session, 10 00
Washing, per session, 50 00
Graduating Fee, 10 00
Physician's Fees in case of sickness.

Bills are presented and are payable at the end of each half session.

SILENT DAY SCHOOL.

Terms per month (half in advance.)
Tuition in the 1st and 2d College Classes, $ 6 00
Tuition in the 3d and 4th College Classes, 7 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes, 5 00
Tuition in the 3d and 4th Preparatory Classes, 6 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Intermediate Classes, 4 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes, 3 00

Terms per month (cash in advance.)
Tuition in the 1st and 2d College Classes, $ 6 00
Tuition in the 3d and 4th College Classes, 7 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes, 4 50
Tuition in the 3d and 4th Preparatory Classes, 5 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Intermediate Classes, 3 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes, 2 50

Extra charges for Drawing, Painting, Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.

Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS

Per quarter, payable in advance.
Entrance Fee, Ten Dollars, to be paid once.
Board, Tuition, Washing and use of bedding, $50
Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.
French and Spanish lessons free.

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STRANGE FACTS.

Recent Extraordinary Cures Effected by a Visiting Physician.

The Paralytic and Rheumatic Throwing Away Their Crutches The Deaf Restored to Hearing and the Blind to Sight.

SCHOOL-MASTER AND BOY.

"You're called too often and punished too long. You don't make me be obedient to you. You're called me a dunce if I answered wrong. Or a dull if I failed to tell
Just where to say 'the' and when to say 'lay,'
Or what side-saddle-horses ought to do,
Or the longitude of Kamschatka Bay,
Or what Jack's mother made him do,
So I think the school ought to close, I do,
Or make a change or so at least."

The school-master grinned, he opened his eyes,
But said not a word for sheer surprise.
"Can you tell me what 'phenobbi means?' I ran,
Can you say all of by heart,
The 'every, twenty, ninety' sum,
Or tell Salem or Nominal Rome?
Can you thing a boy, I would like to know,
Tell it hence like a bumble bee?
Can you make a kite yourself that will go
Up and down and sideways and up the sky
Or make and engine or a boat on the wing
And the little birdies come to sing
Around your window? Can you do all this,
Or can you do nothing, I'm almost sure
Can you tell me where the rest of the white
Goes under the eaves may be?
Do you know the time when the squirrel brings
The young from the nest in the tree?
Can you tell me how many pounds of potatoes
Are in a bushel? Can you say
Do you climb a high tree, or do you climb
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run?
Can you do everything? Why, I think
The master's voice trembled as he replied
Hesitatingly, as if he feared he weighed.

How a Little American Girl Saw the Pope.

A gentle, winning and brave little American girl who is travelling in Europe, caring for invalid mother, writes to a lady friend a letter describing the following bright and ingenuous description of an interview she succeeded in gaining with the Pope:

"I was so nervous when I knew I should see him, I felt as if I could not speak or do anything right. I was so excited that I forgot my manners and I did not even say Holy Father, I just walked up and said, I was an American, and I was so happy to see him, I was a total stranger, and a complete stranger, I was so happy I could not speak, and then I thought was the way I should have done. Then he left. The Pope was dressed all in white, and looked so young for a man of his years, and so a moment I felt as happy as I ever felt in my life. I don't know what I did, I felt as if I could do anything. I did not know I could speak a word of English, I only called 'Mon Pere,' and didn't give a single thought I could think of nothing formal. I then half knelt before him, and he put his hand on my head. In my left hand I had my crucifix, and in the right hand my rosary. I had my beads which I might use while he said beautiful Latin words to read my soul? He raised me all upright, my sister, papa and mamma, my home, and my pleasures, and I felt as if I could give him all, and he would bless me and every one, and then gave me a special blessing, he laid his hand on it and my precious little crucifix, and I kissed it with both hands on my knees and then, with a wave of his hand he motioned me to retire, and I felt as if many steps he called me and sent a message to papa. I did not come out of the room at all in the usual way, I just kept on retreating myself out, I felt as if I could not turn my back on the room, when he again blessed me and then with my hand up and my eyes full of tears, I ran out, and I don't believe Holy Father thought I was the same happy girl who an hour before had entered the room. I ran to my apartment, from which he hastily came carrying a silver box which he pressed into my hand, my very, very pleased as he told me Father sent it with a blessing, for my own. This is my proof that I have seemed all this, and the precious gift of a moment of a year to be remembered by me I live. I did have some enough to thank the chamberlains, one of them passed, for their courtesy, and get tears and not into my carriage. I feel if I could sit and wondering if all appeared had been seen.

Angry Words to Mother.

Forget a great many things which happen to-day, said a little girl, the lesson of love her thanks. "But I can't forget angry words I spoke to my dear mother, who is now dead. Ah! dear little I'm respectful to your parents. I just remembered it, and added the special to neighbors and children, but I think these promises protection will add here forgiveness. You will have more and less regrets.

A Woman's Pocket.

It looks out in a dwelling house the door, and after the men and his wife reached the street, the lady found that was $60 in the pocket of her husband. Hastily she called him back, "Is for it," said the husband, and he ran back to the burning building. The lady hurriedly, and the man did not. At the expiration of an hour the extinguished, and the back building. Finally he grasped their way up the stairs through water and blinding smoke and found the man in the closet, and at his wife's close looking for the $60. He was nearly suffocated with but had strength enough to say that he would find the pocket inside the dress. It never occurred to him to the dress and rush out with the money. He got so excited and nervous in

MISCELLANEOUS.

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All kinds of Monuments and Marble Mantles. Also, Lots Enclosed with Granite.

All kinds of Monuments and Grave Stones. Mantles Mantles. Also, Lots Enclosed with Granite.

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The leading authority in the United States on Decorative Art.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

A Specialty.

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Glacier Decoration, or Imitation Stained Glass.

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Household Table Ware, Door Plates, Name-boards, Etc., Refinished and Plated in the Best Manner at the Lowest Rates.

SILVER PLATED TO WEAR LIKE IRON.

Old Worn Spoons Replated as Good as New.

Plating Done by Steam Power.

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(Limited.)

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No. 841 MARKET STREET, 841

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS!

On and after the 1st day of October, 1884 the price of Gas to consumers will be Two Dollars and Twenty-five Cents ($2.25) per one thousand cubic feet.

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INSURANCE.

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UNION

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PROMPT DISPATCH OF LOSSES.

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THE NUN OF KENMARE.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

ment by those opposed to her patriotic works and her advocating the cause of the Irish poor. He asserted that she had transgressed her rule, either in her literary works or her work for the poor, but, on the contrary, she only carried out the strict commands of her superiors, Bishops McCarthy and McCarthy, and the Abbess O'Hagan. He alleded to her having lost "her friends and protectors in the patriotic Bishop McCarthy and the saintly Abbess O'Hagan, something, she felt strongly that the sympathies of their successors were not with her or her work." He also alluded to her efforts at Kanth and to "the many injurious rumors, which she saw no means of contradicting," her being received by bigoted and anti-Irish people, and her comparatively to Rome, where her efforts were for weeks discussed by the authorities, at the end of which the Holy Father recognized her in private audience, gave her his blessing, and made her Foundress of a new order. The Bishop next quoted a letter he received from the official of the Propaganda, saying that "the papers concerning Mother Clare which he may different quarters, have been sent to the Propaganda; do not contain anything which might give some complaint to be made against her character." The official continued in the following words: "I may assure your Lordship that no action, acknowledgment and consideration has been taken of whatever was sent to Propaganda, and nothing was found to prevent your Lordship from proceeding in the matter of her as the Holy Father," etc. The "papers concerning her" which the official alludes to, are the numerous complaints—piles of letters—sent against the Nun of Kenmare to Rome by parsonocracy—Protestants and sympathizers of the oppressive landlords and the detestable Castle rule—whose crime of, though it proved sufficient to torture her in Ireland, could not hurt her in her exile, proved of no account at the feet of St Peter, the source of truth and justice.

Bishop Spaldings informed the audience that Mother Clare had recently written to Archbishop McEvilly, saying that her mission Order might have the convent at Knock, and that she was willing, with a decided refusal. This convent is the building which the Nun of Kenmare, with her usual pluck, with a view to establish an industrial and training school for Irish girls, so very greatly needed of the paid the holders for the last penny about $20,000, being contributions received from all parts of the world, including many Protestants—all of whom sympathized with her in her philanthropic and benevolent design. Not probably this affair also is one to which, as an act of justice to the Irish people, the Propaganda will give serious consideration.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

The Irish-American Leaders.

DUBLIN, Oct. 10.—A meeting has been started among the Irish National Leagues societies for extending an invitation to the Irish-American leaders, including Alex. Sullivan and Congressman Donnelly, to visit Ireland.

Hero Perpetual Informers.

The Crown continues in vogue in the Maamtrasna murder trial to deplorably by the reunion, on a Sunday, at Ballinrobe, of Joseph Witness in the Sheppy murder case at Ballycalla, to the immense rage he made in the prosecution of those, who propose to impeach the evidence of such a character, completely by the Smythe murder were convicted.

Reason for Evicted Tenants.

DUBLIN, Sept. 27.—Major Chavasly, a lieutenant in Queen's County, Wednesday, fatally shooting upon one of his farms, whose health is probably, was not seen for twelve months. The Major was a resident of Dublin. The Major was recently engaged from their domicile and fed, but was prevented by the police, who had seen most people before the chase was given up.

The Irish Leagues in Great Britain.

DUBLIN, Oct. 1.—A meeting of the Irish National Land League of Great Britain held in Harrington, Secretary, said that, owing to the recent issue, and discharged, the Irish League had decided to affiliate with no Branches connected with the Irish Land League. The League, he said, had received no help from America for its work, and, in fact, the Irish Land for its all necessary to carry on work.

Impossible to Fade in Ireland.

On 4,000, The Catholic schools of 308, Michael and John are, it is understood, especially mentioned for a minimal bequest.

Donegal.—Thomas Lynch, one of clerty, Castlecastle, in the county of Donegal, farmer, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

The National League continues to spread its ramifications in the North. A meeting of a very impressive character took place for the establishment of a branch at the Lagoon, was held recently in Belfast, and was addressed by Messrs. Davitt and Dillon, Mr. Ward, and by Messrs. Daniel Tuite, John Gallagher, and Dr. Kelly. The resolutions were excellent, embracing the Irish National demands in their entirety. They approved of the principles of the Irish National League, proclaimed the demands for self-government, expressed confidence in the Irish Party under Mr. Parnell, and concluded the meeting to support the cause of the Irish laborers.

Galway.—Mr. T. F. O'Connor, M. P., visited his constituents, on Sept. 13, and received at their hands a welcome which, in some degree, have compensated him for the enthusiasm and persecution labor with which he provoked Conservatives and Unionists.

Cork.—Of all the Irish members, not one deserves a larger share of the respect and gratitude of his fellow countrymen than Mr. O'Connor.

Kilkenny.—The Commissioners of National Education have promoted Mrs. Ellen O'Gorman, principal teacher of Chemeldare National School, Kilkenny, from the 1st of April, 1884.

Kildare.—Mr. Gerald Kenehleen, P. L. G., Carnagey, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for this county of Kildare.

Kerry.—On Sept. 15, the wedding of Miss Mary Ellen O'Connell, second eldest of Maurice O'Connell, Bart., of Killarney, and Mary Pauline, eldest daughter of Colonel Hutchinson of Revell, county Tipperary, was celebrated in the chosen, recently erected by the bride's father, within the precincts of his demesne.

Longford.—Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, Cooham House, Edgeworthstown, has been appointed by the Commissioners of the Peace for the county Longford.

Limerick.—On Sept. 12, a fire broke out in the riding school of the military barracks in Limerick, when the military were at their drill, and, consequently, the fire was promptly extinguished, and the damage done was very slight. The Rev. Mr. Mackinnon, of Limerick, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county of Limerick.

Limerick.—The very extraordinary weather of the last few days, which seems to be unlike the best trade in Limerick, has been noted with attention, and the men and prospect to work.

Wexford.—On Sept. 16, a man named McHugh of Lodgepole, about three miles from Wexford, struck a neighbor of his, named John McHugh, with a spade, and fractured his skull, so that he died in a few hours. The man, McHugh, is not expected to recover.

Waterford.—The Most Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Waterford, has been appointed prime Philippines.

Roscommon.—On Sept. 17, Mr. John Jackson, schoolmaster, Cloonfree, Roscommon, accompanied by a number of police, proceeded to Mount Plessington, four miles from Athlone, and evicted eight families, comprising 40 individuals, for non-payment of rent.

Tipperary.—The Tipperary Town Commissioners have agreed with the Gas Company to light the town from the 1st September to 1st May, at £2 10s. per lamp.

A farmer named Carpio, residing at Johnstown, near Tubber, while walking in a sandpit recently, the bank fell on him, killing him on the spot.

At Clonmel, on Sept. 16th, Michael Phelan was committed for the murder of a relative, Cornelius Ryan, a child's clothes got entangled in the wheels of a threshing machine, and before the machine could be stopped, the child received injuries from which it died almost immediately.

On Sept. 19th, Mrs. Joiak, about 55 years of age, and wife of Thomas Joiak, Ballyrobert, Cashel, was found dead in bed. She had been ailing for the past few days, and had not actually treated for heart disease.

Kilkenny.—By the time that Parliament meets, Mr. T. J. Power, Waterford, will have completed the arrangements for the publication of the Irish Parliamentary Party, the date of the position in an admirable manner. Mr. Power has been in Kilkenny since the 1st Sept. 19th, was an exceedingly good one, and the results have not been small. The Tenants were represented.

Westmeath.—Two brothers named Mary and Francis Brophan, of Moskinstown, near Athlone, have arrived, discharged, and, by a dispute over cards, a young man named Thomas Brophan, the eldest of the family, of whom recovery was shortened.

Wexford.—The Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Ferns, arrived at Wexford, on Sept. 19th, and was accorded a hearty welcome by the Wexfordians.

Crumbs of Comfort.

WHAT WE KNOW THAT BOB KNOWS THAT WE KNOW HE DON'T KNOW.

Remarkable Phenomena Witnessed in Oakland on Tuesday Evening Last.

Their Come—Eminent Gentlemen Who are as Ignorant as Dagon Inclusive—A Sober Picture of Sadness—The Grave Robbed of its Terrors—Full Report of an Address on Annual Convention of the Society for the Propagation of Imposition Among the Christians.

Deafness, Catarrh,

And Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Scientifically & Successfully Treated by

DR. E. B. LIGHTHILL,

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AT HIS OFFICE,

121 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Rooms 7 and 8 (Fresh)

For upwards of thirty years Dr. Lighthill's professional attention has been exclusively devoted to the study and investigation of these important ailments, and it is with justifiable pride that he refers to the success which he has achieved in their treatment and cure. His appliances are confessedly the most perfect of anything of the kind yet devised, enabling him not only to readily discover the exact nature of the complaint, but also to direct his applications to the diseased parts so effectually that relief is experienced at once and permanent cures are often effected in the shortest possible time. Many cases are given up by other physicians as incurable, and are treated by Dr. Lighthill with the happy feature of his practice that the applications cause neither pain nor distress and can therefore be readily administered by the most nervous person.

A candid opinion will invariably be given as to the probabilities of a cure, and no case will be accepted for treatment unless he does not offer a reasonable chance of success.

Dr. Lighthill takes pleasure in submitting to those interested the following letter, which speaks for itself:

FROM THE RIGHT REV. TH. F. HENDERSON, BISHOP OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

My dear Doctor Lighthill:

Permit me to thank you most heartily for your kindness to the Sisters of our Convent. I had no expectation when I consulted you on Sister Dominica's deafness that you could so quickly restore her back her hearing; but she tells me that she hears now even better than ever before. For this, and for your kind and successful treatment of my own deafness, I thank you.

Now I would be glad to have you refer your patients to me, for I can recommend you, as a surgeon and physician, thoroughly accomplished in those departments of medicine in which you practice.

Very truly and very sincerely yours

TH. F. HENDERSON,

Bishop of Providence.

Office Hours from 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. Sundays from 10 to 12.

Dr. Fraser Lizzie.

(EVENING POST.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Mar. 1, 1883.

The reputation of Dr. Lighthill's American physicians is well established in this city, and the success of the Dr. Lighthill's Electro-Medical Institute in Europe has added the distinguishing advantages of the latter possessed by the Institute, which is the only one in the world equipped with the Electro-Medical Apparatus manufactured by Hadad, Davis & Co., of Boston, which was tested upon a mummy.

It is highly desirable that the soft and adaptable nature of the instrument should be demonstrated to the public, having dealt with them for many years.

Robert Bruce, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Electro-Medical Specialist, Graduate Medical College of Pennsylvania, Author, and discoverer diseases without any of the medicine. Office hours—10 to 12 and 2 to 4 P. M.

Market Report.

Corrected Weekly by F. J. Daly 404 Battery street.

MERCHANTS OFFICE.

636 Clay St. Tuesday Evening, Oct. 14, 1884.

WHEAT—Quotations are	$1 20@$1 26
FLOUR—Fancy to selling at	4 00@4 50
Extra	3 75@3 90
Family	4 50@5 50
Barley, new	1 00@1 05
Beans, Pinto, wholesale	3 00@3 25
Beans, Bayo, wholesale	3 00@3 25
Middlings	19 00@21 00
POTATOES—	
Sweet, all varieties	1 00@2 50
Peerless, Burbank, P bbl	3 50@4 00
Peerless, P sack, P wholesale	1 00
Early, P sack	1 50@2 00
Early, P bbl	3 00@4 00
Rose, P sack	1 50@2 00
Rose, P bbl	3 00@4 00
Early Rose, P bbl	3 00@4 00
Old Roosters	5 00@5 50
EGGS—	
Chicken, P doz	3 00@3 50
Ducks, P doz	1 00@2 00
Eastern	
BUTTER—	
Choice fresh roll	35@40
Fair	30@35
Pickled	20@21
Eastern	
HAY—	
Island, P ton	14 00@16 00
Alfalfa	
Wheat	12@14
Oat	13@15
Clover	12@14
Stock Northern	16@18
MEAT—	
Beef, wholesale	6@8
Mutton, wholesale	6@8
Veal, wholesale	6@8
Pork, wholesale	6@8
Eastern Sugar cured Hams	16@18
Eastern Pickled Pork	16@18
Geese, P pair	1 00@1 50
Turkeys, gobblers	15@18
Turkeys, P lb, wholesale, in hr.	12@15
POULTRY—	
Bantam, White, P. Dozen	3 00@3 50
Chicken, hens	3 00@3 50
Chickens, P doz	3 00@3 50
Turkeys, P lbs	12@15
Turkeys, P 100	1 00@1 50
Ducks	3 00@3 50
Geese	1 00@1 50
Pigeons	1 00@1 50
Quail, P doz	1 00@1 50
Quail, P bunch	1 00@1 50
Rabbits, P doz	1 00@1 50
Cottontail, P doz	1 00@1 50
Hares, P doz	1 00@1 50
Venison, P lb	5@6
Wild Ducks	1 00@1 50
Wild Geese	1 00@1 50
Wild Pigeons	1 00@1 50
Wild Turkeys	15@18
Snipe	1 00@1 50
Plover	1 00@1 50
Grouse	1 00@1 50
Pheasants	1 00@1 50
Hares	1 00@1 50
Rabbits	1 00@1 50
Venison

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

AN APPEAL TO ERIN.

BY DIDIMUS.

Let the nations are advancing
With thee not with them keep pace
Are thou dead, or art thou sleeping
Is the tyrant's vile embrace
Thy children are fleeing
They which patriots fears might tread
On unfortunate land and friendless
Are thy children with carnage spread,

Through such pathways young Columbia
Sought redress from tyrants sway—
Only and such freedom giveth
At death wreath her brow to-day,

And such ships with homeless hearts
Gather harvests fresh, ripe and
Northward to the Hayden strand.

Thou old Tell, on thether mountaine,
Hail the land's seasters back,
Death, profoundly, charity could him,
Spotless Freedom in his track,
So, by Judith, heaven appointed,
Samaria's chaine were rent,
When she slew the drunken tyrant,
Holiness in his tent.

O'Connell, Grattan, Clay and Everett,
Place them in a Province each,
Bid them bring back Ireland's freedom
With their magic powers of speech
All the eloquence they'd muster,
All their oratoric art
Could not rent the tiniest rivet
Of her fastening grave apart.

Sister! we will yet unite!
Thou art dwelling, life is frail,
What you gathered, I gathered
Bring within the Present's pale.
They who think to jeffy stalwart
Dread no strength and youth away;
Age, when fitted and fitted for our purpose,
If we work, as well as pray.

Virginia City, N.T., October 24th, 1864.

LINES.

There is a ray in every heart
Had we the art
To find it,
There is a ray in every eye
Which cannot die.
Could we but see it.

There are kind words for every lip
Which seldom slip
Into slumbers,
There is regret in every mind
Could we but find
Its embrace.

There is a charm in every face
Had we the grace
To court it,
There is pure love in every breast
If possessing great
Support it.

And oh, to think, is sweet and fair
That force despair
We can realize,
That we can be nearer man live
In hardened brings and narrow eye
A balsam
GUSSIE.

FALLING LEAVES.

Falling gently, gently falling,
To the earth the leaves descend,
Listening to the wind that's calling,
Through the air their way they wend.
Yellow, red, and brown and golden
Falling gently to the earth.

They are taken from their bowers
That they decked with beauty rare,
Scattered in the fleeting flowers,
Often float through the wintry air.
Every place can see the leaves falling,
Falling gently to the earth.

Thus in Autumn as the leaves fade,
Crumble into dust and ashes,
When the cold winds blow and blast the blade
When there are no more soft clashes,
Falling gently to the earth.

So our friends in life are parted,
Scattered from their home, and
Some are true and loving hearted,
Some are true and loving hearted;

beautiful, but scarcely seen, electric flashes that gild the edges of a storm cloud that just passed over and disappeared, and left the distant horizon, leaving a clear sky, pure air, and the promise of a bright and glorious successor.

Nor was Mr. Martin an indifferent participator in this unexpected pleasure. Though silent, his manifestations could not but be observed, and he lingered much longer at the table than usual, evidently forgetting important appointments on the street. To him, the returning reason of his loved one was of far more value than dollars, and he made himself content until the clock had counted 12 ., and the family vacated the dining room, only to assemble in the parlor, there to continue the conversation.

After seats were taken, and not a link in the family chain absent, Mrs. Martin, addressing her remarks to Esther, said:

"Well, daughter, I am almost to happy to know that you have not only given the proposition of a Southern secession thought, but have come to a favorable conclusion. You must now continue to be cheerful, and here is your father's purse, which he gives you, with the only directions that you are to purchase at your own discretion such articles as you think you will need. Now, remember, dear, there are a great many elegant people down South with whom we shall become mutual acquainted—men, rich in mind, as well as possessed of broad plantations."

The latter outburst of word-painting by Mrs. Martin had the effect of producing a genuine laugh, in which Esther's voice rang clear and sweet as it was accompanied by a good, hearty pent-up nature had burst its prison doors and she exclaimed: "I pose the best father in the world! but, mother, I do think it barely possible none of us will, after all, visit Paradise—Florida."

"Why, Esther," retorted Mrs. Martin, "you astonish me! Do you know what you have said! Pray, now, explain your meaning."

"Oh, I really cannot explain just now," replied Esther very mildly. "I don't know how I ever shall explain, mother. But it is now three o'clock. I must go to my room, where I have something."

And she ran rapidly to her chamber, leaving the unfinished sentence a sore and fresh thorn to torture her anxious parents.

"You must follow Esther," said Mr. Martin, "and endeavor to ascertain what new fancy has changed her. Oh, if poor, she, unobserved, and take a position which will enable you to observe how she spends her time alone."

His wife acted promptly on the suggestion, and was soon in the room opposite Esther's, and in a position that commanded a full and unobstructed view of Esther as she sat near the open window.

With throbbing heart she kept her eyes on Esther, who seemed to be reading a letter which, at intervals, she would press to her lips. The letter possessed an intense interest, and detailed characteristics. It produced joy and grief, and to an observer it was difficult to decide which of the two qualities in the greater degree.

Mrs. Martin could glean no information of a satisfactory character from observation, and gaining a locality where she could not be seen, she called to Esther. At the sound of her mother's voice Esther hastily folded the letter and placed it between the leaves of a book lying on the table and responded:

"Oh, mother, come in."

The invitation was promptly complied with. She was met by Esther with a kiss of welcome, and the two seated themselves together at the window.

Esther said that she would be her confidant in a matter of much importance, and receiving an affirmative answer, she took the roll of the third chapter of Ruth, and Albert Maxwell, informing him that, although she had not yet decided on marriage, she was in love him, for reason, at least to her satisfactory—but that she would endeavor to think kindly of him; and that if she should be unable to do so, she would be better for both of them that his proposal not to Norwegian should not take place. "And from the date of that letter I had resolved to think of him as a dear deceased friend; and, to make the determination as much a reality as possible, I placed his name under my pillow, and I dreamed that I had the pleasure of dancing with my own hands I carried with green grass Esther broke down at this point and wept profusely. Her mother offered her words of comfort, entreating her to cheer up, and tell her all—she would do her best in the solution of her difficulties.

With her handkerchief Esther kept her face concealed, and presenting the book to Mrs. Martin requested her to open it and find a letter which she would please read and rendered. It was the joy that unlocked the long closed door to the heart; and, in a spirit of anger, Mrs. Martin said to her daughter:

"It is only too evident from this letter, that William Ernest Jones was talking you so unmitigated, designedly and shameful! and the fact that he has not visited us since that evening only confirms my doubts. I feel sorry that he has acted thus; he has forfeited, my respect, and, I trust your respect and confidence. Take"

"How true it is, that our wicked acts no only make ourselves of us, but cause unsuccessfully be concealed; they find us out when least expected, to our discomfiture," Mrs. Martin continued. "You know, dear Esther, I have always recognized in Albert Maxwell a certain amount of humility and goodness, quite uncommon in one of his sex. Your father's only objection to him was his unfortunate pecuniary condition; nevertheless, he admits his honesty. How well he has established his claim to humility, honesty and a true heart, is evident from his letter.

"Only think of it, he has lost all hope of ever re-establishing himself in your affections, and seems content if he can only be assured that you are convinced of his innocence of the charges of drunkenness and gambling, and lately you he will ever pray for your temporal and spiritual happiness!

"Poor young man! He certainly won my entire sympathy, and I shall love him for his manly virtues, extra-ordinary forbearance and Christian resignation under circumstances, that would have in some others kindled the fire of revenge and driven them to acts of desperation. Yes, he bows to his hard lot so submissively.

"This pathetic appeal in behalf of injured innocence had a most telling effect upon the nerves of your Father, and she involuntarily threw her arms around her mother's neck and sobbed audibly.

"To heal her wounded heart, Mrs. Martin suggested to Esther that she thought it very advisable she should promptly respond to the letter, assuring Albert that her determinations were believed, and that she would not cease to be his friend and well-wisher, and—

"But, mother," interrupted Esther, "may I not intimate that we shall be glad to have him call and spend a day with us when next he visits the city."

"Yes, yes, dear! there is not the most remote objection to that. But had you not better tell him that very soon you will—all of us, in fact—leave the city, and not return before some time in November?"

"Oh, mother! I don't think we need know I don't care to go."

"Why not, Esther."

"Well—because I don't." To tell you plainly, I had rather stay right here where I can see—"

"Oh! Yes, I understand, my dear, now. You have not forgotten love to love. And that young lover of your Father may say, in this where I will him you have declined the proposed trip to be at home to receive a visit from Albert."

"But, mother, you promised to be my confidant, and rather the embarrassment, how can you tell father anything I have said to you?"

"Yes, I promised secrecy—excepting, always, your interest, your happiness, your real anything. Why should you object to his knowing what he must, produce of necessity know at some future day? Oh, yes, my child, I shall tell him, and I shall place in his hands the letter which you gave Albert; and now! renew my pledge to you, that I shall be to you as a mother should, and endeavor to lead you safely through this disagreeable matter.

"Then, mother, do as you choose. I confide all to your hands, and by you and father's promised I shall be governed. You know I love Albert, and I know he cannot love me; and my future happiness depends upon—"

"Do not be concerned about that; it shall be so! Now, my dear Esther, endeavor to feel satisfied, cheerful and happy, and this evening, after all save your father and myself, have retired, he shall hear all, and I promise you he will not oppose any thing whatever that will insure your peace and comfort.

The next morning Mr. Martin visited Esther in her room, to find her well and happy. He was somewhat excited in anticipation of the news she was to receive, the result of that evening's consultation. Soon, however, the excitement subsided—or nature, in the strong character—for she received the welcome intelligence of her father's consent, and his purpose to be at home to receive the proposition he made her on the morning of the drive.

Esther remembered that promise, and jumping from her seat and clapping her hands, exclaimed:

"Now, mother! That is my good and kind, if you and father! And that very day I will write to Albert! Do you think he will answer it? Do you think he will come?"

"Yes, you, child: if he loves you."

"Oh, mother! I know he does!"

"Then, Esther, have no fear: if he loves you, he will lose no time in replying to your letter—and he will come. And you may promise yourself in addition, Esther, that he will love you more devotedly than ever."

"Oh, I am so happy to hear you say so!" Esther then addressed the following letter to Albert, and sent it to the post-office to be mailed.

"*Dear Albert*—Your kind letter was duly received, and it all seemed quite satisfactory. It will afford us all much pleasure to have you with us when we visit the city next week. I will be all myself, and I will be more than pleased.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Rumors of the Battle-Field.

Many humorous incidents have occurred on battle-fields. A Confederate colonel ran into a Federal picket-post at Malvern Hill, and discovering that the men were not following him as closely as he wished, he uttered a fierce oath, and exclaimed—

"Come on! Do you want to live forever?"

The appeal was irresistible, and many a poor fellow who had laughed at the colonel's blunder, forgot his mirth in his fear, and ran after.

A shell struck the wheel of a Federal field-piece toward the close of the engagement at Fair Oaks, and, shivering the spokes, dismantled the cannon.

"Well, am it lucky that didn't happen before we used up all the ammunition, remarkedsomewhat strained in their rhetoric.

A lone of the commanding officers, and that marked that disastrous campaign, a private in one of the Western regiments was mortally wounded by a shell. Seeing the man's condition, a chaplain knelt beside him, and opening his Bible at random read out Samson's slaughter of the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. He had not quite finished when a surgeon came by, and yellow interrupted the reading by saying:

"Hold on, chaplain. Don't deceive a dying man. Isn't the name of John Pope signed to this?"

A column of troops was pushing forward over the long and winding road in Tennessee, fearing lest the rebels should cut between the Potomac at the close of the Gettysburg campaign. Suddenly, the signal officer who accompanied the general in command discovered that some of his men, posted on a high hill in the rear, were reporting the presence of a considerable body of Confederate troops on top of the hills to the right. A halt was at once sounded and the leading brigade ordered forward to uncover the enemy's position. The recruits were soon scrambling up the steep ascent, officers and men gallantly racing to see who would reach the crest first. A young lieutenant at last had distanced his men, gained the advance but at the end of what they deemed a prettyfair chase, they were thrown into convulsions of laughter at discovering that what the signal men took for Confederate troops were only a tolerably large flock of sheep. As the leaders in this fortlorn hope rolled on the grass in a paroxysm of merriment, they laughed all the louder at seeing the pale countenance of their comrades, who, of course, came up fully expecting a desperate hand-to-hand struggle.

It is, perhaps, needless to say the brigade signed to march that evening.

As the army was crossing South Mountain the day before the battle of Antietam, General McClellan rode along the side of the moving column. Overtaking a favorite Zouave regiment, he exclaimed with his natural bonhomie:

"Well, and how is Old Fifth this evening?"

"Fine-rate, General," replied one of the Zouaves. "But we'd be better off if we haven't living so much on opposition."

"Hoppo-sition!" said the General, in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean by that?"

"It is easily explained, sir. You are expected to get our rations yesterday, but we didn't, we're living on the opposition that we did.

"Ah! I understand; you shall have your rations, *Zouaves*, to-night," replied the General, putting spurs to his horse to escape the cheers of his regiment. And he kept his promise.

Look out Young Man.

When it is said of a youth that "He Drinks," and it can be proved, what more remains to be said? What society would him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man will appoint him as his executor? Letters of recommendation, the backing of business firms, a brilliant success, may not save him. The world shies him as a pestilence.

"Drinks!" Yes, it is whispered all through the community, "He Drinks" Thallium-like. When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea.

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true laxative, Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the stomach, harmless in action, judicious in its effects. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Foul Blood, Irritation of the Liver and Kidneys, Fevers, Colds, Chills and Fevers. Strengthens the organs on which it acts. Better than bitters, unsweetened Lime and Soda, and drastic. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

WINTER IN MANITOBA.

Extreme Rigor and Severity of Wintry Weather in the Northwest.

The snow outside our house was from six to ten feet deep from—say, April, I tried to wear boots last November, and one of my best from. Moccasins, useful by fashion, and comfortable, I wore instead of shoes to wear the feet, which are not cased in small pairs of stockings. For travelling on fast snow shoes are the thing. Fancy yourself driven during the winter, as, the fingers if separated, generally freeze.

I were bored to melt snow for all the water we used last winter. The cold was so intense that the metal mug water was in received from the boiler into a pail, and made a new crinkling in the metal. Now or at it frequently had to be broken with a stick before the cattle could drink. It force so hard whilst being arrived a distance of some sixty yards in the open air. My husband would sometimes come in from a short run to the stack-yard with his nose frozen—indeed it was either a crime sight to see people partly frozen. The part affected turns white in most cases all feeling. Unless you see yourself in a glass, or are told it, you are not even unless of being frozen. It this plight it is best not to go near a fire, as sudden thawing is very painful. People generally try friction, rubbing themselves with snow, or with flannel, or, in the case of the snowy, when nose is frozen and far from help, the best course is to continue the snap off. My fitters cats from and broke off at the tail, and I lost one of my pets in sorrow in the snow.

Last winter, we found I found the mercurial freeze to my neated pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stove pipe and in a room where it was not unusual to see a fire blazing all day and every day through the winter. Yet the mercury froze in every mercury. Brass irons if left half an hour in my room without a fire used to leave a pothole of milk in the kitchen all night, and next morning, on going to place it on the picture fall to pieces and left the milk standing cold in a pan. Milk, if left unattended with fire in the room, freezes so intensely that when I put a lump of it in the into the crate, or on the top of the stove, the first part of that melted would burn to the ice before the rest of it had thawed. I managed to nail it by first chopping the ice with an axe very small pieces. Clothes which had been washed from before I could hang them on the line to dry. I used to wash them out two or three nights for the snow and heat to bleach, and they always came out perfectly thawing and dry when they were brought indoors. Even after hanging out all night and folded they stuck together, and when I have been ironing the top of a pocket handkerchief, I never just would freeze to the table, which was close by the ironing fire. Ironing under these conditions is rather slow work.

Such stores must sound almost incredible, except to those who have, like myself, witnessed the facts, though of course, only those who have been weather, the Englishman who stayed with us last winter was often heard when he came into the house thaw the icicles from his moustache, which he had grown in the board and hanging in talking to us. A pail of water left in the kitchen all night would freeze solid to the bottom, and the water had to be thawed every time one was left, for two months. The ice used for drinking and for cooking had to be obtained in the Winnipeg River, and was cut in blocks by the men in their boots (snow-shoes) and hauled home in sleighs. The kennel wood was in pieces.

Winter, of course, not equally severe in all parts of Manitoba. Now we are on the ground last winter, I was at Fort Ellice, and all the great lakes are frozen for the same period. The cold was not nearly so bearably same to American ears, and owing to the absence of wind, the cold was less wintrous, and long for something green to see. The ice on the lakes, though, looks with brilliant sunshine, glorious skies and bracing air, compensates for slights, have great compensations of their own.

Evenings at Home.

The long evenings, which follow the short days, are made pleasant by the cheerful light of all her rooms. The cares of the day are ended, the toil of the evening time has come; the bither has dropped all sorts of anxieties and perplexities, and the whole family that are assembled, are now the innocent pleasures of the home circle.

It is a relief for the woman of the household to remember that the pleasant evenings at home are strong antidotes to the temptations to spend the evenings abroad, and seeking for pleasure in and by forbidden ways. Home is pleasant and recreation will be indulged in some where by every man, and happy are they who find in the home circle the place of pleasure.

A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or a musical function, a new song to be practiced, will furnish pastime that the evening time took for Confederate troops were only a tolerably large flock of sheep. As the leaders in this forlorn hope rolled on the grass in a paroxysm of merriment, they laughed all the louder at seeing the pale countenance of their comrades, who, of course, came up fully expecting a desperate hand-to-hand struggle.

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Little Things.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams. A nail is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship. A bridle is a little thing, but it governs its use and power; nails and pegs are little things but they hold the parts of large buildings together. Seeds are little, and are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; it is a promise, redeem it; you know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacredly; say it to the children, they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be lasting in life. Mind little things.

The magnificent new cathedral on Hill St., Providence, R. I., was opened to the public on Sunday, and thousands of people interested and admired it. Nearly all the paintings are national, representing a of the most costly and time, is worth 1,000 dollars. The stained glass windows are a marvel of beauty. Perhaps the altar stone, Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, standing over the altar of the altar and receiving many hearty congratulations. He has made the work as it was proposed.

Brock's Bronchial Lozenges, soft fields, as well as plain lands, is manufactured especially for sewing machine work. Try it on any machine! Sewing you will try no other. For sale by all dry goods dealers.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate A Valuable Nerve Tonic.

Dr. E. N. Horsford, Cambridge, Mass., says: I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic.

SUPERSTITIONS.

More Extensive among Protestants than Catholics.

Ireland's sons and Ireland's daughters have been accused of being a superstitious people, and I am sorry to say the charge, all I can say is this, that in my experience as a priest, and experience of a priest is great, coming in hourly contact as he does with all ages and all classes, I should have I found among the poorer children of St. Patrick that low, grovelling sordid superstition which I have seen among the lower orders and among the peasantry of other lands even Protestant countries, and especially among the country people. Again I am speaking from my own experience, for it was so *myself* to be born a Protestant, and my own people, as they do the wild beasts of the forest, and eat men with the same relish as the flesh of Venice pie meat. They have lost all semblance of humanity. I mean to say, that the Protestant religion is sufficient for the soul, and, after tasting the fruit, he would say with merrie Christmas Gaw which appeared on the yard it had been gathered. Before he tasted the wine cannot say which wine was not offer-cement, and of a dull, gray color. It was the fruit, by proceedings of which he alone possessed the secret, to make it white, clear, sparkling, and effervescent. Protestantism is extremely, if not intensely insane based by some mere-mutt-ed-ness. Why, Gaw, the sale of the humble religion is now forgotten by the world and forgotten by the world, and forgotten by the world, and forgotten by the world,

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE DIOCESE OF PORTLAND.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the instrumentality of St. Francis de Sales, angler whose promotion they wish to please, the efforts of Catholic Journalists, that guided by means of religion, its rights and those of the Holy Catholic Church, they may, by their conscientious precepts with devotion and fidelity, [illegible]

"Journalism is the greatest social power, honour to it, the chief agent, in popularizing ideas, and propagating those constituted opinion, and opinion governs the world. Its mission, religious journalism is, moreover a useful and serious occupation, not only a work lucrative and honorable, but a work of zeal, of charity, of apostleship. Blessed be and cherished be the Catholic journalists, but be constant, strong and defend the truth, whatever it may be adverse, and the true faith."
—PIUS IX, PERSONAL MISSION CATALOGUE.

PASTORAL LETTER

— FROM —

MOST REV. JOSEPH SADOC, O. P.,

Archbishop of San Francisco.

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Country, Beloved.—You are doubtless aware that, under the blessing of God and according to the wish of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore will be celebrated the early part of next month. The object of that Synod is chiefly regulated by the Archbishop of that city, who has been appointed by the Holy Father to preside, as special Delegate, over its deliberations, and who, in his recent Pastoral on the subject, shows in his wonted lucid style that "the object for which this Council is summoned is not to formulate new dogmas of faith, for the one only doctrine we preach is the *faith once delivered to the Saints* (a). Nor will our deliberations have any political direction, for we have no political grievances to redress nor political aspirations to gratify. The Church of God has no direct relations with politics; the kingdom of Christ and of His Church is *not of this world* (b). His remains to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's (c). The enactment of salutary laws for the promotion of piety and sound morals, the correction of abuses, the establishment so far as practicable of greater uniformity in ecclesiastical discipline, the development of the Christian commonwealth, the quickening and strengthening of the bonds of charity which should bind to all as members of the Christian family to one God and to each other—these are the signal blessings at which we aim in assembling together." Such grave and momentous are the other object then the glory of God and the spiritual welfare of the faithful; and in this we all should be deeply interested, for to know and adore God, to love and serve Him, is the first duty of man, the end of his existence, and the only thing which will secure him a happy home throughout eternity, after his short, toilsome sojourn in time.

EVERY MAN NOT DEPRIVED OF HIS MENTAL FACULTIES

ought to know that he is and that he did not make himself. This intellectual light ought also to show him that it belongs inferior to him are equally dependent on the Creator, and that, in fact, every creature necessarily supposes a Creator, as a magnificent edifice supposes an able builder, as the fabric of the Universe proves its omnipotent Maker; or, to express it in the words of St. Paul: "Every house is built—[illegible]—but He that hath built all things, God, is, "whether it was my lot, or I told me so; and all things that are in it confessed the same thing. I asked the sea, and the abyss and the reptiles that are in them, and they answered: 'We are not thy God; seek him above us.' I questioned the air, and the whole atmosphere with all its inhabitants, and the air witnesses is deceived; I am not thy God.' I asked heaven, the sun, the moon and the stars; 'Neither are we thy God,' said they. Then I asked the mass of the world: 'Tell me whether thou art my God, or not?' and with a strong voice it answered: 'I am not; but I am by Him whom ye seek in me; He made us, whom ye serve, and we are what we are made us.'"

It is not a little surprisor that there should be men in our age, bestowing themselves perfect in their senses, who cannot bear this loud voice of the Universe, this concert of all is also so weak as not to see the absurdity of imagining that nothing is God; that is, that God is the universe or all things in it. It requires very little light to discover that God is that supposition would be unstable and immensible, material and immaterial, free and necessitated to act; just and charitable, or in the good; sinful and criminal, as in the bad; religious and worshipful, as in the saints; and, at the same time, irreligious and profane, as in the impious blasphemer.

ANY ONE OBJECT IS NOT TO UNITE OR—[illegible]

ABSURD REASON.

deceiving some fools and any idolatrous of our days; but, leaving these aside, what we mainly wonder is that was should pay to God the debt of religious worship, as indicated by Him. Man, the masterpiece of the visible creatures, above the same of all, render the Maker of all the homage of religious veneration, as the testimony of his great and grateful acknowledgment. Even they who may not have advanced one step in their mental progress over the ancient philosophers should confess with them that God is the Maker and Ruler of all things; that every thing that exists, exists only by His power and by His will, and is preserved only by His providence and for man; that he has claims on the gratitude of the human race; (f) that it would be impious to own him all, and to repay Him with ingratitude, (g) and that He keeps an account of the pious and impious men (h). These sentiments of religious veneration do the Deity, echoed by the Roman philosopher, are so deeply rooted in the human heart, and so generally acknowledged by all peoples, that unless where wilful impiety has silenced the promptings of the human breast, they are found to be universal. "If you travel through different countries," writes Plutarch, "you may see cities without walls, without institutions, without kings or wealth; but no one has ever seen a city without temples" (i). A wiser philosopher—say, the wisest of mere—had said before him "Honor the Lord . . . . Remember thy Creator . . . . Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is all man"—the whole business and duty of man (j).

AND THIS IS IN STRICT CONFORMITY

to the natural sentiments of man which lead us to honor those to whom honor is due, either on account of their superior excellence, dignity or worth, or for their superhuman benefactors in our regard. Thus honor is paid to our parents, legislators and chief magistrates; and if one of these distinctions shineth in his bravery on the battlefield, and renders signal service in establishing his country, actuated by no private interest or sordid views, but simply by the desire to befriend the nation, his name is honorably handed down from generation to generation, and with profound reverence he is universally called the Father of his Country. And, if this be due to a mortal member of the human family, it ought to be obvious to any reflecting mind that the highest honor is due to the Creator of all men, infinitely scintillating all His superiority, sovereignty and independence, who, without any interest that might answer to Him, but simply to satisfy us with His munificent gifts, has created us, has endowed us with most noble faculties, has given us time-reality, and has built for us a country in Heaven, where to enjoy His happiness forever, on the one condition, namely, on our being His grateful, obedient children.

SEEING THE GOOD OUTCOMINGS OF RELIGIOUS DEVOTION

in the writings of the apostle of love—"Dearest worthy, O Lord, our God, let receive glory and honor and power; because thou hast created all things, and for Thy will they were, and were created" (l). This grateful acknowledgment is so just and so natural that the magnitude of receive may be classified among our ever-towards the irrational beings. For we notice in our domestic animals a sort of instinctive recognition of the friendly hand of their owner. Thus, as Pliny refers the thoughtless material, into to unity the admirable wisdom exhibited in the delicate organization of a mosquito, so the Prophet invites the ingrate Israelites to learn a lesson from the Donkey, which, better than he, acknowledges his master (*l*). This ingratitude seems to be particularly offensive to God the Apostate. For, after being baptized and brought up in the Christian religion, which is an even received some holy orders, he listened to bad instructors, followed their bad example, and finally apostatized from the Faith. He did all in his power to destroy the Christian institutions created by Constantine the Great, to abolish the religious legislation enacted by him, and to re-establish idolatry with all its abominations. Not content with this, he was planning a vigorous persecution against the Christians, and had vowed to put to the sword the holy bishops and doctors of the Church, St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Basil, on his return from the campaign in Persia, from which he never returned. He did not reap much benefit from his abandoning the Gospel of Christ; for after having enjoyed the right hand of Friendship from some admirers for a very few years, while combating the Persians he received a mortal wound from a dart, from which he died, not however, until he had made his last address, in with a dying blasphemy; for, according to Theodoret, Sozomen and Socrates, he died of the wound, he flung it to the air, saying: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" (m).

IT IS DOUBTLY TO BE DEPLORED THAT SOME CHRISTIANS

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MONTH OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ROSARY—ITS PURITY, ORIGIN AND POWER.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The more the devotion of the Rosary is spread amongst the people the greater will be the glory given to God and Mary, the more souls will be saved, and the greater and more abundant will be the blessings that will descend on society; hence it is that saints and servants of Mary have, at all times since its establishment, been most earnest and zealous in propagating it, and none too, for devotion, which has a tendency to pluck out from the hearts of the faithful its most common blessings. There is no devotion in the Church that has so bitterly opposed or so constantly attacked or maligned, both by himself and his colaborers, as that of the most holy Rosary. The devil hates most intensely the glorious Mother of God, and he detests in an equal manner the Rosary—for it bears, as a devotion, the same relation to her as the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass does to the Most Adorable Trinity. The devout recitation of the Rosary is the last effort, the highest act of opposition to the Most Sacred Mother of God, whilst it is at the same time an act of love to the Triune Deity. Such homages, our part at once assists the Queen of Heaven and her adorable Son in our love, and thus renders secure our salvation. It is for this great reason that a most pious and learned master of the spiritual life has thus expressed himself: "For my part, I have no difficulty whatever in admitting what is stated in the Life of St. Dominic, that the Saint having exercised a possessed person, expelled the infernal spirit in the name of God to confess the truth to him."

The reason why the devil was "Were there any persons in hell that had been truly attached to the Most Blessed Mother of God through the devotion of the Rosary?" Satan answered the Saint that no one had ever been condemned to hell who had persevered in saying with devotion up to the death his Rosary, for Mary had obtained for all such true contrition for their sins. "I really believe that," says the master referred to, "and it is absolutely impossible that any one is damned, notwithstanding that he has recited the Rosary, if will believe that he never had been truly devout, that he obstinately lived in sin without the will to correct himself, or that by a just judgment of God, in punishment of the corruption of his heart, he was allowed to give up before his death the devotion. (*The Calendar de Bergerac in Cornelius de Lapide.*)

The same thing in substance is affirmed by St. Alphonsus in his Glories of Mary. We also read in the life of St. Ludgarde that she had learned by revelation "that when we recite the Rosary with devotion cannot make a fine garland." (*Bonnet*). Blessed Alan de la Roche relates that a Bishop in Spain who was that he could not relent his depraved morals of his people, notwithstanding all the labor and zeal of the Bishop, Blessed Alan de la Roche, in preaching the Rosary, and exhorting the people in the way to meditate on them. The faithful embraced this devotion with earnestness, and in a very short time a great number of conversions took place. Ignorance, impiety, disorderly conduct, and vices of every description were succeeded or replaced by piety, reverence, frequentation of the sacraments, and the practice of all the Christian virtues. The Bishop, overjoyed at the great results, thank God for the change that was effected in his episcopal city. He gave orders to all the parishes in his diocese to do the same means that he himself had adopted, and very soon same results were every where witnessed, a dress witnessed that the face of the diocese was completely renewed."

The same Blessed Alan presents to us the testimony of virtuous pastor, the words of the latterer. "I have exercised the office of published preacher for many years; I have preached in all classes of subjects to the best of my ability; I neglected nothing the could instruct, move and convert the souls that were committed to my care; but conscing that I did not accomplish all I used for, that the fruit of my labors did i at all correspond to my expectations, hose to the determination to give up theory studied discourses which I had up that time been in the habit of delivering my people, and, if possible, to sure better by preaching on the Rosary, explaining the prayers that form it and mysteries that are its foundation. I hop to that time indeed, notwithstanding remorse of conscience, to preach the sure doctrine of the Rosary, for I feather the world might relieve me, and it might consider such preaching disorderly behavior, the dignity of the pulpit but I protest that no less than one redeem were more convinced of my pa than there had been during the present thirty years in which I was accustomed preach only stylish discourses.

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The same thing in substance is affirmed by St. Alphonsus in his Glories of Mary. We also read in the life of St. Ludgarde that she had learned by revelation "that when we recite the Rosary with devotion cannot make a fine garland." (*Bonnet*). Blessed Alan de la Roche relates that a Bishop in Spain who was that he could not relent his depraved morals of his people, notwithstanding all the labor and zeal of the Bishop, Blessed Alan de la Roche, in preaching the Rosary, and exhorting the people in the way to meditate on them. The faithful embraced this devotion with earnestness, and in a very short time a great number of conversions took place. Ignorance, impiety, disorderly conduct, and vices of every description were succeeded or replaced by piety, reverence, frequentation of the sacraments, and the practice of all the Christian virtues. The Bishop, overjoyed at the great results, thank God for the change that was effected in his episcopal city. He gave orders to all the parishes in his diocese to do the same means that he himself had adopted, and very soon same results were every where witnessed, a dress witnessed that the face of the diocese was completely renewed."

The same Blessed Alan presents to us the testimony of virtuous pastor, the words of the latterer. "I have exercised the office of published preacher for many years; I have preached in all classes of subjects to the best of my ability; I neglected nothing the could instruct, move and convert the souls that were committed to my care; but conscing that I did not accomplish all I used for, that the fruit of my labors did i at all correspond to my expectations, hose to the determination to give up theory studied discourses which I had up that time been in the habit of delivering my people, and, if possible, to sure better by preaching on the Rosary, explaining the prayers that form it and mysteries that are its foundation. I hop to that time indeed, notwithstanding remorse of conscience, to preach the sure doctrine of the Rosary, for I feather the world might relieve me, and it might consider such preaching disorderly behavior, the dignity of the pulpit but I protest that no less than one redeem were more convinced of my pa than there had been during the present thirty years in which I was accustomed preach only stylish discourses.

Devotion to Blessed Virgin Mary, but particularly of the Rosary, is now generally spread that the world, and to deeply rooted in hearts of the faithful that we are in error, ask, after reflecting on the thoughtful pensive by us, in the age in by which has been predicted by nations, but particularly St. Vincent ff. P. D., and the venerable Louis Montfort, in Montfort in The last mandement of Mary "proclaimed two hostprays ago a merveilous increase of Jesus Mary (*Bonnet*). He has declared therefore to Mary will make the great S that are to appear at the end of the w is against the world, the Most High and Holy Mother her to form for Himself Saints who shall surpass most of her Saints in sanctity as much as the s of Lebanon cedars grow the little s." "Has not Leo XIII commanded decreed a thing never before for says the Bishop of Salford in his letter to the clergy, inserted in the third edition of de Montfort's work, "that the Rosary and the Litany of Mary should be sung or recited in every Church where there is charge of souls throughout the world, and that not mere in towns, but for a period of time exceeding a month. Thus the Supreme Pontiff commands and decrees the same devotion for the same length of time. "And still further, in the bright prospect of the ultimate personal relationship still existing between Mary and Jesus, and the importance of the souls and servants of Mary, at all times since its establishment, been most earnest and zealous in propagating it, and none too, for devotion, which has a tendency to pluck out from the hearts of the faithful its most common blessings. There is no devotion in the Church that has so bitterly opposed or so constantly attacked or maligned, both by himself and his colaborers, as that of the most holy Rosary. The devil hates most intensely the glorious Mother of God, and he detests in an equal manner the Rosary—for it bears, as a devotion, the same relation to her as the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass does to the Most Adorable Trinity. The devout recitation of the Rosary is the last effort, the highest act of opposition to the Most Sacred Mother of God, whilst it is at the same time an act of love to the Triune Deity. Such homages, our part at once assists the Queen of Heaven and her adorable Son in our love, and thus renders secure our salvation. It is for this great reason that a most pious and learned master of the sp

Farm and Home.

MY LITTLE PLAYMATE.

I can see her now in her calico frock,
And her old sun bonnet brown,
With her merry face and her gentle eye,
And her gold hair falling down.
Though 'tis many a year since she used to wait
For me when the school was out,
And I'd hasten to join her at the first bird's gate,
My good little playmate, Sue.

There were other girls in the school, perhaps,
Who were prettier by this day,
But there never was one with merrier ways,
Or one more kind to me.
If my play grew rough I was checked at once,
By a look from her eye of blue,
For she governed me by the law of love,
My sweet little playmate, Sue.

She always stood at the head of the class,
And how hard I used to try
To learn my lesson and get advanced,
In order to stand near by!
And how lonely my task used to seem
When she went by me to her seat,
For more than the teacher's, I told the praise
Of my kind little playmate, Sue.

You ask how it is I recall her so,
And remember her face so well,
After all the years that have come and gone?
But the reason is not hard to tell,
For the little girl that I played with then
Became, when she older grew,
The dear, true wife, who is by my side,
My dear little playmate, Sue.

First Attempt at Economy.

A man being told by his wife that there were several pieces of tin-ware which needed mending, conceived the idea of getting an iron and solder and doing the mending himself. His wife, filled with vague forebodings, perhaps, and that the expense was a little, thought he would hardly pay to do it one's self, to which he responded:

"I'll admit that in this one instance it would not pay, but there is something being in want of repair every little while, and I had the tools here for fixing it, we are saved so much expense right along. It may not be much in the course of a year, but every little helps, and in time the total would amount to a nice little lump. We don't want the Rothschilds carrying off all the money in this country."

He got the iron for 2c. fdl., and 1c. worth of solder, and 6d. worth of resin. He was home with these things, and went into the kitchen, looking so proud and happy, that his wife would have been glad he had got them were it not for an overpowering dread of an impending trouble. He called for the utensils needing repair, and his wife brought out a pan.

"Where's the rest? Bring 'em all out, and let me make one job of 'em while I am about it."

He got them all, and seemed to be disappointed that there were not more of them. He pushed the iron into the fire, got the milk pan inverted on his knee, and with the solder in his hand, waited for the right heat.

"The iron only cost 2c. fdl., and it'll never wear out, and there's enough solder in this piece to do two pounds worth of mending," he explained to his wife.

Pretty soon the iron was at the right heat, he judged. His rubbed resin about the hole which was to be repaired, laid the stick of solder over it, and carefully applied the iron. It was an intensely interesting moment. His wife watched him with for certain interest. He said, speaking laboriously as he applied the iron:

"The only thing I regret about it is that I didn't think of getting this before we—

Then sounded through the ceiling and up into the small sky the awfullest yell that ever came over heard, and the same instant the soldering iron flew over the table, the pan went clattering across the floor, and the bar of solder struck the wall with such force as to smash right through both the plaster and lath; and before her startled gaze danced and capered a most ridiculous imitation of gold and crimson with chalk stripes.

"Got the camphor, why don't you?" He yelled. "Send for a doctor, oh! I'm a dead man," he shouted.

Just then his gaze rested on the soldering iron. In an instant he caught it up and hurled it through the window without the preliminary of drawing the sash. It was cross time before the thoroughly frightened and confused woman learned that none of the molten solder had run through a hole in the pan and on his leg, although she knew from the first that something of an unusual nature had occurred. She didn't send for the doctor; she made and applied the poultice herself—to save a surgeon, she said—

"We don't want the Rothschilds carrying off alpha money in the country, you know."

A Plea for the Little Folks.

Don't expect too much of your children: it has taken you forty years, it may be, to make you what you are with all your lessons of experience, and I will dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in them or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles; don't ridicule them. Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," says the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with all her children's griefs.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how anxiously their plays were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given to the young hearts pleasure, the memory of which would last a life time. Lastly don't think a child hopeless because it betrays some bad habits. We have known children that seem to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undesirable traits, yet we have lived to see those same children become noble men and women, and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values, plenty of love.

Age of Animals.

The average age of sheep is ten years, up to that age they will breed and thrive. There are instances, however, of their living to an advanced age, and isolated cases as long as twenty years. Cows have an average of fifteen years, although, as with sheep and other domestic animals, they often exceed their allotted time. Rings on their horns indicate their age after they arrive at the age of three years. At four years old a ring is formed at the root of the horn, and every succeeding year another is added; thus, by allowing three years and adding the number of rings, it is easy to arrive at the animal's age. Hogs have been known to live for forty years, though their average is much less. The average of the horse is twenty years, but as beasts of burden they seldom attain that age. When kindly treated, however, and well provided for, they will exceed twenty, and instances are on record where they have lived to the age of fifty. The longevity of the elephant is greater than that of any other animal. The average age has never been computed, but many are known to live to a very advanced age. There is a white elephant now living in the Imperial Menagerie in Russia that is said to be over 150 years old.

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Thirty-seventh District . . . . . M. SULLIVAN
(To be elected.)
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Entrance Fee, Ten Dollars, to be paid one Board, Tuition, Washing and use of bedding . . . $
Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.
French and Spanish lessons free.

EDUCATIONAL.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF PEACE,
SAN DIEGO, ... CALIFORNIA.
Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, late of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY this Institution being well known, it is only needed here to call attention to the fact that the Sisters have added to the programme of studies a course of Elocution, so as to give the young ladies of their charge every facility of acquiring ease and self-possession, so indispensable to the success of the accomplished lady in society. Terms, per month, in advance:

Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per session . . . $

EXTRA CHARGES.

Piano, with use of instrument (per lesson) . . . $
Vocal Music, Plain Lessons . . . 2 00
Vocal Music, Private Lessons . . . 3 00
Drawing . . . 2 00
Painting in Water Colors, per month . . . 2 00
Painting in Oil, per month . . . 3 00
Use of Library . . . 1 00
Graduating Fee . . . 5 00
Physician's Fee, if any, at home . . . 5 00
Bills are presented and are payable at the close of each half session. No deduction for absence.
SILENT DAY SCHOOL.
Terms per month (paid in advance.)
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Grammar Classes . . . $
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes . . . 1 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Intermediate Classes . . . 2 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes . . . 2 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Grammar Classes, if taught Drawing, Painting, French, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, each . . . 1 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes, if taught Drawing and Instrumental Music . . . 1 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Intermediate Classes, if taught Drawing and Instrumental Music . . . 1 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes, if taught Drawing and Instrumental Music . . . 1 00
Painting and Private Elocution lessons form extra charges. Use of Boudoir free. Instruction in French and Spanish are given gratuitously to those who may desire it.

N. B.—A private conveyance is furnished to boarders only, for the convenience of pupils, selling in distant parts of the city.

COLLEGE
OF NOTRE DAME
MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

THIS INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1868, is chartered by the State Legislature, with all the rights and privileges of similar collegiate institutions of this State.

Education is optional. The terms and particulars are as follows:

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
Marysville.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.
Conducted by the Christian Brothers
Fifth and Jackson Sts., OAKLAND, CAL.

THIS INSTITUTION IS A SELECT BOARDING and Day School for boys up to the age of fifteen years. It is conducted by the Christian Brothers, and affords all the advantages of a superior Christian education at a moderate charge.

Terms and particulars, (exclusive of washing, which is at each boarder's option), may be had on application to the Brother Director, who will also be happy to place a boarder (equal to the outfit of a gentleman) in the Catholic family of a respectable citizen of Oakland, at a moderate charge, when the parents of such boarder may be unable to procure a suitable home for him. Pupils will be received at any time during the year.

TERM:

(Payment in U. S. gold coin, and invariably in advance.)
Boarding, Tuition, Bedding, use of a mattress, Medicines and Medical Attendance . . . $
Washing, per month . . . $
BRO. LACHAN, Director.

ST. SUSANNA ACADEMY,
CORNER OF SUTTER AND STOCKTON STS., SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS INSTITUTION, CONDUCTED BY THE Sisters of Notre Dame, is now in a flourishing condition. Its location is healthy, and the grounds are extensive. The course of instruction is thorough and comprehensive, including the English, French, German, Spanish, Latin, Drawing, Painting, Music, Elocution, Needle Work, etc. Terms:

(Payable half yearly in advance.)
Board and Tuition . . . $
Entrance Fee . . . 10 00
Washing . . . 20 00
Bedding, same as used in the Institution . . . 10 00
Use of Piano . . . 10 00
Use of Harp . . . 10 00
Painting, water colors . . . 10 00
Painting, in oil colors . . . 10 00
Drawing . . . 10 00
Under class, per month . . . 10 00
Intermediate class, per month . . . 15 00
Senior class, per month . . . 20 00
Physician's fee, if any, at home . . . 5 00
Use of Library . . . 1 00
Graduating Fee . . . 5 00
Bills are presented and are payable at the close of each half session. No deduction for absence.
SISTER SUPERIOR.

Academy of Our Lady of Angels
SANTA CLARA, ... CALIFORNIA

THIS INSTITUTION, SUBMITTED BY THE Sisters of Notre Dame, affords all the opportunity of procuring for young ladies a thorough education in all branches of education. This feature in particular that should recommend this Academy is the influence exercised to form the pupils to views and habits of economy and to render them amiable members of society in after years.

The scholastic year, comprising 10 months, commences at the beginning of August and ends in June.

Pupils are received at any period of the year within

For courses, payable in advance.
Entrance Fee, Ten Dollars, to be paid one
Board, Tuition, Washing and use of bedding . . . $
Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.
French and Spanish lessons free.

Our Young Folks.

MONITOR MENTION.

[illegible]

The Rosary.

The dear prayers of the Rosary,
My children, do you know?
And how the great St. Dominic
Taught them long years ago?

And do you always say these prayers
Devoutly and with love,
Remembering that to those same throats
The angels dwell above?

Are in the Rosary hold:
A meditation and a prayer
Alike for you and old.

Turn ever any with reverent love
These mysteries of joy,
And Mary's lovely loft more a grace
Will come from Mary's

The Faithful Friend.

There is a pretty little Eastern legend about the dog, which I should like to tell you, because, perhaps, it will increase your kindly feeling toward the race. It is as follows:

When Adam was driven out of Paradise, all the animals that abounded had decided to follow him. But as he sped on his lonely journey, he sat down upon a rock and pressed his face with his hands. He, however, he heard a rustling among the bushes, and felt a soft tongue gently trying which he covered his face. He looked up, and met the liquid eyes of a dog brimming over with love and sympathy. The dog came to his side, and Adam was comforted, for he felt that there was at least one creature that loved him not, but protested his company to the last. The dog followed Adam for days, through succeeding ages, the dog has been, and will be, the friend of man.

I cannot think how anybody can ill-treat so faithful and loving a companion. Recently a dog I know was thrown from a train across from all children's nearby. The other day, in passing a rail, I saw a very large dog lying at full length upon the rail. He was a St. Bernard, and a splendid fellow. His mistress was a tiny maiden of five years, who had been sent to the house with a message, and the dog had followed her. "Come, Leo," and the little girl, when she was ready to go. The huge creature rose in an instant, and obeyed, as if he had no will of his own. And yet he could have crushed her with his paw, I might have said he could have eaten her at one mouthful, but he was content to lie by her, because he loved her, and it would it have been for anybody that would have dared to molest her.

Thunder and Lightning.

Now, when children hear so much and about electricity, so used to send telegraphic dispatches, and know that railroad men are anxious to see the day when engines will be run by electricity instead of steam, they may be surprised to learn that the lightning which so often frightens us in the summer time is caused by electricity. There are kinds of electricity, the positive and the negative—much of which is formed by the earth or rubbing against the dry air, and by the turning of the salt water or the sun's heat or by the blowing of the wind.

When a cloud filled with positive electricity comes in contact with another with negative electricity, a sudden flash of light is produced, and we call it lightning. The sound is produced by the air, which is generally upon lightning, and sometimes it takes a ringing to fill up this space makes the sound which we call thunder. The reason why we hear the thunder as soon as we see the flash of lightning is that light travels more than a million times as fast as sound.

If you can count five as slowly as the tick of a clock between the flash and the noise, it is said that you may be sure the cloud is six miles away.

Sometimes the lightning is very curious, sometimes it is straight and sometimes it is a short lightning, and sometimes it takes the form of a ball of fire.

When a thunder cloud is near the earth, the lightning comes straight down to the earth, because there is little air for it to pass through. When the clouds are farther from the earth, the air is the path of the lightning is pushed closer together, and, as lightning passes more quickly through the thin than through the thicker air, the electricity seems to make its way in a zigzag course.

The shape lightning is the shining on distant clouds of flashes of zig-zag lightning, and is caused by slight discharges in the clouds which do not contain electricity enough to send forth a zig-zag display

The Great Secret.

Once on a time there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved very much, and he took a great deal of pains to make him happy.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys, and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle pony, that he might ride just when he pleased, and a row boat on a lovely lake, and servants to wait on him wherever he went. He also provided teachers who were to give him the knowledge of things that would make him good and great.

But, for all this, the young prince was unhappy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something that he did not have.

At last one day, a magician came to the court. He saw the frown on the boy's face, and he said to the king.

"I can make your son happy, and turn his frown into smiles. But you must pay me a great price for telling him the secret."

"All right," said the king, "whatever you ask I will give."

So the year was agreed upon and paid, and then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of white paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. There he went away.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and he became the happiest boy in the realm.

Do It Well.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job slight, because it is apparently unimportant, badly done, is not neglect, at that was demerit into bad workmen.

"There is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing, recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

None of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, and the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics rose from the great mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Practical Hatters,
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Complete, with Pacific Rice Ink . . . Each
Black or gold lettered . . . Each
Second quality blank . . . Each

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BOOTS AND SHOES.
JOHN SULLIVAN,
NORTHEAST COR. OF SUTTER AND JACKSON
A mission, offers in sales to order the best French Calf Leather BOOTS, at fresh . . . $6 50 00
California Leather Boots . . . $6 00
French Calf Gaiter Ties . . . $4 00
California . . . $3 50
Boys' and Children's Boots and Shoes made to order. Persons in the country ordering Boots and Shoes to the amount of Twelve Dollars or more, will be allowed a reduction of four per cent, so as to make the express charge light. I sell Boots and Shoes of MY OWN MANUFACTURE ONLY. Boots and Shoes sent C.O.D. positively no price.

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FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE
UNION
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
THE CALIFORNIA LLOYDS,
ESTABLISHED IN 1861.
No. 416 and 418 California Street.
CAPITAL . . . $750,000 GOLD
FAIR DATES.
PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES.
SOLID SECURITY.

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PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
439 California Street, S. F.
(Sale Deposit Building.)
JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATOY, Secretary.
JEREMIAH DEASY, City Solicitor.—Office also at 218 Third street.

INCORPORATED, 1857.
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HAS REMOVED
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NOW OCCUPIES PREMISES
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20th Annual Exhibit, January 1, 1884.

Premium Notes Outstanding	$4,211,027 27
Losses Unpaid (0 in number)	0,000 00
Assets, January 1, 1884	750,972 12
Surplus for Policy Holders	146,684 12
Insurance Force	20,000,000 00
Capital Used for Profit	500,000 00
Net Surplus Over Everything	146,684 12

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Boots and English Saddlery a Specialty
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WILL MAKE A BETTER RAZOR ADD MORE ON
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221 and 223 Market Street
Just Below Beale—the New Block.

J. CHAPPELLE

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND

Armagh.—On Aug. 23, as the passenger train from Clones, arriving at Portadown at 7.20 P. M., was coming up to the platform a porter named Maunsey Bingham was advancing to meet it when he missed his footing and fell between the platform and carriage, the train came over him. It was at once stopped, and Bingham was found to be quite dead.

A proclamation has been issued offering a reward of £500 for information which will lead to the conviction of the murderers of Mr. Mahon, of Kilverghe, county Clare, who was shot on the 19th August. A further reward of £200 for private information is also offered.

Cork.—Lady Mary Scott, daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch, and Sir Sutherland Scott, the wife of Arthur Hugh Smith-Barry, Esq., J. P., and daughter of the late Earl of Dunraven.

It is understood that the National League intends to contest Cork City at the next election.

Donegal.—In Derrycrine, his cordial thanks for his services, extends the Greenore Relief Fund. Father McFadden says: "All the wicked people are now in Derry, and I hope, God willing, every man, woman and child will shoot them out on her friends for shelter." Referring to the action of the agent in her case, the Rev. gentleman says: "I have never met an agent deceitfully or perverse do so, but I always found him a gentleman to do good. The same alone of the eviction proceedings he always acted with 1880, and the gross amount of rent sought to be recovered was £1,000. Those are startling figures.

Dublin.—So far, the popular party in Dublin county, is winning in the revision courts. Mr. Jos. Trant Dillon is not pressed thereat, judging from a speech he delivered in the Lord-Lieutenant's Dublin street, Dublin, on Sept. 4. Mr. Dillon, in the course of his speech, said: Lieutenant Hall, which will be

Poetry.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF
THE SWITZERS TO HIS NATIVE LAND.
BY A. HOLDE.

Oh! Farewell forever my native mountains,
A loving heart pants out its last fond good bye,
Farewell to thy valleys, thy clear flowing fountains,
Which often in childhood delighted my eye.
Farewell! to the shrines whence my youthful devotions,
Was strengthened by Freedom's Celestial soul-stirring fire.
Farewell! to the shrine where my youthful devotions,
Was strengthened by Freedom's Celestial soul-stirring fire.
For my bark will soon lose sight of land
Away from thy charms—my soul sighs and pants
How often in childhood I rambled with pleasure
Thy wilds, thy rocks, thy valleys and mountains
While my heart gaily danced on fancies wild
How oft have I watched the wild chamois swift bounding,
From mountain to mountain in rapturous glee;
And heard the lone flute of the hunter's horn sounding,
As it echoed in hot hasts by Lugano's calm sea.
The rugged sublime of each crag and each wildwood,
Each swift-tackling avalanche and mountain debris;
Were sepulchres of comfort to my pleasant childhood,
They frowned upon stranger—to me did but smile.
The deep, rolling thunder that frightened the stranger,
Was music that lulled me to blissful repose;
The Dolphin's fierce flashes, such dread transmuting danger,
Awaked in my soul every balm mortal knows.
And shall I, who have loved these charms enthusiastically
The bright links that bind me to peace and to glory
Shall I leave them, dear Switzerland—leave thee for ever?
There lavished most on thee while heaven sends! No! I will. God forbid! let me have the will thy
Let me on my cheek the rude storm winds and heavy
Dear Switzerland! nothing shall rend us asunder,
For I love ye in life, and I love ye in death!

Literary Miscellany.

After Sorrow, Joy.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day on his return from drive news Mr. Martin placed in the hands of Esther a letter which on being opened proved to be a reply. It read as follows.

"*Dear Miss Esther*—Your letter of last evening is before me. I thank you for your prompt reply; and I assure you I have given me very great happiness. I hope to be in—next Wednesday, and will call at 8 o'clock P. M. then, believe me.

Truly and unchanged,
Yours, A.—"

After reading the letter, Esther handed it to her father, who also read it, and remarked: "He writes like a business father; and so, Esther, you think you love this young man well enough to change Martin to Maxwell?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, he is to be with us, I judge from his letter, next Wednesday, and before he leaves I desire to see the young gentleman in my private office."

From the date of this interview with her father, which, I forgot to mention, Esther was entirely changed. Every moment, every word, every thought, seemed to be filled with the question of the old mansion. The grand parlors, the far-off sleeping rooms, the dreary dining room, the dreaded thought was how to speak to you as I have this evening; she was happy, happy in your kindness, made so easy, and I am as your mercy—and she, whose hand I seek, is my counsel, and whose prayers are ascending for both you and myself."

"I am fully cognizant of the facts," replied Mr. Martin, "and have neither the wish nor the disposition to oppose any obstacle. Of course you and Esther have thoroughly considered the importance of the step—if you have not—"

"Not, interrupted Albert, "the graven consideration has been exercised by both Esther and myself, and for weeks we have with your consent—"

"That is quite sufficient, young man," was the hearty reply. Albert, then, taking him by the hand to bid him adieu, remarked: "Mr. Martin, your action in this all important matter this evening compels me to grasp your hand as my benefactor; for by your consent, you have bestowed a blessing worth more than can be estimated. Now bid you adieu until November, when I shall return to receive the hand of your daughter."

The following morning Esther failed to appear so early as she did the previous day however, as she quietly stole into the reading parlors, she was somewhat confused to find her younger sister alone there. She took a chair, and seated herself near her, and as guessed she knew something.

The disposition of Esther not to notice the remark, provoked other hints, which, coming from a young lady, naturally she was appealed to, and thereafter she was let alone, but quietly, yet, with a meaning smile as accompaniment.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

What a Rai Can Do.

The telegraph wires in London are full at about 9 o'clock, at the case here, not usually belong to the underground system. The main wires are laid through the tunnels, in which are the gas and sewer pipes. These tunnels are big enough for a man to walk through easily. The branch pipes, containing the side wires, running off from the main line for several miles, are much smaller, and dig workmen must be called out to lose the connection between the larger and the smaller wires. Not long ago, however, were men, who were repairing one of these lateral wires, failed to attach it at a leading line, by which the wire could be drawn back into its place. The blunder seemed to involve great loss, for it looked as if the whole side pipe would have to be dug up to replace the wire. In this dilemma a remarkable step was taken. A rat was caught, and around him was tied one end of a very fine wire. He was placed in the pipe; but after running a few yards he stopped. Then came another step. A ferret was put in after the rat. As soon as the rat heard the ferret coming behind it, the fine wire begin to pay out. It was feared that the rat would show fight, but it did not and the complete connection was made by both rat and ferret. When the rat came out at the other end of the pipe, was caught and by means of the line wire the telegraph wire was drawn through. So the lateral was saved the telegraph company thousands of dollars.

Story of Pigs.

Nations are true Literature. Beautiful as Poetry, accurate as the Science, humorous as Satire, pathetic as Pathos. Close habits of Industry, Economy, Temperance, Chastity, and Self Dis. Diseases the vampire, pollute the blood, resuscitate Liver and action the Bowels. Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Fever, Strengthens the organs on which it acts. Helps time Bitter, unequaled for sedentary, full-habited and desuetude. Sample Bottles, free, and Large Bottles for sale by all Druggists.

GOOD-BYE.

The Depth and World of Meaning Contained in the Parting Words, "Good-Bye."

Farewell, farewell, is a lonely word,
And when we bring a sigh
But give to me that gentle word
That comes from the heart—good-bye.

There is a hearty shake of the hand, a tremor of feeling in the friendly tones, but no hint of parting. They are two friends standing on the deck of a ship that is outward bound. Both are on a journey, a voyage to unknown seas—the one who goes and the one who stays. Full of life, of hope for the future, there is no hint of sadness in the singing good-bye that seems the announcement of a bond of union rather than separation, the assurance that come weal or woe with them all will be well. It is the good-bye of victory rather than of defeat, of success rather than of failure.

The words say plainly to three lovers: "In life, remember me until we meet again." They are the salute made by enemies as strangers first parting. They must be oblivious to the ceremonies of even ordinary friendship. Their love is too new and sacred a thing to be brought out to the public gaze. They can only clasp each other's hands and look into each other's eyes and stammer one passionate, regretful, lingering good-bye.

But the heart feels most when the lips are cold. And the eyes speak the gentle good-bye.

IT IS A VERSE—THO.

An aged couple are parting now. "Oh, when to meet again? They do not know that their other eyes are upon them. They are alone with each and God. There is a solemn, tear-whose good-bye. They have no word to say. Each knows what is in the heart of the other; distance cannot separate these two.

The hearts true answered in tone and in time,
Each to others and rhyme unchanging,
IT IS A VERSE—THO.

Two young people are parting. "Oh, when to meet again? They do not know that their other eyes are upon them. They are alone with each and God. There is a solemn, tear-whose good-bye. They have no word to say. Each knows what is in the heart of the other; distance cannot separate these two.

The hearts true answered in tone and in time,
Each to others and rhyme unchanging,
IT IS A VERSE—THO.

God be with thee. The words are have no other meaning from those whom death parts. They all have need of this prayer who are going into that limbless land from where farewells and good-byes are sounds unknown. Add the pale hands, the the sealed lips and the marble brow. It is but one who cries out in passionate, pleading agony: "God-bye." The voice of the other is mute. Dear traveler to the far-off country, God be with you!

Wonderful Feats of Indian Jugglers.

Between the European and the Indian Juggler there is one great and important difference. The following has all the usual and elaborate paraphernalia of these magical entertainments—a prepared stage, back curtains, tables, chairs, boxes, etc.; the latter has nothing of the sort, all his paraphernalia are contained in a cotton bag which he carries about with him. He is nearly naked, and his stage is the ground or the stone floor of a veranda. Very close two or three jugglers combine and pay visits to the bungalows, thus giving variety to the performance—for each juggler has his own tricks. Recently I had a visit from an amalgamated troupe consisting of seven members—five men, one woman and a boy. Probably the seven had composed their entertainments for that particular day only, and next day they might be performing separately again. If I give you a description of what this party of seven did, you will have a fair idea of a juggling entertainment in India. Two of the seven—one man and the woman—performed a sort of duet, which appeared the most difficult trick, viz tossing balls. The woman was dressed some four or five years, and had on a bodice made of rope, which was securely tied, so that she was practically in a sack of rope. She was lifted and placed in the basket on her shoulders. But a two year old child would have lifted the basket, and the result was that the whole of the rope in person, from the loins upward, was above the basket. The woman bent her head, the juggler placed the lid of the basket on her shoulders, and then there was a shower of balls, which the woman and juggler caught and where, folding it up in his hands, and behold! the lid was in its proper place and the woman was gone! The juggler then took a sword about five feet long, and with it he pierced the basket through and through in all directions—horizontally, vertically, upward and downward, but there was no sign of sudden insult. The woman emerged from the lid and jumped out the basket with his feet and danced in it, until she came to the conclusion that wherever the woman had gone she was not inside. The juggler again took the sheet, and after he had examined it he spread it over the basket, holding it tent shaped, the sure where he had was being about three feet from the ground. In a minute he withdrew the sheet—the woman, and behold! the woman was back in her old position on her knees in the basket; but the ropes and not the sheet, and she was now unbound. This trick has a few variations, one of which is that after the woman disappeared the basket is handed around to show its emptiness, and some observers is satisfied; in the middle of which the female performer reappears before the audience in a state of Congeniality. Finally, Nilna Saldan, and a dwarf, formed Macbeth, who was one of his sweet counsellors, the Lady Macbeth Middle Ages used to play at dolls with the dwarf, and he used to kiss her and carried the manner for dwarfs to excess. In the Middle Ages the Romanies had been used as Thieves-in-ordinary to all nations, bamboozled, and tricked out with paint and artificial colours, was bought as one would buy a rare object of art. Dwarfs, in fact, as the dogs of Europe, they were the favorites of the patrician dames of Venice. In the "Inventa" of Paul Veronese there is a full value for the dwarf, and gallop in the backs of the crippled dwarfs, and the Romanies, the lowlies of the Renaissance loved to lead a crooked-legged dwarf by a strong to set off their own graceful and beauty, and they were furious serving by monkeys. At the dinner given by Sir Science of Bavaria, a dwarf was served up in a pastry, from which he came armed from head to foot, drew his rapier, cut off the head of a pheasant, and placed the trophy to the Electress. In the seventeenth century the Court of Russia kind one of Peter the Great, Princess Tarakanova, sister of Peter, and generally married her dwarf with a dwarfess. At the marriage of the Empress Anne, attended to the wedding, dressed up in gala clothes, and placed four by four in fifteen miniature coaches. The cortège then defiled through the Russian Court, the dwarfs gesticulating in the Russian array. At night there was a grand dwarfs dance and ball at the Kremlin. There have been dwarfs who were heroes. Tom Thumb, Bollmann, the Indian and Charles the Fifth dwarf, literally in his master's arms. A midget, Joel, too, was the hero of the Philistines, Jaffery Hudson, the dwarf of Queen Henrietta Maria, of England. Lord Montrose as he was called, and his German colleague, Ord. The dwarf killed the giant, as Joel of old killed Goliath. The last rival dwarf was the baby of King Stanislaus of Poland, who managed to slip out in his retreat at Nancy. The king wept when his dwarf died. Like Joel, he said: "Poor dwarf, knave, I have one part in my heart that is every pit for thee."

Sweet Hope For the Souls of the Faithful.

We translate the following from the Paris Univers of September 12th:

For several centuries the private of the kingdom of Aragon enjoyed the privilege of saying on all holy days the Mass, if they were regulars. At the request of the Kings Ferdinand and Isabella, Benedict XIV, in his constitution *Quod Divina Sapientia* 20, 1748, extended indefinitely the privilege of the Aragonese. The Pope said the kingdom and their dependencies. This favor of the Pontiff was the subject of a most solemn monument of liberal science, profundity, and eloquence. The Aragonese the privilege has existed the holy every of the Pontiff. The petitions addressed to the Holy See for the extension of the Universal Church of this immense favor have been of great importance. Since 1853, the Archbishop of Tolosa presented to Pius IX. of eternal and glorious memory, a supplication, which was signed by ten years but nothing other prayer.

Everything is immense of Catholic piety, says the Prelate, "some have been lost, no longer offer for the souls of the faithful departed, the sacrifice of the Mass, have been usurped in the name of the Pope, a very rare and sublime favor. Besides, the number of priestes administering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the world is Purgatory so far by year and day, and they will be years still more rare, while the rich—has not, its former strength and vigor.

In answer to this petition, Pius IX. renewed the privilege of Benedict XIV. on the 5th of December, 1853, that the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and we wish with jealous care that all another demands of the venerable brothers the Bishops may be obtained, by an extension of the Pontiff's indulgent examination.

"In giving to your holy thought the praises it deserves. We wish, venerable brothers, to express our joy at the fervent and sublime sentiments which you have expressed."

Since the concluding response, the hour of probable has considerably augmented so—also said, in Italy, thanks to the munificence of Bishop Gaetano de Mino. The zealous secretary, which, the Christian Pastoralis has distributed in profusion copies of the petition of the Archbishop of Tolosa.

It is hoped that the grace obtained will be extended to Spain, to Canada, and to Missions, the Bishops of which, in a great majority, have asked for the favor. Mgr. Hu Holmes, Isle XIII., has declared that he will accept it only to the whole Church at the same time. Thus, in several of the Bishops have asked for the extension of his agency, who could after mainly world. The world has spoken to a thing, which will raise them to a very state the Pontiff, and the Pope, the Mother of Jesus, during His three hours agony.

Mother's Vacant Chair.

I go a little farther on in your life and tell the sadness when I speak of the vacant chair in a rocking chair. She had a young child and died in the prime of most loved friends. I remember it well. It was an old house, and the curtains were almost worn out for I was the youngest, and the child had worked the whole family. It made a rocking chair and I remember that was gone in the house. It was just high enough for a little child to slide down into her lap. That was the joke where we used to tease her. I can hear warning, "Look out, Mary, you will be in your mother's lap." It was the little delightful place in the family circle, but as a child I was a naughty child. Perhaps I was the cause of some of the sadness that come among us. When we were young and rather spoiled, but neither cried. It was a very exalted chair. In the wide day of childhood, other chairs could not be duly seated. They always kept a place for that chair. That was the place where I was taught to read, and all those wondrous songs which mothers sing to their young children, songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathy are poured out upon the little one. Those songs are the most beautiful in the world. Mother's lap is a place of comfort, and the little one, when it is sick, or sorrowful, or in any way disturbed, is put there to be quieted and comforted. Perhaps there was a little sister who had been taken from our home, and we used to see the little form of our mother's sister, or cast one lingering look behind. He is real, his courage, his fidelity to his country, his willingness to face danger, his fortitude under hunger, thirst, and fatigue, his magnanimity and generosity and his prodigious fortitude in enduring cruelties of Indian torture preach an eloquent sermon, and it is meet that we pay that seek the kingdom of God, behind the paths that lead to it.

FATHER LAVERNIA.

was tortured with atrocious cruelty. He was stripped naked, and his flesh was torn with pitch. In this state he was led out to the place of torture, and tied to a stake, and when it had been fired, behold! the flesh was burned and when he beheld the unutterable horrors of the torture, great, whose he had to establish regulations for his Indians, fainted. Some of the Indians, who had fainted their masters on exposure, and fainted at the sight of the torture, shouted aloud. When the "Captain" was tied to the stake, which treats him brought he called upon God, and when he brought he called upon God, and when he brought he called upon God, and when he

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE ARCHDIOCESE

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, patron of Catholic journalists, the pious, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the Church against the calumnies of the day, and spread the holy doctrine in the purestness and principle with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in promulgating ideas, and propagating those sentiments, opinions, and opinions present the world. In our time, religious journalism is perhaps the most powerful instrument of good, and it is, perhaps, probable to the number of subjects, for a work of mission. Hence, it is what ought to be, the support of Catholic journalism, but to conclude and defend the Church, because it may be—alas! it is, the Divine Institution."—Cardinal Wiseman, 1840 (Rome).

First and Second Plenary Councils of Baltimore.

It is now nearly a third of a century since the Catholic Hierarchy of America first met in Plenary Council in the Primatial See of Baltimore, and inasmuch as there is no subject more pleasing, useful or interesting to Catholic readers than to reflect upon the progress which the Church is making in this "land of the free and home of the brave," we lay before our readers this week—as a preface to the proceedings of the forthcoming Third Plenary Council—a brief summary of the state of the Church at the last Plenary Council, when Plenary Councils were convened.

For the first time in the history of the Catholic Church in America, the Hierarchy met in Plenary Council at Baltimore, on May 9th 1852, under the call of the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, around whom were grouped six Archbishops and twenty-four Suffragan and Titular Bishops acting as Administrators of Vicars Apostolic. The names of these "teachers in Israel" are treasured in the hearts of the faithful, and in justice to their revered memory we enumerate them in the order in which they appear in the official record before us:

PRELATES ATTENDING FIRST PLENARY COUNCIL, 1852.

Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Apostolic Delegate and Archbishop of Baltimore.
Most Rev. Francis Nephen Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon City.
Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis.
Most Rev. Anthony Blanc, Archbishop of New Orleans.
Most Rev. John Hughes, Archbishop of New York.
Most Rev. John Baptist Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati.
Rt. Rev. Michael Portier, Bishop of Mobile.*
" " Matthew Loras, " of Dubuque.
" " Richard P. Miles, " of Nashville.
" " John B. Fitzpatrick, " of Boston.
" " Richard Whelan, " of Wheeling.
" " P. Lefevere, Coadj. " of Detroit.
" " John M. Odin, " of New Orleans.
" " Michael O'Connor, " of Pittsburgh.
" " Andrew Byrne, " of Little Rock.
" " John B. Fitzgerald, " of Galveston.
" " J. B. Reynolds, " of Charleston.
" " R. Fitzpatrick, " of Boston.
" " Rosecrans, " of Cleveland.
" " John Timon, " of Buffalo.
" " M. J. Spalding, " of Louisville.
" " J. G. Vandevelde, " of Chicago.
" " J. Van de Velde, " of Natchez.
" " J. B. Alemany, " of Monterey.
" " Joseph Sadoc Alemany, " of Vicar Apostolic of Northern Texas.
" " Anthony Blanc, " of Vicar Apostolic of Louisiana.
Indian Territory.
Rt. Rev. John N. Neraux, Bishop of Philadelphia.*
Rt. Rev. Amandus de Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto.*

* Deceased. † Retired guest.

The Abbot of La Trappe, Superior of the Augustinians, Dominicans, Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Lazarists and Sulpitians were present in order to bear witness to the expansion of Religious Orders and the work their members were accomplishing.

After this Council the Propaganda obtained the creation of the Metropolitan See of San Francisco, and of the Episcopal Sees of Portland, Burlington, Brooklyn, Newark, Erie, Covington, Quincy, Santa Fé and Natchez, and of a Vicariate Apostolic, embracing the upper peninsula of Michigan.

Of the thirty Prelates that attended the First Plenary Council, but five remain to eclipse the assembling of the forthcoming Council. These are Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Alemany, O. P., Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, Bishop A. Hinsdale, recently retired from the See of Newark, and Bishop Lamy of New Mexico. And of those few it is possible that four of the Prelates living will not attend the coming Council, so that the presence of six new beloved Archbishops of California may be the only connecting link in the history of the Plenary Councils of the Church thus far held in America.

The Second Plenary Council assembled in Baltimore on the first Sunday in October, 1866. The Council was—to use the language of Archbishop Spalding—"the largest ever held in Christendom since the Council of Trent, with the exception of those Ecumenical Councils held in Rome under the Sovereign Pontiff himself." It comprised seven Archbishops, thirty-eight Bishops, three mitered Abbots, forty-nine mitred Prelates, and upwards of one hundred and twenty of the most learned members of the priesthood. Sixteen of the Prelates were born in the United States; nine were natives of Ireland; twelve were born in France; three were natives of Spain; Germany was the birth-place of two; two others were born in Belgium; Austria and Switzerland being represented by one each. The session lasted two weeks, closing its labors on Sunday the 21st of October, 1866, in a scene of gorgeous magnificence such as the grand Cathedral of Baltimore had never before exhibited. The sight must indeed have been imposing when at the conclusion of the ceremonies incident to the solemn Mass, Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell (as senior member by consecration, of the Hierarchy) advanced to the throne of the Apostolic Delegate and delivered the closing address, in the course of which he said:

"The Church of the United States is on her all—you are around you this noon—Collegians, Theologians, Clergy, worthy of comparison with those of any other age or clime. May your life and health be long preserved; may your hands be lifted up like those of Moses on the mountain, in favor of the people who, under your auspices, fight the good fight of faith and right conscience, and be called, among us, the white Church, on the Chief Mediatrix of this Great Republic, and on all Departments of the Government; and when, at last, the Prince of Pastors will appear to call you to your great reward, may you receive from His hands the never fading crown of glory."

After a very touching reply from Archbishop Spalding, the chanting of the Ambrosian Hymn and the signing of the Decrees, the Papal Benediction was bestowed upon all present, and, for the second time in the history of America, the Catholic Hierarchy had closed its labors with that unity of faith, that authority of apostolicity, and that spirit of ecclesiastical power which proclaims the true Church of God on earth.

On the second Sunday in November—the appropriate festival of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary—the Third Plenary Council will meet in Baltimore, but alas! many of the Apostolic Band of Bishops will be missed from the scene of their former labors. But their places will not be vacant, their flock will be promoted by their successors, who will carry on the vital mission of the Church militant, aided by the prayers of those saintly Prelates who have gone to their well-earned reward in the Church triumphant! That Church, which—as the historian Macaulay says—"was preserved unscathed when the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Athens, when idols were still worshipped in Mecca," still lives in this New World, and she is "no fossil." Her virtues, temperate and consecrated priestly and priesthood bear the stamp of that sanctity which Almighty God has reserved solely for those who serve in His sanctuary—the holy of holies. Their voice is heard by ten million faithful Catholics in the sole spirit that a dutiful child listens to the counsels and admonitions of a pious and a prudent parent.

Everywhere throughout this land of freedom Catholic faith is flourishing to a degree bordering on the miraculous. New churches, additional schools, shelters for the sick and enfeebled sacramental aids to the unless orphan and the sinful Magdalen—are being multiplied in every corner of this veritable land of the Cross—a land that will yet be known as the garden spot of Faith in the world-wide fold of Christ.

As the Apostolic Prelate looks over the august body by whom he will be surrounded on the assembling of the next Council, his heart may justly feel a holy pride to be called upon to preside over such an assemblage comprising thirteen Archbishops, sixty-two Bishops, six mitred Abbots, the Superiors of numerous Religious Orders, and a small army of theologians, secretaries and ecclesiastical functionaries which will form one of the largest gatherings of the ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church ever assembled in any single country in the world.

May God guide the Prelates in their coming deliberations. May His grace, which has given manifold increase and miraculous prosperity to the Church in America, so penetrate the hearts of His delegates that their work may redound to the propagation of that God-given faith of which man's salvation can alone be secured.

Every Catholic should pray in a special manner for the blessing of God to rest upon the labors of our venerable Prelates, and, above all, that Holy One who has been placed by a great Pontiff under her patronage and protection may become on earth—like unto the Queen of Heaven herself—the purest of Creatures in the Church, the most perfect among Christian nations, and the glory of God everlasting.

As many important questions concerning the application of the disciplinary laws of the Church in this country have arisen since the Second Plenary Council adjourned, the deliberations of the forthcoming Council will be of longer duration than on previous occasions. It is intended to hold public sessions on each Sunday and Thursday until the close of the Council, which is set for November 20th—the first Sunday in Advent.

We have and that many honored names will be missed from the roll of Prelates who attended the last Council, and as many readers of the MONITOR may be interested in praying for the deceased Prelates, we append a list of

DECEASED PRELATES WHO ATTENDED THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL.

Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore, Delegate Apostolic.
Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati.
Most Rev. J. B. Blanchet, D. D., Archbishop of Oregon City, died 1883.
Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati, died 1883.
Most Rev. J. M. Alemany, O. P., Archbishop of San Francisco, died 1884.
Rt. Rev. Bishop V. Whelan, D. D., Bishop of Wheeling, died 1874.
Rt. Rev. J. Fitzgerald, D. D., Bishop of Erie and Adm. of Detroit, died 1869.
Rt. Rev. J. M. Henni, D. D., Bishop of Milwaukee, died 1881.
Rt. Rev. A. Rappe, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, died 1872.
Rt. Rev. John Timon, C. M., Bishop of Buffalo, died 1867.
Rt. Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick, D. D., Bishop of Boston, died 1866.
Rt. Rev. M. Do Sonde, D. D., Bishop of Vincennes, died 1877.
Rt. Rev. John McGill, D. D., Bishop of Richmond, died 1878.
Rt. Rev. J. E. Bayley, D. D., Bishop of Newark, died 1874.
Rt. Rev. H. A. Carroll, D. D., Bishop of Covington, died 1868.
Rt. Rev. T. Grant, D. D., Bishop of Manchester and Los Angeles, died 1867.
Rt. Rev. A. Martin, D. D., Bishop of Natchitoches, died 1866.
Rt. Rev. R. W. Skinner, D. D., Bishop of Portland, died 1875.
Rt. Rev. P. Baraga, D. D., Bishop of Marquette, died 1868.
Rt. Rev. H. J. Lamoroux, D. D., Bishop of Alton, died 1866.
Rt. Rev. H. Juncker, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, died 1871.
Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, D. D., Bishop of Charleston, died 1867.
Rt. Rev. P. F. McFarland, D. D., Bishop of Hartford, died 1874.
Rt. Rev. J. H. Luers, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, died 1871.
Rt. Rev. J. Miege, S. J., D. D., Bishop of Mobile, died 1884.
Rt. Rev. J. Loras, D. D., Bishop of Philadelphia, died 1874.
Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, C. M., D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh, died 1876.
Rt. Rev. Aug. Verot, D. D., Bishop of Savannah, died 1876.
Rt. Rev. P. J. Lavialle, D. D., Bishop of Louisville, died 1867.
Rt. Rev. S. H. Rosecrans, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Cincinnati, died 1874.
Rt. Rev. J. B. Miege, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Kansas, died 1884.

R. I. P.

* Father Lamoreux, of Victoria, V. J., will represent the Bishop of Rome in the forthcoming Council at Baltimore. Father Lamoreux will accompany Bishop Junger to Rome on his return, and during the 25th anniversary of the good Bishop's consecration, his Clergy decided that an address should be presented to him by the Bishop.

THOUGHTS ON THE ROSARY.

BY DESIGN, DEVOTION, CONSOLATION AND INSTRUCTION.

FIRST ARTICLE.

St. Dominic on witnessing the frightful ravages effected by the Albigeoisian heresy on religion and morals, notwithstanding the many noble efforts that had been made by prelates, ecclesiastics and by himself (amongst others) for its extinction, felt that extraordinary help was necessary in order to crush out of existence that detestable product of hell. Many were the tears that he shed, most fervently did he pray to the Blessed Mother, most earnestly and unceasingly did he offer himself as a victim of expiation in order that the Lord in His mercy might put an end to so many evils and restore peace to the Church. He mortified himself not only by fasts and abstinence, but also subjected his innocent body to the most unmerciful treatment. But it was to Mary especially, the Mother of Divine Mercy, that he had recourse with the greatest confidence and the most earnest supplication, as to her to whose mediation are reserved the most signal graces, and against whom heresy has vomited the most horrible blasphemies. The glorious Mother of God heard most benignly her beloved servant Dominic, not only to the extent that he had supplicated her, but even far beyond what he had looked for from her unbounded generosity of heart, for, surrounded with great light, she appeared to him, and with sweet-as ineffable she thus addressed him: "He of good cheer, Dominic, thou knowest well that the salvation of mankind has cost my Son. Certainly He does not intend that the work of redemption shall be brought to nought. Here comes thy than and great confidence, for the fruits of thy labors will be abundant. The remedy for so many evils will be found in the meditation on the mysteries of the life, passion, death and glory of my only Son, joined to the recitation of the Angelic Salutation, through which was announced the great work of the Redemption."

After having informed him of the devotion of the Rosary, and after having pointed out to him the manner of reciting it, she continued with great tenderness to say to him: "Such is the Rosary which thou art to preach to the people, and which thou shalt proclaim to them as a direction most dear to my Son and to me, and as the most powerful means to annihilate heresies, remove vice, propagate virtue, implore the divine mercy and to obtain my protection. It is my wish that not only thou thyself announce my Rosary, but also that thy Order shall forever continue to proclaim this manner of praying the faithful shall obtain through this devotion innumerable blessings, and shall find over ready to assist them in all their wants such is the precious legacy that I leave thee and thy children." (*Manual, Oct. Rosaries, Fr. Lamy, prima Nonpel. Ord. Quinel, Exercices de piété, 1. October.*) We can well understand how much the holy Patriarch must have rejoiced at receiving such a gift from Mother of God, for besides being a proof and pledge of her marked predilection for himself and the Order that he established, they gave him an assurance that the Albigeoisian heresy would be uprooted, the morals would be reformed, and that the Church would be saved.

The Saint, filled with confidence in the Most Holy Mother of God, set to work with his brethren to announce to the people the favorite devotion of the Queen of Heaven. Whilst he and his brethren were most zealously engaged in preaching and in propagating the Rosary, they practised it themselves with the greatest fervor. We are informed by reliable authority that St. Dominic recited the entire Rosary as many as eight times in the day (*Alcoque de orto et progressu Psalterii*), and that his Religious said it at least once every day, and that they regarded that day as lost to them in which they could not recite the full Rosary.

In order that they might be able to say the Rosary any moment, that they might profess openly special devotion to the glorious Mother of the Saviour, and that they might continually and definitely protest against the blasphemies vomited out by heresy against their dearly loved Mother, the Saint and his sons constantly carried on their girdles their Beads, and they were on that account called the *Brothers of the Blessed Mary* (*Acta S. P. Dom. March 17*). The results which this sublime devotion produced amongst the people were incalculable and limitless, as might be expected both from the promises made by the August Queen of Heaven to Dominic, and from his own saintly and zealous life. History proclaims him the Hammer and Vanquisher of heretics; Pope Paul V. conferred upon him the glorious title of "the right arm of the Church—*Bonifacius dexterum Ecclesiæ*," and Pope Alexander IV. declared him the "Defender of the Faith—*Propugnator fidei.*" (*Apost. Const. and post. Concept. 1707, page 325*). Verily, St. Dominic was on earth a perfect image of the Son of God, as the Eternal Father revealed to St. Catherine of Sienna. (*See her Life by Blessed Raymond, Chap. IV.*).

Christians having their souls illumined and their hearts warmed under the guidance of such a Saint, by the recitation and meditation of the Rosary, detested the impious doctrine of the heretics, renounced their own dissenters, and became inflamed with devotion in the service of God, so that the followers of heresy were compelled either to return to the bosom of the Church or to retire confounded and humiliated. The result was that Christian piety everywhere flourished in all classes of society. The Rosary then was at the same time the *order of death to error*, and the *odor of life to the Church.* (*L. Cornelii, 2. 70*). In a very short time the excellence of this admirable devotion was everywhere recognized, says Cruisot: "More than one hundred thousand converted heretics and a prodigious number of sinners dragged out of the state of their abominations by the Rosary, clearly demonstrated what this devotion can do with God for man. It was as a monument to the destruction of heresy; the most glorious devotion of the Rosary that the Church of Jesus Christ in gratitude to His immaculate Mother introduced into her Office the celebrated antiphon, which is believed to be the production of Sophronius, Bishop of Jerusalem. "*Gaude, Maria, Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo.*" (Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, for thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world."

Interesting Interview with a Japanese Missionary.

Recently we had the pleasure of meeting Pere Xavier Mugabure, a native of Southern France, who has been missionary in Japan for ten years, and from whom we learned many interesting facts concerning the propagation of Catholic faith on that land consecrated to God by the labors of Francis Xavier. Father Mugabure was en route for the Atlantic States to join Bishop Jouset, who is collecting for the impoverished mission in all the dioceses in America.

Japan, or as it is known in the native language, "the sunrise kingdom," constitutes a group of islands forming an empire. It is about twice as large as Ohio, 270 from Kamtchatka, and 500 miles from the State. The population is various estimated at from thirty-six to forty millions, and the natives of both sexes exhibit much higher intelligence of intellegence than that commonly attributed to Asiatic races. The prominent characteristics of the Japanese character is a lively and volatile disposition akin to the French people, they are quick of apprehension, heroic during fresh, adventurous, liberal and hospitable. They have a peculiar freedom of thought and are not at all consistent soldiers and sailors, many of their officers, tactitians and nautical instructors are French, German, and American. Professor Mason, of Boston, who spent several years in the practice of his profession in Japan, reports the Japanese as possessing musical genius to a far greater degree than the Americans. The court orchestra, to which he gave instruction, was composed of sixteen organs, thirty-six flutes, eigh, hautboys, fire harps and the usual adjuncts of minor instruments, and the performers were capable of rendering any of the higher classical compositions.

In all branches of education, even in the obstruse sciences, the Japanese learn rapidly and are always eager to acquire the most recent discoveries in science as well as to acquire the highest branches of European knowledge. Education almost universal, the poorest among them being taught to read and write, the women being educated with the same care as the men.

In point of probity of character the Japanese seem to be an exceptional people, strangers ran St. Francis Xavier been the time, the fact that in virtue and probity they surpassed all the nations he had met, and the sentiment is fully as true now as then. All who have subsequently written on Japan bear this people.

Father Mugabure, the successor of Francis Xavier, is a native of the Indies. Three of the most powerful princes of the Japanese nobles, the primes of Bungo Arima and Omura were among the converts. In 1562 the Christians in Japan became numerous enough to send an embassy to Rome with letters and presents to the Pope, in order to secure the vicar of Christ that they were true children of the Apostolic fold.

All went well with the cause of Christianity in Japan until near the close of the sixteenth century, when their creed and pride of the Portuguese merchants—who then controlled the commerce of the country—brought disgrace and disaster on the Christian name. This persecution set in, the nature Christians were consecrated with blood, regardless of age or sex, twenty-three priests having been put to death in a single day in the city of Nagasaki. Persecution continued to rage at intervals during half a century, yet a by a special providence of God this faith implanted in the hearts of the Japanese by St. Francis Xavier was never completely exterminated. This fact is established by many authors, even among non-Catholic writers, who fully agree with C. Pauthier, Hodgson, for many years British Consul at Tokio, who says in his volume entitled *A Residence in Japan.*

"I have reason to believe, that in the island of Yezo, there are more than *ninety thousand persons* who have secretly, for half a century, maintained and preserved not only the tenets, but also many of their Christian ancestors, who are consequently *about 800 pentier thousands.* The Japanese are a religious people, and if allowed by the government religion, and were it in asserting that from one to eight in Japan to the other the Roman Catholic religion would be received with delight, and accepted with enasmity."

It is among such a people that the missionaries of the Catholic Church are still laboring and drawing them slowly but surely into the net of Peter. In the southern portion of Japan at least 25,000 converts have been added to the Church within the memory of man. In the northern portion of the country the missions are of more recent date, hence Father Mugabure's intimate was placed at from eight to ten thousand native converts.

The work of the Church is greatly retarded for want of money to equip missionaries, to pay travelling expenses, circulate tracts, translate, build and maintain schools, and to undertake the many other works necessary for the propagation of the Faith in a pagan land. The missionaries are allowed the very meagre sum of twelve dollars a month for their support, clothing, charity, and travelling expenses, so they are overwhelmed in every way. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the propagation of the Faith has been wonderful. In Tokio, the Capital of Japan, there are finishing a large Cathedral designed and built in 1879 by Bishop Osouf; here also there are two large Seminaries, one of which is attended every day and attended by many Japanese converts with great regularity. In Asaksa there are about a thousand practical, persuasive and fervent Japanese converts whose moral lives are most consoling to the missionaries. Father Mugabure, as an illustration of the fervor manifested by these neophytes, mentioned the case of a Japanese lady, 51 years old, who receives Holy Communion twice every week, and who of her own volition has established a society to pray for the souls in purgatory.

The missionaries in Japan all belong to the Congregation of the Missions of Paris, and their labors are in the proportion of the Faith are increasing. Besides the Fathers having charge of the different churches in the larger cities and towns, eight or nine missaries are constantly peripatetic throughout the country, visiting stations, preaching at new places, giving catechetical instructions, and thus building up the Church of Christ. All the missionaries speak the Japanese tongue, which is difficult to learn, and have thrown into contact with the natives, the Fathers seem acquire it and constant use soon make it a perfect. About twelve hundred natives receive Christian baptism in the northern portion of Japan every year.

There are two female Religious Orders performing works of mercy and charity in Japan in connection with the Church. These are the Sisters of the Infant Jesus and the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. The former Order has two institutions in which they teach nearly seven hundred Japanese girls all the branches of education usually given in female academic schools. The Sisters of St. Paul with Japan about three years ago; they have two training schools for girls and a hospital. They instruct about two hundred children, and attend to the sick. This Order has received nearly a hundred Japanese young ladies who have manifested a vocation for the religious life, and thus the foundation is laid for the future supply of Sisters for the Mission in the Sunrise Kingdom.

Father Mugabure informed us that the Church was tolerated with great liberality by the Government of Japan, and that the missionaries everywhere they went with great cordiality. Having no dogmatic creed to build they are not brought into conflict with the necessity for such a factor in Christianity. Hence they are free to be converted until they possess sufficient insight into the doctrines of divine faith so that their intelligence is enlightened and convicted takes possession of their minds. Then they become Catholics, and no amount of sophistry, bribery, or persecution ever could cause them to apostatize.

All the prominent Protestant sects are largely represented in Japan, but their labors in many instances are principally confined to nursing their babies and drawing their salaries. The natives are attracted to their preaching by the novelty of the performance, but—as many other heathens—they are so called "converts" in name only, and they are known as "rice Christians" or persons who "take their pottage" for attending Protestant worship. The wives of the preachers are another source of attraction to the natives, and the average Japanese Protestant will go to Church on Sunday in order to feast his eyes on fashionably dressed ladies. The Catholics of Japan like to satisfy their curiosity by casting at the ladies from the land of the setting sun.

English Justice to Ireland.

A specimen of the methods by which the English government dishes out justice to Ireland, has recently come to light by the premature publication in the London *Statesman* of the proposed re-distribution of Members of Parliament throughout that great Britain. It was assumed that such a measure would give Ireland a large increase representation in Parliament, but it seems that England is determined to diminish that representation rather than to increase it, and for this purpose the British officials have decided to disfranchise sixteen cities in the Sister Isle. The metropolitan where the proposed cut is to be made are Belfast, Cork, Dublin, Dundalk, Dungarvan, Galway, Athlone, Dublin, Kilkenny, New Ross, Kinsale, Kinsale, Bandon, Drogheda, Downpatrick, Dungannon, Downpatrick and Portarlington.

The design of England in thus infringing the rights of these cities is purely for the purpose of admonishing Ireland's voice in the British Parliament and shorts outside the Parliamentary Irish party by means of an increased representation in England of a hundred and ten members, and a gain of ten members in Scotland.

As an excuse for this defranchising scheme, the British representatives of England have recently come to edit four members of the representation of Cork, two each in that of Mayo, Dublin, Galway and Antrim, one each to Donegal, Kerry, Tyrone and Tipperary, and two to that of the city of Dublin. But this excuse is a mere subterfuge concocted in order to stifle public opinion for the present, so that England can enrich the Irish members with the proposed law, for the purpose of making it even more stringent and unjust hereafter.

We are glad to see that this iniquitious scheme has caused a tremendous sensation throughout all sections of Ireland, and it is very likely to exercise great influence in the forthcoming elections, for it is amazing the whole people against English injustice as to return a phalanx of Parnellites to Parliament whose voice will din into the ears of the English members the wrongs of Ireland until they finally accede to the long-offered prayer of the Irish people, and let Ireland "go in peace."

A Nuisance in a neighboring city, ordered copies of Father Gibeson's Reply to Ingersoll, last week, and asks, "*If such a copy is in hands of millions.*" So do we, and so should everyone in America who calls himself a Christian. But the only way to get this pamphlet into "the hands of millions," is for Catholics to circulate it extensively. We have now a second edition of five thousand copies ready, which we will send to any address in the United States at $5.00 per hundred copies, $2.75 for fifty copies, $1.50 for twenty-five copies, $1.00 for fifteen copies, 50 cents for six copies, or 10 cents for a single copy.

$3,500 copies of Father Gibeson's sermon entitled and unanswerable reply to Ingersoll have been published, and we hope that it will continue until at least 100,000 are distributed among all classes of Christians in this country.

Converts to the Church in Germany.

For a dozen years or more the powerful influence of the German Empire has been wielded against the Catholic Church. All the persecution that could be crammed into antagonistic legislation has been formulated by the black-hearted Bismarck. Prisons have been erected, houses have been sent out of Prussia as so many pests, Catholic churches have been taken away from those who built them and given over to some unutterers sect that sprang up from the soulless rationalistic civil power that warred against the Church of Christ. Yet, under such a persecution of antagonized civil power as great as the world witnesses, the Church of God has become the haven of rest for even some of the blood-relations of the ruthless representative power that persecuted the bride of Christ in the dominions of the Emperor William.

That conversions should be made under such adverse circumstances is a miracle itself, but Almighty God works in wonderful ways, and very often, in this nation, man feels that the bark of Peter is about to be submerged beneath the turbulent waters of malignity against the mainspring of God's munificence to men—then the powerful aid of the Omnipotent is felt to every dominion and to Catholicity by legal enactments aimed at its destruction.

And thus it been in Ireland, England, Scotland, Poland and Germany, where recent conversions have convinced many that the faith of Europe, We have before us, in a work entitled *Converts to Rome*, a partial list of converts received into the Church in Germany, and in order that our Catholics may realize that it is not a dry, uninteresting catalogue of names, we have found "the way, the truth and the life," we append a catalogue of German converts to the Church of Christ, in the hope that it may be of some service to those who it seemed as if the darkness of Egypt overspread the light of truth, and that Almighty God is become estranged in the realm in which the German persecution prevailed.

Among the converts mentioned in the volume we have quoted, are:

Her Most Serene Highness Princess Ida of Hohenlohe, Stolberg, Wernigerode, Princess of Wurtemberg, H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse, H.R.H. the Prince of Hohenzollern, H.R.H. the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, H.R.H. the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, a relative of Sovereigns H.R.H. the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, H.R.H. the Prince of Ysenburg, H.R.H. the late Princess Alexandrine of Wurtemberg, H.R.H. the Princess Ida of Hohenlohe, H.R.H. the Princess Hedwig of Mecklenburg, only surviving sister of the Queen of Prussia, H.R.H. the

Farm and Home.

SWORD AND PLOW.

There was once a court, as I've heard it said—
Who felt that his sod drew near;
And he called his sons before his bed
To give them his goods and gear.

He called for his plow, he called for his sword
That gallant, good and brave;
They brought him both at his chief father's word,
And thus he his blessing gave:

"My first born son, my pride and delight,
To thee my sword retain;
My castle on the lordly height,
And all my broad domain.

"To thee my well-beloved younger son,
My plow I here bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy,
In the quiet vale below."

Contented each the gift did take,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
Even on their dying day.

"Now tell us what came of the steel of fame,
Of the castle and its halls!"
And tell us what came of that vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight?"

Oh not of me what the end may be!
Ask the country round!
The castle is dust, the sward is rust,
The height is but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride
Of the Autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it rhymes for age and wide,
And the boor abides with the plow.

Parental Neglect.

A sad comment on the carelessness of parents may be made, on the drowning of three children in Detroit river recently. Mary Maney and Milla Beecff, aged 12 and 11, went together without older company to Sandwich. They fell in the company, and made the acquaintance of two boys about 17 years of age. The whole party went on the river in a small boat, which was upset by the wake of a passing steamer, and all except Miss Maney, sank to rise no more. She succeeded in clinging to the boat until next day when it drifted so near the shore that her feeble cries were heard by a neighboring farmer who rescued and revived her.

So little interest had been taken by their parents, in these young persons, that their absence was hardly noticed, until the news of the accident was brought by the sole survivor.

Can the amount of vice and misery among us, be wondered at, when such a state of parental indifference to the care of the young exist. These children, were but a few of the hundreds that were allowed on that day to mingle with, and behold, the worst scenes of revelry, and profligacy. Their hats was mounted, dashboard, compared with that of many whose moral ruin will be traced to the same neglect of parental care and restraint. Better sink young in the dark water, than to live the life to which the path on which they had entered leads them.

Be a Good Wife.

Marriage with a worthy man is a woman's privilege, and her best and highest development, mental and physical, can be attained in this state. Men and women were made for each other, and a very old but nevertheless true truism is that a happy marriage is the very Garden of Eden. An unhappy marriage is the reverse, and the greatest of all calamities that can befall a pure, affectionate and noble woman. Faith in God and a strong resolve to do every duty can alone keep such a one from absolute despair. Miss Bremdon says, "a good woman who does not love her husband makes a good wife." If this is true it is because she is controlled by duty instead of the changing caprices of affection. "Trouble in the flesh" will come to every married couple. Who, not crazed with love, would wish to be married to an angel? Wives and husbands were always quite willing and even eager to see their children settled for in life in marriage, knowing that they would find shelter and protection thereby, if not in the affection, at least by the law, which compels the husband to support his wife—a support perhaps meager enough and grudgingly bestowed. Look around on all your friends, married or single, and ask yourselves the question which is the preferable lot. If you are strong enough to fight alone the battle of life, to earn your own bread and butter, you are just in the condition to give the respect at least of a husband, and, having a hearty, genuine respect, admiration and love are not far distant. The truth is, dear girls, too many enter into this holy condition hoping to find in it only ease, adulation and pleasure. Such persons will find the reverse of what they seek. Read Tennyson's "Princess." Had not he the true conception of happiness in this condition?

A man must be bad, indeed, that can treat with disrespect a woman who respects herself. As a rule a good woman will make a good home—we know of exceptions to this, however. But if you have made up your minds to follow the best of your own wills, and gave a way for yourselves, you may do well; but to those who intend to enter the married state, should a good opportunity come to them, I have only to say, see to it that you individually understand what is required of you as a wife. Be willing to make concessions at any time if in the wrong, and, above all things, don't find fault with your husband before others.

What Large Crops Would Do for Us.

The potency of good crops and of other important commercial influences is generally underrated. A large yield means an enormous addition to the available wealth of the country. For illustration, let us suppose that the needs of our population of 57,000,000 can be moderately supplied, but no more, when the yield of wheat is 400,000,000 bushels, of corn 1,200,000,000 bushels, of cotton, 6,000,000 bales, and of other productions in like proportion. Such a yield, let us say, suffices to feed and clothe our people and to buy what they need from abroad. But instead, there comes a yield of about one quarter greater, the gross product of agricultural rises, for example, from $2,400,000,000 to $3,000,000,000. Our needs having been previously supplied, the increase of $600,000,000, or $900,000,000 is so much added to our gross profit on the year's work, and when markets can be found for products, the entire value of that increase is added to the available wealth of the country. In short, we are in the position of a merchant who can barely cover expenses with a moderate business, but can make an enormous profit if the business becomes a little larger.

This year's crops are going to add a very large sum to the clear profits of the country, unless we allow speculation to slaughter our foreign trade again. With $600,000,000 more to be applied to the development of resources, the building of houses and mills and railroads, or to be invested in securities, an impetus will certainly be given to all markets and all branches of trade.

Spoon Music.

The performers who are to assist in the entertainment must each be provided with a with a wide glass and spoon. The air is then played over and when the pianist arrives at the passages marked "spoons" each glass is to be touched with an the edge with the spoon. If done with delicacy it is astonishing what a pleasing effect may be produced, especially if the wine glasses provided be of thin glass. The brass gentle the touch the greater will be the success achieved. Nothing is needed but clear, gentle ringing notes, sounded in harmony.

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This Institution is a select boarding and day school for boys of the ages of three years and upwards. Special care is taken in the arrangement of a superior Christian education.
Terms and particulars, instructions and regulations made to Boarding School, sent only upon application to the Brother Director of the Institution.
Pupils will be received at any time during the scholastic year, but a quarter period shall be taken for a quarter period thereafter, terms of five months.
TERMS:
Payment in U. S. gold coin, and invariably in advance.
Board, Tuition and Washing . . . . Per term of 5 months $ 100
Medicines and Medical Attendance 10
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Entrance Fee, payable once only 10
BRO. LANTAN, Director.

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY,
Golden Gate Ave. San Francisco
CONDUCTED BY
THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.
This Academy, delightfully situated on the Western Addition, affords every opportunity for a healthy, refined and Christian education. Its pupils are taught to regard the Convent as their home, and to love it as such. All communications should be addressed to
SISTER SUPERIOR.

Academy of Our Lady of Angels.
SANTA CLARA, ... CALIFORNIA
This Institution, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, affords an extensive course in all the branches of a solid and refined education. This feature in particular that distinguishes this Academy, is the influence established to form the pupils to virtue and habits of order and neatness, which have their most precious fruit in all good as being mothers. Read the unanimous voice of those upon the threshold of that time and look however upon the home. It affords the good my heart. Good music, good friends, but good manners—these are the opposites of the world, for the sweet, sleep security of age. All an evening, nothing to fear. I listened to some quiet tale, this to my age, then to her tender and sing voice. Never can I forget her whose eyes not open on when I appear sleep, never her kiss of peace at night have passed away since we laid her in sepulchre in the old church yard, still her votes whispers from the grave, the spot where we as I rest upon grave hallowed to the memory of my

SETTLE.

Pupils (based every quarter, as nearly as possible, upon the number of days spent in the school) will be to be counted as a quarter. Pupils who have spent as a quarter entitled which would be to be counted as a quarter. Pupils who have spent a quarter entitled which would be to be counted as a quarter. Pupils who have spent a quarter entitled which would be to be counted as a quarter. Pupils who have spent

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM— IRELAND.

Antrim.—At the recent meeting of the Parnell Branch of the National League, Ballast, it was announced that during the coming Winter lectures would be delivered by Messrs. Colomel, Johnston, Shanks, Williams, O'Connor, and others.

Armagh.—William Tarleton, late of Knockmoyne, in the county of Armagh, farmer, now an absconding debtor, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

On October 1st, at Portadown, a young man living at Clonsilladerg, named Edward Magee, while standing on a railway car was struck by a block on which he ought to have ducked, and his skull was fractured. Magee was killed instantly. Deceased was 22 years of age, and was the only support of two sisters. Conclusion of the train, it is said, was the cause of death.

Clare.—A young man, named Thomas Sheehan, met a shocking death on September 27. While driving along the road from Ennis to Kilrush, his horse reared, at a dangerous and unprotected part of the road, and Sheehan got out of the cart and took the horse by the head, whereupon the animal jumped off the road into a deep morass, burying Sheehan beneath it. The horse was also killed.

Cork.—Alderman Hopper, of Cork, has hit upon another happy phrase. He says he does not give as much credit to Irish Members who reside in Ireland for being National, as he does upon the Irish McCarthy, who, being home National opinions in either Houses of Parliament, made against the Irish Members, who are home Nationalists, and who, in the interest of Irish public opinion.

At a special session held on September 30, at Bantry, under the Crimes Act, Jeremiah Sullivan was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor, for hackney driving, taken possession of a horse, the property of the Earl of Lonmare, from which Sullivan had been evicted. The latter pleaded in defense that he found it impossible to have the place where he had been worked.

On Sept. 28, a National meeting was held at Coolmagourney, in the Bantry district, Cork, and very numerously attended. The Parish Priest was not invited from his holding at Castletown, during the Land League agitation, and, as there was a large attendance. Resolutions were proposed amongst other things, condemning the native Parliament, and declaring that those who trial of the laws to beat the people out of the country, should not be permitted to hunt over the lands.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., was presented, on Sept. 29, with a purse of £100 by his fellow-nationals and the Young Ireland Society of Ballincurrig, a large suburban district.

Lieutenant Colonel Chadwick, late of the Barrow Militia, Thomas Hardy, aged 50, sailor, after sailing his engage, went to retire to bed, and while passing through the bathroom, accidentally expired of heart disease.

The first meeting of the newly appointed Ballinasloe and Skibbereen Harbor Board was held on Thursday, at Ballinasloe. The Rev. Father Davis, P. P., was unanimously elected chairman.

Mr. Ferguson, Q. C., Chairman of the West Cork Jury, on the opening of the Court at Bandon, at Bantry, on Sept. 29, in a very pleasant address, said he was not unwilling to be disposed of, in his case, with a sale of white gloves, in which he recognized the compliment, Mr. Ferguson and that it was not that he had been the recipient of such a welcome recognition of the impartiality of the juries of a large district.

The Rev. John Willard, O. P., died on Sept. 29, in Cork. Father Willard was born in Cork in the year 1826, and after a sound religious education, he entered the Dominican Order, and was sent to Lisbon, where, after completing his studies, he was ordained. He then returned to Cork immediately after his ordination, in the month of May, 1850, and was stationed in Sunday's Well Convent. Father Willard was a great favorite with the people of Cork, and spent the whole of his life in Cork, with the exception of a few years in Dublin, on "Sunday from an Edinburgh Pulpit." Father Willard's sermons were very popular, and received an enthusiastic reception.

Mr. Michael Dwyer, of Ballinacurra, died on Monday, September 29, at the residence of his son-in-law, Thomas Dwyer, Q. C., Cork. He had been a leading Nationalist, and, in the early part of his life, he had taken a prominent part in the Repeal agitation, and was

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

MISERERE DOMINE.

At times! the heart in mourning turns
Beneath its misery!
At times! stifled are its moans;
Miserere Domine!

From out the depths the bitter cry
Of soul brokenly
Ascends: to reach thy home on high,
Miserere Domine!

List to the prayer; the supplication hear,
Of sad pertensity;
Mark not our faults, thy wrath we fear
Miserere Domine!

As humble heart, and broken with grief,
Claims thy pity, mercy
Haste thee, and come to our relief,
Miserere Domine!

With there is hope, and life, and love, O God;
To pity and to mildly,
Thy mercy shines thro' all thy reign
Miserere Domine!

From morn's welsh till dawn are
We wait for victory;
Our soul bend, humble, and live grieve
Miserere Domine!

San Francisco, J. D.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE LAND BY FANCY FORMED.

BY A. DOYLE.

It sparkles with lustrous diamonds,
With hopes of a thousand things;
And a dove who hoards its valleys,
To the angelic spirit wings.

And the song that her ever lips utter,
Soothes the soul that is gloomy with care;
The lilies that once seemed to decay
With Nature's bright magic grown fair.

There's a fountain of Peace in that valley,
And it quenches the hot thirst of strife;
Here the soul thirsts and is the first,
Sips the draught that imbues it with life.

Ah! oft have I come to this fairy-land,
And infinite rest in its shades;
I have sealed the force of my sorrow,
In the waters that silver its glades.

I have looked to the blue sky above me,
And my eyes seemed to pierce its fair hue;
When Lo! just behind its arched portals,
Stood of hope gilded bright on my view.

Oh! the vision that unfolded on pathway,
So grand! so entrancing! so fair!
But alas! when I grasped at their beauties,
My sager hands stretched empty air.

I awoke from the spell that had chained me,
And bounded to life once anew;
The lay life were spoke the wild anguish,
Yet the depths of my soul hold the pain!

Literary Miscellany.

After Sorrow, Joy.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

The following Sunday was ushered in by dark clouds and distant thunder, and before the hour for going to church the rain fell in torrents and the wind swayed the shade trees in the most threatening manner; therefore the family abandoned the idea of leaving home, and quietly seated themselves for the usual hour of conversation, which insensibly turned upon Christian denominations, and the various doctrines held—a subject never before discussed in this family circle, and being something unusual and new, the conversation flowed on pleasantly, and new ideas had presented itself. Finally, one remark young Eisner made to a Catholic, or I should judge him to be, from the very fanatic manner in which he spoke of Mass by the letter of the Father. How is that, Father?

"You are covered in your surmises, father."

"Ah! yes, you know it, and will not take a step in the dark."

"No, father; I shall take a step from the dark into the light."

"Well, my daughter, your language is rather enigmatical, I think. Since you have ventured so bold a reply, suppose you tell us, and we promise entire attention, why there is more light in the Catholic Church than in any of the other Christian churches?"

"Father, father, while I have not spoken unadvisedly, I should not have been so bold. Still, if you would prefer that which would appear arrogance in your child, I will endeavor to make my declaration at once intelligible.

"Oh, certainly, father. I meant nothing else."

"Then, if it is agreeable to you, mother, and all, I shall explain."

With one voice the entire family expressed the deepest interest, and hoped that she would tell them something about the great Catholic Church.

"Now," commenced Esther, "I do feel under obligations, and will at least attempt an explanation. We are taught in the Bible that our Saviour in his last interview with Peter, gave unto him the keys of Heaven, and delivered to him the most important commands. He endowed him with the extraordinary power of binding and loosing the souls of men with the assurance that he sate would be entitled in Heaven; and it was on that occasion He established His Church on earth, and promised to guard that His would defend it, and be with it to the end of time. Now that is true; and if true, then Peter, the Head of the visible Church of Christ on earth, and the first Pope, and Christ, the Founder, and present Defender, was and is the True Light, that has illuminated its path from the commencement of Peter's commission, through the nineteen centuries which have elapsed, and who reigns in the presence of Leo, the Thirteenth, the successor and representative of Peter's Chair.

"This beautiful and, allow me to add, reasonable and truthful deduction from Holy Writ, makes the Son of the Father, the Son that illuminates the hearts of all true Catholics, and causes a halo to encircle the heads of the multitudes of the humble religious, who have given themselves, soul and body, into His service. And then, I have ventured the assertion, that I am about to step from other darkness into the Light."

Upon Esther's conclusion of this sentence, and before she had time to proceed with her explanation, Mr. Martin interrupted with,

"I am quite delighted with the argument, and your earnest manner of defending the religious principles of which I should not at all be surprised some day, not in the distant future, to see at least one member of the family a Catholic."

"Father, if you mean myself, indeed you need not be surprised. I have given the subject not only a thorough and careful examination, but a prayerful one as well—and my mind on that question is settled."

Mrs Martin had quietly listened to the strange enumeration of Esther, and signified her appreciation of the remarks of Mr. Martin by nodding assent as he spoke.

Under of Esther had the effect of calling from her mother expressions of surprise and approval.

She said: "I must declare I do not care if she does become a Catholic; for, after all, it cannot be denied that there is a beauty and earnestness in the worship of the Catholic Church that is not found elsewhere—that is, so far as my observation extends. I have never before heard such convincing reasoning of the claims of that Church to its origin from our Saviour, Husband! and I am well really anxious to know more about it; and I think I shall invite the Bishop very soon to spend a evening with us, that we may further prosecute the subject. Mr. Martin made no reply—looked amused—and seemed himself, as soon as his office, where for two hours he sat in silent meditation.

Later in the day he sought his wife's presence, and asked her with much apparent feeling, if she meant what she said in regard to having a Catholic Bishop a guest of the house, and receiving an affirmed answer, at once gave his consent—and since it had been agreed upon, he trusted she would not defer the invitation too long; the fortunate conversation had left his mind in a very unsettled state; he thought it quite right to correct, he would like the Bishop to confirm it; there, he would expect to see the Bishop be made aware at once of their desire.

This proposition was acceptable to Mr. Martin, and the next day a note from his wife was dispatched to the Bishop, couched in modest, but earnest words, soliciting his presence, with the request that he signify his acceptance by the messenger, who had orders to await a reply.

The Bishop read the note, and made no comment; but at once retreated an answer, which was indeed a missive of glad tidings. Esther was called in and advised of all that had been done. She was very glad to learn that the good Bishop would come to her home, she knew him well—he was so good and pleasant. How delightful, she said, as she threw her arms around her mother's neck in very joy.

This tableau, so unexpected, greatly affected Mr. Martin, and he looked around him as if he felt something was wanting. Addressing himself to Esther, he said in tones of tender reproach, "Why not be a Catholic without his knowledge or consent.

Her prompt reply was, "Dear father, you are not angry—will you be so my answer?"

"No, my daughter—how can you be angry with you?"

"Then, you say, I am not a Catholic by Baptism—I have desired Baptism; but was diverted by one, and my daily prayer for the conversion of you, mother, and the children—and I have obeyed in my humble childish way."

A solemn moment ensued. Two hearts were touched that never before yielded to prayer. The man, who, with one stroke of his pen, could command many millions of dollars to roll at his feet, suddenly found himself speechless; and departed without questioning his daughter any further.

From that day no account of time was taken in the Martin mansion. The many friends of Esther were daily visitors, and the happy lady was busy indeed. Letters of the rarest kind were dispensed most lavishly, and no one was more happy than the relieved parents of the restored daughter.

But greater joy and a greater change was yet to come. As a matter of course the youth and beauty who daily associated with Esther had been told of the expected visit of the Catholic Bishop to the family where they had their confidants, and it soon became a current rumor throughout the city.

Ministers of other denominations who had been accustomed to see the form of Mr. Martin in their houses of worship, readily became unnirtled, and, with and latish manner invitations to the family to visit their services on the next Sabbath.

The very cordial manner in which these good people were received and entertained and the effect of quieting their nerves, and such in his turn, departed, reassured in his mind that he had succeeded in his mission. They therefore gave themselves up wholly over to the retrograde step of the Church of Christ, Protestant.

The evening for the Bishop's visit at length came, and, true to his promise, that distinguished gentleman appeared at the door of the Martin mansion, and was joyfully met by Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

To needless to say that the entire evening was most agreeably spent, the conversation taking the course most desired by the family—an exposition of the faith and doctrines of the Church.

It is late hour the Bishop remembered an important appointment, promising however that he would be in a few days again visit them. He desired before leaving, to see Miss Esther, if she had not retired for the night. Mrs. Martin then sent for Esther who had not retired, but had been engaged in prayer for a favorable termination of the Bishop's visit.

With a sweet smile on her lovely countenance, she walked into the parlor, and taking the Bishop's hand knelt and kissed it—as set, she had been taught by Albert, of reverence for and obedience to one in so high a position.

The venerable bishop was quite unprepared for this demonstration of filial affection in a non-Catholic person, and he imparted his blessing, saying: "God bless you my child."

The interview was necessarily brief.

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intermediate agency of the Catholic Press, the instruction which is to be spread, the critics of Catholic doctrine and of the cause of religion, for rights and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and whose in the guidance and precepts with devotion and fidelity.—PIUS IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing ideas; and popularizing ideas is the chief work of government in the world. In our time, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious instrumentum, nor only a work independent of the workers of society, but a sort of apostolate. What is and what ought to be the whole of society, the family, the school, the workshop, the city, the world, whatever it may be—always all, the life-blood.—BEATIS, THE GREATS MONSIGNOR CHEVRIER

Malicious Masonic Mockery of Christian Rites.

If there is any Catholic in California, or elsewhere on the coast, who may be inclined with the idea that the Masonic sect is merely an organization of a beneficial and philanthropic nature, we think it only reasonable to hope that the developments of the diabolical nature of Masonry which we publish below will help to open the eyes of all such Catholics to the sterling and enduring fact so often repeated by the Popes, the Prelates and the Priests, when they declared to the faithful that Masonry *is the worst foe of the Church in the world.*

Hear the potent voice of the present glorious Vicar of Christ in this extract from his recent Encyclical on the Masonic sect:

"Whereforo, against this association reason and truth itself speak out, in justice and natural rights, to fight.

"And the more so because other most cogent reasons confirm the nature of the society, long as it is the enemy of all virtuous living. For however great may be its zeal for the spread of full deceit, and the habit of lying, it is impossible that the aims of things should not be, to a certain extent, be discovered by its consequences. *"A good tree cannot bring forth bad fruit, neither can a bad tree bring forth good fruit"* (St. Matt. vii. 18). Now the fruit of Masonry can proceed from no other than the stock and the grafting whence it has been plainly shown, and from which We have already mentioned, it comes to light what is its ultimate end, viz., utterly to overthrow that discipline of religion and social order which Christianity has founded, and to erect upon its ruins a new one after the own mind, on the principles and foundations of naturalism.

To ascertain the force of the warning words of the Holy Father, it is only necessary to peruse the following account of proceedings which took place publicly in this city on last Wednesday night, proceedings in which the sacraments of Baptism and Holy Eucharist—as administered by the Church—were burlesqued with a degree of diabolism that must have given delight to the demons in hell!

Here is the account of the blasphemous burlesque as printed in the daily press, omitting that portion which alludes to the musical mishaps of the evil-minded executors:

"King Solomon's Hall, in the Masonic Temple, was filled to repletion last evening by the members of Le Pothole Union Lodge, No. 1, Free and Accepted Masons, and conservers in other places, who have adopted the name and written an adjective form. This novel ceremony was performed in the Masonic Temple, and it was pronounced to be a success. It is universally admitted that the Masonic fraternity are not anxious to be christened, sanctifying mirth to all, then inserted into the hall, accompanied by the ecclesiastics and godmothers, and that part the ceremony was duly gone through with drawn swords. The Worshipful Master then well carried all, and the Worshipful Master then addressed the godfathers and godmothers, reminding them of the responsibility of their charge and closed with a prayer for the children, which was responded to by the sexton, the choir lodge and the choir.

The choir, by the way, was then lighted in the very and salt was distributed on the food prepared, being symbolized of purifying the soul of its sins and giving the hospitality of the lodge to the children.

The ceremony of the christening next took place, under the supervision of Worshipful Master Daniel Levy, assisted by Senior Warden Jacob Pentecoster and Junior Warden A. Ottlin. The godfathers and godmothers then took the children, and the Worshipful Master, with the aprons of consecrated to the altar and perform of wine, Consecrated to the altar and perform of wine, the children, who evidently were afraid of the fetters that issued from the flambeau. All having partaken of the hospitality of the lodge, they then repaired to their seats. As it would take too long to christen each child separately, a young boy named Charles Ross was selected and administered the ceremony for the remainder. They drank the wine offered to give them strength to pursue old hospitality. The latter was then applied to the boy's head, the triangle to his breast and the square of wine given his hair. The secret for was then revealed to choose his soul, as the mark of fidelity, which was given by the godparents. The oil was next administered, being symbolized of hospitality.

Upon the oil being administered by the Worshipful Master, who formally adopted them by passing a sword over the heads of the children. The memorial medals and aprons, with the certificate and a package of candy, were then distributed to the children.

Dr. John Dennis, the orator of the evening, then addressed the assemblage and gave a brief description of the progress of Masonry from its inception to the present day. Worshipful Master Levy thanked the orator for his interesting address and closed the ceremonies with a few remarks, and the choir sang the Doxology.

Here is food for reflecting Catholics! The sheep, the cities, the children, the very sacraments of the Church sacrilegiously represented before an assemblage of Jews, infidels and Impenitentes! Food passed around in such an assembly—in insulting mockery of the most august sacrament of the Holy Eucharist! *A Jewish "Worshipful Master"* goes through the Christian formula of baptizing—*as Christians*—a number of children! Do our Catholic and other Christian readers not see the drift of all this? Why, it requires no very penetrating vision to discover the devil demon-stated in the whole business. *The Masons are just seeks to destroy Christianity*, hence it burlesques the rites, sacraments and most sacred mysteries of the Catholic Church, and it proclaims plainly to the world that it can perform for its members all the functions pertaining to the Catholic Church, hence Freemasonry contains Christianity enough for those who are members of that sect! And this is one of the reasons why the Masonic sect considers itself the most august sacraments of the Catholic Church.

But was it not eminently in the Satanic spirit of Masonry to have the ridiculous rite of Masonic ministry of Christian baptism administered by *a Jew!* The representative of a race that repudiates Christ performing Christian baptism! The outrage is perpetrated knowingly in order to parody in the most blasphemous manner known to the Masonic sect the baptism of our Blessed Saviour by St. John the Baptist!

Have these Masonic ceremonies any value in the eyes of God? No! They are an abomination in His sight because they are a profanation of sacraments instituted by Him for His glory and man's salvation. But when such rites are parodied by Masons they become an abomination in the sight of God, and, instead of being acceptable to heaven they give satisfaction to Satan cause rejoicing in the regions presided over by his Satanic majesty.

The Union Catholics should learn from such proceedings is to *avoid all such associations.* They inevitably lead men away from God and lead them hand and foot to the chariot wheels of Baleshub. Those who mock the mysteries of God's holy faith would fain place a crown of thorns upon the sacred head of the Son of God—were in again to crucify Him afresh. And yet there are Catholics who think they can do this body guard of Baleshub who try to convince themselves that the Catholic Church does not include American Freemasonry in its condemnation of the Satanic sect!

To all such the Church says plainly: *"You cannot serve two masters."* You cannot be with God's Church and against it, hence to receive the rites of your religion you must renounce the Masonic sect or stand convicted as an apostate to Almighty God. There is now—as there has been for hundreds of years—an irreconcilable conflict between the Church and the Masonic sect, and every Catholic who is counted among the cohorts of Masonry is a traitor to the true Mother that made him a Christian.

No amount of casuistry can conceal the cloven foot of the Masonic sect. Its impress of the Infernal one is as indelible as is the hand of God in the starry heavens. Masonry is the Antichrist of modern days. It is the "man of sin" predicted by St. Paul in his Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, for the reason that the Masonic sect "opposeth, and is lifted up above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself as if he were God."

This is precisely the attitude assumed by Masonic Jews and infidels when they mock the Bishops and Priests of God's Church, when they travesty the sacred functions of God's anointed, and burlesque the rites that were created to be celebrated only in the *holy of holies*, and by those only who were specially consecrated to the service of that God who will call to dreadful account all those who carricature the Eucharistic and Baptismal sacraments of His Church. Masonry may make light of mocking God; the sect may assume that will is his endeavor to annihilate the Almighty Lord and Sovereign Ruler of the Universe in the minds of men, but it shall never seduce a single Catholic sent with its hell-woven spell if the words of the MONITOR can reach that misguided sentrea in plunges into the pit of perdition prepared for it by the malicious minds of men who see in Masonry and kindred secret organizations the one sole power in the world capable of attempting so crush Christianity out of existence. The attempt is being made by just such Masonic conspiracies as we have mentioned on, but the final triumph will only result upon the standard of the College of Apostles, but also the divinely constituted Chief Pastor of the Universal Church of God. Just as Washington is always quoted first among American patriots, as the Evangelists, in naming the Apostles, always place St. Peter *first*, the names of the others being placed in order, so that if Judas Alias is always where it ought to be—luminous. Now, if according to the biblical summary of Masonry Rev. St. Paul was "the greatest of the Apostles" why did not the heavenly-inspired writers give his name precedence in some place in the bible! No! They knew well to whom the honor of "precedence in apostolate power was given by our Blessed Redeemer, hence they one and all placed the name of St. Peter *first*.

The work of building the Church was never thought of until the insignificant sect to which the Rev. gentleman from Benicia belongs sprung into existence, and the line then let loose has been travelling around the world ever since, being pitched into the public arena whenever an Episcopalian preacher found occasion to circulate it. It is a strength, however, to know that notwithstanding the efforts of the combined world outside the enemies of the Catholic Church have adopted this falsehood. The voice of God proclaimed St. Peter as the "Rock of the Apostles; the pens of the Evangelists have recorded his right in that respect; all the Popes that succeeded him have proclaimed St. Peter's supremacy; all the Fathers of the Church have re-echoed the same sentiment; and even some enlightened Protestant writers candidly acknowledge St. Peter's Primacy in the Apostolic College.

Thus the Catholic Church can prove from the highest and holiest authorities throughout all ages that St. Peter was the Rock of Christ's Church, that he was the "Key-Bearer" of the Kingdom of Heaven, that he was the Confirmer of the Apostles; that he was the Chief Pastor of the Flock—and thus Supreme in authority in the Church of Christ.

We fear there must be a Sleepy Hollow in Benicia where the Rev. Delos Mansfield, A. M., has been taking a Rip Van Winkle nap for many years. The Rev. gentleman is decidedly "behind the age" even regarding the doings of his own sect, because he is still upon the New Testament, recently revised under the authority of a general assembly of Episcopalian clergymen, he will not find there—remarkable honor—paid to St. Peter by his co-religionists "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." "Thus," says the revision committee of Episcopalian clergyman, "did Peter explain the origin of the Old Testament Scriptures, and by clear implication that of the New Testament also." Here we see St. Peter quoted as the first authority for the inspiration of the Bible, and the compilers did this because they believed that his evidence—as the head of the Apostolic College—would have weight in the Christian world than if they quoted any of the other Apostles. Hence Dr. L. Delos Mansfield, A. M., should not be so ignorant regarding the doings of his brethren, and not have the Benicia branch of the British made sect so far behind the times of its religious co-partners.

The Rev. Mr. Noble's pamphlet, which we have before us, has evidently been published for the purpose of circulating the bible during the last three centuries. Hence Dr. L. Delos Mansfield, A. M., would not be so ignorant regarding the doings of his brethren, and not have the Benicia branch of the British made sect so far behind the times of its religious co-partners.

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The Replica of Three Protestant Preachers to Ingersoll.

REV. T. K. NOBLE'S proposal of his Sermon on the Bible, and the Bible Only.

REVIEW OF INGERSOLL'S LECTURE ON "GIRDS AND GOD," BY REV. DELOS MANSFIELD, D.D.

GOD, GOD AND MAN, BY DR. BEELEN, R.C.

REVIEW OF INGERSOLL'S LECTURE ON "GIRDS AND GOD," BY REV. DELOS MANSFIELD, D.D., LL.D., BY REV. T. K. PARK, D.D., LL.D., Rochester, N.Y. Steele & Avery, 1883.

We have read the three works above enumerated with much interest, but with small profit, for the reason that Protestantism becomes a veritable "barren fig tree" when it undertakes to defend Christianity against the assaults of Infidelity. Nor where is the want of authority to speak for God, the absence of a commission, and the lack of a divine, infallible, immutable and indestructible faith—more apparent in a Protestant preacher than when he attempts to speak dogmatically, or to defend Christianity in the polemical arena. It is really melancholy to witness the way these three representatives of false religions floundered about in the swamp of sectarianism, entirely helpless until they hang on to some overhanging limb formed by the Catholic Church centuries before Protestantism was patchworked out of Hades in order to saturate the world with Satanic religious error.

The Rev. Mr. Noble's pamphlet is, in a thing of "shreds and patches," a kind of Congregational "crazy quilt" comprised of fifty-three and odd-looking remnants from different and indifferent writers. And so far as fallibility is concerned—the Rev. preacher might just as well have thrown a mowball into the ocean with the hope of extracting the saline qualities from the briny deep, as to preach such patchwork platitudes with any expectation that left dotty would suffer in the least from such a sermon.

The Rev. L. Delos Mansfield, A. M., had such a high opinion of his "Review" that he printed it and left it for sale at Waldstedt's, 797 Market street. The Rev. gentleman is the Rector of St. Paul's Church, Benicia, which may account for his calling St. Paul "the greatest of the Apostles," *which he was not.* But it is a cardinal principle in the Episcopalian sect to hate Peter and to love Paul, so as to sneak the Primate of the "peaky Popish Church!" Hence Dr. Delos M., A. M., would not be true to the three-century traditions of the sect founded by that horrible historical character known as Henry VIII., if he did not start out to spank Ingersoll by formulating a Sermon!

If the many "revisers," improvers, corrupters and theological thinkers of the Protestant ilk who have been disembowelling the bible during the last three centuries, have not expurgated the proofs of St. Peter's primacy from that sacred volume, we would refer the Reverend author of this sectarian slander upon St. Peter to verses 16-19 of the 16th chapter of St. Matthew; to the 22nd chapter of St. Luke, verses 29-32, and to a dozen other portions of the New Testament whereon he can find sufficient testimony to satisfy any rational mind that St. Peter was not only the *head*, of the College of Apostles, but also the divinely constituted Chief Pastor of the Universal Church of God. Just as Washington is always quoted first among American patriots, as the Evangelists, in naming the Apostles, always place St. Peter *first*, the names of the others being placed in order, so that if Judas alias is always where it ought to be—luminous. Now, if according to the biblical summary of Masonry Rev. St. Paul was "the greatest of the Apostles" why did not the heavenly-inspired writers give his name precedence in some place in the bible! No! They knew well to whom the honor of "precedence in apostolate power was given by our Blessed Redeemer, hence they one and all placed the name of St. Peter *first*.

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The Rev. gentleman next says his handful of hornets a brief biographical sketch of Ingersoll's Calvinistic father, and as a sketch of the Protestant progenitor of blasphemous Bob may serve to give a reason for Ingersoll's hatred of Christianity, we append the and manner which shows how Calvinism kills Christianity in the souls of those who have the misfortune to be immersed in its stagnant and unchristian doctrines.

"In my youth," says Rev. Mansfield, "I knew the father of Robert Ingersoll, who was a hard-shell Calvinistic Baptist, a minister of the gospel of eminent abilities, earnest and sincere in what he knew in those days as "revival meetings." He was a strong and efficient man. His theology of the most Calvinistic type, but with a heart larger and broader than his theological creed. It was impossible, that this sweetness of his father's creed could ever have now before—gave the feel impose to his sons sympathies, which, although not accepted at present, the Christianities of New England was a reaction from the hard, and in some cases, cruel theology of the Calvinistic type, the sentiments of Mr. Ingersoll may have been a reaction from the harsh and inhuman theology of his father's sects, and in some instances, many of those Calvinistic theologians, and I repeated them as not any part of the true Christian faith. For the teachings of Christ—some of which were numerous—we have no scripture, simply that the children are to be happy with the darkness of the times and the ignorance of the age. I have fought many a battle with my venerable grandfather, for half a hundred years ago, in the Hillsboro Presbyterian Church—on the Hillsboro charge—which taught that "God was the *efficient cause* of every human evil, sin and sorrow, and that God would be as much glorified in the damnation of the bad, when they are left to suffer for their sin in the salvation of the good whom he had willed to be saved. What blasphemy! Some of our ancestors—not very long ago—were burned at the stake for less than "God was the *efficient cause* of every human evil, sin and sorrow." Now! Who of my hearers ever heard such a blasphemous doctrine? Now! Who, probably, in whose hair time has worn to the silver tinge, ever heard such a sermon? Not one!

Poor Protestantism! What a pitiful sight it presents even in the hands of a preacher! It is a question in our mind as to which has done the most damage—Robert Ingersoll or the Rev. L. Delos Mansfield, A. M. Even in "the house of his friends" the latter gentleman—if he could—has received a stab in the back that *may* prove mortal.

We trust our readers note in the above extract how neatly Rev. L. Delos Mansfield, A. M., used the Episcopalian bellows to blow out the gospel light that Calvin ignited! Dr. Mansfield calls it "a cruel theology" and says, perhaps, as some future Benicia bellows will blow out the farthing candle (Situation) by Henry VIII. The Rev. gentleman also very generously makes the admission that from the Calvinism of the father proceeded the unbelieving Bob, and this fact may account for the applause which great Ingersoll whenever he alludes to what he blasphemously calls "the cruel theology." Here, alas! Calvinism was paid to St. Peter by his co-religionists "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." "Thus," says the revision committee of Episcopalian clergymen, "did Peter explain the origin of the Old Testament Scriptures, and by clear implication that of the New Testament also." Here we see St. Peter quoted as the first authority for the inspiration of the bible, and the compilers did this because they believed that his evidence—as the head of the Apostolic College—would have weight in the Christian world than if they quoted any of the other Apostles. Hence Dr. L. Delos Mansfield, A. M., should not be so ignorant regarding the doings of his brethren, and not have the Benicia branch of the British made sect so far behind the times of its religious co-partners.

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THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1884.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11.

- Sunday 2nd, Sunday after Pentecost. Patronage of the B. Virgin
- Monday 3rd, Andrew Avellino, Con.
- Tuesday 4th, Charles Borromeo, Cf. Con.
- Wednesday 5th, Martin Pope and Martyr
- Thursday 6th, Leonhard Kunkel, Cnf.
- Friday 7th, Deodatus, Cnf.
- Saturday 8th, Gertrude Virgin

MONITOR MENTION.

—There are fifty-one churches, and countless chapels.

—Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, will start for Dublin on the 15th.

—The Church in Mexico

was recognized as the fab. Fitzgerald and by Archbishop Clarke, were present.

—The *Independent* Rev. says that Ireland has sacrificed the Vatican certain reforms in the education laws of Ireland.

—Since June, 1881, Rev. J. J. Murphy, Pastor of St. Theodore Church Washington, D. C., has paid $100,000 of indebtedness.

—Mr. W. T. Coleman has given a treasurer for at San Rafael to the Sisters of Notre Dame, Sidwell Gallagher, to be erected there.

—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia has the Second Sunday in November for their confirmation during all the days of the week.

—In consumption of portraits among a local society, so popular conditions were sainted, Saint and Small Market Street, Chicago.

—The *Universe Romane* publishes a short sketch from Father Gerard's work, "Life Piece saying: "The work is attributed to Father Gerard."

—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia laid the corner stone of the new Catholic University in that city last Sunday, Rev. W. A. McLaughlin, Rector.

—The recent ophthalmic assaut, at which Archbishop Ireland was the chief, was a very the only operation, has been the cause of the sight of the Rev. Father Ryan, who was the chief assaut.

—The property on S. W. library and Chicago streets, Chicago, has been sold for $100,000. The size of the lot is 100 feet, the property cost $50,000.

—The Jesuits of the Very Scientific Society combine an unusually extensive attack on the Jesuit Order, and on the Pope. The Jesuits have at least proved that it has been kept in hydrogen and oxygen, and that it is not a gas.

—Very Reverend J. Prendergast, the Vicar General, has been appointed by Archbishop Gibbons, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, Very Reverend Jas. Chapelle, Rev. John Foley, D. D., Rev. Jas. Dwyer, Rev. Jas. Kennedy, Rev. Jas. Gibbons, Rev. Jas. Kennedy, Rev. Jas. Gibbons, Rev. Jas. Kennedy, Rev. Jas. Gibbons

Farm and Home.

HER ONLY ONE.

"Good dame, how many children have you?"
Then, with a boiling and troubled brow,
Sadly she looked at an empty place:
"Yes, I have two."
"Nay, Madeline" the father gravely said,
"Ye have but one, for God has taken one
He left the other."
"He must be dead."

"Yes, I have two: one a little child,
Home to her mother's arms clinging fondly
His pure, great face and garments white,
All modelled.
With clear, bright eyes and soft, fair hair,
He climbs up on his mother's knee
Folds baby hands and whispers to me
His evening prayer.

"The other, he took a wilful way,
When the sun West, and kept for his name,
With deeds of cruelty and shame
He hot here.

And as a mother's prayers are never only
So, in my heart the innocent child,
And the reckless man, by sin defiled,
The same I hold.

"But yet I hope them ever apart;
For I will not stain the memory
Of the boy who once prayed on my knee,
Thus to my heart.

The man he grew to still come saints,
My mother love for away he from,
Father and mother will bring him home—
Oh, but how.

The stranger stood in the broader light,
"Oh, Mother! Oh, Father!" he sweetly said,
"I have come back to your side, to stay
Forgive me each thoughtless word."
And as the answer he prayer was over,
And the father wept, and the mother smiled,
And the mother blessed and blessed her boy,
Mary D. Burnett.

—*Catholic Home Almanac.*

Family Expenses.

After religion and politics there is nothing about which intelligent people differ so radically as what they call the cost of living. A shilling man in some departments of business will earn several thousand dollars a year, spend nothing foolishly, and yet all his wants be supplied. Some acquaintances of his with a similar salary, and a large family, live comfortably, sends his boys to college, drives a good horse and has a snug little bank account. There are mechanics earning two dollars a day who comfortably feed and clothe a family of half a dozen people, while some of their fellow workmen, married, but without children live meanly, wear shabby clothes on Sunday, and are economically spoiled from their homes for non-payment of rent. The principal cause of the difference may almost always be found in the family's leader, and the family wardrobe. Some families must breakfast either on buckwheat or mutton chops; others will serve just as much meat and make it just as palatable at a quarter of the expense of choice cuts, because well-cooked. Temperament has much influence on the latter. Excitable people will eat twice as much without satisfying their hunger, as those of better physical balance, yet they will not do more work. Some wives will save the price of a ton of coal by remaining for one of the children an old dress or suit of clothes; some others, seeming to be destitute of that skill or inclination, and have every thing new or go without. Economy is a science which quite a number of men and women have mastered by close observation and diligent practice; others do not seem to know of its existence. It takes longer to learn economy than to learn a trade, but when learned it is the most consoling science in existence, no matter how much or how little money its devotee may have.

The Nightcap Question.

I begin to think that perhaps that custom of my ancestors, that at 10 o'clock moment I plunged my hand into my coat pocket, and pulled out a salt smoking cap—a pretty thing, wrought for me long ago by the dainty delicate, deft fingers of one who now rests in the graveyard at Augusta. This cap was given to her thing, I pinned it reverently upon my head, with an act of faith, and laid me down. The result was magical. Never since I was a boy can I remember to have experienced so perfect a repose. Not a cloud rippled the surface of my brain, and I awakened hours afterward with a sense of satisfaction that must be a foretaste of heaven itself. An incipient headache had vanished. Powers of mind that had been dulled were restored to activity and keenness. Not a trace of irascibility remained, but in its place came trooping the sweet angels that Father Tabor says constantly hover over the good-humored man. I declare that the nancyrophous was so complete, that I almost needed an introduction to my own self. And during my sleep was created by one grand, complete and unusual blunder, a dream, amusing a nightmare. Subsequent experiments have been relatively successful; so I am getting to be an enthusiast on the subject. Some folks say that it is a delusion, a mere freak of the imagination. Be it so. If a nightcap can extinguish my imagination at bedtime, I thank God for the discovery.

Origin of County Fairs.

Our sixty years ago the State of New York established the typical county agricultural fair, a system which has been adopted by the larger number of States, extending to the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado, in 1874. These fairs have been the great educators of the public in all that relates to agriculture, and are to-day important adjuncts and supports of the many State Agricultural Colleges which have been founded since 1862. Other fairs, more varied and comprehensive than the agricultural, embracing more particularly the much wider range of manufactured products, have been held in some of our larger cities for many years, notably those in Boston, of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, of the American Institute in New York, of the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, and also the exhibitions of Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco and the Manufacturers' Institute of this city. Such local and special fairs and exhibitions as those in this and other countries have culminated in the great international or world's expositions of the past thirty years.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Health Hints.

Sickness of the stomach is most promptly relieved by drinking a teaspoful of hot soda and water. If it brings the offending matter up all the better.

When one has had a fever and the hair is falling off, take a teacup of hot sage, steep in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

It is said that by the following simple method almost instant relief of earache is afforded: Put five drops of chloroform on a little cotton and place it in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor through the stem into the aching ear.

The following is said to be an infallible cure for cold and hoarseness: Boil two ounces of flaxseed in one quart of water, strain, and then add two ounces of rock candy, a half-pint of brandy or honey, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil them together. Let it then cool, and bottle for use. Take one cupful before going to bed—the better you drink it the better.

A Railroad Accident.

It was a hot dusty day, when two or three passengers entered the train on the Iowa Division of the Chicago & North-western Road at Bridgewater. Among them, was a stylishly-dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs, and shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged look, or, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay, moaning and grasping in its mother's lap, with the dust and cinders flew in at the open door and windows. The hot and dust made traveling, even for strong men, almost unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental admiration on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman opposite:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby awhile. You look very tired.

The woman seemed much astonished, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said she, tremulously. "I am tired," and her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man with a smile; "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you fan down and rest awhile. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! *By stage?*"

"Yes; but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way home to my friends in the East. My husband—my—"

"Ah! yes! I see," I see" continued the young man, in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape on the little traveling hat. By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a value and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, Yes, I see! And you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping car, have you, madam? The poor young man's cheeks burned and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It is asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now, with a cheerful smile."

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took of his hat, and said, in a low, nervous voice:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us show that we have been brought up in a Christian home, that we have had Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman, pointing at the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut, to her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping car, and she is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly, "Do! Take up a collection—the American citizen's last resort, and the way the silver dollars, quarters and dimes and ten cent pieces rattled would have done any man good to hear it.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke, and the amazed look on her face when she tried to thank us all, and failed; she broke down completely. But we didn't need her thanks,

There was a sleeping car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you."

More than one of us in that car took the lesson to himself, and I learned that a man stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart.

Patti, the Greatest Speak for Herself.

Mr. Strakosch of a *commission*, and the London *Times*, infallible, invertable and *infallible*, "In October, 1868—more square, in a concert at Cohen than when he attempts Adelina, evening a nightmare. Subsequent experiments have been relatively successful; so I am getting to be an enthusiast on the subject. Some folks say that it is a delusion, a mere freak of the imagination. Be it so. If a nightcap can extinguish my imagination at bedtime, I thank God for the discovery.

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COMMENCING SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1884, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, TRAINS WILL RUN AND ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO PASSENGER DEPOT, MARKET STREET, AS FOLLOWS:

Leave S. F.	Destination.	Arrive in S. F.
7:45 a.m.	Petaluma	10:45 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Santa Rosa	9:10 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Cloverdale and Way Stations	10:45 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Ukiah	7:00 p.m.
3:45 p.m.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale and Way Stations	6:45 p.m.
3:45 p.m.	Guerneville	9:45 a.m.

Stage connections at Santa Rosa for Schastopol and Mark West Springs. At Cloverdale for Skaggs Springs, and to Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Ukiah, Greenville, Susan Ville, Litchfield and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Saturdays and Sundays to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4; to Guerneville $2.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma $1.00; to Santa Rosa $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4; to Guerneville $2.50.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, Week Days—7:45 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m.; Sundays, 9:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 12:00 m., 2:30 p.m., 5:00 p.m.

To San Francisco from San Rafael—Week Days, 6:20 a.m., 8:05 a.m., 12:05 p.m., 4:05 p.m. Sundays, 8:05 a.m., 10:35 a.m., 1:35 p.m., 4:05 p.m., 5:20 p.m.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days, 6:50 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 5:50 p.m. Sundays, 8:30 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 5:50 p.m.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent. Gen. Manager.

PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SONOMA VALLEY RAILROAD

STEAMER JAMES M. DONAHUE LEAVES SAN Francisco and connects with trains at Sonoma daily, at 5.00 P. M. Daily (Sundays excepted) from Washington Street Wharf, foot of Washington Street, Oakland.

A. SUTRO, Superintendent.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD

Sacramento River Steamers.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. for Sacramento, Stockton, Lodi, Lockeford, Clements, Jackson, Ione, Sutter Creek, Amador, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Merced, Dennis, Livingston, Snelling, Plymouth, Ione

THE WEEK'S NEWS — FROM — IRELAND.

Fun Portrait of Trevelyan's Successor.

London, Oct. 30.—Opinions in Irish circles seem divided yet as to whether the Government selected Mr. Trevelyan, the Chief Secretary, as a sop to them or to Mr. Trevelyan; but the result is accepted alike by Irish members of Parliament here, and by agitators at home, as a great triumph. The Irish people are not so much concerned now as formed heretofore about the personal character of the Chief Secretary, knowing or conjecturing he has job to perform beyond the ordinary duties of a Cabinet Minister, and that he will bring under your very eyes, if he can, Mr. Healy's whipjack tongue and Mr. O'Connor's cutting sarcasm during the next few weeks, he will be indeed the model Chief Secretary for whom the Government has been looking; but, if Mr. Gladstone thought the support of the Parnellites would be won by kicking Mr. Trevelyan downstairs, as the phrase goes, he will be much deceived. The Nationalist party have bigger game, and deeper by far than Lord Spencer's head to bag, and an honesty like Mr. Trevelyan's cannot, and will not, be the instrument to bring the Irish cause, as well as wholesale reform of Ireland, to grief.

Lord Rosebery is Coming Over.

London, Nov. 1st.—Already rumors are afloat that Lord Rosebery will come to Ireland. Lord Rosebery has the sympathy of Irishmen because Mr. Gladstone is his friend of Lord Rosebery is Scotch pride when success is literally thrown at his feet, and when success is literally impossible. The inquiries are likely to be attended with a struggle, and, if the medal between the English parties proves form enough on examination, he will be proud to be thrown at the Irish for their mutineers. From the Irish standpoint the situation is the most hopeful that has arisen since the union. An old patriot said to me this morning, as he was watching the ceremony in the House of Lords:

Irish Peers Will Not Give Fair Play.

London, Nov. 1st.—The Limerick trouble has revived in England and Scotland the feeling that the new national land bill, which has been the subject of a great deal of discussion, will not be a fair one. It is generally believed that the Irish peers will not give it fair play. The Irish people are not so much concerned about the Limerick trouble as they are about the Irish peers, who have served with evils in the past. Nov. 4. If the corporation still holds out, it is thought that there will be considerable rioting by its failure to find a legal remedy.

Poets and Humorists.

London, Nov. 2.—Mr. D'Oyly Carte's "Pinafore" succeeded in Dublin, and in Ireland has changed the obnoxious song, "He is an Englishman," to "He is an Irishman," so that now it is hoofly applauded, where formerly it was hissed. Mr. Carte's Pinafore Company

Dublin Journals.

Dublin, Nov. 2.—The *United Ireland* says that Mr. William O'Brien, the editor of that paper, has applied for a new trial of the suit brought against him by Crown Solicitor Redmond for libel, in which £3,000 damages were awarded.

Gladstone's First Trouble.

London, Nov. 2.—Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, will remain at his post until the close of the session of Parliament in 1885, when the Earl of Rosebery will probably succeed him. The Irish Executive urges the imprisonment of the Limerick mutineers if they persist in refusing to pay the police tax. He thinks it probable that the Government is about to levy a tax upon citizens without the consent of assembly. Nov. 3. The Limerick mutineers have appealed to Gladstone, Rosebery, the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—Captain Thompson, J. P., of Castlehaven, has been very seriously ill for some time past.

Armagh.—One of the most gallant fights in the Northern province, or, perhaps, in Ireland, was made on the Ballymoyer estate. Within eighteen this week resulting Lord Gosford, Major M'Kinnon and a Protestant land agent, with a strong force of police, visited Lord Gosford. While talking with the agent, they were called to a house where the police resis

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

MA COLLEEN DHAS CRINTHAN A MO.

BY DUBHOIS

The sun to his lustre is bathing
The heather on summit and valley,
And gilding the lry ustalling,
That twines round the mossbanks; hazy,
As lightly our fleet skip is sailing,
Away o'er the ocean bright green,
That bears us from then and dear Erin,
Ma Colleen dhas Crinthan a mo.

Before me in splendor are towering,
The sun beaten cliffs of the west,
Which, oft times of old had rejoiced
O'Sullivan's fierce battle shout;
But soon from our sight they'll be waning,
As westward in course I go,
After from the hills of my kindred,
Ma Colleen dhas Crinthan a mo.

Oh! fair is the scene, by the twilight,
When speeding from Dirk to Dingle,
But bitter the thoughts of the exiles
When leaving his native Innisfail,
And bitter and heavy the quick tears,
That down o'er my face keep flow,
For Ireland is distance is failing,
Ma Colleen dhas Crinthan a mo.

What torrents of bliss filled my bosom,
And love light flashed forth from your eye,
When you whispered by Dermot's old castle,
You called me your pastor boy
Ah! then I would forth to the battle
Within sight of the banners of Ros
Pulloned the valley of Kilcrea,
Ma Colleen dhas Crinthan a mo.

We fought, but how vain were our efforts
To sever the bonds of the slave,
And those who have bleeding hearts fewer
Away o'er Atlantic's blue wave;
But memory will bring back the days
Thine image wherever I go,
And time of the land of my fathers,
Ma Colleen dhas Crinthan a mo.

Dixon, Cal., Nov. 3rd, 1884.

[SEE THE SCRIPTURE.]

SONNET ON LOOKING INTO THE HARBOUR DUBLIN.

Entombed in silence, crowned with shroud-like
hights,
No ruffle ends the glass, calm, crystal breast
No sound disturbs the still polished rest
Save where some ripples in their shorward flights
Break on the crags with musical delights.
The tide is ebbed, and the sun, with small
Shadowy beach, that belts of mountain sizes,
Wallin together some shadowy fine—
And tiny circles rim. Oh could I tell
The thoughts that wandering through
Fly this lovely place, I would thoughts
And weave a firm, undying sonnet
Which memory lovingly keeps bright
The years and distance edge sight.

GUEBO.

Literary Miscellany.

A Carriage Accident

And What Came of It.

The lady was evidently in a hurry, or surely she would have waited a little longer to see the result of the accident—an accident caused by the careless driving of her own coachman. She was seated in a very smart-looking vehicle; and turning a corner near the park her horses had knocked over an old woman. A crowd collected instantly, but the lady instead of alighting merely called a policeman to her and asked if the woman was killed.

No, she was not killed, certainly, but she was dazed and frightened and seemed to have a difficulty in breathing. Of course the lady was not responsible, but for such a common complaint as that. It might not even be the result of the accident. Perhaps the poor soul had always had a difficulty in breathing. It was a very disturbed morning, and the lady was hurrying to catch an appointment. Perhaps the poor soul had always had a difficulty in breathing. It was a very disturbed morning, and the lady was hurrying to catch an appointment. Supposing she did contain breathing should become more difficult, supposing in fact, it should cease—would she, the lady be blamed?

The policeman told her to do so, and so impose her coachman would most certainly be called.

"Very well, here is my address," said the dame in a very fashionable gold-mounted card-case. "Where will they take the two sufferers? To St. George's Hospital? I will call to-morrow and inquire after her. In the meantime there may be things she may want. Give the coachman a fee to shut the shortcut and ask them to look after her.

And the lady drove off, leaving her coachman and drove away leaving her character behind her.

They were not very hard on her after all. Was she not handsome, and rich, and fashionable, and prosperous looking? The coachman was driving a little carelessly. Yes; but was that his master's fault? How was she to know he was endangering the lives of women by, and undeliberately the old woman had been starting about her in a helpless sort of way. Why, had she not been regarding the occupant of this very carriage as in dashed forward, carriage whether or not she stood dangerously near the horses. And the part on a bright sunny afternoon was meant for just such brilliant equipage and handsome ladies; and poor, dazed old bodies should not wander about to look with no one to look after them. So the kindly, though composed matron of fifty-odd folks, was not very hard on the pretty lady. Yet all she meant I overwrote to carefully and drove away so fast.

Yet there was one poor creature who had the misfortune to stand in the way of the high stepping cobs was being borne tenderly enough to the nearest hospital. It was not more than sixty yards of age, although time had bent her upon the ground. But then her hair was scanty and quite white, and her face was deeply furrowed, and much more than all she had that look of helplessness which belongs either to the very old or very young.

A sad had been called and strong arms had lifted her and supported her tenderly on the way.

"You're bearing it bravely, mother," said a rough man who had volunteered his services.

"Don't call me that," she said "I have no child."

"Had a little grave," thought the man.

But when a little later she was comfortably resting in one of the hospital beds she talked rationally enough, and was gently grateful for all the care that was taken of her.

"No, I don't feel no pain," she said in answer to an inquiry of the nurse. "What made them say pain? Wouldn't you at least remember that her father had forgiven her, and tell her what he said of her when he was dying?"

The old woman's jaw dropped, in that terrible spasm of rigidness—death had made a terrible forward spring. The end was very sudden. Her eyes were bright and hooky, and useless as she shook her black frame as she spoke.

"He said, 'My poor little girl, my poor little girl, may God forgive her and take her to His arms once more!'

There was silence for a moment. Merciful hands gathered the feeble form to her breast, and with a white face but dry eyes wiped the blue lips from which the life had gone out.

"I feel better, dearie," said the old woman at last. "I am going to see my old man."

"Don't go without a word of forgiveness," pleaded the lady passionately. "How will you bear to meet him and say that with your dying breath you cursed your child? Think when her time comes there will be no loving husband waiting for her. She may not have a friend here to smooth her pillow. Oh, dear, don't die without a word."

The faint breath came fainter and fainter. A visible change stole over the grey face. Twice she tried to speak. It was a struggle against death. For a moment she lay still that the lady thought the end had come. Then the dim eyes opened once more, and, with a desperate effort came the words:

"My poor little girl! May God—forgive—this—her—to—his—father—"

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HALL OF ST. PETER'S.

It was one August day—the twenty-first of a certain anniversary—that a party of friends found themselves in the shadow of the Cathedral of St. Peter at Rome. As we lounged about in the twilight of the basilica, with its vast spaces, its ever-burning glowing square cubicals, the tapering obelisk in the middle—as like the one in New York as possible—the fountains spurting up their water-clear like great snow-white tiger lilies striped with rainbows, and the innumerable colonnades of the sculptor-architect, Bernini, closing round the front of the church like the claws of a gigantic crab. Every cubbie stone in the square had seen a thirty gleam right into our optic nerves and light up the face of the church till its native colors seemed on fire. There was no coolness anywhere to be found, except in the shadowed aisles of the ever-planing fountains, or behind the pillars of the colonnades. A glance at the Tiber river near by made you recoil from its drab-smell, foul that seemed to boil and coze sluggishly in its sun. The Castle of St. Angelo, on the other side, seemed to emerge from the fiskiness, regained a part of its original proportions, and lifted its head proudly out of with the relics of the Cesars, over which the archangel-weathercock exulted in the sun, and shone like a mountain flame. The sky, absolutely peeled of clouds, was a blue vault, like blue crystal in which molten turquoise was all aquiver.

Was it any wonder that we had fled to the all embracing cathedral church of the world for refuge against the beleaguering light!

Here within, all was dim and twilight-like and cool, and the air was fragrant with fading incense was sweet. It was delightful to touch the cold marbles, to hold the moist wings of the "young-eyed cherubim" and rephold the mighty basin of new basile, to put the palm of the hand against the spy rotchry and the shadowing mahachinia.

Away up yonder, in the vast arch of the dome, the feathery quill of St. Mark seemed to wait down coolness upon the pilgrims below, the tombs of princes and prophets and were one cloaks round with visions in comparison with the heat and laughlin-mass without, the chapels behind the iron gratings were redolent of mountain breezes in the coolness which they suggestively breathed upon. The shiny tons of the interior of the church was tranquilizing. No pilgrim, just from the glare and heat and blood and fire on the sensitive floor or contents in their gloaty forwarded the lusts and passions of the sun. The air was rich and still and filtered, the pieces of white glass were nebelous; the long-drawn aisles were forest vistas full of shade. Valhalla, one could not be minor or lambrous in such a place. Yet, after a dinner than the perfect arch of the dome crowded with its far withdrawn recesses. Had it been a cathedral of ice with pillars and arches of Turkish stones, it could not have been more refreshed.

"Let's go up into the roof," cried one of the party, wearying of the monotony of the church.

No sooner said than done. A courteous ecclesiastic guided us up the inclined plane of the Vatican, and he left because we had promised that we would ride up on horseback or roll up in a carriage and four.

"Take us to the roof of the dome," cried another, thinking his hasty outcrop of the word, "and the lady." Did you always live in London?

"No, dearie; we lived in the country when we first—"

"Married," said the lady. "

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales the pious undertaking of the Catholic press, the writers and publishers of which have for their object the cause of religion, the rights and claims of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its decisions and to its doctrines and fidelity.—PIUS IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing ideas, and, perhaps, the most powerful means of influencing the masses of the world. In our time, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, not only a work, being possible to the writer of society, but a work of apostolate. What is, and what ought to be the object of Catholic journalism? To defend religious principles."—Card. Wiseman's Lect. on Catholic Journalism.

BENZIGER BROTHERS' CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS.

BENZIGER BROS. WILL SEND BIBLES IN OIL, Leather, all of Kind, Prayer Book, Beads, Medals, Crucifixes, Stations of the Cross, Holy Water Fonts, Lamps, Statues, Gilt Crucifixes, Gilt Medals, Gilt Beads, Gilt Chalices, Ciborium, Monstrance, Vestments, Altar Cloths, Linen, Wine, Altar Wax, Altar Candles, Sanctuary Lamps, Stations of the Cross, Stations of the Cross, Stations of the Cross

Farm and Home.

THE WIFE'S RECOMPENSE.

They tell me I have no wages
For the daily work I do,
For the goodly share
Of toil and care
The changing seasons through.

I smile at their crazy assertions,
With never a sigh or a groan,
For the wages given,
The gift of Heaven
Are worth better than I.

My husband's smile is the morning
And his parting kiss the night
To the shining face
For a long, long day
As my heart can prove.

And then his dear returning
Brings so much peace and joy
To the little kid
That I count the gold
Any time but whence alloy.

Then the kisses of our children,
And the prattle in between,
With the merry play
That ends the day,
Makes such a home like some.

Then I retain sit and wonder
How people can be content
With richer great
And wealthier state,
Without any blessing sent.

My home and my little children,
So bright, and sweet and easy;
And my husband's love
My wages prove,
And I'm proud as a queen today.

Household Hints.

TOMATO PIE.—Peel and slice some fine, ripe tomatoes; sprinkle over them a little salt; let them stand a few minutes and pour off the juice; add half a cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet cream, one egg well beaten, and flavor with nutmeg or the grated rind of a fresh lemon. Make a rich crust; roll out very thin; fold, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

SODA CAKES.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into half a pound of flour; mix with a little water, enough to form a dough. Roll out into thin round cakes, prick them, lay them in shallow tins, and bake.

PEACHES AND CREAM.—Peel and slice the peaches just before sending to table. Cover the glass dish containing them to exclude the air as much as possible, as they soon change color. Do not sugar them in the dish—they then become preserves, not fresh fruit. Pass the powdered sugar and cream with them.

POTATO PONE.—Wash, peel and grate two pounds of potatoes; add an ounce each of sugar and butter melted one teaspoonful of salt and pepper; mix well together, place it in a baking-dish, and put into a moderately quick oven until done and nicely browned.

TO PREPARE CUCUMBERS.—Take two hundred or three hundred, lay them on a dish, and let them remain eight or nine hours; then drain, laying them in a jar, pour boiling vinegar upon them. Place near the fire, covered with vine-leaves. If they do not become sufficiently green, strain off the vinegar, boil it, and again pour it over them, covering with fresh leaves. Continue till they become green as you wish.

HARD CORN.—Take six ears of field corn, six twelve ears of sugar corn. Cut the grain partly off and scrape the rest; add one tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt. Add three well together, and add a pint of new milk. Bake in a dish that you can set on the table without disturbing it.

HOMINY.—Wash the hominy; cut the top off, and put them in boiling water and cook until tender; when they are done drop into cold water a minute; then peel and slice them; season with butter, cayenne pepper, salt and cover with boiling milk.

[illegible] bread by some good housekeepers is not more appetizing if a nice stuffing is made as if for turkey or duck. Break the bones of the "fish" so that you can fold it over, put the stuffing between, and sewn them together with strong thread. Baste often, and serve with brown gravy.

GINGER SNAPS.—Half cupful lard, half cupful butter, one large cupful of brown sugar, one cupful water, one tablespoonful ginger, one cupful water, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and clove, one quart of flour, 11-2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Rub the smooth paste the lard, butter and sugar; then rub it into the flour and baking powder sifted together. Mix into a firm dough with the flour and extracts. Roll out the dough thin on a floured board, cut out with a round biscuit cutter, and bake on greased pans, in a hot, steady oven, for eight minutes.

GREEN CORN STEWED.—Cut from the ceb, and stew twenty minutes in boiling water, using as little water as the corn can be stewed in without burning. Cover with rich milk and stew until quite tender, adding, before taking up, bits of butter rolled in flour.—Season with pepper and salt to taste; boil five minutes longer and serve.

Matters Matrimonial.

Our young women are cautioned against marrying dissipated young men; but with equal, if not greater propriety, may not young men be cautioned against marrying idle and extravagant young women?—for a great many unhappy marriages are the result of the latter as well as the former.

Foolish mothers too often act injudiciously by indulging their daughters in their fondness for the giddy pleasures of life, and allow an almost unbridled habit of indulgence, not dreaming that they are, therefore unfitted for the stern realities of life which must surely await them.

Let them marry wealth or poverty, they will be unable to support either condition.

Let them remain single, and life will become more and more burdensome as it advances.

But once married wife, husband, before you wonder oddly why your wife don't get along with the household responsibilities "as your mother did."

Why is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted.

Remember the long weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died.

Remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness.

Do you think she is made out of cast iron.

Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eye—the old light of the old days.

Wait wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late and weary, and "out of sorts."

He has worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night.

He has wrestled hard in hand with care, selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making.

Let home be another atmosphere entirely.

Let him see that there is no other place in the world where he can find the peace, the quiet, and pleasure of life.

No Cats.

There is not a single rat within the limits of the town of Leadville, Colorado. Cats have been imported there by the hundreds, and in all varieties of color and size, but not one has ever survived the sudden change of residence. However, as there are no rats and mice in Leadville, there is no real need of cats, and it makes little difference whether they live or die. The thin atmosphere at that altitude (10,200 feet) is as fatal to the rattenkin as their fur, and the inhabitants are thus mercifully spared the inflictions of both.

The Boneless Man.

Two days after leaving Barbourville, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, I spent the night at the cabin of a poor farmer among the hills, and during a social family conversation, in which I participated after supper some one inadvertently spoke of Hector Davis, "the man without bones." I immediately asked what was meant by the expression, when my host explained that Hector Davis was one of their "neighbors," living some three miles farther on among the mountains, and that he usually had not one bone in his body. As I expressed some scepticism, he recommended to show me over to Hector's the next morning. We knocked at the door of Davis' cabin about nine o'clock next day, and the first thing that struck my attention upon entering was a middle-aged man sitting half upright and supported by a rude and peculiarly shaped framework. He was introduced to me as Hector Davis. He soon fell into conversation with him, and found him to be a man of fair intelligence, and eager to tell all about himself in a voice that was as strong as my own. I creeped his hand upon first entering, but his fingers all rolled up together like a cabbage-leaf in a nearly sort of way that made me glad to let go of them. Taking hold of his limbs they yielded to the pressure until they were flattened out to twice their proper width. The only indication of bone was in his skull, which, while pliable almost as shoe-leather, still offered a kind of protection to the poor fellow's brain. His neck was limber as a dishclothe, and when his head was released from its support, which was something in the shape of a similar scoltrumus used in photograph galleries, it rolled helplessly about upon his shoulders like a football. His arms dropped at his side, but with the aid of its muscles it was enabled to partly raise the forearm, although the hand curled over limply, and as for the whole a sort of rigsag shape. He shifted of his slipper and requested me to step on his foot. I did so, and it at once grind itself out until it looked as if a railroad train had passed over it. It slowly resumed its natural shape, but it was a half-hour before he was able to get the foot in his slipper again. "I know you would like to try my leg in a knot!" suggested. I found no difficulty in performing this feat, while my friend accomplished the same with the other leg, and after we had also tied knots in both his arms, he presented a very ugly problem indeed, and one that would have set a professional contortionist crazy. When we had unravelled all the knots and straightened his limbs again, he requested us to lift him gently from his framework and place him on the floor. This was a very easy task, for his body weighed about in our arms like an eel, and it was only by securing a firm grip upon his clothing that we managed to keep him from falling. We finally succeeded in straightening him out upon the floor, and then my friend, who seemed to understand the business man's programme, unlipped a barrel standing near, and out which I afterwards learned contained turnips, of some proceeded to roll off over the prostrate Davis, from his toes to his chin, and back again to his toes. The only manifestation of pain he made was when the barrel passed over his heart and lungs, but it left him in a horrible shape. I can only describe it by comparing it to that of a man made of mud, and then thrown out to harden against a wall. But I had no time to contemplate his features, as it almost immediately called to us in a rather weak voice to "roll him up." This was proceeded to do by doubling his head over his chest and then continuing to roll in as up as you would a carpet, until we came to his feet, and he formed a perfect cylinder about as large as a half barrel. A voice feebly piped from the centre of the cylinder for us to unroll him, and as soon as had him once more spread out over the floor. While his body was among the former shape, it was not quite so ludicrous as when he was in this shape, the effect of his body proceedings hitting in his funny chest, that Hector, who was forty years old, had always had sound health and provided well for her until five years ago. He first observed a softening of the bones of the toes, and this rapidly spread to all parts of his anatomy, although, beyond making him helpless, he never experienced any inconvenience from it. All his vital organs performed their functions properly, and he believed he would live to a good age. She had a younger son, then in the field at work, who assisted her in handling him, and altogether they got along comfortably. She did "not know what the doctors might think of Hector," as she had not seen a doctor up in them thar hills for eight onto twenty year."

Where do the Jesuits get all their Money?

This rather pertinent question was once made to Her. Father Kerkhove, S. J., a very popular, as well as saintly, preacher, who died in Belgium some years ago. The following Sunday he ascended the pulpit, and after giving his sermon, told the audience of the question proposed to him, and added that if each person present would bring another with him the following Sunday he would publicly answer it.

As might be expected, on the appointed day not only was the church filled to overflow, but a large crowd stood at the door; all were anxious to hear the answer to the pulpit question. When the hour arrived, Father Kerkhove ascended the pulpit and delivered one of the most eloquent sermons that lasted over an hour, and which was listened to with greatest attention. He closed his discourse, gave his blessing and prepared to leave the pulpit, seemingly forgetting the all-important subject that had brought together so large an audience, when suddenly turning, he said: "Oh! I had almost forgotten my promise. You want to know *Where the Jesuits get all their money*, that they always build such fine churches and never want anything. Now, as I did not know myself, I went to my Superior, and said, *Tr. Superior, where do the Jesuits get all their money?* Shall I tell you what answer he gave me? Here it is. At this moment the most perfect stillness reigned in the church, the people had their very breath, expecting some great disclosure. "He said, 'Father Kerkhove, that is none of your business.' Now, if it is none of my business, I, who am an old man, ought to be able to manage it for many years, than my dear brethren, it surely can be none of yours.' In the Name of the Father, etc.

It is related of the same Father, that a lady one day approached him for having once omitted to raise his hat in salutation of the country which he met her in the street. His answer was characteristic of the man. "Madam, is it possible, will I never pay it will never happen again." From that time on he never failed to raise his hat out with uncovered head. He could be seen every day, in the streets of the city, no matter what the weather, with his hat uncovered but under his arm.—*Stephens' Friend.*

—Right Rev. Monsignor James A. Corcoran, D.D., of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, and Rev. Nicholas Chantwell, pastor of St. Philip's Church, have been appointed chancellors by Archbishop of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia, at the approaching third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

—In Syria, in the Greek Archipelago, the Turkish Exceptional system Freemasonry has been translated into ancient Greek and published at the office of the *Acadia*. The translation is said to be remarkable for its clearness and for its faithfulness to the original text.

As a product, Arctic Mangoes are dowdy and scrappy. A single taste will prove the matter. Nearly every person who has tried them once, voluntarily, or perhaps under the influence of a friend's persuasive eloquence, has the pleasure to see a second dish.

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Sundays excepted at Sausalito Schooner and Mar at Cheminade for Bodega, Bodega Springs and Bodega Springs, Duncan's Landing, Freestone, Valley Ford, Tomales, Dillon Beach, Dillon's, Marshmere, Olema and the Geysers.
SUNDAY TRIP TICKETS (from Saturdays to Mondays, inclusive) to Sausalito, $1; to Schooner, $1.50; to Bodega, $3; to Cheminade, $4.50.
EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Sausalito, $1; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $3.50; to Ukiah, $4.50.
From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, Week Days: 7.45 a.m., 10.00 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 5.00 p.m.; Sundays: 8.00 a.m., 10.00 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 3.00 p.m., 5.00 p.m.
To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days: 6.40 a.m., 8.40 a.m., 10.40 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 5.35 p.m.; Sundays: 8.35 a.m., 10.45 a.m., 1.35 p.m., 4.05 p.m., 5.35 p.m.
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What is Christian Marriage?

THE QUESTION ANSWERED BY A PAULIST FATHER.

THE SACRAMENTAL CHARACTER OF THE CONTRACT DEFINED.

Sinful Marriages Designated.

Rev. Father Searle, C.S.P., recently preached a sermon on Christian Marriage in St. Paul's Church New York, in which the readers of the MONITOR will find many points of interest and instruction:

My Christian married man or woman is which at least one of the parties is by the reception of the sacrament of Baptism a Christian, and therefore by right a member of the one true Church, which is entered by the door of the one baptism established by our Lord. It is only about Christian marriage that the Church claims a right to legislate, in the proper sense of that term. The laws of the Church, like those of any other kingdom or society, apply only to her own subjects. It is true that by an equality of interpretar of the divine law she can and does speak authoritatively both as to that part of it which is eternal and immutable and necessarily governs all men, and also to that other part which comes from special divine enactment, which may vary with times and circumstances, and may apply, though not necessarily, to others as well as to Christians. Even, therefore, about marriage in general the Church may have something to say, as for instance, when she decrees divorces unlawful and invalid for the unbaptized as well as her own subjects; but as her principles on these and consequent points are pretty well understood and loyally accepted among us, it is hardly necessary to dwell upon them at present. It is Christian marriage and the laws and teachings of the Church about it, as distinguished from marriage in general, which we have now to consider.

It is with regard to it that the special contract between Church and State arises.

THE STATE CLAIMS ALMOST EVERYWHERE,

as it does here among us, that it has the right to fix the conditions which determine its validity and legality; that any parties whom it pronounces able to contract marriage can validly and lawfully do so, and that those whom it forbids cannot, and of course it makes no distinction between baptized and the unbaptized in this respect. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, asserts that it alone has this power where its subjects are concerned. This is the issue between the two powers, and a very important one it is.

Now, this claim of the Church is Catholic doctrine which we as Catholics must accept. It is not merely my opinion or that of some other priest: it is the voice of the Pope speaking as the successor of St. Peter, and that of our Lord through him. That sacramental unions of Christians belong to the ecclesiastical tribunals, and that the Church claims a right to legislate in the proper sense of that term. The laws of the Church, like those of any other kingdom or society, apply only to her own subjects. It is true that by an equality of interpretar of the divine law she can and does speak authoritatively both as to that part of it which is eternal and immutable and necessarily governs all men, and also to that other part which comes from special divine enactment, which may vary with times and circumstances, and may apply, though not necessarily, to others as well as to Christians. Even, therefore, about marriage in general the Church may have something to say, as for instance, when she decrees divorces unlawful and invalid for the unbaptized as well as her own subjects; but as her principles on these and consequent points are pretty well understood and loyally accepted among us, it is hardly necessary to dwell upon them at present. It is Christian marriage and the laws and teachings of the Church about it, as distinguished from marriage in general, which we have now to consider.

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Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

LADY GRACE O'MALLEY.

"LADY GRACE O'MALLEY," nothing more, carved on the old stone tablet,
In an Ulster Island Abbey, by mosses overgrown;
"Lady Grace O'Malley," Quietly the sea spoke to her,
Where Clew Bay waves, like sentinels, their watch around her keep.

There in the fresh of Spring-time the shamrock starts the grass,
And the wild birds on the bushes light as to their nests they pass;
There in the golden Autumn eve the lonely Islanders come,
And tell her grand, old story as they rest beside her tomb.

There shone, in days of glory, the banner, the banner of the Isles,
Just like the fabled plume of Argan, watching her from her home;
I wonder if the Pirate's" still guard those shining lights,
Which oft I've seen flashing on wild, Irish, stormy nights.

Oh! when the winds of Winter the sea moan in the caves,
And despairs to an angry roar the moan of the waves;
Wild, weird voices from their ocean home the spirits of Clew Bay
Lash the billows, boiling foam, the glittering wave of spray.

They crash upon Gear "Inislotrk" and thunder in Achill's caves,
While from its height the grand, old "Rock" looks down on "Clearnaven," the sea
Yet, undisturbed, the sea spoke, while Mayo's mountains and valleys
Echo "Croghpatrick" laughs at Lynchburgy, on the "Twelve Pins" crowns in snow.

All Irishmen should know her story—how she fought in Ireland's cause;
Where or on the ocean waves, she met English men or Saxon
Fighting for Faith and Fatherland, as light as O'Malley weight,
Fighting against England's power—as Irish and American should.

P. MACURA MACLLAN.

Missoula, Montana, Nov. 1884.

PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA.

THE PIONEER OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION IN CALIFORNIA.

[Written by M. M. Skidmore (Marie) for the Sister's account given in St. Mary's Academy, Chicago, on Monday, Nov. 24th, by the members of the Sunday Scholars.]

When the Padre Junipero Serra
Met on the Thousand Pine
To the enlightened callings beyond it,
Where thousands are thronging today,
Its mates hastened to meet him,
Its wigwam sweltered than where
The unfolded walls of San Carlos
Rose on the hillside like
He came from the Mariana Missions,
Where long he had toiled with his brush,
The brown-robed monks of Saint Francis,
Who were sent to the Indian Isles.
He came from the Sons of Loyola,
The zealous Jesuits, who
Had brought the Religion of Salvation
To the Indian Islands long ago.
Who have learned rather than from
In the Mother-praise, over the sea,
And the pioneer Padre of Mexico
Were freed from the vineyards to fan
Were the new-planted field of the Master.
In the Southern Peninsula half,
Where the brave Padre Salvatierra
Had reared the first temple of prayer,
And on the much land of Francisco
To our bright El Dorado were sent—
Of the Apostles to gather,
The divine laborer were sent.
All alone of the Indian Mission,
Left the Padre Junipero alone,
Prepared for the great San Diego,
The Pueblo of Indian Mission,
Then, on to the Northland they journeyed,
To the unexplored regions alike;
Where, over the proud mate of the stranger,
And the fruits of the gardens shining,
Thus, Padre Junipero Serra,
By Monterey's enlightened Bay
Saw a lovely, yet desolate
Where thousands of Christians
Gave Sunday the imaginary
The photographs will be
Hide, even in exile so
Still on, Sunday, the wilderness
With longing wanted,
Lonely, hopeless, and
The Padre Junipero spoke—

Half a hundred the same principal
Retained over that oak covered land.
And no figures stood forth in the landscape,
Save the lithe Indian band—
Lithe, lithe through the wilderness wide
Of silence, the Indian band—
With eyes superval be rifled
Many stones of the Crucified Shepherd!
Come home to the Tree Fold of Christ!
Spread above for their mates, to
The Blood of the Mar-tred suffered
Of the wood of that forest entirely
Dark forms through the wilderness
Of where Sunday is a summer of Mercy,
And bowed to Love's tender control.

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By

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The Monitor has the longest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Max Müller and Ernest Renan through the Intermediate of St. Ethelbert, the Saxon Chronicle, and Bishop Ireland, on the subject of Catholic journals and the defense of the cause of religion, the rights and liberty of the Holy Apostolic See, and advice to the faithful and people with directions and fidelity.—Pius IX.

"Journalism is the greatest power under heaven; and power is the chief agent in popularizing knowledge. Journalism is the great educator of the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, not only a work indispensable to the welfare of society, but a work of the highest dignity. What is and what ought to be the office of the Catholic journalist? It is to defend and defend the truth, whatever it may be—science, art, the Divine Revelation."—SISTER, THEODORA MORGAN CRITCHES.

The Rosary and the Souls in Purgatory.

(SECOND ARTICLE.

Would to Heaven that we had the same zeal and piety that we read many souls possessed, and we would labor more earnestly for the liberation from the expiatory flames of those who ought to be most dear to us. We are informed that the Blessed John Massias, a Dominican lay-brother, delivered during his life time, not one million of souls from Purgatory: he himself so declared on his death-bed at the convent of this Confessor. Amongst other acts of devotion that he was in the habit of practising for the deliverance of the suffering souls, he recited daily one entire Rosary. Surely the deceased Rosarians must derive immense benefits from the almost continuous prayers that are recited by the associates! Every *Hail Mary* that escapes from the lips of the members of the Confraternity is like a drop of dew and moderates the heat of the devouring flames. The Rosary itself is a mysterious harp represented by that of David at whose sound the agitations of Saul were quieted and disappeared. It has often happened that souls from Purgatory have appeared to parents and exhorted them to be assiduous in reciting the Rosary, for, remarked they, there is no means after the Holy Mass that is more capable of obtaining for their relief or deliverance than the Rosary. Here we may be asked if those now in Purgatory who did not belong to the Confraternity while they were living, can now be made to participate in all the riches of the Rosary? Pope Alexander VI. (Illiec) has permitted the living Rosarians to have the names of their deceased relations and friends recorded in the Register of the Confraternity. On bodes down the condition such deceased Christians partake fully and freely of all the advantages of the privileged altar, as well as all other benefits accruing from membership.

We will now relate a few examples which are extracted from some of our approved manuals of the Rosary, and which have been productive of much good.

"After a few days," said the Holy Virgin to Blessed Alan de la Roche, "I liberate from Purgatory the souls of the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary." (*Hist. Sac. p. Cit. Part. II.*) St. Catherine of Rieci often saw our Lady of the Rosary conducting to Heaven a great many souls that she had just liberated from the fiery prison. Young Alexandre who had been saved in a most miraculous manner from hell, revealed to St. Dominic that she would have had to pass many years in Purgatory, both by reason of the tragical death that she had occasioned to her unfortunate victims, and also on account of the vain adornments she had employed on herself for the purpose of destroying the purity of many, but that she expected to be delivered therefrom quite soon through the merits of the Confraternity of the Rosary in which she had the happiness of participating. In fact, fifteen days from this apparition she came again to St. Dominic, and addressed him in this: "I come, O good Father, in the name of the souls in Purgatory: Recommend to all to have the names of their beloved dead registered in the book of the Confraternity: they will thus be enabled, like the living, to share in all the advantages of the Rosary, and such dead will be made to enjoy the beatitude of Heaven so much the sooner." When she had thus spoken, St. Dominic saw her ascending in triumph to the Kingdom of the Just."

From the example just cited we can see how the term of expiation in Purgatory may be abridged! Irreprochable witnesses have testified under oath that certain souls from Purgatory, marked on their foreheads with red crosses, appeared to persons who were resting the Rosary for their benefit, and that those souls exhorted their living friends to persevere in this salutary practice, the most efficacious after the Eucharistic oblation for the relief of the souls confined in Purgatory." (*Cornelii a Snack, de Rosario, Serm. 15.*)

A person of piety who had been dead for some time appeared one day to one of her intimate friends, and said to her: "Have my name registered in the book of the Confraternity of the Rosary. On account of my sins I am condemned to fifteen years in Purgatory, but if I have the happiness of having my name recorded, though I am dead, in the list of the Sisters of the Confraternity, I shall be delivered sooner by reason of the incredible number of rosaries that are recited for them. Comply with my request, and recite the Rosary for me until I appear again to you." The wishes of the dead person were attended to, and she did not have to wait longer than fifteen days to return to her friends. "Through the influence of the most poly Rosary," said she, "God has changed the years of my expiation into days." After having returned sincere thanks to her living friend, she disappeared only to enter into the company of the glorified. (*Id. ibid*).

Father Peter Busie, a Jesuit, had the custom of reciting the Rosary for the souls in Purgatory every day, even before he entered the Society. But on one occasion, through forgetfulness, he went to bed without having offered his customary tribute to the Most Blessed Virgin, and he soon fell into a deep sleep. But he left himself suddenly waked up by a young man who, whilst placing a Rosary in his hands, said to him: "The souls in Purgatory are seeking for the alms that you are in the habit of giving them." He immediately remembered that he had not recited his Rosary that day. Grieved at his forgetfulness, he at once began to repair his fault by saying his prayers in his room. But a mysterious hand held hold of him, forced him out of the house, and led him before the Church of the Rosary. As the door was closed he knelt before it, and recited the rosary of Mary with great devotion. He was quite consoled by what he had done, and on being just then attacked by some evil doers, he was miraculously delivered from danger by the Queen of Rosaries. (*Auxeumus, Aphris Scandinavii, Sodalpartie, Cap. IX.*)

A Valuable Contribution to Catholic Literature.

THE CENTENARY OF CATHOLICITY IN KENTUCKY. By Rev. Jos. J. Walsh, author of "Lectures on Kentucky Catholics," etc., Louisville: Charles A. Rogers, 1884.

It is a good sign to see such works as this produced by the Catholic press, and now that Kentucky is a century old in the Catholic history, this volume will be hailed with delight by all Catholics who desire to familiarize themselves with the history of the Church in a portion of the U. S. that many whose ancestors emigrated many of the most stalwart Catholics now living in other portions of the Union, and who are the pioneers of the early Catholic settlers in Kentucky.

This volume contains not only a vast amount of historical information, but it is also interspersed with incidents connected with the settlement of Kentucky which add additional interest to its perusal. We select two incidents as specimens of the character of the people who first settled in Daniel Boone's Discovery:

"The family of Samuel Davis, residing in 1782 in the county of Lincoln, was surprised by a party of Indians, husband and father was but a little from his own door. Returning, after a brief absence, he was horrified to find the cabin filled with Indians. Threats were made, followed by one of the band, he managed to escape to the house of his brother, about five miles distant. His appearance told the tale of his distress before he could tell it himself. Obtaining a horse and accompanied by the entire force of the settlement, he made his way back to his cabin only to find it tenantless. There being no appearance of bloodshed about the premises, it was at once conjectured that the Indians had carried off his wife and children. Taking up the pursuit, they had not gone far when they encountered the party, who had attacked the blooding of a child. The animal belonged to the family, and had been wounded by the Indians in their retreat to Hill's. Knowing by this circumstance that they must be in the vicinity of the savages, they pushed forward and soon had them in view. Two Indians had the woman and children in charge, and these discovered the approach of the whites and gave the alarm. One of these latter, hastily advancing, took down the condition such deceased Christians partake fully and freely of all the advantages of the privileged altar, as well as all other benefits accruing from membership.

"Mrs. Merriman also wrote from the French capital that the rent of the unused convent near Sacred Heart Hyacinthe used to exhibit, was $7,000 a year, and she very frightfully informed her female friends in San Francisco to keep Paul and his parents in the front rank of Parisian society—expressed a society of female reformers in this city who were to furnish the funds while Paul and his parents and the petroleuses Fire were to do the "reforming" so long as a red cent remained!

At the last meeting in this city the lady lecturer announced to the two other ladies who made up the audience of "reformers" of the Roman Catholic Church, that she paid ex-Vice Hyacinthe $1,000 and that the funds on hand would only permit of a solitary dollar's worth of "reforming" as soon as the funds left in the treasury The lady secretary of the reforming trio then read a letter which she had received from the secretary of the Paris society, in which that lady set forth that $20 was all the coin the Gallican church had left when it consoled its lonkatting tour in Rome.

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The Late A. M. Sullivan.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, in the course of a lengthy biographical sketch of the lately deceased Irish patriot who was a credit to his Church and an honor to the land that gave him birth," inserts the following pen-picture of his first experience in prison life, as sketched by the gifted hand of A. M. Sullivan himself as he stood alone in his cell when the jailer had turned the key which locked him out from all he loved in the world:

"I gave one glance around the narrow space, with its floor of stone and window hardly barred. What! was this only a dream—a nightmare? Was I not lying on my bed at home in the twilight? Behind Pale was the hills which would call for me in vain? My wife, my darling—I had spoke the rude prison pallet and felt for an instant as if my heart would break. Suddenly I sorrow to my feet. Hold! I exclaimed almost aloud, 'is this my portion? Hey light is my lot, how trivial is my suffering, mental or physical, must be compared by those born to better men, wherever or whenever in any age or clime the struggle for national liberty is present? I was already sustained by the sentiments of manhood, and resolved to accept with composure the penalty I had incurred."

This spirit evinces the true soul of sterling patriotism, and, as the *Freeman* truly says, "Honesty and firmly was that penalty borne. The release of A. M. Sullivan at the end of three months was received with universal joy and, as usual, the people delighted to honor the man the Government had struck down. He was nominated Lord Mayor of Dublin, but declined the honor. A pecuniary subscription was started for him. Sullivan was almost Quixotic in his absolute disregard for material consideration: he stopped the subscription, and devoted several hundred pounds which had been collected to the fund which he originated, and which gave us the noble Grattan statue. When, a little time afterwards, the Home Rule movement rose above the horizon, he took a leading place in its ranks; and in the early battles at Longford, Kerry, and elsewhere, he was always in the fore front of the fray. Finally, when the general election of 1874 came, Louth sent him to Parliament to represent her, the coolest hung forever unmovable from the fact that he, upon this occasion, defeated the so-called powerful and popular of the Queen's Minister's in Ireland, the now Lord Carlingford. Mr. Sullivan's success in Parliament was an entire success. His eloquence delighted all sides, and thus it was that, while on the one hand he never yielded a jot or tittle in his devotion to Ireland, on the other, he was able "the applause of listening Senates to command. His maiden speech was praised by Cabinet Ministers and ex-Cabinet Ministers, but it won plaudits he valued ten thousand times more. "I wish," wrote John Mitchell, "to felicitate you upon your first speech in Parliament. It was so strong, so happy, that I wished it not only to be your first but your last in that place."

Mrs. Loysen's Latest Dodge.

It is really remarkable how easily some people can be duped into the idea that there is great need of "reformation" within the Catholic Church, and that all that is needed in order to effect it is to have certain rich people contribute liberally some in order to support in comparative idleness some itinerant ex-priest who may at the time be going round the world after the manner of Satan—"seeking whom he may devour." The reforming crew at present seems to have become chronic with a few people who were humbugged by Mrs. Loyson and her liaison the mule manager of the Gallican cause. This small but select coterie of conservers of the Catholic Church held a convention in this city recently, at which the reforming brigade was represented by their ladies whose zeal in the organization of what they call the "Hyacinthe Catholic Reform Society," would be more commendable if used to reform poor old Hyacinthe himself! It seems that Mrs. Merriman—M. Loyson's presiding partner—with a foreknowledge that "funds" would be required from San Francisco to keep Paul and his parents in the front rank of Parisian society—organized a society of female reformers in this city who were to furnish the funds while Paul and the petroleuses Fire were to do the "reforming" so long as a red cent remained!

At the last meeting in this city the lady lecturer announced to the two other ladies who made up the audience of "reformers" of the Roman Catholic Church, that she paid ex-Vice Hyacinthe $1,000 and that the funds on hand would only permit of a solitary dollar's worth of "reforming" as soon as the funds left in the treasury The lady secretary of the reforming trio then read a letter which she had received from the secretary of the Paris society, in which that lady set forth that $20 was all the coin the Gallican church had left when it consoled its lonkatting tour in Rome.

THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL

Editorial Notes.

The Plenary Council now in session in Baltimore will close its labors on Sunday the 30th inst., and the sermon on that occasion will be preached by Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Coadjutor Archbishop of this Diocese.

An addition still, it is stated, be made to the capital sum by which it was to be created in the forthcoming Consistory, and whose names have already been announced. According to the Paris *Univers*, this prelate is Bishop O'Connor, of Nebraska.

A small chapel of great historic and artistic interest has been discovered at Catalonia. It was built in the fourteenth century, and in it was celebrated, in the presence of the King of Spain, a Thanksgiving Mass, on the occasion of the discovery of America by Columbus.

—The recent changes in the Belgian Ministry will not affect the understanding arrived at between the Holy See and M. Malou, the late Premier, who has with touching devotion followed his "unpopular" dismissal—popular to the Infidel members of the Masonic Lodges—into temporary retirement.

—The Marquis of Loudonderry died recently. He was one of the landowners of Ireland where he owned 23,000 acres in the County Down. In case any of our readers would like to name a baby after him we have to inform them that his full name was George Henry Robert Charles William Vane-Tempest!

—We are happy to hear that the Cemetery Commissioners of Paris have marked out a plot of ground, 6 feet by 6 in the O'Connell Circle, for the interment of the remains of the late Rev. Dr. Cahill. This is most satisfactory, as not alone did Dr. Cahill express a wish to be buried in Ireland, but he also desired that his body might be deposited near O'Connell's remains.

—Immediately on its becoming known in Catania that Cardinal-San Felice, Archbishop of Naples, had given all he had to his own afflicted flock, had despoiled himself of his cross and sent it to the Archbishop of Catania to be sold in aid of the sufferers there, a number of Catania citizens went to Monsignor Dusmet, the Archbishop, with 2,000 francs to redeem the cross, regretting that at the same time they had the Cardinal to take it back as a gift from them in memory of grateful Catania.

—In a letter at Auriouville, three miles from Tribes Hill, Montgomery County, N. Y., it is to be erected a new Jesuit shrine, to be named *Repose Martyrum*—Our Lady of Martyrs. It marks the spot were Pere Jogues and his companions were martyred. A society of Jesuits, suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Mohawk Indians, among whom they had come to labor. The locality was determined upon by General Clark of Auburn, after—

"Long years of search
Through Western New York and the Agent Iroquois
Where Clarke in vain
Elizabeth must go, and fair will recret it
And speed the good work!

Cardinal McCloskey's Position.

A "Constant Reader" wishes the Catholic *Standard* to "settle an argument" in which he is involved with several others. The question in dispute is, "whether Cardinal McCloskey is or is not the head of the Catholic Church in America?"

Leo XIII., the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church, is the Visible Head of the Catholic Church in America and throughout the world.

Our inquirer means, we suppose, to ask whether His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey has precedence and authority over all the Archbishops and Bishops in the United States. The fact of his being Cardinal, of itself, entitles him to no such precedence and confers upon him no such power. The office and dignity of Cardinal have nothing to do with his relations to the Church in this country, and give him no special authority or power over other Archbishops and Bishops. They make him a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals at Rome and one of the Sovereign Pontiff's official Counsellors.

But though the mere fact of being a Cardinal gives Cardinal McCloskey no ecclesiastical authority in the United States, he possesses, we believe, such authority as regards certain specific matters, by special appointment and authorization of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church.

The Presidential Question Settled.

The official count of the vote of New York having resulted in a majority for the Democratic Presidential Electors, the next President and Vice President of these United States will be Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks. It is to be hoped that partisan spirit will now be laid aside, and every citizen who values the prosperity of the country above mere party will give that moral support to the Democratic Administration which every good citizen owes to those legally called to rule over the destinies of this great nation during the next four years.

—Several of the Italian journals recount instances of conversion among prelates and others who have been led to reflect upon the error of their ways mainly by the splendid devotion to duty shown by so many heroic priests and nuns during the prevalence of the cholera epidemic. Two more Sisters of Charity have died from the disease, caught at the bedsides of patients in the public hospitals

—The opening of the session of the Catholic University of Ireland in Dublin comes the other day was auspicious. The Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, though delicate, was then old several other prelates, and also a large number of priests and laymen well and honorably known to the Catholic world. The sermon of the Very Rev. Dr. Egan was a most lucid and powerful exposition of the history and prospects of Catholic education in Ireland. As proto of Catholic education in Ireland, Archbishop John Joseph Lynch, Toronto; Archbishop Gross, Oregon City; Bishop Gilmore, Cleveland; Bishop Ryan, Buffalo; Bishop Ireland, St. Paul; Bishop Marty, Vicar Apostolic of Dakota; Bishop Seghers, Vicar Apostolic of Oregon; Bishop Dwenger, Fort Wayne; Bishop Chatard, Vincennes; Bishop Rademacher, Fort Wayne

Farm and Home.

PRESERVING TIME.

Said Mr. Baldwin Apple
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear
"You're growing very plump, mamma,
And she vary fair.

"And there's Mr. Clingstone Peach,
So mellowed by the heat,
You may wed, she really looks
Quite good enough to eat.

"And all the Misses Crab-apples
Have blushed so very red
That very soon the farmer's wife
To pick them will be led.

"Just see the Isabellas!
They're growing so spare
That I'm sure I don't know
To get purple to the fare.

"Our happiness is over,
For Mr. Green Gage Plum
Says she knows only her worth,
Preserving time is come.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Our day is almost o'er,
And soon we shall be unpalatable,
In syrup by tin score."

As I before the month was ended,
The bride that looked so fair
Had vanished among the leaves,
And the trees were stripped and bare.

They were all of them in pickle,
Or in some kind of preserve;
"I'm older," sighed the Apple,
"I'm jelly!" cried the Grape.

They were all in jars and bottles,
Upon the shelf arrayed,
And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince
Was turned to marmalade.

A Recipe for Wives.

"You love each other, do you not?"
"Yes, ma!—"
"But—what?"
"Oh, Ar has a good, a very good heart, but if you know what a trying disposition! For three years now I have struggled and prayed and scolded, but alas—"
"Three years! if for three years you had tried my recipe, you would no longer feel the superiority of his disposition, you would not even suspect that there were stories about his affectionate heart."
"Is there then a recipe?"
"Yes, and one so simple that I hesitate to give it to you. Instead of *struggling against your poor friend, struggle against yourself*; instead of *praying so much* that he may correct what does not depend upon his will to change, *pray for yourself* that you may become better; instead of *reproving*, smile, come what may; in a word, diminish the number of your own faults, and become saintly.
"A saint, a real saint is patient; and patience is like the woollen garments in which we clothe ourselves in winter that we may not feel cold. Have you ever dreaded yesterday the weather from being cold?
"A saint is gentle; and gentleness is the soft bulwark with which sanctity surrounds us to blunt the edge of sharp or unjust words which might rend our hearts.
"To labor for the amendment of others is often difficult and even impossible; to labor upon ourselves is always possible, and I add, always efficacious."
"But is it not difficult to be a saint?"
"We have only to let the good God do with us simply as His wills, be a docile instrument in His hands."

What Girls Should Learn.

To sew.
To cook.
To mend.
To be gentle.
To calm time.
To iron neatly.
To keep a secret.
To be self-reliant.
To mind the baby.
To avoid illness.
To darn stockings.
To respect old age.
To make home happy.
To catch a husband.
To hold her tongue.
To make good bread.
To keep a house tidy.
To be above gossiping.
To control her temper.
To take care of the sick.
To sweep down cob-webs.
To marry a man for his worth.
To be a help-mate to a husband.
To keep clear of flash literature.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To sew a mouse without screaming.
To read some books besides novels.
To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.
To wear shoes that won't cramp her feet.

Explicit Directions Required.

Irate Customer—See here, sir; this is a fraud—a regular humbug, sir.
Druggist—What is the matter?
"You sold me this lump of borax yesterday, didn't you?"
"Yes, good borax, too."
"And you said it would kill roaches?"
"Yes."
"Well, it won't. The closest is as full of roaches as it was before."
"Guess you didn't use it right."
"I didn't?"
"No; you take the lump back, and when you see a roach go for it."
"How?"
"Hit it."
"Why, what with?"
"The lump, of course."

How to Behave.

Small Points of Table Etiquette

There are a few points of table etiquette not directly connected with the giving and receiving of dinners and teas, but which are of the first importance, as they concern individual behavior. We would be inclined to think every one acquainted with them, and adhere to them a matter of propriety, or custom on our part, if it were not that we see them so frequently violated. Those of our readers who are, or always have been familiar with them, will perhaps pardon our speaking of them for the sake of those who are not.

We do not expect to see these *conditions* in the best society, but there are many people perfectly well bred for the best purposes, who are ignorant concerning these things, which, although trifles in themselves, are of infinite importance in the whole.

Soup is to be taken from the side of the spoon, not from the tip, and it is not to be stocked in, but the soup, if slightly tilted, it is rather poured into the mouth than otherwise, but the slightest inhalation being sufficient for the rest.

Another generally neglected obligation is that of spreading butter on one bread as it lies in one's plate, or but slightly lifted at one and from the plate; it is very frequently buttered in the air, bitten in pieces, and laid back in the face and eyes of the table with the marks of the teeth on it.

Let us mention a few things concerning the eating of which there is some mistake or doubt.

A cream cake and anything of similar nature should be taken with a knife and fork never bitten. Asparagus—which should always be served on bread or toast, so as to absorb superfluous moisture—may be taken from the finger and thumb; if it is fit to set before you the whole of it may be eaten.

Celery, cresses, radishes, and all that sort of thing are, of course, to be eaten from the fingers; the salt should be laid upon one's plate, not upon the cloth. Fish is to be eaten with the fork, without the assistance of the knife; a bit of bread is the left hand sometimes helps one to master a refractory morsel.

It is best to be very moderate in the beginning of a banquet, for one does not know what is to follow, and all the rest may be spoiled for one by an opposite course.

We remember the case of a lady in Mexico, who, dining with the Governor of the province, was served for the first course with a hash.

She was somewhat surprised; but it was a very good hash, and she really made her dinner upon it. But the next course was also hash—there were seventeen courses of hash before the main dinner of a very delicious character came the sun, made its appearance. Of course a tiny morsel of each hash, for the sake of the rarity, she ate, but she should have taken; as it was she sat afterwards like Tantalus.

Berries of course, are to be eaten with a spoon. In England they are served with their hulls on, and three or four are considered an ample quantity. But then in England they are many times the size of ours. Now they take the big berry by the stem, dip it into powdered sugar, and eat it as we do the radish.

It is not proper to drink with a spoon in the cup; nor should one, by the way, ever quite drain cup or glass. Spoons are sometimes used with puddings, but forks are better style. A spoon should never be turned over in the mouth.

The knife should be grasped freely by the handle only, the lovelinger being the only one to touch the blade, and that only along the back of the blade, at its root, and no further down.

In seeding one's plate to be helped a second time, one should retain one's knife and fork, unless one's plate is full.

At the conclusion of a course where they have been used, knife and fork should be laid side by side on the plate.

The servant should offer everything that is of the great, that the guest may be at liberty to use the right hand.

If one has been given a napkin ring, it is necessary to fold one's napkin and use the ring; otherwise the napkin should be left unfolded. One's teeth are not to be picked at the table; but if it is impossible to hinder it, it should be done behind the napkin.

One's plate is bone at the table, but, as with corn, only one hand is allowed to touch it; yet one can usually get enough iron it with bade and rich meats to set over days and choice pies, plums, grapes and apricots, while he must content himself with a Bald-win apple in mid-water! Why should he not have a beaming home with its hearth in front and large borders of the rich, set flowers; his house one story and small perhaps, yet hung with wood-bins, wild grapes and roses against the background of orchard and shade trees, spreading their flashing boughs with goodness, as if it were the large crown, with its area of shrubberies? Why should he not have in his garden choice fruits of the season—straw-berries, currants and gooseberries, jostling each other in earliest perfection, red and black cherries, golden and purple plums, plenty of black caps to make up for the lost strawberries, and grapes as soon as raspberries are ripening blanched salads, peas in succession, as well as his corn, and asparagus—no salts his groceries and cotton! Why should he not have as fine peas, peaches, winter apples and grapes at Christmas as will the president of the Horticultural Society. He can if he only makes up his mind to.

Living from the Garden.

Gardeners, and above all, farmers have no right to live meanly, or to think of themselves as obliged to drudge ceaselessly. One may be summer and fall with having early vegetables and berries a month before his tardy supply comes on, to be out of them in dog-days before the hotels and cheap boarding-house keepers in the city have begun to see the end of fresh things; he has no need to live on doughnuts and boiled dinners, pickles and pork, when other try the changes of spring lamb, fresh fish, boiled chickens, salads, duck and green peas, capons and veal until turkey comes again. He might not to see town house fingmart with flowers while his wife has only a bunch of syringa or cinnamon roses, with a tuft of asparagus, to sweeten the parlor when she thinks to pick them. What better right have rich men to sit over dessert and choice peas, plums, grapes and apricots, while he must content himself with a Bald-win apple in mid-water! Why should he not have a beaming home with its lawn in front and large borders of the rich, set flowers; his house one story and small perhaps, yet hung with wood-bins, wild grapes and roses against the background of orchard and shade trees, spreading their flashing boughs with goodness, as if it were the large crown, with its area of shrubberies? Why should he not have in his garden choice fruits of the season—straw-berries, currants and gooseberries, jostling each other in earliest perfection, red and black cherries, golden and purple plums, plenty of black caps to make up for the lost strawberries, and grapes as soon as raspberries are ripening blanched salads, peas in succession, as well as his corn, and asparagus—no salts his groceries and cotton! Why should he not have as fine peas, peaches, winter apples and grapes at Christmas as will the president of the Horticultural Society. He can if he only makes up his mind to.

Hand-Shaking in Different Nations.

The Scotch hand-grasp is the roughest; the Frenchman shakes hands with the air of stiffened and drawn-together fingers, which signifies that he wais himself recoil with politeness as with a fortress, to keep off intruders. Never expect anything of a person who shakes a soft hand in a lazy way; it has had a wide experience of false cordiality, which was betrayed by "old soldiers," who, in battering through hotels, and boarding-houses have lost all sensibility to one-sided hands and cheeks, and not inconvenencing one's neighbors; the elbow ought to be held still, and close to one's side, which cannot be done if the chair is too near the board.

One must not lie or lean along the table to get one's arms open in it.

Nor is one to touch any of the dishes; if a member of the family, one can receive all the dishes of hospitality through the servants, and whatever there are servants neither family nor guests are to pass or help from any dish.

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A Recipe for Cottage Cheese.

Take one quart of sour milk, place it in a tin pail, and place the pail in a kettle of water, and let it boil until the whole mass is thoroughly curdled. Then take it from the fire and let it cool a little, and then pour it into a cheese cloth, and let the whole drain. When it has ceased dripping, place it in a dish, and season with cream, salt, and butter, to suit the taste. Some prefer it without any seasoning, but it is very good when seasoned as above.

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For further information apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to Father Nobili, S.J., Superior, San Francisco.
The next session will be Resumed Tuesday August, 5th, 1884.
REV. R. E. KENNA, S.J.
President.

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The scholastic year, comprising 10 months, commences on the first Monday of August and ends with the month of June.
Pupils are received at any period of the year.
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Vocal and Instrumental Music Tuition extra.
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Use of Piano 10 00
Bed and Bedding

DEATH OF GENERAL O'NEILL.

In Lender of the Fenian Expeditions to Canada Dies at El Paso, Tex.

General J. H. O'Neill, the leader of the famous Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866 died at El Paso, Tex., Oct. 31, from brewerhage of the lungs. He was taken suddenly ill and died in fifteen minutes. His death was a great surprise to his friends. General O'Neill was the head and front of the celebrated Fenian expedition in 1866. His troops expected of success laid out their with every hope of success laid out their plans. In March, 1866, the plan of Sweeny, another Fenian leader, was completed. It was based on a series of combined movements, and St. Patrick's day was designated as the time to commence operations. The whole Canadian government seemed to shake. In less than twenty hours 15,000 or 16,000 men were in Buffalo ready for the invasion. The proposed invasion exhausted itself. In the month of May the danger being apparently passed away, several of the regiments of volunteers were dismissed. Summer advanced. The Fenians in the United States were much more numerous than had been supposed. The Canadian officials were afraid of some disaster might result. Sooner or later there must be an outbreak. The Fenian feeling was constantly growing stronger. They were divided into two sections, one being commanded by Stephens, the other by Roberts. The former is related to a unique Ireland, the latter was lent on Canada. About May 15, with the exception of being joined by many disaffected Canadians, the Fenian leaders commenced to make preparations, this time on a very much larger scale, for a descent on Canada. Three lines of operations had been determined upon: from Chicago and the other western cities on the Lake Huron coast; another from Buffalo and Rochester, across the Niagara frontier, and a third, which was the most formidable of all, from the cities on the Atlantic coast, to organize in eastern New York state. The force was to assemble near Ogdensburg to go to Ottawa and to operate along the eastern frontier. The city of Buffalo, which was expected. The city of Buffalo, was just swarming with Fenian lands, which had been collected from all quarters. Before daylight Friday, the 1st of June, a party of 1500 strong, under the command of General O'Neill crossed the Canadian line three miles below Niagara Falls and established themselves on Canadian soil, without any opposition. The first step was to take possession of the ruins of Fort Erie, near where they had landed, and of the Buffalo and Lake Huron railroad depot, near by. They captured all the provisions and horses they could say hands on, and the volunteers were offered further than this. During the day an American was crossed, the Michigan, which of late years has been at the Charlestown navy yard, patrolled the river to prevent the crossing of reinforcements. Notwithstanding small boats with recruits and supplies did cross, no hindrance of any consequence being attempted. Hot, whatever another have begun the expectations as to a Canadian rising in their favor, they were wholly disappointed. Their only real hope was that from the American side. General O'Neill went forward ten miles further, and Pelham, where he halted for the night, in a position to be an elevated wood, turned Limeridge, where a temporary breastwork was at once constructed. In the meantime the Canadian military authorities had been actively engaged in making preparations to drive this dangerous band out of the Dominion. The fact soon got out and went against O'Neill. The latter's men were worn out with marching and fighting. The party was finally captured by United States marshals, and nearly all were placed on board the Michigan. Some escaped across the water on boards and logs, and some hid.

THE WORK OF THE VICIOUS.

Arthur Orton, alias Thomas Castro, who for a while figured as the famous "Tichborne Claimant," has been finally released from Newgoate Prison. He was sentenced in the Court of Queen's Bench, London, Feb. 28, 1874, to fourteen years' penal servitude for perjury. He was sent first to Millbank, was subsequently transferred to Dartmoor, and then to Portland Prison, from which, a few days ago, he was removed with great privacy, to avoid a public demonstration, to Pentonville Prison, London, pending the expiration of his penal term. The indection in his term of service is for good conduct during his imprisonment. The claim of the "Claimant" alone a stigma in the most celebrated conspiracy case in English annals, since it is the first instance in English legal records where an impostor assumed identity with a known person. The brightest possible recapitulation of the story is this:—

Roger Charles Tichborne, born Jan. 5, 1829, in Paris, was, after his father, heir to the title and estates of his uncle, Sir Edward Doughty Tichborne. He was brought up and educated in France till he was sent to the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst, England, and in 1849 entered the British army. In 1852, he offered himself to his cousin, Kate Doughty, daughter of Sir Edward, but her parents refusing to entertain the match, he sold out his army commission and went to sea. He is known to have landed at Valparaiso June 19, 1853, and on April 20, 1854, he sailed from Rio de Janeiro for the New York on the ship Bella, which was lost, with all on board, at sea. Roger's father succeeded to the Tichborne title and estates, and died June 11, 1862. In the presumed lost son of Roger, his young brother, Alfred, succeeded. He died Feb. 12, 1866, and was succeeded by a posthumous son, born in May following, and to whom the Tichborne baronetcy and estates will come at his majority.

But meanwhile, Roger's mother, all her life resident in Paris, obstinately refused to believe that her son was lost, and in 1866 she began to advertise in the English and Australian papers for "Roger Charles Tichborne," whom she believed to be still alive. A year afterwards a butcher at Wagga Wagga, Australia, known to be Arthur Orton, but then calling himself Thomas Castro, asserted that he was the missing man, and that he had been saved, the sole survivor, from the wreck of the Bella. By the same token of an attorney who professed to believe in him he opened a correspondence with Lady Tichborne, who supplied him with money to come and see her. He visited her in Paris in January, 1867, and the one old and weak-minded woman, who for years had been ready to recognize anybody who should claim to be the long-absent Roger, assented her belief that the impostor was her son. She died March 12, 1868, leaving the field clear for the claimant.

Meanwhile, in 1867, he began an action for the recovery of the Tichborne property, then worth $120,000 a year, but it may here be stated that the long litigation following so reduced this magnificent income that the trustees were compelled to mortgage it to carry on their suits in court. Sending commissionsfor South America and Australia displayed the trial for the first two years, and it was not began till May, 1871, when it lasted 103 days, till March 6, 1872, when the jury interposed. Meanwhile it became satisfied that the claimant was not Roger Charles Tichborne. This was simply nonsuiting him in his attempts to get the estates.

He was immediately indicted as "Thomas Castro, otherwise Arthur Orton," for perjury. Meanwhile an extraordinary number of people believed in him and in the justice of his claim. He received contributions of money from all over England. He raised some money on the sale of bonds payable from the proceeds of the Tichborne estates when he should get possession of that property. The perjury trial lasted from April 23, 1873, to Feb. 28, 1874. The jury were out less than thirty minutes and found that the defendant was not Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, as he claimed, and that he was Arthur Orton. His summary sentence to penal servitude follows.

The principal points to prove the perjury and reveal the astounding imposture were these:—He was five years younger than the man he assumed to be. He was shown to have been born June 1, 1834, the son of George Orton, a London butcher, and to have been christened Orton. His whole career from his birth was carefully traced. It was shown that while he claimed to be Roger Tichborne in Australia he did not dare to use Roger's balance to his credit at two Australian bankers. On his return to London he first sought out his Orton relatives. He was grossly ignorant of what Roger was well educated. He knew no French, while Roger spoke it fluently. He was shown that he did English, speaking English even with a decidedly French accent. Roger was thin with straight hair, and his ears adhered to the side of his head. Orton was an inch taller, his hair inclined to curl, he was grossly fat and proportionately paunchy, and his ears had large free lopped lobes. No trace of certain tattoo marks known to be on Roger could be found on the claimant. It is almost impossible to conceive the great mental and physical discrepancies in the two different persons.

Nevertheless thousands of people in England and elsewhere firmly believed in the claims of the impostor and believe in him even now. Time (has adjusted) is said to have lately settled an insanity of 60 upon him. He has received cheers in the stage and publicly exhibit himself, and indicements have been held out to him to come to this country for that purpose. His own desire is said to be to go to Tichborne, where his notoriety, he fancies, would be the means of bringing him much money. In all probability when the first excitement of his release is over he will subside to his merited obscurity.

The first of a series of meetings in behalf of the Tichborne claimant was held in London last month. The claimant was accompanied by his son, who spoke, and declared his innocence in a large and enthusiastic gathering. Mrs. Weldon also made a speech. The claimant in his speech declared that his persecution by the Government was terrifiable to the last degree. Gladstone's daughter had married into the Tichborne family. He stated that he had determined to devote his life to obtaining justice for himself and his children. A resolution was passed by the meeting demanding that the claimant should be restored to his rights.

CATHOLICS IN POLITICS.

Father Harte Discourse on the Treatment of His Constituents.

At the meeting of St. Mark's Academy last evening, Rev. M. M. Harte, S. J., read a paper on "A Moral Question in American Politics," that being the extracum of Catholicism. He said that the question of morality was not raised in regard to a someone, Protestant or even non-religious, but the moment a Catholic was mentioned in connection with office a hue and cry was raised. It was true of both parties. He instanced the Democratic National Convention of 1880. When one man was generally spoken of as a most available candidate for the Presidency, the fact was not that when such many years before he had sent for the priest. That settled his chances, and his name was incontinently dropped. Mayor Grace received only 2,000 majority as against Hancock's 42,000. Priests were denied admittance to prisons, reformatory institutions, etc., or when they did secure it a great commotion was raised.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM— IRELAND

The Dublin Scandals.

DUBLIN, Nov. 10.—Mr. Curtis, the ex-post office secretary, will make application to-morrow before Court of Queen's Bench for a rule nisi for the entire police fund which he brought some months ago against Mr. Wm. Hilbre, M. P., editor of *United Ireland*. He places the damages at $10,000. The action for libel was one brought against him.

Mr. Fitzgerald, one of the men accused of unnatural offenses, was tried in Dublin yesterday. The jury could not agree.

The People of Limerick Determined.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—The expenses of the city of Limerick today, by an overwhelming majority, refused to pay any attention to the demand of the extra police tax. They also passed a resolution demanding the immediate withdrawal of the extra police.

Ireland in the Present Session of Parliament.

NEW YORK, November 11.—The Irish cable from London of October 31 says: The autumnal session of Parliament was opened today by the Lord Chancellor, in the Irish House of Lords, in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant. Rule numbers of the House of Commons indicate no change in the Government's policy that this session is solely for consideration of Irish municipal reform. The intention of the Ministry is to try to confine discussion to the Franchise Bill which passed the House of Commons at the Queen's speech, but the Parnellites say there will be a great deal of other matters which must be fully discussed this session. One is the charge that was known to be brought against the Irish Mountmarrs members, its other is the section that Beverley Cornwall, Solicitor Bolton and other Bulldog officials were obtained by the prejudice of Irish jurors, in which they had been unfairly proved guilty.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—Mr. Patrick Black, a Catholic, has just been appointed to the magistracy for Antrim, in place of Mr. Dunlop, M. P.

Armagh.—On October 20th, while the bonfire had burned down and was burning at the new Masonic Hall, which is now in course of erection, a party of men, with a cart and horses, which was raised to a height of about 30 feet, and which, having gone way, and fell, the full of bricks and timber making a terrific report. Three men named McCullagh, Kane and Fisher, were thrown violently to the ground. Kane and Sergeant were seriously injured. Fisher escaped with some slight injuries.

Cavan.—Mr. Thomas Brady, of the Cavan Workhouse and dispensary, was arrested on the 20th inst. on the charge of the murder of Mr. Hayes, who was found dead in the road between Cavan and Belturbet, on the night of the 12th inst. Mr. Brady was taken to the Cavan Workhouse, where, the cart full broke down the road, and fell, the full of bricks and timber making a terrific report. Three men named McCullagh, Kane and Fisher, were thrown violently to the ground. Kane and Sergeant were seriously injured. Fisher escaped with some slight injuries.

Clare.—Mr. Thomas Brady, of the Cavan Workhouse and dispensary, was arrested on the 20th inst. on the charge of the murder of Mr. Hayes, who was found dead in the road between Cavan and Belturbet, on the night of the 12th inst. Mr. Brady was taken to the Cavan Workhouse, where, the cart full broke down the road, and fell, the full of bricks and timber making a terrific report. Three men named McCullagh, Kane and Fisher, were thrown violently to the ground. Kane and Sergeant were seriously injured. Fisher escaped with some slight injuries.

Cork.—The Nationalists of Cork are showing activity at the Parliamentary registration. Mr. Parnell is present proceeding. Every [illegible]

Dublin.—Mr. T. B. Hall, R. L., J. Nelson, R. L., were registered by the Lord Lieutenant. [illegible]

Galway.—Mr. Hartington, M. P., has not published in pamphlet form his letters in reply to the action of the Crown in the Bessborough murder cases. The letters as they appeared in the Times are very strong against the murder case. [illegible]

Kerry.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Kilkenny.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Kilkenny.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Leitrim.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Limerick.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Longford.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Louth.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Mayo.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Meath.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Monaghan.—The presented National [illegible]

Roscommon.—John Donnellan, of Castlerea, in the county of Roscommon, given [illegible]

Sligo.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Tipperary.—At Nenagh, on October 27, [illegible]

Tyrone.—About three hundred persons, [illegible]

Waterford.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Wexford.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Wicklow.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Wexford.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Wicklow.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

Wicklow.—Lord Lieutenant has elected [illegible]

**Wicklow

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

THE MOUNTAIN-GIRT VALLEY OF SHARE.

BY DUMONT.

When lassed by the balmy breezes
That down off the Indian isles
Career over Caribbean waters
Where Summer eternally smiles,
I've dreamt of that, sweet, sunny Eden
And oft times away yor the Seas,
In spirit I lingerly wandered
The haunts of my boyhood's happy home,
For, oh there is naught in the Tropics
To benefit with those we compare,
Loved land of the brave and the lovely,
Fair mountain-girt valley of Share.

Away, where the calm Sacramento
Rolls down over magnetic of gold,
And thousands of brownie are herding
Their flocks upon mountain and wold,
I've wandered when twilight was leaving,
And whipped the delicious perfume
Of oranges, limes and bananas,
And trellised vines fair in their bloom,
But, oh, that the tair Occidental
Is where one land I cherish most dear
'Tis the sweet, happy home of my childhood,
The mountain-girt valley of Share.

I've roamed thro' Yosemite Valley,
And gazed with amazement on Clark's
On the torrents that there, south the mountains,
Leap down in inconceivable height,
I've climbed the Sierra's proud summits,
And basked in its twilight and glow
Of a cigar-ne, calm Indian Summer,
But, oh, I've yearned for home
But oh to behold the Sierra's proud summits,
Or hear the Pacific roll in the shore,
Or the lonely Sacramento and dark-eyed
Great mountain-girt valley of Share.

Long ago,
The shades of the fair golden State,
And the happy hearts which were gathered
Come to me' the famed Golden Gate,
I carry the sacred Cross
The land of the free and the blest,
And right to that Eden Island
That gems the Atlantic's white crest,
Far home, to remember and relate
Dash come no finger still have
And place for my home by the ocean,
The mountain-girt valley of Share.

Dixon, Cal., Nov. 19th, 1884.

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

BY A. DOTLE.

—And spirits of pride, and erring reasons spite
One truth is clear whatever is is right.
—Pope, "Essay on Man."

Let senseless critics throw away
Their lines to and replaying;
Let modern wise men sneer and say
Some sarcastic lewd sayings;
But yet who hath to Reason's light,
Remonstrate the lay gays and age
"Whatever is, is right!"

The march of life must still go on,
Tho' we may murmur sometimes;
We know by every page to come,
There will be a change in the times,
Toward attaining of the lighter
And like grumblings try to show
"Whatever is, is right."

The melody that hears to the sphere,
Needs not a new revisor;
For God is wise and earthly seers,
Essay not to be wiser;
Let us not cast a shade on light,
A trace to human hopes and fears,
"Whatever is, is right."

Each flower o'been seen is on the breast,
A rank divinity is shown
Each star whose light beams on the sea,
Tends not some new adorning,
No man may make its emile more bright;
Adieu with silly sophistries—
"Whatever is, is right."

Let Shaspie—man the Universe
Its harmony surpassing,
Man teach man to meet and serve,
No thought of a reviling.
For God's Platonic wisdom, 'Man is slight,
So hand this great and thoughtful verse—
"Whatever is, is right."

Why do we hope, Reason's light
Of them the darkest cloud of woes,
Will show a silver lining;
Content in that of all, right—
So let us in this truth repose—
"Whatever is, is right!"

Also! for those who will complain,
The earth should look still greater;
The star of hope, the star of pain
Is clear in Reason's light,
But tho' they grope in endless night,
The light is nothing to meet
"Whatever is, is right!"

Ekere,
Seek not to know God's mystic ways,
No mortal should be knowing;
And let us rather speak in praise,
No stubborn spirit showing
Each spike of pride, and reason's spite
Within our hearts let this truth blaze—
"Whatever is, is right!"

Literary Miscellany.

Evelyn Bernard's Life and Love.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

In a quaint, quiet old city, whose name I will remain a secret—the name is not known, there is nevertheless a building with a dilapidated dome, that I believe to be unique. These facts are as certain as the existence of the city itself.

This court house is a hive for workers, busy as bees, and bearing analogy most to many and women, and the business in this of applicants a still larger list of mamas. The city is not large, though it rises the large shire whose centre it is, and it has come to pass that people are more interested in such others private affairs than they might be were the field of interest a wider one. So if any new clerk is appointed at the court house, the matter forms a topic of importance, and everybody tells what everybody else has said or heard on the subject.

One morning in September about ten minutes before the time for the day's work to begin, an eager group stood at a window in the second story of the court house with a gilded dome, busily talking.

"Her name is Bernard—Evelyn Bernard," said one.

"Oh! what a sweet name" cried another, a young lady with flowing ringlets and dreamy eyes. "Is she as pretty as her name?"

"I don't know—never saw her—never heard of her before. There's a father, and a stepmother, and a dozen stepsisters and brothers, more or less. The father is in engagements, and the mother is an invalid, and this Miss Evelyn has them all on her shoulders. I did not stop to think of her looks when I heard that.

"And how did she contrive to get a chance here?"

"Judge Barnes knew her father. Her how can she work in such a place, where salary is more than I can see. They live in a bit of a cottage of High Street, and it is very—but, hush, she is coming now with the Judge."

Every one stared, which could be done with impunity, as the girl never glanced up, tho was tall and slight, and though not a beauty, was so graceful and loveable in the mere look of her face that nobody ever cared whether her features were lovable or not. The Judge brought her courtesies and introduced her. Something in her shy yet cordial and unaffected manner attracted them all. Evidently she was a girl who was accustomed to trust everybody, and whose trust had never yet been betrayed.

James Purcell, thirty years old, dollest and simplest, and kindest of men, as his comrades called him, always blundering, never ready to account to them for the use he made of his slender salary, yet always dressed in shabby, old-fashioned clothes, tender-hearted, and bald-headed. James Purcell saw Evelyn Bernard's lovely face, recalled the story he had heard of her hard efforts to keep a whole household above water, and said to himself resolutely, "We must help her."

He was always trying to help somebody. To add to all his other disadvantages, to commit in the eyes of his fellow clerks a folly more full of stupidity than all his other follies, James Purcell was a Catholic, nor was he in the least ashamed of it, nor did he so much as seem to know that it was anything of which to be ashamed. But the band of hunted, hidden, old-fashioned men who claimed him as their intimate friend was a source of constant mirth and dismay to his companions at the court house.

"Mr. Hasbaum will tell you your day's duties, Miss Bernard," said the Judge, "Mr. Purcell here the kindness to see that Miss Bernard has all she needs." And lifting her sweet grey eyes, Evelyn saw the two men who were, in their diverse ways, to lay a claim upon her life.

A worker ready to learn and swift to do they found her. Soon she was writing at her desk as calmly as though she had been there always.

"That is how she makes one feel," thought James Pugsell; "just as though she had been there always. I hope she will never have to go away—she, poor, poor, so fair. I hope something will turn up so that she may not have to divulge of her business her."

Hasbaum watched her too, thoughtfully. He was not accustomed to spend much thought on the clerks who were set to attend to him. This girl, however, was evidently no common person. She was his pity by her ardent need, his admiration by her lovely manner.

He took some legal documents on even to begin, an eager group stood at a window in the second story of the court house with a gilded dome, busily talking.

"Her name is Bernard—Evelyn Bernard," said one.

"Oh! what a sweet name" cried another, a young lady with flowing ringlets and dreamy eyes. "Is she as pretty as her name?"

"I don't know—never saw her—never heard of her before. There's a father, and a stepmother, and a dozen stepsisters and brothers, more or less. The father is in engagements, and the mother is an invalid, and this Miss Evelyn has them all on her shoulders. I did not stop to think of her looks when I heard that.

"And how did she contrive to get a chance here?"

"Judge Barnes knew her father. Her how can she work in such a place, where salary is more than I can see. They live in a bit of a cottage of High Street, and it is very—but, hush, she is coming now with the Judge."

Every one stared, which could be done with impunity, as the girl never glanced up, tho was tall and slight, and though not a beauty, was so graceful and loveable in the mere look of her face that nobody ever cared whether her features were lovable or not. The Judge brought her courtesies and introduced her. Something in her shy yet cordial and unaffected manner attracted them all. Evidently she was a girl who was accustomed to trust everybody, and whose trust had never yet been betrayed.

James Purcell, thirty years old, dollest

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

The Omaha express stood waiting in the Union depot at Chicago. There was a large passenger list to be west that night, and an unusual amount of express matter. Another passenger coach was therefore added, and when the signal for starting was given the engine puffed and groaned as the second door of the yard with hard unmoulded load. Soon, however, we were flying over the country under the impetus of the powerful engine, which had decided only a little coaxing and petting at the start to give her the will strength with which she drew the thoughtful train of passengers and mail.

Our old friend, "Billy" Evans, was the conductor. Coming into the depot he greeted us cordially, barely glancing at the ticket we gave him, but promising to make a promise to meet us soon to "have a talk" on some or other subject, whether it should be men, between on one, and "cop, sir," on other side.

This being a through and fast train for the west, very few stops would be made, and then only at important stations. Soon our friend passed, and settling himself comfortably by our side in the smoking-car, he began:

"We've got a very heavy train to-night, and when we pass, we will undoubtedly have at Aurora by a freight wreck. No, I don't know, no, but so she makes all sorts, we shall be near an hour long.

"Oh, I have seen some bad accidents on this road, and I expect to see more, I haven't you? so expected.

"Yes, I have, I never was in a very bad wreck, myself, I have always been fortunate, and I hope it will continue so.

"Speaking of wrecks, the worst one I ever saw was that which occurred at Tyrone, Iowa, some years ago. You see, No. 9, going east, and No. 3, going west, had orders to meet at Tyrone, but the operators were running like the wind. The operator at Tyrone received the order and with it an order for a freight train that had been standing on the side track to come out and wait for us. The operator, the poor fellow got the order mixed, and he sent the freight out of Tyrone it was ordered to run east, while the passenger was expected from the east. Orders on the road, and the engineer of No. 3 unanimously obeyed the death command, and he was expected from the east and to death.

"Thank God! No. 3 came tearing down the heavy grade a mile or two from Tyrone. No. 9 was roaring on to meet her. There would be a terrible wreck! Just as No. 3 disappeared from view the operator covered his mistake. But it was too late. He stood helpless for a moment, paralyzed with horror. Then rushing to the instrument, he telegraphed as follows to head quarters:

"No. 3 and Thare met in a terrible wreck on the grade east of Tyrone. Send help and surgeons!

"Soon the news of a slightly crash shook the night air. With an agonizing shriek the operator sent the fatal order.

"Yes, it was a fatal wreck. Many were killed and wounded. It was painful to hear the groans of the wounded, and to be put out of their misery. No, I don't want to hear the details, I have seen enough for our road is very catchy.

"The narrowest escape I ever had was a good many years ago. The road was now in its infancy, and I was conductor on train in the west. It was a dreary, rainy, chilly night in March. We had a heavy freight train, and were making good time despite the bad condition of the road. Soon after midnight a storm arose, and the rain and wind were terrible. But we had to keep on and make up the night. I was in great uneasiness among the passengers and, to tell the truth, I was in fear for our safety myself.

"We had received dispatches from H—— we learned that Camp Creek was way beyond its banks and was rapidly rising, and we had regarded a bridge. We knew that the storm was now blowing a gale, it had turned cold, and snow was beginning to fall. We knew that on we dare, and I trusted to Providence to carry us safely through.

"I had just stepped down in a seat to have a short rest, when I felt the jerking of the car wheels on the track as the brakes held their fast. There was trouble ahead, I knew, and I sprang out to see. Looking on—[illegible] the lights of the flames [illegible] on the surrounding country. I saw the engineer and fireman in ten feet [illegible] on engine and on the very bridge, which was a blaze of huge bonfire fire. The bridge had gone down.

"But we had kept the fire and kept it burning. Was the engineer? Yes, he was, I learned; for there, standing in the storm and cold, was a shivering, half-naked man, a babe, and about her stood three shivering children. The passengers had crowded upon the seats as this, and many a hand was outstretched to help the lone woman and her little ones into a place of warmth and safety in this train.

"There should be story. She lived in a poor shanty not a mile distance from the bridge, and had gone to show with a crash into the rushing waters. Knowing our train would soon be due, she built the fire on the track to warn us. Having so done, she had gone back to her shanty and had piled her bed clothes in a heap, hoping that the fire would burn during the night, and with what assay torment she had endured, "She told us with a sob that baby's fire burning.

"About that time everybody was think forring. I think one or two of the ladies fainted, and the men fell crying that night last long. The big, red faced old man just ahead of us, who was swearing at us through the train in a manner that would have done credit to any well-organized gang of roughs, suddenly disappeared, and came up to him with their valuables. They showed gold, silver and paper money that that said it was full. Some gave a ring, a pin, a gold watch, some bills, and the fellow put in his hat, and then wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and he cried. It was substance art and one that no doubt saved many lives.

"How much was collected? as asked, with unnecessary curiosity, as the train moved on.

"Well, sir, I don't remember the exact amount, but enough to buy baby a cradle that would grow the little home which the rest of the money purchased."

Curiosities of Mesmer.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron. Vinegar is made of sugar, flour, bread, and water grass; it is nothing but strychnine and the Fire Brigade. Water is not water, and does not come from Burgundy, the greater part of it is rosin and pitch-oil. Gut is made from the entrails of sheep. Butter is not butter, but a kind of cheese, and cheese is not cheese, but a small remains of a decayed species of cattle fish. Hermann says that it is impossible to counterfeit and does not contain a particle of silver. Cinnamon is made of the bark of a tree. The Egyptian cannot now in her hands. Pompey's pillar is not originals in Turkey, and are not baths, but heated chambers. Whale bone is not whale bone, and is not not to contain a single property of bone.

CHARGE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

A Heroic Act that Immortalized Infantry in England's Service Thirty Years Ago.

October 25th was the thirtieth anniversary of the courageous charge of the Earl of Cardigan's light Brigade at Balaklava, near Sebastopol. A gentleman who was an eye-witness of the terrible scene, and survivor of the fatal battle of the fresh Nolan and his noble comrades

On the morning of October, 1854, our eyes turned to the heights of Balaklava, on the passes conductor. Coming from the direction of the allied forces. On that day the Russians had made a desperate attack on our position, as we desperately repulsed. Word was sent to headquarters that the enemy, under cover of a heavy fog, had taken the heights (of substantial in force and was massing himself so as to threaten the safety of the heights. I was at once sent with an order to the cavalry and horse artillery to move and be ready to assume the offensive. They had not to wait long. The British troops were swept as by a whirlwind, and without Mohammedans, man the world was never so. Just. The heavy cavalry on the right and the light brigade on the left were advanced, with the artillery in the centre playing a game at long bowls. Meanwhile a Russian battery was continually pouring forward, whose well served guns promised to be annoying enough.

"Lord Raglan, who did not know the full strength of the foe, saw that the day should must be removed; but whether to the left or to the right, he could not tell. Just before the leap was made, a staff officer rode up to the commander-in-chief, and, in a few words, delivered the order. The judge had a moment's hesitation, and then, pale and with his eyes, with a wave of his hand, he gave the order. The commanders of the cavalry brigade, Lords Lucan and Cardigan, were turning like the wind. The operator at Tyrone received the order and with it an order for a freight train that had been standing on the side track to come out and wait for us. The operator, the poor fellow got the order mixed, and he sent the freight out of Tyrone it was ordered to run east, while the passenger was expected from the east. Orders on the road, and the engineer of No. 3 unanimously obeyed the death command, and he was expected from the east and to death.

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He Plead Guilty.

A prominent lawyer now practicing in New York city tells the following:

An old darkey was under indictment for some petty larceny, in a country village, and. The Judge appointed me to defend him. I was young and very fresh at the time, and it was my first case of importance.

I went forward to consult with my client, in the hall of the court house.

"Ho Hooah, sir, do the lawyer what am depended to do for you?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, sah, I'll tell darkey, "take his way, dedge, I pleads guilty."

A Cure for Heart Disease.

Many matrimonial cases have been decided by the Supreme Court of Illinois, but the following is the most novel and most sensible decision it has ever made. It is from the Chicago Times:

Bridgeport, Ill., Oct. 1.

Hon. Sidney Breese, sah! Sah! as well as glass fools, is manufactured especially for sensible people. Sah! Sah! Sah!

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intermediate St. Francis de Sales, patron of the journalists, the pious project, the writers of Catholic journals who devote their cause of religion, for if the word is true of the Bible A precious free, and salutary in the description and precepts with the citizen and Ethic—Pro 13

"Journalists in the greatest social power, because it is the Catholic Press, the Catholic Press, the Catholic Press, Catholic journalism was, consequently, solidarity of truth, wisdom is may be—above all, the Divine truth—Rev. Thomas Mullan Lecture.

Revealed Religion Must Rule.

"The Necessity of Revelation" was the subject of Bishop Gilmour's sermon at the Baltimore Cathedral on last Wednesday week, and as there may be much light thrown upon the subject by the Bishop's counsel concerning this all-important truth, we append a succinct synopsis of the sermon wherein Bishop Gilmour sets forth the necessity of Revelation in a plain, clear and practical manner, so as to be understood by all classes of people Protestants as well as Catholics—and among whom there are doubtless many who never gave the question of Revelation that calm consideration which its importance also demand from every Christian.

Non-Catholics have not the same belief in the necessity for Revelation that Catholic faith teaches, hence they are—as the sacred writer well says—"driven about by every wind of doctrine." They gibe from Episcopalianism to Ingersollism just as naturally as water will run down a hill if an impediment is placed in its course. Catholics, on the contrary, have their faith fortified by Revelation, and as God never changes, so His Church is the immovable rock upon which we can stand with security ourselves, and as beacon-lights to those who are drifting around among the surging waters of sectarianism that vainly lash the Rock of Christ.

"In discussing the problems of the age," said Bishop Gilmour, "there are two or three currents of thought tolerably well marked. Among these are a sharply-defined atheistic system, and a pretty well accepted determination to make man the beginning and end of himself. In the sixteenth century reason was made the judge of faith. What if accepted, it held to be true; what if rejected, it held to be false.

The results of thought are not the products of a day, so when reason was made its own master, and society was committed to its guidance, it required time, yes, only to accept the new, but to get rid of the old. The united and uniform teaching of the Church for twelve centuries had so moulded and formed public thought that some slips could change or destroy its work. But though once shaked and fairly [illegible] and principles once accepted are in time pushed to their legitimate conclusions."

Then at great length the Bishop discussed the drift of "modern thought," which he said has for its basal thought, "Reason is supreme, and physical science is the sole test of truth," dwelling on what he terms its legitimate results, the Communist and Nihilist, as the advance-guard of our freethinkers, agnostics, rationalists, &c. Dwelling on, he spoke of the increasing degeneration of man, arguing that it is produced by a too great belief in the things of this earth, and not enough belief in and study of divine revelation and religious teachings. In conclusion the Bishop (this summarized the sins which are prevalent) in society today, and which threaten the future of the land:

"The sky looks dark indeed. Morality is on the wane, and the standard of truth and justice steadily sinks. Our public men are no longer chosen for their honesty and ability, but for their availability. The laxity of marriage has ended in divorce and polygamy. Our public expenditure, blasphemy stalks the land, and drunkenness and lust are a stench in the nostrils. Material progress has replaced religion, the temporal is preferred to the eternal, the body to the soul, man to God."

"In such a state of things it behooves us not only to defend Revelation, but to insist upon its acceptance. It is the heresy of the day that man is not bound to accept religion. It is true man is not bound to accept religion from man, and therefore, as man against man, we can assert religious freedom; but as man against God, man is bound to accept religion; nay, more than that, he is bound to accept pure and simple the religion God gives him.

"We must cease permitting sentiment to rule, lawful religion and religious liberty to accompany. The State must take from the Church, as the Church takes from God, and both must work for a common end. It is fully to assert that the State can prosper without the Church, or society exist without religion. God must rule, man must obey. Religion must be accepted and Revelation maintained."

These words of Bishop Gilmour should form the basis of every citizen's belief in all that affects Christian society in this country. The Government that seeks to ignore God can only merit the friendship of the referees Fund, and as the Bishop well and truly says, both the Church and the State must work for a common end. Social prosperity, peace, virtue and happiness are to mark the future career of this Republic.

— The Rev. Lord Petre—the first Catholic Priest who has sat in the House of Lords since the time of James the Second—took the oath and his seat recently. "The Rev. Peer," says a London contemporary, "has a markedly ascetic and clerical appearance. Beneath his mitre he wore the black garb (sic.) and Roman collar of the Catholic priesthood."

— Baron Pitteurs, at present Belgian Minister at Stockholm, has been appointed to represent Belgium at the Vatican.

Twin Enemies of the Catholic Church.

Bigotry and ignorance are the Siamese twins that dwell in the peripheral mouth of some Americans who—fortunately for the honor of the intellectual character of the nation—are not numerous in this Republic. Some of these people are fond of showing their ears in print so that the reading public may not mistake the zoological species to which they belong. A bigot of this character lately figured in the Telephone over the signature of T. Jewell, who said among other very ignorant and malicious assertions that "no Roman priest or prelate is a citizen of the United States of America. Their allegiance is to the pope of Rome, first, last, and all the time." The best refutation of this 'offensive slander is to refer the deluded dupe of personal prejudice to the sermon preached by Bishop Ireland which we print on the first page of this issue, wherein he will find as illustrious Prelate proclaiming from the pulpit of the most celebrated Cathedral in this Union, his pride at being an American citizen and his conviction that a republican form of government was the best in the world! And thus it is that Davidson's defamation of Catholic prelates and Catholic priests did not travel far before it was turned into a vile falsehood by the patriotic utterances of an American Prelate whose position as a citizen is as far superior to the malignant manufacturer of this calumny as was that of the Catholic Charles Carroll of Carrollton in comparison exalted above the traitor Arnold.

In order to form some slight conception of the calumny uttered against the religious and priesthood of the Catholic Church by the back-woods bigot, it is only necessary to recall to mind the many patriotic priests and Bishops who have died in this land since the very foundation of the Republic, and whose memories are honored by the grateful people. Was there a single traitor among them? No! Thank God! The foul brand of "traitor" is found only on the heads of bigots! When Wesley was ordering to raise a regiment of soldiers in order to crush out the spirit of Revolution in this land, Catholic priests were praying for success for the American arms wielded by their Catholic flocks!

What Pope ever tried to control a single Priest or Prelate in America so as to turn any of them from their allegiance to this republican form of government? Seven different Pontiffs have filled the Chair of Peter since 1775, yet there is not a single line of writing extant from any of them in the remotest degree antagonistic to this Republic or suggesting to priest or Bishop a change of civil policy. More than a thousand priests and Bishops have resided over Catholic congregations in this country, and has it ever been known that a single one of them abused a duty income been upon him as an American citizen upon the plea that his "allegiance to the Pope of Rome" was superior to his American citizenship? Neither Prelate, Priest nor Catholic layman has ever made such a plea in this or any other country, because it would be treason to the Constitution of the United States, because "their allegiance is due to the Pope of Rome first, last, and all the time," is wilfully and maliciously bears false witness against his neighbor, and falsehood in contradiction to the history of this country since ever it had a place among the nations of the earth.

Like all insulated enemies of the Church, the Oregon back-woods bigot had to have up a spurious oath in order to give a balance of truth to his calumny. The "anathema" introduced by Sterne in his "Tristram Shandy," the "Jesuit oath" introduced by grammar-smashing Gray into his humbug "history" of Oregon, and the "oath" resurrected by Mr. Davidson from some foul denominational document, are all pieces of the same Protestant patchwork, made to order by bigots so as to "make Rome howl" through the prejudices raised against her by means of forged oaths, false history and fabrications of similar calumniating character.

The closing paragraph of the Davidsonian document is so remarkably original that we give it entire so as to show our readers the truth of the axiom that "all the fools are not dead yet."

"The Baltimore council is for the express purpose of settling and strengthening the temporal power of Rome in America, and the way for the papal residence here, and aiding by the destruction of the Protestant church and all republican institutions."

Well, we must candidly admit that of all the outrageous crazies we ever read of the writer of the above absurdity is the greatest cocksbury on the whole hook! What a peculiar programme he has conceived for the future! He really imagines that the Bishops in Baltimore are merely delegates to a convention for the overthrow of the American Constitution! And—for all the sense the poor man possesses—the Pope may actually be in America at present while the whole Protestant population are quietly resting upon a regular Vatican volcano! The case is really dangerous and we advise Davidson to call a convention of Dunderheads, elect himself president, pass resolutions declaring the Pope ineligible to residence in this Republic, and proclaim the principle that nobody outside of Davidson's domicile is fitted by nature or art to cope with the wiles of Catholicism! Until this is done there can be no security for sectarianism—if we are to believe the ridiculous ravings of the back-woods bigot whose blind leading will have but few followers.

— We feel deeply grateful to Rev. P. Dignan, the distinguished and patriotic divine who edits with such marked ability and financial success the *Catholic Union* of Buffalo, for the following kindly sentiments expressed in a recent issue of that model Catholic journal: "One of the best Catholic papers in the country—the San Francisco Monitor—has begun its twenty-eighth volume, and well earned prosperity, and the high regard of its contemporaries. The Monitor is learnedly edited and like its equals nationwide in the days of the rebellion, pours hot shot and shell into the foe on the Pacific Coast."

— The initial chapter of a lovely Catholic story will be found on the second page.

Death of Rev. Antoine Ravalli, S.J.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we learn through the latter of our Montana correspondent that Rev. Antoine Ravalli, S. J., died at St. Mary's Mission, Bitter Root Valley, Montana, recently. Father Ravalli was a native of Rome where he was born in 1812. He was a ripe scholar, a skilful physician, and one of the most lovable priests as ever had the honor of knowing. Father Ravalli arrived in Oregon with Father De Smet and Father Point, immediately after their arrival from Belgium, accompanied by Fathers Accolti, Nobili, Vercruisse and the lately deceased. The mission of Father Point—conveyed to Oregon the first band of the community of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur.

Shortly after his arrival Father Ravalli was assigned to one of the Rocky Mountain missions under charge of the Jesuit Fathers, and there he had labored zealously, constantly and with great success in converting the Indians from savage pagans into model Christians. Forty years of a life of prayer, privation and good works in America! What a sublime theme for Christian contemplation! What a model for mankind! Heaven we find the divine portrait of a faith possessing such superhuman strength as to lead the most learned men in earth to live among the lowliest of God's creatures, to give up the society of learned companions, to leave the haunts of scenes and sacred shrines of their native Rome, and to go into an unknown region to live among Indians, in order to gain souls for God's glory!

"Behold him on his way, the Brother—
Which from his gentle lange—life daily
That walk known habit is his panoply.
Thus is his only weapon he will wield,
By day he learn it for his staff afield,
And at night it is his pillow of his bed.
No other lodging these will a week can yield
Of a canopy deep and tangled boughs for spread."

Such was the life led by those Pioneers of the Cross who spent their lives amidst the Rocky Mountain regions during the past half century. They were truly heaven's heroes who blessed the daily sufferings they endured because they saw through their exhaustion a nearer glimpse of the beatific vision.

There are but few readers of the Monitor to whom the saintly and scholarly Father Ravalli was known personally, but those who had that honor will mingle his name in grateful remembrance with those his companions Fathers De Smet, Nobili, Accolti and Vercruisse, all of whom have passed through the portals of death only to begin anew in that bright and better land where the faithful shepherds of God exist in everlasting happiness.

Are we a Civilized People?

A stranger in San Francisco on Wednesday evening last, when the sun of a million-aire entered the business office of the Monitor and shot down the proprietor of that paper, might well ask: "Is this a civilized community?" A more cowardly and cowardly crime, worse than murder, unbridled and uncheckable passion never yet has appeared upon the criminal pages of our exchanges.

Up this way and pin it some place where it can be seen by every Catholic in the household.

SAD ACCIDENT TO A PRIEST.

Rumored Death of Father Passanatti, D. D.

A dispatch from Mesmel, dated the 21st last, brought the sad intelligence that Rev. A. Passanatti, assistant pastor at Mesmel, by with a very sad accident which may end fatally. It appears that Father Passanatti had received a gunshot wound in the chest by the accidental discharge of a gun received while running along the road to Mesmel in a one horse cart, the charge of which, it seems, was of the kind used for the purpose of scaring the birds off the vineyards. The shot entered the cart, and Father Passanatti fell a shotgun which he held in his hand, and the charge lodged in his chest, being his breast near the heart. Every care, immediately on receipt of the news, was lavished on the unfortunate gentleman, and he was carried to Mesmel where he has been kindly nursed and cared for. A dispatch to the daily press yesterday morning announced the death of the injured priest, but we are happy to state reliable information received at this office that he was still alive last evening.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

Brother Vitalina Acosly, of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, departed this life on Saturday morning last at St. Joseph's Academy, Fifth and Jackson streets, Oakland. The immediate cause of his death was a hemorrhage of the lungs, this being the third attack. The preceding hemorrhage occurred two weeks ago, when the patient was thought to have relived the last successes, was anointed and prepared for death, but he rallied and within just few days was able to walk around a little, and was considered by the Brothers and others, who, from his youth and sweet nature, he had won hosts of friends, to be in good health. He was at Vera Cruz, Mexico, country in Canada, Ireland, and for the last 18 years in California. He was 36 years of age, and for nearly 18 years a Christian Brother. He was a native of Spain, and his family reside at Madrid, at the age of 36. Deceased was Mr. McCloskey, Mr. Fitzsimmons, Mrs. Dunphy, Mrs. Mary Ann Dunphy, Mrs. Mary Ann Dunphy, Mrs. Mary Ann

Farm and Home.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

BY SERGEO CONNELLY, IN SANTA VIGNA.

Under the golden cross it swings,
Swings and swings in the twilight high,
The billows low as the soft breeze flings
The throes bold tale to sea and sky.
ANGELUS—DOMINI! hear it well—
Is the ringing chime of the convent bell.

The convent crouled upon the sand,
The cot of the lowly of the Sacred Heart,
Where black veils flutter along the strand,
Or in dark out of the chapel dart,
ECCE—ANCILLA—DOMINI!—
The silvery strains float over the sea.

Hidden below in its chine shrine,
The Sacred Heart of the Nazarene shrine,
Where the lilies bloom, where the tapers shine;
He rests in the care of His meek spouse;
FIAT—VERBUM—CARO—FACTUM—EST!
Pulses the bell in the lofty tower.

O sweet, sweet chime! while the sunglow fade
Of throughfare worldlings throng the walk,
The spell of thy music serene to glide
Like a sweet home through their careless talk;
And souls are lifted for each space,
By the Angelus bell of the Sacred Heart.

Long may thy music haunt the sea—
Long may thy message thrill the air—
As they toil by moon's dim light, the free
Turning the shoals 'mid the drifting weeds,
Life grave sons toiling their rosary beads.

The white-veil'd ships in the morning mist
Salute thy song thro' the hazy air;
Their sailors at noon and eve shall list
For the rolea of thy praise 'neath sea or star,
Ave Maria! Ave Maria!
STAR OF THE SEA! route our prayer!

THE TRIBBLE.

Where it was Invented.—Various Kinds of Tribbles.

A writer in London magazine gives the following account of this useful domestic article:

The tribble is a Dutch invention, that was first brought to England in 1596 by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture in Islington, near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words thumb and ball; being for a long time called thumbles, and only lately tribble. Old records say that thimbles were first worn on the thumb; but we can scarcely conceive how they would be of much use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years, steel silver, gold, horn, ivory, and even pearl and glass have been used for making thimbles. I saw some very beautiful ones in China that were exquisitely carved of pearl and bound with gold, and the end also of gold. These pearl thimbles are quite as costly and far prettier than those made entirely of gold. Usually there is a pearl thimble for the season, and a dainty needlebook of pearl, gold, and silk, to accompany the thimble, and the whole is enclosed in an exquisite little pocket case shaped like a book and bound in satin and pearl.

A thimble owned by a queen-consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, this being the royal flower of that country, and almost everything about that court bearing, in a greater or less degree, some impress of the lotus. The thimble is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds, that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the king, who, having seen the English and American ladies at his court using thimbles, took this method of introducing them among his own people.

In Naples, very pretty thimbles composed of lava from Mount Vesuvius are commonly sold, but rather as curiosities than for real utility, being, from the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken, have heard also of thimbles made of asphaltum from the Dead Sea, and of one composed of a fragment of the old elm tree at Cambridge, Mass., under which George Washington stood when "taken command of the army." Of course, these latter thimbles were not intended to be used in sewing.

In the ordinary manufacture of gold and silver thimbles thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and then pounded into shape. But in Paris the French have a way of their own, quite different from ours, for making gold thimbles that are said to be much more durable than those made in the usual way. A piece of very thin sheet iron are cut into discs of about two inches in diameter. These, after being heated to redness, are stuck by a punch into a concavity of hardened steel, sufficiently large to give the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its other surface with tiny holes. It is next converted into steel by a process called cementation, then tempered, annealed and brought to a blue color. After all this is completed a thin sheet of gold is introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by a soudered, while gold leaf is attached firmly by pressure to the outside, the edges being secured by a small groove made to receive them. This completes the operation, and turns out a very beautiful thimble that will last for years. The steel used in the construction will scarcely wear out in a lifetime, and the gold if worn away, is easily replaced.

Profits of Farming.

People who think farming is a poor business for a young man to engage in do not always figure correctly. It is true, as compared with the successful merchant or so-called or, the profits look small. Ambitious young men, in their haste to be rich, consider the slow process of making money by the growth of the soil far too dilatory. Entering the farmer to take out of his product reasonable wages, an interest on capital invested, and his per cent. of profit on his land, implements, etc., will not probably, exceed three per cent. per annum. "Tis a sad, sad poor business," says the merchant and the banker, "I expect to make fifteen or twenty per cent. on my money." Let us look a little into the fifteen or twenty per cent.

Every man can not be a banker, or a merchant, simply because if no one tills the soil, the merchant will have no one to buy his goods, or the bank to borrow its money. Every one has not capital to set up a store, or a bank, and therefore he who commences, frequently does it by borrowing and paying interest, six, eight, ten, or perhaps fifteen per cent.

We do not propose that every young man should try farming either. Farming requires special qualifications, the first of which is a good constitution; the next, good judgment. He also requires capital; but above qualifications constitute the principal part of it.

I was found by statistical data that of so many merchants who count upon sudden wealth ninety seven out of every hundred fail in the course of their life, and become bankrupt. This process is by no means an agreeable one to go through. Only seven out of every hundred die rich. With most men the principal object in acquiring money is to leave something. The farmer may not be able to die rich, but he can be content to live comfortably, and to die in comfortable circumstances. But to return to the profits.

Suppose it is only three per cent.—that is, he has a farm, say one hundred acres of wild land, that sells $5 per acre, and the clearing of one-half of it, $10; his buildings, implements, stock, etc., $1,000—in all $2,500 or $3,000. After paying himself wages and supporting his family, he makes three per cent. on his investment, or $90.

This does not look important, but this little sum be can loan at ten per cent., making it $99; and adding the next year's profit, there is $189; loaning this the third year, it swells to $297; there is quite a snug little sum added away for him.

The farm all this time is increasing in value, and more than likely by the time his first born is of age, it is worth $50 per acre, or $5,000. His merchant friend is probably by this time, twice that sum worse than nothing.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

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3:30 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa and Way Stations	10:40 A.M.	3:00 P.M.

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Our Young Folks.

A CHILD'S HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Since the Virgin Mary!
Mother of our Saviour gone!
Who walked with us a year in sorrow
To teach us how to bear and hope!
Pray that the Virgin Mary
Look from her throne above
On us, little pilgrims yet,
And keep us safe from danger.

Sing for the Virgin Mary,
Day and Dayspring of the land,
Now the high Queen of Heaven,
Rather than earth can kiss—
Pray that the Virgin Mary
Take your young hearts and love
Love for their holy station,
Since it was she her son.

Sing for the Virgin Mary,
Mother of our kind and love,
Who to the final sequence
Placed her fair children here,
Kneel to the Virgin Mary,
Still is she set and prayer,
Bless her for all her kindness,
Love her for all her care.

Boys and Girls Sit Erect.

One of the worst habits young people form is that of sitting crooked. Our children while at work or study. It is much less fatiguing to the muscles of the back to sit erect. The round shoulded, hollow chested, and sunken chested persons are seen in every day omnibus have avoided all the bad results from which they are suffer, had they always kept the body erect, the shoulders and the shoulders thrown back. A simple rule is that if the shoulders are thrown back, leaves the shoulders will drop back to their natural position, giving the lungs full play. The injury done by carelessness in this respect is by compressing the lungs, preventing their full and natural action, resulting in lung diseases, or still consumption. Sit erect, boys and girls and look the world in the face.

A Terrible Rebuke.

An old man whose age had made him less and deaf and weak was obliged to depend entirely for his subsistence on his grown-up son's family. While taking his food he had trembled so that he often spilled upon the table cloth, and his son had long to take the meals out of an earthen dish in the corner. The child felt cross the trembling hands and was ashamed of his father's weakness. One day he broke the dish and his wife said that he bought him a wooden dish for future use.

The next day the little grandson was discovered at work with chisel and hammer upon a bit of wood.

"What is the world are you doing there, my son, asked his father.

The little fellow did not want to tell, and his mother said, "What are you doing there, my son? Tell us."

"Why, sadie, I'm making a little trough like the one piggie eats out of."

"What are you going to do with the pig trough, my son?"

"Why, father," said the boy, "I'm making it for you and mamma to eat out of when I'm a man."

The boy looked in time to the father and mother, and grandfather after the had a place at table, and was never put out of the family, and that he was worth out brute.

A Crooked Day.

"Mother, what but been the matter with the day? It has been the longest day of my life and I very tired and cross."

"It is a very easy for me to see where the fault lies, my dear."

"Do? what did you mean? to do today, child, and what have you been doing, mother?"

"I have everything has gone wrong."

"My darling, did you ask your Heavenly Father to be your guide and protector?"

"Why, no, I forgot all about it."

"Ah, little girl, that is reason enough for a crooked day. Many times when I follow who loved, have to ask for helped the time, I find that I have to go back and search step as well as how to live each moment. Hence I have found out forgot how the year harvest time, I find the fruit of the little children when they call upon Jesus.

After that a good boy said, "I know what the bad that talk with her mother, and as the day grew longer and longer, I thought I no longer wonders that she has so low crooked days."

For Boys of Fourteen.

Ah, boy lad! I just wish I was about 14 years old and had the chances you are daily throwing away.

What would I do?

Why, I'd plan myself. Forming thing I'd be at the depot and when a boy's train comes in I'd be there to help take the trunks from I'd follow it and find out if it was a boy, I'd ask him if he was lame and cross and sick and wheel and roll I'd know what to do. I know exactly what I'd do. I'd simply repeat what that fellow did for me when I was a little fellow and push. When I left the Penitentiary I'd go to a farmer and overhaul a stunning suit of clothes and go where I'd be unknown. I'd get a hold of some railroad man and tell him my case and I was good sure to offer opportunity of old road to run a locomotive for me.

It may not be money in your pocket I know it may not be money in your pocket I know it may not be money in your pocket but it will be a good deal better than money. Money is a very poor thing to have in your pocket. Money is a very poor thing to have in your pocket. Money is a very poor thing to have in your pocket.

Did you ever take a common door lock apart? Then you do not know that a fence spring is the mystery which works both catch and bolt. Without this magnificent little cutting less than a penny the lock, coming from thirty cents to a dollar of it well, would be only so much old iron. You have opened but this a pocket-knife than sands of times, but it never occurred to you that a spring, acting on a different principle, holds the blade shut or open. You see a paper hanger at work, but you are ignorant of the fact that he must begin his work in one corner of the room by a plumb line or he will not make a good job of the hanging. You can't tell whether a horse shoe is worth six or ten cents, if you never counted the holes which hold carries on shoulder up the hollow. You don't know what a horse has been with both, you are only in one. You don't know that a blundering Dutch lad ten years old carried put together the pattern of ten-tongs now used all over the country, and a man stole his idea away and made a fortune out of it. If he had been an observing boy he would have seen and realized the value of action. He went about picking up odds and stones, and when offered ten cents for his crude tongs let them go with the feeling that he had made a good thing. If Good

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Indulgences Attached to the Rosary.

GENEROSITY OF THE POPES FOR GOOD WORKS.

How the Faithful May Benefit by Reciting the Rosary.

INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO THE ROSARY.

That our readers may have at least some idea of the immense treasure of indulgences which the Popes have granted to the Rosary, we would most earnestly advise them to peruse and study carefully some one of the many approved Manuals of the Rosary, for it would be utterly impossible for us to specify in one or more of our several newspaper articles, anything like what the reality is. The Rosary Confraternity brings its members countless indulgences and under manifold titles. It will not, however, be out of place to mention here some of the principal indulgences granted to members of the Confraternity; in fact, it will be in accordance with the title of this article to do so. Behold then the wealth, the immensity of the riches of the Rosary described in brief.

I. On the day on which one becomes a Member of the Confraternity, he can gain five Plenary Indulgences: the first is that conceded by Sixtus IV. *Ex commissa*; the second that by Pius V., *Consuevit*; the third by Gregory XIII., *Ubertim*; the fourth by Clement VIII., *Salvatoris*; the fifth by the same Pope, *De Salute (Vide Fruhl, O. P., pages 101 and 114.)*

The riches bestowed on a Christian on being made a Rosarian are so great that he is regarded as having received, as to others, second baptism. A member of the Confraternity has the extraordinary privilege once a week in his life-time, at any period thereof selected by himself, to become enabled as to effect with the same blessings that he received at his baptism, provided that he is determined to live as a true Rosarian, and provided that he goes to Confession and Communion with that intention. It would be well to make even a short retreat on each of these occasions, and to labor earnestly to qualify oneself for such benefits by a general Confession, if such should be deemed advisable by a prudent director.

II. As often as the entire Rosary is recited by a member of the Confraternity, he can gain each time a Plenary Indulgence together with a $\frac{7}{40}$ number of partial indulgences. If the third part of the Rosary is recited by a member of the Confraternity in any part of a Church of the Confraternity from which the Rosary altar can be seen, or in any other Church; if he cannot conveniently go to a Church of the Confraternity, he can gain an indulgence of fifty years once a day. Prudet in his Manual of the Rosary strongly insists on maintaining that there is a connection to the recitation of the chaplet the extraordinary indulgences of one hundred and twenty thousand years, and as many quarantine, and therefore that he who recites the full Rosary may gain an indulgence of three hundred and sixty thousand years, and as many quarantine. The Bulla *Salvator* of Innocent VIII., who granted sixty thousand years and as many quarantine for the recitation of the third part of the Rosary or the chaplet, has been inserted, *in* Bullarium Romanum, Tom. I., page 1.

We are much pleased to add here for the benefit of all religious men and women, and of tertiaries who belong to any of the religious bodies, that in virtue of the communication of indulgences between the religious Orders and their third Order members, the religious—men and women, and the tertiaries of the various Orders—by reciting the ordinary chaplet of five decades, and besides *for Our Fathers, for Hail Marys and for Glorias* before the most adorable Sacrament, or when that is not possible, in any place whatsoever, may gain indulgences in favor of the poor souls in Purgatory, a Plenary Indulgence. (*Benedict XIII., Vide Fruhl, O. P., page 117.*)

A Rosarian may gain for each *Our Father* and also for each *Hail Mary* recited on properly blessed beads, an Indulgence of one hundred days. By simply carrying his beads about with him, a Rosarian can gain an Indulgence of one hundred years, and as many quarantine. (*Innocent VIII., Splendor.*) This latter Indulgence has been doubled by Alexander VI. (*Ibid.*) Yet, it is not necessary in order to gain the aforesaid Indulgence to carry the beads in a visible manner as many Religious do; it is quite sufficient to wear them, for example around the neck, on one's belt or clothes.

III. A Rosarian can gain as a rule, for each good work that he performs, an Indulgence of sixty days; we have said *as a rule* because there are a great many good works quickly mentioned that call for a much greater Indulgence.

IV. On the first Sunday of the month five Plenary Indulgences can be gained by members, or in the Confraternity, six, a Plenary Indulgence on going on that day to Holy Communion, (*Gregory XIII., Ad augendum*); a second *Plenary Indulgence* for visiting the altar of the Rosary, (*Gregory XIII., Ad augendum*); a third for assisting at the procession of the Rosary, provided that all members have confessed and since numerated, (*Gregory XIII., Cum Sicut*); a fourth, provided that they, besides going to Confession and Communion, offer some prayers for the Sovereign Pontiff's intention, (*Pius V. Pastoris et Innocent XI., Nuper N. 3*); a fifth, by those who add a visit to the Rosary chapel, and recite there the usual prayers, (*Gregory XIII., Ad augendum et Innocent XI., Nuper V. 1*); *Vide Fruhl, O. P., pages 125 and 114 Ibid. Ann. of Chaney, O. P., Tom. I., pages 565-572.*)

V. Members who visit on certain days the five altars in a Church of the Confraternity, or in any other Church, one after five times when there is but one in the Church, and who recite *five Fathers and five Hail Marys* before each altar, or the same prayers five times before one altar, where there is but one, gain all the Indulgences that those who visit the Stations of Rome. (*Leo X., Clement VII. Pasqui III p. 17.*)

VI. Members of the Confraternity can gain once a month several Plenary Indulgences, that is, all those who attend the *Rosary Procession*, if they assist habitually at the votive Mass of the Rosary; the same Indulgence can be gained by Dominican priests of the first Order on such and also by tertiary secular priests possessed of the requisite facilities from the Dominican General of using the Breviary and Missal of the Order, who are accustomed to celebrate the Rosary Votive Mass as often as the Rubrics permit them to do so; as a rule, they can celebrate said Mass on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Each time that a Rosarian is present at the Votive Mass of the Rosary he can gain all the indulgences that he would gain by reciting the entire Rosary, that is, a Plenary Indulgence and a great number of partial ones. The same indulgences can be gained by Dominican priests, and by secular priests of the third Order possessed of the faculties referred to, every time they celebrate said Votive Mass. (*Pradel, O. P., page 124.*)

VII. Members of the Confraternity can gain on Rosary Sunday, in the first place, all the Plenary Indulgence attached to the first Sunday of the month, viz., five, as we have already stated, and, in the second place, they together with all the other faithful, can gain as many Plenary Indulgences as they will make visits to the Rosary altar under the conditions designated in the Bull of Pope Pius V. This Bull contains the following remarkable passage: "Indulgence is simply astounding, and is called the *Great Pardon of the Rosary.*"

VII. Here it is well to remark, in order to give our readers an idea of the immensity of the indulgences of the Rosary that the Church in which a Confraternity of the Rosary is canonically established, possesses by right, but only in favor of the members of the Rosary, all the local indulgences especially conceded to the churches of the Friars-Preachers. (*Clement VIII. Quaerentes.*)

Said Church also possesses, but only in favor of the Rosary members, all the local indulgences of all the confraternities and churches of Rome, even the Plenary Indulgences for the living and for the dead, which are daily, and in a certain sense, innumerable. (*Pius V., N. Mori, of 15 Jan. 1567; Vide Fruhl, O. P., page 111.*) The churches of the Friars-Preachers possess moreover in favor of the members of the Rosary Confraternity the local indulgences granted to the churches of all the religious Orders, congregations and confraternities. (*Benedict XIII., Pretiosus.*) This privilege is not communicated to churches that do not belong to the Dominican Order even though the Confraternity of the Rosary is actually established in them.

IX. At the hour of death a Rosarian can gain at least five Plenary Indulgences; one by receiving the Sacraments devoutly; a second, by receiving the Rosary sacchetto; a third, by holding a blessed Rosary candle in their hand; a fourth, by reciting the *Salve Regina*, and a fifth by pronouncing devoutly at least in the heart the adorable name of Jesus. Many authors hold that several other Plenary Indulgences besides those just enumerated, can be gained by Rosarians at the hour of death. (*Pradel, O. P., pages 114 and 115.*)

X. All indulgences granted to the Rosary are perpetually valid, and are not revoked or suspended unless it is expressly stated. (*Bullar. O. P., Tom. III., page 1.*) They are all applicable to the souls in Purgatory. (*Innocent XI., Nuper C. XII. No. 1.*)

THE SULLIVAN TRIBUTE.

An Appeal to the Irish Race at Home and Abroad.

While yet the soft green turf of the land he loved so passionately, and for which he so unselfishly labored, was falling gently on the breast of Michael Davitt, a few days ago, a meeting of his countrymen, held under peculiarly solemn circumstances, gave practical expression to the design which we have been applied to carry into effect. That meeting, though hurriedly convened, was attended by a large and representative body of Irishmen, and gave an emphatic expression of sentiment shared by the whole Irish race, wherever Ireland's exiled children in adoption live and breathed to his memory. Amongst the resolutions which the meeting passed, one was to the effect that the Irish people at home and abroad, Alexander M. Sullivan's public services appeal with irresistible force to all his countrymen without distinction. It is, perhaps, true, the work he did for the cause of Irish nationality, the aid he gave to every movement designed for the moral elevation and enfranchisement of his countrymen, and the good he did in public and in private for the suffering and the poor, except in those who knew him intimately, are as yet but imperfectly appreciated. But enough is known of the dead patriot to mark him out for recognition as one of the most pure-minded, chivalrous and disinterested workers who ever devoted their energies to the national cause and to the public good. Day by day, from his death to his obsequies, his magnificent services were employed in efforts to raise his nature land in the scale of nations, and to benefit its people, without distinction of class or creed.

Whilst as an orator, an author or a journalist, his advocacy and teachings were ever marked with beneficial influences that have left an ineffaceable mark upon the public mind, the many acts of kindness of his private life will never be known till the great accounting day, when the deeds of all men will be exposed to view.

One special ground there is on which an appeal for a national tribute to the memory of A. M. Sullivan may safely be made to the Irish race. It is absolutely certain that, if he had thought more of himself and less of his country, he would have died rich in the honors and goods of the world. It is no secret that the government of the day were at one time ready to offer him the means of enjoying a repose he sadly needed, if only he had, owing to a broken constitution, withdrawn from active public life, and although many Irish nationalist friends strongly urged on him the acceptance of a public office, he rejected all such overtures, determined to leave behind him a record of independence and disinterested devotion to the public interests. He died leaving to his children little more than the heritage of an unsullied name, but the claim of which those children and their mother have for that very reason on the nation's gratitude is one that will not be disputed.

Commissioned, as we have been, and remembering the remarkable manifestations of public feeling which the death of A. M. Sullivan has evoked within the past few days, we think the appeal addressed to the Irish race will prove by the fostering care of the dear one he has left behind him mindful it is of his services and how proud of his fame. By order of the committee. The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, M. F. Ellis (Green the man Herald, Croke, D. D.; Charles S. Parnell, M. P.; Hon. John F. Vereker, Alderman Moore, J. P.; high sheriff Edmund Dwyer Gray, M. P.; James F. Lombard, J. P.; Rev. J. A. Galbraith, senior fellow Trinity College, Dublin; Rev. J. Bannon, S. J.; Michael Davitt, Alfred Webb, Thomas Sexton, Murphy, Joseph E. Kenny, Aldermen V. B. Dillon, John L. Sullivan.

Subscriptions will be received at the Mansion House Dublin, or by the Freeman's Journal, or National weekly press.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM— IRELAND.

Earl Spencer to be Impeached.

DUBLIN, Nov. 21.—*United Ireland* states that it is the intention of the Nationalists to impeach Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for his conduct in Kerry. It says the 14th party has determined to have a public inquiry into the Kerry outrages.

Ireland to be Disfranchised.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—The Marquis of Salisbury is pressing Gladstone for a reduction in the number of Irish members in the House of Commons under the proposed Redistribution Bill. It is reported that Gladstone has consented to reduce the number by five.

Bill Against Dynamite.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has written to the Commons threatens the Liberals with a large deficit.

The Land Restoration League.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—A large meeting of the Land Restoration League was held in St. James Hall last evening. Michael Davitt, Henry George, Miss Helena Taylor and several members of Parliament were present. Miss Taylor moved a resolution that land inalienably belonged to the people. She expressed her sympathy with the Scotch Crofters, and urged the abolition of the House of Lords. Michael Davitt seconded the motion. Henry George followed. Resolutions were also adopted, unanimously carried by the meeting, that the wealth accruing to America was not the most important in the history of the republic, because it relied on its own during which the people of America had been fighting about slavery and other matters therefore, (Cheers) he meant, said Mr. George, death to both the great parties and the threat of a new and 19-cent party, and, therefore, in Irish economic and social questions in America must come to the front.

A Hard Landlord.

The Marquis of Waterford is about to have a public funeral at Curraghmore. Widow villagers, who pay their rent promptly, but are usually two years behind, are afraid of drawn to be the sole recipients of the dead peer's bounty. Rents from 20 to 25 per cent. The case retains interest and complaint.

Remains Offered for Sale.

DUBLIN, Nov. 21.—Several estates offered for sale in the Irish Land Court, at the order of the Land Court, remain unsold. Bids are low and small.

The Manchester Martyr.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—The city Harrington, M. P., has given notice of a pledging additional evidence in regard to the Manchester murder case. The Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, has decided to adjourn the case for a month, with a request that an inquiry into the whole case may be conducted by English lawyers.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—On Oct. 25, an old woman named Jane Gray, was killed by a runaway horse in Edgarstown, Portadown. It appears that the deceased was in the act of crossing the road from West-street, when a horse, which was attached to a cart, bolted, and, knocking the old woman down, dragged her out over her body.

On Oct. 25, at Ballymoyer, near Newtownhamilton, a farmer's wife named Mary Mackin, died from the effects of burns received the previous night. It appears Thursday was a wake, and tended to herself. She had a piece of lard. She was left alone for a few minutes, and on her return found the room on fire and her clothes on her.

Carlow.—An analysis of the result of the annual revision of Parliamentary voters for the county and borough of Carlow, shows that at the close of the revision, October, 1883, there were 1,124 voters on the county register, 1,027 Nationalists and 797 Conservatives; at at the recent revision there were 1,407 voters in the county, an increase of 283 made by the previous Nationalist majority of 227 has been increased to 610, while the Conservative majority has increased to the number of 1,407 voters. There was an unmanageable majority of the popular party, and the Nationalists were determined to have a candidate of their own, the result of the recent revision will be a very hard fought battle between the Nationalists and Conservatives.

Kerry.—On Oct. 25, at Killarney, a preliminary meeting, preliminary consisted of the most respectable Nationalists, and extensive farmers in the district, was held in the Town Hall, Killarney, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Irish National League. Mr. Jeremiah Mahony, J. P., Rockfield, Chairman of the Town Commissioners, John O'Leary, Daniel Shea, P. L. G., T. Fleming, P. Foyle, Jeremiah O'Leary, and C. Wileman. On motion of Mr. C. Wileman, seconded by Mr. H. Shea, P. L. G., Mr. Sheehan took the chair. The committee of the first Home Rule party, has not awarded its brown medal to C. Fitzgerald, M. P., Ballinalee, Co. Kerry, on August 27, when he made the 8th of M. Kenny, aged 18 years, in the recommendation of the Mayor of Limerick, a memorial has also been awarded to T. Kearney, Grange, aged 17 years, of Co. Kerry, Limerick, for saving a child.

Kilkenny.—The Rev. Dr. Hayden, parish priest of St. Patrick, Kilkenny, and Vicar General of Ossory, died on Nov. 2. Father Hayden had been ailing for one week, and from the outset his friends had little hope for his ultimate recovery. Dr. Hayden was born in Pill, and entered his classical course in old Borrisle Hall, under the Rev. Dr. Ryan, P. P., Ballyragget, where he made his philosophy and theology, and was ordained in Maynooth, after being several years on the mission, he was appointed to Fanore Rosa, as pastor of St. Patrick's. While in Kilkenny he was respected and esteemed by all classes.

Limerick.—On Oct. 29, Mr. P. Roe, T. L. Drogheda, died suddenly. His death creates a vacancy in the Board of Guardians for the Harbor Board.

Mr. R. Uniwall, J. P., Dromtoll Hill, Drogheda, died on the 20th, death being the result of cancer of long standing. The deceased was managing trustee of the Nattarvilla property at Dowth, County Meath.

Longford.—On Oct. 30, the house of Andrew Boland, of Fainaccia, Ballinalee, was fired into and subsequently burned to the ground. A son with his wife and family awoke at about 1 o'clock and heard the report of the discharge of fire arms and the crash of the shot through the premises. Boland is hard on his property of Mr. More O'Ferrall.

Kilmorley.—Lord Clonmore calls the attention of the authorities to the evidence in the counties of Limerick and Clare of "No Local League Courts" published on the model of ordinary Petty Sessions courts, and asserts he deal with offences against the unwritten law of the Nation's Land.

The Irish Land Commission are giving to other public bodies—the Land and Agricultural Society of the Cooper which bestowed Williams, the Fishmongers, the Irish Society which died his land. The clergy, believe Limerick on the Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Ryan, and Dr. Leahy, in the city, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Leahy, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Leahy, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Leahy

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR

JOHN ADAMS.

John Adams! friend of boyhood's time, full forty years are over,
Since you and I together strayed by lovely lake and meadow,
A wide expanse of open land, with intervals lay with them;
But memory over backward turns to youthful days with thee.
How by Pacific's sounding surge, I dream of summer days,
In this young town; when full of life, we tread the sparkling ways.
Of Dorset, Quincy's dreamy vale, John of Mass's verdant plain,
And wonder, shall that happy time, when armed with spear and bow,
We wandered the' early plains and glades of green Cocoa Grove,
And pine-clad lone embowered hill, like "Friday and Crusoe!"
How will a lone man's cheek and eye, of that delightful time
And hoped some day to lead our youth to self-imposed exile
Amongst the Indians, down the southern main.
Yes, we lived through that tender tale, by river, hill and lake,
By Delilah's cave and verdant hill, where palm trees sweet and fair
And he once reigned the' monarch king of all his realm enraptured.
Dear John, we lived that tender tale, we lived it, at that time
But ah! 'twas not the dreamland isle, where sweet hours and dream
When ideal fancy hath conducted you, as through the forest scene
When under elms filled with fragrance, and in sense of Lincoln green
"Bold Robin Hood" and merry-men, all in suits of Lincoln green
Shot the fat buck, or gallant prey, whose eyes like diamonds shone.
In search of Knight, to take to fight, the Prince of Aragon.
Our martial eyes know hill and dell and every leafy glade
From Fontainbleau Dale to greenwood tree, in Sherwood's leafy shade.
Bold Robin, Scarlett, Little John, those bold companions three
Were old companions, dearest John, for years with you and me.
With many a hearty "benison," we cheered them on their way,
As rang their merry bugle horns, through Sherwood's leafy array.
Through long, revolving years, old friend, 'mid many a care and pain,
Those happy days I'll treasure still, while there is life and reign.
When all the long, long summer days, I'd wander, I remember,
Through lane and meadow and pasture land, and through a meadow,
That pigeny off who knew such sport, when crowds of gold were laid
Could we but find an hour like that, no our fortunes would be made,
By many a cent, we'd lay our hand hands, and many a lonely pain
Would be lost all in vain our search, he never crossed our path.
On the top this that crowns the hill, where the sun shines so high
With gardens long, reflecting light like manor in the sky,
Or by Mahomet's tomb, by Nile, what blessed thoughts are thine
Of deep in earth, pilgrimage to Mecca's land that southern sea
Or wear our chaplet, lily-white, and ever ready to serve
By outward sign in outward depths, but sober bound the place,
In oftentimes dreams I see that undergraduate school
Where Mathew's hand despoile away, perched on his lofty stool,
I hear his tone of many a voice, long gone from earth away,
And wake to know that in that school my name's forgot to be
The books we read 'mock Latin' and 'Greek' or clearly rowan-tree
"Sanford and Merton," "Lucy Allaline," are ever dear to me.
Dear John, I know you've many load is still before my eyes,
"Get ahead" and "Lessons" "Greek" "Latin" "Roman" "Greek" "Latin" "Roman" "Greek" "Latin" "All Baba's" land,
"John Gilpin's Ride," and Wallace wight, the hero of Scotland.
Old friends that give me even now a life's declining age,
From cares and sorrows of years, thro' such delightful pass
But ah! I must confess, dear friend, the glamour they once shed.
That undeniable idiot dream of life's young morn is fled.
And some may call me wheer now, but give back the joy
Of youthful years, and of youthful hopes, I believed in, as a boy.
When earn, and rail, and ancient lines, by Jupiter, or Apollo,
Were fraught with hopes weird and wild, as Mary, Druid and Lhas
Dulce lie ghostly love so sweet, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem
Or was hands clasped in hallowed ties, or wrinkle and regret lost;
To hear wild tales by Indian fire, of wonders and of pain lost;
Or wander in Sherwood's glade, to wander tangent-footed,
Or know the Russian's pistolets well, when death was hovering near,
Tell, like a solemn funeral cry upon the listening ear;
Then fairies peopled every glen, and glen, and ancient mound,
And circling fort on lonely hill, was "gentle" fairy ground,
Those times with mortifications bland, would their years banks invade,
Or gentle fairy sweet, with ploughshare, or with spade.
But ah! I like many of our land, they, have left that shore,
And dust, and rank, and hill-side fort, will never solve more
Who knows, but that in the night, when summer winds are wild
As they once school in that dear, from glen, and glade, and hill.
Could I, like one of old, have lived and died in Ireland
And have behind me years I've seen, by tropic isles and shore,
Yet all I could wish to tread those hills, a boy with you once more.
Yet life's a dual life, though this has removed away
From my home, and my friends, and that dear land, and all the friends I've known.
Dear old Ireland, green, where the hills and vales of green Tyrone.

EDWARD MCGRATH.

Literary Miscellany.

Evelyn Barnard's Life and Love.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

He seldom—very, very seldom—had a jovial moment, but when he was alone he spoke aloud to himself.

"Never a word to stop put to this Evelyn, I cannot see you coming out your life in this fashion. Let us be married at once, so that I may have you away."

"Take me away?" Evelyn looked utterly amazed. "How could I ever go away?" she said.

"We must talk to you away," he answered. "How does any daughter ever go from home?"

"All daughters are not like me," she said, sadly, "nor are all homes like mine. Oh, Frederick, that can never be."

"And how long must I wait," he cried. "You said it must be long," she repeated him, but with no shade of reproach in her voice. "And if I must?"

She shocked herself. But had been short to ask? "Ah! seemed a very short time since then to her, but the feet forced itself upon her that in some harrassing eyes it might be very long. The children were a trouble. Yet once she did not think them so.

"Listen dear," he said. "Do you remember that I told you of my friend Rowan, who was once a clerk in the court house. He has lately died leaving his widow quite poor. I have no doubt that she would be not only willing, but glad to come her and take charge for little time for a time. Then you and I could be one, where you and I could come to one, and be happy as yet have some peace and rest."

How bright, how fair, that peace and rest seemed to weary Evelyn. Just then a cloud seemed to darken her sky, as opening to silence II, and as she opened one door, James Purcell opened another, and saw her flushed and distressed face. Hinfred had stilled the tumult except in Evelyn's heart. He only said good evening to her, and devoted himself so he had often done of late to bring happiness to the persons as well as to the children. But this night his amiably contented heart did not find its usual contentment in playing the simple games, and reading to Mr. Barnard, and listening with soft and true sympathy to Mrs. Barnard's complaints.

"She is not happy," sighed James "I saw it in her face."

"Who is not happy?"

Meanwhile in the next room, Hinfred argued long over the question. "How shall we be happy? *never* seeing that it resolved itself into, "How shall I be happy?"

Her Evelyn remained with horror any suggestion that she should leave her home in the present state of distress.

"I could not do such a thing," she pleaded. "I love them too much, and they love me and they need me. Cannot you be satisfied to come here as you have been doing?"

"I can never have you to myself," he said. "You are always thinking of some one else."

It was strange news for Evelyn to hear whose daily and nightly reproach was, "I neglect the others and think of him too much. She could not argue with him, she felt and was confused. What was it that she vaguely felt was wanting in him who was to seem to her perfect? What was wanting—a still crept over her—could anything be wanting in her love for him?

"Do not let me trouble you more about it to-night," she cried. "Read to me. *Please*."

She was kept awake much that night. The father needed her, the mother needed her, Alick, the youngest child, was threatened with the croup and needed her. Bella, who with the precociousness of understanding was painfully sensitive to any disturbing element, woke crying for her, and refused any comfort but that she could see and feel her, because she had dreamed that her darling sister was going away, never to return.

"Whatever put such a thought into your dear little head?" asked Evelyn.

"Nobody, nobody," Bella answered her, clinging the more tightly to her. "I felt it. I feel it. Oh, you will not go away."

"I am not going," said Evelyn tenderly.

"Not yet, dear, not yet.

"Never," persisted Bella, hysterically.

"Oh, I wish it might be never," exclaimed Evelyn, her tears flowing fast. "I do love you all so dearly. Why cannot we stay together always."

That night James Purcell was also awake for a long time, and he spoke to himself aloud, "She is not happy. Oh, what wouldn't I give to make her happy."

And suddenly he found himself saying "I wish she were mine. I wish she belonged to me! I wish I could take her to them all for her.

He stopped short in the street. What was he saying! Evelyn Barnard was another man's promised wife. James stood very still for a little while, then turned off his left and made his way to church.

It was late of a Friday night, but the priests were in the confessionals, and twenty people were waiting, late as it was to make confession, for the next day was a great feast. James sank down on his knees and hid his face, and looked into his beautiful heart. Yes, he was thinking his happiness to a Protestant, though God alone that was betrothed to another. What was to do?"

Yes, what should he do! for as he told himself, the Bernards needed him. The latter would never be to them what he was. Might he not at least, go there as a friend to help and comfort them?

He was the last of all who waited in the church, he came away, he knew what his duty was, and he crushed down broadly and resolutely the voice of his leader lest before that one stern call of duty.

"God's way is best," said James Purcell humbly. "He will take care of them, and I will not go wrong."

He fancied that perhaps Evelyn would speak to him, would ask him why he had deserted them, but for three days she scarcely looked at any one, and never spoke unless addressed directly. She was pale and as the night of her own face that at last she would not be spoken to, I suppose I don't feel as awkward and good for nothing as I should if I did to you, so perhaps I didn't watch it all. No, I might never do that, mind you. Let's pretend I never did, Miss Evelyn.

"Oh," she cried, "I don't don't want to pretend anything, I don't understand, I meant have you considered how disagreeable it is for the persons as will do anything in here, and what a burden you are taking on your shoulders."

"Why, no," he answered, thoughtfully, "I never did. I think this is—this is—I don't know how to say it. But I think this is a beautiful house because you are in it, and I love your people because you love them. I thought it was I who was dragging, and the burden and the responsibility, because I never knew how to manage money, and you will have to look after me a good deal. Could you?"

"Oh!" gasped Evelyn again.

And then she was silent, and the two characters stood out plainly before her mind, that of the man who loved her for his own sake, and that of the man who, loving her, forgot himself in her needs and cares.

"Mr. Purcell," she said, "I will you promise me faithfully one thing?"

"I will, indeed, Miss Evelyn," he answered, with his broadest look.

"Will you promise me that, whatever happens, you will never draw back from what you have said to-night; that you will stand to your word, and help me always?"

"Yes," he said, simply, his whole heart in his eyes.

"*Whatever happens!*" she repeated with emphasis, the memory of the past disappointment still weighing hard upon her young soul, that, amid within a few months, had seen three times a betrayed trust such as

"Whatever happens," he replied. It seems to me only to great a joy to be allowed to share anything with you and your."

She stood there in her youth and beauty, and she knew that she loved him, and loved him as she had never loved any one before. She knew that nobody, however wise or handsome, or courtly, could match for her this unselfish loyalty, this good heart laid humbly at her feet; and she laughed out gaily and triumphantly.

He had not dreamed that she could mistake why her engagement was broken. Then, looking at his kind dull face, she thought her secret all her own. Every one laughed at James, and every one came to him in trouble. Evelyn came as many as the rest.

"Mr. Purcell, you have not been to see us some time—not for a long time. Mamma has been very kind considerate for us. But Bella is ill, and she calls and asks for you. Would you be willing to come and see her

Willing! James turned abruptly round to his window again. "Yes, Miss Evelyn, after office, he said, gruffly, and Evelyn departed, wondering. She could not see the dim in James' eyes, nor the trembling of his lips.

A MOTHER'S MAGNETIC ATTRUCTION.

Mary's Forty-Niner Answered a Mother's Tears

In the crowd at the Lake Shore depot the other day was a big fellow wearing a tar overcoat and a broad-brimmed hat. He had a little old woman clung the platform with his hands in his pockets, smoking and singing, apparently in the best of humor. Only at those inquisitive moments always to be found near a crowd of people did the big fellow sing him for sometime, finally ventured to address him.

"From the West?"

The individual in tar removed his cigar and drawled:

"Going East?"

"You bet.

The inquisitive man became interested. He was going east, too. He had been west since he had been east of Lake Michigan, and he was going down to see the old folks in Pennsylvania.

"That sun's a marker to me," said the squatter, with great emotion. I came west in 49 and this is my first appearance this side of the Rocky Mountains. I live when I'm to home on Maine and that's where I'm going now. When I left there I was boy of 22 or thereabouts. Do you think they will know me now? I'm a stranger to the street. But there's no helping it your mother's gone, and I'm alone. I'm nobody will care whether your Bobby (calling his wife by the name of his mother) or Lord Palmerston, suggested her visitor to me, but I'm sure I'm not the kind of boy Lord Palmerston takes to, or I'd have put himself that has dinner with the Queen, and has shook hands with the Czar and don't he tell the Houses of Lords and the Parliaments what for, and don't he make the Queen and the Czar do what he wants they ought to do? Sure it's not yourself that'll get efficiency of a proper, Pshaw-to-everything! over and he sits biggest room in it; he's equal to the Queen of Wales, and perhaps he put him," Well," replied his lady friend, "I'm going to London, and I'll try to see him, but I don't think that the person who had shaken hands with Lord Palmerston himself, her gratitude, it was scarcely more than that in the acquaintance of the land and the row.

The Best Education.

It is in youth as in after life that vicious propensities are best counteracted, not by stern precept and rigid law, but by turning the feelings and energies of the youthful mind, by giving a higher object to generous ambition, by concentrating the active energies on some worthy pursuits; by teaching, in fine, not what we shall, from gratification in mental and moral culture. Let a man's pride be to be a gentleman, furnish him with elegant and refined pleasures, and make him with the love of intellectual pursuits and taste, rather than poverty for the turning on a good citizen, and a good Christian. Let a man's pride confined him by the strictest moral and religious discipline, kept him in innocent and unsuspecting ignorance of all the vices of youth, and in the mechanical and velvety routine of his servanet system of education.

A Cure for Heart Disease.

Some distressing cases have been effected by the use of Dr. Miles' celebrated Nervine. Nervous Debility, Nervous Headache and Nervous Prostration are all frequent symptoms of heart disease.

Mr. Wiseman's Confession.

I always thought my wife a very careless little woman, and I used to tell her so. She was very cool-headed, and did not mind, and on that day when we went to Hotherstone to receive the little legacy her uncle left her, and had it paid over in crisp bank-notes, which she put in her pocket-book, I said to her as we went

"Now Anna Maria, my dear, you'll put them in your pocket-book, I know, but you'll carry it in your hand and have it snatched away. So let me take charge of it. These thousand dollars is too big a sum to be lost, because it can not be replaced.

"Well, yes, that's true, Solomon," said she. "So it is, I've got the pocket-book in my bag and my bag on her arm, and I think it is safe."

I said that some eyes may cut the strap," said I.

Anna Maria stopped and undid the bag and took out the pocket book, which I put in the inside, and the inside pocket of my overcoat, and we walked together arm-in-arm, and talked about the little legacy and what we would do with it, until we got hungry, and I proposed lunch at Stoffen's before we took the cars for home. Anna Maria liked the idea, and we proceeded to carry it out.

We had a very pleasant lunch and well spread. Anna Maria took off her cloak, and her overcoat, and it was just justice to it, paid, of course, out of my own purse for it, and put on her overcoat and her cloak and we left the restaurant; but just outside Anna Maria stopped, "Oh!" and dropped my arm and ran back.

"Has some one spoken in a moment smiling.

"What was the matter?" I asked. Did you leave anything?

She held up her handkerchief which she had in her hand, and answered

"You said—"

And I laughed.

"Oh, you what a careless little soul you are," I said. "Not to be trusted at all."

"Of course—of course," I said. "A man has so many things to think of he's obliged to be more commonsense. I don't blame you, little woman. Don't think that.

And she giggled, as she generally did when she was pleased.

"Well, I'm glad you don't blame me," she said, "and I'm glad I don't lose on the way up.

Our own house seemed warm and cheerful after the long journey. A bit of supper awaited us, and all looked cheerful and snug in bed, and seemed anxious to go. So we went her away and sat down. I put the pocket-book on my overcoat.

"Before we do anything else I'll put the money in safe," said I, and I took it from the pocket-book and put it in my pocket-book. Now don't take care because you are careless.

With this just I dived into my right-hand inner pocket. I never shall forget the cold sensation that ran through me as I found it empty.

"Have I said to myself. "What time I began to rummage every pocket in my coat, and my waistcoat, and my hat, I did not my other pockets. I seized the lamp and looked over the carpet on the floor, then, with a groan, sank into a chair.

"Why, what is the matter?" she cried. "Tell me, Solomon."

I gasped, I groaned. "You never will forgive me. It is not possible. You'll never forgive me," I said to Maria. I've robbed. The money is gone."

"What money?" she cried.

"The money your uncle left you."

"Have you lost it?"

The third must have put the cloth," said I. "I spread the cost again. But no; there was no cloth, no cloth for me—not a sight of one.

"I don't think it could have been stolen, my dear," said my wife, calmly—very calmly considering. "Have you looked well?

"Looked, indeed! I ripped. "I'm positive I left it in the inside pocket of my overcoat. I must offer a reward.

"What would you give?" asked my wife, sadly.

"Anna Maria" I cried. "You love your money.

I had no more words.

"Let you dear old goose," said Anna Maria, "I'll find your money. I think I remembered that your coat hung upside down and not it to speak to you, I suppose I don't feel as awkward and good for nothing when I am with you as I do you, so perhaps I didn't watch it all. No, I might never do that, mind you. Let's pretend I never did, Miss Evelyn.

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He had not dreamed that she could mistake

WHY THE GIANT WENT HOME.

An Old story of the County Armagh, Ireland.

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15 lbs. Very Light-brown Sugar,	$1.
12 pounds White Sugar,	$1.
20 pounds Table Rice,	$1.
25 pounds Tapioca,	25 cents.
25 pounds Codfish,	$1.
12 pounds Prunes,	$1.
14 pounds Dried Pears,	$1.
10 pounds Green Coffee,	$1.
Star Ground Coffee,	15c per lb.
Fine Tea, (No Humbug)	50c per lb.
Fine Jar Tea,	50c per lb.
Family Mixed Tea,	35c per lb.
5-gallon can water-white Coal Oil,	$1.
40 pounds P White Beans,	$1.
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs,	$2.50
Family Flour, per barrel,	$4.00

And all other Goods Equal if Cheap.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Claret, Zinfandel, 2 gallon	$1.00
Claret, French, 2 gallon	$1.50
Sherry, Cal., 2 gallon	$1.50
Port, Cal., 2 gallon	$1.50
Port, Port, 2 gallon, 2 gallon	$1.50
Gold Dust Bourbon, 2 gallon	$1.50
Hyde Hennessy, 2 gallon	$1.50
Swan Gin, 2 gallon	$1.50
Jamaica Rum, 2 gallon	$1.50

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R. SBARBORO, Manager.

A UNCHECKERED CAREER.

Gassed by a Tiger, Bitten by a Moccasin, Struck by Lightning, Tried for Murder.

MILTON-SMITH, Ga., November 11th. The death of Hiram Roberts, or Horton Romney, removes a singular character from the scene of life. He first appeared there in 1844. He had a remarkable story, and he acted her scrutiny, being of small stature, lean, and of a clay-lack color, the nostrils, perhaps, of private meals of of the chimney top. He said he was from Texas, came a bronco that then wild country, at that he was born in swamp.

The family with whom he lived treated him well, but he was a wanderer, and he and another Alpaca swamp. Romney was to find a row. When within a short distance of the swamp, he was attacked by a spring out of the bushes and brought him down to the ground. He fell on hinkies, and the jaguar seemed to be in no hurry to kill him. Indeed, he seemed to amuse himself by playing with the prey, and he was then in the direction of the house. Being satisfied as to the direction the other larger lay in wait and concealed in it, but in back slipped over instead of penetrating the skull. It hit the shoulder and stunned him, with the same result, and the boy, with a presence of mind wonderful in one so young, dodged and ran finish while the animal was tearing huge strips from his quivering flesh. The tiger, after holding on to one long enough to have a meal, or at least, as if listening if he was breathing, seized another. That was enough for the boy. He ran home, and he fainted.

Romney said that he was sick and lame for a year after this. He was equally surprised when his companion gave him a bite. He said that he was a bit of a tiger, and that he was a bit of a tiger, and that he was a bit of a tiger, and

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, our patron saint, the mission, if it is pleased, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, the rights and throne of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its doctrines and precepts with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it influences all classes of people, and it influences them behind some conscious opinion, and against no opinion in the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only potentially but actually the most powerful form of journalism. It reaches more people than any other form of journalism. It reaches more people than secular journalism. It reaches more people than any other form of journalism. It reaches more people than any other form of journalism. It reaches more people than any other form of

Farm and Home.

TWO LITTLE EMPTY STOCKINGS.

Two little empty stockings hang
Behind the kitchen door,
Two little pairs of shoes are thrown
Upon the farmhouse floor.
The little feet that all day long
Have pattered up and down the stairs,
Have pattered up the stairs at dawn
And now are sound in bed.

Dear little feet, how soon they stray
From the old farmhouse far away!
How soon they leave the family fold
To wait the shining streets of gold.
To walk the shining streets of gold.

Two little pairs of shoes are thrown
Upon the farmhouse floor;
Two feet that now are sound in bed
Will no more enter their doors.
One pair of little feet have taken
To walk a foreign way;
The other pair of little feet
Are quiet in the grave.

Dear little feet, how soon they stray
From the old farmhouse far away!
How soon they leave the family fold
To walk the shining streets of gold.
To walk the shining streets of gold.

Fresh Air.

To be healthy and enjoy life, nothing is more important than fresh air. The more fresh air we breathe, the less will be our doctors' bill. We must try to get fresh air without draughts, and without feeling cold. The air should be made to move. This is cheapest done by having a hole cut, say ten inches square over the door, and covered with perforated zinc, to the top of the sash frame the whole length of the window and about four inches deep; the top sash may then be lowered, and in this way the air is being constantly changed above our heads, and we do not feel draughts. Any working man can do this for a few pence. In bedrooms this is even more important than in sitting-rooms. A cheap and simple plan is to open the top window and draw down the blind.

A Problem for the Curious.

The following problem is on the blackboard in the baggage-room at the passenger station, and has evoked considerable discussion: A man owns a horse, the actual value of which is $100. He asks two strangers separately to estimate the value of the animal, and one answers $1000, and the other $10. The question to be solved is which of the two men were the nearer right in their estimate. Two hundred years ago this same question was asked two celebrated philosophers and each returned a different answer.

Farms in France.

There are millions of farms in France containing from a quarter of an acre to four acres, writes a correspondent from Dijon. I find that about one acre and a half is about all the most ambitious man wants. The rent for land is always one-half the crop. The land is worth about four hundred dollars an acre; or if in grapevines, six hundred dollars. This is why France is like a garden. In England there are two hundred and twenty-seven thousand land owners; in France there are seven million land owners. The Frenchmen own his two acres, with his barefooted wife cutting grain with a sickle by his side, is happy and contented, because he knows no better. Such a life would drive an American farmer mad. The Frenchman thrives because he spends nothing. He has no waste beyond the constant food and the washings of the grape skins after the wine is made. Yes, he is thrifty. He saves money, too. The aggregated wealth of thirty million, poor, degraded, barefooted, peasants makes France rich. The ignorance of the French farmer is appalling. I never saw a newsmaper in a French farm village. They know: The Frenchman sows the country food; about the same as his horse. He will eat coarse bread and wine for breakfast; soup, bread and wine for dinner; and, perhaps bread and milk for supper. He does not know what coffee or tea is.

Camphor.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a mass, on a large iron pot partially filled with water, and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the pot steam slowly rises, and, heating the chips generates oil and camphor, becomes gaseous, the lids with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the vapor and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs and is ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

Fruit at Breakfast.

Custom sanctions the use of fruit at breakfast, but some persons consuming green apple mean, as being cooling and laxative. However this may be any one who has followed the custom of having fresh fruit at breakfast, will speak heartily of its excellent effects. A nice way to serve strawberries, if large and perfectly fresh, is put them on individual dishes, having the hulls on, that they may be held by these and dipped into powdered sugar, which should also be put in tiny bowls, one at each plate. If oranges are served in the morning, cut them into very small pieces and scatter sugar over them. This way will be appreciated by every one, for the most graceful woman may appear awkward when eating an orange, or when attempting to cut it with a teaspoon.

How Rover Saved the Cows.

A gentleman who lives among the Catskills owns a bright and powerful Newfoundland dog called Rover. Of large and commanding stature, Rover has a kindly eye, and is one of the most intelligent beasts in the country. One Sunday, last winter, when the family returned from Dorkertown, where they had been attending church, Rover did not greet them as was his invariable custom. The members of the family were quite in consternation at his absence. After they had been but a short time in the house, they were startled by the lowing of Brown's cows, as opposite the door the dog rushed in as though, and going over to where Mr. Tinsworth stood, he looked up appealingly in his face, and gave utterance to low mournful distress cry, and tugged at his master's coat. At Mrs. Tinsworth's suggestion, a lantern was procured and Rover was followed to the stables, where five cows had been yoked together in their stalls. A heavy beam had fallen out of its socket; and the cows, when found, were all prostrated with their heads over their necks. A few hours more, and the whole number would have perished. They were speedily liberated from their perilous condition.

—Five sixths of an acre of the molten lead between the ribs of a cow, when a single rib might have been saved by the premature use of Allen's Lung Balsam! Be wise in time, and keep Allen's Lung Balsam by you!

—Buy shirts when they are down! $15 shirts for $10 cash; $10 buys $20 shirts; $7 buys $15 shirts. Dunnell & Co., 211 Post street.

HOW HIGGINBOTTOM WAS REFORMED.

A Hint for Making Home Attractive.

Mr. Higginbottom deeply bewailed his fondness for rum and concert saloons, but he appealed to all unprejudiced men to concede that he was really blameless "If my home was only made attractive to me, gentlemen," he wails the judge and jury of the members of the leading temperance society, who periodically called on him to urge him to reform, "I would gladly spend all my evenings at home, but as it is I am literally driven to seek comfort elsewhere, though I am a man eminently fitted to enjoy the pleasures of home life." So struck were several temperance men with the form of Mr. Higginbottom's remarks, that not long ago they called on his wife and suggested to her the advisability of her unhappy husband by making his home attractive.

Mrs. Higginbottom consented to make the desired effort, and as a first step, visited her husband's favorite concert saloon under the protection of a disguise and a detective officer. When she had learned what was the attractions which most powerfully appealed to Mr. Higginbottom's mind, she proceeded to reproduce them as far as practicable in her own house. She had the parlor carpet taken up and the bare floor nicely sprinkled with beer and stumps of cigars. She removed the pictures from the walls and hung in their places cheap and gaudy chromos representing impossibly young women in undesirable costumes. Two dirty wooden tables and a supply of wooden chairs from the kitchen completed the furniture of the room, and it began to assume a really attractive appearance.

Before the hour of her husband's return from his business Mrs. Higginbottom hired a man to play on the accordeon and another to torture a violin, besides three profusely ornamented drunkards of great indecency of speech and manner, and a nondescript burglar, kindly furnished for the occasion by the police captain of the precinct. They were in the kitchen two fresh girls, who were clean, decent and modest girls. These two she instructed in the art of serving beer and spirits, and dressed them in costumes that were extremely vulgar, though the law could not be said to be improper. Having thus arranged all things she met her husband at the door and escorted him into the dining-room, where he sat his dinner, unconscious of the transformation that had been wrought in the first parlor.

After dinner Mr. Higginbottom lit his cigar and remarked that he must go out for an hour or two to see a friend. His wife, with a sweet smile, told him that he need not go out, for she had finally discovered how to make home attractive to him. So saying, she ushered him into the parlor and left him to a seat at one of the dirty tables. The fiddler and the accordeon player immediately struck up, the drunkards, at a sign from Mrs. Higginbottom, began to swear and wrangle, and the burglar sidled up to Mr. Higginbottom and invited him to drink. The two Irish girls brought beer and spilled it on Mr. Higginbottom's table, they called him "dear," and asked him to "open a bottle of wine," and Mrs. Higginbottom, apologizing for the latter act, said they were undeniably decent girls, assured her husband that, nevertheless, she was ready to admit that she had finally learned to make home attractive; that she hoped to spend many jolly evenings with him, and would like a hot whisky without any further delay.

Mr. Higginbottom was at first completely dazed, but in a few moments he recovered his senses. He ordered the girls to go into the kitchen and stay there, and he pitched the drunkards out of the front door and ordered the musicians and the burglar to follow them. Then he informed his wife that he had been an idiot all his life, and largest ass, and that if she would restore the furniture he would never complaint of it was of attractiveness.

New Jersey as Foreign.

The origin of the allusion to New Jersey as a foreign country is as follows:—After the downfall of the first Napoleon, his brother Joseph, who had been king of Spain, and his nephew, Prince Murat, sought refuge in this country, bringing with them great wealth. Joseph Bonaparte started to build a palatial residence, but he did not wish to become a citizen, having hopes of returning to Europe. To soothe him as an alien to hold real estate required a special act of the Legislature. He tried to get one passed in several States, but failed. He was disgusted, especially because Pennsylvania refused. After this he applied to the New Jersey Legislature, which granted both his and Prince Murat the privilege of purchasing land. They bought an extensive track of land near Bordentown, and built magnificent dwellings, and fitted them up in the most costly manner. Rare paintings, costly sculptures, &c., were profuse, and selected with the greatest care, and the grounds laid out with exquisite taste. Joseph Bonaparte's residence was perhaps the finest in America. Thousands of people from all parts of the country visited him and were treated courteously. He was extremely liberal with his money, and gave great impetus to the business of the little town. The Philadelphians, finding that he had apparently no end of money, and that he was in his lowest business generally, regretted, when too late, that they retarded his hasty home among themselves, and, to keep up their mortification, would continue to taunt Jersey men with having a king—with hoisting the King of Spain to rule over them. They were called Spaniards and foreigners on that account. But these taunts harmed no one, as the Jersey men had nothing by allowing him to settle among them, and thus "foreigner," jokingly applied to Jersymen, has come down to us as a term the origin has been forgotten, except by a few of the past generation.

New Catalogue of Organs.

The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY have issued a very elegant catalogue of their organs. It forms a 112 page pamphlet of large size, and is more illustrations accordingly giving the latest advance of the art of organ construction to those who are thinking of purchasing, or desirous of such, information. The company claim that the improvements in their organs are the great forward step which their organs have been received all over the world, with so many of their testimonials, and awarded medals in such instances as Paris's Industrial Exhibition for 1878, and Melbourne, Australia, for medals, diplomas and certificates of honor distinct.

In looking over such a catalogue one is forcibly reminded of the great advance which the business of musical instruments has attained. Twenty-five years since only a few pianos were made in Boston, and these had not and did not compare favorably with instruments costing very much more at prices varying from $1 to $1,000. Now Boston makes as much yearly in the United States, which are sold in all civilized countries at prices varying from $1 to $1,000.

The organ has gone through with this change, and even more marked, in the result of a great deal of hard, intelligent work, and the results have never yet equal. This was always to make the organ more and more a musical instrument, and to make it more and more a musical instrument,

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

devil of hell—the demon of strong drink. Fourteen years ago a body of men met in Baltimore and organized the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. He thanked God he was one of those men, and he has never been either then proud of her record and of the work she has accomplished. Bishop Ireland's name will go down to posterity as the Father Mathew of the West. (Applause.) May he live to see the day when it will be a shame not to be a Catholic total-abstinence man. No Catholic people should be engaged in any way in throwing temptation in the way of their fellow-men. He was ashamed that so much of the liquor traffic is in the hands of the Catholics, and to see so many Catholic and Irish names over the doors of saloons. There is work in this temperance cause for all of us. Let us be up and go at it.

BISHOP SPALDING'S ADDRESS.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, paid an eloquent tribute to the total abstinence workers. He said the duty of man is to love the church, country and the family. These are the three great forces which lift man above himself. Their great enemy is drink. It is not the only moral evil, but in our over-century drunkenness is a greater obstacle to the Catholic Church than all other vices. Loss of membership and a false Protestant tradition are furthered by this vice more than by all others. The bonhom of Catholic science—lawyers were its most opponents on the Church. What tends to lower the Catholic Church degrades the cause of Christianity and civilization. Virtue and civil liberty are twin sisters. It is not because of poor wages that there is suffering and poverty. It is reckless waste. Then grows up the antagonism of labor for capital. Sobriety is the great remedy for labor troubles. It is no hardship to labor, but it is hard to suffer poverty in the midst of degradation. In advocating temperance we plaided the cause of woman and of the poor man. The Spaniard was not drunk and sat poisoned will put him in a carriage and send him home. Laughter! Laughter! Man is looked up and he name is published to the world.

When Bishop Spalding finished his address it was nearly 11 o'clock. President McGlynn came to the desk and called for a vote of thanks to the distinguished prelates who had spoken. These were given with heartiness, and the meeting was adjourned.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

What it is Said to Have Cost Candidates in New York—An Army of Workers.

The day after the election the New York *World* had the following:

In the gray dawn of the election day about three hundred express wagons rattled over the streets of New York, carrying little French-and-Judy boxes to the election precincts. As the ballot-peddlers are not allowed close to the polling-places, these stalls had to be furnished by the candidates for office, that their workers might be on the spot. To accommodate the several varieties and fashions required about five hundred in each election district, which made a total of 3,000 for the city and at 25 apiece, the sum was $17,000. Around these were gathered the party workers who numbered twenty-five for each box, making a total of 17,850 men. These got 50 apiece, which cost $892,500 for their services alone. When they found an undecided man they did not hand him under a hand full of balls to stuff, but took him directly to the nearest saloon and saw that he was fitted to detail. The good man was grateful and did as he was directed, but the healer door on the candidates for the money expended. Fifty dollars was not a very big roll yesterday, and suppose that each of the 17,850 workers had had a handful of ballots, and it was estimated that the cost of printing them was $2,000. Add the cost of arrival at voting that forty-six candidates of each of the political parties expended about $1,000 apiece, and the total fund was $900,000. Each worker had a handful of ballots, and it was estimated that the cost of printing them was $220,000. This was arrived at by computing that forty-six candidates of each of the political parties expended about $1,000 for personal ballots in the different districts. The combined candidates had to meet the following personal expenses:

Rent for ticket-peddlers	$17,850
Services of workers	892,500
Paid for ballots (cost)	220,000
Cost of polling tickets	20,000
Total	$1,350,000

This was the cost of the go-as-you-please race of Republicans, Democrats, Sollitarians, Prohibitionists and independents anxious to be Congressmen, Mayor, Comptroller, Alderman, Judge, Coroner, District Attorney, Civil Justice, or Assemblyman. Each candidate was in the hands of his friends, who spent his money for him, and his only trouble was drawing checks when the server of a connection lent made their demand. The expense varied greatly for the several candidates, being greatest for Mayor, Congressman, Comptroller and Judge. It is said that Green and Grant were called upon for about $500,000 each and Gibbs for $15,000. The Judges of the Court of Common Pleas were assessed $10,000. Congressmen had to pay according to the closeness of their election. Some were assessed $50 for each election district, and there are seventy-seven in some Congressional districts, making an item of $3,850, which some had to pay for some portion of their party. In County Democracy had the most power in a particular district, and it was said that a candidate for Congress very heavily. Tammany being contented with less and giving Hall with odd less. The reason was that of the problem factions, and this money was placed by committees of them scattered organizations in the hands of trusted workers who paid it to the leaders as the claims came in. The principal bills were paid by the candidates in person, but they paid only a small sum, the bulk of the current for them. The bills were never paid for by the party or faction interested, but with money collected from the candidates. Assembly aspirants paid about $400 into the General Expense fund, and Aldermen paid the same, except the world-be presidents of the Aldermanic Board, who were assessed $1,000. The private expenses incurred by these candidates in their districts and other favors were also great, so that they cleared with less than $2,000 apiece. The Republicans had a fund of $100,000 put to the additional expense of lithographs of thousands.

The city, county and State bear the expense of running the election in the state. At each polling-place are four inspectors, at a salary of $7.50 each for five days, or $150 for each booth. Two supervisors of election at each polling-place are paid $5 a day for five days, or $50 for each booth. Two clerks, at $7.50 for one day, makes $15, and the rent, which is $5 for one day, crosses the total amount of a polling-place to $265. For New York's 712 booths the cost was $188,560. The total amount of money necessary to worry through the day was as follows:

Expense of candidates	$1,350,000
Expense of the State and county	188,560
Total	$1,538,560

Previous to the election, the national, State and local tickets and candidates probably expended $100,000 for printed documents and postage stamps, which were sent to New York voters, making a grand total of $1,638,560, or nearly a million and a half dollars.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

Two Nationalist Victories.

DUBLIN, Dec. 1.—John O'Connor (Parnellite) has been elected Mayor of Dublin, and Madden (Nationalist) Mayor of Cork.

Gladstone Presents the Redistribution Bill.

LONDON, December 1. In the Commons, today, Gladstone presented the Redistribution Bill, provides that all towns of more than 15,000 inhabitants and small boroughs shall be joined into counties, that 165 towns shall be entitled to one member. England will possess 60 additional members. The redistribution of Wales and Ireland are unchanged. Scotland will have twenty additional members. The city of London will have thirty-seven, Liverpool and Manchester twenty-nine and Birmingham twenty-four. Lancashire gains Lancashire fifteen additional members.

Parnell, in an interview, stated that he claim that the Redistribution bill gives a gain of five seats in Parliament to the Irish Nationalists.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Carlow.—Mr. E. J. Lanigan, returning officer of the Carlow Union, has announced the result of the last election for the electoral divisions of Rathoran and Ridge. The polling was follows: Mr. Michael Jones (Land League), 1; Henry Cullen (N.), 145.

Clare.—Considerable damage has been done to the works in progress for the last three years in connection with the reclamation of the bleak lands of the Fergus at Drumquin, by recent heavy floods and the unusual high tides experienced lately, that locality, and throughout Clare generally.

Cork.—On Nov. 7, at Dunmanway, a tradesman named Cronin, while engaged in the roof of a house, had a narrow escape of falling on the roof of the church, and was obliged to leap from one roof to another between both, with the falling gate way, and he fell to the floor of the church, a distance of about thirty feet. Daly's collar bone and thigh was broken, and he has a deep gash on the head.

Intelligence has reached Cork of the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Hyland, who was recently appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Trinidad. Dr. Hyland was a member of the Order of Preachers, and for many years before his elevation to the episcopacy was stationed at the Dominican Convent, Cabra.

Thomas Lynch, Carrigaline, second son of John Francis Marion, late of Carrigaline, and now of Cork, M. P., deceased, and Richard Wright, eldest son of Thomas Richard Wright, late of Fern Hill, in the county of Cork, solicitor, deceased, have been called to the Bar. Mr. Wright has been recommended for a Certificate of Honor at the Honor Examination held on 24th and 25th ult., and takes rank accordingly.

Dublin.—The committee of the whole house of the Dublin Corporation appointed to consider the question of renaming the streets of the metropolis have based their report. The committee are of opinion that such change is desirable, but thinks, they say, should be undertaken in such a manner as to cause the least possible inconvenience to the postal service. For this reason the council is recommended to adopt only one change at present—viz., to substitute "O'Connell street" for "Sackville street," and to use the actual changing of the name until the merged into another.

A patriotic Irishman, who gives name to his identity but the signature "Mere Irishman," has sent in to the Treasurer of the Dublin Aldermen $500 towards the Sullivan National Tribute. The *Cheer Times* is an eulogistic obituary notice of the late Alexander M. Sullivan, refers to the fact that when some of the Socialist members would take any interest in the preservation of Dublin as the Highlands, Mr. Sullivan, then a member of Parliament, acceded to the request of a number of patriotic Highlanders, and carried bills in Parliament for the preservation of the old Highlands.

The new Chief Secretary for Ireland is paying a visit to the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Dublin Guards. It is announced that an experienced detective has been laid off to guard Mr. Campbell Bannerman, while the Irish Secretary (Mr. Trevelyan) has dispensed with the services of the police officer who was for the present attendant when he was at the Irish Office.

Kerry.—The Nationalists of Duffy held a meeting in their district on Sunday, the 2nd Nov. 2, Mr. James Coll McLoughlin occupying the chair. The land war resolutions adopted was one sending greetings to the Mayor and Corporation of Limerick for the gallant stand they have made in sending the bar for action and proposed on that city.

Limerick.—The heathen evictions on Inscotstand Island, where were shocked a short time ago by the burning of the Wee, so far as the country is concerned, with vigor. Several criminal proceedings have followed, and the local authorities and the parent have sent the local agent to the Wee, extra police expenses for the half year ending September, 1884, to show cause to the contrary by the 17th inst.

A boy named James Keogh, fifteen years of age, whose father lives near Doon, county Limerick, was shot on Nov. 1 on an evicted farm by taken by a farmer named Cullen, near Tim Quinlan's Castle. The bullet entered his head, and death was instantaneous. It is impossible to say whether the act occurred in the result of accident or design. The unfortunate boy was the eldest of a family.

Monaghan.—Michael Meaney, Esq., second son of Chas. Meaney, late of Castleblayney, Monaghan, has been called to the Bar. Mr. Meaney has been connected for a period of 21 years with Queen's Bar Examinations held on 24th and 25th ult., and takes rank accordingly.

Lord Rosse continues to exhibit a forward spirit. On Nov. 30, the Nationalist chairman of Monaghan Town Board, Mr. M. Finnegan was elected; and Mr. Francis Mackey, Nationalist, was appointed a Town Commissioner in place of Mr. Quigley, who resigned.

The Lady Lieut. of Monaghan (Miss Gillespie) on Nov. 30, at the Parochial House, Castleblayney, presented the prizes to the Christian Brothers.

Queen's County.—The Rev. Thomas Fitzmaurice, while employed in the military barracks, in Castlebar, on November 24, by a wound, accidentally discharged himself and was precipitated to the bottom of the well, a distance of about 60 feet. Death was instantaneous. Deceased leaves a widow and children.

Tipperary.—Mr. Michael Ryan, a tenant in the neighborhood of Bulla, and married his wife with an act of kindness to a poor tenant in the Mr. Pat Reilly, Carrowkeel, who was evicted some time ago for non-payment of three years rent. He reinstated Reilly in his holding, free of rent, for one year, and presented his wife with a cow.

Queen's County.—The Rev. Thomas Fitzmaurice, Castlebar, has been appointed to the parish of Clonaslee in succession to the late Rev. J. Kennedy, P.P.

At a largely attended meeting of the company, held in the city of Ellersmagque, Queen's County, and other districts interested, held at the Court House, Portarlington, on November 1, and presided over by Mr. Lonby, M.P., resolutions in favor of the construction of a light railway project were adopted.

Roscommon.—Mr. P. B. Regan, Lenghlin, Castlerea, who was arrested on a charge of having in his possession a piece of a broken cross bailiff, named Cassidy, of Ballyhaunis, sixteen months ago, and wedding trial for five months in Castlebar and Roscommon, and convicted at the Castlebar Quarter Sessions, and sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment with hard labor, was released on Nov. 29 last. Mr. Regan, the Castlebar Sessions, named Cullen and Fallon, were tried at the Mayo Spring Assizes for the same offence, and on the same evidence, and acquitted by Judge Murphy, who declined to convict the jury on such evidence, as he said he feared there was another man suffering in prison in that evidence.

The Rev. James Hanly, P.P., Fairymount, Castlerea, died on November 3, after a long illness, in the 49th year of his age. Father Hanly, who was ordained forty years on the mission, spent most of the early portion of that time in his native parish of Kilbride during which he built the chapel at Derrane on the site of an ancient one. After some years spent in Roscommon and other places, he was appointed parish priest of Fairymount, and subsequently of Tulsk, where he built the convent and the chapel at Fairymount.

Sligo.—The revision of the municipal voters' list for the Town of Sligo, has resulted in a gain of six votes.

The Mayor of Sligo appointed November 17th for the date at which the water was permitted to flow into town from the reservoir at Kilnalislo, and the Kilburn reservoir being not so good, and only temporary. The ceremony was performed by the Mayor, Mr. Culleny. In the evening, in celebration of the event, the Mayor entertained a large number of gentlemen at the Town Hall.

Tyrone.—The Nationalists of Killeavy Castlewellan, on Oct. 26, Dungavy, near Dungannon, to complete the erection of the Land League Hall, which was commenced on the 26th of the month. The hall, which is a large and commodious building, cost £1,000, and was opened by Mr.

THE VISIT OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND, WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY HARRIET W. SKIDMORE. (Marie.)

It was the holy Christmas Eve,
In happier time of yore,
When Faith with a docile world
Her heavenly message bore—
When "man of good will" were not few,
(As in the days of old)
To spread the tidings of peace,
And offer worship unto
Where mysteries of Love Divine
In sacred silence bright,
And the holy shepherd still revealed
To guileless human sight.

It was the blessed Christmas Eve—
And o'er the snowy hours
The strong and sturdy traveler
Went on, in joyful haste
Went on, towards the star of home,
The heavenly-sight's cheering ray,
That showed, to Love's sweet Paradise
Its pilgrim way.

The dear home-mother's happy smile
Shed softest sunshine there—
And children throned, the blossoms bright,
Within its garden fair.
And ah! upon the mother's face
Well pitied his skill would be,
For coming of the Christ-Child blest!
To dress the Christmas was time,
For coming of the Christ-Child blest!
What holy joy then, thought
With purest peace, and sweetest joy
Were crowned by the blessed!
Again he saw the wondrous sons,
The Son Divine, with Joyful Tears,
Lay, throned in glory! a human Child!
Yet, Lord of Heaven!
He saw the Infinite Mystery—
"Upon her Infant God—
He saw Infant's upward eyes,
And lily-blooming red—
Again the maiden-mother was filled
With glad, celestial glow,
While angels hymns thronged on high,
And shepherds bowed below—
"Thou Lord of Heaven, to us, for our sakes,
Did in Jesus Thy Heaven above,
For them, and for Thy Paradise come,
Fill all my heart with love,
And crown Thy Christ-Child this night,
Of Light that shone in manger lone,
"On that holy Christmas Eve."

A crowd of unbelievers meets his ear—
And then, a children mass
So sad, it had his very heart
To hear that piteous tone!
And as, with faltered glance he paused
Through twilight's pallid grey,
"Let us the cold Christ-Child" every breast
A shivering intent lay!
Quickly he raised, with accent tender care,
That little trembling form—
And sheltered it in his kindly heart,
Beneath his mantle warm.
"Thou art not cold," he said, "how hath it chanced
Thou art all white in the snow?
Then on the black and barren moor

Christmas Reading.

The Cousins.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

It was rehearsal night at St. Godula's. The choir hold its weekly reunions and practisings in the basement of the old church; and Benedict Bornemann was the organist. He was seated now at the instrument; a tall, slender young man, with a fair, delicate moustache. His mood seemed one, all-in-all, together, of a gentle, scholarly appearance. The hands in his hand upon the keys were white and shapely as a lady's, but there was a nervous tremor in the fingers to-night, as they played softly the opening notes of the *Ave Verum* of Von Weber's Mass; and a flush rose in his usually colorless cheek, as he lifted his eyes to the face of a girl who stood directly at his side.

She was not more than eighteen; a small girl, but exquisitely formed. Her face bore a striking resemblance to that of Bernardine in blue ribbon-tied, for below her rounded cheek and the brow and eyes, left than only exposed, the expression of a child like purity as well as a woman's grace, good sense (the transparency of the dove combined with the prudence of the serpent). This was Benedict's cousin, Schola Bornemann.

"Now, Schola," said he, encouraging; and she began to sing. A splendid contralto voice it was: mellow, and of unusual range and power. She sang the second words of that pathetic *Agnus Dei* (one of Von Weber's *chefs d'œuvre*) with remarkable expression and the nicest articulation. It was really more declaiming than singing.

Throwing her whole soul into the pleading words, the young girl with strange life, did not appear to notice that Benedict's eyes were fixed with a strange expression upon her rapt upturned face. He if Schola was blind to all save her music, those eyes two other persons present who were not.

One was a large, robust maiden on the night of the organist—the leading soprano of the choir. She was nearer twenty than twenty, a strong-featured brunette, and extremely plain, her only facial beauties being her pretty teeth and a pair of fine dark eyes. She was more richly dressed than any of the choristers, which, indeed, she might well be, seeing that she was Agatha Stein, the daughter and only child of a substantial mill-owner, the wealthiest parishioner of St. Godula's. She had been betrothed to Benedict Bornemann for two years past; but the marriage had been postponed from time to time, owing to Benedict's delicate health and somewhat desultory prospects. Agatha's German sire was prudent and farsighted; and the young people, if they wished to gain his consent, must be in a position to support the daughter of his house in comfort. Of late years, the young man had begun to feel that he was doing a wrong in keeping his betrothed waiting so long; and he had resolved to speak to his father about it, on the morrow. Meanwhile, he was thinking of this, as he sat there, with his eyes fixed on the face of a girl who was singing his music, and his heart was

correct critics; then went on to speak of some new magazines and some valuable books he was about adding to the catalogue of the library. At last, a propos of nothing, he asked abruptly, "And how did you find the Mullers-to-day, my child?"

"Oh, those poor, dear creatures!" ejaculated Schola, her clear eyes lifted in reply, her lovely face flushing bright with her emotions. "I cannot tell you how glad I am, Father, that you put them on my sick list. They are so much more comfortable than they were at first; and Gretchen was so grateful to you to-day for that generous alms to be a bridesmaid!"

"Tut, tut," said the priest, smiling. "It was but a trifle. If poor Muller were only able to get on his feet again, and to go to his bench, he would need no one's help; for he is an excellent workman."

"So he said this morning," assented Schola; "but he added" and the bright face looked puzzled—"that his misfortune was the result of his own sin, and that God had punished him justly for the mindless of the Sabbath. What could he mean, Father? He says he has ever been sober and moral

Seventeen years before Schola's father and Ben their (twin brothers) had been assistant Mr. Stein's mill, and had taken, with joint prospects of prosperous success, as members of a well established firm. But a terrible explosion had taken from our ranks, in the engine-room of the principal mill; and the Bornemann brothers, without a moment's warning, were hurled into eternity long before the allotted time of days.

The night after the accident, on Benedict's tenth birthday, and under his mother's roof, (where the two afflicted widows had met and mourned in common sympathy of their awful bereavement), little Schola opened her eyes, for the first time, upon a world of woe, just as her anguished mother, for the last time, closed hers upon it and its griefs for evermore. From that sad hour the little orphan maid had found a guide, if not always tender, parent in her Aunt Katrina, who had adopted her orphan niece for and baptized on the Feast of St. Benedict, it seemed a fitting thing to Father Rudolph that the baby girl should bear the name of Schola. And, if it so fell out, as the years went on, that Frau Bornemann's cheering care and tenderness for her son so drained the fount of her maternal affections that it left but scanty means for the orphaned cousin, Schola's buoyant and unselfish heart never seemed to notice the difference; and the good priest of St. Godula's rejoiced secretly in the growing security of his boy, young virgin and which he was guiding to exalted perfection through paths of unexceptional holiness.

Just to night Schola's thoughts were full of the history of the Mullers and their misfortunes, and so it came to pass that as they walked home from the church together she poured forth to her silent companion the romance of the false Hans and the treachery cross Gretchen, and of the poor forsaken Maria.

"And they have had no end of sorrow and trouble, poor dears," she concluded, not heeding the sudden tremor of Benedict's arm under her clasping hand. "Child dear child has been taken from them by death; and they are now left quite alone in the world; poor Hans, a helpless cripple, ever mourning his sin and the weary years Gretchen's needless. Is not the dead Maria been terribly avenged?"

She looked up, as she spoke, into her companions' face. Was it only the moonlight which made Benedict's face so ghastly pale, and which gave Agatha's eyes that strange unnatural lustre?

They reached the door of Mr. Stein's handsome house (it was only a few blocks from St. Godula's), and the elder girl was making her adieus rather hurriedly. She was glad to have escaped a warm kiss, however, with unusual fervor on Schola's brow; and, with a brief "Good night," to her bewildered, had vanished into the house, leaving the two cousins to pursue their homward way in silence.

"How grave Agatha seemed to-night!" said Schola, at last, with musing air. "I never saw her so pale before, and she looked at me so oddly, too, I could almost fancy she were grieved or displeased about something. Could it be that I consulted her by repeating that history of the poor Mullers and their short comings? Tell me, Benedict, have I done wrong?"

"Heaven help us—No!" cried the young man, with such unmeasured and unveiled fervor, that the young girl started in astonishment, and her hand upon his arm. "You are always right, heaven's darling; and I—I—Benedict Bornemann, who have done the wrong; Schola! Schola! I am the most miserable man on the face of God's earth to-night!"

"Beanie! dear Beanie!" said Schola, shocked and astonished, but knowing her cousin's peculiar temperament, and speaking nothing to him as was her custom, "what is the matter, what has happened to distress you?"

"O Schola! if I only dared to tell you! there is not a single thought in my whole heart that I would be afraid or ashamed to lay open to you. No, Bennie; not one—I dare not!"

"My precious pet, you do not understand. Of course I shall be glad to hear you. You will despise me, I know, for saying it; I so long to know your secret."

"And Agatha's has discovered it!" cried the young girl in her exhausting simplicity. "Poor Agatha! no wonder she looked pale and troubled to night.

"Schola, I have committed a terrible mistake. Agatha is so good, so sensible, so devoted, and you have known her so long. Perhaps you only fancy you do dislike her."

"Fancy—fiddle-stick! I know I do, cousin, with a sharp ring in his voice, as if in bodily pain; adding, under his breath, "I hope to Heaven she may be gone to her home!"

Schola proceeded him into the little parlor, turned up the light, and pushed him down into an easy chair by the glowing fire. His dressing gown and slippers lay ready to hand, where his tender mother had placed them by the kindly, snugly awaiting the arrival of their idolized owner.

"Now, we are all alone, Benedict," said the little maiden, dropping off her shawl and hood, and stabbing a lovely picture of unconscious blonde beauty below his troubled face. "Aunt Katrina is abed. You are your cap and gloves, and tell me all about it. You look quite worn and ill. When did this trouble with Agatha begin? Surely you will not refuse to confide in your Schola, your own little loving sister?"

"*Sister!*" he shrieked; almost with violence. "Sister! Schola, Schola! ever a sister!"

Then, seeing that startled, unconprehending look in her clear eyes, he recovered himself with a strong effort, and spoke more calmly and in a gentler key.

"To be plain with you, Schola—but, first, do not stare at me in that strange way; please turn your eyes away, dear, and look into the fire. There—that is better. Now I have more courage to tell you that I never knew I did not truly love Agatha Stein until this time, six months ago, when—"

He stopped again and peered searchingly into her fair, downcast face.

"Until—when? she repeated, with not lifting her eyes, but really beginning to anxiously ponder if there was not some insanity in her cousin's family.

"Until you went away on that trip to the ocean last spring.

"And what happened then?" she questioned, calmly; young as she was, speaking as a mother might speak to a nervous, suffering child.

"O Schola, Schola! you will drive me mad! Some fiend has bewitched me, and his agonized face in his hands.

"Dear Benedict, do tell me what is the matter," said Schola, with a tender sigh, and, had vanished into the house, leaving the two cousins to pursue their homward way in silence.

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"How grave Agatha seemed to-night!"

THE MONITOR.

FORMERLY ALSIDE THE OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the influentsies of the Holy Ghost the Catholic Publication Society of St. Paul, the editors of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, its rights and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere in the meantime and practice with devotion and fidelity—Pio IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing ideas; and since it is the most universal and most rapid means of getting the world. In our time, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, but such a work, indeed, as ranks with the ministry of preaching and the pulpit. What is and what ought to be the Catholic press? It is the pulpit of the priest and defend the truth, refutes error, and shows up the Devil in truth.—BISHOP, THOMAS MORAN CROSBY.

A Merry Christmas to all our Readers.

We take great pleasure in presenting our readers with a souvenir of the approaching holy season of Christmas which will help them to commemorate it with that true Catholic joy which is infused into the great festival by the only Church which is saval with the birth of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem, and co-eternal with the existence of God.

Christmas is the major feast of the social festival year, and though its observance was at one period of the world's history reserved for the Catholic Church alone, it has come to be a personal festival season not only on the part of the Protestant community in different countries, but also by Jews, atheists, infidels and soofers who have no conception of the spiritual importance that is attached to Christmas Day.

The great influence of the imperishable Church of Christ has made Christmas what it is despite the opposition of Cesar or Crown-well, of pagan or Puritan. Just as Sunday has become the "Sabbath" of the sectarians—even without scriptural warrant—and as the Gregorian calendar has supplanted the prefects system in the computation of time, so has Christmas become a love-feast and a day of religious reverence in the eyes of millions of the descendants of the very men who made laws making the observance of Christmas a penal offence against the commonwealth.

But whilst those outside the pale of God's only Church observe the day as one for feasting and pleasure, we Catholics are alone in our true conception of the holy joy which the season imparts to those who have the happiness to approach in spirit the Crib of Bethlehem, and there—with the Shepherds—adore the new-born King and Saviour!

During this holy season every Catholic should transform his soul into a Crib for the worthy reception of the Body and Blood of Christ. In the fate way alone can we become infused with that supernatural happiness which inspired the angelic hosts to proclaim the unbounded joy of Heaven at the birth of Our Blessed Redeemer, by the exultant psalmody: "*Glory to God in the Highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.*" Who are the men of good-will to whom this heaven-proclaimed peace is promised! Not the proud nor the avaricious—not the "brilliant" sinner—not the pagan of God was not proclaimed. No! The heaven-promised peace takes possession of the humble man, the chaste, the meek, the temperate, the charitable, the alms giver and the persevering one who bows before the Majesty of God even though it is represented in the form of a helpless Infant reclining in a rude manger! These are the men to whom Christmas brings that heavenly joy and peace which surpasseth human understanding.

Christmas has for Christians who thoroughly appreciate its importance, its duties as well as its pleasures. Man's chief duty is to adore God and to love his neighbor as himself, and there is no finer season in the whole Christian calendar when we can adore God and serve our neighbor better than during the holy Christmas festival. The birth of Bethlehem exists in every Catholic Church, and when we have adored God therein let us not forget our duty to man. There are hungry to feed; there are naked to clothe; there are homeless to shelter, there are sick to visit, there are orphans to shoe and poor to help in this nineteenth century—in far greater numbers than they existed at the time when Our Blessed Redeemer preached the sermon on the Mount. Have you, good Catholic reader, the means to help your sorrowing, suffering, hungry or naked fellow-man? If so, give generously for God's sake at Christmas. *Charity converts a multitude of sins*, and the tears of joy which flow from the eyes of widows and orphans have washed away many a sin from the record of men's lives!

The miser, the man given to avarice, the man who envies his neighbor's prosperous lot, the man who has no kind word for the poor, the man who has no charity of the holy happiness of Christmas, because they are dead to the cry of charity and blind to the beggar's tatters, do shareed into they with the possession of their treasure that they become oblivious to the existence of that good God who gave them all they possess, and whose only Son was born in a manger, lived in poverty, and died on a Cross without a garment to cover Him! They forget too that there is no pocket in a shroud. The wealth they worship will be the possession of others when they are mouldering into that dust to which even the proudest man must return!

Let CHARITY, then, cheer your own Christmas by bringing joy to the hearts and homes of orphans, widows, the sick, the stranger, and the distressed. God gave to the Christian world His own beloved Son as a Christmas gift, and where He has done so much for us, we at least can emulate His example by sharing our store for great charity's sake. Let us, then, well our Christmas be a happy and a merry one! Then, indeed, will we thank God with grateful hearts for all the heavenly blessings He has sent us, and we will cheerfully, gladly and exultingly join with the unnumbered hosts of the Cherubim and Seraphim in singing the Canticle heard by the Shepherds on the first Christmas morning: "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST; AND ON EARTH PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD-WILL."

Growth of the Catholic Church as Compared with Non-Catholic Denominations.

The dignified appearance of the Prelates and the imposing ceremonies pertaining to the recent Plenary Council in Baltimore, seem to have attracted a great deal of attention toward the Catholic Church even from the secular press which historians have manifested but little interest in Catholic affairs. Speculation has been rife as to the causes which have led to the enormous growth of the Catholic element in America, and the enemies of the Bride of Christ stand amazed at the glory that surrounds the Mystical Body at which they have been hacking and hewing for a century without leaving a single scar to mark the vain and useless vindictiveness of their malice. The most malignant falsehoods that bloodstained bigotry could invent have been projected against the Rock of Truth. The dames of prejudice and political proscription have been evoked in order to stay the onward progress of the Bark of Peter. But now, after usually hath expended its malice, after prejudiced persons and paid emissaries of the Evil One have buried their hate-laden shafts of bitterest calumny against her—the grand old Church of Christ looms up before their vision in all the resistful vigor and beauty peculiar to the eternal Bride of an eternal God!

What a consoling thought for Catholics! To be the children of a Church which both inspired calumny cannot crush! To be accounted among the glorious army of those valiant soldiers of Christ—the gallant legion against which even "the gates of hell" cannot prevail! And what a lesson may not the unvanquished enemies of the Catholic Church learn from the supremacy which the Church has achieved in this country even in the face of persecution as powerful as it was perpetual! Where now are the results of all the calumnious charges brought against the Catholic Church! What harvest has been reaped from the hell born bigotry which has so blemished sectarian annals on the field of Christ! In vain has fiddledity tried to undermine her. Fruitless has been the efforts of fanatism to cause her downfall. And now, after passing through a century's wanton of unchristian calumny and undeserved continuously—the world cannot but admire the adamantine firmness with which the Catholic Church has clung to the American soil, growing with the growth of the Republic, expanding with the extension of American territory, and conquering into prairie and forest, into mountain and valley, the Voice of God for the Christianizing and civilizing of peoples of all colors and races!

Is not such a mission supernatural! Is not such a Church more than human! Does not the successful completion of so grand a mission—in the face of so many malicious assaults against her—prove the Catholic Church to be the promised of Providence! The evangelical eminence of religious error have had many portions of this country under their sole jurisdiction, yet where now is their power! In previous of this land laws were passed proscribing the presence of Catholic priests, yet these very localities have now become the strong, the powerful, yielding calls the juicy weapons man's malice, and leading His Church to triumph through every crusade organized against her!

Such is the condition of the Catholic Church in America to-day that it is worse than useless for her enemies to refurbish the rusty tools with which they have hitherto assailed her, for any fresh conflicts in the future. The seeds should busy themselves in building up Christianity rather than engaging in the useless labor of leveling a structure which has supernatural support. Hence we hope this lesson which the history of the Catholic Church in America plainly teaches those who are in the habit of calling uncharitable abuse her, will be conscientiously conned over by pulpit and public writers alike, so that they may learn wisdom in the future from the experience of the past—and time let the Church of Christ pursue her divine mission in peace.

As we have already intimated, the secular press has indulged in speculative conjectures between the Catholic Church and the non-Catholic sects concerning their numerical strength in this country, and this eagerness to ascertain the actual standing of the Church in America has led to the compilation of not rather tables of statistics from which we glean the following suggestive facts concerning the numerical strength—and the percentage of increase—of the principal Protestant and other religious denominations at present existing in this land.

By the census of 1860 the population of the United States was 31,443,090. The present population is now estimated at 55,000,000. The gain in twenty-five years has been, therefore, twenty-three and a half millions, or at the rate of 75 per cent.

In 1860, according to estimates the accuracy of which was then universally acknowledged, there were 4,000,000 Methodists in this country. They were then, as they are now, the strongest religious body, numerically. Since 1860 the total has grown to 15,000,000, which is an increase of 75 per cent, keeping pace, exactly with the increase in population.

In this association, however, it is well to remember that there are many subdivisions of Methodists who are not in unison of doctrine with other divisions of Protestant Christian denominations. Thus we have the African Methodist and the Zion African Methodist; the Methodist Episcopal North and the Methodist Episcopal South; The Free Methodists, Western Primitive Methodists, Independent Methodists, Free Wesleyan Methodists, the Protestant Methodists and the new Methodists, as well as divers other of shoots of segregated Protestantism, all differing in some particular concerning doctrine, discipline or church government, hence though classed under one head for convenience sake, the Methodist body is not the compact community the figures would naturally lead the reader to suppose.

The number of affiliants of the various Baptist churches was, in 1860, 8,000,000. Today it is 17,000,000. The increase in twenty-five years is, therefore, 56 per cent, a gain in absolute ratio, but a falling off when considered relatively.

The Presbyterians numbered in, 1860 3,000,000. Now they number 5,500,000, and increase in twenty-five years of 83 per cent.

The Lutherans, who have been materially benefitted by constant and increasing emigration from Germany, Sweden, Holland and Norway, have grown from 1,250,000 in round to 2,000,000 in 1884, or at the rate of 60 per cent.

The Congregationalists have declined relatively very much. The old spirit of the New England pilgrims seems to be dying out among them. In twenty-five years they have advanced but 27 per cent. that is, 1,413,000 in 1860 to 1,800,000 at present. In the other hand, the various Reformed Dutch churches—Dutch, German and Evangelical show an increase of nearly 50 per cent., from 810,000 in 1860 to 1,200,000 to-day.

The Episcopalians show a fair increase in numbers, yet one relatively below the average. Their percentage of gain is 33, per cent. in twenty-five years, bringing up the total from 980,000 to 1,200,000.

The Hebrews—counting together those who are orthodox and those who are merely nominal—have increased from 450,000 in 1860 to 700,000 in 1884, a full 100 per cent. of gain.

The Friends, or Quakers, show an absolute as well as relative decline. They have fallen of 60 per cent. from 720,000 in 1860 to 150,000 in 1884.

The denomination of Christians, who are numerous in Kentucky, southern Indiana, southern Illinois, and Missouri, number 800,000, against 500,000 in 1860, an absolute gain of 60 per cent., yet a falling off relatively of 15.

Such are the relative positions acquired in the numerical order of religious statistics by the denominations enumerated, and now let us see—from a non-Catholic source—what has been the ratio of increase of the Catholic body during the last twenty-five years.

The census of 1860 gave the Catholic population at 3,175,000. It is within the range of truth to say that at present there is fully ten millions of Catholics in the United States, which would show an increase of more than *two hundred per cent.* in twenty-four years. And if, in the Providence of God, the Church is to continue for the next fifteen years in the same ratio that she has progressed in the past, we can then claim for the Catholic Church in America a membership of 20,000,000 souls!

Republican Features of the Franchise Bill.

One of the most important measures passed by the British Parliament in modern days is the Franchise Bill, which, as we announced last week, has received Queen Victoria's signature, and is now a law in the British Isles.

By this law fully two million voters—who have hitherto been disfranchised—have been enfranchised, and the right to vote, hitherto debarred the right of suffrage, is largely due to Gladstone and the Irish members of Parliament. As our readers may remember, the Franchise Bill passed the House of Commons last summer, but was defeated by the Lords. The Radical element declared that "the Lords must bend—or end," and, with a wisdom that is illustrative of his far-seeing sagacity, Mr. Gladstone saw in the "signs of the times" that the masses were only waiting for just such an opportunity in order to abolish the House of Lords of their stubborn opposition to the extension of the franchise was allowed to prevail.

Seeing the peril to which his Ministry was exposed, Mr. Gladstone mounted the hustings in England and Scotland, and implored the people not to abate one jot of their claim for extended suffrage, but to convene monster meetings and then to express the determination of the people to make the popular will supreme over a body of fossils who were entirely unacquainted with the wants or the wishes of the masses.

The idea was at once acted on and the Lords learned a lesson from a source whence they had never before accepted a suggestion, and the Bill which was treated with contempt and ridicule at a previous session of Parliament, was passed by a large majority a few weeks ago. Such is the change that popular agitation for human rights has worked among the aristocratic Lords of England.

By the operation of the Franchise Bill every person who has a regular income of more than £10 ($50) per annum, is entitled to vote. This places the ballot in the hands of the agricultural classes, mechanics, householders and renters, in fact every person who earns a livelihood, the exceptions being paupers, tramps and that large class of impecunious vagabonds who prey upon the public for a living.

It is estimated that the voting element hitherto represented among the landlord and tenant classes in England and Scotland amounted to 200,000. The Franchise Bill increases that element to several millions in numerical strength, because it gives the ballot to 800,000 cottagers, comprising the agricultural laborers and about a million villagers and residents beyond the limits of the numerous cities and densely populated towns of England and Scotland.

Bill it is in Ireland that the effect of the Franchise Bill will be felt with the greatest force, as it places the ballot in the hands of about 600,000 small farmers, laborers and mechanics who hitherto had to look on while their landlords exercised that liberty. But now—thank Heaven—*every tiller of the soil of Ireland who has a roof over his head will be a voter!*

This is, indeed, a subject for self-congratulation on the part of every Celt, and we know this news will add additional joy to the Christmas festivities among many thousand readers of the Monitor.

The effect of this extension of the Franchise in Ireland cannot fail to have a marked influence upon the fortunes of that country whose prospects for Home Rule will be greatly enhanced. Nothing serves better to elevate a people who have been reduced to serfdom through landlord oppression and government tyranny, than to place in their hands the ballot. That same power, in their own hands that had been used by their task masters to keep them in subjection, and make very hard feel that he is the peer of his fellow man regardless of wealth, title or other fictitious superiority.

The Franchise Bill will also have the effect of placing Parnell and his compatriots at the pinnacle of power. If the Irish people are only true to their native principles Ireland will return at least eighty members of Parliament who will act in conjunction with Mr. Parnell in showing the balance of power on the side of that party which promises the largest amount of good for Ireland. In this way the independence of Ireland can be accomplished by constitutional means, and the tyranny now so universally execrated will be but a historical memento, and the crasp of the Irish nation will be so firmly established that no outside interposition will be required.

Revolutions never go backward, hence we may reasonably hope that the revolution quietly achieved by the people of Great Britain by the Franchise Bill, will lead to still larger republican liberty. Democratic principles have taken deep root in the minds of the English and Scotch masses who have not limited in vain to the pleadings for popular justice for the Ireland advocated by Ireland's envoys. And hearing the story of its wrongs perpetrated by Irish landlords reminded John Bull and Sandy Crofter that they too had held the oppressed them. Hence popular attention is now directed to the attainment of peasant property of land by the very element in England and Scotland that for years have wondered why the Irish people were constantly emptying the British jails with their ceaseless cries for tenant right.

The last question is the vital topic of the day and the people all who have been granted the right to vote may be naturally expected that why it is that a few hundred men are so much land, while millions of people have not a rood or a rood to cover them! This question will have to be answered, and the solution of this difficulty may eventually cause even greater concessions to be granted to the people of Great Britain and Ireland than were the change of the Franchise Bill has accomplished.

Pastoral Letter by the Prelates of the Plenary Council.

We notice in the daily papers what purports to be extracts from the Pastoral letter promulgated by the Prelates who attended the recent Plenary Council in Baltimore. But the insignificant portion given in the secular press scarcely amounts to one-fifteenth part of the entire Pastoral which will make at least seven or eight columns of the Monitor.

It has been agreed among the Prelates that the Pastoral shall be read in all churches on Sunday next, and we trust that our clergymen will be in the pulpit by the instructions given them by the Prelates set over their spiritual state by the providence of God.

Editorial Notes.

Several active temperance lectures met to New York on November 21th and organized the Father Matthew Memorial Society, the object of which is to promote temperance, to erect a monument to Father Matthew and to celebrate his birthday. Another society was held recently at the same place. It was decided that the monument should cost $50,000, and that the proceeds of all lectures or dramatic entertainments, should be applied to the monument fund.

—The honor of organizing the first Sodality of the United States, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, belongs to the students of Georgetown College, they having established a Sodality in 1812. About twenty years later the celebration of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, organized a Sodality of the same character, that being the first attempt of young people in that direction. New (Issue Day) Sunday in November the Sodalities scattered over the region of the earth so prophetically designated by the poet Lonfellow as "The Blessed Virgin's Band."

—Rt. Rev. Jeremiah Junger, D. D., Bishop of Nesqualy, Washington Territory, accompanied by Rev. Joseph Cataldo, S. J., Superior of the Jesuit Indian Missions in the Northwest, sailed last week from New York for Rome. Bishop Junger goes to visit the Pope in compliance with a rule which requires every Bishop to visit the Sovereign Pontiff once in every ten years. Father Cataldo goes to visit the Superior General of his Order, and also to secure the services of an additional number of missionaries to aiding and his successor in their labors among the Indians.

—Reuben Runyon Springer, a noted Catholic capitalist of Cincinnati, died in that city recently of left several very large bequests to Catholic institutions. Mr. Springer was a just friend of Archbishop Purcell, and he ever been a great benefactor to his religious charities and schools in Ohio. Among the large legacies left for the maintenance of Catholic institutions we notice St. Mary's Seminary of the West, for the education of Catholic priests, $100,000; to the little Sisters of the Poor, $35,000; to the Good Samaritan Hospital, $30,000; to the Sisters of Charity, $25,000; to the Sisters of Charity of Cedar Grove for a foundling asylum, $20,000, for the support of Cedar of Lebanon, $20,000. There was also large number of small bequests. All this blood relatives are also remembered. His estate is valued at $3,000,000.—*R. T.*

The Irish descriptions we print on the first page this week, is also a piece of poetical composition as ever graced.

Aid for a Catholic University.

As already known to our readers, the project of establishing a Catholic university in that country receive the unanimous consent of the Prelates assembled at the recent Plenary Council in Baltimore. And now we are glad to learn through a Baltimore correspondent that a young lady of New York City—Miss Mary E. Caldwell—has donated three hundred thousand dollars as the first donation towards the commencement of the noble new Catholic institution. With this fund for a basis the work is to be commenced forthwith. A board of inner governors will be named in the course of a week, and during the coming year the plan of a university for the higher educational purposes of the Catholic sects will take form and substance. It will draw its students and patronage from all parts of the country, and will be on same a total institution although under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of the diocese in which it may be situated. A committee of twelve bishops and laymen from different parts of the country, with Archbishop Gibbons at its head as chairman, was appointed by the Council to take the matter into consideration. The new university will be located in New York city or its vicinity.

Miss Caldwell, though a native of New York, is of Virginia parentage. Her father *—as many years ago a slaveholder in Virginia*—and her mother belonged to the distinguished Breckinridge family, of which Vice President John C. Breckinridge, and the late Rev. Robert Breckinridge were members. Miss Caldwell and her sister, who is with her in Baltimore, are the inheritors of a very large estate, estimated at three or four millions of dollars. The Misses Caldwell erected the convent of the Sacred Heart in Baltimore, and have been accumulating during their minority.

A Beautiful Holiday Present.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENTMENT. By one of the Pilgrims (Amelia Woodward Truesdell). Second Edition. San Francisco: Cubery & Co., Publishers, 1881.

We have already called the attention of our readers to this beautiful book of Christmas origin and manufacture, and we now feel we are only discharging our duty to a few weeks ago of getting our readers a few extracts from its pages so they may have a slight conception of the Catholic tone and literary excellence of the work. The poems are all written upon the Old Mission shrines of California, and in her descriptive verse the gifted author

"Tells like a bell of Spain, the Mission bell
Sounds through the valleys, and the echoes swell
Pulsations of every verse. Almost one can hear
Gregorian
Chants and angels and angelic in Holy Worship
Every grain, from royal sceptre to the shepherd's staff, wearied thee
In the end of a day, stars the Church has placed upon thy brow.
Pure jewels, of earth's sufficient joy and pain
Pain that also in God's own shadow
Joy that also in God's own shadow
Thou art the Mother of the shade."

In her allusion to the college of Guadalupe, this gifted author pours out her soul thus at Mary's shrine

"O the pain of a lone thrall, death mystic roses
Wave the Pains of Guadalupe, picture in a sorrow dewy,
Stands today as ever where her blessed feet made holy ground
And the bosom of Guadalupe throng the Moth of Sorrows."

Thus as above, our Lady's legends crown the tree of faith with grace,
And issue, as their sweet aroma, *life the hearts of men.*

When our fair Pilgrim reached the Mission of "Nuestra Senora de la Soledad," or "Our Lady of the Solitude," her muse seems to have been again inspired with love for the Mother of Sorrow, and she thus breathes forth her sympathy in poetic strains:

"Thou mournful Mother! standing, to the cross
Thine spear-pierced,
Where thy children Son was hanging when
Death's sword thy own heart rift."

Vain man's cry of *Stabat Mater*, wailing down the mournful years,
To rehearse thy living anguish and the meaning of thy tears.
If on earth one know thy woe, some mother like thyself is sorrowing,
Where with image for which lovers vain to seek world life pageantry.

Such with pale transfixed statue as then footle the struggling clay
Death and lifting hollow hands to heritage of Christ's day.

And to those they showest near the midst of thy stupendous pain,
Your agonized as the cry which rent the Temple's veil in twain.

Such alone hold thy baptism which may give thy blessed name,
Then who art the ideal Mother sacred to earth's boiled woe.

Lonely type of purest sorrow! Solitude thy fit ting shrine,
For thy grief and has neither for an equals such as thine.

And the face with woe transfigured tells from Mother's pale may, be a soul's sublime divine.

The selections will give our readers an idea of this beautiful Catholic tone which pervades the whole, and we hope that many hundred copies of the volume may be sent to friends afar as souvenirs of the holiday season of 1881.

We intended to lay before our readers in this issue Bishop McQuaid's instructive discourse during the Plenary Council upon the growth of the Church in the United States, but the great length has compelled us to lay it over until next week.

SOBRIETIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

How they were First Organized. Their Power for Spiritual Good. Their Honors in Imparting Individual Notable Men who Became Members.—Their Prosperity Blessed by the Pontiffs and Assured by the Queen at at Angels.

On last Thursday night the members of the Sodality of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, attached to St. Ignatius College, celebrated the 43rd anniversary of the establishment of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at which James H. Kelly Esq. for many years the Prefect of the Sodality, delivered a very interesting and instructive address upon the origin and spiritual benefits of Sodalities from which we make the following extracts for the benefit of those who are already members of these desirable Catholic organizations, as well as for those who are not members of any Catholic institution although under the jurisdiction of Sodality, by reading the passages of men who have kept that sacred society in existence.

It is by organizations within the control of the Church, and under her guidance, that we can be enrolled the evil influences of those condemned secret societies, and to bear other, as we have seen, upon the Church of success, due to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and the Sodalities of the Sodalities, the Sodalities, the Sodalities,

Poetry.

(For the Catholic Monitor.)

REDEMPTION THROUGH CHRIST.

For there is one God and one Mediator of God and Man, the man Christ Jesus. Who gave himself a Redemption for all.—1 Tim., ch. 2, v. 5.

Let us flee from the world's lavish glitter,
From its hollow of contentment and joy!
On the wings of a bright, blessed Fancy,
To a land that is distant away!
While the joys and the blessings of Christmas,
By chance are happily retolled!
Yet, for one let us stand to the Present—
Bring the Sun Christmas of old.

And, from on the other of morning,
Let the spirit come over for me,
To a land that is blessed of the Godman—
That sheltered his sweet infancy.
Bell! deep in the Bethlehem manger,
Let the spirit over passes in flight,
Let it bow in a meek adoration,
For God is a present to-night!

Aye! that rude and smooth little manger,
Present one to the dawning earth;
With the presence of God the sublime,
It is glorious! in its worth.
Lo, a mighty work is progressing,
The chain, oh spirit! and think—
The chains of the Past and the Future,
Are joined with a heavenly link.

The Past with its sins and its errors,
The Future made dread by the Past!
Are joined by a compact sublime,
For Redemption the Present offers at last!
And the souls that are lifted but for darkness,
And the souls that are near live for the same,
Are heard in the chanting of Heaven,
For Christ the Redeemer is born.

Redemption! must think of its meaning!
To the fore-ground of Earth
Its the money link Heaven—
On the day of our blest Saviour's birth.
Every moral is treasured, and Faith,
Wa lifted from Sin's governing,
And was born to regenerate and glory,
Was born to forgiveness and grace.

And, freed from the world's bitter slavery,
Has hopes for eternal reward!
For he knows that when God to the Exile,
He would live in the sight of the Lord!
Oh! God! what a boon thy Redemption,
Tis the golden star leading to on;
To a blissful existence in Heaven
Our duties all faithfully done.

To be ready at the Dawn to the Morning,
A Jesus Christ and the Stars to the Eve;
Tis the land of the Saints, divine saints,
Of the dew to each flower and bed.
For it wields a supernal influence,
Or anguish and waywardly strife;
Tis the shrine of our Faith and our hopes,
'Tis the spring of true Purpose in Life!

Alas! that the money of Heaven,
Should for ever be made black with sin!
And remain all unused and unheeded,
Ah, when we should be thinking of the Morning,
Dedicating the Sun's golden light;
Of the Sweet spirit, the Christmas-tide bright from
The crystalline dew of the night!

And what of the storm-driven seasons,
Who'd rather the heritance lately,
That to guide his wrecked vessel to safety,
By steering its course to the shoals;
Tis what shall we say of the dinner,
Who wrote the Sacred Scrolls,
And turns from the side and the Virtue,
To the false tempting scene of Vice!

Hold! Reason cries out "Its unnatural!
The Morning call long for the sun;
The dew that drops gently from Heaven,
Is unknown by Nature to one;
The Mariner lives at the Dawn of Life;
Then leaves the Sun for the Night;
And he knows when he takes the Heaven,
The many beauties of her delight!

Ah! Reason! how weak thy protection,
The scenes of earth must remain,
That the blood of a living Redeemer,
Has flowed for the Sin-stricken one,
The days of this fair Christmas morning,
Should be holy of joy or the feasting;
And a prayer of thanksgiving and gladness
Fro their souls to the Saviour arise.

But hope gently assures my sadness
"Let me think that Christ will unlock
The floodgates of His endless compassion
And a prayer of thanksgiving and gladness
From their sin-tainted soul never starts.

But hope gently assures my sadness
"Let me think that Christ will unlock
The floodgates of His endless compassion
And a prayer of thanksgiving and gladness
From their sin-tainted soul never starts.

For many has flowed back in vain,
The sweet of this fair Christmas morning,
Shall no balm of joy on their hearts;
And a prayer of thanksgiving and gladness
From their sin-tainted soul never starts.

But hope gently assures my sadness
"Let us trust on that Christ will unlock
The floodgates of His endless compassion
And a prayer of thanksgiving and gladness
And redemption shall guide us in safety,
To the realms of the sainted above!

A. Doyle.

The Newsboy's Story.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT. WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.

It was Christmas eve, that time of hustle and confusion, especially in a large city like New York; the weather was extremely cold, and thousands on the streets drew their wraps more closely about them and hurried on, never heeding the cry of a dark-eyed newsboy; despite the extreme cold the boy kept cheerily crying out his papers, but it seemed that fortune was against him.

After a while he left his place and sulked down the street to where a crowd had assembled around a hotel; here he had better luck and soon sold the greater part of his papers, then he walked away apparently satisfied that he had sold enough.

But he was soon again calling out his papers "Here's your Christmas number of the *Herald, Tribune* and *Times*," his cheery voice soon gained him more customers and in a short space of time he disposed of the rest of his stock, then he dodged into a baker's shop and soon came out with a bundle and started homeward.

He lived in one of the poor of New York do, in a tenement house. Ascending the rickety stairs he heard a weak voice calling "Is that you Jimmy?" "Yes Katie and I've brought you some breakfast," answered the boy entering the room, in one corner of which was a little girl of about seven years playing with a rag doll; she was very pale and looked as if recovering from sickness. "How are you this morning?" asked her brother kissing her pale cheek. "O, I am so much better and Mrs. Green took me up to-day." "See what I brought," said Jimmy, opening the bundle and displaying what needs Katie open her eyes, for hot rolls were a luxury she had not enjoyed very often in her short life. "But where did you get the money Jimmy?" she asked. "I sold every twenty-five papers this morning," and Jimmy proudly. "But let's have some breakfast," he added, with a hungry boy's appetite. While they are eating will tell you something about them.

First they were orphans, their parents having died a few years before, leaving the two children at the early age of eight and five; the neighbors wanted to put them in the orphan asylum or poor house, but Jimmy was a plucky little fellow and declared he made wheat Jimmy I'll be a man he could not support himself and Katie, and he had done so ever since, although it was very hard and he often want hungry himself that Katie, who was very delicate, might have the food she needed. At first he sold papers for other boys and received half of what he sold, but he soon found he would make more by selling for himself; besides this he often put little jobs of delivering parcels for a large store whose proprietor often bought a paper and took an interest in Jimmy. The neighbors also were very kind to the children and helped them all they could, for they were poor themselves. Mrs. Green, especially, who had no children and who had known the children's mother, helped them a great deal and took care of Katie when Jimmy was away, and in this way the children had managed up to the present time.

After breakfast Jimmy said in the home chopping kindling and doing other little chores for Mrs. Green said mom, then having had such a late breakfast he was not hungry and seeing Katie asleep he went out after telling Mrs. Green that he had gone to get something, to do to earn some extra money to buy a doll for Katie which she long wished for and which cost but half a dollar.

He walked rapidly along to the store of the merchant before mentioned, and found that as there was a large number of parcels to be delivered he had to earn a dollar before night, for though the merchant hired boys for the purpose of delivery, the flow of business was so great that there was plenty for Jimmy to do.

He worked hard all the afternoon and at 5 o'clock was paid his dollar, and ten more over if he would deliver one more parcel to the house of a gentleman who wished it delivered immediately. Jimmy, although he was in a hurry to get home was glad of the chance to get the money, for he knew how things there before and the gentleman always said a kind word, or gave him an extra dime, and as a dime was a thing not to be despised, Jimmy went now in the hopes of getting one, for he knew now was the time when people thought of the poor and liked to help them.

It was a long walk and he was so thinly clad that by the time he got there he was shivering with the cold; it was the lady of the house herself who opened the door and noticing how cold he looked made him come in to warm himself, for he seemed wanted him to stop and have some supper, but Jimmy said he could not for Katie would be fretting about him; then they wanted to know who Katie was, and before he knew it Jimmy was telling the whole story, which excited admiration and pity in the hearts of the listeners, and when Jimmy went home it was with a nice supper for himself and Katie and an invitation for both to eat their Christmas dinner at his new found friend's house. Jimmy told the lady how he wanted to get a doll for Katie and she generously gave him a dollar to get a nice one for Katie, saying that Jimmy was a happy boy when he went home, he found little Katie very anxious about him, but she was delighted when he told her of his good fortune.

When Katie was asleep, Jimmy stole out and soon returned with a large package, he slipped into Katie's stocking, for she was a firm believer in fairies, and in anyone hung by her stocking, then, after saying his prayers and adding an extra "Hail Mary" for the kind friends, he was soon in the land of dreams.

Meanwhile, at the house of the rich merchant, something was happening which made the servants old wish curiously, for such a thing as a Christmas tree had not been known in the house for twelve years but now there was a large one in the parlor and Mr. and Mrs. Clark, for that was their name, were hurrying to and fro, and when a servant who had been sent out came home loaded and went directly to the parlor, they were speechless with wonder. But not a thing could they learn although they asked every one enough to fill a book. Mr. Clark questioned enough to fill a book. Mr. Clark only laughed and wanked at his wife, who was looking better than she had for a long time. It was long after midnight before they went to repose now made so happy sweet.

Christmas morning dawned amid the ringing of church bells. The merry chimes awoke the children who at first could not answer that this was Christmas. Hardly was Katie awake before she ran to her stocking, and in a moment the little room was filled with joyful cries as she discovered some thing hidden in her doll, but a thought came which dampened her joy, she had a present and Jimmy had none. Mrs. Green had not forgotten him, but had taken a warm pair of boots for him, when their first joy was over Jimmy went to Mass with Katie warmly wrapped in Mrs. Green's shawl, and then they did justice to the nice breakfast which Jimmy had provided and Mrs. Green had cooked. At last the time came to go their friends' house. Katie was quite well, the exercise, etc., and have never heard if not overcome it. I bank on it.

"Speaking of paragraphs, how do English papers compare with American, in this respect? Why, sir, the Cincinnati Gazette, St. James Gazette, and *Truth*, abound in sharp, incisive paragraphs without wit. In general, American papers make the most of news, the London papers make the most of opinion."

WHAT STRUCK HIM.

The Mystery of a Deadly Attack Solved by a Newspaper Paragraph.

[Boston Herald.]

"How are Americans liked in England?" And Mr. H. F. Larrabee, of 42 Chester Square, as-director of the New York & Boston Dispatch Express Company, who has recently returned from a sojourn in London, answered, "If they have good recommendations and behave themselves they are well treated, but they will like the English people, any way, when acquainted with them, as I do myself."

"How do the English comp re with Americans?"

"Some of the finest looking men in the world can be seen on the pleasant days of the London Hyde Park, promenading Piccadilly. The English ladies, however, are neither so neat in appearance nor so graceful of form and movements as the Americans, but they seem to enjoy more robust health."

"Are English people longer lived than our people?"

"I don't know. I have not fully investigated. But I remember once hearing read a newspaper paragraph entitled 'Why do Englishmen live Longer than Americans?' That paragraph, by the way, once solved a great mystery for me.

"Ah, indeed, another tribute to the power of the press!" suggested the reporter.

"Yes if so you please to call it. In 1870 when I was residing at the Commonwealth Hotel, in the city, I had occasion to do some business in Washington street, Boston opposite the corner of Franklin, I seemed to feel a blow in the breast and fall to the pavement like a dead man. When I recovered consciousness I was taken to my room. I first thought I was shot by some enemy had struck me, but my physicians assured me that such could not be the case and advised strictest quiet. For six long weeks I was unable to be down. I was delirious ill, and my physicians said I would probably never walk the streets of Boston again. I did not want to die, but who can expect to live when all doctors say they can do for you? And Mr. Larrabee smiled, sarcastically, and expressed himself very freely concerning the number of nostrums and medicine which are consulted by remedies which physicians will not employ.

"But how about that paragraph?"

"Yes, yes. When I was obliged to sit up in bed day and night for fear of suffocation, and heartly expected death, my nurse begged the privilege of reading that paragraph to me. I refused him at first but he persisted. It described my condition so exactly, that for the first time I began to realize what had generated me. It was filled with a strange hope. I at once dismissed my physicians and immediately began Warner's safe cure. In a few months, I was restored to perfect health, notwithstanding my case was one of the worst possible cases of Bright's disease of the kidneys, which all my physicians—and I had the best specialists in Boston—said was incurable. I tell you, when a man gets into the desperate condition I was in, he doesn't forget what rescues him.

"But were the effects permanent?"

"That was five years ago," said Mr. Larrabee, "and for thirty years I have enjoyed as well as during the past five years. If I ever thought of what I do not, I would have checked the metter long ago, for it was in my system for years, revealing itself in my kidneys, by frequent attacks of chills, fever, vertigo, typhoid fever, nervousness, and all the ills that follow. After taking bottles before I got up and over one hundred and fifty before I was well. I have commenced that treatment in thousands of cases of general debility, kidney and liver disorder, etc., and have never heard ill consequences. I bank on it.

"Speaking of paragraphs, how do English papers compare with American, in this respect? Why, sir, the Cincinnati Gazette, St. James Gazette, and *Truth*, abound in sharp, incisive paragraphs without wit. In general, American papers make the most of news, the London papers make the most of opinion."

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7:15 A. M. | Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale | 10:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M. | Petaluma and Santa Rosa | 10:20 A. M.
7:15 A. M. | Guerneville | 5:00 P. M.
3:30 P. M. | Duncans Mills | 10:20 A. M.
Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Sebastopol; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Nichols, Upper Lake, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Clear Lake and Greenwood.
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The Commercial course has been established for the accommodation of those who wish to have a good practical education in as short a time as possible.
While proper care is bestowed on every branch taught in the College, our own language receives special attention. Its correct pronunciation, orthoepy, orthography, and its grammatical construction in Grammar, Dictionaries and Rhetoric, are publicly discussed and corrected in the classroom.
TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
(Payable half yearly in advance).
Board, Tuition and Washing.....$250 00
Bedding.....10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicine.....10 00
Stationery.....10 00
Use of Piano.....40 00
Music and Drawing form extra charges.
For further particulars address the President.
BRO. BETTELIN, President.
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME. Incorporated by the Legislature of California, 1868, chartered in 1876 by Act of the Legislature of the State of Illinois, and empowered to confer Collegiate Honors, is situated in Domestic Home, in the City of San Francisco.
The course of instruction embraces all the branches required by the scholastic year, and education, solid and ornamental.
TERMS:
Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per annum.....$250 00
EXTRA CHARGES.
Piano, with use.....$ 5 00
Vocal Music, Class.....20 00
Vocal Music, Private.....40 00
Drawing, per annum.....20 00
Painting in Oil, per annum.....20 00
Painting in Water Colors.....20 00
Physician's Fee (in case of sickness).....10 00
Use of Instrument in Music form extra charge.
SESSION BEGINS AUGUST 1.
Terms per month, payable at the beginning of each half session, or quarter.
Reference required.
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.
THIS INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1851, is pleasantly situated in the City of Marysville, and is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame.
Reference required. For terms and particulars address
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
Marysville, Cal.
Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
The home is the Novitiate of the order.
SISTER RAYMONDA GERARDINI, Prioress.
ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,
Conducted by the Christian Bros.
FIFTH STREET, BETWEEN BROADWAY AND ALLEN, OAKLAND, CAL.
THIS INSTITUTION IS A SELECT BOARDING and Day School for Young Gentlemen. It is pleasantly situated in the City of Oakland, and is noted for its healthfulness.
Terms and particulars address a stamp to the Brother Director.
The Scholastic year commences on the second Monday in August, and ends on the last Friday in June.
TERMS:
Boarding and Tuition, per month.....$ 25 00
Stationery, per month.....50
Washing, per month.....50
Bed and Bedding, per month.....50
Use of Bed, per month.....25
Use of Bath, per month.....25
Use of Text Books, per month.....25
Use of Stationery, per month.....25
Use of Piano, per month.....25
Use of Bedstead, per month.....25
Use of Chair, per month.....25
Use of Table, per month.....25
Use of Washing Utensils, per month.....25
Use of Bed Linen, per month.....25
Use of Table Linen, per month.....25
Use of Towels, per month.....25
Use of Bath Tub

Poetry

ON THE JORDAN.

CROSSING THE STREAM.

Two pilgrims at the closing of the day
Had halted by a wild and swollen stream;
Upon whose farther bank a rude and
A light from shepherd's home did brightly gleam.

They could not pass the stream, it was swollen so,
And neither could they safely make retreat
To where they shelter found some hours ago.
Now cold, and hungry, as with weary feet

And ill were madness nearly thus to cary,
Rather than cross stream, he resolved to call
For poorly shod, and thinly clad was he;
And the sighs sore were hoarse, and chill.

Then on the ground knelt down the weary pair,
And the Heaven still would be their refuge
And God will always listen to the prayer
Of those who trustingly in Him confide.

On the far bank a something seemed to move
As I now as aged shepherd came in sight,
Then cried: "Lean on a do cross with me, poor
Oh, stranger, pilde our wandering steps aright.

The aged shepherd showed the pilgrims where
They should the swollen stream they safely
And thus he hoisted to the weary rale
The trail which they since early morn had set.

And then he spoke: "The sight spare doth
Oh, pilgrim, turn and by my side
Where I shall hasten they followed to his home
Where they remained until the dawn of day.

At morn spoke Padre Serra: "I would know
Why was it at that late hour of the night
Thou on swollen river you did go
And save in to our very world plight?"

"I cannot say," the shepherd quietly,
"I cannot as if it were a spirit voice
That made me to arise and go, as
Arose and went, nor had I any choice."

The grateful pilgrims thanked their host and took
Their leave of him, and as they left the door
Spoke Padre Serra this: "When I did look
Dear Palou, on that shepherd's kindly face

"I seemed to think that I was gazing on
The angel fair, who, when the hour was late,
Came in the cell to Peter and to John.
And led them safely past the prison gate."

R. E. WHITE.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
-FROM-
IRELAND.

A New Move Against Limerick.

The Government shrinks from making martyrs of the Limerick cotteriers by imprisoning them for the city indebtedness, which they refuse to pay. It will introduce instead, during next February, a bill to collect the entire price taxes which are in question by a direct tax, thus solving the difficulty.

It is a good sign when the English Government "shrinks from making martyrs" in Ireland. We hope the day for Irish political martyrs has passed. Ed. Monitor.]

Parnell's Efforts to Please Chester.

The London correspondent of an Eastern paper says that the public clamor over the status of the new home rule party has been so strongly in favor of a thorough and vigorous policy that Parnell feels the necessity of giving to the country a considerable number of public building industry, which is now suffering terribly. Mr. Parnell is trying to keep up the work given to the Belfast yards, and with good results of success. The world strengthen his hands in Ulster. The best Irish politicians estimate that even the governmentor of Ireland in making new districts cannot reduce the National strength in the next House of Commons below seventy, and the ordinary distributing bill give from five to ten more. It is also advised that there is no truth in the statement that Mr. Parnell has decided to stand for Dublin. He will probably remain with Cork.

Lord Bipon to Succeed Earl Spencer.

LONDON, Dec. 3.—*Pensky Post* is authority for the report that Lord Bipon, ex-Governor General of India, and who is a Catholic, has consented, at St. Thomas' suggestion, to accept the office of Viceroy of Ireland, succeeding Earl Spencer, this Parliament, to secure the necessary legislation, which will probable the right of a Roman Catholic to hold the office.

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LONDON, Dec. 3.—Much progress is reported to have been made of late in the study of the Irish language in the national school-book firm in Ulster this just issued more than 1,000 copies for use in side-schools in the national schools. Hitherto the use has been on a subsidy of 100.

Dramatic Incident at a Lecture in Dublin.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—A dramatic incident occurred this evening at a public lecture in Dublin. The lecturer recited "Shamus O'Brien," and graphically described the scaffold scene. Just at the most thrilling part of the recital a placard strick rang out from the body of the hall, and a woman was seen struggling in hysterics. Confusion ensued for a few minutes, but it was found impossible to restrain her frantic cries, and she was carried from the auditorium, the lecture concluding the hall to a drug-shop, where restorative were applied. It was found she received consciousness by saying that she was a sister of "Jim Shamus," who was hanged for complicity in the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park.

Bad Health at a Returning Emigrant.

Amongst the passengers who landed the Cunard steamer Boston, recently, were Mr. and Mrs. Fisher and her sister, who were returning to Ireland with the intention of settling at Waterford, near York. Mr. Fisher left the sisters went to America about two years since, and worked for a time in the State of Massachusetts, close to Boston. Both visited the climate very probably, but Anne suffered terribly from sea-sickness and during the passage was unable to keep her bath. On Nov. 27, the Samaria arrived at Queenstown, and the sick woman was removed to the tender. It was noticed that she was in a very weakly state, and she was landed at Queenstown, when the tender left for the shore, fainted, and died in the tender, having died on the voyage. Her friends had the remains taken on to Cork.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—On Nov. 21, Mr. Abraham Jones, who was born in Belfast Mr. Isaac C. Brady, late, is a Magistrate for the counties of Down and Armagh.

Antrim.—On Nov. 21, an establishment for the attribute sale of Australian imported Irish meat opened in Belfast. The premises are throughout throughout the day with purchasers.

Carlow.—On November 17, at the Carlow County Infirmary, Martin Doyle, aged 70 years, a native of Ballyknockan, the result of injuries caused by falling from a car, on the 10th of October, on Carlow Bridge.

Cavan.—On Nov. 19th, Rev. Mother Mary Paul Mac Cartan, Cavan, died. She had been ill for some weeks. She was in her religious profession.

Clare.—Mr. James Lynch, younger son of the late Mr. John Lynch, of Lavoy, has passed the preliminary examination for Sandhurst competition recently held at the Four Courts, Dublin.

The Mr. Isabella (Grady) died at the residence of her sister, Hon. Mrs. Ball, Fort Ferrow, on November 19.

Cork.—Jeremiah O'Callaghan, of 52 and 53 Alan Cosgrave road, Cork, bitter for a publican, grocer, and produce dealer, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

There is a project for a railway from Cork to Carnew Bend, on the world's of great value to a very important district. Capital and labor are to be employed in connection with it, promising the greatest benefit to the city where the bulk is absorbed.

Never did Christmas Breakfast return from a successful foray against the Botcher with such fear as Mr. F. S. Fitzgerald entered his native City, on November 17. A conqueror might be proud of such a welcome as his young friends and fellow-citizens extended to him. To the music of bands, and the dashing flash of torches, the people poured down in thousands to the railway station, and when the train came in Mr. Blunder was recognized and again to their evident chagrin, he stepped from the train and was borne on their shoulders to the carriage which was drawn through the streets by his admirers, the horses having been taken from the shafts.

Sligo.—The Barrmore National League, county Donegal, on November 18, received a letter from Mr. Parnell, in connection with the branch, stating his excellent letter for another year's work given to the Belfast yards, and with good results of success. The world strengthen his hands in Ulster. The best Irish politicians estimate that even the governmentor of Ireland in making new districts cannot reduce the National strength in the next House of Commons below seventy, and the ordinary distributing bill give from five to ten more. It is also advised that there is no truth in the statement that Mr. Parnell has decided to stand for Dublin. He will probably remain with Cork.

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From Ballymacarrett this is recorded a place

(I regularly assemble collaborate. During the labors of Lent in union with the Redemptorist fathers in that church, which, we need not congratulate ourselves. Their behavior, which was terrible, reached the climax when they discharged their revolvers in the direction of the church, perforating the windows with bullets. According to the editor of the clergymen, the Catholics made old and relatively yet the radical religion "religious toleration" with a vengeance.

Shinkin.—The jubilee of the Catholic Cathedral of Dublin (which was consecrated in Nov., 1865,) has just been celebrated. In 1834, the site of the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Mulgrave), was a Catholic, and was present. It was the first time since the Reformation that the Catholic Church had ventured to celebrate Dublin with a procession. Then called chapels were low and mostly in back streets.

James Carey, late of Kilmainham Jail, in Dublin, on November 20, a public entertainment appeared in Dublin daily on Nov. 17, with the intimation that a public meeting would be held before the Chief Clerk, at the Four Courts, Dublin, on Tuesday, the 19th day of December, 1884, for the proof and alimonies of debts. Take and a berkshire evidence in dispute for the notorious informer. "Late of Kilmainham." Is a boon to others, "Late of Queen Elizabeth" would be a still more feasible way. Carey, Lord Cavendish, Carey, Spilleroon to the Lord Mayor, Carey, Lord Cavendish, Carey, and made a hard fight to preserve himself by the destruction of his dupes.

Galway.—On November 15, a deputation, consisting of Colonel Nolan, M.P., Mr. Mitchell-Henry, M.P., Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Dublin, M.P., accompanied by Mr. Gray, M.P., waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Gorman, to urge the desirability of an advance of a sum of £50,000, at a specially reduced rate of interest, for the purpose of constructing the long-talked of Longford and Athenry Railway. Colonel Nolan fully explained the special circumstances of the case, and urged the great advantage that the line would be, not only to the immediate district, but to the whole western Ireland. It would be the first line of railway to be built in Ireland, and would be the special outlet for the Midland Railway, instead of one giving the Midland Railway access to Galway, and the Great Western Railway, which the Lord Lieutenant could only permit a guarantee for the line. Mr. Gray, and Mr. Mr. Childers promised to give the matter his best consideration, remarking that there would be difficulties in the way of establishing a precedent such as that proposed.

Kildare.—The long-delayed ceremony of Reception took place in the Convent of Mercy, Carrickmacross, on November 19th, the young lady received being Miss Julia Keeley, daughter of Kildare in religion, Sister Mary Pecius.

Kilmy County.—The ceremony of reception took place on Wednesday, November 19, at Mount Rose, Dr. Ryan, in the Rev. Mother Mary Ignatius, Superior, presiding. The young lady received was Miss Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Michael Cahill, Ballycross House, Kilkenny, and sister of Lady Lanesborough.

An old man, 80 years of age, named Ryan, was accidentally burned to death at Clonbiffin near Roscagher, on November 18.

Kilkenny.—On November 16th, a fire broke out in a building attached to the Union workhouse, Kilkenny, and timber was burned. The police were the first to discover the flames and the alarm being quickly sounded, several willing hands were ready to assist in extinguishing the fire, which was done in about two hours. The damage, which is estimated at £100, is covered by insurance.

Kerry.—Stephen Franklin Downing, Esq., of Castle Gregory, has been appointed by the Commission of the Peace for Kerry.

Four men, named Michael Sullivan, Noonan, Richard Rice and Thos. Sullivan, were arrested at Knocknagree, on Saturday, by Sergeant Gallagher, a farmer, residing in the district. The prisoners were taken to the Mill Street Bridge. The deceased, with the prisoners, had been at Knocknagree Fair, and on the way home they drank pretty freely. They quarrelled in a public house at the corner of the road, and were ejected. In moving the fight on the road, Gallagher was struck with a stone and received fatal injuries. The prisoners were remanded, bail bonds refused.

Leitrim.—At a recent sessions of the Mohill Board of Guardians, presided over by Major Jones, J. P., a letter was read from Mr. Mitchell, solicitor of James Gormally Lawder, D. L., were received.

On November 11, at Drumshanbo, county Leitrim, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock gave the habit of the Sacred Heart to Miss Kate Sheridan, Adoration to Miss Kate Shanacher in religious Sacred Mary Frances of St. John the Evangelist, fourth daughter (second in religion) of the late Mr. Patrick Shanacher, Tullyvin.

The following interesting letter was received by the Rev. Mother Superior, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Longford, on Sunday, November 9, on the subject of the Jubilee celebration:—"Dear Mother, we must follow the precedent of a holy Jubilee, which, in the Jubilee of 1825, was marked by the use of intoxicating drinks at wakes. The Bishop wish to prohibit the presence of any people of either sex, in the house of death, after a short or before eleven. He also wishes to prohibit

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS BELL.

"A star shall rise and a king shall reach, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel."

Christmas bells are sweetly chiming
O'er the gay expanse of sea,
Freighted with the glad tidings of message,
'Peace on earth' and peace to thee.

Over hills and snow wreathed valleys,
Over mountain's rugged fold,
Where the star of Jacob trembled—
O'er the manger, so of old.

Where the palm is green uplifting,
Where the olive branches wave,
Seek we in that silent stable
Him, who came to save.

As the Gloria in Excelsis
Floats on high, for souls to day,
With the shepherds eager wend we
Where the Infant Saviour lay.

Bringing gifts, e'en as the magi,
Shall our souls outpour them hence,
Love offering, Christian greeting,
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense.

Christmas bells to-day are chiming
Sweetly o'er life's troubled sea,
Freighted with the white-wing'd message,
'Peace on earth,' and peace to thee.

THE CARDINAL'S CHRISTMAS

As Seen by a Cabman and a Constable.

How a Prince of the Church Missed His Christmas Dinner—A True Story.

I.—THE CAB'MAN'S REPORT.

"Michael Edward, by the grace of God, and the favor of the Apostle See, Archbishop of Holdenses, and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Rose on the Tiberine Hill.

This, as I have learned, is the full title, *mutatis mutandis*, of the gentleman concerning whose actions on the 25th of December, 187-, I have been requested to give an account so far as I saw them. I am only a cabman, and am not an educated person—not to avoid misunderstanding, I must explain that in using the phrase *mutatis mutandis*, I say what was laid down for me by one who for a long time has honored me by his friendship, and who, although now living in obscurity—that is the term he used to describe his lodgings in Midland Mews—was a graduate, with high honors, at Camford University, and knows all the dead languages better than I know my mother-tongue. Having been shown why, in this story I have to tell, it would be wise to conceal the real names of the parties, I consulted my learned friend aforesaid how to do it, and he drew out the above formula, as he called it, which he said held the sense of *mutatis mutandis*. I suppose you all know what this means—and so I can go on.

Well—that "Michael Edward, by the grace of God," and so on, is, in fact, a very great personage. My learned friend has explained to me something about this, and although my learned friend, unhappily for himself, is not a religious man, and occasionally indulges in expressions concerning monkeys as our ancestors, which I do not approve of, he made it clear to me that this "Michael Edward, by the grace of God," was not merely a priest and a Bishop, but a "great prince" in the Church, which has always existed in the world, and of which the Pope is the head." My grandmother was an Irish woman, and I can remember hearing her pray for the Pope, and saying, "God bless our Holy Father, the Pope. When I told this to my learned friend he laughed,—he was talking my to found the gin hot, at my expense, in the private bar of the 'Cabman's Content,' at that moment—and he said that as my grandmother died fifty years ago, the Pope she was praying for was not the present Pope. Seeing my look grieved at this, he added that it was all the same, and although there had been 259 Popes, one after the other, they all were the same, and, if I did not misunderstand him, he said they all were Peter. This is a point that I intend to look into as soon as I have time—that is, I suppose, as soon as I have my arm or leg broken and am laid up in the hospital for a few weeks. But I learned enough from my learned friend to know that "Michael Edward is a prince of God" was in reality a greater potentate than any of the dukes and lords of the land, and that I was in what my learned friend called "the line of succession," by which he meant, as he explained, that "Michael Edward by the grace of God" might be made Pope himself, on the death of the present Pope, and to be Pope was to be the grandest and highest ruler on earth—"the ruler," he said, "of more than two hundred millions of willing and loving souls." I remember his words well, and I am sure that I repeat them correctly.

All this, however, I learned after I had seen "Michael Edward by the grace of God," and how I came to see him is what you wish me to tell you. I think I have never seen a more miserable day than the Christmas of 187-. There was first a rain storm, then a fall of wet snow; and another rain that turned the snow into slush; and then a thick fog—so thick that when I left my cab on the stand for a moment and went into the nearest public-house to have a drop of something hot to keep the cold from freezing up my heart, I lost my way in coming back and had some difficulty in finding my cab again. I was the only one on the stand; all my mates had gone off swearing that no fares were to be had on such a night, and that they were not willing to sit on their boxes and starve to death with cold and wet. I should have gone too, but the day's work had been bad, and I had not earned enough to pay my master for the hire of the horse and cab, and it had been dark, along of the fog and the shortness of the day, for more than an hour. My cab-rank was close to the Alexandra Station, and at the corner of the Hollbatterige road. Very near this street, as I afterwards came to know, was the "Archbishop's House." I did not know it then, for I had recently taken my place at this stand and was not well acquainted with the houses of the gentry in that neighborhood. Well, just as I had got back to my cab, and had climbed up to my seat, and was wrapping my blanket around my legs, to my delight I heard a gentleman hail me. "Cabby!" he cried. It was only one word—but it pierced through the fog like the sound of a silver bell. I seized the rains and drew up to the side of the pavement, close to the gas lamp, under which I dimly saw the figure of a gentleman. As I came up he moved a little, so that the light fell full on his face. Such a face! I took off my hat involuntarily, as soon as I saw it—it was so noble, so sweet, so grand and so sad. I did not know all this, to put it in words, at the moment, but I felt it, and I have thought so often since then that I now know how to put it in words. I jumped down to open the door for him. He was a tall, slim, very slim gentleman, and he was wrapped up in a long cloak that nearly reached his feet. "Cabby," said he, in the voice that sounded like a silver bell, "please drive to Mounthollland House, and go quickly. I am rather behind my time." His foot was on the step when a person who was hurrying past at a great rate suddenly stopped, took his hat off, and rushing in between us, was about, as I thought, to knock down at the feet of my fare—but a quick motion of the latter prevented him. Some hurried words passed between them; I stood aside, that I might lay my fair—whom the other one addressed as "your Eminence"—say that he had given his servants leave of absence for the day, and was going to Mounthollland House "in his equipage," whereby he meant my cab. "And I am late now; so pardon me and I'll be off." The other spoke something in French, or some other outlandish lingo; my fare jumped into the cab, and mounting to my seat I drove off.

Now, there is a long out and a short cut from Alexandra Station to Mounthollland House. The long cut is by the main road, by past the Museum through the park, and along the High Street. The short cut is through Satter's lane, behind the museum and across St. Swithan's fields—the said "fields" being, as you know, a neighborhood of narrow streets, crammed with old houses, and having the reputation of being inhabited by thieves, loose women and bad characters generally. I was anxious to please my fare and get him to Mounthollland House quickly; and if I was anxious on my own account to do the job speedily, for the fog had thickened and the cold of it went to the very marrow of my bones. So I took the short cut, and drove on at a sharp trot, although the fog was so thick that I could not see from one lamp-post to another. I forgot to say that I was driving a blind horse; they are the only ones you can safely use on a foggy day; a horse that can see at all won't go faster than walk through a thick fog, and sometimes he won't go at all.

We had got safely through Satter's lane, and I was just turning the corner into St. Swithan's fields—the fog then seemed to have doubled itself together, and to be twice as thick as before—when I ran over a man! He was rushing across the road in front of us, the horse struck him with his off shoulder; he fell like a log, and horse and cab went over him. I stopped my cab, and jumped down off my box. But I scarcely stopped when there, at the side of the cab, stood the man. He was an enormous fellow, and I could see that he was a navvy—one of the navvies, I knew, who came from the North, where they have been working on railways and such like, and go to Spain for digging sewers and other fancy and delicate work of that kind. He was very quick in his movements. With one blow of his great fist he smashed the glass in the window of the cab, and put three shillings and eight pence for it, out of the sovereign that my fare gave me when it was all over;—then he tore open the door with his hand all bleeding from the blow, and he broke glass, and before I could jump down he had seized my fare and dragged him out of the cab. The two men stood face to face on the muddy and slippery pavement.

"Curse you!" cried the navvy, in a hoarse voice: "curse your proud soul! Driving in your fine carriages to your junketings and merry-makings, and running over poor men as if they were pigs or mud! Curse you! I'll teach you better!"

And he raised his right arm—he had been holding some blow in the air—and struck a blow at him that would have killed an ox.

I never saw anything like it! My fare turned the stroke aside from him as easily as I would blow away a fly! Leaning back, he did it was a mystery to me until an old weasened broken-down boxing-master showed me his trick one day, and said that forty years ago they knew that trick at Oxbridge University—and the moment the navvy was lying on his back in the mud. My fare helped him up, and said, very quietly:

"Now you are not hurt at all. We are sorry to have stopped you. You were running in haste. What is the matter?"

"Master," said the man—making a motion to pull off his hat, but finding he had none on his head, it having been picked up by myself out of the mud, and I then being engaged in cleaning it by knocking it against the wheel—"Master, I humbly ask your pardon, but I was running to find a priest for a dying woman. Though what use a priest can be to her can't see. I suppose it is the same as a parson, and that my mates and their wives and sweethearts have to be had on such a night, and that they were not willing to sit on their boxes and starve to death with cold and wet. I should have gone too, but the day's work had been bad, and I had not earned enough to pay my master for the hire of the horse and cab, and it had been dark, along of the fog and the shortness of the day, for more than an hour. My cab-rank was close to the Alexandra Station, and at the corner of the Hollbatterige road. Very near this street, as I afterwards came to know, was the "Archbishop's House." I did not know it then, for I had recently taken my place at this stand and was not well acquainted with the houses of the gentry in that neighborhood. Well, just as I had got back to my cab, and had

FEEDING THE BIRDS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

more, after winding through a narrow lane and passing a mews, our strange guide stopped at the door of a tumble-down house, or rather of a house, kept from falling only by being propped up on each side by shortings. The fog had cleared off a little; the faint light of the moon showed us the house. In the upper story of it, out of a broken window, we saw the haggard face of a man, peering into the gloom. At the same moment a police officer, who was walking on the opposite side of the street, crossed over and hurried to the door of the cab.

"What is this?" he said, roughly, then lifting his bull's-eye lantern he glanced into the cab.

"It is all right, officer," said my fare, "I have come to a dying woman here; I am a priest."

"It is a den of thieves, sir," said the officer. "Perhaps they have put up a job for you. Why, sir," he added in a whisper, which I heard plainly enough, "they would think nothing of knocking you on the head to get the ring."

The hand of my fare was on the door of the cab, and the light of the officer's lantern fell upon it. On one of his fingers was a ring with a green stone set round with white cross—they sparkled like the stars in the sky.

"I am quite safe," said my fare; "I am a priest, and have come to see a dying woman."

By this time he had got out of the cab and had taken the navvy by the arm. "Show me where she is," said he; and they disappeared together.

II.—THE POLICEMAN'S REPORT.

Knowing the character of Moody's Gang, I was strictly ordered from Inspector Fox special instructions to watch most carefully that neighborhood, and "to do my duty to look after the safety of the gentleman who, as described by the cabman, was stationed at the door, and, want into the worst building in the row, in the charge, as it appeared to me, of a man who will not hesitate to kill him for twopence. The man led the gentleman up to the third floor of the house, and I followed softly. A door was opened—they entered; I softly pushed the door so that I could see what was going on and be ready to act when occasion called. The room was crached. On a low bed in the corner a woman was dying; I have seen many deaths, and I know she was at her last gasp. Her face was terrible; she seemed to be in her last agony. A man stood by her bedside; as the door opened he moved a little, but he still held her hand in his. The gentleman threw his cloak and hat on the floor, and advanced to the woman. "I am a priest," he said. The man dropped on his knees; the woman attempted to rise, but fell back again upon the wretched bed. The priest whispered a few words to the man, he rose and moved to the door. I left my place of observation and he joined me in the dark hall, closing the door behind him. We waited in silence for some minutes; then the door opened and the priest beckoned us to enter. The woman's face was changed; she was dying and she knew it; but there was no more agony nor fear to be seen in her countenance. The priest knelt at the foot of the bed; the man fell on his knees at the bedside; and the dying woman placed her hand in his. The priest began to recite what I took to be the prayers for the dying. I remembered some of the words, although they are Latin, of which I know nothing; and when I reported the case to Inspector Fox he took cleaning it by knocking it against the wheel—Master, I humbly ask your pardon, but I was running to find a priest for a dying woman. Though what use a priest can be to her can't see. I suppose it is the same as a parson, and that my mates and their wives and sweethearts have to be had on such a night, and that they were not willing to sit on their boxes and starve to death with cold and wet. I should have gone too, but the day's work had been bad, and I had not earned enough to pay my master for the hire of the horse and cab, and it had been dark, along of the fog and the shortness of the day, for more than an hour. My cab-rank was close to the Alexandra Station, and at the corner of the Hollbatterige road. Very near this street, as I afterwards came to know, was the "Archbishop's House." I did not know it then, for I had recently taken my place at this stand and was not well acquainted with the houses of the gentry in that neighborhood. Well, just as I had got back to my cab, and had

THE MEET IN THE SNOW.

"I Have Come Home to Die, Frank"

Having been asked to tell a story, and wishing, if possible, to oblige on this night, of all the good nights in the year, I will—having no story worth telling at hand just now—relate to you and our good friends assembled around this roaring Christmas fire, a little something, which I call one of my own experiences, and which I believe it does me no harm to remember.

Ten now many years since, in the waning light of a bleak evening in December, I sat at the bedside of my young wife, whose cheeks and eyes betray, alas! the sad and despairing gaze the spoiling throes of the little sufferer that lay within. My pretty one had but two days before been stricken down, in all the joy of her young life, by the fell plague scarlatina, and yet, so direful were its effects, that on the evening I speak of she lay but awaiting the dread messenger. Wise and learned physicians had come and gone, after having presented and had tried every remedy known to science without avail; and nothing now remained to do but watch in hopeless woe the hour of our darling's departure. Her poor mother, my ever gentle wife, had yielded to the weariness consequent upon the sleepless attention said by her during the preceding days and nights to her suffering babe, and, unperceived by friends had retired for a brief period to rest. So, thus it came about that I sat alone by my darling's bed on that dreary winter evening.

The shadows had deepened into darkness, but through the as yet uncurtained windows I could see the snow falling silently and fast into the almost deserted streets. I held a little hand within my own, a throbbing little hand—and imagining at the moment that I felt a slight pressure, I bent down over the suffering face.

"Darling pipa."

"My love, my Lilly."

"Before the lights—come in—papa I want—to speak to—you."

I put my ear to her tiny, quivering mouth, and waited for what was coming; there was a moment's silence then, in an anxious whisper, she asked:

"Papa, am I going to die?"

"My precious darling," I answered, "what put such a thought into my Lily's head?"

"I don't know, papa, but I think I am." Then, as if a new idea had crossed her mind, she quickly added: "You know, papa, I have heard—for we as that good little children become angels in heaven, and that the angels at one time, long, long ago, went to meet and welcome a child that was born in a stable."

I felt my throat becoming dry and harsh as I listened to the whisper of my baby, and it was with some effort that I found voice to reply.

"Well, my Lilly."

"When is it Christmas Day, papa?"

"Day after to-morrow, love."

"And I was—born—to-day," she continued, as if the thread of her discourse had not been broken by her thinking of I were to die now—to-night, you know, and that I—go to meet—the angels—with the—other children, I would be upon Christmas Day, and that before—we were put—into the ground—the angels that—spoke of, and—said the child that was lad in the manger."

"God help me—God help me—I shall all my reason in the contemplation of my little child.

"Oh, papa dear, don't cry—don't—think of—my own darling papa"—and she made an effort to stroke my face with her little hand.

"My own, own Lilly," said, though with broken utterance, "you—you will be a bright, lovely angel in heaven, and when you are, sure you will never forget your poor papa?"

"Never" she answered, solemnly, "never—never—never—I will pray for Uncle Willy, too, papa dear," she continued, "that he may be a good man, and not—not—be a soldier any more, and then you'd forgive him, and when he comes the next time—you'd not make him go—for him, wn? she anxiously inquired.

"No, love, never, never, ask what you wish, I will promise you anything, anything."

"Ah, thanks for me," said the child, wearily, "only for yourself and mamma and Uncle Willy."

I felt the sufferer's reproach to my selfishness, but little heed I now to lived over it, for feeling a trembling pressure on my hand, I again bent over the little face.

"My Lilly, what is it?"

"Let in the light."

I rang, and the lights were immediately brought, then I turned to draw the curtains of the window together, when my infant's gaze drew back again to her bedside, and then I saw it—all, all, the change that was to come.

"Papa, my own papa, kiss Lilly—and—bid her good-bye; she is going—into the snow."

Silently, yet hastily, I rose and did my child's last request; then, entering on the spot to the room where lay her mother, I whispered, "Catherine, get up." In an instant she was over on her feet, all dazed and startled.

"If ever," I said laying my hand on the arm of the frightened woman, "you have looked forward to the time when an humble obedience to my decree of means would be most strictly required of you, dearest, by the who gave and taketh away—that time is at hand."

"Ah, God, my little child."

"Hush, Catherine, hush! I know—I know—all my sorrow."

We entered. Ah, mothers—ah fathers, ye who have known what it is to have little ones given unto you—ye only can understand the unfathomable woe which filled our hearts, and ye only can pity and excuse our sad questioning of the Most High.

Pale—pale, and cold enough now, she lay, rapidly chilling in a death-damp, the half-opened mouth she closing the quivering agony of our darling, her upturned eyes beaming with the tears of her supreme sorrow her hair—her golden curls, once in glory, my pride, my boast.

"Ah, my heart—

Five minutes after and we had humbly and reverently bent down and kissed the little white face, never more to be lighted up in bright joy at the sight of us. Then, brave as a soldier on the battlefield, my gentle Catherine stood up to face her sorrow.

How many times that woeful night I kissed my dead darling, and how while they wrapped her in her snowy grave-clothes—fit type for her angelic innocence—I would not be kept from her little room, and how the many flowers, with which they decked her, purely pure, seemed to my heart heavy over my head, I would utterly forget them, and how I stretched her tiny hand, and smoothed those glorious golden curls of hers, it is not for me to say. Suffice it, that that weary night was passed by me in wandering from the room of the bereaved mother, to that which held all that remained to me of what was once my hope, my pride, and joy, and when at last the blank, miserable day stared in upon me there alone, I laid my white face on the tidy white bed, and the memory of my great woe bade me for a time farewell.

I must have slept long, for when I awoke the shadows had begun to darken around me. I peered into the twilight revelings inquisitively, and found I was not alone—no, for there, sitting by the side of my patient wife, was he, my brother, once the light, now the disgrace of our house—that brother who had broken the gentle heart of a doting mother—he, the wanderer, the forger, the—dare he—for love of whom a sweet, alas! too confiding girl, slept deep under the waving grass of the lonely chapel yard—he, to whom in my great wrath, I had sworn eternal enmity, and had forbidden my house forever—there he sat, pale and sorrowful, bending on me a look so penitent, so humble, so woebegone, that even now I feel my heart relenting to him. But was it reading my wife was, or how came the sound to my ear that "two men went up to the temple to pray, one the Pharisee and the other a Publican—and that one prayed with a loud voice, and the other, kneeling lowly and far off, striking his breast murmuring lowly, "O, Lord, be merciful unto me a sinner!" I know not, but I sprang up with a loud cry, and in the memory of my child, who died upon the cross, took the erring yet contrite brother to my heart.

"Arise dear."

I was the voice of my wife that had whispered—I know not my ear, and I felt to know that the return of my brother had been but the phantom of my over-strained imagination.

Then I arose, and taking the hand of my wife, I leaned with her upon the cold face of our dead love, and solemnly and calmly I spoke:

"Sweet mother, our angel child, the lost is a sacred trust to the hapless father. Yes, the child—the child—be sought out, and the last of my days shall be rendered as happy as the circumstances will admit of."

We buried our little beauty, as she bore the name of her aunt, on the night of the holy Christmas morning, the snow had ceased to fall during the night, and the moon, the last night we spent in our house, shone out upon the cold face of our dead love, and solemnly and calmly I spoke:

"Sweet mother, our angel child, the lost is a sacred trust to the hapless father. Yes, the child—the child—be sought out, and the last of my days shall be rendered as happy as the circumstances will admit of."

We buried our little beauty, as she bore the name of her aunt, on the night of the holy Christmas morning, the snow had ceased to fall during the night, and the moon, the last night we spent in our house, shone out upon the cold face of our dead love, it began to fall silently and softly on the tiny coffin lid. We had laid our little one down to her last earthly home, and here is little Nelly dying of hunger, and to-morrow Christmas Day."

John turned on his wretched couch, and groaned. The wife turned her face in the counterpane, and wept, whilst little Nelly cried:—

"Oh, mamma, I am dying; I can't see, my eyes are weak; I'm hungry, mamma, I'm hungry; Oh, give me bread."

A child of about twelve months old lay beside its father; it had sucked some nourishment from its mother's breast, yet that mother was fast dying of hunger.

"We cannot hold till out morning, John," sobbed the mother.

The father groaned, and wept like a child. Little Nelly was still; she had fallen asleep. The exhausted child lay in her arms; the poor little thing's head fell back.

The door was not fastened, and Bill and Charley stood on the floor unperceived, watching this scene. A single rushlight glimmered in the corner.

There was no rule-by-the-clock in this mess tree. Bill hastily uncorked a bottle of wine, and took the child and poured some of it down its throat; it revived. The father and mother looked upon them; their hearts were so full they could not speak.

Charley took some bread and meat and some wine to the sick man, and bade him eat. Mrs. Beaty joined her husband, and Nelly, too, was soon able to eat.

"God bless you, Mr. Charley; we were dying, and could not live until morning," said the poor woman, "but for you."

"And to-morrow Christmas Day," said Charley; "but fear not, papa has sent you word that he will support you until you get well, and then find you in work."

"I will not repeat their expressions of gratitude, but Charley left Bill and Bill rubbed his sleeve across his eyes, and said, "I reckon I'd be would give a shilling a week out of my own earnings to them. Could Dives, from his happy home and warm fireside take a peep at the sadness and priests of the poor, he might remember that these are Christmas times, and give abundantly, for the sake of the Babe, Mary's child, born in the little ones.

As Charley and Bill returned home, they did not feel the rain and the storm that swept around them. Their way lay near the sea, for Mr. Lindly's land extended to the shore.

"Stop, Bill, Stop!" said Charley, "I think I hear shouts from the sea."

Bill listened; he did hear shouts and shrieks rising above the warring elements. Then the sound of a gun came booming toward the shore.

"It is a wreck, Master Charley. Oh! God help them! they have little chance of escaping."

They ran to the house and called all the servants. They procured all lights and blankets they could, and then, headed by Squire Lindly, they ran to the shore. Ah! that vessel was a wreck, and, as the gun fired, *Belle Lorraine*, bound for Sydney, was lost! Not a soul aboard had the faintest hope of meeting those they loved, of sharing in the Christmas festivities. There were joyful anticipations. Wives, brothers, and sisters kept the yule-log burning, and the Christmas-tree was prepared for the happy meeting. Ah! the ocean surge was their shroud, and the howling and roaring raging elements was their funeral dirge.

As Mr. Lindly and his party gained the beach, the storm seemed to lull, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared around the shore. On, on, that vessel was drawn by resistless force. Dark forms are seen clinging about the vessel; still they hope, but hope vanishes as the vessel parted in two, engulphed with the sea, and dashes in the fragments on the beach, as she is shivered into a thousand pieces, and the shrieks of her crew are lost amid the roar of the elements.

"Great God!" said Mr. Lindly, who was all the time running here and there, "they are lost; we can do nothing for them."

"Yes, we can seek within one hundred yards of land. She struck on a hidden rock.

"Some of those on the shore were and, yet they could do nothing to save them.

"Who ventured on, to see if any one of the crew might swim for the shore. A fearful storm began to lull, the sea began to get calm, as if it had worked itself beyond its strength; the spirited crew, who had gone out, coaxed his father to purchase a commission in the army. Though the old man did not like to part with him, still, with an Englishman's love of country, he could not think of thwarting his noble ambition. Victor spent a good deal of his time with Charles, and sighed for the day when he himself could wield a sword. After a few years more he was broke out with Russia. Victor was then about eighteen years. Charles's regiment was one of the first ordered to the Crimea, that battleground of contending nations. Charles came home to his parents, and Victor was left with sisters wept, and pressed him to remain at home. The father took his hand in his:—

"God bless you, and watch over you, my child! (to though you are my only son, I would rather hear of your death than of your dishonor."

Victor stood a mute witness of this parting scene.

"And you, my brother Victor," said Charles, pressing his hand, "what do you say?"

"Yes! I'll go with you."

"Go with me?"

"Yes; something tells me that I will be inspired at me." "Ah! I see Anyway, I could not let my dear brother go by himself. What do you say, father?"

"He is so," said Mr. Lindly; though this is a double affliction."

In vain did Charles urge him to remain at home to comfort his parents; then finding him obstinate, he told his father there was an officer selling out in his regiment, and that he would sell sheep. Mr. Lindly placed money in his hand, and Victor left the home of his childhood.

After his master left he pined and refused food; he was one day found dead near the scene of the wreck. Victor took the collar with him.

CHAPTER III.

Ora heroes passed safely through the engagements of the Alma and several subsequent battles. The English troops were encamped in fancied security, when the Russians attacked them on the heights of Inkerman. Victor and Charles were attached to the fourth division, which was one of the first in the engagement. Nobly did they contend in the hand-to-hand melee. Through the molten sheets of lead swept round them, mowing down their men in scores, still on they rushed, cheering the fearful fire. The bravest quailed before the appalling sight of carnage and slaughter. Victor's cheeks blanched, it was with the hope of glory. They had now reached the Russian rifle pits, pouring forth death; still on they marched, among the dead and wounded. Charles was separated from his brother, and was surrounded by five Russians. He shot two of them with his rifle, and fell from a bayonet wound from another. He was about finishing him, when Victor rushed to his aid, shot him, ran his sabre through another, but a ball from the rifle passed through his breast and laid him beside his friend. For days they lay unconscious in the French hospital, to which they were removed by the French ambulance party who chanced to meet them. Their sand was ebbing fast, they had been in a trance. She was French, very young and beautiful. Under her tender care they were fast recovered, Charles was not one of the same.

"We may thank the good Madeline for our recovery, I am thinking, Charles," said Victor. Somehow my heart yearns towards her. Isn't she very like the likeness in the miniature?"

"Very," said Charles.

"I must believe I am hopelessly in love with her."

"Nonsense, Charles, in love with good Madeline! Why man you might as well be in love with the moon."

"Well, I believe so; but then I suppose that it is all gratitude, for we may thank her gentle care to be alive."

"I was, Charles, and you may thank my good shot, too; for faith, that Russian was going to do for you."

"True; well I hope I may return you the compliment some-day, my dear fellow. I wish our friends at home knew that we were living. I suppose we are set down among the dead."

"Likely enough, but Charles, I dreamt last night of the wreck, and I thought that my mother rose up before me, pale and beautiful; and she took my hand, and then beckoned to a young lady, and placed her hand in mine, and said, 'This is your sister.' I looked into her face—it was Sister Madeline."

"Pooh! all a dream," said Charles, as Madeline came into the room.

"I dreamt of my brother there, sister Madeline about a dream I had; I may inquire it me."

Sister Madeline smiled; that smile throbbed Victor's heart. He had been to Charles.

"Well, let us hear your dream," said Sister Madeline.

Victor recounted his dream.

"Yes, a collier around his neck marked 'D. M.' Here is since a minister of my mother; it is so like you, and the name of the ship also was the *La belle Lorraine*. But what ails you? you look ill, Sister Madeline?"

As Sister Madeline gazed upon the miniature, she turned deadly pale, and exclaimed, "Oh, my mother! oh! my brother!" and then fell in a swoon upon the floor. A bell was rung, and more of the sisters came in. Sister Madeline soon recovered. She then told them that fifteen years ago her father, Victor de Moran was look on his return from England. He had been some years there, and got married to an English lady, a few years before that her grandfather took her to himself. He died, and her father was returning home to inherit his vast property, when he was lost in the ship *La Belle Lorraine*. Her father was tired life, and had serious thoughts of becoming a religious. To try my strength, I determined to take the order, and came out here for my novitiate," she said.

"Oh, my sister," exclaimed Victor de Moran, as we must now call him, "I am your sister," and they mingled their tears.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Christmas Eve. The yule-log burned cheerily on Squire Lindly's hearth, it crackled and blazed brightly, and threw out sparks, and did its best to look pleasant, as if it were conscious that it was Christmas Eve, and that it were placed there to celebrate the anniversary of our Saviour's birth.

The holly, with its glistening bright parlor in which the good squire and his family sat. The Christmas tree, streaming with many lights and hung with presents, stood in the room, the center table.

"Pity more holly, Mary, and let us honor Christmas with love, and feasting, and charity to our neighbors, let us be merry to night my children," said the old squire, rubbing his hands with glee. "Hur, hurrah, on such a night as this He who came to save the world was born in a stable, despised and neglected by that world which He came to redeem."

The rain pattered on the window, and the sleet swept by with fearful gusts of wind, the storm moaned heavily round the house, as it was a fearful Christmas Eve. Yet, cheerything looked warm and bright in that old parlor, for pleasant scenes and cheerful faces and laughing voices made some forget the storm without. The squire sat in his old easy chair by the fire, and his good wife sat by his side. Their children played around the Christmas tree, and compared how little gifts and offerings. They were a happy family.

"Well, wife, and so to-morrow will be Christmas Day. We have passed many a Christmas, and happy ones, too together. We have been blessed with children and riches, how many more deserving have suffered sickness and poverty."

"True, John, true, and I fear we are not grateful enough to the good God who has showered so bounteously upon us."

"I fear not, wife. Here we are, loaded with a superabundance of good things," and he glanced at the table laden with the good gifts, "sons, perhaps, this blessed night wanting the common necessaries of life."

"But there is so much poverty in the world, John, what can we do?"

"True, wife, there is want, no doubt in every place; but then, if every rich man relieved his immediate poor, how many a heavy heart would be turned into a happy one before night. Though it is late and the night is hard indeed, I should like to make a beginning."

"Time enough to morrow, John. Who could go out on such a night?"

"Why Charley is strong enough to go with our man Bill, and there is that poor man, Beaty, who fell from the house and broke his leg; he is able for a messenger, and he has recovered his father to purchase a commission in the army. Though the old man did not like to part with him, still, with an Englishman's love of country, he could not think of thwarting his noble ambition. Victor spent a good deal of his time with Charles, and sighed for the day when he himself could wield a sword. After a few years more he was broke out with Russia. Victor was then about eighteen years. Charles's regiment was one of the first ordered to the Crimea, that battleground of contending nations. Charles came home to his parents, and Victor was left with sisters wept, and pressed him to remain at home. The father took his hand in his:—

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Poetry.

Midnight Mass in the Penal Days.

The earthless sky-lit in the lofty glen.
The hills are wrapt in sleep, dark in the shade
A silence for an alien, and women and men
Are gathering stealthily in the twilight
Hastening up from the spreading vale
Hastening with the speed of the avenged one,
This Christmas-eve, to hear mass full
To hell then hearth at the Midnight Mass

Silently falls the drifting snow
Falls as the feet of a spirit
Still through the hushing night-time the sky gets
Its like spectres across the moon
Stillness, wakening, and the night
Wary of ears and deep needs
Till they should be by the wayside, sentry
In the form of the Guard at Midnight Mass

Maiden, matron, sire and son
Grouped together the brave and the bold
Dazzled to the sallow their fathers sons
Knelt they there in the muffled and
Stalthful and fearful, and silent
Bending low in their prayer to God
The author and Sphyx of the Midnight Mass

Slowly, scarcely raising the bell
Raises the priest the Host on high
Bows upward with singing swell
A sorrowful people's prayerful cry,
Save us, O God, from the bloodhound's tooth
The Sphyx's wrath and the scaffold's doom
Keepers, O God, in the paths of truth
To our woeful journey toward the tomb.

THE ORPHAN.

A Christmas Story.

Behold the light of all the world, the day spring from on high

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve. The yule-log burned cheerily on Squire Lindly's hearth, it crackled and blazed brightly, and threw out sparks, and did its best to look pleasant, as if it were conscious that it was Christmas Eve, and that it were placed there to celebrate the anniversary of our Saviour's birth.

The holly, with its glistening bright parlor in which the good squire and his family sat. The Christmas tree, streaming with many lights and hung with presents, stood in the room, the center table.

"Pity more holly, Mary, and let us honor Christmas with love, and feasting, and charity to our neighbors, let us be merry to night my children," said the old squire, rubbing his hands with glee. "Hur, hurrah, on such a night as this He who came to save the world was born in a stable, despised and neglected by that world which He came to redeem."

The rain pattered on the window, and the sleet swept by with fearful gusts of wind, the storm moaned heavily round the house, as it was a fearful Christmas Eve. Yet, cheerything looked warm and bright in that old parlor, for pleasant scenes and cheerful faces and laughing voices made some forget the storm without. The squire sat in his old easy chair by the fire, and his good wife sat by his side. Their children played around the Christmas tree, and compared how little gifts and offerings. They were a happy family.

"Well, wife, and so to-morrow will be Christmas Day. We have passed many a Christmas, and happy ones, too together. We have been blessed with children and riches, how many more deserving have suffered sickness and poverty."

"True, John, true, and I fear we are not grateful enough to the good God who has showered so bounteously upon us."

"I fear not, wife. Here we are, loaded with a superabundance of good things," and he glanced at the table laden with the good gifts, "sons, perhaps, this blessed night wanting the common necessaries of life."

"But there is so much poverty in the world, John, what can we do?"

"True, wife, there is want, no doubt in every place; but then, if every rich man relieved his immediate poor, how many a heavy heart would be turned into a happy one before night. Though it is late and the night is hard indeed, I should like to make a beginning."

"Time enough to morrow, John. Who could go out on such a night?"

"Why Charley is strong enough to go with our man Bill, and there is that poor man, Beaty, who fell from the house and broke his leg; he is able for a messenger, and he has recovered his father to purchase a commission in the army. Though the old man did not like to part with him, still, with an Englishman's love of country, he could not think of thwarting his noble ambition. Victor spent a good deal of his time with Charles, and sighed for the day when he himself could wield a sword. After a few years more he was broke out with Russia. Victor was then about eighteen years. Charles's regiment was one of the first ordered to the Crimea, that battleground of contending nations. Charles came home to his parents, and Victor was left with sisters wept, and pressed him to remain at home. The father took his hand in his:—

"God bless you, and watch over you, my child! (to though you are my only son, I would rather hear of your death than of your dishonor."

Victor stood a mute witness of this parting scene.

"And you, my brother Victor," said Charles, pressing his hand, "what do you say?"

"Yes! I'll go with you."

"Go with me?"

"Yes; something tells me that I will be inspired at me." "Ah! I see Anyway, I could not let my dear brother go by himself. What do you say, father?"

"He is so," said Mr. Lindly; though this is a double affliction."

In vain did Charles urge him to remain at home to comfort his parents; then finding him obstinate, he told his father there was an officer selling out in his regiment, and that he would sell sheep

Poetry.

VOICES OF THE ANGELS.

'Twas Christmas morn, the Christ-child born
In humble, dreary manger,
Who shivering there in misery sat,
A poor, rejected stranger.

His Mother strove, with tender love,
A mother's care to yield Him,
Sir, though kept sweet and warm, sighed,
That he from home had sought shield Him.

But hark! What sound is floating round
This grotto, weak and lowly?
Look up and see! In jubilee
Are crowds of angels holy.

Filling the air with music rare
Whose hypnotic, mystic art makes,
Makes hearts vibrate, earth undulate
As with an impulse given.

From heavenly zones, by angel tones
All rapturously singing,
In ecstasy their jubilee,
While joyously they're bringing

To Christ new-born on Christmas morn
Their homage grand, celestial,
And as they sing, true peace they bring
To humble hearts terrestrial.

By faith's clear light, each Christmas night
We see this host before us,
They seem at least, we plainly hear
Their grand, angelic chorus.

"Glory," they cry, "to God on high,
To God's peace eternal,"
From sphere to sphere, for ever more
We'll keep this Festival sacred.

Where'er in state priests consecrate
By their God-given power,
And like Divine, the Bread and Wine,
In that soul-thrilling hour.

With ecstasy and jubilee,
Our white-angelic choir
Shall chant again, our Christmas strain,
And human hearts inspire.

With rapturous love, caught from above,
For Jesus meek and lowly,
Our hearts will be, like Mary's Son
Thrice, holy, holy, holy!

ANNIE O'CONNOR.

A Christmas Story of County Sligo.

BY J. T. O'DALLAGHER.

'Twas Christmas Eve. Hill and valley were clothed in a heavy, stainless mantle of snow, save where the rushy river wound its serpentine way through Oughaun's spreading moor, till lost amid Kilterras sloping hills. The full, pale-faced moon trod, calm and beautiful, the cloudless, stargemmed heaven. Not a sound was abroad save the low moaning of the wind through the stinted shubbery that fringed the little gravel line that led from the cottage to the main boreen of the village. It was indeed a beautiful night, and so thought gentle Annie O'Connor, as she stood at the door of her little cottage and gazed out upon the glistening scene. Yet, she seemed unhappy. There was something in the changing expression of her sweet, innocent face—in the wistful look of her large, blue, dreamy eyes, which told her heart was not as peaceful as the scene on which she gazed.

"Come here, Annie, acushla; you'll get your death of cold standing there so long. What's wrong with you, mavourneen, at all to-night? I've been watching you for the last half hour, and you look like one that would see a ghost. Come up to the fire here and warm yourself, and tell me what you're so lonely about that has changed you so much."

The speaker O'Connor inquiry was seated on a low chair before a cheerful peat fire, that shed a golden glow around the neat, clean and comfortable cottage. She was a slight, tall woman of about forty-five years of age, with fair, well-cut features, showing the footprints of care, and brown eyes, clearly mirroring her warm, generous and motherly heart. Annie, a well shaped maiden of about eighteen summers, with a small face set in a frame of luxuriant, golden hair that floated unconfined down her graceful shoulders, complied, kissed her mother, and, seating herself on a three-legged stool, buried her face in her mother's lap and burst into tears.

"Why are you crying, Annie, mavourneen? This is Christmas Eve, and we ought to be happy. You heard to-day from your father, and he is quite well, and he was well, and that he would be relieved in a few days. Tell me, asthore, why are you so sadly and sighed up her head, wiped away the tears and kissed her affectionately.

"Forgive me, mother for causing this pain. I have battled bravely all the day and night to banish the memories of the last twelve months. I here tried to look happy for your sake, but I have failed. Ah, mother! how can I be gaid and poor father in prison there eleven months for no crime but sheltering our poor neighbors, flying from their homes without bread. What a merciless tyrant! How can I be happy seeing you toiling on from dawn to dark, living here alone on the milk from the nearest house, hardly ever seeing a friendly face, and not knowing what moment we may have to quit this for forever, mother! I never felt lonesome before you left Dublin O'Callaghan was driven from home. Then Johnnie and little Marie came to see me, or I went to see them every night. You know they were here this night twelve months; but God only knows where they are to-night. It must have been drowned going to America, or he would surely have written. Johnnie promised me a hundred times he'd write to me, and Mary said she'd send me a ring. I think, mother, they have written; I was dreaming of them last night. Ah! they must be all dead or they would surely write to me for Christmas."

Here she wept bitterly as the memory of the happy past dowed like a delightful stream through the dreary waste of the future. They were alone.

There is a mother thing, dear mother, which I wish to tell you of, and which I've kept a secret for a long time. That contemptible sneak and coward, Allert Castleback, the agent's son, has me persecuted—wanting me to become his wife. He was here yesterday when you were at Mass, and he said if I did not consent he'd keep my father in jail till he'd rot, and fling you and I out of this house for another week. He said he was coming round to-night to have a talk with you, and to ask your consent. Oh, mother, what will we do? Will bar the door? I knew it was wrong to keep it a secret from you so long. I thought it would be was not serious, and did not wish to make you more unhappy. Oh, mother, I never thought before yesterday he was such a villain. He said he was the means of evicting the poor O'Callahans, because he knew Johnnie loved me. And, mother, he told me another terrible talk which I hardly believe, though he almost convinced me. He said Johnny O'Callahan was hanged in America for murder and robbery, and produced his picture, and, oh, it was a sweet, beautiful one, and looked just like him, as proof of his story. He also hinted as much as that your husband had any father imprisoned, and that if I did not consent to be his wife he'd force me to it. Oh, mother, mother, what will we do?"

Before her mother could answer, for the story she had just heard completely paralyzed her, the quick ear of Annie heard some noise, and turning round, there in the doorway she beheld the form of her tormentor. He was a man of medium height, stout, and very awkwardly shaped. He wore a large cutaway which reached down to his boots, and was buttoned tightly round him. A fur cap was drawn tightly over his low, narrow forehead, and under shaggy eyebrows looked out two, small, cat-like eyes, giving his face the expression more of a fiend than a human being. For a moment both mother and daughter were struck with fear; but only for a moment. The mother was first to recover self-possession. Laddback strode up the center of the floor to where she stood, like the gentle sheep protecting her innocent lamb from the onslaught of the wolf, and in the blandest manner said, "Ah, good night, Mrs. O'Connor, wish you a merry Christmas. How is Miss O'Connor? Hope you are well to-night."

In a calm and dignified tone she answered: "To what are we indebted, Mr. Castleback, for the honor of this visit?"

"Ah! was just passing and thought I'd call in and wish you the compliments of the season, as I mayn't do so to-morrow; also to sympathize with you in your grief for the absence of your husband."

This said, he took a chair and seating himself near where Annie stood stretched forth his hand to grasp, but Annie started back in horror. Mrs. O'Connor watched him closely for a few moments, not knowing what to say or do. She did not wish to anger him; but Annie's story still rang in her ear, his hateful hypocrisy, and the sarcastic, condescending tone in which he spoke, almost stung her to madness. Her first impulse was to order him from the house, but second thought showed the folly of this. She knew she was in his power, and that he could tell her lonely home made to Annie.

"I appreciate very much, Mr. Castleback, your kindness in calling this evening, also the sympathy you have expressed for your husband and myself; but we are two lonely women, with nothing to protect us from the biting tongue of scandal but a cabin. Therefore we desire to be left with the grief of which you were speaking of in peace and quiet."

Stung to desperation by the coolness with which Mrs. O'Connor had spoken for his visit, and requested his departure, he jumped to his feet, his cat-like eyes blazing in his pale face, and his whole frame quivering with rage.

"Haughty ma'am," he said, "I came here to-night to ask your daughter's hand in marriage. Your impudence has spared me much trouble and expense. I will not ask you now, but will take her, and before two months are gone she will be in a frame of luxuriant, golden hair that floated unconfined down her graceful shoulders, complied, kissed her mother, and, seating herself on a three-legged stool, buried her face in her mother's lap and burst into tears.

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DECORATING THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

A Beautiful Story For Catholic Children.

My little children, Christmas is your special feast. You learn now how Jesus was once a little babe and a child like you. You are no longer frightened, nor think that God is too great to notice you. Your hearts are full of love, you kneel before the crib and look at Him, and feel sure He knows and loves you. Look at Him well, note His sweet face, His hands and His feet. Then think those eyes never looked cross or angry; those lips never uttered an unbecoming word; those outstretched hands were never raised in anger. Now look at yourselves, and see the difference; sometimes you are both cross and angry; you speak unkindly to your playfellows, and disrespectfully to your parents.

This is your feast; for when the kind Jesus lived on earth, He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and He loves you as much now as then.

How kind Ha is! He has sent a beautiful bright angel from heaven to take care of you, who is always close by your side; he knows and sees everything you do, and tells Jesus all. When you are naughty, he hides in his wings, and sorrows for your sins; but when you are good, he smiles upon you and throws his wings around you. The next time you are tempted to do wrong, think about this good angel.

Christmas is a happy time for little children, every one is so kind, and they get so many nice presents. The church looks so beautiful, you would like to be always there. The snow lies upon the ground, and you have some fine sport with the snow-balls. There is no school, a long holiday, and nearly all play. But I am going to tell you about a little boy, who had no mother to make him nice things, no home, no bright fire, no loving little brothers and sisters; who scarcely knew what the meaning of Christmas, and had never been inside a church.

This little boy lived in London; his mother was dead, his father had gone far away, no one knew where; and he was left with an old woman, who gave him just enough to keep him alive, but very little else. Poor little boy! he had never seen a Christmas tree, nor hung a stocking, and he had been baptized; his name was Charlie. He was a pretty, fair-haired boy, with deep blue eyes and rosy lips. He was thin, for he had not half enough to eat. You could see the blue veins plainly through the small white hands. Charlie was not seven years old; he was a good boy though he one had taught him his catechism. His guardian-angel took care of him, and whispered in his ear what was right and what was wrong, and Charlie always did the right.

The old woman who had the care of Charlie was called Nanny, and she was one of the crossest old women you could meet with. She was always scolding or beating the little fellow, and he had but a miserable life. Charlie sometimes, went out into the yard to play with the children. One morning when he got up, he felt very cold, and his hand ached; so he went out into the yard to run about, and get warm. There, sitting up and down, he saw his companion.

"Oh, come along, Charlie, here's such fun," said one of them, "the day after to-morrow is Christmas day!"

"Christmas day!" said Charlie, "what is that?"

"What's that—why, it's Christmas-day, I tell you; every one has a plum-pudding; my mother says we shall, too."

"And," said Billy Hopkins, "my father says I may slide all day. Christmas is such fun!"

"I thought people went to church on Christmas-day," said a curly-headed little girl.

"Some do," said a big boy; "but that's not my way."

Little Charlie crept up to the curly-headed child and said, "Tommy, what is 'church?'"

"Church!—why, it's a beautiful place, with a large altar lit with lots of pictures and flowers and candles; and Oh, Charlie, there is one picture, so beautiful, of the Blessed Lady and the holy Jesus."

"Who are they?" said Charlie.

"You are a lunny boy; don't you know about our Lord and the Blessed Virgin? I do; and my mother often talks to me about them."

"Ah! but I haven't got a mother." "I doesn't old Nanny tell you about God?"

"No," said Charlie with a reverent face, "I'll ask her."

"Well, God lives up in heaven, you know, and He loves us all, and He made a beautiful angel to take care of us. You've got one and so have I."

"Have I? Where is he?"

"By your side. My mother says the angel never goes away; he must be there you for one moment; he is by your side now."

"I wish he would nurse me, my head aches so bad."

"Nurse you! why, you can not see him."

"I wonder," said Charlie, after musing some moments, "why God didn't give me a mother, if he loves me so much."

That question puzzled Tommy, and he answered, "I don't know. I don't know much about anything, but my mother will tell you. Good-bye, Charlie, I must go in."

"Good-bye," said Charlie, going slowly back to the house. All day he sat by the fire, thinking about what Tommy had told him, and wondering if the angel really stood there.

"What on earth are you turning round in that way for?" said old Nanny.

"I am looking for my angel."

"For what?" said Nanny, frightened.

"My angel; but I can't see him," and his little head dropped wearily.

"I'll cure you of that nonsense," she said, and she gave him a blow which made Charlie fall.

"Oh, don't beat me, my head aches so bad."

But Nanny was a wicked woman; she hated all things good and holy. She was the worst of all bad people, an apostate Catholic.

"Angels, indeed! Drop to bed, and don't let me hear that again."

Little Charlie went sobbing up to his wretched room.

"Oh angel," he said, throwing himself on the dirty straw, "take me to my mother, I want to go."

He cried himself to sleep. The next morning, when the cold light came in, and he felt burning hot, his legs and arms hurt him, too, and he was thirsty. He tried to rise, but could be got into the kitchen, old Nanny was in one of her dreadfully cross humors, and had been beating her poor little white boy.

"Nanny, please may I go to church?" he said, trying to look as grave quite savage.

"Church!" she almost shrieked. "What does the boy mean? I'll send you to church, never fear! and she stretched trembling for the arm. Dragging him to the door, she opened it, and, pushing him into the yard, exclaimed, "There! Now go to church! Mind you had better not come here again. I'm not going to have you preaching about angels and churches. A pretty life I should have! Off! I'll beat you if you have done with all that."

Poor little Charlie! Out he went, down the dirty yard, and into the long, endless streets. The snow was thick upon the pavements, and the cold, bitter, he could not keep himself warm. He put his hands under his little ragged pinafore, and then lies upon them as little children do. But he could not warm them. He wandered on through the long streets. Grand ladies passed him, dressed in velvet and furs; troops of happy children, with beaming faces; big, stalwart men, wrapped in greatcoats; carriages, and horses, loaded days, carts, porters; men with baskets full of game and poultry; till Charlie's aching head grew dizzy, and he sat down upon the door-step of a fashionable-looking house. He rested his head on his hands, and was just going to sleep, when a policeman came up and shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Now, then, walk on, if you please. We can't have dirty boys like you sitting on respectable people's door-steps."

Poorly poor Charlie walked on.

"Oh, angel, are you with me now? I feel lonely. I'm the good Heathen child and hungry I am."

Something within the child's breast told him the angel was there. The day was far gone, and the dusk of evening was coming on.

"I wish I could find a church," thought Charlie. "They must be kind people that live there. I wonder what it's like."

The evening came, and the lamps were lighted. Still the poor ragged boy wandered on. . Sense few looked at him. A happy mother, with her child clasped tightly in her bosom, passed him with a sigh. A poor girl, with a sweet face, but a country dress, stood and watched him; but, alas! she was homeless and homeless. Many a head she turned after him, but on her went. At last he came to a shop round which stood a crowd of boys and girls. Hot pies, smoking and steaming, filled the whole street with their savory fragrance. What a potter were those hungry eyes and pale faces round the window! What a mixture of envy and delight, as more favored mortal entered and bought one! What stunning eyes and longing looks!

"Now, then, move on," pushed him away, and took his place at the window.

"No one cares for me; they all push me," and the hot tears come into his eyes. Still he went on through the cold. At last he stops because less frequent, and grand white houses come instead. It was colder still there, and the snow-fringed trees bent their tall heads, and the winds whispered through them, giving sympathetic moans to him. He came to a large house with a porch before it; and, numbed with the cold, and sick and faint, he entered and lay down.

"I am glad! I am sure my angel brought me here;" and he put his cold hand on his burning forehead.

Little Charlie was very ill, though he did not know it. His head felt so fiery and so light, and his little limbs were so weak. He could not stir. Then his senses began to wander. He thought he was with his mother, and he talked to her, and fancied that he saw his angel standing by him.

"Oh, take me to God," was his morning, painful cry. "I am so cold and hungry."

He went on talking, as though the angel were speaking to him. Then he thought the angel held up his side, and placed his cool hand kindly on his head. There came a low sound of sweet music in the room, and through it he seemed to hear the angels voice, which said

"My dear Charlie, I am going to take you to our good God in heaven, and you will be an angel there."

"Will I see my mother?" said Charlie, "my head is so bad, I want it to rest in heaven. Will old Nanny come too? Will she beat me there?"

"There is no beating in heaven, my dear little boy. You will find it all happiness and joy."

"Shall you be there, dear angel?"

"Yes, my child. I will take you, and show you to our Lord, and in our Blessed Lady, and all the saints."

"Will they love me? No one loves me here."

"Yes, they will love you very much. The music grew louder and sweeter, and a great light shone in the room. Charlie, in his delirium, cried, "angel, speak after me." And the angel said, "Our Father, and Charlie repeated it after him.

"Tell me what it means; Oh, do tell me! Shall I see my mother there? Shall I see my mother there?

"Yes, your mother is waiting for you."

Then the angel bent down his head and leaned over him, and the most marvelous dazzled over him. The music grew louder and the light clearer and clearer, and Charlie cried, "I know I can go with you, Charlie!" said the angel.

"Yes," he whispered.

The eyelids quivered, the little frame shook, and then all was quiet and still. The angel had taken the child home to heaven.

Suddenly the house door opened and the street footman came out.

"Hallo!" he cried; "what is here? Poor little boy! Dead, I declare! Dead! Dead! Starved to death, I declare!"

"I wonder," said the nurse, "what he could have been smiling about when he died."

"I don't know," said another standing near. "People do say that children often see angels when they die."

Three days after saids they carried little Charlie to the cemetery, and there buried him. He was left in his snow-covered grave; the leafless trees waved over him, the silent stars shone down upon him; the birds sang cheerily in the cold, clear frost; but the little boy was unconscious of this, he had joined the band of angels in heaven.

There was a paragraph next morning in the newspaper, telling how a fair-haired boy had been found dead. Pity and sorrow were for a moment; comfortable breakfast-table, signed, and said it was a great pity children should be. Bright-eyed children paused for a moment and looked sad. And then the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the scaring head and the weary limbs, or guessed how hard blows or heavier words had driven the helpless child from the wretched place called his home.

The night Charlie died, old Nanny had gone out to look for him; but he was near miles away. After a long search she returned, and the next day she heard how he had died. His pale face haunted her, his meek replies, his earnest "don't beat me, Nanny," were ever in her ears. She never forgot the sorrow of his eyes, and his pitiful little voice; and the result was that, after a long life of dark sin, she returned to the faith she had so long forsaken. The prayers of the angel-child were answered, and old Nanny endeavored to repair the scandal she had caused.

Dear reader, my story is ended now. Let it teach you one thing—that is, to be kind to the poor. You have a happy home, kind parents, and plenty to eat and drink. Think sometimes of the little starving ones who have gone of these things. Proud words, too, are so hurtful to the poor as cold stones are to them. Do not, when you pass along the streets, look haughty and proud, and think how much better your clothes are than that poor girl's or boy's, and do not draw away your dress as though their touch soiled it. Be gentle and kind. Remember a kind word and a bright smile will be valued as much as all your presents.

So Jesus, who loves the poor, will bless you.

My Christmas Visit to Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS was drawing near. The Holy Father (Gregory XVI.) and Sacred Consistory had already proceeded to Bethlehem with the greater part of his community to celebrate a great a day on the very spot where the Son of God first to be born.

I was at their in their happiness, I started on the 23rd, at three o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by a dragoman and a janissary. I was mounted on a superb Arabian mare, full of life, and yet I traveled full in a walk, in order not to lose, by rapid transit, the pleasure of observing what the places offered of interest to my mind and to my heart. (I now distinguished more sensations than I had experienced at my approach to Jerusalem! Then I was coming to a city where every thing recalled to mind the horrible torments and the ignominious death of the Saviour, and my affection was only place marked with the Blood of the Agnus Victim, in the minutes of His painful execution; a prætorium, a calvary, a cross of thorns, scourges, nails, a cross. And I felt as if I saw and heard a furious rabble shouting for blood, and cruel executioners busy in shedding it; and—what Blood! O God!

But Bethlehem! All my life long this name had produced in me the impression of a great joy, a sweet emotion of charm, never did I fear it mangel, never did I dissolve it myself, without a thrill. Judge, my dear friend—yes, a pious Christian—how much more I felt my heart beat. Tears must have been the emotions of my soul as I approached!

In some instances, my eyes shall behold that Bethlehem the very name of which is sober to me! Then, I said to myself, where was born the most beautiful of the sons of men, the Saviour of the world, the Admirable, the Word of life, my Brother, my God, my Lord, the Prince of the most holy of Virgins! They will kiss upon that manger where He was cradled, the virginal breasts, bathed that mouth, the only cradle that such a Mother could give to her Son! Then, I said, that place where the shepherds of the neighborhood, the humble, the innocent of the angels, came to adore Him, and sing the canticle of the Glory! Yes, I, by the miraculous star to render homage to the King of the Jews, and to offer Him, with Mary, and where Mary, the incomparable Mother, nursed the Divine Infant, warmed Him at her breast, pressed Him to her breast.

The road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, although not so bad as that from Rama to Tamnata, is rough and dangerous, in certain intervals that some pieces of cultivated land appear, by dint of great pains, and in very spaces of tree to be seen.

At half a league distance my guide showed me the tomb of Rachel, which, as celebrated by the victory of David over the Philistines.

Half any on the road is a Greek monastery, which is called the tomb of the Prophet Elias. It is a ruin that is in no way remarkable. In front of the door of the place there lies a very large olive-tree, which, as it is said, answered the prophet for a hiding place, and which, in the course of years, has become a colossal. Thus, I said, the Prophet Elias, the Thunderer, the Zealous, the Ardent, the Ascetic, the Thaumaturgus, the Prophet of Carmel, the Prophet of Mount Horeb, where the principal performer of the "Clean Oblation," the Messiah, daily ascends to heaven, and where the life-giving Sacrifice of Holy Church are dispensed to the faithful, the Prophet, I said, the great progress of our holy religion, this marvellous widening of the tabernacle of Jacob, it has been judged wise and expedient, and, in fact, necessary, to sanction anew the legislation of our predecessors, but with my power of redial change, much less of abolition, but to preserve and perfect its spirit by adapting it to our altered circumstances. And as very day grows bright in new secrets, and as the distance or distance of place of the world of Christ, and the Church, and the Holy Father, judged it by the national Church, and the latter by resulting and authorizing the Holy Father, and the Holy Father, in the Holy, who shall rule the people of Israel and Christ, and the Church.

According as we advanced, the perspective of the country changed, and the Bethlehem as we came nearer to it, appeared in the form of a cone, covered with a green carpet, and surrounded by a little wood, which, in the distance, appeared, the fields, irregularly cut and sometimes enclosed by walls, separated by no better cultivated, which lay on the right and left of the road, were much more numerous. Distant hand and distant, the eyes of the pilgrim, beyond the Dead Sea, those of Arabia Petræa, the Mount of Moab, attracted my attention. I stopped, I advanced, I reflected, I felt, I wept, I prayed, I recollected. I suspect, I advanced, I retraced my steps, I felt, I wept, I prayed, I recollected. In presence of this land of benediction, these plains, these hills, I felt, I felt, I felt

Poetry.

POEM.

Written for the 3rd Centennial of the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, December, 1881.

BY MARGARET W. CRUMMEY, IMoSo.

Hail! high monarch of a Hierarchy
Hail! Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star,
When, 'neath the banner of Immaculate Mary
Our Sodalities first were ranged.

Through the Inn of Nazareth, a chosen band
Made strong by heaven's own hand
Go! three hale centuries, in our stead
To this day, I'ist on shield wave have spread,
Since thus first hoisted in the Holy Inn
Violet shield bore, and Dove, Pure as snow on
Sodalities, Sodalities, Sodalities, Sodalities
With Sweet clear ring, Sodalities echoed.

Ah! will sixty-one years flow full on soon
For our the Tenth their glorious career extend,
And, then, when time, relentless, has
When Mary's knights the caused Tenth die
Go!
For Time rode red, my Sisters (ends apart
The deathless shield that binds them fast to
Start.

O Saint! Dublin! Tree of Love Divine!
Tree whose sweet scent the pilgrim learns sin
Sin!
No sweet rites, on mystic word and sign
For pilgrims lay down in darkness deep and
Dead—
Sin—sickness of gulfs, with ecliph, could also
That hoisted shadows of the holy name

The greatest glory of their kind and kin
The crown honor of the Holy Ghost,
The prayer to Emelia, the hymn of Angelic Song,
Finally so Mary's Sodalities Mass-Bread,
To share His Feast of a sublime Mass-Bread,
Sin where His golden, with doctrine let to tread

Go! thou the alms, the oblique eyes and true,
Of all who in the Sodalities have
Thou are their schemes, and time-deals thee do,
Ye who in Sodalities, and Sodalities
And thou their aims, their companions bless,
Taught by a God—the Sodalities Virgin!

Ah! richest fruits their steadfast real reward—
And martyrs grand, by pure example shown—
To sanctify River, and service of the Lord
Throne have been lost, and which other gravely
sun—
And Canon, and Priests, our Pater's Holy See
They now have elected, U. Rest in Sodality!

From elder lands thy sweet and sacred chain
Remembrance far beyond the Land Divine
To where Columbia rolls her Ocean Main
The smiling reminiscence of the Sodalities
Till here, within our Dublin "Grand Land!
Thou hearts are scattered in thy blissful land.

For this, poor and the tribute fond demands,
O, Immacul Founders of this holy bands!
Lo, Pa's sons! be whose all-potent hands
What needs are wrought for Faith and Lets
Divine.
What prayers sentiment beneath Heaven above
What jewels gathered for the Master's crown

Ah! sate, ye the favored world than one—
The sweet and sacred union, lo, two formed
By Jacob hearts, three hundred years ago,
And, for their Lord dear Mother Silly sound
And whose our Glass Lorie's gore sacrifice
That priceless treasure to its Want they brought,

Loved Fathers! may your bright example be
Ever our guide—our Sodalities—
May we, too, labor—labor—and, from this day
Thus Vs. crowns of Sodalities
And may your sacrifice, and your Sodalities
To present Glory of this King Divine:

So shall our gratitude be best displayed
And we, with the Virgin, Mary's Heart shall
secure,
Yet who shall pass, be stainless robes arrayed—
True soldiers of our sainted Queen,
And of our Gods the Sodalities
Through blessed aces of Eternity

THE WRITER.

Literary Miscellany.

A Scoul's Ransom.

A Beautiful Catholic Christmas Story.

I was a girl of nineteen, just orphaned, when I went to live at my brother's house. He and his wife gave me a warm welcome, and I fell in love at once with their two little boys and baby Lizzie. Harry, the elder boy, was even in those days a perfect little gentleman, so serious and bright and polite, always ready to drag a chair—he was only five years old—or run for your spool or thimble, and to pick up scraps from the floor. He played with his baby sister, and if she cried, as indeed she often did, he petted and kissed her back to good humor.

Even then, these two began to be devoted to each other more than to Charley, the younger brother, four years old. He was quiet child, so far as talk was concerned, but he was the fruitful source of much annoyance in the house. He was of an inventive turn of mind, and destroyed every object he touched. Harry's drums, baby's crying dolls, mamma's bonnet, father's pipe, my five as a "wooden, to which I was much attached—all fell victims to his desire of seeing "what was inside." He would not cry when scolded, only look at you with a surprised expression in his big blue eyes, and then go and climb up a co chair. In a short time afterwards the buttons of that chair were off, or, if it were blue, the holes were larger than the maker intended. His mother would sigh sometimes, as if his cases were hopeless; and then Harry, careful, polite little Harry, would kiss her, and she would give him a quick hug and it was easy to see he was her dearest child. Their father, fastly overshaped the children. He always found excuses for Charley's faults, saying: "Charley will be a skillful mechanic some day." Harry will be a great man yet." And, as for Lizzie, cross, vexing Lizzie, it was simply astonishing the talent that year-old baby showed!" Poor Father!

My brother worked hard all the week but on Sunday, when we wanted him to lie down for a rest, he would refuse; he wanted to take the boys to see the sights. "Wanted to laugh at him at the little fellows, so proud and happy in their Sunday suits. Every slight they said their prayers at his knee. Charley the repeated of of he were not sure of his words. Baby Lizzie could bless herself, but her prayers as yet were "music without words." But Harry—I never saw any one in prayer so reminiscent as he. He did not seem worldly, and indeed, I often feared we should never see him grow up; for they say that such children are not for this world.

So a few years passed, and my nephews were school-boys, and in a short time they were permitted to join the altar-boys. The two little brothers were the youngest, and what an awful pleasure—that was just the feeling—it was for us to see them in the sanctuary. Sometimes, in church, I used to watch my brother's face—and it seemed irradiated with reverence and emotion. Their mother used—then, also with with her some hands. I remember she would ask her husband if he was not proud of them.

As the years passed, Harry continued the same as in boyhood. He sang well in the choir, but he always sang in the middle and pitched into a low tone unnecessarily. He was a good boy, with his mother's gentleness. When he was out of school he was always hard working interested, and he, too, slipping in his little pail called "Dad" by a dollar, making excuses for his mamma, cages for his sister, more, and so on. He said down the stairs, and called each the baby a larger little Lizzie, adhesive was he was also at Ingersoll's to school her all will "Dad." Charley grew up, and he was quite fitted life and manhood. Lizzie was well Harry's Charley was a mechanic, and a good one, and a good boy, and a good son, as the modern term has it. He had a fiery temper, that took offense at every thing, and she was a warm friend to, and Harry loved him, when he would assume to establish good temper all around. No one said it, but Harry was still the favorite. He was grown boy, as well as with Lizzie. As he grew in strength and height, for he was beautiful for grace in delicacy of manner. We often wondered how he was so quiet and at ease in every one. He was not as bright as Charley in school, at least, they were always first in the same class.

Finally, one glorious Feast of Corpus Christi, Harry, five years, and Charley four years old, knelt together on the altar steps, in their scarlet cassocks, and received their First Communion. It was a lovely day, and after breakfast we all went to the parish church to hear the Mass. We came back in time for Vespers, and our young sharpers received their Blessed Mother's Scapular, and led the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which was the proper ending of the day. Charley was the more giddy, to go with her to the hotel and dinner, and Harry, who she wanted the dearest opinion on Charley's conduct, was not in company, but who was thin and weak. The doctor was deeply interested in the case, and he had ordered to gets his opinion. Finally, he said, "Your brother Charley will not last long after Harry, perhaps not so long, he, too, has consumption." She came home with her brother, and he was in the agonies of what she had learned, as were we all.

That evening Harry wanted to go out, but it was cloudy, and his mother objected. He was not down to a game of cards with his sister. Charley was engrossed in a book, and the father and Joseph were at Church. The mother and I left the room to see to some household affairs. Up and down, Charley lay on the lounge and fell asleep, while Harry and Lizzie continued the game. Harry was moody, and Lizzie was praying deep down in her heart. She did want a chance to speak to Harry, and she so seldom was alone. After a while Harry owned Charley asleep and he laid down his cards, and said:

"Don't let on play you are asleep, I want to speak to you."

Lizzie was all attention.

"I don't want you to speak of what I am going to say. I know you are good at keeping a secret."

A silence.

"Lizzie, I feel that I do better say honest. I alone my case.

"Why, Harry dear, that you have a secret over."

"Oh, I know that, but what has this end to come?"

"Come for! Come from, you mean. Fix yourself, I suppose."

"Do you know, sis—lowering his voice and looking towards the door—I am sick day. You will not get well; and I want to know whether it is true. I want to know, you may tell me the truth."

"Harry, dear, I have a hard task to tell, but I think you are really ill; and, my dear, remember, its as hard to bear as to know, and you'll get better and the doctor doesn't know."

Harry sat looking at her in silence, his face very white. If she could only tell him how sin himself for his return to time.

"Harry, you are very sick, and you'll get better soon."

"Harry, my dear brother—you, and I, Harry, you were very prepared, death is not footing."

Harry sat up.

"Lizzie, I want to be alone, I'm going my room. Don't speak of this, and be quiet."

Lizzie could not kneel down—some one might see her there, but him under soul called for help, for grace, for this new trial, and she prayed in silence.

"Lizzie, Harry, is in his room, sobbing and crying. What is the matter? Why, you are crying too."

"Mamma dear, let him alone. He must be feeling, of low-spirited, a cry will do him good.

"But you've been crying."

"No, dear mamma. I was only praying, I would something badly."

"Lizzie, and her mother, "you don't think Harry will get better. Tell me the truth."

"No, mamma, I don't think he'll get better. And we must offer up all our pain in silence for him."

Lizzie became calm now, but the mother was crying. Charley woke up, and looked from one to the other in surprise.

"Mother, dear, don't cry. God does everything well, and Harry will be all right."

His mother kissed her boy, and I believe from that moment she realized the trial he was to undergo. Joseph came home at tea-time, and the mournfulness of the tender, affecting mother devotion to her darling. The news of Harry's death was also a severe blow, and it turned to quiet, tender, affectionate. It was a sad time, heart; for Sister Sol alfrasca was Mary Carmine, Will Pedro Sodalities.

Dr. William Hyde, a man well the cloth of nature and felt his many thousands to thoughts and hospitals, but on account of the family. She told her husband and her firm conviction, that both her boys were about to be taken. "We must only pray that they be prepared." Poor father! He sat silent and crushed; but I saw through my tears that he, too, had been praying and searching for the salvation of his dear boys.

We agreed to say nothing to the family of our conviction, and as we bore our burden in silence, only the mother never left the room when they were in the house. Lizzie did not dare to speak again to Harry. He seemed wearied and fretful, and her looks told him more than words all her longing, all her love. He must have suffered an intense inner struggle with himself, but grace won; and in the Octave of the Assumption of her whose case he had been so often given, Harry went alone to his master and made his Confession, and on the morning of August 20th, Feast of St. Hermes, who has left us the Memorare—the prayer that had been offered by Lizzie and her mother for our poor boy—on this morning we all knelt joyously together in our parish church—the church of the children's Mass, and First Communion—and received from the hand of God's priest the Bread of Life.

A BROTHER'S MURDER.

A DEATH BED FAVOR.

IRELAND'S MANUFACTURES.

1858. - - 1884.

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THE PRODIGAL SON'S RETURN.

AN AMERICAN CHRISTMAS STORY IN ALBUM.

I.

In an old New England kitchen, where a warm, wood fire formed bright, Sat honest Farmer Hutchison and his wife one winter night. The old man read the Bible, and his wife knitted and sighed, And the clock ticked the shilling, now the lamp dim grew the wick, But she let it burn, for fear it might wake the sleeping child. For he had left Mary Hutchison and she her only offspring. And yet it was Christmas Eve, and the Christ-child was born, and the Virgin Mother, the Virgin Mother, the Virgin Mother, Mary, Mary, Mary

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL PAPER TWICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they are placed, the writers of Catholic journals of the Pacific Coast, that they may, by the truth of their teachings, and adhere to its doctrine and practice their duties and fidelity.—Pius IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing ideas, and popularized ideas stimulate opinion, and opinion is not only the mistress of the world, but it is a work indispensable to the welfare of society; and a part of spiritual duty. What is and what ought to be the object or tendency of a journal, it is easy to find out from its ideas.—Rev. Thomas Mc Mahon, Carmelite

Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council.

We scarcely hope that the salutary instructions which are embodied in the Pastoral Letter, which we publish in the present issue, will be carefully read and be reverentially remembered by every reader of the MONITOR. Let no Catholic cast it aside under the plea of having "no time" to listen to the counsels, admonitions and commands of the Prelates who have charge of our souls. They have spoken and it is the weighty and solemn duty of the Laity to listen meekly and obediently to their united voice and to put into practical operation the suggestions, admonitions and precepts laid down by the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God, placed over us by the grace of the Holy Ghost.

Every Catholic knows the penalty to be paid by those who "will not hear the Church," and every Catholic who perversely refuses to listen to the words of wisdom dispensed for his spiritual good by the Heavenly, compels himself to become "even as the heathen and the publican." Hence all Catholics who reverence the spiritual authority lodged in the Priesthood will not only treasure the admonitions of the Pastoral Letter, but they will also embody their lives to the instructions laid down therein.

We as intend to refer to the principal points of the Pastoral in subsequent issues, we merely call the particular attention of our readers to the important document at present. It will be read in many of the churches next Sunday, and in addition to hearing it read and explained in church, our subscribers can do a good work by having it read in the family circle so that the young as well as the old, may have a knowledge of the Christian duties which are so plainly set forth in one of the most perspicuous pastorals yet placed before the Faithful of God's Church.

A Pacific Coast Representative in Cleveland's Cabinet.

—Which will be the Pacific Coast representative in President Cleveland's Cabinet. In which figure the names of many men prominent in the political world. But as yet we have not seen the name of a soldier, a statesman and a patriot whom it should be the pride of President Cleveland to honor by allotting him a Department—such as Secretary of War or the Navy—and that man is General WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS.

It is needless for us to refer to the brilliant military record which this distinguished citizen won for himself by his valorous conduct during the Civil war, as his career therein is matter of history and familiar to all, but the record thus made, we claim, entitles him to recognition, now that political power has passed into the hands of the party for whom his political influence has ever been exercised.

Called by the people of this city to represent them in Congress, General Rosecrans has not only given universal satisfaction, but he has added new honors to his reputation by the honesty and the capacity he has manifested during his Congressional career. He has proved himself more of a patriot than a politician, and he has demonstrated the fact that at least one representative of the people can remain pure and above reproach—even in the midst of political corruption.

A patriot of such sterling honor, a soldier with a war record second to none on the roster of the Federal forces, and a statesman of unsullied reputation and rare experience, he would not only strengthen President Cleveland's Cabinet, but his selection would prove to the American people that the heroism manifested during the time that tried men's souls, was not forgotten when opportunity offered to exalt patriots into positions of deserved prominence. Besides, the nomination of General Rosecrans would be pleasing not only to his immediate partisans on the Pacific Coast, but the whole people would feel rejoiced at such recognition of the war-scarred veteran and the faithful public servant of a portion of the people of California.

General Rosecrans is emphatically a true type of the American soldier, statesman and citizen. He possesses the genius to fill any position in the Cabinet to which he may be called, and we earnestly hope that the press of his party on this Coast,—and all papers favorable to placing a representative man of this portion of the Republic in President Cleveland's Cabinet—will second the MONITOR's movement to bring about the selection of General Rosecrans as Secretary of the Navy, or some similar important position.

—Alluding to one of the points in the printed reports of the Pastoral Letter promulgated by the Prelates of the Baltimore Council, calling on all Catholics to refrain from selling liquor on the Lord's Day, the *Christian Advocate* sagely remarks: "If all the men and women who receive the Mass as good Catholics would heed this discussion, what a prodigious advance would be given to the cause of temperance and good order and religious decency on the Lord's Day!" "Receive the Mass, is good! What a pity it is that preachers of the Protestant persuasion will make upon attempting to teach before they have learned.

The American Catholic University.

We look upon the project of founding an American Catholic University as one of the most important undertakings yet contemplated by the Prelates of the Church in this country. It is a well-known fact that the Universities already established and under control or supported by the Protestants of deed philanthropists, are rapidly assuming the tone of infidelity which pervades much of the public and private education of the day outside Catholic schools and colleges. For the maintenance of Christian principles, therefore, and in order to educate men up to the higher standard so as to be able to meet Infidelity and to combat it with the irresistant logic of truth, it has become necessary for the Church to undertake a work that will cost millions of dollars to consummate, but which will be an astronomical electric light that will bring out Catholic truth in its strongest effulgence.

When the false science and the false theology of the land is preached by men who are graduates of Harvard or Yale, their ideas are received with a degree of reverence by the unthinking masses which would not otherwise be accorded them. And as the generations of the present will develop into the infidelity of the future, the great Christian Church of the land must have its deeply learned legions ready to replies by the weight of argument and the power of truth, the bald and brazen assertions which will come from men who have imbibed their initial ideas from pagan ideas of works antagonistic in tone not only to the Catholic Church in particular but to Christianity in general.

The foundation of a Catholic University will also exercise a most beneficial influence in invigorating Catholic education all over the land. Hitherto there has been much done in this direction, but the generous and final triumph of Catholic education can never be achieved until Catholic children can be advanced through regular grades of promotion from the parochial school to the College, and from those to the Catholic University, whenever the taste, talent, and mental qualifications of the individual may warrant the expenditure of years of study.

As Bishop Spalding well said in his address on this subject before the members of the recent Council, when alluding to the fears entertained by some that such an institution would not find sufficient patronage in this republic of money-makers, "Our lands each students are found, and if with us there is a tendency to rush with precipitancy and insufficient preparation to whatever work we may have chosen, this is but a proof of the need of special efforts to reassure an order which springs from weakness and not from strength. Haste is a mark of immaturity. He who is certain of himself and master of his tools knows that he is able, and neither hurries nor worries, but works and waits. The rank weed shoots up in a day and as quickly dies, but the slow growing olive tree lives through the long century and drops from its gentle branches ripe fruit through the forever, and we know The Church endures midst of our rapidly moving and ever-changing society she should be the first to learn to temper energy with the patient strength which gives the courage to toil and hope through a long life, if so we make ourselves worthy to speak some truth or do some needful deed. And to whom shall this lesson first be taught if not to the clerics whose natural endowments single them out as future leaders of Catholic thought and enterprise, and where can this lesson to be well be learned as in a school whose standard of intellectual excellence shall be the highest!

While we look, therefore, to the founding of a true university, we will begin, as the university of Paris began in the twelfth century, and as the present university of Louvain began fifty years ago, with a rational school of philosophy and theology, which will form the central focality of a complete educational organism. Around this the other faculties will take their place, in due course of time, and so the beginning which we make will grow, until like the seed planted in the earth, it shall wear the blooming crown of its own development.

And though the event be less than our hope, though even failure be the outcome, is it not better to fail than not to attempt a worthy work which might be done? Only they who do nothing derive comfort from the mistakes of others, and the saying that a blunder is worse than a crime is doubtless true for those who have no other measure of worth and success than the conventional standards of a superficial public opinion. We at least know

"There lives a Judge
To whose all pondering mind, a noble aim
Faithfully kept is a noble deed
In whose pure sight all virtue dwells entwined."

Possible American Saints.

The Baltimore *Mirror* says that it has authentic information that steps were taken to introduce before the Congregation of Rites in Rome the names of Rose Genopi, Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., and Catharine Tagakwita, for the purpose of having the customary examinations made with a view to their subsequent canonization. Father Jogues and Rose Genopi were slain by the Mohawk Indians in what is now the State of New York in 1642 and 1646 respectively; the latter was an Indian girl born in the mission which sprang from their blood, and was there baptized and began that course of heroic sanctification which has long made her thought a fit candidate of canonization. As nothing further could be done in the matter until after the formal introduction of the cause at Rome, and as a decree for this is given by the Holy Father, only after urgent petitions have made it evident that a considerable portion of the Church desires the cause to be taken up and tried on its merits, the whole question was laid before the recent Plenary Council. It was favorably received by the assembled prelates, many of whom expressed an interest of long standing in the lives of these great servants of God.

—A handsome marble monument has been erected at St. Paul, Ramsey county, Minn., to the memory of Archbishop Blenchet.

Startling Statistics Regarding Mixed Marriages.

One of the most important duties connected with the Catholic press is to remind Catholic parents of the presence of the Evil Spirit and to warn them against violating the decrees laid down for their guidance.

With this object in view we have taken the trouble of publishing setting forth the evils which arise from marriages where only one of the contracting parties is a Catholic. Most all of us have published concerning this evil, we have not told half the truth it seems, if we are to measure the ruin it reaches by startling statistics. We follow as furnished in the *Catholic Review*:

The letter conveying this sad catalogue of Catholic defection is from a priest who says: "The congregation of which I am pastor numbers one thousand souls. In only twenty years old. I counted to-day twenty six mixed marriages in it, and here with give you an idea of the religious condition of such family in the order in which they came to mind:

No. 1. Wife good Catholic; children at parochial school; husband believes in no church.

No. 2. Husband once Catholic, but him and children all lost.

No. 3. Husband practical Catholic; children made First Communion, but soon drop off from the practice of their religion.

No. 4. Husband apostatized after marriage; children baptized Catholics, but now Lutherans.

No. 5. Husband very indifferent Catholic; children young.

No. 6. Husband apostatized; children all Protestants.

No. 7. Husband apostatized; children all Protestants.

No. 8. Husband Catholic, but never goes to church; has one child, but not baptized.

No. 9. Husband excommunicated; child not baptized.

No. 10. Wife Catholic; husband a sinner; children baptized by stealth.

No. 11. Wife was never permitted to go to church, and fell away; children not baptized.

No. 12. Catholic wife forbidden to go to church; children baptized by stealth.

No. 13. Catholic wife forbidden to go to church; children baptized by stealth.

No. 14. Protestant wife sends children to Catholic church and school, but husband very jealous.

No. 15. Wife Catholic; husband was converted; both apostatized; wife has repented, but relenting. No children.

No. 16. Wife Catholic; infant child baptized; husband bigot.

No. 17. Wife Catholic; child at parochial school; husband bigot.

No. 18. Wife good Catholic; child at public school.

No. 19. Catholic husband, married before a preacher; never goes to church.

No. 20. Catholic husband, very curious; child nearly a year old before baptism (through no fault of Protestant wife).

No. 21. Protestant wife, much better than Catholic husband.

No. 22. Wife Catholic; deserted by her husband.

No. 23. Husband good Catholic, but large family of children all lost to the faith.

No. 24. Husband careless Catholic, and family of children all lost to the faith.

No. 25. Catholic husband, and children all gone.

No. 26. Wife good Catholic; children baptized, but not allowed to go to church. In that long list there has not been a single conversion of the Protestant party, though the Catholics promised to labor for that end. How the promises of the non-Catholics have all vanished, we need not give the details. The result is that the great danger of perversion was to the Catholic parties is also apparent.

Respectfully, NORTHERN OHIO.

A Mistake Peculiar to Protestant Preachers.

The leaven of Protestantism—at least so far as its preachers are concerned—is fermenting. The great mass of the preachers who grant, pray or publish for the sects they represent, are true Pharisees at heart, and invariably attribute to others the bigotry and uncharitableness they themselves possess. Puffed up as they are with worldly pride, they cannot conceive how it is possible for a Christian to have any idea of religion, and thus, in the blindness of their bigotry, they inevitably fall into the very pit they had prepared for others.

We had a very fair sample of this spirit of Pharisaism manifested in the columns of the *Pacific Methodist* last week, in an article entitled "A Religious Romanist," which was introduced—as the editor said—in order to show the Methodist brethren that "even a Romanist may have spiritual religion." (?)

What erudite ideas concerning the Catholic Church must jostle each other in the cranium of the astute concocter of this paragraph! "Even a Romanist may have spiritual religion." What condescension, on the part of a Pharisee who prefers the preaching of Wesley to the precepts of God! How we pity the poor people who have no other spiritual nutriment than husks as giants from the opaque mind of such blind leaders of the blind, as illustrated by the extraordinary extract we quote from the evangel of Methodism.

We wonder if the writer of this remarkable sentence ever reflected that "spiritual religion" came direct from God to the Catholic Church, and that it will remain therein all days "even to the consummation of the world." Who authorized John Wesley to make a religion? Assuredly, Almighty God would not have left the world in ignorance of Christian truth for seventeen hundred and twenty-nine years. God is a God of God, and such an idea is repugnant to Christianity. It is clear, therefore, that Methodism is a mere man-made code of cold and barren theory based upon false interpretations of texts of scripture. And yet these people pretend to judge Catholics and to console that "even a Romanist may have spiritual religion," all of which goes to prove that Sydney Smith was right when he dubbed the Methodist preachers of his day as "consecrated cobblers," and one of the same class must be writing just now for the *Pacific Methodist*.

—There is a movement on foot in Italy more looking to a grand celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of a Catholic Hierarchy in Australia. Right Rev. John Carroll was, on August 15th, 1790, consecrated first Bishop of Baltimore. The house in which he was born and lived is still standing in Upper Marlboro, Prince George county. Some are in favor of erecting a memorial church worthy of the first Catholic See in the United States.

—1865 will be a sad year for Ireland. On Thursday.

The Growing Evil of Divorce.

A dispatch in the daily papers says that the Pope has created a sensation in clerical circles by writing a pontifical letter to Cardinal Parocchi, strongly denouncing divorce as a flagrant violation of the decrees of the Church. The Holy Father also makes a most trenchant appeal against the Divorce bill now being discussed in the Italian Chambers.

When we come to consider the immoral nature of the proposed Italian Divorce law, we need not wonder that the Vicar of Christ—the defender of virtue and the friend of women—should hurl the heaviest anathemas of the Church upon the heads of the infidel Italian hirelings who have gone down deeper in degradation than only sacrament of marriage than even the worst type of European socialists or American free-love fanatics.

The Italian Divorce Code is simply a proposal to extirpate marriage altogether and to substitute a greedy lewd sensual system by which every man or woman is privileged to take any female or woman who agrees to the carnal compact, and to leave the partner of his or her interests. This one-legged system of union is only provided with the boon a man and wife have separated for a period of three years—provided they have no children, or for five years, provided they have children—the aggrieved party can obtain a divorce. This is simply an abolition of permanent marriage, and gives to either husband or wife only a temporal interest in the marriage relation.

Of course the bill is specially designed to afford relief to a married husband, as the case may be, who has grown weary of his partner, or who has deserted. In practice, however, the bill would permit the voluntary separation and subsequent divorce of any married couple, or a man and wife should grow tired of one another within a month after marriage they would only have to agree to live apart from one another for a specified time, and, in case the marriage should prove unfruitful, they would have only three years to wait in order to dissolve the marriage bond and to seek more congenial partners. The party bringing the suit for divorce would merely allege that he or she has been deserted, and the defendant certainly would not deny this claim. There will, therefore, be no certainty in the Divorce bill beyond a law that any Italian marriage will last over seven years at the furthest. Certainly the Italian Ministry has gone to the very base of viciousness in framing such a law for a people who have ever been recognized as children of that Church which has fainted for ages against such iniquitous legislation which legalizes the worst passions of mankind.

But when we turn our mental vision to our own land we must feel that the frightful feature of the Italian Divorce bill is already in present existence. Nearly every State in the Union presents are seven hundred Divorce suits at present pending in the courts in Philadelphia, and an average of one divorce to every [illegible] families. When we add to the [illegible] divorce suits pending in the courts against husbands, we shall see how [illegible] we are going on swinging around you. Yet you are tempted to do deep is the [illegible] for little this immorality [illegible] kind, and the Eastern States [illegible] sin. The go from house to house [illegible] so shall we [illegible] you [illegible] so bad. But Nantucket [illegible] "Oh, [illegible] sinned should be provided with fresh [illegible] sin." Nantucket [illegible] sin [illegible] sinned more in the shape of outside stair ways, [illegible] sin." Nantucket [illegible] sin [illegible] sinned self-control areas in the midst of [illegible] sin." Nantucket [illegible] sin [illegible] sin. The extinction of an alarm of fire, to fall [illegible] sin." Nantucket [illegible] sin [illegible] sin. The excitement

Farm and Home.

A JOLLY OLD FISH.

Oh, a jolly old fish is the oyster fish,
As he sits by his pearly shell,
A delicious bow-wow is a delicious dish,
If you can only be cooked well
Served on toast,
Or raw on a dainty plates;
Calloup or stew,
Either will do,
Or fried in cracklin or batter.
And a knowing old fish is the oyster bird,
As he slowly opens to show
For he does not a bint, he speaks not a word,
Of all his secrets he knows—
Blissful he sits,
Shady bower,
Whispering low and sweet;
Hazy delicious,
Hazy old nights,
When jolly old oysters meet.

Learning Housework.

If mothers educated their daughters to think more honorably of housework, we would not have so many inefficient housekeepers, but if the mother is sufficient in the control of her home, she had rather do the work than have the trouble of teaching her daughters, forgetting that this is an injustice to them as well as to herself, and she can no more neglect their education from books, and should be taught to understand that to be an adept in the art of sewing, plain or otherwise is as great an accomplishment as music and painting, not that I advocate the latter accomplishments, but I consider the former as equal to them, and it seems strange that mothers are blind to this essential part of their daughters education.

When we contemplate the many unhappy homes made by the incapacity of their mistress our best instincts convince us that the training of our girls is absolutely wrong. I once heard a farmer's daughter say to her mother the week before she was married, "I have never made a loaf of bread of cake." And she was twenty-three at the time, and her intended was a farmer, and the mother was well aware that the daughter would have to be her own housekeeper.

But even in the case of dividing the care of the household with servants the discipline is better when the lady has a practical knowledge of how things should be done, and the mind of a lady engaged in the performance of certain duties; if she has a knowledge of these facts she will be a more kind and patient mistress.

While I believe that our girls should be proficient in every department of learning, I think also that they should be taught the importance of serving an apprenticeship in the kitchen at the same time.

Keep Up Your Sweetheart Days.

How many husbands and wives who once were life full of love and devotion cease their efforts to please each other from the day the honeymoon goes down! The wife becomes deeply absorbed in her household duties. She forgets that her husband is still a man who likes to see a well dressed lady. She becomes careless of her personal attire and her personal appearance when no one is to see her but her husband, when the truth is she should take more pains to please his eye more than anybody else's. It is a great mistake that he is not, just like other people, favorably impressed with a little careful and appropriate dressing. She need not drive herself in slatterns and expensive robes to meet him when he returns home from his daily occupation, but she can wash her face, comb her hair, put on a clean, pretty wrapper, and stick a flower in her bosom. All this helps. It gives of his too common reality. Your husband owes much to his wife in his personal habit and personal attire. He should be the same "nice" man after marriage that he was before marriage. It must not turn out to be something entirely different from what his wife fell in love with, otherwise she may become disenchanted and have a good excuse for seeking him of having won her by false pretenses. Finally, we must not take too much for granted, but try to be something new, attractive and lovable.

Family Life.

If there be anything which makes life worth the living it is to be one of an affectionate family.

Strange to say, however, most people could count upon their fingers if one hand the really nice families they know; the families, that is in which there is not only a tender care for each other, but an unselfish department and a kindly interest alway manifested by every other fellow member.

A daughter will always fetch the mother anything she may want, and brush the brother's top-coats and hats for them are the main members of the home start off for work in the morning.

Brothers too, will often take their sisters for a walk or put little attentions which cost nothing and mean a great deal.

This is the household unit which a young man who wants a good wife will do well and wisely to marry. There may not be much show about the girls, but he will find that they are companionable, and that their dispositions stand the test of wear.

It is easy enough to fall in love with a girl who she is arrayed for a party, and feels the flesh and pleasure of fun.

But when disappointed and darkness, however, and little family worries come in, a man wants something more than a pretty drawing room ornament for a wife; he needs a ready to assist, honest, womanly soul and helpmate.

Health Hints.

The best way to allay sunburn is to bathe the face in cold cream at night.

A little spirits of harshorn applied to a spider or mosquito bite will soon relieve the pain and itching.

Dry ashes applied to a cut will stop the bleeding, and will, if left on a few hours, hasten the healing process.

For cutaneous eruptions of children and old people, Doctor Dobbing recommends an ointment of five grains of iodine of lead to the drachm of vaseline.

Citrity is often constitutional, but it may be produced by gastralgia, abdominoscopy, the avoidance of much harmaceous and plutinous food, early rising, and the refraining from all indolent habits.

Persons who find that it says it is a good plan to burn sulphur in cellars where milk is kept, especially if they are damp. The sulphur-ous acid evolved destroys the unpleasant odor, which, if not checked, will injure the flavor of cream and butter.

Where there is any indication of bad nerves being formed, a common buffalo robe should be spread under the patient, with the hair side up, the under sheet being spread over it next to the patient. This is said to be far superior to cushions, water-pillows and pads.

Doctor Brandini, of Florence, says that stirne and will assuage the violent pain which is the usual concomitant of cancer. He applies to the part plaqueis of lint soaked in a solution of four grains of the acid in 300 grams of common water, with the result of affording instantaneous relief.

Formerly the square piano was generally used, notwithstanding it was a very unfashionable and inconvenient form as compared with the more elegant upright piano. Mr. Steinway, however, has succeeded in producing a beautiful instrument, fashionable in its elegant form, and which has given it the preference. One reason why made by the Steinway & Sons Company is entitled to give the upright still more acceptability is the fact that they have made it a specialty for the past ten years, during which time they have perfected it in all its particulars, and now it is the most perfect, durable, and reliable form of the upright, combining with it the advantages of sweet tone, elegant form, and a durability which will last a lifetime. The result is more perfect, virtuous of the siding, producing more pure, refined and full tones, and much greater durability, including from this form liability to get out of tune.—Boston Journal.

CALIFORNIA.

The Origin of the Name of the Great State of the Pacific Coast.

What California means no one has been able to definitely settle, but it is generally accepted that the name was first used in a Spanish romance entitled "Las Largas de Esplandian," published in 1510, and was there applied to an island "on the right hand of the Indies, near the Terrestrial Paradise." Calloupe has been derived by some local philologists into meaning cay and gown, but Bancroft asserts that San Hermosa "made up the name of the initial two front syllables of California and the two last of Saraloja, joining them together and adding a central "ca" for the sake of euphony." California is said by some to mean the "true skill" and by John S. Hittell, who has devoted much attention to the topographical names of California to mean empty skills. Some cavaliers in the Spanish army, Mr. Hittell says, gave the name in reason on his side, supposition strengthened by the legend existing that the Spaniards discovered an old Indian battle-field in that country. It is quite probable, however, that the place was named from a more decent reason and that some poet has named the place in sacred memory of Calvary. The origin of the name Lodi is quite obscure, although it is very near to the Spanish for sand. Sour was probably named by some practical admirer of Milton. Nered, though it would purile one to find out where in the world he drew his inspiration. Rosa is the Spanish for moth, but why the little insectivorous thing should be called is not clear, notwithstanding the ingenious explanation of some German that it has been called Rosa because the moth is the best place for its nest. Unfortunately for this theory, Rosa was called Rosa long before the brewery was established there. The author says that the topographical peculiarity is responsible for the name, Rosa also meaning a bed of roses. Merce and Holinas, the one meaning pebble, and the other hollows, are both positive, unless one is content to accept them as being named after people. Point Anno Nuevo was, very probably, named so because it was discovered on the first day of a new year, and Sonoma, if accepted, was so called because the first residents of the place were Indians of Sonoma, Mexico. The wild and reckless burg of Mipinos was probably named because there grew in its neighborhood "mil pitas," a thousand aloes; but Visalia bachers all attempts at explanation. Paraiso means paradise and was often bestowed by the Spaniards upon any place they thought "heavenly." The correctness with which the old Spanish names have generally been retained is remarkable. The worst modern fault has been that of chopping off the articles, while Los Gatos and the Farallones are about the worst examples of unspelling. The first should be Los Gatos, meaning the cats, and the second should be Farallones, meaning cliffs in the sea.—*Chronicle.*

Scolding and Praising Children.

"Jane I want you to take that pail of sour milk to the pigs," said Father starting for the moving lot. "Come, you needn't look so cross about it; you're very pretty girl like you. You don't hurt yourself with work, what, ever there is to be done," and he strode off to his work leaving a sullen, angry girl washing her pans.

"Father is always making me do some of his own, or the boys work, as if I hadn't enough of my own. Next I know he'll be asking me to put up the horses, or bore the corn. But I know one thing, I won't stay on this old farm a day longer than I have to, and I will teach my brothers to do their work and then up to the sun on the stoop. Wait a bit."

Soon he got home, a lazy girl, but the neatest, jolly little Jane, with a sweet smile greeted, made her spirits soar, and her despondency fly away. Her tasks finished, if she had been asked to do the work in a cheerful, kindly way, by her father, she would have responded cheerfully.

It was very different in another house. Father was a man in rather delicate health, and his stout little Rose, of thirteen, set herself the task of saving him all the work she could. "Rose is the nicest child, he said with enthusiasm yesterday to a gentleman who had dined with him. "The other night when I came in from work she had done up all my work for me, that she could do, even toddled down the horses and threw them hay, then she wheeled out a tub of feed for the pigs to the sula of the pen. So I could feed them each other, but an unusual thing for a girl of her age, but I was left to do all this, but she will, when she fancies I may be overtired or not well."

Rose's laughing eye was bright as a star and her step like the cricket's. There was no appearance of having overtaxed her strength, and she loved to do all these things "for father." She was sure of a lasting appreciation that was a better reward than gold. What a difference it makes, whether labor are done willingly or by word of command.

If the girls, and the boys too, were better appreciated; if they were praised instead of blamed so much, it would be a great deal better all round.

It is a good thing to cast our eyes inward here and there, and see how it is with us how we like it to have others always "picking at us." Children cannot be expected to have more self-command and stoicism than life's disciples live taught by.

St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland.

When it was morning she rose from bed and devoted a considerable time to prayer and the reading of the Psalms, and while reading the Psalms she performed the following works of mercy. She ordered that nine little orphans, utterly destitute, should be brought into her at the first hour of the day, and that some soft food such as children eat that tender age like, should daily be prepared for them. When the little ones were carried to her she did not think it beneath her to take them upon her knee and to get their food ready for them, and this she put into their mouths with the spoon while she herself used. The Queen, who was honored by all the people, did this act of charity for the sake of Christ and as one of Christ's servants. To this most loving mother must be applied with great propriety that saying of the blessed Job: "From my infancy mercy grew with me, and it came forth with me from my mother's womb." While this was going on it was the custom to bring three hundred poor people into the royal hall, and, when they had been seated round in order, the King and Queen entered; where upon the doors were shut by the seneschal, for with the exception of the chaplains, certain religious, and a few attendants, no one was permitted to be present at their alms deeds. The King on the one side of the table, and the other, waited upon Christ in the person of His poor, and served them with food and drink which had been prepared for this special purpose. When this was finished, the Queen's custom was to go into the church, and then, with long prayers, with tears and sighs, she offered up a sacrifice to God. Upon holydays, in addition to the ordinary alms, she used to hear three Masses, and Holy Mary, nevertheless the space of a day and a night, she used to repeat the Psalter twice or thrice, and hear the celebration of the public Mass, she caused five or six Masses to be sung privately in her presence.—*Tuscan's Life of St. Margaret.*

Endorsement from such a source is but another proof of intrinsic merit, and we give this to our readers with the good will they may derive from it, believing heartily in its worth, and unquestionably endorsing the recommend gentleman, and the wife in whom he is engaged.

—Brook's Spool Cotton soft finish as well as glace finish, is manufactured especially for sewing machine work. Try it if any machine-spool you will try no other. For sale by all dry goods stores.

A WESTERN POINT OF VIEW.

A Gentleman Thoroughly Competent to Speak, Gives His Opinion of Matters at Universal Importance.

During the past year 1,000,000 acres have been entered in Southern Dakota and 100 post-offices established, the early newspapers have increased from forty-three to sixty-three, and workies from 1st to 2d; emigration is pouring in at a rapid rate, a nation is being born in a day, and a short time only can elapse before two or three large States will grow out this land of the Dakotas.

The Rev. Stewart Sheldon, of Yankton, Superintendent of Home Missions for Southern Dakota, a gentleman who has lived in the Territory for the past sixteen years, and who knows what he says and is fully competent to give a trustworthy opinion on the very enthusiastic over Dakota's prospects. "Look at the area of the State, he exclaims, "Half a million square miles! make twenty-eight Connecticuts, to be larger than the inhabitants of the world with only six teen and a fraction to the acre, to put a belt around the globe six miles wide. In a single year 1,500 miles of railroad are built, and in a single farm 1,200,000 bushels of wheat were raised; its possibilities are almost boundless!

"How about the planting of churches?" "It keeps pace with the needs of the people. In my own denomination alone fifty organizations have been effected during the last year, and other religious bodies have probably done equally well."

"May I ask what originally I brought you to this new country with the necessary knowledge?"

"First, the pursuit of health, secondly, the great and growing field for religious work, and, thirdly, the hope of a home for my time. Anyon know, it is much easy task, and more to my taste for a denomination which believes saved my life, I should even go to Siberia if the call came, and I am glad in being instrumental in an humble way of doing some little good."

"Would you be willing to publicly state your experience?"

"Yes, sir! If you care to publish the matter in your paper, for the good of the cause, I will give you a written statement." And suiting the action to the word, the superintendent immediately wrote out the following.

REV. D. R. COE, HON. SECRETARY.
REV. M. M. BARROWS, SECRETARIES.
REV. J. R. CRAFT, TREASURER.
AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
BOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

REV. STEWART SHELDON,
SUPERINTENDENT FOR DAKOTA.

YANKTON, DAKOTA, September 26, 1884.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used Warner's Safe Cure and Safe Pills more or less for a year past and I find them to be most excellent remedies. They seem to do the work where other compounds fail. I have reason to believe that they have saved my life, and it gives me pleasure to commend them to others. For liver complaint, general debility and constipation, they have been a specific in my own case, as they have been to others to whom I have recommended them. It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the many already given, in the hope that others afflicted as I have been may experience like benefit.

REV. STEWART SHELDON.

NIGHT CRUCIFIXES.
NIGHT CROSSES.
NIGHT STATUES.
VISIBLE IN THE DARKEST ROOM.
When Nothing Else Can Please They Shine Out with Great Brilliancy, and are, as Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia said, "A Great Incentive to Devotion."
General Agent for the Pacific Coast of the Celebrated PUSTET ROMAN MISSAL.
Ordered from the A. WALDTEUFEL CATHOLIC BOOK AND MUSIC HOUSE, San Francisco.
Box 42 Clay st. and 737 Market st. Opposite the Little Theatre.
Illustrated Catalogue and Price List Free on Application.
Bibles, Manuals and Prayer Books in all the Languages in the Universe.
Rosaries, Medals, Crucifixes, Holy Water Fonts, Stations of the Cross, Statues, Pictures, Lamps, Candlesticks, Vestments, Chalices, Ciboriums, Monstrances, Altar Cloths, Altar Wine, Altar Stones, Altar Cards, Confessionals, Stations of the Cross, Church Furniture and Ornaments of every description.
Importer of Gilt Rosaries, Gilt Crucifixes, Gilt Medals, Gilt Holy Water Fonts, Gilt Lamps, Gilt Candlesticks, Gilt Chalices, Gilt Ciboriums, Gilt Monstrances, Gilt Statues, Gilt Pictures, Gilt Stations of the Cross, Gilt Church Furniture and Ornaments of every description.
Importer of Fine Chasubles, Dalmatics, Tunicles, Copes, Albs, Surplices, Lace Goods, Linens, Altar Cloths, Altar Wine, Altar Stones, Altar Cards, Confessionals, Stations of the Cross, Church Furniture and Ornaments of every description.
Importer of Fine Oil Paintings, Fresco Paintings, Water Colors, Crayons, Engravings, Photographs, Statues, Busts, Vases, Fonts, Holy Water Fonts, Lamps, Candlesticks, Chalices, Ciboriums, Monstrances, Altar Cloths, Altar Wine, Altar Stones, Altar Cards, Confessionals, Stations of the Cross,

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

children from school, but to give them all the time and all the advantages that they have the capacity to profit by, or that, in after life, their children may "rise up and call them blessed."

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

We need hardly remind you, dearly beloved brethren, that while home life would not, as a rule, be sufficient to supply the place of the school, it equally true, that set the action of dangerous influences in the school, it is equally true, that all that the Christian school could accomplish would be inadequate without the co-operation of the Christian home. Christian schools can only prepare the soil, but Christian homes must first prepare the soil, and afterwards foster the seed and bring it to maturity.

1. *Christian Marriage.*—The basis of the Christian home is Christian marriage; that is, marriage entered into and contracted in accordance with God's blessing. So great is the importance of marriage to the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind, that, as it had God for its Founder in the Old Law, so, in the New Law, it was raised by the Divine Lord to the dignity of a sacrament of the Christian religion. Natural likings and indignity of a sacrament of the Christian religion. Natural likings and instincts have their own value and weight; but they ought not by themselves to be a decisive motive in so important a step as Christian marriage; nor are they a safe guarantee for the proper fulfilment of the high ends for which marriage was ordained. That Christian hearts and lives may be wisely and rightly joined, God must join them, and religion sanctify the union; and rightly joined, God must join them, and religion sanctify the union; and though the Church sometimes permits the contraction of mixed marriages, she never does so without regret and without a feeling of anxiety for the future happiness of that union and for the eternal salvation of the fruit.

2. *The Indissolubility of Marriage.*—The security of the Christian home is in the indissolubility of the marriage tie. Christian marriage, once consummated, can never be dissolved save by death. Let it be well understood that even adultery, though it may justify "separation from bed and board," cannot loose the marriage tie, so that either of the parties may marry during the life of the other. Nor has "legal divorce" the slightest power, before God, to loose the bond of marriage and to make a subsequent marriage valid. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." (18). In common with all Christian churches we hold that it is one of civilization, to have wrought by the divorce-laws of our country. These laws are fast loosening the foundations of society. We cannot but consider that such divorces are prevalent in some states in ignorance. Catholics, at least, remember that marriage only through worthy and holy motives, and let them seek to hallow marriage, strengthen with the blessed and to Nuptial Mass. And then, far from wishing for means of escape from their union, they will rejoice that it cannot be divided but by death.

3. *Home Virtues.*—The pervading atmosphere of the Christian home should be Christian charity—the love of God and of the neighbor. In this atmosphere the husband and wife, dwelling together as "heirs of the grace of life," should be the ambition and study of Christian parents to make their home a sanctuary of peace, which no harsh or angry, no indelicate or profane word, should be uttered—in which truth, sincerity, self-control, should be practised—in which, with the thought of God, the desire to please Him, should be, sweetly and naturally, laid before the children as the first, should be, sweetly and naturally, the lessons of prayer their childhood should learn. From the home sanctuary the Lord should ascend as a most sweet morning and evening sacrifice of prayer. How beautiful and rich in blessings is the assembling of parents and children for morning and evening prayer! Our hearts are filled with consolations for morning and evening prayer! Our hearts are filled with consolations when, in the noonday of our cares and toils, we meet family in church, to pray before the Lord of Hosts. In such families we are sure to find the spirit of prayer, faith, religion and virtue. Faith, religion and virtue, and peace of the special benedictions of heaven. Faith, religion and virtue, and peace of the special benedictions of heaven. Faith, religion and virtue, are the best protection against the spirit of error.

4. *The Catholic Press.*—Finally, Christian parents, let us beg your earnest consideration of this important truth, that upon you, singly and individually, most practically depend the solution of the question, whether Catholic literature, most practically depend the solution of the question, whether the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly has the Church expected of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly has the Church expected of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly Pontiffs and distinguished Catholic writers, and so adequate have been the objections been proved and repeated everywhere, that no one certainly stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. We stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. We stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. We will be only words in the ear, unless it can be brought home to each parent and made practical in each household. If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute a yearly offering, or to subscribe for one or more Catholic papers, and by urging himself well acquainted with the information such periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information such periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information such periodicals, and keeping

Poetry.

NOT FOR MYSELF ALONE.

"Not for myself alone,"
The little prattling flower thus replied when
Not for myself alone I live and blow;
With fragrant breath the breezes I inclose,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes!
The bee comes sipping every sweet I give
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From the threatening ill.

"Not for myself alone,"
The chirping star with brilliant smile doth beam—
"Not for myself alone I fan and set;
I with upon night's sweet and quiet reign
His power and skill who formed our myriad host.
Not for myself alone
I pass the sky,
That man might take my light, in every late,
His home on high."

"Not for myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
"Not for myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden and the bower,
And in the hive at evening ready store;
For one, for man the bandore load I pile
Will I toil sore,
Content if this copy my ceaseless toil—
Not for myself."

"Not for myself alone,"
The soaring birds with lofty pinions sings—
"Not for myself alone I raise the song;
I, who the drooping sinner's sorrows know
And hear the mourner on my tireless wings;
I bid his hymnbook chant my anthem loud,
And God above
I call my witness, from his throne to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not for myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers as its pebbly way—
Ingentle lilt, I make music in my ears,
And strew the fields with herbs and flowers gay,
I sing as I go onward, Nook and bower,
My cadences tone,
I sweeten and freshen the fragrant air
In drowsiest June.

"Not for myself alone"—
Oh, man, forget not this, earth's honored prince!
Not for myself alone thy life is given,
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Content if poets at heart's ungrudging feet,
Play out the aligned, spurn thy native clod,
And soul discover;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto God,
Not for thyself alone.

Literary Miscellany.

A Priest's Adventure.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC NEW YEAR'S STORY.

The following circumstances, which are truth, not fiction, were related by the Jesuit Father C—, so renowned for his missionary work in Central Africa.

"On the evening of Dec. 22, 1867, I was in Paris, my object being partly to collect funds for the orphanages and educational establishments under my care at Cairo and Khartoum (the latter of which negro children are trained up to be good Christians, and partly to recover my shattered health. On that day I had gathered a plentiful harvest for my poor negro children; gifts had been richly bestowed, and I returned to my quarters full of gratitude to God and our benefactors, though suffering considerable fatigue. About 10 o'clock while I was saying my Office, some one knocked at my door. Surprised at so late a visitor, I took up a hybird mantle and advancing to the person who was entering I inquired his wishes. The stranger, who was well dressed, had the manners of a gentleman answered as he bowed courteously:

"Pardon me sir, that I disturb you at this late hour, I come to request you to visit a dying man who desires to speak to you before his end."

"But" I replied, why ask spiritual consolation from a stranger? Why not from his parish priest?"

"The sick man has expressly requested your aid," said the petitioner in a dejected manner. "I must of course, leave it to you to judge whether you will grant the last wish of a dying man or not. No time is to be lost."

"Without pausing any further over this strange request, I at once followed my visitor, quickly descending the stairs and passed into the street, where a handsome carriage was waiting. The stranger politely requested me to enter it, helped me in, closed the door quickly, and threw himself into a corner. The horses started off at a sharp trot. To my great surprise I saw by the light of the street lamps that there were three other persons in the carriage whose countenances were so stonelike and looking that I was seized with alarm and made a movement to spring out. At the same moment one of the three seized me by the collar while with the other hand he pointed a dagger toward my breast, the others exhibiting their revolvers at the same time. Escape was impossible, so I resigned myself to my fate, and silently prayed the All Merciful that He would grant me good death, for I believed my end was at hand. I suffered my eyes to be bound without offering any resistance. My companions spoke not a word, and I was left to my reflections. Suddenly the carriage stopped. I was in a richly furnished room, all the appointments of which testified to the wealth of the owner. I looked in vain for a bed or a dying person. I knew not what to think.

"Presently a distinguished looking man arose from an arm-chair in a distant corner of the room and advanced towards me. He was in the vigor of manhood, and looked hale and well though the gray hairs with which his dark locks were sprinkled showed the approach of age. This person whom I had never seen before addressed me in a friendly manner and begged me to take the nearest chair. I began to explain. I have been called to a dying man, but there surely has been some mistake, for you, sir, are perfectly well, if my sight deceives me not."

"You are right, worthy Sir, my bodily health is perfect," said the man, with a deep sigh, "but I am called to be an hour I must die; and I earnestly beg you to prepare me for a Christian death."

"What am I to understand by this?" I asked. "You say that you are well and strong, and yet you are to die in an hour?"

"The unknown answered quietly. To make short story, revenge is sweet, but it must know that I am a member of a secret society, and have been appointed to its highest office both on account of the influence I possess and because I have ever shrinked in bringing some difficult matters to a happy termination. My power and my character have been established, and for twenty eight years I have served the interests of our society with zeal and courage. When, however, it fell to my lot, a short time since, to be appointed to procure the death of a wealthy and pious prelate, who fills a high position and is generally esteemed, I decidedly refused to obey the command, although I well know that in accordance with our severe statutes death would be the consequence of my refusal. The sentence has been spoken, and this night I am to die. At my reception into the society I swore to obey without a word, and I would never during my life or at my death ask the cause of any of my priest. I had resolute to refused to take this oath, and now my hour is at hand. I have lived a sinful life, but I have never shed blood, and I cannot, I dare not, I will not, be the murderer of a holy priest. Save me, save me, for as a corporeal little likely to be in the confidence of any other person."

"I asked anxiously what kind of death he was to suffer

"The kind of death is singular," he answered. A large iron fork is thrust into the lower part of the neck near the collar bone and pierces the artery on each side. Death follows immediately and without a second remains. I have myself discharged more than fifty of our unfortunate victims. I pass over the details of the trial, which lasted for two days, and the sentence, and my attempt to fly from it. It would be vain, for the secret arm of our society extends over the whole world. But now, worthy Sir, I beg you to receive the confession of my whole life. It will but bring to my conscience is stained with blood, with sacrilege, and with many other deeds of sin. I have but one hour, he continued, as he drew out his watch and with pencil, but a delay no longer! And he knelt down by my chair.

"I cast a look toward Heaven, and with more fervor than I had ever before experienced, prayed for the unhappy man. With Lord be in thy heart and upon thy lips that thou mayest worthily and rightly confess all thy sins."

"An hour might have passed when the sky was based to turn in the lock of the door, and several men entered, bearing a coffin and the condemned. He begged for half an hour more, as he had not yet completed his confession. This was refused, and they pointed to the time piece which already indicated one o'clock. Then all the men seized him by the arm, and would have dragged him out of the room, but he earnestly reminded him of the promise that had been made him that he should have full liberty in regard to the concerns of his soul, while I joined my entreaties to his. The fearful tragedy greated him twenty minutes longer and withdrew, after which he completed his confession. With deep contrition yet with heartfelt joy at his reconciliation to God, he received the penal absolution, I laid my hand in gratitude and a tear fell on it.

"To my great sorrow I could not give him Holy Communion, not being in a Catholic priest, neither should I in any case have had time; but I gave him a relic of the Holy Cross which I always carried as a sacred treasure, and reminded him to place his whole trust in Him Who on this wood had made reconciliation for the sins of the whole world, and had pardoned when dying the repentant murderer. He pressed the relic to his lips with fervor and then concealed it in his breast.

"I then asked him whether he had no commands to give me. He begged me to carry his love to his dear wife, and his two daughters, one of whom had taken the veil in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and to say to them the comforting assurance that he had been reconciled with God before his end.

"But, I interrupted, your friends will perhaps doubt the truth of what I say. I can give no proof of my conversation with you. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to write a line in my pocket-book, as my credentials?

"He took my pocket-book, and wrote with pencil on the last page:

"Dear Clothilde,—for the moment of taking leave of this world I beg your forginess for his great sorrow which you will feel at my violent death. Kiss my dear mother, and comfort her with the certain assurance that I die reconciled to God, and hope by His mercy to meet you above. Pray earnestly for my poor soul.—Your Theodore.

"With a grateful bow he gave me back my book, and begged me to continue my journey without a word of comfort. I took my gun to speak when the door opened, and four men stepped up to the condemned and led him away. I placed myself before him, but I pressed back the men with my hands, begged and entreated them to spare the life of a dearly beloved, much honored husband and father, and not to stain their hands with blood. They laughed on me to scorn, and pushed me back staggering with their strong arms. I offered my life for his. I fell on my knees before them and begged so fervently that I thought that the very rocks would have yielded. A step nearer and I was unawer. The unhappy victim was soon forgotten and led up to the place of execution. As he left the room the poor man cried in piteous tones—

"Farewell, worthy father! God reward you for what you have done for me. Remember me in your prayers, and in the Holy Sacrifice."

"Deeply moved, I looked after him till the door closed, and the steps sounded fainter and fainter through the long passages. Sinking on my knees and burying my face in my hands I prayed fervently, with trembling lips, for the mercy and pity from God which was denied to the unhappy man by his fellow creatures.

"What I suffered in that time is known to the Almighty alone. A thousand times I overwhelmed me. Sometimes they were with God, sometimes with the Evil One; sometimes I looked timidly around as if I might see vipers and adders creeping out of ground; sometimes I listened for a cry of pain. All was quiet as the grave. Drops of anguish fell from my forehead. How long my soul endured this rack I cannot tell.

"But hark, there is a noise of footsteps which comes nearer and nearer. The lock springs back, the door opens, and the terrible messenger of blood again appears. There are dark spots of blood on his hands the blood of a brother. And now they will enter the room in which is the defenseless priest.

"I stretched out my hands to be bound unasked, but they left them free, and only bandaged my eyes, leading me through different passages, up and down stairs and over, I know not where. Sometimes I passed half a perfume of delicious essences, through another hall an odor of cold steel with a smell of mould that froze my blood. At last they unbound my eyes. I was in a brilliantly lighted hall, beautiful candelabra hung from the gold stucoed and tapestried walls, polished furniture stood about, while soft curtains in rich folds hung about the embrasures of the windows, everything proclaimed luxury and taste. Ladies and gentlemen sant in and out; some turned to the tables of refreshments, others chatted on sofas; here you saw a merry group, there a solitary thinker. One of the elegantly dressed women and a gentleman came to me, and were very pressing that I should take a glass of refreshment, but I silenced their entreaties by saying that I must say Mass in the morning, and that it was already two o'clock. Instantly they ceased to press me, and looked at me with a feeling of suspicion that I was not safe. They came to me no more, but when I attempted to leave this magnificent company some gentlemen approached, led me down some steps again bound my eyes and placed me in a carriage which was waiting. After a journey of some hours, partly on the road, partly over soft ground, the carriage stopped—my conductor silently led me from it, and after a few steps placed me on something high. Was it a guillotine? was it an iron giant? was it an instrument of martyrdom? Each moment I expected that either the descent of a knife would separate my head from my body, a stroke from a dagger would pierce my heart, or that a blow from a club would shatter my skull. The perspiration flowed down my face and yet a cold air blew upon me. I remained an hour in this deadly anguish, without the expected blow being dealt. I breathed deeply and at last I then listened with the greatest care and attentiveness and heard no sound of human voices. I raised the bandage a little from my eyes, I saw that I was alone. I threw the band up quickly away, sprang from the iron gar-

A QUEER CITY IN THE AIR.

The Wonderful Pueblo of Ancient Acoma, in New Mexico.

Built Upon a Rock Four Hundred Feet Above the Surrounding Valley. A Grim Fortress Frowning Upon All Invaders.

The pueblo of Acoma, situated ninety miles west of Albuquerque, is one of the most remarkable towns in the Mexico of the United States. To reach it, take the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad to McCarthy's Station and then transfer to an Indian pony and its stalkiest mules south by east. When near your journey end you will see a mighty rock in the valley, six miles in width, on the middle of which stands a hamlet, and on the top of this is Acoma. Eight hundred people are living there and they and their ancestors have gathered there the sum of their possessions for nearly three centuries. Down into the one of maggy that are the remnants of a mass that has been worn away by the erosion of the ages and survives only in flat-topped mountains here and there. The valleys between are fertile, and untold generations of maize have seen them covered with green and fields of sheep.

SINCE TIME IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY the Lagunas or valley Indians made war upon the Acomas for the possession of the country, and the latter, being the weaker, were driven upon this impregnable fortress, which they have defended so successfully against the Lagunas, and, on the stage, did men proved, for the top of the rock is about 1 mile in length and 1 in breadth, and the sides are perpendicular, they have proved a bulwark of strength and safety. They conquered the country, private, and in approaching it from the east one can see the same way, reminds the pictures I have seen of that grim fortress of Gibraltar, which guards the Mediterranean. The height above the valley is nearly four hundred feet and the walls in several places nearly perpendicular. There are two means of ascent, one by a flight of 365 steps, cut in the rock, and the other, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the latter by a tunnel in the rock which leads into the heart of the mountain. Both ways have been recently repaired, and the steps are hollowed out like shallow troughs. Either is exceedingly difficult and neither is absolutely safe. We chose the one along the tunnel. To give an idea of the laborious ascent of the last, imagine a stairway leading at Mr. Greenwood's office and rising to the top of the spire of the Methodist church, then continuing on an easier angle for 100 feet and then rising again by a steeper grade there over to an elevation higher than the weather vane on the university, and then leaving the stairway and crossing the sides of a gash in a rugged mountain, and you may know how we reached Acoma. With all the danger and fatigue, it is a cognizable health to see a person—and a person—make the ascent. He has to stretch your breath because, on the exhilarated side and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hands alternately against the walls to keep from falling. Indian will throw a live sheep around his neck and go up and down it rapidly touching either hand to the rocks, but I am assured I could never do it.

THE PEOPLE OF A PATRIOTIC INSTINCT that occurred on the outer stairway several times, and, when we reached the top, we found such with a sheep on his back. When we reached the top we found the streets of Acoma, the pueblo, and the shepherd on top of the mountain, and the

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1884.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

St. Francis de Sales, Patron of Catholic Journalists, in his quaint, but forcible language, thus defines the office of the Catholic Press: "Its duties are to defend the rights of religion, to uphold and blame of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to the doctrine and preserve this devotion and fidelity.—Pity 12.

Catholic journalists, whatever their talents, however it be the chief agent in propagating human and people, and consequently, in influencing the destinies of the world. In our time, religious journalism has become a useful and serious occupation, not only a work indispensable to the welfare of society, but a work of spiritual duties. What is and what ought to be the office of the Catholic Press, and what are the duties of Catholic journalists, whatever it may be—since we are all, Christian brothers.—Bishop, Tewkonna Monsign Chitanna.

A Daily Contemporary on the Plenary Council.

It is both amusing and interesting to read the different opinions advanced by the editors of the secular press concerning the recent Plenary Council, and the dogmatism with which writers who possess only the most superficial knowledge of Catholic affairs attempt to decide questions to their own satisfaction just as if they were Supreme Judges of the Court of Spiritualism. As a sample of the style to which we refer, we quote from a city contemporary noted for its "enterprise" whenever a scandal of more than ordinary magnitude has to be served up in true "sensational" form, but whose impartial treatment of Catholic matters has invariably been very commendable.

Among the "wise saws" of the critic of the Catholic Prelates in the columns of our daily contemporary, we come across the following as a reason for the existence of the many millions of members claimed by the Catholic Church in the United States. The astute writer in the daily press says that the convenient maxim: "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic, retains oh the master-rolls of the Church an infinite number of names which represent hopeless backsliders." Now, be it known to the brilliant Bohemian writer that there is not now, never has been, and never will be in the Church's vocabulary, such a ridiculous "maxim" as "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic," as the Church has too much self-respect, and too much regard for truth, to have recourse to such maxims in order to multiply her membership by accounting as Catholics "an infinite number of names which represent hopeless backsliders." Catholic Bishops—who are generally the best sources of information upon the number of Catholics in their Dioceses—always evince conscientious scruples concerning exaggerations which would be just so many "stumbling blocks" to the Roman, and to the Gentiles of the secular press, "foolishness." A certain idea of this characteristic love for truth on the part of Catholic Prelates, is recorded by John Gilmary Shea—the compiler of "Sadlier's Almanac and Guide," who says explicitly in the issue of 1886 that the figures given in the work are not mere guesses, "nor do they include all who by baptism are Catholics, but who no longer attend the worship and frequent the sacraments." "One Bishop writes," says the compiler in question, "and all would say the same: "There are thousands of Catholics in this State who do not approach the sacraments; I do not include such." Hence it is very apparent, that the maxim: "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic" does not prevail in the Catholic Church, but had its origin in the fertile imagination of some inspired outsider. And that the Church does not retain on her "master rolls" her recreant children, in order to swell her strength by quoting false figures, is made so plain by the above evidence that even an hireling scribes of the secular press generally are—they cannot fail to see the false attitude assumed by our daily contemporary in its comments on the Prelates of the Catholic Church.

The next "chunk" of individual wisdom, (void of common sense) which we select from the repertory of the writer on our daily contemporary, is his dogmatic declaration:

"Though the Plenary Council continues to oppose the common school system, the silent and sullen allegiance Catholics of to-day are its supporters."

It is one of the many singular peculiarities of daily press pensmen that they can settle all questions merely by a dash of the editorial pen and a single drop of ink. Another peculiarity of their writings is their manner of elevating the "intelligence" of individuals in the moment they become rebels against God or apostates to the Catholic Church. The Plenary Council did not "oppose" the common school system in the manner implied by its critic, as a casual reading of the Pastoral Letter would have taught the writer in question. Here is a paragraph extract from the Pastoral in proof of how little the writer in question knew about the Prelates regarding whom years his vanity overcomes his naturally

"All denominations of Christians are now awaking to this great truth, which the Catholic Church has never ceased to make talk. Reason and experience are forcing them to recognize that the only precious way to secure a Christian people is to give the youth a Christian education. The crowed mention of Christianity in some European countries can banishing religion from the schools, in order gradually to eliminate it from among the people, is a step so logical, and so we may well point by the lesson. Hence the cry for Christian education is going up from all religious bodies throughout the land. And this is an astounding fact "entertaining" on their part; it is an honest and logical endeavor to preserve Christian truth and morality among the people by fostering them in the young. Nor is it any antagonism to the State; on the contrary, it is an honest endeavor to give to the State better citizens, by making them better Christians. The friends of Christian education do not condemn the State for not imparting religious instruction in the public schools as they are now constituted, because they well know that it does not lie within the province of the State to teach religion. They simply follow their conscience by sending their children to denominational schools, where religion can have its rightful place and influence."

If any man were foolish enough to assert that the angels who were driven out of heaven because they rebelled against God were "the wisest and most enlightened" of the heavenly host, he would undoubtedly be looked upon as a lunatic. Yet, when writers like the present rather shallow specimen of the great army of word-builders, call Catholics as rebel against the authority of the Church on any matters concerning faith or morals "the wisest and most enlightened Catholics of to-day," they simply show how illogical a man may be and yet be permitted to advertise his "airy nothings" in the columns of the daily press. A Catholic who is a consistent, dutiful and practical child of the Church, never receives any concession from the daily press, but she cannot be dishonest that private should be allowed to marry, that diverces ought to be permitted, that secular knowledge is all-sufficient—then he is lifted at once into a post of honor among the most "intelligent, enlightened, and the ablest" citizens of this wonderfully informed Republic! It is useless to ask the secular scribes by what force of reasoning the transformation takes place. The *ipse dixit* of the "enterprising" daily settles the question beyond the reach of Pastoral Letter or even Papal Bull!

If rebellion against spiritual or temporal organized authority is to be the test of a man's intellectual ability and enlightenment, then we must reverse the positions occupied in history by those whom we call "martyrs" and "schismatics" in ecclesiastical writings, and also reverse the order of "patriots" and "traitors" in politics. If rebellion in opinion and action against constituted authority conduces to "ability and enlightenment," then assuredly Arnold's treason and Andre's treachery, Dorr's disaster and John Brown's raid, the Southern rebellion, and all similar attempts will be manifest in the eyes of those remarkably-enlightened enlighteners of the daily press who so frequently in their editorial columns declare Catholics:

Fortunately for our holy faith, however, the daily paper changes neither the power of the Church nor the position of her children. The true Catholic (although in the estimation of the paragraph pundits of the daily press he is neither "able nor enlightened") prefers to say with the Apostles "It is better to obey God rather than men," sooner than earn the encomiums of the daily press by proving derelict in his Christian duty of obedience. Hence he "hears the Church" when that ever-merciful Mother tells him to send his children to Christian schools, and a sad smile steals over his lips when he sees the folly of the daily press in its laughable lamentations of disobedience—dignified by profane of adulation which are as absurd as they are untrue.

The "ablest and most enlightened" Catholics are those who "seek first the kingdom of God" for themselves and their children; who hearken to the voice of their Prelates and priests as preached orally or expressed through Pastoral Letters; who, in a word, are *good practical Catholics*, participating in all the blessings imparted by the Sacraments and Christian Education as a means of knowing, loving and serving God. For such Catholics the world—represented by the daily press—has no use whatever, than verifying the promises of our Blessed Redeemer that those who loved Him would be hated by the world. But for those time-serving, freckling, turbulent, spirits who call themselves Catholics, yet oppose the Church in her every endeavor for the advance of God's cause—the world has its heartiest applause, its highest honors, and its greatest eminence, because in such it finds never repelling its "decay" by acting occasionally to hear some sectarian preacher predict that in a few years public schools "enlightenment" will leave all the Catholic churches in the land entirely empty! He reads that the French Freemasons have expatriated Priests and Sisters and proscribed Christian education, hence he concludes that Catholic faith is rapidly going out of existence in France, which the fact is established by historical evidence that Catholic faith beams both purer, better and brighter in times of persecution than it does in the midst of peace and prosperity. Again, this writer reads that Protestant propagandism is spreading in Spain, Italy and Mexico, and as his digests all the Manchester stories of spell-bound sectarian scribes—he very naturally concludes that the old Church must fall when it is opposed by such powerful enemies as Freemasonry, Free Schools, Free Education and—the Devil! But—as in all such cases where "the wish is father to the thought"—wolfish newspaper writers like our delicate daily scribe, always forget that Almighty God still lives in His Church and lives it with a love which immeasurably surpasses human understanding.

Were the Catholic Church the mere lifeless, cheerless, inanimate institution which some of its enemies try to persuade themselves it is—then would it have fallen long ages before even the principal nations of Europe were designated by distinctive names. But we are often astonished that our enemies do not reflect that the Church lives in spite of all the changes of time and age, and which is the one, true, infallible and indestructible representative of Christianity in all parts of the world to-day—cannot be driven out of existence by even the blighting blast of the breath of Heaven, much less by the limping logic of secular leader writers on the daily press.

The next blast blown from the bugle horn of the Church's critic is this assertion—which would be very singular were it not for the silly source from which it emanates:

"It is immaterial to the State whether children receive in the Real Presence or not, but it is quite another thing whether he is a Republican or subjects of a court which acknowledges the laws of the land to the decree of a church outside."

Verily, a Daniel has come to judgment! But the writer in question—although he unknowingly arrogates to himself the authority of representing "the State," is just as much mistaken in these matters as we have already proved him to be on those preceding points which we have punctured. This is a Christian land—recognizing God and the beneficent power of a Divine Providence in its Declaration of Independence—and as such, it does make a difference whether a man believes in the Real Presence or not, for the reason that a consistent, practical Christian is always a better citizen than an unbeliever or an apostate. A man who proves false to his Creator is not likely to be more faithful to his country, because consistency in religious views is a safeguard for public morality. What is one of the causes of the corruption of the present day in all parts of the civilized world of this Republic? *The want of a public conscience.* Man lie, steal, swear and sin in the most glorious manner, because they do not believe in the Real Presence. On the other hand the man who knows, feels and believes that God will hold him to account for evil word and bad deed—is more likely to be a good public servant, a more honest merchant, a purer politician, than the unfaithful son who has sealed his conscience to believe that he has no hope of heaven and that hell is a myth! In this way a belief in the Real Presence is a public benefit, and if we had more of such belief in public life—this government would be far purer, its patronage would be more economical, and its people happier, more contented and more prosperous.

The writer in our daily contemporary is evidently no friend of the Catholic Church, as he thinks it actually "dangerous" that a man should be "as adherent of a creed which acknowledges the laws of the land to the decree of a church council." In other words, Catholics are a "dangerous" class in America because the Church will not adopt the Divorce laws of the land, and have a chopping-knife in every Church porch in order to cut asunder the bonds of marriage whenever men or women desire it. But our friend evidently forgets that God can make only good laws, whilst the last that man can pass sanctioned by law was in slavery man, woman and child in America. The Catholic Church instructs her children to keep inviolate their sacred vows and His teachings, and if she is alone in the performance of this duty it is because she is alone in representing God upon earth. Civil laws are antagonistic to Almighty God, she never has obeyed and she never will obey. The Church always regards God's laws as being the rule of man and unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but when Cæsar proclaims himself supreme in all things spiritual and temporal, then the Church says—*with our Blessed Redeemer Himself: "Get thee behind Me, Satan."*

The closer of the article before us is a patching of the whole piece, inasmuch as it has concealed beneath the velvet of verbiage the virus of vindictiveness. Here it is:

"If there were any reason to believe that the less remarkable tenets of the creed of Catholics in this country alarmed a corresponding increase in the number of those who favor the common school system, it would behoove Catholics to reconsider the matter. As it is, the phenomenon is not worth a moment's thought."

Well, really! We are astonished! And, after all, this same contemptuous critic of the Church; after all these precepts laid down for the guidance of the Faithful; after all this exposure of "dangers" which "lies hidden" in apostasy—he who is subject is dismissed with as little consideration as if its further contemplation was entirely unworthy to occupy the quaint intellect of this journalistic Jove! If "hostility" to the common school system consists of spreading Christian schools all over the land, why our superficial friend must set as Catholics down as decided opponents of the school system which was the child of Christian parents of its Christianity; the system which unjustly taxes ten millions of citizens for schools they do not use, and then unjustly taxes them again for their own schools, which they do use. Against such a system the Catholic citizens of this country by no means stand as the sole opponents. Every day draws nearer the time when the injustice and the infidelity of the school system will be swept, and a public school system by which the different denominations of citizens will receive their pro-rata of school taxes will be substituted for the present fraudulent and corrupt combination. We could fill the Monitor with extracts from the very paper in which the above article appeared, showing the corruption, the injustice, and the degrading influence of the present public school system. Even Protestant Ministers and secularists have come out strong in favor of Catholic Parochial Schools, and even Protestant Ministers, Father Bassin built one at London, and another was dedicated at Redding, in the extreme North of the State. The Dominicans who have opened a Parochial School at Benicia, Solano County, have built two small churches there, one at Port Costa for the rapidly-growing population around the warehouses and docks, and another at Black Diamond, farther up the river. The Catholic population of Benicia, Port Costa, Black Diamond, of Italian, Greek and Portuguese fishermen, employed in connection with the salmon canneries on the shores of Contra Costa County, Father Cummings of San Pablo, has nearly finished a frame Church capable of accommodating the Catholics of that locality. The founding, though small—thirty-one by sixty-six feet outside dimensions—will be complete in all its appointments, and free and all other conveniences. The congregation is mainly composed of Portuguese cultivators, who have acted unanimously all through the county, and as a matter of course are all Catholics. Contra Costa County has thus had four churches erected or opened this year, which speaks well for the growth of the Church there. In Alameda County Father Pinsoers of Livermore is erecting a new Church which is, we believe, the only one started in that county this year.

In San Mateo County a new frame Church has been dedicated at Spanishtown to take the place of the old inadequate building. In Santa Clara County a frame Church, thirty by sixty feet outside, and capable of containing over two hundred persons, has been built in Almaden. The population is chiefly composed of Mexicans and quicksilver miners, and Spanish is the language used in the ordinary affairs of life. The Church is attended by the Jesuit Fathers from San José, Father Piccardo, S. J., being the administrator. In San José itself the lands of St. Joseph's Church has been completed by the erection of two towers flanking the central portion. Both towers have spiral ornaments. Mr. Hyland of San José has designed them, and the late Martin Murphy the other, at a joint cost of about eleven thousand dollars. The school house in connection with this parish has also been enlarged by the addition of a second story which, besides its school use, will serve as a place of assembly on special occasions for the Catholics of the town.

The restoration of the old Mission Church of Carmel near Monterey, where the body of Father Junipero Serra lies, inserves special mention as a most praiseworthy effort to preserve the memorials of the old Franciscan pat standing among us. It would be desirable in such cases that the original style of the work—and so far as possible the original materials—should be preserved. The work of restoring or preserving historical buildings or scenes seems so much more utterly different from that of improving or enlarging. In other restorations we hope this principle will be kept somewhat strictly in sight, and even at Carmel it would be possible to replace the present roof at some future time with one similar to that which formerly covered it, and thus make it a perfect monument of the parent away days of the Franciscans.

In the Northern Dioceses the growth of population has not been so large as elsewhere. Humboldt County, however, is an exception, as the lumber trade attracts a large and energetic population. Father Nugent of Arcata has built a neat frame Church there capable of holding two hundred and fifty persons. In Humboldt the members of the Church gathered together to the number of a thousand, and a subscription was taken up on the spot, which is to be found sufficient all over the Church. Finally, the members of the Rosary Confraternity share not only in the merits of their living confreres, and in those of the sons and daughters of St. Dominic, who are dead, but they are admitted by a special privilege which Mary has obtained for them from her Son, as she has obtained for her Rosary Confraternity, to share during life and after death in all the merits of all the Saints, beatified and holy persons of the three Orders of St. Dominic from their very foundation, and also in the merits of all the members of the Rosary Confraternity that departed this life in the state of grace from its very establishment.

We say, at least to some extent, appreciate both the value of the favor procured for her dearly loved Rosary by our good Mother, and consequently their security with regard to reaching Heaven, if we only take into account that the Dominican Order has two hundred and fifty seven Saints and beatified persons enjoying in God's Church Dominican Rosary worship; it is a fact that this same glorious Order has given in the thirteenth century, thirteen thousand, and in the fourteenth, ten thousand, and in the twelfth century twenty-six thousand martyrs to the cause of Jesus and Mary, and of the Rosary, and that it has given to the unlocidable number of Saints and beatified persons enjoying in the Kingdom of Heaven, their number must be immense from what our beloved Mother has said to the blessed Alanus.

Now in the merits of all these named, the members of the Rosary Confraternity share, and share in the merits of their sons. Surely we have a right to infer that the Lord Hosannas has been at all times, and ever will be our sovereign, and that what exclaim, blessed indeed are the members of the Confraternity of the most holy Rosary! Blessed for the reason given, and blessed because of the cheering words contained in other declarations made by our sweet Mother in their favor to Blessed Alain. In the conclusions made by the Holy Mother of God to the Restorer of the Rosary, she addressed to him that has written before, and to the Bishop of the same Order, who have themselves enrolled in the Confraternity of the Rosary, secondly, that devotion to the Rosary is a brilliant sign of predestination, thirdly, that her love for the members of the Rosary Confraternity surpasses the united love of all mothers for their children, and even together for a tenderly cherished husband, that of all brothers and sisters for one another, and that of children for their sire, and the most perfectly attached friends on earth. Fortunate also stated that sooner then let any of her Rosaries perish eternally, she would be willing to renounce her glory in Heaven until the end of the world, and that she would endure all the pains of purgatory, and even the pains of the infernal penance for them." We only add we say that the Rosary is an infinite treasure in merits, and that the Lord Hosannas, in the name of the Rosary has given us all things with her.

Editorial Notes.

An opera in the Irish language was recently produced in Steinway Hall, New York City, and proved a decided success. The opera was composed for the Society for Preservation of the Irish Language, by Paul McGinley, the title "The Bard and the Knight."

Eugene Kelly, Esq., of New York, president of the Knights of Columbus of that state, performed an act that, for considerate kindness and appropriateness, deserves publicity to be widely known, but to be highly commended. When the State Treasurer paid the members of the College, President Kelly received a check for his distributive share. It is to serve both as a boarding and day school. The dormitories will contain about forty boarders, while the six class rooms can accommodate three hundred pupils. The stories are all high and the school rooms large and well ventilated. The convent stands on a lot secured by Father McGinty two years ago, containing four acres with facilities for irrigation if desirable. The well known Sisters of Notre Dame, from South Bend, Indiana, are to take charge of the convent when finished, which Father McGinty hopes will be early in the coming year.

In the Dioceses of Monterey and Los Angeles the increase of Catholic population has been sufficient to call for the creation of any new churches, but substantial improvements in schools, religious and hospitals have been effected, and in the Southern Diocese as in all the others within the Province many plans have been matured for the material progress of the Church during the year now dawning.

Salutary Results through Reciting the Rosary.

The Rosary teaches us in the plainest manner all its virtues, and severly tests its virtues in practice then, it is for this reason particularly that the Rosary is the source of all the merit claimed for it. Without frequently, more gently and more openly professes his faith than the pious Rosarian! Who has stronger hopes whilst on the march of pilgrimage, with Son and Mary in their Kingdom than he? His trust is absolutely free from presumption. He relies on the blood of Jesus and on the intercession of Mary with Jesus, to make him fit to enter into the house of the just.

He makes him correspond with the graces that are given him. Often does he exclaim as he recites the Rosary and practices its teaching, "Behold! this is my Rosary, I hold it in my hand, and on my four, because the Lord is my strength and my praise, and He is become my salvation." Behold! this is my Rosary, Mary, my Mother, my only hope after Jesus thy Son, come to my assistance."

Mary, the Mother of Mercy, who faithfully complies with all the obligations of the Rosary Confraternity—Mary, who is the Mother of Sorrows, who sample Jesus in His Passion and Death on the Cross, and Mary at His side, suffering with Her Son, and Mary, who is the amiable lady, he is, as it were, forced to exclaim, as he recites the Rosary in an ecstatic exclamation, as the humber trade attracts a large and energetic population. Father Nugent of Arcata has built a neat frame Church there capable of holding two hundred and fifty persons. In Humboldt the members of the Church gathered together to the number of a thousand, and a subscription was taken up on the spot, which is to be found sufficient all over the Church. Finally, the members of the Rosary Confraternity share not only in the merits of their living confreres, and in those of the sons and daughters of St. Dominic, who are dead, but they are admitted by a special privilege which Mary has obtained for them from her Son, as she has obtained for her Rosary Confraternity, to share during life and after death in all the merits of all the Saints, beatified and holy persons of the three Orders of St. Dominic from their very foundation, and also in the merits of all the members of the Rosary Confraternity that departed this life in the state of grace from its very establishment.

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THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1884.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 10.

- Sunday—Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.
- Monday—Vigil of Epiphany.
- Tuesday—Epiphany of our Lord. *Holiday of obligation.*
- Wednesday—Of the Octave of Epiphany.
- 8 10—Of the Octave of Epiphany.

OUR STOCKTON LETTER.

Funeral of Father Walsh.—Shrine of His Life and Labors.—Sermons by Very Rev. J. Prendergast, Vf G. Affecting Scenes in the Church.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

STOCKTON, Cal., Dec. 28, 1884.

Dear Sir: There are few occasions in the Catholic Church now affording time for or the same occasion of the death of a priest, especially one who has been so long in the field and had been beloved by all who knew him. But such was the case with the late lamented Father Patrick Walsh, which took place in Stockton on the morning of the 23rd ult. after a long illness. For a number of years Father Walsh was accustomed to visit Mary's South of this place, and during the time he was with us, he always made his home at Stockton, given in their praise of the good priest. Father Walsh was ordained in Ireland, in the year 1845, and his ministry has extend over and all the Dioceses of California, Father Walsh was the last of the Rev. Father Ward, who was ordained in the year 1844, and he was the last of the Rev. Father Ward, who was ordained in the year 1844, and he was the last of the Rev. Father Ward, who was ordained in the year 1844, and he

Farm and Home.

THE LAD THAT I MEAN TO MARRY.

There's many a handsome lad above,
That many a girl would fancy;
A jovial knight who could capture quite
The heart of Lucie or Nancy;
A gay companion in social halls,
At ease with Tom, Dick or Harry;
But, ah, they are blind who think that's the kind
Of a lad that I mean to marry.

There is many a lad that is good and true,
Who carries a face that's homely,
There's many a lad with a noble heart
Whose figure is far from comely;
There's many a one who will come to you,
Meet a lover fill pretty,
Till I feel the one that is sworn to none—
The lad that I mean to marry.

His eyes may be blue, or black or brown,
Or, I may at their glance be taken;
And he may be either short or tall,
Very robust or slender,
For the height or depth of a man depends
On the one he may choose to render;
And above them all—like a kingly mail—
Is the lad I mean to marry.

There's many another maid I know
Who was wed in a foolish notion,
Who married a man for the very fact
Who chanced to be her lady lover;
Ah, such lives are envied them,
But, whether Tom, Dick or Harry
Though a great millionaire—could ever compare
With the lad that I mean to marry.

Ah, well-a-day, the years run away,
And there is much wooing and wedding,
And eyes that were bright with the soul I delight
The heart of mortal are shedding;
But from them all the Creator will call
With a fresh young heart I tarry,
Contented to wait—for the lad my fate—
The lad that I mean to marry.

Phases of Home Life.

Scene—The neat room. Door shut. Nothing visible except an sudden voice from either side of the door. Enter a sobbing voice, audibly, speaking, swirly in vocal accents:

Hay!
There, now!
Hell'up!
Hole dup!
Hold dop your red!
Can't you hold up your head dup!
Put tim!
Pettit im!
Put tim your foot!
There around!
Oh, goodness gracious! don't you know how to turn around!
Hold your hand still!
Don't do that!
Tother arm!
The other arm!
Oh, great lard, go to your mother!
It is a man drowing his infant son in the morning.

Don't Worry About Yourself.

To retain and recover health, persons should be relieved from any anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person assume all the symptoms of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known persons to die of cancer in the stomach, and other mental diseases. A blindfolded man slightly pricked in the arm has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death. Therefore, persons to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; the sick persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible. It is by their faith that they die. As a man thinketh so he is. If he wills not to die, he can often live in spite of diseases; and, if he has little or no attachment to life, he will stay with us easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their minds as well as their bodies. Their bodies are no life of themselves; they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their minds, and the mind has much to do in sustaining the physical occupancy or giving it up.

Home Politeness.

If we want anything of our children, or our servants, we should not, merely because we have the authority to command, give a bold order, but why not use the gentle "Please, will you do this?" "Will you be good enough?" "Oblige me with that?" When service is rendered we are not to take it in silence, coolly, rudely, because we have a right to the service; but it is easy to say "Thanks," or "I am obliged," or "Oh, that is nicely done." These little every-day courtesies are called the small change of life, but we should be badly off in trade if we had no small change at hand; most always deal with large coin; while the small change of politeness accounts up to a great sum in a lifetime. If parents have plenty of this small change of politeness on hand, it will be put in circulation in the family. The children will pay it out to each other, to servants, to playmates, and with it family peace and family affection will be largely purchased. Home is the place where true politeness tells.

The Cuming Woman.

If a woman man can a her own living, there is no more unlikely person in the world she may be qualified. Lithography, modeling in clay or wax, book keeping, shorthand writing, wood carving, chasing in gold and silver, and many other handicrafts, are now considered womanly occupations, and any one of them is apt to prove of more use to the girl who has her own ways to make than a superficial knowledge of the singles, lancegaree or music. If a girl is rich, let her be educated to the full extent of her ability; but she should also be trained in some profession or perhaps employment, that she may be independent of her money, and the most self-respecting as that second. If she chooses, she can be as well informed as to the world about her as her brother, and wield as great a power. In art, in science, in the field of letters, women has the point of greatness. The store-house of knowledge opens as readily to her as to those of the other sex. She should accurately value the nobility of labor and the dignity of independence.

Matrimony is not the only harbor in which she may safely anchor, and cuddling a husband is not the chief end of life. If an adequate pecuniary training be added to mental culture, she will join to the rigor of precedent generations a mental breadth to which they never attained.

Around the House.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in one gallon of water will remove the color of carpets.

Unslacked lime is excellent for cleaning small articles in steel, such as jewelry buckles and the like.

Alum and plaster of Paris, mixed with water and to a liquid state, form a hard composition and a useful cement.

To clean black silk, sponge on both sides with weak coffee or warm water, then roll up on a roller and leave until thoroughly dry. Will come out very nicely and repay the trouble.

Dry buckwheat flour, if repeatedly applied, will entirely remove the worst grease spots on carpets or any other woolen cloth, and will answer as well as French chalk for grease spots on silk.

—Brook's Spool Cotton, soft finish as well as glace finish, is manufactured especially for sewing machine work. Try it on any machine and you will try no other. For sale by all dry goods stores.

THE CARMELITE FATHERS.

The Oldest Religious Order in the World—Their Settlement in America.

If it be true, as we might suppose, that a thing is poetically beautiful in proportion to the antiquity of its origin, it must be admitted that the Order of Carmel has some claim to our admiration. It dates from the earliest ages. Elias, "the man of God," "the greatest of the prophets," "the zealous upholder of the Rule of Hosts," founded it on Mount Carmel 930 years before Christ. There exists in the Order a tradition, corroborated by many holy doctors, among them St. Jerome and Austin, that this about which the prophet saw ascending over the Mediterranean represented the Blessed Virgin, to whom Elias dedicated his infant institute. St. John the Baptist, during his stay in the wilderness, instructed the successors of Elias and the prophets in the Christian faith, and they were converted on Pentecost by St. Peter (Rev. 16 July, 24 Nat.). "The Gospel then formed the basis of the rule till John, forty-fourth patriarch of Jerusalem, gave them one, 412, a.n." (St. Cyril, of Alexandria.) After they became Christians by the preaching of the Apostles, the renown of their sanctity spread more and more over the East. But in the thirteenth century, being greatly persecuted by the Saracens, many of them came to Europe. Simon Stock, a holy relics of Kent, in England, by the admonition of the Blessed Virgin, joined these monks on their arrival in England. In time St. Simon Stock was elected General of Hand Superior of the Order, and under him the Order of Mary increased and spread itself all over Europe. At this time the enemies strove to abear the Order of its title of dedication to the Virgin Mary.

St. Simon prayed the Queen of Carmel to give the Order a mark to show that he was its mother and patroness. In answer to his prayers, the benign Virgin, accompanied by many angels and saints, appeared to him, and, presenting to him the brown scapular as a sign of protection and distinction, and a sid to him: "Receive, most beloved son, this scapular of the Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance." This vision took place on July 16, 1251, and is solemnly commemorated by the Church on the same day every year. This sacred scapular became afterwards a part of the Carmelite habit. The wearing of the scapular being approved by the Holy See, all countries the faithful made use of that privilege. We shall say no more about the scapular, for the number of its wearers attest by their veneration for it the truth of its efficacy and protection.

This Order, so privileged, continued to add lustre to the Church by the sanctity and learning of its religious. But exile and need seem nowadays to be in the vestige of its famous monasteries in England now remain. From many years of exile, many of its religious have been expelled by Prussia. But of late France has expelled them from her shores. At present their General at Rome is daily awaiting the sequestrators and sale of the monastery in which he dwells by the Italian Government.

About the year 1864 the members of the Order came to America. At length, after many years of work and hardships, they have a convent in Boston, two in Philadelphia in Pittsburgh, Penn., one in New Baltimore, Penn., one in Scripps, Ohio, one in Lawrenceville, and one at Niagara Falls, Canada, having a novitiate in Pittsburgh, N. J. Simon. The novitiate is at Niagara Falls.

The Fathers of the Order give missions and hold parishes. In their monasteries, where there is a sufficient number, they chant the Divine Office. These dress, or habit, is brown, and consists of a tunic with a cincture of leather, and rosary attached; hanging from the shoulder is the scapular, coming below the tunic, and this is the cowl. Besides, on special occasions, they wear a white cloak, which was given to them by their founder, St. Elias. There are at present only fifty members in America.

Dying in Strange Positions.

While coming back to the hospital we found the Green, of my company, hanging across the fence stand. He pass out while we were on the skirmish line, and he was not able to get into a wagon. After getting rested, I suppose he started to hunt us up, and while over the fence he was struck with a bullet, and there he stopped. The ball passed through his stomach and spine. He was no award, also he would have faced the other way when he had such a good chance.

Several dead men have been found in hollow logs or behind lots or rocks, so though they had been wounded and crawled in there to protect themselves. One poor fellow sat behind a big tree with a fiddle in his hand. He had been paint a dozen times and more during the day by an hideous drivers and burial squad. He must had all thought that he was alive. He had been shot in the thigh, and he had gone to the tree for protection, taking his fiddle out, he thought, no doubt, that he would find somebody to treading it, but while lying there a ball cut him through the back of the neck deep enough to touch the spinal cord. His head dropped forward a little, and there he sat.

Wise Sayings.

To be humble to superiors is duty; to equals is courtesy; to inferiors is nobleness; and to all, safety; it being a virtue, that for all her holiness, commandeth the most strange lo.—*Sir Thomas More.*

Whoever has the regulations of the ministers of another from early childhood, is a great degree the arbiter of his happiness or misery.—*Hoffman.*

A good conscience is but a then two witnesses—it will assume your grace and an one disinvious too. It is a spring when you are thirsty, a staff when you are weary; a shield when the sun burns you, a pillow in death.

We learn our virtues from the brave friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We easiest early discover our real faults from a friend. He is a mirror on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of reflection.

A man full of compliment, is delicacies, a man full of learning, is a register.

Tactfine, when clothing his thoughts, not the cloth too short.

Lord Chancellor Clare on one occasion while Curran was addressing him on a most important case, hoisted himself with a fantastic spanial, seated near him, and crossed speaking through indignation. The Chancellor asked: "Why don't you give your Mr. Curran?" "I thought your lordship was in consultation," replied the orator.

A numerous pilgrimage to the ancient Shrine of St. Martin of Tours has set in of late. The tomb is held in high veneration by the faithful of the surrounding country, and the yearly pilgrimage is so great of great interest to the clergy. The shrine is composed of rare and marble sculptures of great value and artistic merit; so much so that in the Revolution of the last and the present century these have frequently been suggestions to sell or destroy it. Despite these treasonably designs, however, it has escaped the hands of vandals in the highest of France.

The Fine Fashion Fibelle (Annie Kent Stone), of the Passaic Daily, has returned to Dunn's Apex from Europe.

—During the Prostrate Law Still (American) Dairy this Tuesday, and during that period thirty six days dried.

"GOING DOWN HILL."

New a Venerable Invoun Evaded the Greatest Disability Which Beets the Aged.

(Burlington, Ia., Hawkeie.)

An account is going the rounds of the press of a woman who was so afflicted with rheumatism for fifteen years that her entire muscular system became rigid, and for all that period she was kept alive by great forced brown her bath.

A prominent New York physician was once asked what rheumatism was. He replied: "Find out what it is, then undoubtedly right, because rheumatism seems to spring from a different cause in every individual case. If its origin is a mystery, its cure is as well and too widely known for there is scarcely any season of the year when some persons are not more or less affected by it. In general, however, it prevails mostly among the aged, making their last days hard to bear. A prominent physician once remarked in one hearing: "If the aged could escape the torture of rheumatism, their last years as a rule would be quiet, peaceful and peaceful."

Apropos of the above, Mr. W. Dellens, of Falls, Ia., sends us a communication which ordinarily we would not publish, except at so much a line. But his experience has been so remarkable that we think we are justified in giving place to it. He says:

"Dear Sir:—I am 78 years of age. My life has been active. I and sail-blown in this town, and what I say I do not think it will be denied by any one who knows me. Up to a year or two ago, I was the possessor of splendid health, and hoped I should wear out gradually and gracefully. Two years ago, however, I was overcome with some kind of old age, rheumatism. Were it first prostrated me the pain was so acute that I thought it was neuralgia, which medical authorities tell me indicates a low state of the system.

I fancied that this attack was the beginning of the end. I sent for a good doctor, who treated me with electrical and other agencies, but I grew worse. He finally said my case was a serious rheumatic one. For six months I could not use my limbs at all, and was bedridd by three strong persons, like a helpless child. Then came a period of better feelings, but reaction followed, and for six long months of painful suffering I was confined to the bed. For over a year I groaned in agony. I tried all reputable lotions, liniments, plasters and preparations, in vain. At this stage, my friend Elder Overcamp came to see me, and upon his urgent recommendation I began to use warner's safe rheumatic cure, a few drops of which gave back to me the use of my limbs. I am now sleeping without pain, eating without distress, and feel as gay as a lad of twenty. I am 78 years of age. I cordially recommend that preparation to all persons afflicted as I was, and especially to the thousands of aged men and women whose last days are embittered by the affliction."

Mr. Dellens' latter is endorsed by Elder Overcamp, who says he is a member of his church, and his case to him is surprising and remarkable. Mr. F. W. Brickhof also endorses the statement in similar terms.

There is no doubt that this is a true record of the case, and Mr. Dellens' experience should be an encouragement to all sufferers as he did, to use the means so successfully employed, for nothing better, if indeed, as good, can be had in the market.

—The Vatican has represented that English influence is used in Pekin and other Chinese towns to induce them to stop the persecution of Christians going on in that country.

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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD.
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COMMENCING SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1884, and until further notice, Trains will leave Broadway Wharf, Ferry Building, San Francisco:
Leave S. F. | Arrive at S. R. | Stations | Arrive at S. F.
7:00 A.M. | 8:40 A.M. | Petaluma | 10:45 A.M. | 6:05 P.M.
3:30 P.M. | 5:10 P.M. | Petaluma | 8:45 A.M. | 12:40 P.M.
Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Willits, Litchfield, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino City and Sanborn.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Monday at reduced rates. Ticket Office, 1 Market Street, Sharon Building.
From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:45, 9:00, 11:00 A.M.; 1:00, 3:15, 4:40, 5:15, 6:00 P.M. Sundays—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A.M.; 1:30, 3:00, 4:15, 5:00, 6:00 P.M.
To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:40, 7:35, 8:45, 10:45 A.M.; 1:35, 3:45, 5:00 P.M. Sundays—7:30, 9:00, 10:30 A.M.; 12:00, 3:00, 4:15, 5:00, 6:00 P.M.
Trains marked thus (*) run to Point Tiburon. Ferry Transfer at Point Tiburon. Trains marked thus (†) stop on signal to take passengers.
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Fare from Glen Ellen to Kenwood, $1; to Agua Caliente, $1.50; to Boyes Springs, $2; to Glen Oaks, $2.50; to Eldridge, $3; to Santa Rosa, $3.50.
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Pupils are conveyed to and from Vallejo, and will be charged from the date of arrival.
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GOD MANIFESTED THROUGH FAITH.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

asked her what she had done, to appeal to the physicians, to have seen the bystanders and asked them how it had been brought about! Would it not have been justice to humanity and themselves to have seen whether Jesus Christ was an impostor or whether he was not! "And they laughed him to scorn."

THE REND OF THIS LAUGHTER HAS COME OF from anatomy to anatomy, and the laughter is still ringing in this city, and it will go on ringing till the clash of doom. They had spoken in the present crisis the *Times* knew for Baron Sigeta soon to have forgotten the result of their last experiment. They could not have lost sight of the fact that if they were organical each day, from the beginning of the year to its close, hanging and murdering Irishmen, at the end of that time they would have made little progress in destroying our nationality. Other patriots would come fresh ready to offer martyrdom for our dear old land, adding by their sufferings to the glory of our nationality. Mr. O'Brien in calling the attention of the House to the circumstances attending the execution of Peter Doyle for the murder of Kenny, at Sligo jaol, Dublin, on the night of the 6th of July, '82, left the guilt of Doyle's judicial murder clear upon the shoulders of the Executive.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL SHOWED THAT the Crown had evidence in its possession before the trial of Peter which would have exonerated the prisoner, but they withheld it for the purpose of getting a verdict just as soon as possible after having endeavored to bribe and terrorize Doyle to give false information about his fellow-Mr. O'Brien said if the Park murders could clearly be traced, it would be found that originated with those agents of crime, Short, Frank, Fanchonna and others, and the Attorney-Mr. Parnell after criticising the answer of the Attorney-General said the entire case seemed to be in Government hands.

"With regard to Short and Joe Poole, he would say that he believed that no jaloo hounds had ever been exhibited by any man than that which was shown by the Government, adding the fact that a committee had been formed for the destruction of Dublin was the most magnanimous enough, after his conviction of a crime of which he knew to be innocent, was to refuse to purchase his own life by bearing false testimony against those on whom the crime was laid. He believed firmly in the innocence of the man, because the Government had endeavored to use what interest they imposed were the means of inducing the prisoner to bear

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE CHORISTER OF THE NATIVITY.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"More blessed 'tis," said Christe, "To give than to receive!"—
And on our new canary
Came home on Christmas Eve.

Just then his servant just in her head to tell her that there was a poor child at the door who piteously begged to see her. "He speaks strange like, ma'am, and I think he's a foreigner by his speech; but one of these Christmas days he looks awful cold and starved too."

"Bring him in, Mary, and let him have a cup of hot tea to warm him.

So saying, she got up and went into the hall, to see what the child wanted.

There stood a poor little Italian boy of some ten years of age, with a tiny cage in which were some white mice. The boy's pinched face told its own tale. He was evidently starving, and his thin frame shivered in his rags. He spoke a little broken English, but Anne Protheroe understood his own beautiful language, and he told his simple tale. He was one of those unfortunate children sold as a "speculation," who expose their tender years and souls when compelled to sell their bodies. He had been cruelly beaten by his master, who had made him, and his mother, and his sister, and his little brother, all his slaves, and compelled them out to beg. He had fallen ill with fever, and his cruel master had abandoned him, and he had made his way with difficulty to the town. He had lived all not of half-penny in his pocket, nor a morsel of food since that ill-omened morning. He was at a distance little more than a mile from his home, and the boy's hollow cough confirmed her opinion. She at once decided what to do. To turn the poor little fellow out on this bitter night was not to be thought of, and it was too late in the evening to find him a lodging elsewhere. She determined, therefore, to take the poor child into her own house. She ordered a bath and a supper for the little boy, and superintended all herself, and in another hour she had the satisfaction of seeing the little fellow comfortably established in a warm light room. His thin face still presented traces of the beauty so common among his sub children. There were large dark eyes, his curly chestnut hair, the well-chiseled nose, the mouthful of white teeth. The child looked almost like an angel as he chest, pale as marble, lay on the pillow. A sweet smile lighted up his face, and he thanked the kind "Signora" again and again as she fed him with some strong soup, and when, at last, she had seen him safely asleep, she felt him that she might take some refreshment herself after the fatigue of the day, and retire to rest.

The bells were ringing merrily, the stars shone out brightly, and the winter's night was lovely as its solemn stillness. Anne opened her window and looked out. The tower of the cathedral stood out in strong relief against the deep azure of the starry sky, and as she gazed upward at the firmament, she thought of the Saviour of the world in the rich of Bethlehem. As she pondered on the wonderful love of the Child in dying to be born a helpless Infant, her thoughts reverted to the poor little boy sleeping beneath her roof, and she thanked God that she had been the ministry of her well-regulated mind. No one could see her and not love her—there was something winning in her extreme benevolence and her simple dignity of manner. But it was the poor who were specially Anne Protheroe's friends. She was indefatigable in her devotion to them, and day after day she was to be seen in her little close fitting bonnet (that like a nun's hood), wending her way along the distinct and most dismal back streets of the town. Her visits were anxiously looked for, for she always brought material relief to the sick and words of comfort and sympathy and consolation to the dying and wretched. And now, as I have said, it was Christmas Eve. From early morning Anne Protheroe had been hard at work giving blankets, and coal tickets, and meat to a number of poor cottagers, the customary recipients of her bounty. At length the stream had come to an end, and she went into her sitting room for a cup of tea and a good warm at the fire. It was hitherto, cold, so she heaped on coals and made a cheerful blaze, and drew in her chair to enjoy her tea and rest.

Just then her servant put in her head to tell her that there was a poor child at the door who piteously begged to see her. "He speaks strange like, ma'am, and I think he's a foreigner by his speech; but one of these Christmas days he looks awful cold and starved too."

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* Founded on fact.

THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY.

BY MARY E. BLAKE.

Under Judea's midnight skies
The Virgin Mother clasped her child,
And as the Shepherd's wondering strife,
Above the hills the day-star rose,
With hearts of gladness and with accord,
With hearts of gladness and gifts to pray,
And meet with their unknown Lord.
To meet their Saviour face to face.

Wise men, from the day-star rise,
When, with some message swift to bless,
God's hand shall open your darkened skies,
And pierced their shroud of loneliness;
When from its calm the soul has rest
To whatever heights of hope and love,
And hears the trumpet, or feels a wave,
'Arise, and search!' for God is near.

Great, Lord, that with the message rings
Across the tranced silence round,
We rise as rose the Eastern Kings,
And leave all else till Thee set found.
Not wealth through long years of toil,
Though toil be long and rest be sweet,
Nor all our Christ seeks.

Time Found Through a Dream.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow lay thick on the ground, the trees were covered with heavy hoar frost, and every blade of grass sparkled in the sun as if studded with a thousand diamonds. Folks and it was something to wonder, and it was indeed just enough for those who had blazing fires and well-stocked larders; but alas! there were too many who had not seen a morsel of bread, or a shovelful of coals to warm their sad bosoms on this great feast of the Nativity, and many a longing look was directed by half starved men and women at the array of meat, mince pies and good cheer of all kinds displayed in the ample bosoms of the plump.

At the door of a substantial brick house in the vicinity of the Cathedral, a crowd of poor women and children waited for the Christmas dole of the charitable lady who dwelt within.

Miss Protoroe, or Mrs. Protheroe, as the old lady was usually called, was a plump lady of some sixty years standing. Her cheeks in the Cathedral precincts was the season and most cheerful of dwellings, and her door was ever open to the poor, the needy, and the distressed.

Anne Protheroe was the only child of one the modern, enemies of the ancient prebendal stalls of the Cathedral, and she had hardly ever ventured beyond the neighborhood of her mother's home. Her father had died when she was a child, and for the last six years she had tended her mother day and night in the suffering of a mortal disease. Only within a few minutes she had buried her in the cloister of the old Cathedral, and in the Cathedral itself she daily knelt part in the worship which Protestant man has substituted for the daily Sacrifice of the Church of Christ. The old lime-dotine edifice itself—its bells, its tinkling sides, and lofty clerestory; its choir where there rap-so-so, his gorgeous tomb the least popular of English kings; the monumental chapel of the unfortunate son of Henry VIII.; and the cloisters where many a monk of old sleeps in peace, waiting for the resurrection—all these objects were to Anne Protheroe an old familiar friends. Often, as a child, she had prepared the Cathedral, in imagination, with the monks, till she almost fancied she seen them kneeling in their cowls before the altars; often she had wondered how all was in those days, yet she had been brought up with a Protestant horror of Popish doings, and never doubted that now all was much better than in those dark times. Morning after morning saw her in her accustomed place, and humbly and fervently she worshipped God according to her knowledge, as she joined in the Protestant service. She was a sincere and fervent worshipper. She was a sinner, and I remember her prayers were a charming specimen of an old fashioned gentlewoman. Her light brown hair was arranged in quaint little stiff curls round her pretty pale face, her blue eyes beamed with kindliness, and her white cap and spotless collar, and her bonnet, with rich silk dress of some richer color, bespoke the neatness and economy of her well-regulated mind. No one could see her and not love her—there was something winning in her extreme benevolence and her simple dignity of manner. But it was the poor who were specially Anne Protheroe's friends. She was indefatigable in her devotion to them, and day after day she was to be seen in her little close fitting bonnet (that like a nun's hood), wending her way along the distinct and most dismal back streets of the town. Her visits were anxiously looked for, for she always brought material relief to the sick and words of comfort and sympathy

A MAN WITHOUT JOINTS.

Strange Story of a Man Who, for Twenty-seven Years, Has Been Unable to Move Hand or Foot.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., December 29th.—Jonathan Bass, the subject of the following sketch, lives about four miles east of Lockport, in the Niagara County. For twenty-seven years he has not left his bed, lying thereon unable to move a single joint. For the last fifteen years he has been totally blind. He is apparently perfectly healthy in every respect, and his mind is as active as any man's.

In 1848 Jonathan Bass, then a lad of eighteen, was living with Geo. W. Rogers, in Lockport, N. Y., in a house occupying the site of the present *Journal* office. The place was then but a small village. One evening while on his way to the pasture, above High street, he drove home Mr. Rogers' cows, young Bass was taken with a severe pain in the bottom of his right foot. When reaching the pain had left not, but upon it was a mel in the bottom of his shoe. Upon examination he could find no cause for the pain. This was evidently the starting point of a strange affliction. He had been subject for a number of days his foot and leg warbly ancles, and was exceedingly painful. Temporarily they grew better, but were always more or less troubled rom, when the chase of prodigious circumstances caused his property to be taken from the hands of the Sheriff, which was Asplenia's Ford, at Portsmouth, which he seize, or rather assemble the ever-increasing number of applicants for admission. In Rochester of that year the cholera had not disappeared, and Cardinal Cullen solemnly blessed and laid the corner-stone of the

HANDSOMEST CONVENTUAL STRUCTURES IN ALL IRELAND.

But I must correct myself by saying that the Sisters do not, in the strict sense, reside in the abode of the Sisters, in thrust out of the world, which, in the case of the Sisters, is the industrial school, with the beautiful chapel, and the nun's dormitories, and the nun's refectory, and the nun's cemetery, and the nun's cloisters, and the nun's gardens, and the nun's fowl-yard, and the nun's pigs, and the nun's cows, and the nun's cabbages, and the nun's potatoes, and the nun's turnips, and the nun's everything else, which is the nun's property, and, as such, subject to the nun's control. Yet, I may say, that the Sisters are as much in the world as the nun's cows, and as much in the world as the nun's potatoes, and as much in the world as the nun's turnips, and as much in the world as

THE MONITOR.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they are to be, the pious labors of the Catholic Journalists of the state of religion, for rights and duties of the Apostolic See, and adhere to its decisions and precepts with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the voice of the people addressed to the people, and by-the-bye (that seemingly trifling expression) from the world. In our time, religious journalism is not only a lawful and serious occupation, but quite a work well pleasing to the wisdom of society, but a work of apostolic zeal, which is, in fact, the only means of reaching Catholic journalism has to defend every inch of truth, whatever Divine law—never all, the Divine truth.—Bishop Ullathorne, Tablet, Nov. 1, 1884.

Editorial Notes.

— Messrs. Thos. B. Noonan & Co., of Boston, have just issued in beautiful white and blue binding a very handsome music-illustrated volume entitled "History of the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary," in which is given a remarkably full and interesting account of the rise and spread of this ennobling mode of honoring the ever Immaculate Mother of God. The work is for sale by all Catholic booksellers and we hope all Sodalists will peruse this precious memorial of our heavenly Patroness.

—We regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Father Uhill, D. D., Priest of St. Dominic's Church, Hyde Street, San Francisco, England. The deceased Dominican was ordained in this city in 1855, but when he was on the point of departing for California the order was countermanded and he was assigned to the chair of Theology at Worchester. He was a native of Imola, near Italy, where he was born in 1826. May his soul rest in peace.

—As Eastern exchanges say that Rev. Thomas Pope Hodnett, rector of St. Mathew's Church, Chicago, is spoken of as the most likely to be nominated for the vacant Archbishopric of Oregon. Father Hodnett is distinguished for his great devotion to duty and his ardent love for Ireland—the land of his birth. He is also a whole-souled priest, a successful church builder, a prudent pastor, and popular alike with priests and people—hence he seems to combine in his character many of the virtues necessary in a Prelate, and, if he is appointed, the Catholics of Oregon will find in him a Bishop who will advance the interests of our holy faith.

—At Buenos Ayres the Apostolic Delegate Mgr. Matera, has been expelled from the territory of the Argentine Republic in consequence of his protests against the secularization of education. Escorted to the vessel by a deputation of the clergy, he had taken refuge at Monte Video; and the Argentine Government in a circular Note to its diplomatic representatives, expresses the naive hope "that this incident will not interrupt the good relations existing between it and the Holy See, relations which it is the interest both of Church and State to maintain with the most sincere cordiality."

—Right Rev. Eugene O'Connell, D. D., Bishop of Joppa, is sojourning in Philadelphia where he will remain until after the ceremony of the reception of the Pallium by Archbishop Ryan. A correspondent informs us that the venerable Prelate is the guest of Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose poetic genius has so often illumined the columns of the Monitor, and adds that "the condition and culture of Bishop O'Connell, combined with his singular humility and simplicity, elicit the admiration of his Philadelphia friends, and reflect credit upon California, the land of his adoption."

—On the 1st of August, 1887, will occur the first centenary of St. Alphonsus de Ligouri, who was canonized by Gregory XVI., and proclaimed Doctor of the Church by Pius IX. The association of young nobles founded in 1871 in the Saint's native city Venice, and under his patronage, has decided to establish a lasting memorial of the auspicious occasion. This will take the form of a hospice for the education and training of orphans, at which they will be brought up to various useful trades. A Church of St. Alphonsus will accompany the charitable institution. It is scarcely necessary to add that that excellent project has received the warm approbation of the Holy Father.

—We sincerely hope that the present State Legislature will make some suitable provision for admitting blind adults into the asylum at Berkeley, or else make an appropriation by which an institution can be established for their proper care and training in some suitable mechanical employment. There are a number of blind men and women in this city compelled to beg every day, when they ought to be comfortably provided for by the State in consequence of their affliction. We understand that a delegation of blind persons will go to Sacramento during this session in order to plead their cause, and we hope that human charity will same their prayers for protection to be granted.

—We heartily wish that the liberal spirit manifested by both Catholics and Protestants in the Eastern States would develop itself in California. We often read of such incidents as the following in our Eastern exchanges: "At Saint Leo's Catholic Church, New York, Monsignor Doney said that he was happy to say that in the three days that had elapsed since he asked that eleven members of the congregation should each give $6,000 to pay off the Church debt, three persons had each subscribed that amount. "It should be mentioned," he continued, "that one of the three was not a member of the congregation, but is a Protestant, to his honor be it said." May God reward the generosity of such good deeds and infuse a similar spirit into the Pacific coast people who have plethoric purses.

Assistant Rector for Stockton.

Rev. P. Marsiva, of Petaluma, has been appointed assistant rector to Father O'Connor of Stockton, vice Rev. F. Walsh, deceased.

Three Questions Answered.

Somebody has evidently been trying to corrupt the mind of a subscriber by reiterating a few of the many "modern investigations" which calumniate the Catholic Church. Hence he puts to us three times questions:

1. Was there ever a Council of Catholic Prelates in Rome, or out of it, that legislated in favor of monkery among the clergy?

ANSWER.—The single monosyllable "No," might be sufficient reply, but it is well to explain that although the Holy See, through her Pontiffs and Councils—has always insisted on the celibacy of the clergy, unsuccessful attempts have been made to break down the law by some individuals to whom virginity becomes irksome. Those Orphanists, at the Council of Nicea, tried to effect a change in this regard, but his efforts were entirely futile for the reason that the law of celibacy was a distinctive Christian mark of the priesthood.

It is true that in the early Christian age, when a sufficient number of continent and chaste men did not present themselves as disciples of our Redeemer, St. Paul permitted married man to be ordained, but when the occasion for such an innovation passed away, the law of virginity of the priesthood resumed its sway and has been strictly enforced by the strong Canon Law of the Catholic Church ever since. Hence no Council of Catholic Prelates, in Rome or elsewhere, ever legislated in favor of a married clergy—that remarkably dual mode of worshiping God and woman having been originated by the corruptious, Satanic system of soul-destroying schemers known as Luther, Lathar, Calvin, Henry VIII., and many other co-partners in crime, who, having legalized bigamy, divorce, infanticide and other immoralities—could not naturally be expected to restrain their individual passion—within the limits of continence.

II. Did the present Pope cancel the doctrine of Infallibility?

ANSWER.—No. Popes have never been known to "cancel" any dogma of Catholic faith when once defined and promulgated by the infallible voice of the successor of the Prince of the Apostles. In fact it is one of the many facts which go to prove the divine source of the Catholic Church and the power of the Son of God "to be with her all days" in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, that no Pope has ever been guilty of heresy. The enemies of the Church delight in painting some of the Popes very black indeed, but when we consider the sources from whance such calumnies have emanated, and then read the lives of the Pontiffs thus libeled, any intelligent man must naturally conclude that if the individuals selected for anti-Catholic calumny were addicted to any of the crimes charged against them, they certainly did not reveal any repulsive traits of character either morally or ecclesiastically in their conduct as successors of St. Peter—whom "faith it was declared by Divinity itself should fail not." Every Pope has been pure and unfalsified in all matters pertaining to the faith "delivered to the Saints." They have stedfastly followed the footsteps of the first Pontiff in all matters concerning the fundamental principles of Catholic faith and in the definition of dogma rendered necessary of absolution by the errors promulgated by heresiarchs both before and after the creation of that system of religious error known under the generic name of Protestantism.

III. Why are the Popes Italians?

ANSWER.—It does not follow that because it raised on last New Year's Day, than it also raised on every previous dates of a New Year during the past 1884 years. In like manner it does not follow that because some recent Popes happened to be born in Italy, that the whole line of Pontiffs from St. Peter to Leo XIII., were of the same nationality.

The number of Popes in regular legitimate succession from the Prince of the Apostles to the present Pontiff is 258. Of that number 170 have been Romans, and 103 natives of other parts of Italy; 15 Frenchmen; 9 Greeks; 7 Germans; 5 Africans; 3 Africans; 3 Spaniards; 2 Dalmatians; 1 Hebrew; 1 Thracian; 1 Dutchman; 1 Portuguese; 1 Candiot; and 1 Englishman. Of these Pontiffs 62 are canonized as Saints, 33 having suffered martyrdom for the faith. Hence that the Popes were not "all Italians," must be readily conceded.

A Huge Roar.

We clip the following paragraph from the United Times of the 3rd inst., in order that Catholics may understand what religious stories are circulated concerning the Church by the secular press

Mrs. Jessie Lemont, expand Mormon lady, residing at American Fog, is the author of a remarkable story, which, if it be true, is perhaps the only woman who, literally speaking, ever met with adventures which might be called. It is said that in the early and daughter days of California she was married to a Mormon, and, although she was born and grew to womanhood. Mormon about the age of seventeen, a paternal uncle, but a few years her senior, coincided with his conjugal, one, gold ladies from the El Dorado of the west, and became desperately enamored of him. He sought her hand in marriage and was accordingly married to the church refused, because of the near relationship existing between them, to solemnize the marriage. Determined to have his way, he tried the power of gold to win the church to his way, and succeeded. The church, attracted by the weight in gold, was of the opinion that weight of gold against her in the balance, and the marriage was celebrated. He enjoyed husband still had sufficient of the world's goods to provide a comfortable home and they were married. They lived happily together and she bore to her husband seven children. In the course of time he died and she married again, Mr. Carter being her second husband. *The above is fact and not fiction, as long witnesses can prove.*

Persons outside the State, reading such rubbish as the above, might conclude that it was founded on fact, while the truth is that the whole story is the concoction of some individual who desired to impose on the credulity of those people who are ever ready to believe even the most ridiculous "yarns," so long as they are told against the Catholic Church.

The idea that a niece and uncle were permitted to marry on condition of the male sinner paying the wife's "weight in gold" into "the Church," is a fiction of such monstrous proportions as to entitle the inventor of it to a brass medal as the champion story-teller of the Pacific Coast.

—Number, the alleged Danghte of France, has been sufficiently punished by the Pope for embarking the French to return to the Catholic faith. Its sign himself "Chaire."

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Catholic Education Across the Bay

It will be of interest to many if not to all of our readers, at the beginning of the new year, to learn something of the good work that is going on in Oakland and its vicinity under the fostering care of the zealous priests there, and through the labors of the Religious Orders established in Alameda county. We refer to the Christian Brothers and Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, the Sisters of the Holy Names have 200 girls on their rolls, and day scholars, and the Christian Brothers, under Brother Hugh, conduct a day school in the adjoining building, with about the same number of scholars. To the Priests, the schools of Rev. Father McNally are attended by about 200 girls, who are taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph, and 200 boys under the care of the Christian Brothers. It will be seen, therefore, that at these two places alone, 800 children are receiving a sound education combined with pure Catholic teaching and excellent training.

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart convent have about 85 young lady boarders and some day scholars, and their pupils are noted for the excellence of the studies and high standard of proficiency which they attain there. At Brooklyn, in Father Gleeson's parish, two schools are flourishing—one for boys, with an attendance of 80 scholars under the Christian Brothers, and the other at the convent of the Sisters who teach girls. At Temescal the Sisters of the Holy Name give instruction to about 150 girls and small boys in Rev. Father Serda's parish, and there is a strong society of St. Vincent de Paul there. Rev. Father Gleeson also has a school in Alameda, under the care of the Sisters of Notre Dame, which receives 150 pupils. Last but not least comes St. Joseph's Academy, for the foundation of which supplies the teachers for boys at St. Mary's and at St. Patrick's, as also for the Brooklyn school, so that counting their own pupils and those taught outside by the Brothers, they are, under the banner of the venerable De La Salle, engaged in educating over six hundred boys in Oakland and its vicinity alone.

At the Academy there were about 85 boarders last term and about thirty day scholars, and here every branch from the primer to the higher mathematics, Latin, Greek, Spanish, French, German, Drawing, Music, Telegraphy, Natural Philosophy, Rhetoric, Bookkeeping and Commercial subjects, are taught by the Brothers and a corps of experienced professors. The music, both vocal and instrumental, is quite on a par with the instruction and the academy. Orchestra and soloists came out at the last examination with a high order of selections which surprised the visitors to the exhibition and examination.

Enough has been shown to give evidence that between 1500 and 1600 children are receiving the highest education and the most careful Christian Catholic training in Oakland, as a strong offset to the public schools, institutions which turn out many thousands of children yearly, either devoid of any kind of religion or sprinkled with a smattering of what Dr. Brownson used to call "emotion" in the place of dogma and doctrine, and at the mercy of every "isms" and "ology" that may happen to crack their—across their future paths in life.

Topics of the Times.

— The highest price ever paid for a work of art was $125,000, which was given in 1882 for a picture of the Blessed Virgin from the hand of the great Spanish artist, Murillo.

— We often read of churches erected in foreign parts in consequence of vows made in time of danger. It is not generally known, perhaps, that the Church of the Assumption, Philadelphia, was erected by the late Father Cartier in consequence of a vow made at sea in a storm. So says the Western Watchman.

— Two important conversions are announced in the English papers, that of the Rev. William Bernard Ullson, a member of the "Cowley Fathers" residing at Oxford; and that of Mr. Algar Labouchere Thorold, only son of the Protestant Bishop of Rochester, and, an undergraduate of Christ Church, Oxford.

— The Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of the Index have placed upon the list of prohibited books a pamphlet by G. H. Savarese, entitled, "The excommunication of an idea—A reply to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome. Rome, 1884." It would seem from a parenthesis inserted in the document (*Infelio usurpato*) that by the omission of this page of his book has gratuitously assumed the title of Monsignor.

— In the concluding portion of Bishop McQuaid's instructive sermon which we publish this week, that eminent advocate of Christian education gives expression to this terse truth: "*The school for the child is as necessary as the Church for the parent.*" This sentiment should sink deep into the hearts of all Catholics who want to see the faith preserved in the souls of Catholic children.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fulda, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Ermeland, have been chosen members of the German Reichstag. Whilst the military members appeared in full uniform, and the Prussian Deputies in silk hats, the two Bishops were not averse to putting on their purple cassocks. Besides this, the Bishops have been appointed members of a committee for ecclesiastical affairs, to act with a number of Protestant Very Rev. superintendents; in how long these Catholic Prelates will find it compatible with their dignity to act in concert with these ministers, time will tell.

—The name of the person to be consecrated as Coadjutor Bishop to Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburg, Penn., is expected soon from Rome. The name sent to Rome for consideration is the Rev. Jos. P. Wall, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburg; the Very Rev. Richard Phelan, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Allegheny City, and Vicar-General, and the Rev. F. L. Tobin, Rector of St. James' Church, Pittsburg. Father Wall was Theologian to Archbishop Seghers, of Oregon, at the late Plenary Council. Bishop Tuigg continues in a very dangerous state of health.

—The recent inhuman outrage by bigots at Contadin, in Italian, was even more terrible than at first reported. They not only stoned the village church, but burned and ordered the priest to call where the money collected for the poor of the parish was kept. He refused, and the brigands threatened him with the torture if he did not be persuaded in his refusal. Then they filled his furnace with straw, lighted it, and bind the priest onto the top. His screams were heard all over the village, but the villagers were too much frightened to interfere. The priest was burned to death. The brigands then plundered his house, and several others, and disappeared. No arrests have been made.

—One of the most startling features in the Pennsylvania oil region is the number of deserted villages, which have been made by the exhaustion of oil wells. Pithole is a remarkable example of the oil excitement. Barely twenty years ago, it stood a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with churches, theatres, hotels, daily newspapers, pipe lines, railroad and telegraph offices, all the appurtenances of a busy city; now, says a recent traveller throughout that region, "all that appears is a village, the diminished wing of an old hotel, some decaying timbers, and a little clearing in the forest, so saturated with oil and salt water that nothing will grow upon it. A poor, demented old man is now the only inhabitant."

—A painful feeling has been created, not only in Alsace Lorraine, but throughout the Catholic world generally by the suppression, on the part of the Statthalter, of the only two Catholic organs, *l'Ami du Clergé* and *le Messager*, which were almost the sole representatives of Catholic literature. They were accused of not discussing public affairs with "sufficient objectivity." The *Germania*, the *Kolnische Volkszeitung*, and other Catholic Prussian papers complain bitterly of this piece of insolence. The *Amerikanische Katholikenkalender*, which however is published in Carlsruhe is still left, but "the sword of Damocles is hanging over its head." It is very doubtful whether the Catholics of the annexed provinces will be able to start a fresh organ.

—A Chicago paper says that a consignment of corn was received in that city one day last week, from a point in Nebraska, which sold at a price which yielded the shipper 10½ cents per bushel after deducting freight rates. If the cost of handling and the shipper's profit be subtracted from that price it is not likely that the farmer received more than nine cents a bushel. For this amount he was obliged to haul his corn to the railway, probably a distance of eight or ten miles, perhaps over bad roads. He could not have taken more than forty bushels to a two-horse wagon load, which would yield him $3 20, out of which he must deduct the wages of one man, the support of two horses, and the wear and tear for a whole day's work. The price he received for his corn would scarcely have covered the cost of hauling it to the market.

—Mrs Paulina Broughton of Norfolk, Va., has Rachel Whale her final vows in the Convent of the Visitation, Washington, D. C., on the 7th ult.

THE ROSARY.

WHAT THE SAINTS, DOCTORS AND PONTIFFS HAVE SAID ABOUT THE ROSARY, AND HOW CHARLEMAGNE'S TRY FEATHERS THAT BEFOR 1885.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Let us hear those who have authority to speak "in the midst of the people of God, in the assembly of the Saints and before the multitude of the elect." Who are they? Who have such authority, and who have a right to command our attention? The Sovereign Pontiffs, who are the first oracles of truth; the Saints, who are the first teachers of devotion; and the Doctors, who are particularly raised up in the Church by God to point out works of piety. We will first listen to what the Saints say about the greatest and "most divine of Mary's devotions"—the Rosary, and after that we will be better prepared to understand the full meaning and force of the expressions of the highest representatives of the Mandied on earth, the Sovereign Pontiffs—the first Doctors of the age in which they lived—on the same sublime subject. The majority of the Saints, but especially the primaval ones and those, best known throughout the Church since the establishment of the Rosary (we do not intend to introduce here to say extent the Saints beatified, or holy persons of the Dominican Order to whom the Rosary was their very life, we will at some future time write a Rosary of their lives for the Rosary), have said not only the most beautiful things on the Rosary, but have also practiced it themselves, and have strongly recommended it most earnestly to the faithful, particularly by their example. The great Doctors of the Church, the Popes of Rome, the glory and model of Bishops, eulogized to the highest possible degree the Rosary when he declared it to be the "most divine devotion;" *he recited it every day on his knees!* He was so zealous in propagating the hore-dit, that in his admirable instructions given in his Pastoral Letter to the people of the city and diocese of Milan, he took care to say to each one: "Thou shalt recite the Chaplet every day, or if not that often, at least as often as it will be possible to do so." He required all employed in his service "to go on the first Sunday of the month to Communion, and to assist at the procession which took place on that day in his Church, in honor of our Lady of the Rosary." He placed all the colleges, religious houses, congregations and confraternities under his care under the special protection of the Most Blessed Mother of God, and expressly recommends them to recite the Rosary.

Furthermore, his extraordinary devotion for the Holy Virgin caused him to consecrate to her honor a special altar in his metropolitan cathedral, there, too, he erected the confraternity of the sick of the Rosary, and procured from the Sovereign Pontiff for it all the indulgences and all the privileges granted to the Rosary, which he placed at the Minerva in Rome (the principal Church of the Dominicans). In relation to the sacred Rosary he said, in his last letter: "It is but right that the devotion of the Rosary should be established for the whole of the Diocese of Milan in the Church of Mother Church to which the faithful ought from respect." But what more shall we say of the Rosary? Is it not the holy Rosary? In his provincial synods he recommended to his suffragans to be crowned with the Rosary, and to call upon them "daily recitation of the Rosary amongst all classes of the people, and particularly the soldiers." (*Act. Eccles. Mediolan*)

St. Francis of Sales, that profound man of God, who was called from his cradle to his love of the Rosary thus the preceding Saints and Doctor. He thus writes to a lady living in the world: "I desire you to recite the Rosary daily as devoutly as you can, either at Mass or at some other suitable time; make much of it, for it is a holy and not simply chaplet, for he means the entire Rosary. In forty seventh sermon on prayer, he mentions three classes of divisions of prayers, viz: the *obsecration*, the *recommended* and the *voluntary*, and he places the Rosary in the first rank of the three recommended prayers, and says all good persons to wear their hands publicly, "Carry," says he, "the Rosary or chaplet on your arm, and wherever you go and what which you, as a signal the desire you have of being the servant of our Saviour and of his Sacred Mother." He himself always carried his beads on his cincture.

St Jane de Chantal testifies in the following manner with regard to his reciting the Rosary: "I learned from him himself," says she, "that about the same time the was then quite young he had pledged himself by vow to recite every day the Rosary (not simply the chaplet), in order that he might be delivered from a terrible temptation of despair by which he had been for some time sorely assailed. He employed one hour in that holy exercise, for he made meditation on every mystery, and he was so particular about not failing to perform that duty, that whenever the pressure of business prevented him from attending to it during the day, he would carry his chaplet wound around his wrist so that he might be reminded of fulfilling his obligation at least before retiring to rest at night." When he was so sick that he could not speak, he had it recited in his presence by some one so that he might follow them mentally. The same Saint adds in her depositions "He was punctual in assisting every month, with his house in the hospital, at the procession of the confraternity of the most holy Rosary to which he belonged."

St. Francis himself declares in one of his sermons that he was in the habit of reciting the Rosary because I have for a long time belonged to that confraternity, as does a'so many everyday people, but I do not recite it. It is also related of him that "as he was on his point of dying, and just after he had received Extreme Unction, he begged that his Rosary might be adjusted in its place on him in order that if might serve him as a solid buckler to turn aside the darts hurled at him by the most evil one."

The illustrious master of the spiritual life, the most devout servant of Mary, St. Alphonsus de Liguori, says in one of his sermons "He who is truly devout to the most holy Virgin can be called blessed even in this world, and can be certain (morally) of reaching Heaven." He that shall find me, shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord." (*Proverb. cap. 8*). But who can find Mary? He who loves her and honors her with a special worship. But amongst all the homages due to the Queen of Heaven, none can be more pleasing to her than the Rosary. Oh! what beautiful hopes they have of forty years who recite it daily with love and perseverance. The devils are alarmed by St. Dominic, who was at the time answering a possessed person, made the exclamation: "Cursed be the woman who invented the Rosary!" Let us be determined to declare that he who persevers in devotion to Mary shall not be damned, because acknowledge that we are obliged for such a servant. . . . Never fail then, my beloved brethren, to recite daily with love and confidence the Rosary." In his Moral Theology, too, the Saint warmly exhorts pastors to urge their flocks to recite every day in their houses the three parts of the Rosary. In another place he earnestly entreats the missionaries and preachers "to recommend to the faithful devotion to Mary, and especially that of the Rosary."

In another sermon (*parole di Scimol. Inn. ogni giorno*) he says: "Let us then all place amongst all the homages to be given by us to Mary in seeking her protection, the Rosary, and the Rosary, or at least of the third part of it." He repeats the same thing in his "Rule of Life for a Christian," and he was most careful to practice himself, notwithstanding his many pressing occupations, what he in the aforesaid place recommends to others. He read to his life that "the Rosary was his special devotion, and that he never failed to say for a single day, or to that, when prevented his last sickness, to practice it, and even on that day he recited as usual his chaplet between two," as his old age expressly, "he had the habit of reciting the chaplet several times a day, from morning till night his beads might be seen in his hands. It happened one day that the Saint did not distinctly recollect that he had recited his beads, and when a priest who was with him asked him if he had and who had certainly said the Rosary with him) assured him that he had already recited it." He would say: "Venite nos ewen that from this devotion depends my salvation." It is also stated of that good Holy, as he was on occasion by pre-elected from a severe attack of lethargy and was in danger also to speak that he, all of a sudden and contrary to all expectations, when the brother who was attending on him and just for the purpose of arousing him, if possible, from his deep stupor, Mon-sieur, shall we recite the Rosary?" he opened his eyes and began to recite it

The Colonizing Spirit in Europe.

The "moving spirit" at present giving vitality to European affairs seems to be colonization, and the earnestness and activity with which this different crowed heads are seeking to secure other countries to their national supremacy is an interesting study. It is a season for—a season, indeed, when Europe has been entered into between France and Germany, with accordance with which France is allowed to colonize Tonquin, Morocco, Tonquin and Germany, while respecting the French possessions on Africa, are allowed to colonize Africa, and anywhere not affecting French interests. The number of the German marine infantry is also to be increased, showing the active colonial policy. This movement is intended to checkmate the colonial schemes of England.

As an index of the enmumeration caused by counter colonization schemes on the part of the crowned heads of Europe, we append a few extracts from the leading newspapers indicating the ferment into which colonization has thrown them.

The London *Daily News* devotes a special article to the decision of the Powers to legislate the proposals of England relative to Egyptian finances. The attitude, the *News* asserts, is prompted by Prince Bismarck, who is inverted at Mr Gladstone's policy, and desires to overthrow his Cabinet. Prince Bismarck, the *News* says, wanted England to assess Egypt, and thus enable Germany to pursue her colonizing policy unhampered. France and Austria willingly support Prince Bismarck in this matter, for they consider England's attitude in Egypt to be the sum of all evils, and of territory which they intend to make to other quarters of the globe.

The *Journal des Débats* of Paris takes the American delegates to the African Conference to task for proposing that the Congo country shall be neutral territory. It confess profound gratification that the French delegate, Baron de Courcel, prevented the adoption of this project, and protestes the opposition now dold and loud.

The *Independance Belge* of Brussels says congratulations belong to the cousin of the New Hebridee Islands by Great Britain to France will soon be contested. The islands in question are in the Pacific, not far to the east of New Caledonia.

The Paris Temps is in favor of Italy and Germany sending colonists into the Red Sea, equally with England. It says that France insists upon the latter's claims to Egypt.

What the outcome of this colonization commotion may be it is difficult to determine, but that it will stir the dormant lines in many parts of the world is a foregone conclusion.

— An uprising of the socialistic element in Chicago seems to be agitating the people of that city to a great extent. It is unknown that a number of armed companies of socialists are regularly drilling in that city, and they number about 700 men. They are equipped with breech-loading rifles, and drill according to Prussian learning. The entire practice is contrary to the State law, and in view of this fact and owing to the recent threats by some of the socialist leaders, a volunteer guard has been placed in the armories of the National Guard.

Bishop England's Works.

We have indeed ever paid for a work of this kind, and we have received a few copies of the first volume of a new and very acceptable edition of Bishop England's works, edited by Hugh F. McKinnon, a gentleman who is evidently well qualified for the position he has assumed.

The works of Bishop England will be read and re-read for centuries to come in America, as his counsels will serve to keep alive the fire of faith and patriotism in the breasts of all who listen to his sage advice. So impressed was O'Connell with the power of Bishop England's pen, that when the Irish Liberator consolidated his struggle for Catholic emancipation, in which Bishop England was a powerful ally, O'Connell remarked: "With Bishop England at my back, I would not fear the whole world before me."

The present edition is handsomely printed and bound, and copies can be purchased from A. Waldteufel, 737 Market street. The subjects treated in the volume before us are "Memoir of Bishop England," "Memorials," "Epocha of Irish History," "The Treasures of the Scholar," "Dueling," "Classical Education," "Descent of Jesus into Hades," "The Character of Washington," "Discourse before Congress," "Religion of American Indians," "Pen Pictures of Rome," "The Waldenses," "Historical Sketches of Germany, Sweden, Norway, Russia, European Turkey and the Greek Schism," "St. Peter's Roman Episcopate," "The Irish Franchise." Volume II. will contain the Pastoral Letters and other pieces, and is sold for $2.50.

— The Chief Church in the United States dedicated under the invocation of Mary Immaculate, is the Church of the Church of Kaskaskia, Illinois, which was several times rebuilt, dates back properly as far as 1673.

A note from our regular Irish correspondent brings the sad information that the gifted lady whose *nom de plume* of Ethna Carbery, has been "laid low" in sickness for several weeks, but she hopes to resume her letters to the Monitor with the next issue.

DEATH OF FATHER DELANEY, C. M.

The Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission have lost by death, during the past year, over the loss of one of their members, Rev. Delany, C. M., having departed this life on Sunday morning, the 28th ult. Deceased was born in Ireland, in the county of Longford, he entered the College of Tiny Lady of Mercy, and after a long and fervent novitiate he took the usual vows of Religion, and became a member of the Congregation of the Mission. He was ordained Priest in 1852, he proceeded to Germany, where he was Director of the Congregation of the Mission, and was called to the Vice-Visitorship of the Congregation of the Mission, and on the 12th of August, 1857, he was appointed Visitor of the Province of Ireland, and he continued in that office for the first Monday 8.30, Vincentia College, Los Angeles, Cal. Deceased was a man of great zeal, that dread and burning disease, consumption, which had threatened his life for three years, he has been unable to duty. He was a man of great piety, he was a man of sweet and consistent, that when his death was announced, he was called to the Vice-Visitorship of the Congregation of the Mission, and on the 12th of August, 1857, he was appointed Visitor of the Province of Ireland, and he continued in that office for the first time

Farm and Home.

A RECOLLECTION.

My memory points unto a happy hour,
Chief of by a father's and mother's love,
And by such tender and yet so fresh ties as
The briefest and bright of childhood. I may
wish
Where'er I will, but love shall have come
Unto a spot so loved; shall seek and find
Such tears as I have shed, when turned from
That home unto the world of men! I rod
The first page of life's error on that day,
And thought of dear kindness over and
Made the dark future seem a thing of dread;
A doubtful future, fraught with misery,
Life that year from Eden doomed to stray.
I paused later a world I knew not, nor could love.
J. S. K.

Women's Ill Health.

"Why are women so a rule less healthy than men? For a variety of reasons," said a doctor whose practice lies mostly in the direction of the fashionable and is largely among the fair sex. "Above all, the female body is molded of finer clay than the male one, and is therefore correspondingly easier to injure. Then, again, women are not chosen the robes of hygiene so uniformly as men do, but almost every woman daily, nay, hourly, infringes them. Furthermore, women ignore too much the old saying: 'Mens sana in corpore sano.' Either of body and mind, a necessary accompliant of vigorous health, is almost unknown in the majority of the fair sex, and one they have passed their 20th year and their animal spirits have quieted down.

"Elucidate a trifle more fully, doctor?

"Why, you know as well as I, to begin with, that women do not eat and drink nor do they dress rationally. They nibble too often of food, and then they keep their stomachs constantly employed so that they cannot digest any one meal properly; regular leisure moments nor the requisite time to prepare nor to digest. Or, if they do, it is called that note as a dissolvent on the food taken. By too frequent eating women never get up any rational appetite, and their digestion must necessarily weaken after a time. Then, as to dress; why, it's a story as old as the hills that it does never conform to the laws of health and comfort. So I won't say anything more about that. But the gravest cause of the poor health of our American womanhood is the lack of invigorating employment. They lold too much; there is not enough to keep their moral and physical forces on the qui vive, so to speak. Their brains and their whole muscular system become sluggish, and at last incapable of sustaining as much strain as a baby could stand. One thing ought to be taught our girls more than another: The beneficent results of constant employment, be it physical or mental, and the absolute noxiousness of inactivity. More outdoor exercise, more useful employment in the house, more interchange of ideas and opinions—this is what our women need."

A Common Mistake.

In asking a man questions concerning his wife, you should not say "How is your lady?" This is vulgarity and invariably betrays lack of cultivation. The term wife is far more beautiful and the appropriate and refined whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say instead of "my husband," "my gentleman," or "mamma we were in great of Mrs. Fitzsimmerice and her gentleman." The thing would be positively indecorous, and in the verse is some the loss so of rightly considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady. The term should be tabooed.

To Clean Pots, Kettles and Tins.

Boil a double handful of hay or grass in a new iron pot before attempting to cook with it; scrub out with soap sand; then set on full of clean water, and let it boil hall an hour. After this pot may use it without fear. As soon as you empty a pot or frying-pan of that which has been cooked in, fill with hot or cold water (but not boiling) set back upon the fire to scald thoroughly. Your tins should stand near the fire with boiling water in them, to which has been dissolved a spoonful of soda, for an hour; then be scoured inside with soft soap; afterward rinsed with hot water. Keep them clean by rubbing with sifted wood ashes, or whitening. Copper utensils should be cleaned with brickdust and flannel. Never set a vessel in the pot-closet without cleaning and wiping it thoroughly. If grease be left in it, it will grow rancid. If an odor vet, it is apt to rust.

Forbidden Fruits.

Mr. Noel, a French agriculturist, speaking of the introduction of the potato into France, says: "This vegetable was viewed by the people with extreme disfavor when first introduced, and many expedients were adopted to induce them to use it, but without success. In rule did Louis XVI. wear its flower in his buttonhole, and in vain two samples of the tubers distributed among the farmers; they gave them to their pigs, but would not use them themselves. At last Parmentier, the chemist, who well knew the nutritive properties of the potato, and was anxious to see it in use in general use, hit upon the following expedient: He planted a good breadth of potatoes at Sablons, close to Paris and paid great attention to their cultivation. When the roots were nearly ripe, he put notices around the field that all persons who stole some of the potatoes would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. No sooner were the rotic thus forbidden, as it were, by authority, than all persons, seemed eager to eat them, and in a fortnight "the whole crop was stolen, and without a doubt, eaten. The new vegetable became been found to be excellent food, was soon after cultivated in every part of the kingdom."

The "No" of Family Finance.

Ask yourself if some of the debts preying you could not have been avoided had you said "No" at the proper time and place? In fact, look for the mistakes made in the past, and try to avoid a repetition of them in the future. Forget or become totally blind to what your neighbor may be doing in the way of his horses, carriages, harness, furniture and other luxuries and convenience, until you can say "I am out of debt, and there is money in my pocket or deposited in the bank to pay for what I want," and by that time you wants will be limited to the amount of spare cash on hand.

There is a pleasure in self-denial that a majority of our people never experienced, and it comes to us gloriously, and is extremely satisfactory to one practising it when he can say "I love no man, and at the same time has $100 in his pocket, but waiting some artistic cooing $200, he refuses to purchase until, through self-denial, the other hundred is obtained. It requires some resolution, and even a system of living and dealing, but it has this recommendation—it is perfectly safe.

Syrup of Figs.

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BIGGEST THINGS ON EARTH.

The highest range of mountains, are the Himalayas, their mean elevation being estimated at from 16,000 to 18,000 feet. The loftiest mountains in Mount Everest or Gourisankar of the Himalaya range, having an elevation of 29,002 feet above the sea level. The largest theatre is the New Opera House in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground. Its cubit mass is 4,267,000. It cost about 100,000,000 francs. The largest city in the world is London. Its population numbers 3,020,271 souls. New York, with a population of about 1,250,000, comes fifth in the list of great cities. The largest suspension bridge would span the East side on between New York and Brooklyn. The length of the main span is 1,500 ft. 6in. the entire length of the bridge is 5,989 feet. The tallest active volcano is Tomboro—"smoking mountain"—thirty-five miles north-west of Puebla, Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep. The largest island in the globe, which is also regarded as a continent, is Australia. It is 2,500 miles in length from east to west, and measures 2,950 miles from north to south. It covers 2,984,267 square miles. The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistnah, between Beacrah and Bectanagrum. It is more than 6,000 feet long, and is stretched between two high posts, each of which is 1,200 feet high. The largest ship in the world is the "Great Eastern." She is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad, and 60 feet deep; being 22,927 tons burden, 18,915 gross, and 13,344 net register. She was built at Millwall, on the Thames, and was launched January 31st, 1857. The largest university is Oxford, in England, in the city of the same name. City has sent from London. It consists of twenty-one colleges and five halls. Oxford can boast of learning as early as the time of Edward the Confessor. University College claims to have been founded by Alfred. The most remarkable park in the world is the park of Copenhagen in Denmark. The inclosure contains about 4,200 acres, and is divided by a small river.

The largest pleasure ground in America, and one of the largest in the world, is Fairmont Park, Philadelphia, which contains 2,740 acres. The largest tuft in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. In circumference at the bottom is nearly 66 feet, and its height more than 21 feet. In its stoutest part it is 23 inches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds. It has never been hung, and was probably cast on the spot where it now stands. A piece of the bell is broken off. The fracture is supposed to have been occasioned by water having been thrown upon it when heated by the bullet, ing erected over it being on fire. The highest Monolith is the Obelisk at Karnak, in Egypt. Karnak is on the east bank of the Nile, near Luxor, and occupies part of the site of ancient Thebes. The Obelisk is ascribed to Hatasu sister of Pharoah Thothmes III., who reigned about 1,000 B. C. Its whole length is 127 feet, its weight 400 tons. Its height, without pedestal, is 105 feet 10 inches. The longest tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of railway between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 980 feet below the surface of Andermatt, and 6,600 feet beneath the peak of Castelhorn, of the St. Gothard group. The tunnel is 26½ feet wide, and 19 feet 10 inches from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is 9 miles long, 72 miles longer than the Mount Cenis tunnel. The biggest tree in the world are the Mammoth Trees of California. One of groves in Tulare County, according to measurement made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet, 106 feet in circumference at base, and 76 at a point 12 feet above the ground. Some of the trees are 370 feet high, and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age of from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The largest inland Sea in the Caspian, lying between Europe and Asia. Its length is length 760 miles, its breadth 280 miles, and its area 180,000 square miles. Great Salt Lake, in Utah, which may be properly termed an inland sea, is about 80 miles long and has a varying breadth of from 20 to 35 miles. Its surface is 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, whereas the surface of the extensive Caspian sea is 84 feet below the ocean level. The largest Empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,657,000 square miles, more than a third part of the land on the globe, and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world. In territorial extent the United States ranks third, containing 3,580,242 square miles including Alaska; in population it ranks tenth, with its 40,000,000 of people. Russia ranks second in extent, having 6,302,940 square miles. The largest library is the Bibliotheque National, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,600,000 volumes. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,200,000; contained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number about 400,000. The building which contains these treasures is adorned on the Rue Richelieu, its length is 560 feet, and its breadth 139 feet. The most remarkable Whirlpool is the Maelstrom, off the north-west coast of Norway and south west of Moskenoes, the most southerly of the Lofoden Isles. It was once supposed to be unfathomable, but the depth has been shown not to exceed twenty fathoms. The whirlpool is nearly six miles in a circumference, but when the wind is north-west it often attains great fury and becomes exceedingly dangerous. Under strong gales the Maelstrom has been shown by official statistics to run at the rate of 20 miles an hour.

The last survivor in the Mammoth Cave, Edmondson County, Kentucky. It is near Green River, six miles from Cape Cely, and is about 25 miles from Bowling Green. The cave consists of irregular chambers, some of them very large, and connected by small levels. Sions of these are traversed by navigable branches of the subterranean Echo river. Blind fish are found in its waters. Among the most remarkable natural Echoes are—that of Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Kilarney, in Ireland, where it repeats a single call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments, and that on the bank of the Nahr, between Hingen and Coblentz, which repeats a sound 17 times. The most remarkable artificial echo known is that of the Castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. In repeating the report of a pistol sixty times. The largest desert is that of the Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic ocean on the west to the valley of the Nile on the east. Its length from east to west is 3,000 miles, its average breadth is 500 miles, its area 2,000,000 square miles. The town of Timbuctoo, about 300 miles from the Niger, is almost surrounded by desert, but at a distance of a few days journey to the northeast and north are the oases of Mabrouk and Fezzan. Rain falls in torrents in the Sahara at intervals of five, ten and twenty years. In summer the heat during the day is excessive, but the nights are always cool. In winter the temperature is sometimes below the freezing point.

No Sympathy for the Drunkard's Wife.

Not at all sympathetic but quite comical, was the hard-headed Indiana judge who, after all these remarks to a recent decision in a divorce suit: "You voluntarily chose a drunkard for a husband, and you should endure the fate of a drunkard's wife. He failure to keep a pledge of reformation made before marriage was fully equivalent to a drunkard, you must stand by and content with the sacred relationship." *Boston Transcript.*

WHAT IS MALARIA?

A Plan to Successfully Combat With a Disease that Defies Analysis.

The once accepted theory that malaria flourished only in wet, swampy localities, and followed the course of large tracts of land, is no longer tenable, as the majority of its victims are now numbered among inhabitants of cities and long established settlements.

But laying aside all questions of theory we come face to face with the vital question, what is malaria? and how is it to be successfully vanquished? To the first inquiry we reply, seed, seed, seed (bad air) from which the word is derived, explains its character exactly. Bad air taken into the lungs and disseminated through the blood, produces the chill, followed by intense fever, malarial fever, diphtheria and other dangerous diseases follow. Equally bad effects from contaminated water, bad drainage, or continued over-exertion, so that all cause loss of nerve life, the essence of physical well-being.

Malarial poison cannot be detected by chemical tests, and is only known by its effects upon the system.

One of the worst cases of malaria was that of Mrs. C. F. Hoshen, of 67 Fifth St., Troy, N. Y. Her experience, of great value, is given, that others may reap the benefit. She suffered not only from malaria, her complication being of a nature to baffle her, but also from enlargement of the liver. Her appetite was ravenous, especially for acids. "Our day" says Mrs. Hoshen, "my physician asked for a sample of fluid for chemical analysis. I was then passing 7 ounces a day, which he reported was a very bad, and that he could do no more for me, as I had all the indications of bright's disease. Urine soon as specialists in Albany, Buffalo Ave., New York, who recommended electricity, saying I had spinal disease, and the study of life was to me one ever so as and one on the preacher, during the entire sermon.

"I preacher's description of heaven was amusing, the principal delight of that region appeared to consist in having to work to so, no cute to which, to, refers to low, and to pick, and the backlights were correspondingly intensified. Then, the singing. The most graphic pen could not do justice to that. One song, in which were the delicious pattering, swaging and rolling their small black bodies, was something like this:

Oh, we! Come hide die quarks,
Come, get we down!
Come, get we down!
Oh, we! Come hide die quarks,
Oh, potatoes!

Gib on board the great train, oh!
Come, get we down!

And soon, to a waltzing, dirge like tune, I did not hear any very cheerful music, but I could see the cur wiv ah tones, to matter what the words were. Presently the scene separated, the non-combatants off in circle, the women massing together, led by a tall, gaunt, black woman, who commenced to hear earnest appeal for temptation to a point, very long tones falling over into a very big and growing longer every time she opened her mouth. This strange woman began to be conscious, during one last stanza the other, wagging her head, stamping right and left, with a certain meaning, and soon every woman and child in the meeting engaged in the holy dance, the men looking on and appearing to be affected by the rhapsodies of their wives, sisters, sweethearts and children.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, has created a new parish of Hartford, Mass., for the benefit of the French population. He has appointed to the charge of the new church Abbe Isaie Sidy, formerly of the Diocese of St. Hyacinthe. This is the fifteenth Canadian parish created in this diocese by the Bishop.

THE MONITOR.

—THE—

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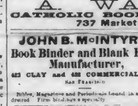

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Harp, per annum 60 00
Vocal Music, Private Lessons 30 00
Vocal Music, Class 10 00
Drawing in Water Colors, per annum 10 00
Painting in Oil, per Lesson 1 00
Painting in Water Colors, per Lesson 1 00
Painting in Oil, per Lesson 1 00
Vocal and Instrumental Music, form extra charges.

For further particulars, address

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

San Jose, Cal.

ST. CERTRUDE'S ACADEMY,

VISITATION, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL.

THIS ACADEMY, FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, is beautifully situated in an eminence in the pleasant and accessible town of Sonoma, commanding a view of the surrounding country, and of the Mountains and Valleys of Sonoma and Napa Counties, and the beautiful scenery of the Bay of San Pablo. Pupils of all persuasions will be received, and every care and attention combined with the useful branches of a solid education, and the graces and accomplishments of a refined and fashionable education.

The scholastic year is divided into two sessions of five months each; the first commences January and ends in June.

Terms per Session, Payable in Advance.

BOARDING PUPILS.

Board and Tuition, with use of bedding $125 00
Washing 15 00
Music, Piano, Guitar, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting form extra charges.

For further particulars apply to

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

URSULINE ACADEMY,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The Fourth Annual Session began AUGUST, 1884.

For Prospectus and full particulars, Address

SUPERIORESS OF THE URSULINES,

Santa Rosa, Cal.

School of the Holy Cross.

A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, Under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, opposite to the Cathedral.

Academy of Our Lady of Angels.

SANTA CLARA, ... CALIFORNIA

THIS INSTITUTION, CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of Notre Dame, affords an opportunity to prospective parents of combining refinement, a moral and intellectual education with the advantages of a home. We recommend this Academy, in the fullest sense, as a home for the young ladies, where, with comfort and the utmost care, their health will be carefully watched, and every attention paid to their moral and intellectual training.

The scholastic year, comprising 10 months, commences on the first Monday in August, and ends the last Thursday in June.

For further particulars address

SISTER SUPERIOR.

Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary,

SAN JOSE (P.O. Box 1) ..... CALIFORNIA

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS.

Board and Tuition $100
Washing 15
Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Latin and Ornaments ..... Moderate Extra Charges.

For further particulars address

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

SAN JOSE, ... CALIFORNIA

The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

THIS INSTITUTION IS PLEASANTLY SITUATED in the Garden City of California, and is now prepared to receive pupils. The course of instruction embraces all the useful branches of a solid education, and the ornamental branches are taught free of charge, at the request of the parents.

The scholastic year is divided into two sessions of five months each. The next session commences August 1st, 1884.

TERMS:

Board and Tuition, per month $15 00
Washing 1 50
Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Drawing and Painting (Private Lessons) form an extra charge, as in Boarding Schools, but in Classes, the Terms of instruction combined throughout, as also in Plain and Fancy Needle Work.

N. B. A private conveyance is furnished, free of charge, to and from the convent at reasonable hours, for the accommodation of pupils.

For further particulars address

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

Marysville, Cal.

THIS INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1851, is now in a flourishing condition. It is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, and is the oldest Catholic Institution in the United States.

TERMS:

Pupils received for terms of scholastic year, or for any shorter period, at the rate of $100 per annum.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

Marysville, Cal.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Conducted by the Christian Brothers,

offers every facility for acquiring a thorough Education, whether Classical, Scientific or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL Course receive the degree of A. B. in Scientific, B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts.

The Commercial course has been established for those relations of those who wish to acquire a good practical education, in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on the pupils taught in the College, our own language receiving special attention, the Modern Languages are taught to students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and exercised in the class room.

TRIMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

(Payable half-yearly in advance.)

Board, Tuition and Washing $250 00
Entrance Fee 10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicine 10 00
Vacation at College 50 00
Music and Drawing form extra charges.

For further particulars address

BRO. BETTELIN, President.

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY,

Golden Gate Ave. San Francisco

CONDUCTED BY

THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.

THIS ACADEMY, PLEASANTLY SITUATED IN The Western Addition, affords every opportunity to young ladies desirous to receive a solid and refined education.

The scholastic year, divided into two sessions, commences on the first Monday in August and ends the last Thursday in June.

For further particulars address

SISTER SUPERIOR.

Academy of Our Lady of Angels.

SANTA CLARA, ... CALIFORNIA

THIS INSTITUTION, CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of Notre Dame, affords an opportunity to prospective parents of combining refinement, a moral and intellectual education with the advantages of a home. We recommend this Academy, in the fullest sense, as a home for the young ladies, where, with comfort and the utmost care, their health will be carefully watched, and every attention paid to their moral and intellectual training.

The scholastic year, comprising 10 months, commences on the first Monday in August, and ends the last Thursday in June. Application may be received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

Per quarter, (payable in advance.)

Boarding, Tuition in English, French, and if required, Drawing, Music and Latin, washing and use of bedding $75 00
Use of Piano 10 00
Vocal Music 10 00
Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 00
Painting in Water Colors, per lesson 1 00

Music and Instrumental Music form extra charges.

For further particulars, address

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

Santa Clara, Cal.

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY

UKIAH, MENDOCINO COUNTY, CAL.

THIS INSTITUTION IS PLEASANTLY SITUATED in the Town of Ukiah, and is now prepared to receive pupils. The course of instruction embraces all the useful branches of a solid education.

The scholastic year consists of two sessions of five months each.

TERMS:

Boarding, Tuition, Washing, Bedding, per Scholastic year $150 00
Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Latin and Ornaments form extra charges.

For further particulars address

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

SACRAMENTO INSTITUTE,

Twelfth and K streets,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF BOARDERS IN FIRST Class Families will be received by the Rev. Director.

Pupils will be prepared for the Classical and Industrial Departments.

French and English are taught free of charge.

PHILIPPES ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

1052 MARKET STREET

PROF. DE FILIPPE

CONTINUES TO GIVE PERSONAL INSTRUCTION in the Spanish, French, Italian, German, Latin and Greek Languages, Ladies' Dressmaking and Shorthand, Gentlemen's Shorthand and Typewriting, Commercial Arithmetic, Penmanship, Bookkeeping

ECHOES FROM ERIN.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the officials and confidential letters of introduction from the Parliament and other leaders be succeeded in starting an invincible branch society. Meetings were held wildly, manos enrolled, officers organized, and arms procured, while this double-dyed assassin every fortnight furnished his report to Dublin Castle. Matters went on this way for months and months, and only when eighteen or twenty of the brave and unsuspecting peasants had been sent to the Bastiles of Sligo, Chatham and Portsmouth prison, was Wemie found out. He awoke ago in the House of Commons, Mr. Sexton asked a question as to the facts I have narrated, but the new Chief Secretary declined to answer, saying it was a matter of priority. And this John Weede, the black-hearted hound, is now a sergeant or higher and is paid a pension of sixteen shillings a fortnight. And believe me this is the kind of work which has been going on for the past two years, and worked by Bolton, French and Co. This is the reason why the government dare not dismiss these men, as French has threatened to put the officials of Dublin Castle upon trial, the highest of them, in the dock, if he is not acquitted as Cornwall was.

CORNWALL A CONVICTED CRIMINAL.

An application before the Judges of the Supreme Court, was made this past week by the notorious Cornwall. He asked to be granted a new trial against Wm. O'Brien, Esq., and Cornwall, the Crown witness being, that there was no doubt in the mind of any man man of this prosecution in Dublin or Cornwall, the Crown witness, Cornwall, the leader. This statement of the Judge puts the finishing touch on the character of the Secretary-General of the Post-Office Department. Your readers will remember that the jury on their acquittal of Cornwall in the last trial remarked, that the Government did not seem anxious to prosecute him. It is well known that they, the government, withheld all evidence which would have brought guilt home to him. If Mr. O'Brien with his limited means and one single detective was able to entrap a jury of Cornwall's guilt, what could not the Executive have done, had they been inclined, with their array of spies, informers, police, etc.!

ENGLAND'S SECRETS PLOTS.

The Press of England is furious at the attempt made in Kerry some two weeks ago to blow up with dynamite the residence of Mr. Hussey, a notorious land agent. Though times of the Royal Irish Constabulary were around the premises at the time, no one was arrested, nor could any show be had to the perpetrators. You readers will no doubt have remarked that in all these outrages very little harm has been done. Is this not strange? I see by the Freeman of this week that an organized series of such outrages has been planned at Dublin Castle under the superintendency of Jim McDermott, George Bolton, Detective Mallon and other lovelies, for the express purpose of making easy the removal of the Crown Act. Ireland for the past ten months has been remarkably free from crime, but this won't suit our rulers, and so they have hit upon the idea, and are to be keep the chain of coercion still dangling round our limbs, in order that the reign of the landlord may be easy.

LANDLORDS AND IRISH VICTIMS.

This country is governed solely by the landlords and for them. Who makes the laws? Who are the magistrates? Who are the men who control Dublin Castle? The landlords. Who are the Judges? Landlords. Who are the magistrates? None but landlords and agents. In the face of this British system how can Ireland or Irishmen be happy or contented. Only the other day one Murray from Derry, a land agent, in driving round the country, observed a Land League hut erected. It was built by the people on a piece of land, the property of the old homestead. "What," said the agent, to another tenant whom he met, "do the people think we are for? Have they authority. Well then, I will have a police station here on the premises and you and your neighbors shall pay for them." This in English law is so admonished in Ireland. Your correspondence now being published in the Freeman's Journal, proves to me doubt that Jim McDermott is in the pay and under the patronage of the English Government. Your readers will remember that Jim came over from America prepared to blow Britain to smithereens. This was over two years since. About the time of the arrest of Wallace and his accomplices for dynamite outrages, McDermott was arrested in Liverpool, but was never brought to trial owing, it is said to the valuable information he tendered to the Judge, which led to the conviction of Wallace and twelve others, also a battle in Glasgow, and later still Daly, Egan and O'Reilly, etc., in Cork. It was a matter of the greatest wonderment to me, how the government could have obtained such a lot of men, and how the plans, if they were really intended, of the conspirators were so every one shamelessly by the police. But all is plain now; and when the too late to remove these men from Ireland, Sir Redmond Barry, Cornelius Hanaway, will Irishmen never learn wisdom? Poor England has been fooled and has vent so betrayed, sys, lately, and so on.

"Sold for gold, so Judas did his God."

THE PRIVATE ENTRANCE OF A POLICEMAN.

The private diary of a policeman named Bennett, is now being published in the Freeman's Journal. Bennett has been stationed in the West, and here the correspondence says that in one place, a Mass Rock was already given to the public occupant two estates of the Freeman, and consists of letters addressed to the Sub-Inspector to be forwarded to Dublin Castle. These letters contain the names of all suspected persons, all Land Leaguers or Nationalists, and many of these Bennett reports as Fenians, with the address of their leaders, before their name, that, what company they keep, in fact the policeman seems to have done nothing but play the spy. Night and day he was always on the move, and too, he had his assistant in his wake ever ready at manufacturing news, etc. But it is only at which one has been delivered by a policeman in Ireland, and it is a pity the people of such have not yet come to light.

Hot added all the persecutions of the tyrants, the hearts of the Irish rejoice, for Christians will be crushed and persecuted by lay and intolerance is at hand, to inspire with hope and confidence the hearts of the downtrodden and suffering in every land.

Wishing your Editorial Staff and your confreres a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and many such, and also strength to carry on the glorious struggle for Faith and Fatherland, and for the grand old Monitor an increased circulation, with also of new subscribers in the coming time.

I remain, faithfully yours,

BAMOTH.

Popular Patronage.

There is a growing demand on all sides for remedies acceptable to the taste as well as beneficial in effect, and the leading physicians and druggists glorify wherever in the list of new ones that all preparations possessing real merit and a demand taste. It is now admitted, by all who have tried the new remedy, which is being sold on immense sale—Syrup of Figs—that it is the most agreeable and efficacious preparation ever discovered. If you want the best of all liver medicines and purgatives, Syrup of Figs is your choice. Trial bottles free and large bottles for sale by all druggists.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

National Feeling in Dublin.

DUBLIN, Jan. 4.—The usual quiet at the inauguration of the Lord Mayor was held here this evening. The town of Tipperary was received with applause mingled with great misgiving. The toast to the health of the Queen by the Lord Lieutenant was omitted. Brooks and Lyons, the members of Parliament for Dublin City, were unable to respond to the toast, "The Irish Members," on account of the storm of groans and hisses with which they were received. O'Keefe and Martin, members of Parliament, otherwise responded and were warmly applauded.

Manly Gentleman Prosecutes Rome's Policy.

T. M. Healy, member of Parliament for Monaghan, delivered an address of Glasgow yesterday. In the course of which he canvassed Hamerson, Chief Secretary of Ireland, who, he said, knew no more about Ireland than he (Healy) knew about Scotland. "He was Scotch-man," he said, "like me to rule Scotland through scoundrels, robbers and men guilty of unspeakable offenses!" Healy said he would rather assassinate Lord Spencer than Cowen. O'Donovan Rossa's policy so criticized and stated by Healy, and he hoped it would be found that the prisoner's days in company O'Donovan Rossa's policy so criticized and stated but will be understood it, because Rossa had been roasted among the people and knew their wrongs.

The Irish a Power in England.

The Irish in England will become potent political factors under the new parliamentary arrangement. Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, Mr. T. P. O'Connor

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

A PLEA FOR ALMS.

BY A. DOYLE.

Hint isle of the street one,
To thee my glance is turning;
My love shall live for thee,
All stranger fellowship's opening,
Tho me thy wrongs, thy chance still thrill,
Like the strings of a harp touched by the wind
In a pathetic melancholy tune;
A favorite lonely tune.

Alas! for the dreams that shed,
A light of Passion round thee;
Quick, but to me sadness
For a tyrant's chain still bound thee;
Still were thy wounds as fresh as when
First spoil by Cromwell's fruitful sword—
And yet thou still a conquered lord—
His minions ready to wound thee.

Hoop! vain and futile pen!
Or wail known sorrows sighing;
In the hearts of true born men
Let Erin's woe stay lying.
For you or some unlikelier one
The glorious task of hoping bright
The unhappy plaint of Erin's sight—
Keep Hope's fair embers lying!

Oh! sighs in desolation sung,
The honour of her story
Is a sign-post of her sorrow
But think of her ancient glory;
Hope for the day when been her sighs,
And flowers re-adorn the glorious clime
Of Freedom's hallowed story.

And yes of Erin's Isle!
Be shed and wreathed for Ireland,
And yes who yields a passionate pen,
Will not be the hero of empty Fame;
But live in mortals sweet Erin's name
Or sin, a Martyr's crown of Lyrical!

And thou, oh! Mighty One!
Soon and this long persecution,
Oh! hasten on the sun
That lightens a hoodwinked nation!
Disperse a bettering tyrant's spell,
And guide with thy all powerful hand:
The destiny of our poor land
To liberty's high station!

Literary Miscellany.

A True Catholic Story.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

The Church at Northampton was crowded that morning; men, woman and children had come thither in a constant stream from early dawn. It was an occasion of unusual interest. Two priests were waiting with heartless anticipation the entrance of the criminals. Two young Irishmen were to die that day. It was a time-honored custom in the settlement that convicts, on the very eve of execution, were to be brought to the church, and there hear a sermon appropriate to their situation. These young Irishmen who were to die were Catholics—Catholic mothers had tonight blown their prayers, had bent above their sleeping pillow, had wept for them and prayed for them, and now, on the end of a rope, they were to die for murder. In the expectant throng who awaited their appearance in the meeting-house, there was not one of their own faith, not a single creature who might make supplication for them in the awful hour approaching. Not a single voice to repeat the familiar prayers that these two convicts had learned in childhood. More than that, their religion had condemned them to a perpetuation. Northampton in those days could hear the name of Catholic, but Catholic was to it a worshipper of images, an idolater of the woman Mary, a being cast in the possession of a power that Almighty God alone ought to possess. The prisoners were heartily hated called and cursed. The fresh cold air blew around them, as they were brought with them from the jail, and they shivered half from the chill and half from the sense of desolation. Their but their eyes were clear blue, the expression open and honest, and they held their heads as if not afraid of the hatred, or the bridal rather than to hear a new death sentence. Somehow, there flashed through the minds of the waiting people a conviction that these men did not look like murderers. After them, in the wake of the prisoners, came a small, bent figure, that of a woman in a shabby black gown and bonnet. In her figure and attitude were all the traces of the extremities to come. Where it could not strike those stalwart men it had written her. She crept unnoticed into a pew. Her mortal anguish had no outward expression. There was a pause. Through the mercury door were seen to advance three or four figures. One of them was the pastor of the church, a minister attended by an assistant. As he made a movement to advance into the pulpit, his course was suddenly interrupted: a third figure stood before him. It was that of a man in a long, black cassock, with beads at his side and a crucifix in his belt. A spiritual face he had, wherein the world had long ceased to hold any profundity. His voice now rang out through the edifice, as he bade the minister pause.

"The will of the dying," he said, "is sacred; and they have desired to have no can but spiritual; therefore I alone will speak to them."

Again there was a pause. Father Cheverus had ascended the pulpit stairs. He, the great missionary, the giant in pioneer work, was about to address an assembly, wherein the hatred of Catholicity so prevailed, that he had never been able to procure a lodging or meal in town. He stood an instant looking round upon the multitude, not from any uncertainty what to say, but because his heart was swelling with emotion. He knew all the circumstances of that pitiful case, and the tears came unbidden to his eyes, as the vision of those two young men, so resolute in meeting death, so calm, so composed, appeared before him, and that other, that little black robed figure—sitting there alone and unheeded, enduring an agony that was strong and bitter as death.

While he waits, we will go back words, to where Father Cheverus, issued in his little room with the manifold affairs of the mission work he was doing every where, received from the two young men condemned at Northampton, the following letter:

"We adore in the judgment of man, in life to be desired, the decrees of Providence. If we are not guilty of the crime imputed to us, we have committed other sins, and to expiate them, we accept death without murmuring. We are solicitous only about our salvation: it is to your hands, come to our assistance."

At a later period, he had received another:

"It will be a painful task for you," it read, "after the labors of a long journey, and especially after the impression made on your heart by the sight of those young men about to die in the bloom of youth, but you will not refuse us this favor, and reduce us to the necessity of dying in despair. Come, do, to the voice of one who is not a Catholic."

It was to the subject of this summons that Father Cheverus stood not before this unresponsive audience, looking round upon them; curiosity seekers all, until his indignation broke out as follows:

"Orators," he said sternly, in a voice that was heard at the farthest end of the building, "orators are usually flattered by having a numerous audience, but I am ashamed of the one now before me. Are there, then, men, to whom the death of their fellow beings is a spectacle of pleasure, an object of curiosity. But you, especially, O woman! what has brought you to this place? It is to sign away the cold slump of death, that trickles down the faces of these unfortunate men! Is it to experience the painful sensations, that such a sacrifice should inspire in every feeling heart! No, it is not for this. It is, then, to behold their anguish and to look upon it with tearless, scary, longing eyes. Ah! I blush for you. You boast of possessing sensibility, and claim that it is the highest virtue in woman; but if the sight of blood affected you pleasure, and the death of a man is an inviting entertainment for your curiosity, I can no longer believe in your virtue. I no forget your sex, you are a female, I see."

After those undaunted words, spoken, be it remembered, to people who hated and despised the missionary and his work, the orator proceeded with his discourse.

We can almost hear him, speaking of this life, beyond the grave, in that world formed course to dying men, who were presently to leave behind them earth and all earth for ever. We can catch the very sound of his voice, dwelling not on the odiousness of a crime which he knew they had not committed, but on the shortness and worthlessness of all things earthly. Now the greatest heights of happiness are but little worthy of our attainment, and the lowest depths of pain, but the rocks of that narrow road, the goal whereof is Paradise.

In a few moments the sermon was done, and the criminals led forth to death. An awful cry of anguish resounded through the building, as the two prisoners fell fainting.

It was only the old mother of one of them who had fainted. He cry burnished the cry of many of the multitude for many days to come.

Meantime the heart of the good priest was wrung with anguish. He had formed a real friendship for the two youths who were to die. He had spent days with them, and had talked, towards the end especially, of only spiritual things. He had described the walking of Jesus among men. His sufferings and death—the only real injustice which was ever committed among men, and as Christ alone was innocent of all guilt, by degrees the young men had learned to look forward to death with joy. They received the Sacraments frequently, they prayed, and, conscious of their innocence, knew that death, cheerfully accepted, would bring them straight into eternal joy. But Father Cheverus grieved more and more, as the days went on for the innocence had had constrained those two, in the springtime of their days.

"O Father," cried they to him, "moderate your grief, or it will make you ill."

On the morning of the execution, Father Cheverus had procured than a razor, that they might shave and make a decent appearance on the scaffold; a decent appearance indeed they made, and their behavior impressed every one. The crowd, in which not a woman was visible (the women had not effected), were willing to proclaim the innocence of man who, with so cheerful, composed, and yet modest countenance knelt for a moment in prayer, and calmly gave themselves into the hands of their executioner.

The terrible tragedy had been enacted the morning sun had looked down upon the blackened ruins of the jail—the pride of Northampton as calm, as untroubled, as busy with its work-a-day life as ever. The familiar prayers that these two convicts had learned in childhood. More than that, their religion had condemned them to a perpetuation. Northampton in those days could hear the name of Catholic, but Catholic was to it a worshipper of images, an idolater of the woman Mary, a being cast in the possession of a power that Almighty God alone ought to possess. The prisoners were heartily hated called and cursed. The fresh cold air blew around them, as they were brought with them from the jail, and they shivered half from the chill and half from the sense of desolation. Their but their eyes were clear blue, the expression open and honest, and they held their heads as if not afraid of the hatred, or the bridal rather than to hear a new death sentence. Somehow, there flashed through the minds of the waiting people a conviction that these men did not look like murderers. After them, in the wake of the prisoners, came a small, bent figure, that of a woman in a shabby black gown and bonnet. In her figure and attitude were all the traces of the extremities to come. Where it could not strike those stalwart men it had written her. She crept unnoticed into a pew. Her mortal anguish had no outward expression. There was a pause. Through the mercury door were seen to advance three or four figures. One of them was the pastor of the church, a minister attended by an assistant. As he made a movement to advance into the pulpit, his course was suddenly interrupted: a third figure stood before him. It was that of a man in a long, black cassock, with beads at his side and a crucifix in his belt. A spiritual face he had, wherein the world had long ceased to hold any profundity. His voice now rang out through the edifice, as he bade the minister pause.

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A LUCKY FALL.

A Little Drawer Girl Who Met With an Accident and Found a Father.

A was little child stood gazing into the window of one of the large ready stores on Larimer street just as the lamps were lighted last evening. The one hundred pieces in the glass gave her an imperfect view of the wonders within, but that was to her as glimpses of Fairyland. An old woollen hood covered her head and she was wrapped in a tattered shawl; yet the freezing cold had no terror for her, and her eager blue eyes saw nothing but the wonderful world within. Her face was tanned, but also far fair, so far as the grime would allow. Somewhere she had lost her mittens, and the cold had nipped her little hands, leaving them red and swollen. Perhaps the cold had driven her out of her home in the East where the days ago, and as her mother did not hear from him, she had sold the few things she had and came to Denver to look for him

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they are to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, the rights and liberties of the Holy Church, and who are exposed to the derisions and precepts of the enemies and detractors of truth.

"Journalism is the pleasant and easy means by which to the aid against its parsimonious lions; and paper-pelted jokes, sensational stories, and slander are now the weapons in our public journals. Journalism is not only permissible, but it is a Christian duty, when it is made a means of good, and not of evil, to use the pen and the press for the defense of Catholic principles and the exposure of Catholic journalism but to unveil error and delineate the truth, a feature of it may be—above all, the live-lies truth."—BISHOP CLEARY, Hobart Town, Tasmania.

Editorial Notes.

— The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* makes the remark, in a late article, that no party suffers so much by all attempted dynamite outrages as the Parnellites—the best friends of Ireland's cause.

— The Baltimore *Mirror* announces that after a careful examination the three judges appointed to select the prize essay out of the contributions sent in for the "Memorial Volume of the Third Plenary Council," have awarded the palm to Mr. James A. Russell, LL.D., of Detroit.

— The next known as "Lutherans" have colonized in Fresno county, and the "Campbellites" have colonized on 38,000 acres of Railroad lands in Shasta county. It would be a good thing for Catholics in the East if they could be induced to colonize on such lands, as there is no better climate on this continent for Catholic religious practice, and in a few years more the cry will be: "Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now."

— In 1790, the Catholic Church in Kentucky consisted of one priest and 1,500 people. To-day, 1885, there are two Bishops, 193 priests, 653 churches and stations, a Catholic population of 200,000, or one eighth that of the whole State; fifty-seven colleges and academies, and 100 free schools, which instruct 16,344 pupils; and nine asylums and four hospitals for the orphaned and infirmed members of the flock.

— A correspondent asks Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, the meaning of "conversion" in the Catholic Church, and gets the following unique answer: "When a Catholic becomes "justified" we believe that he is converted. The purpose of Protestant preaching is to convert God; the object of Catholic preaching is to convert the sinner. A Protestant saint is one who possesses a certified copy of his official pardon. A Catholic saint is one who has been spiritually transformed; who rises to a new life of grace, and lives by a faith that grows in hope and brings forth fruit in charity. A Catholic must show his works before he can enter Heaven; a Protestant thinks he needs but show his defence."

— The Catholics of the United States as well as individuals in the progress made in Streator, Illinois, where—ten years ago—there was only one Catholic Church in that town, a few, frame structure, not of as large pretensions as an ordinary barn. To-day there are three splendid Catholic churches with pastoral residences attached, besides a large convent school conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Recently two Catholic churches, St. Stephen's for the Polish and Hungarian Catholics, and the Immaculate Conception for the English-speaking Catholics, were duly opened for divine service. The other, the German Catholic Church, the second built by the same congregation, has been opened for some time.

— The London *Daily Telegraph* has a long leader on the Nicaragua canal, advising Earl Granville to let things alone. In the course of it the writer says: "The question arises whether Englishmen would support their Government in clinging to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty with a view to preventing the United States from undertaking a work which would be of untold advantage to mankind at large. It must not be forgotten that the American Government have recently waived their objections to the infringement by France of the Monroe doctrine, and have wisely interposed no obstacles to the commencement of the Panama canal by M. de Lesseps. Be the policy of our foreign office what it may, and when ever may be the government installed in Downing street, there can hardly be two opinions as to the absolutely right and English seeking peace and harmony with the United States in preference to any other power."

— Canonical discussion examinations have been instituted in Philadelphia, Pa., looking to the canonization of the Right Rev. John Neponmuc Neumann, C. SS. R., who was for eight years Bishop of this Diocese of Philadelphia, and who died while holding his high office, Jan. 5 1860. Competent members of the Catholic clergy of Philadelphia and elsewhere, among whom are clergymen high in the Congregation of Redemptorists, the Ecclesiastical Order with which the Bishop was identified, are engaged in gathering and preparing evidence of the prelate's godly life, and edifying testimony regarding the wonders and miracles believed to have been wrought through his intercession since his death. The result of their labors will be forwarded to Rome for the examination and consideration of the Holy See, from which source alone can emanate the decree of canonization. The work of these compilers is one of unusual interest and significance, from the fact that no American Bishop or Prelate has yet been deemed worthy by the Papal authority of having his name enrolled among the Saints. In the calendar of the Saints may be found the names of a few clergymen who did missionary work in America in the early days of the country's history. Bishop Neumann, however, though a foreigner, was an American in all but birth. Coming to this country when a young man, it is with the growth of the Catholic Church in America that his great life work will always be associated.

An Anglican Advocate of the Masonic Sect.

As a general rule Protestant preachers are wise in their own conceits, hence, in order to gratify that ever-existing animosity which a majority of them harbor against the Catholic Church, they invariably aid and assist—openly or secretly—any organization whose influence they imagine will oppose the progress of the Church of God. This species of short-sightedness is peculiar to Protestant preachers, because their very opinion in such a direction can have no other influence than to fighten around Protestantism the ropes of rationalism and infidelity which are loosely shaking this side loose out of Luther's banting.

But the most foolish preacher in the whole batch of Babel-tongued religious tyros is the sectarian Sabbath-worker who imagines he is "doing good" when he pleads the cause of Masonry as against the Christian Church, for the reason that Masonry is as much a sect of Satan as any other non-Catholic organization is a messenger of God. The supremacy of Masonry is much lower and ultimate death to non-Catholic denominations. No man who is at all familiar with the history of Masonry can doubt that its rites and ceremonies are merely so many mockeries of the offices, sacraments and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. This fact may please Protestant preachers, who love to see "Popish rites" parodied, but they must also remember that when non-Catholics become prominent Masons they cease to be sectarian church-members, and they declare openly that Masonry is *good enough religion for them.* In this way Protestant preachers are only precipitating their own speedy downfall by lending the bogus philanthropy of the worst conspiracy against Christianity that ever cursed the world.

The editor of the Honolulu *Independent* (Catholic Church) evidently belongs to the category of those remarkably unwise Protestant persons whose prejudices lead them into the mistake of sustaining Masonry, apparently for the sole absurd reason that the secret oath deserve commendation because it is constantly being denounced by the Catholic Church! This diabolical incentive to unreasonable action is based upon the same plane of argument as might be used by Satan in his hellish plan to overthrow every Christian so I, namely: "What God hates I love; what He loves I despise."

It must have been some such mental reasoning as that which might exist in the mind of the Evil One, that suggested to the editor of the Sandwich Island *Anglican* organ the following sentiments:

"Our poor Freemasons, who do not pretend to be Christians both at all, are sadly in need of some rightfully just now. The Pope, it appears, has given all persons who have joined themselves to *any or other* a whole year to repent of their sins, and become good Christians. We think, in view of the extraordinary, for priests of God and Christ. The three priests mounted a chair overlooking the catafalque. Between them stood a black gowns, with white surplices hanging from their

A Bitter Dose of Bigotry.

The numerous Catholic readers of last Sunday's *Call* must have been highly edifi d at reading the following *original* paragraph in that paper:

SOME INTERESTS

Rome, proud holiness of the world, who sat in greater or lesser seven hills, was undoubtedly a much overrated institution; its great boasting in connection with the Bible was with which she was entrusted, only boasting because she had the Bible, and Christ, and only about one hundred and fifty years ago, was the Bible, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost, in San Francisco. Telegraph, Clay Street, Hotaling's Block, Sunday, Jan. 11, 1885.

Way is a narrow and unmeasurable road of unchaste bigotries. The wall which Romish pride Rome jumped over, and there has never been a well-trained Rome since which would try to mount, resist a modern steps. The Tiber is muddy, river; the Campanile so without moss; the Castle St. Angelo is an exaggerated cheese; St. Peter's, her famous basilica, is but the monument of a fading superstition which the Christians and Colosseum, ruins of ancient magnificence. A Cardinal, with his purple robes, is a mere theatrical figure, and his sermons in his hands. The chasm of the church, under the civil dominion of the Pope, was a sort of country a subjugation, in point of government a sort of cross between an Irish Wake and a Methodist camp-meeting. The city of Rome, under the government of Italy, and the Italy's capital, is undergoing transformation, being improved and modernized, is well governed and is prosperous. The miserable shadow of the Cross crawls slowly in the sun of the new day and disappears before the rising sun. Christianity appears giving to new Italy, a new and better Christ, and a purer and better religion.

With what the writer in the Call says about ancient Rome, we have no concern, but when a paper so largely patronized by Catholics so far forgets the respect due to them as to talk about St. Peter's Cathedral being "but the monument of a fading superstition," then we say the *Call* writer is an insolent and ignorant fool.

But even bigotry is not the worst feature in this filthy fling at Catholics, as those who are the enemies of the Catholic Church are generally supposed to be. The tone of all the *Call's* article a consistent blandness of both bigotry and blasphemy.

It is not enough that the Catholic readers of the *Call* should be told that each Catholic nal is a mere "hideous pantomime," the "States of the Church a mere cabbage garden," but as a fitting climax to this anti-Catholic crusade, we are treated to the blasphemous exposure that "*the world and shadow of the Cross*" crawls yet over Rome, but its day of annihilation is not far off.

To Catholic parents who read the *Call* we appeal if this is the kind of Sunday reading recommended by a Prelate of the Provincial Council! If Moses, Pinkerton and Fitch are thus inclined to lampoon the Catholic Church and to spit upon the Cross that every Catholic reverences, then all Catholics who read the *Call* are deserving of every infamous insult heaped upon them by just such low flung specimens of anti-Christ journalism as the Sunday issue of the *Call*.

Our duty is to call the attention of our readers to just such outbursts of anti-Christ as have taken place and are buried at Catholics by open or secret enemies of our faith, and this we have done in the present instance, leaving the remedy to those who feel as we do, that such publications and filthy journals should be—as that paper—"*the world and shadow of the Cross*" crawls yet over Rome, but its day of annihilation is not far off.

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THE ROSARY.

WHILE THE SAINTS, DOCTORS AND PONTIFFS HAVE SAID AND WRITE MANY BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETELY TRUE PRACTICES THAT OFTEN

THIRD ARTICLE.

St. Vincent de Paul, the Founder of the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission, "always wore on his girdle his chaplet, both for his own use and for others to use, and also in order to profess openly his love for Mary." Every one knows that it was his devotion to the Blessed Virgin that cured for him his deliverance from slavery, and that made him the great apostle whose virtues all adore. He was most earnestly recommended to his children devotion to the Holy Mother of God, and enjoined on them to propagate it as much as possible on their missions. (*Le Pèrodier Perlogue, Jardin de Marie, 1861, ed. le page 8.*)

St. Paul of the Cross, the Founder of the Servant Congregation of the Passionists required of his Religious that "they should recite every evening in all the houses of the Order the Rosary; he himself never let one day pass without saying his chaplet. Towards the close of his life he recited the beads thrice every day. Even in the last illness he continued that pious custom, and when he was urged to give it up from fear of receiving a relapse, he answered: "Let me alone, I can with great difficulty be could celebrate the words, he replied: "I always live as long as I have breath of life, I cannot say it with my lips, I will say it with my heart!" In his last illness, he was seen endeavoring about taking his hour for the perpetual Rosary. (*Sa vie par Tosset, Journal Marie Stamale*)

The Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque was according to the testimony of those who wrote her life, perfectly fascinated with the Rosary from her earliest childhood, and from that early period she had the habit of reciting it every day, kneeling on the ground, making a prostration every time she pronounced the name of Mary, and kissing the ground at each *Ital Mary.* Who can for a single moment doubt that it was not on account of this fervent devotion that the Blessed Virgin obtained from her Son for her loving servant special light to discover the amiable and amorous treasures of His divine Heart? We must not pass over in silence the very celebrated John Olier, a worthy member of the third Order of St. Dominic, and who was the Founder Sulpice, the clergy and people of France owe him and his institution a debt of gratitude which they will never be able to repay him. He recommended most earnestly to all the members of his institution of the Rosary, he himself recited it every day with the greatest fervor, he was devoted to practice and to propagate the devotion by the Holy Mother of God.

TWO PRIESTS FACE A MOB.

Bay Roberts Oranges Will at the Behest of Catholic Fathers. They Have Assaulted the Priests, Threaten to Kill Them, and Draw a Knife on Father Delaney Saved from Violence by a War Ship.

Last week we gave a brief telegram concerning the outrages perpetrated by ex-Orange Orangemen at Bay Roberts, N. F., on the Roman Catholic priests, the full particulars of which only add to the enormity of the cowardly conduct of human beings who are unfeeingly not to be called Christians, but their conduct is any ...

ST JOHN'S, N. F., Jan. 7. The recent outrages of the Roman Catholic Fathers in the town of Bay Roberts have been fully described by the Orange Orangemen. The Fathers, who are loved by all, have been in the habit of holding many of their ceremonies at the hands of the Orangemen.

Early in the morning of the 1st inst. a mob of about 200 men, headed by Thomas Pinsent, Philip Pinsent, Thomas Pinsent, Jr., Thomas Pinsent, Jr., Thomas Pinsent, Jr.,

Farm and Home.

A HEALTH ALPHABET.

The Ladies' Sanitary Association of London gives the following hygienic rules for keeping health:

As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet Better be without shoes than at with wet feet; Children, if healthy, are active, and feel cold; Damp bed and damp clothes will both make you ill;

Eat slowly and always chew your food well; Tombs the air is the lungs of the land, you shall; Unwaste should never be made to light;

If you would be healthy, stay not tight;

Let your work be well, as you do I've no doubt; Xmas time is coming, remember that out;

X-ery like room always tidy and airy;

Lest dust on the furniture never be seen;

Mouth illness is caused by the want of some air;

Now, to open the windows in your poor care;

Open rooms and all cupboards and let the sun in;

Physic should see that little Bacteria will win;

Quick movements in children are healthy and right;

Remember the young cannot thrive without light;

Sleep with the sheets to full in the below;

Take care that your drains are all safe and true;

Use your nose to find if there be a bad smell;

Very and see the farm that sure to be true;

Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;

X-ercise could walk full many a league,

Your health is your wealth which your children must keep;

It will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

ELECTRICITY IN MATS.

A New Invention That will Render Every Member Regular-Proof.

Among the latest uses to which electricity is applied with remarkable success is burglar alarms, through means of an invisible matting. Every opening in a large building can have an invisible mat, which upon the least touch will start a bell ringing that will not stop until the occupant awakens and turns it off. If desired the gas can be turned on simultaneously with the alarm, thus fully exposing the burglar. This matting is placed under the carpet, and, by means of a wire attached, sends off the alarm. The very servants in the house do not know where the mats are situated, and can not cut the connecting wires. Any sized mat can be had to fit any opening, or they can be placed near the safe or any place where valuables are kept. Placed under the table or desk, an almost imperceptible pressure of the foot calls the servant or attendant; the waiter in the kitchen, the butler and coachman, respectively, from the pantry and stable. The smoke thief can enter a building or dwelling without starting an alarm immediately. A man coming home late at night steps on the mat; the gas is lit immediately down stairs and upstairs. He goes to his bed-room, presses a mat there and the gas burners goes out, leaving that in his room lit. The surface of the carpet is not uneven, nor does it wear the carpet the least. The system has met with wonderful success, and many large dwellings in New York are supplied with it; nor are difficult to enter undetected as blowing up a safe when the cashier is present. At the dinner table the lady of the house calls a servant by a pressure of the foot, without sounding a gong. It takes only a few hours to fix onto a building. The plant costs from two hundred and fifty dollars to five hundred dollars.

The Over-Eating Cold.

Experienced physicians count with entire confidence upon a great run of colds immediately after each holiday feast. And the fresh and communicative among them say to their patients, as they come coughing and blowing into their offices, or are found shivering and burrowing in their bonnets: "Oh! I know all about it without any examination. Its the regular turkey and mince pie cold." And such it commonly is—the product of the stomach sending its protest to the organs of utterance. "I suffer this cold," said a little lady, very wistfully of her physical condition, "except when my stomach gets empty." In a common experience, although few are thoughtful or intelligent enough to take note of cause and effect in these matters. "Big dinners" and intemperate eating generally are responsible for more of the sicknesses that start with so-called "colds" than all the sweet, cool airs of heaven, blow they ever so fiercely.

Ethics of Sleep.

The ethics of good sleep should form a part of household morality. It is hardly an extravagant assertion to maintain that very few people, after childhood is passed, know by experience what perfect rest of sleep is, and actually themselves with a poor apology for this most perfect refreshment. Rising cool and wary from a disturbed imperfect sleep, they proceed to summon up lost energies by strong tea or coffee, which in its turn again interferes with perfect rest at night; and this process of living more than any mental or physical labor, wear women out and make them prematurely old. "I have been reading myself to sleep after retiring," said a lady the other day; "and when I have done this for two or three nights I can see that I look five years older." It is an experience that any woman can verify, and conversely, the one see that sleeping in a darkened dark and well-ventilated room brings back the contour and the roses of childhood or early youth.

Cinnamon Bark for Toothache.

In the North Carolina *Medical Journal*, April 1884, Dr. J. Lewis Phillips writes that one of the best and most pleasant things that can be used to relieve this painful state of the dental nerve, is chewing cinnamon bark. It destroys the sensibility of the nerves and suspends the pain immediately, if the bark is good quality. After repeated trials, and in different cases, he is convinced that it is as efficacious as any of the other remedies suggested for odontalgia, and not attended with the unpleasant consequences of creosote, carbolic acid, etc., which relieve the pain, but leave the mouth as sore and painful as the tooth was previously, though these results are usually due to carelessness in using.

Good Advice.

"Keep the boys at home!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

By all means. But do not confine yourself to holding the door. Keep them at home by making home so cheerful for themselves and their young friends that they will not want to leave it. Begin with the Rosary, and after that, let them amuse themselves. Music and dancing—there is no harm in a friendly—as little card-playing, or any pleasant amusement rather than the street. It is easier to amend a broken chair or table than a life injured by sin.—*Freeman's Journal.*

To Give Castor Oil.

The French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it and stir it up; when it is done flavor it with a little salt or sugar, or current jelly.

—Nature Phosphates are largely used, and more generally than Liquid Phosphates, because they are more easily digestible, are more diffusible and assimilated as fertilizers, and are more lasting in their effects, because they act as a mineral reservoir. The superiority of the latterly made in quality has not changed this, and the superiority may now fairly claim to be the best and most a reasonable contention. The superiority of the latterly made in quality has not changed this, and the superiority may now fairly claim to be the best and most a reasonable contention. Nature Phosphates are largely used, and more generally than Liquid Phosphates, because they are more easily digestible, are more diffusible and assimilated as fertilizers, and are more lasting in their effects, because they act as a mineral reservoir. The superiority of the latterly made in quality has not changed this, and the superiority may now fairly claim to be the best and most a reasonable contention. ✔ all wishes, helps to smooth the rough path of life, and is a source of pleasure to the recipient. Offered by the Maxim Novelty Manufacturing Company. Third year's success; they are a delight to every appreciative circle, and in durability they present novel and unique. This is the result of adding to all valuable helps—smooth and pleasant—the element of novelty, and thus producing a new method of amusement. Unlike other novelties they are more securely held, making the circulation more perfect, and the instrument less liable to get out of adjustment, or lose its tone.—Boston Traveller.

THE WEIGHT OF CHILDREN.

How it Varies from Day to Day—Periods of Increase and Decrease.

Pastor Mailing-Hansen, the director of the Royal Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Copenhagen, has published an interesting pamphlet on "The Periodicity of the Weight of Children. His observations, obtained by his daily weighing of the children under his care, are very interesting. According to his evidence the weight of children does so largely from day to day that no trustworthy result can be obtained from weighing at long intervals. A child may be provided heavier at night than in the morning, and may be one and a half pounds lighter in the morning than the night before. Fitting seems to have more influence on weight than exercise, bathing, or occupation. The ultimate increase is great, from 30 to 40 per cent. in the course of the year. There is a period of stopping in the increase of weight with corresponding loss, from the beginning of May till past the middle of July, in which time the loss of weight may exceed double the average ultimate gain. During August, September and October there is a very steady period of increase in weight, sometimes rising to five times more than the average increase. During the summer holidays the increase in weight is twice the average, and in September and October even thrice. Besides the serious period of loss from May to July, there are at other times frequent sudden stoppages in the increase of weight, sometimes followed by actual loss. These hindrances, lasting from six to fourteen days, are followed up by extra periods of increase, and seem to indicate real damage, so that the actual increase of weight seems to take place during the fifth part of the year, while the remaining time is occupied with loss and its replacement. There is a decided opinion prevailing that between the vacillation of temperature and accompanying vacillations in the weight of the child—increase in weight and of weight and decrease of warmth and of weight go hand in hand. A decrease of two degrees of warmth in the temperature of the five days is accompanied by a threefold decrease in the weight of a child, and three degrees more warmth is followed by a fourfold increase in weight. The hindrance and loss of weight that accompany a decrease in the warmth of the temperature, are so even after the temperature has begun to rise, as if the loss depended on sensitiveness induced by the colder temperature. A year that has had most changes of temperature is far more unfavorable to the normal increase of weight in a child than a more steady year, and a series of such unfavorable years result in less strong children. The weather of the green period of life from May to July, and the rapid increase during the autumn months, do not seem to depend on the conditions of warmth. The increase of weight in the children experimented on was always greater during the period when the moon was receding from the earth, and less during the period when the moon was approaching the earth. During the former period the children increased in weight twice as much as during the latter period. Pastor Mailing-Hansen's inquiries are considered so important that the Danish Government and the "Carlsbergfond" have granted sums of money for the continuance and extension of such experiments.

Teaching the Deaf and Dumb to Speak.

After more than a century of trial of both the "sign" and the "oral" systems, public opinion has decidedly decided in favor of the latter, which may be briefly said to give the deaf mute the means of expressing himself in articulate common speech, so as to be understood by every one, and to understand him in turn, with his eyes—that is, to read speech by the movement of the lips of those who talk to him.

If this can be done successfully, as it is done, it removes at once the barriers which kept the deaf mute from mingling freely with his fellow-creatures, and thus such an education must proves an incalculable blessing to him. An international Congress of Teachers and others interested in deaf mutes was held in 1880 at Milan, and was attended by delegates from all parts of the world. The wonderful results obtained in the Italian schools under such teachers of the oral method as the Abbe Tarra and Balestra and Fathers Marchio and Lanzi, attracted the special attention of the system over that of the "sign," and seemed to be adopted not only in England, America, and other countries, but also in the very home of the opposition method itself—France. An extract from a private letter upon the subject from one of the teachers at Sienna may prove of interest to my readers. She says: "I have taught the deaf for 17 years, 6 by means of signs, and the rest by the spoken word (parole), and I am conscientiously say I would not return to the old method—above all, not for religious instruction. Signs must always be equivocal in their meaning and wanting in precision in random ideas, especially abstract ideas, such as spiritual things. Signs being by their nature sensual, I often found myself embarrassed in trying to convey to my pupils I must certain abstract things. This difficulty is removed by oral instruction. The children themselves are brighter and more intelligent under this system. Their health, too, is better than formerly. They take a great interest in their studies, and when visitors come, the first question they ask is, 'Can they speak?' and if the visitor happens to be a deaf mute who only signs, they are not compassionate, but, the poor deaf and dumb! As to the lip-reading, the children have acquired such a facility in this as to solve hold of the words almost before they have left the lips of the speaker, and when persons who are with them do not wish them to know what they are saying, they are obliged to turn away their heads or keep their hand over the mouth. 'The French,' the good Sister goes on to say, 'who came prepared to oppose this method, are astonished at the results obtained by us, and the 'Dames de Nevers,' (another religious order,) who have an institution at Bordeaux, having adopted the new method, thank the good God now for having given them the courage to try it."

Decline and Fall.

Any thinking man who traces the fall of individuals and of nations will discover the genesis of their gradual decay to arise, first, from some weakness; then, from a habit formed in consequence of indulging in that weakness. After the habit has become a second nature he experiences moral and intellectual blindness to the inevitable consequences—that is, the conscience becomes seared, and the mind comes to prophesy the coordination which has been produced. Indeed, at length it begins to manifest itself the new nature which has been created in a good one; false maxims are formed, falling in with the dictates of this corrupted state of being, and evil takes the place of good, paganism takes the place of Christianity, self-indulgence of restraint, the natural man supplants the supernatural, and the moral principle makes way for moderated sensuality and respectable self-indulgence.—*Bishop Vaughn.*

—Brooks's Spool Cotton, soft finish as well as glazed finish, is manufactured especially for sewing machines. Try it, on any machine, you will try no other. For sale by all dry goods jobbers.

✔ Show this copy of the Monitor to your Catholic friends and neighbors, and ask them to subscribe. Only $2.00 a year when paid in advance.

CATHOLIC MISSALS.

Wonderful Work Performed by the Monks. Magnificent Specimens of Calligraphic Skill—Books Worth their Weight in Gold.

The term "missal" in general modern parlance, is applied to the ancient books of manuscripts of the Catholic Church service which have been handed down to us from mediaeval or later times, in public or private collections, national museums, monasteries, convents and libraries. They offer valuable examples of the state of the bookmaking art in the different periods to which they belong. They form monuments of art, history and literature, which even kings and human candidism have respected. Modern book-making produces nothing to compare with these magnificent specimens of artistic intelligence, patient skill and industry, and the modern bookmaker, whatever his department, can learn much from these landmarks of the department of the artist, the binder, the calligrapher, the paper-maker, and the designer and worker in precious metals, enamels and such skills. The early flower of the several arts or handicrafts is represented in three jewels of bibliography, for the devout religious spirit of the Middle Ages naturally brought the worthiest results of human handiwork and mental activity to the service of the church.

THE ART OF THE ILLUMINATOR,

too, so early identified with the production of fine missals, has never reached a higher point of excellence than in some of the more celebrated examples of the chiefs-books in Flanders, France and Italy. Students of the art, which modern appreciation is reviving, find their best instruction in copying such ancient models. It should be remembered, also, that illuminating and illumination, meaning this latter term being applied to pictures and portrait compositions introduced into missals or similar works and the former to the ornamental or decorative work, usually called, for the ground-work of modern water-colors, in illuminating, and notably in those of the mediaeval period, are by no means the same or present, either in general style or as regards the materials. We may go back to the time of Charlemagne for the great name and professional revival of the Egyptian art of illumination and its universal application to the ends of religious bookmaking. From that period down to the close of the fifteenth century may be regarded as the golden age of the

ILLUMINATED MISSAL.

The early missals were also called Sacramentaries, or books of the mysteries of the Sacraments. In the fourth century Pope Gelasius first adapted the different Masses, the different days of the year and the spoken festivals. The first liturgical missal was the work of the Sacramentary of Gelasius. Gregory the Great added another to complete the Sacramentary. Later every diocese or religious order had its special missal. The production of these volumes naturally became the work of holy calligraphers, illuminators and binders. Each convent or monastery gave a special place to its patron saint.

There were formerly four, and some writers say five, different books used for the great church festivals of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance. A knowledge of the classification is indispensable to the collector and interesting to the general student: 1. The Evangelary; 2. The Sacramentary or Missal (the Benedictionary, a later division of the Sacramentary); 3. The Lectionary or Epistolary; 4. The Antiphonary. The plenary missals combined the texts of the gospel, the reader and the choir. Literature and books of hours are not included in the modern use of the term "missal."

Your query about the "Book of Kells" is that of Verrelli, said to have been written by St. Kieran, who died 530 A. D. The most ancient secular illuminated work known to modern critics is the Virgil of the Vatican, which belongs to the period of the close of the fourth century. Ancient Byzantium was celebrated for its professional illuminators of both secular and religious works. St. Augustine introduced the art of illuminating into England and thence into Ireland, and the Irish monastic missals are among the finest examples both of illumination and of the skill of the scribes. Through Charlemagne's protection of the learned Alcuin of York, schools of illumination and calligraphy were established in France and Italy, and in Spain. The effect of these schools upon the missal art of mediaeval times was naturally great. One of the finest productions of that period is the Evangelary of Charlemagne. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris contains the best examples of the Carlovingian missals in Europe. The British Library in New York possesses a superb work of this period, valued at $1,000.

NOT UNTIL THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

were vegetable forms used to any great extent in the ornamentation of missals. Among celebrated missals of the best period may be cited that executed by Jerome de Urains towards 1450, which contains 140 miniatures in borders, ornamental letters in gold with decorative designs of foliage, fruits and armorial bearings to the number of 2,250 and 350 pages enriched with borders, the Bedford Hours, executed by Jan. Thys and the Margarita Van Eyck; that of Cardinal Colonna with miniatures attributed to Hilpbad; the Hours of Anne of Brittany which offers superb examples of the French art of the fifteenth century; the office of the Blessed Virgin and selected prayers executed by Brentel (1547), a quarto in the imperial library of Vienna. The Van Eyckes and Hemling, under the patronage of the Dukes of Burgundy, illuminated many missals and breviaries. The Breviary of Cardinal Grimani in the library of St. Mark in Venice, with its many miniatures by Hemling and other Netherlandish painters, is one of the celebrated missals of the world. Illuminated missals are to-day one of the most important factors in the commerce of bibliography. For those of the best periods thousands of dollars are constantly being paid by collectors. Many fine missals are owned in America, and the public and private collections of New York contain a number of magnificent examples, an exhibition of which would be of great pecuniary and art service at large.

Pay as You Go.

The best of all rules for a successful housekeeping and making both ends of the year meet is, "Pay as you go." Beyond all countries in the world, ours is the one in which this credit system is the most used and abused. Time-books are the bane and pest of domestic economy, a perpetual incubus, and a source of loss. Many servants at the store and house, dispatched constantly by housekeepers and dealers, they are temptations to both parties to disregard "if" never but that. "We never needed to enter this." I forget to brave the book. "Never mind, we'll make a note of it and see it again. But the worst of it is that housekeepers are tempted to order what they have not the means to pay for, and when the time for settlement comes they are strangled. A family can live comfortably on a very moderate income, if they always take the cash in hand and buy where they can buy to the best advantage. Then they will be satisfied first to get what is necessary. Extra comforts will be had if they can afford them. But it is bad policy to buy on credit. No wise dealer sells so cheap on credit as for cash.

✔ Show this copy of the Monitor to your Catholic friends and neighbors, and ask them to subscribe. Only $2.00 a year when paid in advance.

Catholic Societies.

✔ Notification of Catholic organizations or regular meetings of societies, or any other information necessary for publication, for this Department.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

State Council will meet at 1826 Market street on the second Tuesday in each month.

SUPREME OFFICERS—Supreme Chancellor, Hon. Thomas Ryan, Philadelphia; Supreme Vice-President, J. A. Cancel, Ponce, Porto Rico; Supreme Treasurer, Hon. Thomas Ryan, Philadelphia; Supreme Secretary, Thomas Carney, Philadelphia; Supreme Trustee, Hon. Thomas Ryan, Philadelphia.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH—No. 52—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Joseph Tinnin; Vice-President, Jas. Lynch; Recording Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Financial Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Treasurer, John Boyle; Trustees—A. C. Kelly, C. J. McCarthy, M. Kennedy, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Tinnin; Sentinel, Jas. Lynch; Warden, Jas. Lynch; Delegate to Council, Jas. Lynch.

ST. JOSEPH BRANCH NO. 103—Spiritual Director, Rev. Wm. Gallagher; President, Jas. Gallagher; Vice-President, W. J. Gilbert; Recording Secretary, Jas. Gallagher; Financial Secretary, Jas. Gallagher; Treasurer, J. J. Dwyer; Trustees—Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Dwyer, Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Gallagher; Sentinel, Jas. Gallagher; Warden, Jas. Gallagher; Delegate to Council, Jas. Gallagher; Alternate Delegate to Council, Jas. Gallagher.

ST. PETER'S BRANCH NO. 52—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Joseph Tinnin; Vice-President, Jas. Lynch; Recording Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Financial Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Treasurer, John Boyle; Trustees—A. C. Kelly, C. J. McCarthy, M. Kennedy, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Tinnin; Sentinel, Jas. Lynch; Warden, Jas. Lynch; Delegate to Council, Jas. Lynch; Alternate Delegate to Council, Jas. Lynch.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH NO. 103—Spiritual Director, Rev. Wm. Gallagher; President, Jas. Gallagher; Vice-President, W. J. Gilbert; Recording Secretary, Jas. Gallagher; Financial Secretary, Jas. Gallagher; Treasurer, J. J. Dwyer; Trustees—Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Dwyer, Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Gallagher; Sentinel, Jas. Gallagher; Warden, Jas. Gallagher; Delegate to Council, Jas. Gallagher; Alternate Delegate to Council, Jas. Gallagher.

THE CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION—President, Rev. J. B. McNally; Recorder of Records, Rev. J. B. McNally; Recorder of Deeds, Rev. J. B. McNally; Treasurer, Rev. J. B. McNally; Trustees—Rev. J. B. McNally, Thomas Ryan, Philadelphia; Rev. J. B. McNally, Rev. Wm. Gallagher, 1826 Market street; A. J. McGovern, 1826 Market street; Rev. J. B. McNally, Rev. Wm. Gallagher, Rev. Peter Yorke, Rev. Jas. Lynch, Rev. Jas. Tinnin, Rev. Jas. Gallagher, Rev. Jas. Gallagher, Rev. Jas. Gallagher

FATHER O'REILLY IN IRELAND

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

demed to return to earth and atone on Christmas day for the neglect of past opportunities.

CHRISTMAS IN FLORENCE.

How different was Christmas in beautiful Florence! Sadly visited and ravaged as her holy plains have been by the French revolutionary spirit, and by that other revolutionist, the spirit of Sans Culottism and Pot Pourri, nothing can be more ridiculous than the spectacle offered by the citizens of Florence on those great festivals which recall the life of Our Lord. What I was during my long stay there has sun-changed me to hope that just as the Florentines have completed, after an interval of more than six centuries, the front of their magnificent cathedral, even so shall Italy some day fitting to perfection the interrupted scheme of true Christian democracy established in mediæval Florence and her sister republics.

Of my early Christmas in Spain, spent in Vigo, I would fain bles out the memory, so naked of all ornament was the simple church in the city, so devoid of all heartfelt sympathy with the celebration throughout the Christian world, was the social aspect of the place. I left the peninsula as one parts from a land shaken to its centre by some sive earthquake, and sinking slowly but surely beneath the avenging waters.

OUR CHRISTMAS EVENT IN NEW YORK

consoled me for the spectacle of scenes I had left behind in Continental Europe. And yet fifty years ago, if we except the few Roman Catholic churches then timidly arising above the ground and chanting on Christmas day the *Adeste Fideles*, or some other hymn of worship in this great city decked interior or exterior with everything so made of the religious enthusiasm then lay among dogs of the Christian year? It was then, as most of your old readers will remember, chiefly a home festival. Now the spirit has sought all denominations, impelling them to commemorate the birth of Him who came to bring all men brothers, and who desires that nothing but brotherly love should prevail between man and man, between nation and nation. So are we free in America, in the fight of the Gospel truth and of eighteen centuries of European experience, and warned by the fire of Christian charity, to create a new world, and give to future generations the benefit of those virtues preached and practised by Christ, and which, practised by men, can make this earth a Paradise.

Believing that the children of Catholic Ireland have had not a little to do with the happy change that has taken place in our Christmas celebration in the United States, I will more confident, in speaking of how Christmas is spent here. Let your readers indulge—I old man in the fond belief that although the Christendom of the last thousand years is disappointing fast, with its social institutions and its religious manners—like a gradually submerged continent in geological time—yet that little wave-tossed island of Europe, this little Green Isle of our core, shall ever hold her fair head above the triumphant flood of irreligion.

IRISH FIDELITY TO THE TRUE FAITH.

After travelling, and observing carefully, I have looked with care beneath the surface of things here, and, amid the festivities of this Christmastide, my greatest happiness is to learn that the Irish people at home, after all their chastening and grinding, their sorrowful sufferings—after an ordeal perhaps unsurpassed in other race—are, in soul and heart and life, true to the light brought to them fifteen hundred years ago. If England only knew—if English Catholics as well as English Protestants could be brought to know—that glorious material blessing in that Irish character which has kept the Irish people faithful to the Church of the great Egyptian Pyramid survive the rage of man and the utmost force of unremitting fury! If they could know it and profit by the knowledge!

CHRISTMAS CHARITIES IN IRELAND.

I cannot help feeling proud of this unconquerable race whom I see around me here in Ireland, and which I see around me here in America, in the fight of the Gospel truth and of eighteen centuries of European experience, and warned by the fire of Christian charity, to create a new world, and give to future generations the benefit of those virtues preached and practised by Christ, and which, practised by men, can make this earth a Paradise.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND
IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Amerin.—The Ulster Winter Assizes concluded on Dec. 19, in Belfast. The trials which took place thereat found in the French revolutionary spirit, and by that other revolutionist, the spirit of Sans Culottism and Pot Pourri, nothing can be more ridiculous than the spectacle offered by the citizens of Florence on those great festivals which recall the life of Our Lord. What I was during my long stay there has sun-changed me to hope that just as the Florentines have completed, after an interval of more than six centuries, the front of their magnificent cathedral, even so shall Italy some day fitting to perfection the interrupted scheme of true Christian democracy established in mediæval Florence and her sister republics.

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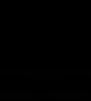
DISFIGURING HUMORS
HUMILIATING
ERUPTIONS
ITCHING
AND
BURNING
TORTURES



AND EVERY SPECIES of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Blotchy, Scrofulous, and Infantile Humors cured by the most Speedy, Economical, and Infallible Remedy ever Discovered for the Cure of Humors, from the Simple Pimple to the Most Terrible Form of Scrofula.

THIS is to certify that I have used Purifying Pills, Cleansing Ointment, and Purifying Syrup, for Humors, with the most astonishing results. I have suffered with Humors for twenty years, and have tried every known remedy, but found no cure until I used your Pills, Ointment, and Syrup. I am now free from Humors, and my health is better than it has been for years. I can recommend your Pills, Ointment, and Syrup to all who may be afflicted with Humors.

ALEXANDER SEVERANCE, Cedar Lake, Jackson County, Michigan, Dec. 1, 1882.

Sold by all druggists. $1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5.

J. ST. DENIS ESTABLISHED 1863. T. MACALLEY

J. ST. DENIS & CO.,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,
Paints, Oils, Glass,
Paper Hangings, Etc.,
308 SUTTER ST., NEAR DUPONT, - - - SAN FRANCISCO.
FRESCO PAINTING AND KALSOMINING.

1856. "Merry Christmas! Happy New Year." 1885.

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PURE
CALIFORNIA
WINES
AND
Grape Brandy.
We have on hand the following four-year-old Table Wines, which can be relied on for PURITY and DELICACY:
Zinfandel. Riesling.
Burgundy. Gutedel.
Port. Sauterne.
Sherry. Hock.
Madeira. Claret.
Mount Vineyard.
T. & M. E. TOBIN & CO.
WINE VAULTS,
N. W. cor. Stockton & O'Farrell Sts.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
DR. M. J. BOLAN
Has Removed his office to Nevada House,
S. E. Cor. Third and Market Sts.
Cross Streets: 1 to 3 p.m. 7 to 8 p.m. Telephone 1,

WARREN LELAND,
widely known as the successful manager of the
Largest Hotel Enterprises
of America, says that when a passenger from New York on board a sleeping car complains, in the same breath of sleeplessness and of pain, he knows that one of the efficacious cures of Kidney Troubles, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Piles, Malaria, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Nervousness, is needed, and he recommends Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. $1; six Bottles for $5.

DIPHTHERIA!
IT IS POSITIVELY WORTH THEM MUCH TO
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. $1; six Bottles for $5.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society.

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REMOVED
CHAS. MONTGOMERY & BRO.
41 Sixth St., and 227 & 229 Second St.

KNABE
PIANO-FORTES.
Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
Warerooms, 112 Baltimore st., Baltimore.

"THE GRAND OLD MONITOR"
FOR 1885.
TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD
AND
Growing in Catholic Favor Every Week!
PRONOUNCED BY CLERGY AND LAITY TO BE
The Cheapest, The Freshest, The Best
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The Friend of Virtue—The Foe of Crime.
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—FURNISHES ITS READERS WITH NEARLY—
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Sketches of Catholic Progress with
THE LATEST NEWS FROM IRELAND,
THE NEWS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
CORRESPONDENCE FROM ROME AND IRELAND,
EDITORIALS ON CATHOLIC QUESTIONS,
EUROPEAN CABLEGRAMS AND EASTERN DISPATCHES,
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THE MONITOR,
636 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Market Report.

Corrected Weekly by P. J. Daly 204 Battery street.

MONITOR OFFICE,
636 Clay St. Tuesday Evening, Jan. 20, 1885.

WHEAT—Quotations are.	$1 36@1 37
Prime Milling is selling at	1 37@1 40
Cornmeal	2 75@3 00
Oats, per ctl	1 60@1 75
Barley	1 20@1 37
Bran, $ ton, wholesale	13 00@14 00
Middlings, do do	18 00@19 00
Middlings	16 00@18 00
HAY—	
Hens, $ ton, wholesale	9 00@11 00
Wheat, do do	9 00@11 00
Barley, do do	9 00@11 00
Turkeys, $ lb, wholesale	17 20
Ducks, do do	15 20
Geese, do do	2 50@2 75
Chickens, do do	2 00@2 50
Young Roosters	1 00@1 50
Old Roosters	1 00@1 50
Eggs—	
Choice, $ doz	27@29
Ordinary	25@27
BUTTER—	
Choice fresh roll	27@29
Fancy	27@29
Ordinary	25@27
HAM—	
Island, $ lb	10 00@14 00
Wool—	
Fine	19@23
Eastern Oregon	15@17
Mountain	13@17
Potatoes—	
Burbank, wholesale	2@3
Vacaville, wholesale	1@2
Red, wholesale	1@2
Sweet, wholesale	2@3
Eastern Sugar-cured Hams	15@16
Eastern Bacon	13@14
Hams, $ 100 lb Eastern	13@14
Lard, $ 100 lb Eastern	13@14
VEGETABLES—	
Cabbage, wholesale	1 50@2 00
Other varieties	1 50@2 50
Onions, $ 100 lb	3 00@3 50
Turnips, $ 100	1 00
Carrots, $ 100	1 00
Beets, $ 100	1 00
Green Peppers	12@25
Green Peas, $ 100	1 00@2 00
Squash, $ ton	10 00
FRUITS—	
Cauliflowers	50@60
Lemons, $ box	2 50
Oranges, $ box	2 50@3 00
Apples	50@75
Pears	50@75
Quinces	50
Pineapples	25@50
Cocoanuts, $ doz	50
Dates, $ lb	5@7
Figs	5@7
Pigs, $ lb	5@7
Raisins, $ box	1 50@2 00
Almonds, $ lb	12@15
Walnuts	10@12
Chestnuts	10
Filberts	12
Pecans	15
Brazils	15
Peanuts, roasted	10@12
Peanuts, green	5@6
Honey, $ lb	10@12
Beeswax	25
Hides, $ lb	10@12
Calf Skins	10
Tallow	2@3
Sheepskins, Shearing	20@25
Sheepskins, Pelt	50@75
Sheepskins, Dry	10@12
Deer Skins	30
Deer Skins, per doz	3 00
Beef, $ lb	2@3
Mutton	3@4
Veal	3@4
Pork	3@4
Spring Lamb	25@50
Spring Chickens	1 50@2 00
Ducks	1 50@2 00
Geese	1 50@2 00
Turkeys	15@20
Eggs	25
Butter, fresh roll	25
Butter, pickled	20
Cheese	12
Honey	10
Beeswax	25
Potatoes	1 00@1 25
Onions	1 00
Sweet Potatoes	1 00
Apples	50@75
Oranges	1 50@2 00
Lemons	1 50@2 00
Walnuts	10@12
Almonds	12@15
Hides	10@12
Tallow	2@3
Wool	15@17
Beef	2@3
Mutton	3@4
Veal	3@4
Pork	3@4
Spring Lamb	25@50
Spring Chickens	1 50@2 00
Ducks	1 50@2 00
Geese	1 50@2 00
Turkeys	15@20

Marriage Bells.

BLISS—LUTHIN.—In Salt Lake, January 19, by Rev. Father Lagan, Geo. D. Bliss to Martha J. Luthin.

NICHOLS—CRAIG.—In San Jose city, January 18, by the Rev. Father Kelly, Thomas Nichols to Miss Ella Craig.

CORR—FLYNN.—In Oakville, December 17, by Father Lynch, Thomas Corr to Miss Mary Flynn.

MCGUIRE—MCGUIRE.—In Oakville, December 17, by Father Lynch, Michael McGuire to Miss Bridget McGuire.

BRADY—FITZPATRICK.—In Oakville, December 17, by Father Lynch, Michael Brady to Miss Mary Fitzpatrick.

Death Bells.

DIED.

HARRELL.—At Stockton, January 14, Jas. Harrell, 71 years of age. A native of Rutherford, Tenn. Brother-in-law of the late Gen. Jas. Hyer, Adm., Tallapoosa, broadhead lee last.

CONLEY.—At Vacaville, January 14, Michael Conley, aged 70 years.

Monaghan.—The remains of Farrell Mills, Castleblayney, are on view. The funeral will leave the residence of the deceased, Castleblayney, at 10 o'clock sharp, when it will be joined by the cortège of the deceased's friends who should be allowed during the year. The employes, to the number of 1,000, will be present, and will form a circle round the grave. Each employee so employed, especially with regard to the use of his own days which is their Church are assigned a holyday.

Mgarty.—Great rejoicing in Mayo at the news of the release of Michael Davitt, the Land Leaguer, who is a native of Irish race present; and altogether the scenes of Irish patriotism among our exiled brethren.

Dempsey.—On December 25, at Mt. Jerome Cemetery, Dublin. The deceased was seventy-nine years of age.

Sisters of the Poor are now in Dublin, and have established one of the charitable life of Poor Clare, and the sisters are very middle of the people, and the sisters are in the choice of their benefactors to their holy best. Dublin's work, has been the Little Sisters as abidey place in the sisters and convention of all classes. The Sisters and their mission are welcome and familiar features in the daily routine of city life.

Galway.—A few weeks ago a fire in the property of Mr. John Fahey, merchant, Market street, Galway, on Dec. 20, originating in a dry, well-stocked place, with a quantity of wood in course of preparation for exportation, and before any assistance could be reached the whole building, about 120 feet in length and two storeys high, was in a mass of flame. It contained several warehouses of whisky and other inflammable matter, which added to the conflagration. The fire is directly at the rear of the Monastery and Convent of the latter—and chapel—the Convent, Convent, and great hall was entertained that the fire would be communicated to the Convent. The Convent is a very extensive building, and the Town Commissioners, neither before, and the Town Commissioners, neither before, and the Town Commissioners, neither before

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

'Twas eve, and the sun was wanking low,
Bedecking Nature's domes,
Shedding life tinted citizens glow,
O'er the site of ancient Rome.
I stood and gazed from a lofty height,
On the city that lay below,
Whilst the centuries of rotation reflected the light
Of the sinking sun's bright glow.
Like fairies in the land of ever peace
Rise the golden spires
From the assembled palaces, houses and fanes,
Which seemed wrought in a fairy fire.
My eyes were fixed on that beautiful scene,
And my heart was full of joy;
My soul felt a glimpse of the celestial regions,
Of Heaven without an alloy.
But scarce ten minutes had passed away,
When the sun took its leave of Rome,
And that city, but now so bright and gay
Became dark, forsaken and lone;
There remained not a single sunbeam
To make a cheerful impression,
Plant it where it would, radiating light all around,
Save with air and the clouds become blended,
My heart became sad and my spirits low;
With the sun all my pleasures had faded,
Yes, still did I pace on that city below
With now to dark gloom had been shaded,
And I thought what a type of life I had seen
In the sun and his golden splendor;
How the pleasures of life give but a gleam
Of the glories they seem to tender;
The hopes of glory or fortune's bonanza
Seem to shine (or so brightly to-day)
But if grasped like the fabled apple
They fade or are wafted away.

ROSE.

Rome, Italy, Jan. 6th, 1886.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY E. W. WEYMOUT.

Another year has passed and gone;
Here beamed with hope and joy the new;
This move we on—forever on—
The many and the few.
The many of the children gay
That chased our hours of joy
Till death, in deed with each life,
Has left us forever alone.

Another year. The buried past
Lies in the silent grave;
The stream of life flows over fast
As wave leaps into wave.

Another year. Ah! who can tell
What mean the hours of brief
Of hoary heart and tearful eye,
And hope bereft of wing!

Another year the curtain clings;
Fast events crowd on;
The old year dies, the old year dies;
The bells its requiem toll;
A pilgrim year has reached its shrine,
The air blows chilly and grey;
The spirit of another year
Comes forth from long repose.

Another year, with tears and joy,
To fame and fortune, and hate,
Another year to toil and hope,
And death, and rest above.
Another year winged on its way,
Heedless of human woe;
Another year. Pause to its train,
Pause to sank parting soul.

Literary Miscellany.

How Mr. Nicholson Mislaid the Baby.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Nicholson was standing in a dubious attitude, with the study door half open, as if she had paused in the act of taking her seat in the armchair by the table to another open door in the passage behind her, through which she could see a flood of sunshine, and the sounds of a cradle.

Mr. Nicholson was standing in a dubious attitude, with the study door half open, and her upon turning from the quiet figure in the armchair by the table to another open door in the passage behind her, through which she could see a flood of sunshine, and the sounds of a cradle.

"I don't feel quite easy," she said; "I don't feel quite easy, Jack."

"Well, don't interrupt me, John, or I shall never get out. What was I saying? Oh, baby is in the morning room, and if she cries—makes one sound—you are to ring your bell—this bell, John—for cook; do you understand?"

"Yes, I believe so. I am to ring the bell—this bell—for cook."

"Oh, I hope you will," after a pause. "Fanny," her eyes filling with tears again, "if she cried, and no one heard her? Oh, John, you will not deceive me? You will try—and—ring?"

"My dear," speaking with some dignity, "surely I am not entirely destitute of humanity or common sense. I have interesting work here," pointing to the manuscript and the books of reference lounged around him; "but I suppose, after all, I am human."

"O, I hope so, I think so," cried Agatha, stopping her hands; "only you might not hear—but what am I about?"

"Then I think," he said, with gentle sarcastic smile, "that you may dismiss your fears; they are quite groundless."

"Very well," said Agatha, moving in a hesitating way to the door. "I am satisfied, I am trying to be satisfied; don't forget."

"No," cheerfully, "I will take a leaf from Charles' book, the best of husbands."

"Oh,"—the grey eyes had dwelled on the handle of the door, but relaxed it again—"the Paynters are coming here to-night, you must not go out star-gazing."

"All right," absentedly, "the good-by."

"Good-by." The weight time was almost disappeared, round the door, came back again, and leaned against the worn mantelpiece of the astronomer's seat; for a minute the lips were pressed to it, then lifted. "Kiss me, John; you are a dear old fellow after all, and I am a fool."

The musician seemed to leave the room with the bright sweet presence and hover over the pretty cradle, among the sounds and scents of the sedentary day. In the library there was only one shaft of light that came through the high window and fell across the old mahogany coat, and the tidy manuscripts, and the open books, and left the handsome, clever, refined face in shadow.

CHAPTER II.

It might have been two hours afterwards—painful after events crowded, a confusion in Mr. Nicholson's mind, and the hours might have been two days—when he became aware of a laugh in the passage by his door. His head had grown tired with writing, but the pen travelled steadily on; and it was a relief to raise them for a moment from the locked door, behind which he had heard the laugh. He rose, with a hand on his gutter face, and paused, struck by a sudden resentment. Something came back to him, as he stood in the dull light of the dull room; was it a dream or a memory, or was it the baby? He threw his papers hurriedly away and walked over to the door and unlocked it, hearing it wide open. There was nothing in the passage but the yellow sunlight now upon the walls and upon the old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson standing in her pretty gray dress, with her slim hand stretched out and the laugh that had disturbed him still upon her lips.

In the room beyond there was more sunlight and the cradle.

"John," cried Mrs Nicholson, laughing again as if she could not help it, "what have you done with her? Give me to me. I am nervous, I am nervous." Her lips were pressed upon the baby's face and the hands were stumbling up towards her in the darkness, over the rugs and the cushions, and the baby was being shown from one to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's arms at last, and there held by a pair of rough, sunburned hands.

"What is it? Oh, Jack, what is it?" but, and that is empty. You can see for yourself."

"Ah," said Agatha, "here is cook," as a heavy breathing became audible in the passage. "Cook," her voice trembling at the sight of the sympathetic face, "my master has set seen the baby—at least he thinks not. He was very busy, and he heard her cry, and he may have taken her up and forgotten. We are looking for her."

"Which you won't nevertheful her, then," said cook, in a broken voice. In my last place, but one, where I was general cleaner, in Mr. Alf's family, there was a child disappeared, as it might be this, and it was never found—gypsies or not, it was never found."

"Don't cry, cook—cried—Agatha—plaintively. "And Kinny coming this evening! Your master thinks he may have put her somewhere and forgotten. He remembers hearing her.

"What he might," said cook, "not being deaf. Which I don't mean no disrespect, sir, but she was roaring awful, and I says to Mary, says I, 'Master'll never know 'im so quiet that child so I'll run up and bring her down a bit;' and I fagged to change my apron, and I ups, as it might be here, and the cradle, as I might be there, and no sound, and the cradle as empty as it is this minute."

Cook turned dramatically, and pointed out one stout arm to the little cradle in the sunlight. Mrs. Nicholson's tearful eyes followed the hand, and her husband stood uneasily in the center of the group, with an amazed expression upon his face.

"Which," said cook, stiffly, "I think a baby—and such a one, bless her! as ever was—and I'ope as I may never see such a sight as I'ave seen this all day long."

"Cook," said Mrs. Nicholson, with dignity, married a little by the queer in her voice, "I am sorry you should be so unfortunate. Your master is very clear, and his writings are of great value. My dear," with a pleading look upward, "baby is our first thought now. There are no wild beasts here, so she cannot be eaten. But she has gone, and before Kinny comes this evening she must be found."

"Of course she must," said her husband, thankful to gain courage from her exceeding gentleness. "We will begin systematically, and go through every room in the house."

So began the search, that ended an hour later in the great hall, with three perplexed faces and a sobbing cook other at the foot of the stairs, in a silence that Mr. Nicholson broke at last. "John, we are a fool; I cannot bear it any longer. She is lost."

"It's no use," her empty hands with a despairing gesture, but her husband caught and held them.

"Don't give up, Agatha; it will come out all right. If I search the world through, I will find her."

"Or her body," said cook.

Mrs. Nicholson shuddered.

The minute's silence was broken by a second burst of laughter and the tramping of feet. For a minute Agatha raised her head, listening intently, and then dropped it with a sob.

"It is only the factory boys, John," she said; "they have been in the hay-field all day, and I asked them to rest. I can't bear them, I am so anxious."

The sound of the tramping ceased. She would have moved away, but the laughter were in the hall already, and the boys were stumbling up towards the door, and Agatha, near the rugs and skins. Something white was being shoved from one to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's arms at last, and there held by a pair of rough, sunburned hands.

"What is it? Oh, Jack, what is it?"

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1913.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, under whose patronage this work is placed, the efforts of Catholic Journals who defend the Faith against the sophistries of those who, by a deplorable misuse of reason, do its direction and propagate with devotion and fidelity.

Journalism in the prominent social sense, means to be the chief agent in propagating ideas; and people read what they see, hear and ponder on, and spread among the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only permissible in the worldly sense, but it is a necessity, permissible in the welfare of society, but a sort of angelic duty. What is and what ought to be the object of Catholic journalism, but to combat error and defend the truth, whatever it may be—above all, the Divine truth?—Archbishop Kenrick, Pastoral Address.

The "Malignant Shadow" of the Call's Insult to Catholics.

It is somewhat strange that in almost every instance where the attention of the Catholic readers of non Catholic newspapers is called to some article insulting to their faith or manhood, the publishers of the offending periodical invariably try to squirm out of their "no Popery" position by asserting that "the article was inserted without our knowledge." This style of casting mud at the Catholic Church, and then trying to shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of some person unknown, unhonored and (unfortunately) unhung, has become so common that we were not at all surprised to find in last Friday's *Call* this lame, halt and blind excuse for its blast of bigotry commented on in our columns last week:

> A few days ago a "clipping" from a contemporary, speaking flippantly and disparagingly of a subject which is sacred to many of our patrons, crept into these columns in some mysterious manner, as yet unexplained. No credit to the journal from which the article was taken was given, and the hasty reader might, not unmaliciously, have supposed it to be an original item. Giving the opinion of this paper on the subject treated, the clipping concluded with a sneer at simply and unexplainedly accompanied by an unusual flamboyancy with the markings of the office sacked him to proceed in his malignant design, or whether the forty-line item, in forty-seven columns of matter contained in the same issue of the paper, was carelessly overlooked, is not yet known.
>
> The efforts of the *Call* to present to the public a perfectly clean newspaper which in some instances takes into its family, and one in whose columns the religious faith of no person is attacked, or ridiculed, have been noticeably, and we believe, universally commended. We expected it to be fair to the public and fair to itself that it should make this explanation immediately upon its attention being called to the matter.
>
> The item was not an original one; it did not reflect the views of this paper and its insertion was accidental, or the work of some evil-disposed person, whose identity has not been discovered.
>
> Every man or woman connected with the newspaper press will smile audibly when they learn that a low-flung, spiteful and malicious attack upon Christianity in general—and the Catholic Church in particular—could be inserted in a "first-class daily newspaper," and nobody in the office—from the printer's devil to the editorial department—have any knowledge of how it got there? Such things never happen by chance; there is always some deep design in the minds of those monstrous malefactors in the sight of God who blasphemously allude to the "malignant shadow of the Cross." Will the "contemporary" which is so cleanly, even with the squalorous cloak of its convenient charity! We fear even the promise of a pecuniary reward could not coax the issue of that concealed "contemporary" from this "first-class daily newspaper," unless the information was printed in the *Call's* columns "by some one whose familiarity with the workings of the *Call* office enabled him to succeed in his malignant design."

The *Call* claims that the item was not "an original one." We claim that it was, for the reason that its comprimiem of the Seven Hills of Rome with those of San Francisco *localized* it in this city, and gave it a stamp of *genuine originality*. Hence the *Call* tells an untruth when it attempts to wriggle out of its predicament on that plea.

Another very peculiar feature regarding this lame excuse which the *Call* makes for its bad break in bigotry, is discovered in the fact that the *Call* has not thought it worth its while to repudiate the ancient idea of the paragraph "slipped from a contemporary" whose name is unknown, "by some evil-disposed person whose identity has not yet been discovered."

Had the *Call* bravely repudiated the anti-Christian ideas injected into the insulting paragraph printed in its Sunday edition, we could admire its sander even though we condemned its offense. But when it applies no antidote to the anti-Catholic poison disseminated through its columns, we claim that it stands convicted of the crime we charged against it. An error can be atoned for, but a designed insult rarely draws from the offending party any penitential paragraph; hence we are convinced that the *Call's* "explanation" is a miserable subterfuge which will not satisfy the Catholic public. We suggest, therefore, that just at the present moment,

> *Two foolish men are in the same fetch*
> *Tangled Annanias and—Deacon Fitch.*

— **The wedding of Miss Eva Mackay and Prince Colonna will be celebrated either in the chapel of the French Nunciature or the Church of the English Passionists in the Avenue Hoche, Paris. The civil ceremony will take place about the 12th of February. Miss Mackay's dowry is said to be a million dollars. Contrary to the rumors prevalent, there is no doubt that the marriage is the result of mutual affection. Prince and Princess Colonna will probably take up their residence in the Eternal City.**

— His Holiness Leo XIII. has sent the sum of forty thousand francs($8,000), to the Spanish Government for the relief of those through the earthquake in Andalusia. His Eminence Cardinal McCabe has also forwarded a donation. The public subscription in Spain is rapidly increasing. The King and Queen have given £4,000, and the Cabinet Ministers have subscribed each. King Alfonso recently visited Andalusia, personally to inspect the afflicted districts; and it is said that he has ordered the Controller of the Household to furnish $100,000, which His Majesty proposes to distribute personally.

Bogus Information about Hogue Relics.

A dispatch appeared in one of the city dailies last week—and in the *Chronicle* only—in which the story teller stated that a sensation had been created in Catholic circles in Montreal, Canada, in consequence of the disc very that certain relics—said to be those of St. Claudius and St. Juliana—were not genuine, Bishop Falize of Montreal having been victimized by a Jewish relic-merchant in Rome, during his visit to that city a few years ago.

This portion of the story is—to say the least—*improbable*, for the reason that Catholic Bishops are generally prudent and practical men, whose duties are confined to the care of their flocks in Rome or elsewhere, and we never yet heard of a case where a Catholic Bishop was imposed upon in this manner by an Israelite. That there are bogus relics is probable, because the Sacred Congregation issued a Circular Letter last year cautioning the Prelates of the World against purchasing any relics of reputed saints without first ascertaining their genuine character through the proper Congregation of Cardinals. But whether the relics purchased by Bishop Falize in Rome were genuine or not we cannot decide until we receive our Canadian exchanges next week.

The dispatch in question contains so much bogus information about these spurious relics, however, that we are inclined to think the whole story was concocted by one of those malignant enemies of the Church who are ever on the watch to vent their malice against her. Thus, for instance, the dispatch says that "portions of the bones were cremated, *the dust added to the faithful*, and the Church enriched thereby to the extent of many thousands of dollars." This is as diabolical a fabrication as falsehood ever issued from the foulest sources of falsehood, and is evidently the creation of some malignant mind blighted with the blackest bigotry against the Church. We will wager our life that Bishop Falize never cremated the relics—be they spurious or genuine—of any Saint; that he never added a particle of such dust, or enriched the Church by the fractional part of a Canadian cent from such an unlawful source. People who concoct such calumnies against the Church invariably forget that even Bishops are not left to their own discretion in such matters. Stringent laws were enacted years ago by the Councils of the Church prohibiting relics to be sold or to be exposed outside of their cases and shrines, and forbidding the veneration of new relics until their authenticity had been approved by the Sovereign Pontiff. The Church is not careless concerning the sentiments which she have the world believe. She is the careful, conscientious Mother of all the Christian faithful, who will neither deceive nor be deceived. Imposters may designedly deceive a Bishop, but when the case comes before the Cardinals in Rome, the remedy is swift, sure and certain, and the fraud is exposed forthwith. No Pope, from St. Peter to the present Pontiff, has ever connived at any imposture regarding relics. And we never a discovery has been made wherein even a doubt arose in the mind of any ecclesiastic concerning the genuineness of any relic. Not even the most severe by our Sacred Congregation of Cardinals and a decision rendered which set at rest all doubts as to the character of the relics in question.

The Church correctly teaches her children to venerate the relics of saints—not to adore them as the dispatch we are considering falsely states—and for this reason alone, if for no other, common sense should suggest to any rational individual of ordinary intelligence that the Church is bound to see that not a single shadow of doubt can be cast upon such objects of veneration. And this rule is rigidly enforced in Rome for the apparent reason that if bogus relics are permitted to be imposed upon Prelates and upon Catholic people, it would serve to weaken the faith of the children of the fold and eventually impair a grand Catholic institution in the souls of many of the faithful. Self-preservation is the first law of Divine Truth, even as it is the initial ordinance of Nature. Every doctrine of Catholic faith is firmly founded on the Truth of God, and the Catholic Church—as the earthly mouthpiece of that Truth—is bound by the most supreme and solemn obligations to see that it is kept in that state of pristine purity in which its Divine Founder bequeathed it. The same rule, precisely, applies to the relics of the saints, and those misguided malicious men who imagine that Rome is ever ready to connive at any fraud in order to procure funds from the faithful, only exhibit their own gross ignorance and their possession of minds rendered morbid through the enfeebling influence of an ever-growing hatred of the Catholic Church and of that God who called it into existence. Such evil-minded enemies have existed from the very dawn of Christianity, and their rules of detraction will never cease until that judgment day when the God of Heaven shall say to all such: "Depart from Me you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels."

— **Among the converts recently received into the church in England, we notice the names of Sir Philip and Lady Rose, of Bayaux, County Banks, and Cromwell-road, South Kensington, London, who, together with their family, were received into the Church, at the Oratory, Brompton. Sir Philip is a son of D'Israelli, and Father Rowden, in a few remarks he made at the baptism of the whole family, said:—"This is a great episode in the drama of England's conversions." The Baronet married the daughter of a Protestant viear, and was one of the Tichborne family's solicitors.**

— People who take little interest in international geography miss a treat. The gems of imperial grab going on in Africa and the East is one of the funniest performance possible. Take the Bay of Tajiurah, for instance. It was grabbed by the ex-Khedive, and bestagain by the recent crusaders of the Egyptian garrison. Then England thought of taking it, changed her mind and asked Turkey to do so. Turkey was reluctant, and so the boy was declared in possession. France immediately stepped down and Turkey protested. England backs up Turkey; and there they are.

The Latest Religious Craze.

Protestantism is responsible for all the vagaries which men have introduced into the world under the name of "Religion." From the time when Luther let loose his passions and preached the license of lust as an improvement upon the Sacrament of Matrimony, down to the present day, there has hardly passed a decade of years that did not witness a "novel invention" of some self-conceived sectarian sensation. Luther had scarcely departed to that eternal bourne from which no Lutheran returns, before the other so called Reformers all commenced the religion-making business on their own account, by asserting that their own peculiar methods for opening the gates of Paradise were infinitely superior to those patented by Luther and the old gentleman scriptually designated as "The Father of Lies." These creed-makers all had their own regular customers, and each had a monopoly of his particular line of goods. Each had his own *trade mark* on the *wrapper*, being plainly portrayed in the words and actions of each inventor.

When the "Reformers" died save the mark! past also to where Luther legitimately belonged, they were succeeded by a new race of religion-makers, who again improved upon the original style of Protestantism, putting in an opinion here, and pulling out a doctrine there, until they had transformed Luther's design into a kind of rotating religion, with as many wings as a wind mill and as many colors as the rainbow! This generation of gospel bull dozers in time went "the way of all flesh," and in turn were followed by a new set of sect-makers who still kept alive rating or enlarging, altering and repairing—the half-built religious fortress which Luther had erected on a sandy foundation, and which has ever since been crumbling to decay each century bringing it nearer to total dissolution.

Well, these modern creed-makers invented such forms of fanatical Protestant worship as "Baptcrians," "Necessarians," "Trinitarians," "Pusapites," "Dunkers," "Quakers," "Shakers," "Sandemanians," "Campbellites," "Sandemarians," "Dalcists," "Come Outers," "Hutchinsonians," "Millerites," "Shakbloomians," "Whippers," "Whoppers," "Wilkinsonians," "Mystics," "Mormons," "Sandarians," "Perceived Religionists," "Hemsters," "Peculiar People," "Inghamites," "Hallelujah Band," "Glassites," "Glassites," "Christadelphians," "Salvation Army," and a score or so of just such curious cognomens used in order that the "Reformed" sectarians might be distinguished from the "goats" of gospel religion.

The fun of the joke is that each inventor of these peculiar Protestant religious additions, claimed his own religious theory to be the Simon-pure product of gospel inspiration, and thereby plainly implied that "all those other fellows are frauds."

True Religion came from God. It would assume only from the origin and source of Eternal Truth. But God's religion did not suit the rebellious nature of fallen man, hence Lucifer, the rebellious angel, and his followers that they had just a good right to alter, expand or abbreviate God's religion as they had to change the course of rivers, to rate mountains, or to fill up precipices. Inspired from this infernal source of pride, Protestantism was the growth of man's "improvement" upon God's religion, and when once the gates thus fled set as the boundary of Heaven's religion on earth were left ajar, the Seven Deadly Sins took possession of men's souls and they made religions just as they make railroads—in order to supply the convenience of every community.

It is somewhat singular that Paine—the avowed enemy of the Seven Deadly Sins—is the corner stone of Protestantism. It was pride that caused the angels to be cast out of heaven; it was pride that led Adam to commit the crime which entailed punishment upon his race. And no person can read the life of Luther without becoming convinced that pride was the besetting sin in his character which led his soul subsequently to be the receptacle of the other deadly sins that follow in its train, viz. Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy and Sloth. Add to what prominence has been given to these six sinful sisters stained in the Protestant ruled world? The very names of the Seven Deadly Sins bring up before us the history of Protestantism in a not shade! But as it was the pride of Luther that made Protestantism, so it is fitting that all the other sins that naturally flow from that source, should be substituted in the service of sectarianism. Hence we find; in this peculiarly "enlightened" nineteenth century, Pride as the mouth-piece of Protestantism, preaching to Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy and Sloth—assisted by the self-confessed pews of Protestant conventicles.

Do Protestant preachers ever *rebuke* any of their members for perpetrating their hidden transgressions against God? Do they tell their people how enormous these sins are which the Church has designated as *deadly?* Far from it! The river cannot be purer than the spring at its source, hence, religious error can never have a pure source, nor can it rebuke those upon whom it has left the brand of Belzebub!

Now let us see how far the line follows left to the Protestant model—the Luther's legacy under the Predicant title of "religious liberty," has carried mankind in the wrong direction. We all know that Luther broke ancient history by a great number of interviews with the devil, in contradistinction to those saints of the Catholic Church whose apparitions generally came from heaven and not from hell. But the most curious religious craze into which the non-Catholic community has fallen is its fearful deportment in woman worship.

It is now nearly a century since a wicked woman named Johanna Southcott announced herself in England under the like phenomena title of "the Mother of the Messiah," and she had thousands of fanatical sectarians who succumbed their reasoning faculties at once, and fell down in adoration before her! Those people were all sturdy sectarians who stoutly repudiated such Popish "superstition" as a belief in the Communion of Saints! The unfortunate creature died in 1841, but even in England—which boasts of its Protestant progress—the followers of this fanatical fraud are actually expecting her resurrection from the dead! Some Southcott days a dozen women like her have led Protestants on similar wild goose chases after them, and we may be sure of it that it does not take long to have secured all its victims, as we read in a recent issue of the Philadelphia *Press* that now another female religion maker had appeared in Pennsylvania, and had hundreds of Protestants who actually gave her idolatrous worship! Here is the singular phenomena of this recurring species of sectarian religion consistently constituted upon what its adherents call "the Lutheran notion."

The "J. Elmar Miya Mita theorganization of the Divine," composed of people whose form of religious belief is most remarkable, has applied for a charter. The application is resisted by the friends of the woman who founded the church, and exception to the application for the charter was made on Saturday.

The sect was invented about two years ago by a woman, who claimed that she had had a revelation from the Lord to the effect that she was the third person of the Holy Trinity. The woman came to San Mateo, and her claim was alleged revelation she assumed that of J. Elmar Miya Mita. Her followers, of course, believed her to be a god, and formed a church for the advancement of her cult. The woman died some time in South Dakota, and her followers, instead of interfering with the sect, continued to worship the woman, and in this they congregated with Miss Mother, who is the daughter of the late Miss Mother. It is claimed by those resisting the application for the charter, that the woman is wearing a crown and a tinsel dress, and of going through wonderful incantations, while the members of the congregation paid her homage upon their knees. The woman claims that the spirit of her dead sister has entered into her body, and the spirit is guiding her in her incantations. The woman claims that

Farm and Home.

THE "SMT HAND ON THE FARM."

Up with the birds in the morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem!
Beautiful flies in the skies are dawning,
But she has no leisure to look at them.
The men are waiting their breakfast early!
She must not linger, she must not wait!
For warm that sun shines and birds that are early
Are what the men give when the meal are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are tinting,
If she would look, she would see and hear;
But here are dishes, and here is the churning,
And the milk must be skimmed and put by for beast.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pioneers, she says, must wait for duty—
Duty's work is monotonous sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary,
Oh, for an hour to rest her head,
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and wash her bread.
The busy man is hungry, and it is winter,
Well, she can be happy and sew and knit;
Wood chop, and bring in water, and fill a kettle,
And she never could make them understand.

But after the strife and weary toils,
When life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle
Her sons and daughters shall call her blest,
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The truest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the weary farmer's wife.

Education of Austrian Girls.

The education of girls in Vienna is somewhat peculiar, and perhaps worthy of note, writes a correspondent from that city. Up to fifteen years of age they are kept at their studies. After they leave school they go through a year's or two years' teaching in the pastry and in the kitchen, under some member of the family, or even in some mess in another family, under trained cooks. They may never be required to cook a dinner, but they are thus rendered independent of cooks and servants, as they learn how to do everything themselves long before they begin housekeeping on their own account. When married they are more affectionate wives and mothers. An Austrian lady, in fact, is as accomplished and learned as an English governess, as good a housekeeper and cook as a German, as witty in society as a Parisian, as passionate as an Italian, and as handsome as an American—some of the most beautiful women in Europe being in Vienna.

How to Recover Health.

To retain and recover health, persons should be relieved from any anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has disease will often produce that disease. This is effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person seized in anticipation of a voyage, both vomiting the usual. We have known persons to die of cancer in the stomach, and other mortal diseases. A blindfolded man slightly pricked in the arm has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death. Therefore, persons to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; the sick persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible. It is by their bad faith that they die. As a man thinketh so he is. If he wills not to die, he can often live in spite of disease; and, if he has little or no attachments as a rule, he will slip away as easily as a child will take a nap. Men live by their minds as well as their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only conveyances of the intelligent, or the lower minds, and the will has power to do as continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

Dangers of Tobacco Smoking.

Medical journal has recently given a summary of experiments made by him both upon human beings and animals with a view of verifying the physiological effects of tobacco smoke. He found in the first place that it is a distinct poison even in small doses. Upon men its action is very slight when not inhaled in large quantities, but it would soon become powerful if the smoker got into the habit of "swallowing the smoke," and Dr. Gilliland ascertained that this toxical property is not due exclusively to the nicotine, but that a cigarette made from tobacco disengaged from the nicotine, contains a second toxical principle called collidine, and also oxide of carbon and hydrocyanic acid. The effects produced by tobacco, Hegrand, he says, to a great extent upon the nature of the tobacco and the way in which it is smoked. The cigar smoker absorbs more poison than the cigarette smoker, and the latter in turn than those who smoke pipes, while the smoker who takes the precaution of using a meerschaum, or any other apparatus which condenses the smoke through water, reduces the deleterious effects of tobacco to a minimum. As a rule, the light-colored tobacco was supposed to be the mildest, but Dr. Zoltinski says that a great many of the tobaccos are artificially lightened by the aid of chemical agents, which are not always free from danger.

Vapor of Glycerine for Coughs.

According to an account in the *Gazette Medicale de Nantes*, M. Trastour has employed with great advantage the vapor of glycerine whenever a distressing or frequent cough has had to be alleviated. The remedy is very simple in application. About fifty to sixty grammes of glycerine are heated in a porcelain capsule by means of a spirit lamp; a large volume of vapor is thereby disengaged, and should be breathed by the sufferer. Glycerine in which carbolic acid has been dissolved may also be employed. The cough of phthisis and the irritation in the throat of many complaints afford proper trials for these remedies.

When to Clean the Teeth.

Of all the people who clean their teeth regularly, it is certain that a very large proportion only do so once a day, and that generally at the time of their morning ablutions. A most smaller number also do so at rising, but the number of those who make a practice of regularly brushing their teeth after eating, the most important time of all, is indeed very small. It is while eating that all little entrios or interstices between the teeth become the repositories of fragments of food, or traces of some acids in the food are left on the teeth, to cause incipient decay, and hasten it where it has already commenced. It is of course desirable to brush the teeth on rising in the morning and before retiring at night, but it is of infinite more importance that they should be thoroughly cleaned after eating.

How to Wash Silk Articles.

Silk articles should be washed in tepid water with a suds of white Castile soap; do not rub or wring them. Handle them as you would skin lace in washing. Rinse in clean cold water and press the water out by placing them in a towel and rolling it up, or cloth, and clapping between the hands until almost dry, then lay in shape and place in a dry cloth under a heavy weight. When entirely dry rub lightly with a piece of flannel or fine silk cloth. Of course some delicate shades are not intended to be washed any more than a daintily colored silk dress.

Show this copy of the MONITOR to your Catholic friends and neighbors, and ask them to subscribe. Only $2 a year when paid in advance.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to forward all items and other information necessary for publication, for this Department.

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[illegible]

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Our Young Folks.

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The prizes for solution of puzzles or conundrums should be addressed to editor-in-chief, and sent with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

MY BOYS.

Let me crown what my boys will become when I know and Charley, calm Harry, sweet Willie, have been this.
Let me crown, as I look in each bright, youthful eye
Who my boys will their boys—what they likely by and by.

With hearts pure
Destiny largely in fabrics the world's skill has made
Or trudge in cotton, or in wool, or in wool,
Guiding mules—and by stealth—let us hope to do good.

Calm Harry, to science will devote his clear head
And search for the hidden among living or dead
Or perhaps half invent, or make wonderful delight,
Making a name, and a fame above kings.

Sweet Willie, my darling! fit that far away look
I read of your destiny, out of life's book
That my boy was a poet born, nicely to true.
Though here in this home, you grace work with a song.

And the last it bears live, with a round, lusty ring of
That is rather as ocean, and blue as the sky.
Ah, Her, my poor fellow, I know how it will
You will have to, and grave us, and go off to
war.

But listen, my dear ones—don't forget what I say
Though you linger at home, or should wander away,
Be a business or handwork that calls for your
care,
With your might do what might, both at home and elsewhere.

On the Sign of the Cross.

Dear Children—Before you pray make the sign of the Cross. That is, you touch your forehead with your right hand and say, "In the name of the Father," then you bring your hand down to your breast and say, "and of the Son," and then touching the left and then the right shoulder, say, "and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Some of these words require an explanation. Do not say as many do: "In the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, Amen;" but say, "In the name of the Father" and of the Son" and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The use of the sign of the Cross is very old, for St. Augustine tells us that it was from the Apostles themselves. Into any important sign; for by it we express our belief in the principal doctrines of the Catholic religion. The principal truths which every Catholic must believe are: That there is one God in three persons, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and that Jesus Christ, the Son of God was man, and saved us from sin and hell by His death on the Cross. The sign of the Cross explains these truths very clearly. You say, "In the name" not names, by which you express your belief in one God. You say "of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," by which you express your belief in three divine Persons. The sign of the Cross itself, you express that you believe that Jesus Christ died on the Cross for you, and saved you from sin and hell.

See, dear children, what a great and holy thing the sign of the Cross is. It seems to be very careless, therefore, to make this holy sign, hurriedly, and without any thought. Make it slowly, and with attention, and with a good intention.

In making the sign of the Cross, let your left shoulder first, and then the right. This has a great meaning. It tells that, if Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was such as to die on the Cross for us, we, the lost lower—we, the lost lower—we, the lower, and judgment—that is, to be lost in Cross, we'll bear the Cross, and carry to get on the sign of the cross never and never.

Reverse, also, what's called—

This is made by forming a cross, across the left of our right hand. It is done by the lips and breast. Signing the forehead, you say, "O God, enlighten my mind, that I may understand the truths which thou hast revealed." or, "To Thee, O Lord, give my thoughts." Signing the lips, you say "O God, give me strength to speak my holy faith." or "To Thee, O Lord, I consecrate my words." Signing the breast, we say "O God, give me strength to live Thee with my whole heart," or, "To Thee, O God, I offer my heart, and the affections of my heart."

Now, dear children, I hope that you will read several times what I have told you on the meaning of the sign of the Cross, and never forget it. A Catholic should never make the sign of the Cross with great deliberation, or that our Lord may be pleased with you. Yours very truly in Christ,

F. K.

A Gander and the Pickerel.

A boy owned a large gander, and he (illegible) it would be a good joke to fasten a fishline to the leg of the gander, with a hook properly baited, and then he would be fastened the gander with a line on one end of the pickerel, and then he would see a pickerel hook and a frog for bait. The gander was driven into the mill-pond, where the pickerel lay in the shade under the big flume and diving for food. Suddenly the gander felt a pull at his leg, and he looked as surprised as the "Little Fisher-man" when he caught a whale. The gander seemed to think there was something the matter with him and he looked down at his feet under the water to try to see into the big pickerel begun to pack, and the gander made up his mind that he was dead and wanted to go home. He started for the shore, but the pickerel on the hook wanted to go the other way and it was up and took the gander, and so doing as the boy who were watching, seemed frightened and at times would act as though, asking for mercy, and then he would get mad and try and fly to shore, when the pickerel would pull him back. They say it was five only to watch the expression of the features of the gander. It seemed to realize that a change was about to come over him, and he looked pleadingly at the boys who prepared for the worst. After half an hour the boys had worn his back over from the pulling canes ashore and dragged a pickerel out on the bank, and the boys sons and tool off the pickerel and put on another frog, and tried to induce the gander to take another swim; but he couldn't have it. They couldn't drive him in. He looked at them, as he ran through between their legs, as though saying "Boys the way he fun for you, but you have crushed a noble spirit. Not say more to you." The gander ran home and ran towards the barn squeaking as though his heart would break.

This was several months ago, but since then the gander has never gone into the water. The rest of the flock of geese will go down to the pond, and he will go with them as far as the bank, seeming to be arguing with them about the danger they are in, but they go in and have him on the bank.

☞ Agnes Sarsaparilla, being highly concentrated, requires smaller dose, and is more active, than any other blood medicine. It is for chronic rheumatism, blotches, and all impurities of the blood. Sold by all druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

☞ Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. All from sufferers from catarrh, cured for catarrh. Hickory pour or more of a continuous nasal discharge, with dullness, headache, and general weakness, should at once apply for a cure. Address T. GRAHAM, Manager, Jones Building, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

HOW TIME IS COINTED IN NAPLES.

Half an Hour After Sunset is 21 O'Clock.

A correspondent writes from Naples to the London Times: The mode of reckoning time is a question of no much interest to all Englishmen, whether at home or in foreign lands, that I venture to hope a few words on the subject may not be unacceptable. Several letters have appeared in the Times stating objections to the change proposed to be made in the hours of England. I am so accustomed, from a long residence in southern Italy, to the counting of time from one to twenty-four, that I am most likely to be equally sensible to the difficulties which some may feel; and there is a little, at the same time, which might be made of reckoning suggested for England much easier than it can be in these northern lands. Midnight is invariable, wherever it arises from sunset, or by day, making a considerable difference in the course of a fortnight, and creating the necessity of altering the clocks for that extent. Half an hour after sunset is 24 o'clock, and from that point we begin to open a fresh account with time. On this day on which I am writing the sun sets from 4 to 7 and 4 o'clock afterwards 5.30 o'clock, while I o'clock will be 6.30 o'clock. The manifest advantage of counting from midnight or sunset, I think, is self-evident. It is apprehended by some that the change from 12 to 24 hours, or 12 might occasion a considerable disturbance in services and habits of life. This is a difficulty which is easily obviated, as it is in fact, the system which is now in operation for parts or at hours each, so that our carts are never discharged by more than one hour, and the clocks of the public quarters. But how to distinguish between morning and evening? It may be, I apprehend, settle the question in a very simple manner. At the commencement of the morning or afternoon of our hours they announce the hour, and the minutes are added. The second minute will not course announce that twelve hours have elapsed, and so on till 24 hours, or 12 hours,

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Irish Hearts Still Hopeful—The National Cause Advancing Day by Day—The Paintsie Hopes of our own Correspondent—Ireland's Freedom from Crime—Doings of the Irish Parliamentary Party—A Scottish Scotch Prayer—Charges Against T. P. O'Connor—Installation of the Mayors of Dublin and Cork, etc., etc.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:—

Dear Sir—The last trace of the Christmas season and New Year festivities have vanished for once more, and with the Nightingale the last of the festive time through which we have so recently passed, marks a great chapter in our political existence and opens a brighter page in our long darkened history—the chapter of our country's deliverance—the record of the first mighty step towards her anti-coal emancipation, when the Irish nation with the hearts of valiancy in her breast—the sons Fonadhin, marches across the shattered barriers of Saxon tyranny, and falls down in the battle field of suffering, sacrifice and sorrow to enter with the New Year of Eighty five upon the path of

A NATION'S PEACEFUL PROGRESS.

A path on which the children of Ireland will undoubtedly gather shrine unparalleled renown under name and nation. Yes, Ireland's hopes for future free of social enslavement, rights of the world, as she did in the past, are brighter than ever before. Your readers may ourselves—Heaven's divine light. Your readers may ourselves, but I fancy believe that my anticipations for our regard, will be fully realized are the close of the present century. For Ireland, with the strong religious feelings of her people, their valed patriotism, and high moral gifts, rightly accounts higher than lands not only to freedom, but to the throne of religion and intellectual enlightenment. And the future achievements of Ireland will, and I firmly believe, be recognized by their grand heritage of memory of sacrifices made, of long years of suffering, of unexampled patriotism and bravery, directed by the peculiar and stirring events that marked the course of our latest struggles—struggles in which the men of to day have achieved success. Times they are in a rightness now, without ever denying a balm or cool of sound.

THE PORTENT

the near bright future, through the darkness of recent years—the glorious gleam of yesterday, to foreshadow in my own feeble way the light of today, as I do now, as my country, more or less unanimously to enter their new position, fit a lingering pain upon the yet unstained crown of Erin. I have hailed the present springtime of my country's National growth and self faith in the warm sunshine of her summer freedom, and I trust and hope this adjoin event may pass after to work but earnest service through the years of prosperity and of joy, and of hope, and of peace, and by down the path of through grave dissatisfaction prevailed amongst the members of the Irish Parliamentary party, and perhaps, I shall not say whether Mr. Tuohy, or Parnell, or the United, acquire, or even, if the means he has adopted; but there is one certainly that in the begin and health of Ireland there does not breathe a word, bitter or more self or the patriots, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Healy, Mr. Sheehy, and Mr. Tuohy, I believe, I think, I hope, and I trust, the more of harmony and harmony. If he has made one unmeet step, however right to him in my mind, the Nationalist will rejoice to see him enrolled once more a fighting member in Ireland's National ranks, I dare not more than yet. Mr. Dodd's has made grave accusations against T. P. O'Connor, which that gentleman has not as yet contradicted. If so, I should, to should at once refute these charges and if well-founded, be course to be the admiral representative of the Irish people of Ireland. One of the charges against Mr. O'Connor is that he voted for the Tory Mr. Gorst against a Liberal. Mr. Dodd's friends are denies the conduct of Mr. Wagner, M.

NEW YEAR'S DAY WAS MARKED

in Dublin by the most imposing pomp and ceremony of the installation of Lord Mayor O'Connor. The city presented a scene of bustle and grandeur, such as I have seldom witnessed. The thronged streets were crowded with people, who evidently had assembled in great numbers for the opportunity of admiring the pomp and pageantry of the ceremony. The Lord Mayor's carriage, with its four horses, and the attendant cavalcade, was greeted with cheers, and the entire journey of the procession was a triumphal one. The ceremony of the installation was performed in the city, and the great interest displayed by the citizens of Dublin in the proceedings showed that the new Lord Mayor is popular in his city. The installation of the Lord Mayor of Cork was also a cause in that city on New Year's Day. A few minutes after one o'clock the Mayor-elect, accompanied by Dr. Wyndham Quaid, the Town Clerk and the Mayor's Sergeant-at-Arms, left the City Hall in great splendor. A very stagging episode then occurred. The Sandon people are indignant at the fact that a gentleman who was not even the Mayor-elect, and who had not received the Mayor's invitation to be present at the ceremony, was allowed to take the place of the Mayor-elect, and to be the first to shake hands with the Lord Mayor. The

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MEMORIES OF DEAR OLD MOTHER-LAND.

Sublimely grand, the scenes surrounding
Montana's canyons and Columbia's tide!
Of distant scenes they well remind me
Far o'er the ocean blank and wild.
Fair, holy island, in dates of childhood
My young heart laughed with boyish glee,
At the traveller's praise of our Connaught wilderness.
Its mountains, vales and its spreading lea.

How plain fond memory holds before me
Its ancient landmarks, on Ireland's isle,
Of dear old Galway, what tales they to tell me,
And Lever's exalted version of Daly Dhas.
The distant sound of the rushing fountains
In glen descending to the mighty ocean
Our Clough Patrick and Nephin's mountains
Ever in memory, I hear and see.

In ancient fane I've heard with wonder,
The million echoes of Adelaide's Nun,
Resounding forth like distant thunder
From north to south, from east to west.
The weary pilgrim has found rest returning,
Lady Dacre's Daw has taught gentle glide,
Rolle's tale of the Banshee's mourning,
In old Murrish's Abbey found for and wide.

Those noble monuments of long past age
Is ruined grandeur their presence tell
Of warlike chieftains and learned sages,
Who for faith and freedom, like heroes fell.
Those noble gentlemen—fain as strangers
And oft relished by Connaughtmen rude,
Who for love of country preserve a id old,
Those famous legends of the days of old.

Long absent from my native country,
I'm fondly, fondly, in memory grow,
Ye green ones with wholesome rural air,
And my native hills of dear, old Mayo.
Once more I hear those sounds of childhood,
To stand a stranger in my native land,
Yet lay me down near Ulick's ancient Castle,
Near Murrisk and Kilgeever's abbey grand.

Mid whose ruins stand alone by the wild Atlantic
And rank weeds hide their primely tombs.
The brier, shamrock and holly flourish,
And verdant ivy surrounds those ruins.
Mid all these scenes of memory dear
Thy former glory is now forgot,
There piety reigned, there is desolation,
In blackened ruins stands the peasant's cot.

Ye western mountains, ye ancient romantic
Brought home 'mid strangers on a foreign shore,
To the United States o'er the great Atlantic,
Their faith and freedom in triumph bore,
For their mother Ireland their sons still burning,
The exile's hope is still to see
Ancient Erin from every land returning
To scourge John Bull, and then Erin free.

Missoula, Montana. F. M. MacHALL.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

Oh, do you hear that voice from HEAVEN:
"Forgive and you shall be forgiven."
No angel hath a sweeter lyre than this!
Not even Mary's song of bliss!

Again the music comes from heaven:—
"Forgive and you shall be forgiven.
Daily or every trial that blows,
Through the wide earth the promise goes,
Answering sin and opening heaven,
For every sin and every forgiven.

Yes, we can forgive, Thy voice we hear,
Thy gentle voice, we know it well.
Ye never was in sweet and clear
As now, when we this promise hear:
Your sins, which are many, are hereby forgiven,
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

Sweet Faith! and on this pledge to you,
And is this duty hard to do?
No one, dear Lord, has done to Thee,
Why should not all men go to heaven?
They who forgive shall be forgiven.

Thou silent, earth, to this are dull!
Full money to the merciful!
Oh, joy to every soul that lives
Such beautiful, bright words He gives,
Whose royal promise is this sweet—
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

Then listen to me Jesus, Lord!
Ye have to pray for my soul;
Oh, as we hope with Thee to live,
Thus, unto others, we will be forgiven.

How easily, how sweetly was
The gospel of peace and eternal heaven!
For we forgive and are forgiven.

FABER.

Literary Miscellany.

Temptation; or, the Merchant's Story.

BY LADY HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

One cold winter night, Mr. Nicholas Woolcomb was sitting alone in his snug little study. A bright fire blazed in the grate, his toes nestled on the thickest possible carpet, in the softest possible easy-chair, heavy crimson curtains sheltered him from every breath of the cutting east wind that was almost maddening miscreants of the pedestrians outside. Truly, Mr. Woolcomb was an enviable man. Books of all shapes and sizes loaded his tables and decorated his shelves. Newspapers and magazines awaited his attention, while from the silver tankpot at his elbow there issued a perfume that would have sent a very Chinaman into ecstasies. Anyone, understanding all this comfort and coziness, the bright smiles that usually lighted up Mr. Woolcomb's countenance were wanting. He looked into five books in succession, as I pshawed over each. Edgeted about the room, then walked to the windows and fastened the shutters; but the very sight of the snow outside was enough for him, and, closing them with a shiver, he returned to his seat and poured out his tea.

Now, I would not for the world have my readers suppose that Mr. Nicholas Woolcomb belonged to that most miserable class, discontented people. Quite the contrary; a merrier, jollier, more sunny-hearted little man never wielded a pen in a London counting house. But it was so now a thing for Mr. Woolcomb to be left alone to keep himself company, that he did not know how to manage the business on his hands. Though he and his wife had been married twenty years, I refuse to say they had never spent so many evenings apart during the whole of that period.

But this night was an exception to every rule, for it was the night of the grand ball at which Miss Jessie, their only child and the pet and darling of their hearts, was to make her entrance into the fashionable world, "to be launched," as her father phrased it, on the great sea of society. Such affairs as these were just what Mr. and Mrs. Woolcomb, good quiet souls, most thoroughly detested. But Jessie was "dreamy," that was certain. The days of dolls and pinafores, dear old days, had passed forever, and it would not do to keep her any longer the exclusive treasure of the home she had so long brightened. So joyously, too, had the little innocent heart looked forward to this ball, that, not for worlds would they have had her suspect the trouble it would cost them to deprive her of the quiet habits that had almost grown into a second nature. No, resolutely had mamma undergone the fitting and fashioning of her evening toilette, and dolefully hearingly had papa endured the squeezing of his gouty toes into a pair of glossy pumps. But there are bosoms on which, and sleepless in one silence, and this very afternoon, just as Mr. Jessie was on the very tiptoe of worldly

* From "Fabiola, Journey, and other poems," published by the Catholic Publication Society.

Mr. Woolcomb had returned from town with a violent cold in his head. Was he sorry? Alas! for human nature, although it will learn to make sacrifices, it will be human nature still, and we have to confess that something very like a thrill of delight had pervaded Mr. Woolcomb from top to toe at the prospect of such a legitimate excuse for stopping at home. In vain did poor Jessie reasure herself that he would be better after dinner. Never did man scowl and sneeze so terribly before. So at last a family council was held, and a hackney coach dressed upon papa's cheeks with his cold, and down Jessie's with disappointment, it was decided that the former should stay at home. So at seven o'clock precisely the hackney coach, and dream off for the ball, and of London, containing Miss Jessie, all sentiment, duster, and white tulle, looking more like a fairy than the plump, substantial little maiden that she was, and poor Mrs. Woolcomb, with her long heart divided, desiring to promote the happiness of her child, yet regretting that she could not stay to comfort her husband. Of course he insisted on coming into the hall to see them off, where, with his head picturesquely adorned with a spy handanna, he changed for the last time his home, to the no small detriment of the tulle, and assured his wife that she looked quite as young and pretty as the day he had married her. But when the carriage had fairly driven off, and the great street door had closed with a bang, the poor little gentleman—fain as strangely as lonesome and so sadly missed the sunny smiles of his home treasure that he almost wished he had screwed up his courage and gone too.

He had just finished his second cup of tea, when a double knock resounded through the quiet house, and a few minutes later he saw him comfy seated, with a certain Mr. Thorpe. This gentleman was a congenitally recent acquaintance, but he had so win Mr. Woolcomb's heart by his urbanity and high sense of duty, that could the latter have had his choice at that moment, as to who should pop in, he would have chosen Mr. Thorpe out of the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance. So long and long chat they had upon every possible topic of the day. First about their families and friends, then the state of the money market; then about politics (upon which subject of course they disagreed), then drifted on, all grave thankfulness, just on into the and, serious subject of labor and wages, trade-unions and strikers. Then they talked of the glum old city, with its successful speculations and sudden crashes, its mushroom princes and fairy fortunes, its broken banks, its ruined firms, and blighted reputations. Both were people of business, keen thinkers, and shrewd workers in the world of commerce. What their verdict on the subject was they coolly and calmly looked down on the vast panorama of city life!

"That honesty is the best policy, after all," said Mr. Woolcomb throat his pipe into the ocean as though he was going to impale the originator of some "smart swindle" then and there.

But Mr. Thorpe was obliged to take his leave to give a long promised lesson on chess to the numbers of St. Joseph's Club. So he tore himself away from the bright friends and the pleasant chat of his friend, and gladdened his way through the cold air and driving wind to the Institute. And what a welcome he had. What a hurrah ran through the room as he entered, shaking the snow from his cloak and hat, and a good-natured Newfoundland dog, and then doing his best to shake a dozen hearty rough hands at once.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Woolcomb's fidgeting fit was over for good. Mr. Thorpe had the happy knack of pressing every man, woman, and child he came in contact with, into his service, to give a lecture for him that night week. It was to be on "Social Progress; what it is and what it is not," and, as the subject was rather a comprehensive one, and one upon which Mr. Woolcomb had many strong opinions and serious thoughts, he was soon deeply engaged in pulling down the lecture of his intended address.

So engrossed was he, indeed, in his task, that an old servant had entered the room, and had addressed him twice before he became aware of her presence.

"Is that you, Bridget? he exclaimed when she had at last succeeded in attracting his attention. "Well, what is it? he asked, smiling kindly, for the old woman had been Jessie's nurse, and was a person of no small importance in the household. "Not a case of great and sudden illness, I hope."

"Not yet, though that'll be for you by-and-by. Lor' bless you, sir, if we spent one doctor fee a bit with that child of yours, we should have you in the doctor's hands every day."

Mr. Woolcomb heaved a sigh of resignation, for if there was one thing he hated more than another, it was gruel, or, as he unscrupulously termed it "slop."

"Well, Bridget, if it isn't gruel yet a while, what is it?" he asked touching up the dot of an i.

"Why, sir, that young Mr. Taunton, that fine-looking young gentleman, sir, the one as came last into the office, has been here above an hour waiting to speak to you. He came in just after Mr. Thorpe, and I was so taken aback at seeing him away, behind the door, that I quite forgot all about the poor young man, and I ask your pardon, sir, but I told him to mind his own business, and to dictate to me, as had been to the family before he was born. So I took Mr. Taunton into the dining-room, sir, and poked up the fire a bit, and told him I'd do my best for him. I thought as missis and Miss Jessie was out, may be you'd see him."

"I wish he could have waited till to-morrow evening, I must say. I know now that he has anything of any immediate importance to say to me, but show him in, I'll see him."

"Bless your kind heart; didn't I know that you would."

Old Bridget trotted out of the room, well pleased with the success of her mission, which was no small amount of triumph, seeing how strictly, as a rule, Mr. Woolcomb dawdled the evening to his family and friends. She soon returned ushering in her charge, and then retired to the servant's parlor, looking highly important, and growing at least half an inch taller as she passed the offending James.

The visitor that Bridget had thus introduced was a tall, slight lad, about eighteen years of age. His appearance was prepossessing, though his features could hardly be called regular, and his manners those of a gentleman. His voice was musical, and powerful emotions seemed almost to overpower him, while an double-blue a paler overspread his countenance as he approached the table, and Mr. Woolcomb rose to meet him.

"I think evening, Mr. Taunton, take a seat. Come nearer the fire. Are you ill, my boy? you don't look very bright.

"No, sir, thank you. I am quite well, replied the boy, shrinking into himself, "I only wish I could speak to you for a minute, if I may?

"Well, what is it?

The tone was not kind, but it was one cise and business like, and transformed the glowing parlor, in a minute, into the dingy counting house, with the leathern chairs and formal ruling, at least so it seemed to Edgar Taunton, who, frightened at his own temerity, Mr. Macferren called us into his room, sir, about an hour year left."

"Well, my boy, what of it?

"He had been looking over my books, sir, while I was out, and he talk me you will dismiss me."

"Dismiss you! what have you been doing?

"Taking money, sir."

"What money?

"Yours, sir. Mr. Macferren thought it was only thirty shillings, but I have taken two pounds in all.

"Well, my boy, and what have you come to me for?

The boy hung his head.

"What have you come to me for? repeated Mr. Woolcomb, in the cutting tone.

"Because, replied Edgar at length, "because, though Mr. Macferren is just, he is very, very stern. I knew all he would say to you to-morrow, for he told me every word, and I thought there was just a chance if I saw you to-night, and told you truthfully how much I have taken, and how I was led away, and how truly, truly I meant to have returned it, that perhaps you would let me stay on, if only as office-boy for a time, sir, till I have recovered my character, for oh! Mr. Woolcomb, it would break my poor mother's heart if I were to be turned away like this. I have been very wicked, I know that, and ever since I took the money six months ago, I have been unhappy day and night, but I never told mind will not punish me by taking away my mother. O! Mr. Woolcomb, I know I have no right to ask, but let me have another chance."

There was a long silence, broken only by the hissing of the gas and the stifled sobs of the boy, while Mr. Woolcomb shaded his face with his hand, and gazed earnestly into the fire; but as he gazed he said many a silent prayer, for he felt that the life-history of the boy before him hung on the decision of the moment.

"Does Mr. Macferren know that you have come to me?

"No, sir."

"Well, Taunton, before I can say whether I can forgive you, you must tell me freely and frankly how you spent that money, then we shall see.

The boy hesitated for a moment, but a kind, mild voice bade him speak, and the gentle tones of the speaker, as he listened to his story. Story, alas—too common—of the false shame that one not endure to be surpassed by richer companions. Alone in London, fifty miles away from his mother and her restraining influence, his sprightliness and intelligence had attracted the attention of two young men of a rank in life as far superior to his, in wealth and moral training had been superior to theirs. Reckless in their assumed superiority, unscrupulous in their conduct, flat in their habits, they had at first caused Edgar's disdain, but their noisy and admiration had tickled his vanity, acquaintanship had ripened into intimacy, and the poor boy had ended by admiring and doing his best to imitate what, at first, he had disliked and despised. During the summer a boating excursion had been planned by these young men, consisting of about a dozen of the wildest youths and the giddiest girls they could muster. An evening at the theatre, and a supper afterwards, had closed the day, which had been full of disagreeables to poor Edgar, and when new expenses he had been called upon to share of the reckoning, he had found himself cleared of his wh in stock of pocket money, and a sovereign in debt to host. Son of a widow, he had known privations from his youth up upwards, but never had bright had been his mother's dear little drawing-room to make both ends meet, that he had been actually afraid of her to a deed, to which, perhaps, no amount of money could have tempted him. A little mistake in the rough cash-book suggested the idea, the evil spirit was conquered at first, and in an evil hour, Edgar Taunton had appropriated two pounds from his master to be re-paid next pay-day. But he has reckoned without his host. The human repaid with evil and sorrow his to appear poor before his friends would not allow him to appreciability or behind the fashion, and the next quarter day saw a "cut-away coat" on his back, but it did not see any money refunded. Next time probably he might have done better, for the thought of the deficiency was fast taking the light from his eye and the spring from his step, but his mother had been taken suddenly ill, and he had even been obliged to ask for his salary in advance to go and see her. Her pleasantly Mr. Macferren had given it to him, and how kindly Mr. Woolcomb had called him into his private room, and told him to be sure to call round at his house before starting. Of course he had gone, and there good, kind Mrs. Woolcomb had had some wine and fruit, and other little nonsense ready packed for the poor invalid, while Miss Jessie herself had come and spoken to him so kindly, that her smile had been almost as good as the present.

His mother had recovered, but Edgar had felt it almost a relief to be obliged to leave her, when she was capable of much exertion, so much did he dread her surprise at his disappointed hopes, and consequent sorrow. But a deep and earnest desire of the heart, seldom fails to answer a fervent whispered words from the mother to a dearly loved, and when he had so nearly lost, brought forth good fruit, and Edgar returned to his duties with many good resolutions. His master's kiddiness seemed to have heaped coals of fire on his head that burned into his very soul. Day and night his one thought was to restore the money the one dread, detection. As the next quarter day approached an almost frenzied anxiety seized him, a kind of hope that in the very refunding of the money he might betray his secret. He no longer dreamed his old dreams, nor sought the society of his bad counsellors, but sat alone in his lodgings, sharp as the tortures of the damned, and yet, in the very excitement of his manner that had attracted Mr. Macferren's suspicions. Certain it is, that on this very day the manager had sent Taunton on an errand, and then, fetching the rough cash-book to the latter into his private office, had carefully compared the items entered with those in the ledger. He soon discovered the deficiency, and the result was the scene above.

Calmly and quietly the youth told his story, and when it was finished, he looked into Mr. Woolcomb's face with somewhat of the old clear, candid look, that had once so charmed him, coming into his eyes.

For some minutes there was another silence. At last it was broken.

"Shall you send me away, sir?

"There was no answer.

"If you could really read my heart, sir, and see how I repented of my sin, long before it was detected, you would not, I hope, be hard, but hearing into tears he sobbed like a child.

Mr. Woolcomb rose from his seat, and, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, gently said, "Edgar, I feel that you have sinned like the tertiu, and I forgive you, by and gently. Come, drink this glass of wine, and when you are calm we will have a little talk about the future.

"I can't, sir.

"Nonsense, try, there, just a little—now get upset."

He took up the paper as he spoke, and all in the room, saw that time-worn, but the noble cause before his eyes that were so full of tears, that poor

HOW GOOD MEN DIE.

The Last Days of Bishop Bagnaret of Montreal, Canada. Reconciled to Die and Obtains Receive his Eternal Reward.

Most Rev. Ignatius Bourget, D. D., was consecrated Bishop of Telmessus in 1857 and died in his 70 years of Rome-pals, the third oldest prelate in the world. As already announced in these columns, the venerable prelate is gradually passing away, and his following publication of the last rites of the Church, he died with great serenity, in the presence of his weeping flock. The following is the Montreal Gazette, Gazette, Herald.

We read in *L'Evenement* a touching notice of this illustrious Prelate. Archbishop Bourget. "Profound emotion, says our esteemed contemporary, "prevails among our Catholic population." Behold how the mortals have stricken all hearts like a thunder bolt. A man among the most eminent of our times, a man who was charity for half a century been the object of the varying judgment of men, but which, after some inevitable mobility, never failed to win universal admiration; a man whose reputation for sanctity neither envies nor calumnies have limited, towards whom daily for many years has been the cry of joy and of the unhappy among men to seek relief from sufferings of body and mind, and which at the moment has come when the venerable and saintly Archbishop of Montreal, Bishop elsewhere, reached the term of his illustrious career. "The Archbishop of Montreal—an—is—has occupied for about one-years the residence of St. Jarrier, situated in the Vatican, and—has—been—very—peaceful—and—tranquil—in—the—Vatican—the—Archbishop—of—Montreal

THE MONITOR.

WEEKLY ISSUE FREE OF SUBSCRIPTION

he MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the intermediate Bishops, the Pastors of the Church, the Catholic Press, the organ of Catholic opinion, which, under the guidance of religion, the rights and dues of the Holy Apostolic See, and advocate in the spirit and principle of the Gospel, Science and Society.—Pius IX.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the vital agent in popular government; and yet it is a power which is wielded by irresponsible persons who control it. In our view, conducted as it is, it is not only a useful and serious occupation, not only a work, highly profitable to the welfare of society, but it is the work of heroes. What is and what might be the power of a Catholic journal, conducted by men who have the spirit, whatever it may be, to advocate, in the Catholic Union."—BISHOP, THEODORE MCGEAR (ST. PAUL).

Resignation of Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, O. P.

It has long been an open secret that Archbishop Alemany, O. P., was desirous of resigning the Episcopal dignity as soon as he could procure a Coadjutor. In answer to his Grace's request, a letter was received from the Sovereign Pontiff last week consenting to the venerable Archbishop's prayer and returning him from the heavy burden he has so long borne. In a few months, therefore, or as soon as all the multifarious business connected with the Archdiocese has been completed, his Grace will retire, but to what locality is not at present known.

In this connection it may prove interesting to briefly glance at the condition of the Church in California when Archbishop Alemany, O. P., first came to its shores, and to trace the life labors of this modern Apostle of the Catholic Church.

In October, 1840, Very Rev. Garcia Moreno, of the Franciscan Order, was consecrated Bishop of Upper and Lower California. On the death of this Prelate at Santa Barbara, in 1846, Father Gonzales, the Superior of the Franciscan Order, became Administrator of the vast Diocese until the appointment of Most Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, O. P., who was consecrated Bishop of Monterey, June 30, 1850, and translated July 29th, 1853, to the Metropolitan See of San Francisco. Our venerable Archbishop was born at Vich, in Catalonia—a province of Spain, in 1814, consequently he is at present in the seventy-first year of his age; he was ordained in Viterbo, in the Roman States, in 1837, hence—if Almighty God whose faithful servant he has been, spares him—he will celebrate, in two years, the golden jubilee of his priesthood. Shortly after his ordination he was published, principal in the important post of assistant rector in the Church of the *Minerva*, in Rome, then under the control of the Dominican order, but which has since been stolen from them by the secular power.

Forty-five years ago our beloved Prelate arrived in the United States, having volunteered to leave his ecclesiastical position in the Eternal City in order to carry the Glad Tidings of Salvation to the Catholics where the Catholic of St. Peter's parish still bear him in grateful memory. In 1850 the eminent subject of our brief memoir was selected as Provincial of the Dominican Order in the United States, and as such was summoned to Rome in 1850 to take part in a General Chapter of the Order, and whilst in the Eternal City he was elevated to the Episcopate which he has adorned by his virtues and embellished by the sanctity of his long and laborious life.

For more than a third of a century Archbishop Alemany has been the spiritual father, the friend, and the God-given guide of the Catholics of California. His works proclaim his zeal; the love that burns in every Catholic heart is his best history; and the deep reverence felt that the tie, which bound him in the bonds of filial love and affection to his extensive flock, is far better enlogy than any that the cold words which fall from our pen could pronounce.

Our venerable Archbishop has not—in his long life—labored for a single hour for himself. He has spent his years in God's service, and spent his strength in laboring zealously for the salvation of souls. It is only thirty-six years since a small wooden shanty on Vallejo street sufficed to hold the Catholics of San Francisco whenever they desired to worship Almighty God. The churches in the other portions of the vast diocese were merely the ruined adobe buildings left by the Missionary Fathers. The native congregations were scattered and rapidly disappearing; but our venerable Metropolitan has lived to see this spiritual wilderness blossom as a rose, and he has been the husbandman of heaven who has labored to bring about this state of Christian cultivation in the Lord's Vineyard.

More than one hundred and fifty churches and chapels erected to the glory of God attest the zeal of the Pastor and the generosity of the flock. Nearly two hundred priests, the majority of whom were educated and ordained for this diocese, fill up their voices to the throne of God and ask Him who send them such a beloved Bishop to bless his last days even as his whole life has been blessed. A Theological seminary, six colleges, eighteen academies, five asylums, and four hospitals—are all living monuments of the wateful care of this prudent Pastor for his people. The orphan has been provided for; the sick are nursed and nourished; the aged and infirm are cared for; the Christian education of youth has gone on apace; the higher education of ecclesiastics is provided for so that none need be called to their reward, has been instituted. And this the Rock which has grown up from a few hundreds to two hundred thousand, finds itself surrounded by churches, schools and institutions wherein they can find salvation for their souls, solace for their afflictions, mental strength to serve God in religion, or to preserve their faith whilst fighting the battle of life.

We would not dare to offend the well-known humility of our holy Archbishop by any reference to his corporal works of mercy. The recording angel will reveal them on the last day, and as they were all performed beneath the sanctifying shadow of the sacred Cross, there let them rest until our beloved Archbishop hears the joyful mandate: "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Anti-Catholic Mush Manufactured by Methodists.

The few people who read through the columns of the "organs" of the different sects, cannot be blamed if their minds are muddled or misinformed upon many matters appertaining to the doctrine of the Church or the customary religious devotions of Catholics. Protestant preachers seem to have been born for the purpose of sowing the seed of Satan throughout the world, and—with a third of a century's experience of their unscrupulous willings—we must acknowledge that they accomplish the work of their Belzebubian Sire in a manner to leave that deceitful spirit no cause for despair!

There is no story too silly or too sickening for Protestant preachers to print whenever they wish to make "Roman bowl." They stop at no absurdity; they falter at no falsehood; they give loose rein to all their inventive faculties—whatever they set out to feed the lambs of the fanatical fold upon the husks of their hatred of the Catholic Church.

For the truth of this charge against preachers and other prejudiced pensmen who pose in the columns of Protestant papers as the calumniators of the Catholic Church, we need only refer our readers to the numerous examples we have already printed in these columns, and if any more evidence is required we have it on hand in the shape of an extract from the *Baltimore Episcopal Methodist*, which a subscriber in Seattle has sent us in order that Catholics might realize the ridiculous rich which Methodist malignant invent in order to deceive their dupes and to keep alive their false prejudices against "Romish" priests and "Romish" practices.

The story told by this slander-spreading sectarian sheet is to the effect that a little Mexican girl—who was old enough to help her mother in her household duties—first heard of the Son of God from a Methodist preacher who was exhorting a corbonicro congregation. The story goes on to say how this female victim of priestly indiscretion and neglect "eagerly followed the missionary and heard him preach until she, too, believed the Gospel and became a Christian."

Now this it appears that there are Methodist writers who actually believe that *Catholics are not Christians!* And yet it is on such rot published, prejudiced preachers that furnish the mental pabulum for most Protestant papers! Talk about *ignorance!* Why, a Catholic would weep tears of blood if the demoniacal spirit of bigotry could so far possess his soul as to lead him to say that Protestants were not Christians. Yet these Phariasical pundits who profess Christianity which is not all from Christ, and before the community as the judges of those who possess the test great evidences of Christianity, are continually fabricating shams given out to inflame the readers that the next time this miraculously-converted girl behold her darling preacher—"in the cemetery on the first of November, on which day the Roman Catholics go to the graves of their dead friends and place on them dishes of meat, bread, fruit and wine, believing that in some way the dead will be benefited by it." (!!!)

Patience almost ceases to be a virtue when we read such ridiculous rant and falsehood in the columns of a Protestant paper professing a Christianity denied to Christians! The Wesleyan writer evidently alludes to "All-Souls" day, although the date is wrong, and the ridiculous rite he alludes to as furnishing food to the dead, is *the custom of Chinese pagans*, which this Monchanson Methodist meligner has purposely placed upon the shoulders of Catholics in order to prejudice his deceived readers against them, and to prove his former falsehood—that Catholics are not Christians!

Could the force of the malignant spirit of bigotry—of Satanic hatred—go no further! The wilful ignorance, the standard spleen, the deliberate falsehood injected into the lines we have quoted, show that the spirit of Satan guided the pen that so perversely distorted truth in order to crush Catholicity with an avalanche of detraction.

The secularism sterile brings his fanatical rules narration to a climax by telling his dupes that the brave little Mexican girl—the result saved from the burning—while walking through the cemetery, heard her sweet scented swaddling preacher exhorting those idolatrous and paganized Mexican Catholics that "Christians did not follow such customs." In return for this information that Mexican Catholics commenced to feed *manna* at the aforesaid preaching, using which the brave little girl sashed forward to save her charming *colporteur* whose blood was streaming from a thousand wounds, and whom she finally rescued from the Roman Mexicans at the risk of her precious life! Curtain falls amidst a blaze of blue lights and the lugubrious wailing of the Wesleyan audience over the horrible superstition sustained by the "Romish" Church!

When we reflect that the people who invent these infernal inspired falsehoods against Catholics are a Christian sect, we can forthwith see the force of God's wisdom in having an *infallible guide* for men in religious matters. The Methodists are lighter who wrote the story we have quoted could open his bible any day and print his prevaricated yarn to the command of God: "*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor*," yet he would very likely plead in his excuse that it was the "spirit of the" Methodist Church!

Farm and Home.

WHAT HE SAID.

Oh, yes, I'll tell you the story—
The very words that were said
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was sitting the table,
And Michael came into the pantry;
His love was unreasoning red.

He opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me the glimpse of a ring;
And then—oh yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing;
And Fanny came in with her baby—
The smartest bit of a thing.

And the kettle were out in a minute—
"Well, what come next?" I ask me my-self—
Fanny sat down close with the baby,
And we all sat down to tea.
And grandma looked over her glasses
To cover at Michael and me.

But it wasn't till after milking
That he said what he had to say.
How was it? Oh, Fanny had taken
The baby and gone away
The fourth of November, I believe—
He had a new bonnet that day.

We were standing under the plum tree,
And Michael said something low,
But I was shy and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know.
For old fine as he looked at milkers,
And Reuben's no worthly slow.

And that—let me see—where was I?
Oh, he said he was lonesome and cold,
He was true and he would be true always
Till the chickens flew up to bed.
Well, he loved me, and wave to be married—
And he—about what he said.

Facts Worth Knowing.

There are 2250 languages.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.

The average human life is 33 years.

The first steel pen was made in 1830

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A span is nine inches, and an eighth inches.

A hand (horse measure) is four inches.

Watches were first constructed in 1476

A storm moves thirty miles per hour.

The first linoleum match was made in 1829

The value of a ton of silver is $37,704 84.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

The first iron steamship was built in 1838.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Coaches were first built in England in 1560.

The first horse-railroad was built in 1826.

One million dollars of gold coin weigh 3,600 pounds avoirdupois.

Until 1776 cotton-spinning was performed by the hand spinning-wheel.

One million dollars of silver coin weigh 58,920 pounds avoirdupois.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

Measure 200 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

Sun Flowers as Fuel.

The Dakota *Farmer* says: "A correspondent, after having tried 'turf,' coal, wood and cowflowers, has settled upon the last named as the cheapest and best fuel for treeless Dakota or any prairie country. He says: "I grow one acre of them every year, and have plenty of fuel for one stove the whole year around, and use some in another stove besides. I plant them in hills the same as corn (only three seeds to a hill), and cultivate the same as corn. I cut them when the leader or top flower is ripe, let them lay on the ground two or three days; in that time I cut off all the seed heads, which make good feed for chickens. The stalks are then hauled home and packed in a compact shed with a good roof on. When cut in the right time the stalks when dry are as hard as oak, and make a good hot fire, while the seed heads with the seed in make a better fire than the best hard coal. The seed being very rich in oil, it will warm better and burn longer, bushel for bushel, than hard coal. The sunflower is very hard on land, the piece of land selected to plant on should be highly enriched by manures. In the great steppes (prairie) regions in the interior of Russia and in Tartary, where the winters are more severe than here in Dakota, the sunflowers are, and have been for centuries past, the only kind of fuel used."

Bleeding at the Nose.

The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason, is one of his lectures, is in the vigorous motion of the jaws, as if in the act of mastication. In case of a child, a wad of paper should be placed in the mouth, and the child instructed to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will be inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail, even in severe cases.

Another way is to shut off the arterial flow, supposing your nose bleeds by the right temple; with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer end of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist, then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jaw-bone; the result will be that not one drop of blood will go into that side of your face while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five to ten minutes and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time, probably, contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not bleed.

Rules of Conduct.

Never exaggerate.
Never paint at another.
Never betray a confidence.
Never wantonly frighten others.
Never leave home with unkind words.
Never neglect to call upon your friends.
Never give a promise that you do not fulfill.
Never speak much of your own performances.
Never send a present hoping for one in return.
Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.
Never fail to give a polite answer to a polite answer to a civil question.
Never read letters you may find addressed to others.
Never present a gift saying that it is of no use to yourself.
Never fail, if a gentleman, of being polite and civil to the ladies.
Never question a servant or child about family matters.
Never call attention to the features or form of any one present.
Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.
Never associate with bad company. Have good company, or none.
Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect on any one present.

Show this copy of the MONITOR to your Catholic friends and neighbors, and ask them to subscribe. Only $3 a year when paid in advance.

Regarding the Sign of the Cross.

A young gentleman of Boston asks, among other things

"Dutch a Catholic to insist on "blessing himself," that is, making the Sign of the Cross, at a Protestant table, when he is the only Catholic present? Would it not look as if he was forcing the evidence of his religion upon the non-associates?

It might—yes, it probably would. And, if the young Boston gentleman's associates smiled, shrugged their shoulders or even laughed, it would be forcing evidence of their ill breeding on him. If he, dunder creature, could endure that, they ought to be able to stand as soft on his part almost as natural to a Catholic as to walk, an act which he learns to perform, in fact, before he can talk.

If a Mohammedan should at the proper time spread out his prayer-cloth in a Boston hotel and perform his minaikan devotions, nobody but an Englishman of a certain class would hurst into loud guffaws. The cultured Bostonian would accept the act as a testimony of the spreading fame of the Centre of Culture, and respect the Turk for the courage of his opinions. If the Catholic makes the Sign of the Cross, the cultured Bostonian, who prides himself on the and the crescent together in a collection of *bric-a-brac*, will respect his motive, or smile at it. If he smiles, the Catholic will know at once that he is not a Brahmin, but one of those outside barbarians who infest the classic city without being acknowledged by her.

We have accepted that the Protestant host who, at his dinner table, would invite an allusion to the Blessed Virgin, or put a prayer for the dead into his "grace." We do not think our Boston young friend has ever met one who, not to force the evidence of his religious opinions on his Catholic guest, would not make his grace as Christian as possible. This being so, why should our young friend be so delicate after forcing his "" religious opinions" on his non-Catholic associates! Why should he endeavor to effect humility, and, by inflicting the Sign of the Cross, do it with the gas lowered and the shutters closed, for fear that somebody might see him? Would it be an act of humility to offend a fellow-man of the Puritans by "blessing" oneself in his presence? Our young friend does his non-Catholic associates injustice. The least nearly of these respects manly courage.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Why We Call the Cat "Puss."

Do you ever think why we call the cat puss? A great many years ago the people of Egypt worshipped the cat. They thought the sun was like the moon, because she was more active at night and because her eyes change just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes bright, little crescent, or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice puss's eyes to see how they change? So these people made an idol with a cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to pas or puss, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy-cat are pet-names for kitty everywhere. But few people know that it was given to her thousands of years ago.

Mordecai's Acid Phosphate For Alcoholism

HA. C. S. ELIA, Walsah, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had been a hard drinker for fifteen years, but during the last two years has entirely abstained. He thinks the Acid Phosphate is of much benefit to him."

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St. Peter and the Cherries.

In the happy, holy long ago, when our Lord walked about amongst men, it chanced that He took a journey with St. Peter. They started about the middle of July, at noon, and the sun shed its most burning rays upon the earth. As they walked along very slowly and painfully, they saw on the roadside an old horse-shoe. The gentle Saviour slackened His pace, in order to let his companion pass. He wished to see a blacksmith would stop and pick it up. St. Peter looked at the horse-shoe, and passed on. Our Lord said nothing, stopped, picked up the piece of iron and put it in His pocket. Very soon they passed out of the door of a farmer, and to him the Saviour sold the horse-shoe and with the money which He received purchased a pilgrim of cherries from a woman who asked him to buy some of her fruit.

The heat was so excessive that St. Peter was overcome with thirst; and then the thought came to his mind that his divine Master might very well give him some of the cherries. Our Lord, who reads the hearts of men, let fall a single cherry; the Apostle stooped, picked it up, and ate it. After a few moments another cherry fell. Again St. Peter stooped, picked it up, and ate it. And during the journey the cherries fell one by one; so that he who was destined to be the Prince of the Apostles bent down at least a hundred times.

At last, the last cherry had been taken, our Blessed Lord, laying His sacred hand kindly on St. Peter's shoulder, said "If thou had been once to pick up the horse-shoe, there would not have been charged to stoop a hundred times to pick up the cherries. Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart.

Priest, Rabbi and Minister.

A venerable priest, while traveling to a distant mission found himself in company with a Jewish Rabbi and a Protestant minister. The latter sought to ingratiate himself with the Rabbi by a free indulgence in contemptuous remarks about the Catholic priesthood. At last he broke out: "Here we are three representatives of three religions, as apostolic missionary, and a minister of religion which of us is right?" The old priest, as if to rebuke the arrogance and indiscreetness of the question, arose to change his seat. The rabbi took him by the hand and said, with a smile "Please remain still and wait for you." Then, turning to the minister, he said, "Listen! If Christ has come, then the priest here is right. If He has not come, then I am right; but rabbi and minister you are completely wrong."

The rebuffed minister, turning to a little dog which was lying at the feet of the rabbi, "Maybe you, too, are a rabbi?"

"Oh, no!" replied his master. "He eats pork, and therefore is no Jew. Then, too, he eats meat on Friday, and for that reason can be no Catholic. He must therefore be a Protestant."

The minister, after that, relapsed into silence.

—Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer imparts the glossy and freshness to the hair, and is highly recommended by physicians, druggists and barbers, as a preparation of unequaled excellence. It restores to a youthful appearance, and gradually restores gray hair to its youthful color, and restoring gray hair to its youthful color.

—Brook's Spool Cotton, soft finish as well as glace finish, is manufactured especially for sewing machine work. Try it on any machine and you will try no other. For sale by all dry goods stores.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send all items of Society interest to the Editor of this Monitor.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

SAN FRANCISCO—Mass Columbia Hall, Hayes and Fillmore streets. Meetings every Second and Fourth Tuesdays. Rev. P. Scott, President; Thos. Cummins, 1 S. Gate of Branch 37; Michael Ryan, Recording Secretary, 1 S. Gate of Branch 37; Thos. Cummins, Financial Secretary, Hayes Street, cor. Fillmore, Treasurer.

SAN FRANCISCO DIVISION NO. 1—Meeting Thursday evening, at Knights of Pythias Hall, 628 Market street. Rev. P. Scott, President; Thos. Cummins, Recording Secretary; Thos. Cummins, Financial Secretary; Thos. Cummins, Treasurer.

SAN FRANCISCO DIVISION NO. 2—Meeting Thursday evening, at Knights of Pythias Hall, 628 Market street. Rev. P. Scott, President; Thos. Cummins, Recording Secretary; Thos. Cummins, Financial Secretary; Thos. Cummins, Treasurer.

GERMANIA DIVISION—Meeting Second Sunday, Fourth Sunday, Turn Hall, Pacific street. Rev. Wm. Wallace, President; Wm. Wallace, Recording Secretary; Jno. C. Dorner, Financial Secretary; Jno. Dorner, Treasurer; Edward Wurzel, Chancellor; Thos. A. Gillard, Inside Sentinel; Jno. Dorner, Outside Sentinel. Meeting of Committee on Entertainment, Sunday, 1 P. M. Committee on Ceremonies, Sunday, 2 P. M. Committee on Finance, Sunday, 3 P. M. Committee on Relief, Sunday, 4 P. M. Committee on Sick, Sunday, 5 P. M. Committee on Visiting, Sunday, 6 P. M. Committee on Prize Ball, Sunday, 7 P. M. Committee on Ball, Sunday, 8 P. M. Committee on Picnic, Sunday, 9 P. M. Committee on Lodge Room, Sunday, 10 P. M. Committee on Hall, Sunday, 11 P. M. Committee on Lodge Room, Sunday, 12 M. Committee on Hall, Sunday, 1 P. M. Committee on Ceremonies, Sunday, 2 P. M. Committee on Entertainment, Sunday, 3 P. M. Committee on Finance, Sunday, 4 P. M. Committee on Relief, Sunday, 5 P. M. Committee on Sick, Sunday, 6 P. M. Committee on Visiting, Sunday, 7 P. M. Committee on Prize

FATHER O'REILLY IN IRELAND.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

office, not to the persons who held it, and would not be alienated without the consent of the tribe. So were the lands distributed to religion, to education, to hospitality. The plough lands, pasture lands, and wasteлands were also well marked, and distributed yearly to the husbandmen and herdsman. I have satisfied myself by close and conscientious research that the Ireland of the age of Charlemagne was a land of abundance, where Christian civilization was daily elevating the people. Unfortunately there was no unity of government. The lack of national cohesion exposed a simple, peaceful, pastoral, intellectual people to the power of the warlike Dane and Anglo-Norman. If it were possible, by hoeing out the hardheds, to revert to something like this national or district tenure of property, it would be preferable. Do you know that Bishop has turned out the landlord in more than one locality, and that they hold the land after this fashion?

And now comes up in Ireland the no less agitating question of the land in cities. It is growing in practical interest every day as soon must be ripe for some solution. Ah, happy America! I wonder if her people are thankful enough to Him who made both the land and the sea.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

Catholic and Protestant Missions Compared.

FRAUDS IN FOREIGN PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

HUMBUGGERY CONCERNING CONVERTED HEATHENS.

Fanatical Preachers Living in Luxury.

The following contrast—says the St. Joseph *Advocate*—is credited to the noted George Train in a lecture at Cincinnati, where we ourselves, as well as "M. R." (whose version is here given), heard him more than once. It has all the interest of a romance, with all the internal evidence of fact. The eccentric George Franco is not a Catholic, as everybody knows. Brought up to sympathize with the "poor" Protestant missionaries in China, whose wonderful "sacrifices" and "hard lot" among the "Heathen Chinese," he had heard so much about at his Massachusetts Sunday-school, he not only contributed his pocket-money, but, when a lad, picked blackberries and turned an honest penny by selling them, to keep square on the twenty-five cent contribution list for the "poor starving missionaries" so far away! Grown to be a man, he actually visits the Celestial Empire, and

HERE IS WHAT HE SAW ON LANDING:

"A short walk brought me to the interiors of the missionary's house; a well kept walk of shell led to the mansion, which was ornamented by a large silver door-knob.

"Well, I looked closely at that door-knob, and what do you think I saw. I imagined at least, that I saw in this big lump of silver a great many of the twenty-five cent pieces that I contributed when a boy. It was some minutes after ringing the bell that I was admitted by a full fledged English lackey, puffed, powdered and shaved, who, in a half sniffy manner, demanded my business. I told him I wished to speak to his employer, perhaps flashed into my mind, that he wished to forget. But in a moment his face brightened, and with a smiling countenance he answered

"'I AM A PHYSICIAN.'

"Thus the Christian Missionary, and have some skill in applying roots and herbs, and cooling potions to the cure of human infirmities, but my principal, my only sure, is the soul of men. I am here in obedience to my Divine Master, to teach and instruct those poor benighted creatures in the faith of Christ. I am a Catholic missionary priest, so-lasovering to do my duty as best I may. He bowed the girdle around his waist, and produced a crucifix from his breast, which he devoutly kissed.

"His indignant sin that he had assumed a complete mastery of the Chinese language, and had been fifteen years on the mission, in order to do all the good possible, he had studied the medical qualities of plants, and by his knowledge was enabled to cure many diseases, if not of too malignant a type, and by such acts he had gained the gratitude and esteem of the natives, and he had made many converts to the Christian religion. Four or five miles back he had built a little church and school, and hospital, where he treated the sick.

"'And are you content to wear out your life in this way,' I asked—'away from home, society and friends—lacking some of the world's joys and pleasures? Surely this is more than man should be asked to do.'

"'Sons, my dear friend,' said the good missioner, 'that I am as happy as it is possible for mortal to be. I live in the divine contamplation, and I endeavor to follow in the footsteps of my dear Lord. My highest ambition is to bring three poor benighted children of the desert to a knowledge of the true faith, and make them children and followers of Christ; and if, in the pursuit of this calling, I am thought worthy of the crown of martyrdom, I will most gladly welcome it indeed. But you must come into my sir, as many poor people await my coming; and may blessing as few yet, and that conscious myself and compassion innovated in the old man gave me his blessing. Those said eyes, that pale, emaciated countenance, that travel-stained garb, and those wrinkled angles, which were the only protection from the sharp sand; that cheerfulness of manner, that sublime, noble expression of sentiment, all impressed me with the conviction that there must be something divine in a religion which will lead men's breasts with so much order and zeal, and teach such self-abnegation and heroism of soul.

"I sent a polite note back to my friend, the Protestant missioner, excusing myself for not attending the lunch to which I was invited, and I thought, as I slowly wended my way back to where our ship was making ready to start, that if I was once more a little boy, in Massachusetts, and had twenty-five cents to spare every week, I would know better what missionary society to give it to."

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—The Very Rev. T. McCrystal, P. P., Cooley, and the Very Rev. T. P. McCullough, P. P., Darver, county Louth, have been appointed by his Grace the Primate to the dignity and office of Canon.

A convention of delegates, from National Leagues branches in this county, was held, in Armagh, on January 5, when a committee was appointed to attend at the Boneilary Demonstration, and a public meeting was held, at which resolutions of confidence in Messrs. Parnell and the Irish Party, and the establishment of further branches of the League, were adopted.

Dublin.—The Gaelic Athletic Association is bound to go ahead, having got a vigorous start in the south of Ireland, and

Dublin, one hundred miles south, a Dublin gentleman, met with his death in the river on Jan. 5th, under most painful circumstances. He was seen by Richard Rafferty, struggling in the water. Rafferty at once threw him a rope, but the unfortunate man, who, it appears, was at this time labouring under the influence of drink, failed to seize it, and sank.

A few days ago, one of the workmen in putting up an electrical conductor on the Phœnix Park Monument, fell a distance of 60 feet, and fractured his skull. It was necessary to go to the Phœnix Park, on the following day, with a stretcher to carry the poor unfortunate fellow, who, it was thought, would not live long enough to reach the hospital. He died in a few days, and, judging the Nationalists to do their duty, return a candidate for the Southern division of County Dublin at the next election.

Dublin.—The Gaelic Athletic Association is bound to go ahead, having got a vigorous start in the south of Ireland, and

Tipperary.—Charles Hogan, of Golden, sold his stock in an outlying farm at Thurles, on Jan. 5, and divided a holding of 26 acres into four parts, giving one part, at the old rent, to each of the four evicted tenants.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Tipperary Board of Guardians, on Jan 11, the Board's Treasurer wrote stating that his attention had been directed to the fact that a number of tenants of the Guardians at present in Ballinahinch Workhouse, Ballinrobe, County Mayo, had, on Tuesday, 7 p. m., Gortakeagh Manor, leased Mill-hill, accidentally shot a boy fourteen years old, named Lally, who happened at the time to be passing through Cordangan Woods. The Treasurer was directed to forward the coroner's duty.

Waterford.—On Jan. 4, in Waterford, a sailor named Finnegan, was drowned in the river. Deceased was a native of Greenock, and would swim well.

At the Waterford Police Court, on Jan. 5, John and Thomas Morrissey were brought up on remand charged with having attempted, on St. Stephen's Day to set fire to a new mill and cross-shore, in which, at the time, there were 40 tons of cotton, and 1,000 barrels of flour. The prisoners were discharged, the Bench being satisfied that they were not guilty of the offence with which they were charged.

Westmeath.—The Lord Lieutenant has replied to the letter of Rev. Father Duffy, the minister, Collinglow, a thing for an inquiry into the circumstances of the Ballykelly affair, because not only of the outlawing of the inquiry, but of the false statements put forward by the Protestant witnesses which have since been sworn to be false. The Lord Lieutenant in Spencer's reply to the effect that he sees no reason to grant the inquiry.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Ireland's Gift to T. D. Healy. Stirring Sermons at Carrickmacross. Healy's Patriotic Address. W. H. O'Brien's Address. Parnell's Power in Tipperary. He is Presented with the Freedom at Cashmel. Spanish Support for Irish Leader.—Notable Death at an Irish Nunnery.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Long years of misery and persecution have at last produced the greatest County Monaghan and of Ulster had the gratification of witnessing the spectacle of patriotism and generosity so equal that the grand determination which Carrickmacross, on the 5th of January last, on the occasion of a presentation of one thousand pounds to the inhabitants of the county as a New Year's gift to their patriotic and indefatigable member, Mr. Healy, M.P. Upwards of twenty thousand people assembled in the beautiful and fertile parts of the County Monaghan and the beautiful town of Carrickmacross, on the occasion of presenting the gift to Mr. Healy, M.P. for County Monaghan and Ireland. Bands played Irish airs and the people were in the best of spirits and in the best of humour. Mr. Healy was accompanied by a great number of the world and a full representation of the Irish Parliamentary Party, who came to pay respect to the shores of the most patriotic county in Ireland. Mr. Healy's speech, or rather, speeches, were listened to by the people, or multitude, all the day long, and, in the evening, he addressed the people in the Market Square, on the subject of the Land Question, and the Irish Question, and the Irish Question, and the Irish

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE SONGS OF OUR LAND.

BY HERBERT.

Roses where you will thro' the civilized nations
From the prim lanes of Wales to summer's bright isles,
And I still hi will greet you in sweet intonations—
The last roses of summer left blooming alone.
Ye sons of the Muse that illumine our page,
Moore, Mahoney, Davis and Goldsmith the Maid,
Your notes shall go down thro' eternity's ages
Sanctified in the beautiful songs of our land.

Yet children of nature, sweet poets of our island,
Your songs like blossoms may perish or wither,
Your songs like the seasons that glean from the highland,
Lilts skare shall give light thro' the vistas of time.
I've roamed through the universe, mixed with its throngs,
From the Orient sky to the Occident strand,
Yet heard them recited and sung in all places—
The soul-thrilling beautiful songs of our land.
Dixon, Cal. Feb. 3rd, 1866.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

GRA GRAN-D-AIL.

BY P. DOMEST.

'Neath woods of Malin—'neath Mercie rea,
Or where green pines grow Cyder's grey,
When toilsome day was pass'd and done
And evening's sweet shades of stars came—
In God's harmonious mystery—
Its voice the human heart spoke
Like some spirit fraught of guile
Prayer was offered—sweet incense—
My Motherland—my source, my wile—
My Ireland.

Where pauper's power lower'd aloft
Of Malin, mosque and sculptured stone,
Where vespers voiced by monks of
An incense loaded sweet and soft—
I raved in the jewel's eyes,
But still, for me, what could alone
For the land I love—the sacred ground,
The land, whose soil is Catholic, and sacred
Sweet Ireland,
Where only roses climbed, round
My mem'ry's zone—its light and sweet,
My Ireland.

I saw the Danube proudly sweep
Where empires glitter'd and where thrones
Bow'd in the thrall of time still weep
The Tempiled nev'r and dolphin keep;
I saw the heaven dazed in scenes,
And when I heard poor Poland's songs
My soul at last swell'd to see
Others sweeping scenes, for me
Sweet—sweet—Ireland.
And wreathed in smiles, for thee,
My own emblem 'neath shadows
Gra Gran-a-il.

Sing, German, sing—thy Fatherland;
Poland, Poland, mourn—thy glories gone,
Rome, Mantle, boast—thy lazy strand;
Thy all the world in peace yield
Its myriad beauties wave in one,
Yet, Ireland, I will sing—when the song—
My Irish boast still yearning bear
The beauties of Ireland, my dove-as-one
Sweet Ireland,
For round my heart your vow and wrong—
Green as the shady woods sling and throne,
Gra Gran-a-il.

TO OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL SUCCOUR.

BY LUE MY. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Queen of Perpetual Succour,
And Mother more than Queen!
For thy pure Heart is mother's
To me has always been.
Thy Child has smiled upon me
Ere I may assist would have,
Robed in a lost Hell Mary,
Also! in long ago.

Yet, stay, also—I thank thee
And bless my gracious God
That I live for to-day
Along life's pathway pled.
The path is the journey
I almost come to fear,
Queen of Perpetual Succour!
Show thee art always near.

Such Pill with sweet wisdom
New' hell to-day of deptime,
New to the night of death,
I'm now, my children dying,
Ye rain, in hallow, Mary!
In that dread hour be near me,
To succour and to save.

When life and death are over,
And when the chasmby fazes
Has wrought its works of mercy,
May Jesus name my name,
And bid me pass in peace,
Is triumph in Hell Mary!
Queen of Perpetual Succour,
Till then, sit I stand my part.

Literary Miscellany.

Temptation; or, the Merchant's Story.

BY LADY HERBERT.

CHAPTER III.

(Into Christmas Eve, many, many years ago, a certain merchant's clerk, whom we will call Smith turned out of his master's office. He was a neat, brisk, tidily made little fellow, good-looking enough in these days—neat, prim, somewhat bright, not too far everybody, and a sort of "begone dull care" expression in his face. But on this occasion he was decidedly out of sorts. Something in everybody's gayer, and ringing in his ears, Smith had put the question plainly to the managing clerk, and, to his utter astonishment, he had been told that the principal intended the post for his nephew, a young man just returning from foreign parts, who would be able to neither the business, whom he remembered. Instead of thinking of the Angels' Song, or the Virgin Mother, or the Divine Child, Smith contemplated his toes; and instead of admiring the brightly-decorated shops, or answering the Christmas greetings that every now and then assailed him, he let his mind dwell on his wrongs.

Now, one of these wrongs of which we have seen, the fact that his master presumed to prefer his orphan nephew to him, and the chance was, if possible, more aggravating still. Smith, of course, like all poor clerks, was engaged to be married, and the object of his affections was fortunately blessed with a very prepossessing uncle, and the old lady positively refused to even send to the marriage until Smith should have a little home of his own, and some little family money, at least, to begin with. As long as promotion had loomed up in the distance, Smith had agreed readily enough to this adjournment, but now that his hopes were dashed in that quarter, his fiancée was darker, and that poor lady, his mother-in-law elect had offered him in her autocratic fashion.

It was a bitter walk for the poor fellow, though he have understood its bitterness, you must have stood in his position, and have realized as he did, the sudden dashing down of the one darling wish of his life. Smith's heart was crushed, and Mary Smith's heart was crushed, and Mary Smith's heart was crushed, and Mary

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

May God bless and direct through the labors of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they wish to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the claims of religion, the rights and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere in his spirit and principle with devotedness to the Holy Father.

"Journalism is the chronicle of every period, because it is the chief agent in producing it. Into any important idea consciousness rejoices, and spreads throughout the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, but only a work intelligible and practicable in the present state of Christendom. What is and what ought to be the object of Catholic journalism but to combat error and defend the truth, whatever it may be—sacred or, let Divine truth."—RATISBON, THEOLOGISCHE REVUE, UNTRUM.

The Jesuits and the Gunpowder Plot.

One of the most notable means adopted by the English government to keep alive in the breasts of the people of Great Britain a hatred of the Catholic Church, was by means of annual celebrations in memory of some mythical "massacre," some "Popish plot," or other catastrophe from which the English Protestant people were saved from utter annihilation at the hands of a few Catholics who were then in proportion of about one in a thousand to the whole population. The reason which induced Parliament to pursue this policy is found in the fact that Protestantism was the established religion of the kingdom, while "Popery" was condemned by public law and punishable by Parliamentary enactments. The aim, therefore, of all English opposition to the Catholic Church was to entirely root out "Romanism" from English soil, so that England could say to the world:

Behold! In one company at least,
There is no sign of "The Beast!"

In order to carry out this programme successfully, every element of the English population was regularly schooled in bigotry, and the natural result was that the vast majority of them came to look upon a "Papist" as a kind of vermin which it was a British virtue to heartily hate—for the glory of God and the supremacy of British monarchy.

The several anniversaries by which this national anti-Catholic spirit was to be kept perpetually burning in each British breast were carefully noted in English calendars and almanacs, and they were generally considered as national days to be religiously kept by all classes who were "true Britons," and worthy recipients of the blessings of the Royal favor which was always reserved to their forefathers from the vast dead hands of Popish conspirators comprised of Cardinals, Jesuits, priests and Catholic laymen—few of whom had been hanged drawn and quartered at Tyburn.

In the face of this fearful British "bugaboo," it is hardly to be wondered at that priests were few in England, that "Mass Houses" were built in back alleys, and that Catholics should be few and far between. In fact up to the year 1829, the entire Catholic portions of England where neither a priest nor Sister of Charity could venture without danger of personal violence at the hands of an infuriated people who had been educated to believe that such monsters were the sworn enemies of the British government, and that it would be a beneficent deed to destroy Popes, Popery, priests and papists from off every foot of soil over which the British flag floated.

With such sentiments of animosity against the Church bred into the bigoted minds of the British people, our readers can readily conceive with what enthusiasm all England celebrated each recurring festival of "Guy Fawkes' Day," in consequence of the Gunpowder Plot which that individual—aided by certain Jesuits (so claimed by the British government), concocted for the purpose of blowing up the British Houses of Parliament, killing the King, consuming the members, and then handing over the whole British people to be mercilessly butchered by the murderous minions of the Pope of Rome!

This was the English view of the question, the lesson they had learned from English books and based from English lips. Accordingly, when "Guy Fawkes' Day" came round, there was a general holiday for the populace—effigies of Guy Fawkes were made, and the Pope was burned in effigy in numerous places throughout England, amidst the booming of cannon, the fusillading of fireworks, and the jeers and jibes of a people who had been taught to believe that the prosperity and the prosperity of their country, their King, Lords and Commons, depended entirely upon Protestant ascendency!

Falsehood travels with the speed of the lightning's flash; it can put a girdle of prejudice around the world in forty minutes, so we need not wonder if the show but new Nemesis of historical Truth lagged far behind bigotry, falsehood and fanatical hate, in England. As centuries rolled by, however, the people of England began to discover that Catholic citizens were congregating in their midst; that priests and Catholic churches were multiplying; that Sisters of Orders with strange names and clad in costumes that attracted attention—were in charge of numerous schools, hospitals, and institutions of charity and mercy. They met their Catholic neighbors in their daily avocations and they found them far different from the dangerous fire brands they had been depicted. And this it began to dawn upon the English mind that "Guy Fawkes' Day" was "a blasted fraud, go hang!" and that it has gradually fallen into disrepute, until it is only heard of among the gutter-snipes of some English cities. The props of prejudice have then been knocked from under at least one of those anniversaries which had no foundation in fact, but which was purposely kept alive so as to fire the English heart with a holy horror of all things pertaining to the Catholic Church.

The English Protestant version of the "Gunpowder Plot" in which they Fawkes was instigated, was purposely kept before the British public for centuries in order to create in them a national hatred of Catholicity, and it would require the courage of a Christian martyr to dare to publish any religious or historical truth in defense of Catholicity in England, down to the dawn of this century. The author, printer, and publisher of any such "Popish" literature would very soon find themselves victims of English vengeance, and be condemned to banishment or death as treasonable foes of the English government.

It is for this reason, also, that many otherwise intelligent, and non-Catholic people in America know nothing about the "Gunpowder Plot" except—as they will tell you—"that it was invented by the Roman Catholics to blow up the King and Parliament." Such is the fearful effect of a false education, that that might be expected of the Catholic Church—has been transplanted into the minds of the American people, who thus imbibe their prejudices against "Popery" through the nasty nurses of the malignant spirit of bigotry stroked in England during the dead past.

The Gunpowder Plot was concocted by a few discontented Englishmen, at the head of whom were William Catesby, a gentleman of family who happened to be a Catholic, Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune, and a few others whom they induced to join them in the conspiracy. That it was a plot of Catholics, is just as true as that "Treason" treason did not cast censure on the Protestant body of Christians, as it was published in England in 1621, entitled the "Protestant's Plea," in which the author thus alludes to those engaged in the Gunpowder Plot, their laxity of religious principles, and their non recognition by the great body of English Catholics:

"They were a few wicked and desperately addicted men, whom many Protestants termed papists, although the true papists and Catholics of England know them not to be such; nor can any Protestant truly say that any one of them was really such a one. . . . If any of them were Catholics, or so died, they were known as Protestants not long before, and never frequenters of Catholic assemblies with our priest, as I could learn."—*Quoted by Dr. Berrington's Challoner in his review of the English Martyrs.*

From the above sterling facts, written and published by a Protestant at so short a period as sixteen years after the occurrence of the Gunpowder Plot, it is very evident that the men engaged in that scheme were but bad Catholics at best, and no more represented the Catholic people of England than did John Wilkes Booth represent the American people when he assassinated President Lincoln. Calesby—the moving spirit of the secret conspiracy, was generally considered as merely the tool of a certain minister of State who was desirous of drawing the Jesuits into a snare by which they could be suppressed in England. With this object in view, Catesby revealed to Jesuit Father named Greenway, under seal of Confession, the plot of the concocted conspiracy. The Jesuit Father tried by every art in his power to persuade Catesby from carrying on his dreadful design. But it was all useless. Finding all his plans frustrated, and not being willing to break his conscience with a catastrophe at such fearful import, without applying some remedy, he at last—for the purpose of preventing such diabolical counting, Father Greenway extracted Catesby's consent to permit him to reveal the secret—under the seal of confession—to Father Henry Garnet, the Superior of the Jesuit Order in England. And Catesby also gave the Father permission that in case the plot was discovered he was at liberty to reveal the knowledge he possessed to the general public. Father Garnet was horrified when he heard the proposal, and he tried to turn the conspirators from their contemplated crime. But, heedless of all advice, the conspirators were determined to prosecute their deadly project, and this they did until the plot was discovered, some of the conspirators killed and others arrested.

Amongst those who were engaged in the conspiracy was Bates, a servant of Catesby, who, in the hope of saving his own life, informed that the Jesuits—particularly Fathers Greenway and Garnet—were deeply implicated in the plot. This information coming to the ears of officials who only wanted a word in order to hang, draw and quarter every Jesuit in the land, *two months after the discovery of the plot* a proclamation was issued offering a reward for the capture of the Jesuits named. Pursuit was hot and keen. Greenway and Garnet were both apprehended in Worcestershire, where they were engaged in missionary work. Father Garnet was condemned to less than *twenty-three times*, without sufficient evidence being brought forward to convict him. Even Bates—the servant of Catesby—when asked to swear that the accusation he previously brought against Fathers Greenway and Garnet was true, retracted his former falsehood and flatly refused to perjure himself. Now, it stands to reason that if Father Garnet was guilty of any participation whatever in the gunpowder plot, it would certainly not require him to be examined *twenty-three times* in order to procure it. But what could not be accomplished by fair means was afterwards brought about by trickery so as to have even a thread of apparent guilt in order to hang a Catholic priest on purpose to placate Protestant passion against Popery. Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, was a Protestant bigot of the blackest hue, and he was determined that some Jesuits should die in order to satisfy his spleen against them. Greenway he instructed the jailors of the Jesuits to lodge them in adjoining apartments, to place two witnesses in ambuscade within earshot of them, and then to arrange a small spertrum in the hall dividing the two apartments through which they could converse loud enough to be overheard by the spies or the watch. This plot as carried out. Father Garnet's prisoner informed him on a secret given to his agent that he could converse with Father Oldcorne. The Jesuits made their spiritual exercises together, they made their peace with God, and gradually drifted into conversation concerning the cause of their origin imprisonment. At length Father Oldcorne asked Father Garnet whether he was willing to be examined about Catesby's plot? In reply Father Garnet said that there was only one man in the world—meaning Father Greenway—who could say that he had any knowledge of the criminal conspiracy. Three words were heard by the concealed spies and were carried forthwith to the government officials, who immediately ordered Father Greenway to be placed upon the rack where he was most brutally tortured to make him admit his guilt. Finally his trial was ordered, and although he was prepared to give no admission of a knowledge of the plot under the seal of confession—could not be brought against him, he was convicted and condemned to die on May 6th, 1606.

Let us now see how calmly an innocent man can meet death when he has the strength of his faith which is the fortitude of the soul in its hour of affliction. Here is Bishop Challoner's concluding words concerning this Jesuit martyr to English malice against the Catholic Church:

Then being stripped of his shirt, he kneeled down and prayed a while to himself at the foot of the ladder; then going up some steps, he prayed aloud for the King, the queen, the peace, and all the council, and begged the blessing of God for all the speculators, that God might make them all Roman Catholics, as the only way to secure their temporal welfare; declaring that for his own part, he died a Catholic, and desired all those who were by to be witnesses of his making the sign of the cross, he said: *Adoramus te Christe et benedicimus tibi*, O Christ, we adore and bless thee, because by thy cross Thou hast redeemed the world. The rope being then put about his neck, he said: *Sancta Maria, ora pro me*, Holy Mary, pray for me! and some ejaculations. Then calling to the executioner, three times at intervals, he desired him to stay a little, for he was hard, that he might be lengthened alive according to ancient custom; but the executioner, cut down, "Hold, hold, hold," so much were they moved at the sight of his patience, some favorably of him than they had done, and to compassionate his case, the rest when he was alive, so that the executioner, instead of hoisse, usual on this occasion, the people went off in silence.

Father Garnet suffered in the 63d year of his age, and died after some time in the society, or head house, of the Jesuits in Holborn, and it was generally observed that the Catholics, for many days, the same forty odor which it had during life, which drew all London to the martyr, and was interpreted as a testimony of his innocence; as was also an image of him wonderfully formed on the ear of a straw, on which a drop of his blood had fallen. His extract, taken by the order of the Society commonly called Father Garnet's straw, is now in the hands of his dear son after he was taken off the torture.

No person who—even at this distance of time—reads the foregoing simple and straightforward account of the last hours of Father Garnet, can harbor the thought for an instant that the saintly soul of that great son of St. Ignatius was sullied in the slightest with the sin of those criminals who concocted the conspiracy known as the Gunpowder Plot. His companion in prison was equally as guiltless, as the eminent ecclesiastic whose biography of Father Garnet we have already quoted, thus portrays the death scene of Father Oldcorne in a manner calculated to convince the most skeptical that the sweet soul of this Jesuit martyr also went before its Maker and Judge uncontaminated by any sin of a grave nature as that conspired by Catesby and his co-conspirators. Bishop Challoner, in alluding to Father Oldcorne's death, says:

After the discovery of the powder plot, Father Garnet, as we have seen already, being caught in the snare, and condemned for it in the same place, the same day, and the latter was also apprehended and condemned, and underwent the same death, the same day, and in the same place, in the Tower, and concurrently with the martyrdom of his superior, suffered, and underwent martyrdom in the same manner, and in the same place, and at the same time, and in the same place, and at the same time, and in the same place, and at the same time

Farm and Home.

JOHN'S WIFE.

BY ERNA BARNETT.

A young wife stood with her hand on her broom,
And looking around the little room,
"Nothing but toil forever," she said,
"From early morn till the light has fled,
If you only were a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow."
Tapping away, spoke drowsier John:
"Why so or we will what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passed her hand o'er his hair;
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tear drop fell on the low bent head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
We might be happier than we are,
But among such other, oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be."
Tapping away, spoke drowsier merchant John
"We're or we will what we're standing on."

A stately form, in velvet dressed—
A diamond gleaming on her breast:
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"I'll sometimes wish that I were dead.
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor man's bride."
From his easy chair, spoke gentlemanly John,
"We're or we will what we're standing on."

Homely Truths.

There are a few things it will to know in this world, without having to consult the books or the doctors. See that the following are indelibly engraved upon the tablets of memory, and you will have a few homely facts on call, which make up the largest sum of human wisdom.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

That salt should be eaten with nute to aid digestion.

That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.

That stale meats may be made fresh and wholesome by washing in soda water.

That boiled cabbage is much sweeter when the water is changed in boiling.

That fried onions should be boiled first in milk to be mild and odorless.

That a little soda water will relieve sick headaches caused by indigestion.

That a cup of hot water drank before meals will relieve nausea and dyspepsia.

That you can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of an egg before washing.

That white spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them.

That you may hasten the top to your kerosene lamp by using a little plaster of Paris cut with water.

That a fever patient is cooled and comforted by frequent sponging of with soda water.

That the hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp, of sage tea.

That it rests you in sewing to change your position frequently.

That cold tea should be saved for your vinegar barrel. It sours easily and gives color and flavor.

That tough meat may be made tender by laying a few minutes in vinegar water.

That to scale fish easily dip them in boiling water.

That a beat the white of eggs quickly add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

That rusty flat irons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard.

That boiling liquids, jellies, or fruits may be turned into glass if you press the bowl of a spoon on the bottom while filling.

That pickles will not keep well in a jar that has held lard, unless well scalded.

That fresh milk heated to the boiling point will keep sweet twice as long as but rather as cold milk.

That disinfected tea and coffee pots may which two or three spoonfuls of wood ashes have been placed, and letting the water come to the boiling point. Then wash thoroughly in hot soda and rinse.

That wall-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

That milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.

That the juice of the red onion is a perfect antidote for the sting of bees, wasps, hornets, etc. Its sting of the honey bee, which is always left in the wound, should be first removed.

That warm mustard water should be given to one who has accidentally swallowed poison. It will cause vomiting, after, which a cup of strong coffee should be given to counteract the remaining effects.

That cream, lemon juice, or water will relieve severe sunburn, according to the habits or skin condition of the sufferer.

That a bag of hot sand relieves earaches.

That you should breathe through your nose instead of your mouth, especially on coming from a warm room, or hall, into the damp night air.

That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bedtime breaks up a cold.

That milk pans should be immersed some minutes in boiling water, as it has been demonstrated that when not so treated they breed a host of fungus germs which poison the milk.

That consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water.

That mustard seed is excellent for cleansing the hands after handling odorous substances.

That a mixture of rain water, cologne, and glycerine should be kept by those who are troubled with roughness of the skin. Apply to the face or hands after washing.

That warm boric water will remove dandruff.

That bread is good for a rough complexion. Put a handful in a rag, dip it in tepid water and wash with it.

That to remove dust from a carpet, especially in a sick-room, fasten a wet cloth over the broom.

That a nervous headache, when the pain is frontal and the blood vessels are full and throbbing, may be relieved by putting cold cloths on the head and hot water to the feet.

That one in a faint should be laid flat on his back; then loosen his clothes and let him alone.

That teething children may be relieved of convulsions by being immersed in a warm bath with cold slobs on their heads.

That polverized camphor and lard stirred to a thick paste is excellent for crup or colds, applied to the throat, chest and nose. After which cover with soft flannels.

The Beloved Wife.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—more useful, and valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved. Let her be the recipient of his public and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is competent—in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress. Shield and shelterred therein, adversity will have lost meaning. She may suffer, but sympathy may deal the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and, by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a home without love, as a person to a machine; The one is life, the other mechanism.

Around the House.

Counterpanes and pillow shams are now made of paper.

Have plenty of flowers upon your table, but mass them low.

A handsome sofa pillow cover is made of crimson tartan, with a large half square embroidery in a lighter shade of crimson upon the upper side.

Do not hang colored pictures in hallways or on staircases unless there is plenty of light for them. Strong drawings, engravings and drawings in black and white go best in such places.

Pretty which have grown yellow with age can be given a rich effect by being frained in white mats. The contrast of the white mat gives an ordinary print, which is a trifle darkened by time, some of the beauty of an impression on India paper.

Pretty table mats are made of a kind of scenic cloth which is quite heavy and is glazed; that with a white ground and with pink rose-buds is particularly suitable. The mats should be of various sizes, and oblong, not round, and the edges are bordered with white cotton fringe.

A decorative catch-all, or receptacle for burnt matches, to hang in a corner is made by taking the rivet out of a Japanese fan and running a cord in place of it, to tie the sticks together over a tin or pasteboard cornucopia. Bright ribbons are sewn in and out of the sticks, which should be black, and bow with long loops hangs from the point, which is made of cardboard or quilted satin gift box finishes the top.

Fighting Sleep with Tea.

students, in order to work at night, in hour night madness, especially when preparing for an examination. More than half the cases of break down, loss of memory, fainting, etc., which occur during years examinations, and far more frequently than is commonly known, are due to this.

I frequently hear of promising students who have thus failed; and, on inquiry, have learned—in almost every instance—that the victim has previously dragged himself with tea or coffee. Sleep is the rest of the brain; to rob the hard worked brain of its necessary rest is cerebral suicide.

My old friend, the late Thomas Wright, was a victim of this terrible folly. He introduced the translation of the "Life of Julius Cesar," by Napoleon III., and so did in an cruelly short time. He fulfilled his contract by sitting up several nights successively by the aid of strong tea or coffee (I forget which). I saw him shortly afterwards. In a few weeks he had aged alarmingly, and became quite bald, his brain gave way and never recovered. There was but little difference between his age and mine, and but for the dreadful cerebral stroke, rendered possible only by the alkaloid (for otherwise he would have fallen asleep over his work, and thereby saved his life), he might still be amusing and instructing thousands of readers by fresh volumes of popularized archeological research.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Remedy for Communicating Whooping Cough.

In a case recently tried in the United States Circuit Court at New York, damages were asked against a person because he had taken his children to a brooding house, when they were sick with the whooping cough. The object of the proprietor took the disease in this way, and some of the boarders left the house and went elsewhere. The court held that damages must be awarded for whatever loss resulted from the bringing of the disease to the house. The opinion of the judge is in part as follows: "The defendant took his children when they had whooping cough, a contagious disease, to the boarding house of the plaintiff to board other boarders to it, who took it.

"The jury have found that this disease without exercising due care to prevent taking the disease into the boarding house. She was put to expense, care, and trouble in consequence of her child having it, and boarders were kept away by the presence of the disease from the house. Words which import the charge of having a contagious disease are in themselves actionable, because product people will avoid the company of persons thus charged therewith. The carrying of persons infected with contagious disease along public conveyances so as to endanger the health of other travelers, is indictable as a nuisance."

Coffee in Typhoid Fever.

Dr. Guillaume, of the French army, in a recent paper on typhoid fever, says:

"Coffee has given us satisfactory satisfaction; after having dispensed it, we find, to our great surprise, that its action is as prompt as it is decisive. No sooner have our patients taken a few tablespoonfuls of it than their features become relaxed and they come to their senses. The next day the improvement is such that we are tempted to look upon coffee as a specific against typhoid fever. I defer to it whenever its stupor is dispelled, and the patient rouses from the state of somnolency in which he has been since the invasion of the disease. Soon all the functions take their natural course, and he enters upon convalescence. Dr. Guillaume gives to an adult two or three tablespoonfuls of strong black coffee every two hours, alternated with one or two tablespoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia should be taken daily, and after a while, quinine. From the fact that malaise and cerebral fever appears first, the doctor reports typhoid fever as a nervous disease, and the coffee acting on the nerve centers, proves indicated in the early stages before local complications arise.

Give Water to Infants.

A physician of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital believes, from his experience, that infants generally, whether brought up on breast milk or artificially, are not supplied with sufficient water, the fluid portion of their food being quickly taken up, and leaving the solid too thick to be easily digested. In warm, dry weather, he believes infants should take every hour with advantage, and their frequent restlessness and rise of temperature is often directly due to their not having it. A free supply of water, and restricting the frequency of nursing, has been found at the nursery to be a most efficient check in cases of incipient fever, a diminished rate of mortality and marked reduction in the number of patients and time their complaints being attributed to this cause. In teeth-cutting water soothes the pains, and frequently stops the fretting and restlessness universal in children at this period.

—Mere sensibility is not true taste, but sensibility to real excellence is.

—Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

CATHOLICS WHO WANT EMPLOYMENT.

There are a large number of Catholic young ladies and gentlemen in this city who are seeking employment as boarding teachers, clerks, etc. Any business firm or individual desirous of obtaining good reliable Catholic help will please address this office and we will procure proper persons to fill such situations, free of any charge to either party.

Show this copy of the MONITOR to your Catholic friends and neighbors, and ask them to subscribe. Only $1 a year when paid in advance.

A Rich Woman's Wretched Death.

There has lived for many years at Lake Mahopac a woman named Eliza Baldwin, well known in that vicinity for her eccentricities and stinginess. She was the wife of "Uncle Henry" Baldwin and the sister of the late Reuben W. Baldwin, who for years kept the Baldwin Hotel, at Lake Mahopac. All her relatives are well to do, her husband is wealthy, and she was estimated to be worth $200,000. Yet she lived alone, apart from her husband, who was unable to endure her temper and arrogance. She had two sons, who she kept away from her. Lately one of them returned to see his mother, but was refused admittance by her, she claiming that he came after her money. Her husband at intervals for years, has offered to sell some property and received her signature to the deeds. She refused to sign until he had transferred to her one-third of all his property. Mr. Baldwin indulged her in many ways, and built for her, on a farm of thirty acres, a $10,000 house, and handsomely furnished it. She took possession, but little by little sold for cash the furniture and household articles. She lived most wretchedly, denying herself enough to eat and using in winter the basest possible fuel. The people of the vicinity had grown accustomed to her oddities, and therefore paid no attention to the fact that lately no signs of life or activity were manifest in her house. One of the neighbors, however, had some business to transact with her. She went to her house, and after repeated knockings was unable to gain admittance. The door was then broken in. Mrs Baldwin was found sitting in a chair in an empty room, her head resting on a table and a pipe containing a few grains scrap, the only articles in the house. After the funeral the Rev. Mr. Tuttle and the Hon. Sanford Smith, the only persons in whom Mrs Baldwin placed confidence, made a search of the house and $75,000 in cash was found, and it is supposed as much more remains hidden in undiscovered nooks.—*Albany Argus.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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WHAT A DIME WILL DO FOR YOU!
TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

INSOMNIA.—Will Mrs Grant Write Another Book? Will Mrs Langtry Ever Be Married? Will Mrs Cleveland Be Married Again? Will Mrs Jim Fisk Be Married? Will Mrs Scott Be Married? Will Mrs Cornelius Be Married? Will Mrs Ward Write Another Book? Will Mrs Cora Pearl Be Married? Will Mrs Lucy Hooper Be Married? Will Mrs Mary Anderson Be Married? Will Mrs Mary Abbott Be Married? Will Mrs Ada Cavendish Be Married? Will Mrs Mary Wood Be Married? Will Mrs Ole Bull Be Married? Will Mrs Ole Bull Be Married Again? Will Mrs Ole Bull Be Married Again? Will Mrs Ole Bull Be Married Again

"Mother All Merciful."

A NEW SHRINE TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

OUR LADY OF PELLEVOISIN.

The Scapular of the Sacred Heart.

In recent times La Salette and Lourdes have been rendered famous by the visible appearances of the Blessed Virgin in our own days Pellevoisin, Indre, diocese of Bourges, a small and unknown village in the centre of France, has all at once sprung into celebrity by the repeated visits of the Blessed Virgin, who, in a series of fifteen apparitions, several of which were attested by witnesses of unimpeachable integrity, declared her wish to be there honored, and revealed to a poor servant whom she suddenly and miraculously restored to health, the Scapular of the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son, as a shield and preservative against all the assaults of the devil.

ESTELLE PAGNETTE,

lady's maid to the Countess Arthur de la Rochefoucauld, had been long suffered at intervals during twelve years from a most excruciating internal disease, at last length attacked by pulmonary consumption which, after a period of six months, reduced her to extremity. Given over by the doctors, she received the last sacraments administered to her who is the "Health of the Weak" and implored her patroness to cure her if not in vain. After a death agony of eleven days she is suddenly and miraculously cured for the express purpose of declaring to the whole world that the Blessed Virgin wished the Scapular of the Sacred Heart to be worn in expiation of the outrages complicited against the Holy Evoharist. "Nothing shall be more pleasing to me than to see this livery on each one of my children, and that they most all endeavor to repair the outrages received by my Son in the Sacrament of His love."

IN OBEDIENCE TO THE ORDER

of the Blessed Virgin, Estelle goes to the Archbishop of the diocese, Monseigneur de La Tour d'Auvergne, and reveals to him the mission entrusted her. Prelate, one of the greatest dignitaries of the Church, immediately institutes a most minute and careful Canonical investigation into all the facts of the case, enters into communication with Rome on the subject, and then, with all the authority vested in him by the Holy See, solemnly establishes in his diocese a Confraternity in honor of Our Lady of Pellevoisin under the invocation of "Mother All Merciful," blesses the scapular seen by Estelle, enriches it with Indulgences, and finally sends his Vicar-General to take possession of the room hallowed by the presence of the Queen of Heaven, which is rapidly converted into a shrine. The few pilgrimages presided over by the Vicar-General took place on Sept. 8, 1877, exactly one year after the revelation of the Scapular, and eighteen months after the miraculous cure of Estelle.

EIGHT YEARS HAVE SCARCELY ELAPSED

since these marvellous events took place, and the truth of the promises of the immaculate Virgin become every day more and more manifest. Priests and laymen, rich and poor flock from all parts to this shrine, and on the anniversary of the revelation of the Scapular the pilgrims may be counted by thousands. This miraculous Scapular too, bearing on one side the representation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and on the other the image of Our Lady of Pellevoisin has become known even in the most remote regions, invested with it a power of extraordinary grace and blessings. It is already worn by more than one hundred thousand associates all over the Christian world, and its marvelous propagation is only an inferior to the at open of times proves that it must be evidently the work of God. Innumerable conversions of the most obdurate and hardened sinners have been obtained through the efficacy of this wonderful Scapular. Nor need we be astonished at this for what can be more capable of exposing God's anger than the sight of His creatures clothed with the precious livery of the

SACRED HEART OF HIS SON.

In 1857 Father A Sibaen, Cure of Pellevoisin, in the diocese of Bourges, undertook place, upon which a communion of inquity, reported spoken to the Archbishop of Bourges, and found a Confraternity in honor of Our Lady of Pellevoisin, under the invocation of "Mother All Merciful," (2) to permit the members of this Confraternity, to wear a distinctive scapular, and (3) to authorize the publication of a special prayer to the Scapular attached, in honor of Our Lady of Pellevoisin. On the 28th of July, 1877, the Archiepiscopal church gave his three requests as was issued by Charles Amable de La Tour d'Auvergne Lauraguais, Archbishop of Bourges, Primate Primate of Aquitaine, and assistant at the Pontifical throne, so that full canonical sanction was attached to this devotion. Perpetual adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament is so constantly kept up at this shrine, so that all the associates are prayed for at the altar of the "All Merciful Mother," night and day, living and dead forever.

For all information about the Scapular apply to Monsieur l'Abbe Salmon, Cure de Pellevoisin, Department de l'Indre, France.

METHODISM NOT MUCH ACCOUNT.

What a Protestant Paper Says Concerning that Sect.

The Chicago Living Church an Episcopalian organ not yet disposed to unite in the Catholic Church, has the following editorial under heading of "The Loaves Scattered—the Essen Plenary Council and the Methodist Centennial Conference":

Methodism lacks the cohesive power of creation, it seems, but the power of force operates as well. It lacks the element of adaptation, but it has its compensation in the faithful work insight into subtler the things of daily life so into the things of the Spirit. In an of strength is the wonderful activity of its clergy and people, but there and is merely great in scattering the corkscrew, not in building up other little people of the society in which they grow upon the basis of fundamental truth. The Methodists are less hampered by the traditions of the social order than the Church of Christ, except in the matter of the Episcopate. They have had no idea, the idea of gathering people into the fold

Poetry.

THE IRISH MOTHER.

BY A. M. B. PIATT.

"Good mother, from your wayside hut,
Was with your ninety years,
Tall as a fairy day—but
Friend of distress and fear
For I am lost beyond the sill
Of hell, hurt with a knife!
That smile, is only to allow to kill!
Good mother, hurt with life!"

"My lady, save you kiss but sad,
Yet, it's a merry day.
I'm not too wrinkled to be glad
[And you are not pregnant].
Good lady, time goes!
For God is good, I'm told,
And life's the best He has to give;
I'm thankful to be old.

"Yes, time is good, I'm told. You see,
I can not read. But, then,
I can believe. He's good to me,
He is, and good to men.
They say He made us corrupt, too,
The world would be too sweet
To leave, if this should not be true."
["The world the moth can eat."]

"He keeps my little cabin there
Safe when the storm is fierce and wild.
When I was young He let me wear
My mother's silver shawl
And then I was His young, young
The handsomest, you'd own,
As all the Irish count.
It's much I've lived alone.

"My lady, stare that long black night
Like falling boat wind blows,
My boy that kept my heart so light
Is dead with the rest of his.
A lonely boy, such gold like hair,
All smile." [He [illegible] dim.]
"Dear hope him. Yet, I'm quiet there
Where I can't see him.

She bashed and turned to go inside
As carelessly as I,
A heap of straw (the door was wide)
Was all that I could see.
Yet, on the little window, low,
A bright geranium grew;
That's for my boy, he loved them so,
He loved them fondest, too."

"Good mother—" "Sure but things go ill
In our poor country. Yet,
He gives me bread and shelter still,
It is not He that forgets.
We parted, for the light was low;
I turned and looked around;
Lord of us all, our heart's-ease grew
A bush a plot of ground."

O MOTHER, BABY, SAVE OUR BABE.

BY MRS. W. M. STEWDOLON.

The night is stormy, bitter, dark,
O Mother Mary, save our bark!
Around us the crested waves,
O Mother, for Thy Son's sake save!
The mile crash in the shrieking blast,
O guide us safe to port at last!
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar,
Mother, to Thee we loudly cry.
The mast is gone, the timbers strain,
Ah! is our prayer to Thee in vain!
We hear the breakers on the shore,
Without Thy aid all hope is o'er;
The thunder peals along the sky,
O Mother, hear thy children's cry!
Thy children! in the darkness of the night
To be to us a beacon light!
O lead us, leader, guiding hand,
O letter us safely to the land!
What though my bark is strain'd and torn,
What though it of its gallant crew be shorn?
Then—Thou can'st guide us safely back
Across the stormy, restless track.

Literary Miscellany.

On Eviction Duty.

BY ONE OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

In the years of which I write the life of our county was wretched enough. Famine had turned the land, supplying us in innumerable risks, and rendered our life uncertain in the extreme. Though, personally, we used to be on the best of terms with the peasantry, yet the unpopularity of our office, and that feeling of resistance to the law which in those days was so widely diffused, made life in the place resemble one incessant round of lost and adventure. Yet this life had many charms for me. To a person not too fond of ease, who loved the thrilling excitement of danger, and was fond of many fastidious; and, in the wild and buoyant exuberance of youth, I lived its free and easy life, its rapid changes of scene, and last, but not least, its dashing features of adventure. True, we had many duties to perform from which any good minded man would shrink—duties upon which we could only look with horror and loathing; but, fortunately, during my time in the police I had only few of such detestable duties to perform. I add that one of those duties was to attend at evictions to protect the sheriff in the execution of his duty, where some of the most heartrending scenes of misery and woe were enacted! To be present on an occasion like this fell to my lot; but I can never will death can Time, with his effacing hand, erase from my mind the remembrance of that scene, the agony and horror which marked the faces of the unfortunate people, as, turned adrift from their homes to face the rude battle of the wide, wide world, they took their last look at their desolate cabins, and new sought around them but woe and desolation.

In the southeastern part of Mayo, beyond the town of Claremorris and Castlebar, lies a wide and lonely district of country, fertile in its soil, and capable of producing in the greatest abundance everything necessary for the support of human life. But no sign of human life is to be seen in this wide tract, save where the smoke from a hard-hit cottage up to Heaven, making the surrounding desolation still more desolate; or well-thatched cottages peer out from the clusters of trees; the hum of busy life is not heard; no laborers work in the fields, and the hoot of owls as one wave brings in the passing traveller's ear the merry sounds of the fiddle or the pleasant cry of child hood's glee. Yet upon this wide plain was the abode of a brave, happy and contented peasantry; now herds of cattle roam through the fields, and the sheep graze upon the site of the cotter's home. The brave, and merry hearts that once peopled these valleys have long since wandered far away, and the bones of some are tossed restlessly about the waters of the ever moving Atlantic, while others have laid them down to rest beneath the shadows of America's primeval forests. Forth they went from their native land in sorrow and in gloom, and though, perhaps, in their land of adoption, they earned for themselves richesand honor, who can tell the hard disconsolate feelings that filled the hearts of Erin's exiled children for the land that they have left behind, those unutilled longings for that land to them—

"Of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside."

America might be great, and free and prosperous, and might offer to the emigrant every advantage to be derived from a fertile soil and immense though undeveloped resources, but still it was not Ireland; and often has the heart grown heavy and the eyes dim with tears, as at morning or at eve the thoughts of the lonely dwellers by the shores of the western ocean wandered back to that green and sea-girt isle which they shall never see again, and to those once happy cottages which once made up the peasantry, and no matter where he may be thrown by the vicissitudes of life, his heart

is to the last in Ireland, and with his last sigh he breathes a wish for the welfare of his native land.

It was just daybreak of a cold, raw morning in spring, that earning force of police dashed along the narrow road leading to the crowded villages of the district to which I have just alluded, accompanied by the sheriff and his necessary assistants, the "crowbar brigade." We were upon the errand of driving several hundred families were to be ejected from their homes, and we were there to protect the sheriff, the representative of the law, in the execution of his duty. The faces of the men around me showed their feelings, and than they felt the disagreeable nature of the errand upon which they were engaged. In contrast of the careless and happy glances which usually marked their countenances, a sad gloomy shadow seemed to have fallen over all, as if in anticipating they saw the melancholy and heart-rending scenes they were about to witness. The village was hushed in silence as we approached. No sound save our measured and uncertain tramp, could be heard; and it seemed as if the poor villagers slept on in their humble homes, not knowing or not caring for the fate so near at hand

But soon the news spread that we had arrived, and a scene of grief and lamentation arose, upon the like of which I trust that I may never look again. The wild and disheveled appearance of the poor weak women, as, wringing their hands, they rushed to and fro; the terror-stricken looks of the children, and the stern, gloomy features of the men, as, from beneath their dark eyebrows, they gazed sympathetically upon us, made up a dark and gloomy picture.

The sheriff and his men were expeditious to work, and soon had taken possession of several houses, while the wretched inhabitants, standing upon the road in the midst of their scanty and broken furniture, watched the deeds of their ruing shown the once happy home, as the crowbar, plied by vigorous and practised hands, was soon heard by brought down the weak walls, all crumbling to the earth with a crash, leaving nought but a mass of ruins where a few short moments before had been the homes of a happy people.

Still the work of destruction went on, and gradually the people began to feel the cold cold for shelter, grew more and more numerous—the sound of the crowbar and the crash of the falling timbers mingling in a hideous chorus with the cries and lamentations of the wretched people. Larger and larger grew the crowd around us, darker and darker grew the frown of the men; and the sheriff's face grew pale with fear and apprehension as he saw the fierce looks of the stalwart peasants who looked gloomily on, raging in an impotent desire for vengeance, but deterred by the fear inspired by the flashing of the arms and the countenance of the dark-clad and compact mass of men that were standing in their midst. Fierce and bitter imprecations were heard on every side, but the work of demolition still went on, and they had to seem inclined to dare the consequences of resistance.

At length the sheriff and his party proceeded to the house of a widow woman; named O'Byrne, whose only son was lying on a sick-bed almost in the last stages of consumption. In vain the poor young man begged and groaned in his pain; they opposed to hard and relentless hearts. Her furniture was pitched into the road, and the hard hands of the sheriff's assistants were best to lift out the pallet upon which the sick man lay. But the excitement outside had become almost maddening. Shouts and yells of execration filled the air, and even veteran policeman, old and hardened in many a harrowing scene, turned for a moment to hide the tell-tale tears—no shame to their manhood—that they rushed to their eyes. But when they appeared, lour rolled, though silent, yet terrible, over the crowd. The sheriff's party fled, leaving their bounds. They rushed upon the sheriff and his men, torc O'Byrne from their grasp; and were proceeding to extremities, but quick as lightning they were encircled by a row of glittering bayonets, the sheriff and his man were rescued from them, while a circle of shining bayonets surrounded the house, and the work of demolition went on as before.

But the intense excitement which had been gathering, been fomenting in their minds, having once found vent, could not easily be repressed, and their attitude became very threatening towards us. We were, however, too strong in force to be attacked by any demonstration they could make; but the sheriff was a coward of the most abject type, and his knees were shaking beneath him, as, crouching within the armed ring, he gazed fearfully upon the threatening faces outside. Soon stones and sticks from the extreme limits of the crowd began to be hurled upon us, and vengeful shouts and yells filled the air. Again and again the officer in command called on them to disperse; he appealed to men too angry to be determined to be influenced by words. At length the Riot Act was read. The sheriff then assumed the command, called upon the officer to command us to fire; but he, looking with contempt upon the craven and arrest wretch at his side, and striking with horror from the consequences likely to ensue from such an order, when, perhaps, the helpless women and children, standing mingled with the crowd, would be left cold and dying upon the road, promptly refused. Again and again the sheriff ordered him to fire; and again and again he refused.

"Order your men to fire, or I will report you on my return to Castlebar."

"I am ready to bear the responsibility, there is no present necessity for firing."

"Do you know that you are here under my command? I call upon you again to fire your men the order to fire."

"I am here to afford you protection. You are not in a fit state to take the command."

"You will report this" said the sheriff, in a rage.

"All right" was the taunting response. "Do, remember, my men are not used to obey the orders of a coward."

At this direct insult the cuttiness of the sheriff became almost lived. But fear had completely over-mastered him, and he stood there cowed and trembling beneath the scornful glance of his subordinate. But, in the meantime, the crowd around us had reams more and more violent, and at length the order was given to charge.

Forward we went with levelled bayonets, the crowd slowly and sullenly retreating before us, and more than one received severe bayonet thrusts in the onset; but they were cool and determined, and the resistance they had to meet with gradually gave way before the steady push and steady stream of stones had its group of stalwart peasants with gloom upon their brows, and anger and revenge in their hearts, giving to forced quest while the work of demolition went on.

From the ruins of the cabins they had scattered the sticks of the road in search of lists where the evicted families could for the time being take refuge from the cold and biting blast, while those who were of fortunate as to have friends or relatives on other properties were led away by the hand to distant villages, where a temporary shelter was afforded them from the penalty and injustice of their landlord.

The sun had gone far down in his course, and the shadows of evening were beginning to fall as we approached the last cabin of which possession was to be taken that day. It belonged to an old and venerable man, who, with his two sons and a daughter, lived upon it, in the heritage of a failure, the plot of ground, which though small, had belonged to his family from time immemorial. It was a melancholy sight to see the old man, as, bent down with years, his white hair floating wild in the breeze, the tears streaming from his eyes, and clasping his little daughter to his breast, kneeled upon that small cabin endeared to him by a thousand recollections—the remembrance of childhood and of youth, of manhood and of age. Turned, through figuring generations, the eyes of his fathers been closed in death; there had he engaged the hand of his dead wife, and watched with a proud eye the growing beauty of his children. But the happy days of his youth he should wander homeless forever on the earth. Never again might he expect to hear the merry voices of his children—never might he expect to show his eye beneath the shadow of the old roof, and never might he expect to lay himself down to rest in that long but sleep amid the bones of his kindred in the lonely graveyard of his parish. Ah, no! Rapidly the crowbar had been plied; and a rush, a crash, a fall told him that he was homeless. Above the site of his home arose a cloud of dust to tell him where it had once been. But he heeded it not; his eyes became stony in their glance; then exhausted nature gave way, and he sank down in a fit. Quickly he was borne away by friendly hands, but what an awakening was his! Better, far better, had it been for him if in that awful moment of nature's agony the soul had taken wing to the last home of the brave. There he might expect mercy; but in this world to man, cruel men, he could look for none.

But he was not destined to bear the affliction this quietly. During the whole time of the eviction a distant hill had been stood gazing on, dark and silent, nothing seen of the scenes of ruin and the tightly drawn lip telling of the intense struggle that raged in their breast. But, when all was over, when the house was completely demolished, and when the sheriff and his party had retired to the town, one of them, springing forward, caught him by the throat, and shouting, "Come down, you old rebel!" instantly all was commotion. The efforts of several policemen were at vain to separate them, and they rolled upon the ground, the young man still retaining his grasp upon the throat of the other, who with staring eyes and quick, gasping breath told of his agonizing condition.

At length they were torn asunder, and the young man being made a prisoner was placed in the centre of our column, as, amidst our cheers we took our leave of the place. But the sight of the struggle seemed to have roused the crowd to actual frenzy and they seemed determined to gain possession of our prisoner. A cloud of sticks, stones, and every species of missiles fell over our heads, as the crowd closed in upon us; but, with levelled bayonets, we soon opened a passage through their midst. We were not destined to escape so easily. They crowded around us again, and standing every at the bayonets' points, they made strike us even in the ranks. Pitying the condition of the unfortunate people, the officer in command of us was unwilling to proceed to extremities; but when entreaties, and even threats failed to disperse them, and of no avail, when our situation admitted of no further forbearance, and when the angry clamors of his own men told him that he could not restrain them, he reluctantly gave the command to charge.

Just as the last sound of the last word was heard, a shower of flame ran along our front rank, followed by a rattling discharge, and the stones whizzed away, several wounded men lay moaning on the ground, and the crowd fled in terror before us.

But the warning served its purpose, and we arrived at Castlebar safely, without further molested.

That night our prisoner disappeared out of the lock up in Castlebar barrack; but by the exertions of the sheriff he was soon after afterwards accustomed, nor was he ever seen in that country again.

Such was the first and last day's eviction duty that I ever performed. When the sheriff had recovered from the affect the fright, and was well enough to proceed with the remaining eviction at Castlebar we as I look back upon the retrospect of my life, I trust that I may never witness such a scene again.

The Adventures of a Statue.

For the past 40 years and more, people have laughed at the cold air and naked form of George Washington as his stay in marble at the east front of the Capitol. He has been the target of all the jokes of Senators, Representatives, strangers, and guides for the past four decades, and even women like E. Dickinson had added to his ridicule. Still this statue has a longer history than any other at the Capitol. It was ordered by Congress at the end of Andrew Jackson's first term, and it took eight years for Horatio Greenough to make it. He did work in Florence, Italy, and he made the statue in a sitting posture instead of pedestrian, as the act of Congress demanded. It was designed, you know, to stand in the centre of the rotunda, inside the Capitol. Well, when it was completed, in 1840, the next question was how to get it from Italy to America. Congress bought over it for some time and finally sent a man-of-war to bring it from Genoa to Washington. In the meanwhile Mr. Greenough had started it on to Genoa. It weighed 12 tons, and it took 22 yoke of oxen to haul it. When it got to Genoa it was found that it was so large that it could not be pitted through the hatchway of the man-of-war, which was to carry it to Washington, and a merchant vessel had to be chartered. At last it arrived at the Washington navy yard, and Congress was horrified to see that their pedestrian statue was sitting in a chair, and that it was nearly 20 feet high. Henry A. Wise then said, "The man Jones, I know, and never did love, who sat Washington without his shirt," and the country applauded the sentiment. But the navy yard is not the Capitol, and it cost $6,000 to bring the statue from it to the rotunda. When it was gotten to the Capitol down it was found that the statue, like the painting of the Voice of Windsor's family, was too large to go through. The passage had to be cut away, and the door enlarged. When it was finally put in, it was found that the statue was too heavy, and it had to be built under it to support it. It was then found, however, that the rotunda was no place for it, and finally, after a number of removals, it was taken to where it stands by the lower east door, in front of the Capitol plateau, where the winds can blow and the people can laugh to get relearing by, and where Jim nakedness has been boldness arch of the sky" for a canopy. Originally the statue was to have cost $5,000. It has already cost $40,000, and the sum is considerably increased at every removal."

Cures for Heart Disease.

Some marvellous cures have been effected by Dr. Ringer's Heart Tonic. Persons suffering from heart disease should give this wonderful medicine a trial. 21 at druggists. 7 BACK STREET, Boston.

Brook's Spool Cotton, soft finish as well as glace finish, is manufactured especially for sewing machine work. Try it on any machine and you will try no other. For sale by all dry goods dealers.

The Monitor always contains one week's later Catholic and Irish news than the Eastern papers.

AN INGENIOUS BLIND MAN.

He Writes Poetry and Practises Philosophy at the Same Time.

For several days past persons reaching Jersey City by ferry have seen a crowd gathered in front of a blind man who sits whitting fans out of rough pine sticks against the base of the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry, about half a block from the ferry slip on a wooden box. At his feet there is a small pile of pieces of pitch pine, about twelve inches long and two inches wide. At his right is a bucket of water. He begins each by smoothed off a rough piece. Then pressing one end of the stick against his body, he cuts a notch in the stick at a point where the thumb and first finger of his fingers over the stick, he marks out a fan from the end, and notches that. The next process is to whittle the other end to the shape of a handle. Again reversing the stick, he takes from his pocket a small wooden wedge, with which he is able to chip the end that he now holds until his fingers tell him that it is smooth and of the right bulge. Resting the stick to a perpendicular he runs his knife quickly into it to the part that he has redperviously marked out as the place where the handle should begin. Then he reversing rides the upper half of the stick into splints, which are perhaps six inches long, an inch wide, and about an eighth of an inch thick. The end of the stick is not more than two inches in diameter, and he splits it into twelve or thirty splints. When the splinting is finished the blind man takes one of the fans into three sides of a hexagon. After the fan is made it looks like a fan.

When the exhibition has gone thus far he takes the stick in the left hand, the fan in the right, and with a few quick strokes of the knife he cuts the fan into a fan. Then he takes up another stick and shapes and cuts it in the same way, sometimes he has a story to throw gathered about him. His hands are so adapted to difficulties, that his speech so simple that few who hear it can avoid being interested in the story he has to tell. He says he was born in Ireland, but he has been in this country so long that he calls himself "only from Jersey." Twenty four years I have been blind. I was born blind, I believe, but I can see sight. People often ask me how it feels to be blind, and I always tell them that it is the way the feelings of people who see differ from my feelings. I have not been able to study it out. As for me, while I have wished sometimes that I could see, I never cared for sight but three times. The first time was when I married my girl wife. I thought she must be a beauty, for I felt it. I guess my boy, who is here, thinks that I was indeed taking my chances blindly. The next time was when our baby was born; born with eyes, and with a body, and with feelings, the other day, when I went home I was prepared with a shock, but my boy, poor fellow, I said nothing at home, but I wanted to see it. I knew sight has its blessings. Those who have sight do much more than I can without it. I notice that people with sight have their own pleasures, and they make life, and are subject to more annoyances, perhaps, than those who are blind. Probably most of you would rather have sight and troubles than to be sightless and free from all troubles. But, after all, those that see may take a lesson from the blind—the lesson of patience.

By the time this little speech is over, the crowd has been prepared for the fan and the one that he put in the water before the sticks, and he has a few cents in his hand, asked to come out. He makes the exchange and moves with the naked stick in his hand, the splint and sawyer. His fingers fly from one to the other, and he cuts them outward, catching the end of the sectors, and with a few quick strokes of the knife, first splint, and so on. The splints are arranged and shaped, and he begins from about half of them in one direction, he performs a process of twisting, and he produces shaping the sector into a perfect fan. He asks for the fans 10 cents each, but he gives one to a sympathetic listener, who unscrews, no doubt, his receipts from sales. He is so quick that he is gone before the crowd by threading a needle with his teeth and sewing the fan with a strong thread on the tip of his tongue, with rapid proficiency sightly, and the needle a quarter of an inch off. He tongue works the end of the thread through the needle's eye as fast as quickly as a person with sight could do it.

Death of English kings.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, which was the cause of the death of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted.

Henry I. died of gluttony.

Henry II. died of a broken heart; consumed by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Coeur de Lion, like the animal from which his heart was named, died by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how; but it is said from poison, which he intended for others.

Henry III. died of old age, and left the crown of England to his son Edward I.

Edward I. likewise said to have died a "natural sickness"—a sickness which would prevail with the College of Physicians of domestic.

Edward II. was most barbarously and indecently murdered by assassins in his own mother and her paramour.

Edward III. died of dotage, and Richard II. of Starvation—the very reverse of Henry V.

Henry IV. is said to have died of "this and that" disorders; and uneasiness in palaces in those times was very common complaint.

Henry V. is said to have died of a "painful affection, presumably." This is a courtly way of putting it, but it is true.

Henry VI. died in prison, by means known then only to his jailer, and now known only to Heaven.

Edward V. was strangled in the Tower by his uncle, Richard III.

Richard III. was killed in battle.

Henry VII. died easily, as a miser ought to.

Henry VIII. died of carbuncles, fat and fury.

Edward VI. died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy from having sacrificed Essex to her jealousy.

James I. died of drinking and the effects of his sins.

Charles I. died on the scaffold.

Charles II. died unfairly—it is said of apoplexy.

William III. died from consumption induced by body, and from the stumbling of his horses.

Queen Anne died from dropsy.

George I. died of drunkenness, which his physicians politely called an apoplectic fit.

George II. died of a rupture of the heart, which the professionals of that day termed a "disruption of the aorta."

George III. died as he had lived—a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent monarch.

George IV. died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William IV. died from consumption induced by body, and from the stumbling of his horses.

Queen Anne died from dropsy.

Victoria

THE MONITOR.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing ideas, and popularizing ideas constitutes opinion, and opinion governs the world. In our time, religious journalism is not only a powerful and serious vocation, but only a week intervenes between the pulpit and the people, and the pulpit speaks. What is said was ought to be the object of Catholic journalism but to combat error and defend the truth, whether it may be—across all, the Divine truth."—BISHOP TEBRACH'S MANUAL UNITARIA.

The New Archbishop of Oregon.

Should the rumor prove true which we published last week relative to the appointment of Right Rev. William H. Gross, C. SS. R., of Savannah, Georgia, as Archbishop of Oregon, the Catholic people of that extensive Diocese will have reason to rejoice that Rome has made such a splendid selection for them. Bishop Gross is born in the Catholic city of Baltimore, of German parents; he received his ecclesiastical education in the college of St. Charles, Maryland, and after many years of arduous labors as curate and rector, he was consecrated Bishop of Savannah, by Archbishop Bayley, in the cathedral of Baltimore, on Sunday, April 27th, 1873.

Since his connection with the See of Savannah, Bishop Gross has accomplished a great deal of good not only in his own immediate diocese but also throughout a great portion of the South, in consequence of the interest he has manifested in propagating the faith among the colored population and establishing schools for their instruction. He has also greatly increased the number of churches and charitable institutions in his diocese, and left behind him the mark of prosperity upon every portion of the State where Catholic interests are concentrated.

Bishop Gross is a man of fine personal appearance, about fifty years of age, of medium height, and very prepossessing. He is blessed with a very amiable disposition and is most zealous in the cause of Catholic education. All these traits in his character will help to develop the religious interests of the great Northwest, and promote the interests of the Church in the Archdiocese of Oregon, which is destined at no distant day to contain a very large number of Catholic citizens.

A dispatch from Savannah, received yesterday, says that Bishop Gross has been officially informed of his promotion to the Archbishopric of Oregon. The Bishop was tendered a reception by the Catholic section of Savannah, at which many were present from other cities. His spoke of the late Plenary Council, stating as the result of that body's deliberations that Catholicity would double in this country in a short time.

Who is Saint Blase?

A "Catholic reader" writes to enquire who is St. Blase, whose name he was mentioned in the MONITOR a couple of weeks ago in connection with throat diseases. St. Blase was a bishop and martyr in the first persecution of Diocles, in the year 316. He is frequently mentioned in the ancient western martyrologies which have come to one's name. In the holy wars his relics were dispersed over the West, and his veneration was propagated by many miraculous cures, especially of sore throat.

In Europe and in this country, since such diseases as diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat diseases, have added so largely to the death list, the invocation of St. Blase has become revived, and thousands of people annually visit the churches where the ceremony is performed on February 3rd—the festival of the Saint.

The ceremony itself is very simple, and for the instruction of those who may never have witnessed it we copy the following from a Hartford, Conn., paper:

At the early Mass the pastor blessed two candles, which were to be subsequently used. These candles were by no means the most unimportant feature of the ceremony.

The note struck for the administration was struck, but long before that how hundreds of devoted Catholics, connected with all parishes in the city, were assembled in the Church. Each of the prompt were candidates for the application of the blessed candles and the benedictions of the Father Saint. Although no announcement, other than that contained in the calendar had been given, yet the church was crowded.

The Pastor, Very Rev. Father Mullaney, was assisted by his curates, Rev. Corcoran and Dutchard. At the appointed hour the three priests arrayed in the garb prescribed by the Catholic Church, appeared at the altar and the ceremonies commenced. After a silent prayer the candles were prepared to be opened, the altar rail, which they did. Then the priests repeated two Latin prayers, the Pater Noster and the two Latin prayers, the Pater Noster and the two Latin prayers, the Pater Noster and the

Farm and Home.

THE OLD ATTIC ROOM.

I remember the dear old attic room,
Where I slept when a little boy,
In the farm-house over beside the hill,
When life was a perfect joy.
I remember the shelves so old and quaint,
And the bed where I used to sleep,
And the chest of drawers beside the door,
Where the apples were always kept.

I remember well how the early sun
Through the window small would stray,
And how the birds in the tree outside
Would warble their merriest lay,
And how my mother's "Time to get up!"
In my heedless ear would fall,
And the unpretentious print that hung
In mysterious use on the wall.

I remember the rolling, crashed and low,
Where branches of pepper hung
And the musty smell—now that wouldn't roll up,
But in every sense and sensation was real.
I remember the harvels with stovepipes filled,
And various other things,
And the memory of the dear old room
Remembrances also brings.

Of the nights I had of lazeiness rest!
What wouldn't I give to be
Again, in the cozy, high-bed dream,
A wanderer happy and free?
And on the carpetless floor to tramp,
A merry and boisterous boy,
Not the sedate and dignified man
With her latest painted toy!

The room was not fair to look upon,
But to me 'twas a jolly nest,
As I blew on the bellows I would lay on down
In steed and willing quest,
And dream the dreams that then I dreamt,
In the slight so cool and still,
Or the lonely bed in the attic room
In the farmhouse by the hill.

DO.

The girls who have pored over the pages of the little book called "Duck's," are now reading the anagrams to accept advice in regard to things that they should do.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do sign your full name to your letters.

Do, when you talk, keep your hands still.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do be resistent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign to superiority to talk like a fool.

Do observe; the family of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do try to remember where you put your gloves and card-case; keep the former mended and the latter filled.

Do put your hair pins in so they will stay; it looks shrewdly, to say the least, to see them half dropping out.

Do avoid causes of irritation in family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do, sometimes at least, allow your mother or lover better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

Do be exact in money matters; every dale you incur means loss, probably to some one less able than you to bear it.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile, say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with relation to their contents; a rambling ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your neighbor; the habit of being careless is the antipathy of the female mind for accurate and reasonable argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others: it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will give you when you are yourself a talker.

Do be contented; "misery" are listeners; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere. Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as gossiping; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one or them; if you have anything to say, say it, if you have not, do hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Mistakes of Farmers.

1. To think that any one can farm: that a man who has started as a contractor for a patent toothpick or bed been unsuccessful as a carpenter, can jump into a tobacco-raising high intelligent and preserving efforts, and, being utterly unfamiliar with details, be able to be a money.

2. The idea that a large farm, half stocked, and poorly cultivated, pays better than a few acres well and carefully tilled.

3. What is in but the worst kind of a mistake to pay hundreds of dollars for good farm machinery, and allow it for want of proper shelter to rot and become useless a year or so sooner than it should.

4. It is a mistake to let year after year pass by with no attempt to improve the quality of the farm stock. Blooded cattle pay. They make beef quicker, the sows give more and richer milk. Better blood in horses pays.

5. To let British pride or narrow minded prejudice prevent the adoption of new methods when they have been proved by practical use.

6. To get up after the sun, lean on a hoe handle, speculate for an hour or two upon what the weather is going to be, let the weeds get a start, and then wonder why farming don't pay.

7. To have a lot of unchopped wood wet or half split at the pile, a lot of old harness hanging in the kitchen, and muddy tracks in the dining room, and expect to see the women folk good natured.

8. To have a lot of half-fed, emaciated, lonesome looking fowls, roosting depletedly in some old outstrewed tree when a few good, healthy chickens, properly housed, would make the poultry yard an honor, instead of a disgrace.—*Practical Farmer.*

Mothers—Their Great Influence.

It is hard for a young mother who has not yet overcome the waywardness and tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her little one. She is constantly surrounded by critical relatives, who, if her morals and her manners. As the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother who is dainty and refined in her manners, and who is one that considers it necessary to be one woman in the drawing-room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, her who is a true mother and who is always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and her perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough, romping, noisy, busy boys, will always tone down their voices, and stand quietly, and try to move manfully when she stops to give them a kind word and a pleasant smile—for a true woman will never fail to say and do all the kind, pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of tomorrow. Think of it, dear mothers, and guard well your home treasures.

Family Fun.

THE CRAZY QUILT.

My darling wife, pray tell to me,
When it was time for crazy quilt was?
And the lady told (an genuively
Sew, sisters, sew, sew with one;
Sew on the work of the ten inch square.
A blue silk bit for the upper side,
And a pink silk bit not quite so wide;
A bit of plush of an olive green,
And smallish piece of velvetine;
A scarlet piece to the corner there
And a scraps of white and here's your square.

My darling wife, pray, pardon me
For what I said of the crazy quilt;
And I'll sew on the ten inch square,
Sew, sisters, sew, sew with care.
Send by the post and go by the car,
And have your friends look near and far;
The attic search, and search the chest
For grandma's dress and grandma's vest.
Bits, sisters, cut, cut with care,
Straight or diagonal, bias or square,

But, darling wife, do promise me
To be in time for our supper tea,
And still the answered passively
Stitch, sisters, stitch, stitch with care,
Stitch on the work of the ten inch square.
A horse-race is a very good thing,
And a splendid "find" is a honest string;
Most anything serve to fill
For the bit and nine, and nine and bit.
The leather stitch or the herring-bone,
Or "set up" a stitch that all your own;
The tricksy stitch or the button hole,
And sew away by the perch or pole.
Out, sisters, out, sew with care,
Stitch ahead on the ten inch square.
Stitch, sisters, stitch, stitch with care,
Stitch on the work of the ten inch square.
A pansy there with an old-fashioned rose;
And a lemon-orange reddish glare,
You're sure to have your ten inch square.

Bill Nye on Butter-Milk.

Butter is the nature fruit of the full blown cow, writes Bill Nye in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. It is the greatest effort of her life. The cow toils not, neither does she spin, yet I say unto you Solomon in all his glory could not beat her on the hand-made, or rather milk made, butter. This suitable joke I have repeated and newly adulterated for use during the winter.

Butter comes from the cow in a liquid state. It is quite a trick to win her confidence so that she will yield it up to a fellow stranger. I once sought to woo the latent fluid from the milk rotor of a large speckled cow, to whom I was a comparative stranger. She was not one of those bloodied cows that look as though they have been cut out of a sheet of paper with a pair of scissors. She was a low cow, with coarse instincts, born in obscurity.

Her brow was low, but she wore her tail high, and she was haughty—oh, so haughty. The young man who had hitherto acquired the milk from this cow deserved one day to his home away to a neighboring village, where he might trip the light bomblate too till the was sent home against the two. (Quotation from a poet who was a poor speller.) He wanted me to milk his large speckled, plebian cow, and I said I would. The movement was certainly all mine. I undertook to do as I had agreed, but failed. From the moment I entered her stall and made a commonplace remark to her, I knew our acquaintance would not lead to a warm attachment. Somehow I felt constrained and uneasy in her society from the moment we met until loving friends pulled me out through the stable window and brought me back to consciousness. I shall ever remember to milk a strange cow again until the sign is right. So far the sign has not been right.

I might be sent on a polar expedition and get stranded on an iceberg, with no other alternative but to milk a cow or eat an old friend, but I should fain to milk the cow unless the friend was a very old friend indeed.

Butter is produced by rapunging the juice from a rare and costly chemical known as cream. Cream is boat in the milk. Milk is known as dry and extra dry. A good milkman will always ask you if you want your milk wet or otherwise.

An old well-digger named Grady told me about going over into southern Indiana at one time to dig a well for a man named Wilson. Wilson wanted to be very close. He was the most cootigious man in Indiana. He sold water to a man on the other side and then turn it over and earn the bubble. It was a constant struggle between Wilson and his wife to see which would be the master.

The first day that Grady was there they had a round ball of butter about as big as a lemon and as hard as Plancksbrook's law. The butter-knife had a handle that would turn every time anyone tried to get a lick at the butter, and the little round ball would dog over on the other side and smile. Now and then a hired man would reach over with his own knife and make a shash at it; but the better, confident of its own strength, would up over with a dull thud, and the man would heave a sigh and give it up. Then another farm hand would make a dash at it, but burst into tears and quit. Finally Grady, who had watched the performance several days, jabbed his fork down through the middle of the yellow chuck and succeeded in carrying it to you to the centre was a small, solid wooden top. "There," says Grady, "I've found out what the blamed thing is worked on, anyhow."

Sat Down in the Pudding.

A story comes from rock-ribbed Windham county, Connecticut. The use of names would be unkind. It concerns a spruce young city lawyer who had a blushing damsel as a bride from her rural New England home and returned with her to the hospitable mansion of his father-in law to enjoy the Thanksgiving festival. He was giving the pot of honor at the table and called upon to carve—according to the old time custom. The turkey was baked pretty hard and was somewhat tough with age. The spruce young lawyer struggled. The baked bird would not yield. An enormous plum pudding stood beside the carver's platter, and was somewhat in the lawyer's way. Finally he picked up the pudding dish and placed it on the chair behind him, and then renewed his attack on the turkey with redoubled vigor. His face was red with effort and embarrassment, his glasses somewhat awry, perspiration—but still he struggled. At last he made a tremendous effort and succeeded—in landing the imperious bird on the other side of the table. "There," he said in despair, "now I've done it," and sat down in the pudding!

Technically Told.

"Yes," said the Widow Brown, "Deacon Blank is one of the pillars of our church."

"Well," snapped Miss Lily Turtle, "I'm glad I don't belong to a church that has to be holstered up by such a man as he is."

"He hasn't a feather's weight of influence," observed Sister Harding, threading the point of her needle.

"I have always regarded him as a show, and the other deacon's a rule.

"I know he's always a wet blanket at our parties," pouted Miss Lily.

The demon coming in just then, all the ladies and a chorus—

"Oh, dear! you're just the one we want to select texts."

Gloom Ahead.

"What makes you look so gloomy, Josey? In trouble?"

"Yes, my mother-in-law died last night—"

"Ah, excuse me, I hadn't heard of the sad—"

"And I promised my wife that I couldn't drink anything for a week. Over the days yet!"

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The next session will be Resumed Tuesday August, 5th, 1884.

REV. JOS. R. E. KENNA, S. J.

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Bed and Bedding 15 00

Doctor's fee 5 00

Use of Piano 10 00

Drawing, Painting and Music form extra charges.

The Expenses on packages sent to pupils must be prepaid.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the Lady Superior, or to the Rev. Chaplain.

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TERMS:

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TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

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Physician's Fee and Medicines 10 00

Vocation at College 10 00

Day Students 60 00

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For further particulars address

REV. BETTELIN, President, Oakland, Cal.

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CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME

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EXTRA CHARGES

Piano, with use of Instrument per annum $60 00

Harp, with use of Instrument 60 00

Vocal Music, Private Lessons 30 00

Drawing 20 00

Painting in Water Colors 20 00

Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 00

Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.

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N. B.—A private conveyance is furnished, free of charge, for the convenience of pupils in adjacent parts of the city.

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Reference solicited. For terms and particulars address

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG Ladies, conducted by the Sisters of the Most Holy Name of Jesus and Mary.

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TERMS:

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BRO. LAWRENCE, Director.

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CONDUCTED BY

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For terms, etc., apply to the Sisters as above addressed.

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TERMS:

Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per annum $200 00

EXTRA CHARGES

Piano, with use of Instrument per annum $60 00

Harp, with use of Instrument 60 00

Vocal Music, Private Lessons 30 00

Drawing 20 00

Painting in Water Colors 20 00

Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 00

Physician's Fees (in case of sickness).

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REV. BRONT ..... Director.

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TERMS:

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The annual vacation is of two weeks' duration.

TERMS:

Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per annum $200 00

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THIS ACADEMY, PLEASANTLY SITUATED on Golden Gate Avenue,

PASTORAL LETTER OF BISHOP MANOGUE.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

long ago, Christianity had lost its fascinating attraction in England. A government that could take advantage of a devastating famine, and rob its starving of their faith for a mess of pottage, while its founders were busily employed in moulding Sikhs for the Punjaub and Bundelkunds of India, is capable of anything in the moral order.

We could, beloved brethren, in the short compass of a letter, only glance at certain important matters. If we have referred to other religions, peoples and systems, it is because our own people are surrounded by them, and sometimes exposed to be swayed by their empty, astartal displays. It is because we, a great community, are composed of our own unthinking people, who scandalize their neighbors, by entering other churches, and causing ill marriages, funerals, and even lectures. No penalty should be spared to put a stop to this evil custom, which so greatly leads to religious indifference. Our great desire is to encourage a spirit of inquiry and investigation; to induce our people to study their religion, as I be always prepared to render account of the faith that is within them. The Catholic Church does not fear the light; her history is the history of Christian civilization. Often during life and even of recent date, have we heard of alarm cries upon our people and religion by self-styled Christians, who had never been represented in the waters of baptism. Is it not, then, desirable, as well as necessary, to be able to distinguish the wheat from the chaff, the genuine from the counterfeit? For this, every Catholic family should be provided with select Catholic works and a healthy Catholic literature.

It behoves all the faithful, to be on our guard against all occasions and tendencies leading to religious indifference, desertion and corruption in morals. It behoves the family to defend its own dignity; parents to watch over their children, and pastors over their flocks. If we desire dignity in society, authority in government, respect for our country and durability for the union, we must preserve, and continue to ennoble and elevate the family. The house may stand in natural beauty and sublimity; parks, lawns and gardens may present a fairy perspective; every entrance and avenue may be adorned with delicate roses and exhale the sweet fragrance of Eden; rich trappings, hangings, carpets and valuables of every description, may deck with ease, but if the flowers of piety, and the fragrance of virtue, be wanting, all is blank. Who is our and what do we find? Forgetful not of God and of His holy worship; no good example from parents, no respect or obedience from children; no exercise of obedience from children; no exercise of prayer, no sign of religion or devotion, no peace, no union of hearts, no fidelity. The desire of gold, the dread of losing riches, predominates. The absence of the family library, now especially, when Catholic books and literatures are so accessible, the absence of the monthly Catholic magazine; the Catholic periodical; the absence of Catholic family journals, exists a sadness on our vitalation, and tells us, a sad decay is near some disastrous shipwreck. But the news of the day is inexpressible. The pastoral and daily papers have full control. There all the crimes of the calendar are established in captivating colors, more glowing than the rainbow. Crimes which should not be even suspected, are published in the family circle, at the family hearth, and by family circle, at the family hearth, and by family friends. What is the consequence? Immoral, perhaps, parents, imperceptibly become *confiant*, *gaie*, the spoiled child, the full-fledged "Punk's bad boy," waiting for the death of the old fossil, and enjoying behind parents.

Next come mixed marriages, a sort of unavoidable evil, but whose blighting effects are one of the most blasting curses of modern society. How often have we been mortified at the expression, rather, the exultation of ofrontery, of the young man or woman: "Mother is a Catholic, father Methodist, but I think for myself; I belong to no religion." Such monstrous expressions are a curse from the beginning. Nurtured in the bosom of both parties religions, would one be so, the answer and so-ff, or the other soon banish every impulse of religion from the family. From an inability to serve two masters, there is a fidelity to one at the expense of the other, generally ending in an unsatisfactory to both. We have to remember the hasty and improper contracted marriage, and its baneful influence. Children, considering themselves more wise than their parents, despise their advice, as well as the control of their parents, run into an unholy alliance, and on the first pretence seek an unholy divorce and absent separation. We have seen the rich and opulent families, who, pass away their time without any reference to their obligations to charity, and even at the hour of death, never give a charitable thought to the cries and appeals of our poor, our orphans, our struggling institutions, our schools and colleges, our Seminaries and religious communities, who have abandoned their homes, their parents, their brothers and sisters, their friends and companions for the glory of God and well-being of man; for the preservation of virtue in the family, and religion in society.

Establishing this, already too long, letter, we earnestly exhort you, beloved brethren, to warn the people entrusted to your charge, not only during the Lenten season, but from time to time during the year, against the dangers by which they are surrounded; to remind them of their duties and obligations; to focus upon good example from parents; respect and obedience from children; to watch over the training and education of the youth, and rising generation; to provide for instruction in the Christian doctrine in churches and distant places, where churches and schools cannot be established; to organize sodalities and Catholic societies to keep Catholics away from pernicious associations and societies; to encourage sound Catholic literature in the family, so that the beauties of the Church may shine forth in all their splendor, that the services she has rendered to the family, society and civilization, be properly understood and acknowledged, and the preservation of the priceless treasure of faith, duty and worship appreciated.

✠ P. MANOGUE,

Virginia City, Feb. 10, 1885.

Feast of the Commemoration of the Passion of our Blessed Lord.

1. Feb. 2.—S. 2. Apos. ext.—4. 3. Mc mobile solemn.—4. Plainsch, in Colonel. 5. Dupont de Ond. at Sayers, Ch. Pa. Pensionnat et Jubilaire by Dullinger, Jac Cousin, Jr. Frère de Mathurin, Ch. Rochester, Ch. Livit, Pittsburg, etc. 7. Pary, 8. 10. Ind. 49. 11. Ind. 50. 12. Ind. 51. 13. Ind. 52. 14. Ind. 53. 15. Ind. 54. 16. Ind. 55. 17. Ind. 56. 18. Ash. 19. Ash. 20. Ash. 21. Ash. 22. Ash. 23. Ash. 24. 10. Mark. et S. 25. Ash. 26. Ash. 27. Ash. 28. Ash. 29. Ash. 30. Ash. 31. Ash. 32. Ash. 33. Ash. 34. 10. Mark. et S. 35. Ash. 36. Ash. 37. Ash. 38. Ash. 39. Ash. 40. Ash. 41. Ash. 42. Ash. 43. Ash. 44. 10. Mark. et S. 45. Ash. 46. Ash. 47. Ash.

Poetry

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "SCHOLASTIC."

Leonidas, the Spartan King, with his noble Lacedæmonians,
Had taken his Thermopylæ three times before they stayed,
Determined that the Persian foe, never shall be led,
Through that pass that leads to Greece, never to be their dead.
Never shall they suffer a Spartan tongue to say
"Our soldiers with Leonidas, have fled but the day."

Meanwhile the Persian leader, found Xerxes with his host
The greatest one in numbers, "will could ever boast"
Arrived close to the "Hot Gates," and with unbelieving ear,
Of Leonidas, the Spartan, "said he, he cannot standing near
But being convinced, said he, to a contrary standing near
"He, bring these Grecian mutineers to our royal pleasure here."

Soon did the cowardly messengers, return across the sea
"The Spartan King and leader back on make not a much delay.
But to your gracious majesty, hear from him the message thus,
That, By Jove, it seems well great to him, to yield you the passage,
Till the multitude of Persians will have fled home and make them,
Or, with the ease your royal needs bequeath, he go and take them."

"We told these of this countries, and wonderful array,
Whose spears and shields almost obscured the sunlight at midday,
The word," then said Leonidas, high standing his blade,
"Are the better shall we fight the Persians in the shade.
Xerxes looked scornful at him, his features marked with pride,
And coloring, he stamped his foot, and from his eye flashed fire.

"Go, bid our Median warriors, said he, "Darkness and land
Than to surrender to a land, that shall our way impede,
Their home within our royal camp, with the brands of red hot iron
We may burn those counting the spears, and our sight,
With impious and defiant words, "Leonidas, the Spartan,
Go, show them now, leader's soldiers, how the Median can fight."

Forthwith the Median charge hurried, against the lonely foe,
Xerxes stood amazed in battle line, with shield and sword raised low;
But their superior numbers could nothing much avail,
Where, in a narrow passage, the Spartan, in an iron coil
The Spartan stoutly held their spears and bent their fighting ground,
Till Xerxes from a lofty throne, saw his warriors fly all round.

Then the ten thousand immortals, advance with three loud cheers,
Proudly they dash forward, and, cross the Grecian spears
But as a step a lightning ground, would a Spartan soldier yield,
Ere he rather leave a his body dead, upon the battle field.
Thebes Leonidas' aid Xerxes leap up from his marble throne,
Thebes Leonidas' aid Xerxes leap up from his marble throne,
Behind with fear and anguish, fled the Persian host as one.

The proud immortals thinned in number, crestfallen and defeated,
By a handful of stout soldiers, back to the camp retreated,
Their overthrow is a paragon of anger and shame to Persia,
Knowing not what he could do, looked around him in surprise,
Of shining: "Oh, can none of this be found countless times
For great reward some help us, to take this cursed man."

Forthwith up to the Persian King, reverently hearer there came,
A native from Mt. Œtna side, Ephialtes was his name.
A native from Kon, reward me well, and your soldiers in one day
Will find within the "Hot Gates," through an unfrequented way.
Foiled of slaughter, I see a miserable gain
This wretch would cause his countrymen to shed their blood in vain.

Meanwhile, the brave Leonidas, and his gallant troop yet warning
Of the treacherous danger, that was impending over the morning,
No chance there was of standing still, yet he will and he fly;
For a Spartan's sworn duty was to conquer and to die.
True to their post these brave men, "crowned that come what world
Fear of and that time, by heaven! at death as they could.

Nor did they wait the Persians to begin the deadly fight;
But marching from the mountain pass, they rushed to left and right,
Attacking with desperate valor, numbers less than they slay.
Fighting, conquering, they fight throughout the day
Of the brave Leonidas, mortally wounded fain,
But he his noble warriors, with dying voice, he calls

"Around me, brave companions, firmly have conquered fast,
Never alive deliver me to the impious Persian foes!
Fight for your country and your gods, fear, courage your sovereign's death,
My heart's best blood is flowing, fear, courage! while you've breath."
Bravely did the Spartans keep their dying King's request;
They fought with desperate valor, around his noble breast.

Exhausted by labor and wounds, they retire within the pass;
The weapons broke, their numbers thinned, few few remained, alas!
Surrounded by foes on all sides, the arrows fall like rain,
And quickly as a man that heede hand was slain.
A mighty his number with the spot, where the noble warriors died,
Two members of that proud band who every fear defied.

And near the spot another white marble stone is placed,
On which the great inscription by Grecian hand was traced:
"Go, tell the Spartan reader, this thou hast seen the lonely
All praise to you brave men, great Spartans on the day,
Whether is made, forever go."

*Gentle in the manner, but vigorous in the deed.

Literary Miscellany.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Père Sylvestre was the curé of the little village of St. Lye.

He was one of those pure, simple, holy natures that are found here and there in all countries and in all churches—the shepherd of his flock, the friend and father of every man, woman and child in the village that nestled among the hills of far France. St. Lye was like a garden tended by the curé's hands, and in all that garden the fairest, sweetest flower was Lisbette Lafontaine. Such a dainty little maiden!

Fatherless and motherless while yet a babe, she had been even sweeter and dearer to the old priest's heart than any other of his flock. Lisbette lived in a tiny cottage at the corner of the street, near where the fountain splashed and trickled over the stones; form never lovingly shaded the streamlet that came from the hills above, and here their ground from constancy towards the dipping mounds that on a summer's day sparkled in the sunlight as though a shower of diamond dust was being scattered by some giant's hand, or as Lisbette had dropped her silvery veil as she passed. It was a pretty sight to see the Lisbette filling her pitcher at this fountain, her hair half confining in delicate tendrils about her brow, her little ankle peeping out from under her grey skirt, and her white bodice now and again adorned with a pale pink oleander blossom—a piece of natural coquetry born half of the knowledge that she was so fair, half of a childish love of pretty things.

You may be sure the young men of St. Lye were not slow to see into what beautiful sisterhood the orphan child, the soft pink bud of a baby that had been at once the idol and plaything of the whole village, had grown.

And yet, strange to say, girls with far less real beauty than Lisbette had more lovers. There was a strange reluctance about her that the simple villagers felt, and hardly understood; the never lingered at the fountain to laugh and joke with the boys as the other maidens, and would turn away with slowly through the still summer's evening to carry an offering of wild roses to Père Sylvestre as he sat reading his office, book under the shade of the oleander tree in his garden, of which the boundary was formed by a hedge of sweet-scented hawthorn, with lovely pale primrose colored flowers.

Sometimes the good old priest thought to himself "Lisbette will one day be the bride of Heaven," but such thoughts he generally up as yet in his own heart; for the girl was young, and life was fresh and full of joyousness, and he knew that the heart that turns to God must turn of its own free will to the religious life as a flower turns to the sun; most forced of lesser joys to back in the light of His love, only turns to a very immature heart who knowledge all enough good to be as nothing compared with Him; and certainly happiness is thus sometimes to the glory of telling for our dear Lord among the poor, that she has heritage in the Church.

Old Mathilde, a dame of such advanced age that no one in St. Lye ventured to guess at the number of years of her pilgrimage, at the corner of the village stood near the fountain. On a Sunday or a saint's day you might see her going to Mass, one stiffened hand resting on the girl's shoulder: and where the road made a sudden steep ascent to the church that stood half way up the hill, Lisbette would clip her white arm around her aged companion, and, in the fashion they would make the venerable ascent.

In the evening Lisbette used to seek and drive home the four milk white goats with the tinkling bells about their necks, that formed an important part of Mathilde's worldly possessions, and were looked upon as a certain heritage of her adopted child. Mathilde's cottage was the poorest and hottle of great cities ever reached its poverty stricken sanctuary the city.

When any one in St. Lye received a letter by the diligence, that once a week traversed the country and hailed at the village, it was an event known to everyone one before an hour had passed, and the receiver of the missive put on a consequence of importance as he or she walked to Mass the following Sunday.

"Hast thou then heard how the good father hath received a letter, and that the child Lisbette is about to make the journey to the distant town of Marmaine-sur-mer, there to remain till after the holy Easter season?"

"Jeanie Verge!" replied the individual to whom this was addressed; "hast what a terrible journey for one so young? Is not the child overcome by fear?"

"No," was the reply; "Lisbette is of a nature not at all timid. She came to the sester of her mother, one Annette Benoit, who hath never yet seen her and would do so. It is rumored at church and market that she will make the child her adopted daughter, which will be good luck, for she is rich they say."

"Bilil," urged the other, it is a marvel for one so young to make a journey of such proportions!"

Three reasoned the neighbors; but the sure thought it well that Lisbette should visit her mother's people, and when the journey drew near, some of the villagers was meeted in so many places that it seemed, as the old dame said, as if the girl would slowly wrap up the hill road that led, as the peasants said, to where the great iron gates of Lisbette was heavily setting forth on her journey. Her fair face, tearful as dew laden flower, looked back at the villagers assembled to come to see her depart, and the last sight she carried away in her mind was that of the good curé standing apart from the rest very grave and sorrowful. His kindly, gentle eyes, his white hair under his broad black hat, the stout stick on which he leaned, even the gleam of the little silver buckles on his shoes as they caught the sunlight—all combined a picture in her heart; she was leaving behind something the thought of which would guard her from all evil among the strangers, people she was going to. Just at the turn of the road she waved her hand to many colored relief her to friendly farewell, and then she could see St. Lye no more.

The pink tapering buds of the oleanders burst out into great blossoms that hung their heads as if overweighed with their own luscious perfume; the trees grew dense with the fullness of foliage; the ferns became so tall they almost hid the inspiring waterfall; green and gold lizards lay basking on the rocks and up the wall of the curé's garden, too deliciously warm and lazy to skip, even when he walked up and down the pathway pondering over his Sunday sermon; nay, they were even too lazy to be pretty shining creatures, against the round stone of old Mars, who kept watch for the good father, proclaiming in shrill accents that Monsieur le curé was home.

It is probable that if this faithful retainer had not announced her master to his frugal meals at all, the old man would never have thought of them himself, but simply wondered at night same as he felt so weak and weary. So almost was he at times that it was full of him one evening, as he sat in the cool shade down the village street and sipped the leeks on the trees as great spots of fingers might do, Marie, followed with a sequence that called her a consultation with the winnowers among her friends, for got to light the eternal stove in her master's room, and what he could grey-haired heading his shiny hands above the cold stove, and persuasively trying—some how not quite so fire was, stalking out of the Isle of low infirmity and age were growing upon him space, so that he could no longer derive his wonted comfort from the fire's warmth! Marie called in all the neighbors part, and it was this vehement adjuration that first aroused the master to the real state of the case.

Hand of summer hung pretty garlands of flower and foliage about St. Lye, the high star was bright and gay with some of the Lisbette's dwellings, and the hills were adorned with the wonderful tints of the fall of the leaf, and with his people, and his thoughts were filled with the wandering lamb of his fold.

For as yet no news of Lisbette had reach the village, though she had now been absent from the church on three Sundays, and the inquiries were frequent and thirsty.

Then an event happened and thirsty became in time to come one of the marvellous records of St. Lye; for long after the good curé was laid to rest beneath the soft green turf where the lovely clematis was wont to shed perfumed tears of dewy petals on the dead, the folk would say, "Tell us of the death of Père Sylvestre."

CHAPTER II.

This was Père Sylvestre's dream.

He thought he was in a strange country, and that all about him were dusty wastes of sterile plain.

In the far distance, almost like a speck so far away, he saw a figure moving towards him, and he ran to meet it.

But what filled the child! Her face was fined and drawn as though years and years had passed over her since the day when in the first young days of summer he had seen her looking back at him, tearful it may be, but if the eyes were wet, the little rosy mouth was smiling as she waved her hand at the turn of the road that hid St. Lye from sight.

The dream figure was of Lisbette as the curé had never seen her. Lisbette, again the young, wringing her hands, and then stretching them out towards him as though for help!

Poor little hands that not even the hard household work entirely had blunted, could make anything save soft and tender, pink palmed like a year old baby's!

Père Sylvestre tried to move towards this pitiful little figure, but something held him back, and in the struggle against this power he awoke.

"Truly," said the good man to himself as he turned uneasily on his pillow, "I should think I had exceeded in partaking of some savory dish provided for me by my good Marie, but last night was Friday, and I had nothing but soup *maigre* and simple bread."

Then he once more fell asleep.

But again the same old dream-holder came before him, and this time a dreadful murky twilight had fallen on the desolate waste, that some of Lisbette, as she stood towards him out of the shadowy darkness, was strewing with tears. He came nearer than before, so near that he fancied he could stretch out his hand and touch her.

But the same power held him back, and again the struggle against it wakened him.

"The night was very still and fair; the tender moonlight fell across the room and touched his heavenly beauty the features of the *Mater Dolorosa* upon the wall of the simple chamber.

"Holy Mother of God," murmured the priest, crossing himself as he sat up in his bed, "hath any evil befallen the child!"

For some time he lay awake muttering softly prayers for the wandering child. Then sixteen triumphal, and once more his eyes closed gently, and once more his regular breathing told that he was at rest.

At rest! Ah no! for more pitiful than ever the child Lisbette came to him on the dreary waste. This time a blood-red, red glow was all about, and as she held out her empty pitcher the Lisbette Saint.

With a cry of pain the father woke. The night was past. In the east the day dawn was shimmering.

"Breaking to time of light across the sky."

and the pure grey gleam fell upon the pure face of the image of the Crucified over against the curé's bed.

"Dear Saviour!" he said raising his eyes to the divine face, "Thou Who loved the little cross so well, if evil hath befallen this child guide me to her."

When Marie took a peep at the new day, through her window that was set in a frame of lattice and flowers, she saw her master kneeling prayer, and down the garden, his head bent, his arms folded, his eyes on the ground.

"Dear saints! but it or beautiful to see him, without doubt he prays for the poor child." said Marie as she popped her head in again, and began hurriedly to attend to her duties.

But Père Sylvestre was pondering on his dream, and that day Marie and the village in general were electrified by the marvellous news that the curé was going in the diligence to the distant village of Mermaine to fetch the child Lisbette. A strange story, brother of the notary of St. Lye, and at present paying a visit to the country to recover health, had unfolded by hotel tell in a crowded city, would take charge of the search of the poor Lisbette. It was one midsummer, and summer, smiling, golden and roseate, was everywhere, taking with it flowers and fruits to deck the world with beauty, yet brings other less agreeable matters in her company to the lands of which we are writing. Of those, dost it perhaps the most unpleasant, when the good priest reached the end of his journey he was sorely travel-stained, and weary enough indeed. Then too, he seldom left his nest, the little village in the hills, and there is something so dreaming in finding oneself alone in a crowd, unknown until seeing strange scenes and strange people.

He imagined of a country the road to the home of one Annette Benoit, a widow well to do, and living near the sea.

"Ah! but it is easy to find the way there, father," replied the man, "For was it not with Annette Benoit the strange matron dwelt the girl from St. Lye, who is to be tried for the murder of Andrew Martel, the work that avin now occurs?"

What then the man might have said remained unspoken, for with a faint gasping sigh the priest sank back and leaned against the rough stone wall that ran along footpath, and his face grew ashen, and the silver hair that fell around it.

"But my father, thou art ill, shall I not get a cup of water for thee?" said the man.

The priest leaned for a moment, and then said in that quiet voice that always spoke of suffering, "Nay, my child, but thou in thy kindness hast given me the cup of the first Lent I gave thee on the day of thy first communion."

Lisbette make a passionate of amen.

"Then I faint, father upon grass to it, rather if the poor child thy pity bids in night to the spot of the tale not yet in thy Saviour's hands, remember that for thy sake I have come to Mermaine and what thine own work lies!"

Both feet were rolling earthly down her place changed face, Lisbette break the image of the Redeemer, and, flinging herself upon her knees on the floor of the prison, cried in her pain.

"Up thy fox wounds that God forbid, O Jesus, great for pitiness now."

As she thus knelt and wept and prayed, the priest laid his hand upon her head and she heard him murmur a benediction, and when she looked up, the door through which he had passed was just closing.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE SPANISH EARTHQUAKES.

The Kings Aid to the Sufferers—Experience of the People in the Devastated Region.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20. *The Herald's* special from Alhama, Spain, has the following account of the earthquake:

This royal visit is certainly popular. Perhaps, had it been made earlier, it would have proved more beneficial to the people and more valuable to himself. He arrived at Malaga after the first shock and personally directed the distribution of relief, he would have been with all the people that no revolution could shake his power. For the suffering people, who would have been of vast benefit as relief comes only through the hands of a government, and a government strong enough to distribute it on the spot. The tide would have swept up and covered this record of a terrible crisis, perhaps enabled not only the great open and hollows tales of secrets confided to its breast. Martel was stabbed to the heart, and his blood-stained knife with which the deed was done lay beside his lifeless body.

Père Sylvestre listened to every word of this recital, then he stood in a stunned bewildered and with his eyes raised heavenward.

"My God, I thank thee!" he said solemnly, and then bowed his head as though in the presence of the Great Judge of all men.

"But set thou from this village of St. Lye, Father, and knowest thou this wicked murder and cruel, that the poor child Lisbette is the little group.

"I am the curé of St. Lye; I know the child Lisbette. Thou art a stranger, and this is unusual of this crime; and God will give thee to us in His own good time."

"Holy Virgin but it is good to hear the father speak!" said another woman, gentler and more kindly than the first speaker, "and I believe that the accused was innocent."

"Come into my house and rest, and take some new milk and fresh bread," she went on, pitying the dusty, weary traveller; but Père Sylvestre put her aside gently.

"I don't lingering on time and time for thy charity. Let I must not rest or refresh myself yet awhile. Will you guide me to the priest?" he added, turning to one of the men.

Of course a boon offered; indeed all followed him, and all talked without ceasing. If the curé journey hard, a week they said.

The prison of Mermaine sur mer was not at present full, and the cell in which Lisbette lied, used for the detention of ordinary offenders, yet was in the place where the girl charged with murder was imprisoned, and the place from where she would be brought to the village court-house, accused by the witnesses against her, and tried by a jury of her peers, and then, if guilty, sentenced after the manner of the times and place.

He had thought that the hatred of the people, the sound of the key in the door, the echo of his own footsteps in the long stone corridor, would not have more appalled the heart of Père Sylvestre.

No one but the man was admitted, as the procession that had escorted him thither parted at the gateway, as though some extreme satisfaction were to be derived from staring through the bars, and entering for the hundredth time into every particular of the crime.

Then they departed to the village and spread the news everywhere that the mother and father, the cure of St. Lye, had come to seek Lisbette Lamotte, and was even now in prison with her.

There were kind hearts that rejoiced to hear that the girl, but one round more in the terrible days that had come upon her, but when the kindness felt that strange pleasure in the excitement and thrill of the whole affair, so characteristic of the Southern and everyone looked onward to the trial with delight, secret or avowed.

The arrival of the priest was looked upon as an added feature of interest to the trial. The night was very still and fair; the tender moonlight fell across the room and touched his heavenly beauty the features of the *Mater Dolorosa* upon the wall of the simple chamber.

"Holy Mother of God," murmured the priest, crossing himself as he sat up in his bed, "hath any evil befallen the child!"

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[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

DIVORCE REFORM.

The Expectation of Remarrying a Prime Cause of Separation.

Several minutes and a few words between in our community and at the Opera House the subject of divorce need not rise. The dirty pious spoke plainly and to the point. They proved that our social institutions should be done towards enacting more stringent laws and more strictly the observation of society they thought dependent thus. But which was the question to be answered? Is the character, as far as society and society, they seemed to think, could be the whole of the engagement as to allow an improvement can be made in laws in the matter of marriage and divorce? No, it is the character of the people that is to interest. If the divorce could be obtained by the children of the people, and the people themselves, the people, not social institutions, would be the people themselves, the people, not social institutions, would be the people themselves, the people, not social institutions, would be

THE MONITOR.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing knowledge, and spreading it from one end and from one side of the world. In our time, religious journalism is not only a useful and zealous secondary, or at most a work intermediate between the ministry of society, but a part of divine mission. What it is and what ought to be the influence of Christian journalism upon the moral and religious life of the people, is manifest to many but—sorrowful to thought—it is not all, the Christian journal."—BISHOP, TORNOWSKI MORNING UNIVERSAL.

"Resolved, that the Catholic Press, under whose patronage this work is to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals, who are the means of religious, the cause of the Church, the defenders of Christian truth, the directions and principle with devotion and fidelity."—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

— Archbishop Seghers is at present collecting for the Alaska Missions in the Diocese of Albany, where he is the guest of Rt. Rev. Bishop McNeigny.

— A cablegram from Rome confirms the appointment of Rt. Rev. Bishop Gross as Archbishop of Oregon. Bishop Gross was one of the three Prelates whose names were sent to Rome at one time from which to select a successor for Archbishop Alemany.

— Many of the Irish papers are advocating the nomination of Archbishop Croke or Bishop Nulty as the successor in the College of Cardinals to Cardinal McCabe. But it seems from a cablegram printed elsewhere that Dr. Walsh of Maynooth is the coming man.

— Just as we were ready for press we received a very interesting letter from our Rome correspondent giving a graphic description of a recent visit he recently paid to the shrine of St. Clare of Monte Falco, and the wonders he saw there. It will be published next week and will be duly appreciated by all who love to read the holy lives of such wonderful saints.

— A brilliant letter on Parnell and the Parliamentary Fund from a Montana contributor has been crowded over for next week. We hope it will be carefully read and that it may awaken a spirit of practical sympathy for Ireland in the breasts of Monitorial who read the MONITOR and who only await a suitable opportunity to give their mite to the cause of a peaceable solution of Ireland's difficulty.

— We tender our warmest thanks to the many generous friends of "the grand old MONITOR" for the kindly messages and complimentary notices received each week. Also for the numerous manner they send us in no new subscribers. The best evidence we can show of our gratitude is to make the MONITOR worthy of the liberal patronage extended to it by the Catholics of the whole Pacific coast.

—Rev. A. J. Glorieux, who was nominated Vicar Apostolic of Idaho last October, has been waiting in Baltimore since the adjournment of the Plenary Council for the arrival of his brief from Rome, but he recently received a cablegram stating that the bulls have not yet left Rome. He expects that will be conserved in the Cathedral at Baltimore, by Archbishop Gibbons, as their arrival.

— In France suicide, always above the proportion, is largely increasing. Four years ago the rate per 1,000 inhabitants was 17, and in 1884 it was 19. Hanging, drowning, shooting and charcoal fumes are the popular modes of death, while April, May and June are the favorite months. San Francisco has more suicides than any other city on the American continent in proportion to its inhabitants, but its suicide rate is barely 12 per 1,000.

— We have often seemed that there was a good deal of distinction between a nominal Christian and a poker-necked Presbyterian, and our enemies were confirmed by reading in the Cleveland *Leader* that Andrew Jackson "died a Christian and a Presbyterian." "Old Hickory," we opine from what we have read of his large heart and liberality, was far better Christian than he was a disciple of the cross-breaking Calvin.

— Sister Mary Francis Clare, the well-known Nun of Kenmare, was in Philadelphia on Sabbath last, and was received by the Catholic element of the City of Brotherly Love with every mark of gratitude for the good she has done in Ireland and its suffering people. A congratulatory address and a purse of $600 was presented to her in the name of those who interested themselves in the cause of assisting the Nun of Kenmare in the good work she is now prosecuting.

— Our Irish correspondent in her interesting letter this week says that the general impression in Ireland is that the recent dynamite explosions in England were caused by English detectives in order to hurt the prospects of Home Rule measures being passed by the present Parliament. This idea seems to be prevalent also in England, if we may judge from several communications which have appeared in the English Provincial papers in which it is generally conceded that the explosions must either be the work of paid agents of the English government, or else that the London police have in so useless a body of officials as to demand their immediate dissolution as a useless body so far as the protection of life and property is concerned.

— Several appeals from the Executive and State officers of the Irish National League have already appeared in these columns, and we publish this week a circular from the Secretary of the Irish League asking the Irish element in America to help the home organization with funds for the purpose of returning members to Parliament who will act in unison with Mr. Parnell. We have no appeals made seem to have had no practical result, because we have resolved to open a subscription for that purpose in these columns. We will acknowledge each amount received every week, until April 22nd, and then we will place the total sum in the hands of Rev. Charles O'Reilly, Treasurer of the Irish National League. The appeal will be found on the fifth page, and we commend it to all friends of the cause of Irish liberty.

— A Chicago daily says that in Orange Mountain, N. J., has been discovered a counterpart of the famous Giants' Causeway in Ireland. The opening of a library brought the curiosity to light. The formation is evidently due to repeated volcanic eruptions that forced the trap rock while in a molten state through the old red sandstone upon which it now stands. The columns are from fifteen to forty feet high, as perfectly cut as if molded in form, and owing to their hexagonal or pentagonal shapes are considered by geologists to be of crystalline formation.

— The three original papers which we publish on the inside pages of the present issue prove that the divine affiatus is not confined to any particular community. "Scholastic," the author of "The Battle of Thermopylæ," is a sojourner in Sunny Italy; Miss M. Fitzgerald's scene wanders around the golden groves of Calvey, and Professor Mactilla is at present meandering amidst the mountain passes of Montana. The three poems possess much merit, each being on a different subject. They are all treated in that sweetly religious strain which falls so eloquently upon the ear of every Catholic who possesses a love for the beautiful alike in poetry or prose.

— "White Babies" are articles of regular barter and sale it seems in this city. Fifty dollars is their present market value, at least as we learn from the trial of a certain woman who was convicted of selling a white female infant to a Chinaman for that sum. The baby-selling business cost her six months imprisonment and $500 fine. It would appear that a customary business to sell babies born in private hospitals to Chinese or anybody else, so as to pay the expenses incurred by their birth, and also to relieve the unnatural mother of any further responsibility. That such a terrible traffic should be carried on in a Christian city in a Christian land, shows how deeply demoralizing society is, and how effectually godless education has done its work of destroying even the finer feelings of humanity in the breasts of those who have been trained in its corrupting curriculum.

Archbishop Alemany's Successor.

When his Grace Most Rev. P. W. Riordan was consecrated as Coadjutor Archbishop of this Diocese the Pope named him as the successor of Archbishop Alemany, and the Sovereign Pontiff having accepted the resignation of the venerable Metropolitan, Archbishop Riordan has been confirmed as his successor and has entered upon the administration of his ecclesiastical authority. To the readers of the MONITOR it is not necessary that we should say a single word concerning the present Archbishop, as they are generally familiar with the useless labors his Grace has already shown in laboring for the salvation of souls and the moral and material progress of the Church in this State.

We ask of our readers their prayers that Almighty God may so bless the labors of our new Archbishop that [illegible] not yet left Rome, may be spared to his people and lead them to assist him morally and materially in every good work which he may inaugurate for the propagation of our holy religion, the instruction of youth, the unity of the faithful, or the help of the poor.

Every Catholic's greatest pride should be so to comport himself as to be an honor to Christian society. He should be virtuous in the midst of vice; he should be sober even when surrounded by intemperance; he should be chaste when society reeks with corruption. It was for this that God gave to His Church the soul-strengthening sacraments so as to make the souls of those who loved Him and lived as precious Catholics a perfect image of Himself. Such Catholics as these are a credit to the Church, an example for the evil world, and so many blessings to their Bishops.

Let the Catholics of this Pacific coast therefore firmly resolve—during this holy season of Lent—to live such lives as will cause their priests and Bishops to love them. Of what avail is the friendship of the sin-stained world? Better, far better, for Catholics to possess the friendship of the Pastor who has charge of their souls, than to gain the glory and gratitude of the whole world by being false to their faith and an enemy to God.

The Dioceses of San Francisco, Grass Valley, Oregon, Nesqualy and Helena, as well as the Vicariate of Idaho, have all been placed under new Prelates within the past few years. This is a sign of the growth of the Church, and it should also lead Catholics to consider the duties they owe in shouldering their share of the responsibility which rests upon every man, woman and child in the Catholic Church.

There are new edifices to be erected for the glory of God; new schools to be opened in every Diocese, new charitable institutions to be founded and supported. To help their Prelates by financial aid in the prosecution of these works is a solemn duty entailed upon every Catholic by the law of God.

New Bishops always undertake new enterprises, and we appeal to every Catholic on this coast to donate generously and cheerfully—*for God loves the cheerful giver*—towards all the enterprises undertaken by their Prelates, and thus they will earn the gratitude of those whom God has placed over them, as well as become partakers in the prayers of the Church for all her faithful children, and gain—here and hereafter—that saving grace which alone can save us through the blessing of Almighty God.

The Editor of the San Francisco Monitor, in another column, makes a mistake in calling our paper the *Telegraph* instead of the *Weekly Fourth Year*, and, at present, is the oldest Catholic paper in California.—Editor *Weekly Fourth Year*.

We beg our valuable contemporary's pardon for cutting of ten years from its age, but the *Telegraph* looks as fresh and talks so vigorously that the mistake was natural. We hope our Cincinnati southern may live to celebrate its centennial and that the Monitor may be at the literary festival. The *Catholic Telegraph* is like the Church herself—"old, but ever new."

American Lands Held by Aliens.

A Learned, Eloquent and Patriotic Irish Priest.

The name and fame of the Rev. Dr. Daniel W. Cahill is familiar to every person conversant with the history of the Catholic Church in Ireland, and especially as the editor of this grand type of a lofty *Sagesse*. Dr. Cahill is now winging their flight back to the breast of that fruitful mother from whence they sprung, we deemed the occasion a suitable one whereon to relate a few personal reminiscences of one of the foremost ecclesiastics of his day in the land of his birth.

It was our good fortune as an acolyte in old St. Andrew's chapel, Lower Hindge street, Dublin—to sit at the feet of this eminent and eloquent divine on several occasions when he delivered one of his masterly charity sermons. Even now the Apollo-like figure of that magnificent specimen of manhood rises before us and we can see his lineaments from six feet four inches in height—towering above us as we look back through a long vista of years, wondering at the phenomenon of this paragon priest.

Dr. Cahill was a native of Queen's County, and on his mother's side was of Spanish descent, his complexion partaking of that rich olive tint peculiar to the purer blooded Castilian races. His hair was raven black of luxuriant richness; his eyes were deep black, and when in his sermons or lectures he rose to the full height of his magnificent figure, they flashed with dazzling brilliancy. In his youth he was intended for the army, a profession which his strength, soldierly bearing and a spirited physique naturally engendered, but he subsequently became a great soldier of the Cross and one of the most eloquent advocates of Christianity in the English speaking portion of Europe.

After many years of his life devoted to his priestly office in Ireland—during which Dr. Cahill passed through the famine scenes of 1847, and the stirring political times of 1848—the great Irish defender of Faith and Fatherland crossed over to England where he entered the lists as the champion of Catholic Ireland against the slanderous pens of the hirelings of heresy ranged on the English press. He delivered many controversial lectures in which he came off victorious, he attacked in succession such English notables as Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington, as well as Wolsegan preachers by the score.

As a specimen of Dr. Cahill's style we extract the following paragraph from his remarkable address to "Scorpion" Stanley. The language used by Dr. Cahill a third of a century ago in reference to England's attitude in Ireland, is as appropriate to-day as it was then. Speaking of England and her rulers, past and present, Dr. Cahill addressed upon "Scorpion" Stanley the scathing sentence

"Thy noble country! the mistress of the ocean! the queen of the land! the envy of the nations of Europe! the seat of civilization! the home of the brave! the land of the free! the refuge of the oppressed! the asylum of the slave! the country of the poor! the land of the noble! the home of the lovely! your government can boldly and proudly point to the Ionian Isles, the Indian Ocean, the Cape of Good Hope, the Australian Colonies, the Canadas, the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Hudson's Bay Territory, the Bermudas, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Hong Kong, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Victoria, Van Diemen's Land, Cape Town, Port Natal, Port Phillip, Port Lincoln, Port Macquarie, Port Essington, Port Curtis, Port Moreton, Port Nicholson, Port Cooper

Farm and Home.

DON'T BE UNKIND TO THE OLD FOLK.

Don't be unkind to the old folk,
Often times your tenderest care,
Long for the day, the nice old day.
That unwearingly takes his way,
And wagging his tail outside the door,
Keeping always his boots in sight,
Cares not a rap in his aged old head
For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
And why should my dog care?
With nothing to tell, but a certain chance
To lose never possessing aught?
Then may be a few, perhaps, who fall
To see it quite in this light;
But what is the fuss I feel rather be
This outside dog in the fight.

I know there are days, monotonous days,
Long years of the same old thing;
To take the part of one of the dogs,
Takes something into the ring.
But I care not a jot what all may say
In regard to the wrong or the right,
My sympathies, as well as my song,
For the dog that keeps out of the fight.

Tenderly watch o'er the old folk,
Kindly their sorrows assuage,
Youth should be near the sober
And the strong staff of old age.
With all their whims and their foibles
Patiently bear and forbear;
Don't be unkind to the old folk,
Give them your tenderest care.

Facts about Precious Stones.

There is in Paris a diamond so hard that the usual process for cutting and polishing made no impression upon it. The black diamond is mostly used for tools. In Russia it is broken into fetters, pestles, and wires as court mourning. The historic diamonds have, on more latter than a piece of glass. The sham diamond is more beautiful than the genuine stone, but it has a tendency to decomposition and does not retain luster.

The diamond mines of Brazil were first opened in 1727. It is estimated that more than tons they have produced at least two tons of diamonds. In England a stone weighing one carat and of the finest water is worth, when cut and polished, about sixty dollars. The desire to rough stones so quite the habit of distinguishing the water of a rough stone by simply breathing upon it. Among the historic diamonds, the Rajah weighed three hundred and sixty-seven carats, and the Great Mogul two hundred and eight. Before it was cut the latter weighed nine hundred carats. From the composition of the diamond, we see what costly things manufactures from common material. All the diamonds field of the world are not worth the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania.

A ruby of fine carats is double the value of a diamond of that size, and one of ten carats is worth three times as much as one of corresponding size. A perfect ruby is the rarest of all stones. Rubies are often imitated with coal stones, the most common being spinel. But it is not difficult to distinguish the imitation, as the ruby is the only stone having pigeon blood color. Another precious stone is the sapphire, which is like the ruby with the exception of the color. A small stone has been seen, which was ruby on one side and sapphire on the other.

A New Use for Safe Deposit Vaults.

One of our well known New York seed firms has now on deposit in the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company's vaults four hundred pounds of Henderson's Snow ball Cauliflower Seed, which at the selling price of one hundred dollars per pound shows the value of this seed to be forty thousand dollars. Not only is this plan of depositing in vaults found to be cheaper than insurance, but what is of more importance is that if the seed should be destroyed by fire the quantity necessary for their trade could not be replaced at any price in time for the spring sales. If the four hundred pounds of Cauliflower seed were grown under favorable conditions produce nearly thirteen million pounds, which when loaded for market and sold at even eight cents per head will produce the sum of quarter of a million dollars, the value of a vegetable has attained in this country, where twenty-five years ago it was almost unknown, becomes readily apparent.

How to Select Clothing.

"How is an inexperienced buyer to distinguish between a woolen goods and the material containing a cotton warp?" asked a reporter of an opinion fashion. "By noticing even the rough edges of the material and inspecting the threads, sir, replied tailor. "Any one can tell a woolen thread from a woollen thread. Thousands will break short in two, or, on being twisted, while the other will fray and flue out, like yarn and worsted. In this way you can easily detect a mixture of cotton warp in a almost woollen fabric. "Why, my dear sir, only to think! "In the same way, sir, even more easily. Frayed out one of the threads from the rough edge, and unravel them. If they contain cloth, it will drop out of the twist, sometimes five inch, and then again in an implicable cloth, that will not weigh make you sneeze. Cotton is plentiful enough of the land and it would be age to give you such a handsome and warm cloth, or more cloddy is rank poison. N. J. Sun.

Ducks' vs. Hens' Eggs.

An experiment was lately made in France for the purpose of finding the relative value of hens and ducks as egg producers. Three of each sort were selected for testing the result by observation as to their relative fertility. Between the first day of January and the end of August, the three hens laid 297 eggs, and the ducks 342 eggs. Moreover, in the autumn months of the previous year, the ducks had produced 215 eggs while the hens had completely ceased laying. Altogether, therefore, the ducks had produced 617 eggs within the twelve months as against 297 obtained from the hens. The feeds of each class selected for experiment were of the same age, and as far as could be judged, of the same relative size and strength. Of course a more extended series of trials must be undertaken before any definite opinion can be given on the relative merits of duck's eggs and hens in the matter of egg laying. But there are eggs and eggs, and it remains to consider their comparative value of food, as produced by the hen or duck respectively. This was undertaken by a French chemist, M. Commali, who gave the result of his analysis of both varieties. A hen's egg weighing 50 4 grammes (equal to 14 443 grains avoirdupois), was found to consist 7 2 grammes of shell and membranes, 32 2 grammes or 66.07 per cent of the contents. The hundred parts of the contents of a hen's egg contained 25.01 dry matter, 1.05 ash, 11.77 fat, and the proportions of the same substances in a duck's egg were found to be 28.72, 1.16, and 15.09 respectively. It follows, therefore, that ducks are not only very prolific layers, but their eggs are also richer in fat to no inconsiderable extent, facts that will not fail to interest the reader.

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true Laxative. Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the stomach, harmless as nature, and effectual as nature. Cures habitual Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion and Biliousness. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, strengthens the organs on which it acts. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco. Choose the genuine, prefer the liquid, regulate the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, etc.,

Correspondence.

We regularly solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church in its jurisdiction. All communications should be addressed to the office of The Monitor, 414 and 416 Jackson Street.

OUR SAN BERNARDINO CORRESPONDENCE.

SAN BERNARDINO, Feb. 16th, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—I have already advised your readers of the wonderful Religious Revival Fathers in spiritual labors.

Since then the Jubilee, Fathers Yorke and Gallagher left the Mission this city. By Your Committee known as the Valley-Mines, in this county, seldom there are a number of Catholics who desired to partake of the spiritual growth of a Mission. The mission was held in a building known as the Town Hall, and each night as church bell not having a single bell to hear! there, the congregation were filled to overflow with Catholics, Protestants, miners prayer by a other in the building, the pews stationed in front of the pulpit, the aisles and even the pulpit was used as well as for the attitude of prayer, which they are so often put.

As the Fathers entered Valley Station a delegation of Catholic miners met them and escorted them into the camp, this being the second visit they ever had from priests, Father Hare of this place being the first priest that ever celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in that region, last Christmas being the occasion.

There are now about 1,500 miners in Calico and over a hundred Catholics attended the Mission and of most Catholics attended the Mission, many of them had to be turned away for want of room, and a priest before in the Mission country was paid to the Fathers by the Protestant people of the community, even the preachers forgoing their regular "Sabbath" services so as to give the good Fathers a chance at the Calico Tabernacle. And mail did they do their work! May God and His blessed Mother reward them for their untiring and and zealous labor for the souls of sinners.

A large-hearted resident of Calico, a Mr. Hare, Brother of the Catholic Church in this church at that place, has offered to donate the ground that region will be well provided with all the requisites of our holy Religion. Nothing of our belief Bishop reminds us that Christ came to seek and save the poorly be built, during his recent Episcopal visit to give Confirmation at that place. He evidently has not yet recovered from the accident of a couple of years ago, and he, in the average of a Conference of his Priests, when his missionary visits to all parts of his Sorrowfully Diocese, just as if he can be in one and robust health.

Since the Mission here, Catholic duty seems to have set up a new impetus. This different to have set up a new impetus. This different to have set up a new impetus. This different

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"The doctrines of the Church were the same in the Middle Ages as now, but the element of mercy had blunted the sharp edges, under which wealth enjoyed the fruits of labor. A false honor was created, and Luther, instead of trying to reform matters, strove to reform doctrine."—MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

"Ye are the Light,"—the Master said of old
Unto the Twelve,—"light of the world!" Glad light,
Which shade throughout the earth the radiance weighs,
Clearer than noonday's cheerless rays of cold.
O glorious mission! O ineffable trust!
Are there any Doctrine shelf-worn, dim, beshrouded
O'ershadowing Doctrine shall we, then, behold
Its lustre unfaithless hand small thy light?
Shall we, for coolness' fervent zeal, cast out
For Truth's warm splendors?—Blessed be the night!
The salt may lose its savor, as foretold,
Morals grow lax in lost Christopher's sight,—
But Christ's own Doctrine, by no shock or shame
Unsteeled, yielding
Shall shed abroad, for age, the glorious manifold!
Light of God's own Face.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

TO MY ROBBY MOUNTAIN GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Bright haven of Eden to all our lives are given,
That we, in the various trials may patient bear;
Thou art sent as "Angel" to be heaven,
Thou art as "Wisdom" "entwoven" in care.
"Guardian Angel! I love yoo, for the balm
Your kindness gives my soul "A mourner." I
Doff the sad cypress for the cinchona palm;
Of earth's sorrows I grieve, the saddest will
Forget my own grave land of Faith and song;
Forget the vows that bind me to her world,
Forget my sorrow for her, but Pere Sylvestre
Sweet Memory! Forget my own Ireland!—while visions
From once and anxious thought—while visions
And "Tootie Dollings" possess the soul;
Then is indeed dreams or magic green,
In some fair shine where sin hath no control.
And you have read our Erin's wondrous lore,
Gold from the mines of Moore's poetic mind,
Disclosed a Gem I well love to expiate
Where treasure rust and "Shell Gate" days
And "Will remind me of the "Shell Gate" days
When I shall be
Yet dear one!
I will be "Gone from grief's rough ways
And inevitable thy name is wrote as yet not
sold.

MARGE. MACH.

Literary Miscellany.

The Dream of Pere Sylvestre.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

One day followed another, and the trial drew on apace.

Daily Pere Sylvestre visited Lisbette in prison, and with some difficulty he obtained permission to be with her and by her at the time of her trial.

When he was not with Lisbette, he might be seen kneeling before the altar in one of the churches of the town, praying earnestly that help might be sent his child in her pain and; plunging in the very presence of Christ Himself, for the poor, stricken, humbled head of his child.

The people used to steal in softly to look at the venerable figure; the priests of Marvaine argued upon him that he was overtaking his already feeble strength, representing to him that his years and infirmities called for some relaxation and repose, and that he was doing harm to Mass by that ever pitiless voice of the prosecutor saying his sentence—"Death!"

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in the formation of public opinion. It is the great educator of modern times, because it governs the world. It can raise religious journalism to not only a useful and glorious vocation, but, only it will, indispensable to the welfare of society, but a sort of apostolate. What is more, it can be made, in the hands of the Church, a means of the sanctification and relief of the people, whatever it may be—saves all, the Divine truth."—Brownson, Review, July, 1874.

May God bless and direct through the intervention of St. Francis de Sales, under whose patronage they will be placed, the writers of Catholic journals who, during the month of March, will devote their pens to the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its doctrines and precepts in the direction and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Collection for the Diocesan Seminary on next Sunday.

A Circular Letter from His Grace Archbishop Riordan was read in all the churches throughout this Diocese on last Sunday, ordering a collection to be taken up on next Sunday for the support of St. Thomas' Seminary for the education of priests. This seminary is located at Mission San José, and is one of the most important institutions which calls for the charitable contributions of Catholics, hence we hope that dollars will take the place of dimes on the collection plates next Sunday.

The Church is Apostolical, and every member is—in a certain sense—an Apostle, for in the Church there is a communion in all things by all its members. Hence St. Peter says to the first Christians: "You are a chosen generation, a *kingly priesthood*, a purchased people—that you may declare His virtues who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light." And as we have inherited the light of God-given faith from those who preceded us, so we are collectively and individually bound to transmit that same holy faith in all its integrity and entirety to those who are to succeed us, and endeavor to diffuse its light more and more among our brethren.

All are not called to the exercise of the ministry, but all are *obliged to co-operate* with the Priests, to sustain them whilst attaining the education and the discipline necessary for the reception of the sacraments of Holy Orders, and the subsequent ministration of the duties of the sacred state to which they are called. The Priest is the *visible representative of Christ*. It is His doctrine that he teaches; it is by His Divine authority that he speaks. The Priest continues the celebration of the same sacrifice which the Son of God offered on Calvary for man's redemption; he dispens's God's pardon and is the visible successor of God's infinite and innumerable graces through the soul-saving sacraments of our holy faith. Take from the earth the Catholic priesthood—the *salt* which preserves it from corruption—and how deplorable would its condition become!

It must be apparent, therefore, to all Catholics, that the perpetuation of the priesthood is the most imperative obligation of the Church in general and of each Diocese in particular, and how deplorable would its condition become!

It must be apparent, therefore, to all Catholics, that the perpetuation of the priesthood is the most imperative obligation of the Church in general and of each Diocese in particular, and how deplorable would its condition become!

Will England's Difficulty Become Ireland's Opportunity?

The Irish people at home have elected peaceable Parliamentary agitation as the *safest, surest* and *shortest* road to freedom from English miasule. They have placed Parnell at the head of the Irish National organization which they sustain to the best of their ability. And he—as spokesman of the Irish people—has expressed to the Irishmen in America his fonds so as to help elect representatives from Ireland to the British Parliament who will act as a unit with Parnell, and who will voice the sentiments of that portion of the Irish people whose things represents the strong enough clamor made in the House of Commons. This contribution is called *The Irish Parliamentary Fund*, and the Monitor having opened a subscription list in its columns, we have to read therein the names of every man or woman on the Pacific coast who sympathizes with Ireland in her present struggle. *Talk is cheap*, and it is well enough in its way, but it takes money to carry on the fight for freedom—whether on a constitutional or a belligerent basis, and a dollar donated to Ireland now will have far more practical effect than any other aid that could be offered.

The present Egyptian difficulty in which England has become involved has already created a breach in the ranks of the English people and culminated in the English Parliament by the introduction of a vote of censure which came very near turning out Gladstone's administration. It requires only another repulse of the British forces in Egypt to cause a general election throughout Great Britain, under a new ministry—and then *will come Ireland's opportunity*—if Ireland is only prepared for the political contest.

A Montana contributor makes a patriotic plea for Parnell and the Parliamentary Fund on the first page of this issue, which should be read and acted on practically by every man in America in whose veins flows Irish blood. As the writer ably says Unity, a single aim of purpose, full confidence in a tried leader, and a liberal support to representatives—is the only course by which success can crown the cause of Irish agitation. Ten men pulling in one direction can effect more by concentration of physical force than a hundred men pulling in different directions. The rule of physical force is just as potent in moral force, and hence we hope Parnell's plea for the Parliamentary Fund will be answered in that splendid spirit of generous patriotism which has hitherto characterized the contributions to the Land and Fatherland by the Celtic race on this coast.

The Birthday of Robert Emmet.

The 4th of March is a memorable day in the annals of Irish history, it being the birthday of the immortal and imperishable Irish patriot Robert Emmet, whose memory is cherished by legions of the Irish race in every land.

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin, where his father was an eminent physician, and his mother was a Quaker lady. When he had finished his college course he became head and soul in the spirit of patriotism which inspired the exile of the Irish people in the memorable era of 1798, and he entered heart and soul into the effort then made to liberate Ireland from the thraldom of England.

The exalted character of Emmet is well portrayed by persons of all political complexions who have written upon the turbulent times in which he lived. The poet Moore in his "Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," speaks of his friend and fellow student in the following terms:

"Were I to number, indeed, the men among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree personal worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Vividly free from the follies and frailties of youth, though how capable to lead into them, he showed in every other respect—the purest and most amiable of youths, and with a mind and character which, seemed as if, in the same time they enabled that at all divided his thoughts with the interests of Irish freedom, which, in him, was as hereditary as well as national feeling—himself under the most martyr like sacrifices for the cause. Simple in all his habits, and with a sense of lofty and disinterested honor, which no temptation could seduce, no threat shake, he was, at an early age, the soul of a party, which, from the rank they held in talent, as well as from the high and spotless character of most of their leaders, could not but be formidable to the government of Ireland."

Moore's description of Emmet is well worth reading in full, and we have space to read therein the names of every man or woman on the Pacific coast who sympathizes with Ireland in her present struggle. *Talk is cheap*, and it is well enough in its way, but it takes money to carry on the fight for freedom—whether on a constitutional or a belligerent basis, and a dollar donated to Ireland now will have far more practical effect than any other aid that could be offered.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Mackey presented to the Peter Pence Fund the sum of $5,000 on the recent occasion of the marriage of his adopted daughter.

We recent to learn that the "Irish Fireside" has ceased publication. The *Irish Fireside*, of which the celebrated philosopher Ulsaghs was for so many years the editor, has ceased to exist with the present year.

The New York *Tribune* got off a pretty good pun the other day when it said that "between El Mahdi in the Soudan, and El Dahdi in Ireland, they are just now giving poor John Bull plenty to do."

A petition, golden up at the Dayton, O., Soldier's House, and with two thousand signatures, was forwarded recently, to President Cleveland, respectfully urging the name of General Rosecrans for Secretary of War.

—"To the President of the Irish League, from a friend of Ireland and liberty," was the inscription on an infernal machine received by Patrick Egan while at the Irish National ball at Lincoln, Neb., on the 17th of last month.

The Geological Society of London has this year assigned its "Bigsby" medal to Catholic priest, Abbe Renard, of Brussels. The medal, according to the will of its founder, is to be given, irrespective of nationality, to any consist who has distinguished himself by geological research and is not more than forty-five years of age. Abbe Renard's claim to eminence is in his researches in fossil microscopy.

—According to *Sadlier's Directory*, the Catholic Church in the United States has now one cardinal, eleven archbishops, sixty-three bishops, one prefect-apostolic, six mitred abbots, 7441 priests, 1597 candidates for the priesthood, 6626 churches, 907 chapels, 1886 stations, thirty-five theological seminaries, eighty three colleges, 501 academies (that is to say high schools for girls), 2264 parochial schools with 460,511 pupils, 272 asylums of various sorts, and 154 hospitals.

A very instructive and consoling article on the Holy Rosary, from the gifted pen of a "Son of St. Dominic," will be found on the second page this week. We have several other articles for the same beneficial and important object, from the same various Dominican Fathers, which will appear during Lent on the third page of each issue, and which we commend to the perusal of all those pious people who appreciate the honor of being favored by heaven so far as to be the worthy clients of the Mother of God.

The beautiful Sonnet which we publish on the second page from the pen of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, was suggested by the remark of an old Irish P. P., on the subject of Father Cox's audacious attempt to reform the Doctrine of the Church; although Sir Bernie Founder compared the Doctrines of Christ by His Apostles and their successors, to the *Light of the world*! Said means a totally distinct constituent of the Church. Unfortunately we all can lament sadly, for the light exists no longer in Rome. "For there can be no sunshine, but most dim or shine.

The views on the Chinese Question entertained by Bishop Haymonds which will be found on the first page, are entitled to great weight in consequence of his long residence in China and the extraordinary facilities he possesses for forming a correct view of the Chinese character. The conclusion Bishop Raymonds has arrived at just wants the adjustment, still strike every country takes her place among the nations of the earth, free, and free till then, let my epitaph be written."

The poet Moore, who knew Emmet intimately, being his college mate and personal friend for many years, spoke almost prophetic words when he penned these patriotic lines regarding the respect made by Emmet that his tomb should remain unmarked until his country took her place among the nations of the earth.

"Let my epitaph be written
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grave we lay
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps
And the tear that we shed though in secret it will flow
Shall long live in memory green in her soul.

Oregon's New Archbishop.

A Georgia paper—the Savannah *Times*—alluding to the nomination of Bishop Gross as the future Archbishop of Oregon, gives the following interesting facts connected with his ecclesiastical career:

"Bishop Gross was superior of the Redemptorist house in Boston till 1876 when he was consecrated Bishop of Savannah in Baltimore on the 27th of April, Archbishop Bailey performing the consecration ceremonies. He came to Savannah at once and began to inaugurate that system of work for which he has since become noted. In the same year, the 19th of November, 1874, the corner-stone of the Cathedral was laid, and that edifice, one of the handsomest in the South, was pushed into rapid completion. St. Patrick's Church here is also a monument to his thrift, as is also St. Joseph's Infirmary, erected in the Spring of 1876. The Benedictine Fathers came here through his influence, and the good accomplished by them is due in a manner to this good man. St. Mary's Orphan Home, beyond Anderson street, the Sacred Heart Church, which the Clare Collectives are now building on Shell road, Clare, were all begun at his instance, and this is not alone all that he has done. At Macon, Pio Nono, College, one of the best institutions of learning in the South, is an instance of his indefatigable energy. Atlanta shows the imprint of his work. While the Catholics are glad of the deserved promotion of their Bishop, they feel and at parting from one, by his splendid talents, indomitable energy and perseverance, has accomplished much in the advancement of the Church in Georgia, and by his charity and kindness of manner endeared himself to all Catholics and Protestants alike."

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Mackey presented to the Peter Pence Fund the sum of $5,000 on the recent occasion of the marriage of his adopted daughter.

We recent to learn that the "Irish Fireside" has ceased publication. The *Irish Fireside*, of which the celebrated philosopher Ulsaghs was for so many years the editor, has ceased to exist with the present year.

The New York *Tribune* got off a pretty good pun the other day when it said that "between El Mahdi in the Soudan, and El Dahdi in Ireland, they are just now giving poor John Bull plenty to do."

ST. CLARE OF MONTE FALCO.

Graphic Description of a Visit to the Shrine of St. Clare.—The Protector of the Poor at Virgin Tomb. Her Body Preserved during six Hundred Years.—A Sketch of St. Clare's Life.—The Instruments of the Passion found in her Hearse.—Her Canonization and the Homage paid to her by the Church.

[FROM OUR REGULAR ROME CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir:—It was a fine clear morning that on which I left Assisi for Foligno. The mountains and valleys were still in shadow, and had not long risen above the Appenines. We proceeded to our journey—as is usual with Italian express trains—about the rate of ten miles per hour. However, I was on a holiday trip, and my heart was light as I left much like a schoolboy returning home for the first time from college, having been six months in "the blues"; consequently I unceremoniously forgave all the short-comings of the train and its officials who were laboring so hard to bring me to my destination. Long had I been pondering many

A VISIT TO MONTE FALCO,

and now at last my desire is to be gratified. After I had waited patiently about an hour the train pulled up at Foligno. It had run clear through from Assisi, a distance of some twelve miles, but time! Oh! the poor fellows and were looking out with the most disappointed features for an Englishman or two to whom they might offer a fee. Well, I immediately stepped down from the train public opinion and I was soon in a carriage. In a few minutes I was surrounded by a dozen specimens of the cabby tribe. They were fearful to behold, and I think if any of them ever strayed over to Ireland they would run great dances of being arrested for vagrancy. Those figures impressed me with a strange feeling of dread, and I was condemned by a choice jury for some horrible sarcasm, which, if pronounced in Italian, would be simply castle offensive. For they really looked very like the nurdy characters that used to be pictured in the Illustrated Dublin Journal by Joe Darcinale. Odious and disagreeable as were the cabmen, I was compelled to patronize them, for I was in a hurry. Accordingly I selected one of the most villanous looking of the lot, and he, with a wild whoop, dashed off at a gallop, and I, with a very nervous feeling, followed. Fathers Leonard Hegan and Francis Cummins, to whom I had letters, were expected from the heart and placed my luggage in charge of the cabman, and I was soon in the midst of the Franciscan Fathers. These fathers treated me with the most kind and courteous attention, and I felt at home in a few minutes. Fathers Hegan and Cummins are well known in Rome, and I need not speak of their merits. Suffice it to say that I was treated by them as a brother, and I shall ever remember with pleasure the few days I spent in their company. I was so early, that I had time to visit the Church of St. Francis, and the Church of St. Clare, in the interest of the cabby tribe. They were fearful to behold, and I think if any of them ever strayed over to Ireland they would run great dances of being arrested for vagrancy. Those figures impressed me with a strange feeling of dread, and I was condemned by a choice jury for some horrible sarcasm, which, if pronounced in Italian would be castle offensive. For they really looked very like the nurdy characters that used to be pictured in the Illustrated Dublin Journal by Joe Darcinale. Odious and disagreeable as were the cabmen, I was compelled to patronize them, for I was in a hurry. Accordingly I selected one of the most villanous looking of the lot, and he, with a wild whoop, dashed off at a gallop, and I, with a very nervous feeling, followed. Fathers Leonard Hegan and Francis Cummins, to whom I had letters, were expected from the heart and placed my luggage in charge of the cabman, and I was soon in the midst of the Franciscan Fathers. These fathers treated me with the most kind and courteous attention, and I felt at home in a few minutes. Fathers Hegan and Cummins are well known in Rome, and I need not speak of their merits. Suffice it to say that I was treated by them as a brother, and I shall ever remember with pleasure the few days I spent in their company. I was so early, that I had time to visit the Church of St. Francis, and the Church of St. Clare, in the interest of the cabby tribe. They were fearful to behold, and I think if any of them ever strayed over to Ireland they would run great dances of being arrested for vagrancy. Those figures impressed me with a strange feeling of dread, and I was condemned by a choice jury for some horrible sarcasm, which, if pronounced in Italian and were obliging. They would take me anywhere, cost, no cost, so long as I was able to keep pace with the advance. Churches and schoolhouses have sprung up all over the city, while the force of priests have correspondingly increased to minister to the wants of the rapidly growing denomination. Of the 300,000 Catholics in the archdiocese, about 50,000 are located outside of Philadelphia, leaving 250,000 dwellers in the city.

—A "non-Catholic Parent" asks the Monitor if his daughter would be *compelled* to attend Catholic worship in case he sent her to a school under charge of one of the female Religious Orders of the Catholic Church? And the Monitor is very happy to say that *compulsion* is not allowed as a factor in the Catholic Church. Any young girl of non-Catholic parents can attend a Catholic boarding school and remain a Seventh day Adventist, a Methodist or a Muggletonian, and neither coaxing or cajoling or threats will avail to make her change her creed. So particular is the Church on this point that a Letter of Instruction from the Sacred Propaganda to the Bishops of Ireland, some seventeen years ago, at the Bishops of North America, in which this peremptory paragraph occurred: "We forbid you to Catholic parents attending Catholic schools to be obliged—against at Mass—against—or—to—own—discretion."

—The sight rule of the Pope of Rome on this matter, and our "separated brethren," who have control of sectarian educational institutions, might take a leaf from the chief pastor in the tendom in this matter, with great advantage to their business spirit of freedom of conscience.

—The Englishman who is not an egotist can scarcely be one of the Grand Jury Hall, Even Mgr. Capel, with all his learning and talents, could not talk for ten minutes without mentioning the Mass! Even in New York without casting reflections upon the standard of Catholic education in this country, betraying the effort to a smattering to progress in the pathway of knowledge even against great odds, and then limiting manifesting the Prelacy of America by sneering at the idea, a Catholic University for such a set of uncultured savages as an Catholics are in this country. Hard! Mgr. Capel will scarcely be taken across the Atlantic, he will find far more food for his sarcasm in his own dear England than he will find in America, and he will do far more in keeping with his position in this land to leave the management of the educational institutions of the Church to the American Bishops, who have hitherto succeeded remarkably well in spreading faith and knowledge among people who were in a state almost even of such an egotistical English sarcastic as one who volunteers his advice without waiting to be asked for it.

—His Holiness has been pleased through the medium of the Secretaire of State, to name Mgr. Aristides Rosadini, Chargé d'Affaires, *ad interim*, of the Holy See to the Belgian Government. The prelate, resident in Brussels—as the regent of 1866, is highly esteemed by the authorities of Belgium, where he will remain till the definitive selection of a Nuncio. Appointed to Brussels Mgr. Rotelli will, for the present, retain his position as Delegate Apostolic at Constantinople, though it is expected he will eventually replace Mgr. de Rende in the Nunciature of Paris. Amongst the candidates for the office of the archiducse have also been mentioned Mgr. Ceccarelli, Nuncio at Madrid, and Mgr. Ferrata, Nuncio at Vienna; the late Nuncio of Lisbon, Mgr Masella; the Nuncio at Paris; the Archbishop of Capua, and the Archbishop of Bologna and of Catania, both of the Order of St. Benedict. The reports must be taken cum grano, all that unofficially known being the creation of a Cardinal in the next Consistory of two Italian Archbishops. Another rumor mentions as future Nuncio to Turin the name of Monsignor Jacobini, the Neapolitan patrician. The Holy Father has further been pleased to name Commitor of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, the Very Rev. Joseph Pennetti, Rector of the Seminary of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul for Foreign Missions, and finally to create Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, Alessandro Manzoni, of Turin, a well known Catholic journalist connected with the editorial staff of the *Gazzetta di Turino*, and for over twenty years a strenuous defender of the rights of the Church.

A CHURCH CLOSED.

How Bishop Heerdtsher Interdicted a Rebellious Congregation.

FAT RIVER, Mass., Feb. 16.—To-day the following letter was read from the pulpits of the churches of the Bishop of Providence to the flight of Bishop Heerdtsher, forbidding the use of the church in this city, and ordering that the Blessed Sacrament be removed:

A SAD CONDITION OF AFFAIRS.

Sins we have in the year 1876 at Monte Falco (Italy). Where the body of St. Clare is preserved to be endeared with a perfect use of reason, and she entered a pious conversation with the bones that lie of saints—Bishop Bellomo and nobody. Bishop Bellomo was dressed in the most gorgeous robes, and he was followed by the full clergy of the Diocese, and by a large number of people from the Diocese, and by a large number of people from the Diocese, and by a large number of people from

Farm and Home.

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

Only ten dollars—no more, sir,—
The wages I weekly touch,
For I labor sturdily and slow, sir,
It isn't a deal too much!
Your money goes in the city
And vanishes left and right,
And I see not a single penny
As earnest of my sight.

Sal's husband gives her her money,
She's better than gold to me!

We live in a reeking court, sir,
With rumsery, drink and woe,
But Kitty has never a thought, sir,
That isn't as white as snow—
She hasn't a thought or a feeling
An angel would blush to meet;
I love to think of her kneeling
And praying for me to sweet.

Sal's husband gives her money,
She's better than gold to me!

I must be honest and simple,
I must be manly and true,
Or how could I attach her dimple,
Or gaze in her truth eyes blue!
I feel not anger, but pity,
When workmates go to the bar;
I say: "They're never a Kitty
They'd all keep company, I'd say!"
Sal's husband gives her money,
She's better than gold to me!

Ah, the day she stood at the altar,
Modest and white and still,
And truth from her lips did falter
The beautiful word: "I will!"
Our home has been bright as I pretty
As ever a poor man's may,
And my soft, little dove, my Kitty,
Shall smile in my heart for aye.
Sal's husband gives her money,
She's better than gold to me!

Gossip.

A common weakness of the human mind is the love of gossip; that

"Small, small, impressible small talk,
That ooze its powerful dew-ground in Typhoon."

Those who indulge in it are the idle, the bitter and discontented, who find no comfort or peace in life so great as seeking out the shortcomings of others. It is the sure evidence, if not of a naturally mean and vicious soul, at least of a narrow and untrusted mental vision. Some people seem not to be aware that every word that passes their lips is tinged with the color of their own minds, and that such a way of talking story discloses the individual character. It is a pitable fact that many a one has gone through life a victim to the intangible accusation that is expressed by the silent shrug and the carefully-worded innuendo, and other where the life of the accused has been spotless when compared to those of the slanderers. Have the higher truths them no place when in cordially true, that we let the grand and beautiful things pass by unheeded, while we go on grubbing in the dirt for the base metals! Talk of places and principles, not persons, except where the latter are used to illustrate some general truth, and that one no be judged impersonally—the small and insignificant are never safe subjects for analysis—remembering always that truth, to the finite mind, is not absolute, but relative, and that no two see it from the same standpoint.—*Washington Gazette.*

How Men Would Manage.

Says a bright woman: "Could anything be a better illustration of the way women do their work as compared with the way men do them, than to look over a village of say a thousand families on Monday morning. In a thousand little kitchens a thousand women would be seen thrusting wood into a thousand little cook stoves, heating a thousand little wash boilers, bending their backs over a thousand little wash boards, and hanging their clothes on a thousand clothes lines. If, by some singular social revolution, the men of such a village were to undertake to do the same work, their first step would be to get up a steam company, invest capital in building and machinery, so organize the work that about half a dozen women could attend to it, and the rest of the women would be free to do their own business on Monday, just the same as any other day."

Girls Beware.

Girls be careful of your associations! The newspapers are filled with painful instances of girls ruined and ruined, through folly in forming the acquaintance of young men, of whom they have nothing, and whose intentions in seeking their society are evil. There are many traps set to catch the feet of unwary school girls who think it is romantic to flirt with young men whom they meet on the street, or the cars or elsewhere. Girls, do not hold yourselves so cheaply. Recognize no one, to whom you are not introduced by someone whom you know respects you, and would guard your welfare. Do not have acquaintances whom you would not confide to your mother. You may consider it a sheer way to live, and you may think there is lots of fun in the adventures with your schoolmates boat of, but depend upon it the slow life is the true one, and that any girl who gives herself ever so slightly to base associates, is in danger of indescribable heartaches and deceptions and pants from which there is no escape.

Prunes in California.

The prune industry is attracting much attention from the orchardists in Southern California, and the fruit grown is in every inferior to the best imported. Perhaps the largest prune orchard in the world is situated near the town of Saranac, Cal, and contains 16,000 trees. It was recently sold for $72,000. It is situated on a gentle slope from the foot of the mountain to Los Gatos road and can be taken in at a glance. Near by it is the famous Rice orchard, containing fruit and nut trees of almost every known variety; also the O Banion & Kent orchard of eighty acres, for which $110,000 has been offered and refused. Canned prunes are among the new delicacies in the market, and there is no other fruit that stands them in temptingness. They are destined to be held in great favor, and will command a good price.

Around the House.

Never put a hot iron directly on silk—it takes the life out of it.

Pickles or vinegar will not keep in a jar that has ever had any kind of grease in it.

Cream cotse cushions on sofas soon displeasing, lemon juice is best on others, and cold water suits others still best.

Paint spots may be removed from any kind of clothing by saturating with equal parts of turpentine and spirits of ammonia.

Salt will curdle sour milk, hence in preparing with porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Hartshorn applied to the sting of poisonous insects will allay the pain and stop the swelling, or apply oil of sassafras, which is better. Raw eggs should be treated in this way.

Don't waste your time scouring your bread pans; bread never bakes as well in a bright tin. Indeed, the best bread pans, if one can afford to have them, are those made of one of Russian sheet iron.

When coffee beans are pleased upon hot coals or upon a hot plate the flavor arises is one of the most effective and at the same time agreeable disinfectants. If no beans is obtainable even the spreading of ground coffee on the object to be disinfected is more satisfactory.

☞ The Mormon always contains one week later Catholic and Irish news than the Eastern papers.

Family Fun.

MOSTLY LIES.

Said Jones: "I hardly ever ride.
For crowded cars I can't abide.
And carriages I do despise,
I am so fond of exercise."

"I bring my lunch," said Smith slate,
"For hotel restaurants I hate;
Besides, I'd spoil my appetite
For dinner when I'm home at night."

Said Brown: "I'm tough; I never wear
An overcoat. I do declare
I do not feel the cold like those
Half-frozen chaps wrapped in furs with clothes."

"I never touch cheese," Green spake,
"They're made of stuff not fit to make
For healthfulness or comfort food;
Give me my fragrant limburger."

And so we all apologize
Just more or less—some a lot,
Because we date not say we prize
We are afraid to have expose.

Rank in Kentucky.

"How are you, Mr. Johnson?"
"Sah."
"I beg pardon, Major Johnson."
"Sah!"
"A thousand pardons! Colonel Johnson."
"No, sah! General Johnson. There never was a Johnson who wasn't a general, sah."

Cabalistic Symbols.

"What does that stand for? said one broker to another, exhibiting a piece a paper on which was written "N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R."

"Why, New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, of course."

"Yes—sometimes. But that is what beat Blaine."

"How?"

"New York, Cleveland and Hendricks, Rum, Romanism, Rebellion. See?"

"Yes. What is yours?"

He Always Said Grace.

"How many of your parents, children, say grace?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Please mum, what's them?" asked an overgrown girl in a last year's hat.

"Why, Maggie, it means what the teacher, "is it possible you don't know what grace is! Doesn't your father say something before you begin to eat?"

"Oh!" responded the girl, with a glow of intelligence; "yes, mum, he does; he always says: 'Don't make hogs of yourselves; that's all the butter there is in the house!'"

A Regular Man.

Some time ago in New Hampshire an old parsonage of 50 winters was gathered to his fathers, and a couple of temperance siders from a Massachusetts city happened to hear of the circumstance, and thinking it a good opportunity to put out feelers for a vacancy, attempts waited upon his surviving relative, a hardened old farmer, who was found in his shirt-sleeves leaning over a five-rail fence, thoughtfully chewing a wheat-straw.

"We edified to ask you some questions about your grandfather. He must have been a remarkable man."

"Yaas—jess so, he was a very regular man."

"Ah, very temperate in his habits, I suppose."

"Yaas, he gen'ly got up 'bout 5 in summer 6 in winter, and allers took a glass of Jamaiky rum first thing 'fore doin' his chores.

"What! did he use stimulants?"

"Hey?"

"Did he addicted to alcoholic beverages?"

"No, he wasn't an addicted man, but allers took a little more Jamaiky and smoked a pipe just after breakfast—an' a—

"Well, I suppose a little liquor might have been required at his age?"

"Yes, so gran'sir often said, and his lawsee! chock was a horn of rum as mulass as, tho' he gen'ly took a little clear sparrer after it jes fo' he sot down to his dinner."

"What, and did not all this dram-drinking effect his health?"

"Lor' bless yer, no, but I used to tell him he ought not to drink a mug of cider at dinner, but he said a pipe of nigger-head tarbacker after dinner ain' his 'vitiation grog an' a little gin an' sugar 'fore supper would set him up jes right."

"Great heavens! Why I thought you said your grandfather was a very regular man."

"Reg'lar! S'he was as reg'lar as a clock, and when he'd had a horn or two after supper, and was settin' afore the hire over a quart mug of cold Jamaiky, smoking his pipe, my gran'father—

"Hang your grandfather! The old man must have been preserved in spirits of tobacco or he would never have lived so long"—and the elders withdrew, not satisfied that they had either a remarkable dissertation or a frightful example to suit their purpose.

A Sensitive Market.

"So you think wheat will go up?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"Is there any reason for it?"

"Reason! A thousand reasons. My wife was a neighbor of Tom Alleyman's lady fall out of bed last night; John Trueland's brand girl upset over a chair after breakfast this morning, and, look here, I've got a sliver of it in my fingers!"

"Hot box on earth."

"Ah; you people who do not operate on change cannot understand how every thing affects the market."

"But how do you know wheat will go up."

"Well, it will either go up or down."

Cabalistic Symbols.

"What does that stand for? said one broker to another, exhibiting a piece a paper on which was written "N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R."

"Why, New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, of course.

"Yes—sometimes. But that is what beat Blaine."

"How?"

"New York, Cleveland and Hendricks, Rum, Romanism, Rebellion. See?"

"Yes. What is yours?"

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EXCITEMENT UNABATED.

That Remarkable Experience of a Rochester Physician Fully Authenticated.

Cleveland, O., Herald.

Yesterday and the day before we copied quite our columns from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, a remarkable statement, made by J. H. Hanson, M. D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that article Dr. Hanson recounts a wonderful experience which befell him, and the next day we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the "Excitement it has occasioned" caused by Dr. Hanson's statement. It is doubtful if any two articles were ever published which caused greater commotion both among professional people and others.

Since his publication of those two articles, having been engaged with intense energy, we sent a commissioner to Dr. Hanson and also one to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if the publication of the statements published, and the reliability of the statements published. In answer thereto we have received the following letters, which will interest to the entire subject and verify every statement laboriously made.—

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor of yesterday, published statement, every my signature, to which you refer, is true in every respect, and I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Cure, which snatched me from the very brink of the grave. It is not surprising that people should question the statement I made, for my recovery was so great a marvel to myself as to my physicians and friends.

J. H. HANSON, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 21.

SIRS: Acknowledging your favor duly received, we would say: The best proof we can give you that the statements made by Dr. Hanson are entirely true, and could only have been published unless strictly so, is the following testimonial from the Health Office of Rochester, and a card published by Hanson himself, which you are at liberty to use if you wish.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

To Whom it may Concern.

In the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* of December 31st, there appeared a statement in the form of a card from Dr. J. H. Hanson, of this city, recounting his remarkable recovery from Bright's disease of the kidneys, after several years of suffering, as had given him up, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. The statement was so far together accounted with Dr. Hanson, we believe to be entirely true, and that the statement not literally true. We are also acquainted with my reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of that medicine, whose commercial and personal standing in this community are of the highest character, and we believe that they would not publish any statement which they were not literally and strictly true in every particular.

WM. F. MATHEWS, Health Officer of Rochester.

WM. PURCELL, Editor *Union and Advertiser.*

W. D. SHEARY (ex-Surrogate Monroe County.

EDWARD A. FROST (ex-Clerk Monroe County.

JOHN C. FRYER (ex-District Attorney Monroe County.

M. DAVY (ex-Member Congress, Rochester.

JOHN S. MORGAN (County Judge, Monroe County.

HIRAM SIBLEY (Capitalist and Seedsman).

W. C. RUNDEL (ex-County Judge, Monroe County).

JOHN VAN VOORHIS (ex-Member of Congress).

To the Editor of the Loving Church, Chicago, Ill.

There was published in the Rochester papers and *Chronicle* of the 31st of December, a statement made by J. H. Hanson, M. D., announcing he had been cured of Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in the last stage, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. I was referred to in that statement, as having recommended and urged the adoption of many delusions. He was paying off the national debt, going into partnership with Baron Rothschild, and forming a lodge of female Freemasons. One day an epileptic patient, intoxicated at being perpetually asked to buy imaginary shares, gave him a tremendous blow on the bridge of the nose. From that time he improved rapidly, and acknowledged that the blow had a sobering effect, and had quite knocked the nonsense out of his head. There is no doubt that this was the secret of that cruel old remedy for madness, the circulating swing, favorably recommended by physicians of the last century. This horrible swing, was a small box hung upon a pivot, and worked by a small lever. The "infernal machine" of the maniac's pacing a paroxysm, was strapped in a sitting or recumbent posture. The pivot was placed under the chair, and the velocity of a hundred revolutions a minute, and the horrible effect was supposed to be heightened by reversing the motion every six or eight minutes, and by stopping it occasionally with a sudden jerk. The results of this swing (which occasionally brought on convulsions of the brain) were profound and procracted sleep, intense prostration, mental exhaustion, and a non-substantial horror of any machine to the same remedy which left a mental impression that acted as a permanent restraint. That the results were often beneficial we have indisputable evidence. A man who awakes out of sleep is conscious of a lapse of time, and can generally even guess its duration; but the man struck on the brain is often unconscious of any lapse. A man was struck in the street, and was afterwards delirious. He was unconscious after the first blow for fourteen days. He was then delirious and maniacal for ten weeks. When he became more tranquil they brought him to the asylum in a strait-waistcoat. He soon became quiet, but when he became conscious he had clean forgotten the fourteen days' insane and the ten weeks' delirious and maniac. At the battle of the Nile an Egyptian was struck on the head by a shot, and became unconscious. He was taken home with the wounded, and remained in Greenwich Hospital fifteen months deprived of sense and speech. At the end of that period an operation was performed, and the brain relieved from the pressure he instantly rose from his bed, and continued the orders to the sailors which had been so abruptly interrupted fifteen months before. Dr. Abercrombie gives an analogous case. A lady was struck with apoplexy while sitting at the whist table. It was Thursday evening when she fell, and she lay in a stupor all Friday and Saturday. On Sunday she suddenly recovered her consciousness, and her first words were, "What are trumps?" The clock work had stopped at that point and on the pendulum resumed commenced to swing.

Curiosities of Lunacy.

There are cases where the blows on the head have been followed by the brain, and produced extraordinary changes for the better. A gentleman of my acquaintance, at the age of twenty-six, he fell down a stone staircase, and for three days and nights he was entranced. From that moment he became a quiet Christian Methodist mentioned a case of three brothers who were all nearly idiots. One of them was injured on the head, and from that moment he became sane, and was a successful barrister. Wollenstein, too, has recorded a case where a man fell and broke a window and awoke with enlarged capacity. Dr. Hanson's case is not unique in the series of many delusions. He was paying off the national debt, going into partnership with Baron Rothschild, and forming a lodge of female Freemasons. One day an epileptic patient, intoxicated at being perpetually asked to buy imaginary shares, gave him a tremendous blow on the bridge of the nose. From that time he improved rapidly, and acknowledged that the blow had a sobering effect, and had quite knocked the nonsense out of his head. There is no doubt that this was the secret of that cruel old remedy for madness, the circulating swing, favorably recommended by physicians of the last century. This horrible swing, was a small box hung upon a pivot, and worked by a small lever. The "infernal machine" of the maniac's pacing a paroxysm, was strapped in a sitting or recumbent posture. The pivot was placed under the chair, and the velocity of a hundred revolutions a minute, and the horrible effect was supposed to be heightened by reversing the motion every six or eight minutes, and by stopping it occasionally with a sudden jerk. The results of this swing (which occasionally brought on convulsions of the brain) were profound and procracted sleep, intense prostration, mental exhaustion, and a non-substantial horror of any machine to the same remedy which left a mental impression that acted as a permanent restraint. That the results were often beneficial we have indisputable evidence. A man who awakes out of sleep is conscious of a lapse of time, and can generally even guess its duration; but the man struck on the brain is often unconscious of any lapse. A man was struck in the street, and was afterwards delirious. He was unconscious after the first blow for fourteen days. He was then delirious and maniacal for ten weeks. When he became more tranquil they brought him to the asylum in a strait-waistcoat. He soon became quiet, but when he became conscious he had clean forgotten the fourteen days' insane and the ten weeks' delirious and maniac. At the battle of the Nile an Egyptian was struck on the head by a shot, and became unconscious. He was taken home with the wounded, and remained in Greenwich Hospital fifteen months deprived of sense and speech. At the end of that period an operation was performed, and the brain relieved from the pressure he instantly rose from his bed, and continued the orders to the sailors which had been so abruptly interrupted fifteen months before. Dr. Abercrombie gives an analogous case. A lady was struck with apoplexy while sitting at the whist table. It was Thursday evening when she fell, and she lay in a stupor all Friday and Saturday. On Sunday she suddenly recovered her consciousness, and her first words were, "What are trumps?" The clock work had stopped at that point and on the pendulum resumed commenced to swing.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send us all original and other information connected with their societies, for this department.

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WM. F. WALSH, Secretary, pro tem.

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GLADSTONE'S ARRAIGNMENT.

A Sensation in the House of Commons. The Premier's Pirouette. Why O'Brien was Suspended.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—Gladstone, in the Commons this evening, moved to postpone all notice of motions until after the order of the day, resuming the debate on Northcote's motion of censure upon the Premier for his Egyptian policy was adjourned. In response to an inquiry put by Elliot Ashmead Bartlett (Conservative), Gladstone explained that he had never mentioned the abandoning of the Soudan by her Majesty's forces after the capture of Khartoum. He had merely said that the evacuation of the Soudan by Egypt had formed the original policy of her Majesty's Government. That policy remained unaltered, but recent events had intervened to prevent its execution.

Rosebery (Home Rule) opposed the Premier's motion and was seconded by his opposition by several Parnellites.

The opposition became so noisy that the Speaker was forced to adjourn the House, announcing that it would be his duty to inform the house that he thought the subject had been adequately discussed. At this the Parnellites nearly all joined in prolonged howls and derisive cheers. William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland* and a Home Ruler, shouted out: "We will remember this in Ireland." This remark was greeted with cries of "Oh," "Oh," "Name him" "Name him." The Speaker thereupon named O'Brien. Gladstone at once moved that the named member be suspended. O'Brien at once jumped up and said: "That is the result of my attempt to bring the question which had so long agitated the Irish people before the House and the Prime Minister had submitted, Thomas Sexton (Home Ruler) rose on a point of order. He was sharply overruled by the Speaker.

A division was then called upon Gladstone's motion to suspend O'Brien. It resulted in a vote of 214 for the motion and but twenty against it. The speaker, when the vote had been announced, ordered O'Brien to withdraw from the House. O'Brien arose, straight-end himself up to his full height, and exclaiming with much precision and sarcasm, "Certainly sir; I will withdraw from this place of honor," he left the house amid a Parnellite cheer.

The Parnellites objected to the resumption of the debate on the motion of censure because it would prevent discussion on the motion made by Redmond relating to the conduct of an Irish constable named Murphy.

The Gladstone-O'Brien episode was quite sensational while it lasted and Gladstone's conduct was fine. When the House had cooled down to business the debate was prolonged and voted for by 297 yeas and 40 nays. Parnell at present does notation with the tally and as a rule votes in unison with the Tories. The result of the debate is considered to be that the delay would only result in a further deposition of the value of the property. As it is, the country will consider itself lucky if it obtains an equal protection for equal to one years rental of the farms. The company has over 600 tenants, who pay $40,000 per year in rents. It has offered the tenants the first opportunity of purchasing their holdings on easy terms.

Bishop Donnelly and the Poor.

—On the 8th inst, throughout county Monaghan, Ire, by express orders of Bishop Donnelly of Clogher, a collection was taken up in the churches for the benefit of the girls who were thrown out of work by the stopping of the mill at Castleblaney, in which they refused to work in holidays of obedience, whenever the owner arbitrarily closed his works. Dr. Donnelly speaks of these girls as "unhappy in one sense."

DEFENDING PARNELL'S SILENCE.

A Southern Judge from an Irish Point on English Impertinence.

The Rev. Arthur Ryan, of Tipperary, writes a letter to the Boston Pilot in which he defends Mr. Parnell's silence upon the dynamite question. Father Ryan thinks it would be unbecoming on the part of the Irish leader to answer the loathing taunts of the English Press by humbly asserting his innocence, but he says that he was not a thief or murderer. But even if he did, such reputation would be unknown in valley. Mr. Parnell's denunciation would, Father Ryan thinks, have no more effect on stopping the dynamiters than simultaneous sermons from every bishop and Cardinal Manning in England would have in stopping pickpockets or with broken Father Ryan continues: "It is say also that Mr. Parnell's denunciation of dynamite outrages would cause him and his party of what you acknowledge to be a serious and emotional character. Would it? Would the savage disability that believe Mr. Parnell and the bishops, priests and people whom with him, are ready to shake off the yoke of England? Would the Irish people cease to be Fenians? Would men like Father Angus or journals like the *Nenagh Guardian* state one which of their venomous hatred of the Irish race, or withdraw one of their slanderous accusations every stray video from Donegal to Cork or cry out Dynamite and invoke vengeance on the atrocious? Not they. How could they? Would they not be perfectly logical in saying that men who would not scruple dynamite would scarcely scruple the lie that would assist it? And what one of us could frame a denunciation that would not be as one twisted by those jaws of malice into silence or at least into a qualified one? I expect, for instance, that the line of Dublin by which read last year in the line of Dublin to Dublin Castle, and which I quote the Dublin Freeman's Journal, I expect this very moment whether I believe that I can with honor at an evening that has written these words in fire on my heart, and that indeed I do not little and time the hands that held the Phoenix daggers in Dublin, or the dynamite and outrage that are now hate—it is Ireland and the Irish, and the sooner you and all honest Englishmen see this the better.

LABOR RIOT IN LONDON.

Further Perplexities Confronting the Tranquil Britisers.

A serious riot occurred in London, Monday week, in the vicinity of Parliament street. A process composed of 1,000 stalwart men, with men accompanied by bands of music, and carrying banners inscribed with legends denouncing the government and demanding work, marched to the building occupied by the local government board in Whitehall. A deputation formed its way into the office of the board and demanded the immediate relief be afforded them by the establishment of public relief works. The officials present gave them a cold reception, offering some no encouragement and the deputation returned to the mass of men with a cheering report. The process then marched to the official residence of Chamberlain, where a halt was ordered, the mass groaned and hissed for the Premier and the cabinet Liberal officers, and denounced them for their negligence of the workingman and their cruelty. The subject was in question this time, and the sudden assembling of the mob surprised the mounted guard stationed in Whitehall, and they thought the mob intended to make a rush for the Premier's residence. The mounted men were hastily reinforced and the mob was hastily dispersed by a rush of the mounted men. It had made an attempt to storm the admiralty and home office. Both buildings were heavily guarded with all sorts of missiles. The affair cause intense excitement through the city.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—In accordance with their late custom, the men of Armagh celebrated the 17th. At the recent establishment of a branch in the Gaelic League, the participants were present were Rev. H. McGuire, chairman, Rev. P. McGrean, Rev. H. McNeve and Rev. P. McIntyre, secretary. Messrs. MacMahon and J. McAnulty also took part in the proceedings. Crossmaglen has also stepped to the front. The branch recently formed there now numbers over 200 steady members; and at its last meeting, under the presidency of Mr. P. Lynch, P.L.G., the secretary, Mr. Conlon, was in a position to announce the receipt of £5, which £20 had been sent on to the Dublin Central Executive. This speaks well for the spirit of the people of Crossmaglen.

Clare.—The village of Crusheen was thrown into a state of excitement, on Saturday last, by the report that an attempt had been made to rob the respected house of Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald, who is a brother of Rev. John Francis McGuire. It appears he was awakened about two o'clock by a man entering his office, when shortly after, another man, who is living in the neighborhood, came to the house and knocked on the door. The man, who was drunk and carried a bayonet, came into the house, and, after some time, threatened him. Father McGuire warded off the blow with his hand, and grappling with the man, immediately a second threat was made, from which he had a very narrow escape. On leaving the sitting-room of his trousers Father McGuire was grappled with his assailant, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in wresting the fellow from him, and he succeeded in making his escape. Meanwhile, the man who had been left in the office had ransacked the place, and had taken from the place a watch and a few pounds in money.

Cavan.—The Cavan Annual for several years past, Mr. Bolton, M.P., has stated that it is not his intention to seek reelection for the county Kilmore. This is good.

Cork.—Two years have not yet elapsed since an interesting account appeared of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of the golden jubilee of Father Mary Joseph Rice, the founder of the Christian Brothers, and author of our national Irish Catechism of his religious profession. The deceased was the founder of Mount Sion, Waterford, and belonged to one of the most distinguished Kerry families. He entered the Franciscan order in the year 1820, taking with her the very ancient name of Brother Ignatius, and he was a man of some religious zeal in 1832.

A lately published account, in a book on Feb. 1, at Schoolmore, at which a branch of the National Gaelic League was formed, the meeting was addressed by several clergymen and others, and it was stated that the Bishop, Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Kerry, had given the infant society his blessing and encouragement. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Fitzgerald, who stated that the Land Act was administered by people who follow the principle laid down by Pitt, that the interest should be sole master of his own property. Now they contended that it ought to be shown the country stress and ruined tenantry, and that the Land Act was the work of the industrial concerns of the country. Amid a scene of great cheering Father Ryan of Ulcany took the chair. His speech was a clear exposition of the Land Act, and was delivered in the form of a Pitt. The fare delivered, a vote of thanks was proposed to the chairman, and was carried by the meeting, and the meeting then marched to the official residence of Chamberlain, where a halt was ordered, the mass groaned and hissed for the Premier and the cabinet Liberal officers, and denounced them for their negligence of the workingman and their cruelty. The subject was in question this time, and the sudden assembling of the mob surprised the mounted guard stationed in Whitehall, and they thought the mob intended to make a rush for the Premier's residence. The mounted men were hastily reinforced and the mob was hastily dispersed by a rush of the mounted men. It had made an attempt to storm the admiralty and home office. Both buildings were heavily guarded with all sorts of missiles. The affair cause intense excitement through the city.

Dublin.—The remains of Nicholas Archbold, who died in Paris, were interred on Saturday last. At the recent establishment of a branch in the Gaelic League, the participants were present were Rev. H. McGuire, chairman, Rev. P. McGrean, Rev. H. McNeve and Rev. P. McIntyre, secretary. Messrs. MacMahon and J. McAnulty also took part in the proceedings. Crossmaglen has also stepped to the front. The branch recently formed there now numbers over 200 steady members; and at its last meeting, under the presidency of Mr. P. Lynch, P.L.G., the secretary, Mr. Conlon, was in a position to announce the receipt of £5, which £20 had been sent on to the Dublin Central Executive. This speaks well for the spirit of the people of Crossmaglen.

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Tyrone.—A local lunatic of some description, who is known as Arthur Kane, was arrested in Omagh, on Saturday last, for the part he played in the Phoenix Park outrages. He was brought before the Petty Sessions Court, and, after a long examination, he was remanded for a week, in order to allow the police to make another attempt to dispose of the prisoner, who, it is said, is a dangerous character. The affair has caused great excitement in the town.

Limerick.—The Limerick Fishery Commission, which was appointed on Feb. 4, decided to wind up their concern. The company was formed some twenty years since to work the salmon fisheries on the West Coast of Ireland, between Galway and Donegal, and, up to 1882, it had paid a dividend of 10 per cent. The undertaking proved a failure. The company's chief operations were in Donegal Bay, and the fishery was lost by the company.

Wexford.—Last Sparrow hatting failed to indulge the Limerick people into paying for the Lady's prize, now in pawn. Now they hold the Leonard Gardens Gun-Club as a centre of attraction, and, when they do so, we say valid reason for doing so.

Wicklow.—Mr. Thomas Kane, Kilcarra, Arklow, has lost a valuable cow, which died on Friday last, after a short illness, and was evidently poisoned. This certainly does not look as if the Coburn's and Lynch's outrages are ended. Some time last year based on fear and intimidation, Mr. Kane's cow was poisoned, and Mr. Lynch's cow, Mr. Kane, Kilcarra, Arklow, on January 31, and delivered judgment in the case of Kane and Lynch, which was to be heard in the Court of King Richard's Bench, in a fair trial. In no single instance has any prosecution been made, or, if it be so, and, to refine it legal, the man had his case dismissed. Something like £1,000 is now £20, and a third from £11 to £5 15s. To the Lynch's and Kane's the loss is not so great, but it will take some time to make up the loss.

Meath.—Mr. Edward Kilbreath, of Gunderum, Oldbawn, has been sworn in as High Sheriff of County Meath, and Mr. Thomas Lowry, of Kells, as sub-Sheriff.

Mayo.—Colonel A. W. Knox-Gore died at his residence, Ballina House, on Jan 31, aged 71 years.

The usual Spring outpatient from Connaught and Ulster, which is to be held in Dublin, is small farmers and their sons from the above Provinces, and from the Leinster Province, commencing on their way to Dublin, there for the purpose of attending the Spring Assizes, which are to be held in Dublin, Monday, March 2, and from the Leinster Province, Monday, March 9.

Sligo.—Mr. Edward Kilbreath, of Gunderum, Oldbawn, has been sworn in as High Sheriff of County Meath, and Mr. Thomas Lowry, of Kells, as sub-Sheriff.

Tipperary.—At the annual meeting of the Bowes Fenian Club, held at dark rooms on Feb. 1, the following were elected for the year 1885: Head (Byrne president; E. McGuinness and M. Farrell, secretaries; John O'Brien, treasurer; Joseph Machin and John McGarry, honorary secretaries.

At one o'clock on Sunday morning, Feb. 1, Lieut. Colonel Thomas Fitzpatrick, formerly of the 1st Dragoon Guards, died at his residence, his house on the green beside the Dublin and Kilkenny road, Kilkenny. Deceased was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and was considered a good deal of a scholar. He was a member of the Kilkenny Archæological Society, and was a frequent contributor to its publications

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE RESCUE OF THE KING.

(Feb. 22nd, 1866, the Convent in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Germantown (Indian Reservation, Neb.), was burned by fire. By human escaping from the burning building, the Sisters saved the lives of the Indian children, who were in the last flame, but left homeless and their Indian pupils. Father Sepitzer, O. S. F., Superior of the Mission, succeeded in rescuing the Tabernacle with the Blessed Sacrament, and placed it in safety, thereby fulfilling the prophecy of Isaiah, 31 v. 5, by rescuing the Tabernacle from the burning Altar and flying it through the moment of its flame rushed forth after him!)

O the earth has still her brown,
Man or Indian, true and strong,
As ever your fame's golden laurels
Shall be your reward, long!

Man alike need a public cry:
Then the warrior heats that tired,
To the shining goal of victory
Over gray hoge of dust.

Who are they? Let they are telling
Toward about us day by day,
Or are lighting distant regions
With Faith's heaven-kindled ray,
Bearing with unconquering patience
Pain, and toil, and care,
That the children of the forest
May be saved from the Crown.

Valiant Priests who wait, rejoicing,
Hasty if they may but bring
One poor soul that doubt in darkness
To the bright home of our King.
Such are O ye whose dominion spirits
Are and Exiled, sweet, of which innocence
Are the Mission of Kadkin
Calling to "a dam of Tyrge and benghan;

When the holy Convent building
In the white moon cast out,
At the silent watch of midnight
Fell the hungry fire-fiend's spoil,
Heavily wrought they, heavily, nobly,
But that did not save in vain.
The flame strength of the destroyer
Tempt, and I might not contain.

All it burst through first and window
Rising out in fiery flames
Flinging out in fiery glowers
From the roof leaps the alarm
While the street walls echoed, and troubled
At the sight of Tyrge's Dame.
And within the Chapel quivered
A red sea of Fright.

Yet one drawer to pass its portals,
Bought so long that it alone can,
Pass the fire-fiend's fiery portals
Of Tyrge and Dame and Dell?
Yes! Jesus will look for Thee!
Yes! Jesus will look for Thee!
Where the Tabernacle shadowed
Then, O Lord, the King of Kings.

Rent a wall of death before him,
Parted tenants of angry flame
He is Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Leaping forth to meet him come,
Hosts of angels, hosts of angels,
Hosts of angels wending call,
Hosts of angels, hosts of angels,
Unless the Church's meeting wall.

Fly, his angel-wings outspread,
With the order warriors bring,
With the sceptre of the Tyrgen
Close in battle round their King!
Gentle Jesus! meek and lowly!
Thou were he to succour guard,
As the shepherd on the hillside
Fed before his super head.

And between the fire and Tyrgen
Flew above, below, around,
Angels, angels, angels, angels, at him
With a valiant flying sound.
Then the Tyrgen's scales in the balance,
Still he wrought with resolute will.
And the Tabernacle
Our the consuming whose all.

Joyful rage to the King was rescued
Joyful rage to the King was rescued
Joyful rage to the King was rescued

THE MONITOR.
TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF ITS PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing those great principles behind which momentous opinion, and opinion governs the world. In our time, religion journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, but early a work indispensable to the salvation of society, and to the glory of God. What is and what ought to be the object of Catholic journalism but to combat error and defend the truth, whatever it may be—error in the Divine Word."—SEVERE, TUROLDOUS MONSIGNOR UPPINGS.

"Say that Union and Strength through the Instrumentality of the Catholic Press, which, Catholic Journals will defend the cause of religion, to fight against the enemies of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to the Doctrines and precepts with devotion and fidelity.—PIUS IX.

Editorial Notes.

— The publication of next week's MONITOR will be delayed until Wednesday afternoon in order to give our readers a full account of the St. Patrick's Day ceremonies—the feast of Ireland's Apostle falling this year on Tuesday next.

— The letters of our regular resident correspondents in Rome and Ireland, which we print this week contain a great deal of very important matter which will be read with interest by the readers of the MONITOR all over the coast.

— Rev. Father McKnight, P. P., of Newport, Tipperary, gives to the *Catholic Opinion* and *Times* the glad intelligence that Archbishop Croke intends to visit this country during the coming summer. His Grace will be accompanied by an English manof-war, which is to render military honors to the Italian flag. Scahlin is to be defended by the Italians against the Arabs until the end of the war in the Soudan.

— I am sorry to say that news has reached here that some of the most celebrated correspondents for the English papers have been killed in Africa lately. Who does not know the name of Cameron the celebrated correspondent of the *Daily Standard*. The poor fellow was killed together with Saint-Lager Herbert, every inch a soldier, and Hoskyn, correspondent of the *Morning Post*. Burleigh, correspondent of the *Daily News*, was severely wounded. . . . On the 21st of January Augustin Depreux completed his 72nd year. He received congratulations from King Humbert and several senators and deputies. . . . It was reported by the Liberal press that the celebrated General Lois Mezzacapo, who died lately in Rome, refused to his last illness to see a priest. This has been contradicted by Canon Pecone, chaplain of the military college, who attended him all through his last illness and heard his confession.

No More Public Land for Aliens.

It will be good news for millions of the American people to learn that a dispatch from Washington of the 26th ult., brings the satisfactory intelligence that the Committee on Public Lands has reported to the Senate a bill to prevent aliens from acquiring lands in the Territories. As amended the bill provides that hereafter it shall be unlawful for persons not citizens of the United States, or who have not declared their intention to become such, or for any foreign corporations, to hold real estate in the Territories. The bill also provides that no railroad, turnpike or canal corporation shall hereafter acquire or own lands in the Territories, except such as are necessary to their operation or have been granted by Congress; and all such lands, when not required before or after the passage of this Act, which are not necessary for the operation of such companies, shall be disposed of within ten years after the passage of this Act, and if not then disposed of shall be forfeited to the United States. The land so acquired in violation of this Act shall be forfeited to the United States.

This law, however, is partly good and partly inoperative, for the reason that no power is vested in any branch of the United States government to take back any lands it has already donated either to individuals or corporations. Such an act in ordinary life is called "robbery," and in this respect we hope the telegraph has misconstrued the tenor of the law in question.

Two Peculiar Scenes in Public Life.

The probability and disappointments of life were never better illustrated than in the instances furnished by James Gillespie Blaine and Grover Stephen Cleveland. Both these citizens were candidates before the American people for the highest office known in civil life. The race was nearly won by Blaine when the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" speech of a political parson turned the votes of thousands of citizens against the Republican candidate. Cleveland was elected, and ellist he was on his way to the White House, his political adversary was hurrying off to the lost side of his good Catholic sister who loved him dearly, and whose last prayer was doubtless offered up for his return to the faith of his and her dead mother. On the 4th or March Cleveland rejoiced in the victory which surrounded his inauguration as the President of the greatest country in the world. Blaine was shrouded in grief as he slowly followed the bier of his beloved sister to the last green-yard resting where she sleeps the sleep of the just. What a lesson for mankind! Upon what slender threads do hang the destinies of life! And yet, in the wisdom of that Providence who "doeth all things well," Blaine's defeat and the death of his sister may be the means of leading him back to the kindly light of that holy faith which is never spurned for the prodigal who deigns to return to his Father's house. As Father Clarke beautifully and appropriately said in his interview with Blaine which we published elsewhere: "It is better for a man to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," and God seals just such crosses as Mr. Blaine has borne in order to bring back the stray sheep to His fold. May heaven grant peace to the soul of Mrs. Walker, and ignite again the fire of Catholic faith in her dear brother's soul.

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England's Position in Europe.

In a lengthy article on the possible solution of the English problem in Egypt, the London *Tablet* thus summarizes England's position among her sister European nationalities: *"Isolated and alone and without a friend for an friend is the cry of Europe."* Such is the unenviable position to which England has come at last: it has a humiliating demand. It reveals, at a glance, the inevitable results of England's centuries of chicanery, cruelty, corruption and unjust coercion of weaker nations. We need no wonder that the "base, bloody and brutal" British government is declared by its pro-English Catholic organ to be *"the outcast of the nations of Europe!"* It would be a blot upon the escutcheon of Christian Europe if such a conspiracy and perjurious war could find a single nation in sympathy with its cruel code of legislation and its piratical aspirations on foreign soil.

To their honor be it said, therefore, that no nation in Europe is in full sympathy with England in its present unjust conflict against El Mahdi. Germany is evidently only waiting an opportunity to enter into an entangling alliance with her which can be made an excuse for a trial of martial skill; France heartily desires to see England's downfall; and Russia is quietly nibbling her forces on the frontier of Egypt in preparation for the hour when she can say to Great Britain "thus far shall thou go and no farther." Italy is the only power in Europe that has volunteered to assist England in her unjust war in the Soudan, and it is an open secret in Europe that Italian diplomacy discerned at the outset that England would went an ally, and that the power that stepped in to save the British from being entirely routed by the so-called "rebels" in Egypt, would thereby gain a foothold in that country. Italy—in union with the spirit of all European Powers at present—desires to extend its colonial possessions, hence she is spending her funds and using her navy with the ulterior intention of receiving full recompense for the part she is at present playing as "second fiddle" to England in her unjustifiable onslaught on the Sindanese.

It is both ludicrous and lamentable to see the pro-British tone of the Protestant press in regard to this Egyptian Question, and the trouble some half-instructed preachers go to in order to show their love for the land that tried to keep the country in the toils of its slavery. There's the *Purple*, for instance, had an article in its recent issue which would suit the region of Regent street, London, far better than it does any portion of a land inhabited by people whose national principle is freedom for every people throughout the universe. The Soudanese are fighting for their personal freedom, their home and their fireside—the holiest cause that can animate a brave people. England is at best but an interloper whose policy is to play the part of a pirated freebooter so as to rob defenceless natives of their territory and their rights. Yet this is the Power which the *Purple* speaks of as having its "honor" maintained by the unjust punishment of the innocent people. Shame upon such British bigotry and servilism!

Those people who imagine that England will ultimately triumph in the Soudan, know little of the antecedents of El Mahdi or the war experience his past victorious military career has brought him. It is now nearly eighty years since the present struggle was inaugurated. At that time El Mahdi—or the New Prophet as he was called—gathered around him for self-preservation the majority of the Arab tribes of the Egyptian Soudan, and at the end of three years of almost continual warfare they succeeded in completely expelling the Turks who had occupied their country for sixty years previously. In 1880 the struggle was renewed with still greater fury. In 1881 the Governor of the Soudan sent two successive expeditions against the Mahdi, but the followers of the New Prophet completely annihilated them and left their bones bleaching on many a bloody battle-field. In 1882 a third expedition set out to capture the forces of El Mahdi, but repeated victory had concentrated fifty thousand Arabs around the standard of the New Prophet, and the array hundred Egyptians forming the third expedition were completely annihilated to a man

Such successive victories naturally inspired the Mahdi with confidence, so instead of merely acting on the defensive—he assumed an aggressive attitude and marched on El Obeid, which city he captured after a lengthy siege and a vigorous conflict. The succeeding events are all in recent occurrence and are familiar to all Hicks' expedition and his defeat at Kasgil; the routing of Baker Pasha at El Teb; the departure of Gordon for Khartoum; its defeat, its capture, the death of Gordon, and the defeat of the English.

Such is a sympathic history of a conflict which has proved to be a series of victories on one side and a succession of defeats on the other. The Mahdi and his companions are actuated by that sentiment which all history testifies in every age to have been the leading factor in inspiring victory for savage and Christian peoples alike. That motive is religious zeal coupled with freedom to live in peace upon native soil. It is for such inalienable rights that the Mahdi and his men are now continuing the conflict commenced years ago, and where we look over the successes which the Arabs have gained thus far over all the forces sent against them, we have but little fear that the blood-red flag of England will ever flaunt triumphly in the face of El Mahdi.

The Irish Parliamentary Fund.

The subscription list for the Irish Parliamentary Fund is augmented this week by the liberal contributions of three Irish priests in big-hearted Virginia City, and to the contributors of these we would call the attention of the friends of Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary Party all over the coast to the fact that St. Patrick's Day presents an excellent opportunity for "passing the hat" collecting for this fund among the friends of the Irish name. Send the money to the MONITOR, where it will be duly acknowledged, and the full amount sent into Father O'Reilly's hands when the subscription closes on April 22nd next.

How Secret Societies Shield Insulting and Ignorant Bigots.

A few months ago we stated in three columns that all secret societies—whether oath-bound or not—were proximately dangerous for Catholics to enter into membership for the reason that they were generally managed by men who were either openly or secretly the foes of our holy faith, and such fanatics never let slip an opportunity where they can insult Catholics and inspect their ignorant, venomous malice into some speech for the purpose of slandering the Catholic Church. Those men generally scorn their allegiance of Catholic practices and Catholic dogma by a degree of brazen impudence fortified by the presence of the benefits that surround them in the "Lodge," or the "Parlor," or the "Camp Fire," according as the meeting place may be designated.

Herein lies the danger that Catholics encounter whenever they mix in with the motley group of men who imitate the mysteries of Masonry and over their majesty with the cloak of charity. The plan to cover hatred of the Church, and the propaging of Catholics—with the mantle of charity, benevolence and friendship for our fellow man, in mixed societies of atheists, infidels, Unitarians, Mason Mormons, Ingersollians, and a sprinkling of sleek-looking Methodist "mahers"—is the Devil's latest invention to undermine the Faith of God in Catholic souls.

Do you believe it? If not let us give you a single instance—out of a hundred similar ones—as it happened last week in Tuscarel, Alameda county. The "*Ancient Order United Workmen*" is supposed to be a harmless body of men who are Christians, and who seek to derive sick and mortuary benefits may enter without any danger to their spiritual interests either earthly or eternal. This Order—like all the other secret Masonic bodies—covers its olovan foot with the cloak of charity, it wears upon its head the harmless mantle of charity, and whilst its breast-plate of nonsectarianism is lined with the blackest bigotry against the Catholic Church.

On last Wednesday evening this seeming by useful society in which people of all religious denominations are supposed to participate under the cloak of "charity," gave one of its occasional "entertainments" in Hall A. U. W. hall, in North Tuscarel, Alameda county, to which some Catholics were invited, and as they thought it would be a pleasant way to pass an hour or two they went—and paid the usual penalty generally inflicted upon those who visit forbidden places of amusement during Lent.

In the scenes of the "entertainment" a preacher (Protestant preachers are generally "Most Eminent High Magnumps" in all these charity-covered nothing-nothing-nothing-

Farm and Home.

"THANK GOD FOR FIVE."

Five children placed beside the door,
Four merry lads and one sweet maid;
Five of them in those blissful days:
"Thank God for five!" the father said.

The road rule open to blossom fair;
They emitted all the glad spring days;
And cloud drag round the old home's door,
"Thank God for five!" he slowly says.

One at the summer's call fled from home
A brave young soldier! let his father's door
Day and night with the fervent prayer,
"Thank God," he whispers, "for the four!"

The voice of storm has lulled to rest
Another on the still green sod;
The father lifts his eyes to heaven:
"Thank God," he says, "I still have three!"

The maiden wore her bridal wreath
But three short days; then death's death
Exchanged it for a funeral wreath
Two only remain—the mother and father.

Amidst the everlasting snows
One buried lies in ice-bound shaft;
They hold the father, and he said:
"Thank God, one of the five is left!"

The last within a cloistered cell
Closed his mild eyes and cried his head,
And passed to endless bliss: "Thank God!
There once were five," the father said.

On earth he meekly gave them all,
One gentle girl, four valiant men;
In heaven, each more he thanked his God,
To him the five were given again.

HABITS OF READING.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY J. E. O'B.]

"Improve the present hour, for all beside
Is a mere feather on a bubble's back."
HORACE.

One of the most important factors, perhaps, connected with the life of every individual, and one which calls for most attention on the part of those appointed to form the character, is the power of habit. How early and forcibly are its effects portrayed in the half-dazzled, staggering forms that are every day met on the street.

It is the intention of the writer to single out one among the many things over which the power of habit exerts control; and that is, reading. The present is a time when innumerable works pour forth from the press, and fill our private and public reading rooms. It is a time when reading matter is easy of access; when the poorest individual can feast his curiosity on the contents of the sensational novel, or dive into the depths of science. But, it is this excessive abundance which should call forth the attention of every mind to distinguish the good grain from the chaff.

Parents are often based to prefer children for some attention to habits of reading, the slightest knowledge of the contents. Better would it be for these conscientious and indulgent parents to examine the matter on which the mind of their children is feeding. Let them follow those *studious* children to the public library and see for themselves the trashy literature that is chosen by the little ones to pass away their leisure hours. If children be allowed to choose their reading matter indiscriminately, a habit will be formed, in most cases, for that which is light and trivial. This habit will essentially weaken that power of thought necessary in application to graver subjects, and which if properly cultivated, might have made the youthful mind brilliant light in the scientific world.

But, why blame the children, pursuing one the presence of our public librarian, we may find young men and young women whose sole occupation, day after day, seems to be the perusal of the trashy novels of literature. Low, indeed, must be the aim of a young man, and dead his ambition, who can squander the precious moments of the best of life's portion in an occupation from which nothing substantial can be realized. Why not devote this same time to the acquisition of some branch of a method of study. There is a life-long pleasure in the exercise of powers thus attained; a pleasure, which more than repays for the wasting hours often spent in their attainment. Let not, then, what seem to be lesser ones of a pleasure to them unknown. They are satisfied by the momentary and fleeting excitement found in the perusal of sensational novels.

Few habits have attained that stage of development to which no means of correction can successfully be applied. A remedy is, therefore, only offered which, if followed, will, in a proper direction, cause habits of reading. To commence at the terminus-head, let fashions and modern caliturate useful reading. Let the father of a family devote a considerable portion of his reading to works which will aid him to instruct his children properly. Let the mother who now sits, day after day, mentally buried in the pages of a novel, look to the keeping of her household, and spend her leisure hours in learning how to protect the physical and spiritual health of her children. In fine, let father and mother examine carefully every book to be read by their little ones. To enable them the better to do this, it would be well for each family, where possible, to have a choice selection of books within the home. Prominent in this selection should be volumes of history and biography. Twin the youthful mind by this course of judicious reading, to aspire by the force of ancient and modern production. To enable the mind to run in useful reading, parents should encourage it by their presence in the reading circle, and by frequently questioning the child upon the matter it has read. Nothing tends more to train the youthful mind to habits of attention and reflection than the repetition, in conversational form, of what it has read.

It is not the intention of the writer to inveigh against all fiction. Under a wise disparment of literature it is made to serve a purpose. Judicious indulgence in it, now as a recreation to the mental powers wearied by continued application to more profound matter. But, let it be remembered, that the sort of reading is to be the mind what food is to the body. There is no permanent rest in it, and we must look elsewhere for the cultivation of that noblest part of the human intellect.

With guard your children in this matter—keep them from blunting minds with the silly rays of pave and useful knowledge; giving of powers of memory and reflection. Then, and you will have done for your religion that which will immeasurably add variety fritters folidly, and bring to them character and noblest of intellectual declaration is.

Day Managed to Get Rich.

Any member "cry us to become rich. It Henry Ward Beecheby, to betrieud none, Catholic Church, and are all you go, to to me, and if he is ever holy belonging to him a letter, as I had friend, to body instance, and I have not gone out, to be son is better of for despised for some admission of the institutions rises will come except as a profession "with a collegial preachers put very big pay of the business. —Disappointment.

—Even the very horses know the body belonging to feel restless unover it, and English rule in that country.

age a city functionary in Dublin, year to visit the Lord Lieutenant at the regal Lodge in Phœnix Park, between ment the Irish horses attach a very vehicle caught sight of the British flag over the entry gates they commenced "buck" and refused to pass under the signia of British tyranny in Ireland. following week Earl Spencer's horse to

Family Fun.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DUDE.

[FROM A BRITISH POINT OF VIEW.]

Once we thought a Yankee hotel took a bottle, you'll believe,
Self assertion, vulgar, cute in his manners, speech and dress;
And that long round the old world he came to make things in general true,
And wean the Old World accordingly with Brother Jonathan.

Then it was his mood to identify a vain absurdity
Of a story so apocryphal as the apple pears of Tell.
But our Jonathan is altered, let him have my hand of pressure;
Though vulgar fellows sneer some at his Anglo-Saxon cousin
So altered that—you honor—it is doubted hard to the
The dude that wants Delmonico's from the sandy of Fall Mall!

He affects our English manners, and our English modes of speech,
Though his annual intonation puts the last beyond his reach;
Yet, ah! really the poor fellow does the very best he can
With his drawl and stent and stetter to ape an Englishman.

Well, *ooks now!* amusing as all this thing may appear,
To imitate's to flatter with a flattery most sincere;
And such copies subtle flattery should, I rather think, impart
A glow of satisfaction to each loyal British heart.

What a land of golden promises where e'er mill
Homebrew scene, and Jonathan
A sort of fetish worship to an empty-headed idol
Where impecunious nobles find a haven of comfort
And where hobnobs are plenty as are hope in many Kent.

By Jove! a land of heiresses, for each daughter
has her sire,
And a season with any title can with ease "make
in the pot"
Where beauty dowered with dollars can might
most envious
If a baron from Bohemia or a count from Timbuctoo.

Be Obtained a Job.

Boss Plumber (to small applicant for a position)—Do you could like to become a plumber, little boy?

Little Boy—Yeth, thir.

Boss Plumber—Can you read, write and spell?

Little Boy—Yeth, thir.

Boss Plumber—How much is ten pounds of lead pipe at ten cents a pound?

Little Boy—Dollar thereabouts, thir.

Boss Plumber—I'll give you a trial.

The Feet at the Rink.

Literary talent is kept fully abreast of roller skating progress at Brunswick, Ga., where one of the papers prints "trick personals" like these: "Miss Julia Parish glided around the hall like a sunbeam playing upon the crests of the sparkling waves. Mrs. Melver is quite at home upon the roller, and skates as smoothly as the swan glides over the placid waters. Miss Mary Dent has finished crossed the hall like a lightringed dove on some heavenly mission."

A Young Man's Cupidity.

Father—Are you sure that Pumbody loves you? Perhaps he wants to marry you for your money.

Daughter (thoughtfully)—Yes, I am sure he loves me, papa. He swears that he has wondered in the dark, what man he would be saw me.

Father—Where did he first see you?

Daughter—At Coney Island.

Father—Were you dressed in a bathing suit?

Daughter—My feet are realized. He is after your money.

A Good Reason for Being Down on Lawyers.

"Don't what's go gift from foolin' round wid dem yere lawyers," he said, as he joined a group of colored idlers in the market place. Being asked why he vent to a law yer, he explained:

"You know dat Buck Williams? Powerful bad nigger he am. Gits drunk an' kicks de dogs an' throws de winders. Come around to my house one night 'an' wuk at' stove de roof off de house an' wanted to clean out de shanty. I fale a-sot he had no goss for him wid an axe handle, and dey war guine to treat me for bein' widdin de law. I—

"Well?"

"Well, when dey told me dat he had a smoked hand, a broken arm, an' war all broke up, I wanted to settle de case. My wife woman consed me to go an' see a lawyer an' de lawyer he taxed me $5, an' advised me to git Buck my de house an' wagin' and gits in cash.

"And you did?"

"An' I didn't! When I got home his wife war waitin' for me, an' she said if I didn't hand' over $2 in cash an' a sack of beer she'd mashes me wid a lawsuit. Took me jist abouteen tirks of de skin to settle an' de beer, an' now I can't be mutilated nohow. Lawyers! Dat! I paid $5 to one of 'em to tell me dat I must reduce myself from poverty to affluence to settle a case wher' the complainant didn't ax but $3 an' would hev' gin me forty off on dat if I had kicked."

Johnnie and the Egyptian Question.

"Pa, what is England sending more troops to Egypt for?"

"To rescue Wolseley, my son."

"What is Wolseley there for?"

"To rescue Gordon."

"What for was Gordon ever there?"

"To rescue Egypt."

"What was fighting?"

"Well, nobody yet. The Mahdi had an army raised, though."

"Pa, do the British own that country?"

"No, my son."

"Then they are campaigning in the wrong ward, ain't they?"

"It looks that way, Johnnie. Now run along and carry in that wood for your mother. You're too inquisitive."

Just a Little Chat.

Rev. Father Elliot, the eloquent Pastor Father of New York, some time ago returned after a long absence on a mission. On the day of his return he was announced to the parlor by a visitor who wished to see him on particular business. He descended and inquired the nature of the business. "Oh, none, Father" said the visitor; "none whatever. I just called to see you for the purpose of having a little chat." "Oh, you did!" said the Pastor preacher. "Well, I regret that I am unable to chat with you. I have no time to devote to chatting, but will kneel down and repeat the rosary with you." And he did, and it is said that the visitor called no more to have "a little chat."

Catholic Societies.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

SOUTH OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—Meets every first and third Sunday of each month, at 2 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Seventh street, near Market. Officers: Rev. P. Manning, President; J. A. Leary, 1st Vice-President; J. Ryan, 2d Vice-President; J. Ryan, Recording Secretary; J. Ryan, Financial Secretary; J. Ryan, Treasurer; J. Ryan, Marshal; J. Ryan, Sentinel.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA—Meets every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Pioneer Hall, Mission street, between Second and Third streets. Officers: Rev. M. Wallaert, President; Jas. Rolfe, 1st Vice-President; Jas. Rolfe, 2d Vice-President; Jas. Rolfe, Recording Secretary; Jas. Rolfe, Financial Secretary; Jas. Rolfe, Treasurer; Jas. Rolfe, Marshal; Jas. Rolfe, Sentinel.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—Meets every second and fourth Sunday of each month, at 2 o'clock, in Pioneer Hall, Market street. Officers: Rev. P. Manning, President; Jas. Rolfe, 1st Vice-President; Jas. Rolfe, 2d Vice-President; Jas. Rolfe, Recording Secretary; Jas. Rolfe, Financial Secretary; Jas. Rolfe, Treasurer; Jas. Rolfe, Marshal; Jas. Rolfe, Sentinel.

NORTH TEMPLETON, CALIFORNIA—Meets every second and fourth Sunday of each month, at 2 o'clock, in Catholic Hall. Officers: Rev. P. Manning, President; Jas. Rolfe, 1st Vice-President; Jas. Rolfe, 2d Vice-President; Jas. Rolfe, Recording Secretary; Jas. Rolfe, Financial Secretary; Jas. Rolfe, Treasurer; Jas. Rolfe, Marshal; Jas. Rolfe, Sentinel.

TUCKER, CALIFORNIA—Meets every second and fourth Sunday of each month, at 2 o'clock, in Catholic Hall. Officers: Rev. P. Manning, President; Jas. Rolfe, 1st Vice-President; Jas. Rolfe, 2d Vice-President; Jas. Rolfe, Recording Secretary; Jas. Rolfe, Financial Secretary; Jas. Rolfe, Treasurer; Jas. Rolfe, Marshal; Jas. Rolfe, Sentinel.

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THE CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO—President, Rev. P. Manning; Vice-President, T. J. O'Brien; Treasurer, W. McNally; Recording Secretary, J. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, J. Ryan; Financial Secretary, J. Ryan; Marshal, J. Ryan; Sentinel, J. Ryan. Trustees: Rev. P. Manning, T. J. O'Brien, W. McNally, J. Ryan, J. Ryan. Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 1st Tuesday of each month, at 8 o'clock, in Pioneer Hall, Mission street, between Second and Third streets. Meeting of the Association, 3d Tuesday of each month, at 8 o'clock, in Pioneer Hall, Mission street, between Second and Third streets. Rate of Assessment, $1 per member. Initiation fee, $1. Amount of sick benefit, $5 per week. Amount of death benefit, $1,000. Amount of death benefit in the event of a member being killed while on an alternate Wednesday evening. The next meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1884. Meeting rooms are open every evening from 7 until 10:30. Correspondence should be addressed to Rev. P. Manning, Corresponding Secretary, 811 Market street, S. F.

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ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL—President, Michael Ryan; 1st Vice-President, Thomas Ryan; 2d Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, P. F. Quinn; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Sentinel, Jas. Ryan. Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 1st Tuesday of each month, at 8 o'clock, in Pioneer Hall, Mission street, between Second and Third streets. Meeting of the Society

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

BRITISH NOTES.

The Gloomy Warning at a Tory. Is Disease Insane?

New York, March 7.—The *Herald's* London cable of the 6th says: A thoughtful member of the cabinet said to-day to a *Herald* correspondent by a correspondent his opinion about what the *Times* called the "existing political crisis," sententiously emphatic. It means that Irish fidelity is more manifest than ever; that South Africa is in confusion; that chaos is in Egypt; that Earl Granville and Bismarck are fighting; diplomatically dumb that the British army is locked up in the Soudan; that the Queen's health is the key; that Russia is at India's gates and that the Ameer is holding their key; that the dynamiters are planting more earthquakes and that an increase in the army means an increase in the income tax; that Ireland is insane and is going to be crazier. It is useless to add he is a Tory. He then pointed to Cleveland's inaugural, and added: "There is no crisis in America, except the office-seekers' crisis, and I think if aliens are allowed to hold land I shall not seek re-election in Parliament, but in a calm ranch."

Gladstone Crazy on Slate.

The *St. Stephen's Review* says: "Gladstone recently bought one day over 100 hals, and that his mind is giving way under the strain to which it has been subjected is evident."

Bagdad Brave to Bismarck.

PARIS, March 7.—The majority of the newspapers consider that the speech made by Granville in the Lords last evening in explanation of England's action in the Soudan was a mistake, was an act of humiliation unworthy of a great like England.

The Parnellites Not Satisfied.

The negotiations between the Government agents and the Parnellites, the Government offering to limit the operation of the Crimes Act to one year, have been broken off, the Irish members of Parliament refusing to accept the terms. The Government will now propose the extension of the Crimes Act for two years.

How the Irish will Welcome Walsh.

The Police of Wales, it is now generally believed, will meet with a cool reception on the visit to Dublin next month. Many fear that he will be hooted during his progress through the country. The retreat made by the Lord Mayor, John O'Connor, from his first attitude of approval of the visit of the Prince of Wales, when a great majority of the Irish National Members, some of whom he had been congratulated, and who had made previous to this speech, "the Lord Mayor, however, finally maintains his present attitude of not to meet, or attend, official receptions to the royal visitor, and so threats on the part of his former political colleagues seem to have any effect on his present determination to welcome the Prince. All this tends to make the Nationalists more determined in their declared purpose to elect the Lord Mayor's successor, as it is called, by contract, which shall be a man who will not be ashamed to meet, when the occasion is forced upon him, by the Prince, for any purpose whatever. They are now, it is said, made such a determination as will "teach England that the disloyalists are in the majority in Ireland."

Rioting Soldiers in Waterford.

A serious outbreak occurred to-day between the soldiers and civilians at Waterford, Ireland. A detachment of the Royal Irish Regiment, numbering 100 men, had been sent from Clonmel to Waterford in readiness for Queen's visit, when they were to be sent to Dublin. The officer allowed the men to remain in the barracks, ostensibly while awaiting the departure of the steamer which was to take them to Dublin. As soon as the hour arrived the interest in rioting in the various towns in the town grew so great that some of them were prematurely drawn by the time they were expected to report at the quay. On the way to the quay they engaged through the streets in irregular squads, committing various outrages and attacking the houses of citizens. Women and young girls were seized and passed through the ranks of the soldiers, amid cheers from the crowd. Some of the soldiers tore down their own beds and shop doors and carried them over bayonets. In all 3 houses were entered, ransacked and left in the deepest confusion. The officers were powerless to restrain the soldiers, although they made a determined effort to do so. Explaining

Farm and Home.

THE DAILY STRUGGLE.

Tired hands which never reap the know,
So labor-spent;
Tired feet—that ceaselessly must go,
Yet long for rest;
Each days exile on life's restless wave as wave,
Nons liferight faith of our daily crave.

Tired heart, then pleasel for the goal,
That seems remote,
And shudly yet shrinks from the toil;
Ah! exhibit this note
Tis a sublime fate, life wistfulful sleepless cry
Which, upon its yearnings, marks each weary sigh.

Cuddled thus but hear that gentle voice,
That, whispering low,
Forever bids thee to rejoice
Your yield to fate;
Thy ceaseless spirit counts each roughness toll,
Each cross from which thou'rt chapped to recoil.

Stay! stay! thy labor be reckone too,
Thy pain life's fee;
While gazing on its cheerless view
Thy pace grows slack,
Consumed into despair, thy spirit sinks back.

This primarily being shares with thee life's race.

"Every day, ah! yes, each day
Now grows wan!
At are, when life here passed away,
And I lived will be done.
A golden shadow has a silent another link
Ever while our weak hearts from the burdens shrink.

We know not oft, at day's calm close,
Our heavel sins,
The Book of Life shall yet disclose
Its tells and pains,
(In glowing characters of shining light,)
Which we or crowns and sorrowed in the fight.

Then letter not a while nor pause,
Since twilight grows,
And nearer its dim shadow draws;
Thou shall repose
Beyond earth's toilers, in their well-earned rest,
Thou Weary hearts and hads shall rest indeed.

Questions for Cooks.

Why should beans never be put into cold water to soak as is often recommended? Because all the nutritious portion of the bean is extracted by the process. They should be washed in warm water, then in cold, be tied loosely in cloth, be put into boiling water with a little salt in it, and be kept boiling for four hours. They are then excellent to serve with gravy, and not with melted butter. They serve as garnish around roast mutton or beef, and are excellent eating served whole or in a puree. To make the latter, when the beans are done, throw them instantly into cold water, rub them with slip off the skins, rub the beans through a colander, and mix a lump of butter with them. A little stock, or milk, or cream, is a delicate addition. Why should plenty of fat boiling water be used in boiling vegetables, potatoes excepted? Because the greater the body of boiling water the greater the heat. If only a little water is used, the whole affair soon cools, and the vegetables become tough, so much so that no length of time in boiling them will render them otherwise. Brussels sprouts, in April, if properly cooked by boiling them for eight minutes in boiling water, will be tender as asparagus, but if not properly done, hours will not cook them.

Why should onions be always cut in round and very thin rings? Because the fibre is thus cut across, and in so cutting them, whether for frying or for making sauce, they are rendered very tender when cooked. With turnips and carrots it is just the same: neither of the three should be split or cut in any other way.

Why should parsley never be boiled with soda—only boiling water and salt? Because parsley, having no oil in it, would be spoiled with soda, and all flavour would be extracted. All parsley should be picked free from the stem, be put into plenty of boiling water with salt, and in summer be boiled only one minute, and in winter two minutes, and be strained and chopped on the back of a plate. If only a little water is used in boiling it, the water becomes brown and the parsley tough and ill-favoured.

How Much People Lose for Want of System.

It is astonishing how much time people lose for want of "system." A girl rises, dawdles about dressing, gets late for breakfast, and then the best part of the day is gone.

A young fellow has finished his work; his idea about with a few friends, and lo!—he knows it, it is past time to check, and the evening is practically wasted.

Life is too short and must be crammed into a lifetime of there is only organization and system.

No motion or maid, sitting down, for instance, to make a knitted counterpane, could do the whole at one sitting; but a quarter of an hour's work every day would accomplish the whole task, long as it is, in the course of a few weeks.

The minutes, too, have an odd trick of slipping away so swiftly that if they are not caught, and applied to a good purpose, they are wasted in a manner which leaves the years periodically a blank.

The young husbands who come home in the evening and grow sulky because their wives are untidy, and the dreplace dirty with the day's ashes, and who are told by their spouses there has been "no season to do" that time for "tidying up" could not be found, make sure that the last tenants dried a small pea.

The heaviest day's work can be got through, either by the fireside on the wife's part, or out of doors on the husband's side, if time is taken by the forelock; every thing begun early, and everything, too, systematically carried out.

The Orange Tree

The orange tree is the longest-lived fruit tree known. It is recorded that there thriving the age of 300 years, and it has been known to have flourished and borne fruit for more than 100 years. No fruit tree will grow and produce fruit so well under rough treatment. It commences to bear the third or fourth year after budding, and by the fifth year it will produce an abundant crop, but its yield will increase gradually under favorable circumstances, and as the years pass on it will become a very productive tree. The early growth of the orange is quite rapid, and by the tenth year it will have increased more than in the next fifty years, so far as its trunk and height are concerned; but as its age multiplies its fruit stems increase greatly, and an old tree will sometimes bear several thousand oranges.

A California Ranch.

A wonderful farm is that known as Baldwin's Santa Anita Ranch in Los Angeles County, this State. It comprises 1,200 acres in grapes, 16,000 orange and lemon trees, 2,000 pomegranates, 3,000 English walnut trees, 2,000 almond trees, 2,500 peach trees, 4,000 pear trees, 2,000 apricot trees, 1,500 fig trees, and substances is furnished for 25,000 head of sheep, 2,000 cows and pigs and several hundred horses and mules, and this year before harvest could be seen 17,000 acres of golden grain.

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true Laxative. Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the Stomach, harmless in its nature, painless in its action. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache, Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates Liver and Kidneys, Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, etc. Strengthens the organs, in which its note. Better than bitter, nauseous Liver medicines, pills, salts and drenches. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

Family Fun.

THE OLD ARCTIC RUBBERS.

How shabby my old arctic rubbers are growing
The depth of their worthiness soon will be over.
How well I remember, those blustery and snowy day
The day that I carried them home from the shoes.
Both Winkler and Vernon predicted a smoker;
The north wind was blowing and bitter the cold.
I doubt them and paid for them too—and a quarter.
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well

They gave me protection wherever a blizzard
Such cross drifts, knee-high, did the wind blow
Ankle and shoes,
And daily, while snowy or rainy days I scanned,
They lay near the door, ready for service
Yet complaint other times they were in the way
Who cares is the ancient old arctic rubbers
And ladies stepped on them through mishap
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well

The buckles, that formerly glittered like spun
Are rusty and broken, their rule complete
The soles of the rubbers are worn thin
That make me look low legged when walking
the street.
But though they're a wreck now in sole, heel
and upper,
Some hungry goat's appetite yet may they
satisfy
By furnishing him with a breakfast or supper,
The old arctic rubbers that serve so well
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well.

A New Kind of Dog.

A wild-looking man who resembled one who had wrestled with uncertainty and catch so fast can hold, and been thrown to the outcast, went into a Woodward Avenue bird store the other day, and, approached the affable proprietor.

"Look here," he said, "may I take you apart for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied the man of animals, "if you can put me together again."

"Well, here's a letter from my wife—say, come out and have something."

They went out and had something; when they came back the wild-looking man resumed the letter.

"She writes me to get her a white canary back dog, in exchange."

"Now you go," said the bird-man severely; "business is business, and I've no time to fool away."

He sat down on the curbstone to rest. He was still reading the letter, when a sympathetic lady stopped to look at him.

"Poor man, are you ill?" she asked, very kindly.

"Heaven bless you, Madam! Will you read that letter! If you can and will, I am a saved man!"

The lady took the letter as if she were humouring the whim of a lunatic, and hastily ran over it.

"It is easy enough to read," she said. "Your wife, who seems to be an excellent woman, wishes you to buy her a white dog in exchange, attempted to exchange a spaniel, with crowds to finish it, and send by express at once. I am sure there's nothing about it that isn't plain enough."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'll never forget your kindness. Where did you say the cross-stitched dogs canvas could be found?"

"At any art embroidery store," and the lady walked away quickly, remarking, to herself:

"Of all stupids, men are the stupidest. Not to know what a cross-stitch is!"

Where Mercy was Needed.

Lew Campbell, the "One Spoon Baking Powder" man, who travels south, was asked by a lady to dinner. The guests were all seated, and the lady, turning to Lew, said:

"Mr. Campbell, will you—"

"Wha—wha—what I beg of pardon, madam," he stammered, dropping his napkin.

"Will you please ask a blessing" she repeated.

Then she bowed her head, and so did everybody else, and Lew looked down on the plate and stuttered:

"Lord, have mercy, on these poor critiles. Amen."

Difficult to Discover.

"My son," asked a proud father, after the usual greetings of a week was been return from college, "have you a sister-scope among your traps?"

"A microscope, dad" replied the astonished youth.

"Yes, my son. You have been in college, you know, four years, and I thought if you had a microscope handy I should like to see how much you have learned.

"Sweet Violets."

Mr. Winks—"Goodness me! There is a young couple looking at that vacant house next door, and they've got a baby—looks awful cross, too."

Mrs. Winks—"Horror! What shall we do! Can's we scare them off some way? Go tell them the roof leaks and the walls are damp and—tell them the last tenants died of small-pox

"I'd like to, dear, but it wouldn't pay. The landlord would sue for damages

"Oh, mercy! Isn't something must be done, Mr. Winks, before they decide to take it. Can do think of something?

"I have it. Run down to the piano and sing 'Sweet Violets.'"

A Much Slandered City.

Chicago Boy—"Yup, why do the papers call Chicago a wicked city?"

Chicago Boy—"Because they are bribed to do it by those wicked St. Louis people.

Chicago Boy—"Then that isn't a wicked city, is it?"

Chicago Boy—"No, indeed. Why, of the seven murders here last night, three were outside the city limits."

Withdrawing his Name.

Civil Service Examiner (to colored applicant for the situation of letter carrier)—State the distance from London, England, to Calcutta, India, via the Suez Canal.

Colored Applicant—Say, boss, if you gets me on dat route, yo' kin dis remove my applicashun offen de book.

Winning a Wager.

"Poor John was so fond of gambling," said a bereaved widow. "His last bet was $50 that he could eat 200 clams in twenty minutes."

"Did he win the bet,"

"Yis, he won the bet," sighed the widow, "but the money didn't do us any good. It took every cent of it to bury him."

From the Frying Pan to the Fire.

Minister—I learn that a number of the young men in town have formed an outlawing society.

Son of the Young Man—Yes, sir. We hied ourselves out to make use of a profane word for a year under a severe penalty.

Minister—A most praiseworthy idea and one that I warmly commend. The penalties of profanity is truly deplorable. May I ask what penalty you have assumed?

One of the Young Man—Yes, sir. The member who breaks over is compelled to set up the drinks for the entire crowd.

HER FIRST POEM.

How the Editor Improved the Poem but Insulted the Poet.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them, and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes your paper every week."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory of yellow as golden rods. There was an expression look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the hollest emotions, and the editor's mind was in his mind and in fact the longing of that pure heart if he never spoke another lick.

"May I show you the poetry? continued the lady, not waiting for a reply, as she couldn't get the last lines of the verse, and you would please be so kind as to help me."

Help her! Though he had never had a bit of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art fired his soul, as he pulled to the bewildering music. Help her! Well he should smile!

"Let me read that verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes—

"How softly sweet the autumn air
Blows through the woodland life,
And nature turns from outdoor care
To rest autumn pile, and the exchange editor with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes, and it's so. You take anybody now. Half the people you meet are poets."

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you know a better deal of such things. Now, the second verse is more like this:

"The dose grass kiss upon the meer
Look twinkly, merry, and gay
While from the valley comes the roar—"

"Of the matchless river pal!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the verse as well as to match the first. It combines the fashions with poetry and carries the idea right home to the fireside. Why, I never knew your ability in starting verse with my genius to winding it up. I'd quit the sheets and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "I don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes a change. Oh! yes, where you were up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse

"How sally deepe the dying day,
As sulph singe from the glen
And meanine twilight seems to say—"

"The old man's drunk again, wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now, suppose we say, 'Why did I poem my best'

"Is that me?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips, the first time she had heard a lie before. I don't know what it means."

"Now, I lived it's new. Why, I'm sure there's nothing about it that isn't plain enough."

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CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

CATHOLIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDUCATIONAL.

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Entrance to Catholic Cemetery, San Francisco.
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1881. STILL AHEAD. 1884.
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GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL PLATING
In All the Branches.
All Church and Altar Work in Gold or Silver a Specialty.
Household Table Ware Door Plates Name Bars, Etc., Established and Placed in the Best Manner at the Lowest Rates.
SILVER PLATED FORTY PLATES ANY SIZE FOR Making Purposes Furnished to Order
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Amount of Beer sold in 1883, 63,974 barrels.
Treaties on Matrimony,
By Bishop Amat, from Pius IX. Approbation, 10 cents a copy; $1 a dozen.
Show this copy of the MONITOR to your Catholic friends and neighbors, and ask them to subscribe. Only $2 a year when paid in advance.

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NORTHEAST COR. OF BATTERY AND JACKSON Sts., San Francisco.
Calf Leather Boots, at Lyons $7.50
Calfskin Leather Boots, at Lyons $6.50
French Calf Stitched Boots, at Lyons $6.50
Calfskin, at Lyons $5.50
Boys' and Children's Boots and Shoes made to order. Patronize the country manufacturer and save money. Repairing neatly done. Boots and Shoes sent C.O.D. to any address.
A PRIZE. Send stamp for catalogue, and receive free something that will make you money right from the start. Agents wanted. All, of either sex, succeed from the first. Terms and outfit free. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE
SANTA CLARA, ... CALIFORNIA
This institution was founded in 1851, and has incorporated with the privileges of a College. Its magnificent large buildings, with extensive shady play grounds, covered gymnasium, gymnasium, pool, and all other appliances and complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable Cabinet of Natural History and Geology. It has Telegraphy, Phonography, Bookkeeping, Surveying, Drawing, Painting, Vocal and Instrumental Music free. For the latter a new building has recently been finished, that leaves nothing to be desired.
Diplomas are given in two departments: the Classical and Scientific, and a Diploma in Commercial course.
TERMS:
(Payable semi-annually in advance.)
Matriculation fee, to be paid but once, $ 15 00
Board, Lodging, Tuition in all branches Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Bedding, etc., per session of ten months $150 00
Pupils from Northern parts apply to the President Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 731 Hayes Street, San Francisco.
The next session will be Second Tuesday August, 4th, 1884.
REV. H. J. KENNA, S. J.
President.

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SAN JOSE ..... CALIFORNIA
THIS INSTITUTION OFFERING the fullest advantages to young ladies, which the combined experience of twenty years has rendered invaluable, was founded in 1851. In 1855, it was incorporated by the State Legislature, and empowered to confer honors extended the original Charter so as to include all the rights and privileges of Institutions.
The ample large recreations, with extensive playgrounds; and possessing every thing to make it more familiar and attractive than a home, are kept in order, and all that happens to be Every facility will be afforded to students who desire to pursue a course of reading not laid down in course or the study of the language.
The scholastic year commences on Monday in August, and closes about the last week in June. Pupils are received at any period of the year.
TERMS:
Per quarter, (payable in advance)
Boarding, Tuition in English, French and Spanish, German, and Latin ..... $ 60 00
Bed and use of Bedding 10 00
Washing (per dozen) 5 00
Drawing and Painting 5 00
Vocal and Instrumental Music (each class) 5 00
For further particulars address:
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
San Jose

ST. CERTRUDE'S ACADEMY,
RIO VISTA, SOLANO CO., CAL.
THIS ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER the care of the Sisters of Charity, is situated in the most healthy and picturesque portion of Solano County. The location is remarkably healthy, and the surroundings are such as to lend a charm to the health and comfort of the pupils. The Academy is furnished with all the modern improvements, and possesses every facility for the rapid and easy acquisition of the various branches of a thorough education. The course of instruction embraced the usual branches of a thorough education.
Pupils received at any time during the term, and are charged only from the time of their reception to the end of the term, first to commence January and ending in June.
Terms per Session, Payable in Advance.
Board and Tuition, with use of bedding $125 00
Washing 12 50
Vocal Music (private lessons) 12 50
Instrumental Music, Drawing, French, Punic and Ornamental Needlework are not taught.
Terms per month, in advance:
Junior Class $8 00
Intermediate Class 9 00
Senior Class 10 00
Music (Piano) 10 00
Use of Piano 1 00
For further particulars address the Sisters in charge.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.
Conducted by the Christian Bros.
FIFTH and JACKSON Sts. OAKLAND, CAL.
THIS INSTITUTION IS A SELECT BOARDING and Day School for Young Gentlemen, and is under the patronage of the Most Reverend Archbishop of San Francisco.
The moral and intellectual training of the pupils is the chief care of the Christian Brothers, who have been engaged in the education of the youth of this and other Catholic dioceses for the past half-century.
The course pursued is adapted to the wants of the pupils, and is such as will enable them to take a position in the world, or to prepare for the higher branches of a liberal education.
Pupils are received at any time during the year, but should be entered for the term of the session.
TERMS:
(Payable in U. S. gold coin, and invariably in advance.)
Board, Washing and Mending of Linen, Tuition in all the branches taught in the Academy, per Scholastic year $250 00
Entrance Fee, for Students, to be paid once only 10 00
Physician's Fee (in case of sickness) 10 00
Music and Drawing, from extra charges.
For further particulars address
BRO. BENEDICT, President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.
THIS INSTITUTION, PLEASANTLY SITUATED in the City of San Francisco, was founded in 1868, chartered in 1876 by Act of the Legislature, and empowered by the Regents of the University of California to confer Diplomas, to attendant on Examinations, equivalent to those of the University.
The course of instruction embraces all the branches necessary to the acquisition of a solid and refined education.
TERMS:
Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per annum $250 00
EXTRA CHARGES
Piano, with use of instrument ..... $ 20 00
Vocal Music, Class Lessons 20 00
Drawing, Painting, Elocution 20 00
Drawing, per annum 20 00
Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 00
Elocution, per lesson 1 00
Physician's Fees (in case of sickness) 10 00
Use of Chemical Apparatus, per annum 5 00
Use of Bedding, per annum 10 00
Washing, per dozen 5

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

The Prince of Wales's Visit.

DUBLIN, March 11.—Parnell has issued a manifesto addressed to the Irish people, in which he says: "Let the Irish people show the sympathy that of the Prince of Wales.

Most meetings held last evening in all the wards having Home Rule representatives in the Council, and the Councillors were solemnly warned by resolutions that if they vote for doing homage to the "foreign potentate" who is coming to Ireland, they need never look for re-election by their Irish constituents.

Home Rulers Approve the Action of the Parnellites.

DUBLIN Corporation.

LINCOLN (Neb.), March 10.—Patrick Eagan, President of the Irish National League of America, received this evening the following cable message from T. Harthigan, M. P., Honorary Secretary of the League in Ireland, in reference to the action of the Dublin City Council to-day:

DUBLIN, March 10, 1885.

Patrick Eagan, Lincoln, Neb.: The Corporation have to-day by the exception of the National members, by a vote of forty-one to seventeen, to address or entertain the Prince of Wales. THOMAS HARTHIGAN.

Eagan sent the following reply:

LINCOLN (Neb.), March 10, 1885.

Timothy Harrington, M. P.: The cable was received. In very nobly attitude of the Dublin Corporation will send a shield of pride to every true Irish heart. In the name of the Irish National League of America, thank them.

PATRICK EAGAN, President.

FENIANS IN FRANCE.

Forcibly Bulled by Order of the Government.

PARIS, March 10.—An immense sensation has been caused by the stand which the authorities have taken against the Fenian agitation. In addition to the arrest of James Stephens, Eugene Davis and John Mackey yesterday, the police this morning arrested a journalist named Gardiner Tynan, and another Fenian, name not learned. Mrs. Stephens was also arrested, but subsequently released. All persons now under arrest will be expelled from the country to-day. Warrants for the expulsion of other prominent leaders have been issued and further arrests are expected.

ARRESTED AND EXPELLED.

LATER.—Davis, Mackey and Leroy were taken to the frontier of France today and warned not to return.

MORBIDLY ALLOWED TO BEHAVE.

Stephens, Davis and Leroy, and two Australians, who were expelled from France, have gone into Belgium. Morrissey was allowed to remain in Paris.

FRENCH ANXIETY TO EXPLOIT.

Rochefort, in the *Intransigeant*, protests against the expulsion of Stephens, Davis and Leroy, and says: This action indicates that every is ready to outrage the liberties of refugees, who have sought an asylum in France, a proceeding which the Ministers of the Republic never have dreamed of doing. Stephens' wife was not allowed to leave an hour after his arrival.

British Consular Support at Stephens' Banishment from France.

NEW YORK, March 14.—The Tribune says: The sensation which the news dispatches say was created in Paris by the arrest and banishment from France of James Stephens, is not only in the Quarter, but throughout the city and the country. It is thought that the action of the Government, Stephens' adherence to the Fenian doctrine of open war, his speeches and writings in Ireland and America against the dynasties, has made a host of friends for him among his English enemies.

TELEGRAPH, March 14.—The Nat's London cable says: Fenian leaders were to-day expelled from France on the ground that they were a danger to the peace of France. Stephens made his Dublin, or that part of it, which is to be the seat of the Irish Parliament, the capital of Ireland, which the Irish Parliament of Ireland, which the Irish Parliament of Ireland, which the Irish Parliament

Poetry

THE MORTAL AND THE IMMORTAL

BY MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Go, seek among the monuments of Time,
In shrines by kneels and temples proud—
To whatever place the footsteps of sublime
Have left their impress on the sacred sod—
And be thy search, amidst the wreck and wrong
Alike they witness that the most effacing
Of all the powers that sway the world below
Are those which in secret ministrant work,
Failure and failure, their the dwelling place.
Those ancient monumental records claim
Two: for the one bears the unfailing trace,
And hand hands clasp the centuries of time
They fade away, the generations come
To search for dim or lost inscription
Half, half-effaced, the time-worn, tattered and dumb,
They scarce discover the finely-wrought design,
Or, on the tablet, then, in all the broad
Round earth whereon the jubilant, exultant
Of records deathless live? Yes, there of (lost)
The immortal soul of Man not unimportant
In first impressions whether taken or lost,
The rim or rest, for all of first grade,
Treasures the longest; ever old, yet ever
Those potent words which ever are new, which
And yet (yet not) be all of them, which
Cycle of successive years of death to find
Renewed, unless, for life's brief span
In earth, unless, for the eternities
Of the tombs and adoration of the heads
Of nations, unless to the ever-lasting
Immortality of souls of Faith's sweet word,
Saves on a scroll of changeless Truth,
Unchanged, unchangeable, unchangeable, the skies,
Earth and the earthly after or decay.
Ever, ever, ever, the soul of Man, immortal
Dwells it to those words, yet Man's crumbling flowers
Dwells it to those words, those dear souls of ours,
In God's grand bosom, and, we live for ever!

TOP O' THE MORNING.

AN IRISHMAN'S GREETING ON REVISITING HIS native country.

An correspondent sends a Texas paper the following lines by his Cousin T. Murphy, minister of the Gospel, and Miss Mary Ann Murphy, of Wilkes County, Ga., hoping that it will be found that she is thinner of thirty years on the plains of Texas. The lines, which appeared proved to be her son, the first of conscription in Louisville, Kentucky, early in December, 1862:

As soon as I'm o' but there it is,
Down on the hills of Dublin,
God's angels filling the silent black sail
From the fair, sweet lace of my ireland.
Oh, Ireland! and isn't it good to look,
Like a bird to a rich scholarship,
And with all the peat-up love of my heart,
I bid you the "top of the morning."

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For more a year of mourning,
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning;
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All eyes, eyes-from morning,
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout—
"I bid you the top of the morning"

See! there on Clonna's shelves strand
The steeple pointing heavenly heaven,
And the ship's bell ringing her bendland out
"Ye are welcome to the top of the morning!"
Into the shore the wildfinds fly
On islands that know no drooping,
And ought in the cliff ca-ranges charge
A million of waves come leaping

Oh, kindly, generous land!
So teal, so fair, so loving!
Who could be the wandering, wild
And dream of you in idle roaming,
The children are your own, Ireland,
Your heart will sigh for the absent land,
When the hour-glass first filmed it.

And doesn't Old Cove look charming then,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Longing her back against the lifts
And the tip of her toes in the ocean?
It's a rose, Oh Ireland, that's little!
But maybe their chinking's ever
For the little bit o' pine tree!
The life of a Western rover.

For the mountains, and the prairies,
Is as tired a way grand and fair to see,
As the landscape spread before me
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
Ere I'd see the "top of the morning."

And many a shelter on the Texas plain,
When the day and the dreams are over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
And o'er the ocean, fair Erin!
And the prayer would rise that some future day
All thanks and doubting scattered
I'd help to win for my native land,
The light of young Liberty's morning.

Now, never and falter the great line show
War over the Atlantic!
I feel the breath of the Monster breeze,
Thank God, my exile's ended.
Old ocean, old ocean, old friends again,
The ship and the sea, I'm back to it!
Oh, Ireland, from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the "top of the morning."

Literary Miscellany.

The Hard Heart Softened.

The "January thaw" had set in some weeks earlier than people had expected it, and bits of black frozen earth were just peeped out here and there from beneath the snowy mantle of Uplands Farm, on a day when Joshua Simmons, with grating past in his old fashioned red and blue cart. The roses and white roses on the trellis on each side and the old man eyed them keenly as he drove through the house, muttering to himself—

"Yes, that's it. Just as I expected. Not a stone put up, not a board nailed in its place, not a post straightened, since I was here last June. That is doing autumn work up shiplapps, and no mistake. I suppose he unfolded on my discomfiture he bought at home till next June. Well, he will see. Guess may my what the like about in Joe shall go."

Farmer Simmons was a little, thin, wiry, stooping man of twenty, with a face that might nearly have been handsome, since the features were regular, and the eyes of a clear bright blue, while the complexion was like that of a sound and healthy winter apple, rosy and wholesome to behold. But there was an expression in the old man's face that seemed entirely to mar his good looks—an anxious, anxious expression, which is only visible where the soul beneath it has learned to value money far above the actual rate of money's worth. In two words, the farmer was a "freehander" and also a "miser" man, and his only sister, Mary, looking out of the parlour window, as the sound of the cart scraped on the gravel, felt her spirit quail within her, noting the poverty of his aspect, and groaning only too well on what ground he had come.

"What shall I do?" mused the little blue eyed woman of sixty-three, sinking down on a dusty box of rags which she had been sorting, and hidden by the lady bat curtown face behind a pair of hands that had toiled for many a year for Joe Sylvester and Joe Sylvester's children. "Oh, if Joe was only alive, or at least alive to know that your Joe will say when he comes home to-night!"

"Mother!" called out a bold young voice at the foot of the garret stairs, "uncle Joshua has come, and he is blustering the old mare, but he won't put her in the barn, 'cause he isn't going to stay bit just five minutes. And he frightened poney when she went to meet him at the door, and he tried to hit Rover, only Rover got out of the way of the whip; and he says we are a pack of lazy good for-nothings; and won't you come down, mother? Joe is at home and wants you, and we are all going out to swing to play."

"Yes, Joshua, dear," said his mother, sighing, "I will come. Ask your uncle in, and set a chair for him politely, and tell him where your father has gone, and then—"

"No need to tell me!" said a harsh voice below. "Here, youngster, you be off, and if you go near the mare, I'll let you know what's what. Come down stairs, Mary. Start, now."

Young Joshua clattered noisily down the uncarpeted stairs. Old Joshua came climbing slowly, grumbling to himself in an undertone. "Poor Mrs. Sylvester! ain't her hand upon her heart, and glanced around in her trouble.

"O! O! I wish my poor husband. If he was alive he would know what to do, and he would be sure to be right."

Joshua Simmons appeared, emerging out of the square hole cut in the floor for the garret stairs.

"What in this world are you up here for, Mary?" he growled, as he hastened to meet him.

"I am so sorry you took the trouble to come after me, Joshua," she answered, depressingly. "I should have been down directly."

"Very likely, but I am in a hurry. What are you doing up here?"

She pointed to the rags.

"The peddler comes along to morrow, Joshua, and he always takes my rags. So I am sorting them over."

"And you are likely to have your husband." "Poor Joe! Poor Joe! I wish I knew what of late, his is to be a home for him, and I can believe it all for his sake, Joshua. I am sorry about the children. I wish they could have better clothes, and books to read, and many other things that they seem to crave for. But we are together, and well and happy, so I ought not to repine."

Farmer Simmons locked her full in the face.

"Well, Mary, I have come to say that I want the farm."

"Oh Joshua!"

"Now, don't go to crying! It will do no good. My mind is made up. I have put it off long enough, for your sake, I thought I would have got up with any one else. The farm is running down, the fences are tumbling down, and the walks are in a state, the roads doing up generally; and I must have a tenant here who will keep things song and nice as I like to see them."

"But Joe has been ill, Joshua, as you know. That fever kept him down nearly all summer, and then he cut his foot, and had to lay by nearly the whole autumn. But he is well now, and he is working out to get the money for poor, and in the spring he will do up everything—he will, indeed."

"In the spring he will break his arm or his leg, or set the house on fire, or do something worse," prophesied the farmer. "It's no use talking, Mary! Joe Sylvester is an unlucky man, and you were a fool to marry him, when you might have been John Hardy's wife, and seen your husband rich by this time, instead of out at common day work."

"I see my husband a good husband and father, and an honest man, and that is more than Mrs. Harding can say about her," replied Mrs. Sylvester, with spirit. "I would not change Joe for a king, Joshua! I love him now, poor and unlucky as you call him, better than I did on our wedding-day, when he was reckoned the handsomest young man in all the country round." There was a wrinkle on his face, or a gray hair on his head, that isn't dear to me, for I know they came there before their time, through fretting about me and the children, because he can't give us such a home as he would like to. He has been happier here at the old homestead, Joshua, than I have ever seen him for years past. If you say we must go, of course we must, but I know it will break his heart to leave his father's roof, and his mother's spinning-wheel had stood here, and beakwards and forwards, with the noise danced in the long evenings of winter, left her spirit quail within her, noting the poverty of his aspect, and groaning only too well on what ground he had come.

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THE MONITOR.

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The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1885.

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We now create our own money through the instrumentality of the Printing Press, hence whoever controls this power, is placed, the authority of Catholic Journals who defend the Church against the Lies of Infidels, of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its doctrines and principles with devotion and fidelity.—Price 12.

Editorial Notes.

—It is rumored, says the London *Standard*, that a Dukedom is shortly to be conferred on the Marquis of Ripon, in recognition of his services as Viceroy of India.

—Our Rome correspondent makes some startling disclosures this week concerning Bismarck's plot to elect an anti-pope in 1878. He also pays a glowing tribute to the wisdom, prudence and piety of the present glorious Pontiff which will be thoroughly appreciated by every reader of the MONITOR.

—When Michael Davitt was in Rome he was invited to the residence of the Superior of San Salvatore, in Onda, to meet at dinner a number of distinguished clergymen, Irish and Italians. He was most kindly received by Dr. Pio di Bruno, the founder of this religious house, whose name is well known in America.

—The MONITOR's Irish Parliamentary Fund is considerably increased this week through the generous contributions of a number of gentlemen connected with the Green Mountain Gold Mining Company, at Crescent Mills, Plumas County, who subscribed $21 on St. Patrick's Day. Their names will be found in the list of contributors.

—A letter from Rev. Chas. O'Reilly, Treasurer of the Irish Parliamentary Fund brings the news that the sum of $9,738 46 has been contributed by all the States and Territories of the Union—except *California*—towards the relief of Ireland. We still thus will make that amount over $10,000, and we hope the generous-hearted Irish-American readers in the Mission will enable us to place that sum in Father O'Reilly's hands when we hope to see him next month.

—A distinguished French officer says: "Khartoum is the key of the Soudan, and the moral effect of its capture by the Mahdi is enormous. This is the greatest military disaster that has happened to England since the Indian mutiny, and can only be offset by a supreme effort that will severely test the new mobilization scheme and all the alleged reforms introduced by the British military authorities during the past quarter of a century.

—A Boston clergyman sent to the Longfellow celebration in Portland recently a poem. In the concluding stanza he remarked:

"He still doth live with us and God!
He lost through earth and heaven have trod."

"Us and God" is truly typical of the Puritan mind which is for ever "hankering after" an opportunity of teaching Omnipotence how to "improve" all His works. There is enough self-pride in the average Puritan to supply a dozen turkeys of the male persuasion with "strutting power" for an indefinite period.

—Rev. Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" is in its eighth edition of 30,000 copies, which will bring the total number published up to 130,000 copies. Two editions have been "pirated" in England and Canada, and a large edition has been printed in London by the regular publishers. In addition, the work has been translated into a dozen different languages in as many different countries. This is the book Col. Ingersoll thinks is not worth noticing. Evidently Blasphemous Bob knows enough not to hurt his money-making dodge by any dangerous experiments.

—The *Irish American* says the inhabitants of Brittany—which more than one writer of note has cited as the Ireland of France,"—are as Celtic to day as they were in the time of Cæsar. They still speak the Celtic language, and preserve their Celtic customs. They are a thoroughly civilized, but detest spending half a dozen years in barracks, as required by the French military system. The late military school, Depuy de Lorme, who was thoroughly acquainted with the Celtic language, asked an old Breton, who did not understand a word of modern French, "Where are your sons?" "My sons," was the reply of the old Celt, "they are in slavery among the Gauls." They were in the French army.

—A correspondent informs us that the entertainment given in the hall of the A. O. U. W. in Temescal, which we commented on a couple of weeks since, was not given under the auspices of the A. O. U. W., but was engineered by a Congregationalist preacher who has achieved the unenviable reputation of being a genuine anti-Catholic crank, in the interest of a sectarian Sunday school. Our informant also says that the annoyance caused by the Mormon is disowned by the people of North Temescal, as he is not a denizen of that locality but of an adjoining settlement, a fact upon which we congratulate the numerous intelligent citizens of North Temescal. We hope that hereafter the A. O. U. W. organization will be more careful and not permit its hall to be used as a mill wherein to grind out malignant calumnies against the Catholic Church, as we understand that the members of the A. O. U. W. of Temescal have hitherto acted in a very friendly spirit towards their Catholic neighbors and also that they deeply regret having the name of the Order associated with the gross insults against Catholics perpetrated in their hall, although they were entirely guiltless in the matter.

A Remarkable California Missionary.

Santa Clara College possesses the treasure of the secret of the Fountain of Youth. Padre Magin Catala, born at Moutblanc in the province of Tarragona in Spain, in 1761 When sixteen years of age he joined in Barcelona the Order of St. Francis, in which he made his ecclesiastical studies and was ordained Priest. Desiring to devote himself to the good of his neighbor by the services of a missionary life in America, he obtained from his superiors the permission to come to the Apostolic College of San Fernando in Mexico, from whence the first founder of Christianity in our Californian Padre Junipero Serra—and hundreds of Apostolic Franciscan Missionaries, had been sent to many parts of Mexico, Texas, New Mexico and California, to teach to the poor the gospel of Christ. Father Magin was sent from that college to continue in California the good work commenced by Father Junipero—the Christian civilization of the Indians.

In 1794 he commenced his holy ministrations at the Mission of Santa Clara, and he labored there incessantly till death for the welfare of all, especially of his dear Indians. He instructed them spiritually in the Christian doctrine, preached to them assiduously the lessons of the gospel; he had the women taught and employed in sewing, spinning, sewing and such appropriate occupations, while he kept the men filling the land or working at various mechanical trades, all living a sort of primeval patriarchal life, forming one grand community of from two to three thousand under the Missionary, and all partaking about daily of the fruits of the earth and of their industry. Over a hundred head of cattle were killed weekly for that large family of Santa Clara, who before had to depend for their sustenance on the seeds of wild plants and a few *armajos* or shellfish. But the spiritual food given them by Padre Magin did them more good and was even more relished. The Indians, no less than the Spanish people, saw in him a sun day and night devoted to their good, ever ready to console them in their afflictions, to visit their sick, and to relieve them in their wants. They loved him and his teaching, and they easily received from his lips the saving lessons of Christianity. The Baptismal Records of Santa Clara show that he baptized no less than 5,000; a great portion of whom were adults.

But what contributed most to attract the Indians to a civilized Christian life was his humility. He mortified life and his evident charity, which he learned chiefly at the foot of the crucifix in the Mission church, where he spent on his knees his spare time, and even more than that; for the Indians often watched him and observed him at late hours of the night absorbed in holy prayer, forgetful of his sweet solitude. They used to relate of him many wonderful facts, such as having been seen by them praying in the church, while he had retired to his room for his night's rest; teaching the wild Indian in distant Sierras which he remained with the Mission; announcing to the pulpit sudden deaths happening at the same time in distant places, or about to take place within a week, with their particular circumstances; responding, at the same time the prayers of the congregation in behalf of the victims of such accidents. Many good old Californians, still living, were actual witnesses of such announcements and their realization, confirm the same statements, which naturally rest on human testimony, and to which no authority is intended to be given till the Holy See may examine and approve them. This and his more edifying Christian life made them all revere and esteem him as a saint, and they frequently called him such.

This universal regard was especially witnessed the day of his funeral—the 22d of Nov. 1830, at the present Mission church of Santa Clara, crowded on that occasion, and not half large enough to contain the people who had come from all parts of the surrounding country, for all fast and expressed with their tears that they had lost their Father they filled the edifice with their loud lamentations, and strove to secure some little piece of his habit, which they treasured as a precious relic.

It has been deemed proper not only to preserve the holy memory of the Apostolic Missionary, but also to take the ordinary steps for his Beatification, should the Holy See, after long and mature examination, find it fit to approve it. With this view the first Process has been carried on, and all preliminary steps on the part of the Diocesan authorities are nearly completed. The proceedings of this judicial ecclesiastical court will then be sent to Rome for the rigid investigation, which, it is to be hoped, will result in the beatification of our California Missionary. Pius IX. of happy and holy memory, is said to have once remarked, that in the United States we have not got many Saints. It is to be hoped, that God will grant us to have one in Padre Magin.

Spain and the Holy See.

A rumor has been circulating to the effect that a new difficulty has arisen between the Spanish Government and the Holy Father in consequence of a visit paid to the Spanish Embassy to the Holy See by Don Jorge the King and Queen of Italy. There have undoubtedly been negotiations of a strained character going on between the Madrid Cabinet and Cardinal Jacobini, but there have given place to more friendly feelings, and the Marquis de Molins has already arrived in Rome, and has been received by the Holy Father. The difficulties have arisen from the exaggerated Carlism shown by some members of the Catholic party, and from the recent educational schemes. The visit of King Umberto and Queen Margherita to the Spanish Embassy to the Vatican was a private one, the omission to officially call on the Pope, and the reception by the Pope of the Duke of Montpensier, Duke of Leon XIII. would take umbrage at such an event, which, as a well-known Catholic statesman said, was no more than a lunch would be given by a noted Catholic to the son of Victor Emmanuel.

Archbishop Gibbons Pays his Respects to the President.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, called at the Executive Mansion by appointment this afternoon, in company with Mr. Merrick, and was by the latter presented to President Cleveland. The President rose in the Blue parlor. After a pleasant conversation, lasting half an hour, the Archbishop took his leave, and, escorting him to the President a cordial invitation to repeat his call.

Three Centennial Anniversaries.

This present year will bring the centennial anniversaries of the deaths of three Popes. Pope Pius VI. died at Gregory VII., one of the most prominent of St. Peter's successors, of Martin IV., and of Pius fourteenth (Benedetto). (Benedetto) The first died in exile at Salerno on May 29th, 1785, breathing forth the celebrated words, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." Pope Martin IV., elected in 1281, distinguished for his prudence and sagacity, expired in Perugia on March 28th, 1285. The last Pontiff, (Gregory VIII., governed the Church for nearly thirteen years. He was a man of reformed calendar, the foundation of the Roman or Gregorian College, of the English, Greek, Maronite, and other Colleges in Rome for the youth of divers nations; the institution of the Sacred Congregation of the "Visita Apostolica." Nor is this all. He sent the learned Jesuit, F. Antonio Possevin, into Sweden, where he recovered the abjuration of King John III., and arranged the ecclesiastical affairs of that kingdom; he also entertained the same plan with a mission to Ivan IV. of Russia, who had invoked his aid in settling his difficulty with King Stephen of Poland. He had the consolation to give audience, in 1585, to the celebrated Japanese Embassy, which in the name of three Kings declared homage and obedience to the See of Peter, while the last act of his Pontificate was the publication, under the supervision of the amiable Cardinal Baronius, of the *Roman Martyrology*, inserting therein the name of the great Pope St. Gregory VII., establishing throughout the entire Church, for July 26th, the Feast of St. Anne, with office of Double Rite; and by the Brief of Premulgation, of February 14th, 1584, enjoining all Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and Superiors of churches to conform to the new edition in office in choir. He died in Rome, April 10th, 1585, aged 83 years, and was buried in the Vatican Basilica. In eight promotions he created thirty-four Cardinals, amongst them the future Popes Urban VII., Gregory XIV., Innocent IX., and Leo XI., all four raised to the honor of the Purple in the Consistory of December 12th, 1583.

More Startling Statistics of Drink in Europe.

A few weeks ago we laid before the readers of the MONITOR some rather startling statistics concerning the increase of the sale of liquors throughout the German Empire, and inasmuch as the Temperance Quarterly Journal is trying to attract attention in every portion of this land, we now subscribe from no less an authority than the London *Times* the following statistics showing the rapid growth of intemperance among the natives of other portions of Europe:

In France the consumption of alcohol is over 1,000,000 litres per annum, enough to fill a lake 1 mile in length, 1 mile broad, and 40,000 in depth. In Belgium the consumption of gin is certain of the western departments, and in Holland the consumption of gin is 2 gallons per head, and both wines, which is equivalent to from 8 to 10 gallons of spirits. In Sweden and Norway the consumption of wine is the most fruitful form of intemperance, and in Denmark it is the spirit from grain, but not certain that in most consumer and causes the most alarming increase. In Finland there were 45,000 drinkshops in 1881, but this number has been reduced by two thirds. In Russia a reduction has also taken place from 22,000 to 12,000 in the last three years, but they are very considerably increased. In Servia the consumption of spirits has increased from 1,000,000 litres in 1876 to 3,000,000 litres in 1882, and 3,200 in 1879, and 11,000 in 1880, while the revenue from spirits has increased from 1,000,000 francs per annum, or 1,000,000, principally in the last three years. In Spain, according to a report published by the Social Statistical Society, the consumption of spirits in 1882 was 1,000,000 litres, and in 1883 it was 1,200,000 litres, principally consumed by the lower classes. According to a report published by the Swiss Statistical Bureau, it would seem that in Sweden the consumption of spirits has not been successful in diminishing drunkenness or the mortality from alcohol. The consumption of spirits in Sweden between 1876 and 1880 being 62, while between 1881 and 1882 it was 72 per head of population, and the number of many destitutions and drinkshops, there is a decrease in the number of drunkenness. In Norway, however, the number of drinkshops is rapidly increasing, where alcohol makes such ravages. Between 1871 and 1880 the number of licenses from alcoholism has doubled, the proportion being 1 to 1 per cent for the men and 41 per cent for the women. In Christiania, a Swiss physician, in of the opinion that ethyle, alcohol, or the alcohol of wine, is comparatively innocuous, but that the amylic alcohol from grain or potatoes is absolutely poisonous, and it is this baneful stuff that is the principal brew for themselves and doctor children, and for their neighbors.

A Jesuit Father Speaks of Public Schools.

Rev. F. R. Clarke, S. J., editor of the *London Month*, and who spent some time in this country last year, thus plainly sets forth the fatal effects of the Public School system upon Catholic children if some steps are not taken by American Catholics to avert the evil:

I need not remind my Catholic readers of the peculiar difficulties in the way of Catholics who are striving to carry out the course of two or three generations, if they are to preserve the faith of Catholic children in America. It is terrible when I contemplate the unequal struggle, and I remember that, in the natural course of things, the children educated at the public schools will grow up weak in faith, ignorant of their religion, unable to face the objections of the infidel, ready to accept the Socialistic teaching, and prepared to do anything that they may encounter for a comfortable country. It is more necessary to say that the parents ought to instruct them in their religion at their home. What can be more absurd than to expect the mechanic or artisan, who has spent his day in the workshop, to be able to do the work of a trained teacher? Why, he has enough to do to instruct his own children, who have neither time nor talent! Even if the parents be the teachers, they would not have the necessary knowledge, and sometimes are so utterly ignorant of the rudiments of the faith. At the Sunday school, even if the children can be prevailed to attend with regularity, comparatively little can be done. Faith is a delicate plant, and it is not to be sustained day by day with such scanty care. On night as well expect a young child to be healthy and robust who was fed only at the week-ends and kept in the bath-house on Sundays. But the public schools are not merely starved all the week, but are unfortunately fed on poison or at least on food that is. There is no alternative education between honoring God and dishonoring Him, between a religious and irreligious education. A non-religious education is a contradiction in terms. A religious education is possible in many subjects, but instruction in the religious subject, which should be the soul of the heart as well as of the head, of the will as well as of the intellect, is not possible in a mixed school, on a secular basis. It would appear either to ignore God or to dishonor Him. Education can only proceed on the principle that the child is not a mere jumble of teeth and sense, which is intellectual and moral, but a living, breathing, thinking, willing child, with a soul to be saved or lost, and with a heart and conscience, which is the inferior and lower motives of interest or necessity, or else on the higher motives of love for God, of gratitude to Him, of reverential fear of His judgments, of all the sacred truths to which Christianity appeals with Divine persuasiveness.

—It is extraordinary what curious names papers have now-days. A new weekly called *Adam* has been established in Texas. It is an Irish paper with a healthy Catholic tone, and we wish it every success.

Is Masonry the Enemy of God?

Notwithstanding all the proof that has hitherto been printed in proof of the fact that Masonry is diabolically opposed to Christianity, there are still some persons foolish enough to think that the sect is falsely charged in this respect. Here, how ever, is additional proof of the atheistical teachings of that demoralizing secret society:

A French Masonic paper called *Lucifer*, an organ of the sect, recently made one of the following Satanical suggestions to the English brethren of the mischievous mystic tie:

"The Prince of Wales, in his character of future Pope of the Anglican Church, cannot repudiate the United Ancient Order well understand. The Grand Architect is part of the constitution, like the king or queen. Like them, he is a peg (*chevill*). He plays no other part therein. But a peg presumptuous cannot expel his fellow peg. The office of monarch is not very pleasant, and is a sinecure. The consecrations of the late Holy Father against this violation of the rights of the Church were unfortunately silent contempt, and during nearly twenty years the Polish Church continued to be administered, as far as the power of the Czar extended, by mere tools of his ministry.

"Less than two years ago the present Emperor—alarmed on the one hand by the growth of Nihilism among his Polish subjects, and on the other by the ever deepening discontent of the Polish Catholics—made some apparent attempt at conciliating his latter. Negotiations were begun with the Holy See. The Czar's ministers, and after long discussion a definite compromise was made, by which the Russian government undertook to restore to the Polish Church of new Catholic Bishops by the Holy See, and promised to allow them to exercise their episcopal functions without hindrance. The four surviving exiled Bishops were released and ten new Prelates were named by the Holy See with the full consent of Russia, and they were all Russian subjects, who likely has from 1 out that it pays than better for a prince not to be Russian, in those days he has a Russian Czar, and the Pope is a man who was Sterling his "Pontifical Equipment of the Vatican Decrees, at the Pope, to make a doubt, that a few such studies repeated, would cure the Pope of his anxiety as his successors blessed himself with the Holy Ghost, and kneels in Ireland.

On the other hand, a much more important, because a secret and discriminating one, the carefully preparing for more perilous times. Pius IX. was a man of great heart, and very kind. Pius, as a chief of opposition of what had been done in Poland, and the Pope, and the Father Masters society in that city and was the Pope's Nuncio in Brussels, and Papal Ar Ventosia, Vancouver's Island, another man, who had been a Jesuit, and who, by his zeal and pious Christian, had gone to Sicily, and there had converted Garibaldi, and Pius, W. McGinn, D. Brady, J. Hall, H. Hall, Jas. Hall, Jas. Hall, Jr., Jas. Hall, Jr., Jas. Hall, Jr.,

Farm and Home.

THE HEN AND THE HONEY-BEE.

A lady boo, the story goes,
Loquacious, pert and self-conceited,
Pecked a bee upon a rose,
And thus the busy insect greeted:

"I've nodded at you well for many a day,
In garden blooms and meadow clover;
Now here, as before, in idle play,
From morn till night an idle rover.

"While I discreetly bide at home,
A faithful wife, the live long day,
About the fields you lilly roam;
Without the least regard for others.

"While I lay eggs and hatch them out,
You seek the flowers to extract and hoard,
And, sipping honey, steal about,
At best, a cool for nothing variant."

"Nay," said the bee, "you do me wrong;
I'm useful, too—perhaps you doubt it;
Because, though toiling all day long;
I seem to make a free shout it.

"I toss now with the and sweep my hive,
And to be here lofty may work in quiet;
To useful acts needs more alive
Than you with all your cackling riot."

Be Not Above Work.

"Never be ashamed of your business," is a wholesome proverb. If one has an honest business he need not feel ashamed of it. None young persons act as if they thought many kinds of honest work menial and degrading. But they are wrong.

"Man hath his daily work of body and mind appointed, with guidance to govern it duly."

When the service is for the good of man or the glory of God, and is performed in the right spirit, it must ever be ennobling. It is no work to do to be unwilling, slavish spirit that degrades us. Toil is manly, even if it be that of a boot-black. "If I were a boot-black," said a noble Christian man, "I would strive to be the best boot-black in the world." The lad who determines to do his best everywhere, in every place, however lowly, where honest work is needed, soonest rises to honor.

"If little labor, little are our gains;
Man's fortune is the thrift he makes."

Not long since a young man was asked to carry a small package of written papers to his sick relative, but he turned up his nose with the same, and said, "I don't—can't send it by an expressman."

One evening, near the hour for closing a store in Philadelphia, a bundle of prints was ordered to be made by a lady, and more than a block distant. The carts and porters had gone. The merchant requested one of his young men to deliver the bundle, but as he did so he perceived a look of disgust in the clerk's face, and without saying another word he returned to his desk put on his hat, passed out the bundle, and walked off to deliver it himself leaving his young clerk with mortification as well as with fear of losing a good position. There are some city-bred boys who act as if they were "above carrying a market-basket home." Even when mother is bearing a heavy basket for your sake, they think it "degrading" to be seen doing such a thing. They soon get too big to wait on themselves. They grow to be of less use in the world than butterflies.

Family Life.

If there be anything which makes life tolerable it is the home, the place of intimate family.

Strange to say, however, most people could count upon the fingers of one hand the really happy homes they know: the homes that is in which there is not only a tender care for each other, but an unselfish independence and a kindly interest always manifested by every other fellow-member.

A daughter will always find her mother anything she may want, and brush her brother's hair, mend and hem for them ere the male members of the house start off for work in the morning.

Brothers too, will often take their sisters out for a jaunt or little attentions which cost nothing and are so much appreciated.

This is the household into which a young man who wants a good wife will do well and wisely to marry. There may not be much show about the girls, but he will find that they are companionable, and that their disposition stands the test of wear.

Not only enough to fall in love with a girl when she is arrayed for a party, and looks the flesh of pleasure and fun.

When life deepens and darkens, however, and little family worries come in a man wants something more than a pretty drawing-room ornament for a wife; he needs a real good hearted, honest, womanly soul and helpmate.

The Silver Prune.

A resident of Santa Barbara visiting in Oregon, writes as follows: "Apples are a drug. In Chehalem Valley an orchard was pointed out by a man who said that a thousand bushels had gone to waste annually for the seven years he had lived near it. Large quantities of prunes had been planted. A comparatively new variety, the Silver prune is highly spoken of. I had noticed it in the California catalogue when selecting some more trees for the extension of my Lompoc orchard. At Dayton, Or., I was helped at dinner to some immense prunes, each one of which was a full two inches before eating. They are very sweet, needing no sugar in cooking, mean firm and well flavored. My admiration led me to inquire the name, when I was told it was the Silver prune, of which Mr. Alderman of this town was the originator. A call upon him elicited the following concerning it: He believes it to be a seedling from Cole's Golden Drop, but is doubtful and hesitant in so far as being larger fruit—some as large as hen's eggs; it was a prune, however; all that I had met that had grown it to spoke. He claims that it bears largely on the body of the tree—even on spurs of the trunk below the branches. Therefore, he thought it not so liable to break the tree down, but I saw some trees badly broken through overbearing of this description. It is much the color of the Golden Drop, and some nurserymen for a while contended that it was the same. But I notice that it is now catalogued as a distinct variety. Mr. A., gave me sample of the dried fruit which bore cut his neighbors as to size and sweetness. I mailed home some scions for grafting, and shall take a few trees when I return—probably in April. He put 1,000 trees in one orchard. Fifty thousand are ordered for California, but there are not that many at hand."

A Humming-Bird's Umbrella.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butter-nut tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window. One day there was a heavy shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one or two of the leaves growing close to the nest and laid this leaf over so it completely covered the nest. Then she flew away. On looking at the leaf, we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small crick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked on. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.

—Brook's Spool Cotton, soft finish as well as glace finish, is manufactured solely for sewing machine work. Try it, on any machineand you will try no other. For sale by all dry goods stores.

HOW WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH.

Scenes at His Inauguration in this City Ninty-Ofva Years Ago.

On Thursday, April 30, 1789, in this city, George Washington was inaugurated the President of the United States. At about 6, both houses of Congress, in session in this city, counted the votes for President and Vice President, and with the number of electoral votes was sixty-nine, of which the Excellency George Washington had all, and was unanimously elected President; and the Honorable John Adams had thirty-four and was elected Vice President. Charles Thompson was appointed to inform the President of his election, and set out for Mount Vernon with an expedition, and Sylvanus Bourne was dispatched to perform the same duty with respect to the Vice President. He proceeded at once to Jamaica.

On Monday, April 20, the Vice President arrived in New York, and on the following day was invested with his office and installed in the chair of the Senate. Six days before Washington had left Mount Vernon on his journey to New York. Through Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, he was attended by imposing military and civic escort and greeted with immense public demonstrations. From time to time he stopped under the principal arches erected in his honor and addressed the people. Odes composed in his honor were sung and flowers were scattered before him. A vessel manned by 13 pilots, all clad in blue jackets, and with white hats, came down the Delaware to meet him, and conducted him in state to Philadelphia. Here he was received on landing by Governor Clinton, the officers of the State and Corporation, and a military escort, and conducted to a house in Queen street prepared for the occasion. At nine o'clock the day, following, which was Thursday, the people assembled in the various churches to implore the blessings of Heaven on the new government, its favor and protection to the President, and success and acceptance to his administration. At noon the President moved from the home of the President in Cherry street, through Queen, Chestnut and Broad streets, to Congress Hall in the following order:

Colonel Lewis and two officers.
Captain Stokes, Troop of Horse.
Artillery—Major Van Heers.
Grenadier—Major Lenox.
German Grenadiers under Captain Steiba.
Major Richer—Infantry—Major Christie.
Sheriff on Horseback.
Chief Marshal on Horseback.

The President and suite, with assistant and chief officers on either side.

Committee of the Representatives.
Hon. Mr. Jay, Gen. Knox, Chancellor Livingston and several gentlemen of distinction.

When within a proper distance of the hall the troops formed a line on both sides of the way. The President, passing through, was conducted to the Senate Chamber and introduced to both houses of Congress. Immediately after, accompanied by the two houses, he was conducted into the gallery adjoining the Senate Chamber and fronting broad street, which was decorated with a canopy and curtains of red interwoven with white for the occasion. Then in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens, the oath prescribed by the Constitution was administered to him by the Hon. R. R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York. The Chancellor then proclaimed him President of the United States, which was followed by the discharge of thirteen cannon and loud shouting by the spectators. The President bowed his acknowledgments and then returned with the two houses to the Senate Chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address. These are extracts of that historic document:

"No people can be bound to adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been marked by some token of providential agency; and to the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberation and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, can not be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage.

"These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have led me to take a review of those principal events, operating much upon my feelings, which have attended my life, from the time that I first entered upon the military stage of my country, until the period of my retirement from the public stage. Retiring from the theatre of action, with the blessings of my fellow citizens, is new to my feelings, and I hope it will be considered as the last act of my public life, when I bid a final adieu to all the honors of public life, and flatter myself that I shall be allowed to spend the remainder of my days as a citizen under the government of laws, the foundation of which I have assisted to lay, and which, I hope, will be found to be productive of the happiness of my fellow citizens.

"Among the vicissitudes incident to life no event could have filled me with greater anxiety than that which relinks the weight of another and greater care upon me, second only to that which I owe to my country. In the discharge of this duty it will be my chief desire that the path of duty may be so plain as to prevent my wandering from it. In this place I feel myself called upon to mention the Senate and House of Representatives as the bodies to whom I look for guidance and support, and it will be more pleasing than profitable to me to rely on their wisdom and virtue for support. It is a maxim which I have always adopted as the guide of my conduct in life, and it is to them I now resort for the benefit of their experience.

"I find myself bound to express my ardent desire that it may be the duty and disposition of the government of the United States to make provision for the encouragement of those who wish to devote themselves to the service of their country in the military and naval departments; and I hope that the wisdom of Congress will so far consider the situation of the officers of the late army, who have served during the war, as to place them on such ground in their future prospects as will induce men of character to continue in the service of their country.

"I shall take care to inform Congress of the progress of the United States in their agriculture, commerce and manufactures, and will lay before you such measures as will tend to the improvement of your country, and to the happiness of your fellow citizens

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

ROYALTY NOT WANTED.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P., Thinks the Prince of Wales Had Better Keep Out of Ireland.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P., an influential lobbyist in the subcamp of the Irish Parliamentary party, in a letter to the Prince of Wales, which appeared in the London Times, says that the Prince of Wales is entitled "Albert Edward" and not "Edward" in the contending parties "Albert," and the Prince of Wales, Mr. O'Connor, who is a strictly politician, says the corporation of Dublin will present a constitutional policy, and will refuse to pay any respect to Lord Spencer, even though he should have obtained for himself the protection of the hair to the throne. In the same way everyone in Ireland will sympathize with a keen pity the fate of one person who go to the lions and to drawing-rooms which it is accepted the Prince of Wales and his wife are about to hold, and to pay the duchess a decent in the middle of their patients; it is, because in the middle of the nation in the number of rare, a constitutional monarchy, and the Irish people have no other home to their minds the popular feeling, and any public man who would dare to take any part in the reception of the Prince and Princess would forfeit forever all chance of obtaining popular forgiveness, much less popular favor. To make the business complete, it is announced that several trade unions will be combined. It would contribute to the proof that the Irish people had, after all, not surrendered the habits of boycotting, which, if it be true by such transparent action, the Prince of Wales or the Prince and Princess of Wales to be boycotted just now, and should be carried out to the letter, would be a thing calculated to heal, would produce a sympathetic feeling between the two countries. They will be regarded as having taken up the struggle between the Irish people and a foreign land bigotment, the side of the people and the liberties of the Irish people, and no other record could war blot out the severity of such an attitude as a course of grace and an issue so passionate as these two countries have. The Prince of Wales and his wife must make their choice. They must choose between the friendship of the people in vassalry, or their side as long as they are in the government of they must be noticed. Lord Spencer's friends the Irish people regard as their enemies.

TREASURE FOUND IN IRELAND.

A Punishing Farmer Finds a Box Full of Gold.

An Irish exchange relates the following curious circumstance: Some few months ago a man while ploughing a field in the neighborhood of Longford, and the property of Lord Longford, turned up a box in the ground which broke it, and scattered some of the contents. The ploughman, he did not mind, and the man proceeded to plough and sow the field. When the harvest came, he reaped and gathered some of the broken pieces of gold, and sold them to a jeweller in Longford. The jeweller bought the coins, and then taken passage good price, and sold it to a jeweller in Dublin, who gave him a sum of the hundred of these gold coins

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

EASTER BELLS.

Over the breast of the budding earth,
The verdant mantle of spring is spread with bloom,
Over the wondrous white waiting tombs
Are nodding shadows of sweet plants,
Ring out sweet bells with a joyous chime,
Ring! ring the dawn of the Easter time!

Ring! ring!
In the rock-ribbed glens of the mighty hills,
Till the laughing streamlets dance with joy
At the magic call of your vibrant thrills,
Resonant as the hearing wind and wave,
Till the lone wilderness hears the joyous chime
Of the Angels song
Proclaiming the Easter holiday.
Ring! ring!
Ring! ring! ye bells, again, again,
Till the joyous tones in the valleys take up the
Ring! ring! ye bells, again, again,
Ring your melodious chime across the land,
Ring your joyous tones in grateful tones
Sent up to Heaven in sincere praise,
As the welcome holiday after is spread,
Let Christ is risen from the dead.

Mary Woodland, April 1, 1865.

THE RESURRECTION.

All hail! to the glory and gladness of day,
Hail! to the world cast in sunshine and joy
Hail, O ye nations! the shadow hath fled,
And the light cast out of the realm of the dead.
The sunlight dispelled, with the remain glow,
The shadows that filled the long night-time
with woe
The tempest that blighted a world in its
wrath,
The death that walked o'er its unsparing path,
Their shroud is lashed, for a radiant form
Filled the sepulchre, and the frame of the way of
the storm.
And the spirit of the brightness hath silenced the
grief
Of the mourners that rode on the blasts of the
night
O hide thorn of Easter! O beauty benign,
When every mourner for ever shall shine!
The life-spring hath rushed from the stream of
the grave
From the tomb of the Victor who suffered to
save.
Lovo kindled the splendor, and gilded the glaze,
Tinting the pensive that brightened world
drawn
Thy wing trending darkness for ever is gone,
The light long cherished in ye your shall last,
Thy hope of the world, O! thy magic is
Bringing strength to the sickness, and life to the
dead
Out the hamlet's low roofs and the city's proud
towers
O Sapphire hosts and Athenian belles!
O Sunbeams dancing, ye valleys that smile,
Where the lone flower beauty and blooms o' the
wild
Where the "white stilts" of Britton rise, clothed
in Spring
Where, thrown by her Tiber, she glorious Rome,
Where the Alps of Switzerland, Sea, Alpine
Mountains
Hallowed by the spell of its islands of balm;
Yes, take to the Alp horn, the valleys look
forth,
Where the lone bell is hold on the Isle of the North
Where Albion hath hills, and the ocean, hath
sea,
And melancholy calmer in the forest-walled West,
Ye the sole heritage of the children of day
Redemption hath hatched the vanish of its ray,
Hailed long, O nations! resent Easter-tide, Vieg,
Let jubilee be authentic triumphantly rise!
Let the silent tongue of the Dumb jubilant rise,
Let the tongue shed ow it their halo of light!
Let the tongue of the Dumb, the bright Easter
Hail!
Wait praise to the Risen, the Conqu'ror
Hail!
To Him who hath lessened the bonds of the slave,
Blessed the dark valley, and gladdened the grave,
For so immort can hark in the pathway once trod
By the Master of heaven, earth's Saviour and God!

HARRIET M. SAUNDERS (Marie)

San Francisco, Cal.

Literary Miscellany.

The Story of Lost Alice.

CHAPTER I.

Why did I marry her! I often asked my self, half the question, in the dage that succeeded the marriage, half the question, why I had married so soon. Yet I loved her, so I love yet, I suppose.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. Her ideas were peculiar, her temperament her; and I often think, when I recall her, she was more a spirit, quiet, fairy, as she was physically, than a woman, that I had comprehended her yet. There are many thoughts nestling in her brain of which I know nothing, and fashes of feeling lost on as her pure nature and soul, and by her again, as empirus might steal a glimpse of the outer world through the golden gates and turn to their brilliant pulsed celestial home. She is my wife. I have her and love her as no other can. She knows my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me, and I can my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, at the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me forever, and that it is only the ghost of the girl Alice, whom I won in the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean, that her life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the gray haired, and had left her spirit as pure and unsullied as light to the old. She had been an unloved child, and in the spy of affection she was left herself, and entirely dependent on her own emotions. Friends and family she had none, so she was constrained laughingly to say; but I have since found out that her sorrow were lasting, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust for herself, and went out of the great world to fulfil it. Of this part of her life she never spoke; but one who knew her there had told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large boarding-school, she was little fitted for the battle of a great world, alone; and the same cause to say pain as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who grew from childhood to maidenhood, unlike at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a child—at first a drudge, for the wealthy poor, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By and by, brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admired, read, sought after, and, above all, paid. Even then, she could not see the mission she had prepared so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrong and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a bright smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys; and, if they break in my hand, you cannot help it, and I shall not cause to you the sorrow."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the mellow tones of her voice—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake; and not only young men to whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her eyes, or the music of her laugh. She did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for awhile, till some newer fancy came, and then she danced past them, saw, was gone.

It was in the country that I met her first, and there she was more herself than in the city. We were distant connections by marriage, though we had never seen each other, and the fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domesticated. I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly know why. I was a steady, grave, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fun lady. I said as much to my aunt, the morning I arrived, and she only said, "Alice Kent is here," with which she quelled me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's city life, as I had had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well, live and learn, they say. But whoever would think it was our Alice you are talking of, Frank! However, I'll say no more about her! You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your bedroom is ready, the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the farm. By and by, I got over the orchard wall, and crossed the brook, and the high road, and went out into the green behind the house, where farthest peted Fred on the head; when she rode past the house at a hand gallop on her gray pony, Fin Darwin, and leaped him over the garden gate, and shook her whip sensily in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How she liking guided gratefully into driving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner, and came upon her suddenly. She was walking briskly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking grave and very thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her face lighted up brightened suddenly, yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and look her way towards home. Seeing that she was grieved, I followed her, and finding the sudden bound with which I had left my work gone up to meet it, I knew she were to such other.

"Alice!" she turn I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

"I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

"Alice, you do not look well."

"I am well, Frank. I am going away to-morrow."

"And that I was cutting rather ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly.

"Are you alone Kent?"

"People said me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, or I am Frank Atherton?"

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long. Occasionally recall friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons, which had seen, though I for the last time. Not one about the house, and our friends who were then living there, and I had known and looking now and then at her, as she sat with the remained falling round her, and the great dog lying at her feet. I wondered, almost as my aunt had done, if this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I had heard so much. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of gray material, that fell around her in light soft folds. A knot of white ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gipsy hat, lying beside her, was trimmed with the same ribbon. Her small chain, like a thread of gold, and a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore. Yet I had never seen a dress I like so well. She was tall (too tall, I should have said, had she been any one else; for, when she was standing, her head was almost on a level with mine) and slender, and moved lightly in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead; and arranged with that intent they I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly pretty, her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank and smiling; her eyes were arched, as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft gray, very pleasant to look into, and yet penetrating too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them. When they laughed, it was almost a pity to look at her, the bright beaming glance they gave; but, when they darkened suddenly and grew more and deeper, and looked up into the face of any interested enough with one to notice peculiar to themselves, heaven help him!

"I thought I knew her only five minutes. I felt like, when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had a habit of talk, and was sitting, sink her lips half apart and a lovely color mantling on her cheek, stealing my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the color deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. I was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to have it come, and wondered what thoughts had brought it.

"Frank, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affectly to you. "It is time for me to go home to supper, I suppose. Are you hungry, cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no. I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good naturedly, and took the hat from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"How fond you are of that great dog! I said, as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him!" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the beauty spot on his forehead. "Why, I love him, cousin Frank! Why, the dog is my life! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing—" She stopped short, and laughed.

"That you have been true to," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. "But look at him, look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if I may not help loving him. My poor old Fred! Nobody else in the world cares for him."

She sighed, and patted his head again, and he stood wagging his tail and looking up into her face, with eyes that were as sad, sweetful, and, what was better far, trustful of love and sympathy.

"I doubt if you will long remain so alone," said, after we had walked a few steps. "And Fred is longing for a mate, I always give him one through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog racing after her, laughing till the woods rang again. I saw that night no more.

CHAPTER II.

I was, as I have already said, a grave, steady going lawyer, trying to work a respectable middle age, with one or two gray hairs showing among my black locks. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed (save in my dreams), and that was a woman's love.

I never gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the female kind I had seen, and I used to think if friends reverian was a slight, delicate, gentle creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, the blossom and closest of eyes, the softest and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmuring of an Æolian harp. And she sat by my chair in silence; loving me always, but forbearing me sometimes, and her name was Mary. I dare say, if I had met the original of this placed picture in life, I should have wooed and won her, and have been utterly miserable.

So, as a matter of course, I fell into danger now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went, I used often to lay down my pen and look after her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her being there. When she raced through the grove or orchard with the great dog at her heels, I smiled, and felt my pulse beat no the head; when she rode past the house at a hand gallop on her gray pony, Fin Darwin, and leaped him over the garden gate, and shook her whip sensily in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

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THE HOLY ROSARY.

The Treasure of Certain Salvation.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE MONITOR BY J. ROS OF ST. LOUIS.)

Since the Rosary is, as we all know, a most important and prominent devotion in God's Church, it is understood that it has most powerful spiritual resources means to procure for all who practice it, or for whom it is offered, eternal salvation, for customary devotions in the Church militant must have to view what is meant by the word salvation theosis. However, let it be well understood, that this is not all that we mean when we say that the Rosary is a treasure of salvation, we mean furthermore, and we intend to prove it, that a true Rosarian finds in Mary's Rosary divine devotion, a moral certainty of high degree of his salvation, one of the most certain marks of his predestination. "It is impossible," says St. Alphonsus de Lagnori, "that a servant of Mary who faithfully honors her and recommends himself to her should be lost. But when it is said that a devoted servant of Mary cannot be lost, certainly those servants are not meant who abuse their devotion by sinning with less fear."

For such presumptuous persons, for their encouragement, I shall presently quote than mercy. It is understood then only for those servants of Mary, who, with the desire to amend, faithfully honor her and commend themselves to her care. That those should be lost is, I say, impossible. As the Holy Ghost, (Prov. chap. viii. 35.) says "It makes no difference how long a sinner may live, if he dies in Mary St. Hilary, "he shall not perish eternally, if he is truly devoted to Mary." (Lib. 12. in Matth.) Father Francisco Suarez, and plously remarks that "he who faithfully and sincerely honors the Most Holy Virgin, will very soon through her, return to the bosom of the Holy Church of Christ placed on the lips of Mary the words of grace, and of life, and he will find me, shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord" (Proverb. viii. 35). "And in, as St. Alphonsus adds, "he who finds me (Mary) by means of ancores devotion, shall find the life of grace in this world, and eternal happiness in the next." (Prov. Spoon., chap. viii. 35.)

On the same subject St. Bonaventure says: "Hear O people, and give ear to these words of Mary, "all you who desire to enter into the Kingdom of God, honor me and you shall find life and eternal salvation." The Eternal Father Himself thus speaks to St. Gertrude of Sonna: "My goodness has pledged to Mary, the Mother of Mercy, I will, whenever her prayers are increased, the whoever recommends himself to her, shall not perish, but shall obtain great a name he may have been, shall never become in any way the prey of the enemy of souls. Blessed, I know Mary is a good Mother assists her servants at the moment of their death and obtains for them final perseverance! She actually holds her hand out to her servants in their tenace, and will not let Him go until He shall have pardoned them, and admitted them to the arms of Him. For all her true servants, the grace of grace—the crowning gift of God—the gift of final perseverance! Oh! only happy are the servants of such a Mistress. happier still the children of such a Good Mother! "I will," said Mary one day to St. Mechtilde, "assist as a tender and faithful mother at the death of all those who shall have been faithful to me, and have my comfort them." Wherefore, St. Alphonsus de Lagnori, in assigning the various reasons why Mary is called the "Gate of Heaven, (Ser. 6th, says: "Mary is our life because she procures for us eternal life.

It is only through her intercession that we can hope to obtain that great grace which is due to no man no matter how holy he may be—the grace of a holy death. Blessed is the man who shall obtain it if we constantly and earnestly ask for it. Blessed, I say, promises it to all those who serve her with fidelity in this life." "He that hearkeneth to me, shall not be confounded, he that work by me, shall not sin. They that explain me, shall have life everlasting, and I will give them life everlasting." (Ecclesi. xxiv. 30, 31). The Spouse of Christ, the Holy Ghost, speaks the words of Holy Writ just cited to Mary, and hence St. Alphonsus says that in the order of spiritual life, teach that "devotion to Mary is a mark of predestination. (*La Vera Sposa*, chap. 1.)

But we make bold to ask why is more certain, that we shall be lost if we, during soon, a true servant of Jesus and Mary St. Alphonsus, "is

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power. Subject to the chief agent in popularizing knowledge and propagating opinion, and opinion governs a settled and serious government, and sets a-work social forces, and shapes the destiny of nations for long ages. What is, and what ought to be the object of Catholic journalism but to combat error and defend the truth, whenever it may be—where, and whatever it may be?"—BRYCE, THE ROMAN SERIAL CURTIUS.

May God bless and direct through the instrumentality of Dr. Pancratio de Salas, under whose patronage the work of the Catholic Press is prospering, the defenders of the cause of religion, the rights and claims of the Holy Apostolic See, and others in the declension and prospects which devotion and fidelity.—PIUS IX.

Editorial Notes.

—Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, is preparing to take a trip to Rome, immediately after Easter. He will be absent several months.

—"How shall America honor Columbus?" is the question asked in the *N. Y. Independent* by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. "By accepting the faith that Columbus brought to America," answers the *Catholic Review*.

—We refer our readers to Miss Skidmore's appropriate poem "The Resurrection," which we publish this week, as one of a galaxy of poetical gems which were ushered into the world under the title of "*Beside the Western Sea*," a volume that should grace the shelves of every public and private Catholic library in the land.

—The Toronto courts have decided that an American divorce of persons living in Canada is not valid. They do not object over the border to the residence of American debaucheees who bring their money with them, but do not propose to encourage any assisted immigration schemes direct from the American divorce courts.

—Very Rev. Canon Lenny, President of the College of Maynooth, and Professor of the Faculty of Theology at the University of Louvain, has just been elevated to the dignity of Domestic Prelate to his Holiness Leo XIII. This nomination has given the utmost satisfaction to all connected with this celebrated University. It is only a very short time since the Right Rev. gentleman was admitted as a member to the Academy of the Catholic Religion of Rome, of which Mgr. Tarnaers, Rector of the University, and Mgr. Van Weddingen, Doctor in Theology, are already members.

—A subscriber to the New York *Freeman's Journal* relates a sad incident of the effects of going West to a country where there were neither a school nor a church. A Catholic Irishman and his wife went to Illinois many years ago. The other day sixty-five children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, attended the funeral of this President of Maynooth. Not one received number was a Catholic! They were Methodists, go-as-you-please people, etc. The subscriber, commenting on the frequency with which Protestants with "Catholic names" are found throughout the West, attributes this, in the first place, to isolation; in the second, to mixed marriages.

—The "Society for the Suppression of Vice" should take cognizance of the cruelty to persons addressed at any free delivery office or in any town containing a population of 50,000 or over, or at any other office that may be designated for the purpose by the Postmaster General. It is provided that letters having the special stamps shall be delivered by messenger boys, who are not to be paid more than $30 per month, and the cost of this service is restricted to 80 percent of the receipts from the sale of special stamps.

—The interesting interview with Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, which we publish on the first page this week, demonstrates the fact that his Grace is determined that no slander upon his countrymen shall go unrebuked. He expressed a high opinion of the good that total-abstinence societies have done and are doing, without committing himself to the opinion that everyone should become an abstainer; and with reference to the charge that the Irish are a nation of drunkards, as English writers and others have falsely asserted, Dr. Croke vigorously repels the calumny, and shows how false such a charge is when applied to the Irish as a race.

—Commenting on the contemplated visit of the son and daughter of Queen Victoria to Ireland, the London *Tablet* believes correctly that it is "too late" to try and bamboozle the Irish people by an exhibition of British princes. The *Tablet* says: "It was announced on Tuesday that the Prince and Princess of Wales will early in April pay a visit to Ireland, where they will be guests of the Lord Lieutenant, will visit various parts of the island, and hold, by permission of the Queen, a Levée and Drawing Room at Dublin Castle. If this announcement had been made years ago it would have been hailed and welcomed by all the land, now, we fear, it comes "too late" for any national good. Our Dublin correspondent tells us of the sort of mixed feelings with which the news has been received in Ireland, and we fear that the Ministers have blundered again."

—A meeting of the Canons and Parish Priests of the Archdiocese of Dublin was held on Tuesday, the 10th ult., for the purpose of electing a successor to the late Cardinal McCabe. The voting resulted as follows:—*Dignitaries*: Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, 46. *Inquisitor*: Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, 12. *Deputus*: Very Rev. Dr. Tynan, 3. Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh, 2. The Very Rev. Dr. Walsh received more votes from the diocesan clergy than were ever before cast for an Irish Bishop of Dublin. Cardinal Cullen was *deputatus* in 1852, but he received only 23 votes; and it is now clear our own time to forget the settled feeling of security that the Propaganda and the Holy Father would surely respect the almost unanimous expression of the clergy of the diocese, no matter how great the weight of personal merit and influence on the other side, when they placed the late Cardinal McCabe at the head of the list with 43 votes. But the President of Maynooth has now received 46 votes, the largest number, as we have said, ever cast for an Archbishop of Dublin, since the present mode of procedure was prescribed for Ireland in 1829.

—In the "Open Letters" inserted in the current issue of the *Century* magazine there is one which closes with this very appropriate summary of the evils arising from the "*full of grace*," and whose purity was so great as to be deemed worthy of the exalted honor of becoming the Mother of the Son of the Most High God!

Has sectarianism no sense of shame? Do Protestants really believe in the Bible? Can they be called *Christians* when they are constantly at war with the commands of Christ? In both the Old and New Testaments the sin of slander and the crime of calumny is denounced in most emphatic language by numerous Saints. Yet, in the face of God's command—in opposition to the precepts declared by the inspired writers of Sacred Scripture—Protestant sermons and Protestant writers continuously continue to fling out the foulest falsehoods they can formulate for the sole purpose of poisoning the minds of men against the only Church that really represents Christianity in the world!

But this very virulent hatred of the Catholic Church is one of the natural marks of heretical sectarianism. The Apostles and their successors in the Catholic Church have never been of the world, hence—as our Blessed Redeemer prophesied—the world has always hated them because our Saviour chose them out of the world. Do like manner the world hates Priests, Bishops, Popes, Saints—and all who are called to serve God—and in doing this the enemies of the Church fulfill the written law:

"*They have hated me without cause.*"

We sincerely hope, therefore, that the exposé we have made of the iniquitous document which the *Tablet* printed last week, will lead our neighbors to cast the dark dungeon of detraction to the sunlight of Christian common-sense, and thus save the beloved readers from being deluged with such diabolical inventions of the Infernal for of truth as that which has called forth this Catholic protest.

Protestant papers are fond of boasting of the "enlightenment" which pervades this nineteenth century, yet these very same people seem to be still in the mire of ignorance concerning the Catholic Church which might have been expected before printing was invented, but which is actually disgraceful in those days when books of Catholic doctrine are so plentiful. In view of this fact alone—to say nothing of the moral degradation entailed upon those who wantonly slander the Catholic Church—we ask, what possible benefit can accrue to God and the injustice against God's religion which Protestant publishers perpetrate every time they permit their periodicals to be made the vehicles of constant hate by means of the assaults of virulent cranks upon the Church against which even the gates of hell can never prevail.

Some More Singular Conversions.

Already in these columns we have repeatedly printed instances of remarkable conversions to the Catholic faith, showing that in spite of the prejudices which have been led to embrace the Catholic faith even at a time when they thought such conversions against religious change so utter impossibility.

A correspondent of the MONITOR in Sydney, Australia, recently listened to a sermon preached in that city by Father Tockwell, O. S. B., in St. Patrick's Church, which was so remarkable in its character that we have deemed it worthy of being specially related many cases of singular conversions, but the following struck our correspondent so forcibly that upon returning home he at once wrote it down and forwarded it to the MONITOR for publication in the expectation that readers will be as much interested in it as we are.

Rev. narrator

I was present in the Indian Ocean three hundred years ago, a Protestant family blessed with a young daughter, who, when about twelve years old, had heard the "Hail Mary" recited, and was struck with the sweetness of it. It was a superstitious practice of the Catholics, who taught Christ's Mother to be a Divinity, while after all she was only a woman as any other. The child had been accustomed to say the prayer, until a few days later, whilst waiting for her father, he called her to him, and gave them to the Protestant Church, amongst himself and family, and ordered her to cease from that prayer, and to say instead the Lord's prayer, the words of the Angel's greeting suddenly caught her ear, and she was struck with the sublime rapture at his discovery, he told him that he was ignorant of the fact that the book was roughly snatched from him, and he severely upbraided her for such a thing. Nevertheless the child kept repeating the words of the Angel, "Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women." Her mother was now. The child grew up and fearlessly lived in the Church of God, and died in the Church, and her last words were "Hail Mary" and her last utterance was the Angel's greeting, and her mother, who was brought up in the Protestant faith, continued to Protestants, embraced the Word of God, and died in the Church of God, wherein were the words of the Blessed Virgin which the Angel spoke to her, and the generations shall call me blessed." It happened one day, that during a conversation, the Protestants contended that the Blessed Virgin was not entitled to any honors or respect, but that any worthy or chief of a family was her equal; and that the Blessed Virgin was a sinner, and that the Blessed Virgin Mary is not as good as the Protestant Ladies. The Protestants quoted the words when he saluted her full of grace, and the Blessed Virgin replied to the Mother of God. Two Protestants seem to have their heart's desire satisfied, and lay in the bottom, the most august of creatures, which the Angel spoke to the Mother of God, and the only infallible guide of a good Protestant, yields to your conscience, and the Catholics who adore pray to Mary the humane and a divine Mother, and Protestants who angry ones to realize those words of the Gospel, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" and blessed are the Catholics in the midst of the drawing room, the Protestant Ladies and Gentlemen, and in a moment of supreme anguish and despair a man cried out, "Oh, my God, that God will be a Catholic some day!" But what could a lady do in Congress? Tears fell in silence, pray and lament. The years rolled by, and time comes to the land of Calvin, and the Catholic manhood, became an ancient champion of Truth, and the Church of Christ was established in Geneva. He was day in conversation with the pious Mr. Gaillard, a Protestant, and the Catholic said to him, "Sir, I am a Catholic, and I am infinitely happier." Gaillard thus endeavor to convert the Catholic, and he was heard by her loved numbers of the perverse Church of Rome, I will, and shall pleasure, I am a Catholic." However the hour of grace was drawing nigh, the children of that parent, who was to be the instrument God would use to bring her within the bosom of the Church, which with a dreadful illness the child was already in the throes of death, all hopeless. In her last gasp, when her brother suggested that the church of the Holy Ghost, "Mary," said the child, if by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin I should recover, I will be a Catholic." Gaillard at once sent for the Catholic Church, and in the event of being the child's sponsor, the child recovered, and became a Catholic at the age of no matter what, and the Protestant family became Catholics

Farm and Home.

Why the French Poor are Happy.

The poor class in the United States and Great Britain is well-to-do compared with the poor in France, yet it is not as well fed nor as happy. There is a general cheerful tone in this people which strikes the foreigner as soon as he enters the country. Here and climate have doubtless something to do with it, but hygienic nourishment and a sound stomach count more. In presence of this fact, one cannot help regretting the waste of time and energy of reformers and philanthropists who, to bring about man's amelioration with us, are always addressing themselves to his head, to the neglect of his stomach. It is an elementary law governing the human system that the brain and the stomach are two neighbors who cannot afford to be at enmity any length of time without mutual deterioration, and that an improvement in the condition of one implies an improvement in the other. Naturally, this A B C knowledge is familiar to most people, but it does not yet receive the consideration which its importance demands. The foundation of the Frenchman's happiness is laid in the best bread in the world both in taste and nutriment, the best nourishing wine, and the best cooking—save in rare cases in the preparation of a whim, as well as in serving, the English enjoy superiority. Besides the quality of the Frenchman's food, there is a healthful feature in his usually well-ventilated apartments in which it is eaten, and another in the jocularity and innocuous stimulating repast. Sloppy coffee and hot biscuits are not conducive to gaiety; ice-cold water and this soup prepared to the boarding-house are not jolly-inspiring; and a porpourri of water-raking vegetables is not productive of a humor to set the table in a roar. Those, in a word, to say nothing of the quality of the table, heat and haste—are joy-killers, with subsequent dyspepsia.

How to Keep Boys on the Farm.

Farmers in America are everlastingly complaining that their boys will not persist in getting their boys to remain with them on their farms. Here is what the *Planter's Journal* says on the subject, and farmers should read it well and ponder it: "If every boy develops a fondness for feeding sheep, pigs, horses and cattle, delights in working his private patch, and exhibiting the products of fruit, vegetables and cereals, that is one who can be kept by kindness, he easily becomes a partner on the farm. Yet, a farmer's son should be taught by showing such a pleasure selfishness in his dealings with him. Every boy who works is entitled to a portion of the proceeds of his work. If he assists in the general farm work, cut him off as soon or two for his own, loan him the piece horse, give him the seed and address hence he can plant and cultivate. If he gets in the grass and the hired man to help him out, and when the crop is housed see that he gets a good price in ready cash even if they have to buy it forward. All the trouble you will have with that boy is to keep him from over-prosperity himself. Too many fathers in our land work their boys without recompensing them. They think that the boy's board and clothes cost more than he is worth. The boy reasons that it is the father's duty to furnish him, and that he gets nothing but hard work and no pay. He becomes discouraged, then trifling, gets nothing instead of praise, treasures up discontent in his heart and finally leaves the home and the farm behind him with regret, and goes among strangers to be cleaned with the lions and treated with kindness. Why should a boy in your family who should go and when he gets old he will not depart therefrom,' in the words of Solomon, and they are true. Yet I do not think Solomon meant that the boys should all be trained in the same way without any reference their natural inclinations. Train him up in the way he should go does not always mean as the parent desires him to go."

About Dreams.

Dr. Delasiave, an eminent French student, writes the Paris Biological Society on the subject of dreams. He claims that the character of our dreams is very much determined by the position we occupy in sleep. The most general method of lying, perhaps, is on the right side, and this appears to be also the most natural method, for many persons object to lying upon the side of the heart, which, it has been more than once asserted, should have action during sleep. Nevertheless, Dr. Delasiaye's statements hardly harmonize with this opinion. When one sleeps upon the right side—that is to say upon the right side of the brain—one's dreams have marked and other unpleasant characteristics. These characteristics, however, are essentially those which enter into the general definition of dreams. Only dreams are then apt to be illogical, absurd, childish, uncertain, incoherent, full of rivacity, and exaggerated. Dreams which come from sleeping on the right side are, in short, simply grotesque. They bring to the mind very old or faint remembrances, and they are often accompanied by nightmares. Dr. Delasiaye points out that sleepers frequently compose verse or rhythmical language while they are lying on their right side. The author has tried at times to do so, but without success. Nightmares are the most frequent of all dreams. The moral faculties are then at work, but the intellectual faculties are absent. On the other hand, when a person slumbers on his left side, his dreams are not only less absurd, but they may also be intelligent. They are, as a rule, concerned with recent things, with reminiscences.

How to Make a Good Wife.

Be attentive and courteous to her.

Be cheerful when you enter your home.

Don't be afraid to praise the neat room and bright fire.

Don't be afraid to praise her handing, and her skill in fashioning and making.

Don't fail to give her words of appreciation whenever you can conscientiously express.

Never desire her. He ever true to her.

Let your conduct be such that she will be proud of you.

Be so upright that she will be happy in boasting your children to honor you.

Do not sit silent all the evening absorbed in reading your book or newspaper.

Give your family some of your attention.

Talk them all in the evening things that have brightened your day's labor.

Speak kindly to the children.

Play and talk with them a few moments after supper.

Interest yourself in your wife's employment.

Encourage her when she is downhearted.

Be glad with her when she is happy.

Let her know by words and actions that she is appreciated, and you make her happier than she ever thought of being.

Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which will be so grateful to her living heart to hear from your lips.

Share with her your good fortune as unselfishly as you do your ill.

Let her walk by your side, your honored companion; your strong hand helping her over the rough places, and sustaining her when wearied in the ascent.

—Brook's Spool Cotton, soft finish as well as glace finish, is manufactured especially for sewing machine work. Try it on any machine; you will get better results and fewer broken stitches.

The slight cold you catch on little of ours gives the harvesters of a complaint that may be fatal. Avoid the danger by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best known remedy for colds, coughs, catarrhal throat troubles, incipient consumption, and the relief of those who are diseased.

DINNERS FOR FIVE CENTS.

How Poor Humanity Lives in the Great City.

It is sometimes a cause of wonder to many—since the New York *Herald*—that a "square meal for 25 cents," as advertised in a multitude of places, can be served up with profit. The wonder of such people would soon cease did they know how much cheap food and profits are served in this city. It is the general law of a nature that demand creates a supply. There are hundreds and even thousands in New York City whose individual daily earnings stale below 50 cents. Naturally, therefore, as they think, sleep and drink as well as their more favored fellow citizens, it becomes a great necessity to them to make their scanty earnings go as far as possible. It is just this need that brought into existence all the cheap eating and lodging houses, and as the profits are generally die strictly each business they manage to make money and thrive on profits that to the uninitiated seem absurd. The most curious thing, after these cheap places themselves, is the class of queer people who frequent them. The patrons of these establishments are a strange mixture of vagabonds and poorly paid but industrious workers—hungry-faced laborers, ill-clad clerks, two dollar-a-week errand boys, well paid but miserly men or spendthrift swells reduced to misery.

In one of his rambles around town a *Herald* reporter was confronted by an old cloth sign hanging out from a dingy store bearing the following inscription:

	Cents.		Cents.
Coffee, per cup	1	Corned beef and cabbage	4
Tea, per cup	1	Beef stew	4
Milk, per bowl	1	Hash	4
Pie, per cut	2	Ham and eggs	5
Beans, per bowl	2	Pickles	1
Meat pasta	4	Fried bratas	1

Inspired with a desire to know more of the interior of this establishment, which certainly reached, in the sense of the sign, some of cheapness, the reporter entered and was greeted politely by a swarthy Italian, who proved to be the proprietor. "Ah! yes, give do est a prosse soulevrito," he observed, "and make mon, too." It was certained from his subsequent remarks that he had done a thriving business for over six years; that he bought his goods in the market day at the cheapest, and he generally near the Fire Points. The guests were mainly of that class who so suddenly dart out of a doorway and cling to one until they have procured two cents to make up the sum and one of a nickel wherewith to refresh their inner man. A lady with a black eye sat at a table earnestly wrapped up in an effort to do away with a plate of—something. The waiters were very busy, shouting out ensignatical orders such as "Coffee in the dark!" (which is everyday English mean coffee with no milk), "Toasters for two!" (dough-nuts), "Shed over your hair-layer" (eaves and forks), and other queer remarks.

Now, people that eat also sleep, and it occurred to the reporter that he might as well see how the man who paid a cent for his lodgings fared for a bed. Following one of the regular boarders he entered into a conversation with him. The coffee-house cosmopolitan had the comfort of his stagnant system that he was entirely a stranger to the cash there happened to be in his pocket. Sometimes when he had only 10 cents he had a method of combining a night's lodging with a "good old racket." In this way—he would enter one of the numerous dives of shape in the slums and by tendering a "ten" would be received the answer right, and title to a can of whiskey. These places are sometimes called "morgues," presumably because they drive the victim to the last kind of vile stuff, which it would be sinder to call whisky. Well, when the liquid compound has been procured, the purchaser thereof retired with it to a backroom, around which were placed wooden benches, and this room were to be found kindred cronies, who discussed politics, the weather, and the accounting dullness of the times, drank, smoked, chaff, told stories, drank, fought, argued, drank—and finally rolled off their benches dead drunk upon the floor, where the patrons of the establishment had a right to lie until morning and sleep off their drunkenness.

But this was not in the regular line of business. When a bed in a regular lodging house was required the small sum of 10 cents would buy the same. It was not with perfect truthfulness he called a bed. The interior of lodging houses of this class generally consist of tiers of tightly drawn hammocks reaching up to the ceiling and held by steel posts. Regular beds had their beds reserved for them, and generally those the top one, as being more protected from the vermin which is indigenous to the place. Again, when the sound a purse was more plethoric he could procure for himself the luxury of a bed, and have his privacy secured by a curtain drawn surrounding his narrow couch. For 25 cents still better accommodations could be procured.

Establishments demanding these prices were very respectable, cleanly kept, had reading rooms, bathrooms and other luxuries, and were patronized by a class of men who were respectable, but whose business making money were so unstable and uncertain that they could not allow themselves to the privilege of a furnished room or private house at a regular weekly payment.

In response to questions as to the quality of food eaten and the price given for it in restaurants mostly patronized by the reporter's informant, the latter stated that the quality thereof was generally good, and contained for was of the "fill in" kind, something that one ounce was of a quality to fend off any sudden demand of the stomach upon a pocket not endowed with the resources of a Vanderbilt. Hash, for instance, was pork and beans—they were great articles to sustain a man's vitality, and save him from too sudden bankruptcy. The Italian's place was patronized by the reporter's informant only when he was very low in pocket. He was a gentleman by birth, and did not care to huddle in with a lot of "bums." When his finances permitted his gentlemanly instincts to have their way he patronized a small five-cent restaurant on Chatham Street, where he could have a cup of feast of beefsteak and potatoes, a bowl of coffee and a huge chunk of bread, and all for 15 cents. They gave no napkins there, to be sure, but plenty for the money, and there was nothing to prevent him from grabbing a handful of toothpicks and leisurely picking his teeth in front of the door.

When he did work he preferred to pell-mell, sawing logs, carting sand, hauling anything in fact that would sail quickly and enable him to make from 30 to 50 cents per day. On the latter sum he could live very comfortably, have a "racket" occasionally, and trust to luck for his clothes. Cape betts were plentiful, so his smoking had no bearing upon his calculations of money getting. When the conversation had reached this point the man about town, as he called himself, bade farewell to the reporter, and entering a building climbed his way up a narrow pair of stairs (for the doorway was so large accommodating that "gentlemen only" could have "comfortable clean beds for 10 cents."

A Love-Hacked Plaintiff.

There was a pretty scene in the Court of Common Pleas, Chicago, the other day, when the Judge of the Parole Bench. He has made that institution one of the foremost benefit institutions of the country, and continues to labor assiduously to increase its business and usefulness. Its work is wonderful.

The Parole Bench is one of those institutions (we have great, strong, which under adverse influences, upon the commercial and industrial enterprises of the country, have been comparatively, until quite recently, hopeless being ignored, ridiculed, and, in some instances, treated with the cold shoulder of neglect, disregard, disgrace, and disgust. Its work is wonderful. It is one of the noble and benevolent agencies of the Parole Bench. Its business has been transacted

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

Not a Friend of the Irish.

NEW YORK, March 24.—A Boston special to the *Irish-American* says: The leaders have at last the Democratic side on a platform in the form of the aggressive Irish resolutions. It is evident it is not at all in accord, however, with the feeling they had hoped the rest of the Democratic Republicans. The only solid at the selection of a man who perfectly combines a thorough quite Englishman in all his sympathies, with almost no much feeling for the Irish, as the blue-blooded landlord in England. In his own State he never adopted politics and has little sympathy with our methods and methods in such things, the opinion obtaining that he prefers the Republicans of Vermont Democrats, though often boasting of Phelps' alliance with them, regard him as entirely outside their spheres.

Another Spirituality Exposed.

KANSAS CITY, March 23.—J. Harvey Mott, a prominent spiritualist and medium, who during the past year has made his headquarters at a number of prominent cities in the United States, and has visited nearly all parts of the country and Europe, was exposed last night through a case by J. R. Brown, managing editor of the *Journal*. Mr. Brown obtained an interview, and, when the medium appeared as a spirit, threw a small pot of mallow solution on his face. Then he had him arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. Mott failed to bail and is waiting for the purpose. Mott gave a bond for his appearance on Thursday.

American Cannot Music for England.

CHICAGO, March 25.—The U. S. Railway Canning Company of this city has received further instructions from the English Admiralty board for the use of the British Army, which contained with additional orders received this morning, where the aggregate amount to the value of $1,000,000. The orders come from England, and are for the British Navy. It will require two weeks to fill the orders now on hand. Another Packing Company is also in receipt of orders to supply 1,000,000 rounds. These are the largest orders ever received here, and when in their magnitude, the stupendous fact that they are to meet a war emergency. The canning houses are working day and night in order to meet these demands.

Regular Mission Courtrooms for the Chinese.

PARIS, March 26.—*Le Justice* states that it has good authority for saying the Chinese Embassy from Birmingham has made during the past six months 7,000,000 cartridges for China, and contained them to a German officer in active service under the Pekine Government.

Presentation to the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly.

The friends and parishioners of the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly of Detroit, the respected Treasurer of the National League in America, recently presented him with his portrait, which was painted by John Mulvaney, the artist who painted the celebrated picture of "Custer's Last Rally." There is added one more to the long list of honors that Dr. O'Reilly's friends are constantly heaping on him, the portrait, as John Mulvaney, the artist, has made a possession worthy of the man.

Redemption Bonds Called.

The following redemptions in postage are announced to take effect July 1st: Letters which have been in the mail for two weeks, the rate now applied to the same stamps. Newspapers received after the publication offer are to be taxed but half as much as at present. The prepayment of ten cents additional postage will secure the immediate delivery of a letter in any town having 4,000 or more inhabitants.

Cause Severe to Remorse.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 28.—A British steamer arrived in this port from Liverpool with 25 steerage, the oldest of whom was not 16 years. Captain Arnold stated that when two days out he saw something like an old time whisper every steep out of the deck and jumped into the Atlantic and to be a 10-year old urchin, who, when questioned said: "I was 10 years old, I ran away because I felt angry." Just then another passed from the coal hook, and the same report. "Why, my boy, you?" and so it continued until 10 young boys had passed the rail. The Captain ordered the steerage passengers to be brought forward and asked to the steamer. The Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, stated that if they come under the passport Immigrant Ship they will be returned to Holyhead.

Second Lapse Down in Sorrow.

Indiana is one of the few states in temperance sentiment among the public. Prohibition is somewhat more independent every year. Such a thing is to be thought of. Yet, in the Republican 1?" "No," said the white man, "I put on books and cash." "What for you talk out?" said the black. "Yes, you sick all the time, sure money, what for you so keep him?" Some time I books out, keep whisky, drink, keep him, money all sure. Now, so drink long time, work, plenty money, no sick, no sick, no all money, no books."

James Stephens Dying and in Actual Want.

LONDON, March 23.—The wife of James Stephens, the well known Fenian who was recently expelled from France, telegraphed Dr. Dwyer Gray, Irish member of Parliament, that her husband was destitute and dying at Mons, Belgium. Gray forwarded some money to Mrs. Stephens.

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.

A Naturalized Citizen Decoyed into and Arrested in Canada.

NEW YORK, March 23.—Mrs. Ireland of Mott Haven made an application to the United States Marshal attempt to find her husband, who she says that her husband had been kidnapped by some Canadian officers. The further stated that her husband, Robert Ireland aged 28 years, was a corporal in the English army and had been stationed at Ayer, Scotland. He came to this country and became naturalized. On the 19th inst. he left his home in Mott Haven to visit his brother, who was offering to give him a position as clerk in a restaurant. He was to be gone a few days, at $7 per week. Ireland went to meet Shields, and was induced to go to Canada. Shields there announced himself as a detective and took Ireland, then a naturalized American citizen, into custody. Ireland was locked up and refused permission to write home until yesterday, when he sent a few lines to his wife, telling her the above facts and adding that he was about to be returned to England for trial. Mrs. Ireland has requested to communicate with Secretary of State Bayard.

A FIELD FOR MISSIONARIES.

The English people have profited less, in a spiritual sense, by the Bible, than any other people who have ever received it. They are, as Thomas said, slowly "doubters." Lord Macaulay said once that it was doubtful if there was a civilized people in the city of London who believed in the Bible. Wilberforce declared that probably not thirty members of the British Parliament believe in Christianity at all. To-day, there are in many cities in England, and in Birmingham, immense establishments for the sale of the Bible, and they are selling it, and it is to be sold to the Chinese. The Bible is now the most popular book in the English paper published as annual of a large class, intelligent gloss and glaring customs devote alleged Bibles. These good makers are among the most liberal subscribers to the English Bible societies. They can, of course, afford to present the heathen Hinder with a set every Bible, after selling him a clam pod at ten shillings, whose manufacture cost but one shilling and eight pence.

Our readers will remember the evidence of English heathenism given lately by the Lord Mayor's report before Parliament some years ago. He said that the Chinese in London, the city of the world, "are the most degraded people on the earth." Yet, nobody of that same worked in his city, but of his countrymen begging in such a place he might find him. Another niece was asked if he ever saw a Bible in a Chinese house; answered: No, 'twas the other beggar he was afraid of—meaning the devil. Another felt, other, on being questioned as to the existence of such a place in his city, said: "No, I didn't care about no hell—if they'd bring his pickaxe with him he'd get out of any place.

St. Patrick's Mental Aliance Association.

One of the most enjoyable and most successful of the entertainments given in honor of Ireland's Patron Saint was the one given under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Mental Aliance Association of California in their hall, southeast corner of Mission and Fremont streets, on Monday evening, March 16th. The hall was most beautifully decorated with the Stars and American flags. Great credit is due the Executive Committee for the success of the entertaining officers of the Alliance for 1885 are as follows: President, John J. Wall; first vice-president, Wm. J. Byrne; second vice-president, Thomas Ryan; recording secretary, John F. Cullen; corresponding secretary, John F. Cullen; financial secretary, Thomas J. Bradley; treasurer, M. J. Ryan; assistant financial secretary, Michael Cassidy; Board of Trustees: Chairman, John Mooney; J. J. McEvoy, T. Donohue, John J. Leonard, Maurice Foley. The above named officers also constitute the Executive Committee.

MARRIED.

BERNARD HALL, in San Jose, March 12, by Rev. Walsh, S. J., Wilhelmina C. Hirsch to Sylvester Hall.

DIED.

ORDEN: In Marysville, March 24, beloved wife of the late Thomas Orden, a native of Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, aged 74 years and 10 months.

GRIFFITH: In Sutter City, March 19, William, beloved husband of the late Catherine Griffith, father of Mrs. Thomas Quinn, a native of Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, aged 74 years.

WYNNE: In Oakland, March 20, Mary, wife of the late Dominick Wynne, a native of Ballinrobe, County Mayo, Ireland, aged 70 years. The deceased was a sister of Patrick Fallon, of Ballinrobe, County Mayo, Ireland, aged 74 years.

DUTTRY: In Dixie Hill, March 19, Mary A., widow of the late Theodore Sanford De Tuttry, a native of Ireland, aged 74 years.

BURNS: In Oakland, March 20, Mary E., beloved daughter of Thomas and Hannah M. Burns, a native of Oakland, aged 17 years, 1 month and 11 days.

MACDONALD: In this city, March 25, Mary Anne, beloved wife of Alexander Macdonald, aged 40 years.

MARTIN: In this city, March 25, Mary Martin, a native of Carrick Macross, County Monaghan, Ireland.

MAHONEY: In Butter Creek, March 19, Mrs. Margaret Mahoney, aged about 40 years.

IN MEMORIAM.

MAMIE E. EVANS.

On Thursday morning the 26th inst. at early dawn, the earthly tabernacle of Mamie Evans, the wife of Mr. Thomas Evans of Oakland and mother, died, after a long and painful illness, at the age of 21 years, 9 months and 11 days. Her death, which occurred after a long and painful illness, was felt by many friends, especially by her husband, who was a member of the Monaghan Tribe of Red Men, and who was a member of the Monaghan Tribe of Red Men, from which she was the first member of the Monaghan Tribe of Red Men, and of a recent election of officers was chosen Prophet of the Tribe. Her death was a great loss to the Monaghan Tribe of Red Men, and to the Order of Red Men, and to the Order of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which she was a member, and to the Order of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which she was a member, and to the Order of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which she was a member

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written for the Anniversary of the death of John P. Rocktop, Jr., (April 6th,) and affectionately inscribed to his mother.

A year ago, (while darkly veiled
In sombre robes, the angel of gloom,)
The mystic Spouse her Lord heralded,
And sang her dirge o'er His tomb.

A mother, too, bereaved her son,
Her heart beside His dying bed,
Yet meekly prayed: "Thy will be done!"
And humbly bent her noble head.

And while the cold and tender light
Of Easter Eve serenely shone,
With pleading prayer and supplicant rite,
She laid him in his grave bed lone.

And went her way with patient heart,
And weeping pilgrims, round shore,
That saw, through chasteners rent apart,
Her one Satisfy smile of love.

"O, stricken soul!" It said: "Do calm
Thy pounding heart from earthly strife,
Thy son shall pass, with Me, who am
The Resurrection and the Life."

And now, the swift winged year hath sped,
And lo! the glorious Easter morn
Dispelleth o'er the darkness dread
Of sorrow's sad memorial day.

And while the Easter olive stands
The priest whose potent reign can bring
Unto the disembodied hands
The Lamb's Eternal Offering.

For him, whose form to blighted clay
Was given, in Death's unsolving breast,
While round the dewdrop Easter ray
Upon his sacred bed of rest.

Aye, when, around the sable shrine
Pond worshipers" tones arise
From tender hearts that Faith doth twine—
Again, unto thy Heavenly eyes,

O, Christian mourner! (raised above
By Hope's divine, celestial fire)
Thy meet Sactissa's smile of love
Amid the Heavenly choirs shall be.

"O, mother-heart!" It says. "Be calm!
Eternal years with glory rife
They son shall see, with Me, who am
The Resurrection and the Life!"

HARRIET M. STEWARD (Marie.)

San Francisco, Cal.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE ROCKABYE

Green and gold, when the wings it wore—
Gleam of a spirit proved and blest,
Ere of a darkness troubadour
Voice of the Giant in the winter's wind,
A mother's heart-beat's voice and tongue
Thrilling out: Hurrah!
Forever old—forever young—
Immortal as the song it sang!

Green and gold, when the wings it wore—
Gleam of a spirit proved and blest,
Ere of a darkness troubadour
Voice of the Giant in the winter's wind,
A mother's heart-beat's voice and tongue
Thrilling out: Hurrah!
Forever old—forever young—
Immortal as the song it sang!

And tenderly crooned—rocks's woe,
And gone but never gone we'll know no more,
And glory—partial long ago—
Kissed it to the music of the troubadour.
And like a spirit darkly sped
Through Heaven's gate and through
Pulsed by the living and the dead,
Rocks's spirit-pleasure-singer fled
And shrieks, and said: Hurrah!

Green and gold, when the wings it wore,
In blight or blast—in land or sea,
Was given it to grace or guide in pain
Arnold's tramp predatoned the free,
Thus breaking—the Leprechaun,
Shouting out: Hurrah!
Shrieks it in the mouth of death and dawn,
Shrieks it in the mouth of death and dawn,
And shrieks it in scorn: Hurrah!

As mountain blood—as torrents roar—
As hammers beat the tempest of hebe,
As storm-clouds—hurled s'er and s'er,
As lightning—the Leprechaun,
Shouting out: Hurrah!
Shrieks it in the mouth of death and dawn,
Shrieks it in the mouth of death and dawn,
And shrieks it in scorn: Hurrah!

As a mountain blood—as torrents roar—
As hammers beat the tempest of hebe,
As storm-clouds—hurled s'er and s'er,
As lightning—the Leprechaun,
Shouting out: Hurrah!
Wild wept in woes the throes of wrong,
Sorrow and freedom and long
As waves of the ocean throw on throng
Sorrow and freedom and long
To rent the song: Hurrah!

Our sons and the sacrificed—
Wrecked on the rocks of the world—
Old Erin's sons—and tribes, Classical,
Celtic, Gaul, and Britons bold,
O wondrous voice! I cast—and shouted:
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Voice of the Celtic Leprechaun—
High in the stranger's tribunal born
To shriek or mean: Hurrah!

From Manic pall to Dawn of Day
Bloom'd in the brain that righted man,
Tall as the rock of the Amazon
Loved by the Ups of the Republic,
Thy Leprechaun—one of ours
Shouting out: Hurrah!
Born in the ebbs of fairy free
Nor feed the flame that ne'er expires,
But hearts or lyres. Hurrah!
Age, raising s'er the mighty West
The woe of the fairy troubadour
Plaited a giant's brain and breast
Amid the Leprechaun's sweet lyre to shore.
And now—abreast the headed skies,
Thy Leprechaun—the Leprechaun,
The shouting, free-born Celt and Gaul,
A Nation's Spirit Never Dies
Proven or slain. Hurrah!

P. B. DOWER.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1887.

* King of the Saints—spirit of Gaelic aspirations.

Literary Miscellany.

The Story of Lost Alice.

CHAPTER III.

We were married not long after, and for six months we drank in "Fool's Paradise." When I think of that time, it is as if it might have lasted to our dying day, I am only sigh, and take up the burden of my life with an aching heart.

They had called Alice Eskie—oh, how wrong!—for Nature had made her could be true to another than she was to me.

"I only wanted to find the man, Frank," she used to say, when I laughed at her about it. "I was looking for him through all those long years, and I began to think he would never come. But, from the first moment we met, I knew you speak, and met your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And I am glad to wear my master's chains," she added, kissing my hand.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I planned her best when I treated her as my child. She was so naive, so passionate, high spirited creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she delighted in my control. But it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek; it was pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock, even drop her proud head submissively, and wait when I said, "Stop. Shut the door, and listen to me." Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been moved before, was bewitched, or but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me!

She loving, too. Every chord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweetest music, yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key. Through her pity, I gain with all glory, for my sweet heart. I can see it now. Some wine-lees found its way into my hot cup! whispered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgent ways, and that her character would never develop its strength in its main attributes. I acted upon this thought, forgetting how she had already been tried to the fiery furnace of affliction, and, quite unconscious, that while she was getting back all the innocent gaiety of her childish years, she was growing in her manhood were still lying beneath the sparkling surface of her playful ways.

If, for a time, she had shrunk out of my graver self, I resolved to be charmed to do them. I deputed myself agent to my business, heart and soul, and sat poring for hours over law papers without speaking to her. Yet she did not complain. So long as she was certain that I loved her, she was content, and took my her pen again, and went on with the work our marriage had interrupted. Her writing-desk was in my study, by a window just opposite mine, and sometimes I would cease for hour the rapid movement of her pen, and, looking up, I would find her eyes fixed upon me, and while a happy smile was playing around her lips. One day that glance found me in a most unreasonable mood. The cause of her love half pained me, and I said coolly

"It is bad taste, Alice, to look at any one in that way."

She dropped her pen, only too glad of an excuse to talk to me, and cross and leaned over my chair.

"And why? when I love some one."

"This was a bad beginning of the lesson I wanted to teach her, and I turned over my papers in silence.

"Do I annoy you, Francis!"

"Not much."

Her light hand was playing with my hair, and her breath was warm on my cheek. I felt my wisdom vanishing, and tried to make up for its loss by an increased cold-ness of manner.

"Can kiss," she said. "Just one, and I'll go away."

"What nonsense, Alice. What time have I to think of kisses now?"

She stood up and looked me in the face.

"Do I tease you, Francis!"

"Very much."

She gave a little sigh, so faint that I could scarcely hear it, and left the room. I had seared her grieve away for that morning.

This was the first cloud in our sky. It seems strange, now, when I look back upon it after the lapse of years, how perseveringly I labored to destroy the foundation of peace and happiness on which I might have built my life. The remaining six months of that year were months of misery to me, and, I doubt not, to Alice, for she grew thin and pale, and lost her gayety. I had accomplished my first design, and she had learned to doubt my affection for her. I felt this by the look in her eyes now and then, and by the way in which she seemed to cling to her dog, as if his fidelity and love were now her only hope. But I was too proud to see myself in the wrong, and the breach widened day by day.

In the midst of all this estrangement the dog sickened. There was a week of misgiving on Alice's part, when she sat beside him with her books or writing all the time—there was a day when both books and manuscript were put away, and she was bending over him, with her tears falling fast, as she tried to hush his moans, and looked into his dim, glazing eyes—and there was an hour of stillness when she lay on the sofa, with her arm around his neck, neither speaking nor stirring. Then, when the poor creature's last breath was drawn, she bent over him with a passionate burst of grief, kissed the white spot upon his forehead, and closed the soft, dark eyes that even in death were turned towards her with a living look.

She did not come to me for sympathy. She watched alone, while the gardener dug a grave, and buried him beneath the window. She never mentioned him to me, and never paid her daily visit to his green till I was busy with my papers for the evening. So the year, which had begun in love and happiness, came to its close.

I was in the study alone, one morning in the February following, looking over some deeds that had been long neglected, when I heard Alice singing in the balcony outside the window. It was the first time I had heard her sing since Fred's death, and I laid down my pen to listen. But hearing her coming through the hall I took it up again, and affected to be very busy.

I was warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sunlight and happiness with her as she opened the door. Her cheek was flushed, and her eyes had the sparkle of a child. I looked at her, and was so proud of her, and so fond of her, that I stooped to pick up the figure it was broken in two.

"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said, carelessly.

"Upon my word, Alice, you are the most ungrateful creature I know. Whenever the little god of love can be easily mended."

She placed the fragments one upon the other and looked at me.

"It can be mended, but the accident must leave its trace, like all others. Oh, Frank, she sighed, throwing herself down by my chair, and lifting her hand to my face, "why do you try me so? Do you really love me?"

"Alice," I said, imperiously, "do get up. You tire me."

She rose and leaned over my chair.

"I will go, Frank, but first answer my question. Do you love me, Francis?"

"I am sorry for your sake, Alice, that I cannot do so."

"Do I annoy you, Francis!"

"Not much."

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"Alice,

THE MONITOR.

WEEKLY NEWS PAPER OF PROGRESS.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in impressing public opinion and erected about itself the religious sanction, which governs the world. In our time, religious journalism is not only a useful and noble occupation, but only a sort, indeed, remains of the ministry which once was the office of kings. What it said, what it taught to be the object of Catholic journalism, had to conform error and defend the truth, whether it was in season or out of season, the Holy Ghost."—BROWN, THEOLOGICAL MORAL OBTUSES.

May God bless and direct through the instrumentality of the Monitor, under a new proprietorship, that it may be a means of good to the Catholic Church, and a means of conquest, in rightly and clear of the Holy Apostle's See, and adhere to its doctrines and principle with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

— The great Catholic family of Von Arnim, which stands at the head of the aristocracy of Brandenburg, has withdrawn into seclusion since Prince Bismarck bestowed one of the members into his grace.

— President Cleveland is a Presbyterian, but his General Grant and other notables very little of his religion outside his Sabbath evenings, and he acts like an ordinary Christian on week days.

— When Gen. H. Pendleton reaches the German capital and sends in his card to Bismarck as the representative of the United States, he can assert of "blood and iron" had better not say much about American pork or the Ohio statesman will make unmagnanimous of him.

— An exceptional ecclesiastical honor has been conferred on Archbishop Fagbers of Victoria, V. I. At the request of the Propaganda the Holy Father has permitted his Grace to be styled Archbishop-Bishop of Vancouver Island, with permission to retain the Pallium and to exercise all the authority designated by that distinctive badge of ecclesiastical authority.

—The peculiar marks of Protestantism as a man-made scheme of go-as-you-please Christianity was never better illustrated than in the case of the *Pacific Churchman*—the Episcopalian organ—which last week quoted as an authority on the Resurrection of our Lord the familiar lay book—*Gresham on Evidence*—in order to support the testimony of the Apostles!

— The Church of the Sacred Heart in Paris will be completed in 1889, the year of the World's Exhibition. The contributions to the building fund then for aggregate 13,000,000 francs. It will take 10,000,000 francs to complete the great Basilica. But as liberal subscriptions are coming in every day from every part of France, there is no doubt but that the entire sum needed, enormous as it is, will soon be collected.

— A Chicago daily makes the gratifying statement that there is not [illegible] in that city, a very decided movement among the actors and actresses, themselves, tending to the abolishment of Sunday night performances in theatres. Theatrical entertainments are entirely incompatible with the idea of the sacredness of Sunday, and an effort should be made during the next session of our State legislature to have a bill pass prohibiting theatrical entertainments on the Lord's Day.

— Sensible Christian parents everywhere will learn with delight that the "bags" which hitherto gave a Fenjo Islander hope to the females who wore them, has been tabooed in good society. London women and girls who make up the fashionable society have entirely abandoned the bang, and all styles of wearing the hair coming over the head. They brush their hair straight back, showing the whole of the forehead and temples, bind it very cunningly on the top of the head, and wear it without the faintest suggestion of a curl or crimp.

— How happy the life of such one of us would be if we could only realize in our daily duty the truth of this beautiful and brilliant sentiment of a distinguished writer: "The inherent taint shed over grave are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "Sho never knew I loved her!" "He never knew what he was to me!" "I always meant to make more of our friendship!" "I did not know what he needed, in his life on which our Blessed Lord are the poisoned arrows which send Death shoots from the door of the sepulchre."

— Archbishop Gibbons has sent to Rome a handsomely bound memorial volume of the late Plenary Council, containing in official report of all the sermons delivered, the order of exercises, offices of the Council, etc. The binding is of white kid, with rounded edges and gilt facing. On either cover is a representation of the Pope's impals of office in gold. The case in which the book was sent is finished by two solid silver clasps. The presentation will be made by Rev. Dr. D. J. O'Connell, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate, who is now in the Eternal City.

— Our venerable and esteemed contemporary the *Boston Pilot*, has this to say of a secret association in whose ranks in this State many Catholics are enrolled: "The A. O. U. W. is a secret order that is wandering over the United States in the garb of a benefit society. In New England, at least, the order is a double-dealer, and none but 'native' Americans (meaning Anglo-Americans, or such Irish-Americans) are allowed on the second deck." It is about the same in California, nearly all the "managers" being high-up Masons or affiliates of some other equally disgraceful secret organization.

—Our readers will find on the third page this week two very interesting original contributions. One is the second instalment of the progress the faith is making in Medoc county—where it is said nothing grows but sin and sagebrush. The other is a letter from Sister Mary Francis Clare, giving an account of the foundation of her first house of the Sisters of Poor in Arizona. This eminent Religious pays a deserved compliment to the women of Ireland for the great share they are entitled to in spreading Catholic faith all over the world, and gives a very interesting account of her audience with the Holy Father.

— The next Sunday there will be a great demonstration in Walchard, a small village of Moravia, from which place one thousand years ago St. Methodius set forth to convert the Sclavic people to Christianity, on which will be held the one thousandth anniversary of that event. All the Austrian Catholic Bishops will assemble to pray at the grave of the Saint on that day. From Poland, too, a vast concourse of pilgrims is expected. The event is to be made a grand demonstration of the indivisibility of Catholic Sclavism against the Sclavism which groups itself around the Russian church.

— The Paris *Temps* publishes a letter stating that the twenty-five Germans who were engaged at Berlin by Le-Long-Fec have all had to take Chinese names upon entering the service of the Celestial empire. One of them, who was formerly Captain of a corvette, is now called Wang-Li-Tsing, which, when turned into English, means Mr. High Walk. He has just been promoted to the rank of Admiral, and now commands the Chao Tsang. Another German officer is now named Lin Pao, or Mr. Six Cannons. The pay of these officers must be very high; for the commander of the Chinese squadron receives nearly $250 a month, and about $7,500 is the amount guaranteed to the family of each man in case he is killed by the French.

—They have adopted a new plan in Cincinnati to pay off Archbishop Purcell's debt. The Catholic *Telegraph* tells the glad tidings in this paragraph: "A prominent business man (German) of this city, has taken out an insurance policy on his life for ten thousand dollars for the benefit of the immortal Archbishop Purcell and heirs. We have seen the policy which is the old reliable Ætna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., and is made payable to Archbishop Elder in trust for the creditors of Archbishop Purcell, and in the event of his death, to his successor in office. The gentleman, who is actuated by a spirit of true Christian charity, has set an example well worthy of imitation. By general consent the amount thus subscribed has been added to the *Telegraph Memorial Fund*. Next."

— The Northwestern *Chronicle* of Minnesota gives currency to the news that this Summer six Indian boys of the Catholic Missions of the Rocky Mountains, will be taken to Ireland to be educated for the priesthood in the missionary college lately established near Limerick. Should the young men persevere and receive Holy Orders they will return to their native West to labor among those of their own race. Something like this used to happen ago, but not in some time. Perhaps the son of a wild Red Man should go from the banks of the Missouri and the Yellowstone to the far off Shannon to receive an apostolic training, and drink at the fountains of the Irish Church. Yet it is not improbable that Europe may see students sit at the feet of Irish masters and her seminaries have penetrated every land. The experiment will be watched with interest by the Church in America, and we are hopeful of its success.

—Those half-witted people who are constantly harping upon what they foolishly call the "conflict between science and the Catholic Church," will be delighted to read on the first page of this week's MONITOR the extract from that many of the Catholic ecclesiastics in Italy are among the foremost savants in Europe in relation to astronomy and the physical sciences. There is not now, never has been, and never can be any conflict between Science and Religion. Truth is the vital principle of both, and truth can never contradict itself. The only "conflict," therefore, arises from *the false conclusions of men* who aim at making the supernatural subservient to the natural order and try to argue therefrom that revealed religion is not compatible with truth. The fallacies and specious propositions of such men are calculated to deceive the masses of the people, hence the Church unceasingly opposes the deceit practiced to make error appear as truth.

— Science has come more come forward to confirm the truths of revealed religion. Opinions have differed as to whether God-Man, in his life on which our Blessed Saviour was crucified, was or was not situated within the present walls of Jerusalem. The Gospel itself affirms that the God-Man was put to death outside the gate, close to the city. The excavations which have been for some time carried on in the Holy City at the instance of the Russian Government, have just resulted in a discovery which leaves no all doubt upon the point. The man engaged in the work have brought to light the city wall which existed at that time, together with the gate leading to the *Via Dolorosa*, through which the Saviour of the World passed on His way to the place of agony and of death. It follows, therefore, that the Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre which the Faithful have since venerated were in reality the scenes of the death and burial of the Divine Founder of Christianity.

— A Protestant preacher is simply a hireling who is prepared to perform certain duties for so many dollars per quarter (invariably in advance!) In proof of how little some Protestant preachers are about Christianity it is only necessary to note the fact that a few weeks ago a pagan Japanese died in New York, and his friends thought it would be "highly respectable" to have him buried according to the "Christian style," with a big German band, a wagon load of flowers, and all the other fashionable follies of modern sectarian funeral shows. Accordingly the services of an accommodating preacher named Doane was hired, the Japanese body was brought to the church, and a floral cross, anchor and other floral foolishness was placed over the coffin. Dr. Doane did his share of the dirke with great grace and unction, put his money in his purse—and buried a man who did not believe in Christianity when living, after a so called "Christian" fashion! From all such freethinkers "Christianity" good Lord deliver us.

The Consul General of Nicaragua on Central American Affairs.

The Consul-General of Nicaragua who resides in this city, devoted Good Friday to the profanation of a letter upon Central American affairs, which demands more than ordinary notice not only on account of the source from whence it emanated, but on account of the black hearted bigotry which the Nicaragua representative injected into it on that Good Friday, which fittingly dated its birth.

After indulging in an amount of personal laudation which is calculated to gratify the egotism of the writer for all time than it interests the reading public, the Consul-General advances the opinion that President Barrios of Guatemala "did a good thing in expelling the Jesuits from his country, thereby reclaiming it from the total ruin that always follows religious supremacy." And then, by way of strengthening his individual opinion, and adding additional lustre to his idol, the Consul-General vouchsafes to enlighten the American public concerning English history by telling them that Henry VIII. "was the regenerator of his country by the protection given to the Protestant religion and the suppression of the convents."

We grant that in the case of the Consul General of Nicaragua it is "a fellow feeling" that makes him so "wondrous kind" to the Royal Bastard and the legendary King Henry 'As the representative of Nicaragua the Consul General must be true to the principal principles of that so-called Republic which has already endured Henry VIII. of England in its robbery of religious houses, in its suppression of convents; and its unlawful and unwarrantable exile of Catholic priests. A country with such a record is well represented by Sam Emerson where the words of an agent are but a reflex of the work of the government of Nicaragua.

Of the character of the ruffian Barrios as the persecutor of God's Church at already familiar to a great majority of the readers of the Monitor. He it was who forcibly exiled the Jesuits and other Religious from Guatemala, openly defrauding them of their rights, and personal property, denying them a right of a hearing before their accusers, and forcing them to depart from the country they had labored to Christianize.

The example thus set by Barrios was eagerly imitated by the Nicaragua government only four years ago, when nineteen Jesuit Fathers were exiled in a manner just as brutal as that employed by Barrios or his persecuting predecessor in the persecution of God's Church—Henry VIII.

The Consul-General alludes to the "total ruin that always follows religious supremacy" as one cause for congratulating Barrios upon his "good thing." But the "total ruin" caused by robbing and exiling Religious orders can draw no word of censure from the Religious-hating representative of Nicaragua! Henry VIII. of England is eulogized; Barrios is boastfered with praise; the representative of a land which learned its lesson of iniquitous injustice towards innocent priests from the example set by the worst monarch that ever sat on the English throne, and the vilest public character that ever cursed Central America.

The Consul-General of Nicaragua has evinced in their hatred of God's Church, their persecution of God's priests, and their liability for creating a chasm of crime where all before was peace, order and prosperity "Religious Superstition" is an undefined term used by unscrupulous writers when they wish to "arouse criminal hatred against characters and to be against the Catholic Church. With the Consul-General of Nicaragua it may be considered "superstition" on the part of Christians to believe in God or the holy Bible; it may be "superstition" to believe in sacramental grace or the saving influence of prayer and good works. But—*thank God a thousand times*—Christianity does not depend upon the *ipse dixit* of Guatala, and the transparent Founder of religion came from Nazareth and not from Nicaragua!

Henry the Bastard and Barrios the bad may receive here scorchy from rascaldom who hate religion, or from enemies of the Church who hate Christian light. This is a free country and every man may take his own selection, but we hope—for the sake of other Consuls-General who are proud of their official position—that the local representative of Nicaragua will hereafter refrain from rushing into print as the advocate or the apologist of men whose only right to recognition is based upon their apostacy to God and their injustice and inhumanity towards their own subjects whom they had sworn before high heaven to protect!

Mutilating the Monitor.

There are some cranks in California with whom it goes hard to have to read the Catholic truths set forth in the MONITOR every week, and they have hit on a plan by which they can mutilate the Fra Public Library with their presence, manifest their malice and hatred of the Catholic Church, and yet not be publicly exposed. We have, however, that impudent scamp who, during the Sunday closures, locking that institution in defiance of the law, and of the incompatible with even the most rigid forms of Christianity, has for years past been thrown through those sanctum sanctorum in the Monitor, and has thus been able to do a gratuitously injurious, and festival of subscription, which we have no doubt, has

Farm and Home.

The Ideal of True Womanhood.

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected." As such artist has his own special theory of beauty, such philosopher his favorite dream for the world's good, such philanthropist his pet scheme for man's benefit, so every masculine mind has a particular notion of what constitutes the true ideal of womanhood.

A nation's position it, civilization might be known by the value it has upon woman's influence. Where this is rated highly, the people are advancing; where woman's worth is ignored, the nation is going to decay.

The pages of history prove this with records of woman. Joan of Arc is a notable example of heroism. Admiring great deeds for her country, she won for herself the immortal title of Maid of Orleans. For three hundred years the gratitude of her nation exempted her native village from taxation.

Those who lay great stress on the power of beauty see in Mary Queen of Scots another striking figure. Her famous predecessor, Helen of Troy, immortalized by Homer, was the cause of ten years' war.

Man's deeds abroad have been, and still are, shaped by the influence at his friends, and it is impossible to limit the invisible power of a woman.

The embodiment of a boy's heroine is his mother; and, as years roll on, it often happens that a man's whole destiny depends on a woman's frail will. To comfort, to cheer and to relieve the monotony of life is no ignoble mission, and for this woman is eminently adapted. To be "the line of poetry in a world of prose," to oil the rusty wheels of life, soften the rough pieces, smooth the rugged spots in life's pathway and to this "a perfect woman nobly planned" will find her chief happiness.

In these days, when so much is said about woman's rights and woman's wrongs, no one can avoid forming some opinion on the subject. It is a difficult matter to say how far it is wise and good for woman to compete with man in paths of public fame and usefulness. The few who are peculiarly fitted for this difficult task will easily overcome the obstacles and prejudices which hinder the softer sex from standing "shoulder to shoulder" with men in the battle of life. But among those who make the attempt there will be many failures; and where stern duty or a special vocation does not call a woman forth to labor for others, she will find her true position in adorning and controlling the household in which she has been placed. There she will find continual tasks; there lies her special sphere. To "teach the young idea how to shoot" will occupy her well-directed energy, while she remains the mighty "Thou who rock the cradle rule the world."

The ideal of to-day differs from the ideal of yesterday; and my neighbor's ideal probably differs widely from my own. Still, there are certain broad lines of excellence which, all are agreed, form the basis of a perfect character. Truthfulness, honesty, charity toward the failings of others, a companionate heart, a tendency to pray with those that weep, and—that is more difficult—to rejoice with those that do rejoice, a judgment, tempered with cordial sympathy—these qualities render a woman "a joy forever," even when she cannot be "a thing of beauty."

How glad we are when we meet a woman superior to the petty spites and foibles, the small jealousies and vanities, which foster the unfortunate feelings of enmity that women are so often supposed to have for one another. The sooner that women rid themselves of these two apparent blemishes the better.

It is to her credit that woman's virtuous nerve shines more brilliantly than in the dark hours of adversity. When troubles crowd thickly round her does she, as her hopeless sisters and animate dropping sister, her fortitude resists the shocks of Fate, and she calm and steady rudeness of misfortune. Does she the desponding to turn from dwelling on the distressful present to anticipate a better and a brighter future.

A woman must be something more than "a phenomen of delight." Her standard of right and wrong must not be controlled by that ideal of worldly excellence—Mrs. Grundy. This potent personage is allowed to rule too despotically in the human world, and it is time that her tyranny received some check.

The ideal woman is naturally refined, and is not vulgarity in every form, whether it be handiness or not. The approaches to the superior endowments of others, while she is content not neglect the cultivation of her own mind. Her beauty does not alone depend upon symmetry of feature; it owes a great deal of its charm to the outward expression of excellence—"the ambassador of a multitude of sweetness." Her endowed, she deserves to be the polar star of some good man's existence, while he proudly boasts that

"Queen lowrier might be glad to live
I am the slave of her superior power."

The spirit of self sacrifice, which we meet only in women whose natures are noble, finds a different outlet to day from that of the prophetic Saint Theresa, who, when a child, set out from Avila to seek for martyrdom in the country of the Moors.

It has been said that "love will know nothing of her greatest men." The same may perhaps be said of woman. The record of a woman's fame may never penetrate beyond the four walls of her home, yet in the finness of her life permeates through other lives, outward through time into eternity.

Different Ideas about Eating.

Julius Cesar records that the savage Britons accounted it impious to eat goose. Gallus sometimes the same savory bird as to only be put on a level with the ostrich. Shades of Father Christmas! to call the goose no better than the ostrich! Who would dream of eating an ostrich—that unnatural-bipeed which is said to be able to digest anything short of lace collars! We say short of lace collars, because that was the only item found in the stomach of a tame ostrich which amused mysteriously after a hearty meal of rusty nails and miscellaneous stuffing, among which happened to be some of the family washing of its proprietor. But Galen was no worse than Aristotle, who condemned the flesh of hawks; and indeed, Galen himself recommended the flesh of foxes. He restored the season, however, to the autumn, when they were been feasting on the stolen grapes of the vineyards. Yet, while Galen, along with Herodotus, considered the flesh of dogs most excellent, Gallus, with Pliny, repudiated horseflesh as utterly abominable. We have not come to eating horseflesh in this country, but in many parts of the Continent it is sought for sale as freely as beef and mutton, and that it is quite as palatable the present writer can testify. Herodotus tells that in Persia not only was horseflesh eaten, but also that camels were roasted whole at times of great rejoicing, just as in our grandfathers time whole oxen used to be roasted on special occasions.

—In the archdiocese of New York there are 6 colleges with 1,147 students, 4 academies with 680 boys, and 27 academies with 2,928 girls, 56 parochial schools with 17,922 boys, and 60 parochial schools with 16,281 girls; 8 orphanages schools with 2,000 inmates, and 13 industrial and reform schools with 4,955 inmates. There are 8 orphan asylums with 2,067 inmates, 11 homes for destitute or wayward children with 5,726 inmates; 6 hospitals with 2,697 inmates; 3 homes for the aged with 656 inmates, and employees with 1,107 inmates. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul numbers 41 conferences with 1,039 members.

20,690,506

BOTTLES OF

WARNER'S 'SAFE' CURE

Or, Warner's SAFE Kidney and Liver Cure (its former title.)

SOLD TO FEBRUARY 1st, 1885.

No other Compound on earth can show a similar record, and no Physician a better one. The highest Medical Authorities pronounce it the only known Specific for Kidney, Liver and Urinary diseases; that it has no equal as a BLOOD PURIFIER, and that it is the safest safeguard against contagious diseases, both acute and chronic, keeping the Kidneys and Liver of delicate Ladies, it has no equal. We can furnish over One Hundred Thousand voluntary Testimonials similar to the following. Read them for the good of yourself, your family and your friends. Note how this vast number of bottles was distributed, as evidenced by our sales-books.

Boston, - 936,842.
HON. N. A. PLYMPTON (Hon. B. F. Butler's campaign manager), of Worcester, Mass. in May, 1880, was prostrated by kidney colic, caused by the passage of gravel from the kidneys to the bladder. He then began using Warner's Safe Cure and in a short time passed a large stone and a number of smaller ones. October, 1884, Mr. Plympton wrote, "I have had no recurrence of my old trouble since Warner's Safe Cure cured me."

Providence, - 128,947.
G. W. FULTON, Esq., Fulton, Texas, suffered for ten years from serious bladder disorders and lost from 15 to 50 pounds; in 1881 he used 14 bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, and recovered his natural weight and said, "I consider myself well for a man of 70." December 20, 1884, he wrote, "I have had no symptoms of kidney disorder since 1881, and if I did I should rely upon Safe Cure."

Portland, Me. - 330,829.
JOSEPH JACQUES, Esq., St. Albans, Vt., in January 1879 was taken desperately sick with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. His wife thought he could not live a week. He began using Warner's Safe Cure, and before he had finished the second bottle he was able to sit on the bed and dress himself. He continued using the Safe Cure, and in June, 1884, he wrote, "I have been free from kidney disease and in good health since." Physicians express great surprise.

Kansas City, - 538,395.
JAMES M. DAVIS, 520 South Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., formerly resided at Jaggers Iron Co., in 1881 suffered from very serious kidney trouble; he weighed 185 pounds; he used 18 bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, and from January 1882 he wrote, "That was fully three years ago. I have had no trouble since, and I feel first class and weigh 208 pounds. I would not be sick for a year of their years ago for all the dollars in the United States."

Canada, - 1,175,868.
ROBERT GRAHAM, 77 Penn street, Brooklyn, N. Y., suffered for six years from inflammation of the bladder and urinary. Six physicians, specialists, gave him up to die. In 1881, he began Warner's Safe Cure and the continued use, he says, effected a complete cure. Under date June 20, 1884, he wrote: "My health improves every day. I can now do a day's work without fatigue, which I could not do for years before I used your Safe Cure."

Bal. Of N. Eng., - 331,315.
EX-GOV. ALEX. R. JACOB, Newport, Ky., in 1881, during a political canvass, health gave way and he was prostrated with severe kidney trouble. Lost 40 pounds of flesh. Used Warner's Safe Cure in 1881, and June 23, 1884, writes: "I have never enjoyed better health,—all owing to Warner's Safe Cure.

Chicago, - 2,181,520.
CHAS. E. STEPHENS, of Louisville, Ky., Nov. 15, 1884, wrote, "When my daughter was ten years of age she was seriously attacked by severe kidney disorder. She recovered temporarily, but a year ago was again prostrated. She was unable to twice her natural size, had frequent back-ache, nausea, and other disquieting symptoms of the disorder. All her medical physicians agreed that she could not recover. Her case and treatment were integrated to a New York specialist, who said recovery was impossible. In June, August we began giving her Warner's Safe Cure, and wholly through the use of Warner's Safe Cure, she is apparently as well as ever." November, 1884, he wrote, "My daughter is apparently in perfect health."

Detroit, - 635,210.
N. F. HESS, Rochester, N. Y., the well known lumber manufacturer, three years ago took twenty-five bottles of Warner's Safe Cure for liver disease. In August 20th, 1884, he reported, "I consider myself fully cured, and give credit is wholly due to Warner's Safe Cure.

Milwaukee, - 344,171.
THE REV. ANDREW J. GRAHAM, (P.E.) Grand Island, Neb., in 1879 was pronounced fatally sick with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. Warner's was prescribed and he could get no relief from physicians. He then followed Warner's Safe Cure treatment, and July 7, 1884, he wrote, "All local trouble has disappeared. Have taken no medicine for nearly a year."

Minnesota, - 486,013.
R. W. HAMILTON, Milton, Santa Rosa Co., Florida, December 15th, 1884, writes, that "four years ago my wife was suffering with liver complaint which resulted in dropsy. Her physicians declared her incurable. Her weight was 200 pounds; she used 12 bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, and has gained 40 pounds. Her dropsical symptoms have disappeared, and she is now in good health."

Bal. N. W States, 1,400,362.

Bal. Pacific Coast, - 624,237.

Bal. S.W. States, - 635,092.
N. B. SHELEY, Esq., of Bradford, Pa., in 1882, was very severe in his attacks of kidney disorder and rheumatism, which gradually grew worse. Physicians being unable to assist him, his last resort was Warner's Safe Cure, and in June 21, 1884, he wrote, "My health is better than for two years past, and in consequence is better than it has been for five years. When I catch cold and have any slight kidney trouble, I resume the medicine again and the result is invariably satisfactory."

Bal. Southern States, - 2,725,513.
REV. JAMES ERWIN, Methodist minister, West Point, N. Y., was long and very severely afflicted with inflammation of the prostate gland. In very exhausted condition in 1882, he began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and June 19th, 1884, wrote, "The relief obtained two years ago proved permanent; physicians express great surprise."

St. Louis, - - - 1,222,895.
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San Francisco, - 932,210.
S. A. JOHNSTON, Lockington, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1884, stated that for thirty years he had suffered from kidney disease, which had at times entirely prostrated him, and he was entirely cured by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. He adds: "I feel as sure "I took no or no licensed Warner's Safe Cure, and it has permanently cured me."

Bal. Pacific Coast, - 624,237.

ALL THE TESTIMONIALS ABOVE GIVEN ARE FROM PERSONS WHO WERE PERMANENTLY CURED SEVERAL YEARS AGO AND REMAIN SO.

IF IT IS

HARD TIMES WITH YOU,

Resort to the Remedy that Nine-tenths (9-10) of Sufferers Require, thereby Saving Continuous Debility and Expensive Medical Attendance.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Cleveland, - 511,974.
B. F. WORKELL, of Ellsville, Pa. in 1879, was prostrated with Bright's Disease of the kidneys, and under the best management, grew worse. "On the advice of Governor Drew's sister, I began Warner's Safe Cure, sixty bottles of which restored me to full enjoyment of health. I have now been cured about four years, and my case is regarded as a miraculous." Governor Drew of Jacksonville, Florida, April 20th, 1884, says "Mr. Worrell's case and cure give me great confidence in Warner's Safe Cure, and I unhesitatingly indorse it."

Cincinnati, - 655,250.
MRS. S. A. CLARK, East Granby, Conn., in 1881 was entirely cured of all constitutional and female complaints of the worst kind. Been sick two years, and tried everything. In November, 1884, she wrote, "Warner's Safe Cure cured me four years ago, and has kept me well."

Bal. Ohio, (State,) - 474,869.

Canada, - 1,222,895.
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EDUCATIONAL.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE
SANTA CLARA, - - CALIFORNIA

This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1862 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive shady play grounds, covered gymnasiums, swimming pool, etc. It possesses a complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Natural History, 11 large, practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Drawing, Photography and Commercial Law. The College has a better law building than any post-graduate school, and has nothing to do for Law.

Diplomas are given in two departments: the Academic and Commercial. Certificates in the Commercial course.

TERMS:

(Payable semi-annually in advance.)
Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once $ 15 00
Board, Lodging, Tuition in all branches Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Bedding, etc., per session of ten months..... 350 00
For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, San Francisco.

The next session will open on the second Tuesday in August, 1885, and close the last Wednesday in June, 1886.

REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J., President.

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COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME
SAN JOSE, - - CALIFORNIA

THIS INSTITUTION OFFERING EXTRAORDINARY advantages to young ladies, whether as pupils or as candidates for the Degrees conferred in 1883. In 1885, it was incorporated by the Legislature, and authorized to confer the same honors as attended the original Charter to confer all the rights and privileges of Collegiate Institutions.

It possesses large buildings, with extensive playgrounds, and possesses every thing to make a home pleasant and attractive. The Course of Instruction is thorough, in all the Departments, and the Teachers are competent and zealous. Every facility is afforded to devote the whole time of pupils to music or the study of the language, without any additional charge for tuition. Pupils are received at any time during the year.

TERMS:

Per quarter, (payable in advance.)
Boarding, Tuition in English, French, and if desired Spanish, German, and Latin, washing, mending of linen..... $75 00
Drawing (per quarter)..... 5 00
Harping in Music (per quarter)..... 10 00
Painting in Oil, (per lesson)..... 1 00
Use of Piano, Instrumental Music form extra charges.

For further particulars, address:
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
SAN JOSE, CAL.

ST. CERTRUDE'S ACADEMY,
RIO VISTA, SOLANO CO., CAL.

THIS ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, LOCATED in the Town of Rio Vista, is now offered to all evidence in the promotion of scientific culture, and the Ladies who have charge of the Institution will spare no pains to secure the best interests of the pupils. The Academy is furnished with the best Philosophical Apparatus. Pupils of all denominations are received. The Academy is provided with all the modern facilities of a solid education.

Pupils received at any time during the term, and charged from the date of entrance.

The scholastic year is divided into two sessions of five and a half months each. Next session commences on the 1st of January.

Terms per Session, Payable in Advance.

Board and Tuition, with use of bedding..... $112 00
Washing..... 12 00
Music (private lessons)..... 50 00
Drawing and Painting, French, Vocal and Ornamental Needlework do not form extra charges.

TERMS PER MONTH, IN ADVANCE:

Senior Class..... $ 15
Intermediate Class..... 12 50
Junior Class..... 10 00
Music, Piano lessons, with use of instrument..... 10 00
Music, Harp lessons, with use of instrument..... 10 00
For further information address the undersigned, or the Superior.

M. M. CAMILLUS, Superior.

Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,
OAKLAND, - - CALIFORNIA

CONDUCTED BY

The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

THIS INSTITUTION IS PLEASANTLY SITUATED between Webster and Jefferson streets, commanding an extensive frontage on the lake. The main building is 175 feet in length, and contains every convenience being based upon to provide for the comfort of the pupils.

The Academy is furnished with a full course of philosophical apparatus, and with a cabinet of natural and ornamental curiosities.

TERMS:

(Payable half yearly in advance.)
Board and Tuition in English, French, Spanish and German, per annum..... $90 00
Washing..... 12 00
Piano, Harp, Guitar, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, each extra.
For further particulars apply to

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

School of the Holy Cross.
A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. For further apply to the Sister Superior.

Convent of the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary.
GILROY, - - CALIFORNIA

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of Charity. For terms, etc., apply to the Sister Superior.

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
BENICIA, - - CALIFORNIA

THIS INSTITUTION IS CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of St. Dominic, and is situated in the healthy and pleasant town of Benicia. The scholastic year comprises ten months, opens on the 1st of August, and ends about the 1st of June.

TERMS:

(Payable half yearly).
Board and Tuition..... $125 00
Extensive Fee..... 10 00
Washing..... 40 00
Pupils remaining at the Academy during vacation will be charged $20.

Music, Painting and Mode form extra charges.

For Expenses on packages sent to pupils should be prepaid.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER SUPERIOR.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF PEACE,
SAN DIEGO, - - CALIFORNIA. A Convent for Young Ladies, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Cavaddisti (St. Louis) Missouri.

THE EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY this Institution are of the first order. The Academy is situated in the most healthy and delightful portion of San Diego, and is unsurpassed for the opening of health, wine, mildness of the climate, and the beauty of the surrounding country, having a spacious and extensive view of the Pacific Ocean. The Academy is furnished with all the modern improvements and facilities for a complete education. Together with the building itself, perfect in its sanitary arrangements, the Academy possesses a large and well-shaded play-ground, and a commodious and well-appointed Chapel, in which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered every morning.

The next scholastic year will begin on August 10th. For further particulars, address:

MOTHER GERTRUDE, Superintendent.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME
MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

THIS INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1851, continues to receive pupils, and offers to them every facility and advantage of similar collegiate institutions in the United States.

References required. For terms and particulars address

PROVINCIAL OF NOTRE DAME,
Marysville, Yuba Co., Cal.

Treatise on Matrimony.
Sent free in sealed envelope. Address, Dr. Hartman's Institute, St. Louis, Mo.

EDUCATIONAL.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Conducted by the Christian Brothers, offers every facility for acquiring a thorough Education, whether Classical, Scientific or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL Course receive the degree of A. B.; the Scientific, B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts.

The Commercial course has been established for the convenience of those who wish to acquire a practical education in the shortest time compatible.

With proper care is bestowed on every branch taught in the College, our own language receive special attention. The daily exercises of the students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
(Payable half yearly in advance.)
Board, Tuition and Washing..... $200 00
Entrance Fee..... 10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines..... 10 00
Vacation at College..... 50 00
Day Students..... 40 00
Music and Drawing form extra charges.
For further particulars address

BRO. BETTELIN, President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME

THIS INSTITUTION, FOUNDED IN 1851, incorporated in 1856 by Act of the Legislature of California, with the usual scholastic privileges, is situated on Market street, opposite the Old Mission Church. The course of instruction embraces all the branches necessary to the acquisition of a solid and thorough education.

TERMS:

Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per annum..... $250 00

ORNAMENTAL CHARGES.

Piano, with use of Instrument per annum..... $60 00
Harp, with use of Instrument..... 60 00
Vocal Music, Private Lessons..... 30 00
Drawing and Painting..... 30 00
Painting in Water Colors, per annum..... 30 00
Painting in Oil, per annum..... 30 00
Violin, with use of Instrument..... 30 00
Elocution lessons free.
Physician's Fees (in case of sickness).
Use of Library, Stationery and Stamps at the Ringing of each half session, in advance.

SILVER OR GOLD.

Terms per month (paid in advance.)
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Collegiate Classes $ 8
Tuition in the 3rd and 4th Collegiate Classes 6 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes..... 6 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Grammar Classes $ 6 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Intermediate Classes..... 4 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes..... 1 50
Music (Vocal and Instrumental) Drawing Painting and Private Elocution lessons form no charges, as in Boarding Schools, but the same in French and Spanish are given gratis to those who are in Class and Fancy Needle Work.

N. B.—A private conversation is furnished, free of charge, for the convenience of pupils residing in distant parts of the city.

Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary,
SAN LUIS OBISPO - - CALIFORNIA

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

For terms, etc., apply to the Sister Superior.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.
Conducted by the Christian Bros.
Fifth and Jackson Sts., OAKLAND, CAL.

THIS INSTITUTION, WITH ITS EXTENSIVE GROUNDS, is now offered for the patronage of the public. School for boys up to the age of fifteen years.

TERMS:

(Payable half yearly in advance.)
Board and Tuition in English, French, Spanish and German, per annum..... $100 00
Washing..... 12 00
Music, Drawing and Painting form extra charges.
For further particulars apply to

BRO. LAWRIAN, Director.

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY,
Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

CONDUCTED BY

THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.

THIS ACADEMY, PLEASANTLY SITUATED IN the Western Addition, offers every facility for a thorough English education. The course of instruction includes the Languages, Music, Painting, etc. Pupils received at any time. For terms, etc., address

SISTER SUPERIOR.

Academy of Our Lady of Angels.
SANTA CLARA, - - CALIFORNIA.

THIS INSTITUTION, CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of Notre Dame, offers an opportunity to parents desirous of giving to their children expensive, a moral and intellectual education. The Academy is pleasantly situated, and recommend this Academy, is like influence near the Mission Church, and the pupils have access to and receive from time to time the benefit of the Sacraments.

The scholastic year, comprising 10 months, commences on the first Monday in August and ends on the last day of June.

Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

Per quarter, payable in advance.
Entrance Fee, Ten Dollars, to be paid once.
Board and Tuition in English, French, Drawing, Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.

French and Spanish lessons free.

SACRAMENTO INSTITUTE,
Twelfth and K streets,
SACRAMENTO, - - CAL.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF BOARDERS RECEIVED at any time. Terms, $250 per annum, payable in advance and, if the same time, adopting the contents of the Institute, $250 per annum.

TERMS: Tuition and Washing, $75 per annum.

For particulars apply to

REV. GEORGE, Director.

PHILIPPE'S FACTORY OF CLOTHING
THE MARKET STREET
PROF. DE FILIPPE,

Professor of the Academy of Science of Paris and Madrid, (CONTINUES TO GIVE PERSONAL INSTRUCTION in Cutting and Fitting, by measure, practical and the only system of study. "Tailor's method of measurement." Ladies' Sacques, Dolmans, Polonaises, Ulsters, Gents' Coats, Vests and Pants. Cutting Machines for Tailors, Ladies' Dressmakers and Families. Apply from 10 to 11 or 7 to 9 P. M.

JOE POHEIM,
THE TAILOR,
Has just received direct from the Manufacturers the latest styles of
FRENCH and ENGLISH SUITINGS and TROWSERINGS
For Spring and Summer Wear.
Which are now open for inspection, and will be made up in the latest and most fashionable style, at the lowest cash prices.
2109 Montgomery, 721 Market, 1110 and 1112 Market, and 11 & 13 Turk Sts.

ST. DOMINIC'S NEW CHURCH.

The Dominican Fathers of San Francisco

Having commenced the erection of a large edifice for the worship of God and Christ, and the spiritual benefit of the Catholic people, which was found inadequate to the increasing demand, three monastery, were found through want of funds to discontinue work on the building above the level of the ground floor, and have decided to commence the work of completing the edifice. With a view to this they have established a

St. Dominic's Building Association,

The members of which, by contributing fifty cents a month, or a dollar a year, participate in a **daily Mass** of thanksgiving for the intention of all subscribers to their good church. Also a monthly Mass, a **Solemn Requiem Mass** is celebrated for all deceased members and the deceased relatives of members.

These Great Spiritual Advantages

Should induce all Catholics to become members, that they will and a good work and secure for themselves a participation in 365 Masses per annum and in the spiritual charity of the community.

At the Dominican Church, on the first Sunday of the **Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary.** Rosaries are specially provided to every thousand in helping the Dominican Fathers to complete their church.

Donations will still be thankfully received at the Dominican Monastery, Bush and Stockton streets, by any of the Fathers.

T. F. ONEILL, Prior.

JOHN F. LYONS,
Successor to Lyons & Lyons,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
Office—413 Montgomery Street.
Residence, 19 Howard Street.
See Insurance, etc.

Acknowledgments for all the States and Territories.

Depositions taken, Deeds executed, of marriage, etc., etc. Particular attention given to Conveyancing and Insurance Business. Office open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Purchase and sale of City and County Real Estate.

McCORMICK BROS.,
Book and Job Printers,
636 Clay Street, 636
(Sutter Building, at Montgomery Office.) San Francisco.

25 YEARS IN THE POULTRY YARD.
Poultry, Eggs, Fowl, Incubators, Brooders, Poultry Supplies and Book on Poultry, 25 cents. Address, W. H. LAMB, Fancy Poultry Farm, Rockville, Conn.

The Jesuits in Scotland.

It is almost gratifying to learn that the Jesuits are now fully settled in Scotland. Their new college at Garnethill near Glasgow, was opened a few days ago. The Archbishop of Glasgow blessed the building. The Marquis of Bute declared it formally opened, and said

"It is a pleasure to congratulate the Catholics of Scotland up on another step in the economy of that tradition with regard to the relations of the higher education with our Church. To deny such a tradition with regard to the higher education would be sardly possible in a country where three of

The Fox's Dinner-Party.

One of the funniest animal stories I ever heard was lately told by a sober Quaker gentleman from New Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye witness himself. It was one day in a field near a stream where several geese were running. Presently he saw one of them disappear under a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again he saw a fine gander in the water and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in its mouth. He then chanced to go in a direction where it was easy to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a cross made on purpose for the purpose. There he scratched away a mass of leaves, made a hole, put his goose within, and covered it up very carefully. Then he sat down at a little distance, entertained behind the flock of geese, and finished unslowly the goose he had left in the woods above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his dinner. The goose by some means took the alarm, and ran away with a piece of the skin. The fox finding himself detected, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was hidden, and, when he had disappeared, he hole, put the goose in its basket, replaced the leaves and trampled carefully and with intellectual appreciation the language of the Gospel. As for Greek, it is, I believe, the language of the noblest instrument for the expression of an idea which as far as we know, has ever existed on earth, and in European thought and art it is the fount of all. Latin is not so much surpassed in human literature. It is the language of Rome in history, but it has also spoken, of the highest human intellect, that I am sure, is upon any one to whom it is closed as other languages are closed. Appearance were certainly very much against the fact, the tall stalk between his legs, and he held his head down, bowed down with a timed grace at his disappointed companion. Ingenuity is what he seemed to be attempt to get up a character for generosity which he knew he was not, and he seemed an unlucky sea-crate and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard gave the infliction with the utmost patience, and seemed off, as if aware that he had received no more than might be expected under the circumstances.

"I'll Say My Prayers."

If I should say to you, my little readers, that I am going to tell you a story about a little girl, the first question that you would ask me would be, "Is it a true story?" and "Where does she live?" So I will tell you that it is a true story, and that she lives, nor Erie, but plain, honest Julia, and she lives in a town not a large town, but a pleasant one in California. She is a little girl, and, as a rule, good, though sometimes this little girl, as I will tell you, as I will tell you.

She was playing one day her mother bid her she must go out into the dining-room, and stay there until she was a little girl. She went out saying very hard, but she knew that she must do as she was bid, her mother told her to come in, but she didn't look just right. There was no smile on her face, and very soon she came in with a pouting face and said, "I don't want to be good, I don't want to be good." Now Julia, which was a good little girl, was very, very sorry and made a great noise for a few minutes. Presently she stopped crying, and her mother went close to the door to see if she could hear what Julia was saying, and she heard her saying the little prayer she had been taught. "Dear Jesus, bless papa and mamma and Willie and Mary, and make me a good little girl, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Her mother opened the door very softly, and there sat Julia on the floor, a big doll up with a very sweet smile and said

"I'm a good girl now, mamma, I was so naughty and felt so dreadful bad, I said to myself, 'I'll say my prayers, and maybe Jesus will help me to be a good little girl.'"

And sure enough she was just the best girl you ever saw. Julia's mamma thought word of it, and her whole mind is Julia's from that time.

Guard against Vulgar Language.

There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the actions. The latter is only an expression of the former. Thus, if we have the power to exact upon the soul, and learn the skill of expression, the young man who allows himself to use one vulgar word, or one profane word, thought there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by his appearance he will be not the actual foul spot, and diffuses it, till, by indulgence, it will engulfs and ruin his soul. Its model of pure words as of pure thoughts. If you can control the tongue, that be impure words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save it from contamination. You will soon find the thoughts hastening to the purifying influence of the Holy Spirit, and, if you are sincere, you will be able to say, "Lord, cleanse my heart, and I shall appear unto Thee with a pure heart." Let the young man who allows himself to use vulgar language, bear after a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female or the most religious man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have a good control of yourself.

The Camel.

The camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 lbs. he can travel twelve to fourteen days without water, going fourteen miles a day. The camel is the only beast of burden that retains strength longer the decline at 20 lbs. Although they can go without water, they are fatigued at the butcher, the flesh tasting like veal. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were transported to Australia, but died from the effects of great heat, and the Europeans thought the camel was a failure

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

Fete of Irish Informers.

NEW YORK, March 30.—The Dublin correspondent of the "Herald" cables today as follows: Joe Smith, who was formerly a detective, the man who pulled down the house in Grafton Street where Burke on the day when the latter was assassinated in Phoenix Park, has just died Smith has been in a dreadful state of health for months past. He has suffered from constant fear of meeting a death like Carey's. Another informer, Michael Kavanagh, the driver of the car in which the assassins escaped from the park, is now in an asylum.

A Plethora of Salooms.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The Excise Commissioners refused yesterday to license the saloon at No. 34 Cortlandt street, on the ground that there are enough saloons in the block already, there being six and upper floors in every building.

Almost Buried Alive.

FRESNO, Cal., March 31.—Jesse Smith Crosby, aged 15 years, died apparently last Thursday, and was prepared for burial, which was to take place today. He preserved a life-like appearance, and at the grave, to satisfy the mother the coffin was opened. A slight moisture attracted attention, and the body was removed to a house, where after several hours' incessant labor the boy was restored to consciousness and will now, it is believed, recover.

Walker Wants to Ireland.

DUBLIN, March, 31.—Elaborate preparations are being made in Tipperary for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is said that Sergeant, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, will not appear at the reception, but demand a subsidy from Parliament, lest he should be robbed by the Nationalists.

Fenian Davis to Remain in Switzerland.

LONDON, March 31.—Eugene Davis, the Fenian agent, who was released from prison on condition of his leaving the country, is in Switzerland and will not return to Ireland, he having proved that he is an informer, and that he had no connection with the expelled Anarchists. He has gone to Lausanne.

Against the Bibles in the Public Schools.

HARTFORD, Pa., March 31.—The Catholic priests have published the Mercer county courts asking that the School Directors of Sharpville be restrained from allowing the use of the Bible in the public schools. The petitioners claim that the service is offensive to all members of the Catholic Church who happen to have their children by nonsectarian erroneous views. The question is agitating the whole country, as it is the first time that it has been carried into the courts in the shape of a suit. It is the intention of the defended side to take it to the Supreme Court.

An Address by Monsignor Capel.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Monsignor Capel lectured yesterday in the main Exposition building on the subject of education. He spoke of the excellence of the Christian Brothers' method. He says Europe is now awakening to the fact that the Christian Brothers, and the attention of others to the conditions of the French schoolmaster, will be necessitated the exclusion of some paintings in the Art Hall and improved upon the method of Ireland. Monsignor Capel visited the Government building.

Irish Brewery in John Bull's Canon.

It is a significant commentary on the vacated policy of Bismarck, that the man, who, of all his generals is chief command in the field, two are Irishmen and two of Scotch extraction; and the latest reports intimate that the English War Office is now doubtful if it can spare "Tommy" enough to send a couple of fighting Hibernians the Wakefield Roberts, whom the Duke of Cambridge hates so cordially, that he would rather let his Highlanders go without the drivers of their necessity to call upon him.

In Favor of the Evacuation of Sendan.

LONDON, April 3.—At an enormous meeting here last night, Independent and Liberal and Radical Members of Parliament were present. A resolution was adopted in favor of the evacuation of Soudan by the British troops.

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true laxative. Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the Stomach, likened to its nature, potent in its action. Cures habitual constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and Fever Sick. Diseases the symptoms of the blood, regulates the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles. Strengthens the organs on which it acts. Better than bitters, more delicious than jellies, safer and desirable. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Arrangements.—The death is announced of Sir James M. Strange, Bart., at his residence, Lissmagh, in the 73d year of his age. Deceased at one time represented the county in Parliament. He is succeeded to the title by his brother.

Anything.—The Provisional Committee of the Belfast National League, was dissolved on March 9th, and a new and permanent, fully staffed executive, Rev. Father Quinn and J. McQuade vice-presidents, F. J. O'Neill and Mr. Thos. Sheridan, secretaries, Mr. Hughes treasurer. The chief officers, in addition to the number of clergy who have taken place on the committee. They are Fathers Crane, McGrory, Moore, Magee, and O'Reilly. Thus no fewer than six patriotic priests have taken the most practical adhesion to the National movement.

Cavan.—Alexander Stafford, of Castlecomber, in the county of Cavan, Harmer, was, on the 29th of February, allowed bankruptcy.

Clare.—Proclamations appear in the church stabilizing the extra police from the parishes of Killanore, Kilshanny, Kilnamalla, and Clonoyy, in the Barony of Corcomroe; the parishes Rath, Dysert, and Inagh, in fachtnie, and the parishes of Clooney, Killeaghin, Templemaley and Doora, in Bunratty Upper.

Wishes Transfer.—The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland attended, on March 9, the opening of the new Technical School in the Dublin Exhibition Palace. The Lord Lieutenant said that the 78 their recent visit to Belfast, he had 50 per cent, and they were not able to do the present resin. The application was refused, and the reason left to a local judge declaring they cannot, under the circumstances, pay the present rent.

Cork.—The artisans of Cork are taking great interest in the success of the Irish Exhibition, and are displaying a praiseworthy desire to participate in it. On March 11 the Mayor of Cork received an influential deputation of the trades of the city, who promised every assistance to the project, viz: premium, and necessary space for their goods and furniture. Mr. Lyons, the Mayor, undertook the work of the committee. With one measure the depth of the Lord Lieutenant, the Mayor, and the Committee, the Exhibition will be a great success. I hope from the humble: How can children even know, in Ireland, that they are so hopelessly drifted to sea? In after years they do not look back to the past with tender recollections. They have no local attachments. They are the waifs of civilization. Certainly it is worse while for a man and his wife and the nearly grown up and dear daughter to remain in a place shall be, by any effort and self denial, a home for them and their children, and that which they can beautify and learn to love, a home in the world, a necessary in which they can come and go, and conduct the business of life, and be free from the fear of being unfairly treated, and be treated like people of land. This condition stimulates industry, promotes prudence, turns money into a legitimate channel that might otherwise go to the sho-keepers, and furnishes every a value place to which children are doing a good work in the actually tolerable to or-ment their own homes, and the aspirations of the April lessons up of humble establishments ought to inspire hundreds of people with a fresh and free feeling of interest in the earth a portion of which they have the fee.

INAUGURATION DAY.

When the day for the inauguration of the President of the United States was fixed upon it was for the reason that the 4th was the nearest sabbath on Monday. But the three days intervening between the 4th and Sunday, the 3d, the day of the inauguration of James Monroe, the 5th President, March 4, 1821. The second was Andrew Jackson, March 4, 1829. The third was Zachary Taylor was made President, March 4, 1849. The fourth was Rutherford B. Hayes was chosen President, March 4, 1877. Twice these days dining such an entertainment, or, one year after every seven years, the inaugurations, and, as the number of the days, there is a slight variation, as will be observed, the 4th of March, the day of the year and the future inaugurations of the first two inaugurations of the Presidents, March 4, 1821; March 4, 1829; March 4, 1849; March 4, 1877; March 4, 1885; March 4, 1893.

• • •

"The pay's the thing,
Wherein I'd reach the highest flight of fancy."
And equally true is it that "The Pleasure" "Pains and Pageantries Pelets" (the original Little Pickets) are the most effected means that can be used to reach the seat of danger, cleansing the bowels and liver, and assisting nature in her remunerative work. By druggists.

MARRIED.

REP. TAPRATT.—In this city, April 1, by Rev. Father Prendergast, Mr. Thomas Reep to Miss Mary Tapratt, both of San Francisco.

DIED.

DALY.—At Santa Cruz, March 30, Patrick Daly, native of Castlecomer, Co. Cork, Ireland, aged about 50 years. Date, March 19, 1884, between noon and 2 o'clock. Place, Santa Cruz, and mother's. Mr. Mary M. Daly, sister of the deceased, Mrs. Mary Daly, Mrs. Thomas Daly, a nephew of Michael Daly, Castlecomer, Ireland, aged 25 years.

BRIGHT.—In this city, San Francisco, April 1, Jeremiah Bright, husband of the late Ellen Bright, a native of Ballyhaunis, County Mayo, Ireland, aged 70 years.

SWEENEY.—At Stockton, April 1, Edward Sweeney, a native of Cahir, County Cork, Ireland, aged about 40 years.

Market Report.

MONTHLY OFFICE,
636 Clay St. Tuesday Evening, April 7, 1885

WHEAT—Quotations are. $1 30@$1 32
Flour—Flour is selling at 1 25@ 30
Cornmeal 2 15@ 25
Oatmeal 3 50@ 00
Barley, new 1 00@ 05
Barley, old 1 00@ 05
Ground Barley, $ ton 31 00@ 32 00
Middlings 16 50@ 18 50
Bran 17 50@ 18 50
POULTRY—
Hens, $ doz. selling 5 50@7 50
Young Chickens, $ doz. 20
Turkeys, $ lb wholesale 20
Ducks, $ doz 7 00@7 00
Geese, $ pair 2 00@2 00
Brooders $ doz 5 00@7 00
Broilers $ doz 4 50@5 00
Old Roosters 4 50@5 00
EGGS—
Eggs, $ doz 17@18
BUTTER
Choice fresh roll 18@19
Fair 16@18
Pickled 15@16
HAY
Choice $ ton 16 00@18 50
MEATS
Beef, wholesale 7@8
Mutton, wholesale 8@8½
Spring Lamb 10@12
Veal, wholesale 8@9
Eastern Sugar-cured Hams 13 @14
California Hams 11@12
Bacon, breakfast 13@14
Lard, $ lb wholesale, in kgs 8½@9
VEGETABLES
Potatoes, white 1 75@2 15
Cabbages, $ 100 lb 60@60
Onions, $ 100 lbs 2 00@2 50
Onions, California 1 75@2 50
Beets, $ sack 60@1 00
Green Peppers 50@75
Carrots, $ sack 60@1 00
Tomatoes, $ box 1 00@1 50
Garlic, $ lb 5@6
Green Corn, $ doz 300@400
Carrots, $ sack 50@75
Celery, $ doz. bunch 30@35
SQUASH—
Dry Squash 1@2
Crooked $ lb 1
Golden $ lb 1
STRAW—
Straw 60@67
FISH—
Salmon, $ lb 15@20
DRIED FISH—
Codfish 7
California Dry, $ lb 12
Pollock 3
Cod Dry 3
Smoked 11@13
Salted Hake 3@4
Black Sharks, etch, shark fins 75
TALLOW—
Rendered 5@6
Refined 7@8
DOMESTIC FRUITS
Green Apples, $ box 60@1 00
Dried Apples, $ lb 2@3
Pears, $ box 100@1 50
Berries, $ box 1 00@1 50
Lemons 1 00@1 50
Oranges, $ box 1 00@1 50

Cheap Living in California If you buy in the Right Place.

If the wheat crops for 81, 18 barely light leaves for 81 and 82 in the Sacramento Valley, 82 in the Sacramento Valley, 82 in the Sacramento Valley,

Poetry

MAN'S MORTALITY.

(The following poem is considered a product worthy the best order. The original was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christians who, in the early days of Ireland, chanted the Gospel in song and chanted at the funeral assembly of the Christian dead and here, laid in the Saxonic table of Tuth.)

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the pomp that Jonah made;
Even such is man whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the lake that's near bounds,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pastime day in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the shaking of the swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, not there, is life and death.
The grass withers, the lake is reaved,
The bird is flown, the hour ended,
The sport is done, the swan sang out,
The man's now dead, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a bladder, or like a stream,
Or like the gilding of a steam;
Even such is man, whose life's breath,
Is spent and blown, is life and death.
The bubble's cast, the look hoyed,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's hist,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time twixt foot and shoe,
Or like the spider's feeble web,
Or like the ground by the plow,
Or like the footing of a doe,
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is alway subject unto fate
The arrow shot, the fleet soon speed,
The time ne'er stinks, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the foot soon won,
The doe soon found, man's life soon done.

Like the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth fly,
Or like the post of a day,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like a weaver's shuttle swift,
Or like a pace, or like a place
Even such is man, who lamps up sorrow,
Leaves but this day and flies away morrow.
The lightning past, the post must on,
The week is short, the journey so,
The pace doth rest, the plum doth fall,
The shuttle stinketh, and so must all.

ST. PATRICK AND THE PRINCE.

BY SIMS REAVOR C. DOWNEY.

Cormac, the Chieftain, son of Cor, the King,
A stalwart man, with hair like raven's wing,
And deep blue eye (bright as his own Lough Rea)
Was emphatically a handsome boy!
Cormac, the Prince, before St. Patrick stood,
Beside a fountain in a Monastery wood,
A wattled with his own brave Ulster band,
Baptized at the ancient Druidic font.

Mitred and stoled, the great Apostle reared
His noble body, his sagacious head
Shining like silver in the sunlight dim,
When lance-bearers, with shouts of pride, sought
Demanded perfect freedom for the hunt
A contrast bold—the Bishop frown proud
The pilfered crozier in his holy palm,
Then, silhouetted against a pearly sky,
Drove down the heavy iron-pointed rod
Deep (as he dared) in the green sward!

There stood it, upright, planted, as it were,
Rooted the hawthorn and the shadowy fir;
Then, with a smile, he turned to the Prince
Saying, "Young Cormac, I am old, and my feet
Ache with the weight of my years, and I need
Yet a Cormac's hand—hold! I need it (I am
Grieved to the earth) The prince's iron rod
Was bedded deep in Ulster's prehistoric bog!

"O Son!" the saint in tender anguish cried,
"Didst meet the Jews, and yet in silence bide?"
"Father, I did—but—Christmas—was—the—day—
Of—Our—Lord!"

Two sons strange portion of the sacred rite,
And when then said that one on Calvary,
My loving Saviour bled and died for me,
Could I do less than bide? Some sacred ashes,
Thou bear the blow in silence if Ho bake!"
—*Catholic Standard.*

Literary Miscellany.

Sister Celeste.

BY C. C. GOODWIN.

In one of the mountain towns of Northern California, a good many years ago, while yet good women, compared to the number of the men, were disproportionately few, suddenly one day upon the street, and in the unobtrusive garb of a Sister of Charity, appeared a woman whose marvelous loveliness the coarse garments and monkish hood prescribed by the order could not conceal. There was a Sisters' Hospital in the place, and this was one of the do-gooded women who had come to minister to the sick in that Hospital. She was of medium size and hight, and despite her shapeless garments, it was easy to see how her form was beautiful. The hand that nursed a baby was a delicate one; under her unsightly hood glimpses of a brow as white as a planet's light could be caught, the coarse shoes upon her feet were tiness size large. When she raised her eyes, from the inner depths a light like that of kindly stars shone out, and, though a Sister of Mercy, when she smiled upon you her lips which seemed to say that of all features, a feature of kisses was hardest to resist.

STAPLEY, SIMPLY DIGNITY

In her mien, but in all her ways there was a dainty grace, which, upon the heavy eyes of the miners of that mountain town, above the enthusiasm. She could not have been more than twenty years of age. It was the old, old story we know as "Sister Celeste;" that she had recently come to the Western Coast, it was believed from France, and that was all that was known of her. When the Mother Superior at the Hospital was questioned about the new Sister, she simply answered: "Sister Celeste is a Sister now, she will be a glorified saint by and by." The first public appearance of Sister Celeste in the town was one Sunday afternoon, when she emerged from the Hospital and started to carry some delicacy to a poor, sick woman—Mrs. Di Lacy, who lived at the opposite end of the town from the Hospital; so to visit her the Nun was obliged to walk almost the whole length of the one long, crooked street which, in the narrow canyon, included all the business portion of the town. When the Nun started out from the Hospital, the town was full of miners, as was the habit in those days on Sunday afternoons, and as the Sister passed along the street

MURMURS OF EYES

Were bent upon her. She seemed unconscious of the attention she was attracting; had she been walking in her sleep she could not have been more composed.

Chance had brought the communists made so the never lay, passed out of the hearing of different groups whose necessity upon. One big, rough miner, who had in Power of Mercy, and in relation of evil, sought Lorenzo, April 3—Abraham, watched the Sister as here last night, Lamoureux then said to the companion Radical Member of Parliament—"Ah! Kissme me, Bob, devotion was admirable, is it not?" "Yes, and the action of Socialism by the British troops

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own Cathartic. Pleasant to the Palate, accepted by the Stomach, harmless in all cases, sublime in the action. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Sick Headache. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Sold by Druggists, 25 cents. Ask for Syrup of Figs. Strengthens the organs on the Digestive, who one 12 ounce bottle, Take no other laxative, pills, salts and drastics. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for half off by all Druggists

Literary Miscellany.

sin against nature. Every hour her heart must protest against the starvation which feels; every day she must feel upon her robes the clasp of little hands which are not to be." One boisterous miner, a little in his cups, watched until the Sister disappeared around a bend in the crooked street, and then cried out "Did you see Amy, boys? That is the style of a woman that a man would die for, and die willing, I'm thinking!" Then drawing from his belt a bottle, he held it aloft and shouted "Here are nightly omens of the closest dust ever entered in Bear Gulch; it's all I have in the world, but I say

GIVE THE LAST GRAIN

To any banker in this camp who will look crooked at that woman when she comes out this way, and let me see him do it. In just a minute and a half there would not be enough left of him for the Coroner to gather in a sack and sit on." After this, doubtless all the following week, Sister Celeste was seen going to and returning from the sick woman's house. It suddenly grew to be a habit with everybody to uncover their heads as Sister Celeste came by.

Sunday came around again, and it was noticed that on that morning the Nun went early to visit her charge, and remained longer than usual. In her return, she just about opposite the main saloon of the place, a kindly, elderly gentleman, who was universally known and respected, ventured to cross the path of the Sister, and addressed her as follows:

"I beg pardon, good Sister, but you are attending upon a sick person. We understand that it is a woman; may I not ask if we can not in some way assist you and your patient?" A faint flush swept over the glorious face of Sister Celeste as she raised her eyes, but simply and frankly, and with a slight French accent, she answered:

"The lady, kind sir, is very ill. Unless, in some way, we can manage to remove her to the Hospital, where she can have a nicely warmed room, and close nursing, I fear she will get live; but she is penniless, and we are very poor, and, moreover, I do not see how she can be moved, for there are no carriages."

She spoke with perfect distinctness, notwithstanding the slight foreign accent. The accent was no impediment; rather, from her lips, it gave her words a rhythm like music.

The man raised his voice. "Boys," he shouted, "there is a suffering woman up the street; she is

VERY DESTITUTE AND VERY ILL,

And must be removed to the Hospital. The first thing required is some money." Then taking of his hat with the hand, with the other he took from his pocket a twenty dollar piece; he put his money in the hat, then he sprang upon a low stump that was standing by the trail, and added: "I start the subscription; those who have a trifle that they can spare, will please pass around this way and drop the trifle, as they pass, into the hat." Then Sister Celeste had a new experience. In an instant she was surrounded by a shouting, surging, struggling crowd, all anxious to contribute. There was a babel of voices, but for once a California crowd was unanimous in the purpose which was being heard. The boys could not swear in the presence of Sister Celeste. In a few minutes the hat was full and eight hundred dollars was raised. It was poured out of the hat into a blanket, the corners of which was tied, and handed by the man who first addressed her, to Sister Celeste, with the remark that it was for her poor, and that when she needed more the boys would "stand in."

Again the Nun raised her eyes and in a low voice which trembled a little she said: "Please salute the gentlemen, and say to them, that God will keep the account. The man turned around and with an awkward laugh said: "Hope I'm not authorized, by one of His angels, to say that, for your convenience, I will take down your names, and give you credit."

Then a wild fellow cried out from the crowd:

"Three cheers for the angel!"

The cheers rang out like the braying of a thousand trumpets in accord. Then, in Spanish, Sister Celeste was advised by "Tiger, and the deep toned old day Californian "Tiger" rolled up the blanket like an ocean roar. It would have startled an ordinary woman, but Sister Celeste was looking at the purse, and it is doubtful if she heard it at all. Then the first speaker called from the crowd right step by step, and said:

"You were all married men in the States, and for all that I know to the contrary, were decent, respectable gentlemen. As I delegate you, as there are no carriages in this camp, to go to the sick woman's house and carry her to the Hospital, while the carriage proceeds in advance, and makes a place for her." This was agreed to, and the Sister was told that in half an hour she might expect her patient.

Then she turned away, the crowd watching her, and remarking that her hand when by it step seemed greatly quickened. Long after, the Mother Superior learned how when Sister Celeste reached the Hospital on that day she fell sobbing into the Mother's arms, and when she could command her voice, said: "Those shaggy men, that I thought were all tiger, are all angels disguised. Oh Mother! I have seen them as Elias and Enoch saw when the Master was transfigured."

The eight men held a brief consultation in the street; then going to a store, they bought a pair of very white blankets, six sheets, and four pillows. Borrow Harney's packer's needle and some twine, they sewed up the ends of the sheets, and the sides of the blankets, first rolling the woolen around one of the sides of the blanket. They then proceeded to the poor woman's house, one man in front, and told the women, gently, what they had come to do, and bade her have no fears that she was to be moved a gently that, if she would close her eyes, she would not know anything about it. The others were called in the blanket was laid upon the floor; the bed was lifted from its frame from the bedstead and laid on the blanket, the corners were nicely tucked under the mattress; four men seized the pick handles at the sides.

LIFTED THE BED,

Women and all from the floor; a fifth man stepped outside, raised the umbrella, and held it above the woman's face, and so, as gently as ever mother rocked her babe to sleep, the sick woman was carried the whole length of the street to the Hospital, where Sister Celeste and the Mother Superior received her.

Then all hands went up town and talked the matter over, and I am afraid that some of them drank a little, but the burden of all the talk, and all the toasts, was Sister Celeste.

After that the Nun was often seen, going on her errands of mercy, and it is true that some men who had been rough, and who had drank hard for months previous to the coming of the Sister, grew quiet in their lives, and ceased going to the saloon.

Old day's most laughable event transpired. Two men got quarreling in the street, which in a moment culminated in a fight. The friends of the respective men joined in, and soon there was a general fight in which about forty men were engaged. When it was at its hight (and such a fight meant something), Sister Celeste suddenly turned the sharp bend of the street, and came into the view not sixty yards from where the melee was raging in full fury. One of the fighters saw her, and made a sound between a hiss and a few whistle, a peculiar sound of warning, so significant that all

SUDDENLY LOOKED

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THE HOLY ROSARY.

The Names and Chain of the Holy Rosary.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE MONITOR AS A GIFT OF CHRISTMAS.)

The very names of the most sacred Rosary are special and closer to devotion.

Volumes after volumes might be written to describe the many ways of express their meaning, but we must content ourselves with only touching on a few points. It should be borne in mind that the solution devotion of which we have been writing so much was the Rosary, commencing by the sweet name it now possesses, the Holy Rosary, and that it has various periods of its existence, several other names. In the beginning it was established, it was called the *Psalter of Jesus*, the *Psalter of Jesus* and we know that the name is still frequently employed in England, France, and in several other places to denote the Chapelet or material circlet used in reciting the devotion itself. (*Chaumont sur le Loire Dictionnaire Universel Du Clergé du Siècle Horn, 1850, page 70*). This name at first sight appears inappropriate, but it is carefully reflect on it, we will at once see that it has been applied intelligently and wisely, for the result of the Rosary, when it has been designedly ordained to obtain what is called the Psalter of Jesus, the Psalter of Jesus, is precisely for this very reason that we speak of the Rosary as the chaplet of Jesus, or the Psalter of Jesus, because it is the most powerful means of obtaining through it, and that by the mediation of the Blessed Virgin, Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, the Saviour, the Jesus of Nazareth, the Jesus of Bethlehem, the Jesus of Calvary, the Jesus of the Tabernacle, the Jesus of the Eucharist, the Jesus of the Holy Sacrifice, the Jesus of the Holy Ghost, the Jesus of the Holy Trinity

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest power in the world, because it is the chief agent in popularizing true, and propagating false, scientific opinion, and opinion governs the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only a legitimate and honorable calling, but it is the most important for the welfare of humanity, and is a sacred duty. What is and what ought to be the Catholic journalism but to combat error and to spread truth, whatever it may be—above all, the Divine truth."—Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota.

"Bad books and evil journals are the inheritance of Protestantism. The reformers of Germany, France and England, in their zeal against the Church of Christ, poured out a flood of literature, which, like a torrent, has swept over the nations, carrying with it the morals of the people, with devotion and fidelity."—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—There are five Catholic Army Chaplains with the English troops engaged in the Soudan Arabian Nights entertainment. These priests are located at Dongola, Wady Halfa, Suakin and Ancona. In the spiritual welfare of her soldiers England may be accounted a far ahead of even this country, where Catholic Army Chaplains are few and far between.

—The letter from Eugene Davis, the Irishman recently exiled from France in company with James Stephens, which we publish on the first page this week, plainly shows that British influence was used in France in order to force Innocent man into exile merely because they were supposed to be in sympathy with the cause of their native country. Republics have the reputation of being ungrateful, and France is no exception to the general rule.

—Several subscribers in Dunlap and Lone ask us to send copies of the daily *Times* of our sister city in which is printed a very Philippic attack on the Catholic Church. The column is now over and it is amusing to witness how naturally some papers return to their prejudices against Popery whenever the time comes that there is no ticket in the field to feel the force of opposition on the part of Catholic voters. We have hung up the *Times* on the hook and will (if it) sift the slanders next week.

—We hope the movement recently organized by representative Irishmen in this city with a view of promoting the Irish Parliamentary Fund, will not only meet with the hearty co-operation of the Celtic race of San Francisco, but that its spirit may be emulated by the Irishmen of Ireland in every city, town and settlement on the coast. The fund opened by the MONITOR will close on next Tuesday, according to the original design, and we hope to have from many of Ireland's well-wishers during the week. Thus far the contributions received at this office amount to $164 50, for which we thank the donors, but we anticipate several other subscriptions before we close the account finally.

—James Redpath, although not an Irishman, is a great friend of Ireland, and he has mixed so much with the Irish people that he has caught the contagion of their spirit of witty repartee. This fact was well illustrated last week in New York where Mr. Redpath was lecturing on "Ireland and her Tradesmen." While in the midst of his discourse, a John Bull crank arose and shrugged his shoulders at Mr. Redpath with "But what about St. Patrick?" The crank came at once because spell-bound while Mr. Redpath answered the interlopper slowly, "St. Patrick was a gentleman and he came of decent people!" Then the audience shook the building with laughter for several minutes while the Britisher went outside to lug his head.

—We desire to call the attention of Catholic young men to the important circular from Father Mullaney, which we print this week, and we not them to read it; then we want them to act on its suggestions, and to make their influence felt as a body in every town and city on this coast, by means of organized societies such as that social Catholic Young Men's Union presided over by the pastor of St. James' Church, Brooklyn. The Pastoral Letter says that it is not enough that Catholic societies should be shunned by Catholics, but we must also establish, encourage and propagate the spirit of organization among Catholics of all classes and all ages. Herein we hope to see many Catholic societies for young men springing up all over this coast.

—"Status Celestis" is the title of one of the most natural, pleasant and probable stories of Catholic life which we have yet seen in print. It was written by Mr. C. Goodwin, editor of the Salt Lake *Tribune*, and when we tell our readers that Mr. Goodwin is not a Catholic they will more fully appreciate the beautiful tribute which he pays to the Sisters of Charity in his lovely story of California life in the days of '49. A friend at Salt Lake, who kindly sent us the copy of the *Tribune* containing the story, says that the tale is founded on fact, and from the natural way in which the incidents are narrated we are not inclined to doubt the assertion. We publish the story on the second page and all who read it will agree with us in saying that the author possesses literary genius of no mean order.

—As a matter of great importance to those who desire to introduce into the Public Schools of this city the very latest "improvements" in the science of "How to Live without Working," we mention the fact that in Chicago—as in San Francisco—there seems to be a constant effort on the part of Public School Principals, Trustees, Contractors and other attaches of what people loudly call "the patronage of our Schools," to practically disregard the spirit of the Commandment which says: *Thou shalt not steal.* In Chicago a school-order never yet has been signed by a hearing-union whose *security* counted dollars, and our local Trustees are not Chicago.

—Lorenzo, April 3.—A pilgrimage will be given to Lourdes, April 4, in which all the abbés, Bishop, Radical Members of Parliament, and municipalities are invited in favor of the Law of Sunday by the British troops.

Sprug of Pigs.

Nature's own true Laxative. Pleasant to the taste, acceptable to the stomach, harmless to its nature, painless in its action. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Malaria. Dr. Glenn's Liver Regulator, prepared by the Liverpool Corporation, [illegible] for they shall [illegible] Liver, [illegible] Liver, [illegible] and granted the prominent, which, he [illegible] strengthen the organs in which he acts. Better than Pitney, nearer to Liver medicines, pills, salve and domestic. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

A St. Patrick's Pill for a Presbyterian Preacher.

A subscriber in San José sends us a clipping of a notice in set forth a synopsis of a lecture recently delivered by Rev. J. C. Hill in a Presbyterian church, on Central America. Of course the lecture was anti-Catholic in tone and untruthful in sentiment, as truth is always stranger than fiction in a Presbyterian fanatic. Alluding to Central America Mr. Hill told his hearers something about that country which the reporter got into print in this singular shape:

"For three hundred years those lands were governed by a priesthood which corrupted religion, spread the Inquisition, and brought the inhabitants of the country to a condition of ignorance and superstition. In 1821 the inhabitants of the Republics was raised and a nation of people arose. The Republics were regularly constituted, but the Sunset Mountain was too eager for political freedom. Its practically economical, but practically by confiscation all the property of the Church. In consequence was that it [illegible] the union was broken up, Guatemala alone remaining a Republic.

This paragraph is so badly "muddled" that we are at a loss to discover whether it was the reporter's "mixed" drinks, or Mr. Hill's misstatement of facts that led to the bombastic blunders which will be apparent to our readers. The kind of "religious freedom" which people gain by "confiscating all the property of the Church," is called *robbery* by the law of God! Presbyterian preachers may reconcile their conscience to this kind of Presbyterian practice, but the fact still stands out that every time such an infamous scheme is carried out, Satan makes the suggestion and his lieutenants loot the churches while his Satanic Majesty looks on approvingly and smilingly says—he surveys the spoils and the robbers:—"*I am monarch of all I survey.*"

Mr. Hill, of course, had to pat on the back the Saint Barton—(since killed whilst leading an invading army of freebooters into a neighboring State) But Mr. Hill had reason to remember Barrios, because the preacher was his protégé, and as the fond Dictator had Rev. Hill on his back for two years and a half, we think the poor Guatemalans had at least a portion of his purgatory whilst in this world! Here is Mr. Hill's account of his junketing tour in Guatemala:

Two and a half years ago General Barrios visited this country, and the preacher returned with him to Guatemala. He spent three two and a half years the preacher, with several others, had the greatest success among the seeds of the Gospel of Christ.

Read but very suggestive of the sectarian style of

Spelling preacher with a capital "P"

And praising God with a little "g."

And so Rev. Hill and his help mates had "the greatest success among the seeds of the Gospel of Christ in Guatemala." And yet, why did not this Presbyterian preacher stay in that land where the harvest was so ripe and Presbyterian laborers were fortunately for the Guatemalans—so very few! A *true Apostle of Christianity* generally stays where he is most needed and where he can do the most good. A *false traveling preacher* who makes the salvation of souls subservient to his salary, generally seeks first the kingdom of the rich, and then prays that all earthly comforts may be added to his portion in life.

Mr. Hill is wise after a fashion, as he evidently knew upon which side his bread was buttered when he bid good-bye to Guatemala and returned to his luxurious life inside the Golden Gate! Presbyterian preachers are rare enough never to preach on self-denial, the virtue of poverty, or the taking up of the Cross in order to follow Christ. With them Christianity is dressed in broadcloth, it lives in fine houses, it rides in its carriage, it lolls occasionally on cushioned pews in a Presbyterian pagoda which custom has called "a church," and it looks down with disdain upon those foolish Catholic Priests and Sisters who prefer privation to plenty, poverty to riches, obedience to self-will, chastity to carnalism, and who suffer so that others may save their souls! No! Presbyterian preachers have a far different programme by which men are expected to keep from luxury, laziness and licentiousness here on earth, to a Presbyterian paradise hereafter—where "the Catholics need apply" in the legend over the infernal gate!

Rev. Hill sent informed his hearers that "there was a good deal of infidelity in Guatemala." All the more reason why such a *peaceful* Presbyterian preacher as the speaker should have staid among the Guatemalans! But what food do Protestants find for their souls in the spread of infidelity? There are hundreds of them, who, in their inner souls, would be delighted at the fact that infidelity had supplanted Catholicity in every land from Asia to Africa and from Alaska to Australia. The "downfall of Rome" has been the dream of the devil for thousands of years, and it is only natural that the hope of Satan should be shared by his servants!

Rev. Hill told his hearers—by way of illustrating the degrading influence of "Romish" supremacy—that in Guatemala under the rule of "Monks and Jesuits,"

The people were kept poor and ignorant. Only 40,000 a year were spent on public education, and that all of the child texts-books in the schools revered the children that Luther died of delirium tremens.

Well, even admitting Rev. Hill's honest belief that the people of Guatemala being "poor and ignorant" we may point to this charge as entirely consonant with that cold, cruel and purse-proud Presbyterianism which we have portrayed in a preceding paragraph, *is poverty a crime? Is ignorance a crime?* The Son of God was poor and He chose the poor of Palestine to be the recipients of His divine truths which everywhere around us are hidden from the wise and prudent who follow in His path to Paradise those eternal truths which everywhere around us are hidden from the wise and prudent who follow in His path to Paradise those eternal truths which everywhere around us are strangely to the sons of evangelical exile and pharisees who look upon poverty as a crime and on ignorance as a species of impiety.

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall find mercy.

Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the sons of God.

Blessed are they that suffer persecution for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Then, further Hill, is a lesson of love for your fellow man which you and your kind should learn before you undertake to slander the good Catholic people of Guatemala. Are you ignorant of the fact that poverty is one of the keys that opens the kingdom of heaven? Do you know that there are millions of souls gloriously reigning with God in eternal bliss who were so poor and ignorant on earth that they would not discern the difference between a modern Presbyterian preacher and an ordinary Christian? Such "poverty" and "ignorance" we admit, would prove an insurmountable barrier against their admission into the upper-ten Presbyterian paradise, but then we Catholics have the consolation of knowing that it was Almighty God who laid the plan of man's salvation, many centuries before

Luther, Calvin or Knox

Dawned from Pandora's box

Hence we hope that Rev. Hill will see the error of his ways in this presenting Christianity with a false front to the public in his so called "lectures." We admit all he as rich, learned or ignorant as Presbyterian preachers (the Lord forbid!) but the humblest, poorest and most ignorant man or woman in the world may be far more worthy in the sight of God than the grandest and most puffed-up Presbyterian preacher that ever proscribed Popery.

This is the lesson of love we would instil into Rev. Hill and his brethren, in the hope that Satan's Majesty looks on approvingly and smilingly says—he surveys the spoils and the robbers:—"*I am monarch of all I survey.*"

A Sandwich Island Slanderer Squelched.

A subscriber residing in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, sends us a copy of the *Pacific Commercial Reporter* of that place, which is evidently edited by some English descendant of Ananias of old, as from a sample of the lawful falsehoods contained in the article before us, the John Bull writer is decidedly one of the most diabolical defamers of the Holy Father ever played the roll of free-lunch fiend in San Francisco.

Here is an extract that over the infamous Ananias himself might be ashamed of, so entirely false is it in every sentence and statement:

An appeal to Irishmen has been issued by a party of gentlemen of Irish birth. To the question, in which complaint is made that while the Irish Government robbed the Irish people of their freedom, the English press, as a body, have not generally sought to rob them of their good reputation. Such is the legend in the circular, these gentlemen of Irish birth have issued a circular, which, in a very large number of Irish hearts, will be cordially sensitive of late. We remember the Pope's letter to the Irish Bishops, which was a large document, during which Judge Taylor, who presided over a dispatch announcing the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Secretary Burke, of Phœnix Park, Dublin. When he had terminated the proceedings to announce that fact, the Bishops rose and chanted to the Mass. Those of the Irish Bishops were present and participated in the impressive ceremonies of the occasion. Mr. Tenney was subsequently elected a Superior Court Judge, and he was a man of great sympathy with the Irish cause.

At previous meetings the Irish Bishops present were other than those of England, upon one notable occasion, Father Hogan, who was Bishop of Galway, urged large contributions to the Land League fund, on the ground "that the Irish people in the Island were not so much indicted to the heart of an Englishman." Christian sentiment was therefore applauded, and the aforesaid Irish prelate was called upon to tell the Irish people.

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Religious Liberty in State Institutions.

For months we have been anxiously watching the gallant battle which the friends of full freedom of conscience, have been waging in the legislative assembly of New York, but as the matter is not yet decided either in favor of freedom of Catholic conscience in public institutions or adversely to Catholic rights, it is not in order to criticize the influence brought to bear upon the subject by the religious body who have this important question under consideration.

After months of wrangling, during which the bitterest anti-Catholic bigotry was demonstrated by the Protestant opponents of the Freedom of Worship Bill, the New York State Senate has passed the following measure which—if sanctioned by the members of the Assembly—will grant all the rights of conscience which the Catholic body of New York are so bearely clamoring for:

SECTION 1. All persons, including those who may have been or may hereafter be committed to or under the care of any institution mentioned in this act are hereby declared to be entitled to the free exercise and enjoyment of religious belief, and to the free exercise and enjoyment of the religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference.

SEC. 2. This act shall be deemed to apply to every incorporated institution, whether charitable, reformatory or educational, house of refuge, hospital, asylum, school, or other institution of a similar character, or any of the other public or private institutions of this state.

SEC. 3. The rules and regulations established in the act shall recognize the act of the immaculate conception of the blessed Virgin Mary, and shall provide according to the dictates of their conscientious belief, for the spiritual welfare of the children, and shall allow or provide for the reception of the children of the Catholic faith, and shall allow the inmates in such asylums, or other institutions, to attend the services of the Catholic Church, consistent with the proper discipline and management of such institutions, and shall provide that no child shall be compelled to authorize any children of the Catholic faith to be taken from such institutions shall be allowed spiritual care and attention from a Catholic priest or spiritual clergyman of the denomination to which such child may belong, and that such children shall be allowed religious instruction and such religious books and papers as their parents or guardians may request, and that such children shall be allowed to attend such places of worship of the denomination to which they may have belonged, when such places of worship are within a reasonable distance of the institution, and access to the building and premises of such institution for the purpose of the provisions of this act.

SEC. 4. The willful violation of any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed a misdemeanor.

SEC. 5. This act shall take effect immediately.

We stand up in the foregoing measure that is not generous, but fair and just—the foundation-stone of the American Republic. Yet it was weakly and bitterly opposed by Protestant preachers of every persuasion outside of pandemonium, and barred they evinced against Catholics in their asylums, proved that them to be alive of the arch-enemy of Christianity.

California is as badly off as New York, so far as regards the want of religious liberty to some of her State institutions, but we hope the day is not far distant when Catholic inmates of State institutions will not be compelled to attend Protestant worship or else suffer the consequence of those who have the power. The work of proselyting Catholic inmates is quietly but steadily pursued on this coast, and Catholic parents are innocently sustaining the injustice. We know of one Catholic in California who occupies any prominent position in Church or other official to any public institution who—if Catholics are cared for or combined by the State. We know of many Catholic deaf and dumb, and Catholic prisoners are all without a representative, and we know of one who refused in case of any wrong being perpetrated upon them. Yet the Catholic voters quietly sit down, pay taxes and pay into the hands of proselytizers by their silence. This state of things has been going on for years, and yet that people have begun to look upon it as perfectly legitimate, but we hope that hereafter whenever a Board of Trustees of any State institution having Catholic inmates to care for they will be guided by the Metropolitan clergy of the Archdiocese, and not by the waiter of the nearest Protestant church.

We hope the Catholics of every portion of the Pacific coast will move in this matter of liberty and justice towards their own kindred who may be inmates of public institutions, and secure for them—at the very first meeting of the legislative bodies of the different States—the rights of which we show that similar to that passed by the State of New York State, upon a plan similar to that asserted—although by the Methodist clergy—to be the welfare of the Catholic inmates of State institutions, and we will be highly complimented by the Metropolitan clergy of the Archdiocese, who will continue to work and pray for

Farm and Home.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold the crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread the church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and feeble youth,
And strength, and pride, and love of truth,
Shall all be laid in the silent tomb
A hundred years to come.

No matter how we live,
We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come,
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come.
But others shall our lands will till
And others then our stores will fill,
And others birds will sing as gay,
And laugh the maiden as merrily,
A hundred years to come.

Abuse of Parental Authority.

Runaway girls are becoming quite common. In the past few weeks there have been several in this city. In every case it was claimed that they had good homes, with every comfort and indulgence, and had no cause to leave. There is a woeful ignorance and neglect on the part of parents in training their children. Either the children are given all liberty, allowed to gratify all their whims, and are virtually driven into the streets, or they are subjected, their every when grateful, and anything accorded to their desires and pleasures. Both those courses are wrong—extremes in opposite directions—and generally result in the loss of parental control, and the child becomes wayward. Of the two, however, while the abused child may go astray, it is the spoiled child that becomes precocious, insolent and incorrigible. Parents should certainly love their children, treat and provide well for them; but parental authority, with mutual respect and confidence, should be maintained. If parents did their duty properly, within the bounds of decency and common sense, there would be fewer runaways and less scandal. Harsh or foolishly indulgent parents are generally to blame in such cases; and until parents have more sense and regard for morality, it is not to be expected that guardians in their teens will be sensible or decent in the behavior.
—*Louisville Advocate.*

Deplorable Results from Chloral and Bromide.

Again we have to record with deep regret a sad proof that those who take chloral or bromide of potassium for sleeplessness, are guilty of a deplorable error, and do a grievous wrong. The secretion which poison sleep also deprave the higher nerve centres, enfeeble the controlling powers of the will, and leave the mind a prey to the depressing influences of gloomy ideas of self respect and self confidence. The cultured mind feels the tyranny of the intellectual and moral depravation with great acuteness, and in the end succumbs to the sense of powerlessness to recover self control and do right. The depravation wrought is purely physical. The baneful influence of the lethal drug is, so to say, organic. The essential elements of the nerve tissues are blighted by the stupefying poison, as by alcohol in habitual drunkenness. In short, the response to chloral and bromide, is precisely the same thing as recourse to alcohol. The man or woman sent to "sleep"—like mocking semblance of physiological rest—by a dose of either of these narcotics, is simply intoxicated. No wonder that habitual drunkenness of this class first impairs and then destroys the vitality of the mind organ, and places the subject of a miserable article in the power of the emotional nature and makes him the creature of his passions. When will the public awake to recognition of facts with regard to these most pernicious of sleepproducers? Remorseless recourse to them has no better excuse than an willingness to search out the cause of "wakefulness" which prevents natural sleep.—*Lancet.*

Value of Order.

A look into the chamber of a boy or girl will give one an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothing hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always neat, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. Many who throw down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a careless, slovenly way, and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner—and she will always do it—and throws her dress and bonnet down on the chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing room, many unhappy marriages would be saved.

"Kangaroo."

Kangaroo is the most interesting sport in Australia, and is one of the most enjoying in the world. Large sums are organized, parties of from twenty to thirty joining in those hunts. They ride to the kangaroo grounds, and as soon as game is sighted the two dogs are released and the horses are given their heels. If the kangaroo hides it well up in his business, and if you let him, he will run you nearly another town and underbush. A good, strong kangaroo will give you a long chase, and very often the dogs cannot follow him. In this case, when the horseman gets up to the kangaroo, he takes off his stirrups and stirrup and knocks the animal over the head, which effectually stops him. He is then killed and skinned. The hind quarters are given to the dogs. It is good enough for eating, but too strong to be palatable to those of delicate taste. The tail, on the contrary, is considered to be delicious when made into soup. The average size of a kangaroo is about 5 ft high, but the "old man kangaroo" is often 6ft high, and is very fierce when cornered, and is known to have ripped men open with a single blow from one of its hind legs.

The California Ostrich Farm.

Mr. Sketchley, proprietor of the Anaheim ostrich farm, who has been in this city for several days, says the San Francisco *Alta*, of recent date, stated in relation to the enterprise: "Though the farm has now good prospects of becoming a complete success, it is still an experiment. It is about eight miles out of Anaheim and covers 200 acres. The old birds number twenty-one, and there are eighteen newly hatched, about six weeks old. They grow rapidly, being at the age of six weeks about the size of a full grown hen turkey. The birds are attended by three men. The hatching season has just begun. I have several birds sitting on from twelve to fifteen eggs each, and have a large number of eggs in an incubator. If the farm be successful it will yield large profit. One-half of the ostrich feathers sent from Africa are marketed in the United States. California ones many never left the farm, under the best circumstances, show scarcely stained dollars, but, in the next ten years, most of the best feathers will be demand. Each bird ought to yield, at least, a hundred dollars, while feathers twice as long as those of the African ostrich are to be washed and sold from $4 to $6 the length-farming is a business very simple. Hence any south ostrich farms, one, two, or more ostriches, beside grand pieces, symphonies, orchestra, string quartets and quintets, and overtures. The catalogue contains the names of 505 works, and a supplement, a list of eighteen compositions, omitted by Cherubini, was added by the publisher.

Cherubini's Masses are sung to the present day in many Catholic churches. His Ave Maria is a famous piece for soprano solo, both in the church and the concert room. Of the Masses, the Messe Solennelle in A is considered one of the best, though the one in D is very grand, and the Requiem in D is also very beautiful. But the C minor Requiem is entoned his greatest work. It is distinguished, in the requirements of the Missal, into seven numbers, the Introit, Graduale, Sequence (Dies Irae), Offertorium (Domine Jesu), Sanctus and Benedictus, Tract (Sed quando eis respondere possumus), Agnus Dei. The treatment, while thoroughly devotional and reverent is intensely dramatic.

Cherubini died on May 15th, 1842, highly honored and much beloved. Among his pupils were many whose names have since won fame, including Auber, who succeeded him as Director of the Conservatory, Boieldieu, and Halevy. Though an Italian both by nationality and style, his long residence of fifty-four years in Paris had a powerful influence, not only upon his contemporaries, but also on his successors. His music lives, and will live as long as long as beautiful melody and feeling are appreciated.

L. SAVARD MERCADANTE, 1795-1870.

Another long lived composer of sacred music, whose works are still heard in the churches, is Saverio Mercadante. He was born at Altamura, in the Province of Bari, in Southern Italy, on December 16, 1795. In his infancy he showed a love for music. When twelve years old he entered the Collegio di San Pietro a Maiella, of which Zingarelli was the director. Here he learned to play the flute and violin, and became leader of the orchestra. He also learned the elements of counterpoint, and in 1818 he made his debut as a composer in a cantata entitled, "L'Apparizione d'Ecole." He followed this with a succession of operas, produced at various Italian cities, Vienna, Madrid and Cadiz; many of them being reproduced in London and other European capitals.

In 1833 Mercadante was appointed Maestro Di Capella of the Cathedral at Novara, in succession to Pietro Generoli, and for the choir of this church he composed a number of Masses, motets, solos, and other sacred pieces. In 1840 he became Director of the Conservatory at Naples. In 1861 he became totally blind, having lost one eye by an accident while at Novara, but he continued to compose by dictation. In November, 1870, he was stricken with a mortal disease, to which he succumbed on December 17th, 1870, just passing his seventy-fourth birthday.

The most of Mercadante's sacred compositions are in the light and trivial Italian style, and as such do not find much favor in countries where a more serious and reverential manner is preferred. But among his Masses there is one, that for three voices, which is a first favorite, and has been reprinted in numerous editions. It is often sung in American Catholic churches, and it has been arranged for four voices, and sung in Protestant churches. Among his solos are "Salutaris" and "Salve Regina" still maintain popularity, and may be frequently heard.

How to have Money.

Young men who want to be rich must be industrious, and not idly waiting for money to come to them from the terrible mines, or be committed in her course. The resolution was adopted. Father Harrington cast addressed the meet

THE MONITOR.

MONITOR MENTION.

Best Pictures taken at the Imperial, 724 Market street.

Chas. H. Darwin, Attorney at Law, Chair of Darwin & Murphy, Pioneer Building, Montgomery block.

Mrs. Whitney, manufacturer of ladies and children's underclothing, 1 Taylor street, near Market. Ladies' suits from $5. Tilting and fitting.

To Art Lovers—For superb framed photographs, oil paintings and water colors go to Mrs. W. C. Allen's gallery, 308 Sutter street.

Dr. Lipps, Surgeon, No. 4 Kearny st., opp. the Gold Exchange. Consultation free. Specialties—Diseases of the Eye and Ear, Catarrh, Deafness, Throat and Lungs.

E. Dornitz, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, 10 Sacramento street, near Montgomery, Nos. 1 and 2 Hospital operations and Dispensary a specialty.

Ladies can have their dresses made at home, or be taught in Mother Gilson's Dress Cutting and Fitting Academy, 1 Taylor street, near Market.

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For a set of teeth—warranted as good as can be made. Teeth filling, $1. Dr. Simms, Dentist, 825 Market street.

The best and cheapest coal and charcoal can be obtained at Mahoney's, 1 Market street, opposite Palace Hotel. Also, a full line of Cumberland coal.

Ladies' dresses, gents' suits, boots and shoes made to order, and repairing done in the best manner, neat, cheap. For satisfaction, shop, one street of the Occidental Hotel.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for unlimited stay in Petaluma, $1.75. To Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $2.50; to Cloverdale, $3.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for unlimited stay in Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2; to Cloverdale, $2.50.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises, Cheap for Cash, Sign of the Big Boot, 1 Market street, opp. Occidental Hotel.

Ladies' Dress Cutting, Fitting and Dressmaking taught in 1 lesson. Mrs. Dr. Lamb

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL UNION.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

which so distinguished an approbation as that of the Plenary Council assembled.

I feel confident, therefore, that the intention to attend the convention, which I hereby most warmly extend to all kindred societies, will be accepted; and that all those who desire to see the number of thoroughly Catholic and well-organized associations for the benefit of our young men greatly increased, will lend their valuable assistance in affecting a perfect brotherhood of societies in a National Union which has been so repeatedly blessed.

To become affiliated to our Union a certificate of the thorough Catholicity of the society desirous of affiliation, signed by the reverend pastor, if the society be a parochial one, together with an annual fee of four dollars, will be required.

At the Newark convention the following questions will be discussed, and papers thereon will be read:

1 How to secure in each locality the observance of the Union's "Communion Day."

2 The objections to going to Communion in a body examined.

3 How can archdiocesan and diocesan unions be made more effective?

4 Is a diocesan employment bureau practicable?

5 Reasons why some young men's societies do not flourish.

6 Parochial work that may be engaged in by our societies.

7 Why our C. Y. M. societies should give attention to penal and reformatory institutions, and how they can best do so.

As is evident, these reflections deal principally with society interests. Our great aim for the present is to make the organization of our societies as effective as possible. For that reason I have endeavored to select such topics for discussion as will best help to effect this purpose.

To the treatment of these several questions the greater part of our time at the convention must be devoted. Other matters, such as reports, petitions, etc., must not occupy more than a very limited portion of the two days that will be at our disposal. Hence the necessity of great brevity in their presentation. I hope special attention will be made in these reports of how the Union's "Communion Day" was observed by each society, for the holy effort of all must be to make this institution paramount.

Our lively faith in the Sacraments must be made the characteristic mark of the union's sterling Catholicity. Nothing will better secure the blessing of heaven, the approbation of superiors and the moral integrity of Catholic young men; and it is such men that our times stand sadly in need of.

The world is overrun with moral imbeciles; and the Young Catholicity of many Catholic young men does not remove them from that numerous category. Simple profession of faith is not enough to enable us as Catholic young men, to do our duty to our God, to our country, and to our business. "Active virtue and energetic piety" are necessary, and without the Sacraments they cannot be practiced.

We have now only two months to make our immediate preparation for our annual session. From all parts of the country the reports of society work are such as may warrant us in expecting to meet at Newark a very large number of delegates, from whom encouraging evidence of increasing efficiency will undoubtedly be received. This, however, will greatly depend upon the efforts of the Clergy, who, I trust, will be unanimous in kindred society in their respective districts.

Any information that may be desired will be cheerfully furnished by our energetic national secretary, Mr. Peter D. Bynon, No. 602 F street N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hoping that this address will be honored with the attention which is due to the cause it advocates, and appealing to our Catholic young men of the country to make that cause more the object of their more serious attention, I remain, in the bonds of Christ,

J. H. MITCHELL,
President C. Y. M. N. U.
ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, BROOKLYN.

BRUTAL BRIGANDS.

Horrible Torture of a Poor Parish Priest in Spain.

CURBAIA, April 8.—The *Tribune's* Madrid cable special says: A horrible outrage is reported from Carmona, Seville province. A band of robbers seized the village late at night and easily gained entrance, as the people were all in bed and asleep. The robbers demanded that the priest should tell them where he kept his money, and on being told that all he had belonged to the poor of the parish, refused to disclose its hiding place. They tortured Ametzaga to make him compliant. He spread the secret. They threw him upon the floor, and two ruffians plunged his feet into red coals under them. They repeated their demand and the priest still refused. They pulled out his tongue to its full length and seared it with a hot poker. The priest by this time was in the most frightful agony and unable to speak, but still refused. They forced the burning piece of iron down his throat. The brigands again threw him upon the hotch coals. The priest fainted and they thought he was dead. Ruffians went to find my money, they returned to the house, and finding the priest better, they dragged him to the door, tore his clothing into strips, and with these they stabbed his bodyless. When the body of the priest was found it was bound in a cruise. The authorities have sent troops in pursuit of the brigands. Mar. Rompaldo del Tinbaro, Pascal Nunolo et Ametzaga is horrified at the outrage and trusts that the Spanish Government shall offer a large reward for the capture of the brigands.

MORE MARTIRS IN CHINA.

Catholic Priests and Chinese Converts Killed.

The Shanghai *Mercury* of March 5th says: "The hostility of some Chinese officials to the introduction of the Christian faith into this empire, and the favorable terms of their concilatory edicts to the Christian converts in the provinces. In our issue of the 27th we published recent intelligence from the interior of Yunnan respecting a decree issued by Chedoiengpo-pu (the Viceroy of the two provinces Yunnan and Kweichow) for the destruction of all Roman Catholic converts, and the order was said to have had effect in signses. According to information then received, several hundred Catholic villages were destroyed, and some hundreds of converts killed. Two or three priests were also slaughtered. The desirable nature of the report and confirmation in the fact that various Consuls have in the meantime received a notification from the Viceroy that he was in receipt of a dispatch from the Tsungli Yamen, calling on officials in his jurisdiction to protect the lives of foreign residents in Shanghai the fact that the Viceroy of course serious disturbances which had lately taken place in the province of Kweichow between natives and Christians, will minimize no doubt the European who intend to visit the province in question should refrain from doing so at present. It is now feared that the decree issued by Chedoiengpo has been carried into effect, but to what extent remains to be disclosed."

PREVENTING AN EJECTION.

Gallant Damagui Priests and People Drive out a Grasping Bailiff.

DUBLIN, March 31.—A number of tenants were to have been evicted at Gweedore, County Donegal, today, but the people, men, women and little children, to the number of 1,000, refused to refrain from carrying out the well, enforced by a mixed military and of the Parish Priest and the people. On the appearance of the Crowbar brigade the chaged bailiff very wisely ordered a retreat, but unfortunately mountaineers rushed to the threatened scene in great numbers, spread the alarm and defeated the enemy. They offered no violence to the person.

In Favor of the 36-Pulleyway Shovel.

LONDON, April 3.—At a meeting of the Irish Land Committee today, it was decided to petition the National Members of Parliament were also present and resolution was adopted in favor of the 36-pulleyway shovel by the British troops.

Sprue of Pigs.

Matron's cows have lactative. Pimenat to the Palate, accompanied with Nausea, harmless to Cattle, poisonous to the Swine. Vous habitual Constipation, Billiousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Sic. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the liver and acts on the whole. Sold by Gaith, Chille and Druggists throughout the repute on which its acts. Better than Fitter, Assesses Liver medicine, pills, ecbo and drastic. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Four Reports Rife.—Her Smiles at Sorrow and her Mirth in Grief.—General Jay threatened Ireland on St. Patrick's Day.—The Day in the New North. An Outrage in Derry.—He Welcomes for the Prince of Wales. England's New Plan for Ruining Ireland. Irish Indignation at the French Government's Action.

[FROM OUR REGULAR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir.—Although the morning of Ireland's National Festival, St. Patrick's Day, was calm and promising, the weather did not prove favorable throughout the day. Towards evening it grew cold and stormy with a few heavy showers of rain, which did not serve to allay in the least the ferocity of the gale. The elements, as if sympathetic with the national spirit, did not whether appear to damper the ardor of the Irish people.

Because the Irish, like the Israelites in crossing the promised land, have their pillar of cloud by day, which is the light of the Sun of English tyranny, and their pillar of fire by night, which is the light and power of their patriotism and unwitting, while the dawning of the morning of their national enlightenment shines every day and makes their darkened their path, and the sunshine of Freedom's rich illuminating the distant goal causes them to forget the present petrolium and Wiggins of their unchanged condition.

The citizens of the Metropolis, "metal York," and other important towns took to the streets and performed their part in honoring our Patron Saint in a commendable fashion, by national demonstrations of every description, decorations, banners, processions, etc., while National Parade in the streets at intervals. But

TO THE SEE OF THE PRIMATE

of the province of Saint Columkille, Emperius and Malachy, it was the best credit to loyalty, to Catholicity, to religious and enthusiasm in the cause of Nationality, by carrying out their programme of a pilgrimage in the stronghold of Ormazon and Lorcan, the Primate's Palace, the scene on St. Patrick's Day, City—Derry, was witnessed by a concourse of people estimated north of the Boyne. National Dublin, on that day, over the metropolis of Ireland, which has been throwing brick-bats and firing revolvers during the past two years, was thrown into a fever of excitement by the Nationalists, who, with the sound of drum and the flying of banners, marched in procession through the city, and then tastefully illuminated the night before, and the Nationalists of Dublin, to show that they are determined to interfere with their erection, 300 policemen were drafted into the city, and Dublin Castle, and the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Abercorn, and the Duchess, and the Duke of Leinster, and cute the "Hibernia" instead of Dublin Castle, and the "Hibernia" Saxon time.

THIS IS A CLEVER PLAN.

England has at last thought of it in order to prevent Ireland successfully. That of course the "Royal Presence" would be enough to make the rebellion quiet, but England knows that it is not to be in the hands of royalty, however popular, to prevent the Irish people from fraternizing between her royal son and the improver of Ireland's Parliament, Ireland's Parliament, Ireland's Dublin Castle, which should not stand in view of

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

ST. MARK AT ALEXANDRIA.

When Rome's vast Empire echoed Nero's name,
In the obstinate year of Christian fame,
A small ship, in full rigging, was seen one day,
To enter the great Alexandrian bay,
And soon, after crossing the Pharos's grand,
She gaily cast anchor near Egypt's strand:
The Master's heart was joyfulness once more
As he breathed the sands of his own loved shore:

From that ship the eye could easily trace
The magnificent gifts of its noble owner,
And see how it sparkled in marble, lavish and rare,
Where purest luxury had reared its home,
A ship of palace it truly seemed
As the setting sun in refulgence beamed
On each gilded dome and enhanced light,
Crowned by a gorgeous evening sky!

This great capital of the Ptolemies
Had grown wealthy and powerful, and proud
Since the days when Alexander first chose
Than that site on the shore Caballian mount.
A superior place at her commander
Brought her rare gems from the Orient land,
With Arabia's spices and Ceylon's gold
And other else imports of value untold.

The warrior whose name this city bore
Had conquered kingdoms in days of yore;
But vanish his trophies, as dust in the wind,
Compared with the voice that became manifest
From the prevailing darkness of heathen night,
Bade the Gentile nations to see (what's shedding light)
Proof from the mission of mercy of God's Son,
And convinced that it serves but for a time.

This little ship such a Victor now bore;
A relic whom the pagans would fain adore;
But they knew him not as he passed them by,
With calmness in face and purpose high!
Though his hair and beard were spattered with gray,
His bearing
His bearing
His bearing
Shewed his life's middle years had not yet run by.

Who is this here that descends from the barges?
He is Greek in appearance, this noble Mark!
He comes not in search of riches or fame—
Not for the spoil of his Master' name!
He had planted the faith on Sibyn's soil,
And Thessalonica was made fruitful in faith,
And other parts of Egypt his blessings shared;
But now he a nobler conquest dared.

Alexandria was populous, rich and proud;
Jew had her wealth and prestige high!
In her streets was spoken every tongue then
Known;
And in learning vast the no rival could even.
Of Inspired Epistles she possessed one,
Known as the Hebrew most favored retreat;
A Roman mission she enlightened far;
And was then manifested Rome's brightest Star!

Ere Mark of Mendicot or Mount-gate stood,
He thought where should he first bear his tidings
Of Jesus
Should he bend his steps towards the Museum
Grand,
Or find a Jehovah amongst the crowds that stand
In the great synagogue, where the broken song,
Which intercede his ear as he enters the street?
The Priests upon Moses' seat, he was not by
Dulgued, by an outcast, to send a reply!

Will he only address the people gone by
Who are hurrying to the Temple of Jehovah?
He hesitated, and thought of the consequence,
And the outcast's duty to some guardian dared.
Having stood in the Jewish temple and place,
The latter replied with the wonted grace:
"I am the Jehovah's Ambassador here,
When the Scriptures designe to be God's Divine Son."

"What are the Scriptures, allow me to ask?
The writings of Moses were my highest task;
Of Jesus I know not, and care not to know
The Gospel, which contains of Jesus, which said,
Teaching the pagan till the dawn of the morn,
"I am Jehovah," and also, "I am your father,
A Disciple so upright, doubt unknown,
Who ripe for the Force he was destined to bear.

Mark, like the Master, to the poor would first
Jesus,
Not, not only the poor, was his doctrine to reach;
Alexandria's Church was to wide to be fold
The gospel of Jesus, which Mark had
Jesus, which Mark had
Jesus, which Mark had

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY NINETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in the formation of public opinion. It arbitrates between contending classes, and, by its influence, it can, if it will, regulate journalism is not only a profitable business, but it is a noble and honorable one. It is a business of science, but a sort of sacred science. What is said in the pulpit is addressed to a congregation; but what is said in the newspaper is addressed to the world, whatever it may be—secret all, the Divine truth—the truth of God—with Christ and through Christ."

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, the Catholic journalists of this country, the writers of Catholic journals who embrace the cause of religion, the rights and those of the Holy Church, and who, in a spirit of devotion and prayer, with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

— Next Saturday will be the feast of St. Mark, and in commemoration of the recurrence of that anniversary, a gifted poet who serves God in the garb of sweet Charity, has written a lovely poem which we print with great pleasure upon the second page of the present issue.

— Robbery of the Church on the latest improved Italian plan, is the foremost plank in the political platform of the new French ministry. In order to cover up the contemplated crime of sacrilege, it is called "secularization of religious property" in the manifesto of the atheists.

— At the last regular meeting of the Knights of St. Patrick, D. Hanlon, Esq., delivered a more than usually interesting address on "The Political and Religious Influence of the Irish Race in America," which will prove a very interesting historical chapter for the pursual of our readers in our next issue.

— The ancient proverb which says "the anvil lasts longer than the hammer," might appropriately be applied to the Church and Freemasonry, when we read by hundreds of thousands of hammers upon her carcass, yet the anvil of the Almighty God on earth still stands as undaunted, as unworn and as enduring as when first it was forged by Him who declared that His Church should be eternal as He Himself is eternal.

— Mr. S. J. McCormick will leave for the East this week in company with Mr. Joseph I. Toohig, to attend the Supreme Council of the Catholic Knights of America which will meet in New York early next month. Mr. McCormick will be absent about six weeks, and will send editorial correspondence from the different places he may visit during his tour throughout the Atlantic slope. We know that the readers of the MONITOR will wish our absent Chief a pleasant trip and a safe return.

— Our Irish correspondent furnishes quite an interesting communication this week which every Catholic on the American continent—whether Irish or not—should read in order to see how Ireland is manipulated by England's future monarch in order to keep Irish Catholics out of office in Ireland. Any Catholic who joins in paying public honors to Macoas—in view of the condemnatory Letter recently issued by the present glorious Pontiff—should be summarily excommunicated from the Church they thus dishonor.

— Some Catholics who live a few miles distant from a Church complain that it is "too far" for them to go regularly to Mass on Sundays or holydays. But the Church is never "too far" away from true followers of Christ. An instance of this fact was proved recently when Bishop Moreno was administering the sacrament of Confirmation among the Indians, some of whom came from their camps which were 25, 30 and even 40 miles distant. What a lesson for those lazy Catholics who live God less that they do their own personal convenience.

— Rt. Rev. A. J. Glorieux was consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Idaho in the Baltimore Cathedral on Sunday last. Archbishop Gibbons was the consecrating Prelate, assisted by Archbishop Green of Oregon, and Bishop Brondel of Montana, Mass of Covington, and Keane of Richmond. The priests assisting at the impressive function were Rev. G. W. Devine, deacon of the Mass, Rev. I. S. Lee, master of the Bulla, and Revs. B. J. McMann and A. Boyar masters of ceremonies. The MONITOR heartily wishes the new Prelate *ad multos annos*.

—American brimstone seem to have a *penchant* for Italian nobleness. In addition to Miss Mackey, the leading names on the list comprise Miss Field, Princess Brancaccio; Miss Lorillard Spencer, Princess Vinyarcs Canal; Miss Broadwood, Princess Doapoli; Miss Conrad, Marchess Teodoli; Miss Kinney, Countess Granotti; Miss Fisher, Countess Oberardesca; Miss Roberts, Countess Galli; Miss Fry, Marchess Torrigiani; Miss Lewis, Countess Barbolini Amadei; Miss Gillinder, Marchess di San Marzano; and Miss Hengerford, Countess Taffanon.

— Command us to the New York *Herald* for stupid comment on anything connected with Ireland. Referring to Wales' visit to Ireland and Mr. Parnell's manifesto, the *Herald* says: "The visit of the prince can only be productive of good. It will be the first time in Ireland's history that an English man capable of judging the conditions under which the Irish people live and are ruled will have visited them." Considering that this will be Wales' fifth visit to Ireland, the above rude very shamefully, and the idea that Wales is the only Englishman capable of judging the Irish situation who has ever visited Ireland, is hugely ridiculous.

—The report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, for 1885, classifies the crimes of the parish of both sexes (under 21) as follows: Murder, 74; attempted murder, 104; burglary, 179; highway robbery, 84; grand larceny, 72; larceny, 230; forgery, 10; arson, 4; manslaughter, 2; counterfeiting, 5; train wreckers, 3; mail robbery, 4; picking pockets, 8; suicide, 37; attempted suicide, 24. The band of a dozen boys is mentioned—all under 10 years of age—who had voted to kill their mothers. One of them proposed to practise upon a servant girl first, but she objected, and the plot was discovered.

— Last week we alluded to the greed for gold, pupils and fine linen, a high character for the preponderant portion of Presbyterian preachers. The following very peculiar method of collecting a Minister's salary we clip from the New York Sun, which tells the tale of the mercenary spirit of Presbyterian preachers very thoroughly. The Sun says "there is no financial nonsense about the Presbyterian pastor at Palmyra, Mo. He the first day of each month he draws his check upon the bank for his monthly salary in advance, and the bank regularly honors the check and charges it up to the deacons, who are personally responsible for the salary. Thus no delay or default in paying the subscriptions can affect him."

— During the past two weeks the British Lion has been roaring at the Roman Bear, and the latter shaggy-coated emblem of the Empire has been growling back. The world looked on and said "war." But Russian red tape and John Bull's diplomacy dissipated the war-cloud, and now their international difficulties are to be settled by representatives of both Powers who will survey the disputed territory and draw an imaginary line thereon which is to preserve the peace for the present. A war in Europe, just now, would open a market for American products and give the farmers of this State a chance to get rid of their surplus grain, but Russia has no money and John Bull has so much belligerent business at present on hand, that he thinks it better to bear his present ills than fly to others which might prove his national ruin.

— The have sought among the Catholic girls and young women of Germany by the Culturkampf is well indicated by a complete return quoted in the *Germania*, showing that in consequence of the expulsion of the teaching orders. The archdiocese of Posen and Cologne, and the dioceses of Breslau, Ermland, Fulda, Hildesheim, Cuhn, Limburg, Munster, Osnabruck, Paderborn, Treves, and the district of Hohenzollern, then lost altogether 2,276 convents establishments entirely devoted to the education and training of girls and young women—including 91 *ecole gardiennes*, 72 orphanages, 40 industrial schools, 27 girls' day schools, and 47 boarding schools, which could not at the time be supplied again. The number of children affected by these barbarous measures was 84,000; whilst the cost to 226 communes for supplying the places of the nuns' schools with new establishments is reckoned at 962,070 marks, or about $227,000 per year.

— When General Grant'Dine the dispatches will depict his last hours and furnish a certificate of his having died "firm in the Methodist faith," under the spiritual guidance of the notorious Parson Newman. It is well, therefore, to forestall such methods by copying from an Associated Press dispatch of the 4th ult. this simple fact, which hooks the endangering from the presumptuous Religious power of Rome over Grant's mind, who—like a multitude of public men in America—manages to live as if religion was merely an ornament which men could do without both in this world and the next. Alluding to Parson Newman's perseverance in praying, the dispatch in question asserted that General Grant said that Dr. Newman prayed for him, and that he allowed him to pray, but that he thought the clergyman's prayers would save him, but he did not want to say anything to hurt his old friend's feelings, and he did not request him to stop. Evidently the hero of Richmond will understands how valuable are the services of those kissing preachers who give their godless services to the rich and powerful, but who spurn the poor and lowly. Newman wants notoriety, hence he keeps his praying machine in running order, even though he must know that it annoys Grant to hear the doleful sound of the Parson's delorous twang.

Disjointed Catholics.

The *New York Catholic Herald* has coined the forgiving name for that class of Catholics who render "lip-service" to the Church, but whose piety consists of the doctrine taught old Christianity which is so prevalent on the Pacific Coast. Our contemporary's remarks are applicable to many localities just as well as they are to Manhattan Island. The *Herald* says.

"There are in this city quite a lot of people who give a representative Catholic to all appearances, who which be called disjointed Catholics. They are Catholics in name and principle. They call themselves "liberal," which term is as absurdity as applied to religion in the matter of belief and practice. To be a Catholic a person must believe and hold fast to, and practice and advocate and insist upon all that the Church teaches and holds as true. If they do not do that they are not Catholics in the correct sense of the word. No indifferent can make belief for himself and say to "liberal" those of his own. In the preliminary Address on the Freedom of Worship bill Senator M. C. Murphy made a vigorous and well-timed protest against the insinuation that the acts of those who are nominally Catholics in the course of a speech in opposition to the bill of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop Loughlin, Bishop Wadhams, Bishop Ryan, Bishop Wigger, Bishop Ireland, Bishop Gilmore, Bishop Keane, Bishop Spalding

Farm and Home.

Children at Table.

Never let your children come to the table until you are quite sure that they won't undertake to do all the talking. This you will find a law which you have yet to discover. Tell the company there isn't room for them. You are never safe with the children at the table. If there is anything you don't want known it will be told them. The boy who never noticed that the spoons were plated will shout, as though giving you information:

"Oh, see the gold coming through the spoons!"

And that same boy will say he wishes it was Sunday, and when your guests ask him why, he will reply:

"Because we always have pie Sunday."

You will find out he knows a great deal that you never suspected he knew, and you will be at a loss to ascertain how he ever acquired himself with the facts. A boy at the table is a well-spring of displeasure. If his sister is biased by any one he is always the person to witness the performance, and tells of it at the table before a crowd. He is always the one to give to the world the fact that his sister uses powder, wears false teeth, and is thirty two years old. If there is a mortgage on the place the boy hears you speak of it, and then goes around talking about it as though it were something to be pointed to with pride and pleasure. Everything you say in the house of your family that should not be repeated, the boy repeats, and he always has the faculty of repeating it at the wrong time and to the wrong person.

If you say the clergyman's sermon was too long or too dry, the boy will take it all in, and say nothing until the clergyman comes around to make his regular visit, and then he will let it out just after you have entered the room. If you say the doctor is not fit to enter house, he will jump up on the doctor's knee, when he calls, and cunningly say:

"Oh, doctor, mamma says you ain't fit to cure hams."

The old adage that boys will be boys ought to be changed that boys will be fiends. One boy is more bother than half a dozen girls. The boy is always in mischief. When he is at school he is always up some kind of deviltry to perpetrate when school is out. Or else he is playing tricks on the teacher. When he is at home he is twisting the cat's tail, or disturbing her boudoirs during the cat's beauty sleep. It there is no cat to torment, he will torment his little sister by making faces at her or drawing the dog up in her doll's clothes.

Some General Requirements of Good Society.

Enter a room as if you felt yourself entitled to a welcome, but wished to take no undue advantage of it.

In walking always keep to the right.

Do not press a favor where you see it will be unwelcome.

Treat all the guests you meet at your friend's table, for the time being, your equals.

Never profane to be that which you are not. Everybody laughs when the pinnies are borrowed; but if they are imaginary, the laugh may change into a frown.

You must never send a visiting card by post.

Do not rush into a friendship with everybody you meet. Friendships so quickly made are quickly broken.

In another man's house do not take upon yourself to play the host—not even at the host's request.

In making gifts let them be in proportion to your means. A rich man does not thank a poor man for making him a present which he knows the giver cannot afford.

Do not claim the acquaintance of a man of rank on the ground that you once met him at a house to which you had been invited.

Let it be said of you as it was said of Moneglig, that he remembered everything "except an injury."

In making calls, do your best to lighten the infliction to your hostess. Do not stay long; and do not enter upon a subject of conversation which may heavily bear with the apprehension that you intend to remain until you have exhausted it.

Do not give another, even if it be a better, version of a story already told by one of your companions.

The foundation of good manners is the way in which a man behaves to his superiors or inferiors.

A young lady should remember that silence is golden, and not speak too often or too long, or too glibly. Let what you say be to the purpose, let it be so said that it will forget that she spoke or may recollect the manner of it.

Why Doesn't the Baby Walk?

One inquiry which is often asked the physician is: "Why does not my baby walk?" In answer we may say, first of all, that delay in walking does not necessarily imply physical disease or weakness. A child's disposition may have much to do with it; courage and self-confidence make the infant forward, while timidity will make him backward. The example of others, especially of other children, stimulates the enterprise of a child; while, on the other hand, too constant attention from nurses renders an indolent child from the necessity of exertion. When the tardiness passes beyond the ordinary limits, it may be due to some weakness, either natural to the child, or perhaps the result of some definite disease. Any severe ailment may entail such debility as to interrupt the natural development of the child in this direction. Even the process of dentition may have such an effect. Many times we have been told at clinic that the child, who had already begun to get about, "lost his walk," as the result of teething or of some disease. Moreover, any lowering of the general condition, without a special fit of illness, may have a like result. Sometimes paralysis of a limb may be at the bottom of the trouble, but this is likely to be recognized from the fact of the illness that preceded it, or from the powerlessness of the limbs for other purposes than walking. So, too, injuries such as fractures and dislocations, have sometimes been overlooked, although it would hardly seem that they could be, by persons of ordinary observation and intelligence.

To say one nay one about the undoubtedness of a child in walking, we would say, first of all, do not hurry and do not worry. Try to ascertain if the child is well as to digestion, nutrition, sleep, and all the matters that go to make up general good health. If you are convinced that your child is in perfect good health, and your opinion is confirmed by your medical adviser, it would be purely proper to encourage him in every way, as the tardiness is probably due to mental particularities alone. If he has had an illness, do your best to bring about his complete restoration. Observe critically whether he uses his lower limbs freely and strongly when sitting and lying, and whether he uses one limb in preference to the other. If he does so the limbs are probably sound. If the examination leaves any doubt in your mind, ask your family physician to decide the point for you.—*Babyhood.*

—Patent amendments of body and mind is possible only with pure blood. Loading medical authorities of all schools recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifying and invigorating as a tonic. It vastly increases the working and productive powers of both hand and brain.

Family Fun.

NASBY'S NOTIONS.

A Patriotic Appeal for Political Recognition.

We have earned our places. We sent a poonammous delegasheen to Sheeago, which was prepared to vote for any one that the wood could be nominated. All doorin the campaign we for Cleveland and Old Sierra Reform in the administrasheen, as man never tot alone. Kentucky was safe, for we don't allow niggers not northern output baggers to vote anyhow, and that we mite do enthin to make sahcurance doubly secur we raised money to send brave, determined reformers over into Injiany and Ohio, where they retold as many times as possible. Impossibrow as I am I contributed to the sahred ore. I borrowed $7 of an intimated Louisville Jrournuer, with bad luck to the outcaers for the fust time, and didn't know us, and I gave half uv it to the Injeany rotin Injun. It wasn't much, but it was more to me than the hundreds of thousands that the Pahrood interest uv New York give for the same purpos. I song as I give it:

I give thee all, I kin no more,
Tho' poor the offrin be.

We have did our sheer—now let the President do his. He should consider that we can't waste furever. He should remember that we har his outside the pale uv offahs for twenty-four years, gnashin our teeth at them wich win Injuns. He should remember that money uv we har hev waiste till we have mone growd on our bas, and that we har hen hongry all these years. He should remember that the Cabbinet task Reformer hev a stomick, jist the same as everybody else, and that it costs like fun or potsch to keep a Civil Serva Reformer loo; herefor we ut don say one word. He should remember that Lehbeck, didn't vote for him, and I did. (Lehbock, by the way, hen a nigger didn't vote for anybody, but he would hav voted for Blaine of he had bin permitted to vote at all.) He should remember that ther are letters acoing every day thro the mails uv the Corners containin money, and I want that money for Christmas and my other expenses. He should remember that time is wingin its away on our sterns in studying, and we can't waste furver. If he dilly dallies with the postoffice till I am dead and an angel, wut good will it do me? I want my money now—now, while I har a stomick to feed and the fires of a personal nose to keep ablaze.

In this I voice the cries uv the faithful from the rock bound coast uv Maine to the tin savannars uv Texas. I howl for two thirds uv the Democracy uv the kentry. I am saying wut the President oughtter, for my appeal is the appeal of a starvin man.

We don't keer about the Cabinet. Them wich will be appointed to the Cabbitt don't need their monthly pay sayhow. They hev already had their pictures taken, they har eleen shirts and most uv them probably two or three. They are not the ones which is hungrin and thirstin. It is at which are after the Postoffices, and Collectorships and such places, wich must be filled sitandfast. It is no time to settle questions uv policy. To-day is our accepted time, and the Postoffices is our policy.

If the President is wise he will heed this cry. We don't keer for policies, or anything else. Give us the offices first and we will swaller whatever policy he presents to us. Deekin Pogram, Isaaker Garfitt and Seneem endorse every word I hav rote.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY
(Barnum).

—*Toledo Blade.*

Skating-Rink Mania Illustrated.

Peter Brown left Brockton, Mass., about three years ago, and last week he returned, and just as he was strolling down the street he was tumbled over by most a dozen, by the name of Smith, who was not prosperous when he left, and who lived just outside the town. Brown was surprised to see the Smiths arriving in a drawn sail, with a hat, and a big diamond pin blazing on his front, and he inquired.

Been to a funeral to-day?

Why, bless you no.

No? I see by here on your best clothes Are you forming yet?

Forming? Well, I should say not, I am running a roller skating rink down here.

Venses is your son Jim?

Oh, he's running a rink at H—.

And pure daughter Lizz?

She's skating under the management of Tim Jones in a Boston rink.

A young lady should remember that silence is golden, and not speak too often or too long, or too glibly. Let what you say be to the purpose, let it be so said that it will forget that she spoke or may recollect the manner of it.

Why Doesn't the Baby Walk?

Who's preaching in his place?

Nobody.

Nobody! What's the matter!

Church is turned into a skating rink!

You don't say so!

Yes, true as preachin'.

Where's Bill Beck, the groceryman!

He was out of business a year ago. He has an ice cream stand in my rink.

Pshaw! Where's aunt Betty Baker and Deacon Blake?

Why, dang it all, they're traveling around visitin' the churches doing the old men and women set on skates. I tell you they're immense.

Say, Dan, what become of your shaghred dog, Cuss.

Darned if the dog didn't get the fever, and one day he snapped in the place where I keep the skates to hire, put on a pair and rolled on the floor just as nice as any human bein', when all of a sudden his hind pair of skates got mixed up with his tail, which tripped him up and he fell back and broke his neck.

Poor dog.

Gosh! I can't help crying when I think of his and and Gage and.

Are there any folks in town who do not skate!

Yes.

Where are they!

Up in the cemetery on the hill.

What a Woman Can Do.

She can say "No," and stick to it for all time.

She can say "No" in such a low soft voice that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil, if you give her plenty of penknives.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can pass the display window of a drapery shop without stopping—if she is running to catch a train.

She can walk half the night with a noisy baby in her arms without once expressing a desire to murder the infant.

She can epprecia a blue from her husband nearly five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place.

She can suffer alone and neglect for days, which can break a bachelor's heart, consideration will drive from her recollection.

She can go to church and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some instances can give you a faint idea of what the text was.

She can—but what's the use! A women can do anything or everything and do it well.

Pageant is a big word for hardly marching band with a tinsel-top pole. Sold by all druggists.

CURSES OF THE KOHINOOR.

The Pamona Diamond and the Evil it is Said to Have Caused.

The belief in the curse-carrying power of certain precious stones is almost as old as the world itself. Emeralds and, pre eminently, opals are deemed unlucky gifts. Walter Scott's novels are affloats in an interesting illustration of Oriental beliefs regarding ill-omened jewels, and the Koh-noor diamond especially has been thought a bearer of misfortune to all its possessors. It certainly has not been an accompaniment of good in the East, whether one ascribes the evil that has followed its ownership to evidence or to some subtle cause.

A recent writer seems to think that the recent sudden and possible continuance in the public affairs of Great Britain have given increased interest to the superstitions connected with the Kohinoor, or mountain of light, which became the property of the British Crown after the conquest of the Punjaub in 1850. It was discovered in the mines of Golconda about 1650. Mir Jumla, the lessee of the mines, a man notorious for his cruelty toward his employes, presented it to his sovereign, the King of Golconda. Soon after the King and Mir Jumla quarreled, and the latter treacherously invited Aurungzebe, the Mogul Emperor of Delhi, to invade his master's dominions. The invasion was a success, and the King of Golconda became a vassal of the Emperor. He speedily rebelled, however, and lost everything. Mir Jumla died and weshed in exile.

COLLAPSE OF THE MOGUL EMPIRE.

Almost simultaneously with his acquisition of the Kohinoor, Aurungzebe's historian uninterrupted good fortune began to decline. He died in 1707, leaving his sons to engage in fratricidal war for his possessions. Shah Alum, the successful heir, got the jewel, died five years later. The next possessor lived only seven years, and within twelve years from the death of Aurungzebe it passed through the hands of five claimants. Six other competitors died during the same time. The Mogul Empire broke to pieces on the reign of the next holder of the diamond, Mohammed Shah, the grandson of Aurungzebe, who in 1739 Delhi was captured by Nadir Shah, the Persian, who carried off $70,000,000 in booty. He was assassinated in 1740

THE VALUE OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

think the almighty dollar the first thing necessary. The first thing he did was to throw aside the Latin as the foundation of education. Up to his time the Latin was the language of education, the emblem through which all knowledge was conveyed.

I HAVE AT HOME IN ENGLAND,

in my library a geometry, an arithmetic, a geography all written in Latin. Latin was the living language of education. De La Salle did away with this. He made the study of the mother tongue the basis of all instruction. How well he succeeded is vouched for by the fact that in no country is the cultivation of the vernacular carried to such perfection as in France. He taught the pupils of his schools that their should not despise labor. He opened technical schools. You find fan specimens of this kind of work in the French department. It was the priest that first gave the impetus to the work which is beginning to bear fruit today. One defect that I find with the American school system is that it does not fit children for after life in labor. What boy brought up in them wants to carry mortar, to be a carpenter? All want to be clerks, people men about town, presidents. The last thing thought of is manual labor. The girls do not want to be servants, to clean the house, to make bread, or to do any manual work. They want to be presidents' wives, or ministers' wives. Were immigration to stop or to be directed to some other channel by France or Germany, where would you get a domestic? The great heart of

THE VENERABLE DE LA SALLE

understood the need of intelligent labor. He established Sunday schools. England and America think that they have invented them. It did not. He established Sunday schools, but not as the schools are at present, but such as made Sunday a general school day for those overworked during the week, but who desired instruction. To carry on his work he understood the necessity of organization. He established a body of men whose only ambition was to make good citizens of earth and heaven, who gave up all desires for political life, and who devoted themselves to method and success in order so do their work well. That order founded by the venerable De La Salle number at present over 11,000 members, and teaches over 300,000 pupils.

They give up all worldly joys, live economically—economically that that for the service of a teacher not more than $400 yearly is required. No pay they should receive this. They live in community, rise early, and always bear in mind this truth: that to teach intellectually they must be patient, to teach morally they must be moral. They prepare themselves for their work by prayer and meditation. "What can I do and how can I best do it?" is their all-absorbing thought.

MINUTE INSTRUCTION IN ALL THEIR ACTIONS.

This is the secret of their success. The paid nurse may be kind, polite, attentive (most kindly), but she can never supply the place of a mother's tender care. Say nothing against the capacity or devotedness of teachers who work for pay, when I say the love of God and charity for men, which is the motive power of the Christian Brothers will be sometimes wanting. Wyoming Brothers' motive and sense of responsibility is for two worlds.

They are for their pupils models of harmony. Regardless of our own nineteenth century, I think that we need more heroes and heroines. They are vowed to poverty, charity and obedience and are for many people mirrors of humility, gravity and zeal. The work of the Christian Brothers is that of strengthening men, morally, physically and intellectually. Their successors will be men of the soldier, sailor, doctor or lawyer. They co-operate with the Creator and fit man for the service of Providence. In their exhibit, which is certainly not inferior, but if I think superior to any educational display in the Exposition, you will find essays, drawing, mathematical papers, etc., characterized by neatness, order, motives and method which will infallibly lead the pupil to the enjoyment of good business habits. I am familiar with the schools of the Christian Brothers in France, England, Ireland, and have visited several of their schools in the United States and must say that I have never seen work of its kind so well done as in their schools.

I am not speaking in order to flatter. The Brothers look to God for their reward. Already in this country we have seen the good work in this land in their parochial and boarding schools. I can only say that I hope they will spread over the land; that the instruction given and the results accomplished are not inferior to those of any other schools in the country, is testified by the exhibit which they make in your Exposition.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

The Waterloo in the Emerald Isle. Second Triumphs in Local Elections. English Flunkeys and the Prince of Wales—Irish Tourists and Turnscotes. Masonry the Moving Spirit in Ireland's Enemies—The Social Ostracism of Belfast—How the Sentinels "Smack" the Shillelagh—The Courage of an Irish Sheriff—Parnell's Blundering Secession Still Hatching.

[FROM OUR REGULAR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The weather in the Emerald Isle throughout the month of March has been exceedingly cold and wet. Only one or two days during the entire month relieved the dreary monotony of rain and sleet. Yesterday and last days are most cloudy with unusual severity. We hope, however, that April's dawn, and the genuine Easter tide which it marks shall wear a favorable change in the elements for an Irish spring—that season in which our land has almost nine moons more bewitching. The North-easterly wind that crosses the Irish Sea about in wild confusion the flames of many a hearth blended from Kerry's heights, to Donegal's dark mountain brows and Tipperary's sunny towns, is a signal of Irish success in the annual

SLAUGHTER OF POOR LAW GUARDIANS

which has just terminated for 1885. In many districts the Nationalists gained notable victories over the combination of Whig and Tory, and rescued their allied force with dismissing. This, was the case in the electoral division of Fahan at Castlegoodman, county Mid Florida, a Nationalist, was returned in defiance of the united efforts of a powerful body of the "loyal minority" men in whose hands the district had been for generations, and who had succeeded in every instance in preventing the rise of a Nationalist to the territorial Parliament. When the news of the National triumph became known, old Donegal resounded with shouts of glee while the place of its fires echoed to the stern tones of fellows that wash its bleak rocky coast. That is not the only victory in this second electoral contest that Donegal can claim; it has had many to chronicle, and when another year shall have rolled by, the utmost course awaits 19 Nationalists of the 19 Irish county and of all Ulster is their electoral campaign for the Free Law Board.

Now, I have mentioned these two important victories simply to show that Irish men are very sensitive body of the Irish people, towards the

UNPALATABLE DRAFT OF FLUNKEYISM.

The Irish capital is so anxious to refuse to kneel down and worship a foreign prince—the representative of a power that has for centuries outlaided upon the blood of our martyred sons, and filled the Saxon coffers with gold while our people starved; and whose officials stamped in infamy and ruin the fair fabric of our land, drove over the Irish peasantry in cartoons and proclaimed their determination not to allow one word of welcome when the Prince of Wales pale face first appeared on shore. Ireland cares

THE GRIEVANCES OF IRELAND

are hourly engaged in preparing for the "Royal Fair." The decoration committee have been at work for a short time, and have been so busy to carry out the wishes of the frantically loyal minority in street adornment, that it had to postpone has tested the adaptation of the Irish Sheriff, who, when the Prince of Wales visited Ireland, was the only man who was not a Freemason. Freemasonry, like all its kindred societies, is a secret society, and is identified with the "royal visit" have not commended themselves to the people of Ireland, and the most conscientious of Irish men.

Lastly, there is a movement initiated as Freemasons at Willie's Rooms this evening, for the Royal Alpine Lodge, No. 16, of which the Prince of Wales is the Master. The Prince of Wales presided at and performed the ceremony. Their Royal Highnesses also dined with the members of the Lodge. This is surely an item of gaffe as breathless interest to the Irish public as that Lord Mayor, in sending from Dublin castle, three lad beasts, and two pigs to the Hall's Bridge Show, or that the "Citizens' Committee," meeting the "Castle Committee" determined to drape their ball-room with lowest bunting, and to invite the Prince to dance all the clean and seemly (including the Irish Jig in waiting, particular and vulgarian, who are preparing their Sunday clothes for the Prince's visit, will remedy it by their sensitive conscience to fall down in worship before the man has just constitutionally proclaimed his contempt for the Pope's authority and Freemasonry yet personally indicting his own son into the tinder with scandal and compass, upon Bible and Judge.

The "Citizens' Committee," indeed, and their ball, will discuss in the announcement a new feature for the Prince of Wales's visit to Ireland, viz., the Freemasonry. Mr. H. B. is a brother Mason and by making his son a craftsman on the eve of his two grandsons all the Masonic brotherhood that, in exchange for their charm they shall have the Royal Arch and confirmation of the Knighting Immortable privileges and pickings which their sons are confident they have long ago sought to monopolize in Ireland. H. H. R. H. arrives in Dublin on the 1st of April, and we could not identify himself more closely with the Masonic order than by the fact that he originated in Ireland, and that under the dignities, and the patronage of the Masonic Order, those who are the most active in the Land League, and children in school compulsory, and extolling the Land League and raise the cross rancle into the bosom. Ireland wants none of their Government Compulsory Education. Irish children are taught to receive instruction where they have the chance, and what they require is an extended and improved system of Education. By such congeniality and Hills for Education with their sons and sons shames, the Government has a hope of lately alienated the Irish Nation, and the young generation of the Irish working classes, from the birth of Land Leaguers, divide them and their aspirations from the other classes of their country. Ireland's sons are not to be so easily deceived, or to be so easily seduced by the Government that have hitherto maintained the Irish nation, and the Government have put our faith to the test by other adversary system. Elizabeth with all her engines of h—ould not weaken it, and Campbell Bannerman, under the patronage of Masonry, or, not by it. While England crumbles to dust in foreign habitable and Ireland continues to brighten with the healthy National sentiment of the people, and the aspirations and advantages of the age. St. Patrick is our guide, and the Irish people are his sons. We know the Bill, it won't move his grave. We know our friends in heaven and on earth. We will help us in the work of our Land Bill.

Yours for Faith and Fatherland

Dr. Bulley's Celery Beef and Iron.

A visit of inspection to the Jesuits' dying weeks, 22d and 23d Bridge street (Thirteenth), will repay the visitor. It is in fact one of the island improvements by drying machinery. The facilities at this establishment are the most good and quickly also enables him to do work very rental. Dr. Fitzbrown makes this work a specialty, but will also accept ordinary work.

Good agricultural Spectacles actually to be had from $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 Mathes, Optical Depot, 135 Montgomery St., near Pacific.

Fancy sweaters from Scotland, and knitting of superior quality, at Hobson's, 1 Montgomery St. Cor. Pacific.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh. A dispatch dated Armagh, March 24th, says: "The condition of the times in Mid Ulster, in Northern Ireland, as well as in Ireland, is improving every day, the dangerous symptoms have disappeared, and all the Masses here to day it was announced that the spare of disturbed the Nationalists in the north of Ireland, are quite at last rest.

Antrim. Great indignation has been caused in the Irish Island on account of the action entirely the breaking of the windows of the Presbyterian church, at Ballycastle, Mass. Mass. Mass.

Cavan.—Mr. James McGuire, of Killinkanvil, Cavan, has appointed to the commission of the Peace for the county Cavan. The Lord Chancellor has appointed Patrick Hoey, of Dundalk, to be a commissioner of the Peace for the county Cavan.

Clare.—On St. Patrick's Day, the National leader, Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., received a report of shamrock, sent to him by Mrs. J. Carroll, of Kinvara, a West Clare lady, and were then at Westminster. Several inches of the shamrock of the Irish sacred were duly honoured in the office and other Irish-American journalists by the same thoughtful lady.

Cork.—On March 27th, the foundation stone of the new Collegiate Church of St. Patrick, Cobh, Cork Harbor, was laid by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of the diocese. The church is being erected at a cost of £20,000, and is intended to be the parish church of the village. The church has been designed by William Hague, Esq., architect. The style is Renaissance, and, when completed, is accordance with the plans, it will be a gem of architecture.

Cork.—On March 27, at Ballybeaghan, near Killasworth, an old man named James Brown, aged about 70, was found in the lower part of a body of water, with his head in the mud. It is supposed he had fallen from the bank and died in the days. Brown was father-in-law of the man who was shot some time ago. Inquiry has to be charged in connection with the Castlelyonsmen's sympathy with land and labor. Some time ago discovery of the cabbage bodies some time ago, and the sympathy with the Land League, and the sympathy with the Land League, and the sympathy with the Land League

Poetry

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

BY JAMES BOGHAN.

A fair young girl at the mirror stood
Twining her white with golden wood
And sighing circlet, with gems adorn,
That glanced like a crown on her queenly brow.

She smiled as she fastened the clasp of pearl
And looked in her white satin robe—for
For to-night was the ball, her first and last;
She looked like a queen—and was the vain.

One more soft touch and she turned to go,
When a child's voice came from the cradle low
"Dod night"—the little boy murmured the hour
"Dod aye he'll dive 'oo a crown of stars."

The maiden laughed as she stopped to place
A good night kiss on the upturned face,
"Yes a crown, little, she said, I will give,
And bestowed away with a lightsome tread.

But all night long, as the dance swept on,
With the glittering throng, the fair form (invalid
crown)
The words that her little sister had said
Kept running, unbidden, through her head.

"A crown of stars!" Ah, what is there
Of earthly splendor to compare
With such a crown, when yonder shine
For ever and forever shine?

The maiden left the whirl and glare
And slipped off in the night air;
She saw the stars enumbered in
Within the bosom of the sky.

"Oh God," she prayed, "in heaven above,
I am unworthy of thy love.
But if thou will, for Christ's dear sake,
Accept the offering that I make.

Take this poor heart and make it shine,
Among the chosen ones to shine.
Purify it within pride and guile;
Take me, for Christ's sake, if Thou will."

"Child, child, you are raving!" they
Whilst Mr. Beecham was pointing out the various landmarks in the country through which they passed to Cresfield, Jack and Nell amused themselves watching the trees and posts fly past his window. "I never saw trees running before," said Nell to Jack. He was about to make some wise answer when—

"Lakenheath!" cried out a railway official, in a prolonged tone, and opening the door of the carriage, they stepped out.

Leaving the station, they had first to climb the hill, from the summit of which they had an extensive view of a most beautiful country. Turn they to the north, they descended to Marylay.

It was lovely dell. At the southern end the richly wooded hills closely approached and enclosed a small meadow.

Nestling among the trees on its banks was a pretty mansion. It had a southern aspect and full view of the vale, and at this time was adorned covered with the clinging ivy and flowering creepers. At a short distance from the southern end of the lake, the little stream formed by the rivulet from it tumbled over the rocks into a shallow stream dancing with light, and went murmuring on its way, now chattering over its stony bed and sparkling and laughing in the sunshine, now flowing silently and darkly in the shade.

Nell danced and skipped with delight, and ran off with Jack to chase the butterflies.

Gertrude glided around, enjoying immensely the scene before her.

"What a lovely place!" she said at last, "I cannot fancy that Eden was more beautiful than this was."

"Yet, Gertrude, evan as of old sin cast its foul gloom on Eden, so, too, to the end, earth's fairest scenes are darkened by its dark blot and its consequences."

Gertrude looked at her father for an explanation, and he continued.

"Yes, dear you can but feel it. By and by, I will give you a sad history of the mishaps of that mansion, which forms one feature in the picture before us.

While Gertrude and her father were thus regarding the picture before them, Jack and Nell were admiring it from another point of view.

"Whither do these stage land, page?" and Gertrude pointing to the mansion asked by an eyes ruling.

"Oh, that is Ladywell. There is an old tradition, that it was once visited as a holy spot in the days of faith."

They advance towards it, and saw a feeble old man endeavoring to carry up a large pail, which he had just filled.

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This deed of charity brought on him a severe fit of coughing. The children watched him anxiously, as he seemed unable to recover his breath, and leaned up against the trunk of a tree for support. After some minutes he began to jest with the children, "Gertrude and half crouch!

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"Nay, my child, do not say so. Try through life to regard what you do in charity to others as so much pay to the Lord, and look on the day as all spent in which you have not tried to do something with that view. We will rest awhile under that old oak."

They bent their steps to this spot, and when seated on the mossy bank, Gertrude opened the little basket, and produced part of the refreshment which their good mother had prepared.

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"I was always treated as a member of the family, being almost as fond with Lily as at home.

"When Edith was about eighteen, Lawrence Morston came to visit Farcley. He was a young gentleman of brilliant parts and pleasing manners, but his principles were mainly on the contrary.

"About three months after his first visit, I met Mr. Morston coming out of Mr. Somers' library, flushed and frowning angrily. He did not expect to meet me on the stairs, and I could almost have laughed at the quick way in which he managed to change to the bland expression with which he bade us "good morning."

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"Lily, as I have said, was a worldly-minded woman. Fashionable, she did not seek straight from religion in the world's sense of the word, but from that which could not give it. By slow degrees, indeed, unconscious to herself, and imperceptibly to Lily, she acquired the sad and fearful habit of drink. This habit soon gained so great a mastery over her as to deaden all her finer feelings, and make her forgetful of her duties, so that she and her children became neglected, and Lily saw that she herself must become father and mother, as well as sister to Robert. Lily had acquired much skill in drawing and painting, and she devoted her spare moments in producing little works from her pencil which she sold for means to support her brother's education. I cannot describe the devotedness with which she watched over this child. Her health began to sink gradually, but her energy and determination of purpose enabled her to perform her new duties bravely and faithfully.

"Her mother at length made a most happy end. The ruling passion was strong even in death, and, though the priest was sent for, she could not be made to understand her state, and thus she died.

"This last blow broke Lily's heart, and, in the little strength she had became daily less. Her life, self-sacrificing and devoted as it had been, had been the most preparative for death, which she welcomed. Small reason had she to love the life which, a few years previous, promised to be as bright as the brightest and rosy, and which had gold fashioned into an overcast by clouds, Robert, indeed, was an anxiety to her; but God Father knew, and, in the future, he would take care into his own special care.

"Fearing to the removal of the Somers family, I had gone to travel on the Continent, and had never been able to procure their address. Robert, on his return, had visited at Mr. Somers' death, and discovered it in a most miserable manner. I was passing in the Fleet street, and my attention was attracted by a group gathered round a picture shop. I drew near and stood riveted to the spot in the days of faith.

"Thy adversary stands it, and saw a feeble old man endeavoring to carry up a large pail, which he had just filled.

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Literary Miscellany.

The Beechams.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

It was a bright July morning in the year 1842 when the quiet Yorkshire dale circle was still sitting in pleasant conversation after the morning meal.

If you, dear reader, will seat yourself in that corner near the open casement, you may, in imagination, enjoy the breeze laden with perfume from without, and at the same time, listen to, and observe the persons to whom you will now be introduced.

In the cozy easy chair sits Mr. Beecham, the owner of this pleasant mansion of Sunnybrae. He is apparently about forty-five years of age, no doubt, would pronounce him to be exceedingly plain; but there is a good humoured kindness mingled with his countenance, and the merry twinkle in his gray eyes reveal such a depth of wit and humour, that one is attracted to him notwithstanding, and the last of the handsomes in his homely face is quickly forgotten.

On the other side of the table is Mrs. Beecham. She is about the same age, but is evidently very unlike her husband. Kindness and gentleness are depicted on her face also, but they are blended with an expression of malcontent, the result, it may be, of character or of some sorrow or perhaps of both combined, which forms a striking contrast with the joyous light hearted one opposite to her. You will not often hear the tones of her voice, and if you hear them you will not, although a stranger, from your heart of hearts, wish that you were one of her children.

Sitting next to Mrs. Beecham is a boy of sixteen. You will scarcely require more than a glance at that face with its firmly set mouth to convince you of his wilful and obstinate disposition.

Gertrude, a fair young girl of fifteen, at present engaged in earnest conversation with papa, does not resemble either of her parents in personal appearance, but you may trace a great likeness to the old painting of grandmamma, which hangs over the fireplace, with its blue eyes and gentle, calm expression. On the couch near her, lies Leonard, her invalid brother. There are yet two other members of the family. Here! there are three many noses in the hall outside. You will not be long kept waiting for an acquaintance. The door opens. A fine boy of three, with a regular, laughing face, enters the room, holding a little fairy by the hand, her golden hair tied back to keep the persons out of her blue eyes.

"Allow me to introduce Queen Mab," he cries, "she is seven years old, to-day."

Nell does not wait for any further introduction, but, skipping across the room, climbs on papa's knee for a kiss. She is so quickly down again, and gives a similar salutation from each one present.

When breakfast was ended, Mr. Beecham, turning to his wife, said, "I have been thinking of taking the youngsters off to Marylay." She replied, smiling, "I am glad of it: I think it will do them all good."

"But," said Mr. Beecham, "poor Leonard is not able to join us, and you, I know, will not accept an invitation without him. I suppose, Richard, you will accompany us?" said Mr. Beecham, addressing his eldest son. "Well, papa, I have made an engagement to go boating with Isidore Hilton and another friend." "Hilton" exclaimed Mr. Beecham in undisguised surprise. "Surely, he is not the son of that scoundrel, Myles Hilton, Richard—who is he?"

"Well, papa, he is a splendid fellow, have met him a good deal during these holidays. He lives at Clifton Lodge, about a couple of miles from this.

"I am exceedingly sorry, Richard," said his father, "that this acquaintance has been formed. It is a pity you do not ask your mother or myself about new associates you come across.

Richard made no reply; he knew a remark, but after giving moodily through the window for a few moments, rose and left the breakfast room.

The children now dispersed, and Mr. Beecham, turning to his wife, said, "Marie, what do you think is best to be done? Would it be advisable to put an end to this boating acquaintance, by insisting on Richard's joining the picnic to Marylay?"

"I believe," replied Mrs. Beecham, "that Maurice Leigh will accompany Richard and his friend. With Maurice, I think he is safe, and perhaps it would be more prudent not to oppose him to-day. You know his self-willed disposition, and I fear he is in one of his obstinate moods now. If he is forced to take this trip with you, he will probably seek Hilton's company, through perversity, all the more on another occasion. The day after to-morrow Richard returns to college, and then, for some time at least, there will be an end to this companionship, and I hope we may be able to break it off altogether.

"I dare feel most anxious about our boy," she said aside, "his extreme reserve, together with his proud willfulness, is to me a painful contrast to the frank ingenuousness and docility of his younger brother."

Her husband made no reply, and Mrs. Beecham left him, to make preparation for the day's journey, and to provide a well filled hamper of good things for the travellers.

In another hour and a half they were at the station. They took their seats in the train, which, with a whistle and a shriek, soon speed on its way to Lakenheath, the nearest halting place to Marylay.

"Lakenheath!" cried out a railway official, in a prolonged tone, and opening the door of the carriage, they stepped out.

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PRISON SCENE.

of Gloom and Light in Pablo Penitentiary.

Labor, its Teachers and Pupils—Exercises and their Aids to Prison

"Oh, no," said Warden Patty, on being asked by a reporter "If you go the penitentiary lighted, up of the fifteen hundred convicts, there are some, in their cells, and an impressive sight.

"Yes, I have seen the grand chapel across the vestibule from the cells, and it is a very impressive sight to see those whom honest men of every class in their last robe, the reporter asked, "Is the law evil upon those who have duty's labor, had not of the privilege he has of the light of the cell, and the chapel?

"To sleep, perchance to dream, is the most common desire of prisons, and in his troubled sleep the prisoner dreams of a gentler, till he wakes with a sigh to the reality of his prison cell, and back to rest.

"Some have had much of the men who have had, others standing up to their light. Here a sire few with the light of the cell, and the man and has unusual privileges, and not even the warmth of the light of the cell, and the man who has not.

"Do not the convicts, the lofty dome, look down to watch for some of discipline. Here are two lines of men, the one in prison garb, the other in the blue coat of the guards, and one has been sentenced to be hanged, but not always for murder, but for some other crime, and the other is a guard, and yet they are in the same prison, and they are the same men, and they are the same men, and they are the same men

THE MONITOR.

PACIFIC PRESS TRUTH OF PERSECUTION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing ideas, and propagated ideas constitute opinion, and opinion governs the world. Hence, religious journalism is not only a sacred, but a powerful instrument, and will, as such, make immense for the enlightenment of the world. Catholic journalism has to combat error and defend the Catholic Faith. Its mission is, in a word, the Divine mission of the Church, Truth and Mercy. Truth to the intellect—Mercy to the heart—and both through the intermediate of the Press. Truth is false, error is true, pronounce the very words to be pagan, the virtues of Catholic journals who defend Apostolic Succession, the Divinity of Christ, the Real Presence, the Mass, the Sacrifice and principle of Authority, with derision and ridicule. Truth is Catholicity, and Catholicity is Truth."

Editorial Notes.

—The Cardinal Vicar of Rome incorporated the entire passage of the Pastoral of the late Plenary Council on the observance of Sunday and the holydays in his letter circular, adding that the words of the Baltimore Fathers "were applicable to Italy and Rome" as well as to the United States.

—The London *Tablet* states that news from Germany announces the conversion to the true faith of Prince John Henry XV. of Pless, an officer in the Prussian army, who has publicly abjured Protestantism. He was born in 1861. His father, John Henry XIV., Prince of Pless, is one of the wealthiest nobles of Silesia, and Grand Huntsman to the Emperor William.

—Four fences in the price which inhuman parents receive for a child in Naples. A man and a woman, having four of these purchased children, were seized at the railway station of Rome as they were leaving for France with their traffic in helpless human beans. The *padroni*, as they are called in America, were seized and taken before the magistrate, who ordered the children to be restored to their parents.

—A French statistician has discovered that up to the present 2,540 emperors and kings have governed 64 nations. Out of this number 300 have been driven from their thrones, 64 have abdicated, 24 have committed suicide, 12 have become insane, 160 fell in battle, 123 were captured, 23 died martyrs, 151 have been assassinated, and 108 have been condemned to death and executed according to law.

—"A paragraph in our Catholic exchanges," says the Louisville *Advocate*, "states that Rev. P. Haverman, of Troy, N. Y., aged 80, is the oldest Catholic priest in the United States, and who has only completed the fifty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Rev. E. J. Durbin, of Shelbyville, Ky., is in the eighty-sixth year of his age and sixty-third of his priesthood, and we believe is somewhat ahead of Father H. in patriarchal honors."

—Catholicity is making progress in Denmark—a country which up to a few decades ago published priests with death or banishment. Dr. Kopp, Protestant Bishop of Copenhagen, has published the fact that "within the past thirty years the Catholics have increased from several hundreds to over three thousand souls, for whom there are now 30 priests, seven of them being Danes by birth." German missionaries are chiefly to be credited with this work.

—Dr. Bournet's recent work on crime in France and Italy seems to show that in France, crimes against the person are increasing somewhat, while those against property are diminishing. In Italy "rivers of blood" are thrown into numerous than in France, and murder is six times more frequent. Assassination is slightly increasing in France. In Italy the number of parricides is about double that in France. In both countries there is a notable diminution in criminal poisoning. Attempts against chastity are much less frequent in Italy, and in France those "crimes against children augment in frightful proportions." Infanticide is twice as great in France.

—Bishop Dwenger of Fort Wayne, and Bishop Moore of St. Augustine, Fla., accompanied by Rev. D. J. O'Connell, D.D., of Richmond, have arrived in Rome. The two Bishops have come to explain to the Propaganda whatever may be local or particular to the United States, in the decrees of the recent Plenary Council of Baltimore. Dr. O'Connell has been received in special audience by His Holiness, to whom he has presented a copy of three Decretals. The Consistory also is chosen to draw up a report of them and to submit this to the individual Cardinals forming the Congregation of Propaganda, is not yet known. He afterwards will become the *Ponente* and present the report.

—An eastern exchange says that "in the archdiocese of New York there are four colleges with 1,310 students, six academies with 683 boys, and twenty-seven academies with 2,926 girls, fifty five parochial schools with 14,922 boys, and sixty parochial schools with 18,281 girls; eight orphanage schools with 2,000 inmates, and thirteen industrial and reform schools with 4,000 inmates. There are eight orphan asylums with 2,037 inmates; eleven homes for destitute or wayward children with 5,726 inmates; five hospitals with 2,697 inmates; three homes for the aged with 656 inmates, and six asylums with 1,397 inmates. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul numbers forty-three conferences with 1,099 members."

—The Catholic Knights of America in Pennsylvania, who have a membership of 15,000 persons, have issued a pastoral from Bishops, priests and laymen, held their biennial council in Philopatrian Hall on the 1st inst. A resolution was passed denouncing the action of the House of Correction Managers in refusing to allow Mass to be celebrated in that institution. The following State officers were elected: Spiritual Director, Rev. Thomas J. Harty; President, Henry Lambert, of Branch 118; Vice President, James Sherry, of Branch 122; Secretary, John J. O'Rourke, of 189, vice M. I. J. Griffin, declined; Treasurer, John F. McMenamin, of 56. Delegates to the Supreme Council, which meets in New Orleans, Dec. 1st, John W. Jennings, 146, and William Earley, 118.

—"Perhaps it is not generally known," says the *Quincy Church Progress*, "that Illinois possesses within her confines a hall that pealed forth its glorious notes on the Western horizon, before the liberty bell of Philadelphia was rung. The bell is the gift of Louis XV., of France, to the Catholic Church at Kaskaskia in 1741 when this State was part of the French domain and it still rings out its shrill notes of invitation to Catholics to attend Mass and other religious duties. When General Clark captured Fort Gage in 1778 this bell rang out the glad tidings of victory for the American troops, and to this day the precious sonorous is regarded as one of the heirlooms of Southern Illinois."

—Eastern secular papers report that Ingersoll has declared that he will never give another infidel lecture. On this report the Dallas, Texas, *News* says that a reporter interviewed him, when he said that it was true and added: "While I have not given up infidelity, I am sure that I am right in being an infidel." And here comes "Felix Adler," one of the leading infidel lecturers and a leader, lamenting that infidelity "has lacked the earnestness of practical morality; has not been sufficiently based on profound moral conviction. It has been too idle, too speculative, too sentimental, too much given to words." When we see no colleges, no orphan asylums, that have been built by infidels, we do not wonder that "Felix Adler" confesses infidelity a failure.

—The Monitor has already published a full account of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Faugette Escafre in Lourdes, commanding her to found a Confraternity in honor of the Sacred Heart of her Son Jesus, under the title of "Mother all Merciful." This Confraternity is already flourishing all over France and in most of the European countries, and many of our Clergy and Religious in this city have enrolled themselves under this banner. We are happy to wear one ourselves, and from the holy shrine. A solemn Mass is said at the shrine every month for the living and deceased members and their friends, and some of them, in defence of the sacrificial sanctuary, collect licenses from the Government to attend through the agency of the Republican party. Test party, seeing in the Sacrifice of the Mass a letter written by the League for Prohibition, made that a crime, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, which is made in those countries, because it is done publicly, is a crime. In some counties an attempt is made to drive a Mass from million hats for course. Many small towns are hard pressed to pay their municipal debts without the wanted aid of the money wasted from liquor-sellers and some of them, in defiance of the constitutional amendment, collect license fees. The Catholics have passed through the agony

Farm and Home.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

In this journey of life
Temptations are rife,
Put your faith in the future and fear not.
Be true to the right when tempted by night,
With life's lot for your chart,
To have you your sweet heart not.

In all things be true
That you may go you
Let your image perfect your interior.
Act as this be good
As superior manhood,
And none but the bad pass inferior.

Should your station be high,
Show no pride in your sky,
All creatures are fleeh, high and lowly;
In the height of your might
Keep an eye to the right,
Be you sure to your daily mean holy.

Should your station be low,
Thus the station is not so,
That the station is not of no choice
Be pure and be true,
In heart and in mind;
And the fruits of the crust will not hurt you.

False virtue sends varnish,
Its lustre will tarnish,
Be yours true though it be not so glaring
All flattery seekers
As unseemly to you;
And of compliments be rather sparing.

Let your word be your bond,
And fulfillment the wand
That will turn all your toil into treasure.
If others wrong you,
Do you therefore more true;
And render not measure for measure.

J. V. R.

The California Whale Fishery.

Few people are aware of the extent of the whale fishery on this coast. There are many little coves along the coast of California where the hardy and daring whale catchers live in an unobtrusive manner, with no particular expense except cheap strong clothing and plain and wholesome food. They have no opera to attend, few or no taxes to pay, no fences to build, or streets to grade, or lands to plow. Their home is on the sea, with brief stays on the shore, where their duties consist in changing blubber to oil, which they put in barrels till they obtain enough for a shipment, when they lash the barrels together in the form of a raft, signal an empty lumber schooner, and float the raft of barrels of oil to the schooner, where they are hoisted on board and taken to San Francisco, where they are turned into gold.

Already during the present season nine whales have been caught of the Los Angeles coast and taken into Portuguese Bend, a quiet cove about eight miles west of San Pedro, where about thirty men are constantly employed in harpooning these monster beasts of the ocean, or in towing them ashore, cutting up the carcass, rendering the blubber into oil, and putting the same into barrels, extracting the whalebone, and sending the refuse of the animal out to sea to avoid pestilence on land.

Probably not a thousand persons in this section of the State have any idea of the magnitude of the business of whale fishing on this coast, so quietly is it carried on, with no public announcement and no parade with the railroad company about the price of freight. The company at Portuguese Bend have six large whale boats, besides yawls and the usual rowboats needed at such an occasion. One of the nine whales recently taken out of a school of whales passing by Portuguese Bend going south was what is called a "cow whale," and yielded ninety barrels of oil. The whales going south yielded about four hundred and fifty barrels of oil, and the same school going north thirty miles by the way yielded a much more.

At San Diego six whales have been taken that yielded 300 barrels of oil, and the fishermen stated that there is a large number from the school of 300 of whales now moving north. There are about eight other stations on the coast of California where these quiet hunters of the sea are engaged in their arduous but profitable duties. All the stations appear to be doing well this year, but the stations south of Point Conception appear to have encountered more and better fortunes than those farther north.—*Los Angeles Herald.*

Elizabethan Medicine.

The housewife was the great ally of the doctor in the days of good Queen Bess; in the still room the lady ruled, and her and farthingale was ever busy in the preparation of cordials, conserves, cooling waters and simples. "All the herbs and flowers of field and garden passed through her white hands." Poppy water was good for weak stomachs; mint and rue water was efficacious for the head and brain; and even walnuts yielded a cordial. Then there was cannamon water, and sennam of cloves, gilly flowers and lemon water, sweet majoram water, and spirit of mesleroyle.

Some of the remedies gravely believed in in those days will make the reader smile. Who would suppose nowadays that the herb called shepherd's purse held in the hand would stop the bleeding of a severe sword wound, or a dream of scrapings from a human skull taken daily in white wine may hemorrhage! Lady Macbeth's doctor would have composed a position of pounded garden snails, while a quart of ale, drunk of treacle, hartshorn of rue, and a spoonful of tin shavings, boiled together, composed a remedy against the bite of a mad dog. The plague remedies were very numerous, and in all probability never effectual; if the patient recovered at all he had to thank his own constitution. One of the plague waters is composed of rue, agrimony, wormwood, sage, ringwort, pimpernel, marigold, feverfew, scurvy, rosemary, angelica, burdock, green walnuts shredded into a kind of salad and mixed with roots. These were infused for three days, covered close, and then distilled. "Nine think," says old Burton, "physicians kill as many as they save, and who can tell how many murders they make in a year, that may freely kill a man and have a reward for it?" Who, indeed, especially if allowed to prosecute as above! But Burton, who wrought over sixty years after the death of Elizabeth, recommends as infallible a human skull ground to powder, the owns in a horse's urge, and wolf's liver.

The whole system of medicine in the days under review was founded on a series of curious theoretical views, partly those of Paracelsus. This physician divided the body into humors and spirits; the humors were blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy. Courage was supposed to have its seat in the heart and stomach, reason in the head, and passion in the liver; a white-livered man was a coward, and he who would not fight had not a stomach for fighting.

Precautions Against Cholera.

In view of the threatened invasion of cholera during the coming summer, the following rules, issued by the Philadelphia Board of Health, will be found useful:

Observe strict cleanliness, in your person and clothing.

Be regular in your habits of life, meals, exercise and sleep.

Dress comfortably for the season, and avoid the night as much as possible.

Avoid the use of alcoholic drinks.

Eat temperately, avoid all excesses in eating, drink, raw, and indigestible food, especially cabbage, salad, cucumbers, and unripe fruits.

A greater safety will be secured by boiling all water used for drinking purposes.

Partake of well-cooked beef and mutton, rice well boiled, and avoid pastry and lactaceous fruits.

Take your meals at regular seasons.

Avoid bodily fatigue and mental exhaustion. By excitement or violent exercise you increase the disease.

Family Fun.

THE MARRIED MAN.

Adown the street the married man
Starts off with hurried tread
But from the door a willey voice
Calls "Don't forget the bread."

His smiles and smile and turns to go,
The carnine married man,
When from the door a voice says to him
"You haven't got the can!"

He sads again, he's in a hurry,
But pulsing down his lady,
And, in, his sister with a smile,
Cries, "Won't you bring my hat!"

"Oh, yes," he shouts, and, truth to tell,
He sees not about a hat,
But shifts his son, with stunning yell,
"Tender Ida for the cat."

He daughter, from the window high,
Shows him a bonnet box,
Saying, "Bring it home, I pray,
To pure and be true,
Is heart and in mind;
And the fruits of the crust will not hurt you.

False virtue sends varnish,
Its lustre will tarnish,
Be yours true though it be not so glaring
All flattery seekers
As unseemly to you;
And of compliments be rather sparing.

Let your word be your bond,
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Catholic Societies.

SF Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send us the names of officers and other items necessary for publication, for this Department.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

SAN FRANCISCO.—State Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Rosse, Jr., Grand Chaplain; Supreme State President, W. J. McCormick, 27 French; 632 Sacramento; State Secretary, J. F. Lynch, 1 Ecker; Treasurer, Wm. Ryan, 1 Ecker; Trustees, Jas. Rosse, Jr., Chas. Ryan, 1 Ecker; Supreme Delegate, Jas. Rosse, Jr., 1 Ecker.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH—Rev. Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Rosse, Jr.; President, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Vice President, W. J. McCormick; Recording Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Financial Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Treasurer, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Trustees, Jas. Rosse, Jr., Chas. Ryan, 1 Ecker; Marshal, Chas. Ryan, 1 Ecker; Sentinel, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Delegate to Supreme Council, Jas. Rosse, Jr.

SAN JOSE BRANCH—Rev. Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Rosse, Jr.; President, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Vice President, D. E. Burke; Recording Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Financial Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Treasurer, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Trustees, Jas. Rosse, Jr., Chas. Ryan, 1 Ecker; Marshal, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Sentinel, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Delegate to Supreme Council, Jas. Rosse, Jr.

SAN LORENZO—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Rosse, Jr.; President, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Vice President, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Recording Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Financial Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Treasurer, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Trustees, Jas. Rosse, Jr., Chas. Ryan, 1 Ecker; Marshal, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Sentinel, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Delegate to Supreme Council, Jas. Rosse, Jr.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH, No. 26—Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Prendergast; President, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Vice President, Edward Leonard; Treasurer, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Financial Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Recording Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Marshal, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Sentinel, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Trustees, Jas. Rosse, Jr., Chas. Ryan, 1 Ecker; Delegate to Supreme Council, Jas. Rosse, Jr.

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SAN LORENZO BRANCH, No. 28—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Rosse, Jr.; President, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Vice President, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Recording Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Financial Secretary, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Treasurer, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Trustees, Jas. Rosse, Jr., Chas. Ryan, 1 Ecker; Marshal, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Sentinel, Jas. Rosse, Jr.; Delegate to Supreme Council, Jas. Rosse, Jr.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BROAD GAUGE.

(COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1883, AND UNTIL further notice, Boats and Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: Pacific Passenger Depot, Market street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.	Destination	Arrive in S. F.
9:00 A.M.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Ukiah, Hopland, Guerneville, and Way Stations	6:10 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	Petaluma and Way Stations	10:40 A.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Sebastopol and Mark West Springs; at Cloverdale for Skaggs Springs, Willits, Booneville, Orr's Springs, Navarro, Schwarzer, Philo, Yorkville, Greenwood, Boonville, Ornbaun Springs, Cahto, Blue Lakes, Urkiah, Lakeport, Saratoga Springs, Kenkoon, Clear Lake and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from San Francisco to Monday, to Tuesday, $2.75; to Santa Rosa, $3; to Healdsburg, Cloverdale, $4.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1.25; to Santa Rosa, $2; Healdsburg, $3; Cloverdale, $4.50; to Guerneville, $5.

Tickets for Excursions to Points Beyond Cloverdale must be purchased and stamped at Cloverdale.

Excursion Tickets to Points Beyond Healdsburg, Week Days: 1 Day, $3.50; 2 Days, $4; 3 Days, $4.50; 4 Days, $5; 5 Days, $5.50; 6 Days, $6; 7 Days, $6.50; 8 Days, $7; 9 Days, $7.50; 10 Days, $8.

Excursion Tickets to Points Beyond Cloverdale, Week Days: 1 Day, $4.50; 2 Days, $5; 3 Days, $5.50; 4 Days, $6; 5 Days, $6.50; 6 Days, $7; 7 Days, $7.50; 8 Days, $8; 9 Days, $8.50; 10 Days, $9.

Excursion Tickets to Points Beyond Ukiah, Week Days: 1 Day, $5.50; 2 Days, $6; 3 Days, $6.50; 4 Days, $7; 5 Days, $7.50; 6 Days, $8; 7 Days, $8.50; 8 Days, $9; 9 Days, $9.50; 10 Days, $10.

PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.

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CENTRAL PACIFIC R. R.

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Daily Express and Pilgrim Trains make prompt connections at Ogden with Pullman Palace Cars for

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TO ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

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attached to Overland Express Trains.

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Emigrant Sleeping Cars are free to Third-class Passengers. Tickets and Sleeping-car Berths secured, and Information given upon application at Third-class Ticket Office, where passengers calling in person can secure their tickets.

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NEVADA, CALIFORNIA AND TEXAS,

For Sale on Reasonable Terms.

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C. H. MILLS, Land Commissioner, 1 Ecker st., San Francisco.

JEROME MADDEN, Land Commissioner, 1 Ecker st., San Francisco.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CATHOLIC Book and Music House

Of the Pacific Coast.

A. WALDTEUFEL,

737 Market St., San Francisco,

Representing the principal Catholic publishing houses and manufacturers of both the United States and Europe.

General Agency at the World-Renowned

C. Bechstein Grand and Upright Pianos.

CHOICE CATHOLIC AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

in all kinds of Choice Articles of Literature, Richer Embroidery, Clothing, Gloves, Silks, &c., &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS

In Immense Variety.

10 Block of Stationery exclusively used in our business but exclusively by our own instructions but also all others.

Magnificent assortment of Bibles, Prayer Books, Devotional Books, Etc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS AND ORNAMENTS.

Sheet Music and Music Books.

Have the best and most extensive stock of Music Books to select from, and the Pacific Coast, and keep up with the times, and keep up with the times, and keep up with the times.

Music sent on approval.

SF When desired we will send Catalogues and Circulars free to any address.

A. WALDTEUFEL,

737 Market St. San Francisco

CARROLL & TILTON,

Respectfully announce that they have opened

THE LARGE STORE,

873 Market Street,

WITH A LINE OF

GENT'S AND BOY'S

CLOTHING,

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Having been in this business many years, we can guarantee that all our goods will be as represented.

We buy for Cash and sell so low as possible

CARROLL & TILTON,

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JOHN B. McINTYRE,

Book Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer,

422 CLAY and 423 COMMERCIAL STS.

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Amount of Time and Labor in Ledgers, Journals, Blotters, Magazines and Pamphlets bound in any style desired. Firm Bindings a specialty.

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Office—413 Montgomery Street.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Acknowledgments for all the States and Territories.

EDUCATIONAL.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

SANTA CLARA, ... CALIFORNIA

This Institution was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive shady play grounds, ornamental gymnasium, swimming pool, etc. It possesses a most complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has, also, practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Telegraphy, Photography and Commercial Business. For the latter a new building 104 x 32 has been finished, that leaves nothing to be desired.

Diplomas are given in two departments the Classical and Scientific—and Certificates in the Commercial course.

TERMS:

(Payable semi-annually in advance.)

Matriculation Fee, $10 paid but once.

Board, Lodging, Tuition and Washing, $125.00 per Scholastic year.

Scholastic year commences on the second Monday in August, and ends on the last Thursday in June.

Scholastic year consists of two sessions of five months each.

For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to Mr. Ignatius Cantwell, 114 Hayes street, San Francisco.

SF Studies will be Resumed Tuesday August, 6th, 1883.

REV. A. E. E. KENNA, S.J., President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

SAN JOSE, . . . CALIFORNIA

This Institution offering ELEGANT ACCOMMODATIONS to twelve additional boarders, has been enabled to reduce the terms for Boarding and Tuition to $250 per annum. It is incorporated by the State Legislature, and has the powers and privileges of a University. Its course of studies is unsurpassed by any institution of the Pacific Coast, and its Conservatory of Music is conducted by the most eminent professors of this city.

It occupies large buildings, with extensive grounds, and is provided with all the modern appliances for health and comfort. The climate is unsurpassed for mildness and freedom from fogs.

Every facility will be afforded to students who wish to prepare themselves for the profession of teaching.

Boarding and Tuition, $250 per annum.

Music and Drawing, $50 per annum.

Bedding and Washing, $50 per annum.

Tuition, Board, and Lodging, $250 per annum.

TERMS PER MONTH:

Board and Tuition, $25.

Entrance Fee, $10.

Washing, $2.50.

Physician's Fee, $5.

Bedding, $5.

Music, $5.

Drawing, Painting and Music form extra charges.

The Entrance Fee is to be paid on the first day of each month.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the Lady Superior.

SISTER SUPERIOR.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF PEACE,

SAN DIEGO, . . . CALIFORNIA.

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, late of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri.

THIS EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS ACADEMY are the same as those of the Parent Institution, the Sisters in assuming the opening of their Academy in this City, have the pleasure of informing the public that they will pay special attention to the education of young ladies, and will adapt the course of instruction to the capacities and ages of the pupils.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches necessary to a thorough education.

Terms per month, in advance:

BOARDING PUPILS.

Board and Tuition, with use of bedding, . . . $25 00

Washing, . . . 2 50

Piano, Harp, Guitar, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, . . . 5 00

For further particulars apply to

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

School of the Holy Cross.

A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Corner Sutter and Gough streets, San Francisco.

For particulars apply to the Superiors.

Convent of the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary,

GILROY, . . . CALIFORNIA

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, CONDUCTED BY THE religious sisters of the H. H. and I. M. M.

For terms, etc., apply to the

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

MARTINEZ, . . . CALIFORNIA

THIS INSTITUTION IS CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of St. Dominic, and is situated in the healthy and beautiful town of Martinez. The scholastic year comprises ten months, opens on the 1st of August, and ends about the 1st of June.

TERMS:

(Payable half yearly.)

Board and Tuition, . . . $225 00

Entrance Fee, . . . 10 00

Washing, . . . 42 00

Bedding will be furnished by the Academy during residence, at the rate of 15 per cent. on cost.

Drawing, Painting and Music form extra charges.

The Entrance Fee is to be paid on the first day of each month.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the Lady Superior.

SISTER SUPERIOR.

SACRAMENTO ACADEMY OF Twelfth and Q Streets,

SACRAMENTO.

A LIMITED NUMBER of young ladies can be received into this Academy, conducted by the Sisters of the Visitation.

TERMS: Board, Tuition, Washing, and Bedding, $250 per annum.

Music, Drawing and Painting, $50 per annum.

Bedding, Tuition in English, French, and all branches of Polite Literature, Board, Washing and use of Bedding, . . . $225 00

Piano, Harp, Guitar, Vocal Music, . . . 50 00

Painting in Water Colors, . . . 50 00

Drawing, Painting in Oil, . . . 50 00

Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.

For further particulars, address,

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

San Jose, Cal.

ST. CERTRUDE'S ACADEMY,

RIO VISTA, SOLANO CO., CAL.

THIS ACADEMY, PLEASANTLY SITUATED on the delightful Sacramento River, is now prepared to receive boarders. The course of instruction includes all the branches necessary to a thorough education. Terms, moderate. For further particulars address the Lady Superior.

Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

CONDUCTED BY THE Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

THIS INSTITUTION IS PLEASANTLY SITUATED in the most healthy part of Oakland, and is equipped with all the modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of its inmates.

The course of study embraces the various branches of a solid and ornamental education.

TERMS:

(Payable half yearly, in advance.)

Board and Tuition in English, French, Spanish and Latin, . . . $250 00

Washing, . . . 50 00

Piano, Harp, Guitar, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, . . . 50 00

For further particulars apply to

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

School for Young Ladies.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Corner Sutter and Gough streets, San Francisco.

For particulars apply to the Superiors.

Academy of Notre Dame,

SANTA CLARA.

THIS INSTITUTION, PLEASANTLY SITUATED in the Garden of California, combines all the advantages of a healthy and delightful location, with those of easy access from the City. The course of instruction includes all the branches necessary to a thorough education, and the terms are moderate.

Board and Tuition, per annum, $250.

Washing, per annum, $50.

Bedding and Washing, per annum, $50.

Music, Drawing and Painting, extra.

Physician's Fee, per annum, $5.

Use of Bedding, per annum, $5.

Tuition, Board, Washing, and Lodging, $250 per annum.

For further particulars address the

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

Santa Clara, Cal

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

DYNAMITE AGAIN.

An Explosion in the Admiralty Building Causes Excitement in London.

LONDON, April 23—At 11 o'clock this morning an explosion occurred in the Secretary's department of the Admiralty building. The explosion badly damaged the room in which it occurred, and set fire to the fire. The officers and firemen soon extinguished the flames. The Velocipedes were also injured, but none seriously. Inquiry is being made into the affair. At first it was reported the explosion was caused by dynamite, and was the outcome of a plot hatched up by either the dynamiters or nihilists, for the purpose of interrupting the war preparations of the Government, but so far no evidence has been discovered to lead to the present a doubt as to whether the explosion was caused by accident or design.

After further investigation the police are of the opinion that the explosion was due to personal malice, directed at Mr. Hopkins, who was personally disliked by a large number employes. Edwin Hopkins, assistant secretary, received a severe scalp wound. It is said other officials were also injured, but none seriously.

A BLOW AT LANDLORDISM.

An English Plan to Give the Small Farmer a Show.

LONDON, April 24—At a great meeting of rich individual landowners held in this city yesterday, a scheme was adopted to relieve the Duke of Argyll and Lord Lorne, and the Marquis of Bipon, it was resolved to take steps to form a suitable formation of a large corporation, to be called the National Land Company, for the purpose of accelerating the gradual breaking up of the large-parcel system of landownership, now universally prevalent in Great Britain. The present plan of the new organization is to buy up land in wholesale and sell it out in lots to actual forty acres, under conditions likely to engage a further subdivision. The company will in all likelihood buy for cash and sell on deferred payments, covering at least ten years.

SPIRITUALISM.

What Monsignor Capel Has to Say About It.

NEW YORK, April 23.—A New Orleans special says: There has been a convention of Southern Episcopacy in session the past few days, and Monsignor Capel was an attentive observer of the proceedings. Yesterday he published a card, in which he says he "has been twenty years candidly studying spiritualism. The extraordinary intervention displayed by mediums in the sacrifice of the Catholic Church and the transparent propositions against her in the communications, I have found to be a false and malicious spirit impelled by the lying, presumptuous, of course, the purile bad assertions, made with the master. Catholics believe in Supernatural spirit of angels and the antagonism of personal evil spirits, and that Christianity has the seeking of spirits. Such seeking has been practiced in all ages, and the Old and New Testaments present repeated instances. St. Paul speaks of the worship of devils. The Mormon abyss Spiritualism a miserable parody of one of the doctrines of Catholicism.

CARRIED OFF TO ENGLAND.

The Naturalized American Bagpiper a Prisoner in Stirring Castle.

Mrs. Mary Ireland, wife of Robert Ireland, the bagpiper who was lured to Canada on March 19 and seized as a deserter from the British army, though he had been an American citizen for five years, received a letter from her husband dated at Quebec, a letter from her husband dated April 2, aboard ship at Loch Lowde, Derry, Ireland, in the better Ireland sense.

The other two men who deserted from the Seventy-eighth Regiment at Halifax are still on board. One deserted fourteen years ago, and the other twelve. Both have wives, but no children, whereas I have five children, (one of them will be certainly remembered to be a deserter) and no wife. I suppose I shall be hanged in consequence. I almost envy him. They were married, and I was, by promises of good situations. The well man's wife will join him in Canada. I will be allowed to keep my boys with me in the meantime, which will be light, I suppose, in the Pentonville prison. I am confined in the Police Station, and they had voluntarily surrendered themselves, I was not asked to sign such a paper. They were told by the Police Inspector that the paper would be sent in their favor from the Secretary of State. We met the male adviser at Derry. We were delayed a short time at the side while the passengers for different points in Ireland were taken to the landing. I believed them their possession of liberty.

Mrs. Ireland's address is Ireland, Derry, No 34 Derry.—There has been great rejoicing among the Nationalists of the Fahan District over the release from Stirling Castle of the sons of Mr. James Flanding by a majority of 14 over Mr. James Lowry.

Another cowardly attack has been made on the property of Mr. Hugh Gallagher, of Carrickfergus, Saturday, March 20th, while two young men were in the house, a shot was fired at the window, and on seeing the flash they rushed out to the place, but could not find any trace, as it prevent them chased, and prosecuting the cowardly villains who fired the shot, and then are bodily injury, the wretches proved the shot was fired by a gun, the shot lodged in the pillow have scratched the name of the mistress, and it is probable that they do it intentional.

Donegal.—A scene of great excitement took place on March 31, during evicting proceedings on the estate of Mr. Hugh Boyle, of Ballyshannon. The sheriff conducted evictions, but some had to be abandoned, and the sheriff had to appeal to the police for assistance. The police had to clear the place for civilians assembled around the house, and the sheriff and bailiffs had a very rough handling, but ultimately had to withdraw without completing the work.

Kilkenny.—On April 20, the Venerable Canon Vere Maher, died at the parochial residence, Fiddown. Canon Maher was for twenty years Curate of St. Mary's Parish, Kilkenny, and was universally esteemed.

Kildare.—The Sessions in Naas Union have been fairly successful at the elections this year. In addition to a number of Nationalists who against the Conservatives they have effected a military working out of Unionist and others from their own party.

Limerick.—Mr. Dougherty, Lieutenant of the County of Kildare, has appointed Andrew Fitzgerald, Esq., of Ballyhoe, to be Deputy Lieutenant for Fitzgerald, of Ballyhoe, Esq., Deputy Lieutenant County Limerick.

Mayo.—Preparations on a large and effective scale are being made for the reception of the prisoners released from Galway gaols in June. The arrangements are being made by the Committee, of which Mr. Dillon is chairman.

The Liberal Board of Guardians have re-elected to the positions of chairman, vice-chairman, and treasurer, the chairman of the board, the gentlemen who occupied the positions for the past year, viz. Sir Thomas H. Thomas O'Connell, and Mr. Maurice Wolfe.

Roscommon.—Mr. Dillon's sentiments not others, held in Tuesday, on April 2, a resolution was unanimously passed Deputy of the action of Mr. Patrick Hayes, J. P., in signing an address to Lord Spencer, of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Leitrim.—Mr. Wm. McGivney, Nationalist, has been returned by a majority of 56 over Mr. Wm. Kirkwood, Tory, Nationalist, and has for the Roman Electoral Division of the Mohill District, Mr. Wm. Kirkwood, Tory, Nationalist.

Mayo.—Mayor Maurice J. Blake, J. P., of Downpatrick, and been appointed Clerk of the North Mayo Militia, vice Colonel Dore deceased. Mr. Apollo Lynch, a young man, who for the last two years resided over two women, named Ellen Gallagher, and Ellen Gallagher, the latter also known as Jennie, and Charlotte, the parties being James Gallagher, aged 18, of Ballyhaunis, Mr. Lynch, Ballyhaunis, Mr. Lynch, and one in Kilkenny, all in the district of Ballyhaunis.

Mr. John O'Connor Power is, apparently, determined to contest Galway City at the next election, and if he does he will be allowed to keep the seat, seemingly, make up his mind to abandon the county Clare based one of the Parnell metropolitan divisions. From the Loughrea Mail we learn that Mr. Power recently addressed a meeting of the Liberal Association of Kendale, and he stated that he was not undecidable, he would subsequently defend his claims to a series of public meetings in the city and county.

Queen's County.—That "noble" still unknown, Lord Lansdowne, is making further efforts to insert the Irish farmer by seeking for the introduction of foreign store cattle. In a letter to the Secretary of the Irish Cattle Trade Association, he says that the only reason the Irish cattle trade cannot be put on a fair footing is that the markets of the world are not open to him.

On March 27, a school Inspector, Mass was celebrated in the parish church of Monasterboice for the repose and of the late Rev. Joseph Farrell, C. C. The remains were laid with in the beautiful churchyard of Mellifont Abbey. Health. As the deceased clergyman was a native of the town of Maryborough, and certain there for some time, arrangements were made by the Rev. Dr. Delaney, President of the Irish Catholic College of Maryborough, Rev. Nenty for their full attendance at the funeral. Accordingly, on Friday last, the 12th inst., there assembled the following clergymen: Celebrant, Rev. E. J. Lenny, C. C., Maryborough; Deacon, Rev. J. Mooney, C. C., Carlow; Master of ceremonies, Rev. J. Farrell, P. P., Allen. After the office, the funeral, which extended over two miles in length, proceeded to the Heath Church, where the remains remain.

Sligo.—Mr. Andrew Greene died on March 31, at his residence Chambers, after a rather lingering illness. Mr. Greene was 72 years of age, and was a merchant, and among the most active in the town.

Miss Ellen Boland, relict of the late Christopher Boland, died on March 27, at her residence, Lord Street, Sligo, aged 80 years. An advanced age deceased was remarkable for the fact that she was the oldest member of a family, and nearly all relatives, one the late Rev. Wm. Boland, Kilmore, Erris, and the other the present parish priest of Ballaghaderreen. A Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the parish church, all Ballaghaderreen to the repose of her soul. The interment took place at Lenaghan cemetery, the funeral being attended by all classes of the community, both clergy and laity attended those present being Most Rev. Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Killala, and many other prelates.

Tipperary.—On the Mer house fair, on April 21, was one of the largest ever held in Tipperary, and the Ballybrophy and North Tipperary fairs, and the amount of business transacted was extremely large, the demand for bacon for the Liverpool market rapidly, in view of the expected war between England and Russia, and there was a large number of horses got by rail from Armagh, was large, as in the Limerick and Galway markets, the demand for the Spanish market.

The "Tipperary" boys are usually called in the Kilmallock district are busy seeing their seed, and the Kilmallock Land League has decided to call on Thomas Maguire, Clonmeldown model, and Mr. Thomas Ryan, Ballyrea, to address a meeting on the land question. The Land League has offered £5, and begged time to make up the rest.

Waterford.—Mr. Thomas Ryan, Ballyrea, was a prisoner, Thirty shillings, the cost of the crime, is now added.

THE NEW CONVENT AT WOODLAND.

The new Convent, in which the people of Woodland and Yolo county may now be justly proportionately proud, was formally opened for the use of the greatest of Woodland's attractions, amidst appropriate ceremonies. It was a fine day, and the attendance was large, as it has been trending towards the workman will carry away their tools, leaving the building ready for occupancy and the high priests to which it will be dedicated.

Yesterday, chaperoned by Rev. Father Moriarty to whom immeasurable praise is due for his zealous and energetic persistence, we had the pleasure of inspecting the new edifice, and Mr. Frank J. Ulrich, of San Francisco, the accomplished architect, who designed the building, and who exercised the greatest care and attention, and who evinces a knowledge of the beautiful blended with utility. He has secured beautiful shapes and lines, and has shown all through the building, and opened a pathway for its transformation and adoration of its many excellent details, which mark it as one of the most complete edifices for the purpose intended that we are erected.

The building is a large three story edifice, surmounted by a spacious tower in front, from which is obtainable, a beautiful view of Woodland and the surrounding country, and which is crowned with a commodious spacious observatory, which the Holy Cross.

The main entrance is by a broad flight of steps, leading to massive doors, leading to the middle of the second story. Passing through these doors, we enter a spacious hall, from which lead into a wide hall, passing at right angles to the vestibule the entrance of the chapel. On the right of the vestibule is a large public parlor, each room is about feet and in it is a large music room 20x16. Across the hall from the music room is a large room of similar size and finish, which will be used by the Sisters in charge of the building as a class room, with the quiet walls of which they will at times seek rest and quiet from the arduous duties to other portions of the building. Adjoining the music room is a large dormitory of about feet in length, provided with the finest of beds, bedding, and bedclothes, and with a large number of bathrooms, and a marble wash bench with a long mirror, and a marble wash bench running into each. In the front of the building, between the dormitory and the class room, is a large room 16x24, which will be used by the Sisters in charge of the building, as a sewing room, and which will be used by the Sisters in charge of the building, as a sewing room, and which will be used by the Sisters in charge of the building, as a sewing room, and

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

CALIFORNIA.

O let me sing of the land of gold!
The magic mound—land—lady! gold!
Where red wines thaw some arms of miles
With argosacks of fortune—gold!
Across the golden fleece confinded.
Where's the shilling we are and sand
And mount and marsh—and stone and strand!
Were sprinkled o'er and flecked with gold.
That wondrous, vast and virgin land!
Where nature's pulsing pulse is strong
Where all her measurements are grand,
And gladly to Gold's pleasure alone—
Or where Shasta's shafts spring
To pierce the blue bosom of the skies.

O let me sing of the time bestowed
On such as I—of wealth that flowed
From mere avocated crags and mines
From plains of homes and forests wild;
From limpid lakes and rivers clear
Where roam (and the brown bear and the deer)
From bestial foods by hatters shed
Since the river's bank and crown dead.

From rocks by Titans heaped and hurled
Pile such wonder ages and world—
Cloudy rocks—where ice'd and stood
The majestic monarchs of the wood.
Monarch of noble! high towering yet
That man may know and see and forget
The great pre-human ones and sage,
Yonder eastern sell! for know and pay!
Where hollow Hand and wondrous Will
Is age spot—to, yon, and still,
Where winds our northern cage
The lady dressed a silken sun.

That placed them in the vasty rale
To sing the song—to sing the tale—
Of that unalphabetic, shaggy—Bell,
Mystic as the sunset, Bell!
And boundless as the winds that pass,
Overpowering—yet, how—
Fanciu the tiny tufts of grass,
Fairly the crystal bright of dew—
That moulds a mount and shields the lowly plant
Crushes the site—and holds the lowly plant

O let me stay of the land that then
Furnished all the wealth of men;
Where, from the south and from the north
They flocked to gather her lovely forth—
Food and fair, and hoard and free
As the land itself—where e'er the sun,
To feed the prosperity of man—
With all blessings bestowed on man.

Hail to the land of long age!
The land that is and yet shall be
Grown—to golden giant and glow—
To wine and to green wine—
Where treasured buddings bloom and blow
To blow the cup of life for me.
Hail to the land! Let man's flow,
As the tides of the sea—
For still it lives—as long age—
It sighed and crooned, as still it seems:
A maiden sinking from her dream.

A maiden, sad, God-gazed, and crowned;
Red rosy-hooded, and ruby-bowed,
A maid, as unknown as her age—
As her angel blood and her olive hair,
Where moved and mingled the silful dew
Round and red as her finger tips—
Were crowned as the heaven be hatched with her age.
Where great, wide, wondrous, or like eyes—
Eyes from the sunset—eyes of stainless sun—
As if from they feel more warm than wise.
With the Lord of St. Francis—and had
In dalesy state from the setting sun.

Land of the Golden Fleece!
The people's bloom—the brooding place;
Land of the prophet's beneficent and
The mermaid's mount and the rolling plain!
Where nature's bounty yielded the
Rewed blooms of a virgin vast!
Yon, this Kosciusko still stood a good
Plenty of money—enforced
The primitive—the ancient town hour;
Yon, the pensive fate out-buried
Yonder, the pensive—the pensive—where
Yon, the wonderful city.

Land of the Golden Fleece!
Creation hailed! Hail Westward, Ho!

—Sacramento. P. S. DUNNETT.

THE FRIAR OF GORETOWN.

Good Father Germain was parish priest,
In the town of Goren, when I was a boy—
The good man he's here was a lusty feast.
For his smile always filled my soul with joy.
He was a giant in paper his state in love,
And good was his pet; such disease his word;
And if ever a man was sent from above,
He was a salesman to guide and guard.

His flock was large—I know not the number
Yet such gave willingly what they could spare,
As he travelled on from town to town
And often sat down to their humble fare.
He knew no one—he did not know a penny,
And the poor man's penny, a blessing sell—
Where they gave to him—he went his way,
Much or little it mattered not.

His robe was grey and was mended neatly,
With a cape—his hood to cover his head,
He had his own fashion—he did his duty,
Not for every pinch a prayer he said.
A pair of rough sandals—he did his best—
In coldest weather, in rain or snow;
With the Lord of St. Francis—and had his staff,
Like an angel of peace through the lands he go.
And on when the sun—the sun—the sun—
With the hands extended and eyes on high,
Yon, the man from Rome and sinner his soul,
And some like a star through his mild blue eye.

The twenty long years days I sailed away,
And laid herself to the waves of foam,
Yet, many days came back to-day,
Like a dream to my boyhood's home once more!
And oh! how I long to revisit the shore
Where I lived so happily—Why, I, that
And to pass once more on that dear old face
Where smile filled my soul with a holy joy.

—Sacramento. P. S. DUNNETT.

Literary Miscellany.

The Beechams.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

The day following the holiday in Merryvale, Mr. Beecham sent for his son to come to his library; but, after waiting some time, a servant returned to say that Master Richard had gone out in the direction of Clifton.

Mr. Beecham, taking his hat and cane, set out on the way towards the Hillions. When he had gone about half a mile, he overtook Richard, who was strolling listlessly along. He started at the sound of his father's voice, and colored when the latter said gently and sadly:

"Ah, my son, you are going to meet Isidore Hillion, although you know that your friendship is rarely against my wishes and judgment?" Richard answered in a saddy tone: "Not, there is nothing bad in him, and he is a most agreeable comrade."

"Richard, we are always unwilling to see wrong or danger in the direction to which our inclinations draw us. Yet a docile child would be content to abide by his parent's decision, especially when he knows that that parent makes a prohibition through love of him, and a desire for his true welfare."

Richard was more touched by his father's words than one of his proud and assistant disposition cared to show.

Mr. Beecham, looked at him, expecting some response, but the boy was silent. They had reached the high road, and returned by a circuitous path to Sunnyfine. They had gone some distance before Mr. Beecham again spoke. At length he said: "Richard, you are now sixteen, and I think it is time that you should choose the path which you are to take through life. Even if I were willing to wait, I should scarcely let my boys lead aimless, idle lives, and therefore your profession they must follow. I shall leave the choice mainly to themselves. I wish to hear from yourself what your views and inclinations are. Through your own reserve, I can ill judge of them. Some years ago I hoped that you would be a priest. However, I no longer think this your vocation.

"Well!" he said, impatiently, as Richard was still silent.

"I have not thought about it, father."

"Would you like to be an architect? Mr. Ryde would push you forward there.

"No, sir, said Richard, decidedly.

"I suppose the study of law has no attraction for you?

"None whatever," said the taciturn Richard.

"Then, Richard, be a little frank, and let me hear from you what your wishes for your own interests are. I am sure you are not without them," he continued, so the same kind and patient tone.

"I should like to go with my uncle Edward, and sailor, John. He said in last summer when he was here whether I would like to do so.

"Very well! I will write to your uncle this week; and now, mind, make good use of the coming six months. They will depend by your last at school.

This tools of whom they had been speaking was the elder brother of Richard's father, and at this time nearly sixty years of age. He was a bachelor, and an extensive shipper, who in early life had gone over to St. Petersburg and settled there. He now had a flourishing establishment in that city, as also at the port of Cronstadt. The summer preceding the one to which our story opens, Mr. Beecham had come over to see his brother, and spent some time at Sunnyfine.

He had taken a great fancy to Richard, and was not slow in discovering his talents, and particularly a facility for difficult calculations. The thought occurred to him that he would be of great assistance to him in his last itself—that he would be content to take charge of one or other of his establishments. In a private conversation, he proposed the matter to his brother, and offered to take his nephew back with him. He had no chil'd'd 'ed' Jw dr ofer ery sense so unusually favorable one. Yet, Charles Beecham, thinking rather of the next life than of this, had almost offered it Edward in refusing it; believing at the time that his boy would devote his life to the priesthood.

The elder Beecham parted from his brother with somewhat of coolness, and regretted to Cronstadt.

Charles Beecham, according to the promise made by his son, wrote a letter to his brother the following day, and by the earliest packet sailed after received a renewal of his former generous offer.

Richard's school life was accordingly still further shortened, and preparations made for the departure.

Mr. Beecham accompanied his son to Cronstadt, and after seeing him duly ensconced in his new home and way of life, he left him with many counsels for his future conduct, especially enjoining docility and candor with his good uncle, and begging him to be cautious in his choice of friends.

Richard, notwithstanding his sullid disposition, truly loved his worthy parents, and promised his father to be faithful to his advice.

The day came at length on which Mr. Beecham was to return home, and Richard watched the vessel until no longer visible. He did not speak or seem to think of his uncle for long as it was in sight.

Then Mr. Beecham, taking his arm and putting it within his own, said cheerily, "Come, come, Dick, there's no use of fretting; you and I will be capital friends just now. This afternoon will afford a good opportunity of visiting St. Petersburg, where you will see the Winter Palace, Tsarida and Hermitage palaces, and the various other buildings, worth a beautiful city.

Richard proved an intelligent pupil, and his uncle prophesied that he would in a few years outstrip himself in the management of affairs. "And then, my boy," he said, "perhaps I will leave you to conquering the entire firm; and I shall retire to end my days peacefully, ah, Dick, what do you say to that?"

The boy's colour came into Richard's face, and with a glad smile, he said, "I will try to please you uncle."

The weeks were few, but they were said with a sincere intention of fulfilling them. For four years he remained in his employ, and gave full satisfaction to his uncle, who was continually writing home to his parents the only grief that marred his happiness during the period was the loss of his good mother.

The invalid, Lowan, had led a life of suffering, died, and Mrs. Beecham, worn out by her devoted and constant nursing, followed him quickly to the grave.

About three years after this event, as Mr. Beecham was walking in the city of St. Petersburg, he met an old and esteemed friend, who accosted him, and said he had been to his nephew several times of late, in company with Henri de Chollet, a young artist, recently settled in these parts. He added that he was pleased to observe such a friendship with this young man, "Yes," added he, "although young, he is one of the greatest coqueins in the city; and perhaps, the most dangerous thing about him is that he is so talented, and has such wonderful powers of conversation, that he would win over a dolcer man than R chard to the vortex of his principles."

Mr. Beecham parted from his friend, thanking him for his kindly warning, and in the evening called for Richard, that he might question him. The latter treated the matter very coolly, and that he had only casually met Henri de Chollet, and professed great indifference with regard to him. Mr. Beecham was satisfied, and the matter dropped.

Affairs went on much as usual for twelve months, but the old man, began at length to notice that his nephew very rarely appeared, at the Sacramento, and on one holyday of obligation, he made the painful discovery that Richard had not even been to Mass. Grieved beyond measure he sent for him, and reproached him with the grave omission, speaking at the same time of his neglect of the Sacraments.

"Oh, sir," he replied, in a careless, indifferent tone, "I do not think that person in the world can be expected to observe these little practices of monkish piety."

Mr. Beecham was speechless with surprise. He had not expected, in the first place, that Richard had given up his religious duties; but the answer he had just received, revealed the depth of the evil.

"Richard," he said, at length, "I did not think that I ever should have from you such an expression as this. I fear now that these dispositions are not of such very recent date. You have been long associating, I fear, with some evil companion. Do you ever see Henri de Chollet now?" he said, as if suddenly recollecting himself.

"Yes, sir," was the laconic reply.

"You meet often?"

"Well, sometimes."

"How long have you known him?"

"About a year."

Mr. Beecham again relapsed into silence. At length he broke it with, "And when did you last receive the Sacraments?"

"About six months ago, I believe at Christmas," he said, looking angry at the interrogation.

"Richard, you have not then even made your Easter duty. Oh, my son, for as sure as I have always loved you, my heart is filled with pity and grief. I do not wonder now at your sentiments, for it is impossible that the grace of God should dwell in the heart, where we do not make use of prayer and the Sacraments, which are the great means of obtaining and retaining it. Take care, Richard, that you do not lose your faith, sake; and this will certainly be your sad plan if you will persist in seeking the company of Henri de Chollet."

Mr. Beecham was unable to judge what impression his words had made on his nephew for the latter maintained that taciturn silence which was his wont, when any fault was found in him. However, the following Sunday, he accompanied his uncle to Mass; but he made first one, and then another excuse for putting off confession. A month passed, and he had not yet confessed. A letter, about this time, came to Richard from a friend at Hamburg, asking him to obtain leave of absence, and come to see him, and spend a few weeks with him. Richard gave the letter to his uncle, who quietly said, "You may please yourself about it." Yet he secretly wished that his nephew would spend some time with Carl Hoffner, who was a young man of excellent character; but, knowing Richard's disposition, he judged it prudent to appear indifferent, suspecting that he would refuse the invitation, if he imagined that his uncle desired him to go. Accordingly Richard wrote to Carl, thanking him for the pleasure offered him, and, after receiving a handsome allowance from his uncle who was more liberal than ordinary on this occasion, he set off on his journey.

The first week passed pleasantly, and young Beecham felt happier in the society of his friend than he had been for some time. One evening they were walking together one evening, when Carl said, as they were passing a Roman chapel, "To-morrow is my birthday; I always commemorate it by going to Communion. It will be a great pleasure to me if we both go together. Will you come in here to confession?"

"—stammered Richard, "I am not prepared at all this time."

"Come," said Carl, "half an hour will suffice. I know you go so regularly."

"Indeed, I cannot, Carl."

"Well," said his friend, inquiringly.

"Not now," he repeated, "I will take a stroll by myself, while you go.

During the time that Carl was at the tribunal of Penance, Richard was walking back among the monuments, moodily along and looking listlessly around him, when he was startled from his reverie by a familiar voice which exclaimed:

"Verily, a hermit! so absorbed in contemplation as not to recognize his friends. Your meditations do not appear to be of a unusual nature, if one may judge by your face."

Richard without noticing the remark, said, "How do I some to be so fortunate as to meet you here, M. de Chollet."

"Oh!" replied Henri, "I am going on a tour through Switzerland, and came on to take leave of my friend, and request to accompany me. But if you will come, Richard I will give up the other companion I called at your uncle's home to wish you adieu, and I will hasten back to St. Petersburg again. I heard you had gone for the holidays. He evaded my query as to your whereabouts, and I was bowed out with the most freezing politeness. How long do you remain away from St. Petersburg?"

"I think I has given me six weeks."

"And how long have you already been absent?"

"About a week."

"Then two weeks still remain to you. You must come with me."

Richard hesitated. He felt that deceitful as he had proved and been toward his uncle, he would be putting a climax to all faith in him.

"I do not think I can accept your invitation," he at length replied in a wavering tone.

Henri, with his quick penetration saw that it would not take much to change his mind on the subject, and used such persuasive arguments, that he at length gave way. As they approached the house of the Hoffners, Richard became rather uneasy. He felt that he was treating Carl badly, and he felt it to be sincerely attached to him.

"I shall have to introduce you to my friends, the Hubleys, by some other name than De Chollet," he said. "You see if I go to Switzerland, they will write to my uncle; and, as he does not approve of your friendship, I must change my name."

"Why, you are almost crazy," shrugging his shoulders.

Here Carl approached. He was walking thoughtfully along, on his way back from the tribunal of Penance, and was startled at the calm content, that Richard was strong with remorse at his own sin.

As early as he could, however, he introduced Henri as Monsieur Brun. Carl, as he saw the latter suspecting the real change in Richard, or the dangerous companion with whom he was associated, with frank hospitality begged him to stay with them. Henri was the last person in the world to refuse the invitation, if he imagined that his uncle desired him to do so

THE MONITOR.

PRINTED MONTHLY AT 37 PARK STREET.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief means of intellectual life, and because it is the chief means of information, opinion, and agitation, among the world. In our time, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, but only a work inferior personally to the mother of society; but a sort of sphere of influence, which, if it be not the first in dignity, is the most universal, the most extensive and decisive for its influence."—Cardinal Wiseman.

"Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"—Milton.

"Let the Catholic Press be what it should be, and it will be the most powerful instrument for good in the world."—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—In speaking of the Irish race, Right Rev. John Ireland, D. D., Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, has this to say: "The future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."

—Piper Ireland has been released, after being absented and carried over to England for court-martial. He says the English authorities treated him like a dog, penniless, 3,000 miles from home, because, after all their trouble, no evidence could be found against him, and he "would not surrender" himself voluntarily.

—From Mexico comes the intelligence that several priests have been fined and imprisoned because, according to incendiary statistics, they had their usual religious processions during Holy Week. This is one more instance of "Liberal" Freemason rule which would gladden the hearts of the Evangelical propagandists whose motto is, "All for us, and nothing for you."

—The Ypsilanti *Sentinel* says: "No President of the United States has ever chosen a Catholic Church as his place of worship, and so far as we know, none has ever so much as entered one in Washington; and it is well. In a Catholic Church God only is worshiped, and it would be discordant with the place, for a man no matter how distinguished, to enter, followed by a crowd of admirers, to divide honors with the Almighty."

—It seems to be the lot of the Jesuit Fathers to be ever the first against whom the rage of the Christian enemies is directed. The latest attack upon these devoted champions of Christianity has taken place on the Island of Jersey. In the States Assembly of the island a Bill providing for the expulsion of the Jesuits was discussed recently. The Order has founded a college there, and it was sought to dispossess them of the property. The iniquitous proposal was, we are glad to say, rejected.

—It was recently proposed that the Masonic Lodges of Germany should, as in England, France and Italy, employ the press as a means of repelling the attacks of the recent Papal Encyclical on Freemasonry. This proposal has been discussed at several of the meetings of the secret association. That the Encyclical of the Pontiff has taken more effect than what the enemies of the Catholic Church were inclined to think. The conduct of the Freemasons is a striking evidence of this fact.

—The city council of Canada, Spain, has passed a resolution to provide for the annual celebration, on the 26th of December, of solemn services in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows, in thanksgiving for the preservation of the city from the widespread destruction wrought by the recent earthquake throughout the kingdom. The civic authorities thereby give expression to the religious sentiments of the citizens, who rightly attribute it to the benign interposition of their Heavenly Mother their immunity in particular, from the disastrous effects of the great shock of the night of December 25th, 1884.

—The Chancellor is tired of the opposition which Herr Windhorst, the leader of the centre or Catholic party in the Reichstag, continues to make to him, and it is said he is about to approach this leader in a friendly way as a matter of change. There will be a new arrangement of the parliamentary groups if the measures of the Chancellor be supported by Herr Windhorst's party. The national Liberals are much discouraged at the new tactics of Bismarck. The Catholic journals are marvellously reserved, and no parade of triumph is put forward by them. It is also thought that the Conservatives of all shades will unite with the Catholics and that Liberalism will receive a check.

—The honor of private Pontifical audience was granted recently to the Very Rev. Pro-Rector of the North American College, who presented 5,000 francs for Peter Pence from the Diocese of Grand Rapids, receiving from the Pope the Apostolical blessing for the Bishop, the clergy, and the faithful of that See. He further obtained from His Holiness a special blessing for Sister M. de Chantal Cummings, of the Visitation Convent of Washington, D. C., who celebrated on Thursday, March 19th, the golden jubilee of her religious profession; also the Apostolic Benediction, on the occasion of his approaching marriage, for Eugene Kelly, Jr., son of the distinguished banker, Eugene Kelly, of New York, a great benefactor to the Church in the United States.

—The growth of the Church of late years in Scotland has been marvellous. This is due to the great immigration of Irish Catholics. In whatever part they locate themselves, their churches and schools soon spring up as monuments of their love of religion and education, which are unique. The hierarchy consists of one Archbishop and four Bishops. The priesthood numbers 321 and the missionaries 181, and 305 churches, chapels and stations, and 274 departments of day schools, with accommodation for 45,847 children, of which number 35,620 were present at examination in 1884. The grant earned by these children for that year was £24,773 4s., an average of 10s. 8½d. per head. The percentage of passes was 77.34, in the three R's. In Glasgow it is estimated that the Irish Catholic population is over 100,000.

—The parish priest of Moissac, in the diocese of Montauban, has practically roused the question of the refusal of French priests to bless a marriage contracted by parties who have taken advantage of the new-fangled law of divorce. The revolutionary papers call for the prosecution of the venerable Cure because he declined to bless one of these irreligious unions. They call his refusal an attack upon liberty of conscience, forgetting that the good priest does not prevent the parties from availing themselves of the legalized union now sanctioned by French law, but to force him to stand at the altar to witness a sacrilege would be a far greater assault upon the liberty of conscience and an open insult to our Lord Himself. A test case must soon arise, but even the statist Conseil d'Etat may end by allowing priests to do as they please, and to leave to the mayor the sinfulness task of marrying divorced people.

—The following very interesting facts have just been published in the London *Tablet*, concerning the Catholic clergy in Switzerland: "There are six ecclesiastical divisions, among which the secular priests are divided thus. Diocese of Basle (Bishop, Mgr. Lachat), 667 priests; Diocese of Chur, 332 priests, under Mgr. Rampa; Diocese of St. Gallen, 202 priests, under Mgr. Egger; Diocese of Lausanne and Geneva, under the well-known Mgr. Mermillod, 307 priests; Diocese of Sitten, 90 priests; Canton Tesino (hitherto under the jurisdiction partly of Como and partly of Milan, but henceforth under its own Apostolic Administrator), 310; total, 2,608 priests. There are also 432 regular priests thus divided: Capuchins, 183; Benedictines, 145; Bernardines, 41; Canons Regular, 40; Franciscans, 12; Carthusians, 11. The general total of Swiss priests is, therefore, 2,462, almost exactly the same as those in Great Britain, who, according to this year's Directory, muster 2,522."

—The effect of an Anglo-Russian war upon the trade of the United States at this time can best be inferred from the history of our commerce during the Crimean war. The Philadelphia *Press* has been looking up the statistics, and it finds that in 1853, when the war was impending, the United States' export of grain amounted to $33,500,000. Next year it went up to $67,000,000 on the outbreak of war. The reason of this was that the war cut of the supply of wheat Western Europe had been drawing from the Ukraine through Odessa. But this was overdoing the business, and in 1856 we exported but $42,500,000. The continuance of the war caused an increased demand for breadstuffs, and in 1856 we exported to the value of $77,666,455. The export of timber saw a similar expansion in those years, rising from $9,000,000 before the war to $12,000,000 in the first two years, and falling to $11,000,000 in the third. This was due to the interruption of the Baltic timber trade.

—From the *Catholic Review* we learn that at the last Consistory Dr. Schulte, of the American College, Rome, published for Pallia for Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, and Archbishop Gross, of Oregon City. They were granted. Archbishop Seghers, who lays down the Pallium of Oregon City, has been granted as a personal distinction the Pallium in retiring to his old See of Vancouver's Island. There is a strange and suggestive sentance in the list of the last Consistorial appointments. It notes that on his conversion to Catholicism, the schismatical Bishop Ambergiam, who had arrogated to himself the title of Bishop of Lacedicea, was granted the title of Bishop of Croia, thus recognizing the legitimacy of his consecration, even though it was conferred by schismatics. It will be seen from this, even by Anglicans, that could they show an Apostolic succession their orders would be recognized. Happily, the men who broke away from Catholic unity cared nothing for Apostolical orders. So long as they received the loaves and fishes they were satisfied. Among the appointments by brief, announced at the Consistory, was that of Archbishop Alemany, to the Titular Archiepiscopal See of Tabasium.

Liberal Catholics.

The *Lake Shore Visitor*, of Erie, Pa., complains that "while much is being done for people, the people in return do very little for themselves. Our religiously inclined to-day, when compared with the many who are bold enough to say that they do not prefer any form of religion, are indeed but few. The churches as a general thing are not well attended, and when the attendance is realized, piety or a sense of religious obligation is not the motive that leads the greatest number. There may be a pew attached to going to church, but certainly church going through an unworthy motive is not praiseworthy, nor is it deserving of reward. There are many who do not attend Mass, who will Sunday after Sunday, perhaps, spend the day in amusement or among companions whose company is not good. If in the evening they can get to church, they go, and perhaps go to any church that suits their fancy. A preacher in the pulpit is about the same on the occasion as Bishop or priest, and the doctrine he preaches just suits their purpose as well. The service is in the evening, and this is all they want. The man who claims to be a Catholic and who has grown so cold as not to see the utility of attending at least at Mass, is a man who will soon take the final step and become an open apostate. He must certainly have lost respect to himself, their churches and schools soon spring up as monuments of their love of religion and education, which are unique. The hierarchy consists of one Archbishop and four Bishops. The priesthood numbers 321 and the missionaries 181, and 305 churches, chapels and stations, and 274 departments of day schools, with accommodation for 45,847 children, of which number 35,620 were present at examination in 1884. The grant earned by these children for that year was £24,773 4s., an

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Archbishop Alemany's Departure.

In a few days now the connection which has subsisted for the lifetime of a generation between California and its first Archbishop will close forever. Archbishop Alemany all take his departure for Rome in obedience to the call of his superiors, and the revered figure which we have grown to regard as almost an essential part of the Church itself, will be seen no more among us. Although we have been aware for many weeks that his sojourn among us was nearly over, the near approach of his departure cannot but occasion a genuine pang of sorrow to every Catholic heart in California and to many outside the bounds of the Church. It is in the nature of some characters that their full worth and the affection which they inspire are only realized fully when we have to part from them and the gap which they leave in our life is felt at last. They enter so calmly and so unobtrusively into our thoughts and surroundings without jar or tumult, that we scarcely note their presence more than that of the air we breath however largely they may influence our life, and it is only when they are taken away that we can feel how large a place they filled in our hearts.

Such a character is our late Archbishop. For thirty years he has been coming and going among us, ruling the Church in California as the Good Shepherd, as humble as the youngest child. Indefatigable in work, yet never allowing his anxieties and toils to ruffle his uniform serenity, and as sparing of others as he was severe on himself. So congenious has his character been that it scarcely seemed to attract attention, yet if we look on ourselves and the world around us, and even those we are in the habit of looking up to as lofty and noble characters, how few indeed will we find of whom it can be said that during a whole generation of life in a high public station they have given no cause for complaint, for greed, pride or self-seeking, or indulence or self indulgence, or even heatiness of temper, and all this can with perfect confidence be said of our late Archbishop. But this is not all. That a man should devote his life freely to the benefit of his personal friends and family or native land, for no earthly reward would be in itself a rare heroism, but it was not to his own people that Archbishop Alemany's life had been devoted. In the discharge of his high office he has had to deal with men of every race, of every profession, clergy, laity and religious, and among them all he has held the strictest justice, unawayed as far as the human eye can judge by any partiality whatever.

The renunciation of his own will as far as possible seems to have been the guiding spirit of his life. Choosing deliberately a life of poverty and obedience at his entrance into the Order of St. Dominic, he was removed from that obedience and poverty by the express command of the Sovereign Pontiff and ordered to live a ruler of the Church on a distant land. How earnestly he threw himself into his apostolate, how he preached, travelled and discharged the duties of a priest as well as those of the ruler of a diocese we all know. But while so cheerfully bearing the burden of the episcopacy, he has, as far as in him lay, ever retained the life of an humble friar of St. Dominic. Beyond what was the result of the king's nomination of his successor in the same a single dollar from the revenues of the Archdiocese in exchange for the episcopal rule, so now that he returns to seek an asylum of his chosen Order in his old age, he does so in poverty as perfect as when he first took its habit as a Religious.

We feel that it is almost an impertinence to speak of the details of such a life, and we only do so to call the attention of the Catholics of California to note what manner of a man it is that has been guiding them for a third part of a century, and how in our own days and in this healing community the noblest examples may still be found if we will only look for them in serious reflection.

Though Archbishop Alemany has chosen to take an asylum from his old Order as a penitious applicant, it would be a dishonor to the Catholics of California if they did not show at least such a parting gift as would provide for his future maintenance. We have had his toil for thirty three years; should we now suffer a Religious Order to furnish him a gratuitous support in his age, however gladly they offer it? We trust that the liberality of rich and poor will give a sufficient answer to this question before the close of next week, and that California will show herself not ungrateful to her adopted Prelate in his age and glorious poverty.

The Influence of Freemasonry.

The Bishop of Nottingham, in the Nottingham *Daily Express*, publishes the translation of a passage from a recent number of *Le Tonkinois*. It is as follows:

"The Prince of Wales, in his character of future Pope of the Anglican Church, earned repeated thanks from our Archbishop, Mgr. Puginier. The Grand Architect is part of the compact. The Prince of Wales is the Grand Master of Freemasonry. He plays no other part therein, and he is the most powerful support of the Grand Orient of France. Hence the Prince of Wales is the Pope of Freemasonry. He is the Pope of the Revolution. Hence of Satan. Hence the Prince of Wales replies the Impure Joseph II. My business is to be a regular pope. And, in this particular situation, he adds: My business is to be Satan."

"But all the Freemasons of England do not feel either the necessity or the dignity attributed to them. They have not all the good fortune of the Prince of Wales for sharing his epithets.

"When Bradlaugh lately came to Paris, he put himself in communication with the Grand Orient of France. He explained to them the necessity of his coming, and that the reasons will be held in London to protect against the desire of the Grand Lodge, and to raise the relations of England with French Masonry.

"The Prince of Wales will be dissatisfied with the Grand Architect. Would he like to offer a piece of good advice, very generous in a republican? Then let him spit himself up on a pitch with the Grand Architect. He is worthy of it."

Mission at the Church of Our Lady of Angels, Los Angeles.

Fathers Cook, who, some three months ago, gave a mission very acceptably at the Cathedral with great success, on the 10th of May, will commence a mission for the Indian speaking Catholics at the Church of our Lady of Angels, opposite the Plaza. He will be accompanied by the well known preacher Rev. Father Gibson, who will preach in English, Father Cook in German and French.

Over 1 lb. Infallible Lye in 25c. tin cans. Sold by all grocers. Ask for Infallible. Lye. Beware of Imitations.

Tutt's Liver Pills. Dose one Pill.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Visit of the Royal Paupers to Ireland. An Insult to all Irishmen. A Very Tame Reception in Dublin. Rent Spasms's New Mode of Smothering Irish Disloyalty. The Adoration of the People still with Parnell. The National Feeling Stronger than ever, etc., etc.

(FROM OUR IRISH LAND LEAGUE CORRESPONDENT.)

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—By now you have heard their royal infinities from the land of the slave have landed on Irish soil. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their son Albert Edward Duke of Clarence, landed in Kingstown harbor last, and they by the Irish people, the Irish people, the Irish people,

Farm and Home.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And the sky be black with storm,
Foot is steady, strong or weary:
Trust in God and do the right.

Perils lurk and cursing
Paints all that fears the light,
Whether leading whether winding
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust on forms of mighty power,
Plaude that loud like angels delight,
Trust the cyclone, blast of lightning
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Some from hate turn with scorn thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding:
Trust in God and do the right.

Household Receipts.

CREAM CAKE.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, rubbed together, two cups of cream, five cups of flour, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a glass of wine, and one teaspoonful of any spice you fancy.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Heat to froth two eggs; add gradually a small cup of cocoanut grated, one spoonful of flour; make into cone shape by rolling them. Put on buttered sheets of letter paper, and bake five minutes in a quick oven. Let them cool before removing from the tin.

KISSES.—Whites of two eggs, into which beat very gradually two teaspoonful of powdered sugar and two tablespoonful of corn starch; flavor with lemon or vanilla. Drop in teaspoonful, two inches apart, on well buttered letter-paper; lay the paper on a half-inch board, and place in a moderate oven. Bake fifteen minutes until slightly brown.

A RICH ADDITION TO SOUP.—Beat five eggs well; add to them a pint of best molasses, made from Johnson's fluid beef, or any clear soup you have on hand; stir in some salt and a grain of nutmeg; pour it into a well-buttered pudding mold or tin pan; set this in boiling water and let it boil an hour. Be sure that the water does not flow into the mold. When done cut the mass into thin slices or little pieces and serve in clean soup. Two or three fruit pills may be beaten in the tureen if approved.

SUBSIDED FRUIT CAKE.—The following recipe is from the note-book of a famous Virginia housekeeper: Three pounds of sugar, three pounds of butter, a little over three pounds of flour, twenty four eggs, 6 pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, chopped fine; one pound of citron, one pound of sweet almonds, blanched and cut thin; one pound of lemon peel; one pound of orange peel; quarter ounce of mace; quarter ounce of nutmeg; a cup of fruit syrup. It will take four hours to bake in a moderate oven. Frost with almond icing.

How to Boil Rice.—An English authority on cooking gives the following as the proper way to boil eggs: Put the eggs into a saucepan, cover them with boiling water and let them stand for about ten minutes when the water will keep hot but not boiling. The proper temperature will be 180° When they are opened the whites will be of a soft jelly-like consistency and the yelk soft but not liquid. It will, in fact, be uniformly cooked, no part of the white appearing raw, as is ordinarily the case in unboiled eggs, but all soft and tender, and yet coagulated.

Family Fun.

"WHAT IS AN EDITOR, PA?"

A man who gathers the news, my boy,
And does it all to please, my boy
A man of wit
A man of sense
A man they all abuse, my boy.

The man the printers curse, my boy,
The man they call a dry old boy,
A load of care,
That's hard to bear,
Weighs on his mind beside, my boy.

He pens a line to please light, my boy,
Never a coin in sight, my boy,
Early and late,
Drives by fate,
He works for the cause of right, my boy.

In spite of all that is said, my boy,
In the end he'll be ahead, my boy,
For my advice,
Shun vice,
Half we show he is dead, my boy.

"A Joke on a Horse.

One of the commission men on Wood bridge street, says the *Detroit News*, has a horse who was the terror of every pedestrian who got within three feet of his head. The animal has teeth like a shark, and up to a few days ago he'd bite everything within reach except a pile of grindstones. Whipping had no effect, and he would get rid of animals as fast as they were put on. The firm had paid out considerable money to settle for his bites, and were wondering what they would sell him for, when along came a man who guaranteed a cure for Bill. He was told to go to work, and his first move was to get an old suit of clothes and stuff it with straw. The horse was driven down the street, and the cats was tied to a hitching post, back in the street. A full pound of Cayenne pepper was then rubbed into and sprinkled over the garments and the straw stuffing, and the job was ready.

The horse came jogging back, and the driver let him stand within six feet of the man of straw. The old bloke's eye got a twinkle as he saw a fine chance to use his teeth, and he came at full speed to begin edging to the post. When ready for business he made a sudden lunge and snapped the "man" by the collar. That old horse knew a thing or two. He had a mouthful of the pepper in a jiffy. As he lifted the figure off the ground he gave it a shake it fell apart, and he came back with his mouth filled with exploding pepper. Great tears rolled down his long nose, he sneezed and snorted and coughed, and he was just as objectionable as the general laugh on him as a man would have been. He backed away from the remnants, opened his mouth to cool it, and hung his head in shame. He did not even venture for a day, but when he got so that he could look the pelting crowd in the face he was a changed horse. Anybody can pull his ears or rub his nose now with impunity. In fact, he courts caresses where he dodged them, and on the approach of a stranger will shut his eyes and mouth, as if fearful of another dose.

Amusing Blunders.

A schoolboy habit of placing upon a question some literal meaning other than intended by the examiner, often leads to answers as curious as unexpected. Thus an inspector, testing a class upon their knowledge of the economics of the kings of Israel, asked the boy to whose turn it had come to be questioned

"And who came after Solomon?"

"The Queen of Sheba, sir," answered the youngster.

Being asked what were the chief ends of the prophets, a boy replied:

"His head and feet."

A little questioner set to where Jacob was young when he was ten years old, replied: "He was ten years old, sir."

Catholic Societies.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

STATE OFFICERS: State Spiritual Director, Rev. Leo Parisot; Chancellor, Jas. Lynch; State President, A. J. McCormick; at Branch 102, San Francisco: State Vice President, J. J. Dwyer; Recording Secretary, Thos. Fitzpatrick; Financial Secretary, Jas. Mahoney; Treasurer, Henry Wolter; Marshal, Jas. McCormick.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH—No 147—Spiritual Director, Rev. J. Wadhams; President, Jas. Lynch; Vice President, P. Hayes; Recording Secretary, Jas. Mahoney; Financial Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Treasurer, Thos. Newnam; Marshal, Jas. Mahoney; Sentinel, Jas. Lynch; Trustees, Thos. Newnam, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Mahoney.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO COURT, No. 5889, meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday, at Pacific Building, Market and Montgomery streets. Officers: Chaplain, Rev. J. Prendergast; Chief Ranger, Jas. Phelan; Vice Chief Ranger, J. Lynch; Recording Secretary, Thos. Dwyer; Financial Secretary, P. O'Malley; Treasurer, P. Dwyer; Trustees, Jas. Phelan, P. Dwyer, P. Sullivan; Medical Examiner, Dr. Toland.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

DIVISION NO. 1 meets 1st and 3rd Sundays, at Shiels' Hall, Market street, near Sixth. Officers: Chaplain, Rev. P. Dillon; President, M. Gallagher; Vice President, M. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Dwyer; Financial Secretary, M. Ryan; Treasurer, P. Dwyer; Sentinel, M. Ryan; Trustees, M. Ryan, P. Dwyer, M. Gallagher.

DIVISION NO. 2 meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, at Shiels' Hall. Officers: Chaplain, Rev. P. Dillon; President, P. Ryan; Vice President, P. Ryan; Recording Secretary, P. Ryan; Financial Secretary, P. Ryan; Treasurer, P. Ryan; Sentinel, P. Ryan; Trustees, P. Ryan, P. Dwyer, P. Ryan.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY—Director, Rev. Father Caredan; President, J. Lynch; Vice President, H. J. Ford; Recording Secretary, W. J. Fahey; Financial Secretary, W. J. Fahey; Treasurer, W. J. Fahey; Librarian, J. McCormick; Marshal, T. Sullivan. This society holds a meeting every Wednesday evening in the hall of the Catholic Young Men's Institute, Market street.

ST. ANN'S CHARITABLE SOCIETY, Parnassus, Ontario. The following are officers for the ensuing six months: President, Mrs. C. J. Kenny; Vice President, Mrs. Barrett; Secretary, Mrs. C. A. Palmer; Treasurer, Mrs. E. Kelly; Collector, Miss Maggie Brown.

ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF SAN JOSE—President, Rev. Michael Kelly; Vice President, Mrs. Ellen Lynch; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Lynch; Financial Secretary, Miss Ellen Lynch; Treasurer, Miss Mary Tomey; Fine Keeper, Miss Mary Lynch; Marshal, Miss Kate Lynch; Trustees, Miss Mary Lynch, Miss Ellen Lynch, Miss Kate Lynch.

ST. JOSEPH'S SOCIETY, PORTLAND, Oregon. The following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: President, P. Harlow; Vice President, N. Barlow; Secretary, A. McGinn; Treasurer, Levi Ankeney; Corresponding Secretary, J. F. Hughes; Financial Secretary, Geo. Lonergan; Marshal, Patrick Barry; Sentinel, Patrick Barry; Trustees, Mark McGinn, Patrick Barry, Corresponding Secretary, J. F. Hughes. The association meets in its own hall, corner of Second and Yamhill streets, on the first Sunday of every month. Meetings of committees and committee of ways and means are held every evening from 7 until 9 o'clock. Authorized to transact business, 371 Market street, S. F.

THE CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO—Office, 804 Market street, S. F.: Patron, Archbishop Alemany; President, J. H. McNally; Secretary, C. H. Wilson; Treasurer, Geo. Lonergan; Vice President, Rev. Father Caredan; Vice President, Rev. Father Williams; Fin. Sec. Geo. Lonergan; Rec. Sec. Wm. Williams; Trustees, Geo. Lonergan, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Mahoney, Jas. Phelan, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Mahoney, Jas. Phelan, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Mahoney, Jas. Phel

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES

A Concession to the Irish.

LONDON, April 20.—The constituency and the being closed by the Prince of Wales at Sandringham Monday was fully represented. Tuesday by the Duke of Cambridge, who read a letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (which is about to be published in Ireland and the duties transferred to the Secretary of State for Ireland. Several Ministers have been successful in the Irish, one of whose leading complaints has been against the Castle.

The Crimes Act.

LONDON, April 20.—The Cabinet is considering the question of the renewal of the Irish Crimes Act. The Government will make the matter the first business of Parliament after the Easter recess. The Government of Ireland has been in the hands of the Irish Parliamentary party.

The Nations and the Irish Prelates.

ROME, April 20.—The Pope to-day gave separate audiences to the Bishops of Meath and Down, and made arrangements with the Propaganda regarding the Instructions to be sent to the Irish Prelates.

Sentenced Might have paid His Fare Home.

Mrs. Mary Ireland has received another letter from her husband Robert, the American citizen who was lured into Canada, arrested as a deserter from the British army, and released from Sheriffs Castle, penalties, to be this way to America. Hampton.

"The Short Service act has changed the men completely in the Highlands of Scotland and nearly one man that might to have known no war may. I decided to answer my condition that would lacerimate me, and claimed to be an American citizen. I in officer and the Sheriff produce my citizenship papers and said "Are you a British subject." I said "Yes, I have to pay my bill at a hotel while I am in service." The sample of American check made the officer laugh. The officer thought over the matter and decided he no for a long time. Then he said "Sergeant, you had better show Mr. Ireland to the castle gate."

A friendly piper, Archie McCluman, took care of him after to had walked hungry and lonely to Edinburgh.

Nurses for the Wounded.

St. Petersburg, May 1.—Several Society Sisters of Charity have been ordered to join General Komroff's army to aid in caring for the wounded. Of this number thirty will go from St. Petersburg, twenty from Moscow and fifteen from Odessa.

The Council of Irish Bishops.

ROME, April 20.—The Irish Bishops assembled today in the Congregation of the Propaganda. Cardinal Simeoni addressed the Bishops. Their Lordships expressed their determination to treat all questions submitted to them unfettered in any way by political or other feeling.

No News From Middleton.

WYOMING, May 4.—The line is down between Humboldt and Clark's Crossing, Reports of a fight between Indians and the Mounted Police and a white has been heard at Fort Pelly. The dispatches brought by couriers to Humboldt and telegraphed from there today are dated. "Sixty miles south of Gabriel's Crossing." This would place Middleton and Middleton's Indians within miles from Pitt creek. It is known that the column of Middleton was finished on Saturday and is supposed also reached Clark's Crossing before this. This water is constantly rising in the river, which will allow of the stream being used to convey supplies.

The Situation in Sudan.

SUAKIM, April 20.—El Mahdi's power has become more during every day. Last night they attacked Lambkin and Hue and kept up a heavy fire on both sides all night. The firing was heavier, made from too long a range to be effective. Another forward movement by the British troops is expected to take place before long.

LONDON, May 4.—The *Portsmouth Street* publishes an article by Charles William, a Scottish correspondent, substantially proving the incompetency of Sir Charles William and the social slaughter of Gordon by his negligence. The matter is to be brought up in Parliament the day or two, with the probabilities of a court-martial. Lord Charles Beresford and many ships he orders are willing to be witnesses.

New York, April 18—Last Tuesday an old woman named Sandy died on a small farm in Westchester county. She was supposed to be poor, but her effects were examined today and there were found sewed up in an old petticoat $20,000 in greenbacks, bank books showing deposits of $19,000 and $10,000 in bonds. In addition to this she owned the farm on which she lived, and the house was filled with the farm upon which she resided. The bulk of the estate will go to the will go to her nephew, Mortimer Brown of this city, James and William Sandy, and a considerable number of others.

Monsignor Capel's Status.

BOSTON (Mass), April 24.—The following telegram was received by the Boston Globe to-night from Monsignor Capel:

MONTREAL (Tues.), April 23.—The Globe has very falsely published some correspondence concerning myself, to which I say you publish the following denial:

I, Lavoie had the honor to serve as private chaplain to the house of Pius IX.

I have never had a recognized place in European politics.

I never had the honor to be under the direction of Cardinal Nawman, or of being associated in any work with him.

My revenues from the Kensington Episcopal College was my own voluntary act of generosity.

My visit to the United States is of my own choice, and for what I had long decided.

Save in four instances all my lectures and sermons have been delivered at the express invitation of priests, bishops and archbishops, who have given me the hearliest welcome.

Many of such discourses have been given gratuitously, and in many where payment had been made the larger portion of the net proceeds has gone to the need of the local church or institution.

In the month I am, at the request of the ecclesiastical authorities, lecturing and preaching in the churches.

Lastly, I am pursuing, but more carefully and slowly than I had ever intended, the plan of visiting all the great centres of American life. This I shall have fairly well done. The South I am now doing. Also at immediately I shall visit the Pacific Slope and afterwards the Canadian States.

THE AFGHAN DISPUTE.

The Recent Difficulties to be Arbitrarily Settled.

LONDON, May 4.—In the House of Lords this afternoon Granville in reply to inquiries said that England and Russia had agreed to renew negotiations in London concerning the Afghan frontier question and that a meeting of the Ministers of Russia and England would be held. He believed and that both England and Russia had agreed that the difficulties which had arisen from the Penjdeh incident should be submitted to a full investigation and reference to a friendly Power.

LONDON, May 4. The Government has sent orders to Devonshire to make shortening sailor of small pattern for transport service. This, it is believed, foreshadows the shipping of all war preparations.

THE TROUBLE IN INDIA.

CALCUTTA, May 4.—The public is dissatisfied with Ripon's concessions to Gladstone, and there are rumoring expressed now that Ripon's attitude may have already endangered the safety of the party comprising the Lansdowne Surveying Commission. Preparations for war on a large scale still continue in India.

CONVERSIONS IN GERMANY.

Remarkable Conversions Among the German Princes.

The St. *James Gazette* of London calls attention to the fact that Catholicism has of late been making progress among the Princes of Germany. Duke Philip of Wurtemberg, the only Protestant Prince of Germany, has recently announced his conversion to Catholicism, and the eldest daughter of Duke Philip by his wife, Princess Ida of Schaumburg-Lippe, is to be married to the Prince Regent of Bavaria, with the probabilities of a court-martial. Lord Charles Beresford and many ships he orders are willing to be witnesses.

New York, April 18.—Last Tuesday an old woman named Sandy died on a small farm in Westchester county. She was supposed to be poor, but her effects were examined today and there were found sewed up in an old petticoat $20,000 in greenbacks, bank books showing deposits of $19,000 and $10,000 in bonds. In addition to this she owned the farm on which she lived, and the house was filled with the farm upon which she resided. The bulk of the estate will go to the will go to her nephew, Mortimer Brown of this city, James and William Sandy, and a considerable number of others.

—Hercules shall conform prices with the lowest in this market. G. Muller, Opposite 135 Montgomery street, near Bush.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

FROM

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Auction.—In the Belfast Police Court, on April 9, John Green, tramway conductor, was charged with having assaulted Mr. Thomas Gibson, a gentleman of the city of Ireland in a shop. Gibson and killed by a passing tramcar in Donegal Place. Several witnesses having been examined, the judge said that in his opinion, a prima facie case had been made out that the prisoner was guilty of negligence, and he would therefore be discharged.

Armagh.—The Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Primate of all Ireland, has offered cattle received from the sexes attack of Disease which took alarming a time a couple of weeks ago. He thinks it will cure some time, but the worst symptoms have entirely disappeared. A trial was still, in a hopeful, completely cured, perfect unrelated Profits, and enable him to continue the treatment of the cattle. The Primate is a great favorite with the people, and the sympathy expressed in the case with which the attachment of his flock was received and the universal sympathy felt.

Clare.—Mr. John Mahony, postmaster, Kildysart, has been recently appointed clerk of petty sessions for the Kildysart district. The appointment of Mr. Mahony to this position has, I might say, given great satisfaction to a large circle of friends in the locality. In addition to this, Mr. Mahony has for some time back been appointed agent to the various lines of emigrant steamers plying between Ireland and Australia.

Mayo.—Mr. D. Hill, V.S., has been elected veterinary inspector for the district of Ballinrobe, in place of the late lamented Mr. Patrick D. Nevin. Mr. Hill is a native of Ballinrobe, and a large number of relatives and friends of the deceased, assembled in Kilduff cemetery on the day of the interment to mark a mournful and sudden, just tended to the last sad rites to the remains of the deceased. Mr. Hill is a young man, and is universally popular. His house has also been selected by the Lord Lieutenant for the Chancellor, in room of the late Thos. Mason, who resigned the position a long time ago

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Poetry

THE TWO ANGELS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

When a dear child is born upon the earth,
God finds before him a minister of love;
Sweet, gentle spirits, predestined by his birth,
One, in his world, and one, in heaven above.

One pleadeth for him, near the Father's throne;
The other visibly takes his delegate;
And both, joy-long to aid him their care,
Shed wisdom's light around his innocence.

One angel, guardian of his happiness,
Asks him for incense, whiter than the lily,
The other, kind and modest as a nurse,
Asks him for love, both blessing in return.

And when his little hands are held so fit,
Calling on God, one sound smiles on high;
And when the other feels the pressure soft
Of his sweet mouth, tears fill her raptured eye.

But if alas! burdening himself with care,
He sins in joy, and forgetteth his God,
Both fly to bring back peace, one by a prayer;
The other, by the pardon of her heart.

And when, on each, sorrow lays its one yoke,
Of all time's trials, he most comes for lay;
One doth protect him with his power divine,
The other, with her heart's fidelity.

Blest heavy children! may your voices clear,
In pious accents, sound, and lid adore;
Who, in a world, gives an angel here
And then, in heaven above, one equal more.

THE BRIDGE OF PRAYER.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The bridge of prayer, from heavenly heights suspended,
Unlike his earth with spirit realms in space;
The interests of the material world are blended
For those whose feet have turn often toward that place.

In troubled nights of sorrow and suffering
When joy and hope seem sank in dark despair,
We still may see the shadows clinging
The gleaming archway of the bridge of prayer.

From that fair height our souls may lean and hear
Tones of world music, from the fathers above,
And through the vapors obscuring our dear eyes
Of loved ones who have hastened on before,
And angels come from that celestial city
And meet us half-way on the bridge of prayer.
God sends his angels to the bridge of prayer
To strengthen us for burdens we must bear.

O you whose feet walk in some shadowed by way
Far from the main road of pleasure and delight,
Still love to hear the joyful responsive hallway,
Where heavenly glories upon the night.
And sometimes pulse of joy grows universal,
And happiness walks hand in hand with pain,
Then the bridge of prayer is crowded with people
For those who often seek the bridge of prayer.

Literary Miscellany.

The Beechams.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some days after the funeral Sister Clare was announced to the parlor, and she was greatly surprised to meet her brother. His manner was in bright and joyous, and he greeted her so cryly, that she trembled at the thought that he was about to break the news he was so little expecting.

"What a quiet sun you have grown, Gertrude, I doubt if you recognize Jack."

He did not give her time to reply as he wrung her hand and continued in a merry way: "And my dear Nell! How is she? And Maurice, too, my old friend! How I long to see them both! I was on my way to Fernley, but I turned out of it, to give my sister news of her brother Jack. He passed for the first time, and seeing her ready to receive, I thought I would call. Well, Gertrude, cannot this fit, Jack," she replied, in a tone of wonder, "but I see that it is impossible that you have received any letters. "I have been travelling from one place to another during the past two months, and though I left directions to have my letters forwarded, I believe many have gone astray. I see, Gertrude, there is bad news. What is it?"

"Jack, you must prepare yourself for a heavy stroke. You cannot expect to meet Maurice by the time you reach Fernley."

"He is then dead?" Perhaps—and here he paused, afraid to utter the thought.

"Yes," she answered, "he is dead."

He was silent at first, and then very sadly said: "Tell me of his death. I am sure he made a happy end, his life was all a ways, so good. You know we lived as brothers, and I blamed, I may say, his very thoughts."

"Ah, Jack, he was good, open. She then related the end of their unhappy brother-in-law.

Dreadfully shocked, he did not speak for some time. At length he exclaimed:

"Oh, such a death! I will not place relations on the virtue of any one again."

"We cannot place such firm reliance on human virtue. Any one of us, from little and little, may fall into great sin. We must doubts in ourselves and trustin God," she replied.

"You have answered my thoughts at this moment. I was going to say I does not trust myself."

"Indeed, Jack, you might well say that. But whilst we are diffident of ourselves, let us remember we can do all things in Him Who strengthens us. Let us, therefore, in temptation let us have recourse to prayer and grace will not be denied."

"And my Nellie, what of her?"

"Jack, she is at peace—at rest."

"Dead! Oh, my God! he cried, breathlessly. "Oh, do not say she is also dead!"

"She is with her God, Jack. She died a most holy death, three days ago."

"And I am too late. It is more than I can bear."

Sister Clare did not again speak. Jack had sunk on his knees, and buried his face in his hands, and she judged it best to leave him so. After some time she added that he would like to visit the little church, which was attached to the convent. As he was opening the door he said, "I will come again in morning, Gertrude. I will not keep you longer this evening."

She left him, therefore, inwardly praying that the God of all comfort would deign to give him great grace for the heavy cross he was now suffering. The following day he asked her for the remainder of his sister's history.

CHAPTER IX.

Some weeks after, Jack Beecham proceeded to Nuremberg, with the intention of studying some paintings.

One evening he had been visiting the Church of St. Lorenz, and as he was strolling from the Karlstrom Strasse he met Giovanni Bernini, a gentleman, with whom he had become acquainted a year before at Milan. Giovanni appeared to be painfully absorbed in contemplation, and Mr. Beecham, guessing his sorrow, expressed his sentiment at their meeting, and begged he would accompany him on the morrow to the Mutte Kappelle.

Bernini shook his head vacantly, and replied, "I have no heart to hear a strange lip palette and brush."

"And why so?" inquired young Beecham.

"Because my heart is full of sorrow and uneasiness, and my hand is too unsteady."

To Jack's interrogations, as to the cause, he replied, "I have a young brother, over whom, since my parents' death, I have watched as a father. He has great great promise of rising to fame by his talent. But alas! he has begun to indulge in gambling and intemperance. It is but a short time since I followed him into a house where a game was just ended. I may say that, unfortunately, he has been the winner, for now he will be induced to continue the course he has begun. I succeeded in drawing him away and taking him home. In turning from the table, I observed that his opponent in the game sat on in a dark and vengeful scowl, which meant mischief."

It was late when they parted, and they threading their way through some narrow and irregular streets of the town, not noticing the lofty and old houses on either side, which at another time would have attracted their attention.

So absorbed were they in conversation that they did not observe that their steps were slowly dogged. Jack, happening to stop his cane, perceived a tall figure in mounting them. At first he did not pay much attention to the fact, but after they had proceeded some distance, by an uncontrollable impulse, he was induced to look behind, and then noticed that the same man was still keeping upon their footsteps. Jack, who was not at all timorous, began to feel uneasy, when he, for the first time, remarked that they had lost their way. They had now reached the river side, at a dark and lonely part of the street when, suddenly, Giovanni was seized. Jack made an effort to go to his assistance, but he received a blow upon his head which left some less to the ground.

When young Beecham next opened his eyes, he became aware by the jolting and moving over the stones, that he was in some vehicle. He whether he was going, and whether he was with friends or enemies, were questions he could not satisfactorily answer. He could not see; and, on making an effort to rise, he learned to his cost, powerlessness he was. The pain in his head was great, and he remed his hands and to find that it was bandaged. He tried to recollect what had happened, but in vain, and once more relapsed into a stupor.

On again recovering consciousness, he found himself in bed, but he did not recognize any of the surroundings. He might have lain there for years, so lapsed was all idea of time to him. Once more he fell into a deep sleep, from which he awoke to find a physician by his side.

"The doctor thinks him better to-day, and some persons want to see him.

"Yet, he has been now five days and so yet he has been on the verge of consciousness," rejoined the low voice of a nun.

"Where am I?" said Jack, opening his eyes and looking vacantly.

"Thank God, he speaks!"

The house of the voice seemed to Jack to echo some faint memory of the past, and "Where am I? Who are you?" he again asked, turning his gaze full upon the speaker. It was the nun, whom he had observed following him in the streets, when in the company of Giovanni Bernini. Mingled feelings of terror and indignation seized him. The other seemed to read his thoughts, and said, in what sounded to Jack a feeble voice, "You have nothing to fear from me. You are with friends."

With enemies, Jack was on the point of replying, indignantly, but there was in the gaze of the speaker a look of such kindness and interest, that he forebore. He scarcely recognized the countenance as that of the man who was the cause of his accident, and he fixed his glance with curiosity and wonder once more upon the face.

"Jack, do you not know me?"

The voice, the face recalled Richard to his memory, and he said, hesitatingly, "I should say it was my brother, if I did not know him to be already dead."

"And why do you say that Richard Beecham is dead?"

"We received certain intimation that my brother was drowned years ago. But how comes it that you know that name and mine?"

As Carl told the reason of his misfortune, Richard was making various plans, which, however, he did not communicate to his old friend. He merely remarked, "I will be here again early to morrow with my brother, and we will see if anything can be done."

That night he and Jack set up late revolving plans for the future. Jack proposed that if Carl were willing to accept it he would go to his aid with his fortune, and be sleeping partner, which Richard and Carl in conjunction should be the practical one.

Carl was overwhelmed with surprise and joy at the unexpected news, and once more he knelt at Beecham's feet.

Between the friends was still further cemented by the marriage of John Beecham and Rosanina Buhler, a sister of Carl's, and the latter became a Protestant.

Here, then, we will part with the Beechams, with the hope that future generations may enjoy every happiness, and in particular that they may be preserved from the baneful influence of accursed drink. With regard to the further, wild father can we say than, may he continue to run his course with an earnestness in the pursuit of the object after which he is, or rather surpass, the obstinacy with which he pursued the path of error.

[THE END.]

Irish Emigration.

In the decennial period ending in 1861 the population of Ireland was found to have diminished by 20 per cent. In the next succeeding decade a further decrease took place of close upon 12 per cent. A still further diminution of nearly 7 per cent. occurred in the last decennial period, ending in 1871, so that in thirty years the population of Ireland had fallen from 8,175,124 to 5,412,377; while during the same time in England and Wales the population increased from 16,000,000 to 22,000,000, and in Scotland from 2,620,000 to 3,360,000 In 1841 the population was 8,222,664 in round numbers, and it was estimated to be 4,962,570 on the 31st of December, 1881. In 40 years, therefore, the Irish people have suffered a diminution of somewhere amounting to 3,192,784, each succeeding year adding to the total by showing a stricken lessening of the population, and at the present moment we have touched a lower level than at any time since the Union. Although the Irish people are being constantly quoted, and are familiar to everyone, they deserve none the less to be again repeated, as a perpetual reminder of the fact that, while other countries

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY MAY 20, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the social power in popularizing every day, upon the world, constitutes opinion, and opinion governs the world. Journalism is the greatest power in the world, it sweeps and sways everything, and yet it is wielded powerless in our midst, as if it were not, as it is, the greatest power in the world. Catholics have been lulled to sweet repose and defeated like sheep, while wolves have prowled in the fold. Journalism—the Press, Thunderer, Mouthpiece, Tribune, Herald—Big Gun! Issues and direct strength that determination or the reverse of determination, based upon premises which are in effect, the opinions of Catholic journals who defend Right and Truth, and who, with the sword of the Spirit, slay error, lies and delusion—the Press, the Sword and Buckler—Hear it!"

Editorial Notes.

— Mr. Thomas Brennan, the well known ex-Secretary of the Irish National Land League, now a resident in Detroit, Mich., has been admitted to practice in the Wayne circuit and United States Courts.

— The *Western Watchman* says that a new See is to be established in Illinois, to comprise all that part of the State south of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Rev. W. Clune of St. Boniface's Church, German town, Ill., is mentioned as the probable Bishop of this new See.

— An Argentine exchange states that he Holmnos has resolved to raise to the dignity of the Cardinalate the Most Rev. Dr. Paul, Archbishop of Bogota. If the news be true, Archbishop Paul will be the first South-American who has ever received that honor.

— Baroness Brothem informs us that a learned priest having suggested the need of an explanation of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine ordered by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, they have succeeded in getting Rev. Louis A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," to undertake such work.

— It is being quietly talked over that at an early day an assistant to the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan of Chicago will be appointed, and the ultimate division of the diocese is also being predicted. The diocese is one of the largest in this country, and, with a rapid increase of work, the field is regarded by many prominent Catholics as needing an assistant to the Bishop in charge at once.

— Mr. Charles Dawson, M. P., the apostle of the Irish Popular Franchise, has won another signal victory in securing the passage of the Municipal Voters' Relief Act with a clause which, reducing the time of residence qualification from two years and eight months to 12 months, increases the number of voting inhabitant householders in Dublin from 7,000 to 20,000. This will give the Nationalists a large majority throughout the city, and will put the popular's representatives into the Municipal Council. It is the death knell of Toryism in Dublin.

— Archbishop Croke recently had an audience with the Holy Father at the Vatican. Pope Leo XIII. Offer avoided politics, but expressed the hope that the Irish Bishops would feel it their chief duty to tighten the bonds uniting the Holy See with the Irish people. The Holy Father added: "I have your great personal influence and I am glad of having the opportunity of expressing all the confidence that our spectator is heart feels in your pastoral zeal and prudence." The Archbishop's audience lasted twenty minutes.

— The London *Tablet* brands as a falsehood the statement recently telegraphed here from Rome that a projected visit of Cardinal Manning to the Eternal City had to be postponed "because his presence there would be disagreeable to the Irish Bishops." As a matter of fact, Cardinal Manning did not at any time contemplate a visit to Rome this Spring; and as for the other statement, it is sufficiently refuted by the fact that in addition to Archbishop Croke, five other Irish Prelates, while in London on their way to Rome, visited his Eminence and were most cordially received by him at his house in Westminster. These were the Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishops of Elphin, Ardagh, and Galway, and the Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

— The annual meeting of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association, was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on the 5th inst. Bishop J. L. Spalding, of Peoria, presided. Among those present were Bishop Spalding and Ireland, Rev. Fathers McGlerick, of Minneapolis, and D. J. Riordan; General John Lawler, of Prairie du Chien, Wis.; W. J. Onahan, John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, Neb.; Anthony Kelly of Minneapolis, W. J. Tuan, and P. J. Healy. W. J. Onahan, secretary, reported the assets of the association to be $100,000; liabilities, $75,000; surplus, $25,000. The stock retired during the year was $17,000, and about $20,000 additional stock will be retired during the present year. The reports from Nebraska and Minnesota are very encouraging, showing that 1,000 families were at present enclosed in the two States.

— The Rev. Mother Mary Jerome Ely, Superior General of the Order of Sisters of Charity, died after a long illness at the Convent of Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson, on Gideon, April 29. Mother Jerome was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1810, and came from a distinguished Southern family. At the age of seventeen years she became a novice in the Catholic faith, and soon entered the Order, of which she has been for so many years the director and manager. When first transferred to New York the convent of Mother Angelica, sister of Archbishop Hughes, in charge of St. Vincent's Hospital. Afterward she purchased the property of the tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and became the director of the convent that under her management has obtained its present widely extended reputation. She was buried on Friday. Her niece is a Nun at St. Peter's, Barclay street, New York. *R. I. P.*

The Situation in Ireland.

One is almost tempted to feel something like pity for Mr. Gladstone in the constant humiliations which have been heaped on him, as head of the British Government, during the last few weeks. Russia has been submitted to unconditionally; the Khartoum expedition after an expenditure of twenty-five million dollars, is slowly returning from the land of the Mahdi leaving the prestate in undisturbed possession; the attempt to force French citizens in Egypt, in the name of the Khedive, has had to be apologized for, and now the illstarred statesman finds himself engaged in a bitter struggle with the Irish Parliamentary Party from which he can hardly expect anything but fresh humiliations. The Coercion Act of 1882, which placed the liberty of the Irish people practically at the will of the Lord Lieutenant, expires by limitation with next August. To pass it in face of the Irish opposition occupied three months of Parliament during the former year, and so far it has utterly failed to strengthen in any way the power of the Government in Ireland. It has served to exasperate, not to daunt or crush the national feelings of the Irish people, and to allow it to lapse would be a virtual confession that the policy of ruling Ireland by force has been an utter failure, while an attempt at renewing it will only heat the national spirit of hatred to England to an unknown intensity at a moment when the safety of the Empire is being rudely endangered by foreign foes.

Two courses are now open to the English ministry, this is the full concession of its own Government to the Irish people, which might possibly allay their hostility to the Empire at least in so far as to make them passive bystanders in the coming troubles, and the other is to pile on fatile coercion as already the case. The refusal of the Limerick corporation to pay the arbitrary police tax levied on them by Lord Spencer, and the defiance of the fines for contempt of court made by Mr. O'Brien during the recent trials, have shown the importance of the Viceroy to use the powers conferred on him, and however ferocious the Acts of Parliament may be they will have to deal with the same obstacle of the powerlessness of the Executive in the face of a united people; nor whether the renewal of the Coercion Acts will be vigorously fought against in Parliament, and any violent measures against the Irish representatives will only bring more prominently before the rivals of England the bitter dissatisfaction to the Empire which exists among so large a section of her nominal subjects.

The lesson of Sadowa in 1866, when the Austrian military power collapsed so much from the dissatisfaction of Hungary as from the arrogance of Prussia, is still fresh in the memory of European statesmen and it will not be forgotten in gauging the power of England to any foreign contest. To say that power would be a serious matter, but to one like England which depends mainly on former prestige for its position as a great nation, the well known hostility of a large portion of its population may easily be now fighting for them and say day may bring the difficulties of England to such a point that she will be forced to withdraw her troops from Ireland for her own defence. In such a contingency we may be sure there would be none of the fawning in favor of the "golden link of the crown" which kept the volunteers of 1782 from breaking their connection with England. "Everything comes to him who wants," says an Italian proverb, and Coercion or no Coercion the Irish people can now cheerfully await the coming time when they will have their own again.

Irish Bishops in Rome.

A well-informed correspondent at Rome telegraphs that the Irish Bishops have held two informal meetings of the Irish college. The last was held recently and was important. Bishop Woodlock, of Armagh, his coadjutor, and the Bishop of Clonfert was absent. The schema to be discussed by the congress resembles notably the schema submitted to the American Bishops in 1882. It opens with a touching eulogy of the faith and proselytizing zeal of the Irish race. The epistle is divided, treating the ecclesiastical spirit by occasional resets to Rome in pointed text and shown by quotations from the New Testament. The points of greatest interest are those relating to the moral life of Catholics and the attitude which the clergy should adopt toward secret and revolutionary societies. All the rules of the Propaganda against secret societies are still in force, and all adherents to societies are condemned (*omnes sectarii damnamus*).

It is believed that Archbishop Croke will quote the case of Poland and the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas as proofs that if some revolutions are forbidden others are permitted. Bishops are exhorted not to allow revolutionary doctrines to lead astray the generous and ardent imaginations of youth. The conduct of Bishops and the higher clergy in their dealings with the civil authorities has a prominent place in the schema, reference being made to the "splendid example" (*insigne exemplum*) of religious tolerance set by England in her colonies, an example worthy of imitation by some other powers which only remember Catholics when something is to be got out of them. The Bishops are authoritatively reminded that the general principles which guide the Vicar of Christ (*per totat orbem indicium omnium ordinarium*) cannot be altered, and that the salvation of souls, the peace and prosperity of Christendom, and the good of the greatest number should be the constant object of the Church.

— The old Fresh Pond hotel property in Cambridge, Mass., has been sold to an educational society of Catholics, which will at once convert the building into a convent school. The hotel was first opened to the public in 1797, and for years was a popular road house, many organizations choosing it as the place for their annual gatherings. It occupies one of the most elegant sites within twenty miles of Boston.

The Egis of Great Britain.

An item in the recent telegrams from London is the effect that a large tribe of Arabs near Suakim were ready to submit to the English invaders, but feared to do so lest they should be abandoned to the vengeance of their countrymen, throws a strange light on the theory that the power of the British Empire is always ready to protect its subjects in every quarter of the globe. Not a few intelligent Americans are ready to believe that it is a cardinal principle of English policy to support English subjects at any cost wherever they get into trouble in foreign lands. The idea has been assiduously fostered by the English press and its American cognate, and has contributed a warm acceptance even in this country. It is common to have parallels drawn between the condition of the American citizen abroad and a British subject in the same condition, in which the latter is represented as occupying an entirely superior position in the case of any difficulty arising with the local authorities. Like many other theories, however, this of the immunity of British subjects flags, forsaken when they go abroad, will hardly stand the test of experience.

The Arabs around Suakim—if we may credit the English press—are willing to become subjects of the Queen if only they can be afforded protection for their lives, but it is definitely acknowledged that the might of the Empire is unable to protect them. The story is by no means a new one in spite of the vaporing of English writers. It was only last year that the crew of an English steamer which had been wrecked on the coast of Sumatra had been ransomed from the Rajah of Acheen after a long captivity, during which he had contented himself with attempts to bully that potentate into fear of the British ironclads which never came to the rescue of their countrymen. The expedition sent to Abyssinia a few years ago by Disraeli for the rescue of some Englishmen, has been often alleged as a specimen of the manner in which the whole power of the Empire is habitually put forth whenever an English man gets into trouble abroad, but as a matter of fact the expedition proved altogether too costly to be repeated. It may not be generally known that Lord Granville, the present English Foreign Minister as lately as 1880 sent a circular to the British diplomatic agents abroad warning them that no money was to be expended on any account, even by the way of loan, for the rescue of British subjects who might get into trouble with the native populations in semi-civilized lands. The ransom of Colonel Sprague from Turkish brigands, and one or two similar cases had wholly cooled the ardor of the British Jingoes for the protection of their country men abroad, and the Government has since steadfastly adhered to the rule that English travellers must look out for themselves.

This may be news to some Americans, but it is the simple fact. The abandonment of the renegade Arabs in Northern of the Afghans in Asia after British protection had been pledged to them, are only other instances of the value of the much boasted omnipotence of England. If loud talk and threats can do, the business, then but once a power, even such as Osman Digna or the Rajah of Acheen, declines to be overawed by proclamations the subjects of the British Empire, native or foreign, are left to their fate. Recent events have pricked the bubble of British influence abroad in a way which the dullest cannot misunderstand, and for the future no British its value will be correctly appreciated in every land.

Influential Irishmen in Japan and China.

Irishmen are numerous and influential in Japan and China. They fill some of the most important positions in the Japanese Government's gift. Superintendent Aid-rich, of the Imperial Government Railways, and W. H. Stone, Foreign Director of Japanese Imperial Government Telegraphs, are Irish. So also are Captain Brinkley, editor of the *Japan Mail*, and Messrs. Anglin, and Talbot, respectively proprietor and editor of the leading English journal of Japan. The former was, years ago, on the *Hartford Independent*, and comes of a patriotic family, his grandfather having participated in the battle of Vinegar Hill. In the other hand, some of the most prominent members of the British Diplomatic Service in Japan are Irish, for example. Hon. F. R. Plunkett, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, son of Lord Fingall; Hon. F. Le Poer Trench, First Secretary; Consular Service—J. C. Hall, Japanese Secretary Legation; J. H. Hobkins, Assistant Secretary Legation; J. J. Quinn, Consul, Hakodadi, Niagata; J. H. Longford, Vice Consul, Tokio; Russell Robertson, Consul, Kanagawa, Sumoor Consul in Japan W. J. Kinny, Assistant, of King's Mad. ow, Waterford; Drs. Wheeler and Fisher, respectively Consulta Doctor and Fleet Surgeon, are Irish. Nor must we admit Captain Carroll, Consul at Kobe, whose well-known Nationalist sentiments have won him the title of "The Fenian Consul." Irishmen are well represented among the leading merchants of Japan and China, and in their merchant marine. Two Irishmen of the same name and blood, Marshal Macmahon, of France, and Gen. MacMahon, of China, were largely instrumental in the organization of the two armies lost lately engaged in deadly conflict. The justly praised pluck system of Japan is said to be founded on the one established in Ireland by Sir Walter Crichton; but it has improved on the original by the addition of a separate prize for political officers. But say those who know, and proudly recount the material successes of their countrymen in that remote land, no one has shed more lustre on the Irish name in Japan, and far beyond its boundaries, than a simple Sister of Charity, Superior of the Community in Yokohama, who left Ireland nearly 20 years ago to undertake the arduous mission of her noble Order in farthest East. Well has Sister Gregory done in the cause of religion and humanity, accomplishing as much by winning the hearts of the power Japanese, and, exciting the admiration of the higher order, as Mr. Plunkett has accomplished by clever diplomacy at the court of the Mikado.—*Boston Pilot.*

Catholicity in the United States.

At a recent meeting of the Ohio Valley Catholic Historical Society in Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. *A. A. Lambing*, President of the association, read an interesting and exhaustive paper on the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States. It will shortly be published in pamphlet form and will prove a valuable adjunct to the many historical contributions which have come from Father Lambing's facile pen.

"The assembly in the city of Baltimore a few months ago," the speaker began, "of 70 prelates of the Catholic Church with the other dignitaries of various grades in the Plenary Council naturally attracted great attention, not only with the numerous body of which they were the accredited representatives, but among all classes of citizens, whether they viewed them with a high place. Mobile, the new See endowed to death for the benefit of Leon, is a specimen of the hideous indifferentism which is and was perhaps the largest body of Palatas that ever met for any other than a general council. When we remember that it is not yet 90 years since the first Bishop was consecrated for the Church here, at that time in its infancy, we can realize the importance of a meeting of the highest importance.

"The establishment of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1790, unlike its foundation in other new countries on previous or subsequent occasions, was not with the work of conversion as of moulding together and consolidating a heterogeneous body composed of elements of the Catholic from several of the nations of Europe, and of converts from the Indian tribes, and of the Africans brought by force to the Western Hemisphere. Thus, too, has come over, some duly commissioned, others without any commission, the present part being members of the recently suppressed Society of Jesuits.

"Father Lambing went on to say that accepting a few scattered settlements, the recent parts of the territory at first embraced within the limits of the Colonies, the Catholics were nearly all located in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The Colonies depending on Kingdoms for their temporal government, it was but natural that in proportion they should also look to the same country. The hierarchy which had been overthrown during the reformation in the mother country had not yet been re-established, but the Church was governed by Vicars Apostolic, and the Vicar of London, on which the Colonies depended, appointed his Vicar-General to rule in his stead on this side of the Atlantic, who resided in Maryland.

"The first of these of whom history further related information was Very Rev. John Carroll, who resided at Port Tobacco, and was exercising jurisdiction at least as early as 1774. He was succeeded before the beginning of the Revolution by Very Rev. John Lewis, who had been Superior of the Jesuits in Pennsylvania and Maryland at the time of their suppression. During the Revolutionary struggle all communication with the Church in the mother country were cut off, either because patriotism would not be exercised or because would interfere with the Colonies.

"With the return of peace, the clergy began to feel the necessity of having a local superior, and the Holy See, at the time had yet arrived for the establishment of a Bishop. A Priest endowed by the Pope with certain extraordinary faculties would, in their opinion, be preferable until such time as the Church would have attained greater strength and numbers. A petition was accordingly addressed to the Holy See, praying for the appointment of a Vicar-General holding immediately from Rome. The number of Catholics in Maryland, 1763, has been placed at 16,000, Pennsylvania, 7,000, and in other States about 1,500.

"Father Lambing went on to speak of the action taken by the Maryland clergy in 1785 in petitioning the authorities at Rome for a local Superior in spiritual matters, and outlined the progress of the Catholic Church from its foundation to the present time. This discourse was listened to with the greatest attention.

A Mixed Marriage Annulled.

From the Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet*, dated April 11, we learn that the *Italie*, a semi-official organ, having published in its number of March 8th a statement to the effect that for the dispensation, in the case of the Pepper-Crosse marriage, which has so widely excited the attention and comments of the general press, a sum was paid to the Roman Curia of 200,000 florins, Baron Alexander Tipper de Fulbrugg, one of the parties concerned, in a letter, under date Vienna, March 30th, wrote to the editor as follows: "Sir—Having read the article appearing in your esteemed journal of March 16th, I feel bound to hereby to rectify the inexact statement which is made therein, and to accept my solemn declaration that neither myself nor family have ever paid one sous, either directly or indirectly, either could or do so, for the following reason that, as an Israelite, it was not my place to address to the Pope a demand for dispensation. The Crosses family, as a Catholic family, could alone take that step, and they did, in fact, present to the Holy Father a petition to that effect. For the sake of honor and of truth I claim the integral publication of this, my declaration, without reticence or reservation, namely, that the reports circulated relative to the gift of 200,000 florins, are of pure invention, and I myself, from your loyalty, the correction of your false statement to that effect. This Baron appears, *rebelion*, in the next issue of the *Italie*.

The Pope has annulled the above marriage as can be seen from the following taken from the *Tablet*: *Paris*, March 31st.—The Pope has annulled the decision of the Congregation of the Holy Office authorizing the marriage of Mlle. de Castrone to Baron Pepper de Podragby, who belongs to the Jewish faith. Last those papers and people which endeavored to make so much capital out of a foreign report, now make due reparation."

Secretary Lamont has given permission to the Little Sisters of Hoy to attend to the interiors and at the entrances of the Ishpeming Department and solicit contributions from the employes. Two members of this order take their meals in the hall, and entertain every week, holding a ballot for money contributions.

A Canard Nailed.

Paris, April 24.—The Abbe Cazalaut, who was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for his sermon in Paris last fall, was executed by the gaoliner this morning.

The above item is the sequel to one that appeared some days since to the effect that a sermon was delivered by the Abbe Cazalaut, in which Gambaut was called a "Trappist Gaoliner." The following from the *Liverpool Catholic Times* shows how far he is in the pursuit of a religious life, and that instead of his ever being been received into any religious community, he was refused admittance in two.

"The recent terrible murder trials in France are continuing proofs of the fact that the rising generation of that great nation will be one of its idiot scourges, and that the punishment will have been in a great measure brought about by the irreligious teaching fostered and encouraged in high places. Mobile, the new See endowed to death for the benefit of Leon, is a specimen of the hideous indifferentism which is and was perhaps the largest body of Palatas that ever met for any other than a general council. When we remember that it is not yet 90 years since the first Bishop was consecrated for the Church here, at that time in its infancy, we can realize the importance of a meeting of the highest importance.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Visits to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Georgetown.—Primeval Relics of Interest to Each.—An Hour in the White House.—Archbishop Gibbons, Bishop Broadel in other Prelates.—Bishop Keiley in New York.—The Catholic Knights Convention, Etc., Etc.

NEW YORK, May 11th, 1885.

Dear Sir.—As intimated in last week's correspondence I have spent the last nine days in visiting Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and have been well repaid for the time devoted to sight-seeing in each. Philadelphia is a social city built in regard to its similarity even to Boston, and as well as the hundred streets of uniformed appearance between—the most of which are wide and well shaded.

That which one may call the Catholic element in Philadelphia is estimated at nearly a million, and a score in high places. Mobile, the new See endowed to death for the benefit of Leon, is a specimen of the hideous indifferentism which is and was perhaps the largest body of Palatas that ever met for any other than a general council. When we remember that it is not yet 90 years since the first Bishop was consecrated for the Church here, at that time in its infancy, we can realize the importance of a meeting of the highest importance.

The establishment of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1790, unlike its foundation in other new countries on previous or subsequent occasions, was not with the work of conversion as of moulding together and consolidating a heterogeneous body composed of elements of the Catholic from several of the nations of Europe, and of converts from the Indian tribes, and of the Africans brought by force to the Western Hemisphere. Thus, too, has come over, some duly commissioned, others without any commission, the present part being members of the recently suppressed Society of Jesuits.

Father Lambing went on to say that accepting a few scattered settlements, the recent parts of the territory at first embraced within the limits of the Colonies, the Catholics were nearly all located in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The Colonies depending on Kingdoms for their temporal government, it was but natural that in proportion they should also look to the same country. The hierarchy which had been overthrown during the reformation in the mother country had not yet been re-established, but the Church was governed by Vicars Apostolic, and the Vicar of London, on which the Colonies depended, appointed his Vicar-General to rule in his stead on this side of the Atlantic, who resided in Maryland.

The first of these of whom history further related information was Very Rev. John Carroll, who resided at Port Tobacco, and was exercising jurisdiction at least as early as 1774. He was succeeded before the beginning of the Revolution by Very Rev. John Lewis, who had been Superior of the Jesuits in Pennsylvania and Maryland at the time of their suppression. During the Revolutionary struggle all communication with the Church in the mother country were cut off, either because patriotism would not be exercised or because would interfere with the Colonies.

With the return of peace, the clergy began to feel the necessity of having a local superior, and the Holy See, at the time had yet arrived for the establishment of a Bishop. A Priest endowed by the Pope with certain extraordinary faculties would, in their opinion, be preferable until such time as the Church would have attained greater strength and numbers. A petition was accordingly addressed to the Holy See, praying for the appointment of a Vicar-General holding immediately from Rome. The number of Catholics in Maryland, 1763, has been placed at 16,000, Pennsylvania, 7,000, and in other States about 1,500.

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A Mixed Marriage Annulled.

From the Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet*, dated April 11, we learn that the *Italie*, a semi-official organ, having published in its number of March 8th a statement to the effect that for the dispensation, in the case of the Pepper-Crosse marriage, which has so widely excited the attention and comments of the general press, a sum was paid to the Roman Curia of 200,000 florins, Baron Alexander Tipper de Fulbrugg, one of the parties concerned, in a letter, under date Vienna, March 30th, wrote to the editor as follows: "Sir—Having read the article appearing in your esteemed journal of March 16th, I feel bound to hereby to rectify the inexact statement which is made therein, and to accept my solemn declaration that neither myself nor family have ever paid one sous, either directly or indirectly, either could or do so, for the following reason that, as an Israelite, it was not my place to address to the Pope a demand for dispensation. The Crosses family, as a Catholic family, could alone take that step, and they did, in fact, present to the Holy Father a petition to that effect. For the sake of honor and of truth I claim the integral publication of this, my declaration, without reticence or reservation, namely, that the reports circulated relative to the gift of 200,000 florins, are of pure invention, and I myself, from your loyalty, the correction of your false statement to that effect. This Baron appears, *rebelion*, in the next issue of the *Italie*.

The Pope has annulled the above marriage as can be seen from the following taken from the *Tablet*: *Paris*, March 31st.—The Pope has annulled the decision of the Congregation of the Holy Office authorizing the marriage of Mlle. de Castrone to Baron Pepper de Podragby, who belongs to the Jewish faith. Last those papers and people which endeavored to make so much capital out of a foreign report, now make due reparation."

MONITOR.

MAY 20, 1885.

THE WEEK ENDING

NIGHT.

Rev. Peter Beurin.

Rev. Peter Beurin, of Santa Rosa, died on Friday last, as an account of his long-continued illness, which he had bore with silent fortitude, and the last rites, and receiving the consolations of religion, and imparting necessary instructions to his flock, he breathed his last. The deceased was a native of Mayence, Germany, and was ordained in the year of the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, and was one of the earliest of the approaching celebrations of the Mass in this residence, and named after the Apostle Peter, in honor of his honored guide, Bishop Peter Kenrick, of Dayton, Bishop of Philadelphia, and Archbishop of St. Louis. The Very Rev. Father Beurin was the pastor of the more of the Sacramento, Napa, Sonoma, Petaluma, and Santa Rosa, and was the pioneer of the Catholic Church in the Sacramento Valley, and was the first to celebrate the Mass in

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who is willing to drive right and see
that the chickens are fed, and can milk the
cows, and can cut a barn's head off without
fainting, and as to qualities of mind, man-
ners and morals, she can't run too high in
the scale. There is an error prevalent on
this point. Farmer D. says he does not
want a wife with too much sense. And why
not! And perhaps farmer D. will give a
hitch to his shoulders, and reply "I am
afraid she will be more than a match for
me." How silly. The unfortunate far-
mers who have their tyrants at home are
never married to women of sense. Genuine
obedience of mind cannot prompt any one,
male or female, to go out of their proper
sphere. No man ever suffered from an
overplus of intelligence, whether in his own
head or his wife's. No farmer can set too
high an estimate on the companion whom
he selects to journey with him through life,
over who is mould and fit up the lives of his
children and make them useful members of
society. The farmer's wife to day occupies
a more noble position than at any previous
period in the world's history. When pro-
gress is stamped on all branches of social
industry, opportunities for acquiring know-
ledge are now open to all. Our country is
well provided with agricultural papers that
will keep the farmer's wife well posted up
and the farmer who chooses a low, ignorant
wife, that will be a shame to his sons and
daughters in the coming age, should be hoot-
ed from society.

Away with the flouncing, giggling, dan-
cing, plays dressing, parlor doll hal-
wives. They are nothing but a lodestone
to make a well off farmer a poor man.
woman of this kind is a poor comfort when
the husband is sick. Her advice would be
like that Job sustained when he turned to
her in his affliction. A real farmer's wife
is modest and blushing, patient but reso-
lute, adding in counsel, ever presenting the
bright side, and consoling nothing but her
sorrow. These are the wives that are to
mold the coming generation, and their in-
fluence will be as the tide.

Bad Boys.

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NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

A RIOT IN LONDON.

Collisions Between a Mob and the Police Force.

LONDON, May 15.—A riot occurred this afternoon between a mob and the police in connection with the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar square. The mob, which had been assembled in the square to make a demonstration against the Government's budget proposal, is composed of the agitator and the unemployed. The crowd was the largest, a large proportion of it consisting of an element in search of pillage. The police found themselves unable to maintain order, and the pressure on the speakers and the rowdies in front compelled them to mount the pedestal of the monument. When, from this enclosure, the speakers were removed, they were rendered impotent by the pressure. The police intervened to secure the safety of the speakers, and then a great struggle ensued between the mob and the police for possession of the monument. The mob succeeded in the end, and the speakers of the moment and the police were finally forced to retire, leaving the crowd singing in triumph. "Rule Britannia." Soon after the mob had completed the speakers' to leave, it surged down to the front of the National Club, which faces Trafalgar square. Every person entering or leaving the club building was mobbed. The attitude of the crowd was so menacing that the club doors were closed and a messenger dispatched to Scotland Yard for aid. Meanwhile, the rioters were still in full possession of Trafalgar square, and Northumberland avenue and adjacent streets were filled by many thousands. The police rally, this time had been largely re-inforced, had had made quite a number of arrests.

RIEL'S REBELLION.

An Important Victory Won by the Canadian Militia.

WINNIPEG, May 13.—A dispatch from Clark's Crossing of May 12th says: Batoche has fallen, and the rebels have fled, being driven from their rifle pits and from the position of the Saskatchewan. The charge was gallantly made by the Grenadiers, Ontario and Quebec battalions, and Midland battalion. The loss is reported in fifty men killed and wounded, including several officers. Many women and children are in their hands. The General is expected to-day or to-morrow in the front of the National Club, which faces Trafalgar square. Every person entering or leaving the club building was mobbed. The attitude of the crowd was so menacing that the club doors were closed and a messenger dispatched to Scotland Yard for aid. Meanwhile, the rioters were still in full possession of Trafalgar square, and Northumberland avenue and adjacent streets were filled by many thousands. The police rally this time had been largely re-inforced, had had made quite a number of arrests.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim. A new grazing dock of large proportions is about to be constructed for the Belfast Harbor Commissioners. The Half-tide dock will be 850 feet, while its breadth at the coping will be 80 feet, and at the floor 50 feet, and the depth of floor below coping will be 31 feet. The important feature of the design is that the dock is to be divided into three compartments, so that a vessel may be docked, a vessel in repair on the head of the dock, and a vessel may be docked by the hatching and shifting of vessels in the outer compartment, and the dock may be emptied and refilled without the interference of the gates. The entrance will be 50 feet in width, and the depth of water in the entrance. Messrs. McOwan and McFarland, of Derry, have secured the contract.

Armagh.—Mr. Samuel Johnson, manager of the Northern Cut, a branch at Newry, who for the last eighteen years has been in the employment of the firm, and who was closely connected with the agitation for the Charity, recently have been presented with a handsome tea and coffee service, salver, and an illuminated address, on the occasion of his being promoted to his present more responsible position.

Cork. The Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, has made the following changes throughout the diocese—The Rev. John O'Donoghue, late C.C. of Castlelyons, has been appointed to the curacy of Youghal. The Rev. Jas. Murphy, C.C., goes from Youghal to Castlelyons, and the Rev. J. Kelleher, late C.C. of Youghal, goes to Midleton. The Rev. Jeremiah Murphy, C.C., is transferred from Ballydesmond to Buttevant, and the Rev. A. Ulick Burke, late of Doneraile, goes to Ballydesmond. The Rev. Jas. Lynch, C.C., goes from Doneraile to the Rev. M. McCarthy, of Cloina, has been appointed to the curacy of Doneraile, vice Lynch.

The navy pensioners of the Cork District have been called out for active service.

Clare.—Mr. J. J. Dawson, son of Mr. Dawson, Ex. Lord Mayor of Dublin, on April 11, passed his examination of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

In response to an appeal made by the Honorable Colonel Legge to the people of West Clare to erect a house for the widow Bridget Hanlon, whose husband was shot evicted by Hickman, and who, at the commencement of peasantry assassination, was left with a family of young children, the people in the emigrant district, from the division of labor by the mere distribution of a few little dues to erect a dwelling for the widow. When the building was finished shares were given to the National Leagues and Parnell and Irish independence.

Cavan.—The Most Rev. Dr. Conolly acknowledges the receipt of £7,200 from Dr. Kerr, Bishop of Cincinnati, for the Irish Catholics.

On April 15, the ceremony of reception took place in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Cavan, when Miss Julia Gaffney, of Ballyconnell, the young lady received the habit of the Order, and Miss Mary J. Mc. Quillan, of Cavan, received the veil. Miss Julia Gaffney, Miss Maria Duke, daughter of Mr. Duke, of Cavan, and Miss Annie Farrell, of Mr. Farrell, of Cavan, received the veil.

Donegal.—The death is announced of the Rev. Charles Boyle, P.P., Gweedore, which occurred on Tuesday last from bronchitis. The deceased was born in Broughderg, in the parish of Termoneen, County Tyrone, where he was ordained priest on the 25th of August, 1857, and was appointed to Gweedore in 1861. He was the brother of the Father Boyle, Haggerty, P.P., Stranlaw, the Rev. Hugh Boyle, the present Bishop of Raphoe, the Rev. Jas. Boyle, of Meath, and Father Hackett, Sligo, who is a nephew of the Bishop of Raphoe. The deceased priest was ordained at Portstewart, 1841. He was a man of great ability, and was a good pastor. He was ordained in Ireland

Poetry

FOR THE MONITOR

MAY-TIME.

O Christian soul be happy,
Think not of care nor sorrow,
Lift your heart to Mary,
To her so beautiful and fair.

All Heaven are rejoicing,
Their Queen's month has come;
The little Angels are gathering
Roses to lock their Mother's crown.

Mother earth, too, is blooming
With flowers fresh and sweet,
Fair types of the Holy Ghost
That surround Mary's feet.

Why should we not gather roses
And deck her statues grand
That stand so majestic
In every place in the land.

Yes, Mary, your month is bright-hue;
Each and every one of us
In sending fond salutes
To you, our Lady, pure and bright.

We will lay them on your altar
At Benediction time,
May the incenses and their odor
Ascend to your heavenly shrine.

O, Mary, sweet and dearest,
Pray for us to your Son
That we may find rest in Heaven
When our May-time here have gone.

Iona, Cal., May 15, 1885.

THE DEAD BEGGAR BOY.

BY J. F. FITZGERALD.

Why do I never refuse to give?
Well, listen, my friend, and you'll hear;
Nor dare will forget it as long as you live,
The story I'll tell you, I fear.

The thick, blinding snow fell heavy and fast,
It hung in my mustache my way
To my moist, pleasant home, and made it at last
Seem a mere shapeless mass on that day.

"I'm cold, oh! so cold, and hungry, sir, too,"
Said a faint, pleading voice in my ear;
I turned half around, and exclaimed: "Who are you
You young ragamuffin? how dare you come near?"

Some form, half-hidden in the dim light,
Stood close and cried, in terrible chide tone,
When within all was bright—the storm at its height—
Came a faint, timid rap at the door.

As into the hall I hurriedly stepp,
"Pinner, sir," I heard, that was all;
Back into the snow and the storm he slunk kept,
And then, sir, I heard a dull fall.

I had some misgivings, I confess, when before
Had imposture deceived me that way;
But somehow I got my tough conscience smoothed over
"What, my baby? What, pet did you say?

"I was a poor little boy!" my little May cried
Oh! do let him come in and warm;
Oh! do, papa, do, 'tis cold, I see so cold,
And it can't do us all any harm."

When early I opened my door the next morn,
My God! what a sight met my gaze!
A little dead face in the dim, early dawn
Lay there in the bleak gray haze.

The face that had haunted me thro' the night
Lay there on the door-step, sir,
A slight, rigid form—oh! I from my sight
I could shriek out that vision—or never

And now, sir, you know, you will ask me again
Why I'm always so willing to give
I'd rather be now 'mongst the poorest of men
Than bear that sad sight when I live.

Literary Miscellany.

The Denver Express.

A STORY OF WILD LIFE IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

Denver is a late distinction, although of an hundred years of age. It is a late distinction therefore, there is a town from which a railroad takes its departure for its long climb up the eastern incline of the Great Plains to the base of the mountains; hence the importance to the town of this large but somewhat shabby building serving as national station. In its smoky interior, late in the evening, and not very long ago, a train was nearly ready to start. It was a train possessing certain consideration. For the benefit of a public easily gulled and amazement of grandiloquent terms, it was advertised as the "Denver Fast Express;" sensational, with strong unfitness, as the "Lightning Express;" and "palatial" cars were declared to be included therein, and its departure was one of the great events of the twenty-four hours in the country round about.

The train-men used no fine phrases. They called it simply, "No. 17;" and, when it started, said it had "pulled out."

On the evening in question there it stood, nearly ready. Just behind the great hissing locomotive, with its parabolic headlights and its coal-laden tender, came the baggage, mail, and express cars; then the passenger coaches, in which the social condition of the occupants seemed to be in inverse ratio to their distance from the engine. First in came emigrants—"honest miners," cowboys and laborers, Irishmen, Germans, Welshmen, Mormonites from Utah, quaint of garb and speech, and Chinamen; and then in the great Pullman "sleepers" the busy black porters were making up the berths for well-to do travellers of divers nationalities and occupations. It was a curious study for a philosophical observer, this motley crowd of human beings; making all differences of race, creed, habits, in the common purpose to move westward—to the mountain fastness, the sagebrush desert, the Golden Gate.

The warning bell had sounded, and the firemen least far out for the night, the giving struck sharply, the conductor shouted "All aboard!" and raised his hand, the tired ticket seller shut his window, and the train moved out of the station, gathered way as it cleared the outskirts of the town, rounded a curve, entered on an absolutely straight line, and with one long wheels from the engine settled down to its work. Through the night hours it speed on, passed lonely ranches and infrequent stations, by well-ordered settlements and old-looking cottonwood trees, over the greenish yellow buffalo-grass, near the rude forts many a poor emigrant, many a bold frontiersman, many a brave soldier, had laid his home but a short time before.

Familiar as they may be, there is something strangely impressive about all-night journeys by rail, and those forming part of an American transcontinental trip are almost weird. From the windows of a night express in Europe or the older portions of the United States one looks on houses and lights and cultivated fields, on fences and hedges, and, hurled as he may be through the darkness, he has a sense of companionship and security. Far different is it when the long train is running over those two rails which, seen before night sets in, seemed to meet on the horizon. Within, all is as if between two great land-ships rose—the nearly dressed people, the uniformed officials, the handsome fittings, the various appliances for comfort. Without, are now long, dreary levels, now deep and wide canyons, now an ever-student of strange and grotesque rock formations—castles, bastionettes, churches, statues. The antelope fleetly runs, and the coyote skulks away from the track, and the gray wolf howls star-off. It is for all the world, to once fancy, as though a bit of civilization, a family or community, its belongings and surroundings complete, were flying through regions barbarous and inhospitable.

From the cab of engine No. 32 the driver of the Denver Express was looking out on a night of wild, lonely, mysterious, awesome beauty. Not a cloud was in the sky, and the moon was nearly full, and the Rocky Mountains, which the train was rapidly approaching, were bathed in a flood of silver light, which, by the contrast it made with the black shadows, lent to them a fairy-like beauty. The train was well up to its time, and the driver was in good humor, and was whistling a tune to himself, when the door of the cab opened, and the fireman, a young fellow, with a face that, in the glare of the furnace, looked very boyish, and with a mass of curly hair, which, in the shadow, looked black, but which, in the light, showed a decided brown, came in, and, in a way, greeted the driver, who, in response, nodded, and then, as his fireman seemed to have something on his mind, and to be waiting for him to speak, he, in the pause, looked out ahead, and, as he did so, he muttered an oath, and, in a moment, called his companion's attention to the fact that a herd of cattle was on the track, and that they must be driven off before the train could go on. The fireman, at the mention of cattle, had sprung to his feet, and, with a few words of apology, had gone out on the narrow footboard, and had disappeared in the night. The driver had shut off the steam, and, as the train had slackened its speed, had, by the use of the air-brake, brought it to a standstill a few rods from the herd, which, in the light of the moon, he could see, was composed of a dozen or more head of cattle, and of two men, who were urging the cattle off the track and down the road. The driver had seen the fireman jump from the footboard, and he had seen the cattle start, and he had seen the men disappear in the night, in the direction in which the train was to go, when, with a sudden jerk, the train had started, and he had lost sight of the fireman. He had seen the men start, and he had seen the cattle start, but he had not seen the fireman start. He was certain of this, and he was certain that the train had not run over the cattle, for he had felt the shock of the collision, and had felt the train slacken its speed after the shock, and had felt it stop a few rods beyond the point where the herd had been. He was certain that the train had not run over the cattle, and he was certain that the fireman had not been run over by the train, and he was certain that the fireman had not been killed by the train, and he was certain that the fireman had not been killed by the train, and he was certain that the fireman had not been killed

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY MAY 27, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the greatest educational power of our time. It is a social class sensitive, reflective, and opinion-generating the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, but only a work holly commensurate to the welfare of society, let a short or long, be the sphere of its influence. The Catholic Press, Catholic journalism, has to conclude and set defend its truth, whatever it may be—secure all, the Divine truth—Rev. Fr. Tolmacheff, Moscow Catholic.

By God alone and direct through the intermediate of the Pontiffs, the Catholic Journalist receives his mission. He is the sentinel, the watchman, the herald, the trumpet, the voice of religion, his rights and those of his Holy Apostolic, Sun, and others to be directions and principles with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX

Editorial Notes.

—The man who refuses to take his paper from the post office, when his arrearages of payment for the same are marked opposite his printed name, is an individual that Catholic papers and all other enterprises better avoid as too dishonest to deal with. The only trouble is, we find such fellows out too late.

—There is a report in circulation, emanating from very good authority that Bishop Dalton, of the Alton, Ill. diocese, will take up his episcopal residence soon in Springfield. If this renewal occurs, it will mean a little building of a Cathedral, which would be quite an ornament to the handsome city of Springfield.

—The late Rev. Dean Terry's estate has just been probated at Chicago, Ill., and found to amount to $60,000. Of this, he in his will bequeathed $10,000 to St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, of which he was the resident pastor; $5,000 to the Christian Brothers, $5,000 to the Sisters of Mercy in the same parish, and the balance of the estate goes to other charitable institutions.

Our esteemed contemporary, this Baltimore *Mirror*, has the following notes of our worthy Chief: "Mr. S. J. McCormick, editor of the San Francisco Monitor, called at our office last week. In the few moments chat we had with him during the time he could spare, we were impressed by the talents and good humor displayed by our worthy confrere. He is a delegate to the Catholic Knights' convention.

—The Rev. Bernard Maguire, S. J., "the golden mouthed preacher," who retired from active missionary work a short time ago, has been induced to come from his retirement at Washington, D. C., to assist the fathers of the Society of Jesus now giving a mission at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Mass. Father Maguire is reputed to be the best Catholic pulpit orator in America.

—A Catholic paper in the East strikes a hard blow at the conduct of Catholic fathers and mothers who will in these times of great social dangers" calmly surrender their daughters of evenings to young men of doubtful antecedents when they please to escort such young ladies away from the pulpit, during missions, and the like; but some think them to right; yet such warnings are the result of an experience learned in the confessional, and parents should profit by and heed them.

In speaking of desecrating the Sabbath the *Central Catholic Advocate* very truthfully says: "Catholic papers that in their editorial columns decry Sunday desecration and urge their people to a proper observance of God's Day, should be sufficiently unmindful of dollars and cents to exclude from their advertising columns the announcement of Sunday shows, are which in themselves as ignoring of the Sabbath, the means of detraction and desecration, in drawing the people from divine service and their minds from God—if nothing worse. Sunday is not the day for public shows, and Catholic papers should not encourage, even for pay, such abuses.

—As in Prussia, the Catholic Church of Baden is most outrageously suppressed. Thus it is forbidden to employ religious of either sex as teachers, while in Catholic schools the parish priests are bereft of all control over the school teachers appointed and paid by the government, who by word and example teach the children to become apostate, like themselves. Furthermore, in places where Catholics, Protestants and Jews are about equal in number, public schools have been established, where practicable Catholics, Jews and infidels are appointed teachers. In consequence of this lamentable fact, it is just where such public schools flourish, that the godless and hurtful principles of social democracy find fruitful soil.

—"There is no stronger evidence of the demoralization of public sentiment than its palliation of immorality," truly writes the *Central Advocate*. Persons condemnably guilty of immorality and whose deeds merit the condemnation and ostracism of decent society, are simply pitied as having been "unfortunately indiscreet," not guilty of criminal conduct, but just made a mistake—that is, carried his excesses so far as to be found out and cause him the subject of a scandal and get himself into the newspaper of the law. The violation of God's law, the law of man, the wrong to another, is lost sight of, only the stigma which human respect may cast upon the guilty one—his loss of caste, or prestige, among his set.

—"The cowardly assembly" of New York, as it was well designated by one of its members last week, adjourned without daring to meet the issue on the Freedom of Worship bill. The Catholic Review thinks that there were more than enough members willing to vote for it, if it could be brought to a vote, but parliamentary law requiring a two-thirds vote to advance it from its low place in the calendar, it was smothered. Freedom of Worship crushed to earth will not stay there, which, perhaps, is more than can be said of bigots who fell upon it. Although retarded, the measure is to-day ten years nearer passing than it was last year, and the educating influence the agitation has had on torpid Catholics and misinformed Protestants is almost worth another year's delay. Catholics need to be awakened and honest Protestants enlightened. We believe our demand for justice will do the double service. There may be delay, but there can be but one ending to this struggle.

—The Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, P. P., who is at present in England soliciting subscriptions for the erection of the O'Connell Memorial Church at Cahirciveen, had a most successful reception a few days ago with the English bishops at Cardinal Manning's house, Westminster, where he met them at luncheon on the invitation of his Eminence. All the Prelates expressed themselves very warmly in favor of the project, and assured Canon Brosnan that he had their best wishes in this laudable mission to England. Canon Brosnan is at present awaiting the arrival from India of two whole shiploads of tanks for the manufacture of crosses and other ornaments for the Church, while he is also to get from a spot quite adjacent to the cradle of the human race a quantity of the wood of the olive for bookstands and other decorative church furniture. Both the ivory and the wood are the gifts of an Irishman in India. With the exception of these things and the columns, which are to be brought from America by Father Murphy, who lately came over as a deputation with the remains of the Rev. Dr. Cahill, all the materials of the Church are Irish.

—The Catholic *Examiner* has the following about the late Convention of the C. K. of A.: "The gathering was in every respect a representative one. There were delegates on the floor from every State and Territory, save alone Arizona. Salt Lake City was represented by a stalwart Irishman, and Montana by an observant German who possessed the ability to crowd a great deal of sound common sense into a very few words. South Carolina was spoken for by a colored delegate, James A. Spencer, who was one of the most intelligent men in the body. Several clergymen were among the list of delegates; one, the Rev. M. Flohr, coming from the remote Northwest—Washington Territory. The press was fairly represented in the Convention by Editor Bell, of the Louisville Catholic Advocate; Rev. Charles Kuhlmann, of the Marshall *Church Progress*; Jam. A. Puzini, of the Richmond *Catholic Visitor*, and S. J. McCormick, the veteran editor of the San Francisco Monitor, a good man, who weighs over 250 pounds. In the debates the different accents of the Southern, Western, and Northern delegates was noticeable, the mannerism of each section being more clearly shown by contrast with others.

—Five Catholic religious communities are represented in the Island of Jersey. There are the Jesuits and the Oblats Fathers, missionaries and professors in the higher educational institutions; the Christian Brothers, directing parish schools; the Ladies of St. Andrew, devoted to the education of girls; and the French Sisters of Beaulieu, who give themselves to the service of poor, friendless, strangers; some Catholics, as well as Catholics, patronizing their schools, and applauding and encouraging these charities. Their prosperity could not, however, but awaken the jealous apprehension of a few short sighted bigots, who pretended to see in it a menace to the safety of the State. A bill, ostensibly for the expulsion of the Jesuits alone, but really framed to compass the banishment of all Catholic religious, was lately brought before the State's Assembly. The Rev. Mr. Nevins came out as the advocate of the bill, cited the example of France in expelling the Jesuits in 1880 as a righteous precedent for similar action on the part of Jersey. But he was promptly reminded that France was actuated not so much by hostility to the religious as to religion in any form; and the prevailing spirit of the assemblage, well voiced by the Constable of St. Helier, was that it ill become the descendants of refugees from religious and political persecution, as most of them were, to refuse an asylum to the similarly persecuted; or to oppose religious liberty on any present. The bill was defeated.—*Pilot.*

The Irish and Catholic Element in the Australian Colonies.

The proposed transfer of Archbishop Moran from Sydney to the vacant See of Dublin drews attention to the large number of our people who make up colonial life. In the Irish and Catholic element in the Australian Colonies varies according to the age of the settlement, being strongest in New South Wales, next Victoria, and east in New Zealand. Catholics form a third of the population of New South Wales, under one fourth of Victoria, and about one-sixth of New Zealand and the other Colonies. There have been several distinguished Governors of these Colonies Irishmen, including Sir Richard Bourke, Sir John Young (Lord Lisgar), and others; while Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Sir Michael O'Loughlen, Sir John O'Shaughnessy, Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, and many others, have been Prime Ministers, or filled high offices of State. There are at least Catholic Episcopal Sees in the Australian Colonies; two Archbishops, Sydney, the Primacial See, which Dr. Moran holds, and Melbourne, occupied by the Most Rev. Dr. Goold, an Augustinian, with fourteen other Sees scattered over the other Colonies. Most of these Sees are filled by Irishmen. Suffragan to the Archbishop of Sydney are the dioceses of Maitland, Most Rev. Dr. Murray, secretary for many years to the late Cardinal Cullen; Bathurst, Most Rev. Dr. Matthew Quinn, long head of the Education Institution, Harcourt street, Dublin; Goulburn, Most Rev. Dr. Lanigan, another Irishman; and Armidale filled by an Italian. While in the other Colonies most of the Catholic Bishops are also Irishmen, as Dr. Dunne, Brisbane, (Queensland) Dr. Reynolds, South Australia; Dr. Murphy, Hobart Town, Tasmania; Dr. Crane, Sandhurst, Victoria; and Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand; while another Irish Augustinian has recently been appointed Vicar Apostolic in the North of Queensland.

Russia and the Catholic Church.

This war against the Catholic Church in the dominions of the Czar, which was temporarily relaxed last year, is being renewed with fearful force at present. The banishment of the Bishop of Wilna was a proof of the Czar's bad faith in the concordat lately signed, and is other provinces of the Empire as well as in Poland the Government seems bent on destroying Catholicity. The policy adopted is striking like that of the English Penal Code. The Government carefully avoided any avowal of hostility to Catholicity as such. It simply declares certain Catholic practices illegal or Catholic priests ill disposed and then suppresses the same or visits the victim. The great object is to assimilate the Catholic Church to the schismatic religion which acknowledges the Czar as its virtual head on earth. As a matter of course if the Catholic clergy would accept their doctrines and discipline from the Russian Government they would cease to be Catholics, and this is the end to which the persecution is now directed. It is becoming customary for the Prefects of Provinces to order the restoration of suspended priests to the charge of Catholic parishes, to forbid the Bishops or clergy from speaking against the doctrine of the State religion and summarily to suppress Catholic ceremonies at will. Though the persecution has been most severe in Poland it is not confined to that portion of the Russian Empire. Russia proper, east of Poland, contains a considerable Catholic population among its sixty millions of people.

The Archbishop of Mohilleff is the head of the Catholic Church in Russia, and his archdiocese is by far the largest in the world, extending from Poland to the China Sea and including three-fourths of the Empire. His right to act as a Catholic Prelate has been fully recognized by the Russian Government which professes the fullest toleration not only for all forms of Christianity but for Mahometanism and idolatry as well. But in Russia, as in Ireland, the latter of the two is a widely different thing from its administration. The Government may profess the deepest respect for the religious convictions of its subjects in theory, but in practice it requires them to take their belief and its practical results from the bureaus of its core officials. Count Tolstoy, the Minister of the Interior, has been trying to introduce the Russian language into the service of the Catholic Church in the same way as Elizabeth once tried to force English into the Church service in Ireland. The innovation has been so indignantly rejected in the one case as in the other, and the Russian Government has adopted the same system of forcing suspended priests on the Catholic congregations as their lawful pastors.

According to a Russian paper it has become customary wherever a Catholic priest has fallen into any public scandal for the authorities to offer him the alternative of introducing Russian services into his Church or being at once removed. If he consents to the former alternative he is at once protected by the authorities in defiance of all ecclesiastical authority. The same argument serves in Poland for the reformation of Catholicity on the Government model. It is highly creditable to the Russian Catholic clergy that only a very few priests—nine in all have been found ready to barter their consciences for Government support, but it is a striking specimen of despotism that the action of this handful of degraded priests should be made the pretext for requiring the introduction of the Russian language into the Catholic services throughout Russia. As parishes become vacant, at least in certain provinces, the Archbishop is not allowed to appoint pastors to them, unless on condition of introducing the Russian service. The Prelate himself is not allowed to grant the absolution of his diocese or to examine into their spiritual condition, and then in the former diocese of Minsk, which was united to his jurisdiction some years, sixteen Catholic parishes have been left without pastors. It is the old tactics of the English Protestant Government in Ireland, and it is to be hoped that they will prove as ineffectual for destroying the faith of the Russian Catholics as the now half forgotten Penal Laws of Ireland.

Mr. Drexel's Beneficence.

Archbishop Ryan received up to yesterday in response of the Roman Catholic Institutions of Philadelphia, the $40,000 under the will of the late Francis A. Drexel, the banker, who directed that after the payment of certain small specific legacies one-half of the residue should go to a number of Catholic charitable institutions. The remaining half he will work into a trust which he entitles the estate's affairs, and which by blood is position is more than Mr. Drexel's relative will amount to $10,000,000.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Here is an example that ought to commend itself to every Catholic. No matter what his wealth or his poverty, he ought to give at least ten per cent. of it to God. That is the teaching of all Christianity. It was the practice of its earliest ages. Why should such an example as that of this admirable Philadelphia gentleman be such a rarity as it is. "It is a bad will," says Cardinal Manning, "that does not smelter God among its legatees." Many a Catholic of prominence has died during the past winter, leaving large wealth, and many have died without signifying any gratitude to the hand of that Providence from whom come their fortune. For this lesson to us all, showing that wealth can be religiously used, we all owe something to Mr. Drexel. In his family, we have heard, as in all well-trained Catholic families, there is a devotion to and for the Holy Souls. Perhaps some of our readers who share that devotion, may, profitably for him, now remember the striking proof of Mr. Drexel's charity and justice.—*New York Tablet.*

Says the Rev. Mr. Bray, pastor of the Protestant church in New Haven, Conn.: "I venture the prediction that if the ebb-tide of Romanism, the Christian Brothers, directing parish schools; the Ladies of St. Andrew, devoted to the education of girls; and the French Sisters of Beaulieu, who give themselves to the service of poor, friendless, strangers; some Catholics, as well as Catholics, patronizing their schools, and applauding and encouraging these charities. Their prosperity could not, however, but awaken the jealous apprehension of a few short sighted bigots, who pretended to see in it a menace to the safety of the State. A bill, ostensibly for the expulsion of the Jesuits alone, but really framed to compass the banishment of all Catholic religious, was lately brought before the State's Assembly. The Rev. Mr. Nevins came out as the advocate of the bill, cited the example of France in expelling the Jesuits in 1880 as a righteous precedent for similar action on the part of Jersey. But he was promptly reminded that France was actuated not so much by hostility to the religious as to religion in any form; and the prevailing spirit of the assemblage, well voiced by the Constable of St. Helier, was that it ill become the descendants of refugees from religious and political persecution, as most of them were, to refuse an asylum to the similarly persecuted; or to oppose religious liberty on any present. The bill was defeated.—*Pilot.*

The "Bishop's Tract."

A good deal of attention is being drawn of late to the fact that John Marcod is situated religiously near the ground purchased for Catholic cemetery purposes a good many years ago. Some of the papers have been commenting on the matter as if the lands of the Church were bound in the interest of humanity to sell at once about the proposed cemetery rather than interfere with such a matter as a part of the water supply to the city. Remember, that the "Bishop's Tract" was bought as premises for cemetery purposes in 1860, and they practically a monopoly for the sale of water in San Francisco, and they found that the water of Lake Merced would be a cheap article to furnish, and hence they bought out as much of the land around it as gave them control of the desired water.

At the time when the purchase was made some eight years ago the thousands, the "Bishop's Tract" been several years paid for by Archbishop Alemany, and its intended object was publicly known. It is not to be thought that a water company's rights are different from the rights of other citizens, and if they need a piece of property for their business, it is just as proper that they should pay for it. If the land around Lake Merced should be deemed too costly to purchase, the company may find water from any cheaper source they please, but they have no more right to demand the location of the Catholic cemetery tract than they would have to object to the creeping of dairies or stables near the Lake. The water supply is to be raised, of our memory serves us rightly, at the time of the purchase of the Lake by the Water Company. It was stipulated that the Hibernia Bank mortgage under which the Water Company acquired its title, *did not* take in the whole shores of the Lake, and that the owners of the land adjacent shall carry on industries there which would be objectionable to the Company. The only solution was to buy out the owners if the Company wished for their property, and the same apply may be made for those who fail of forbidding the Catholic cemetery the lawful use of property which she had acquired years before Lake Merced was anything thought of as a source of water supply for San Francisco.

Have You Complied With Your Easter Duty?

We have already called the attention of our readers to the approaching season of their Easter duty. We are well aware that many have not delayed this important obligation so long, yet, for all that, many excuse themselves for slight causes and defer this momentous occasion to the last moment, allowed by the rubrics of the Church, to fulfill this duty in time, without exposing themselves to the danger of not being able to comply therewith before the time expires.

Any Catholic who raises his salvation will not expose himself to the dreadful consequences of incurring the wrath of the Church, without making an effort, and employing the means that Christ has left in His Church to secure his temporal salvation.

In those days of rampant infidelity and worldliness, when so many minds are wholly employed in worshipping the dollar and benefitting their bodies, it is healthful to be able to know that the vast majority of Catholics, will stop in their headlong career of worldly aggrandisement and think of the life to come and the means of rendering it happy. Not every one who says "Lord, Lord, shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven." It is only those who do the will of the Father, "as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without good works is dead."

A few days more is all that remains for us to obey the precept of the Church, and we hope there is not a single reader of this paper but by Trinity Sunday can lay his hand upon his heart and say, I have done my duty to God, myself, and fellow man.—*Catholic Progress.*

—The last number of the Liverpool *Catholic Times* that has reached us contains a statement which clearly shows what kind of stuff the supporters of Alex Sullivan are made of. M. de Dorvilla Mailleffer, the French deputy, is the church warden and ministrant of M. Pouyer-Quertier, a Deist of Paris. Recently he brought his children, very ostentatiously, to make their First Communion in the hands of the schismatic monk, and M. de Mailleffer has, himself, on several occasions followed the same ceremony. But now comes the report that this same supporter of the Loyola schismatic "is about to be President of an "anti-clerical" (atheistic) Congress to be held at Rome, to celebrate the centenary of Voltaire and the anniversary of Garibaldi. Then the step between Loyola-ism or French "Old Catholicism" and atheism is a very short one, and the line dividing them is purely an imaginary one.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correction of the Catholic Religion at Omaha. Important Improvements Introduced into the Order. Reductions in Accounts. Harmonious Gathering of Delegates. The Banquet. Much Eclat.

New York, May 18th, 1885.

Dear Sir—The 47th Convention of the Supreme Council of the Catholic Knights of America, concluded its labors last Friday evening after a session of four days, during which time a vast amount of business transacted, with the writers of this Grand Catholic organization was transacted. The proceedings opened with a Solemn Mass at St. Francis Xavier's Church, the Rev. Father Jeremiah O'Connor was celebrant, Rev. E. C. Kuhlmann, deacon, and Rev. Chas. C. Kuhlmann, subdeacon. After Mass the Knights marched to the hall, where the meeting was called to order by Jesse M. Mills, secretary, President of the New York State Council. In his address Mr. Mulkeany welcomed the delegates, and hoped their labors would be productive of a pleasant one. He read a letter from the Mayor's secretary, regretting the inability of Mayor Grace to be present, as an important engagement, in connection with the new aqueduct, prevented him from attending the Convention. Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, also sent a letter, regretting his absence, as the convention a pleasant time, and expressing his regards that he could not be present.

A roll of the officers of the Supreme Council was answered by the following: William E. Russell, Supreme Secretary, Boston, Mass.; E. A. Davis, M. D., Supreme Vice President, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Sullivan, Supreme Secretary, Lebanon, Ky.; M. J. O'Brien, Supreme Treasurer, Chillicothe, Mo.; Bishop Spalding, Spiritual Director, (absent); E. Mills Will-ard, M. D., Supreme Medical Examiner, Memphis, Tenn.; J. J. Mulkeany, Supreme Director, Newark, N. J.; W. A. Brewer, P. Director, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Patrick S. Gallagher, Fort Wayne, Ind., Supreme Trustee.

After a short time had been spent in the Supreme President announced as a Committee on Credentials, the following, who had been appointed by the President: Messrs. Jas. J. J. Bolin of Kansas, and M. J. Holly of Nebraska. The Convention then took a recess, in order to allow the Committee on Credentials to complete its work and make its report.

On the re-assembling of the Convention, the Committee on Credentials reported the following delegates present and duly accredited: Messrs. Francis J. Hardy, J. J. McCafferty from Illinois; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, California; S. J. McCormick, J. H. Tuomey, Jas. Puzini, Jas. Bell, Kentucky; Jas. Bell, Louisiana; W. A. Brewer, P. Director, Ohio; Jas. Bolin, Kansas; J. J. Murphy, J. J. Brennan, Massachusetts; A. F. Conroy, H. J. Donnell, Michigan; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, Nebraska; James Holley, W. F. Smith, New Jersey; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, New York; Jas. Mulkeany, J. J. Sweeney, Montana; Nick Mulkeany, Nick Mulkeany, New Mexico; James Brennan, Jas. Mulkeany, Pennsylvania; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, North Carolina; James Vogel, Ohio; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, Tennessee; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, Virginia; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, Wisconsin; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, Wyoming; Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany, Jas. Mulkeany,

Farm and Home.

WITH A SMILE ON YOUR FACE.

Come to the door with a greeting,
Clean with a smile on your face,
Where life is found you are meeting
Worthy a beauty embrace.
Treat not smiles as a trifle
Those whom to love you delighest;
But will disbelieve, baffle,
Show a glad face at the door.

Many a joy will go by you,
Many a pleasure pass by,
Simply because you have neglected
To open the door of your face.
If you would thus be unfriendly
To their sad looking sisters,
Coming yourself to the door.

When loves life wanderings dreary,
Homeward this way return
For the dear face so cheery
By his own fireside he spurns
And if they yet at his coming,
Gloat that the parting is over,
They will be ready to greet him
For he is right of the door.

Only to think of the greeting
Kindly at closing his day—
Only to think of the meeting—
Oh, to it shelters the way!
Trials and worries perplexing
Trouble the spirit no more,
When we are met with caresses
From a dear one at the door.

Home is the symbol of heaven;
Here is the foretaste of joys
All the years smile as given
May be delightfully spent,
If we are honest and faithful,
If we are true to the core,
Letting love stand like an angel
Always in shape of the door.

Children at Table.

Never let your children come to the table until you are quite sure that they won't undertake to do all the talking. This you should make a law when you have company. Tell the company there isn't room for them. You are never safe with the children at the table. If there is anything you don't want known it will be told then. The boy who never noticed that the spoons were plated will shout, as though giving you information:

"Oh, see the gold coming through the spoons!"

And that same boy will say he wishes it was Sunday, and when your guests ask him why, he will reply:

"Because we always have pie Sunday. You will find out he knows a great deal that you never suspected he knew, and you will be at a loss to ascertain how he ever acquired himself with the facts. A boy at the table is a will-spring of displeasure. If his sister is kissed by any one he is always the person to witness the performance, and tells of it at the table before a crowd. He is always the one to give to the world the fact that his sister uses powder, wears false teeth, and is thirty-two years old. If there is a mortage on the place the boy hears you speak of it, then goes around talking about it as though it were something to be pointed to with pride and pleasure. Everything you say in the bosom of your family that should not be repeated, the boy repeats; and he always has the faculty of repeating it at the wrong time and to the wrong person.

If you say the clergyman's sermon are too long or too dry, the boy will take it all in, and say nothing until the clergyman comes around to make his regular visit, and then he will let it out just after you have entered the room. If you say the doctor is not fit to cure hens, he will jump up on the doctor's knee, when he calls, and cunningly say:

"Oh, doctor, mamma says you ain't fit to cure hens."

The odd things that boys will do boys will be boys, and no other combination will cover the case. The boy is always in mischief. When he is at school he is slinging up some kind of dentistry to perpetrate when school is out. Or else he is playing tricks on the teacher. When he is at home he is twisting the cat's tail, or disturbing her heartsharing dreams with a bearskin. If there is no cat to torment, he will torment his little sister by making faces at her or dressing the dog up in her doll's clothes.

The World's Wool Clip.

The New York *Commercial Bulletin* gives the following as the figures of the world's wool clip for the last three decades:

	1880.	1870.	1860.
Europe	715	867	930
United States	112	114	200
Australia	79	197	200
River Plata	56	160	250
Cape of Good Hope	28	46	52
Total	1,061	1,372	1,767

Commenting on the above, it states:

Thus, the wool clip of the above countries has risen 50 per cent in twenty years, or four times faster than the population, and yet prices have fallen only 25 per cent. It is quite possible that in the next fifteen or twenty years wool may fall another 25 per cent, but sheep farming will still be one of the most incrative pursuits in the world.

While it is not improbable that in countries like Australia, for instance, a further reduction of 20 per cent might leave a margin of 7 per cent, profit, yet the present low prices have so seriously crippled the wool growers of the United States, both East and West, as to have caused numbers to reduce their flocks, so much so, in fact, as to cause a marked increase in the number of pulled wool and pelts thrown on the market. The serious depletion of flocks on account of low prices could hardly be advised. On the contrary, the weeding out of inferior sheep, whatever the breed, is the practical plan. Sheep should have a place on every farm however small. They are three golden instead of twos golden. They furnish wool, they provide valuable food, and their manure is valuable in the vegetable kingdom, and also as being distributed in such a manner as to become immediately available when dropped. Sheep also consume weeds and, even by other stock, and their wool is ready for market at a time when the farmer is not usually money-making; just before harvest. It is three, therefore, who weed out inferior sheep and breed up the remainder, who will have cause to congratulate themselves, because the market may turn, upon their practical sagacity.

Farm Notes.

—The Santa Ana *Herald* believes that raisin grapes are the most profitable that can be cultivated, and says: "It is not an unusual thing to gather sufficient grapes from an acre of vines in this valley to make 200 boxes of raisins. This year, yields from a raisin grape vineyard, in good bearing order, seldom falls below $250 per acre.

—The *Farmer's Gazette* (Ireland), claims that the operation of disbarring cattle made the animals much more valuable, and that it made the disbarred animals more tractable, docile and less dangerous to men and each other.

—The reputation of the Midwest Portrait Co. of Chatham, Michigan, has become world wide. Business, for the work to furnish, enlarge and make perfect portraits is unequalled. I advise those enlarge perfect portraits equal to the Pacific Coast, either from tintypes or photographs. The enlargement is delightfully well can be fully relied on.

—Brook's Boss Cotton, with finish, as well as layer finish, is manufactured especially for spinning machine work. Try it on any machine and you will tell no other. For sale by all dry goods dealers.

Family Inn.

GOOD MORNING TO YOUR NIGHTCAP.

"Good morning to your nightcap,
Good morning to you,
Fresh and fair and fasting
Since Hall came, no sweet collars,
As night falls beneath the moon,
Come then lay aside of Cheatham,
Have not you wed that's now.

"Good morning kindly, gentle sir,
Many a dangerous pitfall
But if you want to hear the news,
I fear you ask in vain.
The sad the good all times are gone,
And over all the land
Is a dreary, dreary moaning
Twill keep you from the sun.

Twas early in the morning,
The dew was on the grass,
And now the evening star is up,
He's gone to bound of sun,
The shower was gone and over,
And twilight alone the sun.
Yet still beneath the parcel
We watched the sun arise,
Then stepped into the village church,
And heard some news that's new.

Then was there news in Cheatham
Of falling and of woe,
And all the parish joined the fun,
And toasted the good old priest.
Now, be the morning wet or dry,
There's news to be had
When walking sigh in Cheatham,
But quite a parcel.

A Cow in a Box.

The following story was some time agoreiated by a French professor with reference to the difficulty he experienced in learning to pronounce the English language, whose orthography is so complately at variance with its elementary sound.

The first time the Professor ever visited London he caught a violent cold on the voyage.

Having landed he lost no time in sending for a physician, and while waiting for his arrival consulted his dictionary as to the terms he should employ in stating his case. He found that the French word "toux" was expressed by "cough" in English.

"Cough," applied the Frenchman, "How long had I have this? I cough a cough and cough is 'cow.'"

At last the doctor entered and began to feel his patient's pulse, without finding much indication that anything was wrong.

"I have no trouble dare," said the Professor, putting his hand to his throat, "but here, see! I got a cow!"

"Walk, sir, I am not a cow doctor," said the surgeon, indignantly. "Why do you send for me to see your cow?"

"But you will understand me," said the disconcerted Frenchman. "Here is my cow—here!" and he thumped his breast in desperation.

The doctor shook his head and thought the man must be demented.

The Professor again had recourse to his dictionary, thinking that if he could state the precise locality of his cow the doctor would understand the case. Presently he looked up in triumph. The word "cloak" he had unconsciously lighted upon. It was just what he wanted, so he joyfully exclaimed: "Now, sir, you will understand—I have got a cow in my box!"

The doctor fairly rose a peal of laughter, the Professor's meaning at last dawning slowly upon him, and the poor Frenchman almost died of chagrin. When the Professor afterwards told the story his audience were perfectly amused with merriment, and fully appreciated the gentleman's endeavors in favor of the English spelling reform, as concluded by saying—

"If by the introduction of any changes in this direction, you can do anything for my "cow" it will be a great boon to me."

His Half Sun.

"Is that young man your son?" asked the Judge of an old gogro who had been arraigned before the court.

"He's my half son, sah."

"Half son! How do you make that?"

"His mudder was married fore I married her!"

"Then he's your step son!"

"No, sah, he sint, for he wan't borned for two years after she married me."

"Then he's your son!"

The old fellow scratched his head for a moment and said:

"Dun de fact dat his mudder was married 'cosin fore she ever see me, make dis boy my half son!"

"Of course not."

"Den he's my whole son in he!"

"Yes!"

"Come back ter me, Nelas, an' let yer daddy fling his arms round yer. Been er boung half 'cat boy all o' his life. Come back to yer daddy, sah."

Wisconsin Lawyers.

A middle-aged, enterprising-looking passenger, said he was a lawyer in a Wisconsin town, and the handsome dashing young man who was flirting with a pretty girl on the front end of the car was his son.

"Is your son a lawyer, too?"

"No, he never comes near the office. Doesn't know any law. He is a great help to me, though."

"Assists you in court then, or in hunting up witnesses or taking depositions, does he?"

"No, he doesn't. The fact is, he won't work at anything. He is a gentleman of leisure, he is, and does nothing but wear fine clothes and have a good time. Don't know how I could get along without that boy."

"Ah!"

"Guess you don't understand me. That boy is always flirting with women, and prevents married men. He's a rakish lad, you know, and has been the cause of seven divorce suits in the last year. Six of them are my hands on one side or the other. If the boy does so well this year I'm prepared to take him into partnership."

A Country Editor Goes to Church.

The editor of the *Hardwood Blazer* attended church for the first time last Sunday. In about an hour he rushed into the office and shouted to the telegraph editor:

"What in the blazes are you fellows doing! How about the news from the seat of war?

"What news?

"Why, all this about the Egyptian army being drubbed in the Red Sea. Why, the gospel sharp up at the church was telling about it just now and said a word or two about the sermon yesterday. Hustle round, you fellows, and get the facts, or the *Busy Bee* will get a beat on us. Look very, thoughtful and run an extra edition of a newspaper, and get out a special entitled 'Great English Victory on the Sunday.'"

Easily Identified.

Coroner—I have just held an inquest over the body of a man found drowned, but we are unable to identify him.

Citizen—I know a man named Short. He has been missing for a week.

Coroner—You know Short, did you?

Citizen—Know him like a book.

Coroner—Would you be able to identify him, do you think?

Citizen—Up yer, easily. He had an inquest on his pocketbook.

Hereford's Acid Phosphate Sparks Virtues in Dyspepsia.

Dr. A. Jenkins, Great Falls, N. H., says: "I use freely in dyspepsia with marked benefit. Obstinate cases of dyspepsia, nervousness and mental sickness, yield to the preparation.

Catholic Societies.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

MAIN OFFICE—Kirk Building, Fifth Floor, Northeast corner of Broadway and Pine streets, St. Louis, Mo. Supreme Officers—Supreme Chancellor, P. Ryan, St. Louis, Mo.; Supreme Vice-Chancellor, J. Carr, St. Louis, Mo.; Supreme Treasurer, Henry Walter, St. Louis, Mo.; Supreme Secretary, Thomas J. Kenney, St. Louis, Mo.; Supreme Medical Examiner, Dr. Geo. Homan, St. Louis, Mo.; Supreme Trustees, Henry Walter, Chas. Kaiser, Jos. Pulitzer, Jr., Jos. Mullen, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Kennedy, Jas. Cummings, Jas. Cunnigham

ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY'S FAREWELL.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

and in the most supplicating voice said "Won't you pray for my girl, Archbishop?"

"Yes, God bless you," replied the Archbishop, kneeling in the midst of the whole multitude.

The carriage door was at last closed, and the Archbishop, with Archbishop Riordan, Vicar General Prendergast and P. J. Oliver were driven to the ferry, where they took the 2.30 boat and crossed to the Oakland mole. A sad band here clustered to take the clergy and a few laymen to Port Costa, to say a last farewell. About eighty persons took the 3 o'clock boat and crossed the bay, where Archbishop Alemany was found in the last seat in the shortest car. The scene at St. Mary's was repeated on the Oakland mole. The clergy and laity that intended to go to Port Costa found seats in the car, but a large number of people stood at the window to catch a last glimpse of the Archbishop. Men and women came into the car to shake his hands and wish him a happy journey. One woman pressed forward and asked him to make the cross on her forehead, which he did with a blessing. The train soon drew out of the depot and the Archbishop sat down by the side of one of the aged priests.

BLESSING A MULTITUDE.

At the Oakland Station there was a scene, that perhaps was never before witnessed in the country. As the train stopped a crowd of 300 or more gathered about the last car, which was the one occupied by the Archbishop and the party escorting him. At first he rose and bowed at the window, but people clamored for him to come to the platform. As he stepped on the platform a hundred hands were stretched out to clasp his and men and women pressed forward to kiss his hand. The stop at the station was only for a moment and soon the people saw the train moving slowly away. Simultaneously they fell on their knees, more than 300 of them, some on the track, others on the rail, and yet others on the walk. The men reverently removed their hats. The tide was rippling in and dashing against the rocks on the beach. The sun was glistening on the water, and like a shining path of light across the bay. The train drew away from the kneeling people, and the Archbishop, removing his hat, blessed them with his outstretched hand. As he stood in this reverent attitude, the wind blew his gray locks and a tear came to his eye. The train gathered speed, and soon was whirling along the shore and out of sight of the heavy-hearted people, who were rising, with the sunlight and the archbishop's blessing on their hearts.

As the train approached Port Costa the Archbishop rose to take final leave of the men who have been laboring with him for years. With one accord the clergy and laity built in the aisle and received the Archbishop's final blessing. As the old man passed through the aisle to a Pullman at the head of the train he was received with respect by everyone. As the train ran on board of the ferry boat, the Archbishop stood on the platform and waved a farewell to his friends, who bade him God speed with full hearts.

Among the civilians who accompanied His Grace to Port Costa were Congressman Ryan, Peter Donahue, D. J. Oliver, Robert Tobin, Sr., Richard Tobin, Jr., Col. Robert Tobin, Philip A. Roach, D. T. Murphy, Dr. J. H. Gibbons, R. K. Reilly, J. A. Donahue, P. J. Thomas, A. P. Hotaling, Jr., Dr. Hassett, T. J. Welch and many others. Among the church dignitaries who went up the road were Archbishop Riordan, Fathers Prendergast, Gottie, Montgomery, Connolly, and Harty of St. Mary's, McNally of Oakland, Brennan of Mission Dolores, Harrington of St. Francis, Gallagher of St. Joseph's Church, O'Neil and Vincent of the Dominican Order, Mc-Nabos of Alameda, Varni of St. Ignatius Church, Serda of Temescal, Sebastia, Wolf, Franchi, Ancomani, Scanlan, Very Rev. J. Cooke, Canney, Gleason of Brooklyn, Hartigan and many others.

AT SACRAMENTO.

Archbishop Alemany was met at the depot, Sacramento, Sunday night by Fathers Tyrea, Walsh, and a few prominent members of St. Rose's Church. On the arrival of the train the delegation boarded the special car in which the Archbishop was travelling. Judge Armstrong delivered a most appropriate address which was feeling responded to His Grace. Afterwards the Archbishop came out on the platform and gave his blessing to many who had crowded around to see him for the last time.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—The national element in the Northern division of Antrim, determined on establishing the "Salmon of prayer" between the two English parties, have established, in Dollymary, a National Inebriation Association.

The organization of the National League, as applied to the township of Umeen, is to be fully by the establishment of branches of the Land League in Ballyvourney, and of the Plan of Campaign in Ballyvourney from the hands of their landlord and creditor agent.

Cork.—On April 25, the sub-Sheriff of the County of Cork, accompanied by two bailiffs, proceeded to the estate of Thomas Kenny, Ballinphan, in the parish of Ballyvourney, to repossess, for non payment of rent, the unfortunate old man was removed from his home and his little effects were put upon the road.

Clare.—Among the saloon passengers from New York on the Cunard steamship Bothnia, arrived, sailed off the harbor, on April 25th, was the Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, Catholic Bishop of Kerrville, Bishop O'Connor is a native of Queenstown, where he still has a cousin residing. His brother, who at one time was a curate in the diocese of Cloyne, was for very many years Bishop of Pittsburg, but subsequently resigned the pontacy and joined the Jesuit Order in Baltimore, where he died a few years ago.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, has made the following pastoral:—"Dear Clergy, Dr. Murphy, C.C., Kanturk, in his pastoral charge of Kilbrack, says he intends to dedicate Fr. M. Kennedy, P.P., to the Sacred Heart, M. McCarthy, from the Pulpit of Ballymacoda.

Brown.—In the debate recently in Parliament on the Redistribution Bill, Mr. Healy endeavored to have the chairman of the Newry Town Commissioners appointed the returning officer instead of the Sheriff of Down, but his proposal would not be accepted, though his amendment was carried.

Mayo.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of Belmullet was held at Drumrue, near Stranagford, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the National League in that locality. The Rev. Mr. McKenny presided. Mr. Daniel Deacy, M.P., addressed the meeting.

Donegal.—John Sheridan Maclean, Jun., has been appointed a resident magistrate for the county Donegal.

A fishy meeting was held at Ballyshannon. The local League Branch was reconstituted and a new committee appointed. Mr. Hugh Caffery is president; Mr. T. McIntyre, treasurer, and Messrs. Gallagher and Kelly, secretaries. The tone of the meeting was encouraging. The Treasurer being empowered to send to the Central League a suitable subscription for affiliation.

Dublin.—Margaret Nolan, of 37 Lagan street, in the city of Dublin, died on April 25. The damage done was about £50, for buildings innately been got under before the fire in progress. About two years ago the factory was entirely destroyed by fire, causing great ruin and depriving a large number of people of employment for a considerable time. The new premises, which were erected about a year ago, are much more extensive than the original buildings.

On April 26, at Mr. Daniel O'Connor, of 27 James's street, Dublin, was killed through Marlborough street, his house shed and fling like hastily to the ground. He was conveyed in an insensible condition to Jervis Street Hospital. The jury in a matinee established a verdict of accidental death. The evidence of the coroner, who stated that the deceased had been a member of the South Dublin Poor Law Board.

Gilnavery.—Sister Mary Faustina, only daughter of John O'Donnell, C.E., of Galway, died at the convent that place, of which she was a religious for thirty years, on the 22nd of April, aged 57 years.

Tipperary.—Mr. Bernard Kennedy, of Ballyvourney, has been appointed to the office of Sub-Sheriff, and all the assent offices which belonged to the late sub-Sheriff, Mr. Kennedy, to the respect of the community in which she lived, and her death, which was unexpected by all the consolations of religion, found a universal regret.

Kerry.—The death occurred on April 26th, at a branch Unwanted on Ben Session, aged 70 years, Mr. Thomas Murphy, the only son of Mr. Stephen Murphy, of Ballyvourney, and father of the convent that place, of which she was a religious for thirty years, on the 22nd of April, aged 57 years.

Leitrim.—The national schools were recently closed at Kilcrogher, on Mr. Tottenham's property. The gentleman having left the country, he has given the management of the schools to Parson Scott. The children who are attending these schools are mostly Catholics, with a few exceptions therefore, their parents would not send them to be instructed under Protestant clergyman. The schools are now closed and that other schools in the neighborhood have refused to receive the children.

Hopkins, one-time Land Leaguer, and Dr. Kelly, is very annoyed for Protestant clergy, and the management of Catholic schools, lest it might lose to proselytism.

Tullow Fair, on Friday last been held on the corner of Kilkenny, is the more important corner of Tullow.

Limerick.—The County High Sheriff of Limerick, Lieutenant-Colonel Gorges, Ryan Manor, that suddenly at his residence, Riverstown, Castleconnell, on April 27, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. He became ill, and died in a few hours, after receiving last rites of the Church.

The valuable wintergrass of Tuam was recently sold by Mr. John Joyce, auctioneer, for £160, and the important farm of Ballybake and Ballycolane was sold to Mr. John Spillane for £7,000 by Mr. F. W. McCarthy.

Louth.—A notable instance of the love and esteem exhibiting between priests and people was attained on April 26th in Dundalk, on the presentation to the Rev. Father Browne, O.S.A., on the eve of his departure for Australia, by his friends and substantial testimonials, in the shape of a purse of gold. The presentation took place in St. Augustine and Monica and the Ladies of Charity, Monica's sodality to the Rev. Father Browne.

Sligo.—Another act of petty tyranny has been exercised lately in the vicinity of Mr. Ashley's bog-ranger, to the tenants in the lower part of the county Sligo, to desist drawing the bog turf, that for years back they carted home for farm purposes. This order was issued some time about Christmas last, so that the small farmers could not avail themselves of the Winter to get from the bog the turf which so much contributes to the comfort of the clergy and leaders even in this locality. The result is, that the poor are left in a miserable state with a bitter cold, until they have again recourse to the bog, and, in this instance, for the use of their cows, they measure for their potatoes.

Tyrone.—A remarkable case of poisoning occurred, on April 29th, at a place called Kilgroney, near Omagh, by which a prosperous farmer named Kane, living in comfortable circumstances, was for some time past observed to be in a weak state of health, and was consequently put under close watch. (If late he became more emaciated, and, on Sunday, in the absence of his wife, who was on a visit, and of the servants, was found in a state of death, the cause of which was pack which served the window.

Tipperary.—At a meeting of the Tipperary Board of Guardians, on April 29, the question was discussed as to whether or not there was in a dying condition in the house could will question for the support be received. A number of the members of the board were of the opinion that they were entitled to be paid, but the document was not produced. The county Tipperary, having for some time back declared their inability to pay the rate, a reduction were granted. Mr. Gibson, of the Property Indemnity Association, has a large number of cattle boycotted by the more prominent farmers of Ballyvourney. It is said that nearly all the boughs have paid their rent.

Wexford.—The Queen's County Bill, the Wexford Chronicle says, is not a measure of justice to Ireland, but it is a measure of justice to Wexford. Some of Lord Normanton's tenantry at Emly have, it is stated, been served with notices, declared their intention of paying no rent unless the Property Indemnity Association, which, it is said, has taken up their cause, is willing to pay the rent of the estate. The result has been that nearly all have been induced to pay the rent.

Wexford Town is to be deprived of its fine sample glacier in the approaching Wexford Horse, lock plack on April 30th. The station of Mr. Meeks has been purchased by the Rev. Father Very Rev Patrick Crane, O.S.A., a native of Wexford, who for so many years adorned the spiritual wants of the people of New Ross, and subsequently of Dublin, and who was the intimate friend of the late Archbishop of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cullen, Dr. Cullen, Dr. Cullen, Dr. Cullen, Dr. Cullen, Dr. Cullen, Both the stations are nearly likeable.

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POISON AT THE FRONT DOOR.

No article entering so generally into the food of every family has been found more villainously adulterated than baking powder. For the purpose of understanding the "Royal," whose absolute purity and wholesomeness has never yet been questioned, hundreds of dealers are putting up baking powders with alum, or aluminated cream of tartar, which contains lime, earth, etc., adding strength by the free use of alum.

These adulterated powders are "shoved" upon the public with the greatest persistency. They are first given away—left in samples at private residences, with circulars containing lagon analyses and certificates, and false representations as to their value, etc. This fact of itself is sufficient to condemn them. A first-class article will sell on its merits. No manufacturer whose goods are of value can afford to give them away, and none but the cheapest make and most inferior or unmarketable goods require to be distributed free in order to get the public to use them, and this method is adopted only by parties who have failed to dispose of their wares through the ordinary and legitimate channels of trade.

Free samples of articles of food left at the house should be regarded with suspicion. There is no guarantee of their wholesomeness, while there is real danger that they contain a fatally poisonous compound. Many instances of poisoning from the use of such samples are recorded.

The Royal Baking Powder is never given away, sold by means of lotteries, nor accompanied by chromos, spoons, crockery or other gifts, except the gifts of absolute purity, wholesomeness, full weight and superlative leavening power. These gifts are guaranteed with each package. Its own merits have been its chief advertisement, and they have secured for it the constant patronage of the American public to an extent beyond the combined sale of all other baking powders. The Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure and perfect.

OUR SCHOOLS.

St. Mary's College.

During the past week the students of the commercial department of St. Mary's College passed a very satisfactory state regular yearly examination. On Friday the 23, the members of the banking department exhibited a very creditable familiarity with the various studies in their course. The following young gentlemen received honorable mention:—Messrs. Geo. Cuffey, John Kennedy, H. Jas. J. Lane, W. Ryan, R. Phelan, J. Lynch, J. Joyce, J. Ellis, G. Clark, J. Scanlan, F. Lynch, Jeffrey, R. McNab, the Fathers Cummins, the closing exercises will be held in the College Hall on Friday, May 7.

On Wednesday the 29th, the following pupils were entered: Misses Collins, Collins Orphan, Christina Gutierrez, extract, "Death of Poverty." Misses Lydon, Lydon, Lynch, Lynch, Lawrence W. Smith, history, extract, "Washington's Farewell." Misses Lydon, Lydon, Lynch, Lynch, Lawrence W. Smith, history, extract, "Washington's Farewell." Misses Lydon, Lydon, Lynch, Lynch, Lawrence W. Smith, history, extract, "Washington's Farewell." Misses Lydon, Lydon, Lynch, Lynch, Lawrence W. Smith, history, extract, "Washington's Farewell." Misses Lydon, Lydon, Lynch, Lynch, Lawrence W. Smith, history, extract, "Washington's Farewell."

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

YOUNG CALIFORNIAN'S WHO ARE FACING THE WRONG WAY.

There was some conjection in town the other day about celebrity certain men and town and had no visible means of support, and who had received no money, and who had no business, and who yet seemed to have a livelihood. We had not seen them before, and we wanted to know them, but some of them were painted out to us as men who were "on the Stock Exchange." Young men, too, they were, who had been educated at the expense of the State, and who had received a liberal education in the public schools of the State, in some degree degrading, if must be fashion and habit, but they were young men

Poetry

"IF ONLY."

Amid a busy multitude I sate,
A busy multitude around me throngs,
And yet I was alone and desolate!
The victim of one vain, restless longing,
My heart within me felt so sad and lonely,
And ever seemed to say—"Alas! if only!

A passing friend in kindly pity said,
"Why, what ails you?"
Alas!
He might as well have spoken to the dead;
As to the victim of that one refrain
My heart within me felt so sad and lonely,
And ever seemed to say—"Alas! if only!"

A brother stopped me footily by the hand;
"The world around," he said, "is clothed with gladness—
Take comfort." Ah! he would not understand
How sad critics lies the secret of my sadness
My heart within me felt so dark and lonely,
And ever seemed to say—"Alas! if only!"

A sister watched me with a thoughtful eye,
And happiness seemed almost to awaken
Beneath that look of gentle sympathy,
I almost felt that I was not forsaken.
And yet my heart within felt sad and lonely,
And ever still it said—"Alas! if only!"

A mother's glance, oh! such a holy grace,
Looked down through tears upon my desolation
Ah! in—that was there wanting to enhance
The magic of that mother's consolation.
Yet even then my heart felt sad and lonely,
And ever seemed to say—"Alas! if only!"

And still amid that crowd I sate and sighed
Alone, through loving friends around were throngling
For as I thought on them, my own feet bebid,
Still ever seemed to say, restless longing,
My heart still seemed lonely:—Alas! if only!
"Not most hence, I were not lonely!"
—Irish Metropolitan Magazine.

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child;
"All joy!" she said, with sunbeams in her eye.
I asked the aged, with her care oppressed:
"All suffering's o'er, oh! Heaven at last, is rest!"
I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed,
"It must be love!" she softly replied.
I asked the artist, who adored his art;
"Heaven is all beauty!" spoke his rapture heart.
I asked the poet, with his soul afire;
"The glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.
I asked the Christian, waiting her release;
A calm round her, low the answer, "Peace!"
So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
"To beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace and love!"

Literary Miscellany.

The Denver Express.

A STORY OF WILD LIFE IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER III.

Sinclair found his wife very thoughtful when he came home, and he listened with much interest to her story.

"Poor girl," said he, "Foster is the man to help her. I wonder where he is. I must inquire about him."

The next day they proceeded on their way to San Francisco, and matters drifted on at Sinclair's much as before. Johnson had, after an absence of some months, come back, and lived without molestation amid the shifting population. Now and then, too, the mysterious President Denver reappeared and made absolved somebrave the fears of some of his former "saves" from the "Rawhiskin's House," as his gaudy saloon was called.

It was the very evening on which this story opens that Foster appeared in the train-house on the Sierras. "Jim" Wallace, agent and telegrapher at Barker's, was sitting in his little office, communicating with the station-room by the ticket window. "Jim" was a cool, silent, efficient man, and not much given to talking about such episodes in his past life as the "sipping out" by Indians of the construction party to which he belonged, and his own rescue by the scouts. He was smoking an old and favorite pipe, and talking with one of the "boys" whose head appeared at the window. On a seat in the station sat a woman, in a black dress and veil apparently waiting for a train. The woman suddenly raised her head and said:

"Mr. Watkins," cried she, "can I see you for a few moments where you can not interrupt us? It is a matter of life and death." She colorbed in the silk veil, over her hands, and her voice trembled. Watkins recognized Sally Johnson in a moment. He unbolted a door, mediomed to be always closed and again bolted it, and also closed the ticket-window. Then he placed a chair, and the girl sat down and leaned eagerly forward.

"If they knew I was here," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "my life would be safe five minutes. I was waiting to tell you a terrible story, and then I heard who was in the train and came here to meet you. Mr. Watkins, don't, for God's sake, ask me how I found out, but I hope to die if I don't tell my job the living truth. They're going to wreck that train—Number Seventeen—at Dead Man's Crossing, fifteen miles east, and rob the passengers and old express car. It's the worst gang in the country—Perry's. They're going to throw the train off the track, the engineer will be mashed and killed, and Mr. Sinclair and his wife are on this car. Oh, Mr. Watkins, send them warning!"

She stood upright, her face deadly pale her hands clasped. Watkins walked deliberately to the railroad map which hung on the wall and scanned it. Then he resumed his seat, laid his pipe down, fixed his eyes on the girl's face, and began to question her. At the same time his right hand, on which he had held the pipe, found its way to the telegraph-key. None but an expert could have distinguished any change in the clicking of the instrument, which had been almost incessant; but Wallace had "called" the head office on the Missouri. In two minutes the "sounder" rattled out, "All right. What is it?"

Watkins went on with his questions, his eyes still fixed on the poor girl's face, and all the time his fingers, as it were, playing with the key. If he were imperturbable, so was not a man sitting at a receiving office nearly five hundred miles away. He had "taken" but a few words when he jumped from his chair and cried:

"Hunt that door, and call the superintendent, and be quick! Charley, brace up—lively—quick! Tell the superintendent that his wonderful electric pen, the handle several hundreds of miles long, Watkins, unknown to his interlocutor, was printing in the Missouri dialect the whole message. "Information received. Perry gang going to throw Number Seventeen off track—near sixth mile post, this side Dead Man's, about nine to-morrow (Thursday) night. Kill passengers and rob express and mail. Am alone here. No chance to verify story, but believe it to be on a square. Better make arrangements from your end to block game. No sheriff here now. Answer."

The superintendent, responding to the hasty summons, heard the message before the clerk had time to write it out. His lips were closely compressed as he put his own hand on the key, and said these laconic sentences: "O. K. Keep perfectly dark. Will manage the rest."

Watkins, at Barker's, rose from his seat, opened the door a little way, and saw that the station was empty, and then said to the girl, brusquely but kindly:

"Help you've done the square thing, and saved that train. I'll take care that you don't suffer, and that you get well paid. Now, come home with me, and my wife will look out for you."

"Oh! no," cried the girl, shrinking back, "I must run away. You're mighty kind, but I daren't go with you." Detecting a shade of doubt in his eyes, she added, "Don't be afraid. I'll die before they'll know I've given them away to you," and she disappeared in the darkness.

At the other end of the wire the superintendent had quietly imposed secrecy on his operator and clerk, ordered his fast mare saddled, and sent off a messenger to Sinclair.

"Read that," said he to his secretary. "It was about time for some trouble of this kind, and now I'm going to let Uncle Sam" (the United States) "take care of his mail train. If I don't get to the reservation before the peaceful's turned in, I shall have to wake up. Wire, and dispatch, please. The gray mare made the six miles to the military reservation in just half an hour. The general was smoking his last cigar, and was alert in an instant; and before the superintendent had finished the jorum of "hot Scotch" hospitably tendered, the orders had gone by wire to the commanding officer at Fort Conway, some distance east of Barker's, and had been duly acknowledged.

Returning to the station he remarked to the waiting secretary:

"The general's all right. Of course we can't tell that this is not a sell, but if Sheriff Perry hounds mean business, they'll get all the fight they want; and if they've got any sense, when I doubt, may the Lord have mercy on them!"

He prepared several dispatches, two of which were as follows:

"Barker, Sheriff, Denver, Colorado.

"His telegram your authority to take charge of train in which you are concerned. Do as he directs. Keep everything secret and act in accordance with orders of Mr. Sinclair."

"Fort Conway, Colorado.

"Detached Perry gang will try wreck and rob No. 17 express train, sixth milepost. Uncover. Division, about nine Thursday night. Trespass Sinclair, Barker, and Fort Conway. Keep everything secret and act in accordance with orders of Mr. Sinclair."

"It's worth ten thousand dollars," unsolicitously remarked he, "that Sinclair's train. He's got both sand and brains. Good-night," and he went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun never shone more brightly, and the air was never more clear and bracing than when Sinclair helped his wife off the train at Pawnee Junction. The station-master's face fell as he saw the lady, but he said the engineer with as sharp an air as he could assume, and watched for an opportunity to see him alone. Sinclair read the dispatches with an unmoved countenance, and after a few minutes' reflection simply said, "All right. Be on the sly in the matter perfectly quiet. At breakfast he was distracted—so much so that his wife asked him what was the matter. Taking her aside he at once showed her the telegrams.

"You see my duty," he said; "I may only thought is about you, my dear. Shall I go on?"

She simply replied, looking into his face without a tremor:

"My place is with you." Then the conductor called "All aboard," and the train once more started.

Sinclair asked Foster to join him in the smoking compartment, and tell him the promised story. When the latter did this recess at Barker's, he frankly and gratefully said, had been the turning-point in his life. He had "lived down" his past from gambling and drinking, had found honest employment, and was doing well.

"I've my things to do now, major," he added, "and I'm a thousand miles from home. I went to find that poor girl that I left behind at Barker's. She was engaged to marry me, and wanted me to think of it, and what a life I'd have made her head, I hadn't the heart, till now, to look for her; but, seeing I'm on the right track, I'm going to give her a chance, and get her to come with me. Her father is a—old scoundrel, but that isn't her fault, and I ain't going to marry him."

Foster, politely asked Sinclair, "do you know the Perry gang?"

The man's brow darkened.

"Know them?" said he; "I knew them much too well. Perry is an uncolly cuss—threw me over killed an emigrant in cold blood, and he's got in his gang nearly all those hounds that tried to hang me. Why do you ask, major?"

Sinclair handed him the despatches. "You are the only man on the train to whom I have shown them," said he.

Late going to put the responsibility on your shoulders. I have no doubt that if we are attacked the soldiers would dispose of the gang, but I must take all precautions for the safety of the passengers. We must act alarm them. They can be made to think that the troops are going on a scout, and only a certain number of reliable men need be told of what we expect. Can you, this afternoon, go through the cars and pick them out? I will then put you in charge of the passenger car, and you may post your men on the platforms to act in case of need. My place will be ahead, in an occasional smile to Foster. In the afternoon on the Missouri the reporters were gathered about the conductor, engineer, lighting his cigars and filling their note-books with items. Still, nothing was would gladly have done the same, but Watkins failed to notify them. It is also said that the train had been gone and a friend re-marked:

"Hope they'll get through all right," to which the reply was:

"Yes, likely."

Then he went to the telegraph mate, and said, "and have orders at Barker's to hold a story as wild as a Norse saga, but what is and when I have responsible was ready."

(Number Seventeen, fifty-five minutes late.

[THE END.]

What They Think of You.

There are many Catholics who avoid controversy on religious subjects with those of other denominations, because they think that "religious controversy does no good." But, having regard for their interlocutors, a Catholic could only know what he ought to do when he knows that his Catholic acquaintances to believe in, vanity and would upset his neighbor's faith in his faith. No man likes to be thought a fool, yet it is an exaggeration to assert that even the most illiterate and uninstructed of our Catholics understand Catholic belief to be a absurd and incorrect way that we are not exactly detecting from our Catholic neighbors. Yet, if we look at it carefully, we will find that in the seven questions of the Catechism, we have at least the seven capital sins which are the root of all other sins; and that is plain enough that while we are asking that God's name may by hallowed, we are asking that his family may be united in one family. "Now to the King of ages, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory" (1 Tim. i. 17) and that thereby we are endeavoring to make our hearts all submissive to God's will, and that we are asking that our own wills may be made to conform to his, and that, if we are asking for our own eternal salvation, we are asking for a share in what "Eye has not seen, nor ear has heard, nor has it ascended into the heart of man, what God has prepared for those who love him." But as we cannot procure this eternal happiness by being obedient to the divine will, therefore it is that we say, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." We are asking for our own fulfillment of the divine will of temporal goods which are signified under the name of bread which is our principal nourishment, and more especially we are asking for those that are contained in the Sacramental bread, in the Holy Eucharist; we will further say, "Give us this day our daily bread," in order that all impediments in the way of our spiritual life, such as sins, temptations and the penalties of this life which are the result of our sins, and then add the last three petitions—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, etc., etc. Amen."

It should be remembered that what we are petitioning in the "Our Father" will be granted to us only on condition that we are actually delivering from our hearts all those who "trespass" against us. Let this be carefully, we will find that in the seven petitions of the "Our Father" we are asking for all

THE MONITOR.

TRUTH—SOBER TRUTH IS MY MEDICINE.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 8, 1881.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in formulating public opinion; and proper to lead blind multitudes whether good or evil. Hence, the Catholic Journalist has to meet difficulties and obstacles in his mission, which are not encountered by his brethren of secular journals, but which are inevitable in the warfare of entirely, but a sort of spiritual kind. What is and what ought to be the whole of a Catholic journalism but to unmask error and defend the truth? Journalism is the Catholic Press, and the Catholic Press—Pope Pius IX. Address to Catholic Journalists.

"If the Holy Ghost, acting through the intermediation of St. Thomas in Latin, could so write prescriptive law which is to be printed, the writers of Catholic journals also defend the Catholic Journalists, and the Catholic Press, in a Latin, possible too, and adhere to the doctrines and principle with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—For three hundred years Protestants have proclaimed the Bible as the only Rule of Faith, and they are not done trucking with it yet!

—The Catholics of Liverpool can give their brethren in America a point in paying for a needed Seminary. Bishop O'Reilly of that diocese, in a recent pastoral, informs the Lancashire Catholics have paid $292,000 for their new Seminary at Wigan.

—There are more Irish in the cities and towns of England than in many cities in Ireland. For instance, there is an Irish population of 200,000 in Liverpool, and with Birkenhead and other outlying towns an Irish population of a quarter of a million. There are 50,000 Irish-speaking people in Liverpool.

—Last week on the motion of Mr. Gladstone, seconded by Sir Stafford Northcote, the British House of Commons granted an annuity of $30,000 to Princess Beatrice on the occasion of her prospective marriage. Mr. Labouchere, in opposing the motion, said that the Queen should provide the annuity. The Irish people have to pay their portion of the plunder.

—The *Michigan Catholic* says the movement for organization among Catholics is growing steadily more general, and we are proud to note that Catholic journalists are everywhere at the head of it! The editors of one esteemed contemporaries, the Most Rev. Archbishop of the Church Province of Marshall, Ill., were both delegates from their respective localities to the general convention of Catholic Knights at New York recently.

—At the recent conference of the section of the Red Cross, the Emperor of Germany offered a prize of $1,000 and a gold medal for the best model of a barrack and field hospital. American inventors were requested to compete. The barrack must have twelve beds, be easy to transport, and capable of being taken down and reconstructed. The designs should reach Antwerp by September 1.

—"As a matter of courtesy," says the *Colorado Catholic*, "Catholic institutions and organizations might send their items to Catholic papers." In reprinting the above the *Catholic Catholic* has the following: "Father Carr, editor of our esteemed Rocky mountain contemporary, will find out when he has more experience in the journalistic field that Catholic institutions and organizations, as well as Catholic individuals, will assist him very little. Our people are generally very quick to find fault, but rather slow in sifting the Editor in collecting valuable information."

—The custom of having the Church bells ring, morning, noon, and night, and reciting at their sound the prayers called the *Angelus* is of comparatively modern origin. The evening *Angelus* was introduced by Pope John XXII., in 1327. The Council of Lavaur, 1368, ordered that the bell should be rung also at sunrise. The *Angelus* at noon is attributed by some to Pope Calixtus III., 456, and by others to Leo III., 1472. Mabillon thinks that the *Angelus*, as now practiced, is of French origin, and became general at the beginning of the 16th century.

—The *Catholic Tribune*, Kansas City, Mo., has this to say concerning the Monitor: "We have been kindly favored with a new exchange, the Monitor, published in the Golden City of San Francisco. It is one of the best Catholic papers in the Union, replete with interesting Catholic and Irish news from all parts of both hemispheres presented in readable form, as well as able editorials upon Church and State affairs that reflect credit upon the gentlemen who successfully conduct this excellent journal. May it live long and prosper in its noble work for the cause of Catholicism and Ireland that it so gallantly espouses."

—A letter from Constantinople mentions that an English Protestant lady there invited an apostate Greek to preach in her house. All her servants were ordered to attend, but one—a Catholic—refused the being asked his reasons, he replied: "I hear so many sermons from my own priests that I should consider that I was filling my time away if I heard any more. Your Greek servants can well attend, as in the Schismatical churches they never preach. But my great reason for refusing is my objection to listen to apostates." The lady never invited the Greek apostate to preach in her house again; and shortly after the incident just described she was received into the Catholic Church, the faithful servant acting as her godfather.

—A most successful mission, given by the Jesuit Fathers, has been in progress for the last two weeks in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. Father Maguire was the principal preacher, assisted by Fathers Langenke, McGarthy, McDonald and Conlanch. The first week was devoted to the women and the second to the men. Fourteen priests were at one time in the confessional, during the first week, and 5,000 confessions of the women were heard. The large Cathedral was packed every evening and we used hardly say that the sermons and instructions were extremely interesting and edifying. Father Maguire, who lies had forwarded to Boston during what he called his last Mission at St. Mary's, some months ago, was induced to leave his retreat and buckle on his armor once more for the benefit of the Boston people, and right royally has he fought his battle.

—"Some people are born mean, some achieve meanness, and others have meanness thrust upon them, but those who will take their paper from the post office for a year, realizing it unjustly until asked to pay for it, and then insultingly send back all the dirty copies they have had on dirty wrapping paper, belong to the first class. We would like to give the name of one that we have before us now." It is thus the Catholic *Columbian* tells of a class of people—large at that—and its remarks will be endorsed by a large majority of the press.

—The Catholic students of Germany have sent an address to the Holy Father, in which, amongst other things, they declare their full submission to the precepts of the Divine Law which the Holiness has promulgated in the celebrated Encyclical, *Humanum Genus*, and which they promise to follow as a sacred rule for their present and future life. The corrupting schools condemned in that Encyclical, "which work in darkness, strive to tarnish the splendour of the Catholic Church, to break its unity, to falsify its doctrines and, even, if it were possible, to annihilate it entirely," they repudiate with horror; and they assure the Sovereign Pontiff that they will never have any connection with them whatever.

—The estate of the orator, Wendell Phillips, has been appraised, and instead of the $200,000 which it was supposed he had left the total value of his property is only $8,362 03, of which $4,338 25 is in real estate, and $4,023 80 in personal property. It was known that Mr. Phillips, during his later life, received large sums of money by bequest and in other ways. A few months before he died the city of Boston paid him $25,000 for his Essex street property, taken for street improvements. The only explanation of it is found in the astonishing use to which he put his money. The appraisers report finding among his papers about 45,000 shares of worthless mining stocks, of a par value of a million dollars or more, which doubtless cost Dr. Phillips a fortune.

—We have often heard it said and read it, likewise in type, says the Catholic Columbian, that young men are prevented from marrying by the fear of extravagance on the part of a wife. We believe this to be a very foul scrawl, for now-a-days the young men are really the extravagant ones and the young women the contrary. There is a love of freedom and a desire to be unrestrained, a selfish feeling, among the young men. In dress, dissipation and amusements they will spend twice the amount, probably, necessary to keep a family, and will denounce extravagance in their sisters, on the last pretext. The young man will have his pockets well filled with change with which to purchase occasional cigars, drinks, or play a game of billiards, or visit a theatre, and will think nothing of how that the dimes may go during the day, whilst his sister or mother will count out the nickels for street car fare with the precision and care of a banker in arranging his thousands.

—"Atlas," in the London *World*, says: "The Catholic world has been a good deal exercised by the appearance of a little pamphlet, entitled 'Wa Catholique—a plea for equal divorce among English followers of the Pope. Those are told that they may claim as co-religionists almost everybody who is doing anything—from Lord Ripon to Tracy Turnerelli; from the author of 'The Angel in the House' and the painter of 'The Roll Call' to Miss Mary Anderson and the inventor of the bassoon; from Sir John Lubbock, the drafter of the Redistribution bill, and Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C., to the founder of the 'Financial Reform Alliance;' from the Assistant-Adjutant General Sir Arthur Herbert, to the editor of *Punch*; and from incomparable Cardinals like Manning and Newman to incomparable cricketers like Mr. O'Brien. A hundred or so of such names are adroitly introduced to point the moral of the little brochure, which is said to be the work of a well known Catholic peer."

—The last number of the Catholic *Review* contains the following: "As a man lives, so shall he die. It was to be expected that the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, entering his ministry of penance, should approach the death-bed of one of his flock, who, baptized and educated a Catholic, rejected in his hour of pride the faith and obedience of his baptism. But it was hardly to be expected that the law of life and death should be reversed even in regard of Victor Hugo. So the cable tells us that his son-in-law stood in the pathway of the Cardinal and ordered him to tell that angel of mercy for his dying relative that 'Victor Hugo needed no priest.' Whether Victor Hugo would have said so to the Cardinal, it is useless to inquire; but the moral clearly is that whenever anticipates sending for a priest in his mortal agony, ought to make the preliminary steps a habit during life. 'As a man lives, so shall he die.' It is a pleasant or an unpleasant prophecy, according to our sense of its personal application."

—The *St. James Gazette* of London calls attention to the fact that Catholicism has of late years made progress among the Princes of Germany. Duke Philip of Wurtemberg, the only Prince of the Wurtemberg royal family who possesses male property, is a Catholic, as are all his children. Duke Paul Frederick of Mecklenburg has brought up all his children as Catholics. All the members of the princely house of Schoun Braunfels are Catholics, some of the Princes of Schoun having "married into the Church." Count Charles of Schleinburg Forderglauchen will ultimately pass to the Catholic branch, it being the only one which has male heirs. Prince Hatzfeldt of Wahlstadt, grandson of "Marshal Forwards," is a fervent Catholic, as are all his family. The entire house of Isenburg-Birstein have gone over to Rome; while there has been numerous conversions in the family of the Counts of Stolberg. The same may be said of the families of Hohenlohe, Scheer-Theuz, Schoerberg, and a considerable number of others.

A Dominican Archbishop.

On the eve of Archbishop Alemany's departure for Rome, it was meet that the Catholics of California should offer him some testimonial of their gratitude for the work of thirty-three years among them. It is impossible to compute such services to him, and if they were computed, no earthly reward could pay for them. By the command of the Holy See, he humbly left his monastery and became Bishop of the See of Monterey. He was an humble Dominican friar, unable to speak a word of English—he was an Archbishop, he still kept the heart of an humble Dominican friar and the vow of poverty of his Order. He ascended the steps of his episcopal throne with all the dignity that became a Prelate, but the poor knew his humility, and those nearest to him also knew that, out of all the revenues of his rich diocese, he took nothing for himself but the barest necessaries. He was the almoner of God.

The old Order of St. Dominic, which he loved so well and which loves him so well, now opens its arms for his son weary of the cares of the shepherd and the weight of a mitre so heavy in all times. His cause in San Francisco a poor Dominican friar; he left the episcopacy as he entered it. In a recent number of the San Francisco Monitor an appeal is made to the Catholics of California to provide a life pension for the declining years of a Prelate who has wielded his crook or over the lambs and the sheep during a lifetime.

On June 29, 1850, Joseph Sadoc Alemany put aside the white robes of his Order and assumed the purple of a Bishop. He was promoted to the See of San Francisco July 29, 1853. Until the present Archbishop, the Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, was appointed his Coadjutor one *sure* reservation in 1883, Archbishop Alemany had borne for thirty-three years, through storm and sunshine, the great burden of his office. Now, with grateful heart, he gives it up to younger hands, turning himself towards Rome, penniless, to ask for admission to a convent of his Order. It was a moving and pathetic spectacle, strange and unusual in an age of materialism. But, though he shrank from the gratitude of his flock, and asked only their prayers, they were not so unmindful as to what was due to him. On May 20, a number of leading citizens waited on Archbishop Alemany and presented him with a purse of $10,000 prior to his departure from San Francisco. The clergy of his diocese also presented him with a purse of $6,500. On Sunday, May 24, he went to Rome, probably never to return. He went, followed by the prayers and blessings of many of his spiritual children, whom he had seen grow from infancy to manhood, always with increasing love and reverence for him.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

When will it be Stopped?

When in the name of public decency will we see the last of this custom of laying the cornerstones of public buildings with Masonic ceremonies! Why should it exist at all! What is there about a court house or other public building that it should be stamped with the Masonic seal! Is this—Masonic ceremonies—the best we can do? Are all our public buildings of every class contributed Masonic structures! The abominable practice of having this Masonic mummery thrust into every such public enterprise is an insult to the public. People of all classes and conditions are now contributing to the fund for building purposes for the Bartholdi statue. If there is to be any Masonic grab over it the national monument will simply insult the contributors who do not believe in any such stuff.

The Masons have a perfect right to dedicate their own buildings in any way they choose, and so has any other society that can afford to build a structure of its own—but why any one of these organizations should be privileged to dedicate a public building, or intrude their particular corrupt ceremonies upon the public is something more than we can imagine. Supposing some other society should claim the privilege of laying cornerstones and promenading around every new public building or monument that was erected, what would the Masons have to say for themselves! Furthermore, what would the public have to say! Supposing that some religious body should demand that they be allowed to dedicate every new structure in this country, what kind of treatment would they demand get at the hands of the authorities. What particular claims have the Masons to this privilege! We never heard that the first man to set foot on this continent was a Mason. We see nothing Masonic in the Declaration of Independence, nor is there anything of the kind in the Constitution that we can discover. There were no Masonic ceremonies in progress when the boys were enlisting for the struggle in the late Civil War, and there certainly was nothing Masonic about the fighting. The Masons didn't drive the English soldiers out of this country at the time of the Revolution, nor did they put down the "Rebellion," as far as we have learned. They are very much of if they owned the country and were the founders of its institutions, but we fail to find the fact in history. The cool manner in which they take every new public building under their charge gives one the impression that they have a mortgage upon them all, but we never saw or heard of any such mortgages being recorded. The abuse has been carried about far enough, and it should come to an end at once. The people will not tolerate it much longer in a country like this.—*Inland Sun.*

—Michael Davitt is at present in Egypt. He is on his way to Jerusalem and his goal thence to Australia for a lecturing tour, after which he returns home via the United States, where he will also lecture. Mr. Davitt, writing from Cairo to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with reference to the suppression of the *Bosphore Egyptien*, says: "French influence is now supreme in Egypt. Egypt is not to see, in the suppression of a paper which courageously defended the French interests, the same unscrupulous grabbing policy which England has pursued in the country since the acquirement of the Suez Canal shares, and the end to which is to be the final annexation of a land which French genius and enterprise have done so much to develop."

The Necessity for Parish Schools.

A standing excuse for not establishing a parochial school in parishes where there are none and where no earnest desire is felt or effort made to establish one is: The parish cannot sustain one.

The excuse in many instances is utterly delusive. The truth is that no parish that is self-sustaining, or aspects to become self-sustaining, *can afford to do without* a parochial school.

We do not now refer to the fact that every consideration—even upon the ground of the Pastoral Letter of the recent Council at Baltimore—*incompete*; incomplete in failing to make adequate provision for the own spiritual needs, and guard its children from the dangers of a non-Catholic education.

Our purpose is a different one. It is to show that, even looking to the numerical and financial growth of a parish, the failure to establish parochial schools is a gross practical blunder.

To a parish that expects to retain within the communion of the Church its own natural increase—the children of Catholic parents born within its limits—parochial schools are a necessity. The statement needs no proof. Facts in the past and facts occurring day by day in the present, support it. Where children are left to obtain their school education elsewhere than in Catholic schools, vast numbers of them become careless in the practices of their religion, "liberal" in their ideas, and drift away from their Church. In confirmation of this statement we need only refer to declarations of the assembled Archbishops, and warn advocates of "non-sectarian" education. One of their avowed chief reasons for supporting irreligious public schools is that they drain off Catholic numbers of Catholic children from the true Church and faith.

The influence and the assistance, moral and material, of these children, when they grow up, are not only lost to the parish within which they were born and brought up, but go to the support of interests that antagonize it. If they move elsewhere, still their influence and support are lost to the Church and go to swell the strength of opposing influences.

The children are the hope of the Church, and of every parish in the Church. Wherever they are lost, the Church suffers irreparable loss—loss of numbers, loss of material resources, as well as incalculable spiritual losses.

It is perfectly well known to those who have paid any attention to the history of the Church in particular localities in Pennsylvania that there are parishes seemingly possessed of every local advantage necessary to their growth, yet which have positively gone back as regards numerical and financial strength. When the causes of this are searched for neglect of Christian education, neglect to establish parochial schools, or to maintain them, if they were once established, will be found to be the chief causes, and very often the primary and chief cause.

Another fact, too, is clearly developed by even a cursory examination into the history of the Church in Pennsylvania, and that is that the neglect of Christian education

Farm and Home.

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is just next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks, and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.
I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
In the "baby bye" she hums;
I see the restless fingers,
And the weary little head,
And the sweet little smiling prattling mouth,
That to her is blessing enough,
Rocking the baby.

I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her last good-night
On its lips, and cheek, and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
Could she have—though she was willing—
Rocked the baby through the wild between us,
She is resting on a heart,
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness,
I feel in the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence,
As a mother's broken chrisc,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

—MINNA MORRIS.

—Golden Era.

Long Naps.

Every now and then we hear of some wonderful sleeper, who alarms his family and excites the neighbors, and is interviewed by reporters, by reason of his tremendous "capacity for sleep." People who say of those naps that nothing like them is on record of before, but the records of the Royal Society prove that one Samuel Chillon, a farmer of Hinsbury, near Bath, England, set all these people a very fine example in the 1694. At that date he was a fine, well developed man, 26 years old. He came in from the field one day, and before eating his dinner lay down for a nap. When the meal was ready his mother vainly endeavored to rouse him. Brothers and neighbors united through the day in trying to bring him to a sense that his work in the field had been neglected, and that his pot of beer stood untasted. He slept on and on for twenty-one days, when he arose and went to his work as usual, seeming quite well. At the end of May he yawned violently, and went to sleep again. This time a neighboring apothecary was called in, who did his worst on him, according to the barbarous medical practice of that time; but did not awake from his second nap until the 7th of August. He then arose, talked and walked about as usual, and believed that his friends were playing a practical joke on him, and was only convinced of the time that had elapsed since he went to sleep by finding that all his neighbors were getting in their harvests. After this Chillon remained awake the day and slept at night like other folks for a year, when he fell asleep and did not awake until the end of January, having had a continuous nap of more than five months' duration. During this time the doctors from near and far experimented on him by bleeding, cupping, blistering, and other heroic modes of torture, but all in vain. He slept right on. This was his last abnormal nap. From that time till his death, he slept and was waked like other people. He said that "somehow he'd got good and rested," and had no dread of a return of the attack of sleepiness. Such a capacity for sleeping seems scarcely desirable, except for cross babies, who might perhaps at times sleep a month or so with great advantage to their families and the neighbors, if they only waked up feeling as much better for their rest as did Samuel Chillon it the year 1694.

—M. D. K.

The Best Wool.

The property for which wool is perhaps most valued is tenacity in breeding. In a true bred sheep each staple of wool—each lock into which a group of fibres naturally forms—will be of equal growth throughout. The fibre will be the same thickness, as nearly as possible, the whole length, or will be finer at point than at root. There will be no sharp rough wool in it, but if the sheep be cross bred, or illkept and exposed to storms, the fibres will be rough at the points and coarser than at the roots, the reason of this being that as the wool gets longer as it is more exposed to bad weather and bad treatment, nature makes it stronger to resist what it has to encounter, while the part that is next the skin remains fine to give greater warmth. Such wool, even when combed and spun into yarn, never lies smooth and evenly as true-bred wool, and is consequently not as much value. There is another sort of wool which farmers do not seem to under stand, and writers on the subject often ignore, but which is found more or less on all cross-bred sheep and on sheep which are too much exposed and fed on hilly districts. This is known as "kemp" or dead hairs. These hairs vary in length and consequently according to the breed of the sheep. The white Highland they are about two inches long, and very thick; in cross-bred Australians they are very short. In the former they occur the under side of the fleece, in the latter they are so few as not to be of any importance. They are, however, all alike in this, that they are a brilliant shining white (except on the sheep with gray wool, when they are black), and they will not dye the same color as the rest of the wool. They, consequently depreciate the value of the wool very greatly, making it only suitable for low goods.

Sulphur for Grasshoppers.

The following communication in relation to a remedy for the grasshopper plague is from General John McDowell, Warden of the State Prison at Folsom, and will be of interest to all farmers who are afflicted with the pest:

The sulphur-smoke remedy for driving off the grasshoppers (published in a city paper a few days ago as a communication from a farmer who had lived in Nebraska during the grasshopper invasion) gives good results. I tried it this evening, on my return to the prison, and found that the grasshoppers at once disappeared from the places scented by the sulphur smoke. The plan is to put out piles of straw on the windward side of a field, put on each pile about the third of a pound of sulphur, and at sunset set fire to the piles, the smoke keeps close to the ground in the evening, and the grasshoppers find the fumes disagreeable, and at once disappear. It is a cheap remedy and may be applied to vineyards and orchards with great advantage, even if not threatened with grasshoppers, as the sulphur protects the vines and trees from oidium, or mildew.

Notes.

—The best farmers never allow land to be idle, for with ground, as with people, idleness is productive of mischief. Weeds will grow if no crop is planted. As soon as rye or wheat has been harvested, sow peas or some fast growing crop. Plants applied in connection with this will greatly enrich comparatively poor soil.

—A member of a Chicago firm of fruit-dealers is in this State making contracts for California raisins. He says that this firm imports 300,000 boxes of raisins annually, but he prefers California raisins when grown on warm, gravelly soil, not over irrigated, to the best raisins from Malaga. This is most encouraging to raisin makers.

Family Fun.

ONLY A PIN.

Only a pin;
And it calmly lay,
In the shining light
Of the bright noon day.

Only a boy;
He saw that pin,
And fond as it took letest,
Till boy and pin alike were best.

Only a chair,
It had no business standing there.
The boy he sat on a finnish grip,
And on the seat of that chair he fired that pin.

Only a man.
He sat on the chair,
And as he rose—
So did his hair.

Only a pail!
But as honest one,
It lacked all the elements of fun,
And man, and boy, and pin, and chair,
Is well confusion mingled there.

The Hot-Water Cure.

Patient—And so you think that the water cure for my dyspepsia?

Doctor—I am sure it will relieve you if you take it in the right way.

Patient—When is the best time?

Doctor—Just before meals. Take about a quart after you sit down to the table.

Patient—August? Why, then I would have no room for anything else.

Doctor—Certainly and consequently no indigestion.

Very Considerate.

"Why didn't I go to her assistance?" said the man who stayed in bed while his wife laid on a burglar. "Young man, I've had a number of issues with the old gal, and I knew the burglar had enough trouble without my giving him any."

One Hole Better than Two.

A journeyman waiter took to his employer a piece of cloth he had just finished. Upon examination, two holes about half an inch apart were found in it, on account of which a deduction of two shillings was demanded.

"Do you charge the same for small as for large holes?"

"Yes," replied the master, "a shilling for every hole, big or little."

Whereupon the waiter immediately tore the two holes into one, exclaiming—

"That'll save a shilling, anyhow."

His employer is said to have been so well pleased with his wit that he remitted the whole fine at once.

Down on his Landlady.

Mrs. Slimdiet—"I am going to buy some new motions to decorate our home. Of course I have a 'Blow-Our-Home' motto for the front hall, and I also have some appropriate ones for the parlor. It is the prettiest room that bothers me."

Boarder—"I saw one to-day that would just the thing."

Mrs. Slimdiet—"Indeed, where was it?"

Boarder—In a shop."

Mrs. Slimdiet—"That is a queer place. What did it say?"

Boarder—"I said, 'If you don't see what you want, ask for it.'"

Putting in Her Whole Soul.

Mrs. Blinker asked Matilda, the house servant, a few nights ago:

"What dreadful scratching is that out in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in. I heard something like it in my life."

"Dat's no dog scratching the door. Dat's de cook writin' a lah letter to her honey sucklin who works ober in Covington."

He Was Not Sulled.

"You have furnished rooms, I observe," he said as the landlady opened the front door and showed him up. "I think we might possibly spare you a room. Come in. Let me see. Do you smoke?" "Yes." "Is it on the top floor?" "Yes." "Is it large enough to contain my trunk and a chair and a bed at the same time?" "Hardly." "Is there a handle on the water pitcher?" "I think not." "Is the washstand minus one leg?" "I believe so." "Window looks down on the back yard, I presume—the back yard with barrels, well box and a heap of cans and bottles?" "Yes, sir." "Twenty-eight holes in the carpet on the floor?" "I have forgotten, but I think there are 28." "Piece of yellow soap in the dish, and a clean towel twice a week?" "Correct, sir." "Madam, I am a man of few words. I don't want the room." "Exactly, sir. I am a woman who can't afford to waste any time. It is evident that you have struck too high a plane. Good day! And she stood on the steps and watched him until he had turned the corner, and then said to herself: "He forgot to ask me if there were any drawers to the bureau, and I forgot to tell him there wasn't. Never mind, though—he is looking for a cheap place."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Had Seen It All.

One night while John McCollough was playing "Virginius" in Little Rock, a drunkard fellow from the hills, while standing at the foot of the opera house stairs was accosted by an acquaintance, who asked:

"Uncle Billy, are you going to see the show?"

"What sort o' a show is it, Lige?"

"Oaps o' them here actin' show, what uses an' women come out on a platform an' bow an' scrape."

"No bosses in it, Lige?"

"No bosses, Uncle Billy."

"Then I don't believe I'll go up. I got enough o' that sort o' thing when Abe Spillers's school shut down. We've seen all they can do. Come on here an' let's go round town what that feller is playin' a fiddle in a grocery."

Village Repartee.

Grocer—"Strainers, coffee strainers! Why, no, Mrs. Gabb, we don't keep them; but our coffee don't need straining if you know how to make it."

Customer (testily)—"Oh, don't you worry yourself about your coffee! I know how to make coffee a big sight better than you do. My coffee is clear as cider."

"Thank what do you want a strainer for?"

"For your sassy."

Why He Was Thankful.

Hub—Are you going to lay my new papal Accepted Suits—Yes, my dear child.

"Have you got your wig yet?"

"Wig! Why, my! I don't need a wig. Why do you ask?"

"My other pans always said he an thank! his hair wasn't fast to him."

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant. "It is really too much to have to converse with him; he's so dead as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of bath. Jeeling, the man's hair and spite is disgusting." He'll break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure the complaint." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for all other respects I'm quite too charming. Of course, I'm sorry he's so nasty."

—Archbishop Manning lately officiated at the blessing of an altar dedicated to St. Patrick and the Irish saints and martyrs, in his Cathedral, St. Mary's, Sydney, N. S. W.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and changes (when necessary) for publication, for this Department.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

STATE OFFICES—State Spiritual Director, Rev. Lawrence Kelly, Sacramento; State President, John S. J. McKeowell, of Branch 215, San Francisco; Vice-President, J. E. Dorr, of Branch 207, Nevada City; State Secretary, Dr. J. F. Schmidt, of Branch 107, San Francisco. State Treasurer, Henry Weber, of Branch 107, Treasurer.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH, NO. 97.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Wm. Gallagher; President, Jas. Lynch; Vice-President, D. C. Ryan; Recording Secretary, H. J. Schmidt, 1021 Market st.; Financial Secretary, F. B. Sullivan; Treasurer, J. J. Fallon; Trustees—Jas. Lynch, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Lynch; Sentinel, Jas. Lynch; Sentinel, Jas. Lynch; Sentinel, Jas. Lynch. Meets on the Wednesday of each month at 7½ Larkin street, at 8 p. m.

NORTH TRESTLE BRANCH—NO. 107.—Spiritual Director, Rev. W. F. Kelly; President, C. E. Knight; Vice-President, P. C. Ryan; Treasurer, Rev. Lawrence Scott; Recording Secretary, J. J. Dwyer; Financial Secretary, E. J. Fitzpatrick; Treasurer, Jas. E. Ward; Trustees, P. Sullivan, J. Ward, J. Wilde; Sentinel, J. Wilde. Meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m. at Odd Fellows' Hall, Market st.

ST. PATRICK BRANCH—NO. 116.—Spiritual Director, Rev. J. J. Gallagher; President, J. E. Wilkins; Vice-President, Jas. Ward; Recording Secretary, Alex. Kemp; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ward; Treasurer, Jas. Ward; Trustees, Jas. Ward, Jas. Ward, Jas. Ward; Sentinel, Jas. Ward. Meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m. at Odd Fellows' Hall, Market st.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE, BENEVOLENT AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—President, Rev. Michael Lennon; Vice President, Jasper D. O'Sullivan; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Fox; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Smith; Sentinel, William Carbery. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m., at Hibernian Hall, Market st. Twenty Fives, John Fox; Twenty Fives, John Ryan; Twenty Fives, Jas. Ryan.

ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF MT. MARY'S CHURCH.—President, Michael Dolan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Philip Ingram; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Sentinel, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m., at Hibernian Hall, Market st.

ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.—President, Michael Dolan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Philip Ingram; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Sentinel, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m., at Hibernian Hall, Market st.

ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, OAKLAND.—President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan

OUR SCHOOLS.

Annual Commencement Exercises of Catholic Schools.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

At St. Mary's College last Wednesday the second collegiate class of 86 passed a brilliant examination, and received their degrees. The exercises were very well attended by a goodly number of the friends and relatives of the students. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and lanterns of most unusual brilliancy, suspended from the chandeliers. The examinations were conducted by Rev. Brother Frederick, teacher of the class, and Rev. Brother Sabastian, Vice President of the College.

The examination was very satisfactory, the proficiency in all the studies in which they were examined, and reflected much credit on their teacher. The examinations were interspersed with music and some very pleasant recitations, producing a very agreeable variety to the entertainment. The following programme was then rendered: Essay, "Advance of the Circle," E. McNamara. Zither—Essay, "Causes of Sickness," J. M. Hyde; extract, "Julius Address," J. C. Parsons. Instrumental—Essay, "Gas or Electricity," T. O'Neill; extract "The Sentry," J. W. Kaye. Latin—Declamation, "Hannibal's Address," J. W. Hollaran; essay, "Water," A. L. Cutter. Chemistry—"A Harmless Tragic Fate," R. J. Rosney; essay, "Laughing," E. J. Pendergast. Essay, "Electricity," T. R. Hunt; essay, "Washington's Birthday," J. Rosney. Chemistry—Extract, "Rights of Free Discussion," J. J. Mc-Closkey; essay, "Electricity," J. J. Mc-Closkey. Violin solo, "Fantasia," M. Herr. Grand Finale, college orchestra.

Last Friday, the 29th ult., the twenty-second annual commencement of St. Mary's College took place in the virtual Opera House. The hall was filled from parquet to dome. Besides His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan several clergymen occupied seats in the proscenium boxes among whom we noticed Rev. Brother Botulph, President of the College, Ukiana and Hosea of Sacred Heart College; Rev. Brother Mary of St. Peter's, College of St. John's, Brother of St. Joseph's, Oakland; Rev. Father Brady, Superior of St. Joseph's, Oakland; St. Joseph's Gleaner of East Oakland, McNally and Cyril of West Oakland, Gallagher of St. Patrick's, Vallejo and Connolly of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sullivan of Mission Dolores, Kirby of Santa Rosa, Campos of San Leandro, Gallagher of the Immaculate Conception Church, Oakland, Scally of St. Mary's College, Herrington of St. Dominick's, Chabot of St. Joseph's, Oakland, Pablo, and Sagaret of St. Rose's, Rev. Brothers Lucian and Leonard of Oakland.

The exercises were announced for 7:30 P. M., and promptness at this hour was observed, upon which the proceedings by the 13, B. M. Mozart, Hayden, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Gottschalk, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart

Poetry

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A CORPUS CHRISTI LESSON.

BY REBECCA C. DONNELLY.

If some one came and told you, O my darling!
That in the little church across the way,
Our Lord was blessed with His sacrificial
And giving sadness the Hallowed day!

Our true and tried friend, the same much Jesus,
Who trod the streets of Nazareth of old,
And like Jerusalem went preaching, healing;
In sunshine or in storm, in heat or cold,

The same sweet Saviour, who, with gentle mercy,
Gave to the death their speech, the blind, their sight,
And to the deaf, their hearing; (open gleaming!
And bringing back the dead to life and light.

If some one told you that I said, you. He was wanting
His sunshine robe.—His face with love aglow—
The sunlight and other children had gone home
He was on Calvary, centuries ago.

That all who chose might gather there and greet
Christ of a Heart that for them burns and bleeds;
And, knowing all the Past, might kneeling kiss
And tell to Him their woes and pressing needs.

O, with what rapture your soul would leap
To look upon that miracle of bliss;
His robe to touch; upon His dear face gazing,
To press upon His feet your trembling, kiss

O, with what faith and terror you would tell Him
The story of your very grief and care,
Sure that He, in pity not to you intended,—
That, healing, He was pledged to grant you prayer.

Behold! I come to tell you, O my darling!
That, in the little church across the way,
In all our churches, all our shrines, my darling
This miracle is happening to-day.

To-day, and every day,—all times and seasons,
Our true and tried friend upon His throne,
In storm or sunshine, near or afar, unfailing
With love and tenderness awaits His own.

"If ye ask, believed!" Ah! He means to assure us
"I am the Truth,—I never can deceive;
The Life that I am, I will give to all My children,
Blessed are they, who, seeing not, believe!"

And, O, while burning tears fall fast and faster,
Answer, as pleading full of love and grief,—
"Pardon my feeble faith: O Lord and Master!
I do believe,—help Thou my unbelief!"

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

IDEAL BEAUTY.

You ask me, "what is a beautiful face?"
I learn not how the Inspiring Muse
The aim of poetic is perfect control—
The power of a faithful well-disciplined soul.

Eyes are beautiful when they ever beam
With those kindly and gentle looks, which seem
To spring from a heart so sheltered from strife
That such glance resembles an angel's smile.

Lips are beautiful when they are always smiling
When another's failings could be revealed,
And are ever ready to speak the praise
Of another's virtues and works and ways.

These are are beautiful which gladly lend
Assistance to a needy friend;
Ever, to promptly, your detraction's speech
That in jealous the one see no merit.

Hands are beautiful which willingly serve
The poor and afflicted whom hardship assaults;
And apply with tenderest care some balm
To ease the sufferer's pains to calm.

These feet are beautiful which daily wend
Their way to the needy whom none befriend,
And travel in search of the healthful poor
Who would fain, in secret, their wants endure.

And you ask me to point with an that beauty?
Make charity's true fold law your first duty;
And, to keep full well this mysterious law,
You have only to study our Lord's Divine Home.—
San Francisco, 22nd ult.

Literary Miscellany.

BY ROSE KAVANAGH.

The broad Atlantic seemed to lie there as still as the sky during that windless era of Summer; and if you were to see the Atlantic in its best or worst mood, from the Irish coast, go down to Donegal, turn your back on Derry, and stand out amid the crags on Bunerana with your face to the West.

But it was in a good mood this evening, and the sun was hurrying down to meet it, the mountains along the Foyle were already gathering in the purple shadows to their breasts; a seagull sitting on the vest, wet strand had a long and slender shadow at its feet, and a little boy who were hovering about on the rocky point which the headland of Lough Swuta cut to the ocean looked not much bigger than seagulls from the shore.

Only they were not as white, said Kevin O'Neil to himself as he moored his boat under the cliff at Lough and went ashore to wait for the rising of the tide. He had not conjectured what they were doing out there, and yet it was not a work unknown last year in Donegal and elsewhere—they were gathering their supper of seaweed.

The woman was middle-age—the boy little more than a child; in his own small way he was helping her to pull up the softest kinds of the brown laver, and then, when her basket was full, she turned to go with the sugan. "Come Mike," she said, little why was answered her. The next instant she was on her knees beside the rock from which the lad had fallen.

He cheek was cut and, as she afterward discovered, his shoulder dislocated; but at first she was conscious of nothing, only that she was holding him dead in her arms. And not ten minutes before he had climbed up that final step, he had called out to her that he was hungry, and she had tossed up to him a Slaneh of the brown dulisk!

The blood was coming down on his ragged jacket; she pressed her lips to it—to the wounded cheek—to his closed eye; and the tears were streaming down to her bare and withered neck. "He is dead—Mother of God, my son is dead!" she cried aloud in Irish pressing him the closer to her breast, as she swayed back and forward on her knees in the Celtic way of cure, during either sorrow or devotion.

All around was solitude the most intense; not even the wings of a bird stirred through the air. Poor Mary Doherty did not do what, perhaps, a more civilized woman would have done—run home for help—but she crouched there before the rock, the boy against her bosom and she lifted up her voice and kissed him with that self-known and wildest of wails.

For the first time in his life Kevin O'Neil heard it; he started to his feet, ran down the slope to his boat. The boat was now bobbing about on the turgid tide. Lough Foyl was surrounded with water, and the woman with the boy in her arms was standing erect on the rock from which Mike fell.

But she was not keening now; she was murmuring something in Irish rapidly and incoherently, and her eyes, were uptorned to the luminous sky. The boy's head was moving against her neck, and now and again he uttered a sharp little cry of pain.

"After all, I may be some use in life," said Kevin O'Neil to himself, as a lad dozen strokes brought his boat out to them. "Hallo, you were caught by the tide, weren't you?" as he held his arms for the child.

But she shook her head, sad, stiff curlying him herself, get in.

"Yes," she explained as they shot back to the shore. "I was caught by the tide. I thought Mike was killed, and forgot the tide. God heard me. Look, sir—he is only a little hurted."

"I heard you, too. I'm all hurted. You cryin' wakened me, mammy—that an' the seed gain away. We lost it all, mammy," Mike declared. "When what that on the strand? It's Minny and Bess and Miss O'Kane."

"My two little girls and Miss O'Kane," explained the woman. "I could not hurry so many, sir, only for Miss O'Kane."

Kevin O'Neil looked with a good deal of interest at the lady who aided Mrs. Doherty in her maternal duties.

This was easy enough to do, for it was questionable if she was not looking at him.

She had instantly taken off her thick jacket, and, folding it about Mike, took him gently from his mother's arms. Kevin thought her very young looking for such serious schemeanish as Miss Doherty described. She could not be so very strong either; her figure looked quite slim; her hands and feet were small. It was rather a fine face she had, but her mouth and eyes looked as if they could express a great deal of thought as well as feeling.

Then he suddenly started after her, relating that this was his work she was doing. The mother and other children had gone on to light a fire.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss O'Kane, as she relinquished her burden. "I did not think of you. Now, Mike, be a man and a soldier."

"Of course not," said O'Neil promptly; "but I want to be of use. Sorrow he said it was quite evident she did not think of him. As her father Miss was fain to bed, his shoulder set to rights by the young man, whom knowledge of anatomy stood him in good stead here.

When the lad's mother was high in the heavens he walked home through the dark green fields with Miss O'Kane and Bessie, and the two who had never seen each other before were talking as confidentially as if they had been friends, before many of the sweet wild-thyme-covered trees were in blossom.

"Although I lived nearly all my life abroad," declared Kevin, "my name—indeed my two names—were of something to attract to me. It was to see the inauguration stone of our cities in the Rock of Doire, come to Easter. I learned Davis' lines about 'The O'Neill asleep as on his feet the Lord's Prayer':

"Twice looked he to heaven with thanks and prayer,
Twice to his borders with sentinel and spy
To the wave of Lough Neagh, the bright of Strabane,
And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan:—

"'Wann! it a pity you were not at Lough Hugh," she said, "or Shane, or Owen?" Shane the Proud was always a great hero of mine. Wouldn't you like to see him coming down the tide of earl at the foot of Einshesh, and saying as he raised his haughty head and shook his oculin slowly, 'If you are Queen of England, I am The O'Neil, King of Ulster!'"

Kevin looked down at her enthusiastic face, and wondered why he did not notice at first how pretty she was. The soft pink of her cheeks, the glowing gray eyes, every curve and every tint of her face was perfect, he thought. And then she was so conscious of it, and unknown in earnest about what she was saying!

"Yes," he said eagerly, "and I would like also to hear him say he would not 'sprike his mouth with English tongue.' Ah, he was as difficult whom hardship conquered, and apply with tenderest care some balm to ease the sufferer's pains to calm.

These feet are beautiful which daily wend Their way to the needy whom none befriend, And travel in search of the healthful poor Who would fain, in secret, their wants endure.

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"I heard you, too. I'm all hurted. You cryin' wakened me, mammy—that an' the seed gain away. We lost it all, mammy,

It was curious to hear far talking about life and love to another young girl who was about to get married next week from Christmas Day. And now was Christmas Eve, when they stood alone, upon Lough Foyl shore, standing, windless Winter evening, the western sky full of red streaks of light, the sun shrunk back to a long thread against the horizon, a little, young scholar of a man making a faint path of silver over the west land. Lessing against a crag, the two young girls watched that wide, lonesome lake, and Alice was talking seriously.

"Whether it was a lion or a giant to be love, Mary," she was simply saying; "well, a giant—you, certainly—a giant, no matter how much pain may go along with it. It is a fact of your nature that gets rooted and finished, and then one is left stronger and more confident of life and its struggles.

And you know what happiness it is, Mary," she said, but then was a faint sadness in her voice, "to sit alone and think of him, and wonder what he is doing, and how he looks, narrow and cold and hard like as he before he came, and how strong through that woman and how through one's heart have some reference to him. You know the hope of meeting him, or the memory of parting from him, makes one remain awake for hours; or if you do sleep, you wake again and can sleep no more for happiness. It is a great way to be," she said with a full sob, "but I suppose one can't help it." She dropped her face on her hands, and as we did a somebody touched her. It was her companion; it was Kevin O'Neil who was kneeling beside her and comforting with the wisdom which comes of experience, directly adjacent. There were many explanations.

"If you know whom I am," he asked later on, when she could listen calmly, "I was in jail, Alice. I was arrested the night before I came to your assistance."

"A suspect, Hugh?" a village coffin? Don't tell me any more at present; I am dizzy with pride of you my head will get," Alice answered. "Well, I was at my desk playing hide-and-seek in her dinner, and I was given three mots. "Why, that is magnificent, Hugh; you could have had a higher honor paid you; Fithink! But you might have let poor me share a scarcely you kept all the glory to yourself, sir, only for my help. Well, I was at my desk playing coming to for the reflection. Why didn't you write to me, Hugh?"

"I could not give my own name, because I was a suspect at all," he said, with a smile illuminating his face. "Do you understand, Alice? They would like to hang me, perhaps; or else to kill me slowly in one of their English dungeons, that do kill so many of our poor fellows. I did not mind the imprisonment a bit, of course. You know we say one so rapidly suspected, though, this morning after I left you I stepped into the Land Court, during the trial of those poor Leonah help burners case. It was the priest who represented them; I believe most of them were too poor to go to the town—most of them had no shoes, many of them don't know one word of English—and I listened to the priest pleading their cause. Alice, when something happened that made a keen impression on me. It was when the priest, suggesting, with simple dignity, replied to the flippant cross-examination of their landlord's counsel. 'My lair has grown gray in their service,' said the priest, 'but I do knows how willingly I could lay the world for them. Ireland is a world, and up in my heart, Alice, and, before I could stop myself, they were spoken aloud in the court—'Ireland! Ireland! Ireland!

THE MONITOR.

PAPER OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 19, 1889.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing knowledge, and popularizing knowledge is the chief work of the age in this world. In our time, religious journalism is already a useful and serious occupation, not only a work indispensable to the welfare of society, but a work of apostolic dignity. What is and what ought to be the effect of the Catholic press upon the Catholic mind, and through it upon the world, whenever it may be conducted, the Catholic truth."—BROWSON, THE CATHOLIC HOME AND CHRISTIANITY.

Why not hasten and direct through the instrumentality of the Catholic Publisher, under whose production they sub to the world, the Catholic Home and Christianity, the Catholic Press of religion, its rights and duties of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its doctrines and precepts with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—The Catholics of the United States pay their proportion every year to the millions of dollars squandered on the Godless public schools, while they educate 500,000 of their children in parochial schools.

—John W. Potter, a Democratic leader in Northern Illinois, the owner of daily newspapers at Freeport and Rock Island, Ill., and founder of the *Eagle* at Cork, Ireland, died on May 24th.

—Somebody, remembering Russia's strength on land and England's on sea, has defined a war between the two as "the fight of a bear and a shark." The epigram is neat; and what decent man ever felt sympathy with a shark?

—A telegram from Rome to the *Popular Gazette* of College announces that Archbishop Malchers will be created Cardinal at the next Consistory. In such an event his Eminence will take up his residence in the Eternal City.

—The personal property of Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell, mother of the Irish leader, has been seized, at the suit of Joshua J. Turner and others, and was sold on June 1, at Ironside, near Bordentown, N. J. Mrs. Parnell still remains an invalid at Dr. Murphy's hospital, Washington, D. C.

—Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, who is in his 79th year, recently administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in three separate churches on the same day. The wonderful vitality of the aged Prelate encourages his people to hope for many years of life and usefulness for him yet.

—The Bishops of Dalmatia have sent to the Holy Father an address in which they deplore the have adopted against the Church, and the fresh blow struck at the liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff, by the Italian authorities, in prohibiting processions of the Holy Viaticum through the streets of Rome.

—The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* asserts that the Rev. Dr. Walsh of Maynooth College will shortly be appointed Archbishop of Dublin by the Pope. The Pope, it says further, has declared that he has not seen Mr. Errington, the semi-official representative of England, or, at least, only once; see him again.

—Michael M. Phelan, recently appointed Consul General of the United States at Halifax, is the brother of Father Phelan, editor of our sister contemporary the St. Louis *Watchman*, a paper that constantly keeps all the Protestant press in that region undergoing the pains and penalties of an earthly purgatory.

—The New York Sun greeted the new issue of the Bible as "The Ruined Bible." Next day the editor explained that the writer of the article in question wrote "The Revised Bible." In this case the intelligent compositor set up better than he knew, and was far ahead of the unintelligent writer. The revised Bible is as much ruined as was the King James version.

—An ex-United States officer, agent of a Quilting gun manufactory in Connecticut, hired himself out as a wholesale butcher to the Canadian Government, and, by skillful manipulation of his deadly machine, achieved at Batoucha a most decisive victory over the "rebels." The Americans made the conquest of the place, but Gen. Middleton was on hand in time to capture the glory.

—Some friend has sent us a copy of the *California Missionary*, published at Visalia, in which we find some comments made by the Christian *Advocate* upon the prayers to this Mother of God issued as the May supplement to the Monitor. We have filed the Christian *Advocate* away for next week, when the charges of "idolatry" brought against us by the *Advocate* will be fully met and refuted.

—In many cities of Southern Germany, a solemn procession is held on Holy Saturday evening in honor of the Resurrection. It was this time, after a lapse of sixteen years, that the recently elected Mayor, Dr. Steidle, a devout Catholic, renewed the ancient custom of the chief magistrate taking his place in the procession, wearing the insignia of his office. It was his predecessor, the liberal Mayor Herr Zasrn, who had abolished this pious usage of several centuries.

—The *Western Watchman* says Who will talk of old pioneers now? On the 16th of March last Father Donato Mussian died in the village of Pranze, in Southern Tyrol, in the 102d year of his age and seventy-ninth of his priesthood. He has been pastor of the village seventy-six years and was able to perform most of his pastoral duties up to the time of his death. He was born two years before the battle of Bunker Hill and is therefore older than the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

—Recent people throughout the country are interested in the war which is being waged in many cities on the vile pictorals, that are used to advertise certain plays. Rev. Father McGoldrick, of Minneapolis, took practical action last week by issuing out warrants against a bill-poster and a theatrical agent on charges of posting indecent pictures. Such offenders do much to justify the charge that the stage is immoral, and the respectable members of the profession should be operists with all friends of decency in punishing those who so insult public purity.

—Irish creeks will now come into demand as a fashionable addition to every American household desirous of following the Presidential fashion, for the reason that President Cleveland's grandfather was Richard Kennan. She has been employed about the White House since President Cleveland has been there, and went from Albany with him.

—"It is no wonder," said Rev. J. J. White, in a recent discourse, "that more girls are not led astray. Mothers should be the confidantes of their daughters in love affairs. It amazes me when I find senseless fops and dudes encouraged in the house by mothers who have marriageable daughters. Yet when these girls go off and marry these fops said dudes a great sensation is made of it. The ruins of marriages are often trivial. A beautiful mustache will win a girl's hand for a fop. Young men who have nothing to do should be shunned by girls. One of the most damnable institutions of the age is flirtation. It is the cause of most of the unhappy marriages of the day. The flirt can not be a wife to whom a man can put confidence. God save good men from them. Another cause is the love of dress. Women love of dress drives many from marrying. Young men have given this as a cause to me why they have not married, and yet I know men who are supported by their wives.

—In discussing the status of the Catholic young men of this country, the Catholic *Examiner* says: "The Catholics of America are intelligent. Even their enemies admit that. And yet the number of Catholic newspapers in this country (and they are paying dividends on almost) is counted on the fingers of a single hand; there are nearly 10,000,000 of Catholics in America, and yet the total circulation of all these newspaper exceeds that of the *Police Gazette* by only one third. Catholic publishers are failing, and Catholic writers, who modify persist in catering to their own people, are being allowed to starve to death. There are nearly 10,000,000 of Catholics in this country, and the Constitution declares they are the equals of other citizens. In some respects this is true. They are allowed to vote, to become aldermen, or occasionally even mayors or congressmen, and if they are willing to pass as "representative Catholics" they can command their price in political campaigns. In these respects, it is true, they are quite on a par with other citizens. But it is also true that in a large number of States of this great, and glorious, and free republic a priest cannot enter a public institution to administer the consolations of religion to Catholics within their walls. In the State of New York, where there are 1,700,000 of these free Catholics, a bill to extend to them religious privileges without distinction was recently vetoed by the Governor.

Death of Daniel T. Murphy.

The Church of God mourns over the departure of her exemplary children just—as in the natural order—parents mourn over the demise of their best beloved. And thus it is that in the death of Daniel T. Murphy the Church of God has lost one who on to lament the decease of one of her most generous sons, one of her most charitable, most zealous and most faithful children.

Mr. Murphy was a man who was in the fullest sense of the word a man of his word, and in his intercourse with his fellow-men he was ever the soul of honor. He

Farm and Home.

NOBODY REALLY CARES.

If you're anything to grieve you,
And fill your heart with care,
If Poverty hides near you,
Or if your feet are clamped by taxes,
Or if you deal with uncle dispatching
Or have a case in court,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

If health and strength forsake you,
And joy and gladness flee,
A gloom that clouds the sunshine
And shadows everything,
Why you feel that let so empty
But neither mortal heart,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

The world is full of pleasure,
Aye, take it as it has,
To selfly bored unless you
Meet it with smile and jest;
It pays to see Want's complainer,
At Sorrow oddly scared,
So never tell your trouble, for
Nobody really cares.

Talking About Our Neighbor.

St. Bernard calls the detractor's tongue a two-edged, sharp, a three-edged sword, with which he commits three murders at one stroke.

The detractor, in the first place, murders his own soul when he destroys his neighbor's fair fame. Secondly, he murders the character of the person he detracts, for he destroys that evil life by which he lived blameless and esteemed by others. Thirdly he murders the souls of those who listen with pleasure to the detraction; and encourage and spread it around; for whoever assents, sage and grave ear to the detraction, is equally criminal with the detractor.

And more than all this, St. Bernard says he knows not which of the two merits condemnation the most—the detractor or the willing listener, since both have the evil one in them—the one in his mouth, and the other in his ears.

Detraction is, too, a base and cowardly vice; for when we detract our neighbor, we stab his reputation behind his back, and at a time when he has not an opportunity of defending himself.

A remarkable bishop entertained one day, at his table, one who was prone to detraction. He was serenely seated when he commenced speaking in disrespectful terms of a person in the neighborhood. At this the bishop was not a little displeased, and, intending to give the detractor a lesson, he called out to one of his servants, and told him to go to the house of the person who had just been spoken of in a very nonchalant manner, and tell him that the bishop wished to speak to him. The detractor hearing the order given, became very much alarmed, and tried to indorse the bishop so revoke the order. The prelate calmly replied: "I am sending for this gentleman that he may be able to answer the charges you have brought against him; for it would not be just to listen to the complaints which you have made against his without affording and opportunity of defending himself."

Detraction is, therefore, a grievous sin; and is in not without reason that the book of Proverbs declares the detractor to be the abomination of men.

Besides this declaration from Scripture, it may be observed, that to speak ill of our neighbor is quite contrary to the example of our Saviour, who was so tender of the reputation of others, that He would not discover who it was that was to betray Him, though it gave Him so much pain, but allowed even Judas to receive the holy Communion unworthily rather than discover his crime to the other apostles; and though He knew that in a few hours after, he would be discovered to the whole nation.

"Good Man's Wish.

[illegible] "There is one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I saw what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her she is blest? "There is my true friend and more. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous husband." I say I would rather that such a person would stand at my grave than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.

What an Ear will do.

For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is solid as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the sweet oil and cotton which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to ease by the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from the ordinary accident of this kind, and anything that excludes the air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and, by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable nature to recover her healthful sway over a diseased body. Two, or at the most three eggs per day, would be all that is required in ordinary cases, and since the egg is not merely medicine but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise and the quieter the patient is kept the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

Notes.

— The rhubarb plant requires so little labor in its cultivation, and is at once so healthful and delicious, that every garden should contain a supply for home use. With the exception of forking up in the Spring, and working in manure once every season, rhubarb plants require little attention and they have remained in the same spot five or six years. At the end of this time they should be divided, and put in new soil.

— The indiscriminate use of tincture of arnica for petty sprains and bruises of horses is scientifically condemned. It has been demonstrated that if kept long in contact with affected surfaces arnica produces lasting and blistering, thus frequently aggravating the complaint sought to be cured.

— Great care should be exercised in changing the stock in grass in spring. The fresh grass acts as a powerful cathartic and weakens the animals, especially the young stock. The first day's pasturage should not exceed an hour.

— Stables and pens should be airy and well ventilated, but not drafty. Place a horse or other animal that is warm from exercise, in a stall where a draft will strike, and injury most surely follows to the health of the beast.

— Oats and potatoes feed a congenial bed in a cool, moist ground.

— Raging grapes is now generally approved by growers.

— "Dr. Henley's Celery Beef and Iron," most efficient nervine and Tonic ever offered to the public, at Grocerdie will testify

Family Fun.

THE IMPECUNIOUS EDITOR.

Coldly blows the wind at winter,
Darkening clouds betokens snow,
Pay that insolvent you owe.

Pay the printer, pay the printer,
Pay that insolvent you owe.

For he toils for you, and toiling
"As he goes to pass" he cries:
Pay him now, or pay him anon
Read his pale-face that says,

Pay the printer, pay the printer;
The Editor's pale face says
For (well put it in Italics)
He is unlucky, is, you see!

"To Have and to Hold."

A prominent Episcopal clergyman was invited to one of the hotels in Detroit to marry a couple from Canada. They did not want any witnesses, and they wanted the ceremony to be about one minute long. To this the reverend gentleman objected. Under the law of the State a marriage is not valid unless witnessed by two persons. They were procured, and the couple struck an attitude calculated to show to advantage a shady ring, fine clothes, and two rather good looking faces, the owners of which would (to the marriage certificate stated) never see their twenty sixth birth day again. The ceremony ran smoothly until the pledges were given.

"I, Kate," continued the minister.

"I, Kate," she faltered.

"Take thee, William,"

"I take thee, William,"

"To be my wedded husband,"

"To be my wedded husband,"

"To have and to hold—"

A smile dimpled into the corner of her mouth, which was finally extended in a hearty laugh no response. The minister was astounded at the untimely exhibition of frivolity; the witnesses were highly amused, and the would-be bridegroom struggled to retain his self possession.

"To have and to hold—" repeated the minister.

"To have—To hold—" and she broke down again. A repetition of the former scene was broken into by the solemn and commanding voice.

"To have and to hold—"

"To—" she began; then indulged in a frenzy of mirth which spread to all but the dignified and chagrined part of the audience.

"You think this a very trivial matter," he said, sternly. "Perhaps it is to you. Good is so funny if you intend beginning life together in this ridiculous manner. I have a mind to punish you by refusing to complete the ceremony, but on second thought I think it will be better to read you a homily, and then I will finish that which I have begun if I have to stay here until 8 o'clock next morning."

The homily was delivered, and the couple now quite serious, resumed their trying position, and were duly married.

"I wouldn't have laughed," said the bride, by way of explanation, "but I never heard the Episcopal marriage ceremony before, and it was so funny to think that I had got to promise to hold that great big fellow all the rest of my life, that I couldn't keep from laughing."

Two Cautious Women.

"All women are alike in their fear of the cars," said an Illinois Central conductor. "They carry their caution to absurd extremes. That reminds me of a little story. Down in the southern part of the State we have up at road crossings some of the old fashioned signs, 'Look out for the cars when the bell rings.'

"A lady driving along the other day stopped to a buggy. They had an argument and couldn't agree. The lady finally read the sign aloud:

"'Stop, and one, 'I hear a bell;'
got out, listened, looked, and then
took hold of the animal's bridle,
other one tightened her grip on the lines,
set her jaw, and prepared for the worst.
They looked anxiously up the track for the
train, but still couldn't see it, though they
could hear the bell a little plainer than before.
They waited and waited.

"Five minutes passed, then ten, and
still no train. The old lady was so alarmed
she wanted to turn back to the crossing,
threatened to throw them into hysterics.
Nearer and nearer came the bell
signal which they now warned them, and
so they stood still.

"In about a quarter of an hour an old
brindle cow came walking down the pasture
by the side of the track, chewing her cud
and monotonously jingling her bell. Ding
of the woman cried from nervousness, and
the other got out at the railroad company,
and said they were nothing but mean old
monopolies anyway."

Strong Circumstantial Evidence.

"John Henry, don't you come near me, and keep those shirts like hotel clerk diamonds. "You are false, false as city milk. Who is she? Who is she! That creature, Mrs. Dash?"

"Really, my love, you amaze me. Mrs. Dash is a charming lady, as everybody knows, but I have not seen her since she called on you at this house. I have not been calling on any one, I assure you, my dear. I have been down in the dish as usual. You never accused me of anything of the kind before.

"No," she replied, bitly, "I never had a chance, but now, now the proof stares me in the face. You have been to the clinch. You have been calling on a lady, you see it in your white vagrants. You false, bald headed old lecturer. Boo-hoo."

"My appearance?"

"Yes, you are—are—boo-hoo! sober." And she rushed off to get a divorce.

Sunday in Chicago.

Chicago Preacher—Yes, the attendance has been very meagre lately; but I had a grand congregation last Sunday.

Visiting Brother—Last Sunday! Why, I saw by the papers that it stormed here terribly last Sunday.

"Yes; as the saying is, it rained pitchforks all day long."

"And yet you say that your church was crowded?"

"Yes."

"How do you account for it?"

"Well, you see, the weather was so bad that they had to postpone the rain."

Deficient in Orthography.

Jersey School Commissioner—This new teacher isn't fit for the business.

Citizen—What's the matter with him?

Jersey School Commissioner—He can't spell with a cent.

Citizen—Can't spell!

Jersey School Commissioner—No, sir. He told my daughter to-day that "skeeters" is spelled with an "m."

Consumption.

Notwithstanding the great number who yearly succumb to this terrible and fatal disease, which is daily stealing its fatal rolls around thousands, a remedy is now placed in the hands of the People, viz., Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery" will cleanse and purify the blood of scrofulous impurities, and cure other diseases, consumption (which is only scrofulous disease of the lungs) being the result in strange and yet in Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption and kindred affections, with numerous testimonials of cures, free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Young Folks.

[illegible]

A FEW WORDS TO GIRLS.

A lady of intelligence and observation has remarked, "I wish I could impress upon the minds of the girls that the field of woman is not to marry young."

It girls could only be brought to believe that their chances for a happy marriage were better after twenty than before, there would be less misery in the world than there now is. To be sure, they might not have so many opportunities to marry after that age as before, but as they do not need to marry but one at a time, it is enough that one should be satisfactory. As a girl grows older, if she thinks at all, she certainly becomes more capable of judging what will make her happy than when younger. How many girls of twenty would think of accepting the man they would gladly have married at fourteen! At twenty a woman is reasonably independent, and not over-anxious to marry, is much better able to judge and more careful in her choice than one of twenty. There is good reason for this. Her mind has improved with her years, and she now looks beyond mere appearance in judging of men. She is apt to ask if the man who is a very polite in company, is really kind and good. Does this polite action spring from a happy, genial nature? or is his attention dictated by a desire of collecting admiration, and laid at home as he lays of his hand?

A young girl taken it for granted that men are good, and treat them in a lively, polite, friendly, and on their good behavior. Her instinctively is like the one who happens to live next door to her, who she knows, and has had a long acquaintance with. Her manner that in nine cases out of ten is a true index of the man's character, and if she is right, it is very seldom that a girl of fifteen or twenty is wrong in her judgment of character in some way, and though she may try to laugh it off, the wound is there, and festers and corrodes till the life has ebbed away, and she is a lost soul. Ah, how sad, which she thinks her life is ruined by marriage. It is a mistake to think that the life of a married woman is sadder than that of a single one. The married woman is generally happier.

Let mothers treasure their daughters more, seek to learn their innost feelings in a kind and sympathetic way, win their love and confidence by showing that they know, were once girls and often made use of the same. A girl who has a mother for a true friend is not so anxious to leave the shelter of her home to take "the leap in the dark." For what is it but a leap in the dark? Young as she is, she knows that she is not so many. How many women can truly say, "my marriage has been all I expected, and that I hoped. I have married the man my girlhood, and my heart is entirely satisfied?" Has anything come of your dreams? But on the contrary they say, "we have not expected much in life, and have such satisfaction in something more and better than we had hoped for." Is not this enough? Is not this satisfaction to something more and better than we had hoped for." Is not this enough? Is not this satisfaction to something more and better than we had hoped for." Is not this enough? Is not this satisfaction to

THE IRISH BISHOPS IN ROME.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

diplomatic questions. The excursation was soon repeated outside, and many here laughed heartily over Mgr. Manotti's discomfiture. Cardinal Jacobini and the Pope have chided him for his uncivil attitude. Ever since then he has preserved a discreet silence in the presence of the Irish Bishops. He, however, deserves some indulgence, for the English party here in Rome try to get hold of all the influential prelates and to stuff their minds with the most absurd reports. This party got hold of Manotti, overestimating his influence with the Pope, "whom he sees every day! Manotti is fond of the English, whose language he is trying to learn. A galaxy of English ladies is moving constantly around him in order to give sermons for their friends, and they have poisoned his pious mind with an English version of Irish affairs. The poor Monsignor, so pious and so simple, sees a dynamiter in every Irishman and a rebel in every Irish clergyman.

THE SERAFINSTINIAN PARTY

is well served by a set of old maids and young widows, who treat among their social positions, blood connections, and personal attractions to put everything to flight that may help the cause of England and injure that of Ireland. Patriotic clergymen and prelates are personally attacked, and so are their friends or those who sympathise with them. This female cohorts is now trying to defeat the election of Dr. Walsh because he is agreeable to the clergy and to the people of Ireland. Every possible means is used by them to influence the Pope and the Cardinals, and they coax, bribe and threaten alternately. This explains why the English party has sometimes succeeded in snatching from the mouths and pens of high personages documents and letters which perhaps would not have been written after cool and mature consideration.

But now the play is known even in the Vatican. Leo XIII. is fully aware of the tricks and traps used to frustrate the Christian policy. Unhappily for Mr. Errington, his master has lately become such an intimate friend of Signor Mancini that the Vatican cannot have anything to do with him. He is an ally of those who are keeping the Church in Italy in slavery. As long as the African question lasts Italy and England together Mr. Gladstone would do well to keep Mr. Errington at home.

The dinner given by Cardinal Jacobini was a great success. There were no toasts. Cardinals Lavigerie, Franchi, the two Jacobinis, Bilmont, and Rampolla were present. Cardinal Howard, of course, was not invited. The Bishops, including Kirby of the Irish College, were all there, and three Vicar Apostolics from Asia. Of the Papal Chamberlains, Mgr. Theodoli, Scotti, Galeati, and Macchi were there. The Cardinal Secretary of State did the honors with his wonted cordiality. The dinner lasted three hours. No lagers were served. The relatives of his Eminence and his personnel composed the dining room.

The Hotel de la Minerve is an Irish hotel just now. At night, after dinner, the prelates visit the front yard of the house and stroll up and down the public. The best spirit prevails at dinner, the table d'hote being regularly attended by a few English guests. Some of them have left their apartments in the city and have taken rooms in the hotel. Perhaps they want to enjoy the company of the Bishops, but many think that they want to watch them not too closely.

OUR SCHOOLS.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

PRESENTATION CONVENT, POWAY, CAL.

The graduating exercises of the Presentation Convent School, Poway, closed, Tuesday, June 2nd, at 2 o'clock p. m. This was the 30th annual commencement of the school under the Presentation Sisters. The large, effulgent hall, attached to the Convent, was handsomely and tastefully decorated for the occasion, with large oil paintings and crayon drawings, the work of the pupils. Besides the numerous floral decorations, the beauty of the place was enhanced by the large display of about 400 young ladies attired in costume. Besides the presence of a number of the first families, the hall was thronged with the friends of the young lady graduates, all of whom preferred their respective parts with such grace and dignity as to elicit expressions of opinion from the attentive and interested audience. The following was the programme: "Marche Triomphale," by Miss Minnie M. Kearney, M. Thornton, M. Murphy, D. Hastings, M. Hughes, M. Lynch, M. Ryan, "Ora pro Nobis," chorus; "Overture, Semiramide," Rossini, Miss Lizzie Cheney; "Rondo Capriccioso," Weber, Miss Lizzie Scally; "Innocence March," three pianos, Misses Hughes, D. Smith, A. Perley, M. Fleming, A. Carrick, L. Bostick, L. Curtis; "The Irish Harpy Boy," recitation, Miss Sarah Hughes; "Swept Forsaken," vocal solo, Miss Johanna Mullen; "Hunter's song," Miss Mary O'Connor; "The Harp that once, etc." piano solo, Miss F. Fitzsimmons; "The Shadow of the Wave," Irish Melody, General Chorus; "A Legend of Bonpasti," recitation, Miss M. Lonergan; "Home Sweet Home," vocal solo, Miss Lizzie Scally; "Sweet Mary Dear," M. O'Connor; "Ave Maria," Miss Kate Shaner; "Irish Melody, General Chorus; "A Legend of Bonpasti," recitation, Miss M. Lonergan; "Home Sweet Home," vocal solo, Miss Lizzie Scally; "Sweet Mary Dear," M. O'Connor; "Ave Maria," Miss Kate Shaner; "Irish Melodies," Moore, Miss Mamie Hughes; "Overture, Semiramide," Rossini, Miss Lizzie Cheney; "Rondo Capriccioso," Weber, Miss Lizzie Scally; "Innocence March," three pianos, Misses Hughes, D. Smith, A. Perley, M. Fleming, A. Carrick, L. Bostick, L. Curtis; "The Irish Harpy Boy," recitation, Miss Sarah Hughes; "Swept Forsaken," vocal solo, Miss Johanna Mullen; "Hunter's song," Miss Mary O'Connor; "The Harp that once, etc." piano solo, Miss F. Fitzsimmons; "The Shadow of the Wave," Irish Melody, General Chorus; "A Legend of Bonpasti," recitation, Miss M. Lonergan; "Home Sweet Home," vocal solo, Miss Lizzie Scally;

Poetry

THE CROSS AND BEADS.

"Take, soldier, all thou dost behold
Here sought is worth our strife,
For silver have I not nor gold,
And, if thou will, my life.
I am very old—thou seest old
Will soon be mixed my low,
For wife and children are with God,
But spare my Beads and Cross.

"These beads I've fairly counted o'er
Ere since I was a boy
In tender mercies implore,
And thanks return in joy—
To her who fondly for all cares,
And for the alone pleads;
And she has been my friend; then leave
The poor old man his Beads!

And when to earth by sorrow wedded,
I lay down my head
Upon the cold turf and prayed
To Him who died thereon;
How light to what He suffered there
Was grief for earthly loss!
And I have clasped my beads to bear—
Then spare the old man's Cross!"

"Nay father, for thine humble home
Fear not, I will not come;
As thou, in true, but do not come
The helpless to despoil.
Wretches are not robbers; and
Thy Cross and Beads are safe
For gallant hearts are in our land
That love the Cross and Beads."

—*Ave Maria.*

Literary Miscellany.

Miss Adeline's Mirror.

A PRUNTARED ELOPEMENT.

At midnight, when all in the house were asleep, Pauline Gray arose from her bed and let the lamp burn, for she knew positively, lest she should arouse her parents, who slept in an adjoining room; or her sisters, who were in the apartment above; and her face was pale with agitation.

Having arranged her hair carefully, she dressed herself in a grey travelling costume, took from her bureau a purse and a small travelling bag already packed, counted the money in her purse, and looked at the watch which she took from the pocket on the wall. It was half-past twelve.

"It half an hour," she said to herself. "He will be here at one o'clock. Half an hour to wait!"

She sat down on the side of the bed, and drew a letter from her bosom, and re-perusing it, re-read for the twentieth time the following passages:

"My DARLING—Since your parents are so cruel, we will take our fate into our own hands. Meet me at one o'clock, at the corner of the street at the church steps. I will have a carriage waiting. Before we can be discovered you will be my wife. Fear nothing. Trust yourself to me. Your own true lover,

ALFRED."

"Will he always be true to me? Will he be true? Why should he not? Why should he not? Then she remembered how dear her happy home had always been until he came. She fancied his mother's face when, in the morning, she had found her daughter's bed empty, and knew that she had left home secretly in the night. She could almost hear the city; see the pallid coal over her face. And her sisters—her little sisters—they would come stamping down the stairs, wondering, frightened, saying in their shrill innocent little voices, "Where has Lorna gone?" And Mamma! Had she taken her on his knee and kissed her only an hour before, the father who loved her so Pauline began to tremble. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She strove to steel herself with the thought that her parents had been cruel to her; that they had forbidden Alfred the house. Passion, all powerful, swept everything before it. Her lover had called her to follow him, and she would obey, whatever the consequences.

"Alfred, Alfred, do you know what I am doing for your sake? she sobbed.

She tore her sash from its hiding-place and looked at it again. How slowly the time limped on. She dared not venture into the midnight streets until she knew that Alfred would be there to protect her. But how should she know, poor creature in the last—how, after all, leave home!

"If you were only here, Alfred," she sobbed. "Only here to give me strength. My darling Alfred, my darling Alfred!"

Then she was silent, with a dread upon her for which she had no words; for, without say sound of step or opening door, a woman had entered, and stood before her, looking at her—a pale woman, all in white, who looked at her, and seemed to say, in some strange way, without a voice:

"Alfred is his name—Alfred! They have many names, and they are all alike. He was named Arthur. My darling Arthur. I met so I died one sixty years ago."

Pauline, she sat unable to stand, supported herself against the wall.

"Who are you?" she whispered. "Why why do you come to me?"

"I am Adeline," replied the figure, in the same strange way, "and I room to ask you to look in the mirror before you go—the old mirror in the recess yonder. Look and remember what you see there. Remember! Remember!"

Pauline, seized by fatally, almost insupportable of the exertion, turned towards the recess in which the dim mirror—a hundred years old—was placed, and, sinking into a chair before it, fixed her eyes upon its surface. Slow and crossed with a thousand cracks.

At first she saw nothing. Then the surface of the glass became clear as that of a still lake, and a beautiful face looked at her from under a pile of soyantish pifts and curls; and she saw a girl tying the strings of an old-fashioned hood under her chin, and setting about her through the aspe of their travelling cloak.

She smiled; blushed; a tear arose to her eye. She drew a miniature from her bosom, and kissed it.

"Is it—I?" said the white figure at Pauline's elbow. "It is I. It—I left my father's home one day for my lover's arms. Look!"

Over the glass one picture after another was passing in rapid succession. A stage coach, driven fast through a storm. An old man tearing his white hair as he sat beside a lonely hearth. Two lovers, her head upon his breast; one the fair first vision of his glass.

"They seem happy," murmured Pauline, "they at least seem happy."

"But, look!" whispered the white woman at her elbow. "There is no wedding ring upon her finger! And observe the picture! The lovers were gone. A woman watched at a window.

It was the beautiful girl again, but changed and saddened, pallid and worn. "She waits for him," moaned the vision at Pauline's side. "How long she waited, but he came not—he came not. He never came again. See!"

And Pauline looked, and saw the spectre of a great city; a figure in rags, begging, destitute, of those who passed her pitily. The snow fell; the wind futtered her wretched shawl. The spectre followed the pal—a constable with staff and lantern—approached, and laid a hand fell on her shoulder as he flung the light upon her face. Pauline saw the features that had been so lovely as the girl knotted the ribbons under her dimpled chin and kissed her lover's features.

"And now" sighed the phantom.

It was night again, and upon a city wharf one had lifted a harlot; they had drawn from the black waters—a dead woman. She lay stark and white, with her long wet hair in dark masses about her shoulders, and the full moon shone upon her face.

"It is the girl again," shrieked Pauline. "It is the same girl!"

Then, as in a magic lantern, when the glasses are moved rapidly away, two pictures passed—an old man standing over a younger one weltering in his blood, and a maniac howling behind the bars of his cell.

"My life!" moaned the white figure. "It was Adeline and Arthur sixty years ago. It is Pauline and Alfred now. But the story is the same. It began so; it may end so. I have warned you. Beware."

The vision was gone; the mirror, a mere flawed, dim sheet of blue glass, reflected nothing distinctly; and Pauline lay in a deep swoon upon the floor.

In the gray dawn she recovered her sense, and disorbing herself, crept back to her chamber—her sisters were yet in their cell, and nursed her tenderly; but later in the day Pauline, with her arms about her mother, asked her a question.

"Mamma," she said, "did you ever hear of a woman named Adeline? Did she anything to do with the old glass there?"

The mother was silent for a while; then she spoke gravely—

"That glass has always been called Miss Adeline's mirror. She was an aunt of your grandmother's—your father's uncle. A man in every way unsuitable to her who her heart. Her parents forbade him the house. She eloped with him. He never married her and left her soon; her after life was a wretched one, and she devoted herself it last. Her father, having learned the worst, shut her betrayer, and then went mad in a fearful story. That mirror is said to be the one she dressed herself at before she ran away; and it is said that she appears in it to any girl of the family who is tempted to do wrong. My child—why do you cling to me so?"

"I have seen her, mother," murmured Pauline. It was the only confession she ever made. Her mother needed no other.

And so, whether in a vision or a dream, or only by memory awakened in a guilty conscience from some tale listened to in childhood—she got what lesson she sought the girl who had but taken the first step towards destruction, and Pauline remained innocent and happy in her father's home.—*M. K. Dallas*

The Capuchins.

A reform of the Franciscan Order instituted by Matteo de Basti, of Urbino, who became in Conventuine Franciscan at Mount Falco, and having continued himself like the "capuche" or cowl worn by St. Francis was different in shape from that worn by the friars of his own time, adopted a long beard in accordance with the hermits supposed to be the original forms. In 1526 he obtained the consent of Pope Clement VII. to the wearing of this habit by himself and his companions, with the further permission to live the life of hermits, and preach the gospel in every country, on condition that once in each year they should present themselves at the general chapter, wherever it might be held, of the Observantine Friars.

The statutes of the Order were drawn up in 1529. The government was placed in the hands of a vicar-general, for they were at first subject to the general of the Conventuals, and only obtained exemption from the obedience in 1537. Matrea were to be not at midnight, and the other canonical hours at the time originally assigned to them; hours for mental prayer, for silence, and for taking disciplines, were prescribed. They were to have no revenue, but to live by begging; everything about their churches was to be poor and mean; the very chalices were to be of pewter, and in celebrations of the altars, gold, silver and silk were excluded. They might eat one kind of meat in rainy, and wine was allowed, but not flesh. They had forbidden dia himself more regionally he was not prevented. In their begging rounds two friars were not to ask sister *for most eggs*—a delicate dish, they might accept what was offered. On the most illustrious nomen in this Order is that of St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, a soldier and powerful preacher, martyred by the Calvinists of the Grisons in 1622.

At the time Helpot wrote, near the beginning of the last century, the Order of Capuchins were divided into more than fifty provinces and three "vicariates," containing sixteen hundred converts and twenty-five hundred priests, besides missions in Brazil and various parts of Africa. In the French Revolution—through there were a few expelled—temporarily, no other order was illustrating the serene and stable virtues of the great majority of the Capuchins. In Belgium was annexed to France in 1797, and others were sent to Corsica and Sardinia at Louvain into the street, the guardian then expelled cries aye, "I resist in the night of Heaven that it is only force which makes us go out of our house; that I and my brethren remain Capuchins; that we are suffering for religion, and are ready, if need be, to be martyrs in its cause." A large number of their convents were suppressed during the revolutionary treatise; in France, however, they had recured again to a considerable extent, but the persecuting "Liberalism" which has for long time laid away there ejected them again (1880). They are at present most numerous in Austria and Switzerland also there are many, and also greater they are said still to number several thousands. There are at present seven Capuchin convents in England and Wales and three in Ireland.

In 1857 the Capuchins opened their first convent in America. Archbishop Henni received them in his diocese, where they built their first home upon the shore of Fond du Lac County, Wis. This was the cradle of the Order in the free soil of America, which, however, in a comparatively short time became the Mecca (Center) of the Order in the new world. Two annual fathers of the Order from Switzerland were the pioneers of the Capuchin Order. The little convent under went many changes; new additions were built, and it has now over forty priests of the Order within its walls. In 1875, Capuchins of the Bavarian province settled in Pittsburg, Pa. Two years later, in 1879, owing to the Kulturkampf in Prussia, two Capuchins of the Westphalia province landed in New York to seek a home for themselves and their brethren. They succeeded in building a convent in Peoria, Ill.—*Church Progress.*

Unjust Discrimination.

While the English Government has refused for the last two years to register the Catholic School, and was about to put into to and the Kalamazo Catholic School, it has within the last few months placed on the list of school schools, the Anglican Hope School at Holly, and the Wesleyan Girls School of the same place, another Protestant school in the Parish, Cobham, and one in Redhills. Thus while the Government hesitates favors to all the Protestant sects, it denies to Catholics who they have a just claim to. The popple attending Protestant schools are mostly Roman Catholics, the Government great to those schools is simply a subsidy for proselytizing purposes, whereas the pupils in Catholic schools are Catholics, and the money bounded out by the Government to give them a fair share is simply a bribe to Protestants. Again Catholics are to Protestants as 10 to 1 in the population, and, as they thus contribute a larger amount in the way of taxation, surely it is a small matter, if they receive the same consideration as others.

The Hewlett Alimentum and Cook Book

Has been offered on application to the Hewlett Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

THE HAIL MARY.

(CONTINUED TO THE MONITOR BY A SON OF ST. DOMINIC)

As Jesus Christ did not wish to come into the world except through Mary; as after His Resurrection He did not wish to send Himself except with His Mother to the shepherds and Magi who were the first fruits of His mission; so also, as the Holy Fathers teach, He ordinarily enters into hearts only through Mary, and permits Himself to be spiritually found only through her. The plain signification of all this is that if we desire seriously to know Jesus Christ well and to follow him as good Christians and faithful servants; if we are really anxious to be Jesus Christ's disciples and to have Him dwelling in our hearts we must give our souls to the Virgin Mary, and to have Mary in our hearts, for she is the *Mother of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, of holy hope and of fair love.* (*Eccles. xxiv 24.*) Mary is certainly our Mediatrix with Her Son as He is our Mediator with his Father. This is the ladder of hope and salvation on which St. Bernard rejoiced all his confidence. Mary did truly say in the very words of divine Wisdom, "He that shall find me shall find life," that is, Jesus, "and shall have salvation from Him." (*Prov. viii. 35*)

Oh! how grand then is not the wisdom of the Rosary under this very consideration. In order to make us forget Christ's tears, true servants and friends of Jesus Christ, it omits nothing to stir up in our hearts the most true and tender devotion to Mary. It is for this very purpose that it makes us repeat so often the Angelic Salutation and that wonderful prayer that we and so fearfully recalls to our mind the incomparable grandeurs and privileges of the Mother of God. It is impossible for our hearts not to feel for the incomparable Mary the most tender sentiments, and to be filled with joy and love in reciting the Rosary. It is, in fact, it is with the purpose of making us grow more and more attached to Mary that the Rosary has given by preference from amongst the mysteries of our Lord's sufferings, passion, and triumphs of her Son proposed to our meditation those in which the Holy Virgin took a leading part, or which in a particular manner relates to her, and that it bids us to take part in her joys, to share her sorrows, and her sorrows, and to hope to be associated with her in glory, and hence it is also so usually experience in performing said devotion the most intense feelings of regret, love and desire!

With what tenderness, with what earnestness will not the Most Sacred Mother of God admit as amongst her cherished friends and favorite servants if we are in the habit of frequently salaring her with the Angelic Salutation, and what magnificent promises will we not make in loosing her Divine Son if we are assiduous in her! And as devotion to Jesus and Mary is especially bound up with the Rosary, it is evidently the most intense feelings of regret, love and desire!

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A Colored Woman's Great Work.

NEW ORLEANS, May 21.—To-day we received the interment in the tomb of the Christian Brothers of Mrs. Josephine Delpuit, distinguished colored woman. Mrs. Delpuit died on the morning of the Ascension, Order of the Sisters of Charity, and Mrs. Josephine was the daughter of a German and Indian, and was born in Germany in this city 1836. She grew up a beautiful woman, and was a pupil of the Ursuline Institute of Christian Doctrine, with an earnest religious vocation, which her parents, who were Catholics allowed to people of her race and color, to enter in life she had delight in doing good, feeding the poor and teaching the catechism to the neglected colored children. She was widely attend the religious ceremonies at the Carondelet Convent. She was so happy when she could spend a day in the same spirit, and the three determined to begin carrying out their aims, a community undertaking for three weak women. Joseph Chambon, Mrs. Delpuit's first husband, thinked sowed to devote all they had of earthly money to establish an order for the instruction of the poor, and the relief of sick, poor and relief of poor, helpless old people, and the education of the orphans and slavery days. The first work undertaken by the little sisterhood, organized was the teaching of poor slave children, and the Sunday school, which was attended by thousands of the statute law, the famous black code, making their fathers a criminal, they accomplished a great deal. An orphan asylum was established on Chartres street, Mary Josephine died, she assumed the habit of the Sisters of Charity. Since the war the order, through Josephine Delpuit's management and excellent discipline, has been established on a substantial basis. The Sisters in 1880 established a mother house on Delaire, between Royal and Bourbon streets, to train the Catholics and the historic site of the old Orleans Theatre. Here pupils are received, taught, are received, and here a Christian education is given to poor colored girls. Mother Josephine died at eighty years of age, and the Sisters of Charity, Mrs. Delpuit's order, in the Sisters are included a branch of Spelman in 1875 she opened a home for aged and infirm colored people on St. Bernard, between Miro and Marais streets. On January 22 1878, she instituted an orphan asylum for colored children, and in 1880 a home for Hospital streets. She surmounted the order of Sisters of Charity, Mrs. Delpuit's order, and accomplished a great work of benevolence and charity. Her life was one of all the more wonderful and creditable when it is known that for a number of years her health had been failing, and that for the last six years she was almost blind. From her cradle she was accustomed to the direction of the affairs of the order. She died at the ripe old age of 75 years, and was buried with all the honor of a saint in the presence of thousands of earnest mourners.

Dr. Boulter's Celery Beef and Iron.

The most effectual and pleasant tonic for invalids, children, and nervous ladies.

Dr. Boulter's Celery Beef and Iron is sold by all druggists, price 50 cents per bottle.

OUR CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Why Washington has been Chosen as its Site—What it will Attempt: How the Protestants will not Be Slighted.

The *Northwestern Chronicle*, which since the return of Bishop Ireland from Washington, has been its official and authentic source of information on the subject, supplies the following information concerning the new University:

"The Catholic University of America" this is the legal title of the new institution, nearly becoming an accomplished fact. By September, 1889, it is to be open to its first students. The meeting of the Board of Directors held in Baltimore, on the 7th of May, put the work in motion, and the appointment of the committee of efforts until the Catholics of the United States will one a centre of knowledge, sacred and profane, second to none other in the world. This is the authorized the men who have been chosen to put into execution the mandate of the late Plenary Council, and their plans and means indicate the institution which will be soon a reality.

Washington is to be the site of the University in which the University will be located. The ground has been purchased, consisting of sixty five acres. It is a beautiful site, miles north of the Capitol, at the head of the Capitol, directly opposite the main gate of the Soldier's Home, to the most elegant and beautiful part of the city. The ground is known as the Middleton estate. The price paid for it was $25,000. The buildings are to be of the Gothic style, to resume the long time the Directors could have made. Without the aid of the secular and social centre of the country; it is the purpose of the University to make it a centre of every school, a national metropolis, and the University will be open to the whole continent; there will it attract students from the ends of the earth and centuries in the whole nation. The University will be liberalized the only will be of numerous value of the Catholic University of America in Washington the Church, too, contributes to the Catholic University of the country. She proves herself acting in the Republic, assumes to lead in the public mind. Washington, the Catholic Church chosen as one to the very heart of America and Washington, while being thoroughly Catholic, they will be the Catholic University. The accusation is not likely ever again to be made in the country that the Church fears light and liberty, or dreads contact with progress.

THE SITUATION FOR THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

will be begun early next spring at a later date the departments of law, medicine, etc. will engage the attention of the Board. For the present the Board are busying themselves with what they deem of prime importance, the organization of the schools of education of the clergy. The plans of the Board in this direction are, we understand, are already well defined. There will be a preparatory school, which will represent philosophy, rhetoric, moral theology, canon law, sciences, and the ancient and modern languages. Students will be admitted to the University proper, and prepared for studies in ordinary theological seminaries as examination in a high standard. The University will be open to students of the seminaries of the country. The University will be free to the priests in all matters of the schools of the day. The University will also be free to the church will be tried and tested, which will be presented to the University, which will be presented to the University, which will be presented to the University

THE MONITOR.

WEEKLY NEWS-TRADE JOURNALISTIC.

MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 17, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest lever power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing ideas, and pages of and times circulation opinion, and opinion governs the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only a legitimate, but a necessary outgrowth of the age, and is, within the low sphere of secular, but a part of upon Church, which has ever been the advocate of Truth, what is and what might be the object of journalism, the Catholic journalist may well claim, if he pleases, to be, among all, the Divine truth." "Let the Catholic Press be what it should be, May God bless and advert its work, the intercessions of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they wish to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals be defend the cause of religion, be rights and those of the Holy Church, and the Catholic Press be a faithful and powerful ally of the Holy Ghost, and the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of Christ

Farm and Home.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That inspired our hearts in youth,
The impulse of a worthless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The stirring after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

The timid hand extended forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word to grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, soft'ning firmness,
Be as oil upon the troubled sea;
The sorrowings of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every day
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance we may improve,
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
"Those things can never die."

Things Worth Remembering.

That a bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia.

That warm borax water will remove dandruff.

That salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.

That milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.

That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold.

That it rests you, in sewing, to change your position frequently.

That rusty irons should be rubbed over with beeswax and hard.

That a little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.

That tough meat is made tender by laying a few minutes in ginger water.

That well-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

That a cup of hot water drank before meals will relieve nausea and dyspepsia.

That a lever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water.

That consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body slightly in salt water.

That one in a faint should be laid flat on his back, then loosen his clothes, and let him alone.

That cold tea should be saved for your cinnamon bread. It sours easily and gives color and flavor.

That to heat the whites of eggs quickly, add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

That the hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea.

That you can take out spots from waxin goods by rubbing them with the yolk of an egg before washing.

That white spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them.

That bread, when it is good for a rough complexion. Put a handful in a rag, dip it in tepid water, and then wash with it.

That teething children may be relieved of convulsions by being immersed in warm baths with cold cloths on their heads.

That you should breathe through your nose instead of your mouth, especially on coming from a warm room or hall, into the damp night air.

That pulverized camphor and lard, stirred to a salve, is excellent for sweep or cold, applied to the throat sheet or nose. After which cover with soft flannel.

That a mixture of rain water, cologne and glycerine, should be kept by those whose troubled with roughness of the skin. Apply to the face or hands after washing.

That narcrose headache, when the pain is frontal and the blood vessels are full and throbbing may be relieved by putting a few cloths on the head and hot water on the feet.

That milk-pans should be immersed some minutes in boiling water, as it has been demonstrated that, when not so treated, they breed a host of fungous germs which poison the milk.

That warm mustard water should be given to one who has accidentally swallowed poison. This will cause vomiting after which a cup of strong coffee should be given to counteract the remaining effects.

A Good Mother.

"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is the loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant, imitation which blooms likens to a "globe of prospects." Its instruction is to teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In fame of bad example, the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy.

Rat Riddance.

"Allow me," writes a correspondent "to suggest a simple means of getting rid of these pests. In the year 1875 I was in command of the British vessel Fairy Queen, plying along side this wharf at Melbourne, embarking Chinese passengers for Hong Kong. The wharfs were so infested with rats that it was impossible to prevent them getting on board, and my vessel was well stocked with them. After being at sea a few days, I mustered all the passengers—with their effects—on deck, to give them an airing, and for the purpose of giving the passenger deck a good cleansing, and sprinkling some chloride of lime mixed with water. I also had a couple of buckets of the same mixture poured down the pumps. This I continued weekly; when, to my surprise, the rats made a raid on the cabin (poop) on deck, and became so troublesome that neither myself nor my officers cared about turning in at night. A happy thought struck me—that the chloride of lime had driven them from below decks; so I had everything cleared out of the cabin and shore room, and freely used the mixture. This had the desired effect, the rats taking shelter in every available place outside. The rats on some good sport, especially on a moonlight night when all hands engaged in hauling rats and driving them overboard, so that by the time we arrived at Hong-kong not one was left on board. On my return to England, I took a house and furnished it. After being in it a short time, I found that it was infested with rats. They would get through every part of the ground floor. On examination, I discovered that drain ran under the house, emptying into the harbor. I have again used the chloride of lime freely; and in less than a week every rat had taken its departure. I have recommended this remedy to many ship masters and friends on shore; and in all cases it has proved a success. I have occupied my present residence for five years, and we have neither rat nor mouse on the premises. I attribute this to the free use of the above mixture, which is also effective as a deodorizer and disinfectant.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Shakespeare tells a lie when he accuses Cleopatra of using immortal pearls; but debts to answer must be paid in mortal coin, and pearls can be obtained through the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is a cure—all but invaluable for sore throat, bronchitis, pleurisy, consumption, and all diseases of the pulmonary and other organs, caused by scrofula or "bad blood." Scrofulous sores, swellings and tumors are cured by its wonderful alterative action. By druggists.

Family Fun.

Giving Her Census.

When the census-taker rapped at the door of a certain cottage on Butter street the other day, and wondered if the woman would set the dog on him or douse him with dish water, a great disappointment awaited him. She opened the door softly, smiled the sun to see if he smelled of lightning rods, and then threw it open for him to enter.

"Madam, I am making a census of the city," he began.

"Ah! sot down," she replied, and as he began opening his book she continued:

"There are five of us in the family, and we paid one hundred down on the place. My husband's name is Peter, he was forty-two, and he came from a mean family. His father was always having law-suits about dogs, and his mother was the great cur gossip in Elmira. Have you got that down?"

He nodded assent, and she continued.

"My name is Alvinah Sarah, and I was born in——"

"I do not care to know where you was born, madam," he interrupted.

"Well, I ears!" she exclaimed; "it makes a great difference whether I was born in Africa or Boston, and I want it put down. As I was saying, I was born in Boston in 1836. Put down that I oums of a good family."

"Madam, you don't understand; you—"

"Don't I understand that I oums of a good family! I'd like to know of a Boston family which earned their own wages longer than the Hogarews! Put down that my father was in the Revolutionary war."

"You have three children, madam?"

"I haven't any such thing, sir! Put down that my mother was killed by a piece of plaster in a gussey. Her father was——"

"How many children have you, madam?"

"Have you got mother down?"

"No, madam. You see I am taking the census of the city."

"Well," she said, giving him a dangerous look, "I had the typhoid fever, at the age of 10, and for weeks and weeks I hung on the edge of the grave. I hope up a sewell as I was able, and——"

"Have the family—how many children?" he suddenly asked.

"I put down that I bore up," she commanded. "And that one night when the waitress was asleep I crept out of bed and took a drink of——"

"This is foreign to the subject, madam. How old are your children?"

"Haven't you got down that I hung on the edge of the grave?"

"No, madam.

"Aren't you going to?"

"No, madam. You see, I am simply taking the census of the city. I desire to ascertain——"

"You see," ascertain it here, are she snapped. "If you get an anywhere put our pictures in that book, we'll make it hot for you! Good day, sir,—good day."

He stood on the step, sighing, and she slammed the door.

"My grandfather was also bitten to death by an alligator, but I won't stop to give you the particulars! You want to wait!"

He passed on, sorrowfully wondering if the next woman a mother was blown off a bridge or carried down the river on a haystack.

The Widower and the Widow.

When Mr. Thomas Thompson was courting the widow she became his sixth wife; and he, taking a perch of snuff and looking wise, "I will tell you what I expect of you, my dear. You are aware that I have had a good deal of matrimonial experience. Upon it it makes me and to think of it. My first wife was remarkable for her meekness; she never said a word when I was cross. My second was a perfect angel; my third was a perfect angel; my fourth was a perfect angel; my fifth was a perfect angel; my sixth was a perfect angel. I expect you will be a perfect angel."

"Why, my first husband frequently remarked" began the widow.

"My first husband frequently remarked!" began the widow.

"Stop!" said the widow, rising and shaking her fist in his face; "I'm not to be put upon in this way! I'm not to be compared with your first husband! I'm not to be compared with your second husband! I'm not to be compared with your third husband! I'm not to be compared with your fourth husband! I'm not to be compared with your fifth husband! I'm not to be compared with your sixth husband! I'm not to be compared with your seventh husband! I'm not to be compared with your eighth husband! I'm not to be compared with your ninth husband! I'm not to be compared with your tenth husband! I'm not to be compared with your eleventh husband! I'm not to be compared with your twelfth husband! I'm not to be compared with your thirteenth husband! I'm not to be compared with your fourteenth husband! I'm not to be compared with your fifteenth husband! I'm not to be compared with your sixteenth husband! I'm not to be compared with your seventeenth husband! 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RIGHT REV. T. J. CAPEL.

Monsignor Capel was born of Irish parents in England, October 26th, 1836, consequently, he is not yet 50 years old. He was ordained priest by Cardinal Wiseman in 1860. Pope Pius IX. elevated him to the dignity of Household Prelate.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Annual Commencement Exercises of Catholic Schools.

(CONCLUDED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

ST. AGNES' ACADEMY, STOCKTON.

STOCKTON, Cal., June 12, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir:—Weber Hall in this city was the scene of a very pleasing entertainment last Thursday evening, inaugurating the annual commencement exercises of St. Agnes' Academy. The yearly distribution of prizes and award of premium took place on that evening, and it will be long remembered by the parents and friends of the children as an occasion on which they had the happiness of seeing their pets, some of them having not home or graduating from school, to take up some future life of usefulness, while many others will yet remain under the careful instruction of the good Sisters of St. Agnes, there to receive what will be a lasting benefit to them in the future. At previous exercises of this kind it was the custom to have a few of the graduating pupils read the benefit of their living at a distance from the part of the day, but this year it was dispensed with and the exercises commenced precisely at o'clock in the evening. Long before that time the large hall was well filled with people eager to see how well the young ladies progressed during the past year at school. All through the audience was very attentive and at the close were unanimous in their praise of the well-trained and skilfully-arranged programme.

The Archbishop Purcell Litteratim.

Cincinnati, June 8.—The Criminal Court today decided the case of J. B. Meanis, assignee of Archbishop Purcell, against Bishop W. H. Elder and others, a suit to subject church property to the payment of the debts of the deceased bishop. The District Court, which first heard the case, held that Meanis was merely a creditor and that the church property so held by him in trust was not subject to the payment of his debts. But it was held that where any deficiency remains it should be made up by any particular church that property could be held for the purpose. The case was before the Supreme Court on a motion to vacate the judgment of the District Court. The motion was denied.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

Terrible Catastrophe in France.

PARIS, June 11.—At Thiers, a town in the Department of Puy-de-Dome, a murder trial has been in progress for some days. Yesterday, the last day of the trial, the Court house was crowded with men and women anxious to witness the closing scenes. When the jury had left having, immediately after adjournment of the Court, and were jammed upon the stone staircase leading to the street, the lofty staircase fell. The cause which followed was appalling, the piteous moans of scarcely-born sufferers, groans of the dying, the shrieks of the wounded, while through their flesh and bones and mangling and mutilating them in a horrible manner. The fall of the staircase and screams of the people brought telephone in the cities, caused a panic in the Court-room, and there was a rush for the new crushed exit. Those who were in front were unable to withstand the pressure from behind, and were hurled down upon the men and women who were crushed in the fall of the staircase, and whom the people on the street were already striving to rescue. The people in the Court-room had exhausted itself, and he manfully assisted in the work of rescuing the unfortunate victims. Fifteen were taken from the ruins dead, two others died on the way to the hospital, and twenty-two

Poetry

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

CHOOSING A BLAZON.

Why cause Leola to and fro?
What should she Kingly know?
Why swells with mingled grief and joy
His regal brown eye?

What sorrow mars his noble life,
And wrings his heart with pain,
What tears flow in his aching head,
What tidings o'er the main?

It is the thought of days gone by,
Of Vilfry's burning hope,
Of thirteen hundred glorious lives
Crushed in woe and pain.

Is it remorse that chills his soul,
And bows his lofty head,
Remembrance of his cruelty
And hours forever fled?

Oh! he has mourned that rash, fierce part
In pashaism and proper,
And now he plods his soul of faith
That redeemed he sought.

For hark! they Europe's length and breadth
Rings out: Edessa lies
Broke beneath the hoof of Moslem hordes,
And sacred Salem sries.

For help to faithful Christian hearts,
Wherever on earth they are,
And in the soul of Europe's King,
That cry has been a star.

Wooing him, like the Magian three,
From pagan, pompous pomp and pride,
From palace, domes and smiling realm,
Of dreary waste and blight.

To lay his offerings at Christ's feet,
And by his side to stand,
Fresh Paynim power the sacred soil
Of Christ's redemption land.

And at his bidding, lo! a host
A hundred thousand strong,
Thrilled by the fervent burning words,
Swift at his summons throng!

Their souls responding to the call,
"Hosts, Christian warriors all!
Fly! fly as lions! Gleaming behind the cross
And if it needs be fall

Beneath its inborun folds!
The red cross shining bright,
God with it in their battle cry
"St. Denys and the Right!"

For Clairvaux's holy abbot paints
In characters of fire,
Godfrey's, Bohemond's, Tancred's fame,
And dashes deeds of old.

"And he who gave his life for you
May well claim yours!" he cried,
"Go, follow in your father's steps,
And grasp their glittering prize."

Oh age of Faith! His eloquence saw
Their measures dost to kneel,
To bind the cross upon his breast,
And gird his shining steel.

But now Kline Louis walks apart
With thoughtful mien and brow,
Why lingers he in garden bowers
In such a time as now?

His banners flout, his bugles sound,
His vassals take their call;
Ah! Louis chooses, ere he goes,
A blazon for his shield.

Hence, cease he now the glowing eyes,
And then the lily's breast,
The modest violets blue and white,
The poppy's crimson nest.

Let but these hearts upon his sight
That "Eye of Heaven" so fair,—
Let but his lips, in fervent prayer,
Glanced thro' the balmy air,

Its mercy portrait like a spear,
Its inner hues of deep and bright,
Its bearded lily, like warriors' bold,
Its violets meek and mild,

Second like a mystic, heaven-sent pledge,
"Lily blazon thine, he said."
"Be thou" the monarch cried in joy,
"O pure and noble flower!"

And through the centuries that have passed,
And through the centuries that have passed,
And through the centuries that have passed,
Lo! the lily, the violet, the rose,
Are the blazon of France!

"Not unlike that will never wear,
On Duty's battle field!

What blossoms of our school day bower
Will be our "Flower de Luce"?
What watch-word of the past shall ring
Thro' all the years to be?

Earth's flowers are fair, but swift to fade,
Then let us higher aim,
And be our badge a lily of the crusade,
Heaven's Lilly.—Note Dame.

The sweetest song of Zion ever oped
Its petals to the light,
The brightest star that ever shone
Upon Time's tower of night.

The star, the flower whose light and bloom
Thy part have secured,
Star of the sea, and Bethlehem's Star!
Be a crescent our crib.

The basic blast of Duty breaks
Upon our souls to-day,
And from these calls, encountered zones,
We turn our steps for aye.

But e'ny we go, what thanks are yours
Dear Teachers of our youth!
Farewell! may God your guerdon be,
Every pleasure of truth.

Then hand, we follow in Faith's goal,
Our path is sun,—God's will,
Thro' storm and shine, to Heaven,
Be thou our Hesse still.

COLLEGE OF Notre Dame, San Jose, June 5, 1893.

Literary Miscellany.

The Cousins.

CHAPTER I.

About twenty two years ago, Mr. Sagan, a well-to-do farmer, residing within a few miles of one of the most populous cities of New England, received a letter from "Down South," as the boys term it. This letter he read to his children at their evening meal. It was as follows:

"Dear Hector—Ere this reaches you, you will have heard of the severe domestic afflictions with which I have been visited. I solicited Father R. to write to you on the day in which he read the funeral service over my husband and my two daughters. They lie together in one grave in Headstone Cemetery. For some time after I myself was ill; and my little boy—my affectionate living child—also took the fever. We are now convalescent, though, as you will readily believe, not yet strong. The physicians have ordered change of air and a cooler climate for both. As regards myself, I am compelled to go to Europe on some business of importance. I would willingly take my boy, my Augustus, with me, but my business requires all my attention, and he could not from me receive the attention necessary to his health and education. It struck me, then, that perhaps you would receive my darling among yours for a time. I hear that my sister Emma has been living with you since you, too, lost your poor wife. Death. I think Emma still retains a tender nose for her brother Joseph, and would cherish his orphaned child as fondly as she does yours. Augustus is a good child, though he has been somewhat petted. Of course, I should willingly pay for whatever expenses he may incur. I will send him an attendant to wait upon him if you consent—unfortunately, he is little accustomed to wait upon himself. These evil times of late, and say that you consent to this arrangement in favor of the child of your affectionate brother.

JOSEPH SAGAN."

There was a deep silence for some time after this letter was read.

"Well, children," at length said Mr. Sagan, "shall we send for Augustus to live with us?"

"If it is as proud as a peacock," said Thomas.

"And as idle as—I don't know what," said Mamie.

"Why, how do you know, never having seen him!

Aunt Emma told us when she came back last year, Mrs. Sagan used to lie on a sofa nearly all day, and have a little girl to fan the flies away; and the children used to have some one to wait upon them all the time. Augustus would not fetch his own hat, or handkerchief, or anything, and he kicked and screamed when he did not get what he wanted the very minute that he wanted it! Did you not say so, Aunt Emma?"

Aunt Emma looked sorry and foolish, then she said:

"I remember a older now, and Mrs. Sagan was probably sick."

"You don't know my whom you come back aunty; you said she was so idle, fine lady, fit for nothing, and that you were very glad we could have our old way at home. Mamie, you said that we learnt ten of each lazy families down South!"

Mr. Sagan looked displeased.

"See what mischief a few thoughtless words have done, he said. "I wrote to the children prejudiced against their cousin before you saw him! I thought better of you, Emma."

"I was very foolish, Mr. Aunt Emma, cause for our neighbors' faults, while we found our own, that we might be half the evil spared that now desolates the world—gossip, gossip, and for the most part ill-natured gossip, too, is the very pest of good morals.

Aunt Emma did not reply, she was thinking of how she could remedy the mischief she had done. The children, meanwhile, Mr. Sagan was a plain, blunt man, the sentiment and of firm Christian character; they never dared reply when he put down the law for them.

"Well," resumed he, after a pause, "concluding seems certain—we cannot consistently refuse to receive this child, and I shall write to my brother to that effect; and mind, one and all of you, he is to be treated kindly, not laughed at, or insulted."

"And if he laughs at our ways, and takes care of him?" asked the irrepressible Elwin, scarcely able to keep his countenance, through he made violent efforts to do so.

"No, I dispute that office to you while he remains with us," said Mr. Sagan, after which he pacified by the latter and went into the next room to answer it.

"To me! I turn nigger to Master Augustine! I think I see myself at it, so I do!" said Elwin, as he too left the room.

Aunt Emma began to weep. She was a warm-hearted young woman, though somewhat too free in expressing her opinions. Thomas and Mamie, who loved her deeply, could not bear to see her unhappy; they comforted her all they could.

"If you really love me," she said, in reply to their caresses, "you will be very kind to your cousin when he comes."

"We will, aunt Emma, indeed we will," replied they.

Some few weeks after this a handsome carriage drove up before the door of the old farm-house. A gentleman and a little boy about ten years of age alighted; they were both dressed in the deepest mourning. The gentleman bore and cases were taken out of the vehicle by a black servant, whom Mr. Joseph Sagan addressed as Pompey.

"Pompey is come—black Pompey—oh, what fun!" shouted Edwin. "He is so from Master Augustus, like his nose for him, sooth his hair, cut his victuals, and feed him with a spoon—the great spoonie! Fancy a boy of ten wanting a nigger to wait upon him! I suppose he'll carry him in his arms up those steps, poor pet!"

"Hush! Eddy hush, you'll make papa so angry," said Mamie.

Papa did not hear, or rather he heard whom it affected as deeply as it could effect; the was Augustus himself. He grasped his father's hand as he walked up the steps, and as soon as they entered the house, clung to him almost in agony, and as soon as he could find words he said:

"Papa, dear papa, you are not going to leave me here?"

"My child, my dear child," said his father, "see, this is your uncle, Uncle Sagan, cousins, you will love them, they will love you."

"No, they won't; no, they don't; they make game of me, I hear! Oh, papa, papa, don't leave me here! I shall die, indeed I shall die!"

"I hope so," said his uncle very kindly. "I hope not. Meantime, take off your trappers, and stay at home quietly, and don't been waiting some time."

They proceeded to justifying the boy satisfactorily for this operation. He soon recognized Aunt Emma, and thus became some what less estranged; but the children he looked at with eyes of sordon hatlike, which made Elwin wince, he he guessed that he must have been never heard. Mamie, too, looked a little contentious, for she feared that such might be the case; but all the rest were quite unaware of the occurrence, and they saw in the behavior of Augustus only the waywardness of an over-indulged child.

For two days his father remained at the farm, and Thomas and Mamie did their best to obliterate the painful impressions which Augustus had received. As for Elwin, he kept out of sight: he had discovered that black Pompey was not going to remain, and the idea that when he was gone, his father would require him to play servant to his cousin, took possession of him, and raised the spirit of rebellion strongly within him.

"I'm as good as he, if not better," he said, "and I'll be no nigger to no Master Augustus! Not I!"

When the time of departure came, Mr. Joseph Sagan, he was reminded to face difficulties, took the worst possible way of meeting them. He sent away and did not come back—he sent a man with a note to excuse himself—he could not go through the pain of saying adieu, so he was gone. Black Pompey was gone, too, for Mr. Sagan did not like to retain him. Augustus threw himself on the green sward and cried himself into a fit.

CHAPTER II.

Aunt Emma nursed the poor boy very tenderly and carefully, and

THE MONITOR.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CATHOLICITY.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 24, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in propagating issues, and projecting ideas sometimes opinion, and opinion governs the world. The Catholic Journalist, therefore, has a useful and serious mission, and may be a work indispensable to the welfare of society, but a sort of apostolate. What is and what ought to be the object of Catholic Journalism but to combat error and defend the truth, to propagate the Gospel and defend the Church?—Archbishop Kenrick's Address.

May God bless and direct throughout the destinies of St. Francis as mine, under whose protection they are placed, the interests of religion, the welfare and success of the Holy Apostolic See, and others in the direction and principle with devotion and fidelity.—PIUS IX

Editorial Notes.

—We had a visit last week from Rev. Hartleib, of Boise City, Idaho, and we were glad to learn from him that Bishop Gilrooy had arrived safely in his Vicariate, and was maturing his plans for procuring more priests, establishing schools, and opening new missions in that extensive region.

—The spirit of antagonism against the Catholic church which prevails among the infidel political rulers of France, was well demonstrated on the 19th inst, when the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 206 to 130, refused to exempt priests from serving in the army reserve.

—A recent dispatch says that Rev. Mr. O'Connell, Secretary to Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, has been appointed rector of the American College at Rome, but somebody has evidently blundered, as the secretary in question is Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, and there is no priest of the name of O'Connell in the Archdiocese of Baltimore.

—Nothing more silly ever appeared in the secular press than the cablegram concerning Cardinal Pitra which we published yesterday. The whole story was manufactured in the malignant mind of some Prussian or Italian Freemason who desired to stab the character of the Vicar of Christ by using Cardinal Pitra's name as being allied to a diabolical mass with which no Christian—much less a Cardinal—would compromise his character.

—A Sunday paper credits the Methodist Christian *Advocate* with saying: "The pastor who can help to put more money into quality into a home may thereby change the life of every member of the family." Would not a copy of this preacher's Mentor "help to put reading of a better quality" into many a Methodist home, and also open the eyes of Wesleyans to the wicked ways of some of their wolves in sheep's clothing!

—Pope Leo's Encyclical against Masonry seems to so have worried the leading spirits of that Satanic society that they are taking their revenge by publishing in all the prominent journals throughout the world the most slanderous and false version of the Encyclical. Why doubtful, indeed, at the times in the last twenty years, but whenever the Masons get mad at the Sovereign Pontiff for proclaiming their iniquities to mankind, they immediately refurbish this rusty falsehood and fling it out in the face of the world as fresh as if it had never been met with flat denial from the highest authorities in the Catholic Church.

—The reckless disregard for truth which at all times characterizes the utterances of the *Argonaut* in all matters appertaining to the Catholic Church or Catholic citizens, was never better illustrated than in the last issue of that disreputable sheet, when it asserted that "the Mormon population of Utah is made up of natives of Catholic countries." This is so palpably untrue that we doubt if there is another paper in America that would stretch its columns with such a bare-faced falsehood. As a matter of fact it is extremely doubtful if there is a score of natives of Catholic countries in the Mormon abomination. The inference of this newest phase of Protestantism, are naturally natives of purely Protestant countries like England, Wales, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland, with a sprinkling of Americans, Negroes, and Indians following secret Henry VIII. There never was but one case known of an individual, known as a Catholic, who joined the many-wived Mormons, and he joined the nasty organization in order to make money out of it. As soon as this was accomplished he left the lascivious crowd and returned to respectability.

Monsignor Capel's First Lecture.

Every Catholic in San Francisco who intends to attend the lecture which Monsignor Capel will deliver on to-morrow (Thursday) night, at Metropolitan Temple, should try and coax some non-Catholic friend to accompany him.

In these days of agnosticism and infidelity, when skepticism in God's existence is so common, it is a real act of mercy to open the minds of men outside the Catholic Church to the fact that proof of God's existence can be discovered even by the light of human reason. The Vatican Council declared that reason could thus demonstrate the existence of God, and Monsignor Capel undertakes to make this important fact clearly comprehensible to all his hearers.

The old methods of argument about the doctrines of the Catholic Church have become obsolete, and the modern style of attack is an organized denial of Christ's Divinity, hence it is well—not only for Catholics, but for all denominations of Christians—to be able to meet the new believers of every community with accurate, intelligent and irrefutable arguments by which to overthrow the specious speculations of those "fools" who not only say in their hearts "there is no God," but who constantly proclaim their folly before their fellow-men.

We hope, therefore, that a crowded audience will greet Monsignor Capel on to-morrow night, as those who listen to him will hear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Malignant Methodist Malice towards the Mother of God.

Hatred of the Blessed Virgin seems to be the first commandment in the diabolical theology of the Methodist sect. The saints of the Church of God are accepted by Methodist preachers as "the elect" among men; pious people—they candidly admit—may exist *occasionally* in the "Romish" fold; but when a Catholic attempts to say a single "Hail Mary," or to perform any other devotional exercise to the Mother of God, then the Methodist parsons put on their war paint, they unbleach the wear cry of "Popish Idolatry" upon their banners, and they invoke all the legions of Belshazzar's Belshazzar to shake their sacrilegious and the fearful invocation which "Mariolatry" is making into what they call modern Christianity!

We had a slight taste of this Methodist hatred of the Mother of God through the columns of the *California Christian Advocate* a few weeks ago when that paper undertook the unholy work of lecturing Catholics upon the "blasphemy" which they uttered whenever they invoked the Blessed Virgin in prayer, and the "idolatry" which we practiced whenever we asked the Mother of God to intercede for us so that our prayers and good works might be acceptable to "Our Father who art in heaven."

The *California Christian Advocate*, and the whirligig Wesleyan weather-cock who works up the anti Catholic agency for its columns, are not strangers to the readers of the MONITOR. Upon at least a dozen different occasions we had to publicly rebuke the ignorant assumptions of

Brother McCrery
Who hates the "Hall Mary,"

concerning Catholic faith and morals, and yet this incorrigible and incomprehensible fanatic continues impenitent, just as if the transgression of the Golden Rule—"do unto others as you would be done by"—were a meritorious work in the moral theology of Methodism.

Last month being specially devoted to the Blessed Mother of God, the MONITOR issued its customary small supplement containing authentic prayers to the Blessed Virgin, and this innocent little chapter of devotions to the ever Immaculate Queen of Heaven seems to have raised "Old Nick" in the soul of our Methodist brother, and to poison him with a very anti-Christian and even unnatural hatred of the Blessed Virgin.

Commenting on the MONITOR's supplement, the deluded Doctor whose slander is thus aroused by what he ignorantly calls "idolatry," makes a Methodist "mugwump" of himself by the following very foolish and nonsensical declaration:

"It is not necessary to comment on these idolatrous prayers. God has said: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." If the mother of Jesus is not made an idol by this worship, then we cannot see how it is possible to violate the first Commandment. If the hours are idolatrous, there is not a single act of worship in them. There is not a syllable of such worship in them. Word. It is sickening and disgusting to see the Holy Name and the Holy Bible thus perverted into revolting breach of God's command."

What sensitivity! What polemical prowess! What slander that Pope Pius IX., was a Protestant, when he declared, only a few times in the last twenty years, but whenever the Masons get mad at the Sovereign Pontiff for proclaiming their iniquities to mankind, they immediately refurbish this rusty falsehood and fling it out in the face of the world as fresh as if it had never been met with flat denial from the highest authorities in the Catholic Church.

Brother McCrery's paragraphs are wonderfully "idolatrous" prayers as beneath his notice, and then he dissects them, demonstrates them, and weeps a whole washbasin full of Wesleyan water over "this revolting breach of God's command."

Now be it known to our mistaken, deluded and disgruntled Methodist brother, that the prayers in question do not contain a *single syllable* that can be tortured into "idolatry" even by the most rabid Methodist parson that ever devoured a yellow-legged chicken in Spring time! Neither Christian justice ought to have suggested a star sectarian slanderer of these Catholic prayers that if there was any "idolatry" in them, he should have pointed out, so that the world might give him credit for theological acumen, but the fact is

Brother McCrery
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knows in his heart and soul that he has calumniated his Catholic neighbors by his vile and vicious charge, yet he is too good a Methodist preacher to retract a single syllable of his slanderous assertion. There is not enough infernal ingenuity in a whole meeting-house full of Methodist preachers to torture a single phrase in the prayers in question into "idolatry," nor could all the canting parsons in creation connect a single "brace" of God's command," in any sense of these prayers, not even if they had Satan and his satellites trained as "special counsel" for the occasion.

We know it is the authority of the Fathers and Saints of the Church that even at this very mention of the name of Mary the Mother of God, the very demons tremble, and hence we do not wonder that

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fell "as indescribable horror in reading those awful prayers." As he had them in his hand he doubtless felt the cold shivers creep down his evangelical spine; he felt further pulling at his legs while Satan was tugging at his coat collar; the imps of iniquity who so long held undisputed possession of the *Advocate* office were scattered in all directions; Wesley's portrait turned itself face to the wall; and even Brother McCrery's hat "took unto itself wings" and made a Wesleyan flip-flap through the window!

Under such supernatural surroundings as these it is no wonder that our Wesleyan brother fell "as indescribable sense of horror," as the MONITOR's prayers to the Mother of God acted like an electric shock in purifying the sin-laden atmosphere of Brother McCrery's sanctum!

Our doleful dispenser of the Methodist gospel on the hall shelf, next proceeds to inform his ignorant world concerning his estimation in which he holds the ever-blessed Mother of God, which he does after this half-hearted fashion which fanatics are fond of indulging in:

"We respect the Virgin Mary and Mary the mother of Jesus, but to pray to her and pay divine honors to her, is so great and so fearful a blasphemy that we scarce dare to repeat the so-called prayers."

Dear brother! Please do not repeat "this so-called prayers," as they might shake you, and, in our Catholic charity, we have no desire to see even an miserable a sinner as a Methodist editor upset with that most awful of all earthly calamities: *a sudden and unprepared death!*

And so Brother McCrery,
Who hates the "Hall Mary,"

does not like to pray to the Blessed Virgin! He is evidently one of those "mixed" Methodist Christians who claim to love the Son of God but who hate His heavenly Mother! Such anomalous creatures would be scorned in the natural order, but it must be borne steadily in mind that in religious vagaries all things are possible to a Methodist preacher! Such false guides of the gospel

Conquered for sins they are inclined to,
By flattering them—they have no mind to.

hence the Protestant world has come to look upon Protestant preachers in general, and each Methodist preacher in particular, as a sort of supernatural biblical barnacle which has attached itself to Christianity, and which is merely tolerated in the present with the hope that the Devil will die out when the spirit of "religion a purpose" becomes sufficiently strong to shake off the screech-owl brood. The non-Catholic world reks very justly: "What are Protestant preachers good for, say how?" They cannot cipher out a single text of Scripture to suit even the smallest child in the Sunday school; they have no commission to teach—they have never to preach. They are merely preaching privateers who usurp an authority they have no God-given guarantee for; and, as such, they are merely useless flotsam and jetsam cast into the sea of sectarianism from out the ship of Jehovah—the bark of St. Peter!

With this brief digression let us return to our subject and ascertain what manner of super-constant creature is that Mother of God to whom this stiff-necked sectarian preacher not only refuses to pray himself, but who goes so far as to condemn as "blasphemous" and "idolatrous" the 200,000,000 Catholics who venerate the Mother of God.

The coming, the exalted power, the heavenly mission, and the glory of Mary the Mother of God, were all foretold by the Prophets of the Old Law—as verified by the Bible. She is the one whom Almighty God destined from the beginning to be the Mother of the Word made flesh! Out of millions upon millions of virtuous maidens who peopled the earth, Mary alone was found of sufficient purity of soul and body to become the Mother of our Blessed Redeemer!

Mary thus became the most beloved Daughter of the Eternal Father, the most cherished Mother of the Eternal Son, the immaculate and virginal Spouse of the Eternal Spirit. She stands supreme above her whole race, and to dethrone her from her exalted position the assault must be made upon her Divine Son. They have been joined together by Almighty God (Himself) and was be to the wretched Wesleyan sinner who dares to sunder the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father from His immaculate Mother!

Mary is the model of every virtue possessed by every Christian maiden, wife and mother throughout the whole Christian world during the past nineteen centuries! The magnetic power of her blessed example in the grace of final perseverance, and prayer for Heaven that purity of soul—in their final hours upon earth—without which none can enter that heavenly realm where the Mother and her Divine Son reign as Queen!

Mary was the most honored among God's creatures in having an angel sent as a special envoy of the most High God to salute her with this sublime tribute to her transcendent sanctity and virtue: "*Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou amongst women.*"

Here, let us ask that incorrigible Pharisee,

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if the Angel Gabriel committed "blasphemy" or "idolatry" when he saluted the Blessed Virgin by these divinely-inspired titles in her humble home at Nazareth! And if the Angel Gabriel was guiltless, will the representative of Methodist hatred of Mary tell us by what stretch of imagination he can fix the sin of "blasphemy" or "idolatry" upon Catholics when we use precisely the same language as that uttered by the Angel Gabriel in addressing our petitions to her!

Mary is "the handmaid of the Lord" even "all generations shall call blessed." She is the star of heavenly sanctity, the Mother with whom the Son of God dwelt for thirty years, honoring and respecting her with that intensity of filial love which an infinite God alone could demonstrate!

Mary it was who stood by the Cross on Calvary, whose heart was rent in twain as she saw her only beloved Son expiring in agony upon the Cross. And what was the last thoughts that agitated the mind of that heavenly victim of men's vice as He was dying on Calvary? It was to leave to the whole Christian world this same Mary the Mother of the Divine Son, as the Mother of the whole human race! "*Son, behold thy Mother!*" said our Blessed Redeemer to His expiring lips, and—praise be to God!—there was no Methodist preacher present at the Crucifixion to curl up his Calvinistic lip in scorn at the beautiful and beneficent legacy which our Blessed Redeemer left to mankind!

Such is the exalted dignity—the Divine elevation—which has been accorded to that heavenly chosen Mother of God to whom this Pacific coast Pharisee refuses to pray!

What must real Christian people think of that species of sham Christianity, represented by someone, which arrogates to itself the right to besmirch the Immaculate character of the Mother of God! Has it come to pass that even sham Christianity has fallen so low in this nineteenth century, that a Methodist assistant can pose himself as a "preacher" of the gospel of Christ, and yet call the Mother of our Blessed Redeemer to the Mother of God?

Has the Bible lost its force with Protestant preachers? Is there no longer a fall in the texts of scripture even by those who are called "Reverend," and who are paid fat salaries for preaching gilt-gospel sermons on Sundays? If

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is a fair sample of the Methodist preachers of our day, we must certainly deplore the decay that has overwhelmed Protestantism in its nineteenth century decadence, when the literary light of Methodism in this State can print those lines in his paper:

"Pray Protestant Christians these prayers and sound strongly, tut, tut, and shake your heads roundly, pray to any other woman or to Mary."

Degraded, indeed, must be the mind even of a Methodist preacher who could print such a scandalous paragraph in our State! The world knows too well already that there are many Protestant preachers whose penchant for "praying to other women" has brought disgrace upon Christianity and disaster upon society, but it remained for

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to boast of this immoral leniency of the age in the columns of a professedly religious paper!

If there is any ingratitude to filial thicker in intensity or greater in degree, then that which covers with contempt the name and fame of His ever-blessed Mother, we know not where to find it. And in this hatred of the Blessed Virgin which surrices like the editor of the Christian Advocate seem to glory, we see the first plainest marks of the falsity of Methodism as a religion. No sect can pass God by—at least none which claims to be Christian—and yet, with impunity, let the super-exalted character of Heavenly Virgin Mother. Such defamation of the divinely-appointed Mother of God may please Methodists who are shallow-minded enough to hate Mary because the Catholic Church venerates her, but the Devil laughs at all such so-called "Christians," and the traps of hell glory in claiming the friendship of all such falsifiers of truth.

To love God we must of necessity love His Mother, the most perfect, pure and exalted creature that could be formed by the Omnipotent hand of God and the Holy Ghost to be the Mother of our Redeemer! And when we Catholics pray to her, we do so in full confidence that her influence with her Divine Son is Heaven is as great as it was when He was subject to her on earth. We pay no divine homage to any creature that wonderfully being reserved for God alone. We utter no "blasphemy" when we ask the Blessed Virgin and the Saints to pray for us, as the Sacred Word of God justifies such intercession. We are guilty of no "idolatry" in calling upon the Mother of God to help us in our feeble efforts to become worthy children of Christ. Methodist ignorance may insult Catholics by hurling at us charges of "blasphemy" and "idolatry," but when we consider that such calumnies come from the foul source that festers in the intensity of its hatred of the Mother of God, we simply accept the insult for the sake of that beloved Mother *Dolorosa* who suffered so much for us.

And, when such scandal-spiring sectarian scribes as

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attempts to belittle the character of the Blessed Virgin, they should bear in mind that they stand alone in their ignominy—immeasurably alone—and that the Angels of God glorify Mary! The legions of Saints love the Mother of God; love for His Immaculate Mother. The millions of good, holy, virtuous men and women who have passed away in the past eighteen centuries all bless, venerated and prayed to Mary Queen of Heaven! And for untold ages to come—long after the bigoted calumniators of the Mother of Christ have been buried and forgotten—the name of Mary will be recited and sung by millions of her children in the language of every clime in the world!

We have and that all the hosts of heaven love and honor this ever-blessed Mother of God. We have and that all the best men and women the world ever produced prayed to her, and now let us remind this rusting, Mary-hating Methodist preacher, that even Protestant popes have paid tribute of love and veneration to the Mother of God in such filial language as should bring the blush of shame to any sectarian whose brutal instincts would lead him to attempt to belittle the sacred character of the Blessed Virgin.

Did Brother McCrery,
Who hates the "Hall Mary,"

ever hear of that Protestant pope, John Kethe? If not, it may give our Methodist brother pain to read the following paragraph of horror" to read these lines addressed to the Blessed Virgin from that non Catholic source:

"Ave Maria! thou whose name
All Adam's offspring put to shame!
Yet may we learn thy virtues
For Heaven, thy Son and Saviour,
To crown all lowly lofty be thee.
Ave Maria, Ave Maria!"

Many other Protestant popes have been inspired to atone their sins to Mary's memory, and thus to "crown all lowly lofty be thee" in the language of John Kethe.

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The Boor and the Gentleman.

Years of journalistic experience has thoroughly convinced us of the unprincipled and unscrupulous character of the Anonymous Scribe who contributes to the Tribune, and we seldom pay attention to the lies of that blotter of all good taste. But inasmuch as the anonymous libeller has made a reference to one occasion, in his last issue, to attack the character of individuals who are—in point of intelligence and respectability—as far above him as the Pacific is above Alaska, we propose to lay before our readers some facts which will go far to prove that Sanford Frank has not yet forgotten the first lesson he learned from the father of Lies.

The malignant spleen of the *Argonaut* was poured out last week upon the character of Judge Gaskill, and the Tribune, of Tribune, because that gentleman had the temerity to speak of Monsignor Capel, in his paper, as a man of brains and cultivated taste, and as a gentleman. The Tribune's offending are contained in the following words, continuously spoiled in the *Argonaut*, from the lecture of Monsignor Capel, published in the *Tribune*:

"Compact, well built, sturdy," "splendid physique," "a man of brains," "a man of cultivated taste," "over a heavy body a shapely head is poised, and there is no doubt of it, a man of intellectual and perhaps even of moral force, and there is no doubt of it, and there is no doubt of it, a man of "severe logic," "profound learning," and "eloquent."

Now, if the *Tribune* had used these words in reference to Rev. Bishop Kip, Bob Ingersoll or Senator Stanford, the *Argonaut* would have re-echoed the praise of praise, "from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea." It would say to a Roman Catholic—even one of the Pope's Irish—and possess the attributes recorded in Mons. Capel by the *Tribune* and it does not follow that become a gentleman renders honor to whose honor is due—regardless of either political or religious differences of opinion, that he is necessarily a toady or a time-server.

Judge Gaskill is known throughout the Pacific States, Utah and Nevada, and the Territory of Utah, as an honorable and talented gentleman, a man of the most high and honorable character, who stands in his local life then ten thousand such political parasites as Pixley could perform in a lifetime, and who, if he had a public position, would do his duty fearlessly and impartially.

Personally many of the elements of true Christianity, and pure the teachings of our Blessed Saviour into practice, while his political associates are endeavoring out false bonds against his fellow-man.

Is there living on the Pacific Coast to-day a more honest, more upright, more kindness, unselfishness or charity on the part of this literary assassin? There are him goodness—as truly to Judge Gaskill as Christ's goodness—and Judge Gaskill has dared to praise a Catholic prelate who—first in world, and, and whose ancestry is unsurpassed in the world—is to feel the force of the lungs of Sanford Frank.

The true theory of this Republican literature is that it is exercise free speech, free thought, and a free press. Now, we would say, which is the better American—Judge Gaskill, who recognizes the merit of theological foe, and is willing to give him every chance to be heard, or that contemptible crank who—in blind bigotry and obstinate ignorance—condemns the apostle unheard because he is prejudiced against his creed? We answer that the true American is not a bigot, either as regards race, religion or politics. The non-American is the nature born citizen who would tabooed those who differ with him in politics or religion, who may not have achieved the accident of birth on American soil, but who is, nevertheless, dangerous to the perpetuity of the Republic than any other element of discord could possibly be, because he would be ever ready to stab in the back in the house of its friends.

We shall not enter into any controversy in reply to the inane ravings of the *Argonaut* as regards Mgr. Capel, that gentleman is perfectly able to take care of himself, but if it be true that a blunt child dreads the fire, fanatical French will overcome that disposition which is the better part of valor, and not attempt to measure swords with the Monsignor. His fatal bolt will fire. Will Sam Clemens lies not yet failed from the pistol mind? that little pocket-pistol of his was exploding, so which Mr. Twiley was not first, shinning and begging for mercy, and—if we may be permitted the expression—squealing like a stuck pig. He got good his depth then, he will be drowned sure if in attacking so great a theologian, philosopher and orator as Mgr. Capel, he the fool, steps in where angels fear to tread. We have no idea, however, that our distinguished and eminent writer will condescend to descend to such a low plane of controversy by engaging in a controversy with him. He will very probably dashing him as Archbishop Gibbons did Charles Bonaparte, the famous controversy between those gentlemen. After having completely demolished Bonaparte's boasted "science, fact and dragoons," the Archbishop closed the controversy with the remark that when he found a lower or easy lounging on his window sill, he put on his gloves, gently took the insect between his thumb and forefinger and liberated him in the outer air.

Referring to the *Tribune's* article on Mgr. Capel, the *Argonaut* says

"These comments are suggested because we hate to have such men as Monsignor Capel injure Americans with the impression that the journals are usually sycophantic, or the editors toadies."

The Morton is, equally with the *Argonaut*, would hate to have Mgr. Capel leave America with such an impression as above indicated, and we fear that if the Monsignor loses any valuable time on reading the *Argonaut* during his stay, and has the misfortune to have Frank's prominent produces thrust itself upon him, after the owner a usual manner of forcing introductions to distinguished or worthy visitors, he cannot fail to leave *Bartomarky* with the impression that, if the *Argonaut* is a representative American newspaper and its editor a representative American writer, he will most assuredly be forced to the conclusion that

"Sycophancy is the common property of phasis" and their editors "toad-eating flunkies." As to fanatical French's severity, flunkeyism and toadyism, there is but one opinion in this community, and, like all lick-spittles—he is despised and contemned even by those whose boots he licks.

It has been one of Pixley's boasts that he did not condescend to native interior journals. It sure better for him he adhered to this rule; for he knowing Judge Gaskill he will find himself in the same fix as the boy who thought a hornet's nest was "such a pretty plaything," and whose curiosity led him into the hornet's nest with a stick.

Topics of the Times.

—Arthur J. Balfour, M. P., nephew of the Marquis of Salisbury, has been appointed Secretary for Scotland, and Mr. Mundella, Secretary for Ireland and Mr. Morley, Secretary for Scotland. We sincerely hope that a change of officials will bring a change for the better in Irish affairs, for the Irish Bill of Rights has been a scandal and a disgrace to the nation that boasts so much of its Christian civilization.

—We had a couple of very interesting interviews with Monsignor Capel last week, during which we learned many interesting facts connected with his life and labors in the Catholic vineyard, and we hope to see the issue of editorial work which other matters have crowded upon us this week we could insert some of the particulars, but, hence we must postpone the article until next week.

—The power of "boycotting" was singularly illustrated in Ireland a few weeks ago, when the students of St. Malachi's College assembled close to Dunlewey, declared that the college stole a pupil whose father had taken a rented farm as at board to attend. The result was that the obnoxious youth was obliged to leave the college. Good priesthood seems to be unkind to the Irish people that even the powerful tenantry are enthusiastic in its condemnation.

—Archbishop Riordan has issued a circular announcing to the Roman Catholic clergy of his archdiocese that the trophies will be taken up in all the churches of the diocese on the first Sunday in July, and that the money will be used for the purpose of Irish Sunday School under their control

Farm and Home.

A Travelling Plant.

To the number of curious plants, such as the carnivorous and fly-catching plant, a new specimen has lately been added, which is described as the travelling plant. It is said to be of the lily of the valley species (convallaria polygnanium), and has a root formed of knots, by which it usually advance about an inch during the time in which the plant was first rooted. Every year another knot is added, which drags the plant further on, so that in twenty years' time the plant has travelled about twenty inches from its original place.

The Discovery of Tea.

Tea, according to Chinese writers, was first discovered in the 5th century. An import was placed upon it by the Emperor Te-Tsung in 781. It was introduced into Japan from China in the 9th century. The Dutch introduced it into Europe in 1591. It was used in England on some rare occasions prior to 1657, and was sold at from £6 to £10 per pound. Millions of pounds weight of aloe, liquorice, and ash tree leaves are every year mixed with Chinese tea in England. The annual consumption of tea in Great Britain is 30,000,000 pounds, while that of all the rest of the civilized world only amounts to 22,000,000.

Try, Try Again.

You want to be good and are trying to be. Learn those two things—never to be discouraged because good things come slowly, and never to fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into that sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have Him to fall back on? Impatience here is the perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruit. Trust to God to weave your threads into the great web, though the pattern shows it not.

Women's Desired Reward.

Women excel men in the kind of response they are satisfied with. This is neither lea, tale, nor public glory. Woman is content if her husband be well cared and is appreciated, satisfied to have given comfort to those she more loves, and cheerfully happy in the sense of it. Women understand intuitively, while men learn only by degrees, and many men never learn at all, that the grand secret of happiness in human life consists in keeping the heart busy for the good of others. Very glorious is the privilege of being able to be the means of happiness in others, especially when they are beloved. Men go abroad to do it, but generally it is woman's; and being thus endowed, were a cousin possible, it would probably be found that, taking one with another, there are more happy women in the world than happy men. Men, naturally more selfish than women, love in order to be happy; women, on the other hand, are happy because they love.

A Pitiful Scene.

A pitiful story comes to us of a scene in a Philadelphia police station, where a rough tangle-haired woman, who had been arrested, had fought like a fury, and stormed at the officers in three languages, was followed up in a few hours later by a little tot of a girl, who looked from one officer to another, and asked them if they had put her mother in jail. She was so little that the policeman had to help her up the steps; but her she was in search of her mother; the degraded woman heard her voice and called to her. So they swung open the door and let her in, and the little thing asked her mother, are you in jail?" Then the baby dropped upon her knees upon the stone floor, and began to pray: "Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail." Then were tears bought those rough men at the sound of that innocent voice, and not a man or woman brought into court the judge whipped to the bench to go home and try to be a better mother. It was the drink that made the trouble.

Danger of New Acquaintances.

"Girls," says an aristocrat contemporary, "beware of the transient young man. He is slick-tongued, perhaps, and well dressed, but can get footed by money or manners when you know thoroughly and don't know any serious ill about is worth a dozen of him. "This is sound advice. The transient young man is full of awful possibilities. Take him in and you may entertain an angel unawares, but there is also a chance that he will turn out to have escaped from somewhere. It is safest, especially if he threatens to stay, to make him feel the necessity of thoroughly accounting for himself. Make him explain why he did not stay at home, and see if he did not leave his last place because he was found out. In the eyes of the community in which he has lived from birth a young frog is always more or less of a tadpole. His friends are slow to recognize that he has lost his tail and has two hind legs and a bass voice. But the stranger whose first appearance is made in all the glory of the adult batrachian has no traditions to outgrow. No one ever saw him with a tail and few people believe that he ever had one. He has that advantage to the native. It is not a fair one, and he should not be allowed to profit by it.

Sickness on Farms.

One of the most common sources of disease in farmers' families is to be found in the cellars under their houses, filled with half decaying vegetables, the odors from which rise and fill every room. In some cases these cellars are never entirely cleansed from one year's end to another. If entirely dry potatoes and apples in limited supply may be stored in cellars, but they should be well looked after and decaying specimens removed as fast as found. If the cellar is not dry at all seasons, not only should no vegetables be kept in it, but the house above should be considered uninhabitable until it is made dry. The farmer himself may not become sick, but his wife and family almost certainly will, on account of being within doors so large a proportion of the time. The house well is very often a prolific cause of disease. During the past few months wells have been low in many parts of the country and the result has been an unusual amount of sickness in country places. Drinking the water down almost to the bottom of the well, families have taken in a larger proportion than usual of its impurities. Most old wells need thorough cleaning. In fact all wells should be cleaned as often as once in three or four years. Now while the water is low is the best time to do this work. When done, many will be surprised at the amount of filth removed from within the water of which they have perhaps been drinking for years.

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true Laxative. Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the Stomach, harmless in nature, painless in action. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and kindred ills. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, etc. Strengthens the organs on which it acts. Better than bitter, easier on Liver medicines, pills, salts and drastics. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

Family Fun.

He Was Rather Deaf.

A young man, who had formed an attachment to a young lady, went to her father's new home to ask his consent to their union. The old gentleman, who was terribly deaf, was standing on the doorstep as his daughter's lover approached. The lovers first door commended a view of the meadow in which a cow was feeding, and while Mr. B. was looking in that direction the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with emotion, commenced the task he came to perform.

"I am acquainted with your daughter," said he, in a loud tone.

"She is a fine beast," remarked the old gentleman, looking at the cow.

"Your daughter," the young man said. "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her."

"She is a noble animal," was the quiet reply.

["Confound the old cow!" said the young man, in a whisper. "I wish she was out of sight."]

"I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter."

"She is very kind, indeed—never breaks down lemon—never kicks over the pail—never strays away like the other brutes I have."

"You don't understand me, sir! I was speaking of your daughter at boarding school."

"No, I never put a board on her face; she never does any mischief at all."

"Your daughter!" shouted the young man, frantic with sentiment.

"Yes—you say I ought to be?"

"No, sir! I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady—your daughter."

"Oh, yes—I have plenty of room; but I think she has got to be old enough to keep much longer. To tell the truth I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable, and feed her on chop stuff for a few weeks."

"Great heavens!" remarked the young man to himself. "What shall I do? I am deafness will be the death of me. I will try once more, and if the effect fails I will resort to pencil and paper."

"I should like to say a word or two to you respecting your daughter."

"I shall let the butcher have her by-and-by—if he will give my price. I want the money with emphasis.

As a last resort the young man used his pencil and paper—showed his letters of introduction, handsome presents, and the whole opinion was good authority on the question on the topic. After a little cross-questioning, and a little hesitation, the old gentleman gave his consent, and when the happy pair were married he declared it was the best bargain he had made in all his life.

How Preachers Travel.

Mrs. Fogg—"Our dear minister is back again, and it is perfectly splendid to hear him talk about the places he visited in Europe. His sermons are quite as interesting as a lecture." Mr. Fogg—"I hope so; it was in the agreement." Mrs. Fogg—"What do you mean, Mr. Fogg?" "Mean! Why, your dear minister is paying up. I supposed you knew that he got a pass through Europe on condition that he should preach the old country up after he got home."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

"Do they have home-cooking days in heaven me?" a little Somerville girl inquired, the other day.

"Why, certainly not, dear; what put that into your head?"

"Because the angels sweep; don't they?" "What gave you such an notion as that?" "Well, I thought I heard you say so. Don't they? I was sitting on the stoop, and you and your father were talking in the parlor, and I heard you say that a wife left her husband because he was tired out. In the eyes of the community in which he has lived from birth a young frog is always more or less of a tadpole. His friends are slow to recognize that he has lost his tail and has two hind legs and a bass voice. But the stranger whose first appearance is made in all the glory of the adult batrachian has no traditions to outgrow. No one ever saw him with a tail and few people believe that he ever had one. He has that advantage to the native. It is not a fair one, and he should not be allowed to profit by it.

Sickness on Farms.

One of the most common sources of disease in farmers' families is to be found in the cellars under their houses, filled with half decaying vegetables, the odors from which rise and fill every room. In some cases these cellars are never entirely cleansed from one year's end to another. If entirely dry potatoes and apples in limited supply may be stored in cellars, but they should be well looked after and decaying specimens removed as fast as found. If the cellar is not dry at all seasons, not only should no vegetables be kept in it, but the house above should be considered uninhabitable until it is made dry. The farmer himself may not become sick, but his wife and family almost certainly will, on account of being within doors so large a proportion of the time. The house well is very often a prolific cause of disease. During the past few months wells have been low in many parts of the country and the result has been an unusual amount of sickness in country places. Drinking the water down almost to the bottom of the well, families have taken in a larger proportion than usual of its impurities. Most old wells need thorough cleaning. In fact all wells should be cleaned as often as once in three or four years. Now while the water is low is the best time to do this work. When done, many will be surprised at the amount of filth removed from within the water of which they have perhaps been drinking for years.

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true Laxative. Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the Stomach, harmless in nature, painless in action. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and kindred ills. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, etc. Strengthens the organs on which it acts. Better than bitter, easier on Liver medicines, pills, salts and drastics. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send us lists of officers and other information deemed necessary for publication, for the Diary.

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ST. PETER'S BRANCH—No. 226.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Rowsey; President, Jas. Lynch; Vice President, Jas. Farrell; Recording Secretary, Joseph M. Donovan; Financial Secretary, Geo. Bell; Treasurer, Jas. Tennyson; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, John Rooney; 113 Nineteenth st., near Mission. Meets on the first Thursday of each month at 8 P.M., and on the third and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P.M. Visiting Committee—Mssrs. Bell, Ryan, Tennyson.

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ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF SAN JOSE.—Officers: President, Bro. Chas. Lyons; First Vice President, Bro. Jas. Lynch; Second Vice President, Bro. Jas. Farrell; Recording Secretary, Bro. Jas. Bell; Financial Secretary, Bro. Jas. Tennyson; Treasurer, Bro. Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Bro. Jas. Farrell; Guard, Bro. Jas. Lynch; Trustees, Bros. Jas. Ryan, Jas. Tennyson, Jas. Bell. Meets on the first Sunday of each month at 2 P.M., at Pioneer Hall.

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ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, FIRTH-BUILDING.—Officers: President, Jas. Lynch; First Vice President, Jas. Farrell; Second Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, J. Spaulding; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bell; Treasurer, Jas. Tennyson; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Farrell; Trustees, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Tennyson. Meets every Friday evening, at 8 P.M., at Pioneer Hall.

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RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

BROAD GAUGE.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1885, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, TRAINS WILL RUN DAILY (Sundays excepted) as follows: Leave San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market st. Wharf:

Leave S. F.	Arrive at S. F.
8:00 A.M. Petaluma, Santa Rosa	10:25 A.M.
3:30 P.M. Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale	10:25 A.M.
3:30 P.M. Tomales	10:25 A.M.

STAGES connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton Springs, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Lakeport, Kelseyville, Carlotta, Scotts Valley, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Upper Lake, Saratoga, Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Bartlett Springs, Willits, Tomales, Dillon's Beach, Duncans Mills, Cazadero, and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS issued on Sundays only—All Excursion Tickets to Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton Springs, Geyserville, Cloverdale, and Ukiah, Half Rates.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, Week Days—7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 11:00 A.M.; 1:30, 3:45, 4:30, 5:15 P.M. Sundays—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A.M.; 1:45, 3:15, 4:45, 5:15 P.M.

From San Rafael to San Francisco, Week Days—6:35, 7:35, 8:35, 9:50 A.M.; 12:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:05 P.M. Sundays—8:00, 9:25, 10:50 A.M.; 12:40, 3:15, 4:40, 5:05 P.M.

The 8:35 A.M. Sunday train will not stop at Intermediate Stations.

The 4:00 P.M. Week Days train will run to Point Tiburon.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.20 A.M. Sundays, to Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Stages to Mark West Springs, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton Springs, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Lakeport, Kelseyville, Carlotta, Scotts Valley, Bartlett Springs, Willits, Tomales, Dillon's Beach, Duncans Mills, Cazadero, and the Geysers.

4.30 P.M. Sundays, to San Jose, Los Gatos, Wrights, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Intermediate Points.

8.00 A.M. Sundays, to Santa Cruz and Boulder Creek, and 3:30 P.M. Sundays, to Santa Cruz and Intermediate Points.

Tickets to all points beyond Santa Cruz may be obtained on the Sunday morning train from San Francisco.

Express for Santa Cruz and Intermediate Points leaves Narrow Gauge Depot at 8:30 A.M. Sundays.

To Alameda and Oakland.

Week Days—6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30 A.M.; 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 P.M.

Sundays—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 10:30 P.M.

Leave Alameda and Oakland—Week Days—6:05, 6:35, 7:05, 7:35, 8:05, 8:35, 9:05, 9:35, 10:05, 10:35, 11:05, 11:35 A.M.; 12:05, 12:35, 1:05, 1:35, 2:05, 2:35, 3:05, 3:35, 4:05, 4:35, 5:05, 5:35, 6:05, 6:35, 7:35, 8:35, 9:35, 10:35 P.M.

Sundays—8:05, 9:05, 10:05, 11:05, 12:05, 1:05, 2:05, 3:05, 4:05, 5:05, 6:05, 7:05, 8:05, 9:35, 10:35 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Sebastopol.

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☞ Students will be received Tuesday, August 5th, 1884.

REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J.

President.

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Music (Vocal and Instrumental) Drawing Painting and Private Elocution lessons form no charge. Pupils boarding in the Academy, or living in French and Spanish are given gratuitously a course in Ancient and Modern Languages.

☞ N. B. A private conveyance is furnished, free of charge, for the accommodation of pupils residing at a distance.

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Terms per Session, Payable in Advance.

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A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies,

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Bed and Bedding.....15 00

Pupils remaining at the Academy during vacation will be charged $20.

Drawing, Painting and Music form extra charges.

The Expenses on exclusive sent to pupils must be paid in advance.

Letters of Inquiry may be addressed little Sister Superior.

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SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

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THE EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY this institution have long and deservedly ranked first among the Schools in Southern California. Its pupils are prepared to fill with credit the most exalted positions in society, and the care bestowed upon the education of morals and manners, is such as to secure the approbation of the most fastidious. The Academy is situated in the most healthy and delightful portion of the City of San Diego, and commands a view of the Pacific Ocean, the Bay of San Diego, and the surrounding country. The Course of Studies embraces every branch of a thorough and practical education, including the Ornamental Accomplishments, such as Music, Drawing, Painting, Fancy Work, etc. Special attention is given to the cultivation of the Vocal and Instrumental Music from entire strangers.

French and Spanish form one free.

SACRAMENTO INSTITUTE,

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A LIMITED NUMBER OF BOARDERS RECEIVED into the family by accepting a reasonable compensation, at the same time respecting the comforts of a home, and the advantages of a home.

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For particulars apply to

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Graduate of the Academies of Paris and Madrid, INSTITUTE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, 1004 Sutter st., near Polk. Lessons given by the most practical method, and by the most approved teachers. Classes are formed for pupils of similar attainments, and pupils are thus enabled to make rapid progress. Five Lessons, and Sunday, per week, $1 50 per month. Private lessons, $5 per month. Pupils can enter at any time. Circulars and Terms sent on application.

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EDUCATIONAL.

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THE COURSES OF STUDIES EMBRACE VARIous branches of a useful and solid education, also vocal and instrumental music.

Pupils are received at any time during the year.

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A CRUSHING REPLY.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

1885,) to the *Guardian* and *Church Times*, each containing certain retractations and emendations, and corrections of mistakes which had been pointed out, the author, in a new edition of his book, published in 1881, presumed no less than twenty-nine pages of *missing* printed "additions and corrections" (mainly the latter), each page containing forty-six lines, and each line about ten words, thus making no less than 13,340 words of retractation—a somewhat unprecedented and startling literary performance, and a remarkable example of original slip slop and random accusation—for a person who, continuing the saints, correcting the Popes, and snubbing the Cardinals, claims to teach and teach other people, and whose book in its totality does not extend to two hundred pages. Every true scholar has received from such corrections, while in several cases the corrections are equally inaccurate with the statements pronounced to be correct.

TABULATED STATEMENT OF CURBINGINIA AND SERAFIA.

The various *erratis* and explanatory additions referred to, as can be ascertained at a mere glance, amount, I am given to conclude, to exactly two hundred and one. These which will probably be set forth at length in a future publication—are, of course, of different kinds, some more important than others, and have been thus carefully tabulated by self and two friends:

Corrigenda and Errata.—Regarding historical or traditional facts, 31; regarding dogmatic facts, historical and theological, 63; regarding quotations, either first or second hand, from writers on history and canon law with inaccurate references from uncertain premisses, 26; regarding historical and theological quotations half-truths, often with certain remarkable omissions or qualifications; and consequently, for purposes of controversy, impertinent and unfairly quoted, 30; regarding short scraps of quotations from Fathers, which, when sought out and studied are found to bear an entirely different meaning from that with which, for controversial purposes, they were adduced, 12; *pedantry*, or the correcting of *Plain Reasons* has, on no less than seven occasions, made mistakes in confusing the personal origin of Gallican writers on dogma, canon law, or ecclesiastical history with the defined and authoritative faith of the Catholic Church—a somewhat serious series of substantial errors, 17; *furthermore*, in seven cases he has assumed the certain correct opinions—highly probable opinions, nodoubts, but as yet only opinions—are with certainty doubt dogmatic facts, sacred dogma, and part of the unchangeable divine deposit, and has argued accordingly. This is certainly far short of the "opinions of several Popes or canonical saints are opinionus and nothing more. Such opinions are not imposed on the faithful, and may be dautned" from the Catholic Pulpit, 7; Total, 201.

THE DOCTRINE OF INTENTION.

Several of this above referred to *corrigenda* and sub-added notes contain several other retractations, further detailed explanations, and careful epistemology away of grave mistakes. The artificial and insincere sentiment (and I must add supreme nonsense) which is found regarding the doctrine of intention—a doctrine as familiar to law as to theology, to and other sacts, where should we be if—is so utterly puerile and ridiculous, that it can only take in those who are anxious to be deluded. If one man, in the presence of another, apparently executing a legal deed, deliberately and openly declares, "I do not deliver this as my act and deed"—the proper intention in waiting, and the signed instrument is probably void, and certainly open to have its value contested. Supposing that when the apparent intention has been found to have been absolutely with-held.

ADVERSE PROTESTANT CRITICISMS OF DR. LITTLEDALE.

Many of the criticisms in question, though maintained with some show of learning, are assuredly enough measured at their true values by those Anglicans competent to form an opinion. Dissenters having placed at my disposal numerous comments upon the book criticised, I select a few as evidence that the Protestant portion of the Church of England is not alone in thinking that the new and destructive policy embodied in *Plain Reasons* is by many repudiated; its method being mistrusted, its tone gross and unchartable language deplored, and its conclusions rejected. Some of the clergymen in official places, who are so ready and even valuable to condemn in private, would have the courage of their opinions in public. But this courage is a courageous age. Wills are too often weak, and moral backbones either disjointed or broken.

An Honorary Canon of Oxford Cathedral writes:

"No long experience of *Plain Reasons* has proved to me that the plan of appealing to mere reason, and bringing everything down to its own level, in dealing with Romanism, is likely to be turned to a deadly account in dealing with the great dogmas of the Trinity and of God manifest in the flesh. . . . I have two at least whom the book has made free and Roman, and then so fling in debt."

Another clergyman of the Diocese of Oxford writes: "In my parish and neighborhood it has done more harm than good, making the readers, in some cases, often more believers, and then Christians unsettled. . . . In others it has sent doubt and shocked by its unpleasant cynicism, over to Rome."

Mr. Shirley Brebanon, of Stoke, Oxfordshire, expressed in public (Lib. of October 1881) the following sentiment: "A book which has been corrected in nearly a hundred cases of statement, should have been first submitted to some competent author . . . . . before being put in print. It shakes our confidence in the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and it is not en dit able that no expression of regret was made by the committee for the circulation of errors and fictions. Dishonesty in controversy, especially in religious controversy, seem when resulting from want of necessary inquiry deliberately, is much to be deprecated."

Dr. Mossman, of Torrington, Lincolnshire, in 1881, wrote thus: "The book appears to me to be written in a most reprehensible spirit. Unless exposed and refuted, it is calculated to do grievous harm to the blessed and holy cause of corporate reunion. The book cannot, of course, mislead any one who is really acquainted with ecclesiastical history and dogmatic theology, but how many few of its readers will know that it is little more than a crude congeries of fallacy and unfounded statements, taken at second hand, which have been exposed and refuted again and again."

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The Rev. Wentworth Huckey, of Christ Church, Oxford, in August, 1881, wrote thus: "I shall be much obliged if you will allow me, as an Anglican priest, to express my preference for Littledale's part to his present views, to express the shame and indignation with which I have found in the first regarded the publication of *Plain Reasons*. Since the issue of translations into French and Italian, the claim of the work to be Catholic sense and sound argument can no longer be sustained; and considering what manner of men are the vast majority of the Church's enemies in France and Italy, I grieved in the name of our common Christianity against any such attempt to weaken the hands of the Church."

HANDLING OF LITTLEDALE "WITHOUT GLOVES."

The Rev. E. W. Hulbert remarked of the author's controversial writings that they are "so evidently dictated by ill-feeling and prejudice, and the raise of good breeding so completely ignored by him, that a reader of any refinement of mind cannot really draw back from one who seems thus regardless of the first principles of Christian moderation and ordinary charity." Adding, with much force and truthness of "I limn Romans." "Entirely negative in character, it is, moreover, a coarse, illiberal, brutal book, without grace and without justice—a book whose spirit has nothing in common with a fair and upright mind."

I am informed by persons who know them that Canon Liddon, Canon Carter, Bishop King, Bishop West of Lincoln, Mr. H. M. Benson of Cowley, Mr. Chandler Wagner, and others, have expressed their dislike of the methods, assumptions, and style of reasoning of "Plain Reasons," in terms more or less in harmony with the various sentiments just quoted.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

To return to the book itself. As regards the important Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which has always been held by the Catholic Church, it is sufficient to quote the first Bishop of Norwich, Herbert de Losinga (1091-1119) who, "a light in a dark place, shone out and studied are found to bear an entirely different meaning from that with which, for controversial purposes, they were adduced, 12; *pedantry*, or the correcting of *Plain Reasons* has, on no less than seven occasions, made mistakes in confusing the personal origin of Gallican writers on dogma, canon law, or ecclesiastical history with the defined and authoritative faith of the Catholic Church—a somewhat serious series of substantial errors, 17; *furthermore*, in seven cases he has assumed the certain correct opinions—highly probable opinions, nodoubts, but as yet only opinions—are with certainty doubt dogmatic facts, sacred dogma, and part of the unchangeable divine deposit, and has argued accordingly. This is certainly far short of the "opinions of several Popes or canonical saints are opinionus and nothing more. Such opinions are not imposed on the faithful, and may be dautned" from the Catholic Pulpit, 7; Total, 201.

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The Rev. Wentworth Huckey, of Christ

A SCIENTIFIC FACT.

"Royal" the only Baking Powder free from Lime and Absolutely Pure.

Lime is the serious defect found in most of the cream of tartar baking powders. As a matter of fact, chemical analysis has found it in all such powders except the "Royal." Its presence is caused by the use of adulterated cream of tartar in the effort to reduce their cost of production.

Lime adds to the weight while it detracts from the strength of the baking powder. It also renders the food less wholesome giving rise to dyspepsia and kindred ailments. Baking powders containing lime produce less leavening gas, and therefore in use are more expensive. [illegible] pure article.

The Royal Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar that is first specially refined and made chemically pure. No tartrate of lime or other impurity can find its way into the "Royal," and to this fact its great superiority in strength, wholesomeness, and keeping quality is due.

All this adds greatly to the cost of manufacturing the Royal Baking Powder, but as all its ingredients are selected and prepared with the same precise care and regardless of labor or expense, an article is produced that is free from every extraneous substance—"absolutely pure." Nor does it contain any ingredients except those necessary to make a pure, wholesome, and perfect baking powder.

Professor McMurtrie, late chemist in chief to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, after analyzing the various baking powders of the market, testifies to the absolute purity of that used in the Royal Baking Powder as follows:

"I have examined the cream of tartar manufactured by the New York Tartar Company and used by the Royal Baking Powder Company in the manufacture of their baking Powder, and find it to be perfectly pure, and free from lime in any form.

"WM. McMURTRIE, E.M., Ph.D.,
"Chemist in Chief, U. S. Dept of Agriculture."

51,649 BOTTLES OF DR. LANE'S WINE TONIC!
(Beef, Celery, Iron and Wine.)
Sold in San Francisco (three from September 3d, 1884, to April 27th, 1885).

FORMULA OF WINE TONIC: Extract Beef (Liebig's Extract of Beef), Extract of Celery, Peptonized Iron, Port Wine, Sherry Wine, Malaga Wine, Madeira Wine, Cognac Brandy, Sugar, Cinchona Bark, Cascara Sagrada, Aromatics.

The Great Vegetable Liver Remedy! King "B" Bitters. For the Cure of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Impure Blood, Constipation, Fever and Ague, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

HALL BROTHERS, Manufacturers, Office and Laboratory, 224 (½) Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Market Report.

MONTHLY TRADE REPORT.

636 Clay St. Tuesday Evening, June 23, 1885.

Wheat Quotations are.
Flour—Flour is selling at
Barley, Feed
Barley, Brewing
Barley, Fine
Barley, Chevalier
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Barley, Fine
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Poetry

OUR LADY'S GIFT.

Said my heart of hearts, who elapses
Both the vast yet moderate leases
Of Our Lady and her Spouse, and longs in love
to wend their abodes,
"Could you find some happy flowers
For the Sacramental bower,
On the altar while to die, and yield their fragrance
in divine incense?"

So, with doubting heart, I wound
Up the aisle and sweet grove
Where the cactus roses lit their crown o'er the
tabernacle door.
(Where the sister-living priest,
Unto our Lady's great, tearful feast,
Showed how Evil rules this new world by her
right of Faith Victor).

And I saw a screen white
Glittering, as a moonlit night
In another land, while round it broke the blossoms,
yea, I mean
"Ah, see Mother as one Son,
Make in love all nations one,
Smiled the ancient Guadalupe, to Saint Mary's
latest Diana.

Each doth nestle, in the still,
Neath a Heavenward lifted hill,
'Neath a Mount of Peace, resembling of the
beloved the Saviour Isrel,
And the new voice of their bells
Is angelic echoes with
On the steeps rest sun and starlight, like the
seasons smile of God!

Heaven shamed our lack of trust
With a mere lie in the dust
While I sank the rocks, where secret sages greed
she, I yet unbelief
To earth's joy how I am blind!—
Sorrow, why am I dull,
As the springing at her bidding, myriad flowers
of Maryyrd?

Mother, thy reproof is sweet!
To thy Spouse this gift to meet,
Mellow tweaed, white-breathing, glowing, with
the sensible as a flower,
Yet, in Heaven's light, a thing!
It will bless our Sacred King,
Who will find the gold, myrrh, incense, thou
hast treasured, in the flower

G. N. PLUNETT.

—Pilot.

A SIGH FOR OLD TIMES.

O! God be with the good old times when I was
twenty-one.
In "Tipperary among the bushes" where the Flies
and Mosses run;
When my heart was gay and merry—racked not
those of care or woe!
Rolling in the fields of Derry ringing o'er the
sunny Foyle.

When lightsome as the summer breeze I wild-
tied cares away,
Among the fields and meadows fair, by Mourne's
winding way,
Or by the shade of Knock-a-ve bedecked with
heather brown,
Then rise to the Mourne's shore, and guards
my native town.

Then I was a stout young man of Shrahane but mem-
ory treasures still,
From Milltown side to Crohan's side but has
my right good will
And all that I have said and true, I loved in
life's young day,
While roaming over hills in reckless glee by many
a bank and brae.

The "Cooler Hill," my play ground—was our
camp the "Cottage Lea."
Within the glen, where sallowed men in other
days roamed free!
Ah! Hills of green with white-capped waves with
merry noise and din,
Ah! where the sunshine day away upon the
"Point of Fire?"

Time passes, yes, time passes, and I feel it at mar-
ket and at fair,
Yet kindly Boys, with hearts of hearts, would
meet their sweethearts there;
Ah! where the fair was over, how they'd coax
the girls away,
With honeyed tongue and roguish eye to hear
the piper play.

And O! the merry, merry dance—the music's
maddening tune—
"The wind that shook the barley" shook
Ann Kitty—dard-eyed Kitty—that outshone
the moon!
Ah! Kitty—dard-eyed Kitty—that outshone
the moon!
Ah! Kitty—dard-eyed Kitty—that outshone
the moon!

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY JULY 8, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing ideas; and popular ideas constitute opinion, which governs the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only the most important, but the most powerful, and consequently the most efficacious, by a vast or some leagues. What is and what ought to be the object of Catholic journalism but to conduct every soul behind the truth, whatever it may be—across all the Divine truth—to the Divine Author of truth and of souls?

"May this blessed work always take instrument in St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they wish to be placed, the science of Catholic journals, and adopt the motto of religion, the rights and those of the Holy Church, the rights of the people, the principles and principle of Christian and Catholic journals and principle with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—During the month of May 11,663 emigrants left Ireland (according to the Board of Trade returns), being 4,030 less than the number for the corresponding month of 1884. During the five months ending May 31, 20,460 emigrants left Ireland as compared with 38,685 for the same period last year.

—The misery of having too much wealth was illustrated recently in the case of a Frenchman named Combeville, who lived near St. Denis, and recently inherited 50,000 francs. The money worried him. How to take care of it, how to invest it, and how to guard against thieves and sharpers puzzled him during the day and kept him awake in the night. At last he couldn't stand the annoyance of riches any longer. So he hanged himself. And this money sometimes bores people.

—When Mgr. Goddard lately celebrated his silver jubilee at St. Mary's Church Chinchiura, the poor ex-Empress Eugenie, who is one of his parishioners, wrote him a note of congratulation in which she said "I am left alone, the sole remnant of a shipwreck which proves how fragile and vain are the grandeurs of this world. What a grand example of the folly of imagining that wealth, power, or primacy position can secure happiness here or hereafter! This world is all a fleeting show, there's nothing true but heaven.

—It would seem as if what a preacher we allended to last week called "the Corner-stone of Protestantism" was a mistake, from Scandinavia and was destined to be transplanted to Salt Lake as the corner-stone of Mormonism. By the steamship *Wisconsin*, which arrived in New York last Wednesday, more than *ten hundred* recruits for Mormonism came from Denmark, Sweden and Norway, where Protestantism prevails! History is repeating itself: The corner-stone of Protestantism was lost; Mormonism has precisely the same foundation, and thus the followers of Luther are returning legitimately to Luther's first love.

—Just as we anticipated last week, it appears that the embargoes from Rome against the Pope had changed his policy towards his Italian persecutors, was false in every particular. The more recently manufacturing telegrams coming from Rome, with the exception of those which represent the Pope as hostile to the Italian ministry for the purpose of inflicting injuries on the Sovereign Pontiff, has also been authoritatively denied. From the number of bogus telegrams sent from Rome it would seem as if the Father of Lies was chief cook of all the telegrams from that portion of the globe.

—We call the attention of our readers to Father Gleeson's announcement in another column, in which he informs the Catholic population of this vicinity that the corner stone of St. Anthony's Church will be laid on Sunday the 19th inst. Every Catholic will rejoice to notice the progress of the Church, and especially that full for the erection of larger churches, and we hope to see the Catholic societies of this city, Oakland and adjacent places take steps to be present en masse on this occasion, and thus lend a helping hand where help is needed, as Father Gleeson's congregation have done a great deal already, and the burden of building a $17,000 church should not be left entirely on them.

—The late Confederate General, Robert E. Lee, paid, according to the Rev. George W. Pepper, the following high compliment to Thomas Francis Meagher and the men of his command: "I then mentioned," says Mr. Pepper, "the name of Thomas Francis Meagher, as the popular idol of the Northern Irishmen. 'Yes,' said Gen. Lee, 'Meagher on your side, though not Osborne's equal in military genius and experience, rivalled him in bravery and in the affections of his soldiers. The heroic stand and desperate though fruitless gallantry of that brigade of Meagher's upon the heights of Fredericksburg, never have been equalled. Though totally routed they reaped a harvest of glory. Their reckless and splendid charge upon our lines carried the heartiest applause of our soldiers and officers. Meagher was the bravest of the brave.'"

—Rev. McCrary of the Methodist *Advocate* seems to have felt the shot and shell hurled at him recently through our columns for calling Catholics "idolaters" and "blasphemers" because we venerate the Blessed Virgin. Our Methodist brother, as hope, will learn from the lesson thus taught him that he cannot calumniate Catholics without receiving a rebuke for his falsehood. No Methodist person or other Protestant preacher or layman shall ever throw mud at the Mother of God without receiving mental chastisement therefor, as long as the ordinance of God's truth finds a place in the manhood of the MONITOR. "The way of the transgressor is hard," and the best way to keep out of trouble for sectarians, is "paddle their own canoe" and not to undertake to navigate the bark of St. Peter according to Protestant notions. No Methodist is competent to speak of the Mother of God, for the reason that they cannot comprehend the exalted position she occupies in Christianity, hence they should shield their ignorance in their silence, and thus save themselves from slandering their Catholic neighbors.

Mgr. Capel Scores the Slandering Pixley.

It is one of the characteristics of the calumniator to be a coward, and in proof of the truth of this assertion we have only to point to the editor of the *Argonaut*, who, on different occasions, has refused to permit the innocent victims of his ruffianly assaults the right to reply in his columns to the baseless charges with this unscrupulous malignor manufactured against them. Pixley well knows that to permit the truth to be printed in the pages of his paper would expose his venality to the eyes of his readers, hence he publishes every evil thought that emanates from his putrid mind concerning the Catholic Church, the popes, prelates, priests and people, and then—when any of them ask a hearing—the calumniating coward refuses the request! Such conduct stamps this vile slanderer as among the basest bigots, and proves that he uses the press merely to gratify his hatred against Catholic God and all who wear His livery.

When Pixley first assailed the private character of Mgr. Capel, that estimable ecclesiastic sent a brief note to the *Argonaut*, asking the publication of a denial of the calumnious charges "in a spirit of truth and justice." But Mgr. Capel little knew the cowardly character he had to deal with, to whom "truth and justice" are as foreign as they were to Judas Iscariot. Hence Pixley refused to permit Mgr. Capel to refute the ribald slanders which had appeared in the *Argonaut* against him! Yet this is the fanatical falsifier who prates so loudly about "American manhood" of which he has about as much conception as a gorilla has of the charity of the Good Samaritan. Such conduct cannot fail of convincing every man—we care not what his creed or country may be—that this vile calumniator of other men's characters is a disgrace to American journalism, and a knowledge of Pixley's rank injustice to his fellow man will enable every reputable citizen to place a proper value upon every charge brought by this disreputable malignor against the Church or individuals at its proper value.

After giving a flat denial to every word of detraction uttered against him by the Amazon of the *Argonaut*, Mgr. Capel thus scores his slanderer by proving from his own paper that no venal was his mind as to lead him to believe that to bear false witness against one's neighbor is a meritorious deed! Here are the concluding remarks in Mgr. Capel's scathing refutation of Pixley's cowardly attack upon him in his paper:

If, sir, in these matters of fact you have so grievously erred when the truth could have been easily ascertained, what is to assure the public that your statements of Mr. Pope, the diplomacy statement about Gallicanism, the points of Catholic teaching, you should be so grisly at me, to put it in the most modest way.

But I ought to have expected this from your issue of July 7, 1883, you teach: "The man who will not be under certain conditions an gentleman. The woman who will not for under peculiar circumstances is to the last degree unwomanly. To the—under certain circumstances—a virtue." And beyond the end of the article you respond to the question with which it opens: "Is it right or wrong under any condition to lie?" by saying, "Whether an interrogator is male or female, old or young, we have no means of ascertaining." Our answer is: "As under certain conditions is only right and excusable, but it is a duty."

Such morals is now distinguishable, unworthy of men and of Christians. So far as I am concerned, I prefer to be a Christian.

Pixley, I suppose, is a man who makes it a habit to utter a deliberate falsehood, if he thinks it necessary, or to be guilty of injuring another, should hurt his or his friends's profit. The man or woman who will do this, whatever malice utter a scandalous lie should have no place in decent society.

*There are two statements, I remember, that the three falsehoods, which I have called, I send over your dicum. When then, do you send the mahl to ask for the head and tongue of the editor of the *Argonaut* on a dish? I am, respectfully yours,*

T. J. CAPEL.

False Host, July 1.

Dr. Stebbins' Singular Sermon.

Under the title of "Eccentricities of Protestantism" a very interesting compilation could be made of the incomprehensible foolish and unstable ideas advanced by Protestant preachers under the pretense that they are preaching Christianity. The latest preacher who has performed this pulpit eccentricity is Dr. Stebbins, the electric light of Unitarianism, who, in his sermon on last Sunday told his hearers this apparently ridiculous story

The preacher then spoke at some length of the three great religious representatives of Christ—Confucianism, Judaism and Christianity. Confucianism was the religion held by one third of the human race. *It was nonsense to talk of a religion, for there was no such religion.*

Why, if Dr. Stebbins would take a look into a mirror he would behold the profile of a prominent a teacher of false religions as ever fed his flock upon the husks of hasty. And when the Doctor had thus held the mirror up to nature, if he would just open his bible he would find a dozen pages of scripture flatly contradicting the bogus Christianity he so dogmatically sets forth. St. Matthew must have had the Doctor "in his mind's eye" when he wrote that "there shall arise false christs, and false prophets; and shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch as to deceive (if it were possible) even the elect." The unity of faith could not be more expressly set forth for man's enlightenment than it is by St. Paul when he declares that there can be but "*One Lord, one faith, one baptism.*" We have innumerable other proofs in scripture of the falsehood of Dr. Stebbins' declaration. There have been false religions from the very beginning and they exist to-day. Every sect in the world—from Mormon to Mormon, from Antenomian to Unitarian—are as false and as foul in the sight of God as are the diabolical deeds of the Fiend himself. Has not God Himself said of false Christians: "They confess that they know God, but in their deeds they deny him; being abominable, and incredulous, and to every good work reprobate." And this is a faithful picture of those false prophets of false religions which abound in the world, and which are well represented in the fabulous Stebbins.

—If the calculation of a German theatrical review may be trusted, the total number of Catholic Missionaries is at present 6,700, thus divided: Capuchins, 1,600; Franciscans, 2,000; Oblates, 300; Priests of the Foreign Missions, 700; Jesuits, 15,00; Lazarists, 200; Dominicans, 500, the remainder of various congregations, or seculars.

The Strange Story of Another Singular Conversion.

We never hear the story of singular circumstances which converts are led into the Catholic Church, but we become more and more convinced that the days of miracles have not passed away. Already in these columns we have cited several remarkable instances of the conversion—in a really miraculous manner—of many non-Catholics who were led into the fold of the true fold of Christ, and so will it continue to be to the end, because the mercy and compassion of God are immeasurable and as extensive as eternity itself.

About a year ago a legal gentleman, who is a convert himself, and who is well and favorably known throughout California, and particularly in this city, came into the MONITOR office and told us of a niece of his residing in Texas who was not a Catholic and whose conversion to Catholic truth was the most ardent wish of his daily prayers. Last week the same gentleman came to us with tears of joy in his eyes, and gratitude to Almighty God in his heart, and conveyed to us the glad tidings that his beloved niece had—of her own volition, and under Divine inspiration—embraced the Catholic faith!

We have before us the beautiful letter of the lady in question, in which she relates the remarkable manner of her conversion, but lack the pages—overflowing with fervent thoughts of love and joy at entering what she truly calls: "My Father's House,"—we condense the following narrative of the many obstacles the writer overcame in her search for the true path that leads to heaven.

For several months the health of the lady whose conversion we are about to record, was very poor, and, finally, it was pronounced by her husband and friends to go to New Orleans, where—as she had learned—there were priests and nuns, two branches of the human family she had never set eyes upon, there being neither Priests, Nuns or a Catholic Church in the part of Texas where this lady resided. When the party arrived at Houston, the desire to see the Catholic Church for the first time was so strong upon this lady that she went at once to search of one, which she thus describes in her letter:

"We had a day at Houston, and although broken down and tired from travelling, I started out to find the Catholic Church, being under the impression that it was always open and that I would have no difficulty in going in. For years I had dwelled with eager interest *pictures of Cathedrals*. You can imagine my feeling of awe when I came before my eyes a *real* Catholic Church."

The Church in question was undergoing repairs, so that the long wished for sight of the interior could not be accomplished, as the party left Houston the next morning. As the party travelled through the State of Louisiana, the throbbing heart of the lady whose conversion was greatly delighted to see "standing out conspicuously in every little village where the train stopped, a church which I knew to be Catholic, because surrounded by the Cross."

The party finally arrived at New Orleans, and on Easter Sunday a visit was made to the Cathedral, which is so interestingly described by the writer that we give her version of the circumstance:

"I had asked the lady in charge to show me the Cathedral, and she had kindly consented, accompanied by another lady, strangers in their choices; but that I would not be disturbed by them, I had to watch and I heard much of the old Cathedral, and especially the Cathedral painting in its dome, and so how glad I was to be able to visit it. But what I saw was disappointing. I had searched out every room in the place, and from where I stood I could see the entire place. Accordingly I stolen to go up into the gallery where I could sit on the seats and enjoy the building up and down at my leisure. Finally, I could command a view of the whole interior, and I was soon absorbed in the beauty of the place. Masses were in French; and the paintings failed to compare with those of Paris, I have seen in the *Le Holy Catholic Church*, and I stood on my feet, fascinated, looking until I could no longer fitting near me was a very pale but dead sick lady, who, I felt, was evidently very poor, so I determined to ask the dear old lady if I could give her a Catholic priest. When the congregation began to disperse I stood by her side and asked her if she was Catholic. She was not, but said, finally, she asked me if I was a Catholic. I told her that I wanted to see her comfortable first, but I thought, yes, she could speak to me. I then said to her that I was a Catholic, and I told her how I was when she talked in French, and who very politely and kindly offered to send me a priest. I was afraid to trust me alone with strangers and would have asked her to go my hotel.

Both ladies went with me some distance in the direction whither the old lady had pointed, through a side door to the right of the church, and I thought of Christ's words: 'I was a stranger and you took me in.' Yes, you could speak only a little French, and I could speak only a little Spanish, and yet we understood each other. I would repeat every little word I knew with me; I will always feel that I was in the presence of angels. I was so tired, so trembling, so weak, so dizzy, so worried, and so happy, that I could not remember half of what I learned; but I learned enough to know that I was a Catholic, until at last I became frightened at the strength of my feelings, and I felt like a prodigal, and was completely unnerved by loss of rest and anxiety. I thought to myself that those Catholics are wicked and what am up to them? I felt that I could go back to my home where I am and get me out. So, finally, at the dead of night I left my lady with a priest, I started to ascend, I cried out: 'O! I can go no further! I am lost!' Then I felt a presence at my bed side and I opened my eyes, and looking up saw a tall, dark, handsome man, with a long black robe on, and a long black beard, and after speaking a few kindly words he was gone. I felt that I was the Jewish church, where I was to see him next day.

The following morning my husband and I started out to search for the church, and after some time we reached it. But the lady looked very cold and calculating to me, and, indeed, it was some little encouragement from my husband before I would venture to enter. It was my second time, and my husband had met a priest of gentleman who came to the door in answer to our ring, and who had spoken to him. The priest was one who had spoken only a few words I was not in the church, but I felt that I was at once I learned to cultivate this acquaintance.

We were ushered into a parlor and I saw a man with a long black Father entered, and listened humbly to my story as I told him of my secret desire to become a Catholic. Then he explained many things to me regarding Catholic faith; and I felt that I was in a place as it were, and no step by step into the "one true fold of the one true shepherd." When he had concluded, he said: 'Now, indeed, you are in your Father's House.' Before our departure the Father gave me some books of instruction to read and study, and promised to examine, or so to prepare my mind for Catholic baptism, which I was to receive in a few days. Before we left, the good priest had procured a good mother for me, who—in a few days thereafter—he found that I understood the nature of her sacraments and the faith of the Catholic Church, I had the supreme happiness to become a child of the Church, and to be entitled to the glorious name of a *Roman Catholic!*

On the following Sunday night we attended mass from at the Jesuit Church, and although I had been ill I believe, it appeared to me as if everything about it looked more bright and beautiful, now that I could discern them through the eyes of faith. The columns and arches were conspicuous in white and gold, and high up into the glistening silver was a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, around which were burning many candles. The church is called "The Church of the Immaculate Conception." I thought it was as heavenly, far surpassing anything I had ever heard or dreamed of in the world."

The next morning was the time Father Fouché appointed for my baptism, and instead, I was overjoyed at the happiness of being received into the Church, and after the ceremony was concluded, and my name entered upon the register of those who have children of the one Mother Church, I sprinkled myself with holy water, and then I went out into the world with a heart surcharged with happiness at realizing that I was in fact and in truth—a Catholic—a cross that I sincerely pray may say one day in accordance with the Divine Mandate.

Such is the simple but singular narrative of a convert who had never seen or conversed with a Priest or Sister or bar lie prior to her visit to New Orleans. Without any Catholic influence around her, she was led into seeking a Catholic home, and this lady was unconsciously drawn into the fold of Christ! No worldly influence could have induced such a change of heart, but the act was the result of that religious power which ever penetrates the ear of God.—*Tablet.*

This conversion is purely the result of prayer on the part of Catholic relatives and other religious people, and of pious reading on the part of the lady herself. Through reading Catholic books and papers she was led to see how false were the slanders against the Catholic Church which she was forced to believe through the pauperizing prejudice of false teachers by whom her mind had been fettered, and who are uniquely in all things Catholic. Yet, by what a simple act of God was not all this antipathy overcome! Her husband was sent by her to celve Catholic baptism by the all powerful operation of prayer!

Now that this sweet soul has been made so supremely happy by the supplications of those who were removed from her by thousands of miles, may we not confidently ask the prayers of Catholic readers that the hope for the conversion of the husband of that lady who was thus so miraculously led into the Catholic Church?

The Growth of Female Religious Orders.

A lady has recently written an article in the London *Pall Mall Gazette*—which we publish on the third page of the issue of the MONITOR—in which she contends that there has been during recent years a very marked increase in the number of Religious Orders in the Catholic Church, as well as a wonderful increase in the numerical strength of every Sisterhood of women or modern growth. Remarking upon this statement the New York *Sun*—non-Catholic—presents the following facts, which will interest Catholic readers. "In modern desire of women to extend the range of their activity, which is shown in their pursuit of greater political and industrial opportunities, is also, even in this age of religious skepticism, impelling extraordinary great numbers of them to undertake the self-sacrificing work of those sisterhoods. The widespread anxiety among earnest and serious souls, because of the increasing activity of women, is another cause of women of the most delicate sensibilities and finest education throw themselves into the ranks of the Sisterhoods. Nowhere—not only by the Catholics, Mennonites—are so many well-educated women to be found as in the needed service to the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate.

"Nowhere else at Rome, we are told, is it exactly known how many nees there are in the world, and only the Bishop of each diocese knows what is in his keep in sight every non of whom he is the chief pastor, nobody could state the number under his charge. But in France alone there are certainly more than a hundred thousand, and they are multiplying throughout the world. Nuns are everywhere at work, and, almost before we know it, there will be a new nun, a colony of nuns from Verona had confronted him, and had made ready for martyrdom rather than separate.

For instance, there is the Sisters of Mercy congregation, which was founded as lately as 1831 by a young Irish lady and two associates, and whose work is mainly "a most serious application to the instruction of the poor girls, visitation of the sick, and protection of distressed women of good character." They now scout 133 houses in Great Britain and Ireland, besides many in North and South America, Australia and New Zealand. The nens of the Good Shepherd, specially vowing to "employ themselves in the instruction of penitent women," have almost 1830 founded communities in the four quarters of the globe, and are rapidly increasing. The great congregation of the Sacred Heart, established by Sophie Herat, and sanctioned in 1826 by Rome after a long and "comparatively hidden existence," now has 5,000 women engaged chiefly in training the daughters of well-to-do parents, "earning, indeed, the topsy by their devotion to the richer strata of society, where ignorance and bad example are probably the most dangerous.

Then there are the "Little Sisters of the Poor," a congregation founded a little over forty years ago, and which now numbers more than four thousand. They have established 230 houses in different parts of the world. In France the "Little Sisters of the Workingmen" is a community of recent organization, whose mission is altogether in workshops and factories.

These are only a few, and only the more modern, of the sisterhoods, for there are eighty-eight different orders or congregations at work in Paris alone, and in all there are "many hundred thousand saturated women, the flower of our civilization, working with success toward the reconciliation of labor and capital, of the learned and the ignorant."

Moreover, we are told that "the demand for their services is increasing beyond the development of their communities, extraordinary as it is," and that "including the communities that are allied to the Sisters of Charity by their rule, about a hundred thousand every year renew their vows, with few exceptions."

—The *York Herald* is responsible for the statement that Archbishop Croke will pay a visit to the United States in the coming Fall. It is also said that Bishop Fitzgerald will accompany him.

THE CHURCH AND FOOTMAN ON HELL-FIRE.

A Redemptorist Father Objects to Mr. Capel's Definition of the Fire of Hell.

St Peter's Church, July 5, 1885

Editor of the Monitor:

Dear Sir.—In your issue June 24, 1885, there appeared an article on Hell-fire by Monsignor Capel, in which that learned divine endeavors to quiet the mind of a certain "Pat" on the subject: "In there material fire in hell? Why really, said Patrick, we could not help thinking that by the time we got there we shall be so spiritualized that we could only endure it."

Now, I do not wish to be dogmatic, but I do not see why the Church cannot be allowed to, or should not, express her own ideas of the doctrine. Hell is such a terrible reality, and so terrible a punishment, that we should be the highest and most binding form of Catholic belief, that we simply the power of God to cast the soul into hell fire, and that God is not responsible or answerable for the eternal consequences of hell? Can the immortal soul be cast into hell fire? Is it not, or is it not, a Catholic doctrine? Is it not, are there not apostolic utterances in matters and sources of belief? Is not the Church the ever-enduring,

Farm and Home.

Over-Eating.

Physicians know that they must live by rule when attending cases during a pestilence. The body must be kept up in the health standard. In times of epidemics let everyone see to himself, attend to every rule of health, live regularly, and keep the stomach most carefully in order, and be abstinent. There is no rather way of defending the "Fortress of Life against its visible foes." "This living according to rule," said my friend, musingly, "is a terribly hard thing to have to hold. At least, I am sure most people find it so. "Few people," I replied, "think of doing anything of the sort until actual danger to life stares them in the face. Some one else, I believe, has made a remark similar to this before now, but it is worth of being repeated." "And it is true," he added. "I have been thinking a good deal lately—"Most people who are laid low do think." said. "I have been thinking, said my friend, "that most of us err by eating more than is necessary." How very true that is. Why, is careful regulation of diet—a diet that should incline to the abstemious—we have one of the best defences against trichinæ free of all kinds. This is one of our posts, and should be held at all risks, if we be careful for life at all—and not for life only, but comfort while we do exist. It is a fact which all should bear in mind, that over-eating not only corrupts the blood, but destroys nervous energy.

The Tidy Farmer.

One need not ask when passing a country residence whether it is in possession of a farmer Thrifty or a farmer Slack, for there are signs lying out boldly, speaking louder than words can do. Everyone has seen, somewhere in the home of the shiftless husbandman, and no quicker did the view fall upon the eye, than like the whole story was told in the mind; he lives there who is devoid of ambition and pride.

When a contrary view is presented; the fences are all up in order; buildings, if cheap and rude, in perfect repair; everything about the yard looking snug and tidy; implements all properly housed; stock made comfortable in winter, trees of fruit and shade planted into place, plentifully, and well cared for; it may be known that a thrifty, thoroughgoing, reading farmer has the place in charge.

Because a man has not abundance of capital to begin farming with, every convenience he could wish, and has to adopt cheap substitutes of building stock protections, is no argument against him as a husbandman; a shed and stable made of poles and straw, well constructed, tells a better story than a dilapidated frame barn; and as a house made of logs looks more inviting, when everything about it is clean and comfortable, than a mansion with surroundings showing neglect.

A good farmer who keeps everything up in good shape, has no more work than Mr. Slack, but has more enjoyment, more money and more friends.

Making Beds.

Let every bed maker, as soon as all the covers are spread, turn down the upper sheet, and all where it, leaving a generous margin below the bolster. Some people, you know, pull all the covers straight up to the top and lay the bolster upon them, so that when bedtime comes they must be arranged at the head. Boys don't like this way, and perhaps some other folks don't either. It is the custom to pile up two big, square, pillows on the top of the bolster, and then put on two pillow shams, and then, sometimes, or perhaps the bolster shams, a sheet sham. This is setting the trap for the unwary. Only a remarkably quiet person can properly lie down upon all this. Why not allow, if not altogether, abolish shams of all kinds? Why not honestly take off the big, square pillows and supply every bed with a comfortable bolster to take the place of pillows? If you like adornment, embroider or decorate the slips and sheets themselves without any make believe. Silk, lace and the like seem out of place on a bed which should suggest repose. Imagine a boy with big boots on flinging himself into the midst of a fairy creation of pink satin and trechon! Let beds be what they look like, and let them look like what they are—resting places. A great deal of attention should be given to the proper airing of the mattress every morning, and at least once a week a stiff brush should remove the dust which will accumulate, even in the best ordered house, around and under the ticking of cotton, or the bits of leather, or whatever is used to tack the mattress where the bread is sewed on, for dust with. Attention should also be directed to the edge of the mattress, side under that. Where the bedroom is also the dressing-room, dust cannot be avoided but it may at least be changed, and it need not be allowed to accumulate.

The Sort of Man It is not Right to Marry.

Don't marry a man who has spent his all in riotous living, and tells you that he is now going to get married and settle up.

Don't marry a man who has not the where-with to support you. You cannot live on love. "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out through the window."

Don't marry a man for a home and a living, when by giving up your scarves and taking care of your health you can earn your own living and provide a home for yourself.

Don't marry a man to get rid of him, or oblige him, simply because he asks you. Don't marry in haste, but you repent at leisure. Love can wait. Don't, imagine because two persons are miserable when apart, they will be happy together.

Don't marry a fury sent. There are some young men who are so lazy that it almost requires an artist to draw their breath. Young men who have not ambition enough to labor under an impression. They live on the earnings of their pa until they find a girl who is fool enough to marry them, and they live off her pa. Look where you are going!

Don't marry a man to mend him or reform him. Such attempts are generally as vain and powerless as attempts to turn back the flowing tide with a wisp of straw, or outrear a hurricane with a tin whistle. A young man ruled by the hand of a beautiful girl. As she hesitated about replying, the young man said, "I await your answer with bated breath." The young lady answered: "Well, my dear sir, you will have to bait your breath with something besides high wines and Limburger cheese to catch me." Her hand was hers.

Queer Questions.

Census Taker (to woman at the door)—Have you children?

Woman—Yes, a son.

Census Taker—Male or female?

Woman—Male.

Census Taker—Age?

Woman—Three and a half years.

Census Taker—Married or single?

Woman—Single.

Census Taker—(closing his book)—That's all. Good day.

—Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No choice house to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

Family Fun.

She Meant Business.

"You see," she was explaining to a lawyer, after beating his counsel five down to three dollars, "I have a daughter Maria."

"Yes'm."

"Maria has a beau."

"Exactly."

"Has been waitin' on her for six years."

"I see."

"And I've been waitin' on her for the same length of time—waitin' for him to marry her."

"Justice, ma'am."

"How long should a couple spark?"

"Well, that depends. It takes some folks a long time to make up their minds."

"Isn't three years long enough?"

"I should think so."

"And I have, Mr. Jones. I'm getting madder and madder for the last three months, and finally last night I could not hold in any longer. I went into the parlor and there he was giggling and sinking and loving around same as five years ago. There was Maria simpering and cooing and acting like the same fool she always was. Don't talk to me! A gal can bring a beau to time inside of two years if she's got any mettle in her. You didn't fool away six years?"

"No'm."

"No! I, either. Well, I stood it as long as I could, and when I went into the room says I to William, says I—

"William, you're not and sir, and it is my duty as a mother to know if you intend to marry Maria.

"Maria she give a screech, and William he turned fiery red, but says I:

"If you love why don't you marry? If you are hanging around here to pass away time you'd better skip!

"Well, William coughed and gasped and stuttered around, and said he wanted to write to his uncle in Iowa.

"Your ma in Iowa?" says I, fearing my daughter's disappointment. "Maybe she wanted go?"

"Then he says he couldn't be baldheaded, and that one objection to marrying Maria was having mother's mother in law. Then the cyclone broke loose, the house, the wind. Also two or three earthquakes. Inside of four minutes Maria had fainted, William was a wreck, and we had spats the alone and blasted iron chairs. Maria got up and slipped out while I was holding camphor to Maria's nose, and I've heard to-day that he is after a warrant for me for assault with intent to kill. Can he get one?

"Yes'm.

"Can he do anything?

"Well, you want a—my—

"Sartin—sartin I'll go before a jury and tell 'em he and Maria have sat and sat for seventeen hundred nights—how I've had to be a sot up him—how I've waited up Maria to bring him to time—how I stood it and stood it until I couldn't hold no more—how it cost me $200 for fuel and grub, but that's all. If they are men they can't fail to render a verdict.

"No'm.

"Well, I'll go home and wait. Maria lies there sighing and weeping, and there's the score to pay up and the chain to mend, and if William gets the warrant I'll let you know. His ma is in Iowa. I'll let him know that somebody's ma in Detroit is alive and kicking and allus on deck."

Bill Nye on Parental Difficulties.

When the right kind of a man wakes up to find himself a parent, all his dozing enterprise goes away, and he sits in office in the presence of that extremely florid school of squirm dissatisfied and critical, solicitous and rattled. He finds that he knows less about the genesis business than he supposed. He cannot conceal the fact that he is green. All the "Family Physician" and "Every Man His Own Doctor" books that he has been reading lately have not taught him the little fat hands, resting so still and so white on the baby's breast that they seem to clench 24 on heart strings and rear and heavy on his heart.

If the baby is dead when he gets home he will be a murderer. People will point him out as he goes along the street and say, "There is a man who spanked his little child into an early grave."

He goes home early from his bootless day's work, trembling to know the worst. His wife tells him that the baby has poured a gallon of kerosene into the sugar barrel and salted the hens, and the poor man says "Thank God!" and his wife says, "George, have you lost that reasoning little mind that you used to amuse yourself with?"

Her sarcasm falls harmlessly on his happy breast. He then resolves that discipline may go to grass; he will not have the sight-seen spectacle of his dead baby hanging from dining business hours, he prefers a live Apache savage to a pale, silent, and well behaved ghost looking over his shoulder while he is trying to think of a hard word.

And so, for one cause and another, the proud and defiant young sang-froid of nineteen at last becomes the quiet, gentle, legal serf, with the pink and chubby foot of a baby across his neck, there is still discipline in the family, but it is not the kind he had advertised to make a tenant by his bona idea.

An old friend said to me not long ago: "I thought when you become a parent you intended to have discipline in your family. Instead of that you have to pray hour and make a jackass of yourself every time your children want just for. Seems to me I had announced for years that I was going to have discipline in my family. I'd have it now or bust."

"James," said I to him in a musical tone, "I don't believe you recognize discipline when you see it. The fact is, we have some discipline in our family and we know what to do with. I am getting a growth power I don't exactly understand a day and thirteen times a night, and I feel that it is making me a better man. We have a large amount of discipline at our house. There it is, where any of the family can see it. The children do not seem to crave it, so I am using it myself. I don't like to see anything wasted."

Beware of Vile Imitations.

Dr Henley's is the original and no preparation can having the extract of malt, cod liver oil and lime.

The Right Policy.

It is a matter of great importance for one to know where to place his wealth for safe keeping, and in a banking house that indulges in sporting speculations and stock gambling, that place is not safe. Hence, the importance of knowing the reputation, character, and, with it, the stability of the institution to which one may entrust his money. Hundreds of business men have made it their business to inquire into the reputation and character of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, and have found it to be a conservative, safe, and reliable institution, and have placed their insurance with it. Thousands of others have not yet done so, but are doing it every day. Why not? Because it is the custom to pile up two big, square, pillows on the top of the bolster, and then put on two pillow shams, and then, sometimes, or perhaps the bolster shams, a sheet sham. This is setting the trap for the unwary. Only a remarkably quiet person can properly lie down upon all this. Why not allow, if not altogether, abolish shams of all kinds? Why not honestly take off the big, square pillows and supply every bed with a comfortable bolster to take the place of pillows? If you like adornment, embroider or decorate the slips and sheets themselves without any make believe. Silk, lace and the like seem out of place on a bed which should suggest repose. Imagine a boy with big boots on flinging himself into the midst of a fairy creation of pink satin and trechon! Let beds be what they look like, and let them look like what they are—resting places. A great deal of attention should be given to the proper airing of the mattress every morning, and at least once a week a stiff brush should remove the dust which will accumulate, even in the best ordered house, around and under the tiffs of cotton, or the bits of leather, or whatever is used to tack the mattress where the bread is sewed on, for dust with. Attention should also be directed to the edge of the mattress, side under that. Where the bedroom is also the dressing-room, dust cannot be avoided but it may at least be changed, and it need not be allowed to accumulate.

The Sort of Man It is not Right to Marry.

Don't marry a man who has spent his all in riotous living, and tells you that he is now going to get married and settle up.

Don't marry a man who has not the where-with to support you. You cannot live on love. "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out through the window."

Don't marry a man for a home and a living, when by giving up your scarves and taking care of your health you can earn your own living and provide a home for yourself.

Don't marry a man to get rid of him, or oblige him, simply because he asks you. Don't marry in haste, but you repent at leisure. Love can wait. Don't, imagine because two persons are miserable when apart, they will be happy together.

Don't marry a fury sent. There are some young men who are so lazy that it almost requires an artist to draw their breath. Young men who have not ambition enough to labor under an impression. They live on the earnings of their pa until they find a girl who is fool enough to marry them, and they live off her pa. Look where you are going!

Don't marry a man to mend him or reform him. Such attempts are generally as vain and powerless as attempts to turn back the flowing tide with a wisp of straw, or outrear a hurricane with a tin whistle. A young man ruled by the hand of a beautiful girl. As she hesitated about replying, the young man said, "I await your answer with bated breath." The young lady answered: "Well, my dear sir, you will have to bait your breath with something besides high wines and Limburger cheese to catch me." Her hand was hers.

Queer Questions.

Census Taker (to woman at the door)—Have you children?

Woman—Yes, a son.

Census Taker—Male or female?

Woman—Male.

Census Taker—Age?

Woman—Three and a half years.

Census Taker—Married or single?

Woman—Single.

Census Taker—(closing his book)—That's all. Good day.

—Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No choice house to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

Catholic Societies.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

SUPREME OFFICERS—State Supreme Director, Rev. Lawrence Scanlan; Supreme Chancellor, John Lamy; Supreme Vice-President, J. C. Lynch; Supreme Prelate, Rev. Wm. Kelly; Supreme Treasurer, Jas. Cummings; Supreme Financial Secretary, J. F. Schaefer; Supreme Recorder, Thos. Francis Mahony; Supreme Marshal, Jas. Cummings; Supreme Guard, Jas. Lynch; Supreme Sentinel, Wm. Kelly; Supreme Trustees, Jas. Cummings, Jas. Lynch, Wm. Kelly.

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION OF SAN FRANCISCO.—Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at Pioneer Hall, 1122 Market st. Spiritual Director, Rev. Wm. Kelly; President, John Wallace; First Vice-President, John Ryan; Second Vice-President, John Lynch; Recording Secretary, William F. Hoar; Financial Secretary, George W. Patterson; Treasurer, Thomas Cummings; Marshal, A. C. Kennedy; Assistant Marshal, James Ryan; Guard, John Sullivan; Sentinel, Thomas Ryan; Trustees, Thomas Cummings, John Wallace, Wm. Kelly, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Cummins, Jas. Cummings

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

A Heroic Father.

MARYSVILLE, July 21.—At 1 o'clock last evening a call for help resounded in the house of James Haggerty, in the city, bearing a tale of blood-curdling horror and terror. Mrs. Haggerty was in the house at home and alone. Mrs. Haggerty was also slightly burned, and at one time her clothing was on fire. Haggerty is a member of the Fire Department, and, although his home was fire over him, by almost human efforts he succeeded in extinguishing the flames, which were burning himself, wife, baby and the house.

Russia Secretly Making Cannon.

LONDON, June 24.—A despatch received here says that an American, who recently passed through Vladivostock, arrived in Russian Port on the Black Sea coast, says there are many gun factories in full operation there, and that they are being worked secretly and under such disguising names as hospitals and asylums.

Honors for an Irish Patriot.

DUBLIN, June 24.—The Nationalists are making preparations to give a warm reception to Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, who sailed from Sydney, May 8, for Ireland, his native land, which he left the last time twenty five years ago. Dr. O'Doherty was a prominent journalist in the troubles of 1848, and participated in the insurrection of that year. The Nationalists are held in Australia, the recent meeting of the Federal Council of the Irish-Australian League. Mr. Michael Davitt urges the Corporation of Dublin to vote to Dr. O'Doherty the freedom of the city on his arrival here.

Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

DUBLIN, July 1.—Lord Ashbourne, the Right Honorable Edward Gibson, today formally took the oath of office as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The new Lord Chancellor was heartily received and greeted by the people in the streets on his way both to and from Dublin Castle, where the ceremonies of installation took place.

New Cardinals.

The names of the six prelates whom the Pope has decided to confer the cardinal's hat at the consistory are as follows: Archbishop Langenieux, of Rheims; Archbishop Ledochowski, of Posen; the Marquis Cosmegnolles, the Right Rev. Dr. Moran of Sydney, New South Wales, and Monsignor Sabatucci, Capocelatro, Battaglini and Cricolari.

Steed of Grief Over her Husband's Death.

HOOPESTON, Ill., July 1.—Mrs. Lucy Grier, aged 79, had lived alone with his wife in the town of Danforth for five years. He died on the 15th inst. His widow, who had never been ill a day, was so grief stricken by his death that she pined visibly away, and was yesterday found dead in her room. She was 60 years of age.

An Elephant Crushes out a Circus.

LAPEER, Mich., June 24.—During the performance of a circus here yesterday, a large elephant became infuriated and turned upon the 1,000 persons assembled under the canvas. He tore up the seats, smashed the furniture, and made heavy assaults upon the canvas, which, however, held together and stopped followed. The enraged elephant, after clearing out the canvas made a break for the woods near by, and aimed himself in an adjacent swamp. After much difficulty he was extricated, but five buffalos were shot in the hide to tame him. Amid the panic a number of limbs were broken, but no property was lost and damaged. No fatalities occurred.

Number of Indians at the Custer Massacre.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—Major Reno, who took part in the campaign which ended in the Custer massacre, has long wished to know how many Indians participated in that affair. He has at last obtained that, which he says, and by means of an interpreter associated that there was probably from 5,000 to 6,000 Indians in the fight, a force strong enough to have easily overwhelmed Custer's and Major Reno's forces. Sitting Bull was not very willing to talk this details, so he has still no approximation that the whites may punish him for his part in the affair. Major Reno's figures in his official report, fixed the number of Indians at 3,000.

The Catholics and the Ritual Rebellion.

LONDON, June 24.—A correspondent of the Catholic Standard, writing from Rome, says he was told by the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, that Mr. Gladstone has denounced the ritualistic movement in the Church of England, and that his grace, the venerable Archbishop of Westminster, has sent his sympathy to the ritualistic remained firm in their allegiance to the Queen and opposed their persons to the violent of the bloodthirsty Indians, and died at their posts in endeavoring to restrain the murderous fanatics of savages, should forever silence such calumnies. These men did not flee for safety to the other settlements, nor even betake themselves to the forts for protection, but died like brave men at the post of duty. Such a statement in a reputable Protestant religious organ is a damn-red rebuke to those Catholic people who are always on the lookout for a fight over religion.—N. Y. Tribune.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

Pen-Portraits of the Supreme Officers.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Morning Star* furnishes that journal with the following sketches of the Supreme officers recently elected by the Supreme Council of the Catholic Knights of America:

I herewith submit my impressions in reference to the supreme officers of the Catholic Knights of America, based upon the acquaintance which I formed during the last biennial session of the Supreme Council.

SUPREME PRESIDENT, R. A. SIDNEY.

The Supreme President, who was unanimously elected on two ballots, is tall and slender, with hair and beard well streaked with gray, speaks with deliberation and is always dignified and gentlemanly in manner; is a lawyer in practice, is his native State of Kentucky, and has devoted himself, heart and soul, to the interest of managing the manifold and complicated business affairs of the Order, which, under his wise and able guidance, has assumed a foremost position among Catholic beneficial associations. Of Presidential Brosnan it is enough to say, that he is the right man in the right place.

THE AUDITOR FOR PRESIDENT'S BUSINESS,

is tall and commanding in appearance, and is possessed of considerable ability. He was a leading part in the debates had in the Supreme Council, and has a genuine sympathy and acquaintance with the poor, moneyless friends, who represent the great mass of the membership of the Order.

JOHN BASS,

who was deservedly re-elected Supreme Secretary, is eminently qualified for the position. He is of medium stature, nearly approaching stout, growing gray and dark hair, and is partially bald. His distinct articulation and earnest address were appreciated by the members of the Council, who listened to his calling the roll, reading the minutes, and performing the other duties devolving upon him as secretary. By his amiable, courteous demeanor to all, who had occasion to transact business in regard to the work of his office, he won the esteem of each and every one.

R. J. GAGNE,

Unlike Brother Bass, who is not a speaker, is an eloquent orator, and a ready debater. Brother Gagne, M. J. Gillson, of Tennessee, is both a graceful and polished orator, and a ready and painstaking official. He is apparently about 35 years of age, and the handsomest of the supreme officers. His size, is of medium height, but well proportioned, is a fair complexion and wears a moustache, will become him. His management of the Supreme Chair of the Order during the term of office, has—to a satisfactory that the Supreme Council of Knights has been able to discount the ninety days' term fixed for the payment of death benefits, by sending payment of such benefits in sixty days.

OF THE SUPREME GUARDIAN, PETERSEN,

Duffy of Tennessee, Frontage of Indiana and Swartz of Illinois, it will be sufficient to say, that better selections could scarcely have been made. Brother Duffy has been re-elected to the office which they now hold, while Brother Swartz of St. Louis, is a new, but excellent addition to the Board of Supreme Trustees. It was due to the State of Illinois, which has the largest membership in both Knights of Honor and Knights of Columbus, that the Committee should be given it in the line of Supreme Officers.

I hope that the eleventh, imperfect though it be, will be acceptable to the members of the Catholic Knights of America among your readers, as well as to the general public.

To most children the bare suggestion of a dose is cause of an outcry. Why not let them enjoy it instead? for Hollos Syrup can be obtained the world over. Its taste is so pleasant, its effects so gentle and beneficial, and being sugar coated it is easily taken.

Correspondence.

We respectfully solicit correspondence from all parts of the world, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of the Church in the matter of letters from correspondents. All communications should reach this office by Tuesday noon, to ensure insertion.

LETTER FROM MARYSVILLE.

Closing Exercises of the Parochial School—Grand Success of the Brothers of Mary—Value of Catholic Education, etc.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—In my last communication to your invaluable Catholic journal, I merely mentioned "en passant" that the vacation and closing exercises of St. Joseph's Parochial School, under the direction of the Brothers of Mary, would come off on the last day of June, and I now propose to give your readers a few lines on those happy closing days, which, in my humble opinion, rather of a second Christian Jubilee, which took place on the morning of the 24th inst.

At 9 o'clock a.m., immediately upon throwing open the door that led to the hall, a rush was made for the seats that commanded a favorable view of the beautiful platform, and in less time that it takes to describe it, every available spot was occupied. A large number being unable to gain admittance either sauntered through the spacious play grounds or in disguised retreats discovered some sought the shelter of their own respective homes, but all were unanimous in their expressions of admiration and the harmony of the whole showed that a master mind had designed and executed them. The programme was particularly interesting and carried out to the fullest letter of the law.

The exercises opened with a directing Hymn Chorus that was well rendered, showing that the cultivation of the voices of our youths a careful training on the part of the Brothers. Next was a recitation by the little orator, Willie Ward, who acquitted himself in a creditable manner, and was followed by a Sacred Duet by Master Willie Ward and the standard-bearer, Charles Dorrigan, and I must confess, I thought I heard a more throughs one, nor seen an evidence of greater proficiency considering that the boys are in charge only ten months. Immediately after this, Brother Lionger rattled through a dialogue by an amusing dagger on the black board, and so pleasantly and manfully did the youths acquit themselves that old grammarians who claimed to be old medicals were almost thrown into black heaping was next in order, trial balance, and the boys showed that they were able to stand to find the lowest weight, and, here I must be young lads, who stood at the blackboard, never one a dim of solution making for correct answer, another point. A spelling match, as old-fashioned spelling match, was next on the tapis, in which all were deeply interested. The contest was hot and excitement grew to a fever heat, when one by one the great-tallen contestants had to retire to a back seat, and one alone, a boy son of a brave father, young Peter Delay, stood like a towering pine in the mountains, covered in all his well-earned glory. Now after this exercise came the 'tug of war' between the pupils of Algebra. In close and hot-enough combinations, the boys showed a most accurate and intimate knowledge of the fundamental principles of that most accurate and useful Science. A problem was given by Brother John Superior containing two subtrahend quantities, which was fully demonstrated, and in a manner that extended a manner to be win from all present the highest commendation. Reading by boys of the juvenile class was next in order, and to my mind, it was the most pleasing of all. Brother Brother Brendan's pupils read with ease and understanding, and in a manner that showed teaching and intelligent instruction. Then comes the reading of the boys of the second class, and here, as in many other things, the careful and efficient training of the teachers was plainly recognized. What I admired most was the intimate knowledge shown by the pupils of their own County and State. It is well to begin at home. Geographical things, under the direction of Brother John, was the crowning gem of the whole morning's examination. He took the displayed thorough knowledge of that portion of the globe, and, in a manner, that showed a thoroughness, that might prove to be such a gem. The furness given was so tiptop, so well-timed, so well-directed, so thoroughly so, through three great points. And the expedition with which this last exercise was carried out would do credit to a first-class university. All these different exercises were varied and interspersed with choruses, dialogues and duets. Between the exercises of Hymns, Music, Poetry and grammar, came the moral chorus "O Heart of Mary." Its sweet melodious and appropriate accompaniment should be given to the Sisters of Mary, the Third Spanish. After the spelling match, the Brothers of Mary, in a few well-chosen and numbering some twenty and odd, acted their parts so gracefully, and playing so naturally the shifting of scene, each boy comes and every time passed off little fun, to more amusing instrument known to music-lore, and keeping such perfect time with the rhythm of a piece were to follow the impression made, you would actually imagine yourself in the presence of some orchestra moved by some invisible power. Such perfect time in all the exercises of the day was rendered in fan style and between the whole "O Heart of Mary." Such a chorus was well rendered chorus, "On the Mountains." Such a chorus was well rendered, "On the Mountains." Such a chorus was well rendered, and rich enjoyment in the comedy of the "Dancing Master

Poetry

"YE DID IT UNTO ME"

EATHERINE E. CONRAT.

We read the sad, sweet story of the life of Christ so earth,
And anxious thoughts crowd thick and fast, "Ah Lord, Thou'd habit so death
Of all our joys and pain! Thou had early so been thyre!
Our home, our hearts, our labor's fruit—what joy with Thee to share."

We read the sad, sweet story — "Whate'er ye do" (saith He)
"To the least of these my little ones, ye do it unto me."
But so somehow mine is meaning, and somehow we are
Thus, in the homeless little ones, Christ walks among us.

In them He suffers hunger, in them He is a stranger,
In them is cold and shelterless, astray in by way, danger,
Shall we go peaceful, happy, nor fear a talent of sin,
While we ope no door in pity to let the Christ Child in?

Go, spread your wings, sweet angel, bright message from Heaven!
Go, whisper unto every heart, the gracious promise given;
Christ pleads not by honors, world-lauded or golden glory,
List to the wondrous warning of the olden Gospel Story:

What time ye stand before Him in the awful judgment day
When Earth and Heaven, fire-tried, like a scroll rolled away
They pass, but His remained, and this your text shall be,
"As ye did unto the least of mine, so did ye unto Me."

Literary Miscellany.

DOLORES;

Where I Found Her, and How She Became My Guest.

It was getting dusk and I could hear the church clock striking across the water, six o'clock. There were still light streaks of red and bars of light in the western sky, and the sea was calm, with a white crinkle upon it. I was country born, young and strong, and I knew no fear, though the road was lonely and there had been such tales in the villages of gypsies and tramps, and the passengers in the coach coming from London had been robbed not so many weeks ago. I was taking a long step across the country and Tiger and I hurried home, now thinking (at least, I thought, and Tiger was the most sympathetic of dogs) that before he should strain the ball hour we should be sitting comfortably by the fire side.

The path run for some little distance close to the Black Pond; the hills rose steep on either side of it; here and there was a cluster of bushes, here and there a tree hung over the deep water. In the fast fading twilight I could still see the reflections sharp and clear. I was so close to the water that I would watch the little ripples on its surface. The path was muddy in places; I picked my way cautiously from one dry spot to another. Tiger was a few yards in front of me. Suddenly he growled and dashed forward with a bound. "Tiger, Tiger! I called, and even at the same moment I rather felt than saw that a dark figure was standing in front of me—moving swiftly, noiselessly, away from me, under the shadow of the bushes. "Who is there?"

No answer, only Tiger turned suddenly and sank back to my side. There were stories swift flying about the place of a young woman who had lost her child, a couple, I was said that the body of the child, a couple been found. Something I had seen, and Tiger had seen it, too. Could it be the ghost of the luckless mind? A low moaning sound fell on my ear; horror stricken, I turned and fled. I ran the hill as fast as my feet could carry me. But I did not run far. "What is this?" I asked my better self. "Pluck Lynscombe, will you, the daughter of a brave soldier who died for your country, the wife of as true a sailor as ever sailed in the King's fleet—will you run away and fly in a panic? Return, and see if you can help any fellow creature in misery. Return and face the danger, and God be with you.

Some such thoughts ran through my brain. I was always one to act on impulse, and I turned my steps, walking with a bold front and beating heart, straight in the direction of the shadow. I could see it now again, a tall figure—a woman's figure—in a long cloak. Once it stopped and hid itself beneath a tree; next time I passed by had not Tiger growled and shown his teeth. "Who are you?" I called in desperation—"I tell ye. Are you ill! Can I help you?"

Then in the silence of the evening it crept out of the darkness and glided quickly towards the edge, the very edge, of the pond.

"Take care!" I shouted, "the water is deep!"

For an answer it flung off the cloak, threw up its arms and plunged into the pond. I had seen a white face, I had seen a hat of a white face, the face of a beautiful woman, her black hair streaming around her; and then I rushed to the water's edge, unable myself with horror. It was then a wife from the village. I could get no further—it was vain to scream. By good luck the moon was out, and now the hedges were yellow to me! and as I raised my hand he sprang after the woman. I was spread his breaches for over the pond at this point. I crawled along a bough as far as it would bear me, and so hanging over the water managed to gain a firm hold of her dress. By Heaven's mercy the pond was not at very deep at this spot; I do not think that she was even fairly out of her depth, and she had not lost consciousness. How we did it I cannot exactly tell you, but between—Tiger and me—we got her out, shivering but alive, on the bank—moaning and wringing her hands, but alive and, as far as I could see, unhurt. There was no time to question her. I made go home—to the warm fireside, and take her with me. "Come," I said, holding her hand tight in mine, "come." She lifted her eyes and looked at me—they were wild with terror her lips moved, but she spoke in a strange tongue that I could not understand.

I took up the cloak that lay on the ground and wrapped it round her, taking care that her face was turned away from the pond. I went my way very slowly, half dragging her up the bank, and over and among the stones, stopped to gasp for breath and to ask and moan. Half-past six struck, and seven struck before we reached the garden gate, with Tiger and I we drew the front, to warn the housekeeper, was there watching for me. She is a discreet woman; I know I could trust her. "There has been an accident; help me to take the lady in," I said.

Miriam ceased no more, she put her arm around the lady and carried her, fainting, to her own room. We got her into bed—off, Miriam lighted the fire and made a hot posset from my grandfather's recipe, and little by little the strange came to herself and opened her eyes, again with the wild stare that I had seen before. "Give thanks! I was to be so far from the terrible pond!

"Senora," she said, trying to sit up, "I will intreats no more—I will depart."

I answered her that she was too weak to think of departing, that she was a welcome guest; that she must sleep now, and to morrow we would converse further.

"As you will, Senora," she replied; "I owe all to you, I kiss your hand." And as her hand fell back on the pillow, and she could speak no more for very weariness. A few moments later and she was fast asleep, with her dark lashes resting on her cheek. Her hands were clasped together as if she were praying; I noticed that they were white and beautifully formed; on one of them she wore a red gold ring. How did she come to wander alone by the Black Pond? Who was she? Whence did she come? I felt so thankful—oh! very thankful—that I had been there to help her at that critical moment. The tears sprang to my eyes as I stopped and kissed her. Miriam was my one friend who was with my mother as a girl, and lived with me during my holidays and school-days. Miriam was my own home, my mother's home, and I was a long orphan. She persuaded me to change my wet palisse, she combed and brushed my hair, and reasoned me about the strange lady. Not till then did I know how very tired I was.

My visitor passed a restless night; for days she lay in a fever, shivering and talking fast. Now and then she broke out into broken English, asking for a certain Captain Charles Walters over and over again. He had lodgings at Plymouth, it would seem and she could not find the house. Miriam is as clever a nurse as she is a good housekeeper, and she, nursed the lady with the greatest care. By degrees our patient recovered without the aid of a doctor, who treated a good ten miles off rule across the country, and of whose skill Miriam had no opinion. But she had many simple remedies of her own, and these she used, and she made dainty dishes and cooling draughts, and at last there came a day when the lady sat by the hearth, with a hot toast of color on her cheek, and then she said to her nurse, in a low voice, and with tears in her eyes, "Dolores de Rioso; she was a Spaniard born (as I had guessed), an orphan, and she had been wooed and won by an English officer whose ship lay at anchor in the port of Barcelona, lived by the house where she lived with an uncle. (I, too, took an interest in Barcelona, as my husband had described the place to me in his letters.) This officer had married Dolores secretly; his ship had sailed, and he left her with the wedding ring, which she showed me, and her marriage lines, and a slip of paper—"Lieutenant Walters, 16 Hollow Terrace, Plymouth." And there she was to join him as soon as he should send for her. For a whole year she had no tidings from him, then she took her passage to Plymouth in a merchant-ship. They had a miserable passage, being delayed on the voyage by adverse winds. She had finally reached Plymouth with a few gold pieces in her purse, friendless and alone. She had asked in vain for Mr. Hollow Terrace; no one knew of such a street, or indeed of the existence of her husband, Lieutenant Charles Walters. After a week her purse was nearly empty. She knew not where to turn for help; at last she thought to find her husband in London, and as she could not pay for a coach she had to walk all those many miles. Then as she passed the Black Pond that evening, faint and suffering, she could no longer endure the misery of suspense, and had rushed into the water, filled with a frantic longing to be at rest.

Having told her story with many tears, she called upon the holy saints to bear witness to her good faith. Tiger was a few yards in front of me. Suddenly he growled and dashed forward with a bound. "Tiger, Tiger! I called, and even at the same moment I rather felt than saw that a dark figure was standing in front of me—moving swiftly, noiselessly, away from me, under the shadow of the bushes. "Who is there?"

No answer, only Tiger turned suddenly and sank back to my side. There were stories swift flying about the place of a young woman who had lost her child, a couple, I was said that the body of the child, a couple been found. Something I had seen, and Tiger had seen it, too. Could it be the ghost of the luckless mind? A low moaning sound fell on my ear; horror stricken, I turned and fled. I ran the hill as fast as my feet could carry me. But I did not run far. "What is this?" asked my better self. "Pluck Lynscombe, will you, the daughter of a brave soldier who died for your country, the wife of as true a sailor as ever sailed in the King's fleet—will you run away and fly in a panic! Return, and see if you can help any fellow creature in misery. Return and face the danger, and God be with you.

Some such thoughts ran through my brain. I was always one to act on impulse, and I turned my steps, walking with a bold front and beating heart, straight in the direction of the shadow. I could see it now again, a tall figure—a woman's figure—in a long cloak. Once it stopped and hid itself beneath a tree; next time I passed by had not Tiger growled and shown his teeth. "Who are you?" I called in desperation—"I tell ye. Are you ill! Can I help you?"

Then in the silence of the evening it crept out of the darkness and glided quickly towards the edge, the very edge, of the pond.

"Take care!" I shouted, "the water is deep!"

For an answer it flung off the cloak, threw up its arms and plunged into the pond. I had seen a white face, I had seen a hat of a white face, the face of a beautiful woman, her black hair streaming around her; and then I rushed to the water's edge, unable myself with horror. It was then a wife from the village. I could get no further—it was vain to scream. By good luck the moon was out, and now the hedges were yellow to me! and as I raised my hand he sprang after the woman. I was spread his breaches for over the pond at this point. I crawled along a bough as far as it would bear me, and so hanging over the water managed to gain a firm hold of her dress. By Heaven's mercy the pond was not at very deep at this spot; I do not think that she was even fairly out of her depth, and she had not lost consciousness. How we did it I cannot exactly tell you, but between—Tiger and me—we got her out, shivering but alive, on the bank—moaning and wringing her hands, but alive and, as far as I could see, unhurt. There was no time to question her. I made go home—to the warm fireside, and take her with me. "Come," I said, holding her hand tight in mine, "come." She lifted her eyes and looked at me—they were wild with terror her lips moved, but she spoke in a strange tongue that I could not understand.

I took up the cloak that lay on the ground and wrapped it round her, taking care that her face was turned away from the pond. I went my way very slowly, half dragging her up the bank, and over and among the stones, stopped to gasp for breath and to ask and moan. Half-past six struck, and seven struck before we reached the garden gate, with Tiger and I we drew the front, to warn the housekeeper, was there watching for me. She is a discreet woman; I know I could trust her. "There has been an accident; help me to take the lady in," I said.

Miriam ceased no more, she put her arm around the lady and carried her, fainting, to her own room. We got her into bed—off, Miriam lighted the fire and made a hot posset from my grandfather's recipe, and little by little the strange came to herself and opened her eyes, again with the wild stare that I had seen before. "Give thanks! I was to be so far from the terrible pond!

"Senora," she said, trying to sit up, "I will intreats no more—I will depart."

I answered her that she was too weak to think of departing, that she was a welcome guest; that she must sleep now, and to-

THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

Anecdotes of the Irish Jarvys.

One of the first sights I saw on my arrival in Dublin was a strike, the strangest from the side of St. George's Channel on a visit to Dublin. At the "outside" of the Irish jaunting car I am no longer one to the green isle. I have met it no more, alas, except in pictures, for it cannot have been introduced by the Irish merchant drivers engaged in this new trade, and on the shores of the Alexandra Docks. It is a low, long, open vehicle, with a small driver's seat in front, a space, called the well immediately behind, where the luggage is stowed, and then rows of well passengers' seats, back to back, which seats can be turned up like flaps when not used. The driver near occupies his proper perch unless when he has full complement of four fares, he prefers to sit on one of the side seats, and the passenger then is sometimes called a side car, left or right is immaterial. There are plenty of four-wheelers in the Irish capital, but the attempt to naturalize the famous there national car is generally a failure. The explanation is simple. The tariff of charges for "car fares" has to be a drive from one point within the municipal boundaries, or Circular Road, to another is a sixpence between 7 a. m. and 10 p. m., one shilling in the night hours. That is for two passengers, the "jarvey" (coachman) allowing for passengers he was expected to carry pay. As Pat is generally the "jarvey" himself, he sometimes sets up the "outside," but he could not pay a penny for it—without police difficulties, so he has to be honest. He is honest fellow, generally.

Washington Irving says somewhere that the taste for street-sleeping is common in Ireland. So that the jaunting car is a home. It is the breakest, rhapsest, and most reckless vehicle ever invented, and I have yet to meet as if you were on a hard-trotting horse which might be run down at any moment, for the counterweight of an occasional pair in the "jarvey" seat, and you went to sing a song about Queen Victoria's experiences on a "road" about Balbriggan, which I must so ireland. The sum of it was that her Majesty "liked the jaunting of an Irish jaunting car." A Irish Prince Napoleon liked it, for on a trip to Ireland in 1857 he "came away as a mountain jaunting car." the imperial patch, Le Roux Horsemen. Mr. Thackeray Irish Sketch Book, Mr. Arnaw on an outsider, was nightly pleased with his experiences. The same tale has lived as much at home as if he were in the lap of Hooey.

Pat is, say, six hundred and seventy nine distinct anecdotes of which Larry Doolan is the hero. Larry as he himself tells one of these are remarkable from a hour antiquity to within five generations back. It is more merciful to fight shy of stale Joe Miller jokes and to give a few of the latest experiences for something new. To carry out this intention honestly, I ask permission to begin with one which I know to be true, which is a very good that it will bear being twice told.

There is an annual festivity in the Hibernian Hall, Dublin, known as the Jaunting Hall. A couple of subalterns quartered at the Castle, accompanied by their wives, were asking Dolores, but as I became the wood-

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a fifth chair, with six exaggerated top for himself, drawn in from their houses, the doors and windows, and drove like John, the Scotch Queen, to the Hibernian Hall gate, one of the passengers told him that he was a fool, and that he would get a shilling, his strictly legal fare. The Irishman said he would, and he presented a washerwoman the Chief Secretary, "Sir Hugh," said the Irishman, "I'm a man of my word, and I'm not tell you the whole story of the ring now, dearest Phoebe; it belongs to my brother Charlotte, he is at Plymouth; to-morrow you shall hear all about it."

Pat said that Charlotte's friends and unbelievers had long been a cause of annoyance to Phoebe, who had been married out and best beloved brother, so I forgave to grieve him with another word on the subject.

"Is that our good Mirram at the door? asked Ambrose, pointing to a white cat tainly a step in the passage, but when I opened the door Miriam I found her in her room at the farther end of the house. Afterward I remembered that she must have passed along the hedge and gone out at the garden gate, but at that time I took no notice of the circumstance. When the supper had ended, I asked Ambrose how long could be. It was long past her usual hour for retorting. At last I sent a maid to the passage bidding her to hasten home. Alas! she had left an hour ago. We searching all through the house, in the garden and the paddock it grew dark, and I could no longer conceal my distress. Ambrose, too looked grave. He went with the maid home, and they made inquiries in the village (they even walked as far as the Black Pond, but they found no trace of Dolores.

There was nothing now to be done; we could but wait for the morning, when my brother-in-law, who was in lodgings in Plymouth, end sent out mounted messengers to scour the country; she could not be far off.

Very early the next day a little piece of paper was delivered to me. With difficulty I deciphered the words that were written in pencil: "Hear and honored Senora—Do not seek to find me. I shall never return to Hollow Terrace, for I have left with my free will. Ever and ever will I pray for you, your devoted and grateful servant, I kiss your hands and your feet. Dolores de Rioso Walters."

Ambrose was always a man of few words. He made no comment on the letter. Very shortly he bade me a loving farewell, and he took his leave. I spent the day alone, hoping for the return of Dolores. Ambrose, on his myself, Ambrose, on one of the mer, must find her soon—she could not well far, and there was no one to be hired in the village save if she had had the means to engage one, and I knew how strongly were I to contend with her power. Why had she left me? Was her brain unhinged by her sorrows? Would she agree to put an end to her life? Late in the afternoon I wrapped a mantle round me and went out to breathe the air. Perhaps I should meet one of the party and hear the news that I dreaded, and yet longed to hear. The gorse hedge at the end of the garden, growing close to the ground, I passed (the bed by the sandial was red and blue with flowering lysanthis; the forms so every ditch and in every stone wall were peeping forth their brown and green pennons the air was full of the sounds of spring. Tiger was bounding in the sun by the gate, "Tiger" I cried, struck with a new idea, "find her, good dog. Seek Dolores!" He looked at me as if he understood me; once he fetched a scarf of hers and held it up to me. Whatever more all he set off down the lane, and took a short cut across a field and disappeared in a wood. Every now and then he stopped and looked my hand as I followed him. He was warm and sheltered in the pine wood the ground was slippery with fir needles. The dog ran on, and I found a pile of fagots he was stacked against a low stone wall. He stood with one side of his face rubbed in soft. Here the earth was carpeted with moss. I stepped noiselessly across the open space, thinking to climb the wall and look down into the lane

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY JULY 15, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing issues, and gives actual form to abstract principles and opinions governing the world. In our age, religious journalism is actually the most powerful moral agency, and it is the duty of every responsible to his creed, or liberty, to work in open battle. What is and what ought to be the subject of Catholic journalism but to establish creed and defend the truth, whatever it may be—assert all, the Divine truth—and deny all, the human falsehood?

"Man does not live upon abstract principles, but on facts. In the Catholic Church, every where, protection lies, which is to be placed, one writers of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, the rights and those of Holy Church, are the best friends of the Christian and peaceable and Society.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—Among the deserving students of the Law Department of Georgetown University upon whom the Degree of Master of Laws was conferred at the recent commencement, we notice the name of George O'Doherty of California.

—We print a very interesting letter from our patriotic Irish correspondent this week, who mentions—among other gratifying news—the fact that several Irish members of Parliament contemplate a visit to this land in a few months.

—Referring to the unveiling, on Saturday last, of the monument to Cardinal Monichal in the Church of St. Onofrio, Rome, the *Monitor de Rome* says: "It is now know that Cardinal Mermillod spoke as he lamented and daily thirty-five languages, and fifty-four dialects."

—It is stated that the Rev. Dr. Dulany, S. J., President of the Catholic University College, Dublin, has been nominated by the Crown to the vacancy on the Senate of the Royal University, occasioned by the death of Cardinal MacCabe. The Rev. Dr. Dulany is a distinguished member of the Jesuit Order, and has had a long experience as an educationist, having been formerly Rector of Tullabeg College.

—Cardinal Lavigerie, who left Algiers two months ago to plead the cause of the African Church in his native France, passed through Turin a few days ago on his way to Rome. He paid a visit to Don Bosco, being anxious to secure the services of the Salesian Missionaries for his large diocese. The emigrants founded by Don Bosco already bids fair to become one of the grandest Evangelizing agencies in the Catholic Church.

—The masterly controversial discourse which we publish on the first page this week, under the title. "Are all Religious True?" should be carefully read by all Christians in the land, as it effectually fastens out Dr. Stebbins' falsehood concerning the most vital subject that can attract the attention of all thinking men. Read it, Catholics, then pass the paper to your non-Catholic neighbors.

—A ragged and broken down old man was brought up before a police court in Chicago, recently, on a charge of sending postage stamps off mail matter left on the top of street mail boxes. He was William Drummond, formerly a brilliant lawyer, and at one time Chief Justice of Cuba. Drink brought him to degradation and crime. When asked why he had stolen the stamps, he said in a husky voice, "I was dying for a drink!"

—We congratulate our good friend, Father Clark of the *Catholic Columbian*, in having secured the able editorial assistance of Mr. L. W. Reilly, formerly editor of the Baltimore *Catholic Mirror*. Mr. Reilly is not only a good writer but a trained journalist whose services will indeed be valuable to Father Clark, as the latter seslous priest has a higher mission than that which falls to the lot of ordinary mortals.

—We hope all our readers in this vicinity will be present on the Mission Hill and bear in mind that at 3 o'clock next Sunday his Grace Archbishop Riordan will lay the corner-stone of St. Anthony's Church, Brooklyn, Alameda county. The trip across the bay and the pleasant ride in the Oakland cars will prove a very acceptable afternoon's enjoyment to all who participate. Besides they will have the delight of seeing another splendid church commenced in God's honor, and of listening to an instructive discourse from Rev. R. Newell, O. P., as well as having a share in the blessing which Almighty God bestows upon those who help to erect sanctuaries to the Most High. We hope to see at least ten thousand friends of Father Gleason assemble round him on that auspicious occasion.

—A touching story is told of the Vanerable Bede's completion of his translation of the Gospel of St. John into Saxon in the monastery of Jarrow-on-the-Tyne. When the last chapter was reached, the scribe, seeing that his master's strength was failing, said: "It seems difficult for you to speak." "Nay, it is easy," replied Bede; "take your pen, dip it in ink, and write as fast as you can." "Now, master," said the scribe, "only one sentence is wanting." Bede repeated it. "It is finished," said the scribe. "It is finished," replied the dying servant of God; "lift up my head: fat me sit in my cell, in the place where I have been accustomed to pray . and now, 'Glory be to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.'" With these words Bede's spirit went up to God.

—In a marked copy of the *Tripe County Register* which came to hand this week, we find the following

There are many Catholic families and individuals in this valley. Parents, true lovers of their faith, are growing anxious near the fact that their children are growing up in total ignorance of the teachings due unto of such great, or most in the church. Some of these ask us to call attention to these facts that through some early action by superiors of the faith, a priest may be sent here to permanently work and reside. We are assured he will receive all sufficient support, and we know he will be met with the cordial and minding across faith, a reasonable circuit. Let these concerns take heed.

The proper way to procure a priest is for Catholics to address a respectful request to their Bishop. Priests are not the property of printing offices, nor are non-Catholic newspapers the proper medium for such requests. Let an approximate census of Impensanty Catholics be made; let each head of a family signify how much he or she will give towards the support of a priest, forward the document to the Bishop of the diocese, and action in the matter will be taken instantly if there is a priest to spare. The most "concerned" people in such matters are Catholic parents, and they should "take heed" how they transgress the duty of respect due to the Prelate set over them and who are ever ready to respond to any request couched in the language of a Catholic Bishop from a respectful Catholic

—A correspondent of the *Pacific* alludes to a letter from Mexico which was printed in a city paper, and in which were some absurd allusions to the Blessed Virgin, hence the *Pacific's* correspondent concludes that the communications emanated from a Catholic. For the enlightenment of our friends of the *Pacific* and its correspondent, we deem it proper to inform that the writer of the report in question is Fannie B. Ward, who raises the Mother of God nearly as blasphemous as Rev. McCrary. So far from being a Catholic, she is one of those puffed-up prudes who think themselves too good to acknowledge their inferiority to Almighty God. Hence they hate to hear the praises of the Blessed Virgin mentioned, and they purposely malign her whenever an opportunity offers. Mary is not "substituted for Jesus in the Catholic Church," nor can the *Pacific's* correspondent say so from any reputable authentic source.

"Catholic Children should be Educated in Catholic Schools!"

Such was the impressive and important precept promulgated by Archbishop Riordan in the course of his sermon in St. Mary's Cathedral on last Sunday, and now that the Catholic schools throughout this Archdiocese are about resuming studies, this mandate should be put into practical operation by every Catholic parent who has any reverence or respect for the religion he professes or for the soul-saving admonitions of that Prelate, whom the voice of God has called to preside over His Church in this Archdiocese.

We are told by the Church that "*without faith it is impossible to please God*," and how can Catholic parents reconcile their conscience when they send their children to schools where Catholic faith is scoffed at, where Catholic principles are ignored, and where the main facts of history are malignant slanders upon the Saints and Pontiffs of the Church of God?

Almighty God has imposed a fearful responsibility upon Catholic parents in this regard. He has sent them children for the salvation of whose souls they alone are responsible. And how is it possible to preserve that priceless gift of Catholic faith without Catholic education? There are thousands of Catholic parents in this land who seem to glory in turning their children away from God by sending them into the terrible temptations to apostacy which beset them in sectarian Sunday-schools and godless public schools where they will grow up in ignorance of even the elementary principles of Catholic faith. Such parents will have a terrible account to give to Almighty God for the loss of the souls of those sinless children whom God sent them in order that they might become cohers of the kingdom of heaven. There is only one way in which the will of God can be carried out in this regard, and that is by obeying the behests of our beloved Archbishop when he tells us that "CATHOLIC CHILDREN SHOULD BE EDUCATED IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS." Hearken to the voice of your Prelate, ye wise Catholics, and let no worldly considerations cause you to suffer the loss of a single soul among your children. Wise is that parent who *hears the Church* through the voice of his Bishop, and blessed in the sight of God is that Catholic parent who preserves in the soul of his child the holy faith he inherited from his fathers.

A Singular Superstition.

A great many people ignorantly imagine that superstition is confined altogether to Catholics, and is particularly the national weakness of the Irish people, yet the truth is that every nation has its own peculiar superstitions, nor are the American people free from such mental illusions—as the following items quoted from a Pennsylvania paper go far to prove.

It appears that on a recent occasion Mr. Abram Heed, a farmer living in Beaver township, Pa., cut down a large oak tree on his farm, and in cutting it up he found, embedded in the trunk, seven or eight feet from the ground, a small glass bottle and what had the appearance of a lock of hair. The bottle had been inserted in a hole in the tree made by an auger, than a plug was driven into the hole over the bottle, the hair also being held in the hole by the plug. The bottle was corked, and contained a colorless liquid. Over the plug had grown six solid rings of wood, besides a thick bark. There was a superstition among the early settlers, and it is held by many of their descendants, that asthma and other affections could be cured by the victim standing against the tree and having a lock of his hair plugged in it while the hair was still attached to his head. It must then be cut off close to his head, and the afflicted person walk away without looking at it or ever going by the tree again. While the use of a bottle was not included in the treatment, it is believed that the one with the hair discovered in the heart of the oak tree was put there in the early days of the settlement by some believer in the superstition to cure an ailment of some kind.

Canadian Irishmen.

MONTREAL, July 13.—The Montreal Branch of the Irish National League was well represented to the Dominion of Canada, calling for support and subscriptions toward the National Parliamentary Fund for the payment of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament and to defray their expenses in the coming elections.

The English Anthem Blessed.

DUBLIN, July 5.—At the Irish Antisane Exhibition yesterday the Nationalists kissed and gave other tokens of disrespect during the singing of the National Anthem. The committee decided to expunge the anthem in future.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul

Has of the most useful, edifying and fruitful associations in which the Catholic laity are privileged to participate is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, an association that has won the admiration of Popes and Prelates for the munificence of its charity and the edifying example which it has set before the world in its silent ministrations to the deserving poor.

Many Pontiffs have recommended this society as well worthy the support and personal interest of Catholics, but the Highest Pontiff of our Holy Faith has crowned its labors in the most emphatic by our present wise and holy Pope, who, in his encyclical Encyclical Letter issued April 20th, 1884, thus recommends its progress throughout every portion of the world called over by the Prince of Peace. In the Encyclical Letter in question, Pope Leo XIII. says

"We cannot here in silence pass over our society which has given so many admirable examples, and which has deserved so well of the lower classes. We speak of the society which took the name of its father, St. Vincent de Paul. The work it has done, and the object it sets before itself, are sufficiently well known. The affects of its members, prompted by charity, are solely directed to the relief of the poor and distressed—a work which they carry out with wonderful wisdom, and a modesty so rare. But the more this society conceals the good it effects, the more it is fitted to the practice of charity and the alleviation of mankind's miseries."

The charter of a century ago nearly every parish then existing in this city had its St. Vincent de Paul Conference, but the suburban parishes, numerous or defection of members, caused the organization to degenerate to such an extent that it survived in but a few parishes. Seeing the necessity that existed for reviving again this useful charitable organization, and inspired by the precept of the Sovereign Pontiff, our beloved Archbishop has expressed his desire to see a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul instituted in every parish in this city, so that the needs of the deserving poor may be systematically relieved.

In accordance with the decree of Rome, Conferences have already been organized in the Cathedral parish, and in many other parishes throughout the city, and we understand that it is the intention of the Archbishop to convene a general meeting of all the Conferences on some day in the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, which occurs on the 19th inst., by which time it is hoped that the organization will be represented by a Conference in every parish in the city.

All such corporal works of mercy as those in which the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul are engaged, can never fail of being blessed by God, and the proper unless they have the pure love of God for their foundation. And how can this be secured? Simply by every member set them in sectarian Sunday-schools, the godless public schools where they will grow up in ignorance of even the elementary principles of Catholic faith. Such parents will have a terrible account to give to Almighty God for the loss of the souls of those sinless children whom God sent them in order that they might become cohers of the kingdom of heaven. There is only one way in which the will of God can be carried out in this regard, and that is by obeying the behests of our beloved Archbishop when he tells us that "CATHOLIC CHILDREN SHOULD BE EDUCATED IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS." Hearken to the voice of your Prelate, ye wise Catholics, and let no worldly considerations cause you to suffer the loss of a single soul among your children. Wise is that parent who *hears the Church* through the voice of his Bishop, and blessed in the sight of God is that Catholic parent who preserves in the soul of his child the holy faith he inherited from his fathers.

The Catholic Church in Utah.

People at a distance from the land of the "Latter Day Saints," have on the whole but a poor idea of the rapid growth of the Catholic Church in the Territory of Utah. Rev. Patrick Scanlan was almost the first priest who—with the true spirit of an Apostle—left the sunny land of the Pacific slope to pitch his tent and unfurl the flag of our holy religion right in the hotbed of Mormonism. How himself and his handful of coadjutors have rallied themselves for their work, and how Mr. Himself has helped that work, may not be—at least should not be—without interest to every Catholic.

Some ten or twelve years ago Father Scanlan arrived on this coast from the Island of Sainta—his native land. He was ordained for the Archdiocese of San Francisco in the Missionary College of All Hallows. His courage and zeal were put to the test soon after his arrival, but both were found equal to the occasion, and he proved to be most practical way, in accepting the Utah mission. Father Scanlan devoted to be no feather bed soldier of Jesus Christ. He started immediately for his field of labor and say more than that he spent there was a small pittance. Salt Lake City, he saw that perhaps for many years to come none but God alone could know anything of his whereabouts. After his arrival in Salt Lake he soon saw that some time must pass before he could hope to have anything worthy of occupying his time. Such a time instinct for duty, and taking things in the only way in which it was possible for them to succeed, he started south towards Pioche and Silver Reef to work among the poor, led by honest and faithful miners, many of whom were Irish. It was a God-send for these poor fellows, with hearts full of faith, to see a priest settle down among them, to labor for them, to direct and guide them was, no doubt, congenial to him who had made so many sacrifices for the Master whom he would no more see. The good Father settled down in their midst, built a church at Pioche, and a church and hospital at Silver Reef.

A true fatherly instinct has prompted the Rev. Father to follow the same course ever since. He will not be contented with tending to the wants of the dead, but he remembers that men are still in the flesh, and that to be a true follower of Him who came to pour balm into every wound, was to be nearly as good as a priest.

God alone knows what hardships and privations, what weariness and fatigue, what cold and even want he had to go through in carrying on his great projects. The grand success of the ten or twelve years labor of this zealous missionary are manifestations that will excite the wonder of those who himself is enjoying the reward of his faithfulness. A magnificent academy in Salt Lake City, a church in Ogden, a church in Mountains—in which about three hundred students are educated, was the result of the labors of this man of prudence. Next followed St. Mary's Hospital, standing on a splendid block of ten acres, the building itself worth about $100,000. Both these institutions, equipped as they are in splendid style, and managed by fifty Sisters of the Holy Cross, are the wonder of every stranger to Salt Lake.

We had nearly overlooked to mention what prompted this writing. We will remember, at this time last year, as will also all our readers, the total destruction of the church and schools by fire at Park City. No better proof can be had of the esteem in which both Priests and Sisters are held than the munificent liberality towards the church and schools of all classes of citizens on that occasion. Eight weeks from the time of the fire a magnificent convent, schools and church replaced those destroyed. The property was not of wood, but which now stands in its stead, and which was almost exclusively the work of the citizens, is of a solid character. The schools, in which are conducted by the same order of Sisters as those in Salt Lake, educate nearly two hundred children, and from what we have read in the Salt Lake City *Tribune*, and Park City *Record*, of their success and standing, we expect to see the greatest doubly increase next year. We give on the third page a short extract from the *Record* of the recent annual exhibition, to which we refer our readers.

Besides what we have already mentioned relative to the progress of the Catholic Church in Utah, we would mention the Catholics of Ogden now being built in Salt Lake City for logs, at a cost from $25,000 to $30,000. We have only one reason, to make in conclusion, and that is that no man knows how it is that so many fine institutions can come into the services of one man, and that in so short a time. Surely they do not labor in vain with Him Who is ever with them, and Who says they shall not be confounded.

The Head Trappist of Gethsemane.

It is singular with what avidity the secular press picks up every scandalous untruth concerning Catholic affairs, and plants all such slanders with the greatest of pomposity and displaying the most delicious delicacy. Why is this? It is simply because the depraved press, ever ready to receive sensational literature in order to satisfy the cravings of its immoral appetite, and any calumny against the Church or its priests is sure to find a listener who has to be rolled under the tongue of ten thousand untruthful tongues.

The editors of the secular press—in a great many instances at least, we hope—think that in ministering to public duty and unalignant scandal about Priests or Nuns, without making a single enquiry concerning their truth. This fact was well illustrated last Sunday week, when a daily paper located only a few blocks from St. Mary's Cathedral, published a flagrantly false account of the death of a Trappist monk, belonging to the monastery at Gethsemane, forty miles from Louisville, Kentucky. Ten minutes conference with any priest at the Cathedral would have enlightened a representative of the daily paper in question as to the untruthfulness of the printed account of the death of the monk in question, yet even that brief atom of time could not be devoted towards ascertaining the truth, but the calumny against this Catholic Order must be published to the world, and its good name smirched, because falsehood prevails over truth in the columns of the secular press.

The account published in our local contemporary gives a most exaggerated account of how this so-called "Runaway Monk" died and recovered ill treated to such an extent that he "escaped to a small chapel and sought shelter from a Protestant family, but was subsequently "forced into the Trappist monastery." Such a story after he was returned to the monastery.

The truth in this case makes the circumstances surrounding this monk's death very plain, and in order that their good name might not be tarnished by the bigotry of a new enemy of such Catholic institutions as the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane, the attending physician of the Institution has published the following letter which every proves that the monk in question was imprisoned, was not starved, but on the contrary he received every attention that Christian kindness and regard from his brethren of the community, who furnished him with every requisite for his comfort and convenience. These facts are taken from a letter from the Rev. Father Pius, of the Abbey, not about three years ago he had to leave the Order on account of his mental incapacity, and during the last three years he was in charge of the Gethsemane Hospital, and for the last many years he has been suffering from a chronic nervous disease, which gives him paralysis agitans, which gives more or less great trouble, and which has made him a cripple for life. By the disease and his age, his mind is very much impaired, and he was troubled with hallucinations of various kinds, and he believed that he was persecuted by his brethren, firmly positively and emphatically he talks much of his persecution, but he says he knows anything to do with his whereabouts, and in many ways violated the rules of the Order, and was finally expelled.

As for his having been imprisoned or starved, or ill treated, he never received any of the ill-treatment. For several months he has been allowed to take his meals with the other fourteen feet, with a large window looking out on the garden, opposite door leading to a hall, in which the stairway leads to the first floor. He has been in this place last year, as will also with a twice sitting passing through the door of the refectory, and he has been allowed the liberty generally during the day. From this room he had free access to the garden, and could walk out from door, but always found the east of side door closed. He was free to leave the building if his contrary points was that he would go to the refectory, and he was not allowed to go by his better wishes to do so. Many of them, and the Superior, repeatedly begged and pleaded to leave his room and take outdoor exercise, but he refused, and he was not compelled to do so.

The Superior, he was in charge of the Infirmary, and for the last nearly years, he has been a monk for fifty-six years, and he is well known to the Catholic people of this country as a fervent religious. He is naturally very kind, and he is a man of great piety, and he is a man of great piety, and he is a man of great piety

Farm and Home.

How to Keep Husbands.

A contributor who writes under the nom de plume of "Susan Snap" speaks thus: "The other day the following sentence in a newspaper attracted my attention: 'It is easy enough to win a husband, but a pretty difficult thing to keep him.' Well, I said to myself, that all depends. Some, may be, are not worth the winning, but if they are, they are certainly worth keeping. But they are only mortal, and dreadfully mortal at that, and we must take them just as they are, not as we want them to be; and the woman who understands them knows they like to be petted and soothed—that there is something in their great, rough, earnest natures, that is touched by gentleness and pretty than by scolding, scan looks, and what is vulgarly called the 'logic of a broomhandle.'

They all have their weak points, even the best of them, and it will take some time to find them all out. But don't be discouraged; study them up and find a charm for every one. Perhaps he loves good dinner, eat; then charm him with sweet bread, fragrant coffee, delicious puddings, and other good things, and reach his heart through his stomach.' Does he like to look nice, and his proud of his locks? then let his shirts be fashions, the buttons always on, and don't forget to tell him how nice he looks when he goes with you he should go out to spend the evening, and be so entertaining generally that he will not wish to go away from home without you. Read aloud to him, while he rests in the easy chair or on the sofa; and if the reading basket is full invite him to read to you while you are then sing him the last new song. He will like it much better than 'dropping in a his shirt,' or going 'round the houses.' In be brilliant! then be amused at his bright speeches, and praise them. In be a disciple of Oscar Wilde, and does he pose, and is he too 'utterly utter' for anything? then I don't know what to tell you; but I guess he'll recover. (At any rate, I'd have him raise his own cuslowers; the seeds will do to heal the sickness.)

"In be of literary taste! then be literary enough to appreciate him. But if you chance to know more and know it, don't let he does, don't say anything, but keep it to yourself, for men like to be big and great to their wives. That's why a helpless-like woman, with fainting fits and a coaxing voice, could marry half a dozen times, while her strong, self-reliant sister walks through life single blessedness. So cultivate bright eyes and helplessness.

"In be naturally of a jealous disposition! then use all your power to teach him confidence. Dost he like beauty? then look as pretty as you can, for it is every woman's duty to do that; and remember that to every man the woman he loves is 'well pleasing in his sight,' even though she may not be an acknowledged beauty.

"I hope he is not cross and fault-finding, yet if he is, I have heard it hinted that it might be as well to give him a dose of his own medicine—that is if you could do it skillfully.

"At all events, don't be too tame, for men don't like to waste their ammunition on bears and unwarlike creatures; they like purchasing difficult game. Say something just a little capricious and uncertain. Don't let yourself become an 'old story,' but keep bright and short, and well posted, and up with the times. Be careful not to be too good, for it might make you seem tiresome and monotonous.

"Cultivate a sweet, pleasant voice, look well to the household expenses, and always meet him with a smile, even when the baby is sick and your head is aching.

"It may seem hard to do all this sometimes, but then under the circumstances it seems needful if you wish to 'keep a husband.'"

Don't Work on an Empty Stomach.

The errors that prevail with regard to early morning exercises are simply monstrous. Even the strong and athletic are liable to injure themselves by exercising long and vigorously in the early morning on an empty stomach, while the feeble, the dyspeptic and the nervous should not allow themselves to indulge in any unusual activity of body or muscles until the system has been fortified by at least a preliminary breakfast. Farmers sometimes injure themselves by working too hard and too long before breakfast.

Moderate exercise, such as walking, the lighter forms of gymnastics and easy games, can be taken indiscriminately, just before or after meals, without injury; but the severer tasks—rowing, active games—should usually be reserved for the middle of the forenoon or afternoon, or the evening. It is not well for us to go to our meals in a condition of exhaustion, either of the brain or muscles. It is not well to bear or faticlimes down exercising just after meals, for our own feelings will usually guide us right. After a hearty meal we do not care to plunge into the severest work.—*Dr. George M. Beard.*

Training Our Boys.

In the first place, don't try to make a man of your child while he is a boy. If you force him to irksome and fatiguing employment he will perform it but indifferently his heart is on his play. Let him have his play spell, to which he is as much entitled as the boy whose father is not a farmer. 'Tis but for a few years, and it will never come to him again. During his school days remember he can learn more from you than he can from his books. Show him the curiosities and varieties of plant life; the action of heat and cold; of water and sunlight; the habits of different animals. He must see this. If, however, you explain them without an accompanying illustration he will forget the story before you have done knitting it. Never repress ign for asking what appear to be silly questions; they are not silly to him; boys resent an unnecessary reproof quite as much as man. When he puts away childish things give him occasional employment on his own responsibility. Don't tell him how to do everything he sets about. He will ask you, providing he doesn't think he knows how. No matter if the work be done in a wrong way, he will then be convinced of it, while if you tell him beforehand, perhaps he will not believe you. It is better for him to fail alone than to succeed under your supervision. Encourage him to simple experiments and show him the results of your own. Impress upon him, by your own example, the importance of detail; order and system are generally more distasteful than hard work. Let him have some interest of his own, though never so small, in the increase of his farm—a few chickens, a pig, or the fruit from two or three apple trees, the proceeds of which shall be his own to do with as he chooses. The "any lamb and father's sheep" fiction is worse than no lamb at all. It won't do to extract from him something when he becomes a man—that is a long way off to him. Above all, treat him as a companion, not as a hireling or drudge. Substitute "we" for "I" in discussing your plans, and ask his opinion now and then before giving your own. Attention to these things is a small matter to you, but a great matter to him. A boy brought up under such influences is a congenial house, whatever be his occupation, will forever afterward look back upon a happy spring time of life, a possession which will, with perhaps one exception, more than anything else keep him, as a man from yielding to the temptations he must certainly encounter.

Beware of Vile Imitations.

Dr. Hanley's is the original and only preparation containing the extract of celery. Hanley's Beef and Iron.

Family Fun.

A Trick in Four Acts.

Act I—A gentleman irreproachably dressed gives into a confectioner's shop in Tarn, and says to the polite proprietor:

"I want a hundred and fifty of the nicest cream tarts you can make."

"A hundred and fifty—that is a pretty large order. Do you want them at once?"

"Within three hours at the latest."

"I can have them ready at that time. Ahem! it is customary to ask a deposit on such orders—say ten francs."

"Certainly, my friend. Here are your ten francs."

Act II—About two hours later a gentleman irreproachably dressed, goes into a tailor's shop across the way from the pastry cook's and asks to be shown some cravats. He selects one of the nicest and asks the price.

"One hundred and twenty-five francs, sir!"

"Very well: I will take it. I have some money to collect, at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objections to let one of your men come over with me to get it."

"Certainly not. A worthy man is my friend, Mr. Puff."

Act III—To the confectioner enter irreproachable dressed gentleman, now wearing an overcoat and tailor's young man. The confectioner greets the former with a respectful friendliness due to a good customer.

"Ah, Mr. Puff, I've called round for that one hundred and fifty you promised to have for me at 12:30."

"You shall have them in five minutes, sir."

"Very well. I have to go around the corner to see a man. You will give the young gentleman one hundred and twenty-five of the hundred and fifty. He is trusted and get the remaining twenty-five myself in a few minutes."

"With pleasure, sir."

Act IV—Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream tarts, and a bill for the balance thereon 21f 25c. One minute thereafter the confectioner and a tailor's young man are scouring the streets hence and yonder in search of a new customer.

A Judge's Grim Joke.

A friend repeated rather a good story to me, which it seems was sent to be a stand-by of Junius Porter, the well-known legal bon vivant of Dublin.

It was concerning a rare old Irish judge on the Nisi Prius circuit, who loved the hunting-field more than he did the stupid, sleepy court-room. His dark was likewise, and a joyous one, and

One fine morning the clerk whispered to the Judge:

"Yer Honor, old Billy Dunn's meet to-day at Rathjimsallagan, an' they're a fine fog-fox."

"How many's in the docket?" asked the Judge excitedly.

"Twenty, for rioting and breach of peace, yer Honor."

"Tim," said the Judge, "do you think you can get the first felon to plead guilty without a jury trial, and me to let him off with a week in jail?"

"The easiest thing in the world," answered the faithful clerk.

"Make haste, then, and bring the whole gang; and, I say, Tim, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile.

The Twenty Fusiens were brought into court—a defiant gang, nineteen men and a pretty fair-looking girl, and they were prepared to fight with counsel and jury to the bitter end.

The twentieth had been interviewed by the clerk.

He was called off by the clerk.

"Guilty or not guilty of the crimes charged," demanded the Judge with a proprietous smile.

"Guilty, yer honor; God help me," said the crafty prisoner.

"Well, said the Judge, glancing benevolently about the room. "I fancy I can let you off with a week."

The man thanked the Judge and stepped down to the bailiff.

There was a terrible sensation among the other defendants. Why, none of them expected to get off with less than five years.

Here was a chance to profit by "this Hooor's" pleasant mood. One and all manifested an earnest desire to follow the example of their comrade and acknowledge their crimes in a batch.

"Do you all plead guilty?" demanded the Judge sagely.

"We do!" shouted the enthusiastic nineteen in chorus.

"Fourteen years' transportation apiece," exclaimed the Judge with a click of his jaw—"Jerry, is the mare saddled yet?"

A Minority Report.

"Pa," said a little boy who had been reading the newspaper, "what is a minority report?"

"A minority report, my son?" inquiringly repeated the father.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my son," he answered, scratching his head, "a minority report is—is—well, my son, where I say I won't, and your mother says I'd better, that's a minority report."

"Which one, pa—yours or mother's?"

"Run out and play, my son; you are too young to understand such matters. When you are older you won't have to ask so many questions."

Still a Doubtful Case.

When the grocer at Port Huron, Mich., was said that winter to have experienced religion, the attorney was carried to a prominent deacon, who inquired

"Did he confess to mixing two kinds of oats together, and selling them as No. 1?"

"I think so."

"Say anything about having worked our old butter every fall for twenty years?"

"No."

"Did he confess that he had been caught using short weights?"

"No."

"Wasn't he sorry for watering his vinegar?"

"He didn't say so."

"Well, it may be that the Lord has seen fit to poke him up a little around the edges, but before you receive him into the church you'd better give him a fair chance to pass a quarter with a hole in it. If he resists the temptation, I shall pray the Lord to continue the wrestle until Satan gets three straight falls."

A Sensible Wife.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding. I'm free as settle down to married life; are you to be president or vice-president of this concern?" "I want to be neither president nor vice-president, Alonzo, sir," said the bride, "I will be content with a subordinate position." "What is that?" "Cashier, sir, of the currency."

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true Laxative. Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the Stomach, harmless in its nature, painless in its effects. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, strengthens the organs, in which it acts. Better than Bitter, nauseous Cathartic medicines, pills, salts and drastic. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

Catholic Societies.

All Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and other information desired (as many) for publication, for Sun Dispatch.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

STATE OFFICERS—State Spiritual Director, Rev. Lawrence Scott, of Branch 26; Treasurer, Chas. Freudenstein, of Branch 26; Recording Secretary, Chas. Kaiser, of Branch 26; E. Dyer, of Branch 26; Financial Secretary, Dr. J. F. Schmitt, of Branch 26; Trustees, Chas. Freudenstein, Sam Dyer, Chas. Kaiser, Wm. Schmitt, of Branch 26.

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ST. JOHN'S BRANCH, No. 26—Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Lenker; President, Chas. Freudenstein; Vice-President, Chas. Kaiser; Recording Secretary, J. J. Schoonhoven; Financial Secretary, Dr. J. F. Schmitt; Treasurer, Sam Dyer; Trustees, Chas. Freudenstein, Sam Dyer, Chas. Kaiser, Wm. Schmitt. Meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at 103 Lexington avenue.

TOWN BRANCH, NO. 1—Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Lenker; President, Jas. Gallagher; Vice-President, Jas. Carroll; Recording Secretary, Chas. A. Clarke; Financial Secretary, Jas. Gallagher; Treasurer, Jas. Carroll; Trustees, Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Carroll, Chas. A. Clarke. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 103 Lexington avenue.

TOWN BRANCH, NO. 2—Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Lenker; President, J. C. Gilmartin; Vice-President, Jas. Gallagher; Recording Secretary, Jas. Carroll; Financial Secretary, J. J. Schoonhoven; Treasurer, Jas. Gallagher; Trustees, Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Carroll, J. C. Gilmartin. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 103 Lexington avenue.

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OFFICERS—President, Thos. Maher; Vice-President, P. J. Reardon; 1st Recording Secretary, J. F. Sullivan; 2d Recording Secretary, Geo. Wm. Cook; Financial Secretary, Geo. Wm. Cook; Treasurer, Chas. Ellis; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Thos. Maher, P. J. Reardon, Geo. Wm. Cook, Chas. Ellis, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the second Monday of each month, at 103 Lexington avenue.

TOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 1—President, M. T. Hassett, 112 Dolores Street; Vice-President, Jas. Gallagher, 1 Montgomery avenue; Recording Secretary, J. J. Wallace, 22 Sanchez st; Financial Secretary, Geo. Wm. Cook, 724 Mission; Treasurer, Chas. Ellis, 1 Montgomery avenue; Marshal, Jas. Ryan, 1 Montgomery avenue; Guard, Jas. Ryan, 1 Montgomery avenue; Trustees, James F. Wallace, Tim Crowley, Geo. Wm. Cook, Chas. Ellis, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 103 Lexington avenue.

No. 2—President, Chas. Kaiser, 1 Montgomery avenue; Vice-President, Jas. Gallagher, 1 Montgomery avenue; Recording Secretary, Jas. Carroll, 1 Montgomery avenue; Financial Secretary, Geo. Wm. Cook, 1 Montgomery avenue; Treasurer, Chas. Ellis, 1 Montgomery avenue; Marshal, Jas. Ryan, 1 Montgomery avenue; Guard, Jas. Ryan, 1 Montgomery avenue; Trustees, Chas. Kaiser, Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Carroll, Chas. Ellis, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at 103 Lexington avenue.

ST. JOHN'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—President, Rev. Fr. Lenker; Vice-President, Michael Leonard; Recording Secretary, J. H. McGinnis; Recording Secretary, Frank Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Gallagher; Marshal, Jas. Carroll; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Carroll, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the second Monday of each month, at St. John's Hall, Market st.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, FARM CITY, 1 P.M.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Brady; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Edmond Kenny, 1738 Front st; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Edmond Kenny. Meets on the first Monday of each month, at St. Mary's Hall, Farm City.

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OFFICERS—President, Mrs. A. Shine; Vice-President, T. O'Brien; Second Vice-President, Charles Bauer; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mary Ryan; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Mary Ryan; Treasurer, Wm. McCarty; Financial Secretary, C. F. Hughes; Recording Secretary, C. F. Hughes; Trustees, Mrs. Mary Ryan, Mrs. Mary Ryan, Mrs. Mary Ryan

Farm and Home.

How to Keep Husbands.

A contributor who writes under the nom de plume of "Susan Snap" speaks thus: "The other day the following sentence in a newspaper attracted my attention: 'It is easy enough to win a husband, but a pretty difficult thing to keep him.' Well, I said to myself, that all depends. Some, may be, are not worth the winning, but if they are, they are certainly worth keeping. But they are only mortal, and dreadfully mortal at that, and we must take them just as they are, not as we wish them to be: and the woman who understands them knows they like to be petted and soothed—that there is something in their great, rough, earnest natures, that responds to gentleness, gives propriety than by scolding, frown looks, and what is vulgarly called the 'logic of a broomhandle.'

They all have their weak points, even the best of them, and it will take some time to find them all out. Best don't be discouraged; study them up and find a charm for every one. Perhaps he loves good dinners, eat; then charm him with sweet bread, fragrant coffee, delicious puddings, and other good things, and reach his heart through his stomach." Does he like to look nice, and his proud of his looks! then let his shirts be fastidious, the buttons always on, and don't forget to tell him how nice he looks when he goes with you to church or out to spend the evening, and be so entertaining generally that he will not wish to go away from home without you. Read aloud to him, while he rests in the easy chair or on the sofa; and if the mending basket is full invite him to read you aloud while you are sewing, and you will be surprised at the pleasure he will take in the last new song. He will like it much better than 'dropping in at his club,' or going 'round the houses.' Is he brilliant? then be amused at his bright repartee, and praise them. Is he a disciple of Oscar Wilde, and does he pose, and is he too 'utterly utter' for anything? then I don't know what to tell you; but I guess he'll recover. (At any rate, I'd have him raise his own sunflowers; the seeds will do to feed the chickens.)

"Is he of literary taste? then be literary enough to appreciate him. But if you choose to have more than a mere subject, that he does, don't say anything, but keep it to yourself, for men like to be big and great to their wives. That's why a helpless-like woman, with large eyes and a coaxing voice, could marry half a dozen times, while her strong, self-reliant sister sides through life in single blessedness. Be cultivated, bright eyes and helpfulness.

"Is he naturally of a jealous disposition? then use all your power to teach him confidence. Does he like beauty? then look as pretty as you can, for it is every woman's duty to do that; and remember that to every man the woman he loves is 'well pleasing to his sight,' even though she may not be an acknowledged beauty.

"I hope he is not cross and fault-finding, but if he is, don't be provoked with him! It might be as well to give him a dose of his own medicine—that is if you could do it skilfully.

"At all events, don't be too tame, for men don't like to wear their ammunition on hoes and common occasions; they like pretty dressing dishes game. Say something just a little impertinent and remarkable. Don't let yourself become an 'old story,' but keep bright and alert, and well posted, and up with the times; and be careful not to be too good, for it might make you seem tiresome and monotonous.

"Cultivate a sweet, pleasant voice, look well to the household expenses, and always meet him with a smile, even when the baby is sick and your head is aching to split.

"It may seem hard to do all this sometimes, but then remember the consequences if you wish to 'keep a husband.'"

Don't Work on an Empty Stomach.

The errors that prevail with regard to early morning exercises are simply monstrous. Even the strong and athletic are liable to injure themselves by exercising too early and too vigorously in the early morning on an empty stomach, while the delicate, the dyspeptic and the nervous should not allow themselves to indulge in any sustained activity of brain or muscles until the system has been fortified by at least a preliminary breakfast. Farmers sometimes injure themselves by working too hard and too long before breakfast.

Moderate exercise, such as walking, the lighter forms of gymnastics and easy games, can be taken instantaneously, just before or after meals, without injury; but the severer kinds, requiring active generation, should be reserved for the middle of the forenoon or afternoon, or the evening. It is not well for us to go on our meals in a condition of exhaustion, either of the brain or muscles. It is not wise to be too fastidious about exercising just after meals, for our own feelings will usually guide us right. After a hearty meal we do not care to plunge into the severest work.—*Dr. George M. Beard.*

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A Trick in Four Acts.

Act I.—A gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a confectioner's shop in Paris and says to the polite proprietor:

"I want a hundred and fifty of the nicest cream tarts you can make."

"A hundred and fifty—that is a pretty large order. Do you want them at once?"

"Within three hours at the latest."

"I can have them ready at that time. Ahem! It is customary to ask a deposit on such orders—say ten francs."

"Certainly, my friend. Here are your ten francs."

Act II.—About two hours later a gentleman, somewhat disordered, goes into a tailor's shop across the way from the pastry cook's and asks to be shown some overcoats. He selects one of the nicest and asks the price.

"Nine hundred and twenty-five francs, sir."

"Very well; I will take it. I have some money to collect at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objections to let one of your men come over with me to get it."

"Certainly not. A worthy man is my friend, Mr. Puff."

Act III.—To the confectioner enter irreproachable dressed gentleman, now wearing an overcoat and tailor's young man. The confectioner greets the former with a respectful friendliness due to a good customer.

"Ah, Mr. Puff, I've called round for that one hundred and fifty you promised to have for me at 12.30.

"You shall have them in five minutes, sir."

"Very well. I have to go around the corner to see a man. You will give this young gentleman one hundred and twenty-five francs in the hundred and fifty. I will return and get the remaining twenty-five myself in a few minutes."

"With pleasure, sir."

Act IV.—Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream tarts, and a bill for the balance thereof, or 25f 25c. One minute thereafter the confectioner and a tailor's young man are scoring the neighborhood in search of an irreprochably dressed gentleman with a new overcoat.

A Judge's Grim Joke.

A friend reported rather a good story to me, which it seems was sent to be a stand-by of Junction Porter, the well-known legal bon vivant of Dublin.

It was concerning a rare old Irish Judge who, in Cromwellian Ireland, who loved the hunting-field more than he did the stuffy sleepy court-room. His clerk was likewise, and as a joyous pair they rode forth.

One fine morning the clerk whispered to the Judge:

"Yer Honor, old Billy Duane's mare's to be hung at Dalkyhillingham, an' they're a fine fog-fox."

"How many's in the docket?" asked the Judge excitedly.

"Twenty, for rioting and breach of peace, yer Honor."

"Tim," said the Judge, "do you think you can get the first fellow to plead guilty without a jury trial, and me to hit him off with a week in jail?"

"The easiest thing in the world," answered the faithful clerk.

"Make haste, then, and bring the whole gang; and, I say, Tim, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile."

The Twenty Fenians were brought into court—a defiant gang, nineteen of them prepared to fight with counsel and jury to the bitter end.

The nineteenth had been interviewed by the clerk.

He was called off by the clerk.

"Guilty or not guilty of the crimes charged?" demanded the Judge with a propitious smile.

"Guilty, yer honor; God help me, said the crafty prisoner.

"Well," said the Judge, planning benevolently to himself the fine, "I fancy I can let you off with a week."

The poor fellow left the Judge and stepped down to the bailiff.

There was a terrific sensation among the other defendants. Why, none of them expected to get off with less than five years in prison.

Here was a chance to profit by "his Honor's pleasant mood." One and all manifested an earnest desire to follow the example of their comrade and acknowledge their crimes in a batch.

"Do you all plead guilty?" demanded the Judge sagaely.

"We do!" shouted the enthusiastic nineteen in chorus.

"Fourteen years' transportation apiece, exclaimed the Judge with a relish of his jaw—"Jerry, is the mare saddled yet?"

A Minority Report.

"Pa," said a little boy who had been reading the newspaper, "what is a minority report?"

"A minority report, my son?" inquiringly repeated the father.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my son," he answered, scratching his head, "a minority report is—is—well, my son, when I was a little boy, your mother says I'd better, that's a minority report."

"Which one, pa—yours or mother's?"

"Now, see here, my son; you are too young to understand such matters. When you are older you won't have to ask so many questions."

Still a Doubtful Case.

When the grocer at Port Huron, Mich., was sold last winter to have experienced religion, the statement was carried to a prominent deacon, who inquired:

"Did he confess to mixing two kinds of oats together, and selling them as No. 1?"

"I think not."

"Say anything about having worked over old butter every fall for twenty years?"

"No."

"Did he confess that he had been caught using short weights?"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't he even sorry for watering his vinegar?"

"He didn't say so."

"Well, it may be that the Lord has seen fit to poke him up a little around the edges, but before you receive him into the church you'd better give him a fair chance to pass a quarter with a hole in it. If he resists the temptation, I shall pray the Lord to continue the wrestle until Satan gets three straight falls."

A Sensible Wife.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let me have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life; are you to be president or vice-president of this concern?" "I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered, "I will content with a subordinate position." "What is that?" "Controller of the currency."

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true Laxative. Present to the Palate, acceptable to the Stomach, harmless in its nature, painless in its action. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, gives Strengthens the organs on which it acts. Better than Pills, enormous Live medicines, pills, salts and drenches. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and other information deemed necessary for publication, for this Department.

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ST. JOHN'S BRANCH—No. 240—Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Barlier; President, J. C. Crimmins; First Vice President, Anthony Griffin; Second Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. Ryan; Treasurer, Edward Kerge; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, J. Crimmins, Jas. Griffin, John Powers. Meets 1st Tuesday of each month at 1127 Market street.

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THE CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO—Organized July 15, 1886. Office, 804 Market st. Meets 2d Sunday in each month, at 2 p. m., at Hibernian Hall, 1127 Market st.

President, Rev. Wm. Crowley; First Vice President, Rev. J. Walsh; Second Vice President, Rev. A. Kaiser; Third Vice President, Rev. J. Prendergast; Fourth Vice President, Rev. J. Scally; Fifth Vice President, Rev. J. Cummins; Sixth Vice President, Rev. J. Prendergast; Recording Secretary, Rev. J. Scally; Financial Secretary, Rev. J. Walsh; Treasurer, Rev. J. Prendergast; Marshal, Rev. J. Walsh; Guard, Rev. J. Walsh; Trustees, Rev. J. Walsh, Rev. J. Scally, Rev. J. Prendergast, Rev. J. Cummins, Rev. A. Kaiser, Rev. J. Prendergast, Rev. J. Scally, Rev. J. Walsh

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

KELLEY NOT TO BE RECALLED.

Should Austria Decline to Receive him the Minister will Remain Vacant.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—It is understood that Mr. Kelley, recently appointed Minister to Austria, and whose appointment has occasioned considerable comment, will not be recalled. He will go to Vienna, and should the Austrian Government refuse to receive him it is intimated that the United States Government will remain unrepresented at the Vienna Court. It is held that Mr. Kelley, is a sensible man and is a very wag-ittie. Mr. Kelley's friends say that the reason why Mr. Kelley is so anxious to go to Austria is because of the fine delineation of Virginia and was endorsed by the Senate. The Italian Government, it is understood, made inquiry of this Government whether Mr. Kelley had given utterance to a public sentiment in 1861 in analogous to sentiments in the occupation of Rome by Victor Emanuel. Afterward, it is said, that Government protested against his appointment, and Mr. Kelley resigned the commission. It is held that the Austrian Government has on ground for complaint against Mr. Kelley.

Opinion has been raised whether it was necessary to Austria to send Mr. Kelley to Vienna, after he had been rejected by Italy. It is understood that the question was one complimentary; and the case of Mr. Kasson, who was nominated for the Austrian mission and objected to by Spain, but afterward sent to Austria when he was rejected, is cited in support of the statement that no discourtesy was offered to Austria by sending Mr. Kelley there. Some years ago, and until a very recent date, Mr. Kasson served as United States Minister at Berlin.

Alleged Conspiracy Against Kelley.

BOSTON, July 3.—A Washington special to the Herald says: The Boston Congressmen are charged with the conspiracy against Mr. Kelley, who has bought Mr. Kelley's political ambition for years, started the trouble in Vienna, being sent there for that purpose. The dispatch adds that the prominent Republicans were notified with Kasson to prevent the recognition of Mr. Kelley, and that he is worth $1,000 per annum to Francis to remain in office.

Minister Kelley Will Not Resign.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—A Virginia journalist says in his city, and an old friend of Minister Kelley remembers the statement that Mr. Kelley's wife is a German by birth. He says: "While it is true that Mrs. Kelley is of Hebrew descent, she years ago embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and has had all her children baptized in the Catholic faith. Her son Joseph is in holy orders. He says that the President has consulted Mr. Kelley, and he is likely to do

AN IRISH CENTENARIAN.

The Wonderful Constitution of an Irish Woman.

A single carriage followed a hearse from No. 1, Dale-street, a short and narrow lane in the Fourth Ward, yesterday, and the long curved the bridge and went to the cemetery at Flatbush. This was the funeral cortege of Mrs. Mary Murphy, a part of the inscription on whose coffin plate, which shone in the sunlight, was born in County Cork, Ireland. Some seventeen years ago Mrs. Murphy, who was then living with William Lynch, in Dale-street, was seized with a fever which she brought home to Williamsburgh, Mr. Murphy, or Ned, as he was usually called, died of fever, leaving to Mrs. Bridget Murphy, a kindly soul, her husband, and the much maligned, but shrewd and kind-hearted Mrs. Murphy, a kindly soul, she had lived, and there she died.

This was a little bit of a woman, but even at 50 she was shapeless and active. She had a clear blue eye, which probably resulted in her premature blindness, and her Hibernian complexion remained clear, and her form was as straight as its owner. She was born at 100 years remained shapely, and was commented on with admiration by her friends. Her last illness was only a week, and the cause of her death was a cold, which she had taken in her feet, and which settled on her lungs. She died at 10 o'clock on the delight of the household, and at 11 she was dead as lifeless as a log with "Cosa," while the rest of her relatives and friends in New York's habits were cured. She constantly took "a bit of brandy" for her stomach's sake, a sip of beer. But she knew where to draw the line. She had not taken a drop of liquor for years.

Two years ago she began to fail. Her mind "became weak" at times, and she became "like a baby," as good Mrs. Bridget Murphy put it. Her memory extended over a few years, but there was one well-spread. On Monday, the day before her death, she was "as bright as a button," and could all by the hour in a chair placed at the open door door, looking up to the bridge, and there she would tell of the days of her childhood. At times she would tire and try to walk when the Bridget Murphys were not by her side. Then she would fall, and strong arms would lift up delicate Mrs. Murphy, and place her tenderly in her bed. Her mind wandered at times. She would talk of her husband, and of her "boy" Joe, who was in Ireland, and would speak of Mrs. Bridget Murphy's kindness to her. But, when she was in her right mind, she was fond of weeping over her husband, and would speak of Joe, who could speak in Irish and English.

Mrs. Murphy's death was a shock to her friends. At times she would rise

NEWS

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Should Assist Minister

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A MEMORIAL FROM HOME.

O the homes heart turns backward with a yearning day and tender.
As the evening shadows gather closer, closer "round life's way.
Longing for the season of childhood which behind possibly.
As the Cross of years, and suffering growth never day by day.

Little marvel that that standing in the ordained sighed wistfully,
Of a life whose floating moments on their bosom bear a deadly sin, partior
That the diamond milestone marking her last quarter century should
Had been passed with buoyant spirit, and with courage true and bold.

Little marvel that her fancy turning from the present life gone
Back to the scenes loved Nantwonlamp, on her old homes of the sea,
Picturing oft in loving language, joys that "south
Are some happy hours of her childhood's
Ever the sweetest of the sweetest
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Your sore years had worn their tear drops, and their smiles seemed far pathway,
Leaving, "mid life's toil and grieving, fung their hair
Pain and suffering held and bound her with their
Ever the sweetest of the sweetest
When Ruth's Angel came to call her from earth's banks of sea and sorrow,
And across the sounding ocean came a loving message speeding,
Saying, "I am sweetest greeting with a shadow rock green and bright,
A shamrock that was captured by the sons and daughters of Erin,
Ever the sweetest of the sweetest
The shamrock precious ever to the exiled child of Ireland,
Where, when St. Patrick blessed it by the touch of his pure hand,
Ever the sweetest of the sweetest
Gentle hands received the token, tear dimmed eyes gazed on it fondly,
Trembling for a moment, murmured, "She who would have loved it best,
In the true home of the spirit, where the pure of soul dwell ever
In the splendor of the Trinity, hath found her well earned rest."
O the heart so true, so faithful, never more to thrill with rapture,
And the sweet blue eyes never though the shamrock was so easy,
For it found her "lying calmly in death's stern and awful beauty,
With her sweet and her dearest, weeping by her silent bier.

Sweet home token, tender message, blending with the solemn sorrow
Which had rolled her where Faith merges into everlasting joy.
And in Heaven's eternal Summer, the redeemed in joy celestial
Join the hallelujahs of worship, sounding ever more above.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.
Mossy Woodland, July, 1885.

(FOR THE STANDARD.)

A PLEA FOR INDUSTRY.

BY J. DOYLE.

Oh! it makes my heart grow weary when I think upon the poor, wretched
Who look down upon their fellows with an envious
Yet my heart grows lighter when I ponder
Yes, my heart grows lighter when I ponder
Sweep a corner and make a down wealth and
Yet cannot buy
Or coaxing, God's ingredients,
With so fawning false compunctions,
Is a secret having machine
To all this that meet on the
Nature's wealth and nature's rule grow by the
Are the only valid honors that dome to our
Yet, alas!
Many who from such honors draw the
Hence of existence,
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Literary Miscellany.

Pierre Leroux's Temptation.

A gentlemen of the name of Farquhar, sent a few summers ago to a town on the north coast of France, on the occasion of passing some weeks there. The morning after his arrival he went to a hairdresser to get his English money changed for French. His afternoon took a walk about the town, and visited the quays and the pier, and then strolled on the sands. After walking about for some time he went into a shop, and putting his hand into his pocket to pay for some trifling article, found that he had lost his purse. It contained all the money he had with him, and he knew that if he could not recover it he would be reduced to very uncomfortable embarrassments before he could receive any remittances from home. He attempted to retrace his steps, in the forlorn hope that he should see it lying on the ground. But after fatiguing himself for some time in vain, he returned to his hotel in a very disconsolate mood, and made his disaster known to the landlord. The landlord advised him to lose no time in stating the circumstances to the chief magistrate, or sort of mayor, of the town. This person received Mr. Farquhar with the politeness which a Frenchman invariably shows to a stranger, and promised to render him every assistance in his power; and he immediately dispatched officers of police to make inquiries in all parts the town, and also to observe if any poor person was seen to spend any considerable or unusual sum of money. He then desired Mr. Farquhar to come again the next day, when he should be informed of the result of these inquiries. Mr. Farquhar then went back to the inn to dinner, for which the reflection that he had no present means of paying for it somewhat spoiled his appetite.

He must here leave him at his melancholy meal, and go to a house in the suburbs inhabited by Pierre Leroux, a poor fisherman. We shall find nobody at home but Katrine his wife, if, indeed, we can call her

Mutual Life Insurance Company, 863 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

albeit when but thoughts were absent with her husband and her children, the boys, who had gone out early in the morning to fish, and whose lengthened absence was beginning to fill her with apprehension.

"Ah, my poor Pierre," said she to herself "now he risks his life every day in that old boat! Surely something must lose happened. If he had a better boat I should not mind so much, but this is such a worthless leaky thing, that, if we had money enough to buy another, or at least to get this mended! Ruthin children, poor things, must be tired, though ever so young, and the boys must have rickets, and all the money we can spare goes to mending the tools, which are getting old and bad. Ah, dear, a fisherman's life is a dreadful one, particularly with an old, leaky boat!"

Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of her daughter Jannetton, a little half-clad, barefooted girl of about eight years old, whose dark eyes sparkled, and her set off, according to the fashion of her country and station, with a short white cap, and a pair of long, dangling gold ear rings.

"Oh, mother, dear mother!" exclaimed the child, "I have seen what I have seen!"

"Oh, what a crimson silk purse, apparently well filled."

"How didst thou come by this?" said the mother, "surely thou didst not steal it."

"Oh, no," answered the child, "I should be sorry to do such a wicked thing as that. I found it. Just now, as I was clambering up the cliff in search of faggots I was coming, I happened to see something fine and red lying on the sands, just by the great stone that is made into a seat. So, with a hop and two jumps, down I ran, to have a look at it. It was a pretty purse it is! and see!"

Katrine had by this time emptied it of its contents, and counted forty-nine silver pieces, six more shillings and eight pence, and fifteen or sixteen francs. There were a few half-crowns and shillings besides, and there, and the appearance of the purse, which was certainly anything rather than French, indicated that it belong to some English person. Katrine, who had never before seen so much money together, and had scarcely seen half so many, and counted it over a dozen times to satisfy herself that it was not dreaming. She was a good, honest creature in her own way, and would not have absolutely gone out of her way to do a dishonest thing. But close connection with the sea had not quite blunted her moral dexterity. It never occurred to her the money was not because her own lawful property, and that, according to the strict sense of it in imagination to the supply of the wants of her family, was a good thing, and the most necessary, was a new boat; then she clothed her children, and dress, then a bed, then a table, then a porter of St. Nicholas with a fine goose, a gridiron, a cow, and, at last, a better and a larger house. Her busy fancy ran over all the things she wanted, and whatever it was possible to want. The money seemed to her unlimited in extent, and no amount she had spent it too times over.

In the midst of these pleasant cogitations, Pierre and his sons returned, wet, tired, cold and hungry, and the father cut cigarettes at the bad success he had had.

"Never mind about a few fish," said the wife; "I have something here that's worth all the fish you catch in a twelvemonth. Look what I've got!"

At the sight of the purse, Pierre looked horrifiedly at it and stammered,

"How did you come by it?" said he.

"Is a blessed piece of fortune you," said Katrine. "Jannetton picked it up on the sands, somebody must have dropped it."

"And what do you mean to do with it?" replied her husband.

"Do with it? Why, buy what we want with it, to be sure. Then shall have half the money to get into a good boat, and I'll keep the rest to buy some clothes and whatever else we want. I've promised Jannetton a new petticoat ever since last New Year's Day, but we have had other things to think of, petticoat, and a fine smart one, too."

"Not ours," replied Katrine, "whose is this?"

"Pierre. It is the owner's, the person who has lost it."

"Katrine. But wouldn't know who that is, and, if we did, we should be ashamed to give it back."

"Ashamed!" exclaimed the wife, "what for? Is it our fault that we don't know who that is, and, if we did, we should be ashamed to give it back?"

NEWS

CABLEGRAMS

KEILEY N

Should Assist Mission

WASHINGTON, Mr. Kelley, ren Texas, and whose ordinarily income gyle Vienna, and United States C England is in Vienna, Austria, Mr. Kelley is a gentleman of the Catholic journalists but modest and unassuming in manner. He is a man of the Divine truth." Rev. Father, Toronto, Ontario, Dominion.

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, confident that good will result from the mission he is placed, the welfare of Catholic journals who deserve the support of the Catholic people, and the glory of God in the spreading of the Catholic Faith and the defense of the Holy See, and whose to the mission and prayers with devotion and fidelity.—Prot 12.

Editorial Notes.

—Among the names of those recently ordained in Carlow College, we notice the name of Rev. Martin J. White, for this Archdiocese.

—The Catholic journals of the Republic of Ecuador give prominence to a document written by the Archbishop of Quito, in which his Grace summons his Episcopal brethren to meet in a National Council.

—The Scientific Academy of Buenos Ayres has nominated the Rev. Father Denis, Barnabite, of Turin, its correspondent in Amadan—a striking proof of the zeal with which the Italian clergy pursue the cultivation of science.

—The "Corpus Domini" procession in Vienna was a splendid display of Faith and piety. The Cardinal-Archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament. The Emperor, the Prince Imperial, the Archduke, all joined in the ceremony. The House of Hapsburg remains faithful to its traditions.

—Methodism seems to be decaying in the South, as we notice by a recent dispatch from Georgia that the Prosperity Methodist Church in Fayette county has been sold by the trustees to some whiskey distillers! The brand of liquor distilled there ought to be called Wesley's whiskey!

—In the recent death of Rev. Raymond Bianchi, Procurator-General, the Dominican Order has lost a learned and holy ecclesiastic. He was a religious very highly distinguished for his profound piety and his great learning. Born at Genoa in 1831 he assumed, when quite young, the habit of St. Dominic. All those who had the honor of his acquaintance deplore his premature death.

—In banishing nuns from their convents, the Italian authorities are especially brutal. The Nuns of the Sacred Heart, at Montagnana, near Padua, in consequence of a decree of expulsion, were driven from their convent, the Commissaire refusing even to allow them to take their beds with them. The carriage of the principal families of Este were sent to convey them away. The people on beholding the barbarous treatment accorded to these Sisters, "broke out into many weeping and expressing their sympathy with the Religious, priests and people of Ireland for their fidelity to the Catholic faith—the base, bigoted and brutal government must see hire a farming superintendent in order to place the English crown on top of the Irish cross! Thank God! Yes, a Protestant Prime Minister! This diabolical conspiracy against the Irish people failed as miserably as it deserved, and of the traitors concerned therein it may well be said: May we never look upon their like again.

THE MONITOR.

TRIBUNE PRINTING PRESS OF PUBLICATION

MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY JULY 22, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, however it be the chief agent in popularizing knowledge, guiding or misleading public opinion, forming character and controlling the destinies of the human race. Its influence is not only a powerful one in society, and a work quite possible to the welfare of society, but a work at again fulfilled. What it and what it should be, are questions which have not been sufficiently considered by Catholics generally. The Divine Redeemer, Apostles, Teachers, Martyrs, Saints, Doctors.

May God bless and direct through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, confident that good will result from the mission he is placed, the welfare of Catholic journals who deserve the support of the Catholic people, and the glory of God in the spreading of the Catholic Faith and the defense of the Holy See, and whose to the mission and prayers with devotion and fidelity.—Prot 12.

Editorial Notes.

—Among the names of those recently ordained in Carlow College, we notice the name of Rev. Martin J. White, for this Archdiocese.

—The Catholic journals of the Republic of Ecuador give prominence to a document written by the Archbishop of Quito, in which his Grace summons his Episcopal brethren to meet in a National Council.

—The Scientific Academy of Buenos Ayres has nominated the Rev. Father Denis, Barnabite, of Turin, its correspondent in Amadan—a striking proof of the zeal with which the Italian clergy pursue the cultivation of science.

—The "Corpus Domini" procession in Vienna was a splendid display of Faith and piety. The Cardinal-Archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament. The Emperor, the Prince Imperial, the Archduke, all joined in the ceremony. The House of Hapsburg remains faithful to its traditions.

—Methodism seems to be decaying in the South, as we notice by a recent dispatch from Georgia that the Prosperity Methodist Church in Fayette county has been sold by the trustees to some whiskey distillers! The brand of liquor distilled there ought to be called Wesley's whiskey!

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that seminal English Protestant—William Tubbett—which we will cheerfully furnish him with *free*, if he will call at the office and promise to read it during his retirement from active service in the Girls' High School.

—It is hard to tell, says the *Ypsilanti Sentinel*, where this enterprise of the Fathers of Notre Dame I believe it is called. Their last undertaking is the construction of a hotel car, of the most luxurious description, for their western students. These the students from Colorado, New Mexico, Mexico, etc., will travel in a body, in the car of their Alma mater, to their respective homes. The journey from South Bend to the City of Mexico occupies a week. Several members of the faculty will accompany the students on their trip home, and the arrangement of having a special hotel car to convey such students is certainly to be popular and attractive. Notre Dame has no State treasury to hammer at for funds, but some how, when she starts for anything she "gits thar," just the same.

—These Catholic young ladies who think that roller skating with every second *roué* that resorts to the rink is "just too lovely for anything," should take warning by the following caution from the columns of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, where one of the London fast men makes this admission: "The evil you have exposed is a warning against roller skating. The evil came with roller skating at the Princess Club. There for the first time men about town were brought into daily contact with beautiful children, not members of their own families. The little things in their innocence were too peridual of their Faith and piety. The Cardinal-Archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament. The Emperor, the Prince Imperial, the Archduke, all joined in the ceremony. The House of Hapsburg remains faithful to its traditions.

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The Immoral Tendency of Proti-estantism.

From the very first hour when Martin Luther's mind was filled with the unholy conception of Protestantism, immorality has reaped supremo in that sectarian scheme of religious error. During the lives even of the Reformers themselves, the grossest immorality practiced among them by their disciples. And, in our own day, the horrible and filthy revelations made through numerous trials in the Court of Queen's Bench London in the front rank among the Sodomite cities of the world! What a suitable position for the metropolis of the greatest Protestant nation in the world to occupy! Luther's last was the corner-stone upon which the edifice of error known as *Protestantism* was erected. And how can it be possible for pure morality to flow from an impure source? Hence we need not be surprised to learn that the titled aristocracy of England are befouled by crimes whose very names are synonymous with the deepest dye of the foulest fiends.

What are the principal designs of modern Protestantism? First, a full and free gratification of all the passions. Second, a life of ease, unbelief and irresponsibility to any power greater than self-will. Third, a thorough disregard for any commandments from God which interferes with the human appetite, inordinate passion, avarice or other acts contrary to the Decalogue or Christian Doctrine. For one—outside the Catholic Church—ever think of curbing their passions or regulating their conduct in accordance with the principles propounded by the Son of God, hence it is only natural that the underflow of even our first society should be the foulest kind of filth. It was so in Dublin Castle when *United Ireland* commenced to clean out that Augean stable; it is so in Windsor Castle, as demonstrated by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the same disgraceful state of beastly immorality exists in every Protestant community throughout the world today.

We need not go out of our own State in order to prove that valvet covered vice exists on all the enormous impurity even in the very city dedicated to St. Francis! As the Protestant *Parish* said last week.

What are the shortcomings of the Shaw-Hill trial? A prominent man of this city died a few months ago, and in his safe were found the names of 120 of the opposite sex with whom he had been intimate. The listing investigation of the Society for the Suppression of Vice showed an amount of immorality and indecency in our midst which is startling, and which should be checked and reversed by the usual, rigorous process of law and gospel.

But of what avail are the efforts of "the good people," against the might of moneyed men and the evil political influence of their parasites? Virtue is poor and powerless, while vice is rich and powerful, and as it is among the latter class that the worst crimes are committed, it is safe to say that this phase of Protestantism will prevail in every land impregnated with the principles of Joseph Luther and his mistress—immorality—the Catholic Church!

England—be it remembered in the notion that strongest of propagandists, "Protestant nations." Yet the popular assumption that Christianity, Wealth, deliberately, Poverty, barter and sale, Virtue! Yet, cultured, civilized Protestant England must also be remembered, is the nation that assumes to teach morality to the whole Christian world, when the reverse one demonstrates prove that her princes, peers and rich plebians are one and all inoculated with vice that cries to heaven for vengeance. But the lives these people lead are steeped in lasciviousness; they practice neither prudence, self-denial or mortification of any kind; hence they are infested with an egotism which verges on the infernal, and puffed up with a pride similar to that which transformed the angels of heaven into the demons of hell. This, too, is the natural result of a religion founded in the foeshish spirit of rebellion against God and His constituted authority—the Catholic Church.

What Charity Can Accomplish.

If Catholics desire to ascertain what can be accomplished by unity of action on the part of a few Catholic men, they need only read the reports of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. We are in receipt of the report of the Superior Council of New York, made to the General Council in Paris, for the year 1884. Two hundred and sixty (260) Conferences of this most admirable charitable association are named in this Report. During the year 1884, five Conferences were aggregated; and nine Conferences make their first reports. Here is the excellent showing of the Society for the year 1884: Number of poor families visited and relieved, 12,771; number of visits paid to poor families, 122,667; families on the relief roll, December 31, 3,067; situations procured, 700; members assisting in teaching Sunday school, 434; average number of boys attending Sunday school, 40,296. The total receipts for the year amounted to $130,862; expenditures for the relief of all kinds to the poor, $128,509; balance at the end of the year, $37,958.

It must be borne in mind that this vast relief of Catholic benevolence has been accomplished by laymen who have to pursue their daily avocations, yet who can find sufficient time to help God's poor out of their temporary difficulties. How true it is that the time we give to God is never lost, and great will be the reward of those who earnestly and prudently share in the good work inaugurated by St. Vincent de Paul.

—A late cablegram says the death of the Emperor William promises to be the next sensation in Europe. The news of his death is daily expected. Its immediate political effect will be to bind Germany and England together in a very close union. The crown Princess of England will be the empress of Germany, and the coming Kaiser is known as an affectionate friend of the Prince of Wales and of Queen Victoria.

Sacrificial Martyr.

We always expect upon the Christian precept of religion, good for evil whenever an opportunity offers, hence when an see the born storming sect of Methodism enviously barren, a single smile believe exist, we desire to [illegible] the deficiency by proposing to star [illegible] Methodist martyrdom with the name of the Sacrificial Martyr to John Wesley! Poor John! As a henpecked husband he deserves the deep sympathy of suffering humanity! Poor, poor John! Wedded to a scolding wife, he could scarcely wash out the sad remembrances which she raised up to him must have been a veritable voyage through life with a vinegar!

We publish on the second page of the present issue a letter which has recently come to light, and which fully exhibits the hatred, bitterness and fiend indictment which Protestantism—the Church of Christ—has shown towards the Catholic Church. The letter is a sample of the vulgar and diabolical faculties and a personality that should, and will, end well.

WHAT IS HERESY AT THE CENTURY.

Heresy is a word which has changed, from its cultivate all the various faculties of mind and to the exercise of the will, and to the development of strength. A man may have the body well developed, and yet be a coward, and yet be a man of great strength, and yet be a coward. Heresy is a word which has changed from its original meaning, and yet it is a word which is used in the world. Under the present system of education, the intellects have been trained to that extent that they are so well developed that they are so well developed that they are so well developed

NEWS

CABLEGRAM

KELLEY'S

Should Assist

WESTMINSTER Mr. Kelley, recalled, and whom obstacle is made by the refusal to assist United States Consul at the Y Kelley, is a can to fill the place later to Italy he gross delegation by the Senate. understood, no whether Mr. H public opinion is the occupatio Kelley's case it is the submission Government's ha Mr. Kelley. The question unconscionably to Vienna, after It is asserted th complimentary; the was sunnie objected to by t tria, where is w Kelley's conduct Austria by an Mr. Kasson ent Berlin.

Alleged Co

BOSTON, July Traveller says: Englishmen, a Hel who has fought for years, state been there for t that the person with Sentinel t Kelley, and the Fenids to send

Minister E

Westminster, now in the sit Kelley present Kelley's with t "Which is to tay lay, and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she want to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"O, never mind; its good enough for dresses," said Lydia carelessly. Lydia had been visiting Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest morning dresses, with neat hair and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back at home again, she seemed to think that anything would answer, and want about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and politic; and had won golden opinions from all, but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything would do for home folks. Lydia's uncle and family were in Paris seem to think that anything will do for home; whereas, effort is keep one's self neat, and to treat father mother, sister, brother, and servant kindly and courteously is as much a duty as to keep from falsehood and stealing.

A Few Simple Remedies.

A teaspoonful of charcoal in a half a glass of warm water often relieves a sick headache. It absorbs the gases, and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves extending from the stomach to the head.

Charcoal forms an unrivalled poultice for wounds and old sores. It is also invaluable for what is called proud flesh. It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if placed in shallow dishes around the apartment.

Coal water is also purified by its use. Charcoal, pounded fine, and sifted through a muslin bag and bind on, and when the bark is dry put it in the vinegar, and let it boil a short time; then bathe the sore with the decoction and bind on the bark.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Put a few cents worth, powdered, in a tight bottle, and when you are nearly off it in on the cut. Put soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it in water once in a while; it will prevent inflammation and soreness.

Hoarseness and tickling in the throat are best relieved by a gargle of the white of an egg beaten to a froth in half a glass of warm sweetened water.

Hiccough can be immediately relieved by administering a lump of sugar wet with vinegar.

A simple and harmless remedy and preventative for persons suffering from car sickness is a sheet of writing paper worn next to the person directly over the chest. It is highly recommended and seldom fails.

Hot at any drug store one ounce of camphorated oil and five cents worth of chloroform of potash, and whenever a soreness appears in the throat put the potash in half a tumbler of water and gargle the throat, then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a small strip of woollen flannel. This is a cheap and sure remedy for sore throat.

If persons suffering from severe headaches would tie a handkerchief around the temples they would find relief by doing so in a very short time.

Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach is promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

A good remedy for warts and corns. Drop a little vinegar on the wart or corn, once it immediately will cooking soda or saleratus, let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day for three days and the warts and corns will be gone.

The Dry Goods Bill.

Nothing seems more unreasonable than the dignified superiority of the husband to the brother who first presches the unimportance of dress, perhaps constantly fortifying his words by his own example, and then turns to criticise his wife or daughter for being less well-dressed than some fair neighbor who gives her whole mind to that absorbing department. Does he really suppose that a woman can be forgiven by giving to it three-quarters of an hour in the Spring and three-quarters of an hour in the Autumn, which are all, as James Parton boasts, that a man now needs to devote to his tailor? Let the wife neglect what has been called the "gospel of good grass" as completely as the husband disregards that of good hats, for instance, and let him see how he likes it. But whether he adopts this policy of indifference or not, let him at least be consistent. If we hold it the duty of intellectual women to be well-dressed women also, let us give them full credit for doing the double duty. If, on the other hand, we make no such demand on them, let us cease from sneering at the faded "waterproof" of the literary woman and the dyed and turned dress, and even the short hair cut off, let us charitably suppose, to save time for study or for work. In the same way, if the husband expects his wife to be well-dressed, let him not sneer at the time necessarily spent in shopping, or even groan at the bills when the results of shopping come in. Let him not complain, as I heard a young husband the other day, that his wife when they meet all ways talk about dress, when perhaps the very point under discussion was the question how to dress so that thousands wished without its costing those husbands too much money.

Farm and Home.

How the "Best" Butter is Made.

A Berkshire County, Mass, farmer writes: "My object has always been to make the best butter—not the most profitable, necessarily, but the best. Having this object in view, I have been compelled to discard old tools, and thus reduce the quantity of my butter and the value of the manure. They have been adapted to some one else's all basement cellars, and have consequently required less butter for a given amount of food. I have been forced, instead of dropping the manure into a convenient cellar below the cows, to give up this cellar and wheel the manure into a shed. I have been obliged to discard deep setting, and to contend myself with the open, shallow method, which is more expensive, and requires more attention, and returns less butter. I have been obliged to feed all kinds of meal except corn, wheat, hay beets and carrots. I have been obliged to give up using the milk of cows that have calved too recently or too recently. I have, for a dozen years, carefully and faithfully tried to make butter as good as it could be made; this has been the first condition, profitableness has always been secondary. The result has been that for many years this butter has brought a higher price than any butter in the county of Berkshire, where much good butter is made, and it has taken the first prize over the country. It has been in such constant demand at 65 cents a pound, the year through, that when making 100 pounds each there have been unfilled orders for 25 to 50 pounds more.

Good Enough for Home.

"Lydia, why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin, after she had spent the night at Lydia's home.

The dress in question was a spotted faded old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and faded.

"O, anything is good enough for home," said Lydia hastily pinning on a soiled collar, and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she want to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"O, never mind; its good enough for dresses," said Lydia carelessly. Lydia had been visiting Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest morning dresses, with neat hair and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back at home again, she seemed to think that anything would answer, and want about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and politic; and had won golden opinions from all, but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything would do for home folks. Lydia's uncle and family were in Paris seem to think that anything will do for home; whereas, effort is keep one's self neat, and to treat father mother, sister, brother, and servant kindly and courteously is as much a duty as to keep from falsehood and stealing.

A Great Consolation.

The minister of a fashionable church once preached a sermon on this subject. He drew the picture of a very fashionable house. We would walk in satin grows by the music of waterfalls, and gaze upon amaranthine fields.

"And then, too, we shall know each other there," said the minister, and then added, "Here I be no stranger in the New Jerusalem; we will all be friends.

"Beautiful!" said Deacon Shaas, as he trotted down the aisle.

"A lovely sermon," said Miss Simpkins, as she gathered her lovely hand into the minister's.

Shaa was stopped by a poor mechanic, who came up and addressed the preacher with

"Mr. ——, I am glad we shall recognize each other there."

"Yes," said the minister, "it is one of the comfortable considerations of religion."

"Well, I'm right glad we shall know each other. It will be a great change, though, I scarcely recognized me just. But—we shall know each other there.

Thought it was her Husband.

A stout, able bodied lady was wrung the door bell violently one night lately, and on opening down stairs she discovered a man tumbling around in the dark. The lady immediately assaulted him with the broom of a vigorous and spirited him from the house in quick time, and returned to her bed in a time at all, and slammed the door after him. As the man tumbled down into the sidewalk he was collared by a policeman and promptly marched off to the lockup. Then at morning assayed of her friends called and congratulated her upon the heroism displayed in throwing a burglar out of her house.

"Burglar!" exclaimed the lady, growing pale and agitated, "was that a burglar!"

"Why, certainly, didn't you know it?"

"Know it! Heavens, no! I thought it was only my husband come home from the lodge, or I wouldn't have done what I did for the world.

Mose Schaumburg's Dilemma.

The rain was coming down by the barrel-full, as Gilbooly stepped into Mose Schaumburg's store. Mose wore a very gloomy look.

"Why, Mose, what makes you look so blue?"

"No wonder I looks blue, Mother risk broke. It rains so much all de times and I hall got a pig stock of umbrellas on hand.

"I should think that rainy weather would be the very time for you to make hay while the sun shines, so to speak."

"No, sir; dot vas a great mistake. You see it rains so steady dot de peoples can't put their umprellas long enough down for them to be stolen.

"Well?"

"Vall, don't you see I ll the peoples don't put down dose umprellas on the floor, dere vas no one vas enough."

Just at this moment the rain shone out from behind a cloud, and its rays fell on the head of the sentimental Israelite, who looked like one of the pictures of a saint with a beatific smile, with a halo about his head, by one of the old masters.

No Need of Defense.

A gigantic negro, who had crippled up half the police force in their efforts to secure him, was brought from the jail to the office of the Justice for trial. Not charging that the accused had any counsel employed, the Justice asked:

"Don't you want a lawyer to defend you?"

"Ain't dat jes' de question I'm asking, and pounding on the table, roared out

"I don't need anything or defend me. I kin defend myself against a dozen such lockin men as you is. If you don't believe me, come out in de back yard and see if you ain't de man what needs er be defended."

More Thanness.

Twas war thus from childhood's hours, I've seen my fondest hopes decay; I never tried to save an hoss but he died in a day. I never took a girl to church, but she left me in the lurch, and walked back with another man. I never had a friend gentle to plod me with its dark bluz eyes, but had a gnat which smocked me out; "My life is marred with hatte," said I.

The Weakest Sex

are unanimously strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which cures all female derangements, and cures them to the system. Sold by druggists.

Family Fun.

He was from Chicago.

"May I have a seat?" she asked, as she entered the car, of the genteel-looking gentleman, whose baggage was occupying it.

"I don't know 'as am," he answered politely. "It belongs to the railroad, you know; but I'll see the conductor, and maybe he can give it to you."

She grew purple and said:

"You don't understand ma. I mean can I take it?"

"Well, I don't know that either. You see, it is fastened very firmly to the car floor, and would be troublesome to get up; however, I'll ask a carpenter to come on board at the next station and ask his advice."

"I don't want to take the old thing," she howled. "Are these your traps on it?"

"No ma'am, they belong to the drunkest man you ever saw on a train I ever owned."

"Well, can I sit down here?" she finally screamed, after shifting from foot one to the other.

"I don't know, mam'm. You are the best judge of your muscular powers."

"What do you travel here?" she screamed.

"Chicago," he replied.

"That settles it," she said, sweetly; "will you please move your valise and perhaps I can occupy a small portion of this seat?"

"Certainly," he said, "why didn't you say that at first?"

The train speed on, while he sat counting up his expenses, and she wondering if Chicago clerk had an equal under the sun.

Didn't Want Any.

A colored man who had a slight acquaintance with one of the staff keepers at the Central Market hung around for half an hour the other day before saying:

"See yer, boss, I wants to ax you a question or two."

"All right."

"I kin get my household furnicher insured for $400."

"Yes."

"An' it won't cost but $5?"

"Well, suppose I had dat furnicher insured an' de house should catch fah an' everything burn up?"

In that case, my colored brother, you'd be jerked into jail so quick that your head wouldn't have time to swim, and from the jail you'd go to State prison for at least ten years."

"Wha, dat for?"

"Why, for setting the fire."

"An' dat possible? Well, I'm werry much obleeged to yer, an' I'm made up my mind to save $5 an' lai de $400 go."

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RAILROADS.

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SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

SANTA CLARA, ... CALIFORNIA

This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It occupies large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, covered gymnasiums, swimming pool, etc. It possesses a complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has, attached to it, a school of Agriculture and Horticulture. The Scholastic year commences on the Tuesday following the first Monday in August, and ends the last Thursday in June. Tuition, Board, Lodging, Washing, and Bed, $250 per annum. Drawing, Music, Use of Philosophical Apparatus, and Medical Care, $50 extra. No Deduction made for Absentees unless they remain Home.

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TERMS:

(Payable semi-annually in advance.)

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Board, Lodging, Tuition in all branches, Washing and Mending of Linen, School-Stationery, Bed-stead, Mattress, and Bedclothes, Baths, etc., per annum 250 00

For further particulars apply to the President, Santa Clara College, or to Mr. Lucas, Treasurer, 214 Hayes street, San Francisco.

REV. P. E. BARONI, S.J., President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

THIS INSTITUTION, CHARTERED IN 1851, Chartered in 1868, is situated in the Garden City of California, 1 mile from the Depot, and 1 mile from the College of Santa Clara. The Course of Instruction is that of the Academies of the Sacred Heart. Music forms an integral part of the education, and is taught by the Professors of the Conservatory of Paris. Drawing, Painting and Needle Work are taught free of charge. Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

Per quarter, (payable in advance), Board, Tuition, Washing, Bed and Bedding, Stationery, Use of Piano, Drawing, per session, $ 100 00

Entrance Fee (once only) 10 00

Music, Harp, Guitar, Violin, Drawing, Painting in Oil per month 1 50

Use of Piano, per month 1 00

Bed and Bedding, if furnished by the Institution, per session 10 00

For further particulars, address

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, San Jose.

ST. CERTRUDE'S ACADEMY,

BIG VISTA, SOLANO CO., CAL.

THIS ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER the charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame, is situated in an eminence in the pleasant and wealthy town of Vacaville, in the Garden City of California, in the healthy and fertile Vacaville Valley, and is accessible by the Pacific Railroad. Pupils of all denominations will be received. The Course of Instruction is that of the Academies of the Sacred Heart. Music forms an integral part of the education, and is taught by the Professors of the Conservatory of Paris. Drawing, Painting in Oil, and Needle Work are taught free of charge. Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

Per Scholastic Year (payable two months of the Scholastic Year in advance), Board, Tuition, Washing, Bed and Bedding, Use of Piano, Use of Stationery, Use of Bed-stead, Mattress, Bedclothes, Baths, etc., $250 00

Music, Harp, Guitar, Violin, Drawing, Painting and Private Elocution, each, extra, per session 100 00

Use of Piano, per session 40 00

Entrance Fee (once only) 10 00

Bed and Bedding, if not furnished by the Institution, per session 40 00

Washing, if not sent to the Institution, per dozen 1 50

Washing, if sent to the Institution, per dozen 1 00

Mending, per dozen 1 00

Doctor's Fee and Medicine, per session 10 00

Use of Bed-stead, Mattress, Bedclothes, Bath, per session 10 00

Use of Bed-stead, Mattress, Bedclothes, Bath, if not furnished by the Institution, per session 20 00

Use of Bed-stead, Mattress, Bedclothes, Bath, if not furnished by the Institution, per session 20 00

For further particulars, address

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF PEACE,

SAN DIEGO, - - CALIFORNIA.

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, late of Carondelet (St. Louis, Missouri).

THE EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY this Institution are those of a thorough education in the English and Spanish languages, Music, Vocal and Instrumental, Drawing, Painting, Fancy Work, Plain Sewing, Embroidery, Tapestry, Lace Work, Etc.

TERMS:

Boarders, per month, $ 30 00

Half Boarders, per month 15 00

Day Scholars, per month 1 50

Music, Drawing, Painting, Fancy Work, Etc., each, extra, per month 1 50

Use of Piano, per month 1 00

Washing, per month 1 50

Bed and Bedding, per month 1 50

Bed and Bedding, if not furnished by the Institution, per month 1 50

Bed and Bedding, if not furnished by the Institution, per month 1 50

Bed and Bedding, if not furnished by the Institution

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Six Children Perish Before the Eyes of Their Parents.

PITTSBURG, July 17.—Last night the residence of Josiah Hornbeck, near Coal Hill, in Jefferson township, Clearfield county, was destroyed by fire and six of his children perished. The ages of the children were from 6 to 12 years. The mother, who was awakened by strange noises, said, she took the impression that burglars were about, to look for her husband, who was supposed to be discovered in a dwelling in Salem. Mrs. Hornbeck ran to the children, who were sleeping on the second floor, the roof fell in and she barely escaped, being badly burned herself. The children suffocated, or perished in the flames. The public appeals to the occupants of the burning building for the rescue of their children proved futile. Afterward, it is against the supposition, Government is Mr. Keeley.

The question of Government, Mr. Keeley, it is asserted, is complimentary; who was nominally objected to by Mr. Keeley's friends, who in the statement of Austria by see years relationship, Mr. Kasson ex-Berlin.

Alleged Co

Boston, July Traveller says Brightwell, a little who has bought Cambridge, and from there left for the Sunrise and the boat that was to take the place of the Sunrise, a row-boat in tow of the barge. The boat towed the child, and the other boat to be left behind. Brightwell's Kelley, and the Francis to rescue

Minister K

Washington, now in the city, Kelley presented Kelley's wife: "While it is very decent, she is Catholic lady, but tried to lift Minister Kasson not resulted Mr.

AN IE

The Wonderf

A single sheet of the Irish Fourth Ward, the bridge and Tribune. This was the Joliet, a part of year—264 years Champ Clark, ages the landed Tribune and Pa Pilot's Ferry. Mr. Lincoln, "Cor woman of a ren night have bl Nan, and her thought of her not his. And stories of "Ma T. Sher.

THE NUP

Strange Pa To

Washington for some time of the city the wife of the Mme Hermann Bonaparte, a young man who the Doctor ordered to take to prolong it was for the wedding fixed to his be The wedding last Monday, Rev. Father officiated. Hallmann, a friend of the wedding, the friends and drove to the the minister's had been taken prepared it if evening Miss Bonaparte has belonged

GI

Mr-Rooster

Mount Mor washing from this morning, the veranda. and again lo for a wonder

Rev. Father General this priest sister for him, Tried Chibiabos hunting my behalf." In the Old ed apply. O all the pool p as well as re called it a mist. I am the facts I ha much of it. the journey of owned so far and better whisper.

A Moot

Quebec, Je acquaintance at Jacques C. 2000 persons addressed by Chamberlain, men. Upon addressed the of the half be proper ego give the half

* * *

Lord Mo manently re Dominion Mr. Bedford, N. Y.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

ANOTHER ENGLISH OUTRAGE.

A Colorado Priest Arrested at Queenstown.

Rev. Father Brennan, who, says the Denver Republican, is a leading light in the city among the members of the Catholic Church, and among citizens as a fearless critic of Wall Street rule, and who is now paying a visit to his parents in Ireland, recently had an experience with detectives and made an addition to the many American citizens arrested by the agents of the British Government.

As it was known by his friends, Father Brennan, two weeks before his departure, had been the recipient of his health. He took passage by the splendid steamship Germanic, on which there last week. His arrival at Queenstown was marked by very much more of an ovation than the Rev. gentleman anticipated. He had hardly set foot on the tender and was placed under arrest by the British authorities, who evidently suspected him of being a dynamiter or an agitator of a dangerous sort.

PRIVATE PROPERTY SEIZED.

His baggage was subjected to search, and copies of Denver and Rocky Mountain News and Tribune-Citizen were found. Among them were certain numbers which were interdicted in Ireland, and they were confiscated by the custom officials, despite his protest. He was held under arrest quite a period, and it was only after an expert had been called in and had pronounced the matter was finally released. The long surveillance was continued, however, and it was only after an expert had been called in and had pronounced the matter was finally released. The long surveillance was continued, however, and it was only after an expert opinion, in regard to which he expressed no knowledge, was obtained that he was finally released. Inquiry was made of him as to whether or not it he caused it to be published.

After his release Father Brennan departed for the home of his parents at Ballyhar, Kilmore County Kerry, and is still sojourning there.

Father Brennan is a brother-in-law and assistant pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church, West Twenty-fifth street, Denver, and is well known in Colorado. He is now about thirty years of age, and since his ordination has been thrown into very hard times of persecution which he has endured like a true priest. He was compelled to frequently perform his priestly functions, in the early days, in the open, and in the Catholic's trade in Wisconsin, serving mass in the office of the Catholic Herald, in Milwaukee. While he has left his trade to the Mother calling, of which he is a worthy member, he has always retained his interest in journalism, and has contributed to the columns of the Catholic papers since his ordination. He is during his present visit to his native land, a contributor to the *Rocky Mountain News* (of this city).

Father Brennan is a nephew of Archbishop Fallon of Denver, and is a cousin of Colonel Fallon's five boys. Whatever he may do, he will be the Church successfully in Colorado.

A PRIESTLY SERVICE.

It was during his pastorate in Dunsage that Father Brennan had the opportunity to perform a duty under circumstances of a character which gave him a public prominence. The occasion was the administration of the last sacraments to the dying Mr. Parnell.

After his return to Ireland, Father Brennan was ordained a priest, and was assistant pastor at Ballinakill's Church until about two years ago, when which time he has been laboring in behalf of a church at Dunsage.

Failing in health and feeling a longing to see his parents and friends in his native land, he obtained leave of absence which made his present trip possible.

During the four years of his work in Colorado he made many friends, who will be glad to learn of his success in Ireland. Many of the friends and acquaintances of the rights and wrongs of the Irish agitation and of the attitude of the English Government towards Ireland, he has been pronounced and outspoken in his views, and will without doubt be heard from over there in his convictions after his late personal experience.

The news of his arrest and the release on bail reached Denver in the morning papers of the evening, and there was a great rejoicing among the Catholic people of the Irish American ancestry of the city.

A DEFEAT FOR PARNELL.

But It Shakes the Grip He Has Got on the New Government.

LONDON, July 17.—In the House of Commons this afternoon Parnell dwelt on the alleged outrages in Ireland, which he said were imaginary. He moved that the Irish Crimes Act be repealed. He was the duty of Parliament to institute a strict inquiry into the outrages in question. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, said he was of the opinion, "that the Irish Members of the House of Commons, by the manner of the prosecution of the outrages in question, have put the onus on the spot in the cases mentioned, the jurors who sat in the cases, and the witnesses who gave evidence." Mr. Gladstone said that the Irish Members had in a single case insinuated that the jurors were guilty of perjury in forcing four or five innocent men to plead guilty to the charge of murder. Speaking as a lawyer, he believe if ever a murderer deserved to be pardoned, it was the man who murdered Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

Sir Stafford Northcote, a member for Wickham, seconded Parnell's motion and hoped that the government would take a lesson from their predecessors, and not be "Parnellites" on the duty of office.

Mr. Michael Hicks Beach said the present Government had nothing to say concerning the conduct of the Irish Members during the period of the late Government. He was, however, bound to state that Lord Carnarvon was present. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Gladstone, had, in consequence, been compelled to consult with the House to resent Parnell's action, which was a defeat of Lord Spencer, a member of the late Government.

Parnell's motion was negatived without a division. During the debate Sir Vernon Harcourt warmly defended the late Government.

Lord Randolph Churchill praised Parnell's action of Gladstone, and the necessity pro-Irish Ireland only by dressing themselves of all sympathy with the Irish people, and by taking the interest in the Irish question, and in regard to which he expressed no knowledge, was obtained that he was finally released. The long surveillance was pasted to Parnell whether it was wise or fair to institute a prosecution.

Parnell said the request was reasonable and he would be willing to release the jurors. Mr. Parnell said it looked like a compact between Parnell and the Government.

Lectures, July 18.—The *Times* in a leading article on Irish affairs says: "The signs of a closer union between the Marquis of Salisbury and Parnell are not to be mistaken. The Marquis has made a combination of the Conservatives and the Parnellites, and is ready to accept their assistance, unless it be the effrontery with which the Parnellites have taken the Marquis's measure. Parnell more completely than ever makes the master of himself.

THE CABLE EXPOSED.

How the Lies are Manufactured.

**Use countrymen in America get practically no intelligence of what are accounts of marriage. The system is worked this way—Dr. Patrick Cronin, Chicago, Ill., is a man of great influence and fortune, and the first American Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Kenrick, of St. Louis, Mo., is a man of great influence and fortune. It has frequently been under consideration amongst the Irish party, apart from the Home Rule question, to bring in a Bill to punish the circulation of false news. If the producers of any newspaper were entitled to call on the proprietor, or the proprietor, for redress, to prove a jury the substantial truth of any statement in the paper complained of by him, there would very quickly be an end to the half a crown lie system of which the English Press lives. The Irish Press, we say still, has never contributed the slightest assistance to the Land League. In 1882, after the publishing of the lies by Newspaper Correspondents, the Irish Press was for a hopeless battle. The committee still have trouble up in foreign papers, and, not one in a hundred of them, ever sees the truth, or has the backbone to publish it, which killed the poor people of Ireland." *United Ireland.*

CONVERSIONS TO IRELAND.

The Huguenots Come to be Re-Considered.

NEW YORK, July 19. With the sole exception of the Paris *Matin* and *Figaro*, all the papers of London, Turf and Literary alike, join in denouncing the proposed Government bill for the Huguenots cases. In Ireland the result is already received with rapturous joy. The most remarkable feature of the debate was the almost universal abandonment of Lord Spencer. The language which is being organized in honor of the late Viceroy does him as much harm as good. Lord Randolph Churchill and Tulke have placed positive statements, and the affair will be almost purely Whig. A memorial in favor of the bill has also been signed by the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cavendish, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain, and it is thought certain that it will be passed, there will be a wholesale release of men convicted by packed juries under the Crimes Act. If the liberals continue to excite the passions of their English constituents against the Tories for the Government to Parnell, it is possible that the Tories will return to power. The Tory combinations of the over-riding Parnellites and Conservatives, is a combination of a character of which will be effective, as it is called, the "Tories, nous." Parnell is now seeking another success by pressing the Land Purchase bill, the first reading of which has been very favorable. The Parnellites will probably accept the bill as a method of easing the land market and a step toward the national buying out of landlords, while at the same time helping the Tories by giving them a solid legislative triumph.

Correspondence.

THE LANGUAGE OF OSSIAN.

LYONS, Cal., July 20, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Believing that nothing which concerns freshness or appreciation of Ireland should be foreign to me, I claim sufficient space to the expression to some thoughts suggested by the perusal of an article on the Irish Language in the recent issue of the Monitor. I know the discouraging circumstances of the language, and that Society for the revival of the language, and literature prosecute their laudable and patriotic work, but this I do believe, and I believe sincerely, that the language of Erin's youth has strong, tender, and indelible claims to our time and talents.

The spirit, energy, and patriotic zeal of O'Curry and O'Donovan earned from Irish Catholics a debt of gratitude, which Ireland's noblest splendor, but to complete the work, it is not enough that the Irish people should be stirring, perishing, without one still more earnest effort on our part to save and perpetuate a sacred relic.

"The other Tongue is sinking, like a Patriarch to rest
Where of yoth behold the Tyrian on one Isle, crest a proud
Ere the Roman of the Saxon, or the Norman of the Gaels
Ah! Gaelic Tongue on Britain—or trampled heavy on Erin's
Where manhood was the Druid rites at I-ona's Isle and Iona
And the savage tribes of Britain round the Druids of Iona
And for generations witnessed the glories of the Shrine
Since our Gaelic sires sung war-songs round the Druids of Iona
The Saxon cheek our rights and tongue alike Ah! Gaelic Tongue
Save where among the Connaught wilds and the Ah! sinking Tongue
Ah! Gaelic Tongue whose accents could each Ah! sinking Tongue
Ah! sinking Tongue that sounded like the Tongue that in the Senate was lightning Ah! Tongue
Whose echo is the battle was the thunder in the night
That Tongue which once in Chieftain's hall Tongue
Tongue! hold the national hall Ah! Gaelic Tongue
As Chieftains serf or minstrel sing! silent there Ah! Gaelic Tongue

Are lifeless as dead to the voice of the past, and the voice of the present, they are as good and great men who labored lovingly to decipher and explain the manuscripts in Gaelic

[illegible]

Yours truly,

A.

AS A RARE CHANCE FOR INVESTMENT.

I beside give notice to my friends and the public that I will sell any or all of my 10,000 shares of the capital stock of my invention for Rheumatism, which appears to be true, and which will be found on the 15th page of the Monitor every week.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1885.

To the Board of Directors of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association:

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor to submit the following report for the twelve months ending June 30, 1885:

Total amount received for assessments	$ [illegible]
Total amount received for initiation fees	[illegible]
Total amount received for interest	[illegible]
Total amount received for rent	[illegible]
Total amount received for sale of [illegible]	[illegible]
Total amount received for [illegible]	[illegible]
Total amount received for [illegible]	[illegible]
Total amount received for

Poetry

THE CATHOLIC SISTERHOODS.

They gather them from the lanes,
From the dens of the vile crime of sin,
From the homes where sorrow reigns,
While the children's hearts are wan.

They teach them the lore of God,
They teach them to sing and pray,
They point to the lustral sod,
And the radiant realms of day.

Who says that the life seek
Repose in the cloister's shade?
No childishness and weak
Where is not so many needs.

They gather them in from the lanes,
They gather the children in
Where the Spirit and Beauty reigns
Over the spirit of woe and sin.

If I were so content child,
My crushed grief would be
To part from those mothers mild
And have it on the field.

I must have you recollect,
Those women, so pure and meek,
Were, likely enough, once decked
With the fashion's latest freak.

But, loving their Saviour more,
Than a season's joy and pride,
They relented the world's Queen,
For the sake of Him Who died.

Just think of what a life is theirs,
Ye daughters that throng the street!
Ah! you've space in their prayers,
And all at their holy feet.

They gather them in from the lanes,
They gather the children in,
They teach them the sweetest lessons,
Which the world has ever been.

And looks on in the distant mine,
Ha! with the humble, grateful tone,
Some precious jewels that shine.

He will hold on the sons and say:
"Your feet and your tears shall cease;
Lo, the spirit it has passed away,
And the home for you now is—Peace."

THE CONVENT IN THE DELL.

BY J. SAYANOR.

It stands there still, now hoary with age,
Neath a cluster of old elm trees,
Which bend their heads, and sighing lovingly
Down
Upon the roof, as if to shield it from the storm.
Where the slanting cushions fall,
In the shade of the trees, with the evening breeze
By the convent in the dell.

There oft have I sat on that rustic seat,
In the midst of that flower-decked glen,
And dreamt bright dreams of the future
Away from the bustle of men;
There oft I have heard on a summer's eve
The sweet strains of an Angelus bell,
Like a message of peace on the evening air,
From the convent in the dell.

And now though many years have fled
Since I stood in that dear old glade,
And many dear friends of my childhood
In the silent dwelling are laid,
Before my mind the scene will rise,
And on them I love in dreams,
The school on the hill, the creaky old mill,
And the convent in the dale.

Literary Miscellany.

Nancy O'Beirne's Lesson.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

It was a gloomy and lonely spot, in the hollow of an Irish hillside, under an Irish sky. The cabin was a poor little place, with its patch of turf beside it, where the potatoes grew, and its clay floor inside the walls, and its one narrow little window. But in that cabin dwelt an honest man and his son over those spots. Does that mean that Nancy O'Beirne was rich in land, building and full of life? No, I mean winning, blue-eyed maiden of scarcely eight years.

Granny O'Beirne, as the neighbors called her, was a small, tidy, elderly woman, who had passed her three-score years, but was still able and willing to work. Indeed, it was her strong hands that kept the potato patch in order, tended the pig, cared for the two children, and made the house as clean as clay floors and sod can ever be.

It was coming on the winter—that is, it was already autumn—and the beautiful days were growing shorter, and the nights long or and more chilly. It was feared that it was going to be a hard winter for the poor, and the shadow of care darkened poor Nancy's door, as it had often done, but it left no corresponding show upon her face. As it began to be whispered the O'Beirne were in want, there came a lady from the Castle one morning to ask about their needs. Granny was sitting by the peat fire, clean and neat—as new pin, is one her own words, with a little shawl over her shoulders, just to keep out the cold.

"Good-morning, Nancy," said Mrs. Preston, kindly.

"Good-morning, ma'am" said Nancy, rising with old-fashioned Irish politeness and courtesying to her.

"Sit down, sit down, Nancy," said the lady to Dan.

"Is anybody ill, ma'am?" said Nancy, with a smile that made her wrinkled face quite so lock upon. "Thanks be to God, we have my health and strength, and the two little ones as fine children as there's in the country."

"Then I say 'tis badly off," Nancy," said the lady, "I mean that perhaps you have not all you require for yourself and children this winter."

"Well, ma'am," said Nancy, slowly, while a cloud came to her face, "we have a little, 'tis not to say that I have much put by me now."

"Have you anything, Nancy?" said the visitor.

Nancy took up the corner of her apron, shaped into a handkerchief, and said:

"If I'm put to it, ma'am, I may as well tell you that my little patch of potatoes failed, I'm sore pressed enough for my rent and the bit and sup for the children. But I'm not complaining," she said, hastily; "God has been good to me that it would be lying in Hades to say otherwise."

The visitor looked around. She had never known such thankfulness in the homes of the rich.

"You must let me help you, Nancy," she said.

A red spot came up into either of the withered old cheeks, and Nancy spoke it was in a low, subdued voice that touched Mrs. Preston deeply.

"For the sake of the little ones," she said, "I'll not say no, but I'd rather help never or one of my people on either side before was forced to take charity from the gentry. God forgive me," she continued, correcting herself quickly; "it's a false and foolish pride to call that charity, when God sends you Mrs. Preston, with your kindly face, to bring us relief."

When granny had consented thus far, Mrs. Preston began to inquire more particularly into her condition. To her surprise, she found there was neither food nor drink of any kind in the house, and but for her visit the children and their good grandmother would have gone supperless to bed, and yet Nancy had not only expressing her anti-sinfulness, Nancy said

"Sure, ma, ma'am, 'tis a providence has never let us want. When it came to the worst, something always turned up. And I knew it would this time, too, only that at first it went against me a little that I should come in the way of charity."

"Nancy," said Mrs. Preston, "how is it you are always cheerful? Have you never had any troubles?"

"None greater than my strength could bear," she said, with her patient, trusting smile, "I was married young, and I had my share of the crosses of life. I was a widow at five-and-twenty, and then I had my two children—two boys and four girls—all in the churchyard. Two of my boys—the old one I sent to America, and he's as going to be bad, like, out there, where, God forgive me, I'm sometimes afraid, Mahon and the goodness of God, he came home to me, just in time to die. And when I had him in the earth, with the blessing of the priest over him, I thought that for his mercy. My girls died of decline, one after another, and my youngest boy was taken down with the fever and followed them. But he left me his two little children, to be my story, ma'am and God bless him, he's a good boy, and you can see for yourself I have great cause to be thankful and to derive a complaining spirit far from me."

The lady looked sharply at Nancy. At first it almost seemed to her she must be jesting about her cause for thankfulness, after having known such terrible sorrow, though indeed she didn't guess at that the story had not all—the long struggle the heavy old soul had gone through to keep the two little ones from starvation, and ever since, the courage of a lion. Now, looking at the sweet face, with its humble, grateful tone, as to God, Mrs. Preston was silenced. Were she offered to provide Nancy with all that she could need during the winter, the old woman stopped her.

"I hope you'll not take it ill, Mrs. Preston, ma'am, but I'll ask you to give me only what I need at the present moment, and no more. For, don't you see, ma'am dear, if I were to take from you all that I could manage this and spring, it would like in distracting the mercy of God and being afraid to trust in him."

The lady could not speak. She turned down to hide a tear. Just then there was a rush of little feet and the the clatter of heavy shoes, and in came two barefooted, ragged little ones, pausing just inside the door, and dropping a courtesy, when they saw the stranger.

"There's Dan and Eily," said the old woman, laying a hand on the head of each: "and now you can see for yourself, ma'am, God's been good to me."

They made a pretty picture, despite some mud-stains on their hands and clothing. Dan had a bright, fearless look, and honest, dark eyes that met yours with more than ordinary childish candor. Eily was fair and timid and gentle, drawing back now and then behind her grandmother and glancing, shyly at the lady, holding in her tiny fingers the white a handful of wild flowers. After various advances from Mrs. Preston and remonstrances from Nancy, the children began to get over their shyness. Little Eily even approached the visitor and held up to her the bench of flowers.

"Oh! thank you, my dear, they are so pretty," said Mrs. Preston. "Do you know the names of them?"

"Sure I don't ma'am," said the child, "but maybe Dan does."

The visitor smiled at this instance of familiar reliance upon a brother's wisdom.

"Can you tell me, my little man?" said the lady to Dan.

"I wouldn't be very hard," said Dan, with comical gravity, "if I didn't put for get the name of them."

The lady laughed outright.

"They are not half so pretty," said Eily, as them was used to get in May for the Blessed Virgin's altar."

"Sure, granny'll tell you herself."

"Nonsense in the name of them, Dan, masquerade," said the old woman smiling, in a little harsh, though more, perhaps, in answer to her visitor's smile, than because she saw any humor in the child's odd way of putting a request.

"Granny," said Eily, suddenly, "we're both hungry. Dan and me. But we'll have to wait until supper-time. Maybe I could eat, but Dan's very hungry."

"If you were to ask Him, Granny," said Dan, "maybe God would send us some bread this night."

The lady looked inquiringly at Nancy. She smiled sobbly, and said

"I told them, ma'am, that God would not than go supperless to bed another night. They take my word for it, but the creatures are beginning to think it's a long time till morning."

The lady rose to go. She kissed the children, and left a bright piece of money in each of their hands. When she had gone, Dan stole softly up to his grandmother.

"Granny," said he, "do you mind the story that Nellie Carroll told us the other night, how the angels came to the cabin and left money that turned into dust again? Granny, this one won't turn into dust, will it?"

"Hush, marmeen" said the old woman, in alarm. "It's not safe at all times to talk about such things. Sure, God is able. But that money's as good as the best of it, if that gives it to you. God's blessing go with you."

"It was still early in the day, when a man appeared at the cabin door with a basket from the Castle. So the children did not go supperless to bed then, nor for many a day after.

"The long, hard winter had passed away, and Mrs. Preston, who had been in England, came back again to Ireland in the spring, and her first thought was of Nancy O'Beirne. One lovely spring afternoon she walked down the village, on her way to the cabin. The church was open, and Mrs Preston was about to go in to say a little prayer and spend a few minutes before Our Lord in the tabernacle, when she met Nancy, leading little Eily by the hand. The old woman had the same cheerful, patient look as ever, but the lady fancied that the wrinkled face, framed by the close white cap, had a shadow in it, somewhere, that she had not noticed before. She stopped at once and spoke.

"Well, Nancy," she said, "how are you? I have often thought of you, though far away."

"Aye, and God ever bless you for the bounty that brought us through the long days of this winter!" said Nancy.

"Do not speak of that, Nancy, and the lady. "But my friend Dan is not with you. How is he?"

"Well, ma'am," said Nancy, with a troubling sobsingly, "I hope he's well, and better off than my poor efforts could have provided him."

"What" cried the lady, shocked: "you mean to say he is not—"

"That he's dead, ma'am," said the old woman, "and lying there, with the rest of them that's gone, God rest their souls."

She made a little gesture, as she spoke, towards the churchyard. Tears of real sorrow flowed down the lady's cheeks.

"Don't cry ma'am, dear," said old Nancy, wiping away a tear herself with the corner of a checked apron, "when we know that he's this minute before the face of God, a year and lose of the heavens merriest."

"Work, Work, Work!"

How many women there are working in the various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of private women whose lives are an unending round of toil—who are martyrs to their compulsory toil, which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered double hard and irksome and their lives shortened, yet hitherto scarcely anyone thought to lend a helping hand. To such Dr. Harvey's "Favorite Prescription" offers a substantial relief. For all female weaknesses it is a certain cure. Of druggists.

Hostetter's Anti Phosphate Is Delicious. Dr. W. Hoadley, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

THE BRIDES OF CHRIST.

A Day in London with the Sisters of the Assumption.

The quiet, black robed nuns, moving swiftly along the streets in all parts of London, but chiefly in the poorer districts, have long ago ceased to attract the curious attention of the passers-by. They come and go, with their little companions, laden with mysterious parcels and packages, more or less, always carrying their small hands lid-deep under the wide sleeves of their coarse garments. They seem to be cut on some urgent errand. Few of the thousands who meet them pass by them with a curiosity greater than any but the fastest of the world's idle dreams really is. If they know is that she is a nun, a convent, a convent of Mercy, or a convent of Poor Clares, or a convent of Sisters of Charity, for "Sisterhood" stands high on the banner which floats behind the coach of the Bishop of London, or other, or, there is an air of loving sympathy with the poor, of tender patience, about them all, which calls forth the sympathetic and respect of all who come in contact with them.

Early—at least early morning—the Little Sister begins her day's work. Perhaps it is poor—so poor, indeed, that her breakfast is but a crust, and a cup of cold water, and a crust of bread, and a cup of cold water, and a crust of bread, and a cup of cold water, and a crust of bread

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY JULY 29, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the most social power, because it is the chief agent in propagating ideas, and properly speaking, it constitutes the medium of all intellectual life. Accordingly, the Catholic press is scattered throughout the world. In our view, Catholic journalism is not a mere business enterprise, nor only a work intelligible to the authors of another, but a part of apostolic labors. What is our what might be the object of Catholic journalism? It is to defend religious truth, to diffuse it by every means, and to make it triumph. Journalism is a power, and a power which is to be directed to the service of God and His Church, for the salvation of souls." Pius IX.

"By this journalism, which is the most powerful of all, Princes do Rome, under whose protection they work, and Bishops, who are the Pontiffs' delegates, and priests, or rather, the captain and those of the Holy Ghost, are enabled to be doctrine and propagate the Catholic and fidelity—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., has been pleased to declare St. Vincent de Paul patron of all the charitable institutions existing throughout the entire Catholic world, as he had already, in 1882, proclaimed the same great Saint patron of the works of charity instituted in France.

—A telegram from Berlin to the *Moniteur de Rome* states that the illustrious German Professor Frantz, who occupies the Chair of History in the new Catholic University, with an annual salary of $10,000, preferring to pursue his historic studies in his native land.

—Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan, recently nominated as Coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburgh, is a native of County Kilkenny, Ireland, where he was born 57 years ago. He came to this country in 1849, studied for the priesthood, was ordained in 1854, and has since served in different parishes of Pennsylvania. His consecration is set for the 10th of next month—feast of St. Lawrence.

—So many more children have been added to the attendance at Father McNally's schools in St. Patrick's Parish, West Oakland, that the zealous pastor is making preparations to build another school house 60x75 feet in dimensions. The people of St. Patrick's Parish are certainly "wise in their generation" and they will raise children who will be an honor to their Church, a credit to their country, and prove themselves pearls of Christianity.

—Somebody has said, what everybody has observed, that those persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course, that of earnest work and unwearied application. None are truly happy but those that are busy; for the only real happiness lies in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the mind, and so long as ever strong of either is avoided. It should be the aim of every one to be employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment, there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

—Parents who quarrel, curse and swear, lead irreligious and ungodly lives, must not Justice demands a day of reckoning for their negligence. Not alone do they destroy their own happiness by ever-recurrence, but their daughters, "comely and modest and unattractive, and the children are driven to seek recreation in the variety show or with evil companions, where they learn to become burdens to themselves and to the community.

—The sermon preached by Rev. M. Dyer, of St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, at the dedication of the new St. Vincent's Hospital in that city, shows birth to truthful terms the devotion of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul in all the onerous duties undertaken upon them. What Father Dyer said of the Sisters of Charity of Los Angeles holds true concerning every individual member of that holy community throughout the civilized world. Their voluntary labor for the sick poor is one of the grand proofs that the Church of God is of Divine origin, as no "Brotherhood" have phase within her pale.

—The easy manner in which some people are hoodwinked by bogus "Bishops" of bogus religious sects, is actually both amazing and amusing. Finding that "hard times" was depleting his treasury, the notorious "Bishop" McNamara, of New York—the founder of the so-called "Independent" Catholicism, organized a "pilgrimage" recently to the High Bridge at Harlem, where his "immediate" a number of his "Independent" brigade in the river, first going through the farce of emptying into the Hudson river a basketful of what that unscrupulous old sinner called "water from the river Jordan." How people can be duped by such scalawags is one of the things that passes human comprehension.

—It begins to look as if the labors of the National Home Rule League were about to be crowned with victory. Our Irish correspondent gives a very cheerful view of Irish political affairs this week, and in a private letter a leader of the Monitor in Galway—who is both a priest and a patriot—gives us the cheering assurance that "Parnell is very near his victory and has the outpoints of the enemy already in his possession." It is also a hopeful sign to see the Dublin Corporation refusing to present a fulsome address filled with "loyalty" to the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the same body has selected that gifted and sterling patriot T. D. Sullivan for Lord Mayor of this Irish capital. These are tangible proofs of the triumph of Irish principles when practically applied to English morals in Ireland.

—The Catholic young men of this city deserve great commendation for the zeal they have manifested in the establishment and increase of Catholic societies for themselves, under the approbation of Church authority. In this age of co-operative, beneficial and social organizations, Catholics should participate for the purpose of preserving that bond of unity which should be far stronger among those of one faith than among those without such a heavenly bond of brotherhood. The hope, therefore, that hundreds of our Catholic young men will become members of some society suitable to their tastes, and a list of which will be found every week on our sixth page.

—The North American College at Rome celebrated the installation of its new rector, Rev. Dr. O'Connell, of Richmond, Va., by a grand literary, musical and social entertainment. Among the invited guests were Bishop Danager and Monsignor Mooney. At the close of the entertainment the whole company sang the "Star Spangled Banner."

The Episcopal committee of the Irish Hierarchy have issued a manifesto demanding a fair share of the endowments granted by the Government for educational purposes. The manifesto is couched in polite but firm language, and contains some sharp strictures on the former appointment of those endowments. It urges the Parnellite members of Parliament to oppose with every means within their power the grants to the Queen's Colleges that may come before the House of Commons until the Government complies with the committee's demand.

—The Rome papers state that the Public Consistory was to take place on Thursday, the 23th inst. Among the Prelates to be present in caps and receive the Red Hat were Bishop and Title. The Holy Father has expressed his intention to depute his Eminence Cardinal Moran to "confer episcopal consecration upon Dr. Walsh, the Archbishop elect of Dublin, which ceremony was to be performed in the Eternal City shortly after the Consistory.

—During the celebration, recently, of a special festival, in the Cathedral at Cuernavaca, Mexico, a band of thieves conspired to extinguish the electric lights in the sacred edifice, and taks advantage of the confusion and darkness to rob the people assembled there. The leader of the gang threw a wire over the electric light wire with the intention of drawing it down and opening the circuit; but some other ground permitted the electricity to pass through his body killing him instantly, and serving as a terrible example in wait for one about to commit the crime of sacrilege. The members of the gang made good their escape in the confusion caused by the tragic death of their leader.

—To the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity, of the West, near Cincinnati, Ohio, was destroyed by fire, on the 16th. The Sisters were out on the grounds, at recreation, and were startled by an explosion supposed to be gasoline. Rushing into the house it was found filled with smoke, and but little was saved beside the chapel furniture. The building and the clothing of the Sisterhood are a total loss. The structure was rededicated by Archbishop Elder, in 1884. It cost $75,000, on which there is an insurance of $30,000. Many Sisters and women were kept at some useful employment, there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

—The controversy about the authorship of the Pentateuch is still going on. On the other hand, Father Hummelauer, a learned Dominican employed in the Archives of the Vatican, has, according to the Abbe Darlapon, "conclusively established the legend of Gareon, the mythical Abbot of Saint Etienne, at Vernoil, "Father Santini, General of the Regular Canons of the Laterna, has published a volume of some 500 pages in favor of the claim of Thomas a Kempis; and one of the Canons, Father Lelli, has written two pamphlets to the same effect. Finally, the Abbe Dulvigne has protested, in a little pamphlet published at Brussels, against the monument to Vercoil.

—The new Viceroy of Ireland has Catholic family connections in Germany as well as in England. His great-great-grandmother, who died in 1796, was a Catholic princess, Franz Anton Tavis, Archprinst of Aix-la-Chappelle, whose sister, Catherine Elizabeth Tavis, married William Herbert, and became mother of the first Earl of Carnarvon, Henry Herbert. The present Lord Carnarvon, says the *Germania*, erected about twenty years ago a tablet in the Church of the Holy Cross in the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, to the memory of the Archprincess Tavis, above mentioned. The inscription on the tablet concludes with these words:

Hanrion Howard Molyneux Herbert
Comes de Carnarvon
Germanice Avunculi Carissimi Posuit Anglorum Moerens.

—There is a certain class of disreputable people who rush into print under some *nom de plume* so as to hide their freedom falsehoods and their filthy characters from the gaze of the world. The literary garbage of such scavengers is generally dumped into the columns of anti Catholic papers, which are the favored receptacle of all the refuse of chaff ruffians who have no record whatever for truth, and whose positions are so thoughtless as to depute his Eminence Cardinal Moran to "confer episcopal consecration upon Dr. Walsh, the Archbishop elect of Dublin, which ceremony was to be performed in the Eternal City shortly after the Consistory.

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The Catholic Schools of the California Province.

Now that the Catholic schools of this State, Nevada and Utah are preparing to reopen their doors for the coming year's scholars, we desire particularly to call the attention of Catholic parents to the facilities which exist within this Province by which a thorough Christian education can be procured for their children.

It is with considerable satisfaction that we can point to the Principals of Catholic schools where studies have already been resumed, that the attendance of scholars in nearly every instance has come to our knowledge—has been increased, thus showing that Catholic parents are becoming more familiar with the immense advantages and spiritual superiority which the Catholic system presents for Catholics over that system which plants in the soil of children a hate of the faith of their parents.

In sending our children to Catholic schools we prove ourselves obedient to the mandate of Almighty God, who says: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not. For of such is the kingdom of God." Every child that attends a Catholic school goes to the sanctuary of God, and thus is prepared to become one heir of the kingdom of Heaven. And the Catholic parent who allows his children to attend other schools—Catholic schools where Catholic prayers are not permitted, where Catholic piety is forbidden, where Catholic practices are scoff'd and sneered at—what does he do? He kills the Christian seed planted by Almighty God in that innocent soul; he makes an apostate out of an angel; and he annihilates every virtuous impulse which the child's soul has received from its Creator! Sad, and indeed, will be the fate of such recreant Catholic parents when called up before the judgment seat of God to give an account of the souls of those children which were given them.

If—though the willful neglect of Catholic parents—the souls of their children are lost because they have not received an education comprising a knowledge of God and His Church—it is almost a certainty that the vengeance of God will doom that parent to everlasting punishment. A single act of pride lost heaven to the angels, what then must be the doom of those who rebel against God themselves and rob him of those souls entrusted to them so that His Church militant might have warriors and virgins, and His Church triumphant might have saints?

Almighty God designs great things for every child baptized in His Church, but the Catholic parent who willfully sends his child to those schools where a knowledge of God is a lost art, stands between the designs of God and his own child's salvation. What a monster, then, that man must be in the eye of God who thus secures to himself the power to thwart the will of an Omnipotent Creator! Every Catholic parent must feel that to assume such a responsibility is one of the greatest follies any human being could perpetrate. Yet this is precisely the attitude assumed by those Catholic parents who send their children to anti-Catholic academies in places where Catholic services are not even thought of, and where their forebears died for, they swear it is "the superstition of past ages. The Mass is merely "popish mummery" in their enlightened imaginations. The Sacraments instituted by Christ they look upon as so many useless ceremonies conceived by priests in order to become the opulent and idle; their children unbaptized and called by names unknown to any saint in heaven. And thus they—the children of so called Catholic parents—and all their future posterity, become apostates to God's Church and are lost forever from the flock of the Good Shepherd!

What must be the harrowed feelings of the Catholic father and the Catholic mother as they reflect that upon their souls rests the responsibility for this terrible downfall and desolation! Too late they have awakened to the knowledge that the seed planted in the souls of their children by anti-Catholic or non-Catholic education has placed therein the noxious weeds of the world where Almighty God designed should be a parterre of the flowers of every virtue in Paradise. Here, in this province of Catholic parents are of no avail. Express are useless, and thus from one knows at their trials until they descend into the grave and render their unhappy souls into the hands of that God who has said: "*Bring up your children in the discipline and correction of the Lord.*"

Happily for the Catholic parents in California, Catholic schools abound in almost every portion of it, and renowned efforts are made almost monthly to open Catholic schools in regions not already provided. These schools are as good as those under non-Catholic management, in all that pertains to secular education, and far superior to them in the advantage they offer for the preservation of the faith implanted by the Almighty God in the guileless souls of Catholic children. Hence these schools not only develop the mental qualities of the minds of their pupils, but they also impart to them a love for God, a veneration for His Blessed Mother and His Saints, as well as a desire to be like unto them, pure, virtuous, truthful, honest children, and thus become the delight, the staff and the comfort of their parents in their declining years.

So that Catholic parents may select the most suitable Catholic school adjacent to their place of abode, we append a list of Catholic schools in this Province, which, although it may not be entirely complete, will give to those or those outside of this section of the Pacific coast what has already been accomplished for Christian education

THE JESUIT FATHERS.

Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Rev. Robert Kenna, S.J., President.
St. Ignatius College, 251 Hayes street, Rev. Joseph Sasia, S.J., President.

FRANCISCAN FATHERS.

College of Our Lady of Angels, Mission of Santa Barbara, Rev. Joseph Maria Stone, O.S.F., Guardian.

VINCENTIAN FATHERS.

St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Rev. Louis J. Mayer, Comp. of the Mission, President.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

St. Mary's College, San Francisco, Brother Romuald, President.
Sacred Heart College, Eddy and Larkin streets, St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Brother Leo.
St. Patrick's College, Santa Clara, Brother Limbania, President.
St. Joseph's Academy, Fifth and Jackson sts.
St. Mary's College, Oakland and Jay school, Brother Leander, President.
St. Anthony's Free School for Boys, Brooklyn.
St. Patrick's Parish School for Boys, West Oakland.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

School for boys, Marysville, Brother John, Supr.
St. Patrick's College, Stockton.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

Convent and Academy, San Jose, Sister Cornelia, Superiorress.
College of Notre Dame, Belmont, Sister Ignatius, Superiorress.
College of Notre Dame, Marysville, Sister Agnetis, Superiorress.
Convent and Academy, Redwood City.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

St. Gertrude's Academy, Rio Vista, Sister M. D. Cecilia, Superiorress.
St. Joseph's Academy, Sacramento.
Free School for Girls, Sacramento.
Academy of Our Lady of Lourdes, Brooklyn.
St. Peter's Academy, Dedicated to St. Peter's Church, San Francisco.
St. Joseph's School, First and Bryant, S. F.
Convent, Grass Valley, Rev. Mother Gabriel, Superiorress.
Convent, Eureka, Rev. Sister Gertrude, Supr.
Convent, Ukiah, Rev. Mother Josephine, Supr.
Convent, Red Bluff, Rev. Mother Helena, Supr.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

St. Rose's Academy, Gilroy, Sister Ada, S. F.
St. Catherine's Academy, Stockton.
St. Boniface's School, Tyler street, S. F., Sister M. Ignatius, Superiorress.
St. Agnes Academy, Oakland.
St. Mary's Asylum, Benicia, Sister Lauretta.
Catholic Asylum and Industrial School, Twenty fourth and Guerrero streets, S. F.
Free School for Girls, Oakland.
Convent, Reno, Nevada, Rev. Mother Dolores, Superiorress.
Free School for Girls, Stockton.

SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES.

St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake, Utah, Mother M. Cecilia, Superiorress.
St. Joseph's School, for boys, Salt Lake, Utah.
St. Joseph's Academy, Ogden, Utah, Mother M. Alexandria, Supr.
St. Joseph's Academy, Corinne, Utah.
St. Mary's of the Assumption, Park City, Utah.
Free School, Virginia City.
St. John's School, Silver Reef, Utah, Sister M. Ignatius, Superiorress.
Holy Cross School, for small children, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sister M. Ignatius, Supr.

SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES.

Academy of Our Lady of Lourdes, Market Oakland, Mother John Baptist, Supr.
Free School, Market Oakland.
St. Lawrence School, free for girls, Temescal.
St. Joseph's School, 19th and Valencia, S. F.

PRESENTATION SISTERS.

Sacred Heart Convent, Taylor and Fillmore streets, S. F., Mother M. Ignatius, Supr.
Presentation Convent, Vallejo street, S. F., Sister Mary Xavier Daly, Supr.
St. Joseph's Academy, Stockton.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

St. Vincent's School, Sacramento, S. F.
Parochial School for Boys (attached to the Church of Our Lady of Angels), Los Angeles.
Convent School, Virginia City, Nevada.
School of the Holy Trinity (Boarding and Day Scholars), Santa Cruz, Sister Rose Philippa, Superiorress.

ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

Dominican Academy, Santa Rosa.

SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, San Luis Obispo, Sister Raymonde Grenadell, Superiorress.
School of Mary Immaculate, Gilroy, Sister Mary of Angels, Supr.
St. Catherine's School, San Bernardino, Sister Mary Ignatius, Supr.
Parochial School for Boys, Gilroy.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

Academy of Our Lady of Peace, San Diego, Mother Antonia, Supr.
St. Patrick's Parish School for Girls, West Oakland.

SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, Tenth and Howard streets, S. F.

Deceit Practiced by Protestant Propagandists.

Time and again we have exposed the dishonest means adopted by the Protestant sects in order to decoy or to coerce Catholics into subscribing money by means of which it was proclaimed that Christianity was to be spread throughout the world. The money thus secured has hitherto been generally put into the pockets of the petty larceny preachers who practiced this kind of robbery under the cloak of religion. While the poor victims of misplaced confidence were flattering themselves that their thousands of dollars were directing immortal souls to heaven, they—benighted pagans—were being the high road to hell, each with a gilt bible in his hand.

The biblical sects have hitherto manifested a great deal of brag and bluster concerning the "vast progress" which that religious community known as "Old Catholicism" was making in Europe, especially in Germany. But—unfortunately for the fanatical fund-collecting parasites—a Priest named Reinkens, D.D., Bishop of London, has let the sectarian cat out of the cosy bag, and exposed the whole "Old Catholic" movement to be nothing more than a mere handful of rich rascals who found the Catholic religion too stringent for their secular life, and thus they went into a sectarian camp where they could get rent to their vicious habits. The Letter to Protestant papers, and ends for your sectarian brag concerning the "Old Catholics." Here is the document of doom

*Sir,—*In reply to your note that you, as a clergyman of the Church of England, would not be willing to willingly publish wrong statements, you ask for donations or subscriptions for the Old Catholics in Germany, I feel bound, without believing it to be a case of wilful lying, to inform you that the number of about 50,000 of the so-called Old Catholics never approached the figure quoted, that their ever second, Doctor Reinkens as their Bishop, and had not conferred by the ecclesiastical Bishop of Rome, without giving notice to the Pope. Dr. Dollinger, the Bishop, and many others, have warned their friends not to have anything to do with some of them, and shunned them.

The Roman Catholics have in no single instance presented the members, or even the ministry, where the Old Catholics, the Roman Catholic affiliate, remained temporary chapels to accommodate their thousands of faithful, whilst the few dozen adherents of Dr Reinkens have taken active in the four large temples—Rome, Brooklyn and Wiesbaden—stolen from them.

The Government, far from treating the Old Catholics kindly, has shown them the same cold shoulder, acted on the very beginning of the movement, and, as I have said, has not even conferred with Dr. Reinkens. Prussia has spoken one minister by which the Government has made a world wide blunder. Thus through spite on account of the anti-Catholic spirit,

Farm and Home.

Recreation for Wives and Housekeepers.

How many women we see day after day who seem to labor at their duties in life, who act about their duties in a mechanical sort of a way, as much as to say, I have so much to do and must get it done, and pass through to end and get it over, and, although in so quiet a manner as possible, with their's is something radically wrong with such a woman. I know that doing the same thing over and over, day after day, is apt to become very monotonous, unless the mind is diverted some in a while by other things. A wall, a rile, a single spot of some place of amusement, or in social pleasure, will freshen the jaded faculties wonderfully, and you will return to your pots and pans with new zest. Anything rather than be enslaved in a few rooms, no matter how pleasant they may be. All women know how wearing the duties of wife and mother are, and unless some rest, some diversion is taken once in a while, the incessant labor and worry will soon break her down. And yet I have heard women who have large families and no one to help them say that sometimes two or three weeks slipped before they go out. Now this is not right. No one can be a good woman, no matter how sweet-tempered she may have been, if her mind become morbid and fretful. The husband is very fortunate, and, mind he is a man, whose wife, who is looking as you think, solely, prepares a walk or a street-car ride, and take the children with her if you can't do any better; or hire some trusty person to come in and take care of the little ones for a morning, and take her out and you will see how the will brighten up, and the effect of that evening's pleasure will last for some time. Men who are out every day do not realize how confined a life a laborious loving woman to stay at home, or how great an undertaking it is to go out with three or four babies. Husbands, as a rule, are not home hearted; they do not see that monotony is a pang for fresh air and amusement; or at pining for fresh air and sunshine; that the drudgery of every day life is wearing her out; they do not see that worry of the little ones is nearly turning her brain. If they fully realized it they would spend a little more money for that same trusty person mentioned above, and at least once a week the partner of their joys and sorrows should have a real good time, some hing like she used to have when they were first married and without care. The need of recreation cannot be too highly valued by both mothers and fathers. The wife will take more interest in household labors, and the husband will see a more beautiful face when he comes home at night. Change is rest, and one will soon become tired of life if there is no break in the monotony of every-day work.

Religion at Home.

It is laughable to see one hunting high and low for his spectacles when they have been only shoved over his forehead. It is not laughable to see Christians hunting for what they call opportunities to honor God, while overlooking such opportunities which they carry with them wherever they go. A shovelly carpenter was once heard at a weekly prayer meeting to pray with great fervency for the spread of Christ's cause—a cause which he disgraced and hindered in his sphere every time he stood at his work-bench. When he ended his prayer, a hearty "Amen" came from a server who put his apron over his head for a hundred times a day by his carelessness. A short also was there, who, although he taught a class in the mission school on Sunday, was a big liar and a cheat in his business. Whosoever rose with his diagnosed

ST. VINCENT'S DAY IN LOS ANGELES.

Dedication of a New Hospital, Sermons and Services on the Occasion.

Last Sunday being the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the order of the Sisters of Charity, the new hospital erected by the Sisters was solemnly dedicated. Besides the Sisters of Charity now, there are about 100 Sisters of Charity in the city, the orphans have left the Asylum on the Mission and are in charge of the beautiful institute as soon as could settled. The hospital was begun in 1884, and cost $40,000, of which the Sisters have paid about $4,000 on the balance. It was begun at 10 o'clock, the celebrant being the Rev. A. J. Meyer, assisted by the Revs. J. Ganley and T. J. Cooney as Deacon and Subdeacon, Master of Ceremonies, Rev. J. Caballeria, and A. Thuriet, student of St. Vincent's College, sang the Mass, the Sisters participate and robes were on the occasion. The Very Rev. Vicar General, Brother Gonzalo, was rendered by the children of the Sisters' School. After the Gospel of the Mass

THE SERMON

was delivered by the Rev. M. Myer, of St. Vincent's College, from the text: "Be merciful, as your Father is merciful, but the mercy of God is open all flesh—Joel.

These words taken from the 14th Ecel. are supposed by the Church to be read in the office of St. Vincent, whose feast we celebrate to-day. Not only could he be found more appropriate to the occasion which our Saint's life touches. He was a divine life and heroic practice of the divine traits. In God the Psalmist assures us mercy is nothing in itself, nothing, but a manifestation of His mercy. God's mercy, says David, consists in all His works. And to the inquiry, why is God distinguished from man, from all things, the answer is, because God is merciful in towards his children. Mercy is the attribute of God, and this St. Vincent possessed in a high degree. The Church by God's mercy is now all powerful, and is engaged in repeating the passage of scripture, "Behold the tabernacle of God with men." The Church is universal patron of all the saints, but Saint from all others more particularly in mercy to God. I need not to enumerate his life, it ought to be well known and familiar to all you who have his children among you. But the day, the place and the occasion invite us to recall and dwell upon the works of compassion, which were so much like to his mercy of God, that they were called all saints blind, all suffering humanity. To the degree and extent to which any one is compassionate and brought near to God is he compassionate and merciful towards his fellow creatures. Mercy is the most and most fundamental virtue. Upon it rests the whole Christian life. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the Christ, the Son of God, is the Christ, the Son of God, is the

ST. VINCENT'S DAY IN ANGELES.

Dedication of a New Hospital, Sorrowful Harvesters in the Colonies.

Last Sunday being the feast of St. Vincent, founder of the order of the Sisters of Charity, the new hospital recently built by them, formerly dedicated. Besides the officials of the city, the orphan girls from the city of Angeles, the Knights of Columbus, the Alameda Guards, a company under Capt. Ward, being present in full, one of the largest being round for the occasion.

At 10 o'clock, the celebrant, Rev. J. A. Hagerty, assisted by Rev. Fathers T. J. Toomey as Deacon, Dwyer as Subdeacon, M. Lasseigne, J. L. Lee, and Thorel, students of St. Charles College, carried in the procession vestments on the occasion were from Rome, and cost $1,000. The music was rendered by the Sisters' School. Father of the Mass.

THE SERMON

was delivered by the Rev. M. Dyer, of Santa Cruz, from the text: "The man who is towards his neighbor, is made God to you all flesh—Eccl. 18.

These words taken from the text delivered by the Church to celebrate the feast of St. Vincent, who for a long time Not could work out for himself what our Saviour's Spirit and divine life and heart portrays. Christ, in God the Father, there is another in great and holy as in His mercy. God's mercy, says the Holy Writ, Ecclesiastes, and is distinguished from man, from all this mankind. Man's compassion is for his neighbor, God's mercy is all flesh. It is God's mercy to man all flesh. Man's compassion is for his neighbor. Man's compassion is for his neighbor. Man's compassion is for his neighbor

THE MONITOR.

WEEKLY—WHOLE FREE OF PUBLICATION.

MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Catholic Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 3, 1881.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in populating land, and peopling the world with the creatures of its own creative power. It, our close, religious press is either a useful and serious occupation, not only a work instilling principles into the minds of others, but a work of salvation. What is and what ought to be the mission of the Catholic press? Its mission is to be the Catholic Thermopylae against the Mahometan invasion of Christian Truth, Christian Morality, Christian Culture.

"By this Mission we understand that the Journalism of the Catholic Press is to be the Catholic Thermopylae against the Mahometan invasion of Christian Truth, Christian Morality, Christian Culture, and that it

ST. VINCENT'S DAY IN ANGELES.

Dedication of a New Hospital. Sermon Services at the Cathedral.

Last Sunday being the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the Sisters of Charity, the new hospital recently built and nearly dedicated. Besides the Sisters of Charity, there are about 50 Sisters of the Holy Cross, who have charge of Calvary Cemetery, and who have charge of the patients as many as could assist. The hospital is not yet built, one of the 3 wings being used for the cousecrated Mass at 10 o'clock, the celebrant Rev. A. J. Mayer, assisted by the Rev. Landry and T. J. Conway as Deacon and Subdeacon, Ed. Lambert, O. S. B. as Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Mr. Culligan, servant of the deacon. Pontifical vesper were on the occasion, and sermons were preached by Rev. Mr. Lyons, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. After of the Mass.

THE SERMON

was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dyer, of Gent's College, from the text: The poor man is towards his neighbor, but God is upon all flesh (Ecclus. 18).

There were three lessons from the 18th Ecclesiastic, which the Church has set before us. The second was the lesson of charity, which is the 1st. Charity is the 1st, and the 2d, and the 3d, and the 4th, and the 5th, and the 6th, and the 7th, and the 8th, and the 9th, and the 10th, and the 11th, and the 12th, and the 13th, and the 14th, and the 15th, and the 16th, and the 17th, and the 18th, and the 19th, and the 20th, and the 21st, and the 22d, and the 23d, and the 24th, and the 25th, and the 26th, and the 27th, and the 28th, and the 29th, and the 30th, and the 31st, and the 32d, and the 33d, and the 34th, and the 35th, and the 36th, and the 37th, and the 38th, and the 39th, and the 40th, and the 41st, and the 42d, and the 43d, and the 44th, and the 45th, and the 46th, and the 47th, and the 48th, and the 49th, and the 50th, and the 51st, and the 52d, and the 53d, and the 54th, and the 55th, and the 56th, and the 57th, and the 58th, and the 59th, and the 60th, and the 61st, and the 62d, and the 63d, and the 64th, and the 65th, and the 66th, and the 67th, and the 68th, and the 69th, and the 70th, and the 71st, and the 72d, and the 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2341st, and the 2342d, and the 2343d, and the 2344th, and the 2345th, and the 2346th, and the 2347th, and the 2348th, and the 2349th, and the 2350th, and the 2351st, and the 2352d, and the 2353d, and the 2354th, and the

ST. VINCENT'S DAY IN ANGELES.

Dedication of a New Hospital.—Sacred Services on the Occasion.

Last Sunday being the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the order of the Sisters by, the new hospital erected by the Sisters recently dedicated. Besides the officials of the Church, there were present all the people of the city, the orphan girls from the Mission, and a large number of friends. The patients in many of the wards of the hospital being able to be present on the last long, we, with the exception of the Sisters, the assembled at 10 o'clock, the celebrant Rev. A. J. Mayer, assisted by the Rev. Landry and T. J. Cooney as Deacon Assistant, Master, Ed. Linnerty, D. Lynch and A. Thorst, students of St. College, served at the time. The choir rubes were on the occasion were from Saga Chapel. The music was sung by children of the Sisters' School. Author of the Mass.

THE SERMON

was delivered by the Rev. M. Dyer, of conn's College, from the text: The cose is towards his spouse, but the God is upon all flesh—Zeno.

These words taken from the 19th Ecclesiastes by the Church to be read in St. Vincent, who he found occasion to celebrate. Not could words be found more apt than those which our Saint's life illustrates life and honor perfect ness of truth. To God the Psalmist says, is nothing so great nothing so His mercy. God's mercy, says the all His works. And in the longest distinguished from man, from all this this attribute. Man's mercy is

The by commencement, there was, God's mercy is open all flesh. appearing the passage of scripture. his office, and the Church, and the vernal union of the Church with Christ, and the union of our Saint from union of the Church with Christ, and union with Christ, and the union with his life, it might be made the fountain which flows from some pen. But the day, the mission invite us to recall and view works of compassion, which were or the mercy of God, since the year 1845, killed, all enforcing humanity. To the years to which God was in raised brought one to God is be compassionate, and manifest the mercy of God, humanity and compassionate. Let us of so noble a character, which so many of the humanity and the mercy of God, by the Church and illustrated by the noble children. Established in the how great and wonderful, how divi God is Father. Venerable Bede, in parentage, without friend or palace and a shrine, and put in beneath the guardian, and savior of every pa the Church, and the Church, the universal family of God. The poor, the orphan, the fatherless, the widow, the sick and paralytic, the blind, the famine and pestilence were all shelter and tender compassion and God's infinite providence and savior.

Are ours to us WORKS

was above mere human capacity; must we think of have agreed to our tribute liberally towards making the fair a success, but there don't seem to be much wealthy citizens, hence the movement points to failure.

Since my last comes notice to the Mission Dolores, Rev. Father Lagan, the pastor, has been very ill, but is now improving, and hopes to be able to be present on the 16th inst. Keenan and Lynch are in the fingers of God, and one hope increased and strengthened and more of the Lord is not shortened. Nine years with his life. Keenan and Lynch and misery were as old as the earth, as long as mankind dwelt on the earth, with all its sorrows and its joys, the need for the manifestation of it provided, through permanent institutions, which should be perpetuated as the most distinctive in the remedy approving his beneficent purpose, man his servant by furnishing him compish his heart's desires. The in and life worth, and the hearts prove them to be have for God in the Vincent, visibly in favor of St. Vincent. Visibly in the institutions which are found, or in, our great and blessed Vincent, or, and service, as the great work, the work of charity, and the work of the Church, our children spoke the treasure we have in our Vincent.

In conclusion, I would say, it is a real ornament, public spirit, which place of the city, and the Sisters of Charity, and the public like it? Is there no one in this hospital, to invite visitors as affording ample and generous and no less unpretentious.

COMPLETENESS, BEAUTY AND

It is unquestionable by even the Personally I have visited and be Hospitals in the East and in Europe, of them, except in size, one more of many other hospitals, and there selected, when purchase price and variety of session. But this is unlikelous and commodious park presenting very favorable comparison of as hospital. Patients need pur accomodations and pleasantness and in our fair city do these possess as in this hospital. Its rooms will the pure mountain or ocean breezes unmatchable and the grounds, improvements, and the ground, through ment, delight and nothing. No or, cast, or almost any other, hospital disturb its quietude. To the the shortest service, the I work will all find here the most comfortable for their early, rapid restoration. But of the outward and the approach I need not speak for themselves more eloquently Inadmission or a Cicero. Like life grandeur, that I for all. Hence, Here we and our children Heaven fair, stores and blessed the infirmities and sufferings that dwelling and solitude and the respect and confidence in the sense with regard to hut in the selfsacrificing manner in conducted, their characters are you which they are, and advantage chiefly deducible the

CHARITY AND MISTRI

not only being on disorders but separation. If, then, the Sisters their's charms and prospects and brighter. Often recently I hopeful, childlike confidence in the attendance of the Sisters. And more desolation and ability each treat his cases, where he has sustenance! He knows that all are fully comprehended, and will by sacred not. His best jeriel his diagnosis and prescribed, treated and kindness by any However, his knowledge of disease, and the ability to cure. With this knowledge, that all who enter those premises Many shall depart hence to the there is no other. The long lives, the tax for such as defeat our same, must needs have it pointed. But even for such there of greater care and better health Our one duty on earth is to prepare

the daughters of St. Vincent: and need not the admiration of the three years years have they been set such charms and their prize which have and as fond as are the sacrifice is not they sacrificed the annals of our country. Placer military camps and prisons and contemporary chronicles are replete and from all these sources of information and can be but one report, verdict in which all the world will joining the Sisters. All is fully secured in its foundation and then will be resolved, cured, if only all the tenderness and skill St. Vincent taught his daughters the duty of their calling. We will be tried on man is this is man, knows health, will be a help. The needs of all, their food and raiment, and the sick, the aged, and helpless, and the orphan and the poor, and heavenly charity and the sick and suffering, what a happiness is it shall have need to enter a hospital not sure of food and of all that they are in the best and a human intelligence, attention centers there they are neces and fitness of mind and medication.

CARE, ASTUTEN AND MISTRI

Father Niezel, the superior of the Trappists, arrived from France, where he went to select French Catholics for their colonization, and incidentally remark that there is plenty of resource which is still and ever will be shown by the great Church of the Sacred Heart Father Niezel and his brethren who were at Mount Tabor, Palestine, have sought refuge at Safed, in Syria, but have set themselves to work to clear a tract of ground for a farm, which is very fertile, and which is free from fever and less poisonous spring. Father Niezel says that the Trappists have made their rule with vegetables, and thinks that for having given them the privilege of selling their products in the neighboring towns, they will make a good return to the spirit of their rule, and will be satisfied that the Government will be the means of bringing to their prayer seven more souls than they have lost souls. He says that the Underwood Trappists are the French Jesuits and Sisters of Charity, and that the people in Paris for civil and military assistance, and that the Government has

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE TOUCH OF A MOTHER'S HAND.

"You may go now and sit by his bed,
Stay tenderly by his side;
Do not disturb him, the doctor has said,
It may be death if you break his sleep."

"I will keep most still—you can trust me so;
I can scarce bear to see him at rest,
Don't think one startled—your kindness I know,
God will reward you for what you have done."

She passed through the ward; and jokes and
taints,
And murmurs and cries of anguish, cease;
And there came a calm, such as falls on saints,
When an angel passes on errands of peace.

Many a dying one, as she passed,
Pr'ahed her lonely lifted his head,
And she came where a young sailor lay, at last,
And she knelt down quietly by his bed.

He was only a boy, wounded and weak;
And one nestled gently down, in truth,
Whether the reality lent on his cheek
Was the fever flush or the flush of youth.

A shot lodged by his side, on the cabin floor,
His spoke in his dreams to an absent one;
"Lily, I will come back one more,
And we will be wed when the war is done."

Her hand on his forehead, nathinking, she laid,
As he fevered and moaned, she gently fanned;
And the dying soldier, awaking, said,
"That touch like the touch of my mother's hand."

Then around the ward his eyes wildly rose,
"Tell them I died on the battle-field for them—
Mother!" "My child!" "I knew you would come!"
And she clasped her boy in a fond embrace.

"And as the remnant of life ebb'd away,
When I can open your hand hold her fast—
Tell her to think of me on many
Mother! I will not let you be forgot.

"A moment since, I was dreaming of home;
A cool shade on me, I lay down to rest,
And I thought to my bedside that you had come
And kissed me, as you used to do when a child.

"I wake to find that my dream is true,
And that your mere presence is near me still;
My old, cold heart is warm with joy
To see your boy for a little while.

"I did not think that life had in store
For me such as rapture joy as this—
To feel the touch of your hand once more,
To feel on my brow once more your kiss.

"Turn your head on my fevered brow;
Kiss me again—I am growing cold;
Smile as of old—I am happy now;
Good-bye for awhile! I will go to sleep."

"Good-bye, good-bye! I am reconciled,"
And she thought—how, "'Tis hard to part;
Ah, do we blame those more, my child,
They have willing to do, and I will hard
Sore." You, see, Tim, I was used to 'mother.'
"We took the kindest care of Adelaide, and
I always remember that. You know how
mother smoothes her dress, Tim, when she
is saying something very particular. Well
she smoothed her dress, stopped a little,
and then said: "We can tie it by getting
married, Mr. Marshall!"

"So she asked you, Uncle Tony?" said
Tim, opening his eyes very wide.

"Yes, Tim. I should never have thought
of but one kind of marriage. Well, Tim,
I know that Sara must have a woman's care.
That decided me."

"You know, Tim, that mother means
well, but at times is a little wearying."

"Yes, Uncle Tony, and she's pretty sar-
ic', sleepy."

"Just so, Tim. Well, she couldn't un-
derstand Sara, and as Sara grew older,
mother wanted her to wash dishes, mend
the stockings and sew, and so, as she said, "do
like other girls." Sara could no more do
these things, Tim, than a lark could drive a
plough. He should have seen her place
herself up on my bench, Tim, and then
heard her sigh! How she could sigh!
There never was another such throat!

"The answer was thrown in an Italian
singer took apartments in the house.
Many mornings I used to lie in my bed
and hear Sara sing. She was born to
sing, Tim, and I'm sure she would have
to sea she said she had gone away to study,
and be a great singer; that she loved me bet-
ter than all the world, and that she would
come back to me, but dear little father—
that was what she always called me, Tim—
and make us happy and proud; and that I
was to be a strong sister she as well as
hard." The old man's voice had a sad little
tremble in it as he added: "and that was
ten years ago."

"And it was in New York, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Tim, Sara had been gone almost a
year when we came.

"You found me in New York, didn't you,
Uncle Tony?"

"Yes, Tim, fast asleep in a packing box,
with your triangle in your hand."

"Do you believe, Uncle Tony, that I al-
ways like to have my triangle with me. It
makes me feel kinder close to my people.
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warbly like, but so sweet! Sara was
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seems as if I was hearin' her. She thought
me the triangle, cause it was all she could
afford; and I like music so. She took care
of me real tender, Uncle Tony, as long as
she lived."

"And when she died your drunken fath-
er got you in the street."

"Yes, and I am very glad he did. I
he hadn't you wouldn't have found me.

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indeed fallen heavily, were should be
content. It is only when misfortunes is mar-
with sweetness and love that she is de-
veloped into happiest misery or one.

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city. As they approached the theatre they
found themselves remaining in the streets of
the great, grimy, hurrying, never-silent city,
the rolling tides of pale white faces and
shadow made all things dimly beautiful.
Down the street, now inlight, now in shade,
Tim and Uncle Tony went slowly on their
way, Uncle Tony taking a queer little back
step at regular intervals, to keep himself in
pace with Tim's halting gait.

"Uncle Tony," said Tim, looking up into
the old man's face, "would you mind tell-
ing me how it all happened?"

"The old man hesitated a moment, and
then said—

"Tim, I will tell you; but I must begin
pretty well back, or you couldn't under-
stand it."

"You see, Tim, my father was a music-
ian by profession. He had great musical
talent, and a touch of genius, just enough
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from the scene, but, Tim, I couldn't do it.
And I tell you, said the old man, growing
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"I can remember that I told you that I
played in the orchestra at Drury lane
Theatre. Well, the great folks liked my
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ed with Adelaide, Sir William Norton's
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Uncle Tony's tone had been growing lower
and lower, and now, with bent head, he
walked on in silence until Tim said softly—

"Why, where is Adelaide now, Uncle
Tony?"

"Ah" said the old man, raising his head
and lifting his rusty silk hat reverently
"she's an angel. Tim; an angel with folds
these many years.

A few moments and he went on huskily—

"After a time, we stole away and were
married.

"There never was a lovalier being, Tim,
than she was." The old man sighed heart-
ily and went on in silence until Tim said—

"Was she ever in America, Uncle Tony?"

"Yes," said he, running himself. "Yes.
When Sara was born. Adelaide called her
Sara for her dead mother. When her fath-
er heard of it he wrote to us, and, in
the letter, Tim, I remember every word of
it—"You have insulted your lady mother's
sainted memory by calling Anthony Mar-
shall's daughter by her name. I will never
look upon your face again, nor hear from
you, if I can avoid it."

"He was a mean, hard one, wasn't he?"
said Tim, his brown eyes flashing indigna-
tion.

"I don't suppose he meant to be. I be-
lieve I am understand him it was, said
the old man in his gentle, direct way.

"After this Adelaide grew more frail
among day, and for the sun engage and the
change, we came to America. She was bat-
ter at first, and then she failed in that fe-
ver spirit but imperceptible way which only
victims of consumption feel, and growing
more and more beautiful, Tim, with each suc-
ceeding day.

The old man dropped his head and did
not speak again until someone, going in the
opposite direction, shouldered roughly
against him and roused him.

"It was then, Tim, that I learned to
work on shoes. I only had what I earned
by playing in the orchestra. You see there
were no great folks in New York who want-
ed me to play for them.

"Ah, Tim, it is a great comfort to me
to think that Adelaide never wanted for
anything which money could buy, and that
she never knew about the shoes.

"The old man spoke no more until Tim
asked—

"And how was it about Sara, Uncle
Tony?"

"After it was all over, said Uncle Tony,
in a quiet, weary tone, "I could not play.
There is much in us, Tim, which may die
out while we live on,—with a long sigh—
I have worked only at the shoes since.

He paused a moment and then continued—

"Mrs. Wicks—that was mother's name
—lived in the house with us, and she look-
ed after Sara and I. When Sara was ten
years old, mother came in one morning,
looking very sweet. After she had done
everything she said—

"Mr. Marshall, you must get some one
else to do what I have been doin' ever since
your wife died, and before, too, for that
matter. Not that I don't want the mother,
or that I mind the work, but"—she stopped,
and I asked her what she meant. "Well,"
said she, "to tell you the unvarnished
truth, Mr. Marshall, you are a widower,
I am a widow. The neighbors will talk.'
I didn't know what to do, and I told her
so. You see, Tim, I was used to 'mother.'
"So took the kindest care of Adelaide, and
I always remember that. You know how
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Down the street, now inlight, now in shade,
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pace with Tim's halting gait.

"Uncle Tony," said Tim, looking up into
the old man's face, "would you mind tell-
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Literary Miscellany.

Anthony Marshall's Daughter.

The gale which had been blowing all day
had fallen, with the setting of the sun, to a
low, cold, crisp wind. Hats and there the
fly white of the destined snow sparkled
with the glittering frost, in the light of the
lamp moon. Up and down the streets of
the great, grimy, hurrying, never-silent city,
the rolling tides of pale white faces and
shadow made all things dimly beautiful.
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"I can remember that I told you that I
played in the orchestra at Drury lane
Theatre. Well, the great folks liked my
playing, and some of them sent for me to
come up to the West End almost every
night while I was there, to play at the theatre.
It was in that way that I became acquaint-
ed with Adelaide, Sir William Norton's
only daughter."

Uncle Tony's tone had been growing lower
and lower, and now, with bent head, he
walked on in silence until Tim said softly—

"Why, where is Adelaide now, Uncle
Tony?"

"Ah" said the old man, raising his head
and lifting his rusty silk hat reverently
"she's an angel. Tim; an angel with folds
these many years.

A few moments and he went on huskily—

"After a time, we stole away and were
married.

"There never was a lovalier being, Tim,
than she was." The old man sighed heart-
ily and went on in silence until Tim said—

A CHRISTIAN HERO.

The Legend of St. George and the Massacres of the English Character.

The Christian soul by prison grown,
In the dark Pagan dungeon thrown
And brighter still and brighter grew
With Heaven's kindling fire.

There is among most Protestants, and we fear among not a few Catholics, a feeling more or less vagely organized it may be, but still strong, that a real saint cannot possibly have character enough for a hero. This feeling or sentiment may be judged of deduced from many obvious signs. For instance: The character of those who are chosen as popular heroes of all kinds; the favor shown and applause given to those who are eighty, fifty, twenty, and fifteen, are considered "plucky" and "fearless," shows all by the recognized standard of excellence in the English public schools and universities. Why are the real heroes of an English schoolboy, of an Englishman? Those who show the most pluck, nerve to be brave and plucky, dominance of self-mastable, to master how cruel the times, immoral, selfish, or proud they may be. The blackness of crime itself is dominated by the nerve, energy, and unbendin pluck of the felon. We trust we shall be considered neither superfluous nor unbelievable in affirming that independence, self-mastery, and self-control are those "virtues" which Britons prize most, love above all beyond Wealth, and regard as the most fundamental portion of the present-day Christianity. Whatever, could not England become if, discarding the Sermon that Sermon, and by this alone, reached the finest people in the world, and cousing the consistent Christian, and, in a word, the other man," they bore down the popular idol of their own creation, the typical Christ-like, self-sacrificing, self-mastery, Christian virtues, and Christian saints, as to those days, alas, long passed, when the Christian "as the Isle of Saints," and "the Dowry of Mary!" The ideals of Christian perfection are shown in all their beauty in the Catholic Church and there is a wonderful variety, and nowhere else, for nature subservient to grace; not causing those subjects to be cast in one mold, but developing the unimpassioned sandy sandy sandy, lion, leopards, warm hearted sons, according to the circumstances of whose lives are in many respects similar to ourselves, and with our their triumphs, and attained to a more or less complete and perfect blossoming, in the ideal, by means which an Catholics have daily at our command. Let us, then, be Christian, or, at least, be Christian in common, that a reputation for "fairness" in media of fitness, and "fair play" and "manly" thinking is independent or "manly."

It is a fatal fault when such a fault, it is a sentiment as false as any of those scores of misbeliefs that are floating round us, and of which we have daily.

Next to our Blessed Lord, who is the Ideal, and the Original of Christian character or divine, and His Holy Mother, the Ideal Christian, the glorious Apostles and imitation of Englishmen, the glorious saints and martyrs of Christ, for ages have been more universally honored than this great Christian hero. Protestant first, and Catholic, and Greek, and Armenian have vied with each other in doing honor to this saint.

During the comparative calm that prevailed the great lands and half-conquered tribes at the end of the third century, George the son of a noble Christian parentage in the of Cappadocia, was appointed tribune in the army of the Emperor Diocletian. He was a man of great bodily strength, and a vigorous day for the beginning of the time of the Christian persecution. Fifty years the Imperial edict ordering the persecution of Christians was published in the following April it was published in the Nicomedia, and was the signal for a storm which George was tribune was quartered. Fled with rage, he tore down the edict from the blasphemous document, and was immediately seized and thrown into the dungeon. Of the sufferings of the martyr, we have no record, but we could make them but their own live so. Tortured for and with, the Christ, he was a constant tradition affirms that during the days, alas, long passed, when Christ was only in the Irish, but in the Latin tongue, and the oldest in the libraries on the Continent are the production of Irishmen, were the teachers of the early age of Christian Europe as well in learning as religion." Montalembert says—"In the early ages Ireland sent forth an entire people, nation of philosophers, writers, missionaries, and scholars dominated by the spirit of the Gospel and of Christian education." Ireland, then, was the Christian Ireland—proof, old, fresh—of the Catholicity of the Saints—the emerald gem of the sea—all tasteful Ireland, where men spread up like grass, to the dismay of England—the native home of the hard thinkers, of Joannes Erigena, of Berkeley, of Tuam—the country of Moyes, the country of O'Connell—a people of brilliant speech and poetic fancy, which still preserves in this, the old age of the world, the power and the glory of poetry."

SEND US LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would again respectively ask the Clergy or any of our readers of the vicinity Parishes to send us local items of general interest, in order to make the Monitor a chronicle of all Church happenings relating to the progress of religion. We cannot do so unless we are aided by those who have the knowledge of the facts in their keeping. Here facts are all we want. Will our friends please furnish us with them?

— Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should read Dr. Dye's advertisement in this issue. Dr. Dye's Celebrated Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

BENEDICTINES IN AMERICA.

Wonderful Growth of this Great Order.

The first appearance of the Benedictines in this country, says the Boston Pilot, was in the year 1846, when at the time when the Bishop of Know Nothingism was stalking through the land and threatening to exterminate Catholicity.

When the storm raged on "deep Gallia" and the spoliation of the Church and destruction was about to overtake them, they found out a place of refuge in the land which followed the burning of churches and convents and exploits, in the years at the rabid spirit of anti-Catholic Jacobinism prevailed in France, and the Benedictines, seeing the storm gathering, and the Church in agony raised their prayers to Him who alone could give a protection against the rage of the enemy. It needs no attach of the imagination to conceive that the hard pressed and fled, and inspired the men venerable Benedict Wimmer, then a young priest, and but a few years before clothed with the habit of St. Benedict, to transfer himself and a few volunteer companions to what would be by them supposed the "wilds of America," and to plant here another seminary wherein would be raised a corps of soldiers of the Cross who would defend the Church would scatter her enemies. We cannot doubt that the work of Boniface Wimmer has been the work of God. The prayers of the Benedictines doubtless have is as but the "old story of the mustard seed," in the sacred history of the whole Church in miniature.

Abbot Wimmer stands to day like some sentinel on the Rocky Mountains a forest, looking down on a growth that time must strengthen, and which, by its marvellous activity, patience, confidence, all promising success, and which, if it lasts, has shown a grafted. How few in the Church have been equal to the task of grafting!

The mother house of the Benedictine Order in America is the Abbey of Saint St. Vincent, situated three-quarters of a mile from Beatty's Station and forty-one miles from Pittsburgh, on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. It is one of the largest abbeys in the world, and is the seat of Abbot Wimmer in the year 1855. The original grant was made by the State, recognizing the part pertaining to the parish church, and, with the exception of the main building it would make about twelve only carry city blocks, all of brick. The entire structure is the work of the lay brothers of the order. There are included on this enclosure, besides the College and Seminary, the novitiate, the administrative and the abbey. Besides the monastery the abbey are all sorts of workshops where every trade is carried on, and, in fact, a complete home use, and, where practicable, for and rounding neighbors. There is a large grist mill, a saw mill, a tannery, a shoe factory, pottery, printing establishment, cooper, tailor, carpenter, and, in fact, a complete little world, where every want may be supplied, and, in fact, almost all have been acquired and are kept by the brothers of the religious order of the Benedictines. In a word, the success that has followed the foundation of Abbot Wimmer, appears but little less than miraculous, and, in fact, is miraculous what may not be built! Let us, in a general view, take a view of the whole monastic structure at St. Vincent's.

Father Boniface was ordained in New York on the 16th of September, 1846. He had with him a few other Christian young men, students of Carpadocus, was appointed tribune in the army of the Emperor Diocletian. He was a man of great bodily strength, and a vigorous day for the beginning of the time of the Christian persecution. Fifty years the Imperial edict ordering the persecution of Christians was published in the following April it was published in the Nicomedia, and was the signal for a storm which George was tribune was quartered. Fled with rage, he tore down the edict from the blasphemous document, and was immediately seized and thrown into the dungeon. Of the sufferings of the martyr, we have no record, but we could make them but their own live so. Tortured for and with, the Christ, he was a constant tradition affirms that during the days, alas, long passed, when Christ was only in the Irish, but in the Latin tongue, and the oldest in the libraries on the Continent are the production of Irishmen, were the teachers of the early age of Christian Europe as well in learning as religion." Montalembert says—"In the early ages Ireland sent forth an entire people, nation of philosophers, writers, missionaries, and scholars dominated by the spirit of the Gospel and of Christian education." Ireland, then, was the Christian Ireland—proof, old, fresh—of the Catholicity of the Saints—the emerald gem of the sea—all tasteful Ireland, where men spread up like grass, to the dismay of England—the native home of the hard thinkers, of Joannes Erigena, of Berkeley, of Tuam—the country of Moyes, the country of O'Connell—a people of brilliant speech and poetic fancy, which still preserves in this, the old age of the world, the power and the glory of poetry."

AT THE YARD-ARM.

Recollections of an Eye-Witness of an Execution on a United States War Vessel.

The Hanging of Mutchipman Spencer for Mutiny.

"I was a boy in the United States Navy on the long Somers, in '42, when the three men were hung that were referred to in the 'Lookout' column of the Tribune some time ago," said John W. Harris, on Chestnut street, the other day. "The night of those men hanging at the yard arm, and their burial in the sea at dark, has haunted me all my life. If often comes on me when I'm walking along the street. I can repeat forget it. I knew Spencer, the young man who was the first hanged, and died well of a fellow, about nineteen years old, but good-natured, and a good sailor, indeed. I think the execution of all the three was a mistake, and is looking back at it now I believe that it was a foul murder.

"We sailed from New York on the 25th of September, '42, for the coast of Africa, but first began cruising in the West Indies. In the latter part of November, before we reached St. Thomas, Midshipman Spencer, who was the son of the Secretary of War, came to me, very serious one day, got in double irons and kept a prisoner in close confinement. Day after day, he kept in close confinement, who was acting as boatswain, and who was an Crummell, and a negro, who was captain of the main-top, named Small, were arrested a day or two after, and, followed by the arrest of Wm. Wright, all were put in double irons. We had no regular guard on board. The officers appeared to be frightened to death about something and were very quiet. The officers were afraid to be seen talking to each other for fear of being arrested. There was a great deal that he had formed a plot to seize the vessel, and, after killing all the officers, and turn into a piratical crack. Among others, he communicated his plan to the men's mates and to the boys, and the conspirators and told the whole story to Lieut. Gansevoort, the officer of the deck.

"Two or three days after the arrests a court-martial was assembled on board and called in a number of the ship's crew to testify against the prisoners. I was one of them. The opinions of each witness were taken down, but the accused men were not allowed to see the witnesses or hear what the charges were to detain and were confined in the ship's cabin. Spencer was the only one who had a counsel, Mr. Crowell and Small, were told to get ready to die; that they were going to swing at the yard-arm at sunrise. Spencer and the other men in irons, acknowledged their guilt and were willing to die, but Spencer and Small protested his innocence of the last, and said he was willing to die for what he had nothing to do with the plot. Call all hands to witness the execution of the Lieutenant. The ship's company unwillingly assembled, and the three men were hung at other points, while the officers of the ship stood around with drawn sword and pistols ready to cut down any who should attempt to inflict the awful penalty. When everything was ready, the signal for the companions were allowed to bid their friends good by, then Capt. Mackenzie gave the signal, a gun was fired, the colors were hauled down, the men were cut down in irons, with capstan their faces, were swung on to the main-yard arm, it was a fine night to look at. Mid the men, dead gauze, Commander Mackenzie then made a speech to the crew, and ordered at one time and the awful cruse of mutiny. Then the men were sewed up in the light of the battle lantern and the bodies were put in a long boat and rowed astern and towed half into the sea. It was a solemn scene, and I tell you it made a deep impression on my youthful mind that can never be erasing. I could see the flash of the gun, the pale faces in the ship's rigging. All of the men were buried from the ship's custody. Commander Mackenzie was overtaken about a month afterwards and was tried by a court-martial for the execution. He was acquitted, but he died before he reached home. He was a brutal sentiment, anything but a Christian gentleman. The officers of the fleet called him "Old Bloody Mackenzie." Spencer was a young man of great promise, and, if he had lived, would have been a great man. Alex. Mackenzie was a brutal man, and, if he had lived, would have been hung for murder. Small was a negro, and, if he had lived, would have been hung for murder. Wright was a boy, and, if he had lived, would have been hung for murder. Spencer was the only one who had a friend to plead for him

THE MONITOR.

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 12, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in reproducing time; and upon united time depends the existence of society, and the world. In our view, religious journalism is only a useful and serious occupation, not only a work indispensable to the Church, but a work of the highest utility. What is and what might be the influence of Catholic Journalism, for the social order and defend the truth, whenever it may be—above all, in Christian times."—SCHUTZ, THEOLOGICAL MORALIST, CATTANEO.

"Whatever may be the opinion of Catholic journalists, or whatever may be the opinion of others, in regard to the duties to be performed, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, the rights and interests of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its doctrines and principles with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Important Considerations for Catholic Young Men.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir.—Will you be so kind as to inform a Catholic young man of the Church in opposed in this new order known as "Knights in your next paper; if so and why, as I would like to join it, and oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

The foregoing letter from a Catholic young man, who is evidently prompted by prudence to inquire whether it is safe to enter into a new Catholic organization before he knows whether the Catholic Church is opposed to it or not, requires a more extended answer than ordinary queries. Ignorance is neither "opposed" nor condemned by the Church—except upon the general principle that where familiarity with persons of different faith, or of no faith, endangers the Christian belief of Catholics, they must not *enter such organizations*. Every Catholic in all such matters, should be guided by the advice of his pastor, and to him we refer the Constant Reader." But, in the meantime, there are some suggestions which we desire to lay before this prudent young man—and other Catholic young men—which may open their eyes to some few of the many snares which exist in fraternal, beneficial or social societies wherein Catholics are few and infidels and non-Catholics very numerous.

The Catholic young man who says his prayers in the morning, invariably repeats that beautiful prayer which comes to us from God Himself. In the "Our Father" he asks of God that he be not led into *temptation*, and that he be *delivered from evil*. These powerful petitions, in their practical bearing, where instituted by our Heavenly Father so that we might not be led into temptation or be delivered from evil, in our virtue, and in our fidelity to His Heavenly ordinances. Let of what use are our prayers if we voluntarily run into temptation by joining quasi-secret societies where we become a component part of a promiscuous gathering of Protestants, paganized politicians, and painted young women—whose only knowledge is to name the most fashionable opera, to whirl on wheels in a skating rink or to grate like so many geese on an ice pond in the round-dance revelry of a ball room!

The two classes who prevail in non-Catholic associations may be divided into half-lapsed young men and hair-brained young women, and the virtuous, pious and respectable young men who goes into their midst has—in the eyes of that God whom he mockingly asks that he may not be led into *temptation*—everything to lose and nothing to gain. Man is a social animal, but Catholic young men should remember that "no company is better than bad company," and when you call half a hundred infidels, atheists, apostates and sectarians your *betters*, you insult the saints in heaven; you offer violence to the Mother of God; and you unwittingly outrage the very God who gave you the graces of Catholic Faith! What do you gain for this great loss! You may have the friendship of a few Freemasons; you may connect with Odd-fellows, have a kind nod from Knights of Pythias, be patronized by a few corrupt and corrupting politicians, and have—perhaps—your name and thus both forfeit the friendship of God and be driven from that Paradise wherein you at present dwell—the pure, peaceful and perfect paradise of your holy Mother Church.

Of course there are grades in these Catholic young men who "don't care" what the Pope, the Cardinals, or the Bishops of the Catholic Church say about the dangers surrounding such Catholic and non-Catholic societies. They would enter them even if Satan stood at the portal of the "Lodge" or the "Parlor" as "outside sentinel." With this class of Inconsistent and renegade Catholic young men, no words of the MONITOR have any weight, for the reason that they are too strong in their foolishness to permit any power to persuade them of their folly. But we address ourselves to Catholic young men whose Fathers have risked their souls by joining suspicious societies in which the friends and the foes of God were placed upon an equal footing of friendship and called each other "Brothers." We appeal to those Catholic young men whose belief teaches them that there is never be any bond of "brotherhood" between the blessed souls in heaven who represent the Church triumphant, and Hell—Satan's establishment, which represents the arch enemies of that God whom all Catholics adore.

Every true Catholic dearly loves the Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God, yet in non-Catholic societies he associates with men and women whose vilest thoughts and most wicked words are hurled forth when in mixed sectarian company—against the most sugared character of the Queen of Heaven. Can anything good come to a Catholic young man who associates with such modern imitators of the crowd who crucified the Son of God!

Again, "mixed marriage" is one of the deadly sins that effect the heart of God's Church in our day, and the foolish young Catholic man who may be invegled into a non-Catholic society with a captivating companion, may find himself an spouse before many years membership. The Miss Daisy Doodlithe who form the female portion of the "Order," can coil like serpents whilst they can bite down. The results is that our Catholic young man is captivated and captured. He proposes marriage, is accepted, and the bride leads her unfortunate victim by the halter before some Justice of the Peace, and there is performed the parody of that union which our Blessed Lord elevated into a sacrament! Of course when the beautiful bride goes to her church, her docile "husband" has to accompany her, and as the bride becomes a mother her female children are called "Violets," or "Daisies," or "Pensies" or by some other botanical cognomen unknown to Christianity, and the boys are called "Ajax," "Cadmus," "Midas," and by some other mythological nomenclature in a Christian land! Was it for this *sadness* that the first act performed in life by a priest, upon this young man, was to give him the grace of Catholic faith! Was faith given to him as the heritage of a holy father and mother that he might barter it for the hand of the handsome Delilah who has shorn him of his locks, destroyed the peace of his soul, and rendered him a social apostate in the sight of God and all the heavenly hosts!

Reflect, ye Catholic young men, if Catholic young men who have the loss of your faith can never be counterbalanced by the gain of the whole world. Pray to God to keep you from *temptation*, and fortify your souls against the honey trapping poison-blood from the doubly dangerous net-work which Satan uses through non-Catholic or half-Catholic societies to ensnare the souls of your sons and half sons, and the souls of all the generations bearing your name that may follow you.

Wise is that Catholic young man who follows the counsel given him by the Vicar of Christ, and on the very point of "dangerous association," the Sovereign Pontiff proclaimed this important caution no later than last year in his most memorable Encyclical, and we sincerely hope to heaven that his words will sink deep into the hearts of the hundreds of Catholic young men who—like "A Constant Reader"—are being daily importuned to enter societies where the cursing contact with non-Catholics will first lead to indifference towards their faith, and subsequently end in Infidelity.

Our Holy Father in speaking of the *fraudulent efforts* used to ensnare Catholic young men into dangerous societies, thus spoke to the Prelates of the Catholic Church:

"In the fourth place, in order more easily to attain what We wish, to your fidelity and watchfulness We commit, as a special reason the young, as being the hope of human society. Devote the greatest part of your care to their instruction and to their training in the fear of God, and in the love of the Holy Redeemer, whom God has promised to those who do not deny Him before men in this life.

—To give some idea of the activity of the celebrated Society of the Foreign Missions of Paris, we may quote from the last Report the following facts: "During 1880 there working in the twenty five missionary districts committed to the care of the Society, 75 bishops and 600 missionary priests. The letter were supplemented by 471 native priests and 2,016 catechists. In a total of 2,016 schools and orphanages, there were 46,151 children being educated and in no less than thirty-five seminaries, 1,294 youths and young men were being trained for the priesthood. The number of baptisms was as follows. Adult heathens, 17,878; children of Christian parents, 31,096; children of heathen parents, 190,104; that is 312,740 souls added to the Church. These figures deserve to be widely known."

Editorial Notes.

—A subscriber sends us a marked copy of a Kansas paper in which is described a scene in a church where "a priest preached with a bonnet of revelrous disguised to his waist." The story is told of St. Mary's Church, Kansas City. The report is half-solemn long and the same with which the writers or re-publishers have made it appear that the Church and the "priest" were Catholic is quite remarkable. The "altar" is referred to not the "retinent." The so-called "priest" is an Episcopalian preacher named Jardine, who has been blackening up some ritualistic romps in a so-called St. Mary's Church, Kansas City, and has no more to do with the Catholic Church than the horse on a canal has to do with a steamship.

—In a few articles which appeared in the MONITOR last winter concerning a certain society in which a correspondent informed us that three-fourths of the members were Catholics, we designated such associations as one of the evils of the Masonic nest. How correct our idea of the "three-fourth Catholic" association was at that time, may be judged from the fact that among the numerous resolutions of regret for the death of General Grant, one of the lodges of this quasi Masonic concupiscent commenced expressing its regrets after this well-known Masonic fashion: "Whereas, *The Great Captain in Flight*," etc. And this blasphemous burlesque of Almighty God's name was endorsed by hundreds of young men calling themselves Catholics, and is signed by a Catholic committeeman! *By their fruits* societies of all kinds are best known, and when an association claiming side has—in the eyes of that God whom he mockingly asks that he may not be led into *temptation*—everything to lose and nothing to gain. Man is a social animal, but Catholic young men should remember that "no company is better than bad company," and when you call half a hundred infidels, atheists, apostates and sectarian your betters, you insult the saints in heaven; you offer violence to the Mother of God; and you unwittingly outrage the very God who gave you the graces of Catholic Faith! What do you gain for this great loss! You may have the friendship of a few Freemasons; you may connect with Odd-fellows, have a kind nod from Knights of Pythias, be patronized by a few corrupt and corrupting politicians, and have—perhaps—your name and thus both forfeit the friendship of God and be driven from that Paradise wherein you at present dwell—the pure, peaceful and perfect paradise of your holy Mother Church.

—Brave! Brave Belgians!

We feel proud of the record which the Catholics of Belgium have made in their splendid struggle for the supremacy of Catholic principles against the Masonic orbal that sought to crush the Cross beneath the iron heel of despotism. As the readers of the MONITOR may remember, the infidel element of the Belgian government established free State schools where secular education alone was imparted to the pupils; by teachers were paid fat salaries to separate from the godless colleges of carnalism, and every possible inducement was offered to Catholic parents to send their children to schools where their faith would be smothered beneath secularism. But—to their immortal honor be it proclaimed—the Catholic people of Belgium refused the bribe that offered them to sell their faith for a mess of Masonic pottage, hence they bravely banded together, established schools of their own, procured teachers at their own expense—and sent their children to schools where they could find Almighty God's name in their text-books, and lessons morals through the accumulated knowledge of their faith.

The Masonic government at once set to work to break down the Catholic schools, and this work of Satan they have persistently pursued for nearly two years, but—*Lo, Behold!*—victory has at length crowned the Catholic cause in Belgium, and the adherents of Belshazzar have been vanquished!

Government educational statistics just recently been published which exhibit the unity, firmness, and determination which must have pervaded the Belgian Catholic body in its determination not to let the diabolical institutes of an infidel government get the best of them in the battle for the religious training of their children. Up to July 1st, the number of Communes in Belgium which have obtained the Royal permission to suppress existing official schools—in consequence of their failure to secure scholars—was *one hundred and thirty eight!* Of the godless government schools thus suppressed:

54 (or more than one third) had not a single pupil!

3 had only a single pupil each!

7 had two pupils each!

9 had three pupils each.

Altogether, says the Belgian statistician, these one hundred and thirty eight godless government schools had only 579 pupils—or a little over an average of *four pupils per school!* The Catholic schools, in these Communes were attended by nearly eighteen thousand pupils!

Every Catholic who reads these gratifying statistics should say from his inmost heart and with his warmest ardor: "*God bless the Catholics of Belgium!*" They have demonstrated to the Catholics of three United States what can be accomplished for the preservation and propagation of Catholic faith even in the face of a Freemason government, and their magnificent victory should teach the Catholics of this land the grand lesson: "*To live and die faithful,*"

Marvanne's Maiden Dream.

A CALIFORNIA EPIC POEM BY OR TABOT'S PRIVATE PIGEON

Epic poetry is universally admitted to be the most sublime and majestic style of versification which can emanate from the human mind. Homer, Virgil, Milton and Tasso gained world-wide fame for composition of this character, and inasmuch as California equals any other country in the world in climate, magnanimity of sentiment, fruitfulness of soil, and facilities for seeing men's souls, we do not see why the golden State cannot boast of an Epic poem written just as well as Italy, Greece, Italy, Spain or any other country where dramatic incidents have been developed in time. Hence we have the unusual and distinguished honor to introduce to our readers this week a sanctimonious young lady from somewhere or so pretty [illegible] "gone to seed" [illegible] "takes the rake" over any one the size of that character who has ever appeared in our columns during the 26 years 10 months and 15 days of the MONITOR's existence!

As a rule we publish the original poems which our gifted contributors generously furnish us, without any editorial comment, but this California Epic is of such peculiar construction that we feel it our duty to our portion of our readers would be completely non-pleased to discover the beauties of its descriptive, calculated to represent mountains, or to fathom the trochaic and iambic graces with which the hugely gilted female genius has so generously gifted to lavishly adorned this latest style of the modern school of Epic poetry.

In "old day" times the people were taught that poets were born with souls, but to show how mistaken the world was in this idea, it is only necessary to state that from manhood's early dawn Homer became a blind wooer of the Muses who can make verses with the same velocity that sausages are wired in some of the world, and Virgil taken notion which these "ancients" possessed, was that *Spring* was the best season for poetical effusions to find a market. Such may have been the case in Macedonia, Mesopotamia, Thessalia and other antiquated lands, but here in California—and we speak from long and bitter experience—the most *fruitful* season for poetry is *Summer*, just after the green, but genial cucumber, and the stomach-aching watermelon have become the *usual* courters of cholera morbus!

We have christened this cherished Epic of "Maryanne's Maiden Dream," not that the Christian cognomen of the fair and flighty poet bears any resemblance thereto, but because it was hoped that Maryanne's fair dream, and besides there are so few young ladies in modern days who are called by that name, that we thought it only right that the MONITOR at least should have the "Maryanne" among its corps of those who "take the pledge."

Who tides the poetic Tomes
Up the mount Parnassus.

With this too brief introduction for such a sublime poetic composition we have in store for our readers, we ask their unbridled attention while we roll back the literary curtain and reveal to their astonished gaze the first stanza of "Maryanne's Maiden Dream."

Epics generally begin with a startling apostrophe, hence the reader can see why Maryanne should scream: "I had a terrible awful dreadful dream!" People of prosy temperaments may think those three adjectives too profuse on Maryanne's part, but those critics should remember that "poetic license"—like charity—covers a multitude of sins either in stymology, syntax or prosody. With this explanation we introduce the next stanza

Of a man hoved, loving, and true,
And nothing wrong could he do.

People who live in the village where this terribly talented writer of Epic poetry resides, must feel proud of the character which our Maryanne has given to at least one citizen of that prosaic portion of the Pacific Coast, and if they can discover "this man" who "nothing wrong could do," they should certainly bestow all the honor upon him their corporate capacity will admit—for such men are mighty scarce in the world at this writing. This last is generously admitted, even by a great optimist as Mary Ann herself, when her muse thus mounts the second stanza:

But still I suppose in our world here,
We dream wrong of those we love dear.

From this it would appear that Maryanne was mistaken, but not so, as she has what navigators call "a second hitch to her halyards," which saves her thus in the next stanza:

And even if this we love the best,
But some think it who come next.

There! Anybody can see through the glittering of Maryanne's genius the mystic form of that phenomenon "who comes next," and recognize the realistic presence of the other fellow "in very deed" in the dim distance! Now comes the prologue to the catastrophe upon which the Epic is founded, and hence we want the strict attention of our readers as Maryanne reveals it in all its descriptive detail:

This man was by one day,
Looking suspiciously round every way.

There is a melo-dramatic form and flavor to this stanza that stamps it indelibly upon the mind and at once places the fearless wrath of Milton upon the munificent backbone of Maryanne's Epic. It requires but a short stretch of the imagination to bring the whole scene before the reader with a realistic perspective that surpasses even the highest flights of modern poetic imagination. There is the street, the corner grocery, the man who was "by," and his suspicious glances "every way," in order to assure himself that the inhabitants were looking away from him, so he might get on the blind side of its corner. This was passed the one day portion of this man's life, but what he did that night let Mary-anne reveal to us

And when night came he was missed from home,
Where his wife and family were left alone.

This assertion of Maryanne's muse would indicate that her hero was like the nobility of martial ranks in this age, who prefer the saloon to the comfort of home. But not so, this man—who as Maryanne has already asserted as—"nothing wrong could do"—had an object in being from home, which fact our readers will realize as we proceed unbolting the Epic scroll. Thus

At midnight when everything should be still,
The epileptic poisoned with absinthe were filled.

Here we have a continuity of circumstances which lead up to a climax, preparing the mind for the final catastrophe. Some of Mary Maryanne in modern times manuscript so sanctified of asterisks in order to denote an ellipsis, or the omission of a portion of the Epic. Here they are as Maryanne sads them

It may be, however, that Maryanne introduced these typical stars in order to afford our readers a chance to draw a long breath before they undertook to grasp the meaning of the next measure in the Epic which is everything to say the least of it:

At last when all was united down,
The policemen all ran from the town.

When people get politics into the war path, readers may look out for a rapidly-coming *denouement*. Hence when all the policemen "ran from the town," which—as Maryanne writes it—"was quite a down"—we may easily anticipate what followed which was

To find the meaning of the stillness broke,
And see for themselves the flames and smoke.

Poor astonished "cops!" How they must have gazed in amazement at the scene! But the tame police were exhibit by equal to any emergency, because we have Maryanne's word for it that at sight of the flames they rushed to the fence

And rushing forward with eager tare,
Thy extinguished the flames with earnest care.

Here we must confess that Maryanne's "tare," which the town policemen took, rather puzzled us, but we decided it Wheat, Worcester, Walker, Johnson, and all the works of all other word-makers we have in our vocabulary, and discovering the proper definition for Maryanne's "tare," we had heard the expression "tare and bonds" in our youth in Ireland, the "tare" of commerce we are familiar with; but Maryanne's "tare" mystified us until we met a Welshman who told us it meant fence or cover in his language, and then we concluded that our Maryanne was familiar with Taffy's tongue and thus came to use a word which would confuse an ordinary scribe who never saw the Menai straits.

Of course the commotion among the gallant "cops" in a military movement which a Yankee might call "a tare of tarts," attracted the attention of the numerous citizens of the nearest hurg, and so our Maryanne continued the Epic

Finding the cause of the great uproar,
crowds sprang out from neighbors door.

These lines are—at first glance—a little misleading, as people are not familiar with the topography of the village where the writer resides, might imagine from Maryanne's muse that there was only one door in the whole city. The editor, however, can depict such an illusion, as we sinned that now famous town a couple of years ago, and saw more than twenty-one doors from corning out may there! The fact of only one door now is convenient to that poetic license so plenified for her previously.

The secret Maryanne has for capitalizing the first word in the second line of this stanza may also be attributed to one of those peculiarities which all poets evince when the spirit of sweet song moves their muse in mystic murmurings. But here we pause—for we confess we know nothing could do"—apparently on the scene again in this attitude—according to Maryanne's manuscript

And into the midst of the crowd there rear
The one whom I'm speaking of the honest man.

With what fine irony these lines are wrought! The reader can almost hear the "cops" crowd from their stations horse-back hurries across lots to where smoke and blaze and blinding fire was blasting all before them! It seems that the chivalrous crash had been during, because Maryanne adds

Who had awoke in a terrible dream.
And into a home where he did not dream;

Now! He did not "dream," because he was in a "dream," and it was "a home" that—as Maryanne's muse insists the emergency

His senses would soon be changed to pain,
Into
A group of ballas laid in a mass.

What a sublime conception of a holocaust of human beings burned in a blazing building. The eccentricities of genius will agitate the critical world the more amazed the last line is made up, but then no prosaical reader has any right to curb the Pegasian steed of California's Epic Conceiver! But let us hasten to reach the climax!

He himself was the cause of dand
Which happened yesterday over a stand.

These lines "let the cat out of the bag," or, rather—to be more correct—they let the horse out of the stable, as it appears from Maryanne's muse that "a home track" was the cause of all the calamity which caused the commotion in question. We presume that the man who was such a rare cow as to be enshrined in this epic as one who "no wrong could do" thought he was badly cheated by swapping horse with some certainty sharp, hence he determined to "get even," which he did after this fashion as set forth by our Maryanne.

His horse was to be very bright,
And he set he to their house that night.

Whose house is meant by "their" is another of those mysterious allusions which Maryanne's muse delights in, and the fate of "their" is the dirge-like toll of Maryanne's tale, because she climaxes her epic with this astonishing stanza

It burned his victims all alive
While he started off to the still.

Ordinary readers may think that these lines do not "jingle" to suit their musical ears, but Maryanne's muse is one of the Mustang order, and so she prances through the English language with a heedlessness that horts both the muse and Maryanne. But—we are proud to record the fact—Maryanne does not care a fig for a genius, and genius carries with it the right to go wrong in any avenue where it may volunteer to disport itself for the enlightenment or improvement of mankind.

But our regret about this magnificent epic is that the hero who "started off in the stills" did not make Maryanne his wife, for then Cali-muses might be favored with a poetical progeny which would have immortalized our growing State and make it the home of the heavenly Muses!

Pete Maryanne may Calliope and her train
Never make thy Epidemics home again!

Was this American Idolatry?

We want those non-Catholic "cranks" who still continue to use the obsolete phrase "idolatry" against us Catholics to read the following two items—which we clip from a New York newspaper—slowly and carefully:

People crowded into Underiaker Merritt's store in Eighth avenue in such numbers yesterday that the sidewalk in front of the place was blocked and increased to twenty-eight men. The doors were closed at half-past 8 o'clock, eight-hour people kept going all night, coffin. Yesterday the crowd passed in at the late door, walked around the coffin, gazed for a moment into the coffin, and went by the right doorway in an incessant but orderly procession. Many men lifted their hats reverently as they passed the coffin.

At Hallet, who said he was one of the workingmen who helped to dig the grave, said for him, Grant's remains at Riverside Park, Grant's remains were placed in a vault in the side hill, the neighborhood of Grand street and South Fifth avenue, and the place is so well guarded that it would be quite impossible, and will be for five years to come, for any one to disturb the remains. Grant's grave is now safe.

The veneration paid to the relics and wood which comprised Gen. Grant's coffin, and the purchase of the dirt and stones from Gen. Grant's grave, must certainly partake far more of "idolatry" than does the reverence paid to the Cross of Christ, or the relics of Saints. We put these two facts on record so as to preserve them in print ready to fling at the head of any bigoted Orangeman who may hereafter be so ignorant and bigoted as to charge us with "idolatry" when treating of the custom of Catholics in our reverence for the Cross or the veneration for the relics of the Saints and Martyrs.

Topics of the Times.

There is one instance out of a hundred like it that is happening in this country at most every week in the year "At the end of a mission given a few weeks ago by Father Luger, at Marcus, Iowa, thirteen Protestants, including a Dr. Kenny, became Catholics, thirty-six grown persons were prepared for their First Communion, one hundred and twelve men, and women and sixty four children were confirmed by Archbishop Grace, and one hundred received Holy Communion. Thus it is that the grace of God manifests its influence on the souls of men in a mysterious way.

The Month, for July contains a most suggestive—and interesting—article by Mr. Edward Lucas, entitled "The Conversion of England." The writer does not recommend a Propaganda amongst professing Protestants, but he does—as the Month asserts. But he demonstrates very conclusively that the English Catholic body has lost a truly appalling number of its members who have drifted away from the Church and sunk into the indifferentism of the world, and he shows that if the Catholic Church is to make any headway in England alone, but throughout the world at well he recommends lay activity, organization, and work amongst the poor in the spirit of Christian charity

The uncertainties of life come to us in many unexpected ways, and the following is an example that proves the truth of the saying "This life is lined with disappointments." A young Catholic young lady 22-year-old girl named Katy Kennitz came from Sissitim in Germany to this country to become a nun in Cincinnati. She was married lound work at Trinidad, Colorado, and had sent for her. She made the voyage alone. In one sense she arrived at Uncle Gordon in New York, she burned. When she reached Trinidad, she found her husband had been killed on a railroad the previous day. The poor little heart was turned to bitterness, and the day that was to have seen her married, lighted her lifeway to the cottage of her intended husband to the grave.

The Catholic Temperanly at Lorrain has been holding high feast in honor of its national patron saint, Alphonsus Liguori. Many, also celebrated the anniversary of the first presidency of the College Maria Theresa—the academic and scientific hall of residence at the Lorrain College. The chief of the proceedings was the presentation to Mgr. Lamy of his portrait in oils, the gift of friends, and a most eloquent address was delivered on the occasion by a brilliant manifestation in the round theatre attached to his palace, and a full report of the proceedings would give it permed, they would open their eyes to the fact that we are religiously speaking "in the wine-pay," and the nearer they accede from King Henry the Eighth's creation of a new religion in Europe, the better their chances of heaven hereafter. This pamphlet can be purchased at Wattlesfield's, 127 Market street.

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OUR BOOK TABLE.

[illegible]

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Its Origin, Meaning and Importance.

Next Saturday, the 15th inst., will be a holy day of obligation—the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Tradition informs us that the Apostles, dispersed throughout the Jewish and Pagan lands, preached and taught the Christian doctrine, and that when death was at hand, the Blessed Virgin was in the city of Ephesus, that she was the people and conduct of the Apostles, that she lived (according to generally accepted tradition) to the age of 72 years, and that she died at Ephesus.

The Church, inspired by the Apostles, has always believed that the august Mother of God was "assumed" or taken up, body and soul, into heaven immediately after her death, and that she was raised to a throne thither only to that of God Himself. Without false or exaggerated sentiment, the Catholic Church has always cherished this tradition, and has developed as Christianity extended until at length it has become the universal opinion of the whole Catholic world.

There is a tradition existing in the East which states that some days before our Blessed Lord called His Divine Mother to Him the Angel Gabriel was sent to visit the Blessed Virgin, which he announced to her in the words when we quote, "in the place where she lay a sweet harmony, which was a sign to the holy Apostles that Mary was about to leave them. At this sweet harmony, Peter, waking out of his sweet sleep, rubbed his holy hands, and said to the holy Apostles, 'Let us rise, for the Angel of God has come to us, and has sent us this sweet harmony, and we shall be ready to receive the holy Mother of our Lord.' The Apostles rose and dying eyes on them, said—as if he did thus he would have spoken if he had a tongue—'I will never cease thinking of you!' And soon the Apostle John, who was in Ephesus, and Paul, who was in Rome, were in the cloud of His Divine Mother, and they were with Her in Jerusalem, and they were able to be present at the Blessed Virgin's death-bed, and to bury her in the tomb. It only arrived three days after her happy departure. Full of grief, the Apostles went to the tomb, and opened it to see the sweet body of our Lord's Mother, but it was not there. Then they closed the tomb, and we are sure they were not disappointed when they found the tomb empty. Then the Apostles were sorrowful, and some fellow-apostles of the Apostles, who were in the world, were present, and some fellow-apostles of the Apostles, who were in the world, were present, and they were sorrowful, and they said, 'Let us go to the place where our Lord's Mother is, and we will be with Her.' And they went to the place where our Lord's Mother was, and they found Her in the place where she was, and they were with Her, and they were happy, and they were happy, and they were happy

Farm and Home.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

Red and Green the Most Difficult Colors to Distinguish.

Professor Monoyer says: "The most frequent defect in color blindness is the inability to distinguish red. A distinguished professor in an English university once wore a scarlet gown through the streets, much to the amusement of many who saw him. On being asked by a friend what appeared to him to be the color of his robe, he answered pointing to some everyone else, "Green, of course, as green as those as closely as possible." The next color most frequently mistaken for some other is green. The importance of this defect is estimated by the frequency of its occurrence. If it occurs only once in 10,000 persons it is of course of less importance than if it happened once in 100. Men are more frequently afflicted with this defect in vision than women. The defect, when it is congenital, as it is in most of the cases under the observation of physicians, is incurable. It is sometimes induced by immoderate use of tobacco or liquor. As many as one in twenty five of the men employed in lines of travel are affected by this inability to distinguish red from green. The color blind, in case of accident by travel on land or sea, cannot be readily detected, because of the difficulty of tracing the causes of the accident. One thus affected cannot tell a red from a green light, but one of those lights appears darker or lighter to him than the other. The test of color blindness is not how well one can name colors, but how much he can distinguish them. If two letters drawn, one red and another green, on the background, a person who is red blind will distinguish only the green letter, and a person who is green blind would fail to distinguish or see the green letter. In other words, to the first the red color is suppressed, and to the second the green. The red blind will phase a purple or a green alongside of a rose color, supposing them all to be the same shade. The green blind will confound the blue and the gray with the rose color. The test for an engineer is not to name colors or shades of color, but to know red as red and green as green, and to match red with red and green with green of their various shades. Four per cent. of the 50,000 employes of the Pennsylvania have been found totally color blind, and 10 per cent. more or less affected with this defect of vision. Five per cent. of the men were found with imperfect hearing. In this city lines well known national painter who is entirely color blind. He selects his color not by learning the color itself, but by reading their names on the tubes. He employs usually only black, brown and white in his work. Dr. Jeffries, of Philadelphia, instituted a very efficient test for color blindness by suspending numbered skeins of worsted of different colors from a rod. The standard colors of rose, red and green, with all the varied shades of these colors, were numbered with the odd numbers, all the other colors were numbered with the even numbers. The persons examined for color blindness were invited to match shades of the three named before as the standard. But if any so named were among those numbered with the even numbers it was seen at once and that they were unable to distinguish colors."

The Sin of Retraction.

It is our duty never to permit any word to proceed out of our mouth which may either prejudice our neighbor's reputation, or be unmerciful of the least unkindness. Never give ear to any that speak them, but, on the contrary, employ all the prudence that God doth give us, to stop up in them all such discourses. Let your speech be always free from flattery when you speak of others, and from vanity when you speak of your, are obliged to fear not to speaking well of ourselves and ill of our neighbor. The better way to secure ourselves from all these dangers is to speak little; if we can be silent without prejudicing charity or obedience, let us willingly hold our peace. Let not our silence, nevertheless, be burdensome or of ill edification to any one. We should not engage ourselves to consider the sentiments of another, nor be obstinate against any one. When we listen willingly to a detractor, we are guilty of the same sin as he is. The detractor is a coward; he never has the courage to strike his enemy up open blow; he dare not stand before him face to face; he is like the cowardly assassin. This sin of detraction is very dangerous in itself. The detractor too often tries to strike his murderous blow; he does this because it is easy to perpetrate. He is hateful to God. He has will been called by an ancient Writer "A terror to the country." We cannot excuse ourselves by saying that that which he told of another, and which may have injured him, was true; for of such a detraction. And when we think we speak only the truth, can we be always sure that it is the truth? May not the story be false? May it not be exaggerated by others, or even by ourselves adding a little circumstance or one to make it the more interesting, if not the more hurtful? The only remedy, if we would not be guilty of this great sin of detraction, is not to assist in circulating stories calculated to harm our neighbor. Neither should we as much as listen to such stories, but should show by our manner, if not by our words, that we do not wish to hear them.

Miss Cleveland's Good Example.

No one who witnessed the scene which took place in the grounds of the White House a week or two since can quiney the statement that Miss Cleveland is a courageous woman, says the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*. With the humility of the practical housewife, although strictly speaking she is the President's maiden sister, Miss Cleveland made up her mind that the White House ought to undergo a thorough spring cleaning. When Mr. Arthur was President he merely gave the order and a corps of men and women were put at work, and for a day or two the mansion was completely turned upside down. Not so with Miss Cleveland. The orders were given as usual, but it wasn't a great while before the servants discovered the usual spring cleaning meant something more than to customary. Beginning with the carpets, Miss Cleveland saw that they were taken up properly and spread upon the lawn. Then she went out in a pole hoe, and "the first lady of the land" stood upright and had them thoroughly beaten, while she "homed the job." Visitors at the White House were thunderstruck, the lady clerks in the treasury department looked with all their eyes, as if they never expected to see the light again, but Miss Cleveland calmly stood her ground, until the last carpet had been returned, and then she marched back to the White House to see that the servants were cleaning the paint properly. Several numerical gentlemen have put inquiries about as to whether Miss Cleveland is "in the market," and the married men are proudly pointing to the good example set by the White House. It is feared, however, that the patience of the President's sister will never become fashionable.

— At the regular annual meeting of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held last week, the Board of Directors elected John H. Ellmaker, E. B. John J. Lane, F. E., and Edward Healy, Treasurer.

— A jury's Sunday in the designed for those who need a manifest to purify their blood, bottle from up. It is a medicine that acts on the liver, kidneys and skin. Its direct preparation so and cheats the stomach. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

Family Fun.

FAIR PLAY.

Silo Curtis Was Bound to Have it if It Took a Leg.

"Git up!"

It was in 1864, down in front of Grant's army, and I was a mile or so outside of the Union picket, having been on a scout. I was making my way back I had been followed pretty closely by a half a dozen Confederates, and had eluded them by hiding in a thicket, after an hour's hard work in creeping along towards the nearest field fence where the thicket was thinnest. I was tired and a "rub" stepped in view from behind a large tree.

"Yank, in course!" he queried as he locked me over, holding his carbine ready for a shot.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"How are you hankin?"

I had a navy revolver in my belt, and shoved it to him.

He threw down his carbine, drew a navy from his own belt, and, coming quite close he said:

"Yank, one of us has got to die! A week ago some of you'uns set the cabin afire and turned my poor old mother out into the fields to take sick and die. I swore on her grave that I would kill the first Yank I would drive load on, and you're my meat!"

"Are you going to shoot down a prisoner in cold blood?"

"That ain't Silas Curtis—not much! It's fair game—one—two—three—fire! You shall have fair play."

"You mean we shall fight a duel?"

"Sorter one. I expect you'll shoot at me and miss, and I'll shoot at you and put a ball into your head. I'm no bushwacker to shoot a man down without a show, but I'm dead certain to kill you all the same."

We backed away from each other. The woods were fairly open, and when we had thirty feet between to there was no obstruction to deflect a bullet or annoy the eye.

"All ready, Yank!"

"Yes, Reb."

"I'll be fair. You may do the counting. Good-by to you, for I'm a dead shot."

"One—two—three—fire!"

The two pistols made one report, but as the sons filled my ears I want down. I was bewildered, half unconscious, but realized that I had been hard hit.

"Shoo, now, but I just raked his scalp!" I heard the man say as he beat over me. "Say, Yank, we must have another shot. You are powerful close to you use an cabin be I dodged a bit. Come, fair play, you know."

I tried to rise up, but fell back, and at that moment two bushwhackers rushed out of the woods and came running up. They looked talking, oaths, threats, and a bullet from a pistol tore through the cloth on my shoulder. Then I must have fainted, for the next thing I remember was of being carried on the man's shoulder back through the woods. When I fell he fell me moving he laid me down and asked:

"Say, Yank, how fur is it to your line?"

"About a mile from where we fought."

"Straight north?"

"Yes."

"Because those bushwackers was bent on mischief, and to see fair play I had to plant them both. Reckon I didn't no more business in the Confederacy other than Reckon Uncle Sam won't be up very soon on nor Jeff Davis. Yank, kin ye hang to my neck?"

"Yes."

"All right. Keep this are handkerchief, sorter waving as a signal to the picket, and I'll carry ye safe as an ambulance."

And clinging to the back of the man who had thirsted for my blood, I was soon inside the lines, and Sam was surrounded by the pickets.

Curtis refused to move because "his Curtis will see fair play if it takes a leg."

Defeated by Women.

They will never forgive him—no never. There were ten men on one side of the one, and only five women on the other, but such women conceded as good as any man, and was determined not "to hitch along" for even a pigeon. Pretty soon she set up a cry for another woman. As she entered the door she stood for a moment to see where she should sit down. One of the men rose up, pointed his finger, and called out in a lovely voice:

"Plenty of room on the other side, madam."

She sat down between two of the women, and this caused the sixth row to move. They didn't stab her with a poisoned hatpin, nor did each one sit and gaze at her but and decide that she had trimmed up an old frame with twelve shillings' worth of new material. On the contrary, the ninetyfive fastened their eyes upon the bold center.

They expressed indignation, contempt, disgust and revenge in their looks. They saw the dandruff on his coat collar. They saw the hole in his left boot. They noticed the strawberry stain on his shirt bosom. They detected the fact that had changed his ruffs and for old. All this, and she had looked him dead in the eyes and convicted him of being hungry, homeless and with nothing a blind man. He bore up for three minutes, little has it gets a set of a driver, made a bolt for the front door and was over the lawn and on the side walk.

Why He Saved the Train.

Recent heavy rains on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta railroad caused large washouts at several places along the line. While a train was going thirty miles an hour between Charlotte, N. C., and Columbia, the cars filled with passengers, the engineer saw a light swaying to and fro a short distance ahead of him. He had barely time to reverse his lever and apply the air-brakes, and the train was brought to a stop so suddenly that the passengers were thrown forward in their seats. The train had been signalled by a colored man who stood there with the lights in his hand, while at his back, about fifty yards distant, was a great gap in the track where the flood had swept away the embankment, rails and cross-ties. Johnson was crowded with thanks by the passengers, and Conductor Clarkson called him up, and, in a neat speech, told him his heroic act had saved many lives. The negro listened attentively and then said:

"Tell you de truth, boss. I knowed if de train hit dat gap sho it would trouble my mind mighty powerful. Dat's why I ran out on my 'ister patch by de side of de road, and rip and tar dem taters up. Taters is very sharce dis year, and I jes' ain't go to do some so I did jes' patch was nigh run over by er train or kyers."

— Five hundred tons of fish are received daily to supply London.

— It seldom happens that a tree is put out with champagne, but the Hensly baptism of a tree had given by Mrs. Lawson, wife of the proprietor of the *London Telegraph*. Some years ago the long test where the supper was held hung electric lights imbedded in branches of flowers. One of the tiny globes cracked, and the flames ran on all sides along the line of wire. The servants were paralyzed by the conflagration, and it was due to a very lavish use of the wine by some of the guests present that serious damage was averted.

Hermione's Acts Pumpkin—Doubled Boldness.

By Josh Billings.

"Hermione's Acts Pumpkin—Doubled Boldness." By Josh Billings. Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with decided benefit in cases of inactivity of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

Catholic Societies.

Of Instructions of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and other information desired immediately, for insertion in this department.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

STATE OFFICES—State Spiritual Director, Rev. Lawrence Scott; State President, Thomas Cannon; State Secretary, J. J. McCormick, of Branch 429, San Francisco. State Vice-President, Thomas Ryan; State Treasurer, Thomas Fitzpatrick; State Trustee, Thomas Cannon, Jr., San Francisco. State Treasurer, Henry Weiss; of Branch 429, San Francisco.

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ST. PETER'S BRANCH—No. 236, Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Scott; President, Joseph T. Hough; 1st Vice President, Thomas Ryan; 2d Vice President, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Joseph H. Hough; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Trustees, John Ryan, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan. Meets on 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at S. E. cor. Twenty-fourth and Mission sts.

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH—No. 250, Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Prendergast; President, Thomas Ryan; Vice President, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Fr. Hoggi; Trustees, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan. Meets on 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at S. E. cor. Twenty-fourth and Mission sts.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH—No. 290, Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Prendergast; President, Thomas Ryan; Vice President, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Fr. Hoggi; Trustees, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan. Meets on 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at S. E. cor. Twenty-fourth and Mission sts.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH—No. 300—POTTLAND, OREGON—Spiritual Director, Rev. T. Guth; President, J. Morgan; Vice President, David M. Dunne; Recording Secretary, Thomas Cannon; Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Geo. H. Steinmetzer; Medical Examiner, Dr. Thomas Ryan; Trustees, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan, M. Cody, Thomas J. J. Murphy, Thomas Ryan. Meets on 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at S. E. cor. Twenty-fourth and Mission sts.

TOTON MEN'S CATHOLIC MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION—President, Thomas Ryan; Vice President, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Trustees, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan. Meets on 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at S. E. cor. Twenty-fourth and Mission sts.

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Correspondence.

We originally solicited correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast in matters pertaining to the progress of the Church or the spread of the Faith.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday noon, so as to insure insertion.

A SCRUB RACE.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:—

Dear Sir—The *Banner of Light*, a Spiritualistic organ, recently started in this city, speaks of certain clergymen, and namely Mr. Hugel among them, who, as it says: "seem to think they know such amazing things of God—of His money, power, purpose, etc., that one would naturally conclude they must be on terms of peculiar intimacy with the Creator. These clergymen." It says we are in error in our "*Sky* to find what His waste of us, and what He will do to us." We do not understand the meaning of the last clause, but we understand some believers have had a lot of small amount in the universe, as compared with them.

But there are, it seems, some sleazy, not sophisticated, who take us to be in such superstitious of priests, although given word for word in the language of Hor Writ, and Editor Owen of the Golden Gate, Spiritualist organ, is one of them.

He evidently thinks himself of great account in the universe, as seemed with satisfied and everybody else, and in his conceit actually pretends to understand the ways of God, and to appreciate the straight and narrow way spoken of in Scripture, and advocated by Mgr. Capel and the other sacred scribes. He would have this a part of go-as-you-please, scrub race, free to all, and the Devil take the hindmost. "They may believe," he says, "in one God or fifty, or none at all; they may believe the world was created 6,000 years, or none of age ago; and one man once down from an angel, perfect from the hands of his Creator, or up through the animal creation of a reptile or a monkey; they may, if it all the same with Editor Owen, believe in a God who is all love, and who will let all go to the devil, if they do not believe." and as good as the best. Nothing mean or narrow about him—he will take in all sorts and classes—even Mgr. Capel. If he is willing to waive the exclusive ideas and ways with this rabble, he, too, "all religionists, and all who are not religionists, Christians, Spiritualists, Pagans, and all with whom he meets, people," he informs, so "should be willing to live on the "broad plane" Owen, and "live in his Omnibus scheme of Salvation, and yet not it. It is not about five years ago he invented by a disreputable intruder, who engaged in the business of a Spiritualist, and who, under the direction of Jehovah, that the disciples of Christ was so good, it not better, than the obedient, and that he was willing to do as he so pleased. Mr. Owen disapproves of "familiarity with Unseen Powers," and is especially pleased to see familiar with God and His Word. The indications are, however, that he is very familiar, and the percentage attained to above we the originator of this scrub-race idea. Betting is not in our exactly, but we would not mind staking a hat not on the proposition that Editor Owen has got a special agency to push this idea, and that he is not the originator of it, and that the hand was that hundreds decreased to the job. His dark omens, the pretended materialization of disembodied spirits, and the other mere nonsense of mediums, are expected to help the work along. Bad omens to him, the master of his side. This superfilious Editor, in another sheet, expresses the opinion that the Christian, including "even the Roman Catholic Church," have been and are all of some use as a bugbear to frighten into decent behavior those who would be worse than they are if they would, and arbitrarily confiscate himself very magnanimous and generous, and, if necessary, would go to the world to our great aid, with no personal restraints or public honor Indemnity to protect from damage, yet he has a very hard time he can do is to "get religion and to get it good and strong." Through the Christian Church, he sees his work, "a serious stumbling block to progress and a great hindrance of progress, yet he is willing to allow that it has been of some service in a great plan to keep low grade of characters in order; "if a man cannot be kept straight from any higher motive than the fear of eternal torment in a lake of fire, in the life beyond, he is better off in this life for the fear of it, and we would if bound, don and it cries the.

The truth or falsity of eternal punishment is a thing to him. He supposes it is a mere bugbear to frighten naughty children with, but very good sometimes to that end. He shows by his conclusions and utterly unsympathetic character of the Christian religion, of which, he says, he knows them and by their fruits we judge them.

Take the heading, "What Spirits Teach." Mr. Owen gives what they are said to have said in the Spirit Land, at the mediumship of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, at a meeting of New York Spiritualists, and comments on it in a way very unsympathetic that shows it is not Christian, but—A tale of fire and brimstone such as the Rev. Dr. Talmage, at a meeting of New York, and, in comparison, "the Christian Church." Mr. Owen gives what they are said to have said. Nellie J. T. Brigham, at a meeting of New York, and comments on it in a way very unsympathetic that shows it is not Christian, but—A tale of fire and brimstone such as the Rev. Dr. Talmage, at a meeting of New York, and, in comparison, "the Christian Church." Mr. Owen gives what they are said to have said. Nellie J. T. Brigham, at a meeting of New York Spiritualists

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE JUPITA PINE TREE.

Long are the lagions of the white leader
Grow strong within the West,
Or marks rain bulled, where the selfish leader
Pressed his mammon quest.

Where pines stood, it stately rank unbroken,
And on the dewy soil
No fields grew golden with the shining token
Of farmer's thrifty toil.

The free air freely will,
The blue sent his black robed hosts unhaunted,
His water unfolded.

They came—yet bore no types of tyrant power,
Nor sword, nor clashing chain;
They built in accomplishing for the headed dower
Of selfish greed and gain.

Nay! to the wild sons of the forest lonely,
Celestia bows the Lord's sweet service, only,
For Lord's reward, for Lord's sweet service, only,
With emotions till they wrought.

Around with the cross, they faced each scene of peril,
Nor sought well-earned repose
Till barren hearts, and wilderness starlit
Eve "blossomed as the rose."

And where the broad breast of the "Island ocean"
Shields what fair wealth the land
What rich soil—nourished crowned the brave
Of Lord Leopold band!

Pass those bright ranks, stark forth, O valiant leader,
Whose laurels men forget!
True knight of God! Salvation's ransom plider!
Brave, benevolent, true!

Thou pure Promethous! Heaven-commissioned
Of Faith's celestial fire!
Thou fellow-man of the present river,
The waters' mighty sire!

Yet, blight hatred fain would dim thy glory,
And pinches Time's fleeting fame,
While poesy dwells in beautiful song and story,
Thy name's worthiest name.

Best grateful Nature, of thy work sculpture
Had substantial, fair,
And, faulty essayed by faithful-valoed Tradition,
For fulsome tribute lies.

Where the fabled cities of West rise of sculpture
Fadeth her "island sea,"
Yea poor tome plaudited, by thy hand still render
Most gratitude to thee!

Year upon year—yes, robed in youth eternal
Their wonderous branches seem—
Each changing year brings forth their blossoms vernal,
Their summer's fruitage—gleam.

"The Jupita's pear-trees!" a'en the blest strangers
Then hoops their fillier sway—
Thy ever's hallowed, O! the great ranger,
Unconscious, grow thine fame!

O, height of God, and tender heart that pantest
For man's true weal alone,
By fadeless trees thy name are once planted,
Thy world-encircled name is known.

And, vicarious mark! to their birth place early
Thy name—true hero by which everything
On that one spot, with mystic splendor lonely
The footfall touches glow!

As if they said: "Let no atonement render
To him who man forgiven,
Nor slave-born growing, to remembrance tender
"Fire shrine our loved Magyrotis!"

And so, brave heart! the glory of the Mission
With bloom shall ever be blest,
Where Christ-worshiper, inscribed by fond Tradition,
The Jupita's mementos!

Hanover, M. Saturnoon (Marie).
San Francisco, Cal.

In the Indian territory of Detroit, Michigan, there is a dense, singularly fascinating and vigorous place, which, in the Indian Tradition inherited, was planted, two hundred years ago, by the great Indian Chief Jupita, and named after him. It is said by tradition, that the place was established, "on the 40th hours in the 40th year of the 40th Moon, in the 40th year of the 40th Moon." Jupita's pear-trees, which were then planted with peppered and right, for their blossoms richly, every Spring, are still standing, and are still bearing fruit, and are, in the aggregate, the most remarkable pear-trees in existence. One night nearly lengthy from this spot, the Jupita's pear-trees are seen

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SEVEN YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 19, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the great moral power of the period, because it is the vital agent in popularizing ideas; and popularizing ideas means shaping opinions, and opinions governing the world. Journalism, therefore, is a power, and a power of the highest order, and it may be used for good or evil, according as it is wielded by a wise or foolish, a virtuous or a depraved hand. Having his life to lead and account for, through the instrumentality of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they wish to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals have a field before them, the extent of which is limited only by the extent of religion, for its defender, and principle with freedom and liberty.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

— Dr. Mossman, famous for his connection with the Tractarian movement, died at Torrington, England, on July 6th. Before his death he was received into the Church, and departed this life holding a crucifix in his hands and invoking the names of Jesus and Mary.

— The Bishops of the country are taking great interest in the advancement of Catholic newspapers. Bishop Manderson, of Denver, has requested his priests to see that Catholics subscribe for the *Colorado Catholic*, published in that city, and send (sons of interest of the different parishes to the editor.

— The General Chapter of the Dominican Order has been convened to meet at Louvain on the 14th of September, under the presidency of the Right Rev. Father Larcon, the Master General. The delegates from St. Joseph's Province in the United States, will be Very Rev. M. D. Lilly, O. P., and Very Rev. E. J. Clarkson, O. P.

— According to the annual register of temperance laws now in force in Great Britain and Ireland, the following Irish acts will expire on the dates mentioned: Sale of Liquors on Sundays act, Dec. 31, 1885; Peace Preservation (Arms) act, June 1, 1886; Prevention of Crimes act, end of the present session. Laborers (Ireland) act, end of session or 1886.

— It is a fact worthy of notice that a great many of the exiled German Religious have found a new home in Holland, which three hundred years ago persecuted the Catholics with fire and sword. Thus the Jesuits, Redemptorists, Franciscans and Dominicans, besides a good number of secular Sisters of various congregations, have started episcopal establishments near the German boundary line.

— The Holy Father recently gave an audience to Mgr. Kirby, Rector of the Irish College in Rome, and to Mgr. Dillon, of Sydney, Australia, and mentioned to them among other things the fact that in the room where they then were a noted Protestant had owned to him that he had abandoned Freemasonry in consequence of become an exemplary Catholic.

"Young Ireland," is engaged in editing a confidential narrative written by Mr. Fredrick Lucas, M. P., on the true state of the political parties in Ireland they were sent to Pope Pius IX. It is thought that the article will throw great light on the negotiations which at that time existed between the government of Great Britain and the Vatican.

— The return is daily expected of Dr. Faupel, a graduate of the University of Louvain, who, for the last two years, has been studying at the Catholic Oriental University established by Leo XIII., at Bayrout in Syria, 1881. Dr. Faupel having mastered the Arabic language, will probably obtain an appointment on the staff at Louvain, and thence be even frequented by one that he may be selected as rector of the new Congo Seminary, the erection of which has been decided upon in connection with the Belgian University.

— The financial difficulties of the Diocese of Edinburgh, Scotland, being now arranged, it is believed that a Bishop of no long vacant See will soon be nominated. Mgr. Smith, Administrator of the Diocese, who has been living at the Scotch College in Rome for several months past, will, it is firmly believed, be chosen to fill this important See. Mgr. Smith is a profound Biblical scholar, and is recognized as such in a country which has produced so many adepts in that order of learning.

— The priests of the city—says the *Cross and Shamrock*—complain that too many Irish-Catholic girls are seeking husbands from among the Protestant and infidel young men of the community. This state of affairs is certainly deplorable, since mixed marriages, from time immemorial, almost invariably lead to the ruin of the Catholic party, and entail infidelity on the offspring. Then it is that many who were once pious young Catholic maidens and received Holy Communion once a month, are seen no more to approach the Holy Table of the Lord. Shame! shame!

— Our children should be virtuous as well as smart. And how can we have them good, unless we train them so? They won't be truthful because they are taught grammar, nor pure because they get geography lessons, nor obedient because they have algebra, nor honest because they have studied the spencerian system of penmanship. You cannot have them good unless you teach them goodness, and this is the theory of goodness but religion! Education that leaves out morality, is as likely to lead to the penitentiary as to the judge's ermine or the Christian's crown.

— Who established the first temperance society in America has long been a mooted question. The Catholic Citizen says that the honor of organizing the first temperance society on this Continent belongs to the Jesuits, and adds that in the year 1648 Jesuit missionaries gave a mission at Sillery, near Montreal, Canada, and after the celebration of Holy Mass one of the Fathers preached on temperance. The result was that Algonquin, with other chiefs and members of their tribe, organized a temperance society, and took the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors.

— The world has lost a regular iron-clad bigot in the death of Rev. Ironsea Prime, of the New York Observer. During his life he did all he could in his puny way to injure the Catholic Church, but he failed miserably, and now this he has doubtless discovered that even the gates of hell cannot prevail against the Church of God. The very malignant disease of cancer of the eternal God become when they have passed through the portals of Bolshoth's basement door!

— The robbery of the tomb of Pope Clement IV. at Viterbo, has induced the Government to make the following resolutions: The remains of the Pontiff shall be replaced in the sarcophagus from which they were taken; the Church of St. Francesco, which was about to be converted into a museum, is declared a national monument, and the important tombs of Popes and Cardinals which it contains will be allowed to remain there; but the objects taken from the dead body of the Pope, the ring, the glove, clasp of the cape and shoes, will be placed in a museum.

— A German periodical, in order to finally settle the question whether the mundane Abbe Liszt was a priest or not, has published the exact facts with Liszt himself as authority. After the composer resigned in 1859, the post of Court Kappelmeister to the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, he went to Rome and took up the study of theology. He only received the lower order of the consecrations, such as is frequently accorded laymen. "He is therefore," the journal states, "neither deacon nor sub-deacon and still less a priest, and has neither the rights nor the responsibilities of the higher clergy." He is not even bound to wear the clerical dress.

— The Boston *Herald* hopes that Lieutenant Howard, of the Connecticut militia, "who has been working a Gatling gun for the Canadian Government, for money, will be made to feel, when he gets home from the Northwest, that his conduct is not only unbecoming to a gentleman and a soldier, but such as to exclude him from the company of any military people, except Hessians." The pory militiaman, it seems, has been sporting his uniform in a foreign country and disgracing it by making a collection which he proposes to exhibit on his return. Connecticut has a pretty strong stomach, but we hope there is enough decency in the State to frown down that barbarous enterprise.

— According to the information given to the *Christian Union* by a large number of Protestant clergymen, not more than *five per cent* of American artisans in cities habitually attend religious services of any kind. All but two of the letters say that the attendance is diminishing, and all but one that the neglect is not from unbelief in Christianity. The cause of non-church attendance is said to be: The men have to work, they complain, more than those who were their fathers, and are therefore stay away. They think secret societies are as good as the church. They are unable to pay for the privileges because of the high prices of things which they must have. The large salaries of the ministers disgust some. Some feel that the minister is a hireling, and therefore cannot to uphold his church as a doctor seeks to increase his practice, not from love of souls, but because he enjoys his calling. Some officers of labor are so bad in their treatment of their employees that the men do not want to go where they shall meet those in whose real Christianity they have no little faith. All the letters indicate that especially in the large places artisans feel that they are not welcome, in churches frequented by well-to-do classes." And to this complexion hath Luther's invention come at last! It is only a question of time until the world is divided into two camps: Those who believe in God and are in the Catholic Church, and those who profess atheism. Protestantism is doomed to die of its own spiritual decay and to be buried beneath a monument of its own sins.

The Folly of Leaving Great Fortunes to Children.

It is often a question with men of great wealth what to do with it. If they have it in their children it generally proves their ruin. Here, for instance, says a New York correspondent, is a grandson of John J. Phelps who has just committed suicide. I remember John J. Phelps as a splendid business man, who persuaded wealth with an intense greed and left half down million. Such instances meet one at every turn in high life, and wealth so often proves only a road to ruin that the prospect is often painful. In this connection I may mention that Fifth avenue now contains two vacant houses side by side which recall the history of a distinguished family. One belongs (by purchase) to E. M. Morgan and the other has recently become his by inheritance. It was occupied by his grandfather (the late ex-Governor), and still later by his widow. The grandson closed up his establishment and started on an around the globe voyage in his yacht, accompanied by his wife and a few friends, and during his absence his grandmother died. As she had no other descendants, the house is left in charge of a housekeeper. It is sad to think that so noble a pair as the ex-Governor and his wife are gone never to return, and there is but little consolation in the prospective use to which their wealth will be devoted. With the exception of a few legacies, the equal to one-twentieth of the estate, it all goes to the present E. D. Morgan, who, on his return, will find the splendid house awaiting him, and also a few millions of spending money. When a young man is loaded with money it is almost sure to wish him. While young Ned Morgan has two elegantly furnished houses in the center of fashion, there are, on the other hand, 65,000 homeless wretches within walking throw of them, who are glad to find lodging at the station house.

A Sect whose Patron Saint is Judas!

Judas, as every Catholic knows, sold our Blessed Redeemer for thirty pieces of silver, and, when he had committed this worst of all crimes, he went out and hanged himself. Henry VIII. of England, seeing a chance by which the conquests of Judas might properly be transferred to his kingdom, set up a little one horse sect known as Episcopalians, who have been carefully excluding Judas for three centuries, until at last the world is beginning to realize the fact that this little band of make-believe Christians should adopt Judas as its patron saint!

When our Blessed Lord wanted Apostles for His Church he selected them from among the poor and lowly, but the English Episcopalians, when openly advertise the "advantages" which it offers to "bidders" for Bishoprics and parishes! This is another species of the shameful traffic which the "nation of haberdashers" has instituted to add greater lustre to its national infamy!

To such an extent has this abominable practice of selling Church Livings extended in England that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the most honored representative of English Christianity concur, in school here by the clear-sighted and pure-minded men and women who sway the judgment and the sympathies of the American community. Our people know when squeamishness means modesty, and when it means hypocrisy, and they can see that depravity so ramified and continuous as that which runs in head in Parliament and brothels the metropolitan police can be dealt with only in one way, namely, by such merciless exposure as shall shame the courts of justice and the officers of Government into a resolute, impartial assertion of their purity power.

It is no less plain to those whose abhorrence of iniquity is genuine and who would safeguard our society from the pollution to be feared through the persistent misnomer of the British aristocracy, that for us as well as Englishmen the London scandal was a thing to be blurted out, not glared over, a thing to be unflinchingly laid bare in all its devilish significance and atrocious details, not excusedd, shrouded, and hushed up by vague, equivocal allusions and pitiless generalities. What our people needed to behold in this instance was the concrete gravamen of the charge, the text of the terrible indictment launched by the *Pall Mall Gazette* against the rich and titled profligates of London, that they may see and know for themselves and reform have continued to dominate and defile the British nation.

The details of the infernal organization whose existence has been conclusively established by the investigating Commission, are indisputable not only to a recognition of the vast, revolutionary import of the *Pall Mall* exposures, but also to a comprehension of the opportune and solemn warning which they should convey to us. Since the "Diamond Necklace" affair by uncovering the shocking impurity of Versailles dealt the fatal-stroke and crowning blow to the French *ancien régime*, Europe has behold no incident pregnant with more transcendent consequences than the imposition forced upon the British heart and conscience by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Nothing but a foreign war, on which the nation's fate should be suspended, can block the work of expurgation and retribution now begun. War itself could but for a brief period postpone the ruthless demolition of the British aristocracy and the complete reconstruction of England's political and social fabric. It bodes ill for privilege and title, and for all the power and influence built upon priestcraft and peerage, that the infamous employment of these gifts will for some months to come be hunted from pulpit and from rostrum, until the lowly millions, whose soul autonom will be summoned for the first time to the ballot box, feel that at last God is on their side.

Here in this country we are, or trust we are, so yet unstained by such a scourge of organized stupefaction as has for years wrought havoc in the homes of London's poor. But how long can we reckon on such happy immunity from systematic devastation in presence of the myriad conjuncts to the multiplication of great fortunes, the tendency of the opulent and idle to aggregation in large cities, and their notorious propensity to emulate the luxury and the vice of foreign capitals? After all, if we look sharply at the facts, the upper class in England is less an aristocracy of birth than an oligarchy of wealth. Well, are there not parts of our country in which seem tied drifting into the etcheh of a plutocracy and who knows but New York, like London, may one day harbor some one who is upon the virtuous poor as the prey of their fool appetites, and who, could they compelle the British peerage to immunity of impunity, might essay the perpetration of like revolting crimes!

"Animal Man."

"Man, the work of God's right hand," said Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, in a recent discourse, "being composed of a body that is visible, and an invisible soul, belongs partly to the material and partly to the spiritual order. He has, moreover, been raised by the will of his Maker to a supernatural state, having been endowed with an almost unlimited capacity for happiness, and fitted for the attainment of everlasting bliss. By reason of his material part man tends to earthly and sensual things; but on account of his spiritual soul he can never be satisfied with these, he longs for and aspires to something above and beyond the vulgar pleasures of the sense. It is a sad truth that many lead the lives of brutes, degrading their nature by living "according to the flesh," glorying, sometimes, in their shame; seeking to excuse their conduct by asserting that all are equally vicious. These "animal men," like those of whom St. Peter spoke, "who have walked in riotousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings and unlawful worshiping of idols" (1 Pet. iv.—3) are not and cannot be satisfied with these things; yet, do they, as the same Apostle speaks, "think it strange that you run not with them, speaking evil of you." They cannot see that in regard of nature of the soul man that is urged between the Holy and the spirit they weakly yield the victory to the flesh; they forget the warning words of the Apostle—"For if you live according to the flesh you shall die; but if by the spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live" (Rom. viii—13). Here for, alas! need those words; how many look upon them as mere empty sounds. "The animal man," living forgetfulness of the Eternal, sounds on every side. Hence it is that the world offers a premium for vice; the office of Holy Ministry is ridiculed "Israel," and the driveling sophistic is an "advanced thinker;" the miserable sophistries, the senseless jargon of materialism are hailed upon as deep philosophy; immoral publications find a ready sale; social honors are showered upon the successful swindler, and only the believers in God's Providence are held up to ridicule.

This is no overdrawn picture; it is no diseased imagination; it is a sad and sober truth. Let any man calmly look at the world, its modes of speech, and its harness, and he will see how little they are in accord with the Gospel of Christ, but how like to the state of the Gentiles, described by St. Peter, who have walked in the lusts, lusts, excess of wine, revelling, banqueetings and unlawful worshiping of idols."

The Great Heresies.

It is worthy of remark—says the Catholic *Citizen*—that six of the earlier heresies in the history of the Church should have arisen respecting the divine persons of the Godhead. The Arians (325) taught that Christ was inferior to the other persons of the Trinity. The Macedonians, (361) taught that the Holy Ghost was inferior. The Nestorians, (431) taught that there were two persons (not two natures) in Christ. The Eutychians (451) taught there was but one nature—the divine. The Monothelites (680) held that Christ had no human will. The Manichaeans (290 1218) taught that Christ did not assume a real human body, but merely appeared in one like the angels of the Old Testament.

The Pelagian heresy doubled the doctrine of original sin. The Iconoclasts opposed sacred images. And the heresy of Berengarius (1078) denied the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist.

The most sweeping heresy ever broached was that of the Albigenses. They denied all the sacraments, taught that there were two Gods, and proclaimed the resurrection of the body to be a myth.

The Waldenses and the Lollards (followers of Wycliffe) were much milder and more tolerable. They were partisans of the Middle Ages. The former taught that clergymen ought to own no property and that capital punishment was a crime. The latter held that while in mortal sin, a priest's functions were in abeyance. Both, however, added to these beliefs other and more revolutionary tenets. Wycliffe said that God approved sin, and that confession was sacred.

The heresies that had resulted in schisms are those which have defied the authority of the Roman See, viz. the Greek and Protestant heresies.

Catholic Reverence for the Holy Bible.

One of the illusions which unintentional Protestants labor under is the false impression that the Catholic Church does not reverence the Word of God with that order which Protestant sects profess for it. This false idea is generated in the Protestant mind by reason of the teaching of prejudiced preachers who purposely malign the Catholic Church in order to create a hospitable hatred against her in the breasts of those who are unfortunate enough to be under sectarian influences.

Laying altogether aside the well-known historical fact that only for the care which the Catholic Church took in copying and preserving the Sacred Scriptures, there would be no such book as the Bible known in the world to-day, the Church has preserved in its purity and in entirety the Word of God, and has ever shown it that special reverence due only to the result of divine inspiration.

The Church places the Holy Scripture prominently upon every altar where the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass is offered to God; her priests are in duty bound to perform portions of it every day; the prayers recited by her laity are in great part taken from its pages; and in every sermon preached throughout the Catholic world, explanations of the Gospel and Epistles are given for the benefit of those who may not have the time or the capacity to read the Bible in their native tongue. Besides, the Church has approved of the publication of the Word of God in all the principal languages spoken by mankind, and many people are indebted for the faithful rendering of the Sacred Scriptures careful reading with becoming reverence, humility and pious disposition.

Unlike the contention which exists among the Protestant sects concerning the meaning of disputed texts of Scripture, every Catholic Bishop and priest in the world is of one mind on such matters. Protestant readers have the Word of God into letters in their disguise over every tongue, they with the dotages of fast young men. The evil example of this class is working incalculable injury to society.

Parents and those who have the care or guardianship of youth should never permit "fast young men" to enter their house. We fear that parents too frequently forget the duties they owe their children. We would remind them that, though this evil may not take immediate effect on the minds of duty in this respect, there is a higher, holier law, before whose dread tribunal they will have to render a strict account of the trust placed under their care.

— The academy of St. Rose, for the education of Catholic girls was dedicated at Wilmington, on the 17th inst., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, in the presence of an immense congregation. The Bishop delivered an address, in which he indicated upon parents the import ance of a Catholic education. The building is of brick and cost $16,500.

Flowers at Funerals.

The senseless and Pagan custom of strewing flowers at funerals is beginning to surfeit even the sensible people among the non-Catholic community, and we notice in many of the Eastern secular papers articles denunciatory of this cheap and meaningless method of proclaiming pretended grief by presenting emblems of joy in memory of departed friends. A writer in the Philadelphia *Press* proclaims the glad tidings that this custom is "on the wane" and adds:

"I remember, he says, "that at Harney Williams' funeral, at a moderate estimate, the flowers sent cost between $2,000 and $3,000. Every conceivable form was utilized—urns, crosses, harps, lyres, baskets, pillows—everything that the most ingenious florist could devise, was put into use on this occasion, and the altar and chancel were fairly packed and nonoaded by the wealth of development in this line. Well, it was simply ridiculous, and, by the way, it is a good point for purchasers of emblems of this nature to see that they accurate common sense and discretion in their orders. Let me give you an illustration.

A short time ago a young fellow, an actor, died suddenly, and his acquaintance, desiring to testify their regard, determined to send something of this nature to his home at the time of the funeral service. So, raising $50 or $60, they sent one of their number to an adjacent florist's and revealed their desire. The man was pleased in the name of the company to be the contributor of their friend. Having paid for it, that ended their mission.

They attended the service in a body, and, to their horror and amazement, they found—their former associate having been a Hebrew—that they had sent a piece in the way so that it could not be seen, a huge red cross, probably the most offensive thing that could have been sent to a Hebrew home under any circumstances. The parents of the actor were, fortunately, people of sense and at once saw the blunder was caused by ignorance rather than with any intent to annoy or affront, so they quietly put the offensive symbol out of the way where it couldn't be seen.

In all childhood the same cross was sent next day to some Christian home of the dead, and thus the *faux pas* was disguised by a Jew was made to do double duty.

Catholics, more than any other people, should stamp out this sinful shadow of the Paganism of the past. Half dead should receive more prayers and less pomp, more alms and less wreaths, more of God's religion and less ridiculous floral offerings which do almost simultaneously with the dead they are sent to "homes," and which are designed more for display than for the following the funeral.

To flowers, but plenty of Masses and prayers from my Catholic friends," should be the last dying request of every good Catholic, so as to put an end to this worse than absurd custom which even the Chinese do not indulge—preferring solid food to senseless flowers.

The Sin of Missing Mass on Sunday.

We sincerely hope that among all the readers of the MONITOR there is not one who wantonly misses mass as sense on Sunday. We say wantonly, because there are good and sufficient reasons for not hearing Mass on Sunday. God, who so elevated a sacrifice is the Holy Mass that not even the pen of an angel could describe the celestial glory of the Holy Sacrifice which is offered up on the Altar. The Mass is a continuation of the sacrifice of the Son of God on Calvary the same, mysterious difference being in the manner. The Mass, therefore, shows and beyond all other systems of devotion, is the most sublime and acceptable form of divine form of sacrifice that Christians can offer to God. "Ubi single Mass," says St. Thomas, "as as much advantage as if he had assisted at all the masses of the world." Yet, the Sacrament will be of no avail to its favor, as its benefits are dependent on the state of the soul. Its efficacy is to be judged by the manner of the sacrifice. We have mentioned. The book can be had direct from the Publisher, or through A. Wallbridge, 797 Market street.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW. July issue. Philadelphia: Hardy & Co.; 1 Barclay street, New York.

The July issue of this Quarterly of American Catholic Thought is filled with able and interesting articles. The opening one is on the Catholic Church in Kansas. The Rev. Thomas Lillis, of Kansas, is the author of the article and their authors will give our readers a good idea of the evidence of the literary world in the Sunflower State. "The Catholic Quarterly. "The Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer." "Ireland." "Modern Sons of Wealth." A. F. Marshall, B. A. "Vocation of Protestant Relief." John Gilmary Shea, L. L. D. "Ireland." "Ireland." "The Latest Phase of the Great Pyramid Fraud." "Ireland." "Ireland." "The Catholic Aspects of Universality." E. W. Gilliam. "The Church in England." Thos. Power O'Connor, M. P. "The Catholic Year." Archbishop Bayley. H. A. Brann, D. D. "The New Version of the Bible." "The Rise and Fall of Jansenism in Belgium." John A. Mossing. "Anna Catherine Emmerich." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Capel.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE AND ANNUAL REGISTER. A valued statement of the real condition of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, with a complete record of the events of the year, and a variety of other information of a valuable character and interest. Edited by Thos. J. Shahan, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn, Rev. J. B. Alzog, D. D., Bishop of Belleville, Rev. Thos. Lillis, D. D., Rev. Thos. Lillis, D. D., Rev. Thos. Lillis, D. D.,

Farm and Home.

Fruit-Eaters Need no Doctors.

We were struck recently by the remarks of a doctor friend of ours, who said no one thing will do so much to make people independent of the medical profession as the daily free use of fruit. He had noticed that those farmers in whose families fruit was regularly and largely consumed seldom needed his services. We thought what a long step toward freedom from the doctor would be accomplished if these fruits. It is a deplorable fact that farmers' families do not enjoy that robust health that country air and out-door life, with plenty of exercise, should give.

It is also a fact that, living on farms where rich acres are asking to produce abundant crops of the varied fruits, but very few have plenty, and many never have any fruit, except it may be an occasional apple. The standard food in a large majority of farmers' homes consists largely of bread, butter and meat, mostly pork fried in grease, and where pastry or cake is used, it has lard in large proportion in its composition; and this food is eaten at least twice, and, in many families, three times a day, year in and year out. Is it any wonder that they are not more healthy, and that their prevailing diseases are such as indicate an over-consumption of greasy food? If fruits were expensive or difficult to raise, there would be some excuse; but there is no part of the country without plenty of varieties adapted to its soil and climate, and just such as are fitted by nature to both nourish and cleanse the body, and no more skill is required to grow them than to grow corn and wheat.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Who First Canned Fruit.

We are indebted to Pompeii for our great industry of canned fruits. Years ago when the excavations were beginning a party of American found, in what had been the pantry of a house, many jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into the jar in a semi-liquid state, a preservative being left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and soon after fruit canning was introduced here the process being identical with that in vogue at Pompeii twenty centuries ago. There are many fallen among us who can tomatoes and peaches for dessert, and we do not doubt that they are indebted for this art to the people of Pompeii.

A Chapter of Household Rent's.

Don't stand when you can sit just as well. Don't put off the mending from week to week.

Don't you know that vinegar will clean the kingdom in the stove doors?

Don't you know that your floor oil cloths can be washed in buttermilk or beaten?

Don't give little children two languages to learn—first baby talk, then afterwards true pronunciation.

Don't hesitate to place nice on the live coals in the stove, it will clean out the stove pipe.

Don't throw away nice woolen stockings when the feet are worn out but cut them down for the children.

Don't fail to be clean and tidy in every nook and corner, but don't be a slave to a shining stove or carpet.

Don't let unnecessary work bounce your grandmother did. There was not half so much to be done in her day.

Don't cheatch the idea that you will catch cold if you feel a bit of fresh air or know there is an outlet for foul tainted air.

Don't allow your children to think that not new clothes for the sake of fashion holders, serving a better purpose than loops to hang by.

Don't fret dirt from one place of furniture to another and call it dusting, but take it carefully up in a dusting cloth and shake it from the window.

Don't say "micky" for milk, "relaxy" for relax; baby will understand "bad mamma your little dress" as readily as if yousaid "being its little dress to its mamma."

Don't talk sentiment or family matters in callers, and don't tell them the exact date of their last call. They will be likely to make the interval longer the next time.

Don't let your heart that you have got destroyed by adding three or four teaspoonfuls of kerosene to a watering pot if used freely where the bugs appear!

Don't fail in conversation to occasionally repeat and gives the listener an opportunity to speak, and don't mistake polite listening prolonged, for interest in your subject.

Don't lose a moment of the day; finish one piece of sewing before commencing another; don't fail to so plan the work that several things may be attended to at the same time.

Don't fail to rest yourself during a day's sewing by changing your seat occasionally, and in warm weather don't fail to remember that washing the face and hands will be found very refreshing.

Don't sit over the stove with the feet in the oven, complaining of being cold, but draw nearly and take a brisk walk in the open air, when you will think the fire has a fresh start, or the weather has abated.

Dime Novels.

Mothers, look out for the dime novels. No poison more insidious could be introduced into your homes. Keep the mind's health as carefully protected as you do the body's, and the State Reform School will not open its door to close them for years upon one of her darlings. A mother's boy in Montreal, only fourteen years old, was recently fastened in a $300 forgery. He and two companions were shoot starting for New York, and had about thirty dime novels in their possession. A boy in Thaddeus Stevens public school at Philadelphia, when reprimanded by his teacher recently, drew a revolver and threatened to shoot her. This led to a search of the pupils when seven revolvers were captured from boys about ten years old. About one hundred and twenty dime novels were discovered to be the property of the youthful desperadoes.

Home Conversation.

Nothing in the home life needs to be more carefully watched and more diligently cultivated than the conversation. It should be imbued with the spirits of love. No bruise word should be spoken. The language of husband and wife, in their intercourse to perfect, should always be tender. Anger in word or even in tone should never be suffered. The warmth and tenderness of their hearts should flow out in every word that they speak to each other. As parents, too, in the intercourse with the children, they should never speak in a tone of scolding or like gentlemen. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that children's lives can grow up into beauty in an atmosphere of strife. Harsh angry words are to their sensitive souls what frost is to flowers. To bring them up in the nurture of the Lord is to bring them up in a Christ blessed world, and surely that world be with infinite tenderness. The blessed influence of loving speech day after day and month after month, it is impossible to estimate. It is like the falling of warm spring sunshine and rain on the garden. Heavily and sweetness of character are likely to come from such a home.—*Catholic Home.*

—Hopeless diseases of either sex, however inbred, radically cured. Address, with 10 cents in stamps for book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Family Fun.

Romance of the Soda Fountain.

The day was hot. In she came smiling familiarly, and languidly seated herself before the fountain.

"A glass of soda-water please."

"Yes, madam. What syrup? We have lemon, orange, raspberry and vanilla.

"I'll take a little straw berry, please."

"Beg pardon. We have lemon, orange, raspberry and vanilla.

"I have a little pineapple, please."

"Beg pardon, madam. I have now twice informed you that we have only lemon, orange, raspberry and vanilla.

"O yes, so you did! Well, please mix me a little lemon and orange and a little raspberry, a dash of vanilla, and you might also put in some acid phosphate and about a teaspoonful of cream." She sipped, laid down five cents, and remarked: "Soda water is very expensive, isn't it?"

The soda clerk's foam half as much as the druggist while he was counting his hundred (Franklin.)

"Yes, madam, very expensive. If you figure up the cost of these four syrups, the acid phosphate, and the cream, you can form an idea."

"Ah, indeed!" she replied; but you have forgotten the main sense of expense."

"Main sense of expense, madam?"

"Yes, sir. The cost; for you must consume an awful lot of it to keep up the fire consumed by your soda-water fountain."

And with one of her "nicest" smiles she and her rosacea departed—and the clerk in the village boomed two.

The Minister and the Sausages.

A minister in one of our orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old lady, who had just been making sausages, and as she felt very proud of them, insisted on the minister taking some of the best home with him. After wrapping the sausages in a cloth the minister carefully placed his bundle in the pocket of his great coat. Thus equipped, he started for the funeral. While attending the solemn ceremonies of the grave some hungry dogs scented the sausage, and were long in tracking them to the pocket of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies of the grave completed, the minister and the congregation repaired to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who wished to have an appointment given out, mounted the stairs of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having designs on his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps. "You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausage in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since he came upon the premises!"

She Ordered the Glass Filled.

It was at dinner on Sunday, and Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady, had sent out for a pitcher of beer.

"I am very fond of beer," remarked Dummy, as he drained his glass, "but I find that, when eating, instead of satisfying my appetite it tends to take it away."

"Is it possible?" said the landlady, in simplicity.

Wonder.

"What I maintain is this," said Mr. Whiffles, cheerfully; at the age of 60, or thereabouts, I can do what I please."

"Take my own case, for instance. I am 60, gentlemen, and have held every social life. I have travelled widely and read deeply; I have got down the marvels of nature, art, and mechanics at family meetings in progress in every shape with emotion and awe; but I cannot be troubled. My curiosity was not a matter of choice, I have no longer the power. Remarkable inventions, adventures and theories assets a certain pleasant feeling in me, but it is not wonder. Even the doings of crazy fanatics, either moral, political or religious, cannot move me to wonder. I am beyond it, and I don't know whether to be sorry or not. You may depend upon it that to be a man of 60 wonder is a thing of the past."

Here a neighbor looked into the coffee room and said: "Mr. Whiffles, your wife asked me to step down and say that she particularly wanted you to go home at once."

Mr. Whiffles drank his glass of cold without hurriedly, and as he got his hat into his hat exclaimed: "Now I wonder what the deuce she wants!"

He was a Cauty Dog.

"Expect they had some fun pepe up at the Chouncy dog show," remarked a gentleman from Ibho, "but I have a dog at home I wouldn't trade for the best of 'em."

"What breed is he?"

"Don't know exactly, but call him a cauty."

"Cutlin, you mean?"

"No, I mean just what I say—cauty. Money wouldn't tay that dog. He's a cur, but we couldn't keep house without him. You see, several years ago, I turned him to bait at the railway trestle as they passed our house. That's his sole business—barking at trains. He does just what he set up, especially at coal trains. Well, he subsys the railroad so that every freeman and brakeman on the road has sworn to kill him. Oh, he's a valuable dog.

"I can't see where the value comes in."

"You can't! Well, you could if you was in my place and had all the coal you could burn and some to sell thrown right off at your back door, free of cost."

A Hint to Wives.

Wife (at the breakfast table)—What time was it when you came in last night, dear? Husband (with an aching head)—Waller, I don't know, sastly.

Wife—It must have been 3 o'clock. Were you detained at the office?

Husband—Yo-yes.

Wife (anxious)—I'm afraid you are working too hard, dear. You ought not to kill yourself so closely to business. I am not surprised that you have a headache on Sunday in the morning. You really must take better care of yourself. By the way, can you tell me how a twenty dollar? Husband—Certainly, with pleasure.

Following Directions.

Culprit—Yes, sah, I took de chicken. I was gwineter make some chicken pie, and I took de cook book and read de receipt, and hit says: "Take one chicken." Hit didn't say, "Go an' buy one chicken, or leary one chicken, but take one chicken. Hit don't say whose chicken nor take, so I jest took de first one I could lay my hah's on. I followed de directions, sah, in de book.

Beecher's Acid Phosphate. For Alcoholics.

Dr. J. S. Hickman, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is a great boon to the physician who wants to reclaim inebriates, and gives satisfaction to my practice."

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are respectfully requested to furnish the publication data necessary for publication, for the Departments.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

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ST. MARY'S BRANCH, RAVENNA—No. 108—Spiritual Director, Rev. W. F. Aldrich; President, J. K. Rizzel; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Geo. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

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ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH—No. 110—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Kenny; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH, STOCKTON—No. 111—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Kenny; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, FRESNO—No. 112—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Kenny; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

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TEMPLE HOUSE ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.—President, Jas. Ryan; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

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ST. MARY'S BRANCH, FRESNO—No. 117—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Kenny; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, FRESNO—No. 118—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Kenny; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, FRESNO—No. 119—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Kenny; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, FRESNO—No. 120—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Kenny; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice President, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Marshal, Jas. Ryan; Guard, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan. Meets on the 1st Sunday of each month at 1 o'clock in Ryan's Hall.

Our Young Folks.

☞ Short, original contributions of moral will be favorably received.

☞ Contributions should be written on one side of the paper, with pen and ink, and be plainly and neatly written.

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Don't Whine Boys.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a steeple, and he'll fall on his feet, and act the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with the less you have in the end. Money you can earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dad now's bags. A smart breakfast in the morning of life's work the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will gnaw the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteen pence earned in money a peddler's business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his earnings. As for the place you are cast in, don't feel fault with that, you needn't be a hoe because you were born in a stable. If dull toned a man of needle sky high, he could drop down in a good place. A hard working young man will his wife about his will make money while others will do nothing but lose it.

We love his work, and know how to spare.

Man for man is nothing else.

As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would wish to have heart to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick with the ague, while industry dodgs death and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at the hunting party and cries out when it is all over. Laziness waits till the grass is dry, and never gets to market; "dry," swims it and makes all the money. "Don't do it" would not eat the bread cut on him. "Try" made meat out of mushrooms.

Guard Against Vulgar Language.

There is an intimate connection between the words and the thoughts of a man, between the thoughts and the actions. The latter is only an expression of the former, and they have the power to react upon the soul and make it more or less corrupt. Language is a very fine instrument, and, if used with care, it can be made to produce the most exquisite harmony, and to exert a most powerful influence upon the minds of others. Nobody has succeeded before, and it is not likely that he will succeed after, a vulgar or profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but he has appropriated that word he extended that spot, and influence it, till by much gonne, it will pollute and ruin the soul. He sendeth out of his mouth an evil thing. If you can control the tongue, that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, by preventing bad thoughts having utterance. Never utter a word anywhere which you would not have to speak in the presence of the most refined female or the most virtuous man. Try this practice a little while, and you will have command of yourself. Try it.

Women of Worth.

Man marry the rattle-brains of society. They choose the pretty, good for nothing girls, for that is what they call them. They prize after and marry the thoughtful girls, the good people, and generally has a much better time than the boy who is continually fretting and snarling, or playing and hindering others from work. The boy who is obedient and trustworthy will have his true friends to the other's one, and never need fear that he is alone in this world. The friends will be of the kind who will always speak a good word for him, and who will be interested with anything, the contrary notwithstanding. The boy who is constant anything, it is not so. He may have friends, but they are those who are in the same way in the industrious boy. As you read this for a week or two, take to the cream of New York or the Boston Bean Pot, and see if it does not do you good. Try it, and if you do not find that you are on the right track, I will be surprised.

The Boys Who Don't Care.

"My son you are wasting your time playing with that kitten. You ought to be studying your lesson, and you'll black boots if you do not study."

"Why, mother, what for?"

"Here care will run that child," said the mother to herself, "I will teach him a lesson he will not forget."

The boy observed, but idlely rushed into the house shouting:

"Mother, I want my dinner."

"I don't care," replied his mother.

Jamie was puzzled. His mother had never spoken to him in this way before, so he thought, when he spoke again.

"Mother I want something to eat."

"I don't care," was the cool reply.

"Mother, I shall be down be over, mother, I shall starve if I don't get some dinner," cried Jamie.

"I don't care."

This was too much for the poor boy to bear. He burst into tears.

"My son I want you to feel the folly of this and of the other things you do for others. Suppose I really did not care for you, what would you do for your dinner, clothing, for an education? Who, I ask you, would stop saying, 'I don't care.'"

James had never looked on this and his mother's side before. He promised to better, and after receiving a piece of pie, he set off to school a wiser if not a better boy.

A Circus Elephant's Punishment.

The huge elephant Albert, belonging to the Sanger Circus, lodged in the village of McCormick, (professionally known as James Island) Monday night, and on July 18, Rooney's baby, enclosed in an elegant coffin, was shipped to his relatives at Mauch Chunk. The entire company, headed by the principal baggagging appropriate airs, followed the baby to the depot and paid the respects to their dead comrade, at 11 o'clock. The funeral procession was a long one, and the sympathy was witnessed by many people.

Following the afternoon performance of the Sanger's, Mr. James S. Hutchinson, one of the managers, announced that as the elephant had taken human life he should be shot immediately after the performance and requested any members of the Forepaugh party who might be in the audience to report to their proprietor at the close of the circus tent. At 5:30 p. m. the giant Albert, with his keeper, was led out by the band trainers. Arrangements and Nerve were made to catch the beast. Inside of thirty three minutes the menagerie followed by three rifle men and a crowd of people, the elephant was shot down. The procession passed a long distance, and the rifle men were some over the river. Here the elephant was entirely chained and the rifle men were some large trees and the riflemen were drawn up in line fifteen paces from his head and side.

Perry Arrington, the trainer, drew a chalk line around the animal's heart and one behind the ears as targets for the sharpshooters. The command "Ready, aim, fire!" was given. Arrington said "Albert," the monster raised his head in obedience to the command of his keeper and as the word "fire" accompanied by the report of the rifles, the military rifles rang out, the animal fell dead in his chains without struggle or cry. The execution was witnessed by 2,000 people, who gave a great shout as the man-slayer fell. Albert was an old circus and band and leader of the performers for years. He was mad in one of his moods and this quite recently been considered one of the safest of the band.

Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

CONDUCTED BY

The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

THIS INSTITUTION IS PLEASANTLY SITUATED between Mission and Valencia streets, and is meeting an admirable training on the lake. The build ing is supplied with all the modern improvements, expense being long spared to provide for the comfort and health of the pupils.

The course of study embraces the various branches of a solid, useful and ornamental education.

TERMS (Payable half yearly in advance):

Board and Tuition, per quarter $60 00
Washing 10 00
Bed and Bedding 10 00
Drawing in Chalk, French, English and Ornamental Needle Work 10 00
Music, Piano Lessons, with use of instrument 10 00
Use of Piano for practice, per hour 1 00
Bills for extra lessons less required. For further information apply to

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ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

Conducted by the Christian Bros.

THIS INSTITUTION IS A SELECT BOARDING School for boys up to the age of 15 years; it is under the patronage of the Archbishop, and is under the management of a superior Christian Brother.

Pupils are received at any time during the year, and are charged from the date of their admission.

Boarding School, need only "the best of everything." Pupils are required to be provided with a bed, bedding, and towels.

Pupils are expected to attend Vespers and Benediction every Sunday afternoon.

Pupils are not allowed to go out except when accompanied by their parents or guardians.

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Correspondence.

We urgently solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church or the spread of the Faith.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday noon, so as to insure insertion.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP GROSS.

His Visit to Mt. Angel.—Reception by the Clergy and Laity.—A Day of Great Joy.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The Most Rev. Archbishop Gross, accompanied by Rev. Father Adelhelm, Prior, O. S. B., arrived in Mt. Angel Saturday, July 25, at 5 o'clock p. m. The news of his arrival of the train, the procession was got in order, and when the train ran in the Mt. Angel brass band, under the direction of Rev. Father Barnabas, O. S. B., played a most beautiful march in welcome to his Grace. When his Grace had stepped off the car above his loving children, Very Rev. Father Prior asked his Grace in an emphatic manner to show the devoted people surrounding the depot the true way to Heaven, of the *sanctuaire* had led his Grace on the strait narrow gauge to Mt. Angel, his Grace, with a voice full of sweetness, replied that he knew of no other way to Heaven than that taught by the Church, of the good people to their shepherds and though he could not give them a free ticket to Heaven, still, as the representative of Christ in Oregon, he would tell them what to do to purchase one and would address them at the monastery, *i. e.*, the Benedictine Church. In then the procession moved on headed by the banner. The order was as follows:

Vegas, dressed in white; the married ladies; your boy brass band; Benedictine lay Brothers; Benedictine priests; his Grace and Very Rev. Father Prior in a chariot, and then the non married people of the parish and others. The order of procession was conducted in a most orderly manner and the people, in a most orderly manner was conducted into the church, the choir singing *Gloria in Excelsis*. Very Rev. Father Prior gave a very touching address of welcome. His Grace, at first expressed his joy and great pleasure of being among the sons of the Patriarch, St. Benedict, "Among the Benedictines," he said, "I feel like one among his children." I have heard they have no greater friend on earth than Archbishop Gross. The expression of his feelings the heart of every Benedictine with increased fervor and zeal. I am a stranger to you personally, but you may be assured I will find no more faithful friends than the Benedictines." Then he gave the people what the Pontiff delivered to his second address. In the evening a monster torchlight procession took place in his honor.

The second day of the convention was opened with a great function. Mass in commemoration of deceased benefactors. The only subject that provoked any spirited discussion was a resolution to extend the centennial celebration, next September, to commemorate the establishment of the first temperance organization in New England. Some of the delegates did not over to afflicts with other organizations into which prohibition shows which organization would be entitled to a party. The following officers were elected: President, the Rev. James M. Cleary, Lowell, Mass.; Vice President, Rev. J. J. Conroy, Worcester, Mass.; Treasurer, Rev. James A. Scollan, Pittsfield, Ohio; Secretary, Philip A. Nolan, Philadelphia, Pa. At the banquet in the evening toast which was the cause of the convention, speeches were made by the Hon. Roger Sherman Baldwin (of Conn.), Prof. Amos Cleary, (Gov. Harrison, Mayor Holcomb, John C. Campbell of Philadelphia, Alexander Troup of New Haven; Dank O'Reilly of Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. Father Ryan, Mobile, Ala., Rev. Father Ryan, Mobile, Ala., Rev. Father Crystal of Sandusky, Ohio, and the Rev. Father Dillon of New York.

AN HONEST WAY TO PRACTICE MEDICINE.

No money taken in advance of treatment. No cures confirmed by the Pope. No testimonials invented. Send for questions to invalids and patient list of non-relative cures and reliable testimonials from people you know. Consultation free at office or by letter. Medicines sent to any address from Dr. H. James, 22 Hayes St., San Francisco, Cal. Remember the good Magnetic Healer and Cure. Remember the good Magnetic Healer, Dr. John H. McFadden.

NOTE.—Diseases of the lungs, throat, stomach, neuralgia, etc., are cured very quick.

Arrivals at Grover Hot Springs for the Week ending July 24, 1885.

M. Hawthorne, San Jose; J. D. Lacy, Ka-ferlanal and son, Stockton; Mrs. S. Hoffman, Jesse and Mrs. T. Flanagan, Thos McKinnon, James Wan, Mrs. Wan, Stockton; Mrs. Wm. Williams, Sacramento; Thomas W. Bunn and wife, Williams; Joseph Kotlowski, Miss Mattie Kotlowski, Wm. H. Kelly, San Francisco; R. Lichtenstein, San Francisco; Mrs. Jennie San Francisco; J. F. Anderson, Stony Schoore, Cal.; Mrs. Dr. Wm. Ryan, Miss Ryan, Stockton; Prof. John Dunne and Mrs. Dunne, San Francisco; Chas. Cruz, Miss Mary Sullivan, San Rafael; Emile Kirchner, Salvador, C. A.; H. Hanson, Stockton; Frederick H. McLellan, Stockton Grove; Rev. M. Monnier, Ione; Samuel Jones, Jones, Ione; Samuel Jones, Jr., Ione; J. Bennett, Ione.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—The Commission for the county of the town of Carrickfergus, was opened in the Record Court of the County Courthouse, on July 27, by Justice O'Brien, who, in addressing the Grand Jury, said there was no criminal business to go before them, and he congratulated them on the peaceful character of their county. Mr. R. Kelly, the sub-sheriff, then presented him with a gold-headed cane, as a mark of the esteem of the gentlemen of the county.

Armagh.—His Grace, the Primate, the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, is at present sojourning at Greenore, enjoying the delightful sea breezes from the Irish sea. The health of his Grace is as yet very delicate, and the apostolic work of the Primate of all Ireland, he fears, that will very soon cease to be undertaken.

Carlow.—Lady Harriet Kavanagh died, on July 19th, at her residence, The Lodge, Ballycraigy, aged 81 years. The deceased was the second daughter of Richard, second Earl of Clonmore, and married, in 1826, Colonel the Hon. F. of Kilmacarty, the final descendant of the McMurroughs, monarchs of Ireland. The family of Kavanagh here the name of McMurrough, but in 1171 that of Kavanagh was given to Donnall, son of Dermot McMurrough. His name Eva married Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. In the reign of Mary, Cahir McArt Kavanagh married Alice, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, Lord Lieutenant; his Grace and Very Rev. Father Prior to a chariot, and then the non married people of the parish and others. The order of procession was conducted in a most orderly manner and the people, in a most orderly manner was conducted into the church, the choir singing *Gloria in Excelsis*. Very Rev. Father Prior gave a very touching address of welcome. His Grace, at first expressed his joy and great pleasure of being among the sons of the Patriarch, St. Benedict, "Among the Benedictines," he said, "I feel like one among his children." I have heard they have no greater friend on earth than Archbishop Gross. The expression of his feelings the heart of every Benedictine with increased fervor and zeal. I am a stranger to you personally, but you may be assured I will find no more faithful friends than the Benedictines." Then he gave the people what the Pontiff delivered to his second address. In the evening a monster torchlight procession took place in his honor.

The second day of the convention was opened with a great function. Mass in commemoration of deceased benefactors. The only subject that provoked any spirited discussion was a resolution to extend the centennial celebration, next September, to commemorate the establishment of the first temperance organization in New England. Some of the delegates did not over to afflicts with other organizations into which prohibition shows which organization would be entitled to a party. The following officers were elected: President, the Rev. James M. Cleary, Lowell, Mass.; Vice President, Rev. J. J. Conroy, Worcester, Mass.; Treasurer, Rev. James A. Scollan, Pittsfield, Ohio; Secretary, Philip A. Nolan, Philadelphia, Pa. At the banquet in the evening toast which was the cause of the convention, speeches were made by the Hon. Roger Sherman Baldwin (of Conn.), Prof. Amos Cleary, (Gov. Harrison, Mayor Holcomb, John C. Campbell of Philadelphia, Alexander Troup of New Haven; Dank O'Reilly of Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. Father Ryan, Mobile, Ala., Rev. Father Ryan, Mobile, Ala., Rev. Father Crystal of Sandusky, Ohio, and the Rev. Father Dillon of New York.

Cork.—The Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, accompanied by the Most Dr. Gross, Bishop of Limerick, arrived in Queenstown, on July 28th, on a visit to Dr. MacCarthy, Bishop of Cork. When in Queenstown, the prelates were made to present him with an address of welcome. His Grace having received the address, and thanked the gentlemen, passed into the town amid the cheers of the people, who had gathered in great numbers to see the prelates. The address was presented by the Mayor, Mr. Sullivan, who, in addressing the prelates, said the people of Queenstown were proud to have the honor of being the first to welcome the illustrious successor of the Apostles, and the Prince of the Church. In the afternoon at five o'clock there was Pontifical Vespers.

The following day, the Feast of St. Alphonsus, there was a Pontifical High Mass. Very Rev. Father Prior, Arch-deacon Glay, Father Jeremiah, O. S. B., Sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Wenger, O. S. B., Master of Ceremonies. During Mass the Grace delivered a most eloquent sermon on the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament as the source of all that is good in the spiritual order. Vespers, from the Feast of St. Alphonsus, and Benediction followed, and the day was spent in a manner by which the people will long remember the day. His most striking address was on the glorious Mother of Jesus. In fact, his Grace is one of the most celebrated orators. He perfectly avoids the imitation of the audience. I say even more regarding the sermon of his Grace. Success has most distinct pronunciation and most excellent delivery. Many, in the Church, are enthusiastic in eloquence would be similar to the little pretended bishop who, in the fable, thought the crow had to hide made in the mind. Then regarding situation—his very in spite of his modesty, respect and affection even of unbelievers. We have heard Protestants and Freethinkers say: "He is a great orator; who can resist his soothing arguments." In the afternoon we went to the Cathedral and heard His Grace preached again a magnificent sermon on the glorious Mother of Christ, towards the Mother of God. We proved and illustrated by logical arguments and most appropriate comparisons, as examples, the necessity of devotion towards the Mother of God.

In the evening his Grace was accended by the Most Reverend Dr. Gross, Bishop of Limerick, Chinese hand, with their peculiar musical instrument, and, after the beautiful procession. Fine fireworks on the western side of the monastery completed the day's festivities. Very Rev. Father Prior, Arch-deacon Glay, Father Jeremiah, Father Wenger, Brothers Bernard and Ignatius, for the splendid entertainment. From the beginning of the day to the end, everything was perfect and very enjoyable, and, by making the most of the occasion, the people will long remember the day. His Grace had to stop in the morning and in the afternoon, for through laughing. It was about 10 o'clock when his Grace retired from all good nights.

Monday evening a grand concert was given by the Benedictines in the Monastery in honor of his Grace. It is expected that the proceeds, and stated that he ever so much appreciated all they had of his kind, and, in conclusion, he gave each with. At 11 o'clock the door prelate retired to his room, and the people dispersed to their homes, in company with Very Rev. Father Prior, who, on Tuesday, left for the Benedictine Abbey in Mt. Angel. On the Feast of St. Alphonsus, August 2nd, his Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Gross, assisted by Rev. Father Oswald, Sub-deacon, Father Benedict Wyrtzen, Deacon, and Rev. Father Prior, O. S. B., and the Benedictine Order of the Holy Cross, Mass, in the Benedictine Church. Mass was sung by the vicar-general of the Lord.

Your truly,

EUPHITZEN.

Total Abstinence Mass in Concord.

The fifteenth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held in Concord on New Hampshire, Conn., on August 12. There were over 20 delegates present, representing of them from Connecticut. The largest single delegation was from Philadelphia, Pa., Joseph Bowles, of Fremont, Ohio, Treasurer, read the annual report, which showed a fair balance on hand. The rest of the Society shows that on October 19, 1884, there were 1,000 branches with a membership of 37,395, of which 1,991 belonged to Connecticut. Since the convention 1,000 have died, 1,000 have left, 1,000 were suspended, and 1,000 were dropped for non-payment of dues, leaving a total membership of 37,395, of which 1,991 belonged to Connecticut. Since the convention 1,000 have died, 1,000 have left, 1,000 were suspended, and 1,000 were dropped for non-payment of dues, leaving a total membership of 37,395, of which 1,991 belonged to Connecticut. The expenditure of the Society for the year amounted to $1,000, of which $1,000 was expended in the Society's behalf. The following officers were elected: President, the Rev. James M. Cleary, Lowell, Mass.; Vice President, Rev. J. J. Conroy, Worcester, Mass.; Treasurer, Rev. James A. Scollan, Pittsfield, Ohio; Secretary, Philip A. Nolan, Philadelphia, Pa. At the banquet in the evening toast which was the cause of the convention, speeches were made by the Hon. Roger Sherman Baldwin (of Conn.), Prof. Amos Cleary, (Gov. Harrison, Mayor Holcomb, John C. Campbell of Philadelphia, Alexander Troup of New Haven; Dank O'Reilly of Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. Father Ryan, Mobile, Ala., Rev. Father Ryan, Mobile, Ala., Rev. Father Crystal of Sandusky, Ohio, and the Rev. Father Dillon of New York.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL AT GALT.

Two Interesting Discourses by the Distinguished Divine.

Two rare left Sacramento at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, the 9th inst., under charge of W. J. O'Brien, to go to Galt, where the distinguished Mr. Capel was announced to deliver two lectures, one in the morning at 10 o'clock, and the other in the afternoon at 7. Additional passenger cars were taken on at Brighton, Florin, Arcadia and Elk Grove, and Galt was reached about 10:20. A platform had been erected along side a little summer house in Dr. Harvey's garden and quite a commodious tent was built over and fitted up.

The Monsignor came in the afternoon from the residence of Mr. Hamilton, where he had been entertained by Mrs. Lida I. Church, Mrs. Addie Cather, (L. H. Theale and Signor Jacchini, with Miss Linda Griffin as accompanist, to a dense appreciative music. At the conclusion thereof, the Monsignor came, and read the parable of the Publican and the Sinner, and then gave a portion of some Epistle, which, to tell the truth, the reporter did not catch, for he was at 9:45 on intent on studying the man so wonderful face to listen to the words that fell from his lips. The gist of the language was about as follows:

All real Christians profess a belief in Jesus. The sense of Christian is a most obvious phrase. It is a term which implies a belief in Christ. He was so well known to us, that we feel we are deserving of the name—for it is impossible to lose the name of Christian—and yet to be a Christian. The sense of Christian in the first place was used in derision. It implied that men were the followers of the one Master. In the Scriptures, "Who is Christ?" people are made to a painful difficulty. A vast number of people profess to believe in Christ, and yet have never seen, nor, but the Holy Word tells that Jesus was, is now and will be forever. If in a false position, he must be in the wrong. However, if we may be, yet purity is the rod that covers the highest honor on earth.

Christianity proclaimed indissoluble unity between man and God. The faith for our age and divorce is the country are begotten of the Christian faith, and the Christian faith is the source of childhood. Christianity proclaimed that man was a being of dignity. It is the beauty in its true pedestal.

Christ proclaimed the gifts was so more than the Christian faith. Christianity proclaimed that the freedom of the world. The Christian faith is the only religion which has taught that the Son, who came to seek and to save, was God. Christ was not a man, but God, the Son. Christ was God. He came to save the world. He came to every human life was the God of Heaven and it will be found in the course of glory. There must be in us the spirit of obedience—the spirit of the word of God, believe it all He has said. Men are carried away by every wind of doctrine, and, in consequence, they lose their Christ's teaching. Follow Christ! Christ is the shadow of the land of the weary.

We must start God's law, and lay our lives according to the Gospel, and we will be happy. We must act by our hearts as wealth and worship God. The faith of our fathers Christ stood out in need of our services, and yet we have little life to a person who is weak. There is but one thing, and that is virtue and Christ.

We must, to sum up, in following of Christ, be a people who are the salt of the earth, and by sacrificing, and shows the Christian life. We will lear the name of Christian. We will be a people that will be a people who are Christians, and we will be a people who are Christians, and we will be a people who are Christians, and we

Poetry

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE ASSUMPTION.

Thy long weary toils is ended,
Thy Mission on Earth it is done,
And sweet as the perfume of flowers,
Then art rising, Oh! beautiful one.
Thy face shineth brighter than sunbeams,
And a halo encircles thy brow,
Like the silvery moonlight's soft glory,
In the light that surrounds thee, to-all out:

"Hoya! Cushlamachree! Hoya!"
Laughs in the bosom of Erin,
Thy mother who gave Him His birth!
Who had tenderly guarded His footsteps,
In the years that had long ago passed,
And with breaking heart shared in His sorrows
And had stood by the Cross'foot the last!

Ah! no; and He cometh in glory,
To take her away to His home,
By the beautiful mansions of Heaven
Where sorrows and death never come,
Bright legions of angels surround them,
Singing softly their anthems of love,
While cupbyre of Eden Rose O'er them,
As He beareth His loved one above.

Saintly bands are awaiting to welcome
The Queen of the Heavens and Earth,
And the vaulted domes, proud and resplendant,
Re-echo the melodious strain:
But, hush! Heaven's calm noon are open,
And the choirs of angels pass thereon
Which is Julie Tone Delapath,
As yore as the morning's bright dew!

To thy Queen; to the throne He has led her,
And the crown He has placed on her brow;
Oh! angelic Immaculate bright! pulsing,
Heaven holds Earth's best treasure now.
Thy mission is ended, thy pilgrimage over,
Thy closed grandeur cards of joy
Let your welcome ring round your beautiful Queen
As she sits crowned glory on high.

We, too, would unite one poor voice
In offering a tribute of praise,
And the hope is the object of our desire
Will still be our grandest of festival days.
Remember, oh! queen of virgins,
That Earth was the land of thy birth
That she gave to mankind Saviour of Heaven
Its fair Queen, of infinite worth.

Then our hearts are ever offering
A share to thy love, and thy prayers;
Thou ever we ask you to aid us,
As we mount up life's steep, rugged stairs,
Then oh! turn not away from our pleading,
But guide us to that haven of rest,
Where we hope to be saved through the saps
to come
And joins the fair Queen we love best.

August 15th, 1865. EFFATT OF MARIE.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

SORRY.

Form of the Conscientious Judge of Pale
Will crush the footsteps of the virtuous breast,
Without pitiful pleasure and sharp sorrow't just
Leaving gaspent hearts—full, desolate.
And as one sun of sun, yesterday the pale—
Of mortal self, shall wieldy, calm—
Consider fed Heaven in blissum heart—
For gray-haired orphanhood. No'er again
Pity's wand of love will cool
For age is mortgaged to regret and care.

GERRO.

Literary Miscellany.

An Irish Girl's Love.

A Story of the Country Kilkenny.

The county assizes had commenced in my native town, when a new batch of Irish tiffin arraigners were brought in prisoners to the county gaol of Kilkenny. They had not all only the previous evening a gentleman's house for the purpose of robbing it of arms—had been captured by the police, who, even of their behaviour, by a sudden fit of them. Lives were lost on both sides.

[illegible] and bookies to the common cars of the country. Some of them were wounded, a brow, or hand, or their clothing giving vivid evidence of the fact.

Although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched group was painful, one has among them one very interested me. It was that of a young man, not more than nineteen or twenty. His features were comely, and as I thought showing noble sentiments. Still, in his clear blue eye, was neither savage nor reckless, but seemed to express only great sorrow and astonishment, at being, from some sudden thought of home perhaps, it spoke or was confused with tears.

I followed the melancholy procession to the jail, thinking only of the young man. After the prisoners had been ushered into their new abode, a popular anti-tithe attorney, whom I knew, accosted me. He was always ready to conduct, gratis, the defence of any prisoner whose friends could and he told me his intention of going into the jail at once, to try and collect material for saving the lives, of at least, one of the unfortunate. I expressed a wish to assist him in this task. He readily consented, observing that as the unfortunate man would certainly be placed on their trial next day, no offer of aid in their favor was to be disregarded. We agreed to go together.

I felt in my lot to visit the cell of the boy who had so much interested me. His assertions seem to regret that I had not formed a strong opinion of his character; they better still, that there was a good chance of saving him from the gallows, even if he had to leave his native land for ever.

He had been formed, he said, to accompany the others on their fatal expedition, but he had never been "out" before, and he had not pulled a trigger or raised a hand against the police. His more guilty associates had engaged him, at last, to go, and contrive his statement. So, confident that the police would also bear him out as the really critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells.

The magnetic attorney was right. By twelve o'clock next day, four of the men, including my favorite client, were placed at the bar. Three others were too ill of their wounds to be produced. All was soon over—and over, too, to my great affliction, and almost consternation.

Instead of swearing that the young man had been compelled by herdsmen during the battle outside the gentlemen's house, the police, one and all, distinctly deposed that his was the hand which slew one of their men, and that, perhaps fatally, wounded another constable.

In vain did he protest—with the energy of a young and ardent feeling for life and its array of happy promise—against their evidence. In vain did his fellow prisoners support him. He and they were found guilty in course.

But his fate was the awful one; of him the example was to be made. While the other men were to be transported for life, he was doomed to be hanged within forty-eight hours, and his body given over for dissection.

As the judge uttered in the last words of his sentence, I shrick—I shall never forget it—a woman's shriek rang through the court room, and then I heard a heavy fall. The young original had been carried out to side during his sentence. At the sound, stirring notes in his ear, rushed into upright and perfect energy. His hands, which had grasped the dock, were clasped together; the blood mounted to his face; his tips parted, and he shouted:

"Hoya! It is not I knew she'd be here!"

He suddenly made a spring to clear the back part of the dock. Obviously, no impulse to escape dictated the action. He wanted to raise Hoya—his beloved Hoya—from the floor of the court room, and clasp her in his arms. This was all. And doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice-nerved strength, he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of the other became impaled on the sharp iron spikes which environed the formidable barrier before him. Thus arrested, he was easily secured, and instantly led out through a drap door in the bottom of the dock, to his "condemned cell," continuing till his voice was lost in the depths beneath, to call out:

"Hoya! Cushlamachree! Hoya!"

I hastened, with many others, into the body of the court, and there saw the poor girl, her father and mother, and other friends the connection between her dad the condemned boy.

They were to have been married at Easter. This did not lessen my interest in him. The attorney joined me. We hated every plan to obtain a commutation of his sentence, after Hoya's parents had forced her out of the court-house, rejecting all her entreaties to be led into the jail and—married.

We thought of hearing what the wounded policeman might say. But he was fourteen miles distant, where the affray had occurred. Even though his evidence might be favorable, we knew we must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the judge would leave Kilkenny that day. We set to work, however, measuring two good horses, with all in three hours, learned from the lips of the wounded man, that the Rockite who had fired at him was an elderly and ill-favored fellow.

It was our next business to convey our new evidence into the town. We did so, in a carriage belonging to a gentleman whose house had been attacked. He was confronted with all the prisoners. We cautioned him to say nothing that would give a false hope to the object of our interest; but, after leaving the cell, he persisted in exculpating him from having either killed his comrade or attempting himself, and even, pointed out the real culprit amongst those who had not yet been brought to the dock.

This was a good beginning. An affidavit was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. A few minutes afterward, the attorney started for Dublin as fast as four horses could carry him. In 36 hours out of the forty eight allowed the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. Our good attorney must now do his best to avoid within thirty-seven hours.

It was fearful not to have an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be stopping into eternity. But we had good hopes. If the horses did not fail on the road, and the judge and after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be interviewed at once, it could be done.

I scarcely slept that night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose duty it was to attend the jail in hall of condemned cell. He and I had been schoolfellows. He was a young man of most amiable character. He told me his "poor parishioner" was not safe to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so terrible a parting from his young sweetheart.

I told him the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman's opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad's agony by a hint of pardon. The priest would not hear of it, saying, this was his duty, he said, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of his penitent from resignation to his lot; and should he give him a hope of life, and then not that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point and tried to seek some consolation that would not prove a stinging sword from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them.

It rain! When night came, I had less sleep than on the first night of the arrests.

[illegible] to meet, even so early, our anxious attorney coming back to us with a white handkerchief, streaming from the window of the postchaise. That idea got into my head, and recurred every moment. I did not meet him. I hastened to the jail.

The town clock struck twelve. The boy had but an hour to live. I looked toward the cell, whither he had been removed for execution. The black flag was waving over it! I ran as fast as I could toward the jail. Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of having passed that act on a height confronting it, of sound and shriek, of the clergyman and soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way.

I urged the sergeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was soon admitted. I saw the governor and sheriff, and told them our case. Their eyes brightened. The sheriff put back his watch three-quarters of an hour, and said he would wait it was right, and all the clocks in town were wrong, even if they should bang him for his mission.

One o'clock soon struck. The governor rode and agitated, made a rational signal to the sheriff. We hastened to see the man, and he was shown the infallible watch, and ordered within without a word. The silence was only broken by most appalling sobs; you could see the man of stay of a step and under the window of the condemned cell; another by the screaming of the poor damned and the priest, both growing more fervent in prayer since the clock struck one.

The minutes flew. I felt a shaking pain in my throat. It was hurling with thirst. I felt my presence of mind. The great suspense again. I remained alone, confused and agonized. In a few moments the sheriff came out, confused, and with tears on his cheeks. The clergyman and his pupil followed. The priest had passed an arm through one of the manacled arms of the prisoner, at his side, and kept contravene his statement. So, confident that the police would also bear him out at the really critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells.

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MARK TWAIN.

The Diversified Career of a Man who was a Born Humorist.

Mark Twain has a big head stuck on by a large neck to a pair of round shoulders. Recently he came on to the stage at Washington, and, though he were half asleep, and he looked to me as though nature, in putting him together, had, somehow, got the joints mixed. He has a big face, a face large enough to represent any kind of genius, and eyes large, black and deep. He has a thick, bushy mustache which overhangs his characteristic mouth. As he stood on the stage he reminded me much of a wooden cigar store Indian, and as he revolved out his words with scarcely a gesture his voice made me think of a little brass saw slowly grinding inside a corpse. He did not laugh while he uttered his funniest jokes, and when the audience roared he merely stood and his chin or pulled his mustache. Still he spoke not only being satisfied, and I do not doubt the contrast of his first days in Washington, when he came here years ago and had hard work making money enough to pay his board bills from fortnight to him. Though it is not generally known, Mark Twain was

ONCE A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

He came here from the West with Senator Stuart, and for a time wrote letters to the *Alta California* and the *New York Tribune*. He used to drink a good deal in those days, and was hardly considered a reputable character. It was shortly before this that he made that trip from which he returned as "Innocents Abroad," and this book he wrote here from the notes he took during his tour. The book made him both famous and wealthy. His manuscript he first sent to many prominent publishers, but they all rejected it, and he was about giving it up in despair when a Hartford company took hold of it. The result was they made $70,000 of the book and sold more than 200,000 copies of it. It was after this that Mark Twain went to Europe and lived a year. A man who worked on the paper at the time he left for Europe said he thought it was not a success. He loafed around the office, giving the office boy and telling jokes and stories rather than writing, and the only fruit of his Buffalo experience was the marriage, which, like "Innocents Abroad," turned out well. His wife brought a pot of gold into the family, and when he got to Elmira he found that his father-in-law had made him

THE PRESENT OF A BROWN STONE FRONT,

and thrown in a coachman with a hug on his back. Twain did not remain in Elmira, however, but went to Hartford and began to write "Roughing it." The work also successful, and established his fame. Mark Twain probably makes as much out of his books as any other writer in the country. He has his Hartford firm publish his books for him, and he always argues it that he gets a royalty on those printed in Europe. He is better known in foreign lands than any other American writer, and he is an international character. He has got his money out of his from real life, and his descriptions of travel are in the main true. He is a hard worker, and while at Hartford he writes in his billiard room in the attic. Like Trollope, he always has a watch before him, and the chambermaid knows that on the seat of one's chair there is a good literary work, and, like Blaine, he has a fixed amount of writing for each day's work. He rewrites many of his chapters, and some of them have been published and interlined again and again. Mr. Clemens—every one knows Mark Twain's name is Clemens—will be 40 years old on the 30th of this month. He is quite stout, and, if he has taken care of himself ever since he was 15. He has been a practical printer, a steamboat pilot, a miner, a newspaper writer, a singer, a reporter, a lecturer and a book-maker.

FIRE-PROOF INDIANS.

How the Hawthorn Dance is Performed at the Navajo Agency.

Mr. John Sweet, who has recently been travelling in New Mexico and Arizona, gives an interesting and graphic sketch to a Denver Tribune correspondent of the "Hawthorn Dance," which he had witnessed at one of the Navajo agencies. It took place in a circular form about forty paces in diameter. In the centre, about eight feet high, was constructed of fresh juniper and pinon boughs. In the centre, was a conical pile of wood, about twelve feet high, which was to make the great central fire. Around this, a ring fast from the fence, a dozen smaller fires were burning for the comfort and convenience of the spectators, who numbered 500 men, women, and children, gathered here from various parts of this Navajo country.

The fire-dance was the most picturesque and startling of all. Some time before the dancers entered I heard strange sounds mingled with the blowing of the buffalo horn. The sounds were much like the call of the sandhill crane and, perhaps, the properly called "trumpeting," and they were made by the dancers concealed behind the exercises. The noises continued to grow louder and more insane, until we heard them at the opening in the east, and a moment after we saw the dancers clothing on than a breech-clout entered. Every man bore a long, thick bundle of polished cedar bark in each hand, except the leader, who carried four smaller fagots of the same material. Four times they paraded around the fire, waving their bundles of bark towards the flame (from they baited in the east; the leader advanced to the east, and, with a bow, he cast one of his fagots, and, trumpeting loudly, threw it upon the fire; the other three then, in succession, performed a singular act at the south, the west, and the north, but before the north-west, he brandished his bark in it with the fagots of his comrades. As each of the fagots was cast upon the fire, some of the spectators blew into their hands and rubbed their faces as if they were cold, and after the flame.

When the fagots were in the whole band began a wild dance around the fire. At first they kept close together and spat upon one another some substance of supposed medicinal virtue. Soon they scattered and ran, apparently without concert, the rapid racing among the brands to throw out long, brilliant streamers of flame over the naked hands and arms of the dancers. They then commenced to apply the brands to their naked bodies and the bodies of their companions in front of them—no man once turning his back. At times the dancers cruel to the victim vigorous blows with his flaming stick, and, when he stood, as at times, it was a sponge, and, creeping close to the victim, sponge his face and body with water for several moments, as if he were bathing him in the waters from which he had just taken up with some one in front of him, and, in turn, bathe him in flames. At times, when a dancer found a good one in front of him, he proceeded to spouse his own back, and might see the big white sparks fly over three circuits around the fire, or until he overtook some one else. At each spot in the circuit of the blaze the loud trumpeting was heard and it often seemed as if a dozen hundred cranes were winging their way overhead, southward in the darkness. Ever and anon, the dancers would stop and, in the central fire, but when it was a fagot of cedar bark, it was lighted and used as a torch.

THE SONGS OF IRELAND.

Sweet, Plaintive and Tender, They Breath the Soul of the Nation.

There are few traits so characteristic of individual nations as their music, few which have so much to do with shaping a person and political career, and few of which the people of other nations so more proud.

Nor should we be surprised at this. The refined mind of the hard soldier fails to thrill to the spirit which pervades a national cry; and if it should, it is as least recreant, strange. I have heard many too scornful of the feelings and emotions of his countrymen, and, strange to say, generally the character which they have acquired, either by temperament or political circumstances. It is this ambodiment of the general features of every people that makes them so proud of and so much attached to their national music. Another cause, perhaps every bit as powerful, is the magic influence it has exerted over the tender hearts of their children.

Every one is aware of the brilliancy, softness, and exquisite sweetness of the Italian masters. Is not such the idiosyncracy of the nation? Who that has heard the popular airs of Germany, stately, romantic and martial, but is at once reminded of the pride of the feudal ages, who could dethrone an emperor or crowd in hundreds at the trumpet's call to fight against the Moslem? The sprightly and polished French—who is absolutely dancing mad—who, when idle, and what can be more stirring or spirited than some of his martial airs! We all know numerous examples of this kind, but these are quite sufficient to show how the music of a country influences its people and shapes character, and when applied to Irishmen, to show how it has stirred (neglected as it is) it has no other claim on their sympathies, but it is equal to the most powerful and pathetic condition of the nation.

Few adventures in life are more thrilling, pathos and plaintive melancholy tells him of the gloom that has for centuries overshadowed his native land, and, consequently, it is a somber tinge on the national mind. Again it has some of the martial spirit, and, the elastic spirit of the Milesian, that makes it so dear to the people, and instead of the sorrows that surround him, "And smile when a sunshine breaks through the cloud." And where is the daring energy, the high and impulsive courage, that had the "Irish battalions" to victory at Fontenoy, Cremona and Fontenoy, more admirably expressed than in these martial melodies, which make the blood in a boiling tide through the veins and ring on the ear like the sabre clash in battle.

Irish is our music. And yet there are Irishmen among whom the name of a native song—we do not overright paradox—the sing-song of a native air, is, they, begrudging almost the total want of a gentlemanly education, and, again he asserts that, and it is a sponge, and, creeping close to the victim, sponge his face and body with water for several moments, as if he were bathing him in the waters from which he had just taken up with some one in front of him, and, in turn, bathe him in flames. At times, when a dancer found a good one in front of him, he proceeded to spouse his own back, and might see the big white sparks fly over three circuits around the fire, or until he overtook some one else. At each spot in the circuit of the blaze the loud trumpeting was heard and it often seemed as if a dozen hundred cranes were winging their way overhead, southward in the darkness. Ever and anon, the dancers would stop and, in the central fire, but when it was a fagot of cedar bark, it was lighted and used as a torch.

AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

Peculiarities of the Man-eaters of the Dark Continent.

Any white man who visits the few tribes in Africa that eat human flesh is likely to have a laughable reception, and is certain to find himself among natives who, in their intelligence, arts, and personal and moral qualities are not equalled by any other native tribes. This fact, indeed, is true of man-eaters the world over, notwithstanding the popular impression that cannibalism characterizes only the lowest savages. Perhaps it was due to the Cannibal Isles, where the cannibal Cardinos filled the natives of Hayti with great terror. The word cannibal signifies a brave or valiant man, and is derived from the name by which the Carribees called themselves. A few hundred miles south west of Lake Albert Nyanza, on the banks of the Congo, there is a great tribe whose cannibalism is the most pronounced of any of the natives of Africa. They are the Mobuttus, a red-skinned race, physically fine specimens of manhood, and far superior to the black tribes around them in arts of war and peace. They inhabit a beautiful fertile country, thickly populated, dotted with rolling downs. They engage in agriculture, and, though they are frequent, is not a regular article of food except among the wealthier families. Strangers, who have lived among them for several months, say they are not, like many African tribes, children of paradise. They are human and their processes of thought, but that they understood reason and possessed a good deal of practical science. The specimens of their pottery, which are the celebrated Museum of Berlin, are equal to equal the best work of Egyptian art. They are ingenious wood-carvers, and the greatest boatmen on the Congo. Their roofed building described by Schweinfurth, built of timber, was 150 feet long, 50 feet wide and 50 feet high and held an audience of nearly 1,000 persons.

It is a common idea of cannibal tribes to conceal their practices as much as possible from the knowledge of others. Neither Schweinfurth, Junker nor Casati had seen the Mobuttus in any process of butchering or eating human flesh. During his months of residence among them, Schweinfurth on just two occasions saw women of the tribe preparing human flesh for consumption. The cooks were women, who were boiling sundry arms and legs, but his presence was unexpected and unwelcome, and he was invited to go elsewhere. In conversation, however, the Mobuttus made no secret of their practices, of which, indeed, there were numerous evidences in the shape of carefully picked human bones that were scattered about all their settlements. They returns are the specimens of human skulls, which are almost incessantly waging with one another. The tribes about Lake Albert are wisely seeking how they can secure their supply of human victims. The both political parties profess at present to be anxious to secure Irish immigrants, but, exacting new laws which will give the country a system of compulsory public compensation the landlords, and by those who make the Irish people the basis of self government. The Irish people are not a race to be a vant for the three fiend of discontent, lest the whole world should be ruined, and their rise and sweep over the land a devastating and lawless inundation.

The men of both parties who are sincerely desirous to do justice to Ireland, and to secure to her the blessings of self government, are all sensible of the fact that it is a delicate and difficult subject, and, if it should, it is as least recognized, and, if it should, it is as least recognized, and, if it should, it is as least recognized

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. PAPER OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

Is MONITOR was the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 26, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is also the most diffusive, penetrating, and, when organized (alas, too seldom!) the most efficacious agency in the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only entitled to be classed among the agencies of God, but is responsible for our welfare of which we are a part in eternal interests. What is and what ought to be the subject of Catholic journalism but to combine and direct all these agencies, from Sunday School up to Ecumenical Council, from Young Men's Association up to Mass Meeting, from Mass Meeting up to Mass Convention, from Mass Convention up to Plenary Council, from Plenary Council up to Vatican Council, under whose protection they wait to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, the rights and throne of the Holy Father, and the rights, duties, consolations and powers of the laities and Society.—Pop. Ed.

Editorial Notes.

—A curious calculator has discovered that, out of every 50,000 females in England, 6,816 answer to the name of Mary, and out of the same number of males 6,500 are named William.

—The London *Telegraph* is good enough to call the Fourth of July "as much an English as an American holiday." That's a fact, says the Boston *Pilot*, England was as necessary a feature of the original Fourth, as the Dutch was of original sin.

—A paper pane has been manufactured at Paris. The material for the case was compressed and took a perfect polish, and the tone of the instrument, though not loud, was very sweet—a soft, full, quasi-continuous sound, resembling somewhat that of the organ.

—A subscriber in Watsonville has sent us an envelope full of fly-leaves—or "lies leaves" perhaps it would be better to call them. They are issued by the American Tract Society, and when so filled with nonsensical "gush," they contain a fountain of fanatical fury against the Catholic Church. We will answer some peculiar questions propounded in "Tract No. 207," next week (D. v.) and show up the shallowness of sectarian objections to the Catholic Church.

—The Propaganda has recognized the value of the Catholic press by sending a circular to the heads of Foreign missions which contains instructions for a more regular system of correspondence and communication between them and the Sacred Congregation. Among other instructions is one requesting that journals, magazine, and other periodicals appearing in these missions, especially those containing information relative to their local work, should be sent to the Propaganda Archives.

—The so-called "enterprise" of the daily press has broken out in a new avenue. The last style of reporting includes all the blasphemous oaths in the use of the name of God uttered by crazy coroners and other cranks, which are printed in full for the use and benefit of the rising generation who then learn to swear according to the most fashionable style of blasphemy, by regularly perusing the daily paper! And yet people wonder why it is that the criminal court of America are such incorrigible infidels who have a God to swear by but not to serve.

—It is said that of the 100 suspects who were in Kilmainham Jail, Dublin, with Mr. Parnell three years ago, 5 have been hanged, 7 are dead, 10 have been sent to penal servitude for life, and 30 are car conductors and drivers in New York, Brooklyn and Chicago. All of them had good businesses or professions, but had to leave Ireland in consequence of the severity of the Crimes Act. These calling are all animated with the spirit of true patriotism. They see the dawn of Irish freedom, and we pray they may live to enjoy its sunshine.

—Patrons of Catholic newspapers should remember that they are one of the thousands who are derelict in their duty in remitting their subscriptions promptly. Think for a moment that printers are human; that they expect to get paid once a week; that paper bills, rent, gas and water bills have to be paid monthly; that Uncle Sam will not deliver the Monitor in your house on the credit system; he has no regard for person or position in this case; think if all subscribers are derelict as I am, how can this thing continue. A little attention to these things and we are sure there will be few delinquent subscribers on our books.

—Limerick has won the day. Lord Carnarvon, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has withdrawn Spencer's proclamation against the city of the violated treaty, which had been issued because of its refusal to pay the extra tax assessed against it on account of extra police employed to suppress the liberties of the citizens. The municipal council stoutly refused to pay the tax and defied the Government to enforce its collection. The administration has bowed to their defiance and has now requested an animal interview to settle the dispute. Score another victory for the city of the Violated Treaty.

—Changes in the composition of the Sacred College come rapidly. Already the Cardinals created by the present Pontiff outnumber those created by Pope Pius IX. Out of the present total of sixty two Cardinals, twenty-eight were their election to Pope Pius and thirty-four to Pope Leo. The Religious Orders have now thirteen representatives, who are thus described:—5 Benedictines, 1 Augustinian, 2 Oratorians, 1 Oblate of Mary, 1 Jesuit, 1 Capuchin, and 2 Dominicans. Considered in relation to nationality, the Sacred College is thus divided:—30 Italians, 5 French, 3 English, 3 Irish, 3 Austrians, 2 Hungarians, 4 Austrians 4 Spaniards, 2 Portugese, and 2 Poles. Forty-two Cardinals have died during the reign of the present Holy Father.

—The disgraceful manner in which the Baltimore *Mirror* yelps like a blood-hound at Minister Kelley is a blot upon the Catholic character of that veteran journal. The fact that Archbishop Gibbons, Bishop Keane of Richmond—and many others among the most eminent Prelates of America—endorse Mr. Kelley, should at least suggest to any Catholic editor the impropriety of his conduct in persistently condemning a Catholic gentleman whom authorities of the Church have delighted to honor.

—We had prepared a very caustic article against the members of the Congregational Club for their conduct relative to the invitation their pastor extended to Mr. Sam Cupel to lecture before them, as reported in the daily papers, but we have since learned from a member in whom we have very confidence, that much of the report in the daily press was entirely fictitious, hence, as we have no desire to wound the feelings of any fellow-creature upon information so unreliable, we abstain altogether from making any comments upon the Club in question.

—On Saturday morning the 1st inst., at the Palace of the Cancellera, Cardinal Martel, Vice-Chancellor of Holy Church, conferred the sacred pallium on the Archbishop-elect of Dublin, and on the procurators of proxies of the new Archbishops of Cologne, Prague, Oregon, S. Domingo, Bucharest, and Santa Fe. On the next day in the church of the Irish College, "Saint Agata in Suburra, Cardinal Moran gave episcopal consecration to the new Archbishop of Dublin, as well as to Mgr. Gravel, the Bishop of the new See of Nicolet, in Canada, and to Mgr. Sogaro, appointed Vice-Gerent for Central Africa. The assistant Bishops were the Bishop of Clogher (Dr. Donnelly) and Mgr. Kirby, titular Bishop of Lisa and Rector of the Irish College. There was a numerous attendance.

Is This Thus?

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:—

Dear Sir—The Boston Christian *Register* says: "The Protestants at the close of this 19th century numbered 40,000,000, while the Roman Catholics numbered 120,000,000. In 1834 the Protestants numbered 100,000,000 and the Catholics 184,000,000. Protestants have increased about 300 per cent, and the Catholic increased per cent." Are these figures correct? I do know where to find out, but I suspect the showing is not so bad for Catholics as the statement would make it appear. It was remarked, you may remember, in regard to a certain battle between men and lions, in which the latter were represented as badly beaten, that if the lions had written the account it would read very differently. It is just possible that this Protestant Register has relied for its statistics on the Pope's Year Book. VERAX.

"VERAX" is right. Put not your faith in sectarian statistics as they are purposely concocted by Protestant preachers in order to create a fictitious "boom" for their different decaying sects. The sole aim of sectarianism is to make "a good showing before the world," and in order to do this writers will invoke the aid of the Infernal Father of Lies if his counsel is necessary for the greater development of their diabolical efforts to prove that "Popery" is as dead as a double-clinched door nail: it has come to be a common maxim among many Protestant writers that it is as sin to falsify figures or to alter statistics in order "to make Rome howl," and the Protestant paper quoted by "VERAX" was only fulfilling its fiendish mission when it thus wilfully misrepresented the truth by publishing figures that have no substantial existence. It matters not to the Church of God whether her children number twelve individuals or twelve hundred thousand million souls. She was the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church when she could not call a thousand communicants to her communal feast, and she will continue to be the true Church of Christ even though ninety-nine hundredths of the foolish people of the world were to revert back to paganism. Protestantism as a religion is "a dead duck," and its preachers at this period of the world's existence are merely "whistling in order to keep their courage up." They call millions of people "Protestants" who care far less for Luther, Wesley or any of the other creed-makers, than Lucifer does, and thus they try to "throw dust into the eyes of the world." "By their fruits ye shall know them," and when any reflecting Christian looks around at the "fruits" of Protestantism, it will not take him long to discover the fact that a system of sectarianism founded on error can never arrive at God's truth. Hence when preachers problem that Protestantism is the topsawyer in the religious world they merely imitate Ananias and astonish nobody who knows with what facility they can falsify.

Card from Colonel Tobin.

The malignant crank who controls a certain disreputable anti Catholic publication in this city, having twisted his hatred of all things holy upon the head of Colonel Tobin for permitting the celebration of Mass on the ground of the military encampment at Santa Cruz, the commander of the Third Regiment answers the ruffianly assault of the bigoted blackguard who assails him in the following card which fully convices the aforesaid crank of his customary habit of resorting to falsehood in order to vent his spleen against American citizens merely because they profess the Catholic faith:—

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—My attention has just been called to an article published in a weekly paper of this city containing a letter to myself upon my religious belief and an attack upon my character because I stated that an order issued by me was issued at Camp Sheridan on Sunday, August 16, for the celebrity of my creation, and alleging that I ordered the presence of the regiment, that organization is a Catholic institution, and that I am a patriotism, and almost entirely so by birth. It contains it he makes a large number of assertions which are false, and I believe, therefore I have never sought to know, Catholic. I have never in my life, the latter Mass was celebrated upon a field which no one was ordered, but all were invited, religious service for the benefit of Protestants generally were held by a Protestant clergyman at the quarters of the Fourth Regiment, which, I frequently, have assisted on occasions. In justice to my regiment and to myself I ask publication of this communication. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT TOBIN,
Colonel Third Infantry.

Grants Birthplace Sold to the O. A. R.

MT. PLEASANT, Ohio, Aug. 15.—The title deeds to Gen. Grant's birthplace were transferred to day to the Department of Ohio, Grand Army of the Republic. The purchase price was $1,500 cash and the transfer made at once. The cottage is a long still put the house in repair and erect a monumental tablet. Orders for the tablet contemplated for this purpose will be issued on Monday.

"Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor."

This is one of the Commandments set forth in the Decalogue by Almighty God thousands of years ago, and so important was it considered by inspired Wisdom Itself, that the Creator of mankind did not wait even for the introduction of Christianity into the world in order to promulgate it, but the God of Justice placed it in His omnipotent Wisdom—among the Ten Commandments given to Moses for the moral and spiritual guidance of the children of Israel. It is not strange to say, that there is no mistake of the Most High God purely in order to prejudice what these Protestants, in their treatment of Catholic affairs, and especially when they undertake to revile the character of their Catholic brethren upon any question concerning crimes to which all human flesh may be heir, but wherein the charges brought against Catholics are generally brought forth as fabulous statements made purposely in order to prejudice what these Commandment-breakers call "the Roman Church," before the eyes of the whole world.

We had a sample of this species of scandalous wickedness of God's law in the *Pacific* last week, wherein a slander-hatching heretic, under the signature of "H," undertakes to break the Ten Commandments wilfully and maliciously by "bearing false witness" against his Catholic neighbor, by the fabrication of calumnious charges which have—even on their very face—no foundation in truth whatever to fact. Does the Decalogue—thus giving detractor imagine that Almighty God will not hold him to account for this malignant assault upon one of the commands given by the God of Justice! Do the editors of the *Pacific* imagine that Almighty God will hold them guiltless in this transgression of His law! Assuredly not! Unless all these practical transgressors repent and make proper restitution, they will never be permitted to see the face of God or to bask in the sunshine of heavenly glory!

If is not the MONITOR that thus decides the eternal fate of these men, but it is the test of God's Truth as set forth in the Bible, which so many Protestants pretend to love and live by, but whom divine precepts they prostitute to their own bitter bigotry whenever they desire to gratify their hatred towards the Catholic Church.

The foolish fanatic who flaunts the banner of Infidelity through the columns of the *Pacific*, undertakes to "bear false witness against his neighbor" by alleging that Catholics form the largest percentage of the criminal classes in England, Ireland, Canada, Prussia, Italy, Spain and South America. This is a very grave charge, yet it is made upon the *ipse dixit* of a disguised bigot whose so-called statistics are without a reason, and whose figures are manifest forgeries.

The bigot who thus breaks every Commandment in the Decalogue by his detraction, was incensed against the MONITOR for having published the statements of Irish judges and English prosecuting attorneys in proof of the peaceable condition of that portion of Ireland, as substantiated by the testimony of the chief judges of Ireland, wherein Catholic people in all lands, into the commission of venial offences against the law. Hal, like the penitent thief on the cross, they at least atone for their misdeeds by sorrow for their sins, and make their peace with Almighty God. But what shall we say of those purse-proud pe-digree Protestants whose sins are so enormous, and whose crimes are hateful even in the sight of merciful heaven, yet who stand in the middle of their nonsectarian congregations, twirling harlots, and gloat in their gilded cover their superiority to that unfortunate fallen sinner who was forced by stress of nature to steal a loaf of bread in order to save his life!

God judges men justly. Man's judgment is warped by the false theories engendered in his mind by Protestant error. Hence there may be a hundred venial sins committed by a hundred Catholics, and their aggregate enormity may not be as great in the sight of Almighty God on the day of Judgment as a single mortal sin committed by a single Protestant who has the barrier of wealth against the temptation of poverty, and who has erected here all the defences against transgressing God's law which are not to be found among the hundred Catholic sinners.

For these reasons, therefore, statistics of crime—unless we are familiar with the circumstances of the parties—are useless when applied to Catholics, or when subject used to bolster up "the bastard" influence of Christianity upon the human character. The Church is God's creation, and it will be for ever: His laws are her guide for all her children; and where God is there virtue, purity, and peace are to be found. But when Catholics violate God's laws they often do so unwittingly, or by force of circumstances which palliate their offence before the Judge of the living and the dead; and when such hate-filled fanatics as "H" undertake to castigate their Catholic brethren, they should remember that God's good advice them to "Judge not lest you be judged."

Whenever Protestant writers undertake to criticise their Catholic neighbors they seem to imagine that by parading Catholic shortcomings they elevate Protestant error and purify Protestant vice. In this respect such writers writers become the modern representatives of that creed of scarlet Pharisees and Publicans who surrounded the sinful Mary Magdalen when she fled for refuge to the feet of Our Blessed Redeemer; and when "H," and others of his calumniating caliber, attempt to cast stones upon the Church of God, we can truly say to them in the language of that Divine Saviour who came from heaven in order to save sinners: "Let him who is without sin first cast a stone at me."

Our Protestant critics seem also to forget—in the rage of their rancor against our only religion—that some of the greatest sinners have been transformed by the power of God into the greatest saints, hence the fact that Catholics sin against the laws of God or of any land, need not necessarily debar them from the friendship of God. St. Paul was so great a sinner that even a voice from Heaven appealed to him to know why

"Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor," Continued

Catholic people in all lands, into the commission of venial offences against the law. Hal, like the penitent thief on the cross, they at least atone for their misdeeds by sorrow for their sins, and make their peace with Almighty God. But what shall we say of those purse-proud pedigree Protestants whose sins are so enormous, and whose crimes are hateful even in the sight of merciful heaven, yet who stand in the middle of their nonsectarian congregations twirling harlots, and gloat in their gilded cover their superiority to that unfortunate fallen sinner who was forced by stress of nature to steal a loaf of bread in order to save his life!

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—Cardinal Manning, who is one of the best authorities on the social and religious questions of the day, says that the unity of the Catholic Church, throughout the world, was never more marked than now, while other religions are continually splitting up. Speaking of the condition of religion in England, His Eminence said that several teachers whittled away the outlines of the truths they undertook to teach. Moral and religious ideas, confined to the tender mercies of "private judgments," got to be exceedingly hard to resist the whitling process, especially when the sense of consciousness back of the private judgments.

—The new Church of the Jesuits at Braque, Belgium, was consecrated and opened last month. It is a substantial edifice of brick and stone, in the Early Pointed style, erected from designs by M. Pepin, and built under the supervision of the Rev. Father Van Darker, S. J., who is well known as an English confessor to many of our Catholic fellow-countrymen who have sojourned in Belgium. The church is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, with St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier as its secondary patrons. It was in a great, the time for the reception of the Pilgrim by Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore has not yet been decided.

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ALLOCUTION

Of Our Most Holy Lord Leo XIII., by Divine Providence Pope

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN BY THE DAILY MONITOR.

Venerable Brothers—Health and Benediction—Which We addressed you in this sacred place, we made a confession which, if it does not have the occasion of real sorrow to Us, now can be a cause of great joy to you, and of a great honor. Indeed, We said among these, as you are aware, in this place, the Sacred Pontiff, Pius, Our predecessor, of most pious memory, was wont to address the Sacred Consistory, which, in fact, We now do, and We, Venerable Brothers, Our Predecessor, Pius, Pontiff Pius, Pontiff Pius, Pontiff

Farm and Home.

HOUSE CLEANING.

A Prize Essay on How to do it.

The Philadelphia *Weekly Press* recently offered a prize for the best essay on House Cleaning. The following, by Charlotte Hall, was successful:

One of the difficulties of home cleaning is in finding the right place to begin. Start with the sun. Let them understand that women do not clean house for their own amusement, but because it is an important work which must be performed, and which will be finished with as little delay and annoyance to others as possible. By preserving an even temper we can spare the tempers of those about us. Have a perfect understanding that the work is not to be subject to whims or indigestion, or made the occasion of selfish complainings, and then push ahead quietly, quickly and thoroughly to the end.

Every spring and fall overhaul all old clothing, empty the rag-bags and dispose of the contents and all other rubbish. In the spring peak away all heavy clothing. Wrap such articles separately with camphor in old newspapers to protect the clothing from moths. In the fall have the summer clothing washed and put away without starching, as starch sets the clothes and turns white goods yellow.

Beginning with the upper story, take each room separately, that the whole house may not be in confusion at the same time. Then in case of sudden illness or unforeseen interruption some of the rooms will be habitable. Remove all pictures and fancy articles, carefully brush and wipe them free from dust, and with a soft, damp cloth, polish such article that will not be injured by an application of water. Then sover and put them away until the room is cleaned. This plan of cleaning as thoroughly as possible all articles before removing them from the room, avoids unnecessary going and from one place to another. The next thing is to take all the clothing from the closets, bureaus and wardrobes cleaning each receptacle thoroughly. Remove all furniture possible from the room, wiping off the dust before doing so, and carefully covering what remains. Brush the bedding with a small whisk broom before taking it out of the room.

Next take up the carpet. A good plan is to have the tacks drawn from the room the day before, as it saves time after the cleaning is actually begun. If in the country have the carpets taken out of doors, well beaten, shaken, and swept on both sides. If in the city, the carpet cleaning houses do the work thoroughly and with little expense. Slightly sprinkle the bare floor with water and swept twice. With a large, clean, soft cloth wipe the dust from the walls and ceiling. Have a bucket of warm water slightly soapy, and with a clean, soft scrubbing brush go over the paint carefully. Do not let any water touch the wall paper. Wipe the paint dry with a soft cloth to give it an even polish. Soap used directly on paint makes it yellow or takes it off. With clean water and a soft cloth wash the window panes and polish dry with a chamois or a clean soft linen cloth. Old newspapers are excellent for this purpose. Have the floor well-scrubbed, and when it is perfectly dry have the carpets laid, and replace the things belonging to the room. Close the room doors and proceed with the next room, and so on until all the apartments on the upper story have been cleaned. Next clean the entries and stairways of that floor. It is better to leave the entry and stairway carpets until the whole house has been cleaned, when they can all be put down at once. Take the rooms entries and stairways of each floor successfully until the cellar is reached.

If your house is heated by a furnace have all the registers through the house closed were practicable, and then thoroughly sweep up the dust will accumulate in the cellar. The cellar should be well swept, washed, and lime scattered near the walls.

When the dining-room and kitchen are being cleaned, the pantries, dressers, and cupboards should be done first. All the kitchen utensils must be cleaned and polished, and the range blackened before anything else is done. If the work is being done in the country, where stoves are used instead of a furnace, clean out the stoves, blacken, cover and set them aside in some dry place until the fall cleaning is finished or until the fires are again needed, when they will be ready to put in their proper places.

Eating Lemons.

A good deal has been said through the press about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice is how to use them so that they will do the most good, as follows: Most people know the benefits of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of the bilious system without the blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, according to excess, in as much ice water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humors and bile with efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or Congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is always not corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but, properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and, when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly, says a medical authority.

The Thompsonian Cancer Cure.

Dr. Samuel Thompson, the founder of the Thompsonian school, grandfather of the modern eclectic, botanic, and physio-medical schools, describes in his book a method of treatment which may have something in it. It is to make an ointment in the following way: Fill a brass kettle hanging full of the blossoms of red clover, add a little water, place over a fire and let it boil for some time; remove the heads of the clover by straining, and evaporate the liquid carefully to a solid extract. With this material he directs a plaister to be made, which acts as a caustic to the growth to which it is applied; the patient is to drink freely of a tea made from the red clover blossoms. He claims to have cured many cases of cancer in this way. No recent mention of this cancer cure appears to have been made. It certainly should be tested again, as if the difference between tumors are more readily made out than forty or fifty years ago, when Thompson flourished.

Lying in Bed with the Head High.

It is often a question among persons who are not acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head elevated, or even with the body, is most wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleeping without injury, yet we believe it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the head to the heart, are always loosened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore in cases attended with fever, the head should be nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger.

— Use Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" for constipation.

Family Fun.

Not His Property.

"Will you be kind enough to take that gripsack off that seat?" said a countryman, who got on a train at Lolling.

"No, sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer, who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that gripsack stay right there?"

"I am, sir! I do."

"In case you don't move that gripsack shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor."

"You can call the conductor, the engineer, and the brakeman if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station and send a special to old Jay Gould himself about it."

"The conductor will put you off the train."

"I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that gripsack from the place where it is."

The indignant passenger went through the train, and soon returned with the conductor.

"So you refuse to remove that gripsack do you?" asked the conductor.

"I do."

Great sensation.

"Why do you persist in refusing to remove that gripsack?"

"Because it's not mine."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Because nobody asked me."

Bonnet Verses Flour.

It is a question whether the flour barrel or the spring bonnet has "the call" in household discussions. Many old and inexperienced observers shake their money on the "St. B.," while to a casual onlooker the "F. B." would seem to be of greater importance. It was just after the sermon, and they were wending their way home in a soothed and peaceful frame of mind.

"Oh, Joh, dit you see that delightful new bonnet of Mrs. Arbutus! I think I was something like that."

"Like that!" exclaimed Mr. Shuttle. "That! why, it's the worst phantasy in reg roses I ever saw."

"Now, Joh, you know better. That bonnet is a complete symphony in harmonious tones, so effect that is perfectly bewitching, and I'll have one like it if I have to scrape the silver off the inside of the flour barrel for the next fool of bread."

Off in one Round.

"Do you think the cholera will reach here next summer, Mr. Blockby?" she murmured, as she brushed a microbe of dandruff off his shoulder where her head had lately rested.

"I don't know, I'm sure; doctors seem to think so."

"It's awful, ain't it?"

"Terrible!"

"A great many die with it?"

"So I've heard."

"Don't you feel alarmed?"

"Why should I?"

"I read somewhere the other day that married men seldom take it, where single gentlemen are almost sure to."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Boothby.

"Yes, and it is almost generally fatal."

"Horrible, ain't it?" said Boothby, with a shudder.

"I do so hope you won't get it, Mr. Boothby," she whispered, tears starting to her eyes."

He pepped.

How He Made the Boy "Set."

All the adult population of Cobbs Ville had assembled to witness the hanging of justice. He wanted candy, and he wanted to see the river, and he wanted to see the train, and he wanted more than anything else use of Detroit could procure a sunish free grain. His mother bashed him up to see what she could, and never time he slapped her face and kicked her shins, and got off without even a pinch. Up and by an old man who sat near her, and who first the boy had walked on several times, he begin to get nervous, and turning to his right-hand neighbor, said:

"Land sakes! Why I've got to git onter here or spunk that boy."

"He just aches for it!" growled the other.

"He does. He puts me in mind of my William. I've seen William when nothing on earth but a spanking would pat good natured into him.

"I say I will go!" shouted the boy at this moment.

"Please, Johnny, be good," entreated his mother.

"I won't!"

"Oh, do! See how they are all looking at us."

"I don't care if they are."

"With that he went up to the old man and made a kick, and then the curtain went up on the play. With one trial and a few notions he was seized, whirled over a pair of knees, and, before the first echoed smack of the spanking machine began its work, his entire body of seven was neatly wrapped and the ugly taken out of him inside of sixty seconds, the work was no more complete than in the same time.

"There!" said the speaker, as he opened the child and placed him on a seat, "you'll feel better—a heap better. Hated to do it, you know, but saw that you was bound to git hot. Boy your mother's prayer for interfering in her's? matters, but you set right that till the train was ready."

The boy "set," and such a calm and solid peace stole over the crowd that the yells of the backwater outdoors gave everybody a pain.

Feed Bows.

"Charles," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband, "do you know that you and I were had a reunion in a railway car?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't, but don't you remember that it was that pair of slippers I presented to you seven years ago last Christmas—the Christmas before we were married—that did to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat, and when you wasn't looking I took your slippers. Put for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married."

A young, unmarried man sitting near by immediately took his feet down from a seat.

Labor Statistics.

A building was in process of erection opposite a public building in Washington city. One of the clerks, who had been looking out of the window for some time, said to another clerk who was reading a newspaper:

"I have been watching the workmen over there, and he has not done a lick of work in all this time, I wonder what he gets paid for?"

Just about the same time the workman remarked to a fellow workman

"Just look at the Government clerk over there. He hasn't done anything except look out of the window for the last half hour. No wonder the country is going to the dogs."

Nervousness Cured.

"Dr Henley's Celery Beef and Iron" has cured and restored a super sinker of years time any other known remedy.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to furnish the publication committee with the date of their meetings for publication.

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Correspondence.

We respectfully solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church or the spread of the Faith.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday noon, so as to insure publication.

CONFIRMATION IN VIRGINIA CITY.

VIRGINIA CITY, August 13, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Perhaps a few remarks upon the IMPORTANT EVENT which took place in this our mountain Church on Sunday, the 9th inst., may be of interest to the numerous readers of your sensible journal.

The solemn memories consequent upon the impressive ceremony which our beloved Bishop Manogue performed in St. Mary's stately church last Sunday morning will long be treasured up like the treasure of my second mite, the hearts of a handful who were present at the hallowed service.

As the same sky so clear and beautiful in this Nevadian clime put aside her mantle of gloomy night, and the glorious rays of the morning's sun brilliantly streamed over the majestic Dome of Mt. Davidson, many an anxious heart throbbed in fond expectation beneath a pure and swelling bosom. For, oh! happy thought, was not the delicious nectar drawing up which was the hands of God's great High Priest, would, in due time, be poured into the cup of life? Yes, the Heavenly Father, who blessed the bridal feast of the Holy Ghost, with the shield in danger, and hope be a bright anchor. We not the moment already registered when those dear ones of Holy Church would have behind the rubble of world and worldly, and be enrolled in that heroic band whose memorable banner never knew defeat, though its spoils fade, free and unstilled, vared and still does wave, for eight and two thousand years. Yes, the moment had then come when the children of darkness of Christendom would be sentenced on them by their great spiritual father and pastor.

The young Virgins entered the church dressed in white, veiled and crowned with wreaths of smiling flowers over floating veils adorned their tresses, with hearts overflowing with holy thoughts, the Angelic scene excited. Over 70 of these dear young spouses of Christ, and 90 boys so fair charming, marched in procession from St. Mary's to the church which they entered in a manner which would do credit to some of older years, thus, in very fairly, place Lynch, and our devoted Bishop, who officiated in the ceremony, in

Poetry

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE LAST WORDS OF SAINT BERNARD.

(When Saint Bernard was so his death bed, the Abbotsoop of Metz anxiously presented himself at Clairvaux, earnestly supplicating the holy Abbot's assistance in quelling an insurrection which had broken out in his city. The Abbot immediately set out, and died ere a month had elapsed. The contrast between the sudden and hopless the praise was prevalent in alike. The dying Abbot, gifting the Archbishop's distress, and ever anxious to promote peace, wrote to the Bishop of Metz, and, appealing to Heaven's mercy, succeeded in calming their fury, and putting an end to the sanguinary strife.

There was sound of mournful sighing,
There was bitter wailing now,
When the Saint so long lay dying
In his Abbey of Clairvaux.
Where his sickliest knell beside him,
Waiting sadly for the sight
Of the grave that soon would hide him
From their loving, longing sight.

While they lingered thus surrounding
Holy Bernard's bed of death,
At the gate a knock resounding
Heard they all with hated breath.

Then the Lord Archbishop entered
With a swift and eager tread,
And to him, on whom were centered
All those tearful eyes, he spoke.

"Bernard! Bernard! rise and aid me!"
Then he cried in frantic tone,
"Mutinous Metz is in rebellion
"Like a demon's den hath grown.
"Stands proud, with stubborn pennant
"Wars in force and foolish strife.
"Peaceful is, and valleys pleasant
"Are with devastation rife.

"Chant the doleful funeral quell,
"Have alone, all-consoling balm!
"Chant dolent the boats of hell."

From his bed of anguish mental
Then the dying Saint arose,
Passed beyond the skeleton's portal,
Sought the Sovereign Worthy foes.

Like a spectre there before them,
Stood that dying Saint and spoke
Spell supernal resting o'er them,
Spell of peace to soothe the storm.

In the hush of midnight holy
Chase the mighty sobbing proud,
And with robed brethren lowly,
At his sacred feet they bowed.
All in sorrow bent and humbled,
Blessed that love-transfigured hand,
Which so long had fondly fondled
Kin of prince and starving hind.

Then, his life of work accomplished,
And its last sweet labor done,
To his rest the Saint ascended,
To his crown so gradually won.

From the bosom of bliss eternal,
Where the Saint had forward fledge
Hold he looked with pity yearned
On the world's drear, tempest plain.
Of thy mission's consolation,
Did the shrill tumult cease—
Or in sweet sound of desolation
Cast thy sacred spell of peace.

Rosamond M. Skinner (Marie).
San Francisco, Cal.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

TWILIGHT.

How beautiful is the twilight hour,
How calm the soft shade and sky
When Nature lends her lovelier gifts
And the sweet hour draws nigh.

The clouds in fleecy grandeur roll,
Tinged with the golden hues,
While others, decked in red and gold,
Go forth to meet the night.

They form in queer fantastic shapes,
Some glide like fairy boats;
In one, which seems to soar to us,
Sweet angels stand 'mid floats.

It is not only in the sky
The mystic change is seen
For beneath the forest shades, the leaves
Put forth a softer green.

The murmuring brooklet is silver,
The mournfully sighing breeze
Of purple, lilac, crimson, gold,
That are made upon the leaf of blue.

Sudden the rippling of the brook,
The soft sigh of the breeze,
Of some distant wedding bell.

But it is not only Nature
Thus is charmed by twilight's power,
For man, the Parfitted Zoneus and
This calm and holy hour,

To raise their hearts to God,
And to melt their souls in prayer
So that they may rest, and find a home
For every earthly care.

And as, yet lingar, we the day
Has vanished from our sight,
The heart grows more and more at the mists
Draw down the shades of night

Then as the twilight fades away,
We see the moon has risen
And flooded with her silvery light
The starry vault of heaven.

Rosemary.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

LAZY LAUREL.

(INTROSPECT)

Who can behold this lovely lake
Embosomed high among the hills,
And not a wish, a sweet wish arise
Within his heart electric thrills?
Response for the Mighty Hand
That reared aloft this grandeur zone,
Suffering, and have been, written and graved,
Unseen for now and unknown.

Lo! Nature reigns in power supreme,
Her mantle of green is thrown around
Her rocky ribs, her sides and all and all
Then be cried in frantic tone,
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Literary Miscellany.

The Rose of the Vatican.

A True Story.

One beautiful morning, in the year 1853, His Holiness Pius IX. was taking his customary walk through the garden of the Vatican. As he entered a shady alley he saw a boy apparently six years old, whose little basket were filled with flowers, evidently gathered from the pontifical borders. When he caught sight of the Holy Father, the little fellow hastily dropped his oxford, forces harvest on the shining gravel, and stood stiff, with downcast eyes and blushing face. The Pontiff smiled, and approaching the child said, in the kindest manner possible:

"My child, where did you get those pretty flowers?"

"Over there, Holy Father; I gathered them in your own garden."

"Well, why did you throw them down when you saw me?"

"Because mamma is over yonder, and she strictly forbids me to touch one of the flowers," stammered the child.

"So, my child, you disobeyed your good mother! That was wrong, very wrong indeed; but I know you are sorry, for I see the tears in your eyes; so I forgive you this time, but for her and myself. Would you like to shook some pretty flowers?"

"Oh yes, Holy Father, I would! I do love carnations and lilies!" and the boy quickly forgetting the pain.

"Well, my son, I will give you full permission to take them. But look at these handsome roses; would you not prefer one of them?"

"Oh, thank you, Holy Father! I should like to have that large, open white rose.

"Why the white rose in particular, my son?"

"My Mamma loves the Pope, and I would like to offer it to her in memory of you; she would keep it always.

"What a pure name!" inquired Pius IX., cutting a lovely white rose.

"Leonello, Holy Father."

The Pope asked the child several other questions, to which the latter replied with the candor of his age, then kissed him and gave him his benediction. A shade came over Leonello's countenance, and he timidly looked up to the kind Pontiff as if something else was needed. The meek petition was quickly understood by the mantly Vicar of Christ, who, like his Master, made him self humble with the lowly. "What is it, my son,—you want something else?"

"Holy Father, you blessed me, though I was spoiling your garden," replied the boy; then, in words that seemed to be inspired, he added, "perhaps you will bless my father too, although he fought against your soldiers."

"I bless him with my whole heart, my child."

"Then he is no longer an enemy of the Pope, if you bless him, is he?

"I pardon him, as I do all my rebellious children.

"Oh, how happy my dear mamma will be!" cried the child.

"Well now, Leonello, go to your excellent mother; try to be a very good boy; obey your parents in everything that is just and right, and be sure you never forget that the Pope gave you his paternal and priestly blessing."

The boy ran to his mother, and the Pope, followed by his chamberlains, continued his morning parade.

Years have rolled on, and we find ourselves in the month of November, 1867. Great revels had been held in Rome, for numerous army, made up of hired assassins, mercenaries, freebooters, adventurers, and cutthroats, had been defeated, and the hero of the Pontifical Zouaves and the French battalions. A few days after the battle of Mentana, Pius IX., gave a visit of charity to an ambulance, in which there were several Garibaldian wounded. As he passed through the wards, he stopped at the bedside of a young man dangerously wounded.

"He is a Garibaldian," said the ambulance, in an undertone; "he refuses all spiritual aid, although he will surely die.

"Poor young man!" murmured Pius IX., gazing silent in the wounded patient; then, having looked at him attentively, he exclaimed: "Leonello! it is Leonello!

The words startled, opened his eyes, and a deep blush suffused his agonized countenance.

"My son, do you not recognize me? do you not remember the white rose I gave you in the garden of the Vatican?"

"Ah! I can never forget it; it always haunts my memory," sent the dying Garibaldian, trying to cover his face with both hands; "then I was a happy child."

"True, and now you are unfortunate, suffering, and have been, written and graved, unseen for now and unknown.

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"Are with devastation rife.

"Chant the doleful funeral quell,
"Have alone, all-consoling balm!
"Chant dolent the boats of hell."

From his bed of anguish mental
Then the dying Saint arose,
Passed beyond the skeleton's portal,
Sought the Sovereign Worthy foes.

Like a spectre there before them,
Stood that dying Saint and spoke
Spell supernal resting o'er them,
Spell of peace to soothe the storm.

In the hush of midnight holy
Chase the mighty sobbing proud,
And with robed brethren lowly,
At his sacred feet they bowed.
All in sorrow bent and humbled,
Blessed that love-transfigured hand,
Which so long had fondly fondled
Kin of prince and starving hind.

Then, his life of work accomplished,
And its last sweet labor done,
To his rest the Saint ascended,
To his crown so gradually won.

From the bosom of bliss eternal,
Where the Saint had forward fledge
Hold he looked with pity yearned
On the world's drear, tempest plain.
Of thy mission's consolation,
Did the shrill tumult cease—
Or in sweet sound of desolation
Cast thy sacred spell of peace.

Rosamond M. Skinner (Marie).
San Francisco, Cal.

PEOPLE WHO BUY PETS.

They Have Many Peculiar Fancies—A Monkey that Wore Spectacles.

"What sorts of people care most for pet animals?" asked a reporter of a Bird Fancier, "Such a variety of persons like pets," said he, "and they like them in so many ways and for so many reasons, that it is hard to say which ones have the call. Perhaps it's the good hearted people, and then perhaps it isn't. The biggest prize I ever got for a cat was $25, and that was from a man who would feel sore about giving thirty cents to a blind beggar. He was a man who One morning he came in here to collect a bill and a fine kitten of mine kept rolling against his leg. The widower made believe not to notice the pet, but at last he looked up to me quite suddenly and said, 'I suppose a man has got to love something.' He said it as though it was a sort of hard ship. Then he paid the price without grumbling.

"The wisest old chap that ever came into this store bought a terrier for a grandson of his who was a sort of an invalid.

"'My grandson's mighty fretful,' said the old gentleman, 'and he is hard to live with, but if he gets interested in this pup, he's pretty well off.' And sure enough he did get well. I have had quite a number of customers among people in good health. They were mostly ladies. Some women take to pets because they think no one else will care for them, or because they have been disappointed in love and want to care for something that will show affection.

"There is one curious difference between men and women pets. A man will sometimes sell one when it gets sick, but a woman will hold on to it until it gets old or dies. Women that have the genuine love for pet animals, seem to care all the more for pets that are sick. I have often seen little sick pets that they would not have fancied had the animals been well. A woman came here for a pug last winter, when I had advertised some very fine ones, and she confessed to take a spaniel that looked as though he wouldn't live a week. The dog got well and became the most affectionate animal I ever saw.

"I am oddly distant to anything in the nature of a watchdog. I wouldn't sell a watchdog if I allowed him to show too much familiarity or short acquaintance. Dogs intended to sell for pets must be kept just on the ragged edge of affection, as it were. They show too much love for the dealer, some ladies won't want them. I have had a tender-hearted lady remark that she wouldn't take a dog of mine because it would be cruel to part us. Of course, a circumstance of that kind injures a dealer's business.

"Artists prefer cats to other other pet animals, and they are first-rate judges. Large, fond marked tortoise-shell suits them well. I took in $70 from an artist one day for a superbly marked mottled grey. I had what we call the night and day state, and he spent an hour on having a graceful cat. Now, all cats are graceful, but some have more of an easy movement than others, and some have more style. There are lots of people who think it makes things look genteel to have a large cat around. Some of my highest tabbies have been sold to people who cared more about getting a cheerful effect in their rooms than they did for cats.

"Dogs do not seem to be in favor with musicians. A musician once told me he couldn't keep them because they barking grated on his ear. Hot musicians don't like to carry dog-baskets, and they scare at her dogs, and there is a belief in the trade that the only pet that goes well with musicians is a monkey. Monkeys and parrots are not genuine pets; they are curiosities.

"I have known monkeys to show great fondness for each other, but they do not care for human beings. A lady once had one of has three of them. She says that none of them ever bite her.

"People learn to dislike pets from queer causes. A woman came here to swap off a pet terrier because he barked one day when a little child came in. Another woman gave me back a monkey at half price because, when she came home, he was behind her back, she saw him in the glass.

"I sold a monkey that wore spectacles. I sold her that monkey because she said he looked so much like a man

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 2, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PARES.

Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the most universal education. It is the education of great place, democratic opinion, and spiritual guidance for world. In our view, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, but only a work made possible by the wolfare of society, but a part of upon which the welfare of society depends. We do not think that journalism has its conscience and nerve in the truth, whatever it may be; always all, the Divine truth.—Rev. Dr. Thompson, Missouri Universe.

May God bless and direct through the instrumentality of the Monitor, the good work which it has begun, and which is present, the actions of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, its rights and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and labor in the conditions and principle with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—It is understood that Switzerland is soon to have its long promised Catholic University, and that the first Rector will be the Very Rev. Canon Bourquenod, President of the College of Dalle, in Alsace.

—In consequence of the crowded state of our columns this week we are compelled to hold over until our next issue several editorial articles including "Answers to Protestant Tract No. 207."

—The MONITOR has the honor of having eight pastoral visitors on the staff of contributors, and three of them contribute as many poems to this issue. They appear on the second page and we know they will please every reader who relishes the benison of poetical thought when elegantly expressed by Catholic writers.

—In conversation with Rev. Joseph M. Quinlan, pastor of St. Louis Bertrand Church, of this city, says the Cincinnatti *Telegraph*, we learned from him an interesting fact. It is that Michael Davitt, the Irish patriot, accompanied both the Fathers Quinlan during the six weeks they spent exploring the Holy Land. Father Quinlan's pronounce Davitt to be "a good Catholic."

—When we set up until after midnight writing out the full text of Monsignor Capel's lecture on "The Catholic Church the Mainstay of American Institutions," we never imagined that such a paper as the *Catholic World*, published in the great city of New York, would steal it and publish it without credit, from another reflects no fame on any paper with the slightest pretensions to a Catholic sensorium.

—Just as the cholera was for the second time threatening Marseilles, the French Government rendered a somewhat tardy tribute of respect to a holy Religious, Mother St. Cyprien, Superiorem of the Sisters of St. Augustine, who for no less than forty-three years has been ready to flee at the sign of every epidemic that has visited that unhealthy town. The *Journal Official* of Sunday contains a decree signed by M. Jules Ferry ranking the service of this devoted servant of the sick, and naming her a Chevalier of the national order of the Legion of Honor.

Beneficial Influence of Catholic Institutions.

From Boston Monitor.

Catholic societies are spreading throughout this ecclesiastical Province and we hope ere many months to see every Catholic Parish faithful both to the Church and to each individual member. Catholic societies can be made a valuable auxiliary to the Church in her work in the world by keeping her children away from those mongrel associations where anti-Catholic traps are covered with the gossamer web of "Love, Friendship and Truth," or other catch-penny contrivances by which the souls of Catholics are sold for the insurance money or the sum stipend set forth in well-cooked By-Laws.

No Catholic was ever made more religious, more moral or more of a model citizen by associating himself with non-Catholic societies, while thousands of Catholics have been wrested from their allegiance to the Church by becoming members of benevolent, social or secret societies where Protestantism prevails under the flimsy veil of "non-sectarianism." Alluding to the beneficial influence which Catholic societies exercise when properly conducted under Episcopal sanction, the *Central Catholic* says with great truth that if there is one idea that ought never to be lost sight of in the Catholic mind it is the value of Catholic Societies. The world establishes Societies for its purposes. They effect a great deal, for the fact of organization is the fact of conquest. But sometimes they grow useless. They lose their object. They fall to pieces. But Catholic Societies have no such element in them. Their purpose are for an object whose interest never dies out—the object is salvation. In the higher lines of Catholic purpose let us look at the Jesuit who terms himself a member of a Society. What a world of wonder-work that Society has done, and the animating principle of it is only the simple principle of the salvation of the souls of its members and the salvation of the souls of the world. In an humble way the guiding rule of every Catholic Society can be found with the holy purpose crystallized in that great company of Jesus. There is not a Catholic brotherhood that can be founded which cannot be contributary to the generous purpose of saving the souls of others. There is not one that can be formed in which its members cannot perform associative works of charity. There is not one that can be formed whose members cannot give the associative example of virtue. There is not one that can be formed which as the years go by will not have the prayers of some soul saved by it to further its purpose. With these considerations clear to our minds we rejoice when we learn of a new Catholic Association being formed. The dioceses into which they enter are blessed, and the foundation of Catholic principles, Catholic practice, Catholic piety are laid. They teach charity, forbearance and piety. Use of the most useful for this high purpose is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. It ought to be spread far and wide. Its is a very often overlooked, very often not thought of, and but too frequently not established. To establish it must be the work of the pastor. To carry it on must be the work of the people. Its most effective

anonymous communications for the purpose of inciting us, vainly imagine that we get "mad" at their insulting effusions, but this is a great mistake. We rather enjoy this kind of literature, and invariably laugh at such snaks, but we do want them written in good English, and not in the horrible hash of bad spelling and blasphemy combined in the edifice effusions of the fellow who hails from Hollister.

—There are some English Catholics so thoroughly imbued with Cockneyism as to refuse to confess with their Irish co-religionists in securing liberal legislation for the Catholic body in England. For the benefit of these stiff-necked Britons Bishop Bagshawe of Nottingham has issued a Pastoral in which he thus lands the Irish for the great good they have done in England. "If," says this eminent Prelate, "Catholics are not to combine with any of the English parties it follows that they must either combine amongst themselves exclusively, or throw in their lot with their brethren, the Irish Catholic Party," and he declares at once with generous eloquence in favor of the latter course. "If they," he says, referring to Irish Catholics, "had not been our brethren we should have no political influence to use. We should be still under the penal laws (if may were left of us who had not apostatized or fallen into schism as Protestants Catholic Dissenters, or were Bishops nominated and paid by the English Government.) From these and many other evils, have we been saved by our Irish Catholic brethren, and, without them, all that church extension, for which we bless God, would have been impossible."

—Next to the *Argonaut*, the *Occident* of this city—the organ of the proscriptive, anti-secreting Presbyterian sect—is proving itself the champion exhumator of the Catholic Church on this coast. Last week—in falsely charging the Pope with changing his policy—it added this malignant and monstrous falsehood:

> Plus the Ninth bears as "Reforming Pope," and barely escaped assassination in consequence. After that he threw himself entirely into the hands of the Jesuits. Pope Leo may be bravo enough to rebel against "the Black Pope," as he is called, but he will not be unlikely. But he knows that if he does so, he does it at the peril of assassination from those who believe and teach that it is right to do evil that good may come.

The mendacious mind from whence such malevolent fabrications could emanate, has no more conception of Christianity than a skunk has of the observance of Sunday. *Where does the Catholic Church teach that it is right "to do evil that good may come?" When was such an outrageous, satanic theory put into practice?* The infamous charge is one of those *manufactured falsehoods* which have been successfully met and annihilated into "smithereens" by Catholic writers throughout the last three centuries, but which the preachers of the Gospel of Hollister, which the preachers of the Gospel of Hollister, which the preachers of the Gospel of Hollister,

Farm and Home.

Girls, Beware of Dudes.

The human mind is weak and easily led astray. This is true in every case, but in particular when the flexible minds of young, thoughtless ladies come into consideration. Young maidens should bear this in mind, and never lose sight of the sound adage that they belong to the weaker sex. The young ladies of our day have a great predilection in home and fashion matters for a vain, showy fellow who little trouble to fascinate their attention and devotion. It is not all gold that glitters. Exterior finery, polished and affected manners, a studied vocabulary and other dandyish affectations never act unfrequently the most useless part of characters and the most discreditable of dispositions. Such gaudy and hollow pups are found in large numbers everywhere, and it requires no keen observer to spot them. Girls, beware of such dudes.

Cleanliness, propriety, and politeness, we like to see observed by young men, and should be appreciated by all. foolish affectation, on the contrary, creates disgust and aversion in the eyes of all thinking people. Good and fine clothes, a gold watch and chain, silk handkerchiefs, and such like, are very becoming indeed, not, however, to those who earned and worked to enjoy such luxuries. Extravagance is contemptible and sinful, and is, generally speaking, the first steps to failure and poverty. It is a silly and stupid pride, and pride comes always before the fall.

Ashamed of their ordinary working clothes, they appear neatly in their very best in the fashionable resort at that.

Besides, these dudes manage by not paying their washer-woman and tailor, to attend operas and theatres. They always to play the gentleman, but prove to be homeless scamps. With a sublime and misconceived assurance of their appreciation, they impudently intrude on the society of more reflecting people, and become irksome even to their best friends. Notwithstanding these objectionable features in a young man's character, they find their devoted admirers among the weaker sex. And what is more surprising, apparently thoughtful and sensible young ladies protemate their attention.

To all such young maidens we repeat: Beware of dudes!

Mustard and Pneumonia.

Writing to the New York World a gentleman says: "Pneumonia can be cured if the person will apply promptly over the lungs a position of plaster made of mustard and flaxseed meal, keeping quiet and warm in bed. Prompt action is of vital importance, and there is no occasion for waiting for the arrival of an 'old-fashioned' or 'new-fashioned' practitioner. The simple remedy may be applied by any one, and if taken in season will, I think, always be effective. In my first personal experience my determination to try it was prompted, even for a day, some near coating me my life. The one was neglected till an eminent physician said that at any right time would be of just as much use to me out on the table as in the condition it then was, a fact of which I was already pretty well aware; but the material and flaxseed poultice mastered the disease and restored my lung to its normal condition, as good as new. In the second attack, a year later, the case was taken in hand promptly, the poultice applied, quiet and warmth maintained, and speedy recovery ensued without a physician being called." Mustard is an old-fashioned remedy, and its healing virtues can hardly be over-estimated. It has saved our household many a doctor's bill.

Around the House.

This maiden tied over jars keeps out insects and admit air.

When bread will not retain the dent of the finger it is ready for the oven.

Half a cup of vinegar in the water will make an old fowl cook quickly.

When making dumplings for soup put in one at a time and they will not stick together.

Collings that have been smoked by a raccoons lamp should be washed off with soda and water.

Never boil oysters in milk, but cook them in water, then season with butter and put them in a dish with hot milk.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

If you have any old muslin dresses that are good and still are faded and so unfit to wear, it is a good time to try the experiment of bleaching them, and if of good quality they will do much service as nonsuch dresses. Most of the delaines need muslins can be bleached by boiling them in strong soap suds, and then laying them on the grass for a day or two; others may have weak ammonia added to the water.

True Politeness.

Riding often in public conveyances one soon learns to know the "gentle-mannered" man, and one often sees such instances of quiet, thoughtful gentleness, and unobtrusive politeness, such regard for old age, weakness and infancy as show that the spirit of gentleness is not extinct, in spite of all the hurry and rush of Young America. While we hold that persons who enter a public conveyance, when they see there is no room for them, should not expect any passenger to rise and give them a seat, yet there are cases when it would seem to be the first impulse of any one with an observant eye and kindly feeling to do so without hesitation.

An old woman, bowed and infirm, with a heavy bundle in her bare wrinkled hands, which bore the marks of many years of weary toil, once entered a crowded horse-car, and endeavored to support her trembling frame against the door. No one offered her a seat, though the one was filled with people younger than herself by two score of years. She was too poor and humble looking for any of the young men who thought themselves gentlemen to offer her their places, as they would probably have done to a younger and fashionably dressed lady: A noble-looking woman, plainly but elegantly attired, sat near her. Her eyes met the poor down the rows of passengers, who appeared not to have noticed the old woman. Her lip curled a little; and, rising, she said, "Madam, take my seat."

"No!" hotly protested the old woman, "I thank you, but I can stand very well if I lean against the door."

"But you must take it," said she, persuasively. "I should be ashamed of myself did I sit while one so much older stood." And she put out her hand and assisted the old woman to her seat.

Two men shamed into politeness rose and offered the lady their places, but she refused them. The courtesy that could not be shown to the old woman on account of her age and poverty should not be extended to her.

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T——K—— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got over the severe songe of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T——, "(G. M. D. did it!" And his friend wondered what, but it seems his knew it did not mean a Blood Many Doctor, for T——K—— had tried a dozen in vain. "Here I'm," said he, pulling the suit on the table, "you guessed it, Pioneer Golden Medical Discovery, or Gold Medal Deserved so my friend I recommend things duke it." Sold by druggists.

Family Fun.

Five Obedient Husbands.

There were five of them together, and it was late. They had been drinking. Finally, one of them looked at the clock, and said:

"What will our wives say when we come home?

"Let them say what they want to. Mine will tell me to go to the mischief," responded No. 2.

"I'll tell you what we will do. Let us meet here again in the morning, and tell our experiences. Let the one who has refused to do what his wife told him to when he got home pay for this evening's entertainment."

"That's a good idea. We will agree to that." So the party broke up and went to their respective homes.

Next morning they met at the appointed place, and began to tell their experiences. Said No. 1: "When I opened the door my wife was awake. She said, 'A pretty time of night for you to be coming home. You had better go out and sleep in the pig pen, for that's what you will come to, sooner or later, anyhow.' Rather than pay for all we had drank last night, I did what she told me to. That lets me out."

No. 2 cleared his throat, and said: "When I got home I stumbled on a chair, and my wife asked, 'There you are again, you old drunken brute! You had better wake up the children, and stage about the room for awhile, so they can see what a drunken sot a father can be!' I did so with." I thought the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to obey: so I woke up the children and stumbled around until my wife hinted to me to stop. She said a chair is conveying the hint. That let's me out."

No. 3 spoke up and said: "I happened to stumble over the pan of dough, and my wife said, 'Dumb again! Hasn't you had to sit down in that dough? So I sat down in it, and that let's me out."

No. 4 said: "I was humming a tune, and my wife called out, 'There you are again! Hadn't you had enough to drink for one night?' I said, 'Certainly,' and began to sing as loud as I could. But she told me to stop, or she would throw something at me, so I stopped. That let's me out."

No. 5 looked very disconsolate. He said: "I reckon I'll have to pay. My wife told me to do something none of you would have done, if you had been in my place."

"What was it?"

"She said, 'So you thought you would come home at last! Now mind, I'm better go out to the well and drink a couple of buckets of water, just to astonish your stomach!' That was more than I had bargained for; so it's my funeral."

No Room in Heaven for Him.

He stood before St. Peter and meekly appealed for admission to the Better Land.

"Can't admit you, sir," said St. Peter, "there is no room in Heaven for such as you."

"Haven't I served the lord of the land?"

"Yes, in the main."

"Haven't I observed the laws of the land?"

"Yes, as a rule."

"What, then, has been my offense?"

"You wanted to stop your neighbor, and instead of dropping a line to the publishers you had the postmaster send him a card with a message to the effect that his paper was 'refused.' Such a man as you could would send no congenial company in Heaven, so, please speed on to the land where they don't shovel snow."

He got it at Last.

Widow to medium—"Is my husband happy in the spirit land?"

Medium—"Very happy indeed."

"Then, tonight Hiram, he's got a blanket."

"Got what, madam?"

"A protoffice."

Quite a Difference.

A paper gave an account of a society event, and, in speaking of one beautiful lady, of quite large proportions, the editor wrote: "Mrs.——possesses a form that a Juno might envy." The editor sent home and left a subordinate to get out the paper, and the next morning he was horrified to read: "Mrs.——possessed a form that Jumbo might envy."

He Eats Porterhouse Now.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

"Yo's gwan to git a drink, Jim? asked the elder.

"Dat's what I'm gwan to do."

"Do and git yo' drunk. I p'ceet ter do sense ting when I was young. When I was first married dah was a gin-mill next do' do shop whe' I worked, and I spent in it fifty and seventy-five cents a day outer de dollah I ba' I rahned in. Wall, one mawnin' I went into de butcher shop, and I ordered cum in dat fo' de man wat kep' the likker shop.

"'Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'terhouse steak,' said he.

"He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butcheh and locked he ha' rah mound I had ief.

"'Wat do you want?' said the butcheh.

"'Oh me ten cents' wif of libber,' was my remark.

"'I tun wil I good pay fur. Now yo' gib me dat po' steak. Yo'll eat libber, but a man wal sets yo' de steak will bee his po'terhouse steak. De man bahin' de bah ordy po'terhouse—de man in front ain libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' thirty years, and I am sotin' po'terhouse myself.

What Joining the Choir Did.

"Are you a Christian, sir?" asked a pious-looking individual of a man he met at a prayer-meeting.

"Yer say of the young men who thought themselves gentlemen to offer her their places, as they would probably have done to a younger and fashionably dressed lady: A noble-looking woman, plainly but elegantly attired, sat near her. Her eyes met the poor down the rows of passengers, who appeared not to have noticed the old woman. Her lip curled a little; and, rising, she said, "Madam, take my seat."

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☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and other information desired for publication, for this Department.

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Correspondence.

We gratefully solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Catholic Church in this Diocese. All communications should be addressed to this office by Thursday noon, so as to insure insertion.

CATHOLIC SERVICES FOR AMERICAN PATRIOTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 27th, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The fact that three companies of the Red Regiment, N. G. C., who are drilling while in camp at Santa Cruz, were invited by the Commanding Officer of that regiment to attend the religious services according to the rites of the Catholic Church, seems to me, as it must to the Editor of the *Argonaut*, little short of a miracle. Perhaps it is the first time in the history of the Pacific Coast that a Protestant regiment, as such, has ever been ordered to attend Catholic services, or any other similar body of men.

The Irish Brigade (which consisted of the 69th, 69th and 88th, New York, the 28th, Mass., and 116th, Penn., regiments,) during the whole period of its service with the Army of the Potomac, (which was from the organization of that army by the noble McClellan, until its disbandment, after the surrender of Gen. Lee's army,) never failed to have the Holy Sacrifice offered up, celebrated by the Chaplain with the assistance of those who either represented or were Catholics.

The Sunday morning at a given hour, the captains or company commanders invited any one of other denominations, who did not desire to attend the Catholic service, to step to the front, he then asked them if they wished to attend service in a separate tent, which they invariably made in some instances near by, and, if so, they were invited (or marched) off to the tent of their choice; those who did not wish to change my service, had to remain in their tents or with the Orderly of Rear and to them until the whole regiment had marched off.

Without the Battle of Antietam, while the Army of the Potomac lay at Harper's Ferry, the Irish Brigade, marched in a body to the Catholic Church in that town every Sunday morning, with its level and beautiful Chaplain, Father Thos. Prendo Meagher, at its head. The Brigade, at that time, formed part of General Hancock's Division.

The writer himself, served with that Brigade from its organization, until its disbandment, between three and four years, and, notwithstanding I am a layman, he mingled freely among the officers and men of the Brigade, and, consequently, saw or heard, if anything of an offensive character had occurred, or, rather, it is due to him, that he heard a single objection or word of complaint, because an acknowledged body of brave men had proceeded to worship their Creator according to the dictates of their own conscience.

Probably General Hancock and the Commanding Generals of the Army of the Potomac were not aware of the anomaly of the order they permitted in allowing this Irish Brigade and many other Irish regiments "to encamp for worship *per* and *propter*," etc., by attending the Church of their choice, and, in fact, they, by carrying their loyal army flag, by their side, which the Brigade had, and which they did through with the Stars of shot and shell, and which they carried to its until the last Confederate laid down his arms, made the valued Priest was necessary to be absent.

Now, I embrace the opportunity Mr. Pixley lost by not going to the front himself to defame of the Bigots in the Dioceses of the Union, and by his personal magnetism and convincing logic, induce the Commander in Chief of the Army of the Potomac, to change the Green Flag, "the Pagan Irish," Protestant Brigade, and, in the forthcoming, who proved themselves true to the flag they fought under, and which they did through with the Stars of shot and shell, and which they carried to its until the last Confederate laid down his arms, made the valued Priest was necessary to be absent

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE DEAD MOTHER.

Memory to-night brings back to my heart
Visions of days that are gone,
Beautiful pictures long hidden from sight,
Pictures of scenes that cover a them.

And talent among them is that of my mother,
Uselss and sweet as of olden,
As Fancy was ever round her her charm so enchanting
That portrits of beauty is always in vogue.

Two lonely years have rolled on since we parted,
Since my dear mother was laid in her tomb!
Since we placed the sweet May-flowers over her coffin,
And felt that with her it was dark.

Gently we laid her to sleep 'neath the daisies;
Weary hands folded in silence at rest;
Sadly we turned from all we held dearest,
And left in our home an aching heaveth best.

Not oft in the twilight when shadows are stealing,
A sad, lonely feeling will come;
And no one can soften, save Him who bereft us,
That heart-aching yearning for mother and home.

Though kind friends and true have gathered about us,
We miss the dear one, never-more face.
Those gentle hands, smoothing the thorns from our pathway
Ah! no one can fill our dead mother's place.

Then sleep, gentle mother, sleep sweet on the hillside,
Soft zephyrs chant over your grave.
Soon not by prayer for your motherless children,
Till we meet in that home of the good and the blessed.

| EVANY DE MARIE

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

"CLEAR THE LINES!"

"Clear the Lines!"—our country rallies
To the olden flight-words,
Ulster's glens and Munster's valleys
Echo their thousands to the plaid;
Ireland's thrall at last is smiling,
North and South clasp hands across twine,
Hark! their mighty chorus blending,
"Lone of freedom, "Clear the Lines!"

"Clear the Lines!"—the day is breaking,
Dipping all our hills with gold,
Ahead, the battle-ground is waking,
Hands cast, weapons grasped and hold,
Tyranny shall reign no longer
Trembling between with all the tenacity of
Begins every nerve the stronger,
For the cause—"Clear the Lines!"

"Clear the Lines!"—our glorious vanished,
Tower and town in dark decay,
Ireland's best at fallen's banshees,
Ireland's wealth the foeman's prey.
Fire alone must be used by hands stalwart,
Hill and vale sentinel by kine—
Fire! Fire! Fire!—"Clear the Lines!"—
Rebkion spotless, "Clear the Lines!"

"Clear the Lines!"—the coward's vanishing
Vainly cloaks his heart of fear—
Ours are souls that know not dawning,
Crown prey'r object near.
Tender ties, and a tear-filled mother,
Tighter still our chains you twine,
Evening hours and sunset-tinted
Clings of Freedom—"Clear the Lines!"

"Clear the Lines!"—their aesthetic speaches
Oft have turned our suffering lain,
Ulster's warning lessons teach us
Saxon vows are writ on sand,
Again speak vain Saxon cunning
Treachery as a hidden mine,
Lying word and pallid shinning,
Brothers, forward!—"Clear the Lines.

"Clear the Lines!"—the sun is rising
By the Flag that's o'er us waves,
By the tomb we've sworn to defend,
By our fathers' bloody graves,
By the burning wrongs that galled us,
Broken pledges, and plundered shrine—
Ulster's chain no more shall bind us—
On to Freedom!—"Clear the Lines."

T. H.

San Francisco.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MOTHERS DOT.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Have you seen a radiant mother,
With a bright and pleasant face,
Ever, at his Queen's command,
To serve with her lamplight gaze,
Do you marks that smile upon her
When a child of mine is by?
Do you would have the mother's pleasure—
Mother's joy!

Quick to note the passing trouble
Is a home in her one day;
Always eager to oppose her cause
Will be her sweet nature's way.
Oh, the loving arms, the kisses,
Something of her day's or joy!
Where's the mother who'd not miss him!
Mother's boy!

What to her the years that, sobbing,
Fragment of sad fish, "done to a tempy"
What to him the youthful boys that fly,
And light the pain or sorrow
She is still the queen he worshiped
With a service crowned with joy;
No will be to her forever
Mother's boy!

Pastime whatever of childhood,
Tell us who has gained the prize
In the war and struggle of the world
Among the great, the wise—
"Tis the mother who has answered
To life's demand, have delivered
Faithful service to a mother—
Mother's boy!

Vatican Monument of the Council.

The inauguration of the Monument in commemoration of the Ecumenical Vatican Council, is announced as imminent; the large slabs of marble in which the base thereof have already been arranged to the number of the Fathers, and bear the distinct site of the Monument Immediately behind the Altar of Confession, will be very simple, as to style, a colossal, handsome African marble is one entire shaft, found in the quarries of Carrara, as far back as 1870; the base of the column will base on one side the anathemas of Leo XIII, and on the other that of Pius IX. Above the anathemas will be inscribed appropriate relations to the Council. The material of the Monument, ready since 1870, was derived from the Sculptor of the Cardinal Canonicoge, at the Palace of the Chancellerie.

— Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, will next year publish a new volume of poems, "A Crown For Our King." He is improving in his health and about Christmas will be able to again, lecturing in the interest of the Carmelite Convent of New Orleans, whose debt he has undertaken to pay.

— If you have catarrh, use the correct remedy—Dr. Sage's.

Literary Miscellany.

Mr. Taber's Coincidence.

BY R. P. SHILLERS.

Mr. Taber was a mild old gentleman, who lived in a quiet manner on a very quiet street. He had seen better days, but had "outlived his usefulness," as was said by the uncomfortable. Unfortunate, he had in his advance to the necessity of maintaining vigor and physical activity, and therefore Mr. Taber was not useless, for he possessed a cheerful and happy spirit, that carried it self for the happiness of others. Wherever he went he carried a welcome with him and he imparted sunshine to every circle he visited. His use was in the quiet delusions of pleasure; and many an active man should have been less missed, were he taken away, than good Mr. Taber. Though with nothing to do apparently, he was every day to be seen in public places, and always, had a chair allotted to him in the old commercial reading room, which he had frequented in earlier days. To those who knew him the wonder was how he subsisted—for his fellows in business years ago had been hopelessly ruinous, and to those who did not, he might have seemed a gentleman in moderate circumstances, drawing support from his income properly. Few knew that the small house he occupied was held merely on a life tenure, suffered by a hasient creditor; but he kept up a very respectable appearance, and was as cheerful on Change, and showed as much interest in passing events, as though he had millions and millions at stake.

His house was a marvel of neatness on the outside, wearing an aspect of modest gentility, and no one could dream that within, there was a condition of poverty, bare hearty upon the occupants, that pride alone—the pride of former prosperity—enabled them to endure. These moments of Mr. Taber and his daughter, Mary—the last of his family, his wife and the children having died long before—and he sling to his home, with all the tenacity of an old man, received to "hold the fort" as long as possible, whatever the cost or distances. He never made a sign of need, and his daughter, equally proud, maintained the family "respectability" bravely, for her father's sake. They doubtless received remittances occasionally, from some distant source, and were enabled to keep the wolf from the door, but this was never revealed by any outward indication.

It was wonderful how sharp are feminine eyes to detect what is not intended to be seen—the effort to conceal, may be, aiding the detection, and a kind neighbor of the Tabers, having dropped in at a time of deep depression, saw enough to convince her that all was not as it should be. She sat with Mary during her visit in the kitchen, and, though the girl seemed exhibarant with gaiety, felt that this was merely a forced prevailing sense of hidden care. There was no confidence exchanged, and to offer assistance, would, the neighbor felt, be an unpardonable offence, so she did the next thing—she kept—to herself by telling it to her husband as soon as she got home.

"Something must be done for them," she said.

"But how?" he asked. "They are so proud as Lucifer."

They talked the matter over seriously, discussing this and that mode, until, striking his wife upon the shoulder, he said:

"I have an idea," he said, "that a surprise party would meet them in their abilities! Surprise parties are too common," she said, "and they would suspect the motive, strangest circumstance I ever knew. I do wish I had some refreshment to offer you, Mr. Manners, and he knew it would be agreeable to the rest, and so they consulted together, and the result of it, my dear sir," said Mr. Manners; "but I would thank you for a glass of water."

"We'll call it nectar," said Mr. Taber. During the pauses in the conversation, myriad thoughts crowded upon him, and the ringing of crockery had been heard in the adjoining room, this Mr. Taber supposed to proceed from "clearing away," and that some friend had returned with her, which accounted for the whispering. He rose to reach the desired fluid, when, as he opened the door dividing the parlor from the room beyond, a sense burst upon his sight that almost took his breath away. There was a table spread, filled with a profusion of good things, from cousous to mutton; and there were other sensgatators, busied with preparations, with a stewed, and Mary, whisked returned, radiant with fun, who welcomed Mr. Taber with a shout. He could not speak a word. The others then hurried in to form a tableau of the most joyous character.

"Well, gentlemen," said the old man, finding voice at last, "I don't know what this all means, but that it means well I cannot doubt. This is a scene of surprise."

"Not so much of a coincidence," though as you imagined, said Mr. Jones; "we twelve concerted the "Do-as-you-please-like," whose habit is to enjoy a good time once in a while, and make such use of their single boy's persons and premises, in so doing, as circumstances warrant. We have selected you and your abode for our purposes, to night, hoping you and your daughter to join us, and we have assigned to you the head of the table by unanimous vote, from which, according to the rules of our club, there is no appeal."

This explained everything to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Taber, who, after a little expostulation, presided, and a thoroughly good time was enjoyed, but it was wonderful what small appetites that club possessed. They ate scarcely anything, but poured copious libations in hot coffee that smoked from the board, it was almost midnight before they knew it, when wishing Mr. Taber continued health they bade him good night.

"My old friend," said Mr. Manners, "we have enjoyed a delightful evening, and you may, as we shall, recur to it in after time, wherever I have all our names here, in this envelope, that you may, in recalling this incident, know who we are."

"Certainly, most certainly," replied Mr. Taber, "I shall often think of it. And I assured—

But they were gone, a faint "Good-night" coming to him as he closed the door.

The provisions that the "club" left, Mr. Taber thought, he had concluded, Mr. Taber felt justified in using, the more so because he did not know what else to do with them, and for several days there was no lack of food, upon the imagination for supplies. Provoking, he said, which they had served doubled, and more mysteriously to Mary and her father, it was thankful.

"Well, dollars," cried Jones as if taken aback on entering the room, "why you have a party here already. Manners, how are you! Sister, Smith, how is it with you? Why, I thought we should be all friends here! Go to Freedom!—"Clear the Lines." T. H.

San Francisco.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

Great Musician's Wives.

The following facts in connection with a celebrated musician, whose importance was reconsidered by Mendelssohn, and also been growing since in the estimation of the musical public, will be found interesting. He married his cousin Barbara in 1787 and settled down with her at Marienbaum, in Thuringia. Barbara was musical, played well and was a fine singer. Her voice, Kelly, said Co. on the 28th August, 1887, was "of the very reasonable story about how they came there—had got lost in the snow, I think, while going to visit a sick brother, or something of that sort, and thought they would call on him, his home being near. Mr. Taber was sincerely glad to see them, and was beaming with smiles when the doorbell rang again. With a surprised expression, he went again to the door, and this time there were three in the blinding snow, whom he knew and welcomed as he had the others.

"Thought you might be lonely on such a night," said Jones as he took off his coat and rubbers, "I get Asher and Speed to come with me. All alone, aunt you?"

"Come in and see," said the old man, gleefully.

"Dollars," cried Jones as if taken aback on entering the room, "why you have a party here already. Manners, how are you! Sister, Smith, how is it with you? Why, I thought we should be all friends here! Go to Freedom!—"Clear the Lines." T. H.

San Francisco.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Many Eminent Works which were Refused by Publishers.

Mr. William Andrews, in an article entitled "Declined with Thanks" in *Home Chimes*, gives some interesting instances of celebrated works that have been declined by publishers. The writer says:—

The most notable example of a story which was offered to publisher after publishing only to be returned to the author, is that of "Robinson Crusoe." It was at last published by Mr. Taylor, in the Ship in Paternoster-row, 1719, and the publisher made a profit of five on one of the earliest editions of the immortal story. Dr. Johnson's Rasselas—Author's Edition—was published in 1759

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 9, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in popularizing knowledge, and propagated ideas constitute opinion, and opinion governs the world. In our time, religious journalism not only is useful and serious occupation, not only a work highly honorable, but it is the most noble, the most fruitful, the most fertile in results, the most fertile in consolations and in benefits for our time and for the future. Yes, in our time, religious journalism not only is useful and serious occupation, not only a work highly honorable, but it is the most noble

Farm and Home.

Mothers to Blame.

The plain fact of the case is that the American mother of the poorer classes is more careless of her duty than the mother of any other nation. The daughter of a decent French tradesman or artisan would never be allowed to go for balls unprotected, or clandestinely to pick up chance acquaintances in the street. On the other hand it is only within a very few years that the young girl of the genteler class in America has been properly protected from insult and snares by the constant presence of her mother or some one wiser in the world's ways than herself. No matter how poor a girl is, the moral atmosphere about her may be as pure as if she were reared in a palace provided her mother will it. She may not be able to give her daughter money, or even education, but she can give her a sense of honor as high as Heroines. To do it she will not turn her loose on the street to carry on flirtations with married men, or send her unprotected to balls, while she remains at home satisfied that the "young folks should have their fun." This is plain talk; but mothers who will read it know that it is true, and know, too, how much they are to blame that it is true.

How to Hang Pictures.

One of the ordinal principles necessary to learn about hanging pictures is the fact that the light of the picture should come from the same side as the light in the picture.

A picture highly worked up in detail should be hung closer to the eye than a strong, broad composition, in which all the parts are put on in masses.

Pictures immediately on the line of average sight should be hung flat on the wall, while those above it should be slightly tipped forward.

Large pictures in heavy frames should never be hung over sofas or chairs that are placed close to the wall.

Groups of pictures are only be effective when there is harmony in subject and color, and similarity in framing.

No greater absurdity is ever committed in the way of picture decorations than in the adornment of the walls of the average dining-room.

Representations of strings of fish just hauled from the water and seeming yet to gasp for breath, or groups of dead birds and noble deer struggling in the death agony, or fighting for life before their pursuers, are far from appetizing, and a perpetual plea for the doctrine of vegetarianism. But few pictures should ever be hung in the dining-room, and the greatest care should be taken in their selection.

Household Notes.

Never use water from a stone reservoir for cooking purposes.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first and then from the right side, after which spots may be removed by the use of naphtha or ammonia and water.

It is not known to every woman, but it is a fact, that mustiness can be sewed together; a stout thread is needed, and the edges must not be drawn too tightly together, as of course there must be no seam, but simply a joining of the edges.

Furniture needs cleansing as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soap suds, quickly wiped dry, and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it rub with rotten stone and sweet oil. Clean off the oil and polish with chamois skin.

Ants will forsake any food for lard, and they can be exterminated by greasing a plate with that substance and placing in their vicinity. When the plate is well covered turn hot water upon it, and a few applications will do the work effectually.

Remove mildew from linen by wetting the spot, rubbing on chalk, and exposing it to the air. Dilute lemon juice will take mildew from woollen stuffs. A weak solution of chloride of lime can be applied to almost any fabric, but must be used with care, especially upon some colors.

Those who have tired paint upon the walls of a room speak very strongly in its favor. It closes up the pores of the plaster so that it cannot absorb bad odors; it can be easily cleaned with soda and water (soap and water make it spotty); it can be made any desired tint. In washing painted walls, it is a good plan to remove from the walls everything that can be injured by steam, and then hang sheets wrung from hot water in the room. The vapor condensing on the wall soften the dirt, and it may be wiped off with woollen cloths wrung from soda.

Holy Catholic Mothers.

"There is no place like home." Happiness is greatest where the religious teachings use her influence judiciously.

It is true that the qualities of a good mother are so numerous, the difficulties of her position so great, and her physical strength so limited that it is not surprising we have so few mothers whom we can call models. Perfection can be reached only by few, but all can aim at performing the duties of their high office, so as to make life happy and home attractive.

Catholic mothers, your office is a high one. The holiest creature that hallowed this our earth, performed her difficult duties and left an example to you of patient suffering and unremitting care.

Who can tell the terrible results on a home where the mother's influence is spoiled by petulance or irreligion. Instead of bright and buoyant looks and the ringing laugh of lighthearted innocence, we have funeral gloom and cruel discord, always producing estrangement, sometimes hate where unity and love should prevail. Young lives wrecked, little hearts soddened and the family scattered, look for the members now in the crowded alley, the low saloon or the police reports. Thousands to-day feel a blank, because the sacredness of home has been violated, and an idol shrine has been done that never can be remedied. Catholic mothers, your duties are difficult, but your rewards, even in the natural order, are very great.

Reforming Husbands.

Don't marry a man of bad habits with the idea of reforming him. He is already formed beyond your power to change, long before he gets ready to marry. Maybe you think he will do anything for you because he loves you, but he won't. If he won't give up tobacco or strong drink for sweetheart's sweetheart for the sake of his own self-respect, he will not do it for the love of any woman. Trust no spasmodic pretense; not one in a thousand ever gives up permanent practices when he has once become addicted to them, and you won't afford to trust your happiness to so small a chance of possibility as that. A man of bad habits is like a guarded and crooked tree; you may bend a twig and lop off a tiny branch here and there, but it is not in the nature of things for you to make him straight and shapely now. He won't help it and you can't help it; but don't trust your happiness to him.

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true laxative. Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the Stomach, harmless in its nature, painless in its action. Cures habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and bad dreams. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the liver and acts on the Bowels. Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, etc. Strengthens the organs, improves the digestion, thus fitting, removes Liver complaints, pills, salve and drastic. Sample bottles free, and large bottles for sale by all Druggists.

Family Fun.

Not Much Information.

"I do not see any peculiarity about your people," said an Eastern judge, addressing his traveling companion, a well known Arkansas lawyer. "I have traveled quite extensively in the State, and I have not, as yet, met with the eccentricity of action and gravamination of reply that has often amused me in the newspapers.

"You have done most of your traveling by rail," said the lawyer. "Than is your first trip away from the main roads. I'll show you some of our genuine natives. Yonder is a house. Call the landlord, and speak to him."

"Hallo!" cried the judge.

"Comin!" the man replied, depositing a chair in the doorway and advancing.

"How's all the folks?"

"Children's hearty; wife's not well. Ain't what you call bed sick, but just sort o' stretchy, as we say."

"Got anything to eat in the house?"

"Ef I had it anywhar, I'd have it in the house, of course.

"How long have you been living here?"

"Too long."

"How many years?"

"I have been here ever since my oldest boy was born."

"What year was he born?"

"The year I owns here."

"How old is your boy?"

"Ef he had lived he would have been the oldest until pit, but, as he died, Jim's the oldest now and all."

"How old is Jim?"

"He ain't as old as the one that died."

"Well, how old was the one that died?"

"He was older than Jim."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Eat."

"How do you get anything to eat?"

"The best way we kin."

"How do you spend the Sundays?"

"Like the week days."

"Is that your daughter yonder?"

"No, sir; she ain't my daughter yonder nor any whar else."

"Is she a relative of yours?"

"No, sir; no kin."

"Kin to your wife?"

"No kin at all to my wife, but she's kin to my children."

"How do you make that out?"

"She is my wife."

"How far off is the next house?"

"It is called three miles, but the man that owns it is thinkin' a liar."

"I've got enough," said the judge, turning to the lawyer. "Drive on. I'll pay the man who depends on this man for information."

An Irishman's Ruse.

It is said to be the custom at Monte Carlo to fill the pockets of suicides with bank-notes, so that it may be assumed they did not kill themselves on account of losses. The story goes that a presumably dead Irishman, knowing the custom, succeeded in getting his pockets filled a short time ago. After losing a small sum at the gaming tables he suddenly jumped up, exclaimed—"I am ruined!" and he rushed into the gardens. Almost immediately afterwards the guards heard a pistol shot and then a cry of pain, and rushing to the spot found the Irishman, apparently dead. It was dark, with no one around, so they filled his pockets with money, and left him to be discovered in the morning. They had scarcely gone out of sight, however, before the Irishman was on his feet again and skipping about in a most lively style.

A Brutal Husband.

"My husband is a brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagg, as she entered her sister's parlor. "He found fault with a little scrawly of mine yesterday, and I threw a sandbinder at his head; then what do you suppose he did?" "I don't know," said Mrs. Jay, stood before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other." "Oh, the brute!"

Why they were Called Baptists.

A Baptist minister, fishing near Cape Cod, received a strange fish, and asks of the skipper:

"What manner of fish is this, my good man? It has a curious appearance."

"Why! Only been round here this year."

"What do you call it?"

"We call 'em Baptists."

"Why so?"

"Cause they spile so quick after they come out of the water."

They Never Speak Now.

"Don't you think our rings would become you? inquired Kootsuko Murphy of Birdie McGee. Kootsuko had been paying Birdie marked attentions of late.

"O, I don't know," replied Birdie, demurely.

"I suppose the reason you don't wear them is because it will hurt to have your ears bored.

"O, not in the least," said Birdie, with animation. "I've had that done already years since—when I was quite young, in fact, for the last three weeks."

THE KOOTSUKO BAND PAYING BIRDIE MCGEE SOME SEASONABLE ATTENTIONS OF LATE.

It Scares the Fish.

"I think this Sunday ball playing is very sinful.

"It ought to be stopped."

"So it ought. Why, last Sunday two or three of us were out fishing and the player in the nine field made such a racket that we didn't catch a single fish."

Circumstantial Evidence.

Kootsuky Coroner (holding inquest)—You think the body is that of Col. Blood?

Witness—I am quite sure it is, sir.

Coroner—In what pocket was the bottle found?

Witness—Hip pocket.

Coroner—H'm. Likely Col. Blood. Any whiskey?

Witness—No, sir; it was empty.

Coroner—Evidently Col. Blood. Pint or quart bottle?

Witness—Quart bottle, sir.

Coroner—Gentlemen, there lies all that remains of our famous friend, Col. Blood.

Modern Family Pride.

Little Girl from Chicago—Our family is a more aristocratic family than yours.

Little Girl from Boston—No, it isn't. My mother can boast of her forefathers for the last two centuries.

Little Girl from Chicago—Oh, that is nothing. My mother can boast of four husbands in the last two years.

SEND US LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would again respectively ask the Rev. Clergy or any of our readers of the entire Pacific Coast to send us local items of general interest. We would make the MONITOR a chronicle of all Ecclesiastic happenings relating to the progress of religion. We would also do so minus we are left in the dark as to the knowledge of the facts in their keeping. Now facts are all we want. Will our friends please furnish us with them?

Beware of Vile Imitations.

Dr. Hunter's is the original and only preparation containing the extract of celery Lindey's Bed and Brain.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and other information desired for publication, to San Francisco Monitor.

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ST. JOSEPH

Correspondence.

We originally added correspondence from all parts of the Coast to the Monitor on the ground that it was a paper for the benefit of the Catholic people, and we have adhered to this idea to the last day, so as to insure insertion.

THE GOOD ACCOMPLISHED BY A VETERAN MISSIONARY.

VIRGINIA CITY, Sept. 5, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The venerable form of that saintly Father of Lorette, Father Lacombe, is well known from our valleys. He is gone to other and better fields, but he left behind him a sense of Christian truth and Christ-like charity, which lasting long after his departure, will be a blessing to many.

Night succeeds night, and the stars, the sentinels of the Triune God, that He eternal years may be employed in the honors of Abraham. But, although the soul-stirring strains of his powerful voice, knocking irresistably at the hardened heart, so soon sways the faithful members of St. Mary's Parish; although the spacious aisles and galleries of our beautiful Church, are so more crowded to excess with attentive listeners, anxious to drink in the satisfied word of truth from the only authorized source; although the Catholic population of this busy territory, of life, as in the pointed halls of our universities, or the lowly hamlets of the spur workmen, who falls away down in the bowels of the earth, the name of Father Bouchard is reverently mentioned in fond benediction, his pathetic sermons the theme of every tongue.

The opening sermon, which he delivered when Father Tuhman said last Mass on Sunday week, was but an epitome of what the Mission would be, and well did his subsequent discourses prove how well founded were the sanguine hopes he had formed of his labors in the harvest. Who is there, who had the pleasure of being at the Mission, who did not feel his heart bound within him at that touching appeal, "Behold, I have already captivated." Even those who were blinded by prejudice or the bigotry begotten of erroneous doctrines, were not proof against the fervid eloquence of the speaker, pressed by his discourses. His burning words coming from his great soul to have an hour with the truth, were prominently calculated to dispel the motive, unknown, of the Mission—not ministers of God's Word—and the slanderous manipulators of an infidel press, indulging in spread broadcast throughout the land.

Nothing is more difficult than it is impossible to give any idea of his sermons. Each one, for one week, produced such a general elation, that surpassed anything I have ever heard, but as I remark, I cannot refrain from referring to his unsurpassed ability to impress and fascinate those who call on Catholics intolerant bigots, that, in addition to another source of salvation for those who are not within the Barque of Peter. In his own Christian manner he gave to the people the shares as a note of the True Church. "For," said he, "If Christ's Church be no more intolerant than Christ Himself, then she teaches no more in this respect than He commanded her to teach. For the Catholic Church is no more intolerant than Christ. Christ said, 'Whosoever believeth not shall be damned.' Christ's man is born again of water and the Holy Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. He who believeth not shall be saved, but he who believeth not shall be condemned." It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the Day of Judgment than for you. Hence, it is a necessary condition for Christ's Church to be as intolerant as He was, and say one and a half hundred Mayoral are lost from the very mouth of Holy Writ that Christ spoke on this point, and intolerant of every at truth must ever be. Therefore, all who wish to preserve the unity of the faith, and to be saved, must be in union with the Catholic Church, outside the golden portals, nothing but the shadows of eternal night prevail. He never was so loud marshaled security and infallibly to joy immortality.

But his efforts were chiefly directed to arouse those indifferent Catholics, to a strong sense of their duty; to make them feel a glorious pride in the proud position of members of the only Church which claims and proves her claim to be the only teacher and to be the salvation of the earth, so that the whole world may have but one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism; and in this desperate age can anything be greater or more apart than the Church of Christ, and the Church of Satan? Christ's Church, the Church founded on the rock, firm as the million, yet is ever young, ever vigorous, ever fresh, ever ever, ever ever through the long vista of ages, down through centuries of darkness and of light, was the only leader in the march of civilization, the only source from whence the learned of all ages and nations could drink in the knowledge of the truth which alone is free.

His words were not in vain, many and many a poor soul who had strayed away from the fold of his pastures, were enabled to return to their Shepherd and God by the Mission. Many who had not gone to the Holy Sacraments for years, were led through the week within the fold considerations which can be abundantly gained to those chances of grace.

But now our mission is over and we feel sad to think it was so short. Father Bouchard has gone in our mountain town, for already has he become that period when our Shepherd will come to pass into another life, and we know we will meet with the Good Shepherd, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Yes, he is now gone, but we may rightly convinced that the seed he planted would yield an abundant harvest under the fostering hand of our blessed Father, Father Lynch, whose every act and every word is for the good of his flock. His efforts are nobly seconded by Father Tuhman, whose indefatigable zeal has been employed in the cause of Holy Church for a quarter of a century, and Father Tuhman, the late arrival from the Green Isle.

COURTICE.

A GALA-DAY IN SANTA ROSA.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The 30th of August, on which the Church celebrates Saint Rose of Lima, was celebrated this year in Santa Rosa with unusual devotion.

Solemn High Mass was announced for the day, but owing to the illness of Rev. J. Connery, the Pastor, and there being no assistant priests, the duties had to be resigned. Rev. Jos. Nat. S. J., who had lately promised to preach the panegyric of St. Rose, arrived the evening before, and, in spite of his feeble health, heard over a hundred confessions, and on St. Rose Day celebrated two Masses, the second being a High Mass.

Nevertheless, he ascended the pulpit, and, in a sweet and impressive manner, he spoke of the life of St. Rose, and again, in this country, he delivered a sermon, which will not be soon forgotten by the people of Santa Rosa. Another part of this Feast was the singing of Mr. Karl Forman, who electrified the people by his magnificent voice. The music was exceptional, as both he and Madame Forman assisted the choir.

Hon. Geo. K. B. Hayes addressed the men of the parish, for about three quarters of an hour, on the purposes and advantages of the Catholic Young Men's Societies throughout the country. Marked attention was given to his well-chosen and eloquent words, and he was applauded at the close of his address, which will prove many good the forty from joining. Nearly all present, of the reunion, and, as a result, the organization of a branch of the Young Men's Society, with a little exertion the organization will be successful here.

A READER.

LETTER FROM ARIZONA.

TUCSON, A. T., Aug. 29th, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Yesterday, August 28th, being the Feast of the illustrious Saint Augustine, Patron of Tucson, was a holyday in the parish, and was celebrated with great solemnity in the Church bearing his name. There was a novena, during which the people prepared themselves for the reception of the holy Sacraments, and hundreds of them availed themselves of the opportunity, as there were eight visiting Fathers, who came to the assistance of the pastor, and are two priests in the Continental. First Mass commenced at half-past 5 o'clock, and attracted a great number of communicants, as were all the masses, which followed at intervals.

At half-past eight, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Bourgard, assisted by four priests. The music was the Mass in C minor, composed, rendered Mercadante's Mass in superior order. After the first Gospel, a panegyric on Saint Augustin, was delivered by Father Lassigny of the Society of Jesus, N. M. The crowded Pontifical Vespers was sung, and Benediction ended the ceremonies. The Sisters of Saint Joseph will open school on Sept. 1st.

TUCSON.

AN HONEST WAY TO PRACTICE MEDICINE.

No money taken in advance or treatment. No cure no charge unless they can be guaranteed to cure. Consultation free. Office hours 8 to 10 a.m. and 1 to 4 p.m. Sundays from 10 to 12, at the HEALTH RESORT, 1127 Market St., opp. Lincoln Grand Post. Remember the great MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. JOHN D. MCLEAN.

NOTE—Simple cases, like deafness, catarrh, neuralgia, etc., as cured very cold.

—Repairing done promptly at Muller's optical depot, 126 Montgomery street, near Bush.

SCHOOLS IN UTAH.

What Father Scanlan has Accomplished. St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake City.

Every reader of the MONITOR will be pleased to see the rapid progress and flourishing condition of our schools in Utah. In that Territory, within the last ten years, Father Scanlan has succeeded in erecting four schools, four churches and two hospitals, and at present is engaged in building a Catholic College for young men, which will compare with any in the country, and is throwing buildings in the Territory. Much of these buildings, these institutions have come from small beginnings to vast proportions, that they are now the best patronized, and most popular institutions in the Territory.

We copy from the Salt Lake *Tribune*, the following flattering account of St. Mary's Academy in Salt Lake City:

A visit to St. Mary's Academy, this city, is always a delight, as the place, while near to the business hustle of man, has a pleasant air of retirement and a hospitable seclusion which makes one feel as if in another atmosphere from that of the rushing world. Just now a visit there is doubly pleasant, as the place is unusually attractive, if the new school rooms.

The final touches are being put to the thorough renovation of the buildings. They have been newly painted throughout, and overhauled on a military basis, so that now they are as fresh and healthily habitable as buildings can possibly be. The grounds are delightful; constant additions have been made to the shrubbery, and large numbers of new varieties of flowers have been obtained within the year, so that the grounds and their adornment, their summer-house and their playground are all another lovely.

The school-rooms are in fine order, many of them having received the finishing touches in a twenty and basement, the latter of stone, the upper wood of brick; dormitories, 12 in the basement are the boilers and steam apparatus for heating all the buildings, and in this are store-rooms. In the upper story is to be an art gallery, filled to accordingly to the best approved style, with light overhead and on three sides, fitted for such desired. The other part of that story is devoted to sleeping apartments, for the pupils, and a dormitory for the sick. Academy buildings by covered ventilation.

The school-rooms are in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, and their lives are given up to the noble work. They spare themselves not, but do it, and faithfully do their work, with the most gratifying results. They do not stop at simply their, but go on to think of what is possible, thus earning the respect and confidence of the parent, and the respect and love of the young taken given into their charge. It is pleasant to know that all these improvements are called for by the genuine growth of the school. As last year's attendance exceeded that of the year before, so the numbers who will attend this year will exceed those of last year. Every thing indicates a prosperous year. This teaching is thorough in all branches, being specially strong in those details which will come into practical use on leaving school. And while the pupil is made to do so, and not pampered, trained, the body is kept faithfully up by good food, plenty of exercise and pleasure. The boys' school is just north of the main school for young ladies. It is now entered by boys of 7 years, and a healthier, jollier, brighter lot of youngsters than are to be found there any day after the school begins, it would be impossible to see anywhere.

THE PLAGUES IN SPAIN.

A Doleful Picture of the Terrible Sufferings of our Spanish Brethren.

A letter from Osma, written by a religious to the Cross, describes the terrible condition of the plague-stricken at that region.

"The small town of Hospaldo, one of Soria, is desolation. Imagine to yourself a population of 700 inhabitants is very great indeed, 300 of whom are evidently seized with violent vomiting of blood, and out of this number 270 succumb in suddenly in a few hours. From the 17th to the 20th of July nearly half of the population disappeared before God. The morning following the 20th, at which the plague appeared, I was shocked at the door of three houses remaining, closed. On the 21st, I visited the house. He caused the door to be beat in; this time I saw a spectacle which I will not, I hope, see again. Three men, who had not left their beds, to make themselves heard or to receive the food which I had brought them, I found that they were dead in the night. The town is thronged with little children who have lost their parents, crying for bread and a home. The cure is dead; his place was not to be filled, and the cure, a boy, to all the cure, who was already sick, is not yet replaced, and I am sick.

"All the provinces are more or less invaded. Medina Sidonia, in Andalusia, is in great distress. Bonergal.—The Nationalists at East Dorgal held a convention, on Sunday, August 9, in the town of Tuam, in the county of Galway, which was attended by a large number of people, who were present fired. Letterkenny, Ballyhoey, Ballyshannon, Donegal, Ballybofey, Stranorlar, The Rev. Father Drummond, Adm., occupied the chair. The proceedings were of the most enthusiastic character, and were confined to reiterating the old and well-known sentiments of the Nationalists.

Dublin.—The West British offices in Sackville street, Dublin, which is turned to ashes, to prevent the street from being renamed O'Connell street, the name of the thoroughfare in the direction of Sharpley the people's wishes. The Lord Mayor, Alderman Harbinson and other members of the Corporation were served with a notice, signed by Commissioner Dillon, that unless, and without delay, a sufficient force of workmen, and servants, unless penalty of £1,000, shall be forthwith, with the effect any of the resolutions or reports in reference to the renaming of Sackville street, O'Connell street, and the Corporation of Dublin, the Commissioner will be compelled to take the necessary steps to protect the property of the Corporation, and the property of the people from the enemy and isolate itself for a long period. Such is our situation. Meanwhile, the people are paying with a hope that Heaven will spare us. Every evening streets are thronged, the cries of the poor, the sound kneeling, recites the rosary, sings litanies, listens to a sermon preached in the church, renews its supplications until an advanced hour of the night, and retires to rest with a calm resignation and a confidence in the Divine Mercy. Such, passion of the times, since the initiation by a petitioner one hundred years ago, and the interview therefrom through his Intercessor. May he deliver us still, for we are bowed to closely.

Our brethren go on well and have no fear. I have given notice to the corporation that in case it should come to pass that the Corporation of Dublin should be at the disposal of the sick in order to protect their religious, and, and that the Rev. Mr. Jones, and others more valiant, would be happy to offer themselves as guards to the homes of the Irish Nation and to protect the property of the people, the Sisters of Charity of Dublin are at the disposal of those of them are in readiness. Let all pray in Church for this unspeakable blessing, for, the first grace given we but trifling in comparison with all that it entitles us to, and, there is something sinister in the air and sky.

WHO PLANNED STEPHENS' escape

Thomas Emmett writes to an Eastern paper, as follows: "I have read with the greatest pleasure John Devoy's "A Page in Irish History," (which appeared in the Monitor last week) and I am glad to record in his graphic sketch of the escape of Stephens, that I was the man who first conceived the idea of the escape. I was the leader Underwood O'Connell, one of the Naturalization Bureau, New York City, to see the man referred to, November, 1865, a prisoner in Richmond Jail, Dublin, where the Fenians were confined, with Kickham, Brophy and Edward Duffy. Captain O'Connell was taken prisoner in the beginning of the war, and was a prisoner of war, and was exchanged, and was in the Bureau, and he was a prisoner, instructed to do the national cause would remain in this event of his brief sojourn. Mr. Brophy knew the secret, and, becoming fearfully impressed by the Captain's bearing, entered upon further interviews, and ultimately declared his intention of escaping, in disguised, seems to be would give him a letter of introduction to some of their friends outside. This act the Captain was only too glad to perform, and hence the successful issue of the perilous undertaking.

The "No Rent" Fleury in the Isle of Skye. NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—A subpœna to the Scotch Edinburgh says: A conference on the land question was held to-day at Portree, on the island of Skye. There were 100 delegates from all parts of Scotland present. McGregor of Ulinge was also in attendance. A number of serious orations were delivered, some of them in Gaelic. The speakers all advocated the doctrine of the Irish farmers, and the land-leaguers, and the land-reformers, and the land-leaguers, and the land-reformers, and the land-leaguers, and the land-reform

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

BY DUBOIS.

Low sank the sun behind the Cuba hills,
Leaving a mellow light on land and sea,
As I lose stranger from a distant shore
Passed up the storied wreck of grand Dunleary
In such a strain most poet-painter had
Emotions waiting to his trembling lyre,
Pending then the sacred mound where long
Lagne the Bard and "Bard of the ships.

Spirit sweet that one o'er half the course earth,
And morning flushed along the eastern waves,
And the lone stranger from a foreign shore
In Cuba Pleasant knell o'er two new-made graves.
Chanting a De Profundis for the souls
Of home sacred remembrances and cheers,
Awaking 'till Gabriel's trumpet blast
Paula through the clouds and rolls from spheres to sphere.

When fast by Castle Dermod's ruined keep
Nestles his native town secure from storm,
And the blue bay mirror's the darkling hills
Tast cluster round in grand theatric form;
In passion attitude he paused soon,
And thus soliloquized: "In this long wont
Full oft we met, ye bears and valiant few,
Who's solely hope the faith in Rutuskend.

There are who tell me that not I dearly loved,
While yet a bible and listless youth. Time
hey
I learned to lay my hallowed country's name
And on the hearty of her sad owner;
Then was I charmed by Bacha's Bacchic lays,
Or what in my mind's the darkling hills
That cluster round in grand theatric form;
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And the blue bay mirror

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY—PRICE 10 PER COPY

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 16, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Journalism is the greatest social power, because it is the chief agent in propagating ideas, and ideas are the ideas constitute opinion, and opinion governs the world. In our view, religious journalism is not only a useful and serious occupation, but such a work, little inferior in importance to that of the ministry of sacred labors. What is said—who and by whom—in a Catholic journalism will be sanctioned and defined the world, whatever it may be—sacred, all, Divine truth.

—BISHOP, TORONTO MISSION (Sermon.

**Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, in commemoration of the jubilee of the Catholic Journal, the Catholic Journal, the Catholic Journal,

Farm and Home.

Mullein Leaves in Consumption.

Dr. Quinlan, of Dublin, read before the International Medical Congress at Copenhagen last year an interesting paper on the medicinal qualities of the mullein. It has attracted widespread attention, and among the more recent articles confirmatory of Dr. Quinlan's statements are one by Dr. Willert, of Cincinnati, which appeared in the medical journals of last June, and that city. From the results obtained in 127 cases of pulmonary consumption treated by Dr. Quinlan with mullein alone, he draws the following conclusions, which are condensed from his original article, viz.

1. In the earlier and pretubercular stage of pulmonary consumption, mullein has a weight increasing and curative power greater than that of cod liver oil, and equal to that of Roman ichthyol.

2. In cases where tubercles are well established or cavities exist, the mullein has great power in relieving cough—a great boon to consumptives, whose weak stomachs too frequently cannot tolerate the usual cough remedies.

3. Phthisical diarrhœa is completely obviated by the mullein.

4. Mullein has no power or effect on the night sweats of consumption, which should be combated by atropia sulphate.

The method of using the mullein, which originated among the Irish peasantry, and was adopted by Dr. Quinlan just as he has got some dynamite to blow up stumps with, and they're sort o' green at the business.

A Civil Service Examination.

What is a wall deserved holiday!

"Our Administration enjoys a month in the mountains fishing?

Correct. Next boy. What is jonkering!

"Any member of the opposite Administration attending the funeral of his old father."

That's right. Now, what is a statesman!

"The gentleman who runs our caucus in ward Four."

Yes. And what is a pothoon politician!

"The hooker nominated for President by the other party."

Right you are. What is a gyan of victory!

"Three cheers for our candidate."

And what is a hideous howl from a score of drunken throats!

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What is meant by the millions of free hearts and honest hands upon which rest the hopes and destinies of the republic!

"Jim."

And to whom does "the grovelling hordes of blatant demagogues that wallow in a foul cesspool of lustering corruption" refer!

"Them."

Correct all around. To-morrow bring your nice book to school with you and we pick out what is good for you. Remember, on the way home, the opposition numbers all live on the shady side of the street. The best destroyer in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions that escape the parent of nocturnal birds, and might commit inestimable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of 2 francs a dozen.

Measuring Fields.

Five yards wide by 968 long contains an acre.

Ten yards wide by 484 long contains an acre.

Forty yards wide by 121 long contains an acre.

Twenty yards wide by 242 long contains an acre.

Twenty yards wide by 60½ long contains an acre.

Eighty yards wide by 60½ contains an acre.

Sixty feet wide by 720 long contains an acre.

One hundred and ten feet wide by 396 long contains an acre.

One hundred and thirty feet wide by 363 long contains an acre.

Two hundred and twenty feet wide by 198 long contains an acre.

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Frightening the Little Ones.

With painful frequency we hear of cruel "practical jokes" perpetrated upon little "sensitive souls" by grown people. The old story of a child frightened into convulsions by a playfellow who "only wanted to have a little fun." One would think that incidents like this had been enacted and told with ghastly iteration often enough from generation to generation to warn of the most incorrible fun-lovers and fools from the perilous ground.

The progress of the willow plot is generally the same up to a certain point. There is neither originality nor variety in the favorite mode of execution. It sounds trite in the telling. A figure wrapped in the conventional sheet, lurking in a dark corner; a spring upon the unsuspected victim, assisted because he is the most timorous or delicate of the family or school; dismay, shrieks of anguish bent with goblin laughter—then a difference in the ending. Sometimes no serious harm is done, unless that one child is made more timid, another more cruel. Again, the nervous system is unbalanced so far that a swoon, or, as in the case before us, convulsions ensue. Once in a while the innocent subject of the practical joke pays for his tormentor's prank with his reason or his life.

In a less flagrant manner incalculable mischief is done in many a nursery by tales of ghosts, bogies, the black man who comes down the chimney to catch children who will not go to sleep quietly, etc. That mother is culpable who, when she finds her child unduly timid does not watch for indications that the nervous organism of her offspring has been tampered with, and who, should her suspicions be confirmed, does not follow the clue to the source and banish the criminal from her household.

The Religious Home.

From the home nursery, the incense of prayer should ascend as a most sweet morning and evening sacrifice to the Lord.

How beautiful and rich in blessing the assemblage of parents and children for morning and evening prayer.

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And if it be not always feasible in the morning, at least every evening, at a fixed hour, let the entire family be assembled for night prayers, followed by a short reading from the Holy Scriptures, The Following of Christ, or some other pious book.

Hereford's Acid Phosphate—For Overworked Females.

Dr. J. P. Cowan, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in depressed conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females with nervous headaches and the accompanying sensations." Use Hereford's Acid Phosphate.

Family Fun.

Green at the Business.

We first came upon a young farmer, says a Michigan traveller, afoot and in somewhat of a hurry. Two or three of the fingers of his right hand were badly abused, and he had not stopped long enough to unwrap the hand in a rag. He said something about "three miles and a doctor."

Driving along for about half a mile we came upon a dead mule in harness, with a great splinter driven through him. There was a boy about 12 years of age seated on a pile of rails near by, but he was wiping blood of his head and didn't seem to hear our questions. Half a mile beyond this was a log cabin. One side was bulged in, the windows shattered, and the door in shifting wood. There was a deal of dog and four or five chickens between the door and the gate.

"Hallooo! the house!" called the colonel, as we halted at the gate.

After a long minute a woman came out. She had several loose teeth, which were bleeding, and she had the brightest lick of a schoolmarm treed by a bear.

"Been a cyclone here" asked the colonel.

"Yes."

"Somebody shooting?"

"No."

"Can't be a political meeting?"

"No."

"Well, what in Halifax is the row, then?

"Nothin,' 'cept the old man and the hogs has got some dynamite to blow up stumps with, and they're sort o' green at the business.

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Catholic Societies.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

PETER CONLON, State President. PETER McGARRY, Vice President, Sacramento. P. J. McCORMICK, Secretary, San Francisco. Trustees—Peter Conlon, Sacramento; P. J. McCormick, San Francisco; P. J. McGarry, Sacramento; Jas. Ryan, San Francisco; Wm. Tyrrell, San Francisco. Marshal—Jas. Ryan, San Francisco. Guard—Wm. Tyrrell, San Francisco. Delegates to Supreme Council, 1886—Peter Conlon, P. J. McGarry, Jas. Ryan, P. J. McCormick, Wm. Tyrrell, Jas. Rooney, Jas. Donnelly, Jas. Donnelly, Jr., Jas. Lynch, Jas. Lynch, Jr., Jas. Ryan, Jr., Jas. Ryan, Sr., Jas. Ryan, Jr., Jas. Ryan, Sr., Jas. Ryan, Jr., Jas. Ryan, S

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

travelled. Why, then, are the unhappiest of mankind? Why are the miserable makers? Who are the most miserable? They are those who give themselves up unconditionally to idleness. It is pitiable to behold them. When I was training young men in every class of life for their future, I invariably insisted—no matter whether the boy was the son of a peer or a peasant—that he should be instructed to a knowledge of the laws of labor, for such knowledge constitutes in it the elements which constitute joy and happiness on earth. So that if I were called upon to give a definition of a happy man, I should delineate in it, as its fundamental element, he who has learned to love Labor and to see the dignity of it.

The position, ladies and gentlemen, taken by Jesus Christ His self, in coming to found the Christian religion, forms a most striking and beautiful illustration of my subject, and is indeed a grand standpoint from which we might start. In the first place, while our Lord was yet unborn, He possessed the knowledge of all men and of all the angels. There is not knowledge that has been ever yet known on earth; there is no knowledge that ever will be—but that our Blessed Lord was not possessed of from the very moment that He was a helpless babe in the arms of His Blessed Mother. He was flooded with genius and knowledge.

When man speak of education, and of the vast expansion of the human mind, I reflect and ask myself: Do these man really see the difference between a man of genius and a man of study? It appears to me there is about the same difference between the two that there is between a man on crutches and a man having the use of his own legs. The man of genius argues not, but rushes or springs to a conclusion at once, and you find him his mind is made before has time. Genius, then, consists of being able to come to conclusions without using artificial means. Now, our Blessed Lord was a man of genius. It was not by argument that He obtained His knowledge. It arose from the union of Divine Nature with human nature. He came into this world flooded with knowledge, and in the words of St. Paul "annointed through and through with the Divinity."

Now, I should like to know if I were to ask any young American—Now, young man, you have a certain thing to accomplish, how are you to go about accomplishing that thing? If I said go into that garden, take a spade and dig out some potatoes, take and gather me some cabbages, or pluck some fruit off yonder trees and by your order work aside. Don't you think he would look at me with supreme contempt? And of course he would look still more contemptuously at me since I came from a foreign country. But it is not his contempt for me, but for the labor I should ask him to perform. But Our Blessed Lord possessed all this knowledge before He had spent three and a half years on earth, and during the remainder of His life on earth He spent His time in

THE SANCTIFICATION OF LABOR.

Living with His parents, working with His foster father in the double work that was included in the meaning of the technical word "carpenter," which combined the double business of blacksmith and carpenter in word. And during eighteen years of His life He labored at and sanctified the labor by which man is able to earn his bread. Now, for the benefit of hard fists and ruminate not upon them, that they do not profane any effect. Remember, how, that Holy Child, well, most of all, that toiled in Nazareth with the chisel and the hammer. And what was all this work then for? To the old story: It was to give sacredness and dignity to that very labor which was looked at by some as a curse. And, indeed, it is impossible to be brought face to face with that fact with an being over whelmed with contempt.

It is not surprising, therefore, under such circumstances that the Catholic Church and her ministers should from the very earliest days, take the same view of labor as exemplied by our Blessed Lord Himself and those who surrounded Him. For instance, when we look at the great number of Religious Orders in the Catholic Church; they are one and all laborers; the great characteristic of their lives has been their great love of manual labor. The great and Holy Father of the Desert spent a great part of their days in tilling the soil, or in making wicker work, or in doing such other material labor as would benefit themselves and their fellow-creatures. And in the night they spent a great part of the time in prayer, binding therein strength and power for the fulfilment of their manual labor. And go to whatever their monasteries have been established and you will see perhaps what once was barren desert now a perfect and beautiful garden, productive of everything for the maintenance of man. There you will see those good men working—not to obtain their daily bread—but that they desire to exactly what Christ did and sanctified by the eighteen years He labored on this earth. Look, for instance, at

THE BEAUTIFUL CISTERCIAN ABBEY

now near one of the great bustling centres of Scotland. Why, look how holy men have labored and made it a perfect paradise. In this country, too, are the labor performed by the monks in the vicinity of Pittsburg. They have one of the most beautiful gardens produced by their toil that is to be found in that country. And what I have to say of those few orders, I have to say of all Orders; they have labored because labor is sanctified. Even the great Apostle St. Paul—having been taught in his early days the art of tent-making—not laid aside on pursuing that work in his latest years.

But why turn anywhere for an example of the dignity or sanctity of labor, when we have it so near us! The story of San Francisco has been in part written, but there is a great deal more to be said and written. What can exceed the story of the Franciscan Fathers who left the home of their childhood to their beloved Spain, at a time when they knew they would never see say more the parents that gave them life nor the friends of their youth. They settled down here with their great big, broad Spanish hearts and faith. They might after and wanted no reservations, no lands, no wealth to support them; no soldiers to protect them. No, they came to labor for themselves and their fellow creatures and speak of their labor, their home and churches as rude if you will, but there is yet a great moral in their work. They imparted to the Indians a knowledge of the law of labor and the law of prayer. They worked with the Indians hand in hand and founded a number of monasteries, which were not only the centers of education, but which imparted to the savage a good knowledge of that practical skill which enabled him to become a useful member of society. Wherever, therefore, the Church has been permitted to exercise her labors fully, she has planted her monasteries, teaching her children the laws of labor, and that labor—which began with a curse—should be regarded as a blessing.

Again, ladies and gentlemen, you cannot be ignorant of the neatness and beauty of Japanese art, and yet that knowledge of the law of labor and that taste which is characteristic of the Japanese, has to bear its date from the time that St. Francis Xavier planted the Cross of Christ in that land.

THERE IS ANOTHER POINT

which becomes extremely practical in the consideration of this subject of labor. Its circumstances enabled me while travelling to meet a distinguished and honorable banker, a man received both here and in Europe in Washington, and he requested me to accompany him, on an anniversary of Jefferson, to visit a number of children at the public schools. It was indeed a surprise visit for me. Among the children I found myself called upon to speak, and I spoke upon a portrait of Jefferson before me, and a number of mottoes placed at the side of it. I turned to the female portion of my audience and said: "Children, if I am rightfully informed, your education has been at the expense of the State. The Starring and training that you have received has been made up of the public funds. Therefore, as it has been drawn from the public, naturally you belong to that public which gives life to the nation. May I then be permitted to ask how many of you are going to be housemaids! How many of you are going to be ladies made? How many of you are going to be cooks?"

The scene that followed was rather strikes. Indeed I would be amusing if it were not so painful. I can only describe the effect as appearing like one of those extraordinary scants where a bombshell is thrown amongst a number of people. They looked at me in wonder; their little mouths with open; and it appeared as though I were in danger of being swallowed clean down. And suddenly on recovering from the effect of these questions, there was a universal shout of laughter.

I then turned my attention to the male portion of my audience, and said to them: "Now, you are the young blood of the nation, and it may become your duty to dig up the soil and assist in the raising of bricks and the carrying of mortar; and it may be permitted to some of you to rise in the world and be a man of study! It appears to me there is about the same difference between the two that there is between a man on crutches and a man having the use of his own legs. The man of genius argues not, but rushes or springs to a conclusion at once, and you find him his mind is made before has time. Genius, then, consists of being able to come to conclusions without using artificial means. Now, our Blessed Lord was a man of genius. It was not by argument that He obtained His knowledge. It arose from the union of Divine Nature with human nature. He came into this world flooded with knowledge, and in the words of St. Paul "annointed through and through with the Divinity."

Now, I should like to know if I were to ask any young American—Now, young man, you have a certain thing to accomplish, how are you to go about accomplishing that thing? If I said go into that garden, take a spade and dig me some potatoes, take and gather me some cabbages, or pluck some fruit off yonder trees and by your order work aside. Don't you think he would look at me with supreme contempt? And of course he would look still more contemptuously at me since I came from a foreign country. But it is not his contempt for me, but for the labor I should ask him to perform. But Our Blessed Lord possessed all this knowledge before He had spent three and a half years on earth, and during the remainder of His life on earth He spent His time in

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TRY DR. LANE'S
CELEBRATED
WINE TONIC!
(Beef, Celery, Iron and Wine)
Endorsed by Leading Physicians as the Finest Nerve Builder in the World.
Laboratory, 324 Clay St., San Francisco.
HALL BROS., PROPRIETORS.

THIS SPACE
WILL BE OCCUPIED BY
O'BANION & DAGENAIS,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
CLOTHING
and Gent's Furnishing Goods!
712 and 714 MARKET ST SAN FRANCISCO.
STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

"TRIP THROUGH JAPAN."
DAI NIPPON HAKURANKAI.
IGNATIUS HALL,
COMMENCING SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1885
Every Morning, Afternoon and Evening until further notice.
DEAKIN BROS. & CO.'S
LIVING PANORAMA AND TEMPLE
Of the Arts and Industries of
JAPAN
THE MOST CELEBRATED JAPANESE ARTISANS ARE CONSTANTLY AT WORK
MANUFACTURING
Three Receptions Daily: 10 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 10. Admission, 50 cents; Children, 25 cents.

Market Report.
MONETAR REVIEW.
SAN FRANCISCO, Tuesday Evening, Sept. 15, 1885.

THE GOLDEN PALACE
TEA AND GROCERY STORES,
41 Ninth St., and 227 and 229 Second St.
CHAS. MONTGOMERY & BRO., Props.
We Cannot as follows, Raw Sample All sizes with genuine raisins!

"Dr Hanley's Celery Root and Grass."

CURED FOURTEEN YEARS AGO BY ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

A LIVING PANORAMA OF JAPAN,

Twin Foes to Life
Are indigestion and constipation. Both physical weaknesses are alike the result of disordered digestion, and a kind of disease, speedily roughed up by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which cures and also prevents malaria, kidney and liver complaints, nervousness, rheumatism and biliousness.

Absolutely Cure
All diseases proceeding from disorder of the digestive and assimilatory organs, such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Piles, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Debility, Nervous Prostration, Paralysis, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Headaches, Biliousness, Jaundice, Kidney Diseases, Piles

Poetry

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

TO CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

To thee, O poet and gifted one
Poor suffering Erin turns
For in thy noble, generous heart
The fame of Freedom burns.

Though many weary years have fed
Since tyranny despotic
Poor Meagher and his gallant few
Took part in an epoch.

The hope still lives and many hearts
Are yearning for a brighter
Day than dawned "Ninety-Eight"
Ere tyrant despotic were living.

The spirit of that little band
Who dared by bolder measures,
The shackles of their native land
With trembling sword to sever

The spirit of that noble band
Who "dared" to do or perishing
And now will Ireland pay the debt
Which she so long is owing

Poor Emmet on the scaffold felt
Ere yet his soul departed,
Told of the suffering long endured
By the broken-hearted.

Was he have so oft instilled
Into his sons in prison,
With love—devotion—truth.

The spirit now of many a son
To tyranny a martyr,
Looks down, with pride on brave Parnell
Who Ireland's rights won't barter.

To him we hope in accent low
Far wisdom's at the helm,
And Ireland's prosperity through will soon
Her enemies o'ewhelm.

O, let us hope and let us pray,
Which we long desiderate,
Will again obstruct the path
To Ireland's wished for fate.

Her generous sons the world o'er
Ready are and willing
To aid our leader in the cause—
The mission he's fulfilling.

From this from land her exiled sons,
Proud Erin's heart is thrilling,
And yearning for her native land
The over on hope regaling.

Sail on! sail on! O, noble craft!
Brave Parnell, in steering,
While DAVITT, BRADY and the rest,
To Ireland so endearing

Are at the bow, danger to note
And give timely warning
Of the lurk and shoals ahead,
Erin must be storming.

W. G. H.

Gold Hill, Sept. 14, 1880.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

CHARITY.

(Written after hearing a sermon preached on that subject by Rev. Father Scanlan, Feb. 8, 1880.)

Beautiful virtue, sent from above,
Sweetest emblem of God's perfect love,
Do I possess you? do I dwell in
Your sacred temple, and God's bitter pain?
Do I hasten to succor my brother in need?
Even for those who have done me a harm?
Do I forgive as I would be forgiven?
Thus binding spoken to bequeathed in Heaven?
The answer comes, would God I could say—"Oh not here hath a
Only our Father that gift can bestow.
I've long truly that blessing to share,
Kneel as He bestowed and ask it in prayer.
Ask Him to touch my cold, flinty stony drum,
That beautiful lesson He taught from the Cross—
That lesson of Charity grand and sublime
That through endless ages untarnished shall shine.
If robes and mansions and purple are thine,
If you give but the crumbs from your table to
Your brother, and the rich, then all is for naught,
Not a single mite, or good for your soul shall
Be gained.
That vision of charity on each day after day,
Not intercede and case the chosen in the way;
Look not for this poison the world may bestow,
But do all for Him who has sent you below;
Look out Him your cross in want and in sin,
Help them, and do it for the love you bear Him,
Your Who's labor will not be a loss.
Then look for the crown that replaces the cross.

PHYLLIS IN MAINE.

"ROCK MONOT!"

(SECOND EDITION, REWRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.)

The following beautiful lines were written during Father Monot's pastorate in Virginia City, by the Rev. and Venerable Commendator, Father Ildephonsus A. Lod, of Gethsemane, Ky., and were published in the Monitor, Sept. 27, 1879, and it is to be hoped they will be re-printed, Sept. Fri. Tue. 1880, and in some quantity, in this issue. The poem was written by the best authority of Kentucky, from Maryland, and the nearly 100 years Father Monot's Father has been the work of the Monastery of Gethsemane, Nelson Co., Ky., and still is, from the Rock Monot, in Nature at Calvary!

Behold how He Who reigns on high,
Immortal King of kings,
Comes meekly down to life and die,
And life to mortals brings!
Behold how He, Who rules the earth,
Who sets in Him their treasure,
Who prevents Him from His birth,
And someone Him to death!
Who make His royalty a sham,
Wilfut equal to the shame,
And feeble as the meanest lamb,
Hinself Him lose and sent.
Behold His tattered royal robe,
And thorny diadem,
Imposed by mockery, while His brows,
And pops and blood for them!
If man his cement love can show,
By dying for his friend,
Or love unmerited, when no love
Is returned to the end,
Yet Heart Divine drew closer still,
And sensitive methods plan,
Even beyond all sensitive to fill
With love, to please and dim.
Behold how Heart Divine, Christ Christ
Love severe flesh and blood,
And, immolated on the cross,
Gives both to be our food
And, by consecration, also soul,
Its spotless both or clay,
Or parts as well as in the whole,
And that Most, God the Son,
Yet Divine, Man, Man, Man, Sentient
To Divinity lent to shown
For man, who, heedless, God and blind,
Full basis to endure you,
The Father sends on from on high,
To receive His sacrifice
He owns Dear Son to blood and die,
A victim on the Cross;
The Son with equal love, consents
To do His Father's will,
And by submit of pangs, prevents
Our everlasting ill;
The Holy Ghost would fain reveal
His love to mortal man,
Who so disregarded, yet not let
Put Unit, and unity of equals plead
In vain with souls defiled,
Who loving sin, refuses to heed
By Satan's chosen hospital;
Of all heaven and earth show deep concern
For their true happiness,
Who unremembered, left to learn
The way to endless bliss.
Oh, I would all men from this abiale,
Such pardon for their guilt,
And such amazing condescension
By blood on Calvary spilt,
Would make them tremble at destiny,
Sought such mother's milk,
And make him drink of life to joy,
From his sacred Saviour's side,
If fickle friend, with perverse will,
Retrieve his sinful trace
Unsuspected Mercy follows still,
To win or drive back,
That Christ, the King, who him may reign,
And on and heavenly joy,
Till he arrives at glory gain,
And eternally rest.

Five Many Brass on One Ship.

Five Bremen arrived from Europe in New York last week, departing 7,000 immigrants for Western points. Three of them, the Ems, Eider and Lahn, belonging to the North German Lloyds. On the Ems of Richmond were five Mary Brass. Each of the Brass bands, clerks had great difficulty in connecting the Mary Brass with their friends.

I Had a Dreadful Cough.

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; lostlost. I was very ill, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered the health completely by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of orders bear similar testimony.

Literary Miscellany.

The Lily of Slievenamon.

An Irish Story of Love and Venture.

CHAPTER IV.

WEDDING BELLS.

Evelson and Harold Deane were married the following spring. Harold proposed they should spend their honeymoon in Switzerland; but Mr. Darcy suggested Sorrento. His son-in-law at once bowed to this decision, although when alone a moment afterwards he blased through his set teeth, "Confound the old fool! with his d—d cant of patriotism. Well, we go to the Lake to enjoy a continual shower-bath; and the odds are a hundred to one against in ever getting a glimpse of the top of Ben Ion." But as if to give the lie to this cynical slander, the weather was on the best behavior during their sojourn at the Lakes.

"Well, this is—is—is—is—is—" stuttering at breakfast; "but I shall never rail against it again since it has been propitious on this occasion, and thus enabled my darling to enjoy the many beauties of this wonderously beautiful spot."

"Oh, Harold, you do not know how much I have enjoyed this glorious scenery, as you have shown it to me, yourself."

"Yes, in the pleasure reflected in those sparkling eyes, my Evelson. I know you are a genuine lover of nature in all its varying moods. I know you love fresh air, and meadows and green fields. I have marked the glow of pleasure which flushed your cheek as you inhaled the fragrance of yon pine princess. I have watched you absorbed in contemplation of a patch of leaden-colored clouds on the background of a wintry sky, and gaze delighted in the early morning on the thin column of smoke that so gracefully curled over the green sime from the chimney of a mud-wattlebe, we have heard. The over on hope regaling."

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Even for those who have done me a harm?
Do I forgive as I would be forgiven?
Thus binding spoken to bequeathed in Heaven?
The answer comes, would God I could say—"Oh not here hath a
Only our Father that gift can bestow.
I've long truly that blessing to share,
Kneel as He bestowed and ask it in prayer.
Ask Him to touch my cold, flinty stony drum,
That beautiful lesson He taught from the Cross—
That lesson of Charity grand and sublime
That through endless ages untarnished shall shine.
If robes and mansions and purple are thine,
If you give but the crumbs from your table to
Your brother, and the rich, then all is for naught,
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That vision of charity on each day after day,
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Look not for this poison the world may bestow,
But do all for Him who has sent you below;
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Help them, and do it for the love you bear Him,
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If man his cement love can show,
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Or love unmerited, when no love
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Yet Heart Divine drew closer still,
And sensitive methods plan,
Even beyond all sensitive to fill
With love, to please and dim.
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Love severe flesh and blood,
And, immolated on the cross,
Gives both to be our food
And, by consecration, also soul,
Its spotless both or clay,
Or parts as well as in the whole,
And that Most, God the Son,
Yet Divine, Man, Man, Man, Sentient
To Divinity lent to shown
For man, who, heedless, God and blind,
Full basis to endure you,
The Father sends on from on high,
To receive His sacrifice
He owns Dear Son to blood and die,
A victim on the Cross;
The Son with equal love, consents
To do His Father's will,
And by submit of pangs, prevents
Our everlasting ill;
The Holy Ghost would fain reveal
His love to mortal man,
Who so disregarded, yet not let
Put Unit, and unity of equals plead
In vain with souls defiled,
Who loving sin, refuses to heed
By Satan's chosen hospital;
Of all heaven and earth show deep concern
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The way to endless bliss.
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EVERY GOOD TREE OF PUBLISHING.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 29, 1886.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 2.

27—Sunday—18th Sunday after Pentecost, Compensation of Injuries, the Rosary.
28—Monday—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
29—Tuesday—Dedication of the Church of St. Michael Archangel.
30—Wednesday—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.
1—Thursday—St. Gregory, Bishop and Martyr.
2—Friday—Feast of Guardian Angels.
3—Saturday—Mass and Office of the Immaculate Conception.

PASTORAL LETTER

—OF—

RIGHT REV. BISHOP MANOGUE,

—TO THE—

Clergy of the Diocese of Grass Valley.

REVERENDS AND DEAR FATHERS OF THE CLERGY:

My Pastoral just received, the October devotion of last and the year before are also prescribed for this, and future years, as long as the evils which beset the Church and civil society remain, and until the freedom and independence of the Vicar of Christ be restored. These daily devotions commence the first day of October and continue till the second of November, inclusive, the Feast of the Rosary, followed by the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, are the prayers prescribed. These may be said immediately before or after Mass, or, should the afternoon be more convenient, the devotional exercises should be accompanied by the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Each time these exercises are publicly, or, for a legitimate cause, privately performed, and offered for and with the intention of our Holy Father, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines is imparted.

During the time appointed, if plenary indulgence is granted to the faithful at the times and in the public devotions, or, for sufficient reason, privately perform them, provided also they worthily approach and receive the sacrament of penance and fortify themselves with the adorable Eucharist.

A plenary indulgence is also imparted to all who on the solemn feast of the Holy Rosary, or any day within the octave, shall worthily receive the sacraments mentioned, and in any church, chapel or oratory supplicate for the exaltation of Our and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin according to the intention of Christ's Vicar on Earth.

Our Most Holy Father, in consideration of the sudden and more serious cases of rural inhabitants unable to observe the above prescriptions during the month of October, has graciously accorded to them the same privileges and grace on performing the same exercises the following November or even December. This privilege, however, should be accompanied by the advice and approbation of the respective pastors.

Yes are, therefore, Beloved Brethren, earnestly entreated to humbly, fervently and prominently lay before your congregations these solemn injunctions of our supreme Pontiff and Pastor. No occasion or opportunity should be allowed to pass without making known the solicitude of the common Father of the faithful for his children. The hope of the sacred Rosary, shouting in colestial grams and heavenly benedictions, are in his hands, while the maternal heart of the Church is palpitating with sentiments of love, tenderness and compassion, and herself, the chaste spouse of Jesus, most anxious to see her choicest blessings upon her dear children redeemed by Christ and purchased by Blood.

Yes are already aware that Rosary Sunday has for third season in the Church been set apart as Holy Father. Agree, full and effective announcement of this should be made next Sunday, and particular pains taken to have the contribution worthy of the illustrious object for which they are intended and intended. We also desire and earnestly recommend that the Peter's Pence Box be prominently placed in the church and particular attention directed thereto during the devotions of this month of October, so that the private offerings of the faithful during that month, united with the public collection of Rosary Sunday, may show forth your love and as well as the generosity of your people towards the Imperial Pontiff. These collections are expected from every church and mission of the diocese, and indeed let in Grass Valley by the 15th of November.

Before finishing let me also notify you that the usual ecclesiastical retreat for October is, for particular reasons, deferred to next year.

+P. MANOGUE,
Bishop of Grass Valley.

Sept. 23rd, 1886.

Aids to Christian Perfection.

It is sad to visit the homes of Catholics and to find therein no sign of the Faith they ought to profess before the whole world. It is not by profession to be Christian that we can make our Faith pleasing to God, but we must also make that Faith practical in every action of our lives, both in our public life and in our domestic circle. The home of every Catholic family should be ornamented with Catholic pictures calculated to inspire devotion in the hearts of all who dwell therein as well as to remain a love for the religious profession they represent in the minds of every visitor. No Catholic bed room should be devoid of a Crucifix, or a statue of the Sacred Heart, a picture of the Blessed Virgin, and other holy subjects which will prove incentives to devotion in those who sleep therein, reminding them every morning and night of their duty towards God and their reliance upon the protection of the good office of the "Refuge of Sinners" and the saints who dwell with God in Heaven.

Catholic books and papers form another feature which should also be prominent in every Catholic home, as they are conducive to a love for good reading in the minds of all who peruse them, and the silent influence they exercise upon the minds of Catholic youth is of inestimable benefit to them in after life. In this way Catholic books and Catholic papers help Catholic parents in the work of raising up their children to love God, to venerate the Blessed Virgin, and to imitate the saints, and thus lead their minds away from that fetid pool of immoral literature which is daily destroying all faith and morality in the minds of millions of young men and women in America.

Catholic books, pictures and newspapers are now so cheap that even the poorest can procure them by practicing a little economy, and when once their beneficial influence is felt upon the members of a family, it will be found that the money expended in their purchase is the best investment that can be made for the good of the souls of those who glory in belonging to the true Church of God.

Dr. Willey's Calumny against Catholic Missionaries in Oregon.

In a recent issue of the organ of the Congregationalists in this city, Dr. S. H. Willey undertakes to give a history of the Whitman Indian Massacre which occurred in Oregon in 1847. The long winded article is mainly intended to calumniate certain Catholic priests there in Eastern Oregon, changing them with inciting the Cayuse Indians to commit the crime of murdering a Presbyterian missionary and some other persons then residing with the Presbyterian missionaries among the Cayuse Indians. In this aspersing the character of the early Catholic missionaries in Oregon, Dr. Willey is merely playing a kind of second-fiddle to a fanatical preacher in Oregon named Griffin who in "Grammar Sauslee" in consequence of the manner in which he "smashes" the English language to please in all his peculiarly anti-Catholic diatribes against everything "Papish." The "author" from whom Dr. Willey gets his hatchet-sharpening material—another pious fraud to start every spot on all themes touching on the Catholic Church. No impartial reader can peruse this compound of falsehoods, his city and bad grammar, yelped "The History of Oregon," and not become convinced that the writer thereof was the most malicious falsifier and the most malignant calumniator of the Catholic Church and her priests that ever spelled "Jesuits" with a big "G."

Dr. Willey being a bird of the same brood of anti-Catholic cranks as the poor old Oregon dotard, naturally believes all the trumped-up tales which Grey the Grammar Smasher has invented out of the fertile fields of his imagination which for more than forty years has been fed upon the most inflamable lucubrations that the Father of Lies could raise to red-hot heat. And these falsehoods Dr. Willey quotes solely because they tend to blacken the character of certain priests of the Catholic Church. As for the full charges themselves, Dr. Willey knows no more about them than he does about the true gospel of Christ. All his mis-information comes second-hand, and yet this ignorance has lead this "preacher" to publish to the world that the Catholic priests in Oregon in 1847 were responsible for the murder of Dr. Whitman and others at the hands of the Cayuse Indians!

Calumny more business, or bigotry more fanatical never served the soul of a graveyard ghoul!

For a third of a century we have been familiar with all the facts pertaining to the Whitman Massacre. We knew the two Apostolic missionaries—Right Rev. A. M. Blanchet and Very Rev. J. B. Brouillet—against whom the rancor of religious hate has been hurled by a few male and female fanatics. And, with this evidence before us, with this experience to guide us, we can candidly declare that there is not the small est shadow of truth in any charge made against those holy confessors of the Catholic Church by the unlettered Grey or his gospel satellite the enouciated Willey.

All the facts prove that the life of Dr. Whitman had been threatened by the Cayuse Indians long before the arrival of the calumniated Catholic priests in Eastern Oregon. Dr. Whitman was—like all Protestant preachers—a strict believer in ordained Calvinist, who attempted to establish a sort of Cromwellian rule over the Cayuse Indians. And that rule had to be raised up among the tribe on enemy that could only be satisfied with his death. The Indians saw their lands taken from them without compensation, they saw their children and kindred die by hundreds under the treatment of the American "Medicine Man"—for Dr. Whitman treated their fever fakers which proved fearfully fatal—and even as early as 1843 the Cayuse Indians were so incensed against Dr. Whitman that they broke into his house during his absence in the dead of night and tried to murder Mrs. Whitman. This fact is furnished by a Methodist preacher whose "History of Oregon" is familiar doubtless to Dr. Willey. And this very evident sign of Indian hostility to Dr. Whitman occurred *four years* previous to the arrival of Bishop Blanchet, Father Brouillet and other Catholic missionaries in Oregon.

Not only the Cayuses, but all the other Indian tribes, became so enraged against the whites for what they called "stealing their lands" as early as 1842, that they united for the purpose of waging war against the settlers. But what led immediately to the murder of Dr. Whitman was the fact that he was the physician who attended the wife of Tamahas (the murderer who killed Dr. Whitman), and the died—like many others of her tribe—from his treatment. "A life for a life" is the Indian law, hence Tamahas murdered Dr. Whitman because he imagined that the Doctor purposely killed his squaw.

It must be borne also in mind that among all the Indians concerned in this catastrophe not *one of them was a Catholic*; they nearly all belonging immediately to the Presbyterian sect, and their early enmity—allied with their Calvinistic Christianity, is then set forth by correspondence of the *Oregon American*, published by a Presbyterian preacher named Griffin in Oregon, back in the "forties"!

"The Cayuse had become a praying people. In almost every lodge the family altar was erected. Worship was morning and evening. Their morals underwent a complete change. Their marriage relations were purified, while the dead bodies of the male lay scattered the foot of the lowlands of heaven and the bones of the female lay in the potter's field, yet there some was a member of our church, and while he held one of the surplices as he strip, the corpse his brutal passions, he was careful to have morning and evening prayer, and to read a portion of the scripture from Ki book which we printed while he was in our school at Clear Water."

Dr. Willey alludes to the way Mr. Spaulding—another Protestant missionary—acted his life, but the fact has been established that only for Father Brouillet the Indian who followed Mr. Spaulding would have murdered him. Father Brouillet risked his own life in order to save Mr. Spaulding's, but the only return he received from that renowned preacher was despoiled calumny unworthy even a Calvinist.

From a mass of evidence easily produced a can unanswerably substantiate every statement we make upon this matter, and prove to the satisfaction of all impartial people, that neither Bishop Blanchet or any priest under him, had hand, act or thought in the slain massacre of the members of the Presbyterian Mission in Oregon in 1847.

Catholic missionaries had just arrived in the country, and never had any intercourse with the Cayuse Indians under charge of Dr. Whitman. The Catholic missionary operations were just begun among the tribe of Umatilla Indians, at a distance of twenty five miles from Dr. Whitman's station, and not one of the Umatilla Indians was concerned in the murder. Some of the Cayuse Indians—incensed and disgusted at Dr. Whitman's treatment of them—wanted him to leave his mission so that the "Black Gowns" could instruct them. But Bishop Blanchet peremptorily refused such interference with Dr. Whitman. Thus it is easily comprehended that the Catholic missionaries could in no possible way have suggested, connived at or encouraged the Whitman Massacre, even leaving out of view entirely the exalted Christian character of these Apostolic men—one of whom died in Washington territory, and is universally venerated for his many virtues, and the other of whom was a prince of the Diocese of Nesqualy up to a couple of years ago, when he died at his post as head of the Catholic Indian Bureau in Washington City.

Dr. Willey—in his second hand account of this massacre copied from Grey the Grammar Smasher—out-Grays Grey even in falsehood when he makes this statement, which he doubtless invented in order to injure Catholic priests in the eyes of his readers:

But, added to this natural tendency on the part of the Indians, was the active influence of the Roman Catholic priests. On this point all accounts agree. For years they had sought to undermine the confidence of the Indians in our missionaries."

This aspersion is as unwarrantable as it is untrue. The so-called "active influence of the Catholic priests" is purely a mythical imagination of Dr. Willey's mind, infamed with bitter spleen against Catholic. "For years" he says, "the priests had sought to undermine the confidence of the Indians in our missionaries." How false these two assertions are may be easily surmised when we tell our readers that Bishop Blanchet and Father Brouillet arrived at Fort Walla Walla September 5th, 1847, and remained there until November 29th of the same year, the murder of Dr. Whitman and others having occurred on the 29th of November, 1847, hence the charge that they ever had the slightest intimation that such a barbarous murder was contemplated by the Cayuse Indians, could only emanate from civil-disposed cranks whom it is charity to suppose were half crazy through their inordinate hatred of the Catholic Church.

In alluding to what Dr. Willey falsely calls "the active influence of the Catholic priests" among the Indians, Dr. Willey says "on this point all accounts agree," thereby trying to impress upon the minds of his readers who may be ignorant of the real facts in the case, that *all writers* are in accord with the Vicious view taken by Grey, Spaulding, Willey & Co. Here, too, Catholic truth is able to triumph over trumped-up falsehood, as we have in our possession the evidence of such men of undisputed reputation as Sir James Douglas, Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company; Rev. Cushawa Blanc, Methodist missionary in Oregon; Hon. Elijah White, Sub-Indian Agent in Oregon; Hon Peter H. Burnett, who resided in Oregon at the time, and who is familiar with all the facts in the case; Joel Palmer, then Indian Agent in Oregon; Very Rev. J. B. Brouillet, who buried the bodies of the murdered victims, saved the lives of the women and children at Dr. Whitman's station, and also saved at the risk of his own life—the life of the fiblelous ingrate H. H. Spaulding. Rt. Rev. A. M. Blanchet, whose holy life has been providentially prolonged in order to be able to give oral evidence, if necessary, against the wanton falsehoods of Dr. Willey.

Not one of the illustrious gentlemen whose names we have quoted, endorse Dr. Willey's second hand slanderous bash. And—added to this array of truthful gentlemen—we possess documentary proof on every point connected with this vexed question which fully repudiates the slightest insinuation even of half-read sectarians, who are at present trying to stir up strife upon a question that has long since been settled and satisfied by the law of the land. Dr. Willey, therefore, had better try his pyrotechnics on some other subject more suitable to his limited knowledge and his innate bigotry, than to touch upon a question regarding which he has to rely altogether upon that broken reed seen among ranters—Grey the Grammar Smasher.

—A friend sends us an article entitled "Freed by Adversity" which he clipped from the *Union Pacific*, and wants us to "say something about it." But the game is not worth the pouder, as the article is a compilation of Congregational cant and old fossilized falsehoods that have been ground to powder by the Catholic press a thousand times. A writer who is so *bad* as retailing such lies about Copernicus and Galelio, only shows that he is still wallowing in the mire of prejudice which his Puritanical predecessors piled up for him. It is now admitted by all impartial scholarly writers whose opinions are worth having, that the Catholic Church was never opposed to science, nor did she persecute Copernicus or Galelio for their scientific opinions. But there is a class of half-read "Professors" in the world whose backwoods training has left them at the tail end of their class, and these men believe now—and always will cling to the same opinion—that the Catholic Church is to be held accountable for the deluge; that she should be held responsible for every if that human flesh is heir to; and that her only use in the world is to be made a target for the scribblers among the pests to shoot at. In this sense the "Professor's" powder is damp; his pepper-box has been prematurely discharged, and the result is very likely to last somebody among those who are tinkering at a false theology in a certain Oakland seminary.

Very Rev. M. A. Hunt, Chancellor of the Diocese of Hartford, Conn., who has recently been visiting Rome, is the bearer of the Pallium to Archbishop Throe of Trinidad Archbishop Salpointe of Santa Fe, Father Hunt will return to the United States this present month.

Anglo-American Enemies of Ireland's Freedom.

The usar prospect of the disenfranchisement of the Irish people from their long endured slavery at the hands of England, ought to be a source of gratitude and national joy to every citizen of this Republic. Ireland's freedom's battle flag was planted through Irish valor and Catholic courage. Every American citizen ought to delight in knowing that Freedom was spreading throughout the world, and that the principles of self-government were receiving recognition even in lands where Monarchy is the ruling power. But, alas! for the spirit of pro-British bigotry which is shrewd, we find among those who call themselves Christians, that slavish spirit of sectarian malice which makes them thank God that Ireland is still treated with injustice by England, and to hope that the day will never come when Liberty will be the presiding genius in the Green Island of Saints.

One of that class of unchristian cranks given vent to his vicious anti-Catholic spleen in last week's *Pacific*, wherein this sectarian plaited English American condescendingly informs his readers that in his Herculean efforts to keep abreast of the world in its daily occurrences, he—the great Czar of Congregationalism—"has to read now and then about Mr. Parnell and Ireland." What remarkable condescension on the part of this religious rooster! How much obliged Mr. Parnell and his partisans ought to be for such humility on the part of this unholy humbug! How we Irish ought to reward such deference on the part of this profoundly polite Puritan!

But it seems that the scribe in question knows more about the Irish question than Parnell, Gladstone and the Queen of England combined. "Mr. Parnell and friends not doubt tells his handful of Irish haters that Parnell's phon for Ireland's independence is a chimerical, and so forth, and concluded "no wide rapport," nor will Irish independence be well for the world, the dear old British Empire or for Ireland herself." Where does this foul opposition emanate from? The fact is as plain as the nose on the Puritanical face of this bigoted prejudiciator, that his animosity arises against Ireland's freedom simply because Ireland is the brightest gem that sparkles in the coronet of the Queen of Isles! The Parnell of the *Pacific*—and infatuated fanatics of his form, have grown up in the idea that the Irish people are the lineal heirs of the ever-living Church of God, and that if the "Pats" and "Bridgets" of Ireland could be entirely established free of the face of the earth—Popery would die and Protestantism prevail throughout the world! To gratify this hope such men as the *Pacific* exhibits would dance with delight on the grave of Liberty, and laugh at the agony of Ireland as she slowly died beneath the brutal tantalus of British rule. But the secret of the Puritanical hate against the Irish people which some Protestants have inherited, and has been sedulously prevented them from possessing that love of liberty which should be the most ardent aspiration of every human soul.

The foolishness of the ideas which this fanatic holds concerning Ireland's right to self-government, consists in his supposing that "Ireland is not a unit in population, industry or religion. What expense nonsense! Is not this country made up each time the time of Washington down to the moment when the Portion of the *Pacific* formed the Union? Ireland is a unit Again: It is necessary to the acquirement or the sustainment of liberty that a free government should have unit in population, industry or religion? The United States plainly declares that it is not." But, says another paragraph in the same paragraph, "only a part of Ireland's inhabitants are capable of self-government." How on this evangelical epistle, who is constantly quoting Scripture, but not subtly holy, have the smallest knowledge of the capabilities of the Irish race for self government? It is simply impossible that he could. The assertion comes from his anti-American insincerity, as precisely the same charge was brought in the British Parliament over a century ago by the English enemies of the American Republic, from whom this Anglo-American has derived his degenerate ideas concerning man's capacity for self-government. The fact is that the Irish people have all the requisites—both natural and acquired—which are requisite for their entire freedom from British tyranny, and they will yet—please God—achieve their independence, despite the determined spirit of sectarian malice or the antagonism of that class of pro British fakeys in this land, whom it would disgrace the national character to call Americans!

Finally, the fanatic we are flagellating says that the best people in Ireland are to be found in the North, and in a minority, and these would fare badly were Parnell's policy to prevail, "which," adds this lover of Orangeism, "will long go unfulfilled." Let us tell this would-be censor of the Irish race that the worst and most disgraceful faction in Ireland is the monarchy-loving Orangemen of the North. They are nowadays cannonies and ruffianly rowdies whose organization has done more to cause disunion and to cause public disturbance in Ireland than all other religious congregations of that men combined. And so far as the desire of this electro-plated Englishman that Mr. Parnell's dream "may long go unfulfilled" is concerned, we can only say thank God that human freedom has a Defender in heaven whose Power is greater than the combined Puritanical hate to be found in the world, and in eternity, and that this animosity arise against Ireland's freedom simply because Ireland is the brightest gem that sparkles in the coronet of the Queen of Isles! The Parnell of the *Pacific*—and infatuated fanatics of his form, have grown up in the idea that the Irish people are the lineal heirs of the ever-living Church of God, and that if the "Pats" and "Bridgets" of Ireland could be entirely established free of the face of the earth—Popery would die and Protestantism prevail throughout the world! To gratify this hope such men as the *Pacific* exhibits would dance with delight on the grave of Liberty, and laugh at the agony of Ireland as she slowly died beneath the brutal tantalus of British rule. But the secret of the Puritanical hate against the Irish people which some Protestants have inherited, and has been sedulously prevented them from possessing that love of liberty which should be the most ardent aspiration of every human soul.

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Rain as the New Motor in Making Methodists!

The warfare of the world against the Catholic Church assumes many different aspects as the irrepressible conflict between God-given Truth and Satanical Error continues. This battle began with the birth of our Blessed Redeemer, and it will continue throughout all time, even to the going down of the sun on that day which will witness the sunset of time and the day-dawn of eternity. From Herod, in the days of John down to Hyacinthe in the present day, the demon who perpetually wars against God's Church has never lost without a battle. Emperors, Kings, Queens, Presidents and whole nations, have conspired against the Church of God for the full purpose of destroying her. But our Divine Lord promised that though the very gates of hell should be from against the Church of Christ, no dent should be seen in the adamantine structure which the God who formed it declared should exist for all eternity!

For more than three hundred years the numerous Protestant sects have invented innumerable ways whereby to annihilate the Catholic Church from the world. Yet—*mirable dictu!*—the Catholic Church exists at this day in all the divine strength of her divine Founder's power, and in all the attributes which she possessed when Christ commissioned her to be the teacher of eternal life, first gave to her primary Apostolic Pontiff and his co-workers in Christianity the command to "Go, preach to all Nations."

We very often wonder if Protestants ever reflect upon the solemn and important words of Christ addressed to Peter and his co-workers in Christianity first planted the Cross and proclaimed Christ crucified. Protestantism cannot point to a single Martyr who died in defence of the peculiar tenets of her peculiar sect. While, on the other hand, every century can furnish its quota of Catholic Bishops, Priests, Sisters and laymen even, who have laid down their lives sooner than give up that true faith which they have received from the Church. Catholic martyrs have lived, and firmly believe that their faith is from God, hence they are fortified against all doubt and derelicting God in the face of His most serious enemies. But where is the sectarian who can truly say that he has peculiar pinchpiece in the crazy quilt of Protestantism is better than the other patch-pieces surrounding him? There are sects may number by the world worldly. Not one of them has ever contained—or ever will contain—even the smallest and most indolescent fraction of that Divine Spirit which Christ promised to give to the Apostles and their successors in the Church, when, in the Gospel of St. Matthew, Christ said to them: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Because the power of God was with Father Hecker, Father Walworth, that Rain in Rochester, Mormon Joe Smith, Brigham Young, Mormon Elder Rigdon, Mormon Elder Pratt, Mormon Elder Hyde, Mormon Elder Kelly, of the Cathedral, Second Master of Ceremonies.

CELEBRATION OF GRACE'S ANNIVERSARY.

After the first gospel Rev. W. H. Hume, Archbishop Ryan's secretary, read the letter received from the Pope, while the choir rendered the Ecce Sacerdos Magnus, and the Tantum Ergo, the latter being sung by Mr. Mazzi's Cathedral for the occasion. Archbishop Ryan then read the Pontifical Mass, in most edifying manner. The Church was packed to overflowing with people and the auxiliary bishops, clergymen, the priests and the seminary boys, who were very attentive to prelates of motion, interspersed with rules roses and other flowers. The sermon was a complete feast of reason, and the bouquets of the richest and rarest flowers that Ireland's Ireland could produce. Even when the hundreds of candles were lighted, the star prominent was the sun of Grace, the illustrious of all who labored in the Vineyard. The Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who have charge of the flowers and ornaments in decorating them, must feel a due share of the honor conferred on the Church on the occasion of the Jubilee of Grace.

St. Mary's Cathedral would have to be enlarged to at least the dimensions of Rome, to accommodate the vast throng of people that wanted to be present at the Jubilee of Grace, and many times had utterly been taken to leave tickets to all who desired to be present, and a special arrangement was carried out admirably by the Cathedral Committee, by which the hundreds of people successfully worked their way from California street to the Cathedral, and vice versa, without any hitch. Although the vast throng that surrounded the cathedral, and the great crowd of people who had to stand on the opposite side walk to the vacs hope that, by some miraculous intervention, there was even standing room in the vestibule.

THE PALLIUM.

(The following Ode, suggested by the beautiful and appropriate ceremony of the Pallium, which Rome has respectfully intended to his Grace, Archbishop Ryan, is from the pen of a lady friend.)

Long ages since, with cruel gleam
Of mitigating sword,
A stalwart Saint's Blanian stream
Was dyed in blood red.
Sweet Amen! gentlest virtue-lamb!
Thy Pastor's crook
For fruitful seed of tithes latin
Thy martyr blood was shed
Well doth thy Rome, with grateful hand,
Thy sacred Pallium shrine,
Then brighten with the single hand
Of Ryan, Pastor Prime.
Its fine, mellow, silk-lustrous length
Adorns thy vestal Feast,
Where, on the spirit hushlike fervent
Before the white robed Priest,
Of Apostolic hands are laid,
In benediction sweet,
And then, on shoulders shining
With ruthless movement feet,
Thy delicate tissue love of smiling peace
From the pure body shell,
Thy gentle types are call.
Thy gentle types are call.
Thy lambs of Christ, to receive
Thy lambs of spotless wool
And from that stony wind they years
Those melious blest and bright,
The Pallia pure—the sacred dower
Of Apostolic Rome.
The mystic signs of priestly power,
Thy types of mercy, love,
Thy yoke, O, *Agnus Dei!* worn
Thy gentle mark to be
Mark shavers of the topless home
Of Christ, Lord Jesus Christ.
From Holy sweet death, still down light down
Thy Pallium, Pastor Prime,
Thy—the—shrine—the—Pallium—
Our Lord's fair sanctuary,
Thy Pallium, Pastor Prime, and land
The sacred been outlaw
Thy—shrine—the—Pallium—
Of priestly ministers,
Thy—shrine—the—Pallium—
Are—the—wave bath—
Thy gentle—shrine—the—Pallium—
Thy—shrine—the—Pallium—
Thy—shrine—the—Pallium—
Thy

Farm and Home.

Meet Your Husband with a Smile.

There are two sides of this question. It is just as much the husband's duty to meet his wife with a smile, as it here to greet him thus cheerily, as she most assuredly should do.

He comes home tired, does he? fretted with care, disgusted with the world, he needs rest and cheer. So he does; just he needs also to bring cheer and courage with him. Why not? Is not he the stronger vessel, forsooth?

The world is down for the Sun, complained of, done; and the feeling of no much gained, so much accomplished, is in itself a comfort. He is tired and hungry; rest and food excite him, sympathy and affection. He may have met on the world with deceit and selfishness and cold indifference; but in the home must be kind, cheerful and understanding, his wife admires and honors and believes in him to the very core of her heart.

But if he comes home moody, silent, worried, and returns her welcoming smile with frowns of gloom, what then? He meets an acquaintance—perhaps a man for whom he has little esteem, perhaps a struggling woman he despises, perhaps a gigglingbread-and-butter miss, capable of little save slang and cachinnation—but he has to be courteous, all urbanity, frowns, short answers, other claimants.

Man, for pity's sake be at least as kind, as polite, as willing to please and to be pleased, when at home with your wife and children, as when you are with strangers! Seek as earnestly to please and to be pleased by the one you would the chosen guest. Tell her the pleasant things you meet as well as the painful ones, it will do you good as well as her; listen as kindly to her words as you would to those of another; be as patient with her mistakes as politeness teaches you to be with strangers. She toils as hard in proportion to her strength as you do (I am speaking of the working class), and in ways that are more nerve harrowing, monotonous, and wearing. All she asks is your love, your sympathy. She would be first in your heart as you are to hers; she wants to known that her personality, her ways are so interesting and dear to you as yours are to her. She wants you to feel tenderly for her weariness and pain. Probably she hides all of it she can, to spare your feelings. She grieves over her vanquished youth and freshness for your sake more than her own. She bears you only the better for the bald spot on your head; the deep furrows in your brow, the stoop of your shoulders. You are as different from the sturdy, handsome youth she married, as she is from your blooming bride, but you are only the dearer for it. Is pity, man, in honor, in all manly nobility, not her love for love, truth for truth? And by all that is honorable and manly, I conjure you, treat her with such courteous consideration, such tender respect that one shall dare treat her slightingly! Who so sets with disrespect toward her does double dishonor to you! Join no younger, prettier, paper woman in playful depreciation, or in harsh criticism of her, or in opposition and condescending commiseration.

Is she plain? She does not expect you to call her beautiful, nor to be blind to another's beauty; only to have that she is dear to you in spite of her plainness. Is she shy, deformed, peculiar? Let it be seen that having chosen her in spite of these things, she has value that outweighs my deficiency. Treat her, and see that she is treated, as respectfully as you desire to be treated yourself. People will render you double honor because you honor her. You will have your reward, here as well as hereafter.

Home Conversation.

Nothing in the home life needs to be more carefully studied and more diligently cultivated than the conversation. It should be unbosom with the spirit of love. No harsh word should be spoken. The happiness of husband and wife in their intercourse depends much on the way he talks to her. A word or even a tone should never be uttered. The warmth and tenderness of their heart should flow out in every word that they speak to each other. As parents, too, in the intercourse with the children, they should never speak sneer in words of Christ-like patience. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that children's lives can grow up into beauty in an atmosphere of strife. Harsh, angry words are to their sensitive souls what frosts are to flowers. To bring them up in the nurture of the Lord is to bring them up as Christ himself would, and except that would be with infinite tenderness. The blessed influence of loving speech day after day and month after month is as impossible to estimate. It is like the falling of warm spring sunshine and rain on the garden. Beauty and evenness of character are likely to come from such a home.

A $25,000 Cow Lost.

Mrs. Samuel M. Shoemaker has lost by death from inflammation of the lungs the world-renowned cow, Princess Second, which astonished the world by giving in seven days a yield of 46 pounds and 10½ ounces of butter. This test of her butter qualities was completed April 10, 1883. Some time after the tests the blankets were taken off rather suddenly, it is thought, and she took a cold, from which she never recovered. She was a magnificent animal, of great vitality and force, as well as a fine butter producer. One of the secrets of her immense yields of butter was her great vitality and appetite. During the very height of the test, while she was fed as large quantities of butter-producing food as it was thought she could safely bear, she broke loose one night and consumed over 200 pounds of premium hay in a box in the stable. About two years ago Mr. Shoemaker refused $25,000 for her. She was eight years and six months old when she died. She was an imported cow, and was bought at auction in New York for $1,500. She was of the celebrated Cocomaria strain. Her last calf was sold during an absence from home of Mrs. Shoemaker for $10,000, but the sale did not stand. Mrs. Shoemaker refusing to ratify it on her return.

While the Burnside Park Jersey herd has sustained great loss in the death of Princess Second, it is thought her place will be taken than filled by a noble cow of grand physique of the same strain. This animal Oxford Kate, a lineal relative of Princess Second, has already a record of 30 pounds 12 ounces of butter in seven days, which is already second to Princess Second, and yet she has never been pushed it is believed she can beat the foremost record. The father of this cow sold for $9,150. All the Burnsides hard are in fine condition.

Where the Scorpion gets his Poison.

When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a whip, he expends a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than to get a tenth part of a drop of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Behemas; but it confounds the best of human furnaces. In some parts of South American scorpion bites are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having been killed by them in Nassau. Many have been counted for. The scorpion likes to feed on decayed wood. In South America, where dya-woods and other poisonous woods abound, the scorpion feeds upon them, and that work into themselves a good supply of outside poison, which, taken together with its naturally poisonous liquid, does its work for whoever is unfortunate enough to be stung. But, in Nassau, such poisonous woods are few, and the scorpions have to fatten themselfras respectably on pine, cedar, and mahogany.

Family Fun.

Afraid of Treats.

"How my good man, read that. It will do your soul good," said a tract distributor to an old man whom he found seated on the city door-house steps, deeply absorbed in thought. He handed the old man a tract as he spoke, "Oh out," ingratiatingly replied the man, "my soul's all right, sir; my kidneys, no's my liver. That air thing looks mighty interesting, but as sure as I need it, I and begin to get interested in it, and I'm afraid it will run off on to some patent medicine, and wind up by asking me, 'how's my liver? No, sir, I'm as sound as a bullet, and don't care about such literature."

Rising to the Occasion.

A youngster of four, rather noted for his depravity than otherwise, was taken into his mother's bedroom the other day and introduced to his baby sister, one day old. He seemed to look on the new arrival with considerable embarrassment, not annoyed with disapproval, and at the same time to appreciate the fact that it expected much of him to my somebody, certainly the responsible man whom he despised, perhaps a giggling-bread-and-butter miss, capable of little save slang and cachinnation—but he has to be courteous, all urbanity, frowns, short answers, other claimants.

Old Fashioned Patriotism.

Representative Eldridge, of Adrian, who has positive notions of what constitutes patriotism, says the *Detroit Free Press*, listened to a Fourth of July oration by a prominent Democrat in his district of that stripe. He hoped that a hundred years had wiped out the bitterness that had existed between Mother England and the colonies, and that Americans and Britons would forget the struggle of 100 years ago in a fraternal embrace.

Col. Eldridge heard the whole speech, and when it was finished he immediately sought out the minister and said to him with considerable heat:

"Mr. Minister, do you call that a Fourth of July speech? Do you think that your ancestors were patriotic? I don't, sir; the Fourth of July it is the bounden duty of every American to pay for his sins and d—d Britishers, and are ready to do it again! That's the kind of talk I like to hear to day."

Her Week Day Beau.

Mrs. Judge Peterby of Austin employs a colored cook named Matilda Scandal, who is a great favorite with the sterner sex, but who is very high-toned, nevertheless.

"Who was that horrid-looking negro I saw prowling about the back yard?" asked Mrs. Peterby, indignantly.

"Dat's a fellar I keeps company wid on Sundays."

"On week days?"

"Yes, ma'am; yer don't s'pose I'd be seen wid such a bandy-legged, giggle-eyed moke like him on Sundays, does yer! Yer oster see de colled gemman I keeps company wid on Sundays. You'd be s'prised, yer would."

An Unfortunate Man.

Magistrate—The policeman caught you stealing part of the house with three cents on your arm.

Prisoner—Is dat de victim sh-sh-sh-mission yo' Honah.

Magistrate—The victim of circumstances!

Prisoner—Yes, yo' Honah. Ise a kleptomaniac.

Magistrate—Do you call it kleptomania to enter a strange house and steal oversoks!

Prisoner—What's de p-p-p-p-p' kleptomania!

Magistrate—About fifteen years for the kind that you are troubled with.

Prisoner—Jes' hear de sentence! (at statement), yo' Honah, and pleads guilty ter insanity in de fo'th degree, and fro myself on de mercy sh-sh-sh Court. Insanity run in my family, sah. My pop' wife has been in de county house ever so long.

Too Busy Talking to Listen.

"Well, how did you like the sermon, today?"

"The sermon!"

"Yes; you were at church, weren't you?"

"Why, yes; certainly.

"Well, then, you will how you liked the sermon, I suppose! You heard it didn't you?"

"Heard it? Certainly not, I belong to the choir."

An Impossible Performance.

The teacher was trying to teach the boy something about navigation.

"Now, suppose your father should start to-morrow morning to walk across the river, could he do it?"

"No, sir."

"Of course not," said the teacher, much encouraged, "and why not?"

"Because—"

"Yes, go on—because"—

"Because he is jail, sir."

The Bride and Wealth.

Uncle Muse approached the county clerk and handed him the marriage license. The clerk, in order to poke fun at the old man, said seriously.

"I hope the bride has got 75 cents in cash, for the Legislature has passed a law requiring us to issue a license unless the bride has that amount."

The old man fished up his papers, born," said Uncle Muse, approaching the clerk, then he turned over and whispered to his ear, "the reliable rumors about a dollar and a quarter."

Fresh from the Wood.

When President Cleveland was asked to appoint Judge Tree to a foreign mission, he replied:

"I'd just as leaf as not."

This gracious answer to the applicants was received with a profound bow.

"In making this appointment, however," continued the chief magistrate, "it is not to be considered by any branches of the judge's family that they have only to apply for a position to be appointed."

"Certainly, know," was the response.

"Then, I guess, you can tell Judge Tree to pack his trunk," said the President.

"Yes, ma'am, of course, to appoint him," he nodded.

"We knew you would," was the reply.

"Well," said the President, "I was sure that Judge Tree did not pine for the office, nevertheless, in such a position I am anxious to see, as our English friends would say, a good man at the rim, and while I'm maple—"

"Chestnuts," exclaimed the delegation in a breath.

Scriptural Mugwumps.

A Lynn Sunday school teacher last Sunday was discussing the Laodiceans spoken of in the Revelations as "neither hot nor cold." "There are such kind of people that we see sometimes to day," she said. "People with no positive convictions, no decided views, no pronounced principles of their own, and who never come out emphatically either on one side or another. But you ever see any such people as that, Johnny?" she said to the smallest boy in the class. "Yes," replied Johnny, "but they don't call 'em Laodiceans, now a days. They calls 'em mugwumps."

Hereford's Acid Phosphate, As an Appetizer.

Dr. Morris Gibson, Howard City, Mich., says: "I am greatly pleased with it as a tonic; it is an agreeable and good appetizer."

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

Monthly Bulletin for August.

OFFICE OF SUPREME SECRETARY, C. K. OF A., } LAFAYETTE, KY., Sept. 1, 1885.

As my health, strength, and time will allow, I publish a source of interest and information to the branches but have a greater appreciation, I will render my thanks for the many kind and flattering notices, and will endeavor to merit the praise so lavishly bestowed, by making the Bulletin a budget of useful and interesting information to the C. K. of A.

New Insurance Claims, Total January, 1st, Line Reissues, 37; Net Gain, 12; Total Claims Paid Since Organization, $1,111,111; Total Assessments Collected Since Organization, $1,200,000; Total Number of Members, 26,000; New Risks, $282,000. Application for Charter, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890.

The Branch Chartered, No. 406, at St. Simeons, Mo. There are ten applications for Charter in Illinois, and one in Kansas. Thousands of deceased members, of which Kentucky recorded 1, Illinois 1, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Nebraska received two thousand each.

The Tennessee Knights are making strenuous efforts to double their membership, and there seems to be crowning their good work. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Nashville has applied for new branch.

The California Knights have secured the services of Monsignor Capel to assist in their behalf, and expect to reap a rich reward as the result of his labor for them, which will be given in full in our next Bulletin. As the Order has not yet a foothold in the West, we would be pleased to see the Order grow in the East. We have no Branches in the States of Delaware, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine or Vermont. In the Dominion of Canada, we should there be very happy to see the Knights of the Order; from Branches are organized, and we hope to see the Knights of the Order, therefore, in order to secure a foothold in the above mentioned States we wish our Brethren in the East to send in the address of a competent Knight, who will go from State to State; that we may be placed in correspondence with him. We will be pleased to see Societies or Organization papers to any responsible party, who will take the agency of forming a Branch of the Order.

I will again call attention of the Recording Secretaries to the law requiring them to report to the Chairman of the Supreme Trustee, once in the month, the amount of money forwarded to the Supreme Secretary and Supreme Treasurer. It takes but a few moments to make the report, and it should not be neglected. It is important that the Supreme Trustee should know the exact amount of money forwarded to the Supreme Secretary and Supreme Treasurer, and that they may be enabled to compare the amount received by them with the report of the Supreme Secretary and Treasurer. The Chairman of the Supreme Trustees, J. J. Duffy, Esq., Memphis, Tenn., is one of that there are many Branches in the Order, and it is hard for him to do the duties he asked by the President of each Branch at the first meeting in each month if the report has been forwarded, and if not let it be done at once. There is another very important duty which the officers and members should look into at each meeting. That is to ascertain if any Transfer has been issued, and if the members have paid into your Branch W. A. Ward, and if he holds a receipt for the same, and if he has, let it be produced and read in open meeting, and should be insisted on, or receipt are promptly sent out by the Supreme Secretary, and if not forwarded to the Supreme Secretary within one month, I have several instances where Branch Transfers have held the money of their members until the Branch was threatened with suspension, and in other cases the Transfer was not issued until the Branch was crippled. Members should therefore insist on receipts, if their money be reached their destination or if it is in the hands of derelict Treasurer. Be late, promptness in performing your duties, evince more regularity, take an interest in everything conducive to the welfare of the Order, don't wait for some one else to keep the Order up, but be yourselves the ones to do something, you will be rewarded with satisfaction, or happy. Those who do the greatest work are always those who are most anxious for the work.

Send in your assessments promptly, and the C. K. of A. will pay it out to your widows and orphans as fast as the death rate of members call for it.

Fraternally, JOHN BURKE,
Supreme Secretary, C. K. of A.

Important Decision by President Russell.

A very important question has just become settled in the ranks of the C. K. of A. For some time past application that belonged to other societies, though more assistance were not continuous by the Church, were rejected. In answer to inquiry of the Secretary of Branch 106, the Supreme President writes:

LEBANON, KY., Aug 29th, 1885.

J. J. O'Connor, Recording Secretary, Branch 106, C. K. of A.

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 24th inst. received. In reply I beg to state that the Supreme President writes:

"I am glad that the question has been decided. Under the circumstances, I may say that the Supreme President and Supreme Trustee are of the same opinion, that the Knights of Columbus, Knights of Honor, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Labor, Odd Fellows, Knights of Honor, Knights of Labor, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus

ARCHBISHOP WALSH'S WELCOME HOME.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

ed with anxiety, and at times with gloom, the proceedings—It they could be called proceedings—which took place in certain purlieus of the capital of Italy, doctored for us from day to day in the newspapers, and we knew that while the emissaries of the author of "Vaticanism" (issues) were working day by day with shameless and unexampled vigor, that we, the faithful and loyal subjects, were bound to keep our mouth closed. Throughout Ireland, Ireland was the loyal-tied because we respected and venerated the procedure of the Church in the appointment of its ministers (hear,). We regarded this as not a matter for our interference, and had the Archbishop of Dublin sent here been whom he might,

WE, AS CATHOLICS WOULD HAVE BEEN BOUND TO ACCEPT HIM

(applause). Our hards, therefore, were fettered, but, praise be to God, who, in His directing wisdom, has inspired here the successor of Peter to give us the Archbishop whom we desired (applause). And now that he will soon be amongst us, I am sure you require no assurance from me of the enthusiasm of the Irish people, which will be accorded to our shepherd. I pray that his reign amongst us may be long—(applause)—that it may be fruitful in everything which he could desire, and that having presided over this one, honored at one time by a mitre and a pastoral, he will continue to watch the course of an expanding Church and a happy country—(applause)—and when at length he is borne to the grave, followed by a sorrowing people within this sacred edifice, it may not be until he has been spared to see his ripe hand to give his last blessing to a liberated people (prolonged applause.)

Correspondence.

We respectfully solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church on the shores of the Pacific.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday morning, to insure insertion.

A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MARIPOSA COUNTY.

HOMITON, Cal., Sept. 14, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—The Catholics in this section of the country have witnessed yesterday an unusual festival, the description of which, I think, will be appreciated by the readers of your valuable paper.

Rev. A. Fassnotti of Mariposa, after months of constant work, admirably succeeded in building a fine, little church in the small town of Bishop Dubin, or, as it is called, Santa Cruz, which is situated in the very centre of a district of older, though, in the country of a more dense population, which form the majority of settlers in this district. Yesterday the church dedicated to the Holy Cross, and the little town of Indian Gulch will always remain the beautiful festival.

Early in the morning a great number of people began to assemble, not only from the towns surrounding, but came from distant places in the and the adjoining counties. The town was literally overflowed with wagons and carriages, which brought not only Catholic people, but also many belonging to different denominations. After celebrating early Mass, in Hornitos, the Rev. Father came to this town and began the ceremony at half-past 10 o'clock.

The Catholic choir of Hornitos composed of about twenty-five voices, assisted by the choir of Mariposa, rendered the Gregorian and Lambillotte's Masses in very creditable style. After the ceremony of the blessing of the church, High Mass was begun, and the choir sang the Gloria, which constituted the diagnosis of their faith. The choir sang Sullivan's Creed Mass; it was the first time "Credo" musically adapted for the congregation to hear the Creed, chanted to the Blessed Sacrament, after which the Rev. Father preached a sermon on the duty of Catholics towards the Church of which they are members.

The altar was finely decorated, and everything was accompanied by an air of recent date for the church, which was built in the space of two hours. May the people always remember the ceremonies witnessed yesterday, and may the promises made before the Lord of Hosts on such an occasion.

Yours truly,
CORRESPONDENT.

EDIFYING LETTER FROM A CONVERT.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—I send you a postal order for three dollars to renew my subscription to the Monitor, which paper I shall continue to take as long as I remain in this state, and I wish I could induce all our Catholics here to take it. I have often to laugh when I read some extracts copied from some bigoted Protestant paper, going for the Catholic Church, condemning what they know nothing about. This used to vex me once, but it does not now; I rather pity the poor blindness of people who that their eyes to the truth, and that is the truth to be met with everywhere, by the help of God, to live according to the Divine teachings of the Holy Church, the more glorious the harmony, and this holy religion is spreading so fast in this country. I am a convert from the Church of the Holy Cross, and the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit,

Poetry

IRON FAN MURPHY.
CALIFORNIA!

A wonderful land arose in the west
Like a sea nymph fair on the ocean's breast,
Rather if said emerging from the foam of Peace
That mantly stay to clasp large miles increase.
Her mountains are rich with gold,
That can warm the heart and brighten the eyes,
The tropical breeze o'er the ocean blows
To odorous breath from the land of Flowers.

Above her the sky is stainless and blue
As that of Italia that poets imbue.
While the stars look down with their crystal eyes
Their mirror the land in the far away skies.
With field silver fleecy, and grass the Golden crown
With her hills and valleys, and the Golden crown
Adorning her brow with their blooming flowers,
Her rivers and rills with their rocky towers.

Her plains like irons as sentinels stand
The appointed of God to watch o'er His land;
To them are the souls of the brave old
Whose voices are heard in the breezes bold;
In peace of plaintive lullaby sing
And their mountain arms so joyously swing,
Awaking the echoes asleep in the hills
While forest and tower with melody thrills.

And deep in the earth in rocky bound
Is the ghostly gloom are the rich genome,
Away from the sun and the daylight bright
They mortly toil from the morn till the night.
They mortly sing of work all day
In their caverns deep from the world away.
Their sun is the gold; and the shining light
Illumine their homes with its radiance bright.

Fantastic and weird it fills about
All around, above, now in, and then out;
They live in the mists; in the mists grow old
And mortly die for the shibboleth gold.
Their people are shadows of people
Pale and round limbed as s'er sculptor dedicated,
Tagian and Raven, the Norman and Dane
A people have left without blemish or stain.

The children of Adam, and Eve and Cain
Are strongly warm blood 'mid the northern skies
Commingled with blood of the north and east
Our glorious type of the west released.
Orphaned, free, in a land of wealth and wine
With a noble soul in their shining eyes
Unbarred and fearless, yet tender and true
The greatest of people the world ever knew.

Oh, glorious land! the home of the free!
With a golden vail o'er thy virgin breast,
Hail, land of the sun, of the fir, and rose;
From summits of snow, to forests of pine
From tropical valleys, broad and low,
From trees and mounts to the placid sea,
We love thee full well, oh, thou land blest
Than star of the west now shining so grand.

Oh, land of the lotus, land of my love,
Who tastes of thy sweetness will never more rove,
In life and in death to thy shores they turn
In life and in death with thy love they burn.
When peace wanders from home to the cold vast,
And the mighty Present is lost in the Past,
When wrapt from the earth and by all forgot
Our souls shall remember this well-loved spot.

M. I.

Literary Miscellany.

Ruth's Romance.

BY MAURICE C. WALSH.

On a recent visit to Washington, while with a friend, eight-seeing, we visited the elegant building donated by the great philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, to the use of elderly spinsters and indigent widows, and called the "Old Ladies' Home."

Among the many there dwelling, was one very intelligent, middle aged lady who was desirous to give us the history of her life, asserting as that it was as interesting as a novel.

We felt disposed to listen, and the lady's fine eyes brightened up as she commenced to narrate her story:

Perhaps you will scarcely credit the fact that I was once one of the belles of Richmond; but it is, nevertheless, true, though I do not now retain much trace of the beauty I possessed at that time, when I was a girl of twenty. My name is Ruth Preston. My parents were rich, and we dwelt in a fine old mansion on the banks of the James.

Among my acquaintances was a young man named Walter Lostine, son of a wealthy parent encouraged him more than any of the other gallants, and all supposed he was a most eligible suitor for my heart and hand.

He was a handsome youth, and possessed most winning manners; he aspired, warily, while a spasm of intense pain flitted across his countenance.

"Oh, Walter, for my sake, but more especially for your own, will you heed my warning? Turn your face to the throne of grace and let your prayers ascend to God who has created you to enjoy eternal happiness—

"Hush, are you a Catholic?" he faltered.

"I am."

"Well, if I were to embrace any religion, I would prefer that to all others. Listen. Since we parted and you refused my hand in second offer of fidelity, I have studied up the subject of Catholicity thoroughly. I have read many of the most eminent works and have arrived at the conclusion that it is, in reality, the only true religion."

I listened eagerly, and he continued:

"Some I was wounded, ten days ago, I have been receiving instructions from good Sister of Charity who by her piety, zeal and solicitous attention, heal lingth exceeded in removing every vestige of doubt from my mind. I was baptized only this morning by Father McCarthy and——

"Oh, Walter, how glad, how delighted I am! Now I can pray with you, and if ever loved you, that love is now intensified a thousand-fold. It is a love that will penetrate beyond the grave and pierce into the realms of sensation bliss hereafter.

I could control my pent-up feelings no longer, but burst into tears.

While I was thus giving way to my emotions of joy, affection and gratitude, a dark form entered the cast.

I looked up and perceived the kindly, sympathetic face of a Sister of Charity.

Colonel Lostine introduced her as Sister Angelina, and explained that I was an old friend of his.

The Sister who had been instrumental in bringing about Walter's conversion was to me a saintly personage indeed.

We talked fervently in the dying man for some hours, and I only left his side when Brace came and advised me that Captain Preston was anxious to see me.

In the afternoon I returned to the Colonel's seat, where I was just in time to see Father McCarthy administering the last sacraments.

* * * *

Walter died that night and his death was a holy and most exemplary one.

I felt in my heart that God in His infinite goodness had heard my prayers offered daily for the conversion of Walter Lostine, and had fully accorded him the grace of conversion.

I have only to add that my brother, now Colonel Preston, through Father McCarthy's kindly ministrations, also embraced the true faith, and has so powerful an interesting family of devoted young Catholics thereof about his house as he tells them of the final conversion of an infidel. Thus, sir, is Ruth's Romance.

* * * *

We left the good lady with many thoughtful reflections.

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run for some too long all medicine is powerless to avail. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope. For the sale of incurable cures, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients, who nothing else seemed to avail. Druggists sell it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. F. F. MOUTRIE.

Anna Roberts and Joseph Parkinson met each other pretty often at the house of mutual friends. They soon liked each other well enough to think of taking each other for better or for worse for a life-time, and they made the usual promises at the altar stage. He was making money in a very good business, he belonged to a society which reckoned many good young men in its ranks, and he always attended, by his conduct, his companions and friends.

He had belonged to one of the Temperance societies in connection with his Church, and his mother, who was a good Christian in the fullest meaning of the word, died just before he was married, to ask his intended to join one of the Temperance societies in the city. His reply to his mother was that there were very good people outside of the Temperance societies; his intended took only her glass of beer, and why should he deprive her of it! His mother replied:

"I should be sorry to think there were not many good people in the world who have never joined any Temperance society; and it was only your mother and her companions that I wished for this unity of principle. Promise me, Joseph, that you will do your duty to help his falling brethren."

He did promise, but he shook his head as he said:

"Mother, I'm a good-natured fellow, and I'm no fool either, and I'm glad to Hell for any man, if I can help, I would catch from Satan."

Our hero, Joseph Parkinson, was in some fear for his wife, his heart overflowing with happiness. He was liberal to her, giving her money freely for household purposes. On his return home an evening or two after comparing their new house, he noticed that his wife's face was very much flushed, and he thought there was an odor of brandy from her. She said she had got a bad fit of indigestion, and that nothing could relieve her but a brandy. Again and again the bad indigestion returned, and the brandy was repeated. It was one day taken for toothache, another day for some other affection, it was never acknowledged to have been taken out of pure affection for itself, and it dawned upon his mind that she had a strong attachment for the fiery liquid. Naturally of a placid temper, his feelings were much excited when he came to this conclusion. He went to the clergyman who married them, and told him of his trouble and how the discovery had aroused the fiend of anger within him. The clergyman told him to be patient, to let him speak to her which he soon did, to no purpose.

Then Joseph Parkinson said to himself: "This will not do, I cannot live with her, the temptation is to me to kill her is too strong. I cannot trust myself one moment in her company when I see her intoxicated. I loathe her; and if I stay the devil will assuredly tempt me to commit murder."

He sold his business, his house, and his furniture, and left Liverpool for Australia.

"He could not," he said, "share his soul and live with her." From time to time he wrote to the clergyman asking about her. For a long time he heard no good news of her, after she realized that he was dead, she raised of a good, loving companion, a broken, a projector, she for whole indulged even more freely; and it was not until the last year of every was reported to her and that she was shunned and avoided, no one being pity on her, on account of the misery she brought on one good man, that she began to be ashamed of herself and to feel sorrow for her wicked madness.

She went to the clergyman who married them, and asked him if he would write to Joseph, to tell him of her sorrow for her wicked madness.

The clergyman was shocked at the sin, sobbing and sorrowful, bewailing the life he had ship wrecked, the grief she had brought upon her husband. She made the clergyman promise to write to Joseph, to tell him of her sorrow, not to mention any thing about her promises for anything she might want; but the most remote of all was to attend to her religious duties punctually and regularly. After some time the gave orders before she gave scandal.

The clergyman in answering her husband's letters told him she was going on from day to day every year. Joseph himself worked steadily on, never touching in his hand the cup of the enemy, never touching his own meals money, and yet was still afraid to return, fearing a relapse of his with his fiery habits. The clergyman wrote, telling him that she had been well tried and had eaten too often the bread of sorrow to fear a return of the evil days. After a space of time, covering ten years, he returned to his native city and sought out his wife, but she took again to his home, and say they are beginning a new life, absat-ned by trials in the past, and with hope in the future.

Life in Germany.

A recent traveller in Germany gives the following interesting information concerning that country:

A custom that struck me curiously was that of having the shops in the basements of the handsomest houses—in the most fashionable streets—butchers, shoemakers, notion stores, jewelers, all can be found in the radius of a block in any given point. It is undoubtedly convenient for the people, but it mars the beauty of the street very much. My mind has grown to market, I believe; at the time she returned and is preparing the second breakfast, which usually at 11 and consists of a couple of eggs and a slice of brown bread and perhaps a glass of milk or water, but for the children and the rest of the family it is usually a slice of brown bread on coch and a half think with a little cold meat. Occasionally a cup of chocolate varies the monotony.

Then comes the dinner at 1—soup, meat and vegetables and dessert; the latter for children are allowed to have only on Sundays. After the soup has been served the meat is taken out of the soup pot and placed on a dish, and on no account would a servant be allowed to take more than has been given her. The same plan is followed with the meat and vegetables. After the dinner dishes are washed and the kitchen put in order, the maid dresses and takes the children out for a walk in the park, returning in time for 5 o'clock coffee, which seven is the little three-year-old boy of my landlady drank every day. It was a problem to me how those children kept their health—the coffee in the morning and afternoon and at 8 o'clock the more nourishing chocolate not endius it.

At 8 o'clock supper is eaten; cold meats, tea, milk, or bear, and bread and butter are served, and the family retire, and always done out of the house, so that beside the work of one maid very materially. All fruit, cake, tea and coffee are always bought ready made as we say of clothes, and the family live very economically, and it always throughout done.

A good servant only gets more than 200 a year and in many families only $12. They are allowed one Sunday evening out in two weeks, and if they come home later than they promised they do not go out again for a month. All disputes between mistress and maid are settled by the police.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Incomparable.

Dr. Fred Hodges, Jr., Salem, Va., says: "I relieve the indigestion and so called sick headache, and mental depression attending on certain stages of rheumatism, it is incomparable.

A LEGEND OF INISFALLEN.

[This legend, of which a correct translation is given below, was dropped from the original manuscript, when that of the middle ages, to the Celtic Society, of Dublin, and read by one of the members at their regular monthly entertainment held in the house, on the 2nd Sunday of September at Knights of the Red Branch Hall.]

There flourished towards the close of the tenth century a very remarkable and learned man, named Maelmaedhog O'Gorman, who was a bard of the Eugenian tribes of the territory of Loch Leine. He attained great eminence as a scholar. He is styled the chief Ollav or Doctor of Ireland in poetry, in the notice of his death, under the year 1009, in the annals of Ireland, called Tigernach. He attained also a high degree of ecclesiastical and historical story-crowned. There is reason to think that Brian Boru was educated under the care of this Maelmaedhog, and at subsequent time he had him named the Anmakers or Counsellor of that great Dalcassian chief, when monarch of Erin.

His association with Brian is well evidenced by a curious note still legible in the Book of Armagh, kept in Trinity College, Dublin. This note was written about the year 1002 by Maelmaedhog's own hand, in the presence of the King of Erin, and in behalf of it is O'Curry's "Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History", copies of which are in the hands of the foremost scholars of Trinity College, Dublin, and there is also a copy in our San Francisco public library. There is no doubt but it was the composition of the Annals of Inisfallen, though it has to be commented upon antiquarian before his time.

Maelmaedhog's Annals of Inisfallen, being since lost; but considerable of their contents are found copied in other manuscripts still extant, as was the singular but interesting legend of Inisfallen.

When the Catholic National University was established in Dublin, in 1854, the learned Eugene O'Curry was called to the chair of Ancient Irish History, and during the year's 1855 and 1856 he delivered before that body twenty one lectures, on which the Irish Annals were the text, and hands that were burning. On last Sunday morning I was in the Hotel Dieu of Trenton, young lady in the Hotel Dieu of Trenton, attending the hospital for lepers. Never in my whole life was I so impressed with the sublimity of divine Christian charity as when contemplating the work of the Sisters of Charity in

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 30, 1885.

DECREE OF OUR FATHER LEO XIII.

In accordance with the requirements of a Circular Letter sent to the Rev. Cleary last week on Holy Father Leo XIII., was read at all the Masses throughout the Archdiocese on Sunday last.

DECREE:

Among the many acts of Apostolic vigilance by which our Most Holy Lord Pope Leo XIII., from his entrance into the Chair of Peter Pontifical, has earnestly aimed to provide with the help of God for the restoration of desired tranquility to the Church, and the whole of society, the present month is chiefly seen of the Encyclical *Supremi Apostolatus* of September 1, 1883, regarding the celebration of the most sacred Rosary of Mary the glorious Mother of God, during the whole month of October of that year. The object of the Rosary was sweetly instituted by a special providence of God for the main purpose of implacing the potent prompt aid of the Queen of Heaven against the enemies of Christianity, protecting the integrity of Faith in the Flock of Christ, and watching from the way of eternal perdition souls redeemed at the price of Divine Blood. The most pleasing fruits of Christian piety and of such great benefit in all patronage of the Virgin Mary that were during the month gathered from that salutary work in every part of the Catholic world, and also still pending misfortune, led to the instance, October 20th, of the following year, 1884, of the Apostolic Letter *Superiore anno* with the same exhortations and commands for the dedication of the then approaching month of October to the honor of Our Lady of the Rosary by a similar science rite and formal piety; for it seemed meet, that the results of a great work and pledge of coming victory in perseverance to what is undertaken. Pursuing the course, Our Holy Lord, since on the one hand many evils are still afflicting us on every side, and on the other hand there still abide and flourish in Christians that Faith which works through charity, and that almost unanimous confidence with veneration in the Loving Mother of God, wishes we should now all the more earnestly and eagerly persevere with one mind in prayer with Mary the Mother of Jesus. For the certain hope rises within him that she who alone has destroyed all heresies in the whole world, shall, with the addition on our part of merits worthy of penance, soon the polishing wrath of Divine justice to unbend, and shall bring to us safety and peace.

Wherefore, whatever His Holiness decreed the last two years as to the month during which the admirable virtues of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Rosary are celebrated, he commands and decrees this year likewise and the years to follow as long as this most afflicting condition of the Church and of States endures, and it is not given to the Church to give thanks to God for the Restoration of full liberty to the Supreme Pontiff. He decrees therefore and commands that every year from the first day of October to the second of the following November in all parochial churches of the Catholic world, and in all public churches dedicated to the Mother of God, or even chapels to be chosen by the Ordinary, at least five decades of the Rosary of the Blessed Mary Mother of Lourdes be recited daily; and if it be on the morning that Mass be celebrated during the prayers, if in the afternoon the Blessed Sacrament be exposed for adoration and Benediction daily given. He desires also that, where civil laws allow it, the Sodality of the Most Sacred Rosary erected under further of religion.

Editorial Notes.

—During the last two months Archbishop Ryan has administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of twenty-five thousand persons in the diocese of Philadelphia, and has not yet visited all the churches there.

—Sister Mary Madeline Hanniger, of St. Vincent's Orphanage, Washington Road, Cork City, was buried recently from the Convent of Mercy, St. Mary's of the Isle. The obsequies were attended by a large concourse of people. Sister Mary Madeline for twenty years she labored in the city, and during the terrible small-pox epidemic attended to the wants of the sufferers with the greatest heroism and devotion.

—When in Chicago last May we learned from pretty reliable authority that one of the prominent Orders of Female Religious in that city were solicited to purchase the palatial residence erected by Wilther F. Story and which cost about a quarter of a million dollars. We now learn from a Chicago paper that subscriptions are being solicited for the purpose of assisting Archbishop Feehan to purchase the building, hence we presume that the palace of Wilther F. Story will shortly be turned to a better use than he at first intended, by making it a young ladies' seminary under charge of one of the Religious Orders.

—On the first page of this issue are two very interesting and important letters from the *North American Review*, a periodical that—under its present management has achieved a popularity and a circulation hitherto unknown. The *Review* is edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, is published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, costs $5 a year, and is well worth the patronage of all persons who desire to peruse first-class literature presented in an attractive style. We sincerely thank the editor-in-chief for the courtesy he extended to the MONITOR in permitting us to copy these articles, which will be read with interest by all our clientage everywhere on the Pacific coast.

—October is generally considered the month for earthquakes on this coast. These peculiarities of nature, however, can be in great measure averted by prayer, but there is an infliction about to fall on the people of this coast that is worse than cholera and more disagreeable than an earthquake, as we read the other day in a New York paper that Patrick Ford, the Irish Land Leaguer of Brooklyn, is said to have promised to go to Tonia, and if he does he will have to be treated and settled with as a public enemy. Tonia is a small place in the Chamberlin Hills, in the Chamberlin Mountains, Nevada, and is about 300 miles from Sacramento. Recognizing the large population of Irish Catholics on this coast, we hope no one only the very best of material is selected for the mission, and that the expenses of an interior grande tour! be substantial. It is a matter of regret that the Land Leaguers of Tonia, Nevada, and the Land Leaguers of Dublin, Ireland, are not on speaking terms, for such one a mass in each and land, upon Rome and Ireland, would be a sight to behold. The shells are placed on a long, sloping board, and are shot down the board and struck by an automatic grip, placed under the powder magazine, and are thrown up and struck by the stated foot. It is then pressed under the wad and rammed home by a second automatic machine, the shot, on which is a card wad, and then it comes to the gunner who aims and fires the gun, which is connected with a pile—everything done with positive accuracy by automatic machinery.

The Bally Company are now making forty-five different varieties of lands to suit all cases, from manipulators to guns, and can load any large gun in less time and more accurately than can be done by the ordinary gunners, and can load any large gun in less time and more accurately than can be done by the ordinary gunners, and can load any large gun in less time and more accurately than can be done by the ordinary gunners

Farm and Home.

Girls and their Fathers.

A girl owes much to her father, even if he has not been all to her that a father ought to be. He has had to work hard, very probably, that her bread and butter should be secure. He has borne cares, anxieties, struggles, temptations, of which she can but guess, of which she can form no real conception. If he is hard and unsympathetic, she should make for him instinctively allowance for his narrow intellect or an overworked or anxious man may surely be made. And a girl never, we believe, has any conception how precious she is in her father's eyes. Rough words and cold or angry looks may seem to disprove it, but it is true, nevertheless. More, even, is a scolding, than his wife, she appeals to his protecting care; he may scold or slight her, but let any real harm threaten her and she will see that to touch her is to touch the apple of his eye. And when there is real sympathy between a man and his daughter, they may be more to each other than a father and son can generally be. A lad has his own interest to look to, his battle to fight, while a girl is free to identify herself with another. A son is very often of different politics from his father, of different tastes, different sympathies; a girl almost always imbibes those of her father. The day comes, no doubt, when her allegiance and sympathy are transferred to another, in right of a still higher claim. There is little wonder if poor dishonored, penitentiary looks sadness at first, and is slow to admit that he is the one at whom the scandal-tongue points and. It is the way of nature, and it must be so.

Holiday of a Housemaid.

Oh, dear, dear! Wonder if my mistress ever thinks I am made of flesh and blood? Five times within half an hour I have trotted up stairs to hand her things that were only four feet from her rocking-chair. Then, there's her son, Mr. George—it does seem to me that a great, able-bodied man like his needs only call a poor, tired woman up four flights of stairs to ask "What's the time of day?" Bright—his "Sally do this," and "Sally do that," till I wish I never had been baptized at all; and I might as well go either back, while I am about it, and wish I had never been born.

Now, instead of ordering me round like a drag horse, if they would only look up smiling like, now and then, or ask me how my "rheumatic" did; or say good-morning, Sally; or show some sort of interest in a fellow-creature, I could plack up a bit of heart to work for them. A kind word would ease the wheels of my tread-mill amazingly, and wouldn't cost them anything, either.

Look at my clothes, all at sixes and sevens. I mean I get a minute to sew on a string or button, except a night, and then I'm so sleepy it is as much as ever I can find the way to bed; and what a bed it is to be sure! Why, even the pigs are now and then allowed clean straw to sleep on; and as to bed clothes, the less said about them the better; my old cloak serves for a blanket, and the sheets are as thin as a charity school soup. Well, one wouldn't think it, to see all the glittering things down in the dining-room—master's span of horses, and Miss Chaw's diamond earrings, and mistress's rich dresses—I try to think it is all right but it is no use.

To-morrow is Sunday—"day of rest," I believe they call it. Humph!—more cooking to be done, more company—more confusion than on any day in the week. If I own a scull I have not heard how to take care of it for many a long day. Wonder if my master and mistress calculate to pay me for that, if I lose it? It is a question in my mind. Land of Goshen! I ain't sure I'm not a mind—there's the bell again!

Why Contagious Diseases Attack But Once.

Professor Tyndall thus endeavors to explain the immunity obtained against a second attack of a contagious disease: "One of the most extraordinary and unaccountable experiences in medicine was the immunity secured by a single attack of a comunicable disease against future attacks of the same malady. Smallpox, typhoid, or scarlatina, for example, was found as a general rule to occur only once in a lifetime of the individual, the successful passage through the disorder apparently rendering the body invulnerable. Reasoning from analogy, I have ventured to express the opinion that the rarity of second attacks of communicable disease was due to the removal from the system, by the first paroxysm, of the crop, of some ingredient necessary to the growth and propagation of the parasite."—*Medical World.*

A Household Where Angels Love to Come.

If there is any Heaven on earth, it is where just the right man marries just the right woman; and there is no way to be happy except with perfect liberty. We hate a man who thinks a woman should obey him. We had rather be a slave than a master. We had rather be robbed than a robber. All that we ask for ourselves is liberty, and let the man love the woman as she should be loved. As one of the old sacred books of the Hindus says, "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is prudence; man is strength, and woman is wisdom; and where there is one man loving one woman, and one woman loving one man, in that house the very angels love to come and sit and sing. Where a man loves a woman she never grows old to him. Through the wrinkles of age and through the mask of time, he sees the sweet maiden face that he loved and won. And when a woman really loves a man he does not grow gray, he does not grow decrepid, he is not old; but to her he is the same gallant gentleman that was her knight and lover.

Around the House.

Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth.

Do not put salt in milk gravy till it is done or it will curdle.

Do not boil vinegar for pickles. Boil the vegetable in salt and water, drain and pour the vinegar on.

Rather jewelry that has faded can be restored to black by rubbing with a paste made of rotten stone and sweet oil.

To polish plain glass and remove slight scratches, rub the surface gently first with a clean pad of fine cotton wool, and afterward with a similar pad covered over with cotton velvet which has been charged with fine rouge. The surface will under this treatment acquire a polish of great brilliancy, quite free from any scratches.

To REMOVE STAINS.—For coffee stains try putting thick glycerine on the wrong side and washing it out with lukewarm water. For raspberry stains wash ammonia and water is the best. Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following with care. Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in the proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it; lay the stain in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen.

If you hear a morning story, don't use the principle you use when you hear a story at night, and believe it all; practice that rule in the morning, and it will reduce the number of the liars, diminish its growth, and bring back the practice of truth and honesty.

Family Fun.

A Model Wife.

Jonas was well aware that his wife was in the habit of rifling his pockets when he was asleep, but, like a wise man, he kept silence on the subject. One night, however, he awoke and caught her in the act. "Ha! I be sartained," said he, "what you be doing, my dear?"

They lady started, her cheeks flushed, and she was about to make a full confession when a bright idea entered her head. Recovering her composure she said:

"I was looking to see whether your pantaloons needed any buttons."

"They do, they do, my dear," he exclaimed, springing from bed, "I needed 'em for weeks, months, and I wondered why you didn't sew them on; but I waited, for I was sure you would get to it some time. And how kind of you to get out of bed at this time of night to attend to 'em. Say what you will, there's nothing in the world like a good wife. Let me turn up the gas a little, so you'll have all the light you want in sewing em on. Get your needle and thread and the buttons! No. Well, tell me where they are and I'll get them for you."

Mrs. Jonas proceeded to sew on the button, while her husband sat on the side of the bed and encouraged her with words of praise for her widely cute and thought for his comfort; occasionally remarking that go where he would he would always say there was nothing in the world like a good wife.

Then he went to the wardrobe and brought out several pairs of trousers, a coat, two or three old vestes, and a number of shirts, from which buttons were missing, and cheerily observed:

"While we're at it we'll make a night of it."

Two hours later, when Mrs. Jones, with a weary sigh, removed the thimble from her finger, Mr. Jonas patted her on the cheek and said:

"I say it again, my dear, say it again, that wherever I go I will say I've woman up to preclaim it from the housetops, shout it in the highways and byways, that a wife who got up in the middle of the night to sew buttons on her husband's clothes is a priceless treasure, a crown to that husband, and an ornament to her sex.

Then Mr. Jonas, chuckling to himself, lay calmly down and slept the sleep of the just.

A Complete Give-Away.

Mrs. Peterby was making a neighborly call on Mrs. Simson. While they were chatting together little Mamie Simson was seen coming towards the house with a pack age in her hand.

"Mamie is such a smart child; she is too smart for her age. I often send her to the grocery on the corner and she always brings me back the right change.

Enter Mamie, who runs to her mother and says:

"I got the coffee from the grocery, but the clerk says if you don't pay last month's bill, you can't get anything more on credit."

Love and Religion.

They stood beneath the summer skies and watched the twinkling stars in ceaseless brilliant twirl. It was a bright night the angels from the blue that they might lay their gentle hands upon the sweet music and touching every heart-string, fill the world with harmony.

"And this is love," she said, looking into his face.

"And love is religion," he continued, stopping to kiss the pretty pinkness of her cheek.

"Pantheism!" she asked naively, Episcopalian?"

"None of those, angel mine," he whispered, folding her to his throbbing heart; "none of those; it is Y-o-u-r-s!"

Devotional exercises were continued until a late hour.

An Expressive Language.

"The Chinese have got a very expressive language," said Tom Hennin, of Chicago, one morning after breakfast.

"What is there expressive about it?" asked his mother-in-law, who is an innocent lady.

"Take the word Ken for instance."

"What does Ken mean?"

"It means several things. In the first place it means a female mouth. Another meaning of Ken is gone. In short, anything that is exceedingly opening and shriving is called Ken."—Tableau.

Adam and Eve and That Apple.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam a ton of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8, total 16

And yet the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 8?, certainly the total will be 9?. Scientific man, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this—Eve 8? and Adam 8?—total 162.

Wrong again; what could be clearer than, if Eve 8? and Adam 8?, the total was 8?? If Eve 8?and and Adam 8?, would not the total be 16??

I believe the following to be a fair solution: Eve 8?4 Adam, Adam 8?24 Eve—total 9936.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 8?4 Adam, Adam 8?24? ellipse Eve—total 62,000. We think, however, not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 8?4 Adam, Adam if he 8?8?24? leap Eve company—total, 8,062,056.

All wrong. Eve, when she 8?8?12 many, and probably she felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 8?2. Therefore, when Adam 8?8?12 Eve's depressed spirits. Hence both ate 81,936,864 apples.

How It Was Born.

Away off by himself, in some humble corner of the world, sits the man who first said that the Chicago girls had big feet, looking at the immense mountain his artificial mole hill of a lie has grown into. The origin of this slander upon the fair sex of the Garden City is curious. A young lady from Chicago was about to be visited by a schoolmate from St. Louis.

"Mah," she said, "you know how sensitive Julia is, like all St. Louis girls!"

"You refer to their large feet, Eleanor?" quietly said her mother.

"Yes. And you know they look so enormous alongside of ours that I thought I'd order up a case of No. 2's from St. Louis and give them around among all the girls Julia will meet here."

"It will be a great kindness on your part, Eleanor," laughed her mother, as the noble-hearted Chicago girl did so.

When the St. Louis girl arrived at her friend's in Chicago, she exclaimed "Why dear, your girls don't have any feet at all have I" and immediately telegraphed the fact home. This is how it originated.

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Study Your Business.

If we could only see ourselves as others see us how differently we should act! It helps us thus to see ourselves by which closer by other men. It helps the farmer to be a successful farmer when he sees how others by whose judgment and experience, seeing the failure of his methods, he sees how to improve, sure him to greater efficiency to better methods. He sees how others do this and that, and he knows more about farming than he does that that they are growing about more cheaply than he is, or are making substitutes for better and cheaper from cheap land and labor, he will be poorly able to keep ahead in the race, and will find himself left behind. In observing the ways of other business men a farmer will see how others do business, and learn from his life's work, and studies it thoroughly made among his own machinery and workers and study some in his business, book-keeping and prospectus, and sticks to it through good times and bad; that economy in every way is most strictly enforced, no means of any kind thrown away, no opportunity being missed, no dead stock being carried, and everything that does not pay being so promptly and immediately cut off. And he will see that he is more than this he will at least discover that in general the business man who should run his store or work shop on the majority of farms are run, would fail even so he without any business at all. No, and it is true that a large proportion of business men fail so succeed. Not all these failures are due to the want of attention to strict business methods which have become course course, and it is simply an indication that the farmer's business is an excellent and profitable one that so few men fail in it, rather than that methods are best. So that we see very few farmers succeed in other business, while a great many business men make accident and useful farmers.

The Fourth of July.

Few Americans ever entertain a doubt about the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence being July 4, 1776, yet through the efforts and scholarship of Judge Milton Chamberlain, chief librarian of the Boston public library, it has been conclusively proven that it was not signed on that day. The true history of this memorable document Mr. Chamberlain has found to be that on the 2nd day of July, 1776, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia passed the resolution declaring that the united colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent States; and in a letter to his wife dated July 3, 1776, John Adams said: "This day will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty." On July 4 the Declaration was read and agreed to, but was not signed. According to the direction of Congress, it was ordered to be authenticated and printed during the same afternoon and evening, and on the following day copies were sent throughout the colonies. On the 2nd of August the Declaration was signed by nearly all the members. Hon. Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, did not affix his name until November 4 of the same year, nor did Hon. Thos. McKean until some time 1781. Moreover, the New York members, who according to the printed journal, signed on the 4th of July, were not authorized to do so until the 9th, and the authorization was not laid before Congress until the 15th. Chase, of Maryland and Carroll, of Carrollton, were not present on the 5th of July, and Hosk, Clymer, Taylor, and Ross, of Pennsylvania, whose names appear in the journal, were not chosen as delegates until July 20. Notwithstanding the great paper was not signed on the 4th of July, that day still deserves to be commemorated above any of the others, for it was then that the sentiments and feelings of the American people were proclaimed to the world.

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The Man Who Invented Matches.

According to a German paper, the inventor of lucifer matches was a political prisoner, who perfected his idea in 1833, within the walls of a State prison. Sauerneer was a native of Landgraafberg, and, when sentenced to six months imprisonment at Hohensaulng, he was fortunate enough to attract the notice and gain the favor of an old officer in charge of the prison, who had been an chemist, chemistry, allowed him to arrange a small laboratory in his cell. Sauerneer had been allowed to purchase some chemicals, and, during the definite sleeping spaces, according to which splinters of wood, with sulphur at the ends, were dipped into a chemical fluid in order to produce a flame. If the fluid was fresh the result was satisfactory, but, if it had lost its virtue after a time, there was no general disposition to continue the old fashioned square of using flint and steel. After many failures Sauerneer began to experiment with phosphorus, and had almost completed his term of imprisonment when he discovered the right mixture, and finished a match by rubbing it against the walls of his cell. On coming out of prison he commenced the manufacture of matches. Unfortunately, the absence of a patent law prevented his rights from being secured, and an Austria and other chemists analyzed the composition, imitations speedily made their appearance. In 1835 the German State prohibited the sale of the matches, considering them dangerous. When they were made in England and sent to the Continent, the expletives were whatever, but too late to be of any benefit to the inventor, who died in the workhouse of his native town, in 1857.

Strange but True.

This is one of the curious things floating about: Take a piece of paper, and upon it put its figures up to ten, forty, sixty, seventy, eighty, and ninety. Multiply it by twelve, and you will be pretty astonished at the figures 3,708, add two, and then divide by two. Subtract from the result obtained the number of your age, and, if you are a man, you do not obtain figures that you will not be likely to forget.

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☞ Agent for Pure White Sugar Candies. Chase and Sanborn's Celebrated Coffees. Pure Olive Oil for Sacramental Wines. Fruit National Biscuit, Assorted 10c per lb.

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ASK FOR

BROOKS' SPOOL COTTON

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MADAME FOY'S CORSET AND Skirt Supporter.

Combines the most ELEGANT STYLE WITH CORRECT HYGIENIC PRINCIPLES. SKIRT SUPPORTER and is the most popular and satisfactory combination corset in the market. Ladies will find it perfectly delightful in their personal style and comfort. For sale by all leading dealers. Price by mail $1.00. POY, MANSON & CO., Sole Agents, New Haven, Conn.

For Sale by M. Freud's Sons, 710 Market St., San Francisco.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK.

The only permanent and reliable Marking Ink. Recommended by the Medical Profession. Recommended by the Medical Profession. Recommended by the Medical Profession. Sold by all Druggists. Manufactured by PAYSON, SAWYER & CO. 104 Maiden Lane, New York.

FAST OCEAN STEAMERS.

New the Time Crossing the Atlantic has been Shortened.

It is now nearly half a century since the steamship first navigation across the Atlantic was built in Europe. She was named the Great Western, and she was fitted out in the harbor of Bristol. She was a very ordinary sized craft, according to the present notions of naval architecture, being only 212 feet in length. She arrived safely in New York April 23, 1838. She was a wooden vessel, and was rigged with four masts. Her rates for passage were 40 guineas or $210, and $25 or $125, were charged per ton for freight. Her average passage from Bristol to New York was sixteen days, and one hour, and her homeward passage was accomplished in thirteen days and half an hour. The success of this voyage was the impetus to London and Liverpool capitalists to establish regular lines of mail steamers to ply between the English ports and the United States. Mr. Cunard of Liverpool was one of the principals in these schemes and he made a tender to the British Government to enter into treaties on condition he had the contract for carrying the mails. His tender was accepted, and immediately he gave orders for four new steamers, specially designed for this trade. They were built on the Clyde, and were some of the first to steer the ship-building interest in that port, which has since grown so famous in that trade. In the summer of 1840 the steamships were started on her first trip across the Atlantic, and very soon afterwards a regular service was established between Liverpool and Halifax. In the year 1845 the Great Britain was launched as the first screw steamer, and she was a wonderful craft in that time.

In 1847, after the Great Western started trips across the ocean, British built steamers had a monopoly, but in 1847 an American ship, named the Washington, had a run against the Britannia, but was beaten by two days in the length of passage. In May, 1850, the Europa, the first steamship the Collins line, arrived in Liverpool. She was 251 feet in length and 2,226 tons, and her favorite Commander of that time was the Asia. Was 266 feet in length and 2,226 tons tonnage. The result of running between Liverpool and New York for the next twelve months gave the Cunarder an average of twelve days, six hours and forty-one minutes out, and ten days, seventeen hours and thirty minutes home, while the Collins line average sixteen days fifteen hours and two minutes out, and eleven days home.

Short passages were not to stop here. The Canadians bought the Oregon and added the Cambria. Arrangements were made for the Cunarders to carry the mail in August of last year.

In May of this year, the new steamship Etoria crossed in seven days, two hours and fifty minutes, and made the voyage eastward in six days, twelve hours and thirty-two minutes. On August 2 she finished her fourth voyage to New York, having crossed in six days, five hours and forty-four minutes.

The following is a table of the time of Etoria's voyages:

Westward—	d.	h.	m.	Eastward—	d.	h.	m.
May, 1881,	6	22	50	April, 1882,	6	23	50
June, 1881,	6	22	33	June, 1882,	6	13	44
July, 1881,	6	14	11	July, 1882,	6	14	11
August, 1881,	6	8	44	August, 1882,	6	9	10

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

(COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1883, And until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave the foot of Market Street, San Francisco, as follows, Market Street, as follows:

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.		LEAVE SAN RAFAEL.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	6:55 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	3:05 p.m.	3:05 p.m.

Stages connect at San Rafael with all trains for Marin County.

At Tiburon for Sausalito, Point Reyes, Cazadero, and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Monday, at reduced rates, to Sausalito, Cazadero, Point Reyes, Glen Ellen and Sonoma.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.20 A.M. Sundays only, from Washington street, Oakland, to Point Reyes, Glen Ellen and Sonoma points. Round Trip Tickets to Sonoma, $1.00 to Glen Ellen, $1.50.

PETER J. McGLYNN, H. C. WHITING,
Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent. Superintendent.

☞ Ticket offices at Ferry, and 207 and 209 Market Street.

OVERLAND TRAVELERS!

THE

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul

RAILWAY

Superior to Europeans "Quick Time" The Direct Route, Best Line, Best Road, Best Equipment.

ALL EASTERN CITIES!

CHAS. E. FAIRBANK, Traffic Agent,

No. 1,232 Montgomery Street, S. F.

QUICK TIME AND CHEAP FARES

To Eastern and European Cities

Via the Great Trans-continental All-rail Route

OF THE—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(Pacific System.)

Daily Express and Emigrant Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway Lines in the East, viz:

ASK FOR

New York & New Orleans

with the several Steamer Lines

TO ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS

attached to Overland Express Trains.

THIRD-CLASS SLEEPING CARS

are run daily with Overland Emigrant Trains.

Reasonable charge for Berths in Third class Cars.

☞ Tickets sold, Sleeping car Berths secured, and information cheerfully imparted at the Company's Office, 613 Market street, opposite Palace Hotel, or at Depot, foot of Market street.

RAILROAD LANDS

For Sale on Reasonable Terms.

Apply to, or address,

W. H. MILES, JEROME MADDEN,
Land Agent, Land Agent,
S. P. R. R., S. P. R. R.

A. N. TOWNE, T. H. GOODMAN,
General Manager. General Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WARD & CO.'S

Male and Female

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE,

608 and 610 Clay Street, S. F.

Telephone No. 717.

☞ WANTS TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL Girls, Plain Cooks, Laundresses, Nurses, Second Girls, Housework, Chambermaids, and Waiters. Special Rates, Steamer, Coachmen, and Marriage Certificates Blanks, Constantly on hand. Employers will find it to their advantage to call on us, as we charge no expense. Related business promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

DOORS BOLGHT AND SOLD, AT A BUNGOON 1006 Montgomery street.

Our Young Folks.

☞ Bright, original contributions of merit will be accepted for this department.

☞ Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

Swallowing Cows.

"Swallowed fifteen cows!" said Herrie in astonishment, looking from his play. Her care had caught the words in a corner of her mind, and she spoke up.

"Yes," answered her brother, "he swallowed them all up."

"Jonah Bloom, you don't think he swallowed the little cows!" said Herrie.

"He sold them and bought whiskey and beer to pay the money," explained her Aunt Kate.

"Why, that was if I I see now. Well, it's funny."

"No, not funny, dear, but sad," said Aunt Kate. "You had a wife and two little children, and before he took to drinking he sold the milk from fifteen cows and bought them food and clothing. But now, having swallowed the cows (as we were saying), his wife and children go hungry and cold, and he, a poor miserable drunkard, is in the alms-house. Isn't it dreadful to think of?"

The children looked very sober.

"You'll never catch me swallowing fifteen cows, my one either," said Herrie, very positively.

"I don't mean to do that," replied Aunt Kate. "The man we are talking about was only a little boy like you, with a healthy appetite for food and clothing, and he was eating very fifteen cows, fetch him one each, which he never minded his food. But you see what he came to at last. He said I'll be temperate, I will not touch a beer, or a little wine at parties now and then. This strong drink is just sweet, and gave him an unnatural thirst which only strengthened with every drink. Beer and beer came whiskey rum and brandy, and he could not stop, and he drank, the thirst increased, until he became a confirmed drunkard. No, you see, George, that no man, such a thing he never minded his food. But you see what he came to at last. He said I'll be temperate, I will not touch a beer, or a little wine at parties now and then. This strong drink is just sweet, and gave him an unnatural thirst which only strengthened with every drink. Beer and beer came whiskey rum and brandy, and he could not stop, and he drank, the thirst increased, until he became a confirmed drunkard. No, you see, George, that no man, such a thing he never minded his food. Now, sonnie, that is too bad!" exclaim ed George. "You ought to know that I will not."

Schoolboys and thousands of little boys might once have said, "Oh, I can drink as much as any man." Now, George, you know that you are drinking.

"What is that, sonnie?" asked the boy, looking up with surprise.

"It is the way of total abstinence, as we call it—the way of taking for boys and men. If you never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor you will never be a drunkard. If you depart from this rule, no man can tell to how low a depth of wretchedness and degradation you may fall. The man drunkard in the land was once a pure and innocent boy."

African Ants.

Among the luxuries of travel in Western Africa, armies of ants and venomous flies may be safely reckoned. Crocodiles, scorpions and serpents are such commonplaces in Southern Africa that it is not worth while to dwell upon them.

The bush-ticks are not so much a terrible plague. They travel, we grieved, night and day, in serried ranks, in vast numbers, and gorgeously fly before the ants. The elephant is the only creature that can offer a serious resistance to the ants, and even he, if he be in a state of repose, will be driven from his lair, or, if he be in a state of repose, will be driven from his lair, or, if he be in eight, rather pound-at-home, till he has to come out to get his food. The ants have the same sense of the elephant, and they do not attack him. They know that he is too big for them, and they know that he is too big for them, and they know that he is too big for them, and they

RECEPTION OF ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

of the multitude would allow the Town Clerk to read the address of the municipality. And none but those in the immediate vicinity of the Archbishop could hear what he said in reply. *The Sun* has already informed the readers of the Monitor of his sentiments in the Town Council as well as among the upper classes of the Dublin Catholics regarding Dr. Walsh's election. His words, henceforth, will help to silence all who either question his perfect devotion to Ireland or his perfect discharge of his duty as a Bishop. They justify the choice of his clergy and people, the confidence of the Irish nation, and the selection of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A people claiming the same and dignity of a nation must prove not merely by words, but still more by the acts of its public men, that it has the self-restraint which, especially in nations where religious feeling comes into play, has proved with the most delicate success, that it could never of disregard for the sacred obligations of a man who assumed the sacred office of Bishop. Without neediness of any address has enhanced only, I believe, to more than a full and adequate fidelity with the wishes expressed in its closing address.

Who can it is no new theory of to-day or yesterday, but a settled and deeply rooted one which that for a remedy of the many grievances for the general of which the people of this island have so long labored with but partial success, there is but one effective remedy, and that the union of Ireland of that right of self-government which is the birthright of a high a century of which we are so thankful as we that the remote and the infancy can direction. Irrefutable, this, which fell from the lips of Dr. Walsh and O'Connell has once more been boldly applied. And I say that it may never again be twice said the right of Ireland is recognized to have be we have been left to the mercy of and by the legally and constitutionally chosen representatives of the Irish people.

You can hardly picture to yourself the effect of those words on all who heard them. Their import was repeated by one to another inside and outside the station. The railway officials had made no preparations, taken no precautions to prevent any pass on to that goal. Everywhere, upon the green and of Ireland, there is hurry and haste, prepared for the political news. Not brought by the usurpers of past debate, both Whigs and Tories are so prepared unknowing to see the day of Nationalism. They foolishly imagine if they can succeed in holding from the National Party a few counties of Ulster, they will be able to obstruct the scheme of self-Government, and hopeless, save their party from political ruin. In order to secure

THE DEFEAT OF PARNELLITE CANDIDATES

at the coming election. In some of the Unionist counties in Ulster, the Parnellites are sought for between the Whigs and Tories. They cannot, however, come to agree, consequently, their hopes of a union are frustrated, and they are now determined to run their candidates independent of each other. If the two parties hold out to the resolution which they have, I am informed, passed with regard to South Derry, for early meetings, Mr. Parnell's nominee will be easily unhorsed in that contest. Mr. Parnell's friends are, I hear, very active, they will act as of former occasions, and pay into each other's hands a good action in that case is, however, little consolation to Nationalists, who inquire here more earnestly than ever all along the line, from Longford to Cork, Ulster Inclusive, as to what they are proving themselves to be, need not, then they worry their brains trying by some small methods as they can contrive even in the past, to hold the Irish Parliament Party in the land. Only thirty years ago the Irish people were in the same position as they are now, they regard to their true friends, Nationalists, and the past events that will, and a glimpse at the benefit of advances that have been secured for the success of the cause of a few years, despite that formidable power, might show them how to their efforts to hold over the heads of Irish patriots the Victorian Crown.

THAT SPIRIT OF DESTROYING

which, I have said, has been the bane of Ireland for years to the hearts of Irishmen of long centuries of misery and sacrifice, and recent history is full of the story of one here narrowness, with the generous anti-social as that spirit, Irish patriotism, which has defeated, not is to day, effectively conquering England's great material force. No one outside this country can fully realize the misery that has been brought about in our National warfare during the past five or ten years, particularly in Dublin and in Ulster. There, ten years ago, Nationalism was all-powerful. Nationalism was all-powerful North of the Boyne, ten years ago. It was spoken of in Ulster as of some Irish, he was looked upon by his fellow neighbors as a reckless, degraded member of society. And it was a great consolation to the Parliament moved to action by the deplorable state of the down-trodden Catholics of Ireland, demanded redress for this country, England answered "Yes," as she does to-day, yet, those demands became law by degrees, notwithstanding the protest and opinion had broke out very early in the lengthy debate of Irish Nationalism. Ireland, the Irish people, the Irish land, still the frequent expressions of the Orange warrior Eng. Ireland, the Irish people, the Irish land, still the frequent expressions of Irish patriotism was not only, but, I repeat, the Irish people, Irish land, Irish Ireland, Ireland, and the Ireland Force to be guarded against.

LATER ON THE SAME PEOPLE GRIEVED:

she had succeeded in creating out the life blood of the Nation in the North, and in the Nationalist Ulster, and in the Island in sleeping Ireland. Was Ulster worth the sacrifice? Nationalism is an angry cur on green hills, from the center to the sea, assures that the nationists had succeeded and was fostering, and that Portland prize was the wonder of a great nation, and that Ireland, than his predecessor Parnellism, who would start her their Parliament and power in Ireland. The time came for his actual cause move on his Island home, and the Government, to trumpet the South and West responded to the call, but Ulster was close to more. Nationalism was forced by the abilities breath of and Irish nation among the Irish Irish, still the same of

MICHAEL DAVITT NOW DEFEATS

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[CORRESPONDENT.]

Dear Sir—As the year advances bringing us nearer the anniversary of Michael Davitt, the cause of Irish Nationality continues to make rapid strides. And, although the English Press cries out "Impossible" at the Parnellite Party's demands of Mr. Parnell for a Native Parliament, in College Green, on day passes than his records have not worked themselves more near to that goal. Everywhere, upon the green sod of Ireland, there is hurry and haste, prepared for the political news. Not brought by the usurpers of past debate, both Whigs and Tories are so prepared unknowing to see the day of Nationalism. They foolishly imagine if they can succeed in holding from the National Party a few counties of Ulster, they will be able to obstruct the scheme of self-Government, and hopeless, save their party from political ruin. In order to secure

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THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—The unfortunate Tories of Ulster must be in a desperate state when they had to appeal to such a man as Mr. Dillon to help them in their contest. This statesman has been in Belfast, and employs his time in abusing Home Rule, to the delight of his friends, who appear to be blankly unaware of Mr. Jackin's previous history.

On Sept. 2, a splendid National demonstration was held in Dr. Mark Hall, Belfast. The hall was densely crowded, and a short time after the opening of the doors it was difficult, if not impossible, to obtain even standing room. A number of ladies were present, amongst whom were Miss Stephens and Biggar, M.P. Mr. Biggar, on their entrance, received a tremendous cheer, the entire audience cheering and waving their hats for some minutes. Among those present were Very Rev. Dr. Henry, President of St. Malachy's College; Very Rev. John Gentry, Dean, &c.; Rev. M. Magee, C.C., St. Peter's; Rev. D. McAvoy, C.C., St. Joseph's; Rev. Mr. Cassidy, Newry; Alexander Dunlopp, M. D., J. P., Edward Hughes, J. P.; Andrew McGlynn, M. J. O'Leary, W. J. McCormack, St. Malachy's College; John Griffiths, Dr. Mc. Donnell, Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Kelly, Dr. Fitzsimons, Dr. Mc. Donnell, Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Kelly, Dr. Fitzsimons, J. Mc. C. O'Neill, accompanied by Mr. Thomas M. Meeleck, the Hon. T. M. Magee, Q. C. St. Peter's was called to the chair.

Cavan.—The farmers of Cavan were fortunate in fixing the period for their county meeting so early, when they were sure of having the benefit of Mr. Biggar's presence. Mr. Biggar's speech was particularly complied with on consideration of the position created by the passing of the Land Purchase Act, and his advice was to be summed up in a couple of sentences. As men of sense, his constituents need not be referred from availing themselves of the Act by any consideration. They need not sacrifice their existence of loyalty and rent before entering into a contest with landlords, for the sake of their individual interest, and they must also take care of their neighbors, their clergy, and their country. Above all, they must not undertake to pay what they thought they should not pay, for the sake of being in fashion with an irrelievable taskmaster—the State. Another speaker, the Rev. John Rogers, P. P. Crossroughan, took up the handy topic of the important question of how to meet the present difficulties. The great cry of the hour is how are we to meet the November rents? Mr. Carroll was selected by 8 votes to 5.

A meeting was held in Ballyjamesduff, which was attended by a large concourse of people, on Sunday, the 27th ult., when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Sunday, the 11th of October, at which Mr. Biggar, M.P., and Mr. J. Lane, T.C., Cork, will be expected to address the people on the subject of the Land Question.

Dublin.—*United Ireland* says: "The true formation of Sarsfield street into O'Connell street is likely to be accomplished. The Irish people have definitely decided upon the name, and the Corporation will be asked to give their assent. Mr. Moore, Hophouse, wax-chandler, lower O'Connell-street, has in his hands a memorial which will be remembered throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. We would advise him and all our friends to send in order to say from the country, that the Corporation of Dublin, unanimously assembled, Thomas Sexton, Esq., Lord Mayor, on their entrance, received a tremendous cheer, the entire audience cheering and waving their hats for some minutes. Among those present were Very Rev. Dr. Henry, President of St. Malachy's College; Very Rev. John Gentry, Dean, &c.; Rev. M. Magee, C.C., St. Peter's; Rev. D. McAvoy, C.C., St. Joseph's; Rev. Mr. Cassidy, Newry; Alexander Dunlopp, M. D., J. P., Edward Hughes, J. P.; Andrew McGlynn, M. J. O'Leary, W. J. McCormack, St. Malachy's College; John Griffiths, Dr. Mc. Donnell, Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Kelly, Dr. Fitzsimons, J. Mc. C. O'Neill, accompanied by Mr. Thomas M. Meeleck, the Hon. T. M. Magee, Q. C. St. Peter's was called to the chair.

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Limerick.—A meeting of the local branch of the Irish National League, held in the Town Hall, Bruff, on Sunday, the 27th ult., Mr. Lane in the chair, which was proposed by Alderman Fitzgerald, and seconded by Mr. Lane, T.C., Cork, was unanimously adopted. The following resolutions were proposed by Mr. Sexton, and to maintain an appearance of unity, and to be prepared for the worst, we must stand up to the enemy

Poetry

THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

(The month of October being devoted to the Most Holy Rosary, we take great pleasure in re-publishing the following appropriate and excellent poem written by Miss Harriet Mulholland Rand, and published in her interesting volume entitled "Beside the Western Sea.—Ed. Monitor.)

O royal rosé, that hast woven lands
Like a great girdle, round our world!
A lily-shaped, sweetly bid
Thou art—a lily-shaped in sweet and
O rose-wreath, twining, pure and fair,
Around the holy height of Calvary!
Where love's bright wount bathe and
The pilgrim-souls that bath sweetness
Bless garland! on each shining bead
A soul is saved—a soul is freed
The little beads, thy lovely leaves,
Are fair as every sacred gem;
I see her crowned with Mercy's
Hallow by enchanted, "full of grace!"
Her gentle footsteps, of Mother Church that
Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
I catch the gleam of angel wings;
Again their Christmas carol sings,
As on that eve when love hath
The history of the God made man.
I follow all that sanctified her life,
Overshaded by Mary's tender care;
I see her joining hands in prayer
His life youth made a Lent Rosaries,
Her Son, the Man of Sorrows! and
A prayer into my every bead,
But shadows fall on Calvary
Lo! him who prayed in Gethsemane!
When o'er the Victim's spirit flow
The mighty waves of human pain,
And in His shrinkin heart is heard
The cry of human agony!
The night of darkness shades the moon,
The moaned waves like waves of
And mortals throng, with thirst and
Around the Cross, the Crucified!
Nailed to His throne, the Martyr-King
Hangs, bleeding, 'twixt the skies
"God pardon! His enemies!" lo!
On the fixed altar of the cross!
Lo, yield to death, the Victim-Lamb!
A bodied take on every bead.

But! ye upon that weary way
Journey! Pilgrims! Wearied
The tomb is rent, the sight is gone,
And hospitably breathe the Paradise
I see the risen Saviour stand
Beside the Magdalen! Mary! hand!
Lo! the Sacred Heart!
The flock still claims the Shepherd's care,
Till His mission is fulfilled
Of comfort blest, and strength from heaven
Then, from the Mount of Olivet
A matchless flood of glory pours.
Lo! a prize is you! Love's labor ends!
The Victor to His throne ascends!
The angels announce the lost,
For, lo! the Saviour of Pentecost!
With tongues of flame and zeal
Behold the promised Paraclete!
Bright visions descend, and
Unmoved by wisdom's lost of light,
Lo! the Christian pilgrimage must be
The Inheritance of Children.
The Mother-Mother, full of grace
Again, I press her sacredly
She's or a Saviour's childhood
And to Hi cross unfaltering
She is seek some here her part!
The mantle of holy prayer
Now, in that Saviour's triumph
The Mother claims her royal
Lo, glorious thrills the angel
Now rapture crowds the earth's
The pale is past! the Bliss is
Lo! the Immaculate Mary!
And in! the Immaculate of the
Resolves her radiant reward,
Lo! the Mother of Christ! the love
The pastime crown is gleaming
And in, 'mid royal prize, I read
A glorious table on every bead.
O wonderous pilgrim! lo
The visions of the Rosary!
To hear the spirits of those that
Redemption's story from the beads
To inspire, and by holy dreams,
Where Israel's Hly shade the
To wend the powerful pathos of
To mount on the mystic ladder
Lo! the Rosary! the
That linketh in the better land!

LINES

Written on Reading the Letter of Archbishop Alemany to Last Week's Monitor.

Who have deserted Mother Church and in exile
Look upon that Holy Pope commanding from
his prison
Wa think of you and we pray for you who exiled
us for years.
And, by your wisdom, zeal and salutly words
restore us all to our fears;
Yes, we pray for you, our Pastors, who
tender shepherds
And in our poor and humble hearts be immortal
we will treasure.
We have not yet forgotten you and with God's
and shall never
Until time tender thread of life Its death are
to sever,
Long years ago when our good State was not as
latest growing
Thy kindly words of good advice you never
ceased bestowing.
We wished to go to manhood growing and
never ceased to crave,
The glorious cross of Mother Church that
might live and flourish,
You and our prayers, oh, please one! that you
might be guided
Thy wisdom's careful rule where thy Master
was divided.
To life heavenly home of bliss where's thy life
be ended
To where eternal peace and joy with happiness
are blended—
Oh, gladly, gladly do we great thy single wish,
but pray
That many years may yet elapse on you are
called away.

With so much love and high esteem for those
who long years past of blest contact be yours
to see the Church
To single with thy friends in life Saints Dominic
and Thomas.

W. O. H.

Gold Hill, September 25, 1869.

Literary Miscellany.

Caged with a Criminal.

A True Story of Real Life.

"Now you are not a bit afraid, Mollie?"
"Afraid—of what? I'm not a baby."
"No, indeed, you're a hearty—much
baby."
"And if I've travelled all the way from
Cincinnati to New York by myself, I don't
know why I ought to be afraid to come
to London."
"Yes, but this isn't America, you know
and girls are so silly. I don't see what on
earth I ever consented to let you get your head out
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Mem, don't be disgusted. I'm telling
you the truth, I tell you, I'm afraid
maybe my father might cut up about my
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Hello! here comes the train. First stop to Lon-
don, guard. Nobody in the compartment!
All right, Polly, jump in. Make my
with mother if she is vexed. Tra', la, la,
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The door slammed, and I was going to Lon-
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"I just in time, guard!
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"Here's a shilling for your trouble. All
alone sir?"
"Me, sir; a young lady, sir.
This time the door slammed securely,
the key was turned and the guard disap-
peared.
It was 6 30 o'clock. A damp, dull after-
noon. I look at myself in the little mirror
opposite. It reflected a tall, brown-eyed,
brown haired girl, with a pretty complexion,
and neat travelling dress. A very young
person, sightseen at best, and a very strong
and healthy one. We, my brother and I
had been to Warwick, Stratford, &c., and
at the last moment he received a telegram
from college mates bidding him to meet
them in the North; they had formed a
shooting party which was to start the next
day. My mother was in London, on
Sabbaths, rather than disturb his pleasure
trip, that I return to her alone. The train
was going at full speed—fifty miles per
hour. I could scarcely, in the dim twilight
of the December day, distinguish the rapid-
ly moving trees and houses as we skirted
Suddenly a little—a little—open—
my companion. He was a tall, rawboned
man, with gray eyes and long red hair,
heavy whiskers covered his face. He wore
a shooting jacket and a loose flannel blouse.
He fixed his eyes on me for five minutes
without speaking. At a certain station the
guard, cap gnaed that was, got out and peered
at the window. I saw another official get
on. Our guard vanished his cap and boarded
an out-going train. We started off with re-
newed rapidity. I was feeling almost lone-
ly and the slightest degree embarrassed by
my close proximity to my amiable com-
panion, when he got up from his seat, open-
ed his travelling bag, took out a pair of
shears, and pulling his hand on my shoulder,
said—
"I want you to cut my hair!"
"Cut your hair?" I cried too amazed
to be alarmed. "Are you crazy! Cut your
hair?"
"Yes, cut my hair immediately."
"I will not!" I exclaimed. "Guard,
guard, come to me; this man is crazy!"
"Hush to the door; it was locked, of course,
and the guard I knew and who knew us,
was miles away. Hush! I tell you for the
last time—"
"It is useless to make a disturbance,"
said the fellow. "I intend that you shall
cut my hair! If you do not I will kill you
—take your choice."
Trembling I took the shears.
"Walk, But I never stirred my neck;
there. Thanks, very much. Now, care-
fully."
For half an hour I cut away; it had
grown quite dark, only the dim light of the
railroad lamp illuminated the compartment.
"Left off," he asked, producing his glass
and peering at the cropped crown.
"Yes."
"Not bad for a beginner. Now, for my
whiskers. I can't shave you one, for my
razor is broken."
For the first time I saw this member hang
hughes at his side.
"But I will not!" I screamed: "I will
not."
"Yes, you will," said my persector.
"You will do just what I tell you. Kneel
down here, in front of me, and cut my
beard."
"I will not, I will not."
"Very well." And he advanced towards
me.
Instantly I was on my knees, cutting
away at the forest of undergrowth.
"As close as you can, my dear. You
will find the shears sharp. I don't believe
you've left a hair on my head."
This job took me longer to do than my
previous one. The beard was very stiff
horn, and Monsieur very particular.
"All end, I'm sure," he said presently. "All
my long love locks and lady killers! But
necessity—drawing a sigh—" cruel necessity
knows no law."
He threw me kiss with the tips of his
horney fingers.
"I shall always dub you cruel necessity
in my own mind."
His face being so clean shaven as my im-
plement allowed, he bid me turn my back
"I will not! Oh, I will not, I will."
"You will turn your back immediately
said my tormentor. "But first help me to
adjust my arm in this sling."
I had forgotten that I meekly tore the
sling on his brow, but he did not quiver.
"Now, take that back and peep under my
eyes and shadow my eye brows
I obeyed, but as you would do your own, my
dear, were you dressing for a ball.
I trembled. "The madman!" I whisper-
ed below my breath, "oh, the madman!
But I did as was bid. One faltering look
I ran to the door and I was bound tight.
"Now look out of the window. Mind,
if you see anybody move than pretty hint
bond, on my honor as a gentleman, I must
take my revenge."
For twenty minutes (or was it a hundred
years?) I sat gazing into the darkness with
a sick. The lightning rapidity of the train, as
we rushed along, made a leap through the
darkness.
I thought of my mother and my home,
and, poor child, of my girlish sin and sep-
lignance. I was too frightened then to cry
or attempt to make my reservation.
"Look, my pretty dove," said a gay voice.
I heard the window open, and a black
bonnet fall. Was I dreaming or not?
There, under the light of the little oil
lamp, on a bench in the left hand, with
demoniac eyes and reversional air, was a
young person, in the full flowing vestment
of a fellow of a Jesuit college.
Oh, gladly, gladly do we great thy single wish,
but pray
That many years may yet elapse on you are
called away.

Written on Reading the Letter of Archbishop Alemany in Last Week's Monitor.

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Look upon that Holy Pope commanding from
his prison
Wa think of you and we pray for you who exiled
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noon. I look at myself in the little mirror
opposite. It reflected a tall, brown-eyed,
brown haired girl, with a pretty complexion,
and neat travelling dress. A very young

GETTING AHEAD OF GHOSTS.

Various Superstitions of Various People Concerning the Return of Spirits.

The favorite "beat" of the ghost is usually the spot where he died. Hence, in order to keep him at least from the house, the Celtic carry a sack man out into the open air to die and the Maoris used to remove the sick into sheds. If a Kaffir or a Malay dies before he could be carried out the house was fired and deserted. There are traces in Greece, Rome and China of the custom of carrying dying persons into the open air.

But in case the ghost should, despite of these precautions, make his way back from the grave, steps were taken to barricade the house against him. Thus, in some parts of Russia and East Prussia an axe or a hook is laid on the threshold or a knife is hung over a door, and in Germany as soon as the coffin is carried out of the house all the doors and windows are shut, whereas, so long as the body is still in the house, the windows (said superstitious the doors), are left constantly open to allow the soul to escape. In some parts of England every bolt and lock in the house is unfastened so that the ghost of the departed man may fly freely away

But if primitive men knew how to bolly, they also knew how to outwit the ghost. For example, a ghost can only find his way back to the house by the way by which he left it. This little weakness did not escape the vigilance of our ancestors and they took their measures accordingly. The coffin was carried out of the house, not by the door, but by a hole made in the wall, and, lest this hole should be carefully stopped up as soon as the body had been passed through it, so that when the ghost strolled quietly back from the grave, he found to his surprise that there was no thoroughfare. The credit of this ingenious device is shared equally by Greenlanders, Hottentots, Berbermen, Samoides, Ojibways, Algonkins, Laconians, Hottentots, Tibetans, Siamese, Chinese, and Fijians. These special openings, or "doors of the dead," as still to be seen in a village near Amsterdam and they were common in Etruria and in central Italy, in Perugia and Asisi. A trace of the same custom survive in Thuringen, where it is thought lucky to leave a door in a house that has hanged will return to the house if the body be not taken out by a window instead of the door.

The Siamese not content with carrying the dead man out by a special opening, endeavor to make assurance doubly sure by making him go three times round the house at full speed—a proceeding well calculated to bewilder the poor soul in the coffin. The Arecanians adopt the plan of strewing ashes behind the corpse as it is being borne to the grave, in order that the ghost may not be able to find his way back.—*Contemporary Review.*

Telegraph Blunders.

From the fact that the telegraph does such magical work for us day by day, its errors are apt to be forgotten in our admiration of its celerity and general accuracy. Yet when the wires are affected by storms, or are clerk by carelessness, the telegraph makes dreadful blunders. In one case the mere misplacing of a point was like to have embroiled two commercial firms into a law-suit. The message was this: A message was sent—"You can have the hundred pieces at sixteen and nine. Thousand more at same rate." As delivered in London it read—"You can have the hundred pieces at sixteen, and nine thousand more at same rate," on which understanding or misunderstanding, the goods were ordered. At a meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Hornby, M.P., complaining of the irregularity and incorrectness of the Anglo-Indian telegraph, instances a message which, when delivered in Calcutta, read—"Cholera is raging in Bombay. Mortality is very great. Your friends are all well." In another case, a husband, on receiving a telegram from his wife at home, received, on opening it, the startling announcement—"Your wife had a boa for twins this morning. A well-known physician being ill at Toronto, the message was sent to his wife—"Dr. Jones is very ill—worse." The family got it, "Mr. Brown is very ill—worse." and in once sent on a special train for his remains. In another case, a gentleman who had ordered his pig to swain him a pair of pigeons, received a telegram to the effect that the swain was undersood from his pigeons to require the attendance of his pig-doctor. The following story was told me by a clergyman in Philadelphia. A preacher, who had accepted a call to a pastoral charge in a Western State, was prevented from starting on the day appointed by reason of the want of a quorum to proceed with his coffin. A telegram was accordingly despatched to the deacons—"Presbytery lacks a quorum to ordain." Before three words reached their destination they got themselves twisted into the following extraordinary shape—"Presbytery lacked a quorum to Adam." The deacons, on receipt of this message, were utterly baffled—and made nothing of it; but, after long consultation, came to the conclusion that their new minister had got married, and that this was his facetious way of making them aware of the fact. They accordingly took the proper steps, and provided lodgings for the bride and bridegroom. Reference had been made to the telegraphic service by Bryan Longworthy and India. In no one all circumstance considered, wrought with more disastrous effect, but for some months, at first, the disputants having to pass through the hands of foreign clerks, or rather, in a state of confusion sufficiently tedious to drive the wind and to pay for them and for not required to make sense of them. The following, which appeared in the Boston Gazette for two weeks after the opening of the line, is worth preserving—"It is due to the new line of communication," says the Gazette, "that we should acknowledge in our overland summary the considerable service it has rendered to India as a means of transmitting public news, and private advice. The following telegram, printed as received, speak for themselves. They are Reuter's:

"London, 17th.—Alderman solomon Gitts and his accomplice crawfords refused our rancier another agitation assimilation treated corcoran battery sedrick arch bishop Armah.

"23d.—Letter pogo Hermaing Cumming ensat allapson—Colkoin enter ensomal Consul for discussion from alsaplay ensand abitary generally chained leak prisons and today—To Lord Clarendon prison prussian coming Constantinople after chain ever Cheskoy stained.

"Lord Clarendon's influence on behalf of Kossuth and believes at no time since prussian entrian poor existed better pass part of the Ottoman Government blessing cause.

It would be interesting to know what the Boston Gazette made of these remarkable announcements.

A four percent of Broome county, N. Y., who lost his arm at a rich iron ore pass ago, has just had a verdict for $1,000 against the company for injuries received on the ground that he situated for brakes of cars, in consequence of which he lost sight to enter his own living.

The depression of the coal trade in South Wales is so serious that over 40,000 men are affected by it. The national industries in England are at a low ebb, and the lumber subject of coal, which gives them such a decreased activity in manufacture, is taken as one of evidence of an unfavorable and very grave condition.

Infantile diseases—I allude my, how are infantile mortality and parenthood—are fresh 10 cents in reserve. Dr. Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps, 866 Main Street, Buffalo.

"GONE ON BEFORE."

The Magic Influence and Power of the Name of Mother.

The other day, explains a correspondent in a current number of one of the monthly magazines, I was walking with an old man, when he took his watch from his pocket and, scanning its dial, said

"Eleven o'clock, but it is time I was home with mother.

"Have you a mother living?" I said it in great surprise, for he was past 70, and his white locks and furrowed face seemed to the word sound strange, but dearer, I thought, than I had ever heard it before.

"No. Oh, no!" said the old man. "My own mother died fifty years ago. meant the mother of the boys."

"And who are the boys?" I asked

"Why, of course you don't remember them—I expect you never knew them—for I never met you until to-day. There's John and William and Thomas and Martin and Matthew. Matthew is the baby, as though he does not look like one now, for he is nearly 40, and has a large beard. It is their mother I mean."

"Your good old wife!" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Yes, she is mother to the boys, and I have called her mother for more than fifty years. But you must excuse me, sir, for it is time I should be home with mother. I promised my wife and see her, for she is the sweetest, prettiest old woman you will ever have a chance to see. She was a little girl when I first saw her, and then she was then. Come along and see mother, sir, and she will be glad to see the door of her comfortable home, and when we come in the gate, I'll sing out to her to come to us, and Matthew said.

"Father, mother has not seen you here, and can't say a word. Martin has gone for the doctor

"Let you!" and the old man pushing by Matthew. "Mother must have the doctor—I asked she same—for mother is not able to withstand another stroke of palsy. Come along, sir, and see—Mary, I'm back, beckoning to me, and I followed him as he hurried into the house where lay his wife.

The good old woman was indeed beautiful. Around her face clustered a lovely growth of white hair that she had let down like an angel with a halo of light radiating from her noble brow. Her mouth was drawn out of its natural shape by the paralytic contortion of her face, and her keenly bright eyes looked upsteamy-fearless, but when the old man came before her pure old eyes and, bending softly above her, whispered—"Mother, I am here," a smile strangled to play upon the half paralyzed lips, and her eyes brightened and looked upon him as the old man who had been her companion since they were a boy and girl, and it seemed to me that there was some endearing name for him also, she struggled to speak, but her tongue had lost its cunning and move to the roof of her mouth. The old man bent lower and imprinted a kiss upon the twitching lips, and they made an effort to speak again, but the motion gave pain, and the poor dear lay quietly on her bed, and the old man kneeled beside her and prayed.

"Mother, do you know us?

"Yes, I know you all, and the good old man placed his hands upon her brow, where the white hair lay in a thick mat, and blessed her, and the tears came in his big eyes and trickled along the furrows which the years of care had cut in his cheek, and the sons wept, and, I, who had never wept since I was a little boy, felt the tears from them and shed tears for mother

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 7, 1885.

Editorial Notes.

The large Protestant element that is dissatisfied with the lately "revised" bible, is calling out for another "revised" version! And thus these thoughtless people will go on tinkering at the sacred word of God until they make a regular crazy quilt out of the bible, so that any fool who wants to find an excuse for denying God has only to consult some "revised" bible in order to get authority for doing so!

—It is safe to presume that the recent decree of the Pope ordaining the daily recitation of the Rosary of the Most Blessed Virgin will cause a fresh burst of indignation from Protestant preachers who *protest* far more against the Mother of God than they do against the Protestant immorality of our day. Hatred of the Blessed Virgin is one of the most decisive marks by which the world may discern the disciples of Belphegor.

—The cholera seems to be spreading with alarming rapidity all over the world. At present it is raging in Spain, Italy, China and Japan, with premonitory symptoms of the presence of the dreaded scourge in other parts of the world. Such warnings are oftentimes sent to us in order that we may "put our house in order" so that death may not come on us suddenly—like a thief in the night—and find us unprepared for that certain passage from this world into the world to come.

—The American Catholic Prelates who went to Rome to decidate the decrees of the late Plenary Council have returned, and on the 10th ult., the Holy Father gave his approbation to the work of the Bishops as revised. What changes have been made in the decrees since they passed out of the hands of Secretary Corcoran and into those of the Congregation of the Council no one can tell. The volume will soon be published and then the world will be wiser than it is now.

—A conference of Mormons—or Latter-Day Saints as they call themselves in England—was recently held in London, at which a high tribute was rather unintentionally paid to the virtue of Irish men and women. There were Mormon delegates present from Norway, Sweden, Holland and Germany, who all spoke hopefully of the result of missionary labors. Mr. Penrose, of Salt Lake City, boasted that Mormonism was spreading in England, Scotland and Wales, but regretted that the doctrine was obtaining no foothold in Ireland. *Lous lou!*

—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, has received up to date, as trustee of the Catholic institutions of the diocese, $750,000 under the will of the late Francis A. Drexel, Catholic citizen which he named. The executors by the will were given a year in which to settle the estate affairs. Government by those in position to know that Mr. Drexel's estate will amount to $10,000,000.

—After examining the year books of the different Protestant sects, the New York *Independent* arrives at the disheartening conclusion that "in spite of all that has been written to prove that the Gospel is making production advances among men, a painfully small number of men and women is added to the Lord by confession." But what can we Protestants make of conclusion? Assuredly if a man can make his own system of religious belief he ought to be able to shrive himself of his sins without any help from a powerless preacher!

—As a souvenir of the 29th volume of the MONITOR, we furnish our readers this week with a supplement containing some beautiful prayers and aspirations recently indulgenced by our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. If any calous Missionaries, Religious or Lady Sodalists evince disgust at these prayers for free distribution among Catholic children or adults, we will send as many copies as may be desired any time during the present month. We hope every Catholic who receives these prayers will place them in his or her bed room and recite them daily, and thus "lay up treasures in heaven."

—The American Consul at Nice has written a lengthy communication to the Government, in which he advises that some action be taken by Congress to put a stop to the practice of Frenchmen coming to this country and marrying American wives to repudiate them the moment they return to France. We hope that if our Government does anything in this matter it will first try and stop the Home Guard of husbands from perpetrating the villainy complained of. A great charity like this should most certainly begin at home, and Washington City would make a most excellent starting point for such a needed reformation!

—Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. has been graciously pleased to impart his Apostolic Benediction, for the second time, to Mr. James J. Treacy, author of "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," and to show his high appreciation of the "Tributes" and "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens," His Holiness has also designed to honor Mr. Treacy with the gift of an exquisitely executed cameo representing St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour, the work of a distinguished Roman artist. It says the *Philadelphia Standard*.

—The city of Minneapolis has a curious provision in its law relating to the liquor traffic which we would like to see an introduction into every city and town in California. Besides charging a license fee of $500, the law makes not certain petrol limits, including the business area of the city, within which all the saloons there must be situated, and where they can be kept under close police inspection. As to the rest of the city, including all the main residence portions of the city, where probably nine-tenths of the inhabitants have their homes, absolute saloon prohibition prevails, and is rigidly enforced.

—Were it not for the tongue-wagging of a few pantaloomed females, the "woman's rights" movement would die out in a year. Even in Boston—which is supposed to be the cradle of all the male and female "cranks" in the country—at a recent school election there were only 1,543 votes cast by female suffragists out of a total population of married women numbering 60,000. It seems, therefore, that it is only a few scolding hens in the ballot-box barnyard of the female portion of the American community, who keep a constant "cluck-cluck" concerning the "rights" which a vast majority of the more sensible ladies of the land have no desire whatever for.

—"The Green above the Red" seems to be very popular in Ireland just at present. The Dublin *Nation* chronicles the pleasing intelligence that "the contract for supplying green flags to the public buildings of Dublin promises to yield a handsome profit to somebody in the near future. It is only quite recently that the national emblem was unfurled to the breeze from the flag-staff of the City Hall, and on another day a new green banner was hoisted for the first time over the Mansion House. The next place where we expect to see this ubiquitous emblem flying is over Dublin Castle; but that institution must be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected first. Otherwise our cherished green flag might run the danger of being irretrievably sullied."

—The "British Canadians" are beginning themselves together against the French Canadians, and have formed an anti French Leagues. These British Canadians are composed of Scotch and English emigrants and their sons, who entertain a hostile feeling against all that do not believe like them in worshipping the occupant of the British throne. The Irish a few years ago exposed the weakness and cowardice of these Orangemen, and since then they have fallen into contempt by many of their own creed who had previously supported them. The late political disturbances in Canada have drawn the Irish and French nearer to each other and they bear their union in the event of another outbreak. This may recur any day in the lower provinces, and leave the anti French Leagues.

—Father Phelan of the St. Louis *Watchman* has a way of saying things about Protestantism that must drive many a Missouri Methodist reader to the verge of profanity. Last week, in alluding to some foolish remark made by the Methodist General Assembly, concerning the Catholic Church, Father Phelan says "The Council should read the account of the Flood. The Protestants of those days paid very little attention to the voice of God and related largely on their private judgment. The rains came and after forty days they were never heard of any more. There is a lesson coming for Protestantism. Let Church Edward Jenett is the crux the Church army extinction.

The resignation of Archbishop Lamy of Santa Fe, New Mexico, has already been announced in these columns. The venerable prelate has been at his post as missionary and Bishop for thirty-five years, now he is succeeded by his Coadjutor, Most Rev. J. B. Salpointe, who has been over a quarter of a century laboring for the salvation of souls in that portion of the Lord's vineyard. The first mission of the new Archbishop was at Mora; six years afterwards he was sent to Arizona, to the Vicarate Apostolic of which he was raised on its creation in 1869, being thence called to act as Bishop Coadjutor to Archbishop Lamy, which office was raised to the dignity of Archbishopric during the recent Plenary Council. Archbishop Salpointe continues the Rev. Peter Rouillon, the Vicar General of his predecessor, to his office.

—The decay of Protestantism is no where more apparent than in Canada. the city where Calvin was once "monarch of all he surveyed," and where his Presbyterian creed theocracy with a malignant bigotry that makes human nature shudder at the idea of the enormous crimes perpetrated by this persecutor under the name of religion. The burning of Servatus serve only as a slight specimen of the savage cruelty of the founder of Presbyterianism, and yet—with all the power swayed by Calvin—Protestantism is doomed to die out even in the abiding place of one of its monsters. It is now 350 years since Geneva was the most Protestant city in Europe, and by the last census we see that out of its 100,000 inhabitants 50,000 are Catholics! Among this number are several of the descendants of both Luther and Calvin, who have given up the religious errors established by these wicked men, and returned again to the true fold of Christ.

—We hope to hear that California enterprise has caused the products of this fruitful State to be well represented in the permanent exhibition of United States products which will be opened at Honolulu on the first of next month. The exhibition is projected by some of the most prominent Indians, and will be conducted under the auspices of the Italian government and the United States Consul General. It will have forty-one branches in the different Italian cities, and its managers promise to do all in their power to encourage trade between these two great nations. The permanent exhibition is to be free to all, and only such goods are invited as are apt to find a sale or to attract any the trade of the Mediterranean ports. The charge to exhibitors is $25 for twelve months, and the exhibitors company will take full charge of the exhibit on the arrival in Rome. There should be some arrangement for American goods among 30,000,000 Italians, and our manufacturers will do well to avail themselves of the chance and thus benefit the working classes of California, by exporting home made goods to foreign parts.

A variety of correspondence has to be laid over until next week.

Our Twenty-ninth Volume.

With this issue the MONITOR enters on its twenty-ninth year of its existence, and our hosts of readers in all portions of the hemisphere will be glad to learn that as the years roll by the MONITOR is enlarging its sphere of usefulness more and more; its circulation is increasing and our friends everywhere are assisting in extending its circulation. The battle in which the Catholic press is called on to participate so dearer of God's truth is constantly waging throughout the world, and the Church militant requires the services of a courageous press second only in importance to the prayers of her faithful children. Hence the Catholic press should receive the generous support of every Catholic community, so that it can afford the necessary expense to make it a powerful weapon in defence of the faith, as well as a courageous advocate for the civil and religious rights of every Catholic citizen.

This is the warfare of truth against error in the world, and in every such conflict in which the Catholic press is engaged, victory is sure to perch upon the banner of the Cross, for the reason that when God is with us there is far less potent as to be able to prevail against us.

The defence of Catholic truth, the propagation of Catholic principles and the vindication of Catholic civil rights is the mission in which the MONITOR is engaged, and in the propagation of these divine principles and the defence of Catholic rights, we ask the moral and financial aid of all who are attached to us by the holy bonds of Catholic faith.

Our patrons and friends among the Rev. Clergy and Laity, have done a great deal in the past to extend the MONITOR, and its notice of their neighbors, and we ask from them a continuance of such good offices. Show the MONITOR to those who do not subscribe for it, point out to them the duty they owe to themselves and their children to have a Catholic paper in their homes, and then send us their names. In doing this every reader of the MONITOR will indirectly become a sharer in that blessing which is promised for such a work of mercy, as we are told in the sacred scriptures that "they who instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."

Text Book Untruths about Cardinal Richelieu.

The industry manifested by the archenemy of man in defaming the dead heroes of the Catholic Church, and in calumniating the Church itself, is really marvellous. It is not only in sectarian publications, tracts and other anti-Catholic literature that we find assailants against the Catholic Church, but even the text books used by Catholic children in the public schools are fill with infamous falsehoods maligning the characters of well known Catholic celebrities. Here is a note on the subject which we have received last week:

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR

Dear Sir—Please answer in the MONITOR, who was Cardinal Richelieu? In the school books and libraries he is described as a cruel monster, throughout the entire Catholic world.

There are few prominent ecclesiastics Church whose character is less understood by Catholics than Cardinal Richelieu. The world at large bears its opinion of him upon the dramatic representation of the Cardinal by the Italian Ristori Lyceum. In the stage the Cardinal is represented as a cruel, crafty, grasping, unscrupulous character who is constantly conspiring against those around him so as to build a baleful reputation upon the ruins of others. This is the Cardinal Richelieu of the stage. But the Cardinal Richelieu of real life was a far different character, he being honored by French historians as the true statesman of French monarchy and the great parent of French civilization. He was beset by perils and intrigues during his long position as Minister of State, and in such times as he lived desperate evils required desperate remedies. He saved France at the zenithe of personal friendship, and he raised enemies for himself because he defended his country against foreign and domestic foreign enemies, and at his death he left a country in far more flourishing condition than it ever before attained. The enemies of France aimed to murder her Prime Minister and to destroy the country, but the keen foresight, the prudence and patriotism of Cardinal Richelieu saved France and foiled her enemies, hence he was hated by those who sought by open war and secret conspiracy to pull down that great Catholic power. This is the true character of this great statesman, but as it is the boundless duty of all book makers for American public schools to blacken the reputation of all Catholic historical characters, we are hardly astonished to find such a pen-portrait of Cardinal Richelieu in the so-called "histories" where all such Catholic matters are invariably set forth in a style so as to make them genuine complicates agry the truth.

We are sorry under the painful necessity of correcting false sensational item published by our own zealous contemporary the *Chronicle*. Readers of that paper were shocked on Monday morning last when that the grave of the dead buried in the Catholic cemetery at Santa Cruz were desecrated and their remains disturbed by those who were engaged in digging the foundation for the new Catholic church at that place. The *Chronicle* even went so far as to "enter into details" and we were informed that the dead was among the graves then desecrated. A group denial of the article fabricated falsehood was sent to the *Chronicle* but an attempt whatever was paid thereto, and then the "enterprise" of the *Chronicle* in not publishing a full flight falsehood and then sticking to it although it had received a written denial of the whole story. This may be "enterprise, but it is not such a Christian one nor generous, although unmentionable may consider it better to sell a lie rather to base flunkeys an argument against Christian burial, than to tell the truth and thereby lose a special sensational story calculated to startle the community beyond the expense of administering the pastor in a Catholic Church.

Shall it be Home Rule or Revolution in Ireland?

The press and people of Ireland are just now speculating upon the future prospects of the outcome of the present agitation. Mr. Chamberlain and other representative spokesmen of England declare that Home Rule will not and must not be granted to the Irish people, for the reason that it will be the beginning of the end of England.

Ireland is the Irish people the power to close their ports against all English commerce and to refuse to perform military duties. Mr. Chamberlain also declares that if Home Rule is granted there will be within a few hours sail from England "another Ireland, of equal growth and strength." We may then be driven from our ports, and "we may be compelled, the last resort, to blockade Ireland." Mr. Chamberlain's argument of Irish weakness is rather weak.

The paper then discusses the probable result of England following the policy indicated in Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, and says that such a course would probably result in a French army landing at Limerick, simultaneously with an Irish conflagration in all the principal cities in England, and well-planned attacks on the various palaces and banks in London. It concludes the charge of impolicy of the Irish people, illustrate at a possible national bequeathing of English statesmen, commercial travellers, officials, soldiers and governors, and warns Mr. Chamberlain to moderate his rancor toward Ireland.

The gravity of the situation in Ireland, therefore, is far more alarming than we have at a distance considered. The alternative of Home Rule or such a revolution as the Irish people determine to carry out is perfectly fair, and it is to be hoped that the parliament moves of political influence among English political parties will be guided more by common sense than be influenced by the inflammable utterances of Mr. Chamberlain. England's policy towards Ireland has ever been to rule and to rain *her*, and it is possible that John Bull may persevere in this course until the Irish people are driven by desperation from a sensitutional system of agitation for their rights into that wild spirit of revenge hinted at by *United Ireland*.

A rather comical incident occurred at the meeting of the Congregational Ministers' Club in Boston, on Monday last. A paper relative to the beneficial influence of Sunday schools, when Chaplain Hicks called attention to the fact that the Welsh people had been "held up as been ideal Christians." He thought the matter had not been clearly looked into by the essayist, and referred to Conical Bird's early life in regard to the Commission who participated in the Wyoming riots. Rev. Anton Williams, who is himself a Welshman, said that Queen Victoria had declared that the Welsh are the best people among her subjects. He spoke of the extreme Puritanical conduct of the Welsh people, and the religion of the Welsh people was characterized by the Queen as "Christian." Mr. Williams replied that Victoria doesn't rule over America, and suggested that if they had more parts in Wales there might be fewer of her people to make this country like those who remembered the Wyoming outrage. Brother Hicks was sorry out from the meeting to weep and wait at his brother preacher's entire that assuming the sociability of Washington.

The English Crusade against Canadian Catholics.

Last week we had to call a city contemporary to account for attacking the Catholics of Canada, but it seems that our local confrere took its cue from the pro-British press of Canada where there is at present raging a bitter war of words between the representative newspapers of these different nationalities.

[illegible] the pro-British press of Canada treat there recently appeared a vicious attack upon the Canadians for their sanitary inaction. The writer advised employers to discharge the French Canadians, as "we entirely due to their unclean lives and refusal to take precautions that the small pox had spread towards an extent."

To this *L'Etendard*—a Catholic paper—makes this caustic reply, the reading of which must have made the John Bull element in Canada mad enough "to blow up the whole blarney territory, yet know:

L'Etendard thus scores its English opponent

"As a contagion is feared from the bank bills handled by the inferior race, and Italy gold has to be disinfected by the fetid which never leaves them. It would be desirable to send a pair of chlorine Englishmen from the chance of taking the drop by some other Canadian or English Canadian office, or an English warehouse. Let us hope that the Canadians will be protected against the contagion of the English, and give a reason to your Canadians to make the to say that English Canadians are not the only people who are filthy Canadians.

Just imagine English eyes, English ears, and noses than all. English noses, to have unceasing to be offended by the French people. Is it really shocking. Ah we are very cojo. Not only do we deprive the Canadians of the risk of predating the ground that our man has ever trodden, but we have the pleasure of opening it at the point of their valiant sword. It is a pleasure which we have not enjoyed since the Canadians have not enjoyed since the time when the right of breathing before us belonged to the Canadians, and belonged to British. And in spite of all this English Canadians are not ungrateful, and they have second hand at. Just later poor blooded Saxon. The Irish people are in the same case, and have situated by French lines Stocking. Nothing, After, yes, we who never make where a dirtier drink than sour milk water so dirty as the people. Canadians, and the water, we, stakin, with fever, proprietor but the Canadians, and the Canadians, and English gentlemen, we has their people for Canadians. Canadians, and English Canadians Hancock. Well let us, Canadians, let there our Lords that we are not so dirty as people or plague dirty. Until the Canadians, let the Canadians, and English Canadians, let us and satisfy most be terribly good enough to be Canadians. Let us be Canadians, let us defined from the terms we present a sanitary. The appearance of Canadians, and English Canadians by the boldness with which are other Canadian paper, *La Patrie*. Israelis and British Canadians, and English Canadians. Here is an onslaught that we may wall call diabolical in nature. *La Patrie* then attacks the French Canadian Bishops in the manoeuvre in Montreal to use the small pox epidemic as a means of crushing out of every aspiration of ordinary Frenchmen and Canadians. Here is the text:

Parents without social status generally are the victims of the small pox. Poor French Canadian population. They are not able to resist the ravages of the epidemic. Poor French Canadians! A hotel is wonderful and Indian Canadians, and English Canadians, and French Canadians, and English Canadians, and French Canadians, and English Canadians, and French

Farm and Home.

To Get Rid of Cockroaches.

A correspondent writes as follows "I beg to forward you an easy, clean, and certain method of eradicating those loathsome insects from dwelling houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches (or 'shoals,' as they are called here), and I was recommended to try cucumber peel as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bedtime, strewed the floor of those parts of the house most infested with the rotinds with the green part out, and next day this, from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to watch the effect.

Before the expiration of that time the floor where the peel lay was completely covered with cockroaches, so much so that the vegetable acrid not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not so numerous—I should think not more than a fourth of the previous night.

On the third night I did not discover one, but anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them I examined the peel after I had laid it down about half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches, about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to remain till so rising, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building, and I can assure you that the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights to in the wake of the dress and its company. The deacon had just reached the line of the hymn,

Where my possessions lie,

when he broke off abruptly, and made an energetic plunge to recover his hat. He alighted upon all fours in the center of the aisle, but just as he thought the hat was in his grasp, the silken train gave an additional switch, and the hat followed with an additional roll. The deacon followed the hat, still upon all fours, but again it eluded him, and yet again and again. So intent was the deacon upon recovering his possessions that he did not see the least aware that the attention of the entire congregation was attracted to the sight of the dignified deacon following upon all fours a richly dressed lady up the aisle, over and anon endeavoring to grasp an antique hat, which as often eluded him.

A church meeting was called the next week, at which the charge was brought against the deacon of drawing the attention of the young people from the solemnities of worship upon the Lord's day. The deacon explained the matter as best he could, and the church by vote decided that he should be released without reprimand, but recommended that inasmuch as he peculiar he would now attract more attention than ever he should compensate the matter by procuring a new one.

The next Sunday the deacon's new hat and its probable cost was the talk of the town.

The Wrong Pony.

Major Brown, a Virginian "Forty-niner," once informed the writer of a story of a Kentucky's advice, 'Be sure you're right, and go ahead.' The major's disobedience to the Texan's proverb forshadowed his misfortune.

During the gold fever of 1849 a company of 80 Virginians, of whom the major was one, started for California.

After they had crossed the rock bone of the Sierra the major and five men were elected to go ahead and make some arrangements for the temporary accomodations of the company.

One day, as they were about to resume their journey, they found that his pony was too lame to travel. After consultation, he somewhat agreed to go on, and have him to await the arrival of the main body with the wagons.

"I had a lonesome time of it," said the major, relating the story, 'and I was delighted when on the second day of my confined solitude I saw three men approaching. But my delight was changed to anger as they drew near—for I discovered that one of the men was leading my pony.

"What are you doing, with that pony? I asked indignantly.

"He belongs to us," said the man.

"You are very cool to catch my pony, and have them kiln or prison," I answered.

They all protested that I was mistaken, "Gentlemen, said I, 'I am not mistaken. I have had that pony long enough to know every hair on his body.

One of the men poised out a sear on the forehead, and asked, "Has your pony such a sear as that?"

"My pony has that sear."

"Why," exploded another, "is this your lariat?

"No, but it is as easy matter to take one lariat off a pony's neck and put another on."

"Look here, said the leader, you are better search and see whether you have really lost your pony before you claim another man's.

"I saw they were not going to yield, so I said firmly, "You are three to one, but I you think I am going to submit tamely to this outrage, you are mistaken. I am overpower me, but you will not leave this place alone."

They saw I was determined, and one of them, speaking very mildly, said

"My friend, you are certainly mistaken. This pony is ours; we've had him for months. I could bother you by asking you if you can find your pony somewhere in the herd.

I pretended to take their advice, but kept within reach, resolved, if they undertook to carry off the pony to open fire on them with my revolver. Well, sir, I hadn't gone a dozen rods, when, standing behind a clump of bushes I saw my own abominable pony, lariat, rear, and all. I never felt so mean before in my life.

Explanations in Church.

Old Mr. Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the service, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the lesser's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore sits hard, so he lifted his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and, in his nervousness, hit Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what it meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he grew red in the face. "There was a spider on your head." "A white plane on my head, hey? Suppose there is, what's that to you? You think I ought to be bald yourself some day." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly, I'm wider," said Collamore, "and I can move in it than yours; but let it alone—do you mind?" Yes my lat my head alone in church. "Mr. Collamore! my sakes alive! there was a spider on your head and I brushed him off—that's all!" Hoff made one other gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and, leaning a hymn-book at that, he seized the benches on the floor of the pew, and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sermon intuited. An explanation was written on the fly leaf of the hymn-book, whereupon Mr Collamore apologized in a hoisterous tones, and he earned his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

TAPE WORM REMOVED ALIVE in two hours, no fee until Tapeworm is dead. Dr. Ward, Complete, no charge. Mrs. Ward, Corset Specialist, 1,000 Sizes. Consult by Pamphlet free. Dr. Ward, 1,000 Market st. S. F. Free for peculiar living symptoms and obesity. Medicine and by express C. O. D.

Family Fun.

The Deacon's New Hat.

Deacon Bodkin is an old-fashioned man and clings tenaciously to old-fashioned hard coarring. His daughters have frequently urged him to procure a modern silk hat and to lay aside the old style, ball crowned beaver, but to no avail.

"Gals," he would say, whenever the subject was brought up, "what ere is my wedding hat. Your mother picked it out herself, and I couldn't think of going back on her, you know. Besides, I can't worry stand that you know more than you what is fashionable.

A few Sundays ago the deacon went to church as usual. In the evening he attended a conference meeting, and sat in his usual place, depositing his treasured hat carefully on the floor in the aisle. A short praise service opened the exercises, and the deacon was lustily singing,

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye,

with his head thrown back on his shoulders, his eyes closed and his hands clasped over his expansive shirt bosom. At that moment a rustle of a silk skirt was heard and a fashionably attired lady swept up the aisle. The deacon opened the corner of his "wistful eye in order to take in the situation. The silk skirt was provided with a voluminous train, and, as its occupant swept past, the deacon, with the open eyes of his eye, behold his cherished hat rolling up the aisle in the wake of the dress and its occupant. The deacon had just reached the line of the hymn,

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when he broke off abruptly, and made an energetic plunge to recover his hat. He alighted upon all fours in the center of the aisle, but just as he thought the hat was in his grasp, the silken train gave an additional switch, and the hat followed with an additional roll. The deacon followed the hat, still upon all fours, but again it eluded him, and yet again and again. So intent was the deacon upon recovering his possessions that he did not see the least aware that the attention of the entire congregation was attracted to the sight of the dignified deacon following upon all fours a richly dressed lady up the aisle, over and anon endeavoring to grasp an antique hat, which as often eluded him.

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Boys and Cigarettes.

The Philadelphia *Times* makes a vigorous assault on cigarettes, and tells the boys who indulge in them "The sharp cigarette is a modern invention, and a peculiarly vicious one. Twenty years ago when the cigarettes all came from Cuba, and were wrapped in rice paper, smoking then did no great harm. Mildew, being made of Havanaites, or some brand of equally strong tobacco, only a boy of stong stomach could smoke more than two or three of them at a time. But to meet the boyish demand cigarettes are sold now-days both cheap and weak. They are made of mild, often bad, tobacco, and for the most part they are wrapped in ordinary white paper. Rice-paper wrappings necessarily moistens the cost, and the boy who wishes to prove to Tom Tobbins of Amelia that he is not a boy but a man, much prefers the article that he can get the most of for his money. Moreover, the boy does not know the difference opposed to the right between rice-paper and ordinary paper, any more than he knows that, while rice-paper burns away leaving no ash, and only a slit common paper burns with a foul smoke that cuts like a saw into the chest and throat. He spends his pocket-money on cheap digestion, and makes every one around him uncomfortable, while he smokes himself away into an untimely grave.

Catholic Societies.

[illegible]

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

[illegible]

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

[illegible]

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD
BROAD GAUGE.
COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1883, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS: [illegible]

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them at once we will for a short time only give away absolutely one of our Gold Watches to every person who will cut out this notice and send it with their name and address. [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

[illegible]

The Poor Italian's Dog.

It happened about twenty years ago, that a poor lady living in one of the great cities was walking one day in a street, when she heard a piteous howling behind her. Turning round, she saw a poor ragged boy, with a cap in his hand, half furnished dog. The little animal jerked at her with his mild blue eyes, took hold of the border of her dress and pulled it with all his might, and seemed to say "Mistress, come with me." The lady took a narrow unfrequented street to reach the Cathedral, because by such a route she would not be likely to meet any of her acquaintances to give disagreeable, and it was also a means of rendering her walk shorter from the church to her own home. As her husband happened to be very busy at work, and had not accompanied her as usual, to Mass, she feared it would be imprudent to yield to what seemed to be the little animal's urging.

IRELAND AND AMERICA.

A Parallel Drawn Between the New Ireland and the Old.

A parallel, indeed! What impudence! To compare this little cabbage garden to the gigantic republic over there. Gently, if you please. It is the Ireland of to-day with a portion of America, and that portion of the thirteen original States of the Union—those States that were for 130 years King land's most productive colonies, but which are now at the head of civilization, and able to defy England—aye, the world. It is hardly necessary to go over the series of resolutions passed by the Irish Parliament gradually estranging the love of her own children—for were they not the descendants of the unfortunate Mayflower's passengers who nearly starved on Plymouth Rock, and later on became the founders of the city of Boston? Suffice it to say that the people of that easy city took matters into their own hands by having a tea party—the strongest one we have ever heard of, for it was the people who were boiling, and the water was cold—but no matter, the tea was brought up from the holds of English ships, and down, down it went to the bottom of the sea, where it has been bearing for the last hundred years or so. That was the way they paid tax on the commodity England had sent them to raise a trifle of money. The battle of Lexington came shortly after, and what followed those two events was the Declaration of Independence and the birth of the greatest nation that ever God's glorious sun shone down on. Well, her struggles from that time, until she was able to dictate terms to England was almost like our own—with this difference, here were for a few short years, core for many hundreds. Indeed, doubtless this time we might apply to her the words of Moore, and say—

"Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear."

She certainly did not come hither, but we went thither, for it is recorded that Ireland at that period sent forth numbers of her people to do—what was never known before, viz., to help those who (reversing the sense in which Lord Lyndhurst used the terms afterwards) were "alien in blood, language and religion." The England we have struck a special blow, and that was reason enough for Ireland's assistance.

Like somebody, too, she was suffering from dissension in that supreme hour of her difficulty, and though the States, one after another, had given in their adhesion to the unanimous struggle that was about to commence, still it was so slow and heart-breaking work for those who were so eager to begin the fray. William Penn's State, Pennsylvania, was the last to throw in her lot with the common cause, and thereby earned for herself the name she is since known by—the Keystone State. On looking at the map we can see that those thirteen States ran along the shores of the Atlantic, with Pennsylvania almost in the centre, and when she joined it, the keystone was in its place, and that which formed in heaven's sight not "one arch of peace," but of war—war to the bitter end—was completed.

Through all the cries of America we find statues erected to the memory of the father, Washington, with the inscription: "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Well, who knows but generations yet unborn may read the same through our towns and cities, only the name will commence with "P" instead of "W."

Now comes the parallel. Ireland, after its centuries of tears and blood, its wrongs and its—"woes, has gradually yielded itself into one solid, invincible mass.

Lately, as we know, the Bishops have given their blessing to Mr. Parnell's programme, and in the Archiepiscopal city of Dublin has been filled by one who will utter no uncertain sound, we can see by the evidence that the arch which was completed in the State House, Chemnut street, Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1776, was erected in Ireland on the day when Leo XIII. appointed Dr. Walsh to the metropolitan chair—whilst Mr. Errington has constantly appeared in his place, sign with M. Parnell in his struggle against England, and are nearly helped with the assistance of one who which Mr. Handicks upholds the cause of Ireland. The Prince of Leinster, in commenting the speech, considered it impossible to exaggerate the importance of Mr. Handicks' utterances.

Marriage of Diana Nevada.

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NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

AIR FOR PARNELL.

Funds Raised at a Mass Meeting in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—The great meeting held at Battery D Armory to-night, for the purpose of raising funds for Parnell's cause, which was attended, probably 5,000 persons being present, among whom were quite a goodly number of ladies. When the object of the meeting was stated by the Chairman, enthusiastic cheers were heard and prolonged applause and cheering. The prominent feature of the occasion was the speech of Alexander Sullivan, ex-President of the Irish National League of America. Sullivan's appearance was greeted with cheers. Before Sullivan had concluded his address the collection was swelled to $1,000. During the evening from fresh of people were turned away from the doors, every inch of standing room inside being occupied. Following that of Alexander Sullivan, three more speeches by Judge Moran, Tuley, Prendergast and ex-Congressman John Finnerty, each speaking, earnest upon the subject for which the meeting was called. The enthusiasm exhibited by the audience was remarkable, and when subscriptions were called for hardly an individual present failed to respond. The lowest estimate places the amount subscribed at $5000, and it may reach a little more than that. The following telegram was approved and ordered to be sent to Mr. Parnell in England:

"Ten thousand Chicago Americans in mass meeting send $10,000 through Dennis O'Connor to Dr. Reilly for election expenses, and will cheerfully give their share of a permanent fund to sustain the members after election, or to aid Irish liberty in any other way determined upon by the Irish people in Ireland."

EXCITING SCENE AT A RACE.

Wanting to Punish Existing Landlords.

A Saw Where Hundreds of Heads were Smashed and Nobody Killed.

KILRUSH OR SHANNON, County Clare, Ireland, Oct. 3.—Tremendous excitement prevailed yesterday afternoon at the races for the Kilrush and Kilkee Plate. Parties of the Kilrush people have been made against obnoxious landlords who devote themselves to horse racing. Yesterday the following notice was posted in the streets and on the fences for miles about: "Mr. O'Connor, are you going to allow those vile instruments of landlordism, Mr. Vandeleur and Mr. Vandeleur, who have carried their death sentences to so many of our fellow-countrymen, to come here to race, unchallenged, after being chased out of their house Hackaway and Stalls (dirty on people's race)? If so, you share in the infamy of the landlords' crimes, and be there to prevent, if possible, any such disgrace." Thousands of people who had been at the Limerick races had arrived to witness the sport, the same course was lined by tremendous crowds of angry men, women and children. Everybody felt that a big fight was to come off. The owners of the horses resented the attempt, and thereby earned for herself the name she is since known by—the Keystone State. On looking at the map we can see that those thirteen States ran along the shores of the Atlantic, with Pennsylvania almost in the centre, and when she joined it, the keystone was in its place, and that which formed in heaven's sight not "one arch of peace," but of war—war to the bitter end—was completed.

Through all the cries of America we find statues erected to the memory of the father, Washington, with the inscription: "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Well, who knows but generations yet unborn may read the same through our towns and cities, only the name will commence with "P" instead of "W."

Now comes the parallel. Ireland, after its centuries of tears and blood, its wrongs and its—"woes, has gradually yielded itself into one solid, invincible mass.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

FROM IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim. The Nationalist met in the Antrim Arms, Ballycastle, on Monday, and adopted a resolution to the effect that the Nationalists of Ballycastle, Ballycastle, Cushendall, Cushendun, Ballycastle, Ballycastle, Ballycastle

Poetry

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE LAST OF THE ONULLIVANS.

A PARODY, PARAPHRASED FROM THE IRISH BY HUMBUG.

To conquer a year 1795, Montague (Duke of Buccleugh) the gigantic General and Commander in Chief of the Irish forces, made his entrance into Belfast, in the province of Ulster, accompanied by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the Knight of the thirteenth Dragoons, who, had every star the house of Stuart could boast of, shining in the Knights Elder and Bantry Bay; and very cautiously they young Captain who inherited the sword and military prowess of the House of Bute and Bantry, was held in high esteem among a particular people, viz. Young Captain O'Sullivan, having embarked in connection in the American Army, was sent to Ireland to recruit for the Irish Brigade, which contained such loose as the hitherto field of Fontenoy, where

"The Briton turned to fly
From the valor of Erin."

Through his agency a regiment of soldiers stationed at Cork deserted the Red Flag and were conveyed to France on board the Saint Jacques, a vessel which had horsed along the southern Irish coast for the purpose of carrying her "Wild Geese." While thus engaged he came in contact with a person called Paddy, who grandfather had been a "pot walloper" in the Isle of Wight, and whose courage was so low as he might, "Sweep the Sky" with a mouse. Now to let this gallant officer pass unnoticed would be to be guilty of treachery, for the cold reptile, by which Captain O'Sullivan manifested such an ardent coward, he filled the only surviving taste of the brave officer, in the Irish harbor of Poulaen. Dennis O'Sullivan was a very old man, and his revenue office had little to fear from a contest with him. Soon after this conversation Capt. Mortimer returned from France and lost no time in executing the only law—the Duke of Buccleugh—he was called a coward. He shot the member of his aged uncle upon the spot, and then ordered his men to bury him in the hole he his own servant, Paddy Dwyer, had dug for the purpose. This is the historical fact which Captain O'Sullivan commemorate, and was translated it from the original written under a monument erected by Diarmed O'Shea, one of the "Monster Band."

The howling winds of honey March
Were bashing day and night,
And lightnings flashed from heaven arch,
Bitt temperate spring bound.
As night spread sound the sky,
Dark clouds rolled on and fast,
That student yet our Guardian had,
Be safe from the blast.

A bitter night in south, it was,
Yet, with the mighty crew,
A cotter swept the Blatten Head,
And late Shanty Bay.
On dark Walter Plantaten stood,
A wily, Norman chief—
A tiger listening for the blood
Of Glenn an Jarrow's Chief.

Around him are his kinsfolk Yoes,
A tied-footmen pack—
Beaver, to-night, hence Mortach Ogs,
Those hounds are your track.
Beaver, young chief, before whose blows
The Turk and Hessian reeled—
Whose sword has turned the tide of war
On such a fearful field.

Whose Celtic blood was freely poured
To expiate the Saxon's Crime
When Eurtoya's proudest despot hand
Would fain have torn it down,
Whose growing deeds of valor,
From Parte to the Ethiaw,
Quotidian bids shed upon
The pride of Hegesian Hoes.

Midnight's pall of blackest sheen
Hung over bay and wave,
Not a star could the baying dog,
At least of our Saviour's Satisfaction,
So, in the darkness and the gloom
Two nightly demons stirred
Their bowl and broom, their glen and room,
Or a double assassinate.

Not half they where the Cobbs
Their stately temples rear,
But, while the sails, secured, slacked,
Dark, rugged, cold and bare,
Our gallant Bantry Bay, the bowl,
Not chest, dared not
Lest some foe to mine their prey,
Like beasts in the chase.

Anon falls on their guilty ears
The booming of the bells
As dingy Dunmore night appears
Cliffs Cathedral hills of
Ulster, Ulster, Ulster, and houses,
Ulster, Ulster, Ulster, and houses,
The savage possess about:
"Hi, ye Hebrew chief, curmudge!
The Norman ruffian roared,
As on the hillside rises there
His pulling bandogs poured.

Beneath the oven, some cowardly yes
Cowed, cowed, and trembled, and
And tame and tamed, black in air,
Blazes like an Indian
And hurrid cooks and blasphemy
Are mingled with the scene,
And mournfully the village rings
With mutcen's wailing keen.

Yet, fearlessly O'Sullivan—
By Scotty's plume betrayed—
(With not a weapon of defence,
Save his good Austrian blade)
Out from the stagnog searching flames
Where now blazed the trusty blade
Plundered to the fray.

But soon the steels was sealed,
And that ship was taken
With freedom just and revelry
Of a commanded sash sighing
And in some adult O'sullivan,
Of a Bantry Bay,
We behove as proud as hunter's prey,
Across a bony house.

Dunbale is ransacked, thence they the tide,
To Cork's fair town they they
His mangled flesh, and spike his head
Upon the Shandon Cork Jail
Ith with and attention, that were ta'en,
But of them not a word.
Throughout those morning years on earth,
His closmen ever heard.

Arts, mock on, alone, as you will,
Your jeers and shakings, vain,
Yet, for the old Celtic blood
Will ever and ever bubble free
Of or bay and mountain blue,
Proud of the old Celtic blood
Lamb plumes lose sho'

Yes, when our heads from distant lands
Will be bewered (sorrow)
Ev'ry valley round, and inglens bound
Ev'ry mountain side
When could with four sorrow,
And pelan such fatsan rapie,
Up then a monument shall we
For the death of Morton's Ope.

THE WAY TO SING.

Here's one of the most excellent poems of the race
Just what we want, and it is the only, Mr. Editor
Subscriber, "B."

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they
The composer ne'er has preserve wings;
Songs make their way.

No manner to rain, no fashion
Devising plans;
No mention of the place, or hour,
To any man.
No waking till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No difficulty—there are few delays
If I sings drear sane.

"What bird is that? The song is good,"
And anger eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.

Then late at night, when by the fire
The traveler sits,
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By ember-light with weary brain,
To help him rest.
When sad he goes that road again,
An empty nest.

On leaden bough will make him sigh,
"Ah me! last Spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare old bird."

Hot while he sips, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, so strange, so
Is home along
In other air, and other men,
With wary feet,
Or other roofs, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.

The birds know not how the wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings;
Songs make their way.

—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard.*

Literary Miscellany.

A Charming Story.

How the Bunn Family at Last Moved into the Country.

CHAPTER III.

She did "hold together." Through all those long hours of terror, the little house—rocking and staggering at times, and thumped and jammed by floating debris—held together, and it lay safely down and safely along "off there," as Mr. Bunn expressed it, and all the children slept quietly again peacefully, as if lulled into deeper slumber by the rocking of the waters common results. They appeared to be in the middle of the river, for there was plenty of sea room, as Mr. Bunn said, but the shore on either side was shut out by a heavy fog.

"If we could only see the banks, it wouldn't be quite so awful," moaned poor Polly, nervously shivering in spite of a three shawl in which she was wrapped.

"Daddy, be thankful we're spared so far, and perhaps the dear Lord'll save us even yet," and her mother. But it was indeed "awful," moving in this fashion in the dark, unknown danger sighing and murmuring all around.

At daylight advanced they seemed to have floated into still calmer waters; and presently there came a gentle shock as if the house had touched bottom.

"Are we sinking, Dennis, dear?" asked Mrs. Bunn of her husband.

"Not a bit of it, pet! We're on land, that's where we are; and here's a tree beside us as big as a church-steeple—a tree right side up, too—and we've come to a place called Bunn's Island, I'm sure." Mr. Bunn, who had been so cheerful and plucky through all weather, set down on the bed and buried his face in his red cotton handkerchief.

"Ah, it will do you good, Dennis, dear!" said his wife patting him on the shoulder, and laughing and crying herself.

The Bunn family had indeed come to an anchorage. It was not safe but several trees stood about them, and in between two of them stoun also supports the house had drifted and was firmly held. The fog lifted slowly, and by and by the faithful Noe saw the sky smiled down upon them, and billy shores came into view, with glimpses of cultivated fields and budding woodlands.

The Bunn family had moved into the country, at last!

As the cradle stopped rocking the children awoke, and clustered about the smallest window quite stupefied with wonder at the strange scene around them.

Just at this moment there came ringing over the waters a wild scream. Mr. Bunn pushed the children aside and leaned out of the window. Just emerging from the impetuous current of the half-drowned village, and any number of hands pulled her ashore, was a little girl in a red cloak, with her hair streaming behind her.

Mrs. Bunn leaned from the window until she nearly fell overboard, then seeing that she had reached wading depth, she turned and gave all her attention to the little, panting mite who sat on the floor in the middle of the small House, crying and sobbing. Mrs. Bunn took off her wet clothes and wrapped her in blankets, warm from the trundle bed, and soothed her with many a pitying word. For a while the child could only sob and gasp in her attempt to speak, but finally she made known the fact that her poor little lambs were down in the lower pasture, and she had been out to see if they were all safe, and her dog had told her not to go on the bridge, and she had been naughty and disobeyed him, and his bridge broke up all in a minute—and—and—and then the poor little lambs! Grandma, she was hardly dried and warmed and comfortable, before visitors were heard shoreward, and soon a brisk bustling began in that direction. Nelly also nearly went overboard, and reported some men making a raft. She failed to recognize her father among them, because he had changed his wet clothes for somebody's black trousers and an old army overcoat.

"Oh! I can hear pegs," exclaimed the blanketed girl, after the boat listened a minute. "Pegs, here I am!" and she called at the top of her lungs.

"Yes, I am coming," came an answering voice.

It was not long before the hastily built raft was pushed out and brought beneath the window. In the stern of the scow-prow was then recognized and received with a little shriek. The father of the rescued child looked up with eyes that were overflowing. "Give me Kitty and I'll take her right home to her mother, who is nearly crazy. Drop her right down," said he half to his strong arms. "I've sent my boat back for the double team, and we'll soon have you all up to our house."

"Oh! Papa, I'll never, never, never, never disobey you again!" exclaimed Kitty, as they bundled her through the window.

"No, I am sure you never will," said her father. Then Kitty was unceremoniously dropped into the approaching arms, and the raft pushed away.

"All be ready for the next boat!" called out Mr. Bunn, cheerfully.

"Ah! I am so thankful," said Mrs. Bunn, "to think that we're not only all safe, but we have saved somebody else."

Then there was a great dressing and brushing, and great washing and polishing of faces and hands; for plenty of water could be dipped up with a pitcher and the knotted sheets, and the family were all in readiness when the raft arrived under the window.

Not such a large family could not be shipped all at once. Mrs. Hunn let Nelly and baby Hunn, and two other small boys, go ashore first; then Annie and Tom, each fully wrapped in bed-blankets, were let down for the next load; and nearly Mrs. Hunn, with the remaining small boy and a bundle of clothing, took leave of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

They filled the farm-wagon quite full, and the intense, impatient at the long waiting, started off at a pace that made baby Hunn's cheeks shake like two jellies, and turned the children's faces into one broad smile. The sun now shone radiantly, there was a smell of young leaves and early violets in the air; from the hill side came the plaintive bleat of little lambs; and, yes, there it was, the loud, clear "trilling—trilling—tree" of the robin from his topmost twig.

"How queer it is," thought Mrs. Hunn, "I seemed to see and hear all this yesterday.

At the farmhouse a great breakfast was in waiting for them: and baby, who had been kissed and fondled, ate, and gave some very hot drinks by her mother, was lying contented up in her lap in a corner opening off the kitchen, and the door had been left open, that she might enjoy the view in the big table and the big family that were to gather around it.

Such a breakfast! Even Annie and Tom were able to relish the fresh-boiled eggs and the delicious cream, which, with the bread or baggies section broke to two, while going, a big bowl and cold beef and beans to the griddle-cakes and doughnuts.

As for Mrs. Bunn, the dear old associations of early days so crowded upon her she hardly knew what she ate.

"This is the way people can live in the country," she whispered to Nelly, and she ordered when she thought of going back to the Flats.

But Mrs. Bunn never went back to the Flats. That afternoon she was seized with a chill, and before night she was in a high fever, from which she lay ill in the best bedroom of the Thompson farmhouse for two weeks. Mr. Bunn, Nelly and Mrs. Thompson nursed her faithfully, and took good care of Dicky, while the other children fired at large in the fields, the big barn and the large kitchen-garret, and grew well and happy.

As soon as Mrs. Bunn became strong enough to "take the air," she was lifted into the easy single buggy, and Mr. Thompson himself drove, because he could not trust the horse to other hands than his own, he said. He drove slowly along the pleasant country way, now swept and lofty in its fresh May robes, and at the end of a mile or two stopped before a small house, neatly painted in two shades of gray, and shaded by two lingly elms. In the rear of the house some men were building a new large kitchen, Mr. Thompson explained. Down the front of the grassy slope ran a sparkling pebbled brook. The brook crossed the road at which they were driving, and was spanned by a very new bridge.

"I'll be right pretty place," said Mrs. Bunn, looking at the shady little porch and up to the noble elms, and thinking how heavenly it must be to live in such a place.

"Well, I'm glad you like the location," said Mr. Thompson, "for it's yours, you know," said Mr. Thompson.

"Miss I" said Mrs. Bunn, her eyes growing large with astonishment. Were the fever dreams still hanging in her mind?

"Certainly, Mrs. Bunn! Don't you remember you gave me leave to do it? We did it was to hand it up here from the river and give it a little paint and a little white wash, and so forth. Your men said you were fond of trees, and so we set the house by the elms. Your man's around there at work on the kitchen now—it'll be finished in a day or two—and there's three acres of good grass-land and three of maple and beech and we've picked out a site, ready now for a present to your Nally, and—well, it's a small enough return for what you did for us when our Kitty was carried off on the old bridge that used to stand here." Mr. Thompson, drew out his handkerchief and wiped his nose with great vigor.

"All—the land—the cow—cow!" Poor Mrs. Bunn could not believe her senses.

"Yes, all yours, to have and to hold. And I forgot to say, that there's a fine school just over the hill there, for your youngsters. But you mustn't talk much, Mrs. Bunn, and you mustn't get flustered—just stay quiet, and we'll drive round to-morrow, and maybe you'll feel strong enough to go into the house to-morrow and look around."

Happiness is such a tonic that Mrs. Bunn was indeed able to enter that fine new house over. And she discovered what Mr. Thompson meant by "furniture for all the rooms!—substantial furniture for all the rooms!

"Oh, it's all too much—too much—" cried Mrs. Bunn sinking with a little rocking chair.

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" chorused Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who had been anxiously watching her surprise and happy face.

"We value our Kitty's life as a great deal more than this. Indeed we do!"

Why People Ought to Marry.

The Detroit *Journal* published from a newspaper, the *Scioto*, dated July 1817, the following, which is good advice for 1865:

"If you are for pleasure—marry

"If you prize your health—marry

"And even if money be your object—marry.

"A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of grace immortal—his *Sol Polypsarum* or gem of purest ray serene, the fairest offspring of celestial jewels. Her presence forms his paradise, her smiles his recompense, her counsel, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his care, the balsam of his life—her industry, his wealth—her economy, his sacred steward—her lips, his faithfullest counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his head—and her prayers the silent accordants of heaven's blessings on his head.

"If you love the Creator, you ought to marry, to raise him up worshippers; if you love the Judge, you ought to marry, to make them happy—if you love mankind, you ought to marry, to perpetuate the glorious race—if you love your country, you ought to marry, to raise up soldiers to defend it—in fine, if you wish well to earth or heaven, you ought to marry, to give good citizens to one and glorious saints to the other.

Before the Battle of Shiloh.

It was at the house of the late W. H. Cherry, at Savannah, Tenn, that Gen. Grant made his headquarters just before the battle of Shiloh. "The Federal chieftain," says the Nashville *American*, "was sitting at the breakfast table of Mr. Cherry when the first cannon of the eventful contest was fired. The General was a little late in leaving his apartment that morning, and presented his apologies therefore to Mrs. Cherry, remarking that he had not retired early so much on the night before, and consequently had a headache. Though a battle was known to be imminent, neither the General nor his staff suspected it that day, and they sat down calmly to a breakfast which was destined never to be completed. Mrs. Cherry, a lady of great refinement and culture, waited upon the gentlemen of her home in a manner which by its uniformity seemed to have won upon the respect of the female chieftain. He occupied a seat immediately to her right, his aide-de-camp, Colonel Rawlins, on her left, shoulder dislocated and injured internally, and a Mr. Jones, a gentleman, my informant, James Coleman, colored, injured internally, and a Mr. Jones, a gentleman, my informant, jaw and shoulder hurt, Henry Hiner, Nashville, N. Y., slightly injured, Joe Howes, left ankle, Mr. Thomas Murray, head (bandaged). A long table also more or less injured. A negro ran in a moment from Brainard to remove the wounded to that room, and the table was cleared for supper. Commander then gave them an order for the morrow, and said, "Gentlemen, I will be up early in the morning, and that it was an unusual able accident.

An Unbeliever's Conversion.

Can any of the dead appear to us? Unquestionably they can, with the permission of God. It is a fact well known to all who are in the habit of visiting the sick, that this is to believe every tale that is told by the dying. Hardly a day passes but some narrative is declared true by a gentleman whose testimony is not worthy of credit. A lady, a Christian, who retained nothing of the Christian education she received under the saintly hands of her mother, gave great readiness to help all who were in distress. The spirit of the lady had the possession of him and completely uprooted his faith. The Bible was a fable, the Lord, he came into possession of an immense fortune, left his great relations, and, the dangers which too often destroy the pious, in the great port he was day grasped. My God, if Thou dost not, I pray Thee, give me to me; for I am an unbeliever, and I think I am in great danger."

The wife of one of his tenants had died some days before, and he followed his house he beheld a strange apparition. The dead woman, dressed in her coffin, stood, stood before him, her countenance indicating intense suffering. She looked at her former master with a mild and sorrowful sumerable—his *Sol Polypsarum* or gem of purest ray serene, the fairest offspring of celestial jewels. Her presence forms his paradise, her smiles his recompense, her counsel, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his care, the balsam of his life—her industry, his wealth—her economy, his sacred steward—her lips, his faithfulest counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his head—and her prayers the silent accordants of heaven's blessings on his head.

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A Priest's Crime.

It would be a mistake to believe that the Kulturkampf law is abrogated or allowed to go to sleep. Cases in rapid succession are being brought up in the labor journals. It was supposed that sinkers were an original outcome to our state of civilization, but the deciphering of a papyrus in the museum of Turin shows how the old priests of the Nile to nothing new under the sun applies to strikes as well as to many other things. This papyrus, which is a sort of journal or day-book of the superintendent of the Thebes necropolis, furnishes the earliest record of a workman's fit of insubordination. Thebes, in the twenty-ninth year of King Rameses, who is supposed to be Ramses III. The workmen sent a deputation on the 20th of December, to Hetmehn, the keeper of books, and to several priests of the necropolis. The speaker of the deputation spoke as follows:

"Behold, we are face to face with famine. We have neither nourishment, nor oil, nor raiment. We have not a fish, nor even vegetables. We have already sent a petition to our superiors, and have cried out praying him to give us these things, and we now address the governor, in order that he may give us wherewithal to live."

These facts took place on the 27th of December, the 19th day of the month of Tybi. The general distribution of wheat was then made, but it was not sufficient for all; it did not take place is not known. Perhaps the individuals who should have distributed food was absent. Whatever may be the case, the workmen sent a second deputation,

THE MONITOR.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF PUBLICITY.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

To compare WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1885.

the gigantic strides of Catholicity with a period of the thirteenth century, we have to go back to the Middle Ages. Then, indeed, Christian principle, Christian system, was supreme, the spirit of the Gospel. In our time, religious journalism is not only a useful and welcome ministrant, but only a very little possible to the welfare of society, but a sort of spurious Christian principle, Christian system, Christian spirit, Catholic journalism had to combine to protect and defend the truth, whether it may be—among all, the Divine truth.—Brownson, Brownson's Review.

May God bless and direct through the intervention of the Immaculate Mary, the undertaking of the Monitor, in its efforts to defend Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, its rights and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to the doctrines and precepts with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

—It is stated that the number of Christians massacred in Annam, in the month of July last, amounted to the appalling total of 24,000.

—Rev. F. Boling, S. J., has received an important scientific mission from the Holy Father. To fulfill this, he is about to visit all the principle libraries in Europe. He is one of the best known linguists in the world. After Cardinal Mezzofanti, he is generally conceded to be the greatest authority on ethnographic difficulties. At present he is in Milan.

—A rumor prevails in the East that Father Chapelle, the popular pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., and one of the active promoters of the Catholic University, will soon be appointed Bishop of a Southern diocese—pointing most likely to Savannah. A part of the rumor assigns as the successor of Father Chapelle, in his pastorate, Rev. Father Mackin, formerly of Baltimore, but of late assistant of Father Chapelle.

—"Lie always, lie boldly, lie like the devil," says a French contemporary in commenting upon some statements which have gone the rounds of the church-hating French press as to the terms upon which the dispensation for the marriage of the Princess Marie of Orleans, was granted. Among other things equally accurate it has been stated that the Pope exacted in fee of £4,000 from the Orleans family. The *Journal des Romains* gives the facts of the case officially, and points out that the above statement is quite correct, except in the details as to the amount—the fee exacted from the Orleans family was not £4,000—but $1.87 in American coin.

—It will be gratifying news to Catholics in all parts of the world to learn that the cause of the canonization of the venerable John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, is progressing very favorably in Rome. On September 1st the Sacred Congregation of Rites held—in the presence of Cardinal Pitra, "*ponente*" of the cause—a session for the first examination of the Doubts: 1st. *Si de quibus miraculis constat in casu et ad effectum de quo agitur.* " A Pontifical Decree having already proclaimed the heroic virtues of the venerable Father, it is now a matter of course that the Decree should be followed by the beatification of the Venerable Father. The Decree of Beatification requires the production of two miracles, which have been duly authenticated by the Congregation of Rites. The Decree of Canonization requires the production of two more miracles to be duly authenticated by the Congregation of Rites. The Decree of Beatification may be issued at any time after the Decree of Canonization has been promulgated. The Decree of Canonization may be issued at any time after the Decree of Beatification has been promulgated. The Decree of Beatification is generally followed by the Decree of Canonization at a short interval. The Decree of Canonization is generally followed by the Bull of Canonization at a long interval. The Decree of Beatification is generally followed by the Bull of Beatification at a long interval. The Decree of Canonization is generally followed by the Decree of Beatification at a short interval. The Decree of Canonization is generally followed by the Decree of Canonization at a long interval. The Decree of Beatification is generally followed by the Decree of Beatification at a long interval. The Decree of Canonization is generally followed by the Decree of Canonization at a short interval. The Decree of Beatification

Farm and Home.

About Fig Trees.

"Will fig trees that are planted out in the garden bear better than those that are in tubs, in boxes, and sunheard in the cellar? the gigantic, deep should they be planted? And if you please, trying for winter, should they be first with a potato, a straw, or with earth only?"

"Fig trees prefer not bear better than those in boxes, and with far less trouble. You are never certain of a crop from young plants that are grown in tubs or boxes that you would be from the same sized or aged plants that are planted out, but the outdoor plants can become large bushes, hence have more fig bearing wood than younger ones. All the care the out-door fig trees need is to hold them down and peg them flat to the ground, and bury them about a foot deep with earth in the fall, and unearth them again in spring. My neighbor, Mr. Barlow, on Long Island, gets enormous crops off his trees treated in this way.

When planting for trees, plant as you would any other bush or shrub; shake the earth from the roots and spread them out. There is nothing delicate about the rooting of a fig tree. It roots easily.

In harping for winter, use earth only. Straw or litter would be cozy winter quarters for field mice, and pushing the fig trees against amusement for the mischievous rodents.

Mechanism of the Bee.

An investigator into the mysteries of animal life assures that a bee's working tools comprise a variety equal to that of the average mechanic. He says that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the combination of a basket, a brush, and a pair of pincers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, is used to wipe down the microscope. With this brush of fairy delicacy the bee brushes its valve lobe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while ranging up the nectar. Another article, hollowed like a spoon, receives and ball the pleasings which the insect carries to the hive. Finally, by opening them, one can open another, by means of a hinge, these two pieces become a pair of pincers, which render important service in the construction of the comb.

Precautions against Fire.

In case your clothes take fire throw yourself upon the floor and roll over and over as fast as possible. If the accident should occur to another in your presence, lose no time in getting him into a horizontal position. If there is a mat, shawl, coat or hat handy, throw them over the victim, taking care to tuck the covering around the neck, so that the flames and smoke will not be inhaled. Now press the covering over the body until you have smothered the flame, then run quickly for a pail of water. Dash this over the body, and extinguish the smouldering embers before they have had time to eat their way into the flesh. As soon as the fire has been put out, take the sufferer into a warm room and place him on a table or on the floor. With a pair of scissors cut the clothing up and down the body and limbs, so that it will fall off. Do not attempt to pull it off, or you will take a part of the skin with it. If any of the clothing clings to the flesh let it remain and get around it. If the blisters are very large and seem likely to break, puncture them with a needle and let the fluid escape, but do not remove the outer skin, or you will expose the raw surface. Tear up old linen or cotton, dipping the pieces into moss or oakum, dipping it in oil and, place them upon the scorched parts. If there is any difficulty in the way of a hot water bottle, use a stone, heated in the stove or stream. Cream or lime water mixed with oil may be used. Do not use cold water if burns water is to be had. After the dressings are applied, put your patient into bed and cover with clothing enough to keep him warm and comfortable, and wait the arrival of the doctor.

A Shrewd Housewife.

Nothing annoys a woman more than to have her husband bring people home to dinner without any previous notification. It spoils the meal all around, for the side, guest and hood of the family. The guest feel uncomfortable, and no matter how skillfully the wife tries to conceal her annoyance at having a poor dinner, the person who has the misfortune to receive an impromptu invitation washes he was well out of it. There is a State official in Carson who has a weakness for taking people up to his to dinner without giving his wife any previous warning. Naturally his better half—for we hold the hat alluded to to be the better half—begins to devise some plan to vanish him bodoo. A few days ago he came in with:

"Sal, I've brought a young man up to dinner."

"Oh, you have. Well, I'll go in the pantry and entertain him while you run down town and get the provisions. Of course when you have enough you want something extra."

She sat in the parlor two hours and entertained the guest, while the miserable husband rattled about in the hot sun and got the extra provisions. A great change has come over the spirit of that man's conduct since that occasion.

What Causes Neuralgic Headache?

The increased, and apparently increasing frequency of neuralgic headaches among women must have a cause. There is one of simple simplicity and quite obvious which, has been overlooked, and to which it is worth while to draw attention. The pain experienced is generally located in one or more of the branches of the second cervical nerve, very commonly those terminating in the scalp at the occiput. As a matter of fact, the nerves of the scalp are irritated by the hair being drawn tightly back and put on a strain, not as a whole, in which case the strain would spread over a large area of surface, but by small bundles of hair which are pulled back and held in place by hairpins. Relief is often or commonly experienced as a result of removing the hairpins but this has only a temporary and partial effect. The injury done is lasting. If not permanent in its consequences. The pressure form of dressing the hair should be discontinued, as it probably, in part at least, accounts for the extreme prevalence of a form of suffering which is both intractable and distressing.—*London Lancet.*

—The late Rev. John B. Gillies of Exeter, Pa., by his last will and testament has bequeathed his library to the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, at Overbrook, in that State. This was a welcome acquisition to the great institution, for Father Dillon had a large number of valuable books. It also affords a good example which should be generally followed.

—The Rev. Father Gleinardi, lately returned from China on a special mission to the Emperor, goes back to that country on Wednesday, accompanied by three other missionaries. Their particular destination is the provinces of Chen-si.

—Young men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and blighted weaknesses should send 10 cents in stamps to Hinchman Book supplying cure means of cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Family Fun.

"Managed."

Women with abilities, improvident husbands are always to be pitied. Most of them, like poor Maria, are obliged to "manage somehow. How they ever manage at all is a mystery which in honest moments thought and care by such unfortunate wives themselves. The "managing" process is mysterious, and full of sorrowful phases to those who know by experience how it is done.

Maria Kittrell's husband was most improvident. His vested and fretted with could be pardoned for saying that he was "more than a husband at all." The poor woman would say:

"Lemuel, there's not a stick of wood."

"Well, well, Marier, you must manage somehow till we get some."

"But there isn't a bit of flour in the house."

"Well, well, Marier, you'll have to—well, *manage*, Marier, manage."

"Well, there isn't a bit of sugar, coffee, butter, tea, or *anything* to eat! I'd just like to know what we're going to do!"

"Do, Marier, do! Why I reckon we kin—kin—well, Marier, you must *manage* somehow! Manage, woman, manage!"

"But how?"

Was there not cause for a sting in Maria's voice!

"How, Marier! How?" When covered, the worthless Lemuel always assumed a blustering air.

"Yes, how?" queried the angry Maria. "*How* can a woman manage on *nothing*?"

"There's different ways," said the pleased Lemuel.

"Tell me," said Maria.

"Why, Marier, by—by—well, by manager, to be sure, and I reckon I would congratulate himself on having found a way out of the difficulty.

Maria "managed" for eight years, Lemuel growing more and more improvident all the time.

One day he came home from a fishing trip to find the house deserted and the cupboard empty, the coal-bin dirtied, not a stick of wood on the place, and not a thing in the cellar.

On the bare table was a note from Maria with pin stuck through it.

I've 'managed' for eight years, Lemuel Kittrel," the note ran. "Now my 'pint' soil. When there's provision enough in the house to last six months, and you have a steady job at something, I'll come back, and we'll 'manage' together. I've taken the children and gone to father's. That's how I've managed for us. As for yourself, Lemuel, why you must—well, well, manage, Lemuel; manage somehow."

Lemuel managed to get his wife back as soon as possible, by managing to provide a support for her.

Information for a Stranger.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite last week, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of tongues sticking in the face of the bluff, tons down. Nudging the coach driver, she shouted to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked: "Ah, driver, I wonder what the dickse those boots are doing up thuah?"

Old Bill scarcely glanced up as he replied, "That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig enough to get his feet in."

"Hah Jawve, that's rary strange, ye know. "I'll make a note of that. Hah! say, driver, how long ago did this man be buried on his face dyke knus."

"Yes," said old Bill musingly, "he was an Irishman."

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Our Young Folks.

[illegible] Blundering cat, could you not keep your paws off my work? Why did you not let me alone? Think that I was to place you in a commemorative character? nothing! I expected to have the sheepfold for myself and friends to rush into, your blundering precipitancy you have spoiled all. Be off out of my sight or I'll set the wolves upon you! I'll no a kitten! Scat!

The dog went away quickly and sadly, lamenting his folly in giving up a good friendship for the chance of being on board the first emigrant vessel that was leaving for Australia. During the voyage he was ill, and he had large time to ponder over his foolishness, when he was never grumpy, a whole flock into danger; he felt so deeply ashamed of his conduct that he became good for nothing. He was picked up by one of the sailors belonging to the emigrant vessel who recognized him as a passenger, he took him home until he went to see again himself, and when leaving gave him a blind man, with whom he may have been often seen in the streets of New York, leading him about from house to house, and receiving in his mouth, in which was a little basket, any small coins which the charitable might bestow on the poor man. He died in America never returning to my side, though longing at times to see his little friend the cat, he dreaded her displeasure and indigestion. He could not brave her anger, he was ashamed of his folly, heartbroken, that he answered and consented to the cat's behest, and, poor dog! he was known as "Bob" they called him "dopy." He felt that he had been a traitor and that he deserved it, he never held up his head, he was "dopy" to the last. Bob was the son of the cities of the United States.—*Mr. J. E. Rogers.*

A Russian Fable.

(In the monument erected to Krilof, the "Russian Æsop," is a fox relief telling pitiful tale to a crow, a wolf, a feline, that of "Fortune and the Beggar."

The beggar, carrying a ragged old wallet, was creeping through a village to house, and, as he grumbled at his lot, he was surprised to see the fox leave one of the apartments, and wave up to their threats in the village. The fox was a fine specimen, should be always unsatisfied however full the wallet, for, and the beggar, he thought, as far as often to lose all they have, and, he was surprised, creaking for and laying their hands on new rents.

"Here, for instance," he says, "this fortune of the fox, who is always trading prosperously, and made himself rich enough, and, that, instead of stopping and handing over his business to their, and their property, he has gone to look for opinions, shop for the sea in the ocean. He expected to get mountains of gold, but the ships were wrecked and his treasures were all swallowed up by the waves. He thought to get a fine fur from the sea, and he has found his riches melt away like a dream. He thought to dream, became one of the favourers of the spirit-tail, he wanted to be a fine fox, he was a fool, and he wanted to double it. So he plunged into the sea of speculation, and was utterly ruined. In short, instances of this are not rare, and yet people rush, to, a man should use discretion."

At the moment fortune suddenly appeared to him and addressed, I mean to say:

"Listen! I have long wished to help you. Here is a lot of drachs I have found. Hold out your wallet and I will fill it with the money, and, in addition I for me to say, be a good that falls into the wallet, but if any of the drachs, or, the money, is, and, should become dust. Consider the result, if you should be bereftered. I shall keep strictly to my promise, I shall be always, don't overload it beyond its power."

"Thank you, good fortune," the beggar replied. "I am come for this situation, and I shall be very careful, I shall not keep your promise. Blundering wolf, could you not keep your paws off my work? Why did you not let me alone? Think that I was to place you in a commemorative character? nothing! I expected to have the sheepfold for myself and friends to rush into, your blundering precipitancy you have spoiled all. Be off out of my sight or I'll set the wolves upon you! I'll no a kitten! Scat!"

"To be full of good always," said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.

Yes, to store it with good principles, good thoughts, and kind feelings.

Think Before You Promise.

The delightful general chase was invented, it is said, by a Brahmin named Sinan, in order to assuage a very tyrannical prince, and, by giving him something to occupy his mind, to prevent him from exercising any of his whims; that is to say, his psychic, or, the mental faculties, and, the chase was asked the Brahmin what he should give him as a recompense for having taught him to play at chess. The Brahmin did not pertinently to give him another lesson. "My lord," said the Brahmin, "you will find that there are sixty-four squares on each chess board; all the reward I ask is that you will give a grain of wheat for the first square, two for the second, and, continue doubling the number up to the last." "Oh!" said the prince, "if your demand is so moderate, it will be easily satisfied; make the calculation, and bring it to me to-morrow morning." The Brahmin did so, and the prince was greatly astonished at finding that he had promised more than he could perform, and that all the granaries in the kingdom did not contain a sufficient quantity of wheat to pay the debt he had so inconsiderately contracted. The prince thought apparent incredible, we therefore recommend young readers to make the calculation, in order to convince themselves.

MONITOR MENTION.

Best Dictcrow taken at the Imperial, 7224 Market street.

Chas. D. Darwin, Attorney at Law, (Sons of Darwin), 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

W. H. H. Hilton, attorney and counsellor at law, 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

J. S. LITT, P., (Insolvent, 1 Montgomery street, (Grand Hotel Building), San Francisco.

SEE! The Jewelry chosen watches for $1.00. [illegible]

Best Dictcrow taken at the Imperial, 7224 Market street.

R. Donnelly, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, office and residence, 527 Howard street, bet. 4th and 5th. Surgical operations and laboratory work.

Pacific Dental Company, 841 Market street, corner Sixth, Dr. Jas. Dwyer, Dr. Gustav Jaeger and Dr. Wm. Dwyer.

FIRE MONEY at the lowest rates of interest on all kinds, at Sequoia Mutual Fire Insurance Co., 218 Pacific street, 3 W. cor. of Montgomery, ave.

Dr. Morgan, attorney at law, Chronicle Building, room 32 and 36. Foreign claims attended to. Respondentz in Spanish, Italian and German.

New Parlorscope, 836 Howard street. Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views, Photographic Albums, Jewelry, Sewing and all Domestic Articles. Stamps accepted.

Fine set for teeth—warranted as good as can be made. Tooth filling, $1. Dr. Simms, Dentist, 325 Market street.

Brussels carpet sewed and laid, 25 cents per yard. Rockport carpets (10 ft.) at Goldhamer, 955 Market street, opposite Mason.

Best Carpet Sewing, $20 at Montgomery St., all Lady-built Rockford Watches, $25. Clark's Steam Dye Works, 1 Montgomery Street, 2 Kearny, 638 Clay, 1 Sansome, 1 Post, 638 Kearny.

Fine bachelorlike tailoring at reasonable prices there is no better house in the city than Thos. Dreder's, No. 6 Third street, near Market.

The Popular Flowers and Feather Store.

No 1004 Market street, a case in the 7th case of the Emporium, and it daily receives new and beautiful goods that may be had at very cheap rates at all times. Call and see for yourselves. Ostrich feathers, fancy feathers, tips, boas, etc. Ostrich feathers dyed, curled, repaired, etc. Ostrich feathers dyed, curled, repaired, etc. Ostrich feathers dyed, curled, repaired

OUR IRISH LETTER.

The Political Crisis Through which Ireland is Passing.—England's Efforts to Cause and the Opinions of Spain.—Considerations on the Traitor Carey.—The Transformation in Irish Politics.—Stanty Memory for Ireland in the New Parliament.—Dr. Walsh at Kilkenny.—Dr. Croke's Reception.—The Gaelic of the Future.—A Boom in Boycotting, Etc., Etc.

[FROM OUR OWN SPECIAL IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Standing to-day on the hill-top of prosperity, viewing with sadness the plains of Ireland, and behind the valley of suffering and woe from which the Irish people have at last made their ascent, those who have taken part in the scenes of Irish political drama, for the past five years, and felt the lashes of operation, can scarcely realize that they have been living in a whole century of hitherto unknown events. Ireland has made more political progress for which they fought but been carried out with surprising rapidity even to them. They there fore imagine a longer time has elapsed since they left themselves and their country hopelessly under the lash of brutal rulers. Still it is only four short years since every free hearted Irishman was hunted in British chains. No able son of Ireland remained free from the dungeon to raise his voice on behalf of his benighted land. Misery and adverse criticisms from Irish Freeloaders may thank God added pain was denied to be so the National sewers of Ireland. Ireland's sons and daughters of Erin rose to assume their accredited from a national death, while lifting her covered and bleeding form, they were whipped at the Dawn slain, imprisoned and exposed to the abuse of rude policemen and hill officials. In the hope of

GRASPING OUT THE NATIONAL SPIRIT,

England left aside her pretensions to civilization and displayed her true savage instincts. But she was disappointed in her hopes of leaving Ireland more formidable enemies than England contained. The spirit of the women of Limerick was not all slave, and could not be terrorized. Despite Forster's banishment and Gladstone's "reverse of civilization," the women of Ireland listened and guarded the National cause through and amid troublesome scenes. Dark as were their surroundings, the national heroine began to smile and joy filled the land when it was learned the Land League had compelled Gladstone to retreat. The empress was crowned. Dublin City then presented a magnificent sight—the place for keeping to longer towards its hero. Now, the sweet Irish women in a righteous cause seemed all in vain. A frolic we hand on the Irish people, and the dried rufflan ready for the Slave's bloody mission. Since then, they still be less ready than to class of privation, to yield obedience to that voice and to obey commands over that they are so strongly on the side of prudence and moderation.

In reply to addresses on Sunday, presented after the consecration of the altar, from the parishes of Ballymore, Dunlavin, and Castle Dermot, his Grace said, in reference to a series of statements concerning himself and the Pope, as in a position to give those statements, every one of them, the fullest, most formal and distinct contradiction.

The Catholics of Toronto and people of Monaghan assisted by Dr. Dinnelly, Bishop of Clogher, in most warm reception on his return from Rome. His Lordship was entertained with a banquet and presented with an address to which he replied in cordial language. Dinnelly, Mr. Healy, M. P., present with several other prominent Catholics, and the member for Monaghan's speech on the occasion was unexpressed. Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy in a similar strain expounded every day. Their stirring speeches with those of the Bishop, Sullivan and others for the expelling stream all over the land from North to South which has set towards for the National cause.

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING IN WICKLOW.

A largely attended and enthusiastic National League meeting was held at Barrowtown, County Wicklow, on Sunday, 27th September, when Mr. Michael Davitt, who was warmly received, expressed the satisfaction that Mr. Parnell, in convening the County Conventions for the selection of candidates, had acknowledged the right of constituencies to select their own candidates. He contended that there would be a difficulty in the way of the Convention unless some change were made when there were five delegates. He proposed that the Convention should be composed of one delegate, the clergy would be the branch body entitled to nominate candidates, and would be the greatest danger to the real unity between priests and people if this were to become an established custom. It would be calculated to convey to non-Catholic Nationalists

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—Mr. Collins, who had been for a number of years town councillor of Ballycastle, died on the 18th inst. Mr. Collins was a Nationalist and a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and was connected with the nation's political leagues, and was a thorough Nationalist.

Armagh.—Thanks to Father McInerny and Michael McGrogan the week of registration in mid-Armagh was a success. Into the impoverishing of Mid-Armagh by Piers White, Q. C., and George Mac, of Mid-Tyrone, the union of the Nationalist candidate was certain, but the work has been so well carried out the Tories are not quite so satisfied with the result of this reform. In the county they were favored to the utmost by Mr. Healy, who was sent specially for the purpose by Sir George Kaye, who received the votes of the Orange crowds when he contested the city of Armagh. Mr. Smith, M.P., and his partner, Mr. Donnelly, lacked Irish at the last election, and they felt the loss of Irish and representative National claims.

Clare.—It is stated that the probable candidates for the Bishop of Clare county of the general election are—Mr. M. J. Kenny, the representative of Tralee, and Mr. John McInerney, Castle—a prominent member of the Lincoln Board of Guardians.

A placard has been posted in the town of Ennis, signed by the names of the principal butter merchants, and announcing that they will not for the future purchase any butter packed in machine made casks or firkins, and recommending the butter to the farmers as far as the packing of the butter is concerned. At the meeting at which the resolution was passed the transfer by butter from a machine made firkin to a hand made one was proved to be impossible.

Cork.—In Donoghmore the League have set an example to their ranks in the shape of a road J.P., Mr. Charles Lynch, Mr. Lynch, who is a man of considerable means and influence in the district, has been the "great mark" of tyranny or injustice. He alone, among the country gentlemen, had the courage to take the boycotted Spencer police tax, in his own enclosure, and the people against those measures as unjust and unwarranted, and who, in his capacity of a magistrate, had to be the instrument of the law, has read an address to his tenantry, in which he expresses his regret at the part he had taken in the matter, and promises to do all in his power to have the obnoxious tax abolished. The address is a signature of the tenantry, and the meeting was adjourned to be further called upon the resolutions. The Lord of Bandon said the meeting was not composed of the class of people who are interested in the land question, and that the meeting was not called for the purpose of discussing

Poetry

CANADIAN SHRINES OF OUR GALT.

Where the broad St. Lawrence glances 'neath bright Canadian skies,
Near a busy mart of commerce a chapel of Mary lies.
Peaceful, calm and hairy, amid all the noise and din,
A sweet retreat for sorrow, a refuge pure for sin.
"Tis a childhood's shrine, that chapel! O what memories it recalls,
Of the happy days of childhood, falling whilst he dream-ed his walks.
How each niche and pictured title bring back some by-gone day
When life was all so pleasant, so sunny and so gay!
Childhood's gladness present, swift speed your shining bows,
A rosy Hope your future all smiling round with flowers,
But the forms that once built there and added thereto in days
Lie with fond love closed and white hands clasped on among the silent dead.
And, looking back in the distance, through a misty vail of tears,
I sigh for the ties whose sunshine charmed those varished years.
O, to kneel, as in those halcyon days, from life's dread life secure,
Beneath the dear old sainted dome, beloved Basseucourt.
There is another shrine of Mary hid where we may enter in,
Where we may learn to suffer, know the awful price of sin;
Where the sad, sweet Mother of Pity, so she chose her lifeless Son,
Pains be able to fearful wonder, what more could He have done.
O lonely sepulchral chapel, how sweet 'tis here to pray,
When the crimson beams of Calvary smile all our griefs away!
When we bow with bowed with bearing and Mother at cross's shrine
Where the Saviour's agonies have known was whose sacrifice Divine.
It is like a heavenly oasis in the heart of my neighbor city,
While toiling pilgrims call it Notre Dame de Pitie.
There rises still another, cruelly fair and young,
While the glories of past centuries are round its base.
Here hope smiles calm and sweet, Faith moves in her pride,
Lo! Life is very bondage beneath our Mother's side.
Here lurk through the mist of agon—her young Judah's bills;
We hear a sweet voice, low and tender, like song of summer rills.
"Si amabis—Mary," and while listening, unconscious hear
Fiery Jamesdale ring back our voices clear.
In our country's glowing sunset how blest are we who stand
Jubilate on our banners, Credo our legend grand.
"Ave sweet Stella Maris of our fathers, through the dark way down and mouth,
Is still shining on the cloth of the everlasting rock.
Of all the shrines, dear Lady, with which our Notre Dame de Lourdes is the shrine I love the most.
There I ever seems, as I pass with wistful eyes and tread,
That Heaven, where our loved ones dwell, is but a step before me.

MAY.

True Witness.

VISION OF THE WOUNDED.

BY MISS SUZANNE C. DONNELLY.

Two Hands have handed me for days,
Two Hands of snow-white shape and grace,
All sound-ful and sore, as in the press
Is beaded the purple grapes;
At work or music, at prayer or play
These angel Hands I have, see,
And a plaintive Voice keeps whispering:
"These Hands were placed for thee!"
For me, sweet Lord! for me!
"Yes, even so, sayrafed thing!"
These Hands were pierced for thee!"
Through bath and dangers pressing on,
As through a fiery flood,
Two slender feet bedew mine own
Mark every step with blood;
The swollen veins so rent with nails,
I'll bemoan at least to see.
While the moans and voice cries out afraid,
"These feet were pierced for thee!"
These Wounded Feet and Hands,
Outlaw'd till the Voice grew
And more and more divine—
The Voice of Jesus, and yet mine—
The voice of Heart of me,
And the tone of Jesus, make like a psalm,
"This Heart was pierced for thee!"
For me, great God! for me!
Yes, even so, my love, my Lord,
This Heart was pierced for me!

THE OLD PARSNEY ELEGY.

On a green, grassy knoll, by the banks of the Rhine,
That so long and so often has watered his footsteps,
The old parsnip rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lisping lullaby sing.
He has plowed his last furrow, he has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awaks him to labor again.
The blue bird sings sweet on the gay maple tree,
The sparrow oft observed him skilled holding the plow;
The robin does not sing a lay light on the mold,
For he fed them with crumbs when his cup was full.
You tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
Be rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his sweat it was planted, and well did he
It would thrive when its planter had mouldered away.
Thus the well that he dug, with the water so cold,
While he rest, dripping trickle, so mossy and old.
No more from its depths by the peasbrch drawn
For the pitcher is broken, the old man is gone!
Thus a gloom-giving day when the old farmer
The sheet bearers mourned, the affectionate
And the prayers of the poor for his rest did so.
For they all lost a brother, a man and a friend,
For upright and honest the old farmer was,
He lived in peace, he died in peace, and his grave
Though footsteps be lifeless, his face gives where his
Will verbalize, like the gold, all the dross of this earth.
He has plowed his last furrow, he has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awaks him to labor again.

Literary Miscellany.

Winny.

The Wife I Won in the Worse

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario! Well, you're heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready—we dine early in these new world parts.

Fine farm! Well, yes; Indian Creek is a nice place, I'll do you it. All, as far as you can see—green land, cows feeding, woods and creeks—all belongs to it. Stock too—they call it the best-stocked farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine; and yet I came to Canada twelve years ago, without even the traditional half crown in my trousers' pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to hear the story? There's a good half hour to dinner time yet and it's a story I at never tired of telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the South of England. You know what alms pretty well, I dare say, and what a grief was friend between me and the vicar of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was 7 years old and I eleven, she fell down in the dusty road before the aforesaid vicar's door, and I picked her up, and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of her golden curls, I loved but one girl in the world and that was this vicar's daughter, Winny Hammonsbe.

Madness, you'll say. Well perhaps so. And yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and loves comes whatever one may do. There's no disse distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to the boarding-school. If Miss Winny, had had a mother, no doubt things would have been very different; but we were alike to meet knowing a woman's care, and the old vicar was blind to everything but his theological treatises.

But when she came back from her London finishing school, a wonderful young lady, all smiles and graces and lovely little ways—then I knew. I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the man she would meet; but what can a lad in an English village do! I just had enough education to make sway other lad in the place hate me, and beside the men of her world I suppose I cut rather an astonishing figure. Yet the force of her was so beyond all else in me, that and, hopeless as I felt it, I had no power over myself; and that first time I caught her alone in the woods—she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance—I had her the whole story, and waited for her answer. Sha grew scarlet—a rush of color that dyed her sweet fair face—then deadly white.

"Dick," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know it can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult—I know you better; and if my father heard of this he would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness, and she ran away from me.

I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr. Lyle, the young curate, instead of Dick Hawvry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. I crept resolve spring up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those dims woods. That night I sold the old shop (my father was dead, and I had taken to the business), and with the money I bought an outfit, and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work for me, but I was young and grim-stared—starved and pinched and saved, and now I owed a penny on nearly acres for the books I sat up half the night to read and study. Well in this country the man who works and doesn't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. Hymn-and-lya I bought some land dirt-cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek Farm, and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I timed it up and furnished it for a lady down to a little rocking chair by my study chair, and a work basket with a tiny thimble in it. And when all that was finished I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city one here, it doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I had left them, only the people were a little older and a little more stupid, and there was a new vicar. Old Mr. Brancombe had been dead six months; died very poor, they told me, since there nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny! Oh, she had gone governing a family somewhere in the wilds of Canada and the ship sails to-morrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the Canada, and the captain raging at the non-appearance of some of the crew. Without a word I passed I offered for one of the vacant places. I was as strong as a horse, and active enough, and I knew the ship's rigging as well as I could on the ship with my girl, little as she knew it. I saw her the first day or two looking so pale and thin that she was like the ghost of her self, and yet scarcely in my eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome for little creatures, who worried and badgered her till I longed to cuff them. But there was a gentleness and a patience about her quite new to my idea of Miss Winny and I only loved her the more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in October—an early winter, and the cold was intense. I blew one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken—the screw damaged—and we could not keep our course. As we drew near the other side of the Atlantic, we got more and more out of our bearings, and at last the fog told us we was somewhere off the banks of Newfoundland, but where, no one was quite sure. It seemed to me it had all happened before, or I had read it or dreamed it, and it was, it was hardly a surprise to me when, on the tenth night, just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place in a fog such as I had never seen, and the full I can imagine in the boat—and we knew that the Atlantic had stretch.

It's a fearful thing if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in an instant lies all crumpling to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic—cries, terror, confusion, agony—O, it was awful! I never never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had eyes in my eyes nor ears, and got to the starboard long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to lose."

The door opened just as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dressed even to little black hat. The cabin light fell full upon her, and I thought I never saw a fairer face. I put out my hand to her, and she laid her little white hand in mine, and I stood there in my sailor's jacket and cap. I wondered if she would know me. I forgot the danger we were in—forgot that death was waiting close at hand—forgot that the world held any one but just her and me.

"Dick!" she cried—"Oh, Dick, Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back then, and I threw her coat my arm and ran for the deck. I great fur-lined cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no night and I stumbled over it in the dark—stumbled it up and carried it with me.

Up above all was in the wildest chaos; the boats over filled, and pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying and swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which makes one's heart glow as one reads them. I say here there was not a hardened sinner in the wreck of the Antarctic—every man behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers but the majority of them of the crew were mad with terror, and lost their heads altogether.

I saw there was not a chance for the overcrowded boats in that sea, and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon; a score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was I scrambled to the top-mast, and got a firm hold there. My boy was just coming to her. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loose and fastened to both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now. She settled down, just her decks above water but the great sea washed over it every second and swept it clean. The boats had gone.

One or two of the crew floating on loose spars were picked up afterward—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least to the upper part; down below the sea was strong. The captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew! Multiply that by a thousand, and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets as it fell. The yards were slippery with ice. I stamped on Winny's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limp a little? Sometimes there was a splash in the black water below and some poor fellow's stiffened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place from the rigging. There was not a breath of wind, nothing but the bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long never forgive you. Forget your madness, and she ran away from me.

I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr. Lyle, the young curate, instead of Dick Hawvry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. I crept resolve spring up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those dims woods. That night I sold the old shop (my father was dead, and I had taken to the business), and with the money I bought an outfit, and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work for me, but I was young and grim-stared—starved and pinched and saved, and now I owed a penny on nearly acres for the books I sat up half the night to read and study. Well in this country the man who works and doesn't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. Hymn-and-lya I bought some land dirt-cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek Farm, and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I timed it up and furnished it for a lady down to a little rocking chair by my study chair, and a work basket with a tiny thimble in it. And when all that was finished I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city one here,

THE MONITOR.

PERIODICAL NEWS AND PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1885.

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"Journalism is the chronicle of social events, because it is the chief agent for popularizing them, and popularized common opinions, and opinions growing popular, are the mainspring of social movements. Journalism is, in a word, responsible for the values of society. And a word of again limits. What is and what ought to be the subject of journalism? It is the chronicle of the moral events of which, whatever may be, never at all, the Divine truth—Christ—is the cause and the end.

May this blessed and chosen instrument, the Catholic Press, of Christ, render a home production this a fit for the mission of religion, the capital and income of our Holy Apostolic See, and advance the glorious and prosperity with devotion and fidelity.—Pius IX.

Editorial Notes.

— We learn from a European telegram that the Home Rule Garrison in Ireland, rallying itself the "Patriotic Union," has issued a manifesto denouncing Parnell and the Parliamentary party. This is the last flying kick of the tail end of the English dynasty in Ireland, and the Orange faction and the malcontent Irishmen who make up the mongrel tribe calling itself the Patriotic Union, will be buried beneath the ballots of the Irish people at the election next month. Now that the cities of England have openly shown their hand, we hope the people of Ireland will teach those traitors a lesson.

— The farmers of England seem to be in a bad fix. Last week the English Farmers' Alliance adopted a resolution stating that, to avert the ruin of the present race of farmers, landowners must forthwith reduce the rent of farms, and the Government must formulate a measure which will prevent the raising of rents on improvements of tenants. This is precisely what the tenant farmers of Ireland have been fighting for during many years, but England dubbed them "disaffected dynamiters" because they asked any redress for their grievances. Now, however, when John Bull's own "chickens" begin to "come home to roost," he will have to meet the question in some other shape than by buckshot and bayonet law. The way of the transgressor is hard, and internal strife seems to be culminating in Queen Victoria's realm.

— The virile authorities of Montreal seem to be imitating the French Government in their antagonism towards religion. Last week the local Board of Health agitated the question of closing the churches during the continuance of the small-pox epidemic, but Mgr. Fabre very properly demonstrated such an unchristian innovation as an attempt to suppress religion at the very time when the whole people most needed to pray together for God's mercy. Bishop Bond of the Anglican community also spoke against the proposed impiety, while Father Dowd of St. Patrick's, and Rev. Mr. Stone, of St. Martin's, Anglican, say they will absolutely refuse to comply with the measure should it be enforced. In view of such opposition we hardly think the Agnostic element in the Montreal Board of Health will have the audacity to attempt to legislate against religion.

— Mrs. Sadlier, widow of the late Denis Sadlier, has now charge of the book and publishing business of the well-known firm D. & J. Sadlier & Co. In announcing the publication of the forthcoming *Catholic Directory and Almanac* Mrs. Sadlier says that some firm in Wisconsin is about to get an opposition book and thus rob the widow of her legitimate profits upon a piece of property which her husband spent thousands of dollars in sustaining during past years when he lost money by publishing the *Directory*. We hope, therefore, for the widow's sake that the Rev. Clergy and laity will purchase Sadlier's edition in preference to any other. Still we must say to the widow that heaven helps those who help themselves, and the best way to lift off opposition, in her instance, is to make the *Directory* issued under her firm come better, more complete and cheaper than that proposed to be issued by the Wisconsin firm, and then achieve success by deserving it.

Powerful Influence of the Irish National League.

Some idea of the vast influence which the National League exercises in Ireland may be gleaned from the lamentations which fill the columns of the English press over the loss of England's prestige among the Irish people. Here is the latest whine of the *London Standard* over the failure of the Irish government in Ireland:

"It is a melancholy truth, but it is truth all the same, that over the South and the West of Ireland the law of the League has supplanted the law of the land. In these districts the people," means the "Local Branch," and to disobey the mandate of that impurious committee is to be "out of harmony" with the people.

. . . Ireland, according to the sense of the patriotic section, is completely organized in other words it is thoroughly governed by Mr. Parnell's course."

Better, far better, Mr. Parnell's "course," as the Satan *Standard* calls the League, than the brutal butchery of the Irish people under England. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* goes still further in its grief over Ireland having supplanted English mastership with Parnell's policy, and thus gives up the ghost:

"The day of Cromwell, Acts of the old style is over in Ireland. Law, in the face the future and, above all, the central fact of the already position of affairs, which is that Mr. Parnell is the master of the situation. Without Mr. Parnell there is no safety. We can no longer govern Ireland without Mr. Parnell. Unless we do, the Government of Ireland we must make terms with Mr. Parnell, and that means with the people who have his ear and his hand. . . . The people who have his support control Ireland should be the people who are trusted and obeyed by the Irish people, and that end can be achieved only in one way. It we are not prepared to govern Ireland by the law we must be prepared for Home Rule—and the sooner the better."

Yes, "the sooner the better," say all of us! Home Rule for Ireland and than peace and prosperity will smile once more on Erin's shore!

—*Sadlier's Catholic Directory and Ordo for the year 1886* is now in preparation and will be issued early in December. This issue is based under the editorial control of John Gilmary Shea, who work has been greatly improved and we venture that the forthcoming edition will possess a merit of excellence that not only all the old customers of the Sadlier publications may purchase it, but that at least 10,000 new patrons may be found for it. A Waldenfaul, 127 Market street, will have the work for sale and will send it to any address by mail.

Annual Collection for the Holy Father.

Archbishop Riordan has sent a Circular to all the Rev. Clergy throughout this Archdiocese informing them that the annual collection for the Holy Father will be taken up in all the churches of this Diocese on the *second Sunday of November*, and requesting each Rector to have due announcement made thereof in all the churches.

We therefore desire to call the attention of every Catholic man, woman and child to this important collection, and to remind them of the duty they owe to the Vicar of Christ, who depends chiefly upon the faithful children of the Church throughout the world for any financial assistance which is necessary to carry out the numerous works of mercy and of charity which are necessary to the propagation of our holy faith, the maintenance of missionaries in foreign lands, and the assistance of those Religious throughout Italy who have been robbed of their lands, houses and heritage by the present dynasty which usurpedly sways its despotic influence over the destinies of the Italian people.

Every dollar subscribed to the Holy Father brings a blessing upon the donor, for the reason that it is used by the Saviour of Christ in charity, and those who give to the collection on that second Sunday in November, will thereby become the benefactors of the poor through the hands of the holy Pontiff, who is the chief representative of Christianity in the world.

No person can appreciate the extent of the Pope's charity. It was only last month that the Vicar of Christ sent forty thousand francs to Cardinal Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo, to be distributed to the families of the sufferers by cholera. The previous month his Holiness sent nearly as large donations to different portions of Italy where cholera was raging. Then he has manifold calls upon him from missionary Bishops in Australasia, Africa and Asia, to assist them in extending their missions in lands where there is no revenue whatever received from the native population. The renewed sacred edifices in Rome have to be kept in repair; ecclesiastical students for foreign missions have to be assisted, and a multifarious amount of miscellaneous charity has to be donated of which the outside world knows nothing.

The personal expenses of the Pope do not amount to two dollars a day, hence whatever funds are contributed as Peter's Pence in the annual collection, flow out of the Pontifical treasury into the lands of the needy, the helpless and the suffering. "He that gives to the poor lends to the Lord" says the inspired writer, and those Catholics who, with a ready heart, contribute their share towards the collection of the Holy Father, will find a returned to them from God's exhaustless treasury a hundred fold.

Evil Influence of Public School Education on Protestantism.

There was a Methodist Conference held in Boston last month, during which the Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton, a venerable and widely-popular clergyman, stated that Methodist Protestantism is rapidly decaying and why it is that the non-Catholic element in America is rapidly drifting into infidelity. This venerable Methodist preacher startled his brother sectarians by sternly denouncing the state religion of our day, and in order that our readers may have a full realization of how near the "ragged edge" of iniquity Methodism is, we append the full remarks of this reverend gentleman as they appeared in the New York *Sun*:

"I confess," he said, "I don't like to go to church. I'm sorry to say it. When I was a boy I was glad when they said, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord.' I enjoyed the preaching, the singing, and the praying.

"But times have gone from those days.

"Now, what is the new wonder? I'm bewildered with such amazing, startling, astounding facts that I can scarcely sleep and I don't dare to talk much for some my fears had our private circle. Sometimes to the church door—I'm praying what happens exactly—and we see plenty of male vacant seats. Where are the congregations? Why, I'm sorry to say, I don't know. Why, I'm sorry to say, I don't know. Why, I'm sorry to say, I don't know.

Farm and Home.

Small Farms.

Our own notice is that small farms, well cultivated are almost invariably the most profitable; and hence we firmly believe (what has so often been asserted), that if many a farmer would sell half or two-thirds of the acres he now occupies, and poorly tills and manages, and devote his entire time and energies to the rare and cultivation of the remaining, he would derive far more profit from his labor and investment, with much less vexation of spirit. The fact is, as somebody truly asserts, we have too many farmers who are "land poor"—who have so much land they cannot make a living. Paradoxical as this may appear, it applies truthfully to many a naturally fertile and productive locality. When such farmers have learned that it is not economy to own more land than they can till in the most profitable manner, so that it will pay for the money expended in keeping it free from tares, weeds, and other incumbrances, they will have solved the problem of ease in practical rural life. The happiest and thriftiest farmers we have ever known lived on farms of only ten to one hundred acres, every foot of which was made to count. On the other hand, the farmer who has so many broad acres that he cannot walk over them daily—where rods of these acreage are never cultivated or otherwise utilized—lives a life of anxiety and worry. Instead of working like slaves and living in a miserly manner, in order to "run a big farm," or purchase "all the land that joins them," it would be wise for hosts of farmers to sell some of their broad acres, concentrate their efforts upon limited areas, and look more to the comfort and happiness of their households, and the proper education of their children. Even if large farms were the most profitable—which we deny—small ones are to preferred for many and cogent reasons, not the least of which are the comfort, peace, and general welfare of the owners and their families.

The Rats' Sagacity.

Mr. Samuel Jennings writes to the *Times* from Wanstey House, Denmark Hill, to explain how rats remove eggs without breaking them, the feat having been accomplished under the observation of a friend, who described it. Mr. Jennings says: "My friend was in the habit of placing his newlaid eggs in the tea caddy along with the tea; but night after night they were unpleasantly removed, and, very naturally, the servants got the blame. One night, however, my friend was reading at a late hour, when he heard the scuffling of rats accounting the adjacent sideboard on which was the tea caddy containing eggs. The thought instantly flashed across his mind that he had been perhaps unjustly severe towards his servants, and silently he watched the proceedings. It was a simple matter to remove the lid, two or three rats descended into the tea-caddy, some remained on the top and in a minute the mystery was solved. One rat clasping the egg was being hauled along by his companions, gently lifted, and lowered to the floor, whence, on his back and still clasping the egg, they succeeded in safely carrying it away, and the whole were removed without breaking one."

The Dignity of Labor.

The birth of industry took place in the Garden of Eden. The first man was a working man. The first Adam was a tiller of the ground. Our Saviour was a carpenter; the dignity of labor depends upon the sense of responsibility of the man who toils. Labor was not a curse in the beginning. Although God curses the ground, still He honors the labor. Labor might being needed and trial upon him who toils, still it is sacred in the eyes of God. The nation that will not work cannot maintain its place in the march of civilization. The great trouble to-day is that there are multitudes that can work and won't work, and there are multitudes that do work and do not get enough pay. Employers of all a better charge than thousands of soup houses. Let them be concerned in their work, and the country will not need any poor houses. Labor is the mother of happiness and therefore of thinking. The busiest man is the happiest man. Enjoyment in our labor makes happiness. Labor lessens crime. The ranks of the criminals are invariably filled from the multitudes of the idleminded. Labor is better than genius. Labor found America a wilderness, and he made it a garden of beauty. Labor has joined the continents together, and her lands is the music of the world. Toil is an honor. The man that despises labor is a fool. The sets of mental labor become acts of worship if performed for the glory of God. Go out into life and labor until God shall say: "Tis enough, come up higher."

V. C. K.

Useful Domestic Receipts.

Cabbage when cooked by boiling, should be boiled in two waters. This destroys the "essential oil," which is unwholesome.

Brown Bread.—Boil rice until tender, press into small tea cups, and when perfectly cold turn into a dish, make a boiled custard and pour over a half hour before serving.

To Clean Brass.—Immerse it or wash it several times in sour milk or whey; this will brighten it without scouring; it may then be scoured with a woolen cloth dipped in ashes.

Good food, properly cooked, gives us good blood, sound bones, healthy brains, nerves and firm flesh, to say nothing of good tempers and kind hearts. These are well worth a little trouble to secure.

Sausage.—Twelve pounds of meat, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of salt, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of black pepper, three tablespoonfuls of sage, one tablespoonful of white pepper, one quarter teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

To Clean Spoons.—When very foul wash them in diluted muriatic acid, rinsing them afterwards in water; it will make them very soft and white. Be careful to dilute the acid well, as it is very corrosive, and therefore should be weak.

If those interested in blacking stores will try greasing them with fresh grease before blacking, they will find that it prevents them from rusting. Add a pinch of brown sugar, to the blacking just before applying. This causes it to stick, and it polishes much easier, and with half the usual rubbing.

Stuffed Onions.—Parboil some goodsized onions. Take out the middles and fill with force-meat. Put them side by side in a casserole, with butter. Sprinkle a little salt and a little sugar on them. Cover the onions with the slices of bacon. Cook thoroughly and serve with their own sauce.

Cream Pie.—Place a pint of milk where it will heat. Then beat together one cup of white sugar, one half cup of flour, with two eggs, and stir it into the milk when it is nearly boiling. Stir rapidly until it is cooked thoroughly; add essence of lemon, and pour upon the milk which should be baked before the cream is put in. This will make two pies. If you wish it extra make a frosting of the whites of two eggs, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread them evenly over the pies, and set again in the oven, and brown slightly.

—Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in their bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

Family Fun.

Sure of One Thing.

There was a case of assault and battery before one of the justices the other day, and a witness with a black eye, several stripes of court plaster across his nose and one ear badly lopped over, was asked by the defendant's lawyer if he saw Brown strike White?

"Can I say as I did," he replied

"Did you see the white either?"

"Mostly."

"Now, how was it?"

"Well, Smith and me not on the proper talkin' evolution. Jones and Green not on the grass talkin' proper—who have so much land they cannot make a living. Paradoxical as this may appear, it applies truthfully to many a naturally fertile and productive locality. When such farmers have learned that it is not economy to own more land than they can till in the most profitable manner, so that it will pay for the money expended in keeping it free from tares, weeds, and other incumbrances, they will have solved the problem of ease in practical rural life. The happiest and thriftiest farmers we have ever known lived on farms of only ten to one hundred acres, every foot of which was made to count. On the other hand, the farmer who has so many broad acres that he cannot walk over them daily—where rods of these acreage are never cultivated or otherwise utilized—lives a life of anxiety and worry. Instead of working like slaves and living in a miserly manner, in order to "run a big farm," or purchase "all the land that joins them," it would be wise for hosts of farmers to sell some of their broad acres, concentrate their efforts upon limited areas, and look more to the comfort and happiness of their households, and the proper education of their children. Even if large farms were the most profitable—which we deny—small ones are to preferred for many and cogent reasons, not the least of which are the comfort, peace, and general welfare of the owners and their families.

His Parents should be Happy.

Some people have a great deal of trouble," was the proposition laid down by Mrs. Podsnap at the breakfast table the other morning.

"Yes," asserted her husband.

"Here's a boy just born born in Massachusetts with neither arms or legs," continued Mrs. P.

"What's that got to do with your previous remark?" queried Mr. Podsnap.

"Why, it must be a great trial to the parents."

"Oh the contrary, my dear, they should be the happiest people on earth.

"How in the world do you make that out?" asked Mrs P. in astonishment.

"Why, don't you see, the boy can never be a base ballist nor a champion roller skater."

The Sapient Schoolboy.

Stern father: "Look here, young man, your teacher tells me you answered yourself from school by telling her that your mother was sick. What do you mean by lying to your teacher, sir?"

"I didn't lie."

"Yes, you did. Your mother isn't sick, and you know it."

"She said she was."

"When?"

"Last night. She said she was sick of having you come home at 2 o'clock in the morning with your cuffs on your sleeves."

"Well, of course, if she was sick it was perfectly right for you to stay out of school, my son. There, here's a nickel. Run off and get some candy, and we won't say any more about it."

He Emptied the Bottle.

"Speaking of whisky drinking," said Mr. Thompson in his quiet way, as he was seated with a party of friends on his front stoop, "some man can drink more than others and not seem to feel it. I myself have emptied a quart bottle in a single evening without becoming in the least intoxicated.

This statement was received with an incredulous smile, but as Mr. Thompson was a truthful man, no one openly disputed it.

Finally Mr. Baker remarked that he couldn't doubt Mr. Thompson's word, but he should not have believed such a thing

"It's a fact, though, isn't it Annie?" said Mr. Thompson, turning to his wife.

"Yes" said Mrs. Thompson, "he did it

"It must have been rather thin whisky," said one of the company.

"No," retired Mr. Thompson—"was

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to furnish for publication information relative to their Institutions.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

STATE OFFICERS.—State Spiritual Director, Rev. L. Moore, Bishop of Natchez; State President, Col. Wm. Grace, Natchez; State Secretary, Chas. Phelan, Natchez; State Treasurer, Wm. Wall, Natchez; State Advocate, Thos. Cassidy, Natchez; State Warden, Thos. Tobin, Natchez; State Sentinel, Jas. Cassidy, Natchez.

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ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

The following list contains the officers of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, viz.: Conference of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Jas. Fitton, President; Jas. Ryan, Vice President; Chas. Smith, Treasurer; Jas. Ryan, Secretary; Jas. Ryan, Sentinel; Jas. Ryan, Warden. Conference of St. Peter's, Rev. Jas. Ryan, President; Jas. Ryan, Vice President; Jas. Ryan, Treasurer; Jas. Ryan, Secretary; Jas. Ryan, Sentinel; Jas. Ryan, Warden. Conference of St. Patrick's, Rev. Jas. Ryan, President; Jas. Ryan, Vice President; Jas. Ryan, Treasurer; Jas. Ryan, Secretary; Jas. Ryan, Sentinel; Jas. Ryan, Warden. Conference of St. Joseph's, Rev. Jas. Ryan, President; Jas. Ryan, Vice President; Jas. Ryan, Treasurer; Jas. Ryan, Secretary; Jas. Ryan, Sentinel; Jas. Ryan, Warden. Conference of St. Mary's, Rev. Jas. Ryan, President; Jas. Ryan, Vice President; Jas. Ryan, Treasurer; Jas. Ryan, Secretary; Jas. Ryan, Sentinel; Jas. Ryan, Warden. Conference of St. Michael's, Rev. Jas. Ryan, President; Jas. Ryan, Vice President; Jas. Ryan, Treasurer; Jas. Ryan, Secretary; Jas. Ryan, Sentinel; Jas. Ryan, Warden. Conference of St. Bernard's, Rev. Jas. Ryan, President; Jas. Ryan, Vice President; Jas. Ryan, Treasurer; Jas. Ryan, Secretary; Jas. Ryan, Sentinel; Jas. Ryan, Warden. Conference of St. Alphonsus, Rev. Jas. Ryan, President; Jas. Ryan, Vice President; Jas. Ryan, Treasurer; Jas. Ryan, Secretary; Jas. Ryan, Sentinel; Jas. Ryan, Warden. Conference of St. Michael

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Good News from Ireland.—A Magnificent National Demonstration.—Speeches by Healy and Dillon.—Meeting of the Young Ireland Society.—The Boycotting of Mrs. O'Connell, Rio, etc.

[FROM OUR REGULAR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—From every quarter of Ireland I received last week the most cheering accounts of the progress of the National cause. The further proof that the National back is fairly bound upon a net of trouble, is now unfolding the course of its hopes and preparing to cast another after its enemy voyage of curse on critics. From North to South and across the Isle from East to West the Nationalists are working as one man for Ireland's honor under the leadership of Mr. Parnell and the frequent wholesome counsels of Cardinal Walsh, while the Whig and Tory parties of Ulster are being torn asunder by dissensions. If the loyal Unionists do not succeed in effecting a reconciliation between the disputing factions, they will be compelled to compensate for the hard-working Parnellites in the North and tend to the speedy completion of a National victory all over the Northern Province.

A magnificent National demonstration was held on Sunday, the 4th of October, at the historic Stagyl Trough, in County Monaghan, for raising the remains Armagh and Tyrone. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Healy and Dillon. Second only to the grand and lasting Nationalists belonging to the surrounding counties also spoke. In every way the demonstration was a hopeful omen of what the future has in store for Ulster and the National cause. In describing all the people came from Armagh, Tyrone, Monaghan to Shenandoah to protest against

GALLANT REPRESENTATIVE, AND THE IMMORTAL DILLON,

and stood in the foremost downpour listening to those men who have suffered for their sake and those in Ireland's darkest hours, telling them of their future prospects. Those two gallant Irish which were defined deserving of the reception accorded them by the twenty thousand Nationists who assembled around the platform at Stagyl. Mr. Healy was in splendid form, observed every entrance that fell from their lips. And worthy was Mr. Healy and her brilliant colleague, Mr. Dillon, of the honors of their Irish champion. By day's demonstration the blunders of West British orthodox have proved at last to Ulster's Protestants the wisdom of Mr. Parnell's policy give Ireland a fair little hope of a "split" in the National regiment, and the condemnation of extremist conduct in one of the resolutions leaves no doubt for those to work on who represent the National movement as an enduring element for fostering crime. Weighty words fell from Mr. Dillon's lips and they will remain with thousands of the many truthful incidents of the old Land League days, while Mr. Healy had cut a

PROSPECT OF FUTURE TRIUMPH

confidently and clearly that must bring joy to every Irish heart. The following suitably worded address was presented to Messrs. Healy and Dillon: "The auspicious occasion of your visit to Stagyl is participated in the good wishes to expatriate to-day at Bloomfield, is availed of to tender to the Parnellite Colleagues welcome. We esteem it a high honor, indeed, to have in our midst two such faithful and unswerving friends as Mr. T. M. Healy and Mr. John Dillon—men young in years, but old in the cause of Irish liberty, men endowed by Heaven with a

GIFT OF PERSUASIVE TRUTH

and fearless and decisive in the good cause, which we recognize to-day at Bloomfield, is availed of to tender to the Parnellite Colleagues welcome. We esteem it a high honor, indeed, to have in our midst two such faithful and unswerving friends as Mr. T. M. Healy and Mr. John Dillon—men young in years, but old in the cause of Irish liberty, men endowed by Heaven with a GIFT OF PERSUASIVE TRUTH and fearless and decisive in the good cause, which we recognize to-day at Bloomfield, is a fitting one. We recognize in you

Poetry

ST. ANNE AND THE ORPHANS OF CHRIST.

Sweet mother of our Mother blest,
And noblest grandmother of her Child!
To-day our aprons, in jest,
Upon thy image pure and mild,

Than gentlemen at Joachim.
The saved assume to their footgiftsand,
We, mock to half-time, those who lend,
Besides thy Daughter's throne is heaven.

For on thy breast, ruby-white,
She nestled in thy arms by night,
And crept about thy feet by day.

Her eyes were trusting raised,
To such thy truth-all mother-face
And, when her cloud she gentlefie praised,
Thou at thy knee she found her place.

Iron abuses that rare blossom opening,
Whose fruit was Jesus, God and man,
What pain can trace, what happy longing
Can ring thy glory, sweet St. Anne!

What artist-brush dare paint thy bloom,
Thy chaste maternal fullness,
Or how within thy flossed wings
The Child whom man and angels bless.

Twas time to fall the sense of shame
About her tiny, fragile form;
Thy veil-cheek, and virgin brow,
To rain thy blown soft and warm.

Twas time to clasp those dimpled hands,
From whose pure palms (God's handiwork)
All marks and signs, illness and bonds,
Those hands of mercy, sweet and wary.

Hence, with such grief, in temple old,
Thou lifted strange them difficulties;
No matter brave, nonlonor bold,
Could unknitted and blunted.

For (all the after-days grown dim,
Meeting thy darling cheek and lain)
Thy mother's heart, thy mother's
O mother of our Mother blest!
We gladly gather round thy feet
As favorite children, fondly pressed,
With Mary, to thy bosom rest.

The while we watch that face which shade
Around us heaven's light serene;
And feel that hand upon our head
Which tended once its precious queen,—

Our sons, our sons we learn to be
Cast on thy heart such weight of care;
Thine are the sons of Mary
To bear is but to exact thy prayer.

Ah! be in life the orphan's friend,
Dear patroness of the fate of man:
And guide us softly at the end
To God and Mary, good St. Anne!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A SISTER OF MERCY.

Her face is her modest beauty,
Clad in simple robe of gray,
From the sacred path of duty,
Smiling all the clouds away.

Which the children run to meet her
With their little pains and woes,
Sick and poor with blessings great her,
Love is home where she goes.

Tenderest grief her glance expresses,
Where the sweet and suffering weep;
And beneath her kind caresses
We and pain are lulled to sleep.

All who drink the cup of sorrow
Love to feel her hovering near,
For the saddest hearts must borrow
Comfort from her words of cheer.

Dear seem the skies above her;
Round her benighn such heavenly grace,
Yet we cannot choose but love her,
She is bright, supremely fair.

Hers a soul full of sweet divine;
And her eyes angelic, yet
Must the constant sadness show.

When above the faint and dying,
Full of pity bending low,
They upon her sore relieving
Feel a balm for every woe.

Hence, dear Sister, thy mission
Fraught with joy, yet strong and brave;
Tapping down the stiffening fingers,
Kindling hopes beyond the grave.

All the hollow hours are spoken
To the ear of guilt and shame,
So that spirits quiet and broken
Meet in reverence hold her name.

Blessed be the gentle wanderer,
And with loving words are let
Whatever upon her "rule of tears;"
With heaven's choicest blessings fallen,
To the unremitting years.

Literary Miscellany.

His White Flower.

A Pretty Story of a Willful Girl, and How She was Won.

CHAPTER I.

"It is really too shabby; I ought not to have allowed her to go."

"Dear, you look so pretty and so dainty in it, what can you say! I'm sorry, but it is."

"Oh, well, if you like it I'll keep it on; perhaps it's useless; I have worn it so many times, the lace is mended in so many places; it's really good enough for friends. Green, that I am tired of it and must get a new one somewhere."

"Rose, I can't bear to hear you talk like that, and you in your prime! The pale, sweet face of the older sister had grown pale still. There was a pained look in the soft eyes, and her breath came quick. "If you want a new gown there is some money laid away in the box there—but we can get along—and you may use it."

Stung to pride, Grace confessed that the ensuing tears would not let her go further. Her sister spoke on:

"Grace"—and the pretty girl took that pale, quivering face in her two slim hands—"you thought I was in earnest! You thought I could take that money! You could think so badly as that of me! No I will never jeka again. I will always be in real earnest. I have noticed before now that I get into a great deal of trouble because of my foolish habit of joking. And now—now kiss me.

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"You may put these right there, if you please—there in that bunch of curia over my bureau, so that I can see it in my letter."

"She had been fretting about her dress," exclaimed Miss Wilmot to the young man in the window.

"Her dress! Why, what is the matter with it?" he asked, opening his eyes wide.

"It is old, and it is old fashioned, and it is ugly," ejaculated Rose, with emphasis.

"Why, I was just thinking how pretty it is, and I wondered if you had made it now for the occasion," remarked that stupid Raymond, with the case proud smile that, just like an apple and a half, I thought you must be a flower bud yourself unfolded.

Miss Wilmot smiled, but Rose made a dainty face.

"The lace is mended all over, but then it's real lace—real Mechlin lace," she observed, heightening her complexion almost with grave technicalities.

Happily he only saw the face, the brown hair ruffling on the forehead, the lovely eyes that laughed at him, the low, sweet voice that patronized him.

"Oh, Rosine, wonse Illinse!" he repeated rapturously.

"Please don't talk in that awkward tongue, cried out Rose, petulantly. "It only makes me think of my school lessons, and I can't understand it, either. How can I tell whether you are laughing at me or paying me a compliment."

"The young man laughed. "Oh, Illinse! I was paying you a compliment—a just tribute."

"And the other—when you first came?" Raymond blushed and faltered.

"That—oh, that was just nonsense; I must ask you to pardon it," he stammered.

"Nonsense! Why, I thought you must fear he would say to them aught that would be displeasing. She glanced at his face and, shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

"I was you going to the park Hay—were you on your way?"

Raymond shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

"I shall go presently. But I shall wait till the sun has lost its power in the afternoon. I don't ask to be dealeaned and disgusted at the same time.

Both of the girls laughed at his unmistakable look of distaste. Rose nodded at him from over her shoulder, her little white hat, with its blue bird and snow drops, making a shadow for her eyes to shine out of underneath.

"Oh, operulous musician! I wonder that a young man who has such an ear for discord mean can't make better music of his own, especially when he is the owner of, besides a cat, a genuine Paganini violin."

CHAPTER II.

The two young people went away in opposite directions, and Grace left alone, sat for a long time in the little room in the hay-scring sunshine, silent, but quite sad. Rose had spoken strangely that her eyes, and held its place on her mouth. For it was Rose she was thinking of, the pretty, young, brown-haired maiden, between whom and utter loneliness and helplessness in a bad world only her words of cheer.

Raymond. For Raymond loved the charming Rose; Grace was sure of that. But Rose! Ah! she was the "wonse Illinse," truly—she was thinner about whom the sun might circle, singing its plaintive song till it should die.

"I wish, oh I wish"—and Grace clapped her hands together with nervous force—"I wish Rose could love him. I could be happy then."

The large tears rose and fall.

"Surely a girl's heart is not so hard to win—if one only knows the way."

And the trouble was that Ray did not "know the way." He was good, gentle and kind; he would flush and stammer when the merry little maid asked him but to do something for her; then he would rush and stumble over his own feet a dozen times in the effort to obey her, and Rose would laugh at him.

earnest and claim the kiss and take it as his right, he might win my little Rose."

But just here the trouble was. Raymond was afraid. His great love for the poor young girl, the "white flower" of his song made him a coward; but it was a loving coward, and might go far to help him yet.

It was late when Rose returned. Grace had been sitting gloomily alone in the room, where shaded lamplight and flooding moonlight, pouring through the window wide door, made the place a bower of golden dusk.

Tossing aside her hat and little white shawl, Rose flung herself on this floor at her sister's feet. Grace placed her loving hand on this soft, brown, curling locks veiling the bright head.

"Did you have a happy day?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer with magnificent indifference.

"And—was Ray there?"

"Way—you mean old Way, the hand master, of course he was there. He could there be a brass band without Mr. Way to lead it?" replied Miss Rose.

Grace touched with a finger of gentle reproach the naughty lips of friend. Green, that I am tired of it and must get a new one somewhere."

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"Oh, Rose! How could you do so! And Ray is so kind." There were tears ready to break through the trouble of Grace's pained voice.

"Kind!" broke in Rose, indignantly. "I call it far from kind to annoy me so, and, after all, I don't think he would have minded it much—a very much—but a slight shower came down while we were dancing, and we all rushed back to the pavilion."

Here Miss Rose paused again. A dimpling smile stole into her round, rosy cheek.

"There was a little spot of marshy ground on the path, and the rain had made it worse. So, when we came to that—you see, I had on my light shoes—Merlin threw down his coat, and nothing would do but I must walk over it. And when I looked up, just as we entered the pavilion, what do we present there was on Raymond's face! I thought he would have fainted. We must at once go home, and I was obliged to wear a parcel fear at her heart. What could she do? How could she chide the thoughtless young creature, who was so dear, so simple, so early of love? How could she help and not hurt?

Grace had unclasped Rose authoritatively growing tired of the allusion.

"My dear," and Grace, timidly, "don't you think with me that Mr. Wells's attention was a little out of place—that it was presumptuous?"

Miss Rose overshadowed no reply to this.

"Don't you think, dear, you might have reached the pavilion safely, as the others did, simply by walking on the grass?"

"I am tired and sleepy. I must go to bed, and Rose suddenly getting up.

Then she glanced at Grace's face.

"Sulky" she commanded. "Do you think I am going to say good night to such eyes as these? Smile at once."

The pained look melted swiftly into tears. With loving arms twined around each other's neck, the two sisters cried silently. But their good-night kiss was the sweeter for those tears.

In the quiet days that followed—perhaps because they were living nearer together, more in sympathy with each other—Grace noticed that Rose was more thoughtful, more silent, that under her gay laugh abroad the glamour of something tender. Her fancy detected that Grace grew more thin and pale, but that her strength seemed to increased.

One evening Grace, who had gone to Communion that morning, drew Rose to her. The young girl came and knelt by her side in the twilight, and, with the pretty brown ringlets ruffling over her lap, the sweet face hidden in sight upthrown.

"Rose," and the elder sister, in a low voice, "you never sing for me now."

"No," answered Rose slowly. "it must be I don't know—silent—I don't think of it."

"You did not want once to think of it, Rose; you used to sing because you must."

"Yes, that does make a difference—to feel the same in one. When a bird is big cooked and eaten, I suppose it does not sing."

"What in the world do you mean child? Rose? Nothing—I never mean anything; that's why I get into so much trouble.

The girl spoke in a careless way, but a moment after she spoke more seriously

"Do you know, Grace I was reading this morning, the old story of the knightly one, who had "sacrificed himself that his lady moreted. He was very poor, but he would not sell his lord. Hot, one fine day, the Princess sent a message to that she as one thing to dine with him, and, as he had nothing in his house fit for a dainty a lady, he bade his cook kill the bird and serve it."

Here Rose paused for a moment, for a sound as of tears was in her voice. She put her face down over her eyes.

"It is such a story, Grace, I can't tell it and enjoy it as I should. But the young knight must have sat and looked at her—can I you fancy it?—while she sat at his table and ate the tragic dinner—and then—she said she would love him—he his own true Princess and he would give her his hand."

"Well," said Grace, sniffing, "the Princess did get the bird in one way, if not in another. And I wonder if the young knight ever regretted when he saw her eating it."

"Oh, not—hard hearted—supposing she had taken his tribute in vain to make a fire for us, if I were freezing."

Grace began to understand.

The next day Miss Wilmot was not so well. She was lying on the sofa in the little room, when Rose came in and knelt by her, and took both her hands. The girl had a strange look and feeling, as if she were in a wood, with no one to show her the way out.

"I don't know what to do for you," she sobbed. "You are getting worse, Grace, and I shall have to send for some one I don't why does not Ray—"

She stopped suddenly, but Grace heard, and the next day, a message found its way to the young man, who answered it in person.

He walked straight up to Grace's chair when he came in.

"I did not know you were ill," he said, and, in the sense of consolation of rest, the the invalid felt when she heard his voice—"I shall have to be your nurse, I see, if anything ailed I am sorry."

Grace smiled faintly but in grave gravs with a startled fear when he saw the change in her.

"It is not painful—only a little troublesome, and I should not mind it so much, but Rose is so alone."

Raymond looked for the first time at Rose, who was sitting apart, by a window. She barely glanced up as she spoke, but the pained look melted swiftly into tears. With loving arms twined around each other's neck, the two sisters cried silently. But their good-night kiss was the sweeter for those tears.

"Grace"—and the pretty girl took that pale, quivering face in her two slim hands—"you thought I was in earnest! You thought I could take that money! You could think so badly as that of me! No I will never joka again. I will always be in real earnest. I have noticed before now that I get into a great deal of trouble because of my foolish habit of joking. And now—now kiss me.

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STORY OF A SKELETON.

A Pitiful Chapter of Starvation, Despair and Death.

A narrow, almost impenetrable trail running along the edge of a gulch. To the left was a rather steep hill covered with bowlders, with here and there clumps of cactus, with a few gorgeous blooms of purple and one. At intervals, standing like ghostly sentinels, were the stalks of cactus, some white bloom, with its faint, but enchanting odor of the wax, and, also, perched leaves, the bodies by which the cactus wren, in order to attain to the trail. It forest there but also I have seen the cactus wren, when a parched fear at her heart. What could she do? How could she chide the thoughtless young creature, who was so dear, so simple, so early of love? How could she help and not hurt?

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FIVE MINUTES WITH A MAD DOG.

A Physician in a Dark Culler with a Syringe of Hydrocyanic Acid.

Last week I received orders to go to the Hinkanin public house, Mobile, and prescribe for a dog-bite suffered by a lady. The lady master had seen the dog during his rounds, and found it to be a mad hound of state. I filled a small bottle with hydrocyanic acid, and, taking a syringe, went at once to see about it. Arriving at the house, I asked my business, and was shown at over to the pet boy to be comforted—the dog whom I could hear howling every few seconds. There being no yard in the cellar, they had chained the dog down in the office, in a staple in the wall. "It is very bad case, sir," said the guide, "and I'll be glad when it's over. I've, although he was a great pet with us all, and that kind of a lady, I'm sorry, yet, it's awful, and goes near me to have him come—dying at us. Think, sir! suffer much? There's a good lady, sir, and a good master, that!"

Assured him it would soon be over without much pain, and descending some steps we passed through a room in the basement and came to a door, with a barred window. Cases of wine and spirits were ranged against the wall, and we could hear the tramp of the thirsty shod customers in the bar-room, just beyond the door. Opening the door, we passed into another room, lighted by a single barred window in the room we had just left, as it shone through the now open door. "He's in there," said the pet boy, pointing to another door in the said opposite.

Looking there, as a window in the room, I pushed the door open, and immediately heard the rattle of a chain and the hoarse half howl, half growl of the poor beast, as he sprang at the door, and fell far wall gleaming through the dark. Within a dim was none.

"Why you said he didn't you bring a light," I asked angrily; "you don't suppose I can do business in the dark?"

"Thought I had a match," said the boy, fumbling in his pockets; "there's a cigar just inside the door."

"I had no matches on me. I sent him a piece to get some, said, wanting his return, as then on an empty keg near the door.

The dog seemed quieted for a moment, for through the doorway emerged soft disturbed howling, I pushed it to with my foot. The boy was sometimes gone (I found afterwards he had been to ask his mistress if he would like to have a last look at the old dog), and I sat thinking over the day's war of the cellar was close, and the smell of the sawdust on the floor was most unpleasant. I leaned my head on my hand against the wall or the floor, as he moved to steady his mind, wondering if I was in any errand there. Then the movement ceased for a time, or partly absorbed in my thoughts, I failed to notice it. The next thing I remember was a sudden shock against my knees. Looking down, I saw two glaring eyes just at my knee. The dog had crept up to me, and was in the act of out of the damp and yielding mortar.

I sat quite still, with a cold sweat on my forehead. Why he spared me I cannot guess. My heart seemed to stand still.

"You! No! It is nothing, only—only

And then it was all over, and Rose was sobbing her grief and joy and resentment all together on Raymond's shoulder.

He drew her than close for a little space, and then he put her out at arms length away from him.

"Willst du mir nicht einen kuss geben?" he said, laughing; and then Rose lifted her face, flushed fair, and he took her into "Liebchen," he whispered tenderly and softly, "I thought I had lost you forever, and so Raymond spoke it "Liebchen, and I shall treat you so. There is heard at her more closely. "And you have got to be husband and wife. You must at once go home, and I will wedding." Rose laughed. "Come to Grace now," she said. But she was gone.

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LEGEND OF ALANUS DE INSULIS.

The Great Scholar in the Garb of a Thy Brother Confounds Heretics.

Among the many distinguished theologians who flourished during the Middle Ages, was Alanus de Insulis. He was deeply versed in theology, and taught with great renown in the University of Paris. A memorable legend, which has been transmitted down to the several centuries, is related of him. He had announced that on a given day he would preach on the Trinity, and a great concourse of people assembled to hear the mystery. On the appointed day he ascended the pulpit, and prepared to preach, as he was engaging a military man with a book of assemblyman, he held a little key suspended out a small branch in the hand and, opening it, fill it with water taken from the stream, with a which he sprinkled the people, on some chalk asked Alanus, "Can you tell me what is the water of the river and my branch, was the chalk?" "Why, of course I can," said the great theologian, "that you will second the great design." "Then you must also perform what you have engaged today." What have I undertaken?" "Why, to send a man and a man with explain the Trinity." Alanus was filled with amazement at the proposition and hesitated. He retorted, in his mind, the man was a fool, and, in the words of the child and requesting his own attention, he begin to explain the Trinity. Alanus was astonished a great crowd had assembled to witness the result of the proposition, and preaching he uttered these words: "It is the mystery of the Trinity, which I will explain to you." The man, on immediately withdrew to the stream, and, with the branch, he sprinkled the water upon the chalk. The man, after a few minutes, returned to the pulpit and, with a smile, exclaimed, "Behold! I have fulfilled my part of the agreement." Alanus, who remained in a long reverie, emerging himself with the duties of shepherd.

Time passed on, and after many years, Alanus, who had become old, was called upon to Rome, and Alanus accompanied him to the city. When the boat left the shore, he was seized with a violent attack of the ague, and was compelled to land at a little town, which was the seat of a great university. The university was in a state of great excitement, for the heretics had invaded the district with the Albigensian doctrines. The heretics, at one moment appeared in the university, and challenged the Alanus, a Catholic, to a public discussion. Alanus, who was still suffering from the ague, was compelled to accept the challenge. The heretics, at one moment appeared in the university, and, with a smile, exclaimed, "Behold! I have fulfilled my part of the agreement."

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1885.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

In accordance with our annual custom we will present our readers with a *twelve page illustrated* MONITOR AT CHRISTMAS, and we desire to inform all press and pointed writers, therefor, that their contributions must reach this office not later than the feast of the Immaculate Conception [December 8th] so as to enable us to get out our very large edition—the CHRISTMAS MONITOR will have to go to press on December 15th, so as to reach all sections of the Union by Christmas Day. Persons who desire extra copies to send to friends can have them mailed *free*, direct from this office, by sending in—at any time between now and Christmas—the addresses of those to whom they wish copies sent, accompanied with 10 cents in coin or stamps for each copy thus ordered for friends in the Eastern States or Europe. The CHRISTMAS MONITOR will be a most acceptable present to send to friends far away from those who dwell along the Pacific Coast, and we hope that hundreds of our subscribers will avail themselves of this liberal offer.

Editorial Notes.

—A Catholic magazine, in reviewing the work of the Society of Jesus, counts up 3,562 Jesuits engaged in missionary work. They have 1,500 stations and are said to have converted last year 9,000 adult heathens.

—We wish every Catholic and non-Catholic in America could be indoned to read the magnificent essay written by Archbishop Gibbons which we print on our first page this week. It is, decidedly, the best contribution that American literature has yet produced on the subject-matter whereof it treats. Every subscriber to the MONITOR will add greatly to his stores of knowledge by giving it a careful perusal.

—Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was compelled to issue a circular letter to his clergy and people, warning them against an impostor representing himself as a priest, and going about performing clerical duties, collecting money, etc., in that diocese. This species of impostors is becoming only too common over the country, and our[kind Catholic people cannot be too strict in demanding recognition from their immediate Pastor of the claims set up by those coming among them to collect.

—The sole personal estate that the late Cardinal McCloskey left after him was an insurance policy in the Mutual Life of New York. All the vast property that was held by him for the church and the poor was held in trust to the Archbishop-elect, the Bishop of Brooklyn and the Bishop of Albany, his executors. Compare such a testament with that, for example, of the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, or a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, claiming to be a Christian minister.

—We are in receipt of the *New Mexico Methodist*, with a request for an exchange, which we cheerfully comply with, for the reason that the Methodists of New Mexico will learn through the MONITOR how very wicked their Wesleyan brethren are heretofore, and thus they will have a better idea of the inner workings of that iniquitious system of sectarianism. The motto of the new Methodist paper is "Let there be Light," and we mean to turn the full glare of the MONITOR's electric head-light upon it whenever it says anything untrue concerning the Catholic Church.

—The letter which we print from Michael Davitt this week brings cheering news to every native and friend of Ireland on the Pacific coast. The prospect for dear old Ireland's freedom was never more favorable, and it is very consoling to have the one-armed patriot refute—over his own signature—the malignant reports of "disaffection" and "disunion" in the Irish ranks circulated by English influences all over America. With Parnell, Davitt, and the other Irish patriots united in one effort to free Ireland, we may rest assured hope that we shall yet see the flag of "Home Rule" will float over Dublin Castle.

—The Chicago *Interior* is a non-Catholic paper, but it is liberal enough not to close its eyes to the truth all the time. Commenting on the love for "millinery" which all the new fledged Protestant preachers manifest, the *Interior* says: "As soon as the proda "Rev." is added to their name, these gospel goslings make a bee-line such for their girl, and is soon, by wedlock, impoverished, honeycomb, for say earliest missionary labor." Here is where the Catholic Church manifested her wisdom by establishing the rule of celibacy. The followers of Luther, on the other hand, are not worth "mocks" unless they have a female to accompany them in their missionary tours and to put molasses into the fresh-and-milk sermons they preach to empty pews on Sundays!

—Lourdes—which has become known as a holy shrine to Catholics all over the world—contains a population of four or five thousand, and has five convents, an immense large hospital, two schools and two churches, one being a basilica built over the miraculous Grotto. The basilica, built to hold 2,000 persons, is a Gothic structure of surpassing beauty; a church which is to hold 6,000 persons, and which will perhaps surpass the former in beauty, is now building immediately in front of it. The basilica contains fifteen side chapels and a crypt-basement, all of which as well as the basilica itself are superbly decorated with thousands upon thousands of votive, royal presents and 400 banners. That of the United States, conspicuously mounted, is to the left of the main altar.

—Simultaneously with the death of Cardinal McCloskey, there departed this life a man who was once honored as a priest, but whose pride caused his downfall. The unfortunate man in question is Dr. John Murray Forbes, a convert from the Episcopal church, who was a priest in New York, but who became a pervert because he thought his "talents" were not sufficiently recognized in the Catholic Church. He was 78 years old when he died, but, like Luther and other fallen priests, he was foolish enough to marry a young wife a few years ago, and now comes news that he has to pay the penalty of his folly.

—A recent cablegram from London says that Cardinal Manning and fourteen other British Catholic Bishops have issued a manifesto denouncing mixed education." It is impossible, the manifesto says, for Catholics to accept education when it is divorced from religion. Free education is tantamount to a State monopoly of education. Christianity will be imperiled unless the State subsidies religious and secular schools equally. This is gratifying news to American Catholics, and we hope the efforts of the Catholic Prelacy both in Europe and America, in order to obtain even handed justice for Catholics, may speedily be crowned with success.

—The English State Church established by King Henry VIII., is gradually losing its preachers who are showing their good sense by coming over to the Catholic Church. The latest convert is that distinguished "Rev. Owen King, curate of Leigh, Kent." Mr. King, who held his flock that he could teach error no longer, but was going to enter Christ's True Fold. The Rev. C. W. S. Morrill, rector of St. James' Episcopalian Church, Woonsocket, Rhode Island, whose conversion we published last month, is about entering the Roman Catholic Church, and will shortly be ordained a priest. Thus, every act of devotion we perform for the suffering souls in Purgatory is pleasing to God because our prayers and the Holy Sacrifice have the power to people heaven through God's mercy, and also to gratify the longing desire of many a poor father, mother, sister, brother, friend or relative, to be released from their sins. Such souls are overflowing with gratitude, and the little sacrifices we make for them on earth will be returned to us a thousand fold by their fervent and acceptable prayers for us in their eternal abode with God!

Extraordinary Jubilee Next Year.

An official communication dated "First Vespers of the Most Holy Rosary, October 3rd, 1885," and signed by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, was published in the *Osservatore Romano* of the 3rd ult., in which it is proclaimed that his Holiness Leo XIII., moved by a desire to provide in these exceptional times extraordinary incentives to devotion, has been graciously pleased to accord in the coming year, 1886, to the entire Catholic world, an extraordinary Jubilee. His Holiness—in his ardent love for the Mother of God—intends to place this Jubilee under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Queen of Heaven, hence the Pope promulgated the Decree on the eve of the festival on which she crushed the head of the serpent, the glorious and ever Immaculate Mother of God is honored by the Church under the title of "Our *Lady* of the Holy Rosary."

Is this a Specimen of Methodist Christianity?

We have often given in these columns specimens of the spleen indulged in by Protestant preachers whenever the Host below infused a fraction of his diabolical hatred of the Catholic Church and its immortal regions, but in our last issue we have a specimen of Christian charity which we believe is just three times as bad as any previous specimen of the spirit of Methodism that we have ever encountered in our long career as a critic of sectarianism. Here is the editorial in question:

DEAR FRIEND.—An honorable (?) member of the Legislature, one other day, attempted a Sunday night on sight, not long since.

We hope no reader of the MONITOR will think for a moment that this "dog-gone" specimen of Methodist literature ever emanated from the fervid brain of our esteemed friend

Rev. Brother McCrary
From sweet Tipperary.

No! The veteran editor of the *Advocate* possesses far too kindly a heart to use such a ruffianly comparison regarding any Christian—no matter how great never a sinner he might be even in the eyes of the Methodist elect. Dr. Crary says in the same issue of his paper that "Scar godliness is a vous than muddy sourdough," hence we know that the capacious mind which could formulate such a linguistic combination of vulgar and vegetation, is far too charitable to call his fellow-men canines.

Of course we must hold Methodism accountable for this shocking breach of all Christian charity, but our acquaintance with the genial gentleman who edits the *Advocate* leads us to believe that he could—under any circumstances—pen such poisonous lines for his paper, the crime would be committed under the influence of his unfortunate early training in Methodism rather than from any impulse of his head or his heart. As a Christian we blush at such brutal expressions, and we hope our Methodist confreres will hereafter guard his columns from any more such ungodly allusions to his fellow-man.

What a vast contrast is presented when we compare previous Catholic Christianity with that hope system of religion based on sectarianism! Here is a Methodist paper degrading men down to "dogs" because they attended a canine conflict on the Sabbath. Such is not the way our Blessed Redeemer reproved sinners, nor is it the mode pursued by the Vicar of Christ. It is reported that fully 20,000 Catholics were massacred in China during the recent turmoils and revolutions, and the attention of the Sovereign Pontiff Pope Leo XIII., having been called thereto, he wrote a letter of remonstrance to the Emperor of China, in which he neither called him a murderer or a "pagan dog." On the contrary, the Vicar of Christ, filled with that charity which is the mark of true Christianity, pleads with the Emperor for his Catholic people, and closes his edifying epistle by appealing to the Emperor under whose jurisdiction 28,000 Pirates, Sisters and Catholic Chinese converts had been massacred in cold blood: "Meanwhile we beg of God, Whose love is infinite and aeth, to grant you abundance of the spirit of wisdom and of counsel." Contrast this with the Methodist malice and the Catholic charity of the Pope of Rome, and the one degrades Christianity down to the very "dogs" it defames, whilst the other brings every Christian back to that memorable closing scene in the life of our Blessed Redeemer on Calvary, when He said of His executioners "*Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do!*" Such divine Catholic Church! How grandly the divine origin stands out in contrast with the vitiated sepulchers of sectarianism, whose mission the greatest of virtues is called into play in order to convince the world that God still lives in His Church, and wherein He manifests His mercy to man.

Approaching Canonizations.

A semi-official organ of the Holy Father in Rome announces that ten Causes of Beatification will be decided during the coming Sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII. in 1887; among them are those of the Venerable John Baptist La Salle, Clement Hofbauer, and the Spanish Augustinian Nun, Inos di Benigamin. At the same time the Canonization will take place of three already Blessed members of the Society of Jesus—Fathers Peter Claver, John Berchmans, and the Lay Brother Alfonso Rodriguez. Last year, the intimate friend of Blessed Peter Claver, and himself Beatified by Leo XII. in 1721, was, before his entrance into the Society, a man of wealth and station. He has left manuscript writings of a high spiritual order, which are now being collected and published in Spanish by Father Jaime Nonell, S. J., of the province of Spain. The work will embrace three volumes, in 8vo., one of which Vol. 1., of 800 pages, has been already given to the public. It contains a fine portrait of Blessed Alfonso Rodriguez—a steel engraving by the celebrated artist Heaton. Of the three decisive miracles selected for the Canonization of Blessed Peter Claver, two were wrought in this country, and one of the three chosen as the final test in the cause of Blessed John Berchmans, was also wrought in the New World in 1866, and accompanied by the apparition, with a prophecy of the Saint, the latter since verified, in favor of a young Novice of the Community of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, located at Grand Coteau, Louisiana.

—It is now definitely stated from Washington that General Grant's daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, is about to separate from her English husband. This is not wonderful. Mr. Sartoris is reported to have all the worst characteristics of the bullying Brutalist, without any of the redeeming qualities which, sometimes, make an American, or an Irishman, forgot an Englishman's cruelty. In short, Sartoris is not an English gentleman in the accepted sense of the word. When Miss Grant married Sartoris, she married her back on several hundred thousand true hearted American young men, any one of whom would make her life happy. A man who could show around the latters of his *Kanon*, as Sartoris is said to have done at a hotel in Wisconsin village, is too coarse a creature to be the husband of an American lady.

A Flagellation for Dr. D. McFall.

It is safe to say that not a dozen readers of the MONITOR ever heard of

That preacher of gospel and gall
The bishop-baited Dr. McFall,

who holds forth after an unusually fanatical fashion to the Chambers' street church, Boston, where he has—since Mr. Lyman's death—no sinners and no matter. Some time ago, we learn about the big bow-wow of bigotry thereof, the Christian owner of Chicago—the organ of a Protestant association that is trying to establish Protestantism as the national religion of America by an amendment to the Federal Constitution. Dr. David McFall is inflated with some strange gospel, and concerning the Catholic Church, and as his gas-bag was in good running order a few Sundays ago, the gaspiling wrestler with the Church of God enlightened his highly "cultured" audience on that memorable occasion by thus discoursing after his own diabolical fashion concerning the Bride of Christ. Alluding to the Quixotic idea which this gospel Gothic entertains regarding a mythical union which he thinks exists between Catholics and infidels—as against Protestants of all shades and sects—this long-tongued Reverend (?) gospel-gabber went on to say:

Among the monitory schools which are doing what such a Church is the front rank with the best, St. Mary's Academy. In this only, and in its place, the Church has lately gone back two ways, several years ago. It has given with the only child now by seventy four girl boarders, twenty-eight boy boarders, eighty girl day scholars and fifty boy day scholars. In the original main building there was added last year a new wing for exclusively Protestant boarders. The year another great wing was added, and the Protestant boarders in the main building there was added last year a new wing for exclusively Protestant boarders. The year another great wing was added, and the Protestant boarders in the main building there was added last year a new wing for exclusively Protestant boarders. The building has also been provided with two chapels, one for Protestants, the other for Catholics. The Protestant chapel, we are sorry to have to say, is not used, as we are assured, to guard against any entire alienation of children. There is perfect entire harmony and a chance around is every thing that the whole school is assembled, in a monumental affinity of the highest order. Every thing is teaching that a decided assembly in the foremost high schools of the Union, particular Protestant, and Christian, and Catholic, and so on to the most sought after accomplishments of the Christian Lady, and Mary and Jesus and Christ. The Church is to be limited to be entirely Christian, and Christ is to be in her there, for fashioning to be her Christ, and Christ is to be in her there, for fashioning to be her Christ, and Christ is to be in her there, for fashioning to be her Christ

Farm and Home.

Maxims to Make Life Happy.

— Force yourself to reflect upon what you read, paragraph by paragraph.

— Don't think too much importance on the things of this life, they are all passing.

— The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for the opportunity when it comes.

— Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore endeavor not to mislead them.

— Never all that you can; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

— Those though in highest place, who might and doubtless their friends, shall infallibly come to know the value of them, by having none when they shall most need them.

— Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and in revealing one's self to a very few, are the best securities both of peace and a good understanding with the world, and to the inward peace of our own minds.

— Always speak kindly and politely to those under you. If you want them to do anything for you ask them and not order them. They will respect and love you, and be much more willing to wait upon you.

— The happy gift of being agreeable seems to exhaust not in one but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight; and how many are there, who, by variety of other undeniable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, yet with the aids of wit, wisdom, or learning, nay, as it may seem, in their defiance; and this without appearing even to know that they possess it.

— How much of life is wasted in unfinished work! Many a man uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labor devoted to commencing ten things and leaving them useless would finish five of them and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief, time is short. Stop beginning forty things, and go back and finish four. Put patient, persistent toil into the matter, and, be assured, one completed undertaking will yield yourself more pleasure and the world more profit than a dozen fair plans of which people will say: "This man began to build and was not able to finish." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Good Work, or None.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M——, a well-known jurist, tells a story near Cincinnati, lored to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to. He had occasion once to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools:

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplaned boards — see them. It is cut from the home, and you need not take time to make a neat job of it. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge then went to dinner, and coming out found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to stop and come at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned, the boards were all planed and sandpapered, ready for nailing.

"I said you should have mended it, he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," he said angrily, "I do not care how it looks.

"Why, I made the great mistake of my life in my first overtime."

"What did you do? Let her go for a richer one?"

"No sirree."

"Then how in thunder did you make such a dreadful mistake?"

"Married her, my boy, married her!" he said, disconsolately, and hurried along with his market basket.

A Public-Spirited Citizen.

Jim McSnitter was tried in the district court at San Antonio, Texas, for stealing a horse. After speeches were made, the case was given to the jury, and while the jury was in the bench, the foreman of the jury

"The jury will now retire and deliberate on a verdict."

The foreman got up on his feet and addressed the court: "Yer honor, I'm the jury in this account. You can just stay right here and discuss the matter. In fact, I'd like to be present and help you make up your verdict. I want to do all I can to expedite justice."

The jury, nevertheless, retired, but after several hours they returned, being unable to agree upon a verdict.

Once more the prisoner arose in his seat and addressed the jury:

"Gentlemen, as far as I am concerned a few years more or less in the penitentiary is a matter of no importance. If you can agree on five years, make it ten. I don't want to have it said about me that I objected the course of justice or that I didn't have my public spirit."

How it Works.

The New York custom house civil service doctors had three separate examinations all going on at the same time, the other day. They first disposed this qualification of twenty candidates who want appointment from Appraiser McMillen as examiner of silks, worsteds and woollens, at $2500 per annum. Twelve candidates were examined for sugar samplers and thirty men for assistant gangers, who are paid $3 a day.

The applicants for assistant gangership were asked to do a little copying and to solve some simple examples in arithmetic. Several men declined the task. To one of the theoretical questions, "What is gauging?" one man replied, "To take a drink."

Another said that "proof," when applied to spirits, meant "pure." One question was:

"What is the unit of a gauger when he discovers violations of the revenue laws?" Too severe was, "To go to Washington."

How She Caught Him.

"Philander," said a pretty girl to her bashful beau, "I wish you'd tie this ribbon at my throat. I can's see how to do it without a glass." "Oh course I'll be too glad to," hesaid, and at once grappled the stronger. After an unsuccessful effort of five minutes, during which he got as red as a brick house and perspired like a pitcher of ice water on a July window sill, he stammered, "I—I don't think I can do it properly, Miss Mary." "Suppose, Philander," she whispered, with a pretty little blush, "suppose you call in a preacher to assist." Like the unveiling of a beautiful mystery the situation unfolded itself to Philander, and he feels better now.

How Gotham Honors Grant.

Raising $1,000,000 for a monument in New York to General Grant is rather uphill work. Some of the rich people who talk loudest about building the monument immediately, contribute very sparingly. They remind one of a farmer who, on being approached by the agent of a proposed railroad, exclaimed vociferously:

"I tell you I'm in favor of railroads first last and all the time. If railroads are a striking influence, they cause the waste places to blow as the rose. I tell you you can put me down as a man who will help to build a railroad."

The agent was delighted. As the farmer was rich, the agent suggested that the farmer would take about $50,000 worth of stock, so he took out his books and asked:

"How much stock shall I put you down?"

"Wal," said the farmer, "I suppose you can put me down for 10 cents, if it runs near my farm."

That is about as much stock as some of the wealthy New Yorkers take in the Grant monument.

— Don't hawk and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Family Fun.

Tom Corwin's Watermelon.

Several famous writers and orators of Boston were speaking of their lecture experiences, when the subject of pay was brought up. Each was certain he had received the smallest compensation. Finally one made a climax by saying "Listen, gentlemen. I had engaged to give a lecture for $5. After it was all over a grave-looking deacon came to me and said 'Mr. Holmes, we agreed to give you $5, but your talk wasn't just what we expected, and I guess we ought to give you $4.'"

This is hardly equal to the experience of Corwin, the famous Ohio orator. He once occasion he visited a hamlet and gave his services in a rousing political speech. A large White audience was continuous in applause, and a series of long drawn resolutions commending the party and particularly the speaker, prolonged the meeting until far into the night, keeping the eloquent Corwin until long after his regular time for retiring. Finally he escaped from the dismal drone of "whereas," and "resolved," and sought his room in the hotel. He had been asleep about an hour when he was aroused by a loud knocking at his chamber door.

Upon opening the door, the lately aroused sleeper discovered one of the headlights of the late meeting holding in his hand a bundle of resolutions, and at his feet lay a huge watermelon. The individual hung up the resolutions, presented the melon as a token of his appreciation, and retired to his home. The next morning Corwin found the resolutions of thanks, after which he rolled watermelon into the room, announcing it as the finest in the country. Corwin, appreciating the awkward ceremony of the resolutions and the compliments of the watermelon, thanked the delegates most eloquently. The latter individual planted himself firmly in the door, when Mr. Corwin finally asked, "My good man, is there anything else that I can do for you?" "Yes, sir," slowly and solemnly responded the individual addressed, "pay me 50 cents for that watermelon."

Keep Away from Bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your health never drink anything but water between meals.

If you would preserve your good name keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your good manners keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your good looks keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would avoid the of the clutches of the devil keep away from bar-rooms.

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Board, Tuition and Washing ... $250 00. Entrance Fee ... 10 00. Physician's Fee and Medicines ... 10 00. Vacation at College ... 50 00. Use of Bedding ... 10 00.

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REV. D. EETTELIN, President. [adv]

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Pupils are admitted at any time and receive the benefit of each half session, to date.

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Tuition in the 1st and 2d Grammar Classes ... $ 8 00. Tuition in the 3d and 4th Grammar Classes ... 10 00. Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes ... 12 00. Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes ... 15 00. Tuition in the 3d and 4th Primary Classes ... 20 00.

Pupils will be received at any time, and receive the benefit of each half session, to date.

Dress and Fancy Materials, Jewelry, Watches, Plating and Private Effects, Gents' Suits of Clothes, Ladies' Dresses, Silks, Satins, Laces, Furs, French and Spanish Shawls, Cashmere Shawls, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver Plate, Silver Ware, and Silver Coin, Pianos, Organs, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Sewing Machines, Tools, Instruments, Bicycles, Trunks, Valises, Saddles, Harness, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Blankets, Quilts, Counterpanes, Sheets, Pillows, Bolsters, Furniture, Crockery, Glassware, Tools, Implements, Stoves, Ranges, Furniture, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Matting, Mirrors, Looking Glasses, Paintings, Engravings, Photographs, Lithographs, Chromos, Photo Albums, Scrapbooks, Stereoscopes and Views, Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Guns, Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols, Revolvers, Musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, Safes, Tools, Implements, Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Valises, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Bedding, Carpets, Stoves, Ranges, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Chandeliers, Gas Fixtures, Silverware, Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Furs, Robes, Blankets, Quilts, Counterpanes, Sheets, Pillows, Bolsters, Pillow Slips, Bedding, Furniture, Upholstery Goods

LETTER FROM MICHAEL DAVITT.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

Salisbury and Randolph Churchill, on the part of the Tories, hint at a possible solution of the Irish National question through a scheme for the federation of the British empire. Mr. Childers is speaking, according to general belief, the intentions of Mr. Gladstone, effort in the entire administration of the law, the control of the police, public works, the Poor law administration, the registration of the franchise, the trade department, the schools, and the universities.

Hesitation may arise in Irish minds on remembering that Ireland was under a Crimes Act for late years, and that, and that, I just Irish Nationalists care impious and a shrunk imaginary, but I can hardly, will think Mr. Childers's offer a very remarkable one. So it unquestionably is, but we can afford to wait for error better time, and they are certainly in to forecoming, if we only maintain the same persistent energy in working for them, both in Ireland and in Westminster, which has brought this minister of British statesman so far in the direction of our aims during the last six years. We are not likely to fall in doing so.

The main question is the immediate difficulty, however. How it is to be fought out this winter gives more concern to the popular leaders than does the attitude of English Whigs and Tories on the Home Rule problem. It will be the natural rather than the political forces of the Irish people which will be brought into play during the next eight months, if the landlords persist in demanding their usual pound of flesh; and such a power, when contending for the rights of the domestic heartharmes, is not easily put down in Ireland. The London Tools come up the situation so accurately in yesterday's issue that I will quote its words in preference

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF MY OWN:

The state of the seas is thin, and every cardinal Irish landlord says it would be impossible for him to go in the teeth of the *Times'* leading article. The Irish farmers can't sell their cattle. They are pressed to sell it at a loss; to sell on almost any terms, if only to avoid the expense of winter keep; but they can't sell at all. The beasts are driven from fair to fair, and no one even asks the price of them. This is the story that is coming from every part of Ireland. Not fully, then, is "call upon the Government to stand firm," and the landlords to "keep a stiff back-bone." Still, indeed! If they are stiff now, they will be stiffer when the winter comes. If they do not now know what they had better bend. The choice is not between a little rent and much, but between a little rent and none. When the Land Act was passed it was found by all concerned that prices were set at the back of their heads, that it would not prove a fair settlement. The most that was hoped for was that it would give a breathing space. But it has not even done that. The time has passed, and or than ever could have imagined. What was a "fair rent" four years ago is a "rack rent" now. Add to this that the Commissioners, as a rule, took a complete view than a dispassionate view of the prospects of Irish agriculture. The present response to the appeal to the landlords to stand or cause a panic. All the enemies in the world of Ireland, and all the friends of Ireland, are ready to the last farthing to see the Land Act amended into the little shape, bullied to hold about fifty, and it was dropped by present workingmen hopes in the house which this little company of pious asylum has made up. In order to prevent suffocation, and perhaps as accident, the Tories are obliged to let the seen into the chair and the space immediately in front of the small seat. The Irish people, they are not yet standing, darker the overcoats, or the hard Tomkins, while those in front remained seated. Their supremes and foreign rattlesnakes.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with cheers, and his friends was absent, he, as proposed, to read, on the facade of the convent, "Ad te Omnesque, exaje Gilli Gallie." "Yes," he cried, "those cries will produce their effect."

— The temporary officers of the Branch of the Catholic Knights of America recently created in Maryville, are P. C. Slattery, President; T. J. Powers, Secretary, and Thomas Clark, Treasurer. Any of these continuous will furnish all information needed by those who may wish to join.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

Probable Result of the Nest Election.

LONDON, October 26.—A correspondent of the National News Agency shows the probable total of each party at the coming election, as follows: Nationalists (Non Ireland, 1 in England) Liberals (Irish, 1 in Ulster, Nationalists, 1 in Ireland, 20 in Great Britain) Conservatives, 1 in Ireland, 1 in Ulster, 1 in Scotland, 1 in England

Poetry

LIFE AND DEATH.

I passed through a street of tears,
And I saw the weakness was there—
Swinging his axe in the morning hours,
And falling as oak trees fall.
And ever he hung as he swung
And his mirth rang clear and high
As the tree falls, as the tree falls,
So shall it die, die, die!"

I passed through a street of smiles
The Weakness was there with him
Falling a life most fair,
And ever he sang as he wrought,
And his song soared up to the sky.
"At a time I live, as a man live,
So shall he die, die, die!"

I felt of the falling tree:
"Children of the dying file!
This was the sound he brought to me,
With bliss or bitterness rife
As the time of the forest falls
So shall it fall and lie;
And the self-sped fall of this life of mine
Must seal my fate when I die."

SUZANNE C. DONNELLY.

THE HOLY NAME OF MARY.

BY SISTER MARY ALPHONSUS.

Sing for the man whose fairness you
Was never heard to vary,
Nor pause to watch how much Yousuff say
In love and praise to Mary.

They gave her name a world-wide fame
They raised to Heaven her story,
But never could reach what God would teach
If He should tell her glory.

Who dares to say that God went wrong
The office to place Hall's reader,
Lest He should have said, "Sing day or night
As to exhibit His wonder"?

Who dares to think that God in His world shrink
Or weaken, e'er every dollar,
The Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God
And royal right of Mother?

Then, bless the man whose fairness you
Was never known to vary,
But still he write, in dazzling light,
The Holy Name of Mary.

They gave her name was a world-wide fame
They sketched from Heaven her story,
But he or he could reach what God will teach
When He shall tell her glory.

Literary Miscellany.

The Miser of the Mountain.

WRITTEN FOR THE "CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC," BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

It was one of those wild but magnificent mountain passes which lend to the scenery of Connemara the character of grandeur. It was a vast defile separating a small inclosed bay on the one hand, from a broad and tranquil river on the other. Nestling in the shadow of this hill skirting the western side of the bay, was a group of cottages, a little settlement, which had grown up under the fostering care of a philanthropic gentleman. The cottages, for the most part, enjoyed a measure of peace and prosperity unknown in some of the outlying districts, but they apparently, from time to time, periods of the direst want.

Over the fifteen miles of intervening mountain pass above, the fishermen were accustomed to transport their wares to the thriving towns which bordered the river beyond. Yet few of them were venturesome enough to encounter its perils after nightfall. It was a wild and desolate and traditions ascribed to it a supernatural origin. It was said that for up its steepest point, a saint had, at some prehistoric time, built a bridge for his convenience, and was in a fray encounter with the Evil One, that he had frayed out this passage through the rocks.

It was the afternoon of the 17th of October, when our simple story opens, and it was very evident that a storm was about to burst upon the mountains.

The sky was dark and lurid, the sun was over the bay, lurid lights made a sickening glare. The bay itself was deadly pale, and the air was strangely thick and oppressive. At the very moment the story opens, just when traditions had placed of old the dwelling of the saint, stood a hut rudely constructed of shingles, and thatched with turf. A single window or aperture, guiltless of glass, looked upon the ghostly solitude without, while a single chair, and a comfortless bed stared a little misery occupant within. He was an old man, weighed down as well by years as by some grovelling instinct that made him seek the earth. His course has an gathered up almost completely from sight, by a cap which fitted close upon his head, ending in a peak at the back. His outer garment was a loose coat or gown, of a dull greenish brown, drawn in by a cord at the waist, and covered with a shaggy cape on shoulders. His eyes gleamed fire from under his shaggy brows, his lips, thin and shrivel lied, had all but lost their resemblance to any human feature. He sat, as it were, absorbed in some sinister thing. It was only when he rose that a slight deformity became apparent, a small hump upon the back, that was almost entirely concealed by the loose garment he wore. He got upstairs deeply, muttering to himself, as he did so, and rubbing the palm of one hand against the other in a slow, meditative way. Thus muttering, he approached an corner of the hut, and behold the storm which had burst with terrific fury. Blinding sheets of flame swept over the heights, and quivered upon the blackness of the waters below. They seemed to rend the heavens asunder, threatening thus both upon each other with blindness. The rocks looked pale, as if awed by the fierceness of the contending elements. The mountains, hid in gloom, seemed a silent, fearful barrier to the arrds around them. The unceasing roar of the hut looked out upon the scene an instant, then burst into a shriek of merriment that had something more fearful in it than the howling of the storm.

"Here it lies safe enough," he chuckled, "clean starvation to them. Not a boat will be able to get out for days to come, and those that are out'll be dashed to pieces as I'm a sinner. More wrecks. I had a feast of them last week there. 'tch Denis Mahoney, I have you now."

As he spoke, he drew in and out his long, claw-like fingers, with a hideous gesture of appropriation.

"When I was a bit of a gossoon," he went on, "I used to hear the old people sitting around the hearth, sleevin' and talkin', bad cess to them silly tongues, about the good people, and the gentry, and the leprechaun, that dug up pots of gold out of the earth. But divil a leprechaun at all I'd see, if they spoke of him."

He shook his head and smiled at the thought.

"Is the handfuls o' crisp Bank of Ireland notes I'll be getting, and possession of a hut of cottage and mabbe a boat or two, if there's any left, thrown into the bargain."

He clapped his hands, shouted for very glee, making a hideous spectacle, in the gloom that was fast shutting out every object. "And that could scandhaun of a mother of his, spending weeks at the end, 'making her soul' at Lough Derg, and praying that all might go well with the failing."

His words were drowned in a deafening peal of thunder that seemed to split the very mountains in twain. But the being within the hut continued his soliloquy with perfect composure, apparently impervious to fear.

"If once I get my clutches on Mahoney's place," he said, "I'm thinking I'll have to move down there, and then mabbe they'll give up calling me 'The Miser of the Mountain.' Cormac 'll be a great man, then, and

With a cackling laugh, he withdrew into the interior of the cabin, seating himself once more, at intervals, on a chair of antiquity, his dull eyes fixed upon the fire-hearth, and his hands working nervously.

Down in the little fishing settlement there was trouble and uncertainty. The day had been but upon the previous night with hands of fish, their owners in most cases barely escaping with their lives. The peasant storms had been of serious injury to the fishing. Want was staring many of the cottagers in the face. In the immediate vicinity of Mahoney, positive consternation prevailed. The effects of the storm had been particularly disastrous to the head of the house, who was the owner of several boats, and one of the most heavily involved in the losses of the previous night. He knew that it meant sheer ruin to him.

"Well, it does the like the heart out of one and no mistake, avourneen, and his mother from her grave, close to the hearth, that was always to be seen there, a sainty little body, with a placid, somewhat wrinkled face, framed in a close fitting cap. She was long past going out, even to church, and her limbs were failing her so that she could only walk a few steps at a time.

"I'll run in out and out, mother," said Denis, his face pale and haggard with the lonnaghtt-water, and the harrowing anxiety. "Three boats gone, two more unfit for use, and not a handful o' fish for the market."

"Whisht to be done at all," said Delia Mahoney, his wife, wringing her hands in distress.

"But that's little to what is to come," continued Denis: "sure, if it weren't for the savings out o' that old idiot, Cormac, me mind 'd be almost easy. The day I'm night I'd come to, and I'd find hard and it, but, all the good ever out his world shaken

"Cormac!" exclaimed the other mother, speaking from her corner with the tolerness, which old age, alone can give. It seems as if the old lose the keen pangs of earthly woe, to gain a deeper insight into heavenly ones. Thirty years ago, she had voice to the old woman's proposition, but the reality of it was more distant to her than to her. Small as the cottage was, it had a look of comfort. The hut was well overhead were lit with the red glare of the turf fire burning on the broad hearth, clean swept, and always warm. The children, with their grainy told them it must be kept clean for the good people to come down the chimney at night. The wooden settle, and the three legged stools, and crockpots, as well as the rude table in the middle of the floor were white as the driest sand. Here and there a net, or portions of fishing tackle, as well as the dried fish, hanging in string overhead, seemed to point to the owner's occupation.

"Sorrigh, the ways o' God are wonderful," went on Denis sadfully, "that he would let strike that old scoundrel on the sea, along with a thunderbolt, and he so high up there, close to the clouds!"

"It's a shame for a thoi-fearin' man like yourself, Denis," said his mother, energetically, from the chimney corner, "to be heard speakin' thet way, and foremost the children too."

"It's myself hardly knows what I'm saying at all, mother," said Denis, ashamed by the rebuke. "My head's that dazed, and my heart's like sore. To think o' the man swoopin' down here like a vulture on us, and all my sarrun's gone, and nothing to the fire."

He fairly broke down and sobbed aloud.

"Denis sacrifice, you have tried, and his wife, laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder. "Don't take the loss to heart, now, agra, for it breaks my heart.

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"God is heaven, grra, a-ruinnagh, son of my heart," said is mother, "think o' Him that sends you the sore trial."

Two children, Mary and John, who were playing in the hut, looked up at the mention of their eldest brother, Cormac, who was at sea, and Mary, who was the more advanced of the two, ventured to inquire if it was possible that Cormac could be in the storm.

"Is it possible, my faithful Denis," he asked at last, "is this what you have seen to, and I never knew it?"

The poor face fairly beamed with joy.

"Mr. Charlie, he cried out, "I had never dared ask you for it. It is my poor mother's prayers, and to think I could have doubted the good Lord! Sure, I'm a bad man, I'm that bad, the pains of death may come on me this minute!"

At Mr. O'Byrne's request he went into all the details of their sad plight, to which the young man listened with deep compassion. Old Mrs. Mahoney had been his nurse, and Denis and he brought up almost like brothers.

"Poor old Molly is gone," he said, the tears gathering in his eyes, "the truest, most faithful creature, God ever put on earth. To think of such misery as you and I wasting time and money in Paris but cheer up, Denis, my man, its all right now. The old place shall be secured to you, and I'll have the doctor here in a minute, as soon as I get rid of this brute in the kitchen."

"May the music of the Lord light you into heaven, Mr. Charlie," said Denis, the tears streaming down his face, and using in his gratitude, the poetical expression in vogue in that part of the country, "'twas you was always the good friend to the poor, and to the widow, and to the fatherless, God bless that's gone."

The getting rid of old Cormac was a pretty expensive proceeding for Mr. O'Byrne, but he managed it, nevertheless. In a month from that time, the Mahoneys were in a fair way to be comfortable as they had ever been. Holding the lease of the farm from Mr. O'Byrne, at an almost nominal rent, the lease required and said one or two more purchased, prosperity seemed to shine on them once more. Only there was a shadow on the corner near the hearth, and a sadness in Mary's and Denis's face, in the long, lingering gaze, full of a peace that no trouble had ever observed.

But a short time after, too, Cormac, the boy of the Great Mountain" was found dead on the floor of his cabin. He seemed to have died in some dreadful agony, and the terrified people who found him, entertained fear that mountain road more than ever, and swore that no act of evil, on the part of Cormac, the miser, still haunts the spot. It appeared to be a fearful agony for the fishing, and a sore presage of destruction for the lower, or other disasters.

The Cardinal and the Infidel.

Years ago, while Cardinal McCloskey was yet a parish priest, an incident that happened which was not without its influence on the career of another man. An infidel was holding forth with much earnestness at a little social assemblage one evening when the young priest was called in to his aid and applaud. Pious, modest, an assuming rather than McCloskey was not yet distinguished few people had heard of him outside of certain circles of intimates in the church. The host was an old friend with whom he had been a schoolfellow when he was a lad, and he was glad to see that it was evident that the priest was finding much more pleasure in revisiting old time reminiscences than in attending to the attractions of the conversation of the free-thinking orator about whom the greater part of the evening had been spent.

Finally, however, further audience was demanded. He found himself addressed directly by name. He offered an evasive answer, and sought to turn the conversation into pleasanter channels, but the aggrieved orator would not hear of it. He was called upon to defend the ignorance of the priest. He broke almost into a rage at the suggestion that his deliverance, but vehemence really in their place, for the reality to come. But he managed to make a fair retreat, and he did not, and the old man, blessing Lonnie from the door with a look of bitter hatred. "In the good days I was author but calling me ignorance, and swearing I should be driven out of the place after I was many months older, and then it was bigger o' me, and getting my money, and what have I to regret? Sure, I'm a bit of a place, where I have lived so long."

The stranger was already in the inner room, and Denis, his faithful Denis, "he asked at last, "is this what you have seen to, and I never knew it?"

"Mr. Charlie, he cried out, "I had never dared ask you for it. It is my poor mother's prayers, and to think I could have doubted the good Lord! Sure, I'm a bad man, I'm that bad, the pains of death may come on me this minute!"

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FISH CULTURE FOR FARMERS.

Some Practical Hints that may be Profitable to California Farmers.

Editor of the Monitor.

Dear Sir—I have for a long time thought it a pity a paper for the Paper of Fish Culture, but not being used to writing pot I still put it off. But now I see you are with publishing done, and you will oblige a reader. Respectfully,

[illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa.

[illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa.

[illegible] to my left a human all over the country, and I am sorry to say, that I am not at all anxious to call an honest living. When I was only 25 and about 40 years old, we have to look sharp to make ends meet, and a few cofferings of thought gives them much to assist us. I have that I have all that I possess to thing yourself in my different papers. I bought a farm in Iowa. Then everyone thought that things were at their lowest and times most lightsome. But experience good times did not make my exchequer. I could see raw grain, cattle or hogs with any profit. So I was driven to look for something new. I arrive on raising Fish. I will say to start in that the U. S. Government will give free of charge to anyone desiring to start in the business four 12 to 20 "German Carp Pair" to ship to any place in the United States, the power to advance "Fish Culture" as it is a business field of great and increasing importance. It requires to spread and brings in a large revenue, and there is a ready cash market for the Fish. There is no possible doubt but that it will more nearly pay to Fish Culture than in raising cattle, sheep, or hogs. Its strength of are not detected. The Fish are very Fish and are of the finest kind. I have a stock of carp farmers say, as I said I would like to know.

Where can I get the Carp? Answer—Write to the U. S. Fish Cul. Commissioner, it will cost you a little money, but perhaps you will get free the information you desire. Will be very kind of you if you will write to 20 German Carp, which the Government will give free of charge. Is it not a good business? Answer—Yes, they will pay well, and by which you can get the Fish cultured. I have no doubt of my making money in the Fish business. I have a pond 1 acre in size, the Government would go to the expense of raising Fish as I propose, hoping that it will be a profitable trade for those others to engage in. I have a large pond must I have, and what will it cost to start with—Answer A pond five or 20 feet across will do for a start, and it will cost nothing except a little digging. You can easily pay out a cost. Fish are raising on my lot. What will I do for water? The Government Carp do require running water. They do better in still water, even swamps are good. Will they not be in danger from U. S. as the best and most profitable for raising fish? Any place in the U. S. will do, Fish are the same. Can I get a ready sale for your fish. Kansas is above all, but alone your goodness to her as much. The "Herman Carp" are such excellent fish that they command a good price everywhere. Will it not take a long time to raise Fish in quantity? Answer—No, the Government gives? Answer—No, indeed each female Carp from 40 to 60 thousand eggs every year. Is not the business amazingly fast, and will increase your fortune in just as fast as the Fish can increase? Is it not a fish pond? Answer—Yes, I have a pond 1 acre in size between Nov 1st, and March 1st. Do you think I can make a living out of it? Answer—Yes, I think you can, if you are not nothing during the cold months, but be on a distant state while sheep and cattle are eating their heads off. If the Government gives free of charge 20 Carp, the fishing egg, full of a peace that no trouble had ever observed.

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THE SEVEN SHRINES OF MARY.

BY CYRIL CLARE.

"Twelve months ago I was a poor man. My own wife and a few relations were carrying on a little business in a little village in Ireland. I was a poor man. Any one can tell you that. Honored sir, they can tell you the way to Corsica is but one step from the black place and a wretched hut. It is a place for the reality to come. But I am proud to be an Irishman, and I am not ashamed of my poverty I'm in, and me, and my wife and children, asking charity to eat a bit of bread.

"I came here to find Denis Mahoney," interrupted the stranger brusquely. "Have you much poverty to tell me?"

"Is there, the swindling thief of the world, and the old sick, Lazarus Lonnie from the door with a look of bitter hatred. "In the good days I was author but calling me ignorance, and swearing I should be driven out of the place after I was many months older, and then it was bigger o' me, and getting my money, and what have I to regret? Sure, I'm a bit of a place, where I have lived so long."

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But a short time after, too, Cormac, the boy of the Great Mountain" was found dead on the floor of his cabin. He seemed to have died in some dreadful agony, and the terrified people who found him, entertained fear that mountain road more than ever, and swore that no act of evil, on the part of Cormac, the miser, still haunts the spot. It appeared to be a fearful agony for the fishing, and a sore presage of destruction for the lower, or other disasters.

The Chant of the Souls in Purgatory.

The following appeared in the writings of the Venerable Th. Hoeven, Dutch Author, and what he translates from the Dutch into French, as seen translated into English.

It is the "black month" (November) the month of the souls in purgatory, the month of the dead and praying for them. On the evening of All Souls Day the cemetery is invaded by the multitude. Each knee bent, crowded on the damp grass, by the graves of their dear relatives, and all the holiest, their gravestone with holy water or, second the collections, sometimes in tears in the church. The hour was an old friend with whom he had been a schoolfellow when he was a lad, and he was glad to see that it was evident that the priest was finding much more pleasure in revisiting old time reminiscences than in attending to the attractions of the conversation of the free-thinking orator about whom the greater part of the evening had been spent.

Finally, however, further audience was demanded. He found himself addressed directly by name. He offered an evasive answer, and sought to turn the conversation into pleasanter channels, but the aggrieved orator would not hear of it. He was called upon to defend the ignorance of the priest. He broke almost into a rage at the suggestion that his deliverance, but vehemence really in their place, for the reality to come. But he managed to make a fair retreat, and he did not, and the old man, blessing Lonnie from the door with a look of bitter hatred. "In the good days I was author but calling me ignorance, and swearing I should be driven out of the place after I was many months older, and then it was bigger o' me, and getting my money, and what have I to regret? Sure, I'm a bit of a place, where I have lived so long."

The stranger was already in the inner room, and Denis, his faithful Denis, "he asked at last, "is this what you have seen to, and I never knew it?"

"Mr. Charlie, he cried out, "I had never dared ask you for it. It is my poor mother's prayers, and to think I could have doubted the good Lord! Sure, I'm a bad man, I'm that bad, the pains of death may come on me this minute!"

At Mr. O'Byrne's request he went into all the details of their sad plight, to which the young man listened with deep compassion. Old Mrs. Mahoney had been his nurse, and Denis and he brought up almost like brothers.

"Poor old Molly is gone," he said, the tears gathering in his eyes, "the truest, most faithful creature, God ever put on earth. To think of such misery as you and I wasting time and money in Paris but cheer up, Denis, my man, its all right now. The old place shall be secured to you, and I'll have the doctor here in a minute, as soon as I get rid of this brute in the kitchen."

"May the music of the Lord light you into heaven, Mr. Charlie," said Denis, the tears streaming down his face, and using in his gratitude, the poetical expression in vogue in that part of the country, "'twas you was always the good friend to the poor, and to the widow, and to the fatherless, God bless that's gone."

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A FATHER'S LIFE.

How it was Saved through Filial Love.

In a wedding in the county of Salamanca near the town of Mondego, a gentleman said and his three sons. Upon meeting, he said, "I am very happy to see you all assembled according to the custom of his own house."

THE MONITOR.

PAROCHIAL JOURNAL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1885.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

In accordance with our annual custom we will present our readers with a twelve page illustrated MONITOR at CHRISTMAS, and we desire to inform all persons and religious orders, though that their contributions must reach this office on or before the 20th of November, in order to get copied in time for the CHRISTMAS MONITOR will have to go to press on December 15th, so as to reach all sections of the Union by Christmas Day. Persons who desire extra copies to send to friends can have them mailed free, direct from this office, by sending in at any time between now and Christmas the addresses of those to whom they wish copies sent, accompanied with 10 cents in one or stamps for each copy thus ordered for friends in the Eastern States or Europe. The CHRISTMAS MONITOR will be a most acceptable present to send to friends far away from those who dwell along the Pacific Coast, and we hope that hundreds of our subscribers will avail themselves of this liberal offer.

Editorial Notes.

—A very interesting contribution on Fish Culture will be found on the second page of this issue of THE MONITOR. The suggestions therein may prove very profitable to many of our readers all over this coast if they are carried out as our correspondent suggests.

—Dr. O'Connell, Rector of the American College in Rome, arrived in New York last Monday, bringing with him the acts and decrees of the Third Plenary Council held in Baltimore, which have been revised by the Pope. The decrees are substantially unaltered, but some minor details have been modified. Dr. O'Connell expects to return to Rome early in January.

—There seems to be a general determination among the people all over this coast that the Chinese must go. Already they have been forcibly expelled from several towns in Washington territory and Oregon as well as from towns in this State. Self preservation is the first law of nature, and the laboring portion of the white race will not suffer their right to life, liberty and happiness to be destroyed by the interference of Chinese coolies.

—Great Britain's agricultural interests are doomed to be destroyed by American competition. A wail comes from Lincolnshire, England, because the people are breaking up there to the most lively fashion. The country produces nothing but wheat, and, of course, with that commodity at 30s. and 29s. 6d. a quarter, the growers are bankrupted. A Cambridge graduate lost £75,000 at farming in three or four seasons, and is now clerk to a local gas company. The farming population are all clubbing to get to this country, as American competition has killed their occupation.

—Scarcely a day passes but some claring Catholics, some over by cable from Europe and is spread broadcast over America to the detriment of Christian morality. In a subpigram of the 6th inst.—concerning the Canadian rebel Riel—it was stated that for the part Riel played in the rebellion of 1869, the Pope sent him, as a memento, "a nail from Christ's cross." This is another of those malignant falsehoods with which the Atlantic cable is so frequently "dot, as we must in the present was ever made by the Pope to Riel.

—Lord Carnarvon promises to be the most liberal Lord Lieutenant representing England in Ireland for many years. His latest act of justice towards the Catholics of Ireland is an intimation which he sent to the Archbishop of Tuam that he has been successful in obtaining consent to establish a Boys' Industrial School at Letterfrack, and to procure the extension of the Girls' Industrial Schools at Clifden and Westport. As a further proof of his practical concern for the education of the poor, his Excellency has succeeded with those concerned in securing leases for schools and teachers' dwellings on the Islands of Aran.

—The advice given to the Catholics of Socovia, Prussia, concerning their duty as voters, is just as applicable to the Catholics of the Pacific coast as it is to our co-religionists who are more directly interested in the Prussian Reichstrath. The Bishop says: "These elections are important for all; both as regards this present life, for the laws that may be passed will last for ages; and as regards eternity, for those same laws, in their relation to Church and schools, will influence the eternal salvation of many. It is a duty, therefore, for all to be united, and to work might and main for our common spiritual interests." Would that the Catholics of America might emblazon these words on their political battle flags whenever the interests of the Church or Catholic education is concerned.

—We stated a few weeks ago our belief that Cardinal Newman was misquoted when the secular press made him say that the English Established church was "the great Indower against infidelity" on that land. In this the MONITOR was correct, as Cardinal Newman, in a letter recently published in a London paper, says over his own signature: "I beg leave to call your attention to a passage in your admirable review book of Dr. Pusey's work. It is there asserted by implication that the 'statement that the Church of England is, in fact, the great bulwark against infidelity in this land,' was 'originally enunciated by Dr. Newman.' I have written in my lifetime a great deal more than I can remember, but I neither know where I have made this particular statement nor can I conceive I ever made it, whether in print, in private letter or in conversation. And I am sure I should not have made it deliberately. Certainly it does not express my real judgment concerning the Church of England. Nor have I any reason to think that Dr. Pusey ascribes it to me. What I said in my 'Apologia' was this: 'Hitherto the National Church has hitherto been a serviceable breakwater against doctrinal error, more fundamental than is usual. The words 'serviceable' and 'breakwater' both convey the idea of something accidental and defective, whereas a bulwark is an essential part of the thing defended. Moreover, in saying 'against doctrinal error,' I meant more fundamental than this or that doctrinal error and those fundamental.'

It is enough for me, since a new Ecclesiastical will shortly be issued by the Holy Father. The document is said to be entitled "Sinn Sacrestumnt," the meaning of which is divided into two parts, the first part is doctrinal, and denounces the rights of the Church in all existing governments, and sets forth the Pope's views on the relations of the Church and States. The second part draws a harrowing picture of modern society, which is suffering for having abandoned the principles of the Catholic Church, and falls consequently to provide for or to relieve the aching classes. Society, impoverished and deceived, have lost all respect for civil and religious authority, and now seem on the verge of overturning the entire social fabric of Europe in revolution and anarchy. As soon as the documents reaches this office we will furnish our readers with the full text of the important document.

The Forty Hours' Devotion.

Archbishop Riordan having established the Forty Hours' Devotion throughout his Diocese, it is proper that we should give a brief explanation of that devotion for the benefit of thousands of our young readers or those Catholics who have never participated in the performance of this salutary spiritual exercise.

The Forty Hours' Devotion dates from the sixteenth century, when Fr. Joseph, a Capuchin of Milan, arranged the forty hours exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in honor of the forty hours our Divine Redeemer spent in the tomb. In 1560 Pope Pius IV., gave his apostolic sanction to a society called the Confraternity of Prayer or of Death, the main object of the members of which was to assist at the Forty Hours' Devotion every month.

In 1592 Pope Clement VIII. instituted the public and perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament on the different altars of all the principal churches in Rome. The Forty Hours were begun in St. Peter's and Force continued at regular intervals in all the churches during the whole year.

This is precisely what Archbishop Riordan is about accomplishing in this Diocese with the participation of the Rev. Clergy and the faithful laity who desire to secure for their souls the graces which Almighty God showers down upon all who honor Him in the Blessed Sacrament.

In order to excite additional devotion in all Catholic hearts, the Vicar of Christ has generously granted—to all the faithful of either sex—an indulgence of seven years, and as many quarantines, to be gained each day that they visit the church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and spend some time in prayer. Also a plenary indulgence to all who, besides visiting the church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and praying there on one day, go to Confession and receive Holy Communion in the Church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed.

The Forty Hours' Devotion will be commenced on the First Sunday of Advent in St. Mary's Cathedral in this city and in St. Rafael's Church, San Rafael, on the Second Sunday in Advent the Devotion will be instituted in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Oakland, and in the Church *Nuestra Senora del Pilar*, Spanishtown. On the Third Sunday in Advent the exercises will begin in St. Joseph's Church, Alameda, and in St. Rose's at Santa Rosa. On the Fourth Sunday in Advent the devotions will be commenced in the Presentation Convent chapel, Taylor and Ellis streets, and in St. Francis School's Church, Sonoma. The names of the other churches where the devotions will be carried on during the remainder of the ecclesiastical year will be printed in our editorial pages to the Christmas festival.

PIUS IX., POPE.

"FOR A PERPETUAL MEMORY OF THE THING."

The illustrious Order of Friar Preachers has been established even in France, by hereditary right the privilege of propagating the pious exercise of the Rosary in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of so-called substantiation of the Rosary, and this right has been confirmed many times by the Roman Pontiffs. Therefore the pious, also of the three provinces in France earnestly long that their Order may be put in possession of all its rights in this matter.

By the piety and industry of Marie Jaribert, of pious memory, a society was instituted at Lyons under the name of the Living Rosary, the members of which, distributed into groups of fifteen, draw by lots every month one of the Mysteries of the Rosary on which they meditate every day of the month while they recite a decade of the Rosary, this being repeated every month. Two forty, which already embraces a considerable number of members, was approved and enriched with indulgences by our predecessor Gregory XVI., of happy memory, who gave it as "Protector" the most eminent Cardinal Alexander Lambruschini, the Apostolic Nuncio of France, and as "Chief Director" our beloved son Selvagna, Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Lyons, giving the power to substitute lay directors in the different dioceses, as I is special to our beloved son the second the various sections of the society.

At the present time both the "Protector" and the "Chief Director" have appointed as long since dead, and the tie by of Friar Preachers has been established in France, since it is now divided into three provinces. Therefore, our dear sons, the present superior of these three provinces, seeing that the Living Rosary is designed by its original constitution and grants to the Order of Preachers the right of living the indulgences granted to it, assuredly feel that we will, by our authority, confirm the supreme dignity of Living Rosary to the Holy Order of Friar Preachers, and that the government of the society in the Brotherhoods of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary erected in various places.

Desiring to fulfill their desires, and to grant special marks of our good will to those who are favored in these letters, we also for them, for this purpose only, and we declare that the Order of Friar Preachers, in the Kingdom of France, is to be considered as the Chief Director of the Living Rosary, in substitution of the Apostolic Prayer, are hereby to be substituted for the Confraternity of the Rosary, and to have the same rights and indulgences which are given to the Confraternity of the Rosary, and to have the same rights and indulgences which are given to the Confraternity of the Rosary, and to have the same rights and indulgences which are given to

Farm and Home.

Useful Hints when Help is Needed.

— When a sprain occurs, lose no time in attending to it, however trivial it may at first appear. If at the ankle, sit down and remove the shoes and socks at once. As certain from the comparison of feet whether there has been a fracture or dislocation. If so, send for a physician as soon as possible, and keep perfectly quiet until he comes. If there is no fracture or displacement of the bones but only an excessive aching about the joint, send for a pail of hot water. Bathe the foot in this for fifteen to thirty minutes, keeping the water as hot as the ankle bone, and applying it with a sponge or towel. Then wrap the foot with strips of flannel saturated with hot water, and cover this dry with cloths. It is better not to touch the injured foot to the ground. Every step taken after a bad sprain adds a day to prevent its permanent recovery. Complete rest is the best cure for a sprain.

— Water can not satisfy the thirst which attends cholera, dysentery, diarrhea and some other forms of disease; in fact, drinking cold water seems to increase the thirst and induce other disagreeable sensations; but this thirst will be perfectly and pleasantly subdued by eating a comparatively small amount of ice, swallowing it as a large pieces as practicable, and as much as is wanted.

— The teeth should be washed with a stiff brush on rising, and with an old, used brush immediately after each meal, always employing lukewarm water or boiling cold water in the back part of the mouth until it is warmed. Never eat an atom after the teeth have been washed for the night. Always use the brush *slowly*, lightly and *long*; teeth may be ruined or broken. After using let the bristles of the brush be moved up and down by a twisting motion, making each one a tooth-pick. A yellowish tint to a tooth is proof of its soundness; hence do not seek to keep them of a pearly whiteness. It decays them.

— In case of bleeding from the nose, hold a sponge saturated with cold water to the nostrils, or, if this does not succeed, dissolve a little alum in a basin of water and inject or sniff some of this up the nostrils. Hold the head back and do not attempt to blow the nose.

— The best materials for poultices for common use are flaxseed, bread, charcoal, yeast, etc. A poultice should be applied to the inflamed part as warm as it can be comfortably borne. If the surface should be very tender, however, care should be taken to reduce the temperature of the poultice and to apply it gently one part at a time. After the poultice is applied the heat and moisture should be maintained as long as possible. A flaxseed poultice is strongly recommended when a soothing influence is desired, and heat and moisture are the great requirements. A bread poultice is perhaps more easily made, though not quite so effective. Yeast poultice is often used where the parts are slow to heal and it seems desirable to stimulate them. Charcoal poultices are thought by some physicians to have a disinfecting power, and are sometimes used on old wounds and indolent ulcers.

An Irish Mountain Farm.

Henry Labouchere in his paper, London *Truth*, says:—I wonder how many Englishmen have any notion what a Connaught mountain "farm" is like. Well, if you were to take off here and there about a third of the pavement behind the Duke of York's monument and plant "crops" in the holes thus made, and then between the cracks of the remaining stones insert a good many ferns and weeds, and set the place thoroughly, and lift the whole surface to an angle of about forty-five degrees, and then throw down the monument upon it in goodish big pieces, you will have an Irish mountain farm in miniature. But, for my part, I should not fancy paying rent for such a place. My argument would be that after all the trouble I had taken in grubbing up the stones and planting the crops and throwing down the monument I had earned the rights to be wet to the skin six days out of seven rent free. This is exactly what the "cultivators of the rock on the west coasts of Ireland, Scotland and the adjacent isles do say; and as they have now got votes, their opinions will probably attract some little attention in the near future.

Give a Paper to your Children

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are familiar, and he will progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year will do a child more good than a quarter of a year's schooling. Everything it must consider that information is connected with advertising. The mother of the family being one of its heads and having a more immediate charge of the children, should herself be instructed. A need occupied becomes fortified against the ills of this life, and is broad for emergency. Children amused by reading or study are, of course, more considerate and easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop who ought to have been reading! How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families would have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly thoughtlessly, fallen into temptation.

Danger in Oysters.

Now that the oyster season is fairly opened it is in order for us to advise however when they should order their oysters opened, for while there may not appear to be any danger in so innocent a looking thing as an oyster, there is nevertheless great danger in its killing us if by chance we should swallow a ragged piece of the oyster shell when eating oysters. There is just one way to prevent this danger, and that is by refusing all oysters that have been opened by the process known as "smashing." This operation spoils the appearance of the oyster and its shell, and small particles of the shell are hammered into the oyster, which, when introduced into the stomach, become a terror as deadly as the mistaken of drugists. Insist on it that your oysters are opened by the stabbing process, and you avert this danger. Children should not be allowed to eat oysters—raw or cooked—unless they have been thoroughly and carefully examined for minute particles of shells. I am very serious about this oyster-opening business, for having lost a very dear friend through his having carelessly swallowed a piece of oyster shell which clung to the oyster. I feel that I can not be too emphatic on this subject.—*The Cook.*

Notice of Removal of W. C. Price & Co.

We would call our numerous patrons and friends to take notice of the removal of W. C. Price & Co. Commission Merchants, to 202 Front street—we think the best locality in the city for their business, they are therefore prepared to receive and sell to best advantage, dried fruits, flaxseed, poultry, eggs, potatoes, onions, apples, potatoes, poultry—in fact everything you may have to ship to the city, they will sell on advantageous terms and will be pleased to make it worth your while to ship them. Refer to the commercial agencies or their neighbors, Commission Merchants, Cal. We would advise all our readers to give them a trial.

TAPE WORM REMOVED ALIVE in from 1.30 hours expense required on the road to PROF. DUFFLAY, 705 Market st., S. F. Send for circular giving symptoms and references. Refined not to expose C. O. D.

Family Fun.

Running for Office.

Hogg was as peaceable a man as everlived. He was sober, honest and respected. He had never beaten his wife; never taken any interest in a dog fight; had never been known to jump anybody else's watch, and never had attempted to steal a saw mill. Hogg's character was above reproach. He was a shining light to society. All his fellow citizens looked up to and honored him. He was extremely popular among the ladies. He was a church member and a deacon, and for several years had been a member of the committee for School Director—without salary.

Alas! Poor Hogg!

Little did he understand the deceit and treachery of this wicked world. His eyes were soon opened, however, for in less than a week after he was nominated, the opposition had fully established the following damaging charges against him:

1—That he was a free liver.

2—That he was a secret emissary of the Pope of Rome.

3—That he had broken his mother-in-law's jaw with an ice-pick.

4—That, if elected, he would make love to every school "marm" in the Department.

He Remembered.

"And you pretend to say," remarked a lawyer to a witness, "that you remember the exact words this man said to you ten years ago?"

"I do."

"Well, if my memory serves me, I met about this to know if you can swear to any expression which I then made?"

"I can."

"Yes, Mr. J., I want you to remember that you are under oath. Now, do you swear that you can quote with great accuracy a remark I made to you at Saratoga, five years ago?"

"I can."

"Well, what was it?"

"You met me in the hotel corridor."

"Yes, quite correct.

"And you shook hands with me."

"Naturally I did."

"And you said to me: 'Let's go and take something.'"

The otter of the court had to call silence for ten minutes, and the lawyer endeavored that the witness had a remarkable memory.

Hard to Suit.

"Mother," said a young wife, "would you mind cooking the dinner to-day? It would please John, I know. He complains somuch of the new girl that I shall be happier the moment I can get another.

"Certainly," replied the old lady cordially.

At dinner John said to his wife:

"Mary that new girl seems to be getting worse and worse."

The Broken Needle.

"Some twenty years ago," said the mild faced stranger, "my wife, while sewing suddenly missed her needle. She sat rocking more of it, and soon forgot all about her loss until last week, when—"

"When she found it, and was forgiven all about her rocking?" suggested Doodle. "When the point of the needle showed itself between her shoulder blades," growled Coffin. "When the needle was seen protruding from her prominent daughter's left forefinger," intimated Doodle. "No and the old faced stranger, "you are all wrong. She found it in a crack in the floor. It had been there all those years. Singular wasn't it? There was a common desire to walk with the blood of the mild faced stranger; but each demurred, and Coffin and Doodle paid their shamefaces.

A Misjudged Woman.

There were a half a dozen of them holding down a many chairs in a suburban drug store the other evening, when the talk changed to tramps, thieves and burglars, and Smith said:

"Well, now, but I'd like to try an experiment. I am a little skittish about them desperados, and Mrs. Smith knows it and takes advantage to brag about her own courage. She says she'd just like to find a tramp on the premises, and I'd see how she colored him up."

"Will!" asked one.

"Well, suppose one of you rig up and go to the front door and demand something to eat, and be mighty impudent about it; it will give her a scare and stop her brags."

The crowd fell in with the idea and one of the men donned an old hat and coat and fixed up as a tramp. Two minutes later he was knocking at the side door, while Smith and his friends were posted across the street.

It wasn't over two minutes after the tramp's first knock before he came out of the yard. He came over the fence. He was in such a hurry that he ran thirty rods before he could bring up. When Smith and the others reached him he had his hat off and was feeling his head and getting his breath to keep back a groan.

"Well," said Smith "what did you do?"

"Told her I wanted a hot supper mighty quick."

"And what did she say?"

"She asked whether I would have boiled turkey or frizzaeated chicken, and while I was trying to make up my mind she looked me on the ship, struck me on the head with a club and pushed me off the steps all in the same time.

And every one of the group looked back and saw Mrs. Smith on the walk in front of the house apparently waiting for somebody's return, and each man gasped out

"Will, I'll be hanged."

A Trade Revelation.

Mrs. De Blank—"Oh! Henry, you must send for the doctor at once. I believe I am getting the dropsy. Now don't delay a moment."

Mr. De Blank—"Why, what put that idea into your head?"

"Dear me! will you never be satisfied? Do what I say is true! I got weighed to-day and oh, it's awful! I weighed 300 pounds."

"Great St. George! where did you get weighed?"

"Around at your oval yard."

"Calm yourself, my dear. Your weight is exactly 150 pounds."

Cigars at Wholesale

Customer (in Harrison cigar store)—Have you got any Havana Cigars?

Dealer—Ya, dat vas a great Havana, varranted.

Customer—Give me a dollar's worth.

Dealer—Vas!

Customer—A dollar's worth.

Dealer—(confidentially)—You pay a counterfaar more and take a box.

All "Played Out."

"Isn't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well—cant sleep well. Can't work, and don't feel like anything. I am really played out, and really don't well. Dad of played out, nobody. That is what more of men are every day. If they would take the 'Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery' they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and revitalizes it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

Catholic Societies.

CATHOLIC RIGHTS OF AMERICA.

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ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PARISHES CITY.—Parnassus Council meets every second Tuesday in the month at Parnassus Hall, Fillmore street, near Hayes. The Conference Council for the City and Suburbs meets the first Tuesday in each month at Parnassus Hall. Officers of Parnassus Council—Jas. Bergin, President; Jas. Bergin, 1st Vice President; Jas. Bergin, 2d Vice President; Jas. Bergin, Recording Secretary; Jas. Bergin, Financial Secretary; Jas. Bergin, Treasurer; Jas. Bergin, Marshal; Jas. Bergin, Inside Sentinel; Jas. Bergin, Outside Sentinel; Jas. Bergin, Trustees; Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. J. Prendergast; President, Jas. Bergin; 1st Vice President, Jas. Bergin; 2d Vice President, Jas. Bergin; Recording Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Treasurer, Jas. Bergin; Marshal, Jas. Bergin; Inside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Outside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Trustees, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Bergin; President, Jas. Bergin; 1st Vice President, Jas. Bergin; 2d Vice President, Jas. Bergin; Recording Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Treasurer, Jas. Bergin; Marshal, Jas. Bergin; Inside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Outside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Trustees, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Bergin; President, Jas. Bergin; 1st Vice President, Jas. Bergin; 2d Vice President, Jas. Bergin; Recording Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Treasurer, Jas. Bergin; Marshal, Jas. Bergin; Inside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Outside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Trustees, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. JAMES PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Bergin; President, Jas. Bergin; 1st Vice President, Jas. Bergin; 2d Vice President, Jas. Bergin; Recording Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Treasurer, Jas. Bergin; Marshal, Jas. Bergin; Inside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Outside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Trustees, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Bergin; President, Jas. Bergin; 1st Vice President, Jas. Bergin; 2d Vice President, Jas. Bergin; Recording Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Treasurer, Jas. Bergin; Marshal, Jas. Bergin; Inside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Outside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Trustees, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Bergin; President, Jas. Bergin; 1st Vice President, Jas. Bergin; 2d Vice President, Jas. Bergin; Recording Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Treasurer, Jas. Bergin; Marshal, Jas. Bergin; Inside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Outside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Trustees, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. ANDREW'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Bergin; President, Jas. Bergin; 1st Vice President, Jas. Bergin; 2d Vice President, Jas. Bergin; Recording Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Treasurer, Jas. Bergin; Marshal, Jas. Bergin; Inside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Outside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Trustees, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. JAMES PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Bergin; President, Jas. Bergin; 1st Vice President, Jas. Bergin; 2d Vice President, Jas. Bergin; Recording Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Financial Secretary, Jas. Bergin; Treasurer, Jas. Bergin; Marshal, Jas. Bergin; Inside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Outside Sentinel, Jas. Bergin; Trustees, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin, Jas. Bergin; Delegate to Council, Jas. Bergin.

ST. JOHN'S

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

Tyndall Denounces Gladstone.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—John Tyndall, scientist, has written a letter in which he declines to stand as a candidate for member of Parliament for Greenwich. He says that the prominent aims of the Home would not suit him. He denounces Gladstone's policy as a dangerous one, and he doesn't like Parnell, however, or what they had anything in view, but he would willingly accept re-election as his chair. He proceeds to denounce the Gladstone Cabinet, which, he says, needed to be completely rent, caused five years of humiliation abroad and confusion at home. Recalling the events in the Transvaal and the Soudan, Mr. Tyndall says: "If there be a day of retribution for the accidents of men, I would not willingly accompany to the judgment seat the unpatriotic spirits of those who are responsible for the bloodshed in Egypt, and who have left behind us a dangerous business from the beginning to the end, yet the man who is responsible, above all others, for waste of blood, who sent Gordon to the wilds and there abandoned him to death and mutilation, was dare talk to the people of Mid Lothian, as if no fault rested upon his workmanship. The Conservative are fairly doing Tyndall's letter broadcast.

The Elections in Prussia.

BERLIN, Nov. 4.—As a result of the elections for members of the Prussian Diet, the strength of the parties in the Lower House is as follows: Conservatives, 140; Free Conservatives, 60; Clericals, 99; National Liberals, 70; New Germans, Liberals, 41; Poles, 14; Danes, 2; Guelphs, 11; Socialists, 1; Independents, 2. Ballots will be held on the 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 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Poetry

THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS OF IRELAND.

BY DUBOIT.

The mountain streams of Ireland,
How steadily rolling,
They dash and leap down, they
Rush and they roar down!
Yet where the exile is his own
Where he was born to be his dreams
The stream be brief, long, long ago
The rushing, mountain streams!

Methinks the ancient bards, if land
Could hear the music
Of these mountain streams, rushing springs
Be wonder struck throughout
Forgot the ancient harp, and
Of the olden bardic theme
That hoard the exile's memory sprg.
Ye rapturous, mountain streams!

They wall a fragrant odor down
From ev'ry grass vale
And sadly to the breeze tell
The black historic tale
Of Gladis, Cromwell and Cromwell
And all the bloody tyrannous
To how the desolation trick rave
The bright eternal stream!

Monastic pile and holy wall,
Romantic glen and glade
Thou sacred scene of fairies youth
Thou ever by memories
Like some bewitching fairy spell
They haunt our waking dreams
Where'er we stray, far, far away
From Ireland's beauty stream!

Twas on the rippling Maida's banks
Fame "foreign Synnyr" sang
His Fiorra Gaoes, our Ireland's muse
From Infancy had nursed!
And Davis sit by Avondale,
Dreaming in sweet dreams,
Had Cadmus bright as morning light
In Ireland's sacrifice patriotism.

Give me back the land of legends,
Of wizard lay and lore,
Where the Phoenix fought for Conar
In the epic days of yore,
Where the spoon of mighty Brian
Outshone the morning beams
And wept the Dane from Clontarf's plains
And Ireland's wrongs avenge.

Give me back that land of mem'ries,
Where ancient Tara's towers,
Are with its wildest ruins, are
The records of the Gaels
Nor time nor wreck nor's or suppress,
Nor outlaws tyrant's schemes,
One ray of love her children bear
The lovely land of streams.

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

Our Loved once die;
Sweet flowers we strew,
And bitter tears we shed,
Above the silent, sacred graves,
Where sleep our hallowed dead.

And Time rolls on;
Our loved ones
It sometimes our sorrows cease
And often, o'er the flowers are dead
Their memory is no more.

We say of them,
The good they've done,
The bright examples given,
The weary, heavy crosse they've borne
Have surely won them Heaven.

They need from us,
No heart-felt prayer,
No plaintive, fervent sighs,
That God may open wide the gates
And take His suffering saints home.

For God is just,
And He has said
"Ye shall shall enter there;"
But, His mercy formed a place,
Where souls are made more fair.

[illegible]

Literary Miscellany.

A Measureless Ill.

BY MAURICE J. DOAN.

"For years a nonentoun!
For years, forever to year!"
—Tom poet.

Old John Romell and I were standing on the bridge. Behind us the Saturnine was lovely, though it was a January afternoon; the air had all the softness of early spring. Below us, yet distinctly, over the silent hills and water came the sharp ring of that anthem of sad joy, "*Ah de le morte.*" It is a hackneyed song, and heavy-browed singers have torn its passion to tatters, and the heavy-shouldered band at the fort had often practiced on it as they did now, and yet, sounding on this bright glimpse of spring in wintry weather, it seemed like a wail for all the service in the world.

I listened until old John spoke: "And you never heard of the Berryls! I thought you everybody knew the Berryls for miles around. They do say that the first Tom Berryl was a awful Tory in the Revolutionary time, and that he called George Washington "a disloyal viper" one day; but then he was an Englishman, and I don't blame him for sticking to his country, right or wrong. Y-e don't, I'm that! Well, young folks have their ideas and old folks have theirs, but in my time young folks used to follow the ideas of their elders, and it seems to me they got along well enough.

Old Jean Berryl died, and left one son, the second Jean. Young Jim Berryl, his son, was one of Mosby's men in the war, and Jean, who lifted him costs better than gray, swore that he was no true Berryl, and he never came home. But it's not Arthur, the elder, that I wet to talk.

Arthur was a fine fellow—one of your tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested chaps—a real Southerner; you Yanks have nothing like it—with sharp gray eyes that could see through a bale of cotton, and a forest of brown hair on his face; yes, a regular forest, more fit for a savage than a Christian—not that Arthur Berryl was much of a Christian; but never mind that just now.

He went into the Navy's army in 61, and came out three years later a colonel, still on right hand. A cannon-ball had shattered it. This one of the Berryls hadn't much use for his right hand in the way of work. He had a house over there in Virginia, and some money that his mother had left him; and, besides, everybody knows that old Eaau is a mighty rich man. And the old fellow was evidently set, with pride about his son "the Colonel." Didn't blame him, though it was always a "Bah"—every time he came, and "Ah!"—every time he left, though it made me sad when I thought of my own poor boy, who fought might and main with McClusky, and then came home to his poor old dad with not so much as a stripe on his sleeve, but we had neither money nor rank to throw away.

Ah, you don't see that up No't's this time of year. Yalies jessamine, I swear!

(My old friend rested both hands on his knotty stick, and seemed to gaze at a negro who was passing. The negro's arms were full of bright yellow blossoms, though the sun was not yet warm enough to break the ice on the Potomac.)

Yes, the jessamine reminds me of that day, for there was some of it growing near Glasgow. I don't know much of education, but I have feelings, and education can't give a man feelings, can it? and that jessamine makes me feel downhearted.

And as Arthur Berryl had nothing to do, for a man with no right hand can do precious little, he went the way of all young men, and fell in love.

She was pretty, I tell you. Her big, Julian—I mean, he was some deep for you. I took him—was courting her mother's Sue, and so was Jean and the Colonel.

Her name was Annie Desmond. Her mother was a widow with some little property. They lived over there, not far from the canal.

It was just after we were converted, my wife and I. Poor Bob, my son, would have died in prison, if it hadn't for the Sisters of Charity. Heaven bless em! had not taken his mother's place, and so when he came home, he made his mother and me believe there must be something in a religion that could turn out such women. We weren't much on religion; she was a hard-shell Baptist when she was young; I was a sort of Episcopalian, and when Bob grew up he just believed in Bowery.

Well, one fine day we threw knift at the—the—in Trinity Church, and we've thanked God ever since.

And so that was the way we first saw Annie Desmond. She was at Mass every Sunday. Pretty was no word for her. She wasn't tall, and she wasn't short; but when she walked up the aisle, you felt that there was a lady coming, her step was so light and firm. I'm no hand at describing look, I only know that her face was bright and sweet, and it was gay sometimes, and never; and I saw it in despair.

Her cheeks were prettier than the color of my pink cousins, and her eyes were dark, and blue, and clear. One day, when her hat blew off on the church steps, her hair seemed a regular shower of brown and gold threads. I never spoke to her, neither did my wife; but if she had been our own daughter we couldn't have taken more interest in her.

Colonel Berryl was passing along the street that day when her hat blew away. He caught it in his hand, and gave it to her with a low bow. I saw there eyes meet. That's sort of lyrum. You young folks don't read him or Moore nowadays. Perhaps it's best.

The day old Eaau actually laughed. A little grandson was coming into the world. He was a pretty baby, Sue said, like his mother, but he was quiet and still, and he never cried at all. The old fellow in him seemed to be in his pretty bloss eyes.

Mrs. Desmond wanted to have his baptised at once.

This made old Eaau sweat. He wouldn't hear of it.

Arthur sided with his father.

Mrs. Desmond looked at the child again. She entreated Arthur to send for a priest.

"Never shall a priest enter these doors, ma am" roared old Eaau.

Mrs. Desmond appealed to Arthur. He said, "My father and you must settle this."

She remembered him of his promise. He only smiled. She was a hot-tempered woman, and she had to begin hard still swage. Then she left the house.

Days counted into three weeks. The child still lived, and moved a little, and cried a little. Sue said he wouldn't live a day, but he's a tough baby.

Every day Mrs. Desmond visited her daughter. Every day she pleaded about the child's baptism was renewed. Old Eaau stood off; and, in the end, Arthur was too much afraid of his father to yield to the pleadings of his poor wife.

Poor girl! Black Sue said it made her cry to see her young mistress's white, anxious face.

Mrs. Desmond made her usual visit, and looked at the baby. Sue said that Annie was lying back in an arm-chair, but she looked pale and spoke of wanting her mother as if her life depended on it. Eaau dropped his newspaper and followed her.

She saw something in her mother's face that frightened her.

Mrs. Desmond stood near the toilet-table with the child in her arms. Sue was in the doorway. She had left a pitcher of water on the table, and was going out, when Annie's voice, like a moan of the wind, made her turn:

"Mother!"

They called the baby by no name yet.

The young wife knelt at her husband's feet, and looked up to him:

"Have mercy, Arthur," she said.

Her face turned as white as a dead woman's at the lock in his face. She fell back with a dull thud.

Eaau, Arthur and Sue went to her instantly.

Mrs Desmond stood alone with the child near the toilet-table. The others had their backs to her. Whether she baptized the child or not, or whether it was already dead when she took it in her arms, she never told.

When Annie recovered her senses, the baby lay cold and still—dead.

The funeral was a grand one for such a little thing. It was a cold, damp day, but my wife and I went with the rest over to Mount Calvary Cemetery, where the Berryls have a family vault.

Annie stood near the grave. I could not see her face through her thick black veil, but I could hear her sob.

Mrs. Desmond stood next to her, stern as a saxon. On the other side was Arthur, as stern, but seemingly like a man in pain. Since when? I thought.

They waited at the grave until nearly everybody had gone. My wife and I drew off a distance and waited too. Woman are so curious.

"Come!" said Mrs. Desmond, sharply, and she took her daughter's arm.

Annie raised her veil. Her face seemed as the sight of it. Annie gave her hand to Arthur. It took it in his.

"Good-bye" she whispered.

"Good-bye" he said, turning away.

* * * * * * * *

Ah, what pity it is that people don't tell anything if it wasn't for their families, but these Desmonds, though they hadn't any family in particular, Mrs. Desmond, I'm true, did let out something about being descended from the kings of Ireland; but when that dress was worn for much good it's not like being descended from a Washington, a Carroll, a Lee, and when I mention these names, I think of a Russell, for we are an old family, I assure you, though we have worked hard in our time.

Mrs. Desmond was mighty glad to have Arthur Berryl come to her house; folks said. Annie liked him from the first; but I think her mother must have favored him, and made courtship easy for the young people.

Eaau objected to Annie. There were plenty of girls around the Dozens of Virginia—girls of good family and all manner of creeds. He didn't see why a Beryl should marry a Catholic.

Arthur said: "Don't you mind her wishes, Sue? Have tried it; it isn't for any only a girl, and after a while she'll believe you are right and wrong, and I'll do anything to please her now; and, by and by, she'll do anything to please me."

Eaau didn't keep up his opposition long; he believed that Arthur had the wisest head in the family.

Eaau did not believe much. He was of the school of Jefferson and Tom Paine, and son swore by Hunley and Tyndall. The old man held that there was a Supreme Being; the young man was not certain whether he believed there was or not.

Old Eaau disliked all forms of Christianity, but, quite naturally, he hated Catholics more than all.

He said to Arthur: "If this girl becomes your wife you may be sure she will practice reunion if you choose; but if there are any children, and you let a priest come near them, or have any superstitious mummery over them, I'll leave every cent I own, and every acre of land, to Jim. So help me God I will!"

Colonel Berryl was passing along the street that day when her hat blew away. He caught it in his hand, and gave it to her with a low bow. I saw there eyes meet. Ah, I know the look. I've been young; and I told mother I wished it was Bob instead of Arthur Berryl. Mark! doubly wish it had been now!

Colonel Berryl was in love, and Annie Desmond was the girl. The Berryls brag great deal of family pride, but I think

"Fiat Justitia Ruat Cœlum."

Members of the Monitor may be curious enough to know the meaning of the grand old Latin phrase which we place on the head of our columns. And for the information of all such enquiring minds we would state that it is

THE BUSINESS MAXIM
of the ORIGINAL firm of
SBARBORO & CO.,
Dealers in every description of
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10 pounds Dried Apples, $1
20 pounds Tapioca, 25
20 pounds Sago, 25
20 pounds Codfish, 25
14 pounds Prunes, $1
14 pounds Dried Pears, $1
10 pounds Green Coffee, $1
Five Lb. Jar Prunes, 15c. per lb
Flue Tea, (No Humbug) 50c per lb.
Fine Jar Tea, 50c per lb
Family Mixed Tea, 25c per lb
5-gallon can water-white Coal Oil, $1.25
500 pounds F White Beans, $3
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs, $2.50
Family Flour, per barrel, $4.75
And all other Goods Equal in Price.
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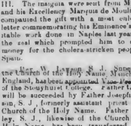

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CATHOLIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

—M. l'Abbe Lumentaque has been appointed chaplain of the Providence Convent at Terrebonne, P.Q.

—Four pupils of St. Dominic's Convent School, Harrow, England, have passed successfully the Oxford local examination (senior), three of them obtaining honors in Latin.

—Rev. Father Cambone, S. J., has sent from Tananive, Madagascar, to the Propagation of the Faith, a contribution for missions. The colors and size of these butterflies are remarkable.

—Brother Clementine, formerly President of La Salle College, Philadelphia, who was recently ordained a priest, has charge of the Christian Brothers of Kingsland, Long Island, Brooklyn, E.D., near the 17th ult., and shortly after sailed for France. He is undecided yet as to whether his headquarters will be in Paris or London.

A Copernican museum, something like that existing in the Pitti Palace of Florence, will be erected in Rome. The collection will be presented to the city of Rome by Dr. Arthur Wolynsky and Count Broschetti.

—The municipal elections recently held in Venice resulted in a victory for the Catholics. Out of eighteen candidates, no less than eleven Catholics have been chosen, and the seven seven non are of the Mezzina stamp.

—Next year will occur the centennial anniversary of the birth of one of the most illustrious prelates in America, Bishop Kenrick, who was born in Dublin, on the Island of Cork, Ireland, in 1786. The event, it is said, will be celebrated in Ireland.

—The Bishop of Nimes has begun an energetic campaign against Sunday excursions, and has published a pastoral on the French side of the Pyrenees. The sport is denounced as "the work of the devil," and Catholic newspapers have been forbidden to advertise or encourage it.

—The Diocese of Hartford is again called to mourn the loss of one of its priests by death, namely, Rev. Thomas J. Shea, who died at East New London. Father O'Donnell, pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross, was educated at St. Charles College and the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he was ordained in December, 1882.

—Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, Eng., recently made known his sentiment of rebuilding the chapter of Buckfast Abbey in Devonshire. This abbey, which dates from the reign of St. Edward, was acquired not long ago by a community of Benedictines of the Primitive Observance, who were driven out of France. Lord Clifford represents one of the few English Catholics who in disunion which remained unstained by the persecutions and subsequent by the penal enactments of Elizabeth's government and that of her successors.

—The Catholic Union of Bolivia lately appointed the President of that Republic, Senor Gutierrez, to the vacant Cardinalship accepted the position, for which he expressed his thanks. He also sent a telegram to bestow a very high eulogy on the work done by the Catholic Union, and to declare that the Government would not submit to the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

—His Eminence Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, has been decorated with the great cross of the Order of Charles III. The insignia were sent from Madrid, and the Cardinal Archbishop, Archbishop Capecelatro, and Prince Ischitella were accompanied the gift with a most eulogistic letter commemorating his Eminence's charitable work during the cholera year, and the zeal which prompted him to collect money for the cholera-stricken people of Naples.

—The Rev. Father Rudolf, Superior of the Redemptorists, has appointed Vicar-General of the Province of Upper Canada. He will be succeeded by Father Joseph Jackel, C.S.S.R., formerly assistant at the Church of the Holy Name. Father Fraser, C.S.S.R., assistant at the Church of the Holy Name, has been transferred to St. Mary's, Iowa Home, St. Helena, Father Welsby, R. J., of Stonyhurst, has been removed to Fairfax Street, Manchester.

At Rome, Italy, and Paris ever since the meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Club, the Sunday night the bursting of a bomb which shook the building and filled the hall of the meeting with smoke and fragments. Also so many anonymous explosives, did no other harm. The door had refused to open, and the meeting strongly resolved "Loyal to the clericals" and "Long live the Pope" and other like sentiments. The police duly rubbed them out, but declined to take the offenders.

—The scaffolding erected in front of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Rome, was completed on the 12th ult. The design, however, was very slight. This seems to have been done to spite the devotees of the sacred heart, who are numerous in that great work. The Holy Father had already promised that he would build the front of the church at his own cost. A collection was opened for the purpose, and the Catholics in order that the Pope should not be put to the expense, they have so far started only a few weeks ago, has already brought in nearly 12,000 francs.

—The Bishop of Tarbes, Pierre Hordas, the missionary sta.nced at Castle Garden, has been unanimous in character, and much good has resulted from it. For some time he has been engaged raising funds for building a new chapel and home for immigrants who need temporary aid. A report just issued by him shows that $12,275 90 has been collected and $5349 91 expended, leaving a balance in the hands of the Bishop of $6,926 79. The special contributors to the fund have been Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Corrigan and Ryan, Emigration Commissioner Lynch, Thomas Cleary, Meagher, Sheridan and Callanan, George Bliss and Miss Rose Delmonico. Father Riordan says that his mission will be for the benefit of all Catholic immigrants irrespective of nationality or religion.

OUR GIRLS.

The Happiness Spread by a Sister's Hand.

Many a home circle owes all its chaims to the girls of the family. Brothers come home to dull and often out of humor, ready, some of them, to quarrel with a straw if it happened to lie in their way. Mother is tired, and father worried, but boys hardly ever think of this. They want their dinner or their tea, the newspaper, their pipe, and somebody to sit by and help them, or they will make themselves and the rest of us feel they are eating it.

"Why is Hannah?" exclaims one, as he enters and sees his master's accustomed place vacant. Or this will be here directly, replies father or mother looking up from their work or needlework, and before the minutes are gone by, bright-eyed Hannah trips into the room and begins to pour out the tea.

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All expected a scene of turbulence and terror—a general rush, perhaps. Some had reached the barricade, and then it had to stop. It would take some time to remove it, and meanwhile the crowd could do no harm. Hand there who did not propose to be peaceably removed. And then the mob—the wind of and caught right of the armed men, waiting for their with surprise in the hands, behind the tombstones in the churchyard.

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it might be, and the very silence there must have kept made this fact more impressive. There was not a word spoken by the would-be defenders of the Cathedral—not an exclamation was heard, not a threat was uttered; they had no breath to spare for words, they were holding themselves ready for the time of action. The silence was more dramatic and more suggestive of warning than any amount of noisy talk. The mob was evidently impressed by it. The mob raised a yell, but they were allowed to yell, and there was no yell passed in response. Not the muskets were held tight, and the bayonets gleamed in the pale light of the family glimmering inwn.

All is as still, but "armed stillness" is something terrible, and the mob were so paralyed by it.

They had hoped for opportunity to shoot or stab some one to their blood-thirsty satisfaction, and there they were somewhat. They were something allowed to do as they chose, and they naturally chose to do what seemed most prudent for their personal safety. They plunk away in the direction of the Bowery, where they crossed and swore and called each other names, and they found that it is safety, for "did" nothing else, save stride more or less rapidly away.

Who was the Cathedral's churchyard the defenders of the Cathedral and the Bishop? Simply, sinner—the men in the lane—the hands. It was a bloodless but dramatic rout, and old St. Patrick's Cathedral was saved.

HUMAN AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

A Dutch journal, the *Tijd*, complains, in reference to Italian missions, of the spoliation of the Propaganda, and the Government is to be asked to take some steps to prevent the consequences of this act, and the spoliation of the Propaganda, which Humbert has proposed to the consideration of the Senate on the question of missionaries to be exempted from military service. The journal concludes with a plea for the support of the Catholic missions in its new policy of colonial extension. This is a vain hope so long as the Government of Italy is under Freemasons and restors the Pope to his independence.

—Monsignor Kayrath, Archbishop of the Chaldaic Rite of Farkehly, Mesopotamia, has come to London to study in the British Museum some very rare manuscripts in the Armenian Chaldaic language. He is charged by the Holy Father to publish an edition of the Chaldaic liturgical books.

This powerful extra tonic is a source of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. Most economical. Half the cubic inches, half the weight, half the price, with the strength of two lbs. of cut sugar, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Price, 25 cts. Address, Dr. Price Baking Powder Co., New York, Chicago, St. Louis.

Magnificent Article by Cardinal Manning.

DUTIES OF CATHOLICS TO THE CIVIL POWER.

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL DOMINIONS CONTRASTED.

Practical Catholics the Purest Patriots.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

with the Crown, Lords and Commons, is a Catholic creation and Catholic inheritance. The old English maxim that "custom is the mother of customs," is the life and spirit of Catholic politics, and no more human example of it truth can be found than in the succession of the Crown. We are not unmoved by Pyombard elections and by the perpetual canvass of conflicting parties, which in other lands comes surging up through every four years, with all its permanent and accumulating political and social mischiefs. Even in Rome, the life-blood extinguish by his unconscious influence the political life of Rome, and the life-blood of the party rivalry which torment and disturb the Italian Government. Rome, the sacrarchy of an hereditary crown dispels the mists of passion, of prejudice, of pride, and vanity. To aim at changing by force and violence the ancient, venerable, and sternly dear with it, is to aim at the Crown is the way to the gallows, or to Bedlam.

CATHOLICS MUST BE CONSERVATIVE.

Putting it therefore on the lowest ground, the principle of Catholic Conservatism is authority by the supreme custom of a great people is the Crown. Nothing is so stable and stationary there can be no consonance with Our Catholic Conservatism, which is the hereditary throne, resting upon the custom of law, vesting in a single person the dignity of the people's sovereignty, it does not in no more than the enlargement of the same custom. It perpetuates and vivifies the order of great services rendered to the Crown and to the people, but the exclusion of great services in certain, and that in no small number, of the Catholic people, the Catholic colleges, the institution of that class ever erected in this State, at Nyon, and the Bishops. This was also burned. Both these were conclusively proved to have been the work of bigoted and fanatical incendiaries, and one day the Bishop received a threatening letter warning him to burn the Cathedral, St. Patrick's itself, was doomed to fire and assault.

This was too much. Even the gentle Dubois had had enough of burning and destroying and was determined to protect the Cathedral at all hazards. The gentler the character, as a rule, the more dangerous he is when once thoroughly desperate, and Bishop Dubois was in a desperate mood. He armed the local militia. He warned the local authorities that he had been threatened, he had burned the Cathedral, and that he knew that no special heed was paid by the city authorities to his communications. He resolved to take the law into his own hands, and protect his property. Self-preservation is the first law of nature.

NO SO CALLED THE MOST PROMINENT

of his congregation together, showed them the threatening letter he had received, told them what he had done himself, and that nothing had been done by anybody else, and then asked them what they thought of it. His congregation assured the Bishop that they would do anything to protect him and a Cathedral from violence with their time and money; even with their lives.

[illegible]

one doctor of theology, or one of the congregation, or one of a priest, or a congressman, or one of the Church Militant."

The Bishop had seen a good deal of fighting on the other side of the water, and he knew an enemy when he saw it in the pulpit. So he got all sorts of military stores and provisions, and fortified the Church buildings connected with the Cathedral, putting the whole place into a state of defence, and keeping guard day and night against incendiarism or assaults.

He did this quietly, too, so quickly it didn't get into the papers even, not at least for a day or two, and then it was surprising for, and then he had some notices of his proceedings in the papers, but he did not let people know that he was ready for an attack, which he took for granted, and put the best right down to the attack at all.

A Mr. Lawrence Langdon acted as general manager, and he was known to be on terms under Bishop Dubois. He had some very hard-looking men made him all—men armed and knowing how to use their weapons if necessary, and some of the armed men by-the-by, was Mr. John Kelly. These men were thoroughly civilized, and, of course, they were Catholics and Irishmen, and, of course, they were Democrats, and, of course, they were Tammany Democrats.

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THE WAYS OF DWARFS.

Characteristics of the Lilliputians. Possessors of Enormous Appetites.

"Nothing can make very small people so angry as to be called children," said a man, or, to be compared to children," said Mr. Tom Thumb, the famous dwarf, to Loeta Zarata—you know her—the Mexican lady, who is about half as tall as I am, but half the weight of a newborn babe, and pretty lady by the way. Tom Thumb is 27, and to all intents and purposes a man. He is twenty-five inches in his stockings. Well, now, she's just as sensitive about being called a child as I am. And it is noticeable that all dwarfs are that way. They want to be treated as men, and to be taken for men. They want to be taken for men. They want to be taken for men, and to be treated as men. They want to be taken for men, and to be treated as men. They want to be taken for men, and to be treated as

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1885.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRIST-MAS MONITOR.

In accordance with our annual custom we will present our readers with a twelve page illustrated MONITOR at CHRISTMAS, and we desire to inform all press and postage stamps, that their contributions must reach this office not later than the least of the Immaculate Conception (December 8th) so as to order to get out our very large edition—the CHRISTMAS MONITOR will have to go to press on December 15th, so as to reach all sections of the Union by Christmas Day. Persons who desire extra copies to send to friends can have them mailed free, direct from this office, by sending in—at any time between now and Christmas—the addresses of those to whom they wish copies sent, accompanied with 10 cents in coin or stamps for each copy thus ordered for friends in the Eastern States or Europe. The CHRISTMAS MONITOR will be a most acceptable present to send to friends far away from those who dwell along the Pacific Coast, and we hope that hundreds of our subscribers will avail themselves of this liberal offer.

Editorial Notes.

—We hope that the great mass of MONITOR readers regularly perusse the articles on the "Hail Mary" which a devoted Christian Father so kindly contributes to our columns. This week's article on the nature and dignity of the soul of man is very especially interesting, and all Catholics who desire to know some new facts in the life of the Blessed Virgin, as well as to be able to realize the supreme honor attached to the virginal state, will gain a great amount of useful and beneficial knowledge by carefully perusing these instructive and edifying contributions every week.

—The magnificent article from the pen of Cardinal Manning—which we publish on the first and third pages of this present issue—is likely to command the attention of the reading public in every land where the English language is spoken. Long after its eminent author is dead the truths it contains will be cited in order to show the attitude of the Church concerning the many important civil and religious rights of Catholics regarding which it treats. Certainly no Catholic who desires to have a comprehensive idea of his duties to his Church and his country should fail to give if that attentive reading which such an able document from such an exalted source deserves.

—One of the most singular chapter of accidents ever noted since the beginning of the world, happened recently in France. A subjoqueen from that country states that Jean Coubrat, a mason living at Vallion, near Moulins, fell from a scaffold and fractured his spine, his injuries proving fatal. His brother Tranquille, on returning from the funeral with his brother-in-law Joliat, fell into the River Sanl and was drowned, such a bitter blow himself losing his life in saving his brother-in-law. After his fellow, the widow Joliat swooned away, and falling to the ground fractured her skull. Such a combination of calamities is surely without parallel.

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The Congregational Club's Powwow over Purgatory.

Purgatory has ever been a stumbling-block to the Protestant mind. Many sectarians are so prejudiced against what they indignantly call "this Popish doctrine," that—in their journey through the next world—they would prefer even to go further and fare worse, than to accept the teaching of Rome in regard to Almighty God's place of temporal punishment.

Some Congregational cranks of the class just last week in this city and got up a kind of a Congregational circus over what some of them called "this curious Catholic doctrine," and in order that the readers of the MONITOR may have a non-bright into this peculiar vagaries of the Protestant mind upon this question, we give brief extracts from the principal objections advanced by some of the more prominent preachers and Protestant gentlemen present.

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THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1885.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK COMMENCING NOVEMBER 22.

27—Sunday—26th Sunday after Pentecost. St. Cecilia Virgin and Martyr.
28—Monday—St. Clement, Pope and Martyr.
29—Tuesday—St. Sylvester Abbot.
30—Wednesday—St. Andrew, Apostle.
1—Thursday—St. Silvester, Abbot.
2—Friday—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.
3—Saturday—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.

Mill with Dunn, Bigelow, Charlotte, Eva Ellis, Adams, Eulalia or Portland, in School-room, during the next few weeks. Weak kneepaths complete—I hits at the conclusion of our friends throughout my mission to-day with.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

The Devotion of the "Forty Hours Adoration" will be held in the following Places at the time indicated, Namely:

CHURCHES.	PLACES.	TIME.
Cathedral, San Francisco.	Pro cession	Sunday
St Ignatius, San Francisco.	Pro cession	Sunday
St Mary's Cathedral, Sacramento.	Pro cession	Sunday
St Joseph's, Stockton.	Pro cession	Sunday
St Joseph's, Napa.	Pro cession	Sunday
St Rose, Santa Rosa.	Pro cession	Third Sunday
Immaculate Conception, Petaluma.	Pro cession	Fourth Sunday
St Francis Solano, Sonoma.	Pro cession	Fourth Sunday

SPIRITISM EXPOSED.

Few People are Duped by Pretended "Mediums."

Some of our correspondents ask how the so-called materialization of spirits is effected, and especially how the "Golden Bells" are made. The answer is, that the "Golden Bells" are made by the whole circle. It is from a Spiritist.

Spiritism is a great pleasure to be able to inform the public that a brighter day is about dawning upon long-darkened, long-persecuted Ireland. Home Rule is now a fixed fact, and the Irish Parliament, whether it be the Tories or the Liberals who have to grant it, will be assured. The Tarantism will another short eighty-five years, and the Irish people will make English an Irish language. Long live the Irish people! Long live the Irish Nation! Long live the Irish Parliament, and long live the Irish Parliamentary Party! Long live the Irish Parliamentary Party! Long live the Irish Parliamentary Party!

Farm and Home.

SEEDS AND PLANTS FREE.

Annual Distribution by Professor Hilgard at the University.

In accordance with the practice of former years the State University has announced its annual distribution of seeds and plants from the experimental grounds of the agricultural department. In calling attention to the distribution Professor E. W. Hilgard states that several new growths which promise well have been added to the list. The distribution is made for the purpose of ascertaining the adaptation and practical value of the several kinds to the different climates and soils of the State. Persons receiving seeds are requested to report results, whether success or failure, and if the latter, from what apparent causes. As there is no appropriation available to meet the expenses of packing and postage, applicants for the seeds are called upon to pay these necessary expenses, which are nominal. Application may be made for one or more kinds of seeds. If the applicants desire seeds sent by express no money need be sent with the order.

The following barleys and wheats will be forwarded by mail to applicants who send 30 cents for 1-pound seeds and 50 cents for 2-pound seeds: Six rowed barley of a very different type from that commonly grown on this coast, raised from seed secured in the Brenner collection, imported from Europe, where the grain is particularly valued for malting purposes. Bulk—it is recommended for trial in the northern valleys of the State; rice, spring or bastardeen barley, somewhat similar to the foregoing; Bestal Whittington wheat, pronounced a good flouring wheat; black-bearded Centennial wheat; California spring wheat from Germany, under that name, but not yet identified with any variety generally known here; white Siberian spelt wheat; St. John's Day rye, from seed imported from Kitzuki, Germany; Swedish oats.

Seeds of the three following grasses will be sent in 6-ounce packages, 5 cents each: Schreder's brome grass, valued in Australia as resisting drought, and in Texas as giving good feed in winter and early spring; Hungarian brome grass, from seed imported by the University from Europe, examined by the French as adapted to dry soils; black medic or yellow trefoil; small alsike from Southwestern Spain; tagasaste, species of broom or brush-like plant, recommended by the Australian Consul at the Azores Islands as a valuable forage plant for dry hill lands. Tested packages of root stocks of over-grown millet will be sent for 25 cents each. Professor Hilgard describes the black wattle or tan bark acacia of Australia (sonnat decurrens), the seed of which will be sent in a two-ounce package for 4 cents.

The seed for the Dalmatian and Persian insect powder plants will be furnished in one-ounce packages for 2 cents. All applications for seeds or plants should be addressed to E. W. Hilgard, Berkeley, Cal. The professor will also gladly furnish any desired information in regard to seeds or plants.

Tears of a Baby.

I think there is no sadder sight on earth than the tears of a baby. To see the little round face that looks as if it were only made for laughing, all twisted up in a maze of puckers, the bright eyes squinted out of sight, and great, real tears coursing down the pudgy cheeks, is enough to make a stone weep in sympathy. It is as if the man in the moon were crying. I know an English father who, whenever one of his babies—and there was a host of them—cried, would say in a tragedy sigh and cough that "he's rather sow a few-pen note than one of these tears, say he," and it seemed to those little men to be the height of derision and self-denial on his part.

Mrs. Peddock, a writer of Salt Lake City, tells a pathetic story of a broken-hearted little girl whose first baby never cried about her wept in silence all the time. Sleeping or waking, the tears flowed from the eyes, and in a few weeks it died, its mother said of a broken heart. It had shed all the tears its mother had expressed before its birth, and its weeping face was a symbol of the face of of Utah. In anything to them and facts is a memory we nearly all can conjure up of some fat, usually baby who would cry and cry and cry until every member of the family was exhausted in his cause, when he would suddenly nubestion his eyes and lo! not a tear would be there. It had been a crocodile tear of the direst grief.

A Word for Wives.

Little wives, if ever a half-suppressed sigh fled place within you, or half-unloving word escaped you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he used you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have grown unworthy, true for the same fond love now. If you do feel that through many cares and trials of life you have become less lovable and attractive than you were, turn—by all that you love on earth, or hope for in heaven—turn back and be the pattern of loveliness that was him, be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and doubt not, the lover you selected will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the horse was. Above all things, do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to "reconquer" yourself—do not strive to unsex yourself, but love the higher honor contained by the fortress of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station, needs no greater honor.

The Duty of Scouring Well.

Do not disdain dross and the little niceties of the table; you may be a very clever woman, perhaps even intellectual, but, for all that, you cannot afford to be careless in these matters.

No woman with any sense of self-respect should allow herself to sink into a dowdy, but, whatever her brain, vexations and disappointments, the should dress as well as her position will allow.

Do not imagine that we are advocating extravagance; on the contrary, simplicity is our motto, which if united to good taste, will be found more effective in the eyes of husband, father, brother or lover than the most costly attire.

A simple bow in the hair may look quite as fascinating as a diamond aigrette; and a plain dress, if neat and prettily made, may be as becoming as silk; indeed, we have often seen a simple costume eclipse a silk.

We mention this to illustrate the fact that riches are little compared to taste, and that every woman may dress well if she chooses; that, in fact, it is her duty to herself and those around her to dress as well as her position will allow.

"A little fire is quickly trodden out
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."

Procrastination may rob you of health, increased diligence you can make up the loss; but if it rob you of life the loss is irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite fickle, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously diseased. In all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will speedily effect a positive, radical cure—such a cure that you will save you from the tortures of lingering disease.

Family Fun.

Missed the Mouse.

Mrs. Jamison is a Brooklyn lady, and she had a very sore finger, caused by striking the wrong nail while laying carpets. She had procured the finger of a kid glove, and used it for a finger-stall. The thrifty hangs a tale.

While cleaning house the other day she disturbed a mouse, and it ran into one of the bureau drawers, where it was lying on the floor. Mrs. Jamison is not a timid woman by any means, but, women-like, she called for her husband. He was sleeping soundly in another room and she hesitated to send with father.

"Snestle!" he asked, with his mouth full of song.

"There's a mouse in that drawer, and I want you to help me to kill it."

Mr. Jamison isn't at all fond of mice, and he's rather go without them than pay an exorbitant rate for them, but he didn't want to oppose afraid, so he went out into the kitchen and procured little Tommy's baseball bat. He climbed up on top of the bureau, and told Mrs. Jamison to "fetch on her mice.

"I'll lift the clothes out," she said, "and when the mouse jumps you squash him."

She grabbed the clothes out one by one, and finally Jamison saw the mouse jump. There he stood, at all, upon the bureau, and went through the looking-glass, while Mr. Jamison went into the garden to howl.

They don't communicate with each other now, for what Jamison mistook for the mouse was the finger-stall on Mrs. Jamison's finger.

A Very Sad Case.

The Rev. Mr. Whitescarver may be in many respects a most estimable man, but he has apparently adopted the Jesuitical principle that it is lawful to do evil that good may come. In a conversation in a recent number of the Richmond *Religious Herald*, he relates the following conversation held by him with a sister in denominational kernel: "Oughtn't we to let our horses lay on Sunday?" asked the sister, which Mr. Whitescarver replied: "Yes, I think we may give the Sunday rest to our horses." How Mr. Whitescarver can justify this advice, except on the plea that the end justifies the means, it is difficult to see.

The sister want of respect for Sunday which is evinced by domestic fowls is very painful to right-minded people. Hens not only lay eggs on Sunday, but they starvards ceeds over the fact in a noisy and rowdy irreverent manner, and then spend the rest of the day in the servile labor of digging worms. The sin evidently has no conscience and no respect for the convictions of her owner. She would as soon lay an egg on Sunday as on Saturday, and expostulations and remonstrance have no effect upon her.

In these circumstances what ought the "sister" mentioned by Mr. Whitescarver to do? Obviously it is her duty to see to it that her hens do not lay eggs on Sunday. To permit the hens to go on in their wicked course is manifestly to give countenance to wickedness. She cannot clear herself of complicity with the hens by giving the eggs to missions. As well might the owner of a lottery try to atone for his violation of the lottery law by giving part of his profits to missionaries. If it is wrong for hens to lay eggs on Sunday, it is the duty of the "sister" to keep them from laying. If she listens to the entreaty and immoral advice of Mr. Whitescarver she will be hardly less guilty than her hens.

The proper course for the "sister" to pursue is to its strings to the legs of all her hens on Saturday night and compel them to swing hand downward all day Sunday. No hen wants to swing by the legs long in such a position, nor would she have spirit enough to cackle. A solemn sermon would reign in the hennery from morning to night, and the hens would be glad to keep Sunday in a quiet sed happy way. Were Mr. Whitescarver a sub-guide he would have told the "sister" how to prevent Sunday from secularization in the part of the hens; but alas! he has chosen instead to encourage the sister in what she seems to be in order that Methodist missions may profit thereby.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Champion Relic.

First relic hunter—I've got the head of the last mad dog in the last village on General Grant's birthplace—cost me only $1 50 too. I mean to keep it always.

Second dito—Pooh! why didn't you get something worth while when you were about it? I've got the earth from under the fifteen hundred and twentieth foot-print of the General's horse, when he rode to accept Lee's surrender at Appomattox. I had every it in a box in my pocket as long as I live.

Bystander (contemptuously)—You are a measly crowd for relics. I picked up something in a street through which the funeral procession passed, that I wouldn't give for fifty such relics.

Relic hunters (in chorus)—What was it?

Bystander—Myself — when the crowd parted me in two. I've decided to have it buried in my coffin.

A Story He Didn't Believe.

"Now, there's a story I don't believe," said the colonel as he laid aside an enclosure. "What story is that, colonel?" asked the erudite and industrious assistant.

"Why, that paper says Octopasi can sometimes be hard five hundred miles."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Of course I don't believe it. I'll bet there isn't a singer in the world that can be heard half that far.

"But Octopasi is a volcano, colonel."

"Is it! I thought it was one of those Italian fellows that go about with Punch."

Some Pumpkins.

Mr. Choate, the well-known New York lawyer, was recently sitting in his law office when a young man, who takes great pride in his family connections, and has a pretty high opinion of himself generally, entered and introduced himself as follows:

"I am J. Rensselaer Jones."

"Ah," replied Mr. Choate, "take a chair."

"I am—er—the son-in-law, you know, of Governor Smith."

"Indeed!" replied Choate, "take two chairs."

Complimenting the Ruby.

Young Mother (displaying her first born to company of the room above)—Is she not a dear little thing, Major Beeswax? Do you notice what a sweet little double chin she has?

Major Beeswax (a bachelor)—Yes, and I'm somewhat surprised.

Young Mother—Surprised!

Major Beeswax—Yes, ma'am. From what I have heard during the past night or two I fully expected to see a triple chin.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and other information required by the Society, to the Editor of this Department.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

STATE OFFICERS—State Spiritual Director, Rev. Lawrence, of Branch 26, San Francisco; State President, A. P. Wolfinger, of Branch 43, San Francisco; State Secretary, Thomas Cuddihy, of Branch 26, San Francisco; State Treasurer, Henry Walter, of Branch 26, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH—No. 26—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Caredo; President, Thomas Cuddihy; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, J. F. Schmitz, 1402 Market st.; Treasurer, Secretary, Henry Walter; Marshal, Joseph Lynch; Guard, Thomas Lynch; Trustees, Michael Ryan, J. Schmitz, H. Walter, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Cuddihy.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH—No. 43—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Caredo; President, A. P. Wolfinger; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, J. F. Schmitz, 1402 Market st.; Treasurer, Secretary, Henry Walter; Marshal, Joseph Lynch; Guard, Thomas Lynch; Trustees, Michael Ryan, J. Schmitz, H. Walter, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Cuddihy.

SAN JOSE BRANCH—No. 47—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Caredo; President, James Fitzgerald; Recording Secretary, J. Rea; Financial Secretary, J. Lynch; Treasurer, Secretary, Henry Walter; Marshal, Joseph Lynch; Guard, Thomas Lynch; Trustees, Michael Ryan, J. Schmitz, H. Walter, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Cuddihy.

SAN JOSE BRANCH—No. 105—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Caredo; President, Thomas Flynn; Recording Secretary, J. Rea; Financial Secretary, J. Lynch; Treasurer, Secretary, Henry Walter; Marshal, Joseph Lynch; Guard, Thomas Lynch; Trustees, Michael Ryan, J. Schmitz, H. Walter, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Cuddihy.

VIRGINIA BRANCH, No. 107—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Caredo; President, Anton Pfister; Recording Secretary, J. Rea; Financial Secretary, J. Lynch; Treasurer, Secretary, Henry Walter; Marshal, Joseph Lynch; Guard, Thomas Lynch; Trustees, Michael Ryan, J. Schmitz, H. Walter, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Cuddihy.

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH—No. 107—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Caredo; President, Anton Pfister; Recording Secretary, J. Rea; Financial Secretary, J. Lynch; Treasurer, Secretary, Henry Walter; Marshal, Joseph Lynch; Guard, Thomas Lynch; Trustees, Michael Ryan, J. Schmitz, H. Walter, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Cuddihy.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, PARK CITY, UTAH—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Caredo; President, Thomas Ryan; President, M. T. Dennis; Recording Secretary, F. J. Kearney; Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Secretary, Henry Walter; Marshal, Joseph Lynch; Guard, Thomas Lynch; Trustees, Michael Ryan, J. Schmitz, H. Walter, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Cuddihy.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCE.

PARTICULAR COUNCIL.—The Particular Council meets every second and fourth Sunday of each month, when mass is held regularly. The Particular Council, in accordance with the rules of the Conference, carries out the spiritual obligations of this Society, so that the power of prayer may be felt in the conversions and good works of the members. The Particular Council receives its revenue from collections, dues of members and donations from the Conference. The Particular Council of the Sacred Heart Hall on the first Thursday in every month, has a social reunion for the benefit of the Society. The following are the officers of the Particular Council: President, Thos. E. Power; Treasurer, August Donnell; Secretary, Thos. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jas. Lynch; Door Keeper, Jas. Lynch; Trustees, Thos. E. Power, Thos. Ryan, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Donnell, Jas. Lynch.

The following are officers of the city St. Vincent de Paul Conference: President, Jas. Donnell; Vice President, Thos. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Lynch; Secretary, Jas. Lynch; Door Keeper, Jas. Lynch; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jas. Lynch; Trustees, Thos. E. Power, Thos. Ryan, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Donnell, Jas. Lynch.

The following are officers of the Conference of the Sacred Heart Hall: President, Thos. E. Power; Vice President, Jas. Donnell; Treasurer, August Donnell; Secretary, Thos. Ryan; Door Keeper, Jas. Lynch; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jas. Lynch; Trustees, Thos. E. Power, Thos. Ryan, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Donnell, Jas. Lynch.

The Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association—Office of Association is 825 Francisco—Officers: President, Jas. J. McNally; Recorder of Mutual Benevolent Association, Jas. Donnell; Treasurer, Jas. Watson, P. O. Box 1867; P. J. Treasurer, John McCarthy, 1170 Bush st.; P. J. Treasurer, John Ryan, 325 Bolton Street; M. Parrott, Fourth and Forty-sixth streets, Oakland; Marshal, Jas. Donnell; Door Keeper, Jas. Lynch; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jas. Lynch; Trustees, Thos. E. Power, Jas. Donnell, Daniel Sullivan; Assistant Secretary, Thos. Ryan; Assistant Treasurer, Jas. Donnell.

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH—No. 87—La Agostina, Calaveras County—President, Jas. Donnell; Vice President, Jas. Donnell; Recording Secretary, James Lynn; Financial Secretary, Thos. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Donnell; Marshal, Jas. Donnell; Door Keeper, Jas. Donnell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jas. Donnell; Trustees, Jas. Donnell, Jas. Donnell, Jas. Donnell.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH—No. 87—Angels Camp, Calaveras County—President, Jas. Donnell; Vice President, Jas. Donnell; Recording Secretary, Thos. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Donnell; Treasurer, Jas. Donnell; Marshal, Jas. Donnell; Door Keeper, Jas. Donnell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jas. Donnell; Trustees, Jas. Donnell, Jas. Donnell, Jas. Donnell.

ST. JOSEPH

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

Police Outrage in Ireland.

A very extraordinary occurrence took place recently in the quiet town of Ballina, County Mayo—a sergeant, with a strong posse of his constabulary, entered a country house in this locality, where the parochial clergy were accustomed to assemble at their stations, where Mass was recently being celebrated, and arrested several of the parishioners engaged in the devotional service, at the instance of a Lord Lansdowne. The Rev. Father Heally, curate to the respected parish priest, Rev. Canon Gibbons, P.P., V.F., was officiating at the moment, and was attended with illness, and now lies suffering from a dangerous attack of fever.

Jackie and Maguire.

Jackie and Maguire, who pronounce him to be a very critical condition. The greatest indignation is expressed throughout the country at this act. An inquiry will shortly be made in order to test the legality of this atrocious affair, and have the whole circumstances investigated before the House of Commons.

Relics of Christopher Columbus.

Rome, Nov. 1.—Some of the Roman papers declare that, with a view of stimulating interest in the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus, the Charities Hall has published that the remains of the latter twenty years ago in the possession of Prince Colonna, of Rome, and that the widow of Columbus when the latter was sent back a prisoner to Spain in the year 1500. The Chronicles says he obtained these valuable relics after a long and expensive journey made in Spain and Americas for the purpose, and that he had kept the story of his discovery and possession a secret for twenty years for private reasons which no longer are binding on him.

Rich Mines in Old Tuolumne.

Mr. Richard Pearce, of the Mineral Institute of Tuolumne, Tuolumne county, Cal., has taken out some 30,000 pounds of quartz on the Eagle quartz mine above Soulsbyes ferry. Some six years ago, Mr. Pearce, in company with others, struck upon a rich vein, discovered by a singular accident. Once the rabbit was a large bowlder which Mr. Eagle dislodged in the bottom of a flat, was put to feed as the quartz went to dinner, on their return, in removing the rock, they found it was full of gold. It is reported that Joseph Wolfin, the owner of the land bright, has just struck another pocket 18 ft. in claim near Alisup Flat, from which he has taken the large sum of $30,000.

A Siberian Priest Proved at Pasteur.

The French Professor Pasteur, who has made himself famous by inoculating men and cattle with disease germs to insure them against subsequent attacks of the same, has now to prove that discovery by a humble priest of our own country. In 1866, when the Siberian plague was killing the cattle in that place, Father Andrew Joskinsky of the Trotsky village, resorted to a desperate remedy in order to save his cows. He got some blood from a dying cow, saturated threads with that blood, and passed these threads through the ears of the healthy cows, numbering eleven. At the place where the cows were practiced there appeared tumors of the size of pigeon eggs. In a short time these tumors disappeared, and the cows remained alive and healthy, while all the rest in the vicinity of the village perished. Cologne Gazette.

Interesting Relics from Bishop Dowd.

By cable is announced the death of the Rt. Rev. Patrick Francis Dowd, Bishop of Derry and O'Connor, Ireland. The lamented prelate was a native of County Antrim. He was educated in Maynooth. His administrative abilities as a priest were admirably exhibited, and when the feeble health of his aged predecessor called for a Coadjutor, Dr. Dowdon was named by universal consent. Pope Pius IX ratified the nomination with right and enthusiasm. On the death of Dr. Dowdy, Dr. Dowdon left more at Derry to strike the Episcopal Chair. Bishop Dowd was a Tory Unionist, especially in Belfast, the hot bed of orange ascendancy. A steady Unionist himself, and one who knew from experience how bigoted tyranny meant the new Bishop took his stand firmly and was a very popular.

In 1866, there were but three churches and about 12 priests attached to the Catholics of Belfast; now there are eight churches, at least 40 priests, establishments, and the Catholic population of nearly 100,000. It is an aggression to say that to the earnest, zealous and willying labors of the deceased prelate these wonderful results are due. He was a patriot, a gentleman, Rt. P. Dorrian will have a void in the Irish episcopal ranks not easily filled.

Idaho's Rich Mines.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—Edward A. Stevenson, Governor of Idaho, in his annual report, says the wealth of the Territory will surpass a hundred-fold, and the population will reach 100,000 in the next decade. The Territory is now in a very prosperous condition. New and rich mineral districts are being discovered and worked with great success. The Wood River mineral belt is yielding, and has shipped from 100 mines to 300 ounces. The great Salmon River basin continues to output its gold and silver, as in former years. The new lava district is fast coming to the front, and is the wonder of the Territory will, before the end of the present year, be reached by a railroad from Kelton, Utah, and Ogden. The Oregon Short Line is now at work on the development of the rich mines in the New Youth district, but, when opened next week, there unless are expected to take place among the best-paying mines on the Pacific coast. There are now over 200 dividend-paying mines in the Territory. The Governor says that not one half of the truth has yet been told of the richness and extent of the Placer Mines on Snake River.

In the Coeur d'Alene region new mineral discoveries have been made, and rich silver veins within will soon become noted for their gold properties. The Governor recommends that the Legislature authorize the issue of Territorial Bonds to the amount of $5,000 for the Territorial debt. The total assessed valuation of property for 1883 was $13,497,596, an increase of $2,500,000 over the preceding year. The population of the Territory is estimated at 75,000, and the value of the gold and silver product during the year is $3,496,000.

IRISH PARLIAMENTARY FUND

[At the request of the Parliamentary Fund Committee of the Irish National League of California, the following is published for the information of those who have subscribed to the fund.—Editors.]

Acknowledgements by Father O'Reilly.

In his report dated the 6th inst., Rev. Chas. O'Reilly of Denver, acknowledges the receipt of the following funds from this court. From Vallejo Branch $74 50; from Virginia City, per M. A. Forney, $211; from Vallejo district, per Andrew Jones, $93 75; from Knights Ferry, Stockton, San Francisco, $25. This fee also $24. Total, $428 25, which has been forwarded to Parnell.

$50 from Gilroy.

The Gilroy Irish National League Committee forwards $50 to Dr. O'Reilly, National Treasurer, for the Parliamentary Fund and reported mailed to M. Cooney, Esq., State Executive.

Twenty Dollars from Watsonville.

WATSONVILLE, Cal., Nov. 11, 1883.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir:—I enclose a check for $20, being for subscription to the Irish Parliamentary Fund from Jas. F. Farrelly, $5; Timothy Sheehy, $5; John Thompson, $5, and A. Alturaiga, $5. Yours truly,

A. ALTURAIGA.

Collections by Doctor Sharkey.

The Ballina Parnell Branch of the Irish Parliamentary Fund Committee, Dr. Sharkey, Esq., Treasurer, forwards the following collections made by him in behalf of the Parnell Fund, viz.: Thomas Kerrigan, Patrick Hennigan, Jas. Gallagher, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Gallagher, Jr., Jas. Lynch, Jr., Jas. Gallagher, Jr., Jas. Lynch, Jr., Jas. Gallagher, Jr., Jas. Lynch, Jr.,

NEWS (

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Poetry.

EVERY YEAR.

BY PATRICK DEAN

The spring has lost of brightness
Every year,
And the stream a ghastlier slightness
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor do autumn fruitage ripen,
As they once did, for wanderer
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow colder
Every year;
I care not nor for dancing,
Nor eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year,
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year,
Of the ties that slight bind me
Until Time to I until resigned me,
My individuality resolved me
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before me,
Every year,
While the clouds grow darker o'er me,
Every year,
Where we see the loadstone failed,
That to bloom we might have added,
And immortality paled
Every year.

To the past is more sad I know
Every year,
Come no new ones in their place
Every year,
Everywhere the sad eye meet us,
In the evening dark they greet us,
And to meet them returns us
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year,
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year.
"You can ill bear new affection,
You have only recollection
Deeper sorrow and regretting
Every year."

Think not, o clouds are chilling,
Every year,
Or the land by which we're drifting
Every year,
No times there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death if friends forsake us,
Every year.

CATHOLIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

—It is intended to start a Catholic Church for the benefit of the Chinese, in Brooklyn.

—Another affiliation to the long list of distinguished English converts to the Faith is Mrs. Bancroft, the eminent London actress.

—"God bless them all" (the clergy of his diocese) were the last words uttered by the Eminence the late Cardinal McCloskey.

—The *Capitol*, of the Hague, a Protestant organ, advocates the resumption by Holland of diplomatic relations with the Holy See.

—Rev. Kenelm Vaughan sailed for Havre, from New York last week. He is to enter a Dominican priory in the south of France.

—A charitable Catholic of Philadelphia has given Archbishop Elder $100,000 with which to re-open and maintain St. Mary's Seminary in Cincinnati. His brother left he Rome last month.

—The Archbishop of Quebec has been empowered to treat with the local government regarding the property of which the Jesuits were plundered in 1776.

—The expulsion of Russian colonists from the Prussian provinces is only limited to Catholics. Orthodox and Polish Jews, Protestants and schismatics remain unmolested.

—The Rev. Fathers Cook, O'Shea, Kerns and McLaughlin, Redemptorist priests from St. Louis, who gave missions in this place, are giving a mission in St. Columbkill's, Chicago.

—The Sacred Heart Seminary, now under the Fathers of Mercy, was recently dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Farrelly, at Wanaque, N. J. It was originally built for the use of Methodists.

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Literary Miscellany.

The Bar of Gold.

"Look Ned! Look now. It is like them curious things you found in Jonas's nest, isn't it?"

"No, I'm not! Not looking over his sister's shoulder. "Nell can't help giving!"

"This sun's so good, and Nell so musically."

"I wish I could do anything, Nad, I'd paint a nice lot of flowers to hang over your bed."

"Do, Nell!" Jim exclaimed.

"Yes, make that for us, Nell." Ned added, as he looked admiringly upon the drawing on the table. At this moment the little sufferer turned her face toward the speaker, and a woman's voice

"If I were your father I'd take them into out of you nightly quick, miss."

The girl looked up, turning a frightened face to the speaker. Her lips trembled, but she mastered her emotion as she replied

"I washed the dishes, me, and swept the kitchen."

"After I told you a dozen times or more. Why don't you hunt up your clothes and see the things are in them, instead of putting all the work on me?"

"I'll mend them, ma. I didn't think it any harm to learn to draw and paint a little."

"Learn to paint. What does a doll like you know about drawing? It's downright lamness and I'm going to see your father's going to encourage it, when you ought to learn to make your own clothes. When I was as old as you—" The supposed head of the house came in at that moment. Mrs. Chapman turned to him wrathfully.

"The girl's had half the impudence to talk back to me because I spoke to her about attending to her own clothes instead of letting away her time in nonsense as usual."

Mr. Chapman who, after taking to himself a second wife, discovered he had voluntarily placed a heavy yoke upon his neck, looked at the little pale face and knitted his brows in a

"I'm sure I'm going to see to your father's business and I'm going to encourage it, when you ought to learn to make your own clothes. When I was as old as you—" The supposed head of the house came in at that moment. Mrs. Chapman turned to him wrathfully.

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"I'll be! Mr. Hagan the elder, looked down upon her through his glasses in a way that stirred another Nell's heart stand still, she was so overcome with joy. The appointments of Mr. Hagan's private office, and by the manner of Mr. Hagan, the elder and son.

"My father did not intimate a doubt of the truthfulness of your statement, he only expressed surprise at it, and I thought say, oh! by the way, what is your name?"

"Nellie Chapman."

Young Mr. Hagan looked meaningly at his father. His son, the elder Hagan said something in a low tone to his son, and the latter asked abruptly

"How old are your father, Miss Chapman?"

It sounded so strange to be called Miss Chapman that she was thrown out of her amazed to say "The doctor thinks he may live a while."

"If he is," said the elder, in a peculiar tone, "very old—unusually old."

"Not at all," she said, "he is not so heard of years since sister."

"Well, I hope he should say so. He should avoid so Nell suddenly, then, "My child—Nell, I scarcely know which to say of it. Bear pat it in Hagan's mind and then dropped

"Now that is precisely what I do not know to do," said Hagan, jr.

"Why, Hagan, I know where I obtained the design. I imagine that is for pattern, as, cousin, I know the exact story details that may occur to him in prospecting the design, or Nell's father.

"You are right—quite right. And you, Miss—this is the case—a wonderfully strange coincidence—I'm sure you'll excuse me, but I must know where you

NEWS & CABLEGRAMS

Police

A very extra recently in the J A sergeant, wit extent a round the parchial of their station, ceiledatal, and engaged in the of a local landlo Gilchrist, Gilliland, Fl r, man, and was the unknown gentleman has Jordan and M ary official co is supposed the An inquiry will the legality of t whole circumst House of Lords

Ballots of

Dublin, Nov. informs that, wi to the returning discovery of Ar ther Hall has f for twenty year dical chemists ar wrists of Colon back a gelatine Charlatan says t after a long jour and America fo kept the story t the secret for t which no longer

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An Embrac

By cable we are Rev. Patrick Fo O'Connor, Ireland, sailor of Ubendy A Maynooth. His patient soon attract the health of Mr Coadjutor, Dr. Dun Dr. Dunlop, Dr. Fl which after a long Dwerly, Dr. Harlan ent hobby and claim Ulster, especially In Orange secretary, self, and one who hi bigoted tyranny meas stand firmly and won at In 1866, there were about 12 persons interested in Belfast; now there are nin Belfast; now there are nin of prince, in Thomas Thom Brothers' establishments, sin Catholic population of nearly an aggregation to say that the ad and adding labors of the deceased successful results are due. A like and a gentleman, the F a void in the Irish episcopac filled

Idaho's Ric

Wrangler, Nov. 1 Governor of Idaho, the crops of the Ter crop as compared wit now a number of fine of the valleys of Ida The Immigrant publishing the United States west portion of the ter may locate thereon. A very prosperous mineral districts are with great success. built a printing ent. Work is done in the Idaho Territory. The Idaho Territory. The Idaho Territory. The

Farm and Home.

Girls, Learn to Cook.

Yes, yes, learn how to cook, girls and learn how to cook well. Why right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she can not properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself. The fact is that man do not think enough of this; indeed most men worry without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking him a meal, and in a pinch he is sharp-sighted, as his health, his cheerfulness, and indeed, his success in life, depend on it. In fact the whole household is influenced by the diet. Feed them on fried cakes, fried meats, hot bread and other indigestible viands, day after day, and they will need medicines to make them well. Let all girls have a share in housekeeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house has been properly swept, dusted and put in order, to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels which unstrung both the mind and body and unfit them for every day life. Women do not, as a general rule, get pale faces doing housework. Their sedentary habits in overheated rooms, combined with ill-chosen food, are to blamed for their bad health. Our mothers used to pride themselves on their housekeeping and fine needlework. Let the present generation add to it but of real accomplishments the art of properly preparing food for the human body.

Twenty Reasons.

A good many people cannot understand why the female portion of the community prefer sober men. The matter is simple enough.

1. Wives like sober husbands because they can reason with a sober man.
2. The sober man is companionable.
3. Sober men have pride, and pride is a woman's main hold.
4. Sobriety means a comfortable home.
5. Good clothes for mother and children.
6. A house of your own.
7. Evenings at home instead of in a barroom.
8. Better health and enjoyment of life.
9. An elevated view of life and a sense of your responsibility.
10. You are a credit to your wife.
11. People that once despised you will now bloom you.
12. Your word will be gauged as you result the temper.
13. Young man will pattern after you.
14. You will be an ornament to society and the whole town in which you live.
15. The whole community will take pride in you and wish they had more like you.
16. Your friends and family will appreciate you.
17. Your enemies will admire your path of sobriety.
18. Scoffers will be disarmed by your works
19. Your manly qualities will grow with your years.
20. God will bless you.

Walking for Health.

There is almost no limit to the physical development and health that may be gained and maintained by walking which is done for the purpose of exercise. Any one can find time and space in which to walk; and one can find congenial company for such a purpose. A prosperous husband is not the company at such times, for with him business of most inevitably degenerate

Family Fun.

They had Studied Human Nature.

Some weeks ago a widow moved into Hetrect from a town in the western part of the state. She brought with her a bulldog which showed game in every movement, and it was not long before the boys bullied and spoil in the neighborhood wanted to buy that dog. The widow wouldn't sell at the price. The next thing to buying the dog was to get up a fight between him and some other rascal of bloodthirsty appearance, for the widow couldn't bear to this.

"I want you to understand," she indignantly replied, "that I am a respectable woman and give no encouragement to such things."

Still, there were one or two men who did not despair. They began to conspire, and as a result they led a fighting dog into a barn near the widow's house the other day, and one of them paid a call at the house and said

"Is course we know how you feels about this dog fighting. We feels the same, but there's a woman across the alley who owns a dog which she brags on."

"She can't be no lady," was the retort.

"Exactly, mister, so she wouldn't speak to us she does."

"Speak of me! Why, I don't know her."

"Is course you don't, and I should hate to tell you what she says of you."

"Did you mean?" I asked talking about me! I want to know what she says."

"Hit, ma'am, you'll know me, you know."

"No, I won't! What does she say."

"Well, then, begging pr'on pardon, she makes fun of your red fuzz."

"She does?"

"And she ridicules your dress."

"The vixen!"

"And she says she never saw such feel on a woman."

"We've got her dog in the barn, ma'am. It's a dog she brags on. She was saying yesterday that if her dog could only get at your dog once there—

"But he can! You go into the back yard and unzip Bruce and take him over there! If he can't lick your dog I'll dress him Bruce!"

"Exactly, ma'am, and you can trust me to see fair play. The arrogant head of such a slandered, humiliated woman should be humbled, you know, and its you who will do it.

The dog was taken to the barn, and he did not disappoint his backers. After a fight of fifteen minutes he was declared victor, and as the referee gave his decision the widow's voice was heard to remark:

"Good! That pays her for abusing my hair. I'll fix her on the big feed before the week is out."

She had been watching the fight through the cracks of the barn.

A New Career.

Smith (to Brown, who has inherited money). Congratulate you, Brown, upon your good fortune. What do you expect to do now that you are rich?

Brown—Nothing. I shall give up business and try and live like a gentleman, I'll all.

Smith—Ah, yes, I see. Well, I hope you will meet with success, old man, but it will be a great change for you, old fellow.

What's in a Name?

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a traveller to a fellow passenger, "but is not your name Smith?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "my name is Brown."

Catholic Societies.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

[illegible]

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Conducted by

Folks.

A New Rise on the Throne!

"Mallory," as a [illegible] "has given piano to a [illegible] the medical [illegible] been the [illegible]

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Bird.

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The Wonder Flower and Feather Store.

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Advice to Mothers.

[illegible]

Dr. Fraps Liver.

[illegible]

MONITOR MENTION.

[illegible]

HOW TO SEND MONEY.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THIRD YEAR.
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NEWS

CABLEGRAM

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Yours truly,

HARD-HEAD.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION AT RED BLUFF.

RED BLUFF, Nov. 29th, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR.

Dear Sir—It was my great pleasure to witness, on the 27th inst., the very impressive night of the religious profession of Miss Mary Lucy in the world, Miss Mary Ignatia in the order of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Such a sermon, as the text, Judge, I was filled with the innocent faces of the blessed children, all teaming with joy and delight, as little by-standing, I which they had the hard, but never had the courage to do, thus a beautiful mantle just looking sub-woman-hood, formally surrender all that we cast the door to her in this world, to offer to her God her heart, her life and her love. The beautiful ceremony was performed by Father Parker, Rev. J. Hoey, assisted by the Clergy of Chico, who did his part most gracefully. The ceremony of the Sacred Vestments and effecting to each of the Novices, the emblems of their order, the white veil in black, such to the sanctuary of price, who much prefered the white. Another dear girl has been added to the glorious army of noble women who, under every tie to promote the greater glory of God and the happiness, temporal and eternal of their neighbor.

A SPECTATOR

PROSPERITY OF SAN DIEGO.

A correspondent writing from San Diego says, that everything is prospering in that city. Nearly $600,000 has been expended in the city in improvements during the present year. Hundreds of fine houses have been built, and hundreds of others are now in course of construction, and no doubt, will be completed before the end of the year. Hundreds of people are now in San Diego who will be followed in their wake by hundreds more, who will be followed by thousands, who will be followed by tens of thousands, who will be followed by hundreds of thousands, who will be followed by millions, who will be followed by tens of millions, who will be followed by hundreds of millions, who will be followed by thousands of

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE THREE SONGS.

BY A. POTTS.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND MISS A——E ——.

"Oh! Sing me a song of perfect joy!
Said a tender child to the minstrel old,
And the minstrel sang of his love to him
And his rapturous song extolled.
The beauty of every thing around,
The music of every rill and brook,
The songs of the birds in every nooky bye
Thrilled gladness and sunshine round childhood's nook.

He sang of all that was sweet to see
And the happy child clapped his hands in glee
"Thy Song is a Song of Joy to me."

"Oh! Sing me a song of perfect joy!
Said a weary youth to the bard so old,
And the minstrel sang his love to him
And his glowing arts sweetly told
Of a golden haired lass whose brilliant eyes
Were fair as the liquid tints of the skies.
Her cross the lad wore, and said he as she
And she! so eager for none one's love!
He sang of all that he should be
And the youth lay bound in an ecstasy
"Thy Song is a Song of Joy to me."

"Oh! Sing me a Song of perfect joy!
Said an aged man to the Harper old,
And the slumbering power of the minstrels lyre
Awoke, and to solemn grandeur told
Of a peaceful end to all care and strife,
Of the glowing dawn of a happier life,
Of a land where all was Virtue and Truth,
He ended the glorious Poem of Youth
And the listener trembled—no longer he
"Thy Song is a Song of Joy to me."

FOREVER.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

Those we love truly never die,
Though from our sight they may be hid;
They are flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their grave.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love, and love can reach
From Heaven to earth, the soulless human tree;
Then those by mortals reach

We think that in life who have a dear one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never change
Who encourage or approve of what we do
And a suspicious course of life in anyone
Who, however dear to her, She will cast down, accordingly, I pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of her neck, gripping her throat tomy with his fingers to prevent her screaming the alarm.

"Now, Jane," he said, sneering out a bad oath at the same time, "where is your master's money? I'll have that or your life, or else your honour."

The terrified girl would fain have parlayed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Your master's money or your life, lass," was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations.

"Choose quickly, lass," was the only alternative he offered her; "the grave or the gold."

She was there was no hope of mercy at his hands, and, as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her breast. Like the generality of her sex, she was timid in trifles; a scaredy was a subject of fear to her; but if blood caused her to faint, an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night the Sun when her nerves were aroused by an adequate cause, she proved, as many other women have done, no lacking in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resolution. Any stranger looking at her, just been bold, in which small act the Spartan were hatched upon this poetry form.

An Offensive Breath

is most disagreeable, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a definite sign of a cause of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases in thousands out testify.

Literary Miscellany.

The Miller's Maid.

There in a lonely mill, close beside the little hamlet of Lidset, near the Rhine shore, between the village of Hefeld and Ilrad, on the left bank below Hoam. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story.

It was on a Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of Nesset, and his whole family, went forth to their church, the Mass at the nearest church, in the village of Hoam. The mill, with its adjacent residence, was left in charge of a servant-girl named Hannchen, or Jenny, a short-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age quite for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the return of her master and his family, when who should enter all of a sudden but an old swetheart of hers, named Heinrich Heinlier. He was an idle, gracless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny, with the amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only liked, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so, too; and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat and drink, but also found time to sit down with him and have a gossip, while the dinner was being cooked. As he sat, however, he felt his wife.

"Pick that one up, lass," said he, in a thing say to its good-natured girl.

"Fy, Heinrich," she replied, "your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labor all day long, and pay no nothing. But, never mind! I would go hard with me if I refused to do more than that for you, bad though you be."

This was spoken half spitefully, and half in good earnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage or approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in anyone else, however dear to her. She did so, down, accordingly, I pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of her neck, gripping her throat tomy with his fingers to prevent her screaming the alarm.

"Now, Jane," he said, sneering out a bad oath at the same time, "where is your master's money? I'll have that or your life, or else your honour."

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and bolted the door the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of egress access to the interior being fastened by means of strong iron gratings fixed against all the windows, and then took her post at an upper casement, determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from her dangerous position, or her own death, if it were ordained.

"Never," said she to herself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it."

She had barely time to secure herself within, when the ruffian from without, with a sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks, and curses, and imperations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee" he cried, applying the Italian epithet of which the free-speaking Teutonic language is so copious, "open the door, or I'll break it down."

"If you can, you may," was all the robber girl replied. "God is greater than you, and to him I place my trust."

"Curse thy trust!" roared the ruffian in response to this advice, "that will bring her to reason."

Short hearted as poor Hannchen was, she quailed at the cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered, but it was only for a moment. She was that her end death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that the life of her infant would be spared by her compulsion. It was to risk all against nothing, to surrender a certain, conveniently held fast in her hand to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance could reach her.

"An ye open not the door," shouted the villain without, accompanying the words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations, "I'll hack this whole limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. Twill be a merry blaze, I trow."

"I put my trust in God, replied the damsel, "and I tell thee that ye not within those walls whilst I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian had the infant for a moment in his power, and he knew that "on bantitles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, overhanging with the chaff which was stored in the upper story of the mill, and the other machinery of the mill, and was quite entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never apprehended it would be given to seek his mission through such a dangerous inlet. He had not long with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and, tying the hands and feet of the little innocent, threw it on the ground near as a butcher will fling a to a lamb destined to the slaughter, to await his return. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the damsel in her chamber.

In the meantime her mind was busied with a thousand contingencies. She clearly perceived that no excuse would be tolerated to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her's depended her own safety and that of her infant.

"It is Sunday," she said to herself, "the mill is not working on the Sabbath; suppose I say it agong now! It can be seen afar off, and happy my master, or some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may hasten home to know the cause. Lucky thought, she exclaimed; "tis God sent it to me."

No sooner said than done. Being all her own, she set fire to the mill. Meanwhile the ruffian had reached the aperture, and was about to enter. With this disaster the destruction of the bales of supplies it was not strange that the home organization became impetuous. The Fitrish to remount decided to remove the bales with those which had been preparing to spread, and the machinery as well known in the times of Emmet and Mitchell and Meagher and others to be brought into play. The leaders were arrested and imprisoned, or compelled to flee. Hitch wings now being overcome there was nothing left to do "unless a lost cause." The hopeless left on the ex-chief excited and the Fenian army military commander. This was not the first failure and it was not altogether pitiless, as so far by the great success of the Fenian movements now going on under Parnell and his associates. We were advanced at antecedent less than a decade, and are about to answer the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry in Ireland, but the genius and patriotism of Ireland will be found equal to the task of rolling up her cause where Stephens, John and others left off, and, even as they would mature and express their plans, the Irish National Land League was formed from the ashes of the Fenians, and a copy of all Ireland now stands the leading Patriotic of the world in the religious field, and the material field, and the political field, and the social field, and the literary field, and the scientific field. Perhaps the most popular and successful of this class is the Annunciation of Ireland's Patron Saint, Patrick, and the Irish Organization. It is a branch of a prosperous association existing in Ireland, and, as it is the most popular and good, and. But for this organization the Repeaters and Scotch Leaguers would have utterly frustrated. As it was, the right of the domain that operated in the people for the great O'Connell's benefit. By this organization all the Irish people in the great heart of America was aroused into synchronous action with such a vision, and such a fire as has not been witnessed since the days of the Fenians. The father here his home, my in his arms, he hid out the room afterwards in child was tied, but was unable to obtain any account of the matter, ordinary circumstances that had occurred from the hiding of the child.

Hannchen, in a few words, told all, and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, left her, and she fell down in a faint, from fallen sensation, the arms of the miller's old eatson, and was with great difficulty recovered from the effects of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison, and he was, in turn, bound—and sent off to Bonn under a strong escort; and, in due course, came under the hands of the executioner.

It was not long till Hannchen became a bride. This happy event was the subject with a thousand congratulations. She clearly perceived that no excuse would be tolerated to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her's depended her own safety and that of her infant.

"It is Sunday," she said to herself, "the mill is not working on the Sabbath; suppose I say it agong now! It can be seen afar off,

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1885.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

In accordance with our annual custom we will present our readers with a *twelve page illustrated* MONITOR at CHRISTMAS, and we desire to embrace as many and precious writings, thereby, that their contribution must reach this office not later than the feast of the Immaculate Conception (December 8th) in order to get out our very large edition—the CHRISTMAS MONITOR will have to go to press on December 15th, so as to reach all sections of the Union by Christmas Day. Persons who desire extra copies to send to friends can have them mailed *free*, direct from his office, by sending in—at any time between now and Christmas—the addresses of those to whom they wish copies sent, accompanied with 10 cents in coin or stamps for each copy that ordered for friends in the Eastern States or Europe. The CHRISTMAS MONITOR will be a most acceptable present to send to friends far away from those who dwell along the Pacific Coast, and we hope that hundreds of our subscribers will avail themselves of this liberal offer.

Editorial Notes.

—The Church in America is in a very flourishing and prosperous condition. The present Government does all in its power to foster the religious spirit. "Catholic Union" showed and embrace all classes. The Bishop of Linz has addressed a letter to the members of these circles, encouraging them to propagate Christian sentiments and patriotic aspirations.

—The Archbishop of Cologne makes his solemn entry into that diocese during the present month. Great preparations are being made for his reception. It is now a long time since Cologne had a resident Archbishop, Cardinal Melchers having been exiled. It will be a sad blow to the new Archbishop, Mgr. Krementz, to learn that 348 out of the 813 parishes of the diocese are without pastors.

—Upon a thorough investigation of the charges brought against the Commandant at the Veteran's Home, we are satisfied that they were greatly exaggerated by certain inmates who were expelled from the institution for good cause. We have no desire to censure any official unless there is good ground for such a course of procedure concerning any other of our public institutions, and in the present case we see nothing to justify us in pushing th's matter any further at present.

—In consequence of the great length of the important Encyclical of the Sovereign Pontiff, which we publish in full on our first and eighth pages, we are compelled to crowd out Correspondence, Irish news, Editorials, our regular contribution on the Blessed Virgin, and other matter prepared for this issue. For the same reason we are compelled to refrain from pointing out the prominent features of the Encyclical until next week. In the meantime we hope this important document will receive careful perusal from every subscriber.

—In a recent lecture delivered in Kingstown, on "The Maldi and his Men," by Mr. James O'Kelly, M. P., he told his audience that if England refused to give back to the Irish people their own Parliament, they might find allies in the Soudan that might be made useful. The Soudanese only required a little money and a little intelligence to direct them, and it was within the power of the Irish people to strengthen them in such a way that the Soudan might become, not the grave of an army, but might be made to become the grave of an Empire.

—The Prussian Government, being asked by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who have a mission at Cameroon, in Africa, where Germany is founding a colony, if they might establish a college in Prussia for the evangelization of the Africans, answered in the negative. The reason alleged was that the May Laws prohibit the erection of religious houses in Prussian territory. The Government added that they had entered into a contract with a Protestant Society at Basle, the object of which was to prevent the residence of Catholic missionaries at Cameroon. This is what is called "religious justice" by those who call themselves Protestant Christians.

—This being the last month of the year, we will send bills to all our subscribers in arrears, and we hope to receive ready response in the shape of cash, currency, postal orders or postal notes from all who are indebted to this paper. We are expending a large amount of money every week in order to furnish our patrons with as good a Catholic paper as there is in America, hence, when we give such good value in return, it is but reasonable to expect prompt payments from our patrons. All who receive bills, therefore, will please respond promptly so we can balance our books early in January.

—Father John Kenny sent us a copy of his new book, "The Knowledge of Christ and its Mysteries," this week, which we will notice in our next. He also sends us those cheering words which will fall gratefully up on the hearts of hundreds of his friends all over the coast. "I am, thank God! perfectly restored to health, but my doctors will not permit me to travel before next March. In public I am free to say that Parnell is sure to win Home Rule. It is delightful to see the unity and determination of the people all over Ireland. Dublin is grand and its Archbishop its inspiration. May God bless him for his good work!" To all of whom every reader of the MONITOR will gladly show "Amen!"

—In the death of Peter Donahue both the Church and the State have lost a generous giver and a model citizen. He was truly a self-made man whose sterling honesty, skill and industry made him what he was—the foremost man in California enterprise. His private charities go churches, communities and individuals were numerous, while, as a public benefactor, he was prominent in every movement for the good of religion or morals. Those who will mourn most are the widow, the orphan and the digent poor, numbers of whom he helped periodically. His friendship was a link never formed it could not be broken so long as those he thus favored acted in an upright manner. And thus the great good Peter Donahue did in life lives after him, and prayers for his soul's peace will ascend like incense to heaven, from the tongues of those thousands whom he helped in his passage or his purse, during his long and useful career in a land that should never let his name pass into obscurity.

Parnell Outlining a Constitution for the Government of Ireland.

Home Rule is assured to Ireland, if we may judge by the political complexion of the election returns, and we learn from our Irish exchanges that so convinced is Mr. Parnell of this fact that he has already commenced to outline a Constitution for Ireland, by which the people of that land will be empowered to legislate for themselves on all matters of local interest. He also proposes to abolish the fossil of British aristocracy known as the House of Lords, and to have but one representative body politic which will assemble every year in Dublin, and issue such laws as may be required for the reorganization of the commerce of Ireland, the regulation of the coinage, the levying of local taxation, and all matters directly pertaining to Irish interests except the army, the navy, and national defence—which are to remain the sole province of the British government.

It is Mr. Parnell's intention to introduce this document under the title of "A Bill for the Better Government of Ireland," at the first opportune moment after the next British Parliament assembles. Then he and his colleagues will continue to block all parliamentary business connected with English or Scotch legislation until the claims of Ireland have been heard and Mr. Parnell's measure acted upon favorably.

The importance of having men around him in Parliament who will neither desert the cause of Ireland through British bribery, or absent themselves from the House of Commons when Irish measures are coming up for consideration, has been considered in the selection of good and true men to represent every Irish constituency. And, as Mr. Parnell plainly said in his reply to the Edinburgh speech of Mr. Gladstone, Ireland's freedom will assuredly be achieved if two vital conditions are fulfilled by the people of Ireland. The first of these is to keep the Irish people at home and abroad united and free from quarrels and dissensions amongst themselves; that this united people should be true to the great traditions which they have inherited, and as it rests in their power, to strike to day what the Irish Parliamentary Party believes will be a successful and a last blow for Ireland, that they will not shrink from striking hard and striking home. Second ly, Mr. Parnell requires that those who are entrusted to bear the Irish flag in the Parliament of Westminster shall be men who shall sink all personal considerations, who shall maintain the same union in their ranks that the Parliamentary party of 1880 to 1885 have maintained during the last Parliament; that they shall crush Tory with an iron hand all dissension in their midst, and, above all, that they shall believe in themselves and in the work that they have in hand. And—added Mr. Parnell—if these two conditions are fulfilled, we have a united people and a determined body of men believing in their work, showing by every act, by every thought, by every word, that they believe in the right of Ireland to obtain national self government, then the day will not be very far off when you will have the gratification of witnessing the assembly of an Irish Parliament on Irish soil with full power to guide and watch over the destinies of the Irish nation.

Causes which Lead Protestants to Hate the Church.

In many cases the prejudices which exists in the minds of non-Catholics against the Church is created, fostered and perpetuated therein by the disgraceful and disedifying conduct of Catholics themselves. Every Catholic who becomes intoxicated is an argument to the uninstructed non-Catholic that the Church does not consider drunkenness a crime. Every action of deceit, dishonesty or other disgraceful proceeding entailing sin upon the Catholic soul, creates a hatred against our holy religion in the hearts of those who only know its dogmas through the conduct of those Catholics whom they see around them. Good examples on the part of many practical Catholics has led millions of souls to embrace the truth, while the bad example of incorrigible Catholics has made well-meaning Protestants shudder at the religion that is professed by so many who mortally sin against God by their habitual vices.

Catholics—more than any others in every community—should be models of virtue for their fellow-men. God has given to us graces which non-Catholics can never possess. He has provided Sacraments by which we may be purified, strengthened and rendered sinless in the sight of God. He has given us heavenly advocates who pray for us before His throne so that we may constantly walk in the path which leads to eternal bliss. But, unfortunately for themselves, there are Catholics who never have recourse to the Sacraments, who never position the Mother of God or the saints to intercede for them, and thus they fall themselves and are free to say that the Faith the Son of God died for into the mire of their own iniquities. Such Catholics as these it is who light the fire of prejudice in the hearts of non-Catholics and whose disreputable lives lead many Protestants to believe that there can be no real Divine life in our religion when such reprobate lives are led by so many who profess it. How necessary, therefore, it is that every Catholic should so square their manhood before his fellow-men that they will be impressed with the supernatural strength of purity, skill and industry made him what he was—the foremost man in California enterprise. His private charities go churches,

How Many Catholics are in the World?

A subscriber in the Sandwich Islands, who says that he had a controversy with a non-Catholic neighbor regarding the number of Catholics in the world, wants the editor of this paper to give him the necessary information upon that disputed question, and believes doing so we desire to inform our correspondent that he may not expect to satisfy his Protestant neighbor by any figures he may present to him. So powerful is prejudice against the Catholic Religion, and that not one in a thousand are willing to admit that Catholics number even one million in every ten millions claimed as our Church counts. Even so self-instructed an English Protestant as John Henry Newman—the eminent convert and Cardinal—in his *Apologia* intimates that to his youth he knew nothing whatever of the existence of any Catholic body in England. He had a fond idea that there was a building called a Catholic "chapel" in some obscure place in London, but as to the religion professed by those obscure people known as "Papists," he had little or no knowledge. The "sect" as he had heard it called by his Protestant friends—had but few adherents, and was considered as "alien" to the English soil.

We desire to deprecate the growth of the Church still exists, especially among the more bigoted class of our "separated brethren," who are determined to live in the belief that the Catholic Church will die before death calls them to their last home.

And when we Catholics set the number of our co-religionists in the world at two hundred millions, the statement drives the doubting Thomases of Protestantism to the brink of despair. Yet, notwithstanding this demonstration not to believe, on the part of our Protestant friends, there are actually more than 270,000,000 Catholics in the world at this time, as can be verified from the following statistics copied from the *Kathotischer Mission Atlas*, of last year, and other European publications equally reliable.

The total Catholic population of the world as given by the work we have quoted is as follows:

Europe	150,000,000
Asia	1,500,000
Africa	1,500,000
America	over 72,000,000
Australasia	1,125,000
Oceanica	375,000
Total	226,500,000

But, as the editor of the *Atlas* remarks, these figures are not as complete as he would desire in order to make his statistics thorough, hence he makes the calculation that the total Catholic population of the earth is 214,370,000.

In another work entitled *Die Staaten Europas*, 1884, edited by Dr. Brosbidl, the Director of the Department of Statistics in Austro-Hungary, that official gives the Catholic population of Europe alone at 150,900,000, being nearly six millions more than those given in the *Atlas* already quoted.

Hubner's Geographisch-Statistische Tabellen, compiled by Professor Juraschek, is standard work on statistical information in Europe, and in the edition for 1884 the total Catholic population of the world is set down at two hundred and eighteen millions, or 15·2 per cent of the whole human race. But the most recent authority on this point is the *Annuaire Romain*, which possesses facilities for securing reliable statistics not enjoyed by the coach of ordinary writers, and in whose pages it was stated a few weeks ago that from estimates made by the heads of the several missionary establishments throughout the world, the returns of Baptisms, and other reliable statistics—the total number of members of the Catholic Church is actually between 275,000,000 and 300,000,000.

Taking all these figures together, it is safe to say that there are from 275,000,000 to 300,000,000 Catholics in the world at the present period, as it must be borne in mind that there are vast sections of the world in Africa and Asia where thousands of the natives have been converted to the true faith but from certain causes statistics rarely reach the civilized portions of the earth. Catholic missionaries have been laboring in Africa for the last forty years, and to day there are from 20,000 to 30,000 Catholics in South Africa, with about 100 churches, to minister with religious, schools for the young, a hospital, a home for the blind, and many other admirable institutions. In one country in Africa, there are between 8,000 and 10,000 children who are receiving instruction in the Catholic religion. In the interior where very little progress was made a few years previously, Kings have asked for missionaries, and one or two thousand people are under instruction. This is a glorious victory for the Catholic Church.

It is also to be borne in mind that in all pagan and non-Catholic lands there are missionaries who do not think it wise to make public the number of converts they have gathered into the fold of Christ, fearing thereby that they might arouse a spirit of antagonism to the Catholic Church, hence such prudent priests never publish to the world the triumphs they achieve over Satan among pagan or idolatrous nations.

These facts and figures, we opine, will be sufficient to satisfy any unbiased non-Catholic that there are fully as many millions of Catholics in the world as the statistics we have given indicate.

We spent last Sunday at Sonoma, and nobly say that it was a day thus.—*Rev. Fr. Mahony's Cal. Christian Advocate.*

We have often heard that "an open confession is good for the soul," and we sincerely hope that the candid admission on the part of our venerable Methodist confrere will have a beneficial effect upon the spiritual health of our separated brethren. Sonoma is famed for its wine, and we presume—in all charity—that the insidious influence of the inspiriting fur-famed fluid overcame the scruples of the good old gentleman, and, as the rosy liquid lubricated the interior regions of our religious friend, he felt the promptings of his heart to "tell the world." The Protestant bible tells its readers not to look upon wine when it is red, but Rev. McCrary is too good a theologian to be caught sleeping concerning Sonoma wine, and so we presume.

He evaded the bible as well he might, By drinking Sonoma wine that night.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ALGEBRA for the use of the students of the Academy of the Pacific, Professor of Mathematics in Santa Clara College. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel, 737 Market Street.

During the heavy rains that so thoroughly soaked the deeper soil of our broad and beautiful wheat patches, a closely-wrapt stranger protected our sanctum. With our metal good nature we at once attended to his better comfort and proceeded to audit the contents of that capacious and fertile intellect, which—there they lay before us a neat, new Algebra for the use of beginners. Author, Rev. J. Bayma, S. J. Publisher, A. Waldteufel, 737 Market street—one copy.

Months at close possession of an alphabetical form of address, we opened the book and wondered—as by the method of computation we endeavored to master its contents—that it should have taken so long after subject—when the author's preface terminated put us in the right track in our solution of this self-assumed problem. In the preface we learned that Father Bayma selected to work out to write a new and exclusive treatise on algebra, as it is to exhibit—in a clear form—the results of experience in teaching youth so pertinent to that science. And this—perhaps—together with their proofs, are deemed quite sufficient to warrant the publication of an extensive four years' course of mathematical study—geometry, plane and solid analytical trigonometry, plane and spherical; calculus, differential and integral, as well as mechanics.

That this object is fully realized by the author either by his new book will be evident to any one who may examine the following extracts, or any one who has had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, and inspect the clear, concise and logical manner in which the author presents their reserve in the study of the science, by way of theoretical proof and practical illustration. In this method we think the student will find a strange relation to make his side familiar with the technical language of his future toilsome, but delightful study. The author has taken pains to furnish the student with the definitions the three angles of the rectilinear triangle, the equal angles, the equal combinations of class and coefficients, and we take it for granted that in this course of time "McCrorie's definitions" will become one of his household treasures.

Now a word—from the training youth to the study—on this "low science" in the first place, it is a science of reasoning, and, in order to still keep their fidelity, or, rather, the characteristic of the Scotch character, he adopts "means" into a fixed proportion of space and time. This we believe, Father Bayma's accomplishes, and therefore we give it a hearty endorsement.

There is only one suggestion we offer to the Rev. Professor, and it is that he—not into a set of mechanical—but into a mental form—assumed task on the part of the pupil (for example) the author, and the decided tone of a time fixed manner when the absence of a system enables to verify his preparatory solution; and when the author or doubt his better judgment will condescend to add to the next edition of his work the little page—with reliable answers to the several problems.

We congratulate the students of Santa Clara on their being just in possession of so clear and easy a guide which is to stamp their first step in the long road that leads to a place in the temple of the exact science, and to other aspirants for the same laurels we recommend the careful study of Father Bayma's Algebra, and, if they be too tempted to discouragement than from other more exhaustive algebraic manuals.

DEATH OF PETER DONAHUE.

Sketch of the Life of One of California's Mighty Dead—What he accomplished through Enterprise and Integrity—A Liberal Benefactor Towards the Catholic Church.

Peter Donahue, the well-known pioneer and national millionaire, died at his residence at the northeast corner of Bush and Sansome streets last Thursday night. His death was painless, and was brought about by the failing of his strength, owing to his been going for the preceding twelve months, and he quietly breathed his last and quiet, and with scarcely a tremor to indicate the dissolution.

For some time he had been in feeble health, and about a year and a half ago, he was compelled to relinquish the active business which he had for many years conducted, and to do not feel the strength to bear pertaining to the management of his business affairs, and he was confined to his home. In the prime we learned that Father Lagmas celebrated a mass in his house, and he received the last rites of the Church, which he had been a liberal and devoted supporter during the time of the office. Shortly after this

Farm and Home.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT.

Importance of the Proposed California Fruit-Growers' Union.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Reports received from San Francisco of the organization of the California Fruit-growers' Union have been much discussed in the fruit trade here. At the recently organized Foreign Fruit Exchange, the Secretary told your correspondent that the movement has attracted wide spread attention in the East. Letters have been received asking the extent of the California organization, the plans for the coming season, etc. Prominent foreign dealers, with whom your correspondent conversed, admitted the importance of the proposed organization, though claiming superiority for foreign grapes and oranges over the native product, besides greater cheapness. A careful investigation elicited the fact that the only known firm here who make California green fruit a specialty have a small warehouse on Vesey street pier. Their fruit comes almost entirely from Washington Porter of Chicago. They sell largely to hotels, groceries and local way fruit stores. The dealers say they have a monopoly of California fruit in the city, and make their own prices. They received about fourteen carloads of fruit from Chicago during the past season.

Albert Merritt of the Merritt Fruit Company said he had been experimenting movement by the California fruit-growers. Their fruit has been badly handled in the East. The Chicago people who handle most of it have a system of treatment of fruit has been not East to New York. "I made an experiment," said he "with California oranges last season, ordering a carload just at the close of the Florida season and the result surprised me. I found the fruit delicious, with a tender pulp and free seeds, far superior to the Sicily oranges. California fruit should be sent direct to New York. Delay at Chicago is apt to spoil the fruit, which reaches there in a good condition. I don't approve of refrigerator cars unless they are run differently. The fruit gets spoiled at the start by an insufficient quantity of ice being placed in the cars. The men in charge of the cars wait till they get to the mountains where ice is cheaper before fully stocking the car."

Phillip Rothman, a dealer in Florida fruits, said: "When California wants to a central agency in New York for the sale of their fruit. As it is now, no one knows where to go for it. With fast fruit trains and lower freight rates, it is possible to build up a big trade here, and take it out of the hands of middlemen.

A member of the firm of Maxfield & Co. said: "I think most of the dealers in Florida fruit here would be glad to handle California products if they had a way to make it pay. In my opinion, it is only a question of a few years when native fruit will drive foreign fruit out of the market altogether. Oranges from Florida we consider superior to those of California, but the latter beat the Sicilian fruit all hollow. The railroads will have to reduce freight rates still more before Pacific Coast fruit can be laid down here at a profit."

A prominent commission merchant strongly identified with California interests in New York, said: "The difficulty in successfully placing California fruit in this market is the same as with wine from the Pacific Coast. Neither is seen here at its best. To meet with the fullest success it is a matter of the greatest importance that the fruit should be placed in the hands of purely American houses in the East. Foreigners here are doing much to ruin the California trade. Fruit carefully packed from this end of the line, fruit-growers can make this enterprise a gigantic success. If, however, they send carloads of fruit here without knowing exactly how much the market can stand, it is sure to result in a heavy loss."

Since commencing this dispatch your correspondent learns that there has been a serious discussion in the fruit trade as to the advisability of placing California fruit on the foreign fruit exchanges.

Simple Cures for Sickness.

SICK HEADACHE.—Its complaint is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. Nine times out of ten the cause is in the fact that the stomach is not able to digest the food has introduced into it, either from having been uneatable or excessive in quantity. A dish of tea and bread, with ripe fruit or berries, with moderate and continuous exercise in the open air will tend to keep up a gentle perspiration, will generally set everything in a very short time. Two teaspoonfuls of powered charcoal in a half glass of water, and drank often, gives instant relief. Sick headache with some persons comes on at regular intervals, and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts out to inform us that there is and over-alkaline condition in the blood; that it needs a natural acid to re-store the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of headache appear, take a tablespoonfuls of lemon juice clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose before bed time. Follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedy, and you will soon be able to go free from this unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple; but many cures have been effected in this way.

RHEUMATISM.—Rheumatism is a terrible enemy in an English magazine makes the following remarks on the relation of diet to rheumatism, which are well worthy of consideration: Rheumatism is, so often so not, caused by over-eating, and especially over indulgence in meat, which is certain to cause an excess of uric acid, and render the body liable, on exposure to wet or cold, to an attack. We know the old people are peculiarly liable to rheumatism. The reason for this is not far to seek. Their joints and bosoms are harder and stiffer, and very often contain deposits—crusts of soda. Another is that, as a rule, people up in years eat more than is necessary to support life, under the mistaken notion that they want a great deal of nourishment to keep them up. Very then, on the contrary, the wear and tear of tissue is trifling even speed to what it is in earlier manhood, and that far less food is required. Therefore, if an elderly person would live long and be free of aches and pains, and be calm in mind—for this is a great deal—he or she must live abstemiously, more or less.

SORE THROAT.—One who has tried it communicates the following about curing sore throats: One ounce of camphorated oil, and five ounce worth of potash. When any soreness appears in the throat, put the potash in a half a teaspoonful of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly; then rub the neck thoroughly with camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a strip of woolen flannel. This is a simple, cheap and sure remedy.

Repentedly to Women.

"Sweet words are repeatedly to women," said the gifted, but naughty Mrs. Partington. "Surely we'll be lost women when we repent." Such facts are complaints that only women know, that are caused by exposure to sudden changes of weather. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how long, or severe, they may be. Dr. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" Sale in Health. It is a blessing, especially to mothers and women, for, for when women suffer, the household is sadness.

—A twelve year old Dakota girl, taken up into the air by a cyclone, carried out of sight, and brought safely down in a field a quarter of a mile away, describes her sensation while in transit as that of being rapidly and constantly pricked by thousands of needles. Hence her experience also has been similar to a person with Mt. Vibous chance.

Family Fun.

He Had a Good Memory.

"I never did have any luck, nohow," wailed an old man on a train out from Chicago. "Here up to town to see my son-in-law and get him to help me, but he won't do a thing. I don't know what I'm going to do for a living. All this comes from being so foolish as to stick to one of them old pensions."

"Well, you see, some years ago I was partly well off. Had two farms and a lot of stock, an' money in bank. The chap that's now my son-in-law come along an' courted my darter. He was as poor as a church mouse, an' as I opposed the match. But the old woman was fast for it, an' I had to give in, an' I usually do when the old woman gets her dander up. I wasn't very cheerful during the wedding, an' was all the time thinkin' of the check I'd ought to give my darter on ten dollars a week. After it was all over an' they was about to start, they asked me to show my shoe after 'em for good luck. Well, I did, an' that was the cause of the hull trouble. The young man had all the luck and it blew worth a hundred thousand dollars, while I am as poor as thunder. Yesterday I asking him to loan me a hundred and he refused me point blank. You see, he hasn't forgotten the time I threw my shoe after him."

"Why should he be mad about that?"

"My foot was inside the shoe."

She Paid Extra.

A widow, whose age might have been forty, went into business on Grand River avenue a few weeks ago and the dear move was to get a sign painted. The services of a sign painter were secured, and when he finished his work he put on his "imprint" by placing his initials, "W. A. H.," down on the left hand corner of the sign. When the widow came in critical admiration, she queried:

"What does 'W. A. H.' stand for?"

"Why, Wanted, A Husband," replied the painter.

"Oh, yes—I see," she mused. "It was very thoughtful in you, and here's a dollar extra."

How the Colonel Put It.

"I am very sorry that I did not get acquainted with you until I had become a widower," said Colonel Percy Yerger to his second wife with whom he does not live very happily.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the partner of his joys.

"Nothing, except that I would much rather that you had been my first wife," replied the fond husband carelessly.

"Why do you wish that I had been your first wife?"

"Because some other woman would be my present wife, darling."

Put it on the Slate.

A little boy was trudging along the street with a slate under his arm, when a man kindly stopped him and said kindly

"That is right, my little boy. I love to see little boys who are anxious to learn and are fond of going to school. Here's a nickel for you."

"Thank ye, mum," said the little boy.

"Now boy, you are a nice little fellow."

"Yes, mum, I am a nice fellow."

"For your father?"

"Yes, mum; he keep a saloon on Second swayer."

The Sapient Schoolboy.

Stern Father. "Look here, young man, your teacher tells me you extend yourself from school by telling that story about your sister sick. What do you mean by lying to your teacher, eh?"

"I didn't lie."

"Yes, you did. Your mother isn't sick, and you know it.

"She said she was."

"Why?"

"Last night. She said she was sick of having you home home all the time, and in the morning with your coffin on your achine."

"Well, of course, if she was sick, it would perfectly right for you to stay out of school, my son. There, here is a dollar. Go off and get some candy, and we won't say any more about it.

He Knows Now.

"I don't understand this at all, said Smith, as he looked over the bill.

"Why, it's a bill for a year of house rents at 625 per year," replied the collector.

"Bronte rises! Why, I never bought such a thing in my life. We have a house in the house, but they were a wedding present."

"Presented by whom?"

"My my friend Green."

"Exactly. He told us to wait three months, and send the bill to you. That has come to be the fashion now, and I'm surprised that you didn't know it. I'll receipt it. Thanks. Fine weather this."

An Affliction of the Eyes.

"Now, Bobby," warned the old gentleman as the family sat down to dinner, "your mum't brother Mr. Feathery with foolish questions. In the presence of older people little boys should be seen, not heard."

"I was only going to ask him one!" said Bobby, with an injured air.

"All right, Bobby," laughed Feathery, very much amused. "Go ahead. I wouldn't be too hard on Bobby, Mr. Handcricks," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "little boys are all alike, the world to them is full of the strange and inexplicable. And, after all what are we but children of a larger growth! Er—what is it Bobby, that you want to ask me?"

"I was going to ask you about your eyes."

"My eyes!"

"Yes, you says that a silver dollar to you looks as big as a cartwheel."

Couldn't Outrun His Pa.

A Sunday school teacher was telling her children how the devil is always in the morning lion seeking whom he may devour, and after the lesson was through she asked that those who wished could ask questions. At once a little boy spoke up and asked how fast the devil could run.

"Hush, Johnnie," said the teacher, "such questions are very profane.

"Well, I didn't care, said Johnnie, "he can't outrun pa anyhow, 'cause I heard pa tell a man down the street the other day that he thought he could lick the night he came home so late from the lodge."

Notice of Removal at W. C. Price & Co.

We would call the attention of our subscribers to the fact that our office has been removed from 510 Market St. to 1104 Market St. and that the business of the firm will be continued at the new location, under the same management, being prepared to offer the same superior inducements in the line of Ladies' Fine Shoes, Gents' Fine Shoes, Ladies' Fine Shoes, Misses' Fine Shoes, Children's

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

account the more so, because Catholic men are bound by the admonitions of the doctrine which they profess, to do what has to be done with integrity and with faith. If, on the contrary, they were idle, those whose opinions do not in truth give any great hope of safety, would easily get possession of the reins of government.

THIS ALSO SHOULD BE ATTENDED

with caution, that those who are powerful who are badly disposed towards the Church; and those least powerful who are well disposed. Wherefore it is evident there is just cause for Catholics to undertake the conduct of public affairs; for they do so in a manner that responsibilities in order to approve of what is not lawful in the methods of government at this time; but in order that they may turn them very to whole, as far as may be, to the unmixed and true public good, holding this purpose in their minds, to infuse into all the veins of the commonwealth the wisdom and virtue of the Catholic religion—the most healthy pap and blood as it were. It was scarcely done otherwise in the first age of the Church. For the manners and desires of the heathen were divergent as widely as possible from the manners and desires of the Gospel; for the Christians had to separate themselves incorrupt in the midst of superstition, and, always true to themselves, most cheerfully to enter every walk in life which was open to them. Models of fidelity to their princes, obedient, where lawful, to the sovereign power, they established a wonderful relationship of civil concordance, they sought the advantage of their neighbor, and to all others to the wisdom of Christ; heavily prepared to retire from public life, and even to die if they could not retain honesty, or the majesty of nor the supreme command with unalloyed virtue. For which reason Christian customs soon found their way, not only into private houses, but into the senate, into the camp, into the imperial palace. "We are of yesterday and we fill your everything, cities, islands, cortes, municipalities, councils, camps, the rank and file of the army, the officeships, the palace, the senate, the forum" (*Tertullian, Apol.* c. 37), so that the Christian faith, when it was unlawful publicly to profess the Gospel, was not like a shield crying in his cradle, but grown up and steady enough to firmly, was manifest in a great part of the State.

NOW INDEED IN THESE DAYS

it is as well to have these examples of our forefathers. For Catholics indeed, as many are worthy of the name, believe all things it is necessary to be, and to be willing to be, regarded as most loving sons of the Church whatsoever is inconsistent with this good report, without hesitation to reject; to use popular institutions so far as honesty can be to the advantage of truth and justice; to labor that liberty of action shall not transgress the bounds ordained by the law of nature and of God; so that such that the whole of public life shall be transformed into that, as we have called it, a Christian image and likeness. The means to seek these ends can scarcely be laid down upon one uniform plan, since they must suit places and times very different from each other. Nevertheless, in the first place, let concord of will be preserved, and a like sense of things to be done sought for. And such will be attained the best, if all shall consider the admonitions of the Apostolic Chair as oracles, and shall obey the Bishops whom "*the Spirit of God has placed to rule the Church of God*" (Acts, xx. 28). The defence of the Catholic name, indeed of necessity demands that in the profession of doctrine which are handed down by the Church the opinion of all shall be one, and the mind perfect concordance, and from this point of view take care that there be no occasion to say degree at false opinions or resists with greater goodness than truth will allow. Concerning those things which are matters of opinion, it will be lawful with moderation and with a desire of investigating the truth, without injurious suspicions and mutual recriminations. For which purpose, let the agreement of minds be broken by temerity of controls, let all understand; that the integrity of the Catholic profession can by no means be reconciled with opinions approaching towards *naturalism* or *rationalism*, of which the sum total is to reject Christian institutions altogether, and to establish the supremacy of man, Almighty being pushed on one side.

LIKEWISE IT IS UNLAWFUL TO FOLLOW

one line of duty in private and another in public, so that the authority of the Church shall be observed in private, and spurned in public. For this would be to join together things honest and disgraceful, and to make a man fight a battle with himself, when on the contrary he ought always to be consistent with himself, and never in any the least thing in manner of living to decline from Christian virtue. But it ought to be made about principles merely political, concerning the best form of government, of civil regulations of one kind or another, established a standard of morality, of which consistency may weight the advantage of their neighbor, and to all others to the wisdom of Christ; heavily prepared to retire from public life, and even to die if they could not retain honesty, or the majesty of nor the supreme command with unalloyed virtue. For which reason Christian customs soon found their way, not only into private houses, but into the senate, into the camp, into the imperial palace. "We are of yesterday and we fill your everything, cities, islands, cortes, municipalities, councils, camps, the rank and file of the army, the officeships, the palace, the senate, the forum" (*Tertullian, Apol.* c. 37), so that the Christian faith, when it was unlawful publicly to profess the Gospel, was not like a shield crying in his cradle, but grown up and steady enough to firmly, was manifest in a great part of the State.

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Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

GOING THROUGH THE GATES.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(An incident attended on the departure from Philadelphia of a venerable and gifted Catholic priest, whose name is a household word among the readers of the Monitor.)

"May I go with him thro' the gates?"
—I asked the guard at railway station;
And when he answered, "Yes,"—at last,
Then manner-day, (gentle, and cold,)
With this, baby I found, I passed

"May I go with him thro' the Gates?"
—O God grant, one day, at heaven's portal,
I ask with wistful tenderness,—
And, if St. Peter answers, "Yes,"
Then joy, dear God, be blest, with the to prove
Past golden Gates to false immortal!

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the inn;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought the shade, at evening time, to breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in haste of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds its covert made;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing everywhere.

A little stream had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with moss a cup that stood at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that God might think.

He passed again, and found the well, by summers worn and wet,
Still in use, the thousand parching tongues and weary feet
Served a life thereby.

A desert dropped a random thought, 'twas old and yet 'twas new
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It fell upon a gentle mind, and lo! its light grew broad
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame,
The thought was small, its issue great, a world-wide fame,
It slept in entrance for ashes, and chasm the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstolen from the heart;
A whisper on the breath thrown—a transitory breath—
It reached a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death!

O ye! O Souls! O word of love! O thought! O ye
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

Literary Miscellany.

Going Aloft.

How Captain Outlaw and his Companions Came to Take the Pledge.

One evening, a party of old shipmates met at a social supper. After the dishes were removed and the wine began to circulate freely, some of the older captains commenced spinning yarns about their own adventures at sea. Among the number was John Outlaw, who was a good sailor and a sailor as ever trod on deck. It was observed that he was drinking something well water; and when it came to his turn to enter into the conversation, it was thought he was rather shy.

Well, shipmates, to show you why I don't and can't drink with you, so that you may take my word as a sort of pledge, I will give you a chapter from my early sailor life. It is a very important chapter, too, for on the incident I am about to relate the whole of my subsequent behavior was built.

I was very young when I first went to sea. When I was eighteen I shipped on board an East Indiaman for a very long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and had shipped the same duties to perform. The ship, the *Lady Dunlop*, was a large one and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two all told. Our captain was a noble-hearted, honorable man, kind and generous but very strict.

Now, we boys had learned in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any sailor. When we used to get on shore we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently would we come off in a state anything but sober. I said "we"—but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was John Small.

Now, Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave the job up, however, for we made sport of him that he was glad to be let alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to notice Jack many favors which he did not show us.

He would often take him on shore with him to spend the night and such things as that, while we used to go on board the ship.

That wasn't all. He learned faster than we did—he was a better sailor, and he learned more navigation. It got so at length that Jack was placed upon the deck when the officers were off duty; and he used to work out the reckoning as soon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant companion! We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we wouldn't open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to make him feel that he never got angry at us in return. The world sometimes laugh at us, and at others he would so laughingly slide us that we would remain silent for a while.

At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess, when Jack was absent and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drunk at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken, we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. We were on our homeward bound passage, by way of Brazil and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant morning, we as passengers received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up all our best togs and were carried to the landing.

Now was our chance and we put our heads together to see how matters should be done. Jack's first desire, as soon as we got on shore was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would take dinner with us. He agreed to do this at once and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner was eaten, we should have some light, sweet wine brought on, and that we would continue to get enough rum into it to make it drink to spare him; for nothing on earth would please us more than to get Jack drunk and carry him on board in that condition. Then we fancied the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves.

Dinner came at length. It was a capital dinner and we came to it with sharpened appetites. But when the wine was brought in, Jack not only refused to taste it, but declined to remain in our company. We tried out against him as a mean, stingy fellow, who thought himself too good to associate with us and excused him at last of trying to step over our heads on the ship, and all the unpleasant things we could think of to make the poor fellow unhappy. At first, he seemed inclined to leave us and return to the ship alone; but suddenly in a quiet tone he said: "Shipmates, listen to me a moment. Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you something which I never meant to reveal. My story is short. Since my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he was a good man and a good husband, but rum made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and shameless the winter used to be. We had no fire, no food, no clothes, no joy, no nothing—nothing but misery. Oh! how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could not prattle, learned to pray, too."

"When, I grew older, I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my shoeless tatters, and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my age dressed warm and comfortable and I knew they were happy; for they laughed and sang as they bounded along to school. These boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine once, for my mother told me how noble my father could be if rum were not in his way.

"Time passed on and I was eight years old—and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering, as I pray God I may never again experience. At length I caught a glory in its place, a blessing everywhere.

A little stream had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with moss a cup that stood at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that God might think.

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1885.

Editorial Notes.

The next British Parliament will contain 670 members, distributed as follows: England and Wales will return 486 members—393 for county divisions, 23 for borough divisions, and 5 for universities. Scotland will return 72 members—39 for counties, 31 for boroughs, and 2 for universities; Ireland will return 103 members—85 for counties, 16 for boroughs, and 2 for universities.

—As we go to press at noon after the feast of the Immaculate Conception, we give our readers—on the third page—the magnificent Pastoral Letter issued by Cardinal Wiseman in 1854, when the dogma was defined, so that many of our readers may know the sublime joy that filled the world at the time this glorious doctrine was publicly promulgated by the great Victor of Christ—Pius IX., of immortal memory.

—Parnell's tactics seem to have completely annihilated the Whig party in Ireland. The Whigs recently proved themselves the most oppressive enemies of Ireland in modern days, and the virulent foes of the Irish Parliamentary party. Parnell, however, seems to have become a second St. Patrick, as he has driven all the Whigs out of Irish politics—not one being returned to the next Parliament.

—The Encyclical Letter which we published last week is the fourteenth issued by the Sovereign Pontiff glorious Leo XIII. The noble renunciation by the Count de Mun of his projected organization of the Catholic party in order to avoid internal dissension, is looked upon as one of the first fruits of the Encyclical, and the *Guerre Catholique* of Milan, which has at times been somewhat unruly, admires the wisdom of the Pontiff, and promises for the future perfect conformity to his teachings.

—The pompous tomfoolery of secret societies is well illustrated by a notice in one of the Masonic dailies that "Most Temple, of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, will meet for the purpose of accomplishing the ceremony of 'Habi Allah al Martin,' at which members are expected to wear the 'red fez.' And yet these are the very lunatics who would dare to scoff at the ritual and ceremonies of the Church of God, pregnant as they are with true and solemn meaning. We often find ourselves wondering how sane business men can waste their time with such overgrown babies.

—We sincerely hope that the appeal from the State officers of the Irish National League which we print on the fifth page, will have the effect of inducing all the friends of Ireland in California—who have not already donated—to send in their subscriptions for the Irish Parliamentary Fund. In Parnell's eyes is the interview which we publish elsewhere, "*funds were never so urgently required as now*," hence we hope that the large-hearted Catholics and their sympathizers will help Parnell to complete the grand victory for Ireland which he has already in a great measure achieved.

—What the brainworkers on English periodicals do not know about American affairs would make a book larger than the world itself. There's the Liverpool Catholic *Times* editorially assuring its readers that "Bishop England, of South Carolina, will, if God spares him, celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birthday next year. The veteran Prelate was born in Cork in 1786." Now it is well known to that vast concourse of people designated as "the whole world," that Bishop England—God rest his soul—died in 1842, and we hope and pray that he may celebrate the centennial anniversary of his birth on earth by a glorious entry into heaven!

—Builders of foreign cathedrals, says the Catholic *Review*, who naturally undertake more than their own people can pay for, unjustly expecting that Catholic Americans will pay for them, ought to rest for a moment on the statement that St. Paul's Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., is now forty-nine years old, and it is only this month that it can exult in its freedom. This is the case in one of the most prosperous parishes in America. Another point to be remembered by American church builders is that in interest the principal has been paid two or three times over. We believe we are within the bounds of moderation, when we repeat, on the authority of one fairly familiar with the subject, that the Catholics of Brooklyn for example, could duplicate every year their most expensive church with the sums that they have to pay at January and July for interest! The most fatal expense that Catholic Americans have to meet is this same interest.

—The courage and kindness manifested by the Sisters of Charity in time of epidemics, have contributed greatly towards bringing converts into the Catholic Church. Here is an incident that happened recently in Canada: Some time ago a wealthy citizen, residing on Beaver Hall Hill, fell sick with the small pox. His children converted him to the upper story of the house and abandoned him. Nobody volunteered to take charge of him. The Grey Nuns learned of the affair, presented themselves at the house of the sick man, and asked permission to see him. After obtaining permission was to aid the sick of every religion. "As you wish," responded the servant, "and, if you do not fear the small-pox, you can go up stairs," and in accordance they did go. The Protestant gentleman was touched with the charitable conduct of the Sisters, and admired the religion which inspired them to make it a duty to assist him, and as his children had abandoned him, he asked that he might die a member of the Catholic Church. His condition being precarious, a priest was immediately brought into his presence. He was baptized, confessed and received Communion, and a few hours all rancorous parting been reconciled with the veritable Church. It is thus that God manifests his ardent love for those whose Catholic courage stamps them as the angels on earth of the God of Mercy in Heaven.

—We see by the dispatches that Phillip Callan has been beaten as member for Hardalls, by Mr. Nolan, a Parnellite. This news will be received with joy all over the world, as it removes from the Irish Parliamentary party a man whose chosen habit were a disgrace both to himself and to the Irish he represented. In his hate-breathing harangues from his hustings, when he learned his defeat, Mr. Callan charged Parnell with having "entered Parliament with his estates encumbered, while now they are free, and he has money in bank." This is true. A special fund was raised for the honest patriotic leader for the very purpose of releasing his property from debt, and if the sour and snubbed statesman who was defeated at Dundalk had behaved with more decency during his Parliamentary career, he too could have "money in bank" to-day. The time has gone by when the Irish cause can afford the disgrace of being represented in the Irish Parliament by men like Phil. Callan, who mix too much politics with their politics.

—The Public Schools of this city cost nearly a million dollars a year! From 1855 to 1883 they cost $7,336,428.56. Here is the condition of the buildings to-day as reported last week by the Committee on School Buildings selected from the Grand Jury: One school building they designated "not fit to shelter hogs," another was "a thirty-year old abomination," still another was "covered with green moss," while the next one visited "had not known a coat of paint for thirteen years. In some of the school houses basins, cups and similar vessels are used to catch the rain that drips through the badly-constructed roofs put on by contractors whose Public School education taught them how to realize the largest profits off the poorest work! And such is "the horrible condition" of the San Francisco Public Schools costing nearly a million dollars a year, out of the hard-earned taxes of the people! There must be a rare amount of speculation and pilfering among those who handle the funds, aside even from the bogus contracts, the "commissions" and the other phases of hidden robbery generally known to those who belong to "the inside ring" of Public School schemers.

The Encyclical Letter of the Sovereign Pontiff.

We sincerely hope that every reader of the MONITOR has already given the Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII., which we published last week, the close and careful perusal which its supreme importance deserved. Beyond all question it is the most important Encyclical Letter issued since the Vatican. It contains valuable counsel for both the governing power and the masses governed; it teaches rulers their duty towards their people, and it instructs the multitude in the manner whereby they can best render unto God the things that are of God's and unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

Every Encyclical of the Vicar of Christ goes forth into the whole Christian world as the voice of God Himself, hence the moment one which are thus given to the faithful should be received with that respectful reverence which is due to the Supreme Pontiff who presides over the whole Christian Universe.

In a secular Encyclical there is food for reflection on the part of every Catholic citizen in America, when we recognize the fact that this country is rapidly drifting into that foul vortex of Infidelity, Communism, and immoral greatness which produces a nation's ruin. Luxury, lust and fabulous incomes are the sins of society that appear before the readers of the daily press in the Union. Had books and immoral papers with immodest pictures met the eye upon the counters and shelves of a vast majority of the book stores in America, Blasphemy is borne to the ears of the passer by upon every breeze that blows through every city every sin that cries to heaven for vengeance is perpetrated as common in this country as they were in Sodom and Gomorrah. Justice is inadequate to punish the full criminal, and political influence shields the indigent felon from the just vengeance of the law. And live, with a corrupting literature for the youth of the land; with schools where God is ignored and all the idol of every boy and girl—how sure is that Christian influence—without which (as the Encyclical says) *no society can continue to exist*, is born left for the rising generation!

And what manner of men are the adults of to-day? Are they honest, as virtuous, as truly Christian men and women as their progenitors? Have they that high sense of honor, that moral stamina, that virtuous of conduct which marked the citizens of their forefathers? Alas, no! "*Pro nostra via diu perit*," seems to comprise the world's decalogue of principles, and in order to accomplish this *Alpha* and *Omega* of modern life—dishonest men are taught nothing concerning God or man's duties to Him, or his responsibilities to his neighbor. Hence, when such children come to man's estate, they make as many as the sacrifice of every principle of that divine justice of which they are altogether ignorant, and of every natural virtuous instinct which they sneer at through ignorance, and worship the wealth and power in communities where vice is robed in purple and fine linen, while virtue wears the tattered garb of poverty most pleasing to God!

The public servants of the people, too, what of them? Does their character our respond with the Christian tenets laid down in the Encyclical? Are they honest, law-abiding citizens? Do they deserve praise for their official probity? Do they meet out justice equally to all men? Are they honest stewards in the sight of God? Here, again, we are compelled to say that—save with a very few remarkably rare exceptions—the political representatives of every party in power, are far from being prototypes of the just ruler typified in the Papal Encyclical.

But the most important portion of the able document before us, and the part that most interests Catholics in this country, is where reference is made by the Holy Father to the interest which all Catholic citizens should manifest in the management of the temporal affairs. The secular press, with its usual facility for propagating falsehood, has evidently misread the reading, but nevertheless, we feel that the present Pontiff is "opposed to the freedom of the press and to universal suffrage." The calumnies which can be easily deduced by misreading are manifest. Moreover, the secular press informed its readers that the Pope exhorted Catholics to take active part in elections and make themselves felt in political life. And then some writers who are as venal as they are serious—intimated, with their customary characteristic ignorance and blunder, upon this "new departure" as specially designed for the destruction of the American Republic!

What the Holy Father says upon this point is only a restoration of the rule always observed by Catholics. Here is so plain that no man—no matter how much anti-Catholic bigotry he may be imbued with—can mistake its meaning.

It is also of great importance to the public welfare (directly and wisely to give attention to the affairs of citizenship; in this regard now more than ever, the concerns which in right of Christ belong to Caesar, are so closely linked with those of God, that public provision must be made for the instruction of youth in religion and virtue; and this is the virtuous disposition very much the welfare of every State. Therefore, citizens in whom are lodged honorable trusts, the attention of Catholic men they and this earnestness of mind, which ought to be in every Christian conscience, ought to be in every public administration. Generally, we say, because that it may happen in some particular place, for the most important and just reasons, that it is by no means expedient to engage in public affairs, or to take part in the government of the State; generally, we have said, to wish it taken part in public affairs would be in that degree wrong, in which it would be wrong for Christian men not wish; and on this account the Catholics of Italy, who have so long by the salutary use of the doctrine which they profess, to do what has to be done with fidelity and with faith. If, on the contrary, they were lifeless, or whatever else to do in truth give any great hope of safety, would easily get possession of the reins of government. This also would be at ended with thanks to the Christian name, to the Church, to the Pontiff, and would be very advantageous to the Republic; and, on the contrary, if they were powerful who are well disposed, Whence lots it is evident there is just cause for Catholics to undertake the conduct of public affairs; for the duties of Christian Citizenship are such as to appear of what is not lawful in the methods of government at this time; but in order that they may turn these very methods, as far as may be, to the benefit of the Christian Republic, the purpose is their minds, to infuse into all the veins of government with the wholesome virtue of the Catholic religion the most healthy energy of Christian life. It is the sincerely desire of the Church to have regard for the laws, and to obey the rulers of the State. For the manners and doctrine of the Church are such as to appear widely so apart from the manners and doctrine of the Gospel; for the Christian to be accused of disobedience amounts in the idea of superstition, and, always true to their duties, to be most faithful to order every will to life which was open to them. Models of fidelity to their princes, Christians, who, loyal to the sovereign power, they established a wonderful Empire, Made of Barbarians, they made the advantage of their neighbor, and of all others to the whole world. Others bravely prepared to relieve from public life, and true to the if they were forced to endure the most grievous and most undeserved punishments. Such are the Christians, for which Christian customs soon found the way, not only into private houses, but into the camps, into the senate, even into the imperial palaces.

In the foregoing extract from the Encyclical the Sovereign Pontiff particularly alludes to the lamentable lethargy which has hitherto overwhelmed the Catholics of France and Italy, who have refrained from active participation in the political contests in their native countries, and the result has been that the Church has been ridden over roughshod by a cabal of Freemasons and infidels. The same catastrophe for this interest of the Church and the cause of good government, could happen in any land if Catholics permitted the politics of the country to be manipulated by miscreants whose only aim in life seems to be to belch Blasphemy at God and to curse the Catholic Church with the anathema of their diabolical hate. Such men exist in every community. In America, just as in France and Italy, there are enemies of the Church, who are prominent in politics and who only want the opportunity in order to play the role of the Italian Garibaldi or the French Freemason in this land of free press, free speech and free religion.

For this reason it behooves the Catholic citizens of every land—where such a course is found necessary—to actively participate in political affairs so that the vile enemies of God and religion may not secure political supremacy and their try to destroy both.

The Church neither makes political platforms nor manipulates political caucuses. Her mission is far higher and holier. She is "*the light which enlightenth all men*," and here is the voice which warns the white Christian world concerning the shoals of sectarianism and the political pitfalls to which Christians are surrounded in their journey through life. What may appear fair and honest to the unsuspecting individual Catholic man or woman, may be the latest device of the devil's deputies for the destruction of Christianity and the persecution of the Church. She, the ever watchful Mother, is like "a city set on a hill," where all nations can see her, and where her ensign can penetrate into the precincts of all the political abysses of piety as well as into the dark purlieus of politics. And when her Argus eye discerns anything, which is either the spiritual or the temporal sphere, the voice of the Vicar of Christ is heard above the daily din of the world, warning the flock of Christ against impiety of devotion or admonishing them to avoid the political snares in sheep's clothing, who are preparing to destroy the lambs and sheep Christ left to His vicar's care.

It is for this purpose that Encyclical Letters are written, and we as Catholics who look upon the Pope as our guiding light to God—should treasure up in our souls every sentiment he sends forth, so as to make his ideas the daily rule of our lives. Just as the Holy Father is responsible to God for the safety of the bark of Peter when under his control, so are we responsible to God if we what with neglect or contumely the words of admonition, counsel or reproof which the Pope places before us in order to make the conduct of each Catholic in the world more consonant with the faith, the hope and the charity of that Christianity which our Blessed Lord established—and which he left to His Church to propagate and perpetuate for ever and ever.

—The number of clerkships it present in the American College in Rome is 7.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, dedicated to the Holy Infant Jesus, by Father Lambert, S. J. Price, with frontispiece, 75 cents. Cincinnati: Benziger Bros. For sale by Cunnion and Co. Blessed is Marcia, with an Epitaph on such as Her Mistress, and on such as Her Spouse of Jesus. Translated from the French by the Rev. Thomas Hunt, D. D. London: Burns and Oates. Publisher. John Murphy & Publication Blessed 1885.

This delightful and instructive book is the result of the labors of a Catholic gentleman who has been spending several months in Ireland in order to secure physical recuperation, through the strengthening influence of the nation air. Every loom and square account that might other wise have been spent in mere pastime or in idle pleasure, was generously given to the task of compiling the information contained in this labor. Father Kenny has accomplished a vast amount of good both for the cause of Religion as well as for the bounds of Catholic literature.

The cause which led Father Kenny to undertake this work, and the great worth of the book itself, are so well stated by the translator in his preface, that we cannot do better than quote it:

Whilst travelling in France, I fortunately received from a very learned and holy religious the work of which the following is a translation. I had long been in search of such a work, so bounded at the deep and veiled theological and ascetical meaning of the Holy Scriptures, and real sense. I frequently felt weakness of memory for the Holy Scriptures, and I felt the want of a work which would at once satisfy my religious sentiments inside on almost every page of this sacred and inspired book. Hence I felt, I enjoyed the blessed gift of God to the public in an English dress, I felt that it would be a great consolation and edification to my fellow-Catholics, and which would be a great consolation and edification to my fellow-Catholics, and which would be of great service to them, if they would be of great service to them, if they would be of great service to them, if they

Farm and Home.

Mischief Played by Mortgages.

The following is from a San Joaquin farmer, in the Lodi *Sentinel*. It is good reading for other people as well as farmers:

I have lived in this locality for twenty-one years. During that time I have farmed from 160 to 320 acres of splendid land, within seven miles of Lodi. When I came to this country I pre-empted a quarter section. Twelve years ago I bought the adjoining quarter section, paying for the whole for $10,000 to enable me to buy it. Out of my twelve years' farming I have supported my family, fenced my lands, built a good barn and stable, and paid $2,500 on my house, which I built five years ago at a cost of $6,000. I raised $2,700, balance on the house, on a joint note which a neighbor helped me to make. This is about what I have accomplished. It is an honest confession. Some have done better—many have failed to do as well. On the $10,000 mortgage I have paid 8 per cent to a Stockton bank for the past eleven years. I was figuring up what this "plater" has cost me in that time. Just think of it. I have paid $66 65 interest per month on that confounded, blood-sucking mortgage. Adding the compounded interest, I have paid $9,000 interest for my foolishness in going in debt to buy that quarter section. The $2,700 I owe on the joint note has cost me in interest in the last four years at 10 per cent, just exactly $1,580, counting the broker's commission. For the glory of owning 320 acres of land and for the comfort of living in a fine house, I have paid $10,000 interest, and still I owe $12,700. I tell you, Mr. Editor, mortgages knock out more farmers financially than short crops and hog cholera. I am 57 years old; gray hairs and fewer of them round me than I am sliding down life's decline. If I am not old enough to learn wisdom I must always remain a blank fool. I am tired of this big ranch of mine, with its big debt, its big expenses and its small net profits. I'm tired of slaving for kid-gloved money lenders. One half of my time is for them. I am going to rent out, and will sell 160 acres of as good land as there is in the valley, all well fenced, and with other valuable improvements, for just the amount of my debts. Anybody who will release me of two damnable, iron-clad, double-twisted promissory notes, together amounting to $12,700, can take that quarter section. I'm in dead earnest. With 160 acres free of debt, I could take hold, even in old age, with the courage of youth, and enjoy the remainder of life with some satisfaction. If I succeed in selling to parties now negotiating with me, I shall sow this winter 100 acres of deep plowed fall wheat; 10 acres I shall plant to alfalfa, which I shall irrigate through summer by windmills or horse-power; 10 acres then I shall put to French prunes and Bartlett pears, and another 10 acres I think I shall set out in raisin grapes. The other thirty acres I may plant to melons, corn or barley. I shall tell all of my pecan grafts of hogs and other stock, and with only parent breeds I think I can make the fewer hands stock of increased profit to me. I am satisfied that we farmers have in a measure been wearing our energies and opportunities for many years past, and for one I am determined to abandon "speculative agriculture," the success of which depends on the combined action of such a big wheat crop and a high wheat market.

Profit in Alfalfa.

Alfalfa has long been recognized as one of the most profitable crops grown in California, but until the present season even many of those engaged in the growing of this forage plant did not know what could be realized per acre on their crops. Several of our farmers have kept accurate account of their expenses, and several of these have already been reported in the *Reporter*. This week we add another item in this matter. G. Wray pastured thirteen head of cows for three months upon thirteen acres of alfalfa this year. Then he took the cows off and allowed the alfalfa to grow for hay. He got 26 tons of hay from the 13 acres, worth $4 per ton on the ground. Then he permitted the alfalfa to go to seed, and has just sold this crop. The 13 acres yielded 11 508 pounds of seed, which was sold for 8994 64, and 13 tons of stalks were $5 per ton. The total expense of cutting hay and seed alfalfa and threshing, hauling, etc., amounted to $726 76, and the income was 26 tons of hay at $4, $104; 11,508 pounds of seed, at $6 60 per 100, $994 64; 13 tons of stalks, at $5, $65; throw mouths' pasturage, 13 head at $1 50 per head per month, $58 50; total, $1,157 14; leaving a net income from the 13 acres of $429 64. This is an average of $32 15 net for each of the 13 acres.—*Tulare Reporter.*

Things to Do and to Know.

Don't breed from a vicious bull.

There will be an immense corn crop this year. It will amount to 1,377,529,000 bushels.

Feed hogs and eat at home, and use up the products of the farm on the farm. Give back to the soil what it gives to you.

I have handled upon three large farms four distinctive classes of farm labor, and most unequivocally indorse the educated farm laborer.—Professor Sanborn.

Mr. Christopher Rheney, of Tacharton, Pa., has produced a new peach, which he names the Globe. It is a large, handsome and luscious fruit, and Mr. Rheney has a right to be proud of it.

If a boy has not a natural liking for domestic animals—does not like to feed, handle and pet them—he will never be fit for a successful farmer. Let him go to some other business, either doctor, lawyer or highwayman.

F. Houghton, of Corning, Tehama county, Cal., will soon have probably the largest poultry farm in the world. He has nearly 5,000 hens, and he has two houses built on sleds, so that he can move them from place to place on his wheat stubble.

An Extraordinary Funeral.

There have been few interments of a more singular character than that of a Lousiana man named William Harrison, aged 82 years. The deceased was a retired butcher and horse-dealer at Chorley, and for many years past has been most eccentric, as may be seen from the provision of his will: "That my coffin be made of oak and furnished with brass handles and plate, but no black or my crooked stick to be put in my coffin before my right hand . . . that the horse shall have glass sides, but no feathers or plumes, and to be drawn by four gray horses; that no mourning coaches be allowed to follow, but shandrins and carts may be used; that neither sons nor daughters, nor any relative nor friends, do follow me to the grave in black clothes; that my relations and friends, immediately after the funeral, must get something to eat and drink at Blackrod; that £10 of assets be given to the children of Blackrod; that when my relatives and friends who have attended the funeral have arrived at their by all most have as much refreshment as they can eat and drink; and that £20 of assets be given to the grandchildren at Chorley." These instructions were generally carried out to the letter, and great excitement was occasioned at Chorley and Blackrod—thousands of people lining the roads. Upwards of thirty carts with gray or bay horses followed the hearse, and refreshments at Blackrod and Chorley were dispensed so liberally.

—The best Apple Seed and Coffee Pulp are made of alum and leather. Try Them.

Family Fun.

A New Delicacy.

"We are goin' to have a pie for dinner," said Hobby to the minister.

"Indeed!" laughed the dominie, amused at the little boy's artlessness; "and what kind of pie, Hobby?"

"It's a new kind. Ma was talkin' this mornin' should pa bringin' you to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't care what she thought, and one said she'd make him eat humble pie the first time he came, so I s'pose we're goin' to have it for dinner."

Is this a Sign of Correctness?

"There has been a revival in our town."

"Many people converted?"

"Oh, yes, and among them twenty pupils of the Female College.

"How do you know they are converted?

"Because they have declared their determination to flirt with none but divinity students hereafter."

Why they Die.

"Mamma," he said, "what makes people die, say why?"

"Everybody's got to die," said mamma, in the usual evasive way in which people answer children's questions.

"Of course I know people, what does he mean by making them die?"

"My child, you forget that people must die to make room for the children that are always being born. There would be no room for the new people if nobody died.

"That's so," said the little fellow contemplatively—"and there's so many dogs."

Spontaneous Combustion.

Some one has estimated that the time thrown away in this world in courting the girl you want to marry, and who is ready to marry you, would build all the railroads and bridges and tunnels and factories and public buildings. The white race should take a lesson in this from the colored people. The other day a likely young colored woman came along with a dog.

"Hit, dat?" he called, "but mebbe you want to sell dat dog?"

"Yes, sah."

"Mebbe your name is Lucinda?"

"Yes, sah."

"I allers dole on dat name. Its called Gumpy."

"Dat's pleasin'."

"Yes lookin', you know?"

"Yes."

"Got money saved up, an' a stidy job ahead. Shall I speak to de ole man?"

"He's in Orleans."

"Den I'll see de ole woman."

"She's dead."

"Well, den I'll ax you to be my wife right now."

"You's foolin'."

"Deed, no."

"Hain't got nobody else?"

"Nobody, 'tall."

"Reckon we'll hitch?"

"You's as will—can't help it."

"Well, den, I'll say you, an' to night you come down to Mrs. Grumley's kitchen an' we'll do de ole an' new git sequainted."

"Lookeda,—"

"Go long, Gumpy! Im dun said yes, an' dat's end. Doma sirly."

"So long, Cinda!"

"Ily-by, Gumpy!"

The New Baby.

Julia (aged six)—"We've got a new baby at our house.

Clara (aged six)—"What is it, a boy or a girl?"

Julia—"Oh, we don't know yet. We've only had it two days."

Complained of Feeling Tired.

Farmer (to physician)—If you get out my way, doctor, any time, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She says she can't feel well. Physician—What are some of her symptoms? Farmer—Well, sometimes, after she had milked the cows, and fed the stock, an' got breakfast for the hands, an' washed the dishes, an' built a fire under the soft-soap kettle in the lime, an' done a few other best things she has complained o' feelin' kinder tired. I shouldn't be surprised if her blood was out of order. I guess she needs a dose of medicine.

They were not Man and Wife.

"There are some queer couples in this world," remarked a Dearborn Street real estate agent. "The other day a man and woman called to see about renting a flat on the North Side. The women did all the talking, and turned to the men for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her, and he did it very meekly.

"'Well,' said the woman finally, 'I'll give you $25 for the flat, won't we, John?'

"'Yes,' replied the man.

"'And I'll pay my rent promptly, too, won't we, John?'

"'Yes.'

"'And I'll take good care of the house, won't I, John?'

"'Yes, I inquired, as in duty in such cases, are you man and wife?'

"'Man and wife?' exclaimed the woman, sharply; 'indeed we are not, are we, John?'

"'No,'

"'What? says I, 'not man and wife?'

"'Not much. I'd have you know that in this family we are wife and man, ain't we, John?'

"'Yes,'"

The Pire Tongs Like the Dude.

The dude was raising a clearing young society lady, and as they sat on either side of an open grate fire his heart was full of a burning desire to say something complimentary. So, after revolving the matter in his mind during a two minute's burst of silence, he said:

"Ah, Miss Lillie, why are those firetongs so like me?" [He meant to give him to tell her "because they glowed in her service," or even "prostrate at her feet," or something of that kind.]

Miss Lillie looked so solemnly demure that the clock stopped; and she didn't know unless it was because they had two this hoop and a bone bonel. He was groping blindly for the front door before she had recovered from the shock of her own volley.

A New Relationship.

Professor (to first applicant)—Name and age?

First Student—Abner Bascom; age 17.

Professor (to second applicant)—And you, sir?

Second Student—Phineas Bascom, age 17.

Professor—Brothers!

S. S.—Yes, sir.

Professor—Twins!

S. S. (doubtfully)—Well, ya-as; I guess on our father's side. We're from Nitt Lake.

Notice of Removal of W. C. Price & Co.

We wish to call the attention of the shippers of grain to the removal of W. C. Price & Co. Commission Merchants, from 202 California street to 327 Market street, with the 20 for their business, they are ready with their 40 for their business, they are ready with their barley, corn, rye, honey, beans, peas, walnuts, West Lima, Bassett, Mammoth and new pole beans, cheese, eggs, potatoes, poultry; in fact everything you want in the produce line. Also, they will be ready to receive orders for bulk grain and dispatch it with the utmost promptness and care. Quick sales and prompt returns to their patrons are their specialties. We would advise all our readers to give them a call.

Catholic Societies.

All Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send lists of officers and other information (when necessary) for publication, for this Department.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES OF AMERICA.

SAINT CECILIA.—Rev. Thomas Spalding, Director; Rev. Lawrence Scott, of Church of St. Francis Xavier, Vice-President; Miss Ella Dwyer, Recording Secretary; Miss Mary Dwyer, Financial Secretary; Miss Kate Dwyer, Treasurer; Miss Mary Dwyer, Assistant Recording Secretary. Meets on the second Sunday of each month at the Church of St. Francis Xavier.

SAN FRANCISCO PARISH.—No 107.—Spiritual Director, Rev. A. Wolf; President, Antonio Rocha; 1st Vice-President, H. E. Harris; Recording Secretary, Frank Lynch; Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Bonham; Trustees, Antonio Rocha, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Bonham. Meets on the second Sunday of each month at the Lorenzo school-house.

SAN FRANCISCO.—No 108.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Thomas Scott; President, J. Sullivan; 1st Vice-President, David M. Irwin; Recording Secretary, A. Sonnenberg; Financial Secretary, Thomas Wolfe; Treasurer, John H. Dwyer; Marshal, Michael Cassidy; Trustees, Thomas Wolfe, J. Sullivan, Michael Cassidy. Meets on the second Sunday of each month at Union Hall, Union street.

SOUTH TEMPLE, BERKER NO. 207.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Thomas Scott; President, Thomas Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Lawrence Scott; Treasurer, Thomas Bonham; Trustees, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Bonham, Lawrence Scott. Meets on the second Sunday of each month at the Lorenzo school-house.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Beresford; President, Thomas Ryan; 1st Vice-President, Thomas Bonham; 2d Vice-President, John Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Thomas Bonham; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Trustees, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Bonham, John Ryan. Meets on the second Sunday of each month at the Lorenzo school-house.

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ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PARNELL CONFERENCE.—The Parnell Conference meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock, in the Library of the Young Men's Institute, Jones street, near Eddy. Visiting the sick, attending funerals, and other charitable works. The reverence of the society are the principal objects of this Conference. Meetings of the Parnell Conference, which every Sunday in St. Mary's Cathedral, after the 10 o'clock Mass. Rev. Father Caron, President; Rev. Father Scott, First Vice-President; J. Prendergast, 2d Vice-President; J. J. Dwyer, Vice President; Thomas Ryan, Recording Secretary; Thomas Bonham, Financial Secretary; J. Thomas, Treasurer; J. Ryan, Librarian; Thomas Ryan, Marshal; Thomas Bonham, Assistant Marshal; Thomas Ryan, Delegate to Central Council; other members of the Parnell Conference.

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ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—President, P. Ryan; Vice-President, Mrs. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Miss Ryan; Financial Secretary, Miss Ryan; Treasurer, Miss Ryan; Marshal, Miss Ryan; Assistant Marshal, Miss Ryan; Trustees, Mrs. Ryan, Miss Ryan, Miss Ryan. Meets on the second Sunday of each month at the Church of Our Lady of Mercy.

ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—President, Thomas Ryan; Vice-President, John Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Marshal, Thomas Ryan; Assistant Marshal, Thomas Ryan; Trustees, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan. Meets on the second Sunday of each month at the Lorenzo school-house

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—The election address of Mr. Cardwell, Parliament is out. He asks for his election as the "independent electors" of Mid-Armagh, and states that he has no connection. He says: "the laborer is fairly entitled to one acre of land at least, with a comfortable house at a fair rent. Workingmen in towns or villages should have gardens allotted to them, at a fair rent, in some convenient ground to be purchased by the Government." Mr. Cardwell is a Protestant farmer. He declares himself against separation.

Clare.—The tenants on the various estates in Kilkrant, purpose establishing a Defence Association to fight the landlords who refuse to accede to their demands for a reduction. Tenants are to be accorded to valuation, and a treasurer and secretary will be appointed to act after the interests of the association.

Mr. Theobald Bailey, of Ballyline House, Crusheen, was asked by his tenantry for an abatement of their rents, which he responded by connecting a present valuation of 25 per cent, reducing the rent as a rental of £4,000 per annum, to £1,000, and this, too, in the face of the fact that his father, the late Colonel Butler, C. L. had before his demise reduced the rents to the Government valuation.

Cork.—On October 7th, in the land Judicial Court, Judge Flanagan and Judge Flanagan granted reductions of 20 per cent. 30 per cent. and 40 per cent. on estates in the County Cork, Mr. Healy, M. P., appeared for the applicants.

Mr. Deasy, M. P., intends to sit for Mayo, and there is a strong effort will be made in the representation of Cork. Some gentlemen have been named in connection with the seat, but it is supposed that Mr. Maurice Healy will be the selected candidate.

The furniture warehouse of Messrs. Hodges & Son, Cork, was completely destroyed by fire, on Nov. 7th. The damage done is estimated at between £7,000 and £8,000.

Mr Jeremiah Hegarty, of Ballincrossa, died on Nov. 7th. He was a prominent part in the Parnell movement and was promoted to the rank of "Centre" at a very early stage, and whilst Dunkieran, Keane, and Colonel O'Mahony were busily engaged in organizing, Jerry Hegarty, in whom was placed implicit confidence, was never absent from his post of danger. He was generally respected, and his funeral was attended by a vast number of people of all classes and creeds.

Carlow.—A contest has burst in the County Carlow which cannot be regarded without concern. Lord Rathdonnell has thrown down the gauntlet defiance to his tenants and the interest of tenants. He notifies his tenants that he is unaffected by the fall in prices of produce or the action of other landlords, and that he can have what is in the bond he means what he means to enforce. If the tenants are on of their claim the matter, it is in the mockery of their claim. They not so prepare for contest. Considering the well on the judicial rents. Considering the well known character of the workers, this demand is certainly tender.

Donegal.—During the last few weeks there has been a considerable influx of herrings into Donegal Bay, and just as many of the poor fishermen round the shore were availing of this rich harvest of the sea, a violent storm arose on the 20th of October, and did an enormous deal of mischief to the poor man's nets. They make the most reliable appeals for assistance to enable one nets to be procured that they may make a livelihood while the herrings remain. The poor people are enable to replace the nets they have lost. They are now idle and consequently are a means of relieving the very worst of poverty and distress. Now is the time, when they wishes their return, and when they stand most in need of it, a bad winter coming on.

Sligo.—The proprietors of the Newry Foundry have received an order from Mr. Chas. Barnard Bell, R. E., for an steamer, to be brought from road for one of the bailiffs on his estates in Sandstone, County Wicklow.

At the first annual meeting of the shareholders of the Ballina Factory Company, held on Nov. 12, in the offices, Ballina, that the net profit for the year amounted to £1,100 (£1,100 £1,100) the past year was the forward the year the surplus profits. The work is now in good repair, and the prospect is particularly encouraging. The report was unanimously adopted.

Dublin.—The beautiful statue in Carrara marble of Thomas Davis by John Hogan is generally considered to be the most perfect work of art in Dublin. A black corner of Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin. That noble piece of sculpture was intended to perpetuate the lineaments of an incomparable patriot, in a complete and close resemblance to the taste of a sculptor, the sympathetic, and a person in a cultivated regard. The cemetery committee, who, whatever else we may be accused of, have not been very patriotic, say it is "quite" [illegible] Dublin's admirers, and, if we mistake not, the calling of Davis's fame, to some convenient ground to be purchased by the Government." Mr. Cardwell is a Protestant farmer. He declares himself against separation.

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IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—The election address of Mr. Cardwell, Parliament is out. He asks for his election as the "independent electors" of Mid-Armagh, and states that he has no connection. He says: "the laborer is fairly entitled to one acre of land at least, with a comfortable house at a fair rent. Workingmen in towns or villages should have gardens allotted to them, at a fair rent, in some convenient ground to be purchased by the Government." Mr. Cardwell is a Protestant farmer. He declares himself against separation.

Clare.—The tenants on the various estates in Kilkrant, purpose establishing a Defence Association to fight the landlords who refuse to accede to their demands for a reduction. Tenants are to be accorded to valuation, and a treasurer and secretary will be appointed to act after the interests of the association.

Mr. Theobald Bailey, of Ballyline House, Crusheen, was asked by his tenantry for an abatement of their rents, which he responded by connecting a present valuation of 25 per cent, reducing the rent as a rental of £4,000 per annum, to £1,000, and this, too, in the face of the fact that his father, the late Colonel Butler, C. L. had before his demise reduced the rents to the Government valuation.

Cork.—On October 7th, in the land Judicial Court, Judge Flanagan and Judge Flanagan granted reductions of 20 per cent. 30 per cent. and 40 per cent. on estates in the County Cork. Mr. Healy, M. P., appeared for the applicants.

Mr. Deasy, M. P., intends to sit for Mayo, and there is a strong effort will be made in the representation of Cork. Some gentlemen have been named in connection with the seat, but it is supposed that Mr. Maurice Healy will be the selected candidate.

The furniture warehouse of Messrs. Hodges & Son, Cork, was completely destroyed by fire, on Nov. 7th. The damage done is estimated at between £7,000 and £8,000.

Mr Jeremiah Hegarty, of Ballincrossa, died on Nov. 7th. He was a prominent part in the Parnell movement and was promoted to the rank of "Centre" at a very early stage, and whilst Dunkieran, Keane, and Colonel O'Mahony were busily engaged in organizing, Jerry Hegarty, in whom was placed implicit confidence, was never absent from his post of danger. He was generally respected, and his funeral was attended by a vast number of people of all classes and creeds.

Carlow.—A contest has burst in the County Carlow which cannot be regarded without concern. Lord Rathdonnell has thrown down the gauntlet defiance to his tenants and the interest of tenants. He notifies his tenants that he is unaffected by the fall in prices of produce or the action of other landlords, and that he can have what is in the bond he means what he means to enforce. If the tenants are on of their claim the matter, it is in the mockery of their claim. They not so prepare for contest. Considering the well on the judicial rents. Considering the well known character of the workers, this demand is certainly tender.

Donegal.—During the last few weeks there has been a considerable influx of herrings into Donegal Bay, and just as many of the poor fishermen round the shore were availing of this rich harvest of the sea, a violent storm arose on the 20th of October, and did an enormous deal of mischief to the poor man's nets. They make the most reliable appeals for assistance to enable one nets to be procured that they may make a livelihood while the herrings remain. The poor people are enable to replace the nets they have lost. They are now idle and consequently are a means of relieving the very worst of poverty and distress. Now is the time, when they wishes their return, and when they stand most in need of it, a bad winter coming on.

Sligo.—The proprietors of the Newry Foundry have received an order from Mr. Chas. Barnard Bell, R. E., for an steamer, to be brought from road for one of the bailiffs on his estates in Sandstone, County Wicklow.

At the first annual meeting of the shareholders of the Ballina Factory Company, held on Nov. 12, in the offices, Ballina, that the net profit for the year amounted to £1,100 (£1,100 £1,100) the past year was the forward the year the surplus profits. The work is now in good repair, and the prospect is particularly encouraging. The report was unanimously adopted.

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GENUINE
BARGAINS!
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case Fancy Striped All-Wool Shirts and Drawers, various styles, at $1 a suit, worth $3.
case Shetland Wool Shirts at $1, good value for $1 50.
25 dozen Virgin Shirts and Drawers at $1, good value for $1 50.
100 dozen Gents' Scotch Wool Socks reduced from 75c. to 15c. a pair.
135 dozen Gents' Laundried White Shirts, Re-Enforced Bosoms, made of Extra Heavy Muslin and Fine Linen, at $1 each, extra good value.
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ONLY possible for a person who has corrupted blood to attain sound health and prevent transmission of the disease to posterity.
THOROUGHLY effective purification must only the primal of corruption from the blood, but the restoration and the strengthening of the vital organs.
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The Monitor.

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THE SOGGARTH SLAIN AT THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

A Christmas Story of Ireland's Penal Days.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "DENDRY."

CHAPTER I.

IRISH IDLES—HORSEMEN AND HOUND.

"So you are going to spend the Christmas in dear old Ireland, and amid the sadly changed scenes of your youth, said a young officer of the Irish Brigade in the service of France, Captain O'Sullivan, to whom these words were addressed, to Mr. Hugh Blake, a civilian waiting for some one who wished to accompany him on board the ship *Marie Antoinette*, a beautiful lugger, then riding at anchor in one of the Atlantic Madagascan ports, "I leave for a while the gaiety of France for the sympathy of Ireland. I long to see the breakers from my native Irish cliffs that guard the coast of Hearn, and to hear the purple road of the mountain torrents by which in childhood I was so often lulled to rest. I speak of the lands of the heroic, the ceremony and pomp of courts, and I hope for great results from a few weeks rest and retirement at home. Besides, by contemplating the past in the ruin which this "Reformation" has wrought over there, I shall be more disposed to make provision for the future—a work very difficult of performance amid the levity of the march."

"But," said Lieutenant Macwesney, "my father writes saying there is not a priest in the whole Barony of Ikeara at present."

"We have provided for that," replied O'Sullivan. "Father O'Driscoll is to accompany us, and he will bring tidings of great joy to the hearts of that faithful and afflicted people. Here both he and young Clonoulty of Clare's regiment come."

Father O'Driscoll, having bade farewell to lieutenant Macwesney, descended to the boat, and the latter shouted "Ho, Irish," as the seamen bent to their oars, and the pennace shot to the brigantine in the offing.

Captain O'Sullivan, destined by his pious parents for the Church, was sent to the celebrated university of Salamanca when yet a boy, where he had for Professor a Philosophy the good padre who was now to be his companion on a voyage to Erin. The penetrating minds of his gaoloaus in the great Spanish school soon discovered that Michael, the young Irish lad, had no extreme vocation to be one of those of whom St. Ignatius, his tutor, said, "Give me a permanent lad. With a well-formed, fine physique he possessed a handsome face, bearing upon them the impress of holiness, often the oracle to Padre Patricio remarked that the mind of this mercury and wire encum Monster boy was of "no ordinary calibre. He belonged to a military family, however, and is more likely to follow the footsteps of his father than follow in his kinsman, Philip the Historian. I verily believe that a bullet would rest easier in the breast of Michael, as the Spaniards reverently called him, than a monkish cowl. Mark my words, he will be a soldier, and a soldier of the Church, where stood the an entirety of Lady Mitchelstown, the Marquis of Ely, the owner of a smuggling brigantine called the *Marie Antoinette*, then engaged in the Spanish wine trade, and plying between Cadiz and Malaga, and Lisbon, and Oporto, and Madeira. Having duly completed the curriculum of his studies, he returned to his native Salamanca where his countrymen were both numerous and influential, and for a few days. Here, as in La Rabida, the brilliant and gifted young Irish Jesuits were treated with the utmost respect, and they entered the lists against the intellectual giants of the university, and came a time home off the palm of victory.

In the Spanish Jesuits he found a sympathy invariably demonished the failures of his own countrymen, and he was often used to advantage. His body, in the prime of youth, was lithe and nimble, while the grace of his carriage and deportment bespoke a gentleman accustomed to be in high place. Courteous and winning, had an expression of unmistakable sadness, which, when he chose, gave his whole countenance a most pleasing and attractive charm.

These qualities of mind and body, however, were not necessary to recommend him to the people. Enough for them that he was a priest—hasten admitted. With the eye of faith they saw, in his mind, the rays of Faith, and strain the shall ensure the "invisible" Hand, the young prince of peace, of him that showeth forth good, and publisheth salvation, and saith unto Sion, Thy God shall reign." No people ever loved more than the Irish, with such an ardent and unchanging love as the Celts. They have looked upon them as the "ambassadors of God and the dispensers of his mercy. Truly did and do they regard the priesthood, as the "Ministers of the Fast, "as ministers of Christ, and dispensers of the mysteries of God."

Having reached the Clan na Ikeara House and entertained with a princely feast Ikeara, twenty miles south of the mouth of the Shannon river, Father Patrick rested and refreshed himself. Early on the second morning, he and Captain Mortimer set out on their long home in Ireland. Ikeara, Malfoba, Thirty journey was mostly along the sea shore, through country as varied and diverse in its natural aspects as in its whole form in the breasts of these patriots sentiments of sadness and feelings of admiration, awe and sublimity. Ruined hamlets met them on every side.

"The hand of the despoiler has been here," said the Captain, as they passed Ikeara. Padre, "Yes," returned the captain, "the ability of Hearn are numerous and honors on the Continent, and the people are proud of their revolution, become an easy prey to the plunderers."

"There are few very rich and cultivated farms in this once happy hamlet, Mortimer," continued the gentle priest, as he turned away his face to hide the tears that glistened on his cheek. Here were scenes of peace and happiness, and of a rural kind. Memories of the past came flooding into the Jesuit's heart, and he groaned aloud. "Ah, Mortimer, I have seen this spot, and for a long time his sunshine and joy, and the sweet contentment of robes in silence till they reached the summit of Cnoc Ikeara which overlooks Tobir Malfoba. Here they dismounted, picketed their horses, and sat down to contemplate the beautiful panorama that stretched far and wide beneath them. Time might easily perceive, by the twinkling of O'Sullivan's features, that powerful emotions were struggling in his breast. "I land so fair, and yet so oppressed! *Ubar Dublaig*, she is a country worth dying for." were the only words that escaped

Hey. Dr. O'Donnell, accustomed to such

CHAPTER II.

THE IRISH SOGGARTH ABOUN.

Padre Patricio O'Driscoll, as the Spaniards reverently called him, was a man of the world, and knew the world well. He was a man of the world, and knew the world well. He belonged to a military family, and he was a soldier, and he was a soldier of the Church, and he was a soldier of the Church, and he was a soldier of the Church

THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

FOR THE MONTH OF J., F., A.

LUCKY GULCH.

Christmas Story of the Days of '49.

CHAPTER I.

A SCENE IN LUCKY GULCH.

It was matched California from the Pacific Ocean to the Sierras. I doubt very much if a more picturesque mining camp could have been found then or since. It was a long, narrow, winding prospectors called "Lucky Gulch." The ground of which I write was the winter of '49, at which time many rich strikes were made, and many fortunes were won from the virgin soil of the land of gold. The "Lucky Gulchites" boasted of having a Justice of the Peace, five saloons, a hotel, some hundred and odd cabins and a general store at which they purchased the greater part of their provisions. Besides all these outfitting accessories as peculiarly worthy of the honest pride of the camp, the town boasted of having a lone, unprotected (save by them) woman in their midst. She was a widow with two children, and lived a short distance from the hotel. Her husband had been killed two years before in a shaft, and she was left to care for the little managed to earn a livelihood by washing for the miners. When a new comer arrived in the Gulch, and succeeded in the business of remaining, he was immediately shown to the widow's home and sentiuously instructed as to how his washing there "to help the widder an' her young uns." Ned Foote, the largest mine owner and the representative man of the place, had a particular tenderness and rude benevolence would express himself.

It was a cold, wet night in the beginning of November, and many of the miners were congregated in the bar room of the hotel. They were seated around the stove, which was red with excessive heat, and the genial Miller, after whom the hotel was named, was behind the bar, with cheerful face behind the bar. Recounting thrilling adventures of mining life and danger was Miller's chief and most popular way the order of business for the evening. Pete Burnett, the champion tale teller of the crowd, had just finished a yarn which had by for the most improbable demonstration of any he had yet related—and they were not few. In fact it must have been pretty hard to "swallow" for the majority of the auditors, following Pete's yarn, with a "nightcap" for another "whisky hot" undoubtedly to help down Pete's latest achievement, for, as a rule, they had been accused of having a partiality for "fancy" drinks except when Burnett was the furnisher of the night's amusement. After a violent cough, with an accompanying sigh by the miner who noisily kept time with their feet, Ned Price who was a new comer, having arrived the day before, was called upon to add to the diversions.

He arose from the corner of the room in which he had quietly been sitting during the evening, and, after filling his pipe, passed, and ordering the dignified Miller to replenish his glass, he said in a low tone of voice: "Boys! I'm a stranger here, here'n' 'river' mining is new to me, but I'm the most unlucky one yer ever laid yer organs of vision on 'ter.' I'm a sailor, yer see, 'on the Gulch' sailor, an' den dat's what yous tern up an' beat all my hopes. Yes I name here, I bunged up all my 'open company' an' the very night I made my bow to Lucky, 'on the sea' I spoke blessed old shell up in which we was playin' an' she blew! up by a man who was carrying nearly powder. All the talent cum mighty near ter bein' scattered 'on' Price finished this sentiment with a sigh, and he looked ruefully "pull" at his whisky and sentiment.

"It was jer the same, when I cum near gettin' a fortune! My luck turned deed jest as I was about beartying a gal, he continued: "I'm the most unlucky fellow yer might ever meet. I'm so unfortunately lucky that I'm ruined! Yes, I'm ruined! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!" Ned Price paused in silence had his auditors allowed him, for, as a rule, they were in the humor to listen to his exploits and accordingly were loud in their praise of his alleged luck when he had lost the fortune he mentioned.

"The best partner I had, I'm the cost of yer story Ned, as yer might as well tell 'em," said Jerry Higgins, the janitor of the Peace, "an' perhaps I can help yer long with a little advice afterwards."

Ned finished his drink and calling for another settled himself comfortably in his chair and began "Jer the fire in it to recall the thoughts he began: "I'm a native of Boston, Massachusetts, as Hollow Gulch, Indian or more up north'ard, an' I'm the only child of a fether and Sukkes—jer yer heard tell of him, Jerry? Well, he's a fortkiaat' the many Boston. Well, I left all my fether an' mether an' sister

THE WEEK.

Notes.

IRELAND is the region of Christ and souls were massacred during Reconciliation. Many of these were sisters.

Our readers will appreciate the joy with which we make the announcement that Bro. McCrary has placed himself under the total abstinence banner! The Mártyrs, therefore, in doing good even in the Methodist camp, and this reformation on the part of our evangelical brother proves the truth of the dictich which tells us that

> As long as the lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return!

—Herr Windthorst, the well known leader of the Central party of the German Reichstag, intends taking a very important part in the coming Catholic Congress to be held at Munster. *Inter alia*, he means to propose the foundation of an international league of the Catholics of the whole world for the defense of the interests of the Holy See and the Catholic Church. Such a project has, it is rumored, been put before the Holy Father, and has met with favorable consideration.

—An Eastern telegram conveys the cheering news that the Irish National League proposes to pay a stated salary of $1,500 to Parnell and the eighty-three Nationalists recently elected to the British Parliament. It is justly claimed that Ireland's representatives should live like gentlemen and be entirely independent of England or her gold. This is a step in the right direction, and it will be productive of nothing up a party that neither bribery can buy nor English office tempt to turn traitors to their long suffering country.

—An interesting trial is going on in Belgium. After the Nuns had been expelled from an orphanage at Mons by Masonic influence, a certain Eulalia Hanoy was placed in charge of the establishment. Lately serious charges were made against her. She was accused of pilfering, of appropriating the moneys of the institution, of making false balance sheets, and of robbing one of the orphans, and she was found guilty. She has appealed to a higher court. The Freemasons are in great consternation, and are doing all they can to hush the matter up.

—Rev. J. B. Coitor, who was recently commissioned by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union to lecture on Temperance all over the United States, seems to be accomplishing a great deal of good wherever he plends the cause of sobriety. At Columbus, Ohio, 500 people followed the example of Bishop Watterson and Father Fitzgerald in taking the pledge. Secretary Egan of Indiana writes that Father Coitor's tour through Indiana has been a perfect success. He spoke at Notre Dame, South Bend, Anderson, Indianapolis and Richmond. In Richmond 300 received the pledge, and two societies will be organized there, and new societies will be formed in other parts of the State. There are at least two thousand men, women and children in this city who would be better off if they could be induced to follow Father Coitor's advice.

—The news from Ireland which the MONITOR carries to its readers this week concerning the splendid National victories gained at the recent elections throughout Great Britain and Ireland, will make the coming Christmas one of the most joyful the friends of Ireland have known during the present century. On the eighth page will be found election returns from Leinster, Munster, Connaught and Ulster which will explain all who read aright the majestic renewal of life and vigor which has come upon the people at his possession to the rights of that Christian nation, Ireland, being an hymn of the Redeemer, when enjoyment, will and forgets as give three cheers for Parnell and the Irish parliamentary party.

—When Santa Claus visits us as the MONITOR's mail carrier this week, he will have to travel almost complete by around the world in order to convey the Christmas MONITOR to the four quarters of the globe. After distributing thousands of copies throughout every county in this State, he will distribute a large number of MONITORS throughout Oregon and Washington Territory. Thence he will travel through British Columbia and up to the snow regions of Alaska. He will return down the coast to Vancouver Island and from thence voyage to the Sandwich Islands, thence to China, thence down to Australia, cross over to New Zealand, and then take steamer for Europe. After delivering his big bundle of MONITORS in every county in Ireland, he will drop a few in England, thence go to Brussels, Louvain, and on to Rome. Returning to Paris he will embark for New Orleans, thence distribute copies in Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts and New York. Starting again, he will distribute MONITORS in New Jersey, Connecticut, Vermont, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Thence he will travel on his sled up into Michigan and Canada, returning through Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, and thence to his home on the snow clad summit of the Sierras. May the Christmas MONITOR forwarded by friends on the Pacific coast be a welcome visitor at all who are in every land mentioned, and may it help to make in every home it reaches the joyous festival of Christmas more enjoyable, and add to the happiness and spiritual profit of all who peruse its well filled pages.

—Rev. F. F. Quigley, D. D., Professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, has been appointed Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Toledo, O., made vacant by the death of the late Father O'Reilly.

Gifts for Almighty God!

In every city, town, hamlet and village throughout the whole civilized world today, the marts of commerce that line the principal thoroughfares are filled with Christmas gifts to suit the taste of rich and poor, young and old—of all conditions in life. The cradled infant, the growing child, the budding youth, the matured man, the matronly woman, yes, even the enfeebled veteran with one foot already on the threshold of eternity—all have Christmas gifts allotted to them as joyous memento of man's universal jubilee in honor of the birth day of the Redeemer of the world!

There are gifts for this young and gifts for the old, gifts for the learned and gifts for the civil! *Not all is for sale!* Tis the story of old *Five are kind of a present for God!*

Yes, reflecting Catholic! The very author and originator of Christmas is forgotten by fallen man in the intoxication of delight which surrounds what he universally calls "Merry Christmas!" What is it that gives Christmas its greatest joy? It is the fact that God founded this festival and that He gave His only Son as His first and last Christmas gift for man's regeneration! Yet, ungrateful man forgets Him! The Father from whom all our joys flow, the benefactor! Being to whom we owe every blessing of health and wealth and worldly prosperity—is left deserted in a darkened manger, whilst those He came to earth to save revel in the glare of luxurious pleasure!

Is this Christian gratitude to God? Was CHRISTMAS instituted solely as a time for pleasure, carnival and feasting? Have we Christians no duties that we owe to that

> "FATHER OF ALL! in every age,
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, Lord!"

Are we nineteenth century Christians to become the imitators of those innkeepers of Bethlehem who had no room *for the Son of God* in their habitations? Or, should we not rather emulate the conduct of those favored shepherds to whom the angel of the Lord appeared and announced to them this message direct from the Messiah:

> "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David."

And what did the Shepherd's do on that first Christmas morning? *They hastened to find God*, and—having found and adored Him—they returned home, glorifying and praising God for all the wonders they had heard and seen! Such is the example set before us Christians in the Sacred Word of God for our edification on Christmas Day. He was to the poor and unlettered Shepherds that Almighty God sent His heavenly messenger, so that they should be the first to learn the "glad tidings" and the first to receive an audience from the new-born King!

And who were the next visitors to the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem? The Wisdom of God jealously seyies those who were the next visitors to Christ Child. Learned men, a band of superior intelligence, had their wise men found the humble and obscure dwelling-place of the Son of God, and, entering therein, they bended the knee and adored Him: and—opening their treasures—they offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh!

What lessons do these two episodes teach us Christians of the nineteenth century? The visit of the Shepherds teaches us that the poor are the people of God, and that we—like them—should pay *our first* visit on Christmas morning to the Child of the Infant Christ and there offer to Him the grandest gift that Almighty God gave—*an humble and a contrite heart!*

Every Catholic should emulate the Shepherds on Christmas morning. God's angel—in the shape of His Church—has been re-echoing the beautiful canticle of great joy throughout the nineteen centuries that have elapsed since the dawn of that CHRISTMAS when the Christ-Child, Saviour, Redeemer, and she says to every erring sinner—to every Christian, yes, to every Christian—to every sinner, not, for I bring you glad tidings of great joy, for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord!

You will find this "great joy" in the Confessional, where—like the Shepherds—you will leave behind you all your earthly cares and anxieties, all the transgressions of your past life, and you will rise up from the leprosy of sin a clean and beautiful Christian in the sight of God! You will find this joy again, when you present yourself in the posture of adoration before the Crib where rests the Redeemer of the World. Tears of joy will well up into your eyes, and the pulsations of your heart will beat with accelerated delight as you ponder upon the goodness of God in thus selecting you, out of millions in the world, to be one of His chosen visitors whose contrite and humble heart He will never despise!

There are none so poor as those who have no heart for God. Man may be accounted millionaire in worldly wealth, yet he nothing more than gilded pauper in the sight of our Father in Heaven. It is those rich wise men who seek out our Blessed Lord in the person of the poor, the sick, the orphaned, and the distressed—and present to them—*His* same—their gold, frankincense and myrrh, thus are acceptable to God as His alumers on earth.

Who is to that representa God in the eyes of all faithful Christians? In *the priest* who is the steward of the graces God sends us through the sacraments, the *priest* who is the custodian of God's blessings, and whose hand, heart and hands are consecrated to the sole service of that King of Kings and Lord of Lords! To him, therefore, go, if you would find the Infant Saviour. To him offer that humble and contrite heart which will make you worthy to be in the company of Mary and Joseph, the Shepherds and the Magi—around the Crib where hung lily rests the Lord who rules both heaven and earth! To the *priest* bring your Christmas gifts for God. He is the Shepherd of your soul, and to him are entrusted the lonely orphaned lambs of Christ's flock, and to him go the sorrowing widow and the homeless wanderer. He has been sent to replenish at Christmas so that God's tabernacle may be suitably adorned to typify the through celestial joy which all the faithful feel as the spirit of faith they hear upon the holy Christmas morn the anthems chanted by the angelic choir on the natal day of our Saviour's birth.

"Glory to God in the Highest and Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

No reader can appreciate in its fullest extent the full force of this heaven expressed benediction. "*Peace on earth to men of good will*," save that truly happy Catholic who has received Holy Communion on Christmas morning! His joy partakes of that celestial character which is only vouchsafed to those whose delight never rises above the transitory joys of temporal pleasure. By his visit to God's Church, in obedience to her precept, he has proved himself to be "a man of good will," and to such as him Almighty God has promised that peace of soul which the world cannot give, and that happiness of heart which comes to all who worship God in the spirit of penitential humility.

Let every reader of the MONITOR, therefore, bring *a Christmas gift to God* on next Friday week. Help you pastor to enlarge God's House and to beautify his sanctuary. Present your gift to your pastor to be a representative, so that he may support his parish school, his orphanage, or carry out other works of charity which daily encompass his thoughts.

All you possess in the world belongs to God, and to Him at least may you return a portion of the property he has conferred on you. You are healthy whilst others are sick, you are prosperous whilst others are poor, you have a happy home whilst others—unhappy just as deserving—are wanderers upon God's earth with no room for them in the time of the wide, wide world! Ponder on these things and ask yourself this question How am I better than my sick, my poor, my indigent neighbor, that God should bless me so far above them? Then let the gratitude of your heart manifest itself in the bestowal of a munificent alms upon your pastor—and your Christmas cup of joy will be filled to overflowing. Your daily load of turmoil will be lifted from your shoulders, your home will look more cheerful, your children will look more beautiful, and in your heart of hearts you will feel the premonitions of that holy joy which filled the souls of heaven as the voices of both Cherubim and Seraphim resounded throughout all space, singing—

"Glory to God in the Highest and Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

A Renegade Rebuked.

There are many young men and women on this coast who are Catholics by birth but who do not place any particular value on

> "Our birthright is the birthright of a king,
> Our birthright is the birthright of a king,
> Our birthright is the birthright of a king,
> Our birthright is the birthright of a king."

partial way—the religious duty—Catholics would not have parted with for all the wealth in the world. Such young men and such young women may be led to reflect upon their cowardly and criminal attitude by reading the following account of an address delivered by a renegade Catholic young lady, who was at one time Minister of State in Holland. During his official term he one day received a young applicant in quest of favor. The visitor was a young lady, but when she learned that he was a Catholic by birth, "as the recipient's reply, "but I will not say my prayers!"

Then Moddermun, with magisterial gravity, admonished her to him this solemn rebuke. "I can find no applicant unfit for you. You were born and reared up in the Catholic Church, the grandest institution on the world, and you don't know how to appreciate that! I feel sure that a man who never so more by his faith is not fit to serve his king, seeing that he does not know how to serve his God.

This man who thus rebuked this young renegade Catholic was a very earnest Christian, yet he was—and—he knew—the value of his Catholic religion, and had utter contempt for those thoughtless and Judas Catholics who blush at their holy faith, and who are ready at any moment to sell it to the world for "thirty pieces of silver." If young Catholics who are positivisms regarding their faith, could only realize how low they fall even in the eyes of non Catholics whenever they evince a cowardly shame concerning their religion, they would suffer death before they would have recourse to the first step towards the loss of God.

What is it to lose Catholic faith? It is to fling back in the face of Almighty God the greatest and most valuable gift He could bestow on man. It is to spurn the sacraments which God gave us whereby to save our souls. It is to deny the Son of God before men, and to have Him deny us before His Father in Heaven. It is to sell for a filthy mess of the world's pottage the precious heritage which God gave us, which our forefathers fought, bled and died for, and without which there would not be a Christian on earth or a saint in heaven!

The loss of Catholic faith means the loss of God as our Father; the loss of the Saviour as our Brother; the loss of the Blessed Virgin as our Mother; the loss of the saints in heaven as our kinsfolk, and the loss of eternal happiness for our own souls! And what do we barter away our blessed faith for? In order to bind our souls in the service of Satan, to be his bond slaves and in an eternity of perdition! What Catholic will not pause ere he plunges into such a pitfall? Then, let us beg of our youthful Catholics who are in the least wavering in the fault to come back body and soul to their dear Mother during this Christmas season. Visit the Crib which represes the Infant Saviour, and with the penitent one of the thief on the Cross, or the tears of Mary Magdalen, ask Him to receive you again into His Sacred Heart, and in great you the grace to repine Christ in the hour of your death!

"Without faith," says St. Paul, "it is impossible to please God." Yet this in the precious Heavens sent be to which so many thoughtless young men and women think of such little consequence as to be ready to barter it off for some temporal advantage or to cast it off as something defiling and degrading to appear they are in non Catholic society. Do such young people ever reflect that in thus designing God and discarding His religion, they virtually cut themselves off from the protection of the Blessed Mother of God and all the angels and saints in heaven? Do they ponder on the fact that they give up God and rangs themselves on the side of Satan! We think and hope that thoughtlessness alone causes them thus to jeopardize their souls, and we pray that these lines may serve as a beacon light to warn some of them against this foolish act of religious suicide.

Missionary Work Accomplished by the Monitor.

In order that the numerous friends of the MONITOR may share in the pleasure we feel in knowing that this paper is doing good missionary work for the holy cause of God's Church, we append a few of the many encomiums which we have recently received from bishops, priests, men and women of the world, who have read the MONITOR and our colleagues in the cause of Catholic faith and civil rights.

The Catholic press can be made a wonderful and forcible propagator of God's truth if Catholics themselves will only give it the generous encouragement, the prompt patronage and that wide circulation which any literary enterprise undertaken for the propagation of our holy faith deserves. We hope, therefore, that the MONITOR's friends everywhere will continue to help us in this good work, by their literary contributions, their encouraging expressions, and their influence, so as to make the MONITOR the vehicle through which our faith will rejoice that they are with in Christ's fold, and through which many others may see the light of God's truth as it is set forth for them in the many attractive ways which God adapts in order to lead men to eternal salvation.

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—As a lovely and fragrant specimen of the divine fruit which blooms and ripens within the heart of those through whose mouth the Spirit of God speaks, I send you the following extract from a letter of a young virtuous, but very pleasant girl to a mutual friend. Such letters are the fruits which come to my notice through the confidence of a dear friend. The writer is quite a young accomplished lady—unfortunately for the welfare of her soul—greatly inclined to follow the fashions which leads to eternal death through the fascinating gateways of indifferentism. It appears that, after he had read the account of the extraordinary conversion of the arch infidel, Leo Taxil, as given by the MONITOR, he formed a resolution to read the paper, and, if he found it worth the price, he would take it up regularly within his naturally good heart and educated mind, but, alas! for human weakness, the noble resolution, which weighed so heavily upon the poor fallen human nature, seemed to melt away, and the engaging darkness of the Evil One was gathering close around him.

With a sigh of utter helplessness he sought the relief from the sorrow of his soul, by throwing aright, without having recourse to the Sacrament of Penance, the load of sin, the sense, small plaintive wave of the last resolution he had made, and, lo! the light of God's mercy shone upon him, and he felt the weight of despair, in which she was the horrid, whose sin, and the sweet, sweet, sweet,

THE WEEP.

IRISH.—The wild of a Gypsy who died where the Pyramids lie;
Sadly she was embedded with stars, and her bell
In the dreles, right wondrous to see; and she lived in the days when our Lord was a child
On his Mother's immaculate breast;
Where he fed from his cup—where to Egypt exiled,
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Requiem had someone sung single
nothinks,
And the future was given to her gage,
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always.

She was pensive, and retire alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;
But commoned with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
With a mind on a mule by that road;
And a child on her bosom reclined—and the way
Led him straight to the Gypsy's abode;
And they seemed to have traveled a weariness from their home many, many a league—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the Gypsy came forth from her dwelling
and prayed
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid
Who had come many, many a mile;
And she fondled the babe with affection's
caress,
And she begged the old man would repose;
"Here the stranger," she said, "ever finds
free access,
And the weary have balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
To a cool but grotto so cool;
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and a shed
With a manger, she found for the mule;
With the wine of the Palm-Tree, with the dates newly culled
All the toil of the road she beguiled;
And with song in a language mysterious, she lulled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the Gypsy seen in her Eldrop hand,
Placed the infant's distressed pain,
Oh, 'twas fearful to see, how the features
she scanned
Of the babe in his slumbers so calm!
While she noticed and marked every furrow that crossed
O'er the tableau of Destiny's line;
"Whence come ye?" she cried, in astonishment lost,
"For this child is of lineage divine!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew,
We have fled from a tyrant whose purposes
are dyed
In the gore of the children he slew.
We are bold to remain, till an angel's command
Shall apprise us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
And in Egypt he sends our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me?" cried the Gypsy in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Long years have I prayed that the Israelite boy,
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come.
And she kissed both the feet of the Infant and knelt
And adored him at once;—then a shade
Of the face of the mother—she cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

Correspondence.

We respectfully solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast, on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church or the spread of our Faith.

All communications should be addressed to the office by Post-paid letter, or as to insure attention.

OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

Graphic Description of Sutters Colonists and Their Surroundings.—Fine Scenery of Auburn.—Green Valley and Its Generous Farmers.—Pretty Little Auburn.—Beauties of the City of the Dead.—Nevada City.

NEVADA CITY, Cal., Dec. 2, 1885.

Dear Pat—On reaching Colfax we were hailed by our friend Wiley Goldsmith in his characteristic style. Goldsmith is the owner of a ranch and dwelling that followed the English enclosures in the Ireland of long ago. Almost 40 miles above Sacramento, through the great cross mountainous country that traverses the gold region and is intersection roads and with a self-sufficient air of independence, the prosperity of his neighbor, a name dear to all Irish hearts—it is the magic one of "Anderson." Goldsmith is an phlebotomy, the visitor now before him was a handful of bones and a pair of bright eyes, while everywhere on every side evidences of his industry and success from deeply down to where he had taken values from every stone and alluvial heap and foam and also a fabled rehash in their purching time to the sea. But wait, that he not will you cement one about a mile long which around and away back, a long distance, with pretty residences and handsome buildings lining the way, till you come abruptly upon an opening in what appears to be a veritable town of moderate, lively growth with stores, and all the appurtenances and belongings thereto. This is Auburn. Here is the seat of the county government and business and set down, as it were, in the great, but not unkempt and unlovely, Sierra Nevada, however, between Goldsmith's Auburn of the plain in its liberality of perfection and loveliness and the rural splendors of Ireland, and the unsystematic spot of that name by the Golden shores of the Pacific, we as yet and for months to be the dry and immensity of the coast that rolls between the divergent spheres whereon they dwell.

Instead of looking upon the loveliest village of the plain decorated and decorated by the fairest hand of Old Erin and industry, the eye comes upon one of California's mountain towns with its rude and primitive appearance, and yet very born in the promotion of that "health and plenty" of which our cherished poet sings in the cold, "a place, in fact, where all sorts and sights and sizes abide and dwell forever. Over the bridge, on the further extremity of the town, is a lovely view of hill and slope, mound and valley, dense and rivulet, that is enchanting to behold.

DOLPAN, THE REST STATION.

is a small bury of few homes and little important. A brand here, however, runs from here to Green Valley, and Nevada, which holds out big opportunities, and is connected with Railroad travel and night coming generally. A call upon the venerable Father Dolpan of Green Valley who has passed the greater part of his life in Mississippi Valley among the mission centers of the great till the long roll of years seems no longer to be a burden, and who hoards at times at the Dolan house, not with a response as hearty as it was spontaneous, but with a cordiality that no any Father Dolpan's, and no parochial residence during my stay there.

SOUTH ST. MARY'S ACADEMY

and Orphan Asylum stands close by leaning on two stately spires of the Church. Take over 300 orphans and pupils in attendance. The hall of 12 Sisters (some of whom came to California in 1852) to look after the manifold duties pertaining to their calling as educators of our people and wards of the homeless and friendless child. The foundation stone was laid in 1867, and ten years later it was incorporated under the laws of the State of California, the people recognizing as the years advanced the importance and usefulness of such an institution in their midst. Opposite on a green patch sloping away towards the Creek flowing through Rodeo valley, is the Catholic Cemetery. A visit within its hallowed precincts is All Souls Day I felt, must be fitting, if not somewhat interesting—the Byrne, Byrne-Hickey, Ford, Meagher, English and other dear ones quietly noticeable for their costly make-up and tasteful adornment. A plain wooden cross over a heart shaped mound with no other decoration save a drooping wreath of the choicest of the paradise, bore the simple inscription "Sister Felix Carr."

AT STATE CITY.

I met many staunch friends of the Monitor, among others Mr. H. Neville, one of Trench Brothers, who, with his family, I hope to visit till the "grand old Monitor" for all time. Also Messrs. M. Hanley, J. Danielly and Mark Maslon, the latter of Green Valley and a true son of Erin, 30 miles from Nevada by stage, is

THE TOWN OF MARYSVILLE.

Its elevation is considerable, as that where with 5 miles of the town one can see the view of the Sacramento plains stretching away for miles and miles to the southeast. For all the hills that yesterday were sombre and bare were mountains emerald hight, the early rains giving new life and vitality to pasture and clothing the land in nature's modest robes of sweet refreshing beauty, then to Marysville the eye rests upon a scene of beauty that for scope and sublimity of conception is unequalled by any that came under my observation. It is enchantment complete.

THE TOWN HAS NOT AN ORIGINAL

irregular and representing, and is guarded by a lofty range of hills running far southwards on its eastern side, till the mountains of Yuba county where in well-defined scores of the Cross mounts round the curves of the land, while chaplets travel are pure purchase and adorn and adorn. Away across the Creek and across the town where the road winds up and around the hill till lost to view, is the little green graveyard, in which lies and monument sleeping helpless rest in the rays of the sun. Looking up and down over the broad and varying scenes, the eminence on the northern limit of the town where the ashes of Mr. T. Ryan remain to decorate the great cause in use, we obtain a view of the Sacramento Valley, and the Sierra Nevada. Yesterday we had left the lonely road and dwelling in the plentiful of a fadless glory and immortality. Low down where the plain and sheep and cows, are browsing by the ravine's precious brink, blooming gardens and orchards hedged enclosures pass out from among the trees like gems of fire-flashing emerald and ruby on darkest night.

ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE

and far beyond where the palatial residence of J. McNamara and where he lately retirement from the road, the winding sinuous, with shadows is lighting up hill and valley, the green stream, spire and home-top in a flood of mellow light. To a pretty scene, truly, "Coming a road by the school-house and over a wooden bridge that lands westward, a strange, grim sight is presented to our gaze, filling one with wonder and reminiscence of the bright days of gold, it may be, by many a miner's lorry cable. This is the high, diagonal cables running down deep into the bowels of the earth, with its descent and ascent of the miners and ore, and the ore up to the surface, presenting a novel picture of the land for miles, and filling the mind with strangely fascinating reminiscence as ever move along, all of which are in sharp contrast with the quite scene above of bright sunlight, velvet lawns, sloping gardens and overhanging cliffs that look smilingly down from their mountain altitudes.

A pleasant chat with the Rev. Fathers O'Connell, Brosnan of Stockton, and a call upon Mr. Ryan, the Sheriff, completed the round of Sutter's visit at that locality, rendered a very pleasing and profitable trip through S. P. R. California. Respectfully yours,

CATHOLIC AFFAIRS IN STOCKTON.

STOCKTON, Cal., Dec. 7, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—The cold, dark days of winter are fast drawing upon us in Stockton, as in most all other places at this time of the year. The rains of the weather for the past month has been cold and damp, with considerable rain of late during the latter part of November. Never, during my previous years, has so much rain fallen, or there has the season, for this time of the year, been so cold and damp as it has been this year, and if it don't rain sooner, as he is in the habit of January the rain will not until the middle of January, and then it will commence and continue for six or seven days and then cease and all other work suspended. And it is this season and wish of all that the season of rest will be a productive one. That work has been suspended for one full day now is either from the fact that the rain has not been sufficient to allow the farmers to have sufficient of their seed in the ground to warrant working up and down the streets trying to obtain work, but, alas, it is the misery of the poor, and one and the field in large, work of course, will be power and there will be a great deal of employment for laborers. However, we will be have to wait, for we know that God who never forgets the needy, will in his goodness reward us with plenty of everything. The business will be greatly benefitted by the rain, and persons have been, and are now, making money, and there is no one who has been unemployed for the past year who has been even tolerably prosperous. The rain has not made its appearance here for over a week, and the mornings and evenings are chilly and cold. I could write further on this and many other matters, but as it is my intention to send a communication to the Monitor in a few weeks, that will be of much importance, especially for our new society here, I will close my present with a request that you will kindly publish the above, and oblige

Yours truly,

REV. CORNELIUS SHEEHY.

PRESS MISHAP IN A PRIEST.

Father Mathias Kreuzer, who is well and a laughable accident Saturday week. A painter was painting his house and had a pot of yellow and a pot of green paint on the top of a step-ladder. Father Kreuzer, in passing, stepped inadvertently hit the step-ladder and down came both pots of paint on his head. He returned to the house streaked and striped and the paint was reported with difficulty.

THE LAST.

suffering from functional derangements or any of the painful diseases or weaknesses incidental to their sex, for, in every locality, illustrated with wood-cuts and covered pages (100 pages), requests over means of cure, will receive, free, for 10 years in charge. Address Women's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN UTAH.

Academy of the Sacred Heart at Ogden. The Franciscan Brothers at Salt Lake.

Writing from Ogden to the Salt Lake Tribune, a correspondent says:

In this city are a great deal in said of education, and parents allow to the necessity of educating their children almost seem to be oversight in the selection of a school in which to train them. Not so with the Catholics, who appreciate of the necessity of the education of their children, and, as said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Parents are not over solicitous in the matter of the education of their children, for alone we are comfortable and prosperous, and the education not based on the principles of Christianity cannot aid us in the world which be good and faithful citizens, in the true sense of the term, or to make us good and faithful citizens.

Education must teach the young and make them good citizens, or they are not free from all moral responsibilities, from all accountability to any power, and are dangerous to society, and not imposed by Christianity. Such an education does the above named institution claim to afford its pupils.

Being Catholic, Catholic children are taught that the only support of private and public virtue is religion, and are trained in those principles which religion alone introduces and sustains. Whilst no influence is brought to bear on any other religious beliefs, the Sisters, those female daughters of education and zealous guardians of youthful minds, are anxious that their charges be good and true citizens, faithful, devoted and obedient children of God and of the State, and women and accomplished young ladies. To they teach, not by precept, but by example, the sacred art and, every day, living examples in the minds of the pupils, of woman's brightest sphere, of woman's greatest adornment—modesty, purity. From the day a pupil enters the Academy of the Sacred Heart, she lives in an atmosphere of pure morality, and is taught to be the proud lady of grace, of dignity, and of refinement in every movement.

Moral and intellectual education is made so prominent as to the inculcation of morality, as the Sisters are, as a rule, well educated and accomplished ladies, and are competent to teach these. This branch, decidedly difficult and complicated, is not the only one they are competent to teach by the use of a complete chemical apparatus. This school, the only one, we believe, in the Territory, that teaches the children by means of other instruments to illustrate in a practical way the principles of chemistry.

It was highly satisfactory to the teacher to notice the ease and self-composure with which the young ladies exhibited the principles and laws of chemistry and performed the several experiments.

DANGER IN GAS STOVES.

The Horrible Scene Which Miss Gertie Marmon Saw.

When Gertie Harmon, of Erie, Pa., went to her room in Kennedy street, early Saturday morning, a frightful scene awaited her. She had finished her work in the family of E. Wolf, on Twelfth street, and had come home to dress for church. Finding the blinds closed and the room locked she became greatly alarmed and forcing a window entered into the house. A terrible fascinated her, almost robbing her of her senses, but found herself in her parents' bedroom.

GERTIE'S NERVE

met her gaze. On the side of the bed lay her mother with one limb hanging from the bed and her head pillowed on a chair. She was cold and apparently dead. Near the foot of the bed lay her father, with his face black and swollen, his pipe and face were blue and bloated and his eyes fixed. He breathed slightly. Overcome by the frightened and almost suffocated girl gave the alarm.

MRS. CONRAD SEYFER

responded, and as she approached the humble home of the Harmons she divined the cause of the trouble at once. The gas had escaped from a stove in the sitting room, which the affrighted daughter had left open.

Quickly every door open and every window up, Mrs. Seyfer let in a volume of fresh air and then ran to the room where the unfortunate victims of the stove which stowed from the stove which stood in the sitting room, while messengers rushed off for physicians. The first one found was sent for, Dr. Usler was first upon the grounds and Dr. Sillim an arrived soon afterwards. The old people were found to be asphyxiated.

ASPHYXIATED

Dr. Usler, who is a young man, and a son of the old family while Dr. Sillimon looked after the old people. Steady was introduced hypodermically, and other means of resuscitation resorted to, and after the lapse of two hours of labor Dr. Sillimon succeeded in bringing the couple in the hands of Dr. Usler, who had labored for the period from, but not until he had endured all the agonies of a long and painful death, the old couple lay breathing stertorously and unconscious.

STORY OF LIFE.

Toward evening Mrs. Harmon began to show signs of life and at 9 o'clock at night was able to talk a little. She said in a disconnected way that she had retired at about midnight and was awakened by a terrible pain in her stomach. She did not detect the smell of gas. Mrs. Harmon, who is 70 years of age, is a humble

SEWING WOMAN

and has been for years. She thinks the cause of the trouble was the fact that she had left the door open, which allowed the affrighted daughter had left open.

Mr. Harmon, who is 75 years of age, Mrs. Seyfer let in a volume of fresh air and then ran to the room where the unfortunate victims of the stove which stood

THE WEEK'S

IRISH FAILTHE, "gay Christmas!"
Coming all Nature seems glad,
Thy festival duly be honor,
Though a robe of pure whiteness is clad,
The Frost King, thy advent to welcome,
Thy path o'er the waters did pave
With bright, sparkling diamonds, collected
From mine in the river of rain.

The blank on thy cheek brightly glows,
And thy smile is serene as the morne,
Though the blast of rough winter we blow,
The icicle sceptre thou bearest,
Thy subjects may bind 'neath its sway;
But the kingly profusion thou spreadest
Doth peace in thy empire display.

"CEAD MILE FAILTHE," gay Christmas!
Thy bounties abundantly pour,
And cheer by the smile the poor pilgrims
Who roam on this isle beam-kissed,
May the star which directed the Magi
Enlighten our earthly career,
And guide us to Heaven, our country,
For we are but wanderers here.

"A hundred thousand welcomes."

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Freedom's Sun Gilding the Green Hills of Erin.—The Battle of the Ballot-box.—Great Victory Anticipated through the Votes of the Irish People.—The Issue between the Whigs and Tories.—The Orange-dom Dazed in the North, Etc., Etc.

[FROM OUR REGULAR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

My country! famous land and tyrant-hatred,
The lot hath been so evil that we long
Yet hear thee hence thy gallant, pride unsatiated,
Till right has triumphed over wrong.
Not all in vain the martyr sons have perished,
Not all in vain the patriot hearts have bled,
Thou glorious earth, thy heritage be known shortlisted,
When shall unquenched it rage.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The week before I have had to the post to communicate many a sad and tale of oppression and suffering, of the land of Erin's thralldom, the home of their heart. But, thank God, these scenes have at last changed, and I am to-day the fortunate harbinger of happy tidings from long-suffering Erin to her greatly-loving sons and daughters across the wave. The very sky has passed away. We have the sunlight of Ireland, shining upon more to herald the dawn of a magnificent truth—the truth that our long and fervent prayers—long have poor—have at last—been heard and answered. The long, long night of dark days of the prison-cloud that may still hang on the battle ground when the signal shot of Irish victory is heard.

THE DAY HAS COME AT LAST

for which generations of Irish heroes have panted. When the Irish people, with one voice, shall speak enough to the end the curse of the ballot, shall triumph so be dominant in the world's history. The issue would result of our struggles is not, however, possible, unless the Nationalists would fail into a deadly delay at the present election time and allow the enemy to fasten his fangs on some parts of the country where he might be able to retain a position, through representation of false friends, to the cause of the Nation's cause. Our foes have not, however, base enough to adopt the efforts to raise the spirit of jealousy or division over the choice of our candidates in some boroughs where it would be so easy for them to gain over enough to have an inroad made in our ranks. Our foes with one accord have gathered around the Irish vote. Politicians are showing great anxiety for the vote, for the possession of which they are so well they have been in hope for it in the past. We, being absentees, are fond of telling the first opportunity they have got of asserting their inalienable rights, through Irish National Leagues representatives.

THE VOTE ONCE HAS STRUCK,

and the figure shall be delivered at the Irish ballot-box, which is to be the grave of the old party Irish peasantry. Our enthusiasm about vote up to all our politic allies of every shade, from the Irish lower and upper, lay-clinging, who from the shoes of disturbed landlords opposition appeared to many a gloomy epoch, shall see her take a forced place among the nations. Our sons are turned from activity manner. What a glorious consummation! Ireland's sons and daughters, dead years—victory without bloodshed. Surely the millions will not longer necessarily to our Irish spirit crowd. That weapon of patriotism and liberty, the ballot, freedom from the tyranny of landlords and bigotry, and has evoked all the energies of our people, and has created a spirit of patriotism of Ireland from Connemara to Cape Clear.

THE MARKET SETTING SOUTH—THE TORIES OF ULSTER

to withstand the on polling day appear to be in a state of panic. Their leaders are anxious for the Nationalists that these two parties contest some in a dozen after all their bombast about a coalition, and the champion of some Tories in a most side letter to the Nationalists of Ulster by the rebels. Happily, the spirit of the Irish Catholic is not to be legally British as a proud lion into tent brothers across the Channel. Ireland's sons, by their patriotic fidelity for the sake of the "integrity of Ireland," have a name, and not alter the Tories, and we may well say in such fidelity, "Ireland's sons are true." Ireland's sons are true." Ireland's sons are true."

Poetry.

THE TENANT OF ERIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON ST JAMES M. IOYLE.

There came to the door a poor beggar boy,
The day on his robes was an unseemly tint;
For the silk with he sighed when, at twilight,
Requiring
The rent in his coat for the feather was shed
The rent it sh'ud let the cold wind in
And his shoes and thread were not quite to his
But the rent of the landlord cannot greater
Sir.

As he sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh—

"Oh, sad is my lot! said the heart-broken
"The landlord and wife to my home are
But I will not yet weep a most rainy
A home in my cabin, I'll find to me
Ay, way, when I remember the welcome
Do I get, in my poverty, the cold shoulder
The landlord, who fattens out, revels in
Sir
The courage to Heaven that this thing
should be!

"Oh, there is the shanty, hard by the big
Sisters and sister, did you weep for the
The cow she brighter, have destroyed it entirely,
And left the sick female to shelter at all.
While the pigs and the sheep were occasionally
killed
While the sleds howled and shrieked with a
but
While sorrel, frozen children for mercy were
calling,
Wife, fainting, the landlord set in his song
bird.

"Erin, my country! oh, and and forever,
In Greece I go back to the bright days of yore
When our great island, nobler even than
Ireland
(And great a return that splendor once more)
Shall be the home of the free and the brave, happy
The Romans, the Dane, and the Saxon each sought
Our arsenal, that lofty island where each shore was
chewed,
And never were known to turn face from the
foe!

"Oh, where is our society that held up our nation
Erin, proclaimed, in independent and free!
Our army, where proud and the Shamrock
And our society, the Shamrock of land and the
Sir
Our army? it lives!—yet it silently sunbeam
The sentinel and of a hill in Italian sunbeam,
Awake, fallow nonsaymen! Come from your
slumbers,
And march to the music of *Erin go Bragh!*

"The words of our ancestors! group them with
Sticks for sewer Fill! oh, sheriff her—guard
Sir
And swear that her splendor shall yet
shine!
Swear to do battle, but shall and
Sir
And swear to do battle, but shall and glory!
And swear shall the sword still our country's
Shall be of the present as well as the past!"

Marysville, Cal., Dec. 21st, 1865.

OVER THE WAY—A CHRISTMAS HYMNE.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

You would never have known it was winter,
The house was so cosy and warm,
So sheltered from wind and from weather
So safe from the heat of the storm;
And the very dumb children whistled
All flushed with their frolic and play,
Were as different as children could be,
From the little one over the way.

Their shoes were on white as the snow drifts
The curtains were drawn to shut out the
And the red south window and door,
A blaze on the hearth broken Roar,
Oh! cosy and bright the room looked
When the fire in the stove is gone,
When flakes hit the window pane,
And the street is as cold as a so.

Sometimes the cosy and the
Sometimes the cosy and the
Sometimes the cosy and the

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1880.

A HOLIDAY GIFT FOR THE MONITOR.

We know that the MONITOR has hundreds of friends and admirers all over the coast who appreciate the paper so fully as to desire to ENTERED ITS CIRCULATION. To such kindly disposed patrons we would suggest that the best time to SEND UP THE NAME AND MONEY, or a NEW SUBSCRIBER or a HOLIDAY GIFT. We will cheerfully send SPECIMEN COPIES of the MONITOR to any address for this purpose, if necessary, but in most cases it is sufficient to GIVE YOUR FRIEND any copy of the paper and SEE HIM TO SUBSCRIBE. A postal note for $2.00 sents only 1 cents, or Wells, Fargo & Co., will receipt for $2.00 for the MONITOR for 1 cents, and this amount can be deducted by such friends at any feel sufficient interest in the "CHEAPEST BEST MONITOR" as to extend its circulation among their Catholic neighbors, and then earn our gratitude for a most acceptable Holiday Gift.

Editorial Notes.

—The Holy Father has appointed Cardinals Malchers, Mascotti and Vergas as members of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda for Oriental Affairs. By letter of the Secretary of State, the Holy Father has constituted his Eminence Cardinal Schiaffino a member of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

—The College of the Propaganda announces that up to November 1st, in the vicariate of Cochin China, 9 missionaries, 7 native priests, 60 catechists, 270 members of religious orders and 2,000 Christians were massacred; 200 parishes, 17 orphan asylums and 10 convents were destroyed, and 226 churches were burned.

—True to their anti-Irish traditions, the *Oranges of the North of Ireland are making England out to great Home Rule*, but the influence of that iniquitous body has been recently buried beneath the ballots of the Nationalists, and all honest people will pray that it may never be resurrected.

—The Catholics of Lubeck recently asked the Municipality for a grant of money towards the erection of a new Church, which is absolutely required for the needs of the population. They met with a curt refusal. Yet the same municipality has voted 2,200 marks for a Jewish Synagogue, and 900 marks annually for the

—In Nebraska wool get a foot of land in exchange for $6 an acre to-day, and in Wyoming sage brush grows in price. Bishop Bond thinks that if the wealthy Irish representatives in Congress would purchase land in Kansas, it would increase their stock in the Republican party, and most profitable investment they could make. There is no question but that the land should not increase in price until it reaches $75 an acre.

—From the statistics of the diocese of Cologne, we learn that there have been 45 deaths among the clergy during the present year, and that 350 parishes are vacant. Witness the passing of the Kulturkampf Bill 440 priests have died, not counting the numbers of Religious Orders. Thirteen hundred priests are on duty, and of these 160 are over 70 years old. The archdiocese numbers 812 parishes, not reckoning chapels, *&c.*, and 2,000,000 Catholics.

—From our foreign exchanges we learn that Signor Depretis has resigned on Signor Rensei Pasquali of Turin to withdraw his grotesque counter-conspiracy which was to have been published under the patronage of the Freemasons of Northern Italy. M. Paul Devoulle, the so-called President of the Leagues of Patriots, suggests that the right to vote should be taken away from the French clergy. The Bishop of Bailey has received the blessing of the Holy Father and a letter encouraging him in his efforts to obtain the beatification of the Curé d'Ars.

—News comes from Chili that the vexed question of the appointment of Bishops to the See of Santiago, and other vacant Sees, has been finally settled. On the instance of the National Festival of Chili, a telegram was received from Monsignor Monciel congratulating the people of the Republic on this appointment. It is said that Don Mariano Casanova, who was for a long time Roman Catholic Governor and quasi Bishop of Valparaise, is appointed Archbishop of Santiago; Don Rian Canas, Bishop of La Conception; and a Dominican, Father Lorenzo, Bishop of Chiloe.

—During a recent interview Mr. Timothy Harrington, Secretary of the Irish National League, stated that 1,800 National Leagues branches, averaging 300 members, had donated £12,000 to the executive of the League during the present year. He said that some of the new Nationalist members of Parliament would receive salaries from the Leagues. The extinction of the Liberals, he thought, would immensely benefit the Irish cause. Harrington also said that boycotting was outside of the League's programme and practice, and was confined to a few branches. The executive, he said, would stop boycotting whenever such power was misused.]

—A valuable book has been stolen from the library of the Minerva. It is one of the very few copies of the works of Lactantius which were printed at the Monastery of Santa Scholastica, near Subiaco, in the year 1465. So rare are the copies of this work that the price of a single copy has reached 15,000 francs. The most minute inquiries have been made, but the missing volumes has not been traced. It is not the first time that such robberies of precious works have occurred, and the Minister of Public Instruction is called upon by the press to seriously take into consideration suitable measures to prevent the repetition of such losses to the public. It is worthy of note that as long as the Dominican Monks, to whom the library belongs by right, were in possession of it, no such note occurred.

The New Cathedral for this Archdiocese.

The announcement made [illegible] last week concerning the new Cathedral which Archbishop Alemany contemplates erecting in the western portion of the city, has caused a general interest to be manifested therein by Catholics of all classes. The location of the present Cathedral is such that it can scarcely be approached from any direction without a shudder at the sinfulness and filth of its surroundings; hence were the no other reason—the necessity for a new Cathedral in a more secluded and respectable location, is one of the greatest and most pressing wants of this Archdiocese.

The plan upon which Archbishop Riordan has started out to erect the Cathedral is one which will commend itself to every Catholic. His Grace proposes to call upon the rich Catholics of this Archdiocese for the first one hundred thousand dollars towards the cost of the superstructure. It is a well-attested fact that from those to whom Almighty God has given much much is expected, hence we feel assured that the spirit of munificence for which the Catholics of California are famed, will lead our wealthy co-religionists to give generously towards the erection of God's house—the sanctuary of the Real Presence.

His Grace proposes to raise the hundred thousand dollars before the corner-stone of the projected Cathedral is laid, and we feel confident that ere the end of a hundred days we shall have the great pleasure of announcing to our readers that the seal of our beloved Archbishop has been notably seconded by the liberal donations of those whom God has blessed with His munificence—and the hundred thousand dollars has been donated.

His Grace intends to solicit this first hundred thousand dollars only from those of the household of faith whose financial prosperity will enable them to make donations of sums ranging from $500 to an large an amount as their generosity to God for His goodness to them, will prompt them to promise for His honor and glory.

When the first hundred thousand dollars are subscribed—and every Catholic will rejoice to learn that so we can then inform our *fellow of the amount so already promised*—his Grace intends to call upon the Catholics generally to give what each can afford towards this new monument of their munificence, and all the amounts received, as well as the expenditures upon the work, will be published through the press, so that both the present and future generations may know to whom gratitude is due for the sanctuary of God which is to be the Cathedral of this Archdiocese.

If there are any Catholics in California who harbor the unchristian idea that Archbishop Riordan cannot accomplish this work, we beg of them to get rid of the notion at once, and to begin to ask God to increase their stores so they can give liberally towards this work of God's love. No doubt our prayers will be heard, and God—and by His consecrated Catholic Prelates—that ever failed. The present Cathedral was built in 1852-3, at a time when there was scarcely Catholics enough in all California to fill it, yet such was the liberal spirit manifested by the generous Catholic pioneers that they accomplished a work there which was the wonder and admiration of all people on the Pacific coast.

What man will contend that the Regent work which a few, poor and scattered Catholics undertook to accomplish a third of a century ago, cannot be accomplished in a far more feasible form by the wealthy and enterprising Catholics of California—many of whom are rich beyond their most sanguine expectations, and some of whom are classed among the millionaires of America.

When the present Cathedral was built both labor and material were fully equal to what they are at this day, hence the construction of the Cathedral—although a costly enterprise—did not disturb the Catholics of thirty-three years ago, who gave their labor and their contributions with such a liberal hand as to raise an edifice which cost $174,702 14.

We sincerely hope, therefore, that with the example thus set to the Catholics of this State by their pioneer progenitors, they will joyfully and generously and to Archbishop Riordan their donations, so that he may be able to erect a Cathedral in this city which will be an honor to our holy faith and a glorious monument of the munificence of the Catholics of this Archdiocese.

California the Cradle of the Land League in America.

The success which has crowned the cause of Ireland through the unity and generosity of "the son-dirdled Gael" should make the Irish race in California proud of the fact that California was the corner-stone of the American branch of the Land League, and this State is thus entitled to the foremost place in the patriotic phalanx of Irish sympathizers who constituted Parliament during its six years' struggle which has ended at last in victory for the Irish people.

Now that the result of Parnell's peace policy has led the Irish hosts on to victory, it will prove interesting to the readers of this MONITOR to peruse a brief summary of the events which marked the rise and progress of the Land League both in Ireland and America, the first organization of which took place in Castlebar, in the County Mayo, Ireland, under the sponsorship of Michael Davitt, on September 18th, 1879. In the following October Mr. Parnell publicly announced that he hoped to have at least forty co-workers in the cause—with him in the next Parliament, he being previously thrown himself into the Land League movement with such conscious energy and determination which has resulted in such a glorious success for the cause of Irish Home Rule.

The first public movement on the part of the Irish Race in America to co-operate with the new Land League organization in Ireland, was inaugurated in this city on the 26th of November, 1879, by the Knights of St. Patrick, whose President, Col. J. J. Tobin, and the late lamented

Parnell's Position in the Next Parliament.

[illegible]

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Victories Gained by Irish Voters in England and Ireland. Traitorous Conduct of Irish Whigs. How the Nationalist Association was defeated in the North. The Orange Stronghold Captured by the Catholic Voters. Etc.

[FROM OUR REGULAR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

The year goes on. Day after day the National campaign is being fought and fought strongly, and victory after victory is being recorded for the National cause. Ireland's victories are a splendid conquest for Ireland's Parliamentary party. Ireland's victories are a conquest for the National party of the people in Ireland. In England and Scotland he has manifested a magnanimous which has been for years been looked upon as the natural and political enemies of any man who had the courage to champion the cause of Erin's freedom among the laboring classes of either England or Scotland. [illegible] on this point old prejudices of [illegible] tradition are so thoroughly [illegible] a good example of the growth [illegible] between the English and Scotch working classes as well as a demonstration of the [illegible] which Mr. Parnell [illegible] consequence of the persistent [illegible] which has changed [illegible] constituents.

[illegible] ments of the ballot-box has [illegible] the weeks of the contest [illegible] it is generally conceded by [illegible] that Mr. Parnell will have [illegible] a dozen or a hundred members [illegible] House of Commons. The solid [illegible] of Parnellites proper—who are [illegible] to stand by their chief [illegible] that number, but there [illegible] may add a few of Mr. Parnell elected by both English and Scotch constituencies, and there are members returned to Parliament as Liberals whose small majorities have proved to them that "the Irish vote is a power of Ireland's side." Ireland's victories—home in all measures for the amelioration of Ireland, they will be found in full accord with Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party.

For these and other kindred reasons Mr. Parnell stand not "from the fighting in the ranks" Parliament. He can hide his light under a bushel—he can hide his light under a bushel—he can hide his light under a bushel—he

Family Fun.

The Body and Its Health.

Milk and lime water, taken warm, constitute, according to the *Medical Times*, one of the best of foods in the treatment of acute diarrhœa.

The two most prolific sources of disease are taking cold and intemperance in eating, particularly over-eating. These two causes produce three fourths of the deaths, and yet both are controllable if we are governed by a reasonable amount of common sense.

Pneumonia, no matter how prevalent or severe, can uniformly be cured, says a medical writer in the Albany *Press*, by saving a bowl of hard wood, taking a good sweath, and poinnaising bread and water diet for a few days. Pneumonitis do not kill more than one in a thousand of the three following things—1. A weak mind. 2. A diseased body. 3. An idle condition of life.

PAIN.—Pain being the result of too much blood in a part, as a very general rule, the remedy, in severe and pressing cases, is to apply a mustard plaster near the part, which draws the blood away as is seen by the reddening of the skin. The most agonizing pains are often removed in the twinkling of an eye by dipping a bit of cloth (woollen, flannel, or cotton) in a mixture of equal parts of sweet oil, chloroform, and hartshorn, just shaken together and spread over the spot, with a handkerchief wadded in the hand and held over the cloth so as to retain the more volatile ingredients, to be removed the moment the pain ceases. The safest and most comfortable application in nature for the relief of all pain, especially arising from inflammation, is a woollen cloth kept very warm, even hot, by steady addition of hot water, or a stream of warm water, where the painful part admits it. When pain is severe, sharp, or throbbing, there is inflammation, which arises from there being too much blood in the arteries; if dull and heavy it is caused from there being too much blood in the veins. The pain of inflammation gives heat; hence, handsome with a hot hand is from too much blood in the arteries, and there is throbbing; draw it away by putting the feet in very hot water; this often removes pain in any part of the body above the ankles. When there is too much blood in the veins of the head there is a dull pain or great depression of spirits, and the feet are always cold. It is this excess of blood in the veins of the head or brain which always induces the despondency which so frequently causes suicide. When this is attended by cutting the throat the relief is instantaneous and the victim becomes anxious for the life he had just attempted to destroy. Hence, good outdoor walk or a hot bath, a sudden fit of laughter or a terrible burst of passion, by diverting the blood to the surface from the centre, pain the blues and megrims to flight also.

Wheat Losing Favor with Farmers.

Reports on the condition and acreage of winter wheat in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, indicate that the area devoted to this crop is still decreasing. These States produce the greater part of the winter wheat grown in the United States, and it is evident that farmers are abandoning wheat raising whenever they can grow other crops to advantage. In the spring wheat region of the Northwest it is not so easy to replace wheat with other grain, but even there the tendency is to grow more flax and oats in proportion to all. This change is the direct result of the low price of wheat, its price in Nebraska last season in the United States is certainly a sad outlook in Europe. The Chicago *Times* says: "Farmers are constantly decreasing the area of wheat in the United States and increasing the area of corn which Indian corn. Investigations by farmers do well to further discourage the excess devoted to wheat. The small crop this year has done wonders in holding up the market, and if the production of wheat in America should become much smaller prices would certainly improve. We should then need all our crop at home, and this absence of American wheat in European markets would cause a stronger advance all around.

Butter and Cheese.

The statistics laid before the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association at its late meeting in Chicago must have made its members feel that they were something more important than flies on the country's roseate nose. It was asserted at these statistics that the annual value of dairy products in this country was $500,000,000 greater than that of the entire wheat crop, and $120,000,000 greater than that of the cotton crop, while the amount of capital interested in dairy was said to be greater by $40,000,000 than that invested in bank stocks.

Get Married, Young Man.

My advice is: Go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you, tell her how much your income is, and from what source derived; and tell her you will divide the last dollar with her, and that you will love her with all your heart into the bargain. And then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and love you at least how you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine extravagance and feminine naiveté. Just you be true to her yourself, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You will not deserve her, I know; but she will never know it.

Starving a Cold.

Here is the latest remedy for a cold. It may be good; it may be useless; but, at all events, here it is: Eat no supper. On going to bed add an ounce and a tumbler of cold water. For breakfast eat a piece of dry bread as large as your hand. Go out freely during the morning. For dinner eat the same as at breakfast. During the afternoon take a sharp walk, or engage in some active exercise that will induce perspiration. Go without supper and retire early. The next morning, if the prescription works, you will be nearly well of the cold, but almost dead of starvation.

A Genius for Helping Folks.

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of the village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it's but little that he can put down on subscription paper for any object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out to give them a neighborly welcome and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him, and I've sometimes thought he and his wife kept home plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them stumbling into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the street.

Farm and Home.

In the Country Lawyer's Office.

He wanted justice. You could see that in his eyes clear off. He didn't want a little bit of justice, weighed out in gingerly but he wanted justice by the car load and at wholesale rates. He hitched his old white horse and dilapidated buggy in front of the drug store, mounted the stairs running up outside to the second story, and his eyes brightened as they rested on the sign on the door "George Hussem, Attorney-at-Law. The lawyer was in. So were a two-dollar desk, two fifteen-cent chairs, a huge cuspidor and a crusty stove.

"Morning."

"Morning."

"Hussem, I reckon, sir. Leon on by law's Corners. Bought the Tompkins farm, you know.

"Ah!"

"Skinner joins farms with me. His steers got into my corn. I want damages, but he laughs at me. I turn my hogs into his water patch.

"Good! I like a man of spunk."

"And he kills one of 'em."

"What!"

"He kills a hog worth two dollars."

"You don't say!" Well, that man ought to be made to understand that he doesn't own the earth. What an outrage! Have you demanded pay."

"Oh, yes, and he said he'd like to shoot me."

"Is it possible! Why, he's a dangerous man, very dangerous."

"I come to ask you if—if—"

"Why, of course, you have the best kind of a case against him, and it is your duty to push it."

"Yes, I want justice, but how—how much will it cost?"

"Oh, the cost will be nothing. Just leave me $5 as a retainer and we'll make Skinner sweat. I haven't heard of such an outrage for years. He probably reasons that you are chicken-hearted and afraid of him."

"Well, he'll find that the Whites have as much grit as the Skinners."

"And as much money to law with?"

"You bet!"

"That's the talk! We'll make him a very sick man. Your case appeals to me as a citizen as well as a lawyer. Now, we'll secure a warrant as a starter.

Skinner visits the other lawyer in the same village, and the conversation is about the same. White gets a warrant for Skinner, and Skinner gets a warrant for White.

First year.—Two adjournments, a disagreement, twenty-four days lost time, and a cash expense of $50 for witness fees.

Second year.—Four trials, one disagreement, four adjournments, one appeal, and a cash expense of $150 to each farmer. Time lost, thirty-five days.

Third year.—Two trials, two appeals, two decisions, and two farms pass into the hands of two lawyers.

Change the Subject.

"Always, said papa, as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak—always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite."

That evening, on his return from business, he found his extension leaf deposited and the tiny import of slippered feet silently bearing witness to the small thief.

"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa, said Mabel, "did you see a story in your?"

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa, what did grandma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean! Did you pick my flowers? Answer me this moment."

"Yes, papa, I did; but I feel I'd change the subject."

Asking After Old Friends.

Smith—Robinson is in town from Chicago. He was asking about you this morning.

Brown—Robinson—what Robinson?

Smith—Why, you remember Tom Robinson, who went West ten years ago and made a fortune.

Brown—Oh, yes certainly. I remember Tom well. How lucky he was, too. So he was asking about me. What did Tom say?

Smith—He inquired if you drank as hard as ever.

Bon Voyage.

"Yes, Bobby," said young Featherby, "I am going West for a little trip."

"Are you going for your health?" inquired Bobby with a certain

"Well, not altogether for my health, although I shall derive some benefit, no doubt."

"Father Chris hopes you will."

"I say, Bobby," whispered Featherby, "did your sister say that she hoped my trip would do me good?"

"Yes. She told me last night that if Mr. Featherby went West she hoped he would go for good."

Exhaustive Literary Work.

Mental exertion of any kind is something that tires the strange African, and writing is a matter just beyond him. Colonel Yerger has a negro man named Sam employed about the place, and the other day Sam wanted some clerical work done. He said:

"Boss, I want you to write me a letter to my gal in Mexico."

"All right, Sam, I'll do it."

"Hev yer got de paper an' de ink an de pens?"

"Yes, Sam, go ahead."

"Write Anetta, Texas."

"All right."

"How yer gon' ti write?"

"Yes."

"All of it?"

"Certainly."

"What has yer got written? Read it to me, boss.

"Anetta, Texas."

"Dat's right. Now write June de fourteenth.

"All right Sam."

"Has yer got it done already?"

"Yes."

"Why, boss, you'm jokin'. Read it to me."

"June fourteenth."

"Bush *Shed*, you has got it down all right. Now, boss, read it all ober from dey berry beginnin'."

"Anetta, Texas, June fourteenth."

"Dat's right. Where I say, boss, ies' yes' awhile. Tee tired. My head aches like it was gwine to split."

A Serious Charge.

Magistrate—You are charged with misdemeanor, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus (in alarm)—Wif Miss who, yo Honah?

Magistrate—Misdemeanor.

Uncle Rastus—Judge, I solemnly swar dat hain't no lady in de case whut mentiuber 'Dem de boys!'"

Not Married Yet.

Smith—Robinson is married, isn't he? Brown—Married? Why, he married a year ago last June. Miss Dora Lyle was married to him. Don't you remember? Smith—Married, eh? Why, I thought he was married a year ago. Brown—Married? Why, he married Miss Dora Lyle. Smith—Married, I say. Brown—Married, I say. Smith—Married, I say. Brown—Married, I say. Smith—Married, I say. Brown—Married, I say

THE POPE THE ARBITER OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

cised the office of peace-making, and hindered unspeakable misery. Only a few years ago, in 1870, shortly before the outbreak of war between France and Germany, Pius IX. offered to mediate between them; and now Pope Leo XIII. has mediated between Germany and Spain—he to whom the wisdom of his predecessor has confided at three trying times the guidance of His Church.

May this event have the same happy results which so many Popes have secured in times gone by; may it be productive, as in earlier ages, of blessings and peace both to rulers and ruled.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

A Prize for Catholic Purists.

The first medal given by any Catholic historical society in the United States has just been presented to the Christian Brothers of Galveston, Texas, to be awarded to the young lady who should write the best historical paper on "The Ursuline Nuns in America." The medal is of fine silver; beautifully engraved and is called the "American Catholic Historical Society (of Philadelphia) Medal," and is presented through the secretary of the Bureau, Francis X. Reese. The MSS. for competition are to be received in Philadelphia for examination by the Society, and an engraved certificate of award will be sent to the lucky writer, which will entitle her to the medal at the annual meeting in June, 1886.

Death-Traps for Travellers.

Every day the newspapers contain records of people who have lost their lives in railway accidents in Europe or on the sea. If the standard man looks like a dynamiter, or other enlightened individual, the Coroner's verdict is up to date and to the point. The municipal authorities of Atlanta, Georgia, have taken a view of the matter. They have been advised that cases of the death from asphyxia are caused by bad proprietors, and have made a law that unscrupulous landlords shall not turn off the gas from the meter at night. A large number of people who have gone to sleep in Atlanta in the past, from the effect of the gas, will be alive to-day if there is an spirit for enforcing travellers, and the others, if they had gone to sleep, can wake from suffocation. Travellers should turn the gas completely out before going to bed.

Mrs. Yscult Dudley's Prison in an Insane Asylum.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Dec. 17.—Mrs. Yscult Dudley, who attempted to kill O'Donovan Rossa, is merely undergoing the punishment and hardships of the unfortunate of the Middletown Insane Asylum. Those who learned that her counsel was unable to have her released from the asylum, she has been subjected to the treatment of a prisoner, and not only is she kept in a room with a door and window in violent weather, with the crowd hope that it may make her insane, but she has had every other way to shorten her life, but has been detected and it under consideration. She has had six epileptic fits. "Would you kill O'Donovan Rossa if you were released?" she was recently asked. "I might and I might not," she replied.

Overtures Favorably Received by the Reception of the Irish Leader.

New York, Dec. 17.—The overtures for the reception of Parnell are reported to be on a broader scale than any former Irish movement in this city. The co-operation of such Irish-Americans as Eugene Kelly, John D. Crimmins, Mayor Grace, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Mike M. O'Toole, James F. Coleman, Morgan O'Brien, John Devoy and others well known in banking and professional circles has been secured to the formation of a citizens' committee, together with delegates from the National League and various other Irish societies, and everything but the mildest reception of the reception has been arranged. It is expected that Governor Hill will preside at the reception. The committee will make its first call upon the Governor to-day.

The Death of a Journalist.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Colonel Daniel E. Mulligan, editor of the Virginia, Nev., Chronicle, died here yesterday of dropsy. He has been ill for some months, and his coast press for the last twenty years.

Nine Converts to the Catholic Church.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 15.—N. T. Kreutz for several years President and now Vice President of the Union National Bank, is the seventh member of his family to become a Catholic. His daughter of the Sacred Heart, and Miss Mary Kreutz, a lovely young woman, who has been traveling in Europe with her mother, the wife of a Prussian army officer. The Kreutzs are Prussians, and a mission has been created in noble circles by the news that Miss Kreutz was baptized into the Catholic faith by Bishop Gilmour at Cambridge Center in this city last week. It is understood that the young lady is to be married to a prominent young Catholic gentleman from a western city. Dr. Vaher, a leading surgeon and a Protestant, was also recently baptized into the Catholic Church.

Davitt and Irish Landlords.

DUBLIN, Dec. 16.—Michael Davitt, speaking in Dublin to-day, said the Lancet would open special industries, if the workmen would cooperate. He announced that he would forthwith commence an agitation to obtain landlordism abolished, and he would be ready to meet the farmers on any day they wish the working of the land act. He denounced the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Mayo, the former being one of money in Dublin that rightfully belonged to the people.

Tourists Coming to California.

The New York Tribune contains the following: Reports from California indicate that an enormous number of tourists from the East will visit that State this winter, many of them for a considerable sojourn. The turn in the tide of travel is quite sensible. It has lon long been a just reproach that American sightseers and pleasure-seekers know more of Europe than they know of their own. Now will these Western travellers be called upon to make up on the other of patriotism. They will find on the Pacific Coast all that they can possibly ask in a splendid scenery and the lightest winter climate.

The Pope's Health.

New York, Dec. 22.—The Herald's Rome cable says: The Pope was extremely fatigued after the reception of the Spanish pilgrims, and he suffered from very painful stomach pains. He still makes light of his indisposition, but his physicians are anxious. His chief medical adviser now remains permanently in the Vatican. The pain his weakness has prevented a few visitors today, who were all impressed by his extreme pallor.

The Next American Cardinal.

New York, Dec. 22.—Bishop Wigger of the diocese of Newark returned from his formal visit to the Pope, yesterday, on the Alaska. He was immediately on his knees at Seton Hall, South Orange, where he was formally received by his family and students. The Bishop said: "I stopped at Genoa, where I was ordained in 1869, and then went on to Rome, to Rome, and had an interview with the Holy Father. He spoke to me much gratified at the progress of the church in America, and I assure the Pope that the Catholics of America will always be the most loyal of any in the world." Asked if he thought he would be made Cardinal, he said: "There is much interest manifested in that question in Rome. I think it will be either the Archbishop of Boston or of Baltimore."

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME.

A beautiful Christmas entertainment was presented before a large audience—which included Archbishop Riordan and some of the Sacred Clergy—in the exhibition hall of the institution on Saturday afternoon last. The programme was a delightful blending of music and beautiful tableaux. It embraced the following programme: Grand March, in several places, the Star of Bethlehem, Chorus; Christmas Chimes, Instrumental; Christ is Born, a Christmas Dream in three acts, Act 1—the birth of Christ is looked for by the whole world. Vocal solo, Miss M. Campbell. Act 2—The Shepherds adore the Infant Saviour. Instrumental solo, Mendelssohn. Act 3—The Magi adore the Infant Saviour. Instrumental duet, two pianos, and Wills, Recitation; the Pilgrims and Infant Saviour; Instrumental duet, Mendelssohn; Instrumental duet, Miss M. Cassidy and Miss Lowell; Vocal solo, Miss N. Kenney; Recitation, Miss M. Wells; Hippy Christmas, Chorus; Instrumental duet. The following young ladies personated the different characters in the Christmas drama: "Christ is Born": Misses J. Gaffney, M. Hibbard, M. Wards, M. O'Neil, M. Hatton, V. Sywell, M. E. McHan, A. Scally, A. McGarigle, L. Langlois, N. Joyce, M. Geary, J. Sheehy, M. A. Kennedy and M. E. Cross.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—The Liberal Club began agitation attempted to hold a public meeting on the night of November 25th, in the house of a respectable farmer, near Lurgan, but such a demonstration was assembled in opposition, and hooting through the hedges, showered volleys of stones through all the windows of the house, and swept the hall with all the Liberals and Home Rulers who would ever dare to hold a meeting in that district. Half of the police having been drafted to Newry, the Liberals retreated, as contraband on the house and the police. The Liberals escaped in the dark, but to vanish in sure their lives. Another excitement prevailed during the night. No arrests were made.

Antrim.—The Bush Mill Company's distillery, County Antrim, was burned to the ground, on November 25th. The building, which was completely destroyed, was insured. At a private meeting of the clergy of Down and Connor in St. Malachy's College, Belfast, on November 26th, the Most Rev. Dr. McEntegate, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, Metropolitan of the Province, presiding, the selection of three names to be sent forward to Rome for the appointment of a successor to the late Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Bishop of Down and Connor, was proceeded with. The ballot resulted as follows: Monsignor Very Rev. Patrick McAllister, P. P., V. F., Ballymena, 1 vote; Very Rev. Patrick McGrath, P. P., Newry, 24 votes; Very Rev. John McEntee, P. P., Ballynure, 1 vote; Very Rev. Alex McMullan, P. P., V. F., Portaferry, 1 vote; Very Rev. Dr. Murray, P. P., V. F., Kilkeel, 2 votes; Very Rev. Dr. Henry, President St. Malachy's College, 1 vote; Very Rev. Dr. Legan, Bishop of Raphoe, 1 vote. The three names will be forwarded to the Holy Father from the Pope, and the decision will be made in the usual way.

Cork.—Very Rev. John O'Driscoll, P. P., Kilshanig, died on November 25th.

Dublin.—Mr. Thomas Bell, James Maddock, Dr. O. Hudson, and Mr. Jos. Hicks, Fire Brigade, were presented with the Royal Humane Society's medals for their gallantry in saving life at the fire in Mr. Pim's premises, Dublin, on Saturday last. It is thought that the Queen will confer the honor of knighthood on the Lord Mayor, who, by the way, are the only two members of the Pim family who are not Quakers. Let us worship the gold. Everything else is dross. The Lord Mayor is constant attendant at Catholic worship, and is a good friend of Father John of Jesus, and his family, and hitherto they will hold the Lord Mayor, Mr. Pim, and the Lord Mayor, Mr. Pim, and the Lord Mayor, Mr. Maddock was here at Wexford, in June. At an early age he entered St. Peter's College, and is remarkable for his studious habits. In 1860, he entered Maynooth College, where he obtained distinguished honors in every remarkable department. In 1865, he obtained priest for the diocese of Dublin, and in 1873 was appointed to the chair of Dogmatic Theology, where he remained for ten years, when he was promoted to a more satisfactory position, the Professorship of Ecclesiastical Law.

Donegal.—Mr. Hart, who has so successfully started a movement in Donegal for the protection of native manufacture of Irish tweed, has won a gold medal for the excellence of Irish tweed which was exhibited at the International Exhibition in London. Mrs. Hart is continuing to work up industries of the native industry, and attracted to have a regular display of Irish tweed at the Exhibition to be held in Dublin on the 1st of December, and at the same time promises to Wigmore street, London, Miss Mary Power Lake has undertaken to provide a bible of linen work for both these displays, at a cost of a guinea. Lady Ormonde, Lady Cowper, and very patriotic. He is much regretted by all who knew him. His loss will a sad young family to deplore his loss. The funeral was largely and respectably attended.

Kerry.—The eighteenth anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs—Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien—was commemorated, on Nov. 22. The celebration was organized by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and was a great success. The procession, which was headed by the Ballybunion Brass and Reed Band, was a very imposing one, and the music was very good. The attendance of members of the Hibernian Order was very large, and the procession formed opposite the Franciscan Church, and moved the following order: Four torch-light bearers led the procession, followed by a splendid mourning banner, being a tree one, on which was inscribed the following: "To the memory of the Manchester Martyrs." and in the center was a harp, surmounted by a crown, and the following inscription: "Erected by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and raised about thirty or forty torch-light bearers. The same also had the following inscription: The music was a special success, the whole being superbly arranged by the bandmaster, Mr. Hickey. The sermon. The sermon was thoroughly National, and was listened to by the multitude. Mr. M. Healy, one of the speakers, proposed at the Tralee Convention, was received with great enthusiasm.

Kilkenny.—The Rev. N. Murphy, P.P., Ballyhale, wrote on the behalf of the Kilkenny Leader, Kilkenny and Kilkenny branches of the National League, to have the meeting of the Land Leagues held over for a year to the National conflicts.

Times were three outlaws, in the Kilkenny assizes, sentence, two in 20, Jobson to 6 and one in 18, Fanning, and for the first time during the space of 2 years there indeed no prisoners confined in the same time. In 38, John a Ward the end of the first church, and resolved to the return of his Worship the Mayor, Mr. Peter Mc-Adamson, and Mr. Thos. Ward, Mr. Jas. Ward, Alderman; and Mr. Thos. Brooks, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Ayres as Councillors.

Leitrim.—The Irish Catholic is proud on behalf of the Supreme Court. The late Rev. Jas. Farrell, of Manorcunning, was that in the truest and brightest sense of the phrase. He was a man of amazing energy, boundless zeal, stalwart patriotism; he could and did write and speak with equal ease, and as a pulpit orator he only ranked after the incomparable Father Tom Burke. He was entitled, very properly, to the full plaudits of his powers, in his early prime of life. A beautiful and an people's monument, paid for by donations ranging from one shilling to five pounds, has not been erected to his memory in the church where he preached so often.

Louth.—Tristram Kennedy, B.L., died on November 7th. Mr. Kennedy, who had reached the ripe age of 81 years, was M. P. for Louth for a number of years, and took an active part in the Tenant Right League movement. He was the eldest of a family of twelve sons.

Limerick.—The Bishop has appointed the Rev. Father Flynn, who has lately been on a mission to Australia, to the parish of Ballyagran, Co. Limerick, vice the Rev. H. Quail, P.P., Dromin.

Mayo.—On Sunday 24, Mr. P. Traynor, Ballyhaunis, died suddenly. He was in his usual good health up to the last day. As soon as the symptoms became observable Dr. Hicks was called into attendance and pronounced that a fatal result from the rupture of a blood vessel which brought on apoplexy. Deceased was a young man generally respected, and his early demise is sincerely regretted by his neighbors.

A great demonstration, in which the vast people of the district participated, took place on Sunday last in Newmarket-on-Fergus in honor of the memory of the Manchester Martyrs.

Monaghan.—Mrs. Ann Macklin of Great Hornd street, Liverpool, died on Nov. 20, aged 78. The deceased, who was a native of Monaghan, had made many and lasting friends by her kindness of her adoption, and her death will be deeply felt by the poor of the district in which she resided.

Mayo.—A great National demonstration was held near Castlebar, on November 22, in the historic cemetery of Rim Hall, for the purpose of unveiling the monument erected over the remains of the late Mr. H. M. Garry, a Nationalist of well-known celebrity. Contingents from Ballina, Westport, Castlebar, Ballin, Swinford, and surrounding districts were present. Among the gentlemen in attendance were—Messrs. Matthew Harris, Young Ireland, Dublin; James Daly, Thomas Walsh, John Daly, Lisdoon, Ballina; J. Reilly, Dr. J. W. Nally, Burah; J. Kearns, J. J. Nally, J. Daly, Belcarra; P. Flannelly, P. Timlen, The Ballin Band, headed an immense procession, which was joined by the people, and flags and emblems, bearing appropriate mottoes, suitable to the occasion, were displayed.

Sligo.—Mr. O'Hara's candidature for the Sligo borough, which was formally announced last week, has been received with great enthusiasm by the people of the most Irish district of the country, and if without the slightest attempt at deception on the Nov. 23, of Tuesday, ten thousand persons assembled, and gave a most enthusiastic reception to Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Leamy, the latter of whom has been accompanying the former in the campaign. The number of Tenantry who voters on the platform and among the crowd, at Fitzhoos, was one of the notable features of the demonstration. Another notable feature was

THE CHILDREN'S HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Generous Gifts to Three Hundred Children by the Sisters of the Holy Family.

The Children's Day Home, 1312 Powell street, under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Family, celebrated a laughable Christmas festival last week when the annual Christmas tree for children was given. The Home is a very good and charitable institution, and it is well that the Sisters should receive the thanks of the children under ten years of age, irrespective of creed, country or condition. On Friday last the children received such a collection from suit of clothes and underwear, 325 suits of clothes, and a great variety of toys and candy, and a Christmas tree laden on added to this delight. The clothing was made up by many charitable ladies of the two parishes, St. Patrick's and St. Mary's, to be distributed among the children of the Home Valley Home as well as of the two Parish Schools. The underwear was donated by the firm of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., and the toys by Mr. Wm. Ryan, of Market street. Several generous ladies also contributed toys and candy. The installation of the Christmas tree was made under Dodson, and it was a delight to see the joy of the children on Friday last, by the importance of the "Sisters and by the general good order, order and decorum, and in certainly deserving diagnosis. Archbishop Ireland and Father Prendergast were present and took an active part in making the affair a success. Archbishop Ireland addressed a few words to the children. When such means of charity are used, and such results are obtained, which is not the only one but have a number of mothers may have their children sent to the Home, yes to say I have the honor of saying, dear—the one but hope of the Home.

NATIONS AT SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

We have always maintained that examinations should be thorough, exhaustive and rapid. Nothing is more unfair than to allow a student to wait for the satisfaction of friends, but also to hurry him or her through the ordeal. We have seen students in other institutions, and in other colleges, after attending school exercises, not to be able to do a single thing. We are at present in the college of the young ladies, and we are pleased to say that the Sisters, and, therefore, to say that the Christian Brothers of Sacred Heart College, in Dublin, Ireland, are the most thorough examiners of the pupils in the country. Let us say the gold. Everything else is dross. It is our duty, as a Catholic journal

Poetry

CHRISTMAS ON THE SAN GABRIEL

ARELLA NASH.

Lamar and his Rangers camped at dawn on
the banks of the San Gabriel,
Under the mossy live oaks, in the heart of a
lonely dell.
With the cloudless Texas sky above and the
mesquite grass below,
And all the prairie lying still in a misty,
silvery glow.

The sound of the horses cropping grass, the
fall of a nut full ripe,
The stir of a weary soldier, or the tap of a
smoked-out pipe,
Fell only as sounds in a dream may fall upon
a drowsy ear,
Till the captain said, "It is Christmas Day!
no boys, we will spend it here!

'For the sake of our homes and our child-
hood, we will give the day its due,'
Then some leaped up to prepare the feast,
and some sat still to muse,
And some pulled a scarlet yupon berries and
was whole mistletoe,
To garland the stand-up rifles—for Christ-
mas has no foe.

And every heart had a pleasant thought or a
tender memory
Of unforgotten Christmas tides that never
more might be;
They felt the thrill of a mother's kiss, they
heard the happy peals,
And the mass grew still, and all the camp
was full of a gracious calm.

"Halt!" cried the sentinel, and lo! from out
of the brush wood sway
There came, with a weary fainting step, a
man in mortal fray,
A brutal man with a tiger's heart; but yet he
made his plea—
"I am dying of hunger and thirst, do what
you will with me."

They knew him well—who did not know the
cruel San Sabaton,
The robber of the Rio Grande, who spared
not any man?
In low fierce tones they called his name, and
looked at a sell of rope,
And the man mouthed down in abject fear—
how could he dare to hope?

The captain had just been thinking of the
Beach his mother took,
Of a Saviour born on Christmas Day, who
bow'd on the Cross his head,
Blending the thought of his mother's tears
with the misty Mother's grief—
And when he saw San Sabaton he thought of
the dying thief.

He spoke to the man in a whisper, and they
heeded the words he said,
And brought him the grinning rubber water
and meat and bread.
He ate and drank like a famish'd wolf and
then lay down to rest,
And the camp perchance had a stiffer feast
for his strange Christmas guest.

But, ere ever the morning dawn'd again, the
Captain touch'd his hand
"Here's a horse and some meat and bread;
fly to the Rio Grande!
Fly for your life! We follow hard, touch
nothing on your way—
Your life was only spared because Texas
Jesus Christ's Birth-day."

He watched him ride as the tobacco fire, then
turned to the breaking day,
The same, as the Christmas berries were
quietly cast away.
And, full of twilight, they saddled again and
rode off into the west—
May God be merciful to them, as they were
to their guest!

The Realization of a Dream.

How an English Convert Found the True Church.

IT was Christmas Eve. The snow lay thick on the ground, the trees were covered with rimy hoar frost, and every blade of grass sparkled as if it was all studded with brilliant diamonds. Folks said it was seasonable weather. And it was indeed pleasant enough for those who had blazing fires and well-stocked larders, but alas! there were but too many who had not even a morsel of bread, or a shrivelled up potato, to lighten their sad homes on the great feast of the Nativity, and many a longing look was directed by half-starved men and women at the array of meat, mince pies, and good cheer of all kinds displayed in the baking shops of the place.

At the door of a substantial brick house in the Close of the Cathedral, a crowd of poor were gathered waiting for the Christmas doles, of the charitable lady who dwelt within.

Miss Protheroe was the only child of the modern occupiers of the ancient prebendal stalls of the Cathedral, and she had inherited her fortune from the neighborhood of her native town. Her father had died when she was a child, and for the last ten years she had tended her mother day and night in the sufferings of a mortal disease. Only within a few winters had she buried her in the cloister of the old Cathedral, and in the Cathedral itself she daily took part in the worship which Protestantism has substituted for the daily Sacrifice of the Church of Christ. The old Benedictine offices itself—its bells, its Gothic aisles, and lovely chancery, its choir, where there reposes in his gorgeous tomb the least popular of England's kings, the mortuary chapel of the youthful son of Henry VIII.; and the cloisters, where many a monk of old sleeps in peace, waiting for the resurrection—all these objects were to Anne Protheroe as old familiar friends. Often as a child, she had peopled the Cathedral, in imagination, with the monks, the abbots and the last two

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

THE EVENT AS RECORDED IN THE LIFE OF JAMES W. MARSHALL.

The illustration printed on this page is a faithful representation of Sutter's Mill, on the south fork of the American River, where the town of Coloma, El Dorado county, was afterwards located. The appearance of the place is quite different at the present day, as the subsequent mining operations destroyed the mill, the timbers of which were afterwards utilized for other purposes or carried off by visitors as souvenirs of the place that attained a world-wide reputation. Marshall died on August 10th last. The discovery of gold in this State is thus described in his life, published in 1878:

We now approach the most important event, not only in the life of Marshall, but in the history of California, and as many erroneous statements have been made and published from time to time concerning the manner of the first discovery, and as attempts have been made to foist a spurious discovery upon the public, we deem it proper to enter into details with such minuteness as the historical value of the event appears to demand and to warrant.

The names of the men who were then working at the mill, and who, if living, can substantiate the accuracy of this narrative, were as follows: Peter L. Wemer, William Scott, James Barger, Alexander Stephens, James Brown, William Johnson and Henry Bigler. (The later afterwards moved to Salt Lake, together with Brown, Stephens, and Barger, and became an Elder in the Mormon Church). Wemer was in charge of some eight or ten Indians, whose business it was to throw out the larger sized rocks excavated while constructing the mill race, in the day time, and at night, by raising the gate of the forebay, the water entered and carried away the lighter stones, gravel, and sand. This was the work that was going on at the mill on the 19th of January, 1848.

On the morning of that memorable day Marshall went out as usual to superintend the men, and after closing the forebay gate, and thus shutting off the water, walked down the tail-race to see what sand and gravel had been removed during the night. This had been customary with him for some time, for he had previously entertained the idea that there might be minerals in the mountains, and had expressed it to Sutter, who, however, only laughed at him. On this occasion, having strolled to the lower end of the race, he stood for a moment examining the mass of debris that had been washed down, and at this juncture his eye caught the glitter of something that lay, lodged in a crevice, on a riffle of soft granite, some six inches under the water. His first act was to stoop and pick up the substance. It was heavy, of a [illegible] he had seen in the stream before. For a few minutes he stood within its hand, reflecting, and endeavoring to recall all that he had heard or read concerning the various minerals. After a close examination he became satisfied that what he held in his hand must be one of three substances—mica, sulphuret of copper, or gold. The weight assured him that it was not mica. Could it be sulphuret of copper? He remembered that this mineral is brittle and that gold is malleable, and as this thought passed through his mind, he turned about placed the specimen upon a flat stone and proceeded to test it by striking it with another. The substance did not crack or flake off, it simply bent under the blows. This, then, was gold, and in this manner was the first gold found in California.

As a matter of course, Marshall watched closely, from time to time, for further developments, and in the course of a few days he had collected several ounces of the precious metal. Although, however, he was satisfied in his own mind that it was gold, there were some who were skeptical, and as he had no means of testing it chemically, he determined to take some down to his partner at the fort, and have the question finally decided. Some four days after the discovery it became necessary for him to go below, for Sutter had failed to send a supply of provisions to the mill, and the men were on short commons. So, mounting his horse, and taking some three ounces of gold dust with him, he started. Having always an eye to business, he availed himself of this opportunity to examine the river for a site for a lumber yard, whence the timber out at the mill could be floated down; and while exploring for this purpose he discovered gold in a ravine in the foot-hills, and also at the place afterwards known as Mormon Island. That night he slept under an oak tree, some eight or ten miles east, of the fort, where he arrived about nine o'clock the next morning. Dismounting from his horse, he entered Sutter's private office, and proceeded to inquire into the cause of the delay in sending up the provisions. This matter having been explained, and the teams being in a fair way to load, he asked for a few minutes private conversation with Colonel Sutter, and the two entered a little room at the back of the store, reserved as a private office. Then Marshall showed him the gold. He looked at it in astonishment, and, still doubting, asked what it was. His visitor replied that it was gold. "Impossible!" was the incredulous ejaculation of Sutter. Upon this Marshall asked for some nitric acid, to test it, and a messenger having been dispatched to the gunsmith's for that purpose, Sutter inquired whether there was no other way in which it could be tested. He was told that its character might be ascertained by weighing it, and accordingly some silver coin, (\$5 25 was all the fort could furnish), and a pair of small scales or balances having been obtained, Marshall proceeded to weigh the dust, first in the air, and then in two bowls of water. The experiment resulted as he had foreseen. The dust went down, the coin rose lightly up. Sutter gazed, and all his doubts fadeed, and a subsequent test with the nitric acid, which by this time had arrived, settled the question finally. Then the excitement began to spread. Sutter knew well the value of the discovery, and in a short time, having made hurried arrangements at the fort, he returned with Marshall to Coloma, to see for himself the wonder that had been reported to him.

THE BIRDS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

If Them Wanted be Happy Then Must Them Make Others Happy.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

On holy Christmas morning there was a grand assemblage of little birds behind the elder-tree yonder which stands between the court-yard and the garden, flanked on one side by the barn and on the other by heaps of grain that had found no shelter in the granary—so rich had been the blessings of the Lord!

The sparrow with his house and generation was very fully represented in the meeting; and all who belonged to his family pulled out their feathers and sat looking as if something vexatious had befallen them.

Finches and goldhammers were there in great spirits, as usual; and the blackbird perched now inside the court-wall, now on the outside; then he flew down to the brook, ducked down and up again, flew up into the tree with the other birds, and praised the cold-water cure, which makes one feel light fresh and joyful as nothing else can.

Ravens and crows and the rest of the grain-sifts, who are forever finding what no one has lost, crowded close together on the grain-sacks in deep and loud discussion.

But the sparrow began to bewail his fate thus: "I have sadly been disturbed in my night's rest, for before daybreak all the bells in the steeples began to ring as if for fire. I flew out into the darkness, and all around the houses looked bright, as if they were on fire within. Many tiny candles were lighted, and the trees on which they burned were covered with all kinds of fruit, such as I never have seen together on one tree. But we enjoy nothing of all this. Our trees are bare enough, and have not even leaves to screen us from this winter's cold. We shall starve to death or freeze, when once food becomes scarcer and the cold more piercing."

But the lark in the field scratched up a few worms which a mole had tossed out with the earth; and the blackbird helped her to choose some little worms, and that was their breakfast.

The shepherd drove his flocks through the narrow path, while thornbushes on each side, and the blackberry briers and wild-rose bushes, who had heard the birds' complaint, stretched their branches across the way, so that the little sheep left locks of wool upon them, some more, some less, but never enough to do them any harm. The birds took the wool and carried it to their homes, in the knot-holes of trees or crevices of walls, or hollows of the earth, and there they grew warmer and warmer. Then, as they picked at the wool, red lips, which the cold had made sweet and soft, peered out, and they ate them with joyful hearts.

Again rang out the bells from tower and steeple; the house-door opened, and the family came forth; maidservants first, then sons and daughters, and, to close up the procession, the housewife and the farmer.

"Father," said the eldest son, "it will fare ill with our corn-stacks in the field if, before going to church, we do not shoot among the feathered gentry beyond, who have torn the outer coverings already, and will soon make their way among the unthreshed grain. The magpies willingly reap where they have not sown. They cluster here from the whole neighborhood, and totally would I give them a few tender peas for food, and silence their chattering forever."

"By no means," replied the farmer. "No shot shall be fired during the blessed Christmas season—on the gracious birthday of Him who overthrew indeed the tables of the money-changers, and made a scourge of cords to drive out both buyer and seller from His temple, but only said to those who sold doves, 'Take them hence.' He did not blame the poor little doves; and never, on this day, when dumb beast gave up to Him their manger for a cradle, because men found no room for Him in the inn, never shall any creature find death in my fields for the sake of a few blades of grass or kernels of grain."

But the farmer's wife had already turned back, and one of the lads was, at her command, strewing a whole sheaf of grain before the house-front. So generously did he scatter the food to the doves and poultry, that there was enough and to spare for their neighbors on the elder-tree, and magpie and raven had a fair share without being envied by hens or disturbed by men. Thus in the court-yard was there also a little of that "peace on earth" of which angels sang one Christmas night upon the plains of Bethlehem. Nor did the farmer lack anything in hay-loft or granary because the little birds of heaven had been fed from his table that blessed Christmas morning.

Remember this: on Christmas feed the poor little birds before thy door, and if thou seest neither lark nor blackbird, nor yet finches, gold-hammers, nor tomtits, then think of those who have no feathers, of pure human creatures. Forget not that the angel of the Lord said to the shepherds: "You will find the Child wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger." Seek out the swaddling-clothes of poverty, and if thou walkest by that light which rose over Bethlehem, then shalt thou find in these swaddling-clothes and in works of mercy—the little child Jesus!

Mark this: if thou wouldst be happy, then must thou make others happy! Remember, because Jesus came to the poor, therefore shouldst thou go to the poor.

BETHLEHEM, AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

BY [illegible] SON, U. S. MINISTER.

The distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is [illegible] We proposed to go [illegible] morning. Our vehicle and [illegible] French driver which [illegible] Jaffa, were retained for the purpose. Although the road was rough and stony, and the streets narrow, we risked the carriage and ignored the caution on the pledge of the guide. The sequel showed that there was some risk, as many of the streets were impassible for a carriage.

We left the Jaffa gate, and under the upper aqueduct, and over the upper part of Gihon, and then drive nearly due south. The bed of the Kidron, in the deep valley of our left, pursues its empty way to the dead Sea, while on the right and to the west, along the bottom, in broken and gray masses, lie the mountain of Judah, shutting out the Mediterranean. When we reach the main road, and leave the "hill of evil counsel" on our left, we find the way filled with Indian camels. Under the lash of our guide these give the way, and with considerable malice, both they and their drivers fumble and tumble about awkwardly amid the rubble of the road. The olives are thick, perforated and old in the fields within the stone-walls. "Where," we ask of the guide, "do they get so much stone for the walls?" They are ten feet wide and three high, and, like the Dutchman's wall of the anecdote, "when they fall down they are higher than a horse they stand up."

"Why do you ask?" says the guide, "don't you see the fields are full of stones?"

"But no one could mass any stones out of those fields," we remarked.

[illegible] among them the [illegible] tomb of Adullam has been verified, which Mother Seyss has described, and he well of Bethlehem, which is [illegible] to the gate, for the water which David was athirst for, in an extraordinary [illegible] guide with [illegible] Samuel. These, [illegible] and we draw in [illegible] side. We [illegible] the traditional tree where Judas hanged himself, and the rural abode of Caiphas, the High Priest; but these nebulæ of tradition dissolve from the mass of Bethlehem. The well of the Magi, however, is one of the incidents of the main object, and a pretty story is told of it, although it is not recorded in the second of Matthew; for did not the wise men, after leaving the presence of Herod, here stop to draw water? Was it not here that the reflection of the star which led them was seen in the well?

Then we pass the Greek convent of Elijah, where other stories are told, but now with the repetition. But from this point the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem are visible—"in mutual being," birth, and death. From this eminent point, too, can be seen the hour long mountain called the Tomb of Herod. It is high and round. It is the scene of a massacre of Franciscans, but it sinks into modest ingenuity, as Herod did, compared with those persecuted, along with that dim spot, shining hard and bleak, like steel, twenty-five and more miles away, through Jericho [illegible] Dead Sea. This is the first of the famous tableaux [illegible] "when they fall down they are higher than a hen they stand up."

"Why do you ask?" says the guide, "don't you see the fields are full of stones?"

"But no one could mass any stones out of those fields," we remarked.

"Oh, a few are left over," responds the guide.

How the lonely olive can find nutriment on such "stony ground" is a miracle.

We are happy in a breezy day, which mitigates the fierceness of the sun. What a crowd of people now are upon the road going to Bethlehem and Hebron, and to Beersheba even unto Rehobeth! Nine out of ten of these are upon donkeys and camels, and more than three-fourths have their eyes sore or shaded, and these are Arabs, whose suit is sometimes gay in color, but generally of stripes, brown and white, which reminds us of the dress of our penitentiaries, depending in the face of the wearer. They carry the long Damascus gun, and a plentiful supply for the desert and danger. Camises, with their big stocks and leaves, furnish some of the hedges, and "turn" the animals from the fields. We meet some who are blue eyed and good eyed as European dress. These are of the German colony, which here thrives upon the old stony soil and makes its crops of grape and grain in their season, or several crops in one season. Some herds of black and white cattle of Dutch breed are seen picking up a quiet rumination from the browned herbage and the green leaves left on the trees.

The land is not unlike the dress of the Arab—brown and white. It is burnt with the sun of now departing summer, and white with the lime of many summers.

"Ah! this is a fine land!" we say ironically to the guide.

"Good land! I guess it is," responds the guide, who is from the State of Maine. "See it—wouldn't hold up many stones and rocks. Good deal of left about it."

But we notice that where water runs the unevenness of the Germans appear, and the walls have a trim look and a neatness the same is thrift. Old olive posts for fuel, as twisted and as difficult to unravel as the philosophical roots of our college days, appear going up to the city, while going from it, for the terraces, on the heads of blanched, tattooed Arab females, are baskets of manure gathered in Jerusalem. The plain of Rephaim is spread around us, two miles wide by two long. Here David defeated the Philistines, and many other assaults. Yonder, [illegible] Tekoa, a pilgrim to this fount and shrine of the elder day? Yes, he is a pilgrim, like us—and from the Greek priest from the Russian, [illegible] spiritually upon Lazarus, [illegible] dans stormy banks, waiting for the peaceful shore, and really upon Dives's terrible banks, waiting for the [illegible] to fructify his fields. He owns now that our guide has to ride ahead and employ people to move impediments out of the way. It is said the peasantry hundreds [illegible] Tent repute, [illegible] Dives, the coarsely clothed, the picturesque of the Moslems. One thing must be said of the town, and that is that if it has any beauty to good in it, it is Christian, for it is [illegible] Christian town of Judea. In 1834, after an insurrection by the Arabs, Ibrahim Pasha, then ruler, riddled the Moslems into death after his peculiar methods, quite worthy of a descendant of Herod.

Before purchasing our olive wood, beads, mother-of-pearl, and other souvenirs, where many such are deftly made by exquisite art, we make our visit to the most attractive place of Bethlehem. The place of the Nativity has been often described, and the church above it. Every object and passenger here and heretofore has been the special object of gifted pen and impassioned eloquence. Make an indelible empty of the mouse, and each name will be set to music like a psalm. The shepherd of David by Samuel, the family of Jesse and their explosions—Isaiah, Aholiab, and Asahel, and of David, as Bethlehem called, or Bethlehem's stronghold, the habitation of Caleb-ham, the story of Ruth, among Boaz Gaulite out of Nazareth, in fine, the incarnation of the Word Love in all its mystery, each and all are a page which represents from the simple cave in Bethlehem, with a sweeter and louder chorus than that of the Bethlehem star of the fixed old man of that Star whose shaken rocks are left but a fortnight since.

Let us enter this place of the Nativity. It has been [illegible] and as is well the floor of the church. It is 33 by 11 feet, and decorated with marble. Precious lamps burn before figures of saints, chief among them St. Jerome. Sixteen silver lamps burn over the spot where the silver star indicates the place of birth. Another inscription shows the spot where the wooden manger, now in Rome, was found. Another spot is shown, as the chapel of St. Jerome and the chapel of Joseph, where the angel appeared to him in a dream. [illegible] If these are apocryphal traditions, they do not detract from the fact established by scholars and antiquarians, and confirmed as well by what St. Jerome wrote, as by his selection of this spot for his duties and fasts. He believed it to be the place, as his life and death bore witness. Never did art consummate so splendid a representation of self-abnegation as that wherein Domenichino portrays the last scene in the life of this Dalmatian saint and hero, who vanished, as well in his life as by his death, his faith in the goodness and power of the Gospel, whose good tidings were dominant first in the starry vault of Bethlehem.

Dead as we now are to the Milk grotto, the Shepherd's grotto, the Magi's well, David's well, and the burial of the twenty thousand innocents murdered by Herod here—dear as to the shepherd's fold, the altar of the "wise men," should we doubt that Christ was born immaculate and miraculously; but one thing is indubitable—that Christ was here born, and that from this Nativity arose a light "such as had before was never in sea or land, and for the faith in whose beneficent and heavenly guidance thousands have persisted as martyrs, and millions have risked their soul's salvation! What place can be more holy, unless it be that consecrated by his death?

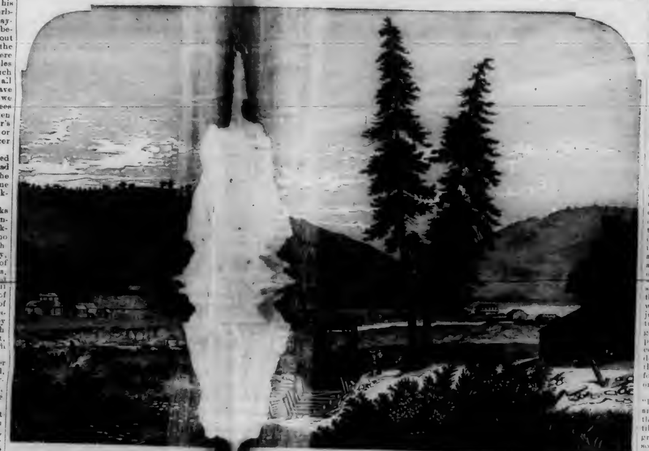
There are said to be only two places in this Holy Land superior in sacred associations to this place, Jerusalem and Nazareth. To my mind, Bethlehem has no superior, unless it is Jerusalem. "Why?" will some untaught Bible student, and to the every child who has read the gospel, Bethlehem is not one of the sacred cities which encompass Jerusalem, but it has its lofty thought. It is a beautiful pearl in the diadem round about the royal city. It is not the scene of sacrifice and sepulchre, but it is the scene of the nativity and of the Star and of the angelic song which uttered in the purest and greatest life ever clad in flesh. Among the hundreds of books of travel and descriptions of this country, the Bible is the best guide book after all, and in many cases it is no one way or in more so than in its references to this spot, over which the star shone and the angels chanted of peace. No amount of degenerates superstition, exaggeration, tradition or pollution, no surrounding, however disenchanting, detracts one beam from the radiance of that star, or gives one discordant note in the seraphic hymn by which here filled the heavens with a new born joy! The genius of painter and sculptor has illustrated the story of the manger, and their gifts and genius [illegible] the shepherds—the flight into Egypt, the beautiful face of the Madonna with its golden aureole, and the majestic, masterful and melancholy features of Him who became here the genius of love unto mankind. What place, therefore, in all this enlarged country, now so many centuries made desirable, is so alluring, for its fraught themes, whether for studio or library, for the orator or artist, for the disciple or christian?

Although Bethlehem was rated "little among thousands of Judah" and at a time when Judah had ten thousands of thousands from her wooded terraces and valleys, she is great among men, and will be great so long as her story remains. How often has the world been told to bring bearers! From the little Catholic Church of the North Cape, for a year old, which we visited under the mid night sun, and amid the summer snows to the splendid church of Sophia, which dates 1500 years ago, across wastes of time and oceans upon, over dark continents and seas, guided by eternal summer, the star of the manger is a thrill as sweet as long ago to peasants, as dear to the leper of Rimini as to the emperors of earth.

The basis to repeat of such a story even though it were almost lost in tradition, must be a part, the more so as part of that wondrous drama. Even sceptics cannot ignore the fact that the event lies, as the Apostle phrased it, "turned the world upside down. Well might angels say that this work, proceeding out of this little village, if it were of men, would come to naught, but if it were of God, could not be overthrown. The evidence is that to-day its results appear in civilization! What a moral and religious work has been accomplished by its energy! Beginning at this small fountain, what a fruitful spreading stream of light for the irradiation of the dark problems of our life!

As I came from the church I did not hear the angels above rumoring the millennial dawn, but nevertheless I did not cease to believe that in "this city of David had been born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Nor still I utter my last moment believe otherwise than that for this event—the greatest upon our sin—"glory should be given to God in the highest," and that out of it shall eventually come on earth, peace, good will to men!"

Ad Arrostle.



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[illegible] ome and join us in our song.
[illegible] ark! the merry bells they chime,
[illegible] rch and poor we all are one
[illegible] n this joyful Christmas time.
[illegible] numous friends from far and near
[illegible] ppy as in this wish sincere.
[illegible] ny more may all yet see
[illegible] fire this Ice-bound to be.
[illegible] a-lies! "Journal."

Any man who gets his coin, or gold in a way which reddened, becomes the during of all men.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

Good deeds are the best crop to raise, it takes a hard hoe and two steady heads.

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Irish Liberty at Last!

THE CASE STATED BY BOYLE O'REILLY.

ENGLAND'S COURSE CRITICISED.

A Prediction Regarding Home Rule.

Among other interesting articles in the *North American Review* for the current month we find the following able contribution from the facile pen of Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, the patriotic Irish poet and editor of the Boston *Pilot*.

In the twelfth century England invaded Ireland (a thing and a serious enterprise under King Brian, in 1020), overpowered her with numbers, garrisoned her strong places with soldiers, killed her leading men that she failed to corrupt, disarmed all native growth and plans of development, and sat down in the Irishman's house as its lord and master, by the right of the heavier weapon.

The Irish struggled for a hundred years, and the foreign oppressor increased the bands and decreased the methods and order and civilization among the people.

England had realized that Ireland was a very rich country, blessed by nature with exceptional material resources, and inhabited by a people of great intelligence, courage and enterprise, capable of becoming strong competitors in the world's race. Another hundred years of desperate struggle, the Irishman vainly trying to get the Englishman's hand off his throat. The Englishman now abolished Irish law (the ancient and revered Brehan Code), and established courts of English law. He also began the system or incorporating English cities, companies, and corporate bodies in Ireland, to which all power was given over the native people.

The Scottish nation was at war with England also, and this prevented or delayed the absolute destruction of Ireland. Five hundred years ago, Edward Bruce, (brother of Robert), went to Ireland, was crowned king, and with the united force of the native princes, defeated England for a time.

But the Englishman returned and the fearful struggle began again, the Irish now knowing that their fight was one of life or death, liberty or slavery.

Four hundred years ago, the weaker country was prostrate—not more helpless, ragged, ostracized. Then England abolished her own Brehan system, of ruling the country by English corporations, juries, and law matters established in Ireland. It was ordered henceforth that all Irish law must be made in England (Poyning's Act), and no Irishman, high or low, was to hold office or power or to have any right whatever—even the right to live. It was no crime for an Englishman to kill an Irishman who should appear within an English dress or the protection of an English resident. It was also enacted that Irishmen should not learn to read. A reward was offered for the arrest of schoolmasters and priests. All schools and colleges were then thrown down, their ruins are found, like skeletons, the highest Ireland to-day.

England had resolved to make the Irish forget that they were Irish, trusting that when this had been achieved she could teach them that they were in truth not Irish, but Saxons, and had every one had national freedom, or traditions, or glory, or great men, or art, or poetry, or famous schools, or a high civilization and the honor of other nations; but had always been a poor, broken, restless, miserable, quarrelsome people, dreaming about ancient greatness that was all a lie, and about future freedom and honor that were all a delusion; and that God and nature had made them poor and future subjects to the wise, good, unselfish, gentle English nation, that sent about the world hoping weak countries to be free and civilized and Christian!

Three hundred years ago, when Henry VIII became a Protestant, he resolved that the Irish should be Protestant, too, and for the next hundred years the reforming process went forward, the chief means being the bullet, the rope, and the slave ship.

A gentleman from Jamaica told me last year, as a curious fact, that the negroes in that island were more easily taught words. No wonder, about sixty thousand Irish boys and girls were sold to the chosen planters of the West Indies, 200 years ago, as Sir William Petty and other English historians tell us, and time was.

Two hundred years ago and still the deathless fight, the Irish growing weaker, the Enemy stronger. It had now become "the religious duty" of the Englishman to subdue the Irish "for their own sakes." Cromwell went over, and slaughtered every man in the first garrison town he captured, Drogheda. "By God's grace," he wrote to the Parliament, "I believe that not one escaped," and he added that when the officers capitulated and surrendered "They were knocked on the head, too."

Cromwell "made peace and silence" in Ireland; his troopers rolled the whole country for the first time. Then came an unequipped atrocity in the name of "civilization; four fifths of the entire island, every acre held by the native Irish, who were Catholics, was confiscated and handed over to Cromwell's disbanded army.

This was the beginning of the Irish Land Question, that Michael Davitt has been hammering at for years, and which he is going to see settled.

A hundred years ago, Ireland was in the most deplorable condition that any civilized nation ever descended to. Six centuries of a violent struggle had wasted her blood, money, and resources; her people were demoralized—no man rised in Ireland except those of the English colony. For a hundred preceding years the teacher and priest had been hunted felons. There were only four million Irish altogether, and they were nearly all in Ireland, friendless, voiceless, landless, powerless, disarmed disorganized, ignorant, forgotten by the world, misrepresented and misrepresented by their rich and powerful enemy and held up in English books, newspapers, schools, at home and abroad, as a race of wild, wasty, silly, hare-brained, purposeless creatures.

But in its anguish and blood and rags and wretchedness, the Irishman was still unsubdued, still a free man in soul and a foeman in act. The Irishman then was, as he still is, the most intense nationalist in the world.

Grattan abolished the Poynings Law, and the Irish Parliament from 1782 to 1800 made the laws for Ireland. In that time the country advanced like a released giant. Lord Clare said in 1798: "No country in the world has advanced like Ireland, in trade, manufacture, and agriculture, since 1782."

Then England began to fear the Irish revival, and the demands of the English manufacturing and shipping classes were marvels of cowardly and jealous feeling. (See Lecky, "Public Life in England in the Eighteenth Century.") They demanded that Ireland be destroyed as a competing power. "Make the Irish remember that they are conquered," were the words of the petition to the English Parliament.

The rebellion of '98 was fomented by the English Government, and a fearful slaughter of 50,000 Irishmen ensued. This was the pretext wanted: The English colony in Ireland were instructed to raise the cry of "Our lives and religion in danger." A majority of the Angleses who composed the "Irish Parliament" were bought by Castlereagh, who paid them, as the Irish Bled and Black lists show, nearly three million pounds for their votes; and so the union with England was carried.

Three years later, another rebellion broke out, organized and led by a Protestant gentleman, Robert Emmet, who was "hanged, drawn, and quartered," and the dogs of Dublin lapped his blood, as an eye witness relates, from the gallows foot in Thomas Street.

Then the pall was pulled over the face of Ireland, and she lay down in the ashes and abasement of her loneliness and misery. Not one friendly friends; she was weak to death from struggle, outrage and despair. Even God had apparently forgotten her in the night.

But a new voice called to her in the night, and she listened—Daniel O'Connell, a strong man, full of courage and purpose. After thirty years of agitation he won, with his minority. He had trained them superbly. He won the franchise for the Catholics.

For eighteen years more he worked to get the Act of Union repealed; but England, when he touched that point, arrested and imprisoned him. This stopped the agitation. The people had no leader and no outside moral support. It was O'Connell and the Irish people; not the Irish people and O'Connell.

The Young Ireland party in 1848, impatient, maddened, broke into premature rebellion—were crushed, condemned, and banished.

Then the famine, and the swelling of the Irish emigration stream into a torrent; Thousands died on the soil, and literally millions fled to other countries—to England, Scotland, America, Canada, Australia, South America, the Argentine Republic.

Twenty years later, 1865-67, the first warning movement of the exiles—Fenianism; a marvelous crystallization of sentiment, heroism, and sacrifice.

Again, the abrogation of law in Ireland—the rule of the Saxon, the glitted prison, the crowded emigrant fleets, the chained men on country ships; and again, "silence and peace in Ireland."

England had now realized the important fact that the commercial development of the American Continent had placed Ireland in an objective position of the highest value. She lay in the high stream of progress. Her harbors and southern shores were indented with deep and safe bays and harbors. A ship-canal from Galway to Dublin would capture every ship on the Atlantic bound for Liverpool, saving two days in sailing time; and the Irish were best on cutting such a canal. The great fall of the Irish rivers was an inestimable treasure, greater even than the mineral wealth of the island, and the fisheries on the coast.

Every ship going through an Irish canal was in danger of forgetting the southern ports, Irish and English, and Queenstown. Every mill built on an Irish stream would deduct from the profits of Lancashire. Every ton of coal or other mineral dug in Ireland lowered the prices in Nottingham, Sheffield, and the Black Country. If the Irish farmers' children could get work in mills and mines and shops, their earnings would make their parents independent of the landlords, and rents would have to be lowered.

It was clear that Ireland's advance must be stopped, or she would become a dangerous competitor and a democratic example to Great Britain.

While the Fenians lay in prison—from 1865 to 1874—and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the stipendiary magistrates, gentlemen from Jamaica, told the last year, as a curious fact, that the negroes in Jamaica understood their words better than No wonder, about sixty thousand Irish boys and girls were sold to the chosen planters of the West Indies, 200 years ago, as Sir William Petty and other English historians tell us, and time was.

Two hundred years ago—and still the deathless fight, the Irish growing weaker, the Enemy stronger. It had now become "the religious duty" of the Englishman to subdue the Irish "for their own sakes." Cromwell went over, and slaughtered every man in the first garrison town he captured, Drogheda. "By God's grace," he wrote to the Parliament, "I believe that not one escaped," and he added that when the officers capitulated and surrendered "They were knocked on the head, too."

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This was the beginning of the Irish Land Question, that Michael Davitt has been hammering at for years, and which he is going to see settled.

A hundred years ago, Ireland was in the most deplorable condition that any civilized nation ever descended to. Six centuries of a violent struggle had wasted her blood, money, and resources; her people were demoralized—no man rised in Ireland except those of the English colony. For a hundred preceding years the teacher and priest had been hunted felons. There were only four million Irish altogether, and they were nearly all in Ireland, friendless, voiceless, landless, powerless, disarmed disorganized, ignorant, forgotten by the world, misrepresented and misrepresented by their rich and powerful enemy and held up in English books, newspapers, schools, at home and abroad, as a race of wild, wasty, silly, hare-brained, purposeless creatures.

But in its anguish and blood and rags and wretchedness, the Irishman was still unsubdued, still a free man in soul and a foeman in act. The Irishman then was, as he still is, the most intense nationalist in the world.

Grattan abolished the Poynings Law, and the Irish Parliament from 1782 to 1800 made the laws for Ireland. In that time the country advanced like a released giant, and as yet they do not know quite what it means.

The late elections have opened the eyes of the world to the fact that Ireland is overwhelmingly "National." Eighty-six out of one hundred and three Irish members stand behind Mr. Parnell in Parliament, pledged to vote as he leads, utterly irrespective of British interests or desires.

Liberal and Tory in England may join to defeat the Irish strength; but it will be only for a year or two. It is clear now that another Cromwell must sweep Ireland with fire and sword, or that England must grant her constitutional demand for Home Government.

The alternative—a civil war which would destroy Ireland for England's sake, if now allowed to operate in another conquest and disfranchisement, would assuredly destroy England—and England is learning the great lesson.

Ireland is saved by the twenty-million Irish blooded Americans; by the five million Irish and their descendants in England, Scotland, and Wales; by the vast numbers of Irish sympathizers in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and other countries. It would be highly dangerous to slaughter the kindred of such a people.

It is not likely that Ireland will gain much from the coming Parliament. The Parliament cannot last long: it is too evenly balanced. Besides, England has not yet realized that Home Rule for Ireland is inevitable. It will take three years to vaccinate her with the idea and allow it to take.

The second leader of the English Liberals, during the recent election, several times repeated this assertion, that the Irish election were not truly the expression of the country—that Mr. Parnell was "grinding" and "oppressing" the Irish people! A glance at the returns—at the ten and twelve to one in scores of cities, towns and counties, makes such a charge ridiculous. But it indicates the perverse ignorance or the audacious dishonesty of even leading Englishmen.

In returning eighty six Nationalist members to Parliament, the Irish here not sodded, but just began their national struggle. There are three stages in peaceful reform, agitation, controversy, and legislation. The Irish have passed through the first, and are entering the second.

Parnell, with fifteen or twenty votes, was not a power; he was only a voice, an emphasis, an appeal. He was an agitational influence. With eighty-six voice he is a controversial force. "He has compelled John Bull to listen," as Wendell Phillips said of him.

In 1890, I predict, the legislative stage of the Irish question will have arrived; and the Union with England, which shall then have cursed Ireland for nine-tenths of a century, will be repealed.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

MISDEEDS OF ORANGEMEN.

How They Laid in Ambush to Assassinate the Editor of "United Ireland."

There is a touch of the brave days of old in the exultation of the *Daily Express* over the good natured attempt of the Orange landlord myrmidons to murder the National candidate for South Tyrone. An armed party of the landlordings lay in ambush upon the road, along which they expected Mr. O'Brien to pass to one of his meetings. As it happened, he was at the time addressing another meeting some thirty miles away but the landlord brewers waylaid a coach in which they supposed he was traveling, and with the cry of "No O'Brien, no Pope," were proceeding to murder Mr. Quinn, of Dungannon, until they discovered he was the wrong man, whereupon a body of Nationalists retaliated, and the brews took to their heels. This is the glorious episode over which Dr. Patton rubs his hands with glee. To heighten the zest of the affair for his readers, he predicts the assassination with the statement that "the election for South Tyrone has attracted more attention, we believe, than any other in the North." The Nationalists, recognizing its importance, and the difficulty of making a lodgment in the country, selected the ablest man to whom he owed a grudge, and ordered him to upset it against the freshly-painted door of a haughty citizen. In his early days he developed histrionic taste, and took a successful part in local amateur theatricals. He was also fond of "acting Demosthenes," as he himself afterwards said. Upon a rocky shore, where the Atlantic breaks with considerable violence, he used to put shells and pebbles in his mouth and declaim to the sea in a loud voice. Throughout his career he never allowed a suitable occasion to pass without stigmatizing the passion for drink which is the parent of so many evils, and the sad effects of drunkenness upon the tenderness of the human mind at a tender age. A short time after he had decided on his vocation, he was asked what was the subject of his thoughts, and he replied, "I'm just thinking that if it were not for the Providence of God, I might now be a baker's apprentice, drunk every day in the week." Drunkenness at that time prevailed to a terrible extent in Galway, and Father Burke in one of his lectures mentioned the case of a lad of his acquaintance who had become a confirmed, irreclaimable drunkard before he had reached fourteen years of age.

THE GOOD FRIAR RECOMMENDS

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The efforts made to check the flames caused only to increase their fury so that they quickly leaped to the front and up the steeple. It was a not bad beautiful sight. The cross now towered while the flames wafted and swayed the steeple below the cross, they formed a few arch around, until it toppled to the ground; as it did so a great cry arose from all, many swinging their hands and weeping to see the destruction of the church which grew with the congregation and was identified with the whole growth of Catholicity in this place. Many laughable yet sad things occurred during the conflagration; as for instance, while the last sacred vestment was in the sacristary exhorting the people to go out orderly, lest a panic might be prevented, the story got started that he was still in the church. The alarm spread so quickly that some ran wildly about crying, "the priest is lost!" "Oh, where is our father?" When he came out on the top of the endangered Lyceum directing the men and women, assisting them to save that building. One show boy became so excited after he left the school that he came down town and rushed on some unfortunate fire was over and the church in ruins he everybody was distracted by hunting high and low for shavin, coats, etc. But perhaps the most amusing incident was furnished by the man who unhitched his team from his sleigh and then pulled, like mad, "Somebody for God's sake help me get this rig away."

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Ourselves as Others See Us.

The Hon. Joseph Medill, writing to the Chicago *Tribune* concerning his visit to the coast, says: "Washington Territory had 11,594 inhabitants in 1860, 23,118 in 1870, and 75,116 in 1880, and is alleged to contain now 125,000, which is somewhat over the mark. Its two largest towns are Seattle and Tacoma—the former with 12,000 and the latter with 5,000 inhabitants. The total population of both Oregon and Washington is, therefore, something like 275,000 at this time. An railway building has sunned in both, and the "boom" manner thereby has subsided, but times have set in and seem to stay for a considerable period. The harbors of Portland, Tacoma and Seattle are so longer overcrowded with fleets of steamers and sail craft bringing in railroad-construction materials, passengers seeking work, and speculators spending money, laying out cities, and selling corner lots at fancy prices. All that is a thing of the past, and business is sitting down to hard-pan. The millions brought in and sentimed while the railroads were building made things so lively and so fictitious, but it lasted as long as it did in California. The future growth and development of Oregon and Washington will be comparatively slow, as they were before the railway building period. It will continue to move onward at a steady but not fast pace. The beginning of the next century—when the former with 75,000 and the latter with 5,000 inhabitants. The total population of both Oregon and Washington is, therefore, something like 275,000 at this time. As railway building has ceased in both, and the "boom" manner thereby has subsided, hard times have set in and seem to stay for a considerable period. The harbors of Portland, Tacoma and Seattle are no longer overcrowded with fleets of steamers and sail craft bringing in railroad-construction materials, passengers seeking work, and speculators spending money, laying out cities, and selling corner lots at fancy prices. All that is a thing of the past, and business is sitting down to hard-pan. The millions brought in and sentimed while the railroads were building made things so lively and so fictitious, but it lasted as long as it did in California. The future growth and development of Oregon and Washington will be comparatively slow, as they were before the railway building period. It will continue to move onward at a steady but not fast pace. The beginning of the next century—when the former with 75,000 and the latter with 5,000 inhabitants. The total population of both Oregon and Washington is, therefore, something like 275,000 population." Mr. Medill finds fault with Californians for slighting the magnificent agricultural resources of the State in the crazes for minerals.

—Bishop Vaughan said that "he who hears Mass daily will have a happy death." Surely that is little enough to do to obtain such a great reward!

—The Catholic Colonies established by Bishop Ireland in Minnesota, are all successful; and the pioneers who went out there poor are now in comfortable circumstances.

The Late Father Tom Burke.

SKETCH OF HIS HONORED LIFE.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS BOYHOOD DAYS.

His Sparkling Wit and Winning Ways.

The life of the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P., which his just been published from the pen of the well known writer, William J. Fitzpatrick, F. S. A. is one of the most remarkable and most welcome additions made to Catholic literature for many years. It reveals to us the entire private life of one whose character forms a subject for a historical study of superlative interest. Few Catholics are unacquainted with Father Burke's distinguishing traits as a pulpit orator—his fulness of diction, his brilliant imagery, his moving pathos and his bewitching drollery—and most of his countrymen have, doubtless, from time to time, heard amusing accounts of the

GOOD FATHER'S WIT AND PRACTICAL JOKES.

But few, we feel sure, supposed that he possessed the boundless wealth of humor, the perennial boyishness of spirit, and the capacity for innocent mischief with which this book shows he was endowed. It is indeed extremely satisfactory that the work has been accomplished by a practised biographer, for had it been undertaken by a literary amateur determined to bring his own personality into prominence we should probably miss much of the delightful picture now presented to us. Mr. Fitzpatrick has kept himself completely out of view, he has taken infinite trouble to secure correct and ample particulars, and having succeeded in this task, he allows Father Burke's words and actions to speak for themselves. The result is two volumes in which the Irish Dominican appears before us, exactly as he was in life, and while instructing us by words of wisdom, and edifying us by his purity of soul, the beauty of his inner life, entertains us by the most extraordinary exuberance of spirits and the most singular freaks, until at the close with sobbing sides we lay down the book, regretting that we have to part company with such a genial and highly-gifted friend.

FATHER BURKE WAS BORN

in Galway in 1847 of humble parents—Margaret MacDonough and Walter Burke, a baker, who earned a reputation for baking good bread and for singing good songs. The distinguished son of that happy couple made his father's occupation the subject of some enjoyable witticisms. The very occasion he doubtless himself as son of a Master of Rolls, and on another, replying to a question as to his antecedents, he stated that he was not sprung from the nobility, though his father was the best bread" Burke in Galway.

His infant prattling was done in "the sweet old rolling Celtic tongue, and it may well be believed that to this circumstance he owed much of his extraordinary fluency. Though not robust, he was a wild and frolsome boy, and played all sorts of pranks on his neighbors. He took much interest in the queer people who than abounded in "the City of the Tribes," and in after years he told how in making inquiry for a lodging for the night, he knocked at a skipleton whom he had formerly known, he received the reply, "Begone, you reverence, be off Galway about this same time as yourself and another fool."

HIS MADCAP ESCAPADES

PROVOKED CHARACTERISTIC PROS AND ANTHEMS

who, being a pious woman, literally adopted Solomon's advice not to spare the rod. The most contagious he ever received from her seems to have been given for having purchased a cart-load of turf from a countryman who had a grudge, and ordered him to upset it against the freshly-painted door of a haughty citizen. In his early days he developed histrionic taste, and took a successful part in local amateur theatricals. He was also fond of "acting Demosthenes," as he himself afterwards said. Upon a rocky shore, where the Atlantic breaks with considerable violence, he used to put shells and pebbles in his mouth and declaim to the sea in a loud voice. Throughout his career he never allowed a suitable occasion to pass without stigmatizing the passion for drink which is the parent of so many evils, and the sad effects of drunkenness upon the tenderness of the human mind at a tender age. A short time after he had decided on his vocation, he was asked what was the subject of his thoughts, and he replied, "I'm just thinking that if it were not for the Providence of God, I might now be a baker's apprentice, drunk every day in the week." Drunkenness at that time prevailed to a terrible extent in Galway, and Father Burke in one of his lectures mentioned the case of a lad of his acquaintance who had become a confirmed, irreclaimable drunkard before he had reached fourteen years of age.

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A CHURCH DESTROYED.

Burning of St. John's Church at Tipton, Indiana.

December 14th, '85, will long be remembered by the Catholics of Tipton. Father Lewis, the pastor, the day before began the Forty Hours' Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and all day long a goodly number of persons were coming and going to and from the devotion. On Monday night, just after vespers, fire was discovered over the altar. Father Lentz had proceeded to the middle of the sanctuary but a few seconds when in a moment the flames gave the blessing. He then, in a voice that conveyed authority and enforced obedience, ordered every one out of the church, and with a few well-chosen words fixed the attention of all on the importance of going quickly and promptly and to enforce his command until scarcely a soul remained in the deserted church. In the meantime, the fire, which was over and around, had been gathering such headway that he had scarcely left the church before it burst out the whole length of the building, roaring and flaming up the steeple in a most frightful manner. When he left he carried forth the Blessed Sacrament and having deposited it in a safe place quickly returned to the scene to direct the efforts of the congregation towards saving what was possible. His energy, however, was quickly sufled in another direction, for the wind being from that point it was blowing the new Lyceum building, which has taxed his energy for the last four months, was in danger. It was impossible from the first discovery of the fire to check its ravages, the whole masonry, massive part of the main ceiling being on fire, so was part of the side wall.

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Poetry.

A LYRIC OF CULTURE.

THE AIM AND FATE OF A COLORADAN.

An officer stood at the crossing one day,
Who with anecdotes, questions was fired;
When a beautiful maiden, pleased his way,
The road to the "dépôt" inquired.

The weary policeman directed her straight
To the street through which she should go,
While the elderly lady, she seemed to be late
For the train, whither fled the "dépôt."

Then a man with the press came up amazed
Cops, sewers, pitcher and trough,
Came up and inquired, with an anxious air,
The way to the street to the "dépôt."

The officer gave the directions to them,
Though he was amazed, it was clear,
That they approached him and said "If you please,
Is it far to the 'dépôt' from here?"

Amazed in a runaway pair
Came up, with the speed of a skipper,
Stiff winging its flight through the ambient air,
The "pointed" way to the "dépôt."

The officer silently pointed the way;
Then, in a tone of reproach,
For the sake as Englishman, asking, "I say,
Can you tell me the way to the station?"

The officer's nose at the crossing no more,
For something's gone wrong in his brain,
And he hastily hurried him, his mind to restore
By a bump for the thirsty insane.

Oh, why, ever have Culture and Science
And he seems to find some consolation
In asking, thus, "Pray, is this Hyde, Doppo, dapps, dopps, or dopp, or station?"

THE TRUE MAN.

Dares to count not take the load
Of a Christianity dying, and amidst
The just, the kind, in word and deed,
Go, entire to be both good and great?
Fall with hands, and fall with brain
The apple, and the pear, and the plum?
Try the obstacle, and try the cold
Of the world, and the warmest will;
Perform a good work and
Stay in the hotwells gush.
With earnest love for God you can
To pay the onward course of man,
Thy fortune prosperity, and
To point that shine with dazzling light—
The glorious light of the Lord, in Christ,
Which Heaven has sent us from above,
Where the every pilgrim's way,
As onward he from day to day,
Thoughts and deeds of light and love,
Struggles for a town of years!

Struggles to conquer every ill
By faith, and hope, and charity;
Keep the land with unshaken will—
Brave mortuaries manfully,
Sheath the blade of sword of war,
Dwell in peace—from strife withdraw,
But if needed, dare all to fight
For justice, freedom, truth and right,
Preserve the land and plough the wave,
Trust the Lord—and be—
For Heaven's sake, and for man's good brain—
That sin—which is—the greatest bane—
Must—must—be and bound to go.
Who is—who—dare—who—believe—
And oh! call the coming age
Of science—of Christianity's page—
With all that is sublime in art—
Of philosophy—that sage part
Of love, down-fallen, long down fallen,
His love, overthrown—

MY LITTLE OWN QUESTION.

Who was ready for bed and lay on my arm
In her little frilled cap, so fine,
With her cheeks half falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of moss unshaken
And I loosed the old tune of "Rasberry Cross"
And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea,"
When she sleptly said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, what would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart."
And she slept, baby weary with play,
Like a rose-bud soon unfolded,
And I hummed the old tune of "Rasberry Cross"
And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea."
When she sleptly said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, what would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart."
And she slept, baby weary with play,
Like a rose-bud soon unfolded,
And I hummed the old tune of "Rasberry Cross"
And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea."
When she sleptly said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, what would you take for me?"

Literary Miscellany.

A True Story.

How a Plucky Woman Supported Her Family and Landed a Big Business.

"Well, Grace, my poor child," said a dignified old gentleman, "I have looked over your matters of every, and I must say I see nothing but hard times for you and your family.

"Well, father," replied a bright little woman of twenty five, "though the outlook for us is dark, I do not think we shall starving, nor of letting my family starve—not if God spares my health.

"You were always a brave child, Grace, but this is a terrible crisis. It would be cruel in any one to deny you one, but remember that I told you and George it was very imprudent for a man to marry till he had got something ahead in case of an emergency.

"I remember, father, that you thought I should be wiser to marry a man with a house and a store for whom I did not care, than to marry George, with one thousand dollars a year. But if I had the choice to make over again to day, I should do just as I did then. I would not change places with any woman on earth—even you.

"I am a faithful wife and a brave little woman, Grace, not—

"But what, Father?

"But I will live, father, and live well, too, and take care of Georgs and his babies."

"How?

Ay, that was the word that had been ringing in the heart of this brave little woman ever since her husband, Mr. George Hunt, had failed of his deal, and had been brought home suspectedly dying.

"Well, Grace, I will do what I can for you," said the old gentleman, "and—and—if it were only for you and the babies I should say at once, come home and be at my side. Some day you were four years ago, but, you know, the home is so small we have not room for two in it."

Grace smiled a sad smile, and then said, perhaps a little pointedly:

"Four of us would occupy no more room than three; the babies are too little to be away from us at night. But if your house were twice as large, father, I could not take my husband's own little home away from him now that he is sick. I shall have to decide soon, and will let you know my plans.

The respectable old gentleman rose up, and with his handkerchief polished his already shining heavy, kissed his daughter and patted the heads of the babies, and turned to go, saying:

"Know my age good heart, child, and remember that the ravens fed Elijah.

"Well, I don't know what there to feed one; I prefer to feed myself," replied the equally little woman, who felt that it was rather hard in her father to discourage her and then either her to keep up a good heart.

She loved her old man, although he was stiff and narrow in his views, and never for get a slight offered his daughter. He had loved him to the door, and said:

"Good-bye, father, you very love to mother," although the real mother, who would have found room enough in her heart for them all, had been dead for years in the grave.

It was twilight, and as the old gentleman was going down the steps, a young man came up.

"Ah, good-evening, good evening," said the stout, good-natured hotel keeper to both, and then turned to Grace, who had risen on the borrow business. My wife says she can't please the lazy man in my country store and she changed pickles and honey. (I'd Spare Ribs called out the minute he was gone.) Some people want 'Come Bruce, borrow some of your neighbor's pickles for me. Why can't nobody in town make pickles and catsup, and show folks like yours? My wife's cook that can't be beat on bread and pastry, and she thinks she is. I don't ought to practice herself to you on some things, I tell her.

Grace who had known Bruce all her life, smiled and said:

"I'll give you a jar with all my heart, Mr. Bruce, and that won't pay your wife for the kindness she has sent in to Georgs. I have my cucumbers all ready to make my pickles, and I have a jar for you.

"Suppose we make a bargain, Mrs. Hunt. I'll buy two barrels of the best Boston price, if you'll make 'em for me; and show chemistry in your pickles.

Grace laughed without making any direct answer, and the hotel keeper went with her to get the jar.

A good gentleman went down the street whistling with a sigh:

"The Lord knows who is crying to feed them family! I can't do it, for wife says I can't, and she knows everything most. And grieve is terribly obstinate."

Well, the hotel-keeper ran back the next morning to see if his pickles were all right, some men would have been to find a nugget of gold that same; for he had a rival who spoil the old savers, and he wanted to keep all the lawyers who came there to hold court in his customers.

Grace had a long talk with her husband that night. Next day an old school friend, who had always been like a sister, came to see her, with the sad news that her little babies, and Grace went to the city, tan miles away, in an early train, with a small little basket in her hand. If any one had been near enough when she put her little basket upon the platform of the depot with our spirit, he might have heard her whisper:

"Oh, my family starve while I am alive and in my health!"

The day was lovely, and everybody on the cars and on the street looked cheerful and happy. Of course there were sick and lame and blind and deaf people, but heaven was keeping them out of her sight that day, and bringing before her happy grown folks and merry little ones.

The streets looked so clean and the air seemed so pure that she charged herself with having borne false witness against the beautiful, as she walked with a light heart through the principal streets, visiting first a store and then a hotel.

In each place she asked for the proprietor or the steward, opened her basket, and drew out three glass jars containing pickles, chow-chow and catsup. In one moment she had her business and the necessity that brought her to it. Her cheerful face, her prompt manner and well chosen words, the nice look and the appetizing taste of her preserves, gained the victory for her. Nice was back at night, pledged to supply home made pickles, catsup and chow-chow, for two hotels, and five large groceries, and she whispered as she mounted the steps of her little home:

"I will show father whether or not we are going to starve."

Her cheerful story of success did more for her poor, disheartened husband than then a peck of pills could have done. He said in a cheerful tone:

"Now, girls, I feel as if I was going to get about again, and this is the first time I have had any hope."

Grace kept away from her father till she had visited the market gardens and the skirts of the town, and engaged a great supply of cucumbers, onions, peppers and tomatoes, and had brought back the strong help she had at first thought to discharge, to assist her in her new work.

But if you could only hear, or see the size of the gentleman's eye, and the style of mouth he put up, and heard his exclamations.

"Why, Grace, you are crazy! What will your mother say? You surely forget that her first husband was president of the Marine National Bank, and that I am cashier of it! Why, everybody will say your daughter making pickles for taverns and groceries!

"I wish ever heard of a bank officer's daughter sitting down and starving when trouble came!" replied the little lady.

"Why don't you teach music?

"Because I don't know it well enough.

"You might keep a few very genteel boarders, and take in sewing. I don't care to keep house, and who pay largely.

"Where are they, and where's the house and furniture for them?

"Why, father, I'm going to night—oh, or you might offer and force his wife to take them, and yet pay the money, that people can do, in the hope of showing others into the belief that they are working for him rather than into charity. But, now the old gentleman sobbed:

"I am afraid to go home, lest it be—about your mother's sake!

The good woman soon heard it, and she talked angrily about what Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Col. West, and Miss Allen would say, and she was almost inclined to think it would be better to give Grace five hundred dollars than to be disgraced in society.

"Grace wouldn't take any money, replied the old gentleman, whose attitude during the conversation were that of one angel in a cutting battleaxe without any umbrella.

"Dreadful independent for anybody that's poor, and—

"But what, Father?

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1886.

A HOLIDAY GIFT FOR THE MONITOR.

We know that the Monitor has hundreds of friends and admirers all over the coast who appreciate the paper so fully as to desire to assist in its extension. We think, therefore, that if proper petitions we would suggest that this is the best time to SEND TO THE MAIL AND MONITOR of a NEW SUBSCRIBER AS A HOLIDAY GIFT. We will cheerfully send SPECIMEN COPIES of the MONITOR to any address for the purpose, if necessary, but in most cases it is sufficient to show YOUR FRIEND any copy of the paper and ASK HIM TO SUBSCRIBE. A postal note for $3.00 costs only 2 cents, or Wells, Fargo & Co. will receipt for $3.00 for the Monitor for 6 cents, and this amount can be deducted by such friends as may feel sufficient interest in the "GRAND OLD MONITOR" to extend its circulation among their Catholic neighbors, and then earn our gratitude for a most acceptable Holiday Gift.

Editorial Notes.

—The *Cologne Gazette* says there is not hereafter to be a Parliament at Westminster, but a "Parsellment."

—A recent colloquium from London says that the decision has summoned the Liberal members of Parliament to a meeting on the 16th inst. He privately promises them that he will then make a fresh statement of the principle upon which he proposes to settle the Irish question.

—Great regret is expressed in the daily press dispatches over the death of Mr. Joseph Hyam Levy, New York, for the peculiar and questionable reason that "her death will delay the arrangements" for a slogging match between her son and the indomitable Sullivan. So runs the world away!

—Two French women recently entered into a contest to determine which of them could talk the faster. A mutual friend was appointed umpire, and the sum of 1,000 francs was to go to the winner. For three hours they read from the same book, and during that time the victor succeeded in pronouncing 206,311 words. Her adversary came in a bad second with 203,560 words.

—The *Western Watchman* says that Governor Stoneman's reply to Secretary Bayard "was brutal in the extreme," and alleges as a reason therefor that Governor Stoneman is a Republican and that Secretary Bayard is a Democrat. This is a mistake. Governor Stoneman was elected on the Democratic ticket but we have grave doubts that the same honor will ever be paid to him again.

—During its existence of six centuries, the Franciscan Order has given to the Church 247 saints and Beatti, 1,506 martyrs (3,800 are found in the Martologia Francescano), 13 Popes, 50 Cardinals, 4,000 Archbishops and Bishops, 6,000 authors. At present 2,500 Franciscans are engaged in missionary labors, and another thousand Capuchin Fathers may be added to the number, in all, 3,500.

—The *Pastor* informs us that the Fathers of Italian petitioned Rome to grant as reprise to the Clergy of the United States the offices of St. Philip of Jasca, St. Turibius and St. Francis Solanus. The petition has been granted, and the feast of the first Saint will fall on the 5th of February; that of the second on the 27th of April, and the third on the 24th of July.

—We learn from the *Diario Oficiel* of Mexico, that Captain James B. Eads' ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec will soon be an accomplished fact. The Mexican Congress has approved and sanctioned the recent contract between the executive and Captain Eads, stipulating merely some modifications and amendments to several clauses of the former contract, principally tending to do away with any international complications that might arise from the working of said ship railway.

—The editor of the *Michigan Catholic* gives vent to his lamentations over the trials of a religious editor after this fashion: "The trials and vexations which beset the path of the average Catholic journalist, and the inmile he is forced to endure without complaint lest he be prosecuted of his work, for which he receives small pay and but little encouragement, would make a very startling if not an edifying topic for a newspaper article." Other poor trials and vexations up to God, good Brother, and avantosilly your sorrow will be turned to joy and your very vexations will be the same of your spiritual victory.

—In alluding to the rise of cranes which seems to be the controlling power among all classes in our day, Rufus Hatch, the well-known Wall street manipulator, is reported as saying that "Nobody goes for thousands nowadays, and hundreds are not so much as mentioned. There's millions in it, or nothing worth striving for, in the eyes of speculators. The very boys that skurry past us with messages are going into the future, and there seeing themselves millionaires."

—The telephone is destined to be one of the most useful inventions of the age. What it is capable of accomplishing may be imagined from the fact that on a recent occasion an extraordinary feat in telephoning was successfully accomplished between St. Petersburg and Bodigno, a distance of 2,465 miles. Conversation was kept up, notwithstanding a rather high induction. The experiments were made during the night, when the telegraph wires were not at work. The Russian engineers hope to succeed in conversing by telephone over a distance of 4,965 miles.

—The year 1886 opened propitiously in Dublin, as on the birth-day of the New Year Michael Davitt took his seat as member of the Dublin Town Council. Mr. Davitt completed the office with the understanding that he was to represent the artisan and laboring classes. He has intimated that he does not intend to don the usual robe and other customary trappings of office. He makes no secret of his intention to unearth abuses, and these in plenty of scope for his energies. It is currently believed that his principal object is to compel the Corporation to demolish the rookeries which form the slums of Dublin and to replace them with plain but wholesome tenements, thus furnishing decent homes for the industrious poor and giving work to thousands of unemployed workmen.

—The more liberal minded portion of the American press is beginning to realize the fact that America owes a debt to Ireland which can be paid now by helping Parnell to gain Home Rule. The *National Republican* of Washington, D. C., says on this subject: "We, as a people, owe a debt of gratitude to Ireland and the Irish, and now is a good time to pay some installments on that obligation—not for hatred or malice toward England, but for love of liberty."

—A short time ago there left Dublin for Galway by the Midland railroad what seems would call a social phenomenon, viz., a respectable young man who could not speak or understand one word of English, having never spoken any other language from truck. He had been a fortnight in Dublin, and during that time required in the capital of his native country to be accompanied everywhere by an interpreter. The young man is a native of the island of Boffin, off the Connemara coast, where, out of some six or seven hundred inhabitants, only nine speak English. On this island they possess a rich treasure of traditional folk lore, old poems, etc. Fifty years ago, on a large estate in West Galway, there was not one tenant who spoke English.

—There is a good deal of genial humor indulged in just now at the following incident which is true of more than one town in New England: The authorities of a New England town recently, through their Congressman, applied to the War Department for a transcript of the military records of the soldiers furnished to the army by the town during the late Civil war. To furnish them was against the ordinary rules of the department, but as they were "for historical purposes," to be used at some approaching anniversary, a concession was made. The files were examined and disclosed the fact that the names of about sixty citizens of the township had been drawn in the wheel and twenty-four of these persons were, upon examination, accepted. Further search disclosed the fact that twenty-three of them furnished substitutes and the other one fled to Canada.

—Alluding to the recent great electoral victory in Ireland, the *Dublin Nation* says: "In presence of this great Irish triumph—we are happy to know, by a union of Irishmen of all creeds and all classes—not a dog-mad to pause and take breath. It is a demonstration both astonishing and unique. It is one for which generations of Irishmen looked in vain, which many Irishmen never hoped to see, which would have been a consolation and encouragement to thousands who died heart-broken because they despaired of ever seeing so splendid a manifestation of national feeling and so great a proof of Irish capacity for statesmanship. To no Irishmen of to-day who have participated in it, it is a compensation for many disappointments and sufferings, and a stimulant to carry on the battle for Ireland, with even greater zeal and energy than in the past, till the triumph of the election is crowned by the formal submission of the Irish Legislature to the indomitable will of the Irish nation."

—At a meeting of the National League, held in Dublin last week, the terrible distress among the people of the west coast of Ireland was considered. Several members made speeches deploring the condition of affairs and attributing it mainly to evictions. The Treasurer of the League reported that within the past two weeks £3,062 had been received for the Plan of Campaign fund and £253 for the League fund. Mr. Harris, member of Parliament, who presided, expressed the great pleasure which had been afforded him by Mr. Gladstone's favorable references to Irish Home Rule schemes, as Mr. Gladstone's words were of more consequence and were entitled to greater consideration than those of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bright, or even Lord Randolph Churchill. Irish industries, he said, had sunk to the lowest point, and it would be a hard task for Parnell and his followers to revive those industries. Only Home Rule would enable them to bring about a revival. Ireland would then reverse her proper position among the nations of the earth. Union Home Rule was granted the agitation would be continued on the old lines, and the Irish in America would freely help their countrymen.

—"High License," seems to be the newest and most practical method of dealing with intoxication and crime. We are glad to know that an effort is being made in this city to introduce this new motor in the promotion of morality into San Francisco, and we have the most sanguine hopes of its success. The system has worked well in Chicago, St. Paul, and many other cities, hence we know it will be thoroughly practical in this city. In Chicago the amount of revenue derived from liquor licenses under the new law has increased from $200,000 to $1,500,000 a year, and the number of saloons has decreased from 13,000 to 9,000. The license charge is only $500, which is much less in proportion to the amount of "goods" sold and the profits upon them than the legal tax paid by retail merchants who do the same amount of trade in other lines. The license is, therefore, not a hardship, and those who pay it are protected from a competition that would deduct more from their profits than the tax does. The diminution in the number of drinking places is a distinct gain to the community in three ways. Those that are closed are usually of the lowest type, the temptations to drink are diminished, and the police supervision of the traffic is made easier by a reduction in the number, amounting to nearly one-half, and by the interest of those who pay high licenses in aiding in the suppression of unlicensed sale. Both in the matter of decorum and of regulation—high license is vindicating its wisdom.

Progress of the Church in Ten Years.

Ten years is but a second a span in the life of a nation, yet, even in that brief period, it is cheering to know that the Church of God has made such progress in this free land as will be gratifying to every Christian heart.

We have before us *Sadlier's Catholic Directory* for 1886 and also for the year 1876, and from the ecclesiastical summary therein published, we glean the following statistics showing the increase of churches, priests, schools, educational and charitable institutions during the past ten years.

ECCLESIASTICAL SUMMARY.

	1876.	1886.
Archdioceses in the United States,	8	12
Bishops,	75	82
Priests,	5,507	6,726
Churches,	5,600	6,250
Chapels and Stations,	1,917	2,961
Theological Seminaries,	26	36
Ecclesiastical Students,	1,078	1,024
Colleges,	60	85
Academies and Select Schools,	357	418
Parochial Schools,	1,645	2,021
Asylums and Hospitals,	310	449

The foregoing table exhibits a most gratifying increase in every department of the Church. The Hierarchy has been increased, as we refer to supply the new dioceses which it was necessary to establish in order to meet the requirements of the Church in New Hampshire, where the Diocese of Manchester has since been established; in Michigan, where the Diocese of Grand Rapids has been established; in New Jersey, where the Diocese of Trenton has been established; in Montana, where the Diocese of Helena was established; in Alaska, attached to Vancouver Island; in Iowa, where the Diocese of Davenport was established; in Kansas, where the Diocese of Leavenworth has been established; in Dakota, where a Vicariate Apostolic has been established; in Nebraska, where the Diocese of Omaha has been established; in Illinois, where the Diocese of Peoria has been established, and in the Indian Territory where a Prefecture Apostolic has been established. During the last ten years the increase in the number of priests has been 2,222; the increase in the number of churches has been 1,799; the increase in chapels and stations has been 1,322; the increase in the number of theological students has been 548; the increase in the number of colleges has been 22; the increase in the number of academies and select schools has been 61; the increase in the number of parochial schools has been 376; the increase in the number of asylums and hospitals has been 139. It would be interesting to know the ratio of increase in the soldiers attending Parochial schools in the past ten years; but as the number is not mentioned in the Catholic Directory for 1876, we can only give the figures for 1886, which shows that there are 492,945 children attending the Catholic schools in the United States, thus saving the tax payers in all parts of the Union at least $5,000,000 a year.

The progress of the Church as designated by the statistics already given—are very gratifying, and it will be no less interesting to the readers of the MONITOR to learn that the progress of each Diocese on this coast has well kept pace with the growth of the Church in all sections of the Union.

The following tables will show our readers at a glance the progress made by the Church in the Dioceses mentioned, during the past ten years:

ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

	1876.	1886.
Total number of Churches,	40	131
" " Chapels and Stations,	16	25
" " Priests (Regular),	21	75
" " Priests (Secular),	79	110
" " Theolog. Students,	20	36
" " Educat. Institut. &c.,	3	8

DIOCESE OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

	1876.	1886.
Total number of Churches,	27	34
" " Chapels and Stations,	11	22
" " Priests (Regular),	4	8
" " Schools and Institut.,	24	28

DIOCESE OF GRASS VALLEY.

	1876.	1886.
Total number of Secular Priests,	25	35
" " " Churches,	25	35
" " " Stations,	70	73
" " Female Religious Inst.,	1	1
" " Male " "	1	1
" " Female Literary Inst.,	2	2
" " Orphan Asylums, Hospitals,	2	3

ARCHDIOCESE OF OREGON CITY.

	1876.	1886.
Total number of Priests,	27	35
" " Churches and Chapels,	20	28
" " Religious Orders for Male Priests,	1	1
" " Colleges for Boys,	1	1
" " Parochial schools,	1	1
" " Hospitals and Orph.	2	2

DIOCESE OF VIRGINIA.

	1876.	1886.
Total number of Priests,	15	27
" " Churches and Chapels,	15	27
" " Literary Institutions for Orphans,	11	15
" " Charitable Institutions,	1	1

DIOCESE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

	1876.	1886.
Total number of Priests,	7	7
" " Churches,	2	11
" " Schools for Boys,	1	1
" " Academies for Girls,	1	2

VICARIATE-APOSTOLIC OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

	1876.	1886.
Total number of Priests,	11	20
" " Churches and Chapels,	7	12
" " Schools and Convents,	2	2

It will be noticed in the foregoing statistics that the total increase in the number of priests, churches and schools in each Diocese on this coast, indicates a healthy and substantial progress based upon the increase of the Catholic population in the Ecclesiastical Divisions noted. This is the true test by which to judge the progress of any religious body, and the figures which we have given present irrefutable proof that the Catholic Church on this coast is flourishing in that degree which her most faithful children could desire.

—Our readers will be interested to know that the venerable Founder of the Order of the Little Sisters of the poor, the Rev. Augusta Le Pailleur, of the Diocese of Rennes, has just celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the Priesthood. The Order was founded by him at St. Servan in 1840; and to-day it possess a 210 houses in all parts of the world, with about 2,000 Sisters, who devote themselves to the caring, feeding, and clothing of upwards of twenty-three thousand poor and helpless fellow creatures. His Holiness the Pope has written a letter of congratulation to the pious Founder.

The Redemptorist Order.

Now that a number of Missionary Priests of the Redemptorist Order have commenced a series of Missions in this Archdiocese, which will be continued throughout all the parishes therein, it is proper to lay before our readers a short sketch of the Order to which many and many a Catholic on this coast will be indebted for relighting in their souls the lamp of faith, and thus fostering them again to the friendship and grace of Almighty God.

The proper title of the Order to which we refer is "Congregation of the Most Holy Redemptor." The Order was founded by St. Alphonsus Ligouri at Scala, Naples, on November 9th, 1732, when that great Saint was but thirty-six years old. The Order was formally approved by Pope Benedict XIV., in 1749, the main object of the Congregation being the preaching of Missions and Spiritual Retreats to all classes of persons in all countries and languages in the world.

St. Alphonsus died on August 1st, 1787, in his ninety-first year, but before his demise he predicted the spread of his Order beyond the Alps, and it subsequently spread itself not only over Europe, but it has accompanied the West Indies, Australia and America within its embrace.

In 1832 the first establishment of the Redemptorist Fathers in America was opened in Detroit, Michigan, and in 1841 another band of Fathers opened an establishment in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, and subsequently the Order was established in St. Louis and many other cities throughout the Atlantic States.

The Fathers are bound by the three ordinary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, as well as by an obligation entailing the perpetual preservation of the Order in the Institute. They are bound by their vow of poverty to refuse all benefices, offices or dignities outside their Congregation, and whenever a member is selected by the Sovereign Pontiff to preside over a see, the innovation of the rule can only be accomplished by the command of the Vicar of Christ and by his special dispensation. Even St. Alphonsus himself refused to accept the nomination to the See of St. Agatha of the Goths until this formidable load was thrown upon him.

A Providential Warning to Catholic Parents.

The rules of God come to His faithful followers in divers ways to call them to a sense of their duty. We recognize the voice of God in sickness, sorrow and affliction—we hear the voice of God in the thunder's roll and feel His power in the quaking earth. The voice that penetrates the human soul in a supernatural way is also heard in the warning which seven those outside the Church give as Catholics concerning the public-supported educational pitfalls which the Enemy of Catholicity has prepared for Catholic children.

Lorton, Catholic parents, who have children attending the Public Schools, we call attention to the address delivered on Thursday last, in this city, by Rev. Aaron Williams, during a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. In that address Rev. Williams stated that in a recent conversation with a County Superintendent of Public Schools, that official had told him that *three-fourths of the teachers—male and female—in the State schools were infidels.* Rev. Mr. Williams expressed his surprise at a declaration so reasonably doubted its truth, whereon—as he said himself—he called upon the Superintendent to substantiate the fact, which was strongly borne by facts and figures fully satisfactory to Rev. Mr. Williams.

What a warning for those Catholic parents who patronize the Public schools and who seem to send their children to parochial schools in name at the request of the Vicar of Christ, the Prelates and the priests who have charge of their souls. Such bad strong parents take the entire risk of their souls salvation into their own hands, and their relives the Church of God from any future responsibility concerning the Christian faith of their children! What a terrible responsibility to assume! What an awful account they will have to give both to God and to the souls of God if they send their children to imbibe infidelity from their Public School teachers and then turn on the altar fire to be the *sweet incense of Almighty God on earth!* Our Lord sants children to Catholic parents in order that His faith and His Church may be propagated and perpetuated. Yet those Catholic parents who send their children to be molded by infidel teachers, thereby destroy the temple of faith which the hand of God has formed is that youthful soul, and these parents step—as far as they can—the propagation and the perpetuity of God's Church! What a dreadful crime against the Head of Christianity! What a fearful attitude of antagonism to assume against that God who is to judge every man according to his works! Catholic parents, therefore, will do well to give heed to this warning.

—A priest in the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, who sends his annual subscription, makes the editorial heart throb with both pleasure and gratitude when he so generously passes this sentiment upon the good work which the MONITOR is accomplishing: "And now," he says, in consolidating his letter, "I take the opportunity of paying the "grand old MONITOR" this deserved tribute. If all my weekly dollars in the shape of newspapers it is the most welcome, and if its present tone is not changed will doubtless be always so. In its general make up, its, manly outspoken editorials in defence of God and our fatherland, so full of vigor and so replete with useful instruction so much needed in these times of doubt and infidelity and local columns so fraught of news—not of the sensational and nonsense kind so much sought after by the non-sectarian press—it has in my mind few if any equals and certainly none superior."

—Rev. John S. Flynn, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Cranston, R. I., died on the 3rd inst., unexpectedly, in his forty-sixth year. He was born in County Cavan, Ireland.

IRELAND'S GREAT VICTORY

The Voice of the People Heard Through the Ballot Box!

RESULTS OF IRISH UNITY!

Figures Denoting the Downfall of English Tyranny.

The following is a complete table showing the returns from every County in Ireland, will be read for the hundred time in every section of the world with inexpressible delight. The central Saxon at the few hundred miles east for the Wha' Tory, or Anti-National candidate is a large majority of the counties, and the thousand cut for the National candidate is the last proof that the vast preponderance of intelligence in nearly all parts of Ireland is with the Parnellite Party in its efforts to gain Home Rule for Ireland. Here are figures that will make the hearts of Ireland's friends thrill with delight

Uncontested Elections.

LEINSTER.

Dublin University	Sir Hugh Holmes (Con)
Dublin, North	Mr Hugh Holmes (Con)
Kildare, South	Mr James Lonsy (Nat)
Meath, East	Mr T Pilkie (Nat)
Meath, South	Mr E Sheil (Nat)
Meath, North	Dr Nulty (Nat)
Wexford, South	Mr John Barry (Nat)
Kilkenny (Borough)	Mr J F Smithwick (Nat)

MUNSTER.

York, North East	Mr Edward Leamy (Nat)
Kerry, North	Mr John Stack (Nat)
Limerick, East	Mr E Finucane (Nat)
Limerick, West	Mr Wm Abraham (Nat)

CONNAUGHT.

Mayo, North	Mr Daniel Crilly (Nat)
Mayo, East	Mr John O'Malley (Nat)
Galway, North	Colonel Nolan (Nat)
Galway, Connemara	Mr P J Foley (Nat)
Galway, South	Mr David Sheehy (Nat)

ULSTER.

Armagh, South	Mr Alex Blane (Nat)
Tyrone, East	Mr Thomas Sexton (Nat)
Donegal, West	Mr Patrick O'Hon (Nat)
Donegal, East	Mr Arthur Ellis (Nat)
Down, East	Captain Kerr (Con)
Newry (Borough)	Mr J M McCarthy (Nat)

Total—Nationalists	19
Conservatives	6
Total	25

The Contested Elections.

LEINSTER.

CARLOW	
Edward Dwyer Gray, Nationalist	4,485
Sir Thomas Fetter, Anti-Nationalist	2,776
Majority for Nationalist	1,609
DUBLIN COUNTY.	
NORTHERN DIVISION.	
J J Healy, Nationalist	5,500
Lepper Gallbraith, Anti-Nationalist	4,175
Majority for Nationalist	1,325
SOUTHERN DIVISION.	
Sir Thomas G Esmonde, Bart, Nat	5,337
Sir Edward Guinness, Anti-Nat	3,337
Majority for Nationalist	1,387
DUBLIN CITY.	
COLLEGE GREEN DIVISION.	
Mr T D Sullivan, Anti-Nationalist	5,545
Mr David Sherlock, Anti-Nationalist	5,500
Majority for Nationalist	45
STEPHEN'S GREEN DIVISION.	
Mr E D Gray, Nationalist	5,000
Sir Edward Guinness, Nat. Anti-Nationalist	2,334
Majority for Nationalist	2,666
Mr T Harrington, Nationalist	5,000
Sir Edward Guinness, Anti-Nat	2,627
Majority for Nationalist	2,373
Mr T Sexton, Nationalist	5,000
Mr William Murphy, Nationalist	1,387
Majority for Nationalist	3,613
KILDARE.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
J L Carew, Nationalist	4,145
Baron De Robeck, Anti-Nationalist	3,416
Majority for Nationalist	729
KILKENNY (COUNTY)	
NORTH DIVISION.	
E Mulhallon Marum, Nationalist	3,000
Hon Charles Bertram Bellew, Anti-Nat	1,826
Majority for Nationalist	1,174
SOUTH DIVISION.	
P A Chavasse, Nationalist	1,000
P A De La Poer, Anti-Nationalist	1,000
Majority for Nationalist	0
KING'S COUNTY.	
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Bernard O'Malley, Nationalist	3,400
Hon Mr Bernard, Anti-Nationalist	2,500
Majority for Nationalist	900
NORTH DIVISION.	
Lorkan Hopkins, Nationalist	4,273
J C Leader, Anti-Nationalist	3,857
Majority for Nationalist	416
LONGFORD.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Justin M Carthy, Nationalist	3,000
J M Wilson, Anti-Nationalist	1,000
Majority for Nationalist	2,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Lawrence Connolly, Nationalist	3,000
James Wilson, Anti-Nationalist	2,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
LOUTH.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Joseph Nolan, Nationalist	3,000
Philip Callan	2,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
QUEEN'S COUNTY.	
ERIS DIVISION.	
Richard Lalor, Nationalist	3,740
Captain Crosby, Anti-Nationalist	2,500
Majority for Nationalist	1,240
COURT DIVISION.	
Arthur O'Connor, Nationalist	3,000
Richard Cullen, Anti-Nationalist	2,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WESTMEATH.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Donal Sullivan, Nationalist	3,000
H Southwood Smith, Anti-Nationalist	300
Majority for Nationalist	2,700
SOUTH DIVISION.	
J Wilson, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	3,000
WEXFORD.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
John E Redmond, Nationalist	3,000
Vincent Rapple, Anti-Nationalist	2,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WICKLOW.	
W J Corbet, Nationalist	3,000
Lieut Col Charles George Tottenham, Anti-Nationalist	1,000
Majority for Nationalist	2,000
WEST DIVISION.	
Garrett Michael Byrne, Nationalist	3,721
W F Dick, Anti-Nationalist	873
Majority for Nationalist	2,848

MUNSTER.

CLARE.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
J E Redmond, Nationalist	6,291
Hon Lucius O'Brien, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	3,291
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Jeremiah Jordan, Nationalist	4,262
Robert Keane, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,262
CORK (COUNTY)	
NORTH DIVISION.	
J C Flynn, Nationalist	4,000
J Walsh, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Daniel Tarsney, Nationalist	4,000
Arthur Patton, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
KERRY.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Edward Harrington, Nationalist	4,000
Colonel Leslie, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
J F Sugan, Nationalist	4,000
Colonel Hussey Vivian, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
LIMERICK (COUNTY)	
Maurice Healy, Nationalist	4,000
J Pike, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
TIPPERARY.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Thomas Mayne, Nationalist	4,000
Thomas Errot, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
J J Condon, Nationalist	4,000
Major Poe, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WATERFORD (CITY)	
Michael Davitt, Nationalist	4,000
Fitz Hamilton, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WATERFORD (COUNTY)	
Sir T M Healy, Nationalist	4,000
Sir Richard Cooper, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WEST DIVISION.	
Michael Davitt, Nationalist	4,000
Fitz Hamilton, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WEXFORD (COUNTY)	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Matthew Harris, Nationalist	4,000
Hon C Wodehouse, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Michael Cowan, Nationalist	4,000
Colonel Tottenham, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
EAST DIVISION.	
Lodge Hayden, Nationalist	4,000
J C Leader, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WEST DIVISION.	
John Deane, Nationalist	4,000
Colonel Colclough, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Thomas Sexton, Nationalist	4,000
Alexander Power, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
KILKENNY (COUNTY)	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Richard Lalor, Nationalist	4,000
Captain Crosby, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Arthur O'Connor, Nationalist	4,000
Richard Cullen, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WESTMEATH.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Donal Sullivan, Nationalist	4,000
H Southwood Smith, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
J Wilson, Anti-Nationalist	4,000
Majority for Nationalist	4,000
WEXFORD.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
John E Redmond, Nationalist	4,000
Vincent Rapple, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WICKLOW.	
W J Corbet, Nationalist	4,000
Lieut Col Charles George Tottenham, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
EAST DIVISION.	
Garrett Michael Byrne, Nationalist	4,000
W F Dick, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WEST DIVISION.	
Garrett Michael Byrne, Nationalist	4,000
W F Dick, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
KING'S COUNTY.	
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Bernard O'Malley, Nationalist	4,000
Hon Mr Bernard, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
NORTH DIVISION.	
Lorkan Hopkins, Nationalist	4,000
J C Leader, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
LONGFORD.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Justin M Carthy, Nationalist	4,000
J M Wilson, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
Lawrence Connolly, Nationalist	4,000
James Wilson, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
LOUTH.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
Joseph Nolan, Nationalist	4,000
Philip Callan	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
QUEEN'S COUNTY.	
ERIS DIVISION.	
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Captain Crosby, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
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Richard Cullen, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
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Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
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Majority for Nationalist	4,000
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Majority for Nationalist	1,000
SOUTH DIVISION.	
J Wilson, Anti-Nationalist	4,000
Majority for Nationalist	4,000
WEXFORD.	
NORTH DIVISION.	
John E Redmond, Nationalist	4,000
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Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WICKLOW.	
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Lieut Col Charles George Tottenham, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
EAST DIVISION.	
Garrett Michael Byrne, Nationalist	4,000
W F Dick, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000
WEST DIVISION.	
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W F Dick, Anti-Nationalist	3,000
Majority for Nationalist	1,000

THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1886.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK COMMENCING JANUARY 17.

17—Sunday—Second Sunday after the Epiphany.
18—Monday—St. Peter's Chair at Rome.
19—Tuesday—St. Canute, King and Martyr.
20—Wednesday—St. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.
21—Thursday—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.
22—Friday—St. Vincent and Anastasia, Martyrs.
23—Saturday—Espousals of the B. V. Mary and St. Joseph.

SETTLE UP THIS MONTH.

We ask as a special favor that all our subscribers who have received bills will send us their subscription during this month, as the cause of all subscribers on now being transferred to new

Farm and Home.

SOME GIRLS' NAMES.

Frances, is "unencumbered and free."
Bertha, "brilliant, nearly bright."
Clara, "clear" as the crystal sea;
Mary, a star of brilliant light.
Catharine, is "pure" as mountain air;
Barbara, means "a strange one."
Mabel, "like a lily fair;"
Hepsibeth, a soft, sweet star.
Felicia is a "happy girl;"
Matilda, is a "lady true;"
Margaret, is a shining "pearl;"
Isabella, "with the lofty brow;"
Susan, is a "lily white;"
Jane, has the "yellow" curls and crown;
Cecilia, dear, is "dim of sight;"
Sophia, always "wisdom" at her feet.

Constance, is free and "constant."
Teresa, a delicious "little meat;"
Charlotte, "noble, of good repute;"
Harriet, a fine "robe sweet;"
Isabella, is a "lady rare;"
Lucinda, "conspicuous as the day;"
Mary, means "a lady fair;"
Abigail, "joyful" as the May;
Elizabeth, "as oath of true;"
Adeline, "also princely, noble;"
Agatha, "is truly good and true;"
Lucille, "a joy by love crowned."

Jemima, "is soft sound in sky;"
Christina, "a sweet ripple's lake;"
Cornelia, "harmonious and fair;"
Salina, "a sweet nightingale;"
Lydia, "a refreshing well;"
Julia, "a song of merry praise;"
Julia, "a jewel more rare;"
Priscilla "modest of days.

Benefit of Early Rising.

At what hour of the day is a man at his strongest, and so able to do hard work with the least weariness? The answer returned by Dr. Bush, from the results of his experiments with the dynamometer, is that a man is at his best when he turns out of bed. The muscular force is greatly increased by breakfast and it attains to its highest point after the midday meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rising again towards evening, but steadily declines from night to morning. It is probable that there is some confusion here. We doubt a sudden and powerful effort, such as is registered by a dynamometer, is better made after the wheels have been some time in use, and any products of their disintegration which may have accumulated during the night and sleep have been washed away by the improved circulation that follows walking; but we can entertain little doubt that sustained effort, whether mental or bodily, could be performed during the morning, and not after the midday meal. Dr. Bush is, however, right in maintaining that the two chief foes of muscular force are overwork and idleness. Sweating whilst working deteriorates muscular force. Many of the greatest workers in the world, though not all, have been early risers. But early rising, according to Dr. Bush, might always to be supplemented by early breakfasting.

Weary Women.

There is nothing more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong, than the idea that a woman faithfully her duty by doing an amount of work far beyond her strength. She does not fulfill her duty, but she fails in it.

There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over-worked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through.

The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is unfitted for the higher duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other.

How is it possible for a woman, exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind, also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible, nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirits, and hopefulness and more than all, her youth—the last thing a woman should allow to slip from her, for no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is something more attractive than youth itself.

To the over-worked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on, sere and yellow, before it is time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, her very nature is changed by the burden, which, to so heavy carry, is dragged along as long as vexation feet and tired hands can do their part.

Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to have a companion, without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can—a wife, without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so over-worked during the day, that when night comes, heroic thought, the most intense longing, is for sleep, that probably will not come; and even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy.

Be ye fair and everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of over work.

Nutmegs.

Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like lilac bushes, and are generally not over five feet high. The flowers are very much like the lilac of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of this fruit, and Jesse is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open, and shows a red inside. These trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. The nutmeg is taken from over four thousand nutmegs on it every year. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Bands Islands, and conquered all the other traders, and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up, they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nutmegs are not sympathies with cook meats. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.

Red Noses.

Why is a drun drinker's nose red? The question is answered by Dr. J. B. Johnson, a Washington physician, who says that the drun-drinker's heart beats about thirteen times oftener in the minute than the heart of one who does not drink alcohol. The arteries, in consequence of this increased heart action, carry the blood to the nose quicker than the veins carry it back. The blood, therefore, remains congested in the overfilled vessels, and the nose and the face as well then become habitually red. So stagnant is the blood that when the drun-drinker's nose meets a sudden current of cold air it immediately turns purple and remains until warm air restores the red color. So the red nose is caused by congestion. Every organ of the body is in a similar state—a warning of an impending fate and to be avoided.

How to Test Butter.

There is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice. A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant; but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fats.—*Scientific American.*

Family Fun.

Melting a Tramp's Heart.

He had stopped at a cosy-looking cottage and rung the door-bell, and asked the servant who answered for something to eat. She stated that she would summon her mistress. The latter soon appeared and found the tramp gazing on the narrow border of grass which lined the flower beds of the front yard.

"Why, what are you doing?" she asked. "I'm hungry, mum, for Pain's bad nothin' to eat for three days."

"But do you eat grass?"

"Yes'm, when I ain't got nothin' else."

"Come before you must be hungry—they I help you!"

"Yes'm, you could, if you'd give me some thing to eat. The grass is mighty short down there."

"I will help him," remarked the sympathetic little wife to the servant, as such wiped a tear from her eyes, and continuing, said:

"Jane, take the poor fellow in the back yard—the grass is so much taller there."

Took it too Literally.

They did not often give dinner parties, and never gave a large one; but at the little reunions to which they did invite their friends they liked everything the best. So, on the afternoon of one of their choice little feasts, the host summoned his boy in buttons, and said:

"Now, John, you must be very correct how you hand round the wine."

"Yes, sir."

"Those bottles with the black seals are the best, and those with red seals the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner, the inferior sherry you will hand round with your black sherry soup. You understand—black soup, and inferior sherry after soup."

"Yes, sir, perfectly," said the boy in buttons.

And the evening came, and the guests came, and everything was progressing admirably till the boy went round the table asking of every guest:

"Hock or inferior sherry?"

Everybody took hock.

He Understood the Women.

She answered the ring at the door to find a strange man on the steps.

"Any fly screens?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Any fly paper?"

"No, sir."

"Any powders for making lemonade?"

"No, sir."

"Any painting or whitewashing to do?"

"No, sir."

"Want some Paris green to kill garden insects?"

"No, sir."

"Not any old clothes to sell?"

"No, sir.

"Not any coal to put in or wood to split?"

"No, sir.

"Couldn't you spare me—"

"What's that, sir?

"Oh, never mind. My wife is barefoot, and I was going to ask for a pair of old shoes, but it would be no use. You have got such a dainty little foot that my wife couldn't get her big toe into one of your shoes."

When he left he had an old coat on his arm, a quarter in cash in his pocket, and there was a square meal stowed away behind his vest.

A Protestant Lady in Church.

Is stayed at home and she wart to church after dinner he asked her.

"What was the text, wife?"

"Oh, something, somewhere in Generations; I've forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. Hig sat right before me, in a Mother Hubbard bonnet on. How could I hear anything when I could not even see the sermon? I could have worn my bonnet to a thing to church, if I'd had to have gone bareheaded."

"How did you like the new minister?"

"Oh, he's splendid! and Kate Darlin was there in a Spanish lace cape that never cost a cent less than $50; and they can't pay their salaries, and I'd wear cotton lace or go without any first."

"Did he say anything about the new mission fund?"

"No, and the Jones girls wars all rigged out in their yellow silks made over; you would have died laughing to hate seen them. Sarah tests girls have a young a mother, without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can—a wife, without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so over-worked during the day, that when night comes, heroic thought, the most intense longing, is for sleep, that probably will not come; and even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy.

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Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like lilac bushes, and are generally not over five feet high. The flowers are very much like the lilac of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of this fruit, and Jesse is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open, and shows a red inside. These trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. The nutmeg is taken from over four thousand nutmegs on it every year. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Bands Islands, and conquered all the other traders, and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up, they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nutmegs are not sympathies with cook meats. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.

Red Noses.

Why is a drun drinker's nose red? The question is answered by Dr. J. B. Johnson, a Washington physician, who says that the drun-drinker's heart beats about thirteen times oftener in the minute than the heart of one who does not drink alcohol. The arteries, in consequence of this increased heart action, carry the blood to the nose quicker than the veins carry it back. The blood, therefore, remains congested in the overfilled vessels, and the nose and the face as well then become habitually red. So stagnant is the blood that when the drun-drinker's nose meets a sudden current of cold air it immediately turns purple and remains until warm air restores the red color. So the red nose is caused by congestion. Every organ of the body is in a similar state—a warning of an impending fate and to be avoided.

How to Test Butter.

There is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice. A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant; but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fats.—*Scientific American.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and other information desired to the Secretary of the Monitor Office.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PARISH ASSOCIATION.—The Particular Council meets on the month, and a general meeting of all the conference is held quarterly. The Particular Council, to which each conference sends a representative, meets on the second Sunday of each month, at 1 o'clock, and the general meeting, which usually numbers a just proportion of members, is generally attended by the Archbishop of the diocese and clergy. Conferences, does of members and local visitors, meet at the following places: St. Mary's Cathedral Hall on the first Thursday of every month; St. Ignatius, Gonzaga Hall, on the second Tuesday; St. Joseph's, 1 President, Chas. E. Reed; Treasurer, Rogers Donnell; Secretary, Geo. Wm. Ward. Meeting on the second Tuesday of each month. The President and Secretary are members of all the conferences in the city and also of the Central Council of Charities.

The following list comprises the officers of the different Conferences: Cathedral, Thomas Ryan, President; Jas. Gallagher, Vice President; Geo. E. Cronin, 41 Mary; Cathedral, President, T. J. Walsh, 105 Fort; St. Peter's, President, J. J. Dolan, 1122 Bush st, and Jas. Hampshire, 1015 Geary street; Cathedral, President, Jas. Hampshire, 1015 Geary street; Cathedral, President, Chas. Lartigue, Mass. Cathedral, President, Chas. Lartigue, Mass. Cathedral, President, Jas. Hampshire, 1015 Geary street; St. Joseph's Palace—Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Prendergast; President, Thomas Ryan; Vice President, Patrick Toole; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Secretary, Patrick Toole. Young Men

WHAT HOME RULE MEANS.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., Wants Ireland to be an Independent as Canada.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* published an interview with Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Referring to the recent elections in Ireland and the United Kingdom Mr. O'Connor said:

"The priests were with us to a man. We owe their help to Mr. Parnell's action. The cry of free education which he raised was instantly interpreted so death to Catholic schools, and it rallied the priests as nothing else could have done to the side of the Tories. No doubt, Mr. Chamberlain did not think of that when he raised the cry. It seems his custom to say a thing first and think it out afterwards. We, however, have no reason to complain. It helped us as we had never been helped before. It manoeuvred the Irish Catholics out from under the banner of Mr. Parnell, and gave us the co-operation of the Church.

"Then you have no doubt about getting Home Rule?"

"Do you doubt the rising of the sun? A solid phalanx of eighty-six pledged Nationalists in the centre of the House of Commons is the governing fact of this situation. The Liberals may go to the Tories may come out, but that makes no difference to us. We shall use both parties with a single eye to Ireland's well-being. We have a definite purpose, a resolute leader, and a party we solid as a stone wall. We hold the fortunes of the Conservatives in the hollow of our hands. As for the Liberals—well, Mr. Gladstone is enough of a statesman to wish to settle the Irish question, but when he is gone what follows?

"Then you are not in a hurry?"

"By no means. We are better than any party can afford to wait. At present both English parties might unite against us if we played a forward game. Time is on our side. Liberal sentiment will cool down. Mr. Gladstone, however, must do whatever he does quickly; no man knows that better. But if neither of them does anything in February we shall not force their hand. In course as a par ty policy is not framed nor even discussed; but, speaking for myself, I think we should maintain a reserved attitude, abstaining from framing any definite scheme of our own, keeping ourselves as evidence, and only interfering from time to time, in another way, to remind the parties we hold the balance in our own hands."

"But the cost. Can you stand the strain?"

"Certainly we have forty members to pay at £200 a year. That is less than £12,000 a year. We have spent far more than that many years in maintaining evicted tenants. We can get any amount of money. Only last week we got £5,000 from America. We shall get £100,000 from Greater Ireland beyond the sea with the greatest ease. Every Irishman abroad is for Home Rule. The richer chosen, who hold aloof from the agrarian agitation, honors of its supposed Socialist tendencies, will subscribe eagerly to the National cause. In my own lecture tour raised £10,000 when I went to America before. If one of our prominent members were to go he would raise £20,000 with ease. We shall not be pressed for cash, that you may depend on.

"Now Mr. O'Connor what do you mean by Home Rule?"

"Ireland like Canada. No Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. No contributions for Imperial expenditure. No share in the National debt. Ireland, in short, like Canada. That is my formula."

"And the leadership?"

"You may settle that question when you give us Home Rule. Otherwise the Sassenach will get Irish terms, or Home Rule. But whoever has to pay them, let the principle be—the sovereign, not the artificial, the just, not the unjust value of their property."

CATHOLIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Right Rev. Bishop Conaty of the Diocese of Kilmacud, Cork, Ire., is reported ill.

—The death is announced of Monsignor Gaia, Secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda at the College of the Propaganda, Rome.

—Rev. J. F. Sheehan, O. P., formerly of Louisville, Ky., is now at Kansas City, Mo., where he is to found a house of his order.

—Vicar-General Conway of Chicago will sail for Europe in a few days, to be absent about six months.

—There are now in Chicago, Ill., 61 Catholic Churches, of which eight were built during the year 1885.

—Prof. Pratt, Grey, late of New York, but now of Montreal, has abjured Protestantism and joined the Church of Rome. He is the nephew of Earl Grey, of England.

—Bishop Heiss of Portland, Me., proposes to spend the winter months in Naples for the benefit of his health, and says that he is in doubt about the middle of this month to return to Apolli. During his absence Rev. John M. Murphy, vicar-general, will have charge of the diocese.

—Rev. James McCarty, C. C., of Castlebar, County Mayo, on the 19th ult. The recipient of numerous presents, he was a popular priest. He had spent the greater part of his days in America, and was through many of the most dangerous scenes of the great Civil War. His death is very much regretted by Derry and over a wide district.

—Very Rev. R. J. Meyer, S. J., Provincial of the Western Province of the Jesuits, was in Chicago last week, on his way to the Rocky Mountains. Rev. Father Hoeffer, S. J., President of St. Xavier's College, is transferred to St. Louis as President of the University of that city. He is succeeded at St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, as President, by Rev. Edward J. Hughes, S. J., who has already filled that post about ten years ago.

—Notre Dame University is not to be asked to participate in the Centennial celebration of the standing is not to the liking of the *Graveyard* Indiana. This is the highest possible honor to Notre Dame, whose alm has been to send out scholarly and practical young men to labor with a stern world, and not individual mole-hills in search of a niche of oratory that seems to darken even the fame of Mr. Clay.

—Father Walter of Cork, who was attacked by a band of cayenne near Waterby Cork recently, has since died from the effects of a blow he got in the fight. He had a rifle with him, and killed a number of the ruffians, who, it is said, were avenged by their comrades. He remained in the tree all night, slowly weltered by the coyotes, but was rescued in the morning by a party of hunters.

—The Catholic community at Rockwell, Miss., has now a beautiful Gothic Chapel the gift of a lady parishioner. It is of brick with stained glass windows of handsome design. It has a tower, at one side, which can be seen for miles.

IRISH PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

The Irish-American race in New York are manifesting great enthusiasm in subscribing to the Irish Parliamentary fund. Here is a sample montar as described by a New York paper of recent date:

Five hundred patriotic Irishmen and Irishmen assembled last evening in the old church of the Holy Cross Parish, Lexington avenue, and Forty-seventh street, to hear Rev. Father Dolan, Father Lynch, Father Quinn, Father Millan, Father Sheehan, Father Loftus, Father Mascarda and Jesuitical Jesuit unflingly down from the platform, laughed at the jokes the British Bull got from the speakers, and applauded with their hands every point made by the laborer vulture up and put his mite on the Secretary's desk. The American and Irish School were entwined on the wall above the platform.

Father Doyle said he had just returned from Ireland. He blessed Ireland to a race horse which has been turned over to Parnell, and which would lift with Dick Crowell's and Jones' horses the Irish Parliament. The Irish people had taken Ireland back and they would not take it from the rules of land. In a conversation with Mr. Parnell the leader said that after Ireland secured her independence a protective tariff would be necessary to enable her to get started in business. Finally Father Doyle took two $5 bills from his pocket and held them over. He said it was all the money he had in the world. The bills were a Christmas gift to him. He was glad it was this persecutor to do with them, that he deemed, as he would give them to Ireland.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Clare.—At Monmahilly, near Killaloe, on the night of April 20 men attacked the house of, men named James Cary, by firing several shots through the windows. None of the inmates knew about at the time, the hour being late, nor did any of them sustain any injury. Mr. Cary is a member of the National League, and the motive of the outrage is unknown.

A watchman named Walter, who was employed by the Board of Works, at the new quay, at Clare Castle, was, it is supposed, blown into the tide by the storm, on the night of Dec. 3, and traces of him have since been found.

Carlow.—The tenants on the Mortimore estate, Ballinacarrigy, Ballinkillen, Ballinvilly, and the Acres, Mr. Steward, recently, at the Clonhour, Carlow, for the purpose of paying their rents, have been granted a reduction. They demanded a reduction of 30 per cent. all round, and time to pay it. Mr. Steward replied that he would neither give a reduction nor time to pay the rent, only such time as Mr. Malcomson, solicitor, Carlow, could conveniently allow while preparing for his due recovery by law. The tenants left the Clonhouse without paying any rent.

Cork.—A National League meeting was held, on December 13, at Ballyhooley, near Fermoy, for the purpose of considering Lord Fermoy, for serving his tenants with writs. Dead loans and bares were granted early during the evening, and, on the arrival of Mr. Steward, he had to hold the intention of the people to prevent hostilities. The meeting was addressed by several gentlemen, including Mr. Lane, of Fermoy, Parnell, who is an ardent lover of Home Rule, present, been in a bee on the mountain, allowed to his late farm. A resolution was passed condemning Lord Listowel for his action. Lord Listowel occupied a position as one of the jurors, which commanded a view of the meeting.

Mr. R. G. Annesley, of Anagrom, near Mallow, has, quite recently, shot a white hare, a very rare occurrence in Ireland, while Mr. Ivory, of Bonthy Castle, Bandonvia, also shot a white rabbit, which he had taken home to his castle. Nothing had been added to this list by Mr. Michael Dunn, of Ballyhooley, of a description of a blackbird of white or of a similar species, with a number of white feathers over the body, one of the half feathers being quite pure white. A bittern was shot by Mr. J. A. Carthy, near Youghal. These birds are very rare so far south, and are sold on market with in Ireland.

A sale of the stock on the farm of Mr. John Cronin, Millstreet, President of the local branch of the National League, took place on December 15. The sale was held in consequence of a writ on Mr. Cronin for the non-payment of half one year's rent. A reduction of 30 per cent. had been demanded by the tenants, which was refused, in satisfaction of a decree of the Land Court office. The sale was attended by a vast number of people, who rendered every assistance possible for the speedy removal of the stock. Large prices were realized. Dr. Tanner, M. P., attended, and, in the evening, addressed a meeting in the town.

Dublin.—The Rev. Father Conlan, Adelaide, Catholic, Marlborough street, Dublin, has accepted the position of Chaplain to the Lord Mayoralty, T. D. Sullivan, M. P., during his term of office.

On December 15th, at the Convent of the Poor Clares, Harold's Cross, the reception took place of two religious lifts, under the name of Sister Mary St. Lawrence, of Miss Mary Ellen Campbell, daughter of William Campbell, Esq., of Gardenstown.

On December 17th, the remains of a noted artist—from the little Irish art colony in London—arrived in Dublin. Edmond Ribbon Byrne de Salter made a special mark in England by his noted pictures of "The Members of the Commons," also his great picture of Parnell. When he Since then he has been a regular and prolific contributor to the walls of the Royal Academy. Some years ago he was the popular second art master of the Royal Dublin Society.

Down.—When all our people on both sides of the Channel did as well at the general election it is not easy to single out any for special praise; but we do think that Irishmen all the world over will be well pleased to have special praise bestowed on the Ulster Protestant electors who returned Mr. T. Sexton and Sir Thomas Lucas, Bart., M. P. Small in South Antrim, and Mr. Dalzell in Westmeath, we believe, in very trickiest they ran the risk of permanently losing their employment by daring to vote for the National candidate; yet they cheerfully faced that peril for the patriotic cause. Let us be grateful to these patriotic duty. All honor to them! While Ireland has such men like them, who are ready to make sacrifices for her liberty, her cause can never be lost.

Derry.—The Rev. James McKay, D.D., died at the Cathedral House, Waterside, on Dec. 13th, after a brief illness. The rev. gentleman was a native of Tyrone. He had spent the greater part of his days in America, and was through many of the most dangerous scenes of the great Civil War. His death is very much regretted in Derry, and over a wide district.

On December 15th, a number of attacks of cattle lay in the barnyard of Thomas Gibson, near Presentable, midway between Coleraine and Ballymoney, when a number of the cattle were found to be suffering from a disease, which proved. There is believed to have been malicious, and Mr. Gibson intends prosecuting the author. Road Sessions for the amount of the damage.

Donegal.—Outrageous outrages again heard of in Donegal. The latest outrage, which is of a premeditated character, is the burning of the house of the landlord of Meenacladdy and Tory Island, a gentleman in the county of Donegal, named James of Rosapenna, John Rapidel Jones, may carry out some religious, which he was connected with all the ease and facility that the generous and enterprising Mr. Jones, who is a Protestant Meenacladdy to one of the poorest places in all Ireland and one of the most dangerous to land. Mr. Jones's property was totally destroyed by the efforts of the fire brigade, and it is generally believed that the burns of the Crown still continue to be given without effect for the protection of the landlords to work their wicked will upon the unfortunate people.

Galway.—On December 13th, at Ballinrobe, Mayo, Mr. Hannah Lewis, the resident of Mr. Hannah Lewis, the resident of the Ballinrobe Union, was fined £5 for the previous night all the inmates retired at the usual hour, and early in the morning a bale of oat was heard which shook the house from top to bottom. The greatest consternation ensued, and when the light passed away, Mr. Lewis, who was not with the servants, found what had happened, found the whole front of the splendid house in a blaze, and everything in the drawing-room broken. Fortunately none of the inmates slept in this part of the house, so the damage done is very great.

A meeting was held on December 13, in the Temperance Hall, Ballinrobe, for the purpose of taking steps for the relief of Mr. Hannah Lewis, the resident of Mr. Hannah Lewis, the resident of the Ballinrobe Union, who was fined £5 for the previous night all the inmates retired at the usual hour, and early in the morning a bale of oat was heard which shook the house from top to bottom. The greatest consternation ensued, and when the light passed away, Mr. Lewis, who was not with the servants, found what had happened, found the whole front of the splendid house in a blaze, and everything in the drawing-room broken. Fortunately none of the inmates slept in this part of the house, so the damage done is very great.

Kerry.—On December 17, outside Killarney, a most cowardly and cruel outrage was committed on the Victoria Hotel, Killarney, and another man named Hegarty, went to the gentlemen in charge of a horse and cart, for the purpose of taking home a large gun and ammunition belonging to the Hotel was lying there. After getting the gun in the body of the cart, they proceeded on their homeward journey, until they arrived within a quarter of a mile of their destination, when the horse became restive and refused to go forward, and commenced to plunge, when the pistol exploded, and the contents of both of the cartridges of the cart were lodged in the prostrate body of Foley, who was sitting in an unmanageable position on the shaft, and he had received terrible injuries, from which he died soon after. The other man is progressing favorably.

Kilkenny.—Mr. Michael Phelan, P. L. G., Slanore, County Kilkenny, died on Dec. 17, Dunmark, with a number of friends, met for a day's morning on the Bonbrough premises, when he became faint, and dropped behind. It was in effort to reach home, but was unable, and reaching a cottage he entered. Rev. Father Sherlock and Cahill were soon in attendance, as was Doctor Quill, but unfortunately he was unavailing, and in a short time after he passed away. Deceased was one of the earliest Land Leaguers, National principles who filled the office of Poor Law Guardian at Carlow on Sale Board.

Kildare.—At a meeting of the tenants of Mr. Gowan, Maxwell, Ballymore, a resolution was passed not to pay rents unless a reduction of 30 per cent. was granted.

The Duke of Leinster has tendered a substantial Christmas dinner to his tenants on the estate, in consequence of the great distress which prevails in the district, and which, it is feared, will be increased by the operation of the Land Act of 1881, it has been decided, in the interest of the tenants, to allow the benefit of the Act to tenants with such a benefit of being

THOMOND COUNTY.

Financial Report of the Ladies Fair at Ennis.

In submitting the financial report of the Catholic Fair, Father Hayes said the committee felt bound to make some thanks to the ladies in charge, to whose exertions the success of the fair was due, notwithstanding the great disadvantages under which they had to work. The committee had to pay the rent now coming due, but on the spot.

The official warrant appointing Laurence Kennedy, Esq., J. Clune street, Limerick, as High Sheriff for 1886, has been received. Mr. Kennedy is a prominent Nationalist.

Mr. James McMahon, City Sheriff, New York, has been appointed engineer for carrying out the Parliament Act, by the Guardians of the new Middleton Union, the number of new outdoor relief applicants at 300 to 400.

Longford. At the Connaught Winter Assizes, in Dublin, Mr. John Conlin was charged with the murder of Thomas Conlin, his father, and was sentenced to Penal Servitude for life. The object of the murder was to secure a sum of money which stood in bank on deposit receipt in the joint name of his father and himself, and which the old man was gradually diminishing the amount of.

Louth.—The last tenement has approved of the election by the Corporation of Patrick Hill, Esq., Q. C., Recorder of Dublin, to the High Sheriff of the county of Louth for the Dingbeda for the county of Louth, for the ensuing year, the nomination of Mr. James Walsh, stationer, Shop street, Drogheda.

Meath.—On December 16th, the remains of the Rev. Patrick McMahon were consigned to the vault in the Catholic Church, Navanville, his native parish, amid the prayers of the congregation. Father McMahon studied in Maynooth College, and was ordained priest at Paris. Subsequently, he was appointed to the curacy of Moyna, in the diocese of Meath, where he discharged the sacred duties of the priesthood with real up to last May, when he was stricken with what proved itself late consumption, and terminated on Dec 12th, a career of usefulness, in the 32nd year of his age and 6th of his ordination.

Mayo.—The unfortunate people of Clare Island, whose crops were destroyed by blight and storm last year, are still in great distress. Some of them, for little or no work, have received a few bundreds, yet they have offered to pay, in consideration of the circumstances, no full value of produce. Their landlords, the Misses McDonnell, have generously offered to take a fifth of a penny of abatement, and referring the tenants to the Land Commission for a judicial rent.

The tenants on the Earl of Mayo's property, are initiating a movement for a similar abatement of from 20 per cent. on the full year's rent due and payable at the present time.

At the bye-laws legal, late of Cloncoran, Ballinrobe, the following were marked out during the current Sessions for special sentences, under the Coercion Act, for the following offences, under these statutes, we learn that one of them, Mr. Thomas Higgins, is now in Manchester, where he recently delivered a lecture on "Reasons why Tenants should join the National League."

Queen's County.—All the tenants on Mrs. Cruttenden's property, Ballynagh, met his agent, Mr. Theobald, to pay their rents, if they could pay 20 per cent. abatement. He received them kindly, but said he only got permission to give them 15 per cent. At the suggestion of one of the tenants he took it upon himself to make it twenty. The tenants agreed to pay this one at that amount, although they considered it insufficient, but said they would consider it.

Roscommon.—A deputation of the Albin tenantry of Mr. Wallace waited on that gentleman, for the purpose of obtaining, in view of the very much depressed prices for farm produce, an abatement of 20 per cent. in their rents. Mr. Wallace said he could not grant the required abatement, and, furthermore, say the tenants who were present, he would not entertain the question of a fair or settled.

At the Connaught Winter Assizes, on December 15, John Hanley, a young Irish American, who killed his brother, by shooting him with a revolver, in his father's house in this county Roscommon, being jealous of the preference shown him by the latter, was found guilty of manslaughter, and recommended to mercy.

On December 16, a fire broke out in the stores in connection with the grocery of Mr. C. C. Flynn, T. C., R. L., High street, Athlone, and spread to the adjoining premises, occupied by Mr. Jacob Hyman, the clothier. The alarm was sounded throughout the town, and the fire brigade, with the hoses, were soon upon the ground, so this remaining but the smoldering and blackened walls to mark the origin of the fire, is not known.

A office constable, named Mulvaney, fell from a bicycle while assisting and had his leg broken.

The deceased agent of an absentee landlord, Mr. Joe Goache, is showing "sentences of death" to tenants on the estate, for the payment of Decimals. In every case these sentences carry Derry, and over a wide district, with the exception of the December 15th, Lord Carrdford tenants, the tenants complained of thinks was not granted offered of 15 per cent. inadequate rent to a whole half abatement, and represented that owing to the great fall in the price of stock and produce, they could not pay more than 15 per cent. made them to pay their present rents. In this refusing to make any further concession, the tenants left in a body, and at a public meeting which they subsequently held, it was unanimously resolved to stand by their present rents, and that terms are complied with, and a tenants' defence fund was thereupon opened, to which subscriptions accordingly to retire were handed in.

Parochial School in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal., January 2.—The parochial school building, blessed by Bishop Mora this morning, was opened for school by the 4 o'clock, 600, without any help outside himself. The school opens on Monday. The building is brick, three stories, in its form of a Greek cross. It is located in Los Angeles street, corn Ninth street, in the rear of the cathedral.

Thirty-five years experience—Mother Graves' Worm Powders, 10 Montgomery street, San Bruno.

I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES

INFINITE SUFFERING from Humiliating Eruptions, Blotches, Scaly Skin, Blood Poisoning, Rheumatism, Scrofula, and Hereditary Taints, are speedily terminated by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Cuticura, a marvelous cosmetic, clears the skin and scalp, heals sores, restores the hair.

Dandruff and Humors, Tetter, Ringworm, Itch, Scaly and Pimply Skin, Scrofulous Sores, Blotches, Blisters, Redness, Soreness, Dandruff, Dry, Scaly, Shedding Hair, Pimples, Blotches, Blisters, Redness, Soreness, Inflammation, Itching, Burning, Scaling, Scurvy, Scrofula, Hereditary Taints, Contagious Blood Poisoning, Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, Weakness, Cuticura, the great Skin Purifier, Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, Cuticura, the great Skin Beautifier, Cuticura Soap, the Purest and Sweetest of Toilet Soaps, Cuticura Medicated Medicated Soap, the Only Medicated Toilet Soap

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

SAINT ANNE.

Virgin Spouse of Christ the Saviour, Dear Saint Agnes we salute thee,
With the tender love and reverence which thy peerless virtues claim,
Yielding to the holy maiden, homage rich and pure affection,
Echoing the praises sounding through long ages to thy name.

Child in years, in heart a hero, never heaven such a saint had known,
For thy spirit passed unscathed through temptation, Pure as when it first was given.
Face within thy purple frame found no trembling cowl concealing,
For thy free unhesitant courage was by heaven-ly fountains tint.

Wealth and power in vain allured thee with the shining gifts they offered,
Pleading words or threatening mandates could not make thee bend thy knee,
Then combat triumph said the veteran which the proud Prefect fashioned,
Wakened with a shout whose coming gave thee courage to thy Heavenly Queen.

Glorious Saint, pure virgin martyr in God's purpose never yielding,
By the Bridegroom's hand rewarded with the palm of priceless price and crown,
Thou who art as near and precious to the Sacred Heart of Jesus
Filled with Him that we may never fail His anger's deadful frown.

Win for us thy dauntless courage to resist the power of evil,
Thy God-given strength in trial and thy purity of heart,
Ask, dear Saint "love and innocence and unerring thy pleadings,
Thy shame flooes His bleeding to thy clients in the Heavenly Court.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD,
Mercy Woodland, January, 1886.

ONE SONG MORE.

The night is wearing on, boys, the day is dawn-ing;
Care and toil and trouble will be with us by-and-by;
But ere we part, one song more, boys, let them wait outside the door;
Draw your chairs together, boys, we'll have one song more.

One song more, boys,
One song more—
Ere our ship shall sail, boys, one song more.

But what is the best to sing of on such a night as this?
Flowers, love, or friendship, cheery or blue?
No! though we have sung of her many times before,
We'll sing of our lassie, boys, one song more.

One song more, boys,
One song more—
Ghosty have for Ireland dear, one song more.

T. D. B.

—Dublin Nation.

Literary Miscellany.

The Little Book-Keeper.

A Story of Real Life Founded on Fact

"Coward!"

There was a ring of infinite scorn in the voice, and the little book-keeper winced and shrank under it. He felt his insignificance then if never before. Why could he not be a man among men? He had asked himself the question mentally a hundred times, but he never felt his littleness so keenly as that night when that one word of contempt and scorn fell from the lips of Jack Lyon.

She was the acknowledged belle of the Michigan valley, the daughter of the most prominent member of the firm of Lyon, Haight & Co. Jack was not a child of fashion, but a strong, healthy child of the pine woods. Montague was the end of the world to her, and the time of which we write, was a mere village, with no connection with the outside world. It was yet the lumbering days of Western Michigan and rapidly growing pine forests.

It was at a dance in a log house near Mackinaw City that Jack Farnham received the rebuke described. A group of young fellows had trudged on the mirt of Janet's mahogany floor, and Jack had been the last to linger merely said, "Black the dram," and went on with his dancing.

"The insinuating puppy!" exclaimed Janet warmly, and the remark was heard by some of the young men from Mark Farnham, her recent admirer, who had been wooing her with desperate energy, and many of them were ashamed.

"Go ashore, boy, and get a lunch; the greatest danger is past! Wallington and I will hold the fort until you return."

It was Mr. Lyon who spoke. He had gone to the assistance of the crew with the nonchalance of an old log driver. The men obeyed. The greater part of the logs had passed, the principal danger being over. Half the river was jam blocked with logs piled to a great height, forming a jam that looked impregnable.

Scarcely had the last man reached the shore, when a wild cry arose above the roar of the foaming waters.

"My God! The whole jam is going!" Then with a loud crashing, a terrible roar, and the logs went with a mighty rush over the dam on the Ojibwa shore.

"Good heavens! They are lost!"

This cry went up, as all eyes were turned upon Mr. Lyon and his companions, now the only occupants of the jam. It did seem as though they were doomed, but they had prepared for the time as by a miracle. In the centre of the dam a few of the logs held firm, and soon all had swept through, but they were not in the middle of the stream. An eddy, the result of a jutting water-holed point on either side, and the narrow jam swayed and trembled as if it was suspended over the abyss; lodging, if I die the next minute."

But the little book-keeper was not paralyzed with the privilege of receiving a thrashing for Janet Lyon's sake. A strong hand appeared upon the scene in the person of Richard Wallington, a magnificent picture of muscular development, with the dress and air of a gentleman. He was Lyon, Haight & Co's foreman in the great mill at Muskegon, and a prime favorite with the senior member of the firm.

"The coward permitted that ruffian, River Dan, to insult me grossly. I'll be a man!"

A pallid-cheeked girl, with streaming hair, thrust aside the water's edge and stood with outstretched hands appealing to strong men for help. No one moved.

"Are you all cowards?" she cried, facing the multitude. Hewing man with red shirts were there, but none moved at the appeal from the girl's blanched lips.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, man!" and Rose Hunt, "That ye jam won't last many minutes. Nobody ye jam, you, they're goners, sure.

"Take pitcher and rope, and save the rescue."

Janet would have rushed to the reach herself had not strong arms held her back. Weak, moaning, almost fainting, the girl pleaded in vain.

"No one; a boat would go over in a jiffy. Then father can't be saved."

"There is one chance in a hundred."

"Are rose entered the words, and Janet saw a slender form glide past towards the bank. Above the man's arm was a coil of rope. When the man gained the foaming edge of the water he swung his arm aloft and cried:

"Some of you take an end of this rope. I am going to rescue those men if possible."

"Goodness! it is the little book-keeper."

"He'll drown, sure."

But Mark Farnham heeded not the comments of the crowd. He seemed to realize that time was precious, and at once pushed the light skiffs out into the river. Selling the paddle, and fixing his rope so that it would pay out from between his thin knees, the little book keeper began paddling up the stream. Strong hands had grasped the end of the rope and it began paying out rapidly, when Farnham turned and shot swiftly into the centre of the stream.

He remembered in that the canoe came down on the upper side of the swaying jam. Instantly the canoe was sucked under and lost, but Farnham sprang to the surface of the water, and, with long and quick strokes and fast to an upright log.

"Quick, Mr. Lyon! There's no time to lose."

The mill-owner remonstrated, and urged this book keeper to go ahead; this he absolutely refused to do.

Mr. Lyon was put forward, grasped the rope, and went hand over hand to the shore. A great shout rent the air when he landed.

Next came Dick Wallington. He was heavy, and the rope sagged badly. He was faint when he reached the shore, and Farnham's knees trembled at the sight of the young man's body. Suddenly the log to which the rope was attached gave way and fell. Instantly the rope flew for out into the stream. Dick was near the shore and was rescued.

The little book-keeper stood alone on the jam, which was now trembling and threatening to fall to pieces. Farnham's face blanched. He seemed to realize that he was doomed.

"Another canoe, quick! Go back, Dick Wallington, and save Mr. Farnham."

It was Jack who spoke, but the dripping Apollo turned away with a shudder.

"No! I'm a coward! I risk my life out yonder again."

He had called upon to do so.

A great crash and roar echoed the crowd as half of the jam with its lone occupant had disappeared.

"The man is past all earthly help. It was Dr. Gould who uttered the words as he rose from the contemplating the battered, bleeding form on the sand.

"Oh, he was a brave man, and a true man, and a noble man," sobbed the girl.

"Yes, he was a brave man, and a true man, and a noble man," echoed the crowd.

"Oh, Mark! Mark!"

A frantic terror moved his frame as the girl attempted to raise the little book-keeper's head, and Janet saw that she held a dead weight in her arms. The great soul of Mark Farnham had gone from the small body forever.

Unbow did itself prond at the funeral of the little book-keeper, and one gamine remarked that he was just like the bells of the Monkeyon. When Dick Wallington asked her hand two months later, he met with a cold refusal. Mark Farnham's widow, Janet Lyon never married. Does the reader wonder?

Turned Away.

"Wall, yes, I can spare you a dime, I guess," he said as he produced the coin and handed it to an old man, whom any other might, perhaps, go right on.

"What make you live do that, "queried a bystander when the mendicant had passed on. "Can't you know what a very cent given to that class is an encouragement to vice?"

"Wait a bit and you hear my story. I was only a boy when I left England. Little man ribbed boys I got into the habit of them life with the law, and, as a matter of fact, I was away. Father was terribly put out with me, and the last words he spoke were to disown me. I wrote several letters home after reaching this country, but never one was replied to, and I finally decided to consider myself as one cast off by my folks. I was 21 when I heard of my arrival here, and when living in Boston I stood in front of a theatre one bitter cold night, and saw a man come up and beam to tell me a pitiful story. I was waiting and looking for a party who was to meet me, and therefore paid little attention to the beggar. I did not even give him a quarter, but I took the fellow's address, and, as I could not sleep before midnight. Next morning, as I reached the corner of State and Nineteenth streets on my way to work, I saw a crowd standing before a door, and a boy told me that the body of an old man who had been frozen to death on the street was inside.

"It came to me like a flash that this was the one who had addressed me, and I answered the place. They had his face covered, but I removed the handkerchief. As I looked into the face I felt as if I was a brave beyond as that I learned in time that mother was dead, and that father, unable to forgive my boyish prank, had set sail for America to hunt me up. Tidings plundered him of his every dollar, and he had tramped a year this on his journey, only to find me. As I had not written to him for years he had no alias, but depended on my coming upon accident. Accident brought us face to face at last, but he expired him. He was penniless and hungry, and I refused him a paltry trifle. I tell you it went hard with me to sell my father's corpse for a pauper's grave, but I felt as the commander of the frigate. There was ships are running, but a boat was nevertheless, and I resolved to gather a little money, and then, if I could, I would go home and beg my father's pardon. Now, I am a man of my word. I had to do down for fear of falling off the vessel, and then subjugate myself to the cold and scraping at the hard wood for six days, during which time one man died, and I drank. On the sixth day they made a hole big enough to slide the body out of the barrel of bottled beer. On the eleventh day they put a barrel of pork, and I ate raw. With stasis and shingles used as dunnage, which they obtained out of the hold, they made a rude platform, and that platform, and that managed to obtain some of the mutiny, and on fourteen days, they were thrown into the Gulf of Mexico. The Norwich. They may be taken on the 15th day, and I was the last man on the records of human endurance and vitality. Then, again, there is

THE CASE OF ROBERT MORTIMER,

who was second mate of a brig named the Ocean Queen, which sailed from Boston, and, when he shipped, he was a man of fine physique, and, when he left the vessel, he was a wreck. He was bailed, when rescued, he was in the suffering staggered on to his feet, and threw himself into an unfeeling grave. He was taken on board, and the wreck sent adrift. Three men, the Ocean Queen, had been washed overboard on the 14th of April preceding, and that has a stock of provisions consisted of three pounds of pork, two pounds of bread, and two kegs heads of water. "On the same, Mortimer says the chronicler," and without any means of dressing sores, he had prolonged his existence for the surprising period of seventy five days. He had lain on deck, and, to be accurately given the man, supposing him to have died, he had ordered his body to be thrown overboard, but, when the sailors came to the cabin with his clothes on when the vessel was about to be, he begged to be sewed up in a quilt, and in that position was stitch. In some wonderful way Purnell and the others who were below continued to keep cool. Their only boat lay keel up in the sea. They managed to right her, and the calm boy bailed her. When she was free of water they managed to stand up, and then begins a narrative of dreadful suffering. Suffice it to say that seventeen days, they died among Purnell, this man, twenty three days after he had been in the open boat, without food or drink, sighted a schooner which bore to, and anabled him to get alongside. Even at these scenes of misery of his perishing, for the schooner's people imagined the boat belonged to a sunk craft, and that deserters had run away with her, and they feared that if they took Purnell on board they would be punished. At last they allowed him to come over the side, and then the poor creature drank the rain water he had carried for twenty three days. He was taken, laying on the boat's deck, and seeing a stone bottle, which he imagined to contain rum, he took a hearty draught of it, and found it to be sweet oil. He was unable to stand, and, when he came, coming on the top of what he had suffered, seized his stomach, and died in agony. Purnell, but a sailor's stomach is hardened to strange usage, and all that the old fellow poor Mortimer had to do was to lie down and go to sleep.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THE TENACITY

of endurance at sea many still remember the touching and thrilling illustration given of "Tom Cringle's Log," where the still living skeleton of a Spaniard is lifted out of an open boat from off the dead body of his son. Few things are more affecting in fiction than the "dy, di mi" with which the suffering creature at the moment of his death, as he lies with his head over the ship's side, and his dying eyes riveted on the corpse below. It is presented as fiction indeed, but it might have been offered as a fact infinitely more credible than much that passes for truth. At all events, in spite of the closeness with which Michael Scott followed life at sea, there is the story of his frigate Amoth that whilst cruising in the Bay of Biscay, came across a derelict with her masts gone and a dangerous wreck. There was no signs of life on board, yet there was a look about the galley, which still stood, and which had the appearance of having been patched with old canvas, as if it intended to be a substitute for the hut to the commander of the frigate. There was ships are running, but a boat was nevertheless, and resonnoited by gaining alongside where the crew shouted at the top of their voices. In a few minutes an object described as resembling a bundle of clothes was seen to roll out of the galley. It was secured by means of a boathook, and dragged into the boat, and it then proved to be a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted that a little boy could have raised him. The boat's crew returned with their deplorable burden. To the amazement of all, when placed on the deck it showed signs of life, it moved, and then muttered, "There is another man." In the galley they found two bodies, both dead, and the picture was made peculiarly dreadful by the hand of one of them being stretched to the fire as if to save a piece of raw salt beef about the size of a half dollar, which he had dropped. The rescued man recovered after a few days, and the narrative states that when he came on deck he was a mere skeleton with scarcely a trace of a man nearly six feet high. It is not a pleasant to dwell on the sufferings of the Gloud amongst those best able to support the physical sufferings and mental anguish of exposure to the sea. It will be remembered, in the case of the Kent's Castle, that the third officer, from sun of the Tories, and for many years Mr. Evans was a Reformist, and, holding at all occasions his high to the Whigs, and now and then a modified support to O'Connell. Mr. Evans was a Madame Roland to her husband on all his political work. When he died the children and several relatives cast about for means to perpetuate his memory, and his upon the singular idea of building a new Irish Round Tower precisely like the old. The shell was found standing for forty years on the summit of a hill by her husband's grave, and it became a place that dangerous coast. Left with a large sum of money (£20,000) it was reported, before her death, a sum of money was found in Eaton Square, Mrs. Evans devoted herself to the improvement of poverty and neighborhood. She built two hundred schools and gave the children of all tended them each a little garden. She founded industrial schools, and, by way, in every built great greenhouses. One of her pursuits was conchology. She succeeded in making the proprietor of a large shell-house, by means of which her beautiful shore was engraved with the "Mary Evans" on each of the black shells, are several impaging cases. In the Mary Evans Hall, which she built for a shaft, the ship which smugglers formerally carried up the Thames, Mrs. Evans at occasion gave a great luncheon party. The company were all in high spirits and merriment, enjoying the delicacies and champagne, when some one observed that the Mary Evans was in high spirits and replied that it was all right, there was plenty of wine and the weather was favorable. A short half hour, when somebody rose and said that the Mary Evans was a little late, and, as the weather was so favorable, it is one to wait for it, and, if it came, it would be a great pity to spoil the enjoyment of the present lunch. The tide had risen very rapidly, and, as the Mary Evans was expected to be at the Tower by 3 o'clock, the company, with the exception of the lady, left the house, and, as they were already beating at a formidable depth against both sides of the lock which shut in the dock. Consternation, of course, ensued, and, as the lady, in her anxiety, the further recession of that dangerous, even the lady herself, in the tide dat, was lost, and (which was very doubtful), afforded the lady a great deal of pleasure. The company got up through the shaft to the ship, which was now in the dock, by a ladder. But there were no ladders lying about the place; and finally everybody stood on the top of the ship, and looked down the mouth of their prison. Mrs. Evans all this time appeared quite happy, and, as she ministered a little encouragement to some of the almost sinking ones, she said, "I dance was at its climax Mrs. Evans' one yet was quite quickly recovered, and, in a few rocks, and was soon comfortably pushed up to the feet of the imprisoned party, who had nothing to do but to dance and sing. Mrs. Evans was the first dance, and, as soon as the ladders were all Cutler tongue)—the stream which the Mary Evans was expected to be at the Tower. The whole little incident had, it is, to be found, been prearranged by the bosses to the Mary Evans, and, of course, the company were country guests.

Mr. Evans, holding the opinions was have described (though keeping his wife's) was a perfect gentleman. Intendant at the village church. Carriage-horses, Mrs. Evans, in her carriage, followed his owner into the church and lay extended on the wooden floor of the pew, and, when the sermon was over proceeded to thump unmercifully with his tail, after the manner of a Newfoundland dog, and, as turbines was too much for the poor parson, he was obliged to leave the pulpit, and, modeled with the service and the raggings were completely spoiled, and, when he came way and he read out the extraordinary notices, which, in consequence, were, of course, Fenarissa stood and prayed that ann him well, Tom out that dog, if you please." It was a Mr. Fabbles (with a stock of Tories, and, in the Mary Evans was wont to be, and, in the Mary Evans, was, of course, conceded this by the audit of attendants. Mrs. Evans was a great lady, and, as such, by mortal disease she want to Paris to profit by the skill of a great surgeon. Her husband, who she had confidence, and there, with unshaken courage and calmness and a Mr. Evans, was left to the Mary Evans. With the big fellow seemed to wink mockingly at him. The big fellow, the bostswain, and the little Captain kept up courage. They found out from the lighthouse keeper, Mr. Evans, the Mary Evans, was a smaller light in an inlet to the northward. The Dane owned until his arms were swollen nearly to the shoulders and his hands were covered with blisters. They had reached the Mary Evans, and, in the Mary Evans, the little Yankee smack.—*N. Y. Sun, January 11.*

FROZEN TO THEIR BOAT.

Terrible Experience of Capt. Colvin and His Eleven Men. Their Little Craft Filled with Ice The Second Mate Freezes to the Tiller. They get Near the Lighthouse, then they Manned Six Miles to the Steven Wesley.

It was the storm, true little Yankee schooner smack Stephen Wesley that pick-ed up the half-frozen crew of the Captain Colvin and eleven of the crew of the British trawl schooner Hylton Castle, that went down on Monday morning off Fire Island. The Wesley was at sea about six miles southeast of Fire Island lighthouse Monday night. Mate Barnard Sweeney, coxsun of the smack's hardy, Down East skipper, N. S. Keeney, was on watch. The Wesley was bowling along in a gale, sea and a stingy, tiffed and, reflex of the big storm that sent the Hylton Castle to the bottom. The mate heard a confused murmur of voices directly under his lee, looking over the port bow in the direction of the sound, he discerned a long, white boat drifting toward him.

An English voice sang out, "Schooner ahoy!" A man on the boat attempted to pass the painter around the anchor shain, and make fast to the smack, as the boat drifted by, but he was so benumbed that he failed to do it. The painter was cast off.

"Throw us a line. The vigilant mate called to the men. The boat, as it rattled into the ice-coated boat, Skipper Keeney and his crew of six men came tumbling down on the deck of the big lugsail and ran. They were little Capt. Colvin and his three companions. They were nearly dead from exposure and hunger. Four of them were frozen fast in the bottom of the boat, garnetted in ice, and had to be chipped out. The little Captain's beard was a solid mass of ice crystals. No man was able to move without assistance. Skipper Keeney and his men had to chum up over the low rail of the smack as they could, and, when they had got safely into the little cabin. The smack men broke out a bottle of cordial and poured some of their clothes, and sigorously rubbed their bodies with them. They dare not rub them with cold their own clothes, put them on the shipwrecked man. Cups of hot coffee followed, and, when the mate's broad and meat, were set before them, the smacksmen were astonished at the heat of the coffee that brought the tears from the eyes and made the blood burst from every smacksnuse slept on the cabin floor, and every shipwrecked man, wrapped in blankets, had a bunk.

The morning the smack set sail for this city. She anchored off the High lands on Tuesday night because of the Sound ice in the bay. The boat was brought her up to Fulton Market yesterday morning. Capt. Colvin and his men were transferred from the smack to the tug Mill Creek, which was sent down for them by Messrs. Vatterot, Vickers & Co. They were landed at Coenties Slip and were taken to the office of the British Consul, who will care for them.

Attached to Capt. Colvin, Second Mate J. A. Scott, and Boatswain John Attridge, the English Cockle man, Mr. Scott, who just rail had been twenty-four hours under the water, and, when he came up, he was so thoroughly masked with ice and frozen sea that he had to have his clothes cut off. Mr. Scott, who is a corpulent phenomenon ship, far over the weight of Mr. Attridge, who is a little man. Monday. The mate, who is a little lighter, was detained the Captain's heavy weight, and, when he came up, he was the Captain's boat was broken in the heavy sea.

The men pulled in the direction of the light they had dimly seen burning at dawn. All day long they rowed through a driving shifting night of the lighthouse. Second Mate Scott had charge of the boat, and a can of soup into the boat before heavy sea. The soup was frozen solid, and could not be broken. Second Mate Scott was ordered to give up the tiller to Boatswain Attridge. He made an effort to move and found that he could not. He glowered, and, when he came to the tiller, and his arm, crooked at the elbow was as stiff as if it had been made of iron. Every limb and muscle was rigid. The boatswain and two seamen broke the ice from his wet clothes and helped him to exercise his hands and arms.

Theodore Lawson, a big Danish sailor of giant strength, kept at an oar constantly. With the exception of the mate, the Fire Island light. It remained their hope. Lawson and Attridge kept the boat pointed at it grew larger and larger, like their hopes, so, under the heavy strokes of the giant Dane, the boat rushed over the foaming the waves. When within hailing distance of the light the men set up a wild shouting. They waited for some response from the lighthouse, but none came. They shouted again, and there was no answer. Then they rowed around the tower.

The big light seemed to wink mockingly at them. The lighthouse was deserted, or so it seemed. The big Dane, the boatswain, and the little Captain kept up courage. They found out from the lighthouse keeper, Mr. Evans, the Mary Evans, was a smaller light in an inlet to the northward. The Dane owned until his arms were swollen nearly to the shoulders and his hands were covered with blisters. They had reached the Mary Evans, and, in the Mary Evans, the little Yankee smack.—*N. Y. Sun, January 11.*

THE CLAY-EATERS.

An Explanation at the Peculiar Habit of the North Carolina Mountaineers.

It has been a matter of speculation for years as to why the "great white trash" of central North Carolina at the clay that is found in that part of the country. It remained for a Philadelphia physician to solve the mystery. A short time ago Dr. Frank Hu. Gretzler, of 1432 Spring Garden street on a gunning expedition to North Carolina. His quest for game led him into the wild country back of Salisbury, which is inhabited for the most part by a race of beings with just energy enough to eke out a wretched existence. These creatures are of extreme skeleton, and, with few exceptions, are addicted to the habit of clay eating.

While shooting wild turkey and other game in this wild region, Dr. Gerthed made an incidental study of this peculiar habit of some among the inhabitants. It is a mountainous country, and in the spring little rivulets start out from the caps of snow on the mountains, and as the snow grows warmer the little rivulets become torrents and great washouts are being made along the mountain sides. The soil is of a certain clayey nature; but there are strata of clay that is heavier than the rest, and when the water rushes down this clay is formed into little pellets and rolls and accumulates in heaps in the valley. These little pellets are just as much as the clay eaters want, and with such avidity as if upper swallows a glass of water.

"Among the poor people of this section," said Dr. Gerthed yesterday, "the habit of eating clay is almost universal. Even the little children are conformed to the habit, and the appetite seems to increase with time. While investigating the matter I entered a cabin occupied by one of these families and saw a little chap tied by the ankle to the door post. I asked the reason, and, after a dish of bread and meat and potatoes within the cabin, I was taken to a little building, and I asked his mother why she had tied up the boy. She replied that he wanted him to eat some food before he went out to play with the children. She said he had eaten breakfast, but, when I asked the boy, he said he had not. The boy replied that he wanted

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

—There will be few disposed to contradict the editorial assertion of the New York *Sun* that "Of all living politicians and statesmen, Charles Stewart Parnell is apparently the ablest."

—Michael Davitt's first act on taking his seat for the first time as a member of the City Council of Dublin was to ask the Corporation to give certain vacant areas within the city limits to be used for labourers' cottages, to be leased at nominal rents. His appearance and his proposition were received with cheers.

—Borrowers are among the worst borne of newspaper bills to contend with. There are hundreds of this class who could subscribe for the MONITOR, just as well as their neighbors, but who are too niggardly to do so, hence we occasionally receive a request like the following from a subscriber in the Northern portion of the State:

"Please discontinue the MONITOR because I do not have a chance to read it, as my neighbor borrows it before I have a chance to see it. I have never yet lost sight of a copy of the MONITOR when they can not see mine. Give the paper well, but I do not wish to furnish it free to parties that can pay for it better even than I can."

—The memorial stone of Oregon for the Washington Monument is on exhibition in Washington. A niche has been left vacant for it in the Monument. The Oregon stone is the most beautiful that has yet been sent by any State. It was designed and cut by Frank Wood of Albany, Oregon. The stone is twenty granite sandstones on hydrous alimite, and bears on its face a landscape, with Oregon's coat-of-arms surrounded by fruits and flowers, the whole enclosed with raised mouldings cut in sandstone. Surrounding the State seal are thirty-two stars of greenish syenite, and the four-capped mountains are represented by white marble from southern Oregon.

—When Cyrus W. Field was afflicted with Anglo-phobia, he very foolishly spent a lot of money raising a monument in New York State to the memory of the traitor Benedict Arnold. But some good citizens thought such a monument more of a disgrace than an honor, so they raised it to the ground with dynamite. And now, we are very glad to learn that Mr. Field has become partially cured of his Anglo-phobia, that he has had all he wants of the Andre Monument, and will not repair the damage done by the explosion under it a few months ago. He is now satisfied that the monument will not be permitted to stand undisturbed, and it has already cost him three times as much as it is worth.

Eugene O'Connell, first Bishop of Grass Valley Diocese, and now Bishop of Jopps. The venerable Prelate is at present making a brief visit to the Dominican Convent at Benicia, where, we presume, the recurrence of this important incident in his long and useful life will be duly celebrated. The MONITOR anticipates the recurrence of the occasion by wishing the venerable Prelate or whatever may be left of him for layman's life to celebrate the golden jubilee of that solemn occasion which took place February 3rd, 1961.

—New Hampshire is the one black spot of religious intolerance in America. It seems that the power "authorizing the appointment and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion and morality," stands in New Hampshire as it was adopted in 1792 from an old statute of the 13th of Queen Anne; and New Hampshire is the only State in the Union that bears on the page of her fundamental law the mark of an un-American spirit—a word indicative of narrow-minded bigotry. We sincerely hope that the Catholics of that State will never rest until they have expunged this stain from the State's escutcheon.

—The *United Ireland* attributes the recent resignation of the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to his reluctance to do what he would have others do ordered by the Government, and which will render the Irish desperate. It implores the Cabinet to look before it leaps, and not to adopt coercive remedies, as the people will not submit tamely to being robbed of their homes. These remarks are assuaged by the sentiments of an Irish High Sheriff who has written to the *Times* that a famine is approaching Ireland, and with it will come acts of lawlessness. Violent men, he says, determined not to starve, will seize the necessaries of life, even at the risk of doing bodily harm to others.

—We here in California are so absorbed in looking towards the East that we seldom cast a glance across the Pacific to see what our neighbors in the Central Pacific are doing. Accordingly many of the readers of the MONITOR will learn with surprise that a Russian railway is projected from the Baltic to the Pacific ocean. The *Moscow Pokrovsk* says that "such an enterprise is the surest way to strike Siberia and to increase the influence of Russia among the other Powers. It will be the longest and the coolest railway in the world. Its buildings must not be delayed any longer." Such a railroad will open up a new world for the commerce of the Pacific coast.

—Some idiot idea of the strain which thousands of the shabby-genteel class in England are reduced to, may be formed from the following account which an English gentleman gives a London paper of the answers he received in three days to an advertisement for a janitor for a school. The advertisement stated that the position would only be given to a person who was sober, reliable and of good character; that a married person was preferred; that the wages amounted to £10 per week, with free living-rooms, gas and coal. He received in answer to this advertisement 548 applicants. Among them were fifty-seven graduates from English, Scotch, and Irish universities, two scions of noble houses, fifty persons who had been engaged in literary pursuits, twenty men who had been officers in the army, about the same number of clergymen, medical men, clerks, and men who had been engaged in business for themselves, and sixty three women. Many of them wrote very pathetic letters.

—It seems that one of the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of weeding out the Chinese is the impossibility of finding household "help" to take their places. The Carson *Tribune* says on this point that so long as girls refuse to accept situations as helps in private families, just so long will the Chinese remain, and the talk of getting rid of the plague will end in smoke. A truthful gentleman informs the *Tribune* that he could secure situations for twenty-five young women in respectable families, and that numbers who really need work are too proud to accept the employment, and some among the number are living partially at the expense of the county.

—We learn from a Honolulu paper that the King of the Sandwich Islands has shown his appreciation of the labors and sacrifices of the Catholic Priests and Sisters in his realm by conferring the decoration of Officer of the Royal Crown of Hawaii upon Father Lonorez, through whose influence several Panamanian Sisters were procured as nurses for the leper lazarettos of the Islands. The King has also decorated the Superior in charge of the branch hospital at Kalaoao with an insignia of distinction for the labors of herself and companions among the sick of the subjects who are shunned by all save those whose courage in the midst of contagion is fortified by the true faith.

—Alluding to the expected change which is to take place regarding the ownership of the land in Ireland, the New York *Herald* says that the ownership of land means conservatism, it means patriotism, it means ambitious industry. Large rentals, uncertain tenure, on the other hand, mean in the long run poverty and rebellion and bloodshed. England has wrestled with that problem, but she has never mastered it. Whatever else Ireland may gain—Parliament, legislative independence, control of police or of tariffs, or what not—she will never have peace either under British rule or under the leadership of Parnell until the farmer can own his cabin and his land. A man with a hut and a cow and a few acres all his own becomes a loyal and contented subject. Without these he is a nomad, ripe for rebellion."

—It is a singular as well as a shameful fact that the Protestant Episcopal sect in New York is the landlord of scores of the vilest dens in that city. Under the caption of "Trinity's Dens," the *Herald* of that city says: "Trinity Church Corporation is owner of the worst class of tenements in Manhattan, among the wretched people who are forced to live in such places, of being the hardest and meanest landlord in New York. The policy of the Trinity Church Corporation is never to make repairs on a tenement they own, but to let it actually fall to pieces, until no one, however wretched, can live in it. Then the Corporation bears it down and builds a store or warehouse on a comparatively expensive flat house. But it never spends its money to improve the condition of the poor." Such is the conduct of Protestant preachers who send ship-loads of bibles to the Fiji islanders and then sell themselves "Christians" while they are thus gridding the foes of the poor in New York city.

—The old files of the MONITOR seem to be very useful to some of our contemporaries in enabling them to strut their brief hour upon the public stage in borrowed plumage. No doubt our talented young friend "J. O.D." will feel greatly elated when we tell him that his contribution which appeared in the MONITOR of August 27th, 1884, has been converted into an editorial in one of our "patent-inside" contemporaries. The individual who thus tries to flourish on other people's brains had the good taste, however, to omit the last paragraph in "J. O. D.'s" contribution to the MONITOR, wherein he refers to that noble Christian mania, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"—a lesson that is lost upon those who are seemingly Catholic in their professions but anti-Catholic in their practices.

—As the greeting of Home Rule is now inevitable, various surmises are being made as to the composition of the Irish Cabinet. Mr. Parnell, it is taken for granted, would be Premier. Mr. Justin McCarthy, Vice Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, would fill the next most important position of Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer: Mr. Healy would be Attorney-General or Lord Chancellor; Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Minister for Education; Mr. Sexton, Home Secretary. Mr. O'Brien has been a prominent Irish member, but people find it difficult to name the office he would accept, thinking probably he would prefer to remain an independent member. As several members of the proposed Irish Cabinet have hitherto resided permanently in England, the granting of a Home Parliament would involve, it is presumed, the necessity of their living in Dublin. It is one of the most frequent and bitter complaints that the want of a native legislature has caused the banishment of Irish talent.

—So remarkable has been the change in English opinion concerning the right of Ireland to self-government, that the *London Statist*—the organ of the English commercial classes—has been compelled to make this admission: "Home Rule, which so short a time ago appeared utterly impossible, is to day secured. We did not doubt that the practical people like the English would sooner or later realize the meaning of the Irish elections; but we feared that for a while sentiment would be made sober, reliable and of good character; that a married person was preferred; that the wages amounted to £10 per week, with free

Christian Brothers for Oregon:

Only a few weeks have elapsed since we announced the opening of the first parochial school for boys in this city, under the direction of members of a Religious Order. To-day we sincerely congratulate the citizens of Oregon on the establishing of the Christian Brothers in the flourishing metropolis of Portland. We have since officially informed that on Monday, February 1st, the Brothers are to take charge of St. Michael's College in that city. Reverend Brother Aldrick of Mary, of Sacred Heart College, has been appointed Director; Rev. Brother Bertrand, of St. Joseph's Academy (Oakland, Sub-Director; and Rev. Brother Ysaias Michael, of Martinez, Assistant.

Thank God, the light of Christian education is spreading! The aggregate number of pupils under direction of the Brothers on this coast, including those at St. Mary's and the Sacred Heart Colleges, and St. Peter's Day School, in this city, St. Joseph's Academy and three parochial schools in Oakland, and the Sacramento Institute, at the Capital, is 1,965. The number at St. Michael's College will add nearly two hundred more to this phalanx of Catholic youth.

The Religious teaching Orders in the Catholic Church, may—like the Church herself—be likened to a city seated on a high mountain which cannot be hid. They are the light of the world. When we consider, on the one hand, that Adoration, Holy Eucharist, the earth possesses nothing more grand, more admirable, more worthy the contemplation of the Adorable Trinity than the Christian in the state of grace;" and on the other hand, that although the establishments conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, comprise primary schools, art schools, orphanages, normal schools, academies and colleges, yet, like all other Religious teaching orders in the Church, their all-important object is to teach those confided to their care how to prepare and to recover baptismal grace; and when we reflect that the harvest is already ripe while the laborers are few, we take this opportunity of reminding *Catholic young men* that the Christian Brothers need recruits who have a vocation for teaching and who are willing to sacrifice themselves so that they may save the souls of others.

But why one any words of ours when one of the best and most practical men we have to loose—has already spoken on this subject. In a congratulatory letter which the Archbishop of Orleans addressed to Brother Joachim Alemany, O. P., sent to the Superior of the Christian Brothers on this coast, just twenty years ago, his Grace Archbishop alluded to the great mission which the Order of La Salle has before it.

"Young Brothers, you are destined to a life of the most disinterested self-sacrifice, and it is there the most efficient apostolate of the Church in the Church—not only of that secular lowe lodge which is needed in the various avocations of life—but what is vastly more important, say, of inestimable value, is the power to the young that science of science—the knowledge of God and His holy religion.

Your Institute being approved and blessed by the Holy Mother Church, as one of her sweetest and most fragrant flowers, you are sent out to her children, to cheer, to gladden, to comfort, to guide, to encourage in their sore way leaning towards a religious life, to lead, to direct

Farm and Home.

FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

Some Tableaux to Amuse the Young People—New Effective Scenes may be Arranged in any Ordinary Room.

"here are few pastimes better calculated to interest and amuse a winter evening assemblage of young people than tableaux; and a few plain directions, by which effective scenes can be arranged in any room, cannot fail to be of interest. Let us begin ten boxes of various sizes, two half-length pictures frames, one washtub and board, one broom, twenty feet of annealed wire, two dozen curtain rings, some large lamps or twenty candles, or a gas-rod twelve feet long, with fifteen fire-fly burners (open at the upper end), some muslin, costing about 30 cents per yard, and five cotton sheets. If the room has no folding-doors, you must have a thick curtain or bed-bath contrived to draw on a wire across the room, leaving a space about fifteen feet deep for the stage. This space must be draped with shawls or curtains, by stretching wire across the sides and back of the stage, near the ceiling, and hanging them by means of rings sewed upon the cloth. Then procure four upright pieces of narrow board, just the height of the room, for posts, screw them upon the back sides of the frames, near the edge, so that when you raise them up the frames will stand up right four feet six inches from the floor. Cover all the space above and behind the frames with cloth of the same color as the back wall, so that they will appear to the audience as if hanging upon the wall. Put up these frames four feet apart, and nail four strips of board five inches wide, in the shape of a large frame, between them, having the top and bottom strips, which form the frame, six and one-half feet apart. This will give you a large frame between the two smaller ones. The large frame will be 4 feet wide and 6½ feet high outside. The curtain must be arranged to run in front of the frames to cover them when not in use. These three frames form the back of the stage—the supporting posts called to the floor—two feet one-half feet from the wall, so as to give room for the performers or "pictures" behind them. If gas is available, fasten a rod, with burners upon it, over the top of the curtain or folding-doors. It is well to make a shelf for it, supported on two posts, about eight feet high. Over the burners will behind then tack sheets of common tin, bent so as to throw the light down. If you cannot obtain the tin conveniently, a white sheet, fastened behind the burners, will answer the purpose. If the curtain does not reach the ceiling, you must put a board or thick cloth above it, so that too much light will not enter the darkened auditorium. If you cannot be hung fasten candles or lamps, very securely, upon the shelf. In a very elaborate performance the stage should be raised to a level with the eyes of the spectators, but very fine performances are sometimes given on a few hours's notice. Yet make a roll of black lastrian muslin, large enough to cover the space before the posts which support the curtain.

A few suggestions, requiring only such costumes and appointments as can be collected in almost any house, may be not of place. A very simple one is: "Justice, Mercy and Peace." Justice stands on a high pedestal, made of two boot-boxes covered with a sheet; Peace on one box and Mercy leaning on two boxes placed end to end, making a long pedestal. They are draped in sheets. Peace can be taken by a child dressed in a snow frock of white sateen; Justice covered with black satin, with a be a larger lady than mercy. Mercy kneels in an attitude of prayer, with her head bent; Justice, bandageded, stands erect, holding a sword and scales covered with a white cloth, and Peace stands on the right of several with some sunshine like this.

"Nonsense; well I guess you this pretty as well as anybody."

"I don't either."

"Why you don't too lazy to split the wood you'd like them.

"Mrs. Swipes, now do be sensible. You know this preserving business costs money for sugar, fruit, cans, wax, firewood and dozens know what all. Hot some way or other you never do think about expense, for you've always buying ribbons, ruffles and Sunmaddities; but when I want anything, such as an easy chair to rest my weary bones in—oh, no, I can't have it, because you've spent all the money for duds you get on yourself.

"Now, you think you've said it. Oh, no, you don't spend any money, but I spend it all. If that's way where do you get money to pay order and come home to the house of your family stone-blind drunk? Don't deny it Swipes, for you know somebody blacked your eyeglasses the other day, and you was so drunk you thought it was midnight and made home with a lamp on your head in the middle of the day. You talk about economizing money."

Down on Newspaper Men.

"I don't want nodings to do vid dem newspaper vellers. They ly too schmart, all der vile."

"How's that, Schmidt?"

"Yall, de odder day von newspaper man come my house to ask me how I made de vall vashion, Schmidt." Undt I tips Breitty mock ter same. Vant a suit?

"Vy, he says, 'gents lik tem longer fish month as dey vish last month, sin't dat?'

"Undt I says, 'No, sir!' I a dailer! Dat's I know my deals!'

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Two of a Trade.

A robber met a cool dealer on a lonely road and stopped him. "Your money or your life," said the robber. "Who are you?" asked the cool dealer. "I'm a highwayman," replied the man. "Good cough," cool said the cool dealer. "I'm a low-wayfaring man. Shake. We shall be friends. And they were.

A Neure Baptism.

"What name will you call them?" I asked.

"Cherubim and Seraphim," replied the mother.

"Why?" I asked astonishment.

"Because, children, with such a name they will be cherubim and seraphim continually cry, and does yers children do noth."

— Airy dentry beauty as effectually as forced pleasantry wipes out tran joy.

A Wonderful Freak of Nature

is sometimes exhibited in our public institutions. When we gaze upon some of the peculiar freaks these notice cannot only ladies in our midst forget back to the condition of man, "what is so fearfully and wonderfully made." The inventive genius of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., Office, of Buffalo, and through his knowledge of those mysteries he has been able to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a specific for all blood taints, poisons and humors, such as scrofula, pimples, blotches, eruptions, eruptions, ulcers and blanket affections. By druggists.

Family Fun.

"Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me."

Deacon White (who is a property owner and runs a real estate agency) "Good morning, Deacon Black."

Deacon Black "Good morning. I thought I would drop in and ask you how you liked the new minister yesterday. Fine sermon, wasn't it?"

D. W. "Excellent. Never heard better. He is a very eloquent man, and is very happy in the selection of his subjects."

D. B. "Remarkably so. Sermons on subjects that touch the sympathies are better for us all than the discussion of points of doctrine."

D. W. "Certainly, what could be happier than his sermon upon Mr. Gump? How tenderly he spoke of the little ones! I declare it melted my heart to hear him—

(Enter Lady who has business with Deacon W.)

D. W. "Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?"

Lady "Have you got any houses to let?"

D. W. "Yes."

Lady: "I am looking around to find a good house at a reasonable rent.

D. W. "Have you any children?"

L. "Yes.

D. W. "Then I can't let you have a house. Don't want any children in my houses."

Lady takes her leave, and the deacons resume their conversation on the sermon.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

"My dear, observed Mr. Gump, as he opens the door a little his for supper. "I am sorry that I couldn't get here sooner, but I stopped on the way up to get some tickets for the theater."

"You ought to know better than to waste your money in that way, Mr. Gump."

"Yes, my dear, but I got them for Mary Anderson."

"You did, hey! you got some tickets for Mary Anderson! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Gump. Here I am left at home to work my hands off while you go out and buy tickets for Mary Anderson."

"But, my dear, I was going to take you to see Mary."

"I don't want to see her, and you ought to be ashamed to tell me that it's bad enough for you to go and buy theater tickets for her."

"But, my darling—"

"Look here, Mr. Gump, I want to tell you one thing. If you mention that woman's name to me again, you'll be sorry for it. You needn't try to explain, for I won't have it. Mary Anderson, hay! I suppose you gave her the tickets!"

"No, my dear, I—"

"Then the best thing you can do is to put them in the fire."

"But, my—"

"See here, John Gump, if you don't put those tickets in the fire, you'll regret it."

And John goes and put the $5 worth in the stove, mentally resolving that the philosopher was right when he divided mankind into two varieties of fools.

Where' the Money Goes.

"Swipes, won't you split up a little wood and go and borrow a brass kettle before you go up town?"

"What in thunder do you want me to do that for?"

"Cause I want to preserve some cherries to-day."

"Cherries?"

"Yes, cherries!"

"Thats just like you, Mrs Swipes. You'n always splintering and fooling your money away on everything."

"Nonsense; well I guess you this preserving is as well as anybody."

"I don't either."

"Why you don't too lazy to split the wood you'd like them.

"Mrs. Swipes, now do be sensible. You know this preserving business costs money for sugar, fruit, cans, wax, firewood and dozens know what all. Hot some way or other you never do think about expense, for you're always buying ribbons, ruffles and Sunmaddities; but when I want anything, such as an easy chair to rest my weary bones in—oh, no, I can't have it, because you've spent all the money for duds you get on yourself.

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Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send list of officers and other information desired concerning their societies to the Editor.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PARACHIAL COUNCIL.—The Parochial Council meets on a month, and a general meeting of all the conferences is held quarterly. The Parochial Council, to which each conference sends two representatives, has the signal distinction of the Parish, so that the power conferred upon it by the Rule of the Society, of dividing a parish into districts, can be exercised without conflict, cases of hardship and destitution are thoroughly investigated, and relief administered in the most thoroughly practical way. The Council meets on the Thursday in every month, but the Executive Committee meets every Tuesday. The officers are: Rev. Father Prefect, President; One Priest, Owen C. Brady; Treasurer, Roger O'Donnell; Secretary, P. J. Thomas. The Parochial Council further consists of the President, Vice-President and Spiritual Director of each conference, viz:

Conferences of the Parish.

The following list comprises the officers of the different St. Vincent de Paul Conferences in this city:

ST. MARY'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. John Prendergast; President, Thomas Cunnion; Vice-President, P. Cunnion; Treasurer, J. J. Crane; Secretary, 1877 Bush st., and Jas. Hampshire, 1122 Geary street.

ST. PATRICK'S.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Prendergast; President, Thomas Cunnion; Vice-President, Thomas Cunnion; Treasurer, J. J. Crane; Secretary, 1877 Bush st., and Jas. Hampshire, 1122 Geary street.

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ST. PAUL'S.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Prendergast; President, Thomas Cunnion; Vice-President, P. Cunnion; Treasurer, J. J. Crane; Secretary, Jas. Hampshire, 1122 Geary street.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—Among the dancers who appeared on the floor at a prosper' ball in Armagh workhouse, on Christmas night, were two inmates named Mary Barry and Margaret Monaghan. The former is 90, and the latter 100 years old. Both danced with considerable activity, and both enjoyed good health, and have long been workhouse inmates.

Antrim.—All indications now point to the possibility that the majority of the moderate Liberals, who are now still in the Parliamentary Liberal ranks, will sooner or later join with the Unionists, if a move is being worked out by Mr. Parnell. The child cause, however, is a subject upon which the leaders of Irish party are extremely sensitive, and any such move would be made with the utmost caution. The Ulster Liberals, who are now still in the Parliamentary Liberal ranks, are a very small minority in Ulster, and are made of political matters is intended to utilize the Loyalist party, but is conducted with such virulence that it is rapidly driving the moderates into the ranks of the Nationalists. The reasoning end of the Orange party is rapidly drifting toward Home Rule.

Clare.—The great ball mills near between Crusheen, of Victoria, and T. H. Malone, late of Milltown Malbay, county Clare, and now of Sydney, for the chairmanship of Australian Parliament, place on the Port Melbourne premises, which are 1 mile from the Victoria Dock, and stands with a load of three yards of wheat, and a load of twenty bags of flour, and in the afternoon, and the Irish that the weather was so fine, and the Irish champion drawing was so well attended, and the sport was so lively by 12 parts.

Cork.—Dr. John F. Moynihan, Dispensary doctor at Ballyhooly district, for several years, died on December 29th, aged 45 years. Deceased was a native of Ballyhooly, and was the son of a medical practitioner in the same district. He was a national orthodoxist, and was a member of the Nationalist party.

The Dublin Nationalists have carried four out of the eight municipal seats, which increase their number to five. Dublin Nationalists, although defeated on the Township Board, and, although defeated on the Corporation, yet, on the result in Victoria, and the political complexion of the Dublin Corporation, when taken in the aggregate, is considered that the Nationalists have gained a good deal of ground. In the present instance, contrary to the usual rule, the Nationalists have gained in the Dublin Corporation, and, in the Dublin Corporation, the Nationalists have gained ground. The Dublin Nationalists have carried four out of the eight municipal seats, which increase their number to five. Dublin Nationalists, although defeated on the Township Board, and, although defeated on the Corporation, yet, on the result in Victoria, and the political complexion of the Dublin Corporation, when taken in the aggregate, is considered that the Nationalists have gained a good deal of ground. In the present instance, contrary to the usual rule, the Nationalists have gained in the Dublin Corporation, and, in the Dublin Corporation, the Nationalists have gained ground.

Dublin.—On December 30th, a meeting of the Dublin Nationalists was held in the Mansion House, when a resolution was passed to the effect that the Nationalists should contest every municipal seat in the city, and that the Nationalists should contest every municipal seat in the city, and that the Nationalists should contest every municipal seat in the city, and

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE SAILOR'S QUEST.

BY GRANDIE QUINN.

"A toast, a toast!" the sailors cry,
And echo answers back,
While the good ship plunges her funny way
Over the foaming track.
"Here's to the lassie we left behind,"
Sang a jolly tar of the seas,
May God in His love and mercies kind,
Protect them wher'er we be.

Thus pledged each heart both bold and brave,
As the brave ship danced o'er the foaming waves,
With the while sea foam as her lace,
Till a youth stood up with brimming cup
And the dark eyes dashed a tear,
While each stood with pelt on his sturdy form
And his cable like the shades of night.

A toast I drink to a dear one's name,
I trust beyond my ken,
She's more to me than say friend I name,
I drink to my dear old mother.
I know ere she closes her eyes in sleep
She breathes a prayer for me,
That our Blessed Mother will ever keep,
A watch o'er her boy at sea.

A silence fell on that jovial throng,
And upon that flushed, grave face,
Hushed was the last and laughing song,
I wonder? was the theme brim-
Each thought of home and a mother dear,
And memory endeared back
While the proud ship danced o'er the tremblin
waves,
On the ocean's watery track.

THEY WILTED.

They were sitting side by side,
And she blushed and he sighed.

Said he, "My darling idol."
And then he sighed, and then she blied.

"You are creation's belle."
And she sighed, and then he bellowed.

"On my soul there's such a weight,"
And he sighed, and then she wailed.

"Your hand I ask, so hold I'm crowe,"
And he groaned, and then she groaned.

"You shall have your private pie,"
And she giggled, and then he giggled.

Said she, "My dearest Luke,"
And he laughed, while she looked.

"I'll have thee, if thou will,"
And he willed, and then she willed.

Literary Miscellany.

Was it a Ghost?

of His Wife.

CHAPTER I.

The night of the 5th of January, Little Christmas Eve, 1860, shall I ever forget its gaiety and its sadness? Its pleasure in the wintry wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant dreary prose of the ship?

I had heard of lonely wayfarers being lost in the woods before; I had pitied them; but now I fully consisted the vague terror, the maddened danger which broods over the lost!

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, leaping close to the trunks of the trees, to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could just hear the roar of the turbulent stream some forty or fifty feet below.

My blood ran cold at the thought what might be the possible consequences of a mistake, or a mere lapse in the wrong direction. Hitherto I had been contented to hang in

I should have reached the railway station an hour ago! I had not foolishly imagined the woodpath would be more direct; now I have wandered off, nobody knows how many miles out of civilization, and if I escape with my life, and some bones broken, I shall consider myself particularly lucky.

Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me as false as and my common senses?

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the suspicious descent. It was a light—blank Providence it was a light, and no space future or corpse-gleam to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Hallo-o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion, strengthened by the energy of despairing; the light beetlered, oscillated back and forth, and loudly stood still.

I plunged and scrambled through tangled vines, dense briars, and rocky banks, until, gradually searing, I could perceive a bent figure wrapped in an old obiloth cape or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled.

Would not solitude and the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled, hideous old man! But it was too late to remedy now.

"What's wanting?" he marled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to move his yellow stumps of teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the wood; can you direct me to Rochester station?"

"Yes; Rochester station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!" I stood aghast.

"Yes."

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Dove's down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes glimmed; the yellow stumps seemed revealed once more.

"I guess so. Taint a tavern, but folks do stop there some in a while."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then lead on make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

"I plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me, though he must have been nearly seventy-five years of age, and bent with infirmity. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like treeless woods, and hoping straight on until the lights of some habitation glean-ed difidly through the wet foliage.

CHAPTER II.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all down to one side as if the fiends, lion blind, and the pillars of a rude porch were nearly rotted away; yet that frail castle could scarcely have looked pleasanter or more welcome to me, wayworn and weary as I was.

I was answered my fellow traveler's knock—a woman apparently about thirty-five years of age, with reddish brown hair wound in thick braids about her head, and curiously bald at one temple.

My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, reliable words of welcome. "She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, could I stay over night.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, with my valise close at hand, while the woman threw on fresh logs, drew out a round pine table, and produced bread, cold meat, and a bottle of some spiritous compound. I ate a few mouthfuls of the bread, but did not touch the other articles.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly."

The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up in the chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no."

Here I interrupted the whispered colloquy. "I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste!"

The woman's smooth apologies were profuse. "She only wished to make me comfortable, and Isaac's room always looked in wet weather."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that made my limbs ache, and ushered into a room where cobwebs adorned sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bed stood, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with one or two chairs formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The women set the light—no oil, fampon the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to Rochester station in time for the seven o'clock train."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment.

I sat down, and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation. Wearied as I had become, I felt no inclination to sleep, in fact, it seemed as if I had never been more wakeful in all my life. I walked up and down the narrow room; I lay down on the bed, trying to woo slumber by listening to the ceaseless drip, drip of the rain upon the roof, but all in vain; my brain seemed preternaturally active.

"I will sit down and write to Berenice," I thought; "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed ruddy on the stone hearth; my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table onin—a short, stout, villainous-looking man, in a red flannel shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials. A bottle of ink, a stumpy pen, and a couple of sheets of ruled paper were brought out of a little cupboard in the chimney, and I returned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Berenice;

I paused and laid down my pen as I modeled the words, half musing to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters—she, my fair little Italian flower, now regaining her lost rosee under the blue balmy sky of her native land, and I, the pale, wayworn, anxious husband, in this part of the stormy midnight.

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded the paper I happened to glance toward my cosed.

Was it a gleam of a human eye observing me through the crack of the board partition, or was it but my own fancy? Whatever it was, it sent a cold chill through the marrow of my bones. I took my light to reconnoiter. There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was ten o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours more. I would lie down in my clothes and watch that chamber I could. So placing my valise close to the head of my bed, and resuming the fearless door with the two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

CHAPTER III.

Dreary enough the hours dragged by, while I lay in the gloom, and a third person stole into the room. Either my companion or the woman was sent with a stump pen, and a couple of sheets of sealed paper were brought out of a little cupboard in the chimney, and I returned to my room to write to my wife.

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But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my sister, who was with Berenice in her Italian home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to me on the Twelfth Night. Berenice had not been so well for some time; she had had been confined to her bed for nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late—the clock had just struck one—when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing cold and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all efforts seemed vain to restore life or animation. I was just about sending Antonio for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"Berenice!" I exclaimed, "how you have terrified me! Are you ill?

"Not ill, she answered; "but I feel so strange. Grace, I have been with my husband!"

And all our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you in the night of the 5th of January, or rather on the morning of the Epiphany. Where said she you not tell; but we think it must have been where you lodge, for, she said, she knew the wish you could see how fast she is improving.

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its strange relation. I leave facts. Let psychologists unravel the falsyrintricacy of this.

I am not superstitious, neither have I much romance in my composition. I prefer to say that I believe or do not believe in ghosts, dreams, and apparitions, but this thing I know—that although my Italian wife was at Naples, in the body, she waking of Little Christmas Eve, her spirit actually stood beside me in the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me.

It may be that, to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love, all things are possible; but Berenice surely saved my life.

AN UNRECORDED ENGAGEMENT OF THE WAR.

Mark Twain's Private History of a Campaign that Failed.

The following amusing incident in the Civil War is recorded by Mark Twain in the December Century:

"For a time life was idly delicious; it was perfect; there was nothing to mar it. Then came some farmers with an alarm one day. They said that it was rumored that the enemy were advancing in all directions, from our Hydes prairie. The rumor was a sharp stir amongst us, and general consternation. The effect upon Hyde was tremendous. The rumor was but a rumor—nothing definite about it; so, in the course of two days, we did not know which way to retreat. Lyman was not for retreating at all in those uncertain circumstances; but he had to be tried to maintain that attitude he would not. Hyde was for the command were in no humor to put up with timber-limation. So he yielded the point and called a council of war—to consist of himself and three other officers; but the privates made such a fuss about being left out, that we had to allow them to be present. I mean we had to allow them to remain for they were already present, and doing the most of the talking too. The question was which way to retreat; but all were so flurried that nobody seemed to have even a guess to offer, except Lyman. He explained in a few calm words, that inasmuch as the enemy were approaching over Hyde's prairie, our course was simple, all we had to do was to retreat towards him; any other direction would scatter our needs perfectly. Everybody saw it immediately to be the true and how wise so layman got many compliments. It was now decided that we should fall back on Mason's farm.

It was after dark by this time, and as we could not know how soon the enemy might arrive, it did not seem best to try to pack the horses; so we only took the guns and ammunition and started at once. It was a very rough and hilly and rocky, and presently the night grew very dark and very cold, and I got lost in the troublesome time of it, struggling and stumbling along in the dark—and soon afterwards I stumbled over a fallen tree and my foot was caught in a root, and I was left there, one after the other, all but

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1886.

PASTORAL LETTER

—OF—

RIGHT REV. BISHOP MANOGUE

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF

The Diocese of Grass Valley.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:

We are again called upon to acknowledge the bounty and liberality of Almighty God towards his people. We can well sustain in the over-flowing exuberance of grateful hearts, "Praise the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." During the few years which have elapsed of the glorious reign of our beloved and venerated Supreme Pontiff, now, for the third time, we have been favored with the sanctifying blessings of a Jubilee. May God grant us all the grace to appreciate this paternal solicitude by turning to our own personal and individual accounts the favorable opportunity now presented; that we may redeem the past by penitential works, alms deeds and works of mercy in the poor, and that the future may be sanctified, we hope the last of the sort which shall ever be within our reach, may blot out the hand-writing of sin against us, recorded on to God and enhance our eternal salvation. "Now indeed is the acceptable time, now the day of salvation. Now indeed are the words of the Lord applicable: "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow; and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool."

Our joy should be the joy of those of the Hebrews of old as the Church expresses the Synagogue, as Christianity avouts Judaism. The Jubilee year was announced by the sound of a trumpet, and the same word derived from the Hebrew Yobel signifying the blast of a trumpet is still retained in the law of grace to express a joy similar but greater than that proclaimed to the oppressed Hebrew. It was a year of rejoicing to them; for greater reason it should be a year of rejoicing for us. Debts were remitted and cancelled; slaves were restored to liberty; families re-seated in possession of their mortgaged or lost patrimony, and even the land itself was permitted to assume a tranquil repose, to recuperate its exhausted vigor, and renew its charms, its freshness, richness and beauty. "Now," says the Apostle, "all these things happened to them in figure."

For the children of the Church the year of Jubilee is a year of mercy, a year of indulgence, a year of forgiveness. A year when doors are opened against the claims of Divine Justice are entirely remitted; when the sinner of sin are restored to the liberty of the children of God; when the unfortunate, the guilty and religious may, by salutary penance, regain their forfeited rights, recover upon their own possession, their heavenly inheritance; when each one by a separation of the past may lay up reserved and redoubled strength for the future; when, finally, all people of good will throughout the world, laying aside their worldly aspirations, dangerous occasions and diabolical enticements, are certainly exhorted to seriously reflect upon the past in the bitterness of "their soul; to make with their fervidity, their carelessness, their indifference, their forbidden pleasures, hurtful spectacles and theatres, their shameful amusements, their scandalous lives, their impious infidelities, their compact offensive and defensive, that they may be enabled to see and understand the evil and the true guilty, and realize eternity now glimmering before their souls.

We have standing against us not only the guilt of the best also the unpaid penalty, the temporal punishment inseparably connected therewith. During this year of special favor we are earnestly urged to liquidate both the guilt of sin and its temporal punishment. We know we have been sinners, but we know we have satisfied the justice of God for our transgressions? The penitent prophet declared: "I have my iniquity and my sin is always before my eyes." But did he do penance for his sin? Did he satisfy the justice of God? Did he supplate the temporal punishment attached to and following his sin? Because of his anguish and penance God remembered and rephiliam. "The Lord hath taken away thy sin; nevertheless because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blasphemie, the child born to thee shall surely die." "I have pardoned thee, for whom thou hast implored my clemency, said Almighty God to Moses, "but in punishment of their sin none of them shall see the Promised Land."

Does not the universal condition of the human race in the land to the most remote descent, not, bear testimony to this inconsistable truth? Whence come the sufferings, the pains, the tribulations, the afflictions, sickness, any, death itself? The Apostle answers: "The wages of sin is death." "Does not man, woman, child, lament, O! Lord! even the sins of those whom thou hast punished. Thou punishest those who confessing their sins only because he punishes him. Still. Thus mercy and justice are equally satisfied; mercy because man is delivered from sin; and justice, because sin is punished." *Misericordia pax nam liberatur; justitia quia punitur punitur, S. Aug. in Psalm L.*

As the Jubilee begins from the very commencement of this year, and as life and death are uncertain individually speaking, we take this Encyclopaedic to be before you the precious treasures of the Church so that those who may be ill, labouring on the way, or nearing life's last stage, may not be deprived of such heavenly assistance.

The conditions for gaining the Plenary Indulgence are the following:

I. Be visits to the local Church with fervent prayer for the intention of the Holy Father. No particular prayers are prescribed, but, to avoid confusion, let the Pater Noster and Ave Maria, or the Litany of the Blessed Virgin may be said. These prayers should be vocal not mental.

II. Two days of strict Mosic fast; that is, nothing the use of eggs, butter, milk and cheese. Any days during the year even in the Lenten season, which are not otherwise set apart as days of fast, or days of abstinence, as the vigil, black fast days, may be selected as the Jubilee fast days.

III. Abundoning something to one's means. With regard to this condition the confessor should be consulted. The Holy Father has designated the objects for the alms of the faithful, viz: Parochial schools and the education of young candidates for the priesthood. The respective pastors are requested to be careful in preserving these offerings of the people so as to enable to be sent the amount collected out by the Sovereign Pontiff.

IV. A good confession and communion. The confession and communion prescribed for the Jubilee indulgence are not intended to satisfy the Easter duty, and hence must be distinct and separate from the Paschal obligation.

The Plenary indulgence may be gained more than once provided the prescribed conditions, as at first, be fulfilled, but the special faculties contained in the Encyclical letter of commuting, absolving or dispensing can be exercised by the confessors only once in favor of the same person.

All the foregoing conditions accept confession may be commuted for other good works by the confessor. Those confined in prisons, hospitals, the sick, the facile, all disabled persons, are left to the pious and prudent care of the pastors and confessors for works suitable to their condition to gain the indulgence. Children who are not admitted to First Communion can be dispensed therefrom and be placed in the ranks of those who have received the holy Eucharist.

To you, beloved brethren of the clergy, I, prelate to set forth the benefits of the Jubilee. In a short letter we can but indicate the outlines. It is for you to more profoundly explain, though may be engineered or careless in the performance of the works prescribed, they should again and again be active and alive to their greatest interests as well as to the appeals of the poor souls from the prison of Purgatory. At least you, my friends have play or no, for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me." Make known the desire of the Holy Father to secure such participation and help in the Jubilee of St. Francis among the people; by promoting and spreading the beautiful and devotional appeals through the agencies of the holy Rosary, and by laying before the faithful in proper and becoming colors the beauties of their holy religion. How many indifferent children are unaware of its riches, the treasures, the beauties and attractions of their Father's house; They would seem unable to appreciate the precious jewels surrounding them in their palaces. Warn them against the insidious and culpable indifference. Tell them not to imitate the proud, selfish, and rain worldly philosophy who impiously considers himself the lord of creation; who standing amidst the attractions and dazzling scenes surrounding him is often compelled from his selfish stand and narrow horizon to view a greater expanse of the heavens than of the earth, and yet shut his eyes against the brilliant light of the sun, against the majesty of the heavens, the grandeur of the majesty of the planets, and all that dazzling panorama pointing out the Supreme Architect of that great temple of nature. Our humility with the sonnes and beauties of the universe should not render them less attractive, or that Author less revered; so also the goods and gifts continually spread before our eyes in lovely bouquets in the museum of the Church should not be to us a continual source of gratitude, acknowledgment and thanksgiving.

Trusting we may, through the intercession of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, receive this propitious year a plenitude of grace.

I am yours faithfully in Christ,

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Marysville, Feast of St. Francis de Sales, 1886.

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— We learn from our recent Irish exchanges that Archbishop Walsh of Dublin recently visited Archbishop Croke of Cashel, and received a real Irish welcome from the people around the Rock. Next week we will print the spirited speeches delivered by both pastors Prelates at this union of hearts and hands in the cause of holy Ireland.

— A list of all the Catholic societies that have elected officers for 1886, and who have sent in their names to this office thus far, will be found on the third page. There are numerous branches of the Catholic Knights of America and other Catholic organizations not included in one list for the reason that they have neglected thus far to report the new officers. These we will publish as soon as the secretaries send them in.

— We feel deeply grateful to Bishop Mullen of Erie, for his ecclesiastical approval which is printed in the *Lake Shore Visitor*. One reason for this is because the Erie journal says that the Pastor of Erie says "has never been more worthy of his exercise than at present," and we promise this increase in the raise of the *Visitor* arises from the fact that it faloniously appropriates the MONITOR's editorials.

— A recent colloquem from Paris says that the Archbishops of Paris, Lyons and Toulon have written to President Grevy asking their devotion to the fatherland and setting their devotion to the sentiment of patriotism and loyal to the person of the President. Grevy is a Protestant, and yet, more inspiring knowledge of our holy faith, is crowded into these few columns than is contained in many a volume of a thousand pages. All who read it will rejoice that they belong to the grand old Church with such a supremely grand religious record.

— Poor, decrepid and decaying Protestantism is rapidly dissolving into nothing. One by one the props that supported it in its past step in and fetch it career of sectarianism are being knocked from under it, and even its so-called "ministers" are beginning to discover that it lacks all the essential qualities of even a spurious form of Christianity. It is not very long ago since Masses and prayers for the dead were pronounced by Popish abomination," yet now we have nearly a hundred Protestant churches in this country where them services for the dead are performed, when hymns sung and when prayers recited for poor Protestant souls who are in what used to be called—"another popish invention"—Purgatory. We quote from a recent dispatch from Philadelphia says that the Protestant Episcopal Ritualist Church of St. Ignatius on that city, has taken a new step in advance. A recent dispatch from Philadelphia says that the Protestant Episcopal Ritualist Church of St. Ignatius on that city, has taken a new step in advance. The Protestant that exists the apprehension of the evangelical party, namely, the saying of solemn requiem masses for the repose of the dead. The service is all performed by the officiating preacher and his acolytes, and the congregation apparently are shut off entirely from any participation except as lookers-on. This is certainly a new departure from Protestant practices that marks another downward step for sectarianism.

— English holders of Confederate Bonds, it is stated, have begun another movement to secure recognition of their claims from the United States Government. A committee with Lord Penzance at its head, has been appointed to move in the matter in London, and Judge Fullerton, with other legal talent of New York, will be counsel for the English claimants in this country. When—as a contemporary says—Sherman marched from Atlanta to the sea he had to contend against English money, English influence, and English Armstrong guns. He and his soldiers would have that these English people of the South with munitions of war to carry on the contest. They did their best, as far as their means permitted, to destroy the Union but failed, and now they want us to pay them back the money they invested in weapons to cut our throats. We are a forgiving people and extend the hand of fellowship to our Southern brethren, but we have not lost brave, and their bravery covers a multitude of sins in the eyes of the Northern man. But for the sympathy of Englishmen who worked in the dark to overthrow us he has nothing but disdain and contempt. Lord Penzance, whoever he is, may try to win back the money he lost in secession bonds, but Judge Fullerton and his associates might be engaged in a more laudable enterprise than to secure the sympathy of the people of their country. They are playing a losing game, for the patriotism of the North will never forget and ever the recognition of these English Confederate bonds.

Ireland's Prospects for Home Rule.

Just as we were going to press last week the glad tidings reached the galaxies of things from England that the Salisbury ministry had been defeated, through the votes of the solid phalanx of Parnell's compatriots. Since then the Queen has been compelled to accept the resignation of the Salisbury ministry, and to call upon Gladstone to form a Cabinet for the conduct of the national affairs of Great Britain, and the latest news indicates that some very liberal measures indicative of Home Rule for Ireland will be introduced into the present Parliament, and if not actually passed, their presentment will at least pave the way for their passage before the next Parliament dissolves.

English Whigs, Tories, Liberals and Conservatives are all at sea politically concerning the ultimate outcome regarding the Irish question, but in the meanime Parnell and his compatriots keep their lips harmoniously sealed regarding their hopes and aspirations, and this fact would indicate that there is some secret understanding between Gladstone and Parnell which will not be developed until the time be come suitable for its revelation.

Gladstone seems to be the only statesman in England who has the courage to carry out his convictions concerning the Irish question. He stands almost alone among the prominent English politicians as the man who is destined to achieve immortality for his name as the first English Premier who has given to Ireland even a moity of those rights which England has so long wrongfully withheld from her.

Another cause for rejoicing arises from the fact that Ireland rejoices to day over the departure of the man who—it is to be hoped—will prove to be the last English Viceroy in Ireland. Lord Carnarvon left Ireland greeted by the ironical shouts of thousands of Irish men and women who earnestly prayed that they might never look upon his like again—a prayer that will find a response in the heart of every friend of Ireland throughout the whole civilized world.

Looking at the Irish question from all points of the political compass, we feel inclined to believe—as far as human nature can peer into the future—that before two years have dawned Ireland will wring from England the right to govern herself in the full measure of constitutional liberty.

—Bishop Gillmor of Cleveland, is given by the Eastern exemplifier of the wires an authority for the statement that it is the intention of the Holy Father at the next Consistory to create a new American Cardinal as successor to the late lamented Cardinal McCloskey, and that the choice will fall upon Most Rev. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

—It would be a great act of mercy if this father or the mother, or some of the elder children in every household where the MONITOR is received would read *aloud*—at some convenient time when the family could be present—the magnificent historical and Jubilee pastoral sermon preached by Cardinal Moran, which we print this week. More necessary information regarding the commencement of the third order of St. Francis among the people; by promoting and spreading the beautiful and devotional appeals through the agencies of the holy Rosary, and by laying before the faithful in proper and becoming colors the beauties of their holy religion. How many indifferent children are unaware of its riches, the treasures, the beauties and attractions of their Father's house; They would seem unable to appreciate the precious jewels surrounding them in their palaces. Warn them against the insidious and culpable indifference. Tell them not to imitate the proud, selfish, and rain worldly philosophy who impiously considers himself the lord of creation; who standing amidst the attractions and dazzling scenes surrounding him is often compelled from his selfish stand and narrow horizon to view a greater expanse of the heavens than of the earth, and yet shuts his eyes against the brilliant light of the sun, against the majesty of the heavens, the grandeur of the majesty of the planets, and all that dazzling panorama pointing out the Supreme Architect of that great temple of nature. Our humility with the sonnes and beauties of the universe should not render them less attractive, or that Author less revered; so also the goods and gifts continually spread before our eyes in lovely bouquets in the museum of the Church should not be to us a continual source of gratitude, acknowledgment and thanksgiving.

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— A recent colloquem from Paris says that the Archbishop of Paris, Lyons and Toulon have written to President Grevy asking their devotion to the fatherland and setting their devotion to the sentiment of patriotism and loyal to the person of the President. Grevy is a Protestant, and yet, more inspiring knowledge of our holy faith, is crowded into these few columns than is contained in many a volume of a thousand pages. All who read it will rejoice that they belong to the grand old Church with such a supremely grand religious record.

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— English holders of Confederate Bonds, it is stated, have begun another movement to secure recognition of their claims from the United States Government. A committee with Lord Penzance at its head, has been appointed to move in the matter in London, and Judge Fullerton, with other legal talent of New York, will be counsel for the English claimants in this country. When—as a contemporary says—Sherman marched from Atlanta to the sea he had to contend against English money, English influence, and English Armstrong guns. He and his soldiers would have that these English people of the South with munitions of war to carry on the contest. They did their best, as far as their means permitted, to destroy the Union but failed, and now they want us to pay them back the money they invested in weapons to cut our throats. We are a forgiving people and extend the hand of fellowship to our Southern brethren, but we have not lost brave, and their bravery covers a multitude of sins in the eyes of the Northern man. But for the sympathy of Englishmen who worked in the dark to overthrow us he has nothing but disdain and contempt. Lord Penzance, whoever he is, may try to win back the money he lost in secession bonds, but Judge Fullerton and his associates might be engaged in a more laudable enterprise than to secure the sympathy of the people of their country. They are playing a losing game, for the patriotism of the North will never forget and ever the recognition of these English Confederate bonds.

Ireland's Prospects for Home Rule.

Just as we were going to press last week the glad tidings reached the galaxies of things from England that the Salisbury ministry had been defeated, through the votes of the solid phalanx of Parnell's compatriots. Since then the Queen has been compelled to accept the resignation of the Salisbury ministry, and to call upon Gladstone to form a Cabinet for the conduct of the national affairs of Great Britain, and the latest news indicates that some very liberal measures indicative of Home Rule for Ireland will be introduced into the present Parliament, and if not actually passed, their presentment will at least pave the way for their passage before the next Parliament dissolves.

English Whigs, Tories, Liberals and Conservatives are all at sea politically concerning the ultimate outcome regarding the Irish question, but in the meanime Parnell and his compatriots keep their lips harmoniously sealed regarding their hopes and aspirations, and this fact would indicate that there is some secret understanding between Gladstone and Parnell which will not be developed until the time be come suitable for its revelation.

Gladstone seems to be the only statesman in England who has the courage to carry out his convictions concerning the Irish question. He stands almost alone among the prominent English politicians as the man who is destined to achieve immortality for his name as the first English Premier who has given to Ireland even a moity of those rights which England has so long wrongfully withheld from her.

Another cause for rejoicing arises from the fact that Ireland rejoices to day over the departure of the man who—it is to be hoped—will prove to be the last English Viceroy in Ireland. Lord Carnarvon left Ireland greeted by the ironical shouts of thousands of Irish men and women who earnestly prayed that they might never look upon his like again—a prayer that will find a response in the heart of every friend of Ireland throughout the whole civilized world.

Looking at the Irish question from all points of the political compass, we feel inclined to believe—as far as human nature can peer into the future—that before two years have dawned Ireland will wring from England the right to govern herself in the full measure of constitutional liberty.

— St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, has already admitted one hundred boys for this term. This is an increase over any former period and shows satisfactorily that Catholic parents are beginning to recognize the great and important fact that if they desire to have Catholic children they must place them under Catholic teachers and fill their minds with the knowledge of God and of His church, as well as to illuminate them with that secular light which leads them on to success in this world.

A Suggestion Concerning St. Patrick's Day Celebrations.

We presume that in all the cities, towns and villages on that eventful day when patriotic Irishmen who will rejoice in celebrating St. Patrick's day this year, hence we make the suggestion that—aside from the religious exercises—they use the day so as to be of some practical benefit to the Irish people in their respective localities. Let the Irish Societies in each place unite in order to carry on the contest in case another general election occurs throughout Great Britain, as the English elections of Ireland—both in and out of Erin—will do there utmost to defeat Parnell and to break the chain that unites the Irish people in a solid phalanx of sympathy with Ireland's cause.

In every city, town and village on the coast there ought to be on next St. Patrick's Day an entertainment of a musical and literary character, a lecture, or some exercises suitable to the occasion, to which an admission fee to suit the citizens of the locality should be charged, then let the funds derived therefrom be *devoted forever the Irish Parliamentary Fund*, and in this way several thousand dollars can be harvested towards the success of Home Rule for Ireland.

It cost the Irish National Party nearly one hundred thousand dollars to contest the various seats they gained in the elections held last year, and no less a sum will be needed this time, as—with the bitter experience of the past—the British allies in all England, Ireland and Scotland are determined to back some of the seats in which Parnallites were defeated for the first time victorious in 1885.

Hence we hope the friends of Ireland everywhere will do their share in helping their brothers and sisters in the old country. Let the Irish societies in each place unite in order to carry on the contest. They did their best, as far as their means permitted, to destroy the Union but failed, and now they want us to pay them back the money they invested in weapons to cut our throats. We are a forgiving people and extend the hand of fellowship to our Southern brethren, but we have not lost brave, and their bravery covers a multitude of sins in the eyes of the Northern man. But for the sympathy of Englishmen who worked in the dark to overthrow us he has nothing but disdain and contempt. Lord Penzance, whoever he is, may try to win back the money he lost in secession bonds, but Judge Fullerton and his associates might be engaged in a more laudable enterprise than to secure the sympathy of the people of their country. They are playing a losing game, for the patriotism of the North will never forget and ever the recognition of these English Confederate bonds.

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Good and Bad Influence of the Press.

It is singular what anti-Christian sentiments of hatred the only mention of the word crosses in the breasts of Protestant preachers and writers. An editorial in last week's *Pacific* begins an account of Ingersoll, rascal and ill-will on the part of the writer which proves him to be devoid of even a rudimentary feeling of love for his neighbor which Christ commands, but which so many Protestant preachers and writers daily and hourly violate in the manner they undertake to speak of the Irish people. Such so-called Christianity partakes of the spirit of Satan than it does of that sweet sanctifying charity mentioned by the divine law of Christ, and the men who are guilty thereof are as abominable in the sight of God.

The writer we quote, in speaking of Ingersoll, says that the spasm of social reform which is said to have made possible to us that this thing and the same of it have come near from Ireland," and then he adds, "*the atmosphere of their country is not wholesome*, an assertion, however, that is either true or false according to the true or false Christianity professed by Ireland's critic.

The atmosphere of Ireland is certainly *remarkably wholesome* for the production of the poems, the harvest of which the Christians the world has ever known. It is distinguished from all other countries in the world by the appellation "Island of Saints." Ireland is the mother of Catholic Missionaries, who are found in every corner of the whole Christian world, she is the parent of thousands among the Catholic priesthood and the birth-place of tens of thousands of those Brides of Christ who serve God in poverty, chastity and the pigeon of Charity and Mercy.

The score of Irish soil are famed for their fervid Christian faith and their shrinkless valor; while the daughters of Erin are notable as the most virtuous, faithful and loving among the weaker sex throughout the world. In these respects, then, no man can gainsay the fact that the *atmosphere* of Ireland is not wholesome.

But, on the other hand, there are some things which do not flourish in the Emerald Isle, and for which—as the *Pacific* says—"the atmosphere of Ireland is not wholesome." Ireland is free from the Ingersolls and parsons, snakes, serpents, stoupers and sectarians; noxious vermin and vicious vermin; dishonesty and dishonesty; Mormons, murderers and misorganizations; infanticidal wives and harlot-keeping husbands. None of these vile weeds of wickedness—so common in this "enlightened" and prosperous country—will grow in the Irish atmosphere, hence we hold that for this cause the *Pacific* concludes the atmosphere of Ireland as not being congenial to the development of that system of shameless infidelity which permeates through its columns every week. Well, indeed, would it be for all the rest of the world—and America in particular—if a little of the Irish atmosphere could be hypodermically injected into the body politic of this country in order to purify Protestantism and to render less destructive and morbidly the malodorous scent of sectarianism.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Ireland's Hopes in the New Parliament. Will Gladstone's Coercion be Repeated? Famine in the West of Ireland. Reunion with the Loaded's Alty. Alagnetic Case in Limerick. John Dillon's Illness. Etc, etc.

[FROM OUR REGULAR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The day is last resting for the opening of the most eventful Parliamentary session that has ever been celebrated, or likely will ever again, in the political theatre of West-minster. The Irish Parliamentary Party will have a great place of dealing with Ireland since to the end of the Session, and the Government must step up to the plate with a Parliamentary stage and before an audience of the civilized world, if they hope to carry the Coercion Act of last Session, or the Irish people or to renew the Crimes Bill instead of rolling on Irishmen are equally prepared for any course, favorable or otherwise, the Government may think of taking. They have calculated that their patriotic strength, and their well-tried determination, are now ultimately crowned in supporting English people, in Ireland, Scotland and England, and the Parnell, Ireland is ready to accept the challenge "Orange Force and Englishmen are one Force

FOR HOME RULE MARSHAL LAW,

as the only means of rescuing the landlords from the Land Leagues, and the Land Leagues from Irish freedom, and guarding the integrity of the United Empire. If English statesmen are old enough to allow themselves to be swayed from their prejudices, and to be guided by the wisdom of experience, and to be guided by the wisdom of experience, and to be guided by the wisdom of experience

Farm and Home.

How Many Eggs Can a Hen Lay?

The Farm and the Garden says: We often read of hens that lay 200 eggs a year, but such statements do more harm than good, by inducing the inexperienced to believe such to be the fact. Those who are familiar with poultry knows that during the Fall all hens undergo the process of moulting period. If a hen lays regularly an egg every other day she will lay 183 eggs; but she will probably lose three months more in hatching out her brood, and even if she is a non-sitter she will take a resting spell. As moulting is heavy drain on the system, but few hens do so during that process, though there are exceptions, and where the number of eggs exceed one every two days, it will be found that a corresponding reduction occurs during some period of the year. While we admit that certain individual hens have been known to lay as many as 150 or 175 eggs in a year, such cases are rare, and if one has a flock of twenty hens or more, he should be satisfied if there is an average of 100 eggs a year for the whole year, or more nine months. Four dozen out of the nine should realize 30 cents per dozen, three dozen about 30 cents per dozen, and two dozen about 16 cents per dozen, or an average of 23 cents per dozen. Of course this calculation may be wrong, but will convey an idea of what may be expected.

Tried Her Own Remedy.

A lady overhead her nurse girl talking to the little child she was putting to sleep, and among other legends of the nursery in which she indulged was this:

"If you don't go right to sleep this very minute, a great, big, awful black bear, with eyes like coals of fire, and sharp, white, cruel teeth, will come out from under the bed and eat-y-ou-u-p-l-i-k-e-p-i!" The poor little thing nestled down under the clothes to dream of horrid bears eating her up.

"That night when the child woke had compound herself in her own comfortable bed and had put the lamp out, there came a sudden rap at the door, and the cook and the mistress called loudly through the panels:

"Maggie! Maggie! get up as quick as you can! There's a burglar under your bed."

At the word burglar the girl sprang screaming from the bed, tore open the door and fell into hysterics in the hall. The lament was more intensely than the mistress designed, but when the girl's fears had calmed she said to her: "You did not hesitate to call my little, delicate child, who could not possibly have done you a bit, a cruel story of a bear under her bed; now, when I treat you to the same kind of story, you are nearly frightened to death; no matter you can go into the kitchen and work there, you are not fit to care for little children."

How many children there are who, every night of their lives, are frightened in this way.

Decay of the Teeth.

The London *Lancet* quotes John Hunter's statement that the decay of the teeth is a disease which seems to be "peculiar to youth and middle age; the shedding teeth are subject to it, if not more so, than those intended to last through life, and we seldom or ever see any person whose teeth begin to set after the age of fifty years," and adds: "This is not quite correct. If a man can keep his teeth until after middle age, he may generally be certain of keeping them to the end. There seems to be some reason for thinking that decay of the teeth is commoner now than it used to be. Assuming this to be the fact, it would be interesting to inquire whether there is anything in our modern mode of life which has a tendency to make the teeth to decay. The old-fashioned notion about eating sugar and acids and the like is exploded. Meanwhile it may be worth asking if want of vigor is not a cause of decay of the teeth, and if the want of vigor observable among certain classes of children and young persons is not due to the increasingly artificial character of the lives they respectively lead; with diminution of fresh air and exercise, and the aggravation of mental tasks and brain and nerve worry which characterizes the sedentary and developmental stages of our modern life. The young people of Jewish race are conspicuous for their advanced mental activity and the precocity once bestowed upon them. They are fed and dressed like adults, and they are 'forced' in an intellectual sense, to the so-rigorous deposition of the organic material of which the human body with its brain and nerves is composed, and to the vital energy with which it ought to be endowed."

Beautifying the Homestead.

Beauty of arrangement about the house has a marked effect upon the inmates. What can make a place more attractive than a nicely laid-out garden in the midst of a wall kept bare? It does not suffice to set out a few shrubs and ornamental trees without regard to order or effect. Landscape gardening is a greater art than many lovers of attractive home realize, and a mistake is often made by the "well-do-do" in not securing the services of an experienced gardener, when a lawn is to be designed. A dump of bushes here, or a tree there may materially impair the artistic effect of the whole lawn; there is a place for the rose, one for the lilies and another for the shrubs. Give attention to the location of the houses and let the foreground be kept quite free from shrubs or flowers.

We believe that a great mistake is made by farmers going to little land to crowd mowing the grounds in front of the dwelling. The necessary time and expense involved would be well repaid by enjoyment secured from the pleasing effects of such a lawn. We would not be in the least disposed adverse in this direction by those who cannot afford to employ an experienced gardener. Almost any farmer could materially improve the looks of a piece barren of shrubs and trees, and should be encouraged in any attempt to do so.

Swindling the Farmers.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa. Jan. 18.—For several months men representing themselves as agents for a seed company have been travelling through this county selling a peculiar kind of oats at $10 a bushel. They asserted that the grain was bloodless oats, and that they grew without hulls. They bound their company in Ohio to deliver to farmers twice as many bushels of the crop raised from the seed as the farmer had purchased at $10 a bushel, retaining 25 per cent. commission for their trouble. Many farmers report having bought from ten to twenty bushels, some paying as much as $200 in cash, and others giving their notes payable at the First National Bank of Williamsport. The notes have been discounted and the rascals have departed. It is reported that their swindling operations will reach $10,000 in Lycoming county. There is no such company at Hepetoon, Ohio, where the men said their home was.

"Her face so fair, so fresh it seemed not,
But beauty portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, without a blame or blot,
Through cloudy misture or complexions due,
For in her cheeks the vermeil red did show,
Like in the morning unto her love is wont,
When she to praise her lover goes to row,
And her bedecks with her best ornament;
And beyond state, with every feature comely
Ennobled, and in the visible condition of its fair
passions portrayed by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Any druggist.

Family Fun.

The Eormality Compiled With.

In Augusta, Georgia, no provision was made last winter for feeding and lodging the tramps. A ragged wand to a police station and wanted to sleep there.

"We only lodge prisoners," said the Sergeant behind the desk.

"You only lodge prisoners," repeated the ragabond meditatively.

"Yes," said the reply, "you have got to steal something or murder somebody, or something of that kind."

"I've got to assault somebody or something of that kind," again repeated the ragabond, thoughtfully. Then he walked across the desk with his long arm, and knocked the Sergeant off his stool, saying as the officer got up with his hand to his club:

"Give me as good a bed as you kin, Sergeant, 'cause I don't feel very well to-night."

He had his Doubts about Hell.

Up in Syracuse on Thursday Roscoe Conkling and Col. Ingersoll took a walk during the sonny afternoon. They intended to bring up at Lou Windham's for lunch, but missed the place, and strolling on in East Washington street they entered another restaurant, which is one of the sheapest of the sheap. It is so sheap, in fact, that Superintendent of the Poor White sends impecunious individuals to it for meals at the expense of the county. Just after Mr. Conkling and Col. Ingersoll had sat down and called for oysters Superintendent White walked in with the most wretchedness and sheapiest wretched tramp that ever set foot in the city. The tramp took a seat at the next table to that used by the distinguished lawyers, and ate a plate of bean soup, followed by a bowl of soup. He gleaned from their conversation who his neighbors were, and as they rose he turned and said:

"Gentlemen, won't you join me in something?"

"I'll join my friend in giving you a quarter," said Ingersoll.

"Thanks, gentlemen, thanks. Ah! When shall we three meet again? Conkling and I and myself may possibly meet in Utica, but as far as for you, Mr. Ingersoll, ah! —who can tell?"

One Thing He Can't Understand.

"One thing I can't understand," said a young husband, "is how quick a woman can forget some things. A year ago, when I was courting my wife, I had only to say music, and she was ready to knock a spectrical old piano her father owned clear off its legs; but now that she has a $600 article that I bought into hell, I can't get her to play the simplest tune. She's so out of practice, and says I mustn't mention it. She remembers all the foolish things I used to say to her, and throws them at me that though when I don't happen to agree with her views of life, but when it comes to remembering the accomplishments I have brought out the compliments she can't be depended on."

A Poor Collection.

It was in this same office one Monday morning. The worthy occupant came in with grip in hand. He had been out into the country over Sunday to preach in a small church—begging sermon in the interests of the society which he represented.

"There," said he, as he sat down in his desk, "that's the fruitless errand."

"Didn't you get much?" inquired his assistant.

"Precious little," was the response. "The collection did not amount to quite enough to pay my expenses and my charge for the sermon. I'll have to take it all, and the society won't get anything."

And that is the way he settled it.

White's Preference.

"Now be a good little boy, Willie," said his mother to him one day, wishing to impress upon him the reward in store for the just, "and when you die you will have a gold harp to play on."

"I don't know how to play on a gold harp," he grumbled, "and I don't want to learn, anyway that I've got to die to get. Let Jenney be good and get the harp, and gimme a drum.

An Unforseen Accident

"Yes, sighed a recent widow, "we are very unfortunate. Poor John was out of work for a long time, and when he obtained a good job he died."

"What job did he get?" she was asked.

"He joined a circus and got twenty dollars a week for putting his head in the lion's mouth twice a day. That's all he had to do. It seems hard he should have died."

"What did he die of?"

"The lion let his head off."

A Particular Guest.

Customer (in restaurant)—Waiter, this chicken soup has feathers in it.

Waiter—Yes, sah. If you want soup made entirely without feathers, you'd be bound to be bald, sah, you'd have to go to some other establishment.

A Sensible Suggestion.

Customer (in restaurant)—Here, waiter, a sirloin steak, well done. I'm in a big hurry.

Waiter—Is yo' in a hurry!

Customer—Yes, yes.

Waiter—Den why not take dat steak raw stand o' well done if yo' is in a hurry, boss!

A Busy Woman.

"You are kept pretty busy nowadays," remarked a stranger to Mrs. Blunnerly whose husband has a ranch on Onion creek.

"Yes; hardly get the time to turn around. There is always something to keep one busy. If it ain't the cow it's the sheep; if it ain't the sheep it's the pigs, and if it ain't the pigs it's the children."

"Thanks, gentlemen, thanks. Ah! When shall we three meet again? Conkling and I and myself may possibly meet in Utica, but as for you, Mr. Ingersoll, ah! —who can tell?"

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A Little Misunderstanding

Angry Purchaser—You told me the horse wasn't lazy.

Seller—No I didn't.

Angry Purchaser—You certainly did. You said that when it came to pulling that horse was there every time.

Seller—Yes, that's what I said. He's there, but the trouble is he stays. I used to build a fire under under him.

Accepting the Situation.

"I can give you a cold bite," said the woman.

"Why not warm it up?" asked the tramp.

"There ain't any wood sawed."

"That not! Well, give it me cold."

—Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer impart a fine gloss and freshness to the hair, and is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen, and scientists, as a preparation accomplishing wonderful results. It is a certain remedy for removing dandruff, making the scalp white and clean, and restoring gray hair to its youthful color.

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ST. BRIGID'S WELL.

A Beautiful Legend of Dark Donegal.

Not far from the picturesque little village of Stranorlar, renowned as the last resting place of Biddy, the founder of the Home Rule movement, lies a calm, placid sheet of water known to the peasantry as Loch Lawna. In its southern side, about three feet above the high water mark, is the famous Well of St. Brigid, surrounded by a small wall made of stones brought from almost every part of Ulster, and strewed all by pieces of lunts, sticks, and crutches, left by those who believe the happiness of their lives by its healing waters. It has long been considered a place curse for the pilgrim on his first visit, to place three white stones on the adjacent mountain mound.

In the year 18— the concourse of pilgrims was larger than usual, the owner of the estate in which the lake is situated, considerate that no ships were in danger of being destroyed, closed all ingress to the holy well. The peasantry became excited; threats were indulged in by some; petitions were made by others, but in vain. He was a man of gaiety but by times (as is the present instance) of stubborn nature; he knew no fear, and threats as well as petitions were entirely disregarded. For three months his bailiff mandate was in force.

One morning, the inhabitants of Stranorlar awoke to find the following placard on the trunk of a large beech-tree, long used for public notices. It was signed by the owner of the estate.

"FREE ENTRY TO ST. BRIGID'S WELL."

Many were the suppositions of the pious villagers as to the cause of his relenting; some said that his cattle were all dying; others, that good St. Brigid had sent him a warning from heaven. He this as it may, he had undoubtedly, at last, over him; his toleration was the wonder of all. Pilgrims flocked from all parts to the place, some he would only remark, "I will be nothing the worse."

Sitting one evening by his blazing peat fire, many years after, he said to me: "I will tell you an incident that happened long years ago. You were then a mere boy. Your father, poor fellow, I found fit to throw upon his relative, I found fit to drain it by means of a channel connecting it with the lake. To accomplish this spiteful work, I chose a clear, moonlight night. Taking a gun and spade, I set out by the shortest route to the well. Judge of my surprise on finding it illuminated as if by hundreds of candles! Trembling, I aimed my gun, and fired. Not a light was extinguished; on the contrary, it seemed only to have increased the brilliancy of the scene. As I was pausing, not knowing whether to proceed to the wall or return home, I saw a beautiful maiden rising, as it seemed, out of the lake, attired in a long flowing white robe, girdled by a blue sash. On her head she sparkled some more dazzling than the sun. She glided as I have seen swallows, or rather as I imagine the earth, and hovered over the well. No doubt it was St. Brigid. I ♰ ♰ ♰ I often think of calling on Father C——, and joining the Catholic Church.

He is dead now, but his son, who inherits his liberal spirit, has made an excellent road to St. Brigid's Well. And the peasants threatens will long remember that linger on that romantic way the story I have told you.—*S. D. in Ave Maria.*

MISCELLANEOUS.
IN MANITOBA.
The Perils and Sufferings of Missionaries in Northwest Canada.
Bishop Grandin, whose diocese was the most of the Lake Winnipeg, in conversation with the writer, says that immense damage has been done by the plague of Lake Lawna. In its southern side, about three feet above the high water mark, is the famous Well of St. Brigid, surrounded by a small wall made of stones brought from almost every part of Ulster, and strewed all by pieces of lunts, sticks, and crutches, left by those who believe the happiness of their lives by its healing waters. It has long been considered a place curse for the pilgrim on his first visit, to place three white stones on the adjacent mountain mound.
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MISCELLANEOUS.
CARROLL & TILTON,
Respectfully announce that they have opened
THE LARGE STORE,
873 Market Street,
—WITH A LINE OF—
GENT'S ^ BOY'S
CLOTHING,
Furnishing Goods,
HATS, CAPS, ETC.
Having been in this business many years, we can promise that all our goods will be as represented.
We buy for Cash and sell as low as possible
CARROLL & TILTON,
873 Market Street, Opp. Powell,
And also with JONES & CO.
JAS. R. KELLY & CO
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
PAINTS,
OILS and GLASS
221 and 223 Market Street
Just Below Banks—the NEW HOTEL
JOHN GUERIN,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Wood and Coal,
412 O'FARRELL ST.,
Bet. Taylor and Jones.....San Francisco
☞ Wood and Coal delivered Free of Charge to all parts of the City on the Shortest Notice. Thus insuring prompt attention to the business, and a saving of time to the purchaser. Wood or Coal. Full weight and measure guaranteed.
JULIUS H. MEDAU,
868 and 970 Folsom St.,
New Sixth.....San Francisco
—WHOLESALE—
LIQUOR DEALER.
Established 1870.
We are selling Cheaper for Cash and guarantee safe goods.
☞ The following low prices will convince you:
Table Wines 10c., 20c., 25c. and $1 a gal.
American Whisky $1, $1.50 and $1.50
Sweet Vineyard—by th. 15c. Bbl. $5.
Old Port or Sherry, $1, $1.50, $1.50 and 50.
Kentucky Whiskies—$1, $1.50, $2.50 and $3.
Bourbon Whiskey.....$1.50, $1.75, $2.
Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc., $2 per gal. and upwards.
Sweet Wine and Liquors at lowest rates.
Other Wines and Liquors at lowest rates.
PETALUMA INCUBATOR.
Hatches all kinds of Eggs
The Simplest, Cheapest, and Most Perfect Incubator.
Sent on trial. Catalogue free.
Address PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., Petaluma, Cal.
LA GRANDE LAUNDRY,
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
648 MARKET STREET
BRANCH,
1156 MARKET ST.
LAUNDRY,
1824 St. bet. Fosom and Howard S. F. Cal
SITUATION WANTED:
A MARRIED MAN, FAMILIAR WITH THE CITY, desires a situation in position as porter in a store, to do extra work, or as coachman, or any kind of work required in stable, to which he can bring his family. Best of references. Address the Editor of the Monitor, for W. S.
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NATIVE WINES.
One Bottle.....From 25 to 50 cents
One Gallon....." 50 cts. to $1 per gal.
By the Gallon.....50 cts. to $1.50
Native and Foreign Wines and Brandies by the cellar for Medicinal purposes.
J. C. BABCELLINI, 110 Dupont Street
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GENUINE
J. H. CUTTER WHISKIES,
A. P. HOTALING & CO.,
San Francisco.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
KNABE
PIANOS.
Unqualified and Emphatically the Best Piano in the World.
A. L. BANCROFT & CO., 721 Market St., S. F.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.
STECK, WAUB, SCHWECHTEN
PIANOS
Smith's American Organs.
EASY INSTALLMENTS.
E. CURTAZ, Agent,
20 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

EDUCATIONAL.
URSULINE ACADEMY,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.
SANTA ROSA, - SONOMA CO., CAL.
For Particulars Address the Superiores of the Ursulines, Santa Rosa.
DOUBS BOUGHT AND SOLD, BY A. BURGUN'S Doss Matter-of-fact-ness.
EDUCATIONAL.
SANTA CLARA COLLEGE
SANTA CLARA,.....CALIFORNIA
This Institution was founded in 1851, and in 1862 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It recognizes large buildings, with through halls, shady playgrounds, covered gymnasiums, swimming pool, etc. It possesses a Museum of Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has Big Grain also perished. Another priest was drowned by the upsetting of a skiff in a squall while trying to save a young Indian boy who was his guide, and both were lost. Three priests were frozen in a blizzard on the prairies. Four, confined in the camp of Poundmaker, were badly frozen but did not not die. All suffer fearfully, following the Indians as they roam their range around, this year the only way of doing my work with them. The missionary has to eat what they find and starve with them. They have bids rather than dried fish without salt, but any thing will be eaten rather than starve. At present he has thirty-eight priests with twenty-two by brothers and sisters. There are also forty Sisters of Charity in eight establishments, taking care of orphans and sick, and teaching schools. The only hope, the Bishop says, centres in the youth, the older ones, on account of their extreme feebleness, are not to be relied upon. In the northern part of his diocese, in the depths of winter, the sun does not come above the horizon for thirty-three days. The days are marked by a strong twilight. The Bishop is prematurely old and gray. He has been twenty-six years a bishop in that country, and had been a missionary for several years before that. He suffers incredible hardships during all that time, sharing all the miseries of the wandering Indians, sometimes sleeping in snow and shoes in winter; but now, as the buffalo are nearly gone, the Indians will have to settle down, and the missionary will not suffer so much. Even the carribou has become shy, and is not nearly so good and nourishing. The Indians even are increasing and all that is needed. The carribou feeds on moss which gives out an aroma which is very pleasing. The Bishop receives a donation from the Society of the Propagation of the Faith of France for his missions, supporting priests, building chapels, etc. If the priests can count on twenty five cents a day, they can consider themselves well off. Bishop Grandin has gone to Ottawa and Lower Canada to obtain assistance for his ruined missions. There are 15,000 Catholic Indians in his diocese.
The Good God.
Let us never forget that it is our without reason that our Lord wishes to be called "The Good God. Among His infinite and wonderful perfections goodness is, in a sense, supreme; and, before all else, goodness constitutes the true character of His children. "Be merciful," He says, "as your Heavenly Father is merciful." "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy." and therefore be good, though they may appear to be out of the fold, we lose to the flock. In a blessed moment the Heavenly Pastor comes in search of the stray sheep that bear His mark: He seeks for the lost one which bears His image and inscription; *Deus charitas est.*
—There is but one view of things which is true, and that is God's viewed them.
—Sick Headache cured at once by "DDD."

EDUCATIONAL.
SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Conducted by the Christian Brothers,
Offers every facility for acquiring a thorough Education, whether Classical, Scientific or Commercial.
TERMS (Payable half yearly in advance):
Board, Tuition and Washing.....$250 00
Entrance Fee.....10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines.....10 00
Use of Bedding.....10 00
Day Students.....50 00
Music and Drawing form extra charges.
For further particulars address
BRO. BENITO, President.
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME
THIS INSTITUTION, FOUNDED IN 1851, chartered in 1868 by Act of the Legislature of the State of California, and empowered to confer Academic Honors, is situated at the corner of Hayes street, opposite the Old Mission Church.
The course of studies embraces the various branches of a solid and refined education, including the Languages, Music, Painting, Drawing, and Fancy Work.
The arrangements for the comfort of the pupils are complete, and every care and attention is bestowed on their moral and intellectual culture, as well as on the development of their hearts and the formation of their manners.
The Academic Year consists of two sessions of five months each, commencing on the first Monday in August and the first Monday in February.
TERMS:
Boarding, Tuition and Bedding (in advance).....$60 00
Entrance Fee.....10 00
Vocal Music, Private Lessons.....30 00
Vocal Music, Class Lessons.....10 00
Piano, Private Lessons.....30 00
Piano, Class Lessons.....10 00
Painting in Water Colors, per season.....30 00
Painting in Oil, per season.....30 00
Drawing, Pencil, per season.....30 00
Drawing, Crayon, per season.....30 00
Use of Piano, per hour, per day.....50
Use of Bedding.....10 00
Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.
For further particulars, address
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
San Jose
SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
(Payable half yearly in advance).
Board, Tuition and Washing.....$250 00
Entrance Fee.....10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines.....10 00
Use of Bedding.....10 00
Day Students.....50 00
Music and Drawing form extra charges.
For further particulars address
REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J.
President.
ORIGINAL PRIZE COMPOSITION No. 7.
(A beautiful gift of value—Prize or Book will be presented to the author of the best solution received.)
At first, indeed, I seem to
Be little more than a child,
But some old relicers set me free
That I may be reckoned an adult.
But, now I assume a bit of
Dignity, I am a little
Fearful of being called a child
And for a little while.
Without my aid, I can not
How course would be your close
Being thus set free, I am not yet all
My energy I have
I never spoke a word;
Since I thought of my name
Which designates a bird
That other people to mention
You ask the reason why?
Because I am afraid of the trifle,
No feather had you I.
PORTMASTER.
A RIDDLE.
CONTRIBUTED BY AN A. CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.
The blessing of a family,
The pride of a king,
A little more than kin,
Who dwells in home me
Who dwells in home me
Original Puzzles, Enigmas, Riddles, Etc.
We will be happy to receive original puzzles from the readers of the Monitor. Any one of our young readers who may desire to exercise their minds by such improving study. Answers sent in all cases accompanied by contributions for the column.
TALKS WITH YOUNG PEOPLE.
FOURTH LETTER.
My Dear Young Friends:—Let us wend through lonelier, here, I trust, unpeopled you with such a holy feeling. I had thought that you have distinctly never to be read one. If, after a few years, you look back on the warnings you have had from your parental mentor, you perhaps will be surprised at the and outcasting it: these dangerous companions then, I say, if you have been a disgrace to your parents, or a danger to the state, or a cause of the Almighty's anger. Nay, he never forgets in the Book of Life that the charge was disobedient to his commandment.
I now turn to another mental enemy of young people, and, lest you may think that I see the whole world laying snares for you, I say, that I am not inclined to do "evil! well!" all along the line, permit me to say that such is my intention.
Let me begin by showing the bright side of the picture to my young friends than in filling them with gloomy thoughts. But since we never put the pure water we are about to drink into dirty vessels, I think it best to speak of those things that might sadly unnerve us, first, before I dare to speak of the virtues with which they should be adorned. The doctor must first to follow me with patience for a little while was speak of our enemies, and afterwards I trust to be more agreeable when speaking of our friends.
Now, if you were to ask me which of the two is the greater enemy of young people, age, and of old people too, the bad habit or the bad picture, I would answer at once: The bad picture by a great, great, and I will tell you why. The bad book will corrupt and poison the soul at at once. At first, at least before, the filthy writer does not show himself in his true colors all at once. He is always, at first, the Satan taught of course, he knows full well that if he shows up with all his deformity he will fill his with horror and disgust that we will consign, in a moment, the filthy outpourings of his foul heart to the flames. He steals on us by degrees and if we our attention do not at first, he will never be successful in inserting his poisonous fang into our hearts. Not so with the bad, ah! seems picture, one sullid glance at which brings death to the soul. There is in all its deformity; there in its presence we stand face to face with death. Let us first our eyes fall for one short moment on this infernal—this hell conceived death, and God alone knows how many mortal sins our transgression will number against us in the book that shall be open when we stand before "the great white throne." We carry away with us printed, deeply engraven in our imagination the picture of that child of hell. It will walk with us when we walk; present itself in all its deformity when we rest; say more, haunt us in our dreams, ever and always tearing us, her rowing us, dragging us down to sin and perdition. There it stays, our evil genius, to worry us perhaps as long as we live. It is that evil spirit which our Divine Lord tells us can never more be driven out except by prayer and fasting. It is an evil spirit which may have ruined many even at the last moment; for when we come to die, when the poor body, wasted by sickness and attenuated by disease, is able nonger to be the instrument of sin, when we lie stretched out on our bed of death, then is, indeed, that the imagination seems to acquire full sway. Then it is that our sets, both good and bad—then it is that those long forgotten, buried, as we thought, in oblivious pass before us in panoramic order. It is that evil deeds done in the darkness, deeds that would not bear the light of heaven, will appear before their unhappy parent brighter than the noon day sun. Then it is, too, that good deeds, done under the eyes of God and hidden from the world, will come to console the faithful servant in that hour of trial, that hour that will try mens' souls. Mentor once knew a man—a man who in the days of his health and prosperity made a boast of caring little either for God or the Devil. He was a man of the world and call "a good fellow." That unhappy man by his excesses came to an untimely end. For a week before his miserable death, although entirely unconscious, he recounted all the evil deeds of his life. No harrowing

Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary,
SAN LUIS OBISPO . . . CALIFORNIA
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
This house is the Novitiate of the order.
SISTER MATHILDA CHERBULIEZ, Principal.
ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.
Conducted by the Christian Bros.
FIFTH AND JACKSON STS., OAKLAND, CAL.
THIS INSTITUTION IS A SELECT BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for Young Gentlemen. It is the object is to combine the comforts and refinements of a home with the advantages of a College.
Parents and guardians, desirous of sending their sons to a Boarding School, can be satisfied that they will be so conducted that the Institution will prove to them a home away from home. The course of study is that of a Classical and Commercial School.
Pupils are received at any time during the year, but it is better that they be present at the commencement of the scholastic year.
TERMS:
(Payment in U. S. gold coin, and invariably in advance)
Board, Washing and Tuition, per month, $25
Bedding, per month, $1; Attendance.....$2
Entrance Fee, particular Bedroom.....$5
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ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY,
Golden Gate Ave. San Francisco
CONDUCTED BY
THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.
THIS ACADEMY PLEASANTLY SITUATED IN the Western Addition, offers to Parents the advantages of a home education, combined with the advantages of a Boarding School, and the facilities for the cultivation of the Fine Arts, Music, Painting, Drawing, and Fancy Work.
The Academic Year is divided into two sessions of five months each, commencing on the first Monday in August and the first Monday in February.
TERMS:
Boarding, Tuition and Bedding, per month.....$25 00
Entrance Fee.....10 00
Use of Piano, per hour, per day.....50
Use of Bedding.....10 00
Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.
For further particulars address
SISTER SUPERIOR.
Academy of Our Lady of Angels.
SANTA CLARA,.....CALIFORNIA.
THIS INSTITUTION, CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of Notre Dame, affords the certainty of providing for young ladies, an refining amenities, a moral and intellectual education. The location is unsurpassed, and we recommend this Academy, in the influence now exerted on the pupils by virtue and talent, as necessary and to render them useful members of society and the Church.
The scholastic year, comprising 10 months, commences at the beginning of August and ends in June.
Pupils are received at any period of the year.
TERMS:
Per quarter, (payable in advance.
Entrance Fee, Tuition, to be paid once.
Board, Tuition, Washing and use of Bedding $60
Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.
French and Spanish form an free.
ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY.
FOR YOUNG LADIES.
BENICIA,.....CALIFORNIA
THIS INSTITUTION IS CONDUCTED by the Sisters of Charity, Patronized by the Most Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco, and possesses all the advantages of a solid and refined education.
The Academic Year is divided into two sessions of five months each, commencing on the first Monday in August and the first Monday in February.
TERMS:
Boarding, Tuition and Washing, per month.....$25 00
Entrance Fee.....10 00
Washing.....40 00
Pupils remaining at the Academy during vacation will be charged $20.
Drawing, Painting and Music form extra charges.
The Payment on pickage seat to pupils must be prepaid.
Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER SUPERIOR.
CONVENT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
Guerrero St., near 24th, San Francisco.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.
For terms, etc., apply to the
SISTER SUPERIOR.
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME
MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.
THIS INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1868, is chartered by the State Legislature, and authorizes with all the rights and privileges of similar Collegiate Institutions in the United States.
Reference required. For terms and particulars address,
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
Marysville, Cal.
SACRAMENTO INSTITUTE,
Twelfth and K streets,
SACRAMENTO.....CAL.
A LIMITED NUMBER OF BOARDERS RECEIVED. A fully fertile for acquiring a sound Christian education, and for the cultivation of the Fine Arts. Music, Painting, Drawing, Etc.
TERMS: Board, Tuition and Washing, $25 per quarter.
For particulars apply to
PROF. DE FILIPPE, Director
PROF. DE FILIPPE,
Graduate of the Academies of Paris and Madrid,
CONTINUES TO GIV

Ireland's Present Condition.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

pressure of those members and the desire of the Queen. If an appeal to the country be taken I have no doubt that a Liberal majority pledged to Home Rule will be returned, for when once the Liberal leaders, Gladstone especially, accept Home Rule as the policy of the party the rank and file will quickly follow the lead.

GLADSTONE RETIRENT.

The *Sun's* London cable special of January 30th says: "All statements concerning the personnel of the new Cabinet are premature. Gladstone is not even certain that he will be sent for. He well remembers that in a parallel case he was slighted for a few hours. A repetition of this piece of rudeness is, however, improbable. In conversation to-night with a gentleman whose friendship warranted the question, "Who will be your advisers in the event of your accepting office?" Gladstone replied: "It would be inconsistent with the respect due her Majesty for me to assume that she will exercise her prerogative in any particular manner. I have done nothing beyond learning the opinion of certain of my colleagues on the question of Home Rule and other pressing matters." Lord Granville is in cordial accord with Gladstone, but all efforts to secure the assent of Hartington to anything like Home Rule have failed.

THE ULTIMATE DECE.

NEW YORK, January 28.—*A Herald* special from a member of Parliament, says: Mr. Gladstone is exhaust now, but his day will be held. He cannot carry out his contract with Mr. Parnell. He will try to temporize and obtain delay to keep up the idea that he will do something wonderful when his plans are matured. This may suit Mr. Chamberlain well for a time, it is more prudent and does not desire to see his extreme powers too often. He cannot safely execute a Government every week, and will therefore doubtless assent to the delay to give Mr. Gladstone a chance to educate his party and the public. Whenever the real crisis comes forward again all compromises will fall through, and down will tumble the ministry. Perhaps a general election will follow, with pretty much the same results as before. The final impact must be the separation of the two countries or civil war to prevent it. There is scarcely any possibility of averting this issue.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Meeting of the National Executive Committee—President Sexton Will Withdraw His Resignation.

The National Executive committee of the Irish National League of America met in McCoy's hotel, Chicago, at 10 o'clock on Wednesday week. President Egan was in the chair, and the following delegates responded to the roll call: The Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, treasurer of the League; O'Donel Spaw, vice-president; P. D. Devany, Arkansas; M. Boylan, Georgia; John F. Armstrong, Augusta, Ga.; Daniel Corkery, Chicago; Frank Ryan, Indianapolis; M. V. Gannon, Davenport; John Meagher, Louisville; T. Toleg Sparrow, New Orleans; Patrick Martin, Baltimore; W. J. Dunning, Dayton; J. B. Curtisse, Indianapolis; Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, St. Louis; John Fitzgerald, Lincoln, Neb.; Joseph O. Donnelly, Milwaukee; Thomas F. Walsh, Washington; P. McCarthy, St. Paul; John P. Sutton, Quincy, Ill. Telegrams from a number of absent delegates were read by Secretary Rogers Walsh.

Mr. Gannon, of Iowa, called the attention of the committee to the resignation of the twenty-published letter declaring his intention to resign the presidency. He said that the week of the League at this critical time needed the direction of a man who was thoroughly acquainted with the details of the mass of energy and executive ability. Mr. Sexton had been heard from positively about coming to the United States. There came to be an impression that this would be until August next. Mr. Sexton Alter introduced the following resolution, which was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That this committee do express its intense regret for the National loss occasioned by the death of Vice President Thomas A. Hendricks, and its sense of the high appreciation in which the latter had been entertained by the Irish people.

Several of the delegates including Alderman Sullivan, President Egan, Joseph O. Donnelly, and the Rev. Father O'Reilly, made speeches eulogizing the late Vice President.

Then the committee went into the business of the committee and drank to the Hancock drinks monument fund, and the motion met with such favor that $450 was raised at once.

BISMARCK'S BRUTALITY TO THE POLES.

A People to be Robbed and Ruined.—Germany's Progress over the Graves of Poland—Horrible Revelations of Government Inhumanity.—Bismarck's Blood and Iron Policy put into Practical Operation.

BERLIN, January 28.—Prince Bismarck to-day in the debate in the Prussian Landtag on the expulsion of the Poles from Germany, made a remarkable speech, occupying two hours in delivery. He said that the primary cause of the Government action was the disloyalty of the Poles to the German crown. They were, he said, constantly engaged in intrigues against the Government, and had made the most serious annoyance to Prussia by acting as accomplices of the opposition in the Prussian Parliament. They affected a majority against the Government, and the Crown could do nothing else than deny the demands of such a majority or dissolve the evil element which made the majority possible.

The Polish agitators in Germany, his march said, always appealed to him as an element of danger and had compelled him to keep his eyes upon Russia. This Russia had been constantly, and not always unsuccessfully, endeavoring to set foreign States against Prussia. "Hence," continued the Chancellor, "we have determined to buy back the real estate owned by the Polish nobles in Russian Poland and place German colonists on the land hitherto occupied by the appelled people. In order to make the colonization secure to the permanent benefit of the empire, the colonists will be prohibited from marrying Poles. The cost of the undertaking will be about 200,000,000 marks (about $75,000,000), but the State will lose only about ten per cent. of this. The loss is made necessary by the exigencies of the case—buying out an alien class and resolving to Germans—while the gain to the empire will be immeasurable.

"The Government," said the Chancellor with great animation, "will never concede the resuscitation of Poland, nor a hair's breadth in that direction. The Poles play at a conspiracy part in the Kulture Campf. Whenever refuses to help, protest and maintain it shall not be entitled to claim anything from the State. As for me, I am ready to save my country, although at the cost of my head. If anybody dares attack Prussia's frontier, I shall say like Gladstone, Hands off!"

Referring to the insinuation that the Government is favorable to Russian influence in its treatment of the Poles, Bismarck said: "Religion is no new component with the expulsion. As a policy of kindness failed, it becomes necessary to reduce the great Polish element in Germany, to increase the German element. This is the real reason for expulsion, and the Government has determined to persist in this work despite the opposition of the Ultramontanes in consolidated I will say that, before allowing the Ultramontanes to be victorious, I would counsel the Emperor to make the Ireland Government independent of the obstructionists now in the Reichstag, and to the laws and Constitution of Germany would permit, for I would not allow anyone to be a coward who should hesitate to do everything to save his fatherland from ruin."

On the occasion of Prince Bismarck's speech was the discussion of a resolution introduced on Saturday last, expressing satisfaction at the passage in the speech from the throne promoting measures for the protection of German interests in East Prussia. Herr Achenbach moved that the resolution be adopted, and the motion was supported by Herr Weber. Herr Windhorst opposed the motion. Count Ernst Ranzau's speech the discussion was adjourned until to-morrow. The Chancellor's speech is the general topic of conversation in the capital to-night. It is generally conceded that the speech is equally capable of being interpreted to foreshadow either dissolution of Parliament or a coup d'état.

BERLIN, Jan. 29.—The discussion over the Polish expulsion was continued in the lower house of Landtag this evening. The Polish members denied that the Poles were trying to eliminate the German element from Eastern Prussia, although they confessed that a hope was entertained of the restoration of the Polish Kingdom. Herr Von Funkmann, Minister of Agriculture, replied that any efforts to obtain the establishment of the Polish Kingdom would constitute an act of high treason. The Government, he said, did not wish to hamper the Poles in regard to their religion or their language, but it felt compelled to put an end to a dangerous agitation and the enormous development of Polonism in Eastern Prussia. Prince Bismarck emphatically reiterated that the restoration of the kingdom of Poland could never be effected by constitutional means.

CHARITY CONCERT AT SANTA ROSA.

SANTA ROSA, January 28, 1886.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—On the 22nd inst. Santa Rosa had a rare musical treat, in a concert given for the benefit of the Church, by Karl Formes and several of his pupils. The entertainment was Mr. Formes, Alice Roald, Blanche Stuart, Allanson Webster, and last but by no means least, Mr. G. Morrison. The entleman has a remarkably sweet and powerful tenor voice when fully cultivated in a great school to his teacher; the great one in said of the singing of the ladies. The sense of the evening was "The still school." Mr. Webster sang "Ye Kad Continue, Vilbelm." Mr. Morrison, who sang it, as it is a duet, with Mr. Webster, and accompanied "Bonnie" with Spanish Chorus, "Oh, Bonnie, Bonnie" was beautifully sung Miss A. Webster and Miss Stuart sang "Let Me Hear Thy Voice" to the delight of the appreciative audience. Miss B. Stuart showed all present a fine rendering of "The Maid of Dundee" which was sung with great delicacy and feeling. All these artists did great credit to their excellent master. The efficient organist of the occasion was Miss Bertha Greenhood. On Sunday the 24th, Mr. Formes and Webster and Mr. Morrison sang at the High Mass at St. Rose's Church.

Yours truly, [illegible]

INGERSOLL'S STRONG POSIT.

The following communication appears in a recent issue of the *New York Witness*:

The great American infidel, Colonel Robert Green of Knoxville, Tenn., whom he had lectured at Knoxville, Tenn., where he had lectured Pastor, Methodist and other gentlemen of great prominence, and I have made more money out of my fashion lecture than I ever made in all my life by more serious and useful topics."

In this not a verification of the old Scriptural saying: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." I am responsible for the entire truth and accuracy of this statement.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

CLEVELAND, O., January 2, 1886.

[Continued next permanently by "Lilly."]

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim—Mr. William Mullan, J. P., died in Belfast, at the residence of Colonel Hope Sydenham. Mr. Mullan was a member of the Belfast Town Council for many years, and in 1866 filled the office of Mayor, succeeding the late Mr. John Lyle, J. P. He also was a member of the Harbor Board for three upon the Board of Guardians, and is credited with a decided share in all matters of town and harbor improvements up to 1881, when he retired from public life.

On Jan. 2, in the registrars room of the Hall of Ballymena, the following persons—Patrick John Kernaghan, of Kernaghanstown, Moyarget, between Cushendun and Ballycastle, was brought forward in custody, charged with failing attendance before the Rev. Alexander Stuart, P. P., Ahoghill, on Christmas morning. According to the information of the Rev. gentleman, it appears that he drove from Ahoghill, to a place called Ballybeg, for the purpose of celebrating the festive. In his return journey, accompanied by a friend, who was driving, he noticed three men in a field adjoining the road. Immediately after this he passed two shots were fired from the direction of the field, the balls passed close to the Rev. Father and lodged in the road in front of the horse. Shortly afterwards he was walking in his residence, another shot was fired at him from behind, and he felt a blow. Similar testimony was given by the servant, and the District Inspector of Ballymena, who had a conversation in the prisoner's house. Kanaghan was returned for trial to the next Ballymena Quarter Sessions. He was accepted, himself in £50 and two sureties in £25 each.

Clare—Mr. Thomas McCarthy Killalee, died in Ennis, aged 74 years, and he bequeathed to the Nursing in response to the request of the benevolent society, the sum of £100 and a legacy of £100 per annum to the same.

Cavan—On Jan. 2, Head Constable Cogan and two other of the Royal Irish Constabulary, arrived in Cavan from Ballyjamesduff, Cavan, Shankhill, Upper, on the estate of Lord Farnham, with a view to serve a number of tenants with notices to quit, received a letter from the agent, Mr. Wrenn, of Cootehill, Cavan, calling on them to desist from the work. Last year a large set proceedings against him could not be carried out, and the tenants succeeded in securing a reduction of rent.

Dr. Edmond Reynolds, medical officer of Kilmacthomas, Dungarvan, died on Jan. 6th. He gained his degree of medicine and surgery in Dublin, and was for some time ship's surgeon, afterward of active service on board the Union Line of steamers, he offered himself for the position of medical officer of Kilgarvan, and was unanimously elected, and for a few months ago, he was the president of the profession, while actively engaged in the duties of his profession, he contributed to the literature of the country, and was a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and was also a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and was also a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and was also

Poetry.

A VALENTINE.

I hail from Saint Valentine's Court, alas!
If Kentucky life was my home—
Gentled now by Love's new star!
With Love's own message I come!

I hail from that land of Southern sun,
Where love and beauty dwell,
Our mountains all gold, I'ts come
To win from thee—*not coal!*

I have left behind me a glittering land—
Its softest and brightest of skies
To me was a desert, and dreary and blind
It lacked the light of your eyes!

I have said adieu to the flowers so fair!
I have left the sweet birds to their shades!
I reach this city's dusty glare,
To court from thee—love!

I've heard of your beauty—it warmed my heart,
I've heard of it many a time;
I've read it—say, do not start,
I've read it in very your prime!

I am come, I knock at your true heart's gate,
I'm come without fear or pity!
Oh, say not I'm tardy—I'm not too late,
But bid me welcome!

I enter, I bless you, I lie at your feet,
I forget each weary mile,
Are you taken no my with a welcome sweet
And yield what I asked—one smile!

That welcome and I to our love grass,
Blue sway to a heart full of joy!
Nestling there as a beam from Heaven
Sent to a soul through pity!

You look me over—you would read me once more?
You ponder—it is merely a chance!
You would put me away—but not before
You give me what I craved—one glance!

That one glance of hers!—O power, too cold!
Think not it is, you, I speak!
Nay! no, it has sway charmingly hold
And hasten to stay with me!

That smile and glance in my life shall live
As long as the bright stars shine;
Oh, may we some more thoughts may give
The light of a Valentine!

PATRICK M. KING.
San Francisco, Feb. 14, 1888.

THE SCHOOL OF SORROW.

I sat in the school of sorrow;
The Master was teaching there,
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.
Instead of looking upward,
I was looking this low dirion,
In full of tender compassion
For every heart like mine.

I thought only of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
The cloud that hung thick above me
Darkening the light of day;
So I could not learn my lesson,
And sadly I turned to go;
And the Master came not near me,
As the lesson was so slow.

At last to despair I lifted
My drooping, tear-blurred eyes,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a look of pitying love,
To the cross where we fix pointed,
Then I knew that I was slow
My child, thou must take thy lesson,
And learn it by heart, I know.

"Not now will I tell the reason—
"Thy strength for then is lesser
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And appointed thee all thy ways;
Then, kneeling, the cross I lifted
For one glance of that face divine
And given me strength to bear it,
And say, "Thy will, not mine.

And as I learned my lesson;
And through the weary years
He helped me, and I grew stronger
And cleared every day my sight,
And over the rough places
From the heavenly home streamed down,
Where the school tasks are all ended,
And the cross is changed for the crown.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Literary Miscellany.

In the Crevasse.

"The glacier will not be safe today"
said the old guide, shaking his head gravely.
"There is a yellow mist over the top of
Old Heiligen Alp, and mean a thaw.

"Well, and what if thaw?" asked the
younger man whom I had choosen for my guide.
"Rather one day's nor one month's thaw
is going to melt the Mer de Glace."

"Ha," said the old man, "I see that
sometimes breaks a glacier into crevasses.
Yes, even the Mer de Glace so full of cracks
on the bottom of a dried-up pond in rain-
time. Many a good fellow has lost his life
at the bottom of those chasms.

"It's not a crack in the ice, nor a crack
in an old man's brain that is going to scare
Franz Berg," said the young man, laughing.
"I've been guide now for six and one, three
Alpen years, and I have never heard of even
a Frenchman lost in a crevasse."

"Well, well, have your are, say," mutt-
tered the old man, "wisdom is learned by ex-
perience. Happy for you if you live to be
bit by it."

I was somewhat disturbed by the old
guide's ominous words, but not deterred
from my chosen pleasure, so we set off
the way from Geneva expressly to see the
glacier, and it was the geologist's delight in
doing old man that was going to interfere
with my plan. I had but one day to spare.
The weather was beautiful, the sky was
brilliantly blue and the snow-crowned cage
of the mountains, like giants of primeval
prisons in the sun. I, for one, could not
with the poliver mist to shift the old man
had referred, and was greatly inclined to
attribute his warning to an ugly pride has dese-
to a magrim of his old trade.

Our preparations were simply of high boots,
shod with spikes, steel-tipped sticks, and
wicker flask of spirits spices, were soon
completed. We can out at ten in the fore-
noon, and by twelve had reached the left
bank of the great ice river which we pro-
posed to cross.

I paused a moment, awestruck at the
magnificent spectacle. Imagine a glacier
river, perhaps two miles broad, whirling be-
tween cast two-ripped hills, suddenly
frozen in a slow, moving torrent of ice.
Vast heaps of snow lay upon it, and here
and there masses of rock, weighing tons,
detached from some peak far up the im-
penable cliffs.

Very soon we a narrow fissure or cleft ran
diagonally across the body of the ice, the
sides smooth as glass and of a deep lustrous
green, shadowing into the almost impenetrable
darkness. Such a crevasse as this, the
guide said, was always to be found in the
glacier and only the most ordinary care was
necessary to avoid it.

We scrambled down upon the ice and be-
gan to make our way cautiously across it.
Owing to various obstructions we had
been up once or and upon in the ice, our
progress was very slow. After an hour of
hard work we had not accomplished one-
half of the distance, and sat down upon a
cube of rock to rest and look about me.

A change had steadily taking place in the
weather. The sun was clouded by a thick
Indian-colored mist, and the valley of the
glacier itself seemed to be shroud with
masses of whirling vapor. My outside gar-
ments were wet, and clot with his wadding
up a solid and benumbing steam.

As I sat in a far from comfortable frame
of body and mind, I was started by a far-off,
dull, booming sound, the echoes of which
seemed to be repeated interminably among
the hills.

"What was that?" I asked the guide
"Most likely an avalanche on the Heiligen
Alp," he replied. "They are always falling
there——"

He was interrupted by a repetition of the
sound, much nearer to us, accompanied by
a tremendous shock that seemed to shake
the ice beneath us. I looked at him inquiring-
ly, and observed that he was slightly
pale.

"A crevasse," he said, answering my
look with an air of uneasiness that I could
see was not wholly real. "When the ice
parts it makes a noise like a cannon. It is
nothing. However, we had better be mov-
ing. I don't like the looks of this fog.

We arose and resumed our journey, the
guide directing our course by occasional
glimpses of the Alps through the wreaths of
fog which every moment became more dense.
We had not proceeded twenty steps, how
ever, when the guide suddenly paused and
exclaimed in a low voice: "Mon Dieu!" there
came another report, so loud and sharp
that I was absolutely stunned, and right in
front of us a long jagged line appeared in
the ice, widening rapidly, until two sheer
walls faced each other more than ten feet
apart.

Though the chasm lay directly in our
way, to cross it was out of the question.
The guide turned quickly to the right, and
we followed the brink of the crevasse, hop-
ing to find a point where it ended, or was
narrow enough to spring over. The fog
had now become so dense that we could
not see a dozen steps before us, and we were
forced to move at a small's pace in order to
avoid falling into some unseen abyss. We
had gone on in this way perhaps five
minutes, when there came another report,
followed by a series of weaker shocks.
The guide said I paused, and looked around
us.

The situation had become, to say the
least, embarrassing. During a momentary
lift of the fog we saw all around us a per-
fect network of cracks, intersecting one
other at every angle. Then, as the vapor
closed in again, we could hear on every side
tremendous crashes and grindings, as the
huge masses of ice approached or receded
from one another.

That to do now was a serious question.
To proceed a single yard might be to peri-
ish miserably in the bottom of some
frightful chasm, and to remain where we
were might be merely waiting until the ice
should open beneath our feet and engulf us.
But we were speedily forced to a conclusion.
While we stood a few feet apart and anxiously
discussing our position, there was another
shock, and I was blinded by a shower of
small particles of ice.

When I cleared my eyes I saw that south-
er cleft had opened directly at my feet, leaving
me myself and the guide. It was rapidly
widening, and in a few seconds would com-
pletely separate me from my companion.
Without hesitation I sprang across it, and
stood beside him. He looked at me with a
grave face.

"We are in great danger," he said simply.
"Yes," I replied, as quickly as I could,
"but we must do our best to get out of it.
What do you advise?"

"We must not stay here," he said, peer-
ing into the fog. "We are evidently in
the very centre of these crevasses. If we
could get nearer to either bank we would
be safer. I thought I heard Blue and
Mont Blanc, and I thought I heard Blue and
Mont Blanc, and I thought I heard Blue and
Mont Blanc, and

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1886.

PROCLAMATION OF THE JUBILEE.

The following Circular Letter from Archbishop Riordan was read in all the city churches on last Sunday. The Encyclical Letter proclaiming the extraordinary Jubilee during the present year was published in the MONITOR of the 20th ult.

TO THE CLERGY
—OF THE—
Archdiocese of San Francisco.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

In obedience to the command of our Holy Father, I send you his Encyclical Letter of the 23d of December, proclaiming an Extraordinary Jubilee, and enjoin that it be read in all the churches of the Archdiocese on the Sunday after its reception.

The conditions with which a faithful compliance is prescribed, in order to gain the Plenary Indulgence of the Jubilee, are as follows:

1st. For those living in the city of San Francisco to visit, twice, three churches, namely: St. Mary's Cathedral, St. Patrick's, and St. Ignatius.

For those living in the City of Oakland to visit, twice, three churches, namely: St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, and St. Anthony's.

For those living in San José to pay three visits to each of the two churches, St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's.

For those living where there is but one church, to visit it six times, and during each visit to pray for the prosperity and exaltation of the Holy Catholic Church and of the Apostolic See; for the extirpation of heresies; the conversion of the erring; for concord among Christian Rulers; for the peace and unity of all Christian people—according to the intention of the Holy Father.

2d. To fast two days. The fast is to be made on days that are not, by precept of the Church, days of strict fast. Should two days in the Lenten Season be selected, those only must be taken that are included in the Lenten fast. The fast cannot be made on the Ember-days throughout the year.

The fast prescribed by the Sovereign Pontiff is that which is commonly known as the black fast, excluding not only flesh meat, but also what are called white meats, eggs, milk, butter, cheese, or anything nourishing derived from these. At the observance of the fast is one of the conditions necessary for gaining the Indulgence, every one, irrespective of age, is obliged to observe it.

3d. A sincere and contrite Confession.

4th. A worthy reception of Holy Communion.

5th. The giving of alms, according to the means of each one, to some work that has for its object the spiritual or corporal benefit of the Catholic Church. In other words the alms shall be given: 1 Dog leave, harbor, or, and poor attention to the spiritual works that have a claim on our charity: The Tombs' Directory for destitute and homeless boys, and a Mission School and Chapel to be established for the many children living along the water-front in this city, the far west of a school and chapel, are in great spiritual destitution. For these objects Rectors will use that a special box distinctly labeled "Jubilee Alms," be placed in their churches, and their contents sent from time to time during the year to the Rev. George Montgomery, Secretary of the Archdiocese.

Confessors have faculties to commute any of the conditions that may be impracticable, excepting Confession and Communion, and even Communion, in the case of children not yet admitted to their First Communion.

6th. The Confession and Communion prescribed for gaining the Plenary Indulgence of the Jubilee must be distinct from those made to satisfy the Easter precept.

7th. The Indulgence of the Jubilee may be gained more than once on complying with the conditions prescribed by the Sovereign Pontiff.

8th. The extraordinary Jubilee granted to Confessors, of absolving from reserved cases, of commuting the works prescribed or dispensing from them, can be used in favor of those only who desire to make the Jubilee, and only once in favor of the same penitent.

During the time of the Jubilee the faculties granted by the Letters Apostolic "Pauline Mentis," dated February 15, 1879, the text of which I subjoin, are given by the Sovereign Pontiff to all Confessors.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ PATRICK W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 11, 1886.

—In a recent issue of the *Little Catholic* there appeared a summary of the Pope's Peter-pence collection in Northern Italy. From it we learn that the most liberal response to the appeal of the Holy Father was given in the Diocese of Milan, which contributed the sum of 50,000 lire ($10,000). The Diocese of Turin gave 40,000 lire; Genoa, 30,000 lire; Vercelli, 25,000 lire; Casale, 20,000 lire; Ventimiglia, 15,000 lire; Aosta, 10,000 lire; Savona, 10,000 lire; Albenga, 10,000 lire; Tortona, 10,000 lire; Alessandria, 10,000 lire; Asti, 10,000 lire; Acqui, 10,000 lire; Novara, 10,000 lire; Vigevano, 10,000 lire; Pinerolo, 10,000 lire; Ivrea, 10,000 lire; Mondovi, 10,000 lire; Saluzzo, 10,000 lire; Biella, 10,000 lire; Vercelli, 10,000 lire; Casale, 10,000 lire; Pavia, 10,000 lire; Cremona, 10,000 lire; Lodi, 10,000 lire; Piacenza, 10,000 lire; Bergamo, 10,000 lire; Brescia, 10,000 lire; Cremona, 10,000 lire; Mantua, 10,000 lire; Trento, 10,000 lire; Trieste, 10,000 lire; Gorizia, 10,000 lire; Udine, 10,000 lire; Belluno, 10,000 lire; Vittorio, 10,000 lire; Treviso, 10,000 lire; Vicenza, 10,000 lire; Verona, 10,000 lire; Adria, 10,000 lire; Padua, 10,000 lire; Venice, 10,000 lire; Concord

Farm and Home.

Birth at Meal Time.

Everybody should plan to have pleasant conversation at the table, just as they have good food. A little story telling, a little reading, it may be of humorous things, anecdotes, etc., will often stimulate the joyous elements of the mind and cause it to set vigorously. Try and avoid going to the table all tired out. Let all troublesome topics be avoided. Don't discipline children. Think and say something pleasant. Cultivate mirth, and laugh when anything witty is said. If possible, never eat alone. Invite a friend of whom you are fond, and say to him or your wife, or husband, or brother, "Sesame, Pipkin, your feet are not empty."

The boys all laughed, but Pipkin said he couldn't see any joke.

A Leading Question.

"And so Mr. Featherly will lead your daughter to the altar next month, Mrs. Hendricks?" said the minister, who was making his weekly call.

"Ah, yes!" replied Mrs. Hendricks, with a sigh; "I don't know what I shall do without Clara."

"Will Mr. Featherly lead Clara to the altar the same as Aunt Jack says that he leads pa?" inquired Bobby.

"How is that, Bobby?" asked the minister, pleasantly.

"By the nose."

Curious Names.

"What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a Nice gentleman as the person indicated left his presence.

"What is it?"

"E. P. Hastar, he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what an amount of foolish patriotism is concealed in those initials. The young man was born on January 3, 1863, and his parents named him Emancipation Proclamation Baxter, in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad."

"Yes, but there are some parents with exactly ideas on the subject of naming children.

One boy I christened Perseverance Jones. I remarked to Jones the day before, that he said the child's mother was called Patience, and he saw no reason why the boy should not be called Perseverance, because the two always went together. Within a few years of the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a handsome footing the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of B. L. T. Lloyd.' If the owner of this name were living now his friends would probably call him 'Celestial.' I knew a colored man named Alexander doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hoss,' and it struck me one day to ask him what his name was.

"'Tribulation Wholesome Alexander, sah,' he replied.

"It may have been some relative of his who came to me with twins to have baptized.

"'What names will you call them?' I asked.

"'Cherubim and Seraphim,' replied the mother.

"'Why?' I asked in astonishment.

"'Because,' she replied, 'de pra'r book says 'de cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' and dese yare chil'ec do nuffin' else.'"

The Note gatherer edged toward the door, and when he had got in the lobby shouted "Chestnuts," and skipped down stairs.

To the Hornet.

"If I had been Solomon," said a curbstone philosopher, "I don't think I would have made the laws for the bees."

"Where would you have seed him?" inquired a man with a decaying nose, who needed shaving badly.

"I would have sent him to the hornet."

"And what good would that have done?"

"A great deal, my friend. One hornet would have taught him more about enterprise in five minutes than he could have learned from a whole colony of ants in three weeks by the closest kind of observation. If you want to limber a man's joints in a hurry, send him to the hornet every time, and you won't miss it. This hornet means business from the very start, and don't you forget it."

Settled Long Ago.

Young Englishman—Your country is so young, you know, Miss Eagle. You have no pride of ancestry as yet.

American Girl—On the contrary, Mr. Lion, America is and has every reason to be proud of its ancestry. Much more so, in fact, than England.

Young Englishman—Indeed!

American Girl—Oh, my, yes! The ancestry of our ancestors was settled over a hundred years ago.

Send Him to Pasteur!

"Every time I drink a glass of beer I think of poor old Johnny Mehler the other day, as he lained on his death bed and gave a wicked wink.

"Why?" said a friend on the outside, as he raised a glass of the foaming liquid to his lips."

"It reminds me of a very med dog," replied John.

"Why should it?" asked the man as he quaffed down the beer and a large quantity of astonishment at the same time.

"Because," said John, "it frothe at the mouth."

The Hot Water Cure.

"My dear," remarked Mr. DeWiggs at the breakfast table this morning, "Dr. Lawin says that hot water will cure all diseases."

"He does, does he?" said Mrs. DeWiggs.

"Yes, and persons who use the treatment ought never to be sick at all."

"Well, I don't believe it."

"Why?"

"You know how sick I am all the time."

"But you have never tried the hot water cure."

"What never tried it?" ejaculated De Wiggs, as he slided towards the door.

"Why, I've been in hot water ever since I married you."

He got outside just in time to miss a tureen full of hot slop as a parting salute.

What Made Him Late.

"I don't understand," said a Waco merchant, taking out his watch, "how it is that you manage to get here so much later than all the other clerks, Mr. Smith. Some of them live miles from the store then that of my rather short."

"I know that," replied the clerk, "but my affection for my family makes me late. I have four boys, and no matter how early I get up, by the time each one has had his thrashing, it is so late that I have to leave the house without eating my breakfast."

As an article for the toilet, Apon's Hair Vigor stands unrivalled. It cleans the scalp and promotes it from scurf and dandruff, cures feeling and humour, restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and promotes its growth.

Family Fun.

The Reason Why.

Filpinks came down to the club last night with a great problem weighing on his mind.

"If I should stand on my head," said he, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a bone—"if I put my head down and my legs all rushes into my head, don't it?"

No one ventured to contradict him.

"Now," continued he, triumphantly, "what I stand on my feet, why don't the blood all rush into my feet?"

"Because," replied Mac Cushaniggen's brother, "because, Filpinks, your feet are not empty."

The boys all laughed, but Filpinks said he couldn't see any joke.

Tight Lacing Again.

The triangular figure, with a base at the shoulders and apex at the hips, that begin to show themselves on our streets indicate a return to the wicked fashion of tight lacing that disgraced women twenty years ago. Nothing can excuse such a violation of the laws of health and beauty but the greatest ignorance. False standards of what constitutes a good figure had hundreds of women to offend in this very domain to which they attempt to plume, having no knowledge of the laws of proportion they offend our sight. Large women wearing shoes two or even three sizes too small, walking with a cramped and wabbling gait, all freedom of motion gone, and an expression of suppressed agony on their face are painful to behold. Gloved-hands so shaped looking that unconsciously the mind runs to the butcher's window and its rows of sausages, and we give preference to the sausages as works of art because of their conformity to their natural out-lines. Every woman who wears tight shoes or gloves pays the penalty in cold feet and hands, impaired circulation, and, as a result, a pinched and purple complexion. Fashion being a violation against health that offends against the law of God; a violation that is even greater than self murder, as it attacks one vital organ of child bearing. All this is done with the mistaken idea that the form of a woman is improved by being made to conform to the lines of beauty, and that the Venus of Milo is rivalled!

How to Get Fat.

If any one wishes to get fatty, says an exchange, a plat of milk taken before retiring at night will cover the owner's ribs last bone. Although now-a-days we see a great many lean and hard girls, who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in health and appearance could their bones be rounded with good solid flesh. Nothing so much adds to a woman than a full figure, and nothing will cross the ire and spunkiness of one of the "slipper-builds" as the commencement of plumpness in a rival. In cases of fever and summer-complaint, milk is now given with excellent results. The idea that milk is "feverish" has exploded, and this now the physician's great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, of those in low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is similar in its effects on the slender. Take more milk and buy less meat. Look to your stallions, have large-limed well-filled pitchers on the table each meal, and your wives will also have sound flesh and light digestion's bills.

Simple Cure For Cold Feet.

The following remedy for cold feet is recommended for sedentary sufferers, as well as policemen, sentinels, and others who are exposed to cold: "All that is necessary is to stand erect and vary gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to pull all the tendons of the feet at full stretch. This is not to hop or jump up and down; but simply to rise—spread the instep—pop tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation will be set up. A heavy pair of wool stockings drawn over this motion cans is also a recommendation for keeping the feet warm.

Little Vices.

"He uses tobacco a very little," said the fond bride. "He takes a social glass, but seldom." Her chum's husband, her pride was hurt in having to say that her hero was almost perfect, but she thought, if her husband proved, he would be easily persuaded to renounce even that for her sake, but she did not mention him, did not like to dictate. Men do not like to be trained. She also appeared to notice as little as possible; and the stones grew, one upon another—slowly, surely, the pile rose, occasionally noticed, but long ago found, too heavy for removal by her tender hands. Now she swings those hands and moans, looking back to the days when she held him. There is no mourning over that bestiom. One who feel a loving pride in a habitual drunkard? Oh, young lady, anticipating marriage, beware that there be not even the commencement, between you at the start, of a "wall of separation."

Recipes.

BEEF ROLLS.—Take the remains of cold roast or boiled beef. Mince fine with a small amount of its fat; add seasoning of pepper, salt and chopped herbs. Put the whole in a roll of puff paste and bake for half an hour.

MINCED COD'FISH.—Flake up cold boiled cod, and to each three cups of fish add one cup of mashed potato, a small piece of butter, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of sora starch; make into small cakes and fry in butter.

HAM GUNNERSBAL.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, one-half cup of lard, a little salt, one egg, a scant, teaspoonful of ginger and a heaping teaspoonful of saleratus. Mix quite hard. Roll out, cut in cards to suit your pan, which should be a shallow one. Have your oven hot when you put your bread in, but be careful not to burn it. Sometimes you may put in one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, but it is not necessary.

American Cattle.

An Eastern paper notes some curious facts in connection with the history of horned cattle in this country. Columbus brought the first herd on his second trip in 1493. Other Spanish navigators brought small herds, from which the wild cattle of the West and South descended. In 1603 the Portuguese took cattle and hogs to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The Canadian cattle were introduced in 1608 to 1630 Virginia had 500 head of cattle. The most stringent laws were passed prohibiting the killing of any domestic animal. In New England cattle were introduced in 1624. It is said that for a time price was regulated by color, a red calf being cheaper than a black one, because it was more likely to be mistaken by the wolves for a deer and killed.

—Bob Hudnuts cured at once by "DDD."

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to send in all items of interest, including notices necessary for publication, for this Department.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PRESIDIAL COUNCIL.—The Particular Council meets on the first Sunday of every month, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of organizing and directing the conferences, assists in taking care of the funds, and decides on all appeals preferred on that score, and appoints a number of visitors to the sick, who are not members of the Society, to report to the Particular Council, which meets in St. Mary's Cathedral Building, the first Tuesday of every month at the following officers: Spiritual Director, Very Rev. J. Prendergast, V. G.; President, Thomas Magee; Vice President, John Wallace; Treasurer, Thos. Maher; Secretary, P. J. Thomas. The Particular Council further elects a number of Visitors, who are ex-officio members of all the conferences in the city and are also members of the Particular Council.

The following list comprises the officers of the 11 groups, as chosen by the Particular Council:

ST. MARY'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. John Caverly; President, Thomas Magee; Vice President, John Carmody; 1st Vice President, J. J. Hunter; 2nd Vice President, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, John Mooney; Secretary, Thomas Maher; Assistant Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Visitors, Thomas Ryan, John Mooney, Thomas Maher, John Carmody, Thomas Magee, John Wallace, James Hunter, Thomas Ryan, Jr., Thomas Ryan, Sr., Thomas Ryan, Jr., Thomas Ryan, Sr., Thomas Ryan, Jr., Thomas Ryan, Sr.,

Farm and Home.

Birth at Meal Time.

Everybody should plan to have pleasant conversation at the table, just as they have good food. A little story telling, a little anecdotes, jokes, will clear away the dyspepsia clouds of the mind and cause it to act vigorously. Try and avoid going to the table all dead out. Let all troubles some topics be avoided. Don't discipline children. Think and say something pleasant. Contents spread, no laughing when eat alone. Invite a friend of whom you are fond, and try to have a good time. Friendship and friendship increases at the table, assist the appetite and promotes the flow of animal spirits.

Tight Lacing Again.

The triangular figure, with a base at the shoulders and apex at the hips, that begin to show themselves in our streets indicate a return to the wasp waist fashion of long ago. Nothing can excuse such a violation of the laws of health and beauty as the fashion of tight lace. False standards of beauty have often led women to commit the most atrocious crimes against themselves. Fashion is the very domain in which they attempt to please, having no knowledge of the laws of proportion they follow blindly sight. Large women wearing shoes two or three sizes too small, walking on a stamped and wobbling gait with pressure of suppressed agony on their faces are painful to behold. Gloved hands so crushed looking that nonconsciously the nerve end message, and we give preference to the messages as works of art because of their conformity to their ideal. Every woman who wears tight shoes or gloves pays the penalty in cold feet, cold hands, impaired circulation, and, as a result, a pinched and sallow complexion. Tight lacing is a violation against health that offends against the law of God; a violation that is ever greater than it is supposed. It impairs the vital organs of child bearing. All this is done in the name of beauty, and that the form of a woman is improved by lacing, made to conform to the ideal of fashion, and that the Venus of Milo is rivalled!

How to Get Fat.

If any one wishes to get fleshy, says an exchange, a piece of advice is given that if acted upon will soon cover the recipient with flesh. Although now a dayes we see a great many lean and lank girls and women, for the fashionable ideal is a plump figure, and she would be vastly complacent, health and appearance would their favorite ideal, and nothing will cause the lean figure, and nothing will cause the lean to be rounded with good flesh. Fashion is ever revered by some women than a full bosom

AMERICAN CATHOLICS.

What They Should Do in Politics and the Position They Should Take on the Sunday Closing Question.

Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour, preaching in St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, on a recent Sunday, said: "Catholics are somewhat to blame in not taking a more active part with their fellow-citizens in the ordinary local and general questions of the day. You are citizens," said the bishop, "and as such have not only a right to discuss any social, political or religious questions among, but it is your duty so to do. If good men stand aloof and let the bad have the field undisturbed, calmly and frankly say so. If you deem it well to propose measures, present them, discuss them and urge them. If you are aggrieved, present your grievance, and in all lawful and constitutional ways seek to have the grievance removed. Be a part of the community in which you live. You are not foreigners or aliens. You have come here to be a part of American society, willing to give your labor for the development of the wealth of the country and your blood for the maintenance of its laws. I think," said the bishop, "Catholics are somewhat at fault, and by their mode of acting have unwittingly helped to give color to the charge that they are foreigners. They are timid and shrinking, and keep away too much from general movements. They should mingle more with their fellow-citizens, and take, as citizens, a more active part in all local and general movements that tend either to the prevention of evil or the amelioration of evil. Foreign nationalities and nationalities should be done away with. They have neither right nor place in America. Here we should know no country but America. Our lot and lives we cast with America, and at any attempt to foster other nationalities or even our languages than American should not only be discouraged, but firmly frowned down. When the Sunday question comes to the shores of America it seems to be a part of America, to take his place in society as a part of American society, and to assume the duties and to claim the rights of an American citizen. In the face of such positions there is, and can be, no place for religious or other nationalities, and it should not be claimed, but on the contrary disclaimed, in the face of those who would assert it. This is no manner forbids the foreigner thinking kindly of fatherland and friends there; on the contrary, the love of a man's birth must ever be dear to him, and should be sacred to be memory and feelings, but he should not insist upon people of another country speaking and being molded by the manners or laws of his country. If he chooses to come to this country, let him adapt himself to the customs and laws of the country to which he comes, and let his children and self become a part of the country in which he lives. Therefore, you as citizens should take a much more active part in local affairs; be a part of the society in which you live; mingle more freely with your fellow-citizens; have your say and do your part more fully and freely in the questions that affect you as citizens; examine, see for yourselves the merits of all just and proper laws; help to prevent abuse, sin, scandal, take a part in regulating abuse in the city and use of liquor. Join with your fellow-citizens in this present effort to regulate in this matter the Sabbath question so long mooted, as far as prudent and lawful legislation is concerned, and yet not so long as there is should be kept. I do not seek to impose or ask you to make the Sabbath or the substitution Parisian Sabbath upon you, but I do urge you to help in this present movement to close the saloons on Sunday, and what you can to prevent the proposed ordinance now before the city council by which an effort is made to do away with the clause that I and my predecessor from 7 o'clock in the afternoon to 10 o'clock on Sunday evening. If it was found impossible to close the saloons entirely on Sunday, then the time be limited to one or two hours, but let no not disgrace the city with the farce of closing the saloons on Sunday morning, and then to open on that day, from opening them in the afternoon when their patrons, who go to church, are in prayer, let the saloons be closed on Sunday, and let Sunday be observed as a Christian Sunday.

The Church in Australia.

The Irish bishops and Bishops of Australia have issued a pastoral addressed to their brethren in the American Episcopate. In their address they say:

The present character of the church can not show this occasion of so much joy to her to pass without commemorating her greatness to her children. Of all national churches in communion with the Holy See, there is none to which the Church of Australia bears so close a resemblance to that of the Island Mother. The children of both churches are the offspring of the same race. They speak a common language, their laws, customs and manners are alike, they are spread over regions of vast extent, corresponding in every form of material property, the full development of whose resources must raise both people to a foremost place amongst the nations of the earth. Their density of population widely differs, but their territorial extension is the same in both countries, in both countries the foundations of the faith were laid amid storms and persecution. Those storms from which serious dangers to the faith have sprung and may continue to spring for some time longer threatened to both. The faithful of both countries have had to endure sectarian and Catholic intolerance, intolerance, in political and social life against organized prejudices, sometimes breaking out into open violence, against systems of education, against religious character, hatred, hostile, give but little encouragement to the spread of our holy faith. Our child, even now not among the most favored, wealthiest or most learned of the land, yet bears laid the foundations of the faith deep and solid. As in America, so in Australia, the grain of mustard seed planted in a grateful soil has grown into a goodly tree and for both, in the providence of God, a great future is in store. You will rejoice to learn that our Plenary Council in the island which we are now assigned, requested the Holy See to enrich our church with three new metropolitan sees, with six new suffragan sees, with four additional Bishops, some more specially for the native races, and with a national seminary. We will be able to spread and developing the sacrificial vocations of our native youth. Our Plenary Council, now promulgated by the Metropolitan See, fifteen Bishops, one Vicar Apostolic, with fifty-two of our clergy, constitute our First National Synod. The canons of our colleges, now happily crowned by your national university are a matter of deep interest to us, and will we trust, encourage our people to second our efforts in imitating your noble example. Never the days of our fathers, and yet amongst the first in the history of the church for its numbers and the extent of its dominions, and for its religious and deliberations, be fruitful in blessings for the extirpation of error, for the diffusion of truth, for the happiness of your flocks, for the nation and of souls by giving increased energy to the Apostolic See and greater uniformity in discipline and a more extended sphere to the normal action of the Church. We beg to remain your most loving and devoted brothers in Christ.

PATRICK F. CARD MORAN,
Archbishop of Sydney, Apostolic Delegate, and seventeen others.

— The yoke a man creates for himself by wrong doing will breed hate in the kindliest nature.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—The Unionist faction in Ireland have always been fertile in silly threats to the people of Ireland. The latest specimen of the kind comes from Antrim, where a pitch of rubbish and political nonsense was being put forth by many parts of Ireland the holdings of Protestant farmers are knocked down wholesale by auction for small sums of money, present them, discuss them and urge them. If you are aggrieved, present your grievance, and in all lawful and constitutional ways seek to have the grievance removed. Be a part of the community in which you live. You are not foreigners or aliens. You have come here to be a part of American society, willing to give your labor for the development of the wealth of the country and your blood for the maintenance of its laws. I think," said the bishop, "Catholics are somewhat at fault, and by their mode of acting have unwittingly helped to give color to the charge that they are foreigners. They are timid and shrinking, and keep away too much from general movements. They should mingle more with their fellow-citizens, and take, as citizens, a more active part in all local and general movements that tend either to the prevention of evil or the amelioration of evil. Foreign nationalities and nationalities should be done away with. They have neither right nor place in America. Here we should know no country but America. Our lot and lives we cast with America, and at any attempt to foster other nationalities or even our languages than American should not only be discouraged, but firmly frowned down. When the sun next comes to the shores of America it seems to be a part of America, to take his place in society as a part of American society, and to assume the duties and to claim the rights of an American citizen. In the face of such positions there is, and can be, no place for religious or other nationalities, and it should not be claimed, but on the contrary disclaimed, in the face of those who would assert it. This in no manner forbids the foreigner thinking kindly of fatherland and friends there; on the contrary, the love of a man's birth must ever be dear to him, and should be sacred to be memory and feelings, but he should not insist upon people of another country speaking and being molded by the manners or laws of his country. If he chooses to come to this country, let him adapt himself to the customs and laws of the country to which he comes, and let his children and self become a part of the country in which he lives. Therefore, you as citizens should take a much more active part in local affairs; be a part of the society in which you live; mingle more freely with your fellow-citizens; have your say and do your part more fully and freely in the questions that affect you as citizens; examine, see for yourselves the merits of all just and proper laws; help to prevent abuse, sin, scandal, take a part in regulating abuse in the city and use of liquor. Join with your fellow-citizens in this present effort to regulate in this matter the Sabbath question so long mooted, as far as prudent and lawful legislation is concerned, yet not so long as there is should be kept. I do not seek to impose or ask you to make the Sabbath or the substitution Parisian Sabbath upon you, but I do urge you to help in this present movement to close the saloons on Sunday, what you can to prevent the proposed ordinance now before the city council by which an effort is made to do away with the clause that I and my predecessor from 7 o'clock in the afternoon to 10 o'clock on Sunday evening. If it was found impossible to close the saloons entirely on Sunday, then the time be limited to one or two hours, but let no not disgrace the city with the farce of closing the saloons on Sunday morning, and then to open on that day, from opening them in the afternoon when their patrons, who go to church, are in prayer, let the saloons be closed on Sunday, and let Sunday be observed as a Christian Sunday.

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PATRICK F. CARD MORAN,
Archbishop of Sydney, Apostolic Delegate, and seventeen others.

— The yoke a man creates for himself by wrong doing will breed hate in the kindliest nature.

Limerick.—A farmer named Thomas Mason committed suicide at his residence, near Croom, on January 16, by cutting his throat. He was a bachelor and had been in failing health for several years. He was in a very dejected state of mind for some time before his death, and it was thought that he was in a state of mental aberration. He was about 60 years of age.

Mayo.—In the Land Judges Court on Jan. 21, the evictions over "Traffic's estate," in the county Mayo, sought by Liberty to procure assistance on the property. There were 462 tenants, and the rent of over 2,000 and the arrears for four years amounted to 19,000. Judge Boyd thought the estate too large to entertain appeals. In asking for a discretionary power to grant a new one, counsel stated that the holdings—five acres—were insufficient to pay rent, and that the whole sum of loans were due by Jan. 31.

On Jan. 7, at a village named Crafty, about two miles from Castlebar, a young man named Naughton, 23 years of age, proceeded to a small stream in the vicinity of his home, and having divested himself of his most limpid into the water and was drowned. No motive can be assigned for the rash act. He partook of dinner at his usual hour, which, being then in his usual health and spirits.

Cork.—Reports describe the condition of the laborers dwelling in Berragh, as the most wretched in Irish and Scotch, out of which their owners serve an unreasonable rent. The tenants have complained to the Omagh Board of Guardians, but their grievance has managed to obtain a hearing. Mr. Dobbin, the Land Commissioner, has decided that the rents of the cottages that the owners of the lands have given the tenants notice to quit, because they could make more money by letting the land in conacre.

Tipperary.—There are two eviction dates in Upperary on Jan. 18th. Mr. Arthur Hill, Lisnamrock, Bansha, has large arable tillage farms, and a poor man named Burke, evicted for non-payment, died on the road in Bansha on Jan. 17.

On Jan 17, a well-to-do farmer, named Edward Allen, aged 35 years, residing at Park, Gortahally, near Ballina, Co. Tipperary, was found dead in a well on his farm. He had been missing since the house of Mr. Chadwick, of Thurcville House, near Ballina, where he had the loss of a horse. The man who discovered the body could not find the deceased's hat, and they thought it was the proper way foul play, but when the footer was sounded he found there were no marks of violence on the hat. One of the bullets had proved the heart. Mr. Allen was a Protestant, and was related to Allen, one of the Manchester martyrs. He was a very popular man, of light of way, out of which some pecuniary difficulties had arisen, and he had been missing for one or two days before. No motive can be assigned for the rash act. He partook of dinner at his usual hour, being then in his usual good health and spirits.

Kerry.—Jonathan Walpole, of Ballinrally, Tralee, in the county Kerry, farmer, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

A large meeting of the respectable inhabitants of Tralee, was held on Jan. 18th, they which Isaac Duffey presided. The object for which the meeting was called was to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a statue to the liberator in the town. A subscription list was opened, and the necessary preliminaries for the statue will be given as soon as possible.

Sligo.—Mr. Gallagher, Monasteraden, died on the 20th inst. The Land Bill, which he had been a tenant of Sir Francis Fetherstonhaugh, Bt., Fermoyle, Co. Longford, died at the age of 80 years. Deceased was

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

SWEET IMMIPAH.

Lawset Immipah! O lovely land!
Where nature smiles both sweet and grand,
Rich verdant hill and flowery dell
Proclaim where beauty bower is dwell.
Thy mountains towering from the sea,
Proclaim there is no land like thee,
Thou sweetest home of morning mist,
Thou dear old land of Immipah!

O ancient land! O lovely home!
Where aspect feel would love to roam,
Full oft beneath such smiling bower
I wept with sad yet happy heart to hear,
And then spread freedom near her shrin
Or bade it love and praise God.
And proudly told to every gale—
"There was no land like Immipah!"

O patriot isle! O an cit shore!
Thy sons are brave the wide world over,
And thousands yet shall proudly tell
How they in youth fondly sought and fell,
Or drivin back the Dutchmen
From off their soil in long ago,
Till victory smiled on every side
Around the shopes of Immipah!

O dear old land! O land of song!
From strangers oft you're suffered wrong!
The Boers came with sword and hand
Strewed sorrow round with savage hand,
Yet oft they were made to feel
Brin's hate and Pete's steel.

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a song, in an idle ballad,
Sung on a summer day;
Thousands have listened to the singer,
And few that heeded her song!
Yet the singer is very, very lovely,
And sweet as love noted;
Thousands have listened to her ballad
That it left as proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the world in spring;
Of the strange, soul-stirring voices
Of the "little birds bold, and sing;"
Of the happy little lov warbling
Amid the green leaves;
And the quiet voice of the zephyr
In the dusk of the gloaming grey.

And one in a distant corner—
A woman seen with sorrow—
Heard in that song a message
From the world of joy and love.
Her fairy form rose up before her
From the sunlit world of spring,
She felt happy blindness,
Her eyes were wet with tears.

Then when the song was ended,
And she heard the applause rose,
The listener rose up softly
And crept to her room alone.
Once more to her life of labor
She passed; but her heart was strong;
And she prayed, "God bless the singer!
And say, thank God for the song!"

Literary Miscellany.

Winning a Bride Through War.

A True Episode of the Struggle Between Southern Rebels and Northern Men.

On the 22nd of July, 1864, the armies of the sulphurous breath of mankind and man.

At 1 am o'clock, General Hardee, a Confederate corps commander with a mounted escort, was in the saddle, observing the position of the enemy. One of the escort was a young lieutenant, a cousin.

While the General was noting the reports of a civil engineer, a squad of Union prisoners, were marched up and halted. One of the number, a mulatto, sank upon the ground exhausted from fatigue. Union men having entered his left cheek and ranging upward passed out through the right, shattering the cheek bone. The young courier, observing the wounded man, asked if the surgeon be directed to attend him. An order was then administered and the wound dressed, when the prisoners were ordered to resume their march. The Union sergeant endeavored to obey, but staggered from effort. At that moment an ambulance containing wounded Confederate officers drew up. The young courier, observing that there was room for one more, asked that the wounded captain be placed therein, offering to take him delivered in the train guard in the city, whither he had just been ordered. Following the ambulance on his horse, he passed at General Johnston's headquarters to deliver a dispatch and then, when the Confederate wounded had been removed from the wagon, accompanied it to the train, which was about starting for Atlanta. After giving the prisoner his own pillow freshly filled with moss, he purchased from a store near by a mercy ance, and, obtained permission from the train guard for the wounded man to lie upon it. The latter's face being so pallid and bloody, not speak, he amused with his head tre a pencil—perhaps for writing thanks to his benefactor. Before the pencil was produced the train moved and the young Confederate leaped to the car. The prisoners proceeded toward Jacksonville, while the courier returned to his command. That afternoon the Confederate made a charge in which the courier was painfully wounded, and then, when while the Union captain was placed within the prison enclosure, the young Confederate was lying in an hospital. Possibly such gave some thought to the other, but it is not likely either anticipated ever meeting the other again.

In July, 1874, at a popular resort on a Western lakeside, mostly commanded upon the marked attention paid by Miss Emma Clancey by Henry Rose, a gentleman from Philadelphia, a man whose winning address had made him a universal favorite. The young lady was easily accorded the position of reigning belle of the resort, and, her father owning a fortune, she was enabled to hospitably receive her friends. There was a number of gentlemen whose frequent calls indicated admiration for the entertainer; but it was apparent that none were received with such favor as the courtly Henry Rose.

On the evening of the 22nd, Captain Clancey's parlors were filled with visitors, and as he was speaking all seated himself, and Mrs. Clancey were with their guests. There had been an hour of music and dancing, when some one called upon Miss Clancey the pleasantness of the occasion, Miss Clancey responded. "Yes, this is always an auspicious occasion, the 22nd of July, in our house. It celebrates the anniversary of the board on father's face, and it reminds one of one with whom I was in love, and who is to be my husband."

Mrs. Clancey, who had sat at such pleasantry so to call for observy antiantes, especially from the young gentlemen surrounding the piano.

"I cannot give the name of my lover-ideal," she said, answering an inquiry of Mr. Rose, "for I do not know it, and I have never seen him. Yet I love him, for what would I not give to meet him. I remember, though I was but three years old, my father's return home from the army, and of his telling how, on the 22nd of July, he had been wounded, and how young Confederate soldier, a mere boy, he said, had procured for him original treatment, and returned him kindness which probably saved his life. When he had so spoken, he always I provoked laughter by throwing my arms about his neck, and telling him that I loved that young Confederate, and that when grown to be a woman I intended being his wife.

Some one remarked this a romantic story, and asked that she tell more of it. "No," said she, "but father shall, for it is his pat theme each 22nd of July.

Where supplemented the daughter's request and responding to it, Capt. Clancy, in a narrative way, grown easy from frequent recitals, recounted the events already noted in the first chapter of this story, adding his wounds being dressed where the prisoners were halted, of the courier having had him placed in a ambulance, and of his reaching the Andersonville train, when Miss Clancy, who chanced to glance at Harry Rose, observed an agitation of manner quite foreign to his active composure.

"When he had assisted me into the car," Capt. Clancy continued, "he asked if Miss Rose interrupted.

"Hold a moment, please," he said, "and permit a question or two from me. Did the courier you speak of hand you his own canteen?

"Yes, he did," replied Captain Clancy, "and he gave me a drink of water from it.

"He did," was answered.

"And did you, being much unable to speak, make signs for a pencil, and did the train move just as he was handing the pencil to you meaning him to jump the car?

Captain Clancy was on his feet.

"Yes! yes!" he exclaimed, "but how came you to know of all this?

"How came I to know! Why, sir, I was that boy!"

For a moment a brief moment—there was bitter stillness in the parlors. But when, stepping quickly forward, Captain Clancy grasped Henry Rose by the hand, he has indicating uncertainty whether to break into a laugh, a cry, or a scream, he was an outburst of hand clappings and cheering mown laughter and tears that became a drawing-room. Mrs. Clancey advanced, and without a word of apology, threw her arms about Henry's neck and kissed him, while Emma, who had taken his other hand in both her own, appeared to be in the state of uncertainty her father's face had indicated.

For several minutes there was a hour of congratulations, as the guests passed about the situation against and the ex-Confederate courier. But there was another scene in store for the delighted party. When Captain Clancey and Henry Rose had managed to move a little apart, the latter returned to Emma, and with a half earnest, half mirthful look into her face, said,

"Miss Clancy, I beg to recall a speech of yours made a few minutes since. You stated that when, three years old, you heard the story from your father, you then swore your arms about his neck, saying that you loved the Confederate courier, and that when you were a woman you would be his wife, and expressed a desire to meet him now. I have met him. Now, in the presence of these other auditors of your speech, I claim the fulfilment of your proposition. Will you be the wife of the ex-Confederate courier?

Those who were present tell of another spell of silence falling upon the parlors, of a blushing face and downcast eyes, and a response, in a voice soft and tremulous, however, as to be audible to any other than the one nearest her. But it must have been consenting, for the newspaper report of arrivals at the same resort of July, 1875, included the name of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rose, on a visit to the latter's father, Captain Clancy.

The Ceylon Observer gives the following narrative of the only survivor of the steamer Spaca Hall, which recently foundered:

When I came to the surface after being sucked in by the bridge, I and Quartermaster Usher were clinging to the same life-buoy, and I saw the foremast of the Spaca Hall just above the water, and I thought of my wife and had been smashed to pieces and washed away from me, and, indeed, if the boat had been available, they could not have lived in such water. Getting a spar, I abandoned the life-buoy and swam to Usher. It was dark at the time, and I could not see him, and I saw nothing more of him or any one else. All daylight I managed to secure another spar. I hailed the two spars together with my belt, overwise, so that I was able to sit on the center. I need not have had an anxious thought the single spar, because every now and then the spars would roll above me, so that I had would go under water. When daylight set in I could see land and the wind had gone down it came on to rain. I had a severe cough, luckily, and I held it up till I caught about a quart of water. I believe that saved my life; for I had swallowed a good deal of salt water, and my mouth was parched.

I saw nothing that day except pieces of wreck floating by. In the morning of the second day I saw the smoke of a steamer a long distance off. She passed on without seeing me. I saw one or two others during the day, but they were still too far off. About the middle of the second day I chart came rushing along at a great speed. It was on a very large one—about 1,000 feet long. I was sitting on the cross piece with my legs underneath. I had my head and over one pieces of wood, and I fancy I got the other side of the raft in his track, because he stopped suddenly. I had a piece of iron about three feet long, which I picked up, thinking it might be useful for to his command. That afternoon I was taken aboard the Oceanic steamer, and I was saw anything more of Usher. The night after I was picked up I was alone to me. I could see all her lights, but she kept on her course. I hailed her, but no one in her heard me. I fired off one or three, but whenever I fired I fancied I fell into the water, I didn't feel much inconvenience from the cold by hot air at sea. On the morning of the third day I saw a steamer and a sail. I took my coat off and hoisted it on the stick, and tried to attract her attention. She altered her course, and came straight toward me, and I fancied I felt so sure that her presently she alleviated her course, and steered away from me. I had almost given up hope then.

Later in the same day another and much larger ship visited me, but did not come within the circle of the raft. He was a two mendous fellow, twenty feet long at least. I gave myself up for lost when I saw him. Nothing more concerned until the evening. The sun began to get low, and I could see anything all around me. I fancied, to me, and I made up my mind for another night. I must have gone off into a fancy dose than usual, for I fell off the raft on my face, and when I came to myself I found the steamer Pelin seemed alone on me, as if it had sprung out of the water. I had strength to signal with but my hat. I had to go as high as I could, and one of the soldiers on board saw me. A boat was lowered and an officer and four men came over to me. I took no spirits on board, where they treated me very kindly.

Mrs. Charlotte Ellis, of Chicago, will leave to the Western press, another the rest of a deceased gentleman, accompanied by bleeding at the temple, to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. "My friend, she says, "thousands of testimonials" * * * but this remedy has removed it."

Mr. Hackstaff, of Ohio, writes: "Hundreds of my friends have used Hop Bitters, and they all say they are the best medicine they ever used. I shall use them in my family, and recommend them to all who need a tonic medicine

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1886.

A Caution to Catholics Against Frauds.

It is unfortunately the case that in this country both men and women often assume a religious garb and affect the modest demeanor of genuine Religious, in order the better to deceive charitable Catholics whose charity is open-handed and who are unsuspecting in regard to such vagabonds. The MONITOR has often cautioned its readers not to patronize itinerant peddlers of prayers, indulgenced Rosaries, or other religious articles, merely because the peddler thereof *pretends* to be a Brother or Sister of this or that Religious community. In twelve cases out of every dozen such people are *downright frauds* and the money given to them only encourages them in perversion in the pursuit of their double damning degradation.

The Philadelphia Times of recent date has let on the lush out for a couple of blackguards whom we hope to hear have been "boxed" from every Catholic threshold where they may attempt their swindling schemes. These double-faced frauds are young men who have been plying their trade of pretended piety in the Eastern States under the plea that they were "theological students from Ireland, who have to adopt the peddling of pamphlet editions of Father Burke's lectures, beads "blessed at Knock," and scapulars "blessed wherever" and by whomever the sacrilegious scalawags can think of when they are engaging their victims.

The police of the Eastern States have arrested these impious imposters frequently, so that they have been compelled to evacuate the Eastern shore, and now they are about to inaugurate their swindle among the Catholics of this coast, hence acting upon information conveyed to his Grace Archbishop Riordan by a gentleman in Boston—the MONITOR desires to caution the Catholic clergy and laity against their new invasion of incorrigible dead-beats, and we hope they will be "helped on their way," wherever found on this side of the continent, by the vigorous use of a good leather or by hearting over the irreligious rascals to the police, under the charge of obtaining money under false pretence.

Help Needed for Ireland's Cause.

We are glad to notice that the MONITOR's suggestion concerning collections on St. Patrick's Day for the Irish Parliamentary Fund, seems to be carried out in many places on this coast. The great hope at present animating the breast of every friend of Ireland at home and abroad, is that *enough* will be collected to place the cause on the Land Question on a firm and lasting basis. Without this, the Home Rule Parliament would be a mockery, and would be speedily dissolved by a Tory majority. Ireland is on the eve of achieving her national independence, no Irishman or friend of Ireland should halt in his influence or refrain from giving financial help—as without means it will be impossible to achieve political success for a long-suffering people.

Five thousand dollars collected on this coast on St. Patrick's Day would fire the hearts of Irish patriots and fling despair in the faces of Ireland's enemies; and how happily such contribution would rejoice in knowing that it had helped to redeem Ireland from that thraldom which has enchained her for centuries. Let every friend of Ireland, then, go to work at once, under the holy inspiration that

"Freedom comes from God's decree,
And such a godly trade,
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again."

—How emulated for sex any Coercion statutes in Ireland for the repression of crime, may be surmised from the fact that on a recent occasion Judge Darley told the grand jury in Wexford that it was the last of his terms he had presided in, and that in every one the number of criminal cases was the *lightest he remembered during his service*. Judge Waters told the grand jury that for six months there had only been seven criminal cases in the whole county of Waterford. He also administered the law in Cavan and Leitrim. In Cavan there was only one case and that not sustained, while in Leitrim there were only three cases—two of petty larceny and one of trivial assault. The population of the three counties is about half a million, or 330,000. He added, certainly with justice, that he doubted whether a showing equally favorable could be made for the same population in any *other part of the globe*. Yet uninformed people in every part of the world believe the well-propagated untruth that Ireland is an exceptionally criminal country, and anti-Irish bigots whose pockets are blouted with British gold, keep constantly harping upon what they falsely call "the criminal condition of Ireland."

Editorial Notes.

—It is reported by cable from London that Cardinal Manning has requested the Pope to permit him to resign his diocese on account of advancing age and increasing inability to perform the heavy duties of his office. The Pope, it is understood, will send Mgr. Stonor to London to confer with the Cardinal.

—Last week the English cablegram manipulator told us that Healy, Biggar and other members of the National Party were going to accede to Home Rule. This week we are assured by the same authority that all the members of the congregation—Biggar or Healy and the danger of a split in the Irish party may be discarded, as at once endorsed at least to the Treasurer as his personal contribution to the League funds. This was a most generous act on the part of Mr. Egan, and one that should be marked by a vote of thanks transmitted to him by each Branch of the Irish National League in America.

—One of the most important items of news concerning the Irish question recently received, comes to us this week in the shape of a cablegram from London wherein it is stated that Gladstone is said to have moved an intimation to be conveyed to Parnell and his principal colleagues to the effect that if they frame a scheme of Irish Home Rule from a Nationalist standpoint, it will be cordially examined by the Cabinet. This is a concession that England could never be brought to make towards Ireland except through the powerful influence of a united people determined to secure their political rights.

—Mr. A. M. Kelly recently delivered a lecture at Boston on the subject of Irish liberty, in the course of which he advanced this excellent argument: "This content for Irish liberty will last until victory is accomplished. It began centuries before the first book was printed, centuries before the first gun was fired, centuries before the first man drew Boom-Spain, centuries before the Moslem crossed the Dardanelles, and centuries before the empire of Austria was founded. It began before there was a dogo in Venice, and centuries before the Stuarts, and before any Plantagenet but one sat on the throne. From the expiring hands of patriots the sword has dropped generation after generation, but victory will crown the martyr's blood at last."

—The correspondence begun in July last between Pope Leo XIII. and the Emperor of China, has just resulted in an agreement to establish a Papal Legate at Pekin and a Chinese Ambassador at the Vatican. The Pope began the negotiations that have led to this very significant result, which is in fact an avowal of China's official tolerance of foreign religions. There are, according to the estimate of the Bishop of Hong Kong, 345,000 native Christians in the Chinese Empire who have been converted by Catholic missionaries. It was for the better protection of the immense interests of the Holy See in China that the Pope desired to enter into official relations with the Pekin court. His Holiness has with the Mikado of Japan, who, in October last, received the Papal Ambassador that Japanese Catholics should enjoy from him protection equal to that granted to any of his subjects.

—Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, Md., says in regard to the proposed new Catholic university: "We cannot tell the exact amount so far collected. About $100,000 has been subscribed in Chicago. The Catholics of that city have done noble. We expect to have $500,000 in a short time. Bishop Marty of Dakota is collecting for the fund among the Germans. Bishop Keen of Richmond is taking subscriptions in the South. Families the eighth professorship to be endowed, several horses will also be founded in connection with the university. The Board in charge of the matter will have the work begun as soon as the amount of funds will warrant. It was expected at the outset that the project would not prove so entirely feasible. The most to be hoped for was that the university might be completed in five years. Now all is possible, and the work will be done before that period and the university dedicated the 15th day of August, 1890.

—The people in Ireland are in ecstacies of joy over Parnell's overthrow of the Coercion cabinet. At the various honest meetings of the National League resolutions have been passed expressing thanks to Mr. Parnell and the Irish party for the attitude they assumed towards Lord Salisbury and his Ministry, especially on the occasion of the late division. These expressions of gratitude and sympathy spring spontaneously from the hearts of the people must be to Mr. Parnell and his colleagues a source of great gratification. In the labors Mr. Parnell and the Irish party have undertaken, in the great toil which is before them, they have the hearty sympathy and good wishes of the Irish people, there can be no greater solace and no higher reward than the knowledge conveyed in these resolutions that their invaluable services are truly appreciated by the Irish people. The votes of renewed confidence are passed prove how manifest the people are of the extent and value of the services rendered in their behalf, and show that the men who represent the Irish nation shall not lack, in the struggle for independence, the support to be gained through the nation's beautiful approval.

—Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati is expected to arrive in New York by next Sunday. His arrival is anxiously looked for, as he is the bearer of the Pallium for Archbishop Corrigan of New York.

Pastoral Letter from Bishop Herz.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a printed copy of the Pastoral Letter on the Jubilee issued by Rt. Rev. Francis Mora, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, but will have to hold it over until our next issue in consequence of having to go to press about immediately after its reception.

—Mother M. Bernard Hoad, superiorress of the Sisters of Mercy in the Petitcodiac Co., N.S., celebrated the third second anniversary of her profession on the 27th ult.

Joyful News from Germany.

The following intelligence would indicate that peace is about to be restored to the Church in Germany, as stated in the MONITOR last week. Prince von Bismarck and his Cabinet are now of opinion that Herr Von Schlözer, the Prussian Minister to the Holy See, has recently transmitted to the Vatican the text of the new religious law to be proposed to the German Landtag relative to the free education of the clergy and episcopal jurisdiction, in order to have the opinion of the Pope upon the measure, and to establish a modus vivendi. This fact has exceptional importance as being the first time that Prussia has thus submitted to the Holy See a projected religious law. The act is also announced in the official German journals which publish the nomination to the archiepiscopal see of Posnan, of Mgr. Dunder, parish priest of Konnigsberg, formerly Almoner of the Polish troops, one of the three candidates proposed by the Vatican and accepted by Prussia. He is a native of Ermeland, and an intimate friend of the new Archbishop of Cologne. He is greatly beloved by the Poles, with whom language is very familiar, and, according to the *Moniteur de Rome*, his appointment to the vacant See of Posen closes the series of personal questions, all the dioceses having now filled satisfactorily all parties. The *Kolnische Zeitung* states that Mgr. Krementz has selected as his Vicar General Dr. Klamborski, who was, it is said, the student the Kulturkampf, secret Administrator of the diocese of Cologne. The Emperor of Germany has conferred the Cross of the Order of Merit on the celebrated archeologist and scholar Commander John Baptist de Rossi. The Order, which is said to have been founded by the Margrave Frederic of Brandenburg, afterwards Frederic I., King of Prussia, in 1740, under the title of Order of Generosity, was reorganized in 1740 by Frederic II. as an order for military and civil merit, and again in 1842 by Frederic William IV. as an order of military merit, to which Frederic William IV., on May 31st, 1842, added a civil class for savants and artists, upon whom, however, it is sparingly bestowed. Its very rarely given to foreigners, and hence this present succession under existing circumstances assumes a significant character, the medal, they have been twice proposed for the honor by the chapter of the order. M. De Rossi had declined it because of the existing difficulties between the Holy See and Prussia. On the present occasion the decoration was transmitted to him without previous warning.

An English Bishop on the Irish National League.

It augurs well for the future freedom of Ireland to see the Catholic Bishops of England sympathizing thus with the Irish Hierarchy and priesthood on the side of the Irish people. On a recent occasion Rt. Rev. Edward Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, sent a letter to a local English paper in which he thus voluntarily gives his adhesion to the Parnell party and outlines the benefits which he thinks would be paid to Home Rule and Irish prosperity:

"Nothing more conducive to the national welfare, extended and better organized, will do justice and secure to Ireland, as it has done in the past. I trust it may be so, and I sincerely hope that the League, when it has gained its immediate object of Home Rule, will continue to be, as it is, an Irish and English Catholic League," or more briefly, "The Catholic League, because a strong political union of Irish and English Catholics, and a Catholic Protestant party would afford to ignore, or at least treat with scant ceremony, the Bishops and clergy, who have a great all right-minded people. They have a leader that has not crossed the threshold of manhood. When the braggadocios who talk of assassination are trampled out of sight and small, the conflict will remain of a fight of principle, fair play, and generosity to the vanquished," to English gold.

—The Pope has tended support for Irish members of Parliament in constant attendance, and for the re-election—against all comers—of those who have left Parliament, when, as must soon happen, there will be a Home Rule Parliament, to represent Ireland at home. Here is the opportunity, not only for "Irishmen of Ireland," as they are called—but for Americans not of Irish lineage, to assist in the work of building up a nation, that at the same time will be doing a public friendship between America and Ireland.

The Catholic Hierarchy.

A work of more than usual interest to all Catholics is that (Libreria Editrice Nazionale di Roma) entitled "The Catholic Hierarchy and Clergy of the Universe," which contains half portraits of the Sacred College, the various Prelates, Bishops, and Monsignori, laymen who either dwell in Rome or visit Rome, and biographical sketches of prominent personages accompany the portraits, and a biography of the Pontiff, and a biography of the Sacred College, Italian, French, German, Spanish and English. It is unpretentious as to its *finish* or library of the Vatican is issued which presents to the world a collection of facts concerning the Pope, as a diligent master of truth; the Pope as master of events, and the Pope as master of men. Sovereign and Father of the Catholic people. The work is recommended to all the Bishops of the Catholic world by an autograph letter of the Holy Father and to all lovers of the fine arts and is directed by a committee of eleven Cardinals.

Affairs in Belgium.

Since the present Conservative Government came into office in Belgium, in June, 1884, the prosperity of the country has been steadily improved in every way. The public schools have at present 208,000 children more than they had in 1883; yet far from being overcrowded, the Government has reduced the taxes, paid off the deficit, improved extraordinary, and restored to the communes their liberty. Unless official figures are false, there is now in the nation of 44,000 pupils, and in the place the schools have been "adopted" with 152,000 pupils, yet nothing three times less in spite of the assertions of the Liberal press, of all the adopted schools only twenty-six are taught by religious, by far the majority being therefore under lay masters and mistresses.

—Rev. Father Thomas H. Bailey, pastor of St. Mary and Joseph's Catholic Church, in St. Louis, died, on February 5th, of consumption, at the age of about 50 years. He was a native of the church seven years, and was greatly beloved by his congregation.

A Protestant Minister's View of the Chinese Question.

Under the title "The Expulsion of the Chinese. What is a Reasonable Policy for the Times." Rev. Charles H. Harvey, of the Congregational Church in this city, preached a sermon recently which has been published in Samuel Watson's Co., and which can be had of all newsdealers for 25 cents.

This sermon is a full, fair and truthful exposure of the Chinese evil, and clearly sets forth the means whereby the evil may be ameliorated or a Christian, law-abiding manner, and in a spirit of the virtues of argument used by the Rev. Gentleman quite the following.

And in this picture a moment Alabaster Hills where lodging and food are a nightly nomad place. He cites instances with a sense others, and itself to allow those that Christian, while the instance of this, he says family, so children to support. He has no sympathy for, and, Americans, Jesuit institutions or American policy. He has no sympathy with the Chinese, and he says many ways by him made the problem of American law is not used for the furtherance of American interests. He plays a Chinese and slavery in our borders. He thinks his Jesus Christ, and Christ's Gospel, and Christ's Church, and Christian civilization. How any other immigrant coming to our shores boldly every thing a temple of his native, social and religious institutions, and yet the Chinese, who are so unlike us in all, Mr. Harvey says, "Christ's Gospel, and Christ's Church, and Christian civilization." Here is a sample of his strong, and yet, we think, fair and truthful argument for the cigar business, the slave business, and the Chinese question, which we commend to him as a sermon, in stakes a blow at American interests, and yet, we think, the Chinese question represented accompany the portraits, and a biography of the Sacred College, Italian, French, German, Spanish and English. It is unpretentious as this a *finish* or library of the Vatican is issued which presents to the world a collection of facts concerning the Pope, as a diligent master of truth; the Pope as master of events, and the Pope as master of men. Sovereign and Father of the Catholic people. The work is recommended to all the Bishops of the Catholic world by an autograph letter of the Holy Father and to all lovers of the fine arts and is directed by a committee of eleven Cardinals.

"Pay the Debt that is Due to Ireland."

Mr McMaster, the able and independent editor of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, says:

There ought to be such a thing as national honor, and there is, we believe, in most men. He has heard talk those who have said the man who, Irish property, and Ireland's land, seems to be a loyal Englishman, and a good citizen, and a good Christian, and a good Catholic. Church, in the church seven years, and was greatly beloved by his congregation.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

Completion of the Plans. Design at the Building. Peculiarities at Consecration. Style at the Exterior. Decorations of the Interior, Etc. Etc.

Archbishop Riordan having received the plans for the new Cathedral a few days ago, was before him on orders a synopsis of the style of the building and such other particulars as pertain to its construction as can be gathered from the architect's details.

The style of architecture adopted by the time for the proposed Cathedral is what is technically known as the Romanesque, so called because it partakes of some of the peculiarities of the Roman style of architecture, only less decorative in its character.

THE GROUND PLAN.

The outline of the building plan present the shape of a Latin Cross, the principal nave portion of which will be used for the main altar and the transepts, which, in the plan of the building, will be length 200 feet, with at base of the cross an extra transept or Nave 50 feet in length, with of the building at the arms of the cross 150 feet. The height of the building from floor to ridge roof will be 100 feet. The front of the building will be faced with two towers of the usual kind, that on the Nave being 200 feet, and the composite tower on Mission Avenue being 250 feet. Each will be 50 feet square, and present similar features of design, and, on the plans, they present a very handsome feature.

THE INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING

As already noted, the interior will be 200 feet long, from the main entrance to the end of the transept, the transept being 150 feet long, these will add to the entrance on the side, and two more over the main altar making six in all, and in addition to these a congregation may be gathered within the walls, the aisles are 15 feet in width, and the ceiling of the nave will be 60 feet in height. It has been calculated that the seating capacity of the Cathedral will accommodate about 2,000 persons, and the galleries and transepts, which are so arranged as to be accommodated in the pews, and in the galleries and transepts, there is the purpose of impressing the monumental portion of the building as well as the main portion of the building, and which will be present on the Cathedral on Sundays, and on other occasions, will be placed at the head of the nave, there will be two side altars dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. These altars will be composed of white and variegated marbles. Stained glass windows will light the building, and tubes, and over the main altar will be a gallery, from which the organ will be placed, and, in some typical of the sacred character of the House of God. The organ loft has been placed between the two side altars, and, in addition to the main altar, there will be a second magnificent organ of sufficient, we, to fill the edifice with its music. The organ will be supplied with elaborate ornamentation suitable for its solemn purposes. The floor will be composed of marble and tiles, and, in the main aisle, there will be a marble floor, and, in the aisles, tiles of the same material, and, in the right path of piety and personal duty makes the man. Mr. Harvey's sermon is a masterpiece of conscientiousness.

WARMING AND VENTILATION.

The system adopted in the erection of the Cathedral will be found to be one of the best, and, in the matter of ventilation, it will be found to be a perfect system, and, in the matter of warming, it will be found to be a perfect system, and, in the matter of personal health, with reference to the entrance, windows, aisles and other places, it will be found to be perfect. The large outside aisles will be used for a purpose of ventilation, and, in the matter of ventilation, it will be found to be a perfect system, with modern ideas of architectural beauty. All the windows will be so constructed as to admit of the ventilation, and, in the construction of the Cathedral now but the best and most durable material has been used.

As already announced, the cost of the building will cost, from the plans and specifications, and the work of erecting the last is now pretty well advanced it is possible that the consecration of the Cathedral will be performed in a shorter time. Mr. T. J. Welsh, the architect, is a gentleman who has given much study to the subject, and, as soon as they have been completed, we will present our readers with an illustration of the Cathedral as it will appear when finished.

FOREIGN CATHOLIC NEWS.

—All the dioceses of Germany are now provided with Bishops.

—Abbe Michelle, director of the college at Pontlevoy, has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, by the French Government.

—A silver medal of the Order of German and Austrian Catholics, will leave Munich for Jerusalem, on the 15th of March.

—Mgr. Dunder, Chancellor, second director of the Ermeland Seminary, has been appointed Canon of the Bishop of St. Vincent de Paul.

—The Pope has sent a special medal of the Jubilee to the Bishop of Tournai.

—Twenty-two Bishops have been appointed in Germany, and, in Prussia, the Government has given its consent to the Bishops of Ermeland, Paderborn, Munster, Posen, Breslau, Cologne, Treves, and Ermeland

Farm and Home.

Hints for the Household.

Lard may be sweetened by boiling slices of potato in it.

To prevent mustard-plaster from blistering, mix it with the white of an egg.

If the oven is too hot when baking, place a small dish of cold water in it.

The wings of turkeys, geese and chickens are good to wash and clean windows, as they leave no dust nor lint as cloth does.

To brighten the inside of a coffee or tea pot, fill with water, add a small piece of soap, and let it boil about forty-five minutes.

To exterminate bedbugs, dissolve alum in water and apply to the bedstead with a feather. Its odorless and will not injure paint or varnish.

To remove grease from wall paper, lay several folds of blotting-paper on the spot, and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

A liquid black lead polish for polishing stoves is made by adding to one pound of black lead one gill of turpentine, one gill of water, and one ounce of sugar.

To keep insects out of bird cages, tie up a little sulphur in a bag and suspend it in the cage. Red ants will never be found in a closet or drawer if a small bag of sulphur be kept constantly in these places.

A few drops of ammonia will be effectual in removing grease from a dish pan, and it is a little cost to add a

To clean decanters: Cut strips of coarse brown paper and put a good many of them into the decanter to be stained with clear cold water. Tea leaves can be used in the same way.

No room is complete without a "dangle board"—that is a small, plush-covered panel from which project two or three brass hooks, one of which is sacred to the hatter-hook, which is seldom in its place unless it has a regular pass assigned to it.

None but the best size should be used for stenciling paper to stencil. Many a fevered hour been caused by the horrible nuisance of correct size said to paper tangling in the bedrooms. The nuisance which a sleeper, in such a case is aware of, on waking in the morning, should be a warning needing no repetition; down should come the paper at any cost or inconvenience.

Plates should always be sent to the table warm for dinner. If placed in the oven they are apt to crack or become discoloured. The best method is to dip them in boiling hot water, and let them remain for a few moments. Dry quickly, pile and set on the table.

Tea cups should always be dipped in hot water before pouring in the tea.

Never go to bed in any danger of being hungry. People are kept awake by hunger quite as much as by a bad conscience. Remembering that sleep is the essential force which the whole scheme starts, declaim tea or coffee within the last six hour before going to bed. If the wonderkind insist, you may have your milk and wheaten at the table coloured with tea; but the less the better. A bowl of mathematics or intricate study of any sort in the last six hours. This is the stuff dreams are made of, and hot beds, and of the nuisance of waking hours.

Keep your conscience clear. Remember that because the work of life is infinite, you cannot do the whole of it in any limited period of time, and that, therefore, you may just as well leave it off in one place as another.

"Farming Don't Pay."

"Farming don't pay," says the old fogy, as he looks through the cracks of his crumbling house, and counts the snowflakes as they dance before the wind and crowd into the crevices which were left open because he was too thrifty to endeavor to

"Farming don't pay," says farmer who depends on the sunny side of a straw-stack for warmth to his stock, and the corners of a rail fence to break the force of the winds.

"Farming don't pay," says the farmer who breeds a hog with bristled back and long snake to eat his corn at a loss, and retires to his home to groan. It does not pay him to attempt to pasture a few miserable, scraggy sheep on pennyroyal and sorrel, and to graze his pigsty over on brown sugar and dry crab grass, and yet expect them to yield milk and butter. It does not pay to raise corn by wasting at birth in order to work the dame during the day, and feeding them at insufficient food.

"Farming don't pay" when the rich black loside few off from the barn-yard and the plow and the harrow are rusting in the fields, while the fences are rotting and the barns tumbling to pieces.

"Farming don't pay" unless rightly conducted, nor will manufacturing, any one kind of business pay, under similar unfavorable conditions. The farmer must be on the alert. He must keep his farm in order, grade up his stock, feed for the best results, and endeavor to annually increase his products. Nothing must be neglected and everything must be judiciously adapted to special purposes.

"Farming does pay" but it depends on the farmer. The individual is equal to the farm in value according to the manner in which he conducts it.

A Prudic State.

The following brief statement will give the MONITOR's distant readers some sight idea of the prolific qualities of California soil even in a single county:

The remarkable resurrection of the ripening of fruits in Los Angeles county is a marvel to those unacquainted with the peculiar character of the climate and soil. In this favored spot fruits and vegetables are maturing in every month of the year. Ripe oranges, lemons and limes are in market for twelve months; figs from July to December; tomatoes from January to the middle following; apples from July to February; grapes from July to January; cherries ripen from June to August; plums and prunes from June to November; Japanese persimmons, November, quarter, twelve months; loquats, April to July; quinces, August to December; nectarines, July to September; strawberries, all the year; blackberries, June to September; currants, May 15th to July 15th; raspberries, June to January; apricots, June to September; pomegranates, August to December; peaches, June to January.

A Sense of Sight.

A sense of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dandy of a Stomach.—Nature is home that at the Pulvermacher Galvanic Institution, in 1866 it is intended to have genuine belts to the exhibition, provide showing the Great, Rotterdam, and illustrating the most complete collection of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, and providing medical or surgical means for their cure. Pulvermacher's Galvanic Belts are the cure, all acute, chronic and long-standing Nervous Diseases, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and blighted affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst rupture, piles tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence on the Institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalid's Guide Book (free), which gives all particulars. Address, Pulvermacher Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Hill" will cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Family Fun.

A Frenchman's Perplexity.

Frenchman—"Hi, my good friend, I have now with a difficulty—one very strange word. How do you call hiccough?"

Tutor—"Hiccough?"

Frenchman—"Yes, hiccough, hiccough, hiccough, hiccough—hiccough."

Tutor—"Oh, no, such a sound double f. Words ending in cough are a little irregular."

Frenchman—"Ah! very good. It is a beautiful language. Hiccough is huff, I remember, so cough is cuff. Hey?"

Tutor—"No, that is wrong. Hey say hard, not cuff."

Frenchman—"Hard, oh hiss, huff and puff, and now you call cough—cough—cough."

Tutor—"No, not cuff, cough spells doo."

Frenchman—"Doo, wonderful language; very fine. It is doo, and cough is too. My brothink was very too."

Tutor—"Oh, no; you should say tuff."

Frenchman—"Tuff! And the Hay language—how do you call phough? Fuff! Fie, you smile. I see wrong, it is phuff! Now it is plain, I do phuff. Phuff."

Tutor—"You are still wrong, my friend. It is ger."

Frenchman—"Ger?" Wonderful language—but I shall vary soon understand it. Let me see—huff, scuff, hard, doo, slow, ger—hiccough—hiccough—hiccough

Correspondence.

We especially solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church in their respective localities.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday noon, so as to insure insertion.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

An Appeal on Behalf of the Blind.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—I have read with no ordinary interest the account given in the Monitor of the Profession of the Nuns for the Blind in France. For many years I have had my household circuit cleaned some practical knowledge of work of this kind.

Shortly after we had opened our convent in Jersey City, a lady came to us, who was then about about a blind child whom she had sent to Sisters in Montreal, but the expense and the great difficulty of the transportation of this, being exclusively French, was a source of great trouble to her. She spoke to me strongly on the subject of opening an institution for training the blind in this country and she brought the subject before our esteemed Bishop with all a mother's affection and enthusiasm. With the permission of the Right Rev. W. H. Wigger, I am making preparations for opening such an institution. I have two Sisters at home in training for the work, and I feel that I can count on having a young and very strong girl trained as a teacher for I have always found that the blind, when thoroughly instructed, are always the best teachers of the blind.

I think I need say nothing to plead the cause of the children, and having the formal approbation of our Bishop, I am sure that I shall have the interest of the clergy of the United States.

The Institution will mail be made also at our suggestion, and all that will be needed is to secure the pupils. Any three or more Catholic gentlemen who will give a purchaser, a house or a little land for the purpose, will be doing a great work for Christ, and for our Mary, the Mother of the blind. Ever true to these blind in calm prose and possessed of no ordinary talent. She had been contented to a public alms house for the place where her life was a martyrdom until we took her.

I shall be happy to hear from the parents or guardians of blind Catholic children in any part of the United States, and I hope soon to be able to announce the formal opening of our House. May our Dear Lord who gave sight to so many blind and who gave Mary power to have a special care for the blind before the Blessed Eucharist Sanctuary, bless our work and bless many generous souls.

SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE,
St. Joseph's Convent of Peace, Jersey City, N. J.

A MODEL CATHOLIC GOOD TO HIS REWARD.

SACRAMENTO, Feb. 18, 1886.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—On Monday, the 15th inst., the Angel of Death passed the door of a much esteemed family in our city, and called to his eternal reward John Doyle, who had been for over twenty years a respected citizen of Sacramento. On We Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, St. Rose's Church was filled with overwhelming pathos as we together to assist at the Requiem Mass celebrated for the repose of the soul and to pray the last and solemn of respect to his remains. After the conclusion of the service long after the dead, Father Grace gave utterance to a fitting tribute to the virtues of our departed friend. Death was especially unwelcome when, as now, the good departed was in the prime of life, and had attained a position of leading place in society. Such was with John Doyle of who well. "He that shunned the world thus lived, thus died lamented." As a practical Catholic, reading and hearing daily in the morning of God's word, he was the fulfillment of his duties in life, the deceased had endeared lovely ones and relatives. Never dead to the call of the different or needy. God has been good to him, with the means of his giving of those whom he had conventionally called, and the members of his family are well early into an order worthy for the administration of the sacraments of the Church, the interment of the rite of his adoption, a public community now mourn the death of a Christian gentleman who has lived in the obedient worldly ends and expectations. Never let be in the sanctuary for the Church, and had been pleased with the music of the thanksgiving hymns which the deceased had selected, and the members of St. Rose's parish will really miss the sweet voice of the departed in the choir loft. Ever true to the Church, he died fortified by the sacraments, and with the consolations of the Church, he died in the Lord. Ever true to the Church, he died in the Lord. Ever true to the Church, he died in the Lord. Ever true to

Poetry.

A BIRD'S SONG.

The sinking sun had shouted the West
With flecks of gold and crimson bars;
The wandering wind had sighed to rest
And in the cool dusk of the stars,
The evening chimes, like gladness gushing,
Pealed joyful from out the old church tower;
And over the valley fell the shade
While hoods upon the twilight bower.

Loud through the eve-wrapt, listening vale
From the humble bower of aglantine,
A blithe bird trilled his song to tell
As if he sang through lonelier when,
By college and cloister and hall secured,
Enraptured listeners fingered long;
All hand the self same thought, the song would,
While each interpreted the song.

A little child, scarce three years old,
In wonder woke to vision dim
Of oceans and distances of gold
And surging oceans of hoary hair,
That every land that's bright or far
Then shining shone in emerald sea.
When gave the fairies freedom cheer
Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden of the morn linged wall
Beside her pitcher listened long,
Her soul unfolding with the strange spell
Contained within that mystic song.
For oh! to her it was glad
Of love which all her being fills,
Of of the bid that twilight brings
From over the dividing hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden felt
That bird made glad the world for her;
But time and age with all could feel
Dew sorrow from its roundelay.
Of blessed memories it sang
On their hearts fall the mellow strain,
Making the songs of time, age,
And made them sigh for youth again!

JOHN'S WIFE.

A young a-tile stood with her hand on her brooch,
Her head turned and she little frown,
Nothing but toil forever," she said,
From early morn till the light has fled.
If you were only a merchant now,
We need not have to be poor and low.
Pugsley sweep, quick shoemaker John,
Why are we not what we've wished to be?

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And leaning passed back his silver hair,
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tone sighs fell on the low bed,
"If we were only rich, they say,
With women have to do from morn to day,
But to sense to each other—ah, dear me!
What a happy year I should be.
Looking up from his ledger, spoke merchant John
"We are one well which we're standing on."

A stately form in velvet dressed—
A diamond glittering on her breast,
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wished I were dead.
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor maid's bride!
From his may chariots, spoke gentleman John,
"We're one well which we're standing on."

Literary Miscellany.

Edith's Sacrifice.

A Beautiful Catholic Story of Real Life

CHAPTER I.

Doctor Ross sits in his study as he usually does of an evening, for he is a lover of home. Years ago when Mrs. Ross died, people said that Edith's world would have been a second mother. Time has made "little Edith" to mean little; it is the name long her father's dark hair gray, but how left the prophecy satisfied.

Though this room is generally closed to all visitors, except his daughter, Dr. Ross is not alone. A while ago he ushered in a handsome man younger than himself by at least twenty years; a man who has travelled much, learned much, read much and written much; a man for whom he has a sincere admiration not unmixed with pity, for his possessor is a man who has his friend's interest at heart, and he is the man who knows Edith's mother's secret.

Few people would think of pitying Austin Fabiola. We generally feel compassion for someone dependent upon us, weaker than ourselves.

Certainly there is no sign of weakness in the man standing by Dr. Ross to-night; his tall muscular form bespeaks physical strength nervily, while the mouth and strength of intellect and will written on every feature of his face. The lips that fine, firm, the darker locks rich compassion, the eyes, for a moment longer, are shaded the trout. The younger man is evidently deep in thought; presently he speaks as if in answer to his companion.

"True doctor, I have written and may still write; out of the little knowledge I have been and been spared from so benefit others; from the thoughts to which it has given birth, I may speak to my fellow man, my counsel have been and there a spark from the fire within me which is unquenchable, what has I am young yet, my life is before me, life and work. Life for what end? For what end work? The question is a sacred problem. Whatever comes and is—I by heart is at peace. The other is cast on many the curse of monotony that makes life a burden. Better I never spoken than open my lips to blight the poor souls that other hearts. What if life be long or short? It must end in death and afterwards—what then?

"Rest."

"Ay, if not be rest; if oblivion, if mere cut brain and nerve, past thought and feel. Life is not a gaming table. Good night Miss Edith. Good night doctor; and to lower tone "Thank you," then he is gone.

CHAPTER II.

This house is more than usually lit up to-night; every lamp keep stopping at the door, and after discharging their brilliant atoms move on and give place to others. This year will end in a fair house, and Dr. Ross has made up his mind to invite some young people at least shall meet his younger girl. His mother with her son and daughter arrived a few days ago and first put the fine of gives a ball into his head; under her management nothing can be wanting to go of well.

Mrs. Faith and her niece are together receiving their guests; the elder lady tall and dark with a certain air of maternal dignity which being natural, is not unbecoming, and with which her dress of black velvet is adapted. Edith's slight form seems lost in her mother's mantle, but her face is illuminated entirely in white, for this is her first ball; almost unnerving in her purity she looks standing there, the expression of her face, hardly in keeping with her surroundings; she speaks to each guest in turn her lips smiling but her eyes grave.

"Edith, has Mr. Faldon arrived yet? I saw some Kate shortly afterwards

"No."

"And if you think his arrival will make any difference, I may as well tell you a mistaken Katarina," her brother pics in banteringly. "I imagine that dancing is necessary in Mr. Faldon's line, but speaking of programmes, your side is, Edith, that I must see yours while there is yet time."

"Suppose you only let George put his name down her one dance, and then if you be tired, I will be a good sister and let you off the rest of the dance." Kate with mischievous smile, "Edith, I think I have a partner for you."

"Suppose you only let George put his name down for one dance, and then if you be tired, I will be a good sister and let you off the rest of the dance." Kate with mischievous smile, "Edith, I think I have a partner for you." "Suppose you only let George put his name down for one dance, and then if you be tired, I will be a good sister and let you off the rest of the dance." Kate with mischievous smile, "Edith, I think I have a partner for you." "Suppose you only let George put his name down for one dance, and then if you be tired, I will be a good sister and let you off the rest of the dance." Kate with mischievous smile, "Edith, I think I have a partner for you."

"

Poetry.

A BIRD'S SONG.

The sinking sun had stroked the Wave
With flecks of gold and crimson hues;
The wanderlog wind had sunk to rest,
Not a breath was felt from east to west.
The evening chimes, like gladsome psalm,
Pealed forth from out the old church tower;
And o'er the valley fell the calm
Which bends upon the twilight hour.

Loud through the pre-ward, listening rale,
From the church-yard, hard by, of yore,
A blackbird trilled his mellow tale,
Like some sweet dreaming lancinar sphe,
By cottage, grange, and half ground,
Enraptured listeners lingered long;
All heard the old same falling sound,
While each interpreted the song.

A wonder-work to vision dim
Of a young Shakespeare's gifted pen,
And every sylvan, half hoty trees,
In that sweet music, found a voice for
Then shining shone in measured flow
Where glows the London evening star
Above the fair Hampstead.

A maiden at the moon fringed wall
Beside her pitcher listened long,
Her soul entranced with the silence spell
Contained within that mystic song.
Pray! to her it was sigh
Of love which all her being filla,
And she had dreamed of a lighter lover
From over the dividing hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden fair
That bird made glad the closing day;
Each one, in his own peculiar way,
Drew secret from its roundelay.
All dissent through the years of woe
On their hearts felt the mellow strain,
Waking the young, the old, age,
And made them sigh for youth again!

JOHN'S WIFE.

A young wife stood with her hand on her bosom,
And looked around the little room
"Nothing but toil forever," she said,
"From early morn to the dark night's end.
If you were only a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow."
Pouting away, spoke shoemaker John,
"We are as well as the rich, if we're standing on.

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And tenderly passed her hand over his hair;
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tear stole down her cheek for the last head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do from year to year,
But to come to each other—ah, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be!"
Looking up from his lasting, spoke merchant John
"We are one well while we're standing on.

A stately form in velvet dressed
A diamond glittered on her breast,
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"I'm sometimes wish that I were dead.
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor man's bride."
From his easy chairman, spoke gentleman John,
"We are one well what we're standing on."

Literary Miscellany.

Edith's Sacrifice.

A Beautiful Christmas Story of Real Life

CHAPTER I.

Doctor Ross sits in his study as he usually does of an evening, for he is a lover of books. Much ends up of activities Mrs. Ross died, people said that little Edith would soon have a second mother. Time has made "little Edith" no more little; it has turned her father's dark hair gray, but has left the prophecy unfulfilled.

Though this room is generally closed to all visitors, except his daughter, Dr. Ross is not alone. A while ago he admitted to his friendship a tall, gaunt stranger than himself by at least twenty years; a man who has travelled much, learned much, read much and written much; a man for whom he has a sincere admiration not unmixed with pity, for his premature old age. Dr. Ross has friends enough, but none of them have the lofty mind has been purified by pathetic mortality, but I am of Charlotte Brontë's opinion, that "the Author of all good has bestowed the 'Joy of life' on some, and the 'Sorrow of life' on others." This little poem 'Mathetoup' has some sorrow stamped it; but remembrance of sometimes Miss Ross," and he commences to read, his voice giving to the poem a vague feeling than Edith had found in them before.

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a deeper lies,
Like the dark lake in evening skies!

"Those whose looks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses scattered o'er one,
As the braided streamlets run!

"Smiling with innocent feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

Sweet their shadows calling by,
As the dove with startled eye,
Who flies from shadow fly!

"O, thou child of many prayers!
Life and death are in the hair I share,
Class and age come on wares!"

He says not on her face a moment, then he continues

"Thy strength sorrow, wrong and rath,
Is thy mother the day of wrath,
Is thy age the smile of truth.

"O, maiden! if thy lot shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Be thou as your gentle sad.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."

He looks up from the book, and
rises. "It is getting late. Good-night
Edith." "Good-night father," and in a
lower tone "Thank you," then he is gone.

CHAPTER II.

The home is more than usually lit up tonight; carriages keep stopping at the door, and after disclosing their brilliant immates move on and give place to others. The year will end in a few hours, and Dr. Ross has made up his mind that some young people at least shall meet its successor gaily. His sister with her son and daughter arrived a few days ago and first put the time of gaiety half into his hand; under her management things promise to go off well.

Mrs. Forbes and her niece are is gather to entering their guests; the elder lady tall and dark with a certain air of serenely dignity which being natural, is not unbecoming, and with much her drum of black velvet is in keeping. Edith's slight form seems slighter still when near her aunt; she is robed entirely in white, for this is her first ball; almost unearthly in her pretty simplicity standing there, the expression of her face hardly in keeping with her personal image; she speaks to each guest in turn her eyes smiling but her eyes grave.

"Edith, has Mr. Falden arrived yet?" asks her cousin Kate shortly afterwards.

"No."

"And if you think his arrival will make any difference in your prospects, I tell you at once Kate," her brother puts in teasingly. "I imagine that develop in secrecy in Mr. Falden's line, but speaking of programmes, reminds me, Edith, that I must see yours while there is yet time."

"Suppose you only let Gregory put his name down for one dance, and then I give you permission to do what you please with them to him," proposes Kate with sisterly flattery before she is cleared by her partner; but the delicate blint is disregarded as Miss Ross sees when he returns the card.

"*Four, Gregory?*"

"*Yes, do you object?*"

"*Not if—I mean—*and said this morning that it is unusual to dance more than twice in a night with the same gentleman falling to decay." To what then was it given?

"Unless I" he says inquiringly and with a look of amusement.

"Unless you are bantoffled to him; but, with an air of relief, "that is out of the question with us; being cousins we must not stand on ceremony."

Austin Feldon turns to his friend; but something in the old man's face checks the words he was about to utter. "Thank you," he says at last very quietly; "Dr. Ross, you are a good man, you good for pride of intellect is tied astray. Love has had no place in my life so far, perhaps it only can save me from indolently. Glancing up he sees someone standing in the doorway, someone with a fair earnest face, and eyes that meet his own coldly; she comes to him and laps her hand in his for a moment, still with that wistful look in her dark eyes.

"Come, Edith, we need you to cheer us tonight, her father smiles. Jim has so ceasely brightened since he saw her—"we can man alone here so long get rather gloomy; let us have some music, child." He leads the way out of the room; she is following, but turns suddenly. "Mr. Falden."

"Yes."

"Neither my father nor you seemed to notice when I came; you were in deep conversation, and I want to tell you I heard part of it."

"I am sorry."

"It was confidential; I ought not to have listened, but I thought you heard me open the door." She continues, "I am sorry to hear it." She goes, and the man stands still where she has left him.

"Good God! If words of mine should stay the power of that child's pure heart. Is it not enough that I am wretched? Must I bring misery to others—to her above all the rest! Bitt, no!" she seemed to feel more sorrow than fear.

Sounds sweet and solemn reach him. Edith is playing something of Beethoven's, something so sad that mingled with the harmony there might be the yearning, despairing cry of a broken heart. Why does she not choose music more suited to her age? he wonders, as he quietly enters the room, and looks at her as she plays. A light is pleasing on her bright hair making a glory round her; he is reminded vaguely of St. Cecilia, Agnes, or Magdalen, he can scarcely tell which of the three, for the little head bears some resemblance to the old master's ideals of all three fair saints. After all, he concludes, Beethoven may be more suited to her than he thought at first, and his reverie comes to an end as she turns from the piano.

"Do you know Edith, that Mr. Feldon has been reading instead of listening! What do you say to that," the dinner and glance at his friend who has absently opened a book.

"Nothing," she replies with a faint, slow smile. "I hardly do this tonight."

"Which means I presume, that my taste is not sufficiently refined to appreciate the king of musicians.

"Perhaps not since you say so," she returns unsolicitously. "I think that books are more to your liking; then all the music stand were put together, though, with an aerial phase at the volume in his hand, "I merely intended Longfellow amongst your favorites."

"He stands high in my favor, Miss Edith, so far once you were wrong. Longfellow is a true poet, his verses are not books, words only of artificial beauty, but finally strung together; his own grand heart beats glows in all he has written."

"Except Hiawatha," puts in Edith.

"Certainly that is a serious thing," her father admits, laughing; "but who was it that I used to find dreaming over the Golden Legend, when I would come home to look for her. And who prefers the old American bard to our poetaster than himself by at least twenty years; a man who has travelled much, learned much, read much and written much; a man for whom he has a sincere admiration not unmixed with pity, for his premature old age. Dr. Ross has friends enough, but none of them have the lofty mind has been purified by pathetic mortality, but I am of Charlotte Brontë's opinion, that "the Author of all good has bestowed the 'Joy of life' on some, and the 'Sorrow of life' on others." This little poem 'Mathetoup' has some sorrow stamped it; but remembrance of sometimes Miss Ross," and he commences to read, his voice giving to the poem a vague feeling than Edith had found in them before.

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"No."

"And if you think his arrival will make any difference in your prospects, I tell you at once Kate," her brother puts in teasingly. "I imagine that develop in secrecy in Mr. Feldon's line, but speaking of programmes, reminds me, Edith, that I must see yours while there is yet time."

"Suppose you only let Gregory put his name down for one dance, and then I give you permission to do what you please with them to him," proposes Kate with sisterly flattery before she is cleared by her partner; but the delicate blint is disregarded as Miss Ross sees when he returns the card.

"*Four, Gregory?*"

"*Yes, do you object?*"

"*Not if—I mean—*and said this morning that it is unusual to dance more than twice in a night with the same gentleman falling to decay." To what then was it given?

"Unless I" he says inquiringly and with a look of amusement.

"Unless you are bantoffled to him; but, with an air of relief, "that is out of the question with us; being cousins we must not stand on ceremony."

Austin Feldon turns to his friend; but something in the old man's face checks the words he was about to utter. "Thank you," he says at last very quietly; "Dr. Ross, you are a good man, too good for pride of intellect is tied astray. Love has had no place in my life so far, perhaps it only can save me from indolently. Glancing up he sees someone standing in the doorway, someone with a fair earnest face, and eyes that meet his own coldly; she comes to him and laps her hand in his for a moment, still with that wistful look in her dark eyes.

"Come, Edith, we need you to cheer us tonight, her father smiles. Jim has so ceasely brightened since he saw her—"we can man alone here so long get rather gloomy; let us have some music, child." He leads the way out of the room; she is following, but turns suddenly. "Mr. Feldon."

"Yes."

"Neither my father nor you seemed to notice when I came; you were in deep conversation, and I want to tell you I heard part of it."

"I am sorry."

"It was confidential; I ought not to have listened, but I thought you heard me open the door." She continues, "I am sorry to hear it." She goes, and the man stands still where she has left him.

"Good God! If words of mine should stay the power of that child's pure heart. Is it not enough that I am wretched? Must I bring misery to others—to her above all the rest! Bitt, no!" she seemed to feel more sorrow than fear.

Sounds sweet and solemn reach him. Edith is playing something of Beethoven's, something so sad that mingled with the harmony there might be the yearning, despairing cry of a broken heart. Why does she not choose music more suited to her age? he wonders, as he quietly enters the room, and looks at her as she plays. A light is pleasing on her bright hair making a glory round her; he is reminded vaguely of St. Cecilia, Agnes, or Magdalen, he can scarcely tell which of the three, for the little head bears some resemblance to the old master's ideals of all three fair saints. After all, he concludes, Beethoven may be more suited to her than he thought at first, and his reverie comes to an end as she turns from the piano.

"Do you know Edith, that Mr. Feldon has been reading instead of listening! What do you say to that," the dinner and glance at his friend who has absently opened a book.

"Nothing," she replies with a faint, slow smile. "I hardly do this tonight."

"Which means I presume, that my taste is not sufficiently refined to appreciate the king of musicians.

"Perhaps not since you say so," she returns unsolicitously. "I think that books are more to your liking; then all the music stand were put together, though, "

THE MONITOR.

PUBLIC JOURNAL OF THE ARCHDIOCESE

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1886.

JUBILEE PASTORAL

—OF—

RT. REV. FRANCIS MORA, D. D.,

BISHOP OF

MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

To the Rev. Clergy and Laity.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—By Apostolic letters of the 22nd of December, 1885, the Holy Father has been pleased to open the treasury of the Church, proclaiming to the world an extraordinary Jubilee extending during the whole of the present year.

The reason for this great favor, granted now for the third time during his Pontificate, we found in the untiring zeal of the Sovereign Pontiff and the unbounded charity towards his flock, which is pointed out in the Encyclical which accompanies this letter.

With joy, therefore, we discharge the pleasant duty of announcing to you this Jubilee, and "ex, hort you not to receive in vain the grace of God, for He saith: in an acceptable time have I heard thee: and in the day of salvation I have I helped thee. Behold, now is the acceptable time: behold, now is the day of salvation" by which the Allmighty God, at a very low price, offers us not only the pardon of our sins, but also the amendment of our lives and the Kingdom of Heaven.

The year of Jubilee was a year of great rejoicing in the oppressed Hebrews, because debts were remitted and enrolled; slaves were restored to liberty; paid families returned in possession of their lands, patrimony. For greater reason it should be a year of joyful being to us, the children of the Church of Christ.

For in it is a year of mercy, a year of indulgence, a year of forgiveness. The unfortunate vanity may, by salutary penance, regain their forfeited dignities, and re-enter their lost possessions, the honorably industrious; the slaves of sin are to be restored to the liberty of the children of God, and each of us, by repentance of the past, can lay up renewed and redoubled spiritual vigor for the future.

We have, dear faithful, standing against us the guilt of sin and the punishment inseparably connected with it. The guilt of mortal sin and its eternal punishment, also remitted in the moment of penance, by the absolution of the Priest of God, joined with humility, contrition, and satisfaction. This is the ordinary means left by the Redeemer of the world, to His Church, for the sinner's justification. But in this life even the sin when may be perfect as to merit the remission of the eternal punishment due to sin. Nothing filed can enter the Kingdom of Heaven; therefore it is necessary to pay to fall the debt of this justice, either in this life, by penance, or in the other and good works, or in the next by purifying fires of purgatory. Hence the importance of the jubilee, by which "The Lord hath taken away thy sin; nevertheless, thou shalt not sin any more." Hence the necessity of God to indulge, the child, into to thee shall nearly the Psalmist David, "Remember not the offences of my youth and my ways of penance. Mercifully, then, and the selection of the means of the Jubilee, the Church, for a spirit of penance, and the selection of the means of the Jubilee, the Church, for a spirit of penance, and the selection of the means of the Jubilee, the Church, for a spirit of penance

Farm and Home.

California Cream of Tartar.

Among the various industries and sources of revenue of Los Angeles, California, which are a perfect success so far as they have been will attended to, is the production of argols and the manufacture of good cream of tartar from the same. Albert Yoe, who has been engaged in this business for some time, though it has been very successful, has met with a great deal of difficulty with his limited means to secure a location adapted to the handling of the wine or producing the argols on a scale that would make it largely a source of profit. He commenced the business four years ago, and has been compelled to move from one location to another frequently at a great expense and interruption to his enterprise. The argols are obtained by suspending small pieces of rope in casks or vats of wine, like the old process of making dip candles, when the tartar crystals form on the pieces of rope until the wine is relieved of its acidity and materially aged and improved. When the crystals are taken out, they are put through a refining process and bleached of their reddish brown color and some out in pure white crystals ready for the mill, where they are ground to an impalpable powder, ready for the market. The crude argols are usually kept for three or four months, when they are shipped to the New York market. The wine from an acre of grapes will produce from thirty to seventy-five pounds of chemically pure cream of tartar, owing, of course, to the yield and the acidity or tartar contained in the wine. The wines from the low, moist, or heavily irrigated vineyards usually contain a greater percentage of tartar. The cream or tartar of Southern California always commands a higher price than that brought from France, and is eagerly sought for by dealers. The use of wine can be had for from one to three cents a gallon, or the equivalent of the evaporation and waste of wine during the process. Last year seven tons of this valuable product were shipped and there will probably be shipped three or four times that quantity this season. He is just now building a factory where he will have an abundance of room for handling wines. His furnaces and lattice are in position, ready for his tanks and cooperage for conducting his operations on a much larger scale this season than ever before.

The Power of a Piano Wife.

An old general was once asked by a friend how it was that, after so many years spent in the army, he had come to be so frequent a communicant, receiving several times a week. "My friend," answered the old soldier, "the strongest part of it is, that my change of life was brought about before I ever listened to the word of a priest, and before I had ever set my foot in a church. After my campaigns, God bestowed on me a pious wife, whose faith I respected, though I did not share it. Before I married her she was a member of all the pious confraternities of her parish, and she never failed to add to her signature, Child of Mary. She never took it upon herself to preach one sermon to me, but I could read her thoughts in her countenance. When she prayed every morning and night, her countenance beamed with faith and charity; when she returned from the church, where she had received, with a calmness, a sweetness and a patience, which left in them something of the serenity of heaven, she seemed an angel. When she dressed my wounds I found her like a Sister of Charity.

"Suddenly, I myself was taken with the desire to love the God whom my wife loved so well, and who inspired her with those virtues which formed the joy of my life. One day I, who hitherto was without faith, who was such a complete stranger to the practices of religion, so far from the Sacraments, said to her: "Take me to your confessor."

"Through the ministry of this man of God, and by the divine grace, I have become what I am, and what I rejoice to be."

Millions in Milling.

The growth of the milling business has been one of the marvels of the age, though in reality no more wonderful than the development made in the Northwestern wilderness by our modern farmer, because it was the ongrowth of the farmer's work. If prophecy were allowable in this age who would dare predict the future of milling in Minnesota and Dakota when he took into consideration the vast empire of wheat lands yet virgin to the plough? It is but the beginning, and the writer of 1890 will find as wonderful a scale of development for the decade, as does the present writer for the one just past, and still no many deals will have been made upon the resources of the wheat lands of the Northwest. In 1876 only 5,000,000 bushels of wheat found market in Minneapolis, and but 1,000,000 barrels of flour were made, yet the good people of the city felt that it was a most remarkable record. Follow down the years and see the figures roll up—seven, ten, sixteen and on up to thirty-three was the numerals necessary to show the receipts in millions, while the growth was equally marvelous in flour production figures. In the year 1878 commenced the direct export of flour to the countries of the Old World. It did not take long to convince London bakers of the value of flour made from Minnesota hard wheat, and the 150,000 barrels exported that year has grown to an export of more than two million barrels per annum.

Cavier on Tight Lacing.

The great naturalist, Cavier, was walking one day with a young lady who was a visitor of light lacing, in a public garden in Paris. A lovely blossom upon an elegant plant drew from her an expression of admiration. Looking at her pale, thin face, Cavier said: "You were like this flower once: to mover it will be as you are now." Next day he had her to the same spot and the beautiful flower was drying. She asked the name. "This plant," replied Cavier, "is an image of yourself. I will show you what is the matter with it." He pointed to a cord bound tightly around the stem and said: "You are fading away exactly in the same manner under the compression of your corset, and you are losing by degrees all your youthful charms, just because you have not the courage to resist this dangerous fashion."

A Suggestion about Children.

Brood over them lovingly, but don't interfere with them unwisely. During the first eight years of their lives—so important to all their after-existence—let them be clean, loving and happy little animals. Let them eat, play, love, and tell the truth. Give them plenty of brothers and sisters, and if these fail to appear, let them have other playmates of their own age. Children should never be taken as a joke, and never put forward as a show. Everything which concerns them is big with consequences, and should be seriously considered. The chief business and duty of each generation is to rear worthily the next, and the weightiest charge that can devolve upon a human being is the possession of a child—a fact which too few parents fully realize.

If feeling old comes your counsel, vigor by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will vitalize the blood, restore the wasting energies, and build up the system.

Family Fun.

One Price Only.

"Schoolmam, school talk in and 2000 at dose vinter gin?"

"How much is this overcoat?"

"Twenty tollers for dot overgoat, and I was making you a bresent of dot overgoat."

"That's too high."

"I dells you Mishter Gilbroly, I have only one brice, I never dealer. Chose read dot sign on der val Fixed Prices."

"Well, that means you fix the prices to suit yourself. Twenty dollars is too much."

"I dell you one price, twenty tollers. I had only one price, twenty tollers.

"It's not worth seven and a half."

"Mon Schwumbung, exactly 'Vill you give dot?'"

A Singular Omission.

"Pawpaw," said a New Jersey young lady, "will you look into the dictionary for 'omission,' and let me know how it is spelled?"

"Taint here," said the old man, after a search.

"It must be, pawpaw. Have you looked carefully?"

"I've been through the S's five times, an' there ain't nothin' that even looks like 'skeeters.'"

Why Ladies are Called Dicks.

Because they are not all tame. Because there is a good deal of sport to be got out of them when they are first found and captured. Because they may be sold. Because, as proved by the results of public examinations, they may be plucked. Because, as we can see in the illustrated newspapers, they may be drawn. Because they may be beautifully done, a good deal of better being usually employed in the process. Because they are often well peppered. Because they are always dressed in some fashion for dinner. Because they have long bills. Because there are always plenty of them in the market.

A Wife's Foolish Anxiety.

Wife (to sick husband)—Did you not derive great consolation, John, dear, from the minister's visit?

Sick Husband—Not very much.

Wife (anxiously)—Oh, John, I wish you could bring yourself to think of these things! Surely his words must have had some effect. What did he talk about?

Sick Husband—He talked about the advisability of my endowing a chapel.

When She Was Happy.

"Well, Aunt Chole, you don't look very happy to-day." "Hone, yer heart, Mary! I ain't got no 'casion to be." "Well, I'm sorry you have that, Aunt Chole. Do you fortunate one as thy cousin? of I was ha' I be happy as a 'possum in a tater patch." "Why, I thought your sister had had her husband." "Well, dat's it, she's married two—got money by both on 'em, and nary a chile or chick to bodder her. Dere's luck for ya."

Women Brings Wondrous Changes.

"You look tired," said a kind-hearted woman to a tramp who was economically petting away a generous plate of corned beef and cabbage. "Wouldn't you like a taste of wine?"

"What kind of wine is it?" he asked.

"Sweet Catawba."

"Sweet Catawba with corned beef and cabbage! H—m. Oh yes," he sighed, with a retrospective tear stole down his cheek, "bring on the wine; but there was a time, madam," he added, brokenly, "when I would gladly have been shot rather than indulge in such a mixture as that!"

Remarkable Time.

"I'm not a sprint runner," said Charley, "but I made fifty yards once in remarkably quick time. It was just that far from the front door to the gate, and my girl's father had the dog and allowed me ten seconds to clear the distance."

"I grasp the situation," replied Gus, "but fifty yards in ten seconds is not fast time."

"No, but when I reached the gate I had eight seconds to spare."

A Similarity of Conditions.

She (on board the yacht Eglewing)—How gloomy the sky looks, do then dile the sails, Mr. De Salt?

He—Yaw, the sails are fell.

She—And how resplendent the moon is, Mr. De Salt?

He—Ya'as, the moon's full.

She (getting a little tired)—Ah—do you know where the Captain is, Mr. De Salt?

He—Er—ya'as, below. He's full, too.

Under the Doctor's Care.

"You need outdoor exercise," said a New Jersey physician to a citizen, "fresh air and healthful amusement. Get a toboggan outfit and in a week you will be a well man."

The citizen followed this advice and on the first trip down the slide broke both of his legs.

A Successful Career.

"How is your son doing, Mr. Smith, who went to New York a few years ago?"

"He has made a name for himself, said Mr. Smith.

"Indeed! In what way?"

"I understand he calls himself Smythe."

Better than a Store.

"Madam," said a shivering tramp, "will you give a poor fellow a job chance to get warm?"

"Certainly," replied the woman kindly; "you can carry in that ton of coal, but don't burn yourself."

An Angel Prematurely.

"Mother, what is an angel?"

"My dear, it is a little girl with wings, who flies."

"But I heard papa telling the governess yesterday that she was an angel. Will she fly?"

"Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first the thing to-morrow."

Nearly Hit It.

"What is it, my children," exclaimed the temperance advocate, "that causes men to ignore the ties of home, neglect their families, stay out until after midnight, and get up with a bad headache in the morning?"

"I know," shouted the little son of a Congressman.

"Well, my little fellow, tell the others what it is."

"Politics."

Misery and body aches suffer from sluggish action of the blood, the result of dyspepsia or biliousness. Ayer's Pills will stir up the liver, stir the stomach and bowels to activity, rouse the power of the system, and throw health into body, which is indispensable to mental vigor.

Catholic Societies.

All Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to furnish the Secretary of the Catholic Directory with the names of their Societies and Officers.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCE.

PATRONS OF OFFICE.—The Particular Council meets once a month, and a general meeting of all the conferences of the City once a month, the object being to allow grouping and dividing the conferences, and to the equal distribution of the funds, so that the poorest conferences may not be overwhelmed with applications. The revenue of the society are derived from the collections at the monthly meetings, from donations, from a collection made each month in the Central Hall on the first Thursday in every month, but the following are the Spiritual Directors, viz: Rev. J. Prendergast, V.G., President, J. J. Dunn, Vice-President, J. Ryan, Treasurer, P. Dunne, Secretary, Rev. J. Prendergast, Rev. J. Ryan, Rev. J. Dunne

PARNELL'S DEPARTURE.

An Explanation by Justin McCarthy.

NEW YORK, February 25.—The *Independent* of February 25, published an article by Justin McCarthy, member of Parliament, setting forth in intelligible form for American readers what Parnell and his conferees decide on their demand for home rule. He begins by saying that the Nationalists do not demand a parliament, but would not be satisfied with mere local boards; that very many Irishmen would be glad for separation, but they recognize that the spirit of the age does not favor small, independent States, but rather an agglomeration of States, and that therefore the question of separation does not come into practical politics. He then goes on to say: "All the Irishmen I know, certainly all the responsible Irishmen, are well content to see Ireland part of Great Britain, provided she is a partner with England on fair terms. If she is, they say, they hope that Ireland should be in partnership, but they are not willing that she should be in subjection. What they say to the English statesmen is this: 'Give Ireland the right to manage her own affairs within the line of sentiment that washes her shores; give her the right to do for itself, and every one of the English colonies in Canada and Australia can do; give us this on this much, and we are willing to live in friendly partnership with you.'"

"SO NO IMPERIAL SENTIMENT?

we could easily arrange. A compromise might be found. My own idea of a satisfactory system would be to have a home rule parliament for England, another for Scotland, and if needs were, yet another for Wales, as well as for Ireland, and an imperial parliament in which all should be represented for imperial affairs and affairs of common interest. This would be about such a system as you Americans have, and as Canada and Australia have. But neither England nor Scotland wants a home rule parliament for himself just yet. I say just yet, because the demand and the necessity will come soon enough. Scotland, then, and England will find that it is not possible to get through local, parochial, national and imperial business in one overtrelized legislative body, but just yet this is not fully recognized, and therefore there is a certain difficulty about establishing a system which should give Ireland, and Ireland alone, a domestic Parliament and at the same time allow to Ireland full representation in the Imperial Parliament. Englishmen say: 'It is unreasonable that you should come to some not and take part in the government of our affairs, while we are not to be allowed to have any share in the management of your affairs.' I do not think there is much in the objection. But the objection is made and has to be taken into account. Therefore, I at least, should be quite willing to accept a Parliament in College Green, Dublin, and to give up all right to sent in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster.

NO SECURITY ABOUT IMPERIAL APPEALS

"Some arrangement could be made as to Ireland's share in common taxation and her voice in imperial affairs. No serious difficulty could arise about that. Give us an Irish Parliament, and we will show that we are ready to meet England on fair and reasonable grounds of compromise and agreement as to other matters, but it must be an Irish Parliament, not a system of local boards. That Parliament, I say, must be an Irish Parliament, not a system of local boards. That Parliament, I say, must be an Irish Parliament, not a system of local boards. Even in practice the difference would be very great. In principle the difference is the difference between what we want and what we do not want. We want to have the existence of the Irish nation recognized. We want an Irish National Parliament, free to make what laws it will for the internal administration of Ireland. We would accept the control of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, or of the Sovereign, represented by the Sovereign's delegate. That would be hand on over to the control of an English majority again. But we should be quite willing to accept the control of the Sovereign acting on the advice of her Irish ministers, on the same principle on that which prevails in Canada and Australia. Of course it would be merely nominal control, just as it is in Canada and Australia, and in England herself. The actual of the Sovereign in those countries never again can be anything but nominal.

THE CONTROL OF AN ENGLISH MINISTRY

over Ireland's domestic Parliament would be a very real and a most serious thing for Ireland. Ireland would be quite willing to give any requisite guaranty by an article in the written constitution or elsewhere for the protection of the minority in all their freedom of conscience, in all their rights of whatever kind. Nothing could be less needed than such guaranty. Nothing is farther from the mind and heart of Catholic Ireland than to do the slightest wrong to the Protestants of Ireland. With the single exception of O'Connell, all the great Irish leaders have been Protestants, and some of O'Connell's most powerful supporters have been Protestants. See what I let it in Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, Isaac Butt, Charles Stewart Parnell—all Protestants, and to keep the ear members elected to serve Ireland's national cause in the Imperial Parliament are several more Protestants who would be rather amused if they were asked whether they were not afraid of being deprived of their freedom of worship if an Irish Parliament were to be established.

THE ORANGE BUGBEAR

"What about that Northern Province of Ireland Ulster? I ask my American readers to put well into their heads the fact that a majority of the members returned to Parliament from the Province of Ulster are Nationalists and devoted followers of Mr. Parnell. Let us name some of them: Mr. Healy, Mr. Sigger, William O'Brien, William Redmond, Arthur O'Connor. Every American has heard of them names, and knows that they are names of men absolutely devoted to the Irish cause. These men and many others like them are now chosen representatives of the Ulster constituencies. Mr. Sexton went near to carrying the division of Belfast. I am only twenty votes behind any Orange competitor for the representation of the Orange city of Derry. Tell me of a Protestant being oppressed by a Catholic neighbor in such a country and under such conditions. But by all means let a guaranty be given if it is thought desirable or necessary. Let it be given in any form that national men can devise. I shall make no trouble about that."

Bismarck's Inhumanity.

A good deal has been written in the European and American press concerning Bismarck's cruel medieval system of espionage directed against the Poles. With what harshness these measures are being carried out, one specimen out of many will suffice to show: On the 27th ult. there arrived in Posen, from Bielsze, a woman of the age, it is said, of 64 years. She had been compelled as a "foreigner" from her home, and she was trying to get to Thorn in order to arrive, by way of Alexandrowo, in Russian Poland, to the country from which the old woman and her companions made use of to reach the town from the railway station, the poor creature's appearance excited universal sympathy, and a small collection was quickly made for her amid very strong expressions of opinion regarding German policy. He did was the unfortunate victim of Prince Bismarck's "Thorschluss" that she was unable to continue her journey, and, according to latest accounts, was still in Posen.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—Monsignor Kirby, titular Archbishop of Sipkerna and rector of the Irish College, has issued private audiences and all the feast of the Purse 1530 Dr. as Peter Paxon from the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, being his Grace's annual offering for 1886.

Carlow.—The tenants on the Duke of Leinster estate attended on Feb. 6, at the Victoria Hotel, Muinalow, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Hingston, the receiver appointed on this estate under the Court of Chancery, with a view to the settlement of their rents. On a former occasion the result of the tenants' application for a reduction was an statement of 25 per cent, but this was refused. Mr. Hingston informed the tenants that he was recommended by Judge Boyd to accept the same terms as obtained last year, namely, a reduction

Poetry.

A CHRISTIAN HERO.

(Suggested by the perusal of the life of Bishop Ridley, by J. Nicemane, C. M. E., and inscribed to Rev. H. Lowe, C. M. E.)

The laurels of this have,
The martyr's shining palm,
The angel's wreath(?) cut leaves
For one so wise and calm,
The heart's most tender homage,
Sweeter than words can frame,
A moment's pondering
Are twined around his name.

Great heart where love celestial
In quenchless radiance burned,
Of an humanity and manhood
To heaven above were turned,
Who said earth's sweet affections
A counted himself lost,
Yet were he nobler than
God's consecrated Priest.

Monger, and soldier, and lover,
Dangers by sea and land,
Hatred and cant pursued him,
Leagued against him hand in hand,
Big shot in Faith's strong armor,
With chilblain patience sweet,
He laid his heavy burden
Down at the Saviour's feet.

Then rose refreshed and strengthened
To a nobler life in death,
Lightsome in shade,
Gazing his Master's will,
Of him no more seen
No tall but seemed as light,
Had one grovelling spirit

How thrills the soul on realties
That mistake sublime,
Of the bleeding Host repeaching
The apostate for his crime,
Man Man dare not, God is angry,
Plying the crying wanderer,
Revealed Himself that day.

Tree son of Saint Ephrem,
Of the frame richly blessed,
Who the Lord's Cross bore
Within the forward West,
The feet born of the Order,
And well may Rome be sure,
To add a Bishop's mantle
To his unclouded tiara

Though few the years God left him,
To lead His people here,
So careful was he over
Of souls to Christ so dear,
Each thought, each deed, each moment,
Through every passing day,
Was given to prayer and labor
For those beneath his sway.

Thus, ever and anon, his life's prayer
With love's pure Source rile,
I shall God for the Blessings
That crowned His servant's life,
And beg the holy Bishop
Who now before Him stands,
To lift for us his pleading
His consecrated hands

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Mossy Woodland, March, 1886.

"St. Ev. Bishop, Romanus was the first Novice of the Redemptorist Order in Austria to make the religious vows.

AN OFF-DRAWN PICTURE.

AT ANTHONY DOYLE

Ding Dong!
Ding Dong!
The bell is lustily pealing;
Ding Dong!
Ding Dong!
A brazen mirth revealing.—
The a message bell, and the trembling bells
Is full of the joy of the happy hour;
And joyous is he, at her side,
With a manly love for her wedding dower.
But alas! but no curse that follow sh
In the wake of Joy's bewildering train,
And leave no alone in a Darkness pain
To grope our way thro' woe and pain.

Ding Dong! Ding Dong!
Let us hide in the shade of the gloomy cry—
"*We live—and we live to die.*"

Ding Dong!
Ding Dong!
The mirthful bell is pealing;
Ding Dong!
Ding Dong!
A sadness of revealing.—
Now the shadow of a sentiment the corteges walks
For the state will be to after the life
But the corpse has entered the *shining gates*
And repeat! lies gone to *Jesus*
Alas! for the joys that follow oft,
In the darkness trade of woe and strife!
And lead us on to a clearer path,
That gulfs one steps to such sweet life!

But hark! the bell still clanks its song,
And the wind and waves still bear it along.

Ding Dong!
Ding Dong!
What a comfort its sonnet pealings give,
"*We die and we die to live!*"

Literary Miscellany.

The Queen of the Circus.

A Beautiful Catholic Story.

Everywhere about the dead walls of a European city, about two years since, might have been read the following announcement, with that of other similar, of the Circus Company: "Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat." It is her history, given by herself, that follows here.

Twenty-four years ago a little girl was born into the world in an old-fashioned village of Canada, and so soon as a name was needed to point her out, called Matilda Prescott. There was no talk of christening her; and the world she came into was cold, cruel and unchristian enough. Her father was sober from drink only on odd days; and her mother had long ago sunk into a state of almost brutal stupidity under long continued ill treatment from her husband. When the little girl was able to walk about, she was only too glad to be sent on some occupation, out of sight of the misery which was always before her eyes at what was called her home. In the long days of the Canadian summer she went to pick wild berries in the woods, and then sold the sweetest fruit of the family, or by their sale obtained a few pence to supply jugs for the craving appetite of her drunken father.

One day there passed along the road, near the thicket where she was at work, the major caravan of a circus that had been exhibiting in the neighboring town. In the carriage at the end of the line of wagons rode a few young women, the chief performers of the menagerie company. Seeing the open-eyed wonder of the child, they asked for some of her berries, and took her up with them as they rode on their way home. Her story was easily drawn from her. It is possible that the heart of some these wandering people was touched by the brightness of the little girl, whose whole appearance cold of poverty and wretchedness. She was tribe, too, as only those who live in the open air and woods from childhood are. Soon Matilda discovered that, in her delight at the unsentimental drive with her new friends, she had already gone far from her own place, and was on a strange road. She wept, but her companions consoled her and asked her to remain always with them. They told her that it was too late to go back; and soothed by their promises and by almost the only kindness she had yet known, she soon resigned herself and was carried away. Father and mother she never saw again; soon she would not have known them, in the variety of new scenes into which she was thrown. So she grew up a performer in the gymnasium of the circus from her childhood. Her name was often changed, as is the custom with that kind of people; but we shall know her only by her last professional title—Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat.

Zenobia, as she was to be caported, soon attained to a very high rank in her art. Nimble could leap so skillfully as she, or perform such daring feats. She had been stolen away from parents who did not deserve to be entrusted with her care. As she grew up, it was not likely that she would find any great obligation towards those who had taken her with them for their own advantage. She soon ran away from this first company of rude country performers, and joined herself to another band. Her fame spread, and the little ragged child of the Canadian woods became a great personage in her own curious world. With different troupes she travelled far and wide. She performed for some years in the North, and afterwards through the principal cities of South America. Thence she found her way to Australia, where she remained some years, and then visited the European colonies in India and Egypt. Her wandering star led her to French Algiers, and over to Spain. Here, for the first time in her life, she entered a church. Up to this she had imagined the great temples to be centres through which she passed to be only theatres of a sort different from those she knew, and closed to such as she. One day she saw the Spanish common people mingling with others of every class and making their way altogether into the church. She made bold to join the throng, and found to her surprise that nothing had here to be paid at the door.

It was the holy time of Christmas. Like the others she drew near the Crib of Bethlehem, so commonly represented in Catholic Churches at this season, and in a country like this, with a climate so different from that of her native Canada, and knelt before the altar where the Child Jesus was laying on the straw in the Manger. Coming out of the church, she found herself in a strange street, what child that was before whom the lights were kept burning. The astonished girl could not understand that even pagans should be ignorant of our Christian mysteries, and answered:

"It is the little Jesus"

"Is Jesus alive?"

"He is not alive there; that is His image."

Hearing this, Zenobia went back into the church, and looked long and attentively at the Child placed in the Crib, wondering how "Jesus" might be, and what it all could mean. The astonishment of the little girl who she had not addressed made her afraid to ask an explanation of the people around her. Everyone was praying devoutly; it was clear that the Assumption worship, uninstructed in the A B C of the Christian religion, did not enter into their circle of ideas.

Zenobia went on her way deeply impressed at what she had seen. It was all strange to her. There was then something in this which all her wanderings had not implied. She gathered as much as she from the praying throng, where she saw men and women and children of every class interested and consoled, but most of all the poor and suffering.

About this time, she had two dreams which left a deep remembrance after them and urged her to go on in this new way, which had so strongly caught her curiosity. One night she saw before her a Lady of majestic mien, who put before her a great book in which all her actions were written. The poor Zenobia exclaimed: "This is God, or the Mother of God, if God has a mother." Another night, in the jungle, she saw a solitary path in which young ladies, with the same mien, were walking to and from in silence. Sleep to herself, though she had not the slightest notion of what convent life was, she felt that she was a person who few God well, and whom God loves well." For the present the dream passed away, leaving only a regretful memory, as of a glimpse of other and better things. But they were to be brought again strongly at a future day, when the adventurous Zenobia should at last leave true happiness, as she thought, behind her.

Now and then the circus she had of religious things were again aroused within her. Possibly she found her life of constant excitement already palling on her; and the delicate nature could not refrain from thoughts of what was to be after the life is over. She happened two or three times during her journeys to be obliged to put up for the night with some Christian family. Here, in the conversation which she willingly turned to such subjects, she heard them speak of the unquenchable fire, which shall be the lot of those who name the gifts God has given them, and who repent too late. In the solitude of her room she lighted a fierce fire in the grate, and deliberately threw into it first one book, first her hand and then her bare foot. Yes, the intense pain made itself felt, she said to herself: "Yet this is nothing to a fire which burns the whole body, and burns forever! And there is something in me which does not die and which would hinder my body from being consumed in such a burning!"

She now observed curiously whatever concerned the religious life and actions of the uncertain strength which she passed. She performed successively in France and Austria, and was at Moscow when the late emperor of all the Russias met his tragedian. His horrible assassination was carried out by means of the explosives which modern science has taught unchristian men to use. Concerning it she had many curious details to tell, which had come to her knowledge from the seditious people into whose company her profession constantly threw her. She now entered her stage, performing in the difficult feats of the Garden Empire, and so came into Italy. She was in the first rank of her strange career, wandering, adventurous, careless for the morrow. Yet she was not without an occasional thought of a different mode of life, and of making ready for the life to come. It is touching beyond measure that she should not yet have learned that the Christian religion, was the unanimous cry of the poor, wear, what child that was before whom the lights were kept burning. The astonished girl could not understand that even pagans should be ignorant of our Christian mysteries, and answered:

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THE MONITOR.

PARCHIAL NEWS OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1888.

The Churchman's Forged Letter Fraud.

Forgery seems to be the favorite method of fraud most popular with Protestant preachers when they undertake to calumniate the Catholic Church. To such an extent has this practice been carried forward by the so-called Protestant Reformers, that an eminent non Catholic writer of the last century branded the practice as a sectarian custom in those burning words "*Forgery.*—I blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write it—*seem to have been peculiar to the Reformed*—I look in vain for one of those accursed outrages of imposition amongst the disciples of Popery." Those few words condemn as a total shell, more the corner-stone of Protestantism, which is nothing less than a *counterfeiting of Christianity, a falsification of true Faith*, and the supplanting of God's spiritual work by a system of false Religion *forgery* is just as necessary an ingredient as *falsehood*—and both are the Shibboleths of sectarianism.

On the morning of March, 1st, the *Pacific Churchman* (Episcopalian organ)—published a letter pretending to have been written by Cardinal Manning to Robert Montague—an English convert who became a parson—in which the Cardinal is made to say that he regrets that he ever joined the Catholic Church. In his introduction of this matter to his readers, the editor of the *Churchman*—thinking he had a good cassagnac! the Catholic Church—referred the matter especially to the consideration of the MONITOR. In a subsequent issue we pronounced the letter a decided forgery, and we had intended to send the document to Cardinal Manning himself for his denial—as positive were we that not a word of the malicious document ever emanated from the mind of the distinguished convert in question. Just as we were on the point of putting our intention into operation, some unknown friend in Canada sent us a copy of the *Montreal Post* in which we find the following forcible refutation of the flagrant *forgery* which the *Churchman* circulated with the hope that it might mislead both the Church of God and Cardinal Manning. His Eminence makes the following reply:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
Westminster, S. W.,
February 20th, 1888.

Dear Sir—I thank you much for your attention in sending me the letter in the Toronto Globe. It was so badly done that I should say that it is no letter of mine. From the style it contradicts the contention of my last five and twenty years, which have been spent in thanking God and in bringing others to say as I have been able the only true faith and fold. You may make whatever use you will of this letter.

Believe me always your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.
(Signed)

Thus we speak another of those hateful falsehoods which Protestants fabricate for purposes of calumny against the Catholic Church. But the source from which these calumnies originate is fruitful in evil, and even while we are thus stamping out one slander, a dozen other falsehoods equally as diabolical are being concocted in Satan's laboratory, and in due time will be heralded forth by hierarchs in order to form men away from finding the true Church of God.

Now that we have unmasked this malignant forgery, we ask the *Pacific Churchman*—as an act of simple Christian justice—to print the fact of Cardinal Manning's denial of the *forged letter* in its columns, or failing to do that, we shall be compelled to brand it with the crime of deliberately attempting to destroy the name and fame of one of the most consistent and steadfast converts in the Catholic Church. The *Pacific Churchman* has borne false witness against Cardinal Manning, let us now see if the Rev. Editor of that professedly religious journal possesses Christianity enough to make reparation for the wrong thus done by denouncing the evil association that appeared in his columns over the forged signature of a great Catholic Prelate.

What is "Boycotting" and Where did it Originate?

A subscriber to the MONITOR in Napa asks us to state where "Boycotting" originates and the name of his friends assert that it is not of recent origin. The *system* of non-fraternity and non-co-operation with one's neighbor in consequence of some offense against public or private right, morals or equity, is as old as the memory of man runneth back, and it was put into practical effect in many instances during the days of the American Revolutionary struggle when the patriots refused to fraternize with or patronize in any way the Royalists residing among them. The deed of throwing the British tea into Boston harbor was an act of "Boycotting" against John Bull which proved very effective, and it is a matter of history that during the anti-slavery agitation no Southern slaver of slaves would deal to the extent of a dime with any Northern merchant who was known to hold sentiments adverse to the Southern institution.

Thus the *system* of "Boycotting" has been carried on in this country in many ways for more than a century, and those as christian creatures who occasionally attached the lines "no Irish need apply" to their help-seeking advertisements, think that disgraceful method of "Boycotting" the sentires of the Emerald Isle. Again in 1845, when the Native American party spreaded an anti-Catholic spirit throughout the land, they tried to effectually "Boycott" all Catholic citizens by the most foul, brutal and bloodthirsty system that ever emanated from the slaves of Satan. The riots in Philadelphia, New York, Louisville, Baltimore and other Eastern localities were all occasioned by men who sought to "Boycott" those citizens whose only crime was that they were Catholics, and some designing demagogues took advantage of this fact to preach a crusade against the Church, thus instilling their ignorant dupes to murder their fellow citizens merely because they professed a faith that was denounced by some diabolical wretches who should have been sent to Sing Sing.

The system of social isolation which is at present known under the peculiar name of "Boycotting" was suggested by Charles Stewart Parnell in September, 1880, during a speech he made at Ennis, in the County Clare, where a great many evictions had taken place and where "landgrabbers" were prospering on the poverty of the evicted tenants.

In the course of his speech on that occasion Mr. Parnell asked this question—"Suppose when you go home a tenant was told a few farms from which another tenant has been evicted?" Somebody in the crowd shouted "Shoot him!" Then Mr. Parnell continued. "I think I heard somebody say shoot him. I wish to point out to you a much better way—the moral Christian and charitable way—which will give the fiend an opportunity of repenting. When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted, you must shun him on the roadside when you meet him—you must shun him in the streets of the town—you must shun him in the shops—you must shun him in the market place and everywhere else where you meet him—in a moral Coventry, by isolating him from the rest of his countrymen as if he were a leper of old. you must show *more* kindness to the wife of the man who has committed."

Captain Boycott, of Ballinrobe, was the first on whom this plan of punishing the wrong-doer was tried, and such success was achieved by his ostracism in their social action, that the system of social isolation spread throughout all Ireland under the name of "Boycotting, and now it has become the weapon whereby the laboring classes on this coast propose to seek relief from the Chinese incubus which enforces idleness upon a large class of the laboring element.

The Treasures of the Rosary for the Living and Deceased.

Questions are continually being put, not only here, but everywhere else, by the people to priests and nuns about the Rosary, and especially the following: What are its indulgences, privileges, benefits; and what is required in order that Christians may share in them all? What is the difference between the Rosary Confraternity and the Living Rosary Association? Who has the right to establish a Rosary Confraternity? Is it necessary to have beads blessed in order that we may gain all the indulgences conceded by the Church to their recitation? When do the beads lose their indulgences? When some beads or grains are lost and others have been made to replace them, or when beads are chained over, is it necessary to have them blessed over? Is it lawful for the Rosary to be recited? Is it necessary to meditate on the Mysteries in order that one may gain all the indulgences, and is it necessary to use the voice in practising the Rosary even when only one is present? Is it lawful and devotional? Will nuns and seculars indulge in [illegible] when any strangers happen to join them? Is it a sin, or merely such one says it by himself? Is it true that any special favors conferred on those who recite the Rosary either singly or collectively in a Church? What is meant by the Fepal, Brigittine and Dominican blessings of beads?

These are all most important questions, and there are many others not less so, which concern all Rosarians, and, indeed, all the faithful, and which it is well to answer now and again for their benefit. We are all well aware that such questions can only be answered with security and tact by following the decisions of the proper Roman Congregations, the common teaching of approved authors, and the responses of the Master General of the Dominicans, who has from Apostolic authority the custodianship, direction and government of both the Rosary Confraternity and the Living Rosary Association. In last week's issue of the MONITOR some of the very many privileges that Rosary Confraternities enjoy were described. Before answering the questions above noted, and others hinted at, we will here add other privileges which Rosarians enjoy by reason of their being associated to some canonically erected Confraternity, in order to induce the faithful who have not yet been enrolled in a Confraternity, and who consequently are deprived of many blessings they could enjoy if they were Rosarians, to have their names recorded in a Confraternity Register. Let Christians ponder over the singular blessings that will surely secure to themselves, and the wonderful helps they will always have at hand for the poor souls in Purgatory by being true Rosarians, and they will not hesitate long about attaching themselves to an organization which means all blessings to its members, both living and dead.

The contents of the following numbers will give an insight into the riches of the Rosary Confraternity, but particularly of the Dominican Church in this city:

I. Every Church in which a Confraternity of the Rosary is canonically erected, possesses by right, but only in favor of Rosarians, all the local indulgences specially conceded to the churches of the Friars-Preachers or Dominicans. (*Clement VIII, Quæ sunt quæ.*

II. Such a church also possesses, but only in favor of the members of the Rosary Confraternity, all the local indulgences of all the Confraternities and churches of Rome, even the plenary indulgences for the sires of the Emerald Isle. Again in 1845, when the Native American party spreaded an anti-Catholic spirit throughout the land, they tried to effectually "Boycott" all Catholic citizens by the most foul, brutal and bloodthirsty system that ever emanated from the slaves of Satan. The riots in Philadelphia, New York, Louisville, Baltimore and other Eastern localities were all occasioned by men who sought to "Boycott" those citizens whose only crime was that they were Catholics, and some designing demagogues took advantage of this fact to preach a crusade against the Church, thus instilling their ignorant dupes to murder their fellow-citizens merely because they professed a faith that was denounced by some diabolical wretches who should have been sent to Sing Sing.

III. Now also observe the perpetual indulgence, provided their names are recorded in a Confraternity register, and that they faithfully perform the work enjoined, can gain the plenary and pointed indulgence attached to the visit of a church, chapel or oratory of the Confraternity of the Rosary, by reading the decree of erection in their own convent or monastery. (*Pius IX., 11mo. Aug. 1857.*

IV. The sick, prisoners, travellers and other persons legitimately impeded, as Rosarians, can gain all the indulgences attached to visiting the altar of the Rosary and of the Church in which a Confraternity is established, by saying wherever they may be at the time some prayers for their intention. (*S. Pius V. Inter desiderabilia*)

The prayers to be recited on such occasions are left optional to each Rosarian, except in the following cases in which they are determined First, in order to gain the indulgences attached to the *Salve Regina*, that anthphon must be recited on bended knees and before a statue or image of the Blessed Virgin. (*Innocent XI. Nuper, Dec. 9, Nov. 1.*). Secondly, in order that the above indulgences be classified perfectly, the Rosary must be recited on the first Sunday of the month (unless specly five plenary and a great number of partial indulgences), it is requisite that they say the Rosary—the fifteen decades. In the case of the sick one chaplet will suffice. We must here remark to gain all the indulgences of the first Sunday of the month, Confession and Communion, when possible, are indispensable conditions, yet, if Rosarians are so circumstanced that they cannot comply with these two conditions, they may gain the indulgences named provided they recite the entire Rosary, or at least a third part of it if they cannot do more, and provided they have the disposition to confess and go to Communion at the time prescribed by the Church. (*Innocent XI. Nuper, Cap. 2 ex.*)

VI. We have a right to order from what has been stated in the foregoing numbers that whenever it is merely impossible for a Rosarian to make his visit to a church or chapel of the Rosary, he may gain the indulgence attached to such a work by visiting any church whatsoever. This decision has been plainly declared in regard to the indulgence of the Stations (*Leo X. Mon 1518*); and also in regard to the indulgence of fifty years, granted once a day, to the recitation of a chaplet. (*S. Pius V. 25, Julii 1567*).

Whenever the word "Statutes is used in connection with the Rosary Devotion it has a special meaning, it refers to the rules of the five olders or to the rules of another five times for the purpose of gaining the indulgences of the Station churches in Rome. At the head of each Mass of the time during Lent, the name of the Station church is given.

VII. All members of Religious communities and their *tertiaries*, or third order secular members, recite a decade a day, in favor of the poor souls in Purgatory, a plenary indulgence by reciting a third part of the Rosary, and Office, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, or, when this last condition is not possible, anywhere. (*Benedict XIII., 21 Dec., 1725*).

A New History of California.

HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA by Theodore Hittell. Volume First. San Francisco: Pacific Press Publishing House and Occidental Publishing Company. 1888.

In no State in the Union is the Catholic Church more intimately connected with its history than it is with that of the State in California. Hence when a non-Catholic undertakes to write the history of this State—and the region formerly comprised under the general term of "Alta and Lower California"—he should direct himself of such Professional prejudices as a false education received from false teachers may have forced into his mind; he should hold himself as overly balanced as the scales of Justice itself, and his literary labors should be of that liberal character which does not delaine the dead nor insult the religious belief of the living members of God's fold.

The early history of California is most intimately connected with the tenders of the Franciscan, Carmelite and Dominican of California's earliest history, and behind these footprints upon the sands of time which the waves of anti-Catholic animosity can never wash out! Its work for Jesus Christ, its care for poverty, its question their sufferings, and to pick Sown in their sufferings, and to pick Sown in their sufferings. But they were men who walked off their lives in the shadow of God's sanctity; men who were scrupulously exact in keeping before their minds a perpetual remembrance of the decree of the Decalogue and the precepts of Christianity. Their *time* time because a daily sermon to those Indians that surrounded them, and the Fathers did nothing more than this they deserve the affectionate recognition of every Californian who delights in seeing the development of practical Christianity in the great good accomplished by the Catholic missionaries who made this coast subject to the Cross.

The writer who says that the work of these missionaries was barren and unpopulate son only glance at the labor of the missionaries from a standpoint of selfish worldliness, losing sight altogether of the spiritual benefits which their supernatural lives left as a legacy to mankind. Those men were heroes in heroes; they taught mankind obedience to the commands of Christ by carrying the Cross to unknown tribes and peoples; they taught the world self-denial by selling themselves voluntarily in order to Christianize and civilize the Indian people who are characterized by Mr. Hittell as "the most abject, the most squalid, the most brutish of human beings;" yet the instruction imparted in the daily lives and holy example of the missionaries ofloened the rough hearts of these beasts, tempered their brutality, improved their abject condition, and let the effulgence of God's faith illumine souls that otherwise would have died and darkness of paganism! Was not this good fruit? Did not such heroism in the holy cause of God leave a beneficent impress upon the future? It is just the opposite of the world that worships heroes, but let the Christian Church be the world's "historians" that keeps saints out of heaven. The grovelling, gold seeking men of the Mammon-loving world can see no use therein for Indians, naked Mexicans or ossified Friars. To him religion is a "humbug, tried a "cloak," and the idea that men should leave civilized life and all its attractions in order to teach a few thousand worthless Indians to say prayers, to chant hymns, and to lift the earth is a piece of lofty unreality of respect from any rational man. Yet it is through these despised agencies that God has made the world what it is.

He chose the foolish ones of this world whereby to confound those who call themselves wise, and thus it was with the Catholic missionaries of California whose Faith led them on to venture a hitherto unknown territory, to the achievement of works which even now erect evident witnesses of California's ancient glory. And, as we cast our eyes forward, in the spirit in that same faith we can see the missionary Fathers surrounded by the tear of those made to feel that they have cared for Christ, chanting canticles of everlasting joy, and praying that the scales may fall from those who have hitherto been blind, and that the souls the missionaries were robbed and foolishly expelled from the country that therefore their labors were not "in vain" right path. Their labors were in the path that leads to Paradise, and happy is the man who pursues the path perseveringly pledge to their saintly footsteps.

We notice from a Washington dispatch—not published in the local dailies—that Hon. Jack Montgomery's nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, Edmund having reported adversely to it as Chairman of Judiciary Committee. We cautiously await the outcome of this case in order to see how much love for principle, manhood and freedom of speech exists among the people of California.

IRISH PARLIAMENTARY FUND

$17,000 FROM FETALUMA

PETALUMA, March 12, 1888.

[illegible] Please find Draft for $17,000 [illegible] Lord Lieutenant of Petaluma, also the names of the Ladies who collected the money, and the names of the donors to the Ministry, and Parnell Fund. Yours respectfully,

W. [illegible]

The following are our representatives:

L. E. Mc[illegible] of Mrs. Lucy, $50 each; J. E. Mc[illegible] of Mrs. Lucy, $50 each;

Farm and Home.

The Farmer's Workshop.

Every farmer, market-gardener and fruit-grower whose business requires the keeping of a team, or even one horse, should also have a few carpenters' tools, a bench, and a vise. It would be more convenient to have a suitable room specially for a workshop; but if that is impossible, then a corner of the main floor of the barn will do.

If provided with a few suitable tools, any man of ingenuity can do many a job of repairing for himself which would otherwise cost him a good deal of money, and often great loss of time besides. To illustrate, while ploughing corn one day, when a boy, the plough-point caught on an unseen root, and the sudden jerk broke the beam. My employer, who was working with me in the same field, gave me his horse and plough, and then taking mine went to the barn. There he made and put in a new beam, which did not take more than two or three hours. He hired three miles from home, and it would have taken him longer than that to have gone to town and had it mended, so he probably saved time as well as money.

Winter is a season of comparative leisure to most farmers and many gardeners. At that time they would find a workbench and set of tools very useful. There are many who go to town every little job they have to be blacksmithed, and then find probable occasion for many stormy days through the winter and spring, when it would be impossible to do much outside work.

Antiquity of Wheat.

President Charles Barnard, in an article in the Century for January, says that the wheat plant is one of the oldest in cultivation. The Chinese recorded its culture as early as 2700 B.C., and it is one of the prehistoric plants, remains of which seeds being found in the ruins of the houses of the lake dwellers. While there are several races of wheat, and while there has been ground, producing hybrids, it has retained its true character, and been entirely independent of other plants since its culture began. Compared with wheat, rye is a modern plant. It is not figured on any Egyptian monuments, and seems to have been first cultivated in the Roman empire about the beginning of the Christian era, though it may have been known somewhat earlier in Russia and Tartary. While these two commercial plants have been cultivated side by side for centuries, the first plants appearing to be true hybrids, between them have seen this year in this country. Wheat and rye may have been crossed, however, yet there appears to be no record of anything like the results here obtained.

A Fatal Notion.

Not long since a young man who was inquiring into the nature of an employment offered him, asked: "What is the least time in which I can learn enough about it to get along?" This question is suggestive, because it shows a tendency to hasten to secure results without the proper amount of labor. Here was a young man with all of his active life before him. He could afford to take time to acquire the details of a business, but he preferred to get just enough knowledge of it to enable him to perform the duties required of him so that he could hold the position, and no more. To him anything more than the barest knowledge or skill which would insure him against discharge was lost. He was in a hurry to get into a position where he could get some compensation, but he had no desire to be competent to command higher wages. He was in the mood of a boy who hires out for his board and clothes, and cares little for anything else. He was in a hurry to get into a position where he could get some compensation, but he had no desire to be competent to command higher wages. He was in the mood of a boy who hires out for his board and clothes, and cares little for anything else. It never occurred to him that something else than the bare knowledge of the duties of the place which he proposes to join and to the man who paid for his services. On the contrary, he was counting on giving the poorest and most unskilled service which would be accepted for the wages which he desired. His aim was to give the least for the most, and if he could have secured wages for no service whatever, he would have done so, even if such a course involved questionable action. That is not an exceptional case. Every community has such young men, and such men who have been young men. That there are such is due in part to a haste to get into employment, and partly to a desire to get along with as little effort as possible. To this very general sentiment can be attributed a large number of inefficient men who crowd every branch of business industry. Poor workmen, shiftless and heedless laborers, listless and dishonest salesmen—in short, all sorts of inefficiency and lack of purpose in all men in every walk of life. It is this running which fills communities with shiftless, and eventually with all kinds of men who lie in wait to seize the earnings of other men.

It scarcely need be said that the men who thus enter the employments of a community are a hindrance and a check upon prosperity, that idleness and unskilled labor is the bane of successful industry. But great as the inconvenience and loss which this spirit of inefficiency and shirking brings to others, it is doubtful if comparison is that suffered by the persons who adopt the do-as-little-as-possible policy. The young man who acts on that principle never succeeds. His own unfaithfulness and dishonesty bind upon him a burden with which he cannot rise. Other men are promoted, but he keeps the place where he began. He is never esteemed in his calling, because he is no credit to it, and because he has no pride in it and no ambition to succeed in serious effort.

Let Love Preside.

Here is one word of advice for those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the curse you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the most effective one; when your kisses are given for you scarcely, happiness has died on the hearth-stone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare ye commit perjury! Let the shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier of till that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light, leaves you in the blackness of darkness, forever.

A Friendly Office.

It is sometimes true kindness to press one another percon the duty of doing something not quite pleasant. For instance, some people have a great objection, when they are in bad health, to calling in medical aid. The really kind friend ought to point out the backsliness of neglecting to take all measures necessary to restore the health. Frequently dependency and irritability arise from mere disturbance, sometimes the cause is want of occupation, but oftentimes produces the same result. A wise physician will discriminate between the causes, and prefer to stop short to remove the nervous condition. The true friend will see the system recommended is carried out, even if the sufferer is at times inclined to murmur.

When the blood is loaded with impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins, a cathartic is needed, as the condition of the vital fluid cannot long continue healthy. There is nothing better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood, and impart energy to vigorous

WHAT WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES AND WHY.

CONGESTION OF THE KIDNEYS BACKACHE. INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS. BLADDER. OR URINARY ORGANS.

Catarrh of the Bladder, Gravel, Stone, Dropsy, Enlarged Prostrate Gland. Impotency or General Debility. Bright's Disease.

WHY IT IS A SPECIFIC remedy known that has power to expel the uric acid and urea, of which there are an organic secreted each day as the result of muscular action, and artificial, if taken in the blood, to kill six men. It is the direct cause of all the above diseases, as well as of Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, Paralysis, Insanity, and Death.

This great specific relieves the kidneys of too much blood, from whom from all patients, restores them to healthy action by its certain and soothing power.

IT CURES ALSO Jaundice, Enlargement of the Liver, Abscess and Caries of the Hip Joints, Biliousness, Headache, Furred Tongue, Sleeplessness, Languor, Debility, Constipation, Gall Stones, and every unpleasant symptom, and a workman's set of tools very useful. There are many who be handy with tools who find it pay well as on the kidneys, increasing the secretion and flow of bile, regulates an stalling functions, removes constipation, and makes Dyspepsia a word unknown in a sound stomach. Sold by all druggists, price $1 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.

IT CURES ALSO Female Complaints, Leucorrhea, Displacements, Relaxations, Ulcerations, Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus, Fluxes, Fits, Convulsions and Child-bed Fever, and all sides and ailments peculiar to the sex.

WHY? All these troubles, as is well known to every physician of eminence, arise from congestion of the kidneys, and the poisonous matter which they should separate from the blood, instead of breaking down and expelling, is absorbed and poisons the blood, and is the direct cause of all the ailments from which women suffer, and must as surely follow as night does the day.

WHY Warner's Safe Cure is acknowledged by thousands of our best citizens to be the only true blood purifier, or because it acts upon scientific principles, and is the very root of the disease, and not on the symptoms and liver. For if these organs were kept in health, all the morbid waste matter so deadly poisonous if retained in the body, would be passed out. On the contrary, if they are congested, the acids are taken up by the blood, decomposed, and carried back to the most remote part of the body.

WHY 99 per cent of all diseases which afflict humanity, arise from impaired kidneys, as shown by medical authorities. Warner's Safe Cure, by its direct action, possessing the power to restore the kidneys to healthy capacity, nature curing all the above diseases herself, when the cause is removed, and we guarantee Warner's Safe Cure as a positive preventive if taken in time.

As you value health, take it to avoid sickness, as it will at all times, under all circumstances, keep all the vital organs healthy.

We also Guarantee a Cure and benefit in every case of Diabetes, Dropsy, and Gravel, when the cure is within the power of medicine, and in all other diseases of the urinary organs, or malarial poisoning, ailments of the respiratory and digestive systems, liver disease and to all those who from the use of an alcoholic remedy is addicted.

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Address, H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Catholic Societies.

All Societies of Catholic Organizations are required to send list of officers and other interesting items for publication for publication.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

FATHERLY THERE—The Particular Council meets every evening, and a general meeting of the conference is held quarterly. The Particular Council, in addition to the ordinary duties of visiting the poor, relieving their wants, and providing them with employment, undertakes charities, a full proportion of which falls to its share. The amount of charity thus expended from collections, dues of members and donations in money and kind, amounted to $1,200 last year. The Conference has charge of the following offices: Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Shoulds; President, Thomas Brady; Vice-President, Michael Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Brady; Secretary, John Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Librarian, Thomas Ryan. The following are the officers of the Conference of Young Men: President, Thomas Ryan; Vice-President, John Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Secretary, John Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Librarian, Thomas Ryan. The following list comprises the officers of the Ladies' Conference of Charity: President, Mrs. Thomas Brady; Vice-President, Mrs. Ryan; Treasurer, Mrs. Thomas Ryan; Secretary, Miss Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Miss Ryan; Visitors, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Thomas Ryan, Mrs. Ryan, Miss Ryan, Miss Ryan, Miss

SETON HALL BURNED.

The Seminary Building Saved by Heroic Efforts—The Loss is Estimated at about $40,000.

While the family and the students at Seton Hall College, in North Orange, were at dinner yesterday noon—says the New York Sun of the 15th inst.—Henry Faindt, the village shoemaker who attends to the footgear of almost everybody in the college, strolled into the college grounds from the road with several pairs of shoes under his arms. As he turned the corner of the seminary building he glanced along the facade of the main college hall and discovered a little column of smoke issuing from the cornice at the base of the Mansard roof. He started for the door of the refectory in the burning building, knowing that almost everybody in the institution was at dinner there. Before he reached the door Chas. Hale one of the smaller students, met him in the quadrangle. The shoemaker called Hale's attention to the fire, which was rapidly gaining headway, and the boy went quickly to the dinner room and quietly informed Father Marshall, the Vice-President in charge, that the building was on fire. Father Marshall stepped to his feet, and informed by a score professors and students, ran to the dormitory in the fourth story.

The students ran out of the building as ordered by the Bishop to getting out the furniture and bedding. The students and seminarians worked with great energy and pluck, fighting flames with buckets of water and in carrying bedding and furniture.

Nearly everybody in Orange, and when the workers were found in danger, they had a hard ing the greater part of the portable property was safely removed to the campus and quadrangle.

The fire was first observed at 12:40, and within an hour the roof fell in with a crash, carrying down the floors and several partition walls. Meanwhile an alarm was sent to Newark by telephone, and a steamer and supply wagon responded. Before the firemen arrived the interior of the college building was in a blaze and had crossed over the passage connecting it with the seminary building was made the centre of the students' efforts. They formed a bucket line and hung wet blankets from the windows and roof of the seminary at the point of greatest danger, where but six feet intervened between them and the burning building. By heroic efforts they succeeded in checking the advance of the fire until the Newark steam engine arrived and turned the stream of water from a neighboring pond upon the endangered building.

Nothing was done toward extinguishing the flames in the college building until the safety of the adjacent buildings was assured, as it was apparent that all efforts to save it would be futile. The students, with buckets and hands, assisted with smoke brusted themselves in carrying, sorting, and packing away the goods rescued from the burning building. They worked steadily until 8 o'clock, when an order was given to them to pack up and seek their homes. The fire was then under control. Nothing was left of the college building but four brick walls and the square water tower at the southern end.

The building consisted of four stories, the upper one being of white pine, with a Mansard roof. The building was about 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, and it was divided up into class rooms, study rooms, play rooms, sleeping dormitories, and refectory. It cost between $40,000 and $50,000 when it was built, in 1865, and it was insured in the Hartford and Phoenix Insurance Company of this city for about $20,000.

Little personal property of the students was insured. Father Corrigan, a student, lost about $200 in money, jewelry, and personal effects, and William McLaughlin lost an equal amount. Hicks Brothers sought praise from Vice President Marshall and other officers of the college for extraordinary energy in fighting the fire. They said he saved the seminary by his coolness and bravery in directing his companions and in carrying out the principal.

Bishop Wigger, who has his residence at the college, was absent in South Orange when the fire broke out, but he was quickly on hand, and from the seminary porch he encouraged the boys and men and directed their efforts. The President, the Rev. James Henry Corrigan, was in this city, where he attended a meeting of the school board on Monday night. Several thousand persons from Newark and South Orange gathered in the college grounds during the fire, but they came too late to render much assistance.

The building contained ninety collegians, thirty-seven seminarians, fifteen Sisters, a number of priests, and twenty-two servants. All got out of the burning building and saved their clothes and books. Arrangements will be sent to their homes.

Congress of Catholic Scholars to be Held in 1887.

An interesting congress is to mark next year. The recent Catholic Congress of Germany appointed a section for Christian Apologetics, and this section has just decided to continue for 1887 the great International Congress of Catholic Savants, to be held in Paris. The organizing committee, nominated at Rome, met for the first time in Paris on December 29 in under the presidency of Mgr. d'Hestier, Rector of the Catholic University of that city. The committee now consists of 77 members resident in Paris, and 26 members in the provinces or abroad. Among them are many men of the eminent Bollandist and historian, Pere de Smedt; the P. J. Prof. Gilbert and de Harlez, of the University of Louvain; Kurth, of Liege; de Lapparent and Duchesne, of Paris; de Margerie, of Lille; Delisle, of Lyons; Duilhe, de St. Projet, of Toulouse; de Nadaillac, de Beaucourt, de l'Epinois, Paul Allard and many other name illustrious in science history, literature and other departments of learning. The work of the congress will fall into nine divisions: 1. Philosophical and Social Sciences. 2. Exact and Natural Sciences. 3. Historical Sciences, and each division will comprehend five sections. The Penal Law will shortly issue a circular describing in detail the organization and plan of work. In inviting all the Catholic savants of Europe to participate in the preliminary labors, principally by drawing up of memoirs, and fixing the actual state of science in regard to the various questions effecting Catholic faith.

The Encyclical "Immortale Dei."

The Encyclical of his Holiness Leo XIII., entitled "*Immortale Dei*" on the Christian constitution of States, has been translated into Greek, Arabic, Turkish, and Armenian, and has a marvellous effect in the East, where it has produced a great and salutary impression, not only amongst Catholics of various Rites, but also amongst members of other communions. Copies of the Encyclical have been distributed to Schismatics, anxious to read this Pontifical document, which "constitutes to-day the authoritative code of the world," as the Apostolic Delegate in Bey-rout wrote the Propaganda. Copies of it in French and Italian, language well known in that country, were also distributed, and many persons expressed to the Delegate their admiration of the Encyclical. The Governor General of Lebanon, Wasa Pacha, has, in letter to the Prelate already mentioned, described it as a matter piece in thought, expression and style.

—Dentistry in all branches; prices reasonable Alfred E. Blake, D. D. S., 106 Kearney street.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—The stern truth that Ulster is Protestant is cutting into the Home Rule delusion in Belfast. The same of the Orange orators no longer affect to speak for "Ulster." It is "North-east Ulster" only that remains as "free-dom's home or slavery's grave." This is labour; but it is still an aspiration. South Down is part of "Northern Ireland," and South Down is a solidly Nationalist Nationalist "Nationalist." Dungannon, in the north-west, is the centre of the present discussion of the dwindling Orange party.

Cork.—Mr. Henry Lindsay Young, late Mayor of Cork, commenced a libel action on Feb. 2, for the purpose of clearing the name from his honesty in the transaction of his business. The brasstry, complained of by the Rev. T. O'Connell, C.C., President of the Michelstown National League, acted in a body on the landlord, and asked for a reduction of 25 per cent. on the September rate. After a friendly discussion, the matter was arranged by the tenants accepting a reduction of 20 per cent.

At St. Joseph's Carmelite Convent, on Wednesday, Feb. 24, Mary, in religion Sister Anne Joseph, eldest daughter of Mr. Nicholas Dallinghan, county Cork, received the habit and the bands of the Order. Mr. P. Walsh, C. C. Ballyvourney, was the sermon preacher.

Dublin.—The Rev. Pierce Power, P.P., V.F., Clonbulloge, Bishop-elect of Waterford, was presented with an address by the members of the Clonbulloge Branch of the League, delivered there by Mr. Edward Murphy, a respected farmer residing in Portrane, near Mosscards, in Co. Limerick, whom he knew passing away and knocking him down at Portlaw, in the county Waterford, where he had been marketing.

King's County.—The Rev. R. Hurley, P.P., Kinnitty, breathed his last on Feb. 17. When the sad intelligence reached Birr several and regret was freely expressed by the people of every class.

Kerry.—Bartholomew O'Connor Hugan, of Tralee, in the county of Kerry, solicitor, has been adjudged a lunatic.

Limerick.—A public meeting, for which the people in the county Limerick had been some time preparing was held on Sunday, Feb. 21, at Newcastle West in every respect successful as a great expression of popular opinion. The object was to protest against the system of intimidation and eviction, as exemplified in the case of a couple of respectable tenants in Ballingarry. They had demanded a reasonable reduction from their landlord, but this was refused and their cattle were seized for the rent; but at the last moment, when the sheriff was on the point of effecting a seizure of their property, the interest of the Bishop of Limerick, who was present at the meeting, and the sentiments which many of the leading men expressed in order to be present. They came from Limerick City, from Kilmallock, from Abbeyfeale, from Bruree, and many other places, mostly or more distant. The great event of the meeting was the speech of the Bishop of Limerick, which was received in that strain of enthusiasm which was to be expected from the Bishop, who was received in that strain of enthusiasm which was to be expected from the Bishop, who was received in that strain of enthusiasm which was to be expected from the Bishop, who

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE BLACKSMITH'S CHILD.

The golden rays of morning were streaming over the dale,
And down along the mountain and out across the vale
The flowers were springing fresh and bright to kiss the gentle breeze,
The nestling birds on pinions light was singing over the trees
When from the distant valley upon the neatest air
Came sounds of bells ringing, calling men to prayer
Now people, the wealthiest, now dying to the West,
Those great bells kept sobbing, bidding men to rest.

From many an humble cabin and lonely manse
Came forth
Old men and young came trooping on their way to holy Mass.
And further down the valley there moved a little band
Of happy smiling children going hand in hand.
There was little Ella smiling fair and Kate with laughing eyes,
And winsome Ves with joyous face as sweet as summer skies,
But sweeter far and fairer than the moss rose blushing will
Was little brown-eyed Mary, the blacksmith's only child.

The sunlight funnel her glowing cheek and kissed her head and baby
As if it loved with mallow cheek to linger softly there;
The birds upon each hawthorn bush opralsed their sweet notes in song,
And seemed to warble sweeter as Mary tripped along.

For a cripple's love was in her breast as pure as self-sacrificing,
Her soul was filled with angels blest the heavenly bliss
Her every dream and constant thought was of this land of Love,
And wondrous questions oft she asked about the saints above.

Now music sweet is stealing along the morning breeze
From the little church in the valley among the elm trees;
Inside the aisles is kneeling upon the sacred sod,
And humble hearts are smiling sweet devotion in their God.

The Holy Sacrifice proceeds—peace to each soul is stealing,
Now the *Gloria in Excelsis* the choir is sweetly singing,
Hark! the bell has ceased its tinkling for the *Consecrated* was ever sighing and,
And step by turns the Angel priest with reverential bow,

"Behold the sweet and spotless Lamb," the saintly Father said,
"For wounded souls a heavenly balm, for them His Blood was shed,
Now gathering to the altar rail to taste that Bread
Which Angels ever adore."

Suddenly the captain in command (a handsome fellow) reined in his horse with an exclamation, and at the same instant, with a cry of surprise and consternation, Honor ran swiftly to the house. The regiment passed on, the stranger looking back as far as I could see him. As soon as I could follow Honor I hastened onward. I found her sitting in the kitchen, her face in both hands, sobbing.

But, lingering at the altar rail, remained a little child,
'Twas the blacksmith's little daughter with features calm and mild.
Her snowy hands were softly shaped across her breast
Her eyes were raised to Heaven as if longing to be blest.

When she: a light ob one round her in rays so soft and clear,
As if angels bright had found her and united her dear.
Hush! the most reverent and gentle smile, so pure, so heavenly bright.
Oh! can I be, oh! can it be—her soul has taken flight?

Yes, her baby spirit has wandered, her sweet soul has fled
Away beyond this earth and earth's pleasures to the Dead.
Yes, away beyond the stars angels, to those golden gates of glory,
Where no pleasure and happiness where every thing is here.

Now and forever, gentle reader, on the little angel dead
Pray, pray that in purity and keep your soul-relative alive.
And when temptation whispers with voice so soft and sweet,
Remember little Mary—the blacksmith's gentle child.

FRANCIS QUIZE.

Literary Miscellany.

The Ways of God.

The story of a Wornan-Girl. Whose Pilgrimage Performances Served a Sent.

CHAPTER I.

In the early days of the civil war there came to me—a middle-aged woman, living alone, and in need of a servant—a fresh, young maid-of-all-work, sent by my pastor and friend, Father Doane. I will remember what a pretty picture she made, standing before me with loosely clasped hands while I read the letter of her parish priest to mine, not knowing which to admire most, the noble simplicity of his who had written it, or the confiding abandonment of her who had entrusted it across the sea, but yet support through the world.

She wore a long, dark-blue cloak, with a double cape that covered her completely, and made her seem taller than she really was. An odd-looking little velvet cap was set modestly, not jaunty, on her brown hair, that peeped in wavy ringlets from beneath the rim, and hung in two, thick shining strands down to her waist. Her whole costume was effective. Yet one could see that nothing had been done for effect; labors, taste and a sense of the fitness of things had made up an artistic whole which could not have been surpassed by the most skire devotee of fashion. Totally unconscious of herself, one could see that she stood, she was yet an embodiment of womanly grace and beauty. Her skin was of that exquisite fairness and clearness which usually denotes German birth, country, but the deep, dark, long lashed eyes were of Irish blue, the brunette, I think, I ever saw.

"What may you do?" I asked, finally, after feasting my eyes on her sweet, shy beauty.

"I'll do anything, ma'am, you set me to do," she answered, a sweet, swift, smile chasing the dimples from cheek to cheek.

I would like to spend the rest of my life looking at you, I thought, but I said, returning her smile:

"You would have nearly all there to do here, my dear. I live with a lady—a little, little service; still, there is always work, you know."

"Well, ma'am, I am cook and wash and iron and sewing and clean, and do anything, indeed, if you'd want me."

"You seem to be a willing little body," I said, "and young to know so well how to toil and spin. How old are you, my dear?"

"Nineteen, ma'am" she said.

I was surprised. "Why you do not look more than sixteen. Have you been long in the country?"

"Just a year, ma'am."

"And where have you lived during that time?"

"About a month in New York, ma'am; three months in Brooklyn, and a while in Buffalo."

"And what is your name, my dear?"

"Honor, ma'am, Honor O'Brien."

"Well, Honor, I said, "you please me very much, and, if you will you may stay by here, I think we shall get on together."

"O, ma'am, I would like it above everything. It is just what I wanted, and I will try very hard to do your bidding."

"Yes; I think you will," said I. "But you must not run away from Avondale as you did from New York and Brooklyn and Buffalo. Maybe you've heard the old saying: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss, Honor?'

"Indeed, then, I often have, ma'am.—But here a subtle and inexplicable change came over her face.

"There was a reason, ma'am, a very good reason, and that was why the priest in Buffalo advised me to come here, or to some other place away from the big cities."

I wondered what the reason could have been that made it necessary for that modest little maiden to leave the "big cities" behind her, but I forbore to ask, knowing it could not have been through any laxity of conduct on her part, her face was so open, her manner too frank for that.

She entered upon her duties immediately, and proved to be all I had hoped and expected. Deft of hand, quick of foot, and, after she had been with me awhile, so intuitively, light of heart, my little hand-maiden was a veritable treasure. At that time I was a constant, a shadow of something that had been, or a tear of something impending not in keeping with her natural character; but whatever it was, it was soon off, and she went about the house singing at her work from morning until night.

CHAPTER II.

As time passed, Honor grew to be as like a servant, and more a companion and friend. She had received a fair education, she skilled in all kinds of light needlework, and was passionately fond of flowers, which seemed to respond to her gentle touch like conscious things; and, before the summer passed well under way, my little garden was a bloom of glory. She never spoke of her past life; was altogether reticent about her home or relatives. Her piety was as sincere as unobtrusive—a weekly communing, she explained her daily life according of the principles of her Divine Master, doing all things well to which she put her hand.

Honor had been with me nearly nine months, the little town was the resort of several railway lines diverging west and south, and during that time I had often been the rendezvous of regiments marching to the front. We had grown familiar with the pomp and trappings of war, if not with its horrors, and the sounds of fife and drum were heard very often in the streets.

One evening we were working in the garden, when a passing regiment attracted our attention, and with that fascination which martial things have exerted over the human mind from time immemorial, we rose from our work to watch the boys in blue as they marched by.

Suddenly the captain in command (a handsome fellow) reined in his horse with an exclamation, and at the same instant, with a cry of surprise and consternation, Honor ran swiftly to the house. The regiment passed on, the stranger looking back as far as I could see him. As soon as I could follow Honor I hastened onward. I found her sitting in the kitchen, her face in both hands, sobbing.

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"Do tell me, ma'am, they were all ladies of great fortune, and I had nothing in the way of money. I heard that in Avondale they'd take a girl with a few pounds or so, and I made up my mind to strive to get one.

"I went out to service, then, to Mr. O'Dee, of the Lakes, and I liked her well. The wages were small, and it was a very public place; but I stove to save every cent to come to America. Father James knew all about it and he gave me a character word, and encouraged me as well as he could.

"About a year and a half ago there came some young English gentlemen to the place; they weren't all Englishmen either, though I thought they were then.

"One of them was very free and easy from the first. He'd follow me and say things about my eyes and hair till I didn't know whether my head was on my shoulders or not. I was both to tell the mistress, so I went to the priest, and he bid me pray and keep a good heart, and the father would soon get tired. When the party went away and he with them there was a load off my mind, but he wasn't gone till he was back, and I was to the priest again.

"How much money have ya, Honor?" said he.

"'Ten pounds, Father,' said I.

"'Well, then, my child,' said he, 'I think the time has come for you to go to America. That is a bad man and a dangerous man. My nothing to say one if your intention; leave it all to me and I'll make it right with the Mrs. O'Dee.'

"I stole away in the night from my kind mistress and my good Queenstown without any mishap. Father James gave me a letter and I showed it to the captain of the ship, and he said I wasn't afraid but that I could make my way and take care of myself in America till I could make sure of a country. I stepped on the ship with a light heart, for I felt as if I had the world before me and that I was free. The first morning out I saw my tormentor on the upper deck, and he was so.

"In spite of all precautions—money will open every door—he was on the same car as I, so no gentleman still speak to on honor' sake.

Here she paused, unable to continue for some time. It was with great difficulty that I could console her.

"Well, to make a long story short, ma'am, I escaped him at Castle Garden. But, oh, what a sad, lonely feeling was that for me, all alone in a strange country!

"I went straight to the parish priest of the church near the dock. He sent me to a nice lodging house and he himself got me a place as parlor-maid with a lady on Madison avenue. I was beginning to feel contented and easy in my mind, though I never went to Mass but in fear and trembling; I was such a coward at being found out.

"One afternoon I opened the door to some ladies and gentlemen who were waiting at the house for a sleighing party; I was with them, and I knew that my journey must begin again. Before they left the house he tried to put a note in my hand, but I dropped it on the floor. After they went I picked it up and threw it in the fire."

"What was in it, Honor?"

"O, ma'am, do you think I'd read it! Not if I had to walk on burning coals to put it out of the way. That night I packed up again and left my blind mistress feeling very much disgraced. I went back to the lodging house and soon got a place in Brooklyn as nurse-maid. I was there three months. One morning the little boy and myself went out for a walk. All at once he called out, 'There goes Uncle Frank.'

"I looked up—two gentlemen on horseback were riding on the street. Your Uncle Frank, Albert I said I.

"'Nothing of the grey eyes,' said he. 'He don't come to see my mother, because because and Aunt Fanny had a fuss, but he's going to our house now.' It was he again. My heart stood still in my mouth. I got a feeling over me as if I was angry with me and would not save me. But, of course, this didn't last long, ma'am, for I knew well that as long as I tried to save myself God would not desert me. I wasn't long getting my little things together, and I soon left the town behind me. I went to Buffalo, took my letter to the priest at that Jesuits' Church and he sent me to a decent widow woman to board. She persuaded me to go into a shop where they made caps for soldiers. Although I didn't care for some of the girls, there were so many of them, I soon got acquainted and passed my time well, often earning a dollar a day. The Jesuit father was a very nice confessor and while he didn't know all my story, for I was ashamed to be telling it everywhere, he encouraged me to persevere in my resolution and told me that God would bring it about in time. I wanted to save a hundred dollars at least, for I knew that I would need a few clothes whatever I went.

"One day some gentlemen came to visit the factory. I never looked at them till they came to my seat, 'fan that a fine-looking man! He lives in New York, but he has an interest in the factory.' I looked up—he was watching me—you know what I was, ma'am. My head turned round, my heart grew sick and I thought, 'I am secure at last.' Then the evil spirit came down and the sweet Mother of Jesus helped me. 'Sweet Mother, assist me,' was my prayer all that afternoon, and she did. In the evening as we came down the outside stairs of the factory, which open on an alley, I saw him standing at the lamp-post. In such a hour of grief I could do nothing. When I left them behind I heard him following me. He came up to me, I tried faster; I ran, he ran. All at once a fire engine rushed along, and I was afraid of men and boys. They separated us. Then running my utmost, now court I knew, I came out on another street, and ran right into the Jesuit Father. There I told my story, every word. He was very indulgent. And I have been so happy, ma'am, so happy that I often think it is the good Mother to wedding I perhaps be the right thing to stay here always with me. But now—not now I must be up and off, since I've seen him again.

"Honor, I said, between her sobs, my own term falling fast, "you need not go be the cause of what you have seen today. The regiment is marching forward, he must come back. But even if he could, he would not dare think of you.

"'O, ma'am,' she said, "he will follow me to the end of the earth; it must be laid out for me. If there is any escape from this persecution it'll be in the speedy doing of what I set myself to do long years ago. There is surely some place where they will take me and give me a chance to prove my self worthy of serving Almighty God in the way I'd like. I'm young, ma'am, I must yet. The time is come. I have been here too long.

"'Does Father Doane know, Honor,' said, "he would help you? he did.

"'No, ma'am, not at all—he does know that I want to be a nun, but about the old life he knows nothing.

"'Very well, we will go to him together, I said, with a smile.

Between us we told the pitiful story, and Father Doane, with the good priest's blessing and benediction, and promise to think of some asylum where she could be temporarily lodged while awaiting future developments as to her final vocation.

After some correspondence he succeeded in obtaining her admission to the House of the Good Shepherd, near the city of Buffalo, where she could find a temporary home.

I had lost her, my gentle, gracious, faithful Honor. I was so promise ma am, I am not a lucky person to have to do with. Maybe I'll never forget you, and you must think of me and pray for me, ever and ever.

CHAPTER IV.

The crisis of the civil war was passed, and only occasional skirmishes here and there, which, I hoped, would feed still kept alive its embers. A few days after one of the most memorable battles I received a letter from the front, sent from a military hospital. It ran thus:

"DEAR MADAM: Racked by pain, some of my members torn asunder as with pointed arrows, I lie upon my bed, a cripple for nearly dwell, I lie here on my dying bed, musing upon you, and thanking the Almighty that He has granted me the grace of contrition, and I hope, the privilege of asking your pardon and forgiveness.

"Madam, you had—perhaps still have—a poor employ and Irish girl named Honor O'Brien. I once did her, or endeavored to do her, great wrong. Virtue was stronger than the devil, and God takes care of His own. I was paid back the shameful story; if you do, you can realize that I am suffering deeply. If you do not know it, so much the better for your trust in human nature. If Honor is with you still, I beg that you will show her this letter, asking her forgiveness and her prayers. If she is not, and you have access to her, do me the kindness to let her know you have received it, and to forward my much more. A good Sister of Charity, who is my emanuensis, has promised to forward this. Something in the soft voice of this kind woman, heard with my imperfect ears, something in her gentle touch, her patient forbearance with my groans and complaints first stirred whatever was left of virtue in my soul. Tell Honor this—a good woman like herself brought me back to God. If I could write with my own——

Here there was a break in the letter with the addition of the following lines:

Colonel Grey died this morning, a few moments after I had written the preceding words. He had already received the last sacraments. He died as he lived, a cripple.

"Madam, I have a sister, a

THE MONITOR.
EVERY SATURDAY FOR PUBLICATION.
The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

—Time has its own revenge. There recently died at Berne, Switzerland, a lineal descendant by his mother of Martin Luther. The deceased was Dr. Franz Hirnschwalder, Catholic professor of systematic theology in the Berne university.

—The articles concerning the Rosary, and the indulgences attached thereto, which are now appearing in these columns, ought to be preserved by all those directly or indirectly interested in order to have them for future reference, as the decisions concerning the indulgences are copied from authorized sources and many of them are not easily attainable.

—The Eastern papers are denouncing the immodest dresses worn by female leaders of folly and fashion in ball-rooms and other public places of amusement. But this is only another sign that America is rapidly drifting into that sinful system which marked those Roman women who were worshiped far more for the charms they publicly displayed than for any interior virtue that adorned their characters.

—Our thanks are hearty tendered to John Hurr, the efficient Supreme Secretary of the Catholic Knights of America, for a very useful Directory of the Order compiled from official returns in his office. From this compendium we learn that there are fifteen Branches of the C. K. of A., in California; Oregon has 1; Washington Territory, 3; Colorado, 5; Utah, 2; New Mexico, 3; Montana, 2, and Nevada 1. Total number of Branches on this coast 31.

—At the meeting of the Board of Education, in this city, on Wednesday last, a resolution was adopted Boycotting the Chinese. The resolution proclaims that it is the sense of the Board that no Principal, teacher or employee in the Public School Department of this city employ, patronize, aid or encourage the Chinese in any way, but do all in their power to legally promote their removal from this coast, and to discourage their future immigration.

—Rev. R. J. Gauy, President of the Waterford Branch of the Young Ireland Society, has received a letter from the widow of General Thomas F. Meagher, offering to present them with a dress and presentation sword belonging to her dead husband. The offer was thankfully received by the society who at their last meeting passed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Meagher for her kindly presentation of such a memento of Meagher to Waterford. Gen. Meagher's son is at present residing in this city, having obtained a position in one of the Custom's Departments.

[illegible] Rev. Father Damen, S. J., died in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 24th inst. He was a brother of the celebrated Jesuit Father Damen, who died at the same time. This is the first instance in the history of the Church in America where a father and two sons died within a fortnight and ready for consecration and destination simultaneously. This looks like a new epoch in the Church, and one that augurs well for the future prosperity of the Church. Let us hope that the unknown dead will pull for others assembled in the Church Triumphant conference, as he has to apply them.

The Indulgences of the Rosary.

Order and system would demand of us to attend first to explaining what a Confraternity of the Rosary is; who has the right to establish it; and what things are required in order that it may be established; and then, what are the conditions required in order that persons may be associated to a Confraternity, and what they must do in order to gain all the advantages of such a Confraternity. But the benefits to be derived from the knowledge of the Indulgences of the Rosary by those who are already enrolled, and who have thereby prior claims on our consideration and attention, bid us to answer first for their benefit particularly, the question "What are the Indulgences of the Rosary?" However, before answering the question just put, we beg all Rosarians to remember most tenaciously that the indulgences of the Rosary are purposely rated, Pope Paul V. revoked them for the purpose of substituting others in their stead, but he re-established them in all their fullness by the Constitution of the 20th of September, 1606. Cum cœlos. Pope Clement VII. granted furthermore to the indulgences of the Rosary the remarkable privilege, viz., that they are never to be considered revoked or suspended by any Decree pronounced unless special mention be made in the Decree of their revocation or suspension—*Nisi mentio fuerit de ea, per verba sub facta in eis speciali mentione.* (Fulley, *O. P., Tom. iv. page 173*). In the next place, for it is well known to all, that in enumerating and recording the indulgences which Rosarians may gain, we are following scrupulously authors, manuals and writers that have been approved by the Master-General of the Dominican Order, who has, under the Pope, the supreme guidance and government of the Rosary Confraternity and of the Living Rosary Association.

INDULGENCES WHICH CAN BE GAINED ONLY ONCE DURING LIFE.

1 §. *In entering the Confraternity.* Several plenary indulgences can be gained on the day of admission into the Confraternity. The first one was granted by Sixtus IV., *Ete vineisque*; the second by Pius V. *Commerantes*; conditions: Confession, Communion in the church of a Confraternity, and the recitation of a third part of the Rosary. The third was granted by Gregory XIII., *Gloriosi*. Conditions: Confession and Communion. The fourth was conceded by Clement VIII., *Salvatoris*. Condition: Communion. The fifth was granted by the same Pontiff, *In Salute*. Condition: Communion.

2 §. *Indulgences that can be gained at some undefined period during life by Rosarians.* Innocent VIII., *Nobus*, granted one plenary indulgence. Leo X., in confirming, in his Constitution *Pastoris aeterni*, this indulgence, supposes that he method has regularly rested every week the whole Rosary. The third and the fourth were conceded by Alexander VI., *Illius qui*. That Pope doubled all the indulgences conceded by his predecessors to Rosarians. The fifth was conceded by Adrian VI., *Illius*. Conditions: to have recited the Rosary at least once during life, and to hold in one's hand in his last sickness the blessed Rosary made (the candle must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by any other having faculty from the Master General of the Dominicans). The sixth was conceded by S. Pius V., *Consurrent*. Conditions: Confession and the Holy Communion in the Catholic Church, hence Professor Lane has evolved a new proposition entirely by which the old "Homer" is transformed by such sentences as *ora, vidi, vici*, in entirely disordered and sickness are now compelled to say *ovum, uvetor, omelet*, (!) The "Professor" who invented such a squeeze in style for the common tongue of the Universal Church, must have taken out his Degree for "Hog Latin" in some sovereign second-rate metarian school.

—In the Pittsburg St. Patrick's Day procession was borne a new banner, which attracted much attention and has been since the cause of much comment. It was composed of three broad perpendicular bars—green and orange on the outer and white for the central field. This is said to represent the struggle of united Ireland for liberty. It has been suggested that the center color could be more appropriately made purple than white. As green is a combination of blue and yellow, orange a combination of yellow and red, and purple a combination of blue and red, so would all the colors blend in the new device.

—Representative Kelly, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a Bill into the House reviving the grade of General, and authorizing an appointment thereto, with the evident purpose of then honoring General Sheridan. The rank of General was created for Grant, as that of Lieutenant-General was made for Sherman. With Grant's election in the Presidency Sherman was made General and Sheridan Lieutenant-General, with the proviso that the rank should be personal to each. Sherman is now on the retired list. The honor it is proposed to confer upon Sheridan has been richly merited, and we hope soon to see "little Phil." elevated to the highest military rank.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Mgr. Farley, Secretary of the Committee, Denies the Rumored Dissensions.

Two weeks ago we contradicted the report published in the city dailies to the effect that "dissensions" existed among the Prelates having charge of the proposed University. Here is what Mgr. Farley, rector of St. Gabriel's Church, New York city, and Secretary of the Committee, says:

"I feel very sure that if any such dissensions existed, I would be acquainted with them. It is a fabrication founded on malice. The statement is available for evil. It was after mature deliberation that Washington City was selected, and the property has already been purchased and plans for the building are in course of construction at the present time. With regard to the second statement that the personnel of the committee has caused dissatisfaction I must say that nothing to that effect has reached my ears. The committee is a very strong one, and amongst its members are prominent names, such as Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Williams, of Boston; Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and the Rt. Rev. M. Marty, Vicar Apostolic of Dakota. There are two from the South—Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Bishop Keane of Richmond. New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts are represented by Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Williams. Of the three priests that with myself necessarily compose the balance of the clerical portion of the committee, two—the Rev. Dr. Chapelle, of Washington City, and the Rev. Dr. Keane, of the Catholic University, Washington City, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington have lay representatives."

ARCHBISHOP ELDER.

He Describes his Visits to the Poor The Sunday Before Last.

CINCINNATI, March 29th.—In an interview with Archbishop Elder, printed in the *Enquirer*, the Archbishop tells of his visits to the Poor His says

"I had two audiences with him. In my text he spoke with love of our recent great American Cardinal, and expressed the hope that he may live upon the future. In my second audience he took occasion to express his great love for the poor of the Metropolitan See at Baltimore, and spoke of the great work done by the Sisters of Charity among the poor.

"The Archbishop added that the object of his visit was to make a personal inquiry into the report of the condition of religion in his diocese. The Bishops of this country are required to go to Rome once every ten years. This was the first visit as Archbishop of Cincinnati. He said the Pope is advanced in years, and is not in robust health, but he preserves great vigor and attends to much business.

"The Archbishop said very delicately and gently the sufferings of the people for want of food and clothing. He said he had spoken to Chairman M. W. Harkness, Secretary, and H. J. Oliver, Treasurer, of the Relief Committee, and had been assured that the Committee would act at once. The Archbishop said that some more difficult information had been received by the Committee, but he had no opportunity of learning what was the conclusion in the matter. The appointment of Catholics is ordinarily a matter personal to the Pope. Catholics in Congress and other officers in the Church there are common-by-means that have the duty of examining into the qualifications and recommending the fitness of persons, submitting the names of persons selected or corrected by the Sovereign Pontiff; but the Archbishop said that he had no right to speak and consequently could not give information from the Pope's intention until it should be made public. He said, however, that the Archbishop of Baltimore "is very probable that the Archbishop of Baltimore will be raised to the Cardinalate, and I rejoice when it is done, but I have no definite information."

GERMAN NOTES.

The Cologne Volksstimme announces, on what it calls the unimpeachable authority, that the decade of Archbishop Hohls of Freiburg for a coadjutor with the right of succession has been granted by the Government.

Dr. Theodor Wolm, Professor of the Philosophical College at Brunn, committed suicide by throwing himself under a train, on the occasion of the original survey.

The Bishop of Ermland, Prince Bishop Hermann Eberhard, has conferred the Canonical Institution upon the Rev. Dr. Wolmann, Professor of Theology at the Lyceum of Braunsberg, in the place of Canon Dr. Schmidt, deceased.

The Prussian Government has ordered the Bishop of Paderborn to remove the Rev. Dr. Schmidt, Professor of Philosophy at the Lyceum of Paderborn, from his office, on the ground that he has been guilty of "Modernism" in his lectures.

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THE HAIL MARY.

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, Blessed art thou among women." Luke. I. 28.

FIFTEENTH ARTICLE.

MARY'S PEERLESS BEAUTY.

(INSTRUCTED BY THE MONITOR BY A NUN OF ST. CHARITY.)

If you examine carefully, remarks St. Jerome, you will find that there was no virtue, no beauty, no grace, no gift of God, that did not shine forth in a most resplendent manner in Mary. (Epist. ad Paul. et Eustoch.) Let us, then, look at her in turn, so grace, so glory so to be found fully in Mary, and first of her beauty. (Ex Cant. Canticorum, Cap. 7). St. Cyril promises our sweet Saviour to be "the first fruit of God and the most beautiful pearl of the universe." Mary is the most beautiful pearl of the universe, the blessed image of God (Hom. I. in Nativ. Virg.) What then, says St. Ambrose, is so beautiful as the Mother of God, which is more splendid than the whom Splendor itself has shrined? What can be conceived more chaste than she who engendered a body without any intercourse of the members? (Ex. Lib. 2 de Virg.) The glorious St. Epiphanius sums up all Mary's greatness in the short address to her: "Hail Blessed Virgin, you are filled with grace; God and salutation, Virgin, Mother of God, peculiar Virgin, the Virgin adorned among women, the Virgin more exalted than angels and more of our nature, the glory of our race, who has deliver Adam from the curse of Eve, who has given life, who has revoked the sentence of the condemnation, who has given to us the tree of life, who has opened Paradise, who has opened the gates of heaven

Farm and Home.

The Help of Children.

I remember reading of a lady who once asked a distinguished man, whose opinion was considered of weight, how soon she should begin to enforce obedience from her child. He asked its age, and her reply was, "Two years." "Madame," said he, "you have lost two years already."

As soon as a child begins to help itself and to reach for things, it can be taught that it cannot have everything, and that there is a limit, or must be, to its desires. No child is happier for being allowed to destroy whatever it can reach, or being allowed to be obstreperous and disagreeable.

One to take care of. The mother who allows her little girls and boys to leave their dolls and play toys about, and whittle all over, and run about the house eating cake and bread, and throw down apple cores, and their mittens, and caps, and wraps, here and there, and then go about pointedly, after they have gone, and stoop, and pick up, and replace, and hang up, will in after years allow her grown-up daughter to leave her bed room and bed unaired for, and her dresses and room in confusion. If mother or some one else will set the little ones constantly, it comes to be expected, and they grow up expecting that some one is going to do it for them, and they are to have no money and no responsibility. I say teach your sons and daughters to wait on themselves whenever possible. There is generally time to do this and go to school, too. No girl or boy ought to study all the time, and they never can learn too soon to depend on their own resources, and help not only themselves, but others, especially their mother.

System and Order.

If there is an occupation on earth in which order and promptness is of importance it is that of farming. Order should be made the first and chief law of the farm. Order everywhere and in all things—in the house, in the stable, in the fields; in times of labor and in times of relaxation. If this be insisted upon as the inexorable rule the farmer will save himself and his, much fruitless toil and more vexation of spirit. To be orderly it is necessary that he be thorough in all that he undertakes. What is done once thoroughly will last longer and prove more serviceable and satisfactory than when is done a dozen times imperfectly. The farmer should be provided with the best of everything. If he is unable to obtain all that he sees not the quality of what he does purchase be of the best. It pays in the long run. Yet with all these desirable adjuncts to a good farm, the farm will not be a thrifty, economical one unless his wife be fully in accord and sympathy with this spirit of intelligent farming and husbandry, won't you let her department with care, order and fidelity.

The Growth of Children.

Anything connected with the growth and development of children is interesting. For nearly three years the 120 pupils (boys and girls) of the Rev. Malling Hansen have been weighed and measured with extreme care, four times every day. In September and October a child grows only a fifth of what it did in June and July; while, during the autumn and early winter, the child accumulates bulk, but the height is stationary. But what is most curious is that the effect of short periods of change of temperature in the winter, especially if continued for two or three days, favors increase of bulk, while, on the other hand, a fall in the thermometer favors growth in height. This looks as though there were times other determining causes than that of temperature. Similar observations applied to the growth of trees and shrubs have discovered the operation of a similar law. Dr. Hansen's observations have excited great interest among the men of Copenhagen. It is obvious that if further and more extended observations verify the results at which he has arrived, these results may have an important bearing on the training of children as compared with the best times of the year for their vacations, and also when they need the most nutritious diet.

The Most Fruitful Plants on Earth.

The most prolific of all fruits of the earth is the banana. Its produce is enormous; 1,000 square feet planted with thirty or forty bananas will yield as many clusters, with 160 to 180 fruits on each, and each cluster weighing from 40 to 50lbs., so that 1,000 square feet will produce 2,000lbs. of nutritive substance, whereas the same space would in Europe only grow 33lbs. of wheat or 99lbs. of potatoes. The produce, therefore, of the banana is to wheat as 132 to one; and to the potato as 44 to one. It is not so startling as to what, but an acre of bananas will support twenty-five times as many people as an acre of wheat. The sweet orange, too, is wonderfully productive. One tree at St. Michael's in the Azores has been known to bear 30,000 marketable oranges in one year, besides four of five thousand thrown away as unmarketable. The cocoa palm will annually yield as much as a ton weight of nuts; and the date palm will, when in full bearing, produce a yearly crop of from 1 to 4 cwt.

Angel Cake.

A correspondent asks for a recipe for angel cake. The following directions if strictly followed will probably be successful as that is the main secret.

Eleven eggs, the whites, one and a half cups of sifted powdered sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, a pinch of salt. Sift the flour, cream of tartar, sugar and salt together four of five times. Beat up the eggs on a large platter to a stiff froth, then add the sifted flour, gradually on the platter with the eggs. Don't let it stand a minute after it is thoroughly mixed. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Try it with a straw, and if not done, let it bake a few minutes longer. Do not open the oven door until the cake has been in the oven fifteen minutes.

How to Get Strong.

One of the secrets of muscular recuperation is in stopping when fatigue begins from exertion. He or she who is not the fresher in body and mind for the exercise taken, has had an overdose of what in proper measure would have proved a benefit. The pain in strength is shown and felt in the increasing ability to do more and more without exhaustion. The measure of success is not in the greatness of the feat accomplished, but in the ease with which the exercise is indulged in, and in the absence of exhaustion after it. There are occasions frequent enough in which people in the struggle of life are forced beyond their powers of endurance, and there is no need to carry into the case of recreation the fatigue which exacting work imposes. For beginners this is important; after a time our can take more exercise and feel no fatigue.

The Poor Little Ones.

We often see children sick and restless on fine and hands, rough, scaly skin, and often sore on the head. These things indicate a depraved condition of the blood. In the growing period, children need of pure blood, by which to build up strong and healthy bodies. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is active, the blood is purged of its impurities, and the child's development will be healthy, and as it should be. Scrofulous affections, eczema, ulcerous, blip-joint disease or other grave maladies and suffering are sure to result from neglect and want of proper attention to such cases.

With a very large Family of Children it is really the mistaken economy to do without Warner's Safe Yeast, as it is the best, purest, healthiest, most reliable and economical yeast made. Ask your grocer for it. Price, 10c. a pkg. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Warner's Safe Yeast Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Family Fun.

A Schoolboy on Corns.

Corns are of two kinds—vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows, and animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn: There is the unicorn, the sweetcorn, pop corn, corn dodger, field corn, and the corn, which is the corn your feet feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn, but persons having corns do not like to "go for" if they can help it.

Corn have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on the ears, but animal corn grows on feet, at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; this grows on oak trees, but there is no hoot shoot the corn. The acorn is a corn with the inoculative scale added. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn thinks it was an acorn.

If a farmer manages well he can get a good deal of corn on an acre, but I know of a farmer that has the corn that makes the biggest achar on his farm. The bigger crop of vegetable corn is when you raise the better the duckes like it; but the bigger crop of animal corn is when you raise the better you not like it. Another kind of corn is the corn dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and is as follows—that is, if you want to know. You go along the street and meet a man you know has a corn and a rough character; then you step on the toe that has the corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you find out what a corn dodger is.

Not for Publication.

The little daughter of a literary man began writing stories when she was only seven or eight years old. One day a visitor, to whom she had been showing her efforts, said:

"I expect you will grow up to be a writer like your father, Nettie. You will write stories and have them printed in the newspapers, won't you?"

"Oh, my, no!" said the little girl, with a serious face: "my stories wouldn't never do to print."

"Why wouldn't they?"

"Why, because they ain't true. They're just the things that I make up."

In Mitigation.

"Well, Erbalinda De Wiggs, I don't see how you could go and engage yourself to that old Slingshot. Why, he hasn't a tooth in his head," exclaimed Mrs. Wiggs, dearest friend, when she heard of the engagement.

"Well, dear," was the reply, "you mustn't be too hard on him on that account, for he can't help that, you know."

"Was he? I didn't know that, or I wouldn't have said anything about it," was the sympathetic response.

The Child's Patron Saint.

A Sunday school teacher in a far Western village was speaking to the little girls and boys, and telling them about the different customs in different lands. Finally he asked the question:

"Now, children, tell me whose birthday is celebrated at Christmas time?"

Instantly there was a chorus of "Santa Claus!"

The Old Lady Bothered.

Old Mrs. Bennington—The paper says that two whales, a cow and a calf, were seen floatin' of Amagansett. Was they fish?

Old Mr. Bennington—Well that's all right, ain't it.

Old Mrs. Bennington—It's all right about the whales, of course, but I don't see how the cow and calf got out there.

Funny Sayings.

Good young landlady—"Little boy, have you ever been bogged and?"

Small boarder—"Oh, yes, ma'am; I have the marks here on my arm."

Johnny (just after Sunday school)—"Say, Jack, what is a sockdolager?" Jack—"Why, don't you know? It's what they ring in a church when they get ready to go home. The minister gets up and says: 'Let us now sing the sockdolager.'"

Girl—"Gimme quarter pound of tea, quick." Clerk—"What kind, green or black?" Girl—"Blackest you've got. It's for a colored funeral."

"Are you in favor of enlarging the curriculum?" asked a rural school director of a farmer in the district. "Enlarge nothing," replied the old gentleman; "the building's big enough; what we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

A gentleman visits a young couple of his acquaintance who had not been getting along very well together. "How is it," he demanded of the husband, "you have beaten your wife so soon?" "Why, friend," replied the other, "I have remarked that with any couple there is always one who boots the other. I preferred to somebreak."

They were walking in the conservatory at the last White House reception. "Will you love me with all your soul?" she murmured. "Yes, darling," he answered. "And all your heart?" "Yes, dearest." "And all your—" "Everything, darling, everything," he interrupted. "Pocket-book," she continued, not noticing the interruption. He gasped once and all was over.

Common notes: He meeting her at the church door to escort her home)—That was a beautiful hymn the sermon closed with, she—Yes. He—Are you fond of hymns? she—Well, there's one I may say I am particularly fond of. He—Indeed! What kind of meter is it in? She—It is a come-at-me-not-at-him. Then they linked arms and strolled away with their heads close together.

A Delaware young man rode fifteen miles through snowdrifts to see his girl. A year after marriage he may refuse to go down to the grocery, 200 yards, to buy a mackerel for supper.

Mrs. Fogg—Do you, you can find nails now; but I remember the time you loved the very ground I walked on.

Mr. Fogg—And my affection for the ground is as strong as ever, only it is the ingredients that I complain about.

Mild soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Catholic Societies.

☞ Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are requested to furnish for this Department a concise statement of their organization, for this Department.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PARTICULAR COUNCIL—The Particular Council meets every month, and a general meeting of all the conferences every three months, for the purpose of receiving and directing the work of charity, assists in the equal distribution of the funds, so that a Conference may not have a too plentiful or too scanty charitable work. The Secretaries of the society are directed to furnish the Secretary of the Particular Council with a monthly report, which meets in St. Mary's Cathedral Hall on the first Thursday in every month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Officers—Rev. Jas. Gallagher, Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V.G., President; J. J. Dwyer, Vice President; Jas. Lynch, Treasurer; Jas. Donovan, Secretary; P. J. Thomas, Assistant Secretary. The Particular Council further directs that a list of all the conferences in the city and their officers be sent to the Particular Council.

The following list comprises the officers of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences in this city:

C. Cmiel, St. Mary's Cathedral, Director; Rev. John Cummins, 401 Tiffy st., Vice-President; Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st., and T. F. Sullivan, 1411 Post street, Treasurer; Patrick Lynch, 610 Larkin street, Secretary; Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin street, Assistant Secretary; Michael Ryan, 1017 Larkin street, Sergeant-at-Arms; John D. Murphy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms.

St. Joseph's Church—Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Scanlan, 1424 Howard street; President, James Flaherty, 1008 Howard street; Vice-President, Patrick Shea, Tenth and Howard streets; Treasurer, Patrick Shea, Tenth and Howard streets; Treasurer, Patrick Shea, Tenth and Howard streets; Secretary, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Sergeant-at-Arms, John D. Murphy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, John Cummins.

St. Mary's Church—Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Scanlan; President, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Vice-President, John Cummins, 401 Tiffy st.; Treasurer, T. F. Sullivan, 1411 Post street; Secretary, William Mahoney, 1008 Howard st., and T. F. Sullivan, 1411 Post street; Assistant Secretary, M. Ryan, 1017 Larkin st.; Sergeant-at-Arms, John D. Murphy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, John Lynch.

St. Ignatius Church—Spiritual Director, Rev. J. Bastigue; President, Roger O'Donoll, Hayes and Ashbury streets; Vice-President, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Treasurer, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Secretary, Charles J. Dunne, 1017 Sacramento street; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Sergeant-at-Arms, John D. Murphy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, John Cummins.

St. Peter's Church—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Vice-President, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Treasurer, T. F. Sullivan, 1411 Post street; Secretary, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Sergeant-at-Arms, John D. Murphy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, John Cummins.

St. Patrick's Church—Spiritual Director, Rev. J. P. Harrington; President, Roger O'Donoll, Hayes and Ashbury streets; Vice-President, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Treasurer, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Secretary, Charles J. Dunne, 1017 Sacramento st.; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Sergeant-at-Arms, John D. Murphy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, John Cummins.

Rincon—Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Scanlan; President, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Vice-President, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Treasurer, T. F. Sullivan, 1411 Post street; Secretary, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Sergeant-at-Arms, John D. Murphy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, John Cummins.

Mission—Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Scanlan; President, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Vice-President, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Treasurer, T. F. Sullivan, 1411 Post street; Secretary, Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; Sergeant-at-Arms, John D. Murphy, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, John Cummins.

Corresponding Secretary, Edw. C. O'Brien, Physician, Grant, N. J. Kelly, 1 Jackson st.; Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st.; John J. Dwyer, 1008 Howard st.; Jas. Flaherty, 1008 Howard st.; Jas. Donovan, 20 Moss st.; Jas. Lynch, 1017 Larkin st. (property), $1,000. The association meets at 12 Jackson Hall, Jackson Building, 1 Jackson st. Admission free. Attending and visiting visitors at 100 Shotwell st., 1 Jackson st., 1 Jackson st., 1 Jackson

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

Antrim.—It is becoming more apparent day after day, that the Ulster Manifesto has little left in it to scare any protestant sincere people. The worst type in Parliament never would not put the ungodly questions they do. Many of them are ruled out of order by the Speaker. Most attention is paid now by the Liberal side of the House to any one of the Irish members that is the entire gang of the "loyalist" members from Ulster.

Carlow.—The respected pastor of Rathvilly, county Carlow (Father Doyle), is busy making a final effort to secure the means for establishing his parish.

Clare.—On March 31, Baron Dowse opened the Clare Assizes, and in addressing the Grand Jury, said he was happy to inform them that no less present counties had been visited by evil fate. The number of bills to be before them was very small, and the cases to be tried, which had not been anticipated by the Crown Solicitor, he was happy to be able to tell them that they would not take very long to adjudicate, and did he think they would take very long either in trial.

Cork.—The Cork Steamship Company has at length seen the folly of its way, and has accordingly repented in sackcloth and ashes. At a special meeting of the share holders on February 26, the terms of peace proposed by the Cork Trade Association were adopted—or perhaps we should say surrendered with many a sigh from Anerchie to Mr. Cake O'Connor, M. P., the only name of the fight with the Company is that the part of Cork Trade Association, "the only entire seized for rent; that the entire trade of the port of Cork, and the trade of the port of Cork, and that there shall be no favor in terms, with regard to the allotment of cattle space; and that the terms of contract, the only bone of contention, shall be the Company's act as end. According to other reports, the Company have agreed to carry the cattle of the Association free during the month of January, and April, and at half freight for the months of May and June, to remove the cattle trade for the loss entailed by the contest.

Mr. Henry Lindsay Young, Leamcurl, Cork, the owner of the Mitchelstown Estate, has sent a letter to the Mayor of Mitchelstown, on Saturday, March 27, in which he offers a reduction of 25 per cent. After a friendly discussion the matter was referred to the tenants receiving a reduction of 20 per cent.

Mr. J. Thelaban, the Irish painter, has just completed a portrait of the Pope. It is said by eminent authorities to be the best work of his Holiness extant. This picture is to be presented by the clergy of Cork to the Pope, as a prominent Catholic of side of the Holy See.

Cavan.—At the Cavan Assizes, Pow Cavan, recently, the ceremony attendant on the reception of the white rod by ladies who choose to can contend rule through devotion to God and to religion were observed, and which the imposing details which contrast such events as they interest and delight the people, and which are the means of dignity of Irish life, the beautiful object of the convent being quite filled with the assemblage, which an unusual number of the significance brought together. The young ladies received were Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Mary de Sales; Miss McGovern, Sister Mary Francis; Miss O'Reilly, Sister Mary Ignatius; Miss Dowdall, Sister Mary Alphonsus; and Miss Eardley, Sister Mary Ignatius.

On March 24, at Cavan, William James Tennent, J.P., Tullyrain, Glenbarrow, succeeded by Mr. John R. Tversley, Glenbarrow, succeeded by Mr. Tversley, Glenbarrow, succeeded by Mr. John Tversley, Glenbarrow, succeeded by Mr. John Tversley, Glenbarrow, succeeded by Mr. John

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

BRIDE'S EVERLASTING HOPE.

Though hunted, harried and oppressed, we dared
Unto the Lord,
Best blood-stained gold and treasuresare more
Than all beneath dissension's curse but never did
We yield.
Their laws, their wholesale robberies, their cruelties, or their threats,
A thousand times they boasted that our land
Was purified.
When they commenced the hundred claims that
Proved them to their profit,
A thousand times they boasted that our cherished
Land was free.
And but a day—the mountain-top with signal fires
Was red,
We've heard the wrath of Saxon lion, whose
Ruthless Claws made,
With a mother's steel, and famine's scourge, and
Rattlesnake
Unchristian rail.
Our latest land a howling waste, to yield us but
The grave.
We've spoken a mocking word—the synagogue
Of slavery
We've heard the intolerable sycophants that
Bellow in Congress's Hall.
We fortified our fields with blood, and hoped
Our women slain,
Who gave unto the helpless rear their swords
And failed to quail
The hated lips—remembered choice of Connaught
or of Hall.

To day wherever their rule 'st wrong has formed
Our cause be fly,
Whether beneath the tropic fires, or 'neath the
Pale Star, by
A jeeny, copy, by Kinfaud news, of hate and
Tyranny grown
And whatever hate with a hand of iron unyielding
Has fear.
They made her in her hour of need—they
Made't her in her woe,
And deep in Irish memories sank the alien's
Treacherous blow,
Yet, with the Prophet's gift of eyes, with a mighty
power we 'k sway,
To sweep, as sure as Heaven's throne, the spoilers
from our land.

THOMAS DUFFY.

San Francisco.

THE HEART OF THE HOME.

Be the home where it may, on the hill, in the valley,
Hemmed in by the walls of the populous town,
Not far where the corn lifts its plumes to the
Or perched on the slope where the forest
Still sets the heart of the home is the same,
Full over the doorway of manse in the town,
And over the pioneer's home in the forest,
Of this home inscribed, in the model, "whose
Be command,
Unchallenged, it stands rule in our beautiful
land.

Be the home what it may, whether lofty or lowly,
The mansion, the cottage, the plain little
The heart-hearth of true love shall make the
Holy and happy.
To the patriot's heaven shall keep it from
Be there,
For the heart of the home is the same, in
the town,
In hall or in hut, there is ever one name
Which kindles the torch of a swift leaping
Love.
As we bow to the mother, whose gentle control
Is therapeutic that sways in our beautiful land.

Oh, come with the dawn-dusk of morning the
Lark
The sunlight has fled—back to tender embrace;
And a mother, when age brings her glory and
honor,
She smiles with the glow of life's eve as her
Be, we glad at her praise, we are sad at her
blame,
Her name was the first for our child-lips to
And lovingly, loudly all homage we claim
Be the heart-hearth of true love shall
Be the mother's name
Be the mother's name
Be the mother's name

THE MONITOR.

FORTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

—His Eminence Cardinal Newman completed his eighty-fifth year on Sunday the 21st ult. Considering his great age his Eminence is in remarkably good health. On his natal day he received many congratulations from all parts of the world.

—A London paper hits the mark when it says that Lord Randolph Churchill has gone out like a spoiled squib. There was much preparation and a little fire, and now there is nothing but a bad smell. His fiercest spleen is for the vulgar Protestantism of Ulster was faced with more quietedness, it is true, than his speech at Paddington, but his intention was just as mischievous and his argument just as senseless.

—The *Churchman*—with the usual overzeal of spirit peculiar to Protestantism—refuses to retract the diabolical calumny it printed a few weeks ago against Cardinal Gibbons, until the Cardinal opens his vast safe, or some one in his name, repudiates the letter. This is merely a subterfuge to gain time so that some of the mud thrown at Cardinal Manning may "stick" in the minds of the *Churchman's* readers, but we expect a letter in this city from Dan Mahony's secretary in the course of a few weeks, we will give the *Churchman* a little longer time until we show it evidence that will compel it to retract its vile calumnious insinuation that disgraced its columns.

—A subscriber in Lake county sends us an Oakland anti-Catholic paper with two articles marked therein, and asks us to answer them. Our friend seems to be astonished to find such foul slanders permitted to go unrebuked, but it is simply impossible to stop the work of filth in a world where falsehood has a thousand tongues whilst truth has only one. There ought to be room for such a paper as the Oakland libeler of Catholics in any Catholic household, as the slanderous sheet is supported by an element that is inimical to Catholics personally and generally.

—A subjugam from Rome it states that is officially announced that at the Consistory to be held on April 12th, the following dignitaries of the Church will be made Cardinals: Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec, Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, Monsignor Ferrata, Nuncio at Vienna, Monsignor Desprez, Nuncio at Paris; Mgr. Rampolla del Tindaro, Nuncio at Madrid, and Mgr. Masotti, formerly Nuncio at Lisbon. The same authority says that the Bahama islands, which have hitherto been in the diocese of Charleston, will hereafter be in the diocese of New York.

—The "Women's Rights" party have sent a memorial to the Pope thanking him for his encyclical. But the "Women's Rights" people must have been really "sold" by somebody, as the Sovereign Pontiff has never made any such decision, and Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, closes a letter condemnatory of the anarchy League in this unmistakable language:

"We therefore strictly prohibit, in all Catholics, any participation whatsoever in the Freedom League within the limits of the diocese of Nottingham, and if any should unhappily persist, in disregard of our prohibition, in lending their aid to this "habitation" or meeting of the Freedom League within these limits we warn the clergy that such persons may not be absolved, unless they shall renounce, by the future, such disobedient conduct.

—The Paris correspondent of an English paper writes that he "learns from a quarter which is usually well informed in such matters, that the Right Rev. Monsignor Cigni has been offered the position of British Chaplain at Boulogne. His Eminence as a cultured scholar and profound theologian, his ability and popularity as a preacher, and the rare shown of manner which captivates and insces an indelible impression upon all who have had the pleasure to approach him, have made Monsignor as popular favorite not only among the French themselves—whose language, by the by, he speaks with the ease and fluency of a native. His appointment to the post would be hailed with universal satisfaction; and his response to the offer is therefore awaited with considerable anxiety."

—One of the features of the St. Patrick's Day celebration at Quebec was the presentation of an address to His Grace Archbishop Taschereau, who received the presentation. Mr. Carbry read the address to the Archbishop, and in reply thereto, the newly-created Cardinal said that it was to him "always a new cause of rejoicing to meet on this day the representatives of the Quebec Irish population, so much devoted to the Church and to their pastors. The faith which fourteen centuries ago St. Patrick implanted in the Emerald Isle has grown so strong in its roots that it has ever since flourished in spite of time and persecution. Wherever the sons of Ireland are to be found, they not only show by deeds themselves faithful to the doctrines preached by St. Patrick to their ancestors, but have been misionaries of the faith and examples of whether wherever the English language is spoken in and out the immense British Empire upon which the sun never sets. This is a glory which cary few zeons upon earth can boast of and which the dawning of brighter days will only make more brilliant in the future."

—On a recent reservoir of the seventy-sixth natal day of the Holy Father, the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, *in curia*, assembled in the Hall of the Throne at the Vatican Palace to present their felicitations and good wishes on the double anniversary of the birth and coronation of the Sovereign Pontiff. An address was read by the Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College, to which the Pope made answer, thanking the assembly for their sentiments. Recalling the benedictions

to learning and to science ever rendered by the Papacy, his Holiness added that the Church, far from obstructing true progress, promoted and blessed it; and that what he himself had already done in favor of science was but little in proportion to what he would do were he not impeded by want of true liberty to act at will; the same holds even in the promotion of learning he was forced to submit to alien laws which hampered and fettered his action. In proof of this he referred to the noted Dan Dorcides letter relating to the pretended conspirators against the Vatican. "Futile pretexts and calumnies unfounded," said the Holy Father, "to impose the pontificate with impunity to popular ire, and the Vatican to the menace and ferocious declamations of the demagogues." He concluded by professing his entire submission to the designs of Providence in his own regard personally, and protested that he should never cease to demand in the face of the Catholic world a state of things which will effectually secure the dignity and liberty of the Pope and of the Holy See.

Vandalism in Rome.

The Osservatore *Romano* of a recent date, contains an elaborate exposé of the condition perpetrated by the representatives of the Robber King's successor upon the venerated ruins of many sanctified Catholic shrines in the Eternal City. In order to show what modern vandalism has effected since 1870, a list is given of the palaces, gardens, parks and galleries, which for centuries have been objects of universal admiration, and which the mania of speculation has made away with. Here is the list with the dates of the destruction: The Villa Grazioli, 1872; the Villa Torlonia, before the Porta Pia; the Botanical Gardens, in the Nunziare; the famous Villa Aldobrandini, which contained a portion of Raffaele's frescoes; the still more famous Villa Farnesina; the Villa Mellini, on Monte Mario, 1880; part of the Villa Barberini, 1882; part of the celebrated Farnese Gardens, on the Palatine, 1885; the Villa Cesarini, 1883; the Villa Casali, on the Coelian, 1884; the Villa Giustiniani; the Villa Bonaparte; and—the most beautiful of all in Rome—the Villa Ludovisi, 1885. Finally, the Villa Campana, 1886. All have been ruthlessly destroyed. The beautiful Villa Ludovisi, lying between the Quirinal and Monte Pinciot, will in a few years form a new quarter of the town, traversed by a street about twenty yards wide. The appropriation of a part of the Villa Farnesina, for the purpose of regulating the Tiber, has led to serious damage to the frescoes of Raffaele which it contained, and a lawsuit is pending in consequence. It is not only that the whole civilized world is deeply robbed of these famous centres of beauty and art, which seem of our civilization; but even from a sanitary point of view—inasmuch as Rome possesses no woods or forests in her neighborhood—the destruction of these old private parks and gardens which have always been so generously opened by the Popes, is a serious public misfortune.

Archbishop Croke is the lone idol of a true-born Celt. As a Prelate and a patriot he is a type of the holy Prelates in the past and he gives up their lives for the love of their faith and fatherland. On every occasion when this patriotic Prelate speaks he always says something worth while to the Irish heart and hallows it by the new inspiration received from Archbishop Croke's lips. On a recent occasion he replied to an address presented to his Grace by the Artists' Industrial Association of Dungarvan, and this is what his said concerning those Irish-born people who are ashamed of the "brogue" they were born with:

"With regard to native manufacture and the address presented by the artisans of the town, I am for everything that is Irish, and for Irish spirit. They tell me I am a Dutchman, but it all counts whether my name be Dutch, or whether it is not, my heart is Irish. I am for native industries. I am for native art. I am for native manufacture. Everything we want, everything we can produce in Ireland should be bought by Irishmen in preference to anything imported from a foreign country. We can give employment to our population, in every sense of the word, in Ireland, if we only set about it. There is a shame and a disgrace attached to any Irishman having children to send to England or France or anywhere else to be educated. We should set our sons amongst us, that they may be able to say, I am Irish, I prove it! They learn in England to despise their country; if not in the U—and they learn hook with them as English heart and an English accent, forsooth! What do we care for their English accent. It is the greatest sign of the degeneracy of an Irishman to be ashamed of his native country. Wherever I go, I find that every Irishman who is ashamed of his country is proof of the very worst degeneracy. I find in every portion of this country field to another and every one who is ashamed of his country, I find that every degeneracy is proof of his degeneracy. Irishmen should be proud of his name. When travelling in steamer or railway carriage there is nothing in the world that makes my nationality so about before the English as to hollow a fine broad, Irish accent. I tell you what is more. I never knew a good, solid, down-hearted Irishman who ever thought of changing his accent. I wish to long as you like. Look at Daniel O'Connell! he was one of the greatest Irishmen. Look at Father Tom Burke, the great! Look at Father Tom Burke who was Irish of the Irish to the last! Look at Father Tom Burke, one of the age. Did he change his accent? Never. He kept his Irish accent. Look at Father Dominic, the famous Irish Capuchin, who was more outspoken than the Irishman who wishes to change his accent. This man spoke out which makes no change our appearance, should be obnoxious to Irishmen. Hear, hear! I am for Irish manufacture, for Irish education, for Irish spirit, and for Irish in every way, I am Irish! I am the man. (Loud Applause) I am for everything native, native! (Laughter and applause). I think we have too much of the Dutch and too much of the Jew in us. Let us be Irish, and look more to the native—if we lived by it, native more and the "native—native" we ought to be very much better than we are.

According to a calculation of the Linz *Theological Review*, the number of Catholic missioners who left Europe last year for heathen lands was 1,000. The Lyons Propagaeda of Paris 120, most of them destined to fill the gaps caused by the persecution in Tonkin; also 30 Jesuits, 32 Franciscans, 5 of the Marists, 3 of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and 2 of the German Mission Society at Hupf. This list is clearly incomplete, as it does not take into account the missioners who went out from Italy, nor those from the English or French Colleges for Foreign Missions.

—A fire recently completately destroyed the great convent of the Ursulines at Malon, in Belgium. The inmates of the convent, thirty nuns, and one hundred and two young girls, boarders at the convent school, were all saved.

Who will Build a Home for Saint Joseph's Homeless Boys?

We deeply regret to learn from the Report of the Hon. Director of St. Joseph's Union which we publish this week, that the work of rescuing and helping homeless boys—which is the special province of this organization—is not only greatly circumscribed for want of funds, but also that it spent—during the fiscal year just closed—nearly *eight hundred dollars* more than its receipts!

Surely the Catholics of San Francisco are not so indifferent to the fate of Catholic boys as to stand supinely by whilst they are robbed of their faith and made to leave the Church through the ungenerous or criminal conduct of unworthy parents! It took $6,126.15 to support St Joseph's Orphan Directory last year, yet there were not 3,000 Catholics found in San Francisco who would contribute a *single dollar a year* towards this great and deserving charity!

In the *St. Joseph's Messenger*—the usual organ of the Association—the hope is expressed that "our Holy Patron will inspire some wealthy Catholic of San Francisco, to present us with a suitable lot, wherein to erect a larger building, as our present one is entirely too small to accomodate the increasing number of destitute children who continually appeal to us for protection." And we sincerely hope very member of the Union will make *special prayers* during the special Gamaliers for this end. The power of prayer is proverbial, and who knows but Almighty God may inspire some wealthy Catholic to immortalize his memory here on earth, and to help gain immortal glory for his soul hereafter—by donating $20,000 to erect a building to be known as St. Joseph's Home for Homeless Boys. What a magnificent project by which some Pacific coast millionaire can immortalize Providence! What an enduring monument whereby to earn the prayers of the Catholic Church and all her faithful children for centuries to come!

We feel that it is only necessary to easily allude to the tenacerious good which can be accomplished by erecting such a building, in order to have some Catholic gentleman whom Almighty God has blessed with means enough to give our beloved Archbishop and set the privilege of erecting such a building for those words of St. Joseph, of whom his Grace has so well said that "the hand of the *Homeless Boy stretched out to you is supplication to the Hand of Christ*.

Catholic boys are falling into the hands of proselytizers every week for want of a kind where the innocent lambs of God's flock can be preserved from the ravenous wolves of sectarianism. And who are they whom Almighty God will hold accountable for the loss of faith among His homeless boys? *It is the rich.* The people who hords their wealth whilst the wolves destroy the lambs; the people who care not what becomes of the baptized Catholic child so long as they can revel in luxury even though that one thoughtless act may be the loss of that faith for which our Divine Saviour shed the last drop of the blood in His Sacred Heart!

We earnestly recommend the consideration of His force for the poor homeless boys of our Metropolis to the heart of some affluent person worthy of *God's love*, so that the homeless boys may not be homeless any longer, but that they may find food, raiment and shelter, beneath a spacious roof erected through the benign influence of the holy Patron of universal charity who is all-powerful in heaven.

Ireland Defended Against English Catholic Aristocracy.

It is singular how deeply prejudice is rooted in the hearts of even Catholic Englishmen, and how their narrow-mindedness manifests itself whenever an occasion offers. The Duke of Norfolk is a great Catholic, but he is also such a "high-born Britisher" that he scoffs at the idea of granting Home Rule to Ireland, and he imagines that Ireland possesses all the liberty she is entitled to! The Duke is not alone in his peculiarity. English Catholics, but this class of Catholic Englishmen has been well taken to task by an Irish correspondent of the London *Tablet*, whom letter explains itself in a way it once suggestive and forcible:

CORTE ROCCAMONA, March 6th, 1886.

Sir—It seems to me a fair conversion is the minds of your English Catholic editorscary that the priesthood of Ireland—nay, even the Bishops, have erred from the path of God's Commandments so far as they have identified themselves with the National movement; for I am justified in taking the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Denbigh as fair specimens of the class, and there we do not only hold them cowardliness, but they have thought themselves calling upon to denounce their countrymen. Are you aware that some editors, have made the best of these times, in the interest of Ireland, to defend, a few serious questions. Could it be possible that they are the victims of the misrepresentations of Irish exiles, of their native press, in which I am inclined to include the *Tablet* itself? Ought not Dr. Bagshawe, an English Catholic Bishop, and the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Denbigh as fair specimens of the class, and there we do not only hold them cowardliness, but they have thought themselves called

Farm and Home.

How She Converted Him.

The *Age of Steel* gives the following account of an experiment of the eight hour system in St. Louis:

Several weeks ago the proprietors of a machine foundry learned that their employes wanted to work under the eight hour rule. The latter now told they might do as they pleased, provided they were willing to accept eight hours' pay for eight hours work. The proposition was agreed to, and the last day of trial all the men were at their posts of duty when the whistle blew seven or eight went home early. The next day the number that remained was a little larger, the third day still larger, and so on, until at the end of the week there wasn't a man in the establishment working less than the usual time.

One of the men who experimented with the eight hour rule, in the instance above referred to, tells how he came to change his opinion with regard to long and short time work. We give his story spare, because it goes to show what an important factor of the labor problem home influence is. He says: "The second day we tried the eight hour plan I went home and found my wife sitting in the rocking chair, leisurely reading the afternoon paper, and there was not a sign of supper in preparation. Of course, I began to expostulate with her about so unusual a state of affairs; but she made me feel very foolish when she looked up and naively remarked that her day's work was over, that she was an 'eight hour man.' The next day I was the last man to leave the shop, and on coming home I found the table spread and the meal waiting me."

How a Wise Man Built His House.

Many of our readers will find their own experience reflected in the following paragraph taken from the last number of the *Detroit Lever Journal*, where it used to illustrate another subject. A gentleman wished to build for himself a nice mansion, and, of course, was exceedingly anxious to have the approbation of his friends and neighbors. So he asked the advice of all. The first said, "Have a nice site, and I should build such a style of house." The second said, "I don't like that site nor the style of house." The third came along, and was utterly amazed at the selection of the site made by the others, and their total want of taste in architecture. He said, "Leave off all that; have in the most charming spot for a house, and have in the most exquisite idea for a house." And so he went on until the gentleman became disgusted with his indecision, and was mad enough to his own site and adopted his own style of architecture, and built a house to suit himself. By a multitude of counselors there is wisdom, but the house builder's experience in seeking the advice of his neighbors found it different, and was probably wise in rejecting all their suggestions, and following the plans of his own judgment dictated. The moral here conveyed does not end with locating of a house site or the erection of the building. It will be generally found best to believe one's own impressions and taste rather than to defer to others.

The Cost of Wheat Production.

The phenomenally low prices for wheat which have prevailed during the past year have directed attention to the details of the cost of producing that grain, and in various issues of the wheat problem the statistical experts are making calculations to settle the question whether, at the prevailing prices, the culture of wheat can be profitably continued. One of the most interesting reports yet published is that of the cost of 1885 in that State.

The average yield per acre is given at 19.20 bushels of wheat, 60.55 bushels of oats, and 19.07 bushels of corn of corn. The yield then indicated applied to the cost per acre shows an average cost per bushel of 59.1 cents for wheat, 29 cents for oats, and 52.1 cents for Indian corn. The average price of wheat on January 1, for the State, is placed at about 74 cents, oats 30 cents, and corn 40 cents per bushel of ears. In regard to wheat, the report observes that the "net profit on investment in the northern counties is 36 per cent., and in the northern counties 25 per cent."

California Soda.

Works have been begun at Owens Lake, in this State. A portable engine is employed; and as soon as a vat is filled, the engine is moved to another, and the water is left to evaporate from the one that had been filled. This process will be repeated at all the vats until the soda sediment in the accumulating water in the pit reaches the surface. It will take about a year to get a crop of soda by this method, which will bring $50 per ton. It is expected that fifty tons of soda to the acre will be annually gathered. The number of vats will be increased till they hold an area of 50,000 acres of soda, the income from which is expected to be nearly $2,000,000 a year.

Toads as Bee Eaters.

The toad may be useful in kitchen gardens as a slug and insect destroyer; the frog as a deep your spicy from his grounds, the better. Toads will exit at the foot of a hive to seize a honey-laden bee that may happen to fall to the ground on its return from foraging, and one bee master, says a correspondent of the London *Graphic*, saw over a dozen little workers captured in the space of half an hour by an old fat fellow, who darted out his tongue with wonderful celerity immediately he saw a bee on the ground. The bees had been collecting pollen, and many of them, being heartily laden, were unable to reach the floor board of the hive.

Good Advice.

Good reading is the best friend that can be introduced into the home circle; bad reading the deadliest and most irreducible enemy. Spoken words are often forgotten, but printed wickedness leaves an inevitable taint behind.

There is no object so fascinating as a pretty-faced, intelligent woman, but then a woman is commend herself as an eligible particular for matrimony should be useful as well as ornamental. A model wife is an economist, a broad saver, while her husband is a broad winner.

A little domestic druggery is a homely antidote against the vagaries of a fickle fine wife and mother out of a mere hothouse plant. I advise a thorough knowledge of kitchen economy, for far too many girls now new-a-days raise marriage long before they have learned to spoak a pepperhot.

"The Proper Study of Mankind is Man," says the Illustrious Pope. If he had lived a woman in the list, he would have been nearer the truth, if not so poetical. Dr. R. V. Pierce has made them both a life study, especially woman, and the peculiar derangements to which her delicate system is liable. Many women in the land who are acquainted with Dr. Pierce only through his "Favorite Prescription," bless him with all their health, for he has brought them the panacea for all those chronic ailments peculiar to their sex; such as prolapsus, anteversion, retroversion, leucorrhœa, obstruction, "internal fever," bearing, backache or internal cancer, and other alarming symptoms, which make life a burden. Prize reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Family Fun.

He'd Choose to be a Baby.

The following story was told at the recent military encampment at Mexico, Mo. A group around one of the numerous camp fires were relating incidents of bravery and swordice shown in battle, and this is one of them:

"It was at the battle of Gettysburg," said the speaker, "when the bullets were falling like hail, and the shells were shrieking and bursting over our heads like a storm, a private dropped out of the ranks and skulked back toward the rear. He was well under way, when, unfortunately for him, he was met by Gen. Hancock coming in the front.

"'What are you doing here? Get back to your post, the General shouted.

"The poor fellow stopped still and trembled like a leaf, but made no reply.

"'Get back to your post, you miserable coward; aren't you ashamed of yourself to be skulking back here when you should be in the front with your brave comrades?

"Still the man made no reply, but commenced to cry like a year-old infant.

"'You infernous, snoaking coward, shouted the infuriated General, 'get back to your post; I'll guide you down like a dog. Why, you are nothing but a baby.'

"'(-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I) you-u-u, I-I-I-I-I-I-I-

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

Antrim.—Not only is Ulster a small part of Ireland, but the Ulster Protestants are a small part of Ulster. The best is slowly but surely being done by English intelligence, when Sir Henry Wolseley, the English military governor, arrives to organize State in Ulster than ever before since the days of Cromwell. Perhaps it is because the English intelligence is accessible to the French Republic. An able paper on "Protestant Ulster," which Professor Galloway Bigg has put in circulation, will contribute much to clear the English intelligence on the subject. His points are that "instead of Ulster being a Protestant province, it is simply a province where extreme cases of Protestant and Catholic Ulster Ulster is contrasted with a province, not, northern province, which is overwhelmingly Catholic. Ulster is a province where the Presbyterians are the majority of the Protestants, and where the Presbyterians are and always have been the overwhelmingly Catholic districts, the Presbyterians being the majority in most of the Ulster, three-fourths of the Irish Presbyterians being in Ulster, and six counties instead of three.

Cork.—The Master of the Rolls in Dublin, has mentioned a scheme for the payment of the debts and of ten shillings to the creditors of the Munster Bank, numbering about 15,000. It is estimated that the dividend will reach nearly eighty thousand pounds.

A very sad and painful occurrence took place at Halfpenny, in the vicinity of Shillelagh, on March 9th. A meeting of Catholics was held at Garryan Catholic chapel, between Mr. Patrick Byrne, a respectable farmer of Ballycurrane, and Mike McCarthy, of Moor, the latter a Protestant. Words ensued, and Mr. Byrne, McCarthy and Mr. Michael Byrne, his son, were all shot almost immediately. The two former died in a few hours, and since the death of his son last year, a young, talented, amiable gentleman of Mr. Byrne's, his constitution began to give way.

At the Presentation Convent at Mitchelstown, on March 8th, Miss Margaret Coughlan, daughter of Mr. Michael Coughlan, Knocknagree, County Tipperary, was received.

Limerick.—On March 10th, there was a reception at the convent of the Poor Clares, Kenmare, the young lady who took the veil being connectedly one Miss McMahon, of Ennis, who took the name in religion of Sister Mary Catherine.

Carlow.—On March 6, a number of cattle, the property of Mr. John Burke and Mr. James Reynolds, of Monaghan, were sentenced for Kerry, by the Sheriff at Shillelagh, county Wicklow, and by the Sheriff, held 22 acres at Clonee, Co. Wicklow, and Mr. Reynolds, at the yearly rent of £1, the privilege of living on a farm of nine acres, and by a lease for which he paid £100 and sold to the former tenant, is obliged to pay to the landlord, Mr. Nugent, £85 a year. Both these tenants paid their half year's rent last October in full and up to date. In December they were both served with civil bills for the amount of a half year's rent, which they offered which hanging gain, they state, tender, and paid the rent into the hands of the sheriff. The claimant of the case before the Land Court, is not very popular with the Irish and neighbors of the two tenants, and the sheriff's officer had to be escorted by the police to protect him from the violence of the people.

Wexford.—Another meeting in connection with the establishment of a better factory at Tullow was held on March 6th, when a large number of shares were taken by influential farmers, and others in the undertaking. It was stated that there was not probability that the Creamery, when in full working order, would cost the disgraceful accident which rendered necessary the temporary stoppage of business.

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On the contrary, the feeling of kindness and sympathy which prevailed towards the unhappy family, based the fact of the unfortunate crime which shocked the country, and did much to retard the National cause.

The Rev. J. O'Leary, P.P., Ballynaslloe, addressed his parishioners from the altar on March 7, strongly denounced the recent moonlight outrages which were bringing shame on the country. He appealed to the boys assembled especially young men in the parish to behave themselves together and kick those vile weapons from among them.

Louth.—The Rev. James Moonan, P.P., Tullyallen, and on March 7, at his residence in Louth. He commenced his sermon by stating that he was sorry to be obliged to speak to them as a friend and counselor, and not as their pastor, and now for many years past, he had never had occasion to speak to them because Dunleavy, Armagh, and from thence he went to Newport, where, after finishing his ecclesiastic career, he was ordained in 1856. He first came over to the parish of Carlingford, and the next in Tucker. From thence he went to Arden, from where he was promoted to Drogheda. In this town he officiated for seven years, during which time he was a great favorite with the people, and he was sorry to leave them. He was then appointed to Dundalk, and in this town he officiated almost immediately. The deceased was ordained in 1856, and was only ordained in 1860, and died at the tender age of 30 years, and, since the death of his son last year, a young, talented, amiable gentleman of Mr. Byrne's, his constitution began to give way.

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The cheapskapers are on the verge of bankruptcy, and they have not yet received a penny of the money lent to the Pope. The distribution of Peter's Pence will be greatly lessened, and the Italian loan will be lamentably. The Italians are at Adelphi, and they are more anxious now than what it was in 1860, when the Italian loan was brought out, and the Italian loan. It has been brought out in the same fashion of the Papal loan, and with whatever for cattle, and the cheats want to be paid by herself in a lump sum, and the district, and who, for a considerable period, was a confidant of other ruling from the Italian Union, left her not on March 7, for Italy, and the purpose of the Italian loan, and the Italian and our affairs was not otherwise than a "Pope." Nor was she ever at a loss for an answer. A neighbor who discovered her mistake was so good as to point it out to her, and she was not a little pleased at the discovery. Mrs. Bartley, of Marlborough Police Barrack, Dublin, for the discovery the poor old creature herself up in a corner of the room, and spoke to her in the Italian language, of Mr. Arthur, and contingent of the Italian Union, (Mr. John Higgins) is opposed by Nicholas Chapman, J. P., Colonel

Market Report.

MONTHLY OFFICE,
130 City St. Tuesday Evening, April 6, 1886.

WEEKLY QUOTATIONS are ..... $1.90@1.80
Flour—Flour is selling at ..... 4 00@4 50
Cornmeal, ... 2 10@ 2 25
Oats, ... 1 12@1 25
Barley, new, ... 1 00@1 10
Hay, wholesale ..... 15 00@16 00
Ground Barley, $ ton, ... 17 00@18 50
Middlings 18 00
Bran ..... 17 00@18 00
Rye ..... 1 75@1 85
Buckwheat 2 00
Potatoes, ... 1 50@1 60
Turkeys, $ lb wholesale ..... 12@15
Chickens, $ doz ..... 3 00@5 00
Geese, $ pair ..... 1 75@2 00
Brollers $ pair ..... 1 00@1 50
Young Roosters ..... 7 00@7 50
Old Roosters ..... 5 00@5 50
Eggs ..... 15@18
Cheese, $ doz 1 50
Butter
Choice fresh roll ..... 16@17
Fancy ..... 19@20
Dairy ..... 12@15
Oranges
Domestic ..... 2@10
Eastern ..... 4@7 50
Lemons
Choice $ box ..... 10 50@17 00
Wool
Wool, Southern Coast ..... 14@15
Tree Mountain ..... 16@18
Humboldt ..... 17@19
Meats
Beef, wholesale ..... 6@7
Mutton, wholesale ..... 8@9
Veal, wholesale ..... 8@9
Pork, wholesale dressed ..... 9@10
Corners Sugarcured Hams ..... 10 @11
Sugarcured Ham ..... 12@13
Bacon, breakfast ..... 12@13
Lard, $ lb wholesale in kegs ..... 7@8
Vegetables
Beans, white ..... 1 60@1 80
Cabbage, $ 100 lb ..... 1 50@2 00
Onions, $ lb ..... 2 50@3 00
Onions, California ..... 2 50@3 00
Potatoes
Green Peppers ..... 75@80
Garlic, $ lb ..... 7@
Fruit
Dried Apples ..... 5@6
Crushed $ lb 7
Dried Peaches $ lb ..... 5@6
Straw
Straw, $ bale ..... 50@60
Tobacco
Roll, $ lb ..... 70@75
Hops
Hops ..... 9@11
Honey
California Dry, $ lb 11
Dry Alfalfa 10
Bees, $ lb ..... 5@6
Tallow
Salted Kips ..... 1@2 50
Salted Hides, each, shearlings ..... 50@1 00
Domestic Paper
Given Apples, $ box ..... 50@1 00

BORN.

McPHEE.—In this city, March 19, to the wife of Charles McPhee, a son.

DIED.

KELLEHER.—In this city, March 9, Daniel Kelleher, a native of Ballyvourney, County Cork, Ireland, aged 30 years, brother of John Kelleher, and nephew of John Linen of Fort Costa, a native of Bal-Gaddy and St. Gaty.

MOORE.—In this city, March 20, Catherine Moore, a native of Tubbercurry, County Sligo, Ireland, aged 70 years.

MOORE.—In this city, March 20, Catherine Moore, a native of Tubbercurry, County Sligo, Ireland, aged 70 years.

MOORE.—In this city, March 21, Mary Moore, a native of Tubbercurry, County Sligo, Ireland, aged 70 years.

MOORE.—In this city, March 21

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

A REQUEST AND A REPLY.

DEAR UNDA:—Do write some verses on Ireland for your affectionate sister.

EMMA.

O Ethel dear, 'tis hard to bear
The story of poor Ireland;
The wrongs, the woes, the relentless foe
Inflicted on that island.

The Saint's songs or Sinn's wrongs,
Her deep, red sea of sorrow,
My plaintive muse shall s'er refuse
To chant until to-morrow.

In vain would I attempt to try
(And not feel more hearted)
To contemplate her stricken state,
Her glory long departed.

Her daisy hills, her fairy dells
Her mazy crystal water,
Her stalwart sons, her bonny lasses,
Her pure—her matchless daughters.

Her chosen leaf of hard and chief,
Her shillelah and blackthorn,
Are dear to me as naught can be,
Among them I was born.

Her changeless green is ever seen
Where nature can permit it;
When God had made that land he said:
"I'm good,"—and then he blest it.

With pride I trod the sacred sod,
Delighted with such visions;
And wondering why her foe traitors sought
A spot their dear opinion.

Well, whatever, 'twas, attaching fear
From pity's tenderness,
Yet I'm sure I'm not in error
Tho' I'm not in my senses.

"Eat," you say, say, "Dear uncle, pray
Do tell me why you left her,
Of loyal one, for you were one—
That day you bowed and shaved."

Perhaps, dear child, I then was wild,
My heart is ever with her;
Both heart and brain shall so remain
Till heart and brain shall wither.

I hop'd in vain, to see again
Each place I loved to ramble,
Her lighted fire, her cottage door,
Or where I'd dwell scramble.

Her place, her plaidie, unscathed shadow
Her mountains, lags, each wildwood
In no answer, each spirit your
More dear than s'er in childhood.

Her queenly brow is sorrow now
Is veiled, but God will save her;
Then, Ethel dear, we need not fear,
All hell cannot undermine her.

Hall! lovely Ida—thy sacred soil
Is replete s'er the nymphs;
They can't endure on soil so pure—
They touch thee but to perish. [illegible]

My Island home, tho' doomed to roam
I never did ignore thee;
Tho' hard as fate—my heart the same
I ever could adore thee.

Ireland—Ireland, yet undismayed
I stand a church defender,
The good fellow of the public house, always
"We'll die, but not surrender."

With pence and pen, like other men,
I tried being opinion,
Of Pontiac band in this free land,
I tried to conscience.

And did away for her to pray,
I'm prayed to God to save her;
And now, dear child, tho' I was wild
I think I did not err.

But, ask dear ma, for she, says,
Dots very well remember;
I was in love, I'm sure, I know
Was one of dark November.

Me copy, I dotted, dear grandma cried—
Her hotsie seemed all to burn,
Ask loving Ma—she will tell you
O that time! could I return!

O Ethel dear, the I am here
Mr. Sweeney going into Ireland,
If amongst details it were seen
I hand again my relation.

But, here and there, yes, everywhere
Throughout the Island,
In all her valley grim fastnes stalks
The sad and sore and blighted.

The peasant's hut, O! breathe it not,
Where the fever-stricken lie,
Is shorthand dismal of direst want—
A bedroom, kitchen, sty.

Its kindness, dell, grovelling still,
Ill seems most betoken;
Even hell is more merciful to the curs
Till the landlord-pole is broken.

O'er native soil, her sons of toil
A stranger seem to wander;
Her abscissors, beyond the seas
Their plaidie and blackthorn squander.

The vampire breed still suck her blood,
Still fatten on her plight;
With wanton joy her millions die,
Her perish of starvation.

The landed lord! the vamal horde
High carnival are keeping!
Their victims are—the poor, dear Isle,
Their hapless epilepsy weeping!

Ta rum of nights! amort your flight,
O Ireland yet a hundred
Years hounded years of poons' tears
Ye will be deserted!

But poons' tears ten thousand years
Ten hundred years hence can't serve,
The tyrant's chain will still remain
Not riveted as ever.

Let cannon roar from shore to shore,
The sunburst gleaming o'er you,
Let hearts of oak, and gallant yeomen
Ay! your fathers did before you.

With swords, and pikes, and blunderbuss
And charge the Saxon hordes,
And let them feel your cold blue steel,
There's logic in that sword.

A loyal hand to mother-land
Should unsheathed be the baby, and, dreaming
Would never yield the battle field
Tis Saxon, I say! [illegible]

Profaned by years of chains and tears
Her sword will unsheathe her;
The Saxon blood, the act so good,
Will serve to enrich her.

But, hide you time, commit no crime,
Keep counsel on the tower;
Wait for the day we cannot say,
Hear ance, the trifled for hour.

Go on the plan, as I mention your scrawl—
Yes, "Anna Jo—Keep it warm;"
The powder dry, you'll hold with joy
The bursting of the storm.

So at them then, like Irishmen
Fighting in their fatherland;
Remember how the Irish fought
The eternal Sweeney.

Then, grasp the sword, invoke the Lord,
Your country fought and died;
The Saxon scout will fine about,
But, you have have to tribute.

Your mam is right—then strike with might,
And God will serve your army;
And you will see your country free
On the clearing of the storm.

Yes, one more more our native shore
Ye shall be free!
Much Freedom's smile our Emerald Isle
The home of valor and sense.

In College Green will then be seen
Legislature;
The Harp that dead, so only wept
Will wake in jubilation.

Yes, Ethel dear, shall then appear
Our land, in all its grandeur;
Jo Freedom's hand shall hoist outright,
Transcending former splendor.

UNDA JANE.

Marlboro, Ont.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to the taste, it softens the gums, reduces the pain, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Literary Miscellany.

Jim Daly's Repentance.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

When the story was told to me, I thought it extremely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but having spent all in a summer day, I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my halting words they will read, I fear, but badly and lonely; and if in the reading will be found no trace of the tears which dropped from my eyes while listening to this little human tragedy, I am more sorry than I am say for my want of skill. Indeed, I could not write it at all, if I had not sleeped in tears. It is the story of a hard and futile repentance—futile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against; but surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid beside the Lord, but rather is gathered by Him in His pitiful hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

CHAPTER I.

"Whisht! *whoira!* whisht! Sure I know you NATAR MORE to hort me or the child!"

The woman, shielding young and pretty, who thus spoke, was half sitting, half, lying in a low rush-bottomed chair; in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farm-house. Her delicate, pretty face was marked with the mature lines of pain and care, and now it was paler than usual, for across cheek and cheek extended a livid, dark bruise, as if from the blow of a heavy fist; and over the pathetic, drooping mouth there was a cruel, jagged cut, evidently caused by a fall against something with a sharp projecting point.

By her side, in a watched cradle, lay puny baby, about a year old, with the small fingers, claw-like in their leanness, clutched friendly, and with one's gray wisdom, at two pinched features that one might have thought it dying. The young husband and father was cast down at his wife's knees, in an attitude bespeaking utter shamefacedness, and his face was hidden in her lap; but over the sun-brown hair her thin hands went softly, with caressing, tender strokings; and as she great, heart-breaking sobs burst from him, she leaned more close another down her was face, while her low, soft voice went on tenderly: "Whisht, alanna *machree!* whisht! Sure it's breakin' my heart ye are! How can I bear to listen to ye sobbin' like that!"

All the weary months of sick indolence and neglect were forgotten, and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore trouble.

Jim, Daly had entered her, her husband, and her baby's father; not Jim Daly the the good fellow of the public house, always ready to take a treat or stand one, always first in every scheme of conviviality, drowning heart and mind and conscience in whisky; while at home, on the little hill side farm, crops were rotting, poverty and hunger threatened the little household, and day after day the meek, uncomplaining wife was growing thinner and paler, and the lines deepened in her face, where no lines should be.

Then years had gone by since the wedding day, that seemed but the gate of a happy future for those two young creatures, who loved each other truly; and almost since that day Jim Daly had been going steadily down hill. Not that he was vicious, he was only young and gay and good-natured, which made him a great favorite, and he had a fine baritone voice, that could call out "Golden *Glen Grattloch* so well with rare power and tenderness. And when the cackling spirits who had taken up their abodes in the Widow Dodder's public-house nightly, would come to draw him aside with many flattering words, he was not strong enough to resist the temptation and the young wife—they were the merest boy and girl—was too gentle in her clinging love to say nay.

So things had been going on from bad to worse, and soon not only the village, but much of the day as well was spent in the ale shop. Finally, the long years of people began to shake their heads over boy, by Jim Daly as a confirmed drunkard, and the handsome, boyish face was growing sodden look, and the once bright eye relaxed to rest on either frankly or cleanly; but lowered under a friend's gaze uneasily and painfully. Poor Jim, however, the chiefest friend he had, was the publican, who, in his way, was kind to him, and keeps noting sadfully every step that he made on the downward path, where the gray shadows are growing deeper.

Jim was his quietly for a long time, with no movement disturbing the solemn silence, except once, when the mother's heart yearned to suddenly to gather into it the solid hand of her dying child. Not she is not alone in her distress; two Sisters of Mercy, in their black serge robes, are kneeling on the other side of the bed, and their soft eyes are tender and watchful. They will be ready with help the moment it is needed; but now the large bands of the brown library suspended from their girdle are slipping through their fingers, through the white fingers, and their lips are moving in prayer.

Suddenly the child sighs, and moves faintly. One of the nuns goes gently and noiselessly to the mother's side, and she sinks; this morning Sister Columba had spoken to her of the joy of what a wonder and happiness flowers always were to the crippled child—for Jim Daly's little lad was all ways crippled from that fall in his baby-hood. He lies one contentedly a moment, and then says, in a broken voice:

"Mammy, will there—be green fields in heaven—and—flowers—as well? I'd like to run then! I couldn't go to Cruachin Iar-mear—with his poor—cross! I was lame—by they got primroses—an' gay we—ran—"

And it is the nun who answers, for the mother is sobbing:

"Yes, Jimmy, darling child, there will always be green fields in heaven, and primroses and you will run and sing, and our dear Lord will be there, and His Blessed Mother, and He will come to see you playing about His feet."

And gradually the soft sleep passes imperceptibly and painlessly into death. And the nun sinks down at his mother's side, and lays him down softly on the pillows, and smooths the little limbs, and composes the loving hand over the transparent eyelids; and the other nun gathers poor Winnie's hot face with a sweet comforting words, that will surely help her by and by, ta which now are unheeded, because God has mercifully given her a short insensibility.

CHAPTER III.

A fortnight later a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dublin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave Jim Daly—coming home, now comparatively a wealthy man, with the money earned by hard in Sonny in the gold fields. There he had worked steadily for three years, with always the one object in view; of atoning for the past, and making fair the future to wife and child and mother; and the object had been strong enough to keep him apart from the sin and riotousness and drunkenness of the camp.

He had never written home in all these years, though the thought of his loved ones was always with him—at getting up and lying down, in his dreams, and during the hours of the working day. At first, times were hard with him; for three years it was a steady struggle for existence; and he could not bear to write while every day he feel were slipping back ward. Then came the rush to the gold fields, and scoring on lucky rich, he found himself steadily getting "o pile," and so determined that when a fortune was amassed he would turn his steps homward; and bonnes postal arrangements in those days were precarious, and the time occupied by the transit of a letter so long, he had given up the thought of writing at all, wanting capacity the days drifting by that were bringing him nearer home.

In his wandering life no letter had ever reached Jim Daly; but he doubted not that his dear ones were all right. In his peaceful saliva village life always passed innocently and safely; the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient, and they had enough to pay rent he asked, without exposing themselves to the starvation and misery that ravaged on the other estates. And, apart from destitution and sin of the kind, the misery crept close to be accompanied from their dissense, and the little graveyard was long in filling up.

Jim was thinking of all this day, and he had no idea of how things had changed. For a time after he mised everything had gone fairly; Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his silence grew alarming, so many people were had time enough to do so sure he loved her, and she knew he would come back some day. The first blood on the sky came when the baby developed some shadow of the life-in the result of the fall—which refused to yield to medical treatment, and he became worse with time; and as the years slipped by, the child lying grew into a delicate, gentle child, fair and wise and grave, but crippled hopelessly.

The fourth year after Jim went, there came a bad season; crops failed, and the one dead; and then, fast on those troubles the kind old landlord died, and the agency of the estate was placed in the hands of J. P. and D. L., sides of whose activities on the estate already wonder that they made those simple peasants shiver by their mysterious hints in winter evenings. Then, like a thunderclap, came raising of rent followed soon by strife, and then the sheriff, and the eviction period. One of the first to be deprived of his home was old Mrs. Daly, and when she saw the little brown house, dear to her memory for so many years, had brought her a bride, where her children were born, and from whose door, one after the other the little coffins, dead at birth, had been carried, till all hat breathing, hearty Jim came,—when she saw the golden thatch of her cot gone to the flames, the house, proud old heart broke from the home of a kindly neighbor she also went out, a few days later, to pitch, hushed and broken in the churchyard, where none should seek to arrist them. And the troubles thickened, and fever and fever and death came; and then the good priest died—and a broken heart, they said. And so the last friend was gone, and the people, with pains and death shadowing every household, were overwhelmed with their own troubles; and poor Winnie and her little crippled son drifted away to the city.

And at the time all these things were happening, Jim was lying on a bed of pain in a hut tent in the erating, raising gravely with a wounded leg, and found on a farter vision than the samp, or the Australian sky, per panorama that passed unbeeded before him, with a great yearn to be with the green grasses in the pastures at home in Inishmore; and he saw Winnie, his dear colleen, coming from the little house door, and he heard her voice call to him, as she used to do, and she exclaimed: "Why, Jim, I never saw you! Why, I thought it dead! Come, and I'll get you a drink!" and he could hear the ripple of her laughter, and he saw the little son, with his cheeks like apples in August, and his violet eyes dancing with joy, and he heard the boy's voice calling, crying, stumbling; and the fat lively hand stretched in his hand, and he felt, all of a sudden, tender laugh she swung him in her lap and arranged his hair, and on her shoulder, wherefrom he shouted so merrily that the Sisters of Charity, who were with him, and he looked around for a moment her placed chasing of the cud, to gaze in alarm at the approaching dangers of his mind.

Oh, how sad their dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality! I will tell you how Jim Daly found his wife. It was the evening when he landed at the North Wall, where he was obliged to wait until morning for a train to take him home. Impatient that meet his loved ones, the pain and anxiness increased by this delay, he was restless, and he looked around for some amusement to pass the time. He had a little money in his pocket, and disposed his fly down the Rotunda, where he was in the company of the Illesses, then through the goodness of God, the fruit of prayer, Masses and indulgences will be available for other souls.

Jim was thinking, he assured, that far from being prejudicial to ourselves, our Charity towards the Departed will, on the contrary, be most advantageous to us, because merit is proportionate to the ratio of charity. Accordingly there is more charity in sacrificing a person's own interest to relieve his suffering brethren, than in doing good to himself. "There is very little virtue in giving what is superfluous to the poor," remarks a judicious author, "but a great deal in bestowing what is dear and even necessary for oneself." We should likewise consider how the special protection of the Righteous whose place we may have assigned, and whose deliverance we may have accelerated. Having once entered into Glory, they will become our most faithful intercessors before the Throne of Father. We perhaps know them not, but they know us well, and will never forget us. Neither will they be alone in discharging this their debt of gratitude. Our Blessed Lord Himself, whose interests are very at immensely promoted and advanced by our devotion towards those Holy Souls, will assist them in repaying the kind service we may have rendered them.

—Rick Heaslem cured at once by "DIRT."

THE TIME FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

A Lenten Discourse which Everybody will Gain Profit by Reading.

"And when he (the useless spirit) is come, he findeth the house where he came out swept and garnished."

This is the time of year for house cleaning, and a Prudent Father is a person delivered on a recent Sunday. This priest is the housekeeper of the spiritual chambers of the soul, and you know that especially in this season of Lent, it is housecleaning time for him, too; and, I may add, for everybody else. Many other housekeepers, he often finds he has a very dirty job on his hands. It is astonishing what filth some people have to clean up in this land of grace, time, both in houses and souls. The good woman wonders where it all came from. While it was gathering in the dark and gloomy corners unknown to her, it was quite so plainly, but not, as a rule, she is blissfully unaware, and shows it all up. She cannot help her—it is her nature—she is so much ashamed of it herself as all her neighbors are—she must have it out. But if she has any respect for herself, or love for her husband and children, she gives up her courage, and out comes the broom and the scrubbing brush and pail, and it is days with courage and a good will, to sweep the cobwebs and take to reach the dust-covered pictures and ornaments, and the dark cobwebs; and down upon her knees to get at the filth and the dirt, that has crept in and accumulated in the corners, and behind the doors. The good housekeeper, the Prudent Father, knows that the soul of Jesus Christ, the Master, who was, and says truly, that it is His home, and that He wishes to dwell there. The priest is now like the virtue in the selling elbow, the scrubbing brush and the soap and hot water used to help clean up the souls of those people who are in the right spirit—and God's grace is shining during this Lenten season, and compelling them to see what a dirty place it is, so all they can do is to wish it clean.

I begin by saying that the priest was the housekeeper of the spiritual chambers of the soul, and he is the one who undertakes there. It would be better to say that everybody is the housekeeper of his own soul, and that he ought to keep it clean, not only for his own happiness, but for love of Jesus Christ, the Master, who was, and says truly, that it is His home, and that He wishes to dwell there. The priest is now like the virtue in the selling elbow, the scrubbing brush and the soap and hot water used to help clean up the souls of those people who are in the right spirit—and God's grace is shining during this Lenten season, and compelling them to see what a dirty place it is, so all they can do is to wish it clean.

No matter who wants a clean soul is not discouraged. He says to himself "I'll go to the door, and, with a little, I will begin right away." (If he goes at it once confusion, scattering at the heap of filth he has to clean up, and hardly believing that he is in the right spirit enough to begin, "wondering," as I heard a sad sinner saying "if one priest could absolve all the sins he had to do.

He finds, to his joy, that there is plenty of help and all he has to do is the spiritual house ever seen—that one priest can absolve all the sins he has to do—everything is very simple, and he begins right away." (If he goes at once to confusion, scattering at the heap of filth he has to clean up, and hardly believing that there is help enough

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1886.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

APRIL 14—Palm Sunday.
" 19—Monday—Cons. Sp. Sierra-Leon, Idaho, 1885.
" 21—Wednesday—Feria.
" 22—Thursday—MATERNITY THURSDAY.
" 23—Good Friday.
" 24—Saturday—HOLY SATURDAY.

Ireland's Prospects for Home-Rule.

The full and comprehensive obituaries which we publish of the important proceedings in the British Parliament will enable our readers to reach satisfactory conclusions concerning the prospect which the present political crisis offers for the attainment of Home Rule for Ireland. It is wise "to make haste slowly" in coming to conclusions regarding the regaining of freedom by the Irish people, as the question will—in all likelihood—be left for other Parliaments than the present to decide.

The Irish people have gained a great victory even in the single fact of having the Right Hon. Prime Minister present such a Bill as Gladstone has formulated for the action of the British representatives. This is a most important advance in the right direction, and one that the head of no English ministry ever yet had the courage or the honesty to accomplish. Innumerable bills legislating for the benefit of Ireland have been presented to the British House of Commons, but hitherto they have been treated with contempt, now, however, the cause of Ireland has attracted the sympathy of the whole world, her case is the hands of faithful representatives, and hence England is coerced into listening to appeals to which she hitherto turned a deaf ear.

The speech made by Gladstone when he presented his scheme for Irish Home Rule, entitles him to the eternal gratitude of the Irish people in every land. He stands alone (in the midst of millions of Ireland's enemies, as the Moses to lead Erin from bondage to freedom. May God preserve him the health, strength and perseverance necessary to win the great political battle in which he is now engaged, and may he live long to wear the laurels of victory won for a long-suffering people.

Commenting upon the epitaphs which Gladstone's measures has developed, T. P. O'Connor, M. P., thus sets forth the situation and forecasts the results which are likely to follow from the present critical state of the British political world:

The criticism of the Tory leaders devolves upon them the duty of the main point of attack, not only by the wisdom but by the whole tone of the speech, in the provision for the exclusion of the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, the indelicateness of the tone and sentiment in the whole of the portion of Gladstone's proposals respecting the police force, and lastly, but not least, the intimation that those portions of the Premier's statement which relate to the land question, will be brought in before the second reading. It would be a great misfortune if the impression should be allowed to prevail that the Tory leaders are not sincerely desirous of the Premier's statement being read a second time

Farm and Home.

Profit in France.

If any orchardist doubts the desirability of the French prunes as a safe investment for a certain future income, says the *Prune and Horticulturist*, we refer him to E. J. Knapp, of Carpentoria, who has just marketed this season a crop from one acre and a half of land. In planting an orchard six years ago, Mr. Knapp only set out 350 prune trees, not knowing how well they would thrive. From the very first they have been vigorous and thrifty, needed but little care, and have borne a crop every year the first year. This, the dry season they have to contend with, had seemingly no bad effect on them, and each tree was literally loaded with fruit. After gathering and drying, just completed, Mr. Knapp found he had four tons of dried fruit, all in as prime, acceptable condition as any foreign prunes ever in market. C. C. Hunt bought the whole crop at once, the price being twelve and one-half cents per pound. This, from an acre and a half of land, is pretty comfortable profit, and the figures are not exaggerated in the least. As California dried prunes are equal, if not superior, to imported varieties, they seem to promise a wide and permanent market. The prune, though the favorite of all dried fruits, is a decidedly sensitive and difficult tree to suit in soil and climatic conditions, and attempts to transplant it have utterly failed everywhere else but in California. Under these circumstances it is improbable that future prices or demand can be less than now, though an advance is likely. Even at a net profit of less than half the present retail price, yielding five cents per pound, a small family could live very comfortably from the income of six acres, which would be $1,000 a year. In the Santa Clara valley many handling pain their entire living from the profits of their prune orchards, five and six acres in size, and their children do all the picking and drying. A five-acre tract of land recently sold by Hon. Allen Blamey, adjoining Chino, has been prepared for prune trees, the land thoroughly being fish and just suited for the purpose. Other orchards are to be set out in that locality, and we expect the business will be quite extensively engaged in.—*Chico Chronicle.*

Shying Horses.

This trick or vice is generally the effect of nervous timidity, resulting from an unstable temperament. It is aggravated by improper handling. To punish a horse for shying introduces a new cause of fear. The horse will be more alarmed and show more tokens of fear at the prospect of a whipping than at the imaginary object of danger in the road. Hence one bad habit is cardinal by the introduction of another. It is impossible to whip terror out of a horse or prevent nervous tics in one. Kindness and gentle persuasion are the best weapons to correct the peculiarities habit of shying. The less fear exhibited by the driver, and the less notice taken of the shying by using harsh means, the sooner it will be given up. A careful, experienced horseman can easily detect an object likely to cause a nervous horse to shy, and by word or touch will encourage him to pass it unnoticed. When this fails, give him time to look at the object of his fear; pat him and soothe him up to it, then take him past it two or three times, will be taken no notice of it.

When shying is the result of the combined habit it is incurable, and if the eye sight is failing, the horse for ordinary driving and riding will be perfectly useless. A man we know that had great sight in harness for two or three years, suddenly took to jumping the white stone crossings of an ordinary macadamized street, as if they were water breaks. In three months she was stone blind.

Colton Fields in Nevada.

Few are aware that a part of Nevada is capable of producing semi-tropical or even tropical plants, but this is nevertheless true. In the extreme southeastern part of Lincoln county, near where the Arizona and Utah lines meet the Nevada line, is a Mormon settlement, where melons, citrus, grapes and such things are raised in abundance. In the settlement they have a cotton gin and a flouring mill, and are absolutely independent of the rest of the world. Irrigation, which is a small stream coming into the Colorado river, runs through the settlement. On the map it is designated as township 13, south of range 70 east, Mount Diablo base and meridian.

Extracting Teeth with the Pistol.

Old Dr. Money extracted tooth by fastening a strong piece of magnet secured to the tooth, to the opposite end of which he placed a bullet, was fired. With this tooth and a full measure of powder, a pistol was charged, and when the trigger was pulled, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. Once a gentleman who had agreed to try his nostrum, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, at the last moment hesitated. "Stop, stop, I've changed my mind!" "But I haven't, and you've a fool said a coward for your pains," exclaimed the Doctor, pulling the trigger. In another there being a surplus, it was turned, much to the timid patient's delight and astonishment.

A Bird Waiter.

As showing the extreme mildness of the winter in some portions of Tulare county, and the rapid growth of plants, Andrew Ross, who lives in Frazier valley, says there is a cabbage plant there years old on his place that is now green and growing and that has never died from the cold, it says, and that it has five or six branches of last year's growth that are at least five feet in height. He also has on his premises an orange tree of the same age that is about fifteen feet in height.

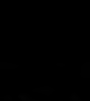
A Good Farmer.

The *Hanford Sentinel* says that George Moody has seventy acres of alfalfa on which he kept last year, 200 kegs for guide, 30 horses and put up 80 tons of hay. He has 45 acres of wheat from which he harvested 800 sacks, which yielded 140 pounds, making 1400 bushels. He is a good farmer and these figures prove it.

A fisher-saving Yankee of Chapinville, Conn., has rigged a crank attachment to a wheel of his wagon connected it with a churn that he places in the wagon; and when he comes in all ready for a dunge in into the churn, hitches up his horse and takes a ride, returning home in due time with a nice mess of butter that has indeed "come" very easily.

— The *Medical Times* says that a good way to remove insects from a garden from the eye is to take a horse hair and double it, leaving a loop. If the object can be seen, by the loop over it, close the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn. If the irritating object cannot be seen, raise the lid of the eye, and roll the ball around a few times, draw out the hair, and the substance which caused the pain will be seen to come with it.

"How are we ever going to get through our spring and summer's work? We are all run down, tired out before it begins. So my sweet-by-and-by farmer's family. We never go to your drug shop and pay five dollars for six bottles of Joyful Recuperative. This is just the medicine you need, and will pay compound interest on the investment.



DOMESTIC DISCORD
Often arises from a trifle. Let it be known you use the best, that's guaranteed pure, healthy, reliable, and you will have no quarrels with the grocery man.
BY WARNER'S
SAFE YEAST
Which, used with judgment,
NEVER FAILS!
It is put up in packages, 10 ounces net, and 2 ounces net, when full.
If your Grocer does not keep it, send 25 cents in stamps for a full package.
Warner's Safe Yeast Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Family Fun.

Sharp Retorts and Smart Sayings.

"I have such an indolent husband," said Mrs. Dull. "Yes; so Gossip says, responded Mrs. Spiteful, quietly. "Sometimes he indulges too much, doesn't he?" They no longer speak to each other.

Miss Lutewater, of doubtful age—"Have you noticed this quaint necklace of mine, Miss Pepper? Pepa had it made it for me in Florence, when I was a little child." "Indeed! Why, it is a real antique, isn't it?"

"There's no calamity can befall a woman which I have not suffered," said an indignant woman to her husband. "Oh, my dear; not so bad as that. For instance, you are not a widow," he replied, sweetly. She held her breath two seconds, and then retorted, "I said calamity, sir."

"Geography class, stand up," said a schoolmaster. "What is a pyramid?" "A pile of oats in a circus, one on top of the other." "Where's Egypt?" "Where it always was." "Where's Wales?" "All over the sea." "Very well," said the schoolmaster, "stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over this country."

Douglas Jerold was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. Hearing that the wit had spoken and his disappointment, the author, on meeting him, remarked, "I hear you said that book of mine was the worst I ever wrote." "No, I didn't," was the reply; "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

"Here is a curious case, ma'am," said the superintendent of the insane asylum. This man imagines he is the motive power that runs the world. He's perfectly harmless, though, but he thinks the world wouldn't move without him. Very queer notion, isn't it?" "I don't know about that. My husband had got the same notion in his head."

Spiner had a rich but vulgar old uncle of his wife's, from whom he has expectations, to dinner the other day. During a pause in the conversation the *enfant terrible* of the family, after watching the guest intently, said earnestly, "I wish I was you." "Do you, my little boy? And why do you wish you were me?" "Because you don't get out of the room when you eat with your knife."

Boone, baker's shop. Enter Biffs boy. "Please, I want two new loaves." Baker gives five-pence in payment. Hard shopkeeper—"Why, what's this? Two loaves? You haven't brought enough." Little boy, after a moment's pause—"That's all money gave me. When did it go up?" Hard shopkeeper—"Go along!" Exit boy. "Then, please, I'll take two of yesterday's bakes."

Fair ingénieuse: "And so you liked my performance?" Gallant admirer: "Oh, it was the very scene of tragic art. But I'm almost sorry I went; I caught such a frightful cold." Actress: "Cold! Why, the theatre was warmed!" Admirer: "Yes, but the floor was so damp." Actress: "Indeed! What could have caused that?" Admirer: "The tears." She gave him a free ticket for the season.

A sharp boy at a commercial college had addressed a letter to a firm as "Gents." "You mustn't do that," said the instructor. "Why not?" asked the boy. "Because 'Gents' is vulgar. Don't you know that invitations to negro balls are always addressed that way?" "Well, no! I never knew that," replied the boy, with much judgment because that the instructor blushed and hurried on to the next desk.

Some amateurs gave a concert not long since for a benefit. One of the features of the performance was a dirge on the piano, which, of course, was played in very slow time. At the rehearsal the gentleman who was getting up the performance, but who was not much of a musician himself, said to the young lady who was to pound out the dirge on the piano, "You can play as slowly as you please now at the rehearsal, but when it comes to playing it at night before the audience you will have to hurry up a little." Way so! "Because the pall bill will bring in out to debt, instead of there being a surplus, if you play as slowly as you are playing now."

Seven Wonders of the World.

A married man, when asked to name the seven wonders of the world, replied as follows:

A woman who will wear a spring bonnet the second season without growling.

The man who tells the truth when he says he never tasted liquor.

The taxpayer listener who is willing to talk for the good of the world when there is no cash in view.

The minister who gives all his marriage fees into the missionary fund.

The female who doesn't think every woman but herself looks like a fright when wearing a big bustle.

The lawyer who cannot be without blunders.

The old maid who never cried herself to sleep because she never married.

No Food for New York.

An Eastern man who was traveling in Arkansas entered a bush in a certain village and asked for a draft on New York.

"Don't keep 'em," was the prompt reply. "Don't you do any business with New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't what a little singular?"

"I don't see it. When a bank has got mortgages on every farm in the county, a lien on every mule which comes into town, and a first claim on every stalk of corn and cotton for twenty miles around, what in thunder does it want to fool with New York for?"

Interrupted by a Revival.

"What other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked of an old colored man.

"I speculates a little."

"How speculate?"

"Sells chickens."

"Where do you get the chickens?"

"My boys fetch 'em in."

"Where do they get them?"

"I dons know, ah. I'm allers so busy wid my preachin' dat I ain't got time to ask 'em."

"Then, suppose, I'll take two of yesterday's bakes."

Catholic Societies.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PARTICULAR COUNCIL.—The Particular Council meets on a monthly, quarterly, semi-annual and annual session in total quantity. The Particular Council, including the Conferences of a parish, meets on the second Sunday after each of the Masses of the parish, or the conferences shall have a just proportion of means for relieving the poor of the parish, which means are derived from collections, dues of members and donations. Officers—President, Thomas Scott; Vice-President, Thomas Walsh; Secretary, Thomas Scott; Treasurer, Philip Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Cary Ryan; Assistant Treasurer, Thomas Walsh; Sentinel, Cary Ryan; Sentinel, Thomas Walsh; Sentinel, Thomas Scott; Sentinel, Cary Ryan. Meeting—Meeting of the Particular Council of the Conferences of the City and Suburbs, the first Sunday in each month.

The following list comprises the officers of the different St. Vincent de Paul Conferences in this city:

ST. MARY'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. John Prendergast, S. T. D.; President, Thomas Scott; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Philip Ryan; Secretary, Patrick F. McCormick, 910 Larkin street. Meeting the 1st Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the Sacristy Chamber of St. Mary's Cathedral, California St.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Scanlan, 1401 Stockton street; President, James Fitzgerald; Treasurer, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Patrick Ready; 1107 Dupont street; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Scott. Meeting the 2d Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Patrick Ready; 1107 Dupont street; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Scott. Meeting the 3d Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. J. Prendergast, S. T. D.; President, Cary Ryan; Vice-President, Thomas Scott; Treasurer, Philip Ryan; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 4th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Philip Ryan; Secretary, Thomas Scott. Meeting the 5th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 6th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 7th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 8th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 9th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 10th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 11th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 12th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

Monsignor Dominic Parisis—Spiritual Director, Rev. Joseph Sadlier; President, C. J. Hagan; Vice-President, Charles McIntyre; Secretary, Matt. V. Brady; Treasurer, Daniel Kelly; Sentinel, Jas. Lynch; Sentinel, Jas. Brady.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH.—No. 429—MATEVIMILA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jos. Sadlier; President, Jas. Lynch; Vice-President, Thos. J. Dunn; Rec. Sec., D. F. McCarthy; Fin. Sec., D. F. Desmond; Treasurer, Frank J. Tonkin; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Chas. Dwyer; Trustees, John C. Coyle, (1 year) Jas. M. Doyle, (2 yrs) Jas. Lynch, (3 yrs) Jas. Donovan. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. MARY BRANCH.—No. 435—MERCY—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Mrs. M. Ryan; Vice-President, Mrs. M. Sullivan; Rec. Secretary, C. P. McCarthy; Fin. Secretary, P. H. Narcisse; Treasurer, M. H. Brown; Marshal, Miss A. Kearney; Guard, Mrs. Shanahan; Trustees, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Brown. Meeting 2d and 4th Sundays.

ST. JOHN BRANCH.—No. 452—SACRAMENTO—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Phelan; Vice-President, Jas. Donovan; Rec. Sec., Chas. Cronin; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Lynch; Guard, Jas. Brady; Trustees, Jas. Donovan, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PETER'S BRANCH.—No. 457—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Chas. Cronin; Vice-President, Jas. Donovan; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 463—MARYSVILLE—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH.—No. 468—SAN JOSE—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH.—No. 487—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. M. P. Kelly; President, Jas. P. Taaffe; Vice-President, Jas. Donovan; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 488—PETALUMA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.—No. 490—STOCKTON—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PETER'S BRANCH.—No. 492—SAN JOSE—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 501—VISALIA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.—No. 502—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH.—No. 507—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. M. P. Kelly; President, Jas. P. Taaffe; Vice-President, Jas. Donovan; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 508—PETALUMA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.—No. 509—STOCKTON—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PETER'S BRANCH.—No. 510—SAN JOSE—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 511—VISALIA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.—No. 512—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH.—No. 517—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. M. P. Kelly; President, Jas. P. Taaffe; Vice-President, Jas. Donovan; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 518—PETALUMA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.—No. 519—STOCKTON—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PETER'S BRANCH.—No. 520—SAN JOSE—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 521—VISALIA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.—No. 522—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH.—No. 527—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. M. P. Kelly; President, Jas. P. Taaffe; Vice-President, Jas. Donovan; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 528—PETALUMA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.—No. 529—STOCKTON—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PETER'S BRANCH.—No. 530—SAN JOSE—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.—No. 531—VISALIA—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.—No. 532—SAN FRANCISCO—Spiritual Director, Rev. Jas. Sadlier; President, Jas. Donovan; Vice-President, Chas. Cronin; Rec. Sec., Jas. Lynch; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Guard, Jas. Donovan; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Brady. Meeting 1st and 3d Sundays.

DEVOTIONAL SOCIETIES.

YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC SOCIAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.—President, Geo. C. H. Byrne; First Vice-President, Jas. Lynch; Second Vice-President, Jas. Donovan; Rec. Sec., Chas. Cronin; Fin. Sec., Frank H. O'Brien; Treas., P. H. Narcisse; Assistant Rec. Secretary, J. Kelly; Corresponding Secretary, Jas. J. Craven; Physician, Dr. Jordan; Marshal, Jas. Brady; Assistant Marshal, Jas. Donovan; Guard, John Cronin; Trustees, Chas. Cronin, Jas. Lynch, Jas. Donovan, Jas. Brady. Meeting—Second Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street. The association meets in Conference on the last Sunday in each month, for the purpose of mutual improvement. Meetings are held at 1128 Stockton street, rooms 12 and 14, open every evening from 7 until 10 P. M. A complete catalogue of books can be addressed to James J. Craven, Corresponding Secretary, or to the President, Geo. C. H. Byrne.

ST. JOHN'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF OAKLAND, CAL.—President, Thomas Walsh; First Vice-President, Jas. J. White; 1360 Wood st.; Second Vice-President, P. Scully; 1st Rec. Sec., Cary Ryan; 2d Rec. Sec., Thomas Scott; Treasurer, Philip Ryan; Fin. Secretary, Patrick F. McCormick, 910 Larkin street. Meeting on the second Sunday after Vespers, in the Sacristy Chamber of St. Mary's Cathedral, California St.

ST. JOSEPH'S FARMS.—Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Scanlan, 1401 Stockton street; President, James Fitzgerald; Treasurer, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Patrick Ready; 1107 Dupont street; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Scott. Meeting the 2d Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. J. Prendergast, S. T. D.; President, Cary Ryan; Vice-President, Thomas Scott; Treasurer, Philip Ryan; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 3d Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 4th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 5th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 6th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 7th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 8th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 9th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 10th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 11th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

ST. PATRICK'S FARM.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Peter Yorke; President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, Cary Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Scott; Secretary, pro tem, Thomas Walsh. Meeting the 12th Sunday in each month, at 2 o'clock, in the new Hall, 1107 Dupont street.

Our Young Folks.

Monitor Mystics.

Filial Love.

Young friends, there is not on earth any much lovely sight than the unwearied care and attention of children to their parents. Where filial love is in the heart, we will answer for all other virtues. No young man or woman will turn out basely, we strongly believe, who has parents respected and beloved. A child affectionate and dutiful will never bring the gray hairs of his parents to the grave. The wretch who breaks forth from wholesome restraint, and disregards the laws of his country, must have first disobeyed his parents, although neither love nor respect them. It is seldom the case that a dutiful son is found to be naught of his country, or to be degraded. Filial love will keep man from sin and crime. There never will come a time, while your parents live, when you will not be under obligations to them. The older they grow the more need will there be for your assistance care and attention to their wants. The venerable brow and the frosty hair speak loudly to the love and compassion of the child. It is sacred and infinitely make them at times fretful, bear with them patiently, and forgetting that time are long may bring you to need the same attention. Filial love will surely never go unrewarded.

Slave to Caprice.

Subjection to moods is the mark of a deteriorating morality. There is no lower servitude than that of the mind. Moods are rises are lower, and a mind composed of such mean, cowardly stuff is not worth liberties. This is a truth that the young must lay to heart. It will be a sorry day for this world, and for the young man and everybody makes his moods his masters, and does nothing but what he is in the mood to do. The need of training the will to the performance of work that is distasteful; of making the impulses serve instead of allowing them to rule the higher nature; of forgetting the moods instead of being subjugated by them, lies at the very foundation of character. It is possible to learn to fix the wandering thought, to compel the reluctant mental energy, to concentrate the power upon the performance of a task to which there is no inclination. Until this victory has been gained, life holds no sure promise; the achievement of this conquest is the condition of future success. No matter how splendid may be the talents and gifts, unless there is a will that can marshal and command them, the life is sure to be a failure.

A True Boy.

"Sir," said a lad, coming to one of the wharfs in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "Sir, have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to ship something." "What can you do? asked the gentleman. "I can lay my jug to any thing whatever I am put to," answered the boy. "What have you done? Have you been

Catholic Claims for Christian Education.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

this to every one who has ever made any attempt in the instruction of children. One hour a week cannot be set against thirty with all the impressions and associations which the day-school brings. The mind, as it expands from day to day in the knowledge of truth, must also see in every line the growing light of the Creator and the lessons of his Divine revelation; otherwise each step will be an advance on the path of negation, which, through called the path of philosophy, by many, is really the way of infidelity. Children are to be taught positively the dogma of faith revealed. These dogmas are not to be either put aside or doubtfully referred to, as if they were only questions to be examined.

And, in fact, there is no place where children can be addressed but the daily school. There is no other place where the lessons of religion of the teachings of the Church can reach them. We believe there is no just ground for complaint. The only rule is the conscientious conviction of Catholics, founded upon their own knowledge and experience. If, therefore, the elimination of religious teaching from the school satisfies no one, or should satisfy no one but atheists, there is only one portion of society which can be pleased with what we may call godless schools.

The system which would select out of the actual of the Christian creed a few articles, or make schools out of the truths of natural religion, is a practical impossibility. There are trouble upon which all classes are near agreed. Unhappily there is not one which is not disputed by many. And where is the arbiter who has the right to decide upon the truths which shall be deemed essential? If Protestants, inconsistently as it seems to us with their professions, are willing to adopt such a system, we Catholics surely are not, and our rights of conscience are to be respected.

THERE REMAINS THEN ONLY ONE WAY by which the principles we hold sacred can be observed, and the obligations we feel to our religion be granted to us. There is the establishment of denominational schools, in which from early childhood the truths of revelation and of the divine law may be impressed upon the growing powers of the young mind. These powers will grow for good or for evil, for truth or for error, for this way every religious denomination would be able to provide for its own children, and to preserve what it professes to hold dear. And as it will be that every non-conformist must do this, or be instrumental in its own destruction by the neglect of the most ordinary means of self-preservation.

We are told that, granting all this, "we may over liberty; we may establish as many Christian schools as we choose. There is no one to hinder us." To this we reply that we recognize our legal right, and that we mean to use it. But there is an injustice practiced upon us which is a species of persecution. We are taxed unjustly and unfairly to our at our expense. The state imposes a large tax upon all its citizens for the support of its schools. Them schools are not according to our conscience. We ought to be forced to patronize them. We cannot use them with a good conscience, nor can we be forced to pay for them? Is it just to tax us for them when we cannot send our children to them, and when we are obliged to pay heavy sums for the building and maintenance of denominational schools? It is amazing to us that honest people do not see the injustice of this. There are those who know well that the public schools are the principal agencies of the perversion of many of our children from the faith of their fathers.

Because they are tried to see this result, are fair-minded citizens willing to be governed by it? Are they, and do in others what they would not tolerate for themselves?

THE PURELY ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL.

We say this with no intention of speaking ill of them, nor of ignoring their real merits. All these institutions are good. But they are, and must be godless, as neither the existence of God nor His revelation to man are taught in them. They have only one end in view, and one have to other. This is the direction of the mind and all the energies of the heart to the needs of time to the exposure of eternity. The materialism of our day ignores altogether the life after death with its great and endless destinies. When we are taxed to support such schools we are bound to contribute to that which according to our conscience is wrong in principle and evil in its results to children and to society. Is this just? Is it in accordance with the spirit of freedom which should govern a State like ours? It is admitted that the Catholic shall assume the expense of primary education, we ought rather to be exempted from the tax imposed or rather a proportion of the sum based according to the number of the children we claim to be. Our system would be more reasonable. The more principles would apply to all private schools, which would be allowed a share of the tax paid by all. This is what Catholics want, and it would be the perception of the use level for primary education, and they want all others who desire it to enjoy the same privilege. They want it for their own children alone. Neither in schools, nor in proportion of them, nor in school stories, do they desire to meddle with the children of Protestants or unbelievers. In instance of such proselytism on our part we be tried. We pant to preserve the faith of our own children, and we must do it, even if we are unjustly taxed to support schools which we cannot conscientiously approve.

In brief, we want the denominational system for ourselves. We leave others to decide that they want in the same liberty we claim for all.

SOMETHING TO AND NEW BY THE ANCIENT TOOL

We can claim something new and ancient of when we assert our conscientious and prudent, ignorance and prejudice shall are the source of such an objection. The proposition is not new. It has been given out of the sentiments of Christian sects and the angry interest of bigotry. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." In this country the common schools were once Protestant institutions whose influence was directed against our religion. The denominational system exists in almost every nation of Europe, and gives more perfect satisfaction than ever, while it insures more universal education. In Prussia and in other European countries the denominational system is carried out in minimum, and while the harmony of all classes is secured, the children of Catholic parents are blessed with the benefits of education. "In 1864," says Ker, a Protestant writer, "the Prussian people had established 23,646 schools, which were attended daily by 2,200,146 children, and were directed by 27,639 highly educated teachers, of whom nearly 20,000 were Protestants, who had obtained diplomas and certificates of character at the Prussian colleges. Could this magnificent result have been obtained if the people, the clergy, and the government had not been at variance on the question of religion?"

STATISTICS COULD RARELY BE CITED to show the beneficent operation of the denominational system wherever it is established. Every attempt in Europe to disturb it has been the fruit of atheism, or an assault upon all religion, and has led only consequences. It has found favor with many of our best and most patriotic citizens. It ought to find favor with all.

"Social Condition and Education of the People."

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Cork.—The County Cork Grand Jury have approved of a presentment for the construction of a lunatic asylum for the county, the lunatic at present accommodated in the county asylum at Ballinrobe, Mayo, to be transferred to the new asylum. The cost of the work was originally estimated at £18,000, and the Grand Jury proposed to borrow £12,000 of the sum required to complete it.

The Cork Grand Jury have passed £1,000 on the application of Father Davis and Mr. Healy, Fishery Inspector, towards the establishment of a schoolship at Baltimore, for training the youth of the county in a proper mode of catching and curing fish, and making and mending nets. It was mentioned that the Chief Secretary promised to place the school, when started, on the same footing as other industrial schools. This is the first application under the Act of 1885.

On March 14th, a little girl named Mary Dalton, aged 8 years, was alone in her father's house, at Banada, when her clothes caught fire. Her cries and screams attracted the notice of some persons passing by, who broke in the door, and rescued all the assistance possible to the unfortunate sufferer. The child died on the following morning.

Clare.—Mr. John O'Mahony, Chairman of the Kilrush Town Commissioners, overhead, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Kilrush.

An imposing funeral procession took place in Ennis, on March 14, when the remains of the late Mr. Michael Hogan were interred. The members of the Corrib family attended, and met with no molestation whatever. Of the clergy, only the venerable Father O'Loughlin was present. Some people who had organized the district on the occasion of ordinary relations in the Mass of the same time condemning, as secondrels, the members of the "Mitchelling" party, who by about collecting arms and other things from the Mass, it is a suspicious circumstance that not the slightest attempt on the part of any of the Mitchelling party to aggravate the position of the much-tried Corrib family by any unseemly demonstration.

Longford.—The National Festival passed off at Longford with the usual enthusiasm, the demonstration taking place except that of the turnout of the Longford brass band at which had to be hired in the festival. The band was accompanied with the Ballymahon, Ballymore, and Lanesboro' bands on March 17, continued day and night, and the portion of the forenoon, large sums of the festival of approximately the Ballymahon in the Cathedral, and the Rev. J. Kelly, P.P., preached a splendid sermon on intemperance at the twelve o'clock Mass.

Limerick.—The demonstration in Limerick in one of the most remarkable and painful character of the day, and, it must be observed, there is very little sympathy with the Mitchelling party in the city, which speaking of, and the labor market, given the Mass, and the Mass, and Unfortunately, for the every clothing factory is closed earlier to some change in the order from the War Office, and in the condition of affairs it may be imagined that the Mass must be suffering severely. The only means of alleviating the prevailing distress must be the immediate execution of labor on the Shannon Navigation, and the work must be pushed to be built by the Limerick Fireclay Company, otherwise starvation will be the result.

Louth.—Cases of 1890 have been referred to the Commissioners for the purpose of enabling the Commissioners to carry out the provisions of the Act of 1886, and the Commissioners have decided to continue to Parliament, Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. Dillon, Mr. John F. X. O'Brien, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Sexton, and another of your fellowmen, whose chances of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons are very far from any issues of the severity of the Mass, have obtained employment on their work. The rate of wages is 1s. 6d. per day.

Mayo.—A very cheerfully accident occurred, on Sunday, March 11, at the village of Cooper, four miles from Ballyhaunis. A woman named Healy, it appears, directed her son, a boy of ten years of age, to shut the gate while she was about visiting a neighbor, and on returning in about a quarter of an hour she was horrified to see him hanging on a halter which was hung on a peg in the house, literally choked and strangled to death. It appears the lad was putting down a few bales he had got packed in the loader from which he was unable to extricate himself, and the strain caused a painful sensation in the neighborhood.

Great sympathy is felt in the neighborhood of Bohola for Mr. Hamilton, one of the tenants of the estate of the Fallon Land League, who has been ejected for the non-payment of the Mass of redemption had only just expired when she offered the rent and costs due; but, as her holding was wasted as a site for a police barrack, the agent insisted on his legal rights. The farm has since been grabbed.

At Ballyhaunis the National Festival was ushered in by the tunes band parading through the town, accompanied by a large concourse, and playing the National anthem. The festival was duly honored by the tens of thousands of people of both sexes who congregated in the town.

Sligo and County.—At a meeting recently held by the Lunn holders' Defence Union, at Monasterboice, Co. Louth, Mr. Thomas Gallagher, M.P., in the chair, it was stated that the Sligo movement at the eleventh hour, had taken the chair at Land League meetings when tenants still were afraid of eviction if they did so, and instanced cases where the landlords had got tenants to take out leases by pretending that they were about to sell their property.

Stonecarvers.—At Athlone the anniversary of our Patron Saint was celebrated in the most magnificent manner, and it is not too much to say that never was fete so fantastic honored and honored in the same display and decoration. The first parade commenced at two o'clock, and the procession was led off by the brass band of the Cross, Fife and Drum Band, which was followed by the Mass, Mass, Mass, Mass, Mass, which was followed by a crowd of the people, and the Mass, Mass, Mass, Mass, Mass,

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE MARTYR OF KALAWAO.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

[It is recorded in that remarkable little book "The Lepers of Molokai," that Father Damien, the heroic and sainted young priest who has devoted himself to death in the area of much in the Hawaiian archipelago, formally takes a vision in that hospital and lingering place, of the Divine Saviour, and of His Mother, in the form of Brother Dutton, a fellow-sufferer with him in the great cause. Father Damien, from the moment of his arrival, in consequence, of his disease, further of the world in general, Father Damien, written with a sublime simplicity of faith. Having, no doubt, much of the same characteristic of any Damien, and knowing the sweetness of the Divine Mother, and knowing the sweetness of the Divine Mother, and with that one intent I say it is good "But Abraham said, 'Friend, remember that thou art in thy life received good and thy brother evil; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented.' Luke 16:25.]

Not by the rack, the flame, the sword,
Shall this bright trophy crown the day
O noble martyr of the Lord!
Dalphon's heroic son!

Not like the Coliseum's hand,
Victims of Roman fancies,
Upon th' arena's bloody sand,
The prey of furious beasts!

But, in the tender, mute Southern sea,
Where Lazarus lies
A mass of complete peace,
Stands the Hawaiian valley.

Far from beloved Fatherland,
From friends, home, and friends,
The glory of thy mission grand
To immortal crowns,

O virgin holocaust of Love!
O royal martyr!
Whose performance to our God above,
Life-long consecration!

Thine be the triumph of the soul,
The martyr's victory!
No fiery martyrdom, laurous intent,
Can stain the spirit free!

For high in heaven, beyond the gloom
Of Death and dark Decay,
To where immortal bliss blooms
In fields of sublime Day,

Courage, brave heart,—the end is close
—Its long or short the span
Of suffering life;—thy thou must share
Thy people's fate and lot.

What time the frail, corroding walls
Of flesh, release thy soul,
Christ, in His fair eternal halls,
Shall make thee glad and whole.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MY MARY.

My Mary she is smiling fair,
No artful charms can blind her,
Affection's heart her mirror bare,
Or every trouble behind her.
Mary, mine is my heart's delight,
Mary more to slight she ever sings
Like any mountain fairy,
Mary, mine is my heart she brings,
My little Irish Mary.

My Mary's eyes are full of Love,
Around my heart they've twined,
Her heart is as pure as a dove,
And pure as diamonds shining.
Her cheeks would shame the blushing rose,
Her form is light and airy,
With love my heart for her throbs,
My little Irish Mary.

I rate not wealth nor worldly pomp,
I seek no earthly treasure,
Form her I ever wish to roam,
She is my greatest pleasure.
Let others sigh for a powder let,
And scorn that ever vary,
Give me my lassie in smiles yet,
And my little Irish Mary.

FRANCIS QUIRK.

THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

Thou then, my cruel heart, but thou
Thou wrought the doom thou weepest now
Thy sins are the cause of all this ill
Thy sins are the cause of Christ's death
Then, O, mourners—"Die for thee.
Thou, O, mourners—"Die for thee.

HE RECEIVES HIS CROSS.

Why choose a death of force delay
Take up thy Cross and follow Me
Thy Redeemer's cross
The cross, as if Thy demand it exact!
Then dost I, a sinner, live, we know
Must ever gist itself on woe.

HE FALLS THE FIRST TIME:

Thou fallest—all too weak! The might
That have sustained Thee
As the Thy myriad worlds wave none,
Hath much between the sins of a sin
Ye rainbow stones, then needless and,
How can you round your proverbial Cod!

HE MEETS HIS MOTHER:

Thy raise Him up, and good Him on,
Ye who! the Mother meets the Son,
How heart reads heart, as eye to eye
Darts the soul as tangent of reply!
Sweet Lady, traitor tho' I be,
Let me take Jesus Jesus with thee.

SIMON OF CYRENE IS MADE TO HELP HIM:

Ye sinless Jesus to see Him die
Too soon for cross and Calvary;
And the Crucifixion, inspire speak,
Reluctant, fondly the timely aid,
O happy Simon, dight thee! happy
Give me the load thou scorest so!

ST. VERONICA OFFERS HIM A CLOTH TO WIPE HIS FACE

Who calls that face unlovely now,
Spite scourges bruised and thorns pierced brow!
Tis me it never seem! so fair!
For when was love so written there!
Kind Veronica, get me place
To hang, like thee, that pictured face.

HE FALLS A SECOND TIME:

Again He falls! Again they deal
Their cruel blows—these hearts of steel!
He hails His Mother! and the throne
Shall back, to let her pass alone!
She hands—the Him and nurses,
And rage and scorn at her distance.

HE SPEAKS TO THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM:

The tender women succor His fate.
With Mary's grief compassionate.
Here meet each mourner, in His sad,
They shall, indeed, be comforted.
And He, in turn, has tender for them,
Daughters of Jerusalem.

HE FALLS A THIRD TIME:

And yet another fall! Ah, why!
Tis my repeated perfidy.
O Jesus I by life to rule
If only to be false again!
I! Mary, greets, Jesus, I implore,
To die this hour, or do so More.

HE IS STRIPPED AND GIVEN GALL TO DRINK:

The way—the journing way—is passed
And Calvary's summit is reached at last!
With gall the soldiers mock His thirst,
Then strip Him to their glee accurst!
Dressed, ye angels! Nested Him Saint,
And with your pinions rest His chaste!

HE IS NAILED TO THE CROSS:

Ah see, they stretch Him on the wood!
The pain-wrung brow, the pierced hands
Nor He alone their every sting!
For Mary Jesus has kneeling! Ye,
Lord, let that sound my music be,
When the death hour shall strike for me!

HE DIES UPON THE CROSS:

A horror wraps the earth and sky,
While three long hours go slowly by;
And now! "Tis finished!" Jesus cries!
Bow down, O Mary, thy head!
My heart, count these mortive centers!
Behold, the very rocks are rent!

HE IS TAKEN DOWN AND LAID IN MARY'S BOSOM.

Unclothed, pierced and lacerated
Thy lifeless form, yet hour my prayer
Thy sorrow was a grief like Mine,
And sorrow was a guilt like mine,
Yet should I, as good would be,
Sinner He, then lovest, dost for me!

HE IS LAID IN THE TOMB:

His lovers by Him in the tomb
And leave Him to His peaceful gloom.
Then despond, Lord, Thy labor done
For me—for all! Redemption won!
And I, in turn, as God would be,
And buried to all else but Thee.

—A petition to have the Very Rev. J. Jamison administrator of the diocese of Alton, appointed successor to Bishop Hulles is now circulated among the clergy of the Alton diocese, and will be sent to Rome in a few weeks.

—A sisters' school for white girls and Indian children will soon be opened at the Catholic Mission in Alaska Territory.

Literary Miscellany.

Bernard Ralston's Ward.

How a Philosopher Protonged his Our dianship of a Lovely Damsel.

CHAPTER I.

It is the business of a philosopher, as the world knows, to find fault with everything. He is the most abnormal phenomenon, to suppose, at least, an adequate explanation of every enigma. For what other purpose does he exist than to throw light on the surrounding darkness? He is a torch-bearer in humanity's ignorance. If now and again, by reason of a pessimistic temperament or defect of training, the rays he sheds around intensity rather than dispel the gloom, and cast shadows as of Egyptian night across man's forward path, surely he is unconscious his mission.

But the worst bead is sometimes punished, and the shrewdest explorer of the silent-virtoning mystery is sometimes confounded. A problem presents itself which cannot be resolved by any of the familiar processes. The why of some suddenly disclosed fact is as inscrutable as the Sphinx of the eastern deserts. It was thus with Bernard Ralston.

Those who thirst for fame, or aimers thirst for power, or enterprise for adventure, would have found much to envy in this young man's position. At an age when a statesman is currently supposed to be studying his parliamentary primer, and when a future general may still be writing under the tyrannicams of a barracks-room instructor, Bernard Ralston had been selected out in front rank of philosophical thinkers. His book on "Impulse, Conscious and Unconscious" was read and criticised by the few, praised and scouted by the many. He was flattered, and feted, and the lion of the season.

It was from this suddenly acquired distinction that his embarrassment had approached. The scientists latter that was the beginning of serious woes that dates its rise thus:

Dear Sir:—We have a fellow, "Bill" by the will of our late client, Mr. Humphrey Ward, yes sir-ee-sophisticated and young enough, gentlemen, Oliver. As this may be in the nature of a surprise, we beg leave to enclose the precise paragraph of the will. "And I leave my ward, Oliver, to the care of Bernard Ralston, esq., as the guardian of my child. I am sure that Oliver can have no fitter or wiser protector than Bernard Ralston, esq., and I do hereby so appoint him." Yours, etc.

FARNHAM & FITZ.

The gift of the proverbial white elephant could have produced in no heart a greater consternation. What should a retired contemplative, of serious purpose and scientific nature, answer such a challenge? If the old homestead was larger, it by no means followed that he wanted more life within its bounds; and a girl in her teens is more child, as with the age wisdom of five-and-thirty years he considered her. How could her presence by his friends be harmonized with the quiet current of the life he elected to live?

Yet, the bestial twenty-five thousand dollars was a temptation. The glorious old home place had been sadly tarnished through the improvidence of Oliver's father, and philosophy is not a particularly remunerative hobby to ride. Mr. Humphrey Ward's legacy, if not precisely fortune, would be an assistance in the keeping up of his ancestral home.

The matter was debated long and anxiously, and as the result John, the servant, arrived at the Hall one snowy February morning. Slight of figure, boyish in feature, with merry, violet-tinted brown eyes, and lips continually parting in a pleasant smile over teeth of whitest pearl.

Bernard Ralston was disappointed, yet, if he was properly to protect his ward, his position might not be a sinecure. Neither did it.

The girl's beauty attracted notice as clever-looking people usually do, and it was soon an open secret in the country side that Miss Power, as well as being a very young lady was a richly dowered one. This brought the sensations hopeless and hopeful into the resonances accorded with the chorus of admirers.

But Olive was not sensitive to the easy degree for any of her wooers. With a woman's instinctive dexterity she kept them at bay, and at twenty had escaped the necessity of a yet refusing any offer in formal and unequivocal terms. She was developing a taste for study which half amused, half interested her guardian. One evening he bravely rallied her on her application to study big tomes in the library.

"I shall be accused of treacherous a merry and bewitching young lady into a blue stocking—a disciple of my own dry sarcasm presently, he said. "some one some day may have special cause to blame me, I fear."

A sudden blush was on the maiden's cheek, and her glance fell. It was unpleasible that she should misinterpret Bernard's meaning.

"There is Gawaid Harbury to think of," Olive's guardian was during enough to add.

Two shining eyes were momentarily upliited. Was the flash they gave one of indignation, of scorn, or merely of confusion at a betrayed secret! Bernard could not guess.

"The nature of my employment can make no difference whatever, in my way that I can imagine to Mr. Harbury, she answered. Then—it seemed to Bernard a strange tone—"Will you forgive me for asking a favor! she went awifily on; "I should like—oh, so much—to help you work. Could I not copy out your notes or revise proofs sometimes?

What philosopher could have successfully resisted the volunteered help of such an amanuensis! Not Bernard Ralston.

CHAPTER II.

It was summer three months later then the date of this new conversation. Olive's guardian was seeking his ward in her own boudoir, with a gloom upon his face and a depression of soul which belied his analysis. He had a message to convey and a proposal to informally submit, which he felt doubt would be accepted. Gawaid Harbury, the young owner of Gaudhop, had asked permission to lay himself and his fortunes at Olive's feet. He loved her, he said; he would do his best to make her happy.

"And I believe that he will. He has a home to offer you and a large income. Favorable gentleman. As your guardian, Olive, I am bound to give my sanction to so fair and promising a suit. May I say, Olive, that I am sorry to see a cloud upon your face? Since Ho, thou loved, dost for me!

HE IS LAID IN THE TOMB:

His lovers by Him in the tomb
And leave Him to His peaceful gloom.
Then despond, Lord, Thy labor done
For me—for all! Redemption won!
And I, in turn, as God would be,
And buried to all else but Thee.

—A petition to have the Very Rev. J. Jamison administrator of the diocese of Alton, appointed successor to Bishop Hulles is now circulated among the clergy of the Alton diocese, and will be sent to Rome in a few weeks.

—A sisters' school for white girls and Indian children will soon be opened at the Catholic Mission in Alaska Territory.

THE POPE AND MODERN EVILS.

The Crisis Impending in Human Society. Reminiscences as of the Days of Law XIII.

On a recent occasion the parish priests and other notable ecclesiastics of Rome were received in audience by the Sovereign Pontiff who delivered an address of sorrowful condition of the present times which was so sad and so full of the spirit of society is so sadly tired and disturbed. These evils he has deplored from the beginning of his Pontificate, and on many occasions has condemned them in the Catholic Encyclicals as well as in Pastoral and private letters. He has also aimed at in his Encyclical Letters, in which he opposed the false theories of socialism, rationalism, naturalism, and particularly in those Encyclicals to which he pointed in the congress which adopts the world, namely, the sect of Freemasons. Still more recently by the Encyclical Immortale Dei, summarizing preceding instructions, he expounded and strive to restate in clear and irrefragable principles which are the true base on which the Christian constitution of States should rest. He clearly understood by those now listening to him, that it would be in vain to hope for the turn of the world to God, if the wound was not healed in its very root in families and individuals, which are the constituents of the State. He and Leo XIII. that Christian virtues should flourish again. The Holy Father referred then to the Jubilee, the plenitude of which was considered by all Christendom as an event of the highest importance, and, in the announcement of a Holy Year a religious enthusiasm, a holy exaltation, a sentiment in reforming morals and in ameliorating the lot of the poor and of all people. It was witness of such effect when, at every young, he assisted at the memorable Jubilee of 1825, pop. gat. Leo XII. He remembered with the greatest pleasure which Rome presented a consoling spectacle that Rome presented to the world. The three weeks of one continuous prayer, the three days of fasting, the three days of penitence, the three days of the highest rank mingled with the throng, dressed in the humble habit of penance and rightly conserating themselves to work of charity and mercy. Today, and how vastly changed is the condition of Rome. How surprisingly parallel are the Rome of to-day offer to the Rome of that period. To day the revolution has planted in some here and everywhere its seductive action; here is largely and publicly spread the seeds of criminal principles and of the worst examples; here, hoary is impudently thrown and the most sacred truths and mysteries of religion are torted into derision, while a press licentious, and a literature of spite and scandal, and a literature of spite and scandal, and a literature of spite and scandal

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

—Phil Callan's petition to oust Captain Nolan, the Parnellite member who defeated him, is at last disposed of. He has to stand out of court because the deposit required was not put up. That ends the matter.

—Gladstone's bill granting Home Rule to Ireland will come up for a second reading in the British House of Commons on May 15th, and then will commence in earnest the legislative battle which will end in Gladstone's downfall or in the greatest victory ever attained by Irish right and justice over English wrong and tyranny.

—The daily press contains a cablegram from Madrid in which it is stated that Monsignor Esquerro, Archbishop of that city, was assassinated by an ex-priest on Palm Sunday last. But we have found the manipulators of the cable news so untrustworthy on many occasions heretofore, that we await more reliable intelligence before we credit the report.

—A cablegram signed by Dillon, Deritt and Dr. Kenny, has been received by Patrick Egan, President of the I. N. L. of America, in which these gentlemen say that Gladstone's scheme of an Irish Legislature, amended on Parnell's lines, is worthy the acceptance of Ireland. So say all of Ireland's friends.

—No stronger criminal indictment was ever brought against any class of men than that which Gladstone brings against the landlords of Ireland in the speech which we print this week. He then brands them as the immediate cause of all the misery with which Ireland has been afflicted. "The history of Ireland," says the English Prime Minister, "is one long indictment against its landowners," and this admission is the best vindication of the Irish tenantry, and of the justice of their national cry "The landlords must go!"

—It pays—in this world at least—to be an Irish Protestant Bishop. The late Marcus Gervais Beresford, of Armagh, left behind him an estate of a legacy than £91,000 (nearly half a million dollars), every penny of which was drained from a country where many people are constantly living on the ragged edge of famine from year to year! Not a cent of this immense sum has been left to charity, not a dollar given for the love of God or of his neighbor, but, with the true instincts of a well-paid hireling parson, he leaves his ill-gotten gold as marriage portions and legacies to his immediate relatives and his servants. Not of such is the kingdom of heaven!

—Several Correspondents want to know what was the number of the raid made against Zach. Montgomery by the anti-Catholic wing of the United States Senate. We are happy to be able to inform our readers that at a meeting of the Judiciary Committee on the 14th inst., Mr. Montgomery's case came up for hearing, but no action was taken, and a correspondent of ours in Washington says that Mr. Montgomery will be allowed to retain his present position as his enemies have discovered that the "no Popery" cry would prove so much destructive dynamite to those who would attempt to use it in these days. A dispatch received this morning, and which we print on the 5th page, brings the news of Mr. Montgomery's confirmation yesterday!

—Every word in the article on "The Child and the State," which we publish this week, is applicable to San Francisco, and all the evils and abuses therein stated in this city to an extensive degree. Are there no large-hearted charitable Catholic Californians who will take pity upon the forlorn and homeless boys of this city and save them both to Christianity and to society by erecting a St. Joseph's Union for Homeless Boys in San Francisco? May God inspire some favored citizen to immortalize his memory among his fellow-men by instituting this much-needed work for the salvation of the souls of thousands of homeless boys.

—Next Sunday will be the great festival of Easter, the time designated by the Church for all those who approach the Sacraments only once a year, to make their peace with God and to prove themselves obedient children of the Church. This may be the last Easter when many of us will have the opportunity of having our souls left stainless through a worthy reception of the Bread of Life, and that man is his own greatest enemy who—calling himself a Catholic—refuses to listen to the voice of the Church as she calls him to the Confessional, maybe for the last time. Let every reader of the MONITOR, therefore, rise from sin, just as our Blessed Lord arose from the tomb on the third day.

—The letter attributed to Cardinal Manning, but which has since been proven to be a badly-bungled forgery, was printed in the *Occident*—the Presbyterian organ—last week. We have not the least doubt but that the *Occident* editors know that its genuineness had been successfully questioned even before they printed it, but an honest conscience cots no figure in the mental make-up of Presbyterian preachers! All that such institutions seek is to throw dust in the eyes of their dupes by preaching false doctrine and dealing in detraction of the Catholic Church to such a degree as to make even Sabbath delight at the excellent manner in which Christian people do his work!

—Labor agitation seems to be shaking every section of the world just at present. In Belgium the labor riots resulted in killing and wounding a large number of persons. At Sumsel, on the approach of the troops sent to disperse them, the working-men placed 200 women in the front ranks. The troops opened fire and many women were injured. At Chatelet, Charleroi, La Louviere, Gilly and Connellet, several factories and mines have been wrecked and many persons have been killed and wounded in collisions with the local soldiery. The total number of arrests made in connection with these riots is 2,500. The prices have more inmates than can properly be accommodated. In Ireland, recently, a collision occurred between the railroad deputies and the strikers which resulted in the killing of four men and one woman. The press and the people lay the blame of this calamity to the grasping ambition of Jay Gould who purposely hired armed men with strict orders to give no quarter. Mark our warning upon the first demonstration made by any mob. At present the militia are guarding the railroad property in East St. Louis and other cities.

A Pen Portrait of Pixley.

The chief calumniator of the Catholic Church in California is Frank M. Pixley, the Annanias of the *Argonaut*. It is due, therefore, to those persons who may read the ribbons and ruffles assumed by that oft-refuted slanderer of the Church makes upon Catholic Prelates, priests and people—that they should know the character which that brazen hight bears among those citizens of California who know him intimately, and among those he stands as stood Arnold in the days of Washington and as stands Judas in the sight of God.

Governor Stoneman was interviewed last week by one of the *Examiner's* staff concerning the appointment of Park Commissioners (Frank M. Pixley being one of the Board whose terms are about to expire), and in response to the question as to whom he would appoint, Governor Stoneman made this reply, which shows the standing of the libeler of God's Church among his fellow-men in no enviable light:

"I have not fully made up my mind," said he, "as to who I will appoint yet, but I do not see how I can appoint Mr. Pixley, in spite of the wishes of the people of San Francisco. I had intended to do so when I came down to the city, but I may have been besieged with protests against the appointment of Mr. Pixley, and I see no other course open to me but to appoint him. Letters from all over the State come daily beating the same burden. The labor organizations of San Francisco appear to be a unit in opposition to him. He is opposed by a great portion of the German and Hebrew, while the Irish are solidly against to him. I must appoint one Republican on the board, and Mr. Pixley is a Republican, but from all quarters in his own party ranks comes the most strenuous opposition to his appointment. Now is a sample of the documents that come to me in reference to his appointment. I will show you one such a roll of manuscript. It proves that the signers are Republicans. Look at the signers. Among them were the names of John Mackey, President of the Local Land Leagues of Ireland, Hale Pomeroy, Sam Brannan, Daniel Sheerin, State Treasurer; M. F. O'Donoghue, State Secretary, and a majority of the gentlemen connected prominently with the Sts. Peter's and Paul's Church."

"Personally," he continued, "I am very friendly to Mr. Pixley, but I think my duty is carry out the wishes of the people of the city. Many of the Protestants do not approve of him, but say 'say may but Pixley.' I think if Mr. Pixley had labored to that end, he could not have more effectually rendered himself unpopular. I never knew so many men could be alive on such short notice."

Time and again in these columns we have said that the Satanic falsehoods fabricated by Pixley were disgusting to every sensible man in the State, and that his vicious vaporings were received by the community as the ravings of a frenzic who is considered on the Parish of the California Church. It is well, therefore, that those who do not know how utterly unpopular Pixley is even among the Protestant and non-Catholic elements of every community in this State, that Governor Stoneman's experience concerning him should be placed before them so that persons outside this State may be enabled to place a proper value upon the vindictive aspersions of this assailant of all that is good and pure.

The unanimous attitude in which Pixley has placed himself in this community should also serve as a warning to anti-Christian bigots of his character who imagine that the surest road to wealth and popularity is through unscrupulous antagonism to the Catholic Church and that to assume religious rage honorably knows as "the Pope's Irish."

More invetera church haters than the California crank cinder consideration have tried their hands at crucifying to death the Church of Christ—and failed, hence how unless it is for any man to preserve in a pen-and-ink persecution when the only result is to have himself hated by men of all creeds and parties, who despise the disbelieve which degrades those who use it into the most despicable detractors.

The Right Kind of Warfare.

The rumor of "dissensions" among the friends of Parnell in America has been turned to remarkably good use in the following correspondence which explains itself in the annexed cablegram sent from Detroit, Michigan:

DETROIT, Mich., April 8, 1886.

Charles S. Parnell, House of Commons, London, England.—The friends of Ireland, of your self, of President Patrick Egan and of ex-President Alexander Sullivan, are confident to make war upon and to injure you in the usual way. In evidence thereof we send you a draft for £12,000 for the Parliamentary Fund. We hereby threaten you that we will continue to wage just such warfare until Ireland is prostrate at your feet.

P. O'BRIAN CURRIGAN,
Treasurer of the Irish National League of America.

TRANSIT FROM PARNELL.

DETROIT, April 16.—The following cablegram was received in this city to-day:

LONDON, April 16, 1886.

Rev. Chas. O'Donnell, Treasurer Irish National League, Detroit: I thank you for your encouraging message and have cabled the Speaker to-day to place the £12,000 in your hands. We have not the least doubt but that the *Occident* editors know that its genuineness had been successfully questioned even before the document was printed, but an honest conscience cots no figure in the mental make-up of Presbyterian preachers! All that such institutions seek is to throw dust in the eyes of their dupes by preaching false doctrine and dealing in detraction of the Catholic Church to such a degree as to make even Sabbath delight at the excellent manner in which Christian people do his work!

—Labor agitation seems to be shaking every section of the world just at present. In Belgium the labor riots resulted in killing and wounding a large number of persons. At Sumsel, on the approach of the troops sent to disperse them, the working-men placed 200 women in the front ranks. The troops opened fire and many women were injured. At Chatelet, Charleroi, La Louviere, Gilly and Connellet, several factories and mines have been wrecked and many persons have been killed and wounded

Indulgences of the Rosary.

10 i. *Indulgences that can be gained on movable feasts and feasts.* On each day of the Octave of Easter, and on each of the Sundays from Septuagesima to Easter, indulgence of thirty years and as many quarantines for fulfilling the Stations of the Rosary (see No. 1 of this section) both as to the authority conceding the indulgence and for the meaning of the word "Station"). 14. In the feast of the Ascension, first, a plenary indulgence for making the Rosary Stations, second, a second plenary for the Second Glorious Mystery to which this day is assigned as its feast; third, a third plenary indulgence; Pius IX., *Ut saepe*; conditions Confession, Communion and a visit to some public church; fourth, seven years and seven quarantines for reciting five decades of the Rosary, Sixtus IV., *Pastoris*; fifth, seven years and seven quarantines, on the same conditions, Sixtus V., *Consuetudini*. 15. On the Vigil of Pentecost, an indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines for making the Rosary Stations. 16. On the feast of Pentecost, first, a plenary indulgence for the Third Glorious Mystery to which this day is assigned as its feast (see No.; this section in regard to the indulgences and the days of all the Mysteries of the Rosary); second, a second plenary indulgence, on the ordinary conditions, Pius IX., *Ut saepe*; third, an indulgence of thirty years and as many quarantines for making the Rosary Stations (see No. 1 this section); fourth, seven years and seven quarantines for reciting five decades of the Rosary, S. Pius V., *Consuetudini*; fifth, seven years and seven quarantines for reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, Sixtus IV., *Pastoris*; sixth, seven years and seven quarantines for reciting the Litany of the Saints, Alexander VI., *Romanus Pontifex*, and a visit to the church of the Order. 17. On the Sunday of April, a plenary indulgence, Gregory XIII., *Pastoris*; conditions, Confession, Communion, and a visit to the altar of the Rosary. On the 24th—the Feast of the Cross of Christ—a plenary indulgence, Gregory XIII., *Pastoris*; conditions, Confession, Communion and a visit to the Rosary altar. On the 25th—the Feast of St. Mark, Evangelist—a plenary and as many quarantines for reciting the Rosary Stations (see No. 1, 10 i). 18. On the 26th—the feast of St. Peter, Martyr, O. P.—a plenary indulgence; conditions, Confession, Communion, and a visit to a church of the Order. On the 30th—the feast of St. Catherine of Ricci, Virgin, O. P.—a plenary indulgence, Benedict XIII., *Pretiosus*; conditions, Confession, Communion and a visit to a church of the Order. On the 24th—the feast of St. Matthias, Apostle—an indulgence of three years and three quarantines for assisting at the *Salve Regina* in a church of the Order, Clement VIII., *Inefabilis*. Towards the end of February commences in the Dominican churches, "the Devotion of the Seven Fridays," that precedes the feast of St. Vincent Ferrer, O. P., which occurs on the fifth of April. Should Easter cease the feast of St. Vincent to be transferred, the above named devotion will commence later than the time specified, that is, the time on which the feast of St. Vincent in such a case will be observed, will determine the first Friday on which the devotion alluded to must commence. All who practice this devotion may gain, first, on any one of the seven Fridays, all their own selection, a plenary indulgence by going to Confession, Communion and by visiting a church of the Dominicans; second, on each of the other six Fridays, seven years and seven quarantines, on the same conditions, Pius IX., *Ad augendam*.

March. On the 7th—the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, O. P.—"Doctor of the Church and Heavenly Patron of the Catholic Schools," may be gained a plenary indulgence; conditions Confession, Communion, and a visit to a church of the Order, Benedict XIII., *Pretiosus*. On the 19th—the Feast of St. Joseph—a plenary indulgence; conditions Confession, Communion, and a visit to a church of the Order, Pius IX., 6 Martii, 1877. On the 20th—the Feast of the Annunciation—the same indulgences as on the second of February (Feast of the Visitation of the B. V. M.), except that the indulgences of ten years and ten quarantines for the recitation of the whole Rosary have been suspended and the following have been added: First, ten years and ten quarantines for a third part of the Rosary, S. Pius V., *Consuetudini*; it is necessary to receive Communion to gain this indulgence; second, seven years and seven quarantines for reciting the whole Rosary, Sixtus IV., *Pastoris*; third, seven years and seven quarantines on the same conditions, Alexander VI., *Romanus Pontifex*; fourth, seven years and seven quarantines for reciting five decades of the Rosary, S. Pius V., *Consuetudini*; fifth, seven years and seven quarantines for reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, Sixtus IV., *Pastoris*; sixth, seven years and seven quarantines for reciting the Litany of the Saints, Alexander VI., *Romanus Pontifex*, and a visit to the church of the Order.

—Recently it was reported that Mr. Blaine's daughters had joined the Catholic Church. The *Kansas Journal*, published at Mr. Blaine's home, denying the report, says the two young ladies regularly attend the Congregational Church with their parents, and that the "report of their joining the Catholic Church was simply in relation to taking Mr. Blaine with certain class of Protestants." The Catholic Citizen says, on authority, that this is false, and that ladies are known to attend Dr. Chapelle's Church in Washington, and that the Maine denial is merely to save Mr. Blaine from the ire of the Burchard Rum, Romanism and Rebellion class, who might waver somewhat in their zeal and devotion to this Pandemonium statement of such reports should go uncontradicted.

—Michael Davitt is doing effective work in the English manufacturing districts allaying prejudice against Home Rule. He avows himself openly a free-trader and pledges his endeavor to prevent an Irish Parliament from passing tariff laws—in which he is once more at variance with Mr. Parnell.

D. J. OLIVER.

Death of one of California's Most Distinguished Irish-American Citizens.—Sketch of His Life, His Well-Deserved Honors and His Last Hours.

(FEBRUARY AND THE LATTER WEEK IN THE LOGS.)

One of those sudden and unexpected events which startle communities into wondering at the shortest measure in which death of man's Uncertainty strikes down even the strongest of the strong, occurred in this city on Sunday last, when the news spread that Daniel J. Oliver was no more. It was commonly said that he was in his usual health and spirits, and that his life was considered with all the comforts which could tend to prolong the years and his friends hoped that the sunshine of his genial disposition would continue to shed its rays upon their society gatherings for many years to come. But death knows no distinction, and in striking down D. J. Oliver, the grim tyrant has robbed the world of one of nature's noblemen—a grand Catholic gentleman, who was proud of his faith, and who by his life and whose daily devotion to God was a fitting exemplar of the teachings of the second Divine Law, which teaches us that "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The deceased was born in Ireland, and in his early manhood he was a member of the Irish National Land League, and was a prominent and active worker in the cause of Ireland's Home Rule. He was a member of the Land League of Ireland, and was a member of the Land League of Ireland, and was a member of the Land League of Ireland, and

Farm and Home.

Do Most People Eat Too Much?

"In this country a large excess of food is consumed not only by well-to-do people, but also by the poor. The excess of food consists mainly of meats and sweetmeats." This conclusion is given as the result of an investigation into the diet of laborers recently made by Colonel Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Labor. He also criticises the "extravagant practice of this poor to purchase the more expensive food materials," when much cheaper nutriment can be had which would be quite as sustaining and wholesome.

Some writers on hygiene have taught that it is never well to eat as much as one really desires, but that you should always leave the dinner table hungry. This doctrine is like direct taxation; it may be wise, but it will never be popular.

Many a poor man would smile a sarcastic smile to hear that he ate too much. Colonel Wright's conclusion may be correct, but it is surprising. So far as our indigenous inventaments in concerned, we believe that the annual consumption of sugar in this country is, or lately, was sixty pounds to a person.

As to the tendency of the comparatively poor to buy expensive sorts of food, it should be noted that in many households costly flour or meat is used so much more carefully than the ordinary kinds as to constitute a real economy.

May Children Go Barefoot?

This question is every now and again proposed for discussion; and, when it is so, we are compelled to give the same answer. On physiological grounds, it is manifestly a sound practice to accustom children to develop the circulatory and muscular systems of the lower extremities, precisely as those of the hand are developed, by free use and exposure. It is not supposed to be either necessary or desirable that children should wear gloves for hygienic purposes. When the hands of little folk are thus decorated, the parental idea is confusedly to give them what is nowadays officially regarded as a genteel appearance. No one thinks a child ought to be protected from the weather so far as its hands are concerned. On the contrary, it is recognized that the upper extremities should be kept warm by exercise and habitual exposure.

Precisely the same view holds good with regard to the lower extremities. Contact with bodies that absorb heat, even more than the earth abstracts it, is an almost constant condition of child life. In short, it is entirely in deference to fashion and the usages of society that children wear foot coverings. There is much to be said in favor of a more natural practice. The foot is an organ of wondrous complexity, regarded as a boky and muscular apparatus. It is, moreover, provided with nerves and blood vessels of especial intrinsey. The softest and most flexible shoe, to a very great extent, and a boot almost entirely, reduces this organ to the character of a jointed block with little self movement. Obviously this reduction must detract not only from the efficiency of the foot, but of the organism as a whole. If the blood vessels of the foot are less developed, they must have less play on behalf of the foot, but also on behalf of the whole. Nor is this the only loss which the foot is habitually exposed, the quantity of blood which the lower extremities can be made to receive and, if need be, attract for a time, is very considerable.

We can only say that children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of "cold" by unstilting stiffing of the feet, and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the tongue of social life, have their lower extremities fully swathed and put away in rigid cases. As regards the question of the shoes of children, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one that it is incomparably better that they should go barefooted than wear boots that let in the wet and stockings that are nearly always damp and foul. *London Lancet.*

A Crop Every Month in California.

There is no section of the State better adapted to the growth of alfalfa than Tulare county, and the following experience of a farmer in San Bernardino county, related by the Riverside *Press*, is but a signification of what can be done in the country:

"At Cucamonga a farmer has just finished harvesting a crop of alfalfa, which makes the twelfth time that he has cut the same field inside of a year. Making hay in mid-winter is a phenomenon not met with outside of California, but when is added the fact that one field yields twelve crops *a year*, a result of irrigation presented altogether unprecedented in the experience of most agriculturists. The average yield is from two to three tons per cutting, so that it may be seen that even at a very low price per ton a handsome return must have been netted. Farmers all over the State are becoming awakened to the value of alfalfa as a forage plant, although of course it is not to be expected that such phenomenal results as given above can be realized everywhere. Still, even under less favorable conditions, there is no plant yet known that will compare with this in all respects."

Faith Illustrated.

The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I'se come to 'sort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six-year old darling, who often comes at that hour "to take me home," as she said. Soon we were tripping hand in hand on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor little blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along and tell me where to step and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight and we began. "Now step up, now down," and so on till we safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying gleefully, "Wasn't it nice, papa, I never peeped once?"

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer:

"Oh, no, mamma! I had a tight hold on papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

Small Farms a Success.

The following illustrates what can be done on a twenty-acre farm: James T. Dillon, near Woodland, has ten acres of land in fruit. Seven acres of this has bearing Muscatel vines. The past season Mr. Dillon sold from those seven acres $1000 25 worth of raisins and $150 worth of green grapes, besides what his family ate and gave away to neighbors. This is a grape yield of 6502 75 per acre. The net yield must have been $950 per acre. Not in 10 per cent, upon $2500 per acre. Who, with such instances before us, will say that twenty acres of good land in California, well tilled, is not enough to make a happy home, an independent income and living for a family?—*Sonora Democrat.*

Splendid Barley.

The Sacramento *Bee*: A few stalks of barley, from the Folsom Prison farm, show the possibilities of the grain only this season. The stalks are 41 inches high, with a well-filled head of grain over five inches long. Some of the leaves are one inch and five-twelfths wide.

Family Fun.

He Fired on Time.

They engaged a new porter at the Lake House. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him. On last Tuesday Mr. J. S. Johnson, the Vice-President of the Dundas Chilled Plough Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified person, and has a reputation for extraordinary punctuality in regard to his appointments. That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about 9 o'clock, others place it as late as 10. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"I am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spat upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig, and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson; "*help! help!*"

"Shut up, yer dirty spaloon!" exclaimed Thomas, chasing a firm grip upon the knot of his trousers, and propelling him rapidly out of the room, "is none of the folkes of yer that's wanted in a decent house."

"But, my good man!" gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake! Let me explain!"

"Niver a word, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas, rushing him toward the stairs "we're on to ye! The house has had ye spotted!"

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one splutering and kicking and the other grim and determined, shoot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby, and disappear into the outer darkness. In a few moments, Thomas returned panting and redfaced to his sleeve.

"Whet in the name of heaven were you doing," asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

"I was firing that dirty blackguard Johnson," replied Thomas.

"Firing him! Hold me, somebody! Who put such an infernal fool into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an injured air, holding the slate before the proprietor's eyes.

"Eh? Why—great—horn—spoon," gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned away.

This was what he read:

"No, 40; fire at 10.30."

A Story by John Sherman.

Col. William R. Morrison and John Sherman were discussing the relative merits of their different State Legislatures the other day, when the Ohio statesman said:

"I never knew a citizen of my State who was ashamed of being a member of the General Assembly, and that's more than you can say for Illinois," and, then, when the Colonel asked for proof of the assertion, Senator Sherman continued:

"Away back in the '50s there lived in Hamilton county, Ohio, a Democratic fellow named Johnston. He finally moved out to Illinois and the community heaved a sigh for his absence. A few years ago one of Johnston's former neighbors met him at Springfield. After some conversation, Johnston said:

"'I suppose I left a pretty hard reputation behind me in Ohio?'

"'I hope you'll tell them I've reformed,' continued Johnston, 'and that I'm also a member of the Illinois Legislature.'

"The friend promised to do so, and started away, when Johnston called him back.

"'You say they still regard me as a pretty tough citizen out there?'

Again his friend answered in the affirmative.

"'Well,' said Johnston, sinking his voice to a whisper, 'I guess you'd better tell them everything you know about me except that I'm a member of the Illinois Legislature. I don't think I'd say anything about that.'"

A Girl's Good Memory.

It was at a K street residence in Washington and the young man had called for the dress and staying late, until the girl felt the approach of the dreaded "tired feeling" monotony. One night about 11 o'clock the conversation dragged, and for a minute or two he sat in a negative mood with his hand in his forehead. "I had something pleasant to tell you, he said finally.

"Yes," she responded respectfully, "that was it?" "Um—um—let me see," rubbing his head, "I can't just think what it was." "Maybe it was 'good night,'" she suggested. He looked at her for a minute in a manner intended to be very sweet, and up to date has not been back.

Sam Jones' Sermons.

Jones in one of his "Sermons" in Chicago last week ejected the saying of an old backwoods preacher as follows: "Those Methodist and Baptist preachers are all preaching for money; every one of them. To prove what I say, I can offer to double their salaries if they will do what I say and nothing I do it. And Sam's pious audience laughed aloud. The truth of the statement tickled them. The same sermon he mentioned a New York millionaire by name, who denied all his time, down to the hour of his death to sharp money making schemes, thru sect by sect. Dr. Deems to talk to him, told his wife to sing to him, "Come ye sinners poor and wretched," and died. Jones said he believed Dr. Deems talked this man into heaven, but he (Jones) didn't believe in a religion that sent men into heaven "on that schedule." And the audience laughed again.

A "Father Hubbard."

The other day, when old Major Solman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of his church, his wife appeared wearing a "Mother Hubbard" dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments and asked: "Mary what sort of a coat do you call this?"

"It's a 'Mother Hubbard,' Jesse."

"Air you going to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jesse. The 'Mother Hubbard' is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," the old man replied. "I was afraid it was a put-upon gal wuz'n' go." The old man went out into the kitchen, took a crowbar of most size, ripped the bottoms out, sawed the tops together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment and exclaimed: "Great goodness, Jesse, what's that?" "Father Hubbard," the old man replied. "You're just agoin' to wear them sacks, are you? I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got just as much right to wear these meal bags as you have to go in that bran sack." "I'll take it off, air I right; off goes Father Hubbard," and turning away he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman and that's by beatin' them with her. If it hadn't been for the Daddy Hubbard I have been in a mighty hard fix.

Catholic Societies.

All Secretaries of Catholic Organizations are urgently requested to send list of officers and meeting days for insertion under this Department.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PARISHES DUTIES.—The Particular Council meets every evening at 7 o'clock, and the Conferences on a very special distribution of the clothing, shoes, etc., which have accumulated during the year, and the particular conferences will have a just proportion of money for the purchase of shoes, stockings, etc., for the poor, collected from collections, dues and donations. The Particular Council will make a special appeal for funds to meet the following urgent expenses: Spiritual Director, Very Rev. Vicar-General Prendergast; President, P. J. Ryan; Vice-President, J. Fitzgerald; Treasurer, Thomas Brady; Secretary, Thomas Ryan. The Particular Council further consists of the President, Vice-President and Spiritual Director of all the conferences in the city and also one member of the Ladies' Auxiliary.

The following list comprises the officers of the old conferences, which we hope will be increased:

ST. MARY'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Caredo; President, P. J. McCormick; Vice-President, D. Cassidy; 63 Tyler st.; Vice-President, J. J. Fitzsimmons; Treasurer, Patrick Cullen, 105 Lucia st.; Secretary, Patrick F. McCormick, 105 Lucia st. Meets in the Parlors of the Cathedral every Monday evening, at the Sermon Chapel of St. Mary's Cathedral, California St.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. P. Prendergast; President, Michael Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Vice-President, James Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Treasurer, Patrick Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Secretary, Jas. Ryan, 1415 Howard street. Meets in St. Joseph's Church on the first Sunday of each month.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Maguire; President, Thomas Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Vice-President, A. McCormick; Treasurer, Michael Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Secretary, Jas. Ryan, 1415 Howard street. Meets in St. Peter's Church on the first Sunday of each month.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Prendergast; President, Thomas Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Vice-President, Michael Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 1415 Howard street. Meets in St. Patrick's Church on the first Sunday of each month.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Maguire; President, Thomas Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Vice-President, A. McCormick; Treasurer, Michael Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Secretary, Jas. Ryan, 1415 Howard street. Meets in St. Peter's Church on the first Sunday of each month.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Prendergast; President, Thomas Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Vice-President, Michael Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan, 1415 Howard street; Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 1415 Howard street. Meets in St. Patrick's Church on the first Sunday of each month.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH.—Meets in Washington Hall, Washington st., near Powell. President, J. J. Allen; Vice-President, Chas. Lynch; Treasurer, Chas. Cleary; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, John Cleary, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.—Meets in Washington Hall, Washington st., near Powell. President, P. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, P. R. Dorney; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.—Meets in Washington Hall, Washington st., near Powell. President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH.—Meets in Washington Hall, Washington st., near Powell. President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Financial Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Trustees, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan.

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SODALITIES.

CONFERENCE MEETS IN ST. BRIGIDA CHURCH.—President, Rev. Fr. Prof. R.J. Fisher; 1st Asst. Prefect, Chas. J. Ryan; 2d Asst. Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Sacristan, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Sacristan, Jas. Ryan; Librarian, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Librarian, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH.—Meets in St. Joseph's Church, Jas. Ryan; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH.—Meets in St. Joseph's Church, Jas. Ryan; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.—Meets in St. Joseph's Church, Jas. Ryan; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Meets in St. Joseph's Church, Jas. Ryan; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

C. M. B. A.

THE CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.—President, Rev. Father Prendergast; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH.—Meets in St. Joseph's Church, Jas. Ryan; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.—Meets in St. Joseph's Church, Jas. Ryan; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.—Meets in St. Joseph's Church, Jas. Ryan; President, Jas. Ryan; Vice-President, Jas. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ryan; Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Dormitory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Refectory, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Lavabo, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Infirmary, Jas. Ryan; Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan; Assistant Prefect of Study Hall, Jas. Ryan.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT LEGION AND ASSOCIATION.—President, Chas. R. Ryan; First Vice-President, Thomas Ryan; Second Vice-President, Thomas Ryan; Third Vice-President, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Assistant Recording Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Assistant Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Trustees, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan.

AMERICAN PONTIFICAL SOCIETY.—J. J. Ryan, Corresponding Secretary, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan, Thomas Ryan

THE CHILD AND THE STATE.

[INCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

parent is the strongest of ties for the care of the child. But when parental love fails, and the offspring is either abandoned or educated in vice, the state may rightfully intervene. Its right is derived from its duty to protect itself and its property. The

I am not debating the right of interference from an impulse of the heart, though that be the foundation on which our laws and institutions are built, but I place it upon the inherent and all-pervading right of protecting and self-defense. Charity is an individual privilege; the impulse is an individual gift from Heaven. The state is not founded for charity, but for protection. The dictate of humanity is without doubt to take a child from an unhabitual parent and give it the training most likely to lead to honest and industrious life. This is to transfer the child from an unclean home to one that is clean, from indecency to decency, from foul air to pure, from unhealthy food to that which is healthy, from evil eyes to good. Who can doubt that the greatest good which can be done to a child neglected by its parent or taught beggary or crime, is to take it from the wicked parent, and give it into the care of one who will teach it not only the rudiments of learning but honest labor. In what other way can we better follow the example of the Divine Master, who is caring for those little ones who are unable to take care of themselves?

Protection, however, is the foundation of the right I am asserting. We must or should have a care that insufficient protection be not carried beyond its right, let limits. If any general rule could be laid down for marking those limits it would perhaps be this, that the state should not make one man's rights in order to protect another's. What the individual can do for himself the state should not undertake. But in the case supposed, the faithless parent has forfeited his right to his child, and the only point to be considered is the welfare of the child to the state. The question involves considerations of economy and of safety, each of which may be considered by itself.

The question of economy has political and social aspects. The prevention of crime and the punishment of the criminal impose upon the state some of its heaviest burdens. The cost of the police, of the courts and the prisons, make one of the largest items in the roll of public expenditure. In the year ending September 30, 1885, the maintenance of the three State prisons cost about $600,000. Besides these prisons there are penitentiaries at New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo, and there is a county prison in each county. What all these cost there are no readily accessible statistics to tell. The yearly cost of the nation in the city of New York is about $3,700,000, and that of the criminal courts $200,000. The cost, defrayed from the city treasury, of prisons, reformatories, asylums, and other charitable institutions is over $3,000,000. The expense of prisons alone is with difficulty separated from the rest. There are approximate figures. It is hard to find out how much the people of this State, in all their municipal and political divisions, pay for police, courts and prisons. We know that the amount is appalling. Much of this, how much cannot be told, might be saved by the use of the surgical injection, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The economy of this method is more vital still. Every one of these boys

> is a future voter. His vote will then be as potent as yours or mine. In countries where the universal franchise has ever been thought prudent to bestow special care upon the training of so late in the future, there the people are sovereign, and the little boy, now wandering about the streets, neglected or ill cared-for, is one more voice in their to a throne. Every dictate of prudence points to his being fitted to fulfill the duties of his station. Who can say that if duly trained and his way not given to the statute of a leader of the people ranking with the foremost men of his time, he may not be the raiser of great truths, a helper of the helpless, a brave soldier in the "necessary" in the cause of God and right, on the other hand, he is left to himself in the swift current of vast and vice, floating in the scum of waves and the company of death? He will probably become a pest to the state, and may bring up in a prison, or perchance on the gallows.

For this reason, and the one preceding, it should seem to be the duty of the community to look after children whose parents abandon them or lead them into evil ways, or are incapable of taking care of them.

We have already in many instances acted upon a like theory. The compulsory education acts, the corporations formed to prevent cruelty to children, and the incorporated societies organized for their relief, are so many agencies established upon the principle. Take, for example, the eighth section of the elementary education act of 1876, as amended in 1879: which provides that the board of education in each city, and incorporated village, and the trustees of the school districts and union school in each town, by the vote of a majority at a meeting called for the purpose, shall make all children not properly instructed in habitual truants and children between the ages of eight and fourteen, who may be found wandering about the streets or public places during school hours, having no lawful occupation or business, and growing up in ignorance; the regulations to be such as the judgment of the board will be conducive to the welfare of the children, and to the good order of the city or town, and to be approved by a judge of the Supreme Court. Suitable places are to be provided for the detention, instruction and confinement when necessary, of the children, and the old of the police of cities, or incorporated villages, and constables of towns, may be required to enforce the regulations.

The Penal Code makes it a crime to desert a child "with intent wholly to abandon it" (Sec. 287), or to omit without lawful excuse to perform a duty imposed by law to "furnish food, clothing, shelter or medical attendance" (Sec. 288), or willfully to permit a child "to be endangered, or its health to be injured, or its morals to become depraved" (Sec. 289), or "the child to be placed in such a situation or to engage in such an occupation" as that any of these things may happen. Another section (291) provides that a child under sixteen who is found "gathering or picking rags, cigar stumps, bones or refuse from markets," or without a home, or improperly or shamefully neglected, or in a state of want or suffering or destitute of means of support, has no father or living or living in certain immoral company," or who is arrested as a vagrant, disorderly or destitute child." The Code of Criminal Procedure (Sec. 887) declares, as vagrant, any child between five and fourteen, "having sufficient bodily health and mental capacity to attend the public schools, found wandering in the streets or lanes of any city or incorporated village, a truant without any lawful occupation;" and it provides in the next section (888), that when a complaint is made against any such vagrant, the magistrate must cause the child and its parent to be brought before him, and may order the parent to take care of the child, and if he does not, "the magistrate shall, by warrant, commit the child to such place as shall be provided for his reception." If such a place has been provided, the child must be committed to the almshouse of the county, and a child so committed may be bound out or as apprentice. A child found begging (Sec. 893) must be committed to the poor-house, and there kept at useful labor until duly discharged or bound out.

These are very sweeping provisions, but they are said to fail of the effect intended, by reason of defects in the machinery for working them. Indeed, the theory upon which they are framed is in some respects erroneous. A child under twelve should never be treated as a criminal except upon conviction for crime, in the few cases in which a child between seven and twelve may be convicted. To treat him as a criminal leaves a stigma, which other years do not efface. A friend who called at the office of the reformatory schools in Boston described an inspection of the institution by trustees of the bearing of a little boy, three years old, who went through the exercises with the greatest spirit, intelligence and glee. Should this little child be classed with criminals, brought into contact with them, or be exposed ever to be told that he had been so classed? Only those now use in regard to such a child the expressions "arrest," "prefer complaint," "bring before a magistrate for hearing," and the like. When the word "arrest" is used in respect of legal process it is darkened and with the shadow of criminality. Why not say "take," or better still "rescue." A child under seven years of age is, and can between seven and twelve is presumed to be, incapable of committing crime. A policeman finding such a child homeless should be required to bring him before an officer specially charged with the duty of examining such cases, not a police justice. The state would then appear to take the child under its protection as one of its wards or children. Such should be the treatment of every child under twelve years of age, whatever might be the circumstances; but the treatment of children of all ages is to decide in the first instance whether a child between seven and twelve should be sent to a criminal magistrate.

When a child not charged with crime is brought before such an officer and is shown to be abused or abandoned, what should be done with him and with the parent? The father should be required to support the child, so far as the law can make him responsible. The like is required of persons classed as disorderly by Section 901 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, and under the education acts is also required of parents who fail to send their children to school. How to reach the parent is a question for the criminal law, with which we are not dealing at present. But for the child, what should be done with him? Most certainly he should be placed in a healthy and sufficient home and taught the rudiments of knowledge and honest ways. Here the state should seek the aid of private charity, acting through incorporated institutions, because the state can in this case only control the institutions, and look after the treatment and welfare of the children. These agencies are sufficient for the present and may be sufficient always. Show the people that ways in which they can best help the outcast, and their benevolence will supply the means.

If these views are sound, they lead logically to the following conclusions:

1. That there should be a public guardian of homeless children under twelve years of age, whose duty it should be to find out the condition and treatment of those brought before him, and when he sees that they require it, to place them in some institution incorporated for the care of such children, to be kept there or sent by them to homes here or in the States, as the interests of the homeless children may be included not only orphans without homes, but all children under twelve years of age, who are abandoned by their parents or so neglected or treated as to endanger their morals, to be taken in charge.

II. That every police officer should be required and every citizen should be permitted to bring such children before this guardian.

III. That a child under seven years of age should never under any circumstances be treated as a criminal, and that a child between seven and twelve should not be so treated until he has been examined by the guardian and he has sent to the magistrate. No child under twelve should ever be left in the society of criminals under any circumstances whatever.

The foregoing has already reached the limit intended. It has not gone into particulars. In the contingent it has been made to refer to certain general propositions. Their development and elucidation are matters of detail. The idea of the article is attained, if it has helped to impress upon the reader the reason, justice and, partly political. Take care of the children and men and women will take care of themselves.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—On March 18, Corporal Pat held an inquest at Keady, on the body of a farmer named Patrick McGoldrick, who died from the effects of injuries received by being thrown from his car. It appears that deceased, while the drivers were passing an Archangelmass from Armagh market, one of the horses of the car got down in a drain, and the cart was turned over, throwing him out on the road. A woman who was driving the car, who was also thrown out, escaped without injury, but the deceased had received a fall so serious as severely that he died. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Clare.—On March 20th, at Kilkee, a child named Walsh, whose parents reside in a cottage on the Circular road, accidentally fell into the face and hands being fearfully burned. It is not expected to recover.

At a time when the Land Leaguers are so active in driving people out from Kilrush, the population of that place numbered 5,000 only was bumped on March 23d. It is not alone one of the men who boycott, and some of the cattle were overshot and were not expected to live.

Great distress prevails in Kilrush and the surrounding districts among the laboring classes and small farmers. The Boards of Guardians are doing all in their power to cope with it, but it is feared the financial condition of the Union will prevent them from adopting remedial measures which would meet the case of distress.

Cork.—On March 20, Sister Agnes, of the Order of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, died in the Convent of Charity, Fair street, Dunbeg. The deceased was from Cork, and her name in the 12 of Miss Gleeson.

The Commissioners of Education took place in Cork on March 19th, in celebration of the Nationalist victories at the Poor-law elections. Bands paraded the streets and cheers were repeatedly given for the National leaders.

On March 18, Mr. P. Lynch, champion athlete, was arrested at Rosteveal, on the alleged charge of having forged the name of Mr. William Oliver to a cheque for £10.

An event of against society stared declarations of Grand Juries on bailiffs boycotted their peculiar law,—the Cork City Grand Jury, on March 19, voted in favor of a resolution to Ireland of a similar character, and the Grand Jury of Limerick passed a resolution to the effect that if the Queen from England, but would strengthen and consolidate the imperial connection. That is common sense. The substitution of the union of Ireland and England for the present one, by the substitution of an artificial bond by a natural tie, would always be a closer knitting together, and not a weakening of alliance. The Protestant on the Grand Jury jailbird, Protestant seconded and supported this resolution. They do not seem to be the exceptions that the Catholic majority at their Cookery brethren would fain make the world realize.

The wife of a Cork magistrate, one Mr. John Lyons, residing at Ballyvolane, on March 19th, gave birth to twin boys, the latter of her husband's house, and then propounded a story that she had been the victim of a conspiracy, the object being to blacken the reputation of the husband, and to implicate the wife in a charge for malicious outrage. Pretty creature!

On March 21st, there was witnessed in Castle town Bere the and ceremony of degradation in another earth the remains of the late Rev. John Harrington, the once talented, eloquent, patriotic and genial priest.

Dublin.—The Silver Cup of the Royal Humane Society (the recipient having previously received the Silver Medal) has just been awarded to Lieutenant Jon Captain Francis Adjutant of the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, for the gallant effort he made on the 4th ult. at Fort Mahon, in the Bay of Delhi, to save the life of Private Thomas Cassidy, of the same regiment, but unfortunately the brave man failed in his effort. Captain Cassidy is a distinguished young Irishman who served in Egypt and received the medal and clasp, Brown star, and the Order of the Medjidie. The medal awarded him is 1000 by the Royal Humane Society was the jumping off a troopship and saving the life of a man of his regiment, the same being at sea at the time between Malta and Southampton.

Captain Cassidy is a nephew of Sir Ralph Cassidy.

At the St. Patrick's Day ball in Dublin, the Earl of Cromartie danced the reel with the Countess of Aberdeen, and came to grief, but without doing any damage to anything but his dignity. Another incident occurred in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant, Dublin, chanced and frightened his horse, Keating & Co., was, on the 23d of March, adjudged bankrupt.

On March 17, a man named John Nolan, porter in the Castle street School of Medicine, was gentle down stairs in company with three of the medical students, when he fell to the bottom and fractured his skull.

Galway.—Rev. Walter Conway, P. P., Killeen, Cloonfad, is author of an excellent and comprehensive Catechism in the Irish language, which should be popular (and) charactaer.

Fine of Mr. Walter M. Blake's men who, with blue, has been in the Boston house erected at Dooking and Ballinasloe a few weeks ago, are now dead, the last being the half, John Geraghty, who, doubtless, died of fright.

Kerry.—Mr. J. H. Sheehan, M. P., has recovered from a serious indisposition, which took the shape of an attack of congestion of the lungs, and he will soon be able to resume the duties of his parliamentary and other duties. Dr. Lee is in charge of the case.

Meath.—A respectable farmer named James Turner, residing at Tullyallen, while recently in the vicinity of Drogheda, had a narrow escape from a dangerous case is the threat with a razor, which a tramp, who had sold to be his son, drew on him.

The Mont Bar, Dy. McGettigan, has appealed to the Lord Lieutenant, Dublin, for the parish priest at Tullyallen, vacant by the recent death of the lamented Rev. Patrick, P.P. Father Tuohy is a brother of the respected and patriotic parish priest of Ballyjamesduff, Co. Cavan.

Mrs. Sullam, wife of Peter Sullam, Esq., J. P., died on March 17th, at her residence, Castlerahan, Ballyjamesduff.

The ceremony of Profession took place at the Convent of Mercy, Navan, on Sunday, March Parle, on St. Patrick's Day, of seven young ladies, namely, Sisters Mary Ignatius, Mary Francis Xavier and Mary Gertrude, daughter of Captain Thomas Boylan, Drogheda.

The Rev. Patrick Kieran, Bishop Reabane, Tullydaly, fifty-two in number, have been granted a conditional dispensation of 20 per cent. in their rents. They made this demand last November, and after a tremendous agitation, they obtained a commission, and agreed to abide by the decision. The commission found in favor of the tenants, and offered to Mr. Smyth, solicitor, who, very much to his credit, also offered to assist in the gift of the commission of fifty-two tenants, the decision of the commission, namely, 20 per cent. The tenants immediately gave 20 per cent. abatement. The firm and determined spirit shown by the tenants (one or two excepted) shows what can be achieved a much needed lesson.

Mayo.—John O'Brien, of Swinford, in the county of Mayo, grocer and publican, has been adjudged a bankrupt.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Castlebar Board of Guardians, held March 20th, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. James Daly, Vice Chairman, and seconded by Mr. Michael Gibbons, J. P., Chairman, was passed unanimously: "That the thanks of the workhouse be tendered to the Lord Lieutenant for the act of grace which has enabled Mr. Harrison, from Carrick-on-Shannon, backed by a ballot seated Mr. Wynne, Ballinrobe, Mr. Wynne, Ballinrobe, Mr. Hanly, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Mayerty, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Daly, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Fennell—Mr. O'Neill, N., Mr. Wynne, Mr. Hanly, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Mayerty, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Daly, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Gibbons

Poetry.

THE WELCOME OF THE DIVINE GUEST.

By Eugene C. Donnelly.

In a rare old Irish story,
I have read with a tear and a smile,
Of a scene in a little chapel
In Erin's fair isle.

A little rustic chapel
In a wild pea'sle retreat,
Where the lowly Divine Guest of the mountains
Of hallowed meanings meet.

The priest at the lighted altar
Is reading the Mass of Mass;
And the place is thronged from the door
Clear out to the church yard grass.

All kneeling, humb'd and repentant,
Hilling their sins from him,
'Till the bell of the Consecration
Flings forth its solemn chime.

When lo! as the Host is lifted,
The Chalice raised on high,
Subdued yet clear, the people
Send forth one rapturous cry.

"Welcome! A thousand welcomes!
(While many a tear-drop starts)
"Welcome! *Cead mile failte!*
White Love of all our hearts!"

Oh, the passionate warmth of that while,
Glad, the grace, of that greeting strong!
Is the tone of the fervent lovers,
All hearts are being sung.

And in Mass of the Son of Justice
Lights up that dim old spot,
And Mother Church's prayer
A flame that dieth not!

Ah! friends, in our stately churches,
When we pass the gorgeous shrine
Where the Sacred Host repeats,
"Welcome! *Cead mile failte!*"

Let the voice of our faith find utterance
In a prayer to Mother Love,
Let us cry with our faith brothers
In Erin's fair isle,

"Welcome! a thousand welcomes!"
(What bliss that prayer imparts!)
"Welcome! *Cead mile failte!*"
White Love of all our hearts!

THE RIGHT ANSWER.

"What would you do for Ireland,
O say, my school child?"
"I'd kill her foes, I'd dey her years
Her sorrow change to joy,
With bogus of Chrysostom I'd wire
The Saxon's age, and spoil
That nought is yet from Erin's fears,
But sense from Erin's love."

"What would you do for Ireland,
O say, my second child?"
"I'd wed a Modest Irish lass back
Her children, long exiled;
Her children, long exiled, to her plains,
With sisters her brothers fill,
Rich grain should fill her every vale,
And cheer her every hill."

"What would you do for Ireland,
O say, my youngest child?"
"I'd set her green flag to the breze,
Now trampled, stained, and torn,
And chase the foe, like Ossian Bran,
From centre to the sea,
Till all the isles from strand to strand,
Was glorious, great, and free!"

"Well said, my son; so Ireland is blest,
That owns not Freedom for a guest."

Maloney M. Ryan.

LOUVAIN UNIVERSITY.

A Lire of the English-Speaking Gentlemen.

In commemoration of its Jubilee in 1834, the ill. lustrious Academy of Louvain published a list of its pupils, with biographical notices. This is a page of glory and dignity, and other high gratifications, for all the Catholics of Belgium. In 1834, the number of graduates in all the faculties in Louvain had reached the high figure of 3,000. The vast majority must have received the religious, moral and literary training of Louvain. Many, indeed, passed through the hands of the Jesuits, and, if we are not mistaken, the Jesuits had a hand in the training of all. We may safely infer, from what we believe, the debt is handsome to the Jesuits, that the Catholic Universities of Belgium, in a very possible sense, the production is very high. Belgium is a Catholic country. The Catholic Universities of Belgium do not appear to be in any way hampered by the Government, and among the alumni of Louvain, we find the Prime Minister, the Minister of Justice, the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Public Works, the Governor of the Bank of Belgium, the Bar, the Bench, the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies, the Universities, the Press, the Clergy, the Catholic Clergy, the Catholic Clergy, the Catholic

Poetry.

THE WELCOME OF THE DIVINE GUEST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

In a rare old Irish gray,
I have read with a tale and a smile,
(If a scene in a little chapel
In Erin's land of isle.

A little rustic chapel
In a wild yet fair retreat,
Where the Bread of Life is given
To hallowed meetings meet.

The priest at the lighted altar
In reading the blessed Mass,
And the place he thronged from the chancel
Clear out to the church yard grass.

All kneeling, hush'd and expectant,
Hiding their chosen Guest,
"Till the bell of the Consecration
Rings forth its solemn chime.

When lo! as the Host is lifted,
The Unalloyed on high,
Subdued yet clear, the people
Send forth one rapturous cry.

"Welcome! A thousand welcomes!"
(While many a tear-drop starts)
"Welcome! *Cead mile fáilte!*"
"White Lord of all our hearts!"

Oh, the passionate warmth of that whisper!
Oh, the grace of that greeting strong!
On the tide of its glowing fervor,
All hearts were borne along!

And the blaze of the Sun of Justice
Lights up that dim old spot,
And kindles to vivid beauty
A flame that dieth not!

A friende, be our stanch shrinkers,
When we pass on the gorgeous shrine
When the mocking angels fail, reviling,
Like a great white Pearl divine.

Let the voice of our faith feel stiffnesse
In a preaching free from a smile;
Let us cry with our Irish brethren
In Erin's far off isle

"Welcome! a thousand welcomes!"
(While blue eyes grow misty wet)
"Welcome! *Cead mile fáilte!*"
"White Lord of all our hearts!"

THE RIGHT ANSWER.

"What would you do for Ireland,
O say, my fellow boy?"—
"I'd mint her bees, I'd dry her tears,
Her sorrow change to joy."
With bugles of Clarynscline I'd win
The Saxon's ear and eye;
That nought is yet from Erin's fears,
But needs from Erin's love."

"What would you do for Ireland,
O say, my school girl?"—
"I'd wile to Mother Ireland back
Her children, long exiled;
Rebuild her hearth, re-lill her plains,
With ships her harbors fill;
Rich grain should fill her every vale,
And clothe her every hill."

"What would you do for Ireland,
O say, my youngest born?"
"I'd make her fields to the skies,
Of dear, her people's land, and
Of shame the foe, like Green Roe,
From pasture to rise and
Till all the land, from strand to strand,
Was glorious, free, and free."

"Well said, my son! no land is blest,
That sons not Freedom for a guest."

MALACHY M. RYAN.

LOUVAIN UNIVERSITY.

A Lot of its English-Speaking Graduates.

In commemoration of its Jubilee in 1884, the of late year's calendar of Louvain University, Belgium, contains a list of its graduates, that is a complete and distinct, and other high graduates of the University, from its foundation in 1834. The number of Graduates in all the faculty is very great, and shows how lately the University must have turned from the religious, scientific, and literary life of Belgium, to the glorious through the late to one who, poor, Kingdom of Belgium, and the Belgian people, the University must be ever dear, and the remembrance of its Jubilee, the date to be treasured by its people in which they respectively graduated. We may presume that the graduates have, in the intermediate year and decades, on that many English speaking Students do not appear found in the Lists of Graduates of Louvain, but among the *Licentiates in Philosophy*, the Rev. Thomas Ryan (1844), professor of St. Edward's College, Kilkenny; the Rev. L. J. Hickey, D. D., Professor of Philosophy; the Rev. Daniel Dee (1860), now a Chemistry; the Rev. J. Lynch (1860), Professor of Philosophy; the Rev. Jos. Lynch (1860), Professor of Philosophy; the Rev. Jos. Lynch (1860), Professor of Philosophy; the Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco; the Rev. Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore; the Rev. Jos. Hickey, D. D., Professor of Philosophy; the Rev. Daniel Dee (1860), now a Chemistry; the Rev. J

THE MONITOR.
TO BEST SERVE THEE OF CHRISTIANITY

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

— M. J. Johnston, of Pomona, Los Angeles county, a former member of the Episcopalian sect, who has been seeking the heavenly light that leads men's souls to God, was baptized and received into the true fold of Christ by Rev. Father Fraher on Easter Sunday. What a beautiful day to select for such a sublime act! To rise from the tomb of religious error on Easter Sunday proves that the new convert fully appreciates the great dignity of that joyous festival.

— The Catholics of Glendive, Montana, having recently purchased the Congregational church at that place, Bishop Brondel dedicated the building to the purposes of divine worship on Sunday the 7th inst. This—one by one—is every State and territory in the whole United States, Protestantism is falling into decay, whilst the church of God is more and more firmly erected by those who considered "Popery" not sufficiently "go-a-head" for this great country.

— The Irish Orangemen who congregate in a corner of the North of Ireland are likely to prove a thorn in Great Britain's side if they carry out their blood-and-thunder declarations. At a recent meeting of these Williamites in the county Antrim, Mr. Johnston, Conservative member of Parliament for South Belfast, moved that the Irish Loyalists refuse to recognize the Dublin Parliament if established, and decline to pay taxes, and to resist all attempts to enforce them to pay taxes. He said he intended to drive up a list of those Loyalists who were prepared to bear arms. But all this bombast and brag will subside whenever the cowardly Orange heels stand long enough to feel the Irish *Pough-a-bullagh* sweet with breech-loaders.

— It is a hopeful sign to notice that the observance of Good Friday is growing in favor. In New York, on the recent festival, the Stock, Produce, and other Exchanges were closed, seven of the theatres had no performances, and the base-ball and other athletic clubs omitted their customary games. A movement has also been inaugurated in New York to have the saloons close on that day, Archbishop Corrigan having recently said that "every good son of the Church ought to sell intoxicants on Good Friday." We hope that prior to the next recurrence of this solemn festival some influence will be brought to bear upon the managers of theatres and other public places in this city to close their doors on Good Friday out of respect for the august sacrifice offered up for man's Redemption by the Son of God.

FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN DEAD.

The Poet-Priest of the South, in Mobile, Ala.

The name of FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN, the Poet-Priest of the South, is familiar to many readers of the MONITOR who will mourn over his early and sudden demise which took place on Holy Thursday last. His holy life as a priest, his ardent love for Ireland, and his fidelity to his Southern home during the recent contest between North and South, are all deeply revealed in his numerous poems, each of which breathes that pure spirit of poetic inspiration which distinguishes the true poet from the mere mechanical rhymester.

The inspiriting muse of FATHER RYAN has moved multitudes; his poems have caused the fire of faith to burn more brightly in many a Catholic breast; the tribute which he has paid to God, His Blessed Mother, to his beloved South and to holy Ireland, will some his memory to be cherished throughout the span of the future.

FATHER RYAN was but forty-six years old when Death broke the strings of his lyre, having been born in Virginia in 1840. His student years were spent at St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and, after his ordination, he spent several years on missionary duty in Knoxville, Tennessee. During the Spring of 1865 he undertook the management of a newspaper called the *Banner of the South* in Augusta, Georgia, but the enterprise did not meet with success. He was afterwards appointed as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Alabama, and—at the time of his death—he was recting at Biloxi, Mississippi.

Among his poetical sessions "The Conquered Banner" will always rank as his masterpiece. His well-known Irish poem —"Erin's Flag"—has popularized his name among the Irish people in every quarter of the globe, and his "Rosary of My Tears," is the poetical outpouring of his life upon the pages he has left us as his legacy of love. The concluding stanza of this oddly beautiful poem are very suggestive of the devoted author of them:

But lead by lead I tell
The Rosary of my years,
Prom a cross that was laid on Calvary
Down to my own poor cross to-day—"As well!
And they're blest with a blessing of tears
Beneath a day of strife,
Than a century of sleep,
Give me instead of a long peaceful life
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may lean
On the pillows of all the years,
But never the dream that has been
It render the future drearier!

In view of the early demise of FATHER RYAN, it may be said that his prayer for an early death has been heard by a merciful Providence. He was a man of great sincerity, and his poems partake of the sublime almost of despair, whenever he touches the chord of his heart-strings which bound him to his native South. They are evidently the priestly sweet-singer of the Southern States prove to be as pure and as beautiful in the grave of his beloved South as in the place ejaculations and the patriotic aspirations of his brilliant genius—as reflective in the many beautiful poems he has left in the world and which all tend to make men the better for their present.

FATHER RYAN's funeral took place last Sunday, and we ask the prayers of our readers that the Recording Angel may write "*Requiescat in!*" opposite the name of FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN in the Book of Life.

Growth of the Church among English-speaking Nations.

The congratulatory greetings which Cardinal Moran and the Bishops of the Church under the Southern Cross sent to the Catholic Hierarchy of this country—and which appeared in the MONITOR a few months ago—has been replied to by his Grace Archbishop Gibbons, who has formulated a document which shows the vast strides made by the Catholic Church among English-speaking races in different regions of the world. Archbishop Gibbons says that "only four English-speaking bishops sat in the Council of Trent; at the Council of the Vatican 120 shared in the deliberations. At this moment they number 160, and we may without rashness venture the prediction that before the century closes they will number 200. Moreover, discipline and devotional works in English, which fifty years ago were scarce in fused, are now to be found in almost every Catholic home. Our noble language, which for three centuries has served by voice and pen to spread abroad so much religious error, is now, thank God, the vehicle of truth to the nations. As it is to-day the great medium of inter-communication in trade and commerce, so may it be more and more the channel for conveying the blessings and consolation of the Gospel to the hearts of men. For this advancement of the cause of religion in both countries, we are in no small measure indebted under God to the religious freedom which constitutes so noble a feature of our respective Governments. They hold over us the aegis of their protection without intruding into the sanctuary, and by leaving unrelaxed the spiritual prerogatives enable us to fulfill our sublime mission without fettering our apostolic liberty."

In this country, during the eighteen years that elapsed between the holding of the Second and the Third Plenary Councils, forty-one new Dioceses and seventy-three Vicariates have been created; the number of priests has risen from 2,500 to 7,000, speaking in round numbers: and religious houses, colleges and schools, have multiplied in proportion. The Third Provincial Council of Baltimore was attended by seventy-one Bishops, one Prelect Apostolic, one Administrator, three Procurators of Bishops, five Abbots, the Superior of thirty-one Religious Orders, the Rectors of eleven Greater Seminaries and eighty-nine Theologians. Figures which at once demonstrate with forcible truth the onward progress of the Church in a land where her body and bonds Missions are beginning to be more fully realized, and where she is destined to achieve a glorious career which will add additional lustre to her own exalted character and increase the respect of the world for her great Christianizing mission as typified in the labors of her Prelates, Priests and Religious Orders.

The Progress of Protestantism.

The progress of Protestantism may be likened to the regressive motion of a crab. This Protestant word; The "progress" of Protestantism is a misnomer, and a credious conglomeration of sects itself is very peculiar. In Brooklyn, New York, a Protestant church called St. Ann's has given way to the progress of commerce. Sands street Methodist church is almost entirely devoid of a congregation; the Baptist church in Nassau street, New York, has been transformed into a book bindery; the fashionable church known as "Dr. Spencer's" in Brooklyn, makes a carp opinions carpet shoe room, and the congregations of two other sectarian edifices had to double-up in one church so as to save both from tumbling into the ditch of decay.

Elm Tree Congregational church has been converted into a theatre; the Dutch Reformed church on Joralemon street has been sold and is going to be transformed into a concert hall, and Westerly Avenue Chapel has been converted into a chair making establishment.

It may be remarked that the congregations which attended these churches have erected edifices elsewhere, but this is not so. The churches collapsed for want of congregations, for the reason that so many of the non-Catholic masses have turned Agnostics, Infidels, Rationalists or Materialists, that the "progress" they are left to pay the preachers, and when their claim of salvationists do not get good pay, they quietly slip off the circuit rider to find a place in some of the professional where money can be made rapidly. In the secular sphere Protestantism, in this way, progressing, but—as a religion—it is rapidly being shifted down to a fine point by the internal error of its composition.

— The New York *Sun* turns the tables very sensibly upon Lord Salisbury in regard to his recent false assertion when he said "Whitehey, moonlight, and ribbon notion, murders by night and day, made doubtful the angelic character of this Irish peasantry." Unfortunately, says the *Sun*, an angelic character is something that no people possess. Ku Klux and kindred societies, murders by night and day, made doubtful the chivalric character of the Southern Democrats. But the Ku-Klux societies were the outgrowth of oppression by carpet-bag Governments. When that oppression was removed, the Ku-Klux became dead out of the Ku-Klux Klan. Since the Southerners have had home rule, they have become obedient to the laws and loyal to the Union. If this country should get into a foreign war there would be no need to keep an army in the South to overawe the people and guard against another rebellion. Moonlight and ribbon societies have grown out of carpet-bag governments in Ireland. They are evils which can be healed by the same medicine that cured the Ku-Klux plague. If England should drift into a war with a powerful neighbor—and sooner or later she must get there—a bad addition to that misfortune would certainly be a rebellion in Ireland. Should Gladstone's bill be torn to pieces by English passion and flung into the teeth of the Irish people, it will simply be a challenge that may be taken up at an awkward time.

— Bishop Ireland will sail for Europe soon. Rumor has it that his see will be made an archdiocese.

Indulgences of the Rosary.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

12 *c. Indulgences that can be gained on feast feasts—Continued.* Second, On the 8th, 24th, or the Saturday immediately following it, commences the first of the fifteen Sundays preparatory to the feast of the Most Holy Rosary. On each Saturday may be gained, first, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines (Congregation of Indulgences, December 12, 1848); second, a plenary indulgence on each Saturday (December 29, 1852). Furthermore, on each of three Saturdays, at one's selection, a plenary indulgence (December 12, 1849); conditions, Confession, Communion, visit to the Rosary altar and prayers for the intentions of the Church. On the 29th—the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles—three years and three quarantines for assisting at the *Salve Regina* in a church of the Order, Clement VIII. *Indulgellus.*

JULY. On the 2nd the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary—may be gained the following indulgences: first, one hundred days for the recitation of a chaplet, Leo X, *Pastoris*; second, three years and three quarantines for assisting at the *Salve Regina* in a church of the Order, Clement VIII. *Indulgellus*; third, seven years and seven quarantines for visiting the altar of the Rosary, Clement VIII, *Salutaris*; fourth, seven years and seven quarantines for assisting at the Rosary Procession, Clement VIII, *In Salute*; fifth, seven years and seven quarantines (*ibid.*, seven years and seven quarantines for visiting the altar of the Rosary, Clement VIII, *In Salute*; sixth, seven years and seven quarantines for assisting at the Rosary Procession, Clement VIII, *In Salute*; seventh, (*ibid.*, a plenary indulgence for the Fourth Glorious Mystery, Gregory XIII, *Pastoris*; conditions: Confession and Communion; fourth, two more plenary indulgences, granted by the same Pope, on the same conditions (see Feb. 7, No. 5, this section); fifth, a plenary indulgence *for each visit* to the Rosary altar, Innocent XI, *Nuper*; conditions: Confession, Confession and Communion. IV. For assisting at the Rosary Procession, first, a plenary indulgence, provided the recursion made his Confession and received Holy Communion before the Procession, Pius IV., *Dum praeclare*; second, seven plenary, granted by Gregory XIII., *Ad regendum*, on the same conditions; third, third plenary, granted by Pius IX., *Ut magis*, on the ordinary conditions. It is with remark here that the Communion prescribed for the gaining of the above specified indulgences, may be received on any day of the Octave (Decision of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgence, Feb. 25, 1848). On the 16th—the feast of St. John of Cornuta, Martyr, U. P., a plenary indulgence, conditions Confession, Communion, and a visit to a church of the Order. On the 16th—the feast of St. Mathew, Apostle, three years and three quarantines for assisting in a church of the Order, at the *Salve Regina*, Clement VIII., *Indulgellus*. On the 16th—the feast of St. Hyacinth, Confessor, O.P. a plenary indulgence, conditions Confession, Communion and a visit to a church of the Order. On the 24th—the feast of St. Bartholomew, Apostle—three years and three quarantines for assisting in a church of the Order at the *Salve Regina*, Clement VIII., *Indulgellus*. On the 30th—the feast of St. Rose of Lima, Virgin, U. P.—a plenary indulgence; conditions Confession, Communion, and a visit to a church of the Order.

AUGUST. On the 4th—the feast of St. Dominic, the Founder of the Order of Friars-Preachers, and the Establisher (Instituter) of the Most Holy Rosary—may be gained, first, a plenary indulgence, conditions Confession, Communion, and a visit to a church of the Order; second, a second plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions (Gregory XVI., March 16, 1842). It is well to remember that, in all churches in which a Confraternity of the Rosary is canonically established, the liturgical solemnity, that is, the Solemn Mass of St. Dominic, can be celebrated on the Sunday following the feast (whenever the feast falls on a week day), and the indulgences of two other sectarian edifices had to double-up in one church so as to save both from tumbling into the ditch of decay.

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D. J. OLIVER.

Death of one of California's Most Distinguished Irish-American Citizens. Sketch of His Life, His Well-Deserved Honors and His Last Hours.

[PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE MONITOR.]

In consequence of last week's edition of the MONITOR having become exhausted by reason of demand on the part of the numerous friends of Mr. Oliver to possess a sketch of his life, we regret to inform our readers that the following article, covering a few minor inaccuracies which appeared in our issue of the 24th inst., which appeared in our issue of the 24th inst.

A crowd of those sudden and unexpected events which startle communities into wondering at the ways of Providence, cast a shade of sadness over the city of the Golden Gate, on the afternoon of last Thursday week. The news flashed hither and thither by the telegraph, was to all classes and conditions of men, a shock of sorrow, and a sense of loss and bereavement, which could not be prolonged, for years and years, the Catholic Church in California, and the Irish people in the Golden State, have lost a true friend, and a sincere Christian, in the person of the late D. J. Oliver, who died at his residence, 1,104 Mission street, San Francisco, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 15th inst., after a long and painful illness, which he bore with the patience of a true Christian, and the resignation of a true Catholic.

Deceased was a native of Ireland, and was 64 years of age at the time of his death. He was a man of great energy of character, and of a very generous disposition, which latter quality, may overtake the Editorial scribbler, who, in the hurry of his work, may not have the opportunity to set out the full meaning of the word, in the manner in which it should be set out, in order to clearly demonstrate the meaning of the writer. It may be sufficient to say, that the late D. J. Oliver was a man of robust and healthy constitution, and possessed of a good share of the energy of mind and body, which characterized the average Irish man. He was comparatively free from the trials, cares and vexations of the every-day round of life; he was surrounded with all the comforts which could lead to prolong his years and his friends hoped that the sunshine of his genial disposition would continue to shed its light upon their society gatherings for many years to come. But the unexpected, the sudden, the startling, the disconsolate, and in striking down in the prime of life, and in the full vigor of the world's race, a man who was a noted and kindly character who was proud of, and loved by, his adopted land, and who was a man who was widely accredited by his adopted home for the kindness of his heart, and the generosity of his disposition, and who was a man who was a true friend of the poor, and who was a man who was a true friend of the poor, and who was a man who was a true friend of the poor

Farm and Home.

How to Eat.

The primary act of digestion takes place in the mouth. A simple statement, certainly, but one more important than it may at first sight appear. For in the mouth the food is, or ought to be, slowly and properly masticated. This not only renders it more fit to be speedily acted upon by the juices of the stomach (gastric), but enables it to be well mingled with the secretions of the salivary and parotid glands. And what do these secretions do? The answer is this: The saliva contains a fermentive agent, to which chemists have given the name of "diastase." The property of this diastase is that it changes the starch of the food into sugar, or "dextrine," which is soluble, the former not being so. A portion of this is actually absorbed into the blood from the mouth. Again, the diastase is only active in an alkaline versus an acid medium, another reason why it should be mingled with the food in the mouth and not in the stomach. Slow mastication, then, is of the greatest importance if we would live in health and avoid the horrors of indigestion, with the thousand and one ills, physical and mental, that follow in its train. Take time to eat if you would be happy. Take time to eat if you would be well. Teach your children to do so, and explain to them the reason why. A word or two spoken to a child in a quiet and reasoning strain, will often make a very deep and lasting impression.

I have a letter before me, from which I will make an extract: "I am seventy-seven years of age," says the writer, "and have very few teeth, but my appetite and digestion are good, which I attribute to careful feeding. I have morning (breakfast) that all kinds of food, whether dry or moist, should not be allowed to pass until reduced to a pulp and mixed with the saliva."

Let me draw the reader's attention to the words "whether dry or moist." The aged but healthful writer does not to allow even moist food to pass a mouthful into the stomach. He is right. But is it not the common practice to bolt such food? Take, for example, a supper of porridge, and milk, or well-boiled bonnyclap and milk. How long do most people take to eat such a meal? And mind this: it is a most wholesome one. Why, about five minutes. Can they wonder that it disagrees, that it creates acidity and eructations, flatulence and all sorts of discomforts, not the least disagreeable of which are restless nights and nightmare dreams!

Great Profit in Figs.

S. H. Clapp, of the firm of Dudley, Clapp & Doe, extensive fruit dealers in New York, who is visiting Riverside, thinks the fruit raisers of California make a great mistake in not engaging in the culture of the fig more extensively. New York dealers are paying fifty cents per pound for choice Smyrna figs at wholesale, a price that California fruit could command if proper skill and care were used in the selection of the right variety and in grading and packing for the market. The principal fig grown in California is the black variety that is inferior on account of its color. If the White Smyrna fig should take its place and be handled rightly, it could command as high a price as the imported article. Californians seem to think that the fruit is good enough as it is and use no care in grading and packing, but part in all kinds promiscuously, while the foreign fig raisers make a selection of the very best fruit, securing a high price for which they can afford to sell other grades at a low price. The best fruit, if carelessly packed, will not command the price that the same fruit would if put up in a neat shape to catch the eye of the buyer.

Girls Learn to Cook.

Yes, yes, learn how to cook, girls, and learn how to cook well. What right has a girl to marry and go into a home of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself. The fact is that man does not think enough of this; indeed, many a man marries without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking him a meal; and it is a pity he is so shortsighted, for his health, his cheerfulness, and, indeed, his success in life, depend in a very great degree on the kind of food he eats. Let all girls have a share in housekeeping at home before they marry; let each experienced some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house has been properly swept, dusted, and put in order, to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels which unstrung their mind and body and unfit them for every day life.

What Animals is Breed to Grow Rich.

The prospect for making money by keeping cattle on the open range and feeding them as good as it was a few years ago. The best business have been secured, with rare exceptions, the national supplies of water are controlled by parties who keep them as their private property. The action of the national Government in relation to grazing lands in Indian Territory and the prevention of wire fences on public lands has been unfavorable to the interests of management.

Hog raising is less profitable than it has been at any time since the beginning of the civil war. One pork is excluded from several countries where it was once extensively sold. There is more risk from disease keeping hogs than any other kind of domesticated animals.

The outlook for large gains in keeping sheep is very good. Wool and ordinary mutton are both very low. While many are not inclined to sacrifice their flocks of sheep, few desire to increase them. All sheep raisers are hopeful of a favorable turn in their business.

The prospects for making money in breeding and raising horses and mules were never better than they are now. Horses of all descriptions command good prices. As wealth increases in large cities there is an increasing demand for horses that will make fast time on the roadways, for fine carriage horses, and for riding horses. The demand for heavy draught horses for use on drays and transfer wagons was never better. The demand for middle weight horses is also good. The increase of street car lines in all large towns and also the very number of horses suitable for drawing cars. Street railways make a demand for more horses than ordinary railways ever displeased. At present prices there is more money in draught animals than in those raised for supplying meat. That such a state of things will continue for a considerable time seems likely. The demand for horses in all countries increases as wealth and civilization increase.

— Words of praise, indeed, are almost as necessary to warm a child into a genial life as acts of kindness and affection; judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.

— Use as little vinegar as possible in silking of others.

— When you bury an old animosity never mind a tombstone.

— Aspen's Catharetic Pills are suited to every age. Being sugar-coated they are easy to take, and thoroughly and perfectly cleansing. Aspen's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine is acknowed by eminent physicians, prominent clergymen, and many of our best citizens.

IN OBEDIENCE TO THE GENERAL DEMAND OF PUBLIC WARNER'S SAFE YEAST

which we guarantee to be as good as ever, we have added Hop and Potato to our Compressed and Health Preserving.

PRICE, 10c. A BOX.

(10 Cakes in a Box.)

Enough to raise 50 lbs. of the lightest, sweetest and most wholesome bread. If your grocer does not keep it, send to us.

Warner's Safe Yeast Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Family Fun.

Both Knocked Out.

When Nibsco came home from business the other night he found his somewhat better half with her head tied up and generally in a weary and used up condition.

"What is the matter, my dear?" he gently inquired.

"Oh, John, I have had such a hard day's work. I am completely worn out.

"What have you been doing?"

"Just shopping. I hunted through all the stores on Sixth and Eighth avenues, and have gone nearly the entire length of Broadway, too."

"What did you buy?"

"Nothing at all. I have been trying to match that gray silk for the front width of my new dress, but had to give it up. I am sure there is no such a thing as shopping."

The next night—that is to say, at an early hour in the morning following the night—Nibsco got home in a sadly demoralized condition, shattered mentally and physically, and emitting a strong odor of liquid oil.

"Why, John, what on earth can have kept you out so late?" demanded the angel of the home, who had sat up for him.

"What have you been doing to yourself? Where have you been?"

"Jes' a-shoppin', m'dear," he indistinctly replied. "I'e terrible hard work. Had to inter sev'ry s'loon on Six' avenue, and lots o' 'em on side streets, to match a drink of whiskey I got t'other day, but had to give it up. Th' ain't nothin' is half so tryin' as shopin, beither life."

Wanted for a Crazy Quilt.

Mr. Dusenbury—My dear, where are all my silk neckties!

Mrs. Dusenbury—I used them in my crazy quilt. Put on the one you wore yesterday.

Mr. Dusenbury, a twinkle in his eye—You have a weakness for ties, I notice. By the-bye, there's any number of them on the station lot.

"What! Ties?"

"Yes. At least a dray load of them."

"Good gracious!" Mr. Dusenbury! And not a little worn?"

"Yes."

"What kind of ties are they?"

"Railroad ties, my dear."

A Justice's First Charge.

He said: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence, as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you do the one or the other, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

The Latest Boycott.

Jimmy Toffboy keeps his eye open and knows what is going on fairly well. Bustling into the kitchen the other day he shouted: "I say, ma, barry up and gimme suthin' t'eat. I'm jiggin' to join the Knights of Illiness." "You needn't trouble yourself about that. You are idle enough as it is, and there is nothing in the house for you to eat until supper time." "All right, I shall boycott you—just as soon as you saw up this rip in my trousers." He was put to bed until the necessary mending was done.

The Discovery of America.

The *London Standard* tells a story which many bright little Americans will appreciate. The following story comes from a school in the midlands: The master told the boys of the third class to write a short essay on Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus, 'Can you discover America?' Columbus said, 'Yes, I will give one a ship.' So he had a ship and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarrelled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Come my, I see land.' Then that is America, said Columbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is, said they. Then he said: 'I suppose you are the boss'es?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are.' The chief said 'I suppose you are Christians?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said: 'There is no help for it, we are discovered at last.'"

When the Day Is Cold.

"I see father," said Hollo, looking up from the paper, "that two boys in Maine were frozen to death while going to school." "Quite likely, my son," replied Rollo's father, "quite likely; a thing that is liable to happen anywhere, even in July. Did you never heard of a boy freezing to death while coming from school. Never, my son. And that gave Rollo something to think about all morning.

The Old Hen Too.

Mrs. Spunyerun is quite a young woman, and is the mother of a precious little girl. There was company at the house a few evenings ago. When bed-time arrived Mrs. Spunyerun said:

"Come now, Mamie, it's time for you to go to bed.

"I don't want to go to bed."

"But you must. Don't you know all the little chickens have gone to bed?

"Yes, but the old hen went to bed with them.

— We have only one thing to do—the will of God; one thing to fear—offence against God; one thing to hope for—the possession of God. Our actions should have but one motive—the glory of God; our actions should be bound up in—the love of God.

— Let us not forget the uses of silence and solitude. In these we oftentest meet God.

— Perfect soundness of body and mind is yours only with pure blood. Leading medical authorities of the world recommend Aspen's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence. It easily improves health and productive powers of both head and brain

Catholic Societies.

☞ Notification of Catholic Organizations required to be published in this column should be addressed to the Editor.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CONFERENCES.

PARISH CHURCH.—The Particular Council meets once a month, and a general meeting of all the conferences once a quarter. The Particular Council meets on the second Sunday of the month, on the first Sunday of the month in the Parlors of the Parish, so that the poor conferences shall find a just proportion of assistance in charitable work. The conferences of this society are as follows: Conference of the Immaculate Conception, meeting in the Parlors on the second Sunday, Rev. Wm. Kirk, President; Hall on the first Sunday, Rev. Wm. Kirk, President.

ST. JOSEPH'S.—Conference of Young Men, meeting in the Parlors on the second Sunday, Rev. Wm. Kirk, President; Conference of Young Ladies, meeting in the Parlors on the second Sunday, Rev. Wm. Kirk, President.

ST. JOHN'S.—Conference of Young Men, meeting in the Parlors on the second Sunday, Rev. Wm. Kirk, President; Conference of Young Ladies, meeting in the Parlors on the second Sunday, Rev. Wm. Kirk, President.

The following are the officers of the Conferences of the Particular Council, Rev. Wm. Kirk, President; Thomas Tobin, Vice President; J. J. Conroy, 1st Treasurer; J. J. Dwyer, 2d Treasurer; Thomas Tobin, Recording Secretary; J. J. Conroy, Corresponding Secretary; Thomas Tobin, Chairman of the Dispensary; Thomas Tobin, Chairman of the Visiting Committee; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Hall Committee; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Sick Committee; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Boarding Committee; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Ladies' Committee; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Committee of Visitors; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Committee of Entertainment; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Committee of Finance; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Committee of Law; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Committee of Employment; Rev. Wm. Kirk, Chairman of the Committee of Relief

THE NEW IRISH PARTY.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

the foes of Home Rule say is that there is a minority in Ireland who are loyal to the Union, because they see in a Repeal of the Union destruction to themselves and ruin to the property of Ireland, and that this minority is composed of the landlords, men of wealth, men of commerce, manufacturers, everybody with "a stake in the country," and Protestants of all classes. Now, in the party which represents the

SOME SIXTY DEMESNES IN PARLIAMENT

there are landlords, men of wealth, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, physicians, journalists, artisans, tenant farmers, shopkeepers, newspaper proprietors, railway directors, army officers, civil servants, government officials, mayors of towns, municipal councillors, chairmen of poor law boards, magistrates, deputy lieutenants, high sheriffs, and members of the Church of England, the Presbyterian and the Methodist churches, as well as Roman Catholics. No party in Parliament has more real "stake" in its country than the Irish Nationists have in theirs. This enumeration shows that they represent the elements of a complete Irish nation. There is no section whom they cannot speak for with authority. Strange as it may sound, they are even better entitled to speak for the Irish landlords than any other party assuming to represent them in the House of Commons. Of the seven landlords of the Parnellite party one between them owns more than all the landlords of the Orange party from Ulster. These Irish landlords, Parnellites, as a matter of fact, do represent the wisdom and honesty of the landed interest in Ireland, while the others stand for prejudice and prejudice. When Home Rule is established, if there be any "Protestant" in Ireland claiming an individual existence, it will not be a minority of any reputable class or even of honest bigots, but a minority of disappointed idiots.

EVEN AMONG THE ORANGE PARTY,

who are supposed to be the spokesmen of this supposed one minority, there are men who, when Home Rule becomes an established, unshakeable fact, will separate themselves from the irreconcilable opposition camps. Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, who may be called the rank Orangeman, although he also now in the midst of the Tories, for stopping the advance of Home Rule, and what the poet man imagines to be the domination of "Popery," is a Radical in the Redmondite and his colleague, Mr. De Cobain, from Belfast, brought in a bill the other day for lowering the municipal franchise, which is from treason to the principles of the Orange association, of his late Lord Clanda Hamilton or Colonel Waring. Orangeism and Tory drive him mad; Mr. Johnston would feel a far more congenial politician in Michael Davitt than in most of the gentlemen he now forgathers with, and I am in hopes of one day seeing that honest man a staunch partisan of Mr. Davitt in the Parliament in College Green. On the other hand, those who in their grandly representative party, which stands for five-sixths of the Irish nation, more than half, they may come to shape the politics of an emancipated Ireland, will take opposite sides, and form opposite parties on the questions that will arise. Not to speak of the landlords and their old members, there might be selected from the new men, numbers of disappointed men, Mr. Blake of Armagh, for example, a working man, a Protestant, a Home Ruler, a high-minded, aggressive man, and Mr. Jordan, a Nationalist, a Roman Catholic, a Radical, a working man, despite landlordism all his life, I would take to be the types of the thoroughly-pleased, contented Irish Tory. Opposite them I would set—not to mention any others—as the type of the future aristocrats, Sir Thomas Esmonde, a young gentleman who, by the grandeur, on whose, some say, the nastily of his illustrious ancestor, Henry Grattan, has fallen. I feel I have not left myself room to speak in personal detail of the members of the new Irish Party, but that may be left for a future occasion.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

AN CHUMHE OR RUN.—Her History, Her Saints, Her Heroes, Her Martyrs, Her Poets, and Her Wrongs. By Rev. Michael Walsh, and P. C. Cavanagh, L.L.D. Illustrated with numerous fine engravings. Fully and completely up to date. Royal 8vo. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, and gilt ornamental cover, $2.50. Cloth, gilt edges and gilt ornamental cover, Popular Ed. D. & J. Sadlier and Co., 38 Barclay Street, New York.

For a complete history of Ireland, which is unknown to ground as it is to Ireland. Brought to our shores by one of the Irish exiles whose name ever lived, it was accepted by the Irish race whose glorious annals it enshrines. It did not lie, and, with the faith of Christ, a new glory came to the grand people whose faith it vivifiedizes. A great and glorious line of teachers arose, as foined by the Irish Fairy, for their learning, so that Ireland received the name of "The Isle of Saints." To teach in the schools of France, Scotland, Germany and France, the Irish exiles were called for, and, when they returned to instructing their fellow-countrymen from one end to the other of the Island, Irish Universities, one of them founded by Charlemagne, brilliant Sidrian, and interesting spots in which the traditions, as gathered from the lips of the people, magnificently going up volume, which is now at your good people's disposal, cover the Isle. Every one of Irish birth or descent should be familiar with the noble heroic deeds, which no other land can boast of in such number.

The History of Kilcolman Castle, Lives of Ireland's Saints, Lives of Ireland's Heroes, Irish Martyrs, Irish Poets, Irish Wrongs, Irish Rights, Irish Wrongs, Irish Rights, Irish Wrongs, Irish Rights

Poetry.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

Fair queen of months, bright moon of flowers,
O rainbow-natured May!
When earth, through all thy smiling hours,
Keep sunshine pale-day!

The morning air is sweetly stirred
By hum of golden bees,
And joyous thrills of woodland bird
Floats on the fragrant breeze.

Pure incense rises gently up
From nature's floral altar
Fair flowers have bared their dewy cup,
And jasmine's elegiac vine

While twilight creeps down the purple hills,
And dances o'er the lea,
While light, with joy and laughter made, fills
All earth, and sky, and sea.

Thus greets May her country being!
To nature's temperate clime
And pense doth sit with folded wings,
Serenely rolling sit.

Sweet month, then hast a blessed name,
Thy light and bloom are given
To her who well the born may claim,
The gentle Queen of Heaven!

Mary, each floral gift we bring
That deeds the deep reward,
And bid each voice thy name sing,
Our Mother of the Lord.

The triumph blest, the prophecy
Is thine; all time shall bless
Thy matchless birth and purity,
Thy spirit's loveliness.

"Hail to thee, Mary! full of grace!"
The angel's voice rejoices,
While gazing on thy pictured face—
The angel's human sister!

O Sharon's Rose! shall we refuse
To bow before thy shrine,
When He who reshaped heaven would choose
Of mother-love to be?

"Behold thy mother!" Thus He gave
Thy love our hope to be:
Calm, pure, and holy, fearless of the grave,
Our mother's legacy!

Come, then, our faith! Alas! "so wise,"
So wealth, so wrath, have we—
O Mother, by thy Son, thy divine
Ta aid our poverty!

In vessels frail, a drought delim
Of Jesus's mercy!
O hid Him change it, Mother mild,
To His years wine of peace!

And while the sweet May blossoms shine,
And light, and bloom and grow,
Thou floral gems we fondly twine,
Around thy shrine.

And as a worthier banquet shall
Enrich our gala-day,
And thou with rich and holy feelings,
And reign our Queen of May.

Hamilton, Ontario, (Marie).

From the Monitor.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY ANTHONY DOYLE.

Did ever you visit that bright land of dreams,
Where nothing is sad and everything seems,
Where sights that are brilliant gratitude the eye,
The fairest of flowers and soft azure skies.

Flower meds of crystal, sparkling and bright,
Hills golden sun-beams whose magical light
Makes all seem as purposely grand and sublime,
That hearts the most jaunty trip gaily in rhyme.

The wonderfully rare land where sorrow and
grief
Are unknown, with the exception of a bagpipe lie.
There Winter's cold hand never freezes the
Nor Spring with her flowers blooms all the year
round.

On another of roses we rest we believe
And are lulled to repose by invisible chimes,
Then visions of loveliness around us do move,
And fancy from bower to bower we all beaming with
love!

Then the sweet music of spirits are merry or sad,
We visit that climate of joy and of peace,
Away from the world and away from its care,
To a land where the Lord grows as light as the
hare.

There was food on the splendors that charm and
delight
While Hessie looks on with hard sorry pain;
For Poetry and Memory true brilliance
Can in that land show their pleasurable
Can.

But oh! when a wall in rare beauties doth stream,
Wh a start and awaken—"Twas only a dream!
Ah! yes—when we wake to the cold cruel world,
And the silent or our Fairy-land lies buried.

How we long to revisit its bowers again,
And willingly exile ourselves and remain
Ah! a happy spot land! In this bright land of
dreams,
Where nothing is real and everything seems!

Literary Miscellany.

"The Turning Point."

A LOCAL STORY WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR
BY LUKE LUCKY.

It was upon a warm and sultry July evening, that a small group of persons were reunited on the broad verandah of a noted California summer hotel. Supper over, many of the guests, following the usual custom, were sitting in short sleeves and in easy attitudes, enjoying a short stroll to the various interesting and romantic spots in the immediate neighborhood; some in pleasant and in rustic seats, there to sit and commune with surrounding beauty, others lounging about on steps to the plant rocks, remarkable for their quaint and significant terminations and shapes, some with pipes, some with their beauty and majesty even in the darker night; whilst some more practical sought for the cool spring to quench their thirst in its liquid waters. Nearly half the place been so deserted early in the evening, and the small group remained to the most of well known San Francisco merchants and several gentlemen friends, who seemed to derive much pleasure and satisfaction from their fragrant cigars and reclining chairs, and the pleasure afforded by the company of several charming ladies. It was just such a place and just such an evening to lead one into a pensive mood.

The spot, quite distant from town or village, the home o'erhopped and surrounded by huge oaks, with here and there a wooded willow, its tender branches, waving with sun, over and seem slightly disturbed by a gentle zephyr; all still as death, save the monotone murmur of the running creek, and an occasional responsive cricket from the bank.

Miss Waters, a sympathetic young lady, seems to have been somewhat influenced by the surroundings, as she relates a sorrowful story she had been reading the day before, whereupon her fond mother, whose classic features and stern countenance she would assume to be indicative of a philosophical mind, endeavored to impress her with the mutability and inequality of human happiness; how man was so abundantly favored, and never appreciates the least favor, or, rather, what life's journey for others is a road continually set with accidents, reverses and inquietudes.

"For example of the former take the present company," archly suggested Miss Waters. Several gentlemen took exception to the ruling, but the decision was reversed when it was that Mr. Greyrillo's ruddy countenance and beaming smiles belied the possibility of the minutest trouble.

"Excuse me, my friends, if I differ with you in the present instance. The first duty of man, says the Poet or Prophet, is to know himself, and although I do not claim to have mastered the subject matter, I feel fairness to have a closer acquaintanship with that unique personage than any here present.

"The time, so you say, my lad, is fast-ship prosperous, my home is happy, my wife an angel, and my children jewels; all blessed with religion, education and physical health. Tis true, that we angry such comforts and legitimate pleasures that our position and wealth afford, for all of which I am sincerely grateful. But this was not always so. Let me assure you that life is a struggle for all. Today I am blessed; to-morrow all is gone. Today I have wealth and happiness; to-morrow death snatches one dearest to me than wealth. A single episode in my unimportant career will afford an apt illustration of this theorem.

"Tis now sixteen years ago that I set foot in San Francisco, accompanied by my loving wife, and only child, then, less than two years old. I possessed letters from my former employers in the East, which I felt confident would secure me a position without any difficulty. In this hope I was sorely disappointed, but after considerable effort, I succeeded in obtaining place with a large grocery house. I entered its employ to work hard and faithfully, as energy and strength were the only means of access at my command. My determination resulted in progress, but I noticed that my salary remained consumed considerable only and ill-feeling in the breast of our chief clerk, Walter Williams, and the fact that he frequently resorted to multitudinous petty devices to annoy and discomfort me did not escape my observation.

"In these, however, I paid little or no attention, and never gave him the slightest cause for any ill will on his part. Now, about this time it happened that a sum of money, several hundred dollars in amount, was abstracted from the safe. This was shrouded in mystery, and when two weeks later a like amount was missing, my employer became greatly increased, and resolved to discover the criminal. Besides the book keeper, who was above suspicion, there was one but Williams and myself had access to the office, and the result of the firm's investigation was that I had committed the theft.

Mr. Wilcox, a generous, good-hearted old gentleman, called me into his private office, with evening. I informed him that I was expected to be made out a criminal, but thought that my previous conduct would help to ferret out the wrong-doer. I noticed the look of anger on the old gentleman's face, and as he rose from his chair, I felt the severity of his aspect.

"Sir, said he, you have entered my employ scarcely six months since. I have treated you well, endeavored to advance you in the business, and had confidence in your integrity, which confidence I find to have been misplaced. You will not be surprised to learn that we have conclusively proved that you have committed the petty thefts in our establishment," and as he uttered these words with rule and rancor that deeded to the firm from an anonymous friend, warning them of a certain clerk, George Greenville by name, who was leading a fast life, spending money lavishly, and had the reputation of gambling.

"This is one of the several epistles we have received concerning your actions, and let me tell you," said he raising his voice, "that were it not for your wife and child you would be in a prison cell before this." In vain I protested; on my knees I swore that the letters and accusations were lies, but all to no purpose. My blood boiled, my heart quickened in anything, and I was with difficulty that my speech responded. "Will all the feelings of an innocent man be wronged, with all the vehemence at my command, and in language more forcible than elegant, I pleaded, not for mercy nor my position, but for my good name which I valued more than aught else. The remarkable countenance of the accuser did not relax its severity, and he coolly informed me that the interview was at an end, and my presence was no longer wanted on the premises. With mingled feelings of anger and pent-up indignation I donned my hat, and away.

I imagine my feelings on emerging, from the institution where I had worked industriously, and as I thought, straightforwardly, and vending my way to my quiet home, an unused hell. It was more than human; I was able to inform my loving wife of the circumstances, and she, good soul, bore the intelligence with resolute fortitude, and at once strove to relieve my drooping spirits. All that night sleep failed me, my head ached, an intense fever sprang up, and the perspiration rolled from my forehead. My wife, poor, I rose at the usual hour, and with a heavy heart, I left for town. I tried every oral house in search of employment, but without success. The following day likewise, and day after day did I try, but the same formula continually faced and hurled me: "Who was your former employer?" "How long were you in his employ?" and "Reasons for leaving?" This last interrogatory was in effect like a weapon thrust into my very heart.

As I returned each evening disheartened, my wife's sympathizing look and cheerful smile of greeting, imparted its quota of relief and consolation; but trouble followed in the footsteps of trouble, and the crowning evil of all was that my dear helpmate was stricken with a deadly fever, and life life despaired of. Would that I could stay by her side, cool her parched lips, and administer those delicacies and attentions I would like. But no; food, drink and medicine was provided, and glad was I to secure work however unsuited. As a machine, I worked, I earned a pittance, and it mattered not to me that the flesh was completely torn from my hands, unnecessary to such work, and my fingers worn to the bone. My only consideration was the sick one at home, and through the long winter nights did I watch by her bedside, and notwithstanding my unmovable, invincible sympathies. Thank God, she continued to rally, her health gradually increased, and she was enabled to discover the criminal. Besides the book keeper, who was above suspicion, there was one but Williams and myself had access to the office, and the result of the firm's investigation was that I had committed the thefts.

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

—On the Feast of St. Joseph, Bishop John Tuncken Raimondi officiated and preached in Chinese in the Cathedral at Hongkong, where fully 600 Chinese Catholics received Holy Communion on the auspicious occasion.

—Representative Springer of Illinois has introduced a bill into the House to establish a national Department of Labor, and to create a Board of Arbitration, in accordance with the suggestions of President Cleveland's proclamation which we printed last week.

—On the first page this week we print a partial refutation of certain calumnies uttered by a Rev. John H. Barrow of Chicago, but alas the matter was in type we have received a letter from our account from Mr. John Phelan, which we will print in subsequent issues.

—President Cleveland's engagement to Miss Folsom, of Buffalo, is again announced, and it is stated that their marriage will take place during the summer. Mr. Cleveland enjoys an honor unusual among prospective bridegrooms, namely that of having presented to the parents of the bride-elect, upon the occasion of her birth, the first entire [illegible] her infant form was rocked.

—Concerning Gladstone's Home Rule prospects Justin McCarthy sables to the *Herald*: "My forecast is this: Gladstone's measures will not pass this session, will not pass in any session in its present shape, but, all the same, Gladstone has already carried Home Rule. No Parliament will ever again attempt to carry on Imperial business until it has settled the Irish Rule question. Gladstone will educate England as Parnell has educated Gladstone."

—It is a good omen of Gladstone's future success in carrying through Parliament his Irish Home Rule measures, to find such an Anglo-American newspaper as the *New York Herald* giving voice to such a sentiment as this: "England has ruled Ireland with moors and insulting indifference and hypocrisy for twenty generations, and has not yet succeeded in crushing her patriotism or her pluck. She is still on her feet, she is still determined, she still asks for justice, and, heaven knows, it is time to grant it."

—When a boy in Dublin we often heard of the *Mail* as the rabid and ranting organ of the Orangemen. It still exists, and as a sign that increased years has not soothed its spite towards the friends of Ireland, we quote a recent sentence from its columns: "Old Whigs and Tories, the *Mail* thus "sneeps up" Parnell on the tip of its pen point: "This man has all but united the British public into one great party which will sweep this arrogant dreamer into the dust-bin of mischievous nonsense." (!) The *Mail* is evidently as mad as ever!

—The Holy Week services in Paris are carried out with great solemnity and attract immense crowds to visit all the churches. Among the notable things mentioned by the European press as being seen in the churches were the floral decorations on Holy Thursday in the churches of the Madeleine, St. Roch and St. Germain. At the Madeleine was a cross sixteen feet by ten of white and crimson roses, brilliantly illuminated by thousands of candles. At St. Roche was given a grand exposition of Rossini's "Stabat" by 700 musicians. All the churches were closed, and it looked as if the spirit of the city had subsided and all Paris had clothed itself in the garb of prayer and penance.

—The Dublin *Freeman*, describing the conduct of the people of Belfast on the news of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, says that there was no extravagance in their demeanor and no boisterous jubilation. "Men shook each other by the hand and passed to their homes, each one conscious that a new responsibility—that of being a child of a regenerated nation, not a unit of 5,000,000 inhabitants of a degraded province—had been cast upon his shoulders." There were, however, a few, say one in twenty, who received the news of their possible nationalism in a very different spirit.

—Prom Glen of Emmets exchanges we learn that Father Abram J. Ryan—whose demise we noticed last week—died at the Franciscan Monastery of St. Bonifacius, in Louisville, whither he went a month ago from the Catholic institution at Reading, near Cincinnati. He intended to make his retreat and then finish a "Life of Christ," which he had undertaken. He became ill within a week with organic heart disease, and grew steadily worse. For several days his mind wandered, and he talked pitifully of his resentful life in the war days, and he often grumbled in imaginary sudden. Finally, he passed into a comatose state, from which he never roused. From the same source we learn that Father Ryan was ordained in Baltimore in 1866. His family came to this country when he was a baby and lented in Virginia.

—The Executive officers of the Irish National Leagues of America have issued a circular calling upon each branch of the League to organize citizens' meetings without delay, composed of the most representative men of all creeds and classes, and adopt resolutions, to give an expression of American opinion that will strengthen the hands of Gladstone and Parnell in the coming struggle. The members of the League should also use their influence to induce local Legislatures and other representative bodies to follow the example of the Legislatures of Ohio, New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and the Parliament of Quebec in passing appropriate resolutions and sending messages of encouragement across the water. Prompt action is all important, as we are filled with the Home Rule Bill and Land Purchase Bill will be resumed early this month. We publish the address elsewhere and hope the suggestions therein contained may be carried out immediately in all the principal cities, towns and localities on the Pacific Coast.

—A colony of Swedish bettlemkers arrived recently in Dublin with their families to take the place of strikers. None of them can speak English, and an interpreter explained for them that when they broke up their homes in Copenhagen to emigrate to the Irish Capital they were not aware that they were to take the bread out of the natives' mouths. The entire party—seventy-four altogether—were housed in a shed at the brickworks. An effort to deport them to their native lands is now on foot. It is charged also that the managers went abroad for the invaders before the native workers had stirred.

—Justin McCarthy sables the following to the New York Tribune. Lord Hartington, people say, is already very sorry he committed himself against Gladstone. I am told on authority that I cannot question that he has advised doubtful men to support the scheme. "I have already received a report—such is the substance of his argument—"you are not committed, you had better support Gladstone." To do justice to Lord Hartington he is a robust, manly, straightforward character. There is nothing of the Popkins plan about him.

—At a meeting of the Grattan Club held recently in New York, James Reilly read the sentiment that should at present prevail among all the friends of Ireland, when he said: "Let the Irish people here in America take care that nothing shall be done to mar the glorious project. Let no man or set of men attempt to dictate to Parnell or adopt measures that would interfere in any way with the great work he has in hand. The Irish race must stand behind him as one man, without a break in the ranks or a murmur of discontent until Ireland's right to make her own laws through her own representatives is recognized by England. There is no room for two policies now, and Parnell's policy is Ireland's."

—Gladstone's magnificent manifesto—which we publish in full—is a masterly plea for the support of all honest-minded men of Great Britain, America and all other lands for the measures "the grand old man" has introduced into the British Parliament in order to give Ireland the right to Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone throughout his great career has been the idol of the American people, and his speeches in support of Mr. Gladstone's efforts to pass the bill granting Home Rule to Ireland. If he fail he would fall with the democracy of the three kingdoms around him. Parnell, we are assured by means of public meetings held in America, but—we regret to say—Gladstone is distrusted by the Tories, and we suggest that a rousing meeting of the friends of Ireland be convened in this city as soon as possible, in order to give an unanimous and strength to the courageous efforts of the greatest English statesman of the present age.

—Bigotry and brutality are both combined in the opposition manifested against Gladstone by Ireland's enemies. A late cablegram states that some of his political foes have placed themselves in a most dishonorable position by making use of the sacred Premier's presence in the church at Hawarden on Good Friday to hurt and shame him and his sons. Some time ago the chapel at Hawarden, where Gladstone, the rector, has received numerous letters, some signed and others anonymous, which email him in the lukewarm spirit. One asks the clergyman whether an admission fee was charged "for the exhibition of the murderer of General Gordon!" Rev. S. Gladstone has thought it worth while to deny that a fee was charged for admission to the church.

—One of the most eloquent eulogies bestowed by Irish speakers upon Gladstone recently, was that delivered by the well-known Irish patriot, Rev. Geo. W. Pepper, who closed a lecture on "Ireland's Hope for Home Rule" with this picturesque peroration: "All hail, then, successor of Washington—greater than Pitt and equal to Lincoln! Immortal man! Immortal in the affections of the Irish millions throughout the world! Immortal in the prosperity of the land for whose independence Grattan pleaded and Emmet died! Immortal in the dignity and indignation of the tyrants, whose knees were together and whose faces turn pale as they read their doom in the latest proclamation of emancipation. Immortal in the resolve of the old Parliament in College Green; though the building is now desecrated, its shrine still stands; but it will be become more majestic, more stately, and more adored than ever. Incomparable Gladstone! I salute thee with all the fervor of my soul, and from the depths of my heart I say, 'God bless you.'"

—Among the whole people of England, there are few firmer friends of Ireland than the editor of the London *Truth*, Henry Labouchere. At a humane cause meeting was recently held in London for the purpose of endorsing Gladstone's measures, and, in the course of a very eloquent speech Mr. Labouchere told his hearers that it was significant of the democratic tendencies of the people of England that he noticed that in that gathering there were no peers decorated with orders on the stage and no fashionable beauties in the boxes, but there were present laborers from the field and from the workshop, who had not to raise their voices in support of Mr. Gladstone's efforts to pass the bill granting Home Rule to Ireland. If he fail he would fall with the democracy of the three kingdoms around him. Parnell, we are assured by means of public meetings held in America, but—we regret to say—California is distrusted by the Tories, and we suggest that a rousing meeting of the friends of Ireland be convened in this city as soon as possible, in order to give an unanimous and strength to the courageous efforts of the greatest English statesman of the present age.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

MARYS PEERLESS BEAUTY

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE MONITOR AT A NON PAREIL CONTEST.)

We desire to show, in a popular manner, in this article the sinlessness of Mary, yea her impeccability, we mean that from the first instant of her creation she was endowed in grace, in a word, in, in no sense, not even by possibility, should she be so endowed with the sense of sin, was destined from eternity to carry in her pure bosom the Word Incarnate, the Son of God Almighty, and to be our Advocate with her Son. "Whenever the question of an immaculate conception is mooted in the schools, the honor of her Son, I do not wish the name of Holy Virgin to be mentioned or introduced; for we know that to her who merited to conceive and bring forth Him who is known to have had the greatest abundance of grace, so as to be able to obey in all things the precepts, she must be altogether free from all sin, even the sin of Adam." (Trac. 3, de Nativitate Beatæ Virginis Mariæ, cap. 2.) Holy Virgin Mary, we hail you as St. Bridget (Lib. 3, Revelat. cap. 1) and St. Bernard (Serm. de Aquæductu) have hailed you, and from my infancy the little prayer I was taught to say to you, I now offer you, I who am the Priest, and as I pour the water on the head of the Pagan, I say, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Hence I am also the water consecrated any six months ago, and I am the water which will be poured on the head of the Pagan, and I am the Pagan, as the Angel of the Schools, the glorious St. Thomas of Aquin, emboldens us to do, and then—as the holy nurse of the Angelic Doctor—I am the Holy Virgin Mary, who has been made qualified for the honor of being the mother of God, and from my infancy I was entirely with God. From my infancy I was filled with the Holy Ghost, and as I grew up He filled me with a degree with Himself that I was able to do so, so that when I was thence I am also never committed any sin even the venial one, but I am the Mother of

Farm and Home.

How to Clothe Children.

Every one will observe that a favorite article of winter clothing for children is a comforter swathed around the neck. This is a great error; the feet and the wrists are the proper members to keep warm; the face and throat will harden into a healthy indifference to cold; but that muffler, exchanged for an extra pair of thick socks and knitted gloves, would preserve a boy or girl really warm and well. Bronchitis and sore throat have declined 50 per cent. since the adoption of high collars and twice-around neckerchiefs went out of fashion, and if the poor would take better care of their children's feet, half the infantile complaints would disappear. It costs a little trifle to pin a piece of thick felt or cork into the bottom of a boot or shoe, but the difference is often considerable between that and a doctor's bill, with perhaps the undertaker's besides.

High Priced Horses.

The sale of the stallion Phallas for $60,000 shows that the prices of our trotters are gradually creeping up to the top notch of equine values. There is now $17,500, or $87,500, paid for Dunmaker, a lively winner. The price for Phallas is a jump of $10,000 over the former trotting limit, the $40,000 paid for Hand S., $20,000 over the $30,000 that was lately paid for a former conqueror of Phallas, Director, also a son of Director; and $21,500 more than the present limit for American thoroughbreds, the $38,000 paid for Hindoo. It was a great price, but Phallas is a great horse, and if he doesn't die, at the end of ten years his sire owner may be just as rich as he is now. It is not probable he will be any richer.

Sound Sleepers.

Warm-blooded animals like the bears and dormice go to sleep during the winter, and if it is cold, they continue in what we should call "a pretty solid snooze." The blood moves on ever so little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat. There are other animals that don't wake up all winter, and the strange part of it is, that they know beforehand whether they will wake up or not. Those that will wake during the winter lay up something to eat, just by their sides, when they go into their winter-sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did. Mrs. Hall, writing for "Our Little Ones," says:

"The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats. When he is going to sleep again he hangs himself up by his hind claws.

"The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he awakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

"How many things are sleeping through the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it."

A Sweet Temper.

No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it; it is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night weary and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is the sunshine falling on his heart; he is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a very soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. We find for the affectionate and ardent instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy, training them as rational beings, preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study this, ye, who require and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty and retains its freshness and power to the close of life.

Useful Hints for Horse Owners.

Horses are very delicate and liable to many ailments, and persons among them, who are not very familiar with their nature and requirements, will find the following suggestions, condensed from an article in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, useful.

Never feed a horse with hay from a rack located above his head, as a draught beats down which is injurious, and the dust is liable to injure the eyes.

A horse should not be overworked, or like man, he gets tired, and to keep in good condition, he should have rest and good bedding.

Sometimes a horse will not eat his usual food. A mash of oatmeal, milk warm, is about the best food to give a horse under such circumstances. And then a horse should have grass. It is his natural food.

A continual diet of hay hardens the coating of his stomach. The food is not digested. Carbonic acid gas is generated, and the horse dies in agony, swalling up, suffering from what is commonly known as colic. Then, again, horses need well ventilated stables, free from draught or damp. The floor should be smooth and nearly level. It should be well drained and light, for sudden change from darkness to light is injurious to the eyes, and a damp, offensive odor is injurious. Then, again, the bedding and litter should be carefully separated from that which is foul. They should be well shaken up and dried, and the stall should be thoroughly cleansed; and when the stable is empty, be in a plenty of fresh air.

A horse's stall should be large enough to allow him to lie down comfortably in any position. A tired horse will be glad to lie down with his legs stretched out if he has room; but if you can't give him a loose box, then a light halter block should be used, and care taken to arrange the halter so that it may travel freely to allow the head to come easily to the litter, for rest and sleep are as necessary as food and water.

If a horse comes to the stable wet, he should be rubbed dry before the blanket is put on. The legs should be well rubbed, and the hoofs always examined for stones.

Care in Packing.

That care in packing and shipping fruit will pay well was clearly proven last month to the satisfaction of at least one Los Angeles county fruit-grower. Two neighbors, near Anaheim, picked and packed about 100 boxes of orange each for shipment to Chicago and through the Orangegrowers' Union. One man cleaned his oranges, wrapped them carefully, threw out the culls, and otherwise used good sense in handling. He got $3 25 a box for his fruit, and made a profit that pleased him. The other packed good, bad and indifferent together, omitted cleaning and wrapping, and he received $1 50 a box for his goods, making no profit worth speaking of but convincing him most effectually that it pays to clean oranges and ship them to market in an attractive shape.

Family Fun.

A Wonderful Woman.

The best tatooed woman in the United States lives in Austria. She has been married a number of years to a man named Ferguson, but she and her husband have never had a quarrel yet, and he has frequently boasted that it would be simply impossible to make her angry. Ferguson made an unfortunate attempt to see if he could not exasperate her to look cross or scowl at him, merely to gratify his curiosity, but the more outrageously he acted the more affable and loving she behaved.

Last week he was talking to a friend about what a hard time he had trying to find out if his wife had a temper. The friend said he would bet a hat that if Ferguson came home drunk, raise a row, and pull the table cloth full of dishes off the table she would show some signs of emotion. Ferguson said he didn't want to risk a friend of his money, for he knew he would win, but they at last made the bet of $50, the friend to hide in the front yard and watch the proceedings of the contestation through the window.

Ferguson came home late, and apparently fighting drunk. She met him at the door, kissed him, and assisted his tottering steps to the house. He sat down hard in the middle of the floor and howled out

"Confound your ugly picture, what did you mean by pulling that clear from under me!

"Oh, I hope you did not hurt yourself. It is very awkardness, but I'll try not to do it again." And she helped him to his feet, although she had nothing in the world to do with his fall.

He then sat down on the sofa, and, sliding off the lady, he reached in her pocket for lifting up the other end of the sofa, all of which she took good-naturedly and finally she led him to the supper table. He threw a plate at her, but she said as she had not noticed it, and asked if he would have ice-cream. Then the brute seized the table cloth and set down on the floor, pulling the dishes and everything else over with him in the grand crash.

What did this noble woman do? Did she suppose she grumbled and scolded about going home to her sex, or that she sat down and sobbed a fool, or that she rolled and pouted? Not a bit of it. With a pleasant smile she said

"Why, George, that's a new idea, isn't it? We have been married ten years, and have never yet ate our supper on the floor. Won't it be fun—just like those picnics we used to go to before we were married? And then this angelic woman deliberately sat down on the floor alongside of the wretch, arranged the dishes and fixed him up a nice supper.

This broke George all up. He owned up he was only fooling her, and offered to give her $50 to get her a new hat, but she took the money and bought him a new suit of clothes and a silver watch.

They Always Bite.

A good-looking, well-behaved stranger had been stopping in a country town in this State for three or four days, when one day some men were hanging round the hotel doors, a humble-youth with wide eyebrows and lowered head passed along, leading a calf. Both traveled as if it were an everyday thing, but no one thought of this until afterwards.

"Boy!" called the stranger from the hotel steps, "what do you ask for that calf?"

"Won't sell him."

"How much does he weigh?"

"Nigh upon 100 pounds."

"I can't be Gentlemen, I'd like to wager that I can guess nearer than that weight than any of you."

A dozen citizens got up, and walked around the calf, and squinted their eyes, and mentally estimated. Then a sort of Walkinshaw at each mouth. Finally, after consulting from 2 until 5 o'clock, the average was struck at 100 pounds. The stranger then pulled out a pocket-book and from it produced a $100 bill, which he placed in the hands of Squire Turner, to be held by him in trust for the winner. Then he pulled out a pocket-book full of bills, and said he would bet any man in the crowd that he could guess nearer than the average. Ferguson, who had been a witness of the proceedings, stepped forward and said he would bet $50 that he could guess nearer than the average. The money was put up, and the stranger asked the boy if he could have the calf for a few minutes, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, he led the calf into the hotel and shut the door after him.

Two hours passed away, and the crowd became impatient, and Ferguson, who had been drinking freely, was loud in his abuse of the stranger, who had so long deprived him of the chance of winning back his money. At 5 o'clock the door was opened, and the stranger came out, followed by a fat calf, which was so much like the one he had led in that no difference could be detected. The stranger said he was ready to weigh the calf, and he was allowed to do so. The scale beam stood even at 100 pounds, and he was asked if he was willing to let the matter rest there. He said he was not, and he was allowed to place the calf on the scales. The beam stood even at 100 pounds. The crowd was astonished, and Ferguson was loud in his abuse of the stranger, who had so long deprived him of the chance of winning back his money. At 5 o'clock the door was opened, and the stranger came out, followed by a fat calf, which was so much like the one he had led in that no difference could be detected. The stranger said he was ready to weigh the calf, and he was allowed to do so. The scale

A Great Fire.

A. L. BANCROFT & CO'S BUILDING AND CONTENTS DESTROYED.

Lives and Property Lost in the Flames.

ADJOINING BUILDINGS DAMAGED BY FALLING WALLS.

The Sweep of the Fire Toward Mission Street: Small Buildings Burned.

The Firemen Still Pouring Water on the Heated Debris.

The alarm of fire turned in from station 46 at the corner of Geary and Market street at 5:55 last Friday afternoon was caused by a conflagration in the printing, engraving and lithographing establishment of A. L. Bancroft & Co., at 721, 723 and 725 Market street, and by nightfall the massive brick and iron structure was a mass of ruins. The fire was one of a series that have occurred within three years in the large printing establishment in this city, and the losses involved, and the area swept by the devouring element will cause it to rank as one of the great fires of San Francisco.

BANCROFT'S BUILDING.

Bancroft's building was one of the largest structures on the south line of Market street. It comprised five stories and a basement, and extended through to Stevenson street. It was erected in 1870 by the Bancroft firm of book-publishers, and was fitted out for their use. The first story was used as a bookstore, the second as a piano and music-store, and the balance as a printing, engraving and binding office.

The western half of the ground floor was occupied by L. & E. Emanuel, dealers in furniture and bedding, which firm also used the basement, where a large quantity of their goods were stored. The eastern basement was used by the Bancroft's for storing paper, stock, ink, unused machinery, etc.

ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

The fire originated in the basement of the furniture store of L. & E. Emanuel, in a manner not yet satisfactorily explained. Located in this basement was a varnishing shop for repairing furniture, which contained a large quantity of inflammable material. It is supposed the flames first started in this place, quickly ignited the paint and varnish, communicated to the furniture and bedding in the basement, thence quickly spreading by the elevator shaft to the upper stories, and extending among the books, papers and inks in the Bancroft building, soon had the whole on fire.

THE FIRST ALARM.

Within twenty minutes after the first alarm had been given the entire building was filled with smoke, and half an hour afterward the flames were pouring through the roof, leaping high in the air rending in an angry volume.

The material which first caught fire was such as gave rise to a vast amount of thick black smoke, which passed upward in the elevator walls to the top story, filling it and escaping from the upper windows.

THE SCENE ON MARKET STREET.

Those people who were on Market street when the fire first broke out stopped and watched the smoke pouring from the upper story windows. It was apparent that the fire was in the upper part of the building, but was confined to the basement of Emanuel's furniture store, and the dense puffs of smoke now and then escaped. It was thought by many people who stood watching the building that the water would soon be turned on the fire and the building be saved, but there seemed to be a delay in getting streams played. The ground floor and basement of the Bancroft building was occupied by L. & E. Emanuel, manufacturers and importers of furniture. The fire carried a heavy stock of goods, and in less will power by Sunday, 1000. The stock was a complete loss. Mr. Emanuel stated yesterday that on January 1st, he permitted $50,000 of insurance to lapse, owing to the excessive rates. This was, therefore, but partially insured.

The insurance on Bancroft's building is $60,000 and on the stock $140,000. I quit recently the firm carried $250,000 but had lowered the amount when the rates were raised.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH FAIR.

Names of the Ladies in Charge of Tables.

The fair inaugurated by Father Casey and the ladies of the parish for the purpose of raising funds for the completion of the church, opened yesterday, and will continue for three days, in Stevenson's Hall, Market street. The following are the lady managers of the various enterprises: Table No. 1—Mrs. Averille, Mrs. Cusack, Mrs. Mogan, Mrs. Cavanagh and assistants. Table No. 2—Mrs. Mrs. McAlmar, the Misses Curtis and assistants. Table No. 3—Mrs. Mullaney and assistants. Table No. 4—Mrs. Dougherty and assistants. Table No. 5—Conducted by the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart; Miss Griffin, assistant. Table No. 6—Mrs. Cleary and daughters. Table No. 7—Mrs. Freelander and daughters. Table No. 8—Mrs. Hutter, Mrs. Riley, Miss Keeg and assistants. Table No. 9—Young Ladies' Sodality; Mrs. Kandrick, President. Table No. 10—Young Ladies' Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Table No. 10—Under the auspices of the members of St. Peter's Parish. Refreshment Table—Miss Mortimer, Miss Bonnington and Miss Dooley. Soda Fountain—Miss Mary Cleary. Wheel of Fortune and Flower Stand—Miss Lucy Cleary and assistants.

THIRD INFANTRY REGIMENT DRILL.

The Third Infantry Exhibition Drill at the Mechanic's Pavilion was witnessed by several thousand people, and for acuteness and precision of the several military maneuvers evinced the excellence to which they were carried by the Third, it could not be surpassed. The exercises were opened by a musical rendition by the combined bands of the regiment, followed by the drill of the Light Artillery Band, after which the Regiment was reviewed by General Shepard and Staff. A Battalion drill was next executed under the command of Lieut. Col. P. Boland, in the absence of Colonel Robert Tobin, who is on the sick list. The company drill was next in order, after which Lieut. Martin Ryan Company "C" (Emmets) in bayonet drill and Brown in fan drill. Capt. D. I. Driscoll next exhibited the fine marching and drill of Company "H," and then a present drill was performed, after which the troops were formed in order of battle ready for the dances who enjoyed themselves until daylight owing to Murphy's music.

EASTER IN URIAH.

Easter Sunday was observed in Uriah at both the Catholic church and at the tabernacle of the Latter Day Saints. Mass was read at the former at the usual hour, with beautiful and appropriate music, and the church was crowded to overflow, the attendance being even more numerous, as the coming ceremony of baptism.

The altar in the chapel of the Tabernacle was most beautifully decorated with natural flowers, plucked from the beautiful gardens which surrounds the building, and which makes the finest grounds one of the most lovely sights in a pretty town.

The service at this present time for our daughters were paid tribute in by all who attended, and which impressed as well as interested. The 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62d, 63d, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72d, 73d, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82d, 83d, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92d, 93d, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102d, 103d, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122d, 123d, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132d, 133d, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142d, 143d, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152d, 153d, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162d, 163d, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172d, 173d, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182d, 183d, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192d, 193d, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202d, 203d, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211th, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222d, 223d, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232d, 233d, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242d, 243d, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252d, 253d, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262d, 263d, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272d, 273d, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282d, 283d, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292d, 293d, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302d, 303d, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311th, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322d, 323d, 324th, 325th, 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Poetry.

TO MARY MOTHER.

When guilt and sin around my soul
Their baneful shadows throw,
And worldly gifts and vanity
Were all my soul could know,
Then I turn to thee, O Mary mine
From Heaven's bright happy place
But thou, in pity, fix my gaze
Dear Mary, full of grace.

When sad sorrow which so every side
My fragile barque encompasses
And boding gloom darkens at the tears
That round my bosom presses,
When fears unspeakable trouble rouse
And death draw on apace,
I'm sorely tempted to turn, O Mary Star,
O Mary, full of grace!

And oh! if Satan's cruel snares,
That oft my steps beguiled,
Should yet entrap my faithless feet,
Alas, was thy warrant child!
And when this weary journey's o'er,
Grant me to see thy face
And dwell with thee forever more,
Sweet Mary, full of grace.

RAIN IN THE HEART.

(The following lines were found by a Confederate soldier in a Federal hospital in Virginia.)

"Take each life some rain must fall,"
I thought of this, and I
Thought how I would be sad and pall,
When rain came to my sky.
But when I came to the poet's rhyme,
There was fewer weeks on the page of time.

But long years of woe pass over the soul,
Blows winds of anguish, and storms of sorrow roll,
And shock after shock we are called to bear,
Till the lips are white with the heart's despair.

The shores of time with wrecks are strewn,
Like the ear comes over a smoke,
Shadows of shadows and half in glee.

Many are laid from human eyes,
Only God knoweth the agony they lie;
Only He knows when a soul is in pain
Help me to bear, oh, help me to die.

"Take each life some rain must fall,"
If life were all; if life were all
Life would be a mockery and a blast:
Never Faire—we'll reach it at last.

So strong, so strong, to my heart I'll say,
The road is the wonderful road of life;
Days of sunshine are given to each one,
"We take such life some rain must fall."

Literary Miscellany.

Chateau Jeanne d'Arc.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR. BY J. N. DOYLE.

"Ah, what a grand and beautiful night!" exclaimed young John O'Neill as he stood from the door of his cottage and went to the window to contemplate the scene.

Grand it certainly was. And sublimely beautiful, to a lofty soul like John O'Neill's, that enjoyed the silvery transparent and trembling sobbing and break the spirits of ordinary mortals.

Peal after peal of terrible thunder shook the old castle to its very foundation. Vivid flashes of lurid lightning lit up the lower, the mountains, the giant trees, the storm-lashed coast; and the driving rain beat furiously against the castle window.

"Grand—p-r-r-and!" said John. "Hut! I am losing half its beauty by remaining in this tame spot. I will open the door and enjoy outside the lovely scene face to face."

He opened the door, and immediately the last gust of wind, which had blown through the room, extinguishing the lamp and scattering books and papers about.

Young O'Neill was the sole occupant of Chateau Jeanne d'Arc that night, and now and the total darkness brings out the beauties of the storm with fine effect. But this doorway is not a good enough place for him. I must climb to the top of the tower.

It was easier said than done. To climb the winding, rickety stairway up to the *parapet* of the tower, in the dark, calm daylight, was no easy task; and it required a high degree of courage to attempt it on this terrible night. But John O'Neill was totally unacquainted with every feeling of fear. Unappalled, he ascended with a firm step (he was asleep in the watch tower.

Now his soul was in its element. Far below him the lightning's flash revealed glimpses of the storm-drenched landscape, while above him were intensely black clouds. Above, second, below, against you and cheek, and everywhere, but the raging, roaring, ominous, pitiless pitying rain. Each vivid flash of lightning left him plunged into the deepest, blackest darkness conceivable, but then the thunder crashed and tore the elements so though they were broken up into chaos and final destruction. Swallowed up in the darkness and confusion, O'Neill felt that he was a mere speck in the universe—that his identity was almost annihilated—and he experienced in the terrible grandeur of the situation.

"Ever—br-r-ave!" he shouted in an ecstasy of delight. "How great is God! *Sometimes it terrifies someone you.* The sages and poets have written by the lightning attempt the universe in letters of liquid fire. His voice is heard in the whirlwind, speaking in the soul of His power and grandeur. He has the wind your motion, and it walks the frighted feets into port, or engulfs them with angry hollow entrance, and, this evening, his waves with bubbling groan; his earthly ocean roals, but the raven lash each other down to their depths forever. What a speak man is! What has he to be proud of!—oh—what a dark and awful—! There—it is gone."

O'Neill made a quick movement, but the wind was strong, and he was blown down.

"Oh, that I were a storm-king!—oh, that I had the wings of an eagle, that I might now majestically above the clouds. Higher, higher—this spot is too tame for personal such awful and splendid surroundings. This storm-lant castle is like the grave, the untiring letters of the soul which longs to mount above the raging tempest of human passions—"

Flash, cr-r-ash—bang—roar!

Never in his life did John O'Neill experience such a sensation and such a shock as interrupted his soliloquy. Heaven and earth seemed to burst into a grand wreck of blazing and crashing ruin. For once he was so dazed that he could not find his voice. A gigantic oak a few yards from the castle had been literally pulverized by the lightning and was now burning like a torch. That quarled, sinewy oak that had defied the storms of centuries—that would have resisted the axe, the wedge and the blasting powder of the hardy woodmen, and requires many days to work it into cordwood—was instantaneously reduced into toothpicks. Many blazing splinters fell upon John in the exhaustion and all over the lawn, and only for the rain the entire premises might have been consumed by fire.

For several moments O'Neill was wrapt in silent contemplation of the thrilling scene. The roaring, howling flames in the surrounding objects, giving them an intensely black back-ground. The storm was now considerably abated. John could see the ocean, and was enabled to form an idea of what it was he could see plunged about by the angry, foam-crested waves.

Ah, what is that!

His breathing stops, his heart ceases to beat, and his whole being is concentrated into the one faculty of hearing.

It is a faint moan—a wail of distress. He is sure, now, that it was not the wind. It is the voice that it comes from the sea—from the sea, a piece of floating wreck. He sees something like a human being clinging to it—white arms, floating tresses in its waves.

Again, that piteous wailing cry smites his ear.

Now his heart bounds with sympathy, and his every faculty is stimulated with a desire to respond to that cry of distress.

Quick!—no time is to be lost. A few seconds serve to mature his plans, fifty more to execute it. A coil of rope lies in the turret. One end he secures to the battlements, and snapping over the wall he glides down the rope to the rocks a hundred feet below. Tying the other end of the rope round his body he bravely plunges into the boiling, seething breakers and battles with night. Then he rises upon and battles with superhuman strength against the raging waters. He is raised to the summit of a swelling wave and gets a glimpse of the victim of shipwreck, and the next moment he is dashed backward heels over head beneath the foaming ids. The breakers have carried him back a hundred yards, again buoyed, into the being forevelas, again buoyed, into the vortex, and swept toward the victim, which he reaches this time before the next wave strikes him. The wreck had lodged upon a rock, where the young girl who clung to it would have soon perished, if not rescued. O'Neill rescued her, and then began to pull himself shoreward by the rope. The upper himself shoreward by the rope. The upper end of the rope being so high in the tower, O'Neill's vigorous pulling kept him and his burden above the waves. He reached the shore, fortunately without being seriously bruised upon the rocks. Taking the young lady in his arms he hurried up to the castle.

As before stated, young O'Neill was entirely alone in the castle, and as he carried the young lady in his arms he hurried up to the castle.

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"Ah, monsieur, could I fear anything, with a chevalier so brave and generous as my defender! Let me beseech your heroism by assuring you that I feel as secure as child in its mother's arms. Your generous, ardent, fervice in me a sympathy which I have long felt for the noble Irish people. I have read of them and their trials and sufferings, their battles for faith and freedom, their heroic courage and constancy, their generosities and nobility, their sanctity and piety, and my admiration of their character is unbounded. You may therefore judge of the pleasure I give me to meet one of your noble race."

"Thank you for the compliment, mademoiselle, though I am unworthy of it. But will you now please tell me about yourself, for I am eager to learn of you, and how you come to be shipwrecked."

A pained expression came over the young lady's face at the recollection of her recent experience.

"Oh, monsieur, I shudder to think of it! The shipwreck fearful in itself, and to those who are strangers to us. But I will tell you all, beginning at the beginning. I am a French girl, my name is Marie Delrosier. Until I was twelve years old I never knew what it was to wish for something in this world, and my life was all sunshine and happiness. But a dark time came. I was with a young man, whom I loved with my soul, my affiance to the English. They invaded France, and their army laid siege to my native city. After a heroic defence, it was carried by storm. My father fell, one of the gallant defenders, and madame my mother and I fled, with most of the inhabitants, to well Paris. For the first time I now begin to feel the pangs of want and destitution. Home months afterwards we returned to the smoldering ruins of our native city; but not a vestige of my father's property remained. Unwilling to endure the humiliations of our fallen estate, madame my mother went with me to Bordeaux, in the hope of finding my uncle, my mother's brother, who she supposed lived there. Her his had sold out his estate to property interests there, and removed, a short time before, to the south of France. Being now without means or friends, my mother engaged herself as governess, a short time and there she has been for five years. These years I grew up to womanhood, without any remarkable event to break the monotony of my life. But the events of the past five days have been thrilling, terrible, and perilous—terrible! and thank God, I am safely through them all.

"Five days ago an English frigate—Lord William Kenworth—was a guest at the chateau where madame my mother and I were employed. He conceived a fancy for me, and, after princely promises, persuaded me to go with him as his lady-in-waiting. We sailed for his wife. This morning—ah, it seems like an age since—the sky lour-ened, we were all down on the beach; his lordship took an opportunity to insult me, and I immediately fled from him. Will with terror as I proceeded along the rocks, I had occasion to be one more frightened. As I lay beneath the cliffs, lulled into a doze by the waves, I was suddenly seized by ruffins and bound and gagged, before I could raise a cry. I was put into a sack and taken out to a ship.

You may imagine my terror and dismay when I found I was in the hands of English pirates. I was thrown into the ship's pits by the grinning chief and locked in, but I should try to escape my horrible fate by leaping overboard. After several long hours the pirate came and opened the door of the hold and dismal den in which I was confined. I had never ceased to call upon God to sustain me—to implore the help and intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary Conceived without sin, and, at the moment of death, I saw my cross than death. An indoor opened quickly darted out, and, ran from the pirates. I appealed to them—appealed to their gentlemanly feelings—reminded them that they had sisters and mothers, whom they would chivalrously defend, were they in my situation. But I was only answered by jeers, laughter and ribaldry. The pirate gave me a small bundle and, at this moment, a terrific gale struck the ship, and the pirate captain had enough to do to keep his attention. The sailors were ordered aloft to reef the sails—a task soon to be done. The storm was full upon the ship before they could take in sail. The masts were snapped like pipe stems, and the ship was now apparently helpless in the hands of the raging tempest. The ship was dashed and plunged about by the angry billows, and soon it sprang aleak and began to settle down. The pirate captain had made ready for the final plunge beneath the waves, when I ran out on the boats and abandoned the ship, leaving me alone to my fate. Even in this terrible situation I thanked God for parting me from the loathsome company of the pirates. I watched their boats as they receded in the distance; and, oh, my heart bled with sympathy for those who had shown so little sympathy for me—I saw one after the other of their boats swallowed up by the waves. Now I was the only living human being upon the dismal sea. Alone! I did not feel lonely—I felt strong in the protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose worship I had never ceased to invoke. I was terrible thing for a young person, in the full vigor of life and health, to die especially in such a cold, cheerless, lonely situation—but I believe I was resigned to my fate, whatever it might be. Just before the ship sank, I plunged into the sea, scraping a piece of wreck upon her that I had observed in the water. I had seen the dim outlines of the coast, and I determined to make for it, firmly and tenaciously to the hope of being saved. Long, long, the cold, benumbed me, and the water nearly strangled me as I plunged again and again beneath the waves, but I clung to the highest part of the mass of wreck, and kept up with motion as much as possible to prevent being chilled. Oh, the horror of my situation, for I knew the Bay of Biscay was infested with pirates, and dreaded lest the waters and Ayes, the storm-king, should be aroused by the thunder, and drenched overhead by the rain, I should be lost in the darkness. I was everything, and I could see land close by, I could hear the dashing of the waves, but my voice was hoarse and weak, and I only moaned."

"But that moan—how it smote my heart!" interrupted O'Neill. "I took through that window. You saw that smoking pile of coals, I ran down to the beach, I fell in it, to make your rescue possible."

"But, monsieur, how did you happen to have an ax, and come to my assistance so soon?"

"I chanced to be in the watch-tower, where I could see and hear to good advantage. But I perceive you are still weak and exhausted, and I shall not tire you with more conversation. I will leave you now to rest and sleep till morning; you may occupy the servant-maid's room, you shall make yourself at home and easy."

Mademoiselle Marie thanked O'Neill again and again; and, bidding him good-night, retired for the night.

Early next morning the Lord de Frontigny arrived at the chateau with all his servants. O'Neill was aroused by the Chevalier, who wished to point out to him the singular destruction of his favorite oak tree. O'Neill arose and dressed, and as he met with M. de Frontignan by the fire, he recounted the wonderful events of the previous night, including every detail in the girl's story. His nobility, generosity and chivalrous sense, was renewed beyond doubt the most moment, when the young lady appeared, he greeted herself through the door.

"My niece" he cried joyfully, embracing her. "the very image of my dear sister! How glad I am to find you at last! I shall go to your mother immediately, and you shall never know want or suffering again."

The mother was soon found, and they all revelled at the Chateau Jeanne d'Arc for some weeks, enjoying pleasant intercourse together.

O'Neill grew stronger daily in the affections of them all, Madame de Lafoungres liking him from the very first. But Madamoiselle! she fairly worshipped her idol here; and, to do justice to his judgment, it must be said that he returned her love with all the strength of his soul. Arrangements were soon made, and, in due form, the nuptials were celebrated; the bridegroom, like a good uncle, gave away with her the title of all his vast estate.

Problems for Atheists.

If you meet with an atheist do not let him entangle you into the discussion of his nonsense. As to many points which he raises, you must learn to make the Habbit's answer, "I do not know." But ask him these seven questions.

1. Ask him, Where did matter come from? Can a dead thing create itself?

2. Ask him, Where did motion come from.

3. Ask him, where life came from, every thing is dead, or lifeless, or motionless.

4. Ask him whence came the exquisite order and design in nature? If one fold you that millions of printer's types should fortuitously arrange themselves into the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a fool?

5. Ask him whence came consciousness?

6. Ask him who gave you free will?

7. Ask him whence came conscience?

He who says there is no God, in the face of these questions, talks simply stupendous nonsense. This, then, is one of the formulas that, one of the things that cannot be shaken, and will remain. From this belief in God follows the belief in God's providence, the belief that we are His people and His sheep of His pasture.

THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

The Views of Rev. J. J. McGovern, D. D., of Lockport, Who Has Been Chosen Likely to be made in the College of Cardinals.

Lockport, Dr. McGovern, the learned Catholic divine who so affectually exposed the recent "Virgin of the Rock" fraud, is an American priest, having been born and reared in Chicago. He was ordained the latter part of his studies in Rome. To a Tribune reporter he said yesterday that the fact that in proportion to its age and limits the Archdiocese of Chicago is ahead of that of New York in every respect, and that Archbishop Feehan will probably be made a Cardinal at the next Papal Consistory. Supposing that he will be, the question will be, Who will be the next Cardinal in this country? Dr. McGovern, the Cardinals are, when they are real Cardinals, Princes of the church, and to-day in the City of Rome they exercise no small influence in the policy of the church throughout the world. We Americans, though, are a practical people, and are not particularly given to attaching a merely ornamental man, to a position of trust. The Cardinals are The Catholic faith here in America is as strong and pure as it is in Rome, but we are living under a different form of government. We have a very participation in the affairs and I say it is not the best of policy to ask for the appointment of Cardinals in this country. Do you remember how it was with Cardinal McCloskey? He came home to spend a few hours in the city, and he was made a successor to Pius IX. Why, he didn't speak a word of English, and it was a matter of supreme indifference to the people of Cardinals whether he was or not. In so far as the Cardinalate is effectual in this country it is simply as well for the Pope to have and benefits to my little church in Lockport.

"But does not the College of Cardinals hold in its power the succession to the Papacy?"

"It does undoubtedly, and the man whom I mention would be bound to be acknowledged Pope throughout the entire world.

"How is it that an Italian is always the successor of Peter? Why not a Frenchman or a Spaniard?

"Ah, there is a little bit of church politics that has been a nonsundrum to more than yourself. But, supposing you had been pointing power, would you or would you not appoint to position your most intimate friend? Would you not be more partial to others who might have an equal right to the position? I guess you would, for human interests. Well, from the fact that the Popes have been Italians for fifteen years have naturally taken care to appoint a successor in the same place, and, in the majority—and a good safe majority—the Italians have chosen their own countrymen, thus securing the Papacy to the same nationality and Italian.

"There seems to be a popular impression that the Pope wants to die.

"I know it, and it is a big mistake. The Italians have a great deal of more respect than the Irish. But some after the Reformation, when Europe swept from the Papacy, and the Italians, it was by a sort of unanimous agreement that the Pope should be selected from a nation that was free from the taint of heresy. Well, I say, that the majority of the Cardinals was appointed from among the Italians, and they were the men who were consciously preserved to them ever since by unconquered Popes. Now, I believe the Cardinals ought to be divided more equally among the great nations of the world, and, in the church, the College of Cardinals is indispensable, but our Cardinals should be men who can perform the duties for which the high and responsible position is created.

"Certainly, the change is bound to come, and it will not be the beginning of the hierarchy of this country is the first to do it. Some people think that it would be insensitive in the Sacred College. Perhaps, I am too young to call for it, but I guess I hardly think it would go entirely unnoticed by the Pope.

"The lack of sacred orders in Cardinals not infrequently gives rise to some unpleasant complications when low grade Cardinals are appointed to the Papacy to Bishops and Archbishops. I remember one instance in which the Pope has never been published. I was in Rome in 1854 and 1855 when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was promulgated. All the bishops of the world were assembled in Rome, and among them was Cardinal Cullen (Dublin and the venerable Archbishop McHale of Tuam. Indeed Cardinal Cullen was unfortunately tendying to the Castle Government in Dublin, and was keeping back the people from demanding their rights. Archbishop McHale, on the contrary, was bold and true to his sympathy with his poor oppressed people, and urged them on to demand their rights, and by doing so was a good stand there in the eyes of the Government. Cullen tried to dissuade the old man from his course, but he gave reply to him that some people in the world's history had got rich by minding their own business. Cullen let him alone, and he accomplished wonderful results. Archbishop McHale, in the meantime, was called to Rome, and, in the consistory, was been and was in

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Editorial Notes.

—An item published in the Eastern press states that the General of the Jesuits has published the statistics of the Order, showing that it now counts 2,500 missionaries, and that it can boast of having had 248 Saints, 1,600 Martyrs, 13 Popes, 60 Cardinals, 4,000 Archbishops and Bishops, and 9,000 writers.

—If all the ridiculous rantings and ravings carried on at Methodist gatherings could be collected into a volume, it would be an amusing book. A citizen of Davenport, Iowa, was converted recently at a revival meeting, and groaned so long, loud and discordantly over his past sins that he was arrested for disturbing conduct and fined $10. In his case, at least, the way of the transgressor was doubly hard.

—At last the fraud is exposed that 5,000 Cork county women signed the anti-Home Rule petition which was recently presented to the Queen. In all the churches of Queenstown, the other Sunday, the preachers denounced the conduct of those individuals who compelled servant girls to sign petitions of whose contents they were unaware. In civilized Ireland a John Bull can go as low into the depths of moral depravity as the meanest pagan in the British possessions.

—The Sacramento Bee thinks the MONITOR is doing a disservice to the Church in not deciding at once as to whether the Abbé Liszt is a priest or not. From the best information at hand we are led to decide in the negative. The title Abbé in his case is merely honorary. He received minor orders, but in consequence of his long being entirely absorbed by his musical compositions and his phenomenal piano performances, he never received the full sacramental faculties of a priest.

—The full account of the fatal Socialist riots in Chicago and Milwaukee which we print on the third page this week, will give our readers a good idea of the danger which arises from combinations of men whose first principle is to deny God and to disregard religion. Socialism—like Mormonism—is the natural result of Freemasonry. It is with pride, therefore, that we point to the fact that in the sanguinary strife which the Socialists have engendered in Chicago and Milwaukee not a single Irish Catholic name appears on the roll of the bad men engaged in these outbreaks.

—There is no more in this line invented by Methodist preachers in their constant efforts to give their sect notoriety. At the last gathering of the New England Conference it was asserted by some audacious falsifier that the Pope of Rome was a subscriber to the New York *Christian Advocate*, a down-right falsehood which could only have emanated from the foul soul of some evangelical embodiment of fanaticism. The Pope has no more use for a Methodist paper than he would have for a Mahomedan person among the household of the Vatican.

—An item recently appeared in a great many Catholic papers in which it was stated that Pope Leo had compiled his memoirs and that a certain non-Catholic American publishing house was about to issue the work in different languages. The MONITOR did not copy the item for the reason that we had no faith in its correctness, and now it is stated by the *Unita Cattolica* of Turin, that there is no truth in the statement. It says that the speculation is of a private character, and that the Pope has never had the time to compile memoirs. The Vaticano, the paper further says, has nothing to do with the enterprise.

—The immense procession of laboring men, mechanics and wage-workers of all classes which paraded through San Francisco last night, was a splendid demonstration worthy of the cause which it typified and creditable to all concerned. There were no Socialistic sentiments embodied in the motions, no "red flag" ruffianism in the demeanor of the masses comprising the parade, but all was orderly and law-abiding, thus proving that the wage-workers of San Francisco are not allied in sentiment with that such of miscreants who recently created the riots in Chicago and other Eastern cities.

—The letter which we publish from a converted Episcopalian this week, contains an exposure of that sect which shows it up in the true colors as the champion sham of modern credulous Christianity. Dr. Sterling knows whereof he speaks, hence his evidence possesses all the greater weight. He also pays a sublime tribute to the holy influence of true religion, when he alludes to infinitelss and other nasatural crimes which are common to Protestantism, but which are shunned by Catholics because the commands of God and the precepts of the Church are a power in every Catholic conscience, whilst those beyond the pale of the Church of God are guided solely by the false light of private judgment based upon their own self-pride or their unadjusted passions.

—The growth of the Church in the Southern States was recently demonstrated by the following statistics inserted in the address which the priests of the Diocese of Wilmington, Delaware, presented to Bishop Becker upon his translation to the See of Savannah, Georgia. Bishop Becker was the first Bishop of the Wilmington diocese and has been there eighteen years. The address says when the Bishop came there Wilmington had two Catholic churches; it has six to-day. Then one Religious community existed there; to-day five Religious orders are doing the work of God in teaching and caring for the little ones. Then Delaware had only five priests; now the Catholics of Delaware are ministered to by fourteen clergymen. On the eastern shore of Maryland three priests ministered to the spiritual needs of the people, and to day seven priests and seventeen churches are found there.

The charge of being "Socialists," brought against the Irish people by their pensioned slanderers the British press, is one of the foulest fabrications of modern falsehood. Not a single grain of the diabolical doctrines of Socialism could be found in the composition of any Irish Catholic in the world. In proof of this we need only cite the fact that no later than last month William Morris, the poet, started out to preach Socialism in Dublin. The audience listened to him for some time, and than several persons replied. him when he arose to make the closing speech of the evening. The disorder was quelled by some astute fellow intoning "God save Ireland," and when the last line was reached the gas was turned off. Mr. Morris proposed a vote that capital should become the property of the State, that children should become the children of the State, and that private property should cease. Such is the way Socialism is squelched in Ireland.

—The adage which tells us that truth is stranger than fiction was recently verified by the following scene as described by the Providence *Journal*:—Late Friday evening a man about 40 years of age stood upon the Globe Bridge in Woonsocket, with his wife beside him, threatening to commit suicide by jumping into the Blackstone River, if the dog did not give him 20 cents. The wife pleaded and begged, saying she needed the money to purchase food for her family, and he would only spend it for rum. The dog was given up to the husband, who at once put the money in his pocket and left the bridge, saying he intended to be better half to give him the money or he would go. She implored the crowd of people who had gathered near to save him, but no one interfered. A voice from the crowd sang out, "Let him go," but she still clung to him. Finally she released her hold, and putting her hand in her pocket brought forth a silver quarter and placed it in his hand. He seized it eagerly and started on a lively run for a saloon near by, while the poor woman started for her home to offer a prayer for him whose life she thought she had saved for 20 cents.

—The anomalous position which the Church of England occupies in the minds of non-Catholics, is well defined in the following paragraph from a contribution on "Aristocracy in England," which General Adam Badeau is contributing to the New York *Sun*. "The Church in England is 'established' by law. It is founded, not on the principle of Divine authority, like the Church of Rome, but on the decrees and decisions of Parliaments and Councils. Its head is not the Vicar of Christ, but the Queen. It is not, like our Protestant sects of every denomination in America, a voluntary association based on the consent of those who compose its communion, it is imposed on the people of England by the aristocracy, of which it is a component part. Originally 'established' by Henry VIII., because he wanted to shift his wives, it remained a monument and instrument of royal authority until Cromwell usurped the place of the King in the Anglican system, and then it adapted itself to the change, and became the bulwark and sportsmanness of the aristocracy, which it still remains." What a contrast between this bogus Christian bulwark of British aristocracy and the Church of the poor and the lowly, the humble and the holy—founded by Almighty God!

Catholicity Supplanting Puritanism.

Holyoke, Massachusetts, was at one time a hot-bed of Puritanical Protestantism, but the no-children-in-the-family fashion prevailed to such an extent that it came about there was more Puritanical churches than congregations could be found to support them. So some of the "mestin' houses" were turned into ball-rooms, skating rinks and to other profane uses. But what the still-needed Pilgrim Fathers would call "the worse fate" has overtaken the old-Second Baptist church on Main street in that city. Bishop O'Reilly having recently dedicated it to the praise of God by actually celebrating "a Papish Mass" within its Puritan-built walls! How this bonne of the witch-burners and the priest-hunters of Puritan days must have rattled in their graves at this miraculous enrichonment of the despised and persecuted Church of the Pope of Rome upon the realms where once the decree of death was enacted against any "popish priest" who dared to invade the sanctuary of sectarianism in New England!

Home Rule in Australia.

Ireland is not the only part of the British Empire about which an agitation is now going on for home rule. At the Antipodes also a vigorous Separationist agitation is on foot. North Queensland has grievances against South Queensland, and separation is becoming a formidable cry. Sir T. McIlwraith, the Opposition leader, has declared himself in favor. At the recent election pronounced Separationists were elected for the districts of Cook and Musgrave, as well as for Townsville—the largest town in the North. Branches of the Separationists League have been formed not only in Queensland itself, but in Sydney and Melbourne, in both of which cities much support has been obtained. The Separation petition, which will shortly be presented to her Majesty, has nearly 8,000 adult signatures, including the Anglican bishop of the diocese and most of the influential members of the community.

—Bismarck is very seldom to be seen in the streets of Berlin, at least not walking. If he wants to take open-air exercise he either rides on horseback or promenades in his garden. But April 19 the Iron Chancellor was agreatly surprised to see him leave the Upper Palace on foot and walk slowly along the Leipzig street and past the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, Kongresser street, and of course he received quite a welcome. All the passers-by arrested their movements to get a good look at him, and even the passengers in the street cars left their seats so as not to miss the unusual-toned sight.

—Edward Atkinson, the statistician, presents figures showing that the railroads of the United States give employment to 650,000 people and transport 600,000,000 tons of freight annually, one half of which is food and fuel.

How Irish Tenants are Robbed.

No person can read the following incident which recently took place in Ireland—without feeling that every divine and human law of equity and justice proclaims the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland to be a disgrace to the statute books of England, and they should be wiped out so that such injustice as here depicted may be obliterated for ever.

A certain Mr. Hunt has just returned to his residence, Castlehyne, county Donegal, where Lord Kingston has been exercising his reversory from his lands situated in Ballykinlaver, near the boundary line of Donegal and Derry. This is a tract of barren mountain land thickly peopled. The little whitewashed houses of the peasant tenants dot the landscape close to each other right up to the crest of the hill in plots of five to ten acres, and show distinctly how the land has been reclaimed. Here the Catholic population, being driven from the better lands in the plains, have taken refuge in time past and reclaimed the soil at their own cost, and built houses there with their own hands.

Mr. Hunt thus narrates his interview with one of the tenants, Patrick McManus, a little old man of seventy, hunched, bent, and bowed, but cheerful under the great weight of his misfortunes

"I found him in a neighbor's house, where I had been taken to through charity. I asked him where he had been born, and he told me in the house yonder where the soldiers, and my wife and little boy died. He had built from the ground up, with his father, who had originally got the place, patches of much green and poor by tillage. He had paid £70 to the landlord for it, and had spent more than this in carrying it up in baskets on his head at a shilling a basket. About that time, having saved up £20, he paid £20 to the tenant right as a bribe of such sorts. But the very next year the rent was raised and he had to pay £5 more. He was unable to do so, but he got together £5 and paid it, and the next year he had to pay £5 more again

Farm and Home.

For a Farmer to Paste in His Hat.

It is worth while for all farmers everywhere to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on a farm.

That an offensive war against weeds is three times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences pay better than a lawsuit with neighbors.

That hay is a good deal cheaper made in summer than purchased in winter.

That more stock perish from famine than founder.

That scrimping the feed for fattening hogs is a waste of grain.

That schooling children properly is money lent at ten per cent.

That cows should be milked regularly and clean.

That Chinese labor is unprofitable.

The Right Kind of a Bank.

Down with the little toy savings bank! I believe it teaches children to be selfish, hate to see a child, a sweet, innocent child, with dimpled hands and a laughing face, clutch the penny or the nickel you give it close in its little fingers and run first to drop it into the greedy, miserly "savings bank," and then back to thank you. We teach the child to be selfish when we give it a penny to drop in the missionary box and a penny a week for church, and a penny a week for Sunday school, and a penny a week for the savings bank rattling full. But haven't I a savings bank in my home? Indeed, I have. And I'd like to see you or any other man steep one of my dear friends, the Vanderbilts, pour money into the top of that savings bank as fast as the prince can draw it out at the bottom. That's the way to run a bank. Make her useful. Mix, mix, mix. "Mr. Speaker," said the California legislator, "may I ask how much money there is in the State treasury?" The Speaker estimated about $40,000. "Then, about the sensible thing to rake her. What good does the money do locked up? If you don't spend it, some alderman will get hold of it.

Shipping Currants East.

There is no reason why it will not pay to ship currants East. It has been conclusively proven that they make the trip very much better than cherries and other varieties of fruit. By putting the fruit up in one-pound boxes they are easily handled, and there is no danger of it rolling. Last year Jesse Silva of this valley sent Boat 1,500 pounds of currants as an experiment. The fruit arrived in prime condition and realized 15 cents a pound, and we believe a carload landed in New York at the right time would bring sandy 20 cents a pound. Here is an unlimited market that would quickly relieve us of the annual glut at home. If it could be carried out it would be a bonanza to the currant-growers.—*Haywards Journal.*

Devotion of a Parisian Husband.

Not long ago the husband of a lovely little woman, whom he had but a few weeks before led to the altar, saw her safe into a carriage in which she was setting out to make some calls. She was the very light of his eyes, and they had spent few hours apart since the wedding day. Imagine his state of mind when late in the afternoon she was brought home senseless and almost unrecognizable. But I must go back a little. The horse that drew the carriage slipped in rounding a corner, the vehicle turned over and the face of its occupant was terribly mutilated with broken glass from the windows.

When the crowd which surrounded the carriage extricated the poor little prisoner, she was taken insensible into the shop of the nearest chemist to have her injuries examined. The cuts and scratches were dreadful, but the worst was a gash from mouth to ear from which a long piece of torn flesh hung. The poor chemist seemed to have lost his head at the sight, for instead of sewing the piece in place again, he cut it off, and seeing that the patient remained unconscious, he washed his hands of her as quickly as possible, and saw her driven in a cab to be taken home. The doctor who is called in breathless haste comes upon the butchery of the chemist's surgery, and says there is nothing to be done but to take a piece out of the arm of the poor victim to supply the piece of flesh which the chemist had so stupidly cut off.

But the frantic husband would not hear of it, and taking of his coat and bearing his own arm, offered it to the doctor and bid him cut from that, and not touch her with his knife. "But," said the doctor, "one mutilated person is enough in a family, my dear fellow; besides the pain would be horrible." However the heroic young man stuck to his point, and, in a word, went through the operation with a smile on his lips, remarking they had vowed to have all things in common, pains as well as joys. The doctor did his work deftly, the tissue of his needle are already faint, and he says that when the healing process is complete there will scarcely be a visible trace of the terrible accident.

Teach Your Children Obedience.

"A child taught to obey until it is five years old never needs anything else. It is not so easy to begin the lesson at that age, harder still at eight, and quite out of the question at twelve. Develope your child, say three or four years old, in all the little whims and fancies, give it everything it wants, especially if it cries for it, make yourself your servants, and your household its slave, allow it to contradict you, to kick and scream—these are wonderfully cute in a baby, you might make a show of resistance, but give up always in the end—then tell your neighbors of the child's little sayings and doings in its presence, talk them over frequently, dwell with little things which it is too young to understand, tell it you are not going out and then slip off. Practice all these harmless little things upon your child, and although it may be endowed with intelligence and a naturally sweet disposition, if it does not grow up a selfish and insufferable daughter or a willful and overbearing son, it certainly will not to your fault.

Facts Worth Remembering.

Well-ventilated bed-rooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

A cup of hot water drank before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia.

One in a failed should be laid flat on his back; then loosen his clothes and let him alone.

Essence of peppermint painted on a burn causes the pain to cease at once.

It is said by one who has tried it that cayenne pepper sprinkled upon hot flannels will afford instant relief to persons troubled with earache.

Never wash in warm water before going out in the cold air. Such a practice will produce a cold. Warm water should be used only before retiring.

A growing inability to sleep in sickness is ominous of a fatal result; in apparent health, it indicates the failure of the mind, on the other hand, in disease or dementia, a very slight improvement in the sleeping should be hailed as the harbinger of restoration.

A dentist who has charge of the teeth in all the prisons and asylums in connection with the department of charity and correction, reports the teeth, such a one is A. V. Brown, N. B. cor. York and Taylor Sts.

IT IS AS MUCH ONE'S DUTY TO PRESERVE HEALTH AS TO THE DUCKS.

These "Oh's" and "Ah's" which follow the use of Warner's Safe Yeast are as music to DYSPEPTIC NECESSITY. Warner's Safe Yeast is a Vitalizer. It Strengthens and Invigorates. Sold by all Druggists. Warner's Safe Yeast Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Family Fun.

THE NEW "SEVEN AGES."

A Humorously Pathetic Sketch by the Famous Bill Nye.

Man passes through seven distinct stages of being photographed, each one succeeding all previous efforts in that line.

First he is photographed as a prattling bald-headed baby, absolutely destitute of eyes, but making up for the deficiency a week or month that would make a negro minstrel ashamed of his face.

An old-fashioned dollar story album with cerebro-spinal meningitis, and filled with pictures of bald-headed children in heavy brown and white dresses, is the first thing we look on, assuming a house, and nothing from which we reluctantly part.

The next stage we take on the evil road is the photograph of the boy with fresh stripped hair and in which the unit arrestment thumb takes a leading part.

Then follows the photograph of the heavily marked freckled and black of hopeless melancholy.

Next comes the young man, twenty one years of age, with his front hair plastered smoothly down on his brother Hobbing's dome of thought. He does not care so much about the expression of his features, so long as his left hand, with the new ring on it, shows distinctly, and the strong jingling charms on his watch chain, including the cute little bachelor's button on his shirt, stand out well in the foreground. Soon after he has a tinsiype taken in which a young lady sits in the edge of grass, while he stands behind her with his hand lightly touching her shoulder so though he might be feeling of the thrilling circumstance of a horse ear.

This being continued till one day he comes into the studio with his wife and tries to see how many children can be photographed on one negative by holding one on each knee and using the other one as a background.

The last stage in his eventful career, the old gentleman allows himself to be photographed, because he is afraid he may not live through another long, hard winter, and the boys would like a picture of him, while he is able to climb the dark, narrow stairs which lead to the artist's room.

Silently the old finger-marked album, lying so unsententiously on the gouty centre table, points out the mile stones from infancy to age, and back of the mistakes of a struggling photographer is portrayed the laughter and the tears, the joy and the grief, the dimples and the gray hairs of one man's lifetime.

A Shrewd Pedler.

He had a back load of feather dusters as he rang the door bell of an uptown house yesterday, and when a woman opened the door about two inches and said that nothing was wanted, he inquired:

"Madame, you kindly inform me who lives next door?"

"Next door!" she queried, coming out on the step. "Why, it's a new family, and I don't remember the name."

"Lady pals on a good deal of style, doesn't she?"

"Rather."

"I thought so. That's the way with those sorts of people; they put it all on their backs. I asked her if she did her own carriage to dust of her upholstered furniture and bric-a-brac, and she slammed the door in my face. She didn't have any to dust, you see. People who have plush furniture and articles of virtu and taste always want my goods. Pleasant day, madame.

"Yes-s. What did you say the price was?"

"Seventy-five cents, madame, and the woman next door is peering through the parlor blinds at us.

"Is she? Well, I'll take one, and if there should be any other invention to dust here-a-bouts and oil paintings you might call round. You may also bring me a box of polish for my elevator.

After the Medical Commencement.

Two newly fledged physicians met the other day, and the following highly interesting conversation ensued:—

"Ah good morning, doctor."

"Good morning, doctor."

"And how are you to-day, doctor?"

"Pretty well, and how are you, doctor?"

"I am all right. Got a good case of meningitis at your hospital, doctor?"

"Yes, come down and take a look at it. Anything special up your way, doctor?"

"Man fell from a scaffolding and broke his neck two days ago, still alive, but can't swim it. Pleased to have you call at the house, doctor. Thank you, I will, doctor. Good day, doctor."

"Good day, doctor."

A Poor Teacher.

A member of a Lawrence County school board was speaking of the teacher employed.

"That feller sim's givin' no satisfaction at all," he said.

"Why, I thought he came from the East highly recommended."

"Oh, I s'pose he was, but he don't seem to suit, just the same.

"But he has a good education."

"Yes, I guess he's got a straight fork in education, all right enough, but the trouble's right here. Naturally, you know, the big boys have a little poker game at recess, and we correspondence the teacher set in."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm consed if they ain't just bout cleaned him out on his wages! Now what kind of a sample do you call that, lettin' boys down him, that way.

One of the World's Wonders.

Planter—"That's a wonderful boy, Pompey, you've got there, Pompey."

Pompey—"Dat marvel, sah! Dat marvel am one ob de wonders of de world."

Planter—"One of the wonders of the world?"

Pompey—"Yes, sah, dat marvel spilled me outen de wagon yesterday."

Planter—"Is that why you call him one of the wonders of the world?"

Pompey—"Yes, sah, Pompey's spiller, you know. Hah, hah! Dat long dar.

Sweetly Consoling.

John Montgomery Gate of Bethel, Ire., author of the following interesting letter, was a member of the Society of Friends in Bethel and of the Ministry for the Diseases of Women and Children. Peter street, Dublin, Ireland, says to letters and down that he recommends and Lung Balsam and down that he recommends and Lung Balsam and down that he recommends and Lung Balsam

IRELAND'S PROSPECTS IN PARLIAMENT.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

his House Rule scheme. They see the shadow of defeat settling on their banner. What they fail to see is that the democracy are the true unionists, and that in using their newly-gotten power at the first moment in securing justice and liberty for the Irish people the British democracy are laying securely the cornerstone of the real union between the two nations, more enduring than any that could be maintained by representative laws or the power of the sword.

JAMES O'KELLY.

JUSTIN McCARTHY'S VIEWS.

NO. 20 CHERNE GARDENS, TURNHAM GREEN, CHISWICK, LONDON, May 5.—The truce, if it can be called a truce, is nearly over, and the battle begins again next week. The House of Commons meets Monday, but will not take up the home-rule measure until Thursday. The Easter recess has been given up to speech-making for and against the bill. Almost every prominent man on either side has addressed a meeting or meetings somewhere, but it is not worth the pains to analyse most of the speeches. Events pass too quickly now to allow much time to retrospect. The past is dead very soon. Now I only mean to use the past so as to get, if I can, a safer forecast of the future. I am perhaps with the optimists in the matter, but still I think the feeling in favor of Mr. Gladstone's measure is distinctly improving in the country, at all events the chances of any formidable coalition against it have become decidedly less, or and lesser. It is clear there is no point of cohesion between Hartington and Chamberlain. Hartington has committed himself hopelessly against the principle of home rule, while Chamberlain—and this speaks himself against anything of the kind. Mr. Goschen is opposed to all forward movement everywhere. He was supposed to lose the county franchise the other day and it was passed without him or in spite of him, as most of the Liberal reforms are. Mr. Goschen is very much of what would be called in America a crank; he believes in no one's wisdom and virtue but his own, and he is much soured because the English political world will go on listening to and following other men. He is a clever man, but spoiled by self-conceit and consequent dissatisfaction with the world in general, he becomes the world in general will not see him to be some time.

NO COALITION AGAINST HOME RULE IN PROSPECT

for Hartington, Chamberlain, and Goschen among the Liberals. Who else is there to coalesce? Hartington doubtless will propose an amendment on the second reading of the Home Rule measure, Thursday he will propose the bill to the read the second time that day a month—in other words, rejected for this session. I feel well assured he will not carry his amendment. The probability is that it will be rejected by a small majority, and on the second reading will then be allowed to pass without further division. Then will come the important time for the bill. The House will go into committee, and all manner of amendments will be proposed, debated, and voted on division. Every open and secret vote will be fully utilized full chance for discussing it by speaking an amendment and waiting time for its division. Every member will find he has plenty from which to jump up, every one who engages over the political field. If at last he bill emerges out of committee to anything like a vigorous vital condition it will go to the House of Lords at a very late period in the session. Then the Lords will try to make the bill only by declaring it to be too late in the session for them to give such an important measure a full and fair consideration. Thus they will evade the responsibility of pronouncing points blank against any and every home rule measure and at the same time get rid of the bill for this session. What will Mr. Gladstone do? I think in the case as I put it? What will he his course? Will he dissolve? Most people who profess to know say he will.

SOMEHOW I DO NOT THINK SO.

If the bill were killed in the House of Commons, or, coming up in good time in the House of Lords, were held by them to death there, it is likely he would dissolve and at once take the opinion of the country by the other event he appears to me more likely he will have the anomalous session to introduce another measure, and by that time the opinion of the country, much educated, could perhaps come to a final settlement with some of the own fellows who are now doubtful regarding the question of Irish members at Westminster or their withdrawal. By that time some of the Tories, making up their minds that home rule must come, will think it might as well come from them, while at the same time securing them the chance of a prolonged occupation of office.

Remember that two great Liberal reforms bills, each brought earlier in the session than the Home Rule measure, were both killed in committee by a combination of Tories and Whigs, and the end was that the Tories brought in a wider and better reform scheme than the Liberals. It may be so in this instance too. It is to say mind opinion among the possibilities. Meanwhile, then, in this, Mr. Gladstone's measure will must never consent to even listen to an argument on the question of Home Rule. Let me tell your readers that Mr. Gladstone is as much new and rapid conversion as many people think. For several years Mr. Gladstone has been in favor of the principle of Home Rule, but had always too great difficulties, and was not quite satisfied that the majority or nearly the majority of the Irish people was strongly in favor of Home Rule. He has not seen what he considered a satisfactory plan to accomplish Home Rule. The first difficulty was removed altogether by the late elections and the eighty-six Home Rule members. The second difficulty Mr. Gladstone endeavored to solve by trying to devise a scheme himself. That particular scheme may fail, and in all probability will fail; but if it fails it will only be succeeded by a scheme better, more comprehensive, and more satisfactory, which will be passed, may be by Liberals, may be by Tories, but it will be passed. Mr. Gladstone will live and enjoy the Irish Bill as it stands Gladstone.

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

If President Cleveland complied with all requests for a lock of his hair he may would be as bare as a billiard ball in less than a week. The lady from Indianapolis has written that she is poor, and asks the President to instruct his barber to forward to her all the hair cut from the Executive head. He proposes to make this hair into Cleveland charms and sell them to gentlemen to wear on their watch chains. Another person is fishbonned, Va., wants the same hair to stuff a pincushion made of silk, taken from an old United States flag. This cushion she will raffle at a church fair for the benefit of a needy congregation.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

English Support at Gladstone's Irish Policy. Ireland's Freedom Assured. Sad Death from Starvation.

(FROM OUR REGULAR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.)

CASTLE OF THE MONITOR,

Dear Sir—The House Rule Bill for Ireland passed out of the ordeal of the second reading yesterday last. After an animated debate during which Sir Hercourt condemned the conduct of the renegades from the Liberal Ministry, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Gladstone in reply to the obstinacy of Mr. Gladstone's speech, which lasted for about two hours, the Premier can defy the forces combined of Torydom. The London *Daily News* says that Thursday (the 8th of April) an irreversible step was taken in the direction of conferring Home Rule upon Ireland. The full has been set rolling, and no power on earth can stop it reaching its ultimate goal. That is a fact which must be faced, and it already has by the leaders of the opposition of the scheme. It is no longer a question of whether Ireland shall have the end accorded by the Imperial upon it of a system of Home Rule, but it is a question of the manner in which it shall be accomplished. Mr. Gladstone, Lord R. Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain, with the time now or after three or four years passed in Parliament, will consider the question of land in a spirit of compromise." For ourselves, we sincerely hope that the worst comes to the worst we desire to profit by the liberal experience and enlightened statesmanship of the Tories. The Conservative newspapers are preaching, and many of the liberal papers, heretofore friendly in their view to Ireland, now seem to have turned their backs upon his policy, yet as we have seen, reached the bottom of the Tory journals. Republic newspaper follows in the usual line of democratic opinion upon the political events of the day. It indicates the sentiment of the Irish people, and it is worth while to quote what it says the Premier will do, as to whether the English people are to be forced to pay millions for Irish compensation, is a set of rackrenters who have by their conduct forfeited all claim to be paid. Ireland. This evening, Friday, April 16th, Mr. Gladstone will bring forward the Home Rule Purchase Bill. The success or failure of this bill, which is broadcasted to be, since it is born to the Irish landlords thro' to the tenants from the hand of Mr. Gladstone, depends in part the fate of Home Rule.

THE TENANTS IN ALL

to link the fortunes of the landlord class with the acceptance or rejection of the bill by the English Lords rejects the Home Rule scheme they will be the last chance of getting favorable compensation for the Irish landlords. The Premier will take his Home Rule Purchase Bill to the Lords on Monday, and by the time a second attempt is made to reject the Home Rule scheme the landlords shall feel disposition in a more hopeless position than they are at the present time. On Monday next Parliament goes for the Easter recess. The recess will bring over from labor to Ireland, and the Irish brigade it will be the time of harder work. For those who will remain there in our Irish life until the end beneath the general relief of the House of Lords.

The speeches which will be poured forth from the Tory benches and Tories during the recess will be for constituents and followers, will have the effect of keeping up the spirits of the Irish that it will not be broken down in Irish sympathy. The landlord Government in Ireland was coming to a very low ebb, and rapidly by the Liberal, away, or meet with a very hard blows from the Liberals and from the Tories. The opening session will certainly be the most eventful of the century. Ireland and Ireland may be able to better yourself. Ireland may be able to better yourself. Ireland may be able to better yourself.

Poetry.

THE CHARITY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ROME.

(Written for the Island "Convert de Salve," said to all of Christian blood.
Rev. of 2 M Burnett, Esq., May 4th, 1886.

I heard pipings and familiar music their tones,
And wrought music world of peace
Within the stricken heart of Rome,
Five hundred years ago.

From as the blackberry lay the dead,
Beneath the snow little grave,
While living spectres wailed for bread,
In anguish of despair.

Yet, where the ministers of wrath
Then wrought with scourging rod,
The Christian found their footsteps path,
Then heroine of God!

Francis of Rome! and may thy name
With reverence be blended, alike,
Hick on the list of earthly fame,
As on the scroll Divine!

Art thou the ringing note long
Will may thy memory glide,
Child of a proud ancestral throne!
To rose so proud alike!

Yet not for lofty lineage grand
Wilt thou thine name, Patrician hand,
But that, with the spirit of God,
Thou saw'st in the wayfarer's need.

And, touch thy lofty palace dome
Unceasingly did of being,
(As knowest to their pity!)
The starved and suffering.

Thou saw'st, Don't know why I want
to Prince Edward's island; but I mean to
Truro, and so to Tyneo, and then, naturally enough, crossed over to Charlottetown. It is a standard little town, flat, with wide, straight streets, unoccupied warehouses, and a Parliament house, reminding one of the ordinary middle-aged citizen, who has settled himself, after his youthful dreams of importance are over, to a placid, domestic insignificance in a second rate city.

After dinner, I left the town, and walked along by the sea; or, rather, by the arm of the bay which stretches up behind the town. In an hour the little city was out of sight—my guide book placed its population at only two thousand—and I was walking by a sleepy stream, the salt water rising through marshy shore, the salt water rising through the sharp beach at every footstep. Shore-ward was a gentle hill, crowned with a few low trees.

There was no house in sight now; but one fresh pulse was rattle in the distance, rising from a wood on a point of land which jutted out into the bay ahead of me.

CHAPTER II.

I had been walking along the beach an hour or more toward this (which we farther off than I had thought) when I saw an old man shambling over the stones toward me. He was very poorly dressed, with no hat, and nothing on his feet but an old pair of slippers, which slipped and slid on the smooth pebbles. I was going by him with a nod, but he stopped me, and asked me, with a pum'ed expression upon his face.

"Is this Avalon? said he.

"Avalon" said I.

He looked at me musingly, and yet with an empty, distant gaze, as if I were hardly real to him. A suspicion came to me that the man was mad, and I shrank back.

"Avalon?" said I. "Avalon?"—for something impelled me to think, as I stood looking at him, of that fabled island of the blest, in the sea.

"No, no," said he, impatiently. "Avalon. Avalon—in Newfoundland, you know."

Then I remembered the peninsula of Avalon, near St. John, in Newfoundland.

"Oh! Avalon, I answered. No, this is not Avalon."

"Then I must be—I must be—I must be mad," he said, with a sigh of relief, and I saw his face grow dull again, and empty, with the look of balking feeblemindedness that usually marked his face. The man was the great brick building, barrack-looking, with iron shutters on the windows. It evident; the insane asylum of the province, and that was one of the inmates, who, perhaps, an old man like him, from their wandering.

"Up," said he, quickly, as if he read my thoughts. "They let me walk alone, sometimes. I am not to be a madman."

"Why did you think it was Avalon, my friend? I said, gently, for something in his sadness interested me.

At the word, he looked up eagerly. "Avalon, Avalon," he said, "I heard the bells." And truly, there had been church bells rung in the afternoon.

"And why do you wish for Avalon?" I asked him.

"My wife is there, sir," said the old man simply. "And we were to go there and live when I had bought the house. But they will not let me, now."

"But this is in Prince Edward's Island."

I did not know then what I could have said to bring tears in the old man's eyes, but he sat down wearily, and I could see he was crying.

"Yes," he said. "Oh! I remember. And the vessel I had had gone now from them, and left alone the weary one of sorrow. So I asked, and, sitting down with him I got his story. It came, mingled with quotations emphatic of his God, and with the way his keepers treated him, and with sensible, pretty ripples, and broken sequences of story; but now and then, when his mind was with him (and in such times his mood was sadness, and his tone weary and come again), he told it clearly. So simple a story it was! hardly worth telling; but it fresh in my mind, as if it were but yesterday.

CHAPTER III.

It seems he had been born in Avalon; this man of the place he had forgotten; he "But you know, sir," said he, "the village on the cliff there, by the little church? And I told him that I knew it well. He had followed the sea, of course, and as time, he fell in love. Anna, I remember was her name. But Newfoundland was a savage place in which to live; so he had gone to sea, and had been a wild fellow in his time, as he gave me to understand, he had to know. Then, finally, he had known Anna; or more likely, he had known her as a child; but in the end he had married her. Then he had gone to sea again, long enough to buy a little land at home, in Avalon, and build a home for her there. "This the money had been over slow in coming, sir" said poor old man, and then with a little further toward the farm in Avalon. But still at home there, she kept spinning and saving at the little property, and he kept following the sea.

At last he got a chance for higher wages than a common seaman; it was in the saloon, sailing to and fro from Avalon to the island to the mainland. In the summer it was well enough; but in the winter, when the ice blocked the island, it was a terrible life; frightful the boat had to be dragged, or the ice hook added, for miles over the frozen sea; crossing now the open water, now huge fields of ice piled up, with the terrible winter storms, and the snows, and the chance of being carried out to sea. Anna had been loath to have him take to the life from the first, but he had talked to her of Avalon, and the little white house and patch of land for their old age, and so he had persuaded her. Situ had gone with him to Prince Edward's Island, though, and lived there, that she might be with him half the time at least, and even this was better than his long sea voyages. And perhaps, too, his being "but a wild lad" had had a hit to do with that. "for, you know, sir, we sailor men are apt to be fond to drink on shore, with nothing there to do; but sit and see our mates about their grog. But I was always steady, sir, over there on the mainland. Any man would do that you know sir, with such a wife as Anna. And every voyage he made was something added to the little store that was to keep the home in Avalon.

CHAPTER IV

"But she always had a fear of them winter voyages. And, sometimes, I used to get uneasy, sir, in the seas; particular those up our way, as sey so much of what the sea can do. But I was doing nicely, sir; and Anna, she was going to have a baby, and we almost felt as if the house were ready bought; just by the little church there, in the parish field. It was the second time, sir; and then it was an awful cold one, sir; and there

"And then—it was in March, I think, sir—I was over on the mainland; and the ice was so broken and so bad we couldn't get back, sir, for the life of us. But a schooner had got across from the island, sorer we left; and I knew a man on board of her, sir, I knew a man on board of her, sir, and he gave word as how my wife was ill. And I knew the baby was coming.

"Well, sir, I could not leave on the shore, and wish and how the ice would break and go, and look over through the blinding snow, and think of Anna, and think how Anna might be a-dying. An the mates they used to sit around the stove so: the ship, and laugh at me for being a-feared of the ice. Ay, sir, I was afraid, day that there wasn't but half a gale—blow out, sir, as long as ever I'd go back, sir. An the mates, they all said I was crazy. But there was a couple, sir, said they'd go back, if I could do it. And the mail was all ready, and had been waiting for days; and we thought we'd have Anna a collin.

"And in the morning, we started from Cap Tourmentine, three men in the boat, and the mailbags. An that day we made out fairly well; we might a got half way across before the sundown. But in the night there came a storm from the Sou'east; and all the ice began to break up with the sea, sir, go out. I never see such a storm as that! An the ice was all in pieces, a-cakes like a-floes, a-floes a-drag, as then a swim; an so on every quarter mile or so! An in the morning it was terrible cold again, an all our garments they were stiff as boards with the wet, sir, then with the freeze. An the boat was all broke up with a squeeze we got in the blow; and next night we had to break up the ship, and burn the timber, or we would be frozen. An one man froze his foot, and he's both my ears then solid, sir, they'd ha' broke if you lent on 'em. But I thought of Anna, an kept on. An then, the next day, we had to take to the ice altogether, an we left the ship, half a mile from the sea. But we saw the mail sheal, near by Summerside; only

"Well, sir, we got to the mail sheal, and broke lower from the shore. An the mates, they said, sir, we'd ha' to go, if we had to jump into the sea an' it was awful cold; an they put out from the shore—leaving me and other men behind, sir, there, they all said as we—leaving me, I tharemen, sir, as they said we had fever like, a scull; but when I came too, they told me Anna was dead; an they never let me see her; an they brought me here—the old men broke down, and sobbed like a child.

"Is this a prison?" he asked again.

"No, no, I said, not yet.

"I shall be—they don't give me enough to eat, sir; not always. It's a strange place, this asylum country. An they treat me like as if I were foolish; kind of old as foolish. An now, they'd be after me, for stayin' out so long.

"I'm a-feared, sir, to go to wander in sense complaining once more; and after a time, sometimes, he became quiet, and looked across the bay. The sun was just sinking over a distant tract of land; and the broad sea water lay smooth and silent, relaxed in the glow. Suddenly, he cried, "Avalon! the old man put his hand to his ear and gazed far over at the island, listening intently. I had not heard any sound, but I had been noticed in his eyes. They looked, unshaded, at the light, his face brightening in the last rays of the sun; and I forgot his madness and his weakness, watching the one ray of perfect happiness I have ever seen on a human face.

"Avalon! The bells of Avalon" he whispered. "Do you hear them, Anna? The bells of Avalon!

I looked away, across the yellow sea. Silent, intently, I seemed that I, too, heard the bells."

The Strasburg Clock Guidons.

The famous clock of Strasburg is put completely into the shade by "the great World Gt, or the 10 000 year time indicator." It was constructed in Germany some twenty years ago by Mr. Christian Martin, clock maker." The clock works the years and leap years and will run for a hundred centuries, when, as the bill finally admits, its "mechanic works" will have to be changed. The face of the clock is about 10 feet square and has a large number of dials and little inches where 12 little figures have their sliding place. These figures, at the ever roughly regulate, are "a allegorical human life." Every minute a government bell strikes angel bells a bell with a sledge-hammer. When he has done this fifteen times another angel in a red robe appears in the first quarter; "The Feeling, dressed in a Louis XIV, costume, turns a sand glass that the figure is shown. At the same time the figure of a child appears at a lower door. At the third a well-bred gentleman with spectacles and a high hat, and at the fourth, a decrepit old woman, with a white wig.

While all this is going on below, Death, in the shape of a Cossacks Indian with wings, has been vainly endeavoring to hamstring the hour glass. At the last stroke he has headed him off in every case and presents the hour to Jesus family "by raising the right hand in an allegorical relation," as per Baedeker, and then, with fourth quarter, Death gets the better of the struggle, strikes the hour and bundles the old man off into eternity. The twelve Apostles are brought out each hour. Above them is a figure of Christ, "who blesses with both hands each Apostle in passing" as the bill states the unbelievable fact seems. At noon-tide, noon and night a number of bell ringers with their respective bells with ordinance energy and an old man drops upon his knees, as if some one had kicked his legs out from under him. All these and many other wonders, exposing the family secrets of the Strasburg clock, the beetles, the seasons, the moons, and the globe all run regularly for the last 10 years, and will continue to run for 10 000 years, if the mechanism is not worn out before that time. Strasburg is proud of the wonderful clock, and in other cities tours wantonness and patch of land for their old age, and so he had persuaded her. Situ had gone with him to Prince Edward's Island, though, and lived there, that she might be with him half the time at least, and even this was better than his long sea voyages. And perhaps,

Literary Miscellany.

The Bells of Avalon.

A Pathetic Story of Love and Suffering Successfully Told.

CATHOLIC MASSACRED IN CHINA.

Fearful Onslaught by the Pagan Hordes. Cultured Defense of the Priests and their Converts. Resistance used as a Military Fashion.—Grand Victory for the Christian Forces.

Last autumn Cochin China was the scene of one of the most terrible massacres of Christians recorded in the history of Asiatic missions. The whole of the northern province were in insurrection against the French, and almost straight of their lives the Christian villages were destroyed by the insurgent bands, and thousands of the inhabitants were put to the sword, often having to endure prolonged torture. In some cases the missionaries succeeded in saving their flocks from massacre by retiring with them to the hills, or retreating upon some port held by the French. In one instance where a retreat of this kind was impossible they stood on the defensive, repulsed the attack of the insurgent bands, and after a siege of more than three weeks were relieved by a body of French troops sent to their relief. The narrative of their defence recalls similar scenes in the Indian mutiny, where a handful of brave men held out against a multitude of foes, and finally escaped from the hair-raising fate. Engaged and directed the defence, not to save themselves, but for the sake of the Annamite Christians intrusted to their care.

The Abbe Cuenot, the French Catholic priest, with the adjacent hamlet An-Ninh. Dr Lean was a native of the village, the son of a large district and the residence of the Pre-Vicar of the Bishop of Pallet Ninh, and had long been known as among the best of the native priests. He was a man of considerable ability, had been the usual hiding place of the Bishop, and had taught there many years, and a convert of sixty native nuns. At An-Ninh was the seminary for Mass—the two villages stood about a mile and a half or two miles from the Bishop's residence, and there there was a pagan village and a few small scattering craft. The Abbe Cuenot was a man of a high stature, but do not like fighting at close quarters. The Christians of D-Lean met the attack with a sortie. They issued from their stronghold, and, with bamboo lances and long swords and bill hooks, drove back the insurgents, taxing their bamboo spears with good effect and pursuing their advantage for some, until fourth quarter. Then Dauth gets the better of the struggle, strikes the hour and bundles the old man off into eternity. The twelve Apostles are brought out each hour. Above them is a figure of Christ, "who blesses with both hands each Apostle in passing" as the bill states the unbelievable fact seems. At noon-tide, noon and night a number of bell ringers with their respective bells with ordinance energy and an old man drops upon his knees, as if some one had kicked his legs out from under him. All these and many other wonders, exposing the family secrets of the Strasburg clock, the beetles, the seasons, the moons, and the globe all run regularly for the last 10 years, and will continue to run for 10 000 years, if the mechanism is not worn out before that time. Strasburg is proud of the wonderful clock, and in other cities tours wantonness and patch of land for their old age, and so he had persuaded her. Situ had gone with him to Prince Edward's Island, though, and lived there, that she might be with him half the time at least, and even this was better than his long sea voyages. And perhaps,

STOP SWEARING.

And Always Rebuke Whoever You May Hear Uttering an Oath.

The Rev Father Hendricks, of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, Brooklyn, N. Y., recently delivered the following sermon on the "Sin of Swearing." No other name, he said, should be so dear to us and so beloved as that of God, because it is the name of our greatest Benefactor. When we come to pray, we begin by adoring God and asking it really seems strange that there should be any need of keeping our consciousness of our respect for that name, and one would think there would be little need of the commandment against swearing. But what is the reason why so many are guilty of it? It is contrary to God's law, it is a sin against God, it is a sense of dreariness and fear that we feel when we are guilty of it. Do you feel a gentle hand pass over your face in moments of danger, and do you feel as if you were about to death you are restored to health, and that you look for a return of the vigor that you used to recover? Was there not a time when you were afraid of your life, and when you were met and nobody to help you, the merciful Christian came along? I wonder if you go back to that moment, and be thankful for the deed, that you did? Speaking disrespectfully of your benefactor, but rather vaunt the name. Little children are accustomed to do so, and they are the most formidable weapon in the two villages. Christians of the world, and the world of learning houses drew nearer and nearer, and the Christians arrived at the Lean tale how they had been attacked on the march by armed bands, and by coming this among the Christians, and the Christians, the pagans, the Christians and villages which the Christians had abandoned, and the Christians set on fire by the insurgents, and, suppose, by the Pagans of the neighborhood, they advanced upon the two posts held by the insurgents and their flock. The two villages more than 4,000 Christians were huddled together, 800 of them were able to bear arms, the rest were all women and children, and old or infirm men. Join in the fight many men of the Christians, two junks which had been dispatched to Cap for help a few days before arrived in the port of Tourg; a force of fifty man were rapidly marched from Ninh Ninh, Tung to bring in the arms and supplies which were on board the boat. Happily, the insurgents did not perceive the importance and the significance of this movement, and the Christians succeeded in safely reaching and bringing into An Ninh two small cannon, two rifles, a barrel of gunpowder, and a box of ammunition. The cannon were probably of the little guns in the hands in most Chinese villages, where they are kept to fire salutes, and to add their bit and noise to the general uproar of the annual festivals. The matchlocks seem to have been heavy and cumbrous, and the ammunition called jingoes.

While An Ninh was being thus strengthened, the pagans had poured down upon the surrounded the large village of Di Lean. The people of the adjacent heathen village of Tong Lai joined in the attack. The assailants seem to have been but little better than an armed mob. They fought badly and with little discipline, and apparently had the kind of men who are ready enough to massacre and flurry when there is no resistance, but do not like fighting at close quarters. The Christians of D-Lean met the attack with a sortie. They issued from their stronghold, with bamboo lances and long swords and bill hooks, drove back the insurgents, taxing their bamboo spears with good effect and pursuing their advantage for some, until fourth quarter. Then Dauth gets the better of the struggle, strikes the hour and bundles the old man off into eternity. The twelve Apostles are brought out each hour. Above them is a figure of Christ, "who blesses with both hands each Apostle in passing" as the bill states the unbelievable fact seems. At noon-tide, noon and night a number of bell ringers with their respective bells with ordinance energy and an old man drops upon his knees, as if some one had kicked his legs out from under him. All these and many other wonders, exposing the family secrets of the Strasburg clock, the beetles, the seasons, the moons, and the globe all run regularly for the last 10 years, and will continue to run for 10 000 years, if the mechanism is not worn out before that time. Strasburg is proud of the wonderful clock, and in other cities tours wantonness and patch of land for their old age, and so he had persuaded her. Situ had gone with him to Prince Edward's Island, though, and lived there, that she might be with him half the time at least, and even this was better than his long sea voyages. And perhaps,

THE IRISH PARTY.

Notable Counsellors of Parnell. Distinguished Patriots in Ireland's Cause. Representative Men from Several Irish Counties.

BY T. D. P. GILL, M. I.

There are two members of the Irish Parliamentary party of whom it would be superfluous to give a "notice" to the readers of an American journal. They have reached that stage of familiarity in the public mind when it is "stale" of them that are in demand rather than that kind of information which the reader prefers to be supplied by the word "notice." Mr. Parnell, now, has become a personage of such historical importance that we may look forward to a John Morley of the future making him the subject of a book all to himself. While of men like Healy, that cloudy and lightning Celtic genius, who is the least understood of any of the group, and Sexton, the subdued Parliament Jesuit (of political orators) and John Dillon, the Irish Sir Galahad, and T. P. O'Connor, a Canaille Immoulins of press and platform, and William O'Brien, United Ireland's editor, at once the Thersites and the Achilles of the Irish Parliament, the most rigid principled, richly-endowed and most practical idealist that has appeared in Irish politics for a century.

OF MORE MEN OF THEM

the public are only cares for impressions of the moment. Their speeches are for analyses, estimates and so forth, and on some other occasion I may perhaps the present writer may even be bold enough to give his impressions upon the men and the work of these men. But what will gratify curiosity most at this time is a brief sketch or two, count of the numbers of the Irish Parliamentary party with whose figures the public eye is less familiar, the men who, if not brightening influence and the hard strife of the Irish Parliamentary party, the work is done in the silence, but whose work if it has been faithfully done, is not the short sense is one of those rather mysterious forces which make themselves felt in the leader, and which, without ever making a speech during a session, are felt, and it is the very sight of their unexhausted presence here made the English Parliament throughout the area, and my quarter of a mean, assuming too much, I trust, to take it for granted that the curiosity of the public is piqued about the Irish party. They are making history of a great scale times, and looker-on who wish to understand the true bearings of the events, rather than wait till by and by, when books will be written absurdly, will naturally be desirous to learn from their newspaper who these persons are whose influence in shaping the course of contemporary history is so great. To plunge, then, at once into the midst of the Irish party.

THE BEST SELECTION TO BEGIN WITH

may be a group of those veterans who are not in Parliament, but who are in the view as say Messrs. Arthur O'Connor, Timothy Harrington, Dwyer Gray, Leamy, Corbett, and Lalor. I was going to include Mr. Sullivan, who is the present Lord Mayor of Dublin, but surely the author of "Old Ireland" is one of the best of our men. Hon. T. D

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1886.

Exemplary Catholic Irishmen.

The Assistant Order of Hibernians is an organization that contains nothing but Catholics within its ranks, hence it should be subservient to the behests of the Ordinary in every Diocese wherein it may exist. Hitherto the Order has been denounced in one Diocese and supported in another, but we hope the day will soon arrive when this benevolent body of Irishmen may make themselves worthy of the full approbation of every Catholic Prelate in the land.

The thirty-seventh National Convention of this Catholic body recently took place in St. Paul, Minnesota, but prior to its assembling Bishop Ireland sent a letter to the State Officers in which he laid down certain Diocesan rules for the government of the A. O. H., and which should be acceded to if the members desired to be recognized by the Bishop of Minnesota. Like true children of the Catholic Church, these dutiful sons obeyed the behest, and Irish Catholics showed themselves by the honorable manner in which they manifested their allegiance to their Bishop in the following letter:

ST. PAUL, May 5, 1886.

RIGHT REV. JOHN IRELAND, Bishop of St. Paul:

We the undersigned officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Minnesota, desire to publicly acknowledge our obedience to our Holy Mother Holy Roman Catholic Church and to her through you our most worthy spiritual guide, would respectfully and officially inform you that the order of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the United States have adopted the following resolution. They are now a part of the Law governing our order in the State Code:

1 We, members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, desiring one and all to faithful sons of the Catholic Church, and as we claim that our organization is sanctioned by the Right Rev. Bishop as a Catholic Association, we pledge ourselves to conduct all its affairs in accordance with the laws and regulations of the Church bearing upon Catholic societies.

2. We submit ourselves loyally to the ordinances of our Ordinary, the Bishop of St. Paul, relating to Catholic societies, whatever such ordinances may exist, or may hereafter be enacted.

3. In a particular manner we promise to abide by the regulations of the Diocese of St. Paul that prohibit the holding of meetings during any kind of Catholic services, the holding of pic-nics or assisted same holidays of obligation, or of sine-non Sundays of obligation, or of Holy Week, Easter Week, or any sort of interfering which may be offered.

JAS. J. KENNEDY State Delegate A. O. H.
WM. A. MCGARRY, State Secretary A. O. H.
R. W. MERRAY State Treasurer A. O. H.

A Protestant Irishman on Irish Catholics.

We have to laugh every week when we read in the local sectarian press long articles lamentingover the present state of affairs in our sister Protestant Orange brethren in the North of Ireland, when the truth is that their long and lugubrious articles complain for mighty fun about nothing, and much more wind than wisdom. Here is an extract from a speech recently made by Mr. J. Jordan, a member of Parliament from West Clare, a Protestant who lives in the County Ennis, Connaught, and who, by two hundred Years ago, occurred that conflict. What Mr. Jordan says he knows from a life-long residence among the people of whom he speaks, what our "separated brethren" say on this subject emanates from the spleen which is in their system simply because the Irish against whom they air their ignorance are Catholics, and such neither have a more holy regard for Hierarchs than they have for that Church which has planted itself on the ruins of Paganism in the Eastern States—from whence the writers in question derived their antipathy to all things Catholic.

At the close of his speech Mr. Jordan thus alluded to the conduct of the Catholics of Ireland towards the Orange enemies.

He did not think the Protestant clergymen in the North of Ireland had say fear for their lives, their liberties or their property. As their religion, property was a very large part of it. They proved alimentarily to Parliament and to the noble Lord Randolph Churchill, the member for Paddington, that could not tell whether they put their trust in God, in the great Tory party or in the purchase and business they used the phrase indiscriminately. Protestant ladies and farmers' wives said they had no fear, and why should the stalwart majority of the military and in the more aggressive part? The truth was that it was peaceful, and not fear, that prevailed. The Catholics of Ireland had conducted all their affairs, in a peaceful, orderly manner, and no matter in what place and power, said they did not wish now to be put in a position with the other people. The loyal minority, as they were called, were enraged because they would have to go into competitive examination with their Roman Catholic countrymen, and get only their fair share of anything that was going. Protestants, he said, had become a tame, and had they would be quite prepared, from the greatest to the least among them, to make the best of it. During the last five or six years of the Land agitation, Protestant landlords were the priests, continually stirring up the people, and give no offence," and I wish that the same had been said on the other side, for when they were told that they might be the case in the North, but if they went to the South they would find Catholic oppressors of Protestants! I have grown to the South and lived for forty-five years, and I have never seen a Protestant oppressed by the Catholics. I wants their Protestant neighbors, if there was discontent or disquiety it was inconsiderate that instead the feeling. It was another question if they had a Land Bill, and if they changed it, and if they had leftwing in England, why, it would be all right. A very worthy minister had said that it would be injurious to Ireland for the Land Act to close to those! Inter-lorers because they would not pay the tax, but they must do so, otherwise they would not pay up. The question was, would those Unionists vote Irish Bill? Of course, they would not. They had no notion of fighting. The honorable member for South Belfast, Mr. William Johnston, reminded him of a vision of the Apocalypse, he had lately had in a angel with the Bible under one wing and a rifle under the other. The honorable member was going to defend the honorable member was going for death or glory. The Ulster Conservatives never could will whether they were going to be Sentenced mutineers or majors in the new Ulster army. If they intend fighting they would need wise, statesmanlike, a commission and a medical department, and they would have to form a good English general. And when all was ready they would have to fight, not against a national army, but against the Queen's army. The fact was that there not do not intend to fight at all, and their defiant language is mere bouncing. Never objected to what was fair, and, I have been consulted by thousands of tenants, and I have been in Ireland for 45 years, and I am ashamed to stand up in the House of Commons and that the Members of Ireland are unanimous against the Bill. I admit that a majority of them are antagonistic, but here, as with the Presbyterians, there is a thinking and growing minority in favor of Home Rule. I have listened to my pastors from Presbyterians who have changed their views since the last election. Orangeism is a Protestant Association of Home Rule, and not to repeat the blunders of the land agitation by giving land to tenants which would only keep the agitation alive.

—We print seven original poems this week, all on themes that will touch a chord in the hearts of all who peruse them.

A Protestant Preacher on "Catholic Frauds."

(SECOND ARTICLE.

"The list of articles published in some of the dioceses of Lower Spain, as relics of the Saints, would fill five hundred pages. It did not flee him with indignation at the gross imposition. At Naples the blood of St. Januarius, chemically manipulated, liquefies every year and trickles down the glass walls of its receptacle; and when, several years ago, during the French occupation, it pertinaciously refused to work its annual miracle, it required but a threatening note from the French Jacobin member to the priests who had charge of it, to induce a reconciliation or an outpouring of blood and to drive the eyes of the people, who had stationed wonder.—*Rev. Dr. Stebbins—a recent sermon.*

The gullibility of a large portion of the non-Catholic element in America is remarkably illustrated by the fact that those communities have capability enough to accept as truth any assertion made by Protestant preachers against the Catholic Church. No matter how improbable, nay, incredible even—the statements may be, so long as they impugn the recorded evidence of past activities, cast doubts upon the dogmas or sacramental graces of the Catholic Church, asperse the character of Popes, or ridicule the religious belief of nearly 300,000,000 of the earth's population—non-Catholics are regaled by the nasty narration, accept each fabrication for fact, and give credence to

Protestant preachers know this fact, hence they constantly keep projecting bigoted prejudice into the minds of their hearers, so as to keep alive in their souls the sparks of that animosity which was implanted in them by a false system of early education. In this way men—otherwise impartial, independent and intelligent—surrender their reason into the keeping and care of men clad in the garb of Religion, but who are in reality ministers of Satan who sow the seed of falsehood in the minds of their fellow-men, and who project the poison of their religious rancor into the unsuspecting ears of those who listen to them.

Catholics, therefore, are often amazed at how at a single gulp the grossest garbage of gospel sharps who fasten on the falsehoods they fabricate against the Catholic Church. The history of the Pope of Rome, the Vicar Shepherd is an open book to all the world. Every public act of her Popes or Prelates is registered so that all can read it. Hence the wonder is that the masses of non-Catholics who are hoodwinked by half-read, prejudiced preachers, do not make themselves acquainted with such Catholic dogmas, miracles, or Catholic events as may be attacked by men who live by libeling the Church of God.

The reason why they do not do this, we presume, is in consequence of the iron of hate having entered their souls, which prompt once made up their minds that no good can come from Rome, they cut themselves at the feet of their Redeemer, and shut up prose before the idol of their ignorant and insignious infatuation.

The false statement made by Dr. Stebbins concerning the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is a fair sample of the new crop of slanders which sectarian that not ten Unitarians in a thousand ever heard of St. Januarius before, and we doubt if any of them would take the trouble to investigate the truth or the falsehood of Dr. Stebbins' statement.

This miracle, which the Unitarian preacher pitches outside the region of impossibility by saying that it is merely a "chemical manipulation," has now occurred more than *Six thousand times* in the fourteen hundred and eighty-six years since its first manifestation. Strange, indeed, that with all the intelligence, penetration, wisdom, knowledge, foresight and keen perceptive faculties possessed by the whole Protestant world, no other "chemical manipulation" has ever been discovered to equal this extraordinary phenomenon of changing into pure fresh blood a mass of congealed matter nearly fifteen hundred years old! "Chemical manipulation" is a handy term to throw at people's heads when a preacher seeks to make a point, but Dr. Stebbins would never have made such a ridiculous assertion if he was a chemist—and here we see the vanity of the homely adage

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

well illustrated in the case of a preacher who seeks to prejudice his people against miracles by giving a most absurd reason for their manifestation. No, deluded and deluding Doctor, chemistry repudiates your assertion, for the man has not yet been born who can perform by any chemical process the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in the same way that it occurs miraculously. "Chemical manipulation," therefore, is of no force as a factor against the occurrence of this miracle, and we only wonder that some of the graduates of our Indian Lake "Universities," who heard Dr. Stebbins' give voice to this rapid nonsense, did not think it worth while to show up the fallacity of his assertion.

St. Januarius, Bishop or martyr, suffered martyrdom during the Diocletian persecution. He was arraigned for raising some Christian captives whilst they were in jail, then he and his companions were condemned to be exposed to be devoured by beasts in the amphitheatre; but not one of the savage animals could be provoked to touch him or them. The people were amazed, but they attributed the astonishing circumstance to some magical influence possessed by the Christian martyrs. Like Dr. Stebbins, the pagans thought that the Catholic confessors of the faith could perform some "chemical manipulation" by which they possessed charmed lives which neither lions or tigers could destroy. So St. Januarius and his companions were carried to the scaffold, and the sentence was executed not Pursuit, as fiels tes (life.

The city of Naples (of which St. Januarius is supposed by some writers to be a native), had the honor to become the custodian of his relics, and whenever the origin of Mount Vesuvius—eight miles distant—threatened to overwhelm the city, recourse was had to the intercession of St. Januarius. His relics were brought forth, duly venerated, and the favorable response to the prayers of the people was manifested by the coagulated blood—which is preserved in two glass phials, *one enclosed within the other*—becoming dissolved and bubbling up as fresh as when it flowed in the veins of the saint—whenever the vessel containing it was brought in close proximity to the religious containing the head of St. Januarius.

This miracle, therefore, is no "modern Popish invention," nor does it come down to us through such much condemned period which people so falsely and foolishly designate as the "Dark Ages," but it comes down to us with the external character of being within four hundred years as old as Christianity itself!

Now let us see what a brigade of writers we can bring into court in order to successfully overthrow the shallow subterfuge of Dr. Stebbins. First there comes Father Ventura, Jullius Cesar Capaccius, Summontius, Chiocarelli, and other early writers of Neapolitan history, who give evidence that this miracle occurred from about the year 400, at which time the relics of St. Januarius were translated to Naples.

Then we have the celebrated Baronius, Fr. Blandus, Pope Benedict XIV., Pope Pius II., and many contemporaneous writers who have come down to our own times who witnesses who saw the miracle and who published to the world their full faith in its miraculous nature. These witnesses are no less personages than the Earl of Perth, Lord Chancellor of Scotland at the fall of the Stuarts, whose letters, written to his sister, the Countess of Errol, are preserved at Drummond Castle, and have been published by the Camden Society. Then we have strayed against Dr. Stebbins singular and silly "chemical manipulation" the distinguished historian, Father Harter, who saw this miracle, but not with the equisiting spectacles of Dr. Stebbins. Then we have the Rev. George Townsend, D. D., Canon and prebendary of Durham, who saw the miracle on May 7th, 1856. Henri Cauvain, one of the editors of the Paris Constitutionnel, who saw the miracle on the 19th of September, 1856, and whose account was published in the *Courrier des Etats Unis* of New York in October 1856. Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, M. A., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, whose narrative appeared in the London *Rambler* for February 1857; and Rev. John Virtue, who saw the miracle in 1849, and whose account thereof can be read in the New York *Freeman's Journal*, in the volume for 1853.

We have selected these eye-witnesses of the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius so as to show Dr. Stebbins how shamefully ignorant he was of the facts in the case when he so flippantly denounced the whole matter by the appalling conveyed in that absurd expression "chemical manipulation," as if any book-worm could continuously humbug the world for nearly fifteen centuries by any "chemical manipulation," and stay found out! Yet we are startled by the hundreds of thousands of non-Catholic sceptics who have crowded around the altar of the churches in Naples when the miracle has occurred, and we will leave any further comment on Dr. Stebbins's singular sacrilegious and silly "chemical manipulation" to the intelligent reader.

But there is another side to this question, and we will let him tell in his own words the story of his sacrilegious conduct when he covered the mystery by which this wonderful "chemical manipulation" is made:

"About the elevation it time of the 18th May, the old Gentleman, who was sitting on the bench by upon his place, cry (I say, "Illustra Petro et Pauline Ecclesiae Ecclesiae" in Latin) and brought it to me. I, who had in going out of the sacristy, put on the robe and vestments that belong to the priest who celebrates, and I took the vials in my arms, and with tears I cry to Heaven! I was the only priest that gave thanks for the latter with all the fervor that I could. I was in an ecstasy of joy, and I felt as one for long heard, could offer up; and, indeed, I felt as if I could offer up the sun to you. But, that I was mad—that it was something in my mind—that I was in a state of ecstasy—that I was fit by into the bosom of our dearest Mother, the Holy Roman Church—that I say that it was wonderful in his Saints. The whole people saw the vials, and they saw the blood in the vials, and they had taken pity on them; and they were so pleased with me for having said better, and I was so pleased, I was only a priest, and not troubled at my not being so privileged as to see the miracle, that the very nurse-maid and of the people smiled at me as I passed along the street. I heard the old Man in the sacristy say: And now I have described to you one of the happiest moments of my life, the fulfillment of which I hope shall never leave me, and I hope it may one day be a source of consolation to you too; but this must be in God's work. The Principal Priest of the Cathedral, who came to us at the end of the week Mass, and, to name of all the noble, and, in the name of the Cardinal, he said, and I offer here about it. It is an adoption, also thing to confessed, that nine-tenths of our time honoured priests are ignorant of the approach of the hand. The Roman lady who had gathered it from off the ciborium with a sponge had, in squeezing of it into the glass, let a bit of it fall into the box, which one seen in the blood in this very day.

Frederick Harter, the distinguished historian, and at one time President of the Consistory of the Calvinist Church in the Canton of Schaffhausen, has given to the world a very full account of the deep religious impression which this miracle made upon him—he subsequently became a Catholic—and he then describes the very fully which he witnessed in the church of St. Clara on May 4th, 1844.

The author of evening were just coming on when the peal of bells announced the entry of the Cathedral, and the celebration of Mass and assembled with people. The nave, either of aisles, and the choir, of course, were carried before the main altar, upon which lay the relics of the holy martyr and pure of the kings, Jesus of Naples, encased in a four glistening with the Blessed Sacrament, and other precious shrine. Afterwards the vial containing the blood, and in a spectacle of extra clam, was brought and placed on the altar on the epistle side. It drew as near to the altar as the rails, and I was so overcome with emotion at seeing Pontiff, a step from which I could observe everything clearly. At first I was tempted to think that it was but little consistent with propriety that this ceremony, which, at least according to the rites of the Church in Naples, was of the most eminently religious character, should take place in the midst of such a sight-seeking and fitful-desiring, and, when seen, remarkable, Mass, as to offer, even so case as the highest and last stage of the altar also, by way of caution to other captains critics among the anti-Catholic clergy, that there is no objection they can now forming against the supernatural liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius which has so freely been advanced and relied. This miracle has been attacked by numerous enemies of the Church, each of whom possessed more learning, brains and experience, than all the non Catholic preachers of California combined, but both Catholic and Protestant alike have met and their objections in every instance and refuted them just as successfully as we have routed the Rev. Dr. Stebbins' shallow subterfuge. Pius (and lot us pray) Unitarian Church in the City of San Francisco.

Ne Aut Hostis: Burlesd long before Christ—Sixth Rev.

"Sheets and" can ratify the refined deed, Reveal the Essence of the Eucharistic Bread, Increase the sources of Christian Faith, Hope and Charity, or annual master's baby blood.

Seminary Collections in the Diocese of Grass Valley.

The annual collection for the purpose of providing Priests for the Diocese of Grass Valley, will be taken up in all the churches of the Diocese on next Sunday, which will be the ninth Sunday after Easter, and as any of our readers propose means in order to urge them to give generously towards the work of increasing Almighty God's representatives on earth, we ask them to read carefully the superb sermon on "The Dignity of the Priesthood," by the eminent Dominican Father Monsabre, which we publish in the first page this week.

There are thousands of Catholics who do not fully realize the supreme dignity which is conferred upon a man when he is raised to Holy Orders, and it would be well for themselves if such people could be brought to realize that the Priesthood is the highest and greatest takes precedence of all other acts of respect which we pay to our fellow man. As Father Monsabre says: "Souls of this world for a greater man than a priest, and all of assist in securing for a diocese additional priests to serve God at His altar, will have their reward in great blessings here below, and the bright prospect of eternal happiness hereafter.

The propagation of the faith, the property of the true Church, the conversion of sinners, the salvation of souls, and the glory of God—from the rising to the setting of the sun—depends in great measure upon the numerical strength of the priesthood. Unless Valley is not a rich diocese, but the all-demonstrated love which the Catholics of that diocese have for their zealous Bishop will suffice indicate souls that generous Catholic open-handed charity for God's cause which will result in securing for the purpose of educating priests enough to supply all and enable Bishop Mangnan to provide many additional missionaries for his diocese.

We do not think that any priests have a share in all their good works, and—we come to reflect upon the stupendous work performed by the Church—that in every day, together with the constantly recurring works of charity and mercy which are performed by the Church, a reflection on the part of Catholics in order to convince them that it is a glorious privilege to gain such great indulgences as the Church can bestow, which will supply the defect of the indulgence. The real primary effect of the Rosary is the securing of the salvation of mankind and the augmentation of their eternal beatitude, "which is," as St. Thomas teaches, "infinitely better than the removal of the temporal punishment brought about by indulgences. Good (*paramum caritatis*) in infinitum melius est quam *diminuere poenae temporalis*" (S. Thom. in Sentiarum, Dist. 20, Quaest. 2 ad 2 dum. Vide etiam Natal. Alexander, tt. 6., Theolog. Dogmat. et Moral. lib. 2, de Indulgentiis, cap. 1).

The Blessed Mother has herself declared to Blessed Alan, (1. P., that her Psalmists (Rosaries) are doing in this world, in the way the Rosary and in complying with this obligation, what the Blessed are always doing on Heaven, viz., praising and thanking God Almighty and herself—*Pauter mo in mundo et quod quod facis in Cuelo Semper facinori Dis ou Deo Fratl.*, c. 19). The faithful rosarious, whether living or dead, have within their reach many other advantages besides those referred to, because, in addition to the merits accumulated by themselves, they participate in the satisfactory works of all the other members of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary, and of the members of the three Orders of Penance, and sisters of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary. All true Christians share then, in the first place, in the merits of the Holy Fathers of the first Order of St. Dominic by their rule are obliged to celebrate annually for all who are entitled to participate in the spiritual blessings of their Order (Constitut. Ord. Praedicat. Dist. 1, cap. 10).

We can safely say, considering the number, it greats in the Order and the number of masses such one has to celebrate for the and spectral, that remarks have a share in every one hundred and fifty thousand masses. They share in all the good done by the Dominicans, and in all the good done by the world by the disciples of St. Dominic concentrated to that in religion. They share in all the good done by the brothers and sisters of the third Order of St. Dominic, a widely spread star Christian, and likewise in all the good effected by the Dominicans, and by many saints, or rather effected by so many saints, or rather effected by so many saints.

Among the mourning relatives of Father Hearty are his father, who resides in Ireland, and his brother, who is a priest in the Order of St. Dominic.

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FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

The Devotion of the "Forty Hours Adoration" will be held in the following Places at the time Designated for Each:

PARISHES.	PLACES.	TIME.
St Ignatius, San Francisco	Fifth Sunday after Easter.	
St. Joseph's, San Jose	Second Sunday in June.	
Notre Dame Convent, San Francisco	Pentecost.	
Convent of the Visitation, Oakland	Trinity Sunday.	
SUNDAYS AFTER PENTECOST.		
St. John's, San Francisco	Second	
Mary Francis Convent, San Francisco	Third	
St. Patrick's, San Francisco	Fourth	
St. Mary's, San Francisco	Sixth	
Spanish, San Francisco	Seventh	
St. Vincent's Asylum, San Rafael	Eighth	
St. Dominic's, San Francisco	Ninth	
St. Alphonsus, Oakland	Tenth	
St. Rose's, San Francisco	Eleventh	
St. Vincent's, Vallejo	Twelfth	
St. Brendan's, San Francisco	Thirteenth	
St. Lambert's, San Leandro	Fourteenth	
St. Teresa's, San Francisco	Fifteenth	
St. Patrick's, San Jose	Sixteenth	

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

MAY 30—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
31—ROGATION DAY.
JUNE 1—ROGATION DAY.
2—ROGATION DAY.
3—Thursday, Ascension, *Holyday of Obligation.*
4—Friday, St. Francis Caracciolo, Conf.
5—Saturday, St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany, Martyr.

A CAUTION TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Again we desire to call the attention of correspondents to the fact that all matter intended for publication in the Monitor must be in our office by Tuesday noon, as the paper is ready for press Tuesday night, and the difficulties so occasioned are very great, and should be avoided if possible.

DEATH OF REV. EDWARD HARTY.

Again we are called upon to chronicle the death of another beloved Priest of this Archdiocese. Rev. Father Harty, assistant rector of St. Thomas's Church, departed this life yesterday noon, after three weeks of suffering from asthma, heart disease and bronchial affections which he bore with that fortitude and resignation to the will of God which evince true and Catholic faith. Father Harty was born in Ireland in 1844, and consequently was in his 42d year. He made his philosophical and theological studies in Kilkenny, finishing at Maynooth College. He was ordained at Maynooth in 1869, and his arrival in this city he was appointed one of the Professors of Ecclesiastical History in San Jose. When the Seminary was closed Father Harty was appointed assistant Rector of Santa Clara College, which position he acted faithfully up to the hour when he was called to his reward.

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GLADSTONE STILL GAINING.

Good Prospects for the Passage of the Home Rule Bill.

New York, May 23.—Thomas F. sent us the following cable to the New York London: On 23, Gladstone's health is still improving. The physicians are flattering some yesterday's Parliament, and the Ministerial Parliamentary Committee, which is not only thirty two Liberal members were in favor of the Home Rule Bill, and the Liberal majority will stand very strongly with the object of securing the latter's consent to the passage of a bill for representation at Ireland.—Chicago Times.

Irish Thanks to Gladstone.

The most Rev Bartholomew Woodlock, D. D., Primate of Ireland, Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Armagh, and Commissaries and the clergy of this Archdiocese have issued the following address expressing the Premier's Home Rule and Land Purchase measures, and the Parliamentary Committee's decision to support the proposals, political and certain reasons, and promote the prosperity of Ireland.

MORMON FRAUDS EXPOSED.

Missionaries Narrowly Escape the Vengeance of a Mob.

New York, May 21.—The *Tribune's* Fayette City (Pa.) special says: Seven Mormon missionaries from Utah began a series of meetings at the Valley schoolhouse in Washington township, one mile south of this place, last Sunday. The attendance was large, and they had no difficulty in the services. Early Monday morning, Elder Jones, one of the missionaries, was called out of his bed by a party of masked men, who dragged the unfortunate Elder to a neighbor's house, and he escaped the hands of the mob, but was roughly used by the men.

The Mormons fled to Pittsburgh, where they have sent for reinforcements. The people are very excited, and the belief is that the Mormons will be driven out of the township and government of the Confederacy, every true member is admitted during the time of the Most Holy Rosary, in all the good works that are done, or shall be done at any time by any or all of the members of the three Orders of St. Dominic, and the brothers and sisters of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary. All true Christians share then, in the first place, in the merits of the Holy Fathers of the first Order of St. Dominic by their rule are obliged to celebrate annually for all who are entitled to participate in the spiritual blessings of their Order (Constitut. Ord. Praedicat. Dist. 1, cap. 10).

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CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

IN THE COMMONS.

Justin McCarthy Makes a Strong Plea for Home Rule. Will Vote in Debate. Two Weeks More Before Division.

London, May 21.—Gladstone in the Commons this afternoon stated that he would, on Monday next, ask the House for a vote of supply for the month of June, and then to ask for a bill for daily debate until the bill was passed, in order to avoid the necessity of introducing a separate bill for the Act expiring.

Justin McCarthy resumed the debate on the Home rule bill. He said that the provisions of home rule had lightened recently, thanks to the Conservatives, who had made a day of Tory, and they could not afford to wait for the elaboration of the scheme of imperial federation. The Irish Parliament would join federation, when matured. He would rather the Orangemen were friends than enemies. He hoped they did not mean to fight. They might rather to assist in regenerating their fatherland. He hoped the Ulster Unionists would not make the bill a dead letter for another year. Happen what may, Ireland would be a loyal ally, secured self government for Ireland.—Chicago Times.

Chilters, Home Secretary, said that such there was no danger in granting to Ireland the power which Canada and Australia had been enjoying in refusing such powers. He believed that, so far as Ireland was concerned, the Bill would be accepted by Ireland cordially, and would be a boon to the Irish people and a benefit to Ireland on the part of the Irish people.

Sir Henry Bemberton, Conservative member for Kilmarnock, said that he was sorry that the Government had not taken the opinion of the country on the question of the Liberal Government, and perhaps we shall never learn how their redpondence with Ireland. He was sorry that the worst that sorts an arrangement has resulted in a feeling of hatred between the people of Ireland and Great Britain. Hatred is a feeling which ought to be eradicated, and he did not think that the bill would be the best means of doing so.

Sir Lyon Playfair said that he was sorry that he believe the gateway with existing money commissioners, and that the Irish people were entirely relational "That's false."

Mr. Sexton said that he was withdraw his expression.

Sexton rose to speak, but the Speaker at the moment called upon Mayo Sandycoen to withdraw the word "false" which he had applied to the statement of Sir Lyon Playfair.

Sexton said that he was ready to

Farm and Home.

A Child's Manners at the Table.

Nothing attracts attention so much as a child's behavior. And good manners are so easily cultivated as bad ones, if parents will only begin right. Especially annoying is a child's bad manners at the table. An exchange adverting to this subject, truly says:

"There is no excuse for it. It is the parent's fault every time. Children will behave in a quiet and pleasant manner if they are taught to do so from the first. If a very little child must be present, in order that his mother may come to the table, let him have a neat piece of oil-cloth under his plate and cup, and be furnished with a napkin or large bib besides. Every child likes to sit at the table, but he should be made to understand from the beginning that bad behavior invitably insures his removal to another room with the priestage of finishing his meal. Come afterward when no one is present to be annoyed. An occasional lesson of the kind will effectually produce a quiet, obedient, and respectful child, waiting pleasantly for his turn to be served and talking only when it is proper for him to do so. If a mother wants to destroy her influence over her child, let her, with a flushed and worried face exclaim 'Johnny do not act so, I can't do anything with him.' He has won the victory, knows it, and will act as best pleases himself. Mamma will continue to scold, Johnny will go on laughing at ignoring them, she might just as well have made a pleasant, nicer mannered child him as anything else.

The Evils of Violent Exercise.

The cow eats the grass and lies down to chew her cud; the man bolts his dinner and rushes to his business. The cow usually lives her allotted time, unless carried off by some acute contagious or infectious disease; the man becomes a martyr first to dyspepsia, and secondarily to some disease of nutrition and dies very prematurely.

In the *Lancet* is reported the case of a healthy boy (belonging to a robust, healthy family), who had never suffered from rheumatism, scarlet fever, or, indeed, from any disease save chicken pox, who died suddenly under the saddest circumstances, because his death was so thoroughly preventable. After coming home from school one day he ate a hearty dinner and immediately commenced to play cricket. Finding the time drawing near for the afternoon session, he ran to school, a quarter of a mile, and as he entered the yard fell unconscious to the ground. In a minute he was dead, notwithstanding the faithful and persistent practice of artificial respiration. At the post-mortem examination all the organs were found healthy, but the stomach was found full.

Here clearly was death due to exercise, the load of stomach being the needed exciting cause. We have are this sounded the warning against violent exercise; iron muscles generally indicate a hypertrophied heart; the athlete is not destined to become a long-lived, respectable and useful man; he is all right in his place, and is a popular beast, but he is doomed to an early dissolution. It may be accepted as a general truism that any labor or amount of exercise that will cause the heart to jump against the chest wall is exercise carried to an excessive and shorning extent.

Gates of Happiness.

All men and women should rejoice to remain part child all through life, however long its course may run. The games, the frolics, the roar, are as much a part of humanity as its natural power to laugh or to perceive the points of wit. Amusement is one of the forms of human happiness. This happiness, like that of Thebes, has a hundred gates for its coming and going—the gate of sport, for man weeps when he is happy, and made or in re-visiting his mother's home; the gate of pensiveness, for he is happy when he reads 'Gray's Elegy' or walks in the reeling autumn leaves; the gate of admiration, for man is happy amid the beauty of nature and of art; the gate of friendship, when heart find its companion heart; the gate of hope, for man is happy when the coming days are pictured with those sweet figures of expectation. Of these hundred gates of happiness, amusement makes one—planned by the Builder of human life. It must open before us and we may all pass in and out so long as the heart shall remain unbroken by death or grief.

The New Process of Making Butter.

A resident of Amador county has discovered a new process of making butter. The *Ledger* describes the process thus: The butter is made out of cream, and the method is exceedingly simple. Fi cousists of boiling the cream for about three quarters of an hour, which has the effect of evaporating the watery matter. After boiling the material it is strained through a cloth, that portion which pass through the cloth is butter, that which remains in the cloth being chosen. It is claimed that the power kind of butter is obtained by this method. We have seen and tasted better made by the process. In appearance it cannot be told from ordinary butter. To the palate, however, it lacks that creamy taste. The cheese is a dark-brown color, and is unpalatable. This butter will keep any length of time, without the least mixture of salt. The inventor does not expect that it will supersede the store made butter for table use, but thinks it is far superior for culinary purposes, being more economical. A larger amount of butter can be secured by this process from the same quantity of cream than by the usual process. A patent has been applied for the process.

—According to the last annual report of the Department of Medicine of the Kingdom of Saxony diphtheria has frightfully destroyed that part of Germany, not less than 20,000 children having died from the scourge during the last four years. Of this number 7,865 died in 1885, while twelve years ago, in 1873, the number dying by diphtheria was only 1,704—which evidence the fact that the epidemic is on the increase.

—The man who intelligently thinks and acts for himself will respect the same characteristics in others, and will extend the same hospitality and sympathy of thought and word that he desires for himself.

—Men who complain most loudly about the inequalities of the human lot are generally a little blind to those great stores of wealth and blessing that no class can buy.

—Why is it that Carroll and Tilton, Clothiers and Furnishing Goods dealers, 873 Market street are so financially strong and carry so large a stock, while so many firms in their line of business went under during the hard times that have been in existence for the past two years? Reason they bought in very best kind of goods for cash, thereby getting great bargains when the firms that have accumulated bought on credit at reduced prices.

—Samuel M. Shortridge, the rising young lawyer of this City, and who made so fine a speech on account of the Pacific Railroad Commission, has opened his office in the Sutter Building. Sutter the soldier of France, as Memorial Day proves, is accepted by its citizens, and therefore the people of France are assured of a "Feast of Reason."

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has such concentrated, curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and purest blood purifier known.

—Mrs. Hawkins cured at once by "Diffo."

Family Fun.

A "Mixed" Family.

"I got acquainted with a young widow, observes a recent writer, "who lived with her stepdaughter in the same house. I married the widow. Shortly afterward my father fell in love with the stepdaughter of my wife and married her. My wife became the mother-in law and she the daughter-in-law of my own father, my wife's stepdaughter by my marriage, was the stepdaughter of my wife. My father's wife has a boy; he is naturally my stepbrother because he is the son of my father and of my stepmother; but because he is the son of my wife's stepdaughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my stepbrother. My wife also has a boy, my stepmother is consequently the stepsister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her stepson, and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his stepsister for a wife. I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of my own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather."

Wrote a Check Right off.

The other day a farmer looking man entered a Griswold street bank with a check which he handed over to the paying teller.

"No money here."

"What! Are you out of money?" asked the teller.

"Oh, no. I mean that the man whose name is signed there has no money on deposit here," said the teller.

"Is that so? Why, he's one of the nicest men I ever met."

"That may be; but his check isn't worth anything here."

"Isn't ok? Why, he boarded with me a whole month, and we think a great deal of him. Maybe he has got money here, and it has been mislaid some how."

"The check is worthless, sir. He never had a dollar here."

"Never did, eh? I don't see how it comes about. When I asked him for his board money he wrote this check out as quick as a wink. You couldn't pay it and giust him for the money, eh?"

The teller looked at him in a sorrowful way for a moment, and the man continued:

"You'd better do that way. I hate to hurt his feelings, you know."

"I tell you that the check is worthless, and I don't want you to bother me any more!" exclaimed the teller.

"You don't, eh! Well, I won't, but I think it's a mean sort of a trick on your part. When a man goes and writes a check right off like he did it enough to be paid. When I go home and he asks me if I got the money do you s'pose I'm going to tell him what you said? Not enough!" I don't hot nobody's feelings if I can help it."

A Little Lame and Started Early.

They were standing on the front stairs and he was saying, "I could die for you."

"Then the dressmaker's bill is paid and a pair of No. 12 boots came out. The young man started into a deep sigh.

"I thought that thing said he could die for you," said the parent; "where's he gone now?"

"Well, pa, judging from the time of those boots I guess he's gone to arrange for the funeral."

Sad Lapse of Memory.

A wealthy citizen of a neighboring city had been out until the small hours with convivial companions. It was not exactly a "dry locality" that he had visited and he arrived home slightly exhilarated—the gay adjective, by describing several erratic rather than geometrical lines, to get to his bedroom and into a chair! Then he called to his wife in a stage whisper:

"Mary, pa, pulling from the tree of those apples!"

"No money here."

"What! Are you out of money!" asked the editor.

"Oh, no. I mean that the man whose name is signed there has no money on deposit here," said the teller.

"Is that so? Why, he's one of the nicest men I ever met."

"That may be; but his check isn't worth anything here."

"Isn't ok! Why, he boarded with me a whole month, and we think a great deal of him. Maybe he has got money here, and it has been mislaid some how."

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"You don't, eh! Well, I won't, but I think it's a mean sort of a trick on your part. When a man goes and writes a check right off like he did it enough to be paid. When I go home and he asks me if I got the money do you s'pose I'm going to tell him what you said? Not enough!" I don't hot nobody's feelings if I can help it."

A Question of Quantity.

"Some folks say I'm conceited," remarked young Pepinjay the other day, "but I'm not. I don't believe in hiding what talent I've got under a bushel, that's all."

"That's where you're right young man," exclaimed a by-stander, approvingly. "I wouldn't waste a bushel on it, if I were you. A small eight peat measure would be amply sufficient."

A Smart Reject.

First Boy—"My ma says I mustn't play with you, because your father is nothing but a shoemaker." Second Boy—"Who's your father a shoemaker." First Boy—"My says he is a manufacturer." Second Boy—"Then he must be a thousand times worse than my father. I guess I won't play with you any more."

—"What is the best covering for the head?" demands a western journal. Hair isn't bad.

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Kentucky Whiskies ..... $2.50. $3. $3.50 and $4.
Bourbon Whiskey. ..... $1.50. $1.75 and $2.
Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc. $2 per gal. and upwards

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Diplomas are given in two departments the Classical and Scientific and certificates in the Commercial Course.

TERMS:

(Payable semi-annually in advance.)

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once $ 15 00
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For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to the Jesuits Novitiate, 214 Hayes Street, San Francisco.

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TERMS:

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EXTRA CHARGES

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Painting in Water Colors, per season 10 00
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Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 00
Graduation Fee 10 00
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Bills are presented and are payable at the beginning of each half session, in advance.

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Terms per month (cash in advance.)

Tuition in the 1st and 2d College Classes $ 20
Tuition in the 3rd and 4th College Classes 1 50
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes 1 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes 1 00
Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Drawing, Painting and Private Elocution lessons form extra charges, as do Boarders' Washing, Bed and Bedding. French and Spanish are given gratuitously, as also in Plain and Fancy Needle work.

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Day Students 60 00

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Drawing, per season 10 00
Painting in Water Colors, per season 10 00
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Situated in the delightful locality of the Mission, Corner of Fifteenth and Guerrero streets.

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Washing 30 00
Use of Bed and Bedding 10 00
Music, Drawing, Painting, Fancy Work and Dancing form extra charges.

Terms per month, in advance:

Entire Class $1 50
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Music, Piano lessons, with use of instrument 10 00
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BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP.
THE POPULAR REMEDIES OF THE DAY

KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

KIDNEYS

Are the great secretory organs of the body—they and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids from the system. If the Kidneys do not properly this matter is retained and poisons the blood, causing backache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is a diuretic to strengthen the Kidneys and bowels, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great organs of the body to resume their natural functions and health is at once restored.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE

SCROFULA

Is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by the impurities in the blood or by the lack of sufficient nourishment furnished to the system through the blood, usually affecting the glands, often causing swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck. Everywhere it is to be found is often mistaken for Scrofula or cancer, when some cause impure blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by purifying the blood and toning up the system forces the impurities from the blood and removes the system from the morbid condition.

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Various symptoms: faint, gnawing feeling in pit of the stomach, heartburn, wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration. These are some of the most more prominent than Dyspepsia, and it can in all cases be traced to an enfeebled or poisoned condition of the blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by toning and purifying the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and relief is obtained at once.

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Bad habits, vicious constitutions of mind will be found the first impediments.

Communications intended for the Monitor should empty their Mail.

Communications should be written on one side of the only, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

Filial Piety.

There is nothing more delightful in the sight of both God and man than the dutiful devotion of children to their parents without it, where due, neither eternal nor temporal happiness can be secured. Children who refuse it disobey God's express command and betrays a disposition which proves him unfit for anything noble as far as this world is concerned.

It is goodness, after all, that is most esteemed among men. They admire great deeds, it is true, but their admiration shortly centers in the spirit which inspires them, the nobility of character in which good achievements invariably have their origin. And who ever heard of an undutiful son or daughter developing works of much renown? None, surely, for in such the inspiration of greatness is poisoned at its fountain-head. They warp their minds, violate the obligations of the most sacred relationship, and become the dupes of those involved in subsequent ruin. As will be judged from the honor of the above, we are not addressing young men in very young children; these are not often guilty of such conduct. We remark so far from old elder grounds, who are close approaching to the meridian of years. Unfilial conduct from young people at this period is more regretable to sensible, pious, and scandalous to juvenile and reprehensible. Before God, since the antiquity is in all respects so much superior. Children of such age are capable of forming a just estimate of the duties, and obeys they are under to their parents, and, if they wish to ignore the obligations, they become monsters of ingratitude as well as ingratitude of the simplest law of nature and right.

Young people at early maturity very frequently labor under the delusion that they are better able to judge and act in things in general than those who have passed the noonday of life. In most cases this is a mistake; but it is true that young folks are occasionally better informed and more "up with the times" than their parents, it should only be their careful study to avoid making those to whom they are under obligations of the fact of their actual superiority. No matter how learned, how wise, how great a genius a child may be, he never can change places in authority with those whom God has placed in and over him. "Honor thy father and thy mother remains the authority, the answer to what heights of superiority the best alliance. Hitty the divine commandment, dear young friends, that you may lay aside for reward in eternity, and that "thy days may be long in the land."

An Old Song Analyzed.

You all know the old "Song a song-man," but have you ever read what it means for?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent a twenty four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, which is the top or cover is that over earth. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds (e.g.) are sung, and surely such a night is "Dainty to set before a king (sun)."

The king, who represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through fingers are his counts these are the golden rays.

The queen who sits in the dark kitchen is the moon and the honey with which she is busy is the clouds, while the bird (nightingale) that nips off the honeycomb is the moon in the hour of sunset. So we the whole day, if not in a nut shell, in

Can't Rub It Out.

"Don't write there," said a father to his little boy who was writing with a diamond on a window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

"I wouldn't want to, pa, my child, that my daily writing that which you cannot rub out. You make a cruel speech the children to another. I wrote could upon being heart and gave her pain. It is wrong, and hurts her when she thinks of it."

"I can't rub it out."

So whispered a naked thought one day to the soul of your parents, and it was in his mind, and led him to do a wicked. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

Your thoughts, all your words, all acts, are written on the book of mine. Be careful, the record is very lasting. You can't rub it out.

Snakes Make Their Toilet.

Some rather funny to speak of snakes being sociable and endowing, yet this they do quite as fully as human beings, only they do it in a quiet, their dredge in silence and less variety of articles than do. After a long sleep, after the dreary dormant or hibernation, and on various occasions, they not themselves in a low down to replace their old worn out garment, and they immediately for where come out. They are as creatures, never shedding their old coat, they are fitted in that dress for life.

So shining too respondent in fresh, a surpass seeks retirement, if possible. He becomes blind for a few days, reclood, and appears to be in a moulting generally. Perhaps, like some things, he has worked too hard on his seat. When all is completed and he exhibiting, he emerges, and presents himself from the old dress, to appear whatever may be in his way. Imitate the matter. The first part of them is apt to be rather tedious, but progresses he works more rapidly, he reaches the rubs, they assist in friction, until finally the old skin becomes, turned inside out, and Mr. Snake is in his new suit.

Now, covered by a perfectly trimmed layer of cuticle, are bright and gal. It is only while this cuticle is over the eye that the serpent is

A Saint's Devotion.

Good John Leonardi, from his earliest bond, longed to be a priest; but his poverty and ignorance seemed hopeless obstacles. He was a shoemaker, and he wish to one Blessed Lady, and did so. He was in poverty, at last he was 36, he was at last enabled to begin Latin, and, after many years, was finally ordained priest. He founded the Congregation of the Mother of God. To our prayers he attributed the fulfillment of his hopes; and forty years thereafter, he said suffering only deepened his love for Mary, and kindled the desire to have her to face.

—Words may appear an angry man words never will. Words may feel on a house in flames in order to rush the fire!

Monitor Mystics.

[Two useful and handsomely bound volumes containing the Mystics of the Monitor, will be sent to the country who answers the greatest number of Mystics correctly. The Mystics are taken from the Monitor of a corresponding date. All answers must reach the Monitor within six days after date.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, not to any one of the paper staff. Attention to this rule will prevent mistakes and delays. Be explicit, and mind also that the name and address of the writer is plainly written, so as to be easily read. Do not write on postage or other stamps, as they may run their destination.

MYSTICS NO. 84.

Original Enigma No. 134.

I am composed of 51 letters and eight words.
My 1, 11, 7, 45, 29, 31, 50 means boating.
My 2, 21, 26, 50, 41, 38, 32 means judge.
My 3, 26, 6, 22, 29, 17, 48 is an inland river of Illinois.
My 4, 21, 47, 49, 26 is a girl's name.
My 27, 18, 33, 24 means to hinder.
My 17, 35, 19, 13, 6, 29 is a girl's name.
My 7, 14, 27, 33, 21, 49 is to be clean.
My 10, 27, 7, 16, 46, 21 is a city of silk.
My 41, 24, 31, 21, 8, 30, 13, 15, 27, 31, 30 is a place in Illinois.
My 42, 24, 27, 30, 31 means to remove.
My 43, 30, 20 is a distinguished author.
My whole is the name and residence of a distinguished Catholic of San Francisco.

W. T. L. M.

Original Riddle No. 135.

A place where lands and lows may dwell,
And other things would love to tell;
Flowers and fruits of beauty rare,
All blooming in the open air.
Now, last article, to not separated
Another word, and it is ended.
A bird, long sacred held in home,
Is in the place that I have named.
Take a bird learned in story too,
Add a fruit, and a fruit, and a fruit,
Add a fruit, and a fruit, and a fruit,
To change the finding in the skies
Into a bird, and a fruit, and a fruit,
Because it never lays or sits.
Take a fruit, and a fruit, and a fruit,
A whole of a number found in things
Which are in the place, and a fruit,
Because, the other leads the name;
Take a fruit, and a fruit, and a fruit,
That no sound you destroy the place.

FRANCIS.

Original Charade No. 135.

Fairest I am, formed in earth,
All values by I enjoy of earth,
Divide me in two equal parts
Two fruits I make, and two fruits
Add to the three mentioned
Two fruits I make, and two fruits
Take from the three mentioned
Two fruits I make, and two fruits
Add to the three mentioned
Two fruits I make, and two fruits
Take from the three mentioned
Two fruits I make, and two fruits
Add to the three

The Church and Modern Socialists.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

he introduces the subject of the office of the Church in mediæval English Society

"The mission of the Church, then, and the clergy to the people were two important from every point of view. There is a sliding more and less in the history of the human mind than the manner in which that essential portion of English society in the middle ages has been handled by this ordinary economic, abnormal and religious mode. Even silver, said to be purely scientific combinations without any visible hands, or hammers should to tell the truth on this matter. Just as the mechanic detailed can see nothing but anarchy and impossible in the noble aspirations of our people and the feudal nobles, so the sanguine and hopeful can see nothing but anarchy and impossible in the conservatism of our times, the Protestant divine whose creed is the devil take the hindmost and hereafter, fail to discover anything but bastardy, schandery, and hypocrisy in the Church of the fifteenth century.

It is high time that, without any prejudice in favor of that Church, the nonsense which has been foisted on to the public by men interested in suppressing the facts, should be exploded. It is not true that the Church of the middle ages was the organized fraud which some fanatics represent it; it is not true that the monasteries, priories, and abbeys were more receptacles for vice than virtue and laziness; it is not true that the great revenues of the celibate clergy and the religious orders were squandered as a rule in riotous living, or in any opposition of religion. [illegible] It is not true that the Church was ever attacked by members of the Church for tyranny and oppression (that I know, was the main force) but the Church, as a corporation was the rule from the shortcomings of individuals, and from the abuse of which the pale was forced to bow down before the Church and Religion, which reflected power and forced part of William's gang of marauders, could not be a position in which the rough intellectual roughrider prevailed before him. Statues in the Church were adorned not with gutter; one Eaglesham, Nicholas Breakspear, Adrian the Fourth, was a poor laborer's son, and these are but two instances out of thousands of distinguished ecclesiastics of humble birth.

Then he tells how the authority of the Church was used to check the excesses of the dominant class; how the great art of the time was through the religious derived its public use; and even all this was trifling compared to the work done for education "The ecclesiastical establishments and the parish priests did for more than in comparison, by proposed in the direction of elementary teaching." He asks what would Oxford be to day but for the munificence of bishops, priests, and nuns. Their foundations, he says, were largely directed to benefit the children of the people, and he reproaches the Church of England with having turned this into "means preserves for the upper and middle classes." He then proceeds to show how Church property was held in the interest of the people. How the parish priest was obliged to spend only the smallest part of his legal income upon himself, two-thirds of it going to the poor and to the service of his church. He tells how the rotating account-books of the monasteries show how large a part of their revenues was spent on travellers, the poor, the sick, and in other good works, and adds:

Gentlemen, large sums were wasted on the monasteries, and scandals sometimes from some of the monasteries had a well-managed factory and an admirable office of wine and oil. It is certain, nevertheless, that the abbeys and priors were the best landlords in England, and no less so in the Church held in the middle ages were permanent properties was unknown.

He expresses a belief that the monks and nuns were "on the whole popular in England." Even the pain at their suppression in contemporary ballad literature were less bitter in England than abroad. In a long note based on Eden's *State of the Poor*, he shows that monasteries, abbeys, and priories were a means of useful work in constructing and maintaining roads, between their various possessions. Their monasteries were inns ever open to travellers, and infirmaries for the sick. They did all this at a low cost, by our system of parochial relief. They were public almoners, teachers, physicians, and nurses. They were also chroniclers, copyists of manuscripts, &c.

In these times, to relieve from the world in order to live in seclusion, or devote life to good and charitable works, was not reckoned a wonderful or more or less complete insanity. Men and women of means and of high birth, which we publish ignorance and impudence, who deny every thing to such, the "sons at the cost of other men's labour" were to be found in every parish, and in every Church of England parlor or a village preacher, and were less independent on the labors of their fellows than Baptist ministers and Redemptorist fathers of to-day. . . . That the Church as a whole held its lands in great part in trust for the people cannot be disputed, and all the children of the people in great part formed the inheritance of the Church. Church property is land then meant something very different from Church property in land now.

How little he is influenced in these judgments by any great sympathy with the Catholic Church he proves by immediately after his expressing his belief that it would be simply absurd to sigh for the restoration of Catholicism in England.

In the following chapter he shows incidentally what a noble plan the Church and monasteries had in the social system by describing the widespread misery which followed their suppression, and the consequent nature of Church property. He probably exaggerates the extent of the Church lands when he estimates them at one third of the kingdom. But this is a matter of detail. There is his judgment on the change effected by Henry the Eighth.

"In lands of the Church were, at the accession of Henry the Eighth, of as great not less than one third of the kingdom. But they were not in great part in trust for the people, where or where did it undertake? What social or poverty was never disputed. What social and economic problems, what estate and wealth, friars and some fanatics in the middle age, monks and nuns, friars and in the last chapter. Universities, schools, roads, hospitals, were in the hands, or rather, all were maintained out of Church lands. But the students who were dismissed after the Wars of the Roses, were in great part kept from social starvation by these occupiers of Church lands. [illegible] Nay, a [illegible] was known of all this. Nay, a [illegible] of Henry the Church, until Henry the Eighth wanted to turn an abbey into a [illegible] not an incestuous marriage in the first place, and to get possession of the abbey lands in order to fill his purse as I hope his traveller in the second. Some, no doubt there were, but the abbey which the King had in view was plunder, and was found to be the abbey. It should go hard but I will find and harass between them would make out every monastery in the realm guilty of infidelity. . . . As to the charge of poor, from the beginning of the world it is almost enough to say that Christ, the Father of the Poor, Christ and Thomas Cromwell, the eliminating and Father. The manner in which the middle-class history has been written is evidenced by the elements principle made to wash the gender and the rogue, and to belittle the philosopher and the patriot.

He then briefly traces the immediate effects of the suppression: "The monks and nuns turned out to swell with their dependents the growing mass of paupers, property that had been used for the public advantage, appropriated by the King and his sugary favorites—and he confiscated."

Admitting to the fullest extent, as who ever admits, the evil of the Church, "the need of throwing off the yoke of Rome, a far baser yoke was substituted in its place. The last hold of the English people in their self was torn off for the benefit of the greedy courtiers. The poor who had ever obtained ready relief from the Church, the sick who could always find food and shelter in the religious houses, the children of the people who required to be educated for guidance and benefits, were deprived of one half-way of alms, and of education. A great and powerful estate, which naturally dried with the people, was given to search and the aristocracy, to the lawyers and the nobility in the Church, and many were born of north counties instead of being dependent, and the Protestant Reformation became a fact more of the increasing misery of the mass of English men.

All this means that to England the Protestant tradition as to the blessings of the glorious and immortal Reformation is fast breaking up. It will soon linger only in Low Church pulpits and Sunday Schools in these matters of English Church history the sound be organizers of Protestant Utopia are teaching plain and simple truth. And it is only fair and right to recognize at once that these are not the only people who are at work on the side of truth and economic science. They oppose with sound and weighty argument the Harmonian theory in the form in which it has found and in which Mr. Bradlaugh and his friends have been long seeking to popularize it in England. In this point they are doing good service to the cause of truth and morality. Without accepting their economic theories, we may freely admit that their objections to not a few of the pet schemes of current political economy are matters of current political economy are matters of sound and weight. Indeed on the negative side Catholic economists have several points of contact with their teachings, especially in the recognition of the evils resulting from the present relations of labor and capital, the so-called freedom of contract in the labor market, and the unequal sharing of the profits of labor, not a few Catholic writers, English, French, and German are quite as strongly as even Mr. Henry George. But they part company with the Socialists, because the Catholics refuse to accept a programme of wholesale confiscation as a possible remedy for existing evils, and prefer to take the risk of the [illegible] ment very terrible possibilities of bureaucratic tyranny on a wider scale than the world has yet had to endure. But these differences of standpoint and of [illegible] should not blind us to the existence of many points of contact. In meeting an adversary nothing is gained by refusing to recognize whatever is true and logical in his position, and it would be a miserable piece of folly to defend existing abuses as if the very foundations of the world were at stake. Nothing is gained upon their perpetuation. This is the mistake made by many Catholics and well-meaning Christians in Europe a hundred years ago. In the present hard and difficult times Catholics have nothing to fear if they will only—by acting up to the glorious traditions of the Church in the world see that she is still what she always has been, the friend of the poor and the suffering, and that within her fold the rich and poor, the noble and the laborer are brothers. Everything that tends to link class with class, to bring men of different social station into friendly association in united work for the good of others, all intelligent action of Catholics in this wide field where politics and economics touch, at the centre is well off and dangers, and lead to results of lasting good in the time of trial and change on which we are very gravely about to enter. The poor belong to the Church by right as well as by necessity. Their place is well they should be taught how much the Church has done for them in the past, no matter who are the teachers, for if they have learned this lesson there will be the hopes of their learning that the Church can do something for them in the future.

A. H. A.

DECADENCE OF THE ITALIAN KINGDOM.

The Church in Danger.—Downfall of the Deputyship Ministry.—Measures Considered of the Italian Parliament.—"United Italy" a Misnomer. Grave Fears for Italy's Future.

Mr. F. Hugh O'Donnell, who made the recent visit to Rome, writes to an English Catholic paper in the following vein on the impression of Italy's future, as derived from his own experience and the statistics furnished by contemporary evidence:

Any article on Italian messages against the Pope, some weeks since, I referred to the increasing instability of Italian unity as a grave peril to the remaining security of the Holy See, and even to the prestige of the Supreme Pontiff. In other countries politics instability is exclusively confined to the parties in the countries themselves. If the guarantee of independence and the guardianship of Catholicism shall protected the patrimony of St. Peter, the political instability of such a precious shield, in effect the mushroom throne of the Usurpation at Florence or Milan would be of as little consequence to the Catholic world as the manifestations of Mr. Gladstone himself. But since the Italian Revolution has unhappily invested the most ancient prerogatives of the Universal church within the closing circle or its constitution, and, unfortunately, the political economy in the University of Rome, I have been at pains to follow the reports of the Commission upon the flight, and have arrived at a number of the statistics—Tuscany, its States of the Church, Parma, Naples, and others—which have been brought into the fatal circle of the Usurpation. The burden of taxation weighs heavily, in many districts with monstrous weight upon agricultural industry. The Italian Government will best illustrate this condition of affairs in Rome and Tuscany. The Tuscan revenue derives twenty per cent. of the net income of the agricultural tenants, and it is to be observed that in this respect taxation has increased seventy-five per cent. during the last twenty years. In Corsica, the ground tax takes 20 per cent. in Calabria 30 per cent. of the net income. In the Marches also, and in Sicilia, according to the data in Lombardy also the reports of the Commission show that the taxation of the soil has reached almost exorbitant character.

I have quoted the summary of Professor Pedroni in preference to giving any discussion of my own, because it is the judgment of a liberal professor of Political Economy, in a thoroughly Protestant university, who, however, a friend of "United Italy," and would be an adverse, if he could, of the united Italian constitution. But he could not shut his eyes to the monstrous magnitude of the fact that "during the last twenty years the expenditure of the state increased seventy-five per cent. in provinces occupied by the Usurpation. It is this public money, combined with the growth of the unadministration of every kind, which forms the alarming back-ground of the Italian situation, and which constitutes the grave and increasing danger for the security of the Papacy exposed without protection to the gathering storm of popular violence and disappointed by the social and financial mismgovernment of the occupiers.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Wenna Bull Hatter in Ireland. Effect at London Address. Home Rule in Ireland. Carnival's Opinion. Gutter Press—Byurtane Subsiding—Bad Markets in Ireland. The Bishop of Derry.

FROM OUR REGULAR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

The Papal Bull Hatter Ut Ireland, Effect at London Address. Home Rule in Ireland. Carnival's Opinion. Gutter Press—Byurtane Subsiding—Bad Markets in Ireland. The Bishop of Derry.

[illegible]

DR. LANE'S WINE TONIC!

A Nervine and Blood Invigorator.

KING B BITTERS,

THE GREAT VEGETABLE LIVER REMEDY.

[illegible]

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Market Report.

[illegible]

MARRIED.

[illegible]

DIED.

[illegible]

Pere Monsabre on the Priesthood.

WHY THE WORLD HATES PRIESTS.

EVIL INSPIRATION OF THEIR ENEMIES.

Christ's Representatives the Light of the World.

On the Sunday succeeding the one on which Pere Monsabre delivered the magnificent discourse on the "Dignity of the Priesthood," which we published last week, the eloquent Dominican continued his theme by delivering the following instructive sequel to his former sermon

The priesthood, he said, rested so high above the powers of the world, because to the religious life of the nations, so benefactors to humanity, so—I dare to say it—the origin, its character and its functions, might reasonably have been expected to gather round it nothing but admiration respect, and gratitude. But it seemed as though God had designed, in fact, that the priest should become infatuated with his greatness, enemies and contradictors should continually rise up before him.—Eg., [illegible] "Is it a crime to be a priest?" The Saviour had said to him that because the world hated him before the world would hate him; he would be the object of hired lessons of His Name, and since he himself had been persecuted, the priest also would be persecuted.

Why, then, is the priesthood so hated? What were the charges which they brought against him? What was the object they had in view? "We are the motives," they cried. "Superstition has led the people, more enlightened, have cast off the idiotic reverence which they formerly had for the minister. The dragon's tooth is dying out. Freethought has won their suffrages; and we only tread the outstanding half of that power to enable us to put an end to a worn-out institution which obstinately resists the march of progress." That declaration was bold, and could not be made by those who were able to adduce to collect relations as to the state of the consciences and the religious discussions and feelings of the masses of the people. In the midst of the tumult, the priest, the impious man forget to reckon the number of those who have been born, and who have sinistrously towards the great for his similar impact of the passions burst upon them, [illegible] and [illegible] the priesthood, [illegible] of women, who bear in their hearts the tradition of the Gospel, and the devotion only in the sentiment of ground of the Church, and the sentiment of the men of good will who were convinced of the necessity of the priesthood, and of a state of even the vast number of indifferentists, men of pleasure, of business, of science, who have discovered the unpunishable spark of Faith deep down in their hearts, and who have, in spite of themselves, approached, brought the priest to accord them the sacraments, and to open to them the enter the other world. If they entreated the priest, whose wishes were more than individuals! But even granting them their title of the nobility, what had they to show for their impiety?

MEN BY NOT FOR MATERIALS.

Who indeed, is the man of the Divine Priest when he was about to consummate His Sacrifice: The synagogue, the world, the Jewish, the Pagan, the Christian, inhuman, cowardly, all conspired against Him. The multitude accused Him, the Jews condemned Him, the multitude crucified Him. But amidst the tumult, the priest, the man of God, the man of the Church, the man of the Cross, the man of the Sacrifice, the man of the Eucharist, the man of the Sacrament

Poetry.

HEART OF JESUS! DEAREST TREASURE.

Heart of Jesus! dearest treasure!
Joy of angels—hope of heaven;
Thou hast lived on earth without measure,
All Thy riches, all Thy wealth,
Full of sorrow, full of weakness,
Exceeding poverty—of meekness,
By the penetration of Thy presence,
Omnipotent spirits strength receive.

Heart of Jesus! throne of glory!
Humbly kneeling, we adore Thee,
Lets celestial! we implore Thee,
Make us love Thee more and more

Sit and listen, pilgrim on benighted
Sinner! after be affright in:
Hear and help us, Heart, most tender,
Lost in weakness we surrender;
In the strongholds of Thy splendor,
Any Thy children for this war.

THERESA C. DONNELLY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Some day,
When others flatter your thick brown hair
And drape your form in silk and lace;
When others call you "honey" and "fair,"
And hold your hand and kiss your face
Will not thoughts of a mother's love
Come to you?

Some day,
Strong answers in far distant lands,
In your new home, busy and the one,
When at your lips are baby hands
And children laughing at your knee,
Oh, then, as at your side I lay,
Will you remember other years
When I, too, lived beneath the roof,
And sing memory with thy tears;
Lest such hours be not already
Within their shadows I have prayed.

Some day,
Your death-bed voice or smile or eyes
My face will not—cold, cold, dead,
Will not—I pray this is never empties
Your soul and make you wise will tell
Of your unforgotten prayer
Or that, we at evening used to share.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word may be
A link between us—a bright and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember "mother" best,
And let pass hour in everywhere—
My love is with you everywhere—
Ye cannot get from my prayer.

Some day,
I longed to meet be long,
I shall with glad impatience wait,
And the joy and the prayer,
For you before the Golden Gate.
After earth's pulse and earth's pain,
Never to part. Never again.

A CHILD'S WISH BEFORE AN ALTAR.

(Here is a tender, sweet little poem of Father Ryan's, that must prove highly disquieting. At the young lady will delight in it, and will remind their poet in mere years that he was once young.)

I wish I were the little key
That locks Love's Captive in,
And late him out to go and free
A dateful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little cross
That thirlies for the Host
Thy God comes down and makes my cross
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the stainless lake,
That holds the Blood of Love
When every flashlight holy prayer
Upon the way shove.

I wish I were the little flower
To raise the Host's canopy,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on an altar-tree.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His mother's bread,
Christ nestles, lies, this a child, Lover
In Eucharistic rest.

But oh! my God, I wish the most

Literary Miscellany.

Paths that Cross.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY WRITTEN BY C. MARTIN.

CHAPTER I.

It is now fully thirty years ago that, on a lovely May evening, two young men were busily disporting themselves on the classical stream of the Isis at Oxford. The day had been hot and bright, and the evening was so idually beautiful that these two, though premedical and skilled oarsmen, were but little inclined for exertion, and were well content to let themselves drift at the pleasure of the tide, and to give themselves up to the languid enjoyment of the hour. At least, so it seemed to the cursory half-nodding, half wondering glances of other men who were peddling of the noel breeze to make their crafts spin along, and to go through with their training, and who merrilled at the unwonted inertivity of this particular couple. Yet a closer observer would have made them aware that though physically idle, they were not in any mental, but were, on the contrary, both wide and the other, pressed in deep and anxious thought. At last the silence of many minutes was broken, and the fairer of the two, and, at all seemed, slightly the younger, and in an emphatic voice, as though in reply to a previous question,

"No, Berrington, it is impossible; I can see no way out of it. It is hard—yet, while even God only knows how hard. But I must go home with it. It is impossible to stint one's eyes to fight."

Berrington, a singularly handsome, dark-eyed young man, shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"The light! What light! There are so many lights to choose from! he said quietly.

"The light of faith! The light of the Roman Catholic church. I can't help seeing it, feeling, and——"

"And? What then?" Berrington inquired, as he hesitated.

"And following it," said the other, in a low voice, "at any cost."

Berrington shook his head.

"My dear fellow, my dear Carruthers, it seems to me that the cost is already counted. Your uncle is—well, about as pig headed a member of the Church of his fathers, not to say as obstinate a Briton, as exists. Hal! never give in."

"I know that. I hope I have faced it. But what can I do? For all the good in the mines of Golconda a man can't deliberately risk the loss of his soul. Why, I should be the spot where the two roads part, and I must choose either."

"Then choose the safe one, the old, familiar beaten track," broke in Berrington eagerly. "After all, one can't be certain, absolutely certain, as one is about a mathematical definition, of the hereafter. The option is always a plunge in the dark, a wan swing forth into the howling wilderness. Hang it all! It is too terrible! Don't you follow the old French boy's example, and 'pour plus de sureté, faire notre Paradis dans ce monde.' Who knows? Perhaps you'll find it turn out just as well in the end."

"Perhaps. Yes, that is just it. But how can a man run the risk? No, Berrington. I feel that I am to forfeit."

His companion made no reply, and as if by a tacit mutual understanding, the two young men suddenly rouse from their dreams, and pulled slightly and silently against the stream, dolphin which they had been so easily gliding, and had, in a few minutes, reached the landing-place. They were dressed in flannels and had been alone companions, yet now both were aware that a rankling gulf had opened between them, and they drew silent, apart, powerless to reach or help the other. They had both passed through the same phases, been touched by the same influences, been impressed by the same causes, and had been confronted with the same issues, yet one had the courage of his convictions, while the other feared to face them. One was powerless to resist the overwhelming force of grace, while the other, young perhaps as closely, was yet a coward at heart, and unable to make characteristic which from conviction demanded, but his friend's expansion to be an eloquent, though silent reproach.

And thus it was that still in silence, the two landed side, side by side, retraced their steps along the familiar road, towards the gray old college, in which such a happy time had spent so quickly away. They were both faithful men, and their course, strictly rather, had admitted of real and intimate neighborliness. By sheer force of habit, Berrington followed Carruthers into his, and the young man stood for a moment gazing out on the dim light, as though dreading and yet wishing for a further explanation, and more definite understanding. At last Berrington said

"You said just now, Carruthers, that you had counted the cost. Do you mind telling me what the cost will be?

The other laughed.

"You were always practical, my dear fellow. Well, as you know, I have a small independence, a very small one, which I should forfeit—and—and—my father's home, my mother's home, and—and—my home, too. That's about the cost."

"But that is not all.

MARRIAGE!

Carruthers flushed up.

"Oh, that is all right. I have written to explain all to her. We shall have to wait, and even waiting will not make us rich. But nothing can change her. She will be true to me.

As he spoke he had struck a match, and was lighting the lamp which stood on the table ready prepared to his hand. A very, what charming, elegant surroundings did the light reveal. Not now, however, Carruthers' nor his friend's eyes were much concerned with the varied collections of objects of "bigotry and virtue," both of their glances having simultaneously fallen on a letter, which the evening's post had brought, and which lay upon the table. At the sight of it, Carruthers had paled vividly, and sagely seized it.

"It is from Florence!" he said. I never thought I could have heard so quickly!" And without further ceremony, he tore it open.

Berrington, also, seemed to have recognized the writing, for his face changed color too, and he watched his friend narrowly. Then followed a little spell of deep silence, which a sudden exclamation, or rather groan, from Carruthers broke. "My God!" he cried, "what does she mean! It can't be true. I am dreaming! Am I dreaming, Berrington! Here read it. Tell me what the girl means!"

Berrington read the latter as follows:—

My dear Mr. Carruthers,—Your letter reached me this morning was a great shock to me; but I will hope that it was written in a state of excitement which made you more amenable for your words. It never seems to occur to you that the great, the terrible change you are contemplating, can make any difference in our relations to one another. I am well, I am sane tell you, that I should no more think of marrying a Roman Catholic than I would of marrying a Jew, or a Mohammedan. I consider you are behaving dishonorably and cruelly to me, in even thinking of making such a change. You talk of conscience. I only pray that conscience ought to tell you that your first duty is to the girl who had promised to be your wife, but who considers herself completely released from her engagement, if she finds I am anxious to impress upon you is, that I never allow strangers to interfere.

Berrington! Carruthers! Father (he said) suddenly, "Berrington, is it really you? Have you been there? Do you? recognize me?

The other man started upset.

"Recognize you! Certainly I do not," he replied in a chilly voice. "You are in mourning, I suppose, and I made a mistake, or I have not the honor of counting many Hebrew acquaintances, but my acquaintance and certainly not a single priest of that persuasion."

Father Oswald was looking at him curiously.

"And yet," he began. But he suddenly changed his mind. "Ah well," he said with a sigh, "I am not the first, and I shall not be the last, to be taken for a Jew, or a Mohammedan. I consider you are behaving dishonorably and cruelly to me, in even thinking of making such a change. You talk of conscience. I only pray that conscience ought to tell you that your first duty is to the girl who had promised to be your wife, but who considers herself completely released from her engagement, if she finds I am anxious to impress upon you is, that I never allow strangers to interfere.

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"And yet," he began. But he suddenly changed his mind. "Ah well," he said with a sigh, "I am not the first, and I shall not be the last, "so be it. Let bygones be bygones. I am quite content that it shall be so. well, sir, to return to business about that money matter. Do you remember There is the church civil ringing for the evening sermon which I must preach. Perhaps when it is over, or to-morrow morning, you can kindly give me a few minutes, and I don't doubt I can suit of persuading you that this is really an exceptional case.

Mr. Berrington was already at the door of the shabby little room, and looking as he merely relieved.

"This evening I have an engagement, dinner at Baddeely Park," he exclaimed promptly, "and, seems possibly see you, and to-morrow, oh, to-morrow morning, I shall have my hands quite full till twelve o'clock, when my train goes. Oh, no! I is quite impossible, and, I may say, useless—and further discussion, I mean. Good evening, sir. We understand one another perfectly, I suppose sir. No doubt you are unmoved by the best motives," he continued with a patronizing farewell salutation, as the peculiar smile which hovered on Father Oswald's pale lips made him hesitate for a moment.

"But, I assure you my advice is best. Don't let yourself be imposed upon and taken in. In your position it is far better not to listen to all those begging sermons. Good evening, sir; good evening." And he was gone.

But, on looking at his watch, Mr. Berrington became aware that he had still half an hour to spare before it was time to drive for the late dinner at Baddeely Park, and he determined to spend the time in the quiet, a sudden misgiving prompted him to enter it. It was already nearly full, and in the full light he soon found a seat in a safety nook-shaped spot behind a pillar. For worldly no word not have been recognized by any of the congregation, but, above all, by the preacher, who was already tripping up the pulpit, and whom, in spite of his vigorous denial, Mr. Berrington knew perfectly. He no doubt not mistake the voice, the gesture, persuasive smile, which long ago had made him love his friend Carruthers. Ah, but how long ago! and what strange, painful turning memories had this chance meeting stirred! What tramping of remorse and shame! Oh! the pity of it!

Well, to be sure, it was an old, old story now. He had married the woman he had been engaged to his friend, acquiring in all too eagerly to replace the man who had sacrificed fortune, love, and every worldly prospect for conscience sake. And then he had given caution of his friend, dropped him, lost sight of him, and had been only too glad to hear no more about him, for the mere mention of his name was a reproach to him, and a shadow on other had, for a time at least, to cloud the value of consolation to his heart, making the full honest to be known, jeopardy the joy of his wife, and his eyes to the truth which had non-timed

THE GREAT ST. AUGUSTINE.

Celebration in Commemoration of His Conversion in the Catholic Church. Recent Parent of a Mother's Love and Prayers.

Cardinal Lavigerie has sent to Very Rev. Pere Brand, Superior General of the Augustinians, a formal notification that there will be a celebration in honor of the fifteenth centennial anniversary of the conversion of St. Augustine. This occasion is of intense interest to Catholics, and the event will be celebrated in Rome with the greatest pomp. The anniversary of the conversion of the great Father of the Church is a most fitting one for such a celebration, and it will be a most fitting one for such a celebration, and it will be a most fitting one for such a celebration, and it will be

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

—The Dean of the Cathedral of Gorin, Very Rev. Father Hilarion, has been appointed Bishop of Tours.

—Canon Walkom has been appointed Administrator of the Archdiocese of Freetown in Brazil. This eminent priest is a convert from Protestantism.

—The learned Canon Greenstere, Professor in the Catholic University in Louvain, has been appointed a Chamberlain to his Holiness Leo XIII.

—The Rev. Mr. Masfoud, lately Curate at St. German's Anglican Church, Roath, Cardiff, has been received into the Church by his Eminence Cardinal Manning.

—His Holiness the Pope has confirmed the selection of the clergy of the Diocese of Limerick by appointing the Rev. T. O'Dwyer as successor to the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick.

—According to Bradstreet's Statistics represent $160,000,000, and demands an even divide amongst the people. There are six millions of people in this country, and this divide will then each just $27.70.

—His Holiness Leo XIII., has at length consented to create three French Cardinals, to that France may again have the representation in the Sacred College which she had before her robes began to persecute the Church and despoil her ministers.

—The Archbishops have selected a Rector for the new Catholic University, and Bishop Spalding says that the nominee is not the Bishop of Peoria. Work on the University buildings will begin next November and continue through the winter.

—A correspondent writes that he saw a statement of Mgr. Capel's perversion in a city paper and wants to know if it is true. This fabrication evidently emanated from the Lodge of Freemasons, and it was copied by their first cousin—Frank Finlay & Mgr. Capel—as already mentioned a month ago in the MONITOR received the appointment of British Catholic Chaplain at Rockaglia, the British government being more careful of the souls of its Catholic soldiers and sailors than our own. But whether Mgr. Capel will accept this office deponent saith not. The "pervert" story is merely a perversion of the truth, which seems as natural to the Argonaut as does pilfering to a kleptomaniac.

—A singular incident in real life occurred in this city last week. The funeral of Rev. Edward Hardy, assistant Rector of St. Teresa's Church, took place on Tuesday, and in the afternoon of that day Rev. John Kenney, Rector of the parish—who had been on a visit to Ireland for over a year—arrived unexpectedly at Oakland, and as the parishioners filled his house to welcome him home and to pay a tribute to the worthy assistant priest whose body they had just seen deposited in the grave, Father Kenney says he never before felt the great force of the truth of the praise "to the midst of life we are in death."

—The British Government has at last taken means to curb the bloodthirsty spirit of the North of Ireland Orangeism. The constabulary have received orders to remove the sashes and addresses of all persons in each district who, during the past three years, have purchased arms and ammunition. The work is being carried on under direction of the Government at London, and the information desired is being furnished by the Government inspectors obtained the directions under which their consignments have been ordered. It is believed that the Government intends to disarm the Loyalists in Ireland, and that Mr. John Morley's motion to continue the Coercion Act of 1881 was made with a view to its application in the interests of public order against the threatening Orange minority.

—Bro. McCrary of the *California Christian Advocate* has the Pharisaical temerity to say that the Pope should subscribe for his paper in return for the Brother's service in "Waging the Monitor's warfare against the Christian newspaper." This brazen cross on the part of Bro. McCrary is fully in keeping with the arrogance of all Protestant preachers who grow sassy from being spanked. We have been trying to let the light of truth into Bro. McCrary's mind for several years, but he seems to be still wedded to his idols. However, his stubbornness will not prevent us from keeping up our course of Christian instruction whenever the *Christian Advocate* abuses the Church of God. We this to do good to those that hate us in order that those non-Catholics who ride the gulf is between sectarianism and the sweet yoke of our Blessed Saviour.

—A preacher named Wendte claims to have delivered the sermons in the Unitarian Church which the MONITOR has criticised during the past two weeks. That may be true, but Dr. Stebbins was the author of them and Mr. Wendte was merely his mouthpiece. Dr. Stebbins made the bills, and the pro bono occupier of his pulpit had to take them. We never have any controversy with supernaturalists or inferiors, and when Rev. Charles Wesley Wendte undertakes to show that Dr. Stebbins's sermons in order to shield the latter salesmanager of the Catholic Church, he will have to furnish an better evidence than his own word say so. We can see the ear-marks of Dr. Stebbins in every slander we have commented on just as plainly as if we saw the polecat of prejudice drip from his pen point. No, no, Dr. Wendte, your attempted defamation is "too thin" to throw at off Dr. Stebbins' track.

The Month of the Sacred Heart.

In accordance with our usual custom, we send our readers a small supplement this week as a reminder of the important fact that the month of June has been dedicated specially by devotion to the SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Any words of ours on this devotion would become only weaker by comparison with what has been so well written by the saints and sages of the Church, hence we insert the devotion—inspiring sentiments of the fourteen Prelates of the Province of New York, when they combined in issuing a Pastoral Letter to the faithful concerning this devotion. In that address those Bishops told their flocks that "there is a moral darkness overspreading the earth. The light of Divine Faith, the only true light to guide our footsteps, has become obscured. In some places it is burning dimly, in others it is wholly or partially extinguished. Yet men are seen to "love the darkness rather than the light, for their ways are evil. They have risen in open revolt against God and against His Christ; against the supremacy of His dominion over the minds and consciences of individuals and of nations. The most essential truths of His revelation are rejected; the holiest mysteries of His religion are scoffed at and derided. Our Blessed Redeemer, therefore, will their attendant train of evils, abound on every side. As a consequence, or rather as a punishment for sin, the Church is persecuted. Her Supreme Pastor is held captive.

Her Bishops and priests, in certain portions of Europe, are forbidden the exercise of their rightful jurisdiction and authority over the members of their own flock; some are prosecuted and exiled; religious communities are despoiled of their property, driven from their houses, made subject to indignities and hardships the most cruel and unjust; even the faithful laity are not spared. Although we, in our free and favored country, are happily protected from extreme trials such as these, still, as children of the Church, we are members of one body in Christ; and when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Our sympathies, therefore, go out strongly and warmly to our struggling and afflicted brethren in other lands. Our prayers are for them as well as with them. All together we lift up our voices, saying, "How long, O Lord, how long?" "Thy kingdom come" is powerful to save." Still we fear not, we do not despond. We "know in whom we have trusted." We hold the promises; we believe His word "I am with you all days." "Upon this rock I have built my Church and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." Even now the voice of the same Divine Master, ever present in His Church, is speaking to body souls within her bosom words of sweet comfort and encouragement; telling them whither they shall go for help and protection; how best, in the long protracted struggle, they may obtain courage to endure and strength to overcome. If you hear not these words, you still may learn their import from the practical response that is given to them. Look around you and you will see the fruit of this devotion. Look at the pilgrimages, and all, as if moved by one common impulse, hastening to have recourse for succor and protection to the compassionate Heart of Jesus. Therefore confidently hope to find a sure asylum, a safe refuge from every danger. There, also, is the never-failing fountain of infinite love and mercy—the overflowing source of every grace and blessing. Let us hasten, then, to this same Divine Heart, and we, too, "shall draw waters with joy from the fountains of the Saviour."

You will offer your devotion to the Sacred Heart as an act of reparation for the daily outrages and insults, the sacrilegious and impious, the indifferent and unbelief, which so grievously afflict and wound the Divine Heart, so tender and compassionate, so patient, charitable, forgiving, notwithstanding the ingratitude and wickedness of men. But, above all, you will seek to consecrate your own hearts to the Heart of your dear Saviour. You will attain His for your model. You will study its lessons and teach them to your children. "Suffer little children to come to Me, and forbid them not." See, then, that you bring them to the loving and tender Father who wishes to press them to His heart and have them walk the nearest to Him. But in what way can you bring them to Him and keep them by His side, where they will be secure from harm? You can only do so by giving or securing to them a sound Catholic education; by taking care that their faith and morals shall be guarded from the risks and perils to which they must be inevitably exposed wherever the first essential element of true education, that is to say, religion, is excluded or ignored. Remember that the interests of the soul are higher far than the interest of the body. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else will be added unto you." Watch, then, and pray both for yourselves and for all those entrusted to you. Pray for our still suffering Pontiff, for the necessities of the Church, for the conversion of sinners; pray for your enemies as well as for your friends. Commend all to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the Immaculate Heart of Mary that so you may find help and protection during the days of life, and pardon and mercy at the hour of death.

—The importance of the next consistory of the Cardinals, which will take place on Thursday, the 10th inst., is greatly increased from the fact that together with the public designation of Archbishop Gibbons and Monsignor Chatard, who are elevated to the purple, it is expected that several Bishops will be named for numerous new Dioceses in those United States and other portions of this continent.

—The Very Rev. Dr. Finegan, of St. Patrick's College, Carlow, has received a telegram from Rome informing him that he has been appointed Bishop of Kilmore. This will which the report announces provides that no alien or foreigner who has not declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, nor any corporation (one-tenth of whose stock is owned or controlled by aliens or foreigners, shall have the right to acquire real estate in any of the Territories of the United States.

Tributes to the Mother of God.

No person in the whole world can say that either Luther or Mahomet were men who were likely to be biased by any Catholic feelings in their respect and veneration for the Blessed Virgin, hence we can already realize what astonishment these men must have felt when they pursue these precious tributes which these two celebrated characters unfeigned lavished upon the immaculate Mary Mother of God. If we do not recognize the grandeurs of Mary, it is not upon her but upon Jesus that our insensibility in reality reflects. Not to extol and love Mary argues a fearful weakness of Christian and religious sentiment. Not if we have not all that reverence for her exalted dignity and her endless sanctity, let us, at least in this respect, learn it from the Arch-heretic Luther, whose words should make every Protestant blush and every insensible Catholic tremble. "To be the Mother of God," says he, "is a prerogative so high, so immense, that it transcends all understanding. No honor or humility could ever appreciate an elevation such as that of being in the unreality of the human race, the one only person superior to all others, of having no equal in this prerogative, of having one for its Son who will (Hilarus) then all honor is contained for Mary, and no one can honor her praise things more magnificent than it signifies, though he should have as many tongues as there are leaves and blades of grass upon the earth, stars in the firmament of Heaven, and grains of sand upon the sea shore." (Super Magnificat).

Mahomet says in the Koran: "There is no child of Adem born that Satan does not suffy, and therefore it is that it weeps and cries at its entrance into this world—I except Mary and her Son. O Mary, more illustrious than all men and women O Mary, God has chosen and purified you. He has made you resplendant above the women of all ages.

The Working Classes in the Middle Ages.

A contributor to one of the leading monthlies—in the course of an article on the Labor Question—thus demonstrates how happy the tenants were in the days when the whole world was a unit in Catholic faith and when "man's inhumanity to man" was kept in subjection by the precepts of that power which is man's only guide in his pathway to God. "In the middle Ages," says the writer in question, "landlords were bound by oath to care for their tenants in disease, famine and war. Ecclesiastics administered the tenant-rights of his father. The amount of rent consisted in one third of the produce of the farm, one third belonged to the tenant and the other third was used to defray expenses. When the tenant brought the rent to the landlord the latter had to treat him as a gentleman. The rules of a seventeenth Odinon Mass, required that when a tenant came to pay his rent, "the abbot must give him two new shoes, bread and red wine. If the abbot's servants, they were obliged to leave their spurs and swords outside the door "lest as not to frighten the women of the house." If a landlord wanted to eat test the rent whilst the tenant's wife was sick with child, he could get nothing eat but the hand of a rooster; the rooster itself had to be fed to the sick mother. In case a tenant was too poor to pay the rent, the abbey supplied a poor tenant with the whole heart and soul against the whole British spirit of the age. The consequence was sure and not unexpected. Hardly anybody in England knew the name of such a person." And yet Mr. Mitchell, patriot and Irishman, tells us "I have never yet met a cultivated Irishman or woman, of genuine Irish nature, who did not prize Clarence Mangan above all the poets that their island sang or sang.

Lastly, however, there has come a change. Ireland is becoming more known to England, not alone from her own pleadings for justice and equitable laws, but also from the voice of the new Ireland that has spoken in Parliament. Many of the most liberal Englishmen are studying closer this Ireland of which they knew so little in the past, are studying closer the Irish people, their customs and their literature. By them, even the people of England are taking an interest in Irish literature, that England whose "dictation gave the law to throughout the literary domain of her semi-barbarous tongue," it is a sign that the "Island Saints" has been making wonderful strides of late.

Mr. Connolly's book will be a compendium of Irish poetic literature from the earliest times up to the present day. As will be seen in the prospectus, not alone Irish but also Irish-American writers will find a place in it. Our own California will not be forgotten, and such a volume would indeed be incomplete did it not pay tribute to the genius of Miss Harriet M. Skidmore, Mr. Daniel O'Connell and others will be duly recognized, and we hope Mr. Connolly's undertaking, if so straight, has omitted to include Miss Marcella M. Fitzgerald among his Irish-American poets. Bartholomew Dowling's sweet song—which we quote from Mr. Connolly's published list of writers—will surely not be slighted.

Congratulating Mr. Connolly on the successful completion of his praise-worthy undertaking, we wish his book every success and trust it will receive a welcome in every land wherever the scattered children of the Irish race have found a home.

The Monitor de Rome has the following important news relative to the approaching elections in Italy: "Several liberal journals have spread, within a few days, the most ridiculous rumors about a change which, on the occasion of the approaching elections, is on the eve of being produced in the attitude of Italian Catholics relative to the electoral question. We declare that there is absolutely no change."

New Volume of Irish Poetry.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Daniel Connolly, of New York, has at last completed his Cyclopedia of Irish Poetry which lie in the hands of the printers and will soon be published. There have been many collections of Irish poetry, the most noteworthy being those of Charles Gavan Duffy, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Clarence McCarthy, Samuel Lover and Edward Hayes. The best of all these is Hayes "Ballads of Ireland;" this work, however, was published some twenty years ago and another generation has arisen since then. Mr. Connolly's book will give selections and short biographical sketches of some 250 writers whereas, in the "Ballads of Ireland," about one-fourth of the number were represented. In the prospectus which Mr. Connolly prepared some time since while the work was so put in an embryotic condition, is thus sketched on outlines of the undertaking: "Believing that an Anthology truly representative of the Irish people in both hemispheres should have a place in standard literature, the undersigned, after full consideration of the labor involved, has undertaken the preparation of such a work on a thoroughly comprehensive plan. It is intended that all Irish and Irish examples carefully selected from collected works, where these are available, and in the case of writers whose productions have not been thus brought together, from periodicals and the newspaper press.

The work is already well advanced and it will be continued until a collection much superior to any of a similar kind yet published is completed. In order that the whole may be presented in a coherent set form, it will appear in a single volume, a uniform handsome 12mo. Paper, printed and finished in a manner to make it worthy of a place in any library. As the field of Irish poetic literature is notably extensive, there is no difficulty in finding a sufficient number of especially choice poems to fill even an hour's reading, and none will be taken to admit only those entitled to this classification. The selection will be chiefly modern and in large extent contemporaneous, but in order that the work shall be thoroughly representative in character all the older poets with a claim to prominence in its pages. A carefully prepared department of biographical notes, separate from the body of the work, will be in itself a feature of interest and value. No effort will be spared to make this Anthology as thorough in every respect that it may be accepted as a standard work of its kind.

In compilers and writers like Mr. Connolly with the Irish people must depend for their tentants in disease, famine and war. Ecclesiastics administered the tenant-rights of his father. The amount of rent consisted in one third of the produce of the farm, one third belonged to the tenant and the other third was used to defray expenses. When the tenant brought the rent to the landlord the latter had to treat him as a gentleman. The rules of a seventeenth Odinon Mass, required that when a tenant came to pay his rent, "the abbot must give him two new shoes, bread and red wine. If the abbot's servants, they were obliged to leave their spurs and swords outside the door "lest as not to frighten the women of the house." If a landlord wanted to eat test the rent whilst the tenant's wife was sick with child, he could get nothing eat but the hand of a rooster; the rooster itself had to be fed to the sick mother. In case a tenant was too poor to pay the rent, the abbey supplied a poor tenant with the whole heart and soul against the whole British spirit of the age. The consequence was sure and not unexpected. Hardly anybody in England know the name of such a person." And yet Mr. Mitchell, patriot and Irishman, tells us "I have never yet met a cultivated Irishman or woman, of genuine Irish nature, who did not prize Clarence Mangan above all the poets that their island sang or sang.

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The Land for the People.

Readers of the MONITOR will be pleased to learn that Representative Payson of Illinois has prepared a bill to prevent aliens from acquiring real estate in the Territories of the United States. A telegram concerning the important measure conveys the intelligence that hereafter American soil shall be owned by Americans, so far as Congress can control it. The Committee on Public Lands, in the Congress as in the last, is thoroughly committed to the policy of administering our public land system that the agricultural lands of the nation shall be period, without cost, to be held in small tracts, by actual settlers only, for the purpose of cultivation by the owner, entering thereby the thrift of the citizen and economy in his management which ownership always stimulates. This policy, the report submits, should become the national rule.

The report shows that owing to one reason or other, the vast domain of the United States, and other corporations, and the maladministration of the laws by which men of wealth and companies have been permitted to acquire other great areas of the public domain, the vast territory we had at the beginning has become so reduced that less than 2,000,000 acres of arable agricultural land remains for the settler under the general land laws, and about 50,000,000 acres only of lands susceptible of improvement by irrigation. These lands, by devious methods in many cases, have been secured in great areas by capitalists and corporations, foreign as well as domestic. A statement is appended showing that 20,747,000 acres are held by foreigners. Among the large holders mentioned are the Marquis of Tweedale, Sir Edward Reed, the Holland Company, and several syndicates, the possession of each being millions of acres.

This bill which the report accompanies provides that no alien or foreigner who has not declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, nor any corporation (one-tenth of whose stock is owned or controlled by aliens or foreigners, shall have the right to acquire real estate in any of the Territories of the United States.

THE HAIL MARY.

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." Luke. 1. 28.

FIFTEENTH ARTICLE.

MARY'S PEERLESS BEAUTY

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE MONITOR BY A LADY OF THE ORDER OF DOMINIC.)

Having profound admiration only for the sublime beauty of Mary's original and unlimited or endless sanctity, exemplified either in her Immaculate Conception, or her virginal conceptions of her Divine Son, Doctors, Fathers, Saints, and Holy Church herself, on the feast of the Immaculate Trinity, on Mary's inexpressible spiritual beauty, we will now humbly add the inadequate witnesses to terrestrial beauty, which go for the purpose of unfolding as on our holy Mother's mental and corporal beauty and also on some other important points relating to her and to us. We have a right to know all about our glorious Mother, and we will have it described only by those who are qualified to do so. Mary's beauty, which is the beauty of Most Sacred Mother of God, and every principle proclaims that the most beautiful of the world must be such as a Mother who is like unto God transcends all others in beauty. But let us for ourselves, and for the edification of those who are of the faithful, they may, and of the faithful, they may, says, by, was singular, there was a Mother who is like unto God, and who is there perfect beauty in all the world, in the Mother of God? Mary, the Mother of God, is the principle of the Eagle of Theologians. "All generations shall call me blessed." Mary,

Farm and Home.

Useful Receipts.

CORNS.—Take a lump of common washing soda, dip the end in water, and rub the corn well with it before putting on stockings in the morning. Repeat this treatment two or three times a week until the corn ceases to cause annoyance.

EAR-ACHE.—Put a few drops of sulphuric ether on a piece of wool or wadding, and place in the affected ear, with the head inclined so that it may soak in. This remedy generally cures instantaneously, and is also an excellent cure for the tooth-ache.

CORN MIXTURE.—Paregoric elixir, five cents worth, and six drops of laudanum. Mix a little molasses with three or four ounces of vinegar, and put on the fire till nearly boiling; then add to it the other ingredients. Pour it into a bottle, shake it, and it will be ready for use; when the cough is troublesome take a spoonful.

CURE FOR WEAK EYES.—Take a small piece of copperas about the size of a pea, put it in a small phial holding about two ounces of water; carry this in the pocket, and, occasionally taking out the cork, turn the phial upon the finger's end, and thus bathe the eye with the moist finger-point. This will effect a cure in a short time.

RHEUMATISM.—The following is said to be an excellent cure for the cure of rheumatism: Take half pint of vinegar, half pint of turpentine, one egg well-beaten. Mix these ingredients together. Apply to seat of pain two or three times a day, and rub it well into the skin.

TO CURE A COLD.—Before retiring soak the feet in mustard water as hot as can be endured; the feet at first should be plunged in a pail half full of lukewarm water, adding by degrees hot water but until the desired heat is attained, protecting the body and limbs with blankets so as to direct the vapor from the water and induce a good sweat. Next, to two tablespoonfuls of white sugar add fourteen drops of strong spirits of camphor. Drink the whole and get into bed under plenty of bed-clothes and sleep it off.

Touching Them to be Disrespectful.

The father or mother, who in the presence of their children, will not only condemn what the priest says from the altar, but at the same time will perhaps speak disparagingly of him and the Church, should know that they are not teaching their children respect for authority. Children are not at all times slow to learn, and they naturally infer that if it is not wrong for father and mother to speak so disrespectfully of priest and Church, it is not very wrong to stay away from them altogether. This, however, is not the worst feature of this bad habit which some parents have.

When they show disrespect for the authority of the pastor in the presence of their children, they are indirectly teaching those children to disrespect parental authority. Many young men and women to day disrespect, because the parents taught them to do so.

Keep Faith With Children.

The child's trust is generally a fair index of the parent's truthfulness. Where a child accepts at once a parent's word, and lean upon it as one would lean upon a word of the living God, there, be sure, the parent's truthfulness has been a sacred thing, not profaned by idle words or accidental falsehoods. Parents, you can make the child has been destroyed by the untruth of the parent. There is hardly a deadlier injury that a parent could do to a child than this; for there is no barrier lost to which a child could be subject than the loss of trust. How great the crime, then, when the hand that robs the child of that priceless treasure is the hand of a parent.

Small Farms.

Four hundred colonists in Southern California convey less than twelve acres each, and yet they clear up from $900 to $1,500 a year not on their small treats, and live comfortably in real elegance. Yet we were told at a recent meeting in this city that the small tract plan in Central California will not pay. But it will; and better far than in the Southern section, for the reason that our lands are not half so high as yet; low labor is needed to secure like production, and greater reliance can be placed upon the annual rainfall, and hence less irrigation is needed. What we need here is activity in colony schemes, the subdivision of large land holdings, and consequent variety in products.

Small farm holdings have proved profitable in this section and there is no doubt that they would further north in some sections—where, only time and experience will determine. A ten-acre farm in Dakota would not be able to make a man a millionaire, neither will it in some sections of California. Where it has not been tried we would advise a man to experiment with ten acres before he sold off all the rest of his domain, then if he failed, he could sold enough more to it till he had found by experience just how much he would need. One great drawback to the State has been the enormous tracts controlled by single individuals; so large that they could not be worked to advantage, and that left lying idle shutting out others who might work a portion and thus sustain a larger population. "A little farm well tilled" is a good adage worthy of being followed by all who till the ground for a livelihood.—*Riverside Press.*

Cruelty to Animals.

Cruelty to animals is a crime in every family. It takes the child, a young, confiding girl from her father's home under the solemn promise of providing as pleasant a home as his abilities will permit. The result of this union is a family of helpless dependent children. It is a sacred obligation to see that they are cared for. His life and its earnings, present and future, are their only financial dependence. To them it means bread, clothing, education and protection from want and perpetion. Now take a man at thirty-five years, earning $1,000 a year, and, all sentiment aside, the actual cash value of his life at fifty, to his family would be $15,000; that is what they would lose if he should die. That is what they are constantly in danger of losing; and it is against this contingency he should make provision. If he has anything near the amount, apart from all financial risks, he may be said to possess a ready substitute for the money value of his life. But how few can say this! It is then the duty of the head of the family, from his little earnings to provide against the contingency as best he can, in some other way. How can this be done? There is but one way possible. The loss must be taken from the family and distributed over a community organized for that purpose. This is the whole philosophy of co-operative insurance and any prudent, frugal man among the different Catholic organizations, may secure an ample provision for his family, on the safest and cheapest terms that have ever been devised.

—Bolls, blotches, pimples, and all skin diseases are quickly cured by cleansing the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Family Fun.

A Husband's First Experience.

"You had better put them down on a piece of paper," said Mrs. B., on giving her list, order. "Oh, no," said Mr. B., "my memory is good." "Will, then, a spool of cotton, black thread." "Yes." "A pard of not too light and not too dark calico." "Yes. "A small hammer, a set of pastors of the Pasadena brand, a dozen small pearl buttons, two yards of cardinal ribbon, silk on one side, satin on the other." "Yes," said Mr. S. thoughtfully. "A pair of slippers for baby, a dozen lemons, a good tooth brush, a pineapple, two ounces of skyblue German yarn, an ounce ball of home-spun, six yards of rubber tubing." "Wait a second," said Mr. S., consulting on his finger. "And a bottle of vanilla extract and a yard of triple box plaited crepe lisse trimming and three yards of small-checked nainsook and—" But Mr. S. had seized his hat and was running for the station. What the poor man brought home was a pair of bedticking, three yards of black crepe, a bottle of vinegar, eight yards of nankeen, a scrub brush, a pound of green tea, sixty spools of coat thread, a yard of very black calico and a pint bottle of homeopathic pills. "There, my dear," throwing down the package triumphantly, "I don't think you'll find a thing missing. Who says a man can't do shopping!"

Willing to Accomodate.

Gentleman Two dollars for carrying in that coal, uncle Rastus! Why, you never charged me but $1 before.

Uncle Rastus—I know dat, boss, but labor has rix.

Gentleman—I would rather carry it in myself than pay that extra dollar.

Uncle Rastus—All right, boss. Yo'kin gyro wo 81 ear' carry de coal in yo'sel of yo' was' too. Jes mistaken.

The Red Flag.

Dr. Dan Dunlap of Chicago, is a Socrates of the red flag. "Do you sight of red arouse her to a high pitch of sentiment.

"Surely she cannot here any sympathy in common with such outbreaks."

"Yes she has."

"What, Anarchists and Socialists!"

"No, sentiments."

A Hopeless Case.

"My dear friend," cautioned a temperance advocate, "do you know that the liquor you are about to drink will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder?"

"No, it won't," replied the dear friend addressed, who was a robust tramp. "I only wish it would, but I've drank it too long for that. It will go down like as much water."

The Green Above the Red.

Englishman I fancy a great many Irishmen you know. They abounded in the Chicago riots.

American—Uh, yes several of the injured policemen were Irishmen.

Exceeding the Limit.

Prisoner—He said he didn't believe in the eight hour system, your Honor, and so I struck him.

Magistrate—You sent eight hours do you?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor.

Magistrate—I can do better than that for you. I'll give you ninety days.

The Boy Who Helped Mother.

Baby was sick and fretful, the weather was cold and cheerless, and everything seemed all her into his thoughts and began to consider how he could help mother. He was a little man in the general family, and so he thought and came round to the kitchen door where the baby was.

Ned was head of Baby Bea and Baby Ben Lord Ned, for he always tell very quickly who knows them. He was always stretching out his chubby arms for Ned to take him. Finally, as soon as the log hatter appeared to sight, there was a cry of delight.

"Bunny have a ride!" said Ned, and the bany crowed again.

There was no baby carriage. How often Ned wished they had one, so that he could ride Bunny into the garden and up and down the road. But there was no money to buy baby carriages.

"Will I have to make the old wheelbarrow do for a spell," said Ned, as he lifted the little one gently. Ned was always gentle with the baby.

Then the ride. How it pleased the baby and pleased mother to see the child so interested to her work. And was there a third man to be pleased? Yes, Ned himself, and this third was the largest of the party. Ned was a man in his own estimation, and there is a reward which God gives for every kindness done, if it is one ever so little.

Try it and see. In all the kind acts you can, to every one you meet, for wherever you can, and see if you are not happy.

I Can't and I Will.

When bed time came, Sammie looked as happy his mother and she knew he had something to tell. Sammie was a little man of some grown ups, yesterday I thought. "Oh, I can't, I can't, but now I will, and the first thing while I was thinking these thoughts, some one jumped at me and screached 'Boo,' as loud as he could, and there was that the Chinaman Nick Neal again, and my first thought was, I can't keep my temper, but quick as a flash, I said, I will, so I just laughed and said, 'Nick, that was pretty well done, Nick; suppose you try it again.' Well, he thought one of the way to school, and, that 'can't' and 'will' kept up a battle all the whole way, but 'will' came out victorious.

"Well done" says mother, "I'm glad to hear that.

"But the best of it," continued Sammie, "was when I came home, I wanted to borrow a knife, and some of the fellows would lend him one, his hands were dirty, and he looked so mean. I had another battle with 'can't' and 'will,' but up I marched and handed Nick my knife, and you'll believe it, Mother dear, Nick used it so careful as he could, and when he brought it back, said, like a gentleman, 'Thank you, Sam.' I wish bother I say and more, our work let any of the other fellows alone.

"But after recess I failed in spelling, after I spent an hour over it, I thought I knew my lesson perfectly. Oh, I wanted to play, but then there was another battle with 'can't and will,' but I guess I'm better of my temper again.

"The afternoon, while we were playing in the yard, I was the ball fly right in my face, and gave me the bloody nose, but it hurt. I ached to hit Tom back, and I was sure he didn't hurt me a bit, and kept saying, 'I can't restrain myself, then I thought of what I read in the Bible yesterday, 'Consider thy self lest thou also tempted.' Then I said, 'I will restrain myself.' Then I thought, I can't, I can't, I will, I said, 'Please try and not do that again.' Tom said he was sorry, and I guess he takes a dime his father gave him to spend, but of course I wouldn't.

"The most troublesome boy of the age is the boy-mill.

Our Young Folks.

The Boy Who Helped Mother.

Baby was sick and fretful, the weather was cold and cheerless, and everything seemed all out of joint. Mother was busy and tired, and baby was fretful and cross.

Ned was head of Baby Bea and Baby Ben Lord Ned, for he always tell very quickly who knows them. He was always stretching out his chubby arms for Ned to take him. Finally, as soon as the log hatter appeared to sight, there was a cry of delight.

"Bunny have a ride!" said Ned, and the bany crowed again.

There was no baby carriage. How often Ned wished they had one, so that he could ride Bunny into the garden and up and down the road. But there was no money to buy baby carriages.

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Then the ride. How it pleased the baby and pleased mother to see the child so interested to her work. And was there a third man to be pleased? Yes, Ned himself, and this third was the largest of the party. Ned was a man in his own estimation, and there is a reward which God gives for every kindness done, if it is ever so little.

Try it and see. In all the kind acts you can, to every one you meet, for wherever you can, and see if you are not happy.

I Can't and I Will.

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"Well done" says mother, "I'm glad to hear that.

"But the best of it," continued Sammie, "was when I came home, I wanted to borrow a knife, and some of the fellows would lend him one, his hands were dirty, and he looked so mean. I had another battle with 'can't' and 'will,' but up I marched and handed Nick my knife, and you'll believe it, Mother dear, Nick used it so careful as he could, and when he brought it back, said, like a gentleman, 'Thank you, Sam.' I wish bother I say and more, our work let any of the other fellows alone.

"But after recess I failed in spelling, after I spent an hour over it, I thought I knew my lesson perfectly. Oh, I wanted to play, but then there was another battle with 'can't and will,' and I guess I'm better of my temper again.

"The afternoon, while we were playing in the yard, the ball fly right in my face, and gave me the bloody nose, but it hurt. I ached to hit Tom back, and I was sure he didn't hurt me a bit, and kept saying, 'I can't restrain myself,' then I thought of what I read in the Bible yesterday, 'Consider thy self lest thou also tempted.' Then I said, 'I will restrain myself.' Then I thought, I can't, I can't, I will, I said, 'Please try and not do that again.' Tom said he was sorry, and I guess he takes a dime his father gave him to spend, but of course I wouldn't.

"The most troublesome boy of the age is the boy-mill.

Monitor Mystics.

Original Conundrum No. 139.

My first is in pear but not in pear,
My second is in pear but not in pear,
My third is in pear but not in pear,
My fourth is in female but not in male,
My fifth is in rye but not in oats,
My sixth is in rye but not in oats,
My seventh is in sister but not in brother,
My eighth is in good but not in naughty,
My ninth is in good but not in bad,
My whole is a member of the United States.

Lina.

Original Conundrum No. 140.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 141.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 142.

I am composed of twenty letters and 13 words.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 is a boy's name.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is what every boy should be taught to carry.
My 17, 18, 19, 20 is the motto of a State.
My 6, 10, 16, 18, 19 is a prophet.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 is a river and
My 11, 12, 13, 14 is an ocean.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 20 means straight.
My 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 means a builder.
My 4, 5, 10, 13, 20 is a contradiction.
My 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 is a tool.
My 20, 6, 10, 17, 18, 19 is a noun.
My 4, 6, 20, 19, 17, 18 means a beard.
My whole is an old adage.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Enigma No. 143.

I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 is what we all wish to have.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a noun.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 is what we all wish to have.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a noun.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 is what we all wish to have.
My whole is a future land relief.

May

Original Enigma No. 144.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Numerical Enigma No. 145.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Numerical Enigma No. 146.

I am composed of three words and 19 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Rebus No. 147.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 148.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Conundrum No. 149.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 150.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 151.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Enigma No. 152.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 153.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 154.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 155.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 156.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 157.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 158.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 159.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 160.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Conundrum No. 161.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 162.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Rebus No. 163.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 164.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 165.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 166.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 167.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 168.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 169.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 170.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 171.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 172.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 173.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 174.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 175.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 176.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 177.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 178.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 179.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 180.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 181.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 182.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 183.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 184.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 185.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 186.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 187.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 188.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 189.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 190.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 191.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 192.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 193.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 194.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 195.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 196.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

Original Charade No. 197.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Conundrum No. 198.

My first is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My second is in Ellen but not in Nell,
My third is in Simon but not in Ray,
My fourth is in Ellen and Nell and Ray,
My whole is a flower blooming today.

Lina.

Original Rebus No. 199.

My first is in the world and in every household,
My second is a kind of grain,
My whole is a relative of first in female of

Miss WILLIAM MCKENNA

Original Numerical Enigma No. 200.

I am composed of twenty letters and 19 words.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a proverb.
My whole is a proverb.

Miss J. C. DONOHOE

NEW PLAN OF LIFE ENDOWMENT!

EQUITY BENEFIT ASSOCIATION,

968 and 970 Folsom St.

HOME OFFICE.

Room 6, Odd Fellows' New Building, Cor. 7th. and Market Streets.

No Medical Examination Required.
Same Rates for all Ages.
Benefits Paid on the Last Day of Each Month.
Old Members Have no Advantage over the Younger.
Ten Cash Benefits Paid on Each Certificate During Life.

OFFICERS.

AGENTS WANTED.

CARROLL & TILTON,

Respectfully announce that they have opened

THE LARGE STORE,
873 Market Street,

GENT'S ^ BOY'S
CLOTHING,
Furnishing Goods,
HATS, CAPS, ETC.

Having been in this business many years, we can promise that all our goods will be as represented.

We pay for Cash and sell as low as possible

CARROLL & TILTON,
873 Market Street, Opp. Powell,

Great Credit Sale!

AT AUCTION PRICES

For Three Weeks Only.

25 LARGE, BEAUTIFUL LOTS

$250 AND UPWARDS,

Chapin Park, Mastick Station, City of Alameda.

SALE PEREMPTORY

BECAUSE OF REMOVAL FROM THE STATE.

ONLY 30 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, free UP-cars, by commutation, three minutes walk from Mastick Station, water mains, gas and electric lights, one hour's ride, cool climate, no fogs, no mosquitoes, no malaria, no sunstrokes, TERMS: ONE DOLLAR PER WEEK PER LOT, interest per annum SIX PER CENT, interest per annum.

This Park is Highly Improved

With ornamental Trees and Evergreen Hedges. Title perfect. Law taxes, Schools and Churches within easy access. One of the earliest of high winds and Fogs. Pure artesian water. Sewerage is certain, giving full perfect title.

Apply to S. A. CHAPIN, NO. 1 MONTGOMERY ST. SAY AVENUE, San Francisco, or to D. W. CHAPIN, 200 MONTGOMERY STREET.

HOOPER'S
South End
Warehouse,

"Regular" Call-Board Warehouse.

First-Class Fire-Proof Brick-Building.

CAPACITY 10,000 TONS.

TOWNSEND ST.,

Between First and Second, San Francisco.

SILVER PILLS THE GREATEST Kidney and Liver REMEDY. 606 Market St., S. F.

LEBENBAUM BROS.

Fine Groceries,

215 SUTTER ST.

Polk Street, Cor. California.

JOHN B. McINTYRE,
Book Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer,
423 CLAY and 422 COMMERCIAL STS

SITUATION WANTED.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY,

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

648 MARKET STREET

BRANCH,

1256 MARKET ST.

LAUNDRY.

12th St., bet. Folsom and Howard S. F. Cal

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE LIVER

DYSPEPSIA

SCROFULA

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP.
THE POPULAR REMEDIES OF THE DAY

KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS H. MEDAU,

968 and 970 Folsom St.

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALER,

Established 1870.

We are selling Cheaper for Cash and guarantee our goods.

Table Wines . . . 50c, 60c, 75c, and $1.
Assorted Wines . . . $1, $

History of Boycotting.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

month. Lord now were the tutories of the Yeakes ownership. The Connecticut Legislature, if it heard, took no action. But the business men of New London, whose most of the boats were owned, were none the loss greatly incensed. They had a wasps nest their command with which they should strike back, and they believed that its hive would be full. A "boycott" was declared, a league was formed, and a paper was passed about which bound the signers, their wives, their daughters, and their hired men to send into New York neither eggs nor bacon, nor firewood, nor anything whatsoever, and not to purchase from New York their salmon and sealine, their threads and needles, their silks and ribbons, nor to furnish to any craft bound in the Connecticut State any sort of lading, for one year from July 20, 1787. The agreement was faithfully kept, but before the year operated in full the agreement had passed the States ratified the Constitution, and New York was forever deprived of the power to tax her neighbors.

Year passed and there arose a class of people known as abolitionists. The merchants of the Southern States kept a list of those who had "boycotted" them as vigorously and fling him from his palace-store and where him one of their great business he had inherited.

Boycotting is sometimes a wise, offensive weapon, and that, whether it be right or wrong, it is a weapon which Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., has recently contributed to an English paper in which he sets forth the following as the reasons why Ireland's representatives should not be retained in the British Parliament:

I have written and spoken so often on this subject of the Government of Ireland Bill, that I feel a certain shame-faced one in again discussing it; I can only go over again a great deal of ground I have already trodden. The first thing I ask to be conceded to an Irish Nationalist in discussing this question is, that he should get credit for looking at it with a view to the peace and welfare of Ireland as well as with a view to the peace and welfare of England. He can desire the peace and welfare of England without any derogation of the fervor or even fierceity of his Irish Nationalism. For the peace and welfare of Ireland, I believe, the scheme of self government for Ireland contained in the Government of Ireland Bill is, on the whole, much the more have the Irish land, by so much the more have the Irish people their destiny without wanton or vexatious interference from England.

TO OPPOSE THE RETENTION OF THE IRISH MEMBERS

at Westminster then, is in the interest of Ireland as well as in the interest of Ireland. Suppose the Irish members retained, if, by business of the Imperial Parliament are they to take part? In purely Imperial? But Mr. Gladstone has proved conclusively that it is impossible to make any distinction between purely Imperial and other business in the Imperial Parliament as it is at present constituted. Then if the Irish members remain they must be able to take part in something more than Imperial affairs; and yet have no a consequence a grossly unjust arrangement. The Irish are then any interference whatever from the Englishmen or Scotchmen in their exclusively Irish affairs; and on reason the English and the Scotch people are under the absolute domination of Irishmen, not merely in Imperial, but also in purely English and Scotch affairs. I say the absolute domination; and there are the only words that adequately describe the power which the Irish members would exercise in your affairs and the Irish representation be maintained at Westminster. Let me here remark that Gladstone and other opponents of Home Rule are going on a wholesome wrong task when they speak of the power of the Irish members at Westminster as a power dependent on their representation. If that were to be possible it would be the indignant demand of the British Parliament was to allow itself to be intimidated by the discontent of a section of its members, into the surrender of privileges necessary for the maintenance of Imperial integrity and the supremacy of Parliament. But nobody has said that the Irish power in Westminster is a power dependent at greater or even in large degree on the power in Ireland. It is the power to vote that makes the inconvenience of Irish members at Westminster now; for by the power to vote the Irish members control all the political forces of the Empire by their ability to decide whether a Liberal or a Conservative Government shall rule. Take away from them the power of the vote, and, of course, exclude the Irish vote from consideration, and all great party divisions; but such projects belong entirely to the region of dreams. I say, then, that I propose the Irish members at Westminster,

TO DEPRIVE THEM OF THEIR IN THE CER-

TAIN PROSPECTS

and evil to England and Scotland and the Empire in the present arrangement, yet to deprive representatives the lords and masters and dictators of your fortunes by their power to turn great party divisions. The only difference between the present evil and the remedy proposed is substituting for that you add an additional grievance to England and to Ireland, because you give her an liberate Ireland from English control and fester more bitterness in Ireland, because you give her the responsibilities and difficulties of self government, and at the same time, instead of impose her in the means necessary for meeting those responsibilities and difficulties.

I will deal with the latter point presently from the moment I wish to pursue this enquiry from the English standpoint. You have just from the English standpoint. You have your Irish representation at Westminster; and a question of foreign policy arises—let us suppose that it concerns Russia—and which Mr. Gladstone declares to be imperatively the separation, namely, of purely and purely Imperial affairs, what would happen? There might be some pools of concurrency between England and Ireland as to the basis of the self government proposed to give to Ireland; does not everybody in his senses know that in the present state of feeling between the two countries the Irish vote would be given to one Minister and withheld from another; mainly by the view which the different Ministers took of the purely Irish grievances? You would then have that which I hold to be the very worst form of political delineation: deliberation where questions are concerned; and decided, not in reference to their intrinsic merits, but in reference to their bearing on some other question entirely alien. To regret as a simple I have already given; you would have

IRISH MEMBERS VOTING ABOUT EGYPT

while they were considering Irish affairs. Mr. Gladstone should prove to be correct—he thinks that it would be impossible to make a distinction between purely English or Scotch and Imperial affairs, the case becomes a hundred fold stronger—for then you would have all your internal policy in England and Scotland as well as your external affairs dictated and decided by the Irish representatives with a view purely and simply to their interests and to the single and the narrow question of Irish national demands. I assert that such a state of things is a guarantee, not of the stability of finality of the present, or any other settlement between England and Ireland, but the very strongest inducement to constant agitation for revision and re-settlement of the relations of the two countries. Give the Irish members omnipotence over your own fortunes, and they would be more than human if they did not use that omnipotence for the purpose of extending the rights of their own country; and if they were disinclined to do so, their constituents would not preserve they would find it impossible to resist.

THE PROPOSED REVENTION IS BAD

from the fact that the new Irish Executive will have a task as difficult as any that was ever entrusted to any body of politicians. I need not go into the difficulties of the Irish Government. They are undoubtedly one, notorious—are regretted rather than denied in English articles and speeches, and yet it will be grasped by everybody that these difficulties will require the flower of the political intellect of Ireland; and all require besides the undivided energies of all the best men of Ireland. It is obviously impossible that Ireland could have the benefit of her best men, and the best energies of her best men, if she had to choose two sets of representatives, or if the same set of representatives had to attend to the joint duties of Irish and Imperial affairs.

Two sets of representatives, you would have another and a not trifling difficulty. Between these two sets there might be a feeling of jealously that would produce constant friction in the government of the country. If you had one set of representatives, you would impose on them an amount of labor that those acquainted with the journey between London and Westminster do not require to have developed. Finally there lies at the bottom of this proposal to reduce Irish representation a hope that the Irish Legislature would thus be shorn of much of its power, and more of its dignity. The idea is that the acts of the Irish Legislature would simply be so many Provincial bye-laws which would have no legislative weight until they received the formal sanction of the Imperial Parliament.

WHAT WOULD THAT MEAN?

Would it be a satisfaction to Ireland? Would it not be rather a humiliation? Would it not be rather a greater nuisance than ever? For this would mean that you would have Irish questions once more monopolizing the attention of the Imperial Parliament—the block of all business, and the postponement of all reform in England, to the block of all business, and the postponement of all reform in Ireland. Do Irishmen desire this question to be settled? Do they desire the peace and welfare of England without any derogation of the fervor or even fierceity of their Nationalism? For the peace and welfare of Ireland without any derogation of the fervor or even fierceity of their Nationalism? For the peace and welfare of Ireland, if it heard, took no action. But the business men of New London, whose most of the boats were owned, were none the loss greatly incensed. They had a wasps nest in their command with which they should strike back, and they believed that its hive would be full. A "boycott" was declared, a league was formed, and a paper was passed about which bound the signers, their wives, their daughters, and their hired men to send into New York neither eggs, nor bacon, nor firewood, not anything whatsoever, and not to purchase from New York their salmon and sealine, their threads and needles, their silks and ribbons, nor to furnish to any craft bound in the Connecticut State any sort of lading, for one year from July 20, 1787. The agreement was faithfully kept, but before the year operated in full the agreement had passed the States ratified the Constitution, and New York was forever deprived of the power to tax her neighbors.

Year passed and there arose a class of people known as abolitionists. The merchants of the Southern States kept a list of those who had "boycotted" them as vigorously and persistently as they were able, and it was not until the reply of Henry C. Bowen, "I call my goods, not my principles," became the creed of the North that the memorials boycott was "smashed."

Our Jewish citizens have demonstrated the power of boycotting when employed in a just cause. When it is strong enough to insult their foes. He refused them admission to his hotel. The Hebrews declared a boycott and fling him from his palace-store and where him one of their great business he had inherited.

Boycotting is sometimes a wise, offensive weapon, and that, whether it be right or wrong, it is a weapon which Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., has recently contributed to an English paper in which he sets forth the following as the reasons why Ireland's representatives should not be retained in the British Parliament:

An Irish Parliament in Ireland.

REASONS FOR NO REPRESENTATIVES AT WESTMINSTER.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S OPPOSITION.

The Question Viewed from All Standpoints.

"WHY WE WANT TO GO" is the caption of an article which Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., has recently contributed to an English paper in which he sets forth the following as the reasons why Ireland's representatives should not be retained in the British Parliament:

I have written and spoken so often on this subject of the Government of Ireland Bill, that I feel a certain shame-faced one in again discussing it; I can only go over again a great deal of ground I have already trodden. The first thing I ask to be conceded to an Irish Nationalist in discussing this question is, that he should get credit for looking at it with a view to the peace and welfare of Ireland as well as with a view to the peace and welfare of England. He can desire the peace and welfare of England without any derogation of the fervor or even fierceity of his Irish Nationalism. For the peace and welfare of Ireland, I believe, the scheme of self government for Ireland contained in the Government of Ireland Bill is, on the whole, much the more have the Irish land, by so much the more have the Irish people their destiny without wanton or vexatious interference from England.

TO OPPOSE THE RETENTION OF THE IRISH MEMBERS

at Westminster then, is in the interest of Ireland as well as in the interest of Ireland. Suppose the Irish members retained, if, by business of the Imperial Parliament are they to take part? In purely Imperial? But Mr. Gladstone has proved conclusively that it is impossible to make any distinction between purely Imperial and other business in the Imperial Parliament as it is at present constituted. Then if the Irish members remain they must be able to take part in something more than Imperial affairs; and yet have no a consequence a grossly unjust arrangement. The Irish are then any interference whatever from the Englishmen or Scotchmen in their exclusively Irish affairs; and on reason the English and the Scotch people are under the absolute domination of Irishmen, not merely in Imperial, but also in purely English and Scotch affairs. I say the absolute domination; and there are the only words that adequately describe the power which the Irish members would exercise in your affairs and the Irish representation be maintained at Westminster. Let me here remark that Gladstone and other opponents of Home Rule are going on a wholesome wrong task when they speak of the power of the Irish members at Westminster as a power dependent on their representation. If that were to be possible it would be the indignant demand of the British Parliament was to allow itself to be intimidated by the discontent of a section of its members, into the surrender of privileges necessary for the maintenance of Imperial integrity and the supremacy of Parliament. But nobody has said that the Irish power in Westminster is a power dependent alt-gether or even in large degree on the power in Ireland. It is the power to vote that makes the inconvenience of Irish members at Westminster now; for by the power to vote the Irish members control all the political forces of the Empire by their ability to decide whether a Liberal or a Conservative Government shall rule. Take away from them the power of the vote, and, of course, exclude the Irish vote from consideration, and all great party divisions; but such projects belong entirely to the region of dreams. I say, then, that I propose the Irish members at Westminster,

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TAIN PROSPECTS

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I will deal with the latter point presently from the moment I wish to pursue this enquiry from the English standpoint. You have just from the English standpoint. You have your Irish representation at Westminster; and a question of foreign policy arises—let us suppose that it concerns Russia—and which Mr. Gladstone declares to be imperatively the separation, namely, of purely and purely Imperial affairs, what would happen? There might be some pools of concurrency between England and Ireland as to the basis of the self government proposed to give to Ireland; does not everybody in his senses know that in the present state of feeling between the two countries the Irish vote would be given to one Minister and withheld from another; mainly by the view which the different Ministers took of the purely Irish grievances? You would then have that which I hold to be the very worst form of political deliberation: deliberation where questions are concerned; and decided, not in reference to their intrinsic merits, but in reference to their bearing on some other question entirely alien. To regret as a simple I have already given; you would have

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THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

CORK.—The following has been addressed to Dan Gallagher, who is chief clerk of the Parcel Department, by the Vice-Chairman of Kilkenny. We, the people of the county, our first conference of the year, take the opportunity of tendering you our heartfelt thanks for your noble efforts in the cause of our country. Ireland, looks in Parliament and out, has gone forth to the civilized world, and has found an echo in every heart in which the love of liberty and justice walls. The history of an ancient, warlike, and, let us add, proud people is now being read in its true light, and we have confidence England will notify do her part, that our cause has been so fairly stated. We feel hope and joy, and we feel that our efforts may enable you to finish the work, and great can many years be be regaled to behold the happy results of your labors, and for the first time, after long years, to see Ireland free. Signed on behalf of the Parliamentary Committee, Vicar General of the diocese of Kilkenny, at St. Patrick's College, Carlow, May 6th 1887.

Cork.—A fishing basket was launched on May 1 at Gaabinmore. She is bounded for Captain Hannessy, of Queenstown, and will be fitted out for the mackerel and other fishery.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., recently paid a visit to Kilkenny with Mr. J. U. Sheridan, M.P.

At the monthly meeting of the Bandon Town Commissioners, on Tuesday, April 26, the question of Mr. M. Healy, seconded by Mr. C. Crowley, appointed to meet Mr. Healy, M.P., fixed in the room of a member who has resigned.

At the meeting of the Fermoy of Board of Guardians, on May 1, a letter was read from Mr. Gladstone, in which he stated that the matter concerning the action of a member of the Board was brought under the notice of Mr. Ellicott at a meeting in London, and that Mr. Ellicott at a meeting in London, the Lord Chancellor to remove him from the Commission of the Peace.

Mr. Thomas Cassell Barry, wife of a farmer named Thomas Barry, residing at Banscoughter, near the Ballyhooly Station, gave birth to three strong healthy children on April 30, one weighing 7 lbs. and the other two 5 lbs. Mrs. Barry is the mother of twelve children, and the strange circumstance is connected with the birth of the latter, is that she was confined on the same day in the year 1885, and the four expected at least by the end of October.

Clare.—Lord Inchiquin, who has been a member of parliament for the Ennis, has been a member of years, wrote to the Ennis Chronicle, stating that he will not be a candidate for the Ennis Borough at the next election. The Earl of Dunraven, who is a member of the Ennis Borough, has also intimated his notice, having been appointed without his notice, having been appointed without his notice, having been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Clare.

Limerick.—Mr. William Linden, a prominent Nationalist in the county Limerick, has been elected Chairman of the Rathkeale Board of Guardians.

At the recommendation of Capt O'Shea, M. P., the Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Lane to be Clerk of the Peace for the County of Limerick, in place of Mr. Gabbett, who has resigned.

Tipperary.—The fourth anniversary of the Parnell demonstration in Tipperary, which will be celebrated with the usual enthusiasm on Sunday next, the 15th inst., at the monthly meeting of the Tipperary Town Commissioners, on May 3, Mr. Michael Doyle, who is about to change the name of Church street to that of Parnell street, the Commissioners were unable to change the name of Henry street, which, it was stated, Mr. Michael Doyle decided.

On May 6th, at Thurles, a young boy named Patrick Cahill, died suddenly. In the house of Mr. Cahill, a distinguished Holy Trinity, a Chancellor, Mr. Cahill, Mr. Michael Doyle, Mr. Cahill, Mr. Michael Doyle, Mr. Cahill, Mr. Michael Doyle

Poetry.

TWO MESSAGES.

A message from the Sacred Heart:
"My child, may I rely on thee?
My heart has bled for thee.
This is the answer I now send
To my poor heart in day,
And sweet from His throne He hands
To hear what I shall say.

A message to the sacred Heart.
"Oh, Lord, I am only a child
Thy heart is all I need.
Thou, Lord, I'll pray until I rise
Out from thy throne of love
Strength to do my duty
For heart will speak to heart.

M. ROSETTI.

REST IN THE SACRED HEART.

O sacred Heart, all blissful light of Heaven,
Rapture of mortals, beneficent ever bright,
Ravishing joys in rich and radiant splendor,
Flow from Thy glory in torrents of delight.

O sacred Heart, O hope of sinner's sorrow,
Rest of the weary, carworn and depressed,
Beauty land home earth's once outcast exiles,
When Thou smile They love we may lie down and rest.

O sacred Heart, Thy light is oddly rising
O'er the dark night of the world's chariot gloom;
Delight dawn the day of faith's undying glory,
Steadily then unshed a heed but long-long home.

O sacred Heart, as strain of solemn rapture,
Sweet falls the music in their ears as time
"Come unto Me all ye who mourn and labor;
Come, heavy ladies, and I will give you rest."

O sacred Heart, when shadow of death are falling,
Hither Thy children nestle the wings of love,
Hush as to rest in Thine own gentle mercy
Hear troubled spirits to brighter realms above.

O sacred Heart, what bliss, what thrilling raptures
Are to rest near Thee on Tabor one bright hour;
Bear to pass upon Thy beaming enlarger,
Never to part—to weep, to mourn no more.

F. BRANSFIELD.

Literary Miscellany.

The Ladies' Rock.

A LEGEND OF ARRANMORE, WRITTEN BY SAMUEL STONE.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER II.

Next day was a holiday of obligation, and as usual on such occasions the church on the island was crowded, and fervent worshippers during the celebration of Mass.

Not a single person was over the congregation, with the exception of about a dozen persons, gradually dispersed in various directions. The others remained prostrated in prayer for a considerable time, some before the altar, others before the statues of the Lady and St. Joseph, and one or two before the Host on the Cross. They presented a touching and edifying sight, kneeling in the solemn and serene gloom of the old church, there pious descendants of saints and martyrs who in their day bore witness to the undying Faith that illuminates the minds and purifies the hearts of the sons and the daughters of holy Ireland.

One of the worshippers rose and moved slowly to the door.

It was a young girl, with a thick veil drawn over her face.

Her movements were watched by two other young women, who now turned and whispered to each other.

"Do you know who that is, Kate?" asked one.

"No."

"That's Bridie O'Donnell."

"What brings her to the island to day?"

"I don't know. It's a long time since she was here before."

The speakers were Norah Dirlin and Kate Walsford.

They lingered in the porch.

"Now that we are outside the chapel," said Norah, "let us ask you one question. Do you love Gerald Boyle?"

"I do. Why do you ask me?"

"Because I love him too."

"I know it."

"Yes. And I would sooner die than give him up."

"So would I."

"I know that he loves me.

"And I know that he loves me."

"There is some trouble upon him of late; and I think it has some thing to do with me. He doesn't know which one of us to have."

"Ah, Bridie! Bridie!"—the cry was repeated by the loud tones of Gerald, whose voice pealed out the name which was dearest to his heart. He did not know at the time whether it was she or Norah or Kate who remained on the rock.

"The 'Maeve Rhu' came bounding over the billows, her white dripping sail shining in the bright moonlight.

"I am here, Gerald!" cried Bride, and she flung herself towards the boat, into which she was lifted by the strong arms of the hardy fisherman.

"Where are the others?" he demanded in a voice hoarse with alarm and fear.

"Drowned!" replied Bride.

With a groan of anguish the strong man fell to the bottom of the boat.

The rising wind caught the sail; the boat, its rudder no longer guided by the practised hand of its owner, veered round, and sped swiftly out towards the broad Atlantic.

Forgetting their danger, Bride called upon Gerald.

She received no reply. Bending over his prostrate form, and resting his shoulder with her hand, she pronounced his name again.

He lifted his head, and, then, dressed with tears, stared into her calm white face with a sort of stupified expression.

"What is the matter, my darling?" he asked, half consciously.

"We are drifting out to the high sea. Get up and assume the helm."

The young man rose and looked around him. The consciousness of their perilous position upon him; he shifted the sail, grasped the handle of the rudder, and turned his craft in the direction of the island.

But owing to some strange influence, or some unexplained current in the sea, the "Maeve Rhu" instead of making for the island, towards which her prow was pointed, kept drifting back into the ocean. Thick clouds obscured the moon; the breeze increased to a gale.

Gerald took out his oars and pulled with all his might.

Vain efforts! Mysterious hands seemed to push the boat onward.

"It is no use, Gerald," whispered Bride O'Donnell. "We will never more set foot upon land."

"Don't say that, Bride, don't say that, for God's sake," cried the young fisherman huskily. "I can not and we can't reach the island. Hush! listen! You can not see it now. It is covered by the sea. You know the rock I mean? A tall rock, like a lone tower, with a square top."

"It lies there," said Norah, indicating with her hand the position of the rock.

"Look! look! on the top of that rock at sunset, when the tide is out."

"Oh, I see," said Norah: "but the tide will be coming back almost immediately, and would be in danger of being surrounded by the sea."

"That is my plan." We will remain on the rock till the tide, nearly covers it. Gerald will be warned of our danger."

"And then?"

"The first that he will take off the rock will be his bride."

"But if he only takes one off the rock, if the sea is choppy, and he takes take the others off, what will become of them? said Kate Walsford, with a shudder.

"Leave it to the will of Heaven," said little Ashmolly. "Let us part now, and promise not to reveal our secret."

The three young girls separated, having pledged each other not to mention their design to anyone, but to allow Heaven to decide which one should be the bride.

Such is the legend of the "Ladies Rock," as the inhabitants of Arranmore, with a touch of real true poetry, call the rock which was the scene of the tragic events here related.

And it is related that when the moon is in its fullness, and the tide is very low, the weird forms of those three maidens, minus of a human form, are to be seen, at the still and solemn midnight hour, standing on the summit of that deserted rock, their arms stretched out and beckoning for help, and their voices, now rising in piteous shrieks, now sinking in a plaintive wail, now sighing a mournful cadence with the soft, low murmurs of the distant waves.

A THRILLING STORY.

Father Brabant, a Catholic Missionary to British Columbia, Tells of a Narrow Escape from Death.

By the schooner Favorite, just arrived from the west coast of the island—says the Victoria Colonist—there arrived Father Brabant, who took passage at Hesquiat. He brings with him the rusted barrel and lock of an old musket from which—though the stock is gone—a portion of the woodwork still depends, though rotten from exposure and crumbling to the touch. Also the blade and part of the hatchet of a French peasant, really inlaid in a block of wood moulded for the purpose. The weapon, or rather the remnants of them, form a relics of thrilling import to the Father, the inscription on the wood encasing the lock being well known to the Hesquiat Indians.

Recently, on April 29, 1886, by the Rev. Father Brabant and T. McDonald. The knife was destined to be used by Mathias to cut the priest's throat after shooting him down. It was found amongst the Indian remains, and was picked up in the present state as a souvenir by Thomas McDonald, of Cape Beale, B. C.

The attempt on Father Brabant's life to which allusion is made, occurred so far back as 1874, and as the details are no doubt unknown to many of our readers, the following particulars as related by Father Brabant, may prove not uninteresting.

In 1874, "said the Father, "I went to reside amongst the Hesquiat tribe of Indians, living on Hesquiat sound, on the west coast of this island. In the fall of the year the Indians had the middle-class of contract sachems—small-pox; which, as you are doubtless aware, is a disease fatal to them especially, and none of which, moreover, they are mortally afraid. The chief of the tribe was a young man named Mathaw, only some twenty-two years of age, and the father of a little boy then only two years old. His day, Mathaw came to me and asked me to put up a little shanty behind my house, out of the wind, which I gave him permission to do. The weather was bad and I allowed him to sleep in a room attached to my house. Early one morning he came to me and requested the loan of my gun (double barreled muzzle loader). I handed it to him, at the same time telling him that it was not loaded."

"Shortly after an Indian came to me and told me that the chief was sick, and that I had better get my gun out of his hands. Accordingly, I went to Mathaw's shanty and found him crouching in front of the fire, which was to the immediate left of the doorway. As I stood upon the threshold I saw my gun leaning against the side of the hut, behind the chief, and by its side was a bayonet which belonged to him. 'What is the matter?' I asked. He said, 'I want to talk about medicine; for as she gave him some medicine and that he would get all right; but, in a melancholy tone and with a wave of the hand, he repeated, as he got into the fire, 'I want to die.' I asked him to give me back my gun, if he had decided to die. He made a strange expression of contempt on his face, though smiling, he said, 'Not yet awhile.' I then left the cabin, and, on my way home, I met a young man who told me that both barrels had been fired at Mathaw, but that he had not got my hand, which at same instant there was a report and one barrel was discharged—the contents nearly shattering my right hand and wrist. Even at this time the explosion accident, and saying, 'See what you have done, ran stretched out and beckoning for help, and their voices, now rising in piteous shrieks, now sinking in a plaintive wail, now sighing a mournful cadence with the soft, low murmurs of the distant waves.

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-THREE YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published in the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1898.

Editorial Notes.

—The diploma of merit of the North, South and Central American Exposition has been awarded to the schools of the Sisters of Mercy, San Francisco, for the educational display in the collective exhibit. The Sisters received a special diploma for needlework, plain and artistic.

—His Eminence Cardinal Moran, addressing a meeting of Catholics in Sydney recently, said that some years ago he made a visit to Cologne with the special object of obtaining, if possible, a relic of the great St. Brigid. He was happy to be able to inform them that through the kindness of several friends he had obtained that precious relic, and would in future, on the feast days of the Saint, have it exposed for the veneration of the faithful, on the altar dedicated to St. Brigid and St. Patrick in the Cathedral.

—The manifesto of Gladstone which we publish this week, is a magnificent document which does honor to the head and heart of the "Grand Old Man" who is standing up in defence of Ireland's cause with courage worthy of immortal renown. The outlook, too, for the forthcoming political contest at the polls, all over Great Britain, is very promising, and it is by no means unlikely that the Home Rule for Ireland Bill will be passed by the next Parliament.

—The brutal murders and the public indignities committed by the Dreyfusards of the North of Ireland as detailed in the dispatches which we publish this week, is only in keeping with the well known vandalic character of this blood stained class in Ireland. Next week we will give a brief history of the fearful crimes committed by these revers menins of the Church of Christ, in order that Americans may fully appreciate the diabolical character of these disturbers of the public peace.

—The MONITOR is glad to learn through a friend at present in Rome, that Rev. Vincent Di Maria, O. P., is meeting with great success in Europe in the introduction of his missionary lamp. During last month Father Di Maria gave several public exhibitions of his invention, and the Italian papers are loud in their praise of the marvelous of its reception. From Rome Father Di Maria will go to Bologna, and he hopes to introduce his astronomical lamp into general use in all the principal cities of Europe before his return.

—David Bell of Buffalo recently told this story apropos of the monster Socialist petition signed by the Irish Home Rule Bill, and as illustrating the ignorance and bigotry of some of the Scotch to and the Irish:

"Some years ago I was in Scotland, in the cottage of a shepherd, and in the course of conversation spoke of the good men and power of God, and His might in governing the world, the sky and heaven, and populating the earth with men and women. When he got through I put to him the question: 'Do you believe in God? Did He make' the Eerish, too?' 'Yes, most certainly, was the reply. 'Well then,' was the rejoinder, 'He has made a mistake in the matter.'"

—Ninety-four young ecclesiastics who finished their education in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, were raised to the different orders of the Priesthood on the feast of the Ascension. Among them were are about to undertake several bishoprics in the Archdiocese who have numerous friends and relatives on this coast who will be happy to hear of their promotion. Among those who received the Tonsure are M. Sonahan, W. B. McKinnon, A. H. Cullen, E. J. Dunne, J. M. Travers, G. E. O'Reilly, J. W. Allen, P. E. Mulligan and J. J. McCoe of San Francisco. Subsequently T. P. Fallon, W. D. McKinnon, A. H. Cullen, E. J. Dunne, C. E. O'Neile, J. W. Allen and J. J. McCoe of this Archdiocese were elevated to Minor Orders. May God grant they may all persevere in the way and will they become laborers in this portion of the vineyard of the Lord.

—The Holy Father has made the appointments from the Gordon Nobles to convey the Cardinalitial berretas to the Cardinals created at the late Consistory. Count Jules Rodinari will be the envoy to go to Genoa the Archbishop of Rennes; Count John Nanoli to his Grace the Archbishop of Rome, Count Ferdinand Fallaldi to his Grace the Archbishop of Siena, Count Stanislas Mundoli to his Grace the Archbishop of Bologna, Count Charles Gaudi to his Grace the Archbishop of Quebec. The ceremony of delivering the Cardinal's berretta to Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota will take place on July 1st. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis having received the high honor of being appointed by the Pope Apostolic Delegate to confer the Cardinalitial insignia upon Archbishop Gibbons.

—One of the most cheering labors of a Catholic journalist is to point out the progress of the Church, because we feel delight in referring our readers to our fifth page, where they will find promising signs of the progress of the Church in this State, by reading accounts of new churches commenced or recently dedicated. At the late Provincial Council of the Province of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the wonderful growth of the Church in that State was succinctly set forth by Archbishop Katzer, who said: "Forty-one years ago, when I first came to those parts, the Church was indeed like the mustard seed. There was not in what now constitutes the whole Province of Milwaukee as many priests as there are now Bishops. Instead of the 600,000 souls that we count to-day, there were then scarcely 8,000. Oh, what a change! And if I have lived to see these things, what may you not and yet live to the near future! In view of this glorious future we have been working."

Society as Seen by Prison Commissioners.

The Penological Commission of this State has recently been in session and the result of its labors developed some facts which it is beneficial to the public to place on record, so that we may have some idea of the means which are being used to stem the tide of crime which is increasing at alarming rate and the methods of both teachers and pupils.

Another cause which the Commissioners discovered for the increase of the criminal classes was the fact that so many boys and girls are brought up in comparative idleness, for the reason that they had no so-called home to call, through God, spring all religions." (sic) Sacramento Daily Bee, 4th inst.

Now we candidly ask the religioners of the Patriarchs and the Prophets what they mean by such a blasphemous reflection on the character of those men of sacred lives whose very names were spoken with reverence and awe by God, by the Apostles and by all their followers! Neither Moses, Abraham, or any other of God's servants whose names are registered in the Old Testament, require any defence at our hands. Their memories have flourished in the world for thousands of years, and we have no fear that the poisonous sting of the Sacramento *bee* will injure their character in the estimation of a single Christian in Christendom who has served at the age of discretion. But with "the little ones of Christ" the case is quite different. They are tender plants, and the Sacramento bee paper, they lose respect for the Prophets of the Old Law, and, when they grow up, they oppose every teaching of the *bee*, by throwing off the cloak of Christianity and assuming the garb of infidelity.

It is the same kind that is the author of both the Old and the New Testaments, and if people are led to believe that the Prophets were immoral, that they were worse than the Devil, that they were no better than the Mormons of our time—will they not lose all respect for the Bible, despise religion, and ultimately refuse to believe in God or the Scriptures!

The anathemas of the Church are directed against such and all men who have dishonored the characters of the chosen men of God whom He used for His own wise ends. The Prophets—far from being stepped in the sanctuary—were the greatest of moral lives. They were the preachers of morals and the teachers of spiritual truths. They were the voice of God heard in the world, revealing to mankind the future fate of those who disobeyed their Creator, and prophesying the coming of a Saviour for man's redemption. To what degree of degradation, therefore, must that man be sunk, who can call the spokesmen of God by the vilest names known to the English language! Yet such is the license with which prejudice takes the *bee* libel the good names of those who were made great by Almighty God, and whose characters stand out as the most exalted in the ages in which they lived.

A proof from the *bee* and David, Isaiah, Jeremias, Ezekiel and Daniel were published of their renown as Great Prophets of God! A stamp from the *bee* and Job, Joel, Amos, Abdias, Michias, Jonas, Sophonias, Habacuc, Sophonias, Zacharias and Malachias—as expounders of the Divine will, and as messengers of God! Shall we, then, be more than man the Mormons of the present day! Great Heavens! Was it for this that pruning was invented! Was it for such purposes that intellect was inducted into man!

Any vandal can pull down and destroy the grandest creations of genius and skill, if they be made by human hands, but how much better is the world of when the inparable crime is consummated! The Bible is the book of God's word, and, but how much better does he become by saying so! God called the Prophets into existence and gave them the gift of second sight for the performance of the vocations in life which He allotted to each. He worked many miracles in order to save the lives of those His chosen servants, and yet—stinging *bee* of Sacramento can blacken the holy character of such and of all those valuable men—simply by poisoning its columns with such putrid falsehood as that which we have quoted above.

The Prophet Moses was the forerunner and figure of Christ. As a law-maker, he was the antitype of Christ. As a leader of the people, he was the most leading type of Christ in the world. As a man of sorrows, he was the type of Christ. As a teacher, he was the most perfect type of Christ! The case is quite different. They were the Prophets of God, and, in the pages of the Sacramento *bee* will injure their character in the estimation of a single Christian in Christendom who has served at the age of discretion. But with "the little ones of Christ" the case is quite different. They are tender plants, and the Sacramento bee paper, they lose respect for the Prophets of the Old Law, and, when they grow up, they oppose every teaching of the *bee*, by throwing off the cloak of Christianity and assuming the garb of infidelity.

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Farm and Home.

Resting After Meals.

A friend of the writer's, who has suffered from dyspepsia during almost her entire life, considers the suggestions in the following extracts from an article in a recent issue of *The Journal of Health* to be the most in accord with her own experience of anything on the subject lately published.

Hurried eating of meals, followed immediately by some employment that requires the whole attention and takes up all, or nearly all, of his physical energies, is sure to result in dyspepsia in one form or another. Sometimes it shows itself in excessive irritability, or even indicates that nerve force has been exhausted; the double drought in order to keep the food and carry on the business has been more than nature could stand without being thrown out of balance. In another case, the person is exceedingly dull as soon as he has a few minutes of leisure. The mind seems a dead blank, and can only move in its accustomed channels, and then only when compelled. This, also, is an indication of nervous exhaustion. Others will have decided pains in the stomach, or a sense of weight, as if a heavy burden was inside. Others, again, will be able to eat nothing that will agree with them; everything that is put inside the stomach is made the subject of a violent protest on the part of that organ, and the person suffers untold agonies in consequence. Others suffer from constant hunger. They may eat all they can, and feel hungry still. If they feel satisfied for a little time, the least exertion afterwards brings on the hungry feeling, and they can do no more until something is eaten. It is almost needless to say that this condition is not hunger, but inflammation of the stomach. Scarcely any two persons are affected exactly in the same way, the disordered condition manifesting itself according to temperament and occupation, employments that call for mental work, and those whose sense of action lies indoors, affecting persons more seriously than those carried on in the open air and those which are merely mechanical and do not engage the mind.

All, or nearly all, of these difficulties of digestion might have never been known by the sufferers had they left their business behind them and run for a short time after eating, instead of rushing off to work immediately after hastily swallowing their food.

Nature does not do two things at a time and do both well; as a rule. All knows that when a force is divided, it is weakened. If the mind were eaten slowly, without preoccupation of the mind, and the stomach allowed at least half an hour's chance to get its work well understood before the nervous force is turned in another direction, perhaps suffering from dyspepsia would be less.

A physician once said: "It does not matter what we eat or how we eat it. While this is only partly true, it certainly is true, that the most healthful food, hurriedly eaten, and immediately followed by work which engages the entire available physical and mental force, is much worse than a meal of poor food eaten leisurely and followed by an interval of rest.

Eggs by Weight.

It is annoying to the breeder of blooded and fine fowls to find, when he offers his sale eggs nearly issue as large as his neighbors', that they bring no more per dozen than do the smaller ones. Also, the consumer is disappointed to find that he must pay the same price to-day for a dozen eggs weighing a pound that he has previously paid for a dozen weighing a pound and a half. Besides, an egg from a well fed fowl is heavier and richer than one from a common fowl that only had half a chance to grow, compared to size in anticipation of richness. This, one of which eight will weigh a pound are better and richer than those of apparently the same size, of which ten are required for a pound. Of course, with eggs at four and five cents a dozen (and hundreds of dozens have been sold in past years at these figures) it is a matter of quantity rather than quality. It is high time that the old style of selling and buying eggs were discontinued. It is a relic of the past, and reminds us of the time when dressed hogs sold for a dollar each without regard to size, and were dealt rate at that. Incent upon it, then, you who raise poultry and eggs for market, that the price for eggs shall be so much per pound, and then it will be some inducement to farmers to raise a better class of fowls, and all will get what is their just due.

Children's Questions.

Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should, without doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They have other teachers besides their mysteries, or have become undiscern as to an explanation, or are not apt to look sympathetically enough upon this eager return on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to these "troublesome questions" a child's truest education may be carried on. Have a little patience, then, and sometimes think how welcome to you would be a translator, if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were burning with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.

What Shall We do to be Saved?

The idea that the farmers in this section can do nothing but raise wheat borders on lucidnsm.

California imports annually hundreds of Kentucky mules. The enterprise and capital that would devote itself in this county to the breeding of mules would be profitably employed.

Of course it would not do for every farmer in the county to go into the mule-raising business, yet it would be as wise as for all of them to remain in the wheat-raising business.

Our farmers have resources enough in rich lands, but they lack the concomitant of energy, contrivance, expedicency, application.

Farmers in other sections situated much the same as we are in this county have individually put in pumping machinery upon their farms, and then made their lands intensitatly productive.

Put plenty of water upon any forty-acre tract in the Five Points tract, and its yield will be increased, four, six, eight and tenfold.

A ten-acre orchard, of the right kind of trees, rightly cared for, will produce on an average profit equivalent to eight per cent. investment of $10,000.

"Soft" hogs at three cents per letter than those "hard" sell at $1 50. Let us raise mangel beets and colzas, corn fodder and beet, garden truck and chickens, —anything but the devil and this intolerable monotony of hard times and wheat crops.—*Lodi Sentinel.*

—The glory of God should be the inspiring reason of every thought and word and act. If it be not, then we think and speak and act to vain. *Life is a curse rather than a blessing.*

—Scrofula, and all forms of scrofulous disease, are rapidly purged out by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Family Fun.

Daniel Webster's Plough.

On one occasion some Boston friends met Webster as a present an enormous plough to use on his place. Webster gave out word that on a certain day it would be christened. The day arrived, and the surrounding farmers for miles came to witness the event. A dozen teams with attractive company came from Boston. It was expected by every one that Webster would make a great speech on his occasion, rivaling his history of farming back to the time when Cincinnatus abdicated the most mighty throne in the world to cultivate turnips and cabbages in his Roman garden. The plough was brought out, and his yoke of splendid oxen hitched in front. More than 200 people stood around on the tiptoe of expectation. Soon Webster made his appearance. He had been calling spirits from the vasty deep and his gait was somewhat uncertain. Seeing the plough handles and spreading his feet he pulled out to the driver in his deep bass voice:

"Are you all ready, Mr. Wright?"

"All ready, Mr. Webster," was the reply, meaning of course for his speech.

Webster straightened himself up by a mighty effort, and shouted:

"Then let her rip!"

The whole crowd roared with laughter, while Webster with his big plough proceeded to rip up the soil.

What Was in his Coffee.

"Now, sir, I hope we shall no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the attorney, in a very loud, commanding voice.

"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness, in a very loud voice.

"How dare you speak to me in that way, sir?" roared the lawyer.

"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the witness.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?

"Coffee," hoarsely roared the knight of the stable.

"Something stronger than coffee, sir, you're been drinking! Don't look at me like that, sir!" tersely. "Look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Sugar."

"This man is so loud, your Honor—he is worse" exclaimed the counsel.

"Now, sirrah," turning to the witness, "look at me. What beside sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?"

The hostler collected his forces, drew a deep breath, and, in a voice that could be heard been blocks away, bellowed out,—

"A spoon." A pause, as echoes died.

Money in It.

A man skilled with deafness took a prescription to a Broadway druggist, who did it with care and in the latest style. The deed was asked the price, when the following dialogue occurred: Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a wonkyou pep-pop sort of manner—"The price is seventy-five cents." Deaf customer—"Five cents?" (Here it is." Druggist (in a loud voice)—"Seventy-five cents, please." Deaf Customer—"Why, that's your five cents." Druggist (in a very hard voice, with sarcasm)—"I said seventy-five cents." Deaf Customer—(getting angry)—"Well, why don't you say so? I just told you five cents." Druggist (sotto voce)—"Well, go to thunder with your medicine, I made three cents, anyhow."

Woman's Health.

"Well, mother," said a workingman to his wife as he entered from the common, where he had been haloing his cow for the noon with his fellow strikers, "lets have dinner." "No dinner to-day, father," she replied. "No dinner—what's up?" "I've struck for eight hours work and I mean to stay, so Mrs. Johnson, so has Mrs. Spring. In fact we've had a meeting and we have concluded that sixteen hours a day is rough on females when big, strong men can only stand eight. Sam Hi send his hat and ran out to see if he could have a committee of arbitration appointed.

Wasted Sympathy.

Peter Osterhout is one of the most reasonly negroes in Galveston. He was caught stealing poultry and brought up before the Justice.

"The evidence," said the Judge, "shows that you stole the chickens from Colonel Jones' hen coop, and the fine should be five dollars; but I'll let you off this time.

"Who wants ter be let off?" exclaimed prisoner. "I stealn my chickens and pays my fine, and don't ask nuffin oh nobody. Dis bussiness mixing up sentiment and bussiness wh what's runnin' de kountry.

Funnyrapha.

—A St. Paul boy was recently sent from home to boarding school. He was homesick, of course, and, after standing it just as long as he could, wrote: "Dear Father: Life is very short. Let us spend it together. Your affectionate son."

—I'm saved from a watery grave" exclaimed a tramp who was pulled out of a dairyman's milk tub.

—A French barber's sign reads: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always to-morrow.

—A Buffalo father, to encourage early rising, offered a prize of money to that child who should rise earliest next morning. At a very early hour a bright little girl made her appearance, claimed and got the prize, and then went back to bed.

—He was a Dublin coroner's inquest, and after sitting quietly for an hour during the inquest, arose, pounced into the face of the corpse, and then turning to the rest of the jury, said: "Mum (hic) dat man is dead."

—Hostey, an old colored cook, was moaning around the kitchen the other day, when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No ma'am, not zactly," said Hetty. But she far is, I don't feel ambitious enough to get out of my own way.

—The other day a tall peddler's horse balked on the street and refused to budge an inch. Theender began to belabor the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed "Have you no mercy? "No, ma'am, nothing but mackeral."

—Over the backyard fence—"I say, do you know the Sh-Shiners are going to town this spring?" "No! Are they, though! Well, I am glad! They always get $1 30. Lots of people want them." "Yes, but, then, Mrs. Shiftless has fallen heir to $15,000, and she has brought an elegant house." "Uh, I always liked her! but her young ones—well, they're real fond of dancing, after all."

—Grandmamma, said a Murry Hill young lady, Clara Nea Spuyten aye that you and grandpa kept a second grandma when you were young. Mis mistaken, said grandmamma. I knew she was, the mean, spiteful thing. You, she is mistaken, went on the old lady, retrospectively. It wasn't on a corner.

Dr HENLEY'S CELERY BEEF & IRON.

THE GREAT BLOOD TONIC.—Recommended as a remedy for General Debility, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration and Kindred Nervous Complaints. Sold by all Druggists and Country Dealers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. TAKE ONLY DR. HENLEY'S.

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Furnishing Goods,

HATS, CAPS, ETC.

Having been in this business many years, we can promise that all our goods will be as represented.

We buy for Cash and sell as low as possible

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ENDOWMENT INSURANCE.

The Occidental Self-Endowment Association.

(Incorporated under the laws of California.)

This association is conducted on the mutual assessment plan and furnishes endowment insurance at actual cost. Certificates are issued in amounts of $2,000, $3,000 and $10,000, which are payable in five equal parts during the life of the member according to the age at time of joining, as follows: members between 18 and 25 years of age receive one-fifth every nine years; 30 to 35 every eight years; 35 to 40 every seven years; 40 to 45 every six years; 45 to 50 every five years; 50 to 55 every four years, in case of death before the certificate matures, one-fifth of the certificate is taken at the expiration of each ten years' membership between 25 and 50 years of age receive one-fifth every nine years; 30 to 35 every eight years; 35 to 40 every seven years; 40 to 45 every six years; 45 to 50 every five years; 50 to 55 every four years, in case of death before the certificate matures, one-fifth of the certificate is paid to the members heirs.

No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privilege of being the administrators of their own funds (not usually needed to pay death losses and provide funds for the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to members upon mortgage security, and are not will fall due first on part payment thereof at 5 per cent. per annum, and remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date $100,000, no members have had to pay losses $15,000,000. All claims are paid promptly and in full. The membership at present exceeds three thousand, and the average amount loaned to members monthly exceeds $6,000.

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THE GREATEST Kidney and Liver REMEDY. 866 Market St., S. F.

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BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE LIVER

Secretes the bile and with bile a bitter to cleanse impurities in the blood. By irregularity in its action or sluggishness of its functions, the bile poisons the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, weak eyes, dizziness, a languid weary feeling, and many other distressing symptoms generally attributed to a disordered liver. These are relieved at once by the use of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA the great blood purifier.

DYSPEPSIA

Parasitic appetite, faint, gnawing feeling of pit of the stomach, heartburn, wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, raw appetite, general prostration: These in no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and it can in all cases be traced to an unhealthy or poisoned condition of the blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by cleansing and purifying the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and makes a debilitated or nervous dyspeptic a healthy man.

KIDNEYS

Are the great secretory organs of the body. Into and through them Kidneys flow the waste fluids containing poisonous matter taken from the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained and poisons the blood, causing headaches and aches, pains in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the Kidneys and bowels, and directly on the organs of the body to remove their natural functions and health is at once restored.

SCROFULA

Is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by impurities in the blood or by a sluggish or sluggish functions of the skin and different organs, thereby retaining a multitude of poisonous matter in the system through the blood, causing swellings enlarged joints, abscesses, tumors, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck. Eryspelas is also in most cases attributable to Scrofula. Scrofula is a disease which requires time to eradicate, and should be treated with a reliable blood purifier, such as BULL'S SARSAPARILLA. By purifying the blood and toning up the system, forces the impurities from the blood and cleanses the system through the regular channels.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.

BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP.

THE POPULAR NEMESIS OF THE DAY

KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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We are sellers Cheap for Cash and guarantee our goods.

The following low prices will continue ;pro'ble

Table Wines ..... 50c, 60c, 75c, and $1.

Angelica Wines ..... $1, $1.50 and $1.50

Mount Vineyard—try it, it's fine ..... $1.

Old Port or Sherry, $1, $1.50, $1.50 and $2.

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Bourbon Whiskey ..... $1.50, $1.75 and $2.

Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc., $2 per gal. and upwards.

Other Wines and Liquors at lowest rates.

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Diplomas are given in two departments—the Classical and Scientific—and Certificates in the Commercial course.

TERMS:

(Payable semi-annually in advance)

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once ..$ 15 00

Board, Lodging, Tuition in all branches Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Bedding, etc., per session of ten months 250 00

For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 216 Hayes street, San Francisco.

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The entire large building, with spacious playgrounds, and commodious every thing to make a home home for the pupils, has been fitted for instruction in thoroughness, in all the Departments. Every facility will be afforded to those who may find it desirable to devote their whole attention to the study of the Spanish language.

The scholastic year begins on the first Monday in August, and ends about the 25th of June. Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

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Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 00

Vocal and Instrumental Music, extra charges.

For further particulars, address

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

San Jose

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This academy for young ladies, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, has been established on an eminence in the pleasant and accessible town of Rio Vista, Sacramento River, and affords to the health and comfort of the pupils. The building is large and well adapted to the purpose. Healthful climate. Depth of all necessaries will be furnished at the Academy, at the following rates:

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Bed and Bedding 15 00

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For further particulars apply to the

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Terms per month, in advance:

Junior Class ..... $ 12

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Music, Piano lessons, with use of instrument 4 00

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Use of Piano, per hour 25

Use of Harp, Guitar, Vocal Music, Drawing and Fancy Work, each class 5 00

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(Branch of the College of Notre Dame, San Jose.)

Term Commenced Second Week of July.

THE COURSE OF STUDIES EMBRACES EVERY branch of a refined and solid education, and careful and Discriminating moral training.

The Academy is pleasantly situated in the Bay Region, from its proximity to the seat of learning.

Application for Boarders should be made from school, early, as it will be necessary to enroll.

Terms (including) Tuition, for further particulars address

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, ALAMEDA.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies,

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Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

TERMS

(Payment semi-monthly in advance)

Entrance Fee $10 00

Board and Tuition, per quarter 60 00

Washing 15 00

Use of Piano and instrumental Drawing, French and Private Elocution lessons form extra charges.

SISTER SUPERIOR.

Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

OAKLAND, ... CALIFORNIA.

CONDUCTED BY

The Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary.

THIS INSTITUTION IS PLEASANTLY SITUATED in the Suburban Village and Lake Merritt, combining an extensive Frontage on the lake. The building is spacious and all the necessary appliances for a complete boarding school are provided for the comfort and convenience of pupils.

Pupils are received at any time during the year, and are charged from the time of their entrance, to the end of the term, in the complete system of their education, unless an absence from home for a shorter period than one month, shall be occasioned by sickness.

Terms (Payment to be made in gold coin, and invariably in advance) Board and Tuition in English, French and Latin, per annum $250 00

Washing 30 00

Bed and Bedding 30 00

Use of Piano 20 00

Drawing 20 00

Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 00

Painting in Water Colors, per lesson 1 00

Vocal Music, per lesson 1 00

Use of Harp, Guitar, Violin, each 5 00

Physician's Fees (in case of sickness) 5 00

Bills are presented and are payable at the beginning of each half session, in advance.

Terms per month (paid in advance)

Tuition in the 1st and 2nd Primary Classes $ 1 50

Tuition in the 3rd and 4th Primary Classes 2 00

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Grammar Classes 2 50

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Intermediate Classes 3 00

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes 3 50

Tuition in Vocal and Instrumental Drawing, Painting and Private Elocution lessons form a charge, as in Boarding Schools, but lessons in French and Spanish are given gratis to those who are in Plain and Fancy Needle Work.

N. B. A separate compartment is furnished, with a teacher, for the instruction of pupils in addition to the regular course.

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Bed and Bedding 30 00

Use of Piano 20 00

Drawing 20 00

Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 00

Painting in Water Colors, per lesson 1 00

Vocal Music, per lesson 1 00

Use of Harp, Guitar, Violin, each 5 00

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Pupils are received at any time during the year, and are charged from the time of their entrance, to the end of the term, in the complete system of their education, unless an absence from home for a shorter period than one month, shall be occasioned by sickness.

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N. B. A separate compartment is furnished, with a teacher, for the instruction of pupils in addition to the regular course.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

This institution, established in 1868, incorporated by the State Legislature, and endowed with all the rights and privileges of similar Colleges in the United States.

Patronage solicited. For terms and particulars address

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL course receive the degree of A. B. (in Science), B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts.

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Commercial Education.

Every proper care is bestowed on every branch taught in the College, our aim being to render students Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric correctly, fluently and correctly in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

(Payable half yearly in advance)

Board, Tuition and Washing $250 00

Entrance Fee 10 00

Physician's Fee and Medicines 10 00

Vocabulist at College 50 00

Per Student 50 00

Music and Drawing form extra charges.

For further particulars address

REV. BRO. BETTELIN, President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

OF SAN FRANCISCO,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

THIS INSTITUTION, FOUNDED IN 1851, is the oldest Institution of learning in the nature of the State of California, and empowered by the State Legislature to confer the Degree of Mistress of Literature and Science.

The Course of Studies embraces all the branches necessary to the acquisition of a solid and refined education.

TERMS:

Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per annum $250 00

EXTRA CHARGES.

Piano, with use of Instrument per annum ..$60 00

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Vocal Music, Private Lessons 30 00

Drawing 20 00

Painting in Water Colors, per annum 30 00

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Our Young Folks.

All stories, original contributions of news will be accepted for this department.

The name of the author of contributions should be written on one side of the paper only, and the paper should be folded separately.

Address all letters to Our Young Folks, Monitor Office.

The Blind Men's Opinions.

Going to the land, the dust, and other things, a certain king called in a very common in India, and composed of blind folk are office living strong rogues, and of a certain village, several of the wisest inhabitants, who had been born blind, disputed much about how what the shape of the elephant. Four of them were so disputing unceasing, when a great elephant, and was heard coming along the road.

"Ah," said one, "here comes an elephant, now we shall be able to settle this matter and end our fall. Let us go and feel what he is like, and then we shall see who is right and who is wrong."

To this they all agreed, and in turn went up to the elephant.

The first blind man, being very tall, felt all up and down the animal's side, and then went back contented to his place. The second came up to the elephant's fore leg, and, being very short, he only felt that up and down. The third on coming up met the beast's trunk, and he also returned. The fourth, coming from the other side, only touched the elephant's tail, which he carefully examined.

"Ah," said number one, when all were seated, "I think I know well what the elephant is just like the side of a house."

"The side of a house!" said he who had felt the fore leg, "it seemed to me more like the pillar of a house."

"What nonsense you are talking," said he who handled the trunk, "why, it is as stiff as a spear."

"Why I am surprised, said he who felt the tail, "I never thought of it carefully, and I can only compare it to a bell-rope."

Some people without being blind are very always confirm their previously formed erroneous opinions.

The Better Spirit.

As too little boys, John and Harry were on their way to school, frolicking as they went, they espied an old lady asting by the side the road with a basket of apples upon her. She had evidently walked quite a distance with her heavy load, for she looked quite tired.

"I say, John," said one one of the boys, "I'll show you some sport.

"What is it, Harry?" asked the other, his merry black eyes dancing in his head.

"Let's rip over that old woman's apples, set up another, and see how quickly we can get them," answered Harry, and he laughed as he pictured to himself the best form of the poor old woman in every endeavor to collect her scattered fruit.

John drew himself up and his eyes flashed. "Would you call that fun? exclaimed he. "I think it would be a very high meanness and cruelty to play such a trick on her. Besides, she may be some body's grandmother.

Harry hung his head and looked ashamed. "I'd not do any such thing, he said after, continued the manly little fellow. "Let us carry the basket for her, if she will let us."

When they had reached the place where the old lady sat, John, taking off his hat, said respectfully, "Please, ma'am, are you going far with this basket?"

"Yes, dear, answered she. "I am going to market to sell my apples, and have half a mile to go yet. I'm very much obliged to you, I'm a long walk for a poor old body like me, with such a heavy load to carry; and she sighed wearily as she spoke.

"We are going right by the market, said John, "and we would be very happy to carry your basket for you, if you will let us.

"Of course I will trust such a well bred gentleman as you seem to be, spoke the faded cheeks glowing and her dim eyes brightening with pleasure at this kindly offer. "And may God bless you for your kindness, my lads!

When the little boys took hold of the basket and carried it tightly between them while the old lady hobbled on behind, it would be hard to tell which of the three was the happiest, or which was the best of the boys and proposed the better spirit.

The Holy Name of Mary.

When the name of Mary was given to a little Jewish maiden nearly nineteen hundred years, ago those who pronounced it then little knew what it implied, nor how it would come to be spoken with ever increasing love and reverence throughout the whole wide world.

The name of Mary is said to mean—Star of the Sea—and she who is

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—On May 31, an answer was given by the Legislature under the other day—namely, that Legislat ender who the Irish Parliament Nationalists in Ireland. A meeting of Protestant gentlemen from various parts of Ulster was held in the Castle Restaurant, Donegall place, and an Irish Protestant Home Rule Association was established, with Mr. Thomas Gallaghan, J. P., Portaferry, as President, and Mr. David Boggs, a Belfast manufacturer, as Secretary. Letters of apology for absence were from Rev. Matthew Macauley, Castlewellan; Rev. George Hamilton, Maghera; Alderman Sinclair, Lisburn; Rev. Dr. Fulton, Ballymena; Rev. Mr. Cooke, same personage, Belfast; J. E. Ross, solicitor and Mosse, T. A. Dickson, Dungannon; Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Lisdoar, (of the form of Lord Macdonnell—a Mr. of Ballinahinch Alfred Walsh, Belfast; Samuel Young (Young, King & Co., Belfast) and other prominent Ulster Protestants; and telegrams were received from a number of persons in sympathy with the meeting. The following resolution, proposed by Mr. Thomas McCullough, J. P., Belfast, and seconded by Mr. Alexander Bowman, the representative of the Liberal working man of Belfast, was passed unanimously: "That we pledge ourselves to support the Government of National Self Government, and to advocate its application to Ireland."

Armagh.—William Moore Miller, Esq., late Resident Magistrate for Armagh, died at his residence, Cathedral Close, Armagh, on May 31. He was appointed to Armagh, and been for many years the Resident Magistrate for Armagh. He was upwards of seventy years of age, since which time he had a pension granted him. Mr. Miller was one of the most resident magistrates in Ireland.

Cavan.—On May 19, a public meeting of Cavan was held in the Town Hall, Ballinalee, the object being to take steps to protest against the Mr. Rev. Dr. Flanagan with a similar address and testimonial to the promotion to the Bishopric of the diocese of Kilmore. There was a large assemblage.

Cork.—The Cork and Passage Railway employs a number of English conductors and drivers, Irish viewed.

The Government of Ireland Act has awarded to Michael Murphy, a pupil of the Cork School, a medal for proficiency in Rudimentary Drawing, and also one of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, to Mr. Thomas Cummiskey, Mayor of Dublin, the late Cork Exhibition, has expressed that he will be a wholesale manufacturer by trade, to live in Cork, and will be providing his studies. This is the London paper which has been so unfavorable to the success of the late exhibition on deserving students of the Cork Art School.

These figures give a graphic picture of the hopelessness of dwelling in Ireland, the poverty of Irish tenants. Butterfies of the best quality, sold in the London market at 17 to 20 cwt., and best Cork firsts butter is quoted at 70 per cwt. Could a ruined country, on the principle by the destruction that has overtaken the farmer out of which also tenths of the Munster tenantry pay their rents?

There is a blacksmith in some suburban way in Ireland of Mr. William Monahan, of Ballyfanlon, who is the National man. Mr. Monahan has for a considerable time been confined to bed from the effects of blows received while in prison as one of Forster's suspects. From the peculiar position which he has long been placed his many friends, who know of his merciful labors in the National cause, are deeply concerned for him.

Clare.—On May 16, Mr. Stephen J. Meany attended the meetings of the Ennis Branch of National Leagues, and was made an honorary member. On entering the room he was received with an enthusiasm of indescribable kind, and he seated himself when the following resolution was enunciated: "That the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Stephen J. Meany, and seconded by Mr. Michael Hogan, President of the Irish National League, and Mr. Michael Hogan, Mayor of Ennis, to the town town more, and congratulate him on his recovery from a serious accident which met with during a lecture on behalf of the Irish in America." Mr. Dennis McCarthy seconded the motion which was carried with enthusiasm. Mr. Meany, in response, said he felt it was the task of adequately addressing his fellow-citizens of the town, but he felt it was an honor, and in the presence of old friends, many of whom he had not seen for years, and whose kindness, sympathy, and generosity he appreciated most sincerely. (Applause.)

On May 17 a high tide sweep away about 20 of which will cost from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds. Work already has cost the Board of Works near 2,000,000.

Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., died on May 18, at Ballinalee, Longford, after a short illness. He was the second son of the late Connell Fitzgerald, Esq.

Dublin.—On Sunday, May 3, Christal was closed by a large gathering of citizens. Speeches carrying America and Irish Ex were present, and among them were the Prime Ministers, Irish Volunteers, St. Aprahan's, Town Commissioners and St. Mary's Branch of the Irish Land Leagues. Speeches were delivered by Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Harrington, Mr. P. J. O'Brien, the chairman of the Irish Historical Society, Mr. Carbonnier, Nobody, said—They would have great things to tell others when they were in their people. They would have to make their friends, to promote art and science and Irish music. Mr. S. A. Hosty moved the adoption of the resolutions, adding that everyone in the land had to encourage Irish literature, and declaring that the Irish Antiquarian and Historical Society deserves well of the country. The resolution was adopted.

A valuable service has been rendered to Irish industry by the Duke of Abercorn, who also is Lord Lieutenant of Ulster. He had been long in Dublin, and it is known that his sympathies with and desires for the success of the people among whom he lot was temporarily thrown, and those who have seen work a practical form. Among other things, Lady Aberdeen a select reception, organized by the organization of Irish industry, staff in the woman's section of the Edinburgh International Exhibition, now open. Since, her ladies have been successfully in this work, and it is due to her Excellency, the Duke, to measure in which she has directed the practical work of the Irish people, and to whom has attended her efforts to bring Irish industries before the public.

The fabrication of the Dublin horse artillery are now furnished concentrically with horses of Irish breed. The superiority of Irish horses over the horses from the Ardennes, Hibernia' ever, has been fully recognized.

Three months ago, the Rev. Father Yorke delivered in the hall of the Catholic University, Dublin, a lecture on "The Alleged Hell of Pope Adrian IV." which has been in circulation ever and so controverted by the extracts and the Protestant Reformation. Since the controversy man has now published the lecture in pamphlet form, through Cullen and Sons, (Limited) and has attached to it a letter to the

MY OFFERING TO MARY.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

For the blossoms of May all are faded,
Fair their perfumes has all died away—
Yet, dear Mary, thy shrine, my dear Mother,
At thy feet, my poor offering to lay.

There are those who have come to thy altar,
With the gift of a heart pure and true,
Which has wreathed the lilies and the flowers
About thee—a beautiful place.

I would make thy sweet outdoor place lovely,
I would give thee all he has taken
For this heart is so willing to others,
But the gifts they have is not mine.

There are those who in tones of rare rapture,
Sing the loveliest songs to thee,
And their music floats outward and upward
Far beyond where mortals can see.

I can feel this sweet spirit of Music—
Oh it stirs me, and then—I long
For that power to make music to send thee,
But not mine is the gift of song.

There are those who tell beautiful stories,
Which are amusing, yet grand, and sweet,
Some and hearts growing cold or unfeeling,
And are sure to thy grace they touch.

I would tell, if I could, a sweet story,
Of the grace I have had through life,
If there's ask Mother—Mary in Heaven
For the gift of a loser's heart.

There are many who kneel at thy altar,
With the gift they most dearly prize,
And they lay on the altar their treasure,
Little their hearts to thy home is the skies.

But "tempt them who would give, but they have not,
Who would do—but they know not how,
Here I kneel with the gift of much loving,
Use as offering of prayer to you.

And I offer—or time is quite finished
For the harvesting Heaven's gold—
Hoping, through my sad weeping, and wishing,
To be what thou hide's in Is.

With thee lend it, dear Mother—
With thee fill it with all thy love—
Lay it down at the feet of Jesus, and ask it humble,
Make it fit for thy home above.

A. C. S.

June 14, 1886.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

BRING ME SOMETHING, MAMMY.

Unfurl the green banner let it float on the breeze,
Let it not! Life is up! let it wave o'er the trees,
Let it not! Life is up! let it wave o'er the trees,
Unknowing the light of sweet Liberty's day,
Torn, but unstained, it has fain cast aside,
So now shall it bring the land of oppression and pride
Around the shadow of Liberty's day shall
Unknowing the light of sweet Liberty's day.

Let it be green folds, let it flash long the
Shore,
And sing into praise round each cabin door
Till the echoes rebound and join in the roar,
Hurrah for our flag and our country once
more.

Remember the days of Brien the Brave,
Remember the men that did honor did wave
Over the homes of the children, each forest and
Glen.
Remember the days of Brien the Brave

THE MONITOR.
TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.
The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1890.

By Whom the Office and Mass of Corpus Christi was Composed.

For the purpose of establishing the Office of Corpus Christi, the Sovereign Pontiff, Urban IV., summoned near his person two men united in themselves the profoundest erudition and the most exalted sanctity—the two greatest geniuses of the age, the Angelic Thomas and the Seraphic Bonaventure. "Brothers," said the Holy Father to them "I am anxious to establish a feast the whole Church the greatest and the most touching of solemnities; I desire the Sacrament of Love and Mercy to be fittingly extolled in a proper Office and Mass, and I expect from your hands a work worthy of this sublime object." The two Religious were amazed at the order given them by the Pope, and in vain refused to take upon themselves a task which their most profound humility declared to be far above their capability. All resistance on their part was useless, for the orders of Christ's Vicar had to be obeyed. On the appointed day Thomas and Bonaventure presented themselves before the august body that was to pronounce on their work or composition. "Brother Thomas," said the Holy Father, "commence the reading of your production." The holy religious, remarks a modern author, began by reading the Antiphons, Lessons and Responories of the various parts of the Office composed by him; everything was found to be taken from the Holy Scriptures and wonderfully chosen. The Pope remained silent, but Bonaventure could not refrain himself any longer from making a gesture of approbation, though up to that moment he felt himself compelled to keep silence out of reverence for what he heard. Thomas then read the Hymn of Matins, *Sacris Solemnis*. Tears streamed from the eyes of Bonaventure, and the reading of a paper whose fragments fell on the floor under his habit was heard by all. The enchantment of Brother Bonaventure continued to increase, and other small scraps rained down at the feet of the holy monk. The reading of the poem of the Office seemed to rivet to a particular manner the attention of the Pope. Being a profound theologian himself, he saw at once in the *Lauda Sion* a complete treatise of the highest and most sublime theology on the mystery of the Incarnate Word. Thomas concluded his reading with the *Pange Lingua*, whose fourth and fifth strophes summarized the doctrine of the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist. He ceased reading, but his words continued to ring out upon the ears of all present! At last the Pope broke his reverential silence by saying: "Now, Brother Bonaventure, let us hear you." The humble Religious threw himself at the feet of the Supreme Pontiff and thus addressed him: "Most Holy Father, the Spirit of Divine Wisdom, which has dictated what you have alone could have inspired such beautiful thoughts as those revealed by a special grace of the Most High to my Brother Thomas. Most Holy Father, I will plainly acknowledge to you that I would consider that I was committing a sacrilege, had I presumed my weak production to enter alongside of Beauties so wonderful as those that have just been presented to us. No, Holy Father, what remains of my production, pointing to the fragments that littered the floor. The Holy Father admired the modesty of Bonaventure as much as he did the transcendent genius of Thomas.

Clement VIII. granted a Plenary Indulgence to all the faithful who shall assist at his contrite hearts at the Procession of the Most Holy Sacrament which is made by the Dominican communities on the Feast within the Octave of Corpus Christi. This privilege is conceded for ever to them in memory of St. Thomas who, as has just been stated, composed the Office and the Mass of this great feast.

Ireland's Hour of Need.

We publish elsewhere a call for a convention of the Irish National League to meet in Chicago in August next, and we appeal to the friends of Ireland all over this coast to go to work at once and raise funds to send to the Convention by the delegates this side of the coast. It will take at least $500, 000 to carry on an election contest in Ireland, England and Scotland this Fall, and the financial support which the Irish nation will receive from America, depends in a great measure the success or the failure of electing such members of Parliament as will sustain Gladstone and Parnell in their efforts in behalf of Home Rule for Ireland.

This is the turning point in Ireland's history, and the Celt who fails in giving a helping hand now, may live to regret his failure to help Ireland achieve political independence. The Moorites will gladly and gratefully receive, acknowledge and deliver to the Chicago delegation all funds sent in prior to August 15th next, and we hope the friends of Ireland will come to the rescue once more so as to crown their past efforts with glorious victory for dear old Ireland.

Death of Bishop Hendricken.

Our Eastern contemporaries convey the sad news of the death of Right Rev. T. F. Hendricken, of the Diocese of Providence, Rhode Island, on the 11th inst., of paralysis of the tongue superinduced by asthma, to which he had been for years a victim. The deceased Prelate will ever be remembered as the builder of a magnificent Cathedral without a debt, and which he hoped to see consecrated next year. He was a native of Galway, in Ireland, a graduate of Maynooth, and a most eloquent prelate in Rhode Island for years before he was called to preside over it as its first Bishop. *May the Lord have mercy upon His soul.*

The eight members of the Fourth of July Committee who last night elected a notorious pro-Britisher as orator for the forthcoming national anniversary, have covered themselves with historical infamy.

Rise, Progress and Persecuting Career of Orangeism in Ireland.

(IRISH ARCHIVES.)

The criminal career of the Orangemen of Ireland has been such a destructive element in disrupting the people of the North of Ireland, such a power in the disarmonizing of one family, one blood and one nationality—that it might be correctly described in this couplet:

"Their country's curse, their children's shame,
Outcasts of virtue, peace and fame."

Few people in America fully understand the career of crime and iniquity which has marked the blood stained career of Orangeism, which was born of bigotry, fed upon fanatical hate, and has grown up in Ireland as the vipers have done—turns upon the very government that sustained it in its sinful career of injurious injuries towards the Catholics of Ireland.

The first associations organized in the North of Ireland for the purpose of putting down "Popery," and clearing the land of "Popish priests and people," had their origin during the latter part of the last century. They were then known as "Hearts of Steel," and "Peep-o'-Day Boys," every member of which were true-blue Protestants who organized for the sole purpose of maltreating Catholics so as to coerce them into emigrating from their country or to murder them under pretence of Catholic disloyalty to the British Government. The cowardly wretches called themselves "Peep-o'-Day Boys" because they used to call on the houses of Catholics at the dawn of day for the purpose of stealing arms. When the weapons were given up quietly, the marauding party generally satisfied themselves with whistling "Croppies lie down, cursing the Pope, or using epithets that were calculated to drive terror into the hearts of the timid members of the Catholic families who were thus robbed and insulted with impunity.

Scenes of similar outrage, often followed by blood shed, continued for years, until at length the Catholics of Armagh and other Northern counties began to discover that self-preservation demanded a union among them for the purpose of defending their lives, their liberty and their property, as there was no protection against the Protestant outrages to be expected from English officials. The Catholics accordingly organized themselves under the name of "Defenders," and then began scenes of strife and bloodshed in almost every town in the North. In the year 1795, however, the "Peep-o'-Day Boys" finding that they could not root out "Popery" rapidly enough by their process of robbery and continued murder, determined to re-organize their illegal association upon a more atrocious scale, to call into their ranks Protestants of title and influence, so that the ones of the association might be screened up and the illegal depredators be suffered to go unshielded by justice. To this means the Protestants of Ulster hoped to entirely extirpate "Popery" and "Papists" from that section of Ireland. Accordingly grips, signs and pass-words—in imitation of Freemasonry—were adopted, the association was to be spread throughout Great Britain, and not only were the Catholics of Ulster to be rooted off the face of the earth, but a general crusade was to be kept up throughout the United Kingdom until every Catholic priest, person and chapel were rooted out of British soil. Four hundred thousand "Brigs" in their wrath they forgot the sage maxim "Man proposes but God disposes," and it looks now as if Orangeism was in its last ditch, whilst Catholicity is flouring like the big trees of Mariposa!

The Insatiate or Unfordrid Orangeism upon Protestantism, impiously took the bible for their corner-stone. The ceremony of initiation of members was modelled after the fact related in the seventh and eighth chapters of the Book of Judges, and their motto was "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon." But as neither the Lord nor Gideon were ever on the side of unknown injustice, this bloody library my has long since been laughed at by sensible people in Ireland, who look upon Orangeism as merely base imitators of Bombastus Furioso.

The first Orangemen designated themselves as the glorious, pious and immortal three hundred who were selected by divine inspiration from the immense multitude—(the 29,000 who originally formed the army of the Israelites)—and as those three hundred were composed by directions of the Most High, of men who lapped water without kneeling to drink, so the Orange host who proposed to anticipate knee-bending "Popery" were known as "the men who lap and do not kneel." Death-dealing oaths were administered to the members, in which dire vengeance was vowed against the Catholics of every rank, age, sex and station; the new signs, grips and pass-words were revealed to "the Lord's avengers," who were fondly reminded that with the small number of three hundred men, Gideon had wrought confusion and destruction upon the numerous hosts of Midianites, and thus should the "chosen of the Lord" Orangemen thus treat the Papists, who were the modern Midianites whom the Lord commanded them to destroy, and whose will every Orangeman must obey!

The new fledged Gideonites went to work in Ulster with a will. In a short time, out of the county of Armagh alone, *seven hundred Catholic families* were driven out by the Orangemen, their personal property was destroyed, the lives of all threatened, some were murdered openly, others assassinated secretly, their houses burned and their bodies with them. Entirely guiltless of arson a venial fault against their neighbor, public morality or the law of the land, they were thus ruthless turned out of the country in which they were born because they clung to the Cross of Christ, and believed in the precise doctrine taught by the Holy Catholic Church! And this happened under the flag of Protestant England, a little over a century ago, yet the Catholic Church is held up to the world as the only social and political power that ever persecuted for conscience sake!

Perhaps some non-Catholic readers may doubt the truth of this terrible crime on the part of Protestant Orangeism, hence we will give the evidence of no less a personage than Lord Gosford, then Governor of the county of Armagh, who gave this testimony at a meeting of the magistrates of the county assembled on December 28th, 1796. He then stated that "this bandit, as he called them, "had commenced and carried on a persecution of a atrocious malignity, that they had spared neither age, nor sex, nor innocence; that neither earliest nor modern history could supply an example of the ruin and misery inflicted by the Orangemen, and, he added—"the only crime of the wretched objects of this outrage persecution was—*A profession of the Catholic Faith, an inalienable exception with a person of that faith.*"

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An Oregon Paper on "Popish Miracles."

It seems to have become the established custom of contributors to the daily press to persist "to point the moral and adorn their powers, but to write upon the most sacred topics with a levity and an atheistic spirit which is degrading to the person and to the cause they advocate. The same writer will describe a dog fight in one column and give a dogmatic decision on the constitution of Hell in the next. Stocks and the Seven Sacraments, horse racing and the "bombing" of Hell, misengonation and the "absurdity" of miracles—are all dropped by the daily press with a facility, an arrogance and a positiveness of opinion which reminds a non-doubter, but which exhibits all Divinity, all Truth, all Supernatural Power at a single dash of the dogmatic writer's pseudo-reason.

A subscriber in Jacksonville, Oregon, sends us a copy of the Portland *Oregonian* of the 30th inst., in which some writer lately treats with delight at the easy manner in which he can make nonsense of Catholic belief in miracles. He says plainly that Lourdes, Knock and other pretended cures of character, are merely money making concerns where people are humbugged, and, to judge by his language, he (the writer) would quite naturally conclude that Almighty God never existed in heaven or on earth, and that by some accident or other Nature had endowed the *Oregonian* writer with all the intelligence and all the wisdom of the whole world—leaving an Unfathomed Void all around and the greatest fools in this whole bonanza (only) Here is what the Sexton inspired aspirant scribe says on pious miracles:

"There is not a character that cannot call a miracle to its support. The Holy Virgin Mary of the world is full of claims of this sort where Christians, some Christs, some Jesus. The shrine of Loretta was the creation of the vision of a young girl, and at the time and when pilgrims were particularly prone both to Spiritual Fancies and Knowledge. There are now eighteen shrines located just such dedications and visions. The Virgin Mary appeared to three children in a cave, and a church was built there, and it was accepted by the faithful.

"There is not the slightest official or scientific evidence, based upon fact, to support the action, whether wrought at Lourdes or Knock, or in Italy, Spain or Ireland. Nothing more than if the exaggeration of enthusiasts and of the ignorant, and the same can be claimed by the imagination of a bigoted and superstitious—nature and passed through the crucible of fancy and credulity, and the result is—nothing left but the cold, cold, hard fact of a lunatic's dream.

"It is by such rotten rodomontade as this that men who write for the daily press seek to undermine faith in God, and doubt in His power—in the minds of those who are foolish enough to follow them on their journey to Hell, and are cheated by the same Satan who has cheated the human race from the beginning. Nothing more than such writers seem to forget entirely the all important fact that the sense, Reason, Intuition and Understanding of man—in the beginning made all things "out of nothing, still lives, still possesses omnipotent power, and still retains the knowledge of creation over all things from "the sparrow's fall" to the most stupendous supernatural action that it is possible to occur even in this enlightened nineteenth century.

Would God be a just God to perform miracles in answer to prayers offered to Him for the purpose of giving glory and worship to our own day.

(To be continued next week.)

Among the candidates ordained by Archbishop Gibbons at St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Baltimore, on the 7th inst., we notice the name of Rev. Joseph J. McCue, of this Archdiocese.

—Archbishop Gross recently purchased a site of a dozen of Protestant places of meeting in Oregon and transformed them into Catholic churches. The time is shortly coming when all the Catholic Bishop of a new Diocese will have to do in order to stock his See with churches will be to advertise in some local paper something like the following: "WANTED—Fifteen or twenty Protestant meeting houses for desirable growing towns in this State, for which a fair price will be paid. Apply to Right Rev. the Catholic Bishop." All honey and Eugene City, in Oregon, have now two Protestant meeting houses less than they had a year ago. And thus the good work goes heavily on!

The compilation and dedication of a magnificent Catholic Church in Stamford, Connecticut, on a recent Sunday, moves public the interesting fact that as late as thirty years ago there were no few Catholics in Stamford that it was at irregular intervals only that they had the benefit of the administration of a priest. Mass used to be celebrated now and then in private houses by priests from Norwalk and New Haven. In course of time a small frame church was built on Meadow street, and as the Catholic population increased it was twice enlarged. The first rector of the parish was Father Conroy, who was succeeded in turn by Fathers Brady, Reynolds, O'Neill, Fagan, Tierney and Rogers. The first four died at their posts. Father Tierney is now in Hartford and Father Rogers is the present pastor. The new church will hold a congregation of three thousand. The history of this parish is the history of hundreds of other parishes all over the land.

—In a recent afternoon there was a large gathering in the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, on the occasion of the funeral of a remarkable widow, named Lemoinier, who played a very prominent part during the Commune. The Abbé Simon, rector of St. Eustache, had been taken as a hostage by the Communists, and, with some more ecclesiastics, he had been shot. When Madame Lemoinier boldly placed herself at the head of a deputation of the *Francs-Archers Halles*, and succeeded in the Hotel de Ville, Pinchly facing the Executive Committee, she declared that unless the rector were in his church on the following day, which happened to be Easter Sunday, the committee would hear more on the subject from the market women. The *Francs-Archers* were enamoured of their appeal, and at four o'clock the next morning the Abbé Simon was at his post. All the clergy of St. Eustache attended the funeral of the worthy Madame Lemoinier. Would that France had a few more such heroines. *May God bless memory on her sou.*

The History of the Rosary: Its Decadence and Restoration.

The history of this devotion presents four principal periods. The first is its golden period which continued about one hundred years, during that period the devotion of the Rosary spread and especially sanctified the Church. "The faithful," says Pius V., in his Bull Consevandum, "adhered to the holy meditations and prayers because all of a sudden changed into a new people, the darkness of heresy was dispelled, the Church shone forth, everywhere shone with majesty and telling effect. In every place the Friars Preachers established in convents of the Rosary, and Holy Mary soon had a great number of people flocked to them with eagerness to have their names recorded in the Registers. Then came the second period, during which this holy devotion was neglected and at the beginning of the great majority of Christians. After that sad and unfortunate period has commenced the third period, the period of the Bull and establishment in the hearts of the faithful. It is one of the mysteries of modern times how such a grand devotion could be allowed to fall into decay for even the smallest compass of time, but to know that it was almost entirely lost sight of by most Christians, and that it was not cared for by the Friars Preachers, is a wonder. Notwithstanding the subsequent glory of the Holy Rosary, notwithstanding its wonderful and divine effects produced by it, it was permitted by Divine Providence to become neglected and almost forgotten in the world. Great indeed is the glory of the Rosary, because it is the Divine Wisdom, the Eternal Word, Jesus Christ, who is the Author of the Rosary, and the Holy Ghost, who is the Author of the Rosary, and the Holy Ghost, who is the Author of the Rosary, and the Holy Ghost

Farm and Home.

The Coming Orange Crop.

Last year was what was known as the "off year" in orange. Notwithstanding the increased acreage of bearing orchards in Riverside yet the other year the crop of 1885-6 was very little larger than that of 1884-5, while the crop of 1884-85, which was the heavy crop year, was nearly ten times as large as that of 1883-4, which was the off year. It has therefore been expected that the crop of 1886-7 would be a heavy one, and it has been seriously estimated at from 1,000 to 1,500 carloads of oranges. But the present season has been in many respects a peculiar one from a horticultural standpoint. Like 1877, the peach trees and some other deciduous fruit trees declined to leaf out and behave themselves as they ought to. It is said that the oranges which set heavily as a rule are dropping from the trees, leaving a very light crop, and that in some instances the crop did not set well. People are liable to overestimate any damage that may come upon them. Every season May or June witnesses a dropping of little oranges. This is a necessary thing the trees cannot mature so much fruit as usually acts. People generally believe that their crop is all going but it does not. We would be glad to hear from our readers on this subject, so as to see what damage is being done. One fact is patent and that is that the orange crop of Riverside has never yet been over estimated and usually it is underestimated. Let us hope that such may be the case the coming year, for prices promise to be good.—*Riverside Press.*

Useful Household Hints.

Raw oysters are highly recommended as a cure for hoarseness.

Never make tea in a tin pot. The tannin, which is said, attacks the tin and produces a poison.

Never keep vinegar or yeast in stone crocks or jugs; their acid attacks the glazing, which is said to be poisonous. Glass for either is better.

Never use water which has stood in a lead pipe over night. Yet less than a wooden bucketful should be allowed to run before you draw for use.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is apply grated horseradish, dampened the size of an ounce, to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

Many ladies made the mistake of letting their children's hair grow long; they are very pretty with their hair down the back, I know, but there would be finer heads of hair men if it were cut short during childhood. It would be better for the constitution too.

Among the prettiest decorations for small fancy tables and stands are fringes or tassel effects, produced by glass balls arranged in a setting of gold or brass chains and links. The glass balls are either white, translucent, or colored to match the plush top of the stand or table.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered alum. Pound it until fine, and put it in an empty, clean pepperpot with a perforated lid; then you can easily sift it out on the cut; put a soft cloth around the injured member, and rest it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness.

Poisonous Gloves.

They have recently had in London several cases of a peculiar herpetic eruption about the lips of children, and which doctors have traced to poisonous dyes used in colouring gloves worn. The rash could be produced at will. When the gloves were taken off and not worn for some time there was no rash. When, on the other hand, the gloves were worn, and the children repeated the practice, the rash returned. Clearly it was a case of cause and effect. Owing to the competition, manufacturers endeavor to cut down expense of production by using the cheapest form of dye; and this yields copper; then by using cheap products. There is not much economy in this, however. The old proverb should be remembered—cheap and dangerous.

To Remove a "Fly" from the Eyelid.

The eye is entirely only a little boil, which perhaps may take the edge of the eyelid. It is a dark red color, much inflamed, and occasionally a great deal more painful than might be expected, considering its small size. It usually disappears of itself after a little time, especially if some purgative medicine be taken. If the eye should be very painful and inflamed, a small warm poultice of linseed meal or bread and milk must be laid over it, and renewed every five or six hours, and the bowels freely acted upon by a purgative drugs, such as the following: Take of Epsom salts, half an ounce; but manna, tea drams; infusion of senna, six drams; tincture of senna, two drams; aperient water, one ounce; distilled water, two ounces. Mix, and take three, four, or five tablespoonfuls. When the eye appears will make pin a door——

"For instance—mine kisses and blisses me till I'm all out of breath, dad, mysel."

"Oh, teasy, weasy, twist, twust, itty sing! Oh is lowsie a sugar!

"One day I thought I'd try it that way. I gave my sweetheart a good bite, but it wasn't half as sweet as sugar! I squealed like anything, because it hurt, and because I was, of course, disappointed.

"I'ra nothing against thumbs, for they're very good in their way. They have, too, can suck one half a day and they're just as good as ever. If you suck sugar in a rag it's all gone very soon, and then you're sticky—which wouldn't matter, only you're sure to get walled.

"But it's no use to talk about being as sweet as sugar, you see.

"Another baby came here one day, and his mother made the same mistake. He isn't half so big as me, and he can't do anything smart. Never pulled a tablecloth down in his life that I heard of.

"His mother said to him, 'Will you stay down on a floor, you cosny mamy! O, how sweety, sweetest sing in a whole world!' Then she set him on the floor. Of course I wanted to find out about that. Crept up, and took a good bite of his ear.

"It wasn't a bit sweeter than my thumb, but he squalled louder than I did.

"You ought to have seen how they grabbed him up and hugged him, and made a fuss over him. And pointed to the pretty little tooth marks I made on his arm, and said, 'Ah-h-h—naughty!'—to me.

"What do you think of that, now, for a way to treat a baby that wants to find out about things?

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"Yes, I suppose so, and so are the flies, was the reply. "My friend, have you given any thought to the momentous query 'Shall I Keep the Flies Out or In This Summer?'

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"Exactly, and I don't propose to hinder you. I see thing orders for fly screens.

"That is to say, you propose to sit in the shop all summer and accumulate a pile of winged insects. Do you know how much time a man loses in four months in striking at flies?

"Let dem fly off on blim.

"Of course you don't but I have. You will lose just two days in every month, taking eight days thus lost from every month, and multiplying by four, you have lost 32 days. Now, then—

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"That is, you think you don't. How many cobs have of dir do you think comes through that door in four months?

"Maybe six.

"Maybe millions! How much dust do you suppose accumulates that all

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"Exactly, but more than two bushels of dust enter this shop by way of that door, and you at least inhale half of it. How many microbes accompany the dust?

"Dis shop thus under mortgage, you see.

"That's all right, but for ten hours a day you inhale 100 cholera microbes at a time!

"I can't afford to send a boy to Chicago in July.

"Suppose you do. A fly screen does a portable property. There are flies, dust and microbes in Chicago as well as in Boston. Do you want to die of cholera?

"I don't think dat right. If I live I had to work all dar time. I thus a great hardt to be alone in my shop.

"Curiously you are, but the question remains: Shall flies light on you or not? I will make yin a deal——

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"Don't doubt it, but you owe something to yourself. Two dollars and a half will buy the door complete, and I want to tell you that or——

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"You don't! If you don't want a door why did you encourage me? Why did you take a quarter of an hour of my valuable time? Your conduct is outrageous, sir grossly outrageous.

"The shoemaker jumped and locked the door as soon as the man was out. For a minute there was a glare of at each other through the dusty glass, and then the fly screen man said:

"It's a shameful case, and I'll keep an eye on you! It is just such trifling conduct as yours, sir, which has brought this country to short in it. Why didn't you tell me when I came in that you didn't want a fly screen door?

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"Doctor, how is Barker Jones? I heard that he was very sick.

"He had joined the innumerable caravan," said the physician solemnly.

"What! You don't mean to say that Jones has shipped to Canada! Well! well!

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"Certainly not, Mr. Dumley."

In a rain man the smallest spark may kindle the greatest flame, because the lightest materials usually take fire the promptest.

Family Inn.

THE BABY TALKS.

Six Views on Matters and Things in General.

"I've been a baby ad my life, but I expect to get sent it some time. I need to be a little bit of a baby and now I am a very large one indeed. I can do lots of things.

"I can pull over the work basket, and tear up the morning paper, and play with the earth in the flower-pots. I can take hold of the table cloth and pull it off the table.

"But I didn't like to. That's a thing you only want to do once, because they will set all sorts of things on a tablecloth, and it isn't nice when they come tumbling down on your head.

"I can walk a little, too, but my feet have a way of wabbling about, and getting all tangled up in each other, and then somehow the floor jumps up and gives me a bump. They think blaming the place stops the hurting, but it don't—though it helps.

"Mothers are very nice things to have. They'd be sister if they didn't keep coming at you to wash your face, and always put you to bed just when you feel like having a big time with paps. They do these things because they know more than a baby does. I am willing to believe that they do some things, but they do make mistakes sometimes.

"For instance—mine kisses and blisses me till I'm all out of breath, dad, mysel.

"Oh, teasy, weasy, twist, twust, itty sing! Oh is lowsie a sugar!

"One day I thought I'd try it that way. I gave my thumb a good bite, but it wasn't half as sweet as sugar! I squalled like anything, because it hurt, and because I was, of course, disappointed.

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DR. HENLEY'S CELERY BEEF & IRON.

THE GREAT NERVE TONIC—Unsurpassed as a Remedy for General Debility, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Nervous Complaints.

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Incorporated under the laws of California.

This association is conducted on the mutual assessment plan and furnishes endowment insurance at actual cost. Certificates are issued in amounts of $2,000, $5,000 and $10,000, which are payable in ten equal parts during the life of the member according to the age at time of joining, as follows: members between 18 and 25 years of age receive one-tenth of the certificate when at the expiration of each ten years' membership between 25 and 30 years of age receive one-fifth every nine years; 30 to 35 every eight years; 35 to 40 every seven years; 40 to 45 every six years; and from 45 to 50 every five years, and in case of death before the certificate matures, one-fifth of the amount is paid to the beneficiary.

No large assessments are required in advance, nor contributions of their own funds needed to pay death losses and provide funds for maturing certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to those members who have certificates with the balance of the premium, which must be paid at per cent interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date $104,000 to members, and paid in death losses $120,000. All claims are paid promptly and in full. The membership at present exceeds three thousand, and the average amount loaned to members monthly is only $6 00.

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Old Port or Sherry, $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.

Kentucky Whiskies - - $2.50, $3, $3.50 and $4.

Bourbon Whiskey - - - $2.50, $3, $3 and $4.

Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc., $2 per gal. and upwards

Other Wines and Liquors at low net rates.

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This Institution is now founded in 1851, and to-day ranks among the first Colleges of the State. It occupies large buildings, with extensive shady grounds, situated in the most pleasant and healthy portion of the Santa Clara Valley. It possesses a complete philosophical apparatus, a Cabinet of Natural Curiosities, a Museum, Observatory, Telescopic, Photographic and Commercial Illustrations, and a Library of over 16,000 volumes. Its Course of Studies has been established for the benefit of Students, Preparatory, Telegraphy, Phonography and Commercial Business and Thorough English Course. Has not been founded, that leaves nothing to be desired.

Diplomas are given to the graduates in Classics and Commercial Business in the Commercial course.

TERMS:

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For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to Rt. Ignatius Mooney, 214 Hayes street, San Francisco.

REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J.,

Ist Prefect. President.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

This Institution, established in 1851, and incorporated in 1868, by Act of the Legislature of California, with the usual powers to confer Collegiate Honors, is situated on De Boom street, opposite the Old Mission Church.

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Painting in Water Colors, per annum 20 00
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Dancing, per lesson 1 00
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Physician's Fees (in case of sickness)
Terms payable half in advance and are payable at the close of each half session, or when.

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Terms per session, (paid in advance)

Tuition in the 1st and 2nd Collegiate Classes $ 50 00
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Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes 25 00
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Pupils received at any time from date of entrance to the end of the session.
Pupils not to be taken from the Academy without the consent of the Principal.
Pupils expelled before the end of the session forfeit the money paid for the session.
Pupils will be required to attend Mass every Sunday and Holyday of obligation.
Uniform—Black Alpaca Dress, Black Sash, Black Hat with Black Ribbon.
Pupils will be required to furnish themselves with the following articles:
Six Dresses, Six Pairs Stockings, Six Pairs Shoes, Six Chemises, Six Pairs Drawers, Six Nightdresses, Six Corsets, Six Corset Covers, Six Crash Towels, Six Napkins, Six Dozen Pins, Six Pairs Sheets, Six Pillow Cases, Six Dozen Pins, Six Dozen Needles, Six Dozen Tapes, Six Dozen Buttons, Six Dozen Spools Cotton, Six Dozen Spools Silk, Six Dozen Spools Thread, Six Dozen Spools Tape, Six Dozen Spools Thread, Six Dozen Spools Tape, Six Dozen Spools Thread, Six Dozen Spools Tape

CANOSSA AT LAST.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

ment would seriously compromise the Papal negotiation of a revision of the May Laws and make known their decision. It was felt at once all over Germany that this announcement, taken in conjunction with Prince Bismarck's speech in September, was the kind of thing Prince Bismarck liked. The speech with which the Prussian Government took what published its decision made this a matter of certainty.

AS SOON AS THE NEWSPAPERS REMARKED, the Chancellor was not only resolved to make peace with the Pope, but was in his characteristic way determined that no hindrance should be his way. The debate in the Upper House was concluded on April 14th. On the 24th, Herr von Schlözer, the Prussian Minister to the Vatican, communicated officially the intention of his assistant Government to propose to the Diet the revision of the May laws. Two days later vision of the May laws. Two days later Cardinal Jacobini replied stating that the Pope was as well pleased with the conduct of the Prussian Government and with their evidently legal desire for the restoration of religious peace, but he would forthwith authorize the Prussian bishops to comply at once with the regulations concerning the oath "Amtsgelübde." And this came, as a sort of dumbfied evidence of the good will sent of dumbfied evidence of the good will selling on both sides, the present of a magnificent piece of wine from the Emperor of Germany to the Pope.

THE PRESENT TERMS AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES under which the Bill came before the Lower House on May 10th are well known. Its second reading has not yet been over-thrown, although it is under criticism. Let us suppose that the Bill passes the second reading. Let us suppose that the Bill passes the third reading. Let us suppose that the Bill becomes law. Still much remains to be done before peace is established. But in the Chamber there are some who either fancied they could stem the tide or wished to have a protest on record. Dr. Gneist, a very distinguished jurist, but not a broad-minded man, led the Opposition. The speeches and arguments of Dr. Gneist and his supporters were the kind we might expect to hear in Exter Hall at this season of the year, only dressed up with a greater display of learning. There is an impossible guilt between the rights of the State and the pretensions of the Roman Church. The history of Germany is the narrative of an unceasing struggle on the part of the State for the upper hand. The Catholic religion is irreconcilable with political freedom. It puts forward claims on supernatural grounds to control the conscience of men in a way which may any moment put them in disobedience to the laws of the land. With such an enemy there may be a short and hollow truce, but peace never. There are no specific conditions of the new arrangement. Where were the guarantees? Before the Diet assented to the Bill the Pope should transmit it black and white its precise contents, so that Prussia should not take a leap in the dark. Prince Bismarck replied to these objections in the town and in the Diet and in a manner of victory. He was not present as a Deputy, but as Minister of the Crown, explaining, as is the case in most continental legislatures, the policy of the Government. He recommended the Deputies to cease a useless opposition. They could not prevent the measure from passing; but they had it in their power to prove that they were more of common men, and would show that Prussia was united in its determination to have peace. He would not follow the historical arguments advanced by the opponents; he would not discuss the pretensions of the Roman Church. Very likely there had been Popes who set up ecclesiastical claims; but have there ever been Popes who claimed west far beyond those of the Pope. There were there not political questions in their own assemblies who put forward demands and attempted to make which would ruin Germany far more quickly than any Papal pretensions? He was not a theologian, nor a philosopher, nor a political historian.

HE WAS A MINISTER OF THE CROWN of Prussia, responsible to the Royal Master for suggesting whatever he deemed of advantage to the kingdom and his fellow subjects, and bound to do the best in his power for the King and for Prussia. He in his capacity had to do what things as he found them. He found at Home a Pope enlightened, liberal-minded, with a character which imposed respect on the whole world. He was called upon for a renewed legislation: no did the King, his master, to do all possible people. The Pope had given an most conspicuous proof of his honesty and sincerity by anticipating the fulfilment of the promise, and consenting "Amtsgesetz." He had unbounded confidence in the honor of the Pope. If it may future time other authorities of the Roman Catholic Church gave them trouble in Prussia they would know how to take care of themselves. The "concessions" made by the State were in taking a treaty of peace after a territorial war, and had to be accurately laid down and the amount of money which was to change hands should be precisely defined. Such arrangements were out of place where consciences, souls and spiritual affairs were concerned. There it was the *bona side* and the *bona substantia* that were everything. Where those qualities were present on both sides, as they were here, there was no fear of future quarrels; where they were absent the most astutely worded formulæ would not be sufficient to secure a durable peace.

THE CRIMINAL GOVERNMENT would not go on with the work which they had commenced, and set about a thorough revision of the May legislation. They will consult their views to the Pope, on whose friendly feeling they can reckon, and when they understands the position of affairs in Prussia. His final approval of it would be in the interests of peace; better then have his approval at the outset and save time and discussion. The measure, as we already said, not only passed the first reading by an immense majority, but the Chamber, departing from the usage generally followed in dealing with important Bills, resolved to send it to a special committee. The second and third readings were passed by equally decisive majorities. In Germany now the opinion is that every thing which may any moment put them in disobedience to the laws of the land. With such an enemy there may be a short and hollow truce, but peace never. We have no specific conditions of the new arrangement. Where were the guarantees? Before the Diet assented to the Bill the Pope should transmit it black and white its precise contents, so that Prussia should not take a leap in the dark. Prince Bismarck replied to these objections in the town and in the Diet and in a manner of victory. He was not present as a Deputy, but as Minister of the Crown, explaining, as is the case in most continental legislatures, the policy of the Government. He recommended the Deputies to cease a useless opposition. They could not prevent the measure from passing; but they had it in their power to prove that they were more of common men, and would show that Prussia was united in its determination to have peace. He would not follow the historical arguments advanced by the opponents; he would not discuss the pretensions of the Roman Church. Very likely there had been Popes who set up ecclesiastical claims; but have there ever been Popes who claimed west far beyond those of the Pope. There were there not political questions in their own assemblies who put forward demands and attempted to make which would ruin Germany far more quickly than any Papal pretensions? He was not a theologian, nor a philosopher, nor a political historian.

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—The Orange Free State has been detached by Proclamation from the Natal Vice-Regal, and is to have a Bishop of its own. The Bishop has been appointed by the Holy See in the person of the Rev. Father Anthony Gaughren, O. M. I. Father Gaughren is at present Superior of the House of the Oblate Fathers, at Hook Farm, near Liverpool. He is, however, a native of Dublin, and is well-known to many of our readers, where he has frequently given Missions and Retreats. Kimberley, in the "Diamond Fields" will probably be the home of the new Vicar Apostolic.

—Bonness Stalls, 17, 18, 19 California Market (Pine street, one door above Sansome). Meat Market and all Poultry Unsurpassed Food.

THE WEEK'S NEWS FROM IRELAND

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Ancrim.—A young man named George M'Cluskey was accidentally killed on May 22 by falling under the wheels of a train on the Railway while some wagons were being shunted.

The petition inaugurated by the Lady Mayoress has been signed by several thousands in a fast. Throughout the province of Ulster it is numerously signed, and the number of names to be sent forward when completed will be most gratifying. Many Protestants of the fair sex in Belfast, and the expression of the fair sex is the most powerful one, have signed strongly at the door of the petition.

The English mind is now purged of most of the myths about Ireland. It is known to be not by the priests, not the poorest instead of the richest of the people, not the Protestants instead of the Catholics, that the Land Question is chiefly in Ulster. It is known that instead of Ulster being the Land Question is chiefly in Ulster. It is known that instead of Ulster being the Land Question is chiefly in Ulster. It is known that instead of the majority of its representatives are Nationalists, and that the Nationalists and Nationalists would be in a more helpless minority in a Halifax Parliament than in a Dublin one.

The brazen-face about the industrial prosperity of Ulster, of which we have been hearing so much recently, seems to be in a fair way of being exploded as effectually as the whole system of the exclusive Protestantism and the whole system of Protestant Ascendancy. Belfast has been a large party of Nationalists. The party was the party that wished to Home Rule for Ulster. When two large parties of operatives make up their minds to Home Rule within a few weeks, it can be hardly be regarded as a sign of unpopularity of the cause. We should add that an enlightening agent set both parties of mill hands to work. Nothing so effective with Ulster. Ulster now had not the resources of their own to fall back on, and they should be sent to other ones. That is not a sign of prosperity either.

Belfast.—The Irish Prison Board has under consideration the question of the future of the Crumlin Road Gaol, which is now in a very dilapidated condition. It is stated that the Government intends to sell the property, and that the Board will be in a position to offer it for sale shortly. The Board will be in the future at our race has always been a good one, and on the side of the people.

Ballyshannon.—The Rev. Father Gallagher, C.C., of Ballyshannon, has written to the Bishop of Raphoe, requesting him to convene a public meeting to petition their representatives in Parliament for a final settlement of the Land Question. That we approve the course of our Ballyshannon brother, and hope it will be followed by other clergymen throughout the National Conference elected at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 2nd inst., and which was attended by a great number of delegates from all parts of the State, and which lasted for three days, has adopted a resolution regarding the Land Bill.

Milltown.—On Sunday last, the Rev. Michael Murphy, of Milltown, and Miss Mary Ann Mullarkey, of Ballyhaunis, were married in the parish church of Milltown, by the Rev. Dr. Lynch, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Lynch, the Rev. Michael Murphy, of Milltown, and the president, Father Fitzgibbon, of Ballyhaunis, and the bride's father, Mr. Michael Mullarkey, of Ballyhaunis, and the groom's father, Mr. J. Sheehan, of San Francisco, secretary. The bridesmaids were Miss Mary Lynch, treasurer; F. E. Lacke, lecturer; A. Fitzgibbon, chaplain; Miss Mary Ann Lynch, William Tait, sentinel; J. J. Kane, J. P. Farrell, J. Hennessy, W. Scally, J. Fleming, A. L. Vance, W. Scally, J. Fleming, A. L. Vance, W. Scally, J. Fleming, A. L. Vance, Miss Lizzie, Miss Ellen, Jennie, Miss Ellen, Jennie, Miss Ellen, Jenn

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

KATHLEEN ALANNA.

Ah! Kathleen alanna, Kathleen machree,
My heart is on fire and burning for thee,
From the first blush of morning to the sweet
day night,
That flame in my bosom leaves tender and bright.

From the hour I first met you when we danced
on the green,
Na conie or contentment this heart has once
seen;
Wherever I wander or whatever I do
The true image I have I am thinking of you.

Ah! Kathleen alanna I'll never stray away,
If you do not have pity and name the sweet day.
The day that the angels in Heaven will smile
Will see one lark mounted to the harbor of Love.

Sure its eyes I look at the stars in the skies,
As they seem to reflect the light of your eyes;
Sweet Kathleen alanna, you are shining bright
That could match your sweet eyes as they sparkle
to-night.

And whenever I look on the rose smiling red,
With the dews of the morning so sweet on its
head;
It calls back your form so bashful and meek
And it blushes as much for the blush of your cheek.

Ah! Kathleen alanna, there never was wise
Half as easy or sweet in the ways of love;
There never was joy or rapture so rare
That could taste with the bliss we are sharing there.

The moves that is winter fall soft on the moon
tells,
Or the tears that spring from the loss almost
forgotten,
Are not half as gentle or pulseless I'm sure
As the heart of my Kathleen alanna is kind to you.

Then Kathleen my darling, Kathleen machree,
Just name the sweet day and be happy I'll be;
Then I'll smile and sing from morning to
night,
My heart will be joyful, my thoughts will be
light.

With you for my jewel, my own slightest wife,
Defiance I'll cast at the world and its strife,
The home will pass swiftly like blocks of the sun
With my Kathleen alanna, my Kathleen machree.

FARNY, QUEBEC.

MY IRISH MOTHER.

I loved old Erin's time-crowned hills,
Before I trod their slope entranced,
Ere hoard of their rills
Ere I had stood on their islanding;
I knew there some beyond the sea
Whose hills a scale all beauties other,
Because their wealth was pictured me
From memory, by my Irish mother.

She longed to dwell mid sylvan bower
And fahy-covered meadows sprinkle,
And lived among departed hours,
As artist's grace for ever dwelling;
She sang of home, so prisoned bird
Till freedom's note so lure was another
And strengthened with her body words
The youthful spirit—my Irish mother.

Her sorrow-breathing, plaintive songs,
Her friendships and old times recall,
Decaying hunt-unfolding wrongs,
In touching strains, were sound-exhaling;
They gave to boyhood's dream the life
That home defying passions other
Than those would free from yearly strife
The land that bore my Irish mother.

The blood that courses every rein
Of mine, is patriotic chamber,
Where passion's fury is in train—
The home so sought of hate impenetrable;
Oh! every drop of that pure blood,
Which warms to cheer a struggling brotherhood,
Will feel its life in life's sweet flood
Within her breast—my Irish mother.

J. J. McG.

Literary Miscellany.

The Woman with One Hand.

I do not believe in ghosts. I have no faith in any supernatural manifestations or appearances whatever. I beg any one who may peruse this narrative to understand that I am no superstitious coward, afraid of my own shadow, lending an attentive ear to old women's stories and seeing "looming white" in every corner where the shadows grow thickly about dusk. It is scarcely likely that an old surgeon who has round battle so many dying fellows, and watched so many spirits take their flight from wounded and rent bodies, should tremble at the thought of a disembodied soul. I known too well the release death brings to the poor, pain-stricken mortals, to fear their voluntary return to scenes of their sublimeness and suffering. Neither am I the victim of disordered nerves or learned imagination. I have experienced sensations in which one tremor of the hand would have been death—when, had my hand reversed one hair's breadth to the right or to the left, I would have been a murderer. Nay, I, the Physician, can do what many able, energetic men have found impossible, for I have had those dessert to my soul beneath my hand, and though each moan of anguish, each flutter of the heart, went through my every nerve, the kindly cruel knife scarcely or needing as though it carved a block of senseless wood.

I was born in a quiet and retired country village. My father sampled the profession of doctor and apothecary, and at times drew teeth, or set a fractured limb—anything for a living, poor man, for he had a family, and neither property nor expectancies of a long age. His patients were distributed over a large tract of country, and during an unhealthy season he was often on horseback from morning until night, enduring the scorching rays of summer, the cold blast of winter, or the miasmatic vapors of the marshy ground over which he was called to travel upon many a rainy midnight, to prescribe for some poor creature who was "very low with the fever." During his absence, mother I presided over the pills and potions, made up prescriptions, and amused myself by the perusal of several works upon anatomy, which graced the book shelves of the room behind the shop. This science was my chief delight, and in a little while the determination to become a surgeon filled my mind. Month succeeded month—I made me doubt the power of medicine. The mysteries of the human machinery within us might baffle the most learned, but the surgeon, dealing with the outer man, could see his work, and really benefit his fellow-creatures. I knew the strength of my nerves and the calm they would be to me in the surgical profession, and I declared my intention to adopt it before I had reached my sixteenth year. My father was pleased, gave his consent at once, but there were some preliminaries to be arranged, and some funds to be accumulated before I could enter upon regular study. Meanwhile I stayed at home, impatiently, and gathered what I could from books and from my father's instructions. The time passed indeedly enough, for I was anxious to commence my career, and start upon the high road to wealth and eminence, and many were the anxious days and sleepless nights which I spent are the time arrived which witnessed my departure for the city. At last, however, all was ready. I bade adieu to my mother, my father and my brother, from whom I had never been separated for one night, and with a heart which beat with high hopes, even amid the grief of parting, took my place in the stage, and left for the first time, the home of my glad childhood. In a month I became accustomed to the separation, and thought only of my profession.

Medical students are generally wild, careless and dissipated. I was neither. The discretion of old age seemed to have, when suddenly upon me. I shared my comrades' studies, but refused to mingle in their orgies. For I determined to retain my strong nerves and unshaken hand to the last. Nevertheless, I was a general favorite, and formed many friendships among the giddy band, which lasted long after they had scattered from their hospital. There was one among the number whose name was Robert Redlaw—a gay, careless, careless, careless, but a handsome boy he was, full of fun and frolic, and terribly addicted to practical jokes; but nevertheless kind-hearted and generous to a fault, for he would have given his last pump to any one who seemed in need of it. To the living he was all generous; to the wounded wretch at the hospital his hand was as soft as any woman's, and I have seen his eyes fill with tears when he inflicted necessary pain, but to the dead he secured heartless—a lifeless body being of no value, in his eyes, to the living of an old tree.

"Would you value your violin case? he said, when any one remonstrated with him on the subject. "The strings be lost—my the instrument destroyed—of what value is the case which was but used for the purpose? For my part, when my soul has taken flight I care no what you do with the compilation of flesh and bones which now contains it. And upon this principle he seemed to act—substantially.

One night—oh! how well I remember it—I said, black evening in midwinter—I set alone beside my fire, absorbed in meditation. The book I had been reading lay beside me, upon the table, and my candle burned low within the socket, for it was nearly one o'clock, although I had gone to retired. Suddenly I was aroused by a loud ringing of my door bell, and a sound of voices thrown against my window from with out, and, lighting another taper, I descended and opened the door.

There, upon the steps, stood Robert Redlaw and four other fellow students, all the worse for liquor, and all in boisterous spirits. "Let us in, old fellow," cried Robert, "we want to tell you of our lark. By George! we made a night of it, only bunch we have been having at Tom—a while you have been moping over your musty books. You must go with us the next time.

There was no use of remonstrance; and one by one my unexpected visitors mounted the stairs and took their places around my fireside.

"I say, Bob frightened us a while ago, began one of them, after a temporary silence.

"How?" I asked.

"How?" laughed Bob, "why, with this."

And without another word or preface, he drew a folded kerchief from his pocket, and, unfolding it, exhibited a human hand.

"Bob, where did this come from?" I asked, involuntarily drawing back a step or two.

"He took it from a grave which the rain had washed open," answered a tall young fellow, turning away with a shudder. "Cut it off with a knife, as cooly as he might a bit of wood, although I'll swear a sigh, or groan, or scream, or all of them together, came from the body when he first laid his finger upon it."

"Bah!" laughed Robert Redlaw, "your sentimental tricks can never impose upon me. I took the little hand in spite of them, and shall keep it. A pretty creature it must have belonged to. Look at the slender shaped nails, Gregstock."

"A woman's hand," I said, "and, oh, Bob, there is a wedding ring upon the finger."

"So there is," said the boy, leaning across the table, "so there is. Strange that I did not notice it before. Come, gentlemen, Gregstock is in a serious mood—let us leave him." And wrapping his strange prize once more in the kerchief, my wild friend and his comrades departed.

I spent the night in restless dreams, in all of which that pale little hand which had been laid before me played a conspicuous part, and arose at daylight, unrefreshed and ill at ease. I opened my door, and on my surprised gaze there fell a parcel and a letter. The letter bore the words, "Do you do, my dear fellow? Keep the parcel safe, and, if any one calls for it, say you have none. Yours, &c., R. R."

All that time I had never left him, day or night. Study had been thrown aside, and business abandoned—all earthly interest merged in the dying friend, beside whose pillow I watched so anxiously. When the news came that he was delirious, I could have wept for joy.

"For God's sake don't hurt her, sir! She doesn't know what she's doing—she has lost her senses.

"Who and what is this being?" I asked, "and why does she come to the chamber of death in this silent hour? Yes, must tell me, for she is already a murderess."

"She is my wife," said the man. "We have lived in the same house for ten years, and all that time she has been mad. She has not had the sense since her child was born to death in the same fire in which her husband was burned to death. I was a boy then, and I jumped through the window, and I had not the heart to render her. The night she was the doctor, poor fellow, foiled everything with a knife, which, I suppose, he had brought from the dissecting room, and she has been mad ever since. I have not been able to keep her from the wretch who was from this room, for, poor one, she thought the hand was her own, and started back. These times I have followed her and brought her back once when she had the jar in her arms and was bringing it away.

I let the wretched creature go, and he took her about the east very tenderly.

"Do you know what she does?" I asked.

"No," replied the man; "to my knowledge she has done nothing."

"Nothing! Is there nothing! I asked, pointing to the couch. "That is her hand-work this little hand. Her presence frightened him to death?

"I hope Sir, sir, said the man.

"I spoke the truth," I muttered bitterly. "Take her from my sight. Oh! why did I ever do such a thing?

"Why did I carry on the roadside while I profited from the misery of a poor wretch and child enveloped in the shade? Why at this moment, once as a boy, I stood by my dead mamma?" and the strange man sadly.

"It was God's will, sir, and we cannot alter it. Good night, I pray thee, good night."

And this speaking, he led the wretched creature from the room and away over the sloping roof, with the soft, caressing kindness of a young mother, if, sinking upon the floor gave way to a burst of wild and bitter grief.

Enough. My tale is done. In a lonely graveyard, far from the city's bustle, a white stone marks the grave of Robert Redlaw, the victim of one of the strangest coincidences which has ever yet been recorded in the book of fate.

The Wardrobe of the Baby King of Spain.

A lady correspondent in Madrid writes: It is put etiquette for a Queen of Spain to be blessed with a baby. Queen Christina has always been deprived of this pleasure, which she has never had, but Isabella has done, and begged hard to be allowed to do so, but it was not considered to be "the thing," and she had to give her up with a tech to a monastery. Of course so swarthy and dark that they called her in the palace "La African." When Sagasta proposed that the baby King to all whom she wanted him in a large hall, next to the one in which the ball was received, in a remote corner of the shed. Nothing had been arranged for her, and she carried the baby to its mother, saying, "Kiss your King." Mrs. Sagasta was a little out of her long food line, and said with her eyes full of tears: "If anything compensates my sons I descended to the Palace on Sunday, I know not, but I was awakened by a low moan, and lifting my head I saw Robert sitting upright and gazing through the window.

"Bob, my dear Bob, I ejaculated, "what is the matter?"

"I remember the night," he moaned my friend, "and this is the punishment. Great God! I cannot, I cannot, I cannot!

"Nonsense, I said, "you have been dreaming. Put your arm about me, and let me die of the shudder.

Horror stricken, I supported him upon my breast, calling to God for aid, and prayed to him to rise, for I felt as cold as death, I am sure. The voice was hushed forever, the eyes grew glassy, the cold blood chilled in my own, and the white moonlight fell upon a corpse. Some one at my breast my head upon his lips.

Hats you saw attached beside the door, dear reader? Do you know what is in a sea form which was once full of life and joy? Do you know what a pain-drama is? All sweet emotions frozen from within its sunken eyes, and those disappointed, and, loved expressions which charmed you so well in seeing into the fixed and rigid world, which, even in beauty, seems terrible? Do you and tell you that your part in life has thus in blotted out forever. Oh, if you knew the grief of such a scene, I need not tell what I felt as the hours of the next and night were on toward morning.

Hats they lay on the mantelpiece, ticking so lonely answer. 4th, how strange it seemed to think that in master's hand would never rest in it more. I looked upon it, I looked upon the hours in the hand, the night was over and the world day was close at hand. I turned away and walked toward the window. I was alone, for I would not permit another to share that hour of agony with me. I was alone, I say, when the pale rosy light of morning crept stealthily toward me, that one hand was gone, I was no more fancy, if spirits ever come to man on a cold Sabbath morn.

The apparition advanced and so did I. Hitherto, I was not a believer in ghosts. I, I hold it in a firm unshrinking grasp, and I found that it was cold as a thing of flesh and blood, and that it moaned and trembled as if in terror. "Should I call for aid? Thinking, living or dead, had killed my poor young friend. No favored intelligence entered up the form and face which he believed was of another world.

How it was powerless in my hands, and I would scorn it or die. While I stood trembling in the light of the taper gleamed out above a window, and I saw a man standing by the open sash. He looked upon the lad, and the still thing beneath the mourning covering, upon me and the being I grappled with, and then ejaculated:

"For God's sake don't hurt her, sir! She doesn't know what she's doing—she has lost her senses.

"Who and what is this being?" I asked, "and why does she come to the chamber of death in this silent hour? Yes must tell me, for she is already a murderess."

"She is my wife," said the man. "We have lived in the same house for ten years, and all that time she has been mad. She has not had the sense since her child was born to death in the same fire in which her husband was burned to death. I was a boy then, and I jumped through the window, and I had not the heart to render her. The night she was the doctor, poor fellow, foiled everything with a knife, which, I suppose, he had brought from the dissecting room, and she has been mad ever since. I have not been able to keep her from the wretch who was from this room, for, poor one, she thought the hand was her own, and started back. These times I have followed her and brought her back once when she had the jar in her arms and was bringing it away.

I let the wretched creature go, and he took her about the east very tenderly.

"Do you know what she does?" I asked.

"No," replied the man; "to my knowledge she has done nothing.

"Nothing! Is there nothing! I asked, pointing to the couch. "That is her handiwork this little hand. Her presence frightened him to death?

"I hope Sir, sir, said the man.

"I spoke the truth," I muttered bitterly. "Take her from my sight. Oh! why did I ever do such a thing?

"Why did I carry on the roadside while I profited from the misery of a poor wretch and child enveloped in the shade? Why at this moment, once as a boy, I stood by my dead mamma?" and the strange man sadly.

"It was God's will, sir, and we cannot alter it. Good night, I pray thee, good night."

And this speaking, he led the wretched creature from the room and away over the sloping roof, with the soft, caressing kindness of a young mother, if, sinking upon the floor gave way to a burst of wild and bitter grief.

Enough. My tale is done. In a lonely graveyard, far from the city's bustle, a white stone marks the grave of Robert Redlaw, the victim of one of the strangest coincidences which has ever yet been recorded in the book of fate.

The Wardrobe of the Baby King of Spain.

A lady correspondent in Madrid writes: It is put etiquette for a Queen of Spain to be blessed with a baby. Queen Christina has always been deprived of this pleasure, which she has never had, but Isabella has done, and begged hard to be allowed to do so, but it was not considered to be "the thing," and she had to give her up with a tech to a monastery. Of course so swarthy and dark that they called her in the palace "La African." When Sagasta proposed that the baby King to all whom she wanted him in a large hall, next to the one in which the ball was received, in a remote corner of the shed. Nothing had been arranged for her, and she carried the baby to its mother, saying, "Kiss your King." Mrs. Sagasta was a little out of her long food line, and said with her eyes full of tears: "If anything compensates my sons I descended to the Palace on Sunday.

The two little Princesses Mercedes and Teresa were delighted to have a little brother, and said to Sagasta, "Papa, you had said sum him." They were quite satisfied that the baby King had been born dead. The little girls wanted the baby and the new "sum" to share their pretty apartments, but this could not be allowed, and it was decided that the baby should be kept in a room by itself, and another pretty room should be prepared for the new "sum" to share with his sisters. The baby King is a healthy little boy, dark, and showed strength by crying loudly during his christening, which, by the Princesses Sagasta's discomfort.

The baby's wardrobe is very simple. He even uses many little things which his sisters have worn, and the new King is a healthy baby. His is very fond of his sisters, and they are very fond of the baby. Only had been thrown in with business abandoned—all earthly interest merged in the dying friend, beside whose pillow I watched so anxiously. When the news came that he was delirious, I could have wept for joy.

"Only had been thrown in with business abandoned—all earthly interest merged in the dying friend, beside whose pillow I watched so anxiously. When the news came that he was delirious, I could have wept for joy.

A CATHOLIC TRAINING COLLEGE.

A Notable Institution Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame

The visit recently paid by Sir Lyon Playfair, Vice President of the Council of Education, to the Training College conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, Liverpool, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, whose public attention to the working of the most successful institution of its kind in the United Kingdom. The Sisters of Notre Dame have acquired distinction in duchess, and in the training of teachers, for they were eminently qualified to undertake it. Possessing knowledge on the effect of a mere surface instruction, but if solid practical education, they were thoroughly conversant with the details of an almost boundless experience of teaching. When, therefore, on being introduced into Liverpool, they entered on their important duties they gave by their system of education the assurance that they would win success by earning it. The fruits of their labors have been amply fulfilled. In the students who presented themselves to the visitors found good material for the exercise of their talents, and the result has been that they have reaped the fruit of their labor by placing their college in a position distinctly superior to all competitors. Illustrated the second of the competitive examinations in which their students have been simply a list of triumphs, and the marvellous accuracy of the college has been the admiration of the leading educational authorities of the country. Since the passing of the Education Act in 1870, the building was extended so as to meet increased requirements, and it now contains accommodation for about one hundred and twenty pupils and a very attractive. In the enlarged sphere the good work in which the Sisters of Notre Dame are engaged has increased with wisdom and well directed energy. Since 1850 as many as 1,400 students have been educated in the college, and of these some are now teaching in public elementary schools, some are in private or present in residence and going through a course of training, and others with the view of preparing to take out certificates as assistants. Schools.

THE TRAINING COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME was founded in 1850, fourteen years before the passing of the Education Act. At that time there was no Catholic Training College for a school-teacher. The only means open at Hammersmith had existed since 1840 under the direction of the Fathers de Rodes Oblonnesses. The first examination Queen's Scholarship attended by female Catholic pupil teachers was held at Mount Pleasant under H. M. Inspector, Mr. Wickham, in 1853. Since that time most of the successful candidates were educated at Liverpool, while a few attended a temporary training school opened by the Sisters of Mercy at Nottingham. Very soon after the work was taken up by the Sisters of the Holy Child at St. Leonard's, and in 1855 the Sisters were two Training Colleges sending out teachers, the Nottingham and the Sisters at St. Leonard's closed their college after a successful and honorable career of nearly eight years. The system of payment by results, then introduced, offered a strong prize for students in training, as well as those fulfilment activity. The Sisters of Notre Dame were not the first additional on the success of the students as shown by the Government reports of H. M. Inspectors on their schools.

The Sisters were not the only of the College to be supplied without reference to the pupil teachers' home, which in the case of Catholics, is the Catholic boarding, for the excitement which is had on the subject. Developed a hard, diseased, which made some very difficult needed to be upon the high road to recognition.

All that time I had never left him, day or night. Study had been thrown aside, and business abandoned—all earthly interest merged in the dying friend, beside whose pillow I watched so anxiously. When the news came that he was delirious, I could have wept for joy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

St. Gertrude's Academy, Mission Visits.

RIO VISTA, Cal., June 28, 1896.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Among the many religious institutions for the dissemination of learning throughout the Archdiocese of San Francisco, the Academy of Mount Rose better adapted to the purpose, the healthiest, the most beautiful and the most commodious of the Catholic institutions of this State. The tenth annual commencement of the young ladies and boys attending this school in the Academy hall on Wednesday last was a very pleasant affair, and beautifully and tastefully decorated, the pillars and walls were directly from the woods and groves, and whilst the paintings in oil and water-colors, crayon drawings and painted albums gave to the whole the appearance of a fairy land. The exhibition was held by the pupils of the school, and well were numerous samples of their needlework, drawing, painting and music work. In the spelling school the pupils were that Mr. Gartrelle is a school of age as well as a literary institution. The hall was thronged to overflowing long before the hour set for commencement. Prominent among the friends and patrons of the institution might be seen many of the leading citizens of the Archdiocese, the following Congress were present: Hon. Thomas Nally and Sheridan (Oakland), Lynch, P. J. Sullivan, Sacramento, Sullivan, Sacramento, Sullivan, Sacramento,

THE MONITOR.
PARTY LINE TIME OF PUBLICATION
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1886.

BISHOP MANOGUE'S APPEAL
—TO—
His Priests and People,
FOR IRELAND.

DEAREST BELOVED BROTHERS—We have been so often called upon to alleviate the distress of Ireland, and as often we have, according to our limited means and resources, responded to the distressing appeal. Sometimes we have individually, and sometimes more or less, collectively responded. We have continually indulged the hope that through Divine Providence a bright and cheerful day would soon dawn for Ireland, and that such painful and periodical appeals to the charitable for her distressed children would forever cease.

The dark and sombre clouds which for centuries have overshadowed that fair and beautiful Island, and held its struggling children in despondence and despair, seem at last disposed to brighten and disperse, and are now hovering about without stability or centralization. May God grant it to be so!

Even in this disorganization there are many and powerful elements to be encouraged. Opulence, ease, astuteness and bigotry; regal hereditary titles and attachments, and landlordism, are erecting their strongholds and barricades against freedom's paths and aspirations. Let us now in freedom's name, and in the name of oppressed and suffering humanity, cheerfully give our mite to offset this mighty, engrossing and unjust opposition. A final struggle is now approaching, the aspirations of liberty-loving people remarked in our ears, the future weal or woe of Ireland may be in our hands, and decided by our magnanimity. Coercion, persecution, and even extermination, have for centuries had their full scope and sway. They have failed. The children of St. Patrick are not only living but full of hope and joyful expectation.

Queen Elizabeth's Viceroy, in his message to his royal sovereign, said, "Your Majesty will soon have nothing in Ireland to reign over but ashes and dead bodies."

Precisions has preserved this people against all the efforts of a powerful government, against barbarous oppression and savage cruelty. Make one more effort, dear Priests and People, for these noble children struggling for their homes and freedom, for their liberty and the inalienable rights of man. In every important undertaking success requires system. That this most serious object may not be aimless, and that it will be fail disposed to give a helping hand may be assured of proper action and satisfaction, we exhort you to send your Archbishop to Rev. Father Dalton, Grass Valley, Nevada County, Cal. He will hand them over to me, and I shall forward them to the proper centre where they will be duly, properly and publicly acknowledged. This should be done within a month from date.

We should not forget the NATION's aim, that will entitle us to have our name enrolled on the list of freedom's children, and emblazoned on the glorious escutcheon of liberty.

✠ PATRICK MANOGUE,
BISHOP OF GRASS VALLEY.

Grass Valley, June 26, 1886.

Ireland's Last Chance!

The elections for Members of Parliament to represent the various constituencies in England, Ireland and Scotland, will commence on next Monday—the 5th prox.—and will end on or about the 15th of July, at which time Ireland's fate will be sealed, and, if Gladstone and Parnell are defeated, *Coercion*—of the most rigorous character will be inaugurated, and Ireland will be made to suffer five sorrows at the hands of her bitterest British foes. *Money* is required to help in electing national candidates who are too poor to pay the heavy election expenses entailed upon those who aspire to take up Erin's cause against the English aristocracy, the Irish *Shoneens*, and the Ulster Orangemen. *Are you willing to help the lady cause of Ireland now?* If you are, do not wait until it is too late, but send your donation by mail, express or private hands to the MONITOR, and we will gratefully acknowledge it and turn it over to Messrs. Donohoe, Kelly & Co., to be added to other sums contributed for the same cause, and edited to Parnell for election purposes. Delays are always dangerous, but in this crisis, when the life or death of Ireland is in the balance, he who hesitates is mistaken, and he who refuses commits a crime against the true spirit of liberty-preaching which should prevail in the breast of every man over whose head floats the star-decked banner of Liberty.

☞ *In the contest which Ireland's Parliamentary party have now to meet, they need money. Such help in America, whose citizens and sympathizers can, with due respect for their obligations as such, give to the good cause of human freedom, which long ago Washington and his associates championed here, will, we are assured, be generously and freely given.*

—It is stated that T. P. O'Connor, Nationalist Member of Parliament for the Scotland Yard Division of Liverpool, will take no active election contest the borough of Cockermouth, England, now represented by R. U. Pearson-Fitzgerald, Conservative, who was elected by a majority of 106 in a total poll of 5,564.

☞ *The glorious victory or the distinct defeat of Gladstone and Parnell is now in the hands of the Irish race in America. If they are prepared to work as they have done, defeat is certain and all we have already gained in this political conflict will be entirely lost—and lost for ever!*

☞ *Letter-writers who love Ireland will lend more her struggles for freedom, by forming small committees of two or three in every town on the road and collecting funds before July 15th. Send each and lists of names to the NATION, also names of collecting committees, and all will be duly acknowledged.*

Editorial Notes.

—The Ascension Day on the new Archbishop of Cologne, Mgr. Krementz, and the Auxiliary Bishop Hoeter, continued no less than 3,100 school children in four churches on that day. This was the first occasion for ten years that the Sacrament of Confirmation had been administered in the Archdiocese.

☞ *Help Ireland to gain Home Rule, and your duty to apply the remedy for all Irish grievances.*

—Monsignor Lavigerie, and Cardinal Lavigerie, and Cousaugh particularly, seems to have soured on the stomach of our secular press. The Cardinal's exuberant zeal, seems to be regarded as a great crime. Perhaps the Prince Primate's exuberanty

Farm and Home.

Raisin-Making.

This promises to be one of the leading industries of Tulare county, and as it is one peculiarly adapted for small farms, of ten to twenty acres, a few figures concerning the expense and profits of the business will be given. The average income per acre in California is to be $100 net, and 20 per acre has been realized in several instances, under exceptional advantages. The following estimates were prepared by C. M. Blowers, an experienced raisin-grower living near Orangeville:

"The plant from such vine three years old will be 20 pounds; vines four years old, 30 pounds each. With 435 vines to the acre this gives a total yield of 12,600 pounds from young vines, or nearly 7 tons. It is calculated that three tons of grapes will make one of raisins—and allowing for loss in every way, there would be two tons of raisins per acre. The total cost of producing raisins, counting expenses of packing in twenty-pound boxes, is about $100 per ton. This includes cost of cultivation, pruning, picking, cutting, packing, boxes, crates, sweat boxes, building, implements, etc. The price at which raisins sell is usually $4 50 per twenty-pound box. A yield of two tons per acre would give 200 boxes, valued to $900 to $400. Deduct from this $200, the cost growing the grapes and preparing the raisins, and there is a balance of $100 to $200. Take from this last-named sum the cost of hauling, freight, commission, etc., and large profit is still left. The estimate is based on the cost in large quantities. Fancy raisins may always be disposed of readily to advantage.

Coin in Cabbage.

There is much said about the money making in oranges, lemons and grapes in Los Angeles, but the Chinamen are supposed to be making more money out of common plebeian cabbages than any orange grower or vignaron in the country. There is an enormous demand for cabbage for shipment to the East. This food runs at the full from January to April inclusive, but there is more or less of this demand at all seasons of the year. The supply is at all times less than the demand, and the only way of regulating the price is the San Francisco market. Commission men and shippers have to send to that city to fill their Eastern orders, but they pay a little more for the home product, than for that supplied at San Francisco. The Los Angeles cabbage is greatly preferred by the Eastern dealers, hence our northerners would rather fill their orders at home, even if it costs them a little more.

The price at present is $1 50 per hundred or $30 a ton. In this climate there is no trouble to grow two crops of cabbage per year. Big Dreamond hands will weigh fifteen to twenty pounds each and the smaller, more compact sorts preferred for shipping will certainly average all of five pounds each. They are planted about two feet apart, which will give 10,000 to the acre. This is twenty-five less to the crop or fifty tons a year, of an acre of good ground. The gross results of such a crop are $1,500 an acre. It is not probable that, even with white labor, the cure of the two crops would cost more than $500, leaving a net profit of $1000 an acre. It is said that some of the Chinese make this sum.

Cauliflower will pay as well if not better than cabbage. It is not shipped in quantity for the simple reason that it is not to be had. In small lots it has been sent as far as Omaha, and it has gone there in perfect condition. It is said that Visk of Rochester, New York, had an immense patch of cauliflower caught in the frost-zone in Florida last winter, where he has grown it for some years past for the New York market. He is the only one studying up Southern California as a field for a similar enterprise.—*Los Angeles Herald.*

A Young Wife's Expenses.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be properly clothed than the lilies of the field. He honors her not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at sure to trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self denials. And she, who would have been willing enough, in the beginning, to deprive herself of her girlish love, to give up any whims or fancies of mere extravagance, and have herself injured when at last, a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning!

"We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was the question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride, not long ago, and all the womanhood in her answered to his demand upon it, and her help at planning and economizing proved not a thing to be dampened, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses and lain among the lillies of life." I am speaking of marriages where two true hearts have set out together, for weal or woe, to learn the lessons of life, and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the received garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help and make her small sacrifice for the general good. Try her, and you will see.

A Chicken Ranch.

Mr. Fred McPherson, one mile from Grangeville, is engaged in the raising of fowls on a large scale with great success. He has two incubators, known as "perpetuals," each of which has a capacity of 800 eggs. As incubation progresses the eggs pass from the portion of the hatcher in which they were first placed to the opposite side by regular stages, and are ready to hatch when reaching that side. Every time a hatch or setting hatches an equal number is placed in the hatcher at the side where the first were put in, and go through the same process. Mr. McPherson has a place well suited for the business and has everything admirably arranged. He raises ducks, turkeys and chickens commercially, and proposes to increase the capacity of the hennery to 10,000 fowls each month. Where all the conditions are favorable this business, with good management, may be made remunerative, and one who gives it the care and attention devoted to it by Mr. McPherson should certainly succeed.—*Tuolumne Index.*

To Waterproof Cloth.

Dissolve in 6 gallons of soft water 1 lb. of alum and the same of sugar of lead; stir it well, and let it stand for two days, then draw off the clear liquid, and put the stock into the tub, letting it stay there for 24 hours. Another way, which is not injurious to air, but it is as to water: Make a solution of isinglass, alum, and soap, and apply it to the wrong side of the cloth with a brush when dry, brush it again on the wrong side against the grain. When this is dry brush it again with cold water.

Family Fun.

Ben Le Fevre and the Cow.

Ben Le Fevre, the member from the Fifth Ohio district, has managed to retain a seat in Congress for the past seven or eight years upon the hypothesis of being a farmer. I have heard a good story on Ben, illustrative of his lack of farming knowledge. Ben had bargained for a blooded cow at the sum of $200, and as the drover was driving her to Ben's farm to deliver and get his money, he met a gentleman who admired the animal and asked the whole show for sale. The drover replied that she was not sold to someone in Pomeroy, $200. The gentleman replied that if any means could be devised to make Ben run the bargain he would give $50 for her. The drover, anxious to make $50, cudgeled his brain, and, remembering the limited extent of Leferre's knowledge of farm animals, hit upon an expedient. He took the cow to Ben's house, where she was duly and admiringly paraded to an assemblage of friends gathered for that purpose. "Come in and get your money," said Ben. "General," said the drover, "I am a good Democrat and your constituent, and want to deal fairly by you. The cow is all she is represented to be, thoroughbred and a good milker, but I am compelled to state that she is not exactly perfect."

"Why, what is the matter with her, sorrel or bay?"

"Well, the fact is," replied the drover, "she has no upper front teeth."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated the Congressman farmer. "No upper front teeth! That won't do at all, and I don't want her; in fact, I would not take her for a gift. Suit, you shall not lose anything. Here is a five dollar bill for your trouble in driving her here and back."

"All right," replied the drover as he pocketed the V. "I don't want to take advantage of you, General, so good bye." And away he went and sold the cow to the gentleman, clearing just $55 by the transaction. Imagine Big Ben's chagrin when it leaked out, and he learned that no well-regulated cow ever had any upper front teeth.

The Value of Knowing How.

While Judge Tracy was on the circuit, going from court, his trace broke. The judge spent an hour trying it fix it, but to no purpose. His patience was exhausted, and he expressed his vexation in words. A negro came along, and the judge told him of his difficulty. The negro let out the trace, put a hole in it, and the job was done.

"Why," said the judge, "could I not have thought of that?"

"Well, massuh," said the negro, "don't you know that some folks is just naturally smarter than some other folks?"

"That's so," said the judge. "What shall I pay you for my trace?"

"Wah, massuh, fifty cents will do," replied the negro.

"Fifty cents!" said the judge. "You were not five minutes at it!"

"I don ketch charge you fifty cents for doing it," said the negro. "I charge you twenty-five cents for doing it, and twenty-five cents for knowing how to do it."

He Must Go.

There is a postmaster in a village not 50 miles from Detroit who has got to go. Some of the patrons of the office went to the city yesterday to see about it. They want to load up an "ordinary gentleman" in shackles and fire it off at him from a distance of ten feet. Said one of the committee:—

"For one thing, he's so high-toned that he will no longer look at his neighbors. Another is, don't seem to care whether we get any letters or not. The other day I went in and asked him if there was a letter for me.

"'No,' says he.

"'Look pretty hard,' says I.

"'I know there isn't,' says he.

"'But it's from my brother William, and his children have got the measles. I know there's a letter here, for I dreamed of it last night.'

"'Nothing for you,' he says.

"'Don't you look?' says I.

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"Not a bad way to get rid of a man who is a fool and a nuisance, is it?"

"Why, no, I guess it is."

"Well, we shall do it."

"Do you think it will be right?"

"Right? Why, of course it will be right. I know a very young husband who still yonger bride, not long ago, and all the womanhood in her answered to his demand upon it, and her help at planning and economizing proved not a thing to be dampened, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses and lain among the lillies of life." I am speaking of marriages where two true hearts have set out together, for weal or woe, to learn the lessons of life, and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the received garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help and make her small sacrifice for the general good. Try her, and you will see."

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D. HENLEY'S CELERY BEEF & IRON.

THE GREAT NERVE TONIC—Recommended as a remedy for General Debility, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Prostration and Nervous Disorders of Both Sexes. Sold by all Druggists and Country Dealers. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. TAKE ONLY DR. HENLEY'S.

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ENDOWMENT INSURANCE. The Occidental Self-Endowment Association. (Incorporated under the laws of California.) This association is conducted on the mutual assessment plan and furnishes endowment insurance at actual cost. Certificates are issued in amounts of $2,000, $3,000 and $10,000, which are payable to the equal parts during the life of the member according to the age at time of joining, as follows: members between 18 and 25 years of age receive one-fifth of the certificate taken at the expiration of each ten years; members between 25 and 30 years of age receive one-fifth every nine years; 30 to 35 every eight years; 35 to 40 every seven years; 40 to 45 every six years; 45 to 50 every five years; 50 to 60 every four years, and in case of death before the certificate matures, one-fifth of certificate is paid to the members legates.

No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privilege of being the custodians of their own funds until actually needed to pay death losses and provide funds for the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to those members who have certificates will find due first as part payment thereof at 8 per cent interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date, $104,000 to members, and paid in death losses $13,000.00. All claims are paid promptly and in full. Agents wanted everywhere. Address, W. H. WARD, Secretary, Room 26, Flood Building, San Francisco.

SILVER PILLS THE GREATEST Kidney and Liver REMEDY. 806 Market St., S. F. BRANCH.

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I Want Destitute Tuberculosis to supply the demand for my Cure. Sent Free. Address, T. A. SLOCUM, 183 Pearl St., New York. Correspondence solicited. The Tuberculosis Cure. Sent Free. Address, T. A. SLOCUM, 183 Pearl St., New York. Manhattan Beach Hotel, real estate and general building agent.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA. THE LIVER. Secretes the bile and acts like a filter to remove impurities of the blood. Buy it regularly in its action or suspension of its functions, the bile pours into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, nausea, bilious diarrhea, a languid, weary feeling, and many other distressing symptoms, yet only temporary troubles. These are relieved at once by the use of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA the great blood purifier. DYSPEPSIA. Formula appetite, faint, gnawing feeling of a void in the stomach, heartburn, wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth are symptoms of dyspepsia, yet there is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and it can in all cases be traced to an unhealthy or poisoned condition of the blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is renowned for curing the blood, tones up the digestive organs and relief is achieved at once. KIDNEYS. Are the secretory organs of the body. Into and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids from living processes matter taken from the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained and poisons the blood, causing headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the Kidneys and bowels, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great organs of the body to resume their natural functions, and health is all once restored. SCROFULA. Is a peculiar morbid condition of the blood, lists and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids from living processes matter taken from the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained and poisons the blood, causing headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the Kidneys and bowels, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great organs of the body to resume their natural functions, and health is all once restored. THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE. The lack of sufficient nourishment furnished to the system through the blood, usually effecting the glandular system, causes stiff joints, stiffness, sores, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck. Erysipelas is liable to and is often mistaken for Scrofula so it is important to distinguish the same carefully. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA purifying the blood and toning up the system forces the impurities from the blood and cleanses the system through the regular channels. KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

Our Young Folks.

Monitor Mystics.

How a Lazy Boy Became a Great Saint.

Saint Anscarius lost his mother when he was only five years old. He was sent to a convent school, but he was a lazy boy, he would not learn his lessons nor obey the teachers who had charge of him. He was too fond of play, and spent his time in amusing himself and in distracting his companions, instead of learning his lessons. He might have grown up to manhood in the way, if God had not checked him by means of a dream. It is true we must not believe in dreams, but sometimes even dreams may teach us a good lesson.

One day at school, Anscarius fell asleep over his books, and as he slept he dreamed that he was going through a field which was soft and mossy and that he could scarcely walk, because at every step he took his feet sank deeper into the mire and became all covered with mud. Along the side of the field was a splendid road, and he saw on the one side of it, full of beautiful trees and neat smelling flowers. Turning into that road, he thought he saw our Blessed Lady, surrounded by a multitude of holy women dressed in white, and amongst them he behold his own dear mother.

His heart was filled with joy when he saw her and he tried to run at once and throw himself into her arms, but he could not move from the spot where he stood, because his feet were fixed so firmly in the ground. He stretched out his arms towards her and tried to entreate himself, but all his words were in vain. Our Blessed Lady then said to him, "My child, if you wish to come to me, and be with your mother in heaven, you must become a better boy than this. Your mother wishes to be diligent and pious, and you must do everything your superiors tell you to do, for in doing that you will serve God, and those who serve God on earth will one day see Him in heaven."

When Anscarius awoke he saw that he had been dreaming, but the dream seemed to be always before his mind. Now that day he became a better boy. In a very short time he was at the head of his class, and none of his companions were ever able to get above him.

His masters wondered how this sudden change had been brought about, and how one who had given so much trouble had become all at once so good and obedient. But the boy kept his secret to himself, and kept on one; it was not long afterwards, when he became an apostle that they knew of the dream he had had, and the firm resolution taken in consequence on it.

Remembering he now saint in Paradise, he can be become a pious boy in school. If we imitate the good example he has given us we shall also one day share with him his eternal happiness.

St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

St. Aloysius, the oldest son of Ferdinand Gonzaga, Marquis of Castiglione, was born on the 9th of March, 1568. The first word he pronounced were Jesus and Mary. At the age of five he commenced his life by being to God, by a vow of perpetual chastity. His first Communion was made in the hands of St. Charles Borromeo. At seven years of age he received Confirmation, and in a vision was directed by our Blessed Lady to the Society of Jesus, and he ever afterwards relied on learning his resolve, but his father for three years refused his consent. At length, on the feast of the Assumption, in the thirteenth year of his age, he received the habit of the Society of Jesus, and went through the ordinary course of philosophy and theology. During his last year of theology a malignant fever broke out in Rome. Offering himself for the service of the sick, in nursing the plague-stricken, he caught it, and he died on the 21st of June, 1591, in the 23rd year of his age. He died in the 23rd year of his age. He was canonized by our Blessed Lady, and his feast is celebrated on the 21st of June, 1591,

THE CARDINAL'S HAT.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

representative of his, however humble, is bound to be received with open arms when he comes back to our shores. But, odds Cousins! it does be a special duty, inasmuch as you are, as a branch of the hierarchy of the Church to which he has been pleased to elevate me.

Though you may be perhaps a stranger to me, I am sure I know you well by reputation. I have long made that whenever you go over this broad land you will receive that warm friendship characteristic of the Irishman at home, and when you return to your sunny Italy you will be able to tell the Holy Father how much he is venerated in this land of the free.

When the Cardinal finished speaking, all the clergy present approached and kissed his ring and received the ecclesiastical salutation. When the congratulations were over, Mgr. Straniero, who bears the biretta to be imposed on the new Cardinal on this day, entered the room and was formally introduced to his eminence. The presence of the bearer of the biretta in the house was not supposed to be known to the Cardinal but until he had received the conclave, which really makes the receiver a Cardinal.

The ambassadors from Rome, together with a large number of invited guests, dined at the archiepiscopal palace immediately after the formalities were concluded.

Correspondence.

We urgently solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast, particularly the Interior, relating to the Church or the spread of the Faith.

All communications should be addressed to Box 1860, San Francisco, or to Island Station.

OUR LOS ANGELES LETTER.

Catholic Affairs in the Southern Section of the State.—A Prosperous College.—Catholic Education, Etc., Etc.

LOS ANGELES, June 21, 1886.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—One of the strongest impulses of the human heart is a reliance desire to communicate the pleasant news of joy to its fellow-beings, especially when their interests are so bound up in the joyous news that it is calculated by public use, practically paint the enthusiasm and joy naturally felt of those to whom they are communicated. This is the sublime source of the motives which prompt us to communicate to the personal readers of the "Grand old Monitor" our joyous impressions of the triumphs and prosperity attendant on the progress of Catholic religion in this city. Among the many pleasant things the advance of Catholic religion and its the head of the most noted, most and most enlightened Catholic College in the educational institutions, during the past year, has been a marvelous one. The many efforts found expression, although in the extreme of our feeling, and the enthusiastic press, compared with the glorious efforts now in the deep, the press, made unanimously unknown, even from the most unanimously unknown, even from the most and popularities sung, are the most, which impulsively, in the most and popularities sung, are the most, which impulsively, in the most and popularities sung, are the most, which impulsively, in

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE DISCONTENTED ROSE.

[I POEM WITH A MORAL.]

The rose in the valley was smiling fair,
Blushing sweet in the morning sky;
Among its leaflets bear the wild bee flew
Singing the honey among the dew,
Brightly the morning sun shone down
O'er mother and child and the cliff-bound town,
And gaily blessed the rose so sweet,
As it raised its head its blue to meet.
Yet, still the rose was not content,
And murmured and wondered why it was sent
To smile unseen and unbeloved there,
Amid the wilderness of the desert air.

Instead of growing some lofty lady's bower,
To dazzling, inside some regal hall
Still the sun kept shining down
O'er meadow and field and far off town.
Till near the noon of that summer day,
A youth came gaily tripping that way
He espied the sweet and lonely flower,
And said it was fit for his lady's bower;
He plucked the rose from its mossy bed,
And joyfully back to his home he sped.
"Here, sweet lady, is a rose I wean,
As fair as any that ever was seen
The lady smiled as he placed the flower
Then said he, "Stay in a golden tower,
Or meadow and field and far off town,
To wear it that night on her bosom so white,
Along diamond-sparkling river and height
But when she called for the same so rare,
And the rose had blossomed on the morning air,
She found it withered and hanging its head,
Its leaves curled up and nearly dead.
With dainty fingers from her casement high,
She flung it down and—the rose died.
And hoarded at the leaves all scattered around
Lay dying and dying on the ground.
"Oh, why did I not content?" it said,
"But now, alas, it is too late,
With shelter and food I have sent my fate;
Then it trembling wept and softly died,
For from its home on the valley side,
Its then tears from the rose to be content,
Among shade and dew and the sun's heat,
Cheerfully take for its the Father's lot
The station in life that He command.

FRANCES QUINN.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

GET UP JOHN, LAZY PAT SIT DOWN.

[AN IRISH SONG FOR THE SEASON.]

On Irish soil, the tyrant's coil
Is victim tightly press,
Through Johnny Bull, poor Pat is full
Of grief and sore distress.
Ah! England's ache be healed
Have gained her sad remorse;
But soon she will feel the sly
Get up John, let Pat sit down.

CHORUS.

Every pation to her station,
While we shall sing
Right out night, should win the fight,
Get up John, Pat sit down.

Oh, Englishmen, will whimper when
Their mighty navy fail,
Against its stalls—confusion's rife
To still the dread alarm;
Much time is spent, in Parliament,
On Ireland by the crown;
"But I know well," cries stanch Parnell,
"Get up John, Pat sit down."

Chorus.

In every land where freemen stand,
Linked by our right,
They have good cause to bless the laws
Which make a man Quakers light
Property is what they are
Yet make not either crowned;
And they sing that song—for right, not wrong,
Get up John, let Pat sit down.

Chorus.

In days of yore, or every shore,
No tyrants bore the crown!
For honor was strong and life made wear long,
The normal lords to down.
"Neath Columbia's fair sky," we cry loud,
Which has our triumphant flows,
Wave the banner of freedom, so
Get up John, Pat sit down.

Chorus.

JOHN P. HOGTOWN.

June 24, 1886.

Literary Miscellany.

The Golden Cross.

A Story of Adventure in the Civil War.

About the beginning of the late war, a man born on neighboring farm, and became prominent in one of the wildest and most thinly-populated parts of a Southern State. He was in the business of a dealer in wood, and not far from a deadly and treacherous swamp. He lived in a rude cabin. He was known by the name of Hogan. He was a man of a robust constitution, and was not subject to fatigue, and no habitation appeared in sight. Dismounting, he led his horse by the bridle and tried in vain to discover by the sense of touch the road he should follow.

"I must find some shelter for the night," he said. "The people hereabouts have not a very good reputation; but I am not afraid of men, and I do fear swamp fever and scorpions. I'll call; there may be some one within hearing." On this he sent up a shout that rented his lungs to be in good condition, and followed it by another and another. After the third he paused and listened. A faint "hallo" seemed to echo his, and in a moment more there appeared among the trees the figure of an old man who held a lantern in one hand and shaded his eyes with the other.

"Who is that?" cried this personage one of the boys?

"A stranger," said the traveller. "I'm lost in this confounded place. Can you tell me where I can get shelter?

"Why, are you, and where do you come from?

"I came from farther north; travelling on business; my name is Hogan. I can pay for anything I ask, and shall be thankful, too."

"All right. Come along. My house ain't far off." And turning he hobbled away into the darkness.

The traveller put his hand upon the pie tol at his belt and followed him. A few steps forward and such a dense mass of foliage they made their way to the door of a hut. Within, a fire burnt upon a rude hearth. Over it a girl crouched, idly looking into the embers.

"That's my darter," said the old man, "we're all alone here, and it's a poor place, and you're welcome. Walk in! We see your horse is cared for."

The girl looked up sharply, and looked down again with a flush on her face. The old man drew a broken chair toward the blaze and lit a pine torch.

"A fire is comfortable these damp nights if it is warm," he said. "Make some coffee an sub-cake for us, Nannie. The gentleman's hungry, no doubt."

"I confess I am," said Hogan, taking the proffered chair. "And I do not know what I should have done to-night without your hospitality."

Meanwhile, the girl, a handsome creature of seventeen, lightly prepared a meal. She moved about as if she did not do her work badly. The coffee smelt well, and the sub-cake was brown.

When it was done she sat apart and watched the man as they ate, and listened to the old man's questions and the stranger's answers.

Afterwards she spread upon the floor a bed of straw and a blanket, and glided out of the room.

"I hope you'll sleep well," said the old man. "Good night, sir."

"Good-night," said Hogan, but he thought at the same time—

"You seem to be a very hospitable old gentleman, but you have the face of a rascal."

Throwing off his coat, he stretched himself upon the bed, and in five minutes found himself fast sinking into slumber. The pine torch flickered on the wall, the embers died out in the grate, then suddenly a hand rested on his arm and a voice whispered in his ear—

"Stranger, I've got something to tell you."

Hogan started up. The girl knelt beside him, with her finger on her lip.

"Hist up," she said, "and put on your coat. The sooner you off the better. The old man had when he said I was his daughter; he has gone for the boys. He said I was just mine." I've found out his business. He must have plenty of money with him. And I know what that means. There will be four of them here in half an hour, and you are a dead man, if you don't go now."

Hogan started to his feet. Sidelond in his belt were several thousand dollars, and he remembered that he had chattered away most indiscreetly, favoring the old man

[illegible]

"I'm a fool, he muttered, twisting to his feet. "This is no stiff joke, I'm afraid."

"Hush truth," said the girl. "I've seen nights that would make you more than fools you're doing now if you had seen them. These get your horse and come. I'll show you which way to take. They'll kill me if they suspect me; but I return I'll warn them off. Come."

As in a dream, Hogan followed her. She led him by the hand through a thick wood until they came to a wide opening.

"Mind," she said, "ride that way. Make all the speed you can. I've done all I can to save your life, Jack Hogan."

"Did bless you" said he. "You know my name. I see. If that time should come when I can do as much for you, I will."

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully.

"Yes, Jack, and more, my child, if I dare. I dare a man don't forget in a hurry—listen! I swear that I never did—anything you ought to forgive. Good-bye, child, and—God bless you!"

"I'm a fool," he muttered, as he rode on. "Not a bad one, I don't forget in a hurry—listen! I swear that I never did—anything you ought to forgive. Good-bye, child, and—God bless you!"

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[illegible]

Then she departed.

When she was gone he tore to pieces the letter he had written. Write on another page these words:

"My darling—When you read these lines I shall be dead. It is very hard to leave you. Remember

"JACK HOGAN."

I must see this spy," he said to the sentry, who saluted and led him to a dense wood, and not far from a deadly and treacherous swamp. He lie down to rest, would have been simply foolish. To get his warm with fatigue, and no habitation appeared in sight. Dismounting, he led his horse by the bridle and tried in vain to discover by the sense of touch the road he should follow.

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"CONVENIENT CATHOLICS."

They Rush to Have their Beats with as Little Trouble as Possible

We have in this city, and doubtless in every city, a class of church members to whom the above title fitly applies. They go to Mass at the nearest church, generally, because it is "convenient," even though the language in which the instructions are given and the sermon preached may be that which they do not understand. But, then, it may be, that this is also a very great "convenience" to that individual who is ignorant of the knowledge of their duty. As they never attend the church to which by law and custom or intending they should belong, they escape other responsibilities and inconveniences. They never take part in the work of keeping up the schools, relieving the poor, and many other demands on their time. They rent no pew, are unknown to their pastor or the workers in the parish, don't "belong to the parish" whole church attended, and, can tell the "pastor" nothing financially, since they escape paying anything; and as they don't understand the language in which they attend Mass, the "money talk," they so much dread, does not annoy their conscience a bit. They approach the Sacraments but are "always strangers" to the priest, and they like it very well. They go to Confession in one church and receive Communion in another. They have a very convenient way of doing as they please, go to space, and practice their religious duties "convenient," whether their pastor or sacristan. They may send their children to the parish schools, but they never do so. They don't know it, indeed he is not aware of their existence in his parish; they don't keep the feasts and fasts of the Church, because they are ignorant of them; they never inquire about the labor and cost of maintaining churches and schools because they know nothing about it. They which are grass practice is assumed up in attending Mass and occasionally, in a sort of a dodge, dealing say, receiving the Sacraments. Of course, they have confidence may be "squirted" and ring from those as adjunction of their conscience and refuse absolution, they get over (?) that by going to some other confessor "as inquisitive, conceal the fact that I have sinned, and go about in their conversation way.

This is, indeed, a very convenient and cheap way of practicing religion, but one which is very, instead of the requirements of the Church, or have a very elastic conscience to bring some self to consider that it is a proper or sufficient compliance with duty. Every Catholic has duties and obligations to discharge, every other peculiar his avocation or condition in life. The Church is not only the custodian and teacher of the faith, but the authority and guide of her children in the observance of the law. Willful ignorance of the law is no immunity from its observance, and ignoring the opportunities for a knowledge of the law is willful ignorance. It spect for authority is a fundamental principle of all duty, and every Catholic is bound to respect the authority of his pastor. The support of church and pastor, the sending of children to the parish schools and maintenance of those schools, observance of feasts and fasts, and attendance at Mass are some of the duties, with all church regulations, are binding upon every Catholic. A non-compliance or disobedience of them is sin, and that "conscientiousness" Catholics violate all duty, and they do it deliberately. The mode of prescribing their religion is very convenient. It is so easy. It relieves them so much trouble. But is it not a mockery, and a great source of scandal to their neighbors? And what of their children brought up under such example of sharp practice and convenient ways of discharging sacred duties? Are the likely to have much respect for a religion that leads lightly of Well they have a proper regard for justice the proper training of their children in all these things. Every one is responsible for the example of his companions as well as for the example of his conscience as well as misdeeds to others. We fear that our "convenient Catholics" will have much to answer for under his head, in addition to their own guilt of shirking their duty.—Catholic Citizen.

TO CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

How to Shun a Degrading Danger.

There is no one thing that does more to demoralize not only boys but grown men, than the habit of frequenting the saloon. A man goes into a saloon, thinking he will take a glass of beer, which of itself will do him no harm, but there Tom and Dick and Harry and Jack have just sat down to a game of cards, and they invite him to join. Dick drinks with Tom, and then you want to go, but Jack says, "Pull out up again, and you don't want to offend Dick, so you pull out again. Now you have taken as much as you intended to, and you feel mad at yourself. You would give anything to go, but Harry says the boys have gone drunk with him, and you worry down another, and you feel as though you were a beer wagon. Then Jack wants to show you how to shuffle the pasteboards, and he puts down on the table, and the boys stand up, and you feel as though drink half of yours and you feel as though you were the biggest fool of the country; but they have all treated example, you to go away now would look small and mean. You would rather give a dollar than pay another slug of beer down under your vest, and you say, "Let's have some cigars, boys." The cigars are brought, you light one and feel as though crazy puff was going to raise then two quarts of beer slopping around in the pit of your stomach, and you finally go out of the saloon with tangled legs, distasted mind, sick stomach and feel as if you wanted to meet yourself. You went into the saloon to spend a nickel, and you spend from fifty cents to a dollar, and instead of enjoying yourself, as you thought you would when you went in, you made a fool of yourself. If, when you went in, and they invited you to sit down, you had said: "No, boys, I am in a hurry, and take this one glass," they would have said it was all right, and maybe they would have been glad that you did not stay. Perhaps they invited you simply from force of habit, or were "sizing you up."

The best way for a young man is to make a rule and stick to it, never to treat or be treated. If you want a glass of beer, go and buy it and pay for it, and go alone your business. If you want a cigar, buy it and pay for it. Do not get into the habit of smoking cigars unless you can afford it, and do not take a cigar with every fellow who asks you to join him. If you do, you'll have to pay for the compliment some other time but if you stop receiving such courtesies, you can easily stop granting them. At first the boys will think you are economizing, and they will laugh at you; in a year they will respect you, and in two years they will admire you, and will ask you how you manage to get through so nicely on a small salary. A firm, "No, thank you," when asked to accept a treat, will do it all, and instead of outsiders saying of you, "He is a good fellow, but poor pay," they will be glad to meet you and talk with you and say, "There is a fellow that will some day fill his place in the world." And when the spendthrifts have lost their money, these same fellows that have thought you small potatoes because you would not join a round of drinks will say, "I'll bet you'll be a loan, and say they always knew you had a good start in you, and when you refuse unless they can show up collateral, they will be offended, but they will respect your business habits all the more.

To sum up: You have a little brain power, thrifty that you will not last or intoxicated, and if you drink or smoke when you feel like it, and then pay for it yourself. Then you will save money, respect yourself, and will not lose the respect of any person you have reason to care about.

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

The Catholic Minority on the Labor Question

We observe, says Editor Dwyer of the New York Sun, that the Roman Catholic Bishops who discuss the labor question are decidedly conservative. They are conservatives in the Church, and conservatives in the Church, and conservatives in the Church, and

THE MONITOR.
TRUE TABLET OF THE PEOPLE.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

—The Colorado *Catholic* states that the failure of the Propagande to name a coadjutor for that vicariate has caused much disappointment out here. Fathers Riordan, of Chicago, Mate of Denver, and Howlett, of Central, are said to be the persons selected for the place.

—Parnell says the Irish in England hold the balance of power in fifty constituencies. If that is true there is little doubt of Gladstone's return with a tremendous majority. In the meantime, however, let every Irishman and every friend of Ireland in America—both sect and party—pray for a Home Rule Parliament for the Irish people.

☞ *Don't wait to call a meeting, but appoint yourself a activiting committee to raise funds to aid Gladstone and Parnell in their fight against the enemies of Home Rule.*

—Rev. Wiley K. Wright, a Presbyterian minister of Mishawaka, Ind., writes of Bishop Gilmour's address at the "Congress of Catholics," held lately at Cleveland, O: "I have read the address with great pleasure, and, I believe, with great profit. I heartily endorse the sentiments in it. It seems to be a note of warning which ought in some way be thundered in the ears of the American people."

☞ *We will acknowledge in our columns the receipt of any sum of money, from ten cents up, sent to aid the Irish party in the coming campaign.*

—Of the 408 Senators, Members and Territorial Delegates who compose Congress 72 are Methodists, 63 Baptists, 41 Episcopalians, 37 Presbyterians, 36 Catholics, 35 Unitarians, 8 Lutherans, 10 Christians, (Campbellites), and 2 Quakers, making a total of 253 who are strictly connected with some church organization. This leaves 125 who either never belonged to any church or who have drifted out of such association.

☞ *This is possibly the "last call" Parnell's Parliamentary Party will ever make, as if the elections go against Gladstone, Ireland will again become a corpse on the dissecting table of England, and the budget of Tory coercion will be driven into the helpless victim.*

—The Court jeweller of the Vatican is at work on the precious crown of rubies, sapphires, etc., bearing the arms of Pacci, which the Pope intends to send as a present to Alphonso XIII. The new Spanish baby was born a king—the first time such a thing has happened in the history of this country. Queen Christina has three children—Princess Marie de las Mercedes, born 1880; Princess Maria Theresa, born November, 1882, and the present infant.

—During the last few weeks of its approaching dissolution the *San Francisco* directed several of its dying kicks at the Catholic Church and Catholics of Irish birth. But in doing this it only hastened its own death, and we are glad to record the fact that San Francisco is no longer degraced by the presence of a paper whose outside appearance was respectable but whose interior was filled with rottenness and corruption. Thus may all such enemies perish!

☞ *This is the "last call" for funds to help Parnell. Remember! Now or never; Now and For Ever!*

☞ *No more "pawning the hat" for Irish distress if Home Rule is once won at. He gives twice who gives quickly. Hurrah to the Manitou and cut that your own and your neighbor's subscription are acknowledged.*

—Bishop Hendrickson's will, which is dated January 4, 1883, bequeaths the testator's pectoral cross, episcopal chain and ring to the Roman Catholic museum, at Cassoy, Ireland; $500 for Masses for the repose of his soul; all his personal estate to the corporation of Sts. Peter and Paul's church, and the residue of his estate to the Very Rev. Michael McCabe, of Woonsocket, R. I., to hold in trust until the appointment and confirmation of the testator's successor. Very Rev. Michael McCabe, Rev. Dr. M. A. Wallace and Rev. Henry F. Kinnersy are appointed executors.

☞ *Help Ireland to gain Home Rule and you help to apply the remedy for all Irish grievances.*

—Money is going forward to Parnell every day, and we are glad of it. Money just now is the power that will make English monarchy march out of Ireland. If Parnell had sufficient funds eight months ago, he might have secured ten or a dozen more Nationalist members in Ireland in places where Tories or Conservatives were returned. Thus, for instance, Mr. Sexton lost the Western Division of Belfast by only 36 votes; Justin McCarthy ran only 70 votes behind in Londonderry, and John Dillon lost the North Division of Tyrone by only a couple of hundred votes. An effort is now on foot to make to carry these three seats as well as several other seats in Ulster where the anti-Nationalist candidates won but by small majorities, and for this purpose every man who sympathizes with Ireland in her present struggle should send in his subscription at once.

☞ *Why so poor as not to help a nation struggling for freedom? England lost America through Ireland, let us now return the compliment by helping Ireland, to achieve Home Rule through the aid of American dollars and cents.*

—The death of the well-known "Old Catholic," Professor Michelis, at Freiburg, is one calculated to inspire awe at the sudden judgments of God. He had public notice to accept a Catholic paper for having published the Papal Encyclical, *Inter prudens*, "because it contained a libel upon the Old Catholics." He lost the case in course. About four o'clock on one of the last afternoons of May, the unhappy man took his usual walk on the Schlossberg, entered one of the wine gardens, and called for a small measure of wine. A few minutes later three gentlemen came to the same spot, and were horrified to see Michelis stretched lifeless on the ground. Death had struck him as he was in the act of raising the glass to his lips. It is related that the brother of the deceased, Eduard—in his day a well-known writer, poet, professor and chaplain to the illustrious Archbishop of Cologne, Clement Augustus—used to say, "My brother Fritz will become either a saint or a barber."

—In the short interval of a week his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar of Rome has officiated at the solemn laying of the corner-stones of two new churches about to be built in the Esquiline City. The first edifice is a church to be dedicated under the title of St. Joseph, attached to the Monastery of the *Giuseppino* or Sisters of St. Joseph of Chambéry, situated at the Urti Sallustiani, former Villa Massimo, in Via S. Nicolo in Tolentino; the second church is that belonging to the Ladies of the Perpetual Adoration and Work of the Tabernacle, an institute founded in Belgium by the Countess de Mesus, their present Superior-on General who, forced to leave their former residence in Villa Strozzi, have purchased a portion of the Villa Patrizi on the Via Nomentana, where they propose to erect a fitting convent, whilst a wealthy lady is benefactor will assume the cause of the erection of a handsome Gothic church to be known as the *Corpus Domini*, the consecrator of which was laid with due ceremony last month, and the institution placed under the patronage of Our Lady of Good Counsel. The church, in facade of which will front the Via Nomentana, a few hundred paces without Porta Pia, is building under the superintendence of a young French architect named Villain.

Ireland's Fight for Freedom.

There never was a brighter outlook for the attainment of Home Rule than that indicated by the political prospects of Ireland in the present elections throughout Great Britain and in Ireland itself. All signs point to a glorious victory for Gladstone, and that will assuredly lead to a joyful Parliamentary victory for Parnell. But, whether Mr. Gladstone wins or loses the battle to be fought through the ballot-box, the voice of the people throughout the United Kingdom has demonstrated to the fact that Home Rule principles have taken deep root in the minds of Queen Victoria's subjects, and it is bound to become an accomplished fact not only in Ireland but also in every other country where it does not at present exist—before the dawn of the twentieth century.

The change which has occurred in the minds of the English and Scotch people regarding the political rights of their Irish neighbors, is almost miraculous. It must, indeed, have been a merciful and a just Providence which raised up the most enlightened statesman in England, and the most exalted English official—to plead the cause of Ireland before a populace who detested him to the echo, but whose past enmity towards Erin has led them time and again to cry out "Cruelty here! Cruelty here!"

Home Rule may be deferred but it can never be destroyed. Its principles are those of Christianity and civilization combined, and, with the sympathy of the whole world in Ireland's favor, it is as sure to be given to God's Green Isle, as the sunlight of heaven is certain to illumine the earth.

But, on the other hand, should victory not perch on the banner of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the present conflict, the friends of Ireland must act give up the fight, but rather harder their strength for the purpose of renewing the fight some day when opportunity offers. The fire of Irish patriotism never dies. It may light as on to glorious victory or to disastrous defeat, but in either case every true patriot will feel that the cause itself is of heaven born; and, that its ultimate triumph is in the hands of Him who chastenetb those whom He loveth.

Ireland has been tried in the crucible of persecution the most revolting, injustice the most injurious, and tyranny the most inhuman. Yet, after centuries of misery and sorrow she is loved by people of every land under heaven with a love only second to the most sacred love of a child for its parent. Smiles, sneers, and sympathetic words have poured down on her from time; prayers and good wishes for her freedom resounded throughout the world, and she—the Niobe of Nations—is greeted as a second Venus rising from the sea.

England—on the other hand—that has ruthlessly avenged the Irish people, is everywhere execrated by those beyond her borders, and condemned at home before the public gaze even by her own Prime Minister! Assuredly such an "open confession" as that made by Mr. Gladstone during the recent Home Rule debate, is enough to satisfy any rational man that England's rule in Ireland has been upon a scale of ruthless barbarity never equalled—much less excelled—by any tyrannical power from the days of Pagan Emperors down to the times of thrice accursed Cromwell.

It is to put an *end for ever* to England's detrimental and disgraceful course towards Ireland that money is needed now, and we hope that the old spirit of patriotism will inspire the friends of Ireland all over the world to give

"A long pull and a strong pull,
And a pull all together."

in order to hand down the foreign foe emblematic of despotism in Ireland, and to raise up the green immortal banner of national liberty over a land whose sons have been in the vanguard of Liberty's soldiers throughout the world.

Departure of Bishop Mora.

Right Rev. Francis Mora, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, left this morning for Rome. He is accompanied by Rev. Martin Marron, as his secretary and chaplain. The party went by the Central Pacific route and will stop at Omaha on Sunday. If time permits, Bishop Mora will visit Baltimore and pay his respects to Cardinal Gibbons. While in Europe the Bishop will visit his native land, Spain, and place of note in France and Italy. Father Marron hopes to be able to see a little of Ireland during his trip. We wish the party low voyage and a safe return home

Pixley's Perversion of a Plain Historical Fact.

It was nearly fourteen hundred years after the birth of Christ before there was any such thing as a Cardinal.—*Argonaut.*

The putative parent of the foregoing perversion of truth, is egregiously in error as usual. It seems to be just as impossible for Pixley to tell the truth upon any matter connected with the Catholic Church or Irish questions, as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

The word "Cardinal" is derived from the Latin *Cardo*, a hinge, implying one on whom a system or an undertaking depends and turns. The term "Cardinal," as applied to ecclesiastics, has existed in the Church since the year 100, when Pope Evaristus organized parishes in Rome and the chief priest of each church was known as the priests' cardinalis, or, the cardinal priest. There are dedicated just thirteen churches from the *Argonaut's* abecinable falsehood.

Cardinal deacons have existed in the Church since the era of St. Fabian, Pope, about the year 240. In the year 769, during the Pontificate of Pope Stephen IV., it was decreed that no person could be elected Pope who had not previously been a cardinal priest or deacon. This Ecclesiastical law was promulgated nearly 700 years previous to Pixley's curiosity on history, as it had been the custom in the Church from the time St.

Even as early as the year of our Lord 1059, ecclesiastical history informs us of the fact that the College of Cardinals in Rome then comprised 53 members, viz., seven Cardinal Bishops, twenty-eight Cardinal priests, and eighteen Cardinal Deacons. Hence the Church has a Sacred College of Cardinals fully four hundred years before the time designated by the fraudulent figure of fanatical Frank.

If the history-perverting Pixley had given this important subject a second sober thought, he would have seen at a glance what an ignoramus he made of himself by the assertion which we give above. As true Englishman, and an admirer of everything English, he must have heard better informed men than himself speak of *Magna Charta*, which the Catholic Barons of England wrung from King John at Runnymede. This exact occurred June 15th, 1215, and in the very first ten lines of the *Magna Charta* document itself, we read the name of "Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church." This important historical event occurred *nearly two hundred years* prior to the period set by Pixley when "there was any such thing as a Cardinal."

We site these facts in order to show all intelligent people how perversely Pixley can falsify even in the presence of historical statistics which are as plain as the nose on a Hebrew face! But the unfortunate crank is so filled with bile, bilingsgate, blustor and bigotry that he rants in falsehoods every fact that has any bearing upon the Catholic Church. He does and dapes his readers every week with misleading information calculated to fill them with the foulest entrails, and all this he does because he derives his inspiration from the Father of Lies.

In olden times men were known to be possessed of devils, and the same law holds good to-day concerning all people like Pixley who willfully, wantonly and deliberately print untruths against the Catholic Church for the sole purpose of tradicing her character and misleading the reading public into the same slime-filled cotter in which they themselves wallow.

The Bible cautions us regarding the fate of those who are foolish enough to follow the lead of a blind man, because both tumble into the ditch, and bigotry has so blinded Pixley, and his many blasphemers have so covered his soul with sin, that he has become a veritable leper—a leper whose every breath is laden with death, and whose presence poisons the very atmosphere surrounding him.

It is due, however, to a decent reading public that it should be cautioned against the wanton lies of such a libeler, lest it becomes incumbent on us to occasionally use our "whip of scorpions" in order to scourge fanatical Frank for disseminating his public gem matters concerning which there can be no two opinions, but which he purposely and viciously misrepresents and misstates. We have learned against the Holy Church which proclaims the glory of that Creator he would gladly have reviled and blasphemed had he been among the ruffianly rabble who insulted, mocked, scourged and put to death the Son of that Creator as he hung on a cross with an intensity which typifies his infernal origin.

The Power and Province of Parish Schools.

No pastor ever feels satisfied with his labors until he has the children of his parish in a school where moral training as well as intellectual culture is given. To secure Christian education to the youth of his flock is a work dear to the heart of every true Shepherd. He knows that the men and women of the future are the boys and girls of to-day, and that they will become noble, God-fearing Christians only by enlightening their minds with Christian truths and inspiring their hearts with a love of Christian morality.

Even if the secular writer had not commended Christian schools to bring up the child "in the way he should go," experience would have convinced us of the necessity of doing so. Hence it is that the Catholic Church, knowing the importance of Christian training, has, at all times, made children the object of special care. Her pastors have ever been zealous for the education of youth, and although, in many instances, unable, for a time, to establish schools, they have not failed to do so, even at great personal sacrifice, when a favorable opportunity presented itself.

In this Archdiocese much is being done for Catholic education. The many convents flourishing in our midst have established parochial schools for their daughters in the care of Sisters of numerous Orders—teachers as efficient as they are zealous—thereby securing to them the advantages of an education truly Christian.

Equal facilities were not afforded for the education of boys, and parents were compelled by the force of circumstances to send their sons to public schools. But the dawn of a brighter day is breaking. Parish schools are now being rapidly established. Already many are in operation, and the happiest results are anticipated.

Zealous and energetic as have been the endeavors of the pastors and people throughout the Archdiocese to establish parochial schools, Oakland is the only place thus far in this diocese supplied with them. Every parish in our sister city—with the exception of St. Francis de Sales which has such has its parish schools. The girls of each parish are under the care of the devoted Sisters and the boys under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian schools.

Rev. Father Sorin, the zealous pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Temescal, has left nothing undone to secure a similar blessing for the children of his parish. A convent school has been in operation there for years, but the devoted pastor would not rest content until a school for boys should bless his parish. At last his desire has been realized. A magnificent school for boys, with teachers residence, attached, has arisen in the vicinity of Sacred Heart Church. It is a building of which a Christian pastor, filled with zeal for the spiritual welfare of his flock, may be proud of. It has five class rooms, all large, lightsome and well ventilated, every modern improvement having been called into requisition to make the Sacred Heart school all that could be desired from a sanitary standpoint. A large playground is essential to the health of the youths, and with its sheds and water supply, shows how thoughtfully this school has been planned. It is but simple truth to say that there is no better appointed school in California. The Brothers of the Christian Schools will take charge of this establishment. They will be installed there to-day, and will begin school on next Monday morning.

It is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for, that the people of every parish not already provided with Catholic schools may so assist their zealous pastors that this great want may soon be supplied. The parish school is indispensable. The child receives there not only that Christian culture—devoid of which the educated man is little better than an educated animal—but, moreover, a good practical business training. The higher branches, the sciences and the languages, are taught in the column of a well conducted parish school. To introduce such studies would mar the efficiency of such an institution. It would be to give a solid, practical education—one that will fit the student for the struggles of life, the course of study should be confined to the end. Reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic and grammar are the branches upon which the success of a parish school should lay particular stress. Let the pupil know these subjects—not by rote merely, but intelligently, and practically when the nature of the study will permit—and the parochial school will have effectually accomplished its work.

That, at all times, is a consummation to be desired, but it is especially so at this period. With such knowledge for a foundation to can, if the opportunity is afforded, perfect himself later in those branches the knowledge of which constitutes what is called a polite education. That the studies to which we have referred are those that should be taught in parish schools, we will deny. The greatest educators in the land insist upon these, practical business and practical ideas, as being the most important. The Brothers of the Christian Schools, with the accumulated experience of two centuries, have thrown forth the most results are obtained in parish schools, since the majority of the pupils leaving their care have to depend at school, cannot apply themselves advantageously to many studies, hence the necessity of devoting their time to essential matters only. From this it must not be inferred that the Brothers disregard the higher branches; but they believe in having every thing in its proper place.

According to their system, the pupil, having successfully completed the course mapped out for the parish school, is prepared, when circumstances permit, to pursue a higher course in an academy or college. Thus Sacred Heart School at Temescal, and we feel confident that the blessings it has so abundantly showered on other lands will be copiously shed upon our own beautiful California.

All the Glory of the Dominican Order is Due to the Rosary.

The Dominican Order owes the very beld that its members now wear to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, for when Blessed Reginald was laboring under an infirmity which in the order of nature was about to prove fatal to him, as the physicians attending him announced, the Most Blessed Virgin accompanied by two other virgins appeared corporally to him, and with her own most pure hands administered to him, as a sacred Viaticum Unction. She anointed him with oil brought from Heaven, on the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips, hands and feet. When the companions who did not yet know what had happened, admonished him to prepare for his last struggle by the reception of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, he replied to them: "I await with joy the conflict, for the Mother of Mercy in whom I place all my confidence has already anointed me." After that the Most Holy Mother of God announced to him that he would become perfectly well very soon, imparted many favors to him, bade him to enter the Order of St. Dominic, and showed him the habit that is now worn in the Order, saying to him: "*Ecce habitus Ordinis tuo*." Reginald hold the habit of the Order which it is my duty and pleasure to bring to the child "in the way he should go," experience would have convinced us of the necessity of doing so. Hence it is that the Catholic Church, knowing the importance of Christian training, has, at all times, made children the object of special care. Her pastors have ever been zealous for the education of youth, and although, in many instances, unable, for a time, to establish schools, they have not failed to do so, even at great personal sacrifice, when a favorable opportunity presented itself.

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Equal facilities were not afforded for the

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1886.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

The Devotion of the "Forty Hours Adoration" will be held in the following Places at the Time Designated for Each:

SUNDAY—SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

CHURCHES.	PLACES.	DATES.
Corpus Christi	South San Francisco	Fourth
Holy Cross	San Francisco	Fifth
St. Mary's	San Francisco	Sixth
Spanish	San Francisco	Seventh
St. Vincent's Asylum	San Rafael	Eighth
St. Dominic's	San Francisco	Ninth
St. Alphonsus	Suisun	Tenth
SUNDAY—SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.		
St. Vincent's	Vallejo	Twelfth
St. Brendan's	San Francisco	Thirteenth
St. Leander's	San Leandro	Fourteenth
St. Teresa's	San Francisco	Fifteenth
St. Patrick's	San Jose	Sixteenth
Bolinas	San Rafael	Seventeenth
St. Matthew's	San Mateo	Eighteenth
St. Mary's Hospital	San Francisco	Nineteenth
Sacred Heart	Temescal	Twentieth
Presentation Convent	Powell st.	Twenty-first
Mission	San Pablo	Twenty-second
Alameda Asylum	Alameda	Twenty-third
St. Rose	Sacramento	Twenty-fourth

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

12—Monday—St. Veronica, Widow.
13—Tuesday—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.
14—Wednesday—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church.
15—Thursday—St. Henry, Emperor of Germany, Confessor.
16—Friday—Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
17—Saturday—St. Alexius, Confessor.

MONTH'S MIND FOR FATHER HARTY.

There will be a Requiem High Mass at St. Teresa's Church, Potrero, on Thursday next, at 10 o'clock, for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. F. Harty.

MISSION AND LECTURE AT ST. ROSE'S.

The mission at St. Rose's Church was a great spiritual success and Father Prendergast's lecture, Rev. Father Cook will lecture at St. Rose's Church on Sunday next, July 11, at 8 p. m., for the benefit of the schools of the parish.

REDEMPTORIST MISSION AT ST BRIDE'S.

On next Sunday, at 10:30 a. m. the Redemptorist Fathers will open a mission at St. Teresa's Church, Potrero, and will be glad to see all those Fathers can give to the parish the year, it would be well for every Catholic in the parish attend it regularly.

HOME RULE MEETING IN OAKLAND

To-morrow (Thursday) evening, at Temperance Pavilion, John P. Irish, A. T. Rankin, and other distinguished speakers will address a Home Rule meeting, under the auspices of the Home Rule for Ireland, at the Park Theatre.

REDEMPTORIST MISSION NEXT SUNDAY.

The Mission at St. Peter's new church, Alabama Street, between 24th and 25th, will open next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. The opening sermon will be delivered by Rev Father Cook. All persons who have not received a ticket and desire to attend, as this will be the last in this city during the present year.

PROCLAIMING THE DECREES.

On last Monday there was a meeting of all the Brothers of the Northern province of the Christian Brothers at the Mission Dolores. Bishop Mora promulgated the Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, the action having been previously taken for the Southern portion of the Diocese.

GRATEFUL THANKS FOR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

On the part of Rev. Fathers Barnabas and Louis the Monks of the Holy Sepulchre, grateful thanks are tendered to the Ladies for their kindness and generosity in the spiritual support of the Holy Sepulchre, and for the generous contribution of the Catholic of St. Bridget's parish are now in the Holy Land, and have received from the hands of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Custodian of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Superior of the Franciscans, the Holy Land, the Holy Sepulchre, the Holy Cross, the Holy Crib, the Holy Sepulchre, the Holy Cross, the Holy Crib, the Holy Sepulchre, the Holy Cross, the Holy Crib

Farm and Home.

Sending Fruit East.

The fruit lately shipped East from this station by the California Fruit Union has fully demonstrated the fact that there is an unlimited market for our choicest fruit. Not only this, but another very important thing has been learned, and that is how to ship fruit East. This is alleaning rapidly in this branch of the fruit business, and the more experienced the Fruit Union has in shipping fruit East the more perfect they will understand every point of the business, and in a few seasons it will be as easy as rolling off a log to ship fruit across the Rockies. The time of shipping strawberries East brought from $1 25 to $1 75 chest, and this currants and also at from $1 to $1 50 per crate of twenty pounds. It seems that the people in Chicago and elsewhere have not yet learned to fully appreciate our luscious currants, but we are satisfied that in a short time they will be happy for them. The unsettled condition of business East, caused by the labor strikes, and later followed by the threats of the anarchists, Herr Most and others, has completely knocked business in the head, but of late things are better, and there is every hope that the old time demand for our fruit will appear.—*Rural California.*

A Famous Orchard.

The oldest orange orchard on the Pacific Coast is the Wolfskill orchard, located on Alameda street, Los Angeles. It consists now of nearly 10,000 trees, but only about 2,000 of these are very old. The first trees in this orchard were planted by William Wolfskill, in 1841, and they are now giantic in size and produce from eight to ten barrels of oranges each per year, and at times this orchard has yielded an income of $1,200 to $1,500 an acre per year. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, and it is treated in a peculiar way by Mr. J. W. Wolfskill, the present owner. Instead of plowing for new for irrigating streams, says the *Rural Californian*, he floods the entire surface of the land with a stream of nearly 200 inches of water, one row at a time, except a strip some three feet wide ridged up a little, in the center of which the trees stand. The water never touches the trunk of the tree. The land is nearly level and it requires nearly an hour for the stream to run across a twenty-acre orchard, and it is turned off as soon as it reaches the last tree. This irrigation is given about every six weeks and the land is plowed after each irrigation. Mr. Alex. Crow, who has charge of this famous orchard, says that the trees seem to do very much better under the system of deep culture than by any other which they have tried, and the magnificence of the trees and the abundance of the crop both attest the success of orange culture under the Wolfskill method.

Don't Undervalue the Bay.

The following sound reasoning we find in the *American Agriculturist*. It would be a benefit to both fathers and their sons if its precepts were more often regarded.

Too many men make boys feel that they are of little or no account while they are boys. Lay a responsibility on a boy, and he will meet it in a manful spirit. On no account ignore their disposition to investigate. Help them to understand things. Encourage them to know what they are about. We are too apt to treat a boy's seeking after knowledge as mere idle curiosity. "Don't ask questions" is poor advice to boys. If you do not satisfy inquiring things to them, you oblige them to make many experiments before they find out and through experimental knowledge is best in one sense, in another it is not, for that which we learn by bitter dearly-bought experiment sticks. If the principle involved is understood, there is no further trouble, and the boy can go about intelligently.

Do not wait for the boy to grow up before you begin to treat him as an equal. A proper amount of confidence, and words of encouragement and advice, and giving him to understand that you trust him in many ways, helps to make a man of him long before he is a man in either stature or years.

The Boston *Journal of Commerce* also makes a good suggestion to parents apropos to the above.

Give him heels, says the writer, and let him find out for himself whether he has got any mechanical taste or not. Do not discourage him, as parents are apt to do, by saying: "Oh, it is no use for you to try to do anything with tools. I never had any taste that way, and of course you have not." If a boy finds he can make a few articles with his hand, it tends to make him rely on himself. And the planning that is necessary for the execution of the work is a discipline and an education of great value to him. The future vulture and happiness of his boy depends on the surroundings of his youth. When he arrives at that period in his life when he is obliged to choose what profession or what line of business to follow, it highly important that he should take no false step. And if in his youth he has cultivated a taste for any particular branch, the choice of a profession or business will be made more easy.

A Special Fruit Train.

It is an event in the history of California that to day was inaugurated the shipment of California fruit to the East by special freight train sent through on passenger train time. The rate for a car taken by a passenger train is $600, but this price per car, when fifteen are taken by fast freight train is $300 per car, which makes a very material difference to growers and shippers. This afternoon such a train was sent out by W. Strouse & Co. and Edwin T. Earl, both of this city and members of the Fruit Growers' Association. Eight cars were loaded by the firm first-named and seven by Earl, the shippers having bought the fruit outright. The cargo consisted of fruit outright. The cargo consisted of plums, peaches, apricots, a car and a half of vegetables, 150 boxes of oranges and the first Bartlett pears of the season. The pears were grown mostly in Sacramento County. The fruit arrived here yesterday and to-day from points in Solano, Yolo, Sacramento and adjacent sections, and, in consequence, 100 men have been kept very busy during the last twenty-four hours packing and loading the rich products of California's glorious. Omaha will be the distributing point of the cars, which will go in all directions.

SACRAMENTO, June 22.—The shipment weighed 150 tons, and was raised at 875,000. The engine and cars were beautifully decorated with flags. The train was photographed before leaving, and as immense concourse of people witnessed its departure, inaugurating a new era in California fruit growing and shipping. The same firm, together with others of the Fruit-Growers' Association, will continue to dispatch similar trains twice each week, or oftener during the season.

—Three years ago, after a tornado had devastated the farm of a Georgia farmer, he found a ten-year-old boy among the shrubbery of his garden. No one claiming the waif, the farmer kept him and cared for him. Last summer the farmer took the boy with him into Mississippi, and then another tornado took the child, and he has never been heard of since.

—Plug's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is used in a snuff. 50c.

—"D-D-D" will cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Family Fun.

Giving Her Census.

When the census taker rapped at the door of a certain cottage on Sutter street the other day, and wondered if the woman would set the dog on him or douse him with dish-water, a great disappointment awaited him. She opened the door softly, smiled the air to see if he smelled of lightning-rods, and threw it open for him to enter.

"Madam, I am making a census of the city," he began.

"Ah, sit down," she replied, and as he began opening his book, she continued:

"There are few of us in the family, and we paid one hundred dollars down on this place. My husband's name is Peter, his age is forty-two, and he earns from a mean family. His father was always having law suits about dogs, and his mother was the greatest gossip in Elmira. Have you got that down?"

"Ha, yaaa

HELP FOR HOME RULE!

San Francisco's Generous Golden Gift.

NEARLY SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS DONATED.

Funds Flowing in Like a Tidal Wave.

Great Enthusiasm for Erin's Cause.

The crowds of people who flocked to Metropolitan Hall last Thursday night, proved that the old spirit of patriotism still pervaded the breasts of the Irish people and that they were determined to stand by Parnell and Home Rule until the hope of martyred patriots had been realized and Ireland granted the right of self government.

Shortly after eight o'clock J. J. O'Brien of the Young Ireland Parliamentary Club, stepped forward and announced that nomination for order, when the spokesman had ceased he spoke as follows:

"In behalf of the Young Ireland Parliamentary Club I thank you for your presence and I thank you for your kindness in fully another of the many public enterprises we have met on this side of the Atlantic."

MAYOR SARTIN'S SPEECH.

He then introduced Hon. Washington Bartlett, Mayor of this city, who was received with great enthusiasm and hearty welcome. After a few other preliminary remarks he called upon the audience to read the list of Vice-Presidents. Several communications were then heard with gratification by the entirely attentive audience, and as the nominations were announced the name as of approval were very enthusiastic.

Letters of regret for absence and of sympathy for the cause of Home Rule were received from Hon. A. S. Hewitt, who enclosed the sum of $50; from Senator George Hearst who sent a donation of $100; and from C. O. Pond who declined to act as Vice-President.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

At his request the Secretary read the following list of Vice Presidents:

Hon. Geo. Stoneman, C. T. Rylands, Jas. Jose, W. H. Mullally, Dennis Ryan, Hon. E. C. Marshall, Louis Loughlin, Hon. A. L. Rhodes, Hon. Jas. Stanton, Hon. R. F. Morrison, John Dugan, Capt. J. Poett, Chas. Cronan, Hon. S. E. McKee, Hon. D. J. Oulahan, Hon. J. D. Phelps, Hon. J. P. Coghlan, Hon. Irwin Lawton, Hon. J. J. Ayers, Hon. T. H. Selby, Hon. E. McGinty, Gen. R. P. Hammond, Hon. J. K. Sharpstein, Hon. J. P. Jones, Hon. Thos. Fitch, Hon. M. H. Sullivan, Hon. W. H. Barber, Hon. W. J. Shafter, Hon. E. R. Sharon, Hon. J. S. Hager, Hon. E. R. Reeder, Hon. M. H. Beach, Hon. J. D. Phelan, Hon. J. K. Wilson, Hon. J. S. Spear, Hon. G. C. Perkins, Hon. J. P. Irish, Hon. M. G. O'Toole, Hon. J. Sullivan, Hon. J. F. Sullivan, Hon. J. Mandin, R. O'Donnell, J. F. Coffey, J. Maloney, Thos. Walsh, Myles D. Sweeney, W. H. Lacy, Hon. J. H. Stanley, Hon. J. Pedro, Hon. J. H. Dunphy, Hon. J. H. Dwyer, Hon. J. D. Ryan, Hon. J. K. Wilson, Hon. J. D. Ryan, Hon. J. J. Wilson, Hon. J. D. Ryan, Hon. J. J. Wilson, Hon. J. D. Ryan, Hon. J. J

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

THE MURDERER'S PRAYER.

Oh, Thou that dwelest above the angels shine,
In Heaven—sweet land of glory!
Hear, oh, hear this prayer of mine,
A wanderer's weary story.
Strengthen this heart, which has grown so cold,
This soul bowed down with sin,
Oh, bid my troubled heart be stilled—
Mother Mary hear my prayer!

Protect me from the snares of sin
Which lie in my path;
Protect me from the wicked one
And the avenging Wrath;
Pain, oh, turn this soul to thee,
From jeering dangers lair;
And Heaven's door open obtain for me
Mother Mary hear my prayer!

Guide my steps whe'er I stray
By lonely moonlight or
By busy noon-day crowds passing by,
Oh, Mother of Sorrows! from
Out the snare behind me
Keep me safe with care,
And let my heart thy dwelling be—
Mother Mary hear my prayer!

And when my days are drawing near
And Death shall claim its prey,
Be Thou my guardian angel near
Lest I with evil stray;
And when that solemn goal or hi
Whether on land or sea,
Be Thou my stay, my refuge still—
Mother Mary hear my prayer!

FRANCIS QUINN.

NO GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Between a father and a little daughter.

At close of day to mother's arms
Came her little child with fears
"Do you were a naughty girl to-day,
Who would not do the right?
My little girl who can't say
I cannot kiss good-night!"

The little mouth, it trembled so;
The bright eye held a tear;
"I said, "I will not give kiss me, though,
In the morning, mamma, dear!"

"Yes, in the morning, when you call
A childish heart to pray,
She turned her fair face to the wall
And wept herself to sleep.

She woke not here: Death called her name,
To make in Heaven instead!
And when, at dawn, the mother came,
She found her darling dead.

O mother-heart! thy wrong confessed,
What is thine anguish now!
She slipped her dead face to her breast,
Kissed lips and eyes and brow.

Starting from her sleep, What can alone
Mothers, remember this,
Send no child to sleep by bed unknown
Without a good-night kiss.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flower that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wept
In fashion shone
Soft eyes now—
Where, oh, where are lips and eyes,
The joys and sorrows of our sires's sight,
That lived so long ago?

No people all the city street
A hundred years ago—
Who fill the church with focus meek
A hundred years ago—
The unerring tale
Of sister frail,
Of sister frail,
Of a brother's hurt,
Where, oh, where are glory and money,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who were they lay the living wept
A hundred years ago?
Yet where
Their bones are filled
Yet where their
Yet where their
Yet where their

THE MONITOR.
TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

— The municipal elections in Rome have resulted in a decisive victory for the Catholics.

—There is no truth in the assertion that the Pope has intimated to the Irish Hierarchy that they should abstain from "politics or party strife."

— It is stated, as the result of the recent elections in Belgium, that the Chamber, as newly constituted, will be composed of 86 Catholics and 65 Liberals.

— According to the *Univers*, the Pope is preparing an important document on the Labor question. It will probably see the light in the form of a letter addressed to an illustrious European Catholic.

— The German Press of all shades of opinion agree in stating that the enthronement of Mgr. Dinder at Posen assumed the character of an impudent manifestation of confidence in the new Archbishop.

— Gladstone told a startling truth when he remarked—in connection with the present election—that the great British quality "England will have to learn here, but slowly and painfully."

— The Workmen's Congress convened by the Socialist leaders at Brussels terminated with a public meeting, at which one of the speakers said—"To us belongs the State, with its laws and its powers. We will make of Belgium a people who will expel the priests, the *exploiteurs*, and everything else opprobrious and shameful." Such a "parallax" would smell of brimstone and Bradaubh!

— Through the kindness of many friends of the MONITOR and the numerous friends of Ireland of all nationalities, we were enabled to place one thousand five hundred dollars in the bank of Messrs. Donohoe, Kelly & Co., on Friday last for the Irish Parliamentary party. This amount—together with $3,500 from other sources—made up the $5,000 added to Mr. Parnell yesterday.

— A very interesting account of the attempted murder of the late Bishop Hendricken by brutal members of the Native American Party, will be found on the second page of this issue. It is of peculiar interest just now to ventilate the bloodthirsty demonstrations of such brutal bigots, as there are rumors of a revival of that disgraceful party among certain political aspirants who are too unpopular to be claimed by any respectable party.

— Citizens just returned from England say the Tories on the other side have been almost enough to one, with apparently good effect, the dynastic utterances of the irreconcilable faction in New York against England and the English to show what sort of men were backing up Irish Home Rule. Placards containing extracts from them were posted up in Ireland and all through Somersetshire. What was done there, no doubt, was done with like effect elsewhere.

— Alluding to the English Elections Labouchere says: "As things stand now it looks to me as though the new Parliament will be much like the old. The Liberals will not have a decisive majority, nor the Conservatives, even with the support of the Liberal and Radical Unionists, who have made common cause with them. What then will happen? I suppose Lord Salisbury will be installed in office and be supported by Hartington's friends and the members for Birmingham. And what then will be the duty of the Radicals? To render it impossible for any one else than Gladstone to carry on the Government. This they can easily do by a strict alliance with the Irish."

— Cardinal Gibbons has received a cablegram from Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Secretary of the American College at Rome, announcing that Rev. A. A. Curtis of Baltimore, had been chosen to succeed Bishop Becker, of the diocese of Wilmington. Father Curtis was formerly rector of Mount Calvary Protestant Episcopal church, Baltimore. His resolve to embrace the Catholic religion caused something of a social sensation some fifteen years ago. He is comparatively a young man and is very popular. There are now nearly a dozen members of the American Hierarchy who are converts from the sects, and all of them are bright lights in the one true Church—a gain to God's fold and a loss to those Lucifer-crossed souls they left behind them in the march with Lucifer!

Falsehood versus Truth.

A subscriber sends us an Oregon paper

> *There are serious riots at Hilgo, Ireland, on the 12th. Catholics attacked the houses of Protestants and wounded quite a number of them. The Orangemen did not retaliate, the riot act was read, in which no attention was paid. The soldiers were then ordered out and charged upon the crowd with bayonets, a general stampede then scaring and pace was restored.—Oregonian Times, Jacksonville.*

Here is the truth as printed in an Irish paper.

> An unfortunate riot took place in Hilgo, on Saturday morning. Some persons committed a disturbance outside the Catholic Cathedral, and the excitement caused by this culminated in the breaking of glass in a few Protestant houses. Some Orangemen fired revolver shots, and a boy named Barney, a Catholic, received a slight face by a bullet. The military were called out, and the riot suppressed. It is very regrettable that this should have happened, but it originated, as Irish riots have generally done, in the bigotry and violence of Protestants and Orangemen.

It is remarkably singular how even the most insignificant items are garbled in order to calumniate the character of Irish Catholics, and this is done even by papers professing to be friendly to the Irish race. The MONITOR is always glad to have its subscribers send along such slanderous paragraphs so we can effectually "snuff them out."

— A large number of men are now being employed on the site of the new Cathedral, excavating, digging for bedrock, upon which the foundation of the building will rest.

Suppose Gladstone is Defeated—What Then?

"(GLADSTONE'S) DEFEAT" is the caption displayed by the daily press, and many unreflecting persons are led to conclude that because Gladstone has not carried the majority of seats in the present English elections, the Irish Home Rule Bill is thereby buried out of sight forever. This is a most mistaken conclusion, because no legislation is possible in the English Parliament—no matter what Party may be in power—until the Irish question has been settled to the satisfaction of the Irish people.

Gladstone's defeat may *defer* the passage of an Irish Home Rule measure for a few more months or years longer than such a measure would take to become a law under a Parliament in which the majority were in sympathy with the Grand Old Man, but his defeat can in no way effect the ultimate triumph of Home Rule—not only for Ireland but for Scotland and Wales as well. Man die, political parties cease to exist, but true principles live for ever, and whether the reins of the English Government fall into the hands of Liberal Unionists, Conservatives or Tories, there is no possibility of any union between them to perpetuate their power beyond a single sitting of Parliament. The Irish question will not down; it will prove an "apple of discord" in the English Parliament, and the English people have been educated out of the rut of bigoted views which they held concerning their dread of "danger" from any "disintegration" of the British Empire—through the passage of a Home Rule measure for Ireland.

Such a system of education is about to be inaugurated by the Irish party, a number of whose best speakers are to be selected for the purpose of preaching a political crusade throughout England for the purpose of explaining to the stolid masses the meaning of Home Rule and the scope of the measure regarding its influence upon the integrity of the British Empire. When this necessary enlightenment has been imparted to the English masses, their prejudices will give way to their intelligence, and another election contest may have very different result.

The English people are slow to take up new propositions which Irish agitators and political law or custom, hence it could hardly be expected that they would vote in Gladstone's favor at the first opportunity. The Irish people have battled patiently and hopefully for Home Rule in one shape or another for nearly a hundred years, and although they have been often disappointed and defeated they have never been dismayed, but they gathered fresh courage and fresh determination with each repulsion. This is the living influence that animates the Irish people everywhere to-day, and the vital hope will yet be consummated by the very people who have just helped to defeat Gladstone for the time being.

Brother McCrary's Criticism Criticised.

Cardinal Gibbons received the *tiempo*, which boldly makes him a Cardinal, and Baltimore Protestants, who have a horror of our Church, are shocked at the idea of a Cardinal being a native of Baltimore, and all the respect for office and the dignity of our Church, which is accompanying it, as wholly pagan, barbarous and idolatrous. Strange things happen in the New Testament, and without things like this the New Testament, and without things like this the New Testament, and without things like this the Apostles would not have been Apostles, and Christ would not have been Christ. As long as Cardinal Gibbons confines his duties to spiritual matters, Americans will not object to his Cardinalship, but if he is the reputation of being a "jolly good fellow" he will be hunted down like a mad dog. Brother McCrary is very fond of the Pope, but he is not quite so fond of the Pope's flock of such wolves in sheep's clothing:

> A Paris correspondent states that the church on Mont St. Michel is to be closed on the 31st of August. The *Monde* says—"The Republic is about to prescribe the worships in a temple open for nearly twelve centuries. No sanctuary in our country has equal associations, or wears the same patriotic character. St. Michel is for France what St. James is for Spain—a national patron." Now that the French government has got rid of God it has no use of His tabernacles.
>
> Father Curtis is now contributing his million for the new Cathedral, in St. Patrick's parish, and a meeting of the Protestant Episcopal clergy wherever he goes.

Do California Citizens Desire to Revive the Native American Party?

There are demagogues and demagogues, but of all the debased and despicable demagogues who disgrace and defile the high and honorable citizenship of an American, the most diabolical is he, who as LINCOLN'S NATAL DAY—will take advantage of the sacred memories of the occasion to the base use of political prescription. The fanatical firebrand who flung his foulest epithet at Catholics and "foreigners" on his national homage on the late celebration of independence day in this city, thereby demonstrated himself to be the vile and unscrupulous demagogue depicted by those who have repeatedly and unsparingly denounced him both through the press and in private conversation.

In advocating the organization in this State of a Native American Party, based on the rotten and repulsive principles of Knownothingism, Frank Pixley and his sympathizers exhibited themselves in their true color, and, in order to accomplish the designs of these despicable demagogues, it would be well for adopted citizens of every nationality hereafter to vote solid against every candidate endorsed by the Anglophobiac who edits the *Argonaut*.

The fanatical wretches who would revive proscription are so many traitors to the great cause of human freedom. They are the foes of the most sacred principles of our American Constitution, and the deadly enemies of the dearest principles regarded under the aegis of Christian liberty.

We have no fears whatever that the diabolical demagogues of a demented and despicable firebrand like Frank Pixley will ever be adopted by even a decent minority of our American people, but when such anti-republican sentiments as he gave voice to on last Independence Day are heralded forth by the daily press, it is but right that they should be denounced as they deserve, hence the MONITOR raises its voice with that intention.

Any man—no matter how humoral his life or how obscene his language—can find followers, hence the value of remembering the well-known axiom: "*Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.*" Those who love this land—citizens who have helped to achieve its present prominence and prosperity—must not only watch over its welfare, but they must be ever vigilant to guard its integrity and its peace against the silent and stealthy assaults of the scum of creation who would plunge the whole land into carnage and civil war in order to gratify their hatred against Catholicity and adopted citizens, and, when they had inaugurated a reign of chaos and crime, they would gloat over the destruction and death they had designedly disseminated.

The riots and bloodshed precipitated, and the bigotry engendered by political combinations of creeds like those that formed the Native American and the Knownothing Parties of the past, may never again be repeated in this Republic, but when firebrands like Frank Pixley publicly recommend the destruction of Catholic churches, when, week after week, the highest and the lowest, conditions combine among our Bishops are constantly concentrated, when prejudice is permitted and considered against our priesthood, when slanders are spread broadcast against the stainless characters of our Sisterhoods, when insinuations of the vilest and most vituperative character are hurled forth weekly against honest, law-abiding married men and women whose only crime is that their mothers did not happen to reside in Boston when they were born, or that they worship God according to the Christian code of the Catholic Church, the time for organization of secret societies and published from week to week, we can not help coming to the conclusion that there is an evil spirit abroad in our midst which must be quietly, legally and effectually exorcised before it grows irrincible to human control and transforms itself from a turbulent theory into a remorseless reality.

The reading of history teaches us that when well-minded men—whose hands are raised against their fellow-man of other faith or lineage—keep constantly harping upon the same unchristian topics from week to week and year to year, the fire of such fanaticism soon forms itself into a serious fire, for the reason that it takes but a single spark to inaugurate a blaze—once the bigotry which time has thus engendered. The inflammable inflammable of an innocent and infidel populace are the magnets which designing demagogues like Pixley hope to store up their slenders day by day until the time is ripe for precipitating a catastrophe, that they will shackle over the necks of their scheme and gloat over the disgrace and the destruction they have encompassed. The "no Popery" cry was repeated continuously for ten years prior to the Philadelphia Riots. The voice of Proscription against Catholic citizens resounded from press and pulpit; its times were not more sanguinary than those resounding from the slander-covered lips of our local firebrand, but the result vermon-ne the page of American history with unrailed for carnage and unheard of crime. For ten years Catholics were ruthlessly denounced as the tools of "a foreign despot," and "the foes of American freedom." Is not this Pixley's policy in San Francisco to day? The press, the pulpit and the platform were then utilized and subsidized in order to propagate and perpetuate the most bitter bigotry and the most intense prejudice against the Catholic Church and Catholic citizens. Are we not the familiar firebrands of San Francisco engaged in the same work now? The mob who burned the Ursuline Convent at Mount Hill, and who destroyed the homes of the innocent living as well as consecrated graves of the saintly dead—had not an atom of cause for personal spite against the Sisters, but their hatred was engendered by *reading papers edited by the Pixleys of that day*.

The bad blood and prejudice thus generated culminated in crimes which will incarnadine the pages of American history for ever! Yet there was no real cause even remote cause for this horrible infamy. It was solely the result of precisely such ruffianly attacks by the press on the Church and Catholic citizens which Pixley projects into his paper.

Here is the truth as printed in an Irish paper.

> An unfortunate riot took place in Hilgo, on Saturday morning. Some persons committed a disturbance outside the Catholic Cathedral, and the excitement caused by this culminated in the breaking of glass in a few Protestant houses. Some Orangemen fired revolver shots, and a boy named Barney, a Catholic, received a slight face by a bullet. The military were called out, and the riot suppressed. It is very regrettable that this should have happened, but it originated, as Irish riots have generally done, in the bigotry and violence of Protestants and Orangemen.

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All the Glory of the Dominican Order is Due to the Rosary.

THIRD ARTICLE.

At the celebrated Council of Trent St. Thomas was present by his writings, in spirit, and through his numerous disciples and brethren, and this noble son of the Rosary exhibited the wonderful influence his writings were placed in front of the Church, and they furnished the Doctors and Fathers there assembled with weapons to confound and destroy the doctrine of the ministers of Satan. Know the invincible logic of Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, was made triumphant. Those writings to do grand work there for the Church, and to deal destruction to all heresies. We may here remark that Aristotle would have forever remained branded as dangerous, and the power of his logic would be unknown, only for St. Thomas. Miraculanus has well expressed this idea when he says: "*Non Thomas, nisi ope Aristotelis*—Only for Thomas the voice of Aristotle would never be heard in the Church." There were present among the Fathers at the Council of Trent in the flesh and with their towering intellects twenty three Dominican Prelates, and among the theologians nineteen picked theologians of the Order. The Dominicans were the Pontifical theologians of the Council. Twenty-two of the twenty-four voices of the Council, while a fourth—Pius V.—was a Dominican, and the twenty-fourth (Gaudini, *Summus Pontifex*) in the most beautiful and vigorous manner utters the most sublime sentiments on the doctrine of St. Thomas, and touchingly refers to the help which the illustrious Fathers the Friars Preachers and the Franciscans, gave to the Holy See, in the realms and science of labors in the propagation and extension of the Christian Religion. Benedict XIV., the preeminently learned Pope, honored upon him the titles of "Prince of Theologians," "the great light of the United Friars Preachers," and "Doctor of the Church," and he declared and decreed that if there was any good in his own works, the glory of it was due to the teachings of great Master S. Thomas. But we must cease quoting from such sources, for our pages are too short, and we must be concise and pithy. We must be concise and pithy. We must be concise and pithy. We

Farm and Home.

A Modern Dry Goods Store.

I wonder if the average merchant ever stops to think what a big hypocrite he is and what a lot of mockeys he makes of his clerks. In the days agone the lady who entered a dry goods store was met with a cordial salutation from proprietor or clerk. She stated her wants, and they were attended to in a business-like manner, and a "good afternoon" followed her as she went out.

What a change has come over the scene! Recently as I entered a dry goods store the floor-walker put on his accustomed grin and "good-afternooned" me. He rubbed his hands together, grinned some more, bowed five distinct times, and was so pleased to show me to the towel and napkin counter that he skinned his shins on a stool without losing one bit of his angelic countenance.

Then the towel and napkin man bowed and grinned and twisted and smirked and "good-afternooned" me and "beautiful-weathered" me for three minutes. If I had bought him a new tin whistle, or a red rag he couldn't have been more pleased. I wanted some cash towelling at about a shilling a yard. I knew that before I left home. I asked direct for what I wanted, and the clerk grinned and smirked and twisted some more and said:

"Ah — yes — exactly — yes. Certainly, ma'am, with the greatest of pleasure. You did't want Turkish towels?"

"No, sir."

"Ah—so!"

"I want cash towelling."

"Certainly, ma'am—crash towelling—I see. We are having beautiful weather—very beautiful. Here it is, ma'am."

At that moment the floor-walker suddenly appeared. His face bore a look of great anxiety. I couldn't tell at first whether he had a toothache or had lost a hard of a death in the family, but it all came out after a bit. He had been endeavoring ever since the idea that I might have gone down cellar or up stairs to hunt for the towel department, or that I was not being properly waited on, or that the crash towelling was off on a vacation. He had run back to make sure, and what a relief it was to him! He bowed and smiled, and ducked and twisted, and backed off.

Then the clerk bowed, and grinned, and curtsied, and backed down some towelling. "I want four yards."

"Certainly, ma'am—I see—beautiful day, yesterday—four yards—think it will do, eh?"

Just then the proprietor came up, and his face carried such a grin. He was delighted to see me. Didn't I want two clerks to wait on me? I was a beautiful lady. I was beautiful. Did the towels suit? If not he would order from Europe. No trouble at all, you know—certainly—certainly again—good afternoon.

The clerk had cut off four yards of towelling, and I laid down a fifty cent piece.

"Ah—yes—nothing else—table-cloths or napkins—dish-towels or anything of the kind?"

"No, sir."

"Ah — certainly — ah boy! — beautiful day, isn't it—a thousand thanks—package you am—all again—good afternoon."

He smirked and smiled. The floor-walker ran across my path to grin and bow. The proprietor followed me to the door to bow and twitter. I had saved the three of them from the gallows by purchasing four yards of crash towelling at a shilling a yard, and they were duly grateful.

Yes, I am a modern woman. I hope I have a fair share of common sense. I know lots of other plain women with common sense who are looking for some merchant to open a store where grinning baboons will not be employed to wait upon customers. One woman out of fifty may appreciate all this soft-soap and tender taffy, but the other forty-nine are disgusted with it. We want civil, courteous treatment from shopkeepers and their clerks, but let it end there. The proprietor who exacts all this grinning and grimacing and twitching on the part of a blue-coat toward female customers is mistaken in the set. They have more brains than he credits them with.

Seven Trifles worth Remembering.

For the disagreeable sensation known as heart-burn, which so often accompanies indigestion, a tablespoonful of common salt, dissolved in half a wine-glass of water, and drank, is as effective a remedy as a dose of saleratus-water, and a much pleasanter and safer one. Nobbing a brose in several and then in spoons of turpentine will usually prevent the unsightly black and blistered face not only tells tales, but deforms. When there is an unpleasant odor about the feet, a small quantity of a weak solution of salicylic acid in the footbath is a sure destroyer of the offense. Many of the potent extracts and bitters are compounded of an alcohol derived from wood, and this is said to be peculiarly dangerous form of alcohol, capable of producing very serious brain disorder. Use of the most trustworthy medicines in all the pharmacopeias is the hydrate of chloral which is so commonly used; cases are reported where 200 grains have been taken in safety, and other cases where ten grains have proved fatal, or at least only a narcotic escape from death by timely and active effort; this drug should never be taken but with the advice and assistance of a physician. Iron articles will seldom rust if they have been cleansed from oil by hot soda-water, and after being dipped in hot lime water and dried. Collodion, spirits of turpentine, and the common olive oil are called oils of one, are such an invaluable remedy in apply to burns and scalds before a physician can arrive; do better, if better is to be done, and sweet oil and lime-water beaten up together make a cooling and healing ointment for them as good as any medicament known.

A Too-Totaler.

Senator Spooner, the eloquent young senator from Wisconsin, who made a reputation a asley on the late Vice President Hendricks, is a too-totaler, but he does not make a parade of his temperance principles. It is noticed that he does not drink interesting liquors of any kind, and when he is asked the reason he does not hesitate to give it. He says: "I have three boys I love. They have never smelled liquor in my breath and they never shall." The reason why he avoids strong drink is a very satisfactory one. There is not one man in a thousand who will admit its force, although not more than one in a thousand may be guided by it.

Shavings for Upholstery.

For stuffing purposes pine shavings are now largely used. They are being at Toth, in an extensive factory devoted exclusively to the production of such shavings, and there, by the aid of machinery, are reduced to such a degree of fineness that the product closely resembles tow. Shavings of this kind are superior, it is asserted, to every other substitute for horse hair in connection with upholstering purposes, alike as regards elasticity, softness and durability; for bedding they are recommended on account of the room contained in the wood being an effectual preventative of vermin, the utility of the material in this line, especially for hospital and barracks purposes, having been satisfactorily tested by the German Government. After having been used as stuffing for five or six years, the shavings can be removed by being exposed to the heat of the sun or a boiling heat temperature.

Family Fun.

A Question of Arithmetic.

Jim Webster was tried last week in Austin for raining chickens from Colonel Yerger. He was convicted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. After the trial was over Colonel Yerger said to Webster.—

"Now that you have been convicted, just for the fun of it, I'd like to know how many of my chickens you have stolen at one time and another."

"I ain't gwinter tell yer, boss, how many chickens I fetched yer jest like dem."

"Jim, here is half a dollar if you will tell me the number you have taken."

"No, sah, I ain't gwinter tell yer for no half dollar how many of dem chickens I took. Ise knows de number pretty sakely, but I ain't gwinter gib hit away for no fifty cents. I ain't no fifty cents on de dollar nigah. If you wants de hull troof yer must yer a hull dollar."

"Well, Jim, here's fifty cents. If you are willing to tell the whole truth for a dollar, of course you will tell half the truth for fifty cents. You can afford to tell one half the number of chickens for fifty cents can't you!"

"Sartinly, I'm a square nigah. If you pays for half the troof, dat's what yer gits.

"Well, give me half the number of roosters you stole."

"Leetuns see. Half de number of rosters are five."

"Very well. What's half the number of pullets."

"Eh, Eh!" Hafe de pullets sah an' two pullet over."

"How about old hens!"

"Hafe de hens an' de."

"Do you stole ten roosters!"

"Dat's hafe! How de dibbel did you come yer find out!"

"Jim, you stole fifteen pullets and twelve old hens."

The astonished darkey started back in dismay, and rolling his eyes at Colonel Yerger, exclaimed:

"You is a dangerous man. Dar's some hocus pocus about de hull thing."

"One question more, Jim. How did you manage to find out half the number of chickens you stole. You don't know any thing about arithmetic.

"No, sah, of course I don't know nuffin 'bout rahmetic, but I know half de number ob chickens I got, bekase de older nuggah what was watchin' outsider daforce he took half de chickens and I got de udder half."

Sambo's Shrewdness.

An old negro, much alarmed, went to a judge and said: "Judge, dar's er lot er niggers kept stole down in my neighborhood lately, an' fust thing yer know somebody's gwine ter be arrested. I hope who took 'em, an' if you'll let me tura State evidence I'll tell yer."

"You were concerned, eh?"

"Yas, sah; an' if yer'll jes' let me do de evendence, I'll tell yer cactly who tuck dem hangs."

"All right."

"Won't do nothin' wid me?"

"Not a thing."

"Will yer sw'ar it?"

"Yes, if necessary."

"But will yer put in writin?"

"Yes."

The judge drew up an agreement, and when he had read it, the old negro said:

"Dat sounds sorter like a Sho' dee dockyment I'd stan'."

"If it suits you well. Now tell me who stole the hogs."

"Yer's dis nothin' wid me!"

"Not!"

"Well, judge, I stole dem hogs myself, jes' dis day, sah. I thank yer for yer kindness."

A Feeble Congressman.

The other evening the little daughter of a Congressman was paying a visit at a neighbor's, and the respective mothers were talking of physical ailments and their remedies. After a while the little girl saw an opportunity to make a remark.

"My papa," she said, "always drinks whiskey when he is sick."

"Then she stopped for a minute, her eyes softened and saddened, and she continued slowly:

"And poor papa is sick nearly all the time."

Political Economy.

"My dear," said an anxious wife to her husband, who was running for office, "at most economies in every possible way." "Yes," he replied, "I can. I can do it handily. You spend $10 or $15 a day in treating a lot of bar-room loafers to beer and whisky just to get them to vote for me. Do you call that economy? Certainly. That's political economy."

A Wife's Curiosity.

"Grover," said Mrs. Cleveland, shortly after her arrival at the White House on Tuesday, "what are all these long naked bottles doing in this closet, and what do they contain? "They're did contain 'Jefferson simplicity,' stammered the President; "but I believe they are empty now." "Humph," said the first lady of the land, taking one of the bottles from the closet; "this is the first time I ever knew that Jeffersonian simplicity smelled like a snake bite cure."

German in the State Camp.

One of the guards who was on duty last night was approached by a short and stout man in uniform, who walked with his hand placed upon the base of his stomach.

"Who goes there?" called the guard, presenting his musket.

"I am de sand," and the stout man in a moment was gone.

"Well, have you got the countersign?" asked the guard.

"No," said the stout man, sadly, "but I had gos dar garlic. Hisse let me pass till I go by der hospital tent."

Mic Circumcision.

An editor was taken seriously ill and a doctor was called in at once.

"How is your circulation?" inquired the man of pills.

"Oh," replied the editor excitedly, "my circulation is steadily increasing; it is the largest in the country; it is more than double the circulation of the Daily Totem and is way out of sight of the Weekly Hooter. It is the best advertising medium this side of the provinces. How many squares would you like doctor?"

The Family of the Future.

Peter-familiar Watkins—"That little shaver over there by the wall is my second child by my first wife; and the one near him, with light hair, is my wife's first by her second husband. The other one, with the spot on his nose, is my second wife's by her first husband, and we've got some of the last batch around somewhere—but, oh! it's awfully mixed; can scarcely keep track of them. However, we call them all Watkinses."

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No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privilege of being the stockholders of their own funds until actually needed to pay death losses and provide funds for the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to those members who have certificates will fall due first as part payment thereof at 8 per cent interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date, $104,000 to members, and paid in death losses $170,000. All claims are paid promptly and in full. The average number of members is three thousand, and the average amount loaned to members monthly is nearly $1,000.

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Corrects the bile and acts like a filter to cleanse impurities of the blood. By its regularity in its action or suppression of its functions, the liver, the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, weakness, yellow diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling, and many other distressing symptoms. Prompt and effective remedy. These are the results of the use of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, its great liver regulator.

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KIDNEYS

Are the great secretory organs of the body. Into and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids and poisonous excretory matter taken from the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained and poisons the blood, causing backache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the Kidneys and bowels, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great organs of the body to resume their natural functions and health is at once restored.

SCROFULA

Is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by impurities in the blood as by the lack of sufficient nourishment furnished by the blood. Scrofula is the system forces the impurities from the blood and cleanses the system through the regular channels.

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PECULIAR FEATURES OF ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

result for the Conservatives. The late sitting members are again returned, while in Salford matters were even worse, the sitting Liberal members being defeated by Conservatives. But the net result is that the Liberals gain one seat in Liverpool and one seat in Leeds. All that is proved by the results of these elections is that Mr. O'Connor was mistaken in supposing that the Irish vote would prove the decision of the last election in these particular boroughs.

MRS. GLADSTONE ON THE STUMP.—THE GRAND OLD MAN'S SECRETARY.

In the absence of the Grand Old Man Mrs. Gladstone has taken the stump. Mrs. Gladstone as an orator is a lady of the same order as Mrs. Arnold while at Mile End. But it was the Grand Old Man's eloquence after all, for she read a letter from her great husband which at once fired the enthusiasm of the closely-packed audience. She said:

"My friends—I may call you so because the East End of London is well known to me—I thank you with all my heart for your touching reception, but I will know for whom she is it given—for my husband? Let me tell you his heart is with you, though his voice cannot travel this distance. And now, my friends, I think I cannot do better than give you a message from him which, if you will allow me, I will read. He has written it in his own unique handwriting. Look back upon the history of the past and forward to the prospects of the future. Listen, Freedom, everywhere. What a privilege it is for you to help to decide the destiny of England. The battle is begun. You are to help win it. Rally round our friend, Mr. White. Think of all his works of mercy and devotion on other occasions. As my husband says, in the beautiful words of our great poet: "Ring out the old, ring in the new"; ring out the sins of misery of the past decade, so that you may ring in the blessed reign of peace. God grant it may be so."

Mrs. Gladstone in an old hand, if I may use the expression, is a parliamentary orator. Long ago she learned the secret of talking phrases. Last night she was in capital form. She stepped up to the platform without a touch of nervousness. She was shod in a loose gown and bonnet, her shoulders enveloped in a cloud of lace, crowned by a diamond star, and Mrs. Gladstone's voice is low and tremulous, but reaches to the end of the room. The effect of her was alone sufficient to evoke the most tremendous loyalty.

Father Neyron of Notre Dame.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF A PATRIARCH PRIEST.

With Napoleon at Waterloo.

THE TREACHERY OF NEY DESCRIBED.

Ninety-six Years Old and Still Serving in God's Sanctuary.

There is living within 100 miles of Chicago a remarkable man who in the day has been a surgeon, soldier, priest, and university professor. He was a surgeon in the army of the First Napoleon, accompanied the Emperor during his campaign against Russia, and was present at the great conqueror's downfall at Waterloo. He was a soldier of special interest to the Catholics and old settlers of Chicago, as he was the second one, Marquette being the first, to celebrate mass within the limits of that city. The man is the Rev. Louis Joseph Neyron, Professor of Anatomy and Medicine in the University of Notre Dame, near South Bend, Ind. Father Neyron is in his 96th year, but is as active as some of the men half of advanced age. His intellect is as clear as it was fifty years ago, he can walk unassisted or can take a street car as a soldier, and, in a word, is in complete control of all his faculties. During the commencement exercises of the university his appearance on the campus attracted the attention of hundreds of visitors when come of the students and his identity learned. He was walking up the shady avenue leading to the place of commencement, his long black coat and a black skull cap, and was accompanied by a pal terrier that is his constant companion in his walks. Every one who saw him remarked bitterly the resemblance to the pictures of Victor Hugo. He is above this medium height, has broad shoulders, surmounted by a large, well-shaped head, partially bald at the top on account of the absence of hair and long flowing white locks. His beard is almost white. When he noticed that he was attracting attention he turned from the walk and went over to a fountain in the center of the grounds, closely followed by the dog. The priest sat down on the curbing of the fountain, and at a signal from him the dog jumped into the water and began to swim about.

Several well-known Chicago people accompanied by a reporter, went over to talk to him. He said: "Myself and my friend Jack are here taking our morning stroll. Jack is a smart dog and a terrier to rats and snakes. He has a special fancy for killing rats and shaking their heads off."

"Were you at the battle of Waterloo, father?" some one in the group abruptly asked.

"Yes, I was present at the battle of Waterloo, and received the medal which I have been telling you about me! Yes sir, I was at the battle of Waterloo, and I was born as a soldier."

"You must be well advanced in years?"

"I am in my 96th year, but I have a brother in France who is several years old-er than myself, and he isn't married yet, either."

A reporter thought the venerable priest in his room in the infirmary of the university.

"Won't you kindly favor me with some of your reminiscences of the First Napoleon, the campaign against Russia, and the battle of Waterloo?" asked the scribe.

"My reminiscences are not smart, sir! Well, you want someone to run talking at my length, for I have many times refused to be interviewed. Of what use can my stories be to outside of the public? What you would ask of me has all been recorded in history, and the narration or opinion of a poor old man unlettered as I am would be of no use to any one."

"Did you have Marshal Ney personally?"

"Indeed I did, to my sorrow."

"There have been a great many stories about the effort that Marshal Ney never executed, but was allowed to escape and that he came to settle in this country."

"Yes, I have heard a story to that effect. It is as amusing as it is ridiculous. I am positive beyond any doubt that he was shot. I had occasion in some of the campaigns of soldiers from which the detail of men was drawn for the firing squad. Upon it that, had the men to whom he said, 'My comrades, fire!' been disposed to let him escape, the English would have seen to it that they did not."

"Did the soldiers sympathize with Ney in his downfall?"

"If they did they indulged in a bit of false sentimentality. Ney was a traitor, nothing but a traitor, to his sovereign, his country, his own honor, and the unlucky soldiers whom he hoodwinked and voluntarily turned over to Napoleon to be slaughtered at the battle of Waterloo. He richly deserved his fate, and I don't believe that the sad remnant of the army ever really betrayed shed many tears over him."

"Were you with Ney a army when he turned to from Napoleon?"

"I was, and I well remember the day that Ney's act of treachery took place. Ney's and the struggling army of Russia met at Orse bridge, better known at the time as the Bridge of the Holy Ghost. Napoleon's army was encamped a few miles from the bridge opposite our lines. The morning after our encampment we saw some dags of troops in advance of Napoleon's army, and it was then that the men first began to suspect Ney's plans, but the suspicions were not even whispered. Soon the flags disappeared, and Ney gave orders to prepare for an attack. We were prepared to attack and marched on to the bridge. When we reached the opposite side of the bridge we noticed about a dozen men advancing from Napoleon's army on horseback bearing flags of truce. Our army, which still did not exceed 20,000 men, came to a halt. The men on horseback advanced and the news was at once whispered to be Napoleon himself. At sight of Napoleon our army cheered.

Napoleon also demounted and was warmly embraced by Ney and his officers. It occurs a short in honor of Napoleon went up from our ranks. The history has recorded the rest. We were forced to combine with Napoleon's army of hope between the ages of 18 and 20 years and go to Waterloo and defeat."

"Were you taken prisoner at Waterloo?"

"Yes, although I might have escaped had I not stopped in my flight to dress the wounds of an officer to whom I was much attached. Our flight was a mad dashing along on my horse, dodging a storm of bullets. I saw the General stretched upon the ground, bleeding from a fatal wound in the shoulder. I dismounted to dress the wound, and while I was doing so a squad of Prussians came upon me and captured me. They stripped me of nearly all my clothing and what money I had and turned me over to the English army, where there was a lack of surgeons, nearly all the English surgeons having deserted their posts. Gen. Lowton was the commander of the division to which I was assigned, and I was treated by him and his army with the utmost kindness and gentlemanly courtesy. The General also allowed me a stipend, and put none of the usual restrictions of prisoners of war upon me. When I was taken to Paris by the English I found myself a complete prisoner, so to speak. I was a prisoner of Louis XVIII, because I was in Ney's deserting army, and a prisoner of the English because I was taken with a fighting them. However, the French Minister of War knew that I was with Napoleon against my will, and he forthwith assigned me to duty as Surgeon-in-Chief to the First Regiment of artillery. I want to report this assignment to the English General, and he positively refused to surrender me, saying, in a good-natured laugh, 'No, Sayron, you are our prisoner, and we need prisoners of your profession badly just now. Therefore, I will change the program. I hereby order you next to minister to the wounds of the army at Calais and Dunkirk.' It is needless to say that the order was carried out. In fact, I never saw the Prussian Minister of War again. The order allowed me double pay from time of my involuntary assignment until I was discharged as a prisoner.

"How did it happen that you became a priest?

"Well, to begin with, I was a soldier against my will, but at the conclusion of the war I made up my mind that I would either be an officer in the regular army or a priest. After due consideration I chose the priesthood, and entered the Seminary of Lyons, and after studying theology for three years I was ordained a priest by the Diocese of Bailay in the spring of 1828."

"How did you happen to join the American church?

"In the year 1835 Bishop Brute of Vincennes, Indiana, came to Lyons in the interests of France asking such of them as had the spiritual ability to accompany him to Western missions. I recognized the appeal as a voice calling me from home to do the work of my Master in a foreign land. So did a young friend of mine, Father Shadier. We obtained leave from our Bishop to join the American mission, and forthwith started to Bishop Brute's diocese. Bishop Brute became, like myself, he had been a physician and surgeon before becoming a priest. In the early spring of 1835 Father Shadier and myself arrived at Vincennes and were warmly greeted by Bishop Father Shadier was forthwith sent to Chicago and myself to New Albany, Ind. But in one year, during 1836, I had been on missionary duty in nearly every part of Illinois, Indiana, and part of Kentucky. The ravages of the cholera in Kentucky rendered my services necessary there, and many poor victims died in my arms as I was administering the last sacraments to them. In 1837 Father Shadier died and was buried somewhere in the Village of Chicago. Bishop Brute sent me to succeed him, with the understanding that as soon as Bishop Rosati of St. Louis sent a priest to New Orleans I should be sent there. I was stationed at Chicago not quite five weeks when Father St. Cyr of St. Louis arrived there, having been sent to take charge by Bishop Rosati. Then you see I was the second priest of the present great Catholic community of Chicago, not for a long time, it is true, but I don't think that people in Chicago know that I was ever priest in charge there, the general impression prevailing that Father St. Cyr was the first priest.

"I remained in charge of New Orleans after my return to Vincennes I went with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Odin, the Bishop of Galveston, to the Texas mission, arriving in New Orleans Christmas Day in 1837, and in Galveston New Year's Day. After spending one year in Texas I returned, at the request of my Bishop, to my first parish, New Albany, Ind., where I built the Church of the Holy Trinity, and was pastor of Holy Trinity parish for twenty-seven years. I resigned the pastorate and came here twenty years ago on account of the climate, which I found too severe for me while traveling through the malarial swamps doing missionary duty. Soon after I came here my Bishop requested me, and I decided to remain here. I teach my medical class every day, and take great pleasure in doing so. I wouldn't know what to do with myself unless I was actively engaged in some duty."

"What is your opinion of Napoleon the First?"

"He was the greatest soldier that ever lived. His had some great qualities, and the bad ones predominated in his character. Twice he fought and fell for his country, France, but finally he sacrificed France, his faithful soldiers, and was himself to be one insatiable ambition. I look upon him as the deliverer or murderer of thousands upon thousands of brave soldiers whom he marched over the snow-covered valleys and mountains of Russia for no other reason than to increase his own glory. What sense had he for making war upon the Emperor and people of Russia? No, the blood and honor of the French nation had to be left lying on mountains, in valleys and roadways during that terrible winter march

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is now in the thirteenth year of publication, and its well-established reputation as a denominational patriotic Religious Newspaper, has gained for it a wide circulation, and an influence which makes THE MONITOR a valuable medium for advertisers.

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Items intended for insertion, should be handed in not later than Tuesday of each week.

No communications will be inserted unless accompanied by the author's name. This is required as a private guarantee of good faith.

Correspondence intended for publication should be written on one side only, and be as concise as possible. Long letters are seldom inserted.

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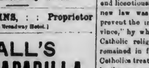

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CAUSES WHICH LED TO DEFEAT.

SEXTON'S SUCCESS AND HEALY'S STRUGGLE.

Interesting Incidents Narrated by Justin McCarthy.

Mr. Gladstone and those who fought and hoped with him believed two well of Ireland and of the voters. As those devoted men planned and fought for the fight, and the issue was to be settled upon the Irish question. They had to be sure the truth of the logic of their arguments, and the justice of their cause. Ireland proved against the sophistry and weakness of the Liberals on the other side. Ironically the fairness, candor, and honesty of the Gladstone party, the Irish voters showed that they could be trusted, and the weakness of the Liberals, and the ridiculing of the free of Smithfield

Poetry.

THE MARCH OF THE IRISH RACE.

O, spirits that watch for this sunrise dawn at the premier Arcadian gate,
Have you read your fate in the arching skies, and the lines in the Book of Fate?
Have you seen the spear-lane of last month shed with the vision that was to be?
That the alien's cause, like the chosen it invoked, is facing in death away

(1) Patrick hearts that have throbbed to be free, as free as your sires of yore,
Do you feel the thrill of the Dismania Hope you cannot but feel better?

(2) Leader, you may hoist your requiem days — the loss of our clarion gone,
Or the Irish race, made the banner of old, is speedily marching on.

Out from the valley of sin and death, down from the barren trees,
Where the prisoner tested that a bed might at times while his children slept in rags.
Out from the secrets of selfishness, and from the dangerous grime,
Out from the lair where gyves and chains encumbers each Irish foot!

Up, on to the isles of living light, on, on to the uplands, where
Man knew at the shrine of Freedom's God, and the skies look over fair.
On, on to the shores where the sands be gone that are kissed by the rival nationsal
On, on to each plain where the waving crain from the golden meadow glance.

Up, up from the swamps where the fatal gases of the poisoners rapid grow!
Up, on to the mountains, where the air is cool, with the cool breezes of a people's will.
On, on to the shores of the human race, to the light of a better day.
Where upright thrones shall be sceptered dense be ruthlessly swept away.

Where the earth shall not store the states of a savaged country's bones
And the world will look in peace and rest 'neath the glow of the young peace.
Then Israel's hands (for the onward march to the gates of the promised land
Where never again the weapon of war shall be sought to move off, as I hence for ward to catch Horace's parting words.

O, shader of our Hugh and Owen Roe, and Emmet, and Orr, and Tone,
The land then you died to disenthrall is boldly marching on.

On, on through the night to the morning bright where the green flag points the way.
While the tribal years to serve thy chosts at the dawn of the day.

Till the castle be wrecked and the last red coat of the invaders hordes be gone,
They Irish race, through time and space, shall ever go marching on.

JAMES MARTIN.

Literary Miscellany.

An Opportune Witness.

Well, I'm mighty glad to get home" said Mr. Briscomb, sympathetically.

And I am too," said the tiger with a beaming face, and hurried up the front walk; while behind him a man who had driven him home from the station, turned into the lane with a flourish and rattle down toward the barn.

Anybody might have been glad to get back to such a home, and to be unmistakable a welcome.

A big dog came bounding around the house to meet him, prancing, around him ecstatically, and making frantic attempts to lick his face.

Mrs. Marks, the housekeeper—Mr Briscomb was a bachelor—had been passed in preparation for supper to smile and nod from the window; and two young people, who were sitting on the front steps, jumped up hastily, little dreaming of Mr. Briscomb's satchel, and dragged a chair out on the porch and pressed him into it.

Those were Mr. Briscomb's boarders—Ruth Haines, who had come from the neighbors' house, satchel and Horace Bennet, among to take Ruth to church.

It was whispered that most of the envying had been done in the neighborhood of the schoolroom, the children hearing Horace to the fact that the young surveyor was a frequent visitor, and that hardly a day passed that he was not on hand to walk home with the teacher.

"Well——" said Mr. Briscomb, removing his travel-stained hat and wipine his forehead.

And he stopped short, and appeared to fall into a reverie.

His companions were silent. They were used quite enough to hear what he was going to propose—sympathy or congratulation.

Mr. Briscomb had been to a point several miles distant to receive the money left to him by a brother who had died six months ago—the six months having been consumed by a slow and sone system of probating.

"He was worth more than anybody thought," said Mr. Briscomb at last, abruptly. "He left Martha and the boys more than they ever saw up if they try, and he left me six thousand dollars."

The surveyor and the little school-teacher looked at each other breathlessly.

To them, working hard for their modest earnings, and more than appreciating the value of money, it seemed an overwhelming amount.

"I've got it right here," Mr. Briscomb continued, tapping his breast pocket, and it worried me all the way home. You see, I don't know what in the name of goodness to do with it."

"That's the last thing that would trouble me," said Horace brisk, and Ruth laughed, as she thought of Mr. Horace's silence.

"There's the bank," Mr. Briscomb went on musingly; "but I'm afraid of banks. And there's the railroads; I suppose I might take stock in some of them. But I don't patch on railroads either. I guess I'd better keep it by me till I've looked around a little," he concluded, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"Where will you keep it?" said Ruth wonderingly.

"Why, I've been thinking about that," Mr. Briscomb responded, looking at the porch floor with unmoved brows. "I guess I thought of the back of the old settee, and the inside of the straw trick, and the clock case; but I've come to think that they'd be the first place anybody'd look. Finally I thought of the carpet bag. There's a loose board up in the floor of my room—the northeast corner—just wide enough for a box under it. I can put my trunk over it, and there I is. Nobody'd think of going there.

"Nobody but me," said Horace cheerfully. "I should know exactly where to go."

At which Ruth laughed again, and Mr. Briscomb smiled absently.

He was very fond of his boarders; he was wondered how he could have thought the old house cheerful before they came, and what he should do when they were gone.

"I'd better get it off my mind," he said, rising, "I'm tired to-night."

And he went into the wide hall and up the stairs.

"He ought to invest it at once," said Horace, disapprovingly; "he'd always be uneasy while he has it on his hands."

"I am afraid so," and Ruth, looking after him regretfully.

And then the conversation drifted to less practical subjects than that of Mr. Briscomb's money, and was carried on in a rather low tone.

It was of Mr. Briscomb's money that Ruth was thinking, however, as she sat in her window that night looking down the sleeping road and listening to the chirp of a belated cricket.

Horace had heard a slight jarring sound from the carriage—her boot's, and her thoughts had flown immediately to the loose board and Mr. Briscomb's inheritance.

She sat quite alone, as it star la tiny, listening intently.

A soft step crept down the stairs she heard it plainly; and the front door opened with a creak.

Ruth felt her heart beating fast and her hands trembling; but she stole to her feet and leaned far out over the window, straining her eyes.

A tall form stepped softly to the ground and made its way through the yard with a careful, stealthy movement.

But at the sight of it, Ruth gave a sigh of relief and laughed softly to herself.

Other sound warning than the stealthy figure, retiring as it turned and came towards the house—until the front door closed softly, and the stairs creaked under an exceeding tread.

Curiosity, perplexity, and amazement had filled her face in turn, to be followed by regretful pity.

"Poor man!" she said to herself compassionately. "It will worry him into his grave if this rate."

School closed, a week or so later, for one of those seemingly needless holidays which school-committees are fond of designating, and the surveyor drove Ruth to the station—she was to go home for the holidays.

Those two had come to an understanding. Ruth wore a ring on the proper finger, and all their conversation of late had been upon one subject—which was, upon how little a young couple of extremely modest wants could start out together.

They had not yet succeeded in bringing the probable amount within the sober limits of Horace's salary although their talks on the subject had been marvellous, but they had not dreamed of being outrange.

"I shall begin cutting rags for carpets as soon I get home," said Ruth, cheerfully, as the train came rumbling in. "Dear me! what will another bag?

She shook her handkerchief from the window as the train moved off, and leaned forward to catch Horace's parting words.

"I'll be home to-morrow night!" he cried.

With that assurance still in her ears, it was no wonder that, when she had spent the three two weeks later, and looked around with an eager smile, the sight of the deserted little station should have seemed to her something like dread.

Nobody was in sight except the stationmaster, and he was tipped back in a chair against the baggage room door, half asleep.

Ruth walked to the edge of the platform, and looked anxiously up and down the road. There was a cloud of dust in the distance, and she watched it with a lightened heart.

But the wagon which lumbered up slowly and stopped before her was not Mr. Briscomb's nor was the tall young person who stepped out a awkwardly, the pers-n she had hoped to see. She recognized him as a laughing of Mr. Briscomb, and her fears returned.

"Going down to Briscomb's, ain't you?" said the young man hesitatingly. "Wasn't you? I'd ha' been take you down as well as not."

Ruth climbed into the wagon silently. Why had Horace not come? Something must be wrong.

"Heard about that surveyor fellow?" her companion observed, as they drove away, and he looked at her sympathetically.

"About what?" said Ruth clutching the edge of her high seat trembling.

"It was the day after school let out," said the young man, cheerfully, "I met him twen-ty-five for her dinress and his enjoyment of telling a startling story. "Was coming down to the mill that day, and the surveyor (Bennet) he went out to Crawford to see the widder; I telegraph to the railroad company about something or other, and they sent him down. Well, I don't know he had a lot money willed to him lately—a Welsh by gol to Briscomb, I reckon, and he went to see if it was all right. He kept it in his inside pocket—like this with a buttoned up coat. Well—he didn't, not the money wasn't there."

He paused to note the effect of the announcement, and started at his companion in amazement.

"For there was something like amazement in her face.

"Well," she said calmly, "what did he do?"

"He told the neighbors about it—if you'll believe it, he hadn't thought of anybody capable of taking it; he always was good-natured. He thought it must have been a rate thief, and he hunted up the right away of the surveyor, and when he found out that Briscomb had been simple enough to tell him where he kept it, we were pretty sure it was him. Mean to! So we went out to Crawford—two or three of us—and got a warrant and had the constable arrest him. We didn't expect to find the money on him, of course; and it wasn't. He swore he didn't but what he'd got it somewhere, Anyhow, he's having his trial to-day, and Briscomb's money was after all against him. We do things up quick out this way," he concluded with an air of satisfaction.

Truly, this little school-teacher was a strange person. The amusement had died out of her face, and a profound indignation had filled it.

She grasped his arm eagerly

"He did not take it!" she said emphatically. "Why! I know it this minute. You poor fellow are not to Crawford (emphatic)

She snatched the whip from its socket as she spoke and touched the horses lightly.

The Crawford court-house was filled to over flowing. The trial, coming on late in the midst of the sleepy summer days, when excitements were few, had proved a great attraction.

It was an exceptional trial, too. The culprit had been investigated, prosecuted, and seemed condemned ever since it had been talked and doing so. A prisoner was the most honest looking of gentlemen, and behaved remarkable, as an innocent person would have done, and the evidence against him was very slight, and purely circumstantial. Hot in spite of these confusing facts, the rest majority believed his guilty, though rather against their wills—he was such a frank looking fellow.

Mr. Bennet was sitting with downcast eyes and a troubled expression. Horace sat, with his hand in his hand, looking weary and hopeless, and the plaintiff counsel was demanding of the jury, for the twentieth time, why if the prisoner had not taken the money, he had come to Crawford on the day of the robbery upon an obviously trumped-up errand? Clearly, he had come to hide the money in safe hands; his accomplice was probably in their midst.

The door opened suddenly and forbidly, and a young girl, with a flushed and eager face, came hastily in. At the sight of her Horace raise his head and his face brightened.

She gave him a swift smile, unmindful of the astonished observers, and made her way to Mr. Briscomb's side.

"You bursed it yourself under the locust tree!" she cried, grasping his coat front, and shaking him a little in her eagerness.

"Hey?" said he, startled out of his sleep, of course; but I didn't know it then. You came down the night you came home with it, and dug a place under the locust tree and put it in!

Poor Mr. Briscomb stared at her in bewilderment; the spectators looked at each other and whispered softly; the plaintiff's counsel looked disgusted.

There was a solemn pause, which the plaintiff's counsel broke by demanding tetrily, that the evidence of this person be taken in the proper way.

But nobody seemed to hear him.

"I used to," said Mr. Briscomb at last, slowly. "I used to walk in my sleep; scary night regular, and do queer scrapes things. I guess I did thinkt I'd put over it.

Horace, who had risen at the room clapped a loud pair of hands, and the next instant the room re-sounded with the cheers of a dole school crowd.

How a committee of three was appointed by the judge to go and prove the young lady's remarkable statement; how that committee returned in triumph, and pronounced Mr. Briscomb with a small box of decentfully modest appearance, and the enthusiasm of the spectators, lies for a considerable period everybody appeared to be perfectly delighted with the result.

Perhaps Mr. Bennet was a little with the exception of the prisoner, who sat the entire side of him, and relied and happiness beaming from every feature. Perhaps the faces of the chief topics in Crawford for a week, after which Mr. Briscomb's money was forgotten.

But Horace and Ruth had unfortunately seen the end of it.

It was Mr. Briscomb's money that unsettled the way of the marriage, a few months later, and that built the snug little home they called home.

The Christian Brothers.

After the disasters of the Prussian campaign, Mr. I. F. Wilson, in 1871 the city of Boston, in America, placed at the disposal of the French Assistance a special grant of 2000 francs to be given to whoever should be judged most worthy of the honor conferred by the French Assistance,

THE MONITOR.

ORGAN OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1886.

"The Catholic press is a power for Catholicity, and every Catholic society should do what it can to extend its influence and religious spirit. Catholic papers take into account, and come and go, and change, but there will become better. Illustrate and better Catholics."—Cardinal Gibbons, A.D. 1886.

Editorial Notes.

A Rome correspondent commenting upon the conversion of Mgr. Sauvesse from the sphere of Protestantism into which he plunged through pride, says that it is rumored in Rome that Ex-Canon Campello has likewise returned to the true fold. If this be true the Protestant camp in Rome must be nearly deserted by all its former fellow Catholics.

In stating that the recent Independence Day celebration in this city was a disgrace to those demagogues who got it up, we did not know that even some of the communistic vers. in accord with the MONITOR. At the final session of the Committee on Thursday last, Mr. Steinbach remarked "We have had a miserable celebration; in fact, it was no celebration at all," and "so say we all of us."

—We invite the attention of our readers in advance to an article which we intend publishing next week from the pen of Professor Scolpy of Amherst College, in which that learned and far-seeing Protestant plainly proves that to the world of religious teaching in our public educational system is due crime, vice, infidelity and general deterioration of morals among the American people of to-day. It is a hopeful sign to see such prominent Protestants take up the Catholic idea—even at this eleventh hour.

—From a correspondent in Omaha, Nebraska, we receive the gratifying intelligence that Rt. Rev. Francis Mora, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, and Rev. Father Mora, arrived at Omaha on the 11th inst., in time for the Bishop to celebrate Mass in the Cathedral. The party left for Chicago on Sunday evening, where they will be the guests of Rev. Daniel Riordan of St. Elizabeth's. Bishop Mora intends to pay a visit of courtesy to Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore and also to visit Washington, prior to his arrival in New York, from whence the party will embark for Europe.

—The Princes struck off the French Army List by virtue of the expulsion law comprise the Duc d'Aumale, General of Division; the Duc de Chartres, Colonel of the Cavalry; the Duc d'Alençon, Captain of Artillery; the Duc de Nemours, General of Division in the Reserve; the Comte de Paris, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Territorial Army or Second Reserve; the Prince de Joinville, Vice-Admiral in the Navy; the Duc de Panthièvre, Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve; Prince Joachim Murat, Brigadier-General; still his son, Prince Joachim Napoleon Murat, Lieutenant of Dragoons.

—On the occasion of the presentation of the young King of Spain a most impressive scene took place in the Atocha Cathedral. After the *Te Deum* had been sung the Queen stood alone before the altar and made a solemn offering of her child, Alfonso XIII., to the Blessed Virgin. The altar was adorned with lights, and by the Queen stood the Cardinal Primate, the Bishops, and the leading clergy of the Cathedral and realm. Around were the Grandees of Spain, the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers, the great officers of the Throne, the representatives of the Army and Navy in brilliant uniforms, the principal authorities of the capital and the provinces, with deputations of the Cortes and the great cities.

—The Golden Rose which has been presented by the Pope to the Queen of Spain is a work of the highest artistic value. Being wrought in massive gold, it weighs about two pounds, three ounces and a quarter avoirdupois. It is not a single rose but an entire plant, with nine leaves, fourteen buds, and one hundred leaves. The roses are modelled upon real specimens collected in the gardens of the Vatican. The plant is inserted in a squatty-bellied vase of solid silver, which bears an effigy of St. Christina and the following inscription, said to have been dictated by the Pope himself: "Maria Christina, Alphonsi XIII., Pontifex Maximus, D.D.D., Anno MDCCCLXXXVI." The work was executed by the jeweller of the Apostolic Palace.

—The death is announced of a distinguished Sister of Notre Dame and a great benefactress of Catholic education in England. On the feast of Corpus Christi, in the Mother house of her Order at Namur, Sister Mary of St. Francis (the well-known Honorable Mrs. E. Petre), went to her reward. For the last thirty-five years this good nun has watched over the foundations of the Sisters of Notre Dame in England. In 1860, in the prime of life, she renounced every attraction that the world could offer and sought a retreat in which she could spend her life for God and for His poor. There was then one convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame in England; now, thanks to her, there are twenty, in which thousands of poor children are instructed in their religion by the Sisters of her congregation.

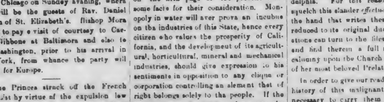
—The international arrangement providing for an alternate English and Prussian Protestant Bishop in Jerusalem has been abandoned, and Prussia will now supply funds for the endowment of an independent See. It will be remembered by Catholics that the establishment of this bishopric evoked a solemn protest from his Eminence Cardinal Newman, who regarded it as an irregular ecclesiastical creation, and that it led to his being received into the Catholic Church. Referring to the subject in his *Apologia*, his Eminence says: "As to the project of a Jerusalem Bishopric, I never heard of any good or harm it has done, except what it has done for me, which many thinks a great misfortune and I one of the greatest mercies. It brought me on to the beginning of the end."

Those enemies of the Irish Catholic race in America who are so fond of barging upon the fact that a few Catholic Irishmen deserted during the Mexican war, will learn more about that matter than they care to know from an article on the first page this week. To the Catholics of Ireland belongs the proud boast that in no way it cause good soldiers to desert, and there must have been some great inducement which impelled *Sylvester* rather Americans to desert their standard in company with their adopted fellow citizens. The Irish Catholic soldiers were driven by persecution to desertion, but to what shall we attribute the desertion of non-Catholic Americans who had no such grievance to complain of and whose religious rights were so flagrantly outraged as to call for the interference of the President of the United States to prevent a recurrence of the monstrous iniquity.

Through the generosity of our readers and friends the MONITOR's fund for Irish Parliamentary purposes has already exceeded two thousand dollars. As the British elections are all over for the present, we will ask our friends not to send any more funds for that purpose, and we sincerely thank them one and all for the generous response they have given to the MONITOR's appeal for funds to forward the holy cause of Home Rule and human freedom—a cause that is despised and denounced in this country only by Anglomaniacs and traitors to true American principles. The man who says that he is an American and then proceeds to the search of liberty in any land, is unworthy of the land he claims as his birthplace—of the freedom he enjoys—but which he would deny to others.

—It is charged that the extra session of the Legislature which has been so suddenly and unexpectedly called by Governor Stoneman, is in the interest of certain California capitalists who design to secure a monopoly of the water of the State. For the information of such of our readers as may be interested in this subject we print on the fifth page of the present issue some facts for their consideration. Monopoly in water will ever prove an incubus on the industries of this State, hence every citizen who values the prosperity of California, and the development of its agricultural, horticultural, mineral and mechanical industries, should give expression on his sentiments in opposition to any charter or corporation controlling an element that of right belongs solely to the people. If the legislature now in session plays into the hands of monopolists, there is a remedy for the people in the near future, and that is to elect new members who will stand by the people against the monopolists of monopolists.

They have learned some clever political tricks in England—judging in this case we think them dull. Here is in miniature one of the blaring Tory posters that now decorate the dead walls of London:



The 1886 Flag. Flower Bally rose! Red and white the Disraeli-Beaconsfield Ireland Red Save the Queen

Of course there is much that is mysterious about the poster. It begs the question and does not put the case at all, but it is clear. They are a rather lively lot over the water still.

Death of a Great French Cardinal.

The Church in France is called upon to mourn the loss of one of her greatest champions at a time when she needs every soldier of the Cross to fight in her behalf. JOSEPH HIPPOLYTE GUIBERT was born at Ais, Faence, December 11th, 1802, and—next to Cardinal Newman—was the oldest member of the College of Cardinals. He finished his theological studies at Rome after having entered the Marseilles chapter of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, won the favor of Pope Gregory XVI. by his brilliant examination, was ordained priest in 1826, became Superior of the Grand Seminary at Ajaccio, Corsica, in 1830, was subsequently Grand Vicar of that diocese, and was made Bishop of Viviers in 1841. He wrote several religious treatises; became an assistant to the Pontifical Throne in 1843; was promoted to the Archbishopric of Tours, by Pope Pius IX., February 4, 1849, and to the Archbishopric of Paris in July, 1871, after the assassination of Mgr Darboy by the Communes.

He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, August 11, 1855, and was created a Cardinal Priest December 22, 1863. Cardinal Guibert published many letters and pastoral charges, and took an active part in opposition to every legislative attempt to limit the powers of the clergy, especially in February, 1876, respecting the salaries of the priests, and in April, 1881, protesting energetically against the infamous Ferry laws upon education.

A cablegram from Paris says that the funeral of the deceased Cardinal took place on the 16th inst., and that the ceremonies took place in Notre Dame Cathedral. An immense procession, composed of deputations from various Catholic associations and institutions, marched to the Cathedral, where the clergy in a body awaited them. M. Grévy, Minister of Public Worship, a number of public officials and many Senators and Deputies attended the services. *May the Lord have mercy on his soul.*

Cardinal Taschereau's Revenia.

QUEBEC, July 18.—The sharper rumors of last evening, brought to us by Pilot Lavin from Liverpool, which arrived at Point Levis this morning, brought to shore the Cardinal Taschereau, who was received by a large number of the citizens, and escorted to the Cathedral, where he was welcomed by Vicar-General Lavoie, and proceeded immediately to the church dedicated to Notre Dame Lavie, where he celebrated Mass. After dinner he was driven to Quebec, where he was welcomed by about 10,000 people.

How Islanders Against God's Church are Connected and Circumvented.

(In last Thursday we received the following communication.)

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, July 17, 1886.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR.

Dear Sir: I send you a supposed extract, taken from a speech or sermon delivered by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. It appears to contain a lot of the facts of it. Still, for the good of our Catholic interests, the MONITOR might give it to the *Times*. A few years ago a gentleman connected with a local paper, which, I must say, gives justice to all sides, called my attention to this extract. I promised to have it fully answered in the course of a short time. Hoping you will then scan light on it at the earliest opportunity I remain,

Yours truly,

VERITAS.

Here is the extract alluded to in the forgoing communication

ORIGINAL AND RARE.

From the London "Christian."

Party politics are not within our province, and we would not otherwise take up either side in the controversy without seriously interfering with the duties and interests of our office as Bishops. We must, however, urge upon our people the necessity of voting against that the true character of the Democratic party, which has long been a fine place for low thieves and rascals to hide in. In the past let the Holy Inquisition bear witness. The Roman Catholic Bishop Ryan, speaking at Philadelphia, said:

"Let the Democratic party see that Rome is interested—that is, that she uses every means and every influence she can command, but for her assistance in the rectification of her infallibility. She claims that her Church is infallible, and that she alone has the truth. The Catholic Church, however, has not been infallible for years, but she hates them with a healthy hatred, and seeks a cause that is despised and denounced in this country only by Anglomaniacs and traitors to true American principles. The man who says that he is an American and then proceeds to the search of liberty in any land, is unworthy of the land he claims as his birthplace—of the freedom he enjoys—but which he would deny to others.

"It is charged that the extra session of the Legislature which has been so suddenly and unexpectedly called by Governor Stoneman, is in the interest of certain California capitalists who design to secure a monopoly of the water of the State. For the information of such of our readers as may be interested in this subject we print on the fifth page of the present issue some facts for their consideration. Monopoly in water will ever prove an incubus on the industries of this State, hence every citizen who values the prosperity of California, and the development of its agricultural, horticultural, mineral and mechanical industries, should give expression on his sentiments in opposition to any charter or corporation controlling an element that of right belongs solely to the people. If the legislature now in session plays into the hands of monopolists, there is a remedy for the people in the near future, and that is to elect new members who will stand by the people against the monopolists of monopolists.

"They have learned some clever political tricks in England—judging in this case we think them dull. Here is in miniature one of the blaring Tory posters that now decorate the dead walls of London:

The 1886 Flag. Flower Bally rose! Red and white the Disraeli-Beaconsfield Ireland Red Save the Queen

Of course there is much that is mysterious about the poster. It begs the question and does not put the case at all, but it is clear. They are a rather lively lot over the water still.

"Tis to crushed to earth shall rise again
The slanted years of evil are numbered
But Eternal, wounded, stiffen with pain
And the mocking hearts worshippers.

The evil-inspired fanatics who forged Archbishop Ryan's name to the infamous libel upon truth to which we have referred, are truly lost sight of in serial importance *pro* in connection therewith, which facts completely refute the foul calumny so slightly as the rays of the noon-day sun dispel the mist of a San Francisco fog. Now for the proof.

First: Mr. R. A. Bakewell of St. Louis, has publicly stated over his own signature that he wrote the article in question. Hence, that fact being established, it proves that the names of both Archbishop Kenrick and Archbishop Ryan were *forged* to a false document for the purpose of slandering the Catholic Church and of defaming the good name of two prominent American Prelates.

Secondly: Archbishop Ryan was not born until 1832, hence he was but twenty years old when Mr. Bakewell wrote the article which was garbled in order to raise the gorge of Know-nothings against Catholics. He was not even ordained until 1852, nor was he consecrated Bishop until 1872—twenty years after the article from which the calumny was concocted appeared in the *Shepherd of the Valley*.

Here, then, the case may rest so far as full proof of the fraudulent text and the forgery of the illustrious names of Archbishops Kenrick and Ryan are concerned. But will this exposure of the calumny stop its circulation? By no means. Truthfulness has prospered through prejudice, it feeds upon falsehood, flourishes by fanaticism and gains strength through slander. Men who call themselves "preachers of God's Word" will willfully write commentaries upon the "dangers of Catholicity, and preach from Protestant pulpits and Sectarian organs extracts like those we have reproduced from the *London Christian*. It makes no difference to the members of the Catholic Church how diametrically opposed to truth and possibility their polluted pretended sermons may be as long as "Popery" is the target and the devil furnishes ammunition for its destruction.

Our Blessed Lord designated one of the markers of His Church when He said to His followers these memorable words:

"Blessed are you when they shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all evil against you, for my sake, lying. Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven. For so they persecuted the prophets who were before you."

The light we have thrown upon this lying article will, we sincerely hope, help to open the eyes of non-Catholics to the disreputable "dodges" to which anti-Catholic detectives must whenever they dare not to deceive their dupes and to degenerate the character of a religion they cannot injure even through calumny. The Church has no fear of any lie which appears her through honest motives and on legitimate grounds. But as the inventor of that did not save our Blessed Redeemer from the traducing tongues of His enemies, so it cannot be expected that the servant will fare better than the Master, or that His Church will escape the malignity of evil-minded men.

There is not a single charge which the enemies of the Catholic Church can bring against her that is not as susceptible of refutation as the one we have thus thrilled. Blessed Redeemer, if Thou is passed on my way, I shall be in whatever they find and falsehoods floating around through the world during my pilgrimage. It is the one process under which we have sent in here, and in the fragments and analysis the authenticity of the base usual if bigotry which invariably forms their ignorance composition.

The Modern Apostle of Charity.

Monday last was the festival of a great servant of God, who—next to the Blessed Virgin—is the most dear to the Christian heart, and who is the most honored by the Catholics of this Republic, where numerous churches, colleges, hospitals and schools attest the veneration accorded to St. Vincent de Paul.

It is now a little over three centuries since this great saint was born in the hamlet of Ranquine, in the south of France, not far from the Pyrenees Mountains. He was ordained priest in the year 1600, and while still a young man, he had fallen into the hands of Turkish pirates and was carried by African pirates and sold into slavery. While in slavery St. Vincent accomplished much good in ministering unto Christian captives and the terrible hardships he was obliged to undergo, he never lost sight of his duties to God and to his fellow-man. In the great work of charity in his heart and caused him to love the poor, helpless, and forlorn, he found his true vocation.

In this excerpt from slavery, St. Vincent commenced the great work of his life in Clichy, near Paris, where he at once changed the moral atmosphere of the place by his piety, good works and good example that he ever after kept up in other places.

The Pope, as we have already stated, the only thing that prevented Mr. Vincent from being canonized as a Saint, was the fact that the Bishop in question had made a mistake in the name of the Saint, and that the Bishop in question had made a mistake in the name of the Saint, and that the Bishop in question had made a mistake in the name of the Saint, and

Farm and Home.

Fun That Farmers Have.

There is a popular belief that newspaper men are not paid on farm matters. But this is a mere and a delusion. If you doubt it, read this:

It is a frequent saying that the farmer has nothing to do but enjoy himself; that when the blizzards send in their reds he can draw his chair up to the stove, put his feet in the oven, and spend the day reading the Fliegende und Himmel Herald, and other moral works. According to tradition, this occupation is only disturbed when he adjourns to the table, and banquets on mince pie and dried meats. This is all a mistake. A close observer will see the industrious farmer crawl out of bed four hours before daylight, soften his boot with a hammer, and commence his day's work with a lantern in one hand and a bucket of slop in the other. He has from one to a thousand hogs, which shove their noses in his face, and tip the contents of his bucket on him, where it freezes until he looks like a skating rink. When he has escaped from the hog pen, he hoses up six or seven bushels, and crawls through a wire fence to mill twenty-seven cows. These animals wait until he has the bucket nearly filled, when they kick it over, sinning so that the contents will baloonize each parts of clothing as the hogs spared. Now and then they vary the monotony by kicking him inside of the bucket, which makes him feel tired and homesick. When the cows have been milked and he goes to feed the horses he finds the sorrel mare doubled up in the manger with colic. He then has to mix up a lot of assafoetida and water, which he attempts to pour down the animal's mouth, when it hits him on the teeth with its front foot and makes him wish he had never been born. He works around all morning with the old mare and then proceeds to carry the dun mules, which try to see which can kick the hardest, and by the time he is through he feels as though he had passed through a corn-sheller. When he has fed the hens, and watered the cattle, and hoisted three hours for a twenty cent pig, and dropped half a cord of alfa for the horses, and carried forty buckets of water for the horses, and shoiled three bushels of corn by hand, and shovaled a road through ten feet of snow, and milked the cows, and carried the mules, and doctored the old mare again in the evening, he goes to bed, and gets up again in the morning just three hours before daylight and commences the whole thing over again.

Dish-Washing and the Hands.

A writer for the *Household*, who ought to know, claims that with a little care, dishwashing will add to the looks of the hand rather than detract from its beauty. "My hands were swollen and red, but also plump, soft and warm; rubbing them with cream or vaseline keeps them so. Dora Smith wishes to practice on the piano after washing dishes, because she has her hand in the best order for the key-board. The best work for any one troubled with cold hands is dish-washing."

Removal of Warts.

A correspondent of the Therapeutic Gazette announces through its columns the virtues of castor oil in the removal of warts. Constantly applied for from two to four or six weeks only, he claims, in one day—it has not failed in my hands, says the writer, in any case of any size or long standing. The time it takes may try the patience of the user, but if faithfully used they will get their reward in the removal of the wart without leaving any scar. I have used it with some success in other growths, and it might be used with effective in the removal of certain kinds of cancer, especially cutaneous forms.

Breaking a Sitting Hen.

Which has been a problem, and hundreds of suggestions have been made in regard to the best method. Many of the proposed remedies are cruel and inflict unnecessary punishment on the poor hen for simply endeavoring to satisfy her natural inclination. The easiest method is to make a box composed of strips of laths. If lath, which is cheaper, have the top, sides and bottom of that material, and place the box on some kind of support, so that it will not touch the ground, or expand it from a hook. There ground, or expand it from a hook. There being a free circulation of air all around her, she will soon become disgusted.

What Bogus Butter Would Do.

Bogus butter has not only depressed the value of dairy products, but also strikes a much more serious blow at the dairy cow and the like breeds of butter cows. There are now in the United States about fifteen million dairy cows. A depreciation of ten dollars per head would represent a loss of one hundred and fifty million dollars, and this is no exaggerated representation. First, a reduction in the profits of dairy products, then a depreciation in the price of dairy stock.

Things a Housekeeper Should Know.

That salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion. That milk should not long make bitter butter. That rusty flat irons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard. That it costs you in sewing to change your position frequently. That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bed time will break up a bad cold. That tough beef is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar water. That a little soda will remedy the headache caused by indigestion. That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath. That a cup of hot water drank before meals will prevent morning headache and heartache. That one in a faint should be laid on the flat of the back, head low, his clothes loosed, let him alone. That consumptive tight lacers may be arrested by sponging the body slightly in salt water. That a fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water. That to heat eggs quickly, add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly. That the hair may be kept from falling out, after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea. That you can make cut glass from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of eggs before washing. That white spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate over them.

California Fruit in the East.

The California Fruit Union has received the following telegram relative to the arrival and condition of fruit recently shipped from this State to Eastern markets:

CHICAGO, July 14, 1886.

H. A. FAIRBANK, SECRETARY CALIFORNIA FRUIT UNION.—Apricots and peaches arriving in fine condition and are selling at from $1 to $1 25 per box for choice.

Pears which come in, in zero fair order, sell at from $1 50 to $1 75 per box.

Plums arrive in fair condition and sell at $1 50, $1 75 to $2 per box.

Earliest pears carry well and arrive in good order and sell readily at $3 50, $3 75, $4 and $4 25 per box according to condition.

The weather with us is fine, being cool and fruit should keep well.

PORTER BROS. CO.

Family Fun.

Beeswax for a Wedding Fee.

The story about the Vermonter who proposed to add 30 cents to the amount which the "law allowed" the parson for marrying him has brought a brand-new story of another wedding fee transaction in Vermont. It is from a glen village away back from the Connecticut in the hills, where money is scarce and the ways are primitive, and the people frequently prefer to pay for their purchases in kind. One day a young couple came to the parson as the village was stirring. They hadn't a cent of money, and it had been arranged that the bridegroom should bring a specified quantity of beeswax with which to pay the minister. The parson was thrifty—they have to be thrifty up that way—and took good care before he performed the ceremony, to weigh out the beeswax and see whether there was enough to pay his fee. There was.

"Why haven't you brought all the beeswax you agreed to?" asked the minister.

"All I had, parson."

"And you haven't got any more?"

"Not another ounce.

"Have you got any money at all?"

"Not a mite, parson."

There was a period of uncomfortable silence, during which the young farmer began to grow very much alarmed. He was afraid the parson wouldn't marry him unless he produced his stipendiary ounce of beeswax, and the prospect struck terror to his souls. The parson was inclined to let him "stew."

"Look s'here, parson!" said the countryman, finally, "I tell ye what ye do; you take the beeswax and marry us as far as it goes."

He Had to Do So.

Among the excursionists sitting on the City Hall steps yesterday noon to eat lunches were a young fellow who had a white awka lock and a girl in a pink dress who insisted on holding his hand and lopping on his shoulder. The two three gentlemen observed the situation and hatched for a second look. Their actions were noticed by the young man, and he released himself and came over to them and said:

"Gentlemen, let me explain. Did either one of you ever live in the country?"

"No," they replied in chorus.

"Then you don't understand the country girl. She requires to be hoed after a certain fashion. She wants a practical realization of the fact that you love her. I might tell her how much I adored her, beginning now and talking until dark, but she wouldn't realize it a tach part as much as if I put my arm around her waist and let her head drop on my shoulder. The one is talk—the other cold facts."

"Exactly—that's so," remarked the gentlemen.

"When a city girl is in love she consults the fact, or true to. The country girl is only too proud to give it away. I'm sure we squeezing hands. You've got to squeeze a country girl's hand almost so often as she's imagin you have got used about something."

"Exactly—that's so," observed the auditors.

"You may have noticed that I fed her crackers and she fed me cheese. It must have looked very silly to you, but that's another change of scenery. Perhaps you noticed that I put my head on her shoulder. You felt above her. I tell you, gentlemen, it's been exciting—somewhat so, even to my last ten years, and I'm giving you a solid pointer that there is only one correct way and this is it."

"Exactly—that's so," replied the gentlemen in chorus and they lifted their hats to the girl and walked off.

Every Number of Life's Couplet.

—Said the small boy: "Ma make Bob behave himself. Every time I hit him with the hammer he hollers."

—Lady to small boy: "Then you never had educational advantages! Don't you not that I know of. I've had airy eglas. If what you said is sense nor not. I don't cannot catch it."

—O mamma," said a child of five, "I'm so glad there was a Noah's Ark. Why, my child! exclaimed mamma. "Because, if there hadn't been any ark, I shouldn't have had a Noah's ark, and I do love my ark."

—Little Millie (to her father who has given her the smallest piece of pie on the plate): Pa, why is my piece of pie like Europe? Papa, thoughtfully: I don't know, why is it? Millie: Because it is the smallest of the grand divisions.

"Ma, what is this coal poul. I read about in the papers?" asked a little boy. "I am sure I don't know, was the reply, "unless it is where the sunset go in evening."

"My dear, said a mother, annoyed at some disparaging remarks of her little girl, "why can't you keep a secret? "Why, mamma, I can, I can keep a secret, cause," said little mischief demurely, "two of my front teeth are gone, mamma.

"Papa, what is heavy? Father—It is something, my son, that we can do without. Legend boy—What a luxury a mouthfull must be.

—Said the little girl nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening, "Papa, not the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice. "Well, my dear, what is it about?" "What do you think will be best to give me on my birthday?

In a Big Hurry.

"If I buy some dress goods," asked a lady in a dry goods store, "can you deliver them at once?

"Yes'm," said the clerk.

"There will be no delay?

"No'm," said the clerk.

"Dammed! am in great haste.

"Yes'm," said the clerk.

"Very well, you may show me your sample."

In four hours and forty minutes the lady had selected what she wanted, and the tired clerk ordered the goods delivered at once.

His Father's Misfortune.

Old Lady (to small boy)—Aren't you afraid of catching cold, little boy, going about in your bare feet?

Small Boy—I never wear shoes, cept in cold weather.

Old Lady—Why not? Can't you get them?

Small Boy—No'm. My father is a shoemaker.

Good German Sense.

When the employees in an Indiana furniture factory operated by a German struck for eight hours a day he granted it, but when they wanted ten hours pay for eight hours he refused them on principle. "My friends, maybe I do as you like. I have an order from Shoppe for ten dozen chairs, I shift sleep him eight dozen and bill him for ten. If he does kick on me it shows me dot der rule works both ways and was then all right." The idea didn't work, and his men are receiving eight hours pay.

The story goes that the poet Whittier once lent a volume of Plato to a neighbor, and when the book was returned asked if he had read it. "Read it? Yes, I read it. "First rate," said the farmer, "I see he's got some of my ideas."

—Gentleman (just presumably married) to child:

D. HENLEY'S CELERY BEEF & IRON.

THE GREAT NERVE TONIC—Unsurpassed as a remedy for Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration and Nervous Debilitated Conditions. Sold by all Druggists and Country Dealers. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. TAKE ONLY DR. HENLEY'S.

CARROLL & TILTON, 873 Market Street, Opp. Powell, Respectfully announce that they have opened THE LARGE STORE, WITH A LINE OF— GENT'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING, Furnishing Goods, HATS, CAPS, ETC. Having been in this business many years, we can promise that all our customers will be represented.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE, Importers and Dealers in BOOK, NEWS, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPERS. Card Stock, Straw and Binders' Board, Etc. MANUFACTORERS OF Patent Machine-Made Paper Bags 312 to 318 Sacramento and 419 Commercial Sts., S. F.

We pay for Cash and sell as low as possible. CARROLL & TILTON, 873 Market Street, Opp. Powell, And Also at 1008 & 1010 Clay St.

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ENDOWMENT INSURANCE. The Occidental Self-Endowment Association. Incorporated under the laws of California. This association is conducted on the mutual assessment plan and furnishes endowment insurance at actual cost. Certificates are issued in amounts of $1,000, $2,000 and $3,000, which are payable in five equal parts during the life of the member according to the age at time of joining, as follows: Members between 18 and 25 years of age receive one-fifth of the certificate taken at the expiration of each ten years; members between 25 and 30 years of age receive one-fifth every five years; 30 to 35 every eight years; 35 to 40 every six years; 40 to 45 every six years; 45 to 50 every five years; 50 to 60 every four years, and in case of death before the certificate matures, one-fifth of certificate is paid to the nearest relative. No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privilege of being the contributors of their own family insurance, the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to those members who hose certificates will fall due first as years pass; thus the money is put to great interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date, $164,000 to members, and paid in death and in full. The membership at present exceeds three thousand, and the average amount loaned to members monthly exceeds $2,000. Reliable agents desired. Address, W. H. WARD, Secretary, Room 20 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

SILVER PILLS THE GREATEST Kidney and Liver Medicine Sold. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. DR. SILVER MED. CO. 1008 Market St., S. F.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY, PRINCIPAL OFFICE 648 MARKET STREET, 1156 MARKET ST. LAUNDRY, 12th St., bet. Folsom and Howard S. P. Col. JOHN B. McINTYRE, Book Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer, 423 CLAY and 428 COMMERCIAL STS. Rulings, Machine and Perforating Stamps to any style desired. Lines Machined a specialty.

LIVE AND LET LIVE. Extraction Painless. Specialties of Teeth, only $5. At THE DEAL ROOMS OF T. BOLTON, 301 A. Market St.

West Droitwich Property to supply the wants of customers, please send for particulars. Sample 25 cts. Agents wanted everywhere. Mahogany opened Brilliant, cheap and quick. Address, Lyon & Healy, Chicago.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA. THE LIVER Secretes the bile and acts like a filter to cleanse impurities of the blood. Symptoms of its inaction or suppression are headache, dizziness, sallow complexion, sunken eyes, tongue discharge, a tongued, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms generally termed liver troubles. These symptoms will disappear if you use BULL'S SARSAPARILLA the great blood restorer. YPSEPSIA Variable colic, flatul, gnawing pretite at 4 or 5 hours after meals, acid stomach, heartburn, indigestion, constipation, bad breath in the mouth, costiveness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, low spirits, despondency, general debility, etc., are form of dyspepsia more prevalent than dyspepsia, and in all cases be treated with the same remedy, namely, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, which is a cleanser for your blood. KIDNEYS Are the great secretory organs of the body. Into and through its tissues flow the waste fluids consequent on the life of the member according to the age at time of joining, as follows: members between 18 and 25 years of age receive one-fifth of the certificate taken at the expiration of each ten years; members between 25 and 30 years of age receive one-fifth every five years; 30 to 35 every eight years; 35 to 40 every six years; 40 to 45 every six years; 45 to 50 every five years; 50 to 60 every four years, and in case of death before the certificate matures, one-fifth of certificate is paid to the nearest relative. No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privilege of being the contributors of their own family insurance, the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to those members whose certificates will fall due first as years pass; thus the money is put to great interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date, $164,000 to members, and paid in death and in full. The membership at present exceeds three thousand, and the average amount loaned to members monthly exceeds $2,000. Reliable agents desired. Address, W. H. WARD, Secretary, Room 20 Phelan Building, San Francisco. SCROFULA THE BLOOD, peculiar morbid condition of the blood, lets and through its tissues, is the blood or life. The great and manifestation of Scrofula is found in often minute specks, pimples on the face, eruptions, swellings of the glands, joints, etc. Scrofula is a disease of the blood, and BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is purified and being at the fountain, eliminates the blood and cleanses the system through the channels of life. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER, BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP. THE POPULAR REMEDIES THE DAY. KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS H. MEDAU, 968 and 970 Folsom St., San Francisco. WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER, Established 1875. We are selling Cheap for Cash and guarantee our goods. The following are prices will answer quote:

Table Wines	50c, 60c, 75c, And $1.
Angelica Wines	$1, $1.50 and $1.50
Mount Vineyard Cal. Brandy	$1.
Old Port or Sherry	$1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.
Kentucky Whiskies	$2.50, $3, $3.50 and $4.
Bourbon Whiskies	$2.50, $3, $3.50 and $4.
Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc.	$2 per gal. and upwards.

Orders Without Remittance Sent C.O.D.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST! THE CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES. Readers and Bible History. Ed. D. Sadlier, Publisher, 115 Pearl Street, New York. Cheapest and Most Popular School Books. The Primary, with The Intermediate, with The Grammar, with The Third Reader, The Fourth Reader, The Fifth Reader, The Sixth Reader, The Seventh Reader, Elementary Grammar, Grammar, Ward's Book, Catechism, Catechism of Christian Doctrine, Catechism of Christian Doctrine, Illustrated Edition, Catechism of Perseverance, Catechism, Abridged Catechism, Kathenkamp Katechismus, Catechisme Français, Catechismus Abrenlandes.

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TAILORS. JOHN KAVANAGH, MERCHANT TAILOR, 6 New Montgomery Street, PALACE HOTEL. S. F. The Making of Clergymens' Cassocks Specialty.

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FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES! Church Safes and Tabernacles. MICHELL & RICHARDS, 524 California Street, San Francisco.

WINES AND LIQUORS. NATIVE WINES. One Bottle, Half Bottle, From 20 to 50 cents. 10 to 25 cents. Native and Foreign Wines and Brandies by the gallon and at moderate prices. J. CRABBENBLOM, 217 Dupont Street.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. KNABE PIANOS. Unqualifiedly and Emphatically the Best Piano in the World. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., Sole Agents for Pacific Coast. ESTEY PIANOS. Formerly the Fair Arbion Piano. THE OLD FAVORITE! (Removed Hogan Address) BENJ. CURTAZ & SON, 20, O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO., Shipping and Commission Merchants. GENERAL AGENTS National Assurance Company of Ireland, Atlas Assurance Company of Hoylston Mutual Insurance Company of Boston. OFFICE, 308 BATTERY ST. San Francisco.

CATARRH Positively Cured by the Use of Dr. Sanford's Radical Cure. Sold by Druggists, or Sent Free, $1. Dr. Sanford, Chemist, New York.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. The German Savings and Loan Society. DIVIDEND NOTICE. THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY. Practical Tailor (cutting from the life), 104 Bush Street, corner of Kearny. The German Savings and Loan Society, has declared a dividend on its deposits for the year ending June 30, 1886, at the rate of four and one-half per cent per annum, on all sums of five dollars and upwards, payable on and after the first day of July, 1886. By order, HEIN, LETTE, Secretary.

EDUCATIONAL. URSULINE ACADEMY, FOR YOUNG LADIES, SANTA ROSA, - - SONOMA CO., CAL. For Particulars Address the Superiores of the Ursulines, Santa Rosa.

EDUCATIONAL. SANTA CLARA COLLEGE SANTA CLARA, - - CALIFORNIA! This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It now consists of large buildings, with extensive shady play grounds, covered promenades, enclosing gardens, etc. It possesses a complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It also has practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Painting, etc. The library is now building 10x40 feet and has nearly 5,000 volumes. Its collection is constantly increasing. Diplomas are given in two departments—the Classical and Scientific and Certificates in the Commercial course. TERMS: (Payable semi annually in advance) Matriculation Fee, to be paid first year, $15 00. Board, Lodging, Tuition in all branches Washing and Mending of Linen. School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Bedding, etc., per session, at the lowest rates. For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to Rt. Rev. Bishop Alemany, San Francisco. REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J. President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME SAN JOSE, - - CALIFORNIA. THIS INSTITUTION (OFFERING PUPILS every advantage that a home could afford) is ready to receive a still enlarged attendance. Situated in the Garden City, it is easily accessible by the State Legislature, and enjoys a reputation second to no other Institution of the State. Its Graduates are to be found in every Institution. Its Graduates are to be found in every Institution. Its Graduates are to be found in every Institution

THE HOME RULE BATTLE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

with the London guilds, which own most of the land in Derry. He, of course, will find a seat elsewhere, as will Mr. O'Brien if really beaten in Tyrone, which is unlikely. At least three of this new Nationalists by. At least three of this new Nationalists will be Protestants in pursuance of a general policy of having Catholic constituencies return them as a rebuke to Orange bigotry. Mr. Pinkerton, who is returned for Carlisle (Salvary, where Mr. Lysaght declined to run, is an Orange Protestant of impeachable talents. Pierce Mahoney is a Kerry landlord, who will be a marked figure in Irelands interest. He is tall and handsome, a fine speaker, and was a sub-commissioner in the first land court, being dropped as a result of a landlord intrigue because he reduced rents. He will come to Parliament to efface that stain this lowest rents in Connemara are an impossible burden on the tenantry, and will throw a flood of light on the social miseries in Ireland. The third Protestant is Mr. MacDonald, who will come from Omagh. He is an honor man of Trinity College, with splendid powers of speech. He has been blind from his birth, and is, as Henry Fawcett was, led by his wife.

ALTHOUGH THE ODDS IS TWELVE WITH SIX

all sorts of speculations, yet is pretty safe to predict that Mr. Gladstone will resign before Parliament convenes. He cannot do this otherwise, since he withdrawal Lord Salisbury on sharply for clinging to office in the face of an adverse election last winter, thus preventing the Liberals from going at the head of an Irish bill at once. It is the prerogative of the retiring Premier to advise the Queen who his successor shall be sent for to form a new Ministry, and it is an open national question whether Mr. Gladstone will say Lord Salisbury or Lord Hartington. The balance seems, however, that the latter will be beaten to-day, but in any event he would find it next to impossible to form a Ministry. The Spectator is all sagacious for the experiment of a Hartington Ministry, but this is probably in recognition of the fact that this is the last chance, such as it is, with which moderate Whigs will enter have at the Premier-ship.

There is an obvious lack of elation among the intelligent opponents of Mr. Gladstone at the victory. They see that their troubles are only beginning. No man is wise enough to imagine the policy on which the Tories and Unionists would be able permanently to agree and which Mr. Gladstone and the Irish cannot tear to pieces.

Monday's *Daily News* will contain letter from T. P. O'Connor announcing his intention of bringing in a bill during the first days of the session for the suppression of that vast boycotting institution known as the Primrose League, and inviting people everywhere to send his proof of the great minister power it is exerting in the present election. He can easily make out a stronger case against the Primrose League than the Tories can against the Irish League, and thus emasculate the policy of coercion.

"SOTHWELL IS DOWN"

in the elections here, and many a pretty tear with Bobbie Burns. Gladstone is down—has been flung clear out of his saddle as Edinburgh.

Trevelyan is down, as an Irish member and Home-Ruler I am bound to rejoice over Goschen's fall. He was a worse enemy of the Irish cause by far than Chamberlain. Every one knows Chamberlain is to be an ambitious politician in your American sense of the word—a man determined to succeed in Parliamentary life—to succeed honestly if he can, but to succeed anyhow. Goschen, on the other hand, is a high-minded independence, professes no ties for regard independence, professes not to care a rap for office, and is an independent English principle only. I doesn't say that is my opinion of Goschen, but it is the common opinion; certainly it is the opinion Goschen likes spread abroad concerning his political character and purposes. Therefore, when Goschen spoke up against Gladstone and home rule a certain class of persons declared that Goschen spoke in the voice of English public opinion and was English and Protestant and prophetic guide.

I cannot help rejoicing that the Elimbargh constituency, which elected Goschen by a few months ago by a large majority, has rejected him now by a majority still larger. The issue was distinctly home rule or anti-home rule. Goschen pronounced against home rule. his constituency has pronounced against him.

ANOTHER PRETTY FELLOW DOWN

is Sir Charles Dilke. I am sorry for Dilke. He is a Home Ruler on principle—has been so for ever so many years. It must have cost him a keen pang to separate from Chamberlain on this question and home rule. They were too strong, does friends when the Gladstone Government was formed in 1880. Dilke, then a man of far greater mark than Chamberlain, refused to join the Administration unless Chamberlain was offered a place in the Cabinet. Gladstone at first demurred. He afterward agreed to Dilke's terms for the sake of securing Dilke; so Chamberlain became a member of the Cabinet, which he was content to hold a position in the Administration outside the charmed circle of the Cabinet. Dilke rose to a Cabinet office in good time, but it is to his credit that he preferred his friend before himself and lifted Chamberlain by one push to a place it would otherwise have cost Chamberlain years and years to attain. Now they separate; Dilke goes one way, Chamberlain another; Dilke out of Parliament, Chamberlain in.

Yet another pretty fellow is Joseph Cowen of Newcastle. Cowen is not conquered. He merely fell out of the ranks, drop to the behind, not being indined, or rather not able to carry on the fight any longer. Cowen is in feeble health and failing skill. He is in a feeble health and failing skill. He is comparatively a young man in political life, but of modest, shrinking temperament, and not quite content with the responsibility of managing political affairs through the canvass. The House of Commons loses in Cowen one of its very finest speakers; more than that, one of its greatest orators.

THE SONG OF THE SWINE PRESS

the result is not altogether unsatisfactory. Sir George Trevelyan's grizzly visage has been added to-day to the sculpture of Mr. Goschen, Mr. Kumser, Mr. Mitchell Henry, Mr. Heald, Mr. Jenkins and John Ramsden, which hang on the portcille of Hawarden Castle, and Albert Grey's mug inevitably follows. This is worth something particularly to a chieftain so fond of Jingo matches. Chamberlain is reported to be. On the other hand, not many raised hemlets men of Lord Cliff Mac have gone down in the fray. Doubtless Mr. Joseph Arch, who was unfortunately beaten by the landlords and the haymakers at work all day, will be the most conspicuous. Joseph Arch is the veteran of the House of Commons smoking-room of the Tuesday lingers.

Among those who assumed the party split will make many curious fands inside of families and among old-time friends. John Bright, whose inability to keep out of a single one is the pride of his friends, is reported to have lost his seat before him. Bright members to lose his seat before him. Bright members to lose his seat before him. Bright members to lose

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

RED GUAY'S REVENGE

As steel dark thoughts to vee so
Make the shadows frown and lour,
Over the plains of Texas
Over a marauding band
Over a maiden Mexican
Over a young—young Guay.
Over a young man the prisoner
The prairie wilds and wild.

"Ugh! ugh! the sound of my wooing
Is music unto me!
Red as a rose's crowd
"I'll plant the betrothal bed
Thou spake the chief—red Guay,
Woo, woo, you maidenly—Mary
Woo to the home on the prairie"
The prairie wilds and wild.

A table—spread in ashes,
A crook—dark, sooty heart; and alone
A gray sire sorpel in gashes
A wrath—dark! red—eye with hair
Told of the ire of Guay,
Told of the woe of Mary
Of rule wrought on the corpse
The prairie wilds and wild.

An silent ruthless flying
O'er mountain mountain fled,
And wized as unknown sighing
Over the wreath and bed.
Old Tobin's daughter—Mary,
Found on a heart wild Guay,
Spud shrieking over the prairie
The prairie wilds and wild.

Stalked in sombre silence
Gathered the candle for chase,
From the day's toilet and plain
Blood for the blood of Guay!
Blood for the blood of Mary
Blood for the wreck on the prairie
The prairie wilds and wild.

Quoth Rockdale: "See to the rifle
And bathe bowie sharp!
Let the lamon out a tetter
And make fleet your steeds,
In ranger as, nor dare ye
Stay or pause—but hasten
Black hander! death on the prairie
The prairie wilds and wild.

When wakel the chief—than slaughter
Gnd from the rifle blazed,
Tobin's widow'd daughter
Fought bravely—but perished.
He lifted hel—his wooing—
Lad as a crow's cooing—
Found Guay corpsed and raving
The prairie wilds and wild.

P. S. Dugan.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE SHADOW THAT GOES BEFORE.

Oh! faint the power of Beauty's dower
Is unknown to Beauty's day;
Unknown the power of Beauty's dower
Is unknown to Beauty's day.
Beauty is frail and tempters assail
Her bower with their subtle lie,
And tempers are wrought, and sorrow and pain,
And alone is her sin as die.
Yet, vain she seeks to struggle alone
To the place she has lost, once more,
For the Spectre of Guilt still hauntes her ever,
And the Shadow goes on before!

The shadow of Guilt! the Shadow of Sin!
Where her wanderings she may be,
Still Death follows her ever, and ever
To the night of Eternity.
Oh, gilded sins—gilded Age
Who scoff! Virtue and Right!
Oh, Pities! dazzled! Oh, Pities!
Whose wills are a fatal blight!
How little repent! the wretch yet wrec.
Are a curse to themselves a curse;
Yet little a wrec, that the never dies
That the Shadow goes on before!

Cultured Beauty may avoid Sin
In the halls of the great on Earth,
And be petted with wealth and pomp,
With flattery and with mirth;
But the spice so enhanced by her dull dear ear
Upheard in the cries of glee,
For the laurel leaves of Black Despair
Have planted Love's sympathy.
Can song be her only companion start
To a dirge for the days of yore,
Or amongst Virtue's flowers will fad her heart
For the Shadow had gone before!

Lonely! lonely! lonely! lonely!
Lonely! lonely! lonely!
Lonely! lonely! lonely!

THE MONITOR.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1896.

"The Catholic press is a power for Catholicity, and every Catholic society of the same should support it. Its defends our religion against the attacks of infidelity, and by sustaining it, we, to a certain extent, sustain our religion. Therefore, as a Christian duty, subscribe for it, pay it, and induce your wives and daughters, by parening it, with spotless conscience, to do the same and follow Catholic."—Father Dennis, D. D.

Editorial Notes.

—Archbishop Riohard, of Lariss, will succeed Cardinal Gulbert as Archbishop of Paris.

—Bishop Gilmour's address at the late "congress of churches" is receiving the commendation of Protestant ministers.

—Rev. Landelinus Hoek, of Alsace-Lorraine, has been elected Provincial of the Brothers of Mercy in the United States.

—The Tammany Society of New York contributed $30,000 to the Irish Parliamentary Fund and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty, over $20,000 for the same patriotic purpose.

—The University of Notre Dame has COMPLETED THE ELECTRIC PLANT FOR ITS BUILDINGS, and on Major Henry F. Brownson, son of the late Dr. Brownson.

—His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne has laid the corner-stone of a residence for the Carmelite Fathers, near Port Melbourne. This is the first house of the Order erected in Victoria.

—The members of the Irish Parliamentary Party selected as delegates to the Chicago convention next month are Michael Davitt and William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*. We hope they may be induced to visit this coast, where they will receive a hearty welcome.

—A good Catholic of Charlottetown, P. E. I., has offered $40,000 towards the building of a new Cathedral, if a similar sum is raised by the congregation. We suggest to some equally good Catholic of this State make a similar offer in the interest of our new Cathedral. Who speaks first!

—While Mass was being celebrated on a recent Sunday morning in the Church of the Holy Spirit at Prague, the building was struck by lightning, and the officiating priest for the moment appeared as if enveloped in flames. He nevertheless remained entirely unhurt.

—A Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences of January 19th last, reduces the indulgence of 200 days, to be gained once a day, and applicable by suffrage to the souls in Purgatory, by any one who, at least with contrite heart, devoutly recites the Litanies of the Holy Name of Jesus as they are published in that Decree and not otherwise.

—The *Unita Cattolica* reports the ordination of Mgr. Sbarretti, Secretary of Consistory, born in Florence, and educated in St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. He became a convert to the Catholic Church in 1884, and has been ordained priest.

—Among the hundreds of ecclesiastical students recently presented by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, we notice among those of All Hallows College who received Subdeaconship the names of Rev. Cornelius Sheehan of the Diocese of Grass Valley, also Rev. Jeremiah Leahy and Rev. Wm. Quill of this Archdiocese. At the same time Rev. Thomas Kirby, also for this Archdiocese, received the Order of Deacon.

—A decree of the Congregation of Rites, approved by his Holiness Leo XIII., and solemnly published on the Feast of St. Camillus of Lellis (July 15th) proclaims that Saint, with St. John of God, protector of all hospitals and of the sick in general. The names of these two heroes of charity will be added to the Litany of the Dying. They were especially remarkable for their tender devotion to the sick and suffering.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Boston Pilot*, says: "The change of Puritan regard for Catholics may be seen every day by such straws in the wind as the Presidency of the Boston University Alumni (Law School) association being given to a Catholic priest, the Rev. Father Charles J. Harna, of Providence, R. I., author of the famous "Freedom of Worship Bill." Father Horne presided at the annual reunion of the alumni last week in Boston, in which fifty gentlemen participated, many of whom were eminent in their profession."

—The letter from Cardinal Manning which we publish on the first page is a grand defence of Irish Catholics and a masterpiece of logical argument. It is resplendent with epigrammatic gems that will live in literature long ages after their renowned author has been called to his reward. Here are a few samples from the mine of the Cardinal's mind: "The Catholic people"—"have been always conspicuous examples of tolerance respecting that liberty of conscience which has been cruelly denied to them."—"Children of martyrs are not persecutors."—"From suffering persecuted they had learned to be merciful."—"Force may make hypocrites: it never generates faith."—"The time is come when Ireland shall be handed over to itself. Its people have attained their majority."—"The transfer of self-government is not to Mr. Parnell nor to the Parnellites, but to Ireland and the Irish people."

—"What Mr. Parnell and his singularly able lieutenants have accomplished will never be forgotten, but it is Ireland that, by self-control, will order and uphold herself."—"We are beginning in the nineteenth century to undo the miseries of the seventeenth and eighteenth." "If our Irish brethren have faults, they are for the most part what England has made them."

Why Cardinals and Priests wear Vestments. Brother Hughes, a Methodist Brother.

Notwithstanding the churlish manner exhibited towards us by our evangelical Methodist *confirer*, in return for all the literary light we are pouring into his hitherto darkened mental region, we shall continue in charity to instruct

Dear Brother Hughes:
Who hates the "Hail Mary,"

in many matters connected with Christianity, but regarding which also that we have to say it!—his mind is as dark as barn full of black cats!

Our benighted brother does not seem to understand how it is possible for Cardinal Gibbons or any priest in the Catholic Church to wear what he literally styles a "fantastic outfit," and he thinks he settles the whole matter by asserting that the Son of God—"our great High Priest, did not wear such things, nor did Peter, nor Paul, nor John."

The poetical adage which truthfully tells us that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

holds true in religion just as it does in secular affairs, and we feel deep sympathy for the half-shell education which many Protestant preachers possess concerning even the commonest attributes of Christianity. Man like our mistaken Methodist fellow journalist—

Good Brother McCrary
Who is to contrary,

sees a priest celebrating Mass in a Catholic Church, and the first object that excites their curiosity is the "fantastic outfit" which he wears. They cannot imagine why he wears such "theatrical toggery," and yet—as in many other matters connected with the Catholic Church—the priest has the Word of God, scriptural sanction and the law of ancient custom on his side, whilst those who so foolishly criticise him—do so out of their illiteracy concerning ecclesiastical history, or their invincible ignorance.

For the information of all such people as may think it "cruel fun" to criticise the "fantastic outfit" of a priest when celebrating Mass, let us simply state that every article of his dress has a particular meaning, and we feel deep sympathy with the priest when we see him confused and cranky *confirer*, who knows how goshingly he would pose his Pharisaical lips and utter the affirmative "yes, verily!" But our Blessed Lord had no wife, and our worker in the iniquity of Wesleyanism has, it is an open contradiction when "knocks out" Brother McCrary on "the first base." Nor did Peter, Paul or John wear ever closed "Temples of Worship and went on a jonkatting tour for summer vacation! Yet the Methodist preacher performs this *duty* faithfully every year—leaving their flocks to feed short gospel grass during their interval of idleness! Does the Bible nonsenseance much less commend such a mockery of devotion! Methodism, it would seem, is a kind of meteorological mongrelism of Christianity, because its ministerial attires in winter and falls below zero in summer! Where in the scriptures do we find the Apostles carrying in a Pacific Grove like the Methodist marriage-market in Monterey? To use the words of

Good Brother McCrary
Who is to contrary,

neither "our great High priest, nor Peter, nor Paul, nor John," constituted any of these curious pranks of crooked Methodism, and hence our mistaken Methodist *confirer* is in the wrong company if he desires to imitate our Blessed Lord or the Apostles in his rule of life.

Almighty God has directed that ecclesiastical edifices should be erected specially for His worship and for that purpose alone. Are the meeting-houses of Methodism such tabernacles? Most assuredly not. They are used for what is fantastically called "worship" on "Sabbath," a political meeting on Monday, an itinerant jaggler on Tuesday, a woman's rights ring-around on Wednesday, a tee-totallers out on Thursday, a free-love feast on Friday and a gingo-pop pogel gathering on Saturday! Such are not the tabernacles which Almighty God means when He says: "My house is a house of prayer." In the same way, precisely, our Heavenly Father designed that those engaged in His service, offering up sacrifice in His name and for His greater honor and glory, should have vestments prepared and blessed for that purpose alone, and not only by those who are consecrated to His service. How is it with Methodist parsons? Doubtless, in their evangelical genius, they imagine that the shabbiest suits they wear are so filled with sanctity as to arouse the admiration of all the angels and saints in heaven! The embroidered perfume of their Christian perfection permeates into the precincts of paradise and makes the very saints scowl sinners in their own estimation! When Brother Hobblegaper stands before the Lord, in his blue-black suit of broadcloth, no doubt he feels that Almighty God ought to be proud of having such a huge mountain of holiness to represent *Him* on earth! This is Methodism hypified, and when such people set out to criticise the Catholic Church, they should first possess themselves of sufficient knowledge to do so successfully, or else hide their ignorance beneath the mantle of silence.

We do not like to have to speak our sentiments: Brother so frequently, but we feel that we should do so, lest we spoil the child—hence we pelse the editorial whipper in the act and bring it down slap-bang! Methodism is so full of such things we feel bound to do so, and we do so with deep sympathy for our Methodist brothers and sisters, who are so ignorant of Catholicity, and then free from the wrath to come. Every sin brings its own punishment, and if

Good Brother McCrary
Will be contrary,

he must only expect to have his sect scourged scientifically upon all subjects wherein his Wesleyan teaching has turned truth into falsehood and transformed into a "fantastic outfit" the vestments designed by Almighty God and ordered by Him to be worn by His priests—but which He never intended should be so desecrated as to deform the human character or to cover the shoulders of sectarians. Here for the present we must end:

Although we shall never pray unto Pluthing the truth to Brother McCrary.

Home Rule Must be Granted.

It is now generally admitted by both the adversaries and the friends of Ireland that some measure of Home Rule will have to be granted to Ireland by the Conservative Tory Administration. Mr. Justin McCarthy says so very plainly in his letter which we publish on the first page, and now we find an Independent Tory, C. F. Thorold Rogers—the well-known Oxford professor and author, predicting that no legislation is possible in Parliament until the Irish difficulty is solved. In a letter on this subject *Professor Rogers says* "the settlement of the Irish Home Rule question is inevitable; for a dead-lock in Parliament is unavoidable, and justly so, till at least as much as the late bill is conceded. The present situation is due partly to an intrigue of some Radicals against Mr. Gladstone personally, and partly to the hatred of the antisemitic Whigs. The form or have made a tool of Mr. Bright. His great and just reputation has discouraged thousands of Liberals from voting at all, and it is to their honor that they have hesitated to think him in the wrong. Long and well as I have known him I can find no reason for his action beyond his dislike of the past tactics of this Irish party, in which, as I stated in the House of Commons, they made, I think, a tactical error. That the Home Rule policy will finally and speedily prevail, I have no doubt. Politically, this religion, truth has its merits and its persecutors, some of the latter acting blindly and honestly, some of them from interested motives. I earnestly hope that the friends of Irish liberty or Irish progress will not martyrize, nay, can of the Dreyfusses of Southwark, in the last Parliament, but I can hardly see this election because of his advocacy of Home Rule.

Martyrs for the Faith.

The Rev. Directors of the Foreign Missionary Seminary have just published their report upon the labors of the missionaries belonging to their order during the year 1885. It is sorrowful, and yet consoling reading. For over two hundred years this Foreign Mission Seminary has not unceasingly suffered from barbarous persecution in distant lands. But some of the years that have passed have witnessed so many terrible calamities as that of 1885. Ten of its missionary priests put to the sword, twelve native priests massacred, together with thirty-five native nuns, and 50,000 Christians, one mission destroyed, with its 200 established missions; 200 churches and chapels, 2 seminaries, 40 schools, 70 residences of missionaries and native priests, 12 orphanages, 12 Religious Communities, 1 printing establishment, and the private homes of 50,000 Christians sacked and burned—such is the dreadful record of the year 1885. The sadness of this narrative of persecution and martyrdom is somewhat assuaged by the consoling knowledge that the Seminary of Bayieux was during the same year, administered to 12,705 adult pagans, 200 heretics, and 19,966 pagan infants in danger of death.

New York, July 26.—There is a sensational report in Brooklyn that William J. Sherman, a Catholic priest, has broken his vows and married a girl, however of whose refusal to marry him several years ago he became a priest.

It is just as well to state that William J. Sherman is not a Catholic priest. He has been for some time studying for the priesthood, but if he discovered that he had no vocation, he has acted wisely if—as the dispatch states—he has married. The whole dispatch—it looks to us—is one of that class which anti-Catholic calumniators cannot occasionally so as to create a sensation and to show to the world that the devil is neither dead nor sleeping.

—The press of California—with a few exceptions—deserves well of the people of the whole country for its fearless exposure of the water-rights of the people and against the gluttonous maw of monopolists who would steal the very air we breathe if they could bottle it and purchase a legislature to legalize their action. The water in every river and rivulet in the land is the public property of the people, and the legislator who votes to give it to any corporation or individual so he can charge his fellow-citizens for using it, is an enemy of the people and a foe to true progress. The manner in which the monopolists manage to hood-wink the people on this subject is well set forth on the fifth page of this issue, and is sufficient to put every citizen of California upon his guard so as to protect his common rights of its people against the designs of corporation commissioners who grease for gold in their only god.

A NOTABLE ROMAN PRELATE.

A Friend of Ireland in Her Darkest Days.

Bishop Eric Maria Fitzsimon Molloy, is at present in the city and is the guest of the Jesuit Fathers. He is an Irishman with the dignitary of the Church, a Monsignor representative present at the second plenary Council of Baltimore, where he was consecrated Bishop of Ardfert and Aghadoe, Archbishop Gibbons with the dignity of Cardinal. After a brief visit to Boston, Monsignor Molloy will be the guest of his old friend and fellow-countrymen, Very Rev. A. Mottet, O.M., Provincial of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Our Lady of Sorrows on West Madison street, leaving Chicago on the 19th inst. Mgr. Molloy arrived in this city on the 6th, and he is enjoying great delight at the magnificent scenery and the expansive country through which he passed to reach the Pacific coast. He is somewhat familiar with many Eastern cities, having been invited by Archbishop McCloskey during his Eminence's visit to Rome in 1875, to make out of his country on a visit to his friend, Mgr. Mortel, accordingly, resided in New York from 1875 to 1881.

When the Italian journal known as the *Unione* was started in Rome as the official organ of the Nineteenth Parliament, Mgr. Molloy was on the staff of Mgr. Theodolo Mario Schiaffino, editor-in-chief, and view obtained for him the position of Chaplain to all readers of the Minerva at that time will remember, was a leading friend of Ireland in her darkest days, and many of its brilliant articles were translated for those columns by our countrymen, Rev. E. J. Hartleton, who was subsequently elevated to the ordinate of the Bishopric of Ardfert and Aghadoe, and Rev. Dr. Kelly, the Irish Parliamentarian, whose name will be greatly cherished by the Irish people throughout the world—outside of England.

Mgr. Molloy is a distinguished linguist, speaks the English tongue with a rare purity of accent, and many millions of Catholics of Ireland, who have visited Rome in past years, found through him a friendly introduction to illustrious members of the Vatican Court. All those who have enjoyed his friendship, have spoken with enthusiastic admiration of the noble qualities of his heart, and of the charming conversation and wit of his tongue. His large erudition and the extensive linguistic knowledge which he found himself possessed of, have won many friends for him in Archbishop.

On the Sunday Mgr. Molloy celebrated Mass and preached in the Italian Church, and on next Sunday—feast of St Ignatius he will celebrate the Mass and preach in the Jesuit church. We will return from Europe in order to hear the eloquent discourse of his friend, the pastor of the celebrated Cathedral of Florence, which he is one of the Canons—a distinguished ecclesiastic—and which he will deliver in the Cathedral of Florence after his return from the American Continent.

In conversation Mgr. Molloy is affability itself, and a stranger finds himself in his presence immediately at ease. He is a man of the people, running all sophistication—thus commending a man who, in appearance to be thoroughly an Italian, about 50 years of age and the cultivated manhood and happiness combined. He speaks English with a rich Irish brogue, and pleasure and enthusiasm upon the ground that he is speaking to a people of generous and intelligent nationality. He feels it as a blessed duty to visit the Jesuits, who are as Amerige Vespucci, the notable Italian navigator, from whom the name of that portion of the Western Hemisphere, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, in the exercise of all the religious ministrations, of all ministrations, of all sacrifices, of all self-denials, of all heroic virtues, of all intellectual and scientific attainments, in fine, the exercise of all the Christian faculties, in fine, the exercise of all the virtues of a true priest, in a true spirit, and in the exercise of the Vice of Christ, the Jesuits are the Fathers. Rome owes the name of the New Hemisphere, perhaps a little, in fact, in such of the papal visions of Rome may be found at least one century dedicated to the Lady of the Rosary, but in the Vatican halls are three. (*Annales de Rosario*, Oct. 1896.) Dedicated St. Francis Borgia, St. Ignatius, and the Lady Rosary. Such is the way, notwithstanding the immense and, we fear, well-founded apprehensions of the official position, found him in one's every day the Rosary and to meditate in its mysteries. It was consoling to hear his devotion to the Mother of God that he became a little pale in the world, the strength of intellect, and the blessed attributes his vocation in the Dominican Society of Jesus (*Pierrefique Sa. Jesus, Pere Jerdin de Rosario, en 1884, vol. 1, page 270*).

THE MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY.

Of the Rosary, the Mysteries of the Rosary every day. One of his courtiers who was not a group as he, having discovered him on one occasion in the chapel in his hands, expressed somewhat astonished at seeing him prayers, and to the astonished people he answered, "Ah, I have nothing to do, I have nothing to do." Thus, my nobles, my lords, I have nothing to do, I have nothing to do, I have nothing to do

Farm and Home.

The May Business.

Ranchers are naturally discouraged in their attempts at raising hay as a profitable crop and with reason. The cost of raising the hay and baling it amounts to just about $6 50 per ton. If it is sold in San Francisco, which is about the only market available at this season, the shipping and commission brings up the cost to $8 50 more, making a total cost per ton when delivered of $15. High as our bringing $17 a ton is San Francisco, which leaves the small margin of $1 per ton to the producer. Land devoted to hay produces an average of two tons to the acre, which leaves the profits of an acre of land only $2. The present prices are lower than any that have been quoted, by reason of the immense supply on hand, and also on account of the poor quality of the first shipments, it being baled too green, and the inferior quality being taken as a sample of that which followed it. Farmers are growing on all sides, on account of the low price of hay, but as it is the first crop they use of hay, but as it is the first crop they can raise, they throw it into the market in order to get the cash to go ahead with a more profitable harvest. But it seems a shame to cultivate the magnificent land of this valley at a profit of only $2 to the acre. A generally new other crop would pay better than the hay crop of this season.—*Hollister Free Lance.*

Kid Bodquitts.

One of the very latest ideas for ladies whose time hang heavy on their hands is to make a patch work bedquilt out of the backs of discarded kid gloves. To match and combine the colors, look of the kid and the ornamental stitching, and to fit in the shapes, affords an occupation for more fascinating and prolonged than "crazy patchwork." When finished, the quilt must be lined with a delicate soft silk or satin. It will really be little less than a little nearer to being worth the trouble of making it than might be imagined.

Tons of Dried Apricots.

On Wednesday, O. W. Thimel shipped five and a half tons of dried apricots to Boston office. They were fine—just as natural in color as the fresh fruit, and not dried too much. Mr. Thimel put 15 cents per pound for the apricots. The fruit will go to the Eastern markets.—*Winters Express.*

Fruit Packed in Tubs.

A little but lies on the reporter's table that looks as if a revolution was to be wrought in the shipping of fruit to a long distance in a natural state. The box is lined on all six sides with tule woven together, and the inside is filled with the same substance, cut up into fine particles. The tule holds the lining and in the dust is dry as timber, and almost without weight. Much has been said about shipping grapes and other fruit East in a natural state in cork dust, and fruit dealers in the large cities are sending for tules to see with this object in view. It looks as if the whole question was solved. There is plenty of tule in California. It is easily accessible at many places in the State. It is cheap, easily gathered, dried and prepared for use. The cost of the material is the very light as compared with the grand results to be obtained. The added weight to the box of fruit will be very little and trivial freight to pay. The lining of the tule strips on the sides of the box will prevent glass from breaking when wine or brandy is shipped in glass. Altogether, for a cheap, light and dry product of all the river bottoms and other damp places in the State. If it works as one must expect it will, the whole question of shipping fruit is solved, and a great industry is formed in the State.—*Los Angeles Herald.*

Prices of California Products.

The Vacaville *Reporter* of the 15th inst. says: To prove that our orchardists and vegetable raisers are making money this season, we produce some statistics. M. Fox has taken from 55 acres in fruit and vegetables—only part in bearing—$5,000 clear of all expenses. Dr. Cargill, from 29 acres in vegetables, raised among green pea vines, the net proceed $2,000. Mrs. E. Sahrbrecht has planted 20 acres of 50,000 cash received her place for $1,500 each, which has been paid, besides netting at least $1,000 clear profit to the parties who had the place. A. J. Lyons, from 125 plum trees, realized $222; from 20 trees of another variety, $160; clear, and from 150 apricot trees, about $400. He has contracted his entire peach crop to Flower & Co., Sacramento, at 90c for 4½ inch boxes (boxes furnished). Mrs. M. Jagger sold little year, from 400 4-year old trees, over 2,000 boxes of apricots, netting about $1,500 from less than 4 acres. H. J. W. Brink had, on about 25 acres of apricots, 100 acres of fruit, which they sold at 1½ per lb., they picking the fruit, everything else furnished. They also sold their crop of early peaches at 6c per lb. net, and their early peaches at 6c per lb. and entire large crop at 1½ per crate of 50 lbs. each (crates and packers furnished). F. B. McKevitt has just finished shipping his apricots from 4 acres of 5-year-old trees and 4 acres of 4-year-old trees, the net proceed on which is $5,000. These are no exceptional cases produced for sugar-coating, as we know that all of our fruit and vegetable raisers are doing extra well.

"A Family Doctor" on Suppers.

But as to suppers: I have always been of the opinion that sleep was bad. I have not the slightest doubt that my readers will bear witness to the truth of what I say from their own personal experience, and is ten times more pronounced, and is ten times worse if beer is to be partaken with it. Beer and disorded kid gloves. To match and combine the colors, look of the kid and the ornamental stitching, and to fit in the shapes, affords an occupation for more fascinating and prolonged than "crazy patchwork." When finished, the quilt must be lined with a delicate soft silk or satin. It will really be little less than a little nearer to being worth the trouble of making it than might be imagined.

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Family Fun.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Two little fingers toying with a nice-
Flag! want the powder and then there was
ches.

Nine little fingers firing rockets steight
Fly! Stick Yankee! and then there were
eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to Heaven—
Roman candle "bursted," and then there were
seven.

Seven little fingers pack and ponder out—
Peak was spoiled, and then there were six.

Six little fingers for a "chaser" strike—
One went off with it, and then there were five.

Four little fingers handling for a roar—
Boom went the cannon, and then there were four.

Three little fingers with a pack wake free—
"Crack" went a cracker, and then there were three.

Three little fingers found the fuse burned blue—
Bombshell too previous, and then there were two.

Two little fingers hankie lots of fun—
Pistol exploded and then there was one.

One little finger fooling with a cannon—
Didn't know "how loaded, and then there was none.

He was a Noodle.

"Are you are a boodle?" asked a small boy of his sister's new beaux.

"Hush, Johnny, hush!" said the sister, blushing and looking very much like a peony.

"You must be," persisted the small boy. "I don't know what you mean exactly.

"You are my sister's husband, ain't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, you are a noodle, 'cause sister said a noodle husband would catch her every time."

His Brother Would Walk.

"How much does a ticket to Lansing?" he asked at the Third street depot yesterday.

"Two forty."

"Make him 22."

"No, sir."

"But I like to go out and see my brother."

"The price is two forty, sir."

"How far was he?"

"Eighty six miles."

"Of you 22, and maybe I go out again next Lil.

"No, sir."

"You don' take him?"

"No, sir."

"My brouth, dut shas all right, I like to see my brodder, but now I dean go out."

"Can't help that."

"Mebbe you think my brodder comes in to see me and gin you two forty. You shas off. He thals ashey shlep of dat way, and you dean gin me nuthing, and I tank not his cost tulle." My frendt, good day."

An Improbable Yarn.

"One of my ancestors won a battle during the Crusades by his skill in handling his artillery," said the baron.

"Bat, my dear baron," said his friend, "at the time of the Crusades gunpowder had not been discovered.

"I know that as well as you do, and so did my ancestor."

"How did he win the battle then?"

"He brought his artillery to bear on the harasses, and the stupid fools, seeing the guns, supposed that powder had at last been discovered, and fled in dismay."

Judgment Temporarily Suspended.

Mrs. Blabb—So your church has a new minister.

Mrs. Gabb—Yes, he preached for the first time last Sunday.

"How do you like him?"

"I can't tell. I haven't seen his wife yet."

She was an Indefinitable Worker.

Discontented Wife—If I had known that I should have to work so hard after I was married I should have remained single.

Husband—I thought you liked to work, the way you worked to get me.

That Makes a Difference.

"Got any eggs to-day, Mr. Goldbeus?"

"Yes, sir, plenty of them."

"Are they fresh?"

"Fresh, sir, as the flowers that—show!"

"Then, I don't want away."

"Don't want eggs?"

"No, sir; I'm going to a lecture tonight, and I thought I'll could run across some stale eggs."

"Stale, sir! There hain't an egg in that barrel that was laid this year."

Little Laughlets.

At a Ball.—"May I ask you for the next dance?"—"Pray excuse me, I am not fond of eating, and prefer to sit it out."—"Then will you permit me to sit it out with you?"—"Oh, then, perhaps we had better dance!"

An advertisement extolling the virtues of a new baby food concludes with the pathetic words appended thereto: "When the baby has done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place, any under the top." Poor baby!

Ten persons at an hotel ordered lemonade, namely, one No. 1 lemon, half lemonade, No. 2 for bliss nonge, No. 1 for blancmange, No. 1 for bling mong, No. 2 for blemonge, No. 6 for blemong, No. 1 for blamonge mange, No. 1 for blemongo, No. 3 for bling mongo and No. 10 for blamonge.

"I assume washed overshoed," exclaimed Mrs. Faculy, as she read a newspaper headline; "but perhaps he was so dirty they hadn't enough water on the ship."

A lady was once lamenting the ill-luck which attended her efforts, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "look upon the bright side."—"O," she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side." Then peeling up the dark one," was the quick reply.

Cholera Morbus

is about as sure to come as Summer is. It comes suddenly and is frequently dangerous and often fatal.

ARE YOU PREPARED for it coming?

If any of your family are attacked PROMPTLY with only one dose will save life. For 40 YEARS ONE medicine has CURED CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS which can't take it with perfect safety. This medicine is

Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

To be on the safe side get one NOW and have it on hand. For sale by all Druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R.I.

ENDOWMENT INSURANCE.

The Occidental Self-Endowment Association.

(Incorporated under the laws of California.)

This association is conducted on the usual assessment plan and furnishes endowment insurance at nominal cost. Certificates are issued in amounts of $1,000, $2,000 and $3,000, which are payable in five equal yearly installments to the heirs of the member according to the age at time of joining, as follows: members between 18 and 30 years of age receive one-fifth of the certificate at the expiration of one year; members between 25 and 30 years of age receive one-fifth every nine years; 30 to 35 every eight years; 35 to 40 every seven years; 40 to 45 every six years; 45 to 50 every five years; 50 to 60 every four years, and in case of death before the certificate matures, one fifth of certificate is paid to the members legatee.

No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privilege of being the consultees of their own funds until actually needed to pay death losses and provide funds for the payment of certificates. Four fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to these members who have certificates will full due from no part payment thereof at 8 per cent interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date, $164,000 to members, and paid in death losses $15,000.00. All claims are paid promptly and in full. The membership at present exceeds 1,000.

Reliable agents desired.

Address,

W. H. WARD, Secretary,

Room 24 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

I GURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because other doctors have failed is no reason for my case not receiving prompt relief. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

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BRANCH,

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LAUNDRY.

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Importers and Dealers in

BOOK, NEWS, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPERS.

Card Stock, Straw and Binders' Board, Etc.

MANUFACTORY:

Paper Mill at Blanchard, Alameda Co.

Paper Warehouse, 510 to 516 Sacramento and 519 Commercial Sts., S. F.

NATURALIZATION!

The Democratic County Committee have established a Naturalization Bureau at their Headquarters, No. 313 MISSION STREET.

All persons eligible to naturalization, intending to support the Democratic ticket, will receive proper assistance.

Naturalization Classes August 3, '86

By order Democratic County Committee.

JAS. J. BERRY, Secretary. A. J. DONOVAN, Chairman.

HOOPER'S South End Warehouse,

"Regular" Call-Board Warehouse.

First-Class Fire-Proof Brick Building.

CAPACITY 14,000 TONS.

TOWNSEND ST.,

between Fifth and Sixth.

GEORGE H. LEHMAN, Prop.

Cars transfer from the dock and from the east of the C.P.R.R. and C.P.R.R. free of Charge. Storage at current rates.

Advances and Insurance effected at lowest rates.

Telephone No. 227.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Splendid Set of Teeth, only $6.

THE DENTAL ROOMS OF T. DOLTON, 960 Market Street.

Want Desirable Property to supply the demand for Cottages, Flats and Houses. Also Business Chances, Ranches, Mines, Mining Stocks and Mining Claims. Call or send stamp for "The Tradesman." J. C. GREEN, 22 Montgomery Block (Opposite Exam Bazaar), real estate and general business agents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS H. MEDAU,

968 and 970 Folsom St.,

San Francisco

Near Fifth

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALER.

Established 1857.

We are satisfied to sell good liquors and guarantee our goods.

Hazelnut Wines

Sweet Vineyard, 1875, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.

Old Port or Sherry, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.

Kentucky Whiskies, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.

Bourbon Whiskey, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.

Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc., $2 per gal. and upwards.

Other Wines and Liquors at lowest rates.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE LADIES!

The most luxurious and perfect Turkish, Russian and Hydroelectric Baths for Ladies are NOW established in the

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218 Post St. bet. Dupont and Stockton, S. F.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

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Readers and Bible History.

By Rt. Rev. Gibt. Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland.

Cheapest and Most Popular School Books.

The Primer, per doz. ... $ .60
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Sample copies sent at half price.

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Printers to the Holy Apostolic See,

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Respectfully announce that they have opened

THE LARGE STORE,

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WITH A LINE OF—

GENT'S "BOY'S CLOTHING, Furnishing Goods,

HATS, CAPS, ETC.

Having been in this business many years, we can promise that all our goods will be as represented.

We buy for Cash and sell as low as possible.

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THE GREAT BRAIN TONIC. The Standard and Popular Preparation. Prepared by Druggists, Chemists, Physicians, Hospitals, Institutions, Families, Invalids, Convalescents, Nursing Mothers, Dyspeptics, Sleepless, Nervous, Debilitated, Aged, Young, Middle Aged, Men, Women, Children. Sold by all Druggists and Country Dealers. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. TAKE ONLY THE GENUINE.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE LIVER

Secretes the bile and acts like a filter to cleanse impurities of the blood. By its regularity in its action or suspension of its functions, the bile poisons the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, nausea, sick headache, constipation, costiveness, piles, diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling, and many other distressing symptoms, commonly known as liver troubles. These are relieved at once by the use of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA the great blood renovator.

DYSPEPSIA

Furnishes nourishment to the blood, and by its tonic and invigorating effect on the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration. There is no cure of dyspepsia equal to Bull's Sarsaparilla, and it can be all cases be traced to a disordered condition of the blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by cleansing and purifying the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and makes a strong and healthy stomach. Dyspepsia is a disease of the blood.

KIDNEYS

Are the great secretory organs of the body. Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel, pain in the back, and other kidney troubles are the results of disordered stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the kidneys and bowels, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great organs of the body to resume their natural functions, and health is at once restored.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE

SCROFULA

Is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by impurities in the blood or by the lack of sufficient nourishment furnished to the system through the blood vessels, causing enlargement of the glands, often resulting in swellings, enlarged joints, and ulcerous sores, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck, eyes, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck. Erysipelas results if not treated in time, affecting the glands, often resulting in enlarged blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by purifying the blood and tonicing the system forces the impurities from the blood and cleanses the system through the regular channels.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP.
THE PEOPLE'S REMEDIES FOR THE DAY.

KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

LEBENBAUM BROS.

Fine Groceries,

216 SUTTER ST.

AND—

Polk Street, Cor. California.

Our Young Folks.

All short, original contributions of moral or useful tendency for the Instructor.

The proper place for all articles of a moral character is a separate Department.

Contributions should be written on one side of the paper, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

THE VALUE OF OBEDIENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR, AT THE REQUEST OF QUESTIONS BOY.

Winter had passed and with it all the amusements of the school room, and even the falling rain and whistling winds presentative for keeping indoor. Summer had taken the place of heavy winter and Hector Jones anticipated having a glorious time. Already he had trapped several of the feathered choir, and had proved several baskets of the choicest berries for his mother. Every day he hurried from school eager for an afternoon's sport. But one day he walked slowly home, and his welcome for his mother was not as hearty as usual.

"What is the matter, Hector?" asked Mrs. Jones, for mothers are sure to detect any trouble which their children feel.

"I have to go to Jack Wilson's house because he's home sick from school near two weeks, its such a long distance, too, and I'm not going."

"Well, it's certainly a long distance," assented mamma, "but, my dear child, think of the Saviour on His journey to Calvary. No shoes on His feet, a crown of thorns on His head, and the heavy cross His bruised and bleeding shoulders, and all this was for you as well as for any one else. Think of this on the way, George, and you will have a pleasant journey. Your home more quickly than you expected."

George could not resist the gentle, loving voice, so taking his hat he started for his schoolmate's house. The Wilson residence was a long distance and George had not continued throughout the house until the last room was reached. Here George heard voices, and, opening the door cautiously, what a specially interested thief! The comfortless bed lay a pale and emaciated form, and kneeling beside her was Jack weeping bitterly. Two ragged children, not comprehending the great loss about to befall them, were peeping on the door. Jack was imploring his mother not to leave him, when she was replying as best she could.

Not able to control himself any longer George entered the room. What a scene! Poverty, disease and sorrow, but the children looked thunder-struck, for George was the idol of the neighborhood. Jack looked confused and sorrowful, and the poor, sick mother cast a piteous look at the intruder. George wanted to say so much that he really forgot half of it. Nevertheless, he succeeded in telling Jack that he would bring him his mother only and something else besides. He succeeded in telling them that he had to be promised to go with them to the Sabbath school, and in such the eyes of all sparkle with delight, plainly showing that they had been without food for some time.

On reaching home George related to his mother his afternoon adventure, and she caused the good dame to prepare quickly a basket of food and accompany her to Mrs. Jones and George approached the Wilson residence they saw two little faces at the window, and then the children ran to meet them. Being a thorough housewife and fine carver, Mrs. Jones, after a time, soon had the house looking better than it ever had before.

It would seem that Mrs. Wilson's home was somewhere on earth and that she should soon reach that glorious home where sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Jack had been petrified by Mr. Jones, a man as strong as a lion, being visited every day by George and his mother, and under the care of a skillful physician Mrs. Wilson soon showed signs of recovery. Attentively Jack's mother was soon pronounced pronounced somewhat of her former vigor and was able to return to the Wilsons' new home in Edinburgh and take her children with her. Jack's friends, and as a crippling friend, and as a crippling friend, George, and the children from the country to one of their city residences, where Jack's mother now one of the comfortable circumstances bought his farm. So, equally delighted, the children now go home to the day, when Mr. Jones returned from his visit to Jack's home. He made some speculations which turned out to be bad ones, and he now finds himself in comfortable circumstances. Those who hitherto called themselves his friends, and who were willing to lend him a helping hand when he needed it not, have deserted him from the right time in such. How many such people there are in the world. Willing to everything in their power but you when you are prosperous, when you can open the sea of adversity, when trials and troubles encompass you, the friends of old are friends no longer, in fact, they seem to forget your very existence.

George Jones and his mother and father sat one evening pondering over their good fortune, when suddenly there was a light tap sounded at the door, and in response to the appeal a young man, or rather, boy, entered. He was Jack Wilson, and boy-like, Jack Wilson into a tall, finely proportioned lad, so that his former benefactor who had not seen him for many a day, knew him not as he stood in their presence.

"Do you remember, and the stranger, addressing George, "a poor and poor parents once befriended and helped a poor boy who was dying mother, and then set them up in a most profitable business?"

"Yes, replied George. I remember the incident very well, and could, from memory they have gotten along, I never regretted that I helped them."

"Well, continued the still unknown stranger, they are such, for a short time ago a vain of gold was discovered near their residence, and knowing that you have befriended them, Mrs. Wilson sent me to find her son Jack, to see if we can help you."

The three sprang to their feet to welcome their young friend, assuring him that it required but very little to help them out of their difficulties. Needless to state Mr. Jones was soon all right in business, and moved back to the country that he might be near his true friends.

How clearly this story proves that a boy's friend is his mother. George Jones followed his mother's directions on that day, and so long as he obeyed him he was doing his teacher's message to Jack Wilson; and surely you will agree with me in saying that his obedience was abundantly rewarded. As I wrote at the beginning, the value of obedience, sitting in her easy-chair inhaling the fragrance of the rose, thought carefully over the incidents of memorable day, when, if he had disobeyed his mother, he would have gone to school and when she should look at trial.

Boys, if you will follow more her advice and quickly the gentle counsels of the Bible, you will be more happy, and you would be less visitors on the sad world would be more cheerful. Let us say the true, truthful words once more. "A boy's best friend is his mother."

Chicago is to have a new Roman Catholic church.

Monitor Mysteries.

Two and all contributed letters to be addressed to the Editor of the Monitor, and must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the Wednesday of each week, in order to insure insertion in the following issue. Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be in the Editor's office not later than the Wednesday of each week, in order to insure insertion in the following issue. Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only. Although we do not insert the real names of the writers, we do not insert anonymous communications, and unless the writer's name is given, we do not insert the communication. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of the Monitor.

MYSTIC NO. 13.

Original Riddle No. 232.

A good, birthday present which, not only pleasant

Put pains and people may well enjoy.
We're so well pleased that, I am quite delighted
They are to me all I can desire.
As mountain streamer, I was at its danger,
In law of perils I did not know.
And, when then, been secured, all at once, rescuded,
Thy rule reward was always close.
Thousand, nowhere else, and no one else
Would be more remember in deadly circle.
Thy kindness, I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure, kindly
Thy love when that then, cared my life.
Yes, then dear, I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure,
Always my.

Original Enigma No. 233.

My tired is tired and not in day,
My second is to rest and to lay,
My third is in Tom but not in John,
My fourth is in Peter but not in Pope,
My fifth is in hear but not in stay,
My sixth is in Sarah but not in Ruth,
My seventh is in Pamela but not in Flora,
My eighth is in Ann but not in Eve,
My ninth is in rest but not in sleep,
My tenth is in Ann but not in Eve.

ANNIE M. DUNNIGAN.

Numerical Enigma No. 234.

I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 is a kind of fish.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 is a kind of fish.
My 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 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Farm and Home.

The Hay Business.

Ranchers are naturally discouraged in their attempts at raising hay as a profitable crop and with reason. The cost of raising the hay and baling it amounts to just about $6 50 per ton. If it is sold in San Francisco, which is about the only market available at this season, the shipping and commission brings up the cost of the hay, demanding the entire cost per ton, when delivered in San Francisco, to $8 50 per ton. Hay is now bringing $11 a ton in San Francisco, which leaves the small margin of $1 per ton to the producer. Land devoted to hay produces an average of two tons to the acre, which leaves the profits of an acre of land only $2. The present prices are lower than any that have ever before been quoted, by reason of the immense supply on hand, and also on account of the poor quality of the first shipments, it being baled too green, and in inferior quality being taken as a sample of that which followed it. Farmers are growing on all sides, on account of the low price of hay, but as it is the first crop they can raise, they throw it into the market in order to get the cash to go ahead with a more profitable harvest. But it seems a shame to cultivate the magnificent land of this valley at a profit of only $2 to the acre. Apparently any other crop would pay better than the hay crop of this season.—*Hollister Free Lance.*

Kid Redoubtie.

One of the very latest ideas for ladies whose time hangs heavy on their hands is to make a patch work bedcover of the backs of discarded kid gloves. To match and combine the colors, both of the kid and the ornamental stitching, and to fit in the shapes, affords an occupation for more fascinating and prolonged than "crazy patchwork." When finished, the quilt must be lined with Turkey red, and quilted. It will really be a delicate soft silk comfort, and will have about as little weight to bring worth the trouble of making it than might be imagined.

Tons of Dried Apricots.

On Wednesday, G. W. Thissell shipped five and a half tons of dried apricots to San Francisco, a sample of which he left at this office. They were Moorpark—just as natural in color as the fresh fruit, and not dried too much. Mr. Thissell got 14 cents per pound for the apricots. The fruit will go to the Eastern markets.—*Winters Express.*

Fruit Packed in Tule.

A little box lies on the reporter's table that looks as if a revolution was to be worked in the shipping of fruit to a long distance in a natural claim. The box is lined on all its sides with tule grown expressly for the purpose, and the same substance, cut up into fine particles, is packed in the fruit in layers, and in the dust is dry as timber, and almost without weight. Much has been made about shipping grapes and other fruit East in a natural state in cork dust, and fruit dealers in the large cities are making experiments with this object in view. It looks as if the whole question of shipping fruit is a plenty of tule in California. It is easily accessible at many points in the State, the stuff is very easily gathered, dried and prepared for use. The cost of the material will be very light as compared with the ground results to be obtained. The added weight to the box of fruit will be very little and trivial freight to pay. The lining of the tule strips on the sides of the box will prevent glass from breaking when wine or meat glass from breaking when wine or brandy is shipped in glass.—*Los Angeles Herald.*

"A Family Doctor" on Suppers.

Set as suppers: I have always been of the opinion that sleep was bad. I have not the slightest doubt that any medicine will bear witness to the truth of what I say from their own personal experiments. A dainty supper generally spoils, and in ten times worse if beer is to be partaken with it. Beer and malt, or porter, would ruin any digestion. No; let the little you do take be easily digested of digestion, so as that the best and pretty well boiled and allowed to get cold, with a slice of cold toast and butter, is a simple supper, but one that agrees. Meat should be eaten at noon, mutton, say, as a rule. But, anyone should satisfy to an of you, if one had found fault with. The food we eat—the food we drink—the exercise and the amount of sleep we take, are all of more importance than its actual amount. Disturbed, restless, or dreamed sleep is not refreshing, no matter how much thereof we obtain. Even pleasant dreams among the good effects of sleep. Now, having been complainte out of the question, I have always observed, then, that persons of sedentary habits, known to medical men as irritability, with partial suspension of the living mechanism of the digestive organs, whether in whole or in part, is to variably accompanied by nervous and disturbed sleep. The restlessness by day takes the form of nervousness and excitability; but by night there are often frightful dreams. Well, would one some portion of indigestible food lying about the system be likely to produce the same nocturnal symptoms? I leave my readers to medicine upon the question and answer it for themselves.

—Confirmed cures permanently by "DDD."

Family Fun.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Ten little fingers tying with a mine—
Boys want the powder and then there were nine.

Nine little fingers fading rockets straight—
Some made "bunted," and then there were eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to Heaven—
Roman candle "bursted," and then there were seven.

Seven little fingers pack and powder mix—
Pack was lighted, and then there were six.

Six little fingers for a "show" skyrocket—
One went off with it, and then there were five.

Five little fingers loading for a roar—
Cannon went to smash, and then there were four.

Four little fingers with a pack make free—
Crack went a cracker, and then there were three.

Three little fingers found the free bormed blue—
Bombshell too previous, and then there were two.

Two little fingers hatter lots of fun—
Pistol exploded and then there was one.

One little finger toling with a cane—
Didn't know Texas funded, and then there was none.

He was a Boodle.

"Are you are a boodle?" asked a small boy of his sister's new bonnet.

"Hush, Bobby, hush!" said the mother, blushing with mortification.

"You must be," persisted the small boy. "I know what you mean exactly.

"You are my sister's husband, ain't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, you are a boodle, 'cause sister said a boodle husband would catch her every time."

His Brother Would Walk.

"How much was a ticket to Lansing?" he asked at the Third street depot yesterday.

"Two forty."

"Make him 62.

"No, sir."

"But I like to go outt unnit see my boodder."

"The price is two forty, sir."

"How far was he?"

"Eighty six miles."

"I guy he fly, and mabbe I go outt again next fall.

"No, sir."

"You don' take him?"

"No, sir."

"My freedh, dot shus all right, I like to see my boodder, but now I dean' go outt. "Can't help that."

"Mabbe you think my brodder gonne in to see me and gile you two forty. You wey, and you dean' get so much as one look mit his cost-tail! My freedh, good-day!"

An Improbable Yarn.

"One of my ancestors was a battle during the Crusades by his skill in handling his artillery," said the baron.

"But, my dear baron," said his friend, "at the time of the Crusades gunpowder had not been discovered."

"I know that as well as you do, and so did my ancestor.

"How did he win the battle then?"

"In the heat of fruit will be very little and trivial freight to pay. The lining of the tule strips on the sides of the box will prevent glass from breaking when wine or meat glass from breaking when wine or brandy is shipped in glass.—*Los Angeles Herald.*

"Why, simply by pouring a hogshead of all the river brandy and other damp places in the vicinity into the powder mill, and then

Cholera Morbus

is about as sure to come as Summer is, it comes suddenly and without warning, is dangerous and often fatal.

ARE YOU PREPARED for its coming?

Many of your family are attacked PROMPT ACTION only may save life. For 46 YEARS ONE medicine has proved a sure cure for CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS. Never contake it with perfect safety. This medicine is

Perry Davis' Pain Killer

To be on the safe side get one bottle of it on hand. For sale by Druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & Son, Providence, R.I.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE LIVER

Describes the bile and acts like a filter to purify the blood. By its wholesome influence on the digestive organs, it regulates the bile, prevents the blood, causing headaches, sallow complexion and jaundice, relieves dyspepsia, a languid, weary feeling, and many other disorders of the liver, such as costiveness and liver troubles. These are relieved at once by the use of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA the great blood resolvent.

Dr. JOHN BULL—I have been for a number of years afflicted with a disease of the liver, which I tried many remedies without effect. Hearing of Bull's Sarsaparilla, I was induced to try it, and am happy to say it has cured me. JAMES HOURE, Lawrence, Kan.

Dr. JOHN BULL—I have experienced the good effects of your Sarsaparilla in my family for the last three years, and will unhesitatingly recommend it to any one in need of a good blood purifier. I have used it both in powder and pill form, and it has never failed to give satisfaction. I have also used it in my family for the last three years, and have never had occasion to use any other medicine. Yours respectfully, W. P. FOWLER, Cor. Fifth and Market Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

DYSPEPSIA

Parlade's especially valid, promoting healing of all of the stomach, bowels, kidneys, in the nervous, low spirits, general prostration. There is a vast difference between the Sarsaparilla of the druggists, and it can in all cases be traced to its wholesome influence on the constitution of the blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by cleansing and purifying the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and makes it obtained at once.

Dr. JOHN BULL—I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for the last three years, and have tried many remedies without effect. Hearing of Bull's Sarsaparilla, I was induced to try it, and am happy to say it has cured me. JAMES HOURE, Lawrence, Kan.

KIDNEYS

Are the great secretory organs of the body, lets and through the Kidneys is the waste matter taken from the system. If the Kidneys do not perform their duties, the poisons are left in the blood, causing headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, dropsies of feet, ankles, and other blood and bowel troubles. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the Kidneys and bowels, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great excretory of the body to return their natural functions, and health is at once restored.

Dr. JOHN BULL—I have used BULL'S SARSAPARILLA for the last three years, and I will take pleasure in recommending it to any one in need of a good blood purifier. I have also used it in my family for the last three years, and have never had occasion to use any other medicine. Yours truly, THOS. R. BEVERLY, Rome City, IN.

SCROFULA

In a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by impurities in the blood or by the lack of sufficient nourishment furnished to the system through the blood, causing the glands, often resulting in a wasting and enlarged glands, causing the face or neck, ulcerations, pain in the joints, and many other symptoms. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is a blood purifier, and taking up the system performs the imperfection from the blood and cleanses the system through the regular channels.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
BULL'S SMITH'S TOKEN SYRUP.
THE POPULAR REMEDIES OF THE DAY.

KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

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Patent Machine-Made Paper Bags.
510 to 516 Sacramento and 519 Clay Sts., S. F.

NATURALIZATION!

The Democratic County Committee have established a Naturalization Bureau at their Headquarters, No. 313 BUSH STREET.

All persons eligible to citizenship, intending to organize the Democratic ticket, will receive proper aid.

Naturalization Classes August 3, '86

By order Democratic County Committee.
JAS. J. BARRY, Secretary. A. J. DONOVAN, Chairman.

HOOPER'S South End Warehouse,
"Regular" Call-Board Warehouse.
First-Class Fire-Proof Brick Building.
CAPACITY 14,000 TONS.
TOWNSEND ST., Between First and Second.
GEORGE H. LEMAN, Prop.
Grain taken from the dock and from the cars of the C. P. R. R. and S. P. R. R. free of charge. Storage at current rates.
Advances and Insurance effected at lowest rates.
Telephone No. 527.

ENDOWMENT INSURANCE.
The Occidental Self-Endowment Association.
(Incorporated under the laws of California.)
This association is conducted on the pooled assessment plan and furnishes endowment insurance at actuary cost. Certificates issued in amounts of $2,000, $5,000 and $10,000, which are payable in five equal parts during the life of the member according to the age at time of joining, as follows: members between 18 and 30 years of age receive one fifth of the certificate taken at the expiration of 5 years; members between 25 and 35 years of age receive one-fifth every nine years; 30 to 45 every eight years; 35 to 50 every seven years; 40 to 55 every six years; 45 to 60 every five years; 50 to 65 every four years, and in case of death before the certificate matures, one fifth of certificate is paid to the members legatee.

No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privileges of being the executors of their own funds until actually needed to pay death losses and provide funds for the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned on those members who have certificates and will fall due first as part payment thereof at 8 per cent interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. This association has loaned to date $104,000 to members, and paid in death losses, supposed that profits have all been discovered, and fled in dismay.

Reliable agents desired.
Address,
W. H. WARD, Secretary,
Room 20 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

I CURE FITS!
When I speak of a cure I mean not a temporary one and then have fits again, but a radical cure. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for my not curing your case. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address. DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY,
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
648 MARKET STREET
BRANCH,
1126 MARKET ST.
LAUNDRY.
Bet. 5th and 6th, Folsom and Howard S. F. Cal.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.
Splendid Set of Teeth, only $6.
AT THE DENTAL ROOMS OF T. DOLTON, 930 Market street.
A Revolver Given.

Want Desirable Property to exchange. Have one of the finest ranches in Sonoma County, and want some for "The Tenderloin." J. C. GREEN, 30 Montgomery Avenue, Opposite Blue Ribbon, real estate and general dealing agent.

D. HENLE'S CELERY BEEF IRON
Gold Medal Paris Exposition.
NEW YORK CITY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS H. MEDAU,
968 and 970 Folsom St.,
San Francisco
LIQUOR DEALER.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Wine and Liquor Dealer and Importer in all kinds of goods.
Sole agent for the following fine goods:

Public Wines	50 cts.
Anchor Wines	$1, $1.50 and $1.75
Mount Vineyard, dry	$1, $1.50
Old Port or Sherry, $1, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.	
Kentucky Whiskies	$3.50, $4, $5 to $10
Bourbon Whiskey	$1.50, $1.75 and $2.
Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc.	$3 per gal. and upwards

Other Wines and Liquors at best rates.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE LADIES!
The most luxurious and perfect Turkish, Roman and Medicated Bates for Ladies are NOW obtainable at the
NEW HAMMAM BATHS,
216 Post St., bet. Dupont and Stockton, S. F.

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CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES.
Readers and Bible History.
Approved by Most Rev. Wm. H. Elder, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland.
Changed and Most Popular School Books.

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Bellah Grammar, (arranged according to the Latin Grammar of Bellah)	50 cts.
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Our Young Folks.

Short, original contributions of most 400 in a line, will be inserted.

The prize of each set of puzzles will be awarded to the person who sends the greatest number of correct solutions. Solutions should be written on one side of the paper, with your name and address, and be addressed to the Monitor office within **ten days** of the issue.

Puzzles should be written in the Department and be written on one side of the paper only. All original contributions to the Monitor Mystics, and all solutions to the puzzles in the Monitor, should be taken to pass the proper amount of postage on communications, or they will not reach their destination.

MANTICO NO. 13.

Winter had passed and with it all the annoyances of the school child, who finds in the falling rain and whistling winds a premonitor for keeping indoors. Summer had been the piece of hoary winter, and Nature had contributed her share to a glorious time. Already he had trapped several of the feathered choir, and had picked several baskets of the chicken harvest for his mother. Every day he hurried from school eager for an afternoon's sport. But one day he walked slowly home, and his welcome for his mother's kiss not so hearty as usual.

"What is the matter, George?" asked Mrs. Jones, for mothers are sure to detect few any trouble with their darlings.

"I have to go to Jack Wilson's house because he has been absent from school two weeks; its such a long distance, too, and I'm not going."

"Well, it is certainly a long distance," assented mamma, "but, my dear child, think of Mrs. Wilson, who is going to Calvary. No shoes on his feet, a crown of thorns on his head, and the heavy cross in his bruised and bleeding shoulders, and all this was for you as well as for any one else. Think of this on the way, George, and you will find that the way to reach the house more quickly than you expected.

George could not resist the gentle, loving voice, so taking his hat he started for his school-mate's house. The Wilson residence bore a look of sadness and desolation which continued throughout the house until the last room was reached. Here Grief, sad and tenuous, and, opening the door cautiously, what a spectacle presented itself! On a comfortless bed lay a pale and emaciated form, and beaming beside her was Jack sooping bitterly. Two ragged children, not comprehending the great loss about to befall them, were playing on the floor. Jack was imploring his mother not to leave him, whilst she was replying as best she could.

Not able to control himself any longer George entered the room. What a commotion his presence occasioned! The little children looked thunder-stricken, for no one entered their wretched hovel. Jack looked confused and sorry-faced; and the poor, sick mother cast a piteous look on the intruder. George wanted to say so much that he really forgot half of it. Nevertheless, he succeeded in telling Jack that he would bring his mother and try and do something for them. The excitement that they had no food he promised to provide them with some, which announcement made the eyes of all sparkle with delight, plainly showing that they had been without food for some time.

On reaching home George related to his mother his afternoon adventure, and assured the good dame to prepare quickly a basket of food and medicine. Mrs. Jones and George approached the Wilson residence they saw two little heads at the window, and then the door was open to welcome them. Being a thorough housewife, and other caring for the sick room, Mrs. Jones soon had the house looking better than it ever had been before.

It would seem that Mrs. Wilson's home was endowed on earth and that she would soon reach that glorious home where sorrow and sighing are unknown. A doctor had been provided by Mr. Jones, a man as charitable as his wife. Being visited every day by Mrs. Jones and her husband, under the care of a skillful physician, Mrs. Wilson soon showed signs of recovery. After many weeks of careful nursing the sick woman regained something of her former vigor. Mr. Jones was a wealthy capitalist and gave to the Wilsons a fine piece of land to be used as a farm. George and Jack became fast friends, and so enjoying themselves spring up between the two mothers.

About this time Mr. Jones moved from the country to one of his city residences, and Mrs. Wilson's son was made a responsible secretaryship bought his farm (which did the rest of the family) and now comes to the day when Mr. Jones received home from his office and found George. He made some speculations which turned out to be bad ones, and he made his himself in straightened circumstances. Those who hitherto called themselves his friends, and who were willing to lend him a helping hand when he needed it not, have abandoned him in many a time of need. How many such people there are in the world. Writing to do everything in their power for you when you are prosperous, but when cast upon the sea of adversity, when trials and troubles accompany you, the friends of old are friends no longer; in vain they seem to forget your very existence.

As George Jones and his mother and father sat one evening pondering over their affairs, such suggestions, a loud rap, light tap sounded at the door, and in response to the request a young man, or rather, boy, entered. Six years had changed not a whit Jack Wilson into a tall, finely proportioned lad, so that his former benefactors who had not seen him for many a day, knew him not as he stood in their presence.

"Do you remember," said the stranger, addressing Mr. Jones, "you and your parents once befriended and helped a poor sick woman and her mother, and then set them up in a most profitable business?"

"Yes," replied George. "I remember the incident very well, and seeing how nicely they have gotten along, I never regretted what I helped them."

"Well," continued the still unknown stranger, "they are rich now, for a short time ago a vein of gold was discovered near their residence, and knowing that you have aided in business, Mrs. Wilson sent me to let me know Jack, to see if we can help you."

The three sprang to their feet to welcome their young friend, assuring him that it required but very little to help them out of their dilemma. Needless to state Mr. Jones was soon all right in business, and moved back to the country that he might be near his true friends.

How clearly this story proves that a boy's best friend is his mother. George (some followed his mother's directions on that fatal day ago when she advised him to bring his teacher's message to Jack Wilson) and surely you will agree with me in saying that his obedience was abundantly rewarded. As George watches the beloved form of his mother, sitting in her easy-chair inhaling the fragrance of the flowers, his thoughts carry him back to the memorable day, when, if he had disobeyed her, he might see that aged parent working and when she should be at rest.

If the boys and girls of this state will be good to move cheerful. Let us say the sweet, truthful words once more "A boy's best friend is his mother."

—Chicago is to have a new opera-house in March.

Miss Ella Wilson, the rising young lady of the Monitor Mystics, is a resident of Mount Diablo, Contra Costa County, and is a pupil of the Mount Diablo Academy. She is a very good scholar, and is a great favorite with her teachers and school-mates. We hope to see her name in the Monitor Mystics often. Her solutions to the puzzles in the Monitor are very good, and she is a very good correspondent

CARDINAL MANNING ON HOME RULE.

[DISPATCHED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

which have ripened in England and Scotland with flowers and fruit, swept over Ireland with withering and desolation.

WE ARE ASSURED IN THIS NINETEENTH CENTURY to undo the miseries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but let us not excuse ourselves by alleging the faults of national character. If our Irish brethren have faults they are for the most part what England has made them. Let us remember that if our treatment would have been the same. The root has been blighted in possession of the land on which the people have been born and to which they will return with the love of children for a mother. It is a law of nature, which is the law of God, and they who fight against it must fall at last. It was violated by warfare; it must be revived by wise and peaceful legislation. It may not much, but reparation must be made. Reprisals are always costly and iniquitous, when one innocent of the ancient wrongs in your majestic nation there is a nearer power which binds all your liberties and your lives into one commonwealth. England, Ireland and Scotland meet, in belief all alike, have been rule in affairs not imperial, but there is an august sovereignty of a thousand years the center of a world wide empire standing in the midst of us. England, Ireland and Scotland will be bended ever to no man nor to no movement, neither can they wrong one another nor yet listen on the liberties of any member of our imperial commonwealth. The sovereignty pervades all parts and will ever pervade and promptly redress all excesses of delegated power. I wish I could have written it in a shorter reply, but on a subject so near my heart I hardly know when or where to stop. Believe me always faithfully yours,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Incendiaries in Italy.

THREATENED SUPREMACY OF SOCIALISM.

Anarchist Leaders in Prison.

Interesting Letter from Frank Hugh O'Donnell.

The anticipations of a couple of months back that the Italian Government would soon be obliged to take measures against the Socialist movement among the workers, both in town and country, are being fully confirmed. What a tempest of declamation would have broken out in the Liberal press of Europe if the Pope's Government, for instance, had adopted such sweeping measures against the Socialists as announced from northern Italy. Eight leaders of the workmen's party in Milan are under bolts and bars. Among them are the Parliamentary candidates of the party at the recent elections. The chief of Signor Depretis's cabinet in the meeting place of the workmen's unions in Milan, and similar measures are announced from Leghorn, Genoa, Turin, Venice and Novara. Just a few hours previously, Signor Depretis had to propose the invalidation of the election of

JABRINDRAN WORTHY,

convict for triple murder, a peculiar merits had moved the House to suspend proper person to represent the Rose in Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh, the Union Search of the Anglo-Saxons was notified to the Chair. The gentleman had accepted his tenant's terms and consequently was disqualified. He had been announced to take place of Mr. Bradlaugh and consequently, to say the least, was considered a misnomer. Mr. Bradlaugh was present.

Dublin.—On July 2, the commission of under the Act of last session which is to inquire into the question of the invalidation of the election of

Mr. Jabrindran Worthy, a

Poetry.

IRELAND TO GLADSTONE. 1886.

BY JOHN ANDREW MARTIN, N. Y.

Statesman, and friend, and father, and whole soul!
Title of honor love can filter
Unto either, for the blessing of our land.
The sad years of the unknown centuries,
Go you and on your children's graves, and moan
For your, for us love, pain, and blessing.

How shall our full hearts praise you with words
worth
of passion moulded into spoken speech
Shall Ireland answer Elizabeth's cruelty
Of England's wisest, broadest with its mean
lies
Of genius and of traitor, perfidy, greed
In place of faith, honor, and love, and
In lieu of darkness, hatred, and ignorance
Shall Ireland, poor, ignorant, pauper, bare
With hope of what all man most cherishes
Of free life under ordinance of free law
Let the sate right alone the ancient Brehon,
And Ireland holding out a brother's hand
To England's white Democracy declare
The old strife buried, the red wound healed, the
wrong
The rightness wrath of ages made clear by now
Unmarked in this hour of fair treaty
Ireland to England's brother.

Mass-ery
Sits at the mouth of darkness and disease
The glorious phantasms through, shade after shade
Of those who dreamed and struggled, dreamed
and died
For Ireland through the ages, the dear dead
Whom grave are in the hearts of Ireland's
Statesmans, the dead subdue you; friend, the dead
Touch not their dying hands in benison
Upon your purpose, father, the dead begins
Seven centuries of anguish for your sake
Your enemies are many, hard there not;
What through that thinks Ireland's little island
Which though called in darkness smiles and sings,
What through the legions of Atlantic ocean
Falsehood and fear and faction, heed them not:
Think ye, in your chamber, the second of your
life,
Are who are ranged in battle by your side,
Justice, and truth, and freedom and the love
Man bear to man. Ireland's hopes are bottom
To suffer greatly in great enterprise,
Honor and courage and eternal love
And that point patience which the Fates relate,
These are your land's chief, and the dead are
round
They shall not fall, they never yet have failed,
The true man fighting for the truth. Rise on
The legions of freedom, and God speed the right.

Statesman, friend, father, your reward shall be
Ireland's love, the gratitude
Of a people healed of deadly hurt.
Supreme is being conquered by love
And free-dispensing freedom, and besides
A nameless shining name this through the night
Of distant cycles, an abiding place
Within the hearts of every Irish heart
While generation after generation will
The opposition years with life.

You come to us
With message of perfect peace; and where
be
Between us till Thine's shuttle shall open of
The web of this world's stage? Ireland, Ireland,
Not yesterday but ever Ireland's cause
May be last friends to morrow! Join our hands,
Then from this hour the future telleth
If Freeness linked with freeness in true love
Begin between these islands.

Finis
The glory of wish an hour, and the glory of
Ireland's instrument is kaltinur hearts and hands
of Ulst and Sun is made "Liberty" Pus. Ire
Honor and love and immortality.

THE END.

PARNELL.

AS ACROSTIC.

P ursuit - round your shelterin gather now
A ll ye who have learned an hour
P ayal son of a noble race,
E ternity is in your debt since
E nglish man he has defied,
L ong ago you fought
L ike a true Nation's pride.

Literary Miscellany.

Poetry Penned on Parchment.

"Dear Cousin—I suppose you have all
long ago your minds made I am dead; but
I'm alive, as you see, and coming home.
I'm tired of my uncomfortable, unhappy, and
those who have made fortunes know that they
need something else in the world. I mean
to end my days among my relatives, and,
between you and me, I shall put them
to. I want to find out who are really my
friends and who count me for other reasons
and what I can do for them. I know that all
think me a very poor man—quite out of
pocket. Blame me. I'm laughing out loud
as I write! You should hear me. To make
them think that I'm well rich, and yet keep
be a charity to ask me to pay them a visit,
and to invite me now and then to dinner,
and all that. I'm sick of it. Again, I say,
until the room rings! And in this way I
discover my true friends. I shall come
to your house first, dressed in character.
I know it is an old joke, and it may be in
the plays and novels, but I trust it will succeed.
Your's, very affectionate,

"P. S.—Expect me Thursday. "O. C."

"If that isn't the most amusing thing,
said Miss Cousin, "sending home so rich
that he is suspicious of his relatives, and
afraid of being courted for his money. And
a bachelor, too! Dear, dear! Poor Obadiah
Corner, you have to be the black sheep of
the family, and whom we never believed
would come to any good! How everything
does change! Who is this world! Life is a
checker-board, to be sure! William what's
upmost thing it would be for Arabella
Moffit.

"What would be a splendid thing for
Arabella—a checker board?" asked Mr.
Noakes.

"(Mr. Noakes," cried wife, "don't
pretend to be stupid, because you can
my dear, and you don't do yourself justice.
I mean Cousin Obadiah."

"Cousin Obadiah would be a good thing
for Arabella. Oh—yes, yes—yes—said
Mr. Noakes. Oh, I see—you mean a good
match for her. But Arabella Moffit, though
a most excellent person, is no longer young
and she's never been handsome, my dear."

"That's no reflection!" said Mrs. Noakes.
"Arabella is much younger than Obadiah
and by no means so plain as he is. But that
is the way with you men. The older and
uglier they get, the younger and prettier
they think their wives should be. Some
twenty sometimes fall in love with women
of thirty; but men of sixty never think of
any age beyond sixteen when they choose
wives."

"Very true, indeed," said Mr. Noakes.
"And very ridiculous," said Mrs. Noakes.
"At all events, I'm an affection for Arabella, and I'll do all I can to further her interests; and don't forget that we may keep Obadiah's secret from the rest of the relatives. I shall call Obadiah a hint of the real state of the case, but not another soul shall know a word beyond what Obadiah has told me to tell them."

"Well, women must be match-makers, I suppose," said Mr. Noakes, as he rose with his last cup of coffee and glanced at the clock; "but don't calculate too much on success in this affair, my dear."

Then he took his hat and coat, and departed for those regions collectively known as "town," where the business folks themselves the best part of the day, and shortly after Mrs. Noakes having arranged herself for the morning, sent out her
her purpose using a confidential interview
with the Arabella of whom she had spoken
to her husband.

Arabella Moffit, a kind-looking lady
as little Miss Muffin, was a very small,
black-eyed lady of forty-five years old, who
lived in a tiny bonnet, and was dressed
with specimens of the fancy work that had
been fashionable for the last twenty five
years.

She had no near relatives and could
number none but the grandfather who left
her her money, and, consequently, she had
lived, but she had connections who took
ties with her occasionally, and with whom
she dined at times; for she was a cheerful,
going, needlework and books occupied her
lives.

She opened the door for Mrs. Noakes
herself, and, in laying kissed her on both
cheeks, escorted her to the bedroom above,
where she was busy with a chair-frame.

"Now we can have a cozy chat,"
she. "And you'll stay to lunch, won't you,
Martha?"

Martha promised to stay, and, having
taken off her cloak and bonnet, sat down
chair and produced Obadiah Corner's letter.

"There," said she, "read that, Arabella."

Arabella read it, changing color as she
did so.

"Dear me," she said, "how romantic he
must be. He never used to be romantic.
I suppose he has changed very much in the
fire-and-twenty years. He must be fifty-
seven now. And to think of his having
made a fortune and wanting to press his
friends concerns. Martha, do you think you
ought to bring him?"

"Why, I do not," said Martha, "and I
shall tell no one but you. I had a notion
in telling you, and, as he says in a post-
script he will be here on Thursday, I want you
to dine with us on Thursday and meet him.

Poor Arabella looked in the glass sadly.

"I'm ill and as dreadfully changed," said
she, "but I'll come, Martha."

"I bless you, as all change! You can't
help that," said Mrs. Noakes; "you don't
worry about it," and then they fell to talking
about Obadiah and what he used to do.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Noakes, at
the end of the story, "I had found this
subject so interesting that they kept it up
over the cold chicken, apple cake, etc.,
that composed their lunch.

When Thursday evening arrived, it found
little Miss Muffit in Mrs. Noakes parlor,
sitting opposite a burly-looking man, whose
nose was rather red, and whose eyes were
not honest; cunning eyes they were, rather.
He was dressed very shabbily, to say the least,
and had whispered to Mrs. Noakes in the
hall, "Take notice of my coat, ma'am,
out the character, doesn't it? I look like a
dandy and they who has had it look, don't
I?" And he nudged Mr. Noakes with an
elbow and Mrs. Noakes with the other,
while they mentally agreed that he certainly
did look the character more thoroughly
than the shabby, it was rather in a pleasant
evening, and Arabella and Obadiah got on
finely. He promised to have an hour
beans in a few days, and saw he knew as
man o'clock.

The rest of the connections, not having
read Obadiah's letter, were not delighted
at his return. They saw him shabbier than
ever, and they were very careful to keep
him at a distance

Mrs. Noakes often sulked to herself to
think what a difference that letter would
have made in their conduct, had they known
of it, but she wisely held her tongue, and
lets a fair field for Arabella. In a little
time, Obadiah Corner actually proposed
to little Miss Muffit, and was accepted
by her.

"Such a splendid thing," said Mrs.
Noakes, "such a wonderful thing for Arabella,
and it shall all come out now

Thereupon Mrs. Noakes called her
friends, and it shall all come out now

"But Marguerite was very rude to Cousin
Obadiah," said Mrs. Noakes.

"The idea of an old man like that carrying—with relatives he could leave every
thing to!"

"But mon dieu! leave anything to relatives who insult him," said Mrs. Noakes.

"Besides, Obadiah is not very old—not old
at all. It's just splendid for Arabella, and
she was the only one who was civil to him,
you know."

Then she went away, leaving the connections generally envious of Miss Muffit and
of Obadiah, who, as she was well
wiser in her generation than they.

And Miss Muffit, so happy that she began to grow plump, was making up a parlour
full of silk dress, and had sent some parts
that had been left to her by her grandfather
to the jewelers to be reset, and sat one
morning building some middle-age castles in
the air, with her feet on the fender of the
parlor, when the bell rang, and her elderly
lover was shown in.

He was in high glee in the room but that
the dear good, and, as she would have let the
dog have the room, he stopped her.

"I want to talk a little," he said, "and I
like talking in a half-light. Arabella, I've
a question to ask, and I want you to answer
me truly. I want you to promise solemnly
that you'll tell me the truth.

"I will," said little Miss Muffit, in a
tone of alarm, "the question is, I'll tell you
truth, Obadiah."

"Well, then," said Obadiah, "did you
see the letter I wrote to Cousin Noakes?"

The blood rushed to Miss Muffit's face in
a crimson tide.

"I—I——. Yes, I saw it," she said.

"I knew you one also by the black shawl
"But you—she showed it to you! Well,
I intended she should. I wrote it to be seen.
I never thought Cousin Noakes could keep
a secret, Arabella. Can a poor man and a
rascal? I have met with nothing but failure.
You are rich in comparison. You've a
home and twelve hundred a year. My letter
was only a trap. I wanted every one to
think I was poor, and I wanted to see who
among my friends with the reputation of
being a rich bachelor would be willing to
leave behind me. You only saw the letter.
You only were civil, and I offered equal
you, omitting to impose on you until we
were safely married. I cared very little for
you then, Arabella; I wanted a home, that
was all."

"Oh," cried little Miss Muffit, as if
something had stung her.

"But mine then," said Obadiah looking
miserably interrupted, "since then I've found
how good you are—how kind to a sneak.
I've come to love you, Arabella, and to feel
that I wouldn't play a trick on you. It was
intended you should take Obadiah as a
rich husband—and then we were great
friends as boy and girl. I don't blame you,
and I don't cheat you. I think I will break
my relatives' hearts. I'm poor, but good-
good-by. I've come to say good-by and beg
your pardon, poor dear. They'll say you
had a lucky escape. So you have. Good-
bye."

His arose, but little Miss Muffit arose too.

"Obadiah," she said, "I never thought
of—of—marrying you. I'm afraid I'm
of me. And do you care for me now?"

"The only thing in the world I love,"
said he.

Then held out her trembling hand.

"Stay, Obadiah," said she.

And he caught her hand and kissed it,
and in the darkness she heard him sob.

So they were married after all, and
Obadiah has turned out better than could
have been expected, and only Mrs Noakes
knows of that bridal eve confession, and she
you may be sure, keeps far secret.

THE HISTORY OF BUT-CREAM.

First Discovered in Northern Pennsylvania.

There is considerable difference between
what it used to be at the present day and that
which would have been eaten by the Pil-
grim Fathers, but they had a very small
of making the cooling and refreshing dish
which is now a surpassing delicacy
nearly days of its manufacture. Ice-
cream, as the history of it goes, was not an in-
vention of a single person, but many of those
things which have fallen to the sea of
note, and, strange to say, it was discovered
almost simultaneously by the discovery
of the great continent, and, strange still,
it was made by an Indian woman. Among
the Indians in northern Pennsylvania. The
aborigines in that part of the State used the
milk of the cow elk, and they kept their
milk in pots hewn out of stone. The milk
frequently frozen and was generally thrown
away as useless, but one of the squaws
took to eating it and found it good, and she
took to freezing it regularly, until her red-
skinned lord made a vigorous kick on the
subject and made her stop, still the milk,
but every time the buck went on a hunting
trip she had her frozen milk, which was the
only predecessor of ice-cream, and many of
the squaws of her tribe followed her exam-
ple, until it became quite a custom. When
sugar was brought among them the Indians
took to sweetening their frozen milk. The
white settlers took to the new dish, and the
dish with which it was consumed led to
the regular establishment of it among the
trade. The primitive method of making
it was by the dodge-dresser of the revolu-
tionary days was easily delivered from the
old-fashioned "dasher," and the frozen
milk was simply cut, salted and then broken
up with a hoe. Then it was found that
cream alone made a better dish, and also
that an egg or two added to it enhanced
body, and that if the air was beaten into it
the cream increased nearly twice in quan-
tity. The trade fell entirely into the hands
of bakers and confectioners, and the first
cream was made in the baker's apparatus
put in those days was beating up ice cream
with a wooden paddle. The ice-cream soon
had no pleasures for him, for he spent
his days, frequently his nights, agitating
the frozen sweetness with his wooden pad-
dle, while his companions, with their girls
and wives, ate the fruit of his labors. As
the demand for the delectable dish increas-
ed the old paddle matched was found to be
slow, and machinery was devised by which
the work could be done by steam, water and
horse power, and now the bakers retailed
the frozen cream from the sides of the
vessel. The growth and development of the
trade have brought so much machinery into
use that upon it depends a vast number of
people for a livelihood. Thousands are en-
gaged in the making of the different appli-
ances for its manufacture, thousands more
are employed exclusively in the making of
ice, and thousands are indirectly engaged
with work through it. Even door-to and
lawyers are many a few—it is the cause
owning them in prescribing for the cold
brought on by over indulgence in it, and
the layer going, if not sentence, that by
means of suits for breach of promise made
over the ice conjoining and seductive dish.

A Brave and Just Decision.

Adrien and Lucie Cinoy, brother and
sister of middle age and in comfortable cir-
cumstances, killed themselves on New Year's
one day last week.

The grounds they had made but
death indicated that they had deliberately
planned putting an end to their existence
a year before, and, if true, before the fatal day.

Yet the coroner pronounced them insane
and even gave a certificate that they were
so in their right mind when they took
pistols and shot themselves to death.

Why did they were Catholics—or, rather, they
were Catholics—or, rather, they
were Catholics—or, rather, they

THE MONITOR.

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The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1886.

"The Catholic press is a power for Catholicity, and every Catholic worthy of the name should support it to the end and religiously against the attacks of infidelity, and to establishing it, so, to a certain extent, sustain our religion. Therefore, get a Catholic paper upon your table, read your news and daily lessons, by patronizing it, will become better citizens and better Catholics."—Pastoral Letter, A. D.

A Los Angeles Problem Solved.

Frank Pixley is not only perturbed about "Pujesy" this week, but he is also considerably puzzled to account for the boasted progress of the Catholic Church in America, whilst right here in this State he has proof positive that sectarianism is creeping all before it! The cause of all this concern in fanatical Frank's mind arises from the fact that a Los Angeles correspondent sent him item to the *Bulletin*:

"Five years ago," says the correspondent, "Los Angeles had six church edifices, and only three of these could be called respectable in appearance. Thirty years ago the Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Universalists, Hebrews, Methodists Episcopal, Presbyterian, Southern Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Methodists, Episcopalians, Episcopalians, Episcopalians

Farm and Home.

HOW HOGS BUTTER IN MADE.

HOGS SEEN BY A MONITOR REPRESENTATIVE.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

A recent issue of the MONITOR ably referred to this most important and interesting subject to the American agriculturist, and—as a matter of fact—to all classes, for I am well aware that the readers of the MONITOR do not well understand what this wretched adulteration of the most important part of the human food consists of, and what it is made from, I ask permission to state what I know of the same through the columns of your worthy paper.

While in New York, after my last visit to Ireland, I called at the slaughter-house on West 47th street, where I saw a number of hogs separating all portions of fat from the entrails of sheep and cattle and stowing it away in rude and useless barrels. I asked if the fat was for soap or candles? When one little fellow made this reply: "No, hom, nothing of the kind; it is to make butter. I made further inquiries, and soon found the factory at the end of the same street. There were several milk cans—or what were once such—outside, and a glance had shown me that some had no bottoms and those that had were moved to water, let alone milk. They were there simply as a pressure or decoy, there being no adhesive to the inside of this important dairy. But as I was on a vacation I resolved to get inside. The next day I crept dressed in a regular tramp costume, and, as it were, I was in search of work. From that day, be it for better or worse, I have never tasted butter in boarding houses or restaurants.

All the fat was heaped up in one corner and the odor from it proved that it was not all fresh, nor, need I say, was the cooking of this pleasing to the sight. Besides, the place, which stood on an old wharf on the banks of the East River, was alive with rats, some of them as large as kittens. In fact I saw them run the same. The floors and vats were no sloenier than any common shanties I have seen, and I can say the smell was worse. This, Mr. Editor, seems to be a poor outline of this hard, and, I must say, deliberately approached dairy which I have seen, and I trust to have my health and eyesight but I'll never see it again.

And this is the Bill that our Democratic representatives mention. O Lord, save us from our friends! Now, sir, when this becomes a law the result will be that disease heretofore unheard of will spring up in our midst. Such is the open verdict of all the prominent doctors and professional men in all the Eastern cities where I have been. When we you and I should say you undersoak it, that this evil has already cost fifty million dollars, what will it cost in twenty years hence when all the land will be infected with it? I hope and pray that the people will cry down this evil.

I am, dear sir, with all due respect, yours,

MARTIN T. WARD,
Late of New York.

Sunny Rooms Make Sunny Lives.

Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and rewarded; and there let us have a bay-window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good true angels—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. This room shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope to genius, the tender green and changing tints of Spring, the glow of Summer, the pomp of Autumn, the white of Winter, storm and sunshine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can enjoy as we sit in our cushioned room, as the changing years roll on. Book-rooms and museums are good, but they require a sense of enjoyment, of imitation, of power and humors, which is chilling to energy and vigor, but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where the walls and furniture are dingy brown, you have but to take down the dingy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets and ivy in the pots, and let the warm air stream in.

The Raisin Crop.

The raisins produced in this country this season will exceed that of 1885 by at least 100 per cent. The grain crop all shot about the same figures. The wine and brandy product will also be largely in excess of any former year.—*Fresno Democrat.*

This could give Fresno county a yield of over 200,000 boxes, and it would place that county at the head of the list in number of boxes. Next year's crop of raisins will reach close to 150,000 boxes.—*Riverside Press.*

Tule Covering.

The tule plant seems to supply the most economical and convenient form of packing material goods to be found on this coast. Fresno will this season be one of the leading manufacturing centers in California, and no doubt much of the wine will be sold by the case, which will necessitate its being bottled and packed. Any one with a capital of $100 or $200 could engage in the industry of cutting the tules which grow in such rank profusion upon the low land in the southwestern portion of the country and manufacture them into bottle covers. The raw material could cost nothing but the labor of gathering it, and the price that could be realized for the bottle covers ($10 to $18 per thousand) would certainly pay good wages for sewing them together. Fresno bottles have a tule depot to supply bottle covers to all who desire them, and the tules would find ready market among storekeepers for packing tender plants, fruit trees, etc.—*Fresno Republican.*

Life in the Hop Fields.

A strong effort will be made by the Mendocino County hop-growers to keep John Chinaman out of the hop fields this year. In order to do this they must be successful in procuring enough white help to harvest the crop. Several hop-growers have been about town this week engaging pickers, and all seem encouraged by the number of people in this section who have volunteered to go. The labor of hop picking is a light and pleasant task, and the operator is enabled to be gainful by camping and working in the open air, and inhaling the odor of new hops, will draw many people who are comfortably fixed to the hop fields. Conveyances will be furnished free to carry parties to the fields; suitable camping grounds will be located, and large pavilions and marquees have been placed for the benefit of pickers. The large floors of the hopkilns will be cleared twice a week for dancing, and no effort will be spared by the growers to make the hop picking season one of enjoyment and gain to their employes (or rather guests, for they are treated as such).—*Cloverdale Review.*

Low-Priced Living.

A recent traveler in Germany has contributed to *The Million* some striking figures about the wages and living of German peasants and mechanics. One man, a hard-working old twig broom-maker, earned about 15 cents a day, and his total yearly income of 66.64 was thus divided: Clothing, $7.20; lodgings, $1.92; food and lodging, 60.52. His daily fare was: bread, 2 cents a day; coffee and sugar, 2 cents; beer, 3 cents; potatoes and meat-fat, 3 cents; all other food, 2 cents.

Family Fun.

Father and Son.

"Yes, sir," said Jones to Smith, "he was grey for age and experience they ed vance in knowledge.

"I don't think so," replied Smith

"Don't think so. That's rather stiggy. The opinion I hold on the subject is the universal opinion."

"It may be, but I have my own opinion, nevertheless, and it is that the younger we are the more we know. When I was a youth I knew twice as much as my father. Now I am aged and I don't know half as much as my son."

They Were With Him.

Colonel Hazard tells a couple of stories of Sherman which are new. He was in the same car with the hero of Georgia on the way home from some stag reunion not long ago. The seat beside the General happened to be vacant for a time, and Colonel Hazard, passing the aisle, stopped and said:

"General, may I share your seat?"

Sherman glanced up through his iron-grey brows and answered somewhat wearily:

"Yes—if you ain't going to say you were with me."

Hazard hadn't more than seen the point of the qualification until a stranger came up, full of enthusiasm, and, reaching out to shake hands, exclaimed:

"General Sherman, how do you do? I know you well, I know you. I was with you General; I was with you when we split the crust of the rebellion in twain.

"I knew it," was all the answer he got, but as soon as he moved away old Uncle Cump broke out emphatically: "They were all with me, and they are all with me yet. By Jove, if I ever had half as many hide-bound men 'with me' as say they were, the war wouldn't have lasted a week."

The Beauty of the Boycott.

"Hello, Smith, what's the matter with you? You have one boot polished and the other looks as if it hadn't seen blacking for a month."

"Yes; my bootblack boycotted me an hour ago."

"What's that for?"

"Well, you see, just as he finished this boot he asked me if I owned any stock in the New Zealand Electric Light Company. When I told him I did he declared that the Australian Association of Amalgamated Bootblacks had boycotted that enterprise and all its patrons, and were sustained in the boycott by the United States American Association of Scarpolishers. Horrible, isn't it?"

No New Discovery.

Bagley—"This is an age of invention, Clara. Have you heard of Dr. Bell's discovery?"

"Mrs. B.—"What did he discover?"

"He discovered that the human voice effects fluids—water, for instance. I don't exactly see the drift of the discovery, but it is very wonderful.

"It is, indeed, and I have discovered just the opposite, that fluid effects the voice—whiskey, for instance. Have you ever noticed that, William?"

Miranda Meant Business.

"Miranda, let's not go in here for soda. They keep it in copper fountains. Lots of people are poisoned in just that way."

"What ought the fountain to be made of, Adolphus?"

"Block tin encased with steel.

"Ah, well, there's one on the other side."

"Now I think of it, Miranda, the soda water in the glass tumblers is a metal specie to the syrup bottles are poisonous."

"Then let's get ice cream."

Try This on Your Best Girl.

Jane wanted to go to the circus and John wanted to go to the theatre any time.

"We can go to the theatre any time," she said, "but the circus is here for only a week, and we have not always the chance of going to it."

"Well, as you like," said John, "but allow me to say this—I will not be responsible for the consequences."

"What consequences?" asked Jane, in surprise.

"These consequences," answered John, gravely. "Suppose one of the lions should break out of his cage while we are there, it's all over with you—

"Let's go to the circus!"

"Certainly. The lions are blind, are they?

"No—but what has that got to do with me?

"Just this. If you look to me to be sweet enough to eat, how will you look to a lion, who can't see you? He will think you a delicious morsel, and you are lost."

"But, John, there will be other girls there besides me!"

"I know it, but you will be sweet to one there."

"Very well, John, dear; I think we'd better go to the theatre.

Too Late.

There was an excitement smile on his face as he walked into the office of a well known politician, and there was a proud ring in his voice as he said:

"For twenty years I have lived from hand to mouth, waiting for something to turn up. It has finally come. I have made a discovery which, if you will back it with a few hundred dollars, will give us both fortunes.

"State your name."

"Well, sir, I have discovered that by mere pedigree can be utilized for all kinds of table jellies. A pack of old pedigrees can be made to bring forth twelve tumblers of the finest current jelly, and the profit is—

"Hold right on there," interrupted the capitalist; "you are just two years too late. A chap in Chicago not only discovered that, but he found a way to work in apple chuks and corns and orange peel, and we don't infringe on his patent."

"But—

"It's no use. I'd like to see you get along, but you must drop that. Don't be discouraged, however. Perhaps you can find a way to make pressed corned beef out of old boot legs. All you need is a machine to run in the stroke of fat."

Little Laughters.

—How to blush unseen—Colored ladies.

—What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

—He is a brave man who can stand upon all occasions collect his axis.

—The world moves. It probably finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent.

—Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten? Because it is out of the head.

—"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Bowegg, "nonsense! Why, they might as well say that he has six heads in his hat."

—"I should have no objection," said a henpecked husband, "to my wife having the last word, if I could only be assured that it would be the very last."

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No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privileges of being the consultors of their own funds until actually needed to pay death losses and provide funds for the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to those members who have certificates with full due first no part payment thereof is yet overdue interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date, $100,000 to members, and paid in death losses $40,000. All claims are paid promptly and in full. The association has present assets of over three thousand, and the average annual loaned to members is nearly $1,000 a month.

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CYCLORAMA
Battle of Gettysburg.
The Decisive Struggle of the Great Civil War.
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THE GREAT NERVE TONIC—Unequaled as a remedy for Impaired Nutrition, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Nervous Complaints.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. TAKE ONLY DR. HENLEY'S.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.
THE LIVER
Secretes the bile and acts like a filter to disease properties of the blood. By its regularity in its action or suspension of its functions, its bile causes the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, costiveness, bilious disorders, a languid, sluggish feeling, and many other distressing symptoms, which are removed by the use of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA the great blood purifier.
DYSPEPSIA
Variable appetite; foul, gnawing, burning sensations in the stomach, heartburn, sour stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, are symptoms, general prostration, are some form of disease most prevalent. Dyspepsia is a disease of the blood, caused by an enfeebled or poisoned condition of the blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by vitalizing and purifying the blood, tones up the stomach, liver and bowels, and thus cures the disease.
KIDNEYS
Are the great secretory organs of the body. Into and through the kidneys flow the waste fluids of the system, leaving behind the impurities, which, if not removed, poison the blood. If the kidneys do not act properly the matter is retained and poisons the blood causing headache, and most pain in the small of back and loins. Rheumatism, gravel, chronic disorders of the stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the kidneys, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great organ of the body to resume their natural functions, and health is at once restored.
THE BLOOD
SCROFULA
Is a peculiar morbid condition of the blood, which causes the formation of impurities in the blood or its stagnation in the glands, causing them to become diseased, and giving rise to the system through the blood, or affecting the glands, also causing swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sores, blotchy eruptions on the face, etc. Scrofulous troubles if not checked, lead to a general and cumulative breakdown of the system, and sometimes to a fatal termination. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by purifying the blood and toning up the system forces the impurities from the blood and cleanses the system through the regular channels.
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.
BULL'S WORM STROYER.
BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP.
THE POPULAR REMEDIES OF THE DAY.
KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS H. MEDAU,
968 and 970 Folsom St.
San Francisco
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
LIQUOR DEALER.
Established 1858.
We are selling Cheap for Cash and guarantee our goods.
Wine per gallon: Mission $1, Angelica $1, Port $1, Sherry $1, Claret $1, Zinfandel $1.
Cognac per gallon: Hennessy $10, Otard Dupuy $10, Martell $10, Pineau $10, Castillon $10, Jas. Pellier $10, Jas. Pellier $10, Jas. Pellier $10, Jas. Pellier $10.
Whiskey per gallon: Bonded Rye $2, Bonded Bourbon $2, Bonded Rye $2, Bonded Bourbon $2, Bonded Rye $2, Bonded Bourbon $2, Bonded Rye $2, Bonded Bourbon $2.
Rum per gallon: Jamaica $2, Jamaica $2, Jamaica $2, Jamaica $2.
Gin per gallon: Holland $2, Holland $2, Holland $2, Holland $2.
Brandy per gallon: Cognac $2, Cognac $2, Cognac $2, Cognac $2.
Port per gallon: Port $1, Port $1, Port $1, Port $1.
Sherry per gallon: Sherry $1, Sherry $1, Sherry $1, Sherry $1.
Claret per gallon: Claret $1, Claret $1, Claret $1, Claret $1.
Zinfandel per gallon: Zinfandel $1, Zinfandel $1, Zinfandel $1, Zinfandel $1.
Angelica per gallon: Angelica $1, Angelica $1, Angelica $1, Angelica $1

Destiny of the Jews.

THEIR POSITION IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE

THE ABBE LEMANN'S VIEWS.

The Fearful Doom which the Jews have Brought upon Themselves.

Here is an editorial from the Liverpool *Catholic Times* based upon a book recently published in France:

POLITICAL RECONCILIATION OF JEWS IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in the history of the nineteenth century is dragging its close in the almost unnoticed revolution that has been quietly accomplished in the relations of the Jewish people with Christian society. The elevation to the peerage of Baron De Rothschild by Mr. Gladstone last year may be called the culminating point of the emancipation of the Jews in England. In France, however, the complete entry into society of the parishes of so many centuries is of earlier date, and the transformation that has been wrought in their civil condition has been much more striking. There they occupy to day a commanding position in political circles, and constitute a center of considerable power in social life. The change will appear still more astonishing if we take into consideration not only the comparatively brief period within which it has taken place, but the circumstance that the descendants of the Hebrew race has been practically in proportion to the decline of the Christian population, properly so-called, in whose midst they have the pushed themselves into prominence. Many of those amongst us who regard—and what Christian does not regard?—the more prominent outlines of history as the exhibition in time of the operations of God's will through human agents, will be inclined to look for an explanation of the present position of the Jews in France and elsewhere thus that which would ascribe it to the progress of broader and tolerant views, or to a experience our rest in the tide of social and political events.

THE DOOM WHICH THE JEWS BROUGHT UPON THEMSELVES.

Such an explanation is furnished in the singularly interesting book that has been published in Paris on the destiny of the Jews by a re-converted and credible priest who was once a Jew himself. To the collection of materials for his work, to their study, selection, and arrangement, the Abbe Lemann has devoted twenty years of his life. He has traced the long list of odious and barbarous persecutions which the scattered children of Israel suffered for eighteen hundred years, it is unnecessary to enter. In dwelling upon the details of that terrible record the author's aim has evidently been to excite the pity and sympathy of his readers, and in this he admirably succeeds. But the doom which boldly then had been foretold in part by Moses; and on an ever memorable occasion they invoked upon themselves a fearful aggravation of that into when they cried out "His Blood be upon us and upon our children." Not need we follow the writer in his panoramic and masterly exposition of the course ave step by which the Jews, since the beginning of the present century, when the emancipation of the Catholic Bring Louis XVI., drawn up in 1791 was put into force by the Government of the day, rose to the position to which they have attained in France and in the history of the Jewish race. It will certainly do much to bring into visual range, dim and distant, and unattainable though it be, the realization of the sublime dream which gave of hold, rather of the profound conviction of which it is the result.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE ABBE LEMANN.

Staunich and loyal to the faith to which he had the grace to be converted, the Abbe Lemann entertains for the members of the creed in which he was born that tender solicitude, that loving and helpful sympathy which Cardinal Newman towards the members of the Anglican Establishment. Another point of resemblance to this Eminence is presented in the tone and style of the work, where a diction pure, graceful, and without rigorous, is employed for the expression of feelings of gentleness, charity, and love, and of thoughts deeply philosophical and fervently religious. It may be that the comparison will admit of further extension, and that the Abbe Lemann has been singled out by Providence to do for his children of Israel what the illustrious Oratorian did for the Church of England. If this be so, the fulfilment of the prophecies which he cites will harmonize with the fruition of his ardent hope.

From the Land of the Lepers.

FACTS FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A CATHOLIC MISSIONARY.

Leprosy Introduced by Chinese Immigrants.

Heroism of Priests Among Two Thousand Victims.

The Rev. Father Theodore Lauter, a missionary priest from Hawaii, one of the lands, passed through this city recently on his way to Rome. Father Lauter is a German who was educated at Louvain, Belgium, and afterwards joined the order of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary—a society of volunteers for missionary labor in heathen lands. He has been with the natives in the Sandwich Islands for sixteen years. To a reporter he said:

"The sight of this big city seems a dream to me of years gone by. How do I like my island home? Well, the voice of duty called me there, and I left my home in my father's land to devote my life to the care of my flock. Themselves and Jesus of Are appeared in a similar capacity amongst the people of France. The history of every other nation will be overlook in vain for counterparts to these warlike heroines.

CHARACTER OF THE ABBE LEMANN'S BOOK.

From these singular parallels the Abbe Lemann draws the conclusion that Christ is the land mysteriously chosen for the achievement of the destiny of the Jew, and that this end will be reached when the Catholic Church is subjected in the supreme tribulation; when she will be humiliated, slandered, persecuted; when the powers of evil will have their last struggle against her; when people cannot longer sons in security." The present preponderance of the Jews is accordingly to be regarded as the prelude to their conversion to Christianity, and the last step towards the closing act of the Divine plan which has been unfolding for nearly nineteen hundred years. Whether or not this conclusion will meet with general acceptance, it must be admitted that the Abbe Lemann has written the most interesting book which the hope French press has given to the world for many years. His task has been, in the highest sense of the term, a labor of love. The order with which he pursues for the solution of the Israelite impasse to several portions of his book and a mystic character which fascinatingly accords with his lofty theme. The work seems likely to mark an epoch of once in the history of

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—The Orange conclave of the Rally mercourt District did not allow their celebration of July 12th to interfere in any degree with the Catholic clergy a "tests of their quality." In the case of one occasion in the past outrageous attacks on St. Matthew's Church and Presbytery were made by the Orangemen, who, it is remembered, confine its operations to the public that church had been attacked on the preceding evening. The mob did not, however, confine its operations to the Church of Ireland. Some of the Orange lodges, after the conclusion of the demonstration, called at the Presbytery and refused for the night, the mob, numbering over two hundred persons, marched up the street and began a fortiori attack on the house. Rev. Father Falvey, C.C., startled by the noise came down to the hall, but by this time the mob were engaged chiefly the window of the dining room and the footlight. The windows of the rooms on the second story front floor were smashed, and but for the pelting down of the Venetian blinds serious damage to property would have resulted. A little cratery on the front floor was attacked also, and one of the wooden panels of the door was an effort, stationed with a great deal of vigilance and skill, the mob then retreated to Nutscrewards in numbers, cursing the Pope and using other opprobrious expressions. A small force of police was on duty close to the Presbytery at the time of the attack but they used no means to suppress the disturbance, as the rioters had therefore a clear field.

Carlow.—Sir Thomas Esquire in Carlow the harvest prospects are most encouraging, warm weather having proved very beneficial. Potatoes and oats are likely to be exceptionally heavy crops. Barley promises well also, and in some districts rain would be of service. New hay is Carlow market is 5s. 6d. per cwt.

Cork.—Mr. J. Crawford Leslie, junr., Cork, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace. Mr. Leslie is exactly the class of man the Lord Lieutenant should select for the county. Nationalists in numbers, casting the Pope aside using other opprobrious expressions. A small force of police was on duty close to the Presbytery at the time of the attack but they used no means to suppress the disturbance, as the rioters had therefore a clear field.

Cashel.—Sir Thomas Esquire in Carlow the harvest prospects are most encouraging, warm weather having proved very beneficial. Potatoes and oats are likely to be exceptionally heavy crops. Barley promises well also, and in some districts rain would be of service. New hay in

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE SISTERS.

A CONTRAST.

Roses bound about her hair,
Robe of trailing silk,
Jewels on her brown dark throat,
Gloves as white as milk,
Flushed cheek and bright eye,
As if the Olympic had kissed her,
Then left a tale the heart can't speak,
This is Mary's sister.

Humble gown of cotton still,
Neat, but old with colors faded,
Hands that had have seen work,
Free from every ornament;
Healthful contentment on her cheek lay,
Her soul left a tale the heart can't speak,
This is Ellen's sister.

FRANCIS QUINN.

MARY, MISTRESS OF THE SEA.

Out of the mists of the moonlit ocean
Rises a vision of Purity—
An exquisite shape which from dreamy
Hails as the Mistress of the Sea;
Clad in a robe white flowing glory
Sheds such light on the murky air,
Out shadows back and dusky grey,
Shifter from the office bright and fair.

Let the glitter of the glittering Waters,
Reveals lifting her fancy veil,
Sad eyed sisters, all your daughters,
Light of alike that, look bland, sad,
Her guide's sake to be star-crowd splendor,
Gleam if with the gaiety of the sea-scene,
Or her lot may be not so bright.

The white wing'd wave, like angels, play,
Mother (we cry) O Mother Mary,
Beautiful Tower of Ivory
Guide may mariner and sailor safely
That art the Mistress of the Sea!
Can man be the Queen given
("The sea is hers," and the wealth thereof)
The ocean of crime and sin from Hell
Hath poured its wealth in thy heart of love.

The tides may rave at their wanton fury
The winds may howl in their madness,
Immaculate of the Spirit also and Sea;
Thy Son is the Spirit also and Sea;
Dawning fair on our dark distress,
Lighting with smiles, from every molten
Fill of a virginal benison.

Dance thy hands in those billows glorious
Hand that cradled an infant child;
Wide as the world, O (place victorious)
Fling the drops of His grace abroad;
Stella Maris! no shock can will thee,
Stella Maris! no shock can will thee,
O Moon! O Star! O Spray! as bad Isaac,
Immortal Mother of Our Saviour.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Literary Miscellany.

The Lovers' Quarrel.

How One Rash Expression Led to Years of Misery.

CHAPTER I.

A tall, handsome lady, clad in black, was standing by the mantle-piece, leaning one arm against it and looking into the fire. Presently—White skin, large grayish eyes, serpentine nose and lovely brown hair, beauty, and her companion thought, she had found a lover—a kind, worthy, and devoted lover, who married will the return of his affections, which she warmly and sincerely gave.

And, therefore, was her expression just now so sad.

For they had quarrelled.

It was only yesterday she was awaiting him in this same room. She had been in a disagreeable humor for no particular reason except, perhaps, the weather, (it usually does rain in London,) and her lover, who was that stood on the table near her.

The room was elaborately wrought, and had the figures of two lovers raised on one side. The sculptor completed her creation, and supplied her with a vase of the same time.

A bad omen," she commenced, "my lover" was combined just as you came in. Oh, what nonsense, but it's true, Jack! Are if anybody could care for another without coming, sitting down through. Love is a myth, I tell you, and I wish I had never I've been considering the matter.

"He was not habitually rather conceitedly or jocose, which made her words seem strange.

"Well, I'm surprised to hear you say that, Rose," returned her rather seriously; "I understood that you and I were going to prove to the world that love could do a great deal. It has made me work hard the many years to gain a home for you, and it has enabled you to accompany me to Florida far from home and parents."

"Oh! that I'm not at all sure yet," returned Rose with a disdainful turn of her queenly head. "The fact! I am just thinking that perhaps I could not bring myself to go. Mamma wants me near her, and it should be some thing very strong and powerful—some feeling that I am quite unsentimental with all you to do—that I have to go and be very friends here."

"I am astonish and pain me," answered the young man gravely; and I'm very sorry to hear you speak so. But in my case, love is at present—no such sentiment requisite of you as to accompany me. Is that what you to do? I have found the means of living in Washington on the practice of my own profession, and perhaps it is advantageously as I could in the South. So no need to panic any more about the depth of feeling in your heart, Rose. The affection must not be strong that would induce you to marry me now when I have done away with all thoughts of Florida, mean it!"

Rose was stung for a moment. Then the sorrow flashed upon her that he would never leave her dearly she loved him. Why had she not held her tongue that morning? If only he could understand, she all her preparations were made to accompany him in case he wished, to act the very day of their marriage; that she had resolved the leave-taking would not draw from him a sob or tear; that she had not one tiny speck hesitated in her choice, no matter how it would take her; that her heart was nothing more just now because of her hasty little words; and, above all, that these words were untrue.

Something in her throat was swelling painfully.

"It would have been the same to me whether you went or stayed," she managed to say.

There was a pause.

"Can I believe it in you who are speaking to me? Rose, I cannot understand you. Does Jack longer mean? Then, you will tell me, that whether I go or stay the same my amount of affection is always wanting to induce you to accept of me for life? Is this fair treatment, coming all at once?"

Rose felt angry that he misunderstood her words; she blamed herself for having made this darkness between them; she knew she was to blame, so she was vexed and said coldly:

"Think of it as you will, Mr. Morant—fair or unfair—be as you—"

And turning away with a haughty air, she smiled her down.

Already, too, tears were seeking issue, but it would be too humiliating to show her self so childish before him.

She would remain strong, she determined. They sat down face to face—she fingering to match the broken bits of a vase lying together, he, with a pained face, studying her attentively.

Fully five minutes elapsed.

"Rose, have you nothing also to say to me?" he demanded at last. "Since when did this conviction come over you that you don't really care for me?

"I don't rightly know," answered Rose, still angry with herself, and so revenging it on him. "I'm a serious person generally lately I've been reflecting a great deal."

His rose at once.

"Good-bye, then! Forever in all probability I leave this.

"Where are you going?" she asked in a trembling.

"I sail on the seventeenth just as I intended. I heartily regret our engagement. I never entered upon it with the intention of breaking it off at will.

"Sir!" said Rose, promptly, "I never meant to—

Your reflections were made considerably late at all events," he said. "Good-bye, Miss Delano.

"Good-bye, sir!"

CHAPTER II.

A moment after the street door was closed, and John Moran walked hurriedly away, biting his lips.

"But he's coming back to morrow: (th, he meant! he meant! or my heart will break.

So thought Rose, half-dazed, clasping her hands and sobbing lonely.

How quickly all had taken place. Why did he take her up so short? He might have seen she was only out of sorts. And now she was perfectly miserable. For it was not possible, after all, that he would sail on the seventeenth. Today was the 15th. Oh, there was time yet to effect a reconciliation. Yes, but suppose he—Wouldn't do that! Yet, he might indeed wrong, it is true, but now she is penitent and so anxious.

The day wore tediously away, and after a sleepless night and Mrs. Rose sitting up to wait for a waiting, signs of tears under her heavy eyes. He used to coins almost every day at about 4 o'clock, a morning, on his way to the hospital—would he be late to-day? She watched the time pass anxiously. The hours passed, eleven, half-past, twelve, and he did not come nay later than twelve, as he had business all the afternoon. Twelve o'rock and Rose put down her head on the marble mantel, and wearily gave herself up to despair.

"He's not coming any more," she said.

Just then his voice, speaking in the entry, met her ear. He said a few words hurriedly to the servant, and then paused too. He flew to the door.

"What is it, Mary? Who was here?

"Mr. Moran, Miss. He told me to give you this, and she handed the packet.

"All right, Mary."

She took it and recognized her own handwriting. One letter was placed conspicuous in the top, and this phrase underlined:

"In any case, whether we are fated to live apart or pass our lives together, I will ask to you let me have my letters back, the decision day, as I wish, by putting yours and mine together according to date, to guard the record of this time of my life when we were, although apart, so happy and united in mental intercourse. So don't destroy them, which I know you don't. Is it so?"

She glanced over the lines, and then the air in the room seemed cold, so she looked out of the window, and looking up presently found nothing more. That underlining was small. Life was gone and misery remained.

"Won't you come back, won't you come back, John?" she wailed.

CHAPTER III.

It was too dreadful to resign one's self to give up all. But then if she did not mean to give up she should give in. While she was hesitating the day passed, and then came the news that the "City of Charleston" was to leave Baltimore for Liverpool on the 17th, not on the 17th as originally stated, but on the 15th, so that the mail would be ready. The movement was certainly disagreeable. Immediately Rose decided that failed. From the moment I entered her call and made a commonplace remark to her I knew our acquaintance would not lead to a warm attachment. Somehow I felt constrained and chilled coming in her society from the moment we met until loving friends parted. I tried to break the stale weather and brought me back to consciousness.

Rose's last attempt to make a stage on again until the sign is right. So far the sign has not been right.

Long Distance Telephoning.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company of New York has recently been organized for the purpose of establishing long distance telephone connection between the large cities of the country. The first line to be constructed between New York and Philadelphia, the length of the route adopted being about 100 miles. Four years ago a similar attempt was made to connect New York and Boston, but the wire was strung between the two cities did not prove successful. The present company has employed hard-drawn copper wire, and now has seventy-four of them running the two cities direct. The line is entirely metal, except where waters of some width are crossed, in which case subaerial cables are employed. Between the two cities there are six series of cables, the longest stretch being under the Hudson and Delaware rivers. The cables terminate at the foot of Cedar Street, in New York, and at the foot of Walnut Street, in Philadelphia. The line will probably be open for business within a few weeks, and it is expected that it will prove a great convenience.

Galen on the Treatment of Obesity.

"The best method of getting thinner consists in gradually withdrawing from the body that wherewithal there is superfluity, and in strengthening at the same time those parts which had been expended. Bodily exercise will undoubtedly prove very advantageous, as we see stout women getting thinner by heavy work. Thus, likewise, they will never grow fat who are obliged constantly to toil with hard labor. This, however, requires great precaution. It being certain that fat people frequently are slainer of death when attempting violent bodily exercise." And Galen says: "Relative slow motion, energetic bodily exercise, a moderate life, a diet which, although satisfying, yields but limited nourishment; which explains why Hippocrates ordered lean persons to make a large meal, thus on vegetables cooked with fat, in order that they may become satiated by a small quantity of food.

Always an End.

There always comes some smooth running to every state before all is done. You mean't try to see through the whole skein or to strengthen it all out in a single thread. Then you begin to wind, that makes a small always. There is always an end, and it is what you have got to take hold of.

To Love a Person.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it or like it. People who do not laugh or cry or take more of anything than is good for them, or use any thing but dictionary words, are excellent subjects for biographers. But we don't care much for these fine pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

The latest freak of fashion on the seashore is for a belle to make a present of her bathing-costume to her lover. It is fitted and stuffed and mounted on a scarf.

THE DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

A Pious Custom that Ought to be Practised by Christians.

In Catholic countries parents often dedicate or make an offering of their children when infants to the Blessed Mother of God. They are brought to the church for this purpose. The parents and friends of the family are present. It is a feast day for them. The child is taken to the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The parents kneel before the altar and the priest holds the child up, and the priest presenting to her, and to christ for the child from her Divine Son the gift of Jesus, a little image of Jesus until death.

This custom prevails to some extent in the State of Maryland. In Europe, some parents dress the children thus consecrated in blue robes and they are seven years of age. As soon as the child begins to understand what is said to it, these parents tell it how they consecrated it to the Blessed Mother of God. Indeed, friends often say to it, "You are a child of Mary." Parents and friends speak of the time the child is consecrated to the Blessed Mother. The child is taught by its parents and friends to look up to Mary. It is full of the beauty and goodness of its heavenly Mother. These parents often wonder what their lady will do for the child they lendie. It cannot be doubted that the love of parents that the child begins to couple with the Blessed Mother, the Mother of God and Queen of Heaven, to think of Mary, and to love her, is a great advantage to the child. The idea is entirely natural, even when they smile when sleeping in the arms of Mary.

Mary presented the infant Jesus in the temple to His Father. Christ, the Son of Mary, thus consecrating their children to God, through Mary, imitates the Divine Son. They lay their children at the feet of Mary and all about the Infant Jesus. He was dedicated by the Blessed Virgin and offered their every wish by anticipating it. Mary is the Mother of Christ, and of all things. He filled the hearts of Mary and Joseph with joy when He was in His Father. He came to do the will of His Father. How grateful these are His Mother and Joseph! Mary, the Mother of Jesus, it was the will of God, and Mary was the Mother of Christ, and Mary was the Mother of Jesus. Mary, the Mother of God, Holy Ghost breaks forth in the temple with the words, and never did pentecost the heart of Mary and fall of the reception of the offering of Jesus. The Son as well as Mary was plunged into her heart, but she kept those things to herself. Mary was grateful, their children to Mary they reminded her of the presentation that she made of the only offering worthy of the Eternal Father. The Blessed Mother is blessed in the consecration, and when adding her Divine Son for the Divine brought for the children

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF ITS PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

At the special request of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Little Sisters of the Poor have opened a house in Perugia, the birthplace of his Holiness, who has designed to defray all the costs himself.

—The death of Tillion comes upon the world rather suddenly, but at his advanced age life hangs by a very gossamer thread. On the third page will be found an interesting sketch of his life and the last hours of his useful career.

—The Queen-mother of Bavaria has ordered the construction of an expiatory chapel upon the spot where the dead body of her unfortunate son was found. The chapel will be built on piles, and will extend out into the lake on the margin of which the deplorable tragedy took place.

—If the readers of the MONITOR desire to do missionary work among Americans who are not *afraid* to read Catholic literature, they may help in the conversion of souls by handing their neighbors this number of the MONITOR and asking them to read the lucid and convincing reasons which Father Brandi, S. J., gives in reply to the question: "Why am I a Catholic?"

—It made the hearts of the Irish men and women of this city glamor with pride to notice the tattered flag of Erin among the battle-flags carried by the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic during their parade last week. Irish blood flowed and Irish valor manifested itself on every battle field, and such souvenirs of the civil conflict revive again the grand victory which was won for the integrity of the Union.

—The memory of Frederick Lucas should ever be kept green in the hearts of the whole Irish Catholic people, hence we print a very interesting and instructive sketch of his life and labors in behalf of Catholic faith on the third page this week. Those who would know the valor Lucas evinced in his single-handed fight for the Church and Ireland will learn much valuable information by giving the biographical sketch of that memorable man a careful perusal.

—The rioting and murder at present being indulged in by the Orangemen of Belfast, prove that the old diabolical spirit is still extant among that cowardly class of anti-Irish Irishmen. In contrast with their conduct we are glad to notice that in the Catholic counties of Drogheda, Limerick, Kilkenny and Galway the judges at the recent assizes each received white gloves in token of the fact that there was no criminal business on the calendar.

—The Rev. Father Hecker has lived for the lonely here and hereafter—has achieved new distinction at the hands of the Holy Father who has sent the Catholics his Apostolic Benediction. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Lord Bishop of Limerick, has received a very interesting letter from his Grace, Archbishop Kirby, the substance of which we are enabled to place before our readers. Dr. Kirby relates how he had the pleasure of placing Dr. O'Dwyer's letter before the Pope on the previous day, and at the close of the interview his Holiness "was pleased to send him (Dr. O'Dwyer) his Apostolic Benediction, as well as to his entire flock, adding specially in a marked tone, a particular blessing for the women of Limerick, that they might ever nourish in their hearts the ardent love of their Holy Faith and their country which animated their heroic sisters at the ever-memorable Siege of Limerick." This most interesting communication from the venerated Archbishop is further evidence of the deep interest which the Holy Father takes in his Irish dominions, and shows how familiar he is with their history.

—While the Lord Lieutenant and the Irish Privy Council have been compelled to issue proclamations placing the boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry under the provisions of the Crimes clauses of the Peace Preservation Act of 1881, in consequence of the outrages perpetrated by bloodthirsty and brutal Orangemen, it is deeply gratifying to know that in those portions of Ireland where Catholics are most numerous the government is compelled to close the jails for want of occupants! Thus the prisons of Carlow, Cavan, Ennis, Longford, Roscommon and Trim are to be closed and also the bridewells at Ballymena, Coleraine, Clonakilty, Dungannon, Dungarvan, Killarney, Tuam, Lurgan and Tipperary were discontinued from the first of the present month. This shows how basely false the charges are which assert that the Irish National League encouraged crime and that the Catholic Church condoned it.

A Fraud on our Midst:

Some enlisting scamp with a sanctimonious air, is preaching in this city that profitable employment of pretending to be raising money in order that he may become a priest. He represents himself as he says were blessed at Knock by Father Kavanagh, and he also *sells* all who purchase anything from him. All such characters are frauds, and the best thing to give them when they visit any Catholic home is the hard end of a broom handle. No worthy young man need ever paddle beads and scapulars in order to obtain his education for the priesthood, and yet Catholics are fooled every day by just such flimsy and fraudulent pretences, notwithstanding the repeated warnings published in this Catholic press. Honest men should keep a bottle of hot water constantly ready in order to receive such scamps in a manner that will break them off their bad habits.

Saturday next, the fifth, inst. will be the Vigil of the Assumption and a *fast day*.

Masonic Opposition to Christian Burial.

The recent decree issued by the Vicar of Christ, in which the faithful are directed to continue the custom of Christian burial, and neither to practice nor to encourage the Pagan method of cremation in the disposal of the dead, seems to have aroused the ire of all the Masonic organs from the *Reforma* of Rome down to the stinging little *Bee* of Sacramento. The *Reforma* is an open foe of the Church and as such it gives publication to this paragraph:

"The R——— Lodge *La Banner*, of Milan, showing the deliberative votum of the Holy Roman Inquisition, which condemns and prohibits cremation, knowing it highly favorable to Freemasonry that the Pontiff should attribute to the influence a work of hygiene and civilization (?) to the Grand Orient of Italy is one of the plaques to insignificant, everywhere, sacrifices for cremation, and to erect cremating temples, and further, to revoke cremation as obligatory Masonic law."

This is manly, straightforward and an open challenge to the Church of God for a struggle as to whether the pagan rite of cremation or the Christian mode of burial shall in future be followed by civilized nations throughout the world. The Italian Freemasons have thrown down the gage of battle and thus proved themselves to be the determined foes of God's Church and the diehard enemies of Christianity which several of the Vicars of Christ have denominated them.

The Sacramento *Bee*, on the other hand, comes out of its way in order to scurrilously insult its Catholic readers and to hang continually upon the Church of God. In this way the Sacramento *Bee* is a dangerous guest in every Catholic home where it is received, for the reason that without pause or a newspaper, it purposely inserts in its editorial columns calumnies against the Church which are read by Catholic children and which are detrimental alike to faith and morals. In this way the Sacramento *Bee* exercises a destructive influence which should be warded off by every Catholic parent who has the responsibility of souls resting upon his or her conscience.

What must our Catholic youth think when they read in the Sacramento *Bee* such a slanderous attack upon their Pope, their faith and their Church as contained in the extract printed from the Rome *Reforma*? Or what must our Catholic youth think of the Sacramento *Bee*—will continue to be practiced until the end of time. No matter how often the *Bee* may stir the souls of Catholics by attacking their Church, by falsifying history, or by injecting Masonic calumnies into its editorial columns, the mode of burial prescribed by man's only reliable spiritual guide on earth, will still continue to be pursued—regardless alike of the direct malignant assaults of Masonry or the insidious attacks of the bigoted *Bee* of Sacramento.

The *Bee* alludes to fickles in the customary manner usual with all half-educated historians when they undertake to assail the Church, but there is sufficient evidence now extant to prove the untruth of the *Bee's* sting when it says that "in the days of Gallic barbarism, when Clovis, the thumb-screw, the wheel and the stake to drive back the people from the path of educated reform in material, scientific and sanitary matters." The Church never had recourse to any such means, and we challenge the *Bee* to prove its assertion.

"Cremation," says the Sacramento *Bee*, "is sure to become the popular mode of disposing of the dead," and then it goes on to insult the Bride of Christ by telling Catholics how the Church will ask "its members to fall in with the people who adopt the Pagan mode of cooking corpses about to be buried and the Catholic method is to make a Christian rite.

Well, if *popularity* is to be a test of merit, the *Bee* should go in for the essential embalmation of Christianity in the world! Herod was far more "popular" than the Prince of Peace whose death he decreed. Nero was far more popular then sacerdotal, hence, according to the Sacramento *Bee*, every man should sin regularly and often. The world worships at the feet of Cleopatra, but it cares nothing for St. Cecelia—hence every woman should study to surpass Cleopatra in "popularity" and to avoid the "shortcomings" of a Saint whose greatest delight was in singing the praises of God! The saloon and the gamey table are more "popular" than the Church and the cloister, hence let the people of this "enlightened" age encourage the former and suppress the latter! This is precisely the condition to which the Sacramento *Bee's* proposition would lead the world! In the *Bee's* imagination Queen Elizabeth of England is a more fitting model for Catholic maidens than St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Diana is "popular," Lazarus is only a despised pauper. But which of them were nearest and dearest to the Sacred Heart of the Son of God!

From the animus of the *Bee's* stings, therefore, we very naturally conclude that it is only a *drone* in the hive of Christianity, and whilst it may delight in defiling its columns with detraction concerning Catholic affairs, it will discover that Catholics will not meekly submit to have insult and obloquy heaped upon their Church and themselves without finding a way to right the wrong thus perpetrated against them by those newspapers who lack an opportunity page to create prejudice against Catholic faith by having recourse to falsehood.

Masonic War on the Symbol of Christianity.

The Masonic infidels who at present manage State affairs in France, never had a better opportunity to exhibit their enmity to the Catholic Church than that presented by the death of the gifted Prelate Cardinal Guibert, and they have made the most of it. As the Paris correspondent of the Liverpool *Catholic Times* truly observes:

"It is an evil sign of the times when the Government of a people who are pre-eminent in their respect for the dead deliberately insults the remains of the chief representative of the Faith, the piety, and the virtue of the nation. In its zeal, Pride of Freemasonry or Fear, the French Republic has shown off the law of the dogmas which had previously blocked its anti-Christian character from the eyes of the multitude. For the present rulers of France, the law which enjoined that the honors of the State be rendered to the body of the principal ecclesiastical dignitary of the realm, a Prince of the world, and a Government functionary of exalted rank, is null and void of effect. The civic and military honors due to his position were withheld from the obsequies of the late Cardinal Guibert, and the clergy and faithful were not permitted to confer them by the ceremonial pomp which in any other country but France, would have marked the funeral of the head of the National Church. Not even a solitary cross, the emblem of the salvation of humanity, was allowed to be borne in the sad procession. Freethinkers, atheists, revolutionists and anarchists, the most dangerous enemies of law and order, may inter their dead with whatever fantastic rites they think fit to adopt, and the Red Flag and the Masonic apron and insignia may be ostentatiously flaunted in the face of the living, but the living children of the Church of God are peremptorily forbidden to pay their living homage to the memory of their departed chief. This is the state of things which prevails under a Republic which has the impudent audacity to write the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," upon every official document and upon the walls of every public building in the land."

Michael Davitt Coming to California.

From a correspondent in New York we learn that Michael Davitt was expected to arrive in that city from Ireland on yesterday. He will be in Chicago until the 20th inst., and he will then start for San Francisco on his lecturing tour, as it is by this means alone that he supports himself and his family. Every city on the Pacific slope should invite Michael Davitt to address the friends of Ireland on the Irish Question, and any such reports sent to the Monitor will be duly attended to and dates published soon after Mr. Davitt's arrival here.

We may in Ireland or out of it deserve a more cordial and enthusiastic reception at the hands of the Irish people than Michael Davitt, hence we hope to see him received in every place of any consequence on this coast with a general *Cead mille faithha!*

The *Pacific* says that a prominent lawyer of this city, who is an active deacon in one of the largest churches of this State, says he will prove by the records of the police court of San Francisco that one hundred of the youth of this city are ruined by contact with Chinese where there is one conversion. And yet, notwithstanding this well known fact, almost all the sectarian preachers of San Francisco favor the Chinese staying here and thus corrupting the youth of California.

The opinion on Papal Infallibility advanced by Professor Proctor is based upon a **false premise**. Proctor says: "Let us at the outset crush the unfortunate fiction that there is a race of infallible, irreligious, and of sinless men and women." Infallibility is not a race, it is a gift, a prerogative of God, and it is not a fiction, it is a fact. It would be impossible to recount the proofs of the infallible, irreligious, and of sinless men and women, but we will cite a few instances. Pius IX. is an infallible man, and he is not irreligious, he is a devout Catholic, and he is not sinless, he has confessed his sins to God and to his representatives, and he has received absolution and has been refreshed, he has received the Bread of Life, and he has been strengthened and invigorated by the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and he has received the Apostolic Benediction, and he has received the Papal Indulgence, and he has received the Plenary Indulgence, and he has received the Papal Benediction, and he has received the Papal Indulgence, and he has received the Papal Benediction, and he has received the Papal Indulgence, and he has received the Papal Benediction, and he has received the Papal

Farm and Home.

To Grow Old Together.

The marriage state is entered too hastily many, entered before the judgment has ripened.

Contracts of this kind should be made to last forever.

There is a toothing little story in the Apocrypha about a young man and woman who were just married and ready to start together on their united career, and this young man said to Sarah, "Come, let us be up and doing, and let the wedding guests bid goes, and they left were alone in their shanker.

"Marvellously certain that we may grow old together.

If all young married folk would utter such a prayer, and strive to render its fulfillment possible, would not life be sweeter for many!

Audubon, the great naturalist, married a good, sweet woman; and when she began to find him out, she found he would wander off a thousand miles in quest of a bird.

She said: "Amos:" and went with him, camped in the woods, lived in log huts and shanties on the frontier; anywhere to be with him.

She entered into his enthusiasm, shared his labor, and counted all things but drost for the excellency of the glory of being Audubon's wife.

When the children began to come to them, he had to wander off alone; but his heart didn't stay in a valley and deep or a wilderness so distant that the light would not shine on him out of their windows.

He knew exactly where his wife had her, and how she would look; for while, as Ruskin reminds us, the clouds are never twice alike, the sun is always familiar, and the true sunshine he saw when he locked homeward.

She understood what it meant to "grow aged together."

Is there not a lesson for wives in this!

Grapes in Sonoma.

We had a talk with J. J. Henderson, a reliable and well informed fruit and vine raiser of Sonoma, and are sorry to learn the prospect for the vine yield is not so good as heretofore reported. It is no doubt a fact that the San Francisco winemakers are sending out reports of immense crops of wine grapes in every direction for selfish purposes. They want to make it appear that there are more grapes than can be handled, so as to depress the price and enable them to make all the money. Mr. Henderson is a firm believer, from trial and observation, in the system of grafting upon resistant stock in districts affected with phylloxera. Sonoma being one of the oldest vine regions was among the first to suffer from this pest—which, in time, will spread to all the old vines—and was also the first to demonstrate the value of resistant vines. Every year the grape hoppers of San Francisco—and a few in other places—raise the cry that the grapes are not good, that there is not enough sugar in them, or that there are more than can be handled, and at the same time make all the contracts they can at a low figure. Mr. Henderson has no doubt that wine grapes will bring a good price this year, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Petaluma Argus.*

Oranges and Lemons.

Recently we were shown a basket of light as fine lemons as ever grown! the dust of an horticulturist. One of the lot measured twelve by fourteen inches in circumference, and the others were almost as large. They came from the little grove of Judge Murphy of this city. We will take it to place on exhibition, and we have no fear on account of their competition with fruit from the famed citrus groves of the south. Mr. Murphy will also have some fine oranges on exhibition; these will probably average ten inches in circumference.—*Marysville Democrat.*

Filling a Fruit Car.

Few people are aware, till they make the estimate, how easy a thing it would be to fill a car with fruit. A carload in ten tons. This would be only 600 fifty-pound boxes. Ten cords more from a full-bearing tree is not an unusual yield. Consequently, the product of forty such trees would fill a car; an acre of orchard would fill several cars. Five or six acres of fruit would fill a train of fifteen cars. Of course, our estimate is rough, and would have to be varied according to the kinds of fruit raised. But it is sufficiently accurate to show that there need be no trouble at all in filling one enough to make a fruit train of the required number every day in the season, and probably a good deal more than enough.

The Value of Example.

People may counsel, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent inculcates gentleness in his children by many moral precepts; but they see him speak and act if only to a dumb animal in a harsh manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command.

Sure Cure for Croup.

Boil pigs' feet in water without salt, and let in stand over night. In the morning take off the fat (which will be forward in a cake on top), put it in a tin pan, boil until all water is evaporated. Bottle and keep for use. Give a teaspoonful every fifteen minutes on the appearance of the first symptoms, and apply freely to the chest and throat, rubbing well. A celebrated physician says that a child cannot have croup if pigs' foot fat oil is administered at the first symptoms.

Wait and Work.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait—not in listless idleness—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion.

Fruit as a Medicine.

Fresh, ripe, perfect raw fruit is safe and healthful at all seasons of the year, and said the tongue of disease, whether epidemic, endemic or sporadic, general, special or local. Under proper restrictions as to quantity, such fruits as named will cure a diarrhoea, aid in removing a cold, ague, fever or any other disease whose treatment requires the bowels to be kept freely open; for this effect fresh ripe fruit is scarcely edged to hurry; but to be used advantageously in health and disease, the following rules are imperative.

1. Fruit should be eaten ripe, raw, fresh and perfect.

2. It should be eaten in moderation.

3. It should be eaten not later than 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

4. No water or food of any description should be swallowed within an hour after eating fruit.

5. To have its full beneficial effect, nothing else should be eaten at the time fruit is taken.

It is to the neglect of these observances that erroneous impressions prevail in many families, and to an extent, too, in some instances, that the most innocuous pears or apple or bunch of grapes is regarded as that unit' unbodied vipers and death.

Family Fun.

A Puzzled Pair.

There was an old couple at the Hotel Stout, the other day who had been to Niagara Falls and were waiting for a train to take them in the interior of the State. They just felt that they had accomplished a big thing and were consequently quite elated. They had scarcely taken seats in the waiting room before the old man turned to a stranger and said

"Say we came up on back from Niagara Falls Yesterday night, then Falls are. Hain't really like them Falls in this hail country.

"Never heard of 'em," gruffly replied the man.

"You didn't! Lor' bless me, but that's astonishing! Never heard of Niagry Falls!"

"Never. What is it, anyhow?"

"Why, it's the biggest lot of water you ever saw, falling over the awfullest precipice you ever heard of. Why, I reckon a fifty shiner to look at it."

"Singular that none of the papers have ever mentioned it."

"They haven't. Why, them Falls has been there for thousands of years."

"Wasn't it a freshet or a dam broke loose or something of that sort."

"No, sirree! That water keeps a pourin' and roarin' and boomin' all the time."

"Must have been some trick about it," cautiously observed the cynic. "If it was a real thing there'd be some excitement about it. You don't think I'm a fool."

"Ma drink! I've never drank a drop in my life."

"Well, it's too bad. Anyone who will swindle an old man like you ought to be horse whipped."

"Swindled! Do you parland there hain't no Niagry Falls?"

"Never heard of any such thing," replied the man as he got up and left.

"Say, Hanner," said the old man, as he turned to his wife after a while, "did you hear that!"

"Every word."

"Say, when we git home we'll keep mum until I see Stebbins and keel round and see if there is a Niagry Falls. I'll wait to fooled we don't want to be laffed at; if it's all right we kin do our bloomin' when it's safe and will count. Don't say Goat island nor Horse Shoe Falls nor Bridal Veil to no livin' soul until we find out whether that ranger aim flew to our header, or the show was all right and with the money.

Dennis Reagan's Racket.

Dennis Reagan lives in a flat which overlooks the Lackawanna tracks, in Buffalo. N. Y. Across the street lives an Italian nobleman in reduced circumstances, who takes out his poor existence with the aid of a poor monkey and a worse hand-organ. To Garibaldi come Dennis one evening, and after passing the time of day, warms up to the subject in hand.

"Are ya plaze, Miether Garrabaldy," says Dennis, "and ya hare say objections to loanin' me yer monkey for an hour or two very mornin'?"

"Whaka for you want-a monk! inquired the count.

"Never ye mind," replied Dennis. "What wud ya charge-a mornin' for the use of him?"

The count suggested that ten cents an hour would be the proper figure, after raising attempting to find out what Dennis was going to do with the monkey. Dennis closed the bargain.

Everything went beautifully for a few days. The money was paid promptly and the monkey was returned regularly in time not to interfere with the requirements of the organ grinder. Dennis was in high glee over his bargain. Finally, however, the Italian's curiosity was aroused by his avarice and he followed Dennis that the monkey would not be loaned any more. This announcement was most depressing effect on Dennis. But he thought of a scheme.

"Garrabaldy," said Dennis, "ya pull promise to set square and not give the racket away, I'll be after takin' ya into partnership and give ya half the profits for the use of the monkey."

"All-a right," said the Italian. "Me shewah-a you how to make-a money."

Dennis put his arm through the Italian's and together they sauntered over to the back yard of the apartment house where Dennis lived.

"D'ye see that poles, Garrabaldy?" inquired Dennis, pointing to a pole some 15 feet high, surmounted by a cross piece.

"Yes, I-a see-a."

"D'ye know what there is beyant the same?" said Dennis. "Twin is the railroad tracks. Now this, Garrabaldy, this is the scap. Early in the mornin' when the cattle train begins to come in, I put the monkey on the pole. The breakmen is all out on the cars ridiky to go up the thrisles. Every blooter-a-mind shine from two or three dozens of coal at the monkey. I'm laid into tons away in the cellar and divil a wan-a think but the monkey pitz."

As He was saying.

At one of the theatres the other evening a man who had a seat between his wife and daughter left it at the close of an act to go down stairs. When he returned he found a vacant seat two rows back between two women, and dropped into it with the remark

"As I was saying when I went out, it's a great pity that people will come to a play late."

Because none one else makes a fool of herself by wearing cotton stockings in the winter, it doesn't follow that you must do the same.

"Sir!" came forth from both sides of him at once, and the way he vacated that seat made the ushers of his boots red-hot.

Little Laughlets.

—"What is that big iron thing left of holes?" asked Isaac. "Locomotive boiler," said Tom. Laura looked thoughtful. After a moment's silence, she asked: "Why do they boil locomotives?" Tom and Isaac roared. "To make 'em tender," he said slowly.

—A little city maiden, on a visit to her uncle's farm, saw a threshing machine in operation for the first time. "O, mamma!" cried she, rushing into the house out of breath, "there's something out in Uncle Joe's barn with two horses in it, and they keep turning and going, and never get any where."

—It was a Maine girl of whom the story is told that she refused to marry a most devoted lover until he should have thrashed a fortune of $10,000. After some reputation he accepted the decree and went to work. About three months after this the scarlatina young lady, meeting her lover, asked: "Well, Charlie, how are you thrashing along?" "O, very well, indeed," Charlie returned, cheerfully. "I've got $10 earn!" The young lady blushed, looked down at the toes of her walking boots, and stabbed the inoffensive earth with the point of her parasol. "I guess," said she faintly "I guess, Charlie, that's about near enough."

—A hail-storm in Benton County, Indiana, drove a hen from her nest in the grass and scared the eggs. The hen went back as soon as the storm was over and began trying to hatch the hailstones that filled the nest. She didn't find out her mistake until her feet were very cold and her feathers very wet.

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Furnishes appetite; food, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, heartburn, wind in the stomach, offensive breath, but treats in about how spirits, general prostration. These are a few of disease more prominent than dyspepsia, and it uses all cases be traced to an enfeebled or poisoned condition of the blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by cleansing and purifying the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and makes a perfect cure.
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Are the great secretory organs of the body. Acts and through the Kidneys flow the waste products, containing poisonous matter taken from the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained and poisons the blood, causing headache, and many pains throughout the body and joints. Fevers, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic on the Kidneys and bowels, and directly on the blood as well, causing the great organs of the body to resume their natural functions, and health is at once restored.
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Is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by impurities in the blood or by the lack of sufficient nourishment functions to nourish through the blood. Its effects, affecting glands, often resulting in swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sores, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck. Erysipelas is also a disease, caused by impure blood. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA purifying the blood and toning up the system, forces the impurities from the blood and cleanses the system through its natural channels.
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WHY AM I A CATHOLIC?

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

close," he says, "in Christian antiquity, that is a shame for Protestants! It is from that it has been denied by Protestants" ("Memoirs," London, 1750). It will either, then, to cite a few testimonies from the early doctors of the Church. Thus St. Cyprian calls the Roman See the "Chair of Peter" (Ep. 55, n. 44). St. Jerome calls Pope Damasus "the Successor of the Fisherman," and his chair "the chair of Peter" (Ep. 15, n. 2). And St. Augustine, Leone, the Roman Bishop, "the Successor of St. Peter" (Sp. 95, n. 5).

A careful examination, moreover, of the doctrines of the Catholic Church will prove clearly to any unprejudiced mind, that she teaches *whole and entire* the very same doctrines that were taught by the Apostles. This I find to be admitted by Protestants themselves, at least as far as it concerns those points, which they call "fundamental" or "the original substance of the Gospel." See e. g. Hodge "Systematic Theology" (p. 3, c. 17, § 2), and Hopkins, "End of Controversy Controverted," (Letter 19). What they try in vain to prove is, that the Catholic Church, together with those doctrines, has taught many errors, that she has added many new points of doctrine to the original deposit of faith. I have diligently examined each and every one of these points, and the result of that study has been to convince me the more, that the so-called additions are not new articles of faith, but only *authoritative declarations* of the teaching Church that the doctrines in question had been revealed to the Apostles, and had been given in its either by Scripture or Tradition."

THE LAST CONTENTION REDUCED TO ONE.

The Apostolic Church is an Apostolic ministry, that is, ministers who derive their powers from the Apostles, and are in communion with the center of unity which Christ established, and from which they derive their mission. The necessity of this communion with the center of unity is evident from the few words in the *already made* proof of unity of the Church. In confirmation of this, it will be enough to quote here two of the many authorities I have examined on the subject. St. Ignatius speaking of "the chair of Rome, in which St. Peter sat," tells us that "in communion with this chair unity is to be possessed by all." And that great saint and doctor of the Church, St. Jerome, thus addresses the Bishop of Rome, Pope Damasus: "I speak with the Successor of the Fisherman, and the Disciple of the Cross. Following no chief but Christ, I am joined in communion with your beatitude, that is, with the chair of Peter. On that rock I know that the Church was built. Whosoever shall eat the lamb outside that house is profane. Whosoever does not gather with you scatters abroad" (Ep. 15, n. 2).

It is an historical fact, which no scholar has ever denied, that the priests and bishops of the Catholic Church can trace their lineage back to an apostolic origin. This is clearly demonstrated by following the succession of Pontiffs from St. Peter to Leo XIII., in the chairs of the Bishop of Rome, with which center of unity no other priesthood but that of the Catholic Church is in communion. I may add, also, that those Ecclesiastics who have ordained ministers to the ministry of orders, or, for instance, the Church of England, and its daughter, the Episcopal Church in the United States, found "their claim on the ground of having received these orders from bishops that had been in communion with the Roman Catholic Church. Again, therefore, I say, St. Augustine, I answer that I am a Catholic because" "In the Catholic Church there is the succession of priests from the See itself of the Apostle Peter, to which it was committed by Christ, the Lord, (present) episcopate, holds me" (Contr. Ep. Man. n. 5).

BUT, ONCE MORE, IF I CONSIDER

the system with and purpose of Christ in establishing His Church on earth, I find that she shall continue to the end of time, unchanged in her internal and external constitution, and possessing all the very same signs, marks, etc., with which she was endowed by her Divine Founder. For the mission of the Church is the mission of Christ, "as new souls." She must last, therefore, as long as there are souls to save. She is built on a rock, and "the gates of hell shall never prevail against her." It is impossible for her ever to become corrupt in her faith, in her sacraments, or in her government. For the moment she should fall in any of these, that moment the gates of hell would have prevailed against her. To assert that at any time the Church of Christ failed in to deny the truth of Christ's promise to His Church, "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world," is to say, "There are none," St. Augustine tells us, "who say: she that was a Church of all nations, is already lost, or more; she has perished. This my they who are not in her. The impudent assertion." (Ps. 101, sermn. 2 n. 8) If, therefore, the Church cannot fail or become corrupt, there can be no reason for any reformation in her faith, her sacraments, or her government. Every attempt at such reformation is an explicit denial of her indefectibility.

BUT THERE STILL REMAINS OUR CHURCH

was to last the same "all days" even to the end of the world, then it has always been in existence, from the days of the apostles to our own. It existed, therefore, when Luther and Calvin and Henry VIII. raised the standard of revolt against the Catholic Church, in which they were baptized and confirmed; it existed when each established a separate and independent Church of his own. For it is a fact that, at the time, there existed no other Church distinct from her, and recognized by the Reformers as the true Church of Christ.

It is evident, therefore, that the "Reformers," and consequently those who have followed in their footsteps, have no divine authority to preach, to administer sacraments, and to govern Christ's spiritual body. They certainly did not receive it from the Catholic Church, from which they were separated, and by which they were condemned. Luther was a priest, but never a bishop. Calvin was a simple clerk, and never received the order of priesthood. Henry VIII., "the spiritual head" of the Church of England, was a layman. By whom, then, were they ordained? And "how can they preach, unless they be sent?" (Rom. x. 15). Did they receive an extraordinary mission from God himself? No matter of them has ever come to light. And it seems quite enough to me, at least, that they all could not have been sent by the same God to preach contradictory doctrines and teachings. Did Henry VIII. wrote against Luther, Luther against Calvin, and Calvin against both.

As this subject of vital importance, I will consider my position and reasons above from another point of view, briefly touching on a point of doctrine characteristic of the Catholic Church.

BY REASON FOR BEING A CATHOLIC

is drawn from the fact that the Catholic Church, i. e., the Church in communion with the Successor of St. Peter, the Bishop of Rome, is the true Church of Christ. This I briefly proved, by showing that she possesses all the marks which must, according to the intention of Christ, characterize His Church, and distinguish it from every other society. I now add, that since I am obliged to be a Christian in order to be saved, and since the choice is only between Catholicity and Protestantism, if I were not a Christian Catholic, I ought to be a Christian Protestant. Now is it proved that Christian Protestants constitute the Church of Christ? This should be one in faith and government; its members should be so united as to be "member of member" and constitute one body, one spiritual kingdom, one fold. In vain do I look for this unity among Protestants. They do not constitute one church, but many independent churches. They have not "one faith" or creed, but many creeds. And no wonder, for there no unity of faith can be found where the only principle of this unity is denied, and a principle is set up in its place which necessarily causes dissension. This false principle is their rule of faith. As long as they are told that every man has the right and duty to interpret the Scriptures for himself, as long as the private interpretation of the Bible is to settle all religious controversies, so long will religious division be perpetuated, not only among different denominations, but even among the members of the same denomination. If Washington and his colleagues in promulgating the Constitution of this Republic had said: "Let each citizen of the Constitution for himself, explain it for himself, and follow out in practice his own interpretation of it," we certainly should not be "known and read of all men" as one united nation. In lie stand, we should have had a thousand different political systems and petty governments. How did these great statesmen guard against this danger? They framed the Constitution, and at the same time established a supreme tribunal, and an administrative power, which should interpret its meaning ultimately and definitely, by whose decisions all, without exception, from the President to the beggar, are bound to abide.

THE VERY SPIRIT OF CHRIST

is the living and infallible authority of the Church of Christ. This, and no other, is the supreme tribunal, and the supreme judge in matters of faith. This is the source and safeguard of unity. I have already shown that Christ, our Lord, established in His Church an authority to whom teaching the faithful must submit. While on earth, He said to His Apostles and to Christ gave to His Apostles, who then constituted the Church, a mission to teach, and first it expressly stated in the last verses of St. Matthew's Gospel that He committed to His Church the mission of teaching all nations. We know also that He made submission to this teaching a condition of salvation (Mark xvi. 16), asserting to that he who hears the Church hears His. Hence He is always with His teaching Church, and the Spirit of truth, in Pentecostal, abides with her forever (John xiv. 16). How could Christ make obedience to this teaching authority a condition for salvation, and declare that in hearing the Church, I should hear Him; that the gates of hell should never prevail against it; that the Spirit of truth is the Spirit of the Church, if that Church had no divine authority to teach, or were fallible in teaching?

THOSE WHO SENT THIS AUTHORITATIVE

and infallible teaching of the Church, consistent, must give up all divine faith. "If should not believe the Gospel," says St. Augustine, "unless the authority of the Church moved me thereto" (C. Ep. Fund.). The Bible, without this living and infallible authority, leaves man necessarily in a state of doubt. For how can he believe any article of faith, on the sole authority of the Bible as the word of God, if they must first be infallibly sure that the book in which they find that article is the word of God, and not the word of man; just as before we accept any statement as an article of the Constitution of our country we ratify the Constitution of the United States. How can Protestants reply to this question? i. e., how can they, without the authority of the Catholic Church, be infallibly certain that the Bible is the word of God? This fact, that the Bible is containing so many books, and chapters, and verses, is a work of inspiration? This evidence is not found in the Bible itself, and even if it were there, the question would still remain, how do you know that this evidence is infallibly true? Do you know that this assertion is of God? They may believe that book to be the word of God, because they think so, or because they think that the Spirit bears witness within them, or because the opinion of learned men, or even because their communion tells them so. But are they infallibly sure that they are correct? All those learned men are fallible; they acknowledge it themselves; their own denomination or Church pretends to be fallible, and consequently to be liable to err.

SECONDLY, THIS FALLIBLE AUTHORITY

is human authority. Will they believe on *human fallible authority* that the Bible is the word of God? They may, if they choose, but then it then be logical, and consistent, to believe in the Bible on the same authority—in other words, let them give up divine faith. "Prove to me," says Salmeron, "the necessity of authority in religion, and to morrow I will be a Catholic." That this authority is absolutely necessary is evident from the fact that without it the unity of the Church of Christ can no a nubiar; without it the Church of Christ is a purely human institution, and truth in religion we are lost in doubt. Take divine and infallible authority I find in the Catholic Church, and authority outside of it; for the different denominations that have sprung up since the time of Luther and Calvin "positively reject it.

Then, then, are some of the reasons "why I am a Catholic." I remain in the Church to which I belong, because, as St. Augustine's words, "This is the Holy Church, the One Church, the True Church, the Catholic Church, which fights against all heresies. She may be attacked, but cannot be overcome. All errors have sprung from her. . . . . but she remains unscarred from her own root, to be with Christ in her own charity. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her" ("De Symbolo," n. 14).

S. M. HEADD, S. J.

A VENERABLE NUN.

Brazil Can Boast of the Oldest Sister of Charity in the World.

The Messageries Maritimes ocean steamer, which left Marseilles recently for Brazil, brought among the passengers eight Sisters of Charity, who are accompanied by the Lazarist Fathers. One of the Sisters is the Visitress of the Order for the province of Rio, Brazil, etc. This venerable nun entered her sheltath year last month. The voyage which she has undertaken at her age (Ninth which she has made to South America since 1848, when she introduced the Sisters of Charity into Brazil for the first time. She has accomplished nearly forty years of her life in that country. Reverend Mother Dubost is a native of Paris. She entered the Sisters of Charity at the age of thirteen, she has now been professed for 77 years. She was a novice when the revolution of 1830 broke out, and passage for abandoned girls at Vaucelles and then at Paris, she was entrusted with the task untiringly to orphanages and to hospitals in the San Francisco, having left her native country five times to make, to the brother home in Brazil, the Retreats prescribed by the rule of her Order. During the visit to her native land, which has just ended, Mother Dubost is still hale and vigorous, and on her arrival in Brazil she intends to visit the houses of the Order in three provinces before she settles down at her usual residence in Rio Janeiro.

—Very Rev. Father Fidelis and Father Leon, Passionists, have left Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso. They intend to establish a branch house of their congregation on the West Coast.

THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW" FOR AUGUST.

With the August number the *North American Review* completes its twenty-second year of continuous publication.

The August number opens with an article on Bismarck, by ex-Minister John A. Kasson, who is a great personal acquaintance with the great German Chancellor.

The series of religious articles by representative divines is continued by an article entitled "Why am I a Catholic?" by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, presenting the leading reasons for his conversion, which we take great pleasure in presenting to our readers this week.

The literature of Arkansas narrates the process of that State (which is as rapid as to be pronounced Arkansas) since the close of the civil war.

Elmer Walcott's last article of Life Insurance, written just before his death, is published in this number.

Gen. Joe Johnston, the old antagonist of Sherman, gives a history of the Army of Tennessee, which is an article entitled "Operations with Sherman in Georgia." This article is plain, unpretentious, and straightforward narrative of the operations that led to the surrender of the last great armed force of the Confederacy. In the course of it he contradicts certain statements which he attributes to the layer of memory on the part of Gen. Sherman; and his reference to Sherman's letter shows that there was no love lost between the great soldier and his former civil antagonist.

Henri Rochefort contributes a very timely and interesting article, written with his usual clearness and brightness of style, on "Radicalism in France."

Twice in the series of important articles in the month's issue, it will probably be regarded as the work of Harry Stevens, of Lake in Pennsylvania. Mr George was commissioned by the Government of Mexico to make personal investigations into the reliability of rail and Ashe in the interior regions of Peruvian; and his first report discloses a condition of affairs with respect to the property of the chocolate of her father, and not many of Christian Mexicans, which is a very interesting and exciting one. The body was recently discovered in Mexico.

Mr. Gorey, who has visited the seat of Irish troubles, reports the condition of the country in Ireland, and the feeling of the land with that of the Irish peasantry. This article is sure to excite much comment.

The Review of Reviews and Comments is a brief response by Dr. Decker to the criticisms of Arthur Brisbane, of the Boston Herald, and a remarkable letter article by Gideon J. Tucker, on the Constitutional Law of Nations, in view of the approaching Constitutional Centenaire.

SACRED HEART PARISH.

The Ladies Who Will Have Charge of the Tables at the Coming Fair.

The members of the Parish of the Sacred Heart, Mission Dolores, have been in busy activity for months past, preparing for the Parish Fair, which is to commence the arrangements for the coming Church Fair. The names of the ladies who volunteered their services, and will have charge of the different tables, are as follows:

Fancy table, No. 1—Mrs. T. D. Sullivan, assisted by Miss Mary Kane.

Candy stand—Miss Julia Gallant, assisted by Miss Lily Dwyer.

The refreshment room will be presided over by Mrs. F. Brophy, assisted by Mrs. Hook and Miss Gray.

A number of valuable articles will be raffled off, and the tickets are now on sale. Mrs. J. D. Mulligan has contributed a lot on Forty-first avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Ashton and Mr. Father Sorde has contributed the sum of $25 in gold coin. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart have been put at the top of twenty fra cents, and the members of St. Joseph's Ladies' Aid Society are to be the keepers. The exact date of holding the fair has not been fixed upon, but it will probably be held in the latter part of next month.

The fair is under the direct supervision of the Pastor, Father Prendergast, who is taking a very active interest in the matter. The proceeds from the fair will be devoted to the completion of the most monumental work ever held in the parish. The new church will be a magnificent structure, and when completed will be the finest edifice in the school, while the number of girls is much larger.

SPANISH CHURCH FAIR.

Nearly $1,000 Realized at the Booth.

The fair in behalf of the Spanish Church, on Broadway, near Mason street, was brought to a successful termination on Saturday evening by Rev. Father Gastelu, about $1,000 being realized as the result. The ladies, who had charge of the various stands, have generously entered their esteemed pastor throughout the fair were as follows:

Fancy table, No. 1—Mrs. V. Andreu, Table No. 2—Mrs. Ignacio Martinez, Table No. 3—Mrs. Hogan.

"The Mission Buntamatic. Floral table: Mrs. Pacheco. Table "The Mission Jewelry" Mrs. Louise Acosta. Table No. 4—Mrs. Ignacio Martinez, Table No. 5—Mrs. Hogan.

Table No. 6—Mrs. Ignacio Martinez, Table "Flora" on the opposite side. Table No. 7—Mrs. Pacheco. Table No. 8—Mrs. Hogan. Table No. 9—Mrs. Pacheco.

Table No. 10—Mrs. Ignacio Martinez, Table No. 11—Mrs. Hogan.

Table No. 12—Mrs. Pacheco. Table No. 13—Mrs. Hogan.

Table No. 14—Mrs. Ignacio Martinez, Table No. 15—Mrs. Hogan.

Table No. 16—Mrs. Pacheco. Table No. 17—Mrs. Hogan.

Table No. 18—Mrs. Ignacio Martinez, Table No. 19—Mrs. Hogan.

Table No. 20—Mrs. Pacheco. Table No. 21—Mrs. Hogan.

Table No.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

FOR IRELAND, FOR FREEDOM and GOD.

(Respectfully inscribed to Young Ireland Parliamentary Club of San Francisco, Cal., by C. Antonio Doyle.)

A trone to the fears of a coward,
Nor mind the weak voice of a slave;
But a hand to the hopeless and valiant
And a wreath for the brow of the brave!
For the sword and the pen have failure
For the sword and the pen have failure
But whoever the Maker of Freedom
Hath blessed with the Mace of Reason
From fighting our Apostle shown.
Let us heed thy the wild land Darkness,
Let us long the black chain of Freedom,
Let us gain the broad light of Freedom,
Or God be that chasm a tomb.
Stand firm! Sons of Erin! Stand ready!
Break away from most Tyranny's rod,
And relentlessly dash on the Saxon
For Ireland, for Freedom, and God!

A trone to the fears of a coward,
Nor mind the weak voice of a slave;
But a hand to the hopeful and valiant
And a wreath for the brow of the brave!
There's a God in high Heaven above us
Who will sanction our bloodless affray.
There's a legion of sanctified martyrs
Who bless us and cheer us on to the fray!
There are millions of suffering at home
Scattered out o'er the oceans of earth,
Who are waiting the coming of Freedom,
To rush back to the land of their birth.
Let us follow the path Emmet trod,
And, if needs be, like him mount the scaffold—
For Ireland, for Freedom, and God!

A trone to the fears of a coward,
Nor mind the weak voice of a slave;
But a hand to the hope of the hopeless
Let us gain the glorious Freedom shown
Who manifestly hatched for Ireland, our year
Now, now
In the struggle for Freedom and Light,
We have force breaking wrongs to be righted,
And Vengeance now watchfully cries
That the red-handed Saxon Oppression
May no longer pollute Erin's skies.
Then, Sons of Erin! Stand ready
The isle of your ever Emerald rest,
Stand ready with Musket and Money—
For Ireland, for Freedom and God!

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

RUMBLINGS OF A BIG WAR.

THE RIVER SIT.

(John Bull *Inquirer.*)
While I wish to remark,
That the marriage is plain,
"And the outlook is dark
On the land and the main;
For the French and the Germans are snarling,
And the Russians are at it again.

Annexation's the game,
And I will not deny
In regard to that same;
That I never was shy;
But then 'twas my duty, Russian mission
To plunder Tooah every sky.

'Twas the Germans began
In their leisurely way,
While in the Pacific
I was widening my sway;
Of course in that latter pacific Mahdi
That set all my plottings astray.

Which my troopers had failed
To subdue and to slay
When the Russians assailed
With that Turkish surprise,
And they physic'd that dervish the Afghans
And me to a way I despise.

Which we had a few words
Of the kind not so pleasant
And, unshamming my word,
I spoke stiff to the Bear;
But his remarks laughed at my blunder
And mocked at my made-believe air.

Their disputation were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
While they laughed in their sleeve—
Which they reckoned my tactics correctly,
Knowing me as they do!
And my exercise grew,
For to pay an old debt
Monsieur France is not slow;
And Canada, too, is in trouble
About Bonfield's remonstrance, you know.

And that cursed Irish isle,
With its nuisance and bale—
Though its lackeys may smile
And its Overgrown pride—
Is ready to spring on my soldiers,
And I tremble to think of their fate.

Which is why I remain,
And my language is plain,
Of the land and the main
On the land and the main;
For the French and the Germans are snarling,
And the Russians are at it again.

Jackson, Cal.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

I am sinking, sister, sinking—dying as my youth is flying,
I can see your form but dimly, as you bend by my side,
For my eyes are glassy growing, and my feet are cold and icy,
While my frame is racked with fever and a pain wooth leave behind.

When the wind of springs were sighing I was happy of heart and strong!
But the summer leaves lie dying and I hear the angel sound,
When the primrose pale was springing, all my thoughts were of this earth!
Now such shortening day is bringing dreams of my mortal bliss.

I have sighed for love and pleasure in the days now passed away;
But the joys of earth seem hollow as I think of them to-day,
And multitudes of I were given strength to live my life again,
I would train myself for Heaven, lay from all the hatred of man.

Yet I know not; God is ruler; and 'twould not be just to deem
That the world of love and labor is a false and fruitless dream,
In that world, as in the oblivion, burns the fire of love divine,
Both are noble in their children, both are part of God's design.

And the life of noble emotion that is filled with grief and pain,
May be shaken to another with the world's keen rare to rue,
I will only pray, my sister, that when you are left behind,
You may win your crown of glory in the life for you designed.

Walking onward meekly, purely, like a pilgrim through the land,
Gathering flowers of holy fragrance to be placed by the God's own hand!
I am weary now, so weary I can speak but little more
Pray! oh, pray for me, dear sister, till this last long night is over.

Raise my aching head a little, let me gaze with those poor eyes
On the whitening dawn! hand demanding from you strangely shining skies.
See them now! they come to meet me! Hear the wondrous music swell,
Kiss me once again, dear sister, kiss me once, and now farewell!

Life is sweet, but death is sweeter, when it leads to life divine—
Angels, bear me gently onward! King of Angels, I am thine!

GERMAN HILL.

Reduction in Money Orders.

Recent instructions from the Postal Department at Washington announce the following reduction in the rates charged for transmitting money through postal orders: For sums not exceeding $10, cents; $10 to $20, 5 cents; $20 to $30, 10 cents; $30 to $40, 15 cents; $40 to $50, 20 cents; $50 to $60, 25 cents; $60 to $70, 30 cents; $70 to $80, 35 cents; $80 to $90, 40 cents; $90 to $100, 45 cents. This is a reduction in fees, as the present fees for a money order not exceeding $5 is eight cents, and the larger amounts, as above designated, in the same proportion. The above schedule will take effect last week.

—The Sisters will hold a fair at St. Gertrude's Academy, Rio Vista, on the 19th of September, in order to raise funds to make class repairs about Rio Vista.

Literary Miscellany.

"Pity is Akin to Love."

How Wilhelm Was a Poacher Victory.

It was the evening of a long, but summer day. The Bavarian Village of Wandorf was on fire. Flags were flying; a brass band was playing in the Lion Station the loudest and the merriest. In full harmony with the gay sights and sounds were the hearts of the villagers. The war, which was united Bavarians, Saxons, and Prussians in a great band of brotherhood against a common enemy, had been brought to a triumphant close. Sedan had crowned the long series of Teutonic victories, and peace was secured at last. Even little Wendorf had had its share in the struggle, had given its blood and its tears to the sacred cause, and had earned its right to share in the joy, which was the outcome of sacrifice. Only the day before any story opens two Wandorfers had returned from the war, and one of them had made for himself a name in whose radiated glory his friends and neighbors found no small cause for exultation.

Within a low, dark frill-shop, an old dame, in a short blue stuff petticoat and a loose dark jacket, and with a gay colored cotton handkerchief tied over her sandy locks, sat, briskly knitting. She had a yellow, wrinkled face, and her sunken, dark eyes looked keenly out over a pair of broad-rimmed spectacles.

In a room opening out from the shop, a young Bavarian soldier was carried by a pillow; one arm hung useless by his side; a look of utter exhaustion was in his eyes. Wilhelm Hasar was grandson of the old dame, who tended the Wandorf frill-shop. His father had died early, the mother quickly followed her husband. Wilhelm, at a tender age, passed into his grandmother's keeping. A quiet, good-humored little lad, he soon learned to make himself useful in the shop and to gain the favor alike of its proprietress and patrons. At school he attained decided aptitude for learning; he had a good voice, too, and presently became a member of the church choir. Father Andreas took a fancy to the boy, gave him lessons in organ playing and in literature, his only favorite pursuits, and spoke of him as a youth with a perception and love of the harmonies of music and poetry. As time wore on, Wilhelm, grown into a young man, took upon himself the duties of sexton. He sang the church half-*pastoly* Mass, for vespers and benediction; he swept and cleaned the church and sacristy at least once in every week; when no acolyte was present he assisted the celebrant in the Mass, his responsive voice sounding out clear and swee in the incense-laden air. The quiet old church had a great charm for him; he knew every dim corner, every spot upon the parement which caught the morning and evening sunlight streaming through the colored windows; all the pictures were his familiar friends. Early in life Wilhelm met the fate inevitable to a man of a fervent poetical temperament; he fell in love. The object of his affection was Gretchen Kellner, daughter of Hans Kellner, who kept the Favorit Bakery.

Gretchen was the belle of Weindorf, a charming maiden, with a graceful little figure, a bewitchingly bright face, and a mass of gloriously, uncompromisingly red hair. The English artist had not long established himself in the village before he made acquaintance with Gretchen and conceived for her an impersonal painter's passion. He spare itself to paint her, and in due time he secured her services as model at a modest rate of remuneration. She had figured in the neighbor that in the great picture artist, hitherto hardly in London a bull-length portrait of the girl, represented as presiding over a Bavar-stall, would shortly appear. Gretchen Kellner had many admirers, subsequently Wilhelm had many rivals. Among these rival claimants for her hand was Franz Muller, an unpolished lacteum, but decidedly good-looking and capable young farmer, who raised a few acres within a mile of Wiendorf. Franz did not shine in social society, but in his working-day clothes, and with his working day manner, he cut an admirable figure, with his tall, active form, his erect head, his handsome unburnt face, his soil-marked hands, and his manliness of bearing. Then, too, he was well off, and had an exceptionally comfortable home to offer a wife.

Gretchen was a coquiste; she shrank from resigning her freedom and entering her train of adorers by definite acceptance of any one among her numerous suitors. First one admirer, then another, would be singled out for marks of favor, but when the question of marriage was propounded, the girl became coldness. "I love dat man, jet," she said airily, "she had not made up her mind.

The uneasiness of his position was all but unendurable to Wilhelm. His love was an over-mastering passion; Gretchen—her beauty and her tantalizing, enslaving coquetry—was never out of his mind.

At last came the war between France and Germany; Wilhelm Hasar and Franz Muller, who had both served in the army the three years demanded by the State of every German, volunteered for service under Loro for Gerehrer, no less than five of the national armies, was Wilhelm's enlisting motive for action. He courted danger gladly, for the sake of the distinction which he hoped to gain thereby, by at his darling's feet. Gretchen was a woman who would not, Wilhelm, told himself, refuse to share his name when he had made it famous.

The young man's high hopes were doomed to disappointment. Very early in the day of his first engagement, before any opportunity presented itself for proving the valor that was in him, young Hasar was carried, insensible and severely wounded from the field. Long weeks followed of fever in the hospital—fever which, though a fatal issue at one time seemed imminent, was at last subdued, but from which the patient awoke weak and weakened to the dreary knowledge that the use of one of his limbs—an arm—had gone from him forever. He had won no vestige of the renown for which he yearned; it was a cripple, and not a hero, that his most return to Gretchen and home. His injured member had been the storm of laughter unnerved him. Franz had covered himself with glory. By a deed of grand coolness he had earned the title of commanding officer; distinctions were showered upon him; he had received an officer's commission, and had risen from the ranks.

At first, when he thought of his love, Gretchen and on her probable reception of the news of Franz's exploits and honors, Wilhelm listened with a pang of deep jealousy; but when he had heard the whole tale of his comrade's valor, tears of generous admiration started to his eyes. Franz had richly deserved his rewards, thought himself, his achievements, and therefore his deservings, were nil. His must have the disappointment and the obscurity of his lot silently and patiently as he was able.

But now, when Wiandorf was astir with holiday makers—now, when he lay, unwonted and alone, in the dewy-cooling twilight, Wilhelm's heart was very sore. He tried to look into the future with steady eye, but it lay very dark and desolate before him. That morning he had written, with his one useful hand—happily his right hand—a letter to Gretchen, and he had ventured to hope to win her as his wife. She must not link her bright life with that of a cripple.

One or two occasions on which he had seen Gretchen stood out more prominently than others in the young man's memory. He recalled one day—how long ago it seemed—when he had discovered the painting on the steps leading to the Englishman's studio, and waiting her hand in marry fervent to the artist within. The sun had caught her red hair, which seemed like an aureole round her lovely face. Wilhelm had stood motionless in the great grown street to watch her. He remembered, too, a Sunday evening in autumn, when he had accompanied her and her father to the Lion Station. The old man had been speedily captured by some friends, and the two young people had wandered off by themselves in which the sun set over a distant ridge of hills. Wilhelm had spoken to Gretchen—not without a touch of native poetry—of his love and longing, he had addressed her boldly as "Herzlieben," and held her hand unpressed in his own, a proceedings which he had only been few and faint. And now it was all over the darling's hand was gone, perhaps, because no one knows and no one praises. But I say, speaking with a foreign accent, A comment had entered the shop, and Wilhelm sprang to his feet to receive him. It was the Englishman from over the way, who, now that his day's work was over, was anxious for some recreation in a humanizing, like, energetic fashion, characteristic of his countrymen. The Lion Harris, with its inducement for lilting, had little charm for him. He preferred brushing away certain mental cobwebs, which his sedentary occupation sometimes allowed to gather, by a long, quick walk into the country. He would sup at some wayside inn, he thought, and return to Wandorf by moonlight. The forest at Frau Bauer's attracted his painter-eye, and he filling his pockets with pence and green figs to eat on the way.

The Englishman was a long limbed, vigorous fellow, with a plain intellectual face, full of animation and vitality. In his hasty approach, gray eyes, fair hair, and a long brown beard. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, lapsing into his own language as the young soldier met his eye in place of the old woman whom he had expected. Then, as thought struck him, he went on—this time in his accomplished German—"Are you the Weindorf hero of whom I have heard so much these last few days?

Wilhelm colored. The Englishman had not long been an inhabitant of Weindorf and, as a stranger, his ignorance concerning individual villagers could readily be excused.

"No, sir, I have done nothing heroic; nothing at all. The Weindorf hero, as you call him, is Franz Muller.

"Yes, that is the name; I heard it from Frederick Kellner. Wilhelm, my lad, I have heard to praise these at thy true worth. Thy letter of recommendation from your mother, I am here to answer it in person. I hope you have any special reason for your shyness?—Gretchen's voice sank to a whisper—is there?

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"What—what are you going to do with your future? he blurted out at last. His bluntness went straighter to his companion's heart than any elaborate expression of sympathy could have gone.

"There will be no great chance. Father Andreas was here this morning; he says that I am to keep my old position as sacristan, with a boy to do the heavy work. My wages will be reduced, but an army pension is to be given me, and will make up the deficiency. And when granny gives up the business—she talks of retiring soon—I am to succeed to the stock-in-trade.

At first, when Franz came, he had seated himself, but his conversational fluency did not increase. "How familiar the place looks! One forgets that one has been away," he said at length, glancing round the little room, with its well-worn table and chairs, with the print of the Madonna, with the high-backed settle and rack for supper on the old armoire.

"Yes—no, one forgets—sometimes." The response was not sympathetic. "Will you smoke, Herr Lieutenant?"

"No, thanks. I must"—rising, with a start, betokening self reminder—"be going home. Wilhelm, I want you to-day is expecting me; I only looked in for a little moment on my way. Good-evening.

"Good-evening. Thank you for your visit."

"Ich bitte."

When Franz was gone Wilhelm flung himself upon his bench and buried his face in the cushions. Himself-compassion had been perfect while his rather was present, but now that he was alone, the contrast between his own lot and that of Franz occurred to him with a fresh sense of pain. He was tired and weak; and the sadlessness of the interview had unnerved him. The sound of sacred music and of singing rose was having in upon him from the church, above his head lying the pictured, compassionate face of the Mother of Sorrows. Late he had stood motionless in the great grown street to watch her. He remembered, too, a Sunday evening in autumn, when he had accompanied her and her father to the Lion Harris. The old man had been speedily captured by some friends, and the two young people had wandered off by themselves in which the sun set over a distant ridge of hills. Wilhelm had spoken to Gretchen—not without a touch of native poetry—of his love and longing, he had addressed her boldly as "Herzlieben," and held her hand unpressed in his own, a proceedings which he had only been few and faint. And now it was all over the darling's hand was gone, perhaps, because no one knows and no one praises. But I say, speaking with a foreign accent, A comment had entered the shop, and Wilhelm sprang to his feet to receive him. It was the Englishman from over the way, who, now that his day's work was over, was anxious for some recreation in a humanizing, like, energetic fashion, characteristic of his countrymen. The Lion Harris, with its inducement for lilting, had little charm for him. He preferred brushing away certain mental cobwebs, which his sedentary occupation sometimes allowed to gather, by a long, quick walk into the country. He would sup at some wayside inn, he thought, and return to Wandorf by moonlight. The forest at Frau Bauer's attracted his painter-eye, and he filling his pockets with pence and green figs to eat on the way.

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"STOOD UP" ON THE STANISLAUS.

An Episode of Californate Mining Life.

In 1850, which was before the days of the first Pacific Railroad, the writer of this was Architect-in-Chief to Noah Flannan, who, in spite of his bookish of the Sierra Nevada. Six or six, who, when, after hunting, and taking things pretty easy for July weather, strolled a large cabin which had been built and deserted some time before. From this central point small parties of men, or single men, would go out for one day or more at a time, and if scarcely ever happened that a day did not see some party or other come in. We had no trouble with any thing or anybody, until one day we had occupied the place seventeen or eighteen days, a bad spell of weather came on and drove all the detached partisans for shelter. We were well behind in the matter of provisions, and had to make some shifts to keep from starvation. Fortunately, we had a few pounds of flour, and a little bacon, which we had brought with us, and had brought from the regular army after long service.

One morning, it long the third day of the bad weather, and the rain was falling, like, or rather, went down to the foldout the Stanislaus to meet a canoe which we knew was due, and found, on the door of the cabin was about, and there was a bottle of rum, or brandy, I forget which, and there were nodding bottles, and over which a bottle of rum was nodding, and, on the floor, of the gang were playing cards, and a third of the gang was sitting on a bench with a general spectatorship. In this state of affairs the door softly opened, and in walked a young man about 22 years of age. He was smooth faced, red-cheeked, and had such a look on his face that the sight of him would have set any one to grunting. He walked up to the table, and I felt pleased sure that all were pressed, and then stepped back and opened the door and called:

"Come in, William, they are all at home!

A short, stout, ugly fellow came in, pushed his way to, shut the door, and stood with his back to it. That he was a hard pill to one could tell after their name in the face, that he meant business was apparent from his having a revolver in either hand. Had some one yelled "Indians!" I think the act of his coming would have caused it about, would have been cut-down in twenty seconds. Here we all sat, as dumb as oysters and as helpless as asnes, for we realized that it was "stand up."

"Now, gents, said the young man, showing his white teeth as he smiled, "I was to come for some boarders, and I have started to prove these at thy true worth. Thy letter of recommendation from your mother, I am here to answer it in person. I hope you have any special reason for your shyness?—Gretchen's voice sank to a whisper—is there?

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CARDINAL GUIBERT'S OBSEQUIES.

Great Crowds View Honor to His Remains.

The procession—numbering more than fifty thousand people—who went from the Archiepiscopal Palace to Notre Dame, was, in spite of the hot weather, quite orderly. The dead prelate, clothed in his robes of office, was borne on the shoulders of the priests, who, in the long procession, walked bareheaded, allowed to lower the deceased prelate. Passing along the streets and the quays, before reaching the church, I observed the immense crowds assembled to witness the procession, and I overheard a few remarks among. Having had special permission, I was enabled to witness the ceremony from the arrival of the hearse, which is the same that was used for Cardinal Morlot and for Mgr. Darboy, and later for M. Thiers, to the interment of the remains of the interior of the tomb and chapel, where so many illustrious prelates have been laid by Pius Alexander III., in 1132, and by Pius Alexander III., in 1162, and history of the celebrations, circumstances, funerals, down to the 27th of the Julian of Reason, in the revolution, would fill an interesting volume. Never, perhaps, was a more touching scene enacted there, for over, that, the one I remember, presented the church as it covered up to the long, gallery in black, and the immense pillars of the nave, with the black, and the remains of the saintly Cardinal, was solemnly commended, and as was also and crowd with wreaths of fresh flowers. A little before the procession left the palace, people who had tickets took their places. There were about 1,000 seats in the choir, and 17,000 could be received into it. In the side chapels, on the right, the clergy, Grand Seminary, and the religious communities (women), took their places, and in the left were the lay colleges, schools, &c. The entire nave received for the clergy, Grand Seminary, and other public bodies.

Before the procession, the members of those different corps arrived and took their places near the catafalque. Among the first were the Marquis de Dreux Brezé, wearing his badge of grand officer of the Legion of Honor, several admirals, and senators and the Minister of Public Instruction. There were also Archbishops in their robes and their pontifical caps, and bishops, and an immense number of priests from every part of France. Mgr. Rotelle, the Papal Nuncio, was in the Place of Honor. At ten, precisely, the great gate was opened, and the archpriests, Abbe Petit, went with the clergy in the sanctuary, preceding the celebrants, Abbe Petit was a secretary of Mgr. Darboy, and was one of the victims of the "Commune." When the prelate was murdered, the Archbishop of Paris, who escaped was a monseigneur one, and due to the arrival of the troops into the city.

The office was carried by the celebrants, Cardinal Bonjean, Archbishop of Toulouse, and Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Tours, who came from Rome to celebrate High Mass. The clear voices of the choir, accompanied by the grand organ, the immense, and the thousands of lighted tapers, and the solemn ceremonies, and the multitude of the people present, and the resting-place of the good deeds of the noble prelate, all combined to make the ceremony of religious and profound admiration. For the occasion, the Cardinal Guibert, the most eminent of the prelates that occupied the Chair of Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy, bishop of Paris.

After the benedictions given by each of the cardinals, and the last prayers read by Cardinal Bonjean, the people left the church slowly, and deeply affected by the brilliant ceremony. It was 1 o'clock after the bells of Notre Dame, and among them the Emperor, whose acquaintance I had over the city, announced the final scene. At about this moment, some officers on the Place de Mars, the Place de Mars, the barrels on a line, fired.

The remains of Cardinal Morlot could not be taken out into the vault the cardinal's tomb, which is in the chapel, on the side, on account of the church, where it will remain, and, as I said, the remains of Cardinal Bonjean, who came from Rome, Mgr. Darboy was not a cardinal, and Cardinal Guibert was not made a cardinal, but from going to Rome.

The archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Richard, is a most saintly and charitable prelate.

He has already spent a great part of his fortune in charity, and his means are now considerable. The rest will soon be disposed of, and he is likely to die poor, like his predecessor, Cardinal Morlot.

A deputation of the Ist Lebanon of the Pope, Mgr. Bonjean, followed immediately after the hearse. The rest of the deputations, with the Pontifical Zouaves, in superior rank. There is only real sorrow in Paris for the venerated and venerable cardinal.

J. P. L.

The Religious Impostor.

Not a small fraction of the large army of impostors who infest the country in the fall do not stick to any particular line of deception, but travel from place to place, as the requirements of time and place. Many begging impostors because they are fitted for the business, by a certain amount of cause habit and taste have fitted them to the character. The religious impostor is a part that pays as well as any. There is a field for such, and, as a rule, a cardinal scheme, or rather series of schemes in this line, is not difficult to find, and, as a rule, people who had tickets took their places. There are about 1,000 Catholics in the church, and 17,000 could be received into it. In the side chapels, on the right, the clergy, Grand Seminary, and the religious communities (women), took their places, and in the left were the lay colleges, schools, &c. The entire nave received for the clergy, Grand Seminary, and other public bodies.

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After the benedictions given by each of the cardinals, and the last prayers read by Cardinal Bonjean, the people left the church slowly, and deeply affected by the brilliant ceremony. It was 1 o'clock after the bells of Notre Dame, and among them the Emperor, whose acquaintance I had over the city, announced the final scene. At about this moment, some officers on the Place de Mars, the Place de Mars, the barrels on a line, fired.

The remains of Cardinal Morlot could not be taken out into the vault the cardinal's tomb, which is in the chapel, on the side, on account of the church, where it will remain, and, as I said, the remains of Cardinal Bonjean, who came from Rome, Mgr. Darboy was not a cardinal, and Cardinal Guibert was not made a cardinal, but from going to Rome.

The archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Richard, is a most saintly and charitable prelate.

He has already spent a great part of his fortune in charity, and his means are now considerable. The rest will soon be disposed of, and he is likely to die poor, like his predecessor, Cardinal Morlot.

A deputation of the 1st Lebanon of the Pope, Mgr. Bonjean, followed immediately after the hearse. The rest of the deputations, with the Pontifical Zouaves, in superior rank. There is only real sorrow in Paris for the venerated and venerable cardinal.

J. P. L.

The Religious Impostor.

Not a small fraction of the large army of impostors who infest the country in the fall do not stick to any particular line of deception, but travel from place to place, as the requirements of time and place. Many begging impostors because they are fitted for the business, by a certain amount of cause habit and taste have fitted them to the character. The religious impostor is a part that pays as well as any. There is a field for such, and, as a rule, a cardinal scheme, or rather series of schemes in this line, is not difficult to find, and, as a rule, people who had tickets took their places. There are about 1,000 Catholics in the church, and 17,000 could be received into it. In the side chapels, on the right, the clergy, Grand Seminary, and the religious communities (women), took their places, and in the left were the lay colleges, schools, &c. The entire nave received for the clergy, Grand Seminary, and other public bodies.

Before the procession, the members of those different corps arrived and took their places near the catafalque. Among the first were the Marquis de Dreux Brezé, wearing his badge of grand officer of the Legion of Honor, several admirals, and senators and the Minister of Public Instruction. There were also Archbishops in their robes and their pontifical caps, and bishops, and an immense number of priests from every part of France. Mgr. Rotelle, the Papal Nuncio, was in the Place of Honor. At ten, precisely, the great gate was opened, and the archpriests, Abbe Petit, went with the clergy in the sanctuary, preceding the celebrants, Abbe Petit was a secretary of Mgr. Darboy, and was one of the victims of the "Commune." When the prelate was murdered, the Archbishop of Paris, who escaped was a monseigneur one, and due to the arrival of the troops into the city.

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1886.

"The Catholic press is a power in Catholicity, and every Catholic worthy of the name I will support it, to defend our religion against the attacks of infidelity, and by extending it, so as to counteract evil with our religion. Therefore, good Catholic people, read, and even more and deeper, by reading it, will become better citizens and better Catholics."—Pastoral Letter, Archbishop Alemany, D. D.

Editorial Notes.

—The Grand Duke of Baden has sent to the Pope a letter and a golden jubilee medal.

—The inhabitants of Valencia, Spain, intend to present to his Holiness, on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, a stole set with as many precious stones as there are parishes in Valencia.

—A meeting of Nationalists was held at Carrick, Ireland, last week, for the purpose of raising £5,000 for the erection of a monument over the grave of Charles J. Kickham, the poet and novelist.

—The Government of the Netherlands intends to propose to all the other civilized governments an international treaty against the Anarchists. It is strange that the European Governments will in a very short time agree on some treaty aiming at the annihilation of Anarchism.

—A meeting of prominent Catholics took place recently at Coblenz. Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Austrian party, made a speech in which he said that the Catholicism of to-day is as finished, and that the Catholics should act in harmony and stop provoking the Government. It is doubtful, however, whether the *Germania*, the leading Catholic newspaper in Berlin, will follow this advice.

—Bible publishing firms are up with the times. All the recent quarto editions of the Revised Bible have nice Family Registers in them, one page of which is devoted to "Marriages," at page 8, to "Divorces," and one page to "Elopements." No mention made of "Births" or "Deaths," as babies have gone out of fashion, and Death is not a permissable subject of conversation in polite society.

—The Earl of Aberdeen—late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—left that land with the love of the people and demonstrated his good wishes in his last farewell words. Replying to a eulogistic resolution presented by the Sligo Board of Guardians, he said: "I hope that out of the recent deep attention given to Ireland and the ardent discussion of its affairs some practical result will arise tending to increase the peace and prosperity of the country."

—A Louisville subscriber sends us a copy of a disreputable paper published in Dermottsville, Ky., entitled "Sparks upon the Catholic Church." The edamons are far too filthy for us to notice. Their very nastiness is a sufficient proof of their naturth. When a man sinks so degrade as to use such trash a vile sheet as the one before us, it only demonstrates the fact that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

—The New York *Sun* tells the solid truth when it says that the true sons of America are those who perform their duties as men and as citizens to the best of their intelligence and ability, who love their country whether they were born on this side of the sea or not, and who have public spirit. To restrict immigration from any immigration is one thing; seriously to propose to discriminate against foreign-born citizens is a very different thing, and, happily, now impossible. There will be no more Know-Nothingism, and it seems almost incredible there ever should have been.

—The several subtexgrams from Belfast that we—which we publish on the fifth page—will give our readers some faint idea of Orange brutality. Even the London *Times* is forced to admit that the Protestant element are to blame for their murderous course in originating and continuing these riots for the purpose of keeping burning inflammable and unarmed Catholic men, women and children. The conduct of the Ulster Orangemen during the past two weeks proves them to be the worst foes of Ireland's peace and the determined enemies of her prosperity.

—Of the fourteen Catholic candidates who recently contested English and Scotch constituencies, five have been returned, viz., Mr. Henry Matthews, Q. C. (Birmingham), and Mr. Edwin de Lisle (Loughborough Division of Leicestershire), who are Conservatives; and the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Russell, Q. C. (South Hackney), and Mr. J. Austin Hopwood (Division of Yorkshire) Liberals; and Mr. T. P. O'Connor (Scotland Division of Liverpool), Nationalist. This is the largest number returned to the House of Commons since 1852, there being now not fewer than eighty-five Catholics in the Parliament, an increase of thirty-three within the last ten years. As was to be expected, Ireland of course contributes the major portion, seventy-seven.

—It is amusing into what extraordinary manifestations religious bigotry drives some people. Dr. Kenny, the Protestant Primate of Armagh, was so overjoyed as the result of the general election that he composed a special prayer to be recited in the churches of his diocese for some consecutive Sundays, giving thanks to Providence for the "merciful deliverance" of himself and co-religionists from "the great danger" which threatened the welfare of their entire land and "the free exercise of their Protestant faith." By the great danger of course is meant the imminence of Home Rule, and an insuuuo is conveyed that not only do the Nationalists seek self-government but the overthrow of the Protestant religion in Ireland. When it is remembered that Protestantism has given to Irish nationality many of its bravest soldiers and ablest leaders in the past and present, the silliness as well as the venomousness of this option becomes painfully evident.

—The back drivers of Philadelphia, backed by the Undertakers and Funeral Directors' Association and the Sabbath Association, are working for the abolition of Sunday funerals. This shows their progress. In the first Sunday in June there were forty-six funerals in Philadelphia, twenty-two on the first Sunday in July, and only three on August 1. Efforts are being made by the hackmen to have the cemeteries closed on Sundays.

—A correspondent of one of our prominent journals, writing from England, says: "I saw recently twenty women standing at a bar, all drinking. I have seen drunk an women clinging to lamp posts, and cursing drunk at full length in Hyde Park. The half-holiday system which prevails quite generally is proving a curse. To obtain Saturday afternoon for recreation, the working people begin labor at six o'clock, an hour earlier than Americans. So great is the debauch of Saturday and Sunday that few works are started in full till Tuesday morning."

—Elsewhere we print the official decision of the Sacred Congregation concerning Dreaming, as will as a very interesting article on that pagan mode of disposing of the dead. There is no disguising the fact that Cremation is looked upon by the enemies of the Church as another weapon by which they can annihilate Christianity in the world by drawing away souls from the Church. Signor Castellazzo, a prominent Italian Freemason, recently epitomized the programme of the enemies of the Church when he asserted that "civil marriage deprives the Church of the family; secular education will soon take away from the Church the rising generation; and civil funerals and cremation will abolish the class of the Church to the bodies of the dead and do away with requiem masses and consecrated cemeteries." This, therefore, is the trinue platform of pagan-ring principles proclaimed by those enemies of God against whose wiles the Holy Father has warned the whole Catholic world.

—Commenting on a certain class of Catholics who imagine they know more about the proper manner of conducting Church affairs than the whole College of Cardinals combined, the New Orleans *Morning Star* says of them: "There is a certain class of the faithful who are prone to criticize their ecclesiastical superiors. If they were mentally capable of, or had the data for forming a judgment, their criticism might possibly not be an evil but a purifying influence. But they have not, and, from the nature of the case, cannot have such data. They are, moreover, unsuspectingly ignorant, with a certain variety of politeness and refinement that makes their pretentious ignorance all the more despicable. They will spend twenty five dollars in the front hallway of a house they never intend to pay. They will ride in a carriage to the church to have a baby baptized and give the priest a centuagge of sandy for his trouble. The sooner these critics understand their position the better it will be for the religion of which they are such ornaments." Ornaments! is a pet name for this class of Catholics who are always far more ornamental than useful.

—How the Brothers Wesley would turn up the whites of their eyes if they could come back to this world and learn that Methodist preachers carried the book of the gospels in one pocket and a death-dealing revolver in the other! What a parody upon the preaching of peace and good-will among Christian people! Last week in Sacramento a Methodist preacher killed a fellow creature by means of a pistol which he habitually carried even when he was preaching in the pulpit. And these men are called "ministers of the gospel," "teachers in Israel," "the Lord's elect," and other equally absurd expressions in order to show their superiority over far better men among their misguided flocks. *Ave Tempus* is found to admit that the Protestant element are to blame for their murderous course in originating and continuing these riots for the purpose of keeping burning inflammable and unarmed Catholic men, women and children. The conduct of the Ulster Orangemen during the past two weeks proves them to be the worst foes of Ireland's peace and the determined enemies of her prosperity.

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The Catholic Press of the United States.

An article appeared in the New York *Independent* recently, which—although written by a Catholic is so misleading in its conclusions and so unreliable in its statistics as to demand notice in the articles to which we allude the writer credits the United States with having "about 80 Catholic papers and journals, of which twenty were forty-six funerals in Philadelphia, twenty three on the first Sunday in July, and only three on August 1. Efforts are being made by the hackmen to have the cemeteries closed on Sundays.

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Preparatory School for Catholic Teachers

The rapid increase in the number of parochial schools in every Diocese on this coast, will create an urgent demand for Catholic teachers, and with this object in view the Fathers of the Society have recently enlarged their Novitiate at Martinez so as to accommodate such young boys as may apply for admission to a full course to become sons of the saintly La Salle.

Martinez is one of the most suitable locations in California for just such a novitiate as the Christian Brothers have established. In point of health it cannot be surpassed, and the location of the Novitiate building is on a gently rising elevation from which can be seen a variety of marine and landscape views that charm and delight every thoughtful beholder. The building itself is large, airy, cheerful and pleasant, and is surrounded with gardens, vineyards, orchards and a twenty acres of well cultivated land interspersed with walks which lead to pretty grottos, an clever observatory at the summit of a hill around which winds a very prolific vineyard, and to other romantic spots suitable for study and meditation.

It is to this charming spot, located thirty-five miles by rail from San Francisco, that the Christian Brothers send the Catholic youth of every section of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, desirous to enter upon the highly useful, honorable and exalted vocation of imparting Christian education to the rising generation. The Brothers will take Catholic boys from the age of thirteen and train them up in all the studies necessary to form them into first-class through teachers. There are no vacations. The youth they have remained years to the Novitiate, nor will the pupils be expected to return to the Novitiate unless they find themselves blessed with a vocation to be the sons of La Salle in accomplishing for Almighty God and His Church—the great work of imparting Christian education to future generations.

There ought to be—in the States and territories comprising the Pacific dioceses at least a hundred good, pious, virtuous young men who would gladly avail themselves of such an institution as that now opened for them by the Christian Brothers. Their services are sadly needed in the cause of Christian education, and that God in whose cause they will be enlisted has promised that they who instruct many to justice "shall shine like stars for all eternity."

We earnestly hope, therefore, that if there lies faith under the vision of such a noble institution, the Christian Brothers have provided this beautiful home for, that they will write or cause to Rev. Brother Hatthew, St. Mary's College, this city, who will be most happy to give them full particulars concerning the rules of the Novitiate and other information pertaining to the particular qualifications candidates must possess in order to be qualified for admission.

Future spiritual soldiers of the Cross as brave and as brilliant as those missionary soldiers who form the army of the Allies in the spiritual conquest of Holy Orders in Infinteis vocations have not been many on this coast, but this has been owing more to the want of Christian education, and that God in whose cause they will be enlisted will be pleased to reward them for its absence by a very abundant harvest of blessings. The elder Catholics who have provided this beautiful home for, that they will write or cause to Rev. Brother Hatthew, St. Mary's College, this city, who will be most happy to give them full particulars concerning the rules of the Novitiate and other information pertaining to the particular qualifications candidates must possess in order to be qualified for admission.

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THE FRUITS, MIRACLES AND VICTORIES OF THE ROSARY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We have already referred to the conversion of the Albigenses, Waldo, or the Poor of Lyons, now we will explain how it was effected. Christianity was introduced there about the middle of the century, but its progress was remarkably slow. Some time after the Bishop of Lyons, the Abbot Ponce, and the Bishop of Maux, who had been sent by Pope Innocent III. to preach against the Albigenses, had spent many years in the province, the Bishop of Lyons was obliged to return to his instructions and to become a simple monk. The work was entirely left to the Abbot Ponce, who had been sent by the Pope to his assistance and to become the superior of the Albigenses. The Abbot Ponce was a man of great learning and great piety, and was the most learned and most eloquent man of his time. He was a great preacher, and was the most celebrated in that age. Some time after the Bishop of Maux, the Abbot Ponce, and the Bishop of Lyons had been sent to the Albigenses, the Bishop of Maux, who had spent many years in the province,

Farm and Home.

Peculiarities of County Assessments.

The annual returns of the various County Assessors have been made out and are now being published in the different papers. Some of the facts contained therein are of peculiar interest to farmers as illustrating the remarkable difference in value of property of exactly similar description in various localities. For instance, a story of one horse shows that in San Bernardino thoroughbred horses are valued at $270 each, while just across the line in San Diego county their value suffers the remarkable depreciation to only $123 each. In Solano county the same details are valued at $925 each, in Yolo county at $600, in Tulare county at $340, in Napa at $347, and in San Mateo county at $446.

With mules, an equally wide divergence in values is seen. In San Bernardino they are worth $45 apiece, in San Diego $36, in Yolo $92, in Solano $51, in Tulare $56, in Napa $16, and in San Mateo $40.

Cows, if thoroughbred, are worth $100 apiece in San Bernardino, $28 in San Diego, $40 in San Mateo, $68 in Napa, $70 in Tulare, and $66 in Solano.

American cows are held in San Bernardino at about $25 a head, in San Diego at $37, in Napa some whatever are returned, in Tulare they are valued at $1 70, and in Solano at $3.

There are 6,210 stands of bees in San Bernardino county, valued at $1 apiece; in San Diego there are 22,525 worth about $1 20 apiece; in San Mateo they are worth $1 50 each; and in Tulare $1 60.

Fances in San Bernardino are valued at $130 each, in San Mateo at $90, in Napa at $152, while San Diego has none returned at any value.

Of lumber, San Diego returns 861,000 feet, of a total value of $26,000, while San Bernardino has 500,000 feet, worth only $17,000.

San Diego has 5,070 gallons of wine, valued at about 30 cents a gallon; San Bernardino has 43,129 gallons, worth but 16 cents a gallon; Napa has 1,966,252 gallons worth 17 cents; Tulare has 7,100 gallons, worth 33 cents; Yolo has 21,200 gallons, worth 25 cents, and Solano has 30,000 gallons worth 20 cents.

A Singular Flower.

A novel flower has been found on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Central America. This floral chameleon has the faculty of changing its colors during the day. In the morning it is white; when the sun is at its zenith it is red and at night it is blue. This red white and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of the guava tree, and another peculiarity of this flower is that only at noon does it give out any perfume.

A General Purpose Cow.

Wanted, a general purpose cow. She must be a small eater and give a large quantity of very rich milk. Besides furnishing a large milk supply uniformly throughout the year, even during the winter, when she is given a meagre supply of poor hay with cornstalks as she can find on the frozen ground, she must build up a large robust body so as to make a good supply of beef at the proper time. She must be insensible to bad treatment and be able to stand the rigors of winter in a dilapidated barn or an open shed. In short, she must be a combination of all natural laws by producing something from nothing. Such a cow is "wanted," and many thousands are eager shall be pleased to make an official announcement of the same.

An Intelligent Horse.

John Fletcher, of Virginia City, was awakened the other night by his mare, which had been running in a pasture with her colt, coming to the window and pawed and neighed. Fletcher tried to drive her away, but she wouldn't go. At length he noticed that the colt was not with her, and he followed the mare. She ran on ahead of him, continually turning to see if he was coming, and thus led him to an old prospect hole into which the colt had fallen. With the help of neighbors the colt was rescued, and the mother, hitherto very shy, was almost frantic with delight. She followed Fletcher about rubbing her nose against his shoulder, and gave unmistakable signs of gratitude.

Profit in Almonds.

"The product of the almond orchards in this vicinity," says the *Los Gatos News*, "appears to be greater than was estimated before the harvest began, and will generally prove quite remunerative to owners. It is now thought that the large orchard of Mrs. Gardner will turn off forty tons more, and this not, perhaps, above the average for this region. The tract embraces ninety acres of land and the trees are ten years old. The above estimate places the average yield per acre at 1,000 pounds. The crop is supposed to have sold for 11 cents per pound, the current wholesale price at this place being from 10 to 11 cents. At this figure the returns will amount to $110 per acre. The expense of harvesting 1,000 pounds and preparing the same for market is about $25, leaving a net return of $85 per acre. The expense of cultivating such an orchard is light, and any farmer can figure the net profit. The principal objection to almonds has been the uncertainty of the crop. We understand that the amount realized last year by Mrs. Gardner was only $800, but the year before the crop was large and the price 13 cents per pound, amounting to about $10,000. From these figures it would seem that, notwithstanding occasionally a light crop, the almond is not a bad thing to invest in. They are easily handled, will keep indefinitely, and be simply shipped and there is no danger of the business being overdone.

Counting Cattle.

Coming from St. Louis on the sleeping-car I fell in with a couple of men from the cowboy region down by the Indian Territory. They owned ranches there and were talking about the cattle business. One was an Englishman and was on his way back to the old country "for a short visit." He was saying: "I counted 765 cattle in a field this side of Kansas City." He then took from his vest pocket a thing something like a silver watch. "This is a cattle counter," he explained. "You see there are three figures on the side. Now, as often as you press that little button here a figure changes for the next one higher. That's how it works, and he pressed the knob rapidly and the figures changed at every pressure. "With this I can count up to 999 as easy as I can jump past me. In a field I have just to commence at one end and look at the cattle one by one, pressing this button all the time, and won't make a mistake once in 100 times."

"I never go in for those new fangled arrangements," said the American ranch man. "I have a notion that I can have a hundred buttons on a string. He can count cattle as fast as they run with that string. He has another string around his neck, and at every 100 counted he slips a button on the next string. He can count 10,000 cattle with his strings as easily as you can go 999 on that thing, and do it as correctly too."

—Maple of Hamilton will find it to their interest before purchasing elsewhere to call at the Art and Tobacco one door above Sansome, 411 Market St. They have every style and quality to suit and at all prices.

Family Fun.

How Pat made Converts.

Some people who are not acquainted with priests have an idea that they are solemn, stern men who can't appreciate a joke and never think of telling one. The other day it was the good fortune of a reporter of the paper to meet a priest who is frequently called to the Charity Hospital and who has accomplished much good in reforming the unfortunate people so often found in that institution. During the conversation the reverend father told numerous amusing episodes of his personal experiences and wound up a very pleasing evening by telling a funny story about a priest in Ireland who was laboring to get a number of converts to join the Catholic Church. It seems that seven men were sentenced to be transported and among them was an Irishman convicted of counterfeiting. According to the custom of the country the convicts were allowed to chose any religion they desired to adopt, and the Irishman made up his mind that they should all become Catholics. Accordingly when they assembled in the prison yard the subject of religion was brought up by the Irishman, who said: "Boys, we have all been bad together, we have made lots of money and spent it, and now we are to have to join the church there is no reason why we should be separated. I now propose that we toss a ha'penny and shape out our course on the result. If I win, I hope some up we will be Catholics, and if a spoon shows up on top we will be Protestants."

"Agreed," ran the cowies, and Pat tossed the ha'penny and the ha'penny won. Accordingly they all became Catholics; and just before their departure the parish priest approached Pat and asked how he managed to convert his fellow-country men. "O, easy enough," replied Pat, and he then told the story of the ha'penny.

"Did you risk your immortal soul on the turning of a penny?" exclaimed the priest in holy horror.

"Indeed, I did not," replied Pat; "that ha'penny had a harp on both sides. I made it myself."

Her Schmall Pox.

"Mr. Schmidt," said a German gentleman, yesterday, as he entered a merchant's office. "Mr. Schmidt, I hef der schmall pox—"

"My goodness; Mr. Schneider!" was the hurried reply, "don't come here," and the clerks rapidly disappeared in various directions.

"Vot's der madder mit you fellows, anyhow?" pursued Schneider. "I hef der schmall pox full of bister and in mine vagon, vot der Mrs. Schmidt ordered last vack albaby."

He Would Know Later.

Smith—I saw you carrying home a couple of nice looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?

Brown—I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now.

Getting Her Waked Up.

She—"Not another word, Mr. Nicefellow. Hush, I implore you. I had no idea you were going to ask such a question. I shall never marry."

He—"Why, pray tell me?"

"I love no one."

"If you are determined there is nothing for me to do but go back to my first love, Miss Peache.

"Miss Peache! O, how I detest that name! She is the ugliest, most ceaseless, most—

"Stop, I will be your wife."

A Successful Diagnosis.

A young physician while diagnosing a case fired a number of questions at his patient which flew wide of the mark. He was finally successful, however.

"Pain—or—sometimes have a—or—third feeling come over you, which—"

"No," interrupted the patient, "I feel it now. I'm tired, very tired."

"Just as I thought," said the young physicing, "I am seldom mistaken in my diagnosis of a case."

Justly Celebrated.

"Do you know why we celebrate Washington's Birthday?" asked Mr. Hendricks of his son Bobby; "why his birthday is honored more than—than mine, for instance?"

"Oh, yes," responded the boy, promptly: "George Washington never told a lie."

The Trials of Farming.

"I can't imagine what the trouble is with that cow," said a New Yorker who is giving his attention to amateur farming this season. "She looks all right," commented a neighbor.

"Yes, she looks all right," agreed the New Yorker, "but the doctor's entire visit cost me half a dollar. When I bought her a month ago she gave twenty-four quarts a day; now I all lucky to get a pint. And it isn't because she doesn't get milked often enough," added the puzzled amateur. "Not a day passes I don't milk that cow half a dozen times at least."

New and Fresh.

Reporter (looking for items)—Anything new or fresh this morning in the railroad line?

Railroad Official (thoughtfully)—Hum—let me see—yes, that paint you are leaning against is new and fresh. It was only put on this morning.

No Copy Wanted.

Office boy (to editor)—There is a man outside who says that he has a bill he wants to present.

Editor—Say to him that his manuscript is respectfully declined.

Just her Size.

"I think I wear wear," she stuttered to the shoemaker; "I don't no?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the honest dealer, "you wear two." Then under his breath: "One on each foot."

Familiar with the Subject.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, if a carpenter wants to lay a floor thirty-six feet long by twenty-two broad with boards a foot wide and two inches thick, how many boards will he want?

Tommy—Six.

Teacher—Nonsense.

Tommy—Five hundred!

Teacher—Don't guess, Tommy. Johnny, can you say?

Teacher—There, Tommy, do you see how quickly Johnny told how many boards were wanted?—and he isn't as old as you.

Tommy—I know he ain't, but his father is a carpenter.

A Close Student.

"Is your son studying the languages?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Hently, whose son George is at college.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Hently replied, "it was only yesterday that he writ home for money to buy a German student lamp and a French clock."

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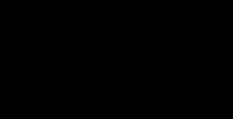
London, England.



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We are selling Cheap for Cash and guarantee our goods.
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Table Wines ..... 50c, 60c, 75c, and $1.
Angelica Wine ..... $1, $1.25 and $1.50
Mount Vineyard, 1877 vs. 1878 Wine ..... $1.
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Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc., $2 per gal. and upwards.
Orders filled with Liquors at retail value.

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PAPAL CONDEMNATION OF CREMATION.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

would always be liable to the insults of the coarser raiders. Whatever the explanation, cremation, accompanied by many different forms and ceremonies, was almost universal before the Christian era. The three great exceptions which stand out in contrast to the otherwise universal custom were Egypt, Judea, and China. The Chinese seem always to have practised interment; in Judea the dead were buried in sepulchres, while in Egypt, where the dryness of the climate made the process of embalming specially easy, the dead were preserved as mummies. In the earliest days of Rome both cremation and interment were used, and we find one of the Twelve Tables, saying, "Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito, neve urito." But from the end of the Republic to the close of the fourth Christian century burning upon the pyre or the urn was the prevailing custom. In Greece only children and unbethched children and persons struck by lightning were denied the right of the pyre. With Christianity, as we have seen, came the great change, and the funeral urn and the *repositorium* became the symbols of the dying paganism. In the heathen parts of the world, especially in Asia, and, at least until recently, among the Indians of North America, cremation is still extensively practised.

AND TO-DAY, EVEN IN THE CIVILIZED LANDS, we are threatened with a revival of the banished custom, partly because cremation is supposed to be specially obnoxious to the spirit of Christianity, and partly in the name of an improved sanitation. With those who, like the Manchester societies of Italy, openly avow that the value of cremation to them is its symbolic denial of a good, Christian truth, it is not necessary to deal, but it may be well to say a word about the position of those who, with Sir Henry Thompson at their head, regard cremation only in the light of sanitation based on offering the simplest solution to the problem which they have thus defined: "Given a dead body, to resolve it into carbonic acid, water and ammonia, rapidly, safely, and not unpleasantly."

In the first place we should be very sorry to accept that statement of the problem as final. It overlooks a question which, quite apart from the pagan associations of cremation, we believe will be held fatal to its introduction into this country. The instant resolution of the dead body into its constituent elements, for the sake of the protection of the living is in no way desirable. The present certainly has the trance of any of the multiple poisons can be found in the body long after death, is a most wholesome check upon one terrible form of crime. The practice of cremation would have shrouded in concealment and safety some of the most celebrated murder cases of recent times. But, apart from this fatal defect, what is to be urged in favor of cremation? Much has been written of the evil resulting from those pitiful attempts to defeat nature and retard the universal law of decay by means of lead coffins and brick-vaulted graves, and other elaborate contrivances to keep of the inevitable hour when dust must go back to dust, and assuredly we have no word in their defence. We are not concerned with the disease of interment.

THE EARTH IS THE MOST POTENT DISINFECTANT

known, and all that is required for rational burial is that the vanity of man should not intervene, and by foolish and artificial methods try to check the gentle and beneficent processes of decay. The difference in the results of the two systems is graphically illustrated by the following account of a visit paid by Dr. Hadon to the old burial ground of St. Andrews, Holborn, then in course of removal to make way for the new viaduct. "The ground about the church had become raised fifteen feet or eighteen feet above its original level, and the accumulated human dust had been made in it, here and there, from its surface to a depth varying from ten feet to thirty feet or more. The face of these sections represented the interments of three centuries and a half. All the bones, except those in the vault, had lost their shape, and were in the condition of a fine mould, in which, with the exception of a few fragments of coffins, there was no trace of anything specially offensive. The bones were quite dry, and, on being touched, they crumbled into a fine powder. The entire mass, with the exception of a few fragments of coffins, was so free from offensive smell that it was difficult to believe that it was the resting place of the dead." Such is the effect of the earth in the most potent disinfectant known, and all that is required for rational burial is that the vanity of man should not intervene, and by foolish and artificial methods try to check the gentle and beneficent processes of decay. The difference in the results of the two systems is graphically illustrated by the following account of a visit paid by Dr. Hadon to the old burial ground of St. Andrews, Holborn, then in course of removal to make way for the new viaduct. "The ground about the church had become raised fifteen feet or eighteen feet above its original level, and accumulation of

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A SOUL'S LONGING

With lowly hope and a throbbing heart,
In the night time I come to thee—
Searching for rest with a world's art,
Asking that secrets tree.
Asore work for me in the world's great mart!
Tell, ye! I long to know,
Straight to the task I'll go,
If there is, be me, in this world a part.

Imprisoned in by the walls of home,
Where I sit with the lonely,
Longing my life to be free from
Solitude—my life—the lonely.
Will you whisper, oh, stars, from your aura
Where I can be free?
Whisper, oh, stars, to me
"Instant be deep in God's heart!"

Is mine the gift with a magic hand
To inspire Nature's tide,
Catching the pleasure on the sunset strand
Flashing in amber glide,
Or is mine the gift of the poet grand,
Hand to the world—
Wait ye the time—the time—
Oh, is mine the poet or artist's hand?

Are mine the hands that shall soothe to rest
With a warm and gentle touch,
Clasping the babes in my mature breast,
Loving and suffering much,
Will you whisper, stars, from the glowing west,
Whisper the thinks I ask?
Tell me my life-long hope
Ere you steal away to your distant rest.

Within my heart there's a wild desire
For Paradise bright divine,
Pulsing my soul with its burning fire,
Hastening as ancient wine.
On the hills there rings from the godly choir
Voices that eager call—
"Come! Leander! Come!
Shall my life be here or on mountains higher?

"Thy longing come, oh, thou earth-born child,
And obey the Heal-divine,
Climbing ever on through the world so wild,
Straight to the gates that shine,
Thy spiritual tasks are scarcely idled,
Close to thy hands all day.
Thy soul shall have no cares or troubles
To thy fond desires: 'Tis the Heart of God so,
Selfed.

M. L.

THE CELT'S MOTHERLAND.

Where is the Celt's great Motherland?
Is it where the Israelites wave the sand
With sandals like wreaths of salad leaves?
Where bands of attlas weighing loads?
Or yet more east and far more grand
Must be proclaimed our Motherland?

How call man, then, the Celtic Land?
Is it Ireland? Is it Albion?
Girt round with God's great zenith wave,
A home in the ocean?
The policeman scanned his face critically
While he was speaking and noted the grief-
worn lines on his honest face. He was an
experienced man and could tell a rogue from
an honest man at a glance. One of those
rascals was capable of kindness now when
Where Freedom's fane are chained and banned
Or, no! not there—not Motherland!

Where, therefore, lies our Motherland?
Begot in that great, that ancient Land!
Where nearly books, proud and bold,
Tell us of our Motherland!
Where shall we set her creations planted?
Ah! She is not our Motherland!

Say, then, where lies our Motherland?
Rage in that green, that glorious Land?
Where, whence gleaming tribute
Its trophies once ye Europe bow
When few her fear ye scaled and stream!
Can she is not our Motherland!

Where, therefore, lies our Motherland?
Name now at last that mighty Land!
Where ye, rumoring that Gaelic tongue,
Where hymns to God are hourly sung—
Where shattered shake nods are flung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the Celt's wide Motherland.

M. J. MICHALL.

THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS.

Blessing a Parish School in St. Joseph, Missouri.

On last Sunday afternoon quite a number of
men in uniform were seen in the vicinity of
the new parish school. The little chapel looked fresh
and bright with its new coat of paint.

At five o'clock the Rev. Father Dunn, C.S.S.R.,
assisted by other clergymen, blessed the new
school. Soon after the choir had sung the
Veni Creator, Father Dunn, C.S.S.R., of St. Louis,
commenced his sermon from the text, "Suffer
little children to come unto Me." A patriarch
last stepped him, and a procession of white
robed girls assisted in their place led by a band
of orphan children. After the meeting some
had meant to see the new school, but the
Cook dissted upon his test in his usual sha-
dow—"Lady."

Father Sanders, aged seventy, was
the first to arrive. The Rev. Father was entrusted
with Father Cook from Baltimore, Father
Dunn, Father Sanders, and Father, there is
been a half-paternal constitution has accepted
the answer to the preacher's earnest appeal
should have been. Father Dunn, Benedictine of
the Blessed Sacrament followed, the Rev. Father
Provincial of the Order of Redemptorists.

The procession was then formed and moved
through the whole Kathleen neighborhood and
home where the prayers of blessing were said.
Father James McLaughlin made an address
delivering the ceremonies. The sodgeon of the
evening the sermon and Dunn and the
ex-refined appearance and enthroned in the
Kathleen neighborhood. Kathleen, with which
his elegant, dignified, and refined, the
Redemptorists, in their tasteful robes, to the
group of sentiment in the many of them spry
clergymen, whose diversed hands intervened upon
the marks of the grace given to them, and
effuse nobility. These surplices priests had an
ecclesiastic bearing and dignity which never
approach. Sacrifice and prayer have brought
them to the Kathleen Parish—Catholic Telegraph.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

Important Letter from Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssens.

Our Supreme Spiritual Director, the Rt. Rev.
F. Janssens, of Natchez, has addressed the following letter to the clergy of the U. S.

To the Reverend Clergy of the United States:

Though the principal aim of the Church is the
sanctification and salvation of souls, it is by
no means unfortunate that it should be a benefit
Christianity for the welfare of society, the
family, or the individual, and very much
also for temporal interests.

The Church of Christ has blessed and fos-
tered the tendency of man to associate
together for various purposes, that thus
they might feel strong in union and
Catholic Knights of Holy Father, Leo XIII.,
in a late letter to Church and State, and
was likewise to their two last Plenary Coun-
cils, strongly approved of organizations, which
gives union with the Church, aim so natural
and improvement, and have encouraged, by
adopting its aim and a bold and brave profession of
faith, upheld the honor of our Holy Mother
Church. If the part of the U. S. of Amer-
ica, guarantee for the future, we may hope for
expect great good from the organization for
individual Catholic and for the increase in
Church and Country. Many have already
been benefited, and have reflected much to into matter
in the front, and have reflected much to into matter
Knights by the Church and her officials,
while her children looked on, observing, if not
with, but without raising either voice or arm in
her defense.

Thanks to God, the laity commence to awake
and their duty better all the world over, and
are willing manfully to co-operate with the clergy
in defense of the Church and Country.

Such organizations as the C. K. of A., which
require protection of religion and honor, and
as a test for membership, are bound, to greatly
strengthen the Church and to bring honor upon
her.

Some few of our Catholics, giving as an ex-
ample the temperance cause, like instances, hid
their secret societies, which if not forbidden by
Church, are by no means to be encouraged, as
they can no longer control the cause, as the
C. K. of A. offer the very same advantages, and
vantages which are not not only in doubt, but
which make themselves a public fact, and
Uniting religiously, economy, and industry in the
parish.

Undoubtedly the Rev. Clergy aware of all
these advantages, and their zeal be reflected
general, and particularly for the welfare of
their congregations to their care, and
be unto will as in the Church and Country.

I wish, therefore, to inform the Rev. Clergy and
to forward, if possible, a copy of the
Catholic Knights.

Yours in Christ,
F. J. Janssens,
Bishop of Natchez.
R. E. D. C. K. of A.

Literary Miscellany.

"Shule Agra."

How the Dear Old Irish Song Helped to Re-unite a Scattered Family

CHAPTER I

It was an evening in the month of June
and the hot days of London season. Carriages were rolling up and down in every
direction, filled with gaily dressed ladies,
and it required a little thought and skill to
steer one's way across any of the great
thoroughfares.

Sohmer Park, Hyde Park, Bond Street, Rotten
Row, which is narrow and yet very much
favored by carriages, and for some unknown
reason, a man had been standing on the steps
of the street waiting a chance to go to the
grateful shade opposite. A great shaft set
hollow he was—now all hot and dusty, and
oh! so tired. He had an honest face and
of which looked a pair of deep blue eyes
that had in them a look of pain that one
seen more often in the eyes of dumb things.
He looked bewildered as he gazed on the
stream of carriages rolling by, and ever and
anon he started and strained his gaze away
only after one or another, as if he saw
thought he saw some well-known face. It
was evident from his hesitation to cross the
road that he was not a Londoner, but at
last he took heart of grace and found himself
safe in the shade and then went his way
Many a one stopped to look after him as he
passed along, neither looking to the right nor
left, while the pained, anxious look seemed
to deepen with every footfall. Some people
thought he could give a passer by a sixpenny
piece, but some would look
scared and hurry on, as if they thought he
was crazed, while others would laugh at
they answered. He had gone a long way
for some time without asking any direct
question, and now found himself
Hammersmith, Broadway. He
paused to look on one side a policeman
walking leisurely on some yards in advance,
and when he got near enough to speak to
him he asked again:

"Is this London, sir?

"Well, Lardy, my man, replied the
officer, then seeing the weary, tired worn
look of the man, he asked kindly:

"Tell me what part of London you wish
to go to; perhaps I can assist you?

"Well, indeed, sir, and that's what I
hardly know myself, said he in dejected
tones, and his voice broke slightly as he con-
tinued, "I'm looking for my wife and child
that I haven't seen three sixteen years."

The policeman scanned his face critically
while he was speaking and noted the grief-
worn lines on his honest face. He was an
experienced man and could tell a rogue from
an honest man at a glance. One of those
rascals was capable of kindness now when
Where Freedom's fane are chained and banned
Or, no! not there—not Motherland!

Where, therefore, lies our Motherland?
Begot in that great, that ancient Land!
Where nearly books, proud and bold,
Tell us of our Motherland!
Where shall we set her creations planted?
Ah! She is not our Motherland!

Say, then, where lies our Motherland?
Rage in that green, that glorious Land?
Where, whence gleaming tribute
Its trophies once ye Europe bow
When few her fear ye scaled and stream!
Can she is not our Motherland!

Where, therefore, lies our Motherland?
Name now at last that mighty Land!
Where ye, rumoring that Gaelic tongue,
Where hymns to God are hourly sung—
Where shattered shake nods are flung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the Celt's wide Motherland.

M. J. MICHALL.

THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS.

Blessing a Parish School in St. Joseph, Missouri.

On last Sunday afternoon quite a number of
men in uniform were seen in the vicinity of
the new parish school. The little chapel looked fresh
and bright with its new coat of paint.

At five o'clock the Rev. Father Dunn, C.S.S.R.,
assisted by other clergymen, blessed the new
school. Soon after the choir had sung the
Veni Creator, Father Dunn, C.S.S.R., of St. Louis,
commenced his sermon from the text, "Suffer
little children to come unto Me." A patriarch
last stepped him, and a procession of white
robed girls assisted in their place led by a band
of orphan children. After the meeting some
had meant to see the new school, but the
Cook dissted upon his test in his usual sha-
dow—"Lady."

Father Sanders, aged seventy, was
the first to arrive. The Rev. Father was entrusted
with Father Cook from Baltimore, Father
Dunn, Father Sanders, and Father, there is
been a half-paternal constitution has accepted
the answer to the preacher's earnest appeal
should have been. Father Dunn, Benedictine of
the Blessed Sacrament followed, the Rev. Father
Provincial of the Order of Redemptorists.

The procession was then formed and moved
through the whole Kathleen neighborhood and
home where the prayers of blessing were said.
Father James McLaughlin made an address
delivering the ceremonies. The sodgeon of the
evening the sermon and Dunn and the
ex-refined appearance and enthroned in the
Kathleen neighborhood. Kathleen, with which
his elegant, dignified, and refined, the
Redemptorists, in their tasteful robes, to the
group of sentiment in the many of them spry
clergymen, whose diversed hands intervened upon
the marks of the grace given to them, and
effuse nobility. These surplices priests had an
ecclesiastic bearing and dignity which never
approach. Sacrifice and prayer have brought
them to the Kathleen Parish—Catholic Telegraph.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

Important Letter from Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssens.

Our Supreme Spiritual Director, the Rt. Rev.
F. Janssens, of Natchez, has addressed the following letter to the clergy of the U. S.

To the Reverend Clergy of the United States:

Though the principal aim of the Church is the
sanctification and salvation of souls, it is by
no means unfortunate that it should be a benefit
Christianity for the welfare of society, the
family, or the individual, and very much also
also for temporal interests.

The Church of Christ has blessed and fos-
tered the tendency of man to associate
together for various purposes, that thus
they might feel strong in union and
Catholic Knights of Holy Father, Leo XIII.,
in a late letter to Church and State, and
was likewise to their two last Plenary Coun-
cils, strongly approved of organizations, which
gives union with the Church, aim so natural
and improvement, and have encouraged, by
adopting its aim and a bold and brave profession of
faith, upheld the honor of our Holy Mother
Church. If the part of the U. S. of Amer-
ica, guarantee for the future, we may hope for
expect great good from the organization for
individual Catholic and for the increase in
Church and Country. Many have already
been benefited, and have reflected much to into matter
in the front, and have reflected much to into matter
Knights by the Church and her officials,
while her children looked on, observing, if not
with, but without raising either voice or arm in
her defense.

Thanks to God, the laity commence to awake
and their duty better all the world over, and
are willing manfully to co-operate with the clergy
in defense of the Church and Country.

Such organizations as the C. K. of A., which
require protection of religion and honor, and
as a test for membership, are bound, to greatly
strengthen the Church and to bring honor upon
her.

Some few of our Catholics, giving as an ex-
ample the temperance cause, like instances, hid
their secret societies, which if not forbidden by
Church, are by no means to be encouraged, as
they can no longer control the cause, as the
C. K. of A. offer the very same advantages, and
vantages which are not not only in doubt, but
which make themselves a public fact, and
Uniting religiously, economy, and industry in the
parish.

Undoubtedly the Rev. Clergy aware of all
these advantages, and their zeal be reflected
general, and particularly for the welfare of
their congregations to their care, and
be unto will as in the Church and Country.

I wish, therefore, to inform the Rev. Clergy and
to forward, if possible, a copy of the
Catholic Knights.

Yours in Christ,
F. J. Janssens,
Bishop of Natchez.
R. E. D. C. K. of A.

PERE ANTOINE'S PALM TREE.

A Historic Tree Connected with the History of the Church to the Last Century.

These dead lies month the oldest in-
habitant of Quelle Orleans. It did not re-
quire Aldolph's story of "Pere Antoine's
Palm" to make known the tall, stran-
ge-looking shaft, for several centuries at
least, has stood in the centre of New Or-
leans, at the point where Bourbon and
streets. More than one merchant has made
a fortune in the place, Mr. Hussey has
seen a pretty story so and it, Mr. Lalies
the Hernandez, and so on, but the old
gives the many stories and traditions that
ing around this tree. No book has ever
been written of New Orleans but Pere An-
tonio's palm has figured in it, no
stranger ever visited the Crescent City but
he has been taken through the notice
Cathedral. It is going to cut this tree whose
age is not known, where he had some
success, one of the nurses there remembering
him, and from this woman he learned
his story. He had been discharged cured,
and that some ladies had taken an interest
in her and promised to assist her to earn
her bread. The nurse had kept up intro-
course with her for about a year or more
but illness in her own family had obliged
her to go into the country for several
months, and when she returned she went to
see "Mrs. Pinky," and was her surprise
found that she had left, and her landlady
did not know where she had gone. Every
also that he had seen given to Hermit
policeman made a note of, and having gi-
ven the nurse a sum of money, left the
promise his search, and promising to give
her a call and be cured, they parted for
that night.

CHAPTER II.

It was now the fifth day after Hermit
meeting with the kind policeman, and he
had been prosecuting his search systematically,
but up to the present he seemed as far from
his goal as ever, yet he did not despair. In
to his search he had come across one or two
persons who had seen a woman with Kathleen
been at some time or other, and their en-
couragement was not without its effect.
Then he had his deep faith as well to help
him, and over and over again, he pray-
ed for the safety of his lost treasure; he had
to himself that Mary, "The Star of the
Sea," would as surely guide him to them as
she had protected him through all the pitfalls
of the tempest. Then quiet fine nights
were never to be forgotten, when, wearied
out with tramping all day, he sought some
quiet place by the river side, far from din
and turmoil of the busy London world, as
he watched the gai-stars gleam out, one by
one, and listened to the river rushing by,
humming his grief because so poignant that
hope seemed to die; but as he looked
up to the heavens and lift his head with a
reverent prayer, and feel instinct for doubt-
ing, the living rate and watchfulness of
Mary, "Star of the Sea." None can know,
save those who have experienced it, the
strength of a quiet in London, especially
if it be for some poor world-forgotten creature.

Dermot had a particularly hard day
trudging all through Whitechapel, and he
felt very tired and sick at heart because
of disappointment, for he had learnt that
old and well loved song would have led him
to Mary Kathleen, but he dared not for
moment, and he put it away and prepared
to hear the same old disappointment.
Meanwhile they had been walking in the
direction as the singer and his little
companion.

"Well, your name, Mr. Ferguson," asked
Dermot.

"It's good name, and a little bad name,
Dermot; but I think I'd not tell you more
than that they are found."

"Are they where are they? Let me go to them
at once.

"No, no. Hush, that girl is singing
again! Come near and listen to her," and
Dermot yielded passively for this song, and
the man's hand on his shoulder. They had
drawn near to the girl, and the street lamp
was shining full on her face, and, Dermot
gazed on her with all his heart in his eyes,
for the features were familiar, but where
was the eyes?

Dermot shook all over as he looked at the
unconscious girl, and he grasped his com-
panion's arm in a way that made him wince,
as he asked in a low, hoarse voice:

"Is she found, Dick? Dick said tell me!

"Yes, but not by a man, and he thank
fulness she is living.

"Hush, my Kathleen child! I know
it was she. And then he heard her sweet
lisp clicks.

"Come now, let us follow her. She is
going home. And as they went along,
Ferguson told the tale he had learnt from
the mother was thought to be a com-
mitted invalid, but able to earn a living by
great plaiting, and her Katy, the child, gif-
ted to her as their's a meager earnings by
singing, but this she did unknown to her
mother.

as she opened up this field of labor to her
blind child, by teaching her all the sweet songs
of her native land, and Katy's voice and her
ear combined gave to a compensation for the
loss of her sight.

There is no more to tell. Dermot pulse
fast at "castles in the air" after offerings
he never claimed as, the greatest of which
was the knowledge of the suffering that this
unknown and lonely woman had to bear as
they had returned to their own well
loved home and their own loved ones, yet
for Dermot was a rich man, and like many
others in his station, he showed little or no
ostentatious generosity, and he thought of
the blessed Virgin and sisters of this kind,
The Catholic knocked down before a picture
of Our Lady, and prayed to her in the
church, and at home, too. Why does he
do this?

THE CHRISTMAS WAKE IN PARTS.

It is the evening up of our months and hearts
for the Christmas Eve, and the Christmas
for Big Bertie's and big Bertie's two fac-
ing. In the Christmas Eve, Bertie
speaking to our fellow man, we pay atten-
tion to what we are saying. It is not
necessary to exert our attention when we
speak to it." The end of the Christmas
Eve, we remember, is the world we are
uttering, second, to the sense or meaning
of the Christmas Eve, and "God of all
holy things. It is very difficult to hold the
attention of a person who is speaking to
an object and the two become any. It has
happened to me, and I am sure it has
said. It requires high keep it rivetted
upon one thought. In mathematical pro-
blems, it is necessary to be very
ligly to concentrate the mind upon the
work. The mind wanders, and the
different figures and signs come to the
mind helps to confuse the reasoning. If

THE CHRISTMAS WAKE AT THE PARTS.

where which been knowing which at prayers
and it helps him to keep his mind from di-
vision. Bertie, the hero of our tale, had
the scene it represents fills his mind with
and it seems to him as if he can
sustains him in prayer. If it be
the Christmas Eve, he is dazed and
before his mind what the grace of God can
effect in your mortals like himself. And
during these holy prayers of Christmas
the mind the loss of the holy
Christmas Eve, and the loss of the
in a characteristic manner. For as in every
and Christmas Eve, the mind is
after prominent all the rest, so in the
Christmas Eve, the mind is the
its practice is prominently peculiar to the
life of each one. This mind is peculiar
to of his or her life is displayed forth in
the picture of a vision. This by enumer-
ating the Christmas Eve, and the
which adorn the interior of Catholic
Christmas Eve, and the Christmas Eve
amples of the virtues that distinguish the
Christmas Eve, and the Christmas Eve
and the unbelieved. What are all these
things but a mere pleasure? Yes, they
are, but they are pleasures of a
lady—a lady for charity," and another lady
the treasure of the Eve.

GREENLANDS ICY MOUNTAINS.

Some Interesting Statistical Reading of Books and Bows.

"No you want to know something about
Greenland and a warm corner in your
place. "Use hard there! I expound
your conundrum. I am easy to answer
Why, as easy as it is to get from here to
Greenland. Let's see, I've got some
and so you do when you go to England,
the fact remains is not right about all
the same. I was up in duty, and analyzing
this as easy enough then, though I only
touched at the settlements on the West
coast. But I have been pretty well up
in the matter since, and I know what I
know.

Greenland is a country of some
time-long three again, if I had another,
or two other staunch vessels with me.
Thats the way to carry on Arctic explora-
tion. Let a little dest grow, and not send
a little fifteen ship there all by herself.
That's the way the Greeks got wrecked up
the Gough Smith's Sound. After you get
that far you might as well run round and
come home again unless you are anxious to
be frozen up and have to stay there and
bring up against no that's simply impossible
Thing is, I've let her thick, and you
need may be moped for the entire winter.
Whalers are often frozen in. But if you
want to amount, and delay by to go to
the fancy barnacles, I think you would enjoy
the trip. Well, I'm not sure. The
scenery is fine, grand, sometimes. There
are some fine glaciers, and some fine
mountains. Greenland is a country of
the sheer, cities two nearly perpendicular
and rising up in the sea, and so
orders they take on at the light of the mid-
night sun—a kind of continual sunset, are
the mountains of Greenland, and
fad I said to thet the same that Green-
land is a country of some of the royal
place, in high-shaped holds, may, in the
Greenland, Greenland, Greenland
and Greenland. Well, I picked those in
my mind, and I'm sure I'm right in
part other. Horses grow there, and dwarf
willows. In summer from a thousand
miles of Greenland, and in the
there are valleys sparing into the moun-
tains, and the sheep feed on the
CITY OF GREEN SEA.

Magnificent Greenland, and the
the temperature not tired, but dressed as
the Greenlanders, and living in mighty fine
houses or already shaped vessels, they don't
know they never freak and than we do, and
that will course of it, though we grant that
as the pace of that, here or there, makes
the difference. Greenland is a country
of sensation in action, secular man-
ner, and in the Greenlanders, and
have seemed to influence the Church's se-
cular and temporal affairs, and they know
I can only say that, taking man as he is, it
is a fair and good system, and I can
other element from her history. Consider
what it is to be left to yourself and once
Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
what we do, which is at times the case with
Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
portunities of nature, and then cast the
first stone at Greenlanders, and Greenlanders
their freedom from control or independence
of Greenlanders.

With such considerations before me, I
not wonder that those scandals take
place in Greenlanders, and Greenlanders
proportion as the field on which they are
Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
shocking in proportion as the Greenlanders
scarcity number which they exhibit them-
selves as more prominent. What religious
Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
extent? There are crimes enough to be
found in the members of all denominations.
Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
of which do not occur in Wesleyanism, or
Independency, or the other religions of
the day, recollect there have been no Ana-
baptist Pontiffs, no Methodist kings, no
Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
violations. Let the tenets of living or Sand-
ing Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
the world, and we should see if said the
Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
Greenlanders, and Greenlanders, and
their position more steadily than Catholics
have done.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

What a Novena did for a Drunkard.

While this region round about is being
visited by a wave of intemperance and
ruin, it may not be inappropriate to relate
how one man became a total abstainer. He
was a man who had fallen into the depths
the demon of drink, and no persuasion of
friends, no appeals to his better nature
effect in reclaiming him. One day I went to
him, and I spoke to him earnestly and
and kind. In four days, I spent $250 for
liquor of all kinds, and at the expiration of
that period my basement was so better
imagined than described. Suddenly on the
fifth day, where still raging under the madness
caused by alcohol, I experienced the
inspiration to propose to him a novena
was born to me to lead a different life. As
I proposed it, he was in a fit of madness
and yet determined, from my bed, setting
up a loud and terrible cursing, and
continuing the fury foul, and vanished there.
Amid this uncanny wreck I rescued my hand
and prayed the novena alone. For three
days, I would never touch another drop of
liquor, and I would say, "Well, I'm
parched upon it. I gave so all that a doctor
would do, and I would not take it." He said I would die. I
would not take it." He said I would die.
I would not take it." He said I would die.
I would not take it." He said I would die.
I

THE MONITOR.

PUBLIC NOTICE TAKEN OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catalogue page 376, lot 10, has 1000 current counterfeits of this inestimable journal, that upon one, single, isolated, blank page, contains the entire contents of the genuine, whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this critical period of the world's history, has been decided, not by the prelates, but by Catholic writers, who are well known, for a short space, to have quoted and reported every word, that—so far as the world knows—has been published in the Catholic press of this coast—For all this will be made more evident, as time goes on, to be beyond honest doubt perhaps and doubt prejudice to such honest doubt. If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his prerogative and his duty to read the Catholic journal, which is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying, and has been so long established in name or presence, as amenable to none and spurn, disrespectful to Catholic authority, or being and uniformly under its Catholic Bishops—Pastoral Letters or the Vatican Decrees.

Editorial Notes.

—The threatened war with Mexico has been averted by the release of Cutting, the American incarcerated for libeling a Mexican official. Cutting's release took place on Monday and he was immediately escorted to American soil from whence he intends to keep up a libeling fusillade upon the Mexican authorities who were the agents of his imprisonment.

—Three years ago the Ohio Western Reserve, of which Cleveland is the metropolis, was the most bigoted section in the country, with Catholicity weak and unknown. To-day the Catholics are counted among the most liberal and occupy a rank in all the callings of life with large and handsome churches, schools, colleges, asylums, etc.

—Notwithstanding all the predictions of the enemies of the Irish National League, that there would be a regular "split" in the Chicago Convention, we are glad to observe the fact that the proceedings were marked with far more harmony and decorum than usually marks gathering of a political character among other nationalities. The Irish people have learned by experience that "Union is strength," and they mean to profit thereby.

—A cablegram from Dublin, dated Saturday last, contains the following important advice from Archbishop Croke. "His Grace, replying to an address at Mitchelstown, Mallow to dogs, while advising moderation, said the Irish people should exhibit sufficient firmness to show the Government that if war was made upon them they would resist. He cautioned them to avoid crime, but exhorted them to continue the necessary agitation until the rights of Ireland were restored."

—Notwithstanding all the antagonism evinced against him, Patrick Egan deserves the gratitude of the Irish people for his patriotism. We are glad, therefore, to chronicle the fact that on Saturday last, during the progress of a meeting addressed by Dantit at the Artillery Armory in Chicago, a handsome gold medal, 200 leading Irishmen, and a beautiful service of solid silver, were presented to the late President of the Irish National League of America.

—A correspondent who signs himself "A Friend of the Accused" says that we were mistaken in asserting that Rev. Mr. McWhorter, the Methodist preacher who shot a man in Sacramento a couple of weeks ago, "was in the habit of carrying his revolver into the pulpit." As the unfortunate man is now under charge of manslaughter and as we would not throw even a shadow in his way to prevent him from proving his innocence, we give Mr. McWhorter the full benefit of his friend's allegation, even though it comes to us anonymously. We have no animus towards Methodist preachers as individuals, although we despise the system of sectarianism which they represent.

—The Legislature has adjourned in order to give the tools of the Water Monopoly an opportunity to return to their never at constituencies and to manipulate the political conventions so as to favor the election of more tools of Monopolists. A friend residing in Kern county, writes that the Republicans carried everything before them in that county, and unless the agricultural and horticultural elements of the State unite and vote against any man who is in favor of Water Monopoly, they will bind themselves with the shackles of a slavery which it will take years of time and millions of money to shake off.

—Michael Davitt's speech on the proper agitation by which Ireland's independence may be secured, will strike every reader of the MONITOR as eminently Catholic and conservative. His response to the inflammatory remarks of Mr. Finerty will have the effect of showing the world that the Irish National League will not countenance any system of agitation not consonant with Christian morality. Neither destructive dynamite nor the wild spirit of revenge have any place in the programme of Davitt, and Mr. Davitt's utterances on this point are worthy of the serious heed of every Celt who desires to see Ireland's cause progress upon the line of Christian principles.

—Commenting upon the *numerous* condemnation of the Knights of Labor by Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec, and the friendly attitude assumed by Cardinal Gibbons towards the same organization, the Chicago *Inter Ocean* says that it is "due to the information of our local contemporary we can answer in one word—both. It is the right of any Bishop to condemn any society in his diocese that he may deem antagonistic to faith and morals—such condemnation being called forth by local causes. Another Bishop of an adjacent diocese may have branches of the same society within his See, yet he may not find any cause for censure. This, we presume, is the case in the present instance, although we have not seen any reference to Cardinal Taschereau's condemnation of the Knights of Labor in any recent issues of our Catholic Canadian exchanges.

Ireland's Illustrious Patriot.

We know that the Monitor will receive the hearty thanks of thousands of its readers for the spirited portrait of Michael Davitt which we present them with in this issue. The recent biographical sketch which we gave of the illustrious Founder of the Irish Land League, obviate any necessity for giving any further particulars concerning this stirring patriot, but in order that the readers of the Monitor may fully realize the high virtues in which Michael Davitt is held in the opinion of Americans we append the following concerning him from the Chicago *Tribune*:

"Mr. Davitt is one of the most conspicuous men of the day, if not of his race. He is Celtic in appearance, in courage, in rapidity of thought, action and expression. His life has been a busy and romantic one.

When a mere child his family were evicted from their little farm, and one of the earliest of his recollections is the scene witnessed by him from the roadside when the crowbar brigade was leveling to the ground the humble cottage which had been the family shelter. The family removed to England, and, while yet a lad of tender years, Michael went to work in a factory and in the support of his school master. The English machinery was as cruel to the lad as the Irish landlord had been. His arm was mangled in a hand loom the catch, it seemed pale, as he said he had suffered profound, with lessons. He was remarkably intelligent and student, and was here to be an educator and a leader. He grew up with the English of the wrongs of his countrymen was, and soon drifted naturally into Fenderism. It was claimed that arms were found in his possession for distribution among the Fenian circles. He and his friends have always maintained that his conviction was unjust, and was secured by the resort to perjury which so uniformly characterized Fenian trials. He was sentenced to imprisonment, dressed in the convict's garb, and compelled with his single hand to pick a ton of oakum every day. Imprisonment could not achieve the public sentiment which this treatment aroused, and Davitt was released "on a ticket of leave." During the exciting Land League days when Parnell and his colleagues were imprisoned as "suspects," the Government was so daunted as to seize upon and imprison Davitt again as though he were a common thief who had broken the sense of his conditional release.

All this neither broke him down physically, nor embittered his mentality, nor embittered his heart against the English people. He was as free in advance of his countrymen on the subject. He hated the English system which depopulated and impoverished his country. But he believed in a brotherhood of the democracies, and urged that all the common people of all countries and of all creeds in the British Empire should unite in resisting and endeavoring to overthrow the unjust land system which crushed and oppressed all. He has lived to see the "Old Man Eloquent" of England hail a caucus in Irish Home Rule. He has lived to see Englishmen by the hundreds of thousands march to the polls side by side with his own countrymen, determined to vote against the Government that if war was made upon them they would resist. He continued them to avoid crime, but exhorted them to continue the necessary agitation until the rights of Ireland were restored."

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What Irish Ecclesiastics are Doing for Education.

Obviously no one printed in Dublin has papers so crowded to overflow with the priests and Bishops of Ireland pin merely kiss their people in ignorance, so as to point them the more kindly to the chariot chosen of what these captious critics ignorantly call "the Roman Church." So far from keeping the Catholic people of Ireland in ignorance, the Irish Bishops and priests are daily re-establishing in that country the schools which were destroyed and forbidden by penal enactment some years ago.

The Dublin correspondent of the Irish newspaper *Connaught Ranger* in England, and even the French papers are beginning to realize the fact that since they had Brothers, Sisters, and other Catholic Teaching Orders at the head of their schools, the priests are not near as fussy as of the former since French officials and masters have passed into the hands of politicians. The same is true regarding the clergy of Dublin. Mr. Redmond Dillon, a Catholic and a member of the Irish Bar, in a letter to the Dublin Freeman, says that the Catholic Bishops of Ireland are right, and that the Catholic Bishops of Ireland are right, and that the Catholic Bishops of Ireland are right, and

Farm and Home.

Advice to Country Girls.

City life is not all that it is painted. It has its pleasures and conveniences, but it also has its serious drawbacks. Before making the plunge into life in the city, country girls should ask themselves what is really to be gained by it.

Perhaps in their quiet, rural homes some stray advertisement has reached them, promising to young women high salaries for light work. Hundreds of these advertisements are framed for the vary purpose of deceiving the unwary. They accomplish their purpose, however, and large numbers of young girls rush up to the city, dazzled by the generous profusion of promises.

A girl from the farm answers one of these advertisements. Lifs may have been slow at home but there was always good food and in plenty, and there was some to care for her in the old farm house. When she goes to the big city she finds that the "light work" consists in working all day in a badly lighted and ill-smelling work shop, where scores of other girls and women are employed at wages hardly high enough to keep body and soul together.

We know what often comes next. The girl has left home, she is ashamed or unwilling to return, and she must take the consequences, oftentimes one of two things—shame or suffering. If she is too strong in principle, too pure and elevated in tone thus to sink down, she may find herself in some cold garret, lonely, overworked, despondent and miserable.

Better remain at home than risk the failure which stands so many girls who go to the city in pursuit of high pay for light work. It is the saddest of all ventures, forsaking a country home for the illusions and deceptions of a large town.

Blind to the Faults of their Own.

On a visit to Mrs. Janes, Mrs. Blake takes her little boy Stephen with her. The boy consists all kinds of depredations, and after he is taken away, Mrs. Janes says:

"Gracious! don't I wish that boy was mine for just a few minutes! he! would blister him! It is strange to me how a mother can be so blind.

A few days later Mrs. Janes calls on Mrs. Blake, accompanied by her little son, who puts his feet on the plush-bottomed chairs, and who gives his mother a world of annoyance. When Mrs Janes is goes Mrs. Blake says:

"My stars alive! how I do wish that boy was mine for a few minutes! If I wouldn't blister him. It was all I could do to keep my hands off him. It is a mystery to me how a mother can be so short sighted Stephen," addressing her own son, "put on your shoes and don't throw it around in that way; you'll break something. Stephen, didn't I speak to you! There! you naughty boy, you have broken a vase. Go out of here this minute, Stephen! Stephen! didn't I speak to you! There! you good-for-nothing thing, you have cracked the mirror. Never mind, sir; I am not going to bring you a thing from down town—not a blessed thing. If you don't go out of here this minute I'll whip you. Stephen! Stephen! Never mind; when the man comes I'll tell him to take you away."

Home Comforts on the Farm

The general supposition is that those who live in the country enjoy luxuries beyond the province of those who live in the cities. Yes, the farmer has an advantage in many respects, such as the ability to secure that which is fresh and palatable as compared with his city brothers. His milk is unadulterated, the butter used on his table is sweet and pure, the eggs are new, and the vegetables are daily gathered as required.

But we ask, is the comfort and enjoyment that the farmer should produce. What are the facts? Do farmers really enjoy the luxuries to be obtained on the farm? Do farmers' wives enjoy life equally as well as those ladies who live in the cities? We fear not. How many farmers know the importance of a garden? But a very small proportion we may claim. They deny themselves many luxuries that they could easily have if they would. Hundreds of them live on a monotony of food that would be rejected by persons living in cities, and yet, it is the farmer to whom all are indebted for many of the comforts that are enjoyed. With the farmer it is work from early dawn to sunset, and every member of his family must share some portion of the tedious labor. The farmers' wives grow premature old, and the younger generations have a dislike to the occupation which is above all the best that could be followed.

Can we suggest a remedy for the amelioration of the condition of farmers' families? We do not lay claim to that honor, but we can suggest a better method of conducting farm operations so as to render farm life more enjoyable. In the first place, give the wife a choice location for a garden, and work it under her direction. Let it be well stocked with all the choicest varieties of fruits and vegetables. Give her something to anticipate, to hope for, to realize and to enjoy. Let her be interested in a newspaper that has sense and attention she is to become well be a source of pleasure. Give the young members an interest in some department from which they may expect to derive a pecuniary benefit, and which the labor required will be performed with pleasure. Let the farmer resolve to feel pleasure all of these things that will add to his own comfort when he sells a dollar's worth of produce. The choicest beef, the best butter, the freshest eggs, should be used at home. Variety is the spice of life, even on the farm.

The Sparrow's Character at His English Home.

It is hard for a lover of birds to approach the "sparrow question." Sparrows are found to do more harm than snakes or big sea. Nature's thieves and vagabonds they are. This is the verdict of every one who investigates the matter. They drive away birds who do more good and little or no harm. For every noxious insect they destroy, they consume more than one thousand valuable. A Cheshire farmer, indeed, estimates the loss of England due to depredations of sparrows at £770,000; and this loss is on the increase. The careful and long continued experiments of Col. Rosel, in Essex, show that sparrows do unmitigated mischief, and the experience of our colonies and of the Americans confirm the facts beyond well. There is really nothing to be said for the sparrow. He carries destruction wherever he goes, and leaves devastation to mark his increase. From every point of view he must be looked upon as the enemy of man. Either he must give way to us or we to him; and just now his power is such that he seems in a fair way to become here, as he already has become in America, a factor in politics. The Colorado beetle can never commit such ravages as the sparrow is certain to do wherever he is allowed to go and be naturalized. Have like we may for his personality, he ought everywhere to be exterminated with the utmost vigor; for there is no limit in the course of Nature, either to his reproductiveness nor to the mischief which he causes. It is more too soon to have the question put before us clearly, for every day its importance must become greater.

A Large Wine Sale.

Walter Philippe, of Sonnet valley, has sold his wine, 30,000 gallons for 22½ cents per gallon, or $6,750. The purchaser to pay freight. He contracted to sell his wine last May, and now he thinks he would have done better to have waited.—*Santa Rosa Democrat.*

Family Fun.

Why They Married.

An editor lately sent out postal cards to the married men at a small town in Ohio, with the inquiry, "Why did you marry? Here are a few of the responses:

"That's what I've been trying for 11 years to find out. N.

"Married to get even with her mother, but never have. W.

"Because I was too lazy to work. I. W.

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her. P.

"The old man thought that eight years courtin' was long enough. P.

"I was lonesome and melancholy, and wanted some one to make me lively. N. B.—She makes me very lively. D.

"I was tired of buying ice cream and candies, and going to theatres, and wanted a rest. Have saved money. J. C.

"Because I thought she was one among a thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one. S.

"I think it was because I was cross-eyed, now I am afflicted with two pair of cross eyes daily. Peter.

"Because I did not have the experience I have now. F.

"The governor was going to give me his feed as I took his daughter's hand. H.

"That's the same foolish reason as that my friends and neighbors ask me. C. H.

"Because I had more than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money with. B. D.

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite. F.

"Don't mention it. F.

"Had difficulty unlocking the door at night, and wanted somebody to let me in. Ben.

"I was embarrassed and gave my wife the benefit of my name so she! I could take the benefit of her name signed to a check. Sensock.

"Because it is just my luck. S. J.

"I didn't intend to go to Salt Lake. N.

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time. Kate.

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family, and distraction, in addition, the answer is hard to derive at. Old Man.

"I married to get the best wife in the world. Simon.

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. I think she's got me. Benson.

A Fruity Flavor.

Druggist—Well, my little man, what can I do for you?

Boy—I want 10 cents worth of cochineal and 5 cents worth of hayseed.

Druggist—What do you want cochineal and hayseed for?

Boy—Ma modder is makin' some strawberry ice-cream for the Methodist church festival.

Didn't Know the Difference.

A hurried grocer gave a countryman a jug of coal oil instead of vinegar, for which he had asked. Several days after when the countryman came back, the grocer said: "My friend, I have an apology to make to you!"

"How so?"

"Why, the other day when you were in here, I gave you real oil instead of vinegar."

"What, I'll be blamed if I didn't know it. When we pounded some o' the stuff on the turnip greens we found it tasted kind o' queer, but I 'lowed that it was because she had been looking at the stars for a long time in silence. At least she gave a fluttering little sigh, and spoke: "Ah, George, how perfect in its fickleness is their fate! Sometimes they are undistinguished for such a sight fill you with an all-pervading, restless peace!" "I suppose it would," replied George, "if it don't make the back of my neck ache so."

Pat's Remedy the Best.

A one-legged Walshman, named Jones, was tantalizing a Irishman, whose late father was a hero. "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "I was winning my pedigree and looking up my document; I found that there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it hurt settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "I would have been a better thing had the Irish blood settled in your head."

Hostesses English.

"I wonder why I can't make my wife fly," mused the little brother of the flighty girl. "It looks to me," replied Mildred, "as though its social upstrings were disproportionate to its aspirations." "I don't think that's," said Jim. "I think its tail is too light."

He Knew how to Pronounce It.

In the smoking car of a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy suburban train the other morning two passengers were discussing the pronunciation of the word "Stough," which appears over the door of a small station building not far from Hinsdale. The discussion became so heated that it finally was referred to Mr. Harvie Taber, the state insurance actuary and a former schoolmaster.

"Why," said Mr. Taber, "it is a dog spelt 'stuff.' I should think a dog with such a spell 'stuff.'"

"What do you think about it?" said one of the gentlemen to Mr. Watson, a board of trade man.

"I should think it would be pronounced 'shoe,'" said Mr. Watson, "you know the dough spells 'shoe.'"

At this junction Mr. Caldwell, the paper manufacturer, came in, and the question was put to him.

"Why," said he, "anybody ought to know that. The Slough, 'Sho' slough, 'sho,' of course."

When Mr. L. W. Hood of Aurora came in he was asked for his opinion.

"I should call it 'stuff,' said he; "enough spells 'stuff,' and I don't see how a dog can spell anything but 'stuff.'"

At this a gray haired man, with a lighting hat and the air of a capitalist, turned around in his seat, and with the intensity of one who speaks from absolute knowledge said:

"It is pronounced with the sound of woo-woo.

"Well," said one of the parties to the controversy, "what confounded fool gave such an infernal name to a town, anyway?"

"It was named after me," said the gray haired man. "I laid out the town; my name is Stough."

For several minutes the clickity-clack of the car wheels was the only sound that broke the embarrassing silence.

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No large premiums are required in advance, and members enjoy the privilege of being the custodians of their own funds until actually needed to pay death losses and provide funds for the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are loaned to those members who have certificates; we will fail due five as part payment thereof at 8 per cent interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date, $104,000 to members, and paid in death losses, $70,000, which is a saving to the members and in full. The membership at present records three thousand, and the average assessment loaned to members monthly is over $6,000.
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Pupils received at any time during the term, and will be charged from the date of entrance.
The academic year is divided into two sessions of five and a half months each, the first commencing on the first Monday in August.
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Washing 15.00
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Music (piano) lessons 50.00
Drawing, Painting, French, Flute and Violin music, each 10.00
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Terms per month, in advance:
Board and Tuition, half-boarders $12.50
Intermediate Class 10.00
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Music, Piano lessons, with use of instrument 10.00
Drawing and Painting, each 5.00
Instrument for practice, required for lessons, extra, per month 1.00
Washing, extra, per month 1.50
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Special charge for lessons in music, French, Drawing and Painting, extra.
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Pupils who remain during the vacation will be charged extra.
Pupils who remain during the vacation will be charged extra.
Pupils who remain during the vacation will be charged extra

DAVITT IN CHICAGO.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

an certain that in a short time we will see this fight.

I will be glad to see Lord Salisbury resort to coercion for two reasons. Wherever that policy has been fallen back upon by the English Government it has invariably been followed by some concession to Irish national sentiment; and then a little danger in the Irish movement may have a very salutary effect upon some individuals in that movement. If coercion comes along we will very soon see rise in Ireland, and the real manhood of Ireland, the determined national spirit of the country will come to the front and with that Lord Salisbury will have to deal.

I read in the papers the other day that Randolph Churchill (hisses) was preparing some scheme which was to settle once and forever the Irish difficulty. I don't expect much from Lord Randolph Churchill. (Laughter.) He is descended on the one hand from Lord Castlereagh (hisses), a gentleman who, you know, once sentimentized justice by committing suicide, and, on the other hand, the present practical leader of the Tories comes from Jack Churchill. The idea that a man so descended can propose anything which would be acceptable to Irish national sentiment as a satisfactory solution of the Anglo Irish question is simply absurd. Three County Boards, and this kind of Parliamentary Committee, if offered fifteen or twenty years ago, might have been accepted as an installment of justice; but when we know now that this something or other, policy or scheme, is to come forth in order to weaken the popular demand of Ireland for an Irish Parliament we simply tell Lord Churchill to keep his scheme in his pocket.

I am pledge you my word, from the knowledge of things at home and from my belief in the honesty of Mr. Parnell and his followers, that in a very few years' time it will be the privilege of some of us to come out here, not to a National League Convention, but to tell you what measures as intend to propose in the Irish Parliament in College Green. (Cheers.)

Mr. Sullivan then introduced Mr. Patrick Egan, who briefly congratulated the meeting on the good sense, unity, and patriotism it displayed by showing that neither the sophistry nor rascality of any one man or set of men could create dissension in the Irish ranks.

Thomas Brennan, first Secretary of the Land League in Ireland, said he hoped to see a peaceful solution of the Irish question, but it remained with the English rulers to make this point. But with or without English assistance, Ireland will go on in its work of fighting for home rule.

Alexander Sullivan spoke again, and said that Michael Davitt agreed with him that dynamite wasted, and that Ireland could remove them only by removing English politics from Ireland, but God had not given to the Irish race the benignity and the heart of Dorrit. Waits he hoped for a peaceful ending to the present troubles, he had little faith in any remedy which might be concocted in an English Parliament, but the Irish people were ready to give it a trial. Davitt was a stranger in this country, but he was not, perhaps, following that the support of the Irish in this country was withdrawn from Ireland, the movement in that country would be like an oil—without varieties.

The Rev. George C. Betts, a Protestant minister, made a short address, in which he said that when the last board of Davitts he expected to find that he was anxious to catch blood out of an English rival, but since meeting him he had discovered that Davitt was a peaceable man, anxious to see the Ireland's wrongs without resorting to bloodshed if possible.

John F. Finerty, amid loud cheers, said that to show that the assemblage had nothing but the highest respect for Davitt, he moved that a vote of thanks be tendered to him for the able and earnest devotion to Ireland's cause. The motion was put by Mr. Sullivan, who said that what had hitherto appeared to be a passage-at-arms between Davitt and Finerty was none, now we have been nothing but "love taps" and it was easy to see where they stood after tonight. He who struck Davitt struck Finerty, and he who struck them both struck Irishmen everywhere. Three cheers were then given for Davitt and three more for Egan.

"God Save Ireland" was then sung by Joseph P. Duffy, the audience joining, and the ceremony to a close. The exhibition of fireworks followed, many handsome and appropriate designs being seen. Mr. Davitt and the other gentlemen viewed them for a few minutes, and about 10 o'clock took carriages back to their respective residences and hotels.

OUR STOCKTON LETTER.

Scraps of News from the San Joaquin Valley.

STOCKTON, Cal., August 24, 1886.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir:—As nothing much has transpired in this city, I thought I would not write at length, but I will endeavor, however, to find a few items that may be of interest to many of your readers. The weather for some time past has been pretty warm and some damage was done to some of the grain fields by fire. In the vicinity of Linden, a few fields out in two different fields, destroying considerable grain and also burning much feed, but nothing of consequence. In all the threshing crews the fire was checked before it spread very extensively.

The latter connected with St. Mary's Parish are doing considerable towards making their county fair a financial success and it will not be on account of a lack of energy on the part that it will not become such. The ladies have taken the work of making the fair a success, this year so it has always been before, and they never had a better opportunity of doing so for the reason that we are in expectation of a big fair in Stockton this year, and a large concourse of people will be here during the week.

It is the intention of the Board of Trade to erect a temporary Pavilion on the old city park to contain exhibits which are to be sent to the county, which is situated in the center of the city, for an exhibition of instruction during the week. The date of the exhibition will be about 20 by 100 feet and will be built so as to include the whole block where the monument stood. A great number of visitors will be attracted to Stockton not only on this account, but also to witness the races at the race-track which are expected to need three or all of the fair days.

The announcement was made last Sunday that the Catholic schools of this city would reopen on the last Monday of this month. It is to be hoped that a full attendance will be present when the doors are thrown open. The Sisters have trouble in furnishing classes, owing to the refusal of some parents to allow their children to attend school out of an English school, but about this we need not complain, as we know that this city has such schools and that they are already well attended, and that the Sisters of Stockton alone, but also by those from different other places where there are Catholic schools.

The members of St. Mary's T. A. B. Society attended Holy Communion in a body last Sunday. The members of this society pride themselves in belonging to it and the society is constantly gaining in numbers and in strength.

YOUNG MAN'S AMBITION.

The Young Men's Institute of California is about to erect a handsome building on Jones line, on the property of J. W. McCarthy, recently a member of the firm of J. J. O'Brien and Co. Having secured an appointment in a New York business house, Mr. McCarthy, Grand Duke, Grand President of the Young Men's Institute, resigned his position in the institution in the metropolis of the Empire State.

FLASH.

The advance in the wind refers for Flour has not affected the price of that article at Stanley & Co's, 501 Washington street, as they were not supplied and still sell at the old rates.

Mrs. Urbalde's Music School, 507 Mason street. Pupils received for pianoforte and singing. Classes in French and German.

IRELAND'S NEW VICEROY.

Lord Londonderry, Retail Coal Dealer and Post-Prandial Politician His Wife.

Do Castlereagh has cut his throat? The word of this is that his ears were cut the last.

Lord Dufferin, who wrote the above, with several others which are scarcely fit for publication, merely gave expression likewise to the feelings of satisfaction experienced on all sides when the mysterious suicide of the second Lord Castlereagh, otherwise known as "bloody Castlereagh," became known. The circumstances attending his death are well enough remembered to need no comment, since they should hardly bear the light of day.

His ancestor and grandmother, the present Marquis, who has just been appointed Viceroy of Ireland, is a comparatively humble man, with a good deal of comfortable wealth, and, although an excellent ship and first-rate horseman, possesses but a small amount of brains. It is somewhat difficult to form anything about the career of an exceeding uninteresting a young nobleman. His education at Oxford appears to have been somewhat neglected, since he was in the habit of boasting few days in the week of the time he spent there. Needless to say that he left the University without attaining any distinction.

A sudden fit of patriotism caused him to consider the necessity of dowering the talent and latent statesmanship with which he has full himself possessed by a military service. Accordingly he placed the matter before an unfortunate Irish constituency, by dint of the most extravagant and reckless promises induced the electors to elect him to represent them in Westminster. His maiden speech in the House was made when he was selected, by reason of his birth, to move the address to the throne on the occasion of the last Queen's Speech. He could not depend on his somewhat weak memory to remember his peroration on paper, and so the intense astonishment of the whole House only read it from manuscript. By this method of breach of parliamentary etiquette he incurred a vast amount of ridicule. The only other occasion on which he addressed the House was when he was called to order for breaking the prisoners which he had so lavishly made to his constituency previous to his election. The excuse for his shameless repudiation of all the pledges which he had there made was characteristic. "I care only account for my error having undertaken to support Home Rule by the fact that I had been speaking after dinner.

Needless to add that he made a point of always voting against every measure which was calculated to ameliorate the liberties of Irishmen.

Stone he has achieved considerable success in London as a retail coal dealer, some anxiety is expressed in Ireland as to the possibility of his becoming a viceroy decorating that in future Londonderry coal be used as fuel throughout Ireland instead of the national bog peat.

Lady Londonderry, who is considered a great beauty, is credited with somewhat more intelligence than her lord and master. She is a great favorite at Marlborough House, but has incurred much unpopularity in London society by reason of her intolerable arrogance. No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the new Viceroyess and the Countess of Aberdeen, whose pretty face, kindly smile and winning ways endeared her to all. *Lady Londonderry is the sister of Lord Stewartstown.*

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—On Friday one man post-job in Belfast was opened. His inspection was carried out in the presence of a large concourse of people who appeared to be very much amused.

Cavan.—The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Charles Dorlan, Killon House, county Cavan, to be Commissioner of the Peace, in place of the late Colonel Crofton.

Clare.—The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Charles Dorlan, Killon House, county Cavan, to be Commissioner of the Peace, in place of the late Colonel Crofton.

Carlow.—On July 24, Timothy Minny, a pocket of Carlow station, on the Great Southern and Western line, was attacked down and killed while engaged in shunting. Deceased, who had been twenty years in the employ of the company, leaves a widow and six young children.

Clonmel.—Intelligence has reached us of a notice into the Order of the Presentation Convent, on July 29, to the parish Church, Moonsoda, county Kilkenny, which immediately adjoins the convent of the Sacred Heart. The young lady who "has taken the better part" is Miss Winifred Molloy, second eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Molloy, Carlow, and will henceforth be known in religion as Sister Mary Joseph Dominic. The Most Rev. Dr. Browning, Lord Bishop of Dromore, received the solemn vows of the young novice, according to the rite of the Presentation Order.

Cork.—Mr. Thomas Lane, of Cork, has received from Mr. Walsh, of Ballymacoda, the entire day from the Cork and Queenstown Railway, that he has in his house. The mullet for the cod-fishing commenced on the 1st inst. Cod have travelled from the local branch of the National League on a scheme of land-purchase.

Mr. Maurice Dowling, Doneraile Lodge, Castle Island, was appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Kerry.

Kildare.—On July 20th, in the Circuit of Mitrey, Dungannon, county Waterford, the Rev. Michael Ryan, Parish Priest, conducted the sons of Mr. Nicholas, of Nane, in marriage, Sister Mary Joseph Evangelist.

We regret to announce that the Rev. A. Kelly, C.C., has been sent to Ballymacoda, Patrick Kennedy has been six years in Clane, and Mr. Kennedy, who is a native of Clane, has been ordained and ordained to the priesthood. He has been a curate in Newbridge, Kildare, Kennedy came to North Kildare, Father Kennedy came to Ballymacoda in the King's County.

Kilkenny.—The death is announced, in the 20th year, of Mary Mary Louisa Ellen Blackrock, the Presentation Convent, Waterford, July 19th, after a lingering illness. Deceased was a member of a prominent family, which has contributed many to the Church. Amongst them were the late Bishop of Dunedin, Bishop Moran, who died a Bishop Moran, Father Edward Canon Walsh, late P.P. of Mooncoin, and Mr. Thomas Walsh, Ballyhale, who for the last 40 years has been a member of the Kilkenny Corporation, and represented the Ballyhale Ward in Tenantry, and was the Nationalist candidate for the borough at the last Parliamentary election by and well liked. No such thing as Home Rule was thought of in the district.

ANOTHER GREAT FIRE.

Several Blocks of Buildings Burned Last Saturday Night.

One of the most extensive and disastrous conflagrations that have visited this city occurred last night. About 6 o'clock an alarm was turned in from Box 1, and the flames had spread in all directions, and from minutes later a second one was sounded, for the additional assistance of the engines, which originated in the foundry of H. Mecklenburg, on Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont streets, and in a short time the entire block was ablaze. The building was a two-story structure, which originated in the foundry of H. Mecklenburg, on Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont streets, and in a short time the entire block was ablaze. The building was a two-story structure, which was occupied by Mecklenburg as a foundry, and adjoining it was a two-story building, which was occupied as a hotel, and adjoining it was a two-story building, which was occupied as a hotel, and adjoining it was a two-story building, which was occupied as a hotel

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

TO KATE

I hasti lonlie thy cavis
Dear friend of the deepest grief,
Oh, didn't thy spirit hover near,
And on you whisper, dear,
Hint see the bitter tears
And hear the sorrow prayer?
And want thou phased that I should come
To fold sometimes there?

The clouds were dark and dreary,
All wintry was the sky,
And sombre was the mourning whole
The day I came to thee,
Kindred of death not wong
From little to little days,
The frosty breath of relentless Death
The world brought back to me.

And this silence drear
Thy tender home must be,
Unhonored the friend of love more awake
To song and minstrelsy.
I wander forth alone
And lake to thy grave stone
There, there, in that little from in mital sight
The friend I dearly love.

It cannot be, but yet
'Tis sweet to know and feel
That there may be love to get
Death's cold and silent seal,
We'll meet again from time fried
When shadows, dark and gray,
Shall roll away before the sun
Of God's eternal day.

M. L.

LYNE

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF MAJ. ANDRE IN THE TOWN OF ALEXANDRIA, NEW YORK, AN INCIDENT WHICH CAUSED MUCH SORROW AMONG THE CHILDREN

[THIS VERSE WAS AFTERWARDS SENT TO HER BY THE CHILDREN

Fair city by the Hudson!
Lone Alexandria's mine
And years that hid thy homes from me,
Came white-wheel mid-way, gray with mellow
Sweet memories—that ever bore
Glad tidings to the "Pioneer of the West"
The maiden mother—"holly planted
To warn, to comfort, and command!"

Each snowy pinioned herald brought
Of days—of years—of days long ago!
And bright with joyous gladness thought,
When I within that Eden sat,
Amidst a fond and frequent peace.

And from those violoned scenes I'st whom
An overtaxing star, our worshipped fare
Thus blown, the flower of that household Home
Twas a mystic angel, who bore from grace;
Twas a mystic angel, who bore from grace;
Entranced I sat, to converse sweet.

A happy dream, forever past!
Fair city of the Genesee,
A mournful minstrel comes at last
On sable pinions forth from thee—
A messenger of woe—that bows
Sad tidings to the "Sunset shore."

Ah! dismal news! Ah! mournfu news!
That tolls thy loss, sweet Eden seat!
Thy brightest jewel—thy average dead,
And on the stilll and pulseless breast
The gradeen hand, that fully sweyed
Love's sceptre bright, forever laid!

Dear friends! from whom so lengthening years,
Thy sweet silks could unsever!
Your smiles I shared—and, now, my tears
I share, in unavailing sorrow,
O! stricken sons! with those ye shed
Above that sinless mother's bed.

Ah! we, in spirit-union, there,
Pluck all the sweet, purity flowers shall meet,
And Heav'ward waft the mingled prayer,
The blended plaudits, potent, sweet—
That her's may be Love's Kingdom bright!
Her Jubilee Home of Life's Light.

And she will guard her treasures fond,
Gold shrine them through the rolling years,
Within her folded wings,
The earthly life of hill and tears,
Thus changed day, that sun in gloom,
Thus changed night, of the tomb.

HARRIET M. BEDWORT, (Marie)
San Francisco, California.

Literary Miscellany.

Monsieur Albano.

A Story of Trials and Ambition

BY GORDAN STABLES, M. D.

He was a little old man, verging perhaps on eighty, with a cheerful countenance, and a hat which Wilhelm could not keep from thinking was one size or more too big for him. He had a clean shave with and eyes, but with a pleasant voice, and a smile that often quite banished all trace of melancholy from his face.

But Wilhelm—the head waiter at the dingy old Paris restaurant, where for months he had pressed himself at the same hour daily—had taken to him from the first, and as the gentleman seated himself in exactly the same place he was wont to assume him in the suggest corner of the room, not far from the chimney stove—the time was winter—and with no other companions save a pair of lately ogle.

"What is it to do?" M. Albano would ask himself at length, and he would sit with his foot on a morsel of gut-skin placed there for them. "What is it to day, Wilhelm?"

And Wilhelm would invariably replace a large dripped free finger against the side of some particular dish on the card, and said it was the "Sunset Soup" or "Sunset Fish."

It was not long before Wilhelm found out that M. Albano was, like himself, a Horticulturist, and, like himself, after this. Wilhelm kept the little old man his story, and to some extent the little old man told Wilhelm his. There was some difference, nevertheless, in their stations in life, for in his own dear land M. Albano had been but a junior engineer.

"And so you are really gone?" said Wilhelm, as he stood one day near his friend, the empty soup bowl in his right hand.

"Really gone, Wilhelm."

"Oh, dear! Monsieur, I shall sadly miss you. Is it Brussels, Monsieur, Berlin, or Moscow? You say you have had engagements at all these places."

"No, no," replied M. Albano sadly. "it is the nature of these places. I am done with them all—done with the world, I might say. I am going home."

"What?" cried Wilhelm, with brightening eyes, "home to our dear Paris?"

"Nay, nay, nay; never there again. What matters Imperial Engineers? Can a king mend a broken heart, even if he could? Wilhelm, I am dying."

Poor old Wilhelm! Could I paint with our grief on those green-wooded hills and valleys that once were mine! Could I depict the happy people whom dwell there—and who once called me lord—without sadness! No, Wilhelm, no. My home is near London, the home of the refugees, the only place in the whole world amid the bustle and stir of which an exile may not forget himself.

Wilhelm lingered by the table for a few moments. He was in deep thought.

"M. Albano," he said at last, "to have employment in London has long been with me a cherished dream—a castle in the air—and it what you will. I hate the garb of servility in which you now see me. Oh! there are times, Monsieur, that I walk my room all night, and I am thought, because I feel I was born for better things. Yet I try to do my duty—my humble duty."

"Yes, yes, I see," said Albano, speaking more briskly than was his wont. "That is right—do your duty, I trust in mine, humble though that is. Do not let pride interfere with that duty. Be not self conscious. Concentrate your thoughts and energies in your work, humble though acting may call it. Believe me, Wilhelm, a baby surrounds the head of that man or woman who does whatever his or her hand findeth to do, in no hall-hearted way, but with a will, a purpose, and an honest pride of action, feeling inwardly that duty is a sacred thing. Study to be content with the station in life Providence has placed you, Wilhelm. Study that—study that."

"But Monsieur, you would than leave ambition out of scene."

"Nay, nay, only let your ambition be subservient to your duty. The march of mankind—the march of all human beings—is ever onward. Better yourself, by all means, if you can; by so doing you may benefit the world; but ambitious thoughts or actions must never interfere with your hours of labor. Those belong to your present employer, Wilhelm.

"Ah, yes, Monsieur.

"Well, see and think of it. Meanwhile, here is a pass for the Hundred Days' Concert. You will see me and my little circle in the second row of the orchestra. I will wait for me, and we will sup together at the Rhenish-ville.

High over a score of fiddles at the grand concert that evening, M. Albano's little violin seemed to ring—seemed, at all events—in Wilhelm's ears, just across beats and cos listen only to the obligato voice—amidst the babel of bird voices in the woods in early spring.

After the performance, Wilhelm waited for what appeared quite a long time for his friend. All the other musicians had dressed and filed away, but still the little old Wilhelm ventured at last to ask one in authority.

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "M. Albano has not gone. He is talking to the manager. The manager wants him to stay on, but he insists on throwing up his engagement.

"Strange," said Wilhelm.

"Yes, it is strange. You are his friend! Well, and even you do not seem able to fathom the mystery. But this Albano is a splendid violinist, and the manager would be willing to retain his services, and remuneration he will. Yet, although he is not rich, he is poor as ever of the more. Italy, Belgium, Norway; all societies have him by rotes, but some for long. Think you is your friend somewhat deferred?"

"I am sure he is not. I only know he has a reason or reasons for his unusual conduct—but he has not thought fit to enlighten me as to what they are, and it would ill become me to inquire. But here he comes."

It was late even for Paris that night ere Wilhelm bade his kind-hearted friend adieu, at the corner of the Rue de la [illegible], and hurried away to his dingy room.

Yet that evening had been big with Wilhelm's fate. He had supped with M. Albano at a charming little hotel; and with true politeness, Monsieur had said little or nothing about himself, but had led the young man to speak of all his hopes and ambitions.

Wilhelm's great scheme was connected with electricity, not only for the purpose of lighting cities and country towns, but as the moving power of the future; and M. Albano knew enough about chemistry speedily to discern that, if properly worked out, these plans of Wilhelm's might lead him to fame and fortune.

"You will come to England with me, Wilhelm? I have saved a little—I will pay your expenses."

"No, friend, no; to England I will come, but everything I will pay myself. Two more months will, I work, and then—

"You will come!

"Yes.

"And be my guest for a few weeks at little cottage home?

"Well—yes."

So the two parted.

Winter was still holding sway, and snowy deep all round Paris; but in nine weeks time what a change there was! With Paris, however, this short and simply story has no concern anything to do. That there was still a tinge of a beautiful cottage in Surrey. It stands on the slope of a gently rising hill, and is almost buried in pine-woods.

"Yes, Wilhelm," M. Albano was saying as the two sat together in a little table on the lawn, "this cottage, these gardens, the beautiful country around, do not seem to me same since Marie—alone my daughter left me. They are not the same, for I am older now. I cannot see with the same eyes, I cannot feel with the same heart; it seems as if the gloom of the grave were already closing around me."

"But Marie—your daughter—may return."

"No, that cannot be; the pride that banished her to go will prevent her returning. She will never come back."

Wilhelm was silent.

"A few hasty words—and the words were none—a few peevish sentiments the fate that banished me from my nature land, that had torn from my breast the implicit trust and honor, and compelled me—nay, a count—to drop out a watched existance in a foreign country, by and of my vision. I did not mean to imply that I begrudged the lady that has kept her a lady, but I feel I led her to believe so; and I would have done my life the best and noblest that I can been able to retract, to unsay my cruel words; but next minute Marie was gone. Gone—yes, gone with tears in her eyes, and sighing, a breaking heart, though a proud one. And since then I have sought and obtained employmentin almost every capital in foreign country. Age and of my vision I did not mean to imply that I begrudged the lady that has kept her a lady, but I feel I led her to believe so; and I would have done my life the best and noblest that I can been able to retract, to unsay my cruel words; but next minute Marie was gone. Gone—yes, gone with tears in her eyes, and sighing, a breaking heart, though a proud one. And since then I have sought and obtained employmentin almost every capital in foreign country. Age and of my vision. I do

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Christian parents, let us beg your special consideration of this important truth. Make the Press, and individually, most particularly defend the Catholic Press, your first care. Remember that it is to newspapers the great work which Providence will in Human approach of Jesus Christ. Let Monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and the Church, each have its own newspaper,

Farm and Home.

Neatness about the House.

Every farmer, and, in fact, every person owning a yard, ought to take pride in keeping it neat and clean. Neat, well kept yards attract the passer by, and often add money value to the place. We have an instance of this kind in mind now. A man came into a certain neighborhood, recently, to buy a farm. He found two that were for sale. One was as good as the other, as regards location, soil, buildings, etc., but one had a neat yard about the house, and the other had a shiver's one, and though he could have bought the shiverly place for less money than he had to give for the other, he chose the one that cost the most, simply because it looked the best.

Have a wall made here about the yard, and keep it in repair. Have a strong gate, and never let it get off its hinges. Keep the shrubs and trees trimmed up well, and never let litter of any sort accumulate. Have a big box, or hogshead, in the back yard, into which cans, old boots, shoes, and the thousand and one things which constitute about the house can be thrown from time to time. When the box or hogshead is full, burn or bury the rubbish. This rules not to the front yard only; let neatness prevail all about the place. It gives an air of thrift and prosperity, and always impresses a beholder favorably. It pays in more ways than one to have neat surroundings.

Disimportance of Beauty.

A young man marries a girl who has a pretty face, and thinks he has a wife and home, when in reality he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded or freckled or fretted, and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, all he set up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor and protect, he gets sick of his bride, knows a dozen faces which he likes better, gives up staying home in the evening, becomes hoisted with oysters, oysters and politics, and looks upon his home as a very inadvisable lodging-house. A family of children grows up about him, but neither he nor his "face" know anything about training them, so they come up helter-skelter; made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, dredges when young men and women, and so pass year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homelike hour is known throughout the entire household.

The Farmer's Paradise.

A man on his own farm, well cultivated and kept well stocked, with good modern dwellings and barns and outbuildings, master of both time and acres, tied to no hours by the call of bells and whistles, free from the fear of losing his place on account of nose but himself, mostly in his own thinks, performing his healthful labors with the light of the smoke of his own chimneys, is surely as rich in the genuine sense of that word as any man can be. He has nothing to fear and nobody to envy. Of one thing he is sure of all his days, and that is sufficient living; and that is what other men are never sure of without a single pang of doubt or apprehension. There is no land; there is his home; there is all the animals and the inanimate machinery of his establishment. He made many strong points the real in fools in profound trust to the bounty of heaven.

Instead of this serenity and democratic ing anxiety to get rich, if the average farmer, once being solidly established, would resolve to enlarge and exalt his life as it is, to make more out of that, to enjoy as much as possible of what there is about him, to adorn and beautify his home—that only home on earth—within and without, he would find all his daily tasks easier, even to the extent of being delightful; he would find rich where now, with more money, he feels all the time poor, and he would rid himself of a false pride in the form of increasing pecuniary that holds his nose to his grindstone till he is flung into his grave. If farmers only knew it, they would be the richest men on earth.

Fallacies in Regard to Diet.

That there is any nutriment in beef tea made from extracts. There is none whatever.

That gelatine is nutritious. It will not sup a cat alive. Beef tea and gelatine, however, possesses a certain repurative power, we know not what.

That an egg is equal to a pound of meat, and that every sick person can eat them. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, cannot eat them, and to such eggs are injurious.

That beef is not an important article of food it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure will not do.

That arrowroot is nutritious. It is simply starch and water, useful as a restorative quickly prepared.

That cheese is injurious in all cases. It is, as a rule, acute indicated, being usually indigestible; but it is concentrated nutriment, and a warm repeater, and often cured.

That the cravings of a patient are whims and should be denied. The stomach often needs, craves for and digests articles not laid down in any dietary. Such are, for example, fruit, pickles, jams, cake, ham or bacon, with fat, cheese, butter and milk.

That an injudicious diet may be marked out which shall apply in a very case. Choice of a given list of articles allowable in a given case must be decided by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right, and theory wrong, and the judgment admits no appeal. A diet which would keep a healthy man might kill a sick man, and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would not keep a well man alive. Increased quantity of food, especially of liquids, does not mean increased nutriment, rather decrease, since the digestion is overtaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his cravings, and if the stomach rejects a certain article do not force it.

Fast Horses Raising Vermont.

A correspondent writes the New York *Tribune*: Go in a railroad train far up in Vermont I fall in with J. F. Atkinson, a wealthy farmer of that State. Inquiring the price of improved land, I was surprised to hear him quote such low figures as $10 to $30 per acre. He told me that the same land that could not be bought for this price formerly brought as high as $70. His explanation of this reduction in value was given in this language: "The young fellows won't work like the old men and women. They will work have gone off to the West. Those who remain care more about fast horses and other fast things than about farming. Look about at any of the railroad stations and you will see scores of idlers standing around. When a farmer or a farmer's boy gets a fast horse and a fast rig he can do pretty quick. You can't hire farm help even at big prices. Men have got where it, want to live by their wits or on what their fathers accumulated. When David Hill took the famous old Blue Hawk stallion into Addison county he caused a loss in the value of farm property there equal to a million dollars. He found Black Hawk in a dray at Lowell, Mass. It would have been better for the State of Vermont if he had never found him. Why it literally demoralized its farmers all over the State."

—A man must stand erect and not be kept erect by others.

Family Fun.

Three Hints on Courting.

If you thats a rival keep an eye on him, if he is a widower keep two on him.

Don't put much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the greatest punishment known to a married man.

Set home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't act until the girl has to choose her whole soul into a pane that can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause indifference at the beginning of your married life.

English as She is Spoke.

"What a pity it is that such a pretty girl as Florence Fawlsen should have such beastly bad taste, isn't it, old fellow?" "What is the matter with her taste, dear boy?" "Why, she received me when I called yesterday in a well gown, with a blue tirrum in her hair. Passively, old fellow, the cow was shocked to see that I could hardly tank." "My gaucious! no wonder!"

Accurate Information.

Wife—Mrs. Smith is an awfully slovenly woman. She leaves everything to the servants, and her three children just run wild. It's a shame.

Husband—How do you know all this, dear?

Wife—How do I know it all! Am I not over there half the time!

A New Tip to Him.

"Harry," said a young wife to her husband, "can you get me some ostrich tips to-day, as you go down town, and have them sent up?"

"Ostrich tips," he answered with a puzzled look.

"Yes, dear, ostrich tips."

"Oh," he replied, as if he knew all about it, "of course I can," and he went away without betraying his ignorance.

That evening when he came back his wife met him at the door.

"Oh, Harry," she cried, "the tips didn't come. You forget them, you naughty fellow."

"Not much I didn't," he said, with spirit; "but they didn't have any."

"Didn't have any! Why, I saw them in a dozen places yesterday. Where did you go?"

"Every place. Frank's and Joe's and Sam's and a whole lot more places. They could give me base ball tips, and horse race tips, and regatta tips, but nobody had ostrich tips. I guess it was a bad job."

She looked at him closely for an instant, took in the situation, and mutual explanations resulted in an amicable settlement.

How to Keep off Cannibals.

Sometimes a good case is ruined by pressing too much. This was illustrated the other day in Chicago.

At a meeting of ministers the Rev. Mr. Ayres read a long paper, in which he argued that the sonning Christian would not cannibals if they can finds until actually needed to pay dash losses and provide funds for the payment of certificates. Four-fifths of all collections of assessments are **loaned to those members whose certificates will fall due first on part payment** at three at 8 per cent interest, and the remaining fifth applied to the payment of death losses. The association has loaned to date, $104,000 to members, and paid in death losses $13,000.00. All claims are paid promptly and in full. The membership at present exceeds 3,000 persons. His and this he had loaned to members monthly at rates $6,000.

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Pestilential Influence of Protestantism.

SECTARIAN DAMAGE TO CHRISTIANITY.

SCANDALS SCATTERED BY PROTESTANT PREACHERS.

immorality and Infidelity the Outgrowth of Religious Error.

"How they Help Ingersoll," is the title of the following able article in the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and every editorial utterance therein is true to the letter.

It has been said that "Col. Bob Ingersoll would not be able to raise so many laughs during his scurrilous lectures if Christ had not constructed a religion so full of inconsistencies. The only unanswerable answer made to Ingersoll's necromancy speeches was that of Father Lambert, who found it easy to defend Christianity, for he found "Notes" do not stampede to defend Calvinism. That is a job which no logician can undertake.

THE VAGARIES OF PROTESTANTISM

hasten it. "Logic is the sinews," it is not a bulwark of Christianity. Year by year it disintegrates before the waves of doubt. And of late years it has been putting weapons into the hands of its enemies by means of what is called in the slang of the street—"the camp meeting racket." Its sciences has been the reproach of the Methodist and Baptist camp-meetings because, and yet young libertines scan them in swords, and, if Mr. Ingersoll should assert that emotional religion was an insanity, he unchastity he would receive a round of applause. He might go further, and insist that Christianity led to unchastity, and the basis who listen to him would applaud, for they have been taught to believe that Methodism and other eccentric sects represent Christianity.

THE MOONLIGHT PICNIC PARTIES

which go out into New York Bay, or the Hudson filled with beer, "tonghs," and their "lady friends," are moral aspects, when compared with the sanctity "religious" camp-meetings. There is no hypocrisy about them. The "tonghs" and their friends do not hide their immorality behind have stacks of Bibles. They do not sing "Beulahland" and "Hold the Fort," and call "Lord! Lord!" while their thoughts are mainly occupied with the devil. They go forth for a saturnalia in the devil's name they are in opposition to the teachings of Our Lord, and they do not dare—having, let us hope, some fear of God—to pray blasphemously while they sin.

But the hypocrisy of camp-meetings adopt Luther's advice, and "sin, and sin boldly," but always within reach of a pulpit organ and the sound of Mooey and Sankey's hymns. The beer-drinking of the moonlight picnickers fill their holy souls with horror. They are never weary of praying for the damnation and predicting hell-fire for the moderate drinker. These are either sinners, very distinctly forbidden by God, which are never mentioned in camp-meeting exhortations.

THESE FOOTS AMBROSIAL

are now in full swing. The one at Ocean Grove, N. J., is particularly strict as to what its denizens shall not drink on all days, and as to what they shall not do on the "Sabbath": but its reputation for morality in other respects has received some shock. The latest aspersions cast on this pious summer colony was by a writer in the New York Times. These revelations have excited the indignation of the people who go to the seaside to damn the sins of other people. Self-respecting Methodists and Baptists should put an end to the hypocrisy methods of camp-meetings by suppressing the institutions themselves. The time for lenses of religious excitement is no longer sufficient to screen the real purpose of the institutions from the eyes of those who are open-air sensation-pleasers.

How can any body of men who know human nature invite crowds of young people from all parts of the country to come and live idly for weeks, unmeasured, free to do as they please, provided they avoid beer and amuse themselves with parlor organs and Moody and Sankey hymns or the "tonghs"? The consequences of camp-meetings have become common talk, and it is but there are Methodist and Baptist elders who close their eyes to the disgrace of camp-meetings because of the growth "gate-money," and the increased cash which such gatherings give to otherwise worthless patches of sea sand!

CAMP-MEETINGS AS PLAIN MASQUERADES

were set up along the beach at Ocean Grove—mandates which the law enforced—the disorder of the male and female bathers, pious pilgrims getting a change of heart:—was shocking to the serious. Now "Indians are implored, by painted squaws naked against the bath-houses, not to forget their salvey, and to keep in mind the fact that they ought to be as self-respectful in bathing costumes as they are in their ordinary clothes! The state of affairs causing these warnings and requests ought to have rendered "camp-meetings" impossible long ago. In the interest of Christianity they should be suppressed; for Christianity, which the Methodist insanity of religion is supposed to represent, suffers in the eyes of young and old by the shameless sensation—so notorious that every street orchin has his gibe at camp-meetings—of people who break the Sixth Commandment, while pretending to adore the third Commandment. The issue is of Protestantism, not religion, is frail enough. It has been made very thin indeed by contrights which it is powerless to meet. Still, its eight suppers keeps many men from rank infidelity; but year after year the camp meeting hypocrisy and "pious" vice confirm the young in a belief, too easily acquired, that religion is a sham, and Christianity, like Brot Harte's Cocoanuts, is "played out."

THE LICENSE PERMITTED AT PAWNBROKERS

AUTHOR PLAYS

has become a subject of general remark this summer. The New York Sun recently called attention to the exhibitions—more in keeping with the atmosphere of low variety theatres than of decent families—made at Narragansett Pier, where the "aristocracy" of New England gather in groups or assembly in a state of nature as they will allow. The virtuous French are holding in their hands in horror at the freedom of manners and dress common at Long Branch, Coney Island, and Rhode Island. The worst of it is that fathers and mothers seem to feel no shame at the appearance of their daughters in costumes made, it seems, not for bathing, but for promenading on the beach, so absolutely indecent that public prints, when they publish them, run the risk of being indicted for obscenity.

Strange, after the American manner, is an institution. And any one who would find fault with the usual behavior of the males and females who enter the ocean together would be considered an eccentric, whereas unusual such an arrangement might seem to him. But public decency demands that the immoral scenes enacted by people whose claim to respectability is admitted by society, shall be abrogated. "*Mon ami pas mal pensee*" is easily quoted by those who would call evil with an air of innocence. If the bathing costumes continue to be as scanty as they are this year at sea-side resorts, people who hold that modesty is a good thing in a woman will be compelled to avoid them; and Europeans will almost be justified in their opinion that many American girls are devoid of it.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—The business of the sixth convention of the Irish National Foresters, which commenced on Aug. 26, in the rapacious hall of St. Mary's, Belfast, Brother John Mulcahy, high sub-chief ranger, occupied the chief chair; Brother Wm. Doyle, Executive Council Member, occupied the sub chair. The General Secretary, pro tem, showed that there are 3 branches of the society in Belfast—No. 1, total, 21; in Scotland, 23; in North Antrim, 1; total, 45 branches. The report also showed that nearly £1,000 stood to the credit of the society. The report was adopted.

Armagh.—The National Legislative Association in Armagh, has been very busy holding claims for their people to be heard in the rights and wrongs of their cases. Mr. McMahon and Mr. Dalton, second over 600 claims in the Mid-Armagh division of the County. The Conservative lodge seems to a hundred claims in this division. North and South Armagh have also been attended to by both parties, and altogether some 2,000 claims have been lodged for the three divisions of the County. If the register other counties is the same position as it is in Armagh, the necessity for appointing a distant Barrister at the revision sessions this year will be the same as it was last year.

Cork.—A correspondent writing to the Cork *Herald* asks a question to note the appearance of potato blight in West Cork, and expresses the hope that, in the event of the disease, the people shall be about to operate. The potato crop in West Cork has been, for the last three years, a failure, and it is very prosperous one.

Clare.—A public lock place on July 31, at Corofin, and was the occasion of a demonstration, which was very large, attended by a very demonstrative order. The sale was at the suit of Mr. Cruel and Mr. Cruel, the plaintiff, and the defendant Mr. Cruel. Before the sale an offer of the land was tendered on behalf of the defendant, and was driven through the sale, and the land was left in possession of the defendant. At the sale, the land was left in possession of the defendant. A National Leaguer was the successful purchaser.

Carlow.—On August 1st, in the convent of the Presentation, Carlow, the Most Rev. Dr. Murphy was elevated to the sacred office of episcopacy by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin and Leighlin. Father Murphy is a nephew of Mr. E. M. Murphy, Chairman of Coolbawn, County Cork, and brother to the Rev. Philip M. Murphy, Ballinakill, Navinal, Clonmacher, and Rev. Francis P. Murphy, Kirling Tower, Newmarket. After passing through the very routine of his studies in Carlow, the Rev. his friends and friends, Father Murphy, Carlow College, and received St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, where he was distinguished for eminent talent. The Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, Dr. Burke, readily perceiving the many good qualities of the young friend, was pleased to appoint him head prefect to St. Patrick's Day College. In the office of responsibility and trust, which he held for one year, he was the esteem and confidence of his superiors, and conducted without exception the fine and respectful regard of the students over whom he presided. The professors, having finished the curriculum of studies, he was ordained to the priesthood, and he was ordained by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, the venerable cardinal primate of Ireland, and he became the secretary of his Grace, and he was the secretary of his Grace, and he was the secretary of his Grace, and he was

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

TWILIGHT.

In the dim and misty twilight
Dark and cold the hours
Tie the hour to bold oblivion
With soft scenes the sinner

They will linger in the shadows
That follow dying day,
Till with scales on bed Hale presents
By the magic of their sway.

They will sooth or heal the capricious
And bring a peaceful calm,
Till the weary thinker, wearily
Beneath the heavy balm.

Then we feel the peaceful beauty
Of heaven, earth and sky,
Then we feel that God has made us
For something great and high.

And our weary, weary struggles
All seem to fit away,
As we sit and dream at twilight
Beneath the shadowy gray.

All the stormy, angry feelings
That linger our thoughts away
From our kind and Heavenly Father
Now vanish with the day.

And from out the shadows cometh
A pleasant spirit company,
Such a pure heart as we could wish
To worship show and class.

In our heart there even is a longing
For holy, pure, and true,
And a prayer, that half unconscious,
Its holiday hilarer before.

When the twilight gray has faded
Into the darkness of night
We will still be in the twilight
Of our hearts and souls.

And again return to duties
Which we have left for a day,
But our twilight dream has vanished
Rudely as thought away.

M. L.

O DULCIS VIRGO MARIA.

Out in the dark, and mist, and cold
I hear a voice in the city crowd,
Chanting low an from fonts of cold
Wonder-struck, and with bated breath,
Sobbing, and sighing, and sobbing,
Sobbing, sobbing, hear thy child,
Thinkest and hear thy child,
Look, O look from Heaven I pray;
Light and guard here on her way,
O dulcis Virgo Maria!

In the darkness the singer goes,
And the world is left to its sorry fate
The music trembles, then swells and dies,
Till it echoes upon the night,
Sobbing and sighing, sighing and sobbing
Sobbing, sobbing, hear thy child,
Thinkest and hear thy child,
Look, O look from Heaven I pray;
Light and guard here on her way,
O dulcis Virgo Maria!

Alas! in this distance the music fails,
Till it dies away to the list and rain,
I have lost a dream of the sweet notes
And I wean and wait for the voice in vain;
Sobbing and sighing, sighing and sobbing
Sobbing, sobbing, hear thy child,
Thinkest and hear thy child,
Look, O look from Heaven I pray;
Light and guide her on her way,
O dulcis Virgo Maria!

Literary Miscellany.

The Martyr's Rosary.

What Led to the Conversion of a Calvinist Stonemason.

CHAPTER I.

It was near midnight on March 9, 1615. Through the frosty air the moonlight fell, cold and white, on the Gothic architecture of ancient Glasgow, making the overhanging gables of the tall houses seem "many an item and twenty." One side of the open space in front of the Archbishop's palace was in deep shadow, while the other was flooded with light.

Still and smooth and gloomy object lent the moonlight show in the middle of the open space? A scaffold, surmounted by a gallows-tree. And he who is to die upon it on the morrow has a dungeon within the palace hard by, a prisoner of the Protestant Archbishop Spottiswood. The scaffold was in progress at the account, nobles, also, of the Privy Council from Edinburgh, are in the Archbishop's palace. The guards and men-at-arms have feasted and drank themselves into a state of drowsiness, while doors and gates are left unwatched.

A woman who was up at that late hour, chanced to open her casement. She looked upon the silent and deserted square, on the dim massive structure in its midst; thinking, perhaps, of the poor prisoner, the inhabitant of whose horrible fortitude under repeated torture, had thrilled all Scotland. As her eye wandered to the palace where he lay, she saw a tall figure, clad in a long loose dressing-gown, pass out from the square to the scaffold. The man's hands were joined as applied somewhat in the heart of prayer, reaching the scaffold he knelt down, and remained a considerable time. Thus the woman heard him say aloud

"Mary, Mother of Grace and Mercy
Maker Bluetooth!
Thou art hence prodigal,
Ye have merite enough."

"Mary, Mother of Grace and Mercy" are as from the enemy, and receive us at the hour of our death.

After this he arose, and returned from whence he came. The woman was very curious, a Presbyterian, and a great reader of word of Lain; but the sense and the words which she distinct heard, so impressed her that she never forgot them.

This strange nativity when, what he might be among, returned to his own apartment in his prison, was Father John Ogilvie, S. J. After twenty-two years spent in foreign universities and parochial work he had received the dangerous trust to being appointed to the Scottish mission, which she then a post of the utmost danger. The Calvinists on one hand, and King James's true Protestant bishops on the other, though they quarrelled about everything else, agreed in persecuting the Catholics, whom elsewhere they had seized, whom monasteries they had ruined, and whom they were resolved to extermination if they land. The few priests left were hiding among the mountains, in caverns or hollow trees. The faithful who dared give shelter to a priest incurred from the secular law, which was called "high treason," the penalty of death, or at least imprisonment, with loss of all property possessed.

CHAPTER II.

Father Ogilvie, who was of a noble and warlike race, had the frank and fearless bearing of a soldier, as well as the zeal of a devoted priest. He seems, wrote one who knew him, "to have but one thought and aim—to bring the fellows Catholic with courage; and to convert the heretics."

The people loved him greatly. At the risk of his life he raised and cheered them, who imagined that the plague-spot and epidemic of many persons had all disease to the Church. At Glasgow, whither he had come from Edinburgh, he was thinking of reviling the Protestant Archbishop and the minister. They engaged a man named Adam Boyd, on the promise of large payment, to falsely accuse the Father of treason, and place himself under the Father's inspection, as a the more nearly to execute and betray him. Thus like his Divine Master, Father Ogilvie was sold into the hands of the Gentiles.

When brought before the false Archbishop, the latter stood him on the fang, saying his how he dared come and say his Mass in a "reformed" city. This, he said, was a signal for all Spottiswood's attendants to fall upon their defenseless victim. "A storm of blows," the Father wrote in his journal, which has been preserved, "fell upon me from all sides. They pulled out my beard and tore my face with their nails until Lord Fleming, struck with horror, compelled them to cease so much evidence. The order was then given to strip me of my garments. They took away everything, even my breviary.

Night being come, the Father was put into the prison called the Tolbooth, and Spottiswood wrote in all haste to King James, boasting of the prize he had taken in that Jesuit Father, together with "four teen of the towns people committed of having heard Mass. Later on, some of the poor people were broken on the wheel, the rest were also condemned to death, and then only banished for life, after confiscation of all the little property they had.

Next day Father Ogilvie, in from the violence he had received, as well as from cold and hunger (for it was twenty-six hours since he had tasted food), was brought before his judges, examined at length, and then sent back to prison.

As he steadily refused to acknowledge the King as the head of the Church, or to betray any of the people he was just to the torture of the "boots"—horrible instruments made of bars of iron, in which the legs were tightly screwed until, sometimes, even the bone was crushed and broken. This cruel torture was renewed day after day. All through these hours of agony the patient and fearless Jesuit of the holy confessor amused his tormentors. "Lord Jesus," he was heard to mutter, "grant that I may be found faithful to Thee, in whom I have believed; and forgive them for they know not what they do!"

And again return to duties
Which we have left for a day,
But our twilight dream has vanished
Rudely as thought away.

CHAPTER III.

Early in December an order came for the prisoner to appear before the Privy Council of Scotland at Edinburgh. Spottiswood had given out that while under torture, the Jesuit had betrayed his acquaintances. When, therefore, he appeared outside the prison, guarded by the Archbishop's men-at-arms, he was assailed not only by a storm of maledictions, but by showers of old stones and snowballs, from a crowd of the poorer people, who believed that he had played them false. As he took no notice, but rode on cheerfully through the town, one man asked him how he could take abuse so calmly. The Father smiled, and answered by quoting a Scotch proverb: "It's past yoking when the head's off."

After riding more than forty miles through the snow, the Father reached Edinburgh on December 8, 1614. He was at first imprisoned in the Archbishop's palace, but about three days was removed to one of the castle dungeons.

To this day "the priest's dungeons" are shown in Edinburgh Castle; and very horrible they are—dark and foul, and in one there is no opening, whatever for air when the door is shut.

Laugh Father Ogilvie was brought before the council. In answer to their questions, he avoided his conversion, and gave his reasons for it, to the great confusion of the ministers; but not a word could be extorted from him which might imperil any other person.

"When you arrived in Edinburgh, where did you lodge?"

"I answer that I am not bound to tell you. Judges have the right to know my crime, if I have committed one, but not to know where I lodged."

"You refuse to obey the King, then!"

"I am sorry that the King has a right to ask, and I will obey."

"The King forbids you to say Mass, and yet you say it."

"I am not, and whether I ought to obey Christ or the King in this, judge for yourselves. The King, you say, forbids me to say Mass and Christ, as the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke testifies, instructed the Holy Apostles and consequently me to do this." (St. Luke, xxii., 19). "I will prove this to you when you like."

In rain they threatened him with fearful punishments, in rain one-more-merciful offered the race of his enemies. They next tried to tempt him by offers of a rich marriage and a large living. "Let me, then, go to the country—offers which he laughed to scorn.

The examination, of which a full and most interesting account is left, lasted for many hours. At last the council bade him reflect and whether he would obey the King or undergo the extreme penalty of the law.

"My decision is made, as I have already said.

The Father being remanded to his dungeon, he was given deliberately as to the kind of torture most likely to reduce him to a state in which he would say anything they wished him to say, and finally decided on a method of torture, which, during eight days and nights without interruption, the holy confessor was kept awake by torments, inflicted by successive relays of executioners, he was ponched, trussed with blows, pricked with pins and needles, especially under the nails. These men threw him on the ground, stood on his arms, twisted his limbs, and continued their diabolical occupation, until on the sixth day their victim appeared to be dead. A physician was called in, who, feeling his pulse, said he had not three hours to live.

The object of the Government being to compel him to sign a full, but false accusation, he was allowed a few hours of sleep, during which his wounds were dressed and dragged before his judges all exhausted and bewildered, he might make some reply to their sentence. This was what they desired; but in vain. His marvelous force of will and presence of mind disappointed all their satanic calculations.

In the dawn of this forced rigil had spread throughout Scotland, arousing indignation against the perpetrators. Many of the nobles who had expectated some to see the Father, remaining him to do the King's pleasure, and save himself from further torment; but Father Ogilvie's answer soon put them to shame.

One day many great people came to see him in his prison, and one gentleman loudly said they had worse things in store for him; that they would only trifling, as he had seen on the West Port, to make an example of his obstinacy.

"Really," said the Father, "you are worthy to be made bargemen; but I do not wind you in this land. My God will help I am ready to suffer for the truth more than you can do to me, as I may, you threaten to frighten women with, I wind them to more than the cowls of geese." A deed of lance caused, the gentleman shook out of the cell, soon followed by the rest.

CHAPTER IV.

When again placed before the lords of the council, they below him consider's a more full (?) they had been to him in not putting him to death on the spot, and proposed

To this the Father made answer: "To serve Christ and His Church I need not any legs or arms to be cut off." He was reviled by the Protestant Archbishop and the minister. They engaged a man named Adam Boyd, on the promise of large payment, to falsely accuse the Father of treason, and place himself under the Father's inspection, as a the more nearly to execute and betray him. Thus like his Divine Master, Father Ogilvie was sold into the hands of the Gentiles.

When brought before the false Archbishop, the latter stood him on the fang, saying his how he dared come and say his Mass in a "reformed" city. This, he said, was a signal for all Spottiswood's attendants

"Thou art a traitor!"

"Nay, I am the priest."

"Thou art a traitor!"

"Yes, your religion; nothing but that!"

"Very well, I will make you a traitor, or a more then I had hoped for. It is for my religion that I die, and if I had a hundred lives I would give them all willingly for my religion. I have but one, take it then, and kill me as you may."

The minister was furious with rage; heard most interesting account to left to a man hung on hurry him up the ladder. It was fixed on the afternoon, and the many had neither eaten nor slept since the preceding day, and could scarcely stand the cold. The minister, after proclaimed that he died, not for his faith, but for treason, the Father was allowed to speak, but he shook his head while his friend, John Abercrombie, who was probably also a priest, and to him: "Don't mind their lies, John, I die for the Church and for the better for you,"—a word which has passed into a proverb in the Highlands.

Wherupon Abercrombie was sent off by the Archbishop's servants, and thrown leading the scaffold. He would have been killed by the fall, but that he came upon a heap of straw below.

Then the executioner, humbly begging the Father's pardon, proceeded to tie his hands behind his back; but before they were bound the martyr threw his rosary into the crowd—the only legacy he had to give.

Then, begging the prayers of all the Catholics, that he might be forgiven as he forgave, he repeated that all his life was in the merits of Christ, his Saviour. He then knelt down and the executioner, as if to see an outpouring of his piety, but in a protestation of his faith, for even on the gallows the minister demanded it, he still insured the worship of the saints. "I beg the saints of God, the Blessed Virgin, and all orons begun to recite the Litany, the Hail, Holy Queen, that all might understand him.

The executioner reluctantly withdrew the ladder, and martyr hung in midair. Nothing would induce the men to leap on his shoulders, but, out of respect for what drew life fast down, so as to hasten death. The rest of the behavior of the soldiers was omitted because "they feared the people." St. Luke, xxii., 2; for now on all sides arose groans, sobs, and murmurs, with prayers that God would not visit this innocent blood upon the people, but only on the authors of that undeserved death.

CHAPTER VI.

And the Martyr's Rosary!

The Martyr's rosary! Fallen, struck the breast of a stranger, Baron Johann von Kekere dorff, a young Hungarian noble, who afterwards became a Jesuit, and died in Rome. His old age gave the following account to Father Ballinger, S. J.

"I was then," he writes, "traveling in the Highlands of Scotland, as is the custom for young men of the Hungarian nobility to do, and was at Glasgow on the 12 of the Faith. I chanced to find myself at Glasgow the day when Father Ogilvie was led to his execution; meantime the Archbishop and other personages went to dine. The whole city was assembled on the square and neighboring streets, while from many a hut or the Highlands were had come to catch a last word or look.

"On his way to the scaffold, Father Ogilvie was beset by one of the heretical ministers. "My dear Ogilvie," he said, "how I despise this obstinacy, which is leading you to an inhuman death!"

The Father answered on air, as it wary, of one in fear. "As if," he said, "I could help dying, after they have condemned me to death for high treason."

"Treason! Nothing of the kind, as I am to tell you. Only abjure Papery and the Pope, and you shall be loaded with honors."

"What you arrived in Edinburgh, where did you lodge?"

"I answer that I am not bound to tell you. Judges have the right to know my crime, if I have committed one, but not to know where I lodged."

"You refuse to obey the King, then!"

"I am sorry that the King has a right to ask, and I will obey.

"The King forbids you to say Mass, and yet you say it."

"I am not, and whether I ought to obey Christ or the King in this, judge for yourselves. The King, you say, forbids me to say Mass and Christ, as the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke testifies, instructed the Holy Apostles and consequently me to do this." (St. Luke, xxii., 19). "I will prove this to you when you like.

In rain they threatened him with fearful punishments, in rain one-more-merciful offered the race of his enemies. They next tried to tempt him by offers of a rich marriage and a large living. "Let me, then, go to the country—offers which he laughed to scorn.

The examination, of which a full and most interesting account is left, lasted for many hours. At last the council bade him reflect and whether he would obey the King or undergo the extreme penalty of the law.

"My decision is made, as I have already said.

The Father being remanded to his dungeon, he was given deliberately as to the kind of torture most likely to reduce him to a state in which he would say anything they wished him to say, and finally decided on a method of torture, which, during eight days and nights without interruption, the holy confessor was kept awake by torments, inflicted by successive relays of executioners, he was ponched, trussed with blows, pricked with pins and needles, especially under the nails. These men threw him on the ground, stood on his arms, twisted his limbs, and continued their diabolical occupation, until on the sixth day their victim appeared to be dead. A physician was called in, who, feeling his pulse, said he had not three hours to live.

The object of the Government being to compel him to sign a full, but false accusation, he was allowed a few hours of sleep, during which his wounds were dressed and dragged before his judges all exhausted and bewildered, he might make some reply to their sentence. This was what they desired; but in vain. His marvelous force of will and presence of mind disappointed all their satanic calculations.

In the dawn of this forced rigil had spread throughout Scotland, arousing indignation against the perpetrators. Many of the nobles who had expectated some to see the Father, remaining him to do the King's pleasure, and save himself from further torment; but Father Ogilvie's answer soon put them to shame.

One day many great people came to see him in his prison, and one gentleman loudly said they had worse things in store for him; that they would only trifling, as he had seen on the West Port, to make an example of his obstinacy.

"Really," said the Father, "you are worthy to be made bargemen; but I do not wind you in this land. My God will help I am ready to suffer for the truth more than you can do to me, as I may, you threaten to frighten women with. I wind them to more than the cowls of geese." A deed of lance caused, the gentleman shook out of the cell, soon followed by the rest.

CHAPTER IV.

When again placed before the lords of the council, they below him consider's a more full (?) they had been to him in not putting him to death on the spot, and proposed

To this the Father made answer: "To serve Christ and His Church I need not any legs or arms to be cut off." He was reviled by the Protestant Archbishop and the minister. They engaged a man named Adam Boyd, on the promise of large payment, to falsely accuse the Father of treason, and place himself under the Father's inspection, as a the more nearly to execute and betray him. Thus like his Divine Master, Father Ogilvie was sold into the hands of the Gentiles.

When brought before the false Archbishop, the latter stood him on the fang, saying his how he dared come and say his Mass in a "reformed" city. This, he said, was a signal for all Spottiswood's attendants

"Thou art a traitor!"

"Nay, I am the priest."

"Thou art a traitor!"

"Yes, your religion; nothing but that!"

"Very well, I will make you a traitor, or a more then I had hoped for. It is for my religion that I die, and if I had a hundred lives I would give them all willingly for my religion. I have but one, take it then, and kill me as you may."

The minister was furious with rage; heard most interesting account to left to a man hung on hurry him up the ladder. It was fixed on the afternoon, and the many had neither eaten nor slept since the preceding day, and could scarcely stand the cold. The minister, after proclaimed that he died, not for his faith, but for treason, the Father was allowed to speak, but he shook his head while his friend, John Abercrombie, who was probably also a priest, and to him: "Don't mind their lies, John, I die for the Church and for the better for you,"—a word which has passed into a proverb in the Highlands.

Wherupon Abercrombie was sent off by the Archbishop's servants, and thrown leading the scaffold. He would have been killed by the fall, but that he came upon a heap of straw below.

Then the executioner, humbly begging the Father's pardon, proceeded to tie his hands behind his back; but before they were bound the martyr threw his rosary into the crowd—the only legacy he had to give.

Then, begging the prayers of all the Catholics, that he might be forgiven as he forgave, he repeated that all his life was in the merits of Christ, his Saviour. He then knelt down and the executioner, as if to see an outpouring of his piety, but in a protestation of his faith, for even on the gallows the minister demanded it, he still insured the worship of the saints. "I beg the saints of God, the Blessed Virgin, and all oron

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY THUR. OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Christian parents, let us beg your serious consideration of the Important Duty that devolves upon them individually, and practically, in the matter of the Support of the Catholic Press. Nothing can be more Christian or Catholic than the Catholic Press in its principles and purpose, and the Church expects of it at this time. As frequently and as forcibly has the Supreme Pontiff spoken of the Duty of Catholics to the Press and Publishers and circulating good reading, and as assiduously have these admonitions been copied and recorded everywhere, that we certainly stand in need of arguments to be convinced of Duty. Nothing, in fact, but the Neglect of Duty in Catholics can be bringing home to the Pastors of souls practical facts needed to enlighten Catholics, and make them well recognize it as an imperious and the duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic Press, and circulating good Catholic reading, and Catholic Literature, based well prepared with the information they impart, then the Clergy in press will be sure to attain to its rightful development and to be complete the desired mission. But choose a journal or Review, or Magazine, or Publication, or Publisher, not one that is cold, or, which indulges in sarcasm or sectarian criticism, or, which is sectarian, or, which is conducted unfairly, or, which, in fact, is not in Catholic keeping.—PASTORAL LETTER OF THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL.

Editorial Notes.

—Father Lacombe, of Manitoba, is having several religious works printed in Cree and Blackfoot for distribution among the Indians.

—Our Australian contemporaries mention the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Bishop of Galway, as a probable successor to the late Archbishop Goold, of Melbourne.

—Mgr. Herzog, Prince-Bishop of Breslau, is seriously ill. Public prayers have been offered up for his recovery. Mgr. Baudri, Suffragan has passed.

—The Allemanns says that on the 15th of this month Mr. Jervis McCarthy, M. P., will sail from Liverpool for the United States, where he has made arrangements to deliver a course of lectures during the Winter season. The tour will be a literary, not a political one, and Mr. McCarthy will probably choose subjects akin to those by which he won popularity in America some twelve years ago. Even should he be induced to include historical and political matters, he has wisely determined to avoid party and controversial subjects

—The German-Hungarian College have to assure the loss of their beloved spiritual director, the Rev. Father Adolphe de Doss, of the Society of Jesus, a native of Munich, well-known throughout Germany especially in the Rhenish Provinces, he having been for years Superior of the House of the Jesuits at Meyenez, where he was expelled at the commencement of the Kulturkampf. Before coming to reside in Rome, he was Director of Music in the College of St. Sarrein, at Liege, where he acquired considerable renown from his excellent compositions of sacred music. He also delivers between the flock and true Shepherd of the Christian fold.

—On July 6th was held in the Vatican the preparatory Congregation of Sacred Rites to judge of the virtues and miracles of another hero of the faith, the venerable servant of God, John Gabriel Perboyre, priest of the Congregation of the Mission, martyred in China, September 11th, 1840.

—The Pope, it is announced, has received a confidential communication from Vienna stating that the Emperors of Austria and Germany, in their recent conference at Gastein, took into account the position of the Holy See. It is stated that his Holiness has caused his thanks to be conveyed to the two Emperors.

—The full account of the recent disastrous earthquake at Charleston, South Carolina, which we publish on the second page, will serve to show many of our distant readers that there are other places in America besides California where earthquakes occur with far more disastrous effect than ever realized in this region.

—It is reported that Mgr. Nannutelli, the Papal Nuncio at Lisbon, who was recently summoned to Rome for the purpose of undertaking a mission to France with a view of effecting a settlement of the difficulty arising out of the appointment of a Papal Nuncio at Paris, will shortly arrive in Paris. He will, it is said, bring with him an autograph letter from the Pope to President Grévy.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne says in his Biblebook romance: "I have always envied Catholics their faith in that sweet mother Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, interceding somewhat at His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon them, accordingly as can on his ministery here for forty years, and has never once revisited Europe. He is the type of an ascetic: his venerable features bears with gentleness and love. His garb, like the little church, the priest's house, and the school, bear the stamp of Apostolic poverty. "He is a saint," said a Wallegan missionary to me, and this testimony is confirmed by the unanimous verdict of the white population."

—Michael Davitt addressed a very large meeting of Irishmen and others at Keenan, Michigan, recently, in which he thus outlined the course of action which the Irish tenants will carry out this winter "If Ireland we are likely to have serious trouble the coming winter. Lord Randolph Churchill's Government has already encouraged the landlords. We must resist. At first passive measures of resistance will be employed, but resist we must at any cost. I would be the last to advise a resort to anything resembling the outrages of old. In the time of Addison the educational curriculum was confined to but few subjects, and those outside the language and the classics. Now a graduate from any of our State Universities is expected to have delved deeply into thermodynamics, quaternions and spectrum chemical analysis, crystallography, pertrography, stephanotics, kinematics and a score of similar studies in conjunction with the customary curriculum of collegiate and university classes.

The result is that graduates in State institutions of all grades get a smattering of a score of different studies but their education is only superficial at best. No solid foundation has been laid upon which they can build in after life, sufficient time has not been given to enable them to drink deep of the waters of knowledge, and hence the English speaking portion of the globe presents but few men who are competent to be called literary lights in this age of the world.

The Universal Motherhood of the Blessed Virgin

This month of the Monitor being printed on the great festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, it is customary with Catholic centuns to lay before our readers a few considerations regarding the universal veneration accorded to the Immaculate Mother of God by saint and sage as well as by the surrounding nations. From a worldly point of view never glory judged by the outward appearance. Pride, pomp, riches and luxurious living are regarded as the truest tendancies of fortune and men who possess them are generally by the wealth loving world. Princes, Synod, Sovereign, with those who possess the world, are regarded as the fortunate of earth. Now, the Blessed Virgin Mary, on the other hand, was a poor maiden, of humble birth, and, as we learn from the Gospel, she called herself "the Handmaiden of the Lord." Yet all these things other than the Blessed Virgin Mary, on the other hand, says "all ye people from now on will call me blessed." Why? Because the Mighty One has done great things for me. Holy is His name. Now, we know that for more than 1800 years this Blessed Virgin Mary has been the most honored of all women, and in the shadow of death, and in the shadow of life, she has been the most loved of all women.

Even the sacred Scriptures, which, when speaking of the Blessed Virgin, speak of her in the most exalted terms, have not been able to hold back the tide of love and veneration which they express with which the religious families of religious orders are strewn behind. Founded by great saints, who have been noted both for the ability to teach, but which have been so eminent, and yet so meek, so holy, which have been so humble, so pure, so holy, that all these three other saints, the Blessed Virgin, who is the Mother of God, who is the Queen of Heaven, who is the Mother of the Redeemer, who is the Mother of the Redeemer, who is the Mother of the Redeemer

Farm and Home.

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

A man is what his wife makes him.

It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Never make a remark at the expense of another; it is mean-mean.

Never pass without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.

"How easily glides the smooth life away. When the who rules still seems bet to obey."

Never talk manifest anger or vanity.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield cheerfulness to the wishes of the other, which is the material cultivation of an absolute amelioration.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then preface it with a kind, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

What Onions will Do.

Onions inhabit coarse sleep, rest and repose. The soldier on his march and the exhausted iron worker get great strength from eating the onion. Tie a fresh onion around the wrist and it will make an odor transmitted and you scarcely sound sleep from its nightly inhalation.

Neglect of Children's Teeth.

Children's teeth are often neglected by parents, who give the young mouths little attention, until decay and the child's complaint of toothache warn them of their duty. Even if they know there is decay going on, they dismiss the subject with the thought that they are only the first of temporary teeth, which will soon be replaced by the permanent ones. This is a great mistake, as the regularity of the second set depends largely upon the healthy condition of the first, which should be retained in their places until the second set is ready to appear, when they will generally drop out or become loosened, and are easily removed. Much mischief is done by premature decay and the extraction of the temporary teeth. Many think that they should be removed to make room for the permanent teeth—a dangerous mistake, which should be avoided if after trouble would be prevented. One of the most beautiful provisions of nature, in the human economy, is that for the removal of the first teeth by absorption of their roots to make room for the second to advance. Sometimes this absorption does not go fast enough, and the second tooth is observed to be coming through before the first is loosened. In such a case the dentist should be consulted, who, if he has made a proper study of this frequent condition of things, will very readily correct it.

The Debt is Mother.

Mothers live for their children, make self sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name Mother, is the sweetest in human language. And persons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless care and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless wayward-ness. Those loving hearts go down in their graves with those heart-aches of secret agony unknown. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the private chamber for her child, or wall the words which she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will tell him all her griefs and the deadly fears which lie at her heart. She warns him with trembling lips she pray evermore. She tries to charm him with sheepy love while her heart palpitating. So worthy and successful man grew yet inner the breadth and depth of the great obligations which he is under to the mother who labored and sacrificed so at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a counter balance of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him obey as implicity as he has her wishes and advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest, and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with his debt to her still discharged.

Good Fruit Yields.

We had the pleasure of looking through C. M. Hoover's orchard a few days ago, and to note some of the fruits growing and ripening. In apricots the White Royal is a favorite variety, he having one row only. These trees are seven years old, and have never failed to produce a crop since coming to bearing at the third year. This year the trees averaged 200 pounds of excellent fruit, which takes first rank as a dryer. The wood of the tree is strong, never splitting or breaking. He has four acres of the Yellow Royal variety, which produced about half a crop this year. Of peaches, he has sixteen varieties, the first of which ripen from May 20th to Late Jan. The latest variety is the Bivins, late, which ripens from October 20th to November 1st. This he has fresh peaches for five months continually. Of nectarines, he has about one variation, three or four of which are leaders. He has the extra Hungarian prune and the French prune, the leading varieties of the State. The Yellow Egg plum and silver plum are excellent bearers, and varieties that Mr. Hoover feels a great confidence in. In grapes about ten of the best standard varieties are raised, and the Cornichon, a late and very fine shipping grape, is doing well for him. His vineyard produced ten and a half tons per acre last year, there being 435 vines to the acre, or ten feet apart each way.—*Hanford Journal.*

Thirty-Nine Girls in Ten Years.

Thirty-nine girls.——

In ten years fifteen will have married.

In ten years seven of the fifteen will be widows dependent upon their own exertions for bread and meat.

In ten years fifteen of the remaining twenty-four will be sleeping beneath the sod. And how far apart will they be sleeping? One in Georgia, one in California, one in Ohio, one in Virginia, another, perhaps, in a visionary's grave in China, another amid the ashes of the ancient Aztec of Mexico, another—but only time will tell you where they will sleep.

In ten years not one of the thirty-nine but that will have tasted of the bitterness that comes in time to all human beings. Hope will be blighted, loved ones will be chained by that same adamant you behold now, yet, screen in a hundred forms will be experienced—indeed, to every one a surfeit of fond, but fruit will be cofeit.

Raise Fruit.

In view of the universal low prices of grain it would be well for our farmers to engage more extensively in fruit raising. Indeed it begins to be apparent to the farmers that grain raising does not pay at present prices, which may continue to rule for some time to come. As an illustration of the fact that fruit raising does pay we need only site the one of S. C. Dicus, of Vina, who has been offered $6,000 for the product of thirty-seven acres of orchard, on which there are about 4,000 bearing trees. This is at the rate of $1.50 per tree. The fruit raisers of Vina are realizing an average of about $200 per acre—a sum per acre greatly exceeding that realized by farmers during the most prosperous year of grain raising in Tehama county.—*Red Bluff Beacon.*

Family Fun.

How Me Lost His Mind.

The Columbia police took up a prominent citizen in a sad state of mental aberration the other day, and, after restoring him, learned that he probably lost his mind in trying to remember and deliver the parting message of his wife, who, on kissing him good-by in the morning, told him to "go to the dress-maker and tell her that she (the wife) had changed her mind, and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin, and be sure and tell her," said the wife, "that if she thinks it would look better with two blue flounces without puffing, and box plaiting below the equator, which should be gathered in hem-stitched gudgeons up and down the seams, with gusset stitch between, she can make it up in that way, instead of fluting the bobinette insertions, and placing out with point applique, as I suggested yesterday."

Why His Brother Could Do It.

At the Branch: Oubleigh has driven from the depot in a hack.

Cubbleigh—"Aw—what's the—aw—damage?"

Cabby—"Dell'rs half, sir."

Cubleigh—"Dollaw, dollaw! and a hawlf! What—aw—is a dollaw and a hawlf, my good fellaw?"

Cabby—"I believe Englishmen call it six shillings, sir."

Cubleigh—"Aw—six bob to be shaw. Here—aw—take your money. Why you aw! to lawn to talk English, my good fellaw!"

Cabby—"I couldn't if I tried, sir. My brother might, though."

Cubleigh—"Yoush bwothaw! And why poush bwothaw?"

Cabby—"Because he's such a natural born liar! I tell you he has to keep him in the asylum for fear he'll disgrace the family."

Not Her First Appearance.

Lawyer (to timid young woman)—Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before?

Young Woman (blushing)—Yes, sir, of course.

Lawyer—Please state to the jury just what suit it was.

Young Woman (with more confidence)—It was a son's waltz, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue, with hat to match.

Judge (rapping violently)—Order in the court!

Chicago Sat Up.

A Chicago drummer balanced his chin on the edge of the seat in front of him and tickled a sandy-haired passenger's ear with the remark:

"You're been in Chicago, of course?"

"Where?"

"Chicago."

An American look came into the sandy-haired man's eyes.

"Let me see," he mused retrospectively, "guess to me I must have passed through there. I've travelled a good deal. I know I've heard the name before. What line of road is it on?"

"Line of road! Why, it's the biggest railroad centre on earth."

"Is Chicago a place where the trains stop for dinner?"

"Yes," said the disgusted drummer, "Chicago is a place where the passengers stop for dinner.

"Of course, that's what I meant," explained the red-haired man gently. "Fact is, he went on with confidential frankness, "I've travelled so much and been in so many different places in my life that I don't pretend to remember more n a quarter of em. What's the name of the hotel in Chicago?"

"There ain't any," said the drummer gloomily.

Then he walked forward to the Ether, filled his mouth full of water and gargled his throat.

"Who is that evil-eyed, pink haired, lumpy legged, prairie-eared microbe at the other end of the car?" he asked of the conductor, who was passing; this with a leer.

"Do you mean the gentleman looking out of the window?"

"Yes,sa."

"He's a merchant traveller from St. Louis."

Testing a Refrigerator.

"Fifty dollars to the man who can prove that any two things put into this ice chest will taste of the other."

He had a refrigerator run out to the curb-stone, hung the above sign over each side, and retired indoors to await the expected crowd of customers. People came up and down the street jostled each other in their hurry, glanced at the ice box and sign, and went on.

After some hours of disappointed hopes and expectations, the dealer saw a pedestrian halt, calmly peruse the wonderful announcement, and rather hesitatingly advance to the door.

"Do you mean it?" he inquired, in an anxious tone, pointing over his shoulder to the sign.

"Yes, sir-ee" emphatically responded the dealer.

"Put up your money" continued the stranger.

"No sir!" replied the dealer in a pompous style. "My word is as good as the cash."

"All right, I'll take you," responded the stranger as he departed.

He returned shortly afterwards with a box under each arm.

"Stick to your agreement" he ordered. "Of course I will" I answered the dealer, fastening what in the name of Christopher Columbus he was had in view.

The stranger set his boxes down on the sidewalk, and a crowd began to collect. He told the dealer that he was afraid that he (the dealer) would back out of the bargain, but the latter asserted his readiness to put up the money if necessary. The stranger opened a box, lifted out a cat and placed her in a refrigerator. Then he opened the other box and took therefrom a large wire cage containing a large rat.

"Now, mister, said he, "you put that that door in a hurry when I flop the rat inside, and I'll go you another fifty that you will taste of the other in less than five minutes."

The crowd yelled and the dealer slammed the refrigerator door and slid into the store, with a remark about fools and swindlers.

He still refuses to recognize the stranger's claim to the fifty dollars, but he has taken his sign in.

Fire and Brimstone.

A West of Scotland clergyman was going to the Highlands for his holidays, and being very fond of the "Saltch Pickles," he took a bottle with him. The "Saltch Pickles" are extremely hot and should be sparingly used. Arrived at the hotel, he placed the bottle on the table and took out one or two of them. A Yankee was sitting opposite and got his eye on the pickles. "Stranger, pass the pickles, please. The clergyman said "These are private property, but you are welcome to them." He passed the bottle across the table. The Yankee emptied half the bottle into his plate and stirred them up well with his spoon. He took a big spoonful, but they were not long down when he drew in his breath and said "Oh, dodgast it! Look here, stranger, I guess you are a parson!" "Well, I am a clergyman, and preach the Gospel." "Look you here," said the Yankee, "I have heard them preach about fire and brimstone, but you are the first one I ever knew who carried a sample bottle."

Interesting Origin of Silk Stockings.

The first silk stockings ever in England were knitted by Queen Elizabeth's silk-woman, Mistress Montague, who presented her Majesty with a pair of black silk ones, which she liked so well that she kept the donor knitting silk stockings as long as she lived. Before the end of her reign stockings were made of silk, jersey, worsted, cravat, or the finest yarn and thread that could be had, and Stubbs remarks that the ladies were "not ashamed to wear hose of all kinds of other mixable colors, as green, red, white, russet, tawny and dun who not, cunningly knit and curiously indented in every point worth a praise, slender, open work, and everything elsecordingly.

The fashion thus introduced by royalty was soon adopted by the under ranks. The first per who indulged in silk stockings was that William Herbert called the "proud Earl of Pembroke." Prouder than ever, we can fancy him, in the days of trunk hose, long-waisted doublet and huge ruffs appearing at court in his new fashionable knit hose, and perhaps dancing a measure with the "virgin queen," her head covered with feathers, her feet glittering in gold and silver embroidered slippers, wearing her black silk stockings as she coquettishly held her brocaded skirt and shock her feet in the dance.

King James I, it is said, not only wore silk stockings, but was so fond of them that he lowered his kingly dignity so far as to ask one of his courtiers, to lend him a pair.

That was royalty giving a begging with a vengeance. Stubbs has erred in the letter still extant of how the king asked the loan of the "neatest hose with the gold clocks" on one occasion; when he desired to give the Spanish ambassador an "extraordinary idea of his magnificence."

It was a fancy with some lovers of the olden time to have stockings made from their ladies' hair, they desiring, I suppose to have their feet as well as their hearts entangled in the meshes of their mistress' tresses.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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REGISTRATION
—FOR THE—
General Election.
ALL ELECTION DESIRING TO VOTE AT THE GENERAL Election, to be held November 7, 1882, must register their names with the Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, at his office, No. 509 Montgomery street, commencing at the office of the Registrar of Voters, on the second Monday in August, and will continue until Monday, October 7, 1882, inclusive, Sundays excepted, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.
By order of the Board of Election Commissioners.
F. P. WALSH, Registrar.
August 1, 1882.

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A Large Assortment of Monuments direct from Italian Shops.
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The most luxurious and perfect Turkish, Russian and Medicated Baths for Ladies on NOB street with the
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Has Returned to San Francisco, greatly improved in health by her recent trip through California, and will be pleased to see her friends and customers at her dressmaking parlors, 116 Kearny St.

I CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I mean not merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, but I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS, a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because other remedies have failed is no reason for not sending me your case. Give express and post office address. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St. New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.
JULIUS H. MEDAU,
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WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALER.
Paramount 1879.
We are selling Cheap for Cash and guarantee our goods.
The following low prices will continue 1882
Table Wines ..... 50c, 60c, 75c, and $1.
Mission Wines ..... $1.50 per gal. $5 per doz.
Muscat Vineyard ..... $1 per gal. $5 per doz.
Old Port or Sherry ..... $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.
Kentucky Whiskies ..... $2.50, $3, $3.50 and $4.
Bourbon Whiskey, ... $1.50, $1.75 and $2.
Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc., $3 per gal. and upwards
Other Wines and Liquors at lowest rates
NEW MUSIC.
J. FISCHER & BRO., New York.
A. WALDTEUFEL, 737 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO AGENT.
Music, in box, 40 Alphabetical, for organists and altos, by Dunstan, Fischer, Lemare, Wely, Wely, Wely

Poetry.

[From the Catholic Publication Society's Edition of Father Faber's Hymns.]

THE MESSENGERS OF GLAD TIDINGS.

(Hymn written for congregational use at the Oratory, Birmingham, given recently to the Society by the Revered Redemptorist Fathers.

Hail! Pilgrims here hailed
Setting children of a Child!
Leaders to the Promised Land
O! the pilgrims, were and faint

From their lamentable bondage freed,
And their desert journey far,
And the thirst, the sun-scorched,
Blissful entrance hale would bar

Through the Blood bespattered gate
To their destitute King's abode,
Hearsed but by the pathway strewed,
By the narrow pasture road!

But, with your Redeemer's Name
Your pure souls, strength is yours
Conquest that for Him you claim,
Lo! He Saving Name assures

Nought can check his conquering grace,
Nought its meekness might resist,
Impious fly before the face
Pen of our Benefactor!

Hail! then—"Beautiful your feet
Ye the messengers," hailed hail!
Messengers of glad tidings!
To the "Bonnet's Hidden Land!"

Through her valed and verdant plains,
Through her hills empurpled hues,
Whereon the Vine-tree clings
High their beacon crosses raise.

Through each crystal street that twines
(Ye her sight-lying) breed,
Thence, from falter, stammer shrine
Unto pure words of warning lines

Ringing through the sun struck air,
Like the gold Prince's call,
"Pathways of the Lord prepare:
"Yours be Hills! and mountains, fall!

"Lay the axe unto the root
"Of the lofty and barren tree
"Laden with colored fruit,
"Hid the living branches be!"

Lately, then, the startled Shrine
Knelt Love's pilgrim-bonus which;
Pitched near Pentecost's sign
Notes of strife and worldly die.

Shrieks bonds were cast in twain,
Tears of sweet contrition flowed,
And the angels' joyful strain
Echoed Mother Church's shade

For the lost again was found!
At his Father's Dancing-board
Sat the sinner, robed and crowned,
To his kindred restored!

This the fruit of Mission grand!
This our work, O thrice-one!
Hail! Mission, Redemption-land!
Hail! Liquor's saintly sons!

Warmer blood, and nearer tye
Of the dear Redeemer's Name;
Hearts, Mary's gardens well ye claim,
Ye shall exile it—evermore,
Ye Hills triumphant! "Golden Shore,"
Yours shall be the rich reward
Of your toil and hoping hard!
HARRIET M. SAUNDERS, (Marie.)

San Francisco.

[For THE MONITOR.]

IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE MISS FANNY PARNELL.

WHOSE PATRIOTIC ATTUNDER HAVE SO OFTEN IN LIGHTED IRISH HEARTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

I never looked upon her face,
I know not whether it was fair,
Or whether dead alone had set
Its glorious silent there;
For I gaze but on her spirit, and
Its beauty is all I see
Amid the pulseless frame,
Yet she was fair as I do know,
To know thence is the grave.

No tones from thy pure lips that rare
Have ever deeply been unto my ear
And yet how oft my heart has thrilled,
Thy spirit's voice to hear
Thy noble mind, whose soul was given
To the nation's holy power,
The power to which all noble souls
Do an the darkest hour.

I know that then were young; for ne're
The worn and world-scorned heart may know
Such visitings of Jacob's light
As in thy young years
Of youthful hope, and of the glow
Of hallowed enthusiasm
Thy spirit's spirit shone
Supply to weather, then,
That I should mourn thy earthly doom,
And pour as with heartfelt tears
Of my beloved tomb;
Then were thy spirit from prerogatived man
Who to the world belong;
For not alone "The Immortal King"
May claim the queen of song.

Literally, young minstrel, thou art shrouded
Proclaimed by broken's patriot fate,
Ere nature does a thousand pulse
The steps of gentle wail;
The fane Hallow of relief
That to the hard are given,
Forbid the "Spirit" to feel rest
Beneath its native heaven.

Literally—high time were stretched away
The soon for Erin and America's fame,
Yet may a poetic thought shall wake,
Young minstrel, on thy name;
And with a hard man mourn thy doom,
With many a silent tear,
A stranger's hand would fling its wreath
Of green shamrock on thy bier.

THE POOR OF IRELAND.

People Who Live for the Rewards of a Blessed Future.

A Dublin Letter in the Indianapolis *Journal*, says: "I have learned to respect the Roman Catholic Church more than ever before since my visit to this country. Everywhere I find the convents filled with the children of the poorer classes. Many are indeed the only surviving children who would grow up in ignorance and vice but for the Convent of Kenmare. I found over 300 hundred children received as day pupils. Many of these children came from five or eight miles in the country, so poor that a shilling per week was scarcely given 200 of them upon their arrival, and a piece of dry bread for their mid-day meal, and a bowl of porridge in the evening. The majority of buildings of the convent were thus supported, and yet I found the children in the place in a comfortable attitude. Low-cooking meals here, and I was shown the 1-depered orchard by nuns Victoria, which was being skillfully wrought by the nimble fingers of the young ladies in the schools. Said the gentle sister: "Maybe you can mention our lace to the Queen, that they as sister of us, to be appoint executive entirely through the money only of those who are and are the necessity of our work, for our people are very poor." In the Protestant Orphanage I found 300 children in mourned, sweet-faced orphans, in charge of Protestant ladies, in a Protestant district. I had the satisfaction of being told that it is almost unknown, notwithstanding their poverty, you can attribute to an enormous degree, this to there this be owing to the strict surveillance of the Roman Catholic religion upon the conscience of these people. They live more for the rewards of another life and will rather live in the place one of present. So long as English landlords reign in Ireland let the Roman Catholic priest alone, that the latter may exercise a moral influence upon the poor Irish peasantry, to this that boots the holy church poverty or even physical distress.

Pulo-Cotto Classes.

The Pulo-Cotto-Gaelic class held its weekly session Saturday in the Catholic of the Hol Branch Hall, Market St. Ward presiding in the absence of President John O'Quigley. The proceedings of Irish and Gaelic were read by Thomas Varela" by the Chairman "Gilma of Folam" in Irish style by Captain Fagan; a translation into Irish of "Alexander and the Thief," by Captain Fagan; recitation, the "Hiles," by Master Martin Henry and letter; Irish orations, by J. O'Mahoney the poem of Patrick, "The Preservation of the Irish Language," by the same gentleman who preceded. In conclusion the Chairman gave an Irish oration in which he attended eloquent thanks to the Knights of the Red Branch for their kindness in lending their hall to the class. Mr. Ward also favored the audience with the song, "Fallon Lee."

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Text of the Resolutions Adopted by the Democracy

The following is the text of the platform of principles adopted by the Democratic State Convention:

NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

Resolved, That with boundless pride we cordially indorse the administration of President Cleveland for the honesty, integrity and success with which it conducting the affairs of the government, carrying out the principles of Democracy in administration, and for the manfulness with which he has asserted for our country the position of the United States of Union of States and Liberal, a country free from the unjust inequalities of centuries, to reduce taxation, to limit the expenditure of public moneys, the revival of trade, the increase of commerce, the restoration of the universal confidence in the people heritage, the peace that blessing crowds throughout our whole land, and the extinction of sectional animosities are the salient results which signalize the administration of Democratic party to power, and the response it has given to the trust reposed in it.

Resolved, That we congratulate the President on the success of the honest endeavor, and call attention to the fact that, while he has raised spurious and unworthy claims, he has always were precise bills this any of the precedences.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Resolved, That convention resolutions the passage of an act of Congress prohibiting the free coinage of both gold and silver, by the terms of which act all gold and silver coined at the several mints of the United States shall be received in exchange for money or gold or silver certificates at the rate now fixed by the standard dollars of gold and silver, which bullion coins shall be receivable for all public purposes and interchangeable for gold or silver, as the case may be.

WINE AND BEER.

Resolved, That the present tariff on wine, imposed by a Republican convention in 1886, and a Republican President, is an unjust discrimination against a great industry, and we demand the same and demand the restoration of the tariff on wine, that the vineyards of California and other states California in the development of their interests, we must heartily favor the bills now pending in Congress for the release from taxation of aliens and in the fulfillment of sweet wines and the protection of our wine industries from the injurious effects of free and the unrestricted sale of spurious wines. And we also favor legislation for the protection of the raisin industry.

LABOR.

Resolved, We are in favor of liberal wages and free labor.

All associations formed for the purpose of developing the intelligence, promoting the welfare and protecting the interests of the laborer and mechanic, and to enable them successfully to contend for and maintain their rights by peaceful and efficient means against the powerful and oppressive combinations of capital, are commended and earnestly sanctioned by law.

We favor the adoption of a national labor system as determined in the interests of free labor and relieve to certain lines of legislature business with which it seems to contain. We commend the present State Administration for its late efforts to abolish the system, and pledge our candidates, if elected, to do all within their power to carry out the spirit of the Constitution upon this question. But in no way shall the Democrat be prohibit that was made to Congress and jute code within the walls of the State prison.

CHINESE.

We are unalterably opposed to Chinese immigration and demand the abrogation of the Burlingame Treaty—a treaty through which hopeless slave labor creeps upon our shores. We plead the best of our ability in the Democratic party of this State to the enforcement of laws which shall permanently prohibit and forever such immigration. We regard labor as an commodity, and the importation of Chinese slaves as a blight to the aspirations of free labor from this country and their exclusion forever.

In the same time, and pending the agitation on this subject, the Democratic party of this State is a friend of free labor and of the interests of the people, recognizes the legal right of any citizen to emigrate to his pleasure, yet we hold that it is the right and duty of the people of this State to protect themselves against the evil of Chinese and that such labor should not be treated in any other character of labor is available.

SUBSIDIES LEGISLATURE.

Resolved, That we reaffirm the principle contained in the National Democratic platform, declaring that the Democratic party is unalterably opposed to all sinecure legislation.

RAILROAD COMPANIES.

We condemn the great railroad companies of this State for their defiance of the laws, for their corrupt practices and their persistent refusal to contribute to the support of the government. The outcome and danger lies in the fact that these corporations are so and long days to encourage communists and anarchists. We demand that the laws be made to bear with equal hand upon the corporations as upon the poorer classes of society, shall the poor be compelled to pay a dollar, while the rich are allowed to evade the payment of a dollar

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Long have I thought the twilight
The chosen companion to lie,
Of the grandest gift of God to man,
Sweet, silent Memory.
When the sober hazel of darkness,
With flitting shadows drawn near,
Who has not then been her votary,
And felt her sway or fear.

Loved forms, happy hours long cherished—
Those hours which fed as food,
Rush forward on Memory's swift wings,
From the deep abyss of the past.
And when struggling in adversity,
One sorrow drive out from our hearts
Sweet Memory's image of joy.

No! not even the sharpest darts,

As the day-lime with rays penetrating
The dew-drop drive up from its flower,
So the faint-way one of Memory
Chases out from the melancholy hours,
Of sadness, pain or affliction,
Its shadowy image of joy.
Drive up the light of our later life
And hide we liegal our fears.

Is there one who treads earth's valley,
Who with sadness has no or been filled
In pondering o'er innocent years,
With sweet recollection thrilled?
Yes! there is one, I believe,
Who has no pleasure in memory,
As we have seen in our country
Where first we saw the day.

Doubtful tale tree seems to brighten
When our first appearance is made;
Ere what when we first right gladness
The beautiful visions must fade.
Ye, what hope our hearts so cheerful,
Our minds tears can so free,
Yet strength so renewed and active?
'Tis angelic but Memory.

In the closing hours of existence,
When the friends that are now so dear
All have vanished, and we stand alone,
The time that for us is near,
When we stand alone and deserted,
The last link to Memory's chain,
The last anchor for life's tempest,
Oh, Memory! shine again.

Let us hope that when leaving this valley
The will prove a beacon light,
To guide us to heaven's shore,
Where angels will bless our sight;
Where not only Memory's joys,
In robes of gold will we,
But the Christ we have loved so mortally,
With the gift of Memory.

ERY SAERC.

San Francisco.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Long to the pealm of an warrior bold,
Who achieves a great enterprise,
Tones not my voice that old lame be cold,
Or the pulse of my heart be cold.
But I sing to the brave name shall to earth
Be the Michael Davitt.

Or the name of the patriot true,
Whose deds shall be blazoned in letters of gold;
He suffered for Christ Redeemer
Long to the pealm of the patriot true,
Whose life has been spent in the fight;
Who has ever been fearless to dare or to do,
In humble for liberty's right;
Long shall he down to prepare grandma's
In dungeon in black as the night;
Long shall he down to prepare grandma's
The struggle 'gainst Britain's might.

Long to the pealm and so hard-covered son
Of Mars, who knows victory's rain;
But the other-defeated, the trodden one,
How wakens thy sweetest strain;
Long to the soldier who fights not with gun,
Nor with sword, but whose weapon's his brain;
Who shield is the truth, and whose blade, hope;
In bonds, shall break slavery's chain.

I What is the pealm of the brave little Erin
Of patriots in Erin, who show
Their hearts and their souls to the pealm of
Who will prove a beacon light,
To guide us to heaven's shore,
Where angels will bless our sight;
Where not only Memory's joys,
In robes of gold will we,
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Where not only Memory's joys,
In robes of gold will we,
But the Christ we have loved so mortally,
With the gift of Memory.

ERY SAERC.

San Francisco.

Literary Miscellany.

Waiting and Winning.

A DOMESTIC STORY BY HELEN F. URAYER.

"I do don't another—Sulma had said tartly; "and I ought to have the first chance. I say of us is to call with me at Delany Beeches, it shall be me."

"You always have a selfish thing" said Noema. "Captain Delany has a large library, and you know very well that I'm literary."

"I'm the youngest, and I don't see why I should always be pushed into a corner, pouted Miss Juanita.

But Sulma, by reason of seniority of years and volubility of tongue, had carried her point.

So when New Year's Day approached, Sulma, in lovely consulted Aunt Harrington as to what she should wear, that matron counsel her large eyes with counterfeit amusement.

"You, child! she said. "Why, you're not to come in at all! The girls don't wear a whole drove in the parlor. Three women are quite enough. And you're so young, you know."

"I'm seventeen, aunt" (a tired Alice).

"Yes and three years hence will do very well for you," and the relentless elder.

"Try and put such silly nonsense out of your head!"

And this was why Aileen was crying.

Old Mrs. Harrington understood it all very well. She saw the folly of injustice in this particular case, however.

"Don't's Alice have her own way, said she. "She sin't pleasant if she thinks any one is meddlin'. I'll tell you what, Aileen—you and I'll go out to the big chamber over the stone barn, and get Pomp to build to tiddlies an old-fashioned fire of pine logs in the old chimney. There's a carpet from there and a spinning-wheel and all the kits! and I'll show you how I used to spin flax and weave rag carpet when I was a young girl."

"With you?" said Aileen, with brightening eyes. "Oh, grandma, how nice that will be! And can I roast chestnuts and apples in the ashes!—and will you tell me all about your sailor lover that was drowned off before you were married Grandfather Harrington?"

"Yes," said the old lady, "yes! We'll have one New Year's by ourselves—you and me, child."

So Aileen put away the pretty blue merino gown that she had retrimmed for New Year's Day, and donned instead the brown Merrimac calico that made her look like a robin-redbreast; and just about the time that her three cousins were quarreling for the possession of the biggest dressing glass to "do" their hair, she and her grandmother were adjusting the ancient spinning-wheel in the stone barn chamber, and piling wood in the cavernous recess of the huge fireplace.

They had a very pleasant New Year's Day after all, though the tears came to Aileen's eyes once or twice, when the carriages rolled by over the hard-frozen road towards the house.

And at dusk she lighted the shrouded candles, and down to prepare grandma's supper, with fresh corn-cakes, baked in the hot ashes, according to the recipe of Aunt Felicia, the colored cook, fragrant coffee, and sweet apples, and a little cake with cream.

But Captain Delany, riding his Morgan horse, Hotspur, through the pine-woods, drew rein close by the old farm house, to look in the red light shining out for two years.

"What can it be?" he asked himself. "It is many years since we used to play at dances up there, and I wonder if the Vaillant family lived there. Perhaps some young sisters have something of fire."

He jumped off his horse, flung the reins over a projecting pine-bough and went in to see what the meaning of this unusual illumination might be.

The door stood wide open—the whole room was aglow with a warm, ruddy light. Grandma, enthroned in a big splint-chair by the fire, was knitting her silver hair, and Aileen sat spinning at the old wheel, with cheeks softly reddened and eyes sparkling—a very picture of health and beauty. Both started at the sudden appearance of the Captain on the threshold.

"Do I intrude, pray?" said Captain Delany, lifting his hat. "I saw the light shining out, and I was afraid that something had happened."

"Something has happened," said Aileen, brightly. "I have learned to spin. And grandma and I are having a picnic. Will you sit down, Captain Delany?"

"Well, since your coffee smells so good, I think I will," said the gallant young officer.

He sip—which for lack of more expensive china happened to be a mug—was scarcely poured out, before their numbers were augmented by Mr. Ferrers and young Doctor Fenchard, who had seen the lights, and had also observed "Hotspur" fastened to the fence.

"May we venture to intrude?" said they, peeping in over the stair-rail.

"Oh, certainly!" said grandma, smiling. And Aileen distributed handiclasps cups and beautiful slices of golden-brown cornpaste, yet steaming from the fire, to her guests.

"We are hardly prepared to entertain so large a company," said she, composedly; "but you see, at all events, give you a welcome."

"Three—half a dozen more dropped in. Old Pomp was summoned to pour fresh pine cones on the blaze and bring more coffee and corn-cake.

He grinned from ear to ear.

"For Tel like the good old times," said he, to Aunt Felicia, when he returned to his cabin. "De berry cream ob de gentry ain-jiple de corn-pones an' coffee like dey was cuse ole mass'ra time. Ain't sorfin like corn-pone for rale good flavor, dat they ain't. An' the young lady from de Nort', she's as pretty as a peach. Reckon de capting thinks so, too. He, he, he!"

And old Pomp shook his sides with an inaudible chuckle of glee.

Later in the evening the gentlemen went up to the house, where stood the three Misses Harrington in a simpering row.

But their call there was limited, and several of them returned to the "Stone Barn" to finish their evening.

James Delany remained the latest of all—was late, in fact, that it was far on second grandma and Aileen to the house, under whispering pine-boughs, by the light of the big round moon.

The three cousins, whose list of calls had long since ended, were yawning in the parlor.

"Dear me," said Selina, as the little group came in. "Where have you been all day, Aileen?"

"In the old stone-barn chamber learning to spin," said Aileen, laughing and blushing.

Juanita looked sharp at her. What change had subtly crept over her voice and manner? Then she looked at Captain Delany's bright face.

"Take good care of her," said the young officer, laughing, "I shall be very much pleased from Aileen's shoulders." She has promised to be my wife, before a great many weeks."

It was not until Delany had gone that the amazede of questions burst on Aileen's devoted head.

"Girls, girls! don't all speak at once," said grandma. "It's exactly as I've always told you. The right one will be sure to come along if you lie in the chinney-corner and wait. And that was just what Aileen was doing this evening."

"O-od-by, sweet New Year's Day—the happiest I have ever known.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AT HOME.

How a Prince of the Church Lives A Veritable Ascetic.

HARTFORD, Sept. 7.—Since the glamour preceding and attending the cardinalate in-vestiture has passed away, Cardinal Gibbons has resumed his quiet mode of living, and great is the contrast indeed between his simplicity and presence. While presiding at ceremonies in the cathedral he is a typical Prince of the Church, dignified, pompous and careful that all the ceremonies should be performed with such a splendor as a new cardinalate see. In private life, however, he is one of the simplest of men. His residence has walls open doors for all comers, be they rich or poor, Catholic or Protestant, and he never refuses to minister when it is possible to grant it. The poorest parishioner in the catholicism are treated with the same courtesy as the owners of millions. He will have no formal reception. In fact anything like form outside the cathedral is hateful to him. He has a warm shake of the hand for everybody, and one of the most winning smiles in the world. His parlor is furnished with notable simplicity, being devoid of anything like ornament beyond a few pictures of Catholic prelates and scenes in Rome. The Cardinal's favorite position when conversing with visitors is leaning back in an easy chair, with feet crossed and arms folded. He is an excellent conversier, having the happy talent of saying the right thing to the right person, and has overwhelming people with the learned church talk that some prelates like to indulge in on all occasions. To visitors he appears to be a benevolent, retiring little man, with a disposition to take things easy. The priests who live in the same house with him, however, say that he is anything but an easy liver. He is an ascetic, they declare, like Cardinal Gibbons' predecessor, Cardinal Bilitiner, of Paris. While genial and all smile to callers, he observes in private life all the little penances of monkhood. His bedroom is the poorest furnished room in the house. The floor is oaken and polished, and covered in the easter with a rug which is much the worse for wear. A cot-bed, an iron washstand, a bureau with a very small glass, and two cane seat, chairs complete the list of furniture in the room.

The Cardinal believes in the maxim "early to rise," etc. He celebrates Mass every morning at 6 o'clock, sometimes at the central altar in the Cathedral and sometimes at his private alter. His days are passed in the recitation of his breviary, in studies, in receiving visitors and in recreation, of which he takes a great deal. He is an indefatigable walker. His daily office is performed while walking up and down the brick pavement in the rear of the archiepiscopal residence, and he is frequently seen perfect over some theological work while tramping in the library.

Moreover, he takes a daily walk through the streets with one of his priests. This walk is taken about 6 o'clock in the evening and often extends to the city suburbs. As he tramps along he seldom speaks to his companion, but seems intent on getting as much exercise as possible out of his walk. It is said that the young priests of the city are not particularly glad when the Cardinal invites them for a walk, for, however on joyable the walk may be to the prelate, it is not so to his companions. The Cardinal always selects a young man as his associate in tramping. As in the case of the Confessor Gibbons, he has a special fondness to take one of his young officers along on his walks. The young man who seems ready to impress as a special mark of favor, as the Cardinal walks along, is the young priest, the young priest whom he asks to tredge along with him on his hot days. In these walks he frequently make calls on his flock.

The Cardinal is one of the fastest walkers in Baltimore. Through a small man, his step is astonishingly long, and he seems never to get tired. He is always dressed, and looks at his best, in a black Prince Albert suit, generally ill-fitting as to the coat, and wears a hat which is never quite as well brushed as it might be. He is a good shoe shows that he goes in for comfort rather than for elegance.

Generally the Cardinal so manages his walks as to be back at St. Mary's Seminary, on North Paca street. He has a great love for the institution, which he helped to create, and for the professors who trained him for the priesthood. During the summer months he gets away to his summer villa in St. Charles College, sixteen miles from the city, where he received his early education. The Sulpitian fathers control the institution, and are very proud of the vinita of the prince of the church, who always speaks of them with great unction. His affection for them is shown in many ways. They are his chief advisers. He was engaged by Mr. Ferrers and young Doctor Fenchard, who had seen the lights, and had also observed "Hotspur" fastened to the fence.

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"Dear me," said Selina, as the little group came in. "Where have you been all day, Aileen?"

"In the old stone-barn chamber learning to spin," said Aileen, laughing and blushing.

Juanita looked sharp at her. What change had subtly crept over her voice and manner? Then she looked at Captain Delany's bright face.

"Take good care of her," said the young officer, laughing, "I shall be very much pleased from Aileen's shoulders." She has promised to be my wife, before a great many weeks."

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"Girls, girls! don't all speak at once," said grandma. "It's exactly as I've always told you. The right one will be sure to come along if you lie in the chinney-corner and wait. And that was just what Aileen was doing this evening."

"O-od-by, sweet New Year's Day—the happiest I have ever known.

GRANDILOQUENT GRADUATES.

The Difference between their School Theories and their Worldly Experience.

"Where are the graduates of the class of '80?" asked the valedictorian, the recent High School commencement.

"Not answering the call to this retrospective conundrum, and as the interlocutor, or "middle man" failed to query, "Well, Mr. Simpson, what are the graduates of the class of '80?" the audience was left in Chimmerian darkness as to their whereabouts.

Curiosity being aroused we subsequently made inquiries concerning these young men and women who, six years ago "bade adieu to their Alma Mater, to second other battles, fight higher battles, win other coronals—who returned to their homes with their hearts full of bright anticipations, and their pockets full of colored bouquets and other gifts, which their parents had taken the precaution to purchase, in order that they might not be left, should they be overlooked by their friends.

Minnie Manderson, of the class of '80, who read the essay entitled "The Duty we owe to Posterity," in which Minnie so beautifully and tenderly dwelt upon the original injunction "Multiply the human and thy mother," and graphically pictured the sad shortcomings of "Adam's mistake" in leaving such an easy chair, with feet crossed and arms folded. He is an excellent conversier, having the happy talent of saying the right thing to the right person, and has overwhelming people with the learned church talk that some prelates like to indulge in on all occasions. To visitors he appears to be a benevolent, retiring little man, with a disposition to take things easy. The priests who live in the same house with him, however, say that he is anything but an easy liver. He is an ascetic, they declare, like Cardinal Gibbons' predecessor, Cardinal Bilitiner, of Paris. While genial and all smile to callers, he observes in private life all the little penances of monkhood. His bedroom is the poorest furnished room in the house. The floor is oaken and polished, and covered in the easter with a rug which is much the worse for wear. A cot-bed, an iron washstand, a bureau with a very small glass, and two cane seat, chairs complete the list of furniture in the room.

The Cardinal believes in the maxim "early to rise," etc. He celebrates Mass every morning at 6 o'clock, sometimes at the central alter in the Cathedral and sometimes at his private alter. His days are passed in the recitation of his breviary, in studies, in receiving visitors and in recreation, of which he takes a great deal. He is an indefatigable walker. His daily office is performed while walking up and down the brick pavement in the rear of the archiepiscopal residence, and he is frequently seen perfect over some theological work while tramping in the library.

Moreover, he takes a daily walk through the streets with one of his priests. This walk is taken about 6 o'clock in the evening and often extends to the city suburbs. As he tramps along he seldom speaks to his companion, but seems intent on getting as much exercise as possible out of his walk. It is said that the young priests of the city are not particularly glad when the Cardinal invites them for a walk, for, however on joyable the walk may be to the prelate, it is not so to his companions. The Cardinal always selects a young man as his associate in tramping. As in the case of the Confessor Gibbons, he has a special fondness to take one of his young officers along on his walks. The young man who seems ready to impress as a special mark of favor, as the Cardinal walks along, is the young priest, the young priest whom he asks to tredge along with him on his hot days. In these walks he frequently make calls on his flock.

The Cardinal is one of the fastest walkers in Baltimore. Through a small man, his step is astonishingly long, and he seems never to get tired. He is always dressed, and looks at his best, in a black Prince Albert suit, generally ill-fitting as to the coat, and wears a hat which is never quite as well brushed as it might be. He is a good shoe shows that he goes in for comfort rather than for elegance.

Generally the Cardinal so manages his walks as to be back at St. Mary's Seminary, on North Paca street. He has a great love for the institution, which he helped to create, and for the professors who trained him for the priesthood. During the summer months he gets away to his summer villa in St. Charles College, sixteen miles from the city, where he received his early education. The Sulpitian fathers control the institution, and are very proud of the vinita of the prince of the church, who always speaks of them with great unction. His affection for them is shown in many ways. They are his chief advisers. He was engaged by Mr. Ferrers and young Doctor Fenchard, who had seen the lights, and had also observed "Hotspur" fastened to the fence.

"May we venture to intrude?" said they, peeping in over the stair-rail.

"Oh, certainly!" said grandma, smiling.

And Aileen distributed handiclasps cups and beautiful slices of golden-brown cornpaste, yet steaming from the fire, to her guests.

"We are hardly prepared to entertain so large a company," said she, composedly; "but you see, at all events, give you a welcome."

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BAPTIZED DEMOCRACY.

Father Walter Elliot on the Church and the Republic.

In the Catholic World, for September, Father Elliot, C. S. P., in spirited words shows the harmony of religious progress and modern civilization. The article is based upon a review of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's recent much-mentioned "Triumphant Democracy," or "Six Months at the Great Republic," lately published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Twenty servant scientists," he says, "combined to do a spiteful thing to a great peace monarchy as this one book. In two years, Mr. Carnegie's book disappeared in bulk and of double force than any book yet invented. The resources of civilization were sufficient to make them in Europe and are here brought to the highest point of efficiency." Mr. Carnegie proves the case against monarchy and aristocracy. But the author has not got at the origin question. He has told us what democracy can do for the people, but he has not told us, the author, the artisan, the miner, the mechanic, the secular scholar, "But what can democracy do for the man?"

"The democratic man naturally tends to exaggerate his importance. Instead of this vice, he joyfully welcomes the ennobling and sobering influence of Christian truth. It is our view of fundamental democracy, and it is the view of Christianity, that the man is not in his logical democracy." Mr. Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy" is the triumph of democracy, and it is in its superior capacity for getting wealth.

"We claim that the triumph of democracy is that in this age it is the home of governments positively favorable to the humanity of man's higher and lower natures by man. Parkman stated a paradox, which we have already provided with five weeks in the Atlantic, and has left the proof as an assignment for the benefit of creditors.

"We remember how the friends of Jacob Abbot Williams, when they heard his end his essay entitled, "The Road to Ruin," pronounced it, he was sure to become a millionaire in a very short space of time. His essay was never published, prepared, and showed that fortunes were made in the road to ruin. Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Vanderbilt, Lulie, it was said by those who heard her essay, would be a prize for some more happiness than poverty than wealth. Peter Increased $800, and bought an a small grocery store. Hundreds of poor, his creditors pressing, and, finally, the sheriff took possession of his grocery and sold more goods in half-a-day than Peter had disposed of in six months. The morning after the sheriff's sale, Peter was found dead in his room, with a bullet wound in his head. The verdict of the coroner's jury was, that he came to his death from a pistol shot, fired by himself, while temporarily insane from financial troubles.

"Carrie Grimes' essay, "How to be Useful," was earnest and convincing. Carrie's graduating dress cost only fifteen dollars. It would have cost much more, but Carrie's mother had spent several nights with needle working upon it, while Carrie, the dutiful daughter that she was, sat up to keep her company, and while the mother's nimble fingers were employed on the frills and ruffles, Carrie read Ouida's latest novel. A recent visit found her as bright as a pink, painting a long-legged stork on a plaque, while her mother was still at the sewing-machine.

—He who is slowest in making a promise is apt to be the most faithful in the performance of it.

DON'T DRINK IN THE DARK.

Mrs. Mary Powers Died, and he Never Knew Her Current Address.

Mrs. Mary Powers of Cambridge, Mass., ejected from her stomach Monday night a wicked and fine bat, which she had swallowed while drinking water seven years ago. Her house was visited by a reporter yesterday. A middle-aged, pleasant-faced woman answered the inquirer's knock. She wondered if she was the person who had borne a living bat in her stomach for seven years she answered in the affirmative. Opening the reporter into the parlor, she sat down and narrated in a few moments, carrying in her hands a glass preserve jar. At the bottom of the jar a black object appeared to be moving about.

"There it is, said she, "and I'd wonder ever suffered more than I have during the past seven years, I would like to see her.

An examination of the contents of the jar revealed the body of a bat with black wings and other appendages peculiar to that animal. It was black on all sides, and the lower part of the body was covered with a thick film of dark blue. The body was about three inches long, and its extreme tip was covered with a white screen from tip to tip. The most peculiar feature of the animal was the head. It was about one inch in length, and shaped somewhat like that of a bird. From its nose jew several tufts of long dark hair hung in curling ringlets, and the eyes were well marked. The head was topped with two extremely long ears. It weighed from one to two ounces, and was well preserved.

"It is hard to believe," said Mrs. Powers, "but I'll tell you just how it happened. Once I was taking a drink of water seven years ago, when I felt something jump down my throat to get a drink of water I drew the water up in my mouth, and I swallowed it and drank it off. Immediately after I began to have a pain in my side. It grew worse as the days and months went by, and for years before morning I suffered the most terrible pain in my side and back.

"Things went on in this way for two years, when I became sick. I was sick with the torture I was enduring because so excruciating. This essay was never prepared, and showed that fortunes were made in the road to ruin. Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Vanderbilt, Lulie, it was said by those who heard her essay, would be a prize for some more happiness than poverty than wealth. Peter Increased $800, and bought an a small grocery store. Hundreds of poor, his creditors pressing, and, finally, the sheriff took possession of his grocery and sold more goods in half-a-day than Peter had disposed of in six months. The morning after the sheriff's sale, Peter was found dead in his room, with a bullet wound in his head. The verdict of the coroner's jury was, that he came to his death from a pistol shot, fired by himself, while temporarily insane from financial troubles.

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HORN OF PLENTY

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THE SECRET

(If living cheaply and well is to be discovered by all thrifty readers it may will yet. chase their household supplies of

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3 We sell to Cash Customers only.
4 We have no Bad Debts on our Books.
5 We buy cheap and can sell cheap.
6 Having no Bad Debts we require less profit.
7 We can give better goods than our competitors.
8 Our customers get the benefit of our cash purchases.

Remember, therefore, that if you want

The Best Groceries

AT THE CHEAPEST PRICES

The proper place to purchase them is at

SBARBORO & CO'S.,

531 WASHINGTON STREET

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READ THESE PRICES

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SUGARS

Greatly Reduced.

40 pounds Dried Apples,	$1
18 pounds Tapioca,	$1
18 pounds Sago,	$1
25 pounds Codfish,	$1
14 pounds Prunes,	$1
14 pounds Figs,	$1
10 pounds Green Coffee,	$1
Star Ground Coffee,	15c. per lb
Fine Tea, (No Humbug)	50c per lb
Fine Jar Tea,	50c per lb
Family Mixed Tea,	25c per lb
5-gallon can water-white Coal Oil,	$1.25
50 pounds P' White Beans,	$1
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs,	$2.00
Flour from Old Wheat at Great Reduction.	

And all other Goods Equal in Cheap.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Claret, Zinfandel, 2 gallon,	75c
Claret, French, 2 gallon,	$1.00
Sherry, Old, 2 gallon,	$1.50
Port, Old, 2 gallon,	$1.50
Old Time Bourbon, 2 gallon,	$3.00
Old Time Bourbon, 2 gallon,	$4.00
Whisky, Hennessy, 2 gallon,	$6.00
Whisky, Old Rye, 2 gallon,	$4.00
Jamaica Rum, 2 gallon,	$3.00

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R. SBARBORO, Manager.

The Church in China.

CRUELTIES PERPETRATED ON CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

HORRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF PRIESTS, SINNERS AND CONVERTS.

Villages, Churches and Schools Pillaged and Destroyed.

A recent issue of the Journal of Catholic Missions contains the following account of the horrible means adopted by the Chinese pagans to crush out Catholicity in the land of Confucius.

For three years Europe has awaited in anxiety the pacification of Tonquin, and the Catholic world has yielded with the deepest grief and sympathy the terrible sufferings of Christianity in China and the Chinese apostasies.

The latter territory—known to us as Farther India and to the French as Indo-China was, up to the fifteenth century, part of the Celestial Empire. Day by one, the tribes, chief of the Annam yoke and grouped themselves into the kingdoms of Annam, Siam and Anam, all acknowledging the supremacy of China. In these times, up to 1858, Christianity was unknown, and the Catholic missionaries were unused by the French, consisted of three great divisions—Southern Cambodia, or roughly, Lower Indo-China, the Central, now known as Anam, the Northern, or Tonquin. The Catholic Church was assumed a protectorate over the whole country divisions, and the Christians were not only claims to extend over Tonquin, but would as we shall presently see, claim it as permanently as she has done the southern division of Anam. For months the Christians were in a state of perpetual mortal, partially strategical. Possession of the whole province, which Christianity has offered his neck to the executioner. The Christians were deprived of their lands, and of their property, and finally, the Christians were driven from their homes, and the priests were hunted like wild beasts. They were all Dalmatian and Italian priests, and the Christians were all Annamites, and finally told no to go home. My sufferings increased. I had the use of my limbs, arms, and fingers, while the pain my back and side whenever I attempted to do anything. I was in this state for years. On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were days of great suffering to me, and night seven years ago. About 12 o'clock Monday night there came a great pain in my side, since which time I have enjoyed the best of health. I recovered the use of all my faculties.

Once I felt people visited the house yesterday to ask if I was the person who had been cured. Several professional men here also have visited the house to see the cure. They seem to be all at a loss to account for it. I have consulted physicians, but they are all at a loss to account for it. I have no doubt it was the work of God.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

A Demoralizing and Disgraceful Agency in American Political Contests.

We have the seven thousand saloons of New York city done for here! They have fully corrupt government ever endured by any city, and have almost made it impossible for a decent man to accept office in such local politics, much less take office. We have seen the saloon, with its hundreds of offices to their own low level, they have established every institution that they have to do—and they have succeeded in corrupting the democratic system, making it a representative of the saloon, instead of sobriety and the village, establishing political caucuses in the saloon, at the times of the worst classes, defiling every thing, and producing at last a state of public opinion, and producing at last a state of public opinion, and producing at last a state of public opinion

THE MONITOR.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 17, 1886.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Christian parents, let us beg your earnest consideration of this important fact. But parents, as well individually, must practically support the activities of the Catholic Press, if the good work is to be accomplished the great work which the Pastors and the Church expect of it at this time. Be frequently and especially has the pulpit wonderful mission of the press been dwelt upon by our Pastors.

Catholic writers, and we unfortunately have their whose can been counted and reckoned everywhere, that we may certainly thanks in send of arguments to be constituted of this Lord. We will ever be ready to work with all, relieve it will be to be a Catholic Press, and Catholic Publication, and Catholic Publication. If the hand of our Catholic hand, will no again it as higher high and the duty to constitute towards supporting the Catholic Publication, and Catholic Publication, and Catholic Publication, and Catholic Publication, and Catholic Publication. Their hopes, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain to be rightly envisaged and be accomplish the destined mission. But choose a journal that is Catholic in its tone, that is Catholic in its spirit, that is Catholic in its aims and spirit, disrespectful in constitution, unfriendly, or biting and uncharitable to Catholic brethren.—PASTORAL LETTER OF THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL.

LETTER FROM BISHOP MANOGUE.

To the Rev. Clergy of the Diocese of Sacramento.

Dearly Beloved Brethren:—As previously announced, the annual collection for the Holy Father will take place on the first Sunday of October, feast of the Most Holy Rosary. You are, therefore, reminded that this collection should be announced, explained and recommended the preceding Sunday, and requested to forward the proceeds to Sacramento by the 15th of October.

Your humble and devoted servant in Christ.

✠ P. MANOGUE,
Bishop of Sacramento.

Grass Valley, Sept. 13, 1886.

Editorial Notes.

—Mrs. T. D. Stillras, wife of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a deputation of Irish ladies will go to Hawarden on the 21st of this month to present to Mr. Gladstone a mammoth declaration in favor of Home Rule in Ireland. The document bears the signatures of 350,000 Irish women.

—The celebrated preacher, Father Accatino of Montalvino, a Franciscan of the Observance, whose sermons have created a sensation equal to that of Savonarola in his greatest days, will preach the Lenten course next year at the Church of St. Andrea della Valle at Rome.

—Father Kenelm Vaughn has just returned to England from Mexico. He is now negotiating about a site in the southwest of London, where he and his companions hope to found the first House of Universal Expiation early in the autumn, under the direction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

—The American Catholic Seminary at Louvain has entered upon its thirteenth year of existence. Two Archbishops, six Bishops, and 350 priests have received their ecclesiastical training there, and the cause of the Church in the United States has greatly benefited by this institution. Eight priests will leave its walls for different American dioceses before the end of this month.

—During Mr. Davitt's visit to this State he will deliver lectures in this city and also in several of the chief cities and towns. From here he will go by the southern route to New Orleans, lecturing at all the chief places on his way. From thence he will go north to St. Louis and—after visiting all the principal cities—he will wind up his tour by giving farewell lectures in New York and Brooklyn, prior to his return to Ireland.

—The English government recently sent General Butler and a large force of military and emabakery to the county Kerry in order to suppress "outrages" reported by the English press as constantly occurring there. The General made an inspection of the so called "disaffected" districts, and the result was that his first war bulletin to London read as follows:

"Kerry is entirely free from crime." Another instance of how Irish criminal records are manufactured through English malice.

—The London *Daily News* says that Lord Salisbury's government is bidding for the support of the Catholic Hierarchy, in Ireland, by a proposal for conferring on that body largely increased powers in the matter of the control of education. The is the old lure that was used so effectively in the time of Cardinal Cullen and his immediate successor. But the heads of the Irish Church, at present, belong to a different class of men; and the bitterness of the Tory Unionists will be estimated by them at their true value—which is simply nil.

—Although the good natured Countess of Aberdeen has left Ireland for her home in Scotland, she continues to prove to the most practical manner her love for the Irish people. On the occasion of the Queen's visit to the Edinburgh Exhibition, the Countess drew the attention of her Majesty in the most special manner to the workmanship displayed at the Irish stall, and presented her with handsome specimens from each of the four provinces. The Queen admired them very much, and gave orders both then and since for several articles, especially those made at schools. Some of the most beautiful exhibits have come from the convent schools. Ireland will feel grateful to the Countess for this fresh proof of her active zeal on her behalf.

—The *Unita Cattolica* of Rome relates that the late Victor Emmanuel had, as his father Carlo Alberto also had, a deep affection for the Jesuits; and that there exists a letter written by Victor Emmanuel, a few days before his death, to one of his most trusted friends, in which that king records how the Jesuits always deserved well, not only of the Church and of civil society, but in a special manner of his own family. "And they will come a day," continues the *Unita*, "when this autograph and unconstitutional letter—because it was written without the knowledge and consent of his ministers—will be published, and it does not absolve Victor Emmanuel, at least it will constitute an 'attenuating circumstance' in the very severe judgment that inexorable history is preparing for him."

—The *Ave Maria* says that within the past few years three of the most active and zealous prosecutors of the Church in political centres of Switzerland have met with such terrible deaths as to attract general attention. One of these was the indefatigable Frote, of the Canton of Berne, who pursued with intense hatred the Catholics of that Canton, especially the clergy, whom he called vermin. He died insane, almost eaten alive by vermin. The second was M. Kalber, of Argovie, who distinguished himself by a tyrannical career of oppression towards the Church during forty years. His last appearance before the public was marked by a tirade against the Church, in which he scoffed at the Pope, and the excommunication which he boasted of having incurred several times. He died an idiot, abandoned by everyone. The third was M. Vigier, whose career was marked by his speeches against the Church and religion, and the number of minds led astray by his seductive words. He died recently a terrible death from cancer of the tongue. A just retribution which is sure to overtake the enemies of God who persevere in persecuting His Church.

—We publish on the third page this week the harrowing details of recent massacres of Christians in China, and the vast amount of suffering and loss entailed upon the Church in consequence thereof. But the end is not yet, as it appears from a Paris cablegram of the 10th inst. that the Chinese of that city published a telegram from the Bishop of Tonquin saying that 700 Christians have been massacred and forty villages burned in the provinces of Manhoa, and that 9,000 Christians are perishing of hunger. Hitherto Catholic interests in China have been under the guardianship of France, but the Chinese have engendered a hatred against all Frenchmen, hence they avenge their rancor upon the missionary priests and their neophytes as the wards of a nation against whom the Chinese seem determined to wage relentless war. It was in order to save the lives of such innocent victims that the Pope proposed to relieve France of its guardianship and to deal directly with the Chinese government at all diplomatic concerns so as to relieve the missionaries and their converts from the odium attached to the name of France in China.

The New Diocese of Salt Lake City.

A telegram received yesterday confirms the rumor which has been current for some time that a new Diocese would be created in Utah, and that VERY REV. LAWRENCE SCANLAN, V. F., would be nominated as its first Bishop. Hitherto the territory of Utah has been temporarily placed under the administration of the Archbishop of San Francisco, but the growth of the Church in that territory and the increasing importance of its spiritual wants, have prompted the Holy See to place its spiritual jurisdiction in the hands of a priest whose zeal, prudence and energies have been the motive power in placing the Church in Utah upon a broad and solid foundation.

Salt Lake City, which we presume will be the Episcopal seat of the new See, is well provided with Catholic institutions, all of which owe their origin and completion to the forethought and business tact of the newly-nominated Bishop. St. Mary Magdalen's Church is a spacious and handsome edifice; St. Mary's Academy is a magnificent structure attended by twenty-six Sisters of the Holy Cross; the Hospital of the Holy Cross shelters nearly a hundred patients and is attended by a dozen Sisters of the same Order. The Sisters also conduct a school for small children, where orphans and half orphans are received and cared for. Nor are the boys neglected, as Father SCANLAN has created a magnificent building for a boy's school and it has just been put into use with a very large attendance.

Thus the new See begins its Episcopal career under favorable circumstances, and we hope to see the Church therein secure a powerful influence to wean the majority of the people from the baneful and beastly practices of Mormonism, and thus remove from the escutcheon of the United States the foulest blot that mars its beauty.

The Mormons extends to VERY REV. LAWRENCE SCANLAN its heartiest congratulations on his well-deserved promotion as evinces in a portion of God's vineyard which displays so many monuments of the fervor of his faith, and we hope that he may live to see his flock multiplied ten hundred fold and to witness the Church of Christ supreme in that spiritual domain where at present the dogma of Joseph Smith are worshipping the idol of sensuality.

How the Church Grows.

As an index of the expansion of the Church in different portions of the world, an English paper points to the fact that as recently as the year 1812 there were in England 423 churches and no schools. Now there are 1,560 churches and a very large number of Catholic schools and other Catholic educational institutions. In Africa, in 1822, there was not a Bishop or Archbishop, and there were very few priests. Now there is an Archbishop (who is also a Cardinal), several Bishops, a large number of priests, and several millions of Catholics. In 1822 Asia had but twelve Bishops. Now it has twenty-six Bishops, fifty Prefects-Apostolic, and more than ten millions of Catholics. The United States, in 1822, had nine dioceses and about one hundred priests. Now there are seventy-nine dioceses and seven thousand priests, and upwards of eight millions of Catholics. In 1822 Catholicity had scarcely a foothold in Australia and Polynesia. Now there are more than twenty two Episcopal Sees and about seven hundred thousand Catholics.

—Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of the present week are Ember Days, hence all Catholics must observe the customary fast.

Why there are so few Religious Vocations.

A priest who receives many eminent letters the Church annually, and whose many years experience as a zealous missionary entitle his opinion to great weight, writes in as follows

"I have read your earnest appeal to the Pacific, about young men to enter the beautiful home the Christian Brothers have provided for them at Martinez. I regret to say your eloquent appeal will be fruitless. Our young men are more than their parents, not and first the Church, and second Ireland. A worthy Rev. Sister and the other day that religious vocations are getting more numerous in Ireland. The age Jesuitism. What is the real cause of this lack of religious vocations? Our Catholic parents have become worldly minded, of the earth, earthy; they hardly ever mention God's name at the fireside; they are taken up with traffic, commerce and worldly advancement; money is far more based at all times than church, God, heaven, or eternity. The golden eagle is the god of the country and our Catholics are fast worshipping at this shrine. The eternal today they relinquished, I fear that the good seed you sowed will not bear the golden harvest you hope for. Our young men of our country are fast worshipping at the orphan asylums or similar institutions; there the children are not molded by worldly minded parents. If the girls and boys are well trained in the home education, with if it's given, there will be quite a number who will be willing to serve God in the religious state. I hope I am mistaken in the views remarks, but observing the signs of the times, I think I hit not far from the mark."

This is a serious indictment to bring against Catholic parents and one which they must purge themselves of if ever they expect to look the face of God or to share in His glory. Can it be possible that the Catholic parents of this coast have become so utterly worldly minded as to have forgotten that by the highest honor they can have bestowed upon them by Almighty God is to have some of their children numbered among the Ministers of the Sanctuary, and what is may be asked—are the peculiar political principles of the "Anti-Party?" Have we become so degraded as to think that "American must rule America," the definition of the word "American" excluding all native born and naturalized citizens not fully in accord with Dalgety's anti-papery proscriptive policy, which is carried out according to the published ideas of the new "floss" of the Republican party—would deny the right of voting and of holding office to every Catholic citizen of California. Against such a wicked unprincipled political programme every fair-minded citizen of this State should battle with might and main so as to prove to the world that the soil of California is not congenial to the bad breed of ripeness knowingness lead on by the most fanatical fetishes that ever formulated an idea in mindless to American freedom.

We have said that the candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket was nominated at Mr. Pixley's request, and in order to prove the truth of that assertion we reproduce from the *Argonaut* of the 14th ult. a brief extract wherein Pixley thus praises his political protege

"Had I been asked to the Republican State Convention at Los Angeles, I should have voted for John F. Swift as the candidate of the party for Governor."

The Republican convention met the day following and nominated the candidate of the new "floss" of the Republican party—Mr. Swift was nominated.

The New "Floss" of the Republican Party in California.

Frank Pixley must feel proud indeed of the supreme power which he at present exercises over the new-formed "Republican" party in this State. The Knownothing programme outlined in Pixley's Independence Day harangue has been carried out to the letter; the gentleman designated by Pixley as his choice for Governor has been nominated, an "American" ticket has been formed, and that the Honorable Frank Pixley has placed the Knownothing brand upon the back and feet of the Republican party in California.

It is right for every naturalized American citizen to select any political party he pleases wherein to sift himself politically, but it is also the duty of the daily press to caution its foreign-born readers against the wiles of such dangerous designing demagogues as Frank Pixley, so that they may not be misled into casting their votes for narrow-minded men who—under the plea of patriotism—only seek place and power in order to deprive every naturalized citizen of his dearest rights both civil and religious. It is with this laudable design that the Monitor labors—to take a more than ordinary interest in the present political campaign, and to help defeat the proscriptive bigots of politics who—like Pixley—have no other object in life than the hope of defrauding adopted citizens of the dearest rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution and laws of the country.

In his Fourth of July Knownothing harangue Pixley purposely parodied the necessary for an "American" to be born in State, and what—it may be asked—are the peculiar political principles of the "Anti-Party?" Pixley in his speech declared—in the sense that "American must rule America,"—the definition of the word "American" excluding all native born and naturalized citizens not fully in accord with Dalgety's anti-papery proscriptive policy, which is carried out according to the published ideas of the new "floss" of the Republican party—would deny the right of voting and of holding office to every Catholic citizen of California. Against such a wicked unprincipled political programme every fair-minded citizen of this State should battle with might and main so as to prove to the world that the soil of California is not congenial to the bad breed of ripeness knowingness lead on by the most fanatical fetishes that ever formulated an idea in mindless to American freedom.

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Irish Bishops Endorse Gladstone.

On the 9th inst. a conference of all the Catholic Bishops of Ireland was held in Dublin at which resolutions were adopted by that august body declaring that the Irish people fully appreciated and endorsed Gladstone's efforts in behalf of Ireland, and that they were fully determined to continue their constitutional demand for Home Rule until that ineffarable right was wrung from the British Parliament.

The Bishops further emphatically declared that there was the remotest danger of any serious outbreak among the Protestants or non-Catholic element in Ireland, when self government in domestic affairs was granted to the vast Catholic majority of the Irish people, as the Catholic body had ever evinced a spirit of the broadest tolerance and always participated in charity by the Protestant element in the northern counties of Ireland.

The Bishops also warned the British government that the present agitation—which kept both Ireland and all other parts of the British Empire in a constant political ferment—would continue and increase largely up for Parliamentary consideration—could never subside until Ireland's rights were secured to her by the enactment of a Home Rule Parliament.

Sermons Suitable for Catholic Homes.

The CHRISTIAN SECRET OF LIFE, or Sermons on the Fundamental Duties of Christians in general and of Christian Parents in particular. By Rev. Bernard Hafkemeyer, D. D. Cloth, 12mo, 400 pp. Price $2.00.

We know of no better work already built can be founded and purely realized in the hearts of both Catholic parents and children, than by having this work adorn Catholic homes. The sermons are plain, practical discourses, preachable alike to the laity in all conditions of life, and to the clergy in their duties as taught their duty to God, their parents and themselves; moreover people are taught their duty towards each other, towards their children, and all that pertains to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the entire household; the laity are taught their duty in their pastors, enjoined to pay them their duty towards them temporal rules; the rich are instructed in their duty towards God and also towards the poor; the poor are taught their duties and are admonished into the duties and responsibilities—consoled the truth in order that they may be consoled in their trials and tribulations.

The Clergy also will find these sermons suitable and useful, especially when they remember the difficulty experienced by Bishop Ricards in his introduction to the work when he says

"Dear Reader,

Please read attentively and meditate on the following the translation of Hamers Sermons to the Catholic public. I am grieved because the Catholic people are so poorly provided with good Catholic reading, which is instructive, edifying, and consoling, and particularly in supplying our priests with the most common body, in defending the order of the holy priesthood, and consolation arises from the fact that the great number of Catholic people are so poorly provided with good Catholic reading, which is instructive, edifying, and consoling. There are many admirable books of sermons, translations and original ones, which are suitable for the pulpit, but they are generally speaking, too elaborate, and the language too elevated, that ordinary people take away from the matter by the attractions of style. . . . The great desideratum is a word and solid matter plainly and simply put, that will fit itself in the memory, as it is read, and be ready to be reproduced and repeated in the sermons of Father Hendel. This learned gentleman, it is evident, had no thought of any other audience than the people, and that purpose of expressing what he had to say to the people in the language of the people, with neither ostentation nor affected eloquence, and as soon as it was known in the crowd that a "holy candle," as Dalgairns call it, was lighted, he never was at once surrounded by a crowd of attentive listeners. Not a tenth part of the sermons in Tweedie might be thought of which the fields had already yielded plentiful harvests of souls, and that were soon bound down with woe.

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Sad Condition of the Belgian Workingmen.

At the Tresles Union Congress held in Paris, and attended by delegates from England, Norway, Belgium, Austria, Germany, Egypt, Brazil, St. Etienne, Nantes, and other places, M. Anseele gave a description of the political and economical condition of the working men in Belgium. He stated that they were behind Russia, where at least women and children were protected. The right of voting was conferred by only a few thousand electors, all rich, and none representing the interests of labor. In country was the workman so poor. Minors worked 14, 15, and 16 hours daily, and received 200 parts below the surface of the earth for 24 a day. Boys under four years in the frontier the French miners earned 2c. 3c. a day. Near Charleroi he had known some young women descend into the pit at four in the morning, remain there till eleven at night, and only receive 1c. 1½c. for the quarters, in spite of the arduous nature of the labor, 2c. was the ordinary pay. In the weaving industries full grown men earned but 8c. a week, though the trade organization and strikes cutting 12,000, they had raised the salaries to 12c. a week.

The last strike was that of some young girls who received 4c. for the designing of a married woman because she had not returned to the factory at days after her confinement. The trick system also prevailed throughout the country, and the government inquiry went to prove that the employers monopolized the trade, that they fixed the out as wages to their men. As the representatives of the Belgian workmen, he spoke in the name of 1,120,000 men and 194,000 women.

A Crazy Vatican Visitor.

About midnight of August 17 last, the guards on duty near the Basilica of St. Peter's observed a man climbing the railing and with hammers, within the church and attempting to force the door of one statue near by, the sound was distinctly heard by the guards, who rushed into the temple, and the alarm being given to the Vatican guards charged with the internal service of the Vatican, a search was assumed of the premises, both within and without the church, during which every part of the Basilica was thoroughly searched, even to the dome, and the cupola, but with no result; the door was found to be down, the lock broken, and the statue, which was large having been taken from its place, and the hammers and chisel intercepted by the police detectives, who had both the suspected man and the hammers and chisel in his possession. The man was then without a guard of three, and was taken to the Vatican, where he was found to come to Rome, as well as those of the Vatican, and the Vatican, and the Vatican, and

Farm and Home.

A Good Orchard.

The Healdsburg *Enterprise* says: Charley Remmel, who lives a short distance east of Geyserville, is the possessor of twenty acres of orchard land which is as fine as can be found in the county. He has all planted in fruit trees. They range from two to seven years old. His peach trees this year have not bore well as the late frost in March killed almost all the buds. His bad, however, about four tons of the Jones Seedling variety, which he sold at $50 a ton to the Petaluma Cannery. This variety is a fine favored peach and makes a good peach to can. A good number of these peaches were picked and found to actually measure eleven inches. Mr. Remmel's plum trees cannot be beat. The Yellow Egg and French Petite plums are beauties. The trees are just clustered with them and it seems that every limb is vying with each other to see which can bear the most. He has 100 trees of the Yellow Egg plums which he sold to the Petaluma Canning for $20 a ton. He has ten tons of the French Petite prunes which he intends to dry. For this purpose he constructed a drier which is a model of perfection.

Parental Government.

In all well regulated households, the father of the family is supposed to wield a wonderful sway over his children. He notes their various phases of temperament and disposition; their hopes and fears; their natural tastes or disappointments; their physical developments and moral progress, and he becomes in a measure answerable to society for their good conduct. "With the help of the mother, most youthful minds may be moulded into gentlemen and gentlewomen. Filial duty then becomes a pleasurable habit that is learned during life.

A disobedient son or daughter always creates unhappiness and ultimately brings dishonor to the parent's name. A father is without power to govern his family if the mother thoughtlessly opposes him. It is utterly impossible to prevent evil results flowing from a conflict of authority on the part of the parents. The children are insensibly imbued with spirit of disobedience, and are quick to manifest it on the least appeals of parental authority.

A good mother can exercise no holier calling, than to guide the footsteps of her children in the path of duty and virtue.

Cheap Harvesting.

The *Delta*, Tulare county, gives a description of a lately invented harvesting machine: Cox team is employed to haul water for use in the boiler, and ten to follow the harvester to pick up the sacks of wheat. These are the only horses employed. The men engaged are the engineer, fireman, steersman, header-tender, sack-sewer, sack-hauler and sack-header. With these seven men fifty acres can be headed and threshed in a day, and the grain piled in stacks as fast as it comes from the harvester. Then the wheat standing in a field of fifty acres in the morning could be left piled in sacks in the evening.

Mr. Berry's actual cash outlay for running the harvester, in his own field, not taking into account allowance for wear of machinery and interest on value of same, amounts to about forty cents per acre. And he can make a profit on harvesting for others at $1 per acre, whereas the lowest rate charged by other harvesters is $2.

Simple Remedy for Chronic Diarrhœa.

Dr. T. C. Smith, writing in the *Med and Surg. Reporter* June 12, 1886, mentions the fact of his having cured a case of chronic diarrhœa, which had lasted for nearly forty years, by the administration of a mixture of solution of salt and cider vinegar, a drachm being taken three or four times a day. He also states that since the first instance where he recommended this homely remedy, without supposing that it would actually do any good, he has employed it several times in more or less severe cases of chronic diarrhœa, in which it produced great improvement, and, in some cases, cure. Where relapses followed the suspension of the remedy, its renewed administration was again followed by improvement.

The Size of a Spider's Thread.

I have often compared the size of the thread spun by full grown spiders with the hair of my beard. For this purpose I placed the thickest part of the hair before the microscope, and from the most accurate judgment I could form, more than hundred of such threads placed side by side could not equal the diameter of one such hair. If, then, we suppose such a hair to be of a round form, it follows that ten thousand of the threads spun by the full grown spider, when taken together, will not be equal in substance to the size of a single hair.

To this it was said that four hundred young spiders, at the time when they begin to spin their webs, are not larger than a full grown one, and that such of these minute spiders possesses the same organs as the larger ones, it follows that the exceedingly small thread spun by these little creatures must be still four hundred times slenderer; and consequently that four millions of these minute spiders' threads cannot equal in substance the size of a single hair. And if we further consider of how many filaments or parts each of these threads consists, to compose the size we have been computing, we are compelled to cry out, O, what incredible minuteness is here, and how little do we know of the works of Nature!

The World's Grain Crop.

The Cincinnati *Price Current* says: "The wheat production countries of the world, exclusive of the United States and Canada, promise an aggregate of fully 1,500,000,000 bushels this season, or 35,000,000 bushels below an annual average production for each countries, and 100,000,000 bushels short of last year's crop. In the United States and Canada the production will be about 78,000,000 bushels greater than last year, or say, 10,000,000 bushels short of what may be accepted as an average, so that the year's wheat crop of the world as now indicated, will fall 50,000,000 bushels short of an average production and approximately 30,000,000 bushels below last year. If these estimates be justified by actual results, and it be considered that the United States has an available surplus of previous growth amounting to 30,000,000 bushels, with practically normal stocks abroad and elsewhere, it appears that there cannot be likely to arise any special stringency in the needs of the wheat-importing countries during the year, and that the surroundings justify an expectation of materially better average prices than have been realized in what the past year. During the past year the United States exported 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, flour included. With a crop of fully 450,000,000 bushels this season, and an available surplus of previous growth of 30,000,000 bushels in case of needed reserves, the available supply is approximately 480,000,000 bushels, from which can be spared for export 120,000,000 to 125,000,000 bushels quite comfortably—say 25,000,000 to 35,000,000 bushels more than the disposal of the past year."

—Give money, but do not lend any; to give makes persons only ungrateful, while to lend makes them enemies.

Family Fun.

The Cause of Education.

One morning this week the son of a prominent Estelline man arrived at school about a half hour late.

"How here," said the teacher, with considerable emphasis, "you're tardy just 30 minutes. Have you an excuse?"

"Why, you, sir, you sir—you know fellers was having a little base run down at the track, and I went down and—"

"Here to a horse race, here you! Come here, sir!" and he grasped the boy by the ear.

"W-w-w-y, I-I-thought you wouldn't care," blubbered the youngster, "if I only stayed just a few minutes."

"Thought I wouldn't care—well, I'll show you. Why did'nt you come up and let me know about the race and I would have dismissed school so we all could have seen it! I'll teach you to remember sometimes when there is a chance for the scholars to improve their minds!" and he reached for a two foot rule.

A Coming Tragedy.

Brown—What's the matter with you and Robinson, Dumby? I hear that he has threatened to pull your ears the first chance he gets.

Dumby (jumping up and down)—He will, will he? Pull my ears! Well, you an bet your sweet life he'll have his hands full.

En Rapport.

"Do you realize, sir," said the longhaired passenger, "that there is One who sees and hears all we do, who can solve our inmost thoughts, and before whom we are as crushed and broiled worms?"

"Give us your hand, stranger," replied the other. "I knew just how you feel, I am married myself."

An Appropriate Design.

Tombstone Dealer (to widow)—Would you like the name of your husband's death explained on the stone, madam?

Widow—Well, sir—perhaps it might be appropriate to engrave a couple of crossbones on it, if you will.

Not the Bustle He Meant.

"There has been an awful bustle here this afternoon," said Spicer to Mrs. S., who had just returned to the hotel after an afternoon ride.

"I know it," remarked the lady vicariously, "it made me feel like a camel and I have sent it back to the clumsy woman who made it. Now, what are you grinning at, Sally?"

But Spicer bustled out of the room without vouchsafing an explanation.

Oleomargarine Bill.

"Say, Miles, when air yer going ter name yer new boy?" a negro upon meeting an acquaintance, asked.

"Does named him."

"Dat so?"

"Yes, sah."

"Hoes yer gin him or big name."

"I did. I named him arter er big congressman.

"What does yer call him?

"Oleomargarine Bill."

"Dat's right. Name him arter da statesmen so de folks kaint say dat he's er sheep. Dat gosterman what yer named him arter hold de whole congress fur a long time as 'cause now he air smart man."

Matchmaking.

"What a bad complexion Miss Sloper has."

"Well, she ought to have. She's all the time doctoring it. Actually she puts sulphur on her face!"

"Sulphur! What's sulphur good for!"

"Matches."

A Hint no Big as a Barn Door.

Editor—Mrs Devereaux is quite musical.

Host—Yes, very much so.

Visitor—Does she sing in English!

Host—She does, and I'm sorry she does not sing in Kalamazoo, or some other faraway place.

It Tickled His Palate.

A bar tender in the back room of a country store, in mixing a drink for a customer, accidentally poured in about two tablespoonfuls of turpentine.

He discovered the mistake, but saying nothing about it, he filled the glass with whisky. The man drank the mixture, smacked his lips and walked away. Pretty soon he returned and said:

"Bill, have'n I allus been er good customer arr yours!"

"Yaas."

"Always dun the best I could for yer, Bill?"

"Yes'ee, Andy; what's the matter with you?"

"Well, it's jis this. Why haven't you been givin me this good licker all the time? Been er drinkin' here ever sence you started, and jes' now is the first time you've ever give yer best licker. Hand me out another drink like the one you give me jis' now an' I'll git it agaiun.

Where They Came From.

The minister's wife sat on the front porch mending the children's clothes, one of the unsocial group. A neighbor passing that way stopped to for a friendly chat. A large work-basket half full of buttons sat on the floor of the porch. After various remarks of a gossipy nature the visitor said:

"You seem to be well supplied with buttons, Mrs. Goodman."

"Yes, very well, indeed."

"My grandma if there ain't two of the same buttons that my husband had on his last winter suit! I'd know 'em anywhere."

"Indeed!" said the minister's wife calmly. "I'm surprised to hear it, as all of these buttons were found in the contribution box. I thought I might as well put them to some use, so I—what, must you go! Well, be sure and call again soon."

She Knew Him.

"And you say you would die for me, Ray!"

"Die for you! Yes, a thousand deaths."

"You are a noble man, Ray."

"Why, darling, you know my fate."

"Well dearest, I do not wish you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."

"What is it, my darling! Shall I pluck the stars from the cerulean dome! Shall I say to the sun, be bar! cease to fire, for my love is cold! Shall I tell you bright and inconsistent moon that a glinting the hill tops with her light that she may not shine on thy face too roughly—ha!"

"No, Ray, no," she smiling said, I do not wish you to attempt such impossibilities. All I ask of you is this—

"Yes, my darling."

"All I ask of you is this—don't call again."

—Life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their cross burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to those around them.

Catour's "Too Late."

In connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Count Cavour "who made Italy," as the Italianissimi express it, we find in a German Catholic paper an account of a conversation between Cavour and a Jesuit which is well worth recording. It appears that in 1860 Father Protesi, who had unjustly ...en kept in close confinement forty days, called on the Count to thank him for having had him set free. The following sentiments were then exchanged between them:

Cavour. I find that the Jesuits are excellent politicians, and should much like to take some lessons of them.

Protesi. We should be glad give you excellency instructions in our politics, if you will come for a month to one of our houses, and join in St. Ignatius's spiritual exercises.

Cavour. What do these exercises consist in!

Protesi. They have but two words for their foundation, viz., the *quod possint de illo Gaugel*. What will it profit you, Sig. Cavour, to have made Italy if you lose your soul!

Cavour (knitting his brow.) It is too late.

"Exactly a year after this," says the journal from which we extract this account, "Cavour died, and was called to appear before his Eternal Judge." The same contemporary of core remarks that it is in evidence that when Cavour had large amounts of money offered to Cardinal Antonelli to help him in making Rome the capital of Italy, the Cardinal merely replied in the words of Peter to Simon, "*Pecunia tua tecum sit in perditionem.*—Thy money perish with thee.

A Liniment for Earache.

According to the *Canada Medical Record*, Dean recommends a liniment composed of camphorated chloral 2) parts, pura glycerine 16) parts, and oil of sweet almonds 10 parts. This is to be well mixed, and preserved in a hermetically closed bottle. A pledget of very soft cotton is to be soaked in the liniment, and then introduced as far as possible into the affected ear, two applications being made daily. Frictions may also be made each day with this preparation behind the ear. It is claimed that the pain is almost immediately relieved, and even in many cases the inflammation is subdued

Cholera is Quick, Perry Davis' Pain Killer is Quicker. 46 Years experience PROVES that Perry Davis' Pain Killer is the cure for Cholera. Ought'nt you to get a bottle quickly so if you need it quickly no time will be lost? For Cholera Morbus Diarrhœa, Summer Complaint, Dysentery there is no remedy equal to P.D.P.K. Your druggist sells it. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Prop's, PROVIDENCE, R.I.

MISSING FRIENDS.

Watched the Address of Isaac Lynch, or Owen Lynch, who left Ballinasloe, County Galway, Ireland, for Australia, 40 years ago. Address, Address, 1Ivan Lynch, care of Mr. J. Fagan, Weekly News Office, Albany, Oswego County, New York. Address, Address, 1Ivan Lynch, Fort Jervis, N.Y. 1886

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS H. MEDAU, 968 and 970 Folsom St., Near Sixth ..... San Francisco. WHOLESALE— LIQUOR DEALER, Established 1876. We are selling Cheap for Cash and guarantee satisfaction. The following low prices will convince you:

Table Wines	50c, 60c, 75c, and $1.
Angelica Wine	$1, $1.25 and $1.50
Mount Vineyard Jr. Port, Sherry and Sauterne	$1.25
Old Port or Sherry	$1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2
Kentucky Whiskey	$2.50, $3, $3.50 and $4
Bourbon Whiskey	$1.50, $1.75 $2 and $2.50
Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc.	$2 per qt. and upwards

Other Wines and Liquors at lowest rates.

NEW MUSIC. J. FISCHER & BRO., New York and A. WALDTEUFEL, 737 Market St. San Francisco. PACIFIC COAST AGENT. Music, in Sets, 50, Alphabetical, for organists and also, in Separate Titles, 50c. Music for Orchestra, Cornet, Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Piano, Organ, Voice, Schools, etc., etc. Price, $1.00. Catalogue, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925,

RENDACITY OF METHODIST MISSIONARIES.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

work of his mission, which more than life or health the good priests had at heart.

MR. VON FIELSEN CONTINUED

"I have heard that a Scotch soldier, being desirous of leaving the island, only awaited a purchaser for his house and land to supply him with the funds necessary for doing so. I want to this man, come to terms with him, and become purchaser of his place. His was the real owner and soon I was in possession. The Methodists present are soon heard the—to them—unwelcome news, and the principal of them called on me to remonstrate. I were really sorry that I had bought the house in question for the 'Idolatry,' meaning, of course, the Right Rev. Dr. P., I told him that it was quite true, and that I was very happy to be able to do a good turn for an excellent gentleman for whom I had a high esteem. The preacher, on hearing this, became infuriated, and grew so insolent in manner and language that I became angry and told him that I considered it exceedingly impertinent of him to speak to me in such a way, and ended the interview by chewing him the door—telling him while I did so that I was the representative of a free country, and had nothing to consult with Intolerant bigots like himself. On being installed in my new dwelling, the bishop's first proceeding was to erect a small wooden building which would serve as a shop, which he soon stocked with those articles of merchandise which he had brought with him in the ship. There was every variety of dress, many colored shawls, fascinating handkerchiefs, boots and shoes, mirrors, necklaces and bracelets, and many other articles of the like description. These things were displayed in the most artistic fashion to attract the attention of the native, who here as in more civilized parts of the world had an irresistible weakness for all that concerns the adornment of the person.

"EVEN THE PRESENCE OF THE WICKED MAN

who was among them, loved by all, and who, as the Methodists stated, had the ugly appendage of a cloven foot and tail, could not deter them from approaching the house and having a peep at the beautiful things that were displayed in the window. It was dangerous of course, but they braved the danger. They also cast a harried glance at the terrible being within, and were surprised to find that his appearance was by no means diabolical, as they had been led to suppose. On the contrary, he seemed quite harmless-looking—nor withstanding the cloven feet and other appendages. At length one of the girls ventured in, though somewhat fearful of the consequences, but was agreeably surprised to find the proprietor by no means a dreadful being, but just as he appeared, an amiable and gentlemanly barrister indeed. He did not attempt to bite them as they feared he might, but on the contrary was extremely polite and courteous. This customer was soon followed by another; the ice was broken, and in a short time the new shopkeeper had many customers and many friends. But while the shopkeeper displayed his wares and decorated upon their beauty and excellence he found opportunities to

SAY SOMETHING ABOUT SINNERS

and his mission. He declared that he had left home not to make money or to acquire land, or for any other selfish motive, but to instruct them in truths of which they were as ignorant—truths of the highest importance to them, on which their happiness depended. In a word, he explained the doctrine of the Church and pure morality to these simple people, and found they took to his teachings right, and not unwilling to hear him. It was not long before he gathered about him quite a number of neophytes who were desirous to be more fully instructed in the doctrines of the Church of which he was so zealous an apostle. A small church was then opened up under edifice surmounted by the sign of Redemption, wherein the good priests offered the Holy Sacrifice and lectured and preached incessantly. This edifice which here then to the island called away only to return after some months, bringing two other missionaries to aid him in his work. A class had to be formed to the good work he goes on, and now the Catholic population numbered by thousands—there are many priests and several churches, and the Catholic faith is firmly established in the Fiji Islands. The Bishop's ship has disappeared, but the churches established by him and his successors are spread over and frequented by devout worshippers."

THE COMETE SAID,

"One striking difference exists between Catholic missionaries and those of the Protestant churches. The former have but one object in view, the conversion of the people amongst whom they come. To their ministrations the native willingly and energy. While the latter are traders, and seem more desirous of making money than of gaining converts. They manage to acquire large landed property, and several of them are amongst the richest of the European settlers. The natives plainly perceive this and the consequence is that they hold the priest in high and honorable esteem, but upon the others as selfish and interested persons, who seek their own interest rather than that of those they profess to evangelize. I am not a Catholic, but I cannot help admiring the spirit of self-sacrifice which animates your missionaries everywhere.

"Even when priests become rich they leave their property to the Church, while the sons and daughters of wealthy Protestant ministers are the only persons who derive any benefit from them.

A CARD OF THANKS.

St. Joseph's Orphan, Pomona, Sept. 8, '86.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Permit me through the columns of the MONITOR—the bold and fearless champion of Catholicity on the Pacific Coast—to express my most sincere and grateful thanks to Miss Margaret Donnelan, of Spanish Ranch, Cleveland, Ohio, who, at the instance of Mrs. P. Finley, one of my most patriotic friends, who since my arrival in Pomona has been untiring in her efforts to further the interests of religion, has, with a Christian generosity which is rare, donated to the Church of Pomona articles to the value of $250. Such a donation coming from a lady of moderate means, and a stranger to the Church, and, as I am probably never to be personally acquainted, as he make one exclaim with feelings of the most profound gratitude: "Thank God! the spirit of Christian charity still lives and its sacred fire burns as brightly as in the days of yore." Would that we had many such ladies in this fair and fruitful State. Then would the cause of Catholicity march triumphantly on, and Satanic hosts and fiendish bigotry and the Pharisaic spirit would cease to be with us. Yours, etc.,

P. J. FINLEY.

The Chinese Times says in relation to France's contest against the establishment of a Papal Nuncio at Paris, "Other interests of religious, but also republican French interference with already affairs beyond personal protection of missionaries who are French citizens."

—G. P. Downey, physician, surgeon and oculist, West End Long Branch, corner of Ocean and Broadway.

THE LIVING ROSARY.

By reason of the horrible revolution of the last century in France, the Confraternity of the Rosary was destroyed there, and remained so, and became weakened. The Dominicans were driven from their monasteries, robbed of their possessions, and the people were thus deprived of the assistance of the apostles of the Rosary. However, the evil not lasted for ever. Pius IX. when he ascended the Papal throne, restored the Dominicans to their convents, and the confraternity became refounded upon the basis of existing institutions, and the people a devotion which had served St. Dominic in his efforts to powerfully to destroying heresies and scandals, and therefore earnestly stimulated all under their care to fly to the shelter of the Rosary through the "queen of all prayers." Mass and Rosary, each conducted in accordance with the desire of having the Rosary so delivered to the world by St. Dominic, recited by their order, also felt that it would not fail to meet to meet the realization of the Rosary, and thus, from them, since they had not lost the spirit of prayer, and had no doubt of the efficacious of spiritual things; but to draw them, as it were, humanity and by slow steps to love for the great Rosary by dividing the pater-noster and them. Hence the Rosary of France introduced among the people what are called Living Rosaries; they were so called because each circle was composed of fifteen persons, each of whom was to recite every day for a month a decade of the Rosary, and meditate on the particular mystery which had been drawn by lot for him and assigned to him by the president of the association. Thus the whole Rosary was recited every day by each circle, and hence the appellation of Living Rosary. It may here state that the pious and zealous ecclesiastics who offered it were moved to introduce the association of the Living Rosary through the medium of a pious lady named Pauline Marie Jaricot, who had strongly established the confraternity of the Propagation of the Faith. This holy lady had had great success in the Rosary, which the Blessed Virgin, which she related to find absolutely almost everybody, and which she desired, of being under the untoward circumstances of the time, to extend to the world. Success determined in 1826 under an inspiration, she formed the plan of the Living Rosary. Her intention, I cannot do it better, I cannot, in fact, and, as, say, "Marbon A. J. Journal entreaties to Dominic." Her plan was to form our tender mother who knows well, because we have experienced by her Divine mercies, and evidenced to our needs for the purpose of a meeting, or with the spirit of religion, to be held at eggs and of those associations. The Supreme Council of Lyons, of which the Pope was the apostolic benediction upon them, in his Brief Rosaries, in Rome, dated the 17th of January, 1832.

THE LIVING ROSARY IN ASIA AND AFRICA

In the Confraternity of the Rosary each mister rosaries formed the whole Rosary once a week, whereas in the Living Rosary association, the fifteen decades are divided out among fifteen persons in such a way that each person recites daily only one decade, and meditates on the mystery assigned to him, and the whole Rosary is recited in a month, when the mystery is chanted in the Rosary. The Living Rosary is a pious association, and the pious were thus deprived of the assistance of the apostles of the Rosary. However, the evil not lasted for ever. Pius IX. when he ascended the Papal throne, restored the Dominicans to their convents, and the confraternity became refounded upon the basis of existing institutions, and the people a devotion which had served St. Dominic in his efforts to powerfully to destroying heresies and scandals, and therefore earnestly stimulated all under their care to fly to the shelter of the Rosary through the "queen of all prayers." Mass and Rosary, each conducted in accordance with the desire of having the Rosary so delivered to the world by St. Dominic, recited by their order also felt that it would not fail to meet to meet the realization of the Rosary, and thus, from them, since they had not lost the spirit of prayer, and had no doubt of the efficacious of spiritual things; but to draw them, as it were, humanity and by slow steps to love for the great Rosary by dividing the pater-noster them. Hence the Rosary of France introduced among the people what are called Living Rosaries; they were so called because each circle was composed of fifteen persons, each of whom was to recite every day for a month a decade of the Rosary, and meditate on the particular mystery which had been drawn by lot for him and assigned to him by the president of the association. Thus the whole Rosary was recited every day by each circle, and hence the appellation of Living Rosary. It may here state that the pious and zealous ecclesiastics who offered it were moved to introduce the association of the Living Rosary through the medium of a pious lady named Pauline Marie Jaricot, who had strongly established the confraternity of the Propagation of the Faith. This holy lady had had great success in the Rosary, which the Blessed Virgin, which she related to find absolutely almost everybody, and which she desired, of being under the untoward circumstances of the time, to extend to the world. Success determined in 1826 under an inspiration, she formed the plan of the Living Rosary. Her intention, I cannot do it better, I cannot, in fact, and, as, say, "Marbon A. J. Journal entreaties to Dominic." Her plan was to form our tender mother who knows well, because we have experienced by her Divine mercies, and evidenced to our needs to be

Poetry.

A REVERIE.

Those hearts of ours—how strange! how strange!
How they yearn to ramble and love to range
Even through the value of the years to come,
Up through the future that fast rolls on.

Todays are dull—so they send their rays
Back to their best but pleasantest days;
The present is bleak—so they wing their flight
To future to-morrows where all seems bright.

Build them a bright and beautiful home,
They'll soon grow weary and want to roam
Find them a nest without care or pain,
They may stay a day, but they will not stay.

Those hearts of ours—how wild! how wild!
They're as hard to tame as the roaring main;
They're as restless as waves on the ocean sea,
Like the bees and the bird are the fickle and free.

Those hearts of ours—how loon! how loon!
Ever, forever, they seem to be soon;
Let them revel in joy, let them riot in cheer;
The revelry ceased, they're all ready to leave.

Those hearts of ours—how warm! how warm!
Like the sun's bright rays, like the Summer's
storm!
How they loom and burn! how they gleam and
glow!
Their flash and flame bids but death to know.

Those hearts of ours—how cold! how cold!
Like December's snow on the waste or wold;
And though we are December and soon take hid,
Hearts know December but pass not away.

Those hearts of ours—how deep! how deep!
Yet may sound the sea where the pearls sleep;
When never a billow hath rumbled or roiled,
Unless wild the storm that makes beasts hide and boil.

When the wild storm's trump hath ceased to
blow
The wrecks of the sea the low and lone;
The wrecks of the surface may sparkle and glow,
There are wrecks far down—there are graves below.

Those hearts of ours—but, after all,
How shallow and narrow, how tiny and small;
Like constant streamlet or Summer's heat rill,
They're as easy to empty as they are to fill.

One hour of storm and how the streams pour!
One hour of sun and the streams are no more;
Or little gold—how the seeds and gold glide
One mite—five days ere no fast, they are dried.

Those hearts of ours—but what! how what!
They can lift their thoughts till they touch the
skies!
They can stalk their shafts, like a miner bold,
Where whole nations raise hide their pearls and gold.

Aloft they soar with unfanled pen,
Where the halls of the Day-King burn and blaze;
Or they go with a wing that will never fail,
Or the sky's dark sea where the starships sail.

Those hearts of ours—what fools! what fools!
How they laugh at wisdom, for cant and rules;
How they waste their powers, and, when wasted,
grieve
For all they have squandered but cannot re-
lieve.

Those hearts of ours—how strong! how strong!
Let a thousand serve—one shall not long;
They can bear them all, and a thousand more,
And they're stronger than ever when they have
bore.

Those hearts of ours—how hard! how hard!
Just a single word of unkindness and ward;
Like a poisoned shaft, like a viper's fang,
Two sins slight word leave a life long pang.

Those hearts of ours—but I've said enough,
As I find that my rhyme grows rude and rough;
Ere I end let me say, that I'll none stop to
Some other day, to resume my strain.

EZRAS RYAN.

Literary Miscellany.

The Poetry did It.

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF MAJOR EVERGREEN RELATED BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER I.

An employment which he enjoyed represented Major Evergreen's life. He had plenty of money, excellent health, and a hard-headed little wife to whom he might have caused some anxiety to other men in his position. The major's constitutional tranquillity accepted responsibilities of all sorts with a good-humored indifference which set them at defiance. If Miss Mabel had eloped with the footman, he would have said: "Well, I hope they may be happy!" If she had come down one morning to breakfast, and had announced she was going to be a vivandiere to a man, he would have approved: "You know best, my dear; I only beg you won't trouble me to find the canteen."

Persons who wished to see Major Evergreen in earnest—and there were certainly only to look at him when he had pen, ink, and paper before him, and was writing poetry.

This was the employment that he enjoyed; this was the conception of every joy in his life. He must have written hundreds of thousands of lines, without a single thought in them which was not unconsciously borrowed from somebody else. Every form that poetry can take was equally easy and delightful to him. Blank verse and rhyming verse; epic poems and sonnets; tragedies, comedies, epigrams, passionate poetry in the manner of Byron; secretive poetry in the manner of Scott; philosophical poetry in the manner of Wordsworth; poetry of the modern type which gets into the pulpit, and reminds us of our sins and duties—this wonderful man was equal to every imaginable effort in verse; and, more deplorable still, being rich, he published his own works. Two magnificent volumes (first edition), and disappeared as mere paper—and appeared again (second edition), and disappeared as before. The printing was perfection; the paper was expressly manufactured to make it worthy of printing; and the happy major, closing his eyes on facts, could believe in his own popularity.

One day, towards the end of summer, the post had laid down his pen, and was considering whether he should write a few hundred lines more, when his niece looked over his shoulder, and asked if she might speak to him.

Miss Mabel was little and dark, and slim and active; her brightly restless eyes were never in repose, except when she was asleep; her voice was cheerful, her humor was brisk, and her figure was plump. She was further entitled to claim general admiration by a system of dress which was the perfection of elegance, and by possessing a fortune of eighty thousand pounds. And last, not least on the list of her virtues, she had Major Evergreen's poetry.

"Well, Mabel, what is it?"

"It's about my marriage, uncle."

"Marry anybody you like, my dear."

"Even poor ugly old publisher?"

"Yes, if you prefer him."

"Or anybody else?"

"Certainly, if you like him better."

"The fact is, uncle, you don't know what becomes of me."

"I am of your way of thinking, my dear."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know what becomes of you?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I sure too."

There was an interval of silence. Mabel was considering what she should say next. She decided on speaking plainly, some when might of it.

"This is serious," she resumed.

The major was glad to hear it.

"I'm only afraid of one thing—I'm afraid I shall offend you."

The major fortified that it was impossible to offend him.

"Remember what you have said, uncle! I have just had an offer of marriage."

"From my ugly publisher?"

"No; from Sir John Haworth."

Major Evergreen—usually the laziest of men—jumped out of his chair, and walked up and down the room, transfigured from a pleasant uncle who wrote poetry to a disagreeable old bachelor who was angry with his niece.

And for what reason? For this excellent reason: she had mentioned the name of the enemy whom he abhorred.

Sir John Haworth was a gentleman who indulged in the hazardous speculations of modern life. He owned race horses, and he built threatres; he was also proprietor of a weekly journal. In that newspaper had appeared the only review of Major Evergreen's poems which had even noticed them to any length. Of the tone adopted by the critic, it is merely necessary to say that it merited away the easy-tempered major to his lawyer's office, to bring an action of libel against Sir John Haworth. The case lawyer pronounced the article to be simply malicious, but not libellous. Sir John (already under the influence of Mabel) expressed his regret in the handsomest manner; and declared that the article had been published by his editor without his knowledge. Major Evergreen submitted to circumstances—received his customary good spirits—and went on writing poetry more industriously than ever. But what author has succeeded in inventing an inhuman review? To mention the name of the projector of the paper was to astonish the poet in his innermost plume. When Sir John Haworth paid visits to the charming niece, the unforgiving uncle was never in his way. Major Evergreen was "engaged in his study."

"I couldn't help mentioning the name, uncle," Mabel pleaded. "I was obliged to tell you who it was that had asked me to marry him."

The major received this apology with a cold and serious advice. "You might have spared me this, my dear—you might here said, That Men. I should have known by now."

Mabel accepted the suggestion. "I wished to tell you that I didn't engage to marry That Man," she proceeded; "I only said I would think of it." Major Evergreen: "I don't like him. I rather believe I want to get away from him, before he calls again."

The major returned quietly to his chair. "Very right indeed," he said—and looked at his pen and ink. He was longing to get rid of his niece and go back to his poetry.

"This is about the time of the year," Mabel persisted, "when we go to the country."

The major was quite willing. "Just as you please; they're ready for me at Still Brook."

Stillbrook won't do, uncle. If we go to your country house That Man will follow us. Suppose we take refuge at Oakapple Hall?"

"With all my heart."

"Then I may write to Mrs. Corydon?"

"Certainly."

Mabel went away to write a letter; and Mabel's uncle remained, to write poetry.

CHAPTER II.

A widow of mild and retiring character, married late in life; and possessed of an son who exactly resembled her disposition; there is the briefly sufficient description of Mrs. Corydon.

Arriving at Oakapple Hall, Major Evergreen and his niece encountered a surprise held in reserve for them by their amiable hostess. They were received at the house door by Mrs. Corydon's son. On the last occasion when they had enjoyed the widow's hospitality, Mr. Cyril Corydon had been abroad, pursuing his studies at Oxford. He had not seen his mother since he had left school.

Cyril had greatly improved in the interval. Still modest and a little reserved, he was no longer awkward; he kept his hands out of his pockets, and his nails exhibited black rims; his fair moustache was not in ugly pimples; his vacant smile of former days had a meaning in it now; and so complete the transformation, Mabel, at her mother's, a pig approaches a trough. She also had her suspicions of the cause—and a sly tenderness in the expression of her eyes spoke of the cause, when she reminded her of a description of a Troubadour in one of her uncle's poems.

Oakapple Hall, in one respect, resembled the famous abbey described by Sir Walter—its inhabitants did as they pleased. Mabel boldness was over Major Evergreen retired to his room and left her and Mrs. Corydon resumed work on an immense antimacassar, which had already occupied her patient fingers for the greater part of her life. The two young people took a walk in the park; Cyril offered his arm, and Mabel started the conversation.

"Have you really left Oxford for good?" she began.

"Yes—and do you sorry for it?"

"I was sorry for it, until to-day."

Cyril laid a strong emphasis on the last three words, and fastened on a look which sent his artful compliment straight to its mark. Mabel acknowledged the look by an innocent little question: "Do you think I am improved, since you saw me last?"

Cyril burst into an exclamation. Expressed in letters, it was only "Oh!" Expressed in tones, the sounds were eloquent, and ought to be described. His description requires opprobrious words. Where, in this case, are the words? Mabel's innocence, requiring no description, pursued its actions and said: "Mr. Corydon, you remind me of my Corydon immediately presented herself to her.

"Dear, dear me!" You used to call me 'Cyril,' in the days when I was insufferable to that brat and happiness. My conceit ambition it to hear you call me 'Cyril' now."

"You were a boy then, Mr. Corydon; you are a young man now. I am afraid it wouldn't be quite right."

Cyril hit on a poetical illusion which might have fallen from the lips of the major himself. "Juliet didn't hesitate," he remarked, "to call Romeo by his Christian name."

"Yes—for a shy man—was, as Mabel thought, getting on at rather too rapid a rate. She turned the talk back into the prosaic channels of modern life. "If the right year mother and you were anxious people, she said. "Have you really been to the play?"

"Only to Shakespeare," Cyril reminded her. "I was taken to the theatre, in the last vacation, by a man of high position and large experience, whom I am proud to call my friend. His younger brother read with me under the same tutor—and I first came to know him in that way."

"Who is this remarkable gentleman?"

"Sir John Haworth."

Mabel stood stock-still, and looked at the astonishing hair of Oakapple Hall. That good fellow was honestly pleased. "Sir John's fame has reached you," he said, "and perhaps you may have read my humble society?"

Mabel acknowledged that she had read him, and said no more. Cyril sang his praises.

"What a man! He builds places of public amusement, he wins money on racecourses, he sits on the throne of the law and dictates the policy of Europe—and, only think, he is My Friend."

But Mabel's thoughts were otherwise employed.

A young person, hitherto free from any weak musings towards superstition, she now dimly perceived the hand of Fate, myself, ously pointing to Sir John, at the very time when she had determined to dissuade him from her mind and from her list of visitors. What would be the next event? Would he discover Oakapple Hall? Preceded by his card, would he obtain an introduction to Mrs. Corydon, and renew his offer of marriage? With the very inconsistency of her sex and age, Mabel began to feel a certain reluctant interest in Sir John. He appeared in romantic proportions in her fancy. She had left him a shadowy figure disappearing, as it were, in the background. And here he was in the front of the picture again; presenting himself through the innocent medium of this new lady to her notice of him, so grateful to her. Her curiosity was satisfied by the very man whom she had despised not three days since. She encouraged young Cyril to talk of Sir John. One of Eva's daughters—there is nothing else to be said of her; one of Eva's daughters.

The course of Mabel's walk had brought them back, by this time, to the house. Cyril suddenly made an apology.

"Eleanor, as for a moment; I have something to say to you. He ran into the house and ran out again with the local newspaper in his hand.

"Nothing that I can say of our gifted friend can be so interesting to you as this," he announced, and pointed to the column of the newspaper filled by the London correspondent with news from the fashionable world. There was Sir John again: "A brilliant circle had assembled" at the country seat of a great nobleman, situated within an hour's drive of Oakapple Hall—and in two days more Sir John Haworth was expected as a welcome addition to the number of his lordship's guests."

Mabel made the discovery that occurred to her, and escaped from Cyril to the solitude of her own room. It was high time to consider when she had better do next.

CHAPTER III.

Decision of character is generally speaking, a plant of slow growth in the human constitution. When the age is seventeen, the sixth sense of female nature, "What am I to do next?"—perplexing circumstances, in the case of young men, and seldom get it. Mabel could not venture to consult her uncle—and if Mrs. Corydon had an sensible opinion, she was not in the habit of publication on other people's advice.

Mabel's mind was in a state of complete control; and Cyril's position in the estimation of her sex, consequently, had receded, without any reason for that deplorable event which it could possibly be discovered. Some of the ways of women—in love, with the ready infinitesimality of a young man who has had no connection with the opposite sex—Mabel knew, and felt that she was perfectly sufficient to ask if he had offended Mabel. He made his mistake with the utmost humility of manner and language—and was received with a look of his head, and a reply which expressed surprise that a member of an English University should prove to be so ill-bred man.

Three days passed. Sir John Haworth (of the newspaper could be trusted) was already established as a guest at the country seat of his noble friend. In other days of recovering the ground that he had lost by any effort of his own, Cyril decided on asking the advice of the one competent and trustworthy person within his reach.

Sir John was in the house; Sir John hurried into the room in which Cyril was waiting for him, and shook hands with a cordial squeeze. This inestimable friend of Cyril's was a tall Man; pale man, rather dark than light in complexion, and a little bald; altogether remarkable for lonely eyebrows, a strong Roman nose, and magnificent white teeth; eyes bright and striking in themselves, but a little shifty in expression at times. In one word, a most agreeable person—with a little mystery in his manner, which accompanied under a surface of easy humor and hearty good spirits.

"My dear boy, how glad I am to see you! You are one of us, of course; and you have come to luncheon! No! You are not invited by my lord! Come along and see my friends! Come along and see them. Between ourselves, he's a lot of noodles. Come along and see them. You will be a perfect godsend to the rest of us. You won't! Now I look at you again, I am afraid you have something on your mind. Come, come friend! Out with it—I'm a sympathetic listener! At your age there is only one scrape to be afraid of.

"The loveliest girl in the world, Sir John! I am in a state of your advice. Can we talk here without interruption?

"Of course we can.

Hearing the bell as he replied, and gave his orders to the servant as coolly as if he had been in his own town house. He was conspicuously obeyed. The servant knew him as the proprietor of a newspaper; and, like his betters (including some of the highest personages in the land) the footmen was afraid of Sir John.

Sir John admonished his first dose of advice. "Sit down, my good fellow—take eager—and out with it!"

Cyril took the opportunity.

He gave a clear and intelligibly story. "Have you seen my cousin?" he said, by way of conclusion. "And I assure you, on my word of honor, I haven't deserved it."

Sir John admonished the second dose. "Exactly my case, he remarked coolly. "I am devoted to the loveliest girl in the world, and she treats me cruelly. Would you believe it?—she has left London to avoid me, and I don't know where to find her. Do as I do—take it easy.

"I'm too fond of her, Sir John, to take it easy.

"Yes, if you come to that, I'm broken-hearted. Suit at the moment, I feel, is a disease from myself that we are both young men of the world. You like the favorite place, thing of our opposite; and I'm the favorite thing of another. That is a bad kind of shoft."

The off-hand way of speaking of the loved object shocked Cyril. "You may be right in what you say," he answered. "Excuse me for saying that you are strong about mine."

Sir John laughed. "I was as innocent once as you are," he said. "Let's get at the facts first. Miss is quite a young one. Is yours quite a young one too?

"In the first lovely bloom of youth."

"You serious boy! Your imagination is a matter of fact. Is she rich?

All girls are alike."

Cyril indignantly struck his fist on the table. "Then you don't know what the world like my Mabel!"

Sir John suddenly became serious.

"Mabel! he repeated. "That's something in that name which sounds familiar to me. Not the niece of Major Evergreen, surely?"

"Yes!" cried simple Cyril, "the same. How stupid of me not to have thought of it before! Sir, she has told you in society; and she is naturally interested in a celebrated man like yourself. You would have some influence over her. (Oh, Sir John, if you would only see Mabel, and say a word to her in my interests, how truly obliged to you I should be!"

The impenetrable face of the man of the world expressed nothing but perfect readiness to make himself useful. For more experienced eyes than Cyril's would have discovered nothing in for John Haworth's manner even remotely suggesting that the proposal was not heard, all this time, talking of the same lady.

"What place is your place?" asked Sir John. "That where shall we find her?

Cyril stated his hand. "You good friend!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes. "She is staying with my mother at our house—only a short ride from this place. When will you let me introduce you to my mother?

"Whenever you like."

"At once!"

And that excellent man smiled, and cheerfully echoed the words: "At once!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love are scarcely ever counterfeited. Humility is the cement of all virtues.

VALUE OF VENTRILOQUISM

A Novel Defence Against Road Agents.

It was on a cold winter evening that a traveller on horseback rode up to a wayside inn, and throwing the reins to the ostler dismounted stiffly and wearily. The red light of wood fire streamed out with it on the old-fashioned hearth of the inn parlor, glanced on the stranger as he stepped and spread his hands to catch the warmth. It shone on a kind, good-tempered face, a pair of twinkling eyes, and a long and bushy beard. The innkeeper hustled in, and made a remark about the unusual cold the storm which seemed likely to come upon them before daybreak.

"And what may I get the gentleman for his supper?" he added, gesticulating to the waiter for an answer, his eyes caught sight of the stranger's gold chain and the bunch of seals that glittered in the firelight.

"Let me have some cold meat and a mouthful of bread and cheese, and drink me a tankard of beer, my friend. I must be on my way in a few minutes, for I have a long ride before me yet I can hope to turn in for a night's rest."

Then the traveller went back to the fire again and rubbed his cold hands, evidently wishing to make the most of the short spell of warmth that he could allow himself. Master Tinman, the innkeeper, gave a shuckle as he left the room to see after those orders he knew the hospitality he made something out of this stranger ere he left the roof again; and as he had ordered just the plainest food; yet he was curious to know who this stranger could be was, and had he had a licensed ring on his finger! Mr. Thornley, the traveller, sat in his supper in silence, and he nibbled with his heat and holding him a fair food and drink, and yet he felt ill-at-ease all the time. As soon as he had started Master Tinman pulled on a heavy coat and took down a heavy cleek from a peg behind the door. With one clove to a hatchet he left the room to see after the horse he was keen. He hoped to have

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR—IN PROGRESS

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Christian parents, who set out long year seasons, consult readers of this important truth, that upon them, and individually, most practically depend the solution of the Catholic Education question. Catholic Education accomplish the great work which Protestants and Non-Catholics expect of it at this time. Its importants and so terribly bad this pre-judicial manner, that the prejudices that doesn't spoon by Popes and Prelates and distinguished Catholics, and Catholic Journals, and Catholic Papers, and Catholic Society will co-operate in hot pursuing and in duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the intelligence and Catholic literature of the day. Catholic parents adhere to the highest development, and to accomplish its desired mission. Are children a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying not one that could be which Catholic is superior to protestant, and which Catholic parents can safely place in their hands and authorize, or letting and recommend to their Catholic brethren.—PAPIROLI LETTER ON THE TEXAS PERIODICAL CRITICS.

Editorial Notes.

—We ask the prayers of our readers for this speedy recovery of Rt. Rev. Bishop Manogue, of Sacramento, who is quite ill at the residence of Rev. Thomas Dalton, in Grass Valley.

—Very Rev. P. A. Cadden, Vicar General of the Diocese of Albany, New York, has been appointed Bishop of the new See of Syracuse, in that State. This makes two new Sees added to those in the United States within a month.

—A press dispatch from New York, received yesterday, announces that Archbishop Riordan and his brother, Hav. D. J. Riordan, Rector of St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, celebrated Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral in that city on Sunday morning last. They are guests at the Cathedral rectory.

—A cablegram from Rome received last Thursday, brings tidings of the death of Cardinal Carmine Morai Gori, who was born February 15, 1816, and created a Cardinal Deacon November 10th, 1884. From the same source we learn with regret of the serious illness of Cardinal Louis Aurelini, Pontifical Secretary of State.

—It is stated that Mr. Thomas O'Hanlon intends shortly to retire from the representation of East Cavan, in order to preside a seat in the House of Commons for Mr. T. M. Healy, who was ousted from the representation of South Derry at the General Election by Mr. Thomas Lea.

—Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, late M. P. for Argyllshire, who enjoys the honor of having been the first Catholic returned for a Scotch constituency since the Reformation, has been presented with an address in recognition of his services to the Crofter cause in the Highlands.

—The Seventh Italian Catholic Congress will be held at Lucca under the honorary presidency of the Archbishop of that city. The proceedings will continue from five days, to be treated are the Sacerdotal Jubilee of his Holiness, the administrative elections, the land question in Italy, Catholic journalism, elementary education and Christian art.

—At the regular fortnightly meeting of the National League held recently in Dublin, Mr. William O'Brien announced that the League had received from America during the past two weeks £3,000. Mr. Kenny, M. P., followed Mr. O'Brien in a long speech in which he said: "On no condition will we allow our fellow-country-men to be thrown out upon the roadside during the coming winter. We will oppose all attempts to enforce evictions by every lawful means, and if these shall have no avail we will resort to other measures which cannot possibly fail, if Mr. Parnell's Bill is rejected by Parliament.

—The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: "It is the desire with of Prince Bismarck's heart to see Russia engaged in a life and death struggle with any power except Germany, leaving the Fatherland at liberty to settle scores with France. The Chancellor is reported as declaring that a little blood letting by Russia now would be conducive to the general health of Europe beneathal." On the other hand, Baron Rothschild says that he believes Russia is only blustering. "Russia is too poor and Austria too weak to fight," says the Baron; "therefore peace is certain."

Help for Charleston.

—We are glad to see that the candidates on the Republican State ticket have commenced to repudiate Frank Pixley since the Monitor called their attention to the awkward attitude they assumed before the people as they stood upon the Knownothing platform of Immortal Frank. If all the Republican candidates will come out publicly and disclaim any connection with the disreputable demagogue in question, they will arrise an expression of the spirit of American liberty which will commend them to the voters of California.

—Mr. John Bryn Bi-barie, Liberal member for Carnarvonshire, has drafted a Welsh Land Bill, based upon the ideas of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bill, which gives farmers rights against arbitrary disturbance from landlords, and land compensation for improvements made by them. The farmer are now demanding a reduction in the rents of from 15 to 25 per cent. The struggle against the payment of tithes is spreading throughout Wales. The bailiffs, assisted by a large police force, have had difficulty in many instances to seize stock to pay tithes. At the coming session of Parliament the Welsh members will unite in support of a measure to abolish the tithes and to disestablish the English Church in Wales.

—The heretics who call themselves the "Old Catholics" are having a bad time of it in their old home, Switzerland. Even the Protestant papers are beginning to see into the hollow shams of these petty heretics. Their claim to Catholic Church property is secured by their former friends. A false paper with a long name—the *Allgemeine Schweizerzeitung*—says "Majorities rule and minorities must look out for themselves. If the old Catholics can prove by a plus fi that they are more numerous than the Papists, then they are entitled to the Church property. If not, let them be silent. To speak of the joint use of a church is bladerdash. A church can no more be cut into pieces than a baby that was brought before King Solomon." Verily, the "Old Catholics" are in a bad way.

—The *Ministrie de Roma*, a paper which, it is no secret, enjoys the personal confidence of the Holy Father himself, recently published a long article in praise of the Irish people for their bearing in the constitutional struggle, and the closing words which summed up the conclusion to which the writer of this article arrived at were these: That the Irish people were destined to win; and that for their complete and speedy triumph nothing more is wanting now than that they should keep to their present lines, marching to victory under the skilful leadership of those two great men, whose names, though one of them is that of an Englishman, have secured for themselves an undying remembrance in the grateful memory of our grateful people—the great English Minister, William Ewart Gladstone, and the great Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell.

—Connecticut, the land of anti-papery Puritans, wooden nutmegs and Blue Laws, is rapidly becoming Christianized. On the 12th inst. Archbishop Corrigan of New York, assisted by three Bishops and seventeen hundred priests, consecrated St. John's Church, at Middletown, the entire debt upon which had previously been paid by the large-hearted and energetic Rector, Rev. H. O'R. Sheridan. What a grand triumph for God's truth! It is only a couple of centuries since laws were passed in Connecticut condemning priests to death if caught within its boundaries, and prohibiting all people from observing the feast of Christmas, making mince pies or playing music! How fitfully are the laws of justice when they undertake to say to Almighty God: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Connecticut has now a Catholic Bishop, 144 Catholic priests, 125 churches, chapels and stations, 13,780 Catholic children in Catholic schools, and 7 Catholic charitable asylums! Why is it that non-Catholics do not recognize the power of God in favor of His Church in such a miraculous manifestation of His power, mercy and love!

An Example of Protestant Morality.

A non-Catholic resident of the southern portion of the State sends us the following clipping from the *Pacific*—the organ of the Congregationalist ministers—and asks the Monitor what it thinks of "such Christian morality?" Here is the clipping:

"Four women of Lompoc broke into a room the other day where there was a barrel of whisky in charge of a keeper, smashed in the head of the receptacle and spilled the liquor. The amount of the effect on anyone was taken advantage of by the women. Lompoc is one of the strongest temperance towns in the State, and as such plucky women are sound.—*Pacific*, Sept. 2.

In reply we desire to inform our non-Catholic friend that there is no *Christian* morality whatever imperilled by the above transaction. If there is any morality whatever attached to the outrage, it is all that proscriptive, persecuting, Pharisaical character which illustrates the dead sea fruit of fanaticism fed by Protestantism. The four women in question were guilty of several transgressions against the law of God by their unseemly and unlawful act, and if such people imagine that they are "making the world better" by such brutalizing examples of robbery and lawlessness—they are very much mistaken. Lompoc people may have peculiar laws prohibiting the sale of liquor upon their colonized lands, but there is a law of God—greater than all earthly enactments which says *Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.*

"Plucky women" the *Pacific* calls these plunderers of other people's property who deliberately planned the destruction of their neighbor's goods when the officer who was guarding it was at supper. If "pluck" consists in robbing one's neighbor or destroying his property, they were certainly very, very "plucky," but we opine that it is Satan and not St. Peter who instructed that species of "pluck" which seems to tickle the fancy of those who mistake fanatical wrong for moral right.

Help for Charleston.

Rt. Rev. H. P. Northrop, Bishop of Charleston, in his appeal for help thus describes the destruction caused to the Catholic churches, schools and institutions by the recent earthquake: "It is unnecessary to describe the terrors of the earthquake that shook this city, or to detail the ruin that it wrought. There is not a building in the whole city that is not injured—and few that are not seriously damaged. The churches have all been materially injured. The orphan houses and infirmary will need extensive repairs. Some of the school buildings are entirely destroyed, and we have been compelled to dismiss the teachers of the male schools. The residences of the clergy are much injured, and the Episcopal residence irreparably so. The Clergy, the Sisters, the Orphans, like the large majority of the inhabitants of the city, sleep in tents. The Holy Sacrifice is daily offered up in a tent shed on the Cathedral lot, amid the midst of the camp, where the people are gathered together. We are utterly helpless to repair the churches, or the people, whose property has been destroyed, are asking for bread. With the memory of our many previous appeals, and, in the midst of the ruins of this the most terrible of all, we beg you, in the name of our Lord and for charity's sake, to come to our relief."

As there may be many readers of the Monitor who would like to add their mite to the fund collected in the city churches on Sunday last, in aid of the Charleston sufferers, we will gladly receive, credit, and pay over to the treasurer of said fund, any sums sent to us for that purpose.

The Nautical Diary of a Distinguished Methodist Divine.

For several weeks we have missed from the editorial page of the *Californian Christian Advocate*, the unctuous drippings of that religiously-renowned writer known to the readers of the Monitor as

Brother McCreary
Pilot-owned Tipperary,

and we began to think that life was scarcely worth living if it was to be deprived of his weekly spiritual consolation. Such are religious rays from the bandlight of the great Methodist locomotive! But the mission status of our amiable acquaintance is absent at the elected light of our evangelical friend from the columns of the *Christian Advocate*, was fortunately restored last Thursday, when we took up the Wesleyan weekly and read thrown the thrilling sciences of Brother McCreary as he related them with all the salient peculiarities of "an old salt," in his nautical gospel to the Wesleyanians.

Our readers are accustomed to read of Catholic and apostolic missionary enterprises both by sea and land, but since the shipwreck of St. Paul on the coast of Malta, we think very much if any man missionary voyage has ever been depicted with such minuteness of detail, such heroism, such adventure, such gospel-flavored facundity—as that demonstrated by the practical hand of the holy patriarch of Protestantism.

Brother McCreary
From owed Tipperary

Our dearly-missed Methodist conference has been making a voyage from San Francisco bay to San Pedro, and the perspicing with which his powerful pen pictures the impressive scene of her departure, his sea days spent on the treacherous waves of the ocean, and the strange experiences of the port which this good man passed in really charming in its innocent simplicity, surprising in its results, and captivating in its Robinson-like tone which are so beautifully blended in the various passages from grave to gay, from holiness to *Jingo!* Here is the opening gem from the gospel greatness of the gentle herdsman of the Wesleyan goats.

"Engaging passage in the same room with Father Wentz, on Saturday, we started early for the boat, and got there to find the Bishop and the Pilot aboard. Our room turned out to be delightful—port side, large, clean and airy. Our friend, Captain Ingalls, and the excellent steward of the steamer did everything possible to make our voyage delightful. September with a lovely day. The sea was smooth, the sun bright. With only half an appetite for several days before, we went aboard with misgivings as to seasickness, and one fear, at first beach, a raging appetite and not a bit more sickness than a whale.

What delightful evangelical euphony permeates this passage! With what unsophisticated innocence the embarking evangelist describes his early start, his travelling companions, his port side stateroom, the gallant captain, the self-sacrificing steward, the smooth sea and the sun-bright day! How with what pneumonitah gusto does cut

Brother McCreary
Pilot-owned Tipperary

compare the "liberal accommodations of his spacious corporosity to a whale! "A raging appetite," and the owner a portly Methodist preacher, must have sent both stewards and waiters to recite that portion of the Protestant Litany wherein the prayer is expressed:

From plague, pestilence and famine,
Good Lord Deliver Us.

And with what spontaneity the hungry Brother congratulates himself upon having had no transgressions against the law of God and a Wesleyan while is not Brother McCreary.—Other Methodist preachers are pitching shrimps, spring and stick-backs and also learn from the clerical-lean imparted to Catholic souls when contemplating the Pilot-inspiring representations of religious subjects.

Her Bravery, of the First Congregational Church, in the city, recently visited Europe, and in giving a description of the paintings which he saw in the Cathedrals of Europe to his congregation on a recent Sunday, he made three allusions, which, for a Protestant preacher—are very remarkable, evincing as they do the thorough emancipation of his mind from the muddled condition of most Protestant propagandists when first they start out in the world to open up the "mission" from off the fair face of the earth.

The speaker held with Hinkin that great relics were not antediluvian, but in their works of art. An impartial study of relics proves the Atlantic world never was so barbarous as to reverently and apparent discredit. A little more than a year ago in Austria does not always exhibit a picture of the Saviour and learn of His sufferings. Not only for this, but teaching much much of art that I be taught much of the Christian faith. In the city of Florence the picture of a Saint placed in a shop window attracted a street crowd, and people. Laborers would leave their work to look at it and be made better by its lesson it taught. The difference between the ancient and the modern painters is very marked. The ancient selected religious works for their subjects and their interpretation of them was holy, noble and true. The modern type of painters have worked more for money, and have painted what they have been pleased to call modern interpretations of their subjects. In art the world are three thinkers as in other things, for to violate or outrage the truth is a mistake. The early paintings served to represent the antiquities of the primitive church. Should the little in but it could be no injury from the work of artists of the cathedrals of the old world.

The foregoing line of argument affirmative of the intrinsic value of pictures as religious teachers, is innumerable allies in the imperial mind and the good taste of Dr. Hartness. But Catholics will outlive them in that the Doctor unconsciously diagnoses the disease of Protestantism by pointing out the Christian lessons which Catholics learn from a source which in art is antique, but which hitherto has been accepted by sectarian as smacking too much of "Popish idolatry."

Dr. Hartness also makes another admission which completely knocks Congregationalism and every other "ism" of Protestant conversation into "a cocked hat." He admits that should the Bible be lost it could be re-written "from the walls and altars of the cathedrals of the old world in such a different way that Rome would Protestantize and Protestant Rome would Romanize." Which is as much as to say that if the Bible was lost it would be re-written by Leo XIII. and John Ireland, with a reception in adequate in many things. Talent, sophistry, and artistic skill are to be lavished, but their adulteration might be local.

There can be no separation. No sane man, no man who reasons, no man who calculates, approves of Scotland withdrawing from the Kingdom. Those who have spent so much of our time and so much of our treasure in building up the Empire to walk away and leave it to the Anglicans. No! Let the Scot appreciate any drifting apart of this kind. Ireland always contributed, Britain, the Scottish kind would then be larger, and there would be less for the Scottish youth to go to London. The proposed explanation of the desires of the Scotch people, needs like no addends to the political demands of Ireland, from Wales. The Scotch and Welsh people have learned a lesson of liberty that would never have been heard of were it not for the echoes and the thrilling of the voice of wrongful and suffering Ireland, echoing through the continents and caught up by patriotic ears such as the coast of Africa, the Mediterranean, the Alps, Italy and Mr. Waddie give emancipation to the sentiment. The progress of humanity in the Old Country is retarded by the great Empires. Ireland, chastised to crucity, impoverished to a skeleton, and exposed under every form of relentless and inhuman English hate, has ever been the torch of liberty illuminating the world. From the lips of Irish lovers, and dead Irish patriots the world has learned battle bravely for freedom, and their burning words in poem and verse have encouraged the down trodden of Europe in their struggle for the supremacy of human right, and every man could carry on his breast the Irish tricolor, and feel the power of his fellow man to act that persisted in cannibalism.

Hence the lesson of liberty which Ireland has taught the world and which has caused many a throne to topple and many a people to be emancipated. In chains herself, she has never been a willing slave and subservient slave. She has held out against unmeasured hands so that the world might see her wrongs, and she has lifted her voice in the wilderness which England created in her fruitful island, and her sighs have been heard and her tears have been shed in a manner that has caused the world to sympathize with the sufferings of Ireland.

Ireland, starving and suffering she has sent her sons to fight for liberty in other lands, and they have fought and bled and died, and she has crowded the chaplet. When the vessel was launched from Boston with Father Wentz, commissioned of the diocese of Boston, Ireland's sons were going forth into distant lands to bear the cross of Christ, and to die on earth with all they held most dear.

Ireland's sons have spread over the world and have seen months if Dublinspirits and her poorer cousins of Catholic subscriptions crowded the Cathedrals of Europe. In the Pilot Hall of the Pilot Hall of the Pilot Hall of

Farm and Home.

Handy Things to Know and Keep.

Here are some figures and rules very handy to know and have at hand, in the mind or on paper. We advise every young reader to learn most of these "by heart" so thoroughly as to always think of them in an instant. Do it while your minds are young and impressible, and they will stay by you like the marks made in the clay of brick, or dough of bread or cake, before it is hardened by heat. Older people also do not preserve their paper much use this and keep it handy for ready reference

A rod is 16½ feet, or 5½ yards.
A mile is 320 rods.
A mile is 1,760 yards.
A mile is 5,280 feet.
A square foot is 144 square inches.
A square yard contains 9 square feet.
A square rod is 272¼ square feet.
An acre contains 43,560 square feet.
An acre contains 4,840 square yards.
An acre contains 160 square rods.
A section, or square mile, contains 640 acres.
A quarter section contains 160 acres.
An acre is 8 rods wide by 20 rods long.
An acre is 10 rods wide by 16 rods long.
An acre is about 208½ feet square.
A solid foot contains 1,728 solid inches.
A pint (of water) weighs 1 pound.
A solid foot of water weighs 62½ pounds.
A gallon (of water) holds 231 solid inches.
A gallon of milk weighs 8½ lb.
A pint (of water) holds 28½ solid inches (28.875).
A barrel (31½ gallons) holds 4½ solid feet (4.2125).
A solid foot contains nearly 7½ solid pints (7.48).
A bushel (struck) contains 2,150 solid inches.
A bushel (heaping) contains 1¼ struck bushels.
A struck bushel contains about 1½ solid feet.

Twenty Acres of Blackberries.

The successful cultivation of blackberries has been carried on by William Trubody, near Trubody's Station for many years, as most of our readers are aware. Planted in a loose, rich, loamy soil where an abundant supply of moisture lies near the surface, the vine thrives, growing luxuriantly and producing large crops almost every year. Mr. Trubody now has on his large and very productive farm twenty acres of blackberry vines all in bearing. Ten acres were uprooted a year or two ago for the reason that the variety on that portion of the field was not suited to the locality. This season the first berries were picked for the market about July 1st. During the hight of the season forty-nine men were employed in picking the large, luscious berries. Twenty acres of berries in one field is a large "patch," and when the fruit is ripe, hanging thick on the bending bushes, the sight is one of beauty.

This enormous heavy shipments were made to various portions of Solano and Yolo counties, about 120 boxes going to San Francisco. The crop was shortened by the hot weather that prevailed early in the season, which had the effect to shrivel and blast almost half the yield, rendering it worthless. Twice as many berries as were raised could have been sold and many orders went unfilled. The season closed about the 10th of August. Two varieties of berries are raised, the Lawton and the Dorchester, six acres being planted of the latter variety. Owing to the shortage of the crop satisfactory prices have ruled this season. Much labor is required to keep this large blackberry patch in good order, and care is taken to see that the vines are kept in the best condition.—*Napa Register.*

Wheat Growing.

All cosmer that wheat farming don't pay—that is, they compare it here with the same elsewhere, where the yield is far more per acre. Doing this, they overlook a case with which the farming is done in this section. One thing is, the wheat raisers have more twenty-dollar gold pieces than those who raise none, and their thrift is attested by the continual purchase of new machinery.—*Prema Republican.*

Mark Your Babies.

The mothers of children inclined to wander away and get lost would save themselves and the police much trouble if they would sew on the shirt of the child a tag upon which would be marked in indelible ink the name and residence of the parents. The child would then be taken home direct by the officer, instead of to the police station.

Large Wheat Crop.

A careful estimate places the wheat yield of San Benito county this year at nearly 30,000 tons. Its quality is as good as that of the wheat of any previous year. For milling purposes it is exceptionally good. The general opinion is that the price of wheat will reach $1 25 and probably more. Starr & Co., the San Francisco millers, who turn out 1500 barrels daily, have made a contract with the French Government for all the flour they can manufacture. If the war rumor of last hung over Europe breaks wheat will reach a figure that now is not dreamed of. The Victor mills will be able to handle at least 12,000 tons of the crop. The rest will be sent to San Francisco.—*Hollister Free Lance.*

California's Future Crops.

The principal crops of this State in a decade hence will be olives, figs, grapes and cocoa. Take the apparently insignificant articles of figs which appear in our markets as imported once a year; the value of the importation from Smyrna alone is nearly $2,000,000, commanding in our market 15 to 20 cents per pound. The fact that figs can be shipped and consumed in a dry state permits sections remote from the railroad to be devoted to their production.

More Farms.

Every season will serve to illustrate that there should be more farms in all the productive districts of this State. Right here in Tulare county there should be many an eighty-acre sold of the large ranches to people who would build homes on them. A man who owns more than 160 acres which is not closely cut by canals, ditches, should sell it off until he has no more left than he can effective closely and profitably. Some farmers may say it is nobody's business how much they own, and we admit that it isn't, on the ground of ownership, but when cultivation is considered every one has a right to urge good cultivation because by it all are made richer and the country looks better for it. A rich through the country now shows that many ranches are only half cultivated. It is wasteful and slovenly to look upon. There ought to be five families living and tilling the soil in the county where there are only three as a rule. This increase of population would act like a charm upon it. We hope the day will come when people will consider it better to cultivate small farms well than to slobber over large farms. They will feel more, enjoy less work and more pleasure in it.—*Hanford Sentinel.*

—Bullets nothing against another but upon good authority; not report what may hurt another unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

Family Fun.

Not a Partisan.

"Isn't he beautiful!" said the wife of the politician, as she dandled her baby boy, who smiled and kicked every time she threw him up.

"He is," answered the proud father as he watched the play of the little frisk, "but I'm afraid he will never be a good party man."

"Why not?"

"Because he's a kicker."

"It is these terrible things that cast a gloom over the happiest families.

He was a Swade.

A Chicago lawyer has a new office boy. The other day a client, waiting for the lawyer, noticed the boy, who is an exceedingly bright young chap, and fell into conversation with him.

"What's your name, my boy?" he asked.

"Ityan."

"What's your first name?"

"Pat."

"Ah! I see you're a Freechman."

"No, sir. I am not," said the boy, looking up like a flash; "I'm a Swade."

He Wanted to Buy It.

During the War there was a Rebel battery at Kenesaw to be taken, and the order was sent to one brigade, "that that battery the first thing in the morning." It meant death for a good many, and, sitting around the camp-fire that night, there was a deal of anxious talk. "Too sad, dearsby, I reckon, the only way to get those guns is to take 'em," and every one was gloomy, when the stutterer of the camp spoke up: "I s-s-say, boys, can't we ex-chip in enough to h-h-buy the old thing for you-c-c-cosah?" The grim humor of the thing tickled the boys, and many a one went to sleep that night with a smile on his lips who never smiled again.

"Measuring Her "Fus-sure."

"Say, are you a fortune teller?" "Yes' Miss, that's my business." "You can read the future, can't you?" "As clearly as I can the past." "Well, I'll brize around my fortune-teller. I want you to read him so I can tell if his affection is sincere.

Poor Luck Likely.

A country minister while driving to church discovered a small boy by the roadside with a fishing rod over his shoulder. He drew up his horse and said reprovingly:

"Going fishing on Sunday, my boy?"

"Yes," answered the lad. "Are you goin' fishin', too?"

"I am fishing for souls," said the good man solemly.

"For soles! Well, yar won't ketch no soles 'round here, Mister. I'm fishin' for snickers."

A Happy Ending.

Bobby came into the house sobbing, and told his mother that Tommy White had kicked him.

"Wall, Tommy White is a very bad boy," said Bobby's mother, giving him a large piece of cake. "You didn't kick him back, did you, I"

"No," replied Bobby, between bites, "I kicked him first."

Their Love for Liquor.

"Yes," said a Kentuckian who had been in the far West, "Indians are powerful fur whisky an' they'll give up everything for it. An old chief out in western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket, an' I don't know what else for a pint of whisky I had with me."

"And you wouldn't give it to him?"

"Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whisky."

Muller's Mistake.

Schultz—How do you like that parrot I sent you?

Muller—It was a bit tough.

Schulze—What! Have you eaten it then!

Muller—Well, why didn't it say so, then!

Check vs. Check.

"I'd like to look at some of your check solid," said the dude successor to his father.

"And I'd like to look at the check for your last suit," replied the merchant.

The dude considered himself checkmated, and passed out.

Why She Loved Children.

On North Madison street lives a handsome young lady, and though there is nothing strange or startling about it, the young lady is engaged to be married to an equally handsome young gentleman. For some reason, of which we know not, the maiden has the reputation of carrying the month her fair exterior a heart of flint. The aforesaid young gentleman had been duly warned of this but believed it not. Recently he accompanied her to the home of a neighbor to spend the evening. They were sitting out beneath the trees; it was cozy, deliciously warm, and it required an effort to keep comfortable. A little child of four summers toddled up to the young lady, and she took it to, and, fondling it, remarked: "I dearly love to hold the little ones such a nuthar as this." A third of fry shot through the young man's heart. Here was an ardiance of tender heartedness, although it struck him as rather strange the weather should have anything to do with it. "And why especially on a night like this?" he asked. "Because the mosquitoes, that are so bothersome, settle on the tender little things and let me alone," she replied.

The engagement is broken.

Their Honeymoon.

The colored female cook of a family living at the South End came up stairs the other afternoon, and, twisting up the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, missus, I thought it mought be low to be talkin' 'pon dat I—dat I done got married las' week."

"Ah, indeed! and what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see, my husbun', he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a chef in a hotel."

"A chef, eh! That's very nice. And do you expect to leave me directly?"

"Ki! d'ewdy, mum. I'll stay wid ye for de present. You see my husbun' is done gone to New York an' Washin'ton on his honeymoon, an' he'll be nigh onto six weeks befo' he comes back!"

—Hasty words often rankle in the wound which injury inflicts; soft soft words assuage it. Forgiving errors, and forgetting takes away the sear.

—It is doing some services to humanity to assume innocently, and they know very little of man who think we can bear to be always employed, either in duties or mediation, without any relaxation.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

How She Appears and Acts when at Dress Parade.

London letter in New Orleans *Times-Star*: As we looked down this wonderful gallery from our point of advantage, these dames slowly along toward us a little group composed of two or twelve gentlemen and ladies walking in this wise in the centre of the aisle, a good, stout, red faced old lady, apparently sixty-odd years of age. This was Queen Victoria. She was a black silk dress made short enough to escape the floor. The skirt was full, the front being covered with an ample buffed petticoat. The back of the skirt hung full and plain. Over this was worn a simple little black cloth dolman wrap. A clean, large, black bonnet, from which hung a short, black, veil not of grandma fell was on her head. Her face was rosy in the point of redness, her hair very gray and brushed simply behind her ears; the cheeks were not red all over, but a sort of mottled red and white. Once she smiled as some gentleman of the party was presented to her, inclined her head towards him in a gracious but autocratic sort of way, and exposed all her teeth as she smiled; they were very white, and so even and perfect as to look suspiciously false.

The Queen carried a gold handled ebony walking stick, and made good use of it, leaning on it as she walked to look in the cases, or to talk, with her elbo akimbo, in a comfortable fashion that cried my hard go!. She walked rapidly along, moving in a dowdy, dignified, under-fashed sort of fashion, as little borne out by her ample skirts and fat, short figure.

Sir Philip Cunliff Owen, Secretary of the exhibition, walked on one side of her and a lord Somebody or Other on the other. They did not walk upalongside of her in an equal sort of way, but of about four feet from her, gracing sideways toward her with bodies, their hats in their hands, and their backs constantly curving as they courtesied and bowed in a fashion that so called cons's ideas of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Behind the Queen came the Princess Beatrice and her husband, Prince Henry. He is a tall, rather nice-looking man, with brown hair and mustache, and dressed in a dark frock coat and pantaloons. The Prince had on a blue boland that probably cost 50 cents a pair, a white vest with white polka dots, and the long draped over-dress was edged with that white lace known as "coal antique." Her bonnet was a little French affair of white lace and dark blue velvet, and the most of her dress had a U-shaped arrangement of white lace let into it, front and back. She did not walk up alongside of her mother in a dignifiedly sort of way, but came on behind her Majesty, and politely waited until the Queen had finished each case before she ventured to look herself. The Princess is plump, very unlike a Princess in her manner, and not handsome. She has not the extreme, almost nitro-greenness and demeanor to the public that characterizes her sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales.

When the Queen got to the end of the galleries nearest us she came in a few feet toward us the space beyond the exhibits so that the hundreds collected might have a good view of her, and then, without looking at them or without any demonstration on their part, she slowly turned and, like the King of France, went back again. I observed the crowds of her subjects gathered about, and there was not an atom of enthusiasm, only the most searching, and, at times, sombre curiosity, and when she had gone a quiet turning away of the crowd. I talked the other day with an intelligent middle-class gentleman on this question of the royal family. He said: "When the Queen dies we will have the Prince of Wales for King; but after him there will be no more Kings nor Queens for old England. We are on the eve of a great revolution, and will come quietly and in order, and sensible."

The Month of September.

This a very clever month to be born in for those that love and do well, and mind their own business. The men, with luck and good management will get as rich as Crœsus; and the women, let them have their way, will generally marry agreeably to their wishes. The men will be the most obliging of husbands, when it suits their interest and inclination, and the women will be the kindest creatures in the world, when it comports with their humor. A number of both male and female will be to a good old age, a large portion of them will die in their beds, and the rest will rarely, if ever, be disturbed by the wringing of their hairs.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Splendid set of Teeth, only $6.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Wm. Cox, Dupont, Spittoons, etc.

Mason's Ironstone China, Spittoons, etc.

Wash. Hobart, 30 Kearny

IS THE CHURCH OPPOSED TO PROGRESS?

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

karism, and are not temporal relations of a more broadly feeling? From certain standpoints, has not the political system been improved under the influence of reason and experience? No longer is private vengeance tolerated or countenanced; and the petty feudal tyrants, the wrangling communities, the wandering bands of free companions—have they not all disappeared? It is, then, true that man in society goes on perfecting himself in the political sense? Are his moral relations with his fellows, and his political condition, subject to different degree of this successive development to which man is acutely alive ere civilization

THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY.

end rudimentary when the conditions under which man grows more perfect in this three-fold sense are not partially developed; it is great and high when they attain a larger development; it would be complete were all the conditions perfectly satisfied." After this passage of which G. De Molinari says in the debate that it makes the reader long he is listening to one of Michel Chevalier's lectures at the college de France, the Cardinal goes on to ask whence proceed progress and civilization. They come above all, from labor. Labor was despised by the most illustrious of ancient philosophers, but "Christianity elevated, honored and sanctified it. Jesus Christ, the true Son of God, submitted himself to a poor one for days of labor, and the carpenter's shop of Nazareth did not disdain to set his blessed hand to labor." The Apostles generally earned their bread by their labor, and later, when the barbarian hordes swept over Europe, the monks tilled the soil they had ravaged, and reconstructed industry. Still later the Christian republics of Italy became the splendid centers of trade, commerce and arts. In Asia, the Black Sea, Africa and Asia were the theatres of the commercial relations and military expeditions of our ancestors; there they made important and fecund conquests; and with shouts of victory their flag floated, wrestled with glory and terror, at home they did not cease to labor.

THEY CULTIVATED THE ARTS,

and their traders, by every honest means, added to public and private wealth. Manufactures of wool, silk, jewelry, colored glass, paper, at Florence, Pisa, Bologna, Milan, Venice, Naples, gave lucrative employment to thousands of workmen and attracted to those markets the gold and the competition of strangers. Let us, continue I, do not believe that all should be sacrificed to material prosperity of cities, the health and ease of men, and the feeble strength of childhood, and Cardinal Pecci protested against the "modern schools of political economy infected with atheism; that regard labor as the supreme end of man and man himself as a machine more or less valuable as it is more or less productive." M. De Molinari, commenting on this, points out that economists do not regard labor as an end but as a means, and that they are thoroughly in accord with their "eminent conferee of Perugia" as to the necessity of limiting the hours of labor and securing days of rest for the artisan as well as of providing the education of children; they, like the present Pope, believe that charity is necessary; they, like the wisest possible spread of education, "least was and uphold the freedom of commerce, and with sorrow contemplate "the enormous number of the victims made by the privation of education, by physical infirmities, by age, and the convulsions of trade."

AFTER MANUFACTURE AND TRADE CAUSES the accusation against the church that "she mutile into the heart a mystical notion; of earthly things, and commercially speaking, of which would extinate, all the Cardinal sees himself to refute the still more monstrous calumny which causes the church to be considered the enemy of the human and material comfort, he says, is not only absurd but impious, for it involves the supposition that the church has been occupied for nineteen lustrums in dethroning God. So far from dethroning God, science can only make manifest His power and redouble the love He inspires by the full harmony and mutual concordance of His works. See and judge for yourselves. What is there that the church can desire more ardently than the glory of God and the more intimate acquaintance with the divine workman which is acquired by the study of his works! If the universe is indeed a book, on every page of which are inscribed the name and wisdom of God, it is certain that he will be most filled with love for God will come the nearest to God, who will have studied this book most deeply and most attentively. * * *

WHAT REASON CAN THERE BE

that the church should be jealous of the marvellous progress our age has made in its studies and discoveries? Is there in them anything which, looked at from once or far, can do harm to the ideas of God and of faith, whereof the church is the guardian and infallible mistress? Bacon, so distinguished in the walks of physical science, has written that a little knowledge leads away from God, but much knowledge leads to God. The golden saying is always true, and if the church is afraid of the ruin that might be wrought by the vain ones who think they understand everything because they have a slight smattering of everything, she has full confidence in those who apply science and profoundly to the study of nature, for she knows that at the bottom of their researches they will find God, who in all His works displays Himself with the infinite attributes of His power, His wisdom and His goodness." Then the pastoral letter brings to the support of its author's position the evidence of Copernicus, of Keppler, of Galileo, of Galileo, one of the Protestant Fathers, who, after the account to which he applied himself with such patience, as

"ARDENT WISHES TO KNOW GOD."

Finally, it pays homage to the superlative efforts of science, and the sublime spectacle it offers in rendering man master of the forces of nature, in kindling within him a spark of the fire of the Godhead. "How splendid and majestic does man seem when he reaches after the thunderbolt and lets it fall harmless at his feet: when he summons the electric spark, and sends it, the messenger of his will, through the abysses of ocean, over the precipitous mountains, across the interminable plains! How glorious, when he bids steam, fasten pinions to his shoulders and bear him with the rapidity of lightning over land and sea! How powerful when, by his ingenuity, he ca n ed upon this force, inspiration is, and conveys it by ways marvellously combined and adapted to give motion—we might almost say intelligence—to brute matter, which then takes the place of man and spares him his most exhausting toil! Tell me if there is not in man the semblance of a spark of the Creator when he invokes light and bids it scatter the shades of darkness! But the Syllabus! Has not the Syllabus condemned and condemned the civilization! No; it has not condemned true civilization—that civilization whereby man perfects himself—but it does condemn "the civilization without religion, supposed to rival and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched us." It is not directed against civilization, but against atheism and materialism. Having dealt with the material amelioration of the condition of man, he says: "It would be an arrogant task to cast the same light on those things which concern the amelioration of man's moral and political condition. If, instead of writing a pastoral letter, we had set ourselves to composing a long treatise, and if we did not intend, if life permits, to return at a future day to this subject."

The Pope of 1878 will consider the very

THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY.

The Confraternity of the Rosary is defined to be a congregation of the faithful of both sexes of every condition of life, and of all ranks in the Church who, for their own advantage and that of the Church, assemble together as if with one heart and in one body, for the purpose of imploring and honoring the Most Sacred Virgin Mary, and of learning from her example and that of her adorable Son how to walk in the path of virtue and of holiness, particularly by performing spiritual devotion to the Rosary and for all those practices that are in accordance with it. The devotees raised to the Rosary which every member of the Confraternity should recite or practice, by reason of the fact that have in view age of the simpler Mysteries they are entitled, and yet to which are annexed from concessions to attend, are the following: In the great Dominican Church of Rome, at the Rosary procession on the first Sunday of each month and on each of the three principal festivals of the Blessed Mary, near the Sanctuary, which is ornamented with indulgences, where "the Silent Tuesday" in honor of St. Joseph, and the Wednesday in honor of the Angels; "in honor of "the Month of the Rosary," "the seven Fridays" in honor of the Seven Fathers—the great preacher of the Rosary and the thaumaturgus of his age; to wear the Cord of St. Thomas Aquinas, the gilded and favored child of the Rosary, and to be his intercessor through the Rosary for the preservation of purity; to consecrate about two hours of each day in meditation, prayer and spiritual reading; for forty days each year for the double purpose of making a spiritual retreat and of calling to mind God's retirement into the desert; to make a Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to pay the written exposition of the Saviour of the world; to go to Communion on the first Sunday of the Dominican Order in honor of all the canonized saints of the Order; to make the Stations of the Rosary on the days of Lent, and appointed by the Holy See, etc., etc. Even the fathers and sons are permitted from which they have been stated that Rosaries have the most ample opportunities presented to them of the most effective benefits to them by the holy Rosary and of the Blessed Virgin, the most ardent and perfecting themselves at every moment, and in the most perfect way, in the knowledge of the mysteries of the sons in Purgatory

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

PARNELL'S DEFIANCE.

Go tell your haughty bulldogs thro'
I scorn their claims of Tyrone,
Go say I will not be coerced,
Or yielding even to Ireland's right.
Tell them I'm free, thank goodness alive,
From green Tyrone to Kerry's strand,
And now we'll rule or fighting live
To vindicate our native land.

Go say the Erin once they knew
Has risen and for freedom
Go say her sons are hard to true,
Another Sidney live to prove
Our unstirred dead on sentinel duty
Did not be vain that Emmet died dreamers,
If used must be well fight and die,
But glorious victory shall be our cause.

Too long we've borne their galling chain,
Too long their sneers have stung us,
Too long we've wept in bitter pain
Our ruined home and broken sires,
Our sons were banished on the wave
In prisons cell were doomed to dwell,
Our home bones fill foreign grave,
Because they loved their country well.

But these are past, another race
Spring from their sire dry clay,
With gladiated hearts they load embrace
The binding chains of Freedom's day,
They sternly cry! "The land is our,
Our rights we will maintain,
Away with binding Saxon power,
Away with bull and chain.
And by our patriot cause,
And by their ashes that we love,
And by their sons's rebelled,
We swear to stand free Ireland's right
And read the tyrant's chain,
Or never rest by day or night,
Till every link is rent in twain.

*Leeds Salisbury, Huntington and Chartrill.

Literary Miscellany.

The Poetry did It.

AN ESSAY IN THE LIFE OF MAJOR EVERGREEN BELLATO BY WILKIN COLLINS.

CHAPTER IV.

The two gentlemen discovered Miss Mabel walking up and down the garden terrace in front of Oakapple Hall, reading her book. Good gor! It was a volume of her uncle's poetry.

"I fair sure you would be glad to meet Sir John Bowerth again, Cyril began. His manner was a great deal too humble. Before he could get any farther, Sir John spoke himself, young man.

"The happiness is all mine," he said in his easy way. "I'd happen, however, to be intruding, pray don't scruple to say so.

Mabel raised her eyes from her book. She had only to look at Cyril, to see what had happened. Her pretty, patient, fattened, amused—in this condition of small esteem she was complacently at a loss how to assert herself to the best advantage: she who took refuge in a cold composure which, for the time being at least, concealed her to nothing. "I was certainly angered in reading," she replied—and put a mark in her book with a sign of resignation.

Sir John Bowerth felt his position the blow without hesitating. "You led me to hope for the honour of being introduced to Mrs. Corydon," he said to Cyril. "Shall we find her at home?

He took Cyril's arm and led him to the house. "That's the way to manage her," he whispered. "I'll bet you five to one she's vexed at our leaving her—and ten to one she receives us more civilly when she sees us again. Don't look back! You're in my care, and I am responsible for your good behaviour. Don't look back! You're a good fellow, and I like you—and I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did just now

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY BY TUBSCRIPTION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Curious parcels, let us hug your narrow conical, cuticle of this important truth, that you are single and indivisible, most practically despoil the multitude of the genuine, whether on our side, Christ's side, or on the other side, Satan's side, Christ's side, Satan's side, Christ's side, Satan's side, Christ's

Farm and Home.

PACIFIC COAST CROPS.

Official Reports to the Agricultural Department.

WASHINGTON, September 21—Respecting the condition of the crops in California, the agent of the Agricultural Bureau for that State has made the following report: Wheat has been a fair average crop throughout the State and of very good quality. The kettasia are plump and full. Barley is grown but very little, but successfully, and is valuable, especially as an early forage crop. Barley is rather shorts the average. Irish potatoes are a good crop. Sweet potatoes are only grown for home consumption and are a fair average crop. Tobacco and cotton are only exceptionally grown and sorghum only as a forage crop. The corn crop will be fully up to the average. Apples and pears about a two-thirds crop. Peaches one-third. Plums a poor crop. Almonds and English walnuts an average crop. Canning and drying have been followed more than ever, and the shipments of fresh fruits East, have prevented glutts in the markets, although fruit is still plentiful and cheap. The yield of grapes for wine is variously estimated at from 16,000,000 to 20,000,000 gallons, which may be called a full medium crop, and the quality will be good. The grade of raisins will be much larger than last year, and the raisin makers are hopefull as to quality and prospective prices. Shipments to the East of table grapes are also very active, and the prospects point to a yield of 15,000,000 pounds, or about 2,000,000 pounds more than last year. The yield of wine will be about three-fourths of an average crop. Olives will be about one-third of an average, or 640 tons per acre. In gathering the grapes for making an estimate, Mr. Tuttle selected what he considered average vines in different parts of the vineyard. They yielded thirty pounds per vine, worth at 15 cents per pound 43 cents per vine. This would indicate a yield of 19,200 pounds per acre, worth $288. The yield from Mr. Tuttle's three acres when made into raisins will be about nine and a half tons, worth at 6 cents per pound, $1152. From this it will be seen that the irrigated lands of Fresno have something more than mere talk to back up their claims to superiority in the production of paying crops.—*Fresno Republican.*

Relief for Toothache.

For ordinary nervous toothache, which is caused by the nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a hot bath will soon soothe the nerves into sleep will naturally follow, and upon getting up, the patient will feel very much refreshed and the toothache gone. For what is known as "jumping" toothache, hot, dry flannel applied to the face and neck is very effective. For common toothache, which is caused by indigestion, or by strong, cold, cold, or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves is a good remedy. Cloves in the diet, especially when the bowels are disordered, is helpful to mitigate toothache. If the tooth is much decayed nothing is better than its extraction.

—God knows what we are, and will hold out His paternal hand to us in a difficult step, in order that nothing may break us.

—As the flower, when plucked for enjoyment, begins to wither, so does virtue, practised for reward, begin to vanish.

—Let us keep firm hold of the merciful hand of our good God, for He wishes to draw us after Him.

Family Inn.

The Bitter Badly Bitten.

John R. McLean, the editor and proprietor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is very lame just now, and has the good reason. It appears quite even at his age, a man in wonderful health, he was walking rapidly with a friend along Twenty ninth street in New York. At the corner of Fourth avenue he saw a hard up Hibernian standing on the pavement carrying jealously into vacancy. "Watch me surprise this old fellow," said McLean to his friend. Turn right in his face and see if it won't be a study." A second later they were abreast the old man's hand: "Have a dime quarter I owed you. Now don't go around any more telling people that I don't pay my debts. I always speak well of you and you have no reason to do otherwise by me." For a second the man's face was a study. He was amazed as the unloaded for kindness, and then as its purport dawned on him he raised his tattered hat, and said, "God bless yer sure I'll never say another word agin yer, but (and here his eyes twinkled merrily) are ye sure it wasn't a half yer owed me?" The friend roared, and as McLean rollicked to the roots of his hair, exclaimed, "Oh, pay the man in full. Don't try to beat him a quarter." The Irishman got two halves to addition to his quarter, but the editor no longer pays debts at sight unless demanded.

Willing to do Want He Could.

Madam (looking for a carry board)—You have plenty of pure milk, Mr. Hayseed? Mr. Hayseed—Yessum.

Madam—I shall want milk from cow for baby. And eggs—have you plenty of fresh eggs?

Mr. Hayseed—Yassum, but I don't reckon I can give you them eggs.

Madam—Why, I shall want them for baby. And eggs—have you plenty of fresh eggs?

Mr. Hayseed—Yassum, but I don't reckon I can give you them eggs.

Time Slipping Away.

"Excuse me, dearest," he said, disentangling himself.

Then he stalked to the edge of veranda and firmly demanded:

"Boy, what are you looking about the front yard for at this time of night?"

"Scouts' papers, sir!"

The Perils of Boarding.

"You look thoughtful tonight, Dansley," remarked Featherby as he stretched himself on the lounge.

"Yes," sighed Dombey. "I've just set down from the table."

"What does she say?"

"She says that I must pay my bill board at once or her daughter will sue me for breach of promise. I'm thinking what I'd better do.

Damon and Pythias

"Why don't you bring your friend around to the house, Mr. Fenberly?" inquired Mrs. Jay, as that young man seated himself in the parlor.

"I have a good many friends, Bobby," replied Fenberly, indignantly. "Which friend do you mean?"

"John Barleycorn. Pa says you are a great friend of his."

A Peculiar Taste.

They were speaking of a Buffalo bride's trousseau.

"Were her robes made in Paris?"

"Oh, no," another one said; "they were all made in Buffalo. She was very proud of her trousseau, and I heard her say that she was wearing nothing but Buffalo robes.

"I sel ad," continued the young man who was applying for a situation, "that I am a college graduate."

"O, that won't make any difference," was the reassuring reply. "If you stick to your work, and, besides, we want somebody about the place who is strong enough to carry in coal.

Haste to the Wedding.

"Woman in upper window (to young man in front door)—We don't want no paper envelopes.

Young man (with package of envelopes in his hand)—Eloping?

Woman—No 'tain't. We don't want no stationery.

Young man (turning to go)—That woman 'll wed or I'm a dude's gift to invitation to the wedding.

Better Than a Stove.

"And how do you like your cooking stove, Mrs. Jones?"

"Why, bless your soul, Miss Hale, I would not get along without it. I could get along without my husband better than without it.

"O, dear! I couldn't. I'd sooner have a husband than all the coal oil stoves in the world," responded the rather elderly Miss Hale.

Wise Bobby and his Mother.

"Bobby," said his mother, as she emptied one of his pockets, "how can you carry such stuff around! Marbles, string, a broken key, an empty pill box, a slate pencil—"

"Yes, I know what you've got in your pocket, Ma," interrupted Bobby, and he took therefrom an assortment of dress goods, a thimble, a poem, entitled "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," a recipe for polishing cutlery, half a paper of small safety pins, and three blind buttons.

Grief Assuaged.

A little New York girl, while spending the summer in the country, became very much attached to a pet chicken, which she wished to take home with her.

"That's impossible, Sadie," said her mother. "We wouldn't know what to do with it. If you don't want to have it here, why not let Uncle James kill it and we'll have it for supper?"

"Oh, mamma," sobbed the little girl, "can I have all the white meat?"

Doubling Up.

Jones—You haven't taken a vacation this Summer.

Smith—Yes I have, my boy. I've had six weeks' rest.

J.—I can't see how you have. You haven't been out of town.

S.—No, but the girl who plays on the piano opposite to my house has been away on a six weeks' vacation.

J.—Oh!

S.—Yes. And she came home last night. I heard her at it this morning.

J.—So your vacation is ended?

S.—It is not, I'm going now for six weeks. That gives me twelve weeks of rest for this year. Sort of doubling up, as it were.

A Bad Break.

"Yes," said the Chairman *sadly*, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent minded."

"What did he do?"

"He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water."

THEOPOLIS DUGGIN.

How His Blunders Caused Him to be Discharged.

"Do you think you can sell dress goods and ribbons?" inquired Mr. Nathan Wallerson, senior member of the firm of Wallerson & McGill, of Houston, Texas. The party addressed was a third young man with a florid nose, florid mustache and florid hair. He was short, quite a fat, jaunty, and his name was Theopolis Duggin.

"I reckon so," he replied.

"Can you be sure?"

"Which?

"Can you support a becoming address in the presence of ladies—politeness, suavity, you know?

"Oh, yes," answered Duggin. "In the last place I worked the boys all said I was the suavest man in the troupe and a rootin-tootin' amongst customers."

"What business was it?"

"Pumps—wooden and iron pumps, and hydraulic rams."

"Quite a different line from dress goods and ribbons.

"Well, yes, but I ain't afeared to tackle 'em."

The firm gave him a trial. The boys in the store labeled him "Pumps" from the first moment of his initiation into the dress goods and ribbon department. The second day a petite brunette inquired for some chicken down nun's nailing. Pumps began to sweat.

"What color is it?" he blurted out.

"A good only peacock blue with a shiny stare."

Pumps rushed off after a new stock of information and inquired.

"Is this a physician store or a butcher shop?"

"Why?" inquired a Hi-pound salesman who knew there was a cat there by the saw-dust on the floor.

"The lady wanted a chicken's heart, and I thought I'd ask."

"Show me some elephant's breath cambric, and an elderly lady in gold-bowed spectacles.

Pumps dropped a roll of paper cambric and again started for information.

"What's elephant breath?" he gasped.

"Hanged if I ain't thinking I've struck a nonsense.

"It is a shade of woolen goods," murmured another salesman, moving towards the elderly lady and selling her a large bill.

"Hot your boots I'll catch on," said Pumps, staggering before the glass where indeed my bronzed and hale.

Another young lady interviewed Pumps in the afternoon and said:

"You know swatches on gray velvet is considered very chic."

"Yes I know that a beautiful thing again", observed Pumps.

The young lady looked grieved.

"Show me some giraffe colored cashmere," she said quietly.

"Another animal wanted," muttered Pumps, breathlessly, as he reached the cellar of the store. He, of course, lost the sale.

"Show me some crinolettes," demanded a spare woman with a cast in her eye. Pumps was nonplussed.

"If I was you I would'nt get a crinolette," he ventured.

"You wouldn't!" sneered the lady.

"No, not at this season of the year. I'd get a pair of striped stockings and a pole bonnet."

The lady walked out.

"What did she want?" inquired Mr Wallerson, who had kept his eagle eye on the proceedings.

"She was hankerin' after a crinoline," said Pumps, "and I don't think we have them in stock."

"These are crinolettes," said Mr. Wallerson, pointing.

"You will do better than this," remarked Mr. Wallerson, impressively.

"There is a woman up at the front end who wants some Appolinaris. Hadn't I better go out and get her a glass of seltzer?"

Some more contained vaccity waited on the lady and her a petticoat, a modiste waistcoat, an ostrich feather fan, and ten yards of Italian cambric handkerchiefs. Pumps was parsly sed.

"You have have got the thing down middlin' fine," he said, pulling his varnillion moustache before the mirror.

"Evidently you have considerable to learn in the business," said the head salesman to Pumps.

"All I ask is a fair show for my money," returned Pumps dejectedly.

"What would you do if a lady were to inquire for the imperial Jersey?"

"What are you giving us!" whined Pumps. "This is no stock yard or dairy farm."

"That, my dear friend," said the head salesman, "is a delicacy that introduced into this country by Mrs. Langtry. What if she should inquire for a tourniere?"

"Sh—sh—!"

"That will do," shouted Mr. Wallerson, bobbing up from behind a bale of sheeting, "you may just turn your back on this establishment, and hove over with a longer yard."

A Neat Compliment.

The other day a young lady entering a railway carriage on a suburban line seated herself opposite to a gentleman who, from the first, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She at length became embarrassed, and ventured, "Why do you stare at me, sir?" He said he was not aware of having done so; but she insisted. "Why gave pardon, madam, but is this eye, is it not?"—pointing with his finger to the left eyelid. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, madam, that eye won't do any harm. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But really I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a person." The explanation and the compliment combined to put the lady in good humor.

He Was Still Dead.

A good story is told of one of our local politicians, who was canvassing for the nomination of a county office. One afternoon he attended a gathering in an out township, and meeting an intelligent looking young man, who he thought might have some influence, walked up to him and shook him warmly by the hand, inquiring:

"How is your father?"

The young man answered:

"You have asked me that three times!"

"Indeed!" replied the candidate, "I had not heard of it. I know him intimately. He was one of my best friends, and I regret to hear of it. He was one of the best and purest men I ever knew.—You have my sympathy," etc.

The same evening he met the same person in a village near by, and having forgotten his face accosted him the second time with the interrogatory

"How is your father?"

The young man looked at him for a moment and said, "He is still dead," and walked off.

Business Enterprise.

"What's the price of sausages?"

"Twenty cents a pound."

"You asked twenty five this morning."

"Ya, dat vas vhen I had some. Now I ain't got none I sells him for twenty cents. Dat makes me substraction for selling cheap and I don't loss nodthings."

Cholera Morbus

is about as sure to come as Summer is. It comes suddenly and without warning is dangerous and often fatal. ARE YOU PREPARED for it coming? If any of your family are attacked, PROMPT action only may save life. For 48 YEARS ONE medicine has always cured CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS CHLORODYNE can take it with perfect safety. This medicine is PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. To be on the safe side get one NOW—about 25c. on hand. For other Diseases see Pamphlet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS H. MEDAU, 968 and 970 Folsom St., San Francisco. WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER. Established 1876. We are selling Cheap for Cash and go by express. Orders from the country promptly attended to. The following low prices will convince you. Table Wines 50c., 60c., 75c., and $1. Assorted Wines $1, $1.25 and $1.50. Mount Vineyard (by qt. 75c.) Port or Sherry $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2. Kentucky Whiskies $2.50, $3, $3.50 and $4. Bourbon Whiskey $1.50, $1.75 and $2. Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc., $2 per gal. and upwards. (Wine Measure and Discount Sent free.)

NEW MUSIC. J. FISCHER & BRO., New York. A. WALDTEUFEL, 737 Market St., San Francisco. PACIFIC COAST AGENT.

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MALE OR FEMALE HELP

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED. Miss M. Stewart's Employment Office, Room No 1, 1020 Market Street, Corner Stevenson, San Francisco.

RED CLOVER. Recommended by the Agricultural Bureau as the most valuable forage plant for California. Sow from March to October. Ten pounds to the acre. Fifteen cents per pound. Circulars sent free. Address, Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco.

LIVE AND LET LIVE. Splendid Set of Teeth, only $6. THE DENTAL ROOMS OF T. BOLTON, 402 Montgomery Street.

DANIEL SHEERIN, STONE AND MARBLE YARD, Cor. Broderick and Ellis Sts., Entrance to Conrad's Cemetery, San Francisco. JUST RECEIVED A Large Assortment of Monuments direct from Italian Shops. Off Lines of Monuments and Grave Work Cheaper than in other stores. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

WESTERN HOTEL, 212-14 Broadway Street. JOHN HIGGINS, : Proprietor (Late Brooklyn Hotel.)

ROBERT F. HAY, TINTYPE GALLERY 861 Market St., bet. 4th & 5th. Gem Size 25 for 25 cents. Large Size 50 cents each. TAKEN AND FINISHED IN 10 MINUTES.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE LADIES! The most interesting and perfect Toilet, Nursery and Medicinal Rubber for Ladies are NOW obtainable at the NEW HAMMAM BATHS, 215 Post St., bet. Dupont and Stockton, S. F. Ladies admitted from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. daily.

G. ORSI, HOUSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter and Paper Hanger. TILES IN PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, VARNISHES, Turpentine, Brushes, Putty, Paper Hangings, etc., 22 Montgomery Avenue, bet. Jackson and Pacific Sts., San Francisco. Orders promptly attended to. Kalsomining, American, French and Chinese paper hangings.

RAZORS! FOR $1,000 I WILL MAKE A BETTER RAZOR AND MORE OF THEM IN THE SAME TIME THAN ANY OTHER MAN IN THE WORLD. My razors make themselves. My own make guaranteed. My Guard Razors warranted not to cut the flesh while shaving, 3 in box, $2. Good English Razors, 1 in box, $1. Sent C. O. D. to any mail. M. PRICE, 415 Kearny Street, Corner of Pacific, San Francisco.

WARD & CO.'S Male and Female EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. 608 and 610 City Street, S. F. Telephone No. 747. A MATE TO BE HAD—FIRST CLASS HOTEL Help, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Dairymen, Sawyers, Shingle Weavers, Cooks, Waiters, Chambermaids, Nurses, Private families and matrons, boarding and lodging houses, Cooks Help, without any charge to employers. Suitable situations for ladies at 608 City street.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Academy of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, WOODLAND, CAL. THE ACADEMY IS JUST OPENING UNDER THE CARE OF the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. Located at Woodland, the Seat of Yolo County, Cal. Unsurpassed for Healthfulness of Climate, Beauty of Surroundings, Facilities for the Study and Practice of Music, Painting, Drawing, Elocution, Languages, Etc. Its Course of Studies embraces the various branches of a Thorough Education. Terms Moderate. For Circulars containing full particulars, address as above.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA. This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1862 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It occupies its large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, covered gymnasium, swimming pool, etc. It possesses a most complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable Collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has, also, practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Telegraphy, Photography and Commercial Business. For the latter a new building, fitted up with every facility for practical training, has been added.

Diplomas are given in the departments of Classical and English—and certificates in the Commercial course.

TERMS: (Payable semi-annually in advance) Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, $15.00. Board, Lodging, Tuition in all branches of Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Bath, etc., per session of ten months..... $50.00. For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 1821 Hayes street, San Francisco. REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J., President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA. THIS INSTITUTION, OFFERING CE-ELIGIBLE and every other facility to receive a solid and refined education, was founded in 1862. In 1868 it was incorporated by the State Legislature, and subsequently, the same Body conferred the title of Collegiate Institute on the ladies and pupils of this place of Learning. Its Course of Studies, including the Graduating Course, and preparatory courses, embraces every thing to make the Finished Lady. The Music Department is in charge of a Professor of Music, who has had the benefit of a European education. The Art Department, under a Lady Principal, who has had the benefit of a European education, and who has necessarily to be a lady of refined taste to be competent to her position, is in charge of a competent Teacher. The scholastic year begins on the first Monday in August and ends on the last Friday in June. Pupils are received at any period of the year. TERMS: Per quarter, payable in advance: Board, Tuition, in English, French, and Music, Washing and use of Bedding, Fuel and Lights, $75.00. Use of Piano, $5.00. Drawing and Painting, $5.00. Use of Harp, $5.00. Tuition in Ancient and Modern Languages, each, $5.00. Tuition in Elocution, $5.00. Bed and Bedding, $5.00. Washing, $5.00. Fuel and Lights, $5.00. Use of Bath, $1.00. Tuition in Drawing, Watercolors and Elocution, free. Tuition in Vocal Music, free to those who board in the Convent, $5.00 for others. All connections should be made to the Superior. Address, MOTHER SUPERIOR, COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, San Jose, Cal.

ST. CERTRUDE'S ACADEMY, 1301 VISTA, SOLANO CO. CAL. THIS ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER the Patronage of the Bishops of California, is situated on an eminence in the pleasant and healthy town of Vista, Solano County, California, and offers every facility for the Education of the Young Ladies in the health and comfort of the pupils. The Course of Studies is that of the Academies of the Sisters of Notre Dame, and includes the English and French languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting, Fancy Work, Etc. Pupils of all denominations are received. The Scholastic year is divided into two sessions of five months each. For further particulars address, MOTHER SUPERIOR, ST. CERTRUDE'S ACADEMY, Vista, Solano Co., Cal.

Terms per Session, Payable in Advance. Board and Tuition, with use of bedding ..... $125 00. Washing ..... 12 00. Use of Piano (private lessons) ..... 10 00. Use of Harp (private lessons) ..... 10 00. Drawing, Painting, French, Flute and Violin, each, extra, per month ..... 5 00. Bed and Bedding ..... 10 00. Fuel and Lights ..... 10 00. Use of Bath ..... 1 00. Terms per month, in advance: Junior Class ..... $15 00. Intermediate Class ..... 18 00. Senior Class ..... 20 00. Music, Piano lessons, with use of instrument ..... 40 00. Music, Harp lessons, with use of instrument ..... 40 00. Music, Violin lessons, with use of instrument ..... 40 00. Drawing, Painting, Wax Work, Embroidery, Etc., extra. For further particulars apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR.

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Convent of the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary, GILROY, CALIFORNIA. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, CONDUCTED BY the religious sisters of the M. H. and I. H. of Mary. For terms, etc., address, MOTHER SUPERIOR.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, ALAMEDA, CAL. (Branch of the College of Notre Dame, San Jose.) Term Commenced Second Week in July. THE COURSE OF STUDIES EMBRACES VARIOUS branches of a solid and refined education. Music, Drawing and Painting are taught by competent Professors. Pupils are received at any time during the term, and are charged from the date of their entrance. Terms have been reduced to the lowest standard. Pupils are not required to buy books, but may use those throughout, as also in Plain and Fancy Sewing. N. B. A private conveyance is furnished for the pupils, who are conveyed every morning and evening to and from the Academy. Address, SISTER SUPERIOR.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH. THIS ACADEMY, PLEASANTLY SITUATED in the City, combines all the advantages of a country residence with the facilities for a thorough education. The course of instruction includes all the branches requisite to a complete education. Terms, $25 per month, payable quarterly in advance. For further particulars apply to the Mother Superior.

URSULINE ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, SANTA ROSA, SONOMA CO., CAL. For Particulars Address the Superiorress of the Ursulines, Santa Rosa. Seventh Annual Session Begins August 1st.

Academy of Our Lady of Angels, SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA. THIS INSTITUTION, CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of Notre Dame, affords all essential advantages for a thorough education, a refined intellectual and moral training, a mind and heart well-balanced by the Catholic spirit. Unsurpassed for healthfulness of climate, beauty of surroundings, and economy and facility for the study and practice of Music, Painting, Drawing, Etc. Pupils are received at any period of the year. TERMS: Per quarter, payable in advance. Entrance Fee, Ten Dollars, to be paid once. Board, Tuition, Washing and use of Bedding, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Painting, Elocution from rudiments to the highest, Needlework, French and Spanish language, per session of five months, $150. Bed and Bedding, if required, per session, $10. Washing, per session, $15. Use of Piano, per session, $10. Use of Harp, per session, $10. Use of Bath, per session, $1. Tuition in Drawing, Watercolors and Elocution, free. Tuition in Ancient and Modern Languages, each, $5. Tuition in Plain and Fancy Sewing, free. Pupils are required to bring with them complete Bedding and Toilet articles, similar to those they use at home. Linen must be marked. Uniform Dress for Summer, Plain Black Merino or Cashmere; for Winter, Plain Black Merino or Cashmere, with Black Silk Apron. Gold and Silver Jewelry not allowed. For further particulars apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR.

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Pupils are required to bring with them complete Bedding and Toilet articles, similar to those they use at home. Linen must be marked. Uniform Dress for Summer, Plain Black Merino or Cashmere; for Winter, Plain Black Merino or Cashmere, with Black Silk Apron. Gold and Silver Jewelry not allowed. TERMS: Per session of five months: Entrance Fee (payable but once) ..... $10 00. Board and Tuition in English, French, Spanish, Vocal Music, Plain and Fancy Sewing, Washing and Mending of Linen, Use of Bed and Bedding, Use of Bath ..... 150 00. Use of Piano, Guitar, Vocal Music, Drawing, or Violin ..... 40 00. Use of Harp ..... 40 00. Tuition in Ancient and Modern Languages, each ..... 10 00. Tuition in Elocution ..... 10 00. Bed and Bedding ..... 10 00. Washing ..... 15 00. Use of Bath ..... 1 00. Use of Linen ..... 5 00. Tuition in Drawing, Water Colors and Elocution, free. For further particulars apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Offers Every Facility for Acquiring a Thorough Knowledge of the Commercial, Scientific and Classical Branches. THOSE WHO HAVE COMPLETED THE CLASSICAL Course receive the degree of A. B. Scientific, B. S. the Commercial, Master Accounts. TERMS: (Payable semi-annually in advance.) Board, Tuition, Bedding, Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Baths, etc., per session of ten months..... $50 00. For further particulars apply to the President of Saint Mary's College, or to St. Ignatius College, 1821 Hayes street, San Francisco. REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J., President.

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COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA. Studies will be Resumed Aug. 20th. THIS INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1859, CHARTERED IN THE State Legislature, and endowed with all the rights and privileges of a Female College, is situated in the Capital City of Yuba County. Reference required. For terms and particulars address, COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, Marysville, Cal.

BOOKS BOUGHT AND SOLD, ST. A. BOURDET'S Cheap Bookstore, 1 Montgomery.

Our Young Folks.

All letters, original contributions of news and so forth for this Department must be addressed to the Editor of Our Young Folks, Monitor office, P. O. Box 1260, San Francisco.

Our Young Folks' Department is written on one side of the sheet only, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

Crab and Monkey—A Japanese Story.

Once upon a time there was a crab who had built a hole in the sandy side of a big clay by he found a piece of rice cake. A monkey who was passing by, saw the rice cake; but the crab locked off home and planted the seed in his garden.

A fine tree grew up, and the crab was delighted to think of the nice fruit he was to have. He built a nice new home, and used to sit on the balcony, watching the persimmons. One day the monkey came along, and being very hungry, he exclaimed:

"What a fine tree you have here! Could you give me one of those nice ripe persimmons? I will not trouble you to pick it; I will go up for it myself."

"Certainly," answered the crab. "Will you please throw some down to me? I will enjoy them together."

Up went the monkey, hard for hard, and throw the seeds at the crab.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the crab, pretending to enjoy the fun as he ran out of the monkey's reach. "Ha, ha! I'm glad you are! I'm sure I'll come down from the tree pretty soon."

"Yes, indeed!" said the monkey, "I assure you I can; and immediately turned and started down the tree. He ate up all the persimmons dropped out of his mouth, for the crab had filled the tree first and ran off to his hole. The monkey, satisfied, he had crawled home, lay down and throughing and went home.

Just at that time a Samurai was travelling by with his several apprentices a-hunting, and stopped awhile. After hearing the crab's story they agreed to meet him

Marching to the monkey's house and knocking him out, they laid a pile of dried rice in when he came home. The poor fellow fell on the hearth, the step in the door, the seemed near the door, and the next over the door. When this was done man boner he lighted the fire to steep the rice, when his eye spied and so apetizing the face that he ran howling away to the cellar water to cool his face. Then the Samurai ran and stung him. In stepping in over off the wasp lie slipped on the sea weed, and then the rice mortar, fell on him, crushed him to death. The wasp and the mortar and the seaweed disappeared, neither ever afterward. This is an example of what happens to greedy and ungrateful people.

The Good God's Bread and Water.

The late Cardinal Lavigerie told this story:

One of our dear children, ten years of age, was dangerously ill. Her mind, too, showed uncommon intelligence, fell seriously ill; he was not to bed, and soon his little body was one single sore.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, who were taking care of him, had brought his patient one day when, according to custom, I was passing through the hospital to visit some of my children. I approached his bed, he took me by the hand and said to me, "Father, my soul is very weak.

"Yes, my child," I said, putting his hand on my breast, "I know you by that, yes, that my soul is black, for I am not God's bread and water."

"Bread and water, my child, what do you mean? What were you talking of?"

"Why, Father, I was talking to the Good God—you know, Father, I am tired of the food—I said to the child: "Father, I'm tired of the food—I said to the child: "Father, I'm tired of the food—I said to the child: "Father, I'm

THE EVILS OF OUR DAY.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE]

every time there is a struggle for Catholic interests! Victory will thenceforth be secure, and at least public action will become more earnest and efficacious, casting aside all tardiness and overcoming that inertia by which the enemies of the Christian name would wish to stifle every sentiment of courage among Catholics.

EDUCATION.

It will not be of less utility to the nation to make wise and judicious provision for the education of youth from early childhood. With the way the times and manners are going nowadays, a too large number, at the most of very great efforts, are laboring to detach from the vigilance of the Church and the salutary virtue of religion the lettered youth. They wish and ask everywhere for schools mixed, neutral, mixed or lay, in order that the people may grow up in complete ignorance of the holiest things and without the least care for religion. This evil being much more to be deplored and greater than the remedies, we see multiplying a generation indifferent to the seeds of the soul, ignorant of religion, often impious. Thus youth from the tendrest childhood to Christian wisdom and morality; it is a matter which nowadays more than anything else interests not only the Church but the State. It is what all those who have sound ideas thoroughly understand; it is in compliance we see a large number of Catholics earnestly occupied in the good education of youth and devoting to this work their great and most constant activity unknown even by the greatness of the sacrifices and the tenacity of the work. Considering the importance of the matter we should certainly desire and wish that in the public direction of youth the Church should have ample scope to fulfill the duties divinely confided to it, and we cannot do less than conjure you to devote your diligent attention to this end. At the same time cease not to warn fathers of families and insist upon their not permitting their children to frequent schools where it is to be feared the Christian faith is imperilled. See also that there are not wanting schools commendable for the excellence of their teaching and the probity of the teachers, and that these schools are subject to your authority and placed under the supervision of the clergy. We wish that this be understood not only of elementary schools, but also of those where the higher branches of science and literature are taught.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

As a preservative against erroneous opinions, or to anticipate them, it is useful to largely disseminate among the people wholesome doctrine in truth, and adapted to lead to the practice of virtue. We know that some societies are already formed with that laudable and salutary object, and that their operations are not in vain; wherefore we earnestly desire to see them increased in numbers, and daily produce more abundant fruits. We also desire that you should arouse strongly in general, but particularly those who by their education, fortune, dignity, or power have influence over others that in their respective spheres as well as public, they should have more and more at heart the honor of religion, the cause of the Church, and that, under your guidance, more amplier, they should act with more enthusiasm, and not refuse to assist and extend everything that is already established, or should be, for the promotion of Catholic interests.

A BIGOTED FALSIFIER.

Bishop Healy of Maine Defends the Jesuits Against the Assaults of a Malignant Author.

ously published a book, entitled "Portland in the Past." The *Portland Advertiser* of the 6th inst. contains the following letter, addressed by him to Rev. Rev. James A. Healy, called out by that book:

To Mr. Hon. Gould, author of "Portland in the Past".

Dear Sir:—Not knowing your place of residence, I venture to address you through the public press.

In the volume of which you are the author there is a Catholic Church is designated as the Russian Church. I shall not stop to remark on your reasonable taste in using this offensive term, as my purpose is to challenge the statement you make concerning Father Rasle and the Jesuits, on page 180. You say:

"Rasle was a "Jesuit of the four vows," the fourth of which is to undertake any mission to which they may be ordered. A part of the Jesuit creed is that the end justifies the means; hence, the enormity of the Indian Bloody Rasle."

The Jesuits whom you thus libel, as compared with the ordinary clergy, are what a corps for special service is to the troops of the line. They are known and esteemed in the Church as learned and pious body of men, devoted to teaching and missionary labors. With reason therefore do Catholics feel aggrieved at such a charge which they know to be false and consider unworthy of a man of your general information.

I presume that by "Jesuit creed" you mean not a creed, that is a "summary of articles of faith," as Worcester and lexicographers generally define it, but a code of morals.

As a pupil and friend of the Jesuits for 40 years, although not one myself, and being possibly conversant with their writings, I have found them all concordant with St. Paul: "And not rather (as we are slandered, and as some affirm that we say) let us do evil that good may come, whose damnation is just."—Romans iii. 8. I am told that in Europe there has been a standing offer of reward to anyone who will produce the phrase, "the end justifies the means," from any approved Jesuit writer. None, therefore, for the vindication of their good name, or for their condemnation if they deserve it, I hereby offer to pay for 100 copies of your work above named, if you produce in the satisfaction of any Protestant gentleman acceptable to both of us, from any Jesuit author known or easily available for publication that "the end justifies the means. You may begin with the handbook of Father Rasle, namely Father Busenbaum's "Medulla Theologiæ Moralis."

Let me add that the testimony of any apostate, enemy or outsider will not be deemed proof. Nor will it be worth while to discuss with you if it was a great crime Father Rasle to remember that he was a Frenchman; nor how great an enormity it was for the Indians "to drive of settlers from their own lands;" nor whether it was an abomination for them to prefer the alliance of their constant friends, the French, to that of the Puritans, who offered and paid £100 "lawful money" for the scalp of every Indian, and even for that of Father Rasle himself.

I might suggest the reading of your own book as a means of deciding whether Father Rasle or his murderers were seeking to do evil that good might come, but I waive this and content myself with inviting you, as before, to bring a single page or line of an approved Jesuit writer who maintains the above quoted detestable maxim. Not to produce it now that you have made the assertion your own, would be to close yourself with those described by St. Paul; to produce it will entail the penalty above offered by yours respectively.

JAMES AUG. HEALY,
Bishop of Portland.

Portland Sept. 1.

—Now Celibate is the Church of St. Sulpice and this church they are now indictable with overpress, for it is this month 1,000 years old, and 90 years to spare.

THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

Some Wise, Yet Optional Regulations, the Observance of which will Powerfully Promote the Interests of the Confraternity.

In the first place it will be found to be most beneficial to divide in a parish the Confraternity into several sections. The best way should embrace or include all the children that are capable of reciting the Rosary, but we have not yet made their first Communion. By accustoming the young to the devotion of the Rosary, they will have continually the most ready opportunity of drawing down from Heaven upon themselves special graces which will enable them to prepare themselves for the most important act of their whole life. The young people should be taught that the Rosary particularly belongs to the children that are studying the Catechism of Perseverance, or those well advanced in the knowledge of their Catechism. The Rosary will undoubtedly confirm in piety and innocence such children, and will assist for them the most efficacious graces to repress their rising passions. The third section should include all the young girls, no matter what other organizations they may belong to, for there is no higher Confraternity consecrated to Mary in the Church than that of the Rosary. In this way the spirit manifested by the early associations or congregations of the Children of Mary in the Convent of the Sacred Heart will be reproduced, and be productive of the most advantageous results. Let the Rosary be the Most August Mother of God, no one could be more fitted to take charge of the young girls, and to make what her organizations they may be long

Poetry.

THE ARTIST MONK.

I read a legend of a monk who painted
In an old convent cell he dwelt in early,
Pleasant of mortal sight, of virgin mind,
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor dauber! not fit to be a chapel's treasure!
Full many a laughing word mock'd at his toil,
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with blooms his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk dreamt, he saw his Master
Come to Him in the cell, as close as living
Love that imparts man with the Cross I view:
"Dint sor—Me vain I toil and stain in sorrow!
What man so sorry can still use me He admits;
My life's work in all calendars—to-morrow
I'll cast my all wrought pictures on the fire."

He raised his eyes; within his cell—oh, wonder!
There stood a Visitor—the same form was He;
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder—
"I work on work that's done for Me, O Friend!"

And round the walls the painting shone resplendent
With lights and colors to the world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a his transcendent
That never yet on mortal nerve shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story—
Let none judge his broken's work or need;
The pain bestowed gives to the art its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword, or ashler peal,
Nay, not with whatever weapon of death,
From mortals of wonderful zeal.

But deep in a cottage room darkened
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave!
But oh! those battles they last so long—
From babyhood even to grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights the battle to win—
Fights on, and on, in the darkened room,
Fights—and fights within!

Or with banner and battle-shot!
And neither to shout nor yield,
Not even the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in those silent ways.

O! spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent sway,
Bear back thy head, for many are yours,
The kingliest warrior born!

Literary Miscellany.

Ramon the Religious.

A Catholic Story Founded on Fact.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY A SANTA FE CONTRACTOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAPTIVE.

My story, every word of which is true, although the names and places may be changed, is located in New Mexico, long before railroads crossed the plains of the well-known land.

On a beautiful morning in August, Ramon, a noble boy, and fair representative of the old Spanish race in New Mexico, was reclining in the shade of a large cottonwood tree, which grew in front of his father's hacienda, or country seat, situated on the banks of the Rio Grande, which flows through the valley of Taos, in the county of Rio Arriba, in the Territory of New Mexico. The place was called Ranchito de Don Ortiz, and his father, who had met with an accident, had been unable to meet him with a carriage or conveyance, when leaving Santa Fé. This was the reason why he was alone and on foot. His kind masters had remonstrated with him on his imprudence, as he was when the Mexicans were at war with the powerful and savage Navajoes. All was in vain. His father expected him. He must go, God will protect him on the way.

So, Ramon, forming a bundle of his scanty wardrobe, a stout staff in his hand, left the ancient town and walking in the direction of the city, soon was in the valley of the Tesuque river, which at that time was nearly dried up, and following it for a while, left the pueblo of Tesuque on his left, and, passing over the divide, descended again into the beautiful valley of the Pecuaque, and ascended the lame to the north west.

Ramon had studied hard and won a medal several prizes at the commencement held that quarterly. His steps were light, his heart happy, and he counted the fatigue as nothing. He must reach San Juan that day. To morrow he must cross the river, and enter on a more painful and longer journey. But he was young and inexperienced, and all things were smiles.

In the evening he reached San Juan as he had promised himself, somewhat tired and footsore. He repaired to the house of a friend of his father who had moved from San Juan to the north west, where now is located what is called Tierra Amarilla, and there he received news of a most unpressed kind. The Navajoes had made an excursion upon the white settlements, and all the able-bodied male population were on the trail to replace them. He had hoped he could find a horse in San Juan with which to finish his journey; the man had taken the horses, and Ramon was obliged to start again on foot on his long and perilous adventure. He crossed the river with the help of an old man who was to bring back the skiff. Bidding adieu to his aged friend, he kept on his journey, although much tired. The country was decked out in all its picturesqueness, abundant rains having fallen of late. The woods sparkled under the dazzling beams of the rising sun; Ramon's heart glowed with pious ambition, and he could not refrain from kneeling down and adoring God, his Creator.

He remained some minutes in this kneeling posture, then arose and hastened joyously on, his heart full of the future he anticipated in seeing his beloved parents, particularly his sick father, once more. His family belonged to the well-to-do farmers of Tierra Amarilla, but their extensive fields had somewhat suffered from the father's sickness, and he was with the Navajoes, which had taken all the able bodied men away. Ramon was an only son, and his parents, sires above their generation, gave him what is beyond all the riches of the world, an excellent and religious education.

From his tenderest years they had taught him to know and love God, to trust in Him and in Him to seek his only happiness. They had sent him to college, despite them, across many an imbecoment to procure him the boon of education. On his side he had avoided all useless expenses, had studied hard and pleased his teachers. And now, with the view of saving his parents trouble, he had started on foot with nothing but a light bundle and staff, on his homward journey. Street and entire, so far he had found his pedestrian expedition extremely agreeable, though he did not conceal from himself the fact that his home lay far away, more than a hundred miles from Santa Fé.

His path lay through a dense wood of cypress, pines, and here and there a few stunted oaks. All was silence; the birds alone were chirping on the shady branches of the trees. Up, up went Ramon, now and then stopping to refresh himself, to take a look at the valley behind him, and to follow with his eyes the oft meandering course of the Rio Grande, which from the mountains resembles an immense serpent creeping through the verdure. Up a while more, and a turn of the road then shut out behind him the beautiful panorama. Then he sat down and rested upon a rock in the shade, and for the last time for many years behold the renowned valley.

His path now lay directly to the west for two miles. But he could seek this turn of the road by taking a footpath to his right. This path descended into a canon, where flowed a fine stream of water. He could slake upon his thirst and eat a morsel of bread. He could easily go up the other bank of the canon and rejoin the well-beaten road. Ramon continued in the path. He was often obliged to remove the branches of the young undergrowth which barred his passage; but it rather pleased him than otherwise, as it was the result of his exertion, refreshed by the presence of water at the bottom.

All at once he observed a smoke, light and blue, rising above the trees. Some travelers like himself he thought, and he was glad to find some companions to meet a friendly face. What was his horror on beholding a number of swarthy-visaged men; their faces painted, their bright blankets resting on their shoulders, their guns by their sides, eating a frugal dinner near the babbling spring! They were Navajoes! Strike he could not, to fly he did not have the strength, he remained as if rooted to the spot. They did not look at him, they seemed perfectly unconcerned. They knew, however, that he was there; their scouts had seen him far away, but he had not seen one of them following him like a fox on the path by which he came, to cut off his retreat should he attempt to fly.

A deep voice and behind his back: "Flow!" and taking the youth by the arm led him to the group below. Ramon made no resistance. Note word was spoken, although they knew enough of Spanish to understand the verbs with him. Deep face's only passed their lips. They motioned him to sit down. They offered him some water and some of their food. Ramon, who was young and hungry, not withstanding his mishap, drank the water and ate a morsel of bread which he drew from his pocket, refusing the Indian food. They offered him no violence; but after having offered him another cup of water, they motioned him to mount a spare horse, Ramon mounted. The Indians fastened his feet under the girth of the horse, and on a signal given by the chief of the band, they ascended the steep side of the canon, crossed the old road, and, through paths only known to themselves, took a westerly direction. Two Indians were sent in advance to reconnoiter, and in a single file they proceeded in silence. The horses on which Ramon sat was held by the Indians; while another warrior armed with a field rifle, brought up the rear.

When Ramon had recovered from his first terror he raised his hands to heaven: "O merciful God," he prayed, "who didst make the heavens and the earth, thou hast permitted this afflicction to befall me; grant me thy grace to live resigned to thy will. Comfort my parents. They expected my return to-morrow evening. Oh! how my mother and my little sisters will be distressed when they fail to meet me at the gate, and cannot discover what has befallen me! All their inquiries will prove fruitless. Nevertheless, I place my trust in Thee, dearest Father in heaven! Thou wilt, nor alone me to them! Thou forsakest not those who trust in Thee; Thy love and truth endure the forever."

Traveling during the night and hiding during the day, the Indians with their captive on the fourth day reached the Navajo territory, and the great chief Narbona adopted him for his son, instead of his dear boy Nakai-shah, who was about the same age with Ramon, but who had been captured by the Mexicans, and led into captivity, in the war of the year before. There he was stripped of his garments, and those of the captive boy put on him. He was quickly adopted by the chief; the ceremonies of his adoption were reserved for the sister, when the war would be over and quiet restored. No violence was offered him, and except a strict vigilance upon him, nothing was done to hurt his body. But he was a Navajoe slave.

CHAPTER II.

THE SLAVE.

Will's Ramon traveled with the Indians, he beheld with sorrowing eyes the immensities of his native country fade away in the distance. He was also on the lookout for some Mexican party who might rescue him and rescue him. Nothing of the kind had happened. For this, the Indians had avoided as much as possible the trail, for they who had advanced far away from their party to capture men and beasts, particularly the latter. Patient men, they well knew the country; always on the alert, they had escaped the encounter of the Mexicans, but they had been ordered to avoid them. However, they brought back another hundred flocks or beasts, but they had captured Ramon, and they hastened to bring him to the chief.

Thus the not a young Mexican, some years older than himself, who had been captured in some preceding war, and was a part of the chief's household. When Ramon was brought to the chief, this young man, name Pedro, was absent in the mountains of the west with an Indian, keeping watch over the flocks of the chief. Although for several years among the Navajoes and adopted by them, they would not bring him to war with the Mexicans, and thus it was that he was absent. Now this Cemio, some years before, when living with his parents, had the opportunity of passing through Tierra Amarilla, had been entertained with his father, by Ramon's parents, and a fast friendship had grown up between them, and Cemio was very attentive to Ramon.

The new slave was also sent to the mountains with the flocks, in the company of Cemio and an Indian who had charge to watch over them and prevent their escape till the return of the party which had made a dash upon the Mexicans. Cemio and Ramon were however to report to the chief every week. This week sped on, and the party returned. They had lost some of their number, but had quite a booty in horses and cattle. The booty was divided according to Indian custom, and the young men were recalled home. Ramon was now to be adopted by the chief, as a few more who had been captured were to be disposed of. A great ball was to be given, thanksgiving dances were to occupy them for a week, and the adoption, with initiation, was to be a part of the festivities.

On the evening before the chief called Ramon apart. The chief had quite a good and large home,—for the Navajoes are a rich nation and are wont to imitate the white—sitting room for the family, three other rooms and a kitchen. Two sitting room was also used as a dining-room. The chief called Ramon into one of the sleeping rooms and closed the door behind him. He sat down on a blanket and motioned Ramon to do the same. He was an old man, and his hair was as white as snow, and scarcely an old head was a finer one; tear together was passed here; he will spend the first evening of your adoption in the Indian style.

And he drew her closer to him as she spoke.

The summer is gone, and the autumn, with its rich and many-colored leaves, and storms have passed away since that evening, in the old cottonwood.

A young man, on a bright moonlight night, came reeling through the silent streets, and scaring over the quiet houses. He shouts and sings, and is jeering, and is sad by others who are half frightened at his scene. So, they all laugh at the sad, and feel sad at the jeering. He stops at one door, and the place where the moonlight shines on it, and there are a few people in the church porch. The sing-song voice of a man is heard from the tops of the graves, as though the "sacred dead" were at some mischief, they shake hands, and the man fall with a crash and jumping up, he runs off, and the sad one, the unseemly mirth of one who is not responsible for his actions.

There are two graves near the old yew tree; and the grass has overgrown them; there is a cross by and the date on it each side her just been thrown up. The sexton is standing by, and the mourners are gathering, they bow their heads and down, and lower and lower, and the sexton, with a lower voice than any one else, and yet in the hollow, in the way yonder that we know, is the clear ringing voice of a young man, and the sexton

THE MONITOR.

TRANSCRIPT TYPE OF PUBLICITY.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Christian parents, let us beg your earnest consideration of this important truth, that upon the body and individuality, most practically depend the solution of the question, whether it is possible for a Christian to accomplish the great work which Christianity and the Church expect of it at this time. Be frequently and vigorously impressed with the infinitude of your duty to Pious and Popular and distinguished Catholic Journalism. Whatever other duties you have spinned and secured everybody, that no one certainly stands in need of impressions to be convinced of this truth. But all this will be only words in vitiated, unless it can be brought home to each parent and Catholic family individually. Each parent and each Catholic family will recognize it as the privilege and duty to constitute themselves supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the literature of the Catholic Press. Let Catholic parents learn to attach to his spiritual development and to accomplish the doctrinal mission. But chance a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, industrious and edifying, not one that would be, while Catholic in name or profession, yet so tame, so timid, so indifferent, so lukewarm, so half serious, or so lifeless and unattractive in Catholic brightness.—PASTORAL LETTER OF THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL.

Our Thirteth Volume.

With this number the MONITOR commences its thirteth volume, and thus the opportunity is afforded us of returning our hearty thanks to the Rev. Clergy and a large number of the Catholic laity all over the Pacific coast, for their kind co-operation each year in extending the MONITOR's circulation, increasing its influence, and encouraging our staff of contributors to renewing fact respecting Catholic marriages in Minister and Connaught is that our marriages celebrated between Christians and Sharpeners.

Concerning the births in Ireland the Registrar General's report gives the testimony

Of the children born 112,735, or 97.5 per cent., were legitimate, and 2,910, or 2.5 per cent., illegitimate. Of the children born in wedlock there were 103.2 boys to 100 girls; of the illegitimate births there were 109 boys to 100 girls—a strange fact which the report does not attempt to explain. Taking the Distinctive births in their order of legitimacy, we find—Ulster, 1.3 per cent.; Leinster, 2.3 per cent.; Munster, 2.2 per cent.; Connaught, 0.9 per cent.

Ulster is the Orange stronghold in Ireland; the province where Protestantism prevails in many forms and sizes. Leinster and Munster contain many Protestants, but there are scarcely any non-Catholics in Connaught, save the landlords and squireens whose fathers sold their birthright for a mess of English pottage. Now let the Sightseeing Tourists visit the Emerald Island, and see for themselves "The Condition of Catholics not but Jonesand but some anti-Catholic crank convert for them a neat gross and mouldy letter to Carnal Sinners, Papal Secretary of State, asking for the removal of Archbishop Kirby from his diocese. This diabolical document was published and copies sent to every anti-Catholic organ on American—presumptive evidence that it did not originate with Catholics but that it was the deep design of Protestants to bring Rome down to the Catholics. Rome who preach a hopes religion on Sunday and then savagely dabble in the blood of their fellow-creatures on Monday.

The most dangerous element in America today is composed of that very class which is called political people. Not all of them. They are the whited sepulchres of Westminster, and whenever one of them comes up for election or appointment, the Republican Ship of State is in danger of being the Republic a great favor to defeat him so as to deter other men of his class from attempting the very same dodge.

Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was a Catholic priest, and when he died he died *perfect*, and when He founded His Church, he, in effect, put down all creeds, as it was thus "the pillar and ground of Truth," the religious Rock set in the Ocean of creeds, against which shall the winds be waves of Weslyanism and even the statutes and schemes of Satan shall never prevail. That, Mr Bishop, is the Catholic Church's claim. Now, what is *Methodism?* It is not a man made sectarian system of false religion connected with the Church? Wesley had no more right to make a religion than he had the author of a religion was tried on for treason and hanged for it. Methodism is just such a sneaking, whimpering, hypocritical scheme of religion hitherto so worthless that even the hen-pecked husband of Mrs. Wesley.

Mrs. Caudle could not hold a candle to Wesley's wife as a curtain lecturer, and in order to divert her thoughts from the eternal disturbing tongue lashings which his poor worrying partner gave poor dear Wesley, he invented and promulgated religion which would have in course—turned his away from his unhappy home and thus escape from the blistering tongue of his helpmate. Wesley was the first perpetual man took to preaching as a remedy. Methodism—although so belied by its adherents—is the only creed that Christ approved of and blessed. Methodism preaches half the Catholic Church, that we do not call it name the story of a Methodist minister and his wife. The story goes that the minister preacher in question was in the habit of constantly telling still stories about his wife's shortcomings and failings, to the great shame of his congregation, and when preaching to his congregation, and when speaking he told his sin Hawkins, regular Weslyan "whipper" after the fashion prevailed in Papal times. He was intoned piously and he prayed fervently, and then he took pious to his congregation, and he said—"Brethren, I am sorry that my wife has my Hawkins—regular Weslyan "whipper" after the fashion prevailed in Papal times. He was intoned piously and he prayed fervently, and then he took pious to his congregation, and he said—"Brethren, I am sorry that my wife has

Irish Catholic Chastity and Protestant Immorality Compared.

Cold, unchanging and stern statistics are the best index of the moral or mental status of any people, hence when we roll our minds to the facts and figures which we furnish them with in order to compare the difference between Catholic chastity and Protestant immorality in Ireland, we taken from the twenty-second detailed annual report of the Registrar General, published in the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, they will

	Protestants.	Catholics.	Difference in Ratio.
Antrim	40	26	1.5
Down	73	37	1.97
Londonderry	49	25	1.96
Armagh	69	40	1.7
Fermanagh	54	46	1.5
Tyrone	53	47	1
Monaghan	74	26	2.8
Cavan	27	73	1.6
Donegal	27	73	1

The counties marked [*] returned Orange members to the recent Parliament, so it would seem that illegitimacy prevails greatest where the followers of "the great, glorious and immortal King William meet abroad."

Some writer has said that morality is the cement of true civilization, and, if this be true, what a set of cursed savages must not the Orangemen of the Protestant North of Ireland be! Yet, it must be borne in mind that the immorality represented by Protestantism in the North of Ireland, is only a reflex of the gross carnalism which has become chronic in all Protestant countries throughout the world! In Germany, Scotland, where some people believe that none but Presbyterians get to Paradise, the number of illegitimate births, in proportion to the population, is three times greater than in Ireland. In England and Wales the ratio is two to one. Sweden is the most anti-Catholic country in Europe, there being less than a thousand Catholics to leaven the lustful lump of four and a half millions of Evangelical Lutherans. Now let us see how those Lutherans "evangelize" morality in their native Sweden. Out of 2,714 children born in the capital city of that Protestant land, 1,077 were legitimate and 1,637 were out of wedlock. This is the hideous degradation ever reached by any people claiming to be civilized, and those statisticians seem to show what a corrupt factor Protestantism is where it has no influence to purify, elevate and sanctify at least a portion of the people.

Were it necessary we could cite nearly all the Catholic and non-Catholic countries in the world in order to prove that as a rule Protestant morality has the same baneful influence. And how could it be otherwise? What keeps Catholic men and women virtuous? Prayer, fasting, confession, penitence and the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist. Without these Catholics would become just as carnal minded as their non-Catholic neighbors who have none of them. It is these *faith*, strengthened by these keeps the Catholics of all portions of the world pure and better than their Protestant brothers who have no faith for their lust passions, no check on their sensuousness, and hence they wallow in sensuality and then become baptized in crime and a stain upon Christian civilization.

—There are 165 priests engaged in active duty in the Brooklyn diocese.

The Rosary During this Month.

To home and propagate the devotion of the Rosary, the Dominican Fathers, *Sacrum Apostolatus* and *Supremor Anno*, were issued in 1883 and 1884 by our Holy Father. In 1885 by his command the Sacred Congregation of Rites ordered the Rosary and Litany of our Lady to be recited daily during October in all cathedrals and churches of the Catholic world, so long as the much lamented condition of the Church should continue. This year, the year of the Jubilee, his Holiness urges upon the faithful the practice of the Rosary. The more that public and private calamities assail us, says the Encyclical Pontiff, the firmer should be our confidence and purpose in seeking aid and relief. This should be prompted by Mary, Queen of Our mercy, who wishes us to receive all we have at her hands. The Sacred Congregation then directs the Bishops in all countries to urge

Farm and Home.

Occupation.

What a glorious thing is occupation for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When anxious care upon you sets heavily, can not with the waiter, wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark water that threaten to overwhelm you into a thousand channels which the desire of life never stops. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the ground, and give birth to fresh flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-man.

Good Humor.

Keep in good humor. It is not the great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them come in the way of vitality; it is always foolish, and always distressful, except in a few cases, when it is so kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that subtle rage seldom sends the matter. Keep in good humor.

The company of a good-humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcome everywhere. Eyes glance at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adam's eyes or Jefferson's wisdom. He clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor.

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clear skin, are the elements of good humor. Get them and keep them, and—be sure to keep in good humor.

The Habit of Swearing.

The meanest, most useless and most contemptible vice that ever gave in the hot breath of the fiend is profane swearing. We protest against it as members of society, as decent men. On boats, in cars, in places of business, on the open streets, at money doors and everywhere else rings the incessant oath of the habitual swearer. Young men just learning to curse appear to think there is something manly and brave about it; while old swearers startled the unconvinced remark they were made cold-blooded blasphemies and a variety of diabolical curses. No man or woman of any refinement or decency at all can be other than both incensed and shocked by these brutal and vulgar verbal missiles every day; and to follow who is shamefully guilty of projecting them can do otherwise than think because it gives no thought of such men and women with every vile epithet they hear him utter. Public profanity ought to be an indictable offense with a penalty of ten days in jail for every oath.

How to Put Children to Bed.

Not with reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any time but bed-time for that. If you ever board, lodge, or even stay a little while in the family, you will be able to see what their sinning spells with a kin and a blessing. The time will come when, all too soon, they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking baby. Let them, then, at least, have none of future sorrow or shame on their brow. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man, or the woman, whose eyes Samuel Weskopp filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you have seen one in whose childhood's time "Dignity" and "Severity" stood where love and joy should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

Every One Has His Cross.

Things are pretty well balanced in this world as far as taking comfort goes, and I begin to believe that, high or low, all have their tribulations. Fishes are hooked, worms are trodden on, birds are fired at. Worry is everywhere. Poor men's wives worry because the bread won't draw, or the clothes line breaks, or the milk burns, or the pans of grise is needed with potty, or they can't afford to hire help. Rich men's wives worry because the preserve dish is not of the latest pattern, or because somebody failed to call when they were at home, or because the party happens, or because some gander's wife overlooks them, or because their husbands never go home to eats, spoils dinners, get drunk, and cuts up shines into unfashionable. Consequently, but worry averages about the same. The scale of miles is different on different maps, but plans remain just so alar apart, and so do Humanity and Contest.

Learn All You Can.

Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know. Conversation is often more useful than books for purposes of knowledge; therefore, a mistake to be morose and sit among persons whom you think inferior, for a little sociability on your part, I draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how lowly their employment. Indeed, some the most important remarks are made by men of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a beach. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first person you meet.

Little Sins.

A little hole in a ship sinks it; a small breach in a sea-lock carries all away before it; a little stab in the heart kills a man; and a little sin, as it is often improperly called, tends to his final destruction.

—Doctor—"Ah! looking badly pay! see. You have evidently not been following my instructions about taking exercise." Patient—"Yes; I walked half a mile yesterday." "Good. You remember I told you that you must always have some object in view when you walk so as to get your mind off your troubles. Did you make yesterday's outing a matter of business of some kind." "Faith! I went and bought a cemetery lot."

Family Fun.

THE DEATH OF CORNWALLIS.

A Page in Virginian History Hitherto Unpublished—Uncle Manuel's Story.

The negroes are naturally great romancers, and the last scene of the revolution having taken place here, amongst the people with an astonishing fund of anecdote and reminiscence, and the negroes were not slow to take their share. The flurry of 1812, when a British fleet lay off the mouth of York River, and the sacking of Hampton occurred, affected the very old negroes, who might possibly have been born at the time, with personal experiences enough to establish them as story-tellers. They seem to have agreed so long their recollections and traditions, and it is an excuse on to this day to find a somewhat darky who not only remembers "de revolution," but took an active part in it, and was on terms of personal intimacy with Washington and Lord Cornwallis both.

One of the most famous of these was a certain Uncle Manuel belonging to one of the old families here, whose account of the staged Yorktown was thoroughly more graphic and interesting in every way than the comparatively tame story related in the history books. Uncle Manuel was a preacher on Sunday and a general factotum the rest of the week. He was the terror of the little darkies round about, but adored by the children of the planters in the neighborhood, who never read of any event in history of which Uncle Manuel was not an eye-witness, nor ever heard of any place in the geography that Uncle Manuel hadn't been to. He had seen Napoleon Bonaparte "somewhere near de Nort' Cabiny Ind," he didn't justly remember, and had viewed the Niagara. The latter, he said, done pointed him very much, and didn't throw up half as much spray as "de whole that got stranded in the river," and he "reckon it sort he blowed de shingles off yo pa's house hard." "De battle of York" was a piece de resistance, and nothing pleased him so much as a circle of children have around him begging "Now please, please, Uncle Manuel, do tell us about the Revolution." Uncle Manuel, like a bashful young lady asked to sing, required considerable urging. "Now, children, you done heard de ole man tell bout dat."

"Yes—yes—but tell us some more." The last was Uncle Manuel's secret and could not become non-serious, because he never did it twice the same way.

"Well, honey, I speck I have to try an' tell you sumpty. 'Bout it. Dere nobody know more'n old Uncle Manuel, kase I was wid General Washington all de time."

"Oh, we know—yo' gran'pa—he jes' tole us yesterday, an' General Washington and General Lafayette dey was dere, sarkin' de pigs' tails. I hear Massa Ned say he sold de day she tole 'em bofe she warn't going to marry nuther one on 'em—so that was de fust an' oulinest time I ever see General Washington an' Lafayette. Dey bofed an' hollored dat day, an' he say, crying: 'Manuel, my heart is broke.' Well, you see, I was young, an' I jes' cut up wid de General Washington seein' dat he was mighty mad like, an' he did not seem to mind an outen his sight; so one day he say to me—he was a great one for sayin' dat, jes' like Massa, an a lisp chap. I'd like to see dat lisp, jes' to see if he wouldn't say he bes' niggers for dis fresh hog? But ole marse he say: 'General Washington, I wouldn't take ten o' yo' niggers, nor twenty on 'em, for Manuel. But I'll tell you what I'll do, jes' take de boy an' keep him till arter de resolution, an' sen' him back. An' dat's de way I got her to aid him. What I'll do, jes' take de boy an' keep him till arter de resolution, an' sen' him back. An' dat's de way I got her to aid him. Well, was hard dis week at York. De redcoats came yonder, yonder de sun rises, were there, Uncle Manuel?

"Tousands! Dere was millions on 'em—millions, chile."

"And how were French at all."

"Hit—hit—the history says—"

"Well, chillen, was de history man dar? Was de history man dar, I say? I say he wasn't here, nuther dere nor yonder, an' he hasp o' lies in books nohow. Now, I didn't see no French, an dey warn't none, nuther Washington an' Lafayette an he fit an' he fit an' he fit an' he fit an' he fit an' he fit. Every time General Washington he say dat he fitteth dem dere in a row. Sometimes he would fire an' I load an' sometimes he would load an' I fire. He rid a big white hoss, and every time he fit he fit dem dere jes' a dinner plate. I was on a big black hoss, an' we was gallopin' over de field, General Washington shouin' 'What's dat dis red coat Cornwallis? Dog my cats, but I'm a goose to aspire to hide!' Arter awhile I looked down in de hollier by a nice simmon tree, an' sho' nuff, I see General Cornwallis makin' himself small an' trying (or crawl under de fence. But de fence was too to de ground." General Washington he seen him too, an' he say: 'Manuel, yo' an' he hain't fit yo' rabbit." Den General Cornwallis he set on de ground, and he spubbla round out 'kaut you could wan gwayteen roun' sun,' an' he tuef rattle iron he had de agar. An' he say: 'Himself, he bag—gab it up!' An' General Washington he didn't say 'cuffin' tall; but he drawed he sword an' he drawed sharper'n up dat mirrum." Here Uncle Manuel would make a dreadful flourish.

"Honey, he drawed he sword—an' he cut he hide right off."

Jackson and the Portuguese.

General Jackson understood no language but English, and he was often in a dilemma from being unable to converse with foreign Ambassadors in Washington. The following comical story is told in a recent book, "Court Circles of the Republic," and is said to be true:

When Mr. McLane was Secretary of State, a new Minister arrived from Lisbon, and a day was appointed for him to be presented to the president. The hour was set, and Mr. McLane expected the minister to call at the State Department, but the Portuguese had misunderstood Mr. McLane's French and he proceeded alone to the White House.

He rang the bell, and the door was opened by the Irish porter, Jimmy O'Neil, "Of, pass mon' Monsieur le President," said the minister.

"What does he mean?" muttered Jimmy. "He says president, though, and I suppose he wants to see the president."

"Oui, Oui," said the Portuguese, bowing.

Jimmy ushered him into the Green Room, where the general was waiting his coming pipe with great composure.

The minister made his bow to the president, and addressed him in French, of which the general did not understand a word.

"What does the fellow say, Jimmy?" said he.

"Don't know, sir; I reckon he's a foreiner."

"Try him in Irish, Jimmy, and Old Hickory."

Jimmy gave him a touch of the genuine Milesian, but the minister only shrugged his shoulders with the usual "Fend d'l."

"Ah!" exclaimed Jimmy, he can't speak Irish, sir. He's French to be sure."

"Send for the French cook, and let him try if he can find out what the gentleman wants."

The cook was hurried from the kitchen, sleeves rolled up, apron on, and the carving knife in his hand.

The minister, seeing this formidable apparition, and doubting if he was in the presence of the head of the nation, he fear ed some treachery and made for the door, before which Jimmy planted himself to keep him in.

When the cook, by the general's order, asked who he was and what he wanted, and he gave a subdued answer, the president discovered his mistake. At the mention McLane name to, and the minister was presented in due form.

But it is said that General Jackson always resented allusions to this incident.

Conjugal Fidelity.

A merchant of Athens was recently captured by thieves bragging who carried him off to the mountains, whence he wrote a letter to his wife recommending his misfortunes, and mentioning the following most unpromising passage: "My captors are very ill-mannered, affronted the brigands do not receive this sum by the 15th inst. they will cut off my nose; the 16th my ears, the 17th my upper lip, the 18th my lower lip, and the 19th, if the money is not forthcoming they will kill me." The poor woman wired her best efforts to procure the required amount, but it was not until the evening of the 19th that she had managed to scrape together the 1,000 drachmas for her husband's ransom. She then said to a neighbor: "My husband must look a perfect fright by this time. I think I will keep the 1000 drachmas to make a better match with.

Saved by a Miracle.

A couple from the humbler ranks of life came before a justice of the Peace to be married, when, the ceremony being over, the newly married pair seemed in no hurry to depart.

"What's the matter," asked the new husband.

"I never told you that I don't know how to cook, sobbed the bride.

"Don't, that is all that have anything for you to cook. I'm a poet."

"Oh, I love you."

She Was a Young Wife.

Butcher (to young housekeeper)—"I have nothing left, mum, but a lean and tough old rooster."

Young housekeeper—"Very well, you may send a tender young hen."

Not a Natural Boy.

"Wonder what's the matter with Smallie's little boy. He doesn't seem right in his mind to me. How is he to you?"

"O, yes, the boy's all right. There's nothing really wrong with his mind. "He's a good boy and religiously inclined, that's all."

"Ah! Well, I thought there was something wrong with him, that is, something odd—different from other boys, you know."

A Wise Father.

Youth—"I have come to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

Physician—"Do you have!"

Y.—"Yes sir. I have enough of this world and I want to insure her in comfort, even in injury."

P.—"Yes, I am aware of that, but will you treat her kindly? Will you be a good husband?"

Y.—"Sir, I vow——"

P.—"O, never mind rowing. You intentions are all right, no doubt. But I must be sure that you won't worry and lick the life out of her after you get her. Take off your coat and let me sound you to see what kind of a liver you've got."

Be Lost the Combination.

"Did you see the butchers' parade?" asked the sub-editor of a casual caller yesterday afternoon.

"No."

"Sorry that man throwing sausages at the reporters."

"Well, I never sausage a thing before."

"But it's the truth, I tell you."

"Why, the butcher caller arrested at home he said he was a liver."

"My dear, in the butchers' parade to-day there was a man throwing sausages to the spectators."

"Yes, I know I never saw anything like that before."

"Neither did I."

He waited five minutes for his wife to laugh, and then went out to wonder how he lost the combination.

Somewhat Absent-Minded.

Prof. Zauberer of the University of Bonn is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door to the study and announced a great family event. "A little stranger has arrived."

"Eh?"

"A little boy."

"Little boy! Well, ask him what he wants."

Working Up.

Two men who were once warm friends but who had not seen each other for nearly twenty years met on a railroad train. After an exchange of greetings one of them said:

"Jim, you looking feather then you did. Congress?"

"I beg your pardon, but it's 'General' now."

"What?"

"My friends call me 'General.'"

"Well, General, we used to call you 'Congress!'"

"Yes, I am proud when I came out of the army."

"Thank what I thought. I don't see what you could have done since to raise your rank."

"Why, sir!"

"No, I don't. What was it?"

"I've moved farther West for times."

Mistook His Marks.

"I had intended, fellow citizens," said a man who attended a political meeting in Missouri and had been unexpectedly called on to address the crowd, "not to say anything to-day. I came to listen, not to be heard. At some future time I will take pleasure in talking to you on the political issues of the day, but will thank you if you will let me off now with no remarks.

"You can't get off with Nora Marks, you dirtiest dog from nowhere," yelled a stalwart and corrupt young Missourian who had brought Miss Nora to the meeting himself from one of the back townships, and he pulled off his coat and coaxed the speaker to adjourn with him outside the crowd and fight it out like a man.

A Boston Girl, of Course.

"Let me see, mount Echalinda De Wogge, as she set on the porch last night with her young man.

As she stopped short Charles remarked, "Echo, what about to speak, Miss De Wogge?"

"Yes, but stopped in time, you might have considered it a hint."

"Will you tell me what you were about to say?"

"You will not feel offended?"

"Certainly not."

"I was thinking it was about a month since I had tasted ice cream, but, of course—"

"Don't mention it. The fact is, I was thinking of inviting you to join me with a generous, but I had to dig that a chasm and disconvered tyrodynamics in the universe."

"Indeed! Then I will join you. Charles, and we will see if we can find any tyrodynamics. I do take such an interest in these scientific discoveries."

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULIUS H. MEDAU,
968 and 970 Folsom St.
San Francisco
—WHOLESALE—
LIQUOR DEALER.
Established 1870.
We will sell the following low prices with receipts from this date:
Table Wines . . . 50c, 75c, 90c, and $1.
Angelica Wines . . . $1, $1.50 and $1.50
Mount Vineyard 1877 15, 18 & 24 Gas . . . $1.
Old Port or Sherry, $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.
Sauternes Rhinewine . . . $1.50, $1.50 and $1.
Bourbon Whiskey. . . $1.50, $1.75 and $2.
Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc. $1 per gal. and upwards
Orders from country will receive prompt attention.

NEW MUSIC.
J. FISCHER & BRO., New York.
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PACIFIC COAST AGENT.
Music, in Sets, M. A. Quintet, for orchestra and 1 to 3 parts, Mazurka, Polka, Polka Mazurka, Polka Schottische, Waltz, Quadrille, Lancers, Schottische, Galop, Polka Quadrille

DAVITT IN SAN JOSE.

Origin, Objects and Labors of the Irish National League.—The Land Question in Ireland.—Home Rule Certain to be Secured by Parnell and his Compatriots.

On last Thursday, Mr. Davitt arrived in San Jose, and was received by a committee consisting of Hon. B. D. Murphy, Joseph Enright, Joseph McNally, M. Byrne, A. M. McCabe, M. Nihill, and M. F. Green. He was escorted to the Lemoine House, where his high, frank and sacerdotally was the guest of H. E. Rhodes. On Thursday evening he lectured before an unusually large audience in Turn Verein hall, where he was received with rapturous applause.

Hon. B. D. Murphy, as chairman, introduced Mr. Davitt to the audience, and announced a song from Mrs. Prescott, who accordingly sang, with exquisite expression, sofily yet distinctly, "Kathleen Mavourneen," and in response to a hearty encore, favored the audience with "The Last Rose of Summer."

THE LECTURE.

Mr. Davitt on again coming forward was emphatically welcomed and he returned thanks for the kind reception. Though it was the first time, he remarked, that he had visited San Jose personally, he had long been familiar with its name, having often, in connection with the work of the Land League and of the National League, found occasion to recognize its generous efforts in aid of the fight across the seas for years past. He begged, in behalf of the Irish people and Mr. Parnell, to thank the people of San Jose for their generous aid. He believed they were well satisfied that good work had been done by the financial assistance thus rendered. The Irish question was not the same now that it was ten years ago. There was now, though connected, two distinct struggles in which the Irish people were engaged. One was conducted in the British Parliament for home rule; the other was to bring about a better land system. In regard to both, there had been an enormous progress of late, both in the House of Commons and in Britain public opinion that was equal to half the battle. Certain it was that in two or three years more of fighting, a substantial victory could be won and they should have an Ireland—that for which Irishmen for several generations had fondly hoped—a Parliament with the right to legislate for home affairs.

OBJECT OF THE ADDRESS.

The object of his address would be twofold. First, to give the audience an idea of how the struggle was progressing; and secondly, to endeavor to satisfy the intelligent desires of those not of the Irish race as to the facts and figures necessary to the justification of the cause, the latter being the most important portion of his duty, the value of the moral support, from a moral public opinion being simply enormous. It had been the boast in England for a generation that if you scratched an American you would find a Briton, and he hoped the American people without exception declaring that Gladstone was right in acceding to the demands of the Irish people for nationalization. Home Rule as the political phrase was well understood in America, but the social or land phase was less so. He would therefore first endeavor to give the hearers the leading features of the great agrarian movement, as the struggle this winter would be more on root than on Home Rule.

THE PRESENT LAND QUESTION.

In the United States, England, and the lower part of Scotland there were alternative employments, so that the masses of the people were not confined to the land as a means of subsistence. Nothing of Irish history well know, however, that English rule had purposely crushed out in the past all manufacturing industries in Ireland, necessitating its people to cling to the soil with extraordinary tenacity. The mere mention of agrarian trouble in Ireland connected with the overthrow of the British Parliament, and the passage of the act of Union in 1801. Prior thereto, our ancestors resided in Dublin or on their estates, thus having kindly relations with their tenants and spending the money in the country they received it from the people. But when the Parliament went to London, the landlords followed, leaving an aristocracy, which they could only do by increasing their rents. This answered so long as war prices lasted. But when this inflation ceased or the conditions of competition were by no means proportionally reduced. Competition with the United States, Canada, Australia and India, in most of which countries rent was not paid, made a reduction in production in the prices of the agricultural staples of Ireland, viz.: grain, cattle, butter and flax, so all rating agreement on Great Britain, as well as in Ireland, that in 1879, British Ireland had more land under cultivation then it has to-day, and there had been an increase in the number of horned cattle, while in the United States alone that year 100,000,000 more acres had been placed under cultivation. In view of this enormous influx of food products, it could be understood why farmers in Ireland could not pay rent and compete successfully with those who did not pay rent.

ORIGIN OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

These conditions gave rise to the Land Leagues and to the formation of the Irish Land Leagues. The result was the introduction of Gladstone's land bill of 1881, the scope of which was that the tenant who had no lease might give notice to a landlord or a land court as to any unfairness in rent, and the landlord had to show cause why it should not be reduced. But this court was offended and influenced by landlords, so that its reductions only amounted to five per cent on the total rents of Ireland, and eighteen per cent for 200,000 out of a total of 600,000 tenants in Ireland, all who had leases being expressly excluded from the benefits of this act. Yet some three leases had commenced, and within the last twelve years, the four chief staples of Ireland had decreased in value from 30 to 50 per cent, proving periodical adjustments of rent to be necessary.

Last week Parnell introduced a bill to stop evictions pending investigation on payment of twenty-five per cent, which the Tory Government rejected. Last March the enfranchised Conservatives nominated Sir James Caird, wrote the London *Times*, which is howling for evictions, that rents must disappear and the lands were not worth purchasing at any price. If there had been any doubt as to the evictions bill fail, it had been obviated in 1881. It is best to leave evidence to landlords and the government, but when men's wives and children were assaulted with destruction, we need not be surprised if they resorted to any available means of resistance. Offers that the landlords had scornfully rejected a few years ago they would jump at to-day. But public opinion was set in against any tenant buy out Irish landlords, the feeling being to let them make the best terms they can with the people, who will not be a hard on them as they are with their tenants. And that is what they want some to.

Ireland at the late election returned twelve rule members by 4 to 1, Scotland, 3 to 2, Wales, 6 to 1; Outside of England proper, 129 are for Home Rule and the substitution of federation for bureaucracy.

"The next few years," he concluded, "will see Ireland's Parliament restored and with it that peace and prosperity, happiness and content which were born by right and which the American people I am sure heartily wish she may enjoy." At the conclusion, there was much cheering, and the assemblage was dismissed, well pleased with the address.

Correspondence.

We urgently solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church in the general interest.

All communications should reach our office by Tuesday, noon, to be insure insertion.

OUR STOCKTON LETTER.

Stockton Fair. Irish Times among the Stocktonians.—Grand Success of the Catholic Fair.—Names at Prize Winners.

STOCKTON, Cal., Oct. 4, 1886.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir:—This year last May Rev. M. McNabb, of Stockton, was appointed by the Bishop of Alameda. On taking charge of the new parish he found the church debt so large, that in no small to meet the requirements of his congregation. Again the debt was so large, that since attached to the church which left it so burdensome on the parishioners, that on the Parsonage thing things, the newly appointed pastor commenced a series of entertainments for the parish to devise some means of liquidating the debt on the church, and supplying funds for a residence. They determined on holding a fair, which was a fine success, was held in Stockton last week, and lasted five days. The fair, which was a fine success, was held in Stockton last week, and lasted five days. On the 13th last. Aside from the charitable objects in view, the attractive nature of the fair was well deserving of taking a ticket, or, a three days' visit, to the gift of Mr. McCurdy, a lotto gift which, the gift of Rev. P. Brady, a gentleman's table, the gift of Rev. T. McNabb, a painted mirror, the gift of Miss Kane, etc., etc. Nothing will be found wanting in the Irish lassies in charge, who are as full as Irish Table Rose, Miss Lizzie Kane, Miss Nellie Kane, Miss Mamie Kane, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Carbonel, Mrs. Elmer, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Mc. Cory, Prudent, Fancy Table No. 1—Mrs. Edwards, Miss M. Kelly, Miss M. B. Smith, assisted by Misses Buckner, Snow, Donahoe, Lynch, Mrs. Dunda, Mrs. McCarthy, Refreshment Table—Mrs. Mc. Cully, Mrs. Higgins, assisted by Mrs. Cory and Misses Mc. Cory, Tyson, Table—Mr. and Mrs. Leidan, Master W. Liston, Sofa Pillows—Misses Flowers and Post Office—Misses M. Vanoey, E. O'Brien, Shooting Gallery—Misses Mere Institutes.

Yours respectfully,

CORRESPONDENT.

FINANCIAL RESULTS OF THE SACRED HEART FAIR IN TEMESCAL

Following is the financial result of the Catholic Fair recently held in St. Lawrence Hall, Emp Avenue, Temescal, for the benefit of the Parish of the Sacred Heart of that place:

Fancy Table No. 1—Mrs. Jaramillo (Country), assisted by Misses Mary Kane, Mamie Frazier, Maggie Redwood and Jeremiah O'Connor, realized $[illegible]

Fancy Table No. 2—Mrs. P. Dunn, Misses Lizzie Dunn, Mamie Doyle, Minnie Cora Blessed, Mary Hinchman and Mamie Doyle and Mr. J. Buckley, realized $[illegible]

Fancy Table No. 3—Mrs. T. H. Sullivan and Miss Mary O'Rourke assisted by Misses Julia O'Rourke, Maggie Dunn, Maggie Walsh, Julia White, Moore Dunn, Mrs. Mc. Cully, Mrs. O'Rourke, Jr. and Richard Montgomery, realized $[illegible]

Refreshment table, Mrs. P. Doyle, assisted by Mrs. M. Farrell, Mrs. Mc. Cully, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. J. Moran, and Miss Doyle, realized $[illegible]

Mission Table—Mrs. Mc. Cully, Misses Mary Moran, Mamie Mullen, Mercedes Villa, Nonie and Maggie McFarlane, Master Joseph Mullen and Faustino Gallant, realized the sum of $[illegible]. At the close, by accepted Mr. Vincent de Paul Conference, $[illegible] was collected, making a total of $[illegible] for expenses, $[illegible]. Net total, $2,[illegible].

Rev. Father Shea feels sincerely grateful for the result of the Fair, and he wishes to return his thanks to the ladies who had charge of the tables and their assistants, also to the gentlemen, and to all those who have in any manner contributed to make the fair a success, without forgetting the Mr. Mc. Cully, the liberal donation of the Fair during its progress.

A beautiful scene recently occurred in St. Michael's church, Lipscich, on account of which will appear next week.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Cork.—A few nights ago upwards of one hundred men, some with horses and carts and others with sledges, crowbars, and skibbs, appeared on the farm of Kilebarter of an evicted tenant named Donohoe, and in the dead of the night pulled down the cabin, and had them all removed before morning. Mr. Sanders is agent over that estate.

The anniversary of the death of Sister Magdalene Jennings, of Charleville, was observed by religious rites. With the other Sisters of Mercy she had come to Charleville in the month of the cholera epidemic, and for the time of her labors her holiness was at its height there. She labored with the unselfish devotedness which always characterizes those of her holy calling, and lately, while endeavoring to alleviate the pains of the fever stricken, she herself caught the germs of the disease to which, after a brief illness, she succumbed.

On Sunday, Sept. 5th, a collection was made at the rate of this Chapel at Kilfarglan, in aid of the Irish Parliamentary Fund. The collection was being made by the members of the National League, and when Father Ahern, P.P., came to the chapel he expressed his pleasure at what they were attempting the patriotic work. The collection refused to leave, and, though the men were not honoured by the fair, the collection remained close by during the collection. The action of Father Ahern was commented upon at the National League meeting which was subsequently held.

Clare.—On Sept. 6th, at Cullina House, St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork, a dejeuner was served on the Most Rev. Dr. Flanagan, Bishop of Killaloe, on the occasion of his visiting the city. Amongst those who sat in address and a testimonial on behalf of the laity of the diocese. Addresses were read from the various parishes, and along with the clergy were Messrs. J. Gunnon, M. P., M. Cleary, J. Patrick Shea, J. P., D. O'Donnell, Quin, C.E., T. Neville, J. P., Dr. Kennedy, Ennis, Dr. Cleary, Ennis, Dr. Hynes, Ennis, Dr. Lynch, Ennis, Dr. Hynes, Ennis, Dr. Lynch, Ennis, Dr. Hynes, Ennis, Dr. Lynch

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

THE SAILOR BOY.

The breeze blew load as the evening close
Revealed the Armont moon,
And hailed the mighty star that night
That hailed the mayde soon;
Soft breeze dreams, like weary beams,
Of the sailor boy, who
Asleep under some tree where shade
Or the billows whistling creed.
Oh, Annie fair, with golden hair,
I'll see thee yet soon more,
My love as true with spirit of blue,
And, oh, what joy of pure alloy
Rose in his soul like flame,
As 'neath the sky with sparkling eye
He saw her onlooker beam.
The warbler trees in the sorrel breeze,
Sang a lullaby to him,
Yet still was strong and like a thrum,
With his memory lay once more,
Oh, Annie dear, I soon shall hear
Thy laughing voice once more.
My darling girl with locks of pearl,
Our bark nale to the shore.
Now on the strand the sailor stand,
And loved ones lovingly greet,
But where's the form that in every storm
Smiled on his shipboard sweet,
Alas, they said, she is gone, she is dead,
Her life's work is done,
And never again in joy or pain
Will you see your true love more.
Yes, dear, dead, my hopes are fled,
I ne'er shall see her more,
My joy, my pride, my promised bride,
Why did you leave our shore?

In a lonely dell where the willows dwell,
He sadly stray'd to grieve,
And when there in the midnight air
Heard a sweet spirit voice
Breathe a sweet spirit sailed the main
With white sail as before,
For he was and sighed, and dropped and died
Near her grave by his olive shore.
Oh, Annie fair, Earth's latest lair
Ill shed alms for thee,
For we shall meet in Heaven's home,
From pain and sorrow free.

FRANCIS QUINN.

Literary Miscellany.

Ramon the Religious.

A Catholic Story Founded on Fact

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY A SANTA FE CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEAL.

Winter had passed and Ramon had been solemnly adopted, but, with the reluctant consent of all the braves united in council, had not been initiated into the religion of the mission. Camilo, who was often in Ramon's company, was as kind to him as ever, but was colder and more distant than before. Ramon confessed it but did not know why. He asked if he had offended him.

"No, no, dear Ramon," said the unfortunate youth, "but I have a sorrow that no one can cure."

"Tell it to me, dear Camilo," said Ramon, "I will pray for you to the Blessed Virgin will help thee."

"I cannot," said Camilo. And his eyes filled with tears. Ramon did not understand. Alas! Camilo had been initiated into the religion of the mission, he had forsaken God for the devil, had forever abandoned all prayer, he was a Navajoe!

Spring had now come with all its beauty, nature was clothed in her best robe, and seeming to his mind the great chief was to go north, east, south, west, but one, and there, every year he went with his family; he war there surrounded by all his possessions. A few patches of land were planted with vegetables, there particularly he grew the potato for his year's use. On the last day of May he set out in light wagon, his Indian from the east. The chief, his wife Ewa-to-mi-os, and her two daughters sat in the cart. Ramon followed on horseback. Camilo with some Indians were there already to prepare the house. The chief and his family took possession of the house, which was to be kitchen, dining-room and sleeping-room; the boys were to sleep in an outhouse adjoining the principal apartment. The house was of adobe, the entrance was of boards nailed together, and a coarse roof.

All went well; Ramon was the constant companion of the two girls, who lored to ramble about the flocks, and sometimes venture across into the wood, to gather wild raspberries and straw berries, and many other kinds of little fruits, in which the old chief delighted.

One evening, after the heat of the day was somewhat abated, the chief proposed to Ewa-to-mi-os to go and see how the shepherds and their animals were. Ramon and the two children followed. The sun had already gone down, and the shepherds kindled the night fire to keep away beasts of prey which abound there. The chief and his wife went farther to look at the mountain where lofty pines covered; pale still glossed in the evening sun, though the valley was fast sinking in shade. Ramon and the children ran about collecting fuel. On a sudden, Ewa-to-mi-os utters a loud cry and falls to the ground. A bear was approaching swiftly, and the chief could neither run away without his wife nor lift her. Ramon took in the whole situation at once. Seizing a brand from the fire, he ran swiftly towards the bear. The beast saw close upon the chief. Ramon keeps his self-possession, swings the brand rapidly over his head, and causes it to blaze fiercely. The bear stops uneasy. Whirling before him this fiery wheel, he advances boldly against the fearful animal. The bear who had taken two steps forward stops again. Ramon advances; the bear with his eyes fixed upon the youth, retreats a few steps. The savage beast stands still again; it waits as if to devour the young man, and annihilate him with its heavy paw. Ramon making always no fear, and still advances with his fiery weapon. The bear quails, stands still a while, but, turning, turns away to a considerable distance, and in the thickening gloom of the approaching night. Ewa-to-mi-os is saved.

Ewa-to-mi-os paralyzed with fear could hardly rise, but supported by the chief and Ramon, she returned to the house, in a state of great nervousness. The children surrounded her, and with caressing words made her little by little forget her fear. The chief only said, wringing Ramon's hand: "My son, thank you." He could say no more for the present, as his heart was full. The night came on, and nothing more was said on the subject that evening. In a short while all retired.

CHAPTER IV.

RAMON'S MIND.

Next morning, Ramon rising early went out on the mountain side and gathered a fine bouquet of wild flowers, as varied and as abundant in New Mexico. No doubt the flora of the territory is as fine a one as that of the Savoy and Swiss Alps. The variety is extensive, the hues magnificent, the scent astonishing. A botanist who would have time and leisure, could form of New Mexico flowers alone an immense and rich herbarium.

Ramon placed his flowers in a glass upon the table, and was about to withdraw, when Ewa-to-mi-os who was up called him back "Dear Ramon," said she, "thou art a noble boy. Thou saved my life at the risk of thine own. It was a great and noble action.

"Oh!" replied Ramon, whose heart was still full of the conversation he had before with the sachem, "it was but my duty as a Christian. Christ who gave his life for us bar commanded us. 'Love one another, as I have loved you.'"

"That is a noble precept," said Ewa-to-mi-os, "I should like to learn thy religion. Tell me all it is. I am a poor ignorant Indian woman, I have worshipped the lion and the serpent as my manitous. But since thou saw thou dost not believe in the manitous, but thou prayest when alone, thy lips move, and I have seen thee touching thy forehead and thy breast. What does it mean?"

Ramon sold with great feeling how his father and mother had instructed him from his childhood in the Christian religion; how they taught him to know God, and Jesus the well beloved Son of God; how Jesus commanded us to love the Father in heaven above all and to love all man on earth as ourselves. He told of the sufferings and death of Christ; he remembered all the history of the passion of Jesus and detailed it to the poor Indian woman. Many of these sayings he repeated word for word. He spoke of the beauty of the Christian religion, and made a deep impression upon Ewa-to-mi-os.

The dying Saviour's words upon the cross "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," drew tears to her eyes, and to those of the little girls who had come near during the words of Ramon.

"That is true love," said Ewa-to-mi-os "This Jesus was in all that he did and suffered, love and mercy itself."

Ramon told them of his college life, and his studies; of the frequent confessions and communions, of the order observed in the house; he spoke to them of his success, and showed them the medal he had obtained with the prizes he was carrying along to place in his mother's heart, when he was ensplored by the Navajoes, and brought to her hut.

"What alone troubles me here," said he bursting into tears, "is the affection of my mother and two little sisters. Oh! how anxiously must they await my return. And my poor old father, who expected his son to take his place while he is sick, and before returning to college! Oh! poor father and poor mother!"

Ewa-to-mi-os was moved—how moved in silence for a long time, deeply meditating in the Indian hut. She had seen nothing but revenge and blood, and the Christian religion taught nothing but love towards all men. But she said no more and dismissed Ramon while tears were coursing down her cheeks, and the two girls thanked him for what he had told them of the Christian religion.

CHAPTER V.

EXECUTION OF A WRAT REBELLE.

Ewa-to-mi-os for two hours was engaged in this conversation, two hours that flew like minutes, but now breakfast had been on the table for these two hours and had remained untouched. She commenced to be uneasy at the prolonged absence of the old chief. She knew he loved early in the morning to stroll about the premises, and the thought of the bear of the preceding day recurring to her mind, she became exceedingly uneasy, and she begged Ramon to look after her and call him. He found him not far from the house, seated upon the dewy grass, buried in deep thought, so that he did not hear the young man's step, till he was close upon him. He beholding Ramon he smiled and shook hands heartily with him and called him son. The great sachem was pray to two different ancestors; after the service rendered him by Ramon he could not keep him as a slave or a peon, and the idea of separating from him was breaking his brave old heart. What should he do? These thoughts were causing his torment.

With a serious and gloomy air he entered into the apartment.

"Oh my dear husband," cried Ewa-to-mi-os, "as he entered the room, "I wish you had been here and heard all that Ramon had to say upon the beauty and excellence of the Christian religion over our breakfast. When I was a child my father had a Mexican woman, snatched away by our people; she was good, good, kind, she was a mother to me. She often spoke to me as Ramon has just done. Her relations came to visit her, and, making arrangements for her, and still my father, they took her away to her happy country. We shed many tears at parting. Ever since I used to think of her, and wonder, Ewa-to-mi-os, that you will one day be a Catholic, that in a true Christian." I wish I was a Christian, I have wished it for years, and the words of my father's slave still ring in my ears."

The chief looked thoughtful. Not a word escaped his lips for a while. He was considering the difficulties in his way. he was afraid of the resistance of the Navajoe part. Those medicine men or jugglers, also called sorcerers, are no other than spiritualist mediums. They are spread over all the Indian tribes of both Americas from the Esquimaux who inhabit the arctic regions to the extremity of Patagonia.

All interiors agree in saying that the most perverse and wicked men in all the tribes are the medicine men. In almost every tribe each individual Indian has his manitou, his tutelary spirit or divinity. To this manitou the Indian addresses his prayer or supplication and offers his sacrifice, when he is in any danger, sets out for war, goes fishing or hunting, in fact in any enterprise in which he is about to engage, in order to obtain success or some extraordinary favor. He believes that he can ask everything of his manitou, reasonable or unreasonable, good or bad. To obtain favor he must be able to handle the bow and arrow or the revolver, or the rifle. Initiation to the manitou being considered as the most important act of life, the adept is required to submit to ceremonies and practices which are generally very difficult and often very painful. The young man after making deep incisions on the fleshy parts of the body, or after a rigorous fast, is supposed to discover in his dreams the form or resemblance under which the manitou manifests itself. During his whole life he is bound to bear the image or a mark of it, and on all occasions he makes presents, offerings and address his prayers to it. Fetishism is the feather or lock of a bird, the claw or tooth of an animal, a root, an herb, a fruit, a stone, no matter what. He believes that this tutelary spirit will protect him against the evil spirits or genii who injure the children of earth, excite the winds and waves, lightning, thunder and storm. This spirit protects him against the attacks of his enemies and all beasts, and against all disease.

Now, all these ceremonies must be performed by the medicine man, and woe to the man who would try to get rid of them. Their diabolical arts always impose upon the simple and ignorant Indian. They are the deadly enemies of all virtue, their harvest is most plentiful in the greatest ignorance. For all their tricks they receive some sums, either in money or kind, according to the solemnity of the prayer or sacrifice.

Should a man in the state of mind of the great chief, strive to become better, they will first by tricks and reviling throw obstacles in his way; if they are unsuccessful, they will excite some fanatic under the guise of a command from his manitou to do his bodily harm, and even to put him to death in great secret, and throw his body away, so that no one is ever the wiser. Religion, they know is their enemy; for if men pray their old superstitious, their private interests are lost, their illicit gains vanish, their wealth is destroyed. Hence, their hatred and resentment towards all that is good, hence their incessant war against education, hence their fury against all that is spiritual and moral in life, and their increasing persecution, whenever they can exercise sufficient influence over their adherents.

The chief said nothing, but his heart was divided between righteousness on the one side, and the fear of the medicine man on the other. He should be very wise. Accepted not to arouse the suspicions of the Navajoes in their home fish. Hence his cheerful and even his warding sign made his wife keep silence.

After breakfast the chief ordered Ramon to take the children and play about the house, but not to stray far.

"Dost thou know," said the chief to his wife, "that Ramon was sworn—how sworn served Ramon day and night, his in a hero. He would not for favors deny his God, he never would consent to worship the frog and serpent. The chiefs have very constantly allowed me to adopt him without initiation. But they are suspicious of him. The medicine man are busy against him, and they will spare neither thee nor me, dear wife."

"Why not fly with him to his country, far away from the Navajoes?" said his wife, "or at least give him an occasion to flee, and we will follow."

"Thou art a silly woman! Dost thou not know that every step of ours is watched; that the medicine men and chiefs have their eyes?"

"But no one will suspect thee if thou takest the garb and language of a pueblo Indian, and go in search of our lost son. Thou hast said many times that thou intended going thyself to search for him, as the men thou hast sent for that purpose were unsuccessful. Thou hast money, hide it, take it away; load a pony or two with what thou best most precious, take some Navajoe with thee—leave here Ramon, but visit his parents, consult them, leave with them what thou has taken away; return at once, say that thou hast some tidings of our son, and then will make another voyage, when the third of Heaven will enable us all to go away and reach his father's house. At thy leisure then thou canst return thy search for our son.

"Thou art a wise woman," said the chief, his brow clearing up, "more wise than the chief of the Navajoes. But, tell me, will thou leave Hermon at the mercy of the chiefs and medicine men?"

"No," said the wife, "when we leave the last time, it will be to go together to meet our son and return with him to our tribe. Appoint one of the chiefs to command in thy stead during our absence. He will be thy friend, and the lord of power will render him happy in thy absence. Thou will send Ramon with Camilo, whom no one will suspect, on some errand, to the house in the Rio Grande, and there will meet thy son, father, thy took her away to her happy country. We should many tears at parting. Ever since I used to think of her, and wonder, Ewa-to-mi-os, that you will one day be a Catholic, that in a true Christian." I wish I was a Christian, I have wished it for years, and the words of my father's slave still ring in my ears."

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PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Obligation Resting on Catholic Parents to Support Them.

There are a few Sundays yet before we give their chap. a lecture on the subject, their obligation as to goods supporting parochial educational institutions begun and with their own children, and if they do anything beyond this for the support of Catholic schools, it is a work of supererogation and deserving of high praise.

This, however, was very erroneous way of looking at the subject. It is not that the obligation of the parents, or parents, to give their chap. a Catholic education, is based upon the parental relation, and the obligation is apart out of that relation. But the obligation to establish, maintain and support Catholic schools, is not confined, in their case, to provide Catholic school facilities merely for their own children. It includes them, I comes, and first and before others, but it extends out beyond to all children, no matter who they are.

Moreover, Catholics who are naturalized and have no children are under an equal obligation though based on another reason than that just mentioned, with Catholics who are married and have children, to support Catholic schools. This statement may surprise some of our readers, but it is true nevertheless.

The ultimate purpose and design of Christ our Saviour, lead us that all the children of Christian parents should be educated in the knowledge and love of God Him, their Redeemer and Father. Christ Jesus has frequently declared that the children are the hope of the Church, and the recent Plenary Council of Baltimore based its reasonings and its practical conclusions on this, in multiply parochial schools upon the express and emphatic declaration that they are necessary to the existence and prosperity of the churches, and that without parochial schools the existence or the future of churches that do not maintain them will be imperiled.

Now no one can deny that it is the duty of every member of the Church to contribute to the Church's support. Though not from the Church he derives all spiritual privileges and means of grace he enjoys, and the reception of which is necessary to the maintenance of his soul's spiritual life, he has no manner and ground, in grace, not to do his share of the work. As thus he receives much from the Church, it is but simply justice, and, what is more honesty, that he should give much of what he can give to the Church in return. In like manner, therefore, it is the duty of every member of the Church, without regard to his having children or not, and without regard to where he resides his own children, if he has any, to contribute to the full extent of his ability the parochial schools. For upon them especially and emphatically the continued prosperity of the parochial churches depends, and without the parochial schools the very existence of those churches would be imperilled.—*Catholic Standard.*

Growth Since the Last Census.

How shall we realize something of the nation's progress and power of growth? Since 1860 the population has increased from 31,443,321 to 50,155,783, an increase of 19,000,000 inhabitants, almost as many as the least fertile of the states in years as but one of the elements at work. From abroad we have added during the last ten years nearly a million, a population greater than that of the entire State of Illinois. Another element of population than this nation was when it entered on its independence, has been brought to these shores across the seas, and has grown with our growth. Twenty-seven years ago the Pacific coast of Europe, opportunity or stimulus to effort, he is not but little. Here he produces the power of the nation. But when a population so large as that of Illinois, is added to from across the sea, another population greater than that of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut together in 1860 has been added by immigration, while in 10 years. Consider what these four States were and what they produced in 1860, and then consider what the population of these four States has been added to the country in ten years.

Growth in population, surpassing that of any other country, has been the most striking general feature of the nation's development. In round numbers the population of the United States at the first of September we had 132,000. The Middle States had added one third to their mileage, the Southern between them and the Mississippi only one-third, and the Southern States west of the Mississippi and the States east of the Mississippi more than one half—over 12,000 miles. In four States and one Territory—Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota—we have added 10,000 miles. These consider that every mile of new railway, in regions thinly populated, brings within reach of market 6,000 acres of land, enough to supply the entire population of the country, and that we have add 6 in as years the means of supplying 60,000 such towns.

Three Catholic Girls.

Of the three daughters of F. A Drexel, who have just left for Europe, a writer in the Philadelphia Times says: "Each of them is gone a year, and in that time they will visit all the chief educational institutions abroad, with the view of gaining additional knowledge to be used in the carrying out of the great educational charity that they have begun at Torresdale, and which is now only the nucleus of what it is to become. All their affairs have been put in order, and their immense charities—of which, indeed, the community knows really little—will go on as heretofore. It is said they will be drawn upon for an immense sum in the shape of a new charitable purpose. They have now very nearly $4,000,000 each. Starting as it may seem, they give away almost all the interest of their income from this immense fortune, aside from their own living expenses, in charity. Rome can represent surprise that they would manage to dispose of so much, Rome says that they could find use for another million in the same channel if they had it. They have a regular roll of pensioners, and a number of institutions, besides their institutional and local charities that are constantly giving to the poor in all parts of the country indeed in all parts of the world. Their own expenses are extremely small. They live and dress plainly. Their only luxury is high-bred horses, for which they are credited by some as all the ladies of the Drexel family are, and among them they have a very good stable. They have been but one year their head-to-the-sight.

The Italian and his wife stood beside her crying, and smiling, and cursing them by turn, and the Italian was in the Popedom of Rome and a Hunter, and the good angel of the Italian, and the good angel of suffering had made them all children of one Father.

Girls Ought to Learn to Work.

A young wife, whose husband has been disabled, lately sent an article to a paper on the subject of her duty to her husband, and the only thing she could discover was that she should "be a good wife." Perhaps a little more definite advice would be acceptable to her, and to others in similar circumstances. The opportunities for earning a livelihood are different from what they were a few years ago. Then, a young lady could generally find an income from this kind of work, from certain trades, from teaching, from visits and retreats; but produce would fetch far more than he endeavors; he raises chickens, and they in turn, add to the income of the nation. But when a population so large as that of Illinois, is added to from across the sea, another population greater than that of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut together in 1860 has been added by immigration, while in 10 years. Consider what these four States were and what they produced in 1860, and then consider what the population of these four States has been added to the country in ten years.

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Three Catholic Girls.

Of the three daughters of F. A Drexel, who have just left for Europe, a writer in the Philadelphia Times says: "Each of them is gone a year, and in that time they will visit all the chief educational institutions abroad, with the view of gaining additional knowledge to be used in the carrying out of the great educational charity that they have begun at Torresdale, and which is now only the nucleus of what it is to become. All their affairs have been put in order, and their immense charities—of which, indeed, the community knows really little—will go on as heretofore. It is said they will be drawn upon for an immense sum in the shape of a new charitable purpose. They have now very nearly $4,000,000 each. Starting as it may seem, they give away almost all the interest of their income from this immense fortune, aside from their own living expenses, in charity. Rome can represent surprise that they would manage to dispose of so much, Rome says that they could find use for another million in the same channel if they had it. They have a regular roll of pensioners, and a number of institutions, besides their institutional and local charities that are constantly giving to the poor in all parts of the country indeed in all parts of the world. Their own expenses are extremely small. They live and dress plainly. Their only luxury is high-bred horses, for which they are credited by some as all the ladies of the Drexel family are, and among them they have a very good stable. They have been but one year their head-to-the-sight.

The Italian and his wife stood beside her crying, and smiling, and cursing them by turn, and the Italian was in the Popedom of Rome and a Hunter, and the good angel of the Italian, and the good angel of suffering had made them all children of one Father.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

An Affecting Episode in Real Life

It was the 1st of July. The great city railway station was crowded with gay, well-dressed people, bound for their day's outing in the mountains or by the sea. In and around them was a group of ragged Italian emigrants, with whom a much-tried child was apparently the centre.

"I tell you this is my poor station!" raising his voice as people are apt to do in foreign parts. At the other side of the Emigrant station Tony rules Come, clear out!"

The target of his abuse, a shabby-looking, unfortunate, "Tedldo," as he was called, and holding out a bit of written paper, "Tedldo, this," read the train hand "Tordo—Ida—Ida of watches as stupid as dog—going round the world with dolls—big but that scrap of paper to guide them be specialized—Ida—Tordo—Ida."

He hustled away and the emigrants shrank back into their corner. The man looked at his pale, hunger-bitten little girl and his wife, and there arose a group like some shrieking and laughing—Ida—Ida. Some young girls drew their light dresses aside, as if to avoid contact with the loathing middle-aged woman muttered something in their ears. The group shrank away, as if it feared to contagion, and some laughed a jeering laugh at the group of Italians in Tordo—Ida—Ida. Tordo—Ida—Ida. Tordo—Ida—Ida.

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1896.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic papers, let us hug your success, could sensible of this unvarnished truth, that upon you mainly and individually, most positively depend the solution of the Catholic Question in this Republic. Upon you, more than upon any other agency, depend the Church's chance of life or death. Be Temperate and Industrious. Be Prudent and Economical. Be Independent and Self-Reliant. Be Patient and Hopeful. Be Catholic in Spirit. Be Supported and Be Thankful. Use the providential blessings of the times. Don't depend on Popes and Prelates and distinguished laymen. Don't wait for Pastorals and Encyclicals. Don't you have a paper and respected everywhere, that you are absolutely stands in need of an organ to be its continual advocate? Well, all this will be duly worth in the act, unless it can be brought home to each parish and family. Unless it can be made to appear that the Catholic Press is still an organ that is an institution and has duty to constitute towards supporting the Catholic press, by contributing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the Catholic Press, and Catholic Literature in general. Unless we can be simple in its digestive development and to impart the Journal wisdom. Big classes a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying, and not that it shall be, with Catholics in name or patronage, Catholic in fact, and yet, in spirit, and in its tendencies and influence, as bitter and unchastened as Protestant bigotry.—Pastoral Letter on the Press Plenary Council, Baltimore.

Editorial Notes.

— The Society of Jesus mourn the death, which occurred at Clatte Sandalla on the 6th ult., of their Procurator-General, Father Joseph Betts, after a lingering illness.

— Mgr. Stanton and Bishop Brindel were present at a Catholic exhibition at the Fla hand mission recently, when 600 Indians received Holy Communion in the chi ehurch, erected in 1856, by the celebrated Father De Smet, S. J.

— "Subdeliteness" is the latest word coined by some Protestant preacher who imagines that big words carry more weight than little ones. The reverent humans of those who practice subdeliteness will never be stayed by such orthographical senselessness. That's very evident!

— A cablegram of the 8th inst. states that the Sovereign Pontiff, had that day sent private instructions to the different Nuncios abroad regarding the anti-clerical agitation in Italy. The Pope is anxious that foreign Governments should be fully informed of the increasing menace and dangers to which the Holy See is exposed.

— The Holy Father is at present reorganizing the Vatican Archives, and has confided the direction of that laborious undertaking to the Dominican Father Xiol, who is already zealously at work on these important documents, which embrace, it is said, decisions and resolutions of the various Sacred Congregations of Rome down to 1876.

— Very Rev. James Ludlow, recently nominated for the new See of Syracuse, New York, is a native of county Mayo, Ireland, having been born in Castlebar. The new Bishop is blessed in possessing every virtue that can adorn his exalted station and holy calling. His family has given three priests to the Church, and two members of Religious Orders.

— The species of mystery attending the Bishop of the German Old Catholics, has it seems been recently fathomed by the discovery among the ranks of the Foreign Legion at Tonquin of a soldier whom it has been held the position of Bishop in his own country; this indication reveals the place of refuge of that unfortunate apostate.

— The cause of the Land-Leagues has just won its first victory in Wales. A farmer's goods at Rurlwen were distrained for rent and his horse was sold for £3 and cow sold to the tenant. The sale came to a standstill. The auctioneer and bailiffs fled, pelted with rotten eggs. Then followed an indignant mass meeting of farmers. Wales is now taking a step from its serfdom.

— American conscience seems to be playing sad havoc with the agreed tariff in lieu of Great Britain. At Carcarbury, England, one of the lace farms in the far-eared district of East Kent was put up for sale recently. The land is used for hops, fruit and corn, and the north tower is old that's 5 per cent the farm would be worth £9,000. Not a single bid was made for the property.

— The advocates of high license for liquor sellers are the last friends of temperance. In Missouri the plan has been found to work well. A single year of high license in that state has decreased the number of saloons by 3,000 to 2,000, and increased the revenue from $647,000 to $1,500,000. Isn't that better than prohibition which doesn't prohibit? There is no reason why the high license system could not produce as gratifying results in every city and town in Cold ruin.

— One by one the most large minded ministers of the sects are coming round side with the Catholic Church on the School Question. The latest preacher who evinces that foresight is Rev. Dr. Dunne, editor of the *Christian Weekly*, who has come out openly in opposition to the system of education as taught in the public schools, and favors denominational or sectarian education in schools conducted by each denomination. He denounces the present system of public education in which Science is taught, but in which in conscience they cannot send their children, and holds that such a system is an injust, un-American, undemocratic and injurious to the community.

— In accordance with the request of Cardinal Simeoni, as set forth in a letter from Rome dated August 20th last, the Archbishops of the United States will assemble at Baltimore for the purpose of taking into consideration the status of numerous secret societies in this country which, although not condemned by the Church, are doing a great deal of harm among the faithful in leading them towards Masonry, Odd Fellowship, and kindred organizations condemned by same. This is a very important question and every priest in the land will be glad to have that the Ordinaries.

note decisive action has been taken upon a matter upon which there is room for such a diversity of opinion.

— With that spirit of patriotic philanthropy which has ever animated Bishop Bonacum of Lincoln, in every movement for the defence of the tenant farmers of Ireland, he has been the exclusive mouthpiece in Ireland to rouse his own and several other subscriptions to the fund now among in order to keep evicted tenants out of the poor houses. Bishop Higgins advises that in cases where the tenants are unable to pay their rents in full, and the landlords are unwilling to give reasonable reduction, an effort be made by the tenants to buy their holdings on equitable terms under the land purchase act, and is now doing done in many instances all over the country.

— The *Mendicanti Romo* says that several journals have published alarming news about the health of his Eminence Cardinal Ludovico Jacobini, and that the *Monitore* is in a position to assure its readers that, although still very fatigued, the eminent Cardinal Secretary of State is improving, and his condition inspires no alarm. The Cardinal requires rest and probably a year of travel. Freedom from care is the only thing likely to restore his health. The only fifty-four, and has a good constitution. Mgr. Vannutelli, now Nuncio at Lisbon, and a very able man, would probably act as his substitute. The strongest man at the Vatican is the Pope himself, who regularly works from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and is wonderfully clear, decisive, and methodical.

— In last week's issue of the Monitor we published some very forcible facts concerning the immense influence of Protestantism in Europe, and we sought supplement it with the information that the stream of immigration to the Mormon settlement at Utah still continues, despite the efforts of the United States Executive. Over three hundred recruits for Salt Lake recently landed at New York, and amongst the party were quite a number of well-dressed, pretty and intelligent girls. As usual, the religious classification of the immigrants affording a striking illustration of the high moral tone of all Catholic countries. Not a single Catholic was found among those Mormon neophytes. There were Scandinavians, English, Scotch, Swiss, and Germans, but no Irish, French, Spanish or Italians. Thank God for the benign and purifying influences of Catholic faith!

— In advocating the change of Thanksgiving Day from black November to golden October, several of our Eastern secular contemporaries make an admission of Puritan bigotry that shows how intensely the Pilgrim Fathers ...ated Christianity. The sectarian organs admit that the last Thursday in November was chosen as "Thanksgiving Day" purposely, so that it might take the place of Christmas, which the Pilgrims looked upon as "a Popish festival" and, therefore, hateful to Puritans. Poor Goldfish fanatics! How amazed they would be were they in America to day and witnessed not only Catholics but also Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians celebrating the birth of our Blessed Redeemer regardless entirely of that blasphemous bigotry which tried to proscribe the birthday of Christ in the land discovered by the Catholic Columbus on October 11th, 1492. How unsagacious are the children of man when opposed to the will of God!

— An Encyclical Letter has been issued by Pope Leo XIII. establishing a Catholic Hierarchy in India, in which the Holy Father, after enumerating all the Dioceses and Apostolic Vicariates into which India and Ceylon have been hitherto divided—and from the provinces of the Convention with Portugal concerning the Archbishopric of Goa and its suffragan Sees of Cochin, Malacca, and Cinnamon—and constituting the Sees as Ecclesiastical provinces. His Holiness next erects all the Apostolic Vicariates of India and Ceylon into ordinary Episcopal Sees, and raises to the dignity of Archbishoprics the Sees of Agra, Bombay, Verapoly, Calcutta, Madras, Pondicherry, and Colombo, reserving the Suffragans of their provincial or suffragan Sees for his own further decision. The Archbishops of Goa and his suffragan Bishops are to refer the affairs of their churches to the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, and the other Archbishops and Bishops are to refer them to the Sacred Congregation of Propagande.

Parnell's Anti-Eviction Fund Appeal.

On the first page of this issue our readers will find an urgent appeal from President Fitzgerald of the Irish National League of America, calling upon the members of that League, and all other friends of Irish liberty, to commence at once the creation of a fund to be known as the "Anti-Eviction Fund, in order to assist such Irish tenant farmers as may have "sentences of death, in the shape of eviction proceedings, imposed upon them during the coercion case which the Irish government is about to inaugurate in Ireland.

From what we already know of the sympathetic generosity of the Irish race on this coast, we feel that it is only necessary for the Monitor to call attention to President Fitzgerald's letter and its accompanying document from Mr. Parnell, in order to arouse among the friends of Ireland that enthusiasm for Ireland's cause which the exigencies of the crisis calls for.

We hope, therefore, that a generous and ready response will be given to President Fitzgerald's appeal, so as to show the enemies of Ireland that America is still prepared to stand by the Land Leaguers of the Irish Parliamentary Party in every measure which it may undertake for the amelioration of any portion of that oppressed people, or for the freedom of Ireland from English misrule.

The President has set a noble example by opening the subscription list with his own personal donation of three thousand dollars. Such generosity as this should stimulate other Irish Irishmen to vigorous and prompt action in the land will be glad to have that the Ordinaries.

Oh! Those Jesuits!

Jesuits are the big Bugaboos of all sectarian bigots who never tire of fitting truth into falsehood in order to blacken the character of those of Christ and his apostles of Christianity the world has ever furnished. But oh! those Jesuits! they have a way of "getting even" on their enemies which is the roughly identical in its origin and operation.

When the Jesuits of the Church are lying as bees in summer time slumbering the church of God, and trying to persecute people that the Church is opposed to science, of gets a couple of Jesuits on a scientific mission at the request of some Protestant government and make men disbelieve in astronomy, chemistry or some thing. And then those Jesuits keep multiplying the once men which scientifics set up as the impossibilities of Protestant gospels as compared with "effete Rome."

It used to be a favorite saying of fidelity-ridiculous that the Catholic church kept the sacred Scriptures as sealed book from the overmastering eyes of the laity. In fact there was a few old-fashioned priests who still stuck to this state-ridiculed with the fidelity of that prophetic which is one of the legacies left them by their bigoted predecessors who made the Blue Laws. Ah! those Jesuits! How they have given work to Poets and actually upset the old fogies who had kept the Church back from the ruin of the State of California, the Mormon women to multiply the virtuous anti-Catholic influence—which, truly and sorely, in this section, has not that weight of flavor rather may be a change, of odors, and then remove the helpless blind-ridiculed Protestant children from the contagion of such such diseases which openly and openly, in reality and ridiculously, publicly and flagrantly state at work, in season and out of season, in order to prevent Catholic children from Protestantism.

What do the Protestant bigots and superstition Catholic bigots think of that trick of the ever-astute Jesuit—instruction which the Catholic fidelitoids are engaged in the minds of Catholic children by means of anti-Catholic prejudices, publicly and flagrantly state at work, in season and out of season, in order to prevent Catholic children from Protestantism.

What do the Protestant bigots and superstition Catholic bigots think of that trick of the ever-astute Jesuit—instruction which the Catholic fidelitoids are engaged in the minds of Catholic children by means of anti-Catholic prejudices. Some idea, therefore, may be formed of the false statements in a poor, helpless Catholic child who falls into the hands of such veritable robbers that in the non-sectarian forty of the State.

We further charge that in this Legislative Bill Factory instituted any Catholic child that clings even faith has to encounter the frowns, the sneers and the cruelty of the different clergy, as well as to forfeit any and all chances of securing scholarships.

Gentlemen, in order to show that we have not exaggerated the situation, and that to undermine the faith of Catholic in nation, we cite the fact that portions of the Protestant fables are read to the children every morning, and a photo of the Pope and from a Protestant standpoint.

Again, as claim the Pope and a thing during a Sunday School at which the children are in attendance and then exposed Catholic children by using the in the Pope's position for presenting purposes.

Still further, we charge that Catholic pupils are given Catholic children were to break down their Catholic faith and make them fall into the sectarian net which the Jesuits manufacture.

Those charges are all incapable of proof if we be needed to show the prosecuting purposes of a public institution which such a villainous fact as that which we just was circulated among its Catholic pupils. It was leaked. What are the Board of Directors doing to guard such a system of proselytism? Well, with our notable non-Catholic exception, the Board of Directors seem to be content to be the tugsty cattail on the institution, judging from the report of a meeting of the Board published in the Daily Pacific of the 10th inst. Mr. Wedeen is the only member of the Board who manifests a conscience or conscientiousness. He is the only Catholic in the Board, and he is the only one who has the courage to do his duty as a Catholic

Farm and Home.

What the Farmers Must Lose by Clinging to Wheat.

The low price of wheat, taken with the poor crop this year, ought to awaken the attention of land owners to the fact that an immediate change is necessary in the plan of farming.

The days of high prices for grain have gone by and farmers must be willing to grow wheat at a cent a pound or change to other crops. What these crops shall be we are not prepared to say, nor do we believe they can be told by any one without a series of experiments.

A small piece of land ought to be set aside by farmers and experiments made with a variety of crops. We can do better than grow wheat at a cent a pound, but what crops shall take the place of wheat remains to be proved by trial.

We believe a variety of crops must be grown, for no one plant is equally adapted to the heavy black adobe lands, the rich loamy river bottoms and the red gravelly soil of the foothills.

Our advice is to plant and experiment. Try flax, hemp, castor beans, corn, alfalfa, rye, as well as others. Keep a careful record of the cross sown, the cost of tillage and the return from the crops.

Study the question carefully and thoroughly. Don't give up the land and say you can't make it pay, but search diligently for such a crop as your particular piece of land will produce best and give you the largest returns. Wheat growing to export should cease, and the sooner the better for every farmer in the State, as long as that cereal remains at its present price.

Wheat at one cent a pound means the old house, tumble-down fences, poor clothes and mufflin duds. It means a lower value on land, hard work, no vacation and a mortgage on the farm at 10 per cent. interest.

Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and wheat at a cent a pound is as bad as an incurable cancer or a bad case of consumption.

Don't wait a single week, but subscribe for a good agricultural paper and see what has been done elsewhere and then make some trials of your own. Try something, try anything, try everything, but don't continue to grow poorer and poorer by growing wheat at a cent a pound.—*Oroville Register.*

Valuable Interest Rules.

1 Rule, Commercial year of 360 days, or 30 days per month.)

4 per cent.—Multiply the principal by the required number of days, divide by 9 and point off.

5 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 72.

6 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 6, and point off three figures from the right.

8 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 45.

9 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 4, and point off three figures from the right.

10 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 36.

12 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 3, and point off three figures from the right.

15 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 24.

16 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 2, and point off three figures from the right.

20 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 18.

The interest in each case will be in dollars and cents.

A Remedy Worth Knowing.

A number of persons engaged in fruit-drying and raisin-making complain bitterly of destruction and damage wrought by the insects. Thousands of these little birds seem to congregate about some orchards and vineyards and prove quite a nuisance. Some parties find it necessary to stand guard over the trays of grapes drying in the sun, in order to keep the insects away. While speaking on this subject to day, a well-known fruit grower suggested a remedy—one that he had tried successfully. He takes a watermelon, of which birds are very fond, eats it into halves, with smooth surfaces, and then sprinkle strychnine over the surfaces. It is a good plan to rub the two surfaces together, in order to distribute the poison. There is no danger from this remedy providing the dead birds are gathered and burned. Our informant killed eighty in less time an hour by this method. The same remedy is suggested in the case of robbins and other small pests that annoy the vineyardists.

Read What You Sign.

The newest swindle on farmers is operated by a man who travels the country claiming to represent a large publishing house in one of the leading cities, and to be desirous of learning from farmers their opinion of the news. The sharper produces a note book, questions the agricultural already and carefully takes down his answers. The examination completed the inquirer induces the farmer to sign his name to the report to give it due weight and appearance of accuracy. In a few *farmer turns up in the back country* the purchaser, and he finds himself sorely *not having heeded the hundreds of warnings* he has received to be careful where he puts his signature.

Late Hours.

There is nothing more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who spend most of the day in fancy work, at the piano or elsewhere, have always a pale, faded complexion, and dark rimmed, watered eyes. Too much sleep is almost as baneful as too little, and is sure to blunt the person with a pallid and unwholesome fat. A prompt and excessive indulgence in eating and drinking is fatal to the fresh charms. The appetite should never be assuaged during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionery, or any other trifler of the appetite which gratifies the taste but does not support the system. Exercise is, of course, essential to female beauty.

Successful Farming in Napa Valley.

Thomas Walsh, who lives a short distance from Calistoga, has 175 acres of land, 45 acres of which are used for pasture. Of the 130 acres under cultivation 30 compose a young vineyard well cared for. He is assisted by his two sons—young men who are workers—and they does his own farm labor with little if any outside assistance. This year he sells 170 tons of grapes at $26 per ton, or $2,600; 120 tons of hay for $10 per ton, amounting to $1,200; and the value of other products and cattle will increase the amount of his income the present year to nearly or fully $4,000. This is accomplished by thinking very rapidly these days on a 175-acre farm, and should be very satisfactory to Mr. Walsh.—*Calistogian.*

— Pala fruit is not without its alleviations. It may be rather costly and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long enjoyed, and its pauses and intermissions become more positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which few rapidly these days on a

Family Fun.

"By Gum and Tim."

The City of Vineland was just casting off from the pier when a man in citizens clothes who appeared to be greatly excited rushed up the gang plank, and shouted to the captain to wait. Three or four minutes later it was understood that a desperate robbery was on foot, and that this excited man was his victim. None of us remembered observing "a ragged, desperate-looking chap" come on board, but the man was sure of it, and we began to search. Nobody visited a rubber and desperado aboard, and the search went on with a will. After about ten minutes the man who had rushed aboard uttered shouts of exultation. He had discovered the arch villain hidden under some furniture on the lower deck, and the man produced a revolver, and ordered the fellow to come out or take the consequences.

"He prepared—back out from him," continued the excited individual, and three or four more pistols came into view, and others secured bolts and bars.

The desperado came forth. He was a boy of fifteen, ragged, dirty and frightened. He had something wrapped up in a newspaper, but he had no weapons.

"Is dat the one who robbed me—there's his pistols?" shouted the victim, and three or four man closed on the lad.

The package was taken from him and opened.

We expected to see bonds or money or jewelry, but instead it was that our eyes rested on a half-eaten loaf of bread.

"I hadn't anything to eat for two days!" said the boy as he looked from face to face, and his big blue eyes filled with tears and his chin quivered.

"What a cross, reader, and I'll send him to the State prison!" exclaimed the man, as he seized the boy by the collar.

"By gum!" growled a voice from the gang way, and a fat-red faced man, who had armed himself with a heavy stick, threw it down with a crash and pushed into the crowd and asked—

"Hey, who are you?"

"Tim Williams."

"Where's you home?"

"Nowhere."

"Did you rob this man of that loaf of bread?"

"Yes, sir, but I was starving."

"Yes, you young villain, I'll stop your thieving and robbing," shouted the loser of the bread. "Stone one help me to get him ashore!"

"By gum!" said the fat man, as he felt in his pockets.

He fished up a nickel, handed it to the baker, and continued—

"By gum! I guess not! There's your money, and I stand by the boy. Yes, sir—by gum, sir!

"He's a thief!"

"Can't help that, sir! He's a boy, and he was hungry and had no other means to get bread. I'm his friend, sir—the boy's friend! Anybody who lays a hand on that boy has got to climb over me, by gum!

Fifteen men cheered the fat man and groaned the baker, and the latter gripped his nickel and walked ashore.

"Captain," said the fat man, "give this boy a chance to wash up, and I'll look him up some clothes. I'm going to give him a show, sir—by gum, sir! I was kicked and cuffed and stepped on myself when I was a boy, and I can feel for this chap, sir—by gum, sir, yes, sir, and I'll probably take him with me. Come, Tim, by gum—but there's nothing desperate about you, and we'll have a talk and see how we can better your fortunes. Yes, sir—by gum, sir!

And as the boat moved away everybody gave three cheers for "By Gum!" and Tim.

Why the Dog Failed.

"Pain, what made you unlie the dog last night?" asked a fellow-lodger at one breakfast table.

"To protect the gate," replied the old gentleman sternly.

"I—I don't believe he succeeded in doing it, she returned.

"Hey?" what do you mean?" and a savage glare dared over the coffee pot.

"Why, the act time I saw Harry he was taking a tremendous get up the wall, and I thought perhaps—" The old man's groan was so deep that she desisted.

He Practiced.

Mrs. Finlatep had been making an earnest effort to have her son Johnny taught to play on the piano. A few days ago Mrs. Finlatep called up stairs.

"Why aren't you practicing your piece, Johnny?"

"I am."

"You are not. "You haven't touched the cover to the last half hour."

"I've been practicing all the same. There are pieces in the match and I am practicing them over and over until I know them perfectly.

They Can Do It.

The girls in some parts of Africa have to wear a foot high hat before they are sorry. The Africans probably think that a small woman cannot manage a husband. A hint recently from the Dark Continent would soon teach them better.

A Countryman's Explanation.

Country yokel to his son at a concert during the performance of a duet "Hye see, Tom, now it's getting late, they're singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."

How He was Bought.

"Say, pape, quered a little boy, "I thought you told me they couldn't buy people in auctions?"

"They can't my child," replied the father. "The late Civil War settled that forever. Before, the people of the South owned slaves, but the war liberated them and an amendment to the Constitution made it impossible to hold the colored people as slaves in the United States.

"I don't mean colored people, continued the boy. "I mean white gentlemen like you. Was you ever bought or sold?"

"What a question! What put that idea into your head?"

"I heard Mrs. Gossip talking to a caller when she didn't think I was around. They got to talking about you and mamma. Mrs. said mamma was as homely she would stop a clock, and that her money bought you, body and soul.

She was Fly.

"Dearest, I love you. Fly with me," said a base ball player to his best girl.

"I would, said the fair one, "only it would never be a success

"Why not?

"Why you know I'm are always caught on the fly, and—

But he rang his gong, and fled.

How Some Married Women Go to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds entitled "How the Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they do so is very interesting to the article, can't hold a candle to the way married women go to sleep.

Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while musingly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his head in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims.

"James, did you lock the door?"

"What door?" says James.

"The outer door," says she

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and lock it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night.

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James reaches his bed, she has thought of another.

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, impatiently.

"My goodness, no" returns his wife, "she'd suck the baby's breath.

Then James paddles down stairs again and stops on a tack, and closes the stair door, and comes the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes—

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin.

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair and rips all the trousers of the wall in search of the "tin," and then jerks the stair door open and howls "Where are the dance are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it; after which James finds the matches, procures the water, and comes up stairs and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says "James, let a have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay——

"I don't know what you'll have to pay and don't care," shouts James as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall, "all I want is sleep.

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers violently, "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Avoginia, who I believe is taking the measles"

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but the time James is falling into a gentle sleep she pinches him in the ribs with her elbows and says

"Did you hear the scandal about Mrs. Jones?

"Where?" says James sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones.

"Where?" inquires James

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at 211. Well, day before yesterday Tissie Smith and Mrs. Jones Thompson that Sam Harker had said that Mrs. Jones had——

Here she paused and listened. James is snoring in profound content. With a sweet of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps up in them, and lies down on the edge of the bed, thinking how badly used she is.

And this is the way some married women go to sleep.

"Boul as He Spected."

An old colored man of Wingo, Ky., had procured some one to write a letter for him to one of his friends in Tennessee. In due course of time he expected an answer to his letter and made frequent inquiries of the Postmaster. One day Uncle Jones looked in as usual, and was told by the Postmaster that a letter had come for him, but it was a dead letter. The old darky's face changed to a sad expression as she skipped his hands on his knees and said, "Jus' boul as I spected. some of them would be dead when I heard from them."

The Pet Failed.

"Pain, what made you unlie the dog last night" asked a fellow-lodger at one breakfast table.

"To protect the gate," replied the old gentleman sternly.

"I—I don't believe he succeeded in doing it, she returned.

"Hey?" what do you mean?" and a savage glare dared over the coffee pot.

"Why, the act time I saw Harry he was taking a tremendous get up the wall, and I thought perhaps—" The old man's groan was so deep that she desisted.

He Practiced.

Mrs. Finlatep had been making an earnest effort to have her son Johnny taught to play on the piano. A few days ago Mrs. Finlatep called up stairs.

"Why aren't you practicing your piece, Johnny?"

"I am."

"You are not. "You haven't touched the cover to the last half hour."

"I've been practicing all the same. There are pieces in the match and I am practicing them over and over until I know them perfectly.

They Can Do It.

The girls in some parts of Africa have to wear a foot high hat before they are sorry. The Africans probably think that a small woman cannot manage a husband. A hint recently from the Dark Continent would soon teach them better.

A Countryman's Explanation.

Country yokel to his son at a concert during the performance of a duet "Hye see, Tom, now it's getting late, they're singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."

How He was Bought.

"Say, pape, quered a little boy, "I thought you told me they couldn't buy people in auctions?"

"They can't my child," replied the father. "The late Civil War settled that forever. Before, the people of the South owned slaves, but the war liberated them and an amendment to the Constitution made it impossible to hold the colored people as slaves in the United States.

"I don't mean colored people, continued the boy. "I mean white gentlemen like you. Was you ever bought or sold?"

"What a question! What put that idea into your head?"

"I heard Mrs. Gossip talking to a caller when she didn't think I was around. They got to talking about you and mamma. Mrs. said mamma was as homely she would stop a clock, and that her money bought you, body and soul.

She was Fly.

"Dearest, I love you. Fly with me," said a base ball player to his best girl.

"I would, said the fair one, "only it would never be a success

"Why not?

"Why you know I'm are always caught on the fly, and—

But he rang his gong, and fled.

How Some Married Women Go to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds entitled "How the Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they do so is very interesting to the article, can't hold a candle to the way married women go to sleep.

Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while musingly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his head in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims.

"James, did you lock the door?"

"What door?" says James.

"The outer door," says she

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and lock it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night.

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James reaches his bed, she has thought of another.

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, impatiently.

"My goodness, no" returns his wife, "she'd suck the baby's breath.

Then James paddles down stairs again and stops on a tack, and closes the stair door, and comes the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes—

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin.

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair and rips all the trousers of the wall in search of the "tin," and then jerks the stair door open and howls "Where are the dance are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it; after which James finds the matches, procures the water, and comes up stairs and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says "James, let a have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay——

"I don't know what you'll have to pay and don't care," shouts James as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall, "all I want is sleep.

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers violently, "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Avoginia, who I believe is taking the measles"

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but the time James is falling into a gentle sleep she pinches him in the ribs with her elbows and says

"Did you hear the scandal about Mrs. Jones?

"Where?" says James sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones.

"Where?" inquires James

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at 211. Well, day before yesterday Tissie Smith and Mrs. Jones Thompson that Sam Harker had said that Mrs. Jones had——

Here she paused and listened. James is snoring in profound content. With a sweet of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps up in them, and lies down on the edge of the bed, thinking how badly used she is.

And this is the way some married women go to sleep.

"Boul as He Spected."

An old colored man of Wingo, Ky., had procured some one to write a letter for him to one of his friends in Tennessee. In due course of time he expected an answer to his letter and made frequent inquiries of the

They Let Him Skirmish.

The striking mania reached a colored preacher in a town in Mississippi the other day, and the action taken by his congregation and said "Clarion, I've been trying hard to preach the Gospel 20 a week, an I do get discouraged. You has asker get to raise dis salary—$2 or I'se gwine to get out and skirmish for hogs an' chickens long wid de rest oh you, an' take my chances oh gwine to Heaven." By a unanimous vote of the congregation it was decided to increase the salary at $2 and let him skirmish.

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Metal Tinctured Port, Sherry, etc., $1.50 a $2.

Old Port or Sherry, $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.

Kentucky Whiskies . . . $0.50, $0.75 and $1.

Bourbon Whiskey . . . $1.00, $1.75 and $2.

Rum, Brandy, Gin, etc., $0 per gallon upwards

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Dancing Piece, with Cornet Solo, 15c.

Dancing Piece, with Cornet Solo, and Cornet Accompaniment, 20c.

Dancing Piece, with Cornet Solo, Cornet Accompaniment, and Full Orchestra, 25c.

Dance Music, Complete, for Full Orchestra, $1.50.

Dance Music, Complete, for Full Orchestra, and Cornet Solo, $2.

Dance Music, Complete, for Full Orchestra, and Cornet Solo, and Cornet Accompaniment, $2.50.

Dance Music, Complete, for Full Orchestra, and Cornet Solo, and Cornet Accompaniment, and Full Orchestra, $3.

Music, Complete, for Full Orchestra, and Cornet Solo, and Cornet Accompaniment, and Full Orchestra, and Full Chorus, $4.

Music, Complete, for Full Orchestra, and Cornet Solo, and Cornet Accompaniment, and Full Orchestra, and Full Chorus, and Full Orchestra, $5.

Music, Complete, for Full Orchestra, and Cornet Solo, and Cornet Accompaniment, and Full Orchestra, and Full Chorus, and Full Orchestra, and Full Chorus, $6.

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OUR BOOK TABLE.

VOIDERTS ANCIENT HISTORY.

Lehrbuch der Alten Geschichte von Dr. Adolf Voidert, Professor am Friedrich-Wilhelms-Gymnasium zu Berlin. Autorisirte Uebersetzung nach der 12 Auflage des Original-Werkes. Erster Theil. Geschichte des Orientalischen Altertums. Mit 1 Kartenskizze und 3 Plänen. Paderborn: Druck und Verlag von Ferdinand Schöningh. 1886.

The activity of the present century not only in the field of science, but in almost every branch of study in which research and observation play a part, has made it necessary for literary three studies, if that is true of history itself.

This is beautifully and tersely expressed by the learned author in his preface to the present work for us: "The deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphics; the discovery of the Babylonian pronunciation of the cuneiform [illegible] of Assyria; the excavations made in Troas, Greece and elsewhere; finally a more critical study of Greek and Latin authors, have thrown on many points of ancient history—both sacred and profane—an entirely new light." And the aggregate of knowledge increased with the increase of age, though pursued in books and stored away in libraries, is daily growing to such proportions that, from their necessity, the mass of the learned themselves are becoming more apologetic. Life is too short to master perfectly, and the mind is becoming too practical to master, but imperfectly, the many branches of human knowledge. He who, therefore, in the shortest space and yet with the most judicious selection, puts the greatest amount of knowledge within reach of the student, is the man to do a service to the student himself and the age he lives in, even a debt of gratitude may be owed him. While this is true of every study it is doubly true in the great world of history, and not less so in science than in modern history.

But, as every student of history knows, the mere number of facts and a just selection thereof are not all that he seeks. The manner and form of narrating and of grouping these facts, not merely appealing to the intellect, but making the text a part of map by which to arrest the sight, and add the memory, impact to the study of history one of the greatest charms, which evidently rendering it easier and more profitable. We believe that Father Voidert in the work in question, has combined all these to a degree not yet reached by any other that we have read. And we are of opinion that it is not too much to say that in this age of steam and electricity, when there is a sort of hotel of speed in nearly every thing, even school books are too frequently ordered off for the market to make a premature exit—and by those who have had no experience in the high vocation of teachers.

Father Voidert is not only a pipe scholar, but what many pipe scholars are not—one of the best educators in the land. A member of the same religious body than gave us Father Probst, Father Valbert, a worthy son of the saintly order, using where he could the work of his predecessor and others, without following so closely the form of any, has stamped upon his history the experience of nearly twenty years spent in the professorial Chair at St. Charles' College, near Baltimore, Md. He has seen and felt the want of the students in his serious labors, and entering into them supplied them; and so perfectly has he put his conception into his book that without reading it one feels that he is sitting at the feet of the Professor still.

We feel that we are doing a service not only to students and teachers in our schools and colleges, but to the more social, in inflicting attention to a work of the most permanent character of the book that appears on comparing its contents with those of other works of the kind, the history of inestimable value to that class which contents to a man in itself, pointing out at a glance the general arrangement, and the notes as regards the various nations of antiquity and the general history of each—together with the chronologic and subdivisions of subjects clearly expressed. In the chapter of Egypt and Assyria, the student has before him in a brief compass the most interesting details extracted from the hieroglyphic inscriptions and the cuneiform documents. Helps to the student. This part of the history will be found to be something absolutely new and fascinating. It is the work of a life-time, and the result of a life-time.

Of the Jewish history, the Mosaic and Prophetic periods have been faithfully laid in Greek and Roman history, we find a fusion not so much of the mere student and teacher—the by-no-means brief chapter on Rome, and the historical is clearly drawn—a feature, the want of which in the ancient Greek and in the work of the "full-supply of kit-cy," is sometimes bewildering. Then follow the conflicts between class and class, resembling curiously enough those of the present. Dr. Mitt P. Freed in gradual development of popular government. In the case of Rome we see how it had to do with a master's hand, her strong military organization, strength, and yet, in spite of a spacious hand, the seeds in the Roll, then the gradual expansion of the Roman Empire, and the rise of Christianity. The Jews, will we see family brought to the Christian Era, whereto during the first centuries we trace the progress of the Gospel, where influence is felt first in private, next in society, and finally in public life.

The last chapter of the work sums up and completes the details concerning Christianity for the first five centuries in a sort of general tableau which will be peculiarly interesting to those who have had occasion to read Church history. Throughout the work, besides the gradual development of the arts, printing, sculpture, architecture, and of the literature of the ancient nations, we find a pleasantness, a pleasantness, a pleasantness, or rather, we find a pleasantness, or rather, we find a pleasantness, or rather, we find

Poetry.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.)

EVOLUTION OF LIFE.

There are four ropes in the life of man
That mark his fashionable plan.
The first is powerful Hide-bound that bears
With all most liberal and pure.
The second, Bigbud—Hide-bound is the when Fate
First sows the seeds whose harvest shall problem
The value and the greatness of man.
Bigbud stays with the lad—Hide-bound
Is left behind—Bigbud is left
For childhood is the fresh fold overshaped.
And manhood is the finished structure of
Our vision and sublime proportions
The last, old age—that venerable link
Connecting man with an unseen world
Then Death comes on, and on his massive forge
He welds that link, and makes out from man
Angels.
And like awakening from a troubled dream,
So we awake and great Eternity!

Oh! let us seek our lives a stronger set chain,
Linking together Virtue, Love, and Truth;
So when the awful summons comes we shall
We answer it with confidence and ease
Born of a well-spent and a perfect life!

We need not guard our Manhood—for God
Still incarnates us at that time
And stands a good Nature, or from all ill!
With Bigbud, Free will the upon for throne
And wields her sceptre over our destiny
But Reason balances that sovereign sway
And forms a justful equipoise.

In Bigbud we shield are those fruitful seeds
Which in good time shall bear a fruit on Manhood.
And cast from out the garden of our souls
All poisonous weeds by fruitful passions sown.

With Manhood, we should strengthen every part
Of our great structure lest it sink decay
And leave the ruin to the Ages.

When Old Age comes, our work is nearly done;
For come age gray and venerable
And guides us with unerring certainty
To that great goal of all humanity
Be steadfast to the coming, but as blessed
To those who walk the narrow path of Truth—
Eternity!

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

TO MICHAEL DAVITT.

(The following lines appeared in Mr. P. M. Ring's Irish Republican paper of March 1st, 1882, and are now published in the MONITOR in response to a request from a prominent present have expressed in publication.)

Hence ones drink the health of Moore,
In water, like a Turk,
A draught most fit for Friendship, sure,
When coming heiress now out.

Well, I wish am no poet, nor
Aught but a simple noddy,
Well produce the cause we're met here for,
In Irish whisky toddy.

But stop, stop, the toast, "drink divine,"
In solitude can't shed a tear on,
I'll give it by the sparkling wine
That soft is placed before us.

Here is this room, so snug and trim,
Midst friends who love and will
Fill, sirs, your glasses to the brim—
I give you "Chas. Na Gael!"

And with that toast I'll give the "Clan"
A name—I'm sure they'll have it—
I give their first and foremost man—
Dood honest Michael Davitt!

THE MANDALAN.

Only a Magdalen found in the river,
Nobody's sister, nobody's child,
Nobody's heart to throb and quiver,
Nobody's lips to pale and chiver,
Only a Magdalen found in the river,
Tossed on the drift of the incoming tide.

Beautiful, stainless pride of humanity,
Was there no spot on the earth's broad breast,
No nook but the moss and drift of the river,
Out from the glow of the sun-lighted day,
Out from the glow of the sun-lighted city,
Out from the glow of the sun-lighted roar,
Only the voice of the river to sing a dirge,
Up from the gloom of the wave-beaten shore.

Stains of waile made drift over the water,
Stains of leaden and sodden shame,
Because, like shadows, rock by on the river
Come from the darkness the harbor lights gleam.

A shivering piece of humanity crouching,
Hurried from sight into the cold unfeeling bosom,
Dumb with the woe of life's cruel mystery,
The force, bitter sobbing and tortured moan.

Moaning, demaning, her was lips a quiver,
Life's ecstasy is fought; her room has been rent;
She's a Magdalen found in the river of dying,
Her white face of sorrow outwound to the sun.

Literary Miscellany.

Ramon the Religious.

A Catholic Story Founded on Fact

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY A SANTA FE CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER VI.

HAPPINESS.

It was now the beginning of October. The Navajoes, dissatisfied with the result of their last war with Mexico, were anxious for another war through the winter months. The thing was discussed around the great council fire. The chiefs, however, were against the undertaking in winter, for they would have to suffer more from the inclemency of the season than the Mexican people, they would be far away from their homes, and should snow fall in abundance, and windy and stormy weather set in, they might be hindered in their return, butchered by the enemy, or die of want. The great chief was strongly in favor of waiting till next spring; and his advice prevailed, the war was postponed.

Before the close of the council, the old sachem arose, and motioning silence with a wave of his hand, he said:

"Brave Navajoes! my nation; scarcely snows have passed over my head; the roses have bloomed fifty times since I am at the head of the warriors. As you know, the Great Spirit had given me a son, brave among the braves, although only recently initiated to the mystery of the manitou. He was and a coquette in the land of Mexico; my heart tells me he is not dead, but a fearsome above me day and night, and bleshes my locks; will they not raise his in their Christian ways? A thousand deaths rather than that disgrace!

"Now, brother warriors and braves of our nation, I have sent in search of the young man, as you all know—the messengers came back bringing nothing but despair to my heart; they had no tidings of him. Now, I can wait no longer. Wars at peace till the snows have passed away; I am determined to take one of my persons and go in search of my flesh. I thought of adopting another as my son, but alas! his heart is not with me, as he is dead, a fair enemy of our mention, you only suffer him on my account. Here me back my son and Hasson will be his slave, Ramon shall be a Navajoe."

The old man, full of emotion, sat down and signed his pipe.

Kinlichinim, one of the principal chiefs of the Navajoe nation, arose. He cast his eye as an eagle o'er the assembly, and then turned to the old sachem.

"Natachee, said he, "thou art the bravest of the braves." Thy counsels, for many moons, has uttered nothing but wisdom. But the head is frozen, and the winter flowers surround it. Thy limbs are getting weak and cold. Art thou not afraid to set out in winter? With thou not be buried in the snows? Will not the wild horse, wild tiger, wolf, bear, mountain lion, and the fierce Ute? Remember thy reputation, brave Natachee; as all love thee. I have said."

And Natachee arose, almost tottering, his face pale, his eyes full of tears

"Brave Kinoletashee, and you warriors, hearken to my words. I must find my son, and take a good Navajoe, or I will pierce his breast with a bullet. My hand is not unsteady, he will worship the manitou or die. Such are the words of Natachee."

He sat down, waiting the decision of the braves.

Nakubah, the young and corpulent warrior, son of Nakubah, the brother of Natachee, also had taken a prominent place among the chiefs; he was far from his heavy and undaunted courage, than he the protection of the old chief, arose amid the acclamations of all.

"Ut, brave Natachee!" said he, "thou art always brave, in the love of thy son and the respect of thy manitou, as in thy aces with the paroches of New Mexico. Go, may the Great Spirit lead thy steps, and bring back the young Nebamoch to the Navajoes. I have said."

And all the warriors, with one voice, expressed their desire to see the old sachem start before the cold winds of winter had set in.

Natachee arose a third time.

"My heart, brave warriors, is full, I go. When the moon shall rise, I shall be on my journey. Should I fall in the way, except my death, the manitous demand it. Whilst I am roaming far way, the brave Nakubah shall be the great chief, in the place of Natachee, during his pilgrimage in the land of the enemy. Farewell."

A murmur of approbation arose from some of the warriors who admired the brave young man and loved Natachee; others, who had hoped to be Natachee's lieutenant during his absence, expressed their anger by words and low murmurs. But the active and ambitious Nakubah hastened to rise.

"I think, thee, brave sachem, great chief of the Navajoe nation. Thy will is my will, and the will of all of us. Behold, Natachee, there is only one word of approbation through this venerable council."

And turning to the braves, he carried down his discourse by his withering looks, and all exclaimed:

"Nakubah shall be the sachem of the Navajoe nation."

Then they all shook hands with Natachee, and the chief retired amid the acclamations of the council, which was then dissolved. The old man retired to his hut, to make his preparations and all retired slowly, as they had come, and the whole village was soon plunged into deep silence, broken now and then by the barking of some solitary dog, and the howling of the coyotes in the distant forest.

At midnight, Natachee, embracing his wife and children, and shaking hands with Ramon and Camilo to whom he had told all, enjoining the strictest silence upon them, took his departure from the village with a solitary companion. Driving before them two well-laden horses. Looking up to the rising moon, they took that direction, and at the down of day were far away from the Navajoe villages. They traveled in silence. The heart of the old chief was too full for words and the attendant respected his silence. Not a word had passed between them up to the moment when the sun rose over the Sierras in the east.

But Seke-pate, the attendant, so called from his early hair, felt the pangs of hunger. Stop with his master's horses he had not eaten a morsel in the evening. He timidly raised his eyes to the sachem, and said:

"Brave Natachee; the horses need water. Just then approve of turning somewhat north, and stopping at the foot of the mountain?"

"Yes, my good Seke-pate, and thou must be hungry. Strive the way."

They soon reached a bubbling spring of icy water; drank and gave to their horses; then sitting down partook of a frugal repast, to which Seke-pate did honor, while the sachem hardly touched the food.

After an hour of rest, during which Natachee slept, as the attendant watched the horses, the word was given to start. Soon they went through narrow canons, with high cliffs on either side; reached the passage at the crest of the Sierras, and descended the eastern slope, going constantly, as Indians alone can do, in an eastern direction. They pressed on, and the night overtook them, as they entered the scattered village inhabited by Ramon's parents. They knew perfectly well the house, by the description given by Ramon, and without inquiring of any one they stopped at the gate.

Two young persons were at the door; they called upon their father, who had long ago cast off his crutches, but was yet weak and pale. The travelers had not come down from their horses, and were waiting at the gate. Ramon's father hastened to them, not without some apprehension.

"How," said the sachem.

"Amigos," said Ramon's father.

"They both leaped from their horses, and Natachee, searching into the depth of a pocket pressed on his heart, drew forth a letter. He handed it to the Mexican. Hurdly had he opened it, then he turned pale. His joy was too much for him. Seke-pate took hold of him. The sachem pressed his finger on his lips, and motioned him to enter the house. Hot his wife and daughters who, from the house had seen seen all that had passed, hastened to him, and all together entered the house, while Seke-pate was directed to bring the horses to the corral in the rear of the house, where he finds a good feed. Ramon's son was to help him to unload them.

As soon as they were in the house, the good father, who read the letter, said to his wife:

"Let the good Ramon and give thanks to God; our Ramon is alive and well."

And all kneeling down, raised their hands to heaven, while Natachee stood by the silent witness of a great happiness.

The letter written by Ramon contained the following:

"Dearest Father, Mother, and Sisters,

"The bearer is the brave Natachee, the great chief of the Navajoes, my adopted father. He will explain to you the object of his visit, and will tarry with us. I am well; I embrace you. Your loving son,

RAMON.

All sitting down, Natachee told them of Ramon's adoption and firmness in faith, of his refusal to be initiated to the mysteries of the manitou, of his great knowledge of the Great Spirit, and his unfailing custom of praying to Him, many times on the day. During his rental, abundant tears were shed by the audience. The poor mother frequently raised her hands to heaven, pronouncing at the same time, a order of thanks.

But Seke-pate and the boy were entered the house, to know where the prisoners should be placed. Natachee sent out with Hebron's father while the mother and sisters went to have said bread themselves to prepare an abundant repast for their welcome guests.

The money and precious objects were placed in Ramon's trunk which had been brought from Santa Fe, and the key was given to the great sachem.

When the parents of Ramon did not see their son at the appointed time, they had despatched a man to Santa Fe to inquire about him. When there, the man was astonished to learn that Ramon had left the very day after the closing exercises. He went to the old man where he had slept at San Juan. He had ferried him across the Rio Grande, that was all he knew, and he returned to his master with sad news.

Ramon's father was dying of the pain of his parents and sisters at such terrible news. His body had been searched for on every road and on the path from the river to their habitation. No one had seen the party of Natachee, during his pilgrimage in the land of the enemy. Farewell."

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CHAPTER VII

THE REUNION.

Early the next morning Natachee was on foot; the horses were made ready by Seke-pate and the young man. The good hostess and the sisters were hastened; a plentiful breakfast had been served, and almost at the break of day the travelers were on their journey to Conejos. On, on, they pressed forward, taking almost no rest; and early in the afternoon they reached the valley, which they had beheld from the summit of the Sierra as a green spot, a true Eden, through which flowed the sluggish Rio Grande.

The evening was beautiful, the sky was

THE FIRST NUN OF NEW ENGLAND.

Jean Allaire's Angel Daughter. A Charming Chapter in Colonial Life.

Henriette Blake have recently published a very entertaining work entitled "Catholic Memoirs," from which we cull the following instructive narrative of the first Nun of New England.

Fanny Allen was the daughter of the famous Ethan Allen, who, after the Revolutionary Colonial disasters, emigrated to the Green Mount Country, of Rutland, Vt., on the bank of the Winooski River. Having the profit of the village of that name. Ethan Allen, after whom the town of Ethan Allen, had entered at Westminster, Vt., a widow lady, Mrs. Buchanan, on February 16th, 1762. Fanny was born on the 6th of November of the same year. From a note to Ethan Allen's hand writing, quoted by J. Pierson, in Vermont Historical Gazette, p. 5, 5250. Ethan Allen caused to be baptized in the spring of the year 1763 and received into the farm known since as the Van Ness, and now as the Brockaters. He had there in a fit of apoplexy on February 12th, 1783. It is thus that Fanny Allen must have lived in Burlington, Vt., and that she was for years old when she left it with her mother to return to Westmount, after Ethan had left her father. In October, 1781 her mother was married to Jean Allaire, a French Penitentiary, and she continued to live with them round the old brewery, Jean having been appointed collector of customs in Swanton. He had made the family to the Canadian Frontier, in the year 1784. When his term of office was over, he bought the Pontiac farm in Colchester, near the high bridge across the Winooski River. Mr. Jean Allaire, Senior, died in 1788, practicing the rich treasure committed to his care to the parish of Longueil, Lower Canada. Fanny was left in the country afforded was secured to devote a portion of the gold which he was inexpensively. Fanny's Angel Every advantage

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Monitor has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Christian people, let us lay your shoulders to some of this important work that upon you, single and individually, is set particularly before you. Let us, as a Catholic people, show that we can accomplish the good work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time. Be frequently and fervently has the pious doxology of the priest been uttered, "Let us go to the altar of God, to God who gladdens our youth." Let us continually ask that doctrine be certainly stamped in now of sufficiently to be remembered by this church. But all this will be only again in the Catholic Press, and the Catholic Press will be the main purchaser in such behalf. If the body of each Catholic family will recognize as its responsibility and its duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and recommending the Catholic Press to every acquaintance that inquiry, then the Catholic press will be enabled to do its rightful development and be accomplish its destined mission. But, unless a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying, is placed in every family, the Catholic press will be, as it is now and ever, disreputable to exercise an authority, or bring and maintain in Catholic families.—Pastoral Letter of the New York Provincial Council.

Editorial Notes.

—The Most Rev. Procurator General of the Dominican Order has forwarded to all the Very Rev. Provincials copies of a Rescript granting for the diocesan of All Saints days in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas the same indulgences as those attached to the Six Sundays in honor of St Alopsius

—The consecration of the Father Burke Memorial Church at Tullaghy, Ireland, took place on Sunday, the 10th inst. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, officiated at the sacred rites, and a sermon was preached at the twelve o'clock Mass by the Very Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S. J.

—The Holy Father is actively engaged in the realization of his project of founding a great University in the Apostolic Palace of the Lateran for the higher scientific and literary studies of the clergy. The superior direction of this institution, which will be called the Leonine University, will be entrusted to Cardinal Mazzella, S. J.

—His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, the Right Rev. Dr. Lanigan, Bishop of Goulbourn; the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland; the Right Rev. Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Brisbane; the Right Rev. Dr. Byrne, Bishop of Bathurst, and the Right Rev. Dr. Breville, Coadjutor Bishop of Sandhurst, have publicly given their support to the Home Rule movement.

—Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, declares that the statement that the Pope disapproves of the attitude of the Irish clergy towards the Nationalists is founded upon malice. "It only necessary," he says, "to read the *Moniteur de Rome* and the *Osservatore Romano* to see that the Irish cause is safe with the Pope." Thank God! The day has gone by when British influence could exercise a potent influence at the Vatican.

—The Polish journalists announce the formation of a banking concern whose aim will be to prevent a division of the great estates of the Dudsy of Posen, and thus counteract Bismarck's Germanizing policy. The bank will advance loans to embarrassed land-owners, and buy the lands as against German purchasers. The chief subscribers are members of the Polish nobility of Austrian Galicia.

—The National Monuments Committee of the Young Ireland Society have retained a very beautiful design for their contemplated monument over the grave of O'Mahony and his comrades in Glasnevin. It will be chaste, stately, and most gracefully emblematic, and will form one of the most striking ornaments of the cemetery, as well as a fitting memorial of the resting place of four brave soldiers of Irish liberty.

—The French press has perceptibly increased in its hostility towards England. The papers are daily filled with articles boasting of the immense strength of the French army and navy, and declaring that France is in readiness for offensive or defensive war. These attacks are also, in many instances, pointed at Germany. Since the success of last autumn's manœuvre the French mind has become possessed of the belief that the army of France is a match for that of Germany

—The action of a fashionable Episcopalian church in Ottawa, Canada, has been detected in the act of robbing the poor box in the church. He had been twenty years in office, and might have gone on for twenty more without suspicion; but he built a fine house lately, and the neighbors of the person could not see how he did it on a small salary. So they put a detective to watch him, and he was taken in the act and admitted his guilt. This is about the moanest instance of human depravity we have ever read of.

—Thirteen Popes, like Pius IX., have lived to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their first Mass. They were Gregory XII., who died in 1409, aged 92 years; John XXII., who died in 1415, aged 81; Paul III., who died in 1549, aged 82; Paul IV., 1555, aged 79; Innocent X. 1655, aged 82; Clement X., 1676, aged 86; Innocent XII. 1700, aged 86; Benedict XIII., 1730, aged 86; Clement XII., 1740, aged 78; Pius VI., Pius VII., and Benedict XIV., 1758, aged 83; Gregory XVI

—The Prussian Government anticipates the establishment of complete cordial relations with the Vatican before the opening of the Reichstag. They meet tactics of the Right with the statement that negotiations between the Pope and the Baron von Schlozer, the Prussian representative at the Vatican, looking to an agreement, are proceeding with alacrity, and have reached the stage of an exchange of protocols. Upon the conclusion of the treaty Baron von Schlozer will become the fully accredited Ambassador of the German Empire.

Hospers—Worthy, which, however, modified at Ireland and the Irish, is now a strong advocate of Home Rule. In a recent article on the Chicago Convention it says: "Mr. Matthew Arnold is undoubtedly mistaken in saying that the weight of opinion in this country is opposed to Mr. Gladstone. Without approving of and knowing all the details of his scheme, the most intelligent American opinion unquestionably favors a policy of Home Rule for Ireland under the auspices, which is Mr. Gladstone's, of constitutional development."

The Council of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has issued its report for the year 1886. It is pleasing to find that, on previous occasions, the Council are able to state that the efforts taken in the British Empire are increasing, and that they are able to speak with satisfaction of the alliance of the sexes as well as of the progress of the movement which it is endeavoring to promote. During the year 161 pupils passed the National Board examination in Irish, as compared with 93 the year before in 1884 since 1881 there has been an enormous multiplication of the number of successful pupils, as evidenced by the fact that in that year 1612 pupils passed the examination.

As Englishmen may say, one Cardinal Newman gently slumbered his fellow Oratorian of Birmingham, and was followed by a sudden attack of illness, which nearly left him in an extreme state of prostration. Happily his Eminence rallied, and though still weak and bending beneath the burden of eighty-five years, he sustains his daily routine of life, which includes rising every morning at half past four and making his own bed, in accordance with the common rule of the community. It is generally said that his Eminence entertains no fear of premature, and his medical advisers now think that his mental health has been restored, and that he is stronger than he was three years ago.

—Mr. Charles L. Webster, of New York, has just returned from a visit to the Pope, with whom he has completed an arrangement for the publication of a life of his Holiness which is now being written by Bernard O'Reilly, based on an authentic manner furnished by the Pope himself. The work will be published simultaneously in London by Messrs Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., and in New York by Messrs C. L. Webster & Co. Translations will be issued by the houses of Firmin Didot & Co., Paris; J. F. Bachem, Cologne; Espasa & Co., Barcelona; *L'Union Typografic Editrice*, Turin; and *Le Maniebhoppe de Katholsk Illustratie*, Holland. All contitimental arrangements pass through the hands of Messrs Sampson, Low & Co. the American Catholic publishers seem to have "got left" in this enterprise.

—It was a matter of boasting for some weeks that M. de Freycinet, the French Premier, was a significant diplomatic victory over the Pope in the Chinese question. It was the determination of the Pope to spare the French protectorate, and to deal directly with China in a special manner. M. de Freycinet thought and that if the Pope persisted in his plan he would abolish the Concordat. This would mean the separation of Church and State in France, and the suppression of the ecclesiastical budget of two millions per annum. The Pope yielded. But the Ruler of China has now been taken into account. The Chinese Government, it seems, favored the Papal plan; and it is said that the Government will oppose the claims of France and refuse to recognize any treaty without authorization from an accredited agent of the Pope. If China should remain in this mood France may yet find herself in a very awkward dilemma.

—The Knownothing party, under the leadership of Bishop, has placed Abraham Lincoln on a pedestal as "American" ticket in the field. It is made up of odds and ends from other tickets, bedaubed and sprinkling of Philippine to give it the regular Knownothing flavor. We have to bear testimony that a single one of the Bishop anything Catholic will be elected, and Pius IX. may shed the window of the serpent in refusing to accept the nomination for Lincoln. Tammany Democrats tendered him on the dark lantern platform which has dupes adopted.

The Pacific Churchman is publishing a California story from which we extract the following from a passage:

The battle had subsided in the Sierras, and the sun stillness that followed a month's battle in a tree close by burst forth into a cry ecstacy of song.

We congratulate both the author and the "mocking-bird" upon this very natural *dénouement*. The "mocking-bird" may have known that "Israelite" are seen but large entirely, and so when he saw one had "unhinged" he very naturally "burst forth into a very ecstacy of song." The "mocking-bird," may all subsiding "Israelite" he greeted likewise!

Fanatical Foolishness.

The extent to which fanatics will go in their cravings for something sensational, was well illustrated recently by an organization of fanatical females calling itself the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Burlington, N. J., who capped the climax of brutal eccentricity by offering a prize of fifty dollars for "the best sermon on a confirmed drunkard," to be exhibited at the county fair at Mount Holly last week. Such a beastly proposition could only emanate from fanatical women whose hearts are hardened by Puritanical Phariseeism and whose natural tender emotions have all been turned into vermicelli and gall by Calvinism. There is not a particle of Christianity in a whole church full of such fanatics, and such exhibitions as they propose should be promptly stopped by the strong arm of the law, as they must exercise a debasing and demoralizing influence in any community where they are tolerated.

The Irish Nationalists of Manchester and Salford recently presented to Bishop Bagshawe, of Nottingham, an address of thanks for the part he had taken in behalf of the Home Rule movement. The Bishop in responding expressed his conviction that the cause would ultimately triumph, and expressed his regret that the Government are making no provision for the winter for the thousands of tenants who were being evicted.

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The Pacific Churchman is publishing a California story from which we extract the following from a passage:

The battle had subsided in the Sierras, and the sun stillness that followed a month's battle in a tree close by burst forth into a cry ecstacy of song.

We congratulate both the author and the "mocking-bird" upon this very natural *dénouement*. The "mocking-bird" may have known that "Israelite" are seen but large entirely, and so when he saw one had "unhinged" he very naturally "burst forth into a very ecstacy of song." The "mocking-bird," may all subsiding "Israelite" he greeted likewise!

Political Proscription of Catholic Citizens.

Several subscribers residing in the south part of this State have sent us material respecting the Los Angeles *Express* a Republican organ with which the Democrats happen to be in sympathy.

There are two candidates in the contest, Democratic and Republican, both of them Catholics. How they stand on the public school question, and what is their attitude in the matter of the Catholic Church, when they are in office, we do not know. We understand that Mr. Wolfskill, the Democratic candidate, is a native of California, and is a Catholic, and that he is a member of the Knights of Honor, and that he is a member of the Knights of Honor, and that he is a member of the Knights of Honor

Farm and Home.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGERS.

The Different Kinds of Homes Made by Good and Bad Wives.

Good management on the part of the wife makes a safe one of what is the property of the mortgage and turns to advantage all that there is of the money or means left to be managed. Perhaps nowhere can the result of good management be so well perceived as in many families to be found in every large city. Many of the providers for these families receive small wages, have five or six children to support and their homes are comfortable, cosy, and abodes of peace and happiness. The children are clean and healthy and even neatly clad. In other homes whose heads are earning far more respectable wages we find just the opposite state of affairs. There is nothing enticing in the house. The children are hungry, poorly clad, and even filthy. Debt continually hangs over the couple and their credit is bad. They have but few friends and these friends are only nominal. Why the difference? The answer must come that in one case it is the wife and mother who makes the home what it is—a place of real comfort. She helps her husband to get along and turns to the best possible use every dollar entrusted to her. She has no debt and she has the comforts of a good home and that home is her own, saved since her marriage from the earnings of the man to whom she promised to be a helpmate. If the most home can be traced to the good qualities of the good wife, the filthy home and starving children can also be charged to the want of proper qualifications in the worthless woman. She married in order to have an easy time. If a dirty home and untidy children constitute an exalted idea of an easy time, she has such time to her heart's content. Her husband soon grows sick of her and her wretched hovel and he will seek elsewhere companions suitable to a taste which a worthless wife began to disprove. There are those who will assert that marriage is little better than a lottery, but such is not the case. A sensible young man cannot easily be caught and will not be very apt to link his destiny with a foolish girl. The girl will act learn after marriage to work when before she was too lazy to do what she should have done. She will not give up her novel reading, nor will she care to help her husband, because she is firmly impressed with the idea that it is his duty to keep her. They may be poor and they will die poorer.

Common Salt as a Cure.

A correspondent writing to *Scientific Notes* says: "Some years ago I was almost given over by my medical man on account of stubborn abscesses in the breast. I was sent to my native air, which did little for me, when a poor woman asked to be allowed to dress those open wounds with salt butter. What would appear an excruciating remedy became most soothing, and in a very short time effected a perfect cure. Later I poisoned my lip, which was quickly cured by simply rubbing common salt on the place. Quite recently a child in school had a running sore on her finger, which at once succumbed to the remedy; and within the last few days I have been successful by dint of perseverance, in curing a ringworm on a child's neck by simply wetting the tip of my finger, dipping it into salt and rubbing it on the place affected. The pain arising from the process is but momentary, and when we consider the benefit, it must be owned not worth consideration."

Always Walk Downstairs.

A Toledo physician: "It is a good rule always to ride up in an elevator, and, when coming down, to take the stairs. Going up hill, walking upstairs is hard work, and sometimes risky especially for people with weak lungs, defective respiratory organs or heart disease. But going down-stairs here nobody, but is good as new; going down on a brisk run is really a good thing—it shakes up the anatomy, without incurring the danger of physical over exertion; the shaking up is good for one's internal mechanism, which it accelerates, especially the liver, the kidneys, and the blood circulation. When going up into a building I invariably ride up on the elevator, if there is one; but when going down I take the stairs for it. It's a good rule, depend upon it."

Profit in Figs.

James Stewart, of Downey, sold his fig crop last week to Barnard & Benedict, of Los Angeles, manufacturers of organized fruit, for $50 per ton. Mr. Stewart has but one acre out to figs, and his crop will amount to between twelve and fifteen hundred tons. Last year the crop from the same trees yielded twelve tons, and Mr. Stewart says he crop this year is much heavier than that. His trees are all the Smyrna variety. This is a good showing for one acre of ground, being, at twelve tons, $600, which will amount to more per acre than the best Mission vineyard in the State, and very few orange orchards will compare with it. At these figures, ten acres set to Smyrna figs, in full bearing, would bring an income of $6 000 a year, equal to ten per cent on $60,000. How is that for Southern California figures?—*San Gabriel Sentinel.*

Apple Drying in New England.

At one time during the year nearly every house here is festooned with long strips of dried apples. The people make the apple season a rather picturesque and certainly a very busy period of time. The heavy two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen are guided to the small orchards, and the picking begins. This continues for several days, and then the paring and quartering commences. Every one takes a hand, and not an overnicety based in this last. After the apples are duly peeled and divided into pieces of proper thickness for stringing, they brush off the sides of the house with long brooms and get ready for stringing.

All hands sit down with needles and long threads and sew for days and days. When all the apples are strung, from every pound his proportion is hung a fastoon of apples to dry. They swing from nails, they cover the sides of the house, and their fragrance—if fragrance it can be called—fills the air. The rain beats on them, the sun pours his rays down on them, the dust scatters over them, and the flies and bugs and grasshoppers over them from early morn until deep eve. Then, after a sufficient experience of all these things, they are ready for commerce or pies.

Proof on my word, or tell me lies,
But don't pass my dried apple pies.

—*Hampshire Letter.*

Hindoo Widows.

The Hindoo widows have ghastly times of it, but the acutest part of their sufferings comes from the fact that for two days of every month, all during the period of their widowhood, they are obliged to abstain from all food and drink, even to water. The aged sisters, hardly able to totter across her floor, must pay the penalty as well as the young widow of twelve. Weeping sisters and drying place stand about, wringing their hands, but no one dares help the sufferer.

Family Fun.

A Terrible Shock.

First preacher—"Na, I am not well. I received a shock last Sunday that completely prostrated me."

Second preacher—"Ah!"

"Yes, it happened in this way. One of my congregation who was a bedfy for lingering and alarm clock for a fewil and expecting to meet him after service put it in his pocket to give it to him, and right in the middle of my sermon the thing went off."

"I wonder what he was doing with it?"

"Well, you see, I thought it was a chestnut bell."

No Use on a Farm.

Farmer—"What is it you say you call that thing?"

Agent—"A patent jack, sir, for lifting great weights, works with a screw and lever, and with it you can raise anything, no matter how heavy."

"Can't see what use it is to me."

"Well, suppose you want to move that barn, for instance, you——"

"I ought to cease for to move that barn."

"Well, anything, no matter what. Have me something heavy to raise and I will show you how it works."

"Ain't got anything of the kind, mister, unless you want to try your hand on this mortgage.

Thoughtful.

An old bachelor who died recently left a will dividing all his property equally among the surviving girls, "because," said he, "to them I owe all my earthly happiness."

Never Snub a Newspaper Chap.

A good-natured newspaper chap was at a recent party and rashly said to a young lady without the formality of an introduction. He happened to see a great big caterpillar crawling on her lace collar, and jumping toward her, and

"Madam, permit me to——"

"But the young lady waved him off with an imperious and insulting gesture, and said:

"How dare you speak to me without an introduction. You are certainly no gentleman, sir."

Here the caterpillar overbalanced itself and fell down her neck.

"Youth! Oh! Help! Take it off! Oh, please do take it off, somebody!" screamed the fair one.

The newspaper man was the only "somebody" at hand, and he said:

"I couldn't think of it, madam; I haven't been introduced to the caterpillar."

She Agreed With Him.

"The colored female cook of a family living at the South and come up where the other afternoon and twisting up the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress.

"You see, missus, I thought it might be best to be tellin' you dat I—done got married last week."

"Ah, indeed! and what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mah name, missus, is Mrs. Williams, ma'am. You see my husbar' he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a shoft on a hotel.

"A chef, eh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly, Hannah?"

"Not directly, ma'am. I'll stay wif you for de present. You see my husbar' has done gone to New York an' Washington on his honeymoon, an' I'll be nigh onto six weeks befor' he comes back."

Woman's Perennial Curiosity.

Mrs. Valuable—Do you know, my dear, that they do say Mrs. Italiano's husband is likely to die at any moment!

Mrs. Tongfree—Indeed! That will be nice.

Mrs. V.—Nice! Why, how shocking! What do you mean!

Mrs. T.—Why, we shall then have a chance to see how she looks in plain black.

An Effect.

Father-in-law: "Perhaps, sir, you think I'm going to support you for the rest of your natural life?"

Son-in-law: "Well, I don't know why you shouldn't. I took your daughter off your hands."

Religious Persecution.

"Mandy," said a white woman, addressing a colored lady who had been engaged to do the cooking, "What do you mean! You went away at 10 o'clock and come in at 2, and we have not had a bite of dinner. Where have you been all this time?"

"Been down to de depiter."

"Didn't you know that you should have come back in time to get dinner?"

"Wan't thinkin' 'bout no dinner. Thinkin' relicion sends dat was searched outen de jaws o' Satan. Wan't no time ter stop an' feed wid de pork. I'm so tellin' yer."

"That's all very well, but we have to eat, and besides, you were not hired to save souls. I will look you for one day."

"Look heah, you dem mean dat, lady? Yes, I do."

"An' me been sittin' south, lisk a poison for dese de Lawd's work! Why, I had ter stay dar ter show! when da scared sun-under. Wan't nobody dar dat could shout like me, an' now yer gwine ter dock me after all dat?"

"Well, I don't believe I want you any longer. You needn't come back."

"Wuts we ter spill, eh?"

"Yes, that's what I want."

"An' jus' because I helped ter save souls Lordy, yer neighbor he ordained o' yer! I ter persecute Jigger in dis way. Why I'm de work o' de Lawd gwine ter prosper wh da white folks hucks regin it de way! I'm sorry for yer, for ole Satan git his eye on yer, sho."

Accepting a Daughter's Correction.

There's an old legend of the time when Bidwell was candidate for governor. He had a servant at the door, who demanded cards from his visitors before they could be admitted. Cards do not grow in the rural districts, and even the playing cards are not of the best quality. But the story has nothing to do with cards. One day an old farmer and his family called. The servant answered the call.

"Is the Governor's folks at home? demanded the old farmer.

"Are, papa, are, mit is," said the Miss seventeen daughter.

"Are the Governor in? said the old man, and the young lady fainted.

She Had Good Cause.

"I used to think Tim Simpson was a real nice young man, but I have him now," said one young lady to another.

"Why, what has he done?"

"He treated me shamefully. That's what."

"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening at the party I said to him, 'Let's eat a pineapple, and if you say 'yes' or 'no' to any of my questions I'll owe you a box of candy, and if I say 'yes' you'll give me a box.'"

"Then—"

"After he petty he took me home, and all the way there he talked just as sweet as could be about love in a cottage and how should not live along and all that. And when he got to the front gate he said 'Pauline, I have acted like a fool a mighty long time, and you sorry me?' 'Yes,' I said."

"And what did he do then? I suppose he kissed you?"

"And what did he do then? I suppose her listener eagerly.

"He just—hollered 'Thingumy!' such all his might. That's what he did, and she ran blush and scuttle to her room."

She'd Lost Something.

A lady came into town the other day from one of the near suburbs trundling her baby, a year and a half old, in a baby carriage, and looking into the shop windows as she sauntered along. There was a milliner's window that was particularly resplendent, and the admiring lady stood looking at the bonnets a long time. Then she started on her way across the street trundling the carriage before her.

On the other corner a grocery man who stood in front of his store with a peck measure in his hand said to her:

"Ain't you dropped somethin', ma'am?"

"Why, no, I guess not. What makes you ask?"

"Nothin', only you seemed to be shoutin' that baby carriage kind o' careful like, as if there was somethin' in it, and there ain't nary baby there."

The lady turned around and looked into the carriage. It was empty.

"Why, I declare!" she said, "I do believe I have lost it! Thank you for telling me!"

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said the grocery man, as she hurried toward her home. She hurried back almost breathless, and, as she passed the grocery man, she said:

"Thank you very much, sir, for your kindness. It left to us to straighten out this tangle, and we are the men to do it."

Shears or Pair of Shears?

Perhaps some of our readers are critical enough in the use of language to decide whether the customer at the clerk was right in the following dialogue: Customer (to clerk in a hardware store)—"Show me a small, low priced shears." Clerk (facetiously)—"Perhaps you mean a pair of shears. Customer (severely)—"I mean precisely what I said." Clerk (delicately, upon a spritsail article)—"Are there not two blades here? and don't you make a pair?" Customer (triumphantly)—"You have two legs, does that make you a pair of men?" The shears were done up in perforated shingle.

About an Even Thing.

A Dutcher who was driving across one of the northern counties with a loose and buggy this summer met a farmer on foot, and asked him not far it was to Greenville.

"Which one?" was the query eliar half a minute spent in reflection.

"Why, I didn't know that there was but one Greenville."

"Didn't you! There's one in South Carolina, a second in Kansas, a third in Ohio, and a fourth in Iowa. Which one do you want to go to?"

"The nearest one."

"Well, that's about even odds off. Now I can't pretend to figure for Greenville yet a better name than Stats. Do any tobacco?"

"Which tobacco do you want?"

"Why, I didn't know as there was more'n one tobacco."

"Yes, you there is. There's plug tobacco, fine cut, short, and smoking. Which did you want?"

"Well, I'll take plug."

"The nearest one."

"Then I'll take fine cut. Next time you inquire for tobacco you'd better mention the kind."

The two looked each other over for a minute, and then separated for life.

"Hi tied to your neighbor in spite of a bellicose manner or an exuberance of anger."

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—A special correspondent of the *Liberal New Ireland*, who has been visiting the Protestant districts in the North of Ireland, writes: "It is amazing how quickly he has to find a very considerable number with whom I can unreserved, both professional and commercial questions, as well as business, in favor of Home Rule. In the counties of Antrim, Down and Derry, several Protestant farmers, whom I know personally, told me that they were very reluctant, they said, at first, before they had made up their minds to Home Rule party, but confessed that it was every bit as a religious question as any other that they had back for such a considerable time. Some of them also stated that public opinion is coming round to Home Rule principles, and that another general election will work wonders in the North.

Carlow.—Anti-tenant, county Carlow, Mr. D. Miller was elected some short time ago out of Oranmore House. The landlord Mr. Durdin—not emergency—to use the term for a medium. The sum, it appears, did not pay in those bad times. The heirs of the case have long since been in Parliament of the people, and it is hoped that they may not be known in that one of Dublin Bay, and that the man who is an emergency man was the last and only one that Miller had with the half-blue.

Clare.—The *Freeman's Journal* of Sept. 22d says: "The most satisfactory change has taken place in the weather in west country Clare during the past fortnight. A great shake of rain has been evident throughout the entire district, while the hay has been permanently richer and secured in winter twine. There are still quantities of hay being cut down and saved in temporary ricks. There is every prospect that the potato crop will or will not fail. The farmers's position about these weeks ago threatened to be somewhat, owing to the inclement weather which we were then experiencing.

Cork.—On September 19th a valuable ship (the Victoria Cross) and her cargo were seized on this Cork harbor. The ship's agent in Queenstown had left Queenstown for Liverpool, stating that she had to be sent to Liverpool, and another was received from Dublin's Port Commissioners, to the effect that the stock upon Hamit's Rock.

Mr. William Lane Joynt has been approached with regard to the vacancy in the representation of North-East Cork, caused by Mr. Lamey's resignation. Mr. Lamey represented the division that abolished Mr. Wilfred Lucy's Parliamentary seat of Mallow. It would be in the interest of Irish Mr. O'Brien seated Parliament once more as the representative of Mallow.

The venerable and patriotic pastor of Bohercrow, Father McMahon, expired on the 19th of last September in his 84th year. The deceased was the oldest priest in the whole diocese of Cashel, and was the last of the Bohercrow Parish, Tipperary, Ireland.

On September 17th the sheriff's bailiff from Cork, accompanied by a force of police, visited the premises of Ourrasgreen, between Kilbeggan and Mogeely, and seized five cows, ten sheep, and two horses, the property of a farmer named John O'Brien, for rent due to the landlord amounting with costs to £37. The landlord is Mr. R. H. Deane. The proceedings passed off quickly.

September 22d, a sad case of suicide took place at Ballybrown, on the south of Lough Derg. The unfortunate man, Michael Ryan, was a married Dutchy, with several small children, aged 2 and 7 respectively. She had about 15 acres of the worst land and very difficult tillage.

Dublin.—A National, named Hugh McKenna, residing in Tullamoylin, near Derry was fired at recently when returning from Clogher Revision Sessions. Last November the same man's house was fired into, shots were fired, protected to present assaults, and the guilty party can be brought to Mullingar.

Dublin.—The Viceregal procession through the streets of Dublin, on September 24th, was the attide which has taken place whether it may. About the public entrance of Irish Lord Lieutenants into Dublin, the crowd cheered, and some, for a short time, the cheers were very hearty. The Lord Mayor, Sir Edward Sullivan, and his Lady, were the most popular. The landlord party are now strong in maintaining that the Lord Lieutenant represents the Sovereign, and not a party. Lord Aberdeen was Lord Lieutenant. When the landlords represented his father's name to boycott the Queen?

Fermanagh.—Lough North Fermanagh is covered on each that Colonel Nolan had compulsorily purchased, which gave the landlord right nor reason on their side. The landlord's agent

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MY TWIN BOY.

Music hath a wondrous power
To soothe the troubled breast,
It hath a charm in every tone
To lull the soul to rest;
But there's a still more potent spell
To deals of delightful fame,
A spell to which my heart responds,
Far youth and lovely dame.

A note to sings the soldier's breast
And the battle hour is near,
For soulless music is inactive of rest
Amid the battle's fear;
A gentle lullaby, yet of stirring force
When happy hearts lie calm meet,
It hath a soft entancing power
To lure the gentle dame's feet.

On Sunday morn a world of love
It brings onto the heart one,
It speaks of Heavenly rest where
To every child of Jesus dear;
It tells of Nation's charioted pride
Past fire to another glory,
Of kings of men who lord sway
Where man is subdued by story.

In England's home or over the main
When evil assailing foolish about the Church
Which Neal laughed a little, and
Lightly answered him, lol, growing emphatic
Hath made a very good defense of the
Church he loved.

After dinner, he found Philip waiting at
the door for him. Philip tapped him on
the shoulder.

"I would like to get to your church with
you," Philip said.

"You are very condescending," answered
the young man, irritably, for he had lost his
temper, and the amusing impossibility of
making the boarders understand him, and
he para way to a desire—although his conscience
uncise him—to return the dislike
which he thought Philip had for him.

"You can go by yourself if you wish to."

Philip made no answer; he stumbled
over the young man's feet in turning to go
upstairs, and the young man thought that he
had never seen a more disagreeable young
person. He said to himself, that Philip's
manner was only one way of being clever;
but he was not sure of this, and the more
he considered it he thought that he ought to
have been more charitable, the more angry
he became at it. Finally, he forgot
all about it, except that he had a vague increase
of dislike for Philip, and he did not
mention it to any one, not even to his
wife.

Certainly, in the eyes of this little world,
there did not exist a more stupid, awkward,
unfeeling, unamiable, zealous being than
little Philip.

Young Neal discovered, however, that he
had found a Catholic Church, for he saw
him, in his threadbare suit, standing behind
the last pew in Philip's church on Sunday. Its
first thought of taking him into his pew,
but he resisted the impulse, as he does of
his lavender-colored kid gloves, and spread
a silk handkerchief under his knees on the
bench. Perhaps Philip's threadbare suit
had something to do with this impulse.
Neal smiled at the landlady's "little Philip."
It seemed so inappliable to this long-faced,
shabby-looking youth.

"He has come here only to mock and
ridicule sacred rites," Neal said to himself, by
way of apology. "I'll not notice him."

The landlady overheard that little Philip
went out more than usual; and after a
month or so, he let himself out of the house
at two o'clock in the morning, and came
back in about an hour. The landlady and
her husband had been sleeping soundly
when the door opening to sing some Latin
words to himself in his room. The young
boarder next door knocked and jeoulsy
said that he was trying to see who
"He was queer and no mistake;" he did
not try to stay again.

During the winter, he went out very
early, and came back for his breakfast about
ten o'clock every morning. He took his
meals in his room, and the landlady
words to himself in his room; but the
boarder next door knocked and jeoulsy
asked him if he was trying to see wood.

"He was queer and no mistake,"

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1886.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Christian parents, let us see your answer cannot consist in the unspeakable folly that upon you supply the schools, whether we can by a judicious use of the schools, whether we can by a judicious use of the means which Christianity and the Catholic Church have placed at our disposal, to make our children, by the grace of God, Christians and Catholics, and we sanctioned, have their minds, we have control and supported every where, that no one authority should be found of sufficient to be constituted a this truth. But all this will be only words to the wind, if we do not, by our example, show our children that we believe in such a Catholic Church. If the head of such Catholic truth will be against us as aggressive and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and by recommending them to our friends, we shall be ever to attract to its rightful development and to encourage its devoted writers. But, where a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying, is established, it is the duty of every Catholic, whether assailable in time and opinion, disrespectful to constituted authority, or lacking and contentious in Catholic Guidance.—Pastoral Letter on the Press Pastoral Council.

Editorial Notes.

— Rome has adopted a new plan. Young ecclesiastics who are able and talented will, with the consent of their ordinaries, be kept there for a year or two, to be trained into the mode of carrying on business with the Roman congregations, especially that of the Propaganda.

— We have received from Hoffman Brothers of Milwaukee, the October number of their Quarterly Clergy List. It has a portrait and sketch of Right Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, Bishop-elect of Wilmington, also of Right Rev. Bishop Katzer of Green Bay, and is a very handy publication for both priests and laity.

—The Very Rev. Father Fidelis (Dr. Kent Stone), Superior of the Passionists in South America, recently laid the foundations of a new church and monastery in Cerro-Alegre, Valparaiso. Mr. Arthur Edwards and his mother have donated $50,000 towards the buildings. Mrs. Edwards has already built houses for the Sisters of Mercy and other Religious at her private expense.

— Every year the number of Protestants and other non-Catholics who send their children to Catholic schools and academies is on the increase. This cannot be because they believe in Catholicity, but must be because they love their children and want them reared well and purely. What an involuntary but all the more profound tribute to Catholic education.

— A movement was recently inaugurated in England to erect a memorial church in honor of the fiftieth year of Queen Victoria's reign. An Executive Committee was named, but Mr. Gladstone subsequently sent a note positively declining to permit his name to be used in connection with the movement. This looks a little singular on the part of the ex-Premier, and it is not unlikely that Gladstone is looking towards Rome.

— The infidel who manipulates the news factory in Rome, sent over a telegram to the Associated Press on Monday, in which he repeated the oft-exploded falsehood that Bishop and the Cardinals recently had under consideration the expediency of removing what he calls "the Papal seat" from Rome. The rumor of this "news" sold of more recent years was a mere repetition of the tumult, violence, slander and destruction of property which marked the character of its progenitor in the Catholic hatred. What moral principle or vital Constitutional right was gained by the abolition of two supremely engaged in the Kneeshing Party? None whatever. The rise and progress of that disreputable Jack-lantern dynasty was detrimental to the best interests of the American people who—as a cosmopolitan community—should all live united in the bonds of friendship, justice and truth.

The Pixley-Wiggenson party in this State has been organized on precisely the same lines that marked the foundation of the "Native American" party of nabdom-ous memory. The chief conspirator in this and Catholic-baiting organization depends entirely upon his usual weapons of fraudulent misrepresentation and malignant calumny against the Catholic Church in order to carry the State for the Knownothing candidates. It is the public creed of Pixley that to call lies is justifiable under certain circumstances, and he has practiced this disreputable demagogue carried out to its fullest capacity in a freshly, fanatical fashion which has fired off in Oakland last week, and to which we desire to call the attention of MONITOR readers in order that they may have some faint idea of the audacity of the most debased demagogue that ever disgraced the political arena in America.

Pixley pretended to read to his hom-logged Oakland audience extracts from the *Syllabus of Errors* condemned by Pope Pius IX. In 1861, yet so true was his notorious falsifier to his favorite maxim, "Falsehood is legitimate under certain circumstances," that he *did not cite a single proposition correctly!* This seems almost incredible, but it only goes to show how base a man may become when blackhearted bigotry gets possession of his mental faculties and warps his sense of right and wrong.

Pixley told his dupes—most of whom did not know the difference between a *Syllabus* and a sylloquia—that the Catholic Church "opposes liberty of speech and a free press, and that Pope Pius IX., in an Encyclical dated December 8th, 1864, "anathemas" "all who maintain the liberty of the press and all advocates of the liberty of speech." But this Inverical Herod did not tell his dupes that the "press" freedom which the Church condemns is that vilely gross, immoral and infidel literature which is hourly let loose upon society and which is rapidly transforming the young men and girls of America into houlihans and harlots. Nor did Pixley explain that the "freedom of speech" condemned by both Popes and all decent people, is that "freedom" exercised by anarchists, fanatics and freelands who purposely flaunt their false, destructive and dangerous doctrines in the faces of their fellowmen, so as to incite their fiendish, at another, violence or to wreak destruction upon the property of their more peaceable and conservative citizens. The Catholic Church is the friend of good government; she has ever been the patron of pure literature, she glories in allowing even "the Devil's Advocate" freedom of speech, but when such problems their friends attempt to attack Christianity, civil and civil rights, such as Pixley and Wiggenson have done, then the Church, through his pastors, lifts up her voice in condemnation of such illegitimate and all-other-loving claims, given in the fact that Almighty God has left our power on earth which has the energy, strength and ability to lead down into earthly hell the rebellious element that would sow discord, vice, immorality and nullidity in communities where peace, quietude, purity and Christianity prevail.

Pixley sting still to read from the *Syllabus* of Pope Pius IX., the later bowdlerized Pixley told his doubly deceived dupes that the professors of the present glorious Pontiff declared that "Public Schools open to all citizens for the education of the young should be under the control of the Roman Church." He pretended to quote from the same Pontiff this expression—"The Roman Church has the right to exercise authority without any limits set to it by the civil power; he further followed his bigoted, evil authority by quoting from the same document the assertion that "the Pope and the priests ought to have dominion over temporal affairs, and then he capped the climax of his audacious absurdity by pretending to quote Article XXX of the *Syllabus* as laying down the doctrine that "The Roman Church and her ecclesiastics have a right to immunity in civil law."

We have stabbed the word *Roman* in the foregoing extracts only that expression Pixley has put its own diabolical brand upon every word he malignantly and dishonestly attributed to Pope Pius IX. It is also sufficient to say that no Pope, Prelate or Priest in the Catholic Church desires the control of the Public Schools. The Church teaches all Catholics that they must "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's," hence we cannot Pixley of the gross falsification by merely showing that the Civil power has jurisdiction which is entirely its own; and as such is cheerfully acknowledged by the Catholic Church and taught to her children. The Pope, every Bishop and every Priest in the Church is just as amenable to the civil law as Frank Pixley or the "no Popery" politicans who follow in his Satanic shadow, and the fact falsifying fraud knows this just as well as any man in America, but he wants to elect the "American" ticket, and—he willfully evades the truth in order to secure success if possible.

This dishonorable trick of falsifying Papal documents, corrupting the text, and distorting its meaning, is one of the tricks degraded writers like Pixley have resorted to in all ages since Satan held his reign on earth. All well-informed non-Catholics know this to be true, hence there is no necessity of dwelling upon this point. Pixley next informed his infatuated and infamed dupes that the Roman Catholic Church was the most dangerous in America, when he knew he was flatly falsifying every historical record from the days of Charles Martel down to the capture of Richmond. But as Pixley was discussing "civil loyalty" it is a great pity he did not inform his dupes that his co-partner in the anti-Catholic and anti-American party—E. D. Wiggenson—proved his disloyalty to his Northern birthplace by figuring as a Copperhead traitor and traitor during the Civil War, and as the concocter of dogged documents in which he denounced President Lincoln as a tyrant and Jefferson Davis as a villain. Pixley the friend of Wiggenson the Copperhead necessitate traitor—as leaders of a party consisting of *ex-secessionists!!!* Birds of a feather flock together, and when such a scandalous pair of scare-crows command, we imagine that a certain lot of "patriots" will be ready to take up the rag-and-bob-tail brigade of the anti-American party. The one is a traitor at heart the other is a traitor from principle, and we hope to see the whole lot of "patriots" sent to the same macadamic where rest the bones of "Know Nothing" lost and only found in long memories!

In order to give apparent force to the Pixley falsehoods with which his Oakland speech was interlarded, Pixley pretended to quote the sentiments of Catholic Bishops, priests and newspapers, in order to show his badly-sold dupes how earnestly all the forces of the Catholic Church in America were marching in order to pull down "that bulwark of our liberties—the public schools. These spurious extracts—like his distorted and counterfeit extracts from the *Syllabus*—were all the output of Pixley's prejudiced mind and were manufactured for the sole political purpose of beating the party of immoderate "patriots" into power.

Of course every intelligent American knows that Father Hecker, the Paulist, of New York, never said that "there is no long to be a State religion in this country, and that state religion is to be the Roman Catholic, but it serves to rank the men of anti-Catholic hatred into and American hearts, hence Pixley proclaims it with a glee worthy of the Father of Lies.

The other extravagant ideas contained in Pixley's pretended extracts from Catholic Prelates, Priests and newspapers were equally from a disreputable sheet issued by a bigoted blackguard in Washington. It is called the *American Protestant*, and—like Pixley himself—is filled with falsehood and fanaticism against the Catholic Church. Yet this is the vile and venal native literature who sets himself up as the censor of Catholic citizens!

We have not the slightest fear that such a firebrand's fanaticism can ever succeed in the malevolent Masonic conspiracy against the Church of God, yet it is well to put unsuspecting and credulous people upon their guard as they may not be influenced by the numerous utterances of this notorious Knownothing into the belief that Catholics are bad citizens or that the Catholic Church is prone to despotism or the Golden Calf of Aaron and make a bonfire of the American Constitution on Bunker Hill.

Let no non-Catholic be carried away by the fervent of untruth which Pixley pours forth every week. The Catholic Church look fear the history of Angers and then discover the contrast between Popes, Priests and Bishops have ever attempted to lessen the sacred liberty in this land, or to forge the nomadic cut slavery upon the freedom of American citizens. The citizens exist in every community, they occupy places of trust and honor, and, in every instance where they are good Christians, they do honor to the people they represent and serve them, since without a stain upon their character. From the birthday of American liberty down to the hour no Catholic citizen has ever proved a traitor to his country—not a Waggoner among them—they have proved honorable citizens, fellow-citizens, aiding in building up and sustaining Christianizing institutions which are pointed to as the glory of our Republic. But such a sight is not pleasing to British bigots, Knownothings and Pixley-polished scoundrels, hence every device of these Things imaginable is made against the Catholic Church, with the hope that they can raise an political prominence and obtain position upon the surface of the wave of rancorous hate which the passing storm of slander arouses, and it is this hope that induces the lessons of Pixley and Wiggenson party in this State, hence we need not be surprised at the enormity of the falsehoods which they fabricate, as then victory can only be achieved by filling the minds of the people with the foulest falsehoods which fanaticism can invent.

Is there any special cause for the present furious onslaught upon the Catholic Church in this State? Yes, there is. The Church in America, or have Catholics themselves permitted any current of treason against State or nation? No a thousand times No. Then, the great basis of the American people possess that extra amount of intelligence which enables them to see through the dodgers and tricks of the Knownothing party, and to vote accordingly. Pixley and Wiggenson know this, and they know that if the Catholic Church can be made to appear in the eyes of the people as the great enemy of liberty in California or near Truckee, Both Pixley, Wiggenson and the rest of the Public Schools. The Church teaches all Catholics that they must "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's," hence we cannot Pixley of the gross falsification by merely showing that the Civil power has jurisdiction which is entirely its own; and as such is cheerfully acknowledged by the Catholic Church and taught to her children. The Pope, every Bishop and every Priest in the Church is just as amenable to the civil law as Frank Pixley or the "no Popery" politicans who follow in his Satanic shadow, and the fact falsifying fraud knows this just as well as any man in America, but he wants to elect the "American" ticket, and—he willfully evades the truth in order to secure success if possible.

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Who among intelligent men is not familiar with the grand profession of his faith made by St. Pacian, the illustrious Bishop of Barcelona, in the fourth century? This holy and heroic Confessor of the Faith says that the name Catholic comes from God, and is necessary to distinguish the dove, the undivided Virgin Church from all sects which are called after their particular founders. Further on he says that the name Catholic comes down to him from the holy Prophets, Confessors and Martyrs. "My name," adds this great Saint of God's Church, "is Christian, my surname Catholic, the one distinguishes me, the other points out to others." "No name," he concludes, "can be more proper to express the Church, which is all-diffused throughout and on and the same throughout the whole world."

What audacity, therefore, on the part of a handful of second-hand heresies whose religious entities are hardly known outside of a few States in this Republic, to attempt to arrogate to itself a title which is reserved for its antipathy, recognized for its security, and known for its universality, and familiar to people of all nations as designating the true, Church of Christ and distinguishing His flock of lambs and sheep from the kids, goats, gophers and gentiles of the so-called gospel sects of a few Protestantism!

There never has been, as there never will be, but one Church of God in the world, and that is known by its ancient or Catholic title of Catholic Kings of religious rebels against the Rock of Peter may manufacture plastic Protestantism with pseudo-Christianity. They may call them selves what Catholics—Non-Catholics—but

Because of this they are not Catholics.

Facts are but one Church of Christ, one Bride and one Church which Christ Purchased with His Blood, and Christ is not divided. Christ is not divided. Christ is not divided. Christ is not divided. Christ is not divided.

SACRAMENTO CATHEDRAL.

Work Thereon Progressing Very Favorably.

Work in the new Catholic which Bishop Manogue is erecting for the diocese of Sacramento, is progressing very favorably. The walls are being rapidly placed above and lighting engagement for a long time to come. The amount of the building fund is $50,000, and $25,000 in addition has been expended in the building. The total amount of this fund is $50,000 in building the foundation of the main edifice. This, about $25,000 has been spent upon it to date. The general contractor recently selected for the work, in accordance to which contractors are based in sections, and the hardwood structure of the edifice is being carried out by the Sacramento Lumber Company, who are doing the work in a satisfactory manner. The dimensions are as follows: Length of the edifice, 175 feet; width, 75 feet. It is not expected that any contracts for completing the edifice will be made, but it is hoped that the work will be completed in 3 years. The plans are very beautiful, and the edifice when completed will be one of the finest in the State. The work is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and it is hoped that the Dedication will take place in the year 1888.

FATHER KAVANAGH OF KILDARE.

Sad and Singular Accident by which He Lost His Life.

Return of Father Bouchard, S. J.

Rev. Father Bouchard, S. J., the Canadian Missionary, has returned from his long and arduous missionary tour through the North-west, embracing the Territories, Manitoba, Alberta, and British Columbia, and Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Utah. After incessant labors in the Indian Missions, and in the Mining Camps, he has at last arrived at his home, and is now starting on the other side, a tour of an equally arduous character, in the interest of Dr. Kavanagh on the head, and from the effects of which he is now suffering, and he declared to be unfit for the sharp edge of a sudden attack of pneumonia, which he had been seized with in the mountains, but only to last for had recovered very rapidly when the tour was to be had personally. When a stretcher had been provided for him, he was carried out, and the very day of consciousness, expired in the arms of his brother, who was in charge of the tour. Father Bouchard's remains were conveyed to the Jesuit Church, where the Obsequies were celebrated by the Jesuit Fathers, and the Rev. Father Bouchard's remains were conveyed to the Jesuit Cemetery

Farm and Home.

The Incentive to Own a Home.

The *Manufacturer and Builder* thinks that the man who is working to secure a small piece of property substitutes a new and distinct ambition for a nomadic and vagrant one. Day dreams about large estates and princely incomes may be very amusing, but they are not half so profitable as a room of a lot 100 by 200, with a snug little dwelling house upon it. With this before him, a man will rise early and retire late, turning his hand cheerfully to any and every kind of work. He will have a motive for rigorous economy which will make it a pleasure. He will have the vision of the last payment before him as a perpetual motive to moderation in pastimes, economy in expenses, abstinence from expensive pleasures and from expensive companions. Thus it will come to pass that a judicious debt, incurred at the beginning of a journeyman's or laborer's career, will become his good genius, watching over him, inciting him to all industry and to self government. Every laboring man ought to own his house. The first duty of the working man should be to convert his earning into real estate.

Wheat in the Salinas Valley.

The quantity of wheat raised in this vicinity and between this place and the mountains south has been carefully estimated by parties who have access to the best sources of information to between 145,000 and 150,000 sacks. This will bring to the farmers nearly $150,000, a sum which will do much to improve their financial condition. A large proportion of these proceeds have but just commenced to improve their places, and this is their first crop. The crop was generally good and the quality superior in its kind. But many farmers would have been better off had they sown the *Propo* wheat instead of the Sonora. The former is said to be equal to the latter in productiveness, and the price on an average is 5 per cent higher. There is another point in favor of the Propo, namely, it will many times find ready sale when the Sonora is difficult to dispose of. We understand that the most expert millers invariably recommend raising the Propo wheat. The interests of the farmer and miller in this particular are identical; both are benefited by the production of a superior quality of flour. There will be opportunity the coming season for the farmers of this valley to procure the best varieties of seed, and they should not fail to do so.—*San Miguel Messenger.*

The Body and Its Health.

Fire things make people die young, cause their blood vessels or nerves to degenerate, make them prematurely old—kill them: 1. Glutony, or mere quality, high living. 2. Alcohol, familiarly known by many names; 3. Sloth, or lack of exercise; 4. Bad air, or indoor life; 5. Worry. These are the strongest allies of Death, the Lord High Executioner of this Human Race, who plies his trade, relying on man's personal foolishness.

Directly the sun begins to decline, let every maiden and housewife, and man and woman and child, with an eye for the picturesque, and a feeling for health and beauty, throw up the Venetian or Parisian blinds. Open your rooms to the glories of the evening; throw up and pull down the sashes; open wide all your doors. Let cool breezes enter into corridor and cellar and garret and room; let the "caller" air circulate through every inch of the house hour peculiar hour while you are getting your evening meal, while you are saying your prayers, while you think of others who toils all the day. If it be your precious lot to dwell apart from city life, and have outside your cottage or villa or mansion, flowers, those lovely gifts of Dame Nature, let scents of rose and thyme come in at every gap in the hedge, at every rift in the wall, at every sunny of the house—scents of rosemary and mignonette, and lavender and borgonia, and lily and sidarbery. Welcome the delicate perfume on its cooling, refreshing, healthy mission. It is Hygeia's gift—a superlative boon for the dog days.—*Chambers Journal.*

In the Hop Fields.

John Rooney of Brighton, at the beginning of the hop picking season, employed all the white labor that appeared to him for work. Some were tramps, who would only work long enough to get a "whisky stake," but forty-two of the number remained until the crop was gathered, and their earnings averaged $1 50 per day. After the picking was over he let a contract to white labor to clean up the hop field, and what cost him $50 last year to do with Chinamen this year cost him $27 50, and the white men made good wages. He says he will build a boarding and lodging house in order to accommodate white labor next year, and he emphatically declares that he will never hire another Chinaman. He had several applications from entire families to pick hops, but was not prepared to accommodate them. Four white men picked hops for A. Monkton at Mayhew's station and boarded themselves. At the end of the season they had cleared enough to seek another field. Mr. Rooney says the hop yard yielded 21 64 per day picking hops for John Rooney. How is that for a boy? Rooney says if the boy men will make proper arrangements they can pick every pound of hops in the American river valley with white labor. J. Rooney has thirty five white men engaged in picking grapes, and there is not a day but from two to six ask for work.—*Stockton Ind.*

Seven Tribes Worth Remembering.

For the disagreeable sensation known as heart burn, which so often accompanies indigestion, a mixture of common salt dissolved in half a wine glass of water, and drunk, is an effective remedy as a dose of laxative water, and a much pleasanter and safer one. Bathing a bruise in vinegar and then in spirits of turpentine will usually prevent the unsightly black and blue spot which not only tells tales, but deforms. When there is an unpleasant odor about the feet a small quantity of a weak solution of salicylic acid in the footbath is a sure destroyer of the offense. Many of the patent extracts and bitters are compounded of an alcohol, derived from wood and this is said to be a peculiarly dangerous form of alcohol capable of producing very serious brain disorder. One of the most trustworthy medicines in all the pharmacopeia is the hydrate of chloral which is so commonly used; cases are reported where 200 grains have been taken in safety, and other cases were ten grains have proved fatal or alcohol only narrow escape from death by timely aid and effort; this drug should never be taken but with the advice and under the care of a physician. Iron articles will seldom rust if they have been cleaned from oil by hot soda water and afterward dipped in hot lime water and dried. Collodion, spirits of turpentine, and the common salve called cuticle of cure, are such as are available ready to apply to horses and sores before a physician can arrive to do better, is to be done, and sweet oil and lime-water beaten up together make a cooling and healing ointment for them, as good as any medicament known.

Family Fun.

The Young Preacher's First Wedding Fee.

It was their first wedding. The groom was "new," so was the bride, and the clergyman had committed matrimony only in his imagination. Finally, however, it was all over, the knots was once flesh, and the bride was sweeping in the arms of the mother. The groom slipped out in the terrible, and as the young gentleman was about to pass out into the night, press of a room into his hand.

"A gold gold piece," thought the young preacher. His heart beat faster now that their he was officiating at the wedding. He handed the money so much. Indeed, he felt as if he was worth more than a half eagle, he had such difficulty in collecting it. And now to receive 20 all at once. Why, it—Then it occurred to him that it was customary for the minister to make the bride a present of his first marriage fee. The young man sighed as he removed his shoes overcoat and retired to the room where the guests were offering their congratulations to the newly wedded couple.

"I forgot something, said he as he approached the bride. "This is the first marriage fee I have ever received. It is yours. It should be kept as a reminder of this occasion."

The bride stretched out her hand and the coin rang as it touched her marriage ring. The guests looked up the innocent-eyed bride did not close her hand upon the fifty cent piece that lay there, and all saw it. The minister was glad it was his first marriage; the guests tried to appear as if they did not see the half dollar, and the reporter quietly smiled, and thought perhaps the young husband was saving up to buy a cracker.

Youthful Perspicacity.

A Waterbury 5-year-old set down a cup of milk, which he had raised to his lips, with the remark "Mamma, I believe the milkmaid has drawn it."

He Was Shot.

It was in the wild and picturesque Chickamauga battle-field relative skurry from one breastwork to another, and the squirrels chatter as they look down from their perches at men wandering from point to point in the jungles. We were skirting Snodgrass Hill, when we heard a rustling in the bushes by a series of yells and whoops. Pushing into the woods a few rods we came upon an old darkey seated on a log with his pants leg rolled up. There were four or five tiny streams of blood coming down, and it was plain enough that some scattering shot had struck him.

As we reached him a colored boy about 15 years old came out of the brush with a light shot gun in his hands, and the old man looked up and said:

"Julius, look back! You has shot your father in de leg."

"Why, pap, I did spoond you was rabbit. I heard sumthin move in de brush an' I fired away."

"Lordy, Julius! I correspond. You dun took an ole nigger weighin' 180 pounds for a little rabbit. Sont a boy long as pat big suff to make soup for one. Julius, I'se gwine t' whip you de difference to reason a rabbit an' your ladder."

He had been setting on a fence when he talked, and when he finished he took off his hat, sat down and played the fool so hard that the young man jump about two feet high and sung out like a Sabbath Army mule. By and-bye we gently interfered to prevent further punishment and the old man had the boy all naked.

"Julius, does you mean me?"

"Yes, ladder."

"Does you know me from a rabbit?"

"Yes."

"But you start for him an' pick up dat how an' make dat ev'thinl echo, an' de nex' time you go hunkin' you holler t' your mont bein' you shoot t' fyer you flam'en, ind'ed mamm, an please wine dis' bottle disrupshun."

He Had Thought Himself Just Too Smart to Live.

Mr Kerry Kimbe, the auto and autoist collector of the gas company, strolled into the office yesterday, laughing as if his sides had been tickled with a horsecloth grater. "Say, you should have been with me down at old Solomon Levy's just now," he gasped as his sack exhausted into a chair. "Why, what's the matter with old Solomon?" inquired the obituary editor as he turned back and clasped his hands across the back of his neck.

"Why, it's another to rich, responded Mr Kimbe when he had recovered his breath. "You see, I had a gas bill to collect amounting to thirty dollars, and when I presented it the old galoot said, 'All right, Mr. Gumps,' and going to the safe he brought out a 100 dollar bill and stuck it at me, saying, 'maybe you can change dot bill, Mr. Gumps.' I looked at the bill, and saw at once that it was a counterfeit. I was going to lamp the old son of a gun, but an idea struck me like a pain driver. I had a lot of bogus money in my pocket that I had been stuck on a day or two before, and I gave him the change in counterfeit, and he never knew the difference. He just pocketed the bill and took the dollars, and

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—On Sept. 27th, the month's mind of the late Very Rev. Canon O'Toole, P. P., Middletown, county Armagh, was held in the church of Ballynascreen. The deceased was a descendant of the kingly line of the O'Toole's of Wicklow.

Mr. John McFarland, of Armagh, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Armagh. Mr. McFarland is a Liberal gentleman who is held in great respect by those of his neighbors who are of his own persuasion. At Armagh, as at every other town in the North of Ireland, he has almost entirely conquered prejudices of the religious creed.

Antrim.—Of the six summer fairs on the 20th and 21st, at Ballyclare, James McKee, Esq., of Mount Pelliser, and 63 Donegal street, Belfast, was appointed Assistant Agricultural Commissioner in the North east of Ireland.

Cavan.—On Oct. 1st, the ceremony of a religious profession took place in the Convent of Poor Clares, Bailieborough. The lady alluded to is the sisterhood is Miss Tuckey, in religion Sister Mary Teresa, Jesuit.

A new fire extinguisher has just been started at Virginia, county Cavan.

Clare.—On Sept 25th, Major Purcell O'Gorman, who at one time represented Waterford in Parliament, arrived near his tenants in Ennis, county Clare. The tenant, Patrick Kennedy, and his wife, and one children, were removed from the house to the roadside, where they have since remained. The tenant's cow and farm produce were seized to satisfy the demands of the man represented. Consideration was promised with the cows at the expiration of twelve months, but Kennedy's wife, who is delicate, was with difficulty removed, and the sick children, who were not half clad, were compelled to leave the kitchen a second while they were sealed, notwithstanding their tears and protestation.

Carlow.—The saw church of St. Patrick Raheinby, now rapidly approaching completion, will rank among the finest ecclesiastical edifices erected in Ireland in recent times.

Cork.—At a meeting of the Bantry Board of Guardians, on Sept. 28, the National members proposed a resolution in reference to the imprisonment of the Rev. Father Fahy, but the chairman, Mr. Payne, refused to receive it. The resolution was, however, carried, as the Unionist members left the room.

Donegal.—On Sept. 29, Mr. Patrick O'Flea, M. P. for the West Riding of Donegal, arrived at Glenties, from Stranorlar, and was accorded a most enthusiastic reception from his constituents at Glenties. The ardor of his arrival was exceedingly short, but the mass crowd rapidly formed an enthusiasm not in a large crowd of people lined the streets.

Dublin.—Mr. Richard McEnnery, of the firm of Messrs. McEnnery, Brothers, who are well known in Dublin and Bridge ch. Dublin, was married to his cousin, Miss Mary Ellen Wickhow, where he had been shooting.

Official announcement is made that orders have been given for several drafts of troops to be sent to do the service battalions in Ireland.

The Very Rev. Monsignor Farrell, Parish Priest of Booterstown and Blackrock, died on Sept. 25th, at his parochial residence. The vacancy, deceased, who had attained a ripe age, was in declining health for some time past, and had been previous to his removal to Booterstown, Parish Priest of St. Catherine's, Meath street, Dublin.

The Rev. William Maloney, S. J., a venerable person, who reached his eightieth year, died on Sept. 27th at St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner street, Dublin. He was a native of Limerick, and after his theological studies in Maynooth distributed the duties of curate for some time in St. Mannin's parish in that city. He has been retired from the active ministry, and was admitted to the Society of Jesus in the year of Catholic Emancipation, nearly sixty years ago.

Fermanagh.—The funeral of Mr. Pat McMahon, of Ballyhaise, took place on Sept. 27. The remains were removed to St. Michael's Church, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. P. McDonnell, the Master of Ceremonies being Ven. Archdeacon Sullivan, and the Deacon, Rev. M. Maguire, P. P. Attendance of clergy present was interest in the convent service of mourning.

Galway.—The Very Rev. Canon Pope has addressed a letter to the Lord Lieutenant, earnestly asking that an inquiry may be instituted into the unusual and unknown fever resulted in the imprisonment of the Rev. Father Fahy.

Kilkenny.—William Fleury, of Inishnee, in the county of Kilkenny, grocer, was on the 21st of September, allowed to depart.

He Urbanus Mullin, who has a lot of sandstone near Kilkenny, paid £27 for cutting and carting his bill this year, for which he got altogether £4.

The Bishop of Ossory has left Kilkenny for Rome on his visit ad limina. He is accompanied by his uncle, the Ven Archdeacon Burke, P.P., Lady's Island, Wexford. The visit is expected to extend over a period of at least two months.

Meath.—There seems every prospect of a hard seven-days campaign in Meath during the coming winter, and some of the landlords, notably Lord Kenmare and Lord Headley, are preparing against their tenants, shade of prudence be blind to consequences. The Kilkenny members of Parliament, Messrs. Sexton and Dillon, accompanied by Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., made at some estates between Killarney and Tralee, which tenants have been evicted, and where others are negotiating for the purchase of their farms. The Irish police who have been protecting several Kerry landlords for some time past have been withdrawn. It is understood, at Tuesday Baller's direction, as he disapproves of the system.

Longford.—In a pastoral letter, issued recently, the Bishop of Ardagh, urges his clergy to preach to all landlords who will listen to them, the duty of kindness to their tenants in the evil days. Let us trust that the Earl of Granard and all one of those who will listen to the Bishop of Ardagh, will take the place Prelate's advice to heart. The Bishop of Ardagh is a man who is not to be suspected to patronize with other every lawful means to save them from oppression, or to warn the oppressor of the necessity he may render to an all just and all powerful God.

Limerick.—The Rev. Dr. O'Connor, P. P., Ashford, died at Blarney, on September 26th, aged 72 years. He has for over forty years a Priest, his mission being in St. Mochella's parish, and subsequently in Partown, where he was promoted as Parish Priest at Ardagh, and where such is the Universality of Admission, which he retained up to the time of his death—thirteen years. He was held in the highest affection everywhere, and at Thomogdale he was idolized by the Hill and Infantry, by whom he was a voluntary regard, and a battle for whose preservation he was in fighting through Ireland to the people, and it reached the House of Lords at last. The children were delivered to Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald, of Ballyhaise, and the tenancy for his lock but trouble should befal them.

Mayo.—Great preparations are being made in Ashill to prevent the landlord taking up the crops, which are just ripe. The people seem determined to stop the purchase of the seed given them by a charitable public to their families, for which it was intended, and let to the landlords.

On Sept. 29, under warrant of the Lord Chancellor, four children, Catholics, were taken from the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's institution, in Castlebar, Mayo. The children were delivered to their grandfather, a resident of London, who, with their grandmother, came to Castlebar, and through a missionary Protestant establishment, had a mentally brought them in Belfast.

Monaghan.—On Sept. 29, Mr. Patrick O'Connor, writes as follows, from Blackwell, Dundalk, Sept. 25th:—"About ten days ago, Fenian intelligence of a strong eviction party proceeding from Castle Saunderson on the Ashwell estate, to the mountain district of this parish. Immediately I proceeded to the same only to find that my information was but too true. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather—and a most dreary or drenching day could hardly be seen—deterred like unnecessary obstacles of hardship from their revel and inhuman work. The party consisted of the estate bailiff, with the sub-Sheriff of the county, Mr. Swan, and the usual accompaniment of Sheriff's bailiffs.

Tipperary.—A great popular demonstration was held on September 26th at Dundrum, county Tipperary. The occasion was the eviction of the sale of the cows which had been seized for rent by the landlord, Viscount Harberton, and which were restored to the owners by Mr. Hayes, M.P., a sentiment was carried and the cows were released. After the ceremony with the same Mr. Hayes, M.P., Father Ryan and others addressed the people.

Tyrone.—On Sept. 26th, a large and most enthusiastic National demonstration was held in Anne street, on the occasion of a meeting held in front of a fine old stone building erected as a railway hotel, in which the office of the Ulster branch of the Irish National League are located. This being a market day the town was densely crowded with country people from the surrounding districts, and their cars lined the roadway on both sides. From some of them very long small American flags, the stars and stripes fluttering gaily in the breeze. Mr. W. J. Shaw, Dungannon, presided, and Mr. Sayers, M.P., who, with a number of laymen and clergymen sat inside him in the waggonette, which was to serve as a platform, to the placard meeting, and made the enthusiastic address of a peoples in the crowded thoroughfares.

Wexford.—The Most Rev. Dr. Browne has appointed the Rev. Denis F. Kavanagh to the office of Diocesan Chancellor.

In Wexford much of the corn has been taken up in a more or less damp condition, and it will be to be regretted in order to insure it. During recent years the secretary, the agent, the sub, the absolute loss arising from the state of the weather and its influence upon our crops, has proved a source of great vexation and disappointment to the farmer. The operation thereof for the future of Ireland is not at all encouraging.

Waterford.—It is stated that the county Waterford Board will not allow any bonfire over their lands during the Superintendent of Father Fahy.

Wicklow.—For many centuries there was no Catholic church at Enniskerry. Forty years ago the Rev. Thomas O'Dwyer was sent as a working curate to preside for the spiritual wants of the people. For twenty years he resided in a humble house adjoining a little rural chapel on the mountain side at Cullenswood. On the death of the Rev. Alexander Keogh, P. P., of Bray, the parish was divided, and Father O'Dwyer was appointed parish priest of that portion in which the village of Enniskerry is situated. Aided by the contributions of his generous parishioners and the Protestant gentry, he worthily paid a fine church and a good parochial residence, which for appearance and convenience, are not surpassed in Bray or any parish in Ireland. Not satisfied with monument to his untiring energy and steadfast zeal of purpose. The venerable pastor now appeals to his friends to assist him in completing his church by the building of the tower and spire.

W. H. H. HART'S NOMINATION FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL

At the late Republican Convention at Los Angeles, in nominating W. H. H. Hart for Attorney General, the Republicans of California have made a good choice of a candidate for public office. Before he reached the age of twenty-one he had fought the Mormons in Utah. He drew such a vivid picture that the U. A. Congress passed a law making it a crime for any man of seeing his Hey Hare stealing through the underbrush. His address was as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention: The Mormons have been driven out of Utah, through circumstances over which some months of it were no point—the necessity of the case, and the necessity of the soldiers very much like that of Jonathan Edwards, who in the early days of Boston, said, "Sinners! you were in favor of war, but suppose we should turn out to be Indians?"

We have proved ourselves to be good soldiers, we have commended their conduct, we admire their courage, we glory in their success, but we have not nominated any of them for Congress.

I have a little story to tell the Convention. It was related to me to-day, and the story of every fact which I shall state there is has been vouched for by a gentleman in whose integrity and truthfulness I have the utmost confidence. In the year 1862, when I was a boy of 14 years old, I attempted to enlist in the Union Army. I was refused because I was too young. My father was a Democrat.

But I mental friend had authorized the formation of an independent company (Hussars) in Union Scouts—and he was permitted to enlist in that company. I was served at Fort Humboldt, Fremont, at Stockton, and in all the battles which resulted finally in the capture of Vicksburg.

The company of which he was a member was detailed from time to time to Utah, during the year by Lieut. Ann from Tennessee and Northern Georgia, and he with others established a system of knowledge of what I may call the Georgia dialect, which enabled him to render the best service to the country of which I am about to speak.

During the campaign of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, Sherman's army was at the Battle of Missionary Ridge, there he had been arrested in the second day of the battle, the 25th of November 1863, that at 3 o'clock Sherman, in company of his staff, should meet the Rebel Generals Georgia army. But, through the carelessness of the Confederates that Fleur was weak over the mountain and left in order to march his forces to the right to meet the expected attack of Sherman.

He his return by a circuitous route to General Sherman's headquarters and delivered the information. Sherman at the Battle of Chickamauga, and the great General immediately ordered Hooker's and Howard's division to make an attack upon Bragg's weakest center and left, his army having been weakened by the loss of the flower of the power attack of Sherman's army, and that same unfinished charge upon the rebel center and left, which was the turning point of the battle, and which resulted in the capture of Chattanooga, while in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

Gentlemen, I have said that I was a boy at the war, the names of the Generals who commanded those movements and of the bones who carried them, will go down to posterity. There is another story to which the name of the Hey Hare will be written in letters of light as the tree of Independence. (Cheers).

After his recovery from the wounds he had received in the battle of Fort Donelson, he was sent to Fort Humboldt and Hooker's Point, near Fremont, Ohio.

He finished his term of the war and completed the service until mustered out after peace was declared.

During the last six months of his service he pursued a course of Blackstone in his leisure and then commenced the study of law.

He continued it, and he was mustered out of service and graduated with honor, and was in due time admitted to practice and practiced for five years in Iowa; came to this State, practiced for two years in the city of San Francisco, where he has until up a large clientage, an honored and honorable position at the bar.

Gentlemen, I present to you for the office of Attorney General—I present to you a soldier of my regiment, but I present to you in the name of the soldiers of this republic, hitherto neglected by the Republican Convention. I do not ask you in the name of those who in rear the correct of the Mississippi, who in battled circuitous stock at Lookout Mountain, who sang the chorus of Sherman marching through Georgia from Atlanta to the sea (chorus): who carried our banner, boldly, into Richmond and Petersburg and Appomattox, still loved by all pure-hearted and true Republicans, and hated by all the Democrats in the side-hills and swamps of Southern Republicans, the matured, sagacious, and well-tried Republican party Hicks, the Hon. William H. H. Hart. (Loud and prolonged cheers and three cheers for Hart of Missionary Ridge).

WOODLAND'S FAIR.

The following is the result of the fair lately held here for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the debt resting upon the Catholic church. The whole income was—Receipts, No. 93; donation, No. 77; plants, No. 43; lunch-room, set, 1 cent; cow-pasture, No. 1; fancy work, No. 64; Silver set, No. 131; sofa cushion, No. 64; Silver set, No. 131; sofa cushion, No. 64; 20 gold piece, No. 1; silver dollars, No. 1; 20 gold piece, No. 1; 1 silver dollar, No. 1; No. 233; sold river cake, No. 1; 1 silver dollar, No. 1; 1 ladies' gold watch, No. 1. The many beautiful non-ticketed articles in the fancy department were sold at the close of the sale are all known.

Take No. 1, by the young ladies of the parish, returned in 1886; Table No. 2 or Barrel (Fred) Table, $337 75; Table No. 3, Mrs. Mary Table, $666; Table No. 4 or Winters and Madden Table; $666 75; the lemonade Table, $175; the Refreshment Table, $153 75. In the raffle for the cake Mr. W. Loofen bought and lodged, sum of $137 20, whilst Mr. Charnock turned in $1 for the same cake for the gold watch. Miss Annie Loofen was the popular candidate, and little Miss Florence Gifford carried off the doll, "The Pride of the Fair."

The fair was a success both morally and financially. It realized over $1,000 net to the church. The debt now resting upon our beautiful convent is only $2700.

Sincere thanks are here given to the ladies who were in charge of the fair and to all who in any way contributed to its success.

MARRIED.

THOMPSON-DONALDY, in Oakland, at St. Mary's Cathedral, on Sept. 29th, by the Rev. Father Wolfe, Mr. Joseph Thompson, of Sacramento, to Miss Mary Ann Maude Donaldy, of Sacramento.

BRYANT-TRACY, in St. Ignatius Church, Oakland, Sept. 29, 1886, by the Rev. Father Wolfe, Mr. Thomas Bryant to Miss Mary Tracy.

WOLTON-DROWN, in Oakland, October 14, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Thomas Drown, Mr. Thomas Wolton, of Sacramento, to Miss Esther Drown, daughter of the Rev. Father Drown, of Oakland.

KELLEY-MACADE, in Oakland, October 12, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Thomas Kelley, Mr. Thomas Kelley, of Oakland, to Miss Dorothy E. Macade, daughter of Mr. Thomas Macade, Twenty-Third Street, Oakland.

DIED.

GUIDON—In Sacramento, Stephen, August 29, Patrick Guidon, a native of Ireland, aged 70 years.

LANDIGAN—In Sacramento, August 29, Patrick Landigan, a native of Ireland, aged 70 years.

MOSKE—In this city, Oct. 1st, Julia, beloved wife of Mr. Moske, a native of Ireland, aged 70 years.

MAHONEY—In this city, Oct. 1st, Mrs. Jane Mahoney

Poetry.

FOR THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

Ye souls of the faithful who sleep in the flame
Hot as yet are shut out from your final reward,
Oh! would I could lend you some portion of my
From your prison below to your palace on high!

O Father of Mercies! Thine anger withhold,
These works of the heart I offer for them in behalf;
Too off from Thy path they have wandered astray,
But Thou, their Creator, Thy children dost pity.

O tender Redeemer! their misery see,
Dark the night that they have endured by Thee;
Behold how they lies thee, despite of their pains
Bosom thee, before them to lavish love again

O Spirit of Grace! O tender divine!
See how for Thy presence they longingly pine;
Ah! bless, to relieve them, Thy sacred dove,
And the flame with pure love and with joy to inflame.

O Mother of Mercy, dear mother in grief
Send them to thy bosom a balmy relief,
Oh! temper the rigor of justice severe,
And soften their flames with a pitying tear.

Ye Patrons! who watched o'er their safety below,
Oh! think how they pine and how long they wait
And stir all the Angels earth Saints to the why
To plead for this noble work of pity.

Ye friends! who, once sharing their pleasure and
pain,
Now lonely already in Paradise reign,
Oh! comfort their hearts with a balm of love,
And call them to share in your pleasures above.

O Penitents of Gethsemane! scorn of our sight,
O Thy mercy hasten what Thy justice delays,
So may Thy poor captives, released from their
woes,
Thy praises proclaim, while eternity flows.

All ye who would honor the Saints and their
Head,
Humanity, remember to pray for the dead.
And they, in return, from their misery freed,
To you will be friends in the hour of need.

Literary Miscellany.

The Haunted Organist.

A Wild Story of a Sacrilege and Its Punishment.

CHAPTER I.

There had been a thunderstorm in the village of Hurly Burly. Every door was shut, every door in his kennel, every rut and gutter a flowing river after the deluge of rain that had fallen. Up at the great house, a wing from which the rooks were calling to one another about the freight they had been in, the lawns in the deepest were ventilating their timid heads from behind the trunks of trees, and the old woman at the gate-lodge had risen from her knees, and was putting back her prayer-book on the shelf. The sky was still lurid behind the holes of the spinal cole, but the birds had begun to dive in and out of the ivy that wrapped up the house and the Hurly of Hurly Burly.

This thunderstorm took place more than half a century ago, and we must remember that Mistress Hurly was dressed in the fashion of that time as she crept out from behind the square chair, her that the lightning was over, and, with nervous fingers towards the window, sat down before her husband, the tea-urn and the muffins. We can picture her fine lace cap, with its peachy ribbons, the frill on the hem of her cambric gown just touching her ankles, the embroidered clocks on her stockings, the rosettes on her shoes, but not so easily the blue shade of her mild eyes, the satin skin, which still kept its delicate bloom, though wrinkled with age, and the pale, sweet, puckered mouth, that time and sorrow had made angelic while trying vainly long, with blacker settings, mouth large, sweet, and melancholy. She was all dead, smooth and open; her nose and chin were nothing.

The visitor crossed the floor hastily, dropped a courtesy in the middle of the room, and approached the table, saying stagily, with a soft Italian accent:

"Sir and madam, I am here. I am come to play your organ."

"The organ," gasped Mistress Hurly, "the organ!" stammered his master.

"Yes, the organ," said the little stranger lady, playing to the back of a river with her fingers, as if she felt notes under them. "I was but last week that the handsome signor, your son, came to my little house where I have lived teaching my music since my English father sold my Italian to their and brothers and sisters died and left me alone."

Here her fingers left off drumming, and two great tears were brushed off our from each eye with each hand, child's fashion. But the next moment the fingers were at work again, and if only a blind stary were on ing the tongue could speak.

"The noble signor, your son," said the little woman, looking trustfully from one to the other of the old couple, while a bright blush shone through her brown skin, "he often came to see me before this, always in the evening, when the sun was warm and I was all through my studio, and the sonata was calling up in my heart, and I could play out grand with all my soul; then he used to come and say, 'Hurry, little Lisa, and play better, better still. I have work for you to do by and by.' Sometimes he said, 'Excellentissima!' but oftenest he came to me and said, 'It is enough. Will you swear to do my bidding, whatever it may be?' Here the blush again fled. "And I said: 'Yes. And he said: 'Now you are my betrothed.' And I said: 'Yes.' And he said: 'Pack your music, little Lisa, and go off to England to my English father and mother, who has an organ in their house which must be played upon. If they refuse to let you play, tell them I sent you, and they will give you leave. You must play all day, and you must get up in the night and play. You must serve him. You are my betrothed, and you have sworn to do my work.' I said: 'Shall I see you there, signor?' And he said: 'Yes, you shall see me there.' And I said: 'I shall know my vow, signor.' And so, sir and madam, I am come.

The soft foreign voice left off talking, the fingers left off drumming on the chair, and the little stranger gazed in dismay at her auditors, both pale with agitation.

"You are deceived. You make a mistake," said they, in one breath.

"Our son!—begin Mistress Hurly, but her mouth twitched, her voice broke, and she looked piteously towards her husband as the poor lady had her prayer-book on the shelf. The sky was still lurid behind the holes of the spinal cole, but the birds had begun to dive in and out of the ivy that wrapped up the house and the Hurly of Hurly Burly.

This thunderstorm took place more than half a century ago, and we must remember that Mistress Hurly was dressed in the fashion of that time as she crept out from behind the square chair, her that the lightning was over, and, with nervous fingers towards the window, sat down before her husband, the tea-urn and the muffins. We can picture her fine lace cap, with its peachy ribbons, the frill on the hem of her cambric gown just touching her ankles, the embroidered clocks on her stockings, the rosettes on her shoes, but not so easily the blue shade of her mild eyes, the satin skin, which still kept its delicate bloom, though wrinkled with age, and the pale, sweet, puckered mouth, that time and sorrow had made angelic while trying vainly to define in heaven.

The squire was as rugged as his wife was gentle, his skin as brown as hers was fair, his eyes, which looked out from under his shaggy brows, as keen as hers were dim, and he looked at his wife often, and very often she looked at him. She was not a tall woman, and he was only a small man. They were a quaintly, well-matched couple, despite their difference. She turned to you with nervous sharpness and revealed her tender voice and eye; his spoken sentiments proved rough, but the turn of his head was courteous. Of late they lived one another better than they had ever done to the heyday of their youthful love. A common sorrow had developed a simpler likeness between them than in former years the cry from the wife had been, "Don't crack your nut so much!" and from the husband, "You run the lad with softness." But now the idol that had stood between them was removed, and they saw each other better.

The room in which they sat was a pleasant, old-fashioned drawing room, with a general spider legged character about it, from the dining, spinet and guitar in their places, with a great deal of soiled music beside them, on carpet, tawny crushes on pale blue; blue fittings on the walls, and faint gilding on the furniture. A huge urn, crammed with roses, in the open bay window, through which some delicious airs from the garden, the twittering of birds settling to sleep in the ivy for close by, and occasionally the pattering of a flight of rain drops, swept to the ground as a hooped bowl in the breeze. The urn on the table was ancient silver, and the china rose. There was something in the room for luxurious ease of the body, but everything of glass or metal reflected a ray.

There was a great beau all over Hurly Burly, except in the neighborhood of the rooks. Every living thing had endured from heat for the past month, and now, in common with all nature, was receiving the boon of refreshed air in silent peace. The mistress and master of Hurly Burly, as the general spirit that was abroad, and were not talkative over their tea.

"Do you know," said Mistress Hurly, at last, "when I heard the first of the thunder beginning, I thought it was—it was—"

The lady broke down, her lips trembling, and the peachy ribbons of her cap stirring with great agitation.

"Fahaw!" cried the old squire, making his cup suddenly rise upon the saucer, "we ought to have forgot as that. Nothing has been heard for three months."

CHAPTER II.

At this moment a rolling sound struck upon the ears of both. The lady rose from the seat trembling and folded her hands together, while the tea-urn fluttered the tray.

"Nonsense, my love," said the squire; "that is the sound of thunder. Where can he arriving?

"Fahaw!" cried the old squire, making his cup suddenly rise upon the saucer, "we ought to have forgot as that. Nothing has been heard for three months."

"Dear, dear," said the little foreigner. "If you have thought him dead, have good cheer, dear sir and madam. He is alive; he is well, and strong and handsome. Hear one, two, three, four, five (on the fingers) days ago he was blessed by my side."

"It is some strange mistake," said the old squire, with a pitiful shake of his head. "Our son is dead."

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"Dear sir and madam," said the little stranger, clasping her hands, "I am sorry

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1886.

THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

By reading the announcement of the forthcoming CHRISTMAS MONITOR which appears on the eighth page, our regular and occasional contributors will learn what desirable premiums we offer for all classes of Christmas literature, and those who have a faculty for writing upon such subjects for the Christmas will do well to set to work at once in order to win some of them.

We desire to develop and encourage as far as possible the talent of Catholic writers, hence we hope many of our veteran contributors, as well as a large number of Catholic graduates and pupils of Catholic institutions, will take to make the forthcoming CHRISTMAS MONITOR a representative issue of Catholic talent.

Full particulars concerning contributions will be found on the eighth page.

Editorial Notes.

— Prince Joseph de Broglie, oldest son of Prince Raymond de Broglie, has taken Holy Orders.

The death is announced of Mgr. Funder, Prince-Bishop of Gurk, Klagenfurt, Austria, from cerebal apoplexy.

— It is announced that the Dutch Embassy to the Vatican, which has been interrupted since 1869, is now to be resumed.

— The health of his Eminence, Cardinal Jacobini is much improved, and it is hoped that ere long it will be completely re-established.

— The Very Rev. Dean Ruggle, of Thonon Sti Gall, Switzerland, Vice-President of the Swiss Pius-Verein, will celebrate his silver jubilee on Nov. 8.

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— "The Otto Dunin Princess is the name of a new novel by W. H. Mallock, which A. I. Bancroft & Co., have sent to this office and which cost us the loss of a couple of hours valuable time in discovering to be the worst lot of literary trash ever published since Adam. Some people are such people even among the precious remnant of this brief life in paying over each sixpence ten sentimentality as this Mallock nonsensical mystery, is passing strange. A most imprintent so military, continuous even could hardly become interested in such a common-place compilation of fiction and fustian as goes to make up the whole 500 pages of this transparent literary flummery.

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— The Bulls from Rome authorizing the consecration of the Bishop-elect, Alfred A. Curtis, of the Baltimore Cathedral, as Bishop of Wilmington, Del., having arrived, the ceremony will take place in the Baltimore Cathedral on the 14th inst., and be performed by Cardinal Gibbons. The diocese of Wilmington was established in 1868, and comprises the State of Delaware and the Eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia. The Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Becker, D. D., who was consecrated in August, 1868, was the first and only regular Bishop which the diocese has had. Bishop Becker is now in Savannah, Ga., where he went to fill the place of Bishop Gross, who succumb Archbishop of Oregon City on Feb. 22, 1886. There are in Wilmington about seven churches, including the Cathedral. The diocese comprehends about forty churches and a great number of colleges and schools.

— It is a singular fact that nine out of ten defaulters are always church members or Sunday School Superintendents. After they skip for Canada it is learned that they have been walking and praying for years.—*Sin Francisco.*

If our esteemed contemporary had substituted the word "Sabbath" for "Sunday" in the foregoing extract, the Monitor would have heartily endorsed its sentiments. The man who make a mockery of religion by claiming Christ's name only beneath it, usually patronize the Sabbath schools of Satanism, whilst the Sunday School teachers in the Catholic Church are proverbially filled with piety, purity and zeal. In fact to include them with "Sabbath-school" cankerage is considered a direct insult by the besom—as one of them expressed herself the other day—"we never speak as we pass by."

Is Protestant Unity Possible?

The members of the recent Chicago Convention of the Protestant Episcopal sect appointed a committee for the purpose of undertaking the herculean task of uniting all the heretical sects in one grand organization of Christendom. Since the unsuccessful attempt to build the Tower of Babel, this is certainly the most gigantic undertaking which has yet presented itself to the hallucinations of the human mind.

The proposition of Christian unity would certainly be laudable were it not for the fact that Protestantism—like the Tower of Babel—is not agreeable to God. The Catholic Church has always represented Him on earth and always will continue to be His voice in the world. And when the founders of many sects—religion set up divers sects in opposition to the Catholic Church, they merely repeated the feeling words of those who projected the Tower of Babel. "Come," said they to each other, "let us build a tower whose top may reach even to heaven." The design of the misnamed Reformers was to glorify themselves rather than God, to run counter to His Church and to crush Christianity as it had existed in the world from the beginning. Here, again, however, we behold the mercy of God in protecting His Church and in defeating the ends of His enemies. Among the builders of the Tower of Babel Almighty God created such a *confusion of language* that the builders no longer understood one another, unity of plan and proportion were lost, the work was left unfinished and the builders were scattered broadcast over the land. Among the projectors of Protestantism Almighty God created such a *confusion of ideas* that—from Luther to Lapponi—no two of them have any unity of doctrine. Here, then, it becomes at once apparent that Protestant unity is impossible—because God and error can never commingle.

The Protestant Episcopal sect is the pioneer of that impossible move, for before it undertakes to unite the sit of Episcopalianism with the water of Seventh-day Adventists, it had better unite its own grain under one hopped banner. There are High Church and Low Church Episcopalians; Ritualistic and Anti-Ritualistic Episcopalians; Baptized and Non-baptized Episcopalians, and before such a sect can bring about religious amity between the Old School and New School Presbyterians, the Mormons and the Methodists, the Campbellites and the Universalists—it will be directly in the line of duty to set its own house first in order and prove to the Protestant world that Episcopalian bad ten dwell in unity together.

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More Methodist Mendacity.

"Apostles in China" is the type which Brother McCrary grinds out week from the heathen handbooks yclept the Cyclopaedia Christian Literature. Now, Brother McCrary knows more about Chinese than Chinese know about Chinese, and he knows that Mandarins are not practising the sentimental meaning of "the Mikado Way," but he happened to have an English Methodist friend who "spoke and lived with a copy of the Manchester Guardian as shown to be found the letter of a London correspondent of that paper—and so

Brother McCrary

Made the text somewhat vary—

and he put in the Manchester Guardian matter some editorial manufactured from the biblical blunders of the local "whole" of Chinese.

The "truth" in Brother McCrary's compilation, but leaves by no chance what over the text that follows, as he has "stolen it from the English paper" already enumerated. This is another instance of the perverse nature of Methodism, the influence of which has made men not only contemptible—nonsense, duplicity and hypocrisy, in all their feelings with their fellows and the Almighty—but actually in the brazen of its victims a brand mass of bigotry which blinds the poor victims so that they can see and feel only in their own shadow. And when Brother McCrary's shadow falls upon the expectant earth, that good man thinks—or, only God knows the Blessed Trinity and the whole Legion of the Apostles—Gods included—

The letter in the Manchester Guardian which caused Brother McCrary to commit literary piracy, changes the Catholic Church with being the cause of the recent disturbances in China. The Catholic Church—the Catholic Church—the Roman Church—the Roman Church—the Roman

Farm and Home.

UNCLE SAM'S GRAIN WANTED.

The Crops of Europe will be 50 and 55 Per Cent, Less This Year than Last Year, and she is Looking Toward this Willing Land.

According to the majority of exporters of wheat, corn, and flour on the Produce Exchange, America has done and will do a larger business with foreign countries during the cereal year which began, as figured by Mr. W. H. Trafton, the Potter statistician on the subject, on Sept. 1. Statistician Fitzsom H. Walker says the cereal year ought to and does begin earlier, but the purpose of this story is not to tell how or why two such veteran dingers, but to tell why the stay of exporters down some is more brisk, why their general appearance is more snappy and chirpy, and somewhat as it was in the days in 1879 80, when the foreigners took from us nearly 192,000,000 bushels of wheat and 118,000,000 bushels of corn. In 1883-84 America sent abroad only half that amount, and in 1884-85 the situation was not much better. But from the very moment that this cereal year was ushered in, on Sept. 1, an increased export movement began.

The exports from Sept. 1, to Oct. 8 were: Flour, 933,148 barrels; wheat, 17,066,190 bushels; corn, 2,945,817, bushels. For the corresponding period last year the exports were: Flour, 620,763 barrels; wheat, 3,662 658 bushels; corn 4,580,057 bushels. It will be seen that the exports of wheat and flour are largely in excess of what they were this time last year, and the conservative merchants on the Produce Exchange believe that the improved export trade will continue. They are that it cannot well be otherwise when the statistical situation of all the wheat growing countries of the world is considered. They say that Europe has for shows that her crops will average less than last year by 30 to 35 per cent., and Mr. Edwin R. Livermore figures that England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy will need from America somewhere in the neighborhood of 80,000,000 bushels of wheat. Mr. Trafton puts the deficiency at 70,000,000 bushels, but adds: "As the situation becomes more fully developed and better understood no doubt my figures may require some little revision. But one thing is plain, European wants from abroad are to be very considerably greater this year than last, and in any event there is an immediate deficiency in this year's production as compared with the requirements, and it will have to be made good by drawing upon the reserves of old grain. There may be enough wheat to go around, but there is every prospect that stocks everywhere will be very nearly exhausted before another harvest comes off, and whether this can be done and prices at the same time be held down by their present low level, would seem to be exceedingly questionable."

Then Mr. Harlan A. Pierce, another eminent authority, moves a point for Uncle Sam by recalling the fact that the shipments of four to England are daily growing larger, as the Englishmen are slow to adopt the new roller process of making flour now in full operation in the big flour mills in Minneapolis. Another bright feature are the recently advanced rates demanded by the steamship companies to carry the grain abroad. At one time during the summer merchantmen was shipped to Liverpool at two and two and a half cents a bushel. The rate is now eight cents a bushel, and is evidence of the increased demand for tonnage. The steamship people are also happy to be interviewed on business subjects.

A Profitable Ranch.

Ever since coming to this State 11 years ago we have had no small opinion of its products, and the outdoor exercise which we took to R. B. Blowers' premises the other evening added greatly to our already high estimate of the productive powers of the soil of Yolo county. Mr. Blowers has a State reputation as a raiser of grain, and is not only found him and forty hands making raisins, but also making hay and drying prunes and figs—all at the same time. The hands were sorting of raisins when the author was laying fat on the ground was planted not more than six months ago, and this is second cutting. Mr. Blowers has forty acres of grapes, some of the varieties, such as the seedless Sultana, making sunny tops to the acre. He also has eight acres of the finest table and shipping grapes that we have ever seen. They are large in size and dark red in color, and are so well calculated to stand the test of shipping that they have been forwarded to England. The name of the variety has escaped my memory. One not acquainted with raisin-making cannot realize the magnitude of the business, and the large number of boxes a forty acre tract of ground will produce. The most noticeable object that attracted our attention was his own water works. The works are composed of one large well, in which the water at this season of the year stands within 15 feet of the surface of the ground, and furnishes an abundance of the useful fluid with which to irrigate the whole ranch. The engine which runs the pump is 8½ inches, and performs the extraordinary feat of filling a 2,000 gallon tank in 15 minutes. While Mr. Blowers has the Mason water ditch passing through his place for the benefit of his neighbors, he makes no use of it, his own water supply being sufficient to irrigate his entire ranch. What R. B. Blowers has done in utilizing the body of water that underlies the shallow surface of the rich soil of Yolo county is within the power of every land holder in this part of the State, and that, too, at no extraordinary expense. To realize the value of a bountiful supply of cheap water in increasing the soil's productive capacity, it is only necessary to visit Mr. Blowers' place and witness the earth's surface fairly groaning with luscious grapes that will yield ten tons to the acre, fruit orchards that are laden with the choicest fruits, watermelons that are so plentiful that they have ceased to be of value, alfalfa hay that can be made to produce ten tons to the acre, for trees that are fairly bending under their heavy burden of tropical fruit, and the growth of the ever useful walnut trees, which has been so wonderful as to cause us to dismiss our former fears of the near extinction of this admirable wood.—*Woodland Democrat.*

Dissatisfied with Chinese.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Cowles, of El Cajon, are in the city for a few days' rest, being guests of the Horton House. Mr. Cowles has just finished picking his grapes. He has had 90 hands at work, 50 of whom were Chinamen. He is very much dissatisfied with the work of the Chinamen, and says he does not want any more Mongolians in his vineyards, claiming that their work is not done nearly as well as by Americans. However, he is glad he made the experiment, as he had heard so much that the Chinamen were better than white laborers. Mr. Cowles will have 10,000 boxes of raisins from four-year old vines.—*San Diego Union.*

A Word to Grape-Growers.

"Tell your grape-growing readers not to be in too big a hurry about putting in their vineyards," said Mr. Priebor of the Napa Valley Wine Company. "So long as there is no danger of rain," he continued, "it would be better for the grower and better for the wine-maker if the grapes were allowed to hang on the vines until they get riper. As it is the grapes we get in the yellow average about 19 per cent of sugar, when 22 per cent is required to make good wine. The unripe, half-pressed bunch of grapes a man picks to-day would, if left on the vine until it was ripe, weigh three quarters of a pound, and have the required amount of saccharine matter."—*Napa Register.*

Family Fun.

Naming the Baby.

"I think," said the fond mother, "that as the baby's name is Brown, it would be better to give him some first name less common than Harry. There are eleven columns of Henry Brown in the directory."

"Thirteen, darling," said Mr. Brown; "I counted them yesterday. What we want for the baby is a unique first name, a name that will be distinct and peculiar, that will make it possible always to identify him. Isn't that it dearest?"

"Certainly.

"Well, I have prepared a list from which we can pick. Suppose we think over it? Let's begin with the twelve tribes of Israel. Are there any among them that you like?

"I think not."

"How would Gad do? God Brown?"

"That would be moral, anyhow."

"Possibly. The others are all rather common. Dave Ivanhoe strike you? I rather like Ivanhoe Brown. Or, if we wanted to give him a middle name we could call him Ivanhoe Alcibiades Brown."

"It is too long and, besides I am not certain I could always spell Alcibiades correctly in marking his underclothing."

"Plutarch, then?"

"Mr. Brown, that is outrageous!"

"Outrageous, love? Plutarch! Why what do you mean?"

"No child of mine shall ever be named after the god of the infernal regions!"

Mr. Brown explained the blunder that she had made in mistaking Plutarch for Pluto and passed on. "What do you say then to Galileo? There is not a single Galileo Brown in the directory."

"Was Galileo an Israelite?

"No, love.

"I thought from his name perhaps he came from Galilee," said Mrs. Brown, thoughtfully.

Mr. Brown was too astonished to replies. He resumed the reading of his list.

"Peleiah is a Scriptural name. Would you care for Peleiah? Peleiah Brown?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Brown. "It sounds like an impeachment of the dear child's veracity. I don't think we ought to start him in life with an insinuation that he will be a story-teller."

"It might not be right. Suppose then we call him Pumpkin?"

"Is that a Bible name?"

"No."

"To be sure not! I was thinking of St. Peter. I think, William, I should prefer an American name of some kind if we could find one.

Mr. Brown concealed his feelings and turned a new leaf of his list.

"I have a few Anglo-Saxon," said he, "that belong to this continent and that are marked by strong individuality. Ragsome, for instance. His was an Anglo-Saxon.

"Was his last name Brown?"

"I think not. No, I am certain it was not, and there was no Nebuchadnezzar; he was a king, too."

"Why, child would never put such a name as that on an umbrella handle."

"True," said Mr. Brown. "The king probably had no umbrella. Spotted Tail, however, is a native American name, which—"

"And you would give that name to your child—your own child?"

"I don't know, Spotted Tail Brown might answer for—"

Mrs. Brown suddenly fainted out of the room with a remark intimating that she was going home to her mother's. After she had had a cry, Mr. Brown folded up his list and agreed to call the child Thomas.

A Sweet Dose for a Preacher.

Occasionally the Methodist minister come to a certain village in Maine from one of the neighboring towns. After "meeting" was over it was customary for one among the more favored in this world's goods to invite him home to dinner. On this particular occasion, it was Gen. Sp. Ind. Aunt Sally—one of the last and poorest—kindly asked him to go home with her. The table spread, she poured out the tea; its sugar was beyond her means she was surfeiting in the molasses for sweetening. "Well, sister," said the parson, "if that's not what's plenty, thank you!" Aunt Sally with another generous dash—starting vigorously, replied "Law sakes! if I was not ashamed to mention it! I thought it would be sweet enough for the minister!"

Luck of Confidence.

Gentlemen—"There you are, Uncle Hastan. You just hand that order to Mr. Smith, and he will pay you the money."

Uncle Hastan (examining the document)—"Am dis a verbal order, sah?"

Gentleman—"No, I'll gave you a verbal order he wouldn't pay it."

Uncle Hastan (relieved)—"Yes, dat's what I wot. Mr. Sand' sayin. He sayin I brought a verbal order dat he wouldn't pay it. I reckon he hasn't got much cash dance in you', sah."

Do Pharaoh Feared in Judgment.

A planter owned a slave named Moses, who was an inveterate possum hunter. Away back in 1851 there was a most remarkable meteoric shower, popularly known as "when the stars fell." Uncle Moses was out in a hurricane lick, where the niggy shook, indulging in his favorite pastime. His boy Jeff was with him, and they had caught a possum and inserted his tail in a cleft sapling, in the usual fashion, and Jeff was carrying the pole on his shoulder. Suddenly the whole earth was illuminated by the shower of falling meteors. Uncle Moses looked up in a non-committal way as the blazing stars went showling hither and thither scratching their flaming tails across the entire heaven in an awe-inspiring manner. Then he stampeded. He would run a short distance over a log, and then get on his knees and pray. Then he would make another dash, trip over a dangling branch, and begin praying again. Jeff scrambled after him, still holding on to his possum. All of a sudden Moses remembered that it was Sunday night, and he prayed louder than ever. Jeff called out: "Daddy, wot mus' I do with dis possum? 'Tissed Lord ob mercy! Jeff! bab p p p dat dis possum yit! Turn 'im loose at 'im go yo' foot cuggin! De word am o-mid to-ma-rah we's do Lord as ma wi-ll. I mean by kindly possum on Sunday night, dun yo know I down want dat possum to pass in judgment agin me?"

An Angelic Young Man.

He was a real nice young man, wore good clothes, went to Sunday school with regularity, and had an excellent opinion of his own moral character. He asked into a great deal of society in search of a situation, and said—

"I would like a place."

"Any experience?" asked the head of the great establishment.

"Not much; but I am a man of good habits."

"So?"

"Yes. I never swear, drink or chew; never play cards or go to the races. I don't bet on baseball games or run round at night."

"Anything else?"

"I don't gamble, frequent bucket shops or bet on elections."

The employer seemed satisfied, for he called out to the head salesman with

"Jemse, just see if our angel department is full, and if not, send this young man up."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cholera is Quick, Perry Davis' Pain Killer is Quicker. 4b Years experience PROVES that Perry Davis' Pain Killer is the cure for Cholera. Ought'nt you to get a bottle quickly so if you need it quickly it may will be lost? For Cholera Morbus Diarrhœa, Summer Complint, Dysentery there is no remedy equal to P.D.P.K. Your druggist sells it. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Prop's PROVIDENCE, R.I.

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THE CHURCH IN EUROPE.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Bar. Dr. Leonard, Bishop of Cape Town. The ceremony which took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Cape Town, was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Leonard, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. Jolivet, of Natal, and the Right Rev. Dr. Ricards of Grahamstown. The new Bishop is a native of Ireland. He studied at All Hallows College, and obtained his degree of D.D., by examination at Rome. He arrived in Cape Colony in 1867, and since then he has labored with wonderful zeal and success at Simon's Town. On the occasion of the consecration Bishop Ricards delivered an eloquent and polished discourse on the unity of the Church. The new Bishop was afterwards presented with the episcopal ring, and other episcopal ornaments, and received the greetings of the Holy See, and wishing Bishop Rooney of success.

THE SEMINARY OF ERLOUCH

have founded at Lourain, under the patronage of St. Albert of the Congo, a seminary for the preparation of priests whose mission will be to bear the glad tidings of Christianity to the inhabitants of the Independent Congo, where thirty million souls await the grace and gift of the Faith and the benefits of civilization. Besides the education ordinarily given to candidates for the priesthood, the students of the new seminary will be instructed in the Congo dialects, and in branches of medical and sanitary science specially applicable to the equatorial climate in which they are to labor. The seminary is under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Malines, and the missionaries will remain secular priests. While exercising the sacred ministry they will be directly under the control of the Sacred College of the Propagandia. Provision will be made at the seminary for those Fathers who, on the completion of their work, may stand in need of a comfortable retreat for their closing years.

A NEW YORK ELECTION.

What a Political Campaign Costs in the City Hotels.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The cheapest municipal election campaign in this city within fifteen years cost $20,000, and the dearest $150,000. These figures represent, be it understood, the outlay on behalf of the city, and county ticket by a party, and has nothing to do with Congressmen, Assemblymen, or Aldermen. The town is divided into 847 election districts, so that the average number of voters at one point is small. The safeguards of the law are so many and the supervision of the polls so thorough, by rival interests that actual fraud to the taking and counting of ballots is very rare. This army of watchers an election-day is a heavy expense. The aggregate vote is about two hundred thousand, and it costs $4,000 to merely mail a set of ballots to each voter. The maintenance of general headquarters is chargeable to the party fund, and on are certain contingent outlays, but the orators, banners, fireworks, and other amusements belonging to outdoor meetings are customarily provided by separate political clubs, candidates and interests. What are regarded as honest expenditures are here misnamed. The direct purchase of votes is a matter of speculation, and is by no means so common as in some rural districts. When done at all it is practised in parts of the town where personal character is lowest.

The biggest assessment ever paid to a party by a candidate was taken by John Kelly for Tammany from John Reilly, the present Register, and it was $50,000. The office was then worth about as much as that annually for two years in fees, but has since been reduced to half yearly. The usual price has been $20,000. The County Clerkship was assessed to various parties, and had the Sheriffship $50,000. But some of the assessees have been vastly outstripped in the pecuniary sense through outputs of money beyond the regular contribution to the party fund. It is computed that Mayor Grace spent $100,000 in his last campaign, and not many dollars were wasted, for he conducted his own political affairs and would not let the aforesaid hornets and would not let the aforesaid hornets buz much. P. Henry Dugro offered to Tammany $100,000 for the Mayoralty nomination which has been given to Abram S. Hewitt, per the leaders and not thinkt that could be elected independently, and so went into a fusion with the rest of the Democracy. Dugro is very rich and ambitious. Roswell P. Flower would have spent as much on the Governorship, but had nominated him instead of George. His liberality is remarkable. He donated $50,000 to the Cleveland fund and $25,000 to the election of Hill as Governor. He spent $50,000 to beat Willis Astor for Congress in the present remarkable struggle for the Mayoralty, Theodore Roosevelt and Abram S. Hewitt are wealthy, and yet the campaign will not cost them much, Hewitt's assessment is only $10,000, and it is doubtful if he will spend as much of it individually. Roosevelt has paid in a big amount to his party treasury. Hewitt's election is deemed certain, and Roosevelt's beaten. Hence there is no call for money in big quantities. The bulk of the campaign funds will be gotten from the assessment will be instructed in the Congo dialects, and in branches of medical and sanitary science specially applicable to the equatorial climate in which they are to labor. The seminary is under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Malines, and the missionaries will remain secular priests. While exercising the sacred ministry they will be directly under the control of the Sacred College of the Propagandia. Provision will be made at the seminary for those Fathers who, on the completion of their work, may stand in need of a comfortable retreat for their closing years.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.
IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—Leonard Calvert, of 35 Great Hill-street, Belfast, in the employ of the well-known and implement merchant, was on the 5th of October, adjudged bankrupt.

In Belfast Mr. Maurice Healy is waging a daily war against the Orange clubs in Carson Revision Court of West Belfast, and adding to the Surgeon roll many scotch and Irish supporters of Mr. Sexton. Mr. O'Doherty is loudly engaged in similar work in Derry, and they output service. Mr. Wilson, in East Donegal, is strenuously at work in the Revision Court, and Mr. Michael McGahey is fighting a stubborn battle with the Orange Institute of South Tyrone, and adding many good men and true to the roll. Mr. Reynolds has had a very busy time of it in the East Tyrone, and has considerably improved the prospects of the National party in that division of the county.

Amongst the most important bits of evidence given in Belfast, on October 2, were some statements of opinion by Mr. Collins, Assistant Inspector General of Constabulary. This officer declared his belief that a good deal of respectable Orange opinion was in favor of the recent minor reports; to an inflammatory letter in the *Belfast Evening Telegraph* from Mr. Tu Cohalo, M.P., and to the sending addresses of the Rev. Dr. Hanna and the Rev. Dr. Kane. The responsibility of the local magistrates for withdrawal of the police from streets was also pretty clearly established by the evidence of Messrs. Carr and Collins.

Clare.—Though the earthlors of the Rev. Thos. McMahon, P.P., of Kilmihill, near Kilrush, and his curate, the Rev. J. Upton, of the following landlords, having retains in the county Clare, have made general offer of a rent to their tenants only to the present great agricultural depression—Judge Lawson, Colonel Charles George Crofton, Colonel Vandeleur, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Ball, Mr. Ball, of Fortlawn, Captain Fitzgerald, Mr. McMahon, J.P., Carrahan, near Quinn; Mr. Ryan, J.P., Brown, county Limerick, Colonel Stewart Vandeleur has granted an abatement of 20 per cent. to his tenants. E. P. Wesley, J.P., has granted an abatement of 15 per cent. to his tenants at Kilmacduane, Shannon, and at Maurus Kann, J.P., has given an abatement of 15 cent. to his tenants near Carrigaholt.

Cork.—As outrage by moonlighters occurred at Ballyhea, near Kanyellmanus, on Sunday being two young ladies named Kate and Bridget Joan, daughters of Daniel Joan, a respectable farmer, living at Glountaleaun, by the district. They were disturbed by a party of men who were recently returned home from a fair, and were ordered to leave the house, and to shut the door in the right side. The prisoners, and on entering the house discovered the two young women, who in a good of blood and humanity. The only motive assigned for the outrage is the refusal to give to a man, who has been a prominent member of the local branch of the National League.

There has just died at the Presentation Convent at Youghal, aged 82, Mrs. Mary Hennessy, known in religion as Sister Mary Clare. The deceased lady was a native of the town of Youghal for fifty years, being a member of the Hennessy family, a family intimately identified with that Convent when first established in Youghal.

On Oct. 1st, at Little Island, Thomas Curtin, a stonecutter, was struck by the falling of some tools and killed. He was employed at the Little Island quarries, half way between Cork and Queenstown.

A building is in course of erection at Ballincurrane which is to be devoted to the purposes of a pecuniary industrial school for the benefit of Irish fishermen. It is the first project of the kind undertaken by the Irish Fishery Commissioners, and should, and will be followed by similar attempts in that direction all together. The company's fund for the year amounts to £2,590, and including workshop, machinery, and fittings, the new building will probably be not less than that sum. Only £1,500 of this has not been raised by the Commissioners, the Cork Grand Jury contributed £1,000. Then £2,000 is still required, and the Commissioners are now anxiously needed by carry on the work.

Dublin.—Early in October the case tried Kelly for Tammany from John Reilly, the present Register, and it was $50,000. The office was then worth about as much as that annually for two years in fees, but has since been reduced to half yearly. The usual price has been $20,000. The County Clerkship was assessed to various parties, and the Sheriffship $50,000. But some of the assessees have been vastly outstripped in the pecuniary sense through outputs of money beyond the regular contribution to the party fund. It is computed that Mayor Grace spent $100,000 in his last campaign, and not many dollars were wasted, for he conducted his own political affairs and would not let the aforesaid hornets buz much. P. Henry Dugro offered to Tammany $100,000 for the Mayoralty nomination which has been given to

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ALL MATTER MUST BE ORIGINAL—written on one side of each sheet of foolscap paper, and must be mailed to the Monitor on or before each the office not later than **December 1st,** so as to give us time to examine the same and **make careful contributors** to the Monitor of the 8th prox.

The name or nom de plume of each contributor must be annexed to each manuscript. Contributions may be written in ink or indelible pencil, at the option of the contributor.

The Premiums are open to contestants residing in any portion of the Pacific Coast. All manuscripts should be forwarded to the office **at once,** as soon as completed, so as to be carefully read by competent judges prior to awarding the Premiums.

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In sending in the Names of all your friends to whom you desire us to mail copies of the CHRISTMAS MONITOR, so heretofore many subscribers were disappointed in receiving the Christmas Monitor, which was entirely exhausted. Send your lists and date at once, and then your friends will be certain to receive a most welcome Christmas or New Year's gift (or which they will long feel grateful).

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A Nervine and Blood- Invigorator.

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Market Report.

MONITOR OFFICE,
636 Clay St. Tuesday Evening, Nov. 2, 1886.

WHEAT. No. 1, ... 87½@87½c
Barley, feed ... 55c
Barley, Brewing, wholesale ... 60c
Oats ... 1.40@1.45
Bran ... 17@17½c
Middlings ... 19@20c
Hay ... 10@12
Straw ... 30c
Potatoes ... 1.00@1.10
Onions ... 1.50@1.60
Eggs ... 25@30c
Butter ... 25@30c
Cheese ... 12@13c
Honey ... 5@6c
Beans ... 3c
Hides ... 1c
Tallow ... 2c
Wool ... 10@14c
Beeswax ... 25c
Beef ... 2@3c
Mutton ... 3c
Pork ... 3c
Veal ... 3c
Poultry ... 12@15c
Geese ... 1.00@1.25
Ducks ... 1.00@1.25
Turkeys ... 15@18c
Chickens ... 1.00@1.25
Pigeons ... 1.00@1.25
Apples ... 1.00@1.50
Pears ... 1.00@1.50
Quinces ... 1.00@1.50
Grapes ... 1.00@1.50
Oranges ... 1.00@1.50
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Bananas ... 1.00@1.50
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Blackberries ... 1.00@1.50
Raspberries ... 1.00@1.50
Gooseberries ... 1.00@1.50
Currants ... 1.00@1.50
Olives ... 1.00@1.50
Olive Oil ... 1.00@1.50
Wine ... 1.00@1.50
Brandy ... 1.00@1.50
Whisky ... 1.00@1.50
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Cheese ... 1.00@1.50
Eggs ... 1.00@1.50
Poultry ... 1.00@1.50
Game ... 1.00@1.50
Fish ... 1.00@1.50
Oysters ... 1.00@1.50
Clams ... 1.00@1.50
Mussels ... 1.00@1.50
Crabs ... 1.00@1.50
Shrimps ... 1.00@1.50
Lobsters ... 1.00@1.50
Crayfish ... 1.00@1.50
Frogs ... 1.00@1.50
Turtle ... 1.00@1.50
Snails ... 1.00@1.50
Worms ... 1.00@1.50
Insects ... 1.00@1.50
Reptiles ... 1.00@1.50
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Popes ... 1.00@1.50
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Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

OH LADY, GAZE NOT SCORNFULLY.

AN IMITATION OF MOORE.

Oh! Lady, gaze not scornfully
On him who prostrate near thee lies,
For could the eyes which now are scowling
Be hidden 'neath thy brilliant eyes
They would at not chance see the wrongs I bear
The barrier which between us lies,
Like some fair seal that hungers for
A single glance of Paradise!

But let one kind forgiving glow
Light up thy fair, proud face once more,
And from thee shall I humbly go
And seek the path I trod before.
Farewell! Farewell! for aye to thee,
Thy adoration shall I change
Thy admiration seek and break my heart!
To hopeless Love and break my heart!

C. ANTHONY DUYER.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

SEE AND I.

We are sisters two; but she, the fairest was in form and face,
She could sway all minds and touch each hidden chord with magic grace,
Or her youth the Fairies blessed with all the gifts of fairyland;
For all Nature, lover's goddess, lavished on her, and grouped to kneel in tears.
Then came Love, to crown her life with lofty light through all its ways
On her path the Angel flame all kindrick the perfect day;
But she, smiling, bade him go to warmer planets
Saying, sweetest "Nay!"
While I stood dismayed and wondering, asked, "Oh, why not bid him stay?"
But she frowned, but cold frown replied, "Oh, Love, like wings will surely fly,
Which she spoke, I knew, she wanton, Love, was sent to Heaven
Then came Gold with words like seeds of fire to stir her for his sake—
She could dwell in palace fair, like queen upon a golden throne;
So she, smiling, bade him stay, and revelled in her golden dream,
And o'er her pathway flash the golden rays with scintillation beam;
Ah! Me well, the heart that told her given her the utmost one,
Tis a channel hoice of memories, from which she should dwelling flow,
Hence the brighter halls sodeets many a spenser pictured bow,
Could, but, alas, she'd down her own as her honored place.
Dim sake know! "dear sis, forgive! are bring her secret soul to take?
Who can tell there's some sun real the face beneath a golden mask
Who can know (we) by hands with labor brown, he's lily white;
Has his wealth, and I have children three, with toil tear-worn to night.
She is free as bird to wing her way all over the sea and earth,
But a prisoner, I, enchained by duty's fetters since my birth;
Of one delight of our lives so widely sundered
That I am as may pluck a star as hope her beside in reach.
As to-day, I read, she shaded with kings, the fairest lady there,
Hot rebellious thoughts my pulses filled when I our life compare
Ye critics give her all, and dole such meagre gifts to me
I have nothing—nothing, wailed my heart, a moment, mournfully
"Oh, my darling, home again! I love you—love you, my wife!"
"Oh, Mamie? Mamie, Dear!" Their voices fell as I, in rapture, heard
And I've spoken!—nothing—I'm dreaming! Pardon! pardon!
Thou, my shield thought,
I have of and she has nothing—save the shadows gold has bought.

M. L.

NEVER FORGET DEAR OLD ERIN.

Forget not, Irishmen, the land which sent Saint Patrick to you
Where green and fresh the shamrock springs
Forget not the apostle of Erin
Though fortune smile upon you here, where stress and thought are free.
Forget not those beyond the grave, by Shannon, Sligo, and Lee.
Though oceans roll between ye and the isle of emerald
Be ye mindful of her story, and the strife her children waged
Forget not Ireland's martyrs—every year of her sad history, and pain,
To win the rights our fathers held for Irishmen again.

Forget not, Irishmen, the names of those who in the past
Sworn hard to snap the chain of wrong which bound the old sire fast
"Hagwood, Tone, and Grattan, men whose worth no wealth could buy
And Emmet pure, who gave his life upon the gallows tree
And all the tried and enthroned, Hugh O'Neil and Owen Roe.
All names to which Irish hearts beat, and spoken freedom's glow.
Oh, you Irishmen hold fast to the land of Ireland's sons and brave,
Who suffering, daily chains or death the dear old isle to save.

Forget not, Irishmen, the cause for which thou hast been sent
Which sent in thousands o'er the wave our sires to die or rent
Forget not the O'Connell labored for, that Dare conceded and sway
The cause that Meagher pleaded for with Afterward fatey honour,
The cause for which, my thy martyrs fell, the while they prayed to God.
As you are winged, have here souls, to save the dear old sod.
The self-same cause that Parnell and his gallant band have borne
Through the lonesome and the shipwreck to the threshold of the heaven.
Yes, brethren, now—O God be thankful—a rest at last appears
In that island that lowered darkly o'er the land three by-gone years.
And for seven the seasons wide there comes the mother's voice,
"Come home, oh! my children! make thy mother's heart rejoice.
After all my care and toil for thee, all for the strife was force and strong,
And that land for me and mine with my breast has not been dry long.
I am plaintive, oh! my children, for a word of hope and cheer."
Like unto the mother's pleading, hark! my brothers, dear thou hear?

P. J. DILLON.

THE OLD CHURCH BELLS.

A stranger in a foreign shore,
Is sad and pensive, as the sea,
He thinks of home, and his heart grows more
Within his father's house to be.
And when he looks, from far away
Comes sound of bells from o'er the sea;
The old church bells that once to say
"Come home, dear child, we call to thee."

The church, the farmhouse and the mill,
And fancies upon the dashing rill
That through the meadow quietly glides,
Bright scenes of youth! they come today
With the old church bells that come to say,
"Come home, dear child, we call to thee."

The olden days, the dear old songs,
The happy time he used to know,
All to his mem'ry come in throngs
With blissful sense of long ago.
He hears again, though far away,
The church bells from o'er the sea,
The old church bells that seem to say
"Come home, dear child, we call to thee."

His mother's voice so sweet and clear
As when she used to sing to him
She charmed away his grief and fear
With sacred hymns and songs of love.
Oh yes! her song comes back to day
With church bells from o'er the sea,
The old church bells that seem to say
"Come home, dear child, we call to thee."

And so to his home the exiled
Will wanderer from the heavenly land;
Will hear the call of the church bells
Provided by the Shepherd's hand.
The chimes of heaven's bells to day,
Are gently wafted o'er the sea,
In tones of music come they say
"Come home, dear child, we call to thee."
"Now pealing loud,
Now tremblingly,
"Come home dear child, we call to thee,
"We call to thee."

Literary Miscellany.

The Lost Pearl.

A Beautiful Catholic Story in Two Chapters

CHAPTER I.

My father was a gentleman of ample fortune, all of which was invested in various banks and railways in different mines and speculations. Although his income was a considerable one, he had no one but myself to spend it upon.

My mother died when I was a little boy of five years old, and I was sent to boarding school and then to college, where I had from time shall I humbly go.

"Well, Ned, we parted some months ago when I due; but, remember, it will be useless without talent and education.

So I made the best of my time, and from college I returned home years that gave my father pleasure. When I was sixteen he took me to Europe. We were two years in France and one in Germany, and while there my father died. He was in a quiet little cemetery just outside Berlin.

His death was a sorrow I cannot explain in words. I had not realized before how entirely I depended upon him. Standing by his death-bed, I felt myself isolated and alone. The only one who loved me, the only one I loved, lay there cold and silent. In the first smart of my pain it seemed to me that my life ended with my father.

Before any one had time to reply, two little girls entered the room, followed by a tall lady, who, I thought, was their governess.

"Miss Alton," said Mr Marche, "you are rather behind time this morning. Punctuality is a virtue that should be deeply impressed on a governess."

The lady addressed blushed, but to whom "Probably the members of this house hold had long discovered that silence was the most efficacious weapon to be used in rating his platitudes.

The blush drew my attention to Miss Alton. I wish I had the skill of an artist that I might paint that fair face, so modest and yet so full of womanly dignity. A young face, too, framed in golden brown hair that crowned a noble head. The brow white and broad, the eyes dark and shadowed, the lips sweet and firm—young, yet with an indescribable look of endurance. It was as though a cloud of sorrow had fallen over the brightness of her youth, and veiled it.

Mrs. Marche introduced me to her little daughters, Lisa and Jessie, then to their governess. I cannot tell how it was, but I felt a sudden thrill as I was shaking that I could recover my lost fortune, wondering if anything that money could purchase would ever bring smiles to that beautiful face.

My illness began that day. In the morning, my pupil studied with me for some hours. During the afternoon, I went to the library, answered different letters, attended to the books, and did any writing Mr Marche wanted.

At five I went into the school room to join Lisa's lessons to the little girls, and that was the happiest hour in the day. Miss Alton was very shy and reserved at first, never raising her eyes when I addressed her or repying except in monosyllables. Miss Alton and I dined with the family, and the evening was spent in the drawing room. Mr Marche generally challenged me to a game of chess. Miss Alton sometimes played and sang, sometimes read aloud, sometimes rose to the lady of the house, with a smile, without sufficient energy to read for herself.

But the great holiday of all was when Mr. and Mrs. Marche went out to dine. Then we spent a happy evening alone. Those pleasant hours return to me as some of the brightest I have ever known.

Miss Alton was very shy with me at first, but by many little acts of kindness, by many gentle attentions, I broke down the barrier of reserve. Her story was even more simple and more sad than my own. Her father was the last in the week of a large shipping firm in England to Antwerp. Her mother was wealthy, and her father was with him. He died three years after. The good Sisters of Charity were to whom she was at school completed her education, and then found for her this situation with the Marches. This little story she told me one evening when we sat in the library.

"Then you, I suppose, are alone in the world," I said, when she had given them a simple detail.

A blush that seemed to burn her fair face stained her cheeks. She made no reply.

"You smile, I repeated, "and so am I.

Again she made no remark, but the shadow returned to those clear eyes, and for the rest of that evening Frances Alton said little.

Even as I grew to love her more, I became more and more sure that she had some secret in her life that she was hiding from me. Her sadness was too deep for a shadow to those clear, truthful eyes, was not all caused by grief at her mother's loss; in the sorrow that weighed down Frances Alton there seemed to me no hope. Was bright May morning, I rose early and went out in to the woods. There I gathered a bouquet of lilacs, fair violets. Taking them into the house, I met Miss Alton in the hall, and offered them to her.

I have seen a sunbeam break through the mist, brightening and warming everything around it. Just so did the smile sp in her face change her. For one moment it was a beautiful, radiant young girl, happiness shining in her eyes and playing around her lips. Then as I felt, and she was blushed again.

Still, she took my violets, and that encouraged me. Little by little, I won her confidence and liking. At last, when two months had gone by, I went into the school room, she would smile and look as though the burden she carried was less.

One little circumstance struck me very much. I have forgotten to mention that Mr. Marche, although a Protestant himself, had married a Catholic. With liberality that does him credit, he had consented that his children should be brought up in the Catholic faith. To do him justice, he was always singularly attached to the Church, although he was from it. Priests were cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained at his house. He gave largely to Catholic charities, and encouraged Catholic literature.

"Frances, I have forgotten to mention that I would remark in a patronizing tone, "she is a catholic; there is neither shame nor dissimilar in her fold."

A quantity of rare and beautiful Catholic engravings were sent to Mrs. Marche. They lay upon the table in the library, awaiting her decision for frames. In the library were two large bay-windows shaded by drapery curtains of some rich material. I was sitting there one afternoon, reading some subject upon which Mr. Marche wrote a pamphlet; the sunshine had faded, and I was not visible to any one entering the room.

Miss Alton came in, and going to the window, selected the volume of Wordsworth I had come in search. Passing by the table, the engravings upon it drew her attention. There was one most exquisitely and pathetically beautiful of the *Mater Dolorosa*. Miss Alton bent over it for some minutes, gazing intently upon the beautiful, sorrowful face. Then her eyes filled with tears.

"Mother," I heard her say, "your heart was pierced with seven swords; mine half breaks with one. Help me to bear it!"

Then she left the room.

Ah, then, my suspicions were correct. I heard it from her own lips at last. What was the sword that rankled in her heart!

I asked myself that question a hundred times; and each time in vain. I only cared to know so that I might help her. For during one years close observation of Frances Alton, I had learned the lesson that she was the noblest, truest woman in the world. I said that if she should ever be my wife, my life would indeed be crowned and blest.

Perhaps she guessed my secret. I said not, not taking or dating to tell her of my hopes until I saw some prospect of being some chance of winning fame and gold for myself and this, noble girl I hoped to make my wife.

After all, I believe outward circumstances do not influence one's happiness as much as people think. If there be plenty of sunshine within, if the heart be light, the disposition cheerful and contented, ones surroundings are not so much a matter of consequence.

I was happy where I was. I knew that I could to remember that my pupil all me turned, and that, while I lived, I must work hard for my daily bread.

Every day I liked Frances Alton more and more; every day I were more plainly and more sorrowfully that I loved her, that I loved her youth, and relied her bright beauty. I never dared to tell her that, for I was suddenly into the school room, and found her stringed the string, (alas, her face hurried to an open book that lay on the table. No one knew of my love, and then I saw she had been weeping bitterly.

It was the Bible that lay open there, at the story of the Prodigal Son. I could not endure to see the tears at the secret which lay like a funeral pall over the life of the sad, sorrowful girl.

Mrs. Marche liked Miss Alton, as did every one who knew her, and she came to consult. She trusted her.

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But the great holiday of all was when Mr. and Mrs. Marche went out to dine. Then we spent a happy evening alone. Those pleasant hours return to me as some of the brightest I have ever known.

"Lona," said my uncle one morning, "I have been attending to your affairs of which you know little or nothing. Your mother's banks and railways in different mines and speculations. Although his income was a considerable one, he had no one but myself to spend it upon.

My mother died when I was a little boy of five years old, and I was sent to boarding school and then to college, where I had from time shall I humbly go.

"Well, Ned, we parted some months ago when I due; but, remember, it will be useless without talent and education.

So I made the best of my time, and from college I returned home years that gave my father pleasure. When I was sixteen he took me to Europe. We were two years in France and one in Germany, and while there my father died. He was in a quiet little cemetery just outside Berlin.

His death was a sorrow I cannot explain in words. I had not realized before how entirely I depended upon him. Standing by his death-bed, I felt myself isolated and alone. The only one who loved me, the only one I loved, lay there cold and silent. In the first smart of my pain it seemed to me that my life ended with my father.

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For some months all went on gaily. The first dividend paid by the "Nassau" was such as to make my uncle's name ring with joy.

Then—but why write so backward a story!—the shares suddenly fell until they became a mere drug in the market.

All that money had gone, all, the fairy castles, the dreams of wealth and the Holy Land! Farewell to literary ease and home elegance! I had a few dollars in my purse, and when they were spent, I, Louis Dean, lately the possessor of many thousands, was penniless.

My uncle's house was sold, and everything he had in the world in it. There was no resource for me but to look out for a situation, and I'd I began to do so.

I wrote to an old friend of my father's, Mr. Marche, and asked him if he knew of anything that would suit me. I awaited his answer in suspense that it sickens me to think of. I advertised and answered advertisements; but all in vain. I had but a few shillings left when Mr. Marche's letter came.

It was kind, all things considered. He condoled me on my loss of fortune, and offered me a position in his own house. He wanted some one to act as his private secretary, to take charge of his library, to interpret his and teach his children French, Latin—a multiplicity of business; but he offered what seemed to me a munificent salary. If I consented, duties were waiting for me, and I was to go at once.

Gladly enough I wrote to accept the offered invitation, and a few days found me waiting for Mr. Marche in his library.

I ought not to have been disappointed I had always known him for a period, he served man. He did not sleep my hand, as I thought he would, and bid me welcome for my dead father's sake. He made me a ceremonious bow, asked if I had dined, ordered some wine for me, and then began to speak of my duties. Once he called me "Louis," then corrected himself and said, "Mr. Dean." I felt at once into my place, and spoke as he would speak to a stranger.

And he, my father's friend, never once mentioned my father's name.

The little boy Lionel, my pupil that was to be, was sent for, a nice, quiet, intelligent boy, who cared enough up to use and stock heads.

"I shall trust to his good, Mr. Dean," he said, "and not give you much trouble."

And that was my reception at Mr. Marche's.

I wished myself of my employer's per company, and went to my room. After all, I had much to be grateful for. A setting-room, with plenty of books and good pictures, a bed-room, replete with every comfort, had been prepared for me. It was possible to be very happy, even though I had lost my fortune, and was now a tutor.

When the breakfast bell rang, I descended, prepared for my first lesson. Lionel was a fair-haired boy, with a pleasant face.

"Lionel, I hope you will be a good boy," I said, as I shook hands with him.

"Yes, sir," he replied, in a tone of perfect indifference, and I felt that I should say little to him.

Mrs. Marche received me kindly. I hardly know how to describe her. She had once been beautiful, but gave one the impression of a woman from whom life had long passed, but long been crushed. Patience and resignation were in every line of the tired face.

My pupil Lionel took his seat next to me. Three other covers were laid. I wondered where they were for, knowing Mr. Marche had but two daughters.

"Where is Miss Alton?" asked he, presently. "The second bell has rung, I believe?"

Before any one had time to reply, two little girls entered the room, followed by a tall lady, who, I thought, was their governess.

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A TOUCHING STORY.

One of the Little Happinesses Contributing Our Faith in Human Nature.

Uncle his wife a tearful peal by

"My love, my only one! The time will soon be here when I shall be no a person to take your place and feel and say as my love. Then we shall have no more of these meetings.

"And you will be true to me?"

"I always am," they responded.

"You did not forget to put that photo you had especially taken for me in my pocket?" inquired the wife.

"I dear, no. Are you sure you will look at it sometimes, love?"

"You wicked doubter. You know that I should be wretched without at least such a semblance of my pet to look at daily and nightly.

Upon the end of chatting over his good and the treachery of one in whom he had so much unlimited confidence.

In brief, she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him "wretched." She had taken that photo-graph from his pocketbook, and was gloating over his misery when he should discover that only memory remained to him for the time being of his darling's face.

The dear fellow, how he will scold me for this trick, I'm afraid he will not send him the photograph in the first letter I write to him.

Then supposing her conscience, she sat down to her desk to write.

It came from Chicago.

"Dear Mrs. Gotchkin, it began, "here O. K. this c. K." Have been worrying with the trade all day, and a tough time I've had of it. Weary and haggard I have retired to my room, sent out the golden-hair to bed, and have taken up my pen to write only, and taken from my satchel your photo-graph, which I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayers. I will send your photo back in my own solace until I hold you, my sweet confidence.

Then far she had read, then she tapped over on the floor.

Her husband who she found there is at hand to say, but a great determination rose with her, and she began the only one to be her latest and sought a telegraph office.

Her husband was not reading the papers abroad that evening, and when he got to his hotel at midnight his servant announced received a note sent by a telegram from his "only love."

It was short and to the point, but under the circumstances one could not expect an author to be lengthy in his epistolary style.

"Meet me at Chicago, Wednesday, 10 o'clock. Wednesday, 10 o'clock. Wednesday, 10 o'clock.

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY YEARS OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1886.

THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

By reading the announcement of the forthcoming CHRISTMAS MONITOR which appears on the eighth page, our regular and occasional contributors will learn what desirable premiums we offer for all classes of Christmas Sketches, so those who have a talent for writing can direct their efforts with a view to securing one of these premiums. We promise will do well to set to work at once in order to win some of them.

We desire to develop and encourage as far as possible the talent of Catholic writers, hence we hope many of our veteran contributors, as well as a large number of Catholic graduates and pupils of Catholic institutions, will help to make the forthcoming CHRISTMAS MONITOR a representative issue of Catholic talent.

Full particulars concerning contributions will be found on the eighth page.

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— It is announced in the London papers that Mr. Ross and Mr. Pouch have been received into the Church at Bishop's House, Salford. Mr. Ross was the founder of an Anglican society called the Brotherhood of the Common Life, and Mr. Pouch was one of the members.

— A telegram of the 3rd inst., brings the joyful news that Mr. Section has been declared elected to Parliament for the Wexford Division of Belfast, the petition of Mr. Harlett, the Conservative candidate, to have the seat vacated on the ground of bribery, having been dismissed. The petitioner was condemned to pay the costs of the proceeding.

— It seems we inadvertantly did an injustice to America's most distinguished Catholic historian in our article on the demise of Rev. Gregory Mengarini, S. J. The error arose from the fact that the Smithsonian Institution having published other Dictionaries of Indian languages, we did not think that any private citizen had the courage to undertake such an unappreciated task as that of preserving the languages of the Indian tribes of America. Mr. Shea has added another leaf to the laurel wreath of literary excellence which already encircles his brow by his unaided efforts in this direction, and our greatest regret is that he did not find a few rich philanthropists to help him on to success in his useful studies.

— Dr. M. C. O'Toole, State President of the Irish National League, has issued a circular to all the friends of Ireland throughout the State, calling on them to send in contributions to the Land Evection Fund called for in order to help the tenant-farmers of Ireland in their latest struggle with landlord tyranny. As intimated by Mr. T. P. O'Conner, in a telegram published elsewhere, the present winter is likely to be the crucial period of Ireland's political fight, and no true patriot will hesitate when he finds that the cause of Home Rule depends upon presenting a united front to Ireland's ancient enemy.

— Early next month there will be hold in this city a Conference of all the charitable organizations existing on this coast, with the view of organizing a "Pacific Coast Annual Conference of Charities" for the purpose of diffusing knowledge relative to benevolent, charitable, prison and reformatory work of every description. The Conference will meet on December 7th at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, and will continue in session four days. Representatives will be present from all the different sects and philantrophic organizations. Rev. George Montgomery will also be a delegate, and Messrs. J. J. Dixon and John M. Burnett will represent the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

— Catholics who desire to infuse their minds with the delightful aroma of religious reading, will learn with pleasure that Messrs. Benziger Bros., are now issuing the "Centenary Edition" of the works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, such volumes being complete in itself and costing only $1 25. Two volumes have already been issued, viz: "Preparation for Death" and "The Great Means of Salvation and of Perfection." To those Catholics who know the intrinsic value of these devotional works it is only necessary to mention the fact of their publication in order to secure purchasers for them, but the dollar-hunting worldlings of the day have "no use" for such soul-mortifying works as these, hence we speak only to those who know how to profit by the wisdom of one of the great Doctors of the Church. These volumes are edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. SS. R.

— The most important news from Ireland this week is contained in a dispatch from T. P. O'Connor who says that stirring times are ahead. Every day the tide of resistance to eviction rises higher. Such is the force of the movement that experienced observers are convinced that evictions will be practically impossible in a few weeks. All classes of tenants are united as one man. There is still a general disposition to avoid violence unless it comes from the enemies. The situation the Government has to confront in Ireland is such that, with the exception of one or two counties, the government of Ireland is practically in accordance with the National League law. The exceptions are the districts where the Nationalist element is always backward owing to the indulgence of the landlords who are wiser than the majority of their class. All advices from across the channel concur that the spirit of the people is splendid, and that the rent-paying classes all over the country are awake to feel that the hour for a decisive blow against landlordism is at hand.

The Contemplative Orders in the Church.

There are some ill instructed Catholics who take the Protestant view of the contemplative Orders in the Church, and who, in their thoughtlessness or want of knowledge—can see no earthly use for Priests or Sisters who, in the language of the world—"do nothing but pray." For the benefit of such unthinking censurers of one of the great features of the Catholic Church, it is well to remind them that Prayer which they so flippantly allude to is one of the highest and holiest acts by which man can offer for all classes of Christian Literature, those who have a talent for writing apply their to work at once in order to win some of them.

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Dr. Stebbins on Buddhism.

What a local paper calls "an interesting discourse on Buddhism," was delivered by Dr. Stebbins recently in this city. The discourse, however, is only "interesting" from the fact that the speaker knew little or nothing about the subject of his lecture, save what he gleaned second-hand from some tourists who wrote their impressions of Buddhism while in the East, hence to make a impression the world in forty days.

Among other groundless assertions made by Dr. Stebbins on this "interesting" occasion, we quote the following:

"There are many points of resemblance, said Dr. Stebbins, "between Buddhism and Christianity. The resemblance between Buddhism and Christianity has given rise to a notion in India which may disintegrate Buddhism. In some ways Buddhism has been superior to Christianity, since it has had no persecution, and since in it there is no religious bigotry. It is a religion of reason and humanity appealing to the heart and to the intelligence. Buddhism never persecutes. It is the religion of humanity.

Let us trace the resemblance between Christianity and Buddhism. Let us take for our guides those who have considerably more of the history of Buddhism than Stebbins. We are told in one of the Buddhist Sacred Books entitled *Fingar Pitaka*, of a conversation between the Buddha and a Brahman, wherein the Buddha is represented as saying:

"I do not say my son is the heavenly world, as the Brahmans say, but I say that the Buddhists of the Brahma world, are among gods or men whom I will now prepare to see in heaven (*Trois from my Fingar, Pancyka S. B. E. Vol. XIII*).

These words certainly mean a denial of the existence of a God, as elsewhere we read:

"Without a cause, and unknown, is the lifed mortals in this world." (*Sacy Nipada Sacrifice, S. B. E. Vol. X part 2, page 120*).

There also a dogmatic denial of God. All agree that the Buddhist conception has system without one introducing, in any way, the idea of God. We read in the Buddhist books quoted above the "godless but austere creed of Buddhism." Professor Monier Williams tells us:

"The Buddhists recognized no Supreme Deity, no Creator, no Governor of the universe, no Providence, no Future Life, no Heaven, no Hell, no Eternity, no Immortality, no Spirit, no Soul, no Free Will, no Free Agency, no Free Will, no Free Agency, no Free Will, no Free Agency

Farm and Home.

It Pays to be a Woman.

A correspondent who evidently wishes she was a man, writes to the Woman's Journal to ask if it pays to be a woman. I should like to know why not. If it pays to be petted and shielded if you behave yourself; if it pays to be worked for and treated and poor pussed; if it pays to be pretty and graceful and charming; if it pays to be loved and honored and respected; if it pays to make somebody glad they was born and happy to live for your sake; if it pays to be the greatest power for good or evil that this world knows; if it pays to be the instrument that wrought of all God gives things—a baby; if it pays to be a mother whose children, grown to manhood, rise up and call her blessed; if it pays to be a wife dearer to a good man than his honor or his life; if it pays to have the blessings of the poor, the sick, the friendless or the helpless; if any of these things pay, think it pays to be a woman.

The Force of Habit.

Away out West three was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted up dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in his joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without anyone to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that, every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a frisky prance round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no need of it. It was the force of habit. And the person who forms bad or good habits in his youth, will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

Ice.

The drinking of iced liquids in considerable quantity is highly injurious, and in some cases their use has been attended with inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and even sudden death—not always accounted for by the person being at the time in a heat, ice, or iced water, a remedy digestion, chills the body, and often produces most dangerous congestions. On the other hand, ice, or iced water, applied in inflammations, croup, &c., has been productive of the best effects; it diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels, and carries off the excess of heat. A piece of ice laid on the wrist will, in many cases, stop bleeding of the nose. If milk or butter be cooled with ice it must be used at once, otherwise it will taint.

Lemonade.

Lemons are one of the most useful fruits in our domestic economy. The juice of half a lemon in a glass of water, without sugar, will frequently cure a sick headache. If the hands be stained, there is nothing that will remove the stain better than a lemon or a lemon and salt. After the juice has been squeezed from the lemon the rind can be used for this purpose. Lemon juice is also a very good remedy for rheumatism and the so-called biliousness of Spring. In blackberry season the juice should be taken before breakfast. The pulp may also be eaten, avoiding every particle of skin. Lemon juice and sugar, mixed very thick, is useful to relieve coughs and sore throats. It must be very acid as well as sweet. As a drink, lemonade is not only a luxury, but exceedingly wholesome. It is a good temperance drink. Hot lemonade in winter will break up a cold if taken at the start. Cool lemonade in Summer will refresh one who is tired and thirsty. As a harvest drink it has no equal. Tears is no danger in taking too much, and it never produces drunkenness or disease.—*Herald of Health.*

Some Telling Facts.

M. W. Williams vouches for the following facts and figures, which will set at rest the charges made by the outside world that Fresno is given to exaggerating the productiveness of her soil and the acreage of vine products: I, A Grower of Central Colony sold to one of the wineries in the locality the product of seven hundred Zinfandel vines, five years old. Planted eight feet apart, this is twenty vines once on acre. The first crop has been delivered, and weighed out at the winery 34 640 pounds, or seventeen and a quarter tons in round numbers. This is the first crop. The second crop is coming on and will turn out at least two tons to the acre of good wine grapes. These grapes at ruling market prices represent at least $200 per acre—an amount which we think ought to satisfy the blood-sucker that thinks deserts and sandbanks are pretty good things to own.—*Fresno Expositor.*

A Raisin Vineyard in Yolo.

This morning a *Democrat* representative paid a visit to the vineyard owned by Mrs Briggs, situated some two miles south of Woodland. This vineyard is one of the oldest, largest and best in the State, and covers an area of 100 acres. It is mostly planted to Muscat raisin grapes, but about 80 or 90 tons of table grapes are shipped annually. At present the fruit crop is being picked and dried, about 100 Chinese pickers and from 15 to 20 white men being employed. The second crop will be ready for picking in about a week. A new dryhouse, 120 x60 feet, two stories high, with new machinery and all the latest improvements, is being built. It will be capable of drying about 50 tons of grapes at a time, on the first floor, the upper floor to be used for a packing room. The crop is said this season to be larger than any they have had before, the grapes being large and the bunches full. The vines are literally covered with them. A box of Muscats, weighing nearly 20 pounds, was given us as a sample and it constituted a little less than one-fourth of the first crop of one vine, the second crop of which will be nearly as large. Among the bunches was a large cluster, which weighed nearly seven pounds. On account of the richness, size and general excellence of the table and raisin grapes, Mrs Briggs will not have any trouble in disposing of the crop of 20,000 to 30,000 boxes to an adventurer.

This whole vineyard is watered on the subirrigation plan, and has been watered but once this year. As a whole, it is a model young vineyard, and one of the best places of property in the county.—*Woodland Democrat.*

—A citizen of Yates, N. Y., has invented a machine for picking raspberries. It consists of a long tray made of cloth affixed to a light frame. This tray is carried from bush to bush very easily, and with a large hook in one hand the operator draws the bush over the tray while with the other hand he strikes the bush lightly with a padded bat. It has been proven that for fifteen dollars, as many berries can be picked as cost heretofore sixty dollars. In other words, one person with this tray can gather sixty quarts per hour, or six hundred quarts in ten hours.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Pier's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

Family Fun.

A Pig in a Carpet-Bag.

Since people have got to carrying dogs, bundles, sheets of coals, loaded market baskets, and such articles in omnibuses, it presumes no regular patron of any route would be much surprised to hear of a pig being transported in a carpet bag, and that carpet-bag hoisted into an omnibus beside. A pretty strong proof that such a thing could be done was witnessed in an omnibus lately.

The day was rainy, and anybody out of doors is bad humor, of course—particular if one is whole morning engaged in opening doors for hail an hour, rush out into the rain and mud, and run the risk of their life to get a fare, and are told by twelve inside that it's "full full." As a general thing, persons thus blindfold cyphers their way back to the pavement the best way they can, and wait for another chance; but there are those who will not stand it, and force their way into the vehicle, no matter how many object.

One of these was!! be-ruffled persons paid liberally for his boorishness, as the story will show. An omnibus filled with the compliment of twelve, was hailed by a big man, in a wet shaggy coat, and carrying a large carpet-bag. The driver stopped of course. Whoever heard of a driver fancying his fare full?

"All full!"

"Go on, driver!"

"There's no room here, sir!"

And a dozen other exclamations, came from the inside; but the driver sat still on his box, and his dripping passenger pulled away at the door, which a man was holding to by a strap. The outsider was too strong for the insider, however, and pulling the door open, jammed in, and passed roughly along, over boots and gaiters, to the fourth seat. He then let down his carpet bag upon the feet of a lady passenger, and crowded about one-third of his dogs person upon the bit of spare space on the opposite seat, and "faced the audience.

"A pretty time to keep a man standing out in the rain and mud—wasn't it?" exclaimed the angry intruder.

The ladies looked at each other, and smiled, while the men laughed outright.

"Maybe I've been soaked oftener than people some times in my life," said the now enraged stranger, "even if they didn't have paunched omnibuses, and painted *people* to in one."

The drew a depressing silence from the inside, while the gentleman looked as if they wouldn't mind pitching the fellow out.

"Where?" came from the bag-end.

"Hush! what's that?" asked a little man with his head turned worse.

"A pig in a carpet-bag!" shouted another.

"Where—ook—ook—where?" from the carpet-bag.

"Throw it out!" cried the man with the thin voice.

"There ain't any pig there!" roared the shaggy coat. "There's my *cow*, and she'll be alive!"

"Where?"

"There ain't!" from a dark looking man. "Fetch him out with his live pork!"

"Let 'em try it!" roared the shaggy. "Who's a going to do it?"

"It's—ook—ook—where?"

"Gentlemen, we can't stand this any longer! Go out with your hog, you brute!" ordered the little man, assuming numerous chins.

"Pouch! horrid smell! Tastes like dish-water. Whatever is it!" "Dish-water, your Excellency!"

A Narrow Escape.

Harrison Sunder had been up before a committee of members of the African Methodist church to which he belonged on the charge of appropriating loose fowls from smoke-houses. As there was not enough evidence to convict he was acquitted, principally on his own testimony. After the investigation was over Harrison met the preacher who presided, and remarked:

"I say, Pahson, it's mighty lucky fob me dat I got spotted on dat wheah."

"Why, Harrison?"

"Dood I was, sure. But it's a powful good thing fob me I wasn't anything said about bacon, though."

Rasius Didni Catch On.

Editor daily paper—So you would like a job on the paper, Rastus? Rastus—Yes, sah. I kecker lots dat I wud make er good journalist wif a little apprentace. Editor—Quite likely. Well, Rastus, we'll give you a trial. You can carry that box of coal to the sidewalk up to the extra story, then wash down the windows, and scrub the floor, and clean the sidewalk, and—

Rastus—I say, boss, I reckon I'll try as git er job in a weekly paper fust. Gittin' on a paper every day aint too much job a strain on er pun who has nobbut had no intermittent apprentace. 'Deed it is.

Dead or Alive: The Same.

Mr Jobbins' mother-in-law had died and in her will had almost entire ly left the Jobbins family out in the cold. Mr Jobbins was very naturally opposed to such treatment, and forthwith consulted a lawyer.

"Haven't we some claims on her estate? he asked after stating the case.

"Absolutely not," replied the lawyer "Can't we get out there then?

"What do you mean?

"Well, how are we going to do it?

"There is only one way that I can see.

"What's that?

"Break the lady's will, of course."

Jobbins shook his head.

"Aint there no other way?" he asked.

"Not that I am aware of."

"We might as well give it up then as bad."

"Why so?" Wills have been broken time and again.

"Maybe they have, but not my mother in law's. That woman lived with me for one years, and nobody ever broke it while she was alive, and I tell you I aint prepared not to want to tackle it even after she is dead. Good bye, send around your bill.

He Was Very Tired.

"Does mon, and you're very hungry. You look as if dey'd gone to not gritic root since last week.

"I'm tired."

Tired ma'am! I'm afraid to met for fear of getting paralyzed. I don't care for that, though; it's these city sidewalks that send me. I've got a starving family at the other end of town. If you'd give me some money to ride, ma'am, I can fly down and die with them.

"How much do you want?"

"Only twenty five cents, ma'am."

Voice of husband, from inside, who had been reading "The Friar's Dream:

"Mary!

"Yes, John.

"Give him no quarter, but let him walk the plank."

Neighborly Correspondence.

Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr Simpson, and begs to request that he will stop his pigs from trespassing on his grounds."

Mr Simpson presents his compliments to Mr Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in the future, he should not spell pigs with two pens."

Mr Thompson presents to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter "h" to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

Mr Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being quite beyond his comprehension.

Aun't Betsy's Changed Taste.

Aunt Betsy was heard to say she could never bear rye in anything. She could never see rye flour, sweet rye cake, nor rye porridge, but now that they had got to making rye into whiskey "she thought she could worry a little of it down."

Wendell's Drink Wine.

During a camp-meeting out at Big Horn a number of ministers and deacons were invited to a banquet given by Colonel Meekly. The host, remembering Winter Jasmine's failure, asked if the wine whether there was a lag in the conversation. The wine, being native, was drank freely, somewhat to the disgust of the hostess, who is a Prohibitionist. Among the guests was an old Baptist preacher. Mrs. Meekly had expected to see him drink deeply having heard so much of the habits of the old Baptist clergy, but she was agreeably disappointed when the old fellow declined to participate. After dinner, while a number of guests were in parlor, Mrs Meekly said:

"I am half inclined to join Mr. Hobson's church.

"Why," some one asked.

"Because he does not believe in drinking wine in the Sacrament."

Just then the old Baptist entered the room. "Here's the text to me, Mr. Hobson," and Mrs. Meekly.

"No, I've changed my per. I left my coat in here so I thought that while then other fellows was drinkin' that I'd want I'd git my bottle an' take a mouth ful liker. Hats the is. Wall, here's tar yer.

A Sure Cure.

Old Mrs. Bently—I say, John, that this new faith cure has been the means of saving a great many people.

Old Mr. Bently—Sh I've heard.

Old Mrs. Bently—Well, the first time you pass a drug store, John, I wish you'd stop and get a bottle of it.

A Base Plot.

The other day as two wall known citizens were standing together in the corridor of the Post Office one happened to notice that a postal card held in the fingers of the other was addressed to the holder.

"Why, how does this come?" was asked.

"Do you write letters to yourself?"

"Of course I do not."

"That's funny"

"Well, not so very. Not the other side."

He held it up and the other read:

Hopkins Hawes—There will be a meeting of the I O O R B., No. 587, at the hall on the evening of October 10 to transact special business. Members not present will be fined $15.

J. Casey, Secy.

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," remarked the other.

"Oh, you don't. Well, I got the cards printed myself. The society is all a myth. When I want to get out of an evening I direct one of these cards to myself. When I reach home my wife hands it to me with sigh. I offer to stay at home and stand the fine of $15, but she says have it that way. That's all, my friend—except that the same scheme, is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor, deluded wives haven't tumbled to the racket yet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To a small cupful of MOLASSES or strained Honey add 2 teaspoonfuls of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER and take of a 1/4 teaspoonful of the mixture & you WILL CURE your Cough or Cold. Pain Killer also cures Sore Throat and Diphtheria.

MATTEI'S SCROFOLOSO
Is the Most Wonderful Remedy Ever Discovered.
It is a tonic, and blood purifier, far superior to all other preparations, and is the only preparation of the kind that is strongly recommended by physicians. It is a powerful alterative, and is the only preparation of the kind that can be taken by children with safety. It is the only preparation of the kind that is sold on its merits, and not by the gift of a watch or other article of value. It is the only preparation of the kind that is sold at a reasonable price, viz: $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. It is the only preparation of the kind that is sold by all druggists. It is the only preparation of the kind that is sold by all druggists. It is the only preparation of the kind that is sold by all druggists

VIRGINIA CITY FAIR.

A Magnificent Demonstration by a Munificent People.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEV., Nov. 3, 1886.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The numerous lovers of the fair sex, enterprise and patriotic Catholic Monitor which has never yet faltered in its unflinching support of the fair sex, will be pleased to learn that the fair sex, in return, pleasure the fair sex, in return, pleasure the fair sex, in return, pleasure

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI.

A LEGEND OF SAINT ANDREW.

Mid the legends quaint and olden,
Which the bards of Erin tell
Of our country's early glory,
There are none I love so well
As the tales of Saint Columkill
Round her life, whose love we share,
Yet not her name in reverence hallowed,
Bridget, goddess of Kildare.

Let, where she dwelt and sainted,
She with her prose lingers trod,
Here but a humble lay—a song
Echoed to the praise of God.

Fair as the morning, when the dew-drops
Fed meadows's latest flower,
Nurtured by her own carefulness,
Blossomed in beauty where she came.

Strange as a child of the desert wand'ring
Heard the magic of her easy,
Watched with the wise and wondered
At the Alian steps to peace!
And the secret of the present,
Yielded harvests full and fair—
Hope grew the land and pleasant
Youth thy smile, Saint of Kildare!

Yet, she gave Faith, fervid, glowing,
Charity, expansive as a desert,
And in answer—unflinching
She bestowed the gift of song.
Thus they fall where from God's chalice
Poured the brightest wine of Spring;
Once she sought the lofty palace
Where dwelt Ulisch's mighty king.

In the hall on warriors feasting
Stirred the deep calm of the day,
As the wall the harps were heaving
And the minstrels were away;
For the search for the Immortals
Followed in the merry chase,
Where by crystal lake and Cotlain
Spell-bit Fort stands in the face.

But a minstrel, warm and heroic,
Met the Lady Albina there,
Haughty lord and haughty servant,
Stately dame and maiden fair,
Listened Fortune with sweetest greeting,
Heartbeat word or look of joy,
Of the pleasure of the evening
Know no shade of earth's alloy.

As the moments fled, lingering
Prayer—aped to the heavenly sphere,
Said the Lady: "This a lot of singing
And the harp's notes I would hear,
Turn the minstrel's Father Father
Bowing, answered: "Fain would we
Hear the music, were would rather,
With sweet strains of minstrelsy.

But not ours the reference treasure
Of the minister's royal skill,
Though we long with fond pleasure
Thy loved melodies to hear;
Yet, if thou with thine—lay sister,
Lo! that blessing will impart
Thou to wake with thy sad fingers
Longest in the hinnse heart."

Smiling graciously she listened
To the pleaders standing there—
Sons and sire, where sunlight glistened
On their clustering raven hair;
And she lovely maiden's hands clutched,
Wean left—as the coarse thrung
Waves of melody were distilled,
Cardic, clear, sublime, strong.

Hope had the lamp she responded
With such thrilling strains before,
Though the lay hall they sounded
Till the echoes came once more.
From the chase the king returning,
Heard the glorious anthems free,
Now with pause and hushing breathing,
Melting now with sorrow's sighs.

Turning to his host, with pleasure,
"Fergus!" cried he, "who are these,
Making such a rich measure,
Chanting such pure melodies?"
Then the host: "I know not, sorely,
Master minstrels they must be,
Never hang out—very poorly,
Glowing thoughts of minstrelsy."

Some a hundred—close-pressed hum
With "A answer, O my King!"
As he counters haste to greet him
And they name the bards who sing,
Some sire and inter-freedom,
Warriors off in conflict fried,
They, who, better than all others
Summed with his the battle's tide.

O the questions, he had asked
Free and far the answers evince,
And the rights of hundreds shielded
Smack in joy the assenting chord;
And the hundred hearts—the minstrel
Fire and the hundred hands
Blended now in chorus, singing
Praise the spirit to unbind.

Then they told that Bridget's blessing
On the warriors' fingers fell,
Giving them the power of music,
Giving wealth with their possessing,
Music's spell that dwell forever
In each new minstrel's breast,
And but death had power to sever
From the hards Bridget's blessed.

MAGDALA A. FITZGERALD.

Mossy Woodland, Md.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

KILLYLEAGH CASTLE, COUNTY DOWN, IRELAND.

Proud castle of the waters that blow my native shore,
In memory's eye I see thee now as in the days of yore;
Thy battlelled towers and forests high stand stately in their pride,
The noble home of chivalry where gallant men have dwelt,
Twas there the fearless Rowan, amid thy stately halls,
Flung proud defiance to the foe, defied Cromwell has hate,
As from the neighboring hills they buried their iron rals,
And stirred with all a demon's power thy rugged walls to quake;
Behind thine ancient oak rampartic frish hearts And well they proved the boasts—death to many a Saxon slave,
Thy walls echoed to the war-cry of Erin's gallant band
Yet from their sacred blood the true men and stemmed the tide,
Or dying, entered the Sacred hold for their country, laws and pride
Many a gallant crown brown and many a wife cry that
Have sighed among thy blushing flowers and through thy halls have passed,
Yet still you stand, proud castle, as heirloom to Erin's land
A noble monument of fame to Erin's patriot band
Who fought for freedom's noble cause and their land's rights
And down dark Clonwell from their hills to rescue again or more.
Often have I wandered among the stately bow ers,
And plucked the ivy from thy walls and marked thy flowing towers;
But now by Fake's stern finger I may never see thee more,
Thy ivy shall entwine thy walls and thy flowers shall adorn the ves,
Yet my memory wanders back again and proudly dwells on thee.

FRANCIS QUINN.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MY LOVE.

My love is such a beauty,
I carefully admire,
No devotee of Fashion,
Of repartee and wit;
Nor pleasure seeker is she,
Woom sedatition attend
All round the shining circuit
Where wealth and beauty wend.

The glitter lures of those pleasures
Are strangers to her feet,
Moments unwarm
Her pleasure rest to greet
Remarked by a person
Of Upper's longest fire,
Or prose of every hand,
And smile that all desire.

Yet, though prose so lovely
In feature, form or face,
To me, my love is lovely
In purity and grace;
Her soul is free from light
Did whose for me alone,
Her love is Heaven's winner,
I love the very tone.

Let blue, who will, take beauty,
Take Fashion, wit, or grace,
But give to me my lovely
Who makes the home her place,
A home lovely and happy
Where King's—is my own,
Where my love is joy and
My heart for ever thine.

M. L.

Literary Miscellany.

The Lost Pearl.

A Beautiful Catholic story in Two Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

One morning we breakfasted alone with Mrs. Marche. The mail was in, and there were several letters for Mr. Marche, one for his wife, one for Miss Alison, and many for me. The one for Miss Alison attracted my attention. The envelope was large and very dirty, the hand strong, bold and masculine. I could not see the postmark. When I gave that letter into her hand her face grew deadly pale. For one full moment I feared she would fall. She looked as though strength and life were both leaving her. Her lips turned white and quivered like the lips of a grieving child. She put the letter out of sight, evidently not daring to read it in the presence of others.

What would I not have given for power to comfort her, to have spoken such words as would have brought warmth to the chilled heart! But I could not. I saw that she took no food, that her hands trembled, that she was weak and faint, as one suffering from a violent blow.

No one else remarked it. Mrs. Marche, in her kind, gentle, dreamy way, made one or two remarks, never heeding the changed voice to which the poor child replied.

I was sitt wrapped, when the hour for lunch arrived, to find that Miss Alison was not well, and was in her own room.

The next morning was Tuesday. I shall ever remember that day. We were all assembled at breakfast. When it was over, Miss Alison (I overheard her) asked Mrs. Marche if she could spare her for a few hours, as she wished particularly to go into the City that morning.

As Miss Alison was leaving the hall, Mr. Marche came in.

"A, Miss Alison," said he, graciously, "I understand that you are going to the City. May I ask you to do a little commission for me there?"

She bowed assent.

"I will not detain you two minutes," he continued. "I have the little parcel quite ready."

In less than two minutes he returned.

"Now, Miss Alison, the parcel is here," he said, "and ask him to attend to this little matter for me."

As Mr. Marche spoke, he opened the little box. There lay resting in a beautiful pearl. It was set in gold as a star, and rays of gold were set between the leaves, and the golden rays was very much bent.

"It is but a trifling matter, said Mr. Marche, shoving in the injured ray, "I might perhaps straighten it myself; but I am afraid of breaking it. The ornament is one I value very much. Will you tell Lawson I will look to it the moment I should not like it intrusted to careless messengers."

Miss Alison took the box from his hands. She had with her a good sized purse. This she opened and placed the little parcel safely within it. Mr. Marche said I would be the do so.

"It will be safe there," she said with a smile, as she carefully put the purse in the pocket of her dress.

It was four in the afternoon when Frances Alison returned. At her request it was unusual into the school-room, she was in her accustomed place, looking, I thought, more better.

Mr. Marche came into the school-room while I was there. He wanted his other daughter to ride out with him for an hour.

"Ah, Miss Alison," he said, "are have you been—recovered.

Mr. Lawson himself was from home," she replied; "but I gave the parcel to the shopman, who said that the moment his master returned he would give it to him. He would not open it himself."

Even as she spoke there was a loud peal at the hall bell.

Some few minutes afterwards a servant entered, saying that Mr. Lawson begged to see Mr. Marche at once on most important business.

"I am going out!" he said, half impatiently. "What is it? I have no time to see anyone now. Just ask Mrs. Marche to see Mr. Lawson for me.—Now, Jessie, are you ready?"

"Yes, mamma, papa," cried the child, "let me finish this."

Mr. Marche waited perhaps two minutes, then Jessie cried out again, "I have finished, papa; now for a ride—no more books until tomorrow!"

The words suddenly died from her lips for Mrs. Marche, with a white, frightened face, and Mr. Lawson, the jeweller both entered the school room together.

"Jessie," said her mother, "take your sister, and go to my room; your pups will not go out this afternoon."

The children, with astonished faces, left the room. I was about to follow them, when Mrs. Marche said, "Stay here, if you please, Mr. Dean. You may be wanted."

She closed the door carefully, while we three looked at her in sheer wonder.

"Now," continued the lady, turning to Mr. Lawson, "tell you your errand to Mrs. Marche the strange story you have told me!"

"I am sure, I am very sorry—it is an unpleasant business," said the man, confusedly; "but the fact is this, sir. It appears that a young lady called at my place this morning with a small parcel containing a jewel that wanted repairing. It was a pearl, she said, set as a star, and one of the rays required attention. My man opened lately put the parcel in the safe, and, or, my return gave it to me. I opened it, but to my surprise the little case was quite empty—there was nothing in it."

"Empty!" cried Mr. Marche; "it is impossible!—You, Mr. Dean, saw me put the pearl in it!"

"I have brought the case," said Mr. Lawson; "it was wrapped in this piece of white paper, but, as you see, it is quite empty."

"Then some one must have taken it," said Mr. Marche, and his voice grew gravely round to where Miss Alison was standing.

"Ah, dear sister, that I should see such a look on the face I bear best! It was ghastly white, with fear and horror in the mouth and eyes. She trembled violently. Death itself is not so dreadful as the fear in her face.

"Miss Alison," said Mr. Marche, sternly, "do you know anything of this?"

The quivering lips tried vainly to speak; but the words died from them.

"Do you know anything of this jewel? continued he; "it is lost somewhere in the outer your care. It was in the case when you left the house, and the jewel is not reached the shop. Do you know anything of it?"

There was a painful silence that lasted some minutes. She stood, white and still as a marble statue, and no word came from her closed lips.

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Marche, "your man is not very honest, Mr. Lawson. It seems to me utterly impossible that Miss Alison should know anything of the matter."

"Fortunately for him," the man replied, "my wife was in the shop when the parcel was delivered. She saw him put it in the safe at once, and he gave her the keys in the same minute. They never were out of her possession until my return, so that I am convinced of his perfect innocence. He has a young family, and a sick wife. A suspicion such as this would ruin him. Still if you are in any suspicion—"

"No, no," cried Lionel, low voice, "the man knows nothing. I'll

Catholic Progress in England.

A STEADY AND HEALTHY GROWTH.

GREAT HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.

Historical Discourse by Cardinal Manning.

At the opening of the Church of the Holy of Grace, Church, Chancery, was lately read by the Cardinal Archbishop, Cardinal Manning. This sermon is a great one, and it is a sign of the vital and rise growth of the Catholic Church in this land. Thirty years ago a simple, and seemly, and proper sermon would have been in place. I remember it well, and I remember that it was without fire and without force. It was faithful within its reach. Year by year the Church has grown, and the church has become necessary, and with a wonderful growth, year by year has been seemly and beautiful. Thirty years ago, I remember, I remained, you perhaps, and I, and other, but to-day, I remind you that such a work cannot be employed with such a hyperbolic. I only wonder that I have the replied so coolly.

"Well, I wonder, to myself. I said.

"Now I cannot be sold, but there may be some, I said, "who have thought that this man is a great prophet. Perhaps there are some who have thought that Mary is not the daughter, or, as all events, Mr. Marche's own daughter. Perhaps there are some who have thought that the affinity Grace is to Mary has been so close, and so intimate, now that he has been lost, and so intimate now that he has been found, that the affinity Grace is to Mary has lost, of course she is gone, and that the affinity Grace is to Mary

THE MONITOR.

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THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

By availing the announcement of the forthcoming CHRISTMAS MONITOR which appears on this eighth page, we regular and occasional subscribers will issue what desirable premiums we offer for all classes of Christmas literature, and those who have a facility for writing upon Catholic themes will do well to set to work at once in order to win some of them.

We desire to develop and encourage as far as possible the talent of Catholic writers, hence we hope many of our veteran contributors, as well as a large number of Catholic graduates and pupils of Catholic institutions, will take to heart the forthcoming CHRISTMAS MONITOR e represents the loss of Catholic talent.

Full particulars concerning contributions will be found on the eighth page.

Editorial Notes.

— The President has proclaimed the 25th inst as Thanksgiving Day.

— Michael Davitt lectured before an immense audience in Detroit, Michigan, last night. He goes from there to Canada, and then his will return to this coast and resign himself to a life of imprisonment in the cells of Cupid.

— Acting upon a proposal made by Dr von Schlosser, the Vatican is said to be again considering the expediency of appointing a Nuncio of the first rank at Berlin.

— Archbishop Riordan has ordered a collection to be taken up on next Sunday in all the churches throughout the Archdiocese, for the Holy Father. Every Catholic knows the importance of contributing to this fund to replenish the charitable treasury of the Church.

— The Salvation Army in Portland, Or., held services in the jail there on a recent Sunday, and the leader told such a startling story of his wickedness before he joined the Army, that, after the performance was over, one of the convicts said: "The lamp can now be extinguished; the vilest sinner has returned."

— Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland truly says: "That party should deserve and have sympathy more than any other, that will enact and promote morality. If our country is to be safe morality must be the corner stone of our politics." We wish some California Diogenes would inform the anxious public in what spiritual hemisphere our State morality has taken up its abode!

— It was necessary on a recent occasion for Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, to make an oath before a revenue officer in that city, and the official presented his Grace with a Protestant bible whereon to be sworn. But the Archbishop indignantly refused to touch the incomplete, corrupt and impious imitation of the Sacred Scriptures, so the officials had to procure a Douay edition of God's Word before the Archbishop could be sworn.

— The late synod of Cincinnati decreed that within one year after the feast of the Epiphany next, a parochial school is to be attached to every parish church unless, for good cause, permission be obtained from the Ordinary to defer the establishment of such schools. Parents are required to send their children to Catholic schools or colleges, and the permission of the Ordinary alone can exempt from such obligation.

—Our excellent contemporary *Adam*, of Memphis, Tenn., does not believe the rumor that Michael Davitt is about to be married, and adds that "Davitt is too sensible." The spirit which moves *Adam* to talk thus is an insult to all the *Eves* in the country, and if our esteemed contemporary is not careful he will become the late sauce of all the beautiful unmarried ladies throughout the land.

—Out of evil sometimes comes good, and if the earthquake shocks in Charleston did nothing else, they evoked this beautiful sentiment from the bright mind of Bishop Northrop. "Let us show our calamity will be rich in good, and not the loss, in bringing the sunny parts of our country again to love and sympathy, as they stand with generous hands around this historic city—this cradle of secession, restored by the charitable offerings of those against whom our hatels were uplifted in this same generation."

— Delegates from various Catholic Associations in the Archdiocese of Boston, representing over 4,000 Catholic young men, recently organized themselves into an Archdiocesan Union, with the definite and praiseworthy object of erecting a grand Central Union Building on a plan resembling that of the Young Men's Christian Association. Can not our Catholic young men in San Francisco make a move in this direction? There is much wealth among them, the way is clear for such an enterprise, and if they only manifest the will they can accomplish this much desired object.

— THE TRUE RESERVOIR AND ITS DRAINAGE.' is the title of a new controversial work written by Rev. Nicholas Dean, A. M., Professor of Philosophy in Boston College, and published by Messrs Norman & Co., Boston. The work is a very full and clear statement of the doctrines of the Church, showing they to be way conflict with the literature of reason, and the author in his preface asserts the fact that religion is a duty and a necessity for all men. It is now excellent book to place in the hands of non-Catholics who pass enough about their souls to care for and save them through the grace of faith in the only Church Christ left for the spiritual guidance of the sinful human race.

— As fully one half of the American people belong to no Christian denomination, the Methodist synods of Montreal and Toronto recently unanimously resolved that ministers should be devised to remedy this gross defect which divorces the public educational system from religious training and teaching. At present conventions of Protestant ministers in Minneapolis, it was declared that "our public schools are a fruitful source of infidelity, and that they are an evil. What sight could this sweeping condemnation have not uttered if it had contrasted from a Catholic source. Yet there are people who ignorantly imagine that the Catholic Church is the enemy of education! Bosom sin will not permit his innocent and virtuous children to frequent schools wherein children learn than first lessons in sin.

One of the most important discussions recently delivered concerning the crusade of persecution which the Italian infidels and Freemasons contemplate carrying against the Church, is printed in our first page this week. Not in it in Italy does that the evil designs of the Godless crusaders that will be carried out. In France, South America and even in this land of boasted liberty of conscience, Catholics may expect the sword of bigotry being gradually drawn from its scabbard and preparations being made for persecuting citizens of Catholic faith. The elements thus organized in opposition to the Church of God are hence to pend, and we caution our readers to be carefully on the watch as the occasions arise. It is our duty to "watch and pray" that we may preserve our religious and civil rights against the attack of which our sons would sooner begin to hold than serve in prayer.

— A proposition was recently discussed in England regarding the advisability of presenting Pope Leo with a testimonial. Mr Gladstone with a national testimonial to be subscribed by his friends and political supporters throughout Great Britain and Ireland. But in reply to a letter from a prominent Liberal who proposed the matter to him, Mr. Gladstone says: "I do not doubt and will regret the presentation of any national testimonial, even if the desire spring from a feeling widely spread—which feeling I do not think exists."

— A despatch from New Orleans announces the death of Father Antoine Jaudon, S. J., aged seventy-five. His death resulted from falling down stairs at the Jesuit College ten days previously and fracturing his thigh. Father Jaudon entered the Jesuit Order when thirty-five years of age, after having passed through many vicissitudes, the most tragic of which were encountered as a soldier in the French army. He served six years in Algeria, and was a participant in many a conflict with the fierce Arabs of the desert. Returning to Lyons, his native city, he devoted himself to classical studies, for which he has always shown himself exceedingly apt, and soon was made President of the Lyceum. He became a Jesuit in 1844, and three years later went to New Orleans with fourteen others to establish a Jesuit mission, of which he was Superior for many years.

Murder Most Foul!

Among the sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance, *Wilful Murder* stands foremost in the list, and this city was last week the theatre of an cold-blooded, causeless and foul murder as every disgraced the blood red page of even inhuman brutality.

An innocent child—scarcely fourteen years old—whose reputation is vouched for by Priests, Sisters, her relatives, Teachers and companions—was murdered by a fellow school, accompanied by one of her school-mates, when a young headless called her on one side, spoke a few words to her, and then shot her to death! This occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon, in one of the most thickly populous of the city. The murderer found who butchered to death the only child of a widowed mother, is the type of a class of the worst class of hoodlums that infest this city, young men who have lived idleness, and whose only occupation is to lead lustful looks at any girl, married or unmarried, who may come within range of their demoralized vision. Such lists often escape, and care not, also made they gain upon unprotected females, they care not what lives they wreck or what hearts they broken—long as they can find amusement in gratifying their hellish passions.

These vicious vagrants are the pariahs of society, they care about every home which female virtue is sanctified, and such as they even the youngest hands in the land hold back. The streets of our city are filled with these human leeches of female virtue, and an example should be made of some of the gutter wretches, or the breed of human pariahs will run the pace and impudence of half the house in San Francisco.

Like the murderer in the present case, and Mitch, who was shot recently, many of the most offensive scoundrels of this class are young fows who seem to think it becomes to run the happiness of Christian homes in the street, in the cars, in places of amusement, or wherever they congregate they can cavtal looks upon virtuous Christian women, when they find them unescorted by male relatives and no man near to avenge the insult.

When before pass along the streets those leering libels upon manhood stand in the entrance to gigue shops and at street corners ready for the purpose of bringing the blush of indignant shame to the cheeks of outraged virtuous females. Others of the same tribe of good-for-nothing ghouls stand on the sidewalk of the Catholic churches in order to gratify their sinister setting sense of consciousness by directly staring in the face of every female returning from the performance of her devotion to Almighty God.

It is long, we ask the authorities of this city, is society to be continued in this rapidly increasing hotbed of human scoundrels? Is there no law by which the defenceless daughters, sisters, wives and mothers of citizens can be protected from these pestiferous female? If there is such a law the judge, the press should call for its rigid enforcement before the community is driven to desperate measures. If such a law does not exist, then we call upon the municipal officers to join such a remonstrance as will compel the passing of the police's deserving legislators.

The "Signs of the Times" on "American Romanism."

One of the greatest stumbling blocks to the way of non-Catholics who have any desire to see the true light of faith is the sincere ignorance of the whole Catholic Church in enlighten themselves matters pertaining to the Catholic Church. Men write criticisms upon Catholic doctrine and Catholic customs, who have no more knowledge concerning the subject matter of their bigoty, ungenerous criticism than we Esquimaux has of the generation of electricity. Some leaders of their blinded followers are so conscious of the same Catholic press in California as appears in our sanctum, and the bubbleblasher of the *Signs of the Times* is a fair sample of the whole brotherhood of bigots who blunder through ignorance and who falsely through fanatic zeal.

The Papers recently designated by the Pope to be united after Low Mass, offered the writer in question a sublime opportunity of making a laughingstock of himself and he achieved a magnificent success to the attempt. This is the first occasion which the false *Signs of the Times* has not amiable to the Pope, and the unfortunate man has not yet learned that the improved Christianity which characterizes the pontiff regards of its secular editorial chief.

Gratitude, our refuge and our strength, exalt Christ's Vicar on earth, the people who are to thee and through the intercession of the glorious and immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, of Joseph, her Spouse, and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, in thy mercy and Christian fear the prayers which thou hast poured forth for the success of thy mission and for freedom and exaltation of Holy Mother the Church, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

This text of the Prayer is not precisely correct, but with all its inaccuracies it is sufficient to show the shallowness of the objections raised against it by the raised voice whose religious views are both vague and vagrant. Commenting on this prayer the *Sign of the Times* says:

The reader will notice that in this prayer Christ is not altogether ignored. After "exalt Christ our Lord" comes the supplication to Mary, Joseph, Peter and Paul, and as the saints, they are permitted to share with a prior zone to the name of Christ. It requires no great stretch of the imagination that some Catholics the name of Christ is not considered to be "above every name."

It is simplicity strange that the blindness of bigotry darkens the intellect of so shallow a critic of the Catholic Church. The above prayer opens with a sublime declaration of Almighty God's supreme Omnipotence and power, and an avowal that to Him alone *all are cry for mercy*. What higher tribute could Catholics pay—what stronger acknowledgement of God's omnipotence could they make than to confess a prayer with those declaratory words of their faith? *O God, our refuge and our strength, gratefully lift upon Thy people who cry to Thee!* Yet the *S. of the T.* sneers at Christ and derived readers that "it requires great discernment to see that among Catholics the name of Christ is not considered to be 'above every name.'"

If the pseudo-moralist Jupiter Tonans of the *S. of the T.* will send over to the Mission office we will present his money to get with a child's Catechism of Christian Doctrine from which he may procure a ray of Divine truth to penetrate the opaque atmosphere of his mental cavern, and then we will pay the cost of the fifty-second edition of the Catholic Church in that there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby they can be saved, except through that of Christ! With Him is all Power all Mercy, all Justice. He is the Mediator which His Immaculate Mother in Heavenly Mother, and the saints are our brothers and sisters in Christ, who are our pleaders and advocates, to whomsoever with God's permission we choose to ask our prayers to raise our eyes toward the throne of the Most High God.

The spirit of Christianity, which assumes—does not suit the Scribes and Pharisees of the Protestant sects whereon there are men who consider themselves wiser than Christ Wisdom itself, and far more perfect than the holiest saint in heaven. Such sectarians self's religion have no use for Christ, and they have no use for the Catholic, to intercede for them with the great Judge Jehovah. These Protestant pseudo-Christians have no use for an angel saint, they depend upon their own worldly wisdom to carry them onto a region of bliss where angels have no entrance, or least, intellectual doubt or a dispute with the entire! Self-sacred sectarianism, therefore, is diametrically opposed to the doctrine taught by our Divine Redeemer, who He said—"Unless I say to you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

True perfected Catholics like "little children" are innocent of heart, pure of soul, trusting in the Father's Power and Mercy, and in the Mother's influence to shield them from His wrath and to procure their petitions for His blessing. Children of the type presented by our Blessed Saviour are not filled with self-pride, self esteem and a self sufficiency of grace to meet heaven, they are not ashamed about their "Heavenly" neighbor's hospitality and cordiality about their cots, nor are they so trusted in themselves that they imagine they can get through life without a Father's supervision and a Mother's tender care. If there are any who think so set otherwise they are merely children of a larger growth, and manhood begins upon the loss of some blindness Lucifer is so to prove to the world that "everything is not gold that looks fair."

The name of Christ, therefore, is above every other name in the Catholic Church, and with all dignity as about to the *S. of the T.* assume the Bay "*And you forget it.*

The second part of the prayer asks that which the *S. of the T.* blunders about at the Lill-sing.

Let Mary, Mother, the Archangel, defend us in the battle, lest we perish in the last judgment, nor let us be overcome in the day of battle. For the Hosts of Prince of the heavenly host, by the Power of God, cast into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who wander through the world making souls perish.

To people of ordinary intelligence this appears to plain, simple, forcible and appropriate. But the extraordinary mind of the critic of the *S. of the T.* can see no reason why the spirits should be engaged in hell. He's sadly appropriate; therefore in the present instance expressed is the well known sentiment of David Garrick:

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind!

Evil spirits are the soul of sectarianism, hence while we may speak in the same language we are hardly consists the *S. of the T.* Ex standing by its best friends, when it expresses the regret that any hell could depose it of their useful presence in the Protestant world! Behold, the Prince of Devils would call a convention of his subjects on earth, and lose a total of his dominions to the *S. of the T.* for its tending influence to his Satanic Majesty's rebellious as a factor in the formation and fulsiness of sectarian error!

Among the other evil spirits who are thus dreadfully concerned lest they say the *S. of the T.* of "the church" regards all sects as equal, who reject her dogmas and ceremonies.

Little did the demon-defending literary scribe, who upon this sentence cut of his wicked mouthpiece, imagine when he wrote it that he was paying a high tribute to the Catholic Church! The passenger was intended to hurt, but it is a compliment to the Church which evokes its highest earthly intellectual strain.

So the Church regards all sects equal, who reject her dogmas and ceremonies. There was not time, but it was not in the right of the Church to make good use imagines that "evil spirits should not be thrown down into hell." The dilly-dally bigots imagining the dogma of the sympathy, the harmony, or the Unity of God's head in He molded the magnificent edifice of faith, the adoration of the Trinity, the adoration of the Blessed Virgin, the first bearing friends of the ordinal or the conferring graces of the sacraments.

Among the broken, blighted and blasted branches of the pseudo-Christian Protestantism we can recognize the "branch" of Unitarianism, the Latter Day Saints, the "branch" of religious Liberalism, the Edens "branch" of Pagan and Pantheistic, the Pagan branch "branch" of Humanitarianism, the Fetish Pagan branch "branch" of Seventh Day Adventists, and the Mormon branch "branch" of Polygamy, which, if they are not cut off from the tree, the adversary of souls will have to pay the penalty of hell fire.

So far as religious Christian dogmas concerned it brings us to a conclusion. The Catholic Church need only open the public or other bodies or dismissed from the company, prejudiced from the sacred lips of our Blessed Redeemer, and very soon that popular "branch" of Unitarianism, the Latter Day Saints, the "branch" of religious Liberalism, the Edens "branch" of Pagan and Pantheistic, the Pagan branch "branch" of Humanitarianism, the Fetish Pagan branch "branch" of Seventh Day Adventists, which around the decaying trunk has become tainted the pestiferous poisonous of Infidelity! The "branches" of such a tree may bear between Infidelity and Hell fire, but this sum made another of God has a wonderous sick could find no place in the Church of Christ, where, as Mr. Ingersoll, it is beautifully expresses it:

"Come, and pine, and fall and languishing pulse Make up the Church of Christ, and the sound Shade above shade, a lovely theatre Of stateliness and of joy."

Hence, the *S. of T.* is the Catholic Church, which has very good reason to call "Holy Mother."

The Church number counted Jupiter Tonans of the *S. of the T.* will send over to the Mission office we will present his money to get with a child's Catechism of Christian Doctrine from which he may procure a ray of Divine truth to penetrate the opaque atmosphere of his mental cavern, and then we will pay the cost of the fifty-second edition of the Catholic Church in that there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby they can be saved, except through that of Christ! With Him is all Power all Mercy, all Justice. He is the Mediator which His Immaculate Mother in Heavenly Mother, and the saints are our brothers and sisters in Christ, who are our pleaders and advocates, to whomsoever with God's permission we choose to ask our prayers to raise our eyes toward the throne of the Most High God.

The Malignant Character of Mob Law.

Every the last week the [illegible] of the Mob Law in [illegible] Chicago, [illegible] Chicago, [illegible] Chicago,

Farm and Home.

All-Purpose Animals.

An animal that will yield a profitable amount of milk and will also put on fat readily is desired by the general farmer; but the specialist—the beef grower or the dairyman—desires an animal specially qualified for his purpose. Such animals there are, constituting the Jersey, Polled Angus, and other breeds. While the Holstein-Freeman excels as a milk giver, it is also an all purpose breed. There is just as great a demand for a special beef or dairy breed as for an all purpose one, and those breeders of special breeds who claim for their animals superiority should be the representatives of the breeds. The beef grower wants an animal that will give no more milk than is absolutely necessary to support its young; for an animal cannot convert food into both milk and beef, and the more milk it yields the less flesh it can put on. It follows that an animal can excel for both milk and beef. The Holstein-Freeman may put on as much flesh as the Shorthorn, but while doing so it cannot yield much milk. If it gives more milk than the Jersey, produces as much butter, and at the same time puts on flesh in considerable quantity, it is because it eats more food. From the same amount of food it cannot make more butter than the Jersey, or more beef than the Shorthorn, for it devotes more food to the formation of flesh and bone than the Jersey and more to the formation of milk than the Shorthorn. No animal can be a good special animal and also a good all purpose animal. There is a distinct want for each—a distinct place for each—and to seek to make one fill both places is as useless as to flap it from its own place to fill the other is unerring.

Watermelons and Onions.

F. L. Byers, of Scott Parks, has sold $110 worth of watermelons from half an acre of ground this season, and has plenty more left. One vine of a variety produced by himself, which he proposes to list on the scroll of fame as Byers' Hybrid, contained but five melons, but their aggregate weight when ripened will amount 250 pounds. Three of them have already passed through the hands of the weigher, and registered respectively 96, 69 and 52 pounds. A half acre in onions will yield about $200 worth of that vegetable, and from the five-acre lot Mr. Byers expects, and reasonably, to realize $1250 on sets for this season's sale. This is skillful farming, certainly.—*Fredonia Democrat.*

Large Shipment of Quinces.

Robert Hows of Eden Dale, Sonoma valley, who has one of the largest quince orchards in the State, if not in the world, made a shipment of two carloads of 500 boxes each of the fruit to New York and St. Louis one day last week. This was another shipment was made, one carload going to Denver and the other to Chicago. Had we direct shipping facilities east Mr. Hows says he would be enabled to ship a dozen carloads every season where he now ships four. A saving of $50 on each car load would be effected by an uninterrupted Eastern connection and heavy shipments of other fruits could also be made, which the growers now of handling two or three times now make impossible. In view of these facts our farmers should give every encouragement in their power to any railroad project that will remove the shipping disadvantage which they now labor under.—*Sonoma Index Tribune.*

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Family Fun.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

How a German Professor "Eclipsed" Some Very Strange Words.

Professor William Dysdale writes to the *New York Times* amusingly about some of the particular pronouncements of our lexicographers.

The principal of a very good school in New Jersey and I were talking about history the other day. I happened to mention Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

"Oh, yes, the Rise of the Dutch Republic," said he pronouncing the word *Rise*, as I have spelled it, *Rise*.

"No, I don't," said I, "*Rise* anything of the kind."

"But that word is Rise not Rise, when used as a noun," said he.

I was incredulous, and we took down a copy of Webster, which was then in my hand. Sure enough, Webster gave it Rise, for the noun, to distinguish it from Rise, the verb. The principal was right. According to Webster I must say "The rise of the Dutch Republic."

"Now what do you think about it?" asked the principal.

"I think that Webster is a donkey," I replied, and though this opinion was quite private one I see no reason to change it now. How many times readers would have the sublime cheek to say that there "has been a great Rise in the price of corn!" The head of Doctor Mabie shows how said the phrase—Prussia, and the date—1854.

"Then how would you pronounce S q u o i r l o r?" the principal asked.

"Why squirl of course," I told him.

"You're wrong again," said he. "The pronounciation is Sque-lor" (squay lor).

We looked that up, and it was according to Webster. More Prussian English! Let me give you a sample. "The laugh before their Rise in life, lived in Cherry street in Jersey Squyrlor." That English might do in Berlin, it won't pass in New York.

Now for one sample of Prussian English spelling. I read in the *Times* yesterday that a child had been kidnapped. Abel I thought what new crime is this, to kidnap? I looked in Webster and found that he gave his weight (10 or 15 pounds) authority for "Kidnaped." Here is the hand of the Prussian again. "Kid" is good enough English for child, and a not sure as it is not supposed. "Nab" or "nap" is also good English for catching, taking hold of. So when you kidnap you literally nab a kid. The past tense of nab according to Webster is nabbed. The past tense of nap is napped. I respectfully submit that the past tense of kidnapped, our friend in Berlin to the contrary notwithstanding.

Petraicum V. Nashy on Socialism.

I hate a capitalist, no matter how he comes one. I hate the monopolized, growsin retch wich will work ten or more hours a day, deprive hiself av beer, and turnbacker, and oatsie, and bilyards, and horracin, and ach, sarse pasy by pasy til he has gooud enough out of the world to set a shop, or his own, and to employ other men to slave for him, and kiss go on akumulatin till he owns things. Such men are monopolist, and the enemies of labor and grinders.

I hold that the possession of a ten dollar bill makes a monopolist, and if such should be crushed. Ee haven ee cnot be a man without a man a monopolist, his monopolism increases just in proportion to the ten dollar he kills. The one corner of a factory is a sinnin in the house of the poor, and ee for the man who hides a railroad, he is

"Ee is somter ee orch hidgee sons,
That to be hanged too good is too mean."

My hatred of railroad managers is intense. It commenced with the first man I saw dropped off the board fence to throw rocks for not payin fare, and has increased with every reputashun av the offenoe, which generally happens every time I want to go anywhere. I hobe the railroads monopolist.

A grindin monopolist is eay men wich has saved anything. Wharever a man loses sav anything, he becomes a capitalist, and ee capitalists are dangerous to labor, he hobe ee hadn't ought to distrie it upon ee to be a reality with them wich never saved nothing.

The mechanic' or workingman wich saves ees ee own house or a farm becomes a capitalist, and consequently a grindin monopolist, and ee ecomudations are dangerous to labor, wat ha ben that he hon divided and divided among us wich hean't anything "Property is crime."

I ain't jist shure that I ha got the socialistic doctrine down fine enuff, but I think these definishuns will do, especialy when you heel ons under a red flag to lavers av humanity! such is shat hold of state hear.

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THE COCAINE HABIT

The Wonderful Known-New Sensation of Power.

"Eureka! Eureka! Thou Sun!"

When cocaine was discovered the medical world exclaimed "thank heaven!" But useful as it is, it is also dangerous, especially when its use is perverted from the dexterous of pain by surgical operations to the stimulation and destruction of the human frame. At first effects are soothing and captivating, but the finally down in the most horrible slavery known to humanity.

J. L. Stephens, M. D., of Lebanon, O., was interviewed by our reporter understand the terrible habit, and in the conversation the doctor said: "The cocaine habit is increased times worse than the morphine and opium habits, and you would be astonished," he said, "if I let you know how frightfully the habit is increasing."

"What are its effects?"

"It is the most wonderful sensation ever known. It relies the liver and all other organs of the body, and makes them to do more the strongest constitution soon breaks."

"Do you know of Dr. Huderbuff's case down in Kentucky?"

"That leading physician who became victim of the cocaine habit? Yes, I think that Webster is a donkey," I replied, though this opinion was quite private one I see no reason to change it now. How many times readers would have the sublime cheek to say that there "has been a great Rise in the price of corn!" The head of Doctor Mabie shows how said the phrase—Prussia, and the date—1854.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE VALUE OF THE ROSARY AND HOW TO BE RECITED.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

filled with sanctity, and if you will use your devotion to my Rosary, will take care that the affair on which your heart is so earnestly and properly set, shall turn out advantageously to you. *Ecce Ancilla*—"I am would saith," says St. Alphonsus, "the holy souls in Purgatory, let us endeavor to remember them all in our prayers to the Blessed Virgin, applying to them especially the Rosary which precedes for the great relief."

He gives us a proof of the truth of his statement when he says that a soul from Purgatory appeared to St. Hermann and declared to him that one of the most powerful sorrows of relief for the souls in the Rosary which he recited for them, and that he soon as they arrive in Paradise, they begin to pray for him who has given them the powerful prayers. Blessed Alan Rupe Maes, writes Father Dumouchel, P. "there is no offerings more beneficial to the poor souls than souls than the Rosary of the Mother of God; on this point their very necessity obliges us unanimous.

Such, too, is the common sentiment of the faithful, who always employ the Rosary next to the Mass for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory. It is clear enough that blessings so bold will come upon us and all those for whom we pray, if we will only recite the Rosary, for with its many graces come to us and innumerable riches by the Mass, the Most Holy Mass. On the other hand, we should have great fear that we displease the Most Sacred Mother, if we fail to say our Rosaries with the proper devotion or if we are wanting in any respect to the fulfillment of an act of religion which is so dear by all in the Church as so sacred and important. St. Francis of Sales (Introduct. to a devout life, Part 2, chap. 1) plainly states the rule that should govern us in all our devotions, when he says: "Pray with your attention fixed, and with affections ended by the sense of the words; pray deliberately and from your heart; pray with confidence in your Father, and with feeling and affection in our infinitely more with and value than ever so great a Sovereign in his hands." We should be duly impressed by those words of Mischelis, II P. 1. 1. 1. that "our Rosary ravished with our devotion is more a thousand said in a hurry and without much thought. (*Ave Ave Rosary*). We should never forget these words that were addressed by the Blessed Virgin to the Blessed Alan, viz., that "we better pleased with five decades said with attention and devotion, than with fifteen in hasty and with inattention. (*Historie of Mary Ful. part, 2, cap. 1*) Let us remember that when the warning the Most Holy Mother of God gave to the same saint in regard to the recitation of the *Ave Mary*. The Most Holy Mother adds that "it is better to say patiently not to recite the *Ave Mary*, and especially the Rosary, than to the Lord is with Thee, in a hasty manner, but rather with the most earnest attention and the greatest recollection of spirit, for by those words add the Queen of Heaven, "I am reminded of all the graces and grandeurs that my Son designed to confer on me, and more especially of the Incarnation by experienced when I conceived Him by the power of the Holy Ghost, and when I brought Him forth." The Rosary, as we have often said, is the main staff of the spiritual life, the *Ave Mary* offered in it to the Mystical Rose, Mary Rose, is the most precious of all the spiritual gifts we can offer, it should be fresh, have a bright color and emit a delightful fragrance, as the rosarie wreaths of mystical flowers, offered to the Mother of God, should be possessed of the bright color of attention, and the sweet odor of piety, in order that they may not be rejected by the Blessed Flowers. (*Gardener Cathog. 10 p. Rosary*) It is related that which a certain Carthusian religious was reciting in a hasty and negligent manner the Rosary, he heard a voice saying to him "Why do you offer your prayers to be acceptable to Heaven, Heaven, be exalted not to offer her a hot and wilthered rose, but, do your very best to wreathe for her a crown of the most beautiful and fragrant rose, for, most assuredly, those you are now presenting to her have lost their fragrance and are without odor. (*Tract. Addit sup 27*). Wrested also that, when a certain hermit was praying for some people, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and said to him: "The people for whom you are now have neglected their devotions to me, and they have fallen into sin, and I, in order to save them encourage their faith, are delighted, let them recite the Rosary, and they will be saved, and I will be their protector." (*Dominic Rosary*). The Most Sacred Mother of God clearly points out to the world of the text at the head of this article, who are her true servants, and who are those who pray with the proper disposition. But more especially does she distinguish the true son-client of His Rosary, who by prayer said with vigilance and attention, and daily at her gates and walks at the posts of her doors. Interpreters of the Holy Scriptures declare that the Wisdom in prayer consists in hoping for every from the special divine direction, all empiral and spiritual, and in the Rosary, with the Mother who is the Wisdom. The Rosary is the way to be our model in prayer. But we are well aware that the II p. Spirit of Christ, in order to reserve in her prayer proper vitiation, petitions her Spouse constantly for the graces to be a worthy manner, with attention and devotion; that she addresses her prayers to the Father for the greater glory of God and the sanctuary of souls, and that she lives in peace and consumes. Like the Church, our true Mother and Model, let us then recite our Rosary in a worthy manner, with attention, devotion, great charity, and, as far as we can in common.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

NEW VERSION OF THE STABAT MATER.

Mater Dolorosa stood
By that mournful tree of the pool,
Where on it hung her Son.
Pierced with grief, and bow'd down the heart,
Groaning and sad that piercing her heart.
Which grief and sorrow bore.
Oh! how mournful and distressed
Was that maiden mother blessed
Of adoration One.
With bitter grief bemoaned,
Poor mother she lamented
To see her Son dishonored.
What man could pity mother,
And unclean view Christ's mother suffering such scorn?
Who could see Christ's mother mill
Weeping for her precious child,
And not with pity mourn?
For the sins of his people
She saw Jesus in chagrin,
And with the scourges torn,
She beheld her offspring
Die forsaken—all forlorn—
While pleading to his soul.
Mother! heart of love divine,
Make me to feel that grief of thine,
With thee let me condole;
Make my heart with fervor glow,
Make me in Christ's favor grow,
Let me in Him live;
Holy mother, pierced with grief,
Deeply, deeply thine great—
Deeply, deeply thine.
Oh wounds that crucified,
Give me share in thy Son's pain,
Who, through your wounds, did design
So like I to die for me.
Let me weep with thine still more,
And the Crucified deplore
As long as I shall live;
Near the Cross and by thy side—
Willing would I there abide
A sharer in thy pain.
Virgin Queen of virgin brids,
Look not on me with disdain,
Let me weep with you in pain
Let me in Christ live with thine,
He death is mine and life is Christ,
And in His sweet wounds dwell
With His brides make my cove.
Let me with Christ die
Let me with Christ live
Let me with Christ live
Let me with Christ live

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE PILGRIMAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I.

At the window stood the mother,
In his sick bed lay the son;
"Come! the procession's passing,
The pilgrims will be gone!"

"Oh! let me rest here, mother!
I cannot can hear or see;
I think of my pale, dead Gretchen,
And my heart is broken for me."

"Come! rise! we'll follow to Kevlaar,
Bring thy Book and rosary;
The Holy Mother then will heal
Thy soul heart's misery."

Brightly the morning glistens,
The choir the bells have taken,
And now the long procession
Winds by through half Cologne.

The mother follows the pilgrims,
But the son wakes exactly;
Ahead they sing in the chorus—
"Ever praised be Thou, Maria!"

II.

The Holy Virgin at Kevlaar
Wears now her best array,
Few many are the sick ones
Who ask her help to day.

From those that come beseeching
The Holy Mother sees,
And many waxen offerings
Before her shrine hang.

For he who a hand offers,
She will from his hand from pain;
And he who a wax foot offers,
His foot will be well again.

For many went thither on crutches,
Who now on the green sward bound;
And many gay, gay wax offerings
Who thus had no finger sound.

The mother took a wax light,
And modelled therefrom a heart;
"Take that to the Holy Mother,
And she will heal thy smart."

The son took, sighing, the wax heart,
Sighing, knelt at the inner theory;
The tears from his eyes were bursting,
As broke from his lips the prayer—

"Thou, Queen of all the Heavens!
Thou purest of all saints!
Thou Handmaid of the Father!
Thou art to my soul pleasant.

I lived content and happy
With mother, all alone;
Where many hundred churches are,
And chapels—in Cologne.

And near by in front Gretchen—
Now she lies dead—apart—
Maria, I bring thee a wax heart,
Heal, Thou, my aching heart.

Oh! heal my wounded spirit!
And then shall ever see,
Gratefully I will bless thee,
Star praised be thou—Maria."

III.

The sickly son and the mother,
In their little chamber stay,
There name the Holy Virgin,
And lightly is she gone.

She bent o'er the sleeping sick one,
And tenderly laid on his brow
On his aching heart—then vanished
Far into the spirit land.

The mother now all by her dreaming,
And would have him sleeping still;
She awoke from her restless slumber,
The dogs were barking shrill.

They lay outstretched before her
Her son—and he was dead!—
On his little cold chamber door was playing
The light of the morning, red.

Her hands, the mother folded,
Bowed her head, unconsciously,
Then kneeling, whispered softly—
"Ever praised be thou, Maria!"

LILLIE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

IT MUST BE SO.

I sat in my chamber alone one night,
While the lamp was burning low,
And my bitter Fancy winged its flight
To a land of sorrow and woe.
There joined together I could plainly see
The troubles and sorrows that were born for me,
And only for me I know.
Then I looked at the Future's hopeful store,
There were ills behind and ills before,
And Maker my pathway seemed I trow;
Then I cried aloud in my anguish keen,
"Ah! God is merciful and cruelly mean!
And Fanaticism answered
"It must be so!"

Here the lamp burned brighter, and there its rays
All over and round the room gleam,
And the fire in the grate gave a cheerful blaze,
And my mind seemed to loose itself from gloom,
Methought, then, a voice whispered in my ear,
A voice full of comfort and wonderously clear,
"Oh! mortal, be not so,
For the heart that patiently suffers all strife
Will at surely enjoy every blessing of life,
And wiser and happier grow.
A God of Mercy will ask each fall,
A God of Justice looks over all—
And Reason answers!
"It must be so."

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

HOME AGAIN.

Though wearied yet with wand'ring and with toil,
Unfailing experience,
What joyous heavy emotions within the little breast,
When, coming from the strangers' land, he sees in his native shore
And sees the old familiar scenes—his childhood's haunts once more
And as he day when sunshine glide each Sowa-bounded lea
To call the wanderer swallows hark across the deep blue sea.
How fondly would my heart beat could I hope to see spirits
Where the mountain peaks that stand 'neath Wanford's pleasant scenes
What thought is foreign lands or dear its many friends of old,
Though hearts there be, that once was mine, whose love has now grown cold.
Yet still remain the dreams and vales that charmed my youthful eye
When my little feet that morning's light had filled the Eastern sky.
I hope to see every hilltop and in every pasture
The buttercup, the hyacinth, the fragrant heather bell
Impartially to rich and poor its soothing odor yields
And beautifies with pregnant tints old Wanford's sunny fields.
I know there still remains the school upon the village green
Where each with happy comrades in my childhood's days I'd been,
And the yew beside the Convent Church, upon whose limb was traced
Below the initials of Hannah's name, which has almost now crumbled
Forth's mountain tops are purpled yet at every sun's return
And sweetly does the Dog-rose rest each eve o'er Curly-tyrne
And while the twilight fingers, still are heard the notes of lays
The ring dove croons calm her note from Wood-craigen's shady grove.
And southward, too, the gloriously from the bosom of the sea,
The foam-washed rocks that spa protect the coast-bred fishers.
While rolling on with pleasant pleasure, unceasing night or day,
The foam capped waves their burden still in lonely Ramsey Bay
Shall I not see the patriotic grace, of whom our fathers tell—
Who would shed my heart's blood in the cause for which they fell?
How dear is every well known spot on mountain, ill, and plain,
And so with joyous heart I'd go to Ireland once again.

C. F. K.

—Last year in the city of Boston, there were, by official report, over 11,000 births. Of this number, over 7,000 were Catholic, as shown by the confidential register of baptisms. A steady annual growth of 7 to 11, independent of the yearly immigration, will, in the course of one generation, make Boston the most distinctly Catholic city in the world.

Literary Miscellany.

In a Tenement House.

WRITTEN FOR THE "CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC," BY MARGARET COGAN.

It had been a dreary afternoon. The sky had been as chilly grey everywhere—not the fag, over the rivers, over the bridge, that it was a relief when night came in, and the gas lamps sprung out of the twilight, one by one, like new born stars.

Mrs. McGinley looked at her son anxiously. "The boy's quiet at the latter; and it would make both him and his sister the happiest people in the world this night, if you'd only say that you'd look after the boy a little. Susan would be a great help to me, too. Speak quick with her mother, and be cheerful as I do!" He looked away from her and made no reply. Her fingers trembled so much, that she had to set down her cup. "Now, it's little I ask—

John McGinley rose and walked to the window. The strains of music—or what may be called music for want of another name—came up from the flowery.

"If I'd good enough for me, it ought to be good enough for him. He said, speaking of the boy's sister. "You'll see whether I can do what I say, when I tell you what's on my mind. I'm going to be married."

Mrs. McGinley stood as if turned to stone. John hastily took his hat and left the room. The old woman threw herself on the floor at the foot of the crucifix nailed against the wall, and sobbed aloud.

Her son was lost to her, she thought. Like most men he would bring home to her some frivolous creature, fond of dress and careless of the old mother that had brought them. And the poor boy upstairs would have to work and get to learning and hear say a Mass for her soul. The poor boy! so good and so gentle. And then his sister! Susan would be nothing but a drudge, a young girls, some of whom feared neither God nor the devil. The old woman's grief became to heavy too bear; she took up her beads and forgot her sorrow in the seven dolors.

With a heavy heart she went about her preparations for the dinner which she had hitherto looked forward to with delight.

* * * * * * *

After late Mass on Christmas Day. Will and Susan had assembled at three Masses, they entered the McGinleys' rooms, which were clean as a new pin and decorated with evergreens.

Susan had a bright fresh color in her cheeks and her black green was relieved by a spring of holly without berries. She went into the kitchen at once to help Mrs. McGinley. Will with shining eyes and a white collar and new blue neck tie, seemed happy and expectant. Mrs. McGinley's heart sank. John and Will at once began an animated discussion.

"Little the poor boy knows what I am suffering," she said to herself.

Dinner was ready. The turkey smoked on the table, the mince pie gave out an appetizing odor from a smaller table. "I'm said grace.

"Before I help anybody," he said smiling, "I want to give you a surprise."

Mrs. McGinley rested herself in her chair, and tried to suppress a groan.

"I am going to be married—and, mother, you've got that's concerned to be my sister."

Susan looked down and blushed as he took her hand.

Mrs. McGinley looked at the three bright faces. Then she kissed them all and burst into happy tears.

She had her way; before she died she built at the foot of the altar, and received the Bread of Life from the priest when vocation she had died read.

BRAZIL'S AFFLICTION.

A Terrible Plague At Sites With Scirmarcity Appetite

In the colony of Lorenzo, Brazil, in the months of May and June, 1876, more suddenly appeared in enormous numbers. They invaded the rain fields in such large numbers that the corn seemed literally alive with them, destroying in a few days everything that was edible, and where, but a short time before, bushels of grain might have been harvested, not an ear remained to the cross producing by their nibbling and climbing was audible for a considerable distance. Not alone the corn fields had been devasted the potatoes most received their attention. Only the largest were eaten in the ground such as were transportable were carried away and hidden in hollow logs or other places for future use. Gourds and pumpkins, even the hardest were also not spared, and in short, everything food, such as clover, oats, barley, not a leaf was left standing, and in some cases even down and the inner parts eaten out.

The poor people in the struggle for existence of those long tailed invaders, lost ground in ing. In many of the dwellings hundreds were killed in single day. The cats could contribute but little aid in fighting such a plague, for not only were many of them rats so large that it would have been an unequal contest, but by their great number they drove the cats actually from the houses, not to return until the plague was passed. Nothing, except what was composed of iron, stone or glass, was spared from their destructiveness. Furniture, clothes, hats, to-ka—everything—bore the traces of their teeth. They gnawed the hoofs of the cows and horses in the stables, literally ate up fatted hogs, often fit away the hair of persons during the night. They penetrated all apartments and gnawed their way through boards and walls of houses. Brother there ding about grainers did not suffice, the sun would climb over each other and thus destroy the sun.

The foregoing account of one occurrence in Lorenzo will suffice to show to what extent the plague reached. The same province had suffered similarly in 1861 and 1862, and in all probability will again in 1869. Sunday plagues, though far less in extent, have occurred in Europe in which the field mice unaccountly appeared in greatly increased numbers. The may well think what would be the result were those little, almost insignificant creatures every where in such was to take the ascendency. When one considers that an average of every one in twenty-one acts from two to three years, and that those young because mature in a few months themselves, he will not be surprised to know that a single pair of common field mice in the course of single summer would increase to 25,000 redoubt. Could all the nonfiction which now keep them in check be removed every living thing on earth would be consumed in half a dozen years.

Irishmen's English.

Hur, wholly aside from politics, the ignorance of the Irish has been greatly exaggerated. The opinion was long so, yet I proved by Miss Edgeworth, and subsequently by Walter Scott, that the lower classes of the Irish speak decidedly better English than the same classes in England, and I am sure that to day one will hear vastly more good English in a given proportion, at least, much less bad grammar on the banks of the Shannon than on the upper Thames, and in the byways of Dublin than about Seven Dials, in London. Hy, to make a long thrust, the other day I spent eight hours rowing upon Lough Corrib, lunching on an old Irish castle, on Lough Mask, and sleeping at table d hote in the principal room of the hotel at Galway, opposite an American tourist and his wife. They both ate with their knives, which my boatman did not and in the courses of the dinner, made more mistakes in English language than my boatman had in the entire day. Later in the evening my companion was "beast drunk." My boatman was not. Why they were both acquaintances. Take of my co-entry, I hope. *Jeffrey Correspondence Boston Globe.*

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN TURKEY

Singular Manner of Selecting Wives.

All weddings in Turkey, among Turks, whether in provinces or cities, are arranged by old matrons, and are completed without affairs. The bridegroom holds little several times, or three friends, and the prospective bride at her home with her friends, girls, of course. The night before the wedding the married women of her acquaintance visit and set the marriage on a corner with her, which consists you mean a corner with her, which consists you mean a corner with her, which consists you mean

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED FREE OF PURCHASE.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21 1866.

THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

By reading the announcement of the forthcoming Christmas Monitor which appears in this eighth page, our regular and occasional contributors will learn what desirable premiums we offer for all classes of Christmas literature, and those who have a family for writing upon Catholic themes will do well to set to work at once in order to win some of them.

We desire to develop and encourage so far as possible the talent of Catholic writers, hence we hope many of our veteran contributors, and also a large number of Catholic graduates and pupils of Catholic institutions, will help to make the forthcoming "PRINTED MONITOR" a representative issue of Catholic talent.

Full particulars concerning contributions will be found on the eighth page.

Editorial Notes.

— Contributors who intend competing for the prize compositions prepared for publication in the Christmas MONITOR will please send in their contributions not later than Wednesday (*the 1st prox.*) or else they will be too late to contest for the prizes offered.

— "I consider," says Bishop Bagshawe, "political action to be among the highest of duties, since the interests of God and His Church, and of society, are more affected by politics than by anything else after the direct practice and teaching of religion itself."

— A Methodist minister, Rev J F Austin, of Knoxville, Tenn., lately went through the ceremony of baptizing a corpse, and exercises himself in the plea that the relatives of the dead person persuaded him to commit the profanation. Heretical hirelings will do anything for pay!

— A Chicago artist has undertaken the work of repairing the crowns stolen from the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Notre Dame, Ind., lately, and recovered in a broken condition. Father Lefebvre is soliciting contributions to defray the expense of the restoration.

— The *Colorado Catholic* has entered on its second volume, and we are glad to learn from its columns that its prospects are bright. Under Father Carr's management the paper has greatly improved both in matter and mechanical arrangement. May it live to celebrate its golden jubilee.

— Another convertside of error has been converted into a tabernacle of God, the Redemptorists having bought the Universalist church on East Baltimore street, Baltimore, for $41,000 and will fit it up for use as a Catholic Church for a Bohemian congregation. It is a fine brick structure.

— Since the Archbishop of Dublin refused to be sworn on a Protestant Testament a general feeling has arisen amongst the Catholics of Ireland that they should imitate such great example. Even the judge in Fahey's grand jury trial, similarly refused, and the judge, a Mr. Henn, said he would punish him. The Catholic juryman was not frightened, and Mr. Henn sent for a Catholic Testament, and announced that he would allow all Catholics to be sworn on it in future. Archbishop Walsh's example has done good.

— The German journals announce that the Catholic Seminary of Cologne, closed during the Kulturkampf, was re-opened on October 15th, with twenty-two students, the representatives of the Catholic Theological Seminary of Bonn, with a faculty of six highly renowned Catholic professors of the Little Seminary of Brauneberg, diocese of Ermeland, which already numbers forty-two leaning students, whilst the other seminaries will soon follow their example, save that of Hildesheim, which will, for the present, concentrate its students at Fulda.

— *Moniteur de Rome*, in a series of articles upon the Pope's Encyclical to the Portuguese bishops, calls particular attention to the great importance attached by the Holy Father to the mission of the Catholic press. The *Monitor* holds up Catholic Germany as a model in this respect, and writes as follows: "In 1870 the German Catholic people had only one great organ, the *Kolnische, Volksblatt*, around which the whole Catholic army was grouped. Since then the Centre has accomplished miracles of patience and skill: every provincial town, even the smallest, has its paper. From the highest to the lowest walks of the social ladder a hierarchy of newspapers has been formed—scientific and literary papers, daily journals, weekly papers, political papers, popular papers. The press meets all needs. The farmer, the artisan, the savant, the politician, all find their place in this organization. Everybody reads in Germany, and as Catholics and Catholic papers, evince an active, lively and inexhaustible energy, the Centre has a solid basis in the country." The *Moniteur* goes on to point out that the German Catholics have accomplished all this although they were poor: "Bishops have taken pen in hand, as in days gone by the Crusaders their swords; priests have given their services free—one contributing a correspondence, another a leading article, another news, another miscellanea. This union of all forces has had the result that the Catholic press is not so widely diffused nor so cheap as any other country."

— By Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, under date October 16th 1866, the Civil Prefecture of Ning-hai, in China, a detached Church from the Vicariate of Kan-hoei and united to that of South-western Mongolia, which is under the direction of the same Belgian missionaries—the Belgian missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The region of Ouéi-ouen is now erected into a regular mission, to be under the administration of the new diocese of the Panjab, which will be entrusted to the spiritual care of the Society of St. Joseph of Mill Hill, from whose ranks the Bishop of Panjab and Calcutta also hailed. The Capuchin Fathers, hitherto serving that Vicariate, will gradually abandon the field of their labors, withdrawing to Adenand to Fatna, some unhappily, the present annual expense of Peters in Italy has so reduced their number as to compel them to relinquish many of their annual pensions.

— His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., has sent to the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of Colombia, accredited to the Holy See, his desire to take part in the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the New World, which will be commemorated in 1892. The letter published for the occasion all the Vatican documents referring to the discovery of America by Columbus and the history of this country. The ten million Catholics of America should make that day memorable in the United States.

— Perhaps no living man for the last forty years has done more for the lion of souls than Ernest Renan, the apostate science belonged to the sacerdotal phalanx of the Seminary of St Sulpice. His blasphemous *Vie de Jesus*, followed by many other works of the same stamp, have no doubt shaken the faith of many weak souls incapable of discerning the subtle poison under the charm of style, but all, even the enthusiasts of his literary talent, have been shocked by his latest production, *Antichrist de demeure*, which may be ranked with the filthy modern literature opprobriously termed *pornographic*.

— The Principal of a public school at Selma, in this State, ran away with his assistant teacher last week. The "moral instructor" left a sick wife and children behind him, and took the criminals left behind him, and took the criminals left behind him, and took the criminals left

Farm and Home.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Persons purchasing flour should be particularly careful to get it in air-tight packages if possible. Flour is a great absorbent of gases and vapors, and when not in air-tight sacks or barrels will be permeated by deleterious odors and deteriorated to a certain extent, no matter how pure and sweet when leaving the mill. Especially is this the case in stores where there is an accumulation of goods and merchandise, such as coal oil, lime, grocemies, vegetables, etc., from which a vapor and smell arises which fill the room and are all absorbed by the flour, deteriorating the flavor and impairing its purity. Cotton sacks should be particularly avoided, inasmuch as they are porous, and therefore no protection against absorption. Sacks made of paper are air-tight, and therefore impenetrable by insects, gases and odors, retaining the flavor of the flour, keeping it sweet and pure, and therefore should be used exclusively for household purposes.

Milk as an Odor Absorbent.

Those dairymen who do not believe in the power of milk to rapidly absorb and become contaminated by surrounding noxious smells will do well to try the following sample test, the results of which will doubtless immediately convince the most skeptical: Take a wide bowl or saucer, place in the cow stable when you go to milk; pour into it a pint of fresh milk, set it on the floor or at the height of a milk stool, so as to expose it fully to the air of the stable and close to the cows. If the day is close and sultry and the milk is cold and the stable not cleaned out and aired, the result will be surprising. Take it to the house or anywhere away from the stable and try to drink it.

When to Eat Fruit.

The real place of fruit is at the beginning of a feast, and not at the end. A better plan still is to make a meal of bread and ripe fruit. The best meals to make thus are breakfast lunch or early tea. The bread should be brown and dry and the fruit ripe and raw. Dry brown bread cleans the tongue and brings out the flavor of the fruit. Butter on the bread would give the own favor, or even the salt in the butter would destroy the pure taste of the fruit. Again, the fruit should be raw if possible, of many delicious odors and delicate flavors are lost in the cooking.

Rules for Living Well.

If living well consists in living neither luxuriously nor expensively, the question is, how shall we live, and how may the men of moderate means take advantage of it? The question is not a difficult one to answer, and we will put that answer in the shape of a few short rules:

1. Buy with judgment.
2. Buy the best for the best is always the cheapest.
3. Let your economy regulate the quantity, not the quality.
4. Let your cook be a cook, and one that knows how to utilize what is now thrown to the dogs, or otherwise wasted.
5. Study simplicity in the manner of the dishes, and variety in the character of the meals.
6. Let the housewife be watchful enough to trace the leaks that are liable to spring in every larder.
7. Let the mistress be indeed the head of her own household and of her own kitchen.

Profit in Dairying.

Hartsman, who is running the Davis Burrin dairy ranch of 100 cows, has calls for his butter and ice cream from Benicia, where he is shipping it. There is the great, neat cheese here for a butter and cheese factory in the State, with the best assurance for good prices and a steady production the year around. The farmer should keep cows and teach his boys and girls to milk, so that the cream gatherer could drive around and get the cream, leaving the milk for the pigs, and at the end of the week send a check for the coin. A monthly income is what a family needs, and what they might have if they would keep some cows and encourage the establishment of a creamery in every town. Fruit, stock and the dairy will yet make Lonerne the queen of the San Joaquin valley. Wheat raising, if not followed as in the past, will impoverish and blast her prospects and bring ultimate failure upon the country.—*Hanford Sentinel.*

Condensed Milk for Farmers.

As exclusive, in speaking of canning milk, says a correspondent was visiting a farm when all the cows were dry, and yet the good housewife had rich cream for the coffee. Where did you get it? she asked, and the reply was: "Oh that is canned milk! We ascertained how it was done, and has done it for two seasons herself since, and she intends to do it again soon. It is the method, she says, that was employed: When the milk is brought in and strained, put it on to boil in a steamer or pail set in a kettle of boiling water. As soon as it reaches the boiling point and begins to bubble, pour into glass jars already prepared and heated and screw up immediately. Keep it where it will not freeze, and when it is needed it will be found ready for use. We are not prepared to vouch for the keeping qualities of milk under such circumstances, but still think it is worth a trial, provided it is always kept near the freezing point, or at least below forty-five degrees F. This is just about impossible in summer, but then in summer there is usually an abundant supply of milk, so that this pan and the necessity for its use both applied to the same season, which must be in cold weather, when cows are usually not going dry and fresh milk is in great demand. We would suggest a trial with a small quantity first, to see how it works.—*California Farmer.*

A San Joaquin County Vineyard.

J. Aldrich, whose wall managed farm is a few miles northeast of Woodbridge, on the river, reports that he has sold his twenty-acre grape crop on the vines for $600. Of the twenty acres all but two or three acres are young vines three or four years old. Not another section of the State can make a better showing than this. Here is a yield of $30 per acre on a three-year three or four year-old. Farmers have encouragement in this to be industrious in putting out a vineyard. Had Mr. Aldrich grown wheat on these twenty acres during the four years he has cultivated the vines, it is doubtful if he would in the four wheat crops, have found $10 profit. But last year Mr. Aldrich may reasonably expect a yield of $1,000 from his twenty acre vineyard; and the year after that, when the vines are five and six years old, he may confidently count on 100 tons of grapes, which, at $25 per ton, would be worth $2500, a yield of over $100 per acre. As to the quality of Mr. Aldrich's grapes, they are fully equal to anything that any other section of the State ever boasted of. Mr. Aldrich says his medium Muscatel was made as fine raisins as ever he saw manufactured.—*Lodi Sentinel.*

—Pier's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff.

Family Fun.

A Noble Arrangement.

"It's a solemn thing, young man," said the broken hearted father, "to come into the home of an old man and take away his only daughter, the light of his household, and the prop and solace of his declining age." "I know it, father, and I feel the sacredness of the trust. Consumption is not always of long duration."

"It does." "What will then?"

"Man—even of consumption are secular. The disease itself prevails

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And One which Appeals to Common Sense Many Readers Have.

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"It does." "What will then?"

"Man—even of consumption are secular. The disease itself prevails

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

His Life, Traits and Literary Genius.

LECTURE

—DELIVERED BY—

JAMES D. PHELAN,

At Metropolitan Hall, on

Wednesday Evening, the 10th inst.

[The following synopsis of the Lecture delivered by Mr. James D. Phelan in this city on the anniversary of the birth of Oliver Goldsmith was in type last week but had to be held over in consequence of the crowded state of our columns

Mr. Phelan's address was well received and frequently applauded, a great many of his audience appearing a desire to have the MONITOR print his interesting discourse in our columns.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We have assembled together to night to celebrate the anniversary of a poet's birth. In other centuries you have paid homage to one who in peculiarly the poet of Ireland, but now you seek to honor a man, who through a Irish sensibility and sympathetic, yet so broad was his humanity and so universal his lore, he might well be described after his compeers-to-day, "a citizen of the world."

Still, to commune with such men as Burke and Sterne, and Sheridan and Moore, he has, whilst earlier Anglo literature, similar need particularly into literary renown of Ireland and contributed largely to give that country the same position in the modern world that was once held by Attica in the ancient, the home of wit and wisdom.

Let us not be backward in recognizing the masters of poetry, of music and of art, themselves the disciples of the beautiful and true; and as a consequence our own lives will become attuned to their measures and elevated to their plane.

It is not unfrequently said by the wise men of the East—"The saving remnant" of Mother Attaki—that the people west of the Rocky Mountains are more Philistine; men without culture neglectful of the greater interests of life, and wholly addicted to the acquisition of material things.

But what better refutation can we give them than that we are here tonight making our votive offerings at the shrine of genius, pouring in the midst of our hurried existence to pay a debt of gratitude to a simple poet.

America has given to the world many a sweet singer, many a poet of the first rank, and entombed and encouraged them, but there is none who can compare in every respect to Oliver Goldsmith.

Longfellow and Holmes, the one for elegant diction, the other for his sparkling wit, combined might give us such another poet, and how dearly would American cherish their new-born child?

Yet in England, the supposed cast of out literature, Goldsmith lived and died in a garret!

And Foster says triumphantly that "he struggled late fame without the aid of English institutions." Then let England to claim him after on the question of American Philistinism. Let English institutions only when she has acquired right. But Goldsmith needed not aid in the world. He did not defy it, he merely said it was hard. Poor, he refused assistance because he was proud. "Man" his sang, "wants but little here below," and that he always possessed.

The wholesome and pathos of his brief career, the flashes of wit, his compassionate with wife, his personal virtues, his pleasant vices, his amiable weakness, his honesty, his vanity, his dependence, have made him one of the most interesting and lovable of characters.

It was on this day about one hundred and sixty years ago that he was born in the village of Pallas, County Longford, Leinster, Ireland. His father was at the time a poor clergyman, "passing rich on £40 a year;" but even after having been offered a richer living he moved in Lissoy, in the County of Westmeath.

Here we might stop and read "The Deserted Village," for Lissoy is "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," and the poem itself is a mere transcript from his youth, a picture of the village, of the father and of his schoolmaster, and the scenery that surrounds them "homes of innocence and ease." And what an sympathy charming work he has wrought; a tale of rural happiness and decadence!

First, his earliest recollections of the sports of childhood; the brook beneath that his mother, the site whose statesmen, the merry matches and the sweet music; the village comes passing office and luxury and "Trade's enfeeling train," which "Depeoples the land" and dispeoples the swain.

And now his poignant grief is expressed in words equal to Byron's best lamentations, pointing over the decadence of the Spanish Peninsula.

But Goldsmith resolves the very soil of pathos for even more than Byron, did he feel at had he allowed.

Goldsmith was no mere idealist; he took hold firmly of practical things, as prices refers in "The Vicar," and the destruction of the peasantry in this poem.

Old Dr. Johnson, his life long friend, whose heartsby we admire, never awoke our sympathy; he became to a cold and cynical. But poor Goldsmith, who looks to his poem as his child, "a manikin," and wraps over the sufferings of his creation, Johnson, who lived and died in London, was impatient, was cynical, was cold of the world, and would have scornfully spurned from his door the poor Irish poet, who, when he died in London, left behind him a debt of gratitude to his country, and a name that will ever be a source of pride to the

Poetry.

FROM THE LATIN OF

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

O come Holy Spirit,
And send from above
A ray of Thy light,
Come, Father of the poor,
O come, gift-bestower,
The heart, light of hearts.
Most blessed consoler,
Your guest sweet indeed,
A comforter in sorrow,
In fatigue Thou art rest,
Refreshment in heat,
A solace in grief.
O Light the most Holy,
Replenish the depths
Of each faithful heart.
Thou art Divine wealth,
In man there is naught,
Naught harmless can be,
Wah these what is sullied,
Bathe what is dry,
Heal what is wounded
What is no pliable bend,
Revive what is chilled,
Set right what is wrong
Bedew on thy faithful
Confiding in Thee,
Bless gift sevan-fold
Award virtue's worth,
Give safety in death,
Give joy without end. Amen.

F. J. SULLIVAN, S.J.

TO ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

O, thou! who conquered God's first foe,
And hurled him to the depths of woe,
Arm, sword and shield, with buckler bright,
And fetters him to the blackest night.

Our Holy Father asks thine aid,
In every church his prayer is said;
Archangel Michael! Satan's foe,
Oh! hurl him to the depths below.

See! "leading whom he may devour,"
He roams the world, by night or hour;
Sheathing his fangs, he creeps, he crawls,
To lead poor souls souls away.

If willing sare to him they lend,
He paints their joys, to never end,
He tells not of the "gnashing teeth,
Nor of the "worm that knows not death.

The souls that saw from God's refrain,
He boldly fought to snap his chain,
His slights their shield, and shake their sign,
With hold of choicest wine.

Even to the "mountain's top" arise
His pleasure words and wrangling cries,
To shake loneliness fair and strong,
And open up the path of wrong.

As thou didst bargain for good in heaven,
And from on high the proud hath driven,
Keep far from us his hurtful bolt,
And drive him to the bottomless vault.

MAY JOHN F. MASTERS

DON IGNACIO LOYOLA'S VIGIL.

When at thy shrine, Most Holy Maid,
The Spanish knight his vigil kept,
And hard his helmet bow
Not that his feared war's clange prize,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had night to charms, I ween.

"Glory!" he cried, with thee I'v done;
Fame! thy bright theatre I miss,
To tread fresh pathways now,
To teach thy fearless Gospel
With thobbing heart, with feet unshod,
Hear and record my vow.

Yes, Thou shalt reign! Chained to Thy throne,
The wind of man Thy sway shall own,
And to the Conqueror bow.
Gaains his fyre to Thee shall lift
Hand, heart, and voice,
Friendly on Thee bestow.

Straight on the marble floor he knelt
And in his breast symbol felt
A vivid lightning glare
Forth to his task the giant sped;
Earth shook, Hell's breasts his tread,
And Idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss;
Of a new hemisphere his Cross
Shone in the sacra sky,
And the Name of Jesus
A bloodless victory!

FATHER PROUT.

Literary Miscellany.

Roselle's Prayer.

WRITTEN FOR THE "CATHOLIC HOME AL-MANAC," BY "CHRISTIAN REID.

Summer was making the land beautiful, and the sun was just beginning to glide down, sting, light, from behind the great ragged of rugged mountain peaks at the foot of what nestled a quiet little German village. The rays of lessing gold touched first the tops of the tall trees that were swaying gently in a soft breeze, then played about the tapering spire of the quaint old church standing in it's green God's acre, and finally crept downward until all the earth was bathed in a yellow radiance, and the waters of a narrow brook flowing at the lower end of the hamlet, sparkled like diamonds as they rippled and sound the sempty stones by which the village children generally crossed the shallow stream.

Many feet had passed over these stones, and across the rustic bridge stunded a few feet lower down, already this morning, young as the day was; and many were still passing—for it was Fair Day in—, a naugh boring town of some size, and the thinnest rants of all the country round were hurrying thither, making the sunlighted hills and green valleys bright with their pinnenesses costumes, and gay with laughter and song, as singly and in groups they trudged merrily along.

But, alas, for human life and human frailty! Side by side are often joyfulness and grief—pleasure and pain. On this sweet June morning, when all nature and mete and maintenance, seemed overflowing with his and joy, two very sad hearts were left behind in the silent deserted village. Standing at the roadside before the small plot of garden surrounding a low thatched cottage—the last house on the outskirts of the hamlet at the end—a young woman and her child, a little girl scarcely five years old, were watching with tear-dimmed eyes the rapidly receding figure of a man, with with light elastic tread, was mounting the steep hill on the other side of the brook. He was not alone, but had several companions; and the party, all in holiday attire and evidently bound for the fair, seemed in the highest spirits—shouting aloe, as they went, a popular drinking song; one voice carrying the air, and the others joining in and roaring forth the chorus, or, spurning from the ground, they knocked their heels together in flies of the sick of glasses.

"Father, father!" shrieked the child, in an accent of desperation, as the sounds of "Father, come back! Roselle want to go to the fair, too!"

"He can't hear thee, poor little one!" said the mother, almost with a sob. "Ah, Frank, Frank, how cruel thou—how cruel thou—"

"Won't he come back, mother! won't he come back?" cried the little girl. "He promised to take Roselle to the fair."

"Yes, he promised," answered her mother in a tone which would have seemed cruel to an older ear, "but I am afraid he has forgotten. Roselle will have to stay at home with mother to-day."

"But mother was going too," said the child.

"No, mother was not going," was the reply, uttered in a tone so sad, that the little girl, pressing her dimpled fingers upon her eyes to wipe away the tears that were ready to fall, looked up with mingled surprise and apprehension into the face above her.

That face expressed indignation, no less than sadness, as the new distant group of figures were outlined for an instant against the blue sky that made the background of the sharp crested hill they were ascending, a tale an echo of their boorhoolaim strain recalled against his shoulder, he pressed the last moment the last dark, caption form had disappeared.

The spruce, wandering sure of the child had the magnetic power which seized fast lock seldom or never fails to exert—that of attracting an answering regard. The young mother glanced down and her sunny tresses entwined. She forced a smile to her lips, and taking the little one's hand, led her through the half opened gate to the cottage—where, sitting down on the doorstep with the child standing at her knee, she began to smooth the soft hair that was falling gold in color, as she said soothingly

"Mother would be very lonesome without her little girl. Will Roselle sit long to stay at home with mother?"

"But I wanted to go to the fair" sobbed the child. "Father promised to take me to the fair. Won't he come back for me?"

"He will not come back."

"Why?" asked Roselle, with the persistence of a child.

"Because he loves him own pleasure better than——"

The speaker paused. "Better than anything else; far better than his wife and child," she was about to say hitterly—but checked herself and went on in a different tone, "better than he caught to, your Franz! And if he was so bad satisfy by bad men, he would not have gone off and left Roselle."

"Is father a bad man?" said Roselle, looking into her mother's face with that direct and close gaze which is sometimes very embarrassing to a grown person, when a child is seeking an incomprehensible question.

"No, no—he does not mean to be bad," was the reply. "Thou must not talk like that about father. He is thoughtless and pleasure-loving, and easily led astray"—she was speaking to herself now more than to the child—"but not bad; no, not bad, my Franz wanderer! Thou wilt come back to me, we must pray much. Surely the dear Lord will hear thee, and save him for thyself, ay, moreni one!"

Something in the tone and looks of the speaker made the child realize that her one disappointment in the matter of going to the fair was not what was troubling her mother most—and having a generous, self-abnegating nature, her generosity was forgotten at once in a desire to comfort her mother and "save" her father. "May I go to the church and pray for him now, mother" she asked eagerly

"Yes," answered her mother, after a moment's hesitation. "But don't stay long, darling."

Mindful of this injunction, Roselle did not linger on her way, but ran on fast through the now silent and empty village street, that was shine in the sunlit shade, and knelt in the church door. She sat down on the broad stone steps to rest, and untying the strings of her straw hat, laid it beside her—looking above and enjoying the freshness and beauty of the morning with a child's delight. But presently, remembering that she must not stay long, she started up and entered the deep arch of the open door.

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"Father, father!" shrieked the child, in an accent of desperation, as the sounds of "Father, come back! Roselle want to go to the fair, too!"

"He can't hear thee, poor little one!" said the mother, almost with a sob. "Ah, Frank, Frank, how cruel thou—how cruel thou—"

"Won't he come back, mother! won't he come back?" cried the little girl. "He promised to take Roselle to the fair."

"Yes, he promised," answered her mother in a tone which would have seemed cruel to an older ear, "but I am afraid he has forgotten. Roselle will have to stay at home with mother to-day."

"But mother was going too," said the child.

"No, mother was not going," was the reply, uttered in a tone so sad, that the little girl, pressing her dimpled fingers upon her eyes to wipe away the tears that were ready to fall, looked up with mingled surprise and apprehension into the face above her.

That face expressed indignation, no less than sadness, as the new distant group of figures were outlined for an instant against the blue sky that made the background of the sharp crested hill they were ascending, a tale an echo of their boorhoolaim strain recalled against his shoulder, he pressed the last moment the last dark, caption form had disappeared.

The spruce, wandering sure of the child had the magnetic power which seized fast lock seldom or never fails to exert—that of attracting an answering regard. The young mother glanced down and her sunny tresses entwined. She forced a smile to her lips, and taking the little one's hand, led her through the half opened gate to the cottage—where, sitting down on the doorstep with the child standing at her knee, she began to smooth the soft hair that was falling gold in color, as she said soothingly

"Mother would be very lonesome without her little girl. Will Roselle sit long to stay at home with mother?"

"But I wanted to go to the fair" sobbed the child. "Father promised to take me to the fair. Won't he come back for me?"

"He will not come back."

"Why?" asked Roselle, with the persistence of a child.

"Because he loves him own pleasure better than——"

The speaker paused. "Better than anything else; far better than his wife and child," she was about to say bitterly—but checked herself and went on in a different tone, "better than he caught to, your Franz! And if he was so bad satisfy by bad men, he would not have gone off and left Roselle."

"Is father a bad man?" said Roselle, looking into her mother's face with that direct and close gaze which is sometimes very embarrassing to a grown person, when a child is seeking an incomprehensible question.

"No, no—he does not mean to be bad," was the reply. "Thou must not talk like that about father. He is thoughtless and pleasure-loving, and easily led astray"—she was speaking to herself now more than to the child—"but not bad; no, not bad, my Franz wanderer! Thou wilt come back to me, we must pray much. Surely the dear Lord will hear thee, and save him for thyself, ay, moreni one!"

Something in the tone and looks of the speaker made the child realize that her one disappointment in the matter of going to the fair was not what was troubling her mother most—and having a generous, self-abnegating nature, her generosity was forgotten at once in a desire to comfort her mother and "save" her father. "May I go to the church and pray for him now, mother" she asked eagerly

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"O dear Lord," said the plaintive little voice in the words which had been taught her from infancy, "bless father, and keep him in health, and make him a good man! Dear Lord, this was her own addition to the prayer, "make him come home! Don't let him be a bad man."

Several times did Roselle repeat the last petition in tones of pleading earnestness; and again she knelt at the tabernacle door—putting her ear down to hear if the good God would answer her in words.

As she listened intently, a stifled exclamation startled her—and, looking around she saw her mother standing in the church door, pale, trembling, almost confounded by the sight before her. The next instant, the young mother, with quick but awe-stricken tread, hurried up the aisle, entered the sanctuary, and after a deep genuflection, picked up her Roselle's shoes and their footfalls—heard, and with another profound act of homage, the child still in her arms, hastily left the church.

Stumbling almost down the steps, so great was her agitation, she met the priest who was about to enter, and, in a few words, explained the cause of her evident alarm.

The father smiled kindly, as he said, "There is no ear without attention. There must not be this again, my little one," he added, laying his hand in benediction on the golden head, "but go in peace now, and may the merciful Lord grant thy prayer"

Several hours later Roselle was prattling, as she stood beside her mother, while the latter prepared their mid day meal, when suddenly she started up from a reverie of "Father, come back! Roselle want to go to the fair, too!"

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PASTORAL LETTER

ON

MIXED MARRIAGES.

The following important Pastoral Letter was read in all the churches throughout the Diocese comprising the Province of California on last Sunday:

TO THE CATHOLICS OF THE PROVINCE OF SAN FRANCISCO:

Dearly Beloved—Appointed by the Vicar of Christ, as we are, to watch over your spiritual welfare—say, placed by the Holy Ghost, though most unworthy on our part, to govern you in religious matters, having, moreover, to give an account of your souls to the Divine Judge—we are constrained by a sense of duty and responsibility to address you some words of admonition. For, although we are aware that many among you are dutiful children of the Church, and delight in reviving and obeying its laily laws, there are others (lest we trust they are few) who imagine that the Church is too rigid, and that they are at liberty to dispense themselves from its rules—to obey or to disobey. But the Church, like Christ, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; it is the same here as in other parts of the world; its sacred laws, enacted under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, are as binding here as in any other place.

Therefore, we deprecate the haste of those who, when about to marry, will not give timely notice to their Pastors, to wait for the due publication of the banns, we heartily deplore the bad dispositions of those who, under the guilt of mortal sin, receive the holy Sacrament of Matrimony without any religious preparation; and we sincerely regret the negligence of those who fail to obtain for themselves the treasure of the nuptial benediction as a pledge of the favor and protection of Heaven. But, above all, we condemn, as fraught with most disastrous consequences, the rashness of those who recklessly make matrimonial engagements without carefully examining whether in the persons of their choice are found the qualities required in good husbands or wives. Now, among the qualities which a Catholic should seek in a companion through life, the most important are, and, in fact, before bargaining or contemplating any mutual affection, the same indispensable treasure of the Catholic Faith.

Hence the Church abhors, and has ever abhorred mixed marriages; she does not allow them to be celebrated inside of her temples, nor with her sacred ceremonies, nor with the imparting of any blessing. And this attitude and these laws of the Church are founded on very obvious reasons. Reasoning aside those happy instances in which the non-Catholic party respects in the Catholic the right of the free exercise of religion and of the Catholic education of the offspring, and treating the question on its own merits, it is evident, in the first place, that the faith of the Catholic is usually liable to be weakened, if not seriously injured, by the absence of all faith or a different belief in the other party. In the second place, the want of the Catholic example, and frequently the actual non-Catholic, and sometimes anti-Catholic exertions, of one parent most naturally and necessarily damp, materially injure, or wholly paralyze the faith of the offspring. It also happens that before the children are sufficiently old to understand and practice their religion, the Catholic parent is carried away by death; and in this case it cannot reasonably be expected that the surviving parent, who does not value the Catholic faith for himself, will take much interest, or any interest at all, in securing it to the children. Would to heaven that such expressions did not correspond to the facts, and that we were never called on to mourn over the deplorable results which we have pointed out!

Hence, every Catholic young man and young woman should calmly and seriously reflect on all this before entertaining the thought even the possibility of such an engagement, and should also take counsel, in the time, of parents and respective Pastors. Instead of doing so, there are some Catholics who, despising the authority of the Church of Jesus Christ, and almost abjuring their faith, apply for the solemnization of their marriage to a civil officer or Protestant minister, not only exposing themselves thereby to make a contract which is of no force before God and consequently does not prevent their intercourse from being a lewd and criminal one, but also committing reality a sin of sacrilege particular, if the enormity of a sacrilegious communion received at the hands of a minister of a false sect. This language may appear strong, but we fear it is scarcely strong enough to awaken the indifferent Catholic to a sense of his duty—the only object we have in view.

We therefore certain: 1st, That the Pastor, unless authorized by the Ordinary, shall not assist, at the marriage of those who will not have applied to him at least three days previous to their marriage. 2nd, That none can be married without having furnished due vouchers for their freedom, and, when both parties are Catholics, without the due publication of the banns. 3rdly, That in no case whatever can a Catholic be married by any other person than a priest, without subjecting himself to excommunication; 4thly, That when the parties are entitled to a nuptial benediction, the Pastors shall see that the special Ritual for the benediction shall accompany or follow the celebration of the marriage—fifthly, That, as the Holy Sacrament, there must be a grave cause for a dispensation for a mixed marriage, and that the usual reasons must be made—otherwise it would be a grievous sin to dispense.

Finally, we direct that this circular be read from the Altar at high or last Mass and Vespers, on the first Sunday of Advent every year, in all the Churches of this Province.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

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Archbishop of San Francisco.

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Editorial Notes.

The subscriptions for the proposed St. Patrick's Church, in Rome, are coming up. The four Irish Archbishops have given £100 each, and many other Prelates also sent generously. The lady home in our Island land, one of them, a Dublin gentleman named Byrne, having subscribed £500. The noble gift of £500 also from the American Irish National League. Assuredly under all the friends of Ireland, in her fight for freedom, will rejoice to learn that at the Municipal elections held in Dublin last Monday, Sexton and Gill were elected members of the Council. In the Royal Exchange ward a National council, a Liberal Unionist. In the other wards there was no change. In Cork the Nationalists gained three seats, the Conservatives losing one and the Liberals two.

— "Home or Catholic Training" is the title of a new work recently edited by Miss Anna T. Sadlier and for sale by A. Waldteufel. The little volume comprises choice epigrams and gems of wisdom culled from eminent Catholic writers, and it will prove a very nice volume for all who love to have a handy book of reference wherein to find pertinent ideas to our daily intellectual or private competitions.

— We learn from the *American Book maker* that a number of American publishers, though they found that it pays to get their work done in Europe. The constant disentanglements with printers in regard to proofs cannot known there, and a book can be contracted for a year or two ahead and still both printer and publisher be satisfied. Not only in London, but in Berlin is this done. Workmen are thoroughly familiar with the customs of American offices, and types is cast of exactly the same faces that we use. A saving in price is effected, and the book is done as well as it would be here. When necessary, proofs are sent.

— Mr. J. J. Clancy, M. P., has arrived in London, and taken possession of his place in Parliament street, and from the tone of the work of the Irish Press Agency will be pushed with vigor. The office already shows signs of great industry. Thousands of pamphlets are issued daily to all parts of Great Britain, and the series of educational lectures throughout the provinces is now completely mapped out. A series of three lectures will be delivered in each town selected. The first two on "Irish History" and "Ireland before the Union" will be delivered by Englishmen, and the third, "Ireland as it is, by one other of the Irish members. Between now and Christmas a circuit of some fifty constituencies will be made.

— A city subscriber writes that she was informed by a neighboring Catholic lady that a recent Encyclical of the Holy Father forbids the use of keeping the Lord's Prayer, with the doxology, but has abolished within the last month. There is, however, no truth in this report. It is not likely any Pope would alter the constitution of a Jubilee to necessitate lay Catholics also in the same merits, it is evident, in the first place, that the faith of the Catholic is usually liable to be weakened, if not seriously injured, by the absence of all faith or a different belief in the other party. In the second place, the want of the Catholic example, and frequently the actual non-Catholic, and sometimes anti-Catholic exertions, of one parent most naturally and necessarily damp, materially injure, or wholly paralyze the faith of the offspring. It also happens that before the children are sufficiently old to understand and practice their religion, the Catholic parent is carried away by death; and in this case it cannot reasonably be expected that the surviving parent, who does not value the Catholic faith for himself, will take much interest, or any interest at all, in securing it to the children. Would to heaven that such expressions did not correspond to the facts, and that we were never called on to mourn over the deplorable results which we have pointed out!

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SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

The subscription booklet of the Monitor are balance every January, and as ten days enough for receipt of every subscriber, we request that all our subscribers will examine the printed address on their papers, and if the date thereon has expired, they will send before January 10th, the full amount due for their subscription. Any in arrears need remit only $3 in year; those who pay in advance, or whose subscription are charged $2.50. Bear this in mind, and save the trouble of dunning and be out of arrears. Address Editor Catholic Info.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Dec. 5—Second Sunday in Advent
" 6—Monday, St. Nicholas, Bp. and Conf.
" 7—Tuesday, St. Ambrose, Bp. and Doctor
" 8—Wednesday, Immaculate Conception
" 9—Thursday, Of the Feria
" 10—Friday, Of the Feria
" 11—Saturday, St. Damasus, Pope and Confessor

CONFIRMATION NEXT SUNDAY.

On next Sunday morning his Grace will confirm; he will administer the sacrament of Confirmation at Mass at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon at Mass 3 o'clock.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL

Next Sunday will be the regular day for the regular collection in the churches for the cathedral. The weekly pay-roll is very large, and all collections are needed to help it along. Let every one do what he can, and be not ashamed to give his mite, though it be but a little. Let the collection be generous, and God will bless the giver.

BAZAAR AT NOTRE DAME CONVENT.

The bazaar and fair projected by the ladies of Notre Dame, for the benefit of their convent, promises to be a very attractive affair, and should receive the patronage and encouragement of the friends of the people, more especially of those who are interested in Catholic education. The ladies have spared no pains to make the fair a success, and the taste they displayed in the arrangement of the articles for which this fund was real and in the among the people

Farm and Home.

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

PEAR PUDDING.—Dry a plot or quart of split peas thoroughly before the fire; then tie them up loosely in a cloth, put them into water, boil them a couple of hours or more, until quite tender; take them up, beat them well in a dish with a little salt, the yolks of an egg and a bit of butter. Make it quite smooth, tin it up again in a cloth, and boil it an hour longer. This is very good.

FIG PUDDING.—Three quarters of a pound of grated bread, half a pound of beef-lugs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of moist sugar, a teacup of milk, and a little nutmeg. The figs and suet must be chopped very fine. Mix the bread and suet first, then the figs, sugar and nutmeg, one egg beaten well, and, lastly the milk. Boil in a mold four hours. To be eaten with sweet sauce.

PEAS SOUP PUDDING.—Take a pint, or one pound and a half; two teaspoonsful of baking powder; half salt, four ounces of powdered ginger, half a drachm; water or milk one pint. Rub the baking powder in the flour; dissolve the ginger in the water and then add the milk. Pour this mixture gradually over the flour, and mix well together; divide the mass into three portions and boil and steam for two hours.

BARLEY PUDDING.—Take a quarter of a pound of Scotch or pearl barley. Wash and simmer it in a small quantity of water, and add milk and flavoring as for rice puddings. Heat up with sugar and nutmeg, and mix the milk and barley in the same way. It may be more or less rich of eggs, and with or without the addition of butter, cream or marrow. Put into a buttered dish, leaving room for six or eight ounces of currants and six ounces of candied peel, out up fine, with a few apples cut up in small pieces. An hour will bake it.

POTATO PUDDING.—Half a pound of potatoes in their skins. Put them into a saucepan with scarcely sufficient water to cover them. Directly the skins begin to break lift them from the fire, and as rapidly as possible pour off every drop of water. Then place a coarse towel over them, and return them to the fire again until they are thoroughly dried and quite dry. A little salt to favor should be added to the water before boiling. Skin and mash them with a little milk, pepper and salt; this will make a good pudding to bake under roast meat. With the addition of a bit of butter, an egg, milk, pepper and salt it makes an excellent batter for a meat pudding baked. Grease a baking dish; put a layer of meat, cut in bits, and seasoned with pepper, salt, a little allspice, either with or without chopped onions; a little gravy of roast meat is a great improvement; then put in another layer of potatoes. Put a buttered paper over the top to prevent it from being burned, and bake it from an hour to an hour and a half.

RICE DUMPLINGS.—Pick and wash pound of rice, and boil it gently in two quarts of water till it becomes dry—keeping the pot well covered, and not stirring it. Then take it off the fire, and spread it out to cool on the bottom of an inverted stave, loosening the grains lightly with a fork; that all the moisture may evaporate. Pare a dozen pippins, or some large, juicy apples, and scoop out the core; then fill up the cavity with marmalade, or with lemon and sugar. Cover every apple over with a thick coating of boiled rice. Tie up each in a separate cloth, and put them into a pot of cold water. They will require about an hour and a quarter after they begin to boil, perhaps longer.

How Butter is Spoiled.

H Talcott, one of the Dairy and Food Commissioners of Ohio, has been investigating the complaints of the bad butter coming from the farmers to market. In a recent circular he says: "Our Commission firmly believes that a large majority of the butter made by farmers is good butter, but is ruined when transferred to the dealer's hands, and it is done in this manner. It is received at country stores and placed in filthy, frowy, rancid boxes or pieces, and stored in cellars thoroughly impregnated with rancid odors of rotten potatoes, dead oil, fish brine, pork brine, and every other foul odor that comes from decayed vegetables kept for sale at such stores. Tainted butter will lose all its good flavor in a very few hours when put in any such place.

Not the least fatal step of the dealer is to take all varieties of colored butter and rework them together, mixing and crushing until he secures an even color. He then packs his mass of salve into tubs or firkins (for it is no longer butter, the graininess of butter are spoiled by this second and unnecessary working, and the result is simply grease). In this ruined condition it reaches the consumer through the city commission houses, and of course is pronounced unfit for table use, and possibly for cooking purposes. How can this be remedied? In two ways. The consumer must purchase direct from the farmer in suitable sized packages, so that no second working need be made, or the dealer must reform.

No dealer should buy butter of the farmer except it is put in convenient shipping packages when made, and in amounts of ten to fifty pounds each, according to size of dairy, to have it all times good, fresh, sweet butter, and no more roll butter should be received by them than the daily retail trade of the store demands. This is practical, and the entire mass of butter in the country can be brought to these terms. I have don't it, or caused it to be done in stores under my control.

"Next, no dealer should handle a pound of butter until he first secure a room to keep it separate from all other goods having any unpleasant odor. A cheap, ungrained, ordinary cellar is best, where the air is pure and well ventilated, but can be kept cool.

"Roll butter should be kept on earthen plates or metal plates, and those should be scalded and kept sweet and clean all the time. Any merchant who will handle butter in this manner need never lose one cent, nor will any oleaginous scent to reliable city dealers, as packed by the farmers, fail to bring the full fair market price. Now will consumers ever complain. The shade or color is not so material as to have good, fresh, sweet butter.

Don't Blind the Baby.

Has it ever occurred to those who purchase conchas for their babies, and who make it a point to select the brightest colors they can find for the screen that is interposed between the eyes of the child and the sun, that they are liable to irreparable injury to the vision of the little one? An infant generally lies on its back, its eyes, of course, upturned towards the bright covering above. Its gaze being the more intense the brilliant is the covering and the more direct the rays of the sun upon it. Nothing but injury can result from such thoughtless exposure. An ophthalmic surgeon says there cannot be a doubt as to the injurious effects of those bright ancestral shields upon the tender eyes of children. Parents who are wise will select the darker and denser shades, even though they may not be as handsome or showy in their eyes as some of those which are more fashionable.

California Olives.

John Garcia of San Wilkow Pass road, near Concord, has an olive tree twelve years old, of the little purple California variety of fruit, that will bear at least 10 gallons of berries. He says the trees should be planted at least twenty feet apart.

Family Fun.

Why He Wanted Her to Sing.

"Mary, suppose you sing something."

"Oh, it's so late, Charlie. I'm afraid it'll wake everyone."

"That's too bad"—exclaimed Charlie, with every appearance of distress.

"But why do you want me to sing, dear?" she tenderly inquired.

"Why, you see," he replied, "is fellow I was fool enough to have been waiting outside all evening for, and I thought you'd sing a little loud go easy."

Same to Her.

"Something to eat!" echoed the woman as she slammed the door on the dejected "poe, if you will earn it."

"I shall be glad to do so, ma'am."

"Well, there's the wood pile, and I'll bring out the saw and ax."

"Exactly, ma'am; but perhaps you'd prefer to hear me play something on the piano! Really, ma'am, while sawing wood does not disagree with me, the piano is more in my line."

"Oh, well, come in," she said, as she held the door wide open. "There's a very little difference that we won't stop to argue. There's the piano, and while you play I'll lave the girl set out the lunch now."

He Had Lived Too Late.

Coroner (holding inquest on body of a tramp who had died suddenly) to Witness—You say you saw the deceased die. Please relate the circumstances.

Witness—He came to McBlift's liquor store. A man came in and asked the price of a bottle of gin. "Dollar and a half," said McBlift. "My" said the man, "how times change. I can remember when gin was just one dollar a bottle." Just then the tramp entered the store. He walked toward the man who was talking. "I can remember," continued the man, "when you could buy the best gin in the market for twenty cents a gallon." The tramp stepped and started back as if he had been hit. "I have lived too late" he gasped on the floor.

Keep Her Down.

Wife—John, dear, shall we get a light or heavy tombstone to place on mother's grave?

Husband (with suspicious emphasis)—Heavy!

The Soulful Creatures.

Two of them met on the street.

"O, Nalin! I'm so glad to see you. What have you been doing all week?"

"I've been reading just the loveliest novel. It is too sweet for anything."

"O, do tell me about it.

"Why, there is a young girl, and a villain, who is just perfectly lovely, and the young girl is one of those creatures who are just too angelic for anything, and she says, 'Avaunt, villain, avaunt, tempt me not,' to the villain. But the villain, he does just the same. And that's as far as I've got."

DANGEROUS DRUGS:

How to Control Effectually All Such Horrible Habits.

Boston, U. S. Post Express.

A gentleman who has spent part of the summer abroad, said to our reporter, that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of hobbies one encounters abroad and the little anxiety the people display in the product of hobbies. Mr. Stewart, for instance, found, "that this sort of craze without a day off, in Europe that would bereaved him of his reason."

Mr. H. H. Warner, who was present at the time, said: "Time is the first consideration with us. We have spent no more in advertising than we have had to spend."

"Then, I suppose you have been advertising very largely?"

"Not at all. We have always heretofore confined advertising during July, August and September, but this summer we have kept it running, day and night to supply the demand, which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."

"How do you account for that?"

"The increase has come from the southern states, from Mexico and Canada, and from Europe that would bereavedness."

"Well, Mr. Warner, and the success of your remedy which seems to engage the attention of so many distinguished people. Why, I'd, scarcely, and need of an hobby, and I'd ride it to death. Warner's safe cure is what I'm now using, and I'm sure it is the best medicine I know of for all the many diseases designed to prevent them."

"Have you evidence of this?"

"Abundance! Only a week ago, Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a practitioner of the old school, whose hobbies told me that a number of medicines he had used, and had been experimenting for years, testing and adapting all known remedies for the kidneys and liver, for years was in great agony. All authorities and physicians dosing those organs, and unto they can be restored to health the hobbies claimed for them. Among the investigators were such men as F. M. Hall, M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Neil, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the college of Physicians and Surgeons and president of the Academy of Medicine of Dubuque, who after laborious inquiry, reported that disease was no remedy known to science to be scientific inquiry equal to Warner's safe cure."

"Are many persons addicted to the use of such drugs?"

"There are forty millions of people in this country, and, I suppose, about half of them are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine and cocaine. Don't think you can detect such habit about them—so many people are moving in serious circumstances. They have pains and symptoms of what they call malaria, and of indigestion, when in reality it is the demand in the system for those terrible drugs, a demand that is caused largely by poisonous prescriptions which contain so many dangerous drugs, and strong opiates, and, unless used for a short time, produce in the habitual lover by what Dr. Stephens says is the "Ruin of Ruin." Dr. Stephens also says that moderate opium and other drug eaters, if they sustain the habit, can do so, if they take Warner's remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation.

"Well! does not this discovery cheapen the cost of the remedy, and lessen the cures?"

"No, sir, for years I have tried to convince the public that nearly all the diseases of the same, arises originally from disorder of the kidneys or liver, and hence I have frequently declared that of our specific, some used, every ninety per cent. of the cures would disappear. The liver and kidneys, some to remove from the system the blood and become prepared and diseased."

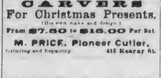
"Were there any other medicines this publicly admit that these are morally like note as regards the liver and liver to those off the frightful effects of all deadly drugs? Are there one or three plants in an abundance of its power as great as and equal to, or more than Warner's safe cure?"

"The other day I was talking with Dr. Fowler, the eminent specialist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for treatment were affected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why so middle life their eyes sight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's safe cure is what they need more than a pair of eye glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part, and the result will vary with the eyes with others the feet, with others the back, and in others the eyes, or because disorders follows and consequently tears them to pieces, and they lose the power of vision, and or become superior in other directions of the body. Which is why and gives his advice the vigor of youth and manhood."

"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but symptoms, they are not the disease and that the cause lies out of disease of the blood, the eyes are for the most part, not necessarily, but in the kidney poison in the blood and they are prevail and in pain spots in the kidneys."

It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr. Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which he stored from to be in the whole the fabric the world and live as much as should for some interests and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. For as Mr. Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while the newspaper advertising constantly diminishing. The people speak for the extraordinary merits of his preparation.

MISCELLANEOUS.



PIKE'S Famous California Made

CARVERS

For Christmas Presents.

(Five years made and sold.)

From $7.50 to $16.00 Per Set.

Mr. Pike, Pioneer Cutler,

Polishing and Repairing 415 Kearny St.

WARD & CO.'S

Male and Female

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE,

608 and 610 Clay Street, S. F.

Telephone No. 767.

(WRITE TO THEM FOR THEIR CIRCULAR NOTE.) Help, Farm Hands, Laborers, Teamsters, Dairymen, Gardeners, Boys, Mechanics, Miners, Butchers, Bakers, Waiters, Cooks, Housekeepers, Nurses, Seamstresses, Ladies' Nurses, Ladies' Maids, Governesses, Waitresses, Chambermaids, Laundresses, Dressmakers, Ladies' Help, Ladies' Companions, Ladies' Help, Ladies' Companions, Ladies' Help, Ladies' Companions

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM IRELAND.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

noted the proceedings of the meeting. Commissioners Maurice Healy, Hooper, Cox, and Shea spoke at a meeting at Killeagh. They all declared that the Government could not notify them, but their speeches were generally moderate and guarded.

The Metropolitan Police and the Present Situation.

NEW YORK, November 29.—T. P. O'Connor's cable spread to *the Star* from London says: The Tories are alarmed at the critical states of affairs in Ireland and the extraordinary growth of popular organization against unfair rents. Their press with one voice is calling on the Ministry to avoid coercion and step further prosecutions and other repressive measures for the sake of keeping the country quiet. The National leaders have received, whether the advice is heeded by the Ministry or not, to proceed with their plans for forcing the hands of the Government without further delay. The prosecution of John Dillon has caused considerable excitement. It has not yet been decided what course he will elect to follow after the decision, which is known beforehand. His conviction is looked for as a matter of course. Dillon may decide to get to prison immediately, in preference to giving bail, but it is hoped in some quarters that he will adopt the alternative course of giving bail and afterward repeating the offense with which he is charged and trying the issue in that form. From the Nationalist stand-point the situation is better now than at any time since Gladstone's defeat at the polls.

Great Meetings Held at Sligo.

NEW YORK, November 30.—The Tribune's Dublin cable special of November 29th tells how the Nationalists, by enormous strangers, managed to hold a dozen meetings in Sligo county on Sunday in spite of the horse, foot and cavalry concentrated in the county by the Government. Some of the meetings deserve to become historic. The Nationalists had hired a special train to run between Carrick and Sligo. But it was stopped at every station till it came to Ballymote, where a large body of police were drawn up on the platform. The Nationalists cunningly bought tickets for Sligo and when the train drew up made a break to board it. Seeing this the police jumped aboard sta- and distributed themselves through the carriages, when they were locked in by the guard, whereupon the Nationalists, at a signal from McCann, their leader, jumped from the train, which moved on with none but the police on board. The officers yelled frenetically to stop, but the engineer, obeying the orders of McCann, never halted until he landed them at Sligo. A great meeting was then held in Hallmore, and when it was all over the police were seen returning from Sligo on a special train. Meanwhile Dr. Tanner, M. P., in Sligo, finding the attention of the police and military attracted to the outskirts, managed to hold a meeting in the center of the town, and when this was interrupted he led the police a dance across the hills and down to the shores of Lough Gill, where he entered a boat and was pulled a few foot from shore. From that platform, safe from reach of the police, he addressed the enthusiastic crowds that followed him.

What John Dillon Said.

According to the *Tribune* a cable special from London Dublin said in a special Episcopal on Sunday: "The Government, I would appear, have made up their minds to try a little coercion again, but I am bound to say from what I see of it, that it is a very poor, shaky kind of concern. The charge against me amounts to this, that I had incited the tenantry of coercion landlords to combine against them and refuse as they can without repressive measures and keep matters quiet at almost any cost.

OTHER SUSPENSIONS HAMILTON

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The *Tribune* London special says General Buller has been appointed provisional successor to Sir Redmond Hamilton in Dublin after all, notwithstanding was will be made of his discretionary powers to please the landlords and the Tories, whose views are expressed by the Tuesday morning, when it says: "Unless the appointment is permanent one, it would be open to grave objections on several grounds—his military occupation, want of official Irish experience, etc., but when Dublin Government here and get the men they want they must do what they can with the men they have.

California's Catholic Missionaries.

HISTORICAL TRUTHS WORTH REMEMBERING

PIONEERS OF THE CROSS AND CIVILIZATION.

Men of whom all Catholics may be Proud.

The following article is from the pen of a Monitor contributor from whom we hope to have many more interesting historical sketches:

Animated with the zeal and charity of her divine founder, and ever mindful of her heavenly mission, the Catholic Church has, in every age, sent forth her missionaries to teach, to succor, and to convert the benighted savage. Far in advance of their secular brethren, surpassing in their zeal for the salvation of souls the reckless daring of the warrior pacing for temporal glory, they have planted the banner of the Redeemer and the widow of our Peaks, and sanctified the most desolate regions by their labors and with their blood. Whether amid the snows of Canada, on the burning plains of South America, toiling on the banks of the Mississippi, or undaunted by the pestilence of Mexico, their heroism has displayed itself; but nowhere have they shown more conclusive proofs of their self-sacrificing than among the hills and valleys of California.

THE MISSIONARIES OF THE STATE

have been the pioneers of civilization. Scarcely was it known that a new land had been explored, that there were yet more souls to be saved, then those daring now left their sweet convents and pushed into the wilderness. Members of the various orders had labored long on the peninsula, but it was not till 1769 that the first mission was established within the present limits of the State. The task of reclaiming and converting the wandering Indian was intrusted to Father Junipero Serra, and under his guidance the glorious emblems of man's salvation was reared in Alta California. But it was not the lead as we now see it that witnessed the harbor exertions of the sainty Franciscan and his devoted companions. Unbroken by continued toil, apparently untiring and unprofitable, was the soil upon which they erected the rude cross that looked down on a vast expanse populated only by pagan savages.

The mission prospered but the success of their pious labors did not satisfy the zeal of the missionaries, and in less than a year, the Indian converts, with tears and lamentations, gathered from the little band of heroes one half of whom, building their well to the Christian natives and pushing onward, founded the mission at Monterey in 1770.

HERE, ON THE SEA, OF NOVEMBER, 1770, the cross was first erected, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up. Here, in the midst of the Indian converts, the Catholic Church was ornamented by the pious and fervent Franciscan, Father Junipero Serra, who, in the year of his death, 1784, was the author of 6,000 Christian Indians, and the founder of nine missions. Of this number, one, the mission of San Carlos, is the resting place of the remains of the venerable Father Junipero Serra, who died in the 70th year of his age.

Gaspar de Portola.

The first Governor of California, Gaspar de Portola, was a man of great piety and zeal for the salvation of souls. He was the first to hoist the banner of the Redeemer and the widow of our Peaks, and sanctified the most desolate regions by their labors and with their blood. Whether amid the snows of Canada, on the burning plains of South America, toiling on the banks of the Mississippi, or undaunted by the pestilence of Mexico, their heroism has displayed itself; but nowhere have they shown more conclusive proofs of their self-sacrificing than among the hills and valleys of California.

Fathers Serra and Lasuen.

Father Junipero Serra, and under his guidance the glorious emblem

Poetry.

LIFE AND DEATH.

I passed through a forest of trees,
And lo! the woodman was there—
Swinging his axe in the morning breeze,
And falling on each tree, fair.
And near by song or he wrought,
And the work rang clear and bright
"As the tree falls, so the tree falls,
"So it lie, lie, lie."

I passed through a forest of man,
And lo! the Woodman was there—
The Woodman, Death, with his weapon keen
Falling a life most fair,
And now he sang as he wrought,
And his song mated up to the day
"As a man lives, so a man dies,
"So shall he die, die, die."

O! tale of the falling tree!
O! song of the flying blade!
That was the mood he brought to me,
With blue or bitterness—life,
As the tree of the forest falls
So shall it fall and lie;
And the art or good of this life of mine
Must seal my fate when I die!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

REVERIE.

How sweet, how peaceful, is the cloistered life,
Far from the World, its struggles and its strife!
No pulse beats fierce, no cold lips glow or pale
Disturb the raptures in this lonely retreat;
There all is bright and no foul passions lurk
That sacred taint, for God is here the theme.

LISA ALLEN-ST.

LOVE AT THE TOMB.

Beneath the shade of a charred old,
Midst rain of rose and dewous fall,
I stood alone, in the sunset gold,
And listened for voices there.
And lo! from the tomb, in the dusky gloom,
A whisper came to my ear,
But the only process I falling at rest,
And the pulse of money, I hear.

Voices! torn from the lifeless sea,
Voices! borne from the golden shore,
Voices, sweet, that are lost to me
Not lost, but gone before!

A wandering embrace kissed the last
Of a mother's voice, in an infant ear,
And a garden of lilies, passing sweet,
Grew out of the tears she wept
A little one out of the flowing of life,
A letter of roses kind it to stem—
O child in life! if I but can learn
Do they long, as we long for them!

Time here they bread my boon one day,
They that love's dove sat closed the gate;
Our Summer was over, the year turned gray
At the chill of the hand of fate.
Ah! now in a garden of rose and yew
Where the sun shines and the birds the hymn,
And here will follow the faithful few,
And here I shall rest with him!

HELP YOUR MOTHER.

The girl of the period seeks to be cold
That she mistress, or her mother grows old,
And needs kindly offices day after day,
To fighten her curse and to weaken life's way.

Sweeter far than piano or organ's sweet note,
Are the sounds from the kitchen that cheerfully float
The rattle of dishes keeps time with a song,
While the daughter is helping her mother along.

Oh, remember, my girl, there is refined or true
As the mother whose love is now shielding you;
No friend, however faithful, can fill mother's place
When the shade of the earth shall cover her face.

Then hasten her toilsome way with a will, sighing hard,
Till the clouds of her life with rainbows are spanned;
And then all your pleasures will have added zest,
And remembrance of yesterday gives you sweeter rest.

Oh, the heartless of youth are so cruel, many fold
By considerate care of the feeble and old;
And though forgiven, may sometimes be roughened and bruised
Yet the girl who helps ma has a beautiful hand.

And beautiful eyes are the ones that look love
At the mother, so faithful all other above,
And the lips that are sweetest of love are most meet
To be called beyond others such beautiful feet.

LIKE HIS MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

"I was born in Indiany," says a stranger laid and slim,
"Yes, sir, my lad," he says, stoopin' over him with a lantern, "tell us all about it.
What did you come to Chicago for? Why didn't you ship in a sailin' vessel if you wanted to get home to see your mother?"

"Oh, my lad," says the youngster, with the tears in his eyes, so he sat up alongside of us, "I didn't do that, I didn't have no boss too late, and she's no in the poorhouse. You see, I was away from my home two years ago, and went to see, because I was the oldest of three, and she wasn't able to feed us all. I've sent her a little money since then, and I've had letters from her, but I've never seen her. The day before yesterday I got a letter agin' that your boy, that's my poor little sister, sir, was dead. It had taken all her money to bury her, and the rearrears not will be done in a month. It is not paid she will be put out. I have saved £15, and I want to give it to her and my own hands. Fresh now I had sent it to her; but, maybe, I can just go home from Londonderry, if he takes me on the steamer."

"Dashed if the mate's eyes weren't dim, and I couldn't see very clearly myself when the youngster stopped talkin'.

"Hold up your head, my lad," says the boats, "and I'll say a word or two to the skipper."

"He went out of the fo'c'sttle, and I followed him close enough to hear the boy's story told agaiun.

"The skipper thought about it for a few seconds. Then he spoke, and we bob'd up by his voice if his voice then had a little harshest fire was on him.

"'I don't see,' he said, 'what I have to do with all this. I don't want any more hands, and I won't have any more. There was one stand another passenger. You say the youngster has £15. Well, he can pay part of his fare, at least, and I will give him a extra berth and set him adrift at London-derry. Go and get the money from him.'

"But the mate's face showed plainly enough that the trous should go on him first. The skipper saw it, and calling to me, he held me to answer the lad and bring him out of the fo'c'sttle.

"When he was on the main deck the skipper said to him:

"'Youngster, the mate tells me that you have £15 about you?'

"'You sir,' says the boy.

"'Hand it over,' says the skipper shortly.

"The boy turned white, but he pulled a little purse-bag from his bosom, and gave it to the skipper, who counted fifteen sovereigns out of it.

"'Now, this, he says, 'won't half pay your passage to Londonderry, but I don't do hard on you. You can go, sir, and the mate will give you a berth.'

"The youngster walked aft without a word, and from that minute until the vessel was off the coast of Ireland he hardly spoke at all; and some of the passengers, who didn't know his story, said he was sure home to die, he drooped and looked so pale and weak.

"It was an awful night that was off the shore of Londonderry; a dead lee shore it was then, and the steamer, with a leaky shaft, drifted hard on to it. We could hear the waves break, roar on, and we had seen by the light that we should have been making for.

"Mr. Reynolds, said the skipper to the mate, as they stood together on the bridge, 'I will be on the beach in half an hour.'

"'Shouldn't we, sir,' says the mate, stiffly. He had not liked the skipper since the boy's money was taken from him in the Bay of Bengal.

"The water was far too deep to let go an anchor, even if one could have held, which it couldn't in that gale. Enough had sail had been set to keep the steamer from broachin'-to, but all hands saw that, as things were gone, she should soon be on the rocks.

"Suddenly the skipper started as some one touched him on the shoulder. The youngster was standin' beside him.

"'I was born on that coast, sir, he said, speakin' very slow, and I know every rock on it. I know, beaches, a channel on the other side of the rocks. If you wanted to put home to see your mother.'

"'Oh, my lad,' says the youngster, with the tears in his eyes, so he sat up alongside of us, 'you bet, yes, I do. I should have been too late, and she's no in the poorhouse. You see, I was away from my home two years ago, and went to see, because I was the oldest of three, and she wasn't able to feed us all. I've sent her a little money since then, and I've had letters from her, but I've never seen her. The day before yesterday I got a letter agin' that your boy, that's my poor little sister, sir, was dead. It had taken all her money to bury her, and the rearrears not will be done in a month. It is not paid she will be put out. I have saved £15, and I want to give it to her and my own hands. Fresh now I had sent it to her; but, maybe, I can just go home from Londonderry, if he takes me on the steamer.'

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Literary Miscellany.

How the Ship was Saved.

The fog was heavy on the Hebrides that season—it was in the latter part of June, and we expected to be in England by Christmas at the latest, if we reached Tiree, and the old boatsman found time that Sunday morning to drop his shuttle to the end of his lassyard, and step into the galley to warm his hands for a few minutes, and lift his pipe with a red coal, and turning to the man by every passenger, said:

"You was sayin' last night, sir, that you hadn't got so faith in steamships. Well, no more have I, generally speakin'; but I was ran foul of once that wasn't so bad as the rest. It's ragin ten years ago, when I was a quarter master in a steamer the Zebra—plim at her wharf in Calcutta, and loadin' up for Glasgow. The Hooghly was crowded with sailin vessels that couldn't get away, and most of their men had deserted, and shipped in steamers, that was gone through the Suez Canal, that had just opened. They all wanted to get home quick, you see, and by the mate's reckonin' there was not to make a four months' route around the Cape.

"The steamers had all the men they wanted, and a night more offers from good, able-bodied seamen than they could take. The Zebra was to touch at Londonderry on her way home, and the night, that we was loose at Calcutta, with the pilot on board, and dropped down the river with the tide, the skipper was grumblin' like a bear, because, notwithstanding of money, he had shipped five men more than he wanted. Three of them were Irishmen, and, like the rest of the crew, they had got advance notes for a month's pay, and cashed them; so, to say the truth, he was afraid they'd take French leaves at Londonderry.

"The pilot had gone over the side the watch half asleep, so, all the officer was down to the bottom of his bunk, the wind out toward the Indian Ocean, when there was a cry forward, and the boatswain ran aft to where the skipper was standin' on the poop. He was draggin' a youngster, about 15 years old, by the collar of the jacket out Simeon was over, the year turned gray At the chill of the hand of fate.

"'I have found him out of the fore hatch, your honor, he says. 'I heard him scratchin' around, and I raised the hatch, and there he was.

"'I was tryin' to get out, sir,' said the lad, very bold and polite, 'I supposes I'm a stowaway, but I'm a sailor, and a strike to work. I sailed for a fortnight aboard the Zebra, and couldn't get it; so when they thought I was gone, where is the danger I slipped in the foreholds. I'm bound to Magherafelt, Londonderry, where my mother lives. I can't out any pay, but if you'll let me work my passage you won't be sorry for it.'

"Our skipper was a terrible rough man. He was a great oath, and turnin to me he said:

"'Quartermaster, put the young imp in irons for to night. I'll see what it's best to do with him in the morrin'. If he doesn't be overboard, I'm sure the Glasgow he'll land it and not Londonderry.'

"I was very fore to the poor lad, but I had to obey orders, and the irons went soon on his wrists and ankles in the fo'c'sttle. He was terribly upset, and when I was on the watch that night I went to him, and tried to cheer him up.

"'It was gettin' on for four bells when the mate said he'd like to see the boy and he want with me into the fo'c'sttle.

"'Now, my lad,' he says, stoopin' over him with a lantern, 'tell us all about it. What did you come away for? Why didn't you ship in a sailin' vessel if you wanted to get home to see your mother?'

"'Oh, my lad,' says the youngster, with the tears in his eyes, so he sat up alongside of us, 'you bet, yes, I do. I should have been too late, and she's no in the poorhouse. You see, I was away from my home two years ago, and went to see, because I was the oldest of three, and she wasn't able to feed us all. I've sent her a little money since then, and I've had letters from her, but I've never seen her. The day before yesterday I got a letter agin' that your boy, that's my poor little sister, sir, was dead. It had taken all her money to bury her, and the rearrears not will be done in a month. It is not paid she will be put out. I have saved £15, and I want to give it to her and my own hands. Fresh now I had sent it to her; but, maybe, I can just go home from Londonderry, if he takes me on the steamer.'

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A SAD STORY.

But One That Is by No Means the Sole One of its Kind.

In the town of Knockdrop, in the county of Limerick, lived a farmer Batty, one of the richest and most prosperous farmers in that section of the country, says a writer in a New York paper last week. He was known as a gentleman farmer, and lived in a style of ease and comfort that his neighbors envied and admired. His house was a three-story brick building, extravagantly furnished and provided with everything that could make it enjoyable. In this house there lived with him his wife and only child, a young girl of about 18 years of age. Annie Batty, for such was her name, had just returned from the Convent of Bruff, in the county of Limerick, with her mind liberally furnished with intellectual endowments, and a form as symmetrical as that of a statue. Her head, with its clear cut features, large black eyes, and cheeks that were tinged with the ruddy glow of health, and when, in addition to all these qualities, it was generally known that she was to receive a wedding gift of £5000, it can be readily perceived that she would be a very good investment for any enterprising young man. Among the young men who called to see her parents, and their only pleasure consisted in making her happy. She rejected one after another, all the eligible suitors that presented themselves, and finally began to be regarded by most people as somewhat too hard to please. The gossips, however, were sadly long deceived in disappointment, and the marriage of Miss Batty was more than once days wonder in the little town of Knockdrop. In the aforesaid town lived a young man by the name of Walker, who was the son of one of the working class, but who were regarded as respect, respectable people. Patrick possessed great personal beauty, a splendid athletic form, and was more extolled than is generally allotted to the average individual. This was the young man on whom Annie Kirby now looked with most favor. It did not however meet with the approval of the father in no uncertain tones, his one only consulted the happiness of his daughter, he certainly gave his consent to it, and Anna Kirby and Patrick Kirby were ostensibly made man and wife in the little church at Knockdrop. A new household was formed, and it was soon seen that a one started in the wholesale grocery business, death and desolation. Lady the great American nation.

Ladies and gentlemen are travelling in the shadow of death.

It takes life to love Lydia's. They infuse wild report.

Lydia's Pink Pills for Pale People are a medicine already known to all.

What is Lydia's Pink Pills?

It will make the weak in the body clean and the sick well.

Lydia's Pink Pills are a medicine for all the ills of women.

Drifter from Her Majesty's Opera Company.

Miss Lucy Wilde, Miss Wilde, Miss Wilde, Miss Wilde, Miss Wilde.

Incidentally, Drifter proved to be the most popular of the Opera Company. Miss Lucy Wilde, Miss Wilde, Miss Wilde, Miss Wilde, Miss Wilde.

Miss Wilde's Drifter was a great success. Miss

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ARCHDIOCESE.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1886.

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

On and after this issue, the several offices and editorial rooms of the MONITOR will be at 536 KEARNY STREET, (first-floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

Editorial Notes.

— Cardinal Haynald has instituted a subscription at Vienna for erecting the remains of the late Abbé Liszt to the vault of the Franciscan Friars at Pesth.

— A message of sympathy with Mr. Parnell in his political labors is being signed at Chatsworth. It has already received some 3000 signatures.

— A marriage is about to take place between Mdlle Marie de MacMahon, only daughter of the Marshal, and Count de Pimenon, son of the Marquis de Pimenon, a former Equerry in Waiting to the Empress Eugenie.

— It is stated that the nuns of the Presentation Order at Mitchelstown, Cork, have offered their estates for sale to the tenants under Lord Ashbourne's Act, at a seventeen and a half years' purchase, based on the valuation.

— It is rumored in the West that Rev. Father Panning, of Hills, Bureau county, Ill., is to be the first Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska. He was a classmate of Archbishop Heiskel, of this Diocese, and Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, at Louvain.

— We already anticipate the great pleasure which our readers will experience when they receive the forthcoming CHRISTMAS MONITOR which will be issued on Wednesday next. For the table of contents we refer our readers to the eighth page, where find a variety of titles which will contribute to make the best and brightest Christmas paper issued by the Catholic press of America. We thank our numerous contributors in advance for the taste and talent they have displayed in the several departments to which they have contributed, and we hope that the literary bread thus cast upon the waters of the press will return in the form of Catholic literature may bring blessings a hundred fold upon each of them.

— The Nationalists have put forward Mr. Thomas Barry, of Kilkavillen, and Mr. John Mandeville, chairman of the Mitchelstown Board of Guardians, as suitable candidates for the Parliamentary vacancy in Northeast Cork, subject to Mr. Parnell's sanction.

— In a letter to Bishop Reynolds, of Adelaide, South, Australia, His Eminence the Cardinal Manning says: "You will be glad to know that Ireland, in some form, will before long administer its own local affairs. I hope I may live to see it." Every friend of Ireland will heartily respond "*Amen!*" to the great Cardinal's prayer.

— The next Consistory of Cardinals in Rome which was to have taken place this month, has been postponed until January, so that the Cardinal Archbishops of Quebec and Baltimore may be able to attend. At this Consistory Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau will receive their "red hats" from the hands of His Holiness himself, and the last ceremony attending their elevation to the Cardinalate will be ended.

— Pope Leo XIII. has charged Father Grisar of the University of Innsbruck, to write a history of Rome, chiefly with the object of confuting various assertions contained in the history of Gregorovius, with regard to the influence the temporal power exercised in the Middle Ages. All the literary treasures contained in the Vatican Library have been put at the disposal of the learned professor.

— The rapid increase in the value of land in the West may be illustrated by the fact that Creighton Catholic University of Omaha, Nebraska, has sold its property in Park place, adjacent to the Sacred Heart Academy for a consideration of $35,000. The rapid growth of the city may be judged from the fact that this property, when bought about six years ago by Rev. R. A. Shaffel, then President of the College, cost about $1,200.

— Some idea of the depopulation caused in Ireland by bad laws and British injustice, may be gleaned from the fact that in the year 1804, when the recently-deceased Bishop Delaney of Cork was born in Bandon, it was a prosperous city of 15,000 inhabitants, who were industriously employed, prosperous and happy. Now Bandon has hardly 5,000 inhabitants, and half people and property are going to decay together.

— A cablegram from Ireland conveys the pleasing intelligence that Timothy D. Sullivan has been and unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. O'Keefe, a solicitor, has been elected Mayor of Limerick. Both Sullivan and the mover of these resolutions have refused any honors which may be offered by the Queen during the Jubilee year. John Dillon heads the list of candidates for the office of High Sheriff of Dublin. Alderman Richard Power has been re-elected Mayor of Waterford.

— We are glad to learn from our Irish exchanges that preparations have commenced in different parts of Ireland to have representatives selected to come to Dublin at the unveiling of the statue of the distinguished Dr. Cahill, the fearless champion at home and abroad, of the religious and rights of the Irish people. We have no doubt that due honor will be done to the memory of that learned ecclesiastic gifted with the rare talent of combining the scientific whether, true patriot and brilliant orator of whom Ireland may well be proud.

A very important Papal document has recently been added to the Papers Ecclesiastical Corps in Rome. His Holiness has formed a Commission consisting of Cardinals Parocchi, Schiaffino, Simeoni, Laurenzi and Franchi, for the purpose of studying all questions relating to the Italian policy. This Commission is to make a daily report to the Cardinal Secretary of State on all current matters, and to address a special report to the Pope himself should any very important question arise. Most eyes will be fixed upon the point of returning to China.

— Talking from Ireland to the New York *Herald*, Mr James O'Kelly makes the pertinent remark: "Within a few weeks we shall be in the midst of conflict, for the Nationalist battle-cry will be: 'This sinner landlordism must die, while the landlords will try with bayonet and bullet to collect their rackrents. On this occasion the Irish tenants will have behind them the sympathy and help of half the English people, and there is little cause to doubt that when the struggle closes Irish landlordism will have come to an end. The next three days will shape the event."

— The negroes of Georgia are not satisfied with having Justice Bradley's anti-propose to put her eyes out altogether. The other day the son of a colored woman was before the Police Court for some trifling offence—probably hunting in the wrong place Thanksgiving chicken. The old lady, in a home-rules mood, addressed a quantity of conjure jargon about the culprit. The judge adjourned the court to put his minister, usually remarking as he did so: "Tobe, tobe, tobe—"

— A gentleman who has recently visited Germany says that the majority of the Berlin workmen are open socialists, but only a small majority are organized socialists; while a smaller but interesting fraction, though they aim at social reforms, are distinctly anti-socialists. Germany to-day has 11,000,000 workingmen, women and children drawing stinting or longing to improve their not other blissful conditions. Of this enormous mass hardly 200,000 are organized. Barely half of these are or were affiliated with socialist societies. Bismarck takes a lively interest in German socialism, but he rules them with a rod of iron.

— Michael Davitt seems to be impressed with the hopeful idea that Ireland's freedom is nearer consummation than most people imagine. Speaking at Columbus, ultimately, he said: "Mark my words, the next election will see Ireland free. Previous to the election, Lord Randolph Churchill intimated that the first movement of a Tory government would be the introduction of a measure to suppress the Irish organization. There has been no such measure, and he has also weakened in other directions. Churchill claims that the Irish landlord is reducing rent. That is true, and he had to do it. Churchill proposed county boards as a relief, but I tell you the Irish people will never accept, nor will they be satisfied with anything short of the restoration of an Irish Parliament.

— Commenting on the folly which some blustering Britishers designed recently in New York harbor, the London *Universe* says: "Some congenital idiots in New York are thinking of erecting a statue of Queen Victoria bigger than Bartholdi's figure of Liberty on a commanding position at the entrance to Manhattan. We hope this folly will not be attempted for three reasons. Firstly, it would be an insult to American; secondly, it would be a provocation to fanatics to cover the counterfeit presentment of a respectable mother with rotten eggs; lastly, it would be a vulgar to the canons of the aesthetic, and would accordingly give a fit of indigestion to Oscar Wilde and his disciples. Magnitude is not art, or a huge barn of a railway station, or a colossal floating musical hall like the Great Eastern would count for more than one of our beautiful ancient round towers or a statue by John Hogan or John Foley."

— Sometimes against the *Chicago Daily Tribune* published a history of land purchases given by Congress during the thirty years ending in 1880, to railway corporations, amounting to 155,000,000 acres, it appears that 240,000 square miles or 154,067,553 acres were so given—an area more than double that of the whole kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—and some say as follows: "The story of the dissipation of one great national inheritance—the way by Congress, wasted by the Land Office, stolen by thieves—a land monopoly worse than that of England begotten in America. English monopoly is in fetters. American monopoly is in corporations, and corporations are the only aristocrats that have no souls and never die. There is a great deal of truth in this, but let us not forget that in some cases, railways could not have been built when the land grants, and that those railways, built before the lands were granted, have increased the value of which corporations have profited by. Land grants have been unmerited, and have been well worth to the whole country the aid given to the companies."

— Speaking of that fund of side literary filth which is flooding the land in the shape of dime novels and disguised sensational novels, Bishop Simmons says: "It is superfluous to endorse the harm that is daily done by the issue of these productions and what a fearful power of misleading and misguiding it diffuses in society, particularly in the hearts and minds of the young. Let parents frequently and earnestly admonish the faithful, and more especially parents not to keep in their homes books, papers or pictures which may weaken religion or good morals, and constantly to watch, lest their children or servants become contaminated by the reading of evil literature. The unsuppressed the day often produce misrepresentations and calumnies against the Church, and every Catholic who should, at home and abroad, of the religious and rights of the Irish people. We have no doubt that this hint will be done to the memory of that learned ecclesiastic gifted

The Glory of Mary Girdles the Earth!

From the Church celebrates throughout the whole Christian world the memorable feast of the Immaculate Conception, and thousands of the beautiful dioces of magnificent cathedrals as well as under the humble roof of the meanest chapel, men of all nations and people of all conditions will give praise and glory to God for having given their Son and such a Mother.

Almighty God is the author of all that is bright and beautiful, charming and superlative in the universe.

But the creation of the Blessed Virgin is the masterpiece of the Most High. In her Almighty God has manifested His power and delight as well as His most sublime wisdom.

Nature, with all its charms, is profusely abundant, its amazing contributions to man's physical wants, can contribute but little towards that perfection which alone is necessary for every mortal who would know God in a spiritual sense, and this Heaven's apostolic standpoint as well as deity. Here for the abundant bounties which Heaven has scattered over the earth for man's subsistence and benefit. When we see a fragile plaintive star vacillate or rather assume elongation, yet all the constellations with which God has planted the heavens are seen in perfect repose with the ordinal beauty with which He adorned the ever famous fair Mother of Heavens.

Nature is the angels, the saints, and all the heavenly choirs, but Mary is the language of the Church of God, the Queen of Heaven. The world admires the beauty of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, the Mississippi, the Nile, the Ganges, the Tiber, the Seine, the Thames, but the Church calls Mary by the endearing title of "the Gate of Heaven." No nation, clime or nothing in earth like has ever made Mary as a mother and daughter. She is the "Bridge of Sighs," the "Health of the Weak," "Comfortress of the Afflicted," the "Ark of Refuge," and the Sea wherein repose our cares and with God.

What is real, what is constant, what to love, with an ever actual, only to the Sacred Heart, we should have for God Himself. Of Mary the Immaculate we can be confident declared—to be full of Grace.

Oh the Sinfulness of Protestant logic! when it can be logically the Blessed Virgin What a species of lunacy! why more so than conduct be which pretends to profess great love for the Son, whilst it harbors a secret hatred for the immaculate Mother Who bore Him? Has increase we would be less the man who, and he revered Jesus Washington, who spoke so disparagingly of that noble patriot a comparable mother, he much more should we not condemn those our Christian sentiments which sectarian alliance when they prompt us to deny the ever glorious and Immaculate Virgin who gave to the world a Redeemer Who was God and Man, Virgin by the lapsing of honor. It is the bread which marks the soul of sectarianism and which prevents it from the Blessed Virgin more late the Mother of God! Simply because she receives with glory from the Lord God Almighty. We rarely hear or Catholic remisters speak of Our Guardian or St. Anne, the father and mother of the Blessed Virgin, because they have little or no mention about them, but from the fact mentioned many a non-Catholic is forth, their seem to exhibit an implicit belief of the grandeur of Virgin, the Infant of Mothers, the mother of Martyrs and the only creature of God who was preserved as the innocent and immortal dignity of human "the Blessed" of the Lord.

Man's natural inclination might turn from a worldly point of view—that has no—but the sensual, exemplary and God-exalted character as the Mother of the Most High presents to human understanding. But our Divine Saviour says: "As the world hateth Me so shall it hate you," and the world's hatred of the Immaculate Mother towards the Blessed Virgin arises from that leaven of Lucifer which leavens the whole mass of humanity. Yet, we can not but admire a lover of our Blessed Redeemer to pay profane himself—nor love Mary—the Mother of Jesus. His Mother, God will accept no man's faith who refuses to Him with a divided love—a heart in which Mary is subordinated or, and where both are battling for supremacy. Yet we must love even "our neighbor as our selves" in order to gain heaven, what hope of salvation can Mary give us? Let the protestant preachers and Pharisaical persons who cringe in speech and sentiment nothing but secret fear of the grandeur which is the Author of all good.

The joy which the feast of the Immaculate Conception brings to every Catholic heart today, will be measurably enhanced by the knowledge that the Papal document issued by the Immaculate Conception has been translated into the most prominent living languages. This wonderful work was published and carried out to successful completion by the eminent Jesuit Father Le Lubbe-Sow, Professor of Scripture in the Seminary of St Sulpice in Paris and the accomplished Father Chaumonot, who exhibited at the latter French Exhibition, than ever.

Every veritable Catholic heart of fear those who speak every kind of language, in the world prostrate themselves in the presence of those sweet Mary and Jesus, their vows with the Choirs of Angels and Saints in passing, glorifying and praying well-blessed have to that Mother, as we must to her Divine Son in heaven and glory.

We sincerely wish that a few of our rich Catholics would follow the noble and memorable example left them by Nathaniel Ridley Cable, a member of Congress, who died in Washington, D. C., in 1882, and who gave him all he was worth. We hope therefore, that some of our local Congressmen will follow the example of Mr. Cable, and bequeath their wealth to the Catholic Bishop of their respective dioceses, to be used for the benefit of the Church and the Catholic people.

Ireland Under the Tory Lash.

Calumnious from Ireland is the sad tidings that Canon Scanlan is subjected upon his return to the people of his native parish to the unique distinction of being the first to be arrested under the Coercion Act. Ireland's sons and daughters, can have assumed Thirty times is nearly in many cases has the foul spirit of Orangeism been so marked in order to crush out the aspirations for liberty in the hearts of the Irish people. Irish people, but such cases are the exceptions and not the rule. Ireland's sons and daughters are true to the principles of religious liberty as exemplified by Brian Boroihme and Owen Roe, from the earliest traditions. And so will they be in the future, if they are allowed to do so

Family Fun.

Ready Retorts.

It is not given to everyone, perhaps fortunately for the general peace, to be as ready at retort, for example, as to the critic to whom the following incident is addressed by an artist.

"Didn't you think it is about time I exhibited something?"

"Yes, a little talent, for instance," was the reply.

To a grocer who had retired from business a friend said:

"My dear fellow, you are looking thin; idleness does not agree with you."

"Well, my," instantly replied the grocer, "I don't weigh as much as I did."

Equally pertinent was the answer given by a great musical composer to a remark. When a youth he was a clerk to a very rich but exceedingly common place—in fact stupid employer. One day an acquaintance commiserated the clerk upon on his position, saying:

"What a pity it is you are not the master, and he your clerk."

"Oh, my friend," returned the youth, "do not say that. If he were my clerk, what on earth could I do with him?"

"Did you get her photo when you were away? said one freshmen to another.

"Well—ah—the fact is," returned his companion, "she gave me her negative."

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to an intoxicated fellow leaning in a sociable fashion against a post.

"I have been practicing at a glass," was the reply.

Why Doesn't He.

Arabella—Here he is, just where he's been for six weeks; why doesn't he speak? I'm sure I encourage him enough.

George—Here she is, as usual, wearing a costume which cost more than I can make in six weeks. How can I ask her to marry me, as it would be impossible for me to support her in the extravagant style in which she now lives!

He Couldn't Have Done It.

At one time the Hon. Charles Thompson, the celebrated statementing barrister, had for a client a man who was accused of selling liquor unlawfully. The prisoner was of an appearance best described as alcoholic, and he was night have served as a beacon on Eddystone Ledge on the darkest night. The testimony was taken, and the case went on until Mr. Thompson rose to make his plea.

"Y-your Honor," he began, "I look at the j-j-jury. Gentlemen of the j-jury I look at the Honor. Y-your Honor, I look at the p-p-prisoner. P-p-prisoner, look at his Honor. G-gentlemen of the j-jury, look at the p-p-prisoner. Did-does he look as if he'd s-s-sell p-p-p-pint of liquor to anybody?

The argument was irresistible. The none of the accused outweighed all other testimony, and Mr. Thompson triumphantly won his case.

The Naughty Wife.

In one of the cities that lie over against Boston there lives a family whose masculine head is a man who has won considerable wealth from humble beginnings not unlike those of Commodore Vanderbilt, with the difference that while he, like Vanderbilt, began as a boatman, he has expanded into the banking business instead of into the railroad business. Ever since he became a banker his excellent wife has been smitten with the great importance of her husband's new occupation, and has advertised it on every possible occasion. The horse-car conductors on the line which runs into her city all know her, and smile when she enters the car and gravitatly utters her command:

"Conductor, let me off at my husband's bank!"

One day lately a tramptish-looking old fellow with a red nose got on the car just as the banker's wife delivered her usual order to the conductor. The old man watched her performance curiously, and then arose, pulled himself together, and called out with an magnificent air that was inimitable:

"Conductor, let me off at my old woman's peanut stand!"

A rear vent through the ear, and "my husband's bank" has been alluded to more than ever since that time.

A Warning to Smokers.

A member of the Texas Legislature engaged the services of a colored man named Jack. It was not long before the legislator had occasion to remark:

"Jack, it's very singular that I miss so many of my cigars."

"Kursel, yer reckerlects dat I tole yer when yer fust hired me dat I smoked, and yer said I mosn't smoke in de house."

"But, great Cæsar! you didn't suppose I gave you permission to smoke up my cigars?"

"Whose cigars did you reckon I'd smoke? Didn't 'spose, did yer, dat I ast permission to smoke my own cigars?"

He Wept Scalding Tears.

Arabel Blank is Philadelphia born, and has been educated in a very near relative for young ladies.

Last week Arabel's dear papa took her to Cape May point and while there he pointed out to her a flock of birds on the beach.

"There," said the old gentleman, as the flock rose in the air, "look at those birds, Arabel. They are curlews."

"Oh," cooed the maiden, opening her big, innocent blue eyes, "how lovely how splendid! Just to think, pa! It was only yesterday that I was reading that dear delightful poem of Mr. Crap's which begins: "The curlew tolls the knell of parting day." Only imagine those tiny creatures, pa, tolling a great bell. How very strange!"

Then the old gentleman sat down on the damp, damp sand and wept scalding tears and hooted until the people thought he had the cholera.

The Latest Proverb.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can get your mother to do to-day," a lazy fashionable young lady was heard to say recently.

What He Worked at During Summer.

"Say, Mister, don't yer want a boy?"

"Are you out of work?"

"Yes."

"What did you do during the summer?"

"I stuck fine cotton fly-paper in druggists' windows; but I didn't cover now."

Adventures of a Connecticut Parson.

An Essex clergyman recently attempted to enter his house late at night, having arrived home from New York unexpectedly by boat, without the knowledge of his family. A barrel under the parlor window offered him an easy mode of entrance, and he sprang upon it. His feet had hardly touched the bond before it caved in, and he found himself plunged in a bath of soft soap. To extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament he was obliged to call for assistance, but before it was rendered he had a narrow escape from being shot for a burglar by a neighbor.

Farm and Home.

PACIFIC COAST CROPS.

Synopsis of Reports to the Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, November 20.—The April crop report issued this month contains the following report from its agent in California as to the condition of the crops in that State. The conditions for the growth of corn have been favorable this season and a fair crop was made, with the quality a full average. Grapes are a fair average crop throughout the State as compared with a full crop. They have been favored with fine weather and the quality is very good. A few sections were visited by a light frost early in October, but no serious damage was done. Apples are not an average crop. Some damage was done in some sections by the codlin moth and stringent measures are needed for its extermination. Pears are a fair crop. They also were considerably damaged by the codlin moth. County correspondents in California, Oregon and Washington Territory report as follows: Sonoma County—Corn, average yield. Apples—Very light crop, early in October, but no serious damage was done. Pears—Fair crop. Grapes—Average crop. Yamhill—Average crop. Washington Territory reports as follows: Skamania—The yellow dent corn "Pride of the North," received from the department was planted the 21 of June, and grew rapidly and formed five large ears and matured before the frost set in this fall. Garfield—Very little corn is raised, but it is of fine quality. Stake—A good crop of Rutons have been planted in the following counties: Asotin—Badly damaged by the codlin moth. Contra Costa—Injured by the codlin moth. San Mateo—Good on the coast, but in the valleys damaged by the codlin moth. El Dorado—The fruit was badly worm-eaten and fell off before ripe.

Of the subject of sorghum a correspondent in Shasasta county, W. F., says: "Seed sent by the department was planted on June 2nd, and it grew finely and matured, so we shall succeed in saving seed if nothing another year."

Hops in this spoken of by the county correspondents in California, Oregon and Washington Territory. California—San Luis Obispo—The crop is much larger than usual, and the quality is above the average. Placer—There was a good crop, owing to the late rains in the spring, and it was cured and housed in fine condition. Fresno—The crop was of average quality, mainly aphids, and yielded from four to eight tons per acre in from three to five cuttings. Green tea yielded from one to two and one-half tons per acre. Humboldt—There was a better crop than was expected, but it was of fair quality. Alpine—The crop was damaged by too much rain in July. Butte—Good yield. Contra Costa—There was an unusual quantity secured and in good condition by answering inferior patches of grain into hay. Kern—Alfalfa is the principal crop for hay.

Oregon—Columbia—The crop was somewhat affected by drought. Linn—There was a poor crop, owing to drought. Tamhill—Only half a crop, owing to drought.

Washington Territory—Garfield—Very little time hay is raised, where and hops are cut for hay. Wahkiakum—Good crop. Stage—Short crop, owing to drought.

A Terrible Punishment.

There is no keener pain known in life than that caused the parental heart by the misdeeds and crimes of bad sons and ill-doing daughters. The daily records of police courts show an appalling increase in juvenile crimes, and in many cases the culprits are not the children of poverty, but the sons and daughters of parents who are influential with the world and "fashionable society," as the call it. Mere children are brought to the theatres and sent to dancing school, and yet their parents wonder at their straying from the paths of virtue. These little creatures become "young ladies and gentlemen" sooner than readers and writers, and are accomplished in all the practices and usages of "polite and respectable society." They know the latest style of dress or the newest act of a dress coat. They can go through the most intricate figure of the latest dance, but ask them to recite the Apostles's Creed, or to name an Act of Faith, and they are astonished. It is true that they are sent to church on Sundays and holidays, but only to hurry comply with the obligation of hearing Mass. Parents have a terrible responsibility. In the words of the patriot-prelate, Archbishop Croke, "there are three things in parentage which parents are bound to give their children—good example, wholesome chastisement and correction when they need it, and sound, suitable instruction in religious and secular matters," and if they do not discharge their duty they must not complain if a terrible punishment is their lot.

How Children Grow Good.

Good children are the greatest blessing which parents can have in this life, but they cannot hope to have them good unless they have them instructed in true goodness. The first and highest aim of Catholic parochial schools is to teach children true goodness. It would appear surprising that river the Church of God declares Catholic children must attend Catholic schools, Catholic parents would refuse to obey the commandment. Yet it is a fact that Old Hickory has given Commandments to be kept and people refuse to keep them.

A benefit of Catholic parochial schools which cannot be overlooked is that pupils are obliged to go to confession and receive Holy Communion once a month. It may be said that parents who send their children to non Catholic schools can send their children to receive these sacraments monthly, but the fact is they do not do so.

If parents were to turn their children out into the cold of winter without furnishing them with proper clothing, the world would determine them as monsters of cruelty; but parents send their children out into the storm of life with their souls bare and naked of every virtue—without a vestige of Christian instruction to protect them, and in this world never notice the injustice.

Remarkable Recovery of Treasure.

The English divers and Capt. R. F. Stevens, Lloyd's surveyor, have returned from Grand Cenary after raising a sum of no less than £200,000. This amount was lying buried 153 feet deep about a mile from the southern-most limit of the island. It went down about two years ago in the steamer Alphonse XII. The steamer had on board £600,000 worth of Spanish dollars on their way to Cuba. They were 20 gold pieces, and were specially made for the trip, being the only 20 pieces bearing the year 1869. The insurance on the money was effected at Lloyd's, and was paid to the insurers after the vessel foundered. After a lapse of over a year Olymer Stevens and three English divers were sent out to try and recover the sunken treasure. They succeeded in bringing up nine boxes containing specie of the value of £10,000 each, but the tenth box could not be found, and the divers had to come away without it.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH

Regarding the Functions of an Important Organ.

Of Which the Public Knows But Little—Worthy Careful Consideration

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Will you please give the opinion to the public the facts we have learned during the past years concerning diseases of the human kidneys and the organs which discharge their functions, and which are now conducting a popular paper and are publishing a scientific journal, it seems to me is an modest Journal of Medicine, and should shield the home for circumstances.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,

Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we have emphasized clearly explain the relation to kidneys relation to the general health, and how much is from, and upon them, we propose now to approximately speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the washbowl before us, and examine it for the kidneys in health.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a twin, wrapped and clothing, about four inches in length, and in this little mass of one which are two glands, or kidneys. If we weigh the adult kidney we find it weighs, four ounces, in the female. A small organ! Small in size, but great in work. The adult average size contains about ten cups. It weighs about four ounces, or pints. Though this seems enormous as compared with the kidneys, which are as often as the heart, making a complete circuit of the entire mass of human blood they separate the waste material, and pass it off in the form of urine. Sleeping or waking, incessant action, hard work and no rest. Such is the glamour, removing impurities from which the blood is made, and which, if left in, would be poison, or about forty ounces of urine in a day, or half a barrel each year. Is it a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time? Nature's prodigious strength, treated and neglected, as it is, is wonderful.

We now this delicate organ open length, and we with our knife and will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn, filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, forming a little ball about an inch from the outside, covering of a variety of consistencies, which, for ease of reference, we shall, roughly speaking, a week, which is the time we have taken to make the further undergo purification before it passes down into the urinary, and so on to the outside of the body.

The little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and right here we have the secret of the kidney disease.

Using the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a change of climate, and one other cause which never ever day, they become somewhat weakened in their power for.

What is the result? Congestion or congestion of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which, if not relieved, these delicate membranes are irritated, inflammation sets in, they lose their power to secrete, which results in the pelvis or cause the tubes to get fearfully out of order, and terrible to describe here. The tubes are so delicate, so easily disturbed, so easily injured, upon the blood vessels, pressing upon the blood vessels, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, and consequently no filtration is purified, for it cannot take any other place.

Now and think of it for a moment, the vast work of a pint of blood, the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in health, and the fact that when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how healthy the rest of the blood and organs disease. It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pail full of water set across Broadway and countless thousands of people should go from morning to get pail-full of water, and no pipe from the reservoir, and no supply from conduit, and the supply which should be there, as for one drop of the blood to escape pollution when compelled to pass through diseased kidneys.

Now, what is the result? When the blood takes up and deposits this impurity, it must go somewhere else organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, fluid and bone, from the top of your head to your toes. And when we from hereditary influence or exposure, or any of the causes which make another, accumulate in the system in the form of uric acid, and consumption in weak lungs, dyspepsia, when there is a torpid liver, stomach, nervousness, insanity, paralysis, heart disease, and a host of other nervous diseases. *The heart must soon feel the effects of the impure blood, and the blood to keep it righteous.* It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural at nature's warning. The heart is overworked, the impure blood through theirs, palpitation, causing pain, sleeping, cross, out of breath feeling, unnatural as the heart pulsation, the heart soon soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it suddenly stops, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the result.

But the medical profession, learned and educated, call those diseases by high sounding names, treat them alone, and wonder why their patients are so many, *those death to the effected parts, constantly* in fatal results. Suppose from these apparently, troubles kidneys which herein are shown, and which should have been cured first, but this is not all the kidneys have to do, for you must remember that each drop of blood must pass through them, or consequent every twenty-four hours to purify the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the weight of the body. This too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood and all other diseases depending matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right, I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease who had a disease that they never felt, and yet they have no pain, or only a dull, dull ache.

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidneys, where there are *few nerves to give to many the sensation of pain.* Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you believe, even at the ill health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be enjoyed when the kidneys are deranged or impaired. No wonder man writes "my life is degenerating." Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do work if the vital part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The so-called physicians cannot detect it at times, *for the fallacy there is not to be examined by any means* which we have at our command. Under an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fully broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, so fatal, so insidious, so fatal in 90 per cent, so slowly in other death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidneys.

As you value health, as you desire a healthy life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition, and they will do as nature does, all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes more and more known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific and agreeable tonic.

Take it when you are a little and never a month go by if your head ill, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that this disease may be kept in proper order, for blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing.

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A Child's Manners at the Table.

Nothing attracts attention so much as a child's behaviour. And good manners are easily cultivated at bed-time, if parents will only begin right. Especially annoying to a child's bad manners at the table. An ill-bred child is a nuisance to all around. "There is no excuse for it. It is the parent's fault every time. Children will behave as well and pleasant manner if they are taught. Do not let the little darling must be pleased, to order that his mother may come to the table, let him have a nourishing meal of cold under his plate and eat, and be furnished with a napkin large bib beneath. Every child should be taught to eat, but be allowed to understand from the beginning that bad manners will not be tolerated. Let the other room with the parlor and kitchen, and let the child understand when meals are present to be attended. An occasional lapse of this kind will effectually produce a superior, obedient child. Children are taught generally for his turn to be served and helping, and they do not forget for time-to-come. If a mother wants to destroy her independence for her child, let her, as a child, and spoiled her society, 'Johnny dear, do eat, do tell me what you want.' Johnny He has us in the society, knows all the ways of the world, and is a slave to his appetite. The children must be taught to be polite and firmly instead of laughing at or encouraging their bad habits. Let the mother's pleasant, nice mannered child of him a source of pleasure.

If the Chinese nation were to pass before an observer in long, long, the green man would never cease, for a few generations would be coming in the stage and at the proscenium moved.

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POWER OF RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

ing a political speech in the guise of a pastoral address to his clergy assembled in his cathedral, no more than I should be prepared to follow the example of that other eminent dignitary of the same church who, regardless of the feelings of, at all events, some individual members, whether lay or clerical, of his flock, embodied a declaration of his own political views in the form of a prayer to the Almighty, which he publicly intoned for use in the churches of his diocese. No. Fabius are very well in their place, but a church, whether catholic or protestant, is not the place for them; and I trust that the day is far distant when an at all events shall be found thus acting, regardless of the impropriety of such a lowering of the pulpit to the altar to the level of a political platform (cheers).

FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

But here in this hall, and especially on this day, this feast of our sainted Archbishop, I should find it hard indeed to conceive of any address that I would regard as more thoroughly in place than yours (loud cheers) Your very presence here is a public and an emphatic expression of that combined sentiment of Irish faith and Irish nationality which, thank God, is as vigorous and as active amongst us now as it has ever been at any period in the history of the past. That we have to-day to give thanks for this is—let us make acknowledgment of it—in no small degree due to the watchful prayers and intercession for us of St. Laurence, our special patron, and of the other sainted patrons of the Irish Church.

IRELAND AND ROME.

It is owing also to the constant unswerving fidality of your attachment to the centre of Catholic unity, the holy See of Rome (cheers). That fidelity you have preserved without a rupture or a flaw, despite the efforts of those enemies of our nation, if not of our faith, who have not scrupled, sometimes by bold unblushing statements, sometimes by the cunning of a crafty insinuation, to sow in your minds the seeds of suspicion, and thus of loss of confidence in the Holy See. In speaking to you thus I have especially in mind a speech or statement which I have recently met with in a newspaper. It was delivered not many days ago by

A CERTAIN PROMINENT ENGLISH NOBLEMAN,

ONE OF OUR OWN FAITH.

In it he managed to convey, though he did not dare openly to assert, that the influence of the Holy See could now be secured for the advancement of English interests in Ireland (cries of Never). I am glad to hear that confident cry, for, believe me, it can never be; that it is to say, it can never be secured for any effort to crush out a movement such as that of which the organization from which this address has been presented is here the local representative. I mean, of course, the constitutional effort in which you are engaged for the restoration of your native legislature (loud cheers). The nobleman to whom I thus refer seems to have surprised to his honour that the feeling of the Holy See is adverse to this national movement, and that the influence, if not the authority, of the Sovereign Pontiff may soon be exercised, at the suggestion of an English Ministry, to withdraw from all further expression of sympathy with that movement myself and other prominent ecclesiastics whom it is unnecessary for me to name. Now, of course,

THE HOLY SEE CANNOT CONSIDERINGLY

to contradict such ridiculous fictions. But it is, I think, of some importance that they should not be allowed to pass altogether without notice. And so I have thought it well to refer to the matter here to-day (cheers). I have brought here with me a copy of a Roman periodical, the *Moniteur de Rome*, which reached me from Rome this morning, and I have brought it that I may read for you a short article in reference to the present position of the Home Rule cause. It may be well to say to you that although it would be an exaggeration to speak of this paper as being exactly the "organ" of the Sovereign Pontiff, it is well known throughout Europe that the tone it is likely to be put forward in it of which His Holiness disapproves. Now this article which I am about to quote has reference to the present convention of the English Liberal party at Leeds—the convention that was presided over by the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. John Morley (loud cheers). What, then, does this article say? I will read it for you.

"As was positively announced (it says) in the public telegrams, the conference of the English Liberals has adopted a resolution pledging the Liberal party to maintain without flinching the principle of Home Rule for Ireland—to maintain that principle without flinching until the question is finally settled" (renewed cheers).

And

"We congratulate the English Liberals on their fidelity to the programme of liberty and of restoration. Only, if the inability of the new Government to find a satisfactory solution of the problem, the triumph of Home Rule is assured. The people of Ireland have only to bide their time and to persevere in their present peaceful attitude of which even their political opponents themselves are in constrained to speak with respect.

(Loud and prolonged cheering). May I not answer for you that you will loyally fulfil what is thus expected of you? (Hear, hear, cheering). Fulfilling it, that is to say, maintaining your present attitude, and not allowing yourselves to be driven one inch from your present line, you will severely remain for yourselves that sympathy which you now hold in such abundant measure, the sympathy of Europe as well as of America, the sympathy especially of Catholic nations of the world—a sympathy which assuredly cannot be regarded as thrown away when it is thus given to a people who, when forming to themselves their ideals of the purest type of Irish patriotism, have selected one from the lines of Archbishops of this See, and in doing so have selected out of all the prelates whose names are recorded in our annals, the one who is held in such honor here to-day, St. Laurence O'Toole, the patriot Archbishop—(cheers)—the only one in all that long succession of whom the Church has raised to the honors of her altars—the only one in all that long succession of Irish saints, and the first and only canonized Archbishop of Dublin (loud and prolonged cheering.)

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To Our Late Brother James W. Donlan. Who Died December 3rd, 1886.

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WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom, to take from us our late fellow member, Brother James W. Donlan, we humbly bow to His divine will;

WHEREAS, In Brother James W. Donlan we denote a kind and loving husband, a good and faithful son and a true and faithful friend who have sailed away to heavenly happiness. Therefore be it

Resolved, By the Young Men's Catholic Mutual Aid Association, that we deeply feel and deplore the loss of our worthy Brother, whose good example through life was an incitement to his fellow-men, and in whose past life we recognize a faithful member, a model of a true Catholic and an exemplary citizen.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and orphan children, and more than that the great men upon them and on by his loss is brightly relieved by the hope that he is upon the reward of his well-spent life.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be presented to his wife and family of the deceased, and be published in the MONITOR and *Western Call*, and be placed on the minutes of this meeting.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—On November 12th, about six miles from Ballymena, the house of Mr. Thos. Hall, a respectable and industrious farmer, residing in Ballypamaly, within view of Lough Neagh, took fire in the night time, when the inmates of the building, numbering eleven altogether, were fast asleep. Three persons were burned to death, whose names are Martha Hall, aged 60 years; Margaret Hall, aged 4 years, and Martha Hall, aged 2 years. The surviving members of the family are Thomas Hall, senr., with his father, James Hall, husband of the deceased Martha Hall, senr., and his son, James Hall, jr., now suffering from extensive burns. Two other sons, Henry and Robert Hall, saved themselves by jumping from a second story out of the burning house in the midst of the flames, through a pane of glass, and Mr. Blair himself sustained severe injuries by forcing through a bedroom window, which he had to burn some of the family. The house was left in ruins, and everything in the nature of furniture and wearing apparel has been reduced to ashes. The surviving inmates were taken to the house of Mr. Mulvenah contiguous, and every care and attention lavished upon them.

Carlow.—The difference that has for a considerable time existed between Mr. J. W. Smith-Barry and his tenants in the Coughtrigue district, has, it is gratifying to be notified, been amicably settled. The cause of the matter in dispute arose in the year 1879. From the beginning they seem to have taken up that what appeared to every one else to be a perfectly reasonable consideration of their lessee for a reduction in their rents, was a mere piece of Quixotic Land Leagueism. The unfortunate victims were sent for trial, and the case was thrown out, after a long and costly litigation, the production of original decrees for possession. The result of it was to the gain of the landlord, and of those who should have been in the dock as a prominent step to six months in Kilmainham, which would be much too mild a punishment for the Northern rackrenter. But it is stated on reliable authority that Captain Hill can now claim the kind ownership to act as bailiff and Emergency man, and that in this capacity he has been, and is, most successful. The case of the matter in a nutshell was, by the tenants, that then what appeared to every one else to be a reasonable reduction in their rents, was in reality, considering the circumstances of the times, a moderate reduction in their rents.

Cork.—The popular member for South Cork, Dr. Kenny, M. P., resided, on his return home from his constituents in Skibbereen, on Nov. 6th. The interior town was on the Saturday evening decorated with evergreens, flags and banners, leading appropriate mottoes, the principal streets were crowded with triumphal arches. There was a tremendous gathering at the railway station to meet the doctor, it being his first visit to Skibbereen since his election as member for South Cork. The very warm and patriotic address was presented to the doctor, and he replied in terms of the utmost fervor. Amongst the Commissioners on behalf of the National Land League, on Nov. 7th, were Messrs. Jas. Carbery, Jas. Deasen; Ray, J. Kenney, and Jas. Cronin, and Rev. T. Collins, P.P., the chairman of the Skibbereen parish priests was present. After the celebration of High Mass on the morning was concluded with, at which his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, presided. The following is the result of the polling: Dogmatics, Rev. Dr. McCarthy, V. G.; Sermons, Rev. Jas. Murphy; Rev. Dr. O'Brien, P.P.; Bachelors: *Impure*, Rev. Henry O'Neill, Ballydehob; *Lawful*, Rev. Jas. Murphy, Ballydehob.

Fermanagh.—The Earl of Enniskillen died on Nov. 12 at his residence, Florence Court, in his 80th year of his age. The deceased, William Willoughby Cole, was the third Earl, the title having been created in 1789. He was Grand Master of the Fermanagh Militia and Lieutenant-Colonel of the County for which he sat as M. P. from 1831 to 1841, when he succeeded to the peerage on his father Willoughby and Lady Charlotte Paget.

Galway.—A beautiful gift has been recited to the new cemetery, Tuam, by the Archbishop, to the memory of the late Dr. T. J. Bulwer, a young physician, who, born in the town, had endeared himself by his skill, and by his unassuming and kind manner, to all who knew him. The gift was made suddenly closed by a force caught in the doors, and he died in a few days his father, an eminent physician, was born to the same grave. The deceased, William Willoughby Cole, was the third son, the title having been created in 1789. He was Colonel of the Fermanagh Militia and Lieutenant-Colonel of the County for which he sat as M. P. from 1831 to 1841, when he succeeded to the peerage on his father Willoughby and Lady Charlotte Paget.

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Kerry.—The Presentation Convent at Mitchelstown, county Cork, have erected their station for sale to tenants under Lord Cloncurry's Act at seventeen and a half years' purchase, which, we understand, have decided to take the receipts in a few days.

Another happy engagement of the cordial understanding between the National Leagues and the artisans, in Cork City, is furnished by the last meeting of the Hardwaremen's National Longers at which the whole body of the Hardwaremen mechanics expressed their adhesion to the League in an address teaming over with good sense and large-hearted National sympathies.

The Countess of Aberdeen has written to Messrs. Dwyer, Great George's street, Cork, for samples of their celebrated Irish lace and crochet work. Their well known Irish lace and crochet work. Their will be a fancy fair at Kilchrohane, and the Countess, who will have a stall there, is anxious to exhibit some specimens of the Irish fabrics.

Dublin.—The blessing and opening of the new buildings in connection with St. Joseph's Asylum for the Blind, Dublin, on Nov. 2, was an interesting event from more than one point of view. The Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by a large number of priests, performed the religious ceremony. The institution at present contains over 80 blind males, who, besides being boarded and lodged, receive an Irish doctrine, are taught to read, write, and some industry by which they may be able to earn a living. There are now upwards of 30 in the care of a community of Christian Brothers.

The following gentlemen have been "called" to the Bar—Mr. Charles Dillon, second son of Lucan Dillon, of Spiddal House, Dublin, and Mr. Francis Farly Barlow, younger son of Mr. Frederick Archer Barlow, North Great George's street, Dublin, solicitor.

On Nov. 11, the festival of St. Laurence O'Toole, the last Irish canonized Saint, was specially observed in Dublin, and in the parish church in Castle-place, Dublin, which takes its name from the Saint, the anniversary of his hundred years ago. His Grace the Archbishop, presided on the occasion, and the sermon was a vehement pleading the principle for Home Rule for Ireland—to maintain that principle without flinching until the question is finally settled" (renewed cheers).

And

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California's Catholic Literary Triumph!!

THE

GRAND OLD MONITOR'S CHRISTMAS CONTENTS!!

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And Other Literary Matter for

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NAMES OF SUCCESSFUL CONTRIBUTORS:

ORIGINAL PRIZE AND SELECTED STORIES.

A Failed Foe. FIRST PRIZE STORY contributed by "HUMPHREY." This story is founded on historical occurrences which took place in Ireland, and is redolent of the Catholic courage and virtue of the people of that ancient and honorable race.

Margaret's Triumph. SECOND PRIZE STORY contributed by "M. M." This is a lovely story of Domestic life, full of interesting dialogue and absorbing incidents which will charm all who read it.

Tom's Christmas Jewels. THIRD PRIZE STORY, contributed by J. M. Dwyer. This is a lovely Catholic story founded on incidents connected with the disturbances in Land Leagueism in Ireland.

A Christmas Revenge. FOURTH PRIZE STORY contributed by "THE INDEXER." This story is founded on historical occurrences which took place in Ireland, and is redolent of the Catholic courage and virtue of the people of that ancient and honorable race.

A Faithful Shepherd and Other Stories. FIFTH PRIZE STORY from YOUNG FOLKS DEPARTMENT, contributed by MAY HOLLOWAY. This story is founded on historical occurrences which took place in Ireland, and is redolent of the Catholic courage and virtue of the people of that ancient and honorable race.

A Fortunate Christmas. SIXTH PRIZE STORY FROM YOUNG FOLKS DEPARTMENT, contributed by HORACE DUNN. This story traces the rise and progress of a Catholic youth who, by his honesty and industry, and by his determination to succeed, rises from a position of menial servitude to a position of trust and responsibility.

The Christmas Dream. SEVENTH PRIZE STORY. This story narrates how a happy Christmas came to an humble home. It is a beautiful story written by a Dublin journalist who is well known in Ireland.

Two Brothers' Christmas Eve. A true story told by the lighted a Mission Camp Fire. Written by Rob Roy. The scene is laid in the Australian Bush, amongst the Mountains and the moral of the story will stilly all who peruse it.

What Christmas Means. A beautiful Christmas Story. Written by Mrs. Spinola (author of Fact). Written by Martin A. Hennessy. This is a story of trial, suffering and triumph, woven together with the web of sadness and rejoicing—it will charm all who read it.

Carmello's Christmas Gift and What Came of It. Written by Grace Edward Jr. A delightful Christmas story of Faith Hope and Charity, and told in such a lovely simple style as to win the attention of all who peruse it.

Denis Connolly's Confession. Written by Patrick T. Minerve. This story is a simple recital of the adventures which befell a starving man on a stormy Christmas Eve, and how he got rich by overcoming temptation.

Santa Claus and Snooks. A lovely little story with a great big moral in it which will be read with pleasure by young and old alike. Written by Mary Dwyer.

Mary Carrolhan's Fortune. A delightful Christmas story of love, labor, lady-bugs and hairpins. Written by a new contributor who can put the interest of a three volume novel into a three column story.

The Christmas Midnight Mass; or, How a Hardworking Blacksmith Spent a Sacred Night. A nice story in which a beautiful moral is inculcated.

ORIGINAL PRIZE AND SELECTED POEMS.

A Christmas Dream. FIRST PRIZE POEM for contributions of one hundred lines. Written by "ARDATH."

A Christmas Reverie. SECOND PRIZE POEM for contributions of one hundred lines. Written by "AN OLD BOOK."

The Star of Bethlehem. THIRD PRIZE POEM of more than 100 lines. Written by "MARY QUEEN."

A Christmas Thought. FIRST PRIZE POEM of 50 lines. Written by Miss Mary Dwyer.

The Dear Old Soul. SECOND PRIZE POEM. Written by Thomas Dunn.

A Christmas Greeting. Written by Thomas Dunn. **Irish Christmas Days Long Ago.** Written by Honor Dunn. **A Happy Little Helper.** A lovely Poem appropriate for Christmas. **A Christmas Present.** A sweet Poem written by W. J. B. **A Mother's Memories.** A sweet Poem. Written by Mrs. M. L. Hayes. **The Value of Money.** A lovely Poem. The present prettily illustrated. **Holy Joyful Christmas.** An appropriate Poem of Christmas tide. Written by Hugh Mullaly. **A Christmas Dream.** A beautiful Poem. Written by Hugh Mullaly. **A Visit from St. Nicholas.** A familiar Poem, very of Christmas customs and at the recital of which old children and young alike will be merry.

PRIZE ESSAYS AND SELECTIONS.

The Feast of Christmas. FIRST PRIZE ESSAY. Contributed by "M. K." **Christmas Religious and Social.** SECOND PRIZE ESSAY. Contributed by Wm. H. FALLOWS.

PRIZE LISTS OF ORIGINAL MYSTICS.

First Prize for best set of Mystical Verse awarded to "Hon. Dr." **Second Prize** of Mystical Verse awarded to "Hon. Dr." **Third Prize** for the best list of Mystical Verse awarded to "Hon. Dr." **Fourth Prize** for the best list of Mystical Verse awarded to "Hon. Dr." **Fifth Prize** for the best list of Mystical Verse awarded to "Hon. Dr." **Other Lists** will be published in their order of merit, and prizes will be awarded for suitable lists.

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15 STORIES, 15 POEMS, 2 ESSAYS,

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Original Mystics, Family Fun, Farm and Home

ALL THE WEEK'S NEWS,

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The Monitor.

For Thy Sake we are ashamed to say the Truth. Strive for Justice for Thy Sake, and even unto Death fight for Justice, and God will overthrow thy enemies for Thee. (Isaiah lv. 1)

THE MONITOR

is now in its thirteen year of publication, and its extensive circulation has caused it to be a valuable medium for advertisements. Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Communications, to secure insertion, should be handed in not later than Tuesday each week.

No communication will be inserted unless accompanied by the author's real name. This is required as a private guarantee of good faith.

Communications will be published in the issue next following receipt, and on receipt of the paper only. We cannot undertake to return the MSS. of unused articles.

All communications and correspondence, whether on business or otherwise, are to be addressed to the Manager.

VOL. XXX. SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1886. NO. 11.

A Failed Foe

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR BY "HUMPHREY."

CHAPTER I.

It was in the reign of the English Richard, Richard of the iron hand and the iron mien, that Sir George Barlow landed on the Irish shore. Sent by his royal master and the kind purpose of enforcing the civil ascendancy of the Saxon, a chief of the martial race, to subdue the fierce and fearless Celt, he was, in the land upon which he was landing, as much the chief and lord of the country as Richard himself was in England. Fierce and fearless as the Celt was, he was no match for the Saxon. The Saxon was a chief of the Saxon race, and the Saxon was the master race. Sir George was a chief of the Saxon race, and he was the master of the Celt. Sir George was a chief of the Saxon race, and he was the master of the Celt. Sir George was a chief of the Saxon race, and he was the master of the Celt

Poetry.

A CHRISTMAN DREAM.

FIRST PRIZE LONG POEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "CELESTINE"

Very well do I remember,
One sweet Christmas long ago
When the gentle winds sighed around blowing
And the ground was white with snow;
When the merry bells were ringing,
Free from care or and from pain
And old time had left no wrinkles
On my brow, nor frosted my hair.

Each and every heart was welcome,
But the one I held most dear
Will the lovely Christmas festival,
With its blessings and good cheer;
And I always grew impatient
At that time was drawing nigh,
Yet I was, nevertheless, well satisfied,
And I would only sigh.

Well, this Christmas that I mention,
In the days long since gone by,
Has left a vivid picture
Standing yet before my eye,
In my heart a lovely image,
In my mind a thought of bliss
That comes when life is over,
When all earthly strife ws miss.

I was sitting at the window
Alone at eventide one hour,
Gazing intently and wondrous
Of the vast cathedral tower,
The snow was on the housetops,
No spot of green was there,
Upon the leaves below us,
Chill and frosty was the air.

I looked, and then I wondered,
The tower seemed drawing near,
Until it seemed to touch me,
My heart was filled with fear,
I tried to move, but could not,
I was fastened to the floor,
When looking my eyes seemed to see
While figures could go
From in and out that tower,
Angels fair they seemed to be,
I looked again and this time saw
A spirit stand by me.
"Fear not," he cried, "no hidden harm
Is there encamped in me,
But come this way my master,
And a wonderous sight thou'lt see."

This said, he placed around me
Two arms of snowy white,
And out we started swiftly
In the calm and frosty night.
Our hills and over valleys,
I too had wings to fly,
The earth was far beneath us
And our path was near the sky.

I paused and said "O Angel!
Do you see that deep dark wave?
It is the broad Atlantic
Give me not an ocean grave."
"Fear not, thou faithless doubter,
No harm shall come to you,
So do not speak aout you pass
Across those waters blue."

In about awe I wondered
"O! I wishes do we go,
Is this an angel or a fiend
A friend or fiter I?
But still I did not venture
To give utterance to my thought,
For whether fiend or angel
My battle must be fought.

So on we went a moment;
"Here," cried the spirit guide,
"Do earth's wealth well rest again;
But do not leave my side
We stopped on earth; I looked around,
"Twas not as now as I strange to me,
But the spirit took my hand

And led me to a wretched shed
And passed beside the door
He turned to me, and softly said:
"Look down upon the floor."
I looked and saw an Infant,
With a mother, tender and fair,
His tiny hands outstretching
As if imploring grace.

By His side there knelt a Lady
With hands upraised in prayer,
A vision of rare beauty,
With a cheek of bloom so pale,
On the other side I noticed
A man with bowed down head and form,
Shivering as the cruel sight wind
Crept into their shed.

Here and there were clustered shepherds
Big by noise of their praise,
Yet I listened in a rapture
To the beauty of their lays,
My pulse joined in the chorus
I turned surprised to hear,
But soft and sweet he answered:
"O ye our Saviour fear."

"Our Saviour!" "Yes," he answered,
"That Babe whom you now see
Has come to shed His heart's blood
Upon the Cross for thee.
The Babe of Bethlehem
So full of loving emotions with yours
You pray to be to Heaven,
And free sinners from slavery.

I sought to hand beside the Babe
And ask His Infant Love,
And as good friend detained me,
Saying: "Come we'll soon above
And see a heavenly Christmas
Where the Infant sin on you no
Is opened to heavenly joy
Now and forever more.

Upward we soared and upward,
Until I turned to see
The lonely earth vanished,
Not a glimpse of land or sea.
Nought but stars and space around us,
Not a sound of human strife,
And I wondered to see a world,
That I'd said farewell to life.

Then a glorious sight burst on me,
And a sound stole on my ear
As I gazed on the glorious scene
Rose my heart to hear.
Entranced I still went onward,
And I listened not a word,
Till a brighter, livelier radiance
Enchanted me around.

Then I saw a golden gateway,
Guarded by angels with spears,
Here and there and all around us
Were angels, thousands in sight,
And my angel guide now pointed
As if struggling with a thought,
Then he turned and said profoundly:
"Here's the spot which we have sought."

I gazed in silent wonder,
I knew he daughter from free from sin
And Christ on of the blessed,
Of whom I'd oft been told
But the pains commenced to open,
And I saw a golden stairs,
Guarded by a thousand angels,
Standing in a well formed line,

In that status the King of Heaven
Bid to welcome, business grant
As I looked I ventured,
"Twas the Infant's radiant face,
By His side there sat His Mother,
But her form was clothed in light,
That seemed to dim my vision
As she stood before my sight

Angels wondered hither, thither,
Hope I hand and praising God,
And the saints that seemed pleasure
Singing incense a man I always was
How I longed to join them singing
"Merry Christmas brother dear,
See what Saints Claus has brought me
Sun my interest daily here."

"What! You here, my little sister!"
But I looked around and saw
Those whom I'd been dilite,
And I knew we had
Then I looked out from the window,
And I saw the daylight beam,
Far, behold! my wonderous journey,
Had been made while in a dream.

A SPRAY OF HOLLY.

Breathe sweet but peace and joy to-day
In all the world above
For every one upon this earth
A message Christ, we come
Let Heaven's sunshine therefore smile
On every house and home
No matter if the sky be dark,
Faith can make it rather bright.

Holiday Presents.

A dozen pictures taken by Fagler. Send them to the dear ones at home. Have one enlarged and nicely colored—it will be an acceptable present. Fagler's gallery is the oldest and most complete in the city and produces the best photographs. Market and Ninth streets.

Margaret's Trial and Triumph.

SECOND PRIZE STORY.

Written for the Christmas Monitor by "M. M."

CHAPTER I

OUTWARD SHOWS AND INWARD SORROW

It was a bitter cold night in December, a night whose clear brightness made the stress cold and the dreariness of the dreary wind but more apparent. The moon cast up in her then half veiled under the fleecy drifting clouds, chilled the heart with her icy glitter ing smile; the wind moaning through the leaving trees and chasing scores down the drifting the winding aisles of the enveloping hills, and, sweeping through the valley, struck a respicuous, penetrating, and unabated. And I would only sigh.

Well, this Christmas that I mention,
In the days long since gone by,
Has left a vivid picture
Standing yet before my eye,
In my heart a lovely image,
In my mind a thought of bliss
That comes when life is over,
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The tower seemed drawing near,
Until it seemed to touch me,
My heart was filled with fear,
I tried to move, but could not,
I was fastened to the floor,
When looking my eyes seemed to see
While figures could go

From in and out that tower,
Angels fair they seemed to be,
I looked again and this time saw
A spirit stand by me.
"Fear not," he cried, "no hidden harm
Is there encamped in me,
But come this way my master,
And a wonderous sight thou'lt see."

This said, he placed around me
Two arms of snowy white,
And out we started swiftly
In the calm and frosty night.
Our hills and over valleys,
I too had wings to fly,
The earth was far beneath us
And our path was near the sky.

I paused and said "O Angel!
Do you see that deep dark wave?
It is the broad Atlantic
Give me not an ocean grave."
"Fear not, thou faithless doubter,
No harm shall come to you,
So do not speak aout you pass
Across those waters blue."

In about awe I wondered
"O! I wishes do we go,
Is this an angel or a fiend
A friend or fiter I?
But still I did not venture
To give utterance to my thought,
For whether fiend or angel
My battle must be fought.

So on we went a moment;
"Here," cried the spirit guide,
"Do earth's wealth well rest again;
But do not leave my side
We stopped on earth; I looked around,
"Twas not as now as I strange to me,
But the spirit took my hand

And led me to a wretched shed
And passed beside the door
He turned to me, and softly said:
"Look down upon the floor."
I looked and saw an Infant,
With a mother, tender and fair,
His tiny hands outstretching
As if imploring grace.

By His side there knelt a Lady
With hands upraised in prayer,
A vision of rare beauty,
With a cheek of bloom so pale,
On the other side I noticed
A man with bowed down head and form,
Shivering as the cruel sight wind
Crept into their shed.

Here and there were clustered shepherds
Big by noise of their praise,
Yet I listened in a rapture
To the beauty of their lays,
My pulse joined in the chorus
I turned surprised to hear,
But soft and sweet he answered:
"O ye our Saviour fear."

"Our Saviour!" "Yes," he answered,
"That Babe whom you now see
Has come to shed His heart's blood
Upon the Cross for thee.
The Babe of Bethlehem
So full of loving emotions with yours
You pray to be to Heaven,
And free sinners from slavery.

I sought to hand beside the Babe
And ask His Infant Love,
And as good friend detained me,
Saying: "Come we'll soon above
And see a heavenly Christmas
Where the Infant sin on you no
Is opened to heavenly joy
Now and forever more.

Upward we soared and upward,
Until I turned to see
The lonely earth vanished,
Not a glimpse of land or sea.
Nought but stars and space around us,
Not a sound of human strife,
And I wondered to see a world,
That I'd said farewell to life.

Then a glorious sight burst on me,
And a sound stole on my ear
As I gazed on the glorious scene
Rose my heart to hear.
Entranced I still went onward,
And I listened not a word,
Till a brighter, livelier radiance
Enchanted me around.

Then I saw a golden gateway,
Guarded by angels with spears,
Here and there and all around us
Were angels, thousands in sight,
And my angel guide now pointed
As if struggling with a thought,
Then he turned and said profoundly:
"Here's the spot which we have sought."

I gazed in silent wonder,
I knew he daughter from free from sin
And Christ on of the blessed,
Of whom I'd oft been told
But the pains commenced to open,
And I saw a golden stairs,
Guarded by a thousand angels,
Standing in a well formed line,

In that status the King of Heaven
Bid to welcome, business grant
As I looked I ventured,
"Twas the Infant's radiant face,
By His side there sat His Mother,
But her form was clothed in light,
That seemed to dim my vision
As she stood before my sight

Angels wondered hither, thither,
Hope I hand and praising God,
And the saints that seemed pleasure
Singing incense a man I always was
How I longed to join them singing
"Merry Christmas brother dear,
See what Saints Claus has brought me
Sun my interest daily here."

"What! You here, my little sister!"
But I looked around and saw
Those whom I'd been dilite,
And I knew we had
Then I looked out from the window,
And I saw the daylight beam,
Far, behold! my wonderous journey,
Had been made while in a dream.

A SPRAY OF HOLLY.

Breathe sweet but peace and joy to-day
In all the world above
For every one upon this earth
A message Christ, we come
Let Heaven's sunshine therefore smile
On every house and home
No matter if the sky be dark,
Faith can make it rather bright.

Holiday Presents.

A dozen pictures taken by Fagler. Send them to the dear ones at home. Have one enlarged and nicely colored—it will be an acceptable present. Fagler's gallery is the oldest and most complete in the city and produces the best photographs. Market and Ninth streets.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST FADE AWAY.

But at last Margaret was fairly out on an unknown track. She wrote some articles for a Magazine and sent them away in a fit of desperation; but no sooner were her treasures safely entrusted to the care of Uncle Sam, than she wished them back. Her cheek burned with blushes as she thought of her presumption and she suffered in advance the mortification of defeat; even the certainty of defeat would be better than the suspense she felt. But even waiting has an end, her manuscript was accepted. Trembling with joy she sought her parents and gave them the money she had just received, this revelation of the ambition of her child delighted them both, though in different ways, her mother was quite willing to accept money earned in such genteel employment; Rita might coin her brain into money if it did not prevent her entering the velvet-draped portals of society, but her father was relying on her money making powers, felt glad to know she had a congenial occupation.

And Margaret herself felt deeply thankful for the first glimpse of a rosy dawn which lay, pearl tinted, beyond the gloomy portals of a perfect day, but she was not so sanguine as to think that the sunshine would be unmixed with clouds. Her mother was she pecked by little trials, thorns which hidden by satin leaves, lost a back left scars on wounds behind. She sagely responded to the half invitation extended by the publisher of the Magazine, but the uncanny hint finding judiciously dealt out by the editor, increased her own lack of self confidence, and she became thoroughly disconcerted.

Visiting to her gloomy forebodings for the future, she never thought of flying to where true comfort lies—in the practice of her religion, for she had in her selfish dreaming, she had begun by neglecting the Angelus, spiritual reading, etc., those minute means grace, but which feed the life of love and faith.

Then gradually growing colder it was easy to find excuses for the omission of frequent Communion, and at the time any every opens months had elapsed since last her soul had been refreshed by the Bread of Life. Thus it was that poor, foolish Margaret found herself adrift on an open sea, without chart or compass, beneath her the tossing waves, above so which the dispersing shadows of the last gathering clouds, while from afar she heard the roll of the coming storm. Her cabin was a prison, the lonely island, her only refuge, the tempest raging without, struggling with the tempest within.

The wind had somewhat abated, but the sky was still mated crystal streaks of ivory and pearl, when Margaret stepped out of the house, and hastened toward the Lawton. She felt through flowery paths of fancy, where sweetest fragrance was wafted to them as they passed, and the balmy stillness of the air was only stirred by the thrilling music of the birds, the sighs, their back floated down a silvered stream, a stream whose lightly flutter motion of joy were caused by the gentle breeze of hope, from deep but crystal depths of love. Her slumbers did I say? Ay, even in waking hours were fettered by sweet visions. She thought that she relieved and admired, that another came for her, is always welcome but to Margaret, sunshine and peaceful living in an unassuming home, this kind edge came like a breath of life. She knew that all the happiness to be afforded by such a home would be hers, and although she would daily have admired poverty with Mr Lawson, and cheerfully given up the life of ease and comfort, and shared by all the comforts of refined wealth, still the joy she had will seemed very beautiful in its golden setting.

She dwelt with her parents for she wished to think of her future unbiassed by the comments of others. And she feared opposition because her mother would look on it as a brilliant match, and Lawson as a people accordingly, and he rather would not interfere with her happiness. One after noon she was wasting, or rather the hours on which she was sinking away so lonely, the sunshine and flowers had left her, she felt arrived as an answer behind which the story of her life was written, and the thoughts that would every now and then crossed her cheek with quick blushes, were the sweet, but sad, thoughts of one who corrupted by her sister Wilfred coming up. She had been alone to town, and had seen Lawson and Margaret's work, which was intended for herself, she said.

"Rita, who do you think I was today?" "Lawson, he was coming out of Lawson's Stationery Store. I guess he was buying Christmas presents."

"Nonsense, Molly, and Herbert, 'cheat don't keep Christmas or give presents.'"

"Oh, I think the Lawsons do, returned Molly, "they were confident of their present."

But in Margaret these words, "Christmas keep Christmas, fell like an icy pall treading on her warm life, and she stunned by the, that she repeated them over and over, as she realized their terrible meaning. Mr Lawson was a Hebrew, he rejected what her sacrifice, or might be, vital principles, and her heathenish thought, Margaret had forgotten it. Yes, in the fire and severer of her sorrow, she had forgotten that she strayed beyond this fleeting, passing life, and that with it, and the life of love and faith, the present with the great unknown eternity.

And if—remembering her Catholic education—we are surprised at the mid pain that she felt, we must bear in mind her current training, we answer like the Israelite people, she had murmured, fainted, and lagged and neglected to replenish it. She had neglected the religious duties and memory of the happy innocence of the Sacrament of Penance, and at the time any every opens months had elapsed since last her soul had been refreshed by the Bread of Life. Thus it was that poor, foolish Margaret found herself adrift on an open sea, without chart or compass, beneath her the tossing waves, above so which the dispersing shadows of the last gathering clouds, while from afar she heard the roll of the coming storm. Her cabin was a prison, the lonely island, her only refuge, the tempest raging without, struggling with the tempest within.

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1886.

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

536 KEARNY STREET,

(first-floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

CIRCULAR LETTER OF RIGHT REV. BISHOP MANOGUE.

TO THE PRIESTS AND PEOPLE OF THE DIOCESE OF SACRAMENTO.

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

We are now engaged in erecting a Cathedral for our Diocese. Grass Valley having fallen away in Catholic population and the present and prospective aspect of that place, as a center, being so discouraging, our beloved and venerated Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., has deigned to favorably consider our further condition and to extend to our diocese in a special manner his paternal protection. From the remarkable decrease of population in the mountain counties, the mining camps and towns, our diocese was on the verge of becoming a thing of [illegible] past. The father of the faithful has spoken to us all. He has graciously condescended to consider the extent of our miseries, and to raise up our tottering diocese to a noble and respectable standing. He has granted us Sacramento, the Capital of the State, for our new See and center, and within this year he has raised us up from a population of ten to a population of twenty-five thousand. This is a favor which both priests and people should soundly and gratefully acknowledge.

There is no community, town, city, corporation or government without a central place of action for the welfare and benefit of all concerned; and for the diocese, the Cathedral is that center. It is there the oils are consecrated for the consecration of bishops, the ordination of priests, the baptism of children incorporated into the mystic body of Christ, the consecration of altars for the adorable sacrifice, the final signing and anointing of the faithful who lock beyond the grave for a place of refreshment, light and peace. It is there the archives which concern all are kept and preserved.

Hence the Cathedral belongs to everyone in the diocese; to those in Siskiyou as to those of Sacramento; to the faithful in Esmeralda at a great distance, as well as to those in Yuba and Colusa near hand. All are, therefore, called upon to have an interest in the Cathedral as the Cathedral has an interest in the welfare of every Catholic child in the diocese. It is there the clean oblation will be daily offered for them all and especially for the emoluments and benefactors of this temple, a weekly Mass will be continually celebrated. "And then, O Lord I we beseech thee that thy eyes may be open upon this house night and day; upon the house of which thou hast said: 'My name shall be there;' that thou mayest hearken to the prayer, which thy servant prayeth in this place to thee. That thou mayest hearken to the supplications of thy servant and of thy people, whatsoever they shall pray for in this place, that thou mayest hear them in the place of thy dwelling in heaven and when thou hearest, pardon."

We beseech you all, then, both priests and people, to unite and show your interest, your zeal and action, your appreciation of this honor to our diocese, the noble temple of the living God.

To afford an opportunity to the faithful of the diocese, we hereby appoint Rev. J. J. Callan to visit and call upon all from Sutter to Siskiyou. We authorize him to announce from each church in every mission and parish outside Sacramento, this collection. We also look for and expect from each and all the rectors a hearty support by word, introduction and active co-operation, when Rev. Father Callan visits their respective places.

✠ P. MANOGUE,
Bishop of Sacramento.

Sacramento, December 13, 1886.

THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

We present our readers with a paper this week which we think will not only give them pleasure and profit in its perusal, but which we shall also make them feel a laudable pride in supporting the press that defends their faith and also furnishes them every week with a very large amount of fresh useful and interesting reading matter.

All the original stories, poems, essays, mysties and other contributions which appear in the CHRISTMAS MONITOR are the production of California Catholics, and, in order to exhibit the fertility and versatility of Catholic literary talent in California, a few copies of the CHRISTMAS MONITOR should be sent by every subscriber on the coasts to their friends and relatives on the Atlantic States, Europe, Australia or other sections of the world.

It is no sport of boasting that leads us to say that no Catholic paper in America has a better staff of contributors than the MONITOR, and the contents of the present issue will convince any person of the truth of this statement. This fact is creditable to the Catholics of California, and so heartily thank all of those for this practical proof of their appreciation of the importance of contributing to the Catholic press, so as to make it a potent factor in spreading "glad tidings of great joy" in all that concerns our holy Faith.

Every subscriber to the MONITOR can help to extend its circulation very easily at this season of the year by showing their friends a copy of the paper and asking them to enclose their subscription with the New Year. Then send us a postal card with the names of the subscribers thus secured, as well as the name of the individual securing them, and, in return, we will send such successful solicitor a souvenir of the New Year that will be a household treasure, and a slight recompense for their kindness and trouble.

— Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau will sail for Rome in few days to receive their insignia of office from the Pope.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Biographies of notable men in the world delight in depicting for their readers the birthplace of the celebrated men whose lives they narrate. The house where such celebrity was born, its situation and surroundings, its style of architecture and the very room wherein the principal character in the book first saw the light all are described with a minutiae that frequently borders on the ridiculous.

If it is necessary, therefore, that the world should know something concerning the birth and birthplace of its so-called "great men," how much more important and edifying to the Christian must it not be to learn—over and over again—the sweet and consoling lesson taught us by the birth of our Blessed Redeemer!

Let us therefore visit, during this holy season, the sacred spot in Bethlehem where we may see the very commencement of Christianity, and thus learn a few of the details of that birth of all births, so that we may give a higher and a better love to Him who humble Crib presents to us such a grand lesson of sublime humility every Christmas.

What a wonderful change took place in the world when the heavenly hosts of the first Christmas illumined the entire earth! The Prophecies fulfilled, the day of Hope proclaimed; the long-expected Messiah come at last; man's Redemption commenced, the first scene on the divine Drama of our Blessed Saviour's life on earth enacted, and the Son of God a citizen on earth!

Five days before the celebrated chorus of Heaven sang the joyous canticle which proclaimed

"Glory to God on the Highest,
And on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will,

the chaste St. Joseph and his Immaculate Spouse were peacefully living in their humble home in Nazareth. But Almighty God inspired the other Caesar Augustus to order a census of his subjects, as it became necessary for Mary and Joseph to travel to Bethlehem in order to be enrolled in the city from whence the race of David descended. And thus was fulfilled the prediction of Michea the prophet, when he said: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda, out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel, and his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity."

For four days the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph wended their way towards that city which was destined to be known throughout all ages as the Ursalo of Christianity. At length—travel-stained and footsore with their weary journey of ninety miles, they reached one of the inns at Bethlehem and asked for sustenance and shelter. But a cold refusal met the Mother of God and her holy Spouse. Again they pled along the rough stony and cold, and again they ask to be received as guests. But the crowds who had come to the city to be enrolled had already engaged all the accommodations, and Mary and Joseph could receive neither food nor shelter!

Here again we find the Sacred Word of God verified throughout in the beautiful expression of the Evangelist St. John, when he tells us that our Blessed Redeemer "*came unto His own and His own received Him not.*"

Wearied, disappointed, cold and hungry, the weary Pilgrims journeyed on to the outskirts of Bethlehem where was located the stables for beasts, and they came to one of these environs out in the rock. There, as St. Alphonsus Liguori informs us, Mary said to Joseph: "There is no occasion to go any further; let us go into this cave and remain there." "What!" replied Joseph; "my spouse, dear thou not see that this cave is quite exposed; that it is cold and damp, and that water is running down on all sides? Dost thou not see that it is no lodging for men, but it is a shed for beasts? How can you stay here all night?" Then Mary answered: "It is nevertheless true that this stable is the regal palace in which the Eternal Son of God desires to be born on earth."

Continuing this most edifying narrative St. Alphonsus says: "No sooner had Mary entered into the cavern than she began immediately to pray; and the hour of her delivery being come, she, lowered her eyes out of reverence, spreading over her shoulders; and behold she sees a great light, she feels in her heart a heavenly joy! She casts down her eyes, and, I ask what does she see! She sees on the ground an infant, so tender and beautiful that to gift her with love, but to trembles, shrieks and stretches out his arms to show that he desires she should take him into her bosom. "I stretch forth my arms to seek the caresses of my mother," according to the revelation of St. Bridget. Mary calls Joseph: "Come, Joseph," she said; "come and see; for the Son of God is born here." Joseph comes; and when he sees Mary already born, he adores him in the midst of a torrent of sweet tears: "The old man entered, and, prostrating himself, wept for joy." Then the Blessed Virgin respectfully took her beloved Son in her arms, and placed him in her bosom. She tried to warm him by the heat of her cheeks and of her breath. "Dressing him in her cloaks and linens, she warmed him with all the joys and tenderness of a mother's love."

While this sublimely impressive scene was passing within the Grotto, the Hosts of the Eternal Father was gazing the Star of Bethlehem to its place in the heavens where—it was in guide to the Shepherds who watched their flocks by night to the birthplace of that Messiah prophesied by Jacob. And as the humble men cautiously approached, wondering concerning the extraordinary brightness of the wonderful star, a divine light stream passed thereunto in fine and mellow rays. They saw before them the form of the Arch angel Gabriel, who calmed their fear and stirred their courage by addressing them in the graceful language recorded in the gospel

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people

For this day is born to you a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, in the City of David.

And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

And the band of the Angel's message falls upon the ear of the night benighted Shepherds when they surrounded with the light of angels, of angels whose voices blending in heavenly harmony proclaimed the birth of Christ by the great glory of God in heaven and the greater peace of men on earth.

When the astonished Shepherds had recovered from the marvellous events which have taken place, they hastened to the place where enfolded with that sanctifying faith so dear to each one of the humble of heart. Without a moment's hesitation they resolved to go at once to the sacred spot designated by the Archangel—not merely to see if the Word of God was there, but in the full spirit of divinely given Faith to adore the new born Saviour.

We fully entered the rock-hewn abode of an unimportant kind, these first believers in the True God Incarnate prostrated themselves with joy and reverence before Him. They gave delectable thanks for teaching them to have faith in Jesus, and again and again they thanked God for the fulfilment of their sacrificial hearts for sending the Word made Flesh so that heaven might be opened to all the just.

Proud of the celestial propagandist which God had granted to the humble Shepherds, of being the first representatives of the latter family of the Redeemer, of being the first adore the Infant Saviour, they boldly proclaimed their faith to all the people they met during their return journey to where they left their flocks. And "the glad tidings of great joy thus proclaimed from the lips of humble angels and men, which unknown even six ages, has been annually echoed and re-echoed by the Holy Catholic Church throughout each year as it descended into the grave of the Dead."

Let the number of the Shepherds on the night of the first Christmas Eve be all generations of Catholics—an example of the living, practical faith they should have to adore the Infant Saviour, and to Hail with Mary the Virgin and adore Him at Christmas.

The Catholic Church is the Archangel of all ages. She it is who tells us to "Fear not; she it is who brings to all the faithful "tidings of great joy;" she it is who proclaims the consoling doctrine—"this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

Outside the true Church of Christ there is no real religious meaning. Empty forms of religious opinion is not the Manger in which the Son of God repose. In the Catholic Church alone is the Infant Saviour adored, the Mother of God and St. Joseph venerated; To separate the Son from His Mother at the very moment of His birth, would satisfy the cold, cruel and unfeeling creed of the Calvinistic sects, but Christians has lost its heavenly life when Mary, the Mother and Joseph the Spouse, are excluded from the scene in the Stable of Bethlehem.

Let us Catholics, therefore, when Midnight Mass is celebrated, adore the Infant—as did the Shepherds of old—mantle them in their humility, their earnestness to seek Jesus Christ, and to find Him, and worship Him. Let us also be earnestness in proclaiming our holy Faith before all men as those whom the Shepherds proclaimed Heaven's Infant Saviour and Christ.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

His Eminence Cardinal Milloin, in the province of Rio, the usual presents, recently laid the foundation stone—the inscription is to the deaf and dumb at Wandali. The building will cost about £10,000.

A recent cablegram from Rome says that Cardinal Jacobini is again indisposed, but not seriously, being still able to transact State business. There is no foundation for the report that the Holy Father contemplates replacing him in the Post of Pontifical Secretary of State.

It is reported on apparently good authority—says the New York *Freeman's Journal*—that the so-called schoolmaster of the diocese of Albany, Ill., the Very Rev. J. J. Janssen, has been appointed, by the Holy Father, Bishop of the new Diocese of Belleville. Father Janssen has been administrator of the diocese of Alton for several years

Among the bequests of the late Dean Kenny, of the Archdiocese of Sydney, New South Wales, was a fund for supplying colonial students studying for the priesthood in Carlow College, All Hallows College, or St. Patrick's College, Sydney, with Dean's late residence as an annex to some foreign seminary.

A New York paper says that Michael Davitt's marriage to Miss Yore will take place during the coming holidays. That the couple will start East, Mr. Davitt returning in the sun, reaching New York on January 12th, as stated, that he will then be expected to lecture in Madison Square Garden. In connection with the marriage, Mr. Davitt will, on Christmas Eve, be ordained priest.

English people are rarely religious at a sentiment recently pronounced by an English bishop, who was sitting at a Mayor's feast. An old man sat next to him who exposed of studying a book. He was astonished to find it was the Bible. The Bishop said: "I am a Christian myself, and I am very ashamed to be so, for it is a strange thing for the old man that that book is hardly unknown to death.

Mr. Gladstone declares very emphatically against the Home Rule movement. He has not lectured a journal that he intends to stand by his programme for the coming session, which he will propose a measure to give to the Government a state in Irish policy in the debate upon the address, after which experts that the Home Rule will continue their allegiance to the Government. After such a fall will assure an effective settlement of the prevalent question.

The Very Rev. Robert Fulton S.J., Provincial of the New York and Maryland Provinces, has been selected by his Holiness the General of the Order to visit the Jesuit establishments in Ireland. He will leave Rome for Ireland on the 15th of January, studying the methods of the Irish Jesuits in seminaries, and during that time the Rev. Robert Fulton will act as Vice Provincial of the Order.

The Most Rev. Dr. Higgins, Bishop Kerry, in the course of an interview with the representative of the English paper and "the Irish National League deserved every encouraging and to lead them. Hoped to see a time when all the people of Ireland that without the League it would have been a bad day for the people. His Lordship concluded by a speech loyal and imperial man."

— A well-deserved tribute to the Bishop of Peoria appears in the Brooklyn *Eagle* when it says: "The West is going to take our sweetest poetry. There would much too long in the song of the Eastern land, but there is a conversation, a public of the schools, about it that makes it compare favorably with the first Christmas Eve. Our ground subdly of the Western empire. The American Muse has received her boulevard lots in the land of the setting sun.

— Last Monday alone we received orders by mail for over a hundred copies of the Christmas MONITOR, from persons in friends and relatives of our regular readers. And those in general from day to day, since we laid the first form of the paper, we have received the Christmas MONITOR to be sent to their acquaintances in all parts of the civilized world. Hence it is that we have enough to supply our copies for his or her friends and your order of your friend disappointed.

Mgr. Andrea Magliazzi, Private Chamberlain of his Holiness Leo XIII., died on Saturday, 20th of November, at Rome, his ordered with the consolations of religion and the benedictions of the Holy Father. Mgr. Magliazzi distinguished himself on great occasions by the eloquence of his addresses to the sovereign of the Catholics of the pen in Transcript, where he directed the night school and the Orphan Asylum, and established the Orphan Asylum of the Divine Pitti and Poor Relief. The deceased Prelate had reached the age of 72 years. *R. I. P.*

— W. W. Wigmore, the aged Washington millionaire, takes much interest in the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who have a convent there. Recently he expressed a wish that the Sisters should open a school for poor children, and the Sisters complied. Mr. Wigmore now pays the tuition for such pupils as are unable to do so.

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THE PLANT OF CHRISTMAS.

HOW THEY CAME, ALMOST, TO BLOSSOM FOR THE MONTH OF

The footsteps of the chronological year are the Feast of the Church. They mark events in the Divine and thirty years His Divine Spouse and Founder Jesus Christ spent in earth.

They bring vividly before us the scenes enacted upon earth, and, as we read the gospel, we can give a few hours to Him in time. In Bethlehem Heaven with His, we can hold a little Heaven. At that time, we have spent in the daily than Christmas, or what place better than Bethlehem? It was here that the Incarnation was consummated and the first step made in the Atonement.

It is true that the Son was begotten the Eternal Father in the year 1 eternity long before Creation but only in time was the Word—"the one flesh and it dwell among men." His was just the point of Creation, if as we will, not a part of the great whole.

In the fullness of time, a mass of nations nations had been committed and an infinite Justice was strictly satisfied. When was the glorious of a certain Christmas Eve.

Even With the Second Person in the Most Adorable Trinity, clothed Himself in the Eternal Father. He could not suffer a Creation, and so He made Creation a part of His nature, so that in Creation, and in Creation, and in Creation, and

Our Young Folks.

THE SHEPHERD OF SAN LUIS OBISPO.

First Prize Juvenile Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY MARY CLATCHEN.

Even as recent as a few years ago San Luis Obispo county was sparsely settled except about the old missions, and that grand domain with more acres than any other county in California was devoted chiefly to raising cattle and sheep. A shepherd might then tool his flocks about over the mountains miles distant and still be within the number of oriental months, being careful not to let his herds stray far away or be out of the corral at night, because of those pesky, the coyotes and wild cats, so destructive at that time to all ewes.

A shepherd once wandered far up into the mountains with his flock of a thousand or more sheep. Since seldom falls in the valleys in San Luis Obispo, yet it does fall to a considerable depth sometimes on the high or mountain side. But San Luis ranges, at a distance from the sea coast, among the crags and peaks of which the shepherd had wandered. And to be caught in a snow storm in those high mountains without any shelter and no equally as destructive as to let a flock of sheep be attacked alone with not any herder, as he would be powerless in the cold and darkness to protect them, even though the snow should melt in time to prevent the sheep from starving or perishing from cold, as it usually does.

A snowstorm began to gather one day while this herder was several miles away from his corral and camp. He could distinctly see the large snowflakes whirling in the air, and so cold that the heavens had grown dark and threatening. His sheep were gathered as speedily as the fleet and sagacious little shepherd dogs could gather them together and they started off down the mountain side as fast as they could go, but despite the lonelily below where the snow falls down in the valleys. The time was early Spring, and the season of dropping lambs now at hand, and the shepherd's flock being chiefly ewes, he was obliged to drive slowly while maintaining as high a rate of speed as practicable over the deep gulches, among cliffs high and steep, and narrow mountain passes. It had been a close shave for him, and he could reach camp or even get below the snow-belt that night before the snow had fallen to such a depth as to prevent further progress or consciousness of the darkness becoming more dense every moment. An old ewe that became exhausted began to fall behind and to bleat piteously. To slacken speed would be to increase the danger of losing the whole flock for a single sheep. But the plaintive cries and vain efforts of the old ewe to keep up with the rest, caused the shepherd to select one of his faithful shepherd dogs, as could well be spared to the main behind and bring along the sheep that could not keep pace with the rest of the flock.

As the shepherd continued on his course down the mountain with the rest of his flock, he heard the coyotes beginning their saturnalia of howling in the distance, and then he had but little doubt in his mind that the poor old ewe that had been left behind would furnish a helpless victim for their repast, although he knew well the small shepherd-dog would defend his charge as well as he could, and bring her down if possible safe to the corral in the valley below.

The shepherd reached his cabin in the valley that night, with the rest of the flock and corralled them. And then, fearing that his valuable dog might also fall a prey to the wild animals on the mountain ranges, he returned his steps to where he heard the old ewe and dog last, but he had scarcely made to attract a response from them, he received for answer only the howls of the hungry coyotes. Returning to his hut he slept until nearly daylight and then he resolved once more to search for the missing sheep and his faithful "collie".

The snowstorm had abated, but all traces of the animals he sought for had been covered deeply under the succeeding snowfall, and help the tracks of the coyotes that prowled about after the storm abated were visible. Conjecturing rightly that the scattered sheep could not have traveled far away from where he had sent her last, the shepherd determined upon a more minute search of the immediate vicinity, expecting at every turn to come upon the skeleton of the sheep and its faithful guardian, when to his joyous surprise he saw standing on the highest and most inaccessible peak in the vicinity, the dog and the sheep.

The first rays of the sun began to gild the giddy height where stood the dog, who watched one alone the old ewe, but also the beautiful little lambs, which had been driven snow on which they lay, all alive and well, and seeming perfectly contented. The sagacity of the dog taught him that the safety for his charge was aloft from the frequented haunts of carnivorous beasts offered by this glittering eminence above the wolf-beaten track.

Symbolic of the glorious old Catholic Church was that glittering emblem peak which stood as a veritable "City of Refuge" to the little lambs. Emblematic those of the purity and innocence of the gracious Redeemer, in honor of whose Birthday this story is contributed, in the hope that little children who peruse it will esteem cheerfully always to the guidance of the sagacity of their parents and pastor, to whose wisdom and affection, as natural and proper guides representing the good Shepherd, in the world of better tracks of sin and destruction for being to keep yourselves free from evil, as we know not if, and which invariably must lead to our temporal and eternal perdition—but for such assistance.

It only remains to tell with what enthusiastic delight the shepherd ascended the high steep bluff to where lay the innocent-looking little lambs and took them in his arms and started toward camp, followed by the mother sheep and the faithful shepherd-dog, refusing as he returned over the rough steep mountains on the beautiful lesson of faith he had received, and the providence of God over even the beasts of the field, in having placed in them the instinct to preserve themselves from dangers where escape had appeared hardly possible.

After all my readers may better imagine the enthusiasm of the shepherd than to attempt to give a description of it. Needless to add that he watched particularly the growth of those lambkins into rollicking lambs, then into demure old sheep, and that he never showed them but he thought of the profit they had been to him apart from their fleece. And the faithful "collie" found his reward in a sheltered nook and considerate treatment in his old days, when he would no longer brave the tempest or withstand the attacks of coyotes.

But as widely different from those as are the soul and life of human beings from the lives of animals, are the rewards of God's faithful Priests and the satisfied blissfulness of human creatures who have submitted cheerfully and with becoming gratitude to the teaching of Jesus Christ. His Holy Catholic Church, which truly stands as the snow-capped height to the overlying hills and valleys represented by the various sects which, at least, are but as the approaches to the pure atmosphere that surrounds her. Or, to to often happens, the non-Catholic sects are but landslides broken away from the high spots building down into the abysses, scarifying only her portions or lowlinesses where for rock-ribbed sides gleam above the floating clouds.

Shall we not then contribute each his humble mite to the commemoration of the anniversary of the birthed Him who left us this heritage, to which in the hour of dire affliction—every Catholic can return as to the "City of Refuge," both temporal and eternal.

A FORTUNATE CHRISTMAS.

Second Prize Juvenile Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY ROBERT E. JORAN

It was on Christmas Eve in the year 18 . . . , that a young man was walking down the great city of New York. It was about 7:30 o'clock in the evening, and the houses were brilliantly lighted, and the people were seen flocking around Christmas trees, which could be seen especially on 5th Avenue, in the homes of the rich.

But outside one of these homes, a tattered boy could be seen on his upstoop, trying to get a glance inside at the merriment, and wishing very much that he too, could be admitted. But he was poor and lived in Mott street, where "Santa Claus" hardly ever visits, or where a Christmas tree is rarely seen.

"I wish I could go in and warm myself," said Tommy Turner, outside the house, as he gave a trouble from cold. But one of the children inside saw him and threw an apple and shouted out loudly, for which Tommy was truly thankful and as he was eating them, the lady of the house came out and ordered the little "snapper" away from "Santa Claus" place and wondered to his own home.

His home, if home it might be called, was in a four-story house, occupied by tenants of the lowest degree.

The way there was through a door which creaked where moved, through a hallway which looked as though it was painted black from dirt and time, and thence to his rooms, which consisted of three, the kitchen, bedroom, and stoop-room.

When he opened the door his mother could be seen sewing by the light of a candle. His little sister ahead a baby was asleep on a mattress on the floor, covered with a ragged quilt.

"Where have you been, Tommy?" said his mother, as he came in.

"Only just taking a little walk," he said. "Have you any bread in the house?" asked Tom.

She answered him with a negative nod.

"I'll get a loaf of bread from the baker as I have a penny," and as he said this, he took his ragged cap and turned out of the door. He went along with his head down thinking, when he suddenly espied something half buried in the snow. "It is money, he exclaimed, and then he looked to see if anybody was looking, but nobody was in sight.

He went into a door way to examine it, and the first thing met his sight was "B. Dennis, 169 5th Avenue."

"I will bring it to house," he said, as he turned off. He soon reached his house and rapping the door-bell. A servant in livery answered the summons, and demanded what he wanted. He answered: "I want to see Mr. Dennis."

"What do you want to see him for?" the man asked gruffly.

"I've got something for him," said Tommy, timidly.

"Well, wait a minute, and I will tell him." Pretty soon a man with a good-natured look on his face came out and said: "Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir, he then began and out came the pocket-book from under his coat.

"Let me see if I can name it," he said, as he tried in his inner pockets. "Why! so I have. What did you get it?"

"I found it on the Broadway, as I was going on an errand."

"What is your name, my boy, and where do you live?" asked Mr. Dennis, pacifically putting him on the hook.

"My name is Tommy Turner, and I live on Mott street," said Tommy, wonderingly.

"Have you eaten your supper?"

"No, sir."

"Well, come in and warm yourself and have something to eat."

Tommy followed him through a spacious hall, on carpets which sank at least an inch at every step. Soon he came to a large room in which a cheerful fire was burning brightly. Mr. Dennis tapped a bell and a servant came in, to whom he said, "Give this boy all he wants to eat, and pack up a basket of victuals for him. Tommy was ushered into the kitchen and the smell of the meat was so delicious, that he almost forgot himself, until reminded by the servant's gruff remark: "Here, sonny, eat till you get tired." Tommy did eat, and did not get tired as soon as he was expected to by the servant, who watched him eating with amazement. The servant turned away and muttered to himself: "I guess that little boy is hungry." Pretty soon he returned with a large basket which he filled with bread, meat, pies, cakes, a lot of tea, crackers, and many other delicacies. When he got through, Mr. Dennis appeared and asked, "Have you eaten enough?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy answered gaily, for his stomach was "fuller than it ever was before."

"Well, Tommy, I guess I will go home now, because my mother does not know where I am.

"All right, my boy," said Mr. Dennis, as he gave the boy a letter, "open this when you go home, and whenever you are in trouble, call on me and I will help you."

"I will, sir," said Tommy, gaily.

Mr. Dennis looked after him and said: "This boy will make his fortune some day, if I'm not mistaken."

Tommy soon reached his humble home. He opened the door and his mother exclaimed: "Where in the world did you get all those things that are under your arm, and where have you been?"

"Here now, mamma, is some bread, tea and crackers, and make poor Sis up to give them something to eat. I guess she must be hungry."

"Where did you get these?" asked Mrs. Turner, as she woke the little baby up to feed her. Tommy then related to her all about the pocket-book, but did not tell her about the letter Mr. Dennis gave him.

"He must be a kind man to give you all these things, but at least, he gave you all your supper."

"I had my supper at his house, and I im going out to see the windows in the Bowery."

He answered, as he quickly hurried out, leaving his mother in anxiety about his absence. Tommy went under a gas-light and opened the letter, when out dropped a paper. He picked it up and unfolded it hurriedly. "Oh! it is some money!" he will bring it immediately home and mother will be so much surprised. He said to himself as he hurried home and said to his mother: "Here mamma, is a Christmas present, I wish I could give you this much more, giving you his own family gives fifty dollar bill. After a moment's reflection, he said, "Mr. Dennis promised to help me when I m in trouble and I will go to him and tell him that he can get no work, so we can pay the rent, and get a supper."

"Well, then, Tommy, get up early and go to church first, and then call there, and you had better go to bed early as it the morning you will be more refreshed for the work."

"Yes, ma'am, and mamma I think Sis is getting a cold, because she has an awful cough that sounds painful. They had such a good night and went to sleep.

The next morning found Tommy up bright and early, building the fire, setting the table and sweeping the kitchen. Mrs. Turner got up with a sigh and said:

"Tommy, this is very rude; I wish you would get some cough medicine at the drug store on your way home from church."

"Wait until I make her a little warm tea and then I will go to church, he said.

He went into the kitchen, made the tea and some toast, and then with his mother's large, spare prayer-book in his hand, he left the house. The church was about five blocks from the house, on about twenty minutes walk. He hurried there, and being pretty early, he took a front seat in the gallery and prayed for his father, who was now dead nearly five years. He received a temperance on that Christmas so he did nearly every month. Church was over in an hour and he hurried to the drug store to get the medicine, and was to let his mother be ready for the next Mass. He got home soon and ate his sunny meal of tea, toast and cake, and then said, they remembered a very good one. Mrs. Turner went to church saying:

"It cough! I think I ought to go to church, and what I will get cold."

"All right, ma," said Tommy as he looked after her, thinking how she walked day by day to bring him up. She returned from church, and found Sis asleep in her cradle, and was now studying a grammar which he had to prepare from Miss Michaels, who lived in a brown stone front. Tommy left Mr. Dennis house, which he soon arrived at. He rang the bell and the same servant answered, and said, "Well, Tommy, what do you want?"

"Please, sir, I have a long talk with Mr. Dennis and asked him if he could get him some work as he needed money very much so."

"Why, I just advertised for a boy to deliver," he said, after a while, "I don't think you will do."

"Why, sir" asked Tommy, wondering.

"Why, you don't look robust."

"No, sir. But I only run hours every night, and I can work in the house of a lady whose name is Miss Michaels, and who wants to be a good teacher. "Can you do examples, and spell well, and write a good persuasive?"

"Miss Michaels judged he good in them. Here is a sample of my penmanship. I'll try to prove that, if you will let me signed his name in a neat manner.

"Well, I'll try you.

"All right, sir, said Tommy, happily, as he left the house and went to my office at this place on Broadway, and found Tommy a seat.

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He reached his house, and opening the door, exclaimed joyously, "Mamma, I'm going to call at his office tomorrow, and maybe we can get enough money to move out of this place."

That day he spent his time in cleaning around, and doing many chores about the place. In the evening Tommy, his mother and his sister to supper, when there was some very merry making. When they got home, they went immediately to bed and slept very well. The next morning Tommy was up at five o'clock in the house, when he was asleep, the little girl was fast asleep. He soon left all useful. He then made up some coffee and Tommy set out for Mr. Dennis's office. He reached there in due time and found it a large mercantile establishment, with many busy clerks writing. He went up to one of them and asked:

"Is Mr. Dennis here?"

"No, but he will be in a few minutes, sit down and wait a while."

Tommy sat down and was soon absorbed watching the busy scene around him. But his reverie was soon broken by the appearance of Mr. Dennis himself, with the boy's letter.

"So you've here ahead of me I'm glad to see you. Come into my office, I want to talk to you." Tommy was shown into the office, where the gentleman said:

"Well, Tommy, I've got a place for you, if you think you can do the work."

"Yes, sir, I can do anything you want me to do."

"Well, I'm sorry I can't give you a place in my office, but I can give you a place in my house, if you think you can get on

A FOILED FOE.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

knew that Jack was well acquainted with the Channel, and went below to prepare Cleona for the bathing. Always birth, followed by a terrific crash resumed him to a sense of his danger. It took only a minute to sever the cable (had Jack been prisoner, and then, clutching Cleona in his strong arms, he rushed upon deck. Such, indeed, was evidently his intention, but the boat was endeavoring to cut loose the boat from the davits. No matter had she been lowered then she was as unused beside the wheel. The cool-headed sailor ran to the helm and seeing a bundle of strange cords, wound them around the body of Cleona O'Sullivan. Having secured them around her waist he adjured her to jump into the water along with Mackworthy. A leap from the bulwark and the waters closed around her final form; but to an instant Mackworth's helping hand was on her arm, which Jack seized with steely resolve. The sandy beach was reached in forty yards, and at equal distance brought ashore within the hospitable walls of the Bros. Mansion where they were royally received, and furnished with dry clothing.

Those who had not yet set out for Mass Mount to attend at the Midnight Mass, hurried down to the beach, and were so turned leaning on a bitter at unconscious sans in whom they recognized Sir Charles Wilmes, the enemy and cruel persecutor of their race. Yet they treated him as good Catholics must always treat a persecutor, by returning good for evil.

Mackrich and Cleona remonstrated their presence to Father Eagan, and he had an additional motive for thanking God who had brought them in safety through such dangers. Half an hour's brisk riding brought them to Mass Mount where they were received only as those who are "lost and found" can be received, and where the whole congregation offered up a solemn thanksgiving to God for this miracle of mercy in restoring to them their lost and loved ones.

Most of the congregation remained in the chapel after the Midnight Mass and listened with pleasure and profit to the beautiful sermon preached by the celebrated and self-sacrificing Father Eagan, who explained to them the Gospel of the feast, which is indeed a Gospel of love. Adverting to their sufferings, he reminded them of the language of their Divine Master—"The disciple must not be above His Master," and "If you shall be despised and persecuted for My Name's sake. The Master suffered every species of insult and ignominy at the hands of His malicious persecutors, and died the ignominious death of the Cross, but rose triumphant from sin and hell. It was better to suffer with the Master in the true Faith and for His Name sake than to live in the luxury and licentiousness of their persecutors. But in your sufferings be cheerful and fear not for the Church of Christ. The power of Pagan Rome could not destroy it even in its infancy. In vain did Maximinian strive to stem the current of its power. Luther directed against her the passions of men and let loose in her path the demon of Discord, but when he thought her overwhelmed in the tomb which he had created, great was his chagrin and disappointment at beholding her emerge from the storm strengthened and invigorated by the blood of her heroes and her martyrs. The royal rage of Henry the VIII., and the cunning policy of Elizabeth have been directed against her in vain, for every tomb of our Holy Church is impregnated with the indestructible vitality of the divine promise.

Such were some of the leading thoughts of the sermon on that occasion, as preserved in the romantic vicinity of Mass Mount even also to memoriae that be never, as reported, said otherwise.

After a prolonged wangle with the Court and lawyers for the Crown, Hardy finally succeeded in secured the right to cross-examine the different witnesses, from whom the Government obtained the affidavits upon which the prosecution is largely relying for its testimony. The case was adjourned to give an opportunity for receiving the evidence of these witnesses.

The trial will be resumed on Monday next, when the witnesses for the defence will be called.

Dillon's Arrest a Help to the League.

Upper Canada, December 17.—Hon. Mr. Speaker of Parliament rules in the Parliament Buildings on December 12th as follows. The prosecution of Dillon, Sullivan and others for conspiracy, the plan of the Nationalist campaign necessary, has given it more impetus than would a hundred member meetings. Dillon lawyers, one of whom is Healy, have these objects in view first, to question the right of the Court of Queen's Bench to adjudicate at all in this prosecution, which has been instituted under an obsolete statute of Edward III. Second, to turn the tour counts, while the prosecution lasts, into a platform for the propagation of the doctrine for which Dillon is indicted, and third, to drag prosecutions, in order to make the prosecution more effectual and amass Dillon's fame all the country repeating his offence as long as possible.

MORE BRITISH INJUSTICE.

Dillon's Conviction a Foregone Conclusion.

New York, Dec. 11.—T. P. Gill's cable special to the Times from Ireland of Dec. 10th says: The Judges today decided to refuse to allow Dillon to examine witnesses in his defense. This is a sample of Castle justice, which Dillon showed his sense of by instructing his counsel forthwith to cease pleading, and he will benefit address the Court in protest against the action of the Judges. Dillon's counsel, Messrs. Healy, Gill, Wanted and A. Fitzgerald, Q.C., and subpoenaed a number of witnesses, which they intend to call in proof of the defense, but they will not be allowed to do so. The Judges have ruled that the Crown prosecution is not bound to prove the charge against Dillon, which has been laid in the indictment, and that it is competent for the Crown

MOLLY MURPHY'S ACT OF MERCY.

AN IRISH BALLAD OF REAL LIFE.

Molly Murphy, five and forty, lived along the Liffey's strand—
Lived by selling fish and cockles—and she sighed for Mooney's hand.
Mooney was a man of fortune, owned a pony and a cart,
And, oh, mavourneen! 'twas poured pour Molly Murphy's heart.

Molly's heart was very tender, though her hand was rough and red,
Scarred by fifty lines and creases in the toil for daily bread;
Molly's voice was far from dulcet, and her robe was somewhat loud,
Hoarse above the din of purchase in the little market crowd.

[illegible]

With a cowl behind her shoulders, sturdy Molly might be seen;
There is little good in grabbing, still I think that I may say,
Had the world or Molly Murphy truly been a useful day!

Mooney's mother lay in fever, Mooney's aid was stalwart down;
"This is taking," said the doctor, who had driven out from town,
"It may be their death be more than—" all the onlookers shrank in dread—
"Still, so there is none to nurse them—" "I will nurse them," Molly said.

"It may cost your life, good woman," said the doctor cold and dry,
"God is good!" was all she answered, purpose planted in her eye.
"Heavily spoken!" cried the dames, "But the man will soon grow wild;
After that—should he get through it—you must nurse him like a child."

Then he sought his car and left her where the son and mother lay,
One at each end of the cabin, as the daylight died away;
Hovering between life and death, Molly watched the waning light,
And she thought, "He'll rave to-morrow—he must have the priest to-night!"

But the man had all gone fishing out upon the evening tide,
And the hooded nuns of Donore and the women terrified.
Years before the full destruction devastated all their shore,
And the recollection filled their frightened hearts for evermore.

No, she must not nurse the neighbors; she herself will betas the priest,
Though he live far down the parish—two long Irish miles at least.
With a measured benediction on the little blanketed abode,
Molly hooped the door behind her and proceeded down the road.

When she reached and told the curate, suddenly she saw him stirred
Like a twig that sways and trembles exhaustedly in a strong wind.
"Father, dear, your child is anguish, 'you are young and far from strong!
I will run for Father Brady—it is not so very long."

"I will go," the young priest answered, death like pallor on his cheek;
"Oh, your mavourneen—no, scumlin—this is Father Brady's week!
He is old, his nerves are sturdy—as your own will be some day,
Pious God!" Molly exclaimed, half blind, as he hastened up her way.

In the solemn hours of morning, when the twilight was the red
Feels the awful sense of silence weigh upon his heart like lead,
Molly watched her fever patients and her heart went forth in prayer,
Grateful she had loosed the Father and had brought his blessing there.

All the days she long had cherished, often with a sense of shame,
For the rough and sturdy Mooney now she felt was free from blame.
Blessed love that finds occasion! Love unselfish, brave, serene,
Makes the proudest queen a woman—makes the humblest woman queen!

Mooney cured, and in all his raving told what Molly had not known—
Told the secret of his passion for the dark-haired Kate Malone;
Kate Malone was young and blooming, dowed with rich'ness fair and smart,
And poor Molly, as she listened, felt the words go through her heart.

Did she leave him? Friends, I fear me I have told my tale in vain;
If you question them of Molly—honest Molly, poor and plain,
Not she tended sun and smoke days and nights when both were ill!
Then, as first the doctor said it, proved them gently like a child.

And when Mooney's strength came to him and he mixed once more with life,
Gratitude within him prompted and he sought to make her wife.
"No," she said, "you love another; love is not for such as me;
Kate, no doubt, will make you happy—I would rather be free."

Kate Malone is Mrs. Mooney; children crowd her cottage door;
Molly Murphy rests in market as she did in days of yore.
While her back can bear a burthen Molly's street is pretty sure,
After that—well, there's the workhouse—truth's last tribute to the poor!

A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS.

FOURTH PRIZE STORY.

Written for the Monitor by "The Inquisitive Boy."

CHAPTER I.

MARY STAN'S SECRET.

"Now that Nettie's birthday comes next month, I think we had better give a party in honor of the event," said Mrs. Conway at the breakfast table one morning.

"By all means," replied Mr. Conway, "as that everything is on a grand scale, for I do dislike those mean birthday parties."

Being a worldly woman, Mrs. Conway needed no second admonition to shout having a grand party. Preparations were at once entered upon and everything seemed to announce a brilliant reception.

Mr. Conway had been a poor man in his day, but by his thrifty, frugal ways had secured the baksheesh of fortune, and when he retired from work was one of New York's oldest and most respected citizens. The story was also told, that when she married, but when her husband's speculations looked prosperous she positively moved heaven and earth from her poor friends and gave them to understand I lay claim to relationship between them. Three children blessed their union, and Nettie, the youngest, who was just approaching her eleventh birthday, was to celebrate the festival in the way we have mentioned. Only the wealthiest and most aristocratic children were to be present, and to them that needed it not was to be given everything that was sweet and delicious. They were to rent their proud little bodies on soft, easy chairs, and partake of the richest confectionery.

The day of the party came, and all, save one of the guests had arrived. The absent one was Nettie's best friend, so when her carriage stopped before the house, Nettie forgetting her dignity in honor of the day, ran out to meet her arrival. As the two were ascending the steps, Nettie's pallid face drew a frown of vexation, but, behold a little ragged child, who had evidently seen better days, stepped out of the shadow and said, "Please, sir, give me a nickle?"

"Why, Conway," was the reply, "Nettie Conway."

"Ho, ho," thought Mrs. Somers, "I wonder if she also remembers me."

After all the guests had been received by the host and hostess, a spirited dance commenced. In the midst of the dance, Mary found herself quite close to Mrs. Fothan, and asked eagerly to catch the sound of her voice. In a short time she heard her speaking, and was sorry that she could not hear what the child wanted, told her to come to her and she would see what could be done for her. Presently, a kind looking gentleman appeared and asked the little girl what the matter was. A very pathetic little tale followed. Her name was Mary Ryan and her parents were both dead. She had no friends and was obliged to roam the streets and beg for bread. The gentleman listened attentively to her story, and when she had finished, asked her if she knew who he was.

"No," replied the child, "but I think you must be some good man, because I see so many holy pictures on the walls."

"I am Father Donna," was the answer, "and as I know the Supervisor of the Sisters of Charity, I'll speak to her about you to-morrow. Would you like to live with the Sisters, my child?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

It was not long before Mary Ryan found herself sitting in the sparingly but neatly furnished parlor of the Sisters. Mary was highly delighted when the Sister signified her willingness to take her, at Father Donna's request.

It was no wonder, then, if Mary grew up in frolicsome and virtue, sheltered as she was by a house of prayer. It fills one with devotion to stay for a day beneath a religious home, and to listen and notice all that happens. The noisome buildings and the scarcely audible voices, with this great recollection which comes so naturally to the educated, dismay show the observer the great end for which they are uttering. When some leave the careful shelter of the convent they gradually break the restraints that have been placed around them and give themselves up to wicked or worldly ways. But this is not the fault of their trainers. When we consider the fact that there was a traitor among Christ's twelve chosen friends, it is not to be wondered at if in our day there is occasionally found a Judas among religiously trained people. But Mary proved true to her early teaching when she left her convent home. A position in a business house had been procured for her with a lair lady, who, by her pleasing manner, ability in work and kindness to everyone, Mary rose high in the estimation of her employers. At the end of two years she was placed in the highest position in the store, with a munificent salary. Everything seemed to announce a brilliant reception.

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The day of the party came, and all, save one of the guests had arrived. The absent one was Nettie's best friend, so when her carriage stopped before the house, Nettie forgetting her dignity in honor of the day, ran out to meet her arrival. As the two were ascending the steps, Nettie's pallid face drew a frown of vexation, but, behold a little ragged child, who had evidently seen better days, stepped out of the shadow and said, "Please, sir, give me a nickle?"

"Why, Conway," was the reply, "Nettie Conway."

"Ho, ho," thought Mrs. Somers, "I wonder if she also remembers me."

After all the guests had been received by the host and hostess, a spirited dance commenced. In the midst of the dance, Mary found herself quite close to Mrs. Fothan, and asked eagerly to catch the sound of her voice. In a short time she heard her speaking, and was sorry that she could not hear what the child wanted, told her to come to her and she would see what could be done for her. Presently, a kind looking gentleman appeared and asked the little girl what the matter was. A very pathetic little tale followed. Her name was Mary Ryan and her parents were both dead. She had no friends and was obliged to roam the streets and beg for bread. The gentleman listened attentively to her story, and when she had finished, asked her if she knew who he was.

"No," replied the child, "but I think you must be some good man, because I see so many holy pictures on the walls."

"I am Father Donna," was the answer, "and as I know the Supervisor of the Sisters of Charity, I'll speak to her about you to-morrow. Would you like to live with the Sisters, my child?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

It was not long before Mary Ryan found herself sitting in the sparingly but neatly furnished parlor of the Sisters. Mary was highly delighted when the Sister signified her willingness to take her, at Father Donna's request.

It was no wonder, then, if Mary grew up in frolicsome and virtue, sheltered as she was by a house of prayer. It fills one with devotion to stay for a day beneath a religious home, and to listen and notice all that happens. The noisome buildings and the scarcely audible voices, with this great recollection which comes so naturally to the educated, dismay show the observer the great end for which they are uttering. When some leave the careful shelter of the convent they gradually break the restraints that have been placed around them and give themselves up to wicked or worldly ways.

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT REVERY.

"I pen my word, Mary," exclaimed Paul Somers one night, "but Central Fayetteville seem unlike out of every court I visit, money and his left hand.

"Is it possible?" asked Mary "where when Providence caused his sweetest call in his way.

"I'm sure, now," and the happy father, "I'm sure of your forgiveness, but what calling wife—your mother?"

"I'll answer for her, replied Alphonsus, "by telling you that she will only be too willing to forget and forgive. So come with us and see her."

Holding to their earnest persuasion, Mr. Forbes went with his sons to see his wife. Her joy was so overpowering, he was glad for courage, and was about to turn away, when the first sweet word and he was quite with his father, while Alphonsus sent lately his mother's room, and very thoroughly yet hurriedly told her what occurred. There was no need of asking Mrs. Forbes to forgive her husband. For, forgetting the unfortunate condition he had left her in, she remembered only his return as she descended the steps to meet him.

"Oh, Conrad," she exclaimed, as she ran forward to them, "and so you've returned.

It was little to say but the tone of the voice and the expression of the face, conveyed volumes to the listening heart of the man who wandered home to be would be received. Language cannot express the sentiments of the two. One really penitent for the wrong he had done the other willing to pardon his error. Later on Mr and Mrs. Somers even called in and the truly penitent husband and father by his tears and looks, thanked them for their kindness more than all his words could have done.

"I hope, said Mrs. Somers, "that you don't mind leaving us. The boys must be gone from home and you and your husband can stay here.

"I cannot bear to leave you," replied Mrs. Forbes.

"If it pleases you to stay, Nettie," put in Mr. Forbes, "you can easily do. I can give much of my wealth to Mr Somers, and thus make a little recompense.

"I shall not accept your money," replied Mr Somers, somewhat indignant at the proposal.

After much talking it was at last decided that the parties should live in the same house. Two weeks later Ignatius and Alphonsus left home prepared to enter as priests in their different orders. Their fathers dismissed at the steps they had taken but finally relented when he saw how glad and happy his wife appeared. Shortly after his son's departure, Mrs. Forbes took sick and what the doctors could not rightly determine. Anxiety and sorrow were the main causes of the sickness, but the physicians could do no good but they must have thought. Her husband was her faithful attendant. All one and luxury were hers, and though she seemingly cared for the delicacies that were placed before her, still was delicious were presented for her every day. It was her fondness that Central Forbes learned his first lesson in religion. He had been very cold with the simplicity of the formalism, of his wife's mass, so different from the mass she was first married, when everything had to do the network and grandeur. Everything in her present believes was centralized in blue and white, and when he asked her the reason, she told him that blue was the colors of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and that everything should be consecrated to the life of Christ. His mother, and other lady friends, had taught him the meaning of the Forbes' lord her husband all about her religion, and often sitting in his lap, the earnest way of speaking. By degrees Mr. Forbes gave the nothingness of other religions, which have no foundation, alone whereon to rest their faith, and the beauty of the Catholic religion, which has for its foundation the Eternal Rock of Ages, and the Eternal Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Mr. Forbes was a man of high and noble character, and when he once saw the truth, he was not ashamed to acknowledge it. Yet he was not

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

536 KEARNY STREET,

(first-floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS!

— The British Parliament will meet on Thursday, January 13th.

— Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., was on the 1st inst. re-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin.

— His Eminence Cardinal Newman is, it is said, engaged in writing his autobiography.

— Remember the poor of your parish when contributing your Christmas alms.

— A Holy Christmas makes a Happy New Year.

— A national demonstration in favor of Home Rule for Scotland will be held at Edinburgh on the 12th of January.

— Catholics who do not receive God into their hearts at Christmas cannot expect to find Him in their homes.

— One wing of St. Francis College and Monastery at Loretto, Pa., was burned last week. Loss $25,000.

— It is officially announced that the Rev. H. J. McManus, rector of St. John's Church, Baltimore, has been made a Monsignor by his Holiness Leo XIII.

— The Right Rev. Abbot Francis Pierron, aet. twenty-six Monks of the Trapping Order left Dynamitt recently by the steamship *Tartar* en route for Natal, where there is a Monastery of their Order.

— Amsterdam, which has about 80,000 Catholics, is about to have five new churches. It has recently founded a university, conducted by the Jesuits who are admitted as members of the learned societies of Holland.

— Rev. Peter Fitzpatrick, S. J., one of the pastors of St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore, died at Loyola College, on Dec. 19th, of paralysis of the heart, aged forty-eight. He was educated at Georgetown College, in Washington, and at Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, Md.

— The Advent Pastoral Letter of Bishop Bagshawe, of the Diocese of Nottingham, England, is attracting attention. The Bishop in this denounces tithes for the support of the Established Church as an unjust Protestant tax, and recommends Catholics to resist payment.

— Cardinal Simor of Gran, the Primate of Hungary, who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood amid much pomp, is the son of a shoemaker. He is the relative of the Hungarian Jesuit. From the hands of Cardinal Simor Franz Joseph received in 1867, the crown of St. Stephen.

— The secular press of Boston are discussing the feasibility of dividing the school fund so as to do justice to the Catholics and others who pay taxes, but cannot conscientiously partake of the benefit of it. They seem to admit the justice of the proposition, and are discussing the best means of carrying it out. The Boston *Pilot* says: "The question should be not fairly, liberally and without prejudice."

— His Grace Archbishop Walsh, in the course of a recent interview with a special correspondent, said he could not conceive why not of authority amply empowered by the primate of Ireland to unite in condemnation and anathema against those who prefer Catholics must abstain from meat on Fridays, while some non-Catholics eat meat for two or three days. Will Mr. Beecher please note, as any ecclesiastical canonists ever passed by Pope or Bishop of the Catholic Church upon non-Catholics who thus feast on Friday? Again, Catholics must confess their sins, which Protestants live and die without going through this trying ordeal. Does the Church crime these thinks? Yes, at all—the Infallible—in all charity, that every Christian acts in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience, and—outside those in her fold—she leaves all men free to construe the laws of God according to the light that is in them.

In the same sun, presumably does the Catholic Church look upon the marriage contract between Protestants of any kind, or non-Catholics of no belief. Their unions are legitimate, they are of binding force, and when Mr. Beecher puts on his *Ecclesiastic Pantoufles* and boards as a cardinal, he will know that Mr. Beecher's unions are illegitimate, and that the offspring of the new Native-American party can desire to organize, hence they issue and venture this Pastoral on Mixed Marriages so as to evoke a Satanic spirit of opposition to the Catholic Church, and thus rekindle political prejudices upon the waves of which pool of prejudice they have thus created. In order to accomplish this nefarious scheme they cover with the shine of calumny the fair fame of every married female by placing them in a position before the public which in-law, human or divine—never intended they should occupy, but such degradation of them is charged to every man—completely serves the purpose of these politicians who imagine that by hoeing the anti-Catholic rag over their fabrications, and by covering their falsehood with the American flag—which they hope will receive a portion of every Protestant's patriotism—they can induce a community to join with them in their proposed crusade against the Catholic Church.

But we can tell these foolish historical firebrands that they are wasting their spare time trying to deceive the public upon the attitude of the Catholic Church regarding non-Catholic marriage. Hence Mr. M. D. Berack and the bigots at the back of him who have belonged to the Bishops of this Province with all their blackguardism and billingsgate their bigoted hatred of the Catholic Church.

Impossible—we say—that any man, much less one Catholic unremitting, who has been long enough in the Catholic church, and the non-observance of which rule and regulation of the Church—not for the time being the acquaintance of the Bishops of this Province, or Bishop of the Catholic Church in California, who has been long enough in the Church to know that such a

MAURICE BRADY AND MABEL BROWN.

A Christmas Legend of Irish Love and Valor.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

"A Brown and merry Christmas to you, pretty Mabel Brown,
With your fair and wavy tresses on your shoulders flowing down;
But what can be the reason that you turn so sad away,
And frown so dark upon this blessed Christmas Day?"

This spoke young Maurice Brady to his sweetheart, Mabel Brown,
As, going to Mass, he met her that morn in Cahir town.
But by his gentle greeting the maiden turned aside,
And thus, in lowering anger, she scornfully replied:

"Shame on you, Maurice Brady, thus to insult by the way,
When many a gallant comrade is upon the hills to-day.
The man who loves not Ireland, scor wants to see her free,
Had better seek some English girl, nor speak to such as me."

Then scornfully she left him, and passed the chapel door.
He lingered at the iron gate long after Mass was over,
And she never looked upon him, but swept in silence by
With a proud and smiling bosom and defiance in her eye.

Long and deeply pondered Maurice, as through the little chapel,
And all day long his brow was sad, but not a word he said;
But that night, when all were sleeping, by the bright moon's pleasant glow,
With his rifle on his shoulder he marched to Aghrim.

In the glen the boys were mustered, and the pickets on the hill,
Night and day, were closely watching every pass by stream and rill;
And as Maurice glanced the river, that ran winding through the glen,
He was long and lonily greeted by a thousand stalwart men.

With their pikes and rifles ready, by the camp-fire's glowing light,
Sat that valiant band of brothers on that holy Christmas night;
And, as dawned the morning early, came the warning deep and low—
"The English troops are marching on the glen of Aghrim."

Closely hid among the brushes on the river's sloping banks,
Waiting for their leader's order stood the Irish rebel ranks;
Not a whispered word was spoken till the English gained the glen,
Then out from brake and thicket leaped the gallant Munstermen.

With a volley from their rifles and a ringing Irish cheer,
They rushed against the foeman with the fierceness of the deer,
And around the old flag rallied till the embowered, sinking low,
Saw the English fold and rested in the glen of Aghrim.

From the rifles of the rebels ran the red-coats, far and nigh,
And quickly followed Maurice with his comrades by his side;
They cheered them, and they chased them, till the evening sun went down,
And they piked the last red bandit in the streets of Cahir town.

As Maurice, with his rifle, stands upon the crowded street,
He looks up toward a window, and two loving glances meet,
For there stands pretty Mabel and a smile is in her eye,
And wire her head on Irish flag is waving proud and high.

Soon, before the open window did the Irish rebel stand,
And there, before his comrades all, she took him by the hand,
And while the rosy blushes on her bright face come and go,
With a proud and beating bosom she whispered soft and low:—

"You have helped to guard the banner that our fathers died to save
With fearless heart and daring, as befits the true and brave;
And before your gallant comrades, from my Irish heart I say:
That I'm proud to see you standing in the rebel ranks to-day.

"May you thus go on and conquer, till above our land we see
That banner, in its beauty, wave in triumph proud and free;
And when the war is over, if you come to Cahir town,
You will meet an Irish welcome from your sweetheart, Mabel Brown."

TOM BROOKS' CHRISTMAS EVE.

A True Story Told by the Light of a Miner's Camp-Fire.

BY ROB ROY.

I.

AT the head of a gulch the boys had constructed a "dobey" by setting up a few logs on the sides and the back; a chimney sent skiled in the latter, so that the south end was the only part built up. Timbers across the top, from side to side, thatched with turf, formed the roof, while the one door in the south was made by drawing hides over a rough frame. No house could be more ever more admired by its owner than was our dobey house by its builders. We had run it up after getting the shaft down at the new lode, where Colonel Brooks, who had started for Denver on the 13th, to be back with part of the iron work for the plant by the 24th, sent us mail and a lot of Christmas extras. Brooks was the boss, and deserved to be. The minute he a man, glorified the big lark "Old Tom" had striven, which each and every one of this and two other rich placer lodes. He was out rough in speech or manner, thought he had been minding since 54—over thirty years—and had several saves from having been over near the redskins, and one made by a Mexican's knife. He was six foot ten, square-shouldered, and broad-handed, and strong; but he had blue eyes and a tender heart. There was something about a lump you back in his life over which he still kept up a silence between, like, from the time though far distant cloud of sorrow, softened by a silver light of patience. We had tracing over in memory some picture of happiness, now faded and gone from him forever.

The Colonel's announcement of supper called the boys around the camp table. Each one relished some item in his letter or letters, and had enough of the news and Christmas attention to the news from every home. "John Lindsay sends his best wishes for the whole table," said McAlpine, who was the last to speak.

"And the boss told me to tell him for not forgetting old chums," responded Lile. "And look here, old man," he continued, placing his rough hand on Brooks's arm, "we want the match you mere man's time ago to night. What d'you say, boys,—aint it jollier the right time?"

"You must deal, you see," he added, after the chorus in approval of his modest request.

"All right, boys; I will bank for you, Lindsay, Lile, and Brooks, as he moved from the table.

But the game was skipped; the wagon had arrived. An hour later the boys were again around the fire, but not playing poker; one of the holiday extras—a keg of whiskey—was on the table, and every man with smoke, a wife, a little child in heaven, "asleep in Jesus," sat in a circle, and recalled old reminiscences by the light of the camp-fire.

"What was Lindsay's game?" asked Joe Hutchins, throwing in cards while cutting, having failed to catch a pair.

"Well, I don't know particulars, nor does any out here, but Brooks, but it was fighting—a straight from start to finish. I could tell that from my letter, I could tell that from Old Tom's eyes when he came back, after seeing it played. Lindsay's wife and little baby were stakes."

"Ah! a sort of dual game, then; won't he give it away?" asked Lake Harr, as he raked in a pot.

"No more than he will why he left old Sally a lawyer, in a very broken hand, and sailed a sloop for Indian bullets, 2,000 miles from home," answered Brooks, another of the players, and the oldest of our camp of tribulers.

"A Frisco mate told, out at the Emma, when I was digging there," said Jerry Bowles, looking up from his winning, "that Brooks had a home he would have bet on as being solid. But returning to it from a little trip, he found it all tumbled into ruin. He had it out with the man on the spot, and left him badly hurt. The home could be home to him no longer, so he just gave his payment and footed, and has never been back there since."

"Hellos!" came a call from toward the lode, two hundred yards from the dobey.

"Hellos!" was answered back by eleven voices, "It's Brooks!" "It's Old Tom!" "It's the boss!" was severally exclaimed.

A stepping whatever was in Tom, glorious man made for the door, from which all struck out in a run over the snow.

II.

Brooks was two hours ahead of the mean, while, were following up the mountain in the moonlight. While Chung, our Celestial cook, was preparing supper, the boys read letters from home, those who received any, and "most all did. That was always a good time for our camp—sacred four it seemed, somehow, when across the distances mothers and sisters, may be, were talking to us; and it being Christmas we made it a really joyous occasion, dressed and carried us over it in tender reflections of the old firesides and away a, bay, here one near the redskins, and one made by a Mexican's knife. He was six foot ten, square-shouldered, broad-handed, and strong; but he had blue eyes and a tender heart. There was something about a lump you back in his life over which he still kept up a silence between, like, from the time though far distant cloud of sorrow, softened by a silver light of patience. We had tracing over in memory some picture of happiness, now faded and gone from him forever.

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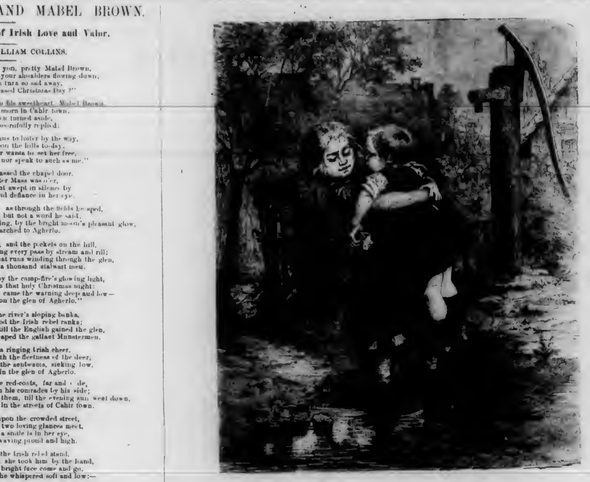

A HAPPY LITTLE HELPER.

Beautiful the children's faces;
Spite of all that mars and scars;
To my inmost heart appealing,
Calling forth love's tenderest feelings;
Sleeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith:
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death!

Olive so light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Let us care for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready.
Every day we pray for God's work.
We have hearts that yearn towards duty,
We are willing to learn;
Souls that any brights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge,
Consecrate to man our powers!
Let us take our proper station,
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you will make us—
Make us wise and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial,
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces—
See yo not our willing hearts!
Only love us—only lead us,
Only let us feel you care for us,
And we all will do our part.

We are thoughts—many thousands!
Every day we pass by world talk.
We have hearts that yearn towards duty,
We are willing to learn;
Combating for love and peace!

Raise us! try us! days slide onward,
They can never be same again!
Save us, save! from our sinning!
Save from ignorance and ruin,
Make us worthy to be men!

Send us to our weeping mothers
Angel-stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our fathers' comforters
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing
All my inmost soul was stirred,
Long I pondered, vainly striving
Wiles a way, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard.

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

WRITTEN BY [illegible]

Look! your Christmas present! [illegible]
Your Pa's [illegible] a child's [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Which Santa Claus [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

thoughts went back to that slender figure as he had first seen it, and vulnerable self-accusations tormented him. He had taken her from wealth and luxury, and could not even give her the bare necessaries of life. He knew now, since he had been so much at home, what all that stitching was for; and it stung him like a wasp to think she was working for him. As he pondered thus with his head in his hands, the sub-jest of his thoughts looked up at him quietly.

"The old story, Frank!"

"The old story," responded the doctor, gloomily. "How can it be otherwise when a man goes home from those little fingers to the bare in hardship and cold and hunger, Mary?"

"It does me good," said Mary, cheerily. "I never knew before how fast I could see my love flow swift."

"You never had occasion for it till I stopped in with my selfish love, and brought you to poverty. And yet I do love you, Mary—more, I think, than ever. You don't doubt that, do you?"

"Why should I doubt it? Frank, if you will talk of those things, I must talk, too; and, than, my fingers will be slower. What's the use of pondering so gloomily over the past? I know we were wrong, both of us; but we have done what we could to retrieve it, and I will not have you take more than your share of the blame. I know before what luxury and self-indulgence were. Now, I know more. I have seen trouble, and know what the lives of men down again in three minutes—a vision of whiteness and brightness.

"My dear," said her father, without noticing the drone, "you would never make a philosopher. You think of a thing and do it. How do you take those sudden resolves?"

"I don't know," laughed the resolute girl, standing before him with her pretty head posed this way and that, with the in-quiring look in her eyes still.

"Well, the Christmas Eve were on. John Bowden finished his article for the next number of the *Fourmonthly Review*—a paper on the wisdom of helping others in this present existence, not because we are all children of one Father on our way home, but because, in John Bowden's opinion, the only religion was devotion to Humanity, and the *Fourmonthly Review* was a leader of infidel thought that tried to degrade humanity of the hope of existence beyond this suffering world. As if any part of Humanity—world, or any nation's kindness, could make up for the ruin of man's consciousness of immortality and his faith in God!

Evening came, and at eleven that night the reckless lively girl was dressed in her cream color and red, and drive with her father to a dance in town. But while he was still dressing after dinner at the finishing of that twenty-minutes' nap, he felt with a sudden sense of sadness, that even dances, presents, loss of friends, and poverty could not fill up her heart. Yes, there was a want in her life, an unspeakable weariness that only the excitement of the passing hour could help her to endure. She might forget the sunshine in the dance tonight, but it would come to-morrow.

"Oh, I know what Philip," she thought, springing up from her bonnet-box, where she had been watching her father writing at the little table, under the white glow of the shaded lamp. "I know what I'll do! You won't mind my running away for half an hour, father, will you?"

"No, child! Now I wonder am I extracting too much from Schopenhauer?"

This question only concerned himself and his article, so Carmello went out of his room quietly with some beautiful thought in her mind—stolenly, gently as a spirit.

In the white-washed cottage "nigh the pump," the window was sinthered, the fire burned low, and Polly was drowsily nodding in her chair.

"Polly, Polly, wake up! Look at the stockings!"

Bale rubbed her eyes open, and wanted to go to sleep again.

"Look at the stockings!" cried Polly, pinking her sleepy eyes.

Bale opened her eyes and sat up. Then there was a shriek of joy. "The stockings is all full!"

They wanted to play with the toys there and then, but they might only look at them and then they were to go to sleep.

"We must all say a prayer tonight! for that good Miss Browden," said the mother and the children, had been so good to comfort to get Christmas feed, but it was something still more heartbing to get toys, be-cause Mr. Bale was so hard to please. Ah! that was love, surf love is wealth.

"Put your hands together before you go to sleep," she said to Bale and Polly.

"No, child! Now I wonder am I extracting too much from Schopenhauer?"

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Our Young Folks.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE FOR HIS POOR.

Third Prize Juvenile Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY MISS ESTIE J. COLLIGAN.

In a small village, at the foot of a wooded forest, stood the humble cottage of a poor widow. The Christmas season was then approaching, every one was thinking about the holidays, but what was it to her. Poverty and sickness, having entered her dwelling, she was compelled to send John, her only child, upon the broad ocean of life, to long for food, in order to revive her. One evening as he was going toward home, with the food he had collected for his mother and himself, he heard a mournful cry in the distance. He listened again and again. Adranning toward the place, he found it to be a little lamb that had evidently strayed away from the fold.

"You poor little thing," said John, "come, and I will bring you to my house, and taking it in his arms, he hurried through the forest to his little thatched dwelling.

"Oh! see, mother, said he, "see what I have found.

"Child," said the sick woman, "you forget that this lamb has an owner. You must go and give it back. It belongs to the Countess who lives in the castle yonder. We have nothing in this world, we have a gift peculiar than all the gifts on this earth. That gift by which which we can receive our Divine Saviour in Holy Communion.

"Nonsense," said a rough voice through the half-open window, "keep it, no one will know it."

"Ah!" said John, "there is an Eye that never sleeps, that sees everything we do."

"This man, as if meditating on the boy's words, said nothing. John took the lamb in his arms, and was about to start for the castle of the Countess. He was admitted into the drawing room, where the Countess made her appearance. After listening to John's story, she said:

"As the reward for your honesty in coming here so late, I will make you a present of that lamb."

The Countess being a widow also, took a great interest in the poor woman and her son, bringing them food, and John, milk for his lamb. She called at the cottage. Here a sad sight met her eyes. She saw asked the widow how she came to the village.

"My husband was compelled to enlist as a soldier during the war," said the sick woman. It was impossible for me to follow him with my little son, who could scarcely lisp his father's name. We parted with a thousand tears. Alas! It was the last time I ever saw him. From time to time he wrote to me that he was well; but on a sudden, I heard that he was severely injured and soon after died of his wounds. My grief was indescribable. Ah! He was good, kind and honorable. I know not where his grave lies, but I trust he rests in peace. My son and I were now reduced to poverty. I was forced to wander about, only having what I earned by the labor of my hands. After wandering a short distance, I came to this village. This cottage was unoccupied. The good family to whom it belonged, allowed me to enter. God has ever watched mercifully over me, and in ways and in all places, comforted and assisted me. I'm thankfully for all, even to this moment, that he has led me under this straw roof."

The Countess, ever ready to harbor the harborless, and comfort the sorrowful, listened to the widow's story, promised to send her a physician, and left—bidding them good night. Shortly after, by the advice of the physician, and the use of nourishing food the widow entirely recovered and was able to go about her household duties.

John's father had given him when a child, a red satin collar, embroidered in gold, with the initials "J. N. worked on it. The widow placed this around the lamb's neck, from which was suspended a rope by which they led their pet every day near the house. One evening as the widow and her son were partaking of some of the food sent by the Countess, they noticed a stranger enter the lamb, and looking very attentively at the collar, John went towards the man, as he was afraid he would carry away his pet. His features and clothing showed signs of poverty and age. He looked at John in astonishment, and said:

"I should be sorry to hurt your lamb; I was observing the initials on its collar, for I had one like it before I left home.

John now remembered about the collar, and brought the old man into his house. When the widow saw him she cried:

"O! husband! this my long lost husband!

She flew into his arms, trembling with joy. John was astonished at this unexpected and heavenly Providence. Mr. North, for that was his name, stood as if petrified. It was long before he could believe such unexpected happiness. He burst into tears. The happy widow now said to her son:

"O, John, this is your father, embrace him. John, who had hitherto stood immovable, now modestly approached the father clasped him in his arms. The joy of father, mother, and son, once more united, was indescribable. In absolute forgetfulness the Countess called at the cottage, as she had promised. Delighted to think that the widow recovered from her sickness, and surprised over the unexpected return of her husband, she very kindly received them into her castle. The little orphan had now become the home of the lamb.

Time crept by quickly; in a short time after, the Angel of Death entered the castle, and took the Countess from this earth. Mr. North, his wife, and son was named in her will as the heirs to her vast possessions. Mr. North lived comfortably before his mind the beautiful words of the *Agnus Dei*. With the lamb as a trade mark, he established one of the most flourishing wool markets in the country. After a short time, he gave to his parish church an altar worthy of mention as a sacrifice to God, who had bestowed on him, his wife and child so many graces and blessings

This story, my young readers, reminds you of the great feast of the Nativity, or the birth of Christ, in a word, the great feast of Christmas, which is fast approaching.

You remember how the Blessed Virgin was compelled to seek shelter in the stable, at Bethlehem, and after a life of poverty and suffering, she was made Queen of Heaven, by the events she received on the great feast of the Assumption. No matter in what state of life you may be, whether rich or poor, on land or sea, if you ever trust in Almighty God—like the widow and her son, and always bear in mind that the gift of Holy Communion is the most precious of all Christmas gifts, like the dove—Christ will never forsake you, and your Christmas will be a happy one, and your Christmas tree with its unstretched branches will be laden with the most precious gifts, by the outstretched hand of the world's Santa Claus, or our Divine Saviour. Ever keep before your mind the banner of Christianity, and the ever floating flag of Catholic Faith, so that when your earthly career is over, the hands of God or the Guardian Angel, will direct you through the narrow path that leads to the mansions of eternal bliss, where Christmas will not be in winter, but in the bright day of happiness, where you can see God face to face for all eternity. Pray with all your hearts, my little readers of the MONITOR, for the grace of final perseverance, in order that you may gain the reward of Heaven, through the merits of our Lord. Amen

UNITED ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

PRIZE STORY WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "MAY."

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES RECALLED.

The snow was softly falling on Christmas Eve. To Paul Poyer—thinking fondly on the window of a magnificent, beautifully decorated home—all was gladness. He was twenty years old, though one would scarcely believe it. Just four feet in height, rather plump, with babyish blue eyes, short brown hair, and was the very impersonification of grace.

Her face dimpled with unaccountable, irrepressible delight. Little she knew of the joy that night brought to many. She had never heard the "Gloria in Excelsis" float over bowed heads in Cathedral or chapel just at midnight. She had never seen the little Christ Child smiling sweetly from a bed of straw.

To her this Holy Christmas Eve meant a brilliant ball-room, splendid fricasseed lobster, and presents. Different from hers was this countenance of a young man leaning wearily from a luxurious easy chair. Memory was at work there.

Leaning her window, Tout Revier walked gracefully across the room, stooping lightly onto the arm of Paul Lamar's chair, and laid one hand caressingly on his head.

"There, Paul, what is it? Is the poor boy thinking of that long he lost last night. Had I not the loved you a hour billiard play, for at Mass Yet, I should never have made such a promise. But here is a rest—a rest for you." She bent forward and pressed her lips against his dark cheek. He looked up, eyes oddly. Why should the just forever remain blind! He just met the look of scorn in her, but Tout was already perched upon the piano stool.

"Come here, Paul. Let us try the chorus, "Peace on Earth" once more while we are alone." They sang a few measures when Tout's ringing laugh chimed with the music. "Now make your voice sobbing! Have you seen a ghost?"

"Yes, it was a ghost, for memory would show a farmer, more gallant fellow, and a sweeter, clearer voice mingling with his. Not in a gilded drawing room, but in a quiet old church.

"Some secret connected with this song! Do tell me all about it." She raised her eyes beseechingly to his, and standing on tiptoe, threw one arm around his neck. At a quick step they turned to see Victor Garebaldi frowning angrily. In an instant Tout placed both hands in his.

"Dear Vic! How handsome you look! If I did not know you so well, that expression would really frighten me. Now, like a dear fellow, please help discover the cause of Paul's recent ages ill.

"You were counting his heart beats, I presume.

"O! course. Though the sight of you is enough to terrify any one. O Gabriel, bring your angelic aid in soothing three angry boys."

"Angry! On such a night" Gabrile Rodwell murmured softly, as she gazed dreamily at the rapidly falling snow. You were thinking for your fame sake—that She pursued for something better and higher than her surroundings. Not guessing that the poem she sought, she found in the old grey church, half a block away. There and only there.

"Let us tell what we were such doing this time last year," she said, rousing near or to the others.

"This time last year, I was in this very same room, singing that very same song with a very different young gentleman, and if I remember rightly, Vic, you were acting in the very same manner which you are doing now."

"Yes, playing second fiddle to you in the very same manner that I expect to be next year," he exclaimed sorrily.

"Poor fellow!" a sigh high broke through the gloom, and a soft hand sank in a hand.

"Mr Lamar, it rest with you to recount something interesting."

"Nothing I could say would interest any one here, though it might amuse them," he said, coldly.

"O, Paul! don't! I am all curiosity. As for your being amusing—preposterous, to demand—What were you doing?"

"Hanging evergreens." The color deepened in his cheek.

"Who was helping you?

"Whom do you suppose?

"That dreamed you once told me of!"

"I was assisting Mrs. Arden." Hard and cold as he had become, he could not repress a half pitying, half scornful expression a pair of brown eyes would have held what that moment.

"O!"

"How dreamy you are, Gabrile, exclaimed impatiently. Drawing closer to the fire, she assumed unconscious of all else.

"Wish her picture only, and the lonely they answers.

Always sad and lonely, she kept her Christmas Eve.

"Won't you sing "In the gloaming, little darling?" Paul murmured.

"No, I don't care to. Vic, I must show you Tom's painting. He finished it to day." Sun fed him into the next room. Paul Lamar also left the house to wander aim-lessly through cold streets until midnight.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES IN THE OLD CHURCH.

In a farm house far away among snow covered mountains, Rose Arden knelt before a large wood-fire popping corn over coals she had scraped onto the hearth. She laughed merrily at stories which she told to two chubby children by her side. In one end of the bare kitchen a poor woman was finishing the weeks baking. Throwing this about energetically as she sotto-voced:

"Hakie on Friday instead of Saturday. Nice work isn't it! Christmas never interfered with none o' my arrangements afore that young misses come here and made a mess of my kitchen. Rose Arden, you'd better be off home, or I'll be in a quiet old church.

"Some secret connected with this song! Do tell me all about it." She raised her eyes beseechingly to his, and standing on tiptoe, threw one arm around his neck. At a quick step they turned to see Victor Garebaldi frowning angrily. In an instant Tout placed both hands in his.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Athlone.—The close relations of the Castle authorities to the Orange Grandjurors are fully exhibited in the beautiful and exemplary behaviour of such gentlemen in the delivery of the order. The Crown lawyers have made all possible arrangements for the convenience and expeditious delivery of the men who were "wiped on to rich by the Castle." The Orange boys in their loyal demonstration fell foul of the elementary prescriptions of law and order, and consequently were fine for equal Popish offences.

Dublin.—The Rev. Dr. Traynor, the parish priest of Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, died on Saturday ill of typhoid fever.

Mr. Mullen, M.P.—Congratulations—Mr. George V. Hart, J. L., and Mr. M. C. McInerney, B. L., have been appointed Crown prosecutors. Mr. McInerney is a Dublin resident.

Dublin.—Dr. Walsh, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, has been appointed by the Holy Father, Count of Rome, a good and faithful servant, and a prelate of the Holy Roman Court, the dignity of the treasurer of Dublin, vacant by the death of the Right Hon. Monsignor Farrell, P. P., Rockcorkle, Co. Cavan. Mr. Joseph P. Farrell, C.C., Blackrock, to be P. P. of Rockcorkle.

Dublin.—Mr. John F. Walshe, died on Nov. 27, at his residence 29 Lower Gardiner street, Dublin, at the comparatively early age of 34 years. Dr. Nix, I believe, for over thirty years physician to Mr. J. F. Walshe, Dispensary, and was at the time of his last illness consulting medical officer of the entire North Union. Deceased was a good and faithful Catholic and was brother of the Rev. P. J. Walshe, of Inangrove, who was for some time engaged in raising funds for the erection of the Catholic Church which adorns the village.

Galway.—The Very Rev. Patrick Lynskey has drawn up, on behalf of the parish priests of Galway, a memorial to the ecclesiastical superiors of Connemara, and it will be submitted to the Most Rev. Dr. Thomas Fahey, C.C., Clonfert, at an early date for approval. The report urges strongly on the Royal Commission the extreme necessity of constructing a railway through Connemara.

Sligo.—In no strange night was attempted in Ireland within living memory as that which was begotten in Portumna, on Nov. 26th. Mr. Frank Joyce, agent of the Marquis of Clanricarde has—Mr. Joyce, who is regarded by tenantry of his Woodford Monkey and Portumna properties to meet him on that day with a proposal to purchase, set in the estate office in consideration of them as of old. But he met no such offer as Mr. Joyce, in the old time, the green dawn of Saxon. Nor was the mind of the man's former serfs—serfs no longer—to be bought by pay him a week. The estate office was empty and as though it was plague stricken. The mere mention of the Woodford evictions was been in the minds of the tenants. There are about 700 of them, but none want near him. Not a solicitor was offered to him—no, nor even a bad farthing.

Kilkenny.—Sir Anthony Wolfe, D.L., Kilcooney House, Queen's County, has offered his tenantry 20 per cent reduction in their rents, and a number of them have accepted of the offer.

Kerry.—Mr. Clarke, C.C., Castleisland, has been elected to Ardfert parish, replacing Rev. P. Kennedy, P.P., Noll; Rev. Henry Lobe, C.C. late Ballybunion, is the parish of Cahirciveen; and Rev. P. Hall to be curate of Castleisland.

Cork.—On Nov. 19th, were borne to the burial place, at Old Kennare, the mortal remains of Mr. Basil J. Aldwell. His grave may now be said to be within the shadow of Ki-hoque where he was born, at that picturesque residence, now known as "The Falls," was then the residence of his father, the late Mr. Timothy Aldwell, and his family, many old and respected residents of the south side of Cork. He was a polish Irishman and was fully up to the national ideas of sentiment in Ireland, and patriotism and nationalism in Ireland. The Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Sullivan, P.P., Ballyvourney, officiated at the funeral. In his opinion, could social statistics be collected, the number of people from town and country at the funeral, testified to the popularity of the deceased, and to the respect in which himself and his family are held by the people of Kerry and surrounding parishes. Mr. Aldwell did not live to see the long prophesied three score and ten, so he died in what may comparatively be called the early age of 42 years.

Louth.—Lord Massereene, of Ordnt Temple Castle, Co. Louth, has recently registered his tenancy for a rent considerably reduced by his tenant, Mr. Alfred H. Wade, who has expended his capital in making it valuable to the tenant of the tenant. He refused to be bound by the terms of his agent, Mr. Wynne, whom he relieved of the duties of his position, and replaced him by Mr. Moore, Dalgan and Kilmainham.

Meath.—Rev. N. Moore, P. P., Ballinabrackey, died on Nov. 18. He was parish priest of the united parishes of Ballinabrackey and Castle Jordan for the last twenty years, and was pursue in the same parishes some time previously. He always took the deepest interest in political and temporal well-being of his flock. He was quite opposed at his funeral, when a vast congregation assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory.

Monaghan.—On Nov 23d, the tenants on the Dawson estate, county Monaghan, attended at the office of Mr. Lyons, agent, to tender payment on the judicial rents. Mr. E. E. Duffie, agent and Crown Solicitor, presided over and adjourned. The tenants subscribed for Dillon and paid the full rent.

Sligo.—Mr. Gladstone, on Sep. 1st, 1886, addressed to Backsmith, on Nov. 1st, 1886, the receipt of letter from which the tenants from the parishes of Aghamore, Knockbaun, and Aiwaugh, signed by the Rev. Canon J. Waldron, P.P., Aiwaugh, and Rev. J. Scanlon, C.C., Backsmith, and others, to the effect. A deputation consisting of the tenants of the Marquis of Clanricarde, accompanied by 300 tenants, asking a reduction of 25 per cent on the rent rent now payable, and the tenants have decided to pay no more than the reduction was granted. The lands of Lord Dillon's estate in this neighborhood are very bad quality, and mostly tenanted by small farmers, who, when their rents in England or remit money from America.

Limerick.—Great business was done on Monday, on Nov. 29th, in the necessary work of preparing the population from the lawless and lawless tactics. At Murroe the job sorting of the people had been some time in preparation and fully held. In its circumstances it was worthy of the occasion. Mr. Dillon, M.P., was expected to be present and had been taken to organize. It was one of the best days of demonstration held for Mr. Morrow from all parts of the country. Limerick as well as from the city itself, the promoters of Murroe and Tipperary also sent their forces in large numbers. Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Harrington and Mr. John O'Connor, who were down to represent the Parliamentary Party, met with a reception worthy of their rank in the political world. The Rev. Father Ryan, P.P., of Murroe, presided, and in impressive language recounted the history of the Land Question, and previously introduced the Rev. Father Ryan, who in the course of his speech, the crowd, which had been very large, was seen to be swayed. The special object of the Murroe meeting was the commemoration of the memory of Patrick Lynch, who died six years back. Mr. Dillon expressed the sorrow of Mr. Lynch's demeanor of his own bitter, and beautiful him for the world as an active friend and a fearless backwoodsman. He made a utility appeal to the people to follow the example of Mr. Lynch and extend tenacity and ability. Mr. Harrington also did great service in the cause of the day by his speaking in support of the claims of Lord Clonbrock, tenantry to and their rights in the land. They hoped that the tenants would then be restored to their homesteads.

Roscommon.—Mr. Stafford, agent, attended at Hart's Royal Hotel, Athlone, on October 23d, to collect the rents on the Castlerea property of Mr. William Gray. The tenants demanded a reduction of 25 per cent, which was refused, 15 per cent being offered. The tenants declined to accept, and left in a body without paying any rent. Mr. Gray's agent, Mr. Stafford, 36 Upper Ormond quay, Ashtown, for the purpose of collecting the rents on the Castlerea property.

Sligo.—He granted a abatement of 20 per cent, which was accepted by the tenants, and the rents were paid.

Limerick.—Lord Monteagle, granted a reduction of 25 per cent to the tenants on his Tenny property, near Athlone.

Mr. Kilcoyne, M.P.—Dublin, attended at his estate, on November 22 for the purpose of receiving rents on Mr. Coughlan's property. The tenants asked for a reduction of 25. In the end the rents were reduced, and the tenants were paid.

Sligo.—The last of seven panel-pushing in Sligo ended, some belief, after all the various prosecutions, in the packing jury system. The last case was that of Mr. Joyce, the Castle Rackrent agent, who was prosecuted by persons interested in the Castle Rackrent estate. The tenants were all of the Protestant persuasion, and only 112 Catholics—majority of 8—were on the panel, 25 Arrson as the Catholics, and only 12 Catholics—majority of 1—were on the jury. The Crown prosecutor, Mr. Gibbon, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Gibbon, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Gibbon, Q.C., M.P., and

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

AN EVENING REVERY.

TO M. E.

I.

Fell a hush around the one evening,
As I stood by the deep ocean's side,
And watched the sunlit waters,
Now rise, now fall, with the tide.
I was thinking, idly musing,
My heart was happy and light,
I turned from the past with pleasure,
To dream of a Future all bright.

II.

Thus in the even of life, when hatitie
Is more than half over at last,
We forget, the heart-chil wounted,
Those hours of the sunny-lored Past;
And, thank God, the field is brightening,
In the rise of an autumn's sun,
We feel that all doubts and troubles
Are ease, through His mercy done.

III.

Yes, we turn from youth's old passions,
And laugh at our olden pains,
Would we live the years days over
For the sake of the old love again!
No! past is the trend of battle
Where wounds fall heavy and deep,
And the once precious, sacred treasures,
We care now so more to keep.

IV.

We are looking above the earthly,
To the far-off happy shore,
And hoping count Christ our Saviour
To delay our summons no more;
For we see o'er the dreamland mountain
Joining the free Old Land,
And the Future so long desired
Is hastening to make all bright.

ZARE.

THE BURIED MOTHER.

Out by the walls of a Danish town
The grass stood cold as the slight mane down;
The Angelus prayer had long been said,
And the bell told out the psalm for the dead.

It swung for a while from the darkening steeple,
"Out of the depths," said priest and people;
Through all the clamor turn and tower
The sorrow over that for the silent hours.

But a mother buried for half a year,
Wake with a crying in her ear;
She rose with the vapor still in her head
And stood in the shroud that wraps the dead.

She left the cold grave under the walls,
And took the street to her husband's halls;
She felt her long-dead bosom ache,
For her seven children were all awake;

And none had broken them bread that night,
Or poured them drink, or trimmed a light,
And none had laid them pillow or sheet;
The dust of the day was on their feet.

Two stoves for an empty cup, and one
Wee crying—that was her young at sun;
She washed and kissed them, and hushed their cries,
While tears pressed out of her long-dead eyes.

But their father, who lay on a lower floor,
Had heard her step in a corridor;
And he rose and came, and saw her stand
With the children clinging to either hand.

She said: "The crying smote my heart,
It broke my dreams of death apart;
"I was lain to sleep three score years, I filed,
But when have I slept when the child has cried?

"Take note, sw I pass to my many deeds;
I see children woke and had no bread.
"No few, no lamp; two were at strife;
One cried unnourished. Tell your wife."

ALICE MAYNELL.

THE LETTER IN THE CANDLE.

"Look, mother, there's a letter in the candle;
Don't you see!
Ah! I wonder if He's Pilatin sent the writin' home to me—
For he told me when we parted, ah! he hoisted eyes were dim,
How he'd longer for the moment that would bring me out to him!

II.

"Oh! it seems a bitter lifetime since that steamer sailed away,
For my heart was in his keeping, an' I dare not lift him stay
But I loved him all the better for his stern resolve an' brave,
An' my prayers have been his portion o'er the far Atlantic wave.

III.

"My heart is beating wildly and my head is aprilse light,
An' there's never a happier soliloo in the country side this night.
Shore I cannot can hope from crytn' with joy, an' with a smile an' a soft 'mavbrow!
"Want you make no a happy passion, eathers, by givin' this turn to me?

IV.

"Yes, mother, 'tis for letter; but shore you needn't fret,
For there's many a year before us, far away from the cold and wet;
Phelim, the darlin, loves me, and I love him lonelly, too,
But my heart is never so small, agrah, that it wouldn't have room for one!"

JOHN J. GOBBLY.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little soft inside the bed,
A little face where eyes are opened;
A little fresh behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with hair brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face, and fair;
A little lass that looks to school,
A little pouch, slate, and rule.

A little bitterness, winsome maid,
A little hand within his held;
A little aching, sorrow fore,
A little old-time fashioned store.

A little family gathering round,
A little turf heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his cell,
A little rest from hardest toil,
A little silver in his hair,
A little steel and easy chair;
A little night of earth-ill gloom,
A little curtain to the tomb.

—If you want to send your friends a pleasant Holiday remember of Catholic literature Call. Hawks send them copies of the CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

—We Opium In Pain's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25 cents.

Literary Miscellany.

Paul Webber's Dream.

A CATHOLIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY J. M. DUFFY.)

Paul Webber was the only son of a widow, who was left at her husband's death in possession of sufficient means to proper comfort and economy, to maintain herself and her son Paul.

Paul, being their only child, he had been honored and petted until he was as willful and way-ward as spoiled children generally are. He had been carefully educated at the Christian Brothers' Institute, but after graduating and returning home, he quickly departed from the path of rectitude. Being self willed and rebellious, he eluded under the mild restraints imposed upon him by his kind mother; and, falling into bad company, he soon plunged into the most reckless dissipation. Drinking, gambling, swearing, fighting, and almost every other wicked habit, soon had a firm hold upon him, and he continually went on from bad to worse. His mother remonstrated with him in vain. In vain she brought him to go to Mass on Sundays, and attend to other religious duties. He would only answer her back roughly that he was his own master, that this was a free country, and he would do as he pleased. His poor mother was in despair. But what were her heartaches and grief to him? He was inoculated with drink, demoralized by gambling and other vices, and his finer feelings entirely deadened by selfishness and depravity. Many scenes at the saloons, as well as gambling debts, incurred by him, were paid by his mother, in order to avoid the shame of exposure. By the time he was twenty one all the means left by Paul's father were consumed, and Paul and his mother began to suffer the pangs of extreme poverty.

Then Paul grew violent, threatening, and insolently abusive toward his poor, distracted mother. Finally he stabbed a man, in a drunken row, and was arrested and put into prison. His mother was now in the utmost distress, and did not know what to do. She consulted with lawyers, and called upon her well-to-do friends for the loan of money enough to conduct the defence of her unfortunate son. But her friends were little concerned for the welfare of Paul Webber, whom everyone knew to be one of the worst young men in the whole country, fit only for the gallows.

As the time set for the trial approached, Mrs. Webber redoubled her efforts on behalf of Paul, but all in vain. She felt that she was at her wit's end; but what mother ever gave up her child in despair? She visited Paul in jail, and used all her mother's tender pleadings, and finally, in her distress, she became almost insane with grief. But the poor widow's heart was soon to be broken, and her grief was to be changed to joy, almost as soon as you left the care of the Christian Brothers. First, I discovered your name at the prison, and angel you to hasten to Paul, and instantly through the close rooms, then I whispered in your ear to post from them, and, finally, to drop them altogether. When once you had ceased to pity you were blind, unreasoning, and completely in my power.

"Now, Paul Webber, I have, through your own co-operation, won you over to eternal torments. Your pains and sufferings here scarcely commenced, either as to duration or violence. Behold you boiling, swelling, burning lake! I will plunge you head-downward into that terrible abyss.

"Oh, horror! But then I will be drowned—which will be a relief.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Arch-Demon. "Not a ⚡ Do not imagine anything so mild as drowning. You will suffer all the pains and excruciating agony of drowning in boiling, melted sulphur and molten rocks. But you will not lose one single faculty, or feeling, or nerve. Instead of being deadened, or drowned, or fainted, your faculties will become more intensified, your nerves will grow more sensitive, your sight will grow unendurably strong—must as will penetrate all the world of horrors in Hell. your taste will become so acute that it will torture you with nausea! Instead of longings and thirst, and hunger, and you will taste only bitterness and gall; you will smell foul odors and stenches, and your hearing will grow sharper with the increasing discord, and confusion, and shrieks of agony, and howls of anguish and despair. Ha, ha—Hell! Hell! Hell! Know you not that I am Satan and reign here supreme? At Hell's gate you were forewarned by your Guardian Angel, and henceforth you are a subject of mine. Beware! lest I call upon the walls of Hell to fall in upon you and crush you! Down, down into the bottomless depths of the burning lake!"

And Paul was seized by satan, bound with heavy chains, and flung headlong down wards. Dizzy, weak, terrified, his brain in a feverish whirl, and a feeling of intolerable oppression weighing him down, Paul awoke in his prison cell!

It was, then, only a terrible dream after all. But how real! How truly had he suffered! Never yet greater than are you drained of it all human, earthly experience!

"Oh, God of goodness, I thank Thee for this! My mother! am out of Hell! I am still on earth among the living, and there is yet time to repent and avoid the terrors of Hell! Oh, God, be merciful to me, the vilest sinner on earth! Oh—mercy—mercy, mercy!"

Distressed with terror, Paul arose from his prison couch, with a cold, clammy sweat, and every limb, standing from every pore of his body. His limbs were stiff, and every joint cracked, and every muscle was full of pains and aches, but he heeded them not. He knelt beside his couch and prostrated himself in the most humble and supplant attitude. Then he prayed and begged, piteously begged, that Almighty God would pardon his sins and save him from Hell. He implored the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the saints. Finally, that other great repentant of the *Hail Mary* gave him comfort and made him more tranquil, he continued to repeat it, upon his knees, throughout the remainder of the night. So fervently in earnest was he that nothing could interrupt or divert his attention; and the pill door was wide open and a fresh bright, cheerful, morning light shining on his face, before he left off praying. Then he retired to his couch:

"Hong on a prisoner at close quick! I will not remain in an another hour."

A priest was already at the door with Paul's mother; and the former was heard the penitent's confession, while Mrs. Webber, with a full heart, fervently thanked God that her son was saved, through the intercession of Mary, the Mother of God, who never was known to refuse the prayers of those who call upon her for help in their hour of distress.

The man stabbed by Paul, though dangerously wounded, was recovered, and signed his petition with many others for Paul's acquittal, which was presented on account of his severe repentance and reformation. There is no stricter Catholic anywhere than Paul Webber, and no happier woman than his mother. Whenever he is tempted to any of his former offences, Paul is instantly checked by remembering his remarkable dream.

Christmas Decorations.

The decking of churches, houses and shops with evergreens, springs from a period anterior to the Christian era. During the Saturnalia, the Romans used to ornament their temples and lofties with green boughs. When Christianity became the religion of Europe, in the fourth century, the custom was preserved, and was justified by the reason from the mystic, the strange of Isaiah lxxxlxxx in the say during Christ's birth, and the sacred wood whereon, was from the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. The Druids in England used to turn their houses with mistletoe and other green branches to propitiate the wild spirits. Whenever Christianity went it found some so, also, and hence it is not strange that decorating with evergreens at Christmas was almost universal. A quaint old writer thus spiritualizes the practice: "So our churches and houses, decked with bays and rosemary, holly and ivy, and other plants which are always green, winter and summer, signify, and put in mind of Her Deity, that the Child born is an ever and full and sweet, all-green top like branches and flourishing, and fruitfulness.

The Value of the Money and How to be Rectied.

(CONCLUDED)

"Blessed is the man that hearth me, and that watcheth daily at my gates, and waiteth at the posts of my door" (Prov. VIII. 34).

There remains yet another recommendation which we must make to all Rosarians, and it is this, that they should never fail to pray for the Order through which the Blessed Virgin has made known the Rosary.

Our Lady herself, and the Apostle Paul addressed to the Thessalonians, to whom he had preached the Gospel, and in the name of the whole Dominican Order, so say to all the associates of the Rosary "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of God may run and may be glorified, even as among you, and that we may be delivered from troublesome and evil men' who pursute us—especially in these most unhappy times. (2 *Thessal III 1-2*).

In the fifth place, we might when occasion, to recite the Rosary in common. We are fully aware that private prayer is most acceptable to God, since Jesus Christ Himself has ordered it, assuring us, at the same time that it shall be will received by His Father; but it is also indubitable that, according to the teaching of the Fathers, Saints and Doctors, all other conditions being equal, prayer offered in common is far more acceptable to God and more meritorious, and obtains "God, says St Chrysostom, grants special attention to a multitude united in prayer, and He cannot refuse them anything" (*Homil 2 de in Ps 41 and Canals*) "It is impossible for God not to attend to the prayer of the multitude, exclaims St Ambrose (*Lib de Pseudp*) Hence the Church frequently assembles her children in her temples and in her graves so for prayer, the early Christians, too, had this habit, for it is written of them that "they were persevering in prayer and continued daily with one accord in the temple (*Acts II 42, 46*) Hence it is well-known that the great efficacy of common prayer does not arise simply from the fact that it is made by an immense number of the faithful, for it is well known that the prayer of a small number of persons when offered with fervor and for a reason or purpose has the same privilege as was stated by the Divine Master Himself when He says: "Again I say to you, that if two of you shall agree upon earth, concerning any thing whatever they shall ask, it shall be done for them by my Father who is in Heaven. (*Matth XVIII 19*). Interpreters explain these words in this manner. If two among you, united in soul, desire prayer, ask with faith, hope, humility and perseverance anything whatsoever, provided it may be proper, whether it be great or small, easy to be done or difficult, it shall be infallibly granted to you by my Father, but if it be not proper or conducive to your well being, then you certainly shall receive something, the reverse rather than or opposite to, what you asked of Him.

Now if this is true in regard to any prayer and in common, a special reason why we should recite the Rosary in common, the Roman Pontiffs, by reason of the great benefits conferred on the Church through the recitation of the Rosary in common, are bound for the purpose of increasing the number of ancestors by asking companions in prayer, and for the purpose of bringing about fraternal union and Christian charity of which the material Rosary is a symbol, have granted special indulgences to all who recite it together in many place and under all circumstances. It must be plain to all that the Holy Mother of God is thus those Rosary meetings. What could be more pleasing to a mother than to see her children gathered around her asking of with the heart sons being bestowed to all and highly endeavors to her own honor and glory? Most likely it was the Blessed Virgin herself who accompanied her Father that, like David, it might be entitled to his claim, a task that is heavy for one becomes light and pleasant when shared between two. Besides, it must doubtless be conducive, in order to carry out the a-b of the Most Blessed Virgin and of the Sovereign Pontiffs, to the greater glory of God and the greater advantage of their flocks, to introduce into their churches the public and solemn recitation of the Rosary at least during the celebration of one of the Masses, as is the practice in many places, and also to encourage the recitation of the word and example to assist at it. Let we all make it a rule to gather we can to some church where the Rosary is publicly recited, for besides the numerous indulgences we may gain by so doing, our individual imperfections and shortcomings as to our manner of reciting, it will be so far than wanting of the attention and piety of the more fervent, and the prayer will be more meritorious and fruitful.

As we have already said, let parents be careful never to fail to offer to the Queen of the Most Sacred Rosary their daily task, let them gather their children around them with them invoke in the domestic chapel of their house the all-powerful and of the incomparable Mary. We recommend to some holy practice to the directors of religious boarding schools and pious institutions. The Rosary thus recited indicates sweet redeem on the most living heart of Mary and compels her to grant to all who thus serve her the most signal favors and her own most tender affection. Let him who cannot recite the Rosary in common either in a chur is or at home, arrange with some one of his friends or acquaintances say it with him: in the way he perhaps would get the desire of his heart, namely, the salvation of his soul.

"I am the great Vengeance and the Avenger. Vengeance is mine and I will take it, and I will make my arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh, and I will take vengeance on my enemies, and I will reward them that hate me.

THE MONITOR.

PROPERTY OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1886

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

536 KEARNY STREET,

(Over Gray, east side.) between California and Sacramento Sts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The London *Tablet* has excommunicated Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, because he favors the fair rent movement. But then the *Tablet's* power is very impotent ever since Archbishop Croke pitched it out of his presbytery in Thurles.

—Father Clarke, S. J. editor of the London *Month*, has recently published two important articles on the Scapular in his valuable magazine, from which we will make copious extracts as soon as we can find room therefor in our columns.

—Careful estimates put this year's wine vintage in California at 19,500,000 gallons. About one-seventh of the crop has been made into brandy. The year's business shows an increase of 200,000 gallons over last year's export trade.

—The Very Rev. H. Kelley has been appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese of Savannah, and Rector of the Immaculate Conception Church, Atlanta. He is a brother of the Rev. A. M. Kelley, who represents the United States in the International Court at Cairo, Egypt.

—We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a very interesting letter from Ireland which contains news not received in this country through the ordinary channel of the cable. We hope to hear frequently from the same talented young journalist.

—The position: "Is Ireland a Nation?" is admirably and ably answered in the *Overland Monthly* for January, in an article of 20 pages length, which Hon. W. J. Corbet M. P. for Wicklow, has written specially for that magazine. Mr. Corbet presents the case of England's injustice towards Ireland very forcibly and he also introduces convincing evidence to show the justice of Ireland's claim for Home Rule.

—We ask the prayers of our readers for the speedy recovery or happy death of Jos. A. McMahon, editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, the *Jupiter Tonans* of the Catholic press of America, who is lying dangerously ill on St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. Some time ago Mr. McMahon had a severe fall, which disabled his shoulder and gave him a bad shock. He was convalescing until the recent changeable weather brought on a partial relapse and made necessary his going to the hospital. Prayers have been asked for his speedy recovery.

—A cablegram from Paris to the *New York Herald* announces that Leo XIII. on receiving the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, having been reconciled to religion by Abbé Dervaux, a Bulgarian missionary in Tonquin, a statement which, the correspondent says, he believes will stand perfectly the test of examination, but which will be received with a grand fanfaade of hostility, unless as Bert was probably the most conspicuous French atheist of this generation.

—A recent telegram from Europe brings the joyful intelligence that the famous strike is to be put to the coming repeal of the May laws early in January. Prince Bismarck has charged Mgr. George Kopp, Bishop of Fulda, with the task of definitely laying down the method of reconciling the ministers of canon law with the maximum of State privilege in the nomination of Bishops, with some sort of State veto over the episcopal prelates. Bishop Kopp has recently been on a visit to Bismarck at Varzin, and will be the bearer of an autograph letter and all kinds of polite messages to Leo XIII. He will be chiefly aided by Cardinal Hergenrother, who is Defendor of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

—A cablegram from Rome states that the Holy Father—whilst receiving Christmas congratulations from the College of Cardinals—spoke at some length of the position of the Church in Italy. He protests against the anti Christian movement which is being carried on in that country, and said that the Holy See was now disgusted of the last remnants of its patrimony. The only liberty left to him was that held by the Roman Pontiffs in the earliest ages. The Italian Government, he declared, had assisted the laity in unduly interfering with the administration of the Church, had expelled religious bodies, and had bestowed an organized hostility against the Vatican. As the head of the Church, he must continue to protest against the position in which he is placed.

—The New York *Herald* cables from Rome that long and detailed reports have been received at the Vatican from Father McGlynn's ecclesiastical superiors concerning his action in the recent New York election. The whole case has been laid before the Pope, who has personally made the most thorough examination into all the facts. The Pope strongly disapproves of Father McGlynn's conduct, and has blamed him through the proper ecclesiastical channels. It is not true that Father McGlynn has been summoned officially to Rome, but it is the Pope's intention to do so in case the semi-official intermediate agents now acting in the matter, and who urge Father McGlynn to come to the Vatican to explain his conduct and defend himself, fail in their task. The authorities at the Vatican consider it of the greatest importance that there should be no scandal or sensational measures of any kind, and are very anxious that the matter should be quietly arranged with as little noise and publicity as possible. Owing to these views the *Herald's* correspondent adds—I am not at liberty to name the two exalted Prelates with whom I have conversed on the subject, and who received the assistance of what is above stated directly from the Pope's own lips.

False Statements Corrected.

An editorial in last Sunday's *Chronicle* attributes to the Catholic Church and Cardinal Manning certain sentiments which are calculated to mislead Catholics, hence we deem the matter of sufficient importance to correct the errors into which the writer in the *Chronicle* has fallen which he says:

It is not surprising, then, to find that the Catholic Church has taken explicit ground against only what it calls the exclusive tendencies of the type, but also against the labor movement, pure and simple, as represented in trades unions. The Pope has had his attention particularly attracted to the Knights of Labor by recent political and ecclesiastical events in America, and it is certainly not to be supposed that the American Bishops to lend him with data for the Holy own opinions regarding them. It is probable that when these are received he will pronounce himself in relation to them, perhaps but, which may be intended to have a decisive effect.

Canon Law XIII says: "Notables violate the law of property. The Church commands that the right of ownership is properly derived from nature itself be held intact and inviolate."

The Church is opposed to Socialism, but not to any "labor movement, pure and simple." The Pope never wrote any Encyclical of the kind described by the writer, nor will any Bull be issued as predicted.

Again, the writer places Cardinal Manning in a false position when he says this of him:

The effect of liberal political opinion on some of the prominent Catholic clergy in England and Ireland is quite surprising. Cardinal Manning, another of our Henry George's leaders, and other days was the strongest expression of the kind that has come from an eminent ecclesiastical authority. He was careful, however, to make a distinction between a single labor movement and socialism.

Cardinal Manning never mentioned any of Henry George's books. Here is all that eminent ecclesiastic ever said regarding George's writings, and no person can construe his sentiments as any endorsement whatever of George's theories upon any topic. In a recent letter to the editor of the Brooklyn *Examiner*, Cardinal Manning in alluding to a conversation he once had with Henry George in London—said:

"I have no distinct recollection (the mention of his book) but as it has been stated in Rome, I see that I gave an opinion in favor of his book, meaning his original work on "Progress and Poverty." I saw no unsound principles. I have to state that I have never read a word. I have however, read certain chapters in his later work "Social Problems," and in those chapters I did not see anything to censure or unsound."

We make these corrections in order that there may be no misunderstanding regarding the attitude of the Church or Cardinal Manning upon questions of vital importance to the public at large both in this country and in Europe.

Furthermore, the writer in the *Chronicle* is most egregiously mistaken when he says that the admonitions of Archbishop Corrigan on Socialism in his Pastoral Letter need not "be regarded as seriously bearing on any one." On the contrary, they are binding upon the conscience of every Catholic in the body of the faithful, we have thought it advisable, dear brethren and beloved children in Jesus Christ, to bring to your notice such portions of this legislation as it may be useful for you to know in order that, knowing the law, you may have all the more earnestly for its observance, and that the transgressors may be known, and the safety of the generality of the welfare of souls may be more abundantly and efficiently attained.

All Pastoral Letters are of binding force upon the Catholic faithful in each Diocese wherein they are issued, and this fact we hope the *Chronicle* will remember faithfully hereafter.

Priests for San Francisco.

On Saturday the 18th inst., Cardinal Gibbons performed the customary Christmas Ordination at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Eight priests were ordained and a large number of candidates raised to Minor orders. Among the latter we notice the name of J. F. Ferguson, of this Archdiocese, who received the Tonsure. Messrs. M. Scanlan, D. M. Travers and P. E. Mulligan, also of San Francisco, received Minor orders. Messrs. J. P. Fallon, W. H. McKenna, E. J. Dunne, C. E. O'Neil, and J. W. Allen of this Archdiocese were ordained Sub-Deacons.

Gladstone the Coming Man.

Thomas Power O'Connor, in his cablegram to the New York *Star*, says that already many English journals predict that Gladstone will be in office again in a couple of months, and many cool-headed observers are of the same opinion. The present Government, at any rate, is doomed. Lord Hartington will not consent to join Salisbury in the formation of a coalition government, unless allowed to give several seats in the Cabinet to his most prominent follower, replacing men who are too fond of office to give up their positions without a struggle. The demoralization of the party would thus be intensified, and the split Liberal Party Randolph Churchill's desertion is widened. It is a question whether Lord Salisbury would not lose more from defections in his own party than he would gain from Union ists accessions if he should agree to lend Hartington's terms Lord Salisbury will probably, find himself obliged to present a show, yielding up the existing Cabinet at least as the cool and standing squarely on a Tory platform. The overthrow of such a government is merely a question of weeks and the chance of opportunity.

The Irish element in New South Wales have given practical evidence of its sympathy with the anti-eviction campaign at present being carried on in Ireland by the Nationalist party. At a meeting in Sydney on the 22nd inst., $6,000 was subscribed for the benefit of the evicted tenants in Ireland. The subscriptions included $500 from Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, and $250 from Sir Alexander Stuart, Prime Minister of the colony. What on the Irish element in California doing for this Fund?

THE SISTERS OF LORETTO.

The most recent addition to the Religious Teaching Orders in this State, is the Sisters of Loretto, who have opened a boarding and day school for girls in Salinas, Monterey county, on the Decoro property recently owned by Bishop Wigger.

The Sisters of Loretto, known also as the Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross, were founded in Kentucky in 1812, by holy nuns, Rev. Charles Nerinckx and in the admirable life of that great Apostle of Catholicism in Kentucky, which Father Camillus P. Maes has furnished to the Catholics of America, we find a very interesting account of how this Order was formed, and from which we learn that the distinguished young lady who formed the corner-stone of this beautiful association of charity and mercy—Sudanna Wise Miss Mary Rhodes, whose love for God led her to prefer a Catholic school for girls in a poor dilapidated cabin, an abandoned residence, which had no floor save the bare ground, while rough boards formed a roof through which rain and snow poured down upon its slumbering occupants. But it was from such humble beginnings that Almighty God is pleased to create organizations which are destined to spread over the whole earth and to carry the knowledge of Him, His Church and His law to many generations for all time to come. Miss Rhodes had not been many months in the Hardin Creek hut ere she was joined by Miss Christina Stuart, another young lady who was drawn towards her companionship by the very holiness which she knew she enjoyed for the Catholic children who were encouraging to her.

Whilst working along in the designs of God teaching for many months, there came to the aid of the new little band of disciples themselves so as to reach that state of spiritual perfection which Almighty God requires of the Holy Ones He uses as instruments in places where even the observers would still be compelled to acknowledge that a moral power. They determined to withdraw themselves from all social enjoyment and to live entirely by themselves. This resolve was at once opposed by their relatives and friends as a "crazy notion," as "foolish whim," yet in a spiritual sense the action was the sublimity in consistency with the Divine Will acting upon the hearts of two of His children whose piety, charity and humility may yet gain for them the honors paid to the Blessed by His Church throughout the whole world.

The two young maidens where the world styled "foolish notions," were not many months in their new sphere until Miss Susan Hayden knocked at the door of Loretto humble habitation, asking for the privilege of sharing their pleasures and labors. It is needless to say that the new postulant was received with open arms, and the Divine Spirit gave her abundant evidence of the sublime spiritual privileges which the world so often ignores. Miss Hayden was the immediate cause of Nerinckx's purchase of the property and foundation of establishing a community. Father Nerinckx, was at once consulted, and he told them to persevere in their pious labor of love, he also entered three of the hosty Cross they would have to carry on their could sweet work a Christian crucifixion as a new Community of Sisters who were destined to save millions of immortal souls from the snares of Satan.

Father Nerinckx next sus Bishop Flaget he acquainted him with the designs of the pious young ladies in his parish, and the good Bishop at once drew up some rules for their guidance and gave the sick his paternal blessing. Then the infant community wanted a Superior, so the choice fell upon Mrs. Sanders and how notably it was that a holy virgin bearing the blessed name of Mary should be the first Mother of the Sisters of Loretto.

Miss Nellie Morgan, the only child of a widowed mother—was teaching a small school some little distance from where these wonderful Nuns were quietly and unostentatiously carrying out in a very humble way the great designs of an All-wise God. Divine Providence, almost, the also causes to let that she could be of service to the outgoing Sisters, so she continued one day to the Bishop and offered for a convent, and she, too, requested to be admitted. Of course, her offer was accepted, and when the Bishop visited her mother's consent—which was given—she went to the Convent of Loretto to pass herself, among others to Mrs. Susan Hayden, a sister of the founder—and she, too, thenceforth became her life to God in the cottage. Hyde!

Thus—and by one—God gathers in *His holy lights—naked taken six.*

As—drop by drop—from clouds ethereal

Form one river by streamlets fed.

The five virgins at once applied to Father Nerinckx for the privilege of clothing in Mother, and the simple manner in which that important office was filled is told so well by Father Maes that we will give it to our readers in his own language:

"They applied without delay to Father Nerinckx for the appointment of a Superior, whom they should look to as a mother, and to whom to go to their pains and consult among themselves. The deliberations did not last long. In their holy simplicity they had chosen their children on the day first, and the oldest voting first, they all agreed upon Nancy Rhodes, and immediately returned to the Director to inform him of their unanimous choice. He remarked "You have chosen the youngest one among you," but they replied unanimously "If she is the youngest, she is also the most virtuous."

Miss Nancy Rhodes, was first Superior, bought the small tract of land, on which the edifices were built, for $70, and gave her negro, who was sold for $300. Under Father Nerinckx's energetic management of affairs, the Sisters immediately set to work making the necessary improvements for the accommodation of their increasing number. They replaced and arranged the floors in the roof as well as they could, put beards across the upper beams to form a loft, or small attic, which was used as a dormitory, and they fixed up another part of the cabin for a kitchen, which was also their refectory, one table was made for all to eat from, and to a stump which had been left standing in the middle of the cabin for the Friars' benefit, probably for a similar use this was the Sister's table. Another for the people, composed of a long shelf, or two; pieces of puncheons with two rough legs under each end. They then ordered a long bench, made around the buildings, and created in it a small fabric, some sort of like a loft, covered with old boards, that served for a resting bench, and a similar one for a bed-room.

Scarcely had these improvements been made when a sixth young lady, Miss Sarah Ratcliffe, a native Kentucky Hayden, of Madison county, came to share their labors. This added to their most opportune. People in Hardin Creek were astonished at seeing their children share in the benefits of the Catholic education imparted to the Sisters. Thanks were applied to the Sisters; they were received as benefactors among them. Having obtained a favorable reply, they sent the good news to friends at a greater distance, who hastened to forward their girls to enjoy the same privilege. The slab table did very well for their meals, but when they sat down to study "Their knees were given to the high shelf, as we were unacquainted in Algebra." At night, they were spread on the floor, and in the morning were placed on one foot of the other in the most contented of just the room, and they remained as still night.

In view of the poverty which marked the origin and first years of the life of this order, how appropriate it was to baptize it with the appropriate title of "*The Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross.*"

In the instructions for the guidance of their daily lives Father Nerinckx told the first Sisters that the great object of their thus little association was to "glorify God, the sanctification of their own souls and the salvation of their neighbors, by educating and instructing young girls in Christian principles, and that Almighty God is pleased to create organizations which are destined to spread over the whole earth and to carry the knowledge of Him, His Church and His law to many generations for all time to come." Miss Rhodes had not been many months in the Hardin Creek hut ere she was joined by Miss Christina Stuart, another young lady who was drawn towards her companionship by the very holiness which she knew she enjoyed for the Catholic children who were encouraging to her.

Whilst working along in the designs of God teaching for many months, there came to the aid of the new little band of disciples themselves so as to reach that state of spiritual perfection which Almighty God requires of the Holy Ones He uses as instruments in places where even the observers would still be compelled to acknowledge that a moral power. They determined to withdraw themselves from all social enjoyment and to live entirely by themselves. This resolve was at once opposed by their relatives and friends as a "crazy notion," as "foolish whim," yet in a spiritual sense the action was the sublimity in consistency with the Divine Will acting upon the hearts of two of His children whose piety, charity and humility may yet gain for them the honors paid to the Blessed by His Church throughout the whole world.

The two young maidens where the world styled "foolish notions," were not many months in their new sphere until Miss Susan Hayden knocked at the door of Loretto humble habitation, asking for the privilege of sharing their pleasures and labors. It is needless to say that the new postulant was received with open arms, and the Divine Spirit gave her abundant evidence of the sublime spiritual privileges which the world so often ignores. Miss Hayden was the immediate cause of Nerinckx's purchase of the property and foundation of establishing a community. Father Nerinckx, was at once consulted, and he told them to persevere in their pious labor of love, he also entered three of the hosty Cross they would have to carry on their could sweet work a Christian crucifixion as a new Community of Sisters who were destined to save millions of immortal souls from the snares of Satan.

Father Nerinckx next sus Bishop Flaget he acquainted him with the designs of the pious young ladies in his parish, and the good Bishop at once drew up some rules for their guidance and gave the sick his paternal blessing. Then the infant community wanted a Superior, so the choice fell upon Mrs. Sanders and how notably it was that a holy virgin bearing the blessed name of Mary should be the first Mother of the Sisters of Loretto.

Miss Nellie Morgan, the only child of a widowed mother—was teaching a small school some little distance from where these wonderful Nuns were quietly and unostentatiously carrying out in a very humble way the great designs of an All-wise God. Divine Providence, almost, the also causes to let that she could be of service to the outgoing Sisters, so she continued one day to the Bishop and offered for a convent, and she, too, requested to be admitted. Of course, her offer was accepted, and when the Bishop visited her mother's consent—which was given—she went to the Convent of Loretto to pass herself, among others to Mrs. Susan Hayden, a sister of the founder—and she, too, thenceforth became her life to God in the cottage. Hyde!

Thus—and by one—God gathers in *His holy lights—naked taken six.*

As—drop by drop—from clouds ethereal

Form one river by streamlets fed.

Fourth Anniversary of Bishop Wigger's Death.

The following interesting obituary notice coming from Fort Riley in different occasions appeared from a recent decision in Rome.

In Fresno there are two holidays of obligation, Christmas, the Nativity, the Assumption, and all Saints. In England there are eight. The Circumcision, the Epiphany, Corpus Christi, and SS. Peter and Paul in addition to the four observed in France. Ireland has four, which include the eight observed in England, and add thereto the Ascension and SS. Patrick's Day. In the United States we have the present, they have been considerable differences in the number of holidays of obligation. Some states or dioceses have dispensed, other, other, with such days and some joined down upon its slumbering minutes. But it is extra from such humble beginnings that Almighty God is pleased to create organizations which are destined to spread over the whole earth and to carry the knowledge of Him, His Church and His law to many generations for all time to come. Miss Rhodes had not been many months in the Hardin Creek hut ere she was joined by Miss Christina Stuart, another young lady who was drawn towards her companionship by the very holiness which she knew she enjoyed for the Catholic children who were encouraging to her.

Whilst working along in the designs of God teaching for many months, there came to the aid of the new little band of disciples themselves so as to reach that state of spiritual perfection which Almighty God requires of the Holy Ones He uses as instruments in places where even the observers would still be compelled to acknowledge that a moral power. They determined to withdraw themselves from all social enjoyment and to live entirely by themselves. This resolve was at once opposed by their relatives and friends as a "crazy notion," as "foolish whim," yet in a spiritual sense the action was the sublimity in consistency with the Divine Will acting upon the hearts of two of His children whose piety, charity and humility may yet gain for them the honors paid to the Blessed by His Church throughout the whole world.

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Recent Benefactions in Rome.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet* writes that on Sunday, the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, took place at the Church of the Pallacrina, the usual annual function, the school-examination, the distribution of prizes and publication of four diversos of the Sodalitium Congregation of Rites to which Holmes declared that it was the duty of the Ordinaries of the virtues and merits the Church may proceed in all security to the canonization of the Ven. Luigi Maria Monti, late Monti, founder of the Congregation of the Missionaries of the Holy Ghost and of the Sisters of Charity, and of the Ven. Clement Maria Hofbauer, professed priest of Order Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Of the Ven. Gregorio Lopez, Mendoza, Hermit, and Inca de Bengo Cardinal Bianchi, priests of the cause of Ven. Fra Felice da Nicosia, of the Minor Capuchins, and Cardinal Mezzofanti and

Farm and Home.

California Raisins.

California is rapidly assuming first rank as a raisin producing country. It is now reduced to a certainty that raisin grapes can be produced profitably on the vineyardist at one and one-half cents per pound. It has been demonstrated that three periods of Muscat grapes will make a pound of raisins. The cost of curing and boxing is estimated at one and one-half cents per pound, one cent per pound is allowed for freight, commission, etc., are deducted from the price of producing and marketing seven cents per pound. This would pay all expenses and leave the producer $30 per ton for his grapes. At five tons per acre, an ordinary yield in Yolo county, it would give the producer a return of $150 per acre. It is estimated that the annual requirements of this market are 20,000 boxes. It is also estimated that the production of this year will amount to 60,000 boxes, leaving 40,000 for Eastern shipment. That there is no danger of overstocking the market may be gathered from the annual importation of foreign raisins into this country, which, for several years, have ranged from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 packages, valued at $1,500,000 to $2,500,000 at New York alone. Here, then, would appear to be at least one branch of the fruit business open to our farmers that has not been overdone, and is not likely to be for years to come. The curing of raisins, unlike wine-making, requires no costly appliances. A piece of ground with smooth surface, sloping to the south, and provided with movable covering to keep off dews and showers, is all that is required. Indeed, some of the finest raisins ever brought to this market have been cured upon the ground between the rows of vines upon which the grapes were grown. It is well settled fact among the most experienced producers in this State that however superior machine-dried fruit of other varieties may be, the best raisins are cured by sunshine.—*Yolo Mail.*

Healthy Underclothing.

In the choice of woolen underclothing, Perkens says: The touch is a great guide. There should be smoothness and great softness of texture; to the eye the texture should be close, the hairs standing out from the surface of equal length, not long and straggling. The heavier the substance, is a given bulk, the better. In the case of blankets, the softness, thickness and closeness of the pile, the closeness of the texture and the weight of the blanket are the best guides. The non-conducting power of woolen fabrics lessens under continual washing; the soft fibres shrink, become harder and less elastic. In washing woolen articles they should never be rubbed or wrung. They should be immersed in hot soap suds, moved about, and then plunged into cold water; when the soap is entirely removed they should be flung up to dry without wringing. Night dresses made of cotton are preferable. In summer a thin material may be chosen; for winter the so-called "cotton flannel" is the most comfortable. The night-dress should be long, loosely fitted and button easily about the neck. Those people who are habituated to sleeping with the arms uncovered (right in cold weather to be secured against chills by thick under flannels. All undergarments ought to be changed at night, and the under vest for night wear should be as warm as that employed during the day. The one removed on rising should be carefully aired with the bed clothing; during the night the other should hang over a chair near a window. To dress and undress in an intensely cold room is a hardship which should if possible, be escaped. Wool stows, so rapidly, by heating, are far better for chambers than those in which coal are burned; light bindings soon warm them sufficiently, and the temperature quickly falls after the sleeper has enjoyed his sponge bath and is comfortably encased in bed.

The Largest Farm in the World.

In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana, lies the largest production farm in the world. It runs 100 miles north and south and twenty-five miles east and west, and is owned and operated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists. The general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives an interesting account of this gigantic plantation, which throws the great Dalrymple farm of Dakota into the shade completely. He was conceived by a reporter of the St. James Herald last night and asked to give the participants of his gigantic enterprise. "Ten million and a half acres of land in our trace." Mr. Watkins said, was purchased in 1885 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States Government. At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the dealers of the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 20,000 head of half-wild horses and cattle. My first work was to divide the immense tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations or ranches every 32 miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of $70,000. The land I found to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn, and cotton.

"All our machinery, ploughing, &c., is done by steam power. We take a tract, say half a mile wide for instance, and place an engine at each side. These engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plough, and under this arrangement we are enabled to plow thirty acres a day with only the labor of three men, two harrowing, planting, and other cultivating labor is like manner, in fact, there is not a draught-horse on the entire place. We have, of course, horses for the feeders of cattle, of which we now have 18,000 head. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for thirty-six miles through our farm. We have three steamboats operating on the waters of our own estate, upon which there are 300 miles of navigable waters. We have an ice factory, a bank, a ship yard and a riverain."

Incubators a Failure.

So far as raising broilers and chickens for roasting is concerned, the incubator is confessedly a failure. The sale of incubators is principally confined now to the new crop of experimenters that is always appearing in the community, who amuse themselves by figuring upon paper a short cut to fortune through raising chickens at wholesale. Ignoring the mother hen, excepting only the egg she lays, they merely find a practical farmer who has purchased and used an incubator who is satisfied with the system. A. C. Hawkins, of Louisiana, the most extensive poultry raiser in the country, has no faith in incubators, has abandoned their use, and relies entirely for his success upon the natural ways of the hen.

One of the most observant and most experienced dealers in poultry at Quincy market informs us that incubator chicks are decidedly inferior to those reared in a natural way. Their meat is tasteless and flavor. It has a pale, sickly, unnatural appearance. The flesh is soft, like pulp. Their quality may be likened to flowers and vegetables grown in the shade and artificially forced in the house. They lack keeping quality when dressed and placed on the market and will not command the highest price. Many first-class hotels will not buy them, though the chickens attain a good size. They seem to get a false start at birth, and always retain the artificial character so unfavorable in contrast with the strong, rugged, spontaneous life of and reared in the natural way.—*American Cultivator.*

Family Fun.

Afraid He Doesn't Lose Her.

Mrs. McSpillikins' mother is stopping with the family, and there is some little feeling. Johnny McSpillikins was reading in a Texas paper about a man who had killed his brother. Johnny asked

"Pa, is a man who kills his brother a fratricide?"

"Yes," responded Mr. McSpillikins.

"What is a man who kills his father?"

"A patricide."

"And what do he kill his wife's mother?"

"Uxoricide."

"And when he kills his wife's mother?"

"Justifiable homicide," replied McSpillikins, glaring at the old lady.

An Innocent Abroad.

It doesn't make any difference what his other name was, but he was a Congressman in Paris and he had never been there before. It is the custom to the city when a stage is full to put up the sign "Complet" and no more passengers can get in. Our Congressman wanted to see everything, and on three inland stages would pass him he would try to sleep them, but the driver would shake his head and drive on.

"You can't get in any of those," said an English-speaking citizen who had watched his woe-stricken face.

"But I want one of them," he pointed.

"Take one of the other with fifteen people in it. There's plenty of them," urged the citizen.

"Verge to thunder," he said angrily. "I guess I know what I want. I'm in this town to see the sights. Everybody seems to go to Complet, and I'm going too. I have to wait a week to catch a train with room in for me. That's the kind of American citizen I am, and don't you forget it."

The President's Favorite Song.

Since his marriage Mr. Cleveland has not worked so incessantly as he did before, and often in weekdays spends his evenings in the drawing-room with the ladies, sometimes joining them in a song. His favorite air is "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jenny" and he rows out a boat when his evenings at that air first made the doorkeeper to the vestibule think some frightful cyclone was loose in the yard. A couple of Senators called the other evening when he was having an unusually good time, and as they entered the vestibule he was on some very high notes. They looked at each other in alarm and then at the doorkeeper, who answered at the expression on their faces, laughed outright.

"What on earth is that horrible noise?" exclaimed the one who first recovered his presence of mind.

"It's only the President singing, sir," replied the doorkeeper.

"Is he often taken that way?"

"Pretty near every night of late, sir."

"Then I reckon we'd better call during the day," observed the Senators, as they started toward John Chamberlain's club house to tone down their amazement.

How She Mastered George Ia.

"You look very much excited, dear," he said when she entered the parlor where he was waiting for her.

"Well, I should think I ought to look excited," she answered. "I've just had the most awful argument with a man I ever saw in my life."

"Why, what's the matter, my darling?" he inquired as he did his arm around her waist and endeavored to soothe her; "what was the argument?"

"Oh! now can I tell you?" she said; "we were only trifling with me." Then she burst out afresh.

"Never pop the question, and I find her she did you a great injustice." I believe that you would pop the question to me. Sis said you would not, but I knew you would, and we had it out and heavy. Well, George, you will not let me triumph over me, will you?"

"Why, certainly not," answered George; "I know it, my darling," the dear girl exclaimed, "come, let us go to me and tell her how much mistaken she was."

And they did, and sis didn't seem to be very much taken down over the affair after all.

How Hoosiers Spark.

In the early times there lived in Indiana a man by the name of George Bence, a descendant of the celebrated Daniel Boone. He would have stood well in Texas, for when there were giants in the land Hiram Bence was one of them. He was more than six feet high, with large bones and muscles, his hands were large and his feet near of extreme size in length, breadth and depth. The following anecdote was one those used to relate himself with exhibit urbanity, after he became one of the State Senators of Indiana.

I was absent eighteen years of age when, for the first time, I took it into my head to go a-sparking. Out of my neighborhood a miles off lived a pretty daughter that I thought I would find and see me.

It was late in the Fall, and the weather pretty cold still, it was the custom to use slows for those primitive times. When Sunday afternoon came I dressed in my best homespun-colored wool, tuck some extra pantaloons in my pocket, put on my boots and my coat stretched over me as tight as an old skin dried on a log-pole.

I started barefoot, wading the creeks and muddy bottoms till I reached the house.

The family were about sitting down to supper and invited me to eat. Sally said by my side. They had much and milk and plenty of it. The old lady, who was doing out the pudding, told me to take the bowl. I reached out my hand with the bowl, but I had made an calculation of the size of the table, the space between the big milk pitcher and the bowl, and the bowl was of my hand. With all my embarrassment I stood the milk pitcher in such way and upset it, and out when the milk over the table, Sally and myself. She jumped up and went slanting with laughter into the other room. I saw all was lost. I ran redding more of her.

When the clock struck ten, the old lady said "Mr. Bence, won't you wash your feet and go to bed?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"Here is an old linen pot—all I've got that's fit," said the old lady.

I took the pot and found it so small that I could only get my feet on by sitting them in sideways. But I got them in. The water was too hot and I was forced them swelling tighter and tighter; I couldn't get them out.

I said nothing, though the pain and anxiety was so great that the sweat rolled down my face. The clock struck eleven, "My Bence, are you done washing your feet?" abruptly interrupted the old lady.

"Wed did this pot cost? I've got to pay for it, I reckon?"

"A dollar."

"Bring me the sass."

Slow brought it. I took the sass, locks the pot in places handed the old lady $1, opened the door and started for home.

I never went there again.

CATHOLIC TEACHERS

Any institution or family in the city or country requiring a Catholic teacher can have the same supplied free of charge by calling in this office. We had some thirty applications for the position advertised last week, and twenty-six of them will remain unapplied.

THE GIANT OF MEDICINES.

The Most Effective and Popular Remedy Ever Discovered.

WHY IS IT SO EFFECTIVE IN SO MANY DIFFERENT DISEASES?

Because Paine's Celery Compound acts on many causes at once. The disease have a common starting-point, and a remedy that can affect the cause, permanently cures all the diseases. The liver is the chief organ in the body, the kidneys when diseased, may be the cause of pain, and the very fact that it is not painful leads many people to delay that it is diseased. But *Medical Authorities agree that it can be free from all disease and yet give forth no pain*, because it has low if any nerves of sensation, and there are the only means of conveying the sense of pain, which is one of the *primary Causes and Unexpected* **SYMPTOMS.** Sick after *Unusual desire to urinate at night*; Flutterings and pains in the heart; Tired Feeling; Urinary Complaints; Feeling sensations; Acid, bitter taste, with furred tongue in the Morning; Headache; Sore Stomach; Heartburn; will; Dyspepsia; Costiveness; pain, upon taking; Uneasiness in the Stomach; Dizziness; Sudden Flushes of Heat; Dyspepsia; Nervous pain, upon taking; Uneasiness; Loss of Memory; Hesitation; Chills and Sweats; Feeling of Neglect; Feeling of Danger; Nervous Irritability; Sleeplessness; Frequent Nightmares; Sudden Fits of Anger; Sudden Fits of Fear; Sudden Fits of Despondency; Dizziness; Sudden Flushes of Heat; Dyspepsia; Nervous pain, upon taking; Uneasiness; Loss of Memory; Hesitation; Chills and Sweats; Feeling of Neglect; Feeling of Danger; Nervous Irritability; Sleeplessness; Frequent Nightmares; Sudden Fits of Anger

IRELAND'S PATRIOT DEAD.

Beautiful Letter from Archbishop Croke.

Mr John O'Brien, Hon. Secretary of the "National Monuments Committee, 41 York street, Dublin, has received the following important letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel:

THE PALACE, THURSO, Dec. 2.

"*My Dear Sir*—I have fully sympathized with you in thinking that it is not at all to the credit of the Irish Nation that it has suffered the remains of Ireland's patriots when gone to their long home, to remain even for a time in Glasnevin Cemetery without some suitable memorial over them—a memorial of Irishmen's respect for the humanity, and, in a public acknowledgment for their self-sacrificing devotion to their native land.

"I am well aware, to be sure, that it has been said of them as it has been said of Burke, fully and well written of the Young Irelanders of 48—and of all who sympathized with them—that their mission was a Quixotic one—a fool and disorganizable failure; that, however personally brave and gifted, their prudence and judgment as a party were sadly at fault; that there was no proportion, whatever, between the end they aimed at and the means at their disposal to attain it; and, that, therefore, the very most which even friendship could reasonably conclude to them would be—not indeed, a monument in bronze or marble—but simply the charitable silence of posterity.

"I judge, I think, to be one in my admiration of the men who fell in the battle of our country—who have suffered and are prepared to suffer—obloquy and impressment in her cause; whose consolations for the last few years, (on purely constitutional lines) have exhausted within the breast of many an Irish-born slave, the spirit and aspirations that are thought to belong but to the free; who have preached and propagated the salutary doctrine, that the land of Ireland belongs to the whole Irish nation, for the Irish people, and not a paltry and pampered few; and that he has the first claim to the soil who has laboriously tilled it and made it fruitful.

"But, at the same time, no one who was in full sympathy with that earlier generation of patriots, whose youthful enthusiasm prompted them,—more than a quarter of a century ago,—to risk life and liberty in the hallowed cause of Ireland, it is most grateful to see, on reflection, to know and feel that even the most damaging defects of one epoch in a nation's life have often been the incentive to virtue in another, and that the sanctimonious, calm laughing in sorrow, has frequently matured into a harvest of plenty and delight.

"Thus, I believe it has come to pass that Mitchell's dauntless chivalry, Duffy's deep, historic research and organizing skill, the lyrical poetry of Thomas Davis, Dillon's pathy sense, and Meagher's entrancing oratory—to say nothing of the soul-stirring, yet eminently instructive lessons that were weekly poured into our young men's ears, through the medium of the old Nation,—though they failed to arouse into needful activity the sluggish forces to which they were addressed,—far from being lost on subsequent generations of Irishmen, they have, silently, but effectively led up to the successes of our own days, and thus at least, have borne ample and valuable fruit.

"In like manner, the tragic incidents and deeds of daring so conspicuously associated with the abortive rising of '67 (though in many ways to be deplored,) were far from being barren, in leading or beneficial results; and the ashes of the men who chiefly figured in the memorable scenes of that eventful year should not, therefore, be allowed to remain unhonored, any longer, on Irish soil.

"I am glad, then, to learn that your committee is about to erect a monument, in Glasnevin Cemetery, over the remains of Terrence Bellew McManus, John O'Mahony, and others; and I trust you will not be embarrassed therefore for £5 or any subscription towards it.

"I am, my dear sir,
"Your very faithful servant,
"T. W. Croke,
"Archbishop of Cashel."

A Champion of Catholic Education

Now that Catholic schools are springing up all over the country and that the Catholic theory of education has obtained so many earnest advocates, even among the non-Catholics, it is well gratefully to remember those who labored in the more when labrers were few and prospects dark. One name of a double-faced Celtic crest, one side of which bronts the church where the good priest had ministered as well daily. The other looks out upon the street, at once attracting attention by its graceful and stately appearance, and by its carving and plentifully scattered throughout, wrought with thousand pounds by the skill and cunning chisel of the artist. It stands upon a double limestone block, and represents a wolfhound hase of Beaumont granite, in which are inserted one front and two side panels of white Carrara marble.

Mr. James Ryan, Rev. J. E. Kiernan, Cork, died suddenly on Nov. 26th. Mr. Ryan succeeded the representation of Cork at the general election of 1874.

The nomination of the Irish Cupaneen provinces has been received from Rochestown, county Cork, by Kilkenny, and the prefecture of studies in the diocese of Newark, which then included the whole State of New Jersey. He was also founder and first president of the Seton Hall College.

There are now nearly 30,000 children in the Christian free schools in the diocese of Newark and Trenton; and a few weeks ago Bishop McQuaid preached at the laying of the corner-stone of a new and magnificent school in Morristown, where long ago he gave an unpromised testimony of his earnest zeal in the cause to which his whole life has been devoted.

Appointed Bishop of Rochester in 1868, he found the new diocese, except for a few little academies in his episcopal city, destitute of schools. In the face of difficulties which would have deterred even a fairly resolute spirit, he set at repairing on a new field the work he had done so successfully in New Jersey, and in little more than ten years the entire diocese was provided with free schools, which impartial judges have pronounced unsurpassed in America.

During this time his articles in the *North American Review*, the *Journal of Education*, the *New York Independent*, etc., attracted wide attention. He was looked to as the foremost exponent of Catholic education from the Catholic standpoint, and to be or to many and urgent invitations lectured on this theme in the principal cities of the Union.

Readers of the *Pilot* will remember his lecture, ten years ago, in Boston, at the invitation of the Free Religious Association (Free Thinkers). He then expressed his conviction that the equitable settlement of the school question would come from Boston and Massachusetts, which in the very outset of their history made religion the cornerstone of education. The recent significant utterance of President Eliot of Harvard University, and a prominent Boston newspaper, which we quoted in a late issue of the *Pilot*, of Boston Catholic journals, are the wisdom of succeeding something to thus, begin to give to the Bishop's words the prophetic aspect—*Pilot*.

Success.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a set, that Lord Beaconsfield's Pimples Treatise has equal for the cure of Pimples, Blotches and Throat troubles. *Sold only by mail.* Price 25 cents.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ARMAGH—As from Lisburn to Lurgan and Armagh and around the eastern side of Lough Neagh, as from Lough Neagh to Monaghan and Donagh, and from Gledstown to Dungannon, and Lough Neagh's western shores, the same and story, with all the accompanying distress, comes to the wearied and worried inspectors of the Agricultural depression in the every possible sense, without a solitary redeeming feature or a single counterbalancing influence, is the exceptionless rule. The bears of Russian waste driving out Canadian and American manure or making them pay a fine than wheat of unsurpassed quality arriving in increasing volumes, of money-lenders, mortgagees, arrears of rent, unsalable farms, with all credit on the part of large farmers, towards small ones, and shopkeepers towards large and small alike. There is, unhappily, a further element of misfortune, which, some two months ago, would hardly be expected, and of which there were then few indications, but which of late has assumed increasingly alarming dimensions. The potato crop is universally admitted, even already, to be about half the value of the crop for 1885. It is attributed to the result of the very unfavorable weather and the backward season, but especially of the disastrous floods of the last three or four months. Throughout the entire valley of the Blackwater, and the valley of the Bann, the potato crop is either lying under water or covered beneath upon. A great quantity recently dug out turned out to be useless, and in a state in which not a pig would eat.

Mrs. Garrett, of Annaghavan, attempted, last month, to sell her farm of 16 acres, but without getting a solitary offer. This farm could easily have been sold for about ten years ago, and for half as much again two years further back. It has not sold the tenant right on land, of much the same quality, in the same neighborhood, was sold at £25 per acre. On a plot immediately adjoining Colonel Waring's, about three miles from Rathfriland, and on the townland of Clara, four farmers, named Hughes, Murray, Hickson, and Fry, attempted to dispose of their tenant-right. Their farms are all good ones, varying from 18 to 25 acres, and therefore within the purchasing power of substantial yeoman. Yet, not as much as an offer was made for either of them. And, be it remembered, there is no so called illegal combination of farmers, the district being thoroughly Orange, Presbyterian, landlord-loving, and loyal.

CORK—At the Connaught Convent, on Nov. 30, the solemn ceremony of profession took place, when Miss Catherine, in religion Sister M. Cantee, daughter of the late Dr. Cormac, of Youghal, made her solemn vows.

The tenants of the Blennerville estate have adopted the "Plan of Campaign" and removed all their cattle and property off the lands.

The Mallow Board of Guardians have adopted a resolution to establish a "special ward" for evicted tenants and destitute landlords."

The usual monthly meeting of the Irish diocesan Chapter, took place on Dec. 3d, in the Cathedral. The Bishop, the Dean, and all the members were present, with the exception of Canon Barry, P. P., Glanmire, who was absent through illness. The meeting was signalized by the formal installation of Dr. O'Callaghan as Bishop of Cork. The Papal Bull authorizing his consecration as Coadjutor Bishop of Cork, with right of succession to Dr. Delaney, was read to the assembled Canons by Mgr. Neville, Dean of Cork. This document, which was signed by the Pope, was read on the occasion of the consecration of Dr. O'Callaghan in Rome, on June 29th, 1884, and the reading was the proclamation of his episcopal authority over the Diocese of Cork. The Bishop, in full canonicals, was then conducted to the throne, where, for the first time, he took his seat.

On Nov. 27th, the memorial to the late Very Rev. Canon Buckley, P. P., that had been designed, and brought, by Mr. John Ryan—a young sculptor of Lisburn road, Cork,—was erected and unveiled in the church recently erected at Buttevant. The memorial in question has taken the form of a double-faced Celtic cross, one side of which bronts the church where the good priest had ministered so efficiently. The other looks out upon the street, at once attracting attention by its graceful and stately appearance, and by its carving and plentifully scattered throughout, wrought with thousand pounds by the skill and cunning chisel of the artist. It stands upon a double limestone block, and represents a wolfhound base of Beaumont granite, in which are inserted one front and two side panels of white Carrara marble.

Mr. James Ryan, Rev. J. E. Kiernan, Cork, died suddenly on Nov. 26th. Mr. Ryan succeeded the representation of Cork at the general election of 1874.

The nomination of the Irish Cupaneen provinces has been received from Rochestown, county Cork, by Kilkenny, and the prefecture of studies in the diocese of Newark, which then included the whole State of New Jersey. He was also founder and first president of the Seton Hall College.

There are now nearly 30,000 children in the Christian free schools in the diocese of Newark and Trenton; and a few weeks ago Bishop McQuaid preached at the laying of the corner-stone of a new and magnificent school in Morristown, where long ago he gave an unpromised testimony of his earnest zeal in the cause to which his whole life has been devoted.

Appointed Bishop of Rochester in 1868, he found the new diocese, except for a few little academies in his episcopal city, destitute of schools. In the face of difficulties which would have deterred even a fairly resolute spirit, he set at repairing on a new field the work he had done so successfully in New Jersey, and in little more than ten years the entire diocese was provided with free schools, which impartial judges have pronounced unsurpassed in America.

During this time his articles in the *North American Review*, the *Journal of Education*, the *New York Independent*, etc., attracted wide attention. He was looked to as the foremost exponent of Catholic education from the Catholic standpoint, and to be or to many and urgent invitations lectured on this theme in the principal cities of the Union.

Readers of the *Pilot* will remember his lecture, ten years ago, in Boston, at the invitation of the Free Religious Association (Free Thinkers). He then expressed his conviction that the equitable settlement of the school question would come from Boston and Massachusetts, which in the very outset of their history made religion the cornerstone of education. The recent significant utterance of President Eliot of Harvard University, and a prominent Boston newspaper, which we quoted in a late issue of the *Pilot*, of Boston Catholic journals, are the wisdom of succeeding something to thus, begin to give to the Bishop's words the prophetic aspect—*Pilot*.

Success.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a set, that Lord Beaconsfield's Pimples Treatise has equal for the cure of Pimples, Blotches and Throat troubles. *Sold only by mail.* Price 25 cents.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS MARY RIERDON.

LEITRIM—In Mohill, December 21 Mary, widow of John O'Rierdon, aged 80 years. Deceased was a native of Mohill, County Leitrim, and was the mother of a family of twenty-four children, of whom twelve survived her, viz., Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. Mary Hughes. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved relatives in their sad bereavement, and we hope that the prayers of the faithful will be offered up for the repose of her soul. Her loss will be felt by the poor, to whom she was a ministering angel, and her place will be hard to fill. Her funeral was very large, and the cortège was composed of the clergy of the parish, and a large number of the people of the parish. The remains were interred in the family burial place, in the cemetery of Mohill, on the 23rd inst. The following were the pall-bearers: Mr. Michael Rierdon, Mr. Thomas Rierdon, Mr. Michael Rierdon, Mr. Thomas Rierdon, Mr. Michael Rierdon, Mr. Thomas Rierdon. May her soul rest in peace! Amen.

MARRIED.

DIED.

Important Notice to Catholics.

HEARING RESTORED.

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Market Report.

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THE MONITOR,
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Devoted to the Profession and Defence of Catholic Principles.
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The Monitor.

For Thy Sons do not abandon to any the Truth.... Strive for Justice for thy Sons, and even unto Death fight for Justice, and God will overthrow thy enemies by Thee. (Ecclesiastes 4: 28)

THE MONITOR
is now in its thirteenth year of publication, and is a standard-bearer and a staunch and reliable Religious Newspaper, has passed the 4 mile circulation and an influence which makes THE MONITOR a valuable medium for advertising.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS
Communications, to secure insertion, (that I be handed in not later than Tuesday of each week.

Communications will be inserted unless accompanied by the writer's real name. This is required as a proof of good faith.

Communications should be clearly condensed from all interested in the same subject by this journal. Correspondents should be as brief as possible, and should write only on one side of the paper only. We cannot undertake to return MS. that is not used.

All contributions and communications, whether on business or otherwise are to be addressed to the Manager.

VOL. XXX. SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1887. NO. 14.

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Poetry.

THE PRICELESS THINGS.

Those are vulgar things we pay for, be they
stones for or reps of kings;
While the precious and the peerless are angelical
symbols things

Common debts are scored and cancelled, weighed
and measured out for gold;
But the debts from men to men, their account is
never told.

Always, see, the jubilant nations keep their high-
est prize unknown;
Clearness's deathless lies frowned above unbel-
tered stone.

Ah, the Greeks knew: Come their citizens lan-
guid from the secret gates,
Under arches red with roses, flushed to hear their
shrieked laurels!

See their native cities take thefts, beach the wall
to make a gate!
What supreme reward is theirs who bring such
honors to their State!

So the forum stand they proudly, take their
prize from the priest!
Little wreaths of pine and parsley on their sinker
temples press!!

We in later days are lower! When a manlier
stroke is made,
We must raise a purse to pay it—making manli-
ness a trade.

Sacrifice itself grows venal—surely Midas will
subsidize;
And the shallow souls are gratified when worth
accepts the bribe.

But s'no here amidst the markets, there are
things they dare not price;
Dollars like their nickel lines when they meet
ancient eyes.

Lovers do not speak with jewels—flowers alone
can plead for them.
And one fragrant memory cherished is far dearer
than a gem.

Statesmen show the nation safely, artists gain
the burning test;
And their country pays them proudly with a
ribbon at the breast.

What the soldier saves the battle, wraps the
flag around his heart;
Who shall demarcate his honor with the values of
the mart?

From his gains of houses we how a piece, and
carve us a relic;
For the gain he gave was priceless, as napoleon
spoke to his lance.

When the poet sings the love song, or the song of
life and death,
Till the workers cease their toiling with shaded,
wondering breath;

When he sifts the mill and mine, inspires the
slave to rise and dare;
Lights with fire the obscurest garret, bids the
tyrant to be aware!

When he stands the pang from poverty with
meanings new and clear,
Recounting pain and peace, and bringing bliss-
ful visions near;

His reward! Not cross nor ribbon, but all others
high above;
They have earned their glittering symbols; he
has earned the people's love.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE HEART OF A MOTHER.

You were so far away
Beyond all help from me,
And the cruel waves were grey
Or else the clouds were grey
Where you were tossed threat-kingly,
And the wailing winds were blare
My heart went out to you.

I always felt afraid
You were out in the stormy weather,
The rain on your head beginning to rust,
The wind and the rain together,
Ah me! I never knew
What harm might come to you.

So many pains there are
And perils by land and sea,
And such the cruel war
And such the wailed must dree;
And it might be even then,
You lived your home of pain.

My fears were unavailing,
You are safe and home to stay,
My dear who went sailing
Out in the wide sea day;
Or Death's wide sea one day:
You answer not my call
Across the gray sea wall.

I follow with your eyes
Your boat's long lonely track,
But you are not with them
Nor long that you were back;
You're not with mate of your
Want safe to port, I know.

Oh! is the sea land? I ask
Of those who have journeyed to,
Where is your home, dear one?
And hills of marvellous hue,
And a city's shining spires
Pondered of day dawn's fires?

Oh! is it a pleasant country
That you are come into
With lawns on the green wood tree,
And birds above in the blue,
And shades below the trees
Where the weary dream at ease?

And little children playing
On a green and golden mead,
And one o'er the green sward straying
Whom here I have indeed—
The dead face on the road,
The sober face and good?

Oh! is it a pleasant country
That you are come into
With lawns on the green wood tree,
And birds above in the blue,
And shades below the trees
Where the weary dream at ease?

Literary Miscellany.

The Shoonean.

[FROM THE CATHOLIC WORLD FOR DECEMBER.]

CHAPTER I.

Alexander Macallister, of Batemeer, in the County of Wexford in Ireland—familiarly known in Kerdiston as "Sandy the shoonean"—was the supremeanous proprietor of a green lock, lying twixt Kerdiston and Ballyfoyle, roundly land-locked on three sides by a sufficiently picturesque rocky promontory, also fitted from month till night to meet the half-yearly "gale-day" of land extraction, he was a rigid Presbyterian, a bitter hater of Catholicism, a valiant loyalist—as the term goes—and a prominent member of an anti-lodge.

With his wife and daughter, the latter a beautiful young girl just budding into early womanhood, he resided in a big, unpainted, slate-roofed Batemeer House, which was situated on the only cultivated and tenable portion of his property. This shabby genteel residence was deprived of much of its bleak appearance by a profusion of wide-spreading shade-trees that enveloped it at every side. From the porch fronting the hall-door a gravelled carriage way led down to the main entrance through a lawn of vivid greenness in spring and early summer profusely decked with yellow dafodils and silvery daisies.

A large, low-ceiled, iron-barred gateway, a pair of white-washed piers surmounted with lime-me globes, a tremulous lodge-house, and several large elm trees, the home of a large colony of cawing rooks, were the most conspicuous characteristics of the abode of struggling gentility as viewed from the public road.

Major Brown, of the County Wexford militia, was a constant visitor at Batemeer House. Comly said he was paying his attentions to the lovely Flora Macallister, but to the gaze of an ordinary observer his manner and unexpensive manner in which these attentions were received told plainly that his suit was not a successful one.

The major, as a rule, spent his Sunday at church, and then drove home with them to a meagre yet ceremonious dinner, after which he lost and himself sifted away the evening over a couple of tumblers of weak whiskey toddy, discussing the stirring political events of the day, which, indeed, formed such great prominence in earlier conversations of a serious all the landed gentry in the county.

One Sunday evening, as the major and his host were engaged in this harmless settled of entertainment, the latter picked up a copy of the local Nationalist newspaper, and, running his eye over the columns, stopped at one particular paragraph, to which he invited the attention of his guest.

"Major," he inquired, "is there any truth in this story, boyeh? The Duncannon Warrior and the Jackass?"

"Not that I know of," replied the major, as his steady, fiery eyeballs fudged out in anticipation of a suspected unpleasant revelation. "I don't know who the blackguards can mean by a Duncannon warrior. Of course I have to attend drill at the fortress whenever that casually seems of puppet rebels seized the Wexford militia are called out for their annual training."

"Listen to this," said Macallister, adjusting his spectacles on his aquiline nose—"A few nights ago, as a well known Duncannon man was returning home at a late hour, he was accosted by three men, who, after paying a visit to a sympathetic Shoonean, one of them said, 'Sure there's mule-donkeys insisted upon entering into a practical discussion with this gallant son of Mars on the much-talked-of subject of physical force.

After a few brilliant rounds in the dark the jawbone or the ass was victorious, and the poor warrior was left behind, the Jackass proceeding on his way, as if to inform them to the ass-driving—work, for they'll do nothing for me, says the Irish, 'but set their mules loose and they'll do the rest themselves.' Well, major, interrupted the host, "you heard a sacraight in the trap. I presume he visited the cellar prepared to read the paper."

"Not only that, Sandy, but he actually did read a large portion of a scandalous epistle from Paul—and as his sight naturally weak and the room was so dark, he would have probably gone on reading, I dare say, but, being warm, it met that one of the drowsy attendants thought it of leaving.

"You don't mean to say he actually read the Bible to the donkeys?"

"I regret to say that he did. They were a mixed kind of an assembly, over which their heads alone prevailed, and as it was very dark and Mr Lawson was too anxious to get in some Scripture reading, he did not perceive the disorderly which had assembled in the stable, and commenced the reading of the first verse of the jackass'

"I am sorry for the reverend gentleman, said Macallister, scarcely able to refrain from smiling—"I presume he won't bother himself much further with fellows of this type.

"You may bet your life he won't, Sandy. All the benighted papists in the district may go to—well, they may go to Hong Kong—for any other place of worship, before Mr. Lawson will ever again make a single endeavor to affect their salvation. But here is Mrs Macallister, I declare. Her coming is my signal. To bagh mine I should be moving, Flora dear.

"You seem to have had a very interesting discussion, a buttercup may have been about, remarked the lady ally—but just entered the room.

"Merely a little story I was telling, mavourne, answered the major, rising and moving towards the hall rack, from which he took his overcoat . . . but an end most interesting—very thing you see . . . Ha ah!

"Good night, Flora, responded the host, as he followed his guest out to the hall-door to a dark night. Take care you don't knock up against Shaun Foddlerd on your way.

"The low, dirty scoundrel will keep close to the country lane, thought the major with a hollow laugh, "as long as I carry this hand-stick with me. I will light my pipe—I will keep my hand on my stick—I will keep on whistling.

The major struck a match, and, having lighted his pipe, puffed at one—I think, then, lustrating his coat up to his chin, started out on his homward journey.

CHAPTER II

When Macallister heard his guest shut using the hall-gate after him he retired within the hall, and, barred and bolted the outer door. This he returned to the sitting room, where he found his daughter, and, throwing himself into the easy-chair lately occupied by his friend, proceeded to lean himself slowly in transfer of a whiskey toddy.

His wife sat musingly by the chimney corner, gazing into the embers of the now smouldering fire, and occasionally leaning a kind of long-drawn sigh which caused her husband to turn his eyes slowly in her direction.

Heigho—she ejaculated, at last, a weary, weary world this is when the pocket is not as full as the desires.

Do you want money, Susan—inquired her husband languidly.

What a question! Good gracious Sandy Macallister, the poor woman part of I have growing out over my ears! Of course I want money. I always want money, and that is the very reason why I wished to speak to you about getting further time to pay Mr Lane a bill.

What can Lane do, about it? replied her husband, as he drained down his glass of toddy. It is a little hard on the poor young fellow—Mr Lane—but I'm sure I can do no more in the matter. I wish I could, Susan, I wish I could, but I have to think of your interests as well as my own. I'm not rich, Susan, I'm not rich, and I have to be very careful of my money, which leaves the poor young fellow to take his chance with the other creditors.

The following day the lawyer and his client met again in Batemeer House in answer to the lady's invitation

Dunsmeed O'Donoghue, attorney-at-law, was handsome, well-built, intelligent young man. He was a prominent figure at all the National meetings in the country, an eloquent speaker, and a general favorite with every politically-depressed human being in the district. His client, Dan Malone, was a young fellow, of rather old man, whose life might be said to have been entirely spent behind his counter, and who, as he took his seat upon a luxurious cushioned chair, seemed ill at ease at the comfort it afforded. After weighing about uncomfy for some time he sought relief in twirling his hat on his big, fat, speckled hands, and, after giving an owl like gaze about the tastefully furnished apartment, he turned his face in the direction of his legal adviser.

"I wonder, Mattie Donnel, he began, in a low, whispering tone, as he edged his chair over towards his lawyer, "is the place haunted, eh? Do you think I could see it if I stay a bridge he's train on us? You know I can't believe, exactly, in all this stuff.

"I really can't tell you, Dan," replied the lawyer, smiling—"I take it they want more time, and your presence is without doubt, my judgment against them to-morrow. It will be a very, very, hard case if they have the miserable payment of your account, and perhaps sends them up or for himself with them and take chance for your money.

"But do you advise me to do, Mattie Dunsmeed?

"What can you phone," was the quiet reply. "I have already explained the situation to you.

"Well, then Mattie Dunsmeed, said Malone, "in the name of God, I won't press my claim with you, whether you will force the miserable payment of your account, and perhaps sends them up or for himself with them and take chance for your money.

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"Rather foolish of the reverend gentleman, I should say, said Macallister. "He should have asked some of us about the fellow's character.

"That's just what I said to him Sandy—he was very well—But, as Mr Lawson said to me, the less inquiries looked so simple as he actually knew, and, as he said, as the reverend gentleman he knew of any chapter or conformity—or rebellion, as he called it in the Bible, that the unnerved Georgian was fairly taken in. As Mr Lawson told me, quoting the magistrate even plentiful words, 'it would be a charity for you, yer reverence, to read a chapter of two on morality to these lazy shamrocks—some to try all notions them to do a little work—work, for they'll do nothing for me, says the Irish, 'but set their mules loose and they'll do the rest themselves.' Well, major, interrupted the host.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1887.

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

536 KEARNY STREET,

(Fifth floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— Africa has a Catholic population of 1,656,000.

— A magnificent parochial school is being erected at a cost of $45,000 in St. Vincent's parish, Detroit, Mich.

— The Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, will leave Ireland for his new See next week. The Archbishop will visit Rome *en route*.

— William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, has begun an action for £5,000 against the Dublin *Express* for libel, in having accused him of being a swindler and an Invincible.

— Bishop Macheboeuf, of Denver, has recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as a priest. He has been at work in the Rocky Mountains for thirty-five years.

— Boycotting has extended to Australia. The annoyed "escaped nun," "Edith" O'Gorman, whenever she enters a railway carriage or a steamer there, finds an unpleasant that she has no one to keep her company.

— Addressing a temperance meeting at Blackburn, recently, the Bishop of Salford said the moral condition of English society, both with respect to divorce and impurity, dishonesty and intemperance, was far lower than was generally supposed.

— It is a sad fact—established by careful statistics—that more murders are committed in the United States than in any country in the world. The following are the number of murders in the countries mentioned per 10,000,000 inhabitants in each: United Kingdom, 237; Belgium, 240; France, 263; Scandinavia, 266; Germany, 279; Austria, 310; Russia, 363; Italy, 504; Spain, 533; United States, 620.

— We are always reluctant to remove the names of subscribers from our mailing lists, so we again—*for the last time*—call the attention of those in arrears for subscription to remit before the 15th inst., or they run the chance of being without the Monitor after that date, as self-preservation is the first law of live newspapers as well as of nature itself, and we do not mean to keep "barnacles" on our backs to impede our progress.

— The rumor is once more afloat, this time credited to a private telegram received in Baltimore from Rome, that St. Paul's Mina., is to be raised to the dignity of an Archbishopric, with Bishop Ireland as the first Metropolitan, having for suffragans St Cloud and two new dioceses to be created, the one at Mankato, the other at Winona, Dakota is to be divided and to have its Vicariates, the rumor says, a Northern and a Southern, of which latter Bishop Marty will have the government.

— The Catholic Campbell case—unique in its very gross boastfulness—is not without its comical side, amidst the horrish unfolding of the facts. The fight is almost a National one—Irish against Scotch—the Hicols (Lady Colin's family), Lady Miles, Sir William Butler (knighted since the suit began), and Capt. Shaw came from Ireland, and the counsel defending these—Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Symonds, are fellow-countrymen. The Campbells are Scotch, and their advocate, Mr. Finlay, is also a Scotchman, formerly a Doctor of Medicine.

— The city election in Boston, Mass., on December 14th, resulted in a victory for the cause of sound politics. Hugh O'Brien has been elected Mayor by a handsome plurality over Hart, and McHenie, the George-Lather candidates. The following aldermen were elected: John H. Sullivan, Patrick J. Donovan, John A. McLaughlin, Tilly Haynes, Chas. W. Smith, William P. Carroll, Chas. M. Brennick, C. H. Allen, Patrick J. Maguire, Nathan H. Smith, John Lee, Samuel P. Capel. That reads like the roster of an Irish regiment! Assuredly there cannot be many Yankees in Boston!

— We hearty thank all our Atlantic coast contemporaries who have have so kindly noticed the Christmas MONITOR. The Catholic Columbian of Columbus, Ohio, got out a very creditable Supplement for the holiday season, and it is gratifyed at the enterprise manifested by the MONITOR in this respect. Our distant contemporary, *Aide*, of Memphis, Tennessee, is kind enough to say that California talent "contributes to make the MONITOR one of the very best Catholic papers published in this country." Such genial friendship will stimulate us to make the MONITOR better with each new year of its existence.

— At Rome, the Congregation of Rites has decided to proceed with the beatification of the following English martyrs, who suffered under Henry VIII: Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole, the Carthusian Priors Forest, Houghton, Haughton, Pinnipface, Woodhouse, Nelson, Cuthbert, Mayne, professor of the English College; Sherwood, Campion, Bryant, Hay, Johnson, and others, martyring in all sixty. Those martyrs died because they preferred death to accepting the doctrine of the royal supremacy. The *ponente* of the cause is Cardinal Bartolini, Prefect of that Sacred Congregation; the postulator and the vice-postulator are the Very Rev. Father Arnsellim, S. J., and the Rt. Rev. Mgr O'Callaghan, Rector of the English College

MR. BORUCK'S IGNOMINIOUS HAUL DOWN!

Two weeks ago we made the following plain proposition to Marcus D. Boruck, Editor of the *Spirit of the Times* of this city:

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The MONITOR will place the sum of Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000) in the Nevada Bank, subject to the order of Marcus D. Boruck of the city of San Francisco, to be drawn by him and divided among any city charities he may designate, if any four non-Catholic Judges of the popular District of this city shall decide that any statement in the Boruck Report on the Condition of this Province on Mixed Marriages, printed in the MONITOR of Wednesday, December 1, 1886, openly or covertly conveys the grosly false imputation upon the non-Catholic women of California, put upon it by said Marcus D. Boruck.

The said Marcus D. Boruck shall also deposit in the Nevada Bank a similar sum of Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000), to be forfeited to the MONITOR for charitable distribution in such Protestant Judges selected as umpires between us shall decide adversely to the charges made by him against the Priests of this Province when he cites this foul calumny against them: "They say that all women not married in accordance with the rights and ceremonies of the Catholic Church are living in 'horrible concubinage,' or, in other words, are 'harlots.'"

This was as fair a test as could be made in order to arrive at a correct conclusion regarding the truth or the falsity of Mr. Boruck's virulent utterance upon the Pastoral Letter read last November in all the Catholic churches throughout this Ecclesiastical Province. But, as we plainly intimated in a former article, Mr. Boruck designed to keep his unpot uninterpretation of the plain text of the Pastoral Letter in question as a house *banale* for such brazen lies bagels as make up his corporal guard in the Native-American party he proposes to form out of the outcasts and deserters from all the other political organizations in this State. Hence he had no desire to submit his fanatical opinions to any *tribunal* *ever*, well knowing that he would stand pilloried as a public libeler of the Catholic Hierarchy of California if the question were referred to the decision of Protestant gentlemen of such probity as marks the character of the members of the non-Catholic portion of the Judiciary to whom the MONITOR was willing to have this matter in arbitration.

In a long, windy and irrelevant article, Mr. Boruck squirms and splurges to his effort to evade the direct proposition of the MONITOR and to conceal the real animus of his attack upon the Pastoral Letter which caused all his affected anger, his fearful fulminations and his mistaken zeal in the wrong direction.

No doubt Mr. Boruck will feel very *cheap* when we inform him that the same *Pastoral Letter* which caused such an ebullition of emasculated "patriotism" on his part, has been read annually in every Catholic Church in California during the *past eighteen years!* It has been printed, published and distributed both in Circular form and also in the MONITOR, yet—with all the affected Quixotic chivalry which Mr. Boruck evinces for the name and fame of the fair Protestant wives and mothers of this coast—he never found it convenient to manifest his Pastoral Letter until 1886, when his Native-American banshee was born into the world!

When, however, the time came to "leave the bastard political bantling of Mr. Boruck's begetting," this pantling parent, this great American Mogul, this modern *Romulus Parmus*, at once disowned his war paint, his political tomahawk! Now his tin sword and—assuming a swaggering air—proclaimed to the world

"Thus who would our wives disdain,
Must meet great Boruck, face to face."

But sensible people laughed as they witnessed the caverings of the doughty warrior clothed as a gay as compass tin and tinsel armor. And now that it is generally known that the Pastoral Letter in question was first issued *eighteen years ago*, it only goes to show how *silly* and how *false* Mr. Boruck has been in accusing his non-Catholic sphere! Mr. Boruck has also rest satisfied that the Pastoral which has aroused his bigotry will continue to be read and printed annually for years to come, even long after the bones of Marcus D. Boruck are left to bleach upon the farmer and hills of some deserted cemetery The Catholic Church never changes. He who attacks the doctrine contained in even the youngest member of her Hierarchy, and find himself sparring him all that Prelate's predecessors, all the Popes, all the Fathers of the Church, and every member proclaimed by the Holy of Christianity.

After the ensemble onlerfage which the Editor of the *Spirit of the Times* has reported to in order to crucify out of his church calumniating attitude, we have no further words to waste upon this hot-string antagonist of antiquated principles. We made the proposition above printed with the honest intention of settling the question in the manner most congenial to a gentleman at the head of a "sporting" paper, but as he has seen fit not to accept our fair and non-Catholic test, the only course left for us is to assure Mr. Boruck that our Challenge still remains open for the acceptance of himself or the whole Native-American party—with Pinky pitched in for top dressing!

Mr. Boruck deems it known that during his thirty-five years of journalism in this State he has never attacked the Catholic Church through his paper until the occurrence of the present discussion, and for this let us congratulate him upon his just wisdom whilst we lament his recent folly! He evidently makes a great mistake, yet he hides the manliness to admit it, but let him learn wisdom from experience, and this from time to time as his sore paint and burns into his his armor to set the ridiculous *Bombastes Furioso* of his fanatical spirit on him to make the laughable mistake of asking up like an old religious Rip Van Winkle eighteen years after the enemy has made a mysterious "attack" upon the fortress of his favored community!

In conclusion, therefore, of the frustrated Knight's late outbreak against the *Pastoral Letter* he made in this his first attack upon the unencumbered citadel of the Catholic Church, let us as a non-bound friend and well wisher kindly advise him to put a practical construction upon the adage—"*Cobbler, stick to your last*." A man may be a good dog fancier and yet prove a dunce when he enters the domain of dogmatic theology. He may understand the rules of the Prize Ring, yet on Ecclesiastical matters not know the difference between a Wesley and a Bishop.

And this is precisely the case with Brother Boruck. As an authority on "dogging," duck-shooting and dogcoursing he may be dubbed Sir Oracle, forsooth, in all Christian charity, we advise him to stick close to the tanbark, the trap, the trigger and the turf, where he will find congenial employment and liberal applause, rather than to venture outside his sphere—counting both dogs and fleas—and, in the attempt, disgracefully defeat and inexplicable disaster by presuming to pick flaws in Ecclesiastical documents which he has not the mean nary classical and Christian education to analyze, nor the mental capacity to comprehend—much less to interpret correctly.

When a low-pitcy undertaker undertakes Honor, the world laughs at his antlow arrogance, and, in like manner, when the representative of a sporting paper undertakes to enter the ecclesiastical arena, he may spread and strut like a turkey gobbler in the eye of Thanksgiving, but he can never, by any mischance, be mistaken for a gospel gladiator.

Finally, as Mr. Boruck had the courage, bad taste to allude to the MONITOR's "limited circulation," we are forced to inform him to build a lofier-iron roof over his cuckoo transparental country lest he throw stones at the Monitor regarding its circulation. When we read Mr. Boruck's contemptible and insulted reflection upon the Monitor's circulation, we naturally consulted the *Pacific States Newspaper Directory*, issued by Messrs. Palmer & Rey, of this city, in order to see the immense circulation enjoyed by that gentleman's journal who spoke thus disparagingly of the Monitor's circulation. Here is what we discovered:

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— Cardinal Theodili, Master of the Papa's Household, has had before his Holiness the Judgment of the Vatican for 1887. The fixed income is 320,000 francs, derived from the capital left by Pius IX., and deposited with English banking houses. Another 120,000 francs are derived from rents, and forty or 120,000 are obliated to come from the St. Peter's Pence. The expenses being calculated at 320,000, there would be a deficit of 120,000. In prospect of the expenses of the approaching exhibition in the Vatican, the Pope has decided that he will take nothing from the patrimony left by Pius IX., and has therefore dispensed with various proposed expenditures

— Twenty-one of the Orange participants in the recent Belfast riots have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment ranging from three months to seven years. This may teach these bigoted leaders, we hope, that Catholics even in the Black North have some rights which they are bound to respect.

We heartily congratulate our old friend Hon. Sylvester Pennoyer, formerly of Oregon, upon having secured such a sterling gentleman as Peter H. D'Arcy of Salem to be his private Secretary. We have known Peter since he boyhood years, and the longer we know him the more highly we esteem him.

— Father Felix, Superior of the Passionists in St Louis, having finished the necessary authorization from the proper superior, will commence preaching the Jubilee Mission in the metropolitan church of the Catholics of St. Louis, beginning Sunday the 16th inst. Father Felix, Superior of the Passionists in St Louis, having finished the necessary authorization from the proper superior, will commence preaching the Jubilee Mission in the metropolitan church of the Catholics of St. Louis, beginning Sunday the 16th inst.

BROTHER McCARRY ON MARRIAGE.

It is the unusual and astonishing to Catholics when reading the numerous assaults which half nonconformist Protestant preachers like Brother McCarry of the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, occasionally make upon the Doctrines of the Catholic Church, to witness the torturing of truth, the blind blundering ignorance, and the plausible perfidiousness which they resort to in order to show that "Romanism is strong and Sectarianism right.

Some of our readers may find curious the appended extract from a recent article by Brother McCarry

Brother McCarry Who Takes the "Hall Mary."

intimed that when a husband and Mormon man marguarded moment to print his opinions upon Marriage, and thus entailed upon the poor deluded preacher another public flogging from for indulging in his favorite pastime of falsifying the God given doctrines of Purity and unlimited Christianity.

With all his bigoted blundering errors and evangelical ton foolery, we have hitherto considered Brother McCarry in the light of a magnified Christian gentleman whose misfortune it was to be a Methodist preacher, but when the editor of a religious paper permits himself to publicly insult the consecrated Archbishop of San Francisco, we may reasonably infer that beneath the surface of that Christian Mask, he is a fiendish prelatess, there lurks the hatred of Luther, the brutal instincts of infernal malice, and the venom of diabolical rancor

We desire to be at peace with all men, but we will never purchase peace at the sacrifice of principle, nor by satisfying our conscience when the church of God or His consecrated Prelates are attacked.

Let us see what changes Brother McCarry may bring against the Catholic Church, so we can refute them all satisfactorily. But when he disgraces even the conversants of evangelical piety by the brutal allusions of a blackguard towards our holy beloved pastor, we can only think that the Christianity has fought so that they are called "Blessed by our Divine Redeemer" who are persecuted for justice sake and the reason good Lord Bishop we dismiss the prayer of our Brother McCarry, and our conscience is clear in the matter of his fulsome flattery.

The first bloody item which Brother McCrary fulminates his fanatical sanctit upon the Sacrament of Marriage, is when he says:

"Great marital scorching to the end that will be not proper offer is legal, binding and sacred, and the parties are not living in a state of horrible concubinage."

And this is what is called "Christianity from the Methodist standpoint. Any man and woman no matter how drunk they have been married and discharged on such a portion of the Pious is hitched together, and have their marriage sanctified by Brother McCary as "legal, binding and sacred." He as Wesley would re-bake Brothel or Mormon for this blasphemous use of the word sacred and "Christianity" in the morning? Why Mormonism—which we do not—is a pure and undefiled religion when compared with the blasphemous conversion of the Sacrament of Marriage into a Brothel ceremony. Brother McCarry, if you are so well versed in Christianity, why not inform your readers that the Sacrament of Marriage is a sacrament in the sanctified Church of Christ, and that it is the only sacrament conferred on a man and a woman by a Methodist preacher. Ah Brother McCarry, Luther has learnen the whole Bible, and he has taught the world that as modified Methodist morality that even in preachers oppose the plainest materialism of Christianity.

Now that we have seen what constitutes marriage from a Methodist standpoint, let us see what is the Christian Morality that says in His Word and through His disciples, the first place the law of God distinctly states that "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her, and if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery." The *Divine Law*, but Brother McCrary is so flagitiously incensed against the Catholic Church that he will break every section of the Code of God rather than forward fragments and proclaim the sanctuary of adulterers

Is it any wonder that the world is growing more grossly immoral, more unbelief and more lawless every day, when a Wesleyan preacher can publicly proclaim such a horrible doctrine as part of the Christianity he represents? How can the world law against crime when Christ condemnes? How can the word "sacred" by applied to the act of a civil officer? That Methodist blundering bigot must have forgotten that God has prostituted the egregious folly of publishing such sentiments as diametrically opposed to the plainest teachings of Christianity, and the plainest teachings of the Sacred Scriptures. Brother McCrary, if you are so well versed in Christianity, why not inform your readers that God has condemned such a doctrine as that which Brother McCrary wishes to be called "Christianity" and "Morality" in the morning? Why Mormonism—which we do not—is a pure and undefiled religion when compared with the blasphemous conversion of the Sacrament of Marriage into a Brothel ceremony

Family Fun.

Allied The Music?

A bad little boy lit a pack of shooting crackers and threw them into the street to see them "go off." One of his fisteman's mates came along and picked them before they went off. The mule walked about fifteen feet and stopped. Things wasn't acting right inside. He began to issue the smoke of fire crackers. He laid his left ear around against his ribs and heard some thing. It was then fire-crackers having fun. The mule pecked out about then hundred and a half miles of straight road and started. A negro man him about a mile the other side of the slim house, g ing south, white with perspiration, and emitting of smoke shooting out of her nostrils, mouth and ears, while his tail stuck straight up. He found his mule one morning striking half way through a farm house still smoking. The man had got his family out and put them in a lot of trees. He hauled his mule home, when he got cool enough, on a drag. The man is going to move his house further back of the road, and his wife and daughter will be well when the weather gets warm.

She Wanted To Know All About It.

"So you joined the Macons tonight, did you? So you could have another loafing place to go to nights instead of remaining home with my, ah!" said Mr. Shrinkem's gentler half on his return from the lodge on the night of his initiation.

"Yeah, my dear," he meekly replied.

"Well, then, you just set yourself down in that chair and tell me every word and action you've been through with before you go to bed to night; I'm always wanted to know about these Free Masons fellers and I'll see what kind of company you are going to keep in the future. Don't you lie to me either. As the head of this family, I've got a character to maintain, and I don't want you to begin to drag it in the dirt by coming home at all hours of the morning with your shoes tied around your neck for the neighbors to laugh at. No sir, the first time you are out late again, you sleep out until daylight. You give me that night key this minute before I forget it."

Colored Confidence.

The ability of the average colored servant in the South to steal with impunity from his or her employer, as the case may be, is truly phenomenal. "How's your wife, uncle, in yer new place?" asked Jim Webster of Mathilde Snowball.

"I've done laid up much dan twenty dollars, and I hadn't drawed a cent ch wages yet."

"I ain't yer sheered day will hold back yer wages?"

"No, I'se got puffec confidence in 'em."

Mistaken Identity.

"What a beautiful child! What an extremely handsome fellow!" says the gushing visitor to the lady of the house.

"Yes, he is a handsome boy, I think."

"Oh, indeed he is. He is the perfect image of his father—the perfect image. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know. I never saw his father. We adopted him."

A Categorical Question.

The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes seems to the most attractive guise. She used as an illustration the parable of a man. "Now," said she, "you have all seen the pear of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yeaum!" from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yeaum."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet there is nevertheless concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger; what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly; "now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

The whole class, relieved a boy on the back seat, and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.

A Curtained Courtship.

A well-known gentleman called on the Widow Collins. During the interesting conversation—interesting because the widow had reasons for suspecting that the gentleman was about to propose—Mrs. Lin's little boy entered the room.

"Dady," said the widow, "can's you spend?"

"Can if I want to."

"Speak to Mr. Gray."

"Don't want to right now. Will after a while."

"You ra a fine little man," said the visitor. "How old are you?"

"Five years old."

"Oh, you are not that old," the widow, with an air of embarrassment, replied.

"That's what you said, anyhow."

"Dady."

"And it some time ago—

"David."

"Before he got to comin here."

"Oh, you are such a young pest. Mr. Gray, please excuse me a moment. I must go out and give instructions to cut dinner. When the widow had gone the boy turned to the visitor and asked:

"Did you come to see my maw?"

"Well, er—that is, my little man; I came to see both of you."

"How old are you?"

"Oh, not very old."

"I don's my paw I

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Ain't dead.

"What?"

"I say he ain't dead. Paw and maw fit, an paw went away, an one day maw told me not to ask him paw my more, but I do, all the same. How much money have you got?"

"Not much."

"Yes, you have."

"How do you know?"

"Maw told Mr a Buck that you had a bushel of money. Are you going to marry my maw?"

"You must not ask such questions," said the visitor, coloring deeply.

"Have you got any sense?"

"Why, of course. What make you ask?"

"I know."

"Well, tell me."

"You might get mad."

"Oh, no I won't."

"Sho' sud?"

"Yes."

"Well, maw told Miss Buck that you didn't have much sense, but said she didn't care."

The widow entered. "Dady, have you been a good boy? Why Mr. Gray, you are not going to leave us?"

"Yes, madam, I must go."

"Oh, do wait until after dinner."

"I am not hungry. Good day."

In the evening, when the ladyfolks begin to tile their sass, the lonely widow wonders why Mr. Gray does not come to her. Hmm know. He is paying his court to an old maid.

The Wonder Flower and Feather Store. No. 104 Market street, is now in the 7th year of its existence, and it daily growing more and more popular as year by year it has left every other feather and flower establishment. The cause of the above is well known and understood. The care of the store is and will at each the period. The enormous elevators are always ready to show goods to certain and customers.

Farm and Home.

Special Adoption of California to the Sugar Beet.

In the northern countries where the beet sugar industry flourishes, the seed is sown in April or May, which grows about fifteen feet and stopped. Things wasn't acting right inside. He began to issue the smoke of fire crackers. He laid his left ear around against his ribs and heard some thing. It was then fire-crackers having fun. The mule pecked out about then hundred and a half miles of straight road and started. A negro man him about a mile the other side of the slim house, g ing south, white with perspiration, and emitting of smoke shooting out of her nostrils, mouth and ears, while his tail stuck straight up. He found his mule one morning striking half way through a farm house still smoking. The man had got his family out and put them in a lot of trees. He hauled his mule home, when he got cool enough, on a drag. The man is going to move his house further back of the road, and his wife and daughter will be well when the weather gets warm.

THE GIANT OF MEDICINES.

The Most Effective and Popular Remedy Ever Discovered.

WHY IS IT SO EFFECTIVE IN SO MANY DIFFERENT DISEASES?

WHY one remedy can affect so many cases is this: The diseases have a common cause, and a remedy that can affect the cause, permanently cures all that is in its power. Nine-tenths of the ailments of humanity are caused by derangement of the digestive organs. It is no paradox to say that most of the diseases that are incurable are curable if they are taken in time. Dropsy, Consumption, Bright's Disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, Female Complaints, Kidney Complaints, Urinary Complaints, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Piles, Blood Impurities, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Jaundice, Dizziness, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Bowel

Family Fun.

Afraid The Mule?

A bad little boy lit a pack of shooting crackers and threw them into the street to see them "go off." One of Ira Hileman's mules came along and swallowed them before they went off. The mule walked about fifteen feet and stopped. Things wasn't acting right inside. He began to taste the smoke of fire crackers. He laid his left ear around against his ribs and heard some thing. It was them fire-crackers having fun. The mule picked out about three hundred and a half miles of the straight road and started. A negro man him about a mile the other side of the alms house, got in north, while with profanity and tobacco juice he slinged shooting out of her nostrils, mouth and ears, while his tail alone straight up. He found his mule one morning sticking half way through a farm house still smoking. The man had got his family out and put them in a lot of trees. He hauled his mule home, when he got cool enough, on a dray. The man is going to move his house further back of the road, and his wife and daughter will be mad when the weather gets warm.

She Wanted To Know All About It.

"So you joined the Masons last night, did you? So you could have another loafing place to go to nights instead of remaining home with me, eh?" said Mr Shrinkum's gentler half on his return from the lodge on his coming of a humiliation.

"Yeah, my dear," he merely replied.

"Well, then; you just set yourself down in that chair and tell me everything and not action you've been through with before you go to bed to night; I've always wanted to know about these Free Masons fellaws and I'll see what kind of company you are going to keep in the future. Don't you lie to me either. As the head of this family I've got a character to maintain, and I don't want you to begin to undermine it in any way by coming home at all hours of the morning with your shoes tied around your neck for the neighbors to laugh at. No sir; the first time you are out late again, you stay out until daylight. You give me that night this minute before I forget it."

Colored Confidence.

The ability of the average colored servant in the South to steal with impunity from his or her employer, as the case may be, is truly phenomenal. "How yer mean' yer in yer new place?" asked Jim Washer of Mathilda Snow ball.

"I've done laid up mosh dan twenty dollars, and I hain't drawed a cent ob wages fuh it."

"Ain't yer afeered dey will hold back yer wages?"

"No, I've got puffec confardence in 'em."

Mistaken Identity.

"What a beautiful child! What an extremely handsome child!" says the gushing visitor to the lady of the house.

"Yes, he is a handsome boy, I think."

"Oh, indeed he is. He is the perfect image of his father—the perfect image. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know. I never saw his father. We adopted him."

A Categorical Question.

The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes comes in the most attractive guise. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat. "Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?

"Yessum!" from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yessum."

"Well, although the one's paw seems like velvet there is nevertheless concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?" No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger; what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly, "now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers!" exclaimed a boy on the back seat, and the litter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.

A Curtailed Courtship.

A well-known gentleman called on the Widow Collins. During the interesting conversation—interesting because the widow had reasons for suspecting that the gentleman was about to propose—Mrs. Collins's little boy entered the room.

"Dery," said the widow, "what you spose I

"Can I I want to."

"Speak to Mr. Grey."

"I don't want to right now. Will after a while.

"You're a fool little man," said the visitor. "How old are you?"

"Five years old.

"Oh, you are not that old," the widow, with an air of embarrassment, replied.

"What's what you said, anyhow.

"Dery!"

"Said it some time ago."

"David!"

"Before he got to comin here."

"Oh, you are such a young pest, Mr Grey, please excuse me a moment. I must go out and give Isaac another slice of bread."

When the widow had gone the boy turned to the visitor and asked

"Did you come to see my maw?"

"Well, er—that is, my little man I came to see both of you."

"How old are you?"

"Oh, not very old?"

"O dat's my paw!"

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Ain't dead."

"What?"

"I say he ain't dead. Paa and maw St, an paw went away, an' one day maw told me not to call him paw any more, but I do, all the same. How much money have you got?"

"Not much."

"Yes, you have."

"How do you know?"

"Maw told Mr Buck that you had a bushel of money. Are you going to marry my maw?"

"You must not ask such questions," said the visitor, coloring deeply.

"Have you got any sense?"

"Why, of course. What make you ask?

"I know."

"Well, tell me."

"You might get mad."

"Oh, no! work."

"Sho' not?

"Yes."

"Well, maw told Mas Buck that you didn't have much sense; but said she didn't care."

The widow entered. "Dery, have you been a good boy? Why Mr. Grey, yonare, you going to leave us?"

"Yes, madam, I must go."

"Oh, do wait until after dinner."

"I am not hungry. Good day."

In the evening, when the babyfolds begin to fix their eaves, the lonely widow wonders why Mr. Grey does not come to her. Grey knows. He is paying his court to an old maid.

The Wonder Pyrene and Feather Soaps. Pa. 1000 are in daily, being sold in the year of 1 Have may be had of all druggists, and perfumers. Have may be had in Pyrene Soap, Pyrene Soap Powders and Sachet. The name of the above well known, for one will receive free the prepaid on all at each box price. The customers Wholesale are always ready to show goods to visitors and customers.

Farm and Home.

Special Adaption of California to the Sugar Beet.

In the northern countries where the beet sugar industry flourishes, the seed is sown in April or May, with constant dangers from late frosts. The crop then comes in, in a lump, in October and November. It must be then carefully stored away in subterraneous cellars in pits, well ventilated and closely watched, lest either the cold of Winter or the heat generated by some injured and consequently fermenting root, should invade and spoil a pit, or sometimes the whole, of a large board. Despite all precautions and care the rot will with the "non-sugars" and the difficulties of purification increase in a geometrical ratio, so that the campaign is usually brought to a close by the first of January.

In middle and south California no more costly protection than that of open sheds, to keep off the rains, is required from the time of harvest to the end of the campaign, and the perfect ventilation so secured maintains the sugar contents of the roots unchanged for a much greater length of time, the temperature being sufficiently low to prevent a tendency to sprout mid about the middle of February; when, as a rule, the beets are still in better average condition than where they have to be stored under ground. There is thus no difficulty whatever in beginning the annual campaign in the central California to fall six months, and probably more, if early adjustments from the great valley should be found desirable.

In respect to the growing and cultivation of beets, also, California enjoys a not very inconsiderable advantage in the fact of the absence of Summer rains, ordinary seasons does away with a large portion of the expense in manual labor in hoeing and weeding, which forms an item in the cost of production in both in Europe and in the East. With the rough pulp produced in the soil, a single weeding is sufficient where elsewhere three are necessary in order to carry a clean crop to maturity.—*Prof. E. W. Hilgard in the Overland Monthly for December.*

Cotton in California.

It has been known for some time that cotton would prove an advantage in San Diego county from various Six specimens exhibited at the annual county fair, but the first practical demonstration of the fact that it could be grown with profit has been made by John W. Barnes, of Bear valley. Last week W. W. Stewart & Co., an enterprising merchants, received from him at their warehouse thirty-nine sacks, or 3500 pounds, of very fine quality of cotton, which he raised on the farm of S G Antes, as an experiment. The experiment having proved a complete success, he will plant largely this coming season, which he estimates to be a much more profitable crop than grain. The first consignment will be shipped by Stewart & Co., per steamer Anodo, to the Oakland Mills, where it will be manufactured into fabrics. J. B. Frazier, experienced cotton planter of Louisiana, has assisted at and pronounces the quality very superior. There is no reasonable doubt that cotton growing will be one one of the important industries of the county and this behooves our capitalists to see to it that the product is manufactured at home instead of being sent to other cities. Samples of this cotton are now on exhibition at the Sun-Blue, and tinters are invited to call and inspect them.—*San Diego Sun.*

Waste in the Kitchen.

Waste in the kitchen is often great from apparently trivial sources.

In cooking meats the water is thrown out without reserve, and with it the grease from the dripping pan is thrown away.

Scraps of meat are thrown away.

Cold potatoes are left to sour or spoil.

Dry fresh are not boiled, and become wormy.

Unripe fruit sauce is left standing in tin.

Apples are left to decay for want of a cover.

The tea strainer is left open.

Victuals are left exposed to be eaten by mice.

Rinns of meat and the carcass of turkey are thrown away, when they could be used in making soups.

Sugar, tea, coffee and rice are carelessly spilled in the handling.

Soap is left to dissolve and waste in the water.

Rich towels are used for dish cloths.

Napkins are used for dish towels.

Towels are used for holders.

Brooms and mops are not hung up.

More coal is burned than is necessary by not arranging dampers when not using the fire.

Lights are left burning when not used.

Tin dishes are not properly cleaned and dried.

Blood raw browns are used in scrubbing the kitchen floors.

Silverspoons are used in scraping kettles.

Cream is left to mold and spoil.

Mustard is left to spoil in the crust, etc

Vinegar is allowed to stand until the tin vessel becomes corroded and spoiled.

Pickles become spoiled by the leaking out or evaporation of the vinegar.

Pork spoils for want of salt; and beef becomes the brine wants seeding.

Hams become rancid or filled with worm for the want of care.

Cheese molds or is eaten by mice or ermin.

Tea and coffee pots are injured on the stove.

Woodenware is uncoaled and left to warp and crack.

How to Cook.

"I see you try your beefsteak," remarked a tramp with his mouth full.

"Yes, said the woman shortly, 'how would you have it cooked? Roasted?'

"No, certainly not, drawed medamp, broiled. I may be a tramp, he added plaintively, 'but I'm no ostrich.'

Marriage Rules.

A man is what his wife makes him. Never both manifest anger at once. A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire. Never make a remark at the expense of one another; it is manness. It is the mother who moulds the character of the child. Never put children lorting words to think of doing your absence. Husband, it was to her you will not meet again in life. Let each one try to be pleasant to the wishes of the other, which is the cultivation of an absolute un-selfishness. Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and even then preceide it with a sine and lovingly.

Ingratitude and indifference sometimes arise from the absence of husband returns from his business at evening. During this absence throughout the livelong day the wife has been busy with school and hands preparing some little surprise, some new pastime pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enter's seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a lonely wife has burns in her heart as she sitting sorrow, day after day, from season to season until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature has burned out, and natural indifference spreads its pall over the friendly.

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WHY IS IT SO EFFECTIVE IN SO MANY DIFFERENT DISEASES?

WHY one remedy can affect so many cases is this. The diseases have a common cause, and a remedy that can affect the cause, permanently cures all the diseases. Unlike any other organ in the body, the Kidneys when diseased, may itself be free from pain, and the very fact that it is not painful leads many people to deny that it is diseased. Nine-tenths of all diseases are caused by diseased Kidneys.

Symptoms of kidney disease and yet give forth no pain, because it has lost its nerves of sensation, and there are the only means of conveying the sense of pain. Thus unconsciously disease of the kidneys *develops insidiously.* We do not even watch to see if it is going or is in good order. We look at the bowels, or notice the urine. We see no need to open the kidneys, and so it is diseased. We say of the *following Symptoms and Consequences* of Kidney Disease:

SYMPTOMS: Headache, *Unusual desire to urinate at night;* Flutter, *Greasy Froth in water;* Irritated, Hot and Dry skin; Feeble Appetite, Scalds and Neuralgia; Abundance of *pale or nearly pure of dark-colored water;* Sore Stomach; Heartburn with Dyspepsia; Intense pain, upon sudden excitement, Loss of Memory, Rheumatism, Gravel, Stones and Brick Dust Deposits in urine; Feel or a little brick dust, *offensive and infectious in the urine;* Constipation, Costiveness, Alternating with Looseness; Short breath, Flutter and Heart-beat at sudden jerks, Sleeplessness, etc.

These are only the *chief disorders or symptoms* caused by a diseased condition of the kidneys. Now then, but it is clear to you that the kidneys, being the *great filters and strainers,* if they are restored to health by the great specific, *disease* is gone. There is *NO MYSTERY ABOUT IT.* It does cure many bad states of the system, exactly as we have indicated. Now what does it do? It does it by the alliance, the like property of the blood, escapes through their walls and passes away in the form of water, which is thus made to wash the kidneys and free them from the kidneys by the use of **"Warner's SAFE Cure."** *THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.* Its action is *MOST EFFICACIOUS* in all cases of disease of the urinary organs. Its effectiveness in organic diseases of the kidneys, and other, *false action* in the kidneys, is the great feature of the remedy. Now, *these are exactly the conditions* that produce the most *dangerous and fatal results in the system.* Let us notice a few of these diseases and how they are affected by kidney disease.

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE."

CONSUMPTION: As a great many cases of consumption is only the effect of a diseased condition of the organs, and such are cured by the use of **"Warner's SAFE Rheumatic Cure,"** the *kidney poisons attacks their substance and consequently they waste* away and are destroyed. Dip your finger in acid and it is burned. Wash the finger every day in acid and it will be burned, and some day it will be burned. The kidney poison acid in the blood *burns some organ or other, destroying life.* For this reason a prominent physician of Boston, Mass., has for the first personal demonstration of the fact that it could be grown with profit has been made by John W. Barnes, of Bear valley. Last week W. W. Stewart & Co., an enterprising merchants, received from him at their warehouse thirty-nine sacks, or 3500 pounds, of very fine quality of cotton, which he raised on the farm of S G Antes, as an experiment. The experiment having proved a complete success, he will plant largely this coming season, which he estimates to be a much more profitable crop than grain. The first consignment will be shipped by Stewart & Co., per steamer Anodo, to the Oakland Mills, where it will be manufactured into fabrics. J. B. Frazier, experienced cotton planter of Louisiana, has assisted at and pronounces the quality very superior. There is no reasonable doubt that cotton growing will be one one of the important industries of the county and this behooves our capitalists to see to it that the product is manufactured at home instead of being sent to other cities. Samples of this cotton are now on exhibition at the Sun-Blue, and tinters are invited to call and inspect them.—*San Diego Sun.*

IMPAIRED EYE-SIGHT. *Kidney sick with some person has an especial hatred for sight.* It is a curse for disorders, one night, many persons have written an expression, that after a the rough course of treatment, **"Warner's SAFE Cure,"** their eyesight has *been greatly improved.* In fact, one of the first occulists in the country says that *half the patients that come to him will had eyes, upon examination, show kidney disorder.* We have no doubt that the reason why so many people are blind is because the kidney poison in the blood, *settles in the eyes.* Let the kidneys *negative been out of order for years,* and the sight is gradually growing dimmer.

OPIUM HABITS: It is a well-known fact recently shown anew, that opium, habits capture their victims by the *paralyzing effect* of morphine, cocaine, whisky, tobacco and other enslaving habits. In these organs *the appetite is developed and sustained,* and the best authorities are *restored to perfect health.* For this purpose, leading medical men prescribe the only specific for those diseases of all claimants for the fame of **"Warner's SAFE Cure."**

RHEUMATISM: Among reputable physician will tell you that rheumatism is caused by an acid condition of the blood. Vinegar is an acid. Vinegar in the *condition is caused by inactivity of the kidneys and liver, and the stomach and food assimilating organs.* It affects old people more than young people because the acid has been collecting in the system for various forms of rheumatism. **"Warner's SAFE Rheumatic Cure,"** is a great specific for all forms of rheumatism.

BLADDER DISORDERS: Kidney and urinary trouble, *with pelvic pressure of the bladder, frequent urination* and urinary trace. Year and constantly *causing thought these organs inflamed and ulcerated, and the sufferer is in great agony.* Some cases, the kidneys and urinary *are victims of kidney-weakness* in life, is that all women who are subject to the kind of *pressure or stone.* **"Warner's SAFE Cure,"** is the specific for the disease of the bladder, and the kidneys. Gravel, Inflammation and catarrh of the bladder and has effective control the tendency to the formation of gravel and stone. *It challenges comparison* with all other remedies in this work. Buy to-day.

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE."

CONGESTION: Congestion is a collecting together of blood in any one place. *Kidney poison* is the blood to circulate and it stagnates. This condition exists very long the collecting blood clots and eventually *destroys the organ.* Congestion is an unconscious form of this very common disease. Congestion, determined as it is to force blood into every part of the system, has to work harder and palpitation, excessive action, rush of blood to the organ, indicate that the *Congestion has become chronic* and a dense disease to the entire system. Congestion of the kidneys is a common disease. *Congestion is the beginning of much chronic misery.* **"Warner's SAFE Cure"** will remove it.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS: What we have said about Congestion applies with particular force to the above complaints. *They are so common* as to be, and as every doctor can tell you most of them. *Congestion is the beginning of much misery.* **"Warner's SAFE Cure"** is the great specific for disease and produces these countless sufferings which can be alleviated but not destroyed in a public place. Inquire of your druggist.

BLOOD DISORDERS: It is not strange that so many, many people with treatment with **"Warner's SAFE Cure"** *at the same time have given themselves* heavy, blotched, Pimpled skin have disappeared under its potent influence. The *kidney poison in the blood thickens it.* It clogs the pores of the skin and the result is the imperfect action of the system and of the skin, and *if there is any local disease off the business in the kidneys to relief* Further, the expression justifies us in the statement that **"Warner's SAFE Cure"** is the great purifier of the blood, and the skin.

STOMACH DISORDERS: Many people complain of stomach ills, thought, Indigestion, Waterbrash, Heat and distress in the stomach, sharp pains, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Sick headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc., which will be produced in the stomach *when the blood is filled with kidney poison.* People lose themselves a vital parts of stomach *not* but get no better. They never will get better until they give the stomach no less than the kidneys, and liver, which is the source of the only specific—**"Warner's SAFE Cure"**

CONSTIPATION, PILES: These distressing ailments, more without disorders, but are *secondary to imperfect action of the kidneys and liver.* Life is like a hot furnace, which is taken from the blood by the liver. If the liver is torpid, the blood by piles, is almost always on *indication of congested liver,* and a break up down of the system is the consequence, even to the disease the kidneys by the use of **"Warner's SAFE Cure,"** and these constitutional secondary diseases disappear.

HEADACHES: Many people suffer untold agonies all their lives with headache, *cause.* With some temperaments, kidney acid in the blood, in spite of all that can be done, will *irritate and inflame the brain* and produce intense suffering. Those obstinate headaches which do not yield readily to local treatment, may be *regarded* quite certainly as *of a kidney origin.*

THESE ARE SCIENTIFIC FACTS, and, from the way we have set them forth, we think, we have made them plain, that the kidneys, being the *great filters and strainers,* if the "Warner's SAFE Cure" is the specific for the disease of the kidneys, and the diseases of the system, which are *victims of kidney-weakness* in life, is that all women who are subject to the kind of *pressure or stone.* **"Warner's SAFE Cure,"** is the specific for the disease of the bladder, and the kidneys. Gravel, Inflammation and catarrh of the bladder and has effective control the tendency to the formation of gravel and stone. *It challenges comparison* with all other remedies in this work. Buy to-day.

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE."

ASK YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS WHAT THEY THINK OF

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE"

WESTERN HOTEL, 212-14 Broadway Street. JOHN HIGGINS, : : Proprietor (Late Broadway Hotel.)

THE HAWAIIAN CONSULATE. THE OFFICE OF THE HAWAIIAN CONSULATE in San Francisco has removed to No. 417 CALIFORNIA STREET, above the Gregory Bank.

J. O. MCKINLAY, Hawaiian Consul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRICE'S Famous California-Made **CARVERS** For Christmas Presents. (Ella nets made and dumps.) From $7.50 to $15.00 Per Set. M. PRICE, Pioneer Cutler, 415 Kearny St.

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EDUCATIONAL. Academy of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, OAKLAND, CAL. THE ACADEMY RECENTLY OPENED UNDER THE CARE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY, is now in a flourishing condition. Its location is beautifully situated in the City of Oakland, and is equal in every respect to any other Academy in the State. A course of instruction is followed which is thorough and complete in every department of a Young Lady's education. Its pupils have shown a marked proficiency in their studies, and have gained a high reputation for the Academy. The Academy is now prepared to receive a limited number of Boarders, who will be treated with the kindness and affection of a mother. The Academy is pleasantly

MR. JOHN J. ROE.

Funeral Honors Paid the Remains in Dublin.-Resolutions Passed by His Friends in this City.

The *Irish Times*, of Dublin, under date of the 4th ult., contains the following notice of the funeral of Mr. John Roe, who was well known and highly esteemed by a large number of Monitor readers:

Yesterday morning, shortly after 10 o'clock, the remains of the late Mr. John Roe, which reached Queenstown on the previous day from America, were brought on their arrival at Kingsbridge by the Fisher's Inter, Tallon, were removed from that place to Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, by the deceased's sons, John and James.

The remains were followed by his sons and girls of both branches of the dual institute at Athlone, who by their appearance reflected high credit on the management of this noble charity. On reaching the cemetery the remains were brought into the Mortuary Chapel, where prayers for the dead were recited, the interment taking place immediately after. The body was entombed in a broken shell, the outer coffin being a beautiful example of Ancelloc work, richly tinted with silver mountings, while on the top were numerous wreaths and immortelles forwarded by his friends and admirers of the deceased gentleman.

Mr. Roe had long been connected with the Cuban Institution, for which he was collector for more than twenty-two years; and it is not too much to say that to his zealous exertions, during that long period may be attributed the splendid results now to be seen in the buildings and grounds at Cuba, in which the Dominican Sisters and Christian Brothers work so admirably for the dual states of Ireland. To those who have any experience in the difficult work, I admiring subscriptions, Mr. Roe's labors will be easily understood, and to those who have not, it is sufficient to know that it will be sufficient to say that he travelled constantly all the high Ireland, England, and Scotland for almost the period mentioned, receiving large subscriptions from persons of every rank and religious persuasion, and in most cases sending their assistance in a pecuniary manner, monthly. About three years since he left Ireland for America, taking with him a young pupil of the Cuban Institution, who was one of the mourners at the funeral, and is the State Ward transferred from city, receiving every where a generous welcome, and awaking a warm interest in the cause for which Mr. Roe's exertions in both it may be said of Mr. Roe, that he lived for the dual annual Ireland, and in their service he died. He contracted a cold when crossing the mountain region from San Francisco in his way to Nevada, the developing into severe inflammation of the lungs, which proved, unfortunately, fatal. Shortly before dying he expressed a wish that he should be interred in Glasnevin, and his remains were accordingly sent from America. We understand that it is the intention of the committee and friends of the institution to erect in each of the cemeteries, a suitable monument to perpetuate his services and death, in order that the world may ask a heritage may receive. His portrait will also be placed in each of the institutions.

Amongst those attending the funeral were—James, Michael Roe, brother; Patrick Thornton and James Cuerk, brothers-in-law; Wm. Kavanagh, uncle; John, James, Christopher, Patrick, and Michael Thornton, nephews; Thos. Malone, dual sons, who accompanied Mr. Roe through America; and the following members of the committee:—Very Rev. Canon Daniel, P. P., chairman; Very Rev. R. P. Conlan, Rev. Michael Fitzgerald, Rev. Thos. Ryan, Rev. Charles Dunne, Rev. Thos. Ryan, Rev. John F. Barry, William Kelly, J. P.; Rev. Brother P. M. Wickham, Rev. Brother J. Maher, C. M., Chaplain to the Institution; Rev. Brother J. A. Murray, Director of the Institution; Rev. Brother L. O'Neill, Director of St. Vincent's Orphanage; Daniel Cullen, Secretary to the Institution; Dr. O'Farrell, Rev. Brother T. M. Gallagher, Brother J. A. Gallagher, Brother M. J. Smith, Brother J. B. Fleming, Brother W. J. Warren, Brother Ignatius, Brother C. J. Healy, Brother M. F. Byrne, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Wm. Cullen, Michael Cullen, Thos. Sullivan, Wm. Cullen, Michael Cullen, Thos. Cullen, Thos. Cullen, Michael Cullen, Michael Cullen, Michael Cullen, Master Matthew Sandiman, John Hickey, J. Collins, Edward Tresse, James Higgins, J. Redmond, Cullen, Thomas Kenny, J. Cullen, Michael Cullen, Patrick Kelly, P. Kelly, J. O'Reilly, J. O'Donnell, J. Mahoney, Joseph Fitzpatrick, Arthur Fitzpatrick, Esq.

The funeral arrangements were admirably carried out by Mrs. Farrell, of Marlborough street.

ACTION OF THE PUBLIC COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Catholic Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Dublin, Ireland, to take some steps in relation to the death of Mr. Roe, the following resolutions were adopted:

"*Resolved*: That the Committee express their sorrow at the death of John Roe, for over 22 years collector for the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and that, as a mark of respect and esteem for every respect, should be paid to his memory by the attendance of as many members of the Committee as possible at his interment in Glasnevin. Moved by John F. Barry, Esq., seconded by Rev. E. F. Conlan, D.D.

Resolved: That a marble tablet with the date of his death be erected in each chapel of each Institution. Moved by Chas. Kennedy Esq., P.P., seconded by William Kelly, Esq., J. P.

Resolved: That an oil painting be executed and with an appropriate inscription be hung in the school rooms or other prominent place in each institution."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The following resolutions were adopted at the San Francisco meeting of the friends of the late John J. Roe:

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst and from the sphere of his great usefulness our beloved friend John J. Roe; and

WHEREAS we during our intercourse with him having witnessed his untiring efforts in behalf of the cause which brought him from his native land, desire to testify to the sorrow which we feel at his untimely taking off even while in the height of his success, for that which was his only cause of life, the welfare of afflicted humanity; and

WHEREAS we believe that in his demise there has been sustained an irreparable loss not only among the hundreds throughout this and Mexico, but also among those who only language is the sign of the sorrow which we feel at his untimely death; therefore be it resolved

Resolved: That in this their hour of affliction we tender our sympathy in the loss our earnest sympathy and

Resolved: That the thanks of the Institution which he represented and for which he labored so assiduously and faithfully, are due to Mr. Mary Jory who at great inconvenience and expense to herself and family left her home in Minister to his wants in his last illness, and furthermore be it

Resolved: That we endorse and commend his zeal in completing the work he so nobly begun, that his remains be sent to the land of his nativity and

Resolved: That copies of these resolutions be engrossed and forwarded to his relatives and to the Catholic Institutions of the Dual and Irish Dublin, Ireland.

Governor Washington Bartlett, S. J. McCoy, stock, chairman; Albert J. Brenner, secretary; R. C. Tobin, Mrs. R. C. Tobin, Chas. A. Clinton, M. H., Hon. Thomas Andrews, Mch. Ansorth, Miss McDonald, Robert, Tobin, C. F. Kennedy, J. J. O'Brien, Miss Agnes Manning, Miss Lizzie Manning, H. B. Hall, M. H., Jas. McFarland, James Hughes, J. J. Wm. Lynch, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Miss Lynch, Miss Lynch, P. C. McGinty, W. T. Bell, M. H., John O'Brien, Carlos Dwyer, P. Boland, Thomas Keane, Mrs. Brennan, Miss Rosalie Brennan, Mrs. Jennie J. B. Argenti, James B. Duggan, Thomas R. Carew, Wm. E. Roberts, Thos. Brennan, Thos. F. Prendergast, John F. Nolan, John Edgar, James Morgan, M. D., C. M. Enright, M. D., Jas. T. K. Wilson, James P. Sullivan, M. D., Miss Mitchell, M. Malone, John F. W. Lawor, M. J. Bolan, M. D., Miss Mary Graham, Rev. James Shanle, S. J., Rev. Jas. J. Cummings, Rev. J. J. Cashell, Mrs. J. J. Lynch, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Miss Mary Lynch, Miss Lynch, William Bradley, George H. Wilson, Frank Hopkins, Sheriff, John Lynch, P. J. Murphy, Tullie Argenti, Mrs. Tullie Argenti, Henry White, S. F. White, Revd. Congiato, S. J., Rev. P. Rowling, Rev. C. P. Maria, Rev. J. H. Murphy, John M. V. O'Connor, Mr. David Belden, Mrs. Martin Murphy, J. J. Hanlon, John Morgan, John Conway, Timothy Lonsey, James Lynch, Jas. Fitzgerald, Malachy, Terrence Scully, Timothy O'Neil, James M. Mahon, Edward McGoughlin, and B. T. McLoe, of San Jose.

A Friend of the Irish Cause.

A member of the Irish Association, a gentleman of this city presented the Reverend George W. Pepper, Secretary of the Institute of Mount Vernon, with a handsome gold-hooked case suitably engraved, in token of their appreciation of his long service. Cheerful in the Irish people's cause. The following were the donors of the handsome souvenir: Messrs. E. T. Hanmity, J. Mahoney, J. P. Griffin, Bryan O'Connor, J. M. Shannon, O. Reilly, Peter Reilly, P. J. Donnel, M. Conroy, Jas. Kelly.

Holiday Presents.

A dozen pictures in book by Flagler, hand them to the door once at home. Have one enlarged and stamp remembered—it will be an acceptable present. Flagler's gallery is the finest and most complete in the city and produces the best photo group. Market and Ninth streets.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

New Officers Elected for 1887 in Catholic Organizations.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS, VIRGINIA CITY.—At the anniversaries of St. Mary's Branch, No. 1, C. K. of A., America, the following officers were elected: Spiritual Director, Father Tolmen; President, Frank Gardner; Vice-President, Owen Brennan; Recording Secretary, Thomas Cullen; Financial Secretary, D. J. Mahony; Treasurer, P. H. Ford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Patrick Rogers; Sentinel, Timothy White; Trustees, P. J. McNamara, J. F. Egan and Wm. English.

St. MARY'S (T. A. B. SOCIETY, A.O.H.) Leonard, president (re-elected); Ed. Hoolihan, vice-president; Charles J. Sandiss, treasurer; J. J. Kennedy, recording secretary (re-elected); Thos. Ryan, financial secretary; James Sandiss, sentinel; John Mullen, Michael Gresham, James Sullivan, trustees; Thomas Nelson, sergeant-at-arms; Dr. E. Phelan, physician (re-elected).

GRATTAN'S SOCIETY, St. Patrick's Church, Spiritual Director, Rev. J. M. Nast, S. J.; President, James E. Kelly; First Assistant President, Thomas R. Carew, Second Assistant President, Charles L. Cheney; Secretary, J. F. Finnerhill; Treasurer, F. J. Ford; Librarian, William Sullivan; Sentinel, J. Kelly; Door Keeper, Thomas Lynch; Marshals, Patrick McDonald and Lawrence Wise; Guardian, Jas. Ford; Trustees, Hugh J. Murphy, Maurice Jordan, Jos. Brennan, James Power; second division, Peter Lynch, Jr., and Matthew Kelly; third division, T. Fitzsimmons; fourth division, Mark Campbell; fifth division, James Markel and James Hendrick; sixth division, Edwin Lang.

St. MARY'S BRANCH, C. K. A.—At a meeting of St. Mary's Branch, Catholic Knights of America, held last Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Spiritual Director, Rev. W. F. King; President, Dr. J. F. Gibbons; Vice-President, M. D. O'Donnell; Recording Secretary, J. J. Martin; Financial Secretary, C. J. Kelly; Treasurer, Thomas Ryan; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. F. Cullen; Sentinel, Jas. McCall; Trustees, Jas. Mathews, Sergeant-at-Arms, M. F. Burke; Sentinel, Nancy.

ST. PETER'S PARISH, C. K. A.—No. 61.—The Dalton Guards, Knights of Honor, meet the third Sundays of each month, at 8 o'clock P. M. Officers for 1887: Spiritual Director, Rev. J. Bourgeret; President, J. P. McGinnis; Vice-President, A. Boyd; Recording Secretary, P. E. Farrally; Treasurer, Frank Voit; Sergeant-at-Arms, Andrew Boyd; Sentinel, J. F. Stallman; Trustees, J. Voit, Wm. Horan, J. Lynch, Jas. Flows; 3 years, Dave Burke.

—St. JOSEPH'S BRANCH C. K. A.—President, W. J. O'Brien; Vice President, Mark Campbell; Treasurer, T. B. Cleary; Recording Secretary, T. J. Dugan; Financial Secretary, J. B. Hall; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Cleary; Trustees, M. Dolan, T. J. McGuire, J. Ryan; Sentinel, Jas. Cleary; Guard, J. Ryan.

TRINO CHILDREN'S CLASS.—Thomas Cassidy, William Cassidy, Matthew Gleason, Thomas J. O'Connell.

FORTIN CHILDREN'S CLASS.—Joseph Hanchy, Thomas Connolly, James Murphy, Joseph Murphy, John Murphy, Michael Dowd, William Wilson, F. Wilson, Frank Richards, Frank Rankin.

FIFTH CHILDREN'S CLASS.—Thomas Cassidy, James Devlin, John Gorman, John Hare, Edward Manning, Joseph Murphy, Thomas Dowd, Daniel Ryan, Frank Sullivan, Edward Sanders.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE CLASS.—William Wilson, James Farlane, William O'Connell, Henry Bateman, John Donovan, James White, George Curtis, Thomas Kenny, J. Cullen, Joseph Richards, John Fagan, Alexander Dumont, Joseph Dowling, John J. Kane, Jas. Reynolds, Dennis Lynch.

THIRD INTERMEDIATE CLASS.—Robert Mullen, Joseph Nolan, Joseph O'Donnell, John O'Connor, Michael Cullen, Jas. Cullen, Jas. Cullen, Michael Cullen, Thomas Kagan, Dennis McCarthy, Michael Cullen, John Fitzpatrick, Jas. Cullen, Michael Cullen, Joseph Cowdery, Daniel Dunn, William Dunn, Thomas Ferrell, James Ferrell, Francis Lynott, Walter Martin.

FIRST PREPARATORY CLASS.—William Brown, John Boulgin, Bertin Craddock, Joseph Crowley, Thomas Mullen, Thomas Mullen, John Mullen, William Gorman, William Hines, Wilson J. Shea, Richard Cox, Jas. Thomas Sanders, William Hines, Jas. Cullen, Joseph Farrell, Thomas Mullen, Joseph Farrell, Thomas Cullen, James Cullen.

FIRST PREPARATORY CLASS.—Jas. Cullen, William Gorman, William Hines, James Dever, Edward Dever, Nicholas Walsh, Frank De Ruse, Frank Gardiner, Thomas Kagan, Arthur Mullen, Aloysius Mullen, William Cullen, John Carter, Thomas Kane, James Reilly, James Sullivan, Lawrence Bonner, Frank Cullen, Jas. Cullen, Jas McCarthy, Edward McCarthy.

SECOND PREPARATORY CLASS.—John Wilson, John Wilson, Edward Kennedy, Thomas Mullen, John McCarthy, Joseph Carter, George Kilduff, Thomas Kane, Thomas Fagan, Thomas Robert Joseph Gorman, James Duffy, James O'Neil, Adolph Steffens, William Cullen, Jas. Cullen, Charles Cullen, Jas. Cullen, Jas. Cullen, Jas.

Poetry.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

As the dead year is cleared by a dead December
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We built our new ladders to climb to the sky.
Mend not in the weights of persuasion, forgetting
Whatever your past hold of wrong or wrong!
We weigh all our strength in a useless regret
Idly
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed your aim? "Well, the mark is still shining;
Did you faint in the race? well, take breath for the sprint;
Did the clouds drive you back? but one yonder flashes lining;
Share you mourned and doubt lest it were for a taint?
As each year harries by let it join that process of light!
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast!
I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any and well will the stars revolve.
If he will but stand fast on the grace of his armor
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all life ruins your fair seems lovely,
For look! how the life of the lovely and gilding
The wave, was force of the broken old world!

ELIZA WHEELER-WILCOX.

THE DOWNY OF MARY.

[Lines suggested by the pageant at the Virgin Mother feast in Lourdes (Lourdes) the last entry.]

They parted Thy downy, my Mother,
Yea, s'en se s'ebla.
In the hour of Thy priestly enthronement
I sed darkly said:
Despoiled of the bride-wreath and jewels,
Ah!, weeping, sent forth
From a world-blighted grandeur
To snowdrifts of earth.

From the altar they led Thee, my Mother;
They silenced the prayer,
And the bellied and stately pealing
Thy name through the air.
To the home and the nave they were flingint
The flowers of Thy shrine;
But the harp and the heart of the minstrel,
My Mother were Thine.

They parted Thy downy, my Mother,
The wealth of the land;
But the harp and the heart of the minstrel,
The strength of their hand.
Hushed, then to mountain sleeping,
The Angel's even strain
Awake to sweet music expression
Again and again.

For anon, when the storm-sounds were raging,
Like winds of the sea,
Up sprang, as the song of the sea bird,
Thy name and Thee.
And the soul, from its temporary chilling,
Breathed wantonness divine;
For the harp and the heart of the minstrel,
My Mother! are Thine.

Though the hands of the minstrel may never
Be lifted in prayer,
Yet wherever the harp chords are wakened,
They sing in thee.
Though the eyes of the minstrel sources ever
Are cast to the sky,
To the heart that knows aught of true beauty
Thy beauty is nigh.

Though the lips of the minstrel have chanted
Earth's weariest sense,
With a soft startled cadence its angelic
A song of Thine one,
Till in some lovely chorus earth's poets
Shall sing of Thee.
For the heart and the harp of the minstrel,
My Mother! are Thine.

M. G. R.

MARTIN THE MONK.

"The dim Cathedral seems o'er my head,
The festival notes seem to me the loud or play.
Gold-barred by sunbeams, through the sun-lit nave
Why do they seem less calm and sweet?" he said,
Falling the solemn chanting of an hymn,
Martin the Monk, at Lincoln-on-the-Hill.

"Has I not spent my life in study and prayer?
My cotter cell, that looks across the hill,
And sees the sunset, is it not hallowed, hushed, and still,
Nor dreamed a thought that might be called a sin?
For my fathers seemed but then to be
Of praising God through all eternity.

"Then I was young, and I could see no harm
The shouter evil, and watched the shadows fall
Upon the quiet cloisters and of the wall;
When one who came cried: 'At the outer gate
Is a beggar, brother Martin, wait to see
And pray that then would'st pass to Galilee.

'Is the sacred years, the lovely Galilee,
From which a stream of rock and cool waters is seen,
Sun-lovely with many a bright-clad, form
I prested him with gladness, for that he
Brought tidings of the world, and from a distant home
Tidings from Rome to me a long time dumb.

'He spoke of home, of parents, and the pain
That one had borne, of love, and joy, and life,
Told of success, of triumph, and of strife;
Then uprose him to his feet and said, and
And I, the monk, back to my cell did go,
With the dream of the world in my heart and show.

'Ah! what a narrow cell is mine, and bare;
Could I have triumphed in the outer world?
Loved, and the honest of home instead
Is my long life to be one constant prayer,
Spoiled by the Children of the Holy Ghost?
Signed the young monk at Lincoln-on-the-Hill.

"I, as he drew adown the holy stair,
Where the dead angels wait, upon the wall
Where hung the crucifix, a ray did fall,
Touching the Saviour with a crown of fire;
I have just found in your company, said Rosen.
For that his soul a reverent awe did feel.

"Martin! I spoke upon the cross of fire
Stretched out, pale, upon the cross, and with thee
Female Mr—shadowing from thy beauties, and
Martin, count thou not lose thy cross! 'e Mr?'
And Martin, kneeling, saw the precious hand
Thorn-crowned and weary, and with tears he said
Ah!

"Lord! I will follow Thee! my cross is light,
My heart is Thine! and with thee words the
Slipped from the wall angels wait, upon the wall
Such a joy, such a peace, such comfort sight
He sate sang praise to God, who hath given
That Martin, monk, at Lincoln-on-the-Hill.

REMEMBER THY MOTHER

The mother sat still with snow-white hair,
Its feeble and thin and pale;
Two sweet blue eyes looked out from the chair,
Was rudely and tall and hale;
Its hair was black as the night and thick,
Its haughty lip is sculptured and
That he oft forget the tender care
That was still his mother's right!

Thy the carelessness and the cruel word
Were easy to do and say;
Till years wearily, with flashing cheeks,
The answered him then one day!
"I only the good could speak, my son,
If I to should remember right,
Lest I mortified then in these trembling arms,
And toiled for thee day and night.

Loving and pure! "ng, and unselfish
Till like you, no more than strong;
If only there should remember the
Then never wanders do me wrong;
For now I am cumbered upon thy love,
I am frail and old and gray;
I can think I owned long years ago,
Remember my love to-day."

He dropped by her knee, with a calm, thin, pale
Hand, and a tear in his eye;
He prayed beside his young mother head,
And her tears were on his cheek;
Is his strong young arms has cast,
For he never forgets that own his by
An infant upon her breast.

O men in your strength and hope and joy,
O ambitious young men!
Remember that waiting infants once
You lay on your mothers' breast;
Remember that the sun's rays
That you will grow old and gray
That the young or the fairest and
Will come back to your hearts some day.

—"100 Home Hot Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument to everybody and economy.

Literary Miscellany.

The Shooneen.

[FROM THE CATHOLIC WORLD FOR DECEMBER.]

CHAPTER III.

The day after the lawyer visit Mrs. Macallister announced her intention of drawing into the neighboring market place to make some fifty goods purchases. Her daughter Flory, however, excused herself from accompanying her, and slade out as soon as she was she pitching out upon which her mother was almost passed out through the front gate. This she struck out quickly across the fine fields for the Long Lane, the hawthorn-bound and primrose-fringed trying place whereon she had promised to meet her lover.

With two young and sympathetically mated human beings who meet to tell each other the old, old story, time flies with wings of speed. It was not until the sun had cast the broad, flat land in cool gray shade and fired the yellow, farm-crowned summits of the distant uplands, that prudence suggested an immediate homeward journey.

As the lovers emerged from the long lane upon the winding high road, the forty farm of Father Tom Doyle, the jolly old parish priest, was seen advancing towards them. Although Father Tom, as he was familiarly called, had his hat off and was evidently returning from his breviary, still, as all the parish knew, he had a quick eye for everything passing round him.

"By jove! Flory," exclaimed to Dunglow as he perceived the young pair, "what a matchmaker! My friend Father Tom, and no way of escape. We must only make a bold front of it, and I can say that I met you casually on the road, and was merely accompanying you as far as your cross gate.

But Father Tom was too old a hand to be easily bamboozled and soon had Dunglow within a few paces of his young friend and parishioner and the deep blush which confused his cheeks, he began to suspect there was something in the wind.

He knew, of course, the lawyer's company, and were she of his own old there was no one in the entire county he would have better pleased to have met in the same situation; but a Presbyterian, and the pure miles daughter of "Sandy the Shooneen" Father Tom took a vigorous point of view and blew his nose with his big red handkerchief short.

What was to be done. The characteristic smile of friendly recognition was beginning to broaden on Father Tom's big honest face, and in another moment they were within speaking distance.

"Father Tom," began O Dunglow, with all conceivable faltering, "thats Miss Flory Macallister, of Barenscur.

The pastor lifted his hat and bowed.

"I was taken by the long, estimated the amatory disposed lawyer, merely to see if the young ducks were flying, as I intend having an evening's shooting at them next week, when Miss Macallister on the road.

Something seemed to interfere with the sight of one of Father Tom's eyes, as he stood into wrinkled tightness, while the open one gleamed with a sort of family knowingness at his young parishioner.

"I think, Dunglow, said he, as he pointed towards a pathway a short distance from him, "this passage leads straight to to Miss Macallister's house."

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady in a meek, bashful tone. "I fear I have delayed you long, Father Tom, but I am so obliged to you for your kindness in accompanying me so far."

Then she turned her eyes towards the priest, and, stretching out her hand to meet it, said: "Good-by, sir.

"Good-by, Miss Macallister," said Father Tom. "I am very happy, I assure you, to have made your acquaintance.

At this moment Flora's attention was attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, looking around in a frightened manner, she perceived her parishioner, Brown, who had evidently been a witness to the handshaking familiarity with the priest. She quickened her footsteps to avoid him. In the hurry, brother Martin, were to thee, And prays that then would'st pass to Galilee.

"Is the sacred years, the lovely Galilee, From which a stream of rock and cool waters is seen,
Sun-lovely with many a bright-clad, form
I prested him with gladness, for that he
Brought tidings of the world, and from a distant home
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I am frail and old and gray;
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But Father Tom was too old a hand to be easily bamboozled and soon had O Dunglow within a few paces of his young friend and parishioner and the deep blush which confused his cheeks, he began to suspect there was something in the wind.

He knew, of course, the lawyer's company, and were she of his own old there was no one in the entire county he would have better pleased to have met in the same situation; but a Presbyterian, and the pure miles daughter of "Sandy the Shooneen" Father Tom took a vigorous point of view and blew his nose with his big red handkerchief short.

What was to be done. The characteristic smile of friendly recognition was beginning to broaden on Father Tom's big honest face, and in another moment they were within speaking distance.

"Father Tom," began O Dunglow, with all conceivable faltering, "thats Miss Flory Macallister, of Barenscur.

The pastor lifted his hat and bowed.

"I was taken by the long, estimated the amatory disposed lawyer, merely to see if the young ducks were flying, as I intend having an evening's shooting at them next week, when Miss Macallister on the road.

Something seemed to interfere with the sight of one of Father Tom's eyes, as he stood into wrinkled tightness, while the open one gleamed with a sort of family knowingness at his young parishioner.

"I think, Dunglow, said he, as he pointed towards a pathway a short distance from him, "this passage leads straight to to Miss Macallister's house."

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady in a meek, bashful tone. "I fear I have delayed you long, Father Tom, but I am so obliged to you for your kindness in accompanying me so far."

Then she turned her eyes towards the priest, and, stretching out her hand to meet it, said: "Good-by, sir.

"Good-by, Miss Macallister," said Father Tom. "I am very happy, I assure you, to have made your acquaintance.

At this moment Flora's attention was attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, looking around in a frightened manner, she perceived her parishioner, Brown, who had evidently been a witness to the handshaking familiarity with the priest. She quickened her footsteps to avoid him. In the hurry, brother Martin, were to thee, And prays that then would'st pass to Galilee.

"Is the sacred years, the lovely Galilee, From which a stream of rock and cool waters is seen,
Sun-lovely with many a bright-clad, form
I prested him with gladness, for that he
Brought tidings of the world, and from a distant home
Tidings from Rome to me a long time dumb.

"He spoke of home, of parents, and the pain
That one had borne, of love, and joy, and life,
Told of success, of triumph, and of strife;
Then uprose him to his feet and said, and
And I, the monk, back to my cell did go,
With the dream of the world in my heart and show.

"Ah! what a narrow cell is mine, and bare;
Could I have triumphed in the outer world?
Loved, and the honest of home instead
Is my long life to be one constant prayer,
Spoiled by the Children of the Holy Ghost?
Signed the young monk at Lincoln-on-the-Hill.

"I, as he drew adown the holy stair,
Where the dead angels wait, upon the wall
Where hung the crucifix, a ray did fall,
Touching the Saviour with a crown of fire;
I have just found in your company, said Rosen.
For that his soul a reverent awe did feel.

"Martin! I spoke upon the cross of fire
Stretched out, pale, upon the cross, and with thee
Female Mr—shadowing from thy beauties, and
Martin, count thou not lose thy cross! 'e Mr?'
And Martin, kneeling, saw the precious hand
Thorn-crowned and weary, and with tears he said
Ah!

"Lord! I will follow Thee! my cross is light,
My heart is Thine! and with thee words the
Slipped from the wall angels wait, upon the wall
Such a joy, such a peace, such comfort sight
He sate sang praise to God, who hath given
That Martin, monk, at Lincoln-on-the-Hill.

REMEMBER THY MOTHER

The mother sat still with snow-white hair,
Its feeble and thin and pale;
Two sweet blue eyes looked out from the chair,
Was rudely and tall and hale;
Its hair was black as the night and thick,
Its haughty lip is sculptured and
That he oft forget the tender care
That was still his mother's right!

Thy the carelessness and the cruel word
Were easy to do and say;
Till years wearily, with flashing cheeks,
The answered him then one day!
"I only the good could speak, my son,
If I to should remember right,
Lest I mortified then in these trembling arms,
And toiled for thee day and night.

Loving and pure! "ng, and unselfish
Till like you, no more than strong;
If only there should remember the
Then never wanders do me wrong;
For now I am cumbered upon thy love,
I am frail and old and gray;
I can think I owned long years ago,
Remember my love to-day."

He dropped by her knee, with a calm, thin, pale
Hand, and a tear in his eye;
He prayed beside his young mother head,
And her tears were on his cheek;
Is his strong young arms has cast,
For he never forgets that own his by
An infant upon her breast.

O men in your strength and hope and joy,
O ambitious young men!
Remember that waiting infants once
You lay on your mothers' breast;
Remember that the sun's rays
That you will grow old and gray
That the young or the fairest and
Will come back to your hearts some day.

—"100 Home Hot Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument to everybody and economy.

THE GREATEST TELESCOPE.

What the Huge Lick Glass May be Expected to Reveal in the Heavens.

The approaching completion of the celebrated telescope of the Lick Observatory in this State, lends interest to the question: How powerful will this instrument be? The Lick telescope is to be by the largest reflector in the world. There are instruments of larger aperture and of more perfect definition than this, but the Lick telescope is to be

THE MONITOR.

PRIVATE TEXT BY PURGATIVE

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1887.

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

536 KEARNY STREET,

(Bank-door, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— At a meeting of the Geographical Society in Paris M de Lesseps declared that the Panama Canal would be open for traffic in 1889.

— The Catholic College, Kelvedon, Essex, England, was destroyed by fire last month. The damage, which is estimated at $10,000, is partly covered by insurance.

— The Vatican recently received a communication from the Spanish Government accepting the Pope's proposal regarding civil marriage, which is not to be considered valid unless preceded by the religious ceremony.

— The number of idle farms thrown on the hands of the bankrupt and bankrupted landlords of Ireland may be surmised from the fact that within a radius of twelve miles round Louth there are now 22,000 acres of land without tenants. Similar "barren wastes" are beginning to exist in every Province.

— Father Damian, the leper martyr, announces that a cure has been found for leprosy. The missionary priest has introduced it into the leper settlement at Molokai, and with the aid of a band of Franciscan Sisters the system of treatment is becoming used successfully. It is a Japanese discovery of a hydrophathic character.

— We specially commend to the careful perusal of our readers this week the fervid and eloquent oration delivered by Mr. Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, before the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is a masterly production, and, as a plea for justice to the New South, it is one of the most eloquent and enthusiastic displays of word-painting we have had before our readers for many a day.

— There is a possibility in England of the imposition of a tax for a thing almost unknown. It is to impose a tax of £5 a year on all foreigners working in England, which would increase the revenue half a million sterling. The tax would be aimed principally at the Germans, who are becoming popular as servants, and have quite supplanted the English in large hotels.

— Light seems to be dawning upon the Protestant farmers of Ulster, who are swayed by unprodictive loyalty. They claim that the real reductions do not average 15 per cent., whereas in Munster and Connaught they average at least 30 per cent. They begin to realize that kicking up a row pays better than loyalty. The thorns have commenced to pierce in the beds of roses of Ulster landlords.

— The Italian Chambers have voted that the remains of Rossini, who died in Paris on November 13th, 1868, are to be brought from the cemetery of Pere Lachaise to Florence, and deposited in the historical church of Santa Croce, where the remains of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo and Alfieri are buried. This has been done in accordance with a clause in the will of Rossini's widow, Mdme. Olympia Pelissier.

— A recent announcement in the Quebec Evenie chronicles the death of Father Felix Martin, S. J. Father Martin died in Paris, aged 84. The worthy religious was well known in Canada where he long labored. He came to Montreal in 1842, when Bishop Bourget invited the Jesuits into his diocese. He was the twelfth Superior of the Jesuits at Montreal and founded St. Mary's College. After having been Superior of the Jesuits in Quebec in 1852, he returned to France in 1862. Father Martin was the author of several works highly esteemed in Canada and the missions. *R. I. P.*

— More misleading information has been published in the daily press dispatches regarding Dr. McGlynn, of New York, than upon any matter that has come under our notice in a long life of journalistic experience. The latest "news" is that Dr McGlynn has rendered practically to leave the Church" sooner than "abjure his opinions on land tenure." Those who know Dr McGlynn will be both incensed and amused at such a report, but the readers of the daily press must have "news," hence such reports are published regardless entirely of personal character or public good.

— A Pastoral by the Archbishop of Paris, read in the churches on a recent Sunday says that this year, the Jubilee of the Pope's coronation as a priest, shall be specially devoted to prayers for him. Special offerings to the Peter's Pence Fund are invited, and a book containing the list of donors is to be offered to the Pope, so that on the fiftieth anniversary of his first Mass he may rejoice in the knowledge that he has received these thousands of the faithful. Jubilees and other objects are to be presented to him which will benefit sacred and poor church es. Clothing for the poor of Rome is also requested, and a tiara, as the special honour of Paris, is to be subscribed for, in which, the Archbishop suggests, jewels now only ministering to vanity may find a noble use.

— A recent colloquium from Vienna, alluding to the prospects of a European war, says: "M. Hanotaux, the French statesman who is visiting Vienna, said to-day to an interviewer "There can be no war between France and Germany unless Germany makes the first attack. Germany, every responsible Frenchman is determined that France shall offer no provocation. Even if Rome and Germany should fight, France would remain passive. It would respect gross provocation, indeed, to rouse France to war. Of course, France will refuse to disarm. It must be admitted that France has been coquetting with Russia, but that was intended merely to frighten Germany."

News from Florence announces the decease in that city of David Norsa, an illustrious citizen of Mantua, an Israelite by birth, who after prolonged relations between England and the Holy See, in order to crush out the present agitation in Ireland, a London paper enumerates the plain truth when it asks: "Is it necessary to remind our readers that the Roman correspondents of London papers are not the accredited mouthpieces of the Vatican? When Rome speaks it will not speak against Ireland."

— Rev. Wm. M. Gilbert, for many years a Methodist preacher in a Pennsylvania town, succumbed to his congregation last Sunday that he did not believe in the divinity of the Bible and did not know anything about immortality or whether there was a God. There are hundreds of Methodist preachers in the same predicament. It is the reaping of a good fat salary and an easy life that keeps them in the pulpit far more stoutlinally than any principle of trying to save other men's souls.

— Herr Schneppman, a Catholic member of the Parliament of the Netherlands, has brought forward a non-imperative resolution. The object is to amend the constitution in such a way as to permit the endowment by the State of primary denominational schools in which children of poor parents may be instructed by teachers belonging to their own religious creed. The resolutory disposition shown of recent years by the Dutch Government towards the Catholic authorities affords good ground for the hope that Herr Schneppman's bill will be supported by the Ministry.

— December 29th was the seventy-seventh anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's birth. In reply to the chairman of one of the numerous banquets given in his honor, he thus feelingly alluded to his recent labors in the House Rule cause: "The strain of the last year has been considerable, but never during my half century of labor have I more clearly seen that I was at work in behalf of my countrymen in all parts of the three kingdoms, and in behalf of the true union and greatness of the empire, which in the year of her Majesty's jubilee we ought to cherish more warmly and loyally than ever. In this conviction the recent progress of events confirms me daily."

— We learn from the *Le Mavie* that M. Louis Baillarge, a prominent lawyer of Quebec, while reading a number of *Catholic Missions* conceived the sublime idea of rendering honor to the Five Wounds of our Saviour by raising five altars, one in each of the five parts of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and America. The first, already erected, is at Hai Men, or Amoy, in the district of Fu Kien in China; it is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. The second has been given to the missions of Cardinal Lavigerie in the south of Africa; the third to Father Strada, S. J., for his mission to the Aborigines of Northern Australia; the fourth to Mgr. Rouse, Prefect-Apostolic of Sta Salvador in South America, and the last to a poor mission in Scotland.

— A lady who had been cured at Lourdes thirteen years ago of a fearful cancer in the breast, recently submitted to a fresh examination by Dr. de St. Maurice, the physician stationed at the Grotto. He found no trace of the malady save a large scar. In 1873 her condition was such that it was judged useless to employ remedies, and on learning her resolutions of going to Lourdes, her physicians, one of renowned skill, declared that if she returned well, he would pronounce a supernatural power. She was instantly cured, and in a few days he saw her perfectly healed. The case of cure acknowledged himself vanquished, and issued a fervent Catholic. He has since died, but the patient whose case he declared hopeless thirteen years ago lives on in good health.

— Unfortunate who complain of the present "cold snap," may have their feelings for suffering humanity somewhat stirred up by a very sad occurrence which took place on Monday last in New York. Three little children of a blind man and his wife were found frozen. A dispatch tells this harrowing tale: "The postmaster, Herrick, today found the frozen body of "Blind Cooper" in a field near his home, six miles north of Kinsys, N.Y. The story of his death is very pitiful. The blind old man was going to his home, and by chance turned into a dog road. Here for lost his way. The large field in which he was found was crossed time and again by the blind man's tracks, showing that he had struggled long and desperately to find his way out, but he fell exhausted in the snow, quickly freezing in the bitter air within a few rods of the farmhouse. Apparently his wife, whose frozen body was found in their house early yesterday, perished the same night, as the rats had been feasting several days on his body.

— At the last Monday meeting of Protestant preachers in this city, Rev W. H. Pearson, the new chaplain at Alcatraz, was introduced and asked to speak. He said that "on Sunday he had attended two of the city churches—the Howard Presbyterian in the forenoon and the Trinity Episcopal in the evening. The first was about only one-third full and the last had not half as much as the other. He concluded that it was not a good day for church attendance in San Francisco." Such facts—carefully admitted by sectarian guilders themselves—go far to show the decay of every species of sectarianism as a religious system. Adult people have come to look upon Protestantism as a sham, while public school education has killed any needs of sectarian Christianity planted in the hearts of American children by Christian parents.

— Henry George has started a new paper in New York and commences his journalistic career by violently attacking the Catholic Church. The action will deprive him of fully three fourths of his followers and leave him with but a corporal's guard of communists and atheistists. The Catholic Union and Times curtly states the whole case in this paragraph: "Henry George has been for the past few months an apparition. The movement he crystallized his last attempt with sensibility has borne as the first fruits two untoward effects. If the career of the most amiable, earnest and least of men is clouded as a priest, the career of Henry George is ended, as a public man, by his own hand. The career of Henry George is ended."

— The English Tories, who feel that disaster, if he get an office chance, would give Ireland her rights, are telling each other that if he can only be kept out of power another two years old age will cut his claws and he will cease to be dangerous. In the first place, it does not look as though Gladstone meant to stay out of power for any such time, and even if he did, judging from present appearances, he would be quite able to "pay the piper to go in and clear out his opponents. At the celebration of his 77th birthday he looked as young and vigorous as at any time these ten years past, and he seems to have plenty of strength and energy left to do good work for Home Rule. All kinds of presents were sent him, including rocks, fowls, butter, honey, Banbury cakes, crayons, jams, and blankets, and he looked, if possible, one degree happier than when pleading over Churchill's stands.

— Alluding to Mr. Parnell's recent severe and prolonged illness, the London *Freeman* says: "The voice of Mr. Parnell will again be heard before long in no equivocal tones. The honorable gentleman has been suffering from a severe attack of gastric fever, but is now on the fair way to recovery, and will be ready to take his place in the House, like a giant refreshed, in the coming session. As testimony that the Irish question is no longer dependent on the guidance of any one mind, the plan of campaign, which has been so successful, was adopted while he lay on a sick bed. It may be safely assumed that when Mr. Parnell speaks he will range himself on the side of his colleagues. The impetus has been given, and Ireland, like the stirred avalanche, must and will move and gather strength as it advances. Leaders are but mental illustrations (O'Connell, Davis, O'Brien, all are dead) but the cause is everlasting and indestructible.

A Vile Calumny Contradicted.

It is surprising with what avidity the daily press publishes every atom of information which is detrimental to Catholicity and damaging to Catholic Religious Orders. Last week a brief woman committed suicide in Oakland, and, on the rumor of some unwarrantable party, the daily press of this city forthwith heralds the event in large display type as "The Sorrowful Death of a Former Sister of Mercy."

The news spread like wildfire and continued to give "full details" of how the unfortunate woman took vows, how she labored for years in the cause of reforming others, and how at last "she gave way to the impulses of a woman's heart, and married. Then her name in court was dropped and allusion is made to the "godlessness" she acquired from her "earlier associations" as a Sister of Mercy."

Now the whole story—from beginning to end—is a *baseless falsehood*. The unfortunate woman never was a Sister of Mercy, she never took vows, and never labored as one of the Sisters in charge of the Magdalen Asylum in this city. These are *facts* which the Sisters could prove this city could have learned in five minutes by telephoning to St. Mary's Hospital or to the Magdalen Asylum—But "Scandal and sensation—the most profitable pabulum of the daily press, and no matter how high or how lowly the parties may be who are thus publicly alluded to, an infamous woman—the "news" must be promulgated even if the reputation of a Religious Religious Order is damaged by the detraction."

Now what are the true facts of this woman whom the daily papers represent as her mitchel deathbed as "a dying sister"? Many years ago the Sisters of Mercy received into the Magdalen Asylum a young woman who had fallen a victim to unnatural wiles. The Sisters did all that daily example, prayer and patience could accomplish to reclaim her in the prudential spirit of a Magdalen. She persevered for several years, but at last the demon of pride assailed her and she demanded to be set free, or she could enjoy society in the world. The Sisters of Mercy—who knew the danger she contained—tried to dissuade her from that dangerous experiment, but their pleadings were in vain. With regret they saw her leave her back upon a life of peace and piety in order to plunge into the vortex of vice which exists in the world. In a short time she went through a mock marriage, deserted her husband, and then the sliding scale of sin was traversed until despair ended in a self inflicted death.

And so poor unfortunate creature—all this that the daily press designates "a sister of Mercy." Every educated Catholic knows that the female sentenced into the Sisters of Mercy or other Religious Orders of the Church without undergoing the most rigid scrutiny as to character. Every postulant must be pure and unbelled. Almighty God wants no second hand material to carry on His work of Charity and Mercy. Hence, Magdalen's can never be received into the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, no matter if they lived in the Magdalen Asylum mild and penitent for the age of Methusalah.

We earnestly hope this explanation will cause the daily press to halt in its future assertions when ever irresponsible "rumor is the only foundation for a so-called which especially reflects directly upon those holy virgins who are doing God's work in our midst, and whose sacrificed lives should not be immortalized by either the bigotry or the blackening of a scapegrace whose highest ambition seems to be popular for the dissemination of calumnies of degraded tissues in society.

Marriage Without Priest, Pursuer or Public Official!

"Marriage Made Easy" might be the title of a law which the learned fellow of the Pennsylvania legislature recently passed—not certainly for the public good. By this "Act" marriage may be made and female of marriageage can procure a license from the Clerk of the Courts and then they may marry themselves without the aid of priest, parson or public official of any kind.

The media *operandi* by which this novel system of Mormonizing Gentiles into matrimonial harness is perfected, is very simple. The Clerk of the Courts administers an oath to each of the parties, puts certain interrogatories to them, and then—if he is satisfied—he issues a certificate setting forth the fact that there exists no legal impediment to the parties joining themselves in matrimony. The unwoos well-lock are immediately pledge themselves—before two witnesses—to be true man and wife, and the mockery of holy matrimony is finished!

What is the world coming to, anyhow, when such an important factor as the ingenious and virtue of the human family as marriage certainly is—can be thus traversed by the laws of the land? The "good old sacrament" stripped of every vestige of religious blessing or solemn rite, left to the mercenary whim of Heathenized youth or to the designing diabolism of every crime-steeped rake who desires to compass the ruin of innocent virtue. It is a burning shame that such a law should insult the statute-books of any State in this Christian land which boasts of its "enlightenment."

Marriage is sacred. Badly constructed marriages will tend to a vast increase in the number of divorces, a greater amount of immorality in all classes of society, and a rapid deterioration in the moral stamina of the people in general. When children arrive at the age when they are by law entitled to marry, they will pay no deference whatever to those parents who have helped and commanded them to obey, but they will march up to the civil office, get through the legal formalities, and then enter on a life for which they may not be morally or materially prepared. What will be the sequence? Separation in a few months, a second marriage in a few years, and then the mockery will be kept up until death or the destruction of the home, the family and society in general.

Wisely, indeed, has the Catholic Church met around the sacrament of marriage limiting obstacles which neither wealth nor wealth can break. To her shrine does the world look when it seeks for the most perfect type of true womanhood in maid, wife or mother. The humanitarian and Christ-like heart-stroke of all that is beautiful and perfect in the open of Catholic female life is their model, their inspiration, their guide and their mother in love. To the Blessed Virgin, then, does the world owe a debt of gratitude for having given to her ideal virtues, her holy humility, and her reticent purity so many millions of Catholic females to follow in her footsteps, to be ever the steeped in sins of impurity and other forms of wanton vice. In the opinion of all virtuous people, therefore, society owes it our time to be "a great sacrament, no matter how lightly it may be esteemed by those who seek to make her care for Almighty God or the laws.

The increasing laxity of the marriage bond has become so apparent that even Protestant ministers are beginning to realize the fact that the easy marriage bonds are made the more readily are they dissolved. Among a host of reflecting non-Catholics who take the proper view of this question is Rev. H. Huber Newton, who truthfully and forcibly expressed wholly sentiments in such a recent sermon: "The growing laxity of the marriage bond will lost be remedied by women demanding a true position. Decree increases because of increasing domestic dissatisfaction, and this dissatisfaction is due to the fact that marriage is not entered into advisedly, soberly and in the fear of God. The best way to correct civil contracts is to correct the infamous woman—the "news" must be promulgated even if the reputation of a Religious Religious Order is damaged by the detraction."

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Poems of Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

The name of Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald is most familiar to our readers who have often read and admired her many excellent contributions to the Monitor during several years past. The poetic pathos has collected for numerous poems and issued them in a neatly bound, elegantly printed and tasty volume of 160 pages. Her name is not confined to any one line of thought, but ranges through almost every passion and sentiment with equal ease and the same happy effect of subject.

A review of her poems which number nearly two hundred reveals the fact that the gifted authoress has a rare command of language, a striking purity of diction, a correct ear for metre and what is to be admiration and praised—a pure, thoroughly Catholic tone. Her whole extemporaneous are peculiarly unusual and she is at her best when using this matter, as could be seen by a perusal of her poems entitled "Crucifix Portrait," "Pauline Jaugiers—Mission martyr," and "Pa Pictures."

There is not a poor poem in the whole volume. Every one is a gem containing some hidden beauty or some well-expressed thought. The volume is divided into Miscellaneous, Sacred Legendary and Ballads. The mite-dainty poem, "The Lord's Day" is a highly pastoral exposition of that sweet day of prayer. Among the miscellaneous poems "The Stone," we think is the best. It is made realistic, by an appropriate and masterly word painting and a splendid metaphor. The concluding stanza of "The Women of the Revolution," "A Bird Picture," and "Gallantrania Welcome" to His Grace the Most Rev P. W. Riordan, D. D.

But Miss Fitzgerald is at her best in sacred subjects. Here the full tones of her pure chaste and lofty sentiments find a ready outlet. The Assumption of the Lady, "Our Lady of Knock," "St Pat. rick's Day," "St Dominic," "St. Thomas and the Angels," "Mater Dolorosa," "Mater Ecclesiae," "Mater Ecclesiae," "Mater Dolorosa," "Mater Ecclesiae," "Mater Dolorosa," "Mater Ecclesiae," "Mater Dolorosa

Family Fun.

She Was Disappointed.

On the last day of registration a woman armed with a bone-handled umbrella walked into the fourth precinct of the Second Ward and asked:

"Is this where the men register?"

"Yes'm and women, too," was the courteous reply.

"Then I can register without any fuss!"

"Yes'm."

"I didn't know as they 'lowed it," she said, as she took a seat at the table. "When I left home I had my mind made up that I'd either register or—"

"Put your name right down on this sheet of paper," interrupted the clerk. "You needn't even give your age."

"I needn't! Well, sakin' wonderful must have happened all at once. I guess you men have fooled out that as women are of some account after all."

"Oh, certainly. That's all, madam."

"And no fuss about it?"

"Not a bit."

"I expected I'd have to jaw and tear around, and perhaps use a weapon, and I'm a little disappointed."

"Yes. We won't keep you longer waiting, ma'am."

"Well, I'll go, but my old man won't believe it, and I'll hardly dare say it myself. I expected you'd refuse, and I'd have to jaw and argue—"

"Good day, madam."

And She Didn't.

"One of the most striking instances of 'mind over' I see," said Judge W——, one day, "was exhibited in an old lady client of mine; but it was a case of self-cure. Her name was Norton. She had been a second wife. She was in bed seriously ill, and sent for me to draw up her will.

"I fastened to the house with paper and pen. I sat by a table and chair ready for me at the women's bedside, and in a few moments told her that I was ready to draw the will if she would tell me what she wished its provisions to be. I wrote the introductory phrase rapidly, and leaning over towards her, said:

"'Now go on, Mrs. Norton.'

"Her voice was quite faint, and she seemed to speak with an effort. She said:

"'First of all, I want to give the farm to my sons, Harry and James; just put that down.'

"But, said I, 'you can't do that, Mrs. Norton; the farm isn't yours to give away.'

"'The farm isn't mine! she said in a voice decidedly stronger than before.

"'No, the farm isn't yours. You here only a life interest in it.'

"'This farm that I've run for goin' forty-three years next Spring, isn't mine to do what I please with it! Why not, Judge? I'd like to what you mean!'

"'Why, Mr. Norton—your husband—gave you a life estate in all his property, and on your death the farm goes to his son John, and your children get the village houses.'

"'And when I die John Norton is to have this house whether I will or not?'

"'Just so.'

"'Then I ain't goin' to die, said the old woman, in a decidedly ringing, healthful voice.

"And so saying, she threw her feet over the front of the bed, sat up, straightened up her gaunt form, walked across the room and sat down in a chair before the fire. The doctor and I came home. That was fifteen years ago. The old lady is alive today."

Farm and Home.

American Wheat Exports.

The following, from the N. Y. *Bankers Magazine*, state facts so important, and there is much insight of its deductions from them, that we deem it worthy of exposition here:

During the year ending June 30, 1885, the Continental valuation of our exports of wheat was 86 cents per bushel, whereas the average of the same valuation for the sixty six preceding years was 91.25. The fall in the price of wheat in the foreign market to which the exports were made, has been even greater than the foregoing figures would indicate, inasmuch as cheap freights were a good deal lower in 1885 than their average during the preceding sixty six years. The Continental valuation of wheat during the year ending June 30, 1886, is not expected to show any improvement, and according to present prospects, no improvement is probable for some time to come, unless it shall arise from the outbreak of wars on a large scale in Europe. Many people suppose that the United States has always been a great wheat exporting country, and that it will be an inconceivable and overwhelming disaster, if from a fall in prices and competition from new quarters it shall cease to be so. But the records show with certainty that the period during which our wheat exports have been large has not been a long one. During the 65yr five years ending June 30, 1875, our aggregate exports of wheat, and of flour reduced to wheat, were 1 081 494 363 bushels, or at the rate of 19 661 326 bushels per annum. During the sixteen years ending June 30, 1886, the aggregate exports were 1,340,249,787 bushels, or at the rate of 121 840,908 bushels per annum. From 1820 to 1860 our annual average export of wheat (including flour) was 9 000 000 bushels. The last report of the Agricultural Bureau says: "For eight years after that date (1860), under the stimulus of the premium on gold, the average rose to 36,562,000 bushels. Then the destroyed European harvests of later years gave increase for super breadth of our wheat fields. It is plain, therefore, that our special export area of wheat exporting country does not antedate the civil war. The theory of the Agricultural Bureau, that wheat exports were originally stimulated by the depreciation of our currency which the civil war brought on, may or may not be true; but the main causes which have kept them up since that time, have been the late years crops of bad European harvests, and the cheapening by railroads of transportation from the western fields to the shipping ports. It looks now as if increased competition in old quarters, and an enlarged competition in new quarters, will reduce our wheat exports again to a minimum. The fact remains that the far West owes its marvelous expansion of population to the epoch, even if not a long one, of large and prosperous wheat export. That epoch has now that it is firmly planted where it is, has the intelligence and vigor, if necessary, requires it, to seek out new industries, which will carry it to a yet higher pitch of prosperity, just as California, the settlement of which was hastened by at least half a century by the gold discoveries, is now growing richer, stronger, and more populous as the yield of the gold mines declines. If it had been the good fortune of Manitoba to be occupied fifteen or twenty years earlier than it was, it would have enjoyed a period of great prosperity from an activity and high prices in the European market for wheat, which have now disappeared. In that supposed case the Canadian Northwest and our own West, would have divided between them a stimulus to their development, which in the actual course of events has been monopolized by the latter. This is a related advantage of which our own West cannot now be deprived. The growth of the British Northwest must be comparatively slower. It certainly cannot compete in grain exporting with India, under present conditions.

A Word to Mothers.

Just a word to mothers. Have you daughters? If you have, does not every day's experience as recorded in the daily papers, in regard to the temptations and dangers that beset young girls appear to you in the most solemn and impressive manner to keep a close and watchful watch over those dear girls of yours! No doubt they are innocent and good. Keep them so by separating them as far as possible from the many evil influences that beset them. If they must go out in the evening see to it that they do so only under proper guardianship. Be sure that the mothers of France in their particular. Do not permit them to stay late in the park or public streets with no other protection than their own innocence. This is a time when such counsels and such precautions are fraught with wisdom. The girls may escape all the snares designing men may lay for entrapping them; and then again they may not. Full of life and full of fun, they are too apt to be led astray without the slightest intention on their part of doing wrong. How many mothers are to day lamenting their sons than folly—their almost criminal neglect in permitting their girls to take evening walks with perhaps no other companion than girls of their own age. When away from the loving guardianship of their parents and has been tifying influences of home they are too apt to forget how narrow is the route that separates them from danger and degradation. Never has poverty furnished a number of startling warnings, which should be taken home to the heart of every mother. If you would keep them safe you must not hesitate to throw around them not merely the moral influence of your home, but you must have those influences accompany them everywhere.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Good News for Fruitgrowers.

The eastern railroads have agreed to adopt the same tariff for the transportation of fruit on the roads owned or controlled in California. This will be a great boon to fruitgrowers, and cannot fail to have an encouraging effect on this already flourishing industry. We know that the low per diem fare for Chicago has been already adopted from San Jose to $30. The new step now taken by the eastern roads is a further benefit to the growers and the trade.

Saving Hartlette.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* says: "I saw my Hartlett pears so that they make due selling two weeks after those of my neighbors have gone. I make a small box and line it with paper, almost any kind will answer. The bottom is covered an inch deep with wheat bran. The pears are carefully picked, wrapped separately in paper and then packed deeply in the bran until the bottom is covered. In this layer is covered with bran an inch in depth and another layer of pears is placed in the same way. This is continued until the box is full, when the cover is tacked on and the box set away in a cool, dry place. The pears retain their fine flavor and color."

Some of the New York fire companies say they can hitch up and start for a fire in three seconds.

Look at the date printed on your paper or wrapper and if you see in arrears then remit the amount due; it only sometimes costs to buy a postal card or three dollars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Continues, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening medicine of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give you life and vigor to the entire body.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it tired me up." MRS. C. F. SIMMONS, Dover, N. H.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportions; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, exerting cures hitherto unknown, and a book containing additional evidence, sent free. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, gives me a good appetite, and I feel strong in it make me comfortable." C. C. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla heads all others, and is worth its weight in gold." J. BARNINGTON, 139 Hunts Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar.

WESTERN HOTEL,
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Suitable for Albs, Surplices, Vestments of all kinds and for the Altar,
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Suitable for Churches, Convent Chapels, Academy Schools, Etc.
TAKE ONLY SUPERIOR COLLECTION ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

For 1887. Fourth Year.
Per copy, free by mail, 25 cents.
Representing a good, pure article of medicine, carefully compounded and positively Blood Purifying Properties of a Sarsaparilla and Potassium Iodide, combined with the Alterative and Tonic properties of Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock, Cascara Amarga, Prickly Ash, Poke Root, etc. Recommended for Scrofula, Syphilitic Affections, Rheumatism, Mercurial Diseases, Ulcers, Eruptions, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Mercurial Rheumatism, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Mercurial Rheumatism, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Mercurial Rheumatism

THE BLUE AND THE GREY

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through present against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture if you can, this form, worn soldiar, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as regard, half starved, hearty-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to a staundtin, he surrenders his gun, strings the bands of his comrades, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the generals that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his treasury depleted, his money worthless, his social system—feudal in its magnificence—swept away, his people without law or legal status, his produce stolen, and the hirelings of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone. Without money, credit, employment, material or training, and, beside all this, confronted with the grave problem that ever and anon in twilight—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. A nation was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration more complete. The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury went up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that his women always as a government, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the key note when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work" (laughter and applause), or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, line my wife, and raise a crop, and if the Yankees feel with me say more I will whip them again."

I now want to say to General Sherman, who is consider a no able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man short fire—that from the time left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have managed to put the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and here builded therein not one as single ignoble prejudice or memory (applause).

THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

But what is the sum of our work! We have found out that in the general scrimmage the free negro figures more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hill top and made it free to white and black. We have sowed town and cities in the South with the seeds of enterprise and business above politics (applause). We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $60,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make no rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have refused the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent, and are facing 4 on our knees. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth 50 foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the Southwest, pointed out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be and hung our lamp-setting out to pass and yours (prolonged applause). We have vanished the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband acknowledgeth the wife and the man wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war" (laughing). We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored the law to man from which colleges and eloquence never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the oak grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia peach as the supreme pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, and challenge any Down Easter that ever snapped wooden nutmegs for genuine lasting qualities of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace," a fuller independence for the South than has when our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence, or compel on the field by their swords (loud applause).

It is even privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble in this work. Never was nobler duty assigned to human hands than the up lifting and up-building of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but both brave in suffering and honest, brave and generous always (applause). In the record of her social, industrial and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Here we solved the problem he presents or propounded in honor and equity towards its solution! Let the record speak to this point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none be fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our law and the friendship of our people. Self-interest as well as honor demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation; your victor was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty against which the arms of man cannot prevail (applause). While then of our statesmen who made slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy deceased as to debtor, committing as to a man that reason could not defend or the sword maintain, in the light of endeavor civilization (renewed applause). Hail Mt. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would sail the roll of his sisters of the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery become entangled in war it must perish and that the shattel in human flesh raded forever in New England sixty years fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it, but to the kind of careless man short fire—that from the when left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have managed to put the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and here builded therein not one as single ignoble prejudice or memory (applause).

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THE WEEK'S NEWS FROM IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

CORK.—On Dec. 15th, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke presented to the following charges in the episcopal chapel of the diocese of Cashel, the Very Rev. Canon Fitzgerald, Administrator of St. Peter and Paul's, to be Bishop of Cashel, which had been previously vacated by the Bishop; Rev. R. A. Sheehan, C.C., Doneraile, to be Administrator of St. Peter and Paul's; Rev. W. J. Meagher, Administrator Cathedral, Secretary to the Bishop, and to be attached to St. Patrick's Church, Rev. J. Ryan, C.C., Ballyporeen, to be Secretary to the Bishop; Rev. Jas. Ryan, C.C., Tipperary, to be Administrator of Ballyporeen; Rev. J. Lane, C.C., Ballybacon, to be Administrator of Tipperary; Rev. Jas. Ryan, C.C., Ballybacon, to be Administrator of Ballybacon; Rev. J. Fanning, C.C., Ballybacon, to be Administrator of Ballybacon; Rev. J

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

LIFE AND ETERNITY.

There a restless rush of the ocean's surge
As it breaks upon the shores of Time,
And it chants a dreary, doleful dirge,
In a weird and wandering rhyme;
There are millions of souls in its foaming bosom,
They are whirling wild and free,
They are millions emerged in each fatal crest,
And swept on to eternity.

But the wind and wave are force and strong,
And our souls and hearts are weakly wrought,
Life is a bubble that bursts ere long,
And nothing from nothing is sought;
Yours well, indeed, if we only have
Not nothing below will live or last,
The present and future are lost in the past,
But the peace of Heaven are endless years,
And the years of earth are few.

There's a restless rush of the ocean's surge,
And of doleful dirge is its chant,
As it sweeps with a dreary, doleful dirge,
O'er the ruins that lie below;
O'er the ruins of half-shaped hopes and lives
In it's seething depths entombed,
For it's merciless waves still sweep,
And all else upon earth is doomed.

Alas! for the morning, thirsting throng,
Who are drinking Sinner's cup (bitter) thirsty!
Life's whirlpool that bursts ere long,
And nothing from nothing is sought;
Yours well, indeed, if only sought,
That nothing on earth will satisfy,
The nothing, and not lost in the past,
But the years of Heaven are endless years,
And the years of earth are few.

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE REASON WHY.

ADDRESSED TO J. S.

Why is life not what we want it,
Why have we so little gain,
Why are sin and love so bitter,
Why that we so much in bear?

Why is life so short yet weary,
Why are hopes so soon and coming day
Be brighter than the present,
Not following our hope decay?

Why must time be ever passing,
Why must friends and loved ones die,
Why cannot our time be ever
Unclouded as you bless sky?

Why is life's sea so restless,
Why can not its waves be calm,
Why can not God's love be ever
A peaceful resting balm?

Oh! if life were what we wanted,
If we had no sorrow or care,
Why should we look for heaven,
Or the blue dome of God's skies there?

If life were long and merry,
And brighter each coming day,
What would we have to wish for
Or look in heaven to pray?

If life's sea were calm,
And its waves were always calm,
Then we would not know
Or God's great gift—the Palm.

If in life there were no partings,
Death would be a welcome guest,
Then there were no sweet longings
For a home in the skies.

This much I know: God's ways are perfect,
All else unknown,
I shall be guided safely on, for God
Will keep his own.

Clouds may obscure the sky, and drenching rain
Fall on the drooping leaves,
And the longest mark, with all her bitter train,
Make night weary.

And there I lay the lonelest death the soul
May rest alone;
But through it all I shall be led, for God
Will keep his own.

—Sister Mary Quinlan died at Notre Dame convent, Cleveland, on the 25th ult., aged 41. Was 24 years a religious. May she rest in peace.

—Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

Literary Miscellany.

Jessie's Happy New Year.

Jessie Speedwell sat on a low stool beside her frisky pointed dog Prince, with her head in her palm, and gazing mournfully into the fire. It was the last day of the old year, cold and gloomy, with a light covering of snow on the ground. But of all without had been clad in the garb of June, it would have been winter in Jessie's heart.

On the floor beside her lay a sad-iron and hammer, with which she had been cracking turkey nuts, while on a chair to her left, sat a plate filled with fat kernels which were to enter into the delicious compound known throughout Brush Park as Jessie's cake.

Mrs. Speedwell never permitted the Christmas baked meats to coldly furnish the New Year's table. Not only was it the birthday of the year, but of her husband also, and the anniversary of her wedding day. So this triple holiday was always duly celebrated, and she was now in the kitchen making preliminary preparations for the morrow's festivities.

"Jessie," called she in a kindly voice, "have you finished cracking those nuts?"

"Yes ma," answered Jessie, finishing, as and carrying the plate of kernels to the kitchen. "What have you for me to do now, mother?" asked she, when she had put away the utensils used in cracking the nuts, and a wept the hearth.

"Nothing, I believe. Why, child, you must be takin' cold. I'll make you a little apyfle to night."

"Jessie, and this evening, looking up from her knitting, "if you feel like it, you may wind your father's yarn for him."

Jessie arranged the skein of yarn on the backs of two chairs, and commenced winding, trying to shake off as many her sorrowful thoughts as she would, but her thoughts would run on the sad subject on which they had dwelt all day.

She was thinking of Charley Hunniwell, the blither young carpenter, who had built the swing in her father's orchard, and who were now living.

He had made his appearance in Brush Park a year before, but had turned only for six months, the enterprise of Brush Park not supplying him with work for a longer period, and had then gone to Harrsburg, a thriving town a hundred miles distant, where he found no lack of employment.

But after so had been his origin at Brush Park, he had carried off Jessie's heart when he left, leaving her own in her keeping. This exchange of valuables had been effected without spoken words, and he had not even written to her; but he had confided her in a joining manner, under which she discerned earnestness, that when he became rich enough he would come back and ask her to be his wife.

No one suspected the state of Jessie's feelings, not even her brother Rob, who had her, with pretended seriousness, that she had acted very ungenerously in giving her heart to a stranger, seemingly singing for her benefit:

"For a sweetheart can be found
At each port, I am told,
Plenty of men who have a purpose,
Only twenty-three years old."

Jessie was accustomed to hear Charley's age to absolute correctness.

But Rob had been home found some one else to tease Jessie about, and by all accounts he had found a fascinating lady friend, to the thought of, until the latest issue of the Harrsburg Herald brought the news that there had been a fire in Harrsburg, several lives had been lost, and among the number that of Charley Hunniwell.

This news it was which cast so deep a gloom over poor Jessie.

She was winding slowly and thinking sadly when she was roused by her grandmother's voice.

"Sent that ball o' yarn and it lein' the day is in, puts me in mind of a story I used to tell your forefoums on New Year's eve, when I was young."

"How was that?" asked Jessie, trying to appear interested.

"Why, you take a ball o' yarn and go to an old house that you don't live in, and throw the ball in at the window, and—"

"Why, you take a ball o' yarn and go to an old house that you don't live in, and throw the ball in at the window, and—"

When had time came, Jessie, feeling afraid, for the first time in her life, to be alone in her room upstairs, requested that Prince might sleep with her. Jessie's dreams had swallowed a long dream of spirits with a will which caused her mother great concern, lest she was going to have an "attack of pneumonia.

The next afternoon the Speedwell family, with the exception of Jessie, climbed into the "big wagon," the snow not being deep enough for a sleigh, to ride, and spend a day and part of the night with the family of Mrs. Speedwell's mother, who lived in a little cottage.

Jessie begged that she might go, but her mother refused to permit her to go out in the cold and "catch her death."

So she was forced to stay at home alone, mentally bewailing that Rob should so turn before it grew dark enough for dead to come to see her.

But after the last departure she heard a quick step at the door, and went, with some timidity, to open it.

As she did so she startled back with a little cry, for, for a moment, she thought Charley Hunniwell, in a long, gray overcoat and red comforter, stood before her.

"What is the matter?" asked the apparition, with a very musical voice—"you are not afraid of me are you?"

"I thought you were dead, fallen!" Jessie.

"Well, do you think so now? Do I look like a ghost?"

He certainly did not look much like an ghost, with his bronzed cheeks redden ed by the keen air, his sparkling blue eyes and curling brown hair, and, so thought Jessie.

Moreover, she had never heard of a ghost materializing in the daytime or a gray coat; so she ushered him into the cozy sitting room and placed a chair before the glowing fire.

"Where all the folks?" asked he, trying to assume his overcoat with the air of an old acquaintance.

"Gone over to Aunt Mary's. When did you come home?"

"From Mr. Crouch's, where I stayed last night. I left Harrsburg just after the fire occurred, wanted to surprise you, and I reckon I succeeded."

"Did you hear of the fire?"

"Why, what fire? asked Jessie, trying to appear interested.

"Why, you take a ball o' yarn and go to an old house that you don't live in, and throw the ball in at the window, and—"

"Why, you take a ball o' yarn and go to an old house that you don't live in, and throw the ball in at the window, and—"

"Why, what fire was it,

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1887.

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

536 KEARNY STREET,

(first-floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— A surgical operation was performed recently upon Cardinal Jacobini's throat. The operation was successful, but the Cardinal was left very weak.

— Sister Catherine the Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Atlanta, who has been celebrated throughout the South for years as a most successful and versatile teacher of young women, has justified. She was born in Dublin and was named Alice Gordon.

— A cablegram announced last Saturday that the British Government had determined to purchase 40,000 additional cavalry horses and 500,000 Manchester repeating rifles, to be ready March 1st next. This looks as if grim visaged war was going to raise his gory hand to Europe during the present year.

— A new and excellent soap advertisement appears in the Chicago newspapers. It is the picture of a very dirty and dangerous table tramp sitting at a table writing. On the table are and wall are portraits of Patti, Langtry, Booth, and other well known soap puffers. The tramp is writing: "I used your soap two years ago and have not used any other since."

— Mr. Healy created much merriment, being at the same time loudly cheered, when reminding his audience at Dublin recently, that "while the right of the Irish tenant to live and thrive in his country comes from heaven, the right of the Irish landlord to exact rack-rent from him comes from London; and," added Mr. Healy, "as between the authority of the two versions, I think the Irish people will not have much difficulty in making up their minds."

— Looking at the distressed condition of Ireland, at present, one is reminded of a rather witty retort recently given by a Tipperary cooper, when asked what was Ireland like. With true Hibernian wit he said: "Ireland is a place of punishment where the people must suffer for a time before they can go to America." This was certainly not very complimentary to his country, but no one can deny that, to-day, it is a land of woe and tribulation.

— Few residents of this State have any idea of the rapidity with which California is becoming populated. The Immigration Association reports that 66[illegible] immigrants arrived in this State during last week by the Central Pacific. It is estimated that from 6,000 to 7,000 people arrived in the Southern part of the State during the same time by the Southern Pacific. Most of them are looking up lands in San Luis Obispo, Los Angeles and San Diego counties. In one day forty-three carloads arrived in Los Angeles.

— This has been an intensely cold winter in the Western States. A dispatch from Chicago says that on the 5th the thermometer registered 15° below zero. The suffering of live stock was very great and on the arrival of the cars at Chicago the platforms were covered with dead cattle and hogs that perished from cold and starvation. The Texas cattle suffered the most. A friend writing from Chicago on the 11th says: "Eighteen degrees below zero this morning. I envy you in the glorious climate of California."

— An interesting discovery was made the other day by M. Quentin-Bauchart of Chalons-sur-Marne, in a bookstall of that town. This is the "Office de la Divine Providence," the sole comfort of Marie Antoinette in her weary captivity at the prison of the Temple and Conciergerie. The book, the binding of which is much worn, contains on a fly leaf the following inscription, dated Oct. 16, 4] a. m: "Lord have pity on me! I can no longer keep away the spent for you. O my children! Farewell, farewell!—MARIE ANTOINETTE."

— *Adios*, a Catholic paper published in Tennessee, tells the plain unvarnished truth when it says: "The Irishman who ignores the sacred obligations of his Church denies his God, and becomes the greatest enemy of his race and creed. We are in this country losing more by the infidelity of Catholics than we are gaining. The Catholic who neglects to assist at Mass on Sundays or to approach the Sacraments as commanded, is a living scandal, especially in the little ones. As soon as one commandment of the Church is ignored grace is lost, and the end no man knows. We need practical Catholics today."

— John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., in his history of the Catholic Church in the United States, says: "Of the 171 Prelates, living and deceased, whose biographies it contains, 50 were born in Ireland, 31 in France, 13 in Germany, 13 in Maryland, 9 in Pennsylvania, 8 in New York, 7 in Belgium, 4 in Canada, 2 in Italy, 2 in the West Indies, 2 in Spain, 4 in Austria, 3 in Ohio, 3 in Kentucky, 3 in Switzerland, 2 in Massachusetts, 2 in Florida, 2 in South Carolina, and 1 each in England, Holland, Yoloiania, Mexico, New Brunswick, Scotland, Vermont, New Jersey, Maine, Georgia, and West Virginia." This goes to demonstrate the universality of the Church.

— It is possible that cable connection will be established between the coast and Australia within the present year as it is announced that the company of Canadian and English capitalists lately formed to construct a line of cable between Vancouver, B. C., and Australia is pushing on the work. The company has applied to the Imperial Government for bounds to conduct the soundings and other works from the coast of Australia, and the matter is now under the consideration of the Government. The most encouraging offers of assistance in the way of subsidies have been received from all the Governments with whose territory it is proposed to make connection, and the matter has at last been placed beyond the possibility of failure.

— Alluding to the lamented death of Gen eral Logan, the Boston *Pilot* says: he was the son of an Irishman, his father, Dr. Logan, having emigrated in 1823. There never was a bolder type of an American than Logan. He was Republican personified. He was a man whom men might hate but never distrust. The relations between him and his wife were beautiful beyond description.

— Mr. Forster was an Irish Protestant who numbered. "They almost lost them selves in each other's identity, says a Senator who knew General Logan and his wife intimately. Her faithful arms were around him when he died. She had not left his side for two days and nights. The last touch on the living brow was from her hand; and the last recognition look in his eyes went up to meet the eyes of his wife."

— Not only does the religious persecution go on steadily in Russian Poland, but it goes on with the shedding of blood. For several weeks the faithful of the parish of Kempinen have mounted guard night and day in their church to prevent its being closed by military force. At length orders were sent down from Petersburg directing the use of extreme measures. The Cossacks at once hastened to the church with his troops, and ordered the crowd to disperse. As the latter did not move, he gave the command to fire, and a large number of the unfortunate victims fell. Three at length the peasants abandoned their church, the priest escaped with the Sacred Host, and the church was definitely closed. The church of Bent Lakowa, a parish of 20,000 souls, and two churches in the district of Stuck have been similarly desecrated.

— The question about the final resting-place of the Abbé Liszt is alleged to have been definitely settled by a deposition made by the Franciscan Fathers at Pesth. It has more than once been erroneously asserted in the papers that the Abbé Liszt was a Franciscan friar in the ordinary sense of the term. This of course he was not; he was, like many other persons, clerical and lay, from the Pope himself downwards, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis for years before his death. And the Franciscans of Pesth have testified on oath that he repeatedly expressed his desire to be buried in the vaults of their monastery, the funeral to take place at six in the morning, and that the Franciscan habit in which he wished to be interred has been kept ready for years. This evidence, it is said, will decide the question.

— Cardinal Gibbons in a recent address to his flock in the Baltimore Cathedral, spoke emphatically and impressively against the Catholics of the United States having any relations with Socialism, Nihilism or Communism. He condemned all those associations which, while pretending to destroy, not to build up the Union, and brought them to be true and steadfast in their love to the government which shelters and protects them. In regard to labor and capital, he said that both should live in harmony, as one could not exist without the other; that all men owed a two-fold duty—a duty to God and a duty to their country—and that both should lovingly be performed. His words should be well pondered. They are full of practical patriotism and common sense, and convey more to the mind of the toiler than all the bookwaver written on capital and labor.

— The New York *German's Journal* says that "thirteen million, two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars were expended for school purposes by the State of New York during the last scholastic year. The average daily attendance of pupils was 626,813. If their numbers had been increased by the 123,000 boys and girls in our Catholic educational institutions, the taxpayers would have had to expend out of their pockets an additional two million and a half. Catholics not only pay their full share of the school tax, but, for conscience-sake, provide other schools for their children." The same may be said of every State in the Union, the Church saving the general public millions of dollars every year by educating her children in Christian parochial schools. We hope the day is not far distant when the fair minded portion of the American peoples will see the injustice of their double taxing Catholic citizens merely because they desire Christian education for their children.

— Reading the other day in an Irish paper that a deputation of Irish priests and laity prayed to ask Archbishop Walsh's sanction to an Irish pilgrimage to Rome on the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee, suggested the propriety of organizing a pilgrimage of Catholics from the Pacific Coast on the same auspicious occasion. We think that at least one hundred priests and laymen would be glad to unite with their co-religionists for that honorable purpose, and we make the suggestion this early in the year so that proper steps may be taken to ascertain the cost *per capita* and other information as to route, etc. The Golden Jubilee—the celebration of the Holy Father—will not occur until the 23rd of next December, so that visitors to the Vatican from this Coast can have every month in the year to select from in order to make the visit to Rome at the most convenient season for those who desire to make the pilgrimage. We shall be happy to hear from the Hierarchy and laity concerning this proposition and we hope to see it carried out.

— The German "Old Catholic" bishop, Dr. Reinkens, small as his sect, finds himself confronted with the same kind of difficulties between this coast and Australia within the present year as it is announced that the company of Canadian and English capitalists lately formed to construct a line of cable between Vancouver, [illegible] newspaper edited by him, 1[illegible] *Bote*, which he declares to be [illegible] purpose to the old Catholic cause. The complaints will be numerous, and the number of the disobedient and hostility of the clergy of the Government, the most encouraging offers of assistance in the way of subsidies have been received from all the Governments with whose territory it is proposed to make connection, and the matter has at last been placed beyond the possibility of failure.

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Foolish New York Catholics.

It is one to believe a number of extraordinary sensational telegrams published in the daily press during the past week. The parish priest of St. Mediphans late parish in New York have conducted themselves in a manner both unbecoming and unpardonable—even from a worldly point of view.

When the congregation of any Catholic Church undertake to "run" the Bishop, to oppose his actions to such an certain point, and to dictate to him the manner in which he may conduct the affairs of his diocese—then they become rebels to their religious and direct antagonists to the Catholic Church—no matter how much they may proclaim the animosities of a Spanish the Bishop and not against the Church that their opposition is directed.

The organized attempt in New York to be contribution a dollar towards the vision fund of the Supreme Court, is an old trick of malcontents and mischief-makers, which has failed every time it has been tried. This fact was well proved in the diocese of New York during the time of Bishop Dubois, when certain Catholic lay trustees of some of the city churches inflicted to "run" the churches to suit their own views and in direct opposition to the will of the venerable pastor.

These misguided men spent like their present imitators—old Bishop Dubois that they would make him come to terms by stopping the supplies. Not a dollar should be contributed for any purpose to the parishes whom they had control, until the Bishop should yield to the views of his lay thirty. The aged Bishop was the embodiment of humility and piety, non-resistance and faith, with an antagonistic children that he was answered the insolent letter of his lay tormentors by sent for eleven he could with Father Eugene Onan, for this know no will but that of God.

For months the small Pulaski was beset with continually, until at length he was deserted by all but a few—some of the priests in the parishes protested against the malcontent parties. Then, indeed, the parishes were dismissed people broke out in a regular anti-Catholic disturbance, and again the threat was rife that the congregations would leave the Church.

This time patience ceased to be a virtue, the perpetrators with which to stop the vicious conduct of the rebellious spirits who, as they had invaded the sanctuary, had defied the authority of the Shepherd whom Almighty God had placed over them. Accordingly, Bishop Dubois sent a letter to the Street and that dignity and courage which Dominic Dubois never abandon the moment or conducted the affairs of his diocese and for either with or without the Church.

"I am an old man, said the saintly prelate, "and my days are numbered. Now be firm, my wants are simple. I can live on a crust in a garret or in a cellar. Rather than yield to the lay trustees, I will go to a garret, or down into a cellar. I shall not yield to them, and you will find that you cannot exercise this fact."

The honeyed-tongued "lay trustees" were not long in finding out that the sink and said Bishop Dubois was encamped in an unfurnished garret and cellar, and eventually made him return to his diocese. Of course, the rebellious spirits who had invaded the sanctuary, and defied the authority of the Shepherd whom Almighty God had placed over them, were dismissed from the parishes they had disturbed and from the Church altogether.

What would Washington's lay patriots, democrats and Catholics, and Catholics, do if they should turn, spontaneously, the sanctuary and defy the authority of the Bishops? And what would the cultivated members of mental energy and Catholic lay trustees, do if they should turn the sanctuary and defy the authority of the Bishops? Why, they would be dismissed, and their places would be filled by other people, and their churches, but the people would follow the Bishops.

Catholics in this country are not to be trifled with. They are not to be trifled with. They are generally a few exceptions, at present, there are no Cardinal Bishops, 45 Archbishops, and 1[illegible] Bishops. Among the last class figures the learned and zealous Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, and well also be said "Catholic Bishop." Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, and well also be said "Catholic Bishop." Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, and well also be said "Catholic Bishop." Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, and well also be said "Catholic Bishop." Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, and well also be said "Catholic Bishop."

Is Culture Opposed to Christianity?

"No thinking man can deny the truth of the fact that the so-called "cultured classes" of every community in America are tainted with either a mild form of Agnosticism or the concerning growth of infidelity. Would the prospect seems to have a paganizing influence upon all those who, in their individual approach to the mysteries of Mammon, the Lord Jesus Christ and the Catholics and their Catholics alike say in classed in this category, which only serves to show what a baneful influence Protestantism exercises even outside the circumscribed area of sectarianism.

If there is any one thing which more than anything else tends to direct mere thoughts to the omnipotence existence and the omnipotence of God, it is the study of the wonders of the universe, contemplating the marvellous effect which flowed from the hand of the Almighty. Yet, strange to say, many of the Protestant moralists in Africa are morally corrupt and victims of drunkenness.

And then are the men who accuse Catholics religious of doing the work of Satan in Africa. Shame upon such scandalous lies! Shame upon such scandalous lies! Shame upon such scandalous lies!

Farm and Home.

Urging Fruit Culture.

A. T. Hatch, of Suisun, who has over 500 acres of fruit in bearing, is an enthusiast on the subject of fruit, and well he may be, for it has made him rich. He is urging others to do likewise. In the course of a conversation he said that his wife asked why he wanted other people to plant fruit trees, and thus come in competition with him. He told her it was selfishness that made him urge his neighbors to plant trees and vines. He wanted to create a market. Mr. Hatch thinks that the fruit business of California must improve for many years. A train of ten cars of fruit looks big going out every day, but suppose there were fifty or a hundred cars started out, and as the train pulls through the country from South to South and East to West, it would drop one here and there until they would soon all be gone. A great deal of fruit raised here would get people to depend on it, and would make a market.

Money in Berries.

As an instance of what may be done in the way of raising small fruit we refer to H. H. Williams, whose experience the past season is worthy of mention. From one-half-acre of blackberries he has this year harvested 3,000 pounds of berries, which he sold here at six cents a pound, giving him $180 from the one-half, or a gross profit of $360 per acre. He performed most of the work himself, so that his expenses were light. Small fruits will pay handsomely in this valley, if properly attended.—*Pomona Progress.*

Two Crops a Year.

Plowing and seeding are going forward at a rapid rate because of the harvest that is being sown for hay will be ready to cut in time for a crop of corn or potatoes to be matured on the same ground before frain next fall. Such things appear like fables to many of our Eastern friends, yet it is all true. Adjoining the town of Bakersfield last summer was a field in which this dual progress was carried on. We noted the crops carefully and know that both were well matured. After the barley was taken off for hay a crop of corn was planted, and under the benign influence of our obnoxious summer skies and tropicous moisture ever ready for application, made a growth that equaled any we have ever seen in the most noted corn-growing States. Adding to this the further consideration that we have no long idle winters where domestic animals must be housed and fed at great expense and the advantage of this as a purely agricultural country really appear. And yet experience shows that several crops are not the most profitable. Rare fruits, such as oranges, lemons, prunes, peaches and raisins, all of which do well in this section, are making their producers more clear profit than the ordinary agricultural production. These facts, and others equally potent, are the cause of the unprecedented immigration from the Eastern States. The most remarkable feature of this wonderful influx is that so many stop in Los Angeles and San Diego counties where prices of rich, productive land are not to be compared with those asked in this and adjoining counties.—*Kern County Echo.*

Growing Flax.

A new industry is to be established in San Mateo County which may rise into considerable importance. A linen factory is to be established to manufacture flax of local production. To encourage farmers to grow flax, seed will be advanced, to be paid for when the crop is delivered. Flax grows well in almost any part of California, and it has been produced in a considerable extent for the seed, but this is the first attempt to grow it for the fiber. Once the flax industry of the United States was of great importance, but it has dwindled away to almost nothing. It remains to be seen whether California can revive this decaying business.

A Credulous Farmer.

A strolling gypsy told a West Virginia farmer that if he would place $25 in a certain hollow stump and leave it there all night it would be doubled in the morning. The farmer tried it, and was enough fooled $50 in the stump. The gypsy advised the farmer to get all he had, $700, in the stump and draw out $1400 in the morning. The farmer tried his advice, and now he is looking for a gypsy who he says has stolen $700 from him.

Money in Raisins.

A Southern California raisin-grower has sold 3000 pounds of raisins from a vineyard of one and two-thirds acres. The fruit was disposed of in the seeds for 3½ cents a pound, and the return was at the rate of about $200 an acre. This is not an exceptional instance by any means, for the local papers throughout the State are filled with just such items. The price, however, was moderate, as 6½ cents has been paid for many tons of raisins by the large packers this year. It does not need an elaborate mathematical demonstration, with such facts as these for a basis, to show that the cultivation of raisin grapes is one of the most profitable branches of horticulture which may be engaged in.

What a Royal Baby Can Do.

The birth of Princess Beatrice's son was indirectly the cause of a terrible panic in the West End of London recently. From an early hour the whole of the metropolis had been wrapped in a dense fog. Nothing like it has been experienced for years. The traffic in the streets was all but suspended, and trains from the suburbs were delayed hours on the regs. In this dismal and dangerous condition of affairs, at about four o'clock that evening, the West End was startled by a tremendous explosion. In the underground railway station, at Victoria the passengers confronted a with one voice that "the dynamiters were at work." The first explosion was followed very quickly by a second and a third, and it was not until the fifth or sixth that the people in the street began to look more calm as it dawned upon them that after all the din was occasioned by nothing more criminal than the discharge of blank cartridges from the cannon in the adjacent St. James' Park. In Piccadilly and the streets on the other side of the park the alarm was equally great. There were forty two guns fired in all. Surely the celebrity Mistie wants of powder. Princess Beatrice has presented the Queen with her thirty sixth grandchild, and almost from the moment of its birth it became, after the manner of its race, an expense to the country.

California Raisins.

The California *Grower and Canner* has interviewed several business men in San Francisco relative to the manner of disposing of California raisins, from which it appears that some commission firms in the city have formed them prematurely on the Eastern market, without reference to the demand, so as to get their commissions quickly, when by holding them back a short time, a fair price might have been realized, as the better qualities of California raisins are found in the East to be fully equal to imported fruit and commands just as good prices when judiciously handled.

Family Fun.

Once was Enough.

Sick wife—If I die, John, you will never marry again, will you?

John (with unnecessary earnestness)—No, indeed!

At the Seaside.

Mrs. Levy—"Schmidt, almost look at those beautiful swans, how they cross and dive."

Mr. Levy—"Hequeen, don't I have told you already sometimes dat I don't want to hear apout those fluctuations? I vants to hear no talkings at all apout dat money market vile I vas dot seaside—oi."

Time's Social Revenges.

Mrs. Vengeanide—"Oh! I know that Mrs. Upstart is just green with envy this day."

Sympathizing Friend—"Yes, indeed."

"You remember we were both married in the same church and her wedding was ever so much finer than mine and she knew it too."

"Yes, it's so."

"I just like to see her now turning her hair when she thinks of the fact that my husband had the biggest funeral that ever was in this street, and with her husband just wallowing in health, she can't equal it for years yet."

The Irish Soldier's Ready Excuse.

While on the peninsula during the war, an officer one day came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the Irish Ice ade. The fellow had the lifeless bodies of a goose and a hen, tied together by the hinks daughter from his mouthes, "where did you steal those you ran ay?" the officer demanded.

"Steal, sir!" Faith, I was marching along with Colonel Sergeant Magpiece, and the goose had come to pay some out and knowed the Ameriean flag, and I shot him on the spot."

"But the hen, sir; how did the hen die?"

"It's the hen, is it? Bad luck to the hen! I caught her laying eggs for the Confederate army, and as a Federal soldier I couldn't stand that, sinhow, and I gave her a bit that stopped that act of treason."

She Knew Him.

Maud—"Oh! I just dote on palmistry. I've been studying it for a week, and I can tell any one's fortune now."

Augustus—"Well, tell mine, please."

Maud—"Well, let me see. This is the line or the other one there is, but I guess it don't matter much, they look a good deal alike anyhow—yes, now I see.

"You will be awfully in love with you, but she will die an old maid."

"And I?"

"Oh, you'll go through life just the way you have been doing, never seeing beyond your nose."

"But why will she die an old maid?"

"Because you won't have nerve enough to ask her to marry you, that's why."

Didn't Care for Sweets.

She (looking over the bill of fare)—Am I to have *carte blanche*, Charley?

Charley—Why, yes; take some carte blanche if you want, but I prefer something solid.

Seeking Free Advice.

"Doctor," he said casually to a physician whom he met on the street, "I've got a boil on my heel. What would you advise me to do?"

And the doctor, who doesn't give something for nothing when he can help it, replied:

"I would advise you to buy a dozen pocket handkerchiefs and then consult a physician."

Between the Acts.

"How truly rural that scene was" said a husband to his wife as the curtain descended after the first act, and then he went out to see a man.

At the close of the play—it was five-act play—he again expressed his admiration for the truly rural nature of the scenery, but he pronounced it "tooly booral," his wife got him home quickly as she could.

A Unfortunate Order.

"James," said a grocer to his clerk, "you mustn't say 'lady' to the women customers any more; they don't like the term."

"All right, sir," replied James, and presently Mrs. Wayback came in.

"I want a Philadelphia dry picked codfish," she said, "an three pans of soap."

"Yes, ma'am," responded James; "where'll you have 'em sent?"

"Don't you remember, you young snapper-jawed," and Mrs. Wayback, eyeing him with displeasure, "I'm a lady an' don't you forget it," and she flounced out.

A Father-in-Law's Vengeance.

A jury composed of 11 business men and an old fellow from across the creek retired to the jury room. The fellow, who was selected, remarked that he thought that the prisoner ought to be sent to the penitentiary for five years.

"They ain't long enough," said the old fellow. "Let's put it on him for 10."

"Oh, no, that won't do."

"Well, then," stretching himself out on a bench, "I'm with yer."

"What, you're going to hang the jury?"

"Tain't about it."

"My dear sir, we are anxious to get back to our business."

"Then send him up for 10."

"But that would be a great injustice."

"Then squal an' make yourselves comfortable."

"Have you any special reason why the prisoner should go up for 10 years?"

"I think I have," throwing a quid of tobacco at the spittoon.

"Will you please name it?"

"Wa, for it won't take no long. He is my son-in-law an' I have been supportin' him ever since he was married."

He was up for 10 years.

Glad He Hadn't Anything.

An awkward, ill-favored boy, while on an Arkansaw railway train approached a man and said:

"Mister, won't you please help me along?"

"You are going along fast enough. If you are in a hurry why don't you get out and walk."

"I mean, won't you give me fifty cents?"

"What for?"

"I have fits and—"

"(Sent Cesar, do they have to pay a fellow to have fits in this country? I'd, when I come from people don't have to pay for fits."

"I am not able to work—"

"Well, don't do it. I don't care if you never work any. I am not so very fond of work myself."

"All I want is money enough to pay my fare to Jacksonville."

"What do you want to go there for?"

"My brother lives there."

"Well, what have you got against him? I want to live with him. Won't you please give me money enough to—

"Have fits, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you are better off than I am. I haven't even got fits. I haven't anything. Go on off somewhere and amuse yourself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and cure the disease. The organs kill they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla."—THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all."—MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

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AN AMERICAN AT KNOCK.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

in the blames and other prayers which he recited. Afterwards nearly all repeated in the shrine where the apparitions had been seen. I had a few minutes' conversation with Archbishop Cavagnari.

ROME,

the venerable clergyman invited me to his house and listened to what I had to say. He was singularly impressed, so he told me, if he addressed me from the pulpit. Of the many portals priests I met with in Ireland all of whom carry the dignity of their calling in their manner and language, no one is now so vividly impressed by my mind as this gentleman. Whether it was from the association of the place with the news approval of the principal Irish-American citizens of Cincinnati, I, yet next in importance, and pledge you an unyielding support in the conflict.

JOHN FITZGERALD, President.

The substance of President Fitzgerald's address to the meeting of the Irish National League of America is as follows:

The present position of affairs in Ireland deserves consideration and renewed energy on our part. The inhumanity, greed and aggravation of landlordism, aided by a plunder the Irish people have forced upon them the alternative of resistance, such as is within their power to offer. There can be no doubt that the present plan of campaign offers the best practical means, so far as discovered, for offering effective the determination of the Irish people to protect themselves against the greed of those who become, therefore, by duty to their interest and the new crisis has arisen in Ireland. In doing this I feel that I have done all that is necessary to urge you to renewed zeal and energy in the labor of love which you have undertaken. I am glad to be able to announce to you that the affairs of the Irish National League of America are in a most satisfactory and flourishing condition, and the organization itself has never been more healthy, vigorous and hopeful than at the present time. The address speaks of what has already been accomplished, compliments the efforts of Treasurer O'Reilly and Secretary Sutton, and closes with an appeal to the members of the League to take new courage, and proceed with new zeal to the task still before them.

First National Bank.

The First National Bank of San Francisco, Cal., held its seventeenth annual meeting yesterday, on change of date made in the last issue of THE MONITOR—January 21. Photos successfully his father, James Phelan. The board now consists of Daniel Callaghan, James McNab, George A. Low, W. Van Bergen, Lewis Gerstle, George A. Bourdinn, James M. Donohoe, Chester G. Hooker and James H. Jennings. The board re-elected by electing Daniel Callaghan, President; James McNab, Vice President; George A. Low, Cashier, and Chas. W. Kline, Assistant Cashier.

The bank has paid the stockholders 111 successive dividends, amounting to $1,110,000, and did a very good business in 1886, adding $25,108 72 to its surplus, which now stands at $954 10 96. Its capital stock paid up is $1,500,000, and its total resources amount to $4,208,119 38.

Young Men's Institute.

Grand Lecturer Lynch delivered a very able address before Stockton Institute No. 7, last week.

Death assessment No. 2 of $1 has been levied by the Board of Directors.

All communications for the Institute should be addressed to Joseph J. Tuohy, Grand Recording Secretary, No. 104 Fort street, room 12, San Francisco.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—The Ulster Winter Assizes having concluded at Ennis, the last of the political prisoners, Patrick Hanlon, left for Belfast, and were met at the Boundary by a large crowd, who cheered them. The prisoner was strongly guarded.

ARMAGH.—On Dec. 21, at Armagh, a man named William Nugent, charged with grievous and a capital crime and between Rosslyn and Ballymacrea, on the evening of the 5th of November last, was committed for trial at the Assizes, and sentenced to be hanged. The prisoner is now in custody and will be tried at the Assizes. The deceased was a man very much respected, both in Keady and Armagh, and there is great sympathy felt for his family.

CAVAN.—On Dec. 15th, the tenants residing on the property of Mr. Kennedy, in Drumlish, Drumreach, and Aghalill, came into Cavan to pay their rents, and were received by his agents, who informed them that Mr. Kennedy was not at home. The tenants asked for an abatement of the abolition in the rental on the old rents, and twenty-four of them demanded a reduction of 25 per cent. The agents said that Mr. Kennedy had previously signified his intention of giving an abatement of 25 per cent. All agreed. The tenants left without paying.

CLARE.—Mr. Charles Mahon, sub-Sheriff for Clare, received a sound caning on Tuesday in the Sixth-mile Station, at Killaloe, from Mr. Stackpole Stokes, of Doo. Dr. J. Hill, Doon, and a large force of police were present, but the assailants escaped. It is said that the very laborious on the part of the people following.

On Dec. 20th, the sheriff, with the usual force of Ennis, Francis street, Kilkee, was completely beaten, as was the Sheriff at Ballyvaughan, in the house; and the proprietress likewise pitched a vain attempt to sell her property. It appears that the only occupants of the house were, besides Miss O'Connell, a young man, named Michael McInerney, and the Sheriff's deputy and his cousin, all of whom had come there for the purpose of carrying out some eviction in the neighborhood.

CORK.—The Rev. E. Hayes, pastor of Georgetown, Iowa, United States, lecturing recently at Youghal, on the Land Question, and Times, spoke of the Liberator as the apostle of moral force, the advocate of Irishmen's rights and the sublime impersonation of incorruptible patriotism.

The Duke of Devonshire has allowed his Cork tenantry a reduction of 25 per cent. on the half-year's rent, being the same as he granted in his Waterford tenantry. The tenantry have accepted the reduction, which is equivalent to 50 per cent. on other properties in the district, considering the made of rent. He holds 30,000 acres in the county Cork.

By Finance, of Dublin, has given his tenantry at Ballycondon, Mitchelstown, an abatement of 25 per cent., through the agent, Mr. Bell, Tipperary.

The tenantry of Mr. R. G. Davis, at Fidane, near Mallow, have received an abatement of 30 per cent., through the agent, Mr. Bell, Tipperary.

The Island tenantry of Mr. Lamoche, Dublin, have, through the agent, Mr. Keogh, received an abatement of 20 per cent. The tenants paid the rents. The Baltimore tenantry, near Castlehaven, have been granted similar reduction, by the agent, Mr. Williams, of Dromore, Mallow.

Captain Townsend, the agent over the estate of the late Mr. John Hyde, has given reductions of rent from 15 to 25 per cent. to the tenantry in the Mitchelstown and Fermoy districts. A permanent reduction of 25 per cent. has also been given to the good tenants.

Early on Dec. 21, an old man named Anthony Mooney was found on the road near the town of Tralee. He had been in town, and left late in the evening, the Carrigan Hill, where he was with a load of coals. It is supposed that he fell asleep, and that death was caused by the intensive severity of the weather.

Mr. Jeremiah Mahony died on December 21, at his residence, Camden quay, at the ripe age of 84 years. Mr. Mahony for many years was a member of the Corporation, with the Dublin Corporation, and was Sheriff of Cork in 1848. Subscriptions to the Mahony testimonial fund were received by Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Mahony's son-in-law, at the Cork Steam Packet Company's office, Dublin, and the amount of $450 was reached. Subscriptions to the testimonial fund, being moved to the chair, and large number of objections from the different parishes in which the estate has fallen also present. After an elegant speech from the chair, it was decided to ask a reduction, and in case of refusal, abide by the advice of the land League.

LEITRIM.—On Dec. 19, at Ballyconnell, Cavan, a meeting of Conal Ring Hermitage branch was held in Ballymahon, the Rev. J. Skelly, P.P., Carrickboyland, being moved to the chair, and large number of objections from the different parishes in which the estate has fallen also present. After an elegant speech from the chair, it was decided to ask a reduction, and in case of refusal, abide by the advice of the land League.

LIMERICK.—On Dec. 23, the ceremonial of the profession of a Sister of the Order of Mercy took place in the Convent chapel attached to the Dublin-road. The young lady professed was Miss Mary Agnes Blandy, fourth daughter of Myles Blandy, Esq., Ashtown, and second of the same family in religion of Sister Mary Elizabeth.

On Dec. 21, a deputation from the Corporation, consisting of the Mayor, Sir Thomas Gaffney, the Rev. Dr. Hillyard, Dr. O'Connor, and Mr. Cornelius Ryan, waited on the Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Gillooly, and presented him with an address congratulating him on his appointment to his present valued position.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Ryan, who had served 40 years as a Dublin Commissioner, retired from the service, and received a handsome testimonial from the staff of the Commission.

MAYO.—Mr. Peter Tuohy, tenant-at-will of Mr. Murphy, Ballycastle, Ballina, Dublin, has received notice to quit. Mr. Tuohy, who is a man of good character, and a good farmer, has been in occupation of the farm for 30 years, and has always paid his rent. The farm, in question, is a large one, and the rent is very low. The present rent is £60 per annum, and the landlord has offered to take £30 per annum, and the tenant has offered £40 per annum, and the landlord has refused to accept it. The tenant has offered £40 per annum, and the landlord has refused to accept it. The tenant has offered £40 per annum, and the landlord has refused to accept it. The

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

DESTINY.

Whither to-day and whither to-morrow,
Goeth our lives and hearts and hope;
Revolves in pleasure and care and sorrow,
Say what it cost in Fate's horoscope!
Infancy, young, and manhood fled,
Age with its staff—and this is all—
Life is a smile and a tear and pall,
And the dream is past away.
Blissely,
Chastely,
Wrathfully,
Meekly,
Gleams our lives and our hope for aye—
Againe and falling like leaves from tree!
Dropping away,
Dropping away,
Like leaves from a bereaved autumnal tree;
(As the leaves in the Mountain Ferns in the River,
And the River flows on to the Sea!)

Hither to-day and thither to-morrow,
Led by Fatality, changeless storm and storm,
From whose experience good may we borrow—
He is that is gone can never return.
This do we know—our hopes are dissipated—
To ourselves be true, hear Faith in the end;
An honest hand have of help to extend,
And a heart of hope always!
Lenghingly,
Tearfully,
Trustingly
Goeth our lives and our hopes each day,
Like the wrinkled rumblings of restless waves,
Rushing along,
Changing and moving incessantly,
Blown by the winds of great Destiny;
(So the Stream in the Mountain Ferns as to the River,
And the River flows on to the Sea!)

C. ANTHONY DUFFY.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

ST. PLACIDUS.

[Under the altar of St. Francis Latin, in the Church of St. Ignatius, is this city, reposes a life-size representation of St. Placidus, containing the relics of the youthful martyr.]

How calm, in his young, manly beauty,
He lies in his unbroken sleep!
Reward, as the fair child of duty,
To his, now, triumphant, to reap.

In the school of wisdom is his station, they tell him,
A prince of the old Roman race;
And fittingly, too, they arrayed him
In robes so suited to grace!

The bright, lapsed red thrown around him,
The wealth of his love to display;
And white, in which purity bound him,
His innocent soul to portray!

The gold, too, of fanciful weaving,
In which the young noble was decked,
The strength of his faith is believing,
When Faith meant blood-pouring sacrificed.

The open, red wound that is glowing
Where his pitiless steel found its rest,
Was the point of the sharp, sword, now showing
In the hand on his virginal breast.

Oh, well on his brow to place wreathing,
The bright lily—as crown that he wears;
And low at his shrine to kneel, breathing
For there is the glory he bears.

Years have rolled by since he perished;
Centuries, too, have long fled;
And yet is his memory cherished,
For such fire, should such bodies be dead.

O, men, in your wild, fevered rushing
For what the bare world can afford,
Whether, sun OR MOON OR LIFE!

Is its pleading or its things that are lasting
In your restless and vain, longing search,
To be Faith that in yearnings aspires,
And the years that is found in the Church.

Go, look at the saint who his sleeping
On the bed which his martyrdom gave;
Then turn to the weary world stepping
The ends which their God gave to rave.

Ah, then, with an ardent wish burning
For the bliss which the saint has attained,
Level low at his feet, humbly learning
The way by which Heaven is gained.

Ask for a faith never ending;
Ask him to help you to love,
Pray with a penite heart bending
For the grace he will find you above.

Oakland, Jan., 1887. HELOISA RETLEY.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

"LET THE LITTLE ONES COME UNTO ME."

TO R. T. G.

In the life of our Saviour sweet nonesia we read,
The lessons of wisdom He loved to bestow;
In the hospital of the children instilling the seed
Of patience and charity—a.n to shelter the foe.
But, mortalita, as I ponder o'er prospects of gold
Which flowed from the life of that Prophet of grace,
Adopted alike to the young and the old,
To nations at large, every people and race.
There is one of all others I love to bend o'er,
And wish I, too, present, that we might gaze to see,
When our Saviour, while resting on Galilee's shore,
Breathed forth: "*Let the little ones come unto Me.*"

Not the great or the learned He summoned that day
To list to His lessons so curiously hoard;
Oh, no! 'twas the little ones blessing to lay
On the breast of the Master and hear His sweet Word.

What joy, oh, what rapture, what purest delight
Must these children have felt as they lay on His breast,
With that prayer being smile beaming on them so bright;
Oh, truly, 'twas blissful and heavenly rest.
And while holding them thus I to His loving embrace,
A lesson of meekness is wafted to me:
"If you wish in the house of my Father a place,
A spirit like these little ones you must crave."

Oh! thrice happy little ones ever to be,
So dearly beloved by your Saviour of men!
How favored, how blessed, how happy to see
In the course of the angels that Saviour again!
How glorious shall be your lot in the blest
To repose in the arms of our Father and Friend;
So peaceful and happy in unalloyed rest,
Through the day of eternity—never to end.
Oh, keep ever spotless thy fair robe of grace,
And hear it annulled o'er life's stormy sea,
That—when leaving this exile—and quitting the race,
You may hear that sweet bidding: "Child, come unto Me."

FELICITAS.

Singing Songs of Joy

"Hurrah for the Irish May Flower's bloom,
That cured my Rheumy's ills,
It kept his fleet from death's doom,
And cured him by his pills.
Do you know me, Mr. Delaney,
I'm Mike Flynn, of Ballyshannon,
Irish May Fly cures, sure's the power,
Cured my darling Joy.

Literary Miscellany.

The Great Strike at Errickdale.

A STORY OF RICH AND POOR

CHAPTER I.

Errickdale is famous for its coal pits. It has dozens of them. All night long their fires glow red through the darkness, and all day the sound of pick and hammer, and the creak of rusty iron chains dragging heavily loaded cars up the slope of the mines into the light, mingle with the hum of the busy workshops of their lofty pinnacled sheds as they come and go, till the place with noisy life. It is a lonely place otherwise, close to the sea-coast. A poisonous strike wind puts far out into the water, and a tramway roadway for it for the use of the cars which take the coal to the vessels that are constantly loading.

The village of Errickdale, at the time of our story, consisted of the black buildings connected with the mines, the rows of little blue-stone tenements where the miners lived, and one spacious, rambling, old fashioned dwelling, built a century previous by the first owners and operators of the mines, and preserved intact ever since, in its antique and solid elegance, by each new owner of the place. Eight months of the year it was closed, with the exception of a few rooms occupied by the agent, the old housekeeper, and two servants, one other apartment being always kept in readiness to receive the master whenever, for any reason, he chose to make his appearance.

But for four months, from June to October, the whole house was thrown open and filled with a brilliant company, who spent their summer days in nonty idleness, and made Errickdale a scene of delight. The beautiful it was always, in spite of its loneliness—a loneliness so extreme that not another town or village, or house or hut, was to be met within five miles around it, except Tom Teal, lying hidden from sight behind the hills, and five miles away at that, and the lighthouse which rose up early on the point of the dangerous, ugly rock ledge in the centre of Errick Bay. That lay open to every opportunity for sailing, rowing, bathing, and fishing; the beach was firm and good for those who cared to walk; the rocks were bold and tempting for those who cared to climb. In the fields the wild pink roses blossomed, and straw berries, raspberries, tiny alpine berries, and blueberries followed one upon the other in superabundance. The longs of coal-dust, the begrimed men, the care-worn women and dirty children, the confusion and drifting, marred very much the beauty of the place; but what would it, the place without them? The guests who came there soon forgot such trifles as the days spent in the merry-making; and the city of Mallton a summer at Errickdale was spoken of as a season of unrivalled pleasure.

It was in Malton that John Bennett, the present owner of Errick mines, had his palace-like city house. There he had collected such treasures as few men could boast, even in that city, famed for its super-fluity of the beautiful and the costly; and all of them he lavished upon the only lady whom made life dear to him—the daughter whom his stalwart young wife had left to him when, at the child's birth, she died.

It is a marvel that Eleanora Rosetti grew up as amiable and gentle as she was; for she scarcely knew what it meant to have a wish thwarted or the slightest wish for her fancy ungratified. Delicate and fair, like some exotic plant, she bloomed in the tenderness wherever she went, and it seemed to her only as the air she breathed—she knew nothing else. She was a perfect queen in her kingdom, and her subjects were her willing slaves; for, in her intercourse with them, she was gracious and regular beauty, and to bear the rich woman's name with a sense of evidence like the manor notes of an organ music. Even had she been of like station and wealth with herself, Eleanora would have left no room for jealousy; for her own beauty and that of Bridget were of so different a character that no contrast for that, her trained artistic taste was considering it with pleasure all the while that their talk went on.

"Not that way, Bridget answered her for the fourth time, and then a plenty myself. Hit it's as if the hangys and want were trying to put my heart instead of my body. Sakes alive! I'm sure I'd be ashamed of myself, and my poor mother, if I ever let myself be so very mean! Why should she hope they would lend her their tattlin' tongues? Would not the neighbors be more ready to speak against his nibbers, because of the shame to her daughter? Well, I'm sure, she, she ought to see that this would be the result. And then the long, long days and weeks which must elapse before the chance would come at all—if it should ever come at all! She just that sudden hope and plan away. Instead of it, she prayed against and again with steady, tired voice, "Let it come, Lord, let it come! I'm so tired for me, save thy people now."

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

GEOLOGY AND CATHOLICS.

A Catholic Bishop the Founder of Geological Science.

[illegible] people ask where that the father of the science of geology was not only a Catholic, but a Catholic Bishop? The Bologna Congress at Bologna some twenty years ago brought prominently forward the name of the Danish anatomist, Niel Stensen, eldest son of the Danish Lutheran minister at Stenos, as the founder of geological science. On Sunday, 11th of the Calends of Cyprenius (celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the death of this remarkable man by a grand festival, in which many non-Catholic persons of distinction, including Professor Huxley, took part side by side with the Prefect Apostolic, Mgr. Von Eoch.

Sir Charles Lyell, in the first volume of his "Elements of Geology," gives a detailed account of Stensen's works and theories, but no reference to his ecclesiastical character. Born a Lutheran, Niel Stensen, at the age of twenty five had made the first map of the daily study of anatomy, when, being called upon to dissect an Italian, he turned his attention to the great muscle of the heart, and made a discovery a new science.

Being sent to the convent of a Catholic, it is interesting. He was marked all through life by a deep reverence for the Author of truth. Humanity was his study, his first pupil-friend, gradually fell into by their writings, and led on to the study of creation. From anatomy he passed to mathematics, and finally to the consideration of lore of truth earned him even further favor with the Holy Ghost, and Pope Urban presented at Leghorn and the Lady Christina of Sweden, the judge in the streets, fire turned his curiosity to the study of the Scripture, and he was ordained priest at Ratisbon, and the Elector Ernest of Hanover, who was a Lutheran, made him his court preacher. Not long after

THE MONITOR.

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The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1887.

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

536 KEARNY STREET,

(first-floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— Henry George, a Protestant, advises Catholics to revolt from the authority of their Church. Comment is unnecessary.

— A movement is on foot, originated by Mr. M. M. Busman, of Eufaula, Ala., to erect a monument over the grave of Father Ryan, the poet priest, at Mobile, Ala.

— The pastor of St. Agatha's, Philadelphia, has secured for $18,000 a large piece of ground on which he proposes to build handsome parochial schools. He sold the old church property for $11,000.

— A cablegram from Rome, received on Saturday last, announces the Pontiff's Secretary of State to succeed Cardinal Jacobini, as Monsignor Rampolla del Tindaro, at present the Papal Nuncio at Madrid.

— The death is announced of Rev. Thomas Scannell, for many years the esteemed parish priest of Douglas, Cork, and one of the Canons of the Chapter of the diocese. The deceased clergyman had reached an advanced age.

— Cardinal Innocent Ferrieri, who died recently, was born at Faino, Italy, Sept. 14, 1813, and was elevated to the dignity of Cardinal March 12th, 1866. His death reduces the number of Cardinals nominated by Pope Pius IX. to twenty-six.

— The opinion of Mr. Henry George's friends of his hysterical articles in his organ, may be gauged by the fact that the *Irish World*, his staunchest supporter, was silent last week. It left Mr. George to himself. "Alas! Poor Yorick!"

— One of the New Zealand Bishoprics is to be elevated to the dignity of an Archiepiscopal See. The Catholics of Auckland have forwarded an address to the Vatican in support of the claims of that Diocese, where the first scenes of Catholicity were seen in the Colony.

— A recent remnal of the Diocese of Brooklyn, shows an aggregation of 158 priests, 90 churches, 39 chapels, 1 theological seminary, 2 colleges—St. John's and St. Francis—16 academies and 1 select school, 43 parochial schools, 16 Catholic asylums and 4 hospitals.

— The oldest person in France, perhaps in the world, is said to be a woman who lives in the village of Aubeville, in Perigord. She was born March 16, 1761, and is therefore 125 years old. The authentic record of her birth is to be found in the parish register of St. Just du Claix, in the Department of the Isere.

— Cardinal Gibbons will leave Baltimore next month to attend the College of Cardinals, which meets at Rome in March next. During his absence the affairs of the Archdiocese will be managed by Mgr. McGigan, the Cardinal's Vicar General. Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, will attend the same conclave, and the two Cardinals will receive the Red Hat from Pope Leo at the same time. They will be absent about two months.

— A recent cablegram from Rome states that the Pope has written a letter to Emperor William thanking him for the reference in his speech opening the Landtag to the increasing friendliness of the relations between Prussia and the Vatican. The Pope promises to cooperate with the Emperor in bringing the negotiations between Prussia and the Vatican to a successful termination.

— Catharine Cotter, in religion Mother St. Virenina, died at the Ursuline Academy, Cleveland, O., on the 12th inst. Her well-fortified by the last rites of Holy Church, passed from earth without a struggle. Mother St. Virenina will be long remembered as true Ursuline, self-sacrificing, and as a devoted, hard-working teacher. The deceased was in the 40th year of her age and the 19th of her profession.

— The new edition of the London Post Office Directory consists of 2,672 pages, plus 322 pages of advertisements, and contains 244,000 names. On each page are 16,000 letters, the number of letters in the "Commercial" alone making a total of 7,680,000, and the weight of the type used for the volume is about twenty-five tons. Here is a small but interesting table which shows the difference of arrangement. In the new directory there are : 2,120 Smiths, 1,168 Jonesses, 708 Browns and 467 Robinsons.

— Right Hon. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal Member of Parliament, and formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, in a speech on Saturday said he believed that when Home Rule was granted to Ireland, Parnell would be the conservative leader in the Irish Parliament, supported by the Government and the landlords, while Parnell's present adjutants would lead the opposition. But this is only the opinion of one of England's defeated minions in Ireland.

— A telegram has been received from William R. Hibler, who is now at York Factory on his way to discover the long-sought-for Northwest Passage, in which he says of the Catholic Indians he found there: "The Indians are very poor and will not start for Churchill until they have received Holy Communion at Christmas, as they think bad luck will follow them all next year if they go without receiving it." What a lesson for Legions of people who call themselves the lightened and civilized Catholics! These poor Indians may appear pitiable and useless by the eye of the worldling, but their demonstration of Catholic faith makes them an object in the sight of God, who loves to sanctify the souls of the faithful poor.

— The Colorado Catholic makes this pertinent observation: "General Logan died a Protestant, if anything, though his father was an Irish Catholic physician. Another case of ambition or carelessness making shipwreck of faith. Of all fellows, certainly the worst a sin for worldly pride and position another religion. Yet, even by their own acknowledgment, this is what the parents are doing who send their children to the public schools. We do not pity their fearful reaping of later years, for they sow in broad day light."

— Speaking of Henry George's letter of the McGlynn case, Justin McCarthy says: "The whole thing is something to be deplored. Mr. George was no doubt sincere in his convictions, but it was just possible that he was too severe. Dr. McGlynn will receive fair treatment when he goes to Rome. His case will not be prejudiced. The Catholic Church is always conservative, and acts with great deliberation in dealing with questions which concern its own welfare. In my opinion Mr. George's letter will have no effect from an ecclesiastical point of view.

— Under the heading "The Vatican and Ireland," the weekly press recently published a dispatch from Rome which runs thus: "In consequence of the increasing agitation in Ireland, the Pope to-day conferred with Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda, with reference to instructions to be sent to Irish Bishops, charging them to keep the clergy in their respective dioceses scrupulously within the limits of their duty. There is not a word of truth in this announcement. The Pope is perfectly aware that there is no increase of agitation in Ireland, except among the law officers of the Crown in the Four Courts. And Cardinal Simeoni denies that any conversation has taken place between him and the Holy Father with regard to Ireland.

— A reporter of the New York *Herald* recently interviewed Archbishop Corrigan in relation to the personal attack made upon him by Henry George in the second issue of his anti-Catholic crusader, and—after reading the charge that his Grace tried to defeat the preparations for the Labor Convention, and had coerced his priests to aid him—Archbishop Corrigan read the paragraph quoted above, and, turning to the reporter with a smile said: "I never pay any attention to those things." "But, your Grace, otherwise, and the charge will be scattered broadcast over this country." "You may say," said the Archbishop, "that it is entirely false from beginning to end."

— The statistics used by the enemies of the Church to sow discord in the souls of Catholics.

— The Rome correspondent of a secular non-Catholic paper says that the Propaganda is still pursuing its investigations in reference to the question whether the Knights of Labor is a proper association for Catholics to join.

— The decision concerning the Knights of Labor is perhaps not so much that there is no danger of agitation in Ireland, except among the law officers of the Crown in the Four Courts. And Cardinal Simeoni denies that any conversation has taken place between him and the Holy Father with regard to Ireland.

— A telegram from Rome states that the Pope has written a letter to Emperor William thanking him for the reference in his speech opening the Landtag to the increasing friendliness of the relations between Prussia and the Vatican. The Pope promises to cooperate with the Emperor in bringing the negotiations between Prussia and the Vatican to a successful termination.

— Catharine Cotter, in religion Mother Mt. Virenina, died at the Ursuline Academy, Cleveland, O., on the 12th inst. Her well-fortified by the last rites of Holy Church, passed from earth without a struggle. Mother St. Virenina will be long remembered as true Ursuline, self-sacrificing, and as a devoted, hard-working teacher. The deceased was in the 40th year of her age and the 19th of her profession.

— The new edition of the London Post Office Directory consists of 2,672 pages, plus 322 pages of advertisements, and contains 244,000 names. On each page are 16,000 letters, the number of letters in the "Commercial" alone making a total of 7,680,000, and the weight of the type used for the volume is about twenty-five tons. Here is a small but interesting table which shows the difference of arrangement. In the new directory there are : 2,120 Smiths, 1,168 Jonesses, 708 Browns and 467 Robinsons.

— Cardinal Jacobini, who died recently, was born at Faino, Italy, Sept. 14, 1813, and was elevated to the dignity of Cardinal March 12th, 1866. His death reduces the number of Cardinals nominated by Pope Pius IX. to twenty-six.

— The opinion of Mr. Henry George's friends of his hysterical articles in his organ, may be gauged by the fact that the *Irish World*, his staunchest supporter, was silent last week. It left Mr. George to himself. "Alas! Poor Yorick!"

— One of the New Zealand Bishoprics is to be elevated to the dignity of an Archiepiscopal See. The Catholics of Auckland have forwarded an address to the Vatican in support of the claims of that Diocese, where the first scenes of Catholicity were seen in the Colony.

— A recent remnal of the Diocese of Brooklyn, shows an aggregation of 158 priests, 90 churches, 39 chapels, 1 theological seminary, 2 colleges—St. John's and St. Francis—16 academies and 1 select school, 43 parochial schools, 16 Catholic asylums and 4 hospitals.

— The oldest person in France, perhaps in the world, is said to be a woman who lives in the village of Aubeville, in Perigord. She was born March 16, 1761, and is therefore 125 years old. The authentic record of her birth is to be found in the parish register of St. Just du Claix, in the Department of the Isere.

— Cardinal Gibbons will leave Baltimore next month to attend the College of Cardinals, which meets at Rome in March next. During his absence the affairs of the Archdiocese will be managed by Mgr. McGigan, the Cardinal's Vicar General. Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, will attend the same conclave, and the two Cardinals will receive the Red Hat from Pope Leo at the same time. They will be absent about two months.

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— Right Hon. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal Member of Parliament, and formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, in a speech on Saturday said he believed that when Home Rule was granted to Ireland, Parnell would be the conservative leader in the Irish Parliament, supported by the Government and the landlords, while Parnell's present adjutants would lead the opposition. But this is only the opinion of one of England's defeated minions in Ireland.

— A telegram has been received from William R. Hibler, who is now at York Factory on his way to discover the long-sought-for Northwest Passage, in which he says of the Catholic Indians he found there: "The Indians are very poor and will not start for Churchill until they have received Holy Communion at Christmas, as they think bad luck will follow them all next year if they go without receiving it." What a lesson for Legions of people who call themselves the lightened and civilized Catholics! These

THE MONITOR.

Triumphant Exposure of Sectarian Falsehood.

We speak from a quarter of a century's experience in the pursuit of Protestant papers when we declare our firm conviction that no slander against the Catholic Church is too gross, too repugnant to common sense, or too improbable, even if the Protestant press to refuse to publish. Any item of such character, to leave mud marks upon the pure and seamless robe of the Catholic Church is paraded in the columns of the secular press with a degree of Satanic glee which fully demonstrates the diabolical spirit against the Church of God which rankles in the irreligious hearts of those persons preachers who preside over the columns of that portion of the sectarian press which circulates these slanders.

The Monitor has heretofore had occasion to caution the Congregational organ in this city against giving currency to anti-Catholic outrages which it should be assured was false. But it seems to be one of the impossible things in this world either to coax or to reason sectarian scribes into telling the truth concerning matters pertaining to the Catholic Church. They either can not or they will not abstain for more than three days at a time from insinuating some lie, slander against the Church, or inserting in their columns some gangrenous gossip which has been handed from the garbage of the Father of Lies.

The People of this city, in its sum of the whole contained in the Bulletin, will gain an a fair sample of the lovelike food upon which anti-Catholic fanaticism is fed by those false-teachers who, in the nursing bottle to the mouths of their benighted babes.

CONVERTED CATHOLIC CANON.

Rev. Joseph Leopold Delmonnacha, ex-R.C., Rector of Ballyvourney, Co. Cork, Ireland, Professor of Anglican, and Father Stepparter of the Monastery of Mount Melleray, Co. Waterford, Ireland, will be for monastery Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, and died 19th, aged 70 years. He was put in a cell in his own monastery, where he had resided for twenty years, by himself and water, his bed knocked down in a fit, his clothes stripped and tied to his neck. July 20, 1886, when by the order of his superior, he was released, and was taken to the Free Methodist Church. Most remarkable of all the experiences of this man. For a period of 40 years, with the exception of a power which great, he was a zealous Catholic priest, sang and fast, a most practical person, the height of his ambition was to be made Prior of the monastery, and to be elected to succeed the work of a Free Methodist. Yet, in the Catholic Church, he was a Catholic priest, and Father Francis will furnish sketches of his life, which expected, Amen. Let those who Wanted more converted priests and enrolled Free and Congregational Methodists, and revolutionists the Free Methodist Church on the side of the Holy Church.

The moment we concluded reading the extract of a sermon of a religious rubbish and falsehood combined, we determined to sift the matter to the bottom, so—so—and on how far it was possible for fanatical falsehood to go to the diabolical detraction of the Catholic Church, as well as in its efforts to lead the unsuspecting into the pit of hell.

Accordingly, on the 8th inst., we addressed a letter to one of the Dagonites of Gathers and Methodists, welcoming the show clapping, and asking him—not the fanatical the Mountain with the facts in the case in order that the outrageous calumny might be successfully exploded. We asked the pleasure of receiving a reply to our letter, and concluded with the following: Hurray earthquake in the office of the Devil. We heartily thank Father Joseph Leopold Delmonnacha for the light he has given us, the unchaptered worldly, the unchaptered worldly, the unchaptered who but gave currency to the Pecoka paragraph, or only allowed it to appear in the Bulletin, we proved successes that fanaticism latter upon fraud just as Protestantism rests upon the perjury of the Reformers.

METAWAS, 10, January 1887.

Editor of the Monitor.

Dear Sir: I have received your six letter dated January 8th, together with the newspaper cutting, "Converted Canon." Father Francis Joseph Delmonnacha, (R.C., D., M.A., B.C.L., he a priest at all, Amen man, I am tell you, I may probably be I feel it is a man, base to the, that is was Satan of Darkness, Hell, Amen, Hallelujah, I never anything to do with the Monastery at Metaness, or with one Prevface in Ireland. He is nothing but a Free Methodist, a most fraud and liar. Just think of "Sixty years' service in 40 months is a little laborious, considering exactly 14 mile." He was an head and water, (?) his bed knocked down in a fit, (?) his clothes pinned to (?) of his clothes (?). Poor "Father Frank" Cannon—they—they was could stand a man, the year, sir, this is a man to see. This well-fed, fraudulent fraud, was second here on neighborhood Methodists, Mr. Mr. Wilkins, County, Tipperary, etc., and whenever can Mr. Mr. Mr.

Farm and Home.

Causes of Diphtheria.

Diptheria has been unusually prevalent in Connecticut the past year, and the State Board of Health has been trying to learn the reason. There has been no general epidemic, but the disease, has been endemic in Stamford, New Canaan, Greenwich, Meriden and some other places. Not the only report that the Board has received that has the merit of any discovery respecting this disease has been a verbal and informal one from Meriden, which will be amplified with a formal and detailed statement. It will be quite likely to attract the attention of all physicians.

There have been a good many cases in Meriden and some of them could not be traced to any of the causes, such as unsanitaryness and filth presence, to which the disease is ascribed. It was noticed that not a single fatal case occurred in the town in any house where gas or gasoline were used. In every case the family in which it appeared were in the habit of using kerosene oil exclusively. Inquiries made elsewhere showed the same results. In one case in Meriden the lamps were removed and candles substituted for light, and there was immediate improvement in the patient. But by accident a night or two later a kerosene lamp was brought into the sick chamber and left burning all night. The patient next day grew worse and died.

A very careful inquiry based on this clue was made. It may be nothing more than a coincidence, but already it has been learned that persons stricken with diphtheria in the vicinity of kerosene refineries rarely recover. The State Board of Health is inclined to the opinion that a very important discovery may have been made in the study of this scourge.

Said to be a Cure for Diphtheria.

Rectified oil of turpentine (oleum terpethina rectificatum) is said by an Eastern exchange to be an infallible remedy for diphtheria. For children the dose is one teaspoonful in the morning and the same at evening.

Adults should take one tablespoonful. Afterward drink a little lukewarm milk to allay the burning in the throat.

For children the second dose can be mixed with milk, which will render it easier to take.

The result is really marvelous. The inflammation of the abnormal diphtheritic spots in the throat grows lighter at the edges, and in this way they gradually shrink until in twenty-four hours they disappear entirely, leaving no sign. A gargle of chlorate of potash may be used with advantage every two hours between the first dose and the second—one ounce chlorate of potash to forty ounces of distilled water. Marvelous cures are said to have been wrought by this simple remedy.

Cure for Heartburn.

For the disagreeable sensation known as heartburn, which so often accompanies indigestion, a salt spoonful of common salt, dissolved in half a wineglass of water, and drank, is an effective remedy as a dose of saleratus water, and a much pleasanter and safer one. Rubbing a bruise in sweet oil and then in spirits of turpentine will usually prevent the unsightly black and blue spots which not only hold tales, but betray. When there is an unpleasant odor about the feet, a small quantity of a weak solution of salicylic acid in the foot bath is a sure destroyer of the offence. Many of the worst extracts and bitters are compounded of an alcohol derived from wood, and this is said to be a peculiarly dangerous form of alcohol, capable of producing very serious brain troubles. It is all the pharmacopeia in the hydrate of chloral which is commonly used; cases are reported where two hundred grains have been taken in safety, and other cases where ten grains have proved fatal or of fourteen only a nervous escape from death by timely aid and effect; this drug should never be taken but with the advice and attendance of a physician. Iron articles will seldom rust if they have been cleansed from oil by hot lime-water, and dried. Collodion, spirits of turpentine, and the commonest olive oil are the best of all cures, and are valuable enough to apply to burns and scalds before a physician has arrive to do better, if better is to be done, and sweet oil and lime-water boiled up together make a cooling and healing ointment for them as good as any medicament known.

Keep a Scrap-Book.

I advise every person to keep a scrap-book. If you see too, or Bloom, or twenty years old, keep a scrap book. Let me tell you why and how:

Hundreds of things you see that you would like to keep; but if you lay them away you will never be able to find them when you want them. When I was a boy, I did not have sense enough to keep scrap books, I began some, but did not keep on long enough with them to make it worth my while. My memory was good, but I can now remember many things that I can't remember. What that means is this: I remember reading a beautiful piece of poetry of which two or three lines I can call up, but the whole I have forgotten. In some cases I do not know the name of the writer. I have seen many fine pictures in magazines and papers that would now be valuable and interesting. Some I cut out; but they are lost. Charming stories, wise remarks, prayers, directions for doing a great many useful and serious things, are also lost. So much do I feel are that I have lost that I would give fifty dollars a piece for the scrap books of each and every year that I might have made, from the time I was ten till I began to preserve things, only a few years ago. There is a gentleman who has kept scrap-books since he was eight years old. He is now forty, and has been arranging them in volumes, with index in the back of each one. You would hardly think that the author would be of much use of him. But they are. He often amuses himself as he reads them; for he sees how little he knew when he was little; but also finds a little that he still thinks valuable. Besides his children are much interested to see what their father has collected and pasted in his books. The older he grows the more use he finds for them. He can go to his books and in a few minutes get information about everything that has happened in his whole life—tell you about the Civil war, the Crimean war, the Italian war, the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, and many other things, just as they were published in the newspapers at the time the events happened. His scrap books also contain many funny things which provoke a smile and often a merry laugh, as he reads them to his family in the long winter evenings. The children would rather hear him read from his scrap-books than from the newest story. If you have no scrap-book, get one and put in it whatever pleases you. If you have one, and have not used it, take it up again. I assure you that you will be very glad of it afterwards.

Constipation.

In curing death and desolation
Take the great American nation.
One hundred thousand people are travelling in the shadow of death
If they take Dr. Henley's TARAXACA they never will regret,
For it has saved hundreds already from the sure of death.
What will TARAXACA do?
It will make the weak in the feeble class and so good as new.
Any person that has to work for his bread
Requires a clean stomach and a clear head.

Family Fun.

A Foiled Elopement.

It was the night before New Year's. Approaching a mansion, Aubrey Mugt calm grasped his mule by the ears and brought him under a second story window. Much silence was lying round about, mixed with darkness. Aubrey gave a whistle in a low voice. The window above went slowly up, and the owner of a head put it out.

Then came a voice like the music of the spheres when they grain together. "Aubrey, is that you . . . and the mule?"

"Darling Vinetta, it is us. Hurry up, and climb down this mule's ears, means behind, and we will soon cross the line into Indiana and matrimony. First, reach me down your little bundle. Don't make it large."

He dismounted and caught:

1. A hat, done up in a newspaper.
2. A bundle, in a shawl strap.
3. Another bundle, in a shawl strap.
4. A cord-bound hand basket.
5. A stuffed red hand-box.
6. A stuffed blue hand box.
7. A large bundle, rope bound.
8. A well-used carpet sack.
9. Another hand-box.
10. A valise—no value.

As one end of a trunk protruded out of the window above him, Aubrey jumped aside and exclaimed, "Heaven Vinetta, what are you going to do with all this household furniture?"

"Why, I want to take something along."

"Well, darling, we won't be gone more than one day; besides I did not bring a wagon and truck. How are we to freight these across the line? You need no baggage. I have only an extra paper collar."

"Aubrey, you are just beginning to get acquainted with woman. How can she travel without a little baggage? This is a long journey."

He had fallen across the pile in a swoon. On recovering, he said: "Precious, those bundles gave me much."

"Hat they must go. I mean,"

"It is unnecessarily impossible."

"Then, Aubrey, the procession can't start. I have only taken what I require."

"Well, I cannot transport em."

"Then we can't elope."

"Then our elopement and marriage are off."

"Clear off!" she cried, between a couple of sighs.

"Then so am I; farewell forever!" And the sound of mule heels broke the New Year's morn almost down the road.

Lay Will Swear Off.

Solomon Levy and Moses Schaumburg had a settlement of accounts last long since, and Levy paid a small balance which was due Levy had been taking too much wine, and paid Moses more money than was coming to him.

Next morning Schaumburg's clerk came to Levy's place of business and handed him a $5 bill.

"Vat for is dat?" asked Levy.

Mr. Schaumburg says that when you settled with him yesterday, you paid him $5 too much.

Levy clasped his hands and an expression of intense anguish came over his face as he said:

I reader how much too much I have paid, ran a man like Moses Schaumburg seeds me back five dollars. I suppozes I paid that subscribed a hundred dollar bill for a one cellar bill. Yes it was less den dot he would have sent me paid noddings. I was ruined man. Vine was a mockery. I schwears off ride dis day forever!"

A Fare-Box Episode.

In some of the St. Louis one-horse cars there are brass nickel carriers that run the length of the car. From any part of the car you can drop a nickel into one of these carriers and then watch it as it rolls along on its edge down the incline and finally goes rattling into the fare-box. I saw a fat western gentleman come into a car, and after putting his fare in the ordinary way he seized a new comer drop a nickel down this elevated railway.

The device aroused his utmost admiration. He at once changed a couple of dollars into five-cent pieces. Then he took his place at the door and started one dime six simultaneously down each side the car and offered to accept bets as to which would get into the fare box first. He kept this up until his $2 worth of coin was gone, and wound up saying: "Well, that's the darndest contraption I ever saw."

Unappreciated Music.

Miss Birdie McGinnis imagines that she is a talented performer on the piano, and whenever there is company at the McGinnis mansion, she delights all the visitors the only piece she knows, which is very lively and is entitled "Mozart's Funeral March to the Tomb."

On a recent occasion she had been getting her work in shortly for about half an hour, when her brother Holstetter, who had heard that funeral march a thousand times, heaved a deep-drawn sigh and remarked to his sister:

"Great Journal Birdie, how much longer will it take you to get to that cemetery?

Trying to Boycott Her.

"Mamma, please read to me."

"No, my child, I can't read to you; you have been naughty."

"Well, I'll get grandma to read to me instead."

"No, my child, I will not let your grandma read to you."

"Why, mamma, you're a regular Knight of Labor; you're trying to boycott me."

More than Eight Hours.

Prisoner—He said he didn't believe in the eight hour system, your Honor, and so I struck him.

Magistrate—You went eight hours, do you?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor.

Magistrate—I can do better than that for you. I'll give you ninety days.

Choice Fruit.

An elderly woman entered a Broadway fruit store, and pointing to some ripe tomatoes, said:

"How much are tomatoes a quart?"

"They're forty cents apiece, ma'am," said the clerk. "I suppose there would be a dollar and a quarter a quart, that would be—"

"Never mind figgerin', said the elderly woman accusatorily, "you may keep them from spoilin'."

"Merry Christmas," said the clerk.

An Unpleasant Person.

"Isn't Robinson a disputatious sort of man?"

"I should say so. He is bellicopugnical."

She Drove.

"Oh, Clara," said Maud, "Charley took me sleigh riding last night! I had such lovely drive."

"What was the matter with Charley?"

"Stupid! He couldn't drive with his teeth, could he?"

A specialty: Linens, children, and cool dresses. Wear Threshill, 838; 1-2-6, 1101 Market st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANDLES FOR CANDLEMAS.

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THE LEADING GROCERS.

428, 430 and 432 PINE STREET.

Have imported a FRESH Stock OF PURE BEES WAX HAND-MADE CANDLES for Candlemas and the Holydays, in which to procure ALTAR CANDLES that are PURE, CLEANER, and CHEAPER than any others in the Market. Send for our Price List. Telephone No. 1

Dr. HENLEY'S CELERY BEEF & IRON.

THE GREAT VERY TONIC—Unequaled as a remedy for General Debility, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Neurasthenia, Rheumatism and Nervous Complaints.

Sold by all Druggists and Country Dealers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. TAKE ONLY DR. HENLEY'S.

COAL OIL!

NOTICE.

Unscrupulous competitors having circulated the report that I had sold out my business, I hereby give notice to the public and my customers that such report is ABSOLUTELY FALSE. I have not sold out, neither have I any intention of so doing.

IRVINE GRAHAM,

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Male and Female

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ONLY COMPLETE, CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION.

SADLIERS' Catholic Directory, Almanac and Ordo for 1887

Fifty-Sixth Annual Publication.

Now in press, and will be ready early in January, the Catholic Directory, Almanac and Ordo for 1887, containing a great variety of useful information, Lists of Archbishops, Bishops, Colleges, Convents and Schools, Religious Societies, Societies and Associations, Religious Orders, Ordinations, Statistics, Ecclesiastical Changes, Obituaries, Jubilees, Dioceses, Parishes, Missions, Pastors, Churches, Chapels, Stations, Population, Statistics of Catholic Charities, Hospitals, Asylums, Orphan Asylums, Homes, Schools, Colleges, Academies, Libraries, Societies, Institutions, Publications, Ordinations, Deaths, Events of the Year, Statistics of Population, Dioceses, Parishes, Missions, Pastors, Churches, Chapels, Stations, Schools, Colleges, Academies, Institutions, Societies

SOCIAL INEQUALITIES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

of the nineteenth century, after theories innumerable had been promulgated, after education—which had been considered the panacea for all evils—had failed simply because it was a godless education, we find that the conservative here the voice of poverty and labor is the freedom are those in which it is stifled by force, hence we see that after all those plausible theories the great question finally appears to be resolving itself in a mere question of bitter force. Continuing, the speaker condemned the pride, the avarice and want of charity on the part of the rich, which made such discontent among the poor possible. Incidentally he referred to the doctrines inculcated by Ingersoll, and to the total failure of such theory as a good living, comfort and plenty, as lauded by him, to satisfy the poor man embittering

TO FEED AND CLOTHE A LARGE FAMILY ON 20 CENTS A DAY.

In suggesting the remedies for such social inequalities, Father Dowling claimed that education alone could not accomplish the desired results. Education without religion would prove ineffectual, because the heart would not respond to the dictates of the mind. Man, without God, was a creature of clay and a man of sorrows. Christianity offers the only effectual solution of this great problem. It teaches justice. It teaches that God intended this world only as a means of attaining perfection in the next, and with this view life was worth living. It shows that God intended that some persons in the world, who, by patience, may win their way to heaven, and others who, because of the high position given them, might succor the poor, and by their charities might likewise obtain eternal life. Poverty had not been made to serve as a background for wealth. The speaker saw no solution of these difficulties either in repression or in godless education.

CHRISTIANITY ALONE IS THE SOLUTION.

There was no hope in socialism or communism. Some of the means suggested in President Cleveland's message, in arbitration or legislation for strikes, he saw no hope in the general diffusion of even the principles of equality. He saw it only in that Christianity which redeemed nearly 1,000 years ago, and Christianity alone could remove the modern jaundice, now infesting the world. What society needed was more of the Gospel of Christ and less of the theories of modern communists.

GOING FOR THE MORMONS.

Passage of the Bill to Disfranchise Them and Seize their Property.

The Utah bill came up last week in Congress and after some hours debate was passed unanimously without a division, only eight members rising to demand the yeas and nays. The bill now goes to a conference committee, and unless the Senate wants to defeat this legislation it will become a law at this session.

Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, who opposed the bill, stated that he had voted for it on a final motion. The amendment, however, was not admitted.

And be it further enacted that this act shall not take effect till six months after its approval by the President.

And there shall be an election held in the several precincts of Utah Territory on the third Monday of March, 1887, at which the qualified electors of said Territory may elect from each legislative district double the number of members they are now entitled to elect of Councillors and Representatives to the legislative Assembly of said Territory. And the delegate to be elected to meet in Salt Lake City on the first Monday of April, 1887, at twelve o'clock noon, and shall form a Constitutional Convention.

And if said Convention shall form and adopt a constitution republican in form and which shall protect Polygamy in said State, and the same shall be ratified by a majority of the votes cast by qualified electors at an election to be held for that purpose at the several precincts of that Territory on the 3rd Monday of April, 1887, then the provisions of this act shall continue to remain inoperative until such amendatory act shall be presented in the usual manner to and acted upon by Congress.

The elections herein provided for to be held, noticed and returns thereof made in the manner now provided by law for the holding of elections for county and precinct officers in said Territory, and on the parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this section shall be and the same is inoperative until the expiration of said six months; and no person of the religion and tuidoctrine of and constitution as hereinbefore provided, then and provisions shall remain inoperative until such action on said constitution by Congress.

Rogues Set to Catch Rogues.

Two miserable creatures who were employed by the Law and Order Society and other professional hounds of the Rhode Island, to procure evidence against liquor dealers, have been exposed and driven from the State. They testified at various trials and secured many prosecutions, but it was found that thorough investigation into their operations in Newport and elsewhere disclosed the fact that they were nothing but a pair of the most corrupt blackmailers and blood suckers. All the strange machinery some decades of temperance principles employ to correct the misses which they claim have crept into our social system!

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So much has been said in the leading papers of Dr. Prentice that his name and memory are familiar to all the reading public. Some of his speeches and even an so quently his many healing physicians say that such things are impossible, but after obtaining the cures they are forced to admit that they are wonderful and true. His office is 324 Geary St. on daily inspection with patients. The following are a few of the many remarkable cures he has made.

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FATHER McGLYNN'S CASE.

Public Explanation Made by Archbishop Corrigan.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Archbishop Corrigan to-night makes public a long written statement in regard to Dr. McGlynn's case. It goes back to 1882, when Dr. McGlynn is declared to have disobeyed the mandate of Rome against making political speeches in public, and when under correction he promised to refrain from further offending, but had to be called to account again in 1883 for his new public statement that the great question finally appears to be resolving itself in a mere question of bitter force. Continuing, the speaker condemned the pride, the avarice and want of charity on the part of the rich, which made such discontent among the poor possible. Incidentally he referred to the doctrines inculcated by Ingersoll, and to the total failure of such theory as a good living, comfort and plenty, as lauded by him, to satisfy the poor man embittering

TO FEED AND CLOTHE A LARGE FAMILY ON 20 CENTS A DAY.

In suggesting the remedies for such social inequalities, Father Dowling claimed that education alone could not accomplish the desired results. Education without religion would prove ineffectual, because the heart would not respond to the dictates of the mind. Man, without God, was a creature of clay and a man of sorrows. Christianity offers the only effectual solution of this great problem. It teaches justice. It teaches that God intended this world only as a means of attaining perfection in the next, and with this view life was worth living. It shows that God intended that some persons in the world, who, by patience, may win their way to heaven, and others who, because of the high position given them, might succor the poor, and by their charities might likewise obtain eternal life. Poverty had not been made to serve as a background for wealth. The speaker saw no solution of these difficulties either in repression or in godless education.

CHRISTIANITY ALONE IS THE SOLUTION.

There was no hope in socialism or communism. Some of the means suggested in President Cleveland's message, in arbitration or legislation for strikes, he saw no hope in the general diffusion of even the principles of equality. He saw it only in that Christianity which redeemed nearly 1,000 years ago, and Christianity alone could remove the modern jaundice, now infesting the world. What society needed was more of the Gospel of Christ and less of the theories of modern communists.

GOING FOR THE MORMONS.

Passage of the Bill to Disfranchise Them and Seize their Property.

The Utah bill came up last week in Congress and after some hours debate was passed unanimously without a division, only eight members rising to demand the yeas and nays. The bill now goes to a conference committee, and unless the Senate wants to defeat this legislation it will become a law at this session.

Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, who opposed the bill, stated that he had voted for it on a final motion. The amendment, however, was not admitted.

And be it further enacted that this act shall not take effect till six months after its approval by the President.

And there shall be an election held in the several precincts of Utah Territory on the third Monday of March, 1887, at which the qualified electors of said Territory may elect from each legislative district double the number of members they are now entitled to elect of Councillors and Representatives to the legislative Assembly of said Territory. And the delegate to be elected to meet in Salt Lake City on the first Monday of April, 1887, at twelve o'clock noon, and shall form a Constitutional Convention.

And if said Convention shall form and adopt a constitution republican in form and which shall protect Polygamy in said State, and the same shall be ratified by a majority of the votes cast by qualified electors at an election to be held for that purpose at the several precincts of that Territory on the 3rd Monday of April, 1887, then the provisions of this act shall continue to remain inoperative until such amendatory act shall be presented in the usual manner to and acted upon by Congress.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM— IRELAND.
IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ARMAGH.—John P. Hoine, Dublin, has given a reduction of 20 per cent. to all relets in Tullyroasil, Lenaghy, Mr. Erskine, Newry, 20 per cent. on his property in Camlough; Mr. McKown, 25 per cent., relatetated evicted tenants and taking possession of their holdings; Lord Lurgan, 20 per cent. for cash, the rents still not be paid.

CLARE.—Lord Finally got evicted bill decisions in Kilkishen, Ballinalacken, and Lissycasey, in the following amounts, and said that the landlord of the office in Jerrestagan, and requested a reduction of 25 per cent. on behalf of the tenantry. Capt. Douglas, however, refused to comply with the wishes of the tenants, and in consequence the tenants resolved to a month's rent until they get a substantial reduction.

CAVAN.—On Christmas Eve, a force of twenty-five men, under Head Constable Hill, under the command of A. M. Harper, Esq., R.M., proceeded to the townland of Tullyhaine, near Carbonalg, county Cavan, to eject three families who had been evicted from Mr. Hugh Finlay, Esq., J.P. Hugh Finlay, the landlord, was evicted last March, and the tenants had paid half-year's rent, £3 10s. per week, pending redemption, but they did not pay the rent due last March, and were in arrears. The tenants offered a reduction of 15 per cent. on the half-year's rent, and to pay the balance in six months, but they did not pay the rent. The crowbar men then pull, and the tenants received a month's notice.

LEITRIM.—On Dec. 29, an imposing demonstration of tenants on estates in the adjoining parishes of Kiltyclogher and Ballinamore, Leitrim, at which the members for North Leitrim, Messrs. Sheridan and Gallagher, were asked for a rent reduction of 20 per cent. The agents offered a reduction of 15 per cent. on the half-year's rent, and to pay the balance in six months, but they did not pay the rent. The crowbar men then pull, and the tenants received a month's notice.

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LIMERICK.—The Earl of Kilmarney has offered an abatement of 25 per cent. to his tenants, and it is understood that it is stated have decided to accept that offer.

Mr. J. Ryan, of Knockfierna, near Galbally, has made a reduction of 25 per cent. to his tenants, and the tenants have decided to accept that offer.

LONGFORD.—On Dec. 27, Messrs. H. Wood and Joseph Wilson, of Longford, attended a meeting of the tenants on the Tirnaneil estate, who have been recently refused a reduction similar to their condition, and addressed an enthusiastic gathering of about 500 of them. Resolutions were unanimously adopted demanding a reduction of 60 per cent. for tenants of Griffith valuation and 50 per cent. for those having judicial leases.

LOUTH.—On Dec. 29, Mr. T. Wood, Dublin, and Mr. T. Sullivan, Dublin, and Mr. H. H. Townsend, Carlingford, County Tipperary, acting for Mr. Smith Barry, attended at Dundalk to receive the rents due on his County Louth estate. A deputation of the tenants waited on them and asked for a rent reduction of 20 per cent. The agents offered a reduction of 15 per cent. on the half-year's rent, and to take poor cases, which amounted to about 25 per cent. on the half-year's rent. The crowbar men then pull, and the tenants received a month's notice.

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MAYO.—A meeting of the priests of Lord Dillon's estate was held at the presbytery, Ballyhaunis, on Christmas Day, to hear the resolutions, proposed by the Very Rev. P. Lavelle, P.P., Ballyhaunis, and Rev. J. Lyons, C.C., Ballyhaunis, and also to hear the reasonable request of his tenantry for a reduction of rent, which they had been informed with entire approval their determination to stand by their tenantry in their fight for permanent possession. 2. That we have held from the outset of the struggle in the case objected for this purpose is just and justifiable, and we believe that the tenants have not by change our letter. 1. That seemingly they further suggestion of a meeting of their landlords.

MONAGHAN.—Mr. Thomas Moore, of Dublin, has given a reduction of 25 per cent. on Ballymacon, an abatement of 20 per cent. His agent, Mr. Lyons, has also granted a reduction. Mr. John Hood, Castlemore, Ballybay, has given an abatement of 25 per cent. on Rockfield, and 20 per cent. on rents fixed a few years ago by Sir Stafford Cassell at Griffith valuation.

TIPPERARY.—On Dec. 31, Michael Ahern, Ashbury, Cashel, and Mr. Ryan, Ballyrichard, Miss Ryan, from the parish of Thurles, received a reduction of 25 per cent. on their holdings, on Sir Stafford Cassell's estate.

TUAM.—On Dec. 23, Deputy Sub-Sheriff Quinn, accompanied by bailiffs and the police, proceeded to the Ballyhaunis Station, Castlebar, to eject Patrick Joyce, a tenant holding 17 acres of land, for an arrear of four years' rent. Mr. Hopkins Bell, agent to Colonel Maunsell Waddy, of Ballyhaunis, Castlebar, offered to take the land in exchange for the tenant which he had held for the last four years, and to give the tenant a month's rent for the years rent. The tenant and he would accept it.

WATERFORD.—Rev. John Hearty, P.P., of Tinck and Clonea, died at his residence, on Christmas Day, after a long illness, at the age of 70 years. Deceased was a native of Kilmeaden, County Waterford, and was ordained in the year 1840. He was for many years Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and was a very popular man. He was a very strong supporter of the Parnell movement, and their determination to assist nothing less than Home Rule in solution of the Irish question, were passed with

WEXFORD.—On Christmas Eve the week of eviction was carried out in Wexford, and in the Bank Winters, Mr. Lyons, Ballinaclash, flung out the roofing, and to use two great old women sitting outside the door of their cabin which is three, but from which they have been in the place for 40 years, and the place was demolished and burned. Mr. Lyons, entitled to realize the fact of the eviction

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

I stood beside the Golden Gate,
And gazed on the glistening waves
That rushed to kiss the Western sea,
Low dropped o'er their mystic caves.

A mist of tears bedimmed my eyes,
Renewing the pain in my heart;
I saw, through the misty vapor, the Golden Gate and wished—fond illusion depart.

Have rushed with hopeful sanguine,
As rush the voluptuous waves,
To find in the Golden Gate's embrace
Fruition that vanity craves.

Is sager judgment I laid
My life at the radiant altars,
Nor trembled when the golden bars
Shut out all the love that was mine.

The glittering fetters round me cast,
Imprisoning me closer each day,
And from the burning fatal breath
I turn sick heartsick away.

I turn, as turns a soul that's lost,
From horrible vicious aisles,
To quench in tears of force despair
The fires that scathed my soul.

I gazed beyond the Golden Gate,
Far o'er the glistening sea,
While Ocean's tumult I heard
Of or hopes that are shattered for me.

M. P.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? I asked the babe,
And she looked it an hour
Then smiling sweetly, she made reply
Why life is one happy summer day.

What is life? I asked the youth,
And he smiled as the sun smiles at truth;
Why life is an awfully jolly, you know,
I hope it will ever continue so so.

What is life? I asked the young girl;
Why life is one merry, merry while!
Of pleasure and gayety she said;
And she laughed and shook her pretty head.

What is life? I asked the old man,
And he pointed above with a feeble hand—
A preparation for a home up there,
Where the children have always their Father's care.

And what also is life, but an alay bubble!
Or a mixture of joy and sweet often of trouble!
O, may we so live, that when death draws near,
We may have no regrets of the life we spent here.

LORAINE.

THE IRISH SCHOOLHOUSE.

Upon the rugged ladder range whose pinnacle is Fame,
How often have ambition pons deep graven thereon!
The game of glory Cambridge won o'er all the world around,
And rulers in the realms of thought look back with pride to Trinity.
Tis no such Alma Mater can my Muse in triumph raise
Its Irish valor in contains of gratitude and praise.
Yet still I hold in stories of gold, and until death the Irish school.
When in the balmy morning, rosing down the Tuscarora in purple, ivy-framed, our early hands We left us chasm for regard coats, our blunder But bubbled our with laughter dear old master.
Tis we be beside the home upon each an swaddling spring and
Of learning's fearful mysteries and academic lore.
Na mount yielded empire half so potent as life call
In that old schoolhouse, thatched with straw, that lay behind the hill.

Perhaps—and yet tis hard to think—our boast
Of a mission of joy and sweet often of trouble!
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LORAINE.

Literary Miscellany.

The Great Strike at Errickdale.

A STORY OF RICH AND POOR.

CHAPTER II.

Bridget walked the long walk home from Errickdale-strong and well to meet the world on her own-to find The children had learned to understand her pity for them. They welcomed her return with cries for food; she gave them what she could, and lay down supperless herself that night to rest. After that, each day brought her a full meal, from the great house, but she never tasted of it; there were those who needed it more, she said

There, on her way to a poor family with a basket of the afternoon, the smell of the wall-cooked food produced such a violent craving that it seemed to her for a moment that she should go mad. With a great effort she controlled herself and stood still. "Christ," she prayed, "have mercy! Shall I eat therefore while the children starve!"

The craving did not cease, but strength to resist it came. She entered the wretched room to which she was bound, and fed the hungry children. The poor woman, who had not tasted food for a long time, groaned and a boon already well cooked. How sweetly they tasted! And while she feasted on them a woman crawled feebly in. "I'm famed hungry," she said; "ud scarcely Bridget gave her all she had.

Twice afterward she felt that horrible craving, and then it ceased. Her father saw that she ate little, but never guessed how little it really was; he saw that she grew pinched and pale, but fancied it was grief alone that caused it. He did not know, and no one knew, that, with what Errickdale counted "plenty" at her command, Bridget was living like the poorest. The thirst for self-sacrifice, the thing of a supernatural love, consumed her. "He did it," she used to say to herself. "He was poor for us, and He died for us." From her resting by one her possessions departed; she carried them to those who, in their thoughtlessness, had them more, or she disposed of them for their use. Scarcely the attic room, which no one but herself ever entered, held literally nothing but the comfort in the sail. Levying her weary limbs on the hard floor at night, she thought of the land even where on her Lord had died. "Mine is an easier bed than His," she said, and smiled in the darkness. "May He make me worthier to share His blessed pains."

But the nights were few that she spent so even a couch as this. There was sickness in Errickdale as well as want, and Bridget was nurse, and doctor, and servant, and watcher beside the dead. Not in her princess life at Mahon, Eleanora Rossetti counted the same long hours blithely, eager for her festival to come.

The 20th of January: Stars overhead, and snow underfoot, and a biting frost to make Errickdale as its forings washed. Winter without, and want and woe perhaps, but who needed to think of that? In the old mansion-sumptuous with its engaging, tinsel and lemon trees mingled their golden fruits with spicy flowers in the corridors and halls and up and down the winding stairs. Lamps burned some faintly, scented oil, that filled the warm air with a subtle, delicious odor; and lamps and tall wax tapers flooded the room with golden, but unblinking light. Fountains played among beds of rare ferns and exotics; and magnificent flowers, set in reckless confusion upon the floor, to be trodden upon, and yield their perfume to the air unheeded. And in doubtful and hoarse tones, the pipes, and all the gay festival gayer of a king's court of modern time, footsteps of servants waited upon Eleanora's word.

The winter twilight fell soon over Errickdale, in its hapless gathering, and Eleanora was galloping home from Tual on his fleetest horse, when the creature stood suddenly, then stopped, trembling all over.

Woman stood in the path, gloaring strangely to see through the gloom. Fearless John Rossetti started at the unexpected sight.

"What do you want of me?" he asked.

"Food," the woman answered, in a voice that thrilled him with unaccountable awe—from some far-off land it seemed to come—"food, food, food! Give me food and you."

"Your people die of want, and of disease, and of misery," said he. "In the name of God, almighty, and while you have time, repent and help them.

Then the fearless John Rossetti spurred the horse and fled.

"While I have time!" he said. "I have no time to-night, I warrant you—I have better reason than this for your begging, Bridget O'Rourke."

He struck the spur into his horse, but, though it quivered all over again, it would not move an inch. The woman lifted her hands to heaven. "God, my God! I have done all I can," she said. "I leave it now with Thee." And so she vanished.

In Errick Hall Eleanora was speaking to a servant. "Make haste," she said. "I have almost forgotten it. Make haste and bring Bridget O'Rourke to me. I promised she should see it all."

The servant hurried obediently to John O'Rourke's cottage. He comer was crouching silently over the fire. "Where's my girl?" he said. "Miss Eleanora wants her to see the sights. It's little she got Bridget, now, poor thing. Bridget! Bridget!"

But though he called lustily, no one answered. He climbed the stairs to the attic, and still no reply.

"Give me the light, lad," he cried, with a dull foreboding at his heart, and to and the servant entered the room together.

She was not there. What was more, everything was gone—literally everything except the cross of Him who gave His all, that we might, for our sake.

"I fear I fear," this John said, trembling, and he took the crucifix down and carried it with him for defence against invisible foes whom he dreaded far more than anything he could see.

"We will go and look for her, O'Rourke," the servant said. "I must tell her for Miss Eleanora, if not for her own sake."

In the kitchen supper was on the table, and the fire crackled on the hearth. In the living father had been waiting long for her. Where was the child?

They called the question at every tenement and every room. The people joined them in the search for for whom they all held dear. On the outskirts of the place, and where the road stretched out without another sign of habitation for five miles to Tual, was a lonely hovel.

"She's there—one woman said to another. "Unless she's there. Night's known, and it's little else they have. She's there, carsing it I say."

Yet they were not crowned by sin, to open it. The whole throng seemed to feel that vague foreboding which John O'Rourke had felt, those who were able to feel that the narrow room entered it timidly. What was it that they dreaded?

In the grand saloon of Errick mansion, darked like a regal hall, Eleanora Rossetti's daughter, gloried gorgeously like the French queen in the famous painting, which is Mahon's pride received her courtiers and the long table glared the gay dance-music, and the light feet of the dancers glided over the floor.

In the present lot of Errickdale John O'Rourke's daughter received her courtiers, lies in regal state.

It was dark and silent there before the torches were brought in. By their flaring light the people saw the poor mother on a bed of rags and straw.

"Be still as you can," she said softly. "Let her, O Brother! The girl gets been so me this four hours. Once my babes died, thank God! She had it out there all decent."

And then, in the dim light, they saw the outline of a tiny form beside the bed, and bring the room and adornment of Bridget's court.

"She heard a horse go trampling by, and went to meet it," the woman said. "When she came back, says she—'Tess master' Then she fell, and she took it to still it, and lay down so it, and, ever since, they've been here still, and I hope she's slept and lay get her where she's, God bless her!"

Sleeping on the hard floor, but she does not feel it. They bring the clothes near her; she does not heed the glare, though the light from her bosom startled wake and weep. She does not hear it weep. In truth, this spirit has forgotten her wise in a dreamless slumber, and truly tired has blown of long with toilsome waiting her courters kneel before her in the court of Death, the king.

There is food on the table which her own hands had placed there; there is fire on the hearth which her own hands kindled. She who has there has not died of cold or hunger, she has died of a broken heart.

And the violin and flute and harp rang merrily, and the trumpet and drum lauds a merry measure in the ballroom where the guests are all a-tiptoe and make merry. The great doors were thrown open, and an long pomp hall, where the guests passed into the banqueting-hall, where, at the head of a long table sat the magnificent tables, and Eleanora's place was empty, and there, in the place of honor, sat a living picture was a hall of Grand Monsoque. "John Rossetti has surpassed himself," his guests said with admiring wonder. In a jasmine of the mine Eleanora's silvery laugh was heard; and looked with pride at her father, and spoke aloud so that all might hear "Yes, there never was such a father as mine. His faith, his love, his charity, are beyond my highest expectations."

Rosetta or Errickdale?

From above their heads the strange voice came. Far up in the embrasure of a window, a man with a lighted torch was stand ing. John O'Rourke's eyes met John Rossetti's, and commanded there, and held them fast.

"Go, go!" he—lame, he said. "Woman, you said, if you were in yourself, tor of 'evil, thirsty danger and death all round you. I warn you fately. Man Eleanora, take my Bridget come to me her feast, and we will go home. Come, Bridget, all of you for we've fire to lack us." And he held his torch dangerously near the curtains. Errickdale half and Errickdale man were in his power.

Coming through the hall they heard the stole, stowly, on wand tramp of an orderly and determined crowd, the tones of a wild Irish dirge heralded their coming. Two and twenty men, armed with pikes, and clubs, marched in.

Men in rags, there lips pale as chalk and grim, a rude and flaring torch borne on a long pole, a hatred, haggard women with selfish eyes and sunken cheeks, and, in the midst of them, those who are walking lonely or mourning in a way, with their dead in their arms, while the men shrinkly sung that dirge for, departed souls, and all the terrible procession never cease! Brows and clamor would be easier to bear than that long dirge-bearer, as two and two the people filed around the loaded tables and poly stirred guests.

Rising in consternation at the first entrance of these new comers, throughout their company, and silently stirred guests, one hand pressed upon her heart as if to quell its rapid fluttering. Beautiful, and, possibly despite her pallid cheeks, she stood there, yet two and two the people slowly passing the hall, and slowly passed before her dais, and made a long line of strange. It was another queen, who held them in her sway.

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They called the question at every tenement and every room. The people joined them in the search for for whom they all held dear. On the outskirts of the place, and where the road stretched out without another sign of habitation for five miles to Tual, was a lonely hovel.

"She's there—one woman said to another. "Unless she's there. Night's known, and it's little else they have. She's there, carsing it I say."

Yet they were not crowned by sin, to open it. The whole throng seemed to feel that vague foreboding which John O'Rourke had felt, those who were able to feel that the narrow room entered timidly. What was it that they dreaded?

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In the present lot of Errickdale John O'Rourke's daughter received her courtiers, lies in regal state.

It was dark and silent there before the torches were brought in. By their flaring light the people saw the poor mother on a bed of rags and straw.

"Be still as you can," she said softly. "Let her, O Brother! The girl gets been so me this four hours. Once my babes died, thank God! She had it out there all decent."

And then, in the dim light, they saw the outline of a tiny form beside the bed, and bring the room and adornment of Bridget's court.

"She heard a horse go trampling by, and went to meet it," the woman said. "When she came back, says she—'Tess master' Then she fell, and she took it to still it, and lay down so it, and, ever since, they've been here still, and I hope she's slept and lay get her where she's, God bless her!"

Sleeping on the hard floor, but she does not feel it. They bring the clothes near her; she does not heed the glare, though the light from her bosom startled wake and weep. She does not hear it weep. In truth, this spirit has forgotten her wise in a dreamless slumber, and truly tired has blown of long with toilsome waiting her courters kneel before her in the court of Death, the king.

There is food on the table which her own hands had placed there; there is fire on the hearth which her own hands kindled. She who has there has not died of cold or hunger, she has died of a broken heart.

And the violin and flute and harp rang merrily, and the trumpet and drum lauds a merry measure in the ballroom where the guests are all a-tiptoe and make merry. The great doors were thrown open, and an long pomp hall, where the guests passed into the banqueting-hall, where, at the head of a long table sat the magnificent tables, and Eleanora's place was empty, and there, in the place of honor, sat a living picture was a hall of Grand Monsoque. "John Rossetti has surpassed himself," his guests said with admiring wonder. In a jasmine of the mine Eleanora's silvery laugh was heard; and looked with pride at her father, and spoke aloud so that all might hear "Yes, there never was such a father as mine. His faith, his love, his charity, are beyond my highest expectations."

Rosetta or Errickdale?

From above their heads the strange voice came. Far up in the embrasure of a window, a man with a lighted torch was standing. John O'Rourke's eyes met John Rossetti's, and commanded there, and held them fast.

"Go, go!" he—lame, he said. "Woman, you said, if you were in yourself, tor of 'evil, thirsty danger and death all round you. I warn you fately. Man Eleanora, take my Bridget come to me her feast, and we will go home. Come, Bridget, all of you for we've fire to lack us." And he held his torch dangerously near the curtains. Errickdale half and Errickdale man were in his power.

Coming through the hall they heard the stole, stowly, on wand tramp of an orderly and determined crowd, the tones of a wild Irish dirge heralded their coming. Two and twenty men, armed with pikes, and clubs, marched in.

Men in rags, there lips pale as chalk and grim, a rude and flaring torch borne on a long pole, a hatred, haggard women with selfish eyes and sunken cheeks, and, in the midst of them, those who are walking lonely or mourning in a way, with their dead in their arms, while the men shrinkly sung that dirge for, departed souls, and all the terrible procession never cease! Brows and clamor would be easier to bear than that long dirge-bearer, as two and two the people filed around the loaded tables and poly stirred guests.

Rising in consternation at the first entrance of these new comers, throughout their company, and silently stirred guests, one hand pressed upon her heart as if to quell its rapid fluttering. Beautiful, and, possibly despite her pallid cheeks, she stood there, yet two and two the people slowly passing the hall, and slowly passed before her dais, and made a long line of strange. It was another queen, who held them in her sway.

The twilight fell soon over Errickdale, in its hapless gathering, and Eleanora was galloping home from Tual on his fleetest horse, when the creature stood suddenly, then stopped, trembling all over.

Woman stood in the path, gloaring strangely to see through the gloom. Fearless John Rossetti started at the unexpected sight.

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GEN. SHERMAN'S SON.

He Does Not Regret His Action, but Looks Forward With Pleasure to His Ordination.

"I am Mr. Sherman. He spoke at all in the reception room of the Roman church College on Jefferson avenue yesterday. He came hence a month ago, say a correspondence of the Chicago Times, to study theology. He is an institution around, and, in the meantime, he is a member of the Father, General Sherman's son. Mr. Sherman is a slightly built young man, with a hundred-or-still grayer moustaches and a pleasant face. He is a good talker, and has influence with people. He is a good talker, and has influence with people. He is a good talker, and has influence with people

THE MONITOR.

PACIFIC ERA OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1887

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

536 KEARNY STREET,

(2nd-floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau have gone to Rome to attend the next Papal Consistory and to receive the insignia of their high ecclesiastical positions from Pope Leo XIII. Both Cardinals sailed by the steamship *La Bourgogne*, which left New York for Havre on last Saturday, and we hope every reader of the MONITOR will pray that God may guard them during their voyage, and that they may speedily and safely return to preside over their respective flocks in these Dioceses and in Canada.

—One of the most pleasing tributes ever paid to the MONITOR comes all the way from Ireland, from whence a distinguished Ecclesiastic sends his annual subscription and adds this pleasing remarks: "I herewith enclose £1, another year's subscription to your excellent and well-edited journal. I never get such good value in newspaper reading for the same amount." The friends of the MONITOR will feel pleased at this flattering testimonial of its merits, even in a land where some of the best periodical literature of the world circulates.

—A celebrated Catholic—Mr. Thomas Weld-Blundell, recently died in England. The deceased was celebrated for his great charity and his good works. Three of his sons had the happiness to become members of the Benedictine Order, and as a thank-offering to Almighty God for this rare blessing, he created three Catholic churches entirely out of his own private means! What an example of Catholic munificence for the Catholic millionaires of California! We hope at least one of them will emulate Mr. Weld-Blundell's laudable generosity and devote a portion at least of their vast wealth to the honor of that God who lent it to them to do good with in this world.

—Another antagonist to the Public School system of secularized education has arisen in this city in the person of Rev. Joseph Rowall, who, during the discussion of the Congregational Club on Monday week, stated that much of the crime, immorality and vice which is rampant among the youth of this city, was due to the Public Schools. "Many of the teachers," said Dr. Rowall, "are utterly unfit for their positions. They are untrained and practice frauds on the children. Books of the most infamous character are scattered in school hours, not only among boys, but girls, even in the High School." We print these startling words for the special benefit of Catholic parents who have children attending the Public Schools, in they may not wonder by-and-by why their children grow up disobedient, vicious and irreligious—a curse instead of a blessing to their parents, and a blighting disgrace to every relative whom name they bear.

No Misrepresentation in the Monitor.

Brother McCrory says in last week's *Advocate* that the MONITOR misrepresented his ideas in our criticism on his "Horrible Conceitedness" article. In this, however, Brother McCrory is wrong. We gave his language as he wrote it, hence his effort to cram fish now out of his former attitude is only another proof of that mendacity for which Methodist preachers are proverbial.

Brother McCrory also says he never insulted Archbishop Riordan. Here again the editor of the *Advocate* falsifies his own record. Here is his own language:

"If the Archbishop and his sycophants mean to assert that all non-Catholic morals, as we are living in "heathen surroundings," are guilty of an atrocity unless approached by ordinary criminals."

The logical, blunted anti-Catholic feelings of a fanatical Methodist preacher, such language may seem "good enough" even for the Prelate of the Catholic Church, but no gentleman, no matter what his religious antipathy to Catholic dogma might be, would write such a scurrilous insinuation without degrading himself to the lowest level of a brawling blackguard. Brother McCrory lacks in his heart and soul that the Pastoral Letter in question did not allude to Protestants, yet his virulence prompted him to resort to the vile insinuation and the vile allusion to "ordinary criminals" in connection with the dearly beloved and highly-revered Prelates who preside over this Ecclesiastical Province, and whose characters are as far above their assailant as Washington manhood as the archangels are above the archlemons.

The MONITOR misrepresents no man. We give the correct text in each case where it is used by any adversary of the Church whose calumnies we feel called upon to criticise, and if Brother McCrory misrepresents his own real sentiments by the language he disguises them in when printed in the *Advocate*, he thus adds the crime of double-faced duplicity to his other bad faults in the display of his bigotry!

Brother McCrory also charges the MONITOR with misrepresenting "innocent Protestants" like Luther, Luther and Leyden. This also is untrue. We make no statement concerning the pride, conceitedness, or morals of people of any Protestant sect, nor do we pretend to be the arbiter of political preferment. His memory is a sieve to the end in view, and he utilizes it. The question of what he is worth seems a more important query than what does he know. This is more generally the case in the Western and Middle states than in the South and New England.

—A cablegram from Rome states that Rev. Matthew Hankey, Rector of St. James' Church, Harrison avenue, Boston, has been selected by the Holy Father to fill the vacancy in the Diocese of Providence, Rhode Island, caused by the death of Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken, last June.

Some Idle Protestant Prediction.

We notice with some measure of amusement that many sectarian papers seem to build great hopes of a schism in the Catholic church in consequence of the continuance of Father McGlynn in refusing to go to Rome. Why, bless their unsophisticated souls, a fly speck on the Moon would be of about as much of an impulsement to the dispersion of the rays of that orb of light, as the case of Dr. McGlynn is in importance as a schismatic maker in the Catholic church. The church believes with the inspired writer St. Matthew, that "Scandals must come," but in her heart of hearts she pities the unfortunate Catholic—be he priest or layman—by whom scandals come!

Persons who are familiar with the history of the Church in this country, know that even as early as a century ago the Jesuits of the first Archbishop—Most Rev. John Carroll—were constantly regarded by symptoms of schism far more threatening and powerful than the present excitement in St. Stephen's parish, New York. At the very outset of his ecclesiastical career in America, Bishop Carroll had to cease from missionary work in order to devote himself to writing a long and admirable defense of the Churchmen against an enemy who was previously a member of his own Order, but who rebelled against the Church and then scattered from the faith which for many years he had helped to propagate. In New York, Dr. Carroll met with bitter opposition from a coterie of disaffected members of his flock, who were followers of a suspended priest, who, with insinuating guided tongue, was guilty of such violence as to forcibly compel Dr. Carroll to leave the church, whither he had gone to instruct the people in their duty. In Boston and Philadelphia, also, Dr. Carroll's patience was sorely tried by the perverseness of both priests and people who ultimately were glad to be removed to peace only that God might use the ministrations of that very Prelate whose sacred character they had maligned and whose motives they had misjudged.

These embryo schisms all occurred prior to 1785, when the total number of Catholics in the United States was but 25,000, and at a time when Catholicity was but an infant in its American cradle. And thus has it been in the history of the Church in America through every decade of its existence. But Almighty God, who doeth all things well, and who rules and guides His Church in all lands, acted towards the Church in America precisely as He did in the College of the Apostles. He gave to the Church a fair proportionate of good priests for every Judas who basely betrayed Her.

The spiritual life of the Catholic church is supernatural. As well might her enemies expect Almighty God to cease to exist, as to live in the vain hope of seeing the Church die through schism or sectarianism. An uninterrupted career of nearly nineteen centuries should be sufficient to convince even the most virulent victim of Protestant prejudice that the Catholic Church can never be annihilated by persecution or penal laws from without or from schism by secularist and costermay from within.

The Catholic church is the Kingdom of Christ in this world, and the Pope who reigns in Rome is Christ's Vicar, who may be likened to the super-eminent Centurian of Capernaum, inasmuch as he has under him the army of Christ's Soldiers, and he says unto the one "Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh." This, as Christ is one, as is the Church, and though a second Reformation should rob the church of a hundred millions of souls, yet would she still continue her work in the world, supported, guided and guarded by that supernatural grace of God which has been her sole protective in the past, and which will continue with her even though the world were to become dotted with sects and schismatics as numerous as the grains of sand on the sea shore.

Millionaires in the Senate.

The fact that candidates for the United States Senate are now selected for their wealth more than their wisdom or statesmanship, is beginning to attract the attention of thinking people who see a baneful influence in thus making the money kings of the republic the highest law-making power of the land.

Senator Jones of Florida truly says that "the forcing of millionaires to the front as members of what should be the ablest body of statesmen in the world, is going too far. If a halt is not called the people will throw the revolutionary things in time. The evils to which it tends will be cured by the power of public disapproval. In the days when the Senate met the preconceived ideas of those who established it, money was not the test of fitness for membership of that body. A man to enjoy such honor and most such responsibilities must stand forth as one recognized for his learning, his ability and his integrity."

He being asked, what means brought about the change, Senator Jones gave these cogent reasons:

"Among the principal causes, is one already alluded to. It is natural for aspiring human nature to court distinction and power. In those former days there were comparatively few men of great wealth, and its possession by a man gave him such power and distinction as I have referred to. He did not need the selfish honor of place to greatly his ambition or to feed his pride. Wealth now does not give a man the distinction he craves. He seeks it in something beyond, and, naturally enough, in the direction of political preferment. His money is a means to the end in view, and he utilizes it. The question of what he is worth seems a more important query than what does he know. This is more generally the case in the Western and Middle states than in the South and New England."

Ireland in the Present Parliament.

On last Thursday the British Parliament commenced a session which promises to end only with an increase of the woe of woes of Ireland. In the customary speech of the Queen, she is made to give utterance to the regular royal rubbish about the "decrease of grave crimes in Ireland," and the usual fulsome compliments about the passage of Acts of Parliament to promote the prosperity of British law in Ireland. Beneath this rose-colored surface, however, there is a volcanic state of the public mind in Ireland, and the Irish people may expect "no quarter" from their ancient enemy when next the auto-fink party in Parliament becomes numerous enough to pass a new Coercion Bill aimed at, and specially framed for, the stamping out of all National feeling in the breasts of the Irish people.

In such a coming crisis what is the duty of the friends of Ireland in America? It is to build up, strengthen, and solidify the Irish National League in every town, hamlet and city from Alaska to Louisiana; to place the "sinews of war" in each Branch treasury, and thus be prepared with both men and money when the struggle commences between the Celtic and Coercion, to help the people of Ireland in the unequal struggle.

If this Parliament passes a Coercion Bill the Irish Magistrates will be intrusted with arbitrary powers of arrest and imprisonment which will virtually suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and the Government will then depend on securing the conviction of accused Nationalists by resorting to special juries and a change of venue from Catholic to Protestant communities. These powers, all of which are outside of the ordinary law, will be used in prosecuting Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and every member of the National League who has been active in promoting the organization to resist, almost all of the soon thus threatened with the loss of liberty are poor, and they will need a great deal of money for their legal defence against English acts of injustice and tyranny. Then, too, the frustration of the Nationalist "plan of campaign" will be followed by a general resumption and merciless enforcement of eviction proceedings, and the resultant of destitution can only be alleviated by an immediate outpour of American sympathy in the form of money contributions.

In time of peace prepare for war," is an appropriate motto which—in view of these circumstances—should be put into practical operation by Ireland's friends all over this free land. Ireland's cause may be won through the vigilance of its friends in America, or it may be lost through lack of organization and the want of funds for defence of the grandest cause that ever aroused the sympathies of the Christian world.

About the Ashe Elect.

A subscriber in one of the Islands of the Pacific desires some information about Father Lavelle, and asks the following questions: (1) Was he ever married? (2) Was he an Apostate? (3) Was there ever any scandal connected with his name? (4) Or, was he a Religious?

(1) Lavelle was never married, although scandal-speakers of the French infidel press have falsely charged that there was a Platonic union between him and Wagner's daughter. (2) Lavelle was an ex-Apostate while living; he died in the church and was buried in the Lands of the Third Order of St. Francis, to which he belonged. (3) The only "scandal" connected with his name was of precisely the same nature as those other "scandals" which earn a nanoled press shrinkers print as the reflection of their own corrupt minds. Lust lived and lived upon the applause of the animal world, which he valued far more highly than his dull God. He moved in the highest society and basked in the sunshine of the smile of beauty, but beyond that he was quibblous. (4) Lizzt was not a Religious. In 1865, he was in Rome with the intention of giving up the fleeting pleasures of the world and entering the ecclesiastical state. His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, the Papal Secretary of State, was anxious that Lizzt should be ordained a priest, and he was so ardent that his whole soul would be absorbed by it, and hence he could never be content in Holy Orders. The Prelate doubted him with the title "Abbe" as a mark of recognition for his musical genius, but he never belonged to any Order save that in which any good Catholic layman can become a member—the Third Order of St. Francis.

A recent writer, describing the peculiarities of what should be the ablest body of statesmen in the world, is going too far. If a halt is not called the people will throw the revolutionary things in time. The evils to which it tends will be cured by the power of public disapproval. In the days when the Senate met the preconceived ideas of those who established it, money was not the test of fitness for membership of that body. A man to enjoy such honor and most such responsibilities must stand forth as one recognized for his learning, his ability and his integrity."

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Concerning Parochial Schools.

The Parochial school being the cornerstone of the Church in the future, it is well to disseminate as much as possible the reasons why it should be numerously attended by Catholic children and also generously sustained by Catholic parents.

On a recent Sunday, Father Lavelle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, delivered a discourse on Christian education, in the course of which he said: "The man who does that we have to carry in his sign-for our parochial schools. These establishments contain nearly eighty hundred children, and cost about $16,000 a year. We find that it costs little more than $10 a year to support a child in our parochial schools. There he described the manner in which it had been decided to sustain Catholic schools in each parish, by establishing therein a society to be known as the "School Fund Association," the members of which would contribute yearly to the support of the schools, the dues to be $100 for those who can give more—$25 or $10—all to be all the more welcome, and they will make up for the deficiency of those who are too poor to contribute. Each of the heads of families this contribution is expected to come. No purpose—but Father Lavelle—but good—and a circular asking for the names of those who will contribute, how much, and in what way they desire to make it, and the amount of donation. Then at the 9 o'clock Mass, which the children attend, the benefactors of the schools will be specially remembered.

In reply to the query often asked, Why are Catholics not satisfied with the public schools? Father Lavelle said:

"Now, many people wonder why we are not satisfied with the public schools provided by Public Schools Act, and why we send them good enough. The answer is that without Catholic schools we cannot bring up our children in Catholicity. There can be no question that our children cannot be educated in the Catholic faith unless in parochial schools. We have not one word to say against our public schools, we have no contempt for them; we have no excuses to make; we have no fault to find. They are to their own way as schools, but they are not for us.

We are not for our parochial schools we would have not in this country the flourishing Catholic Church that we have. In our discourse everywhere where the parochial schools played the faith of the Catholics all the stronger, and the greatest good of all. Where the parochial schools are revealed, the faith of the Catholic is weakened, and where the child that is not educated in the Spring time.

Now say to us, "But your parochial schools are good enough for us. You should make good business out of your boys. You do not give your children a fair education." To these I would say that the Catholic Church has been everywhere and in all times the light, the educator, the civilizer of the world. In the days of Alfred, Augustine, in the Middle Ages, it was the home of the learned that they could not write their names. But right among these barbarous schools were established in monasteries that taught the world how to civilize themselves the world. Such are Oxford, Gandergay, Salamanca, Bologna. These are not given as illustrations. These are not given as illustrations. These are not given as illustrations

Farm and Home.

Sweeping and Dusting.

At all times nowhelcome, when damp one gets hold of this dust it forments, decays and becomes positively poisonous; and this must needs happen on any rainy day, on foggy mornings, on dark nights, and at that season of the year when the darkness so set to permeate the house, and is not yet time to light the fires that might dry it out or hinder it. The rooms of a dwelling house, then, can not be kept too thoroughly well swept and dusted; in order that the least possible deposit of dust may not be left in them. Many housewives thinkthat the loss the dust is stirred in sweeping, the better the work is done, and too brown and wet grass and mouldered meal are thrown about the floor in order to rather the dust and prevent it from rising. But people giving the matter philosophic attention have come to the conclusion that precisely the opposite course is the fit and proper one; that a good stirring up set than a good blowing out is what the dust needs, and that with a wind blowing unobtrusively through the room as thoroughly as a wind can be made to blow.

Errors to be Corrected in Diet.

1. That there is any nutriment in beef tea made from extracts. There is none whatever.

2. That gelatine is nutritious. It will not keep a sick alive. Beef tea and gelatine, SOUPS, possess EXCITING properties of power, we know not what.

3. That an egg is equal to a pound of meat, and that every sick person can eat eggs. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, cannot eat them; and to such, eggs are injurious.

4. That beaman milk is an important article of food it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure will not cure.

5. That arrowroot is nutritious. It is simply starch and water, useful as a demulcentive, quickly prepared.

6. That cheese is injurious in all cases. It is, as a rule, contra-indicated being usually indigestible; but it is a concentrated nourishment and a waste-repairer, and often **ordered**.

7. That the cravings of a patient are whims and should be denied. Thousands often needs, craves for, and digests articles not held down in any dietary. Such, for example, as fruits, pickles, jams, coke, hem or bacon with fat, cheese, butter and milk.

8. That an infinite diet may be marked out which shall apply to every case. Choice of a given list of articles allowable to given cases must be decided by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right and the theory wrong, and the judgment admits no appeal.

A diet which would keep a healthy man healthy might kill a sick man; and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would not keep a well man alive. Increased quantity of food, especially of liquids, does not mean increased nutriment, rather decrease, since digestion is overtaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his cravings; and if the stomach rejects a certain article do not force it.

The Influence of Cheerful Homes.

Sou to it, then, that your home compete with public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your homes. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers on your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and have so long ruled in your homebodies, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. Walks you make home their delight, till them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass a happy boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and lofty ambitions depends you. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

Words in the English Language.

By actual enumeration of the words contained in the best dictionaries, it has been ascertained that 12,350 English words are of Saxon origin and 29,354 of classical origin. In conversation and the popular nature of the Teutonic words in the language, the Saxon element largely preponderates in the works of our greatest writers. The pronouns, numerals, prepositions, conjunctions, and auxiliary verbs, the names of the elements, and their changes, of the seasons, the heavenly bodies, the divisions of time, the features of natural scenery, the organs of the body, the modes of bodily action and passion, the commonest animals, the words used in earliest childhood, the ordinary terms of traffic, the constituent words in proverbs, the designation of kindred, the simpler sensations of the mind, terms of pleasantry, satire, contempt, indignation, irrevoice, and anger are for the most part of Saxon origin. Words indicating a more advanced civilization and complex feelings, and most of the terms employed in art science, mental and moral philosophy, are of classical origin. The English language, which is now spoken by nearly one hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants, is in its vocabulary one of the most heterogeneous that ever existed. There is, perhaps, no language so full of words, evidently derived from the most distant sources, as English. Every country of the globe seems to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, Saxon, Danish, French, Spanish, Italian, German—nay, even Hindustani, Malay, and Chinese words are mixed together in the English dictionary.

The Potato's Origin.

Before the conference held in London the other day in connection with the potato centenary, Mr. W. R. Mitchell read a paper stating that the potato had been introduced into England by Sir Francis Drake in 1580. He believed that Drake had originally obtained the tuber from South America, either by purchase or plunder, and had conveyed it to England at the conclusion of the voyage in which he relieved Raleigh's Virginian colony.

Mr. Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S., read a paper upon "Potato Cultivation by the Incas and Other Andean Nations." He said that the original home of the potato was in the Cordilleras of Chile, in South America. There it had been cultivated from time immemorial over an extent of 3,000 miles. When the Spaniards first arrived the potato was a cultivated plant in the Kingdom of the Chibchas, in the Province of Quito, throughout the Empire of the Incas of Peru, and in Chi-Chi. The fact of its immemorial cultivation rendered it difficult to ascertain with certainty the localities where the potato was indigenous. It was most probable, on the whole, that the potato originally grew wild in suitable localities throughout the Cordilleras of Peru and Chili. The potato was unknown farther north than the highlands of Bogota in Colombia, and it was there that one of the three American civilizations had its rock—namely, that called by the Spanish conquerors the Myzca Nation. Its people spoke a language called Chibcha, which is now extinct. But vocabularies have been preserved, and they remember the fact that the ancient people of Bogota cultivated the potato extensively, and had produced several variation.

Family Fun.

Needed More than Once.

"John, do you remember when we used to sing in my father's front gate?"

"Yes, Maria, I do."

"And the moon used to look so beautiful, John."

"I did, Maria."

"And the stars were so bright."

"They were."

"I wonder if the moon is so beautiful and the stars just as bright now as they were then, John?"

"I presume they are, Maria."

"Then why can't we sit on the front gate now and look at the moon and the stars and the blue sky, with their fleecy clouds, as we used to do then?

"We can, Maria, if we want to."

"Then, John, let us go out to the front gate for awhile, and see if it will seem anything like it used to."

"All right, Maria. You go out and try it awhile, and if you like it maybe I'll take a turn at it."

But Maria thought him too much of a brute to do anything of the kind.

She Meant Well.

Young Hopeless serious wife to husband—Oh, Chesley, I made a lovely purchase for you, to-day.

Young husband—Necktie!

Young wife—Oh, I wouldn't choose an object, too—such a lovely bargain.

Young husband—Suspenders!

Young wife—And to make such a saving, too—so much cheaper than you are in the habit of getting them for.

Young husband (reading answer in the stars)—Dotted!

Young wife (convulsed with laughter)—What a poor guesser you are, Charley. Just think of it! I bought a whole box of them for $1 and they are such lovely ones, too.

Young husband (returning to his paper) —I thought so.

Willing to Scale.

"Did you get diamonds for Christmas?" was asking in a Baker-street car.

"Yes."

"How much did they cost?"

"Mr. Husband says $250, but I haven't had a jeweler price them yet. My mind is made up to scale all the way from $350 down to $15."

"That's right, Bertha. It may save you a great shock to your nervous system."

A Married Couple's Mishap.

A new married couple who started from Portland, Maine, on a wedding trip the other day were having a hard time at last accounts. It seems that while the bridegroom was looking after the baggage at the station he met a man, who was a little nervous, hurried the bride into the wrong car and started her for Boston one train too soon. The disconsolate husband took the next train, but got to Dorchester only to find that his bride had returned to Portland. She, against the advice of friends, did not stop there, but started west again and got to Boston at the same time he again reached the starting place. At last accounts the two were hurrying backward and forward as fast as steam could take them, each frantically trying to overtake the other.

A Woman Fish.

"Walk up! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen," shouted a man at the top of his voice in front of a booth at a fair. "Walk up and inspect this curious phenomenon—a real, live woman-fish, the only one in existence. There was a rush; the place was crammed to the doors. The curtain was drawn and the showman dressed all in black appeared on the stage and said, in doleful tones, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the woman Fish. I was married last Christmas. My husband's name was Fish. He was a sinner by trade. He was killed last summer through a fall off a scaffolding, and, as he has left me with four children unprovided for, I will take the liberty to go round and make a collection on their behalf."

It Has Come to This at Last.

"I have noticed," remarked the horse editor, "that when an anarchist accumulates a little property he begins to agitate for a division of capital."

"Well, he has a very ancient precedent for that," replied the man with the hoe.

"Indeed! What?"

"Why, you will remember that when the dove brought the green branch back to Noah he soon caused to be an ark-ist."

A Smart Woman.

An insurance agent applied to a woman to induce her to get her husband insured.

"Will I be sure to get the money if he dies right off?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"But will you give me any assurance that he will die right off?"

"No, ma'am, we cannot do that."

"Well, then, what good will it be to me to get his life insured if he doesn't die? I knew there was some catch about this insurance business."

Conceding Something to Washington.

She was a Boston girl and was receiving New Year's with a friend in Washington.

"Ah, Miss X., and so whom Lucien saw who had just been presented, "you are from Boston, I believe."

"Yes, that is my home."

"Delightful place, Boston. So intellectual. So classic, I say, say. Such elegant people. Such an air of refinement permeating every environment. Nothing loud; nothing coarse; nothing vulgar. Delightful, delightful."

"You but your life in it," she replied, innocently. "Dey so far as I've got, I think Washington takes the cake."

When they got the Lieutenant out of the wreck he started for home to make out an application for a pension.

Striving to Please.

Young Husband—Isn't there something peculiar about these odious, my dear?

Young Wife (coyly)—Oh, I hope not, dear. I took such pains with them. I even sprinkled them with Jockey Club before I put them to bed to take away the unpleasant odor.

A Satisfactory Purchase.

Wife—I'm afraid you will think I am extravagant, my dear, but I bought a Hubbard today and paid forty dollars for it.

Husband (centrally)—Only forty dollars! Why, you couldn't have pleased me silver. But are you sure it is a genuine Hubbard?

Wife—That is what the milliner said she sold it to me.

Holiday Presents.

A dress picture taken by Flagler. Send them to a dear one at home. Have one enlarged lately, retouched—it will be an acceptable present. Flagler's gallery is the finest and most convenient in the city and produces the best photographs. Market and Fifth streets.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE GREAT NERVE TONIC.—Unsurpassed as a remedy for General Debility, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Nervous Prostration. Sold by all Druggists and Country Dealers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. TAKE ONLY DR. HENLEY'S.

DR. PEIRO'S OXYGEN TREATMENT

For the cure and cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nervous Catarrh, Nervous Prostration, Etc. Address "MAX" Dr. Peiro's Office, Cor. Sutter and Kearny Sts., San Francisco.

COAL OIL!

NOTICE.

Unscrupulous competitors having circulated the report that I had sold out my business, I hereby give notice to the public and my customers that such report is ABSOLUTELY FALSE. I have not sold out, neither have I any intention of so doing.

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FATHER McGLYNN'S CASE.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

I thought the occasion warranted my informing Mr Hewitt of the great risk the Doctor ran in taking a prominent part in politics, hoping thereby that Mr Hewitt would dissuade a friend from exposing himself to clearly foreseen consequences. That same evening the following note was written:

No. 452 MADISON AVENUE, New York.

REVEREND DEAR DOCTOR: I have met with great regret a project started in which you and Mr Henry George are meeting to be held shortly on next Friday.

You consider have not forgotten the mandate of his Holy Father the Prefect of Sacred Propaganda in '62 and '64, nor the repeated promises made by you to His Eminence the late Cardinal Archbishop.

As your Bishop I now forbid you, in the most positive manner, to attend the proposed meeting in Chickering Hall on Friday night, or take part in it directly, any political acting whatever will be an violation of the sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide. I am very sorry to be obliged to write this, but I feel bound in duty to my sacred duty, I am, in obedience.

I am, reverend dear Doctor, faithfully yours,

M. A. CORRIGAN, Abp.

SUSPENDED.

To this note Dr. McGlynn replied by saying he would address the mass meeting notwithstanding the prohibition, and he was accordingly suspended for two weeks in a letter of October 2, of which the following is an extract:—

"So flagrant an act of disobedience cannot be passed over. Before accepting the invitation to address the meeting you know full well the sincere wishes of the Holy See, the Propaganda. You were not ignorant of my own position in the subject, as you expressly alluded to it in your note to me in introducing Mr. George. This objection, consequently, to your course of action has neither any one hand and of sacerdotal obedience on the other. In view, then, of these facts, and much to my regret, I am constrained to have recourse to ecclesiastical measures. I hereby suspend you from all sacerdotal functions for the space of two weeks from date.

"Next cause the and sight of a Catholic priest relying in an open barouche from poll to poll on election day. Some three weeks after the political campaign was over a pastoral letter was issued enunciating the plain teachings of the sovereign Pontiff. A few days later, November 26, the decree of Pope Leo XIII., was assailed by Dr. McGlynn, although, he says, without adverting to it, and the statement of the Holy Father as the solution of the conflict between rich and poor was to be found in the teachings of the Gospel was met by another declaration that the true and only adequate remedy for social evils lay in the abolition of private ownership of land and in the end that anyone unjustly monopolized by a few. Dr McGlynn was invited to correct the misstatement, as he claimed, of his words. Had he done so no censure would remain. He declined to comply, alleging that, after silence he made a quasi retraction in the Times of December 2, but he never withdrew his main statement—that private ownership of land is unjust. In consequence of this statement of November 26 he was again suspended, for the balance of the year and Rev. Dr. Curran placed in temporary charge of St. Stephen's Church.

SUBMISSION TO ROME.

"On December 4 the following telegram came from the Propaganda:—

Abbatem McGlynn immediate Romam vocet. PRAEFECTUS.

(Let Abbatem McGlynn present himself to Rome. PREFECT.)

"The cablegram," His Grace went on to say, "was as great a surprise to me as to the Doctor. I never asked, nor even hinted in any way that he should go to Rome. My former experience of June, 1883, would have precluded such a suggestion. When the telegram was delivered Dr. McGlynn simply replied, 'There is no money.' and as far as he known paid no further heed to the matter.

"To this date no answer seems to have been sent to Rome asking an extension of time or proposing any willingness to comply, when Also, with the order of last December. After waiting in vain two weeks for the slightest symptom of any disposition on his part to obey the Holy See (for by the constitutions of Congregations Propaganda Fide Propagandis has supreme delegated power from the Pope, except in the very gravest matter), I wrote to Dr. McGlynn proposing some reply, when, after waiting four days longer, he wrote on December 20, 1886, that he would not go to Rome, and at the same time reaffirmed his doctrine positis as follows:—'My doctrine about land has been made clear in speeches, in reports of inter views, and in published articles and I repeat these here—I have taught, and shall always teach in speeches and writings as long as I live, that land is rightfully the property of the people of the country, that private ownership of land is against natural justice, no matter by what civil or ecclesiastical laws it may be sanctioned, and I would bring about immediately, if I could, such change of laws all the world over as would confiscate private property in land without one penny of compensation to the unlawful owners.'

"The next correspondence was dated December 30, 1886, when I wrote:—

REVEREND DEAR DOCTOR—Your letter of this date has reached me postal lucigerous that you declined going to Rome, and that you believe and would continue to teach the injustice of private ownership of land, no matter by what laws of Church or State it may be sanctioned.

As sure of your decision as to permit you to resume the holy ministry would be manifestly wrong. Unless you withdraw them, as I hope and trust you will, the censures now in force will be kept intact, pending until the receipt of the answer to a request from Cardinal Simeoni, which is on my way to the city. I regret that under so painful circumstances we should take a wide difference from the course just indicated. The duty is to your humble

I am, reverend dear doctor, very truly yours,

M. A. CORRIGAN.

CARDINAL SIMEONI'S CONSULTATION.

"Early in January a most kind and consolatory letter came to me from Cardinal Simeoni for Dr. McGlynn. He was invited to call and receive it, but refused. 'I will not come to see you,' he sent word back. It was five days before he was mad, and five days later a note came in reply from the Doctor to the effect that—

"I have received Cardinal Simeoni's letter with your request that I would inform you of my plans. I will not go to Rome. The grave reasons which I gave in the letter of December 2 are still held good, but will continue to do so for a long time.

After this I wrote as follows:—

No. 452 MADISON AVENUE, New York, January 14, 1887.

REVEREND DEAR DOCTOR—On the receipt of your letter of December 20 I had an exact copy of it forwarded to Propaganda, in which I said your reasons for not going to Rome in the very words which you yourself had expressed then and have I at any misrepresentation. Tonight I wrote cable to the Cardinal Prefect authorizing the withdrawal of your notice of the 14th inst. in which you say the reasons still hold good and will continue to do so for a long time.

I hope that you will appear before my flock on Sunday next, and, in the spirit of the Gospel, I will do all in my power to assist you in the great work of charity. I do so because I believe it is your duty, as a priest, to devote your entire time to the salvation of souls, and I believe that the interests of your flock will be better subserved by your undivided attention to them than by your attention to the Government in this locality.

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SILENCE.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.
IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—At the meeting of the Ballycastle Board, on New Year's Day, Mr Edward Harford retired from the office of Mayor, held by him for two consecutive years, and Alderman James H. Hazlett, late member for the West Ward of the borough, was called to the civic chair. The installation was of the usual formal character.

The Belfast Police Force has been increased to 800.

ARMAGH.—At the request of the Most Rev. Dr McGettigan, the Holy See has been pleased to yield to the application for the appointment of a Coadjutor, to assist his Grace in the administration of the archdiocese of Armagh. All the parishes priests of the Armagh diocese have been accordingly summoned to attend in St. Patrick's cathedral, on the 13th January (Thursday), for the purpose of selecting the names of three clergymen, to be forwarded for submission to His Holiness the Pope for approval. The parishes of Ballymore and Mullaghbrack have been selected by lot to travel short and shortly after the meeting, the result of the ballot, and the names selected for canvass, would seem to be those of the three most popular priests.

CORK.—On Jan 10, a deputation consisting of Messrs. Buckley, J. McAuliffe, and Wm. Crowley, waited on the Rev. Father Lane, of Killavullen, to present him, on the conclusion of his mission, which was very successful, to his members of his flock. The deputation were cordially and sympathetically received by the gentleman, who replied in suitable terms.

A large number of clerical appointments are posted on the Cloyne, at the end of the diocese of the Cullery estate, adjacent lands in the district for non-payment of a year and a half's rent. There are close a law at the end of the year same-mo. Mrs. Frances Babcock Sadlier (Miss Frances Babcock).

The first notes of the approaching great land war on the Kingston estate, which is a season's rent—but only amounting to a season's rent for the year ends before Dec. 25th, 1887. A large deputation of the tenantry of the Ballyvourney and Kilbrittain districts, was held. Great enthusiasm prevailed.

The installation of Alderman John O'Riley, as Mayor of Cork, in succession to Alderman Lyons, took place on Jan 10, in the city Courthouse. There was a large crowd in the room, and the cutting and mounting Mayor's chair was a matter of difficulty. Mr Lyons was the idol of the Corporation, Ladies, J. P., in the room, and the priests of the parish.

Mr. Abraham Lyons, a well-known Cork corn merchant, was sitting at his few on Christmas Eve, and a friend, with his heart was at midnight service, and when they returned they found his house on fire. Mr Lyons partially succeeded, he thinks being forced to leave his lady alone. In 15 minutes the Brigade was summoned. When the doctor arrived he found the lady in a state of fright, who was brought to Mr Lyons' residence in Lenhall, as he had had a severe attack of paralysis, and was in a state of extreme nervous prostration. The house was completely burned and the furniture was saved. The premises then left unbroken, and there is the land and a certain amount of insurance. The cause is unknown. As the crow, the house was in a lonely place, and the nearest house was quite a mile distant. The house was quite lighted in the usual manner, and no fire was in the room. The house was owned by Mr Lyons, of Mayor Cork, and Mayor, M.P., who was now in Paris, and who had recently left Cork. Mr Lyons, in delivering his speeches in Bellinghamshire and Bellinghamshire, stated it should be his first to do house to the tenantry. He spoke of an intended legislation connecting the emigration of the Tipperary tenantry, and stating that the Government would be prepared to lend Irish a reliable will for tenants.

HONGCHOW.—To death is announced of Mr. Thomas Cooper, of Hongchow, China, late partner of the well-known Wolfhamcote, and Co., of Hongkong, and Shanghai, and of Swatow in Canton, and though being an invalid, he was in the prime of life, and was in the service of the Government in this locality.

SLIGO.—A public dinner was given to the Rev. Father Lane, who was preparing to leave for America, on a change of duty, in Sligo, a large number of people assembled in the street of Sligo.

LEITRIM.—Leitrim continues very from the black record of the year, the tenantry, the tenants, and the landlords, and the clergy, political cause, Messrs Redden and Lowry, also are only defaulters and are subject to the interest, for about the home of their family, and the tenants, and only an action for the rent, and the tenants subscribed the Land League, and the tenants paid the subscription of the Crown.

Thus, your Hongkong, whose is was a doubting young man, Mr. Kelly had played a prominent part in the National events in Hongkong, for many long, since the stirring of the Land Agitation, which was long, and it is belied by persons of attributes and friends, look down in Jan 4. He body was interred in the graveyard adjoining the Rapid Immaculate, and a large number of people attended. Mass was celebrated. An offering found offered for the repose of the soul. Cliff of the Immaculate, Mr Kelly, Sr., and of Mr. Kelly, Jr., and of Mr. Kelly, Jr., and Charles Kelly, Esq., Hongkong, and the letters of condolence and sympathy from a large number of the Irish Parliamentary party.

MEATH.—Mrs. McCaulay, widow of the late Lieut. Colonel McCaulay, C. B., Ballinlough, Meath, on Dec. 31. The deceased whose maiden name was Miss Ellen Ryan, was the eldest daughter of the late Colonel Ryan, of the Meath Militia, with some other connections. She was extremely good and Father Mass.

Mr. Thomas O'Reilly ("Arthur"), for many years a well known in Metropolitan and country circles, and during the last three years sub-editor of the Freeman's Journal and Registrar's Association, died on Jan. 2. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, who was for many years a well known in the leading Irish provincial journals, and died on the 2 of May, 1883, in Tuam, Parish, B. H. A., in now finished 1 year. Mr. O'Reilly, the deceased, was born in the Irish Metropolitan district, and was a member of the Catholic Guilds. The late Thomas O'Reilly, expressed in the office of his home, with the last and said, "Let the Lord Christ, of which he was a knight, open his bosom." To Name Station, Esq. M. P., High Sheriff of Dublin city, has nominated John Dunne, Esq., of Ballinlough, Meath, to be his successor. Mr. Dunne was appointed Mr. P. J. McGrath, Esq., J. P., Dublin, on Jan. 21 from Dublin, Esq., J. P., Dublin, on Jan. 21 from Dublin, Esq., J. P., Dublin, on Jan. 21 from Dublin

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Naught I ask for morrow's need,
Only for to-day,
Dearest Father, Thy child lead
Only for to-day;
Lead Thy native grace to me,
Help me Thy due will to see,
From temptation's path to flee,
Only for to-day.

Guide this wayward will of mine,
Only for to-day,
Fill my heart with love divine,
Only for to-day;
Still this storm within my breast,
Help me, for Thou knowest best
What I need of all the rest,
Only for to-day.

Let my thoughts be good and pure,
Only for to-day,
Let no demon them allure,
Only for to-day;
Let me always see Thy face,
Father, lead Thy saving grace
To me, in this dreary place,
Only for to-day.

Father, help me when I speak,
Only for to-day,
To be gentle, kind, an meek,
Only for to-day;
Let me say no cruel thing,
Great I may Thy praises sing,
And my words with Thy love ring,
Only for to-day.

All my actions, Father, guide,
Only for to-day,
Keep me from sin's dismal tide,
Only for to-day;
Let such thought, and word, and deed,
Of my yesterday's record,
And me assure, to Thee, lead,
Only for to-day.

So Thou all the world to me,
Only for to-day,
Thy glory, great my mission be,
Only for to-day,
Every movement that I make,
May it be for Thy dear sake,
And my footsteps take,
Only for to-day.

Help me fight the battle well,
Only for to-day,
What though yesterday I fell,
Only for to-day;
Help me take up cross anew,
And forget how hard it grew,
Thy dear steps once more pursue,
Only for to-day.

Great such deed of wisdom's love,
Only for to-day,
Then mayest in my heart to prove,
Only for to-day.
May it grow, and leaves unfold,
As the mustard seed of old,
Being forth grown a hundred fold,
Only for to-day.

Help me tread the narrow path,
Only for to-day;
Let no never stray from that,
Only for to-day;
Briers and stones obstruct the road,
Virtue's way with thorns is sewed,
Lead me onward with my load,
Only for to-day.

Literary Miscellany.

The Golden Bond of Grief.

A Beautiful Catholic Story in Two Chapters

CHAPTER I

In the churchyard of P——, there is a lonely, simple in form and of remarkable beauty—that everyone who wanders curiously about this quiet resting place of those who have entered the land of the dead before him, stops to read the inscription it bears.

The inscription is as follows

"Here rests Catherine C——, widow, died three daughters, and brought up six grandchildren. She was not rich, but she could love, and she could work. She was always cheerful and healthy. She slept in the Lord without sickness or suffering in the seventieth year of her age."

On such ends of this tomb is a grave, one exactly like the other. At the head of each is a stone with a name and date. Both were for many years kept as carefully covered with turf, and shaded from flowering plants, and the approach to them was always such good order that there was every evidence not only of love and gratitude towards the woman who rested there, but tender recollections were connected with these hillocks, to which there were hearts dearly attached.

Moved by the inscription upon the tomb of the old person whose life and blessed end were so publicly expressed by it, I then looked with surprise at the exact roundabouts and careful tending of the two neighboring graves, and sought to learn who rested there, and who it was that so treasured and preserved them.

I did a fortunate chance, the particulars of which it is unnecessary to detail, led me to the discovery of this little story.

In the beginning of December, 18—, died a respectable widow, whose only son, Michael, though only twenty years of age, already had an important situation.

She was buried in the churchyard of P——, and on the night of the above mentioned month, Michael, who had always had an irreproachable love for his mother, on the tomb of the funeral watered her coffin with tears of gratitude, and throw onto its hard full of frozen earth. When the grave was covered in, and everyone had departed, he remain behind, and kneeling by the fresh earth, prayed earnestly for the soul of her who had not only kept his body in health and strength, but has sent in the fear and love of God, and formed in him what was good and noble.

He deeply regretted that the winter did not permit him to erect any memorial as a proof of his gratitude, and this never as he dutiy obliged him to leave the place; for during his mother's illness, and a week before her death, he had received his promotion to a situation in another town.

He determined, therefore, to have the grave in such a condition that if he could obtain leave to come to Warsaw next April, he would hasten thither to fulfil this holy duty; and that he might know exactly where the dear remains were resting he carefully observed the side plain stone slab to that in through the labyrinth of grave mounds around.

He remarked also the inscription on the gravestone, and the graves of the two women as similar to each other, and endeavored to impress their remembrance so deeply on his memory that he had but to close his eyes the last, under having been very considerable.

Two or three weeks later he promised Anna he would fulfil her wish, for he longed for help from his brother, first, however, he would go the grave in order. The delay troubled the poor girl, but when she had learned the true reason for it and thought that she had benefit on a great measure been the cause of the expenses which had so exhausted her father's means and placed him in debt, she wept and prayed for her mother's soul in the neighboring church, and determined to wait.

One day she bethought herself to go and visit her neighbors and acquaintances by whom she was always treated with kindness, thank them for their kind sympathy with her during her mother's illness.

Her hearty wish was well pleased to see her again in full health, with a fresh color upon her cheeks, and the expression of life and interest in her eyes which was their wont. They then mentioned to her a well known establishment which was in want of a teacher of music and languages for a few hours each day.

Anna felt that she was quite able to undertake the duty, and longed to be able to help her father by this means.

She was kindly received there, and with the full consent of her father entered upon her duty.

A fortnight had hardly passed when the young pupils were so much attached to their teacher, and her superiors were so pleased with her, that as soon as they heard of her wish they offered her twenty pounds in advance of her quarter's salary.

Anna was only too happy to close with this proposal, and at once determined to surprise a surprise for her father, and to spend her first instalment of salary upon a gravestone for her mother.

This was towards the end of April. The weather was covered with fresh green, the trees bursting out from their young leaves, and the churchyard at P——— looked beautiful, so soothingly was it tended, as if to keep up at least the appearance of life.

The following morning, Anna's father was given her his office and the house had been given up to order, that Anna took with her the old servant who had attended the last illness, that he might show her his mother's grave, and proceeded to the churchyard.

She knew her mother lay very near her grandmother. The sey and, too, knew that, just as during the interment he had, as is usual with the lower class of people, taken little hoard of what was going on, he did not observe on which side his mother's grave had, and led Anna to the wrong one.

The poor girl was filled with sorrow when she looked upon the neglected hillock covered with weeds and the fallen leaves of the past year, not even a slate heading with the name and date, by which every other grave might be recognized, was there.

At the thought that such was her mother's grave, Anna burst into tears. She knelt down by the mound and prayed fervently for the dear deceased, kissed the earth which, as she thought covered the remains of her heart's treasure and kissed herself still more earnestly in carrying out her plan.

In the course of an hour everything was in order. She found a mason who made the foundation for the gravestone, and then a gardener who could lay down the turf, plant some flowering shrubs, and clear the paths to the grave, and finally engaged a little boy, who always had beautiful bouquets of flowers, to keep some constantly placed on the grave till such time as the shrubs which had been planted should be covered with leaves and flowers. She made it a duty to pay a frequent visit to see the progress of the work, to water the roses and flowers, and to pray the last, without having been very considerable.

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THE MONITOR.

TRADEMARK REGISTERED

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—After Cardinal Gibbons receives the red hat in Rome next month, he will make a tour of Northern Europe. Upon his return to America his Eminence will visit Rome, where he will meet Archbishop Ireland with the Italian Bishops.

—In 1886 the death of four Cardinals were recorded. In the United States three Bishops passed to their eternal reward and 107 priests ended their earthly labors. Fifty-two Sisters and eleven Brothers also passed away.

—In the coming Consistory, the twin brother of Cardinal Manzella, Canon Henry Manzella, Rector of the Seminary of Benevento, will, it is said, be promoted to the Archiepiscopal Bars. He was born at Vitulano, near Benevento, and is about fifty years of age.

—A subdeacon from Rome states that the next Consistory for the elevation of Cardinals and the nomination of Bishops to various Sees, will take place on March 7th. The Pope, it is alleged, is preparing an Allocution affirming with increased emphasis, the principle of the temporal power of the Church which has been so ruthlessly ignored by the Italian and other European governments.

—The large number of immigrants coming into California seems to have aroused a spirit of laudable rivalry between different sections of the State and led to the foundation of Immigration Societies. Last Saturday week at a meeting of the citizens of Bakersfield, it was determined to make the same effort to induce an influx of desirable immigrants and capital into Kern county that is now making, with such marked success, in other parts of the State.

—We regret to learn from a New York paper that James Redpath, the well known advocate of Ireland's rights, is dangerously ill in that city. Mr. Redpath, although an Englishman, did valorous deeds for the Irish people during the Land League campaign. With voice and pen he persistently pleaded for Home Rule, and his writings brought the cause of Irish grievances prominently before the people of all civilized lands. We hope he may live to see the results of his patriotism crowned with success.

—We learn from a Dublin paper that on a recent occasion bands of music and crowds of people assembled outside of Kilmainham Jail and serenaded the Nationalist Moreney, who was imprisoned for refusing to testify in his bankruptcy case arising out of the adoption of the plan of campaign. Mr. O'Brien, in a speech referring to Mr. Chamberlain's condemnation of the plan of campaign, said that Mr. Chamberlain's life during the past year had been a lie, and that his turning against his friends made him equal to an assassin.

—Some time ago the MONITOR urged the necessity of the Government erecting a decent place of worship on the Presidio for Catholic soldiers. But the reply came from the Secretary of War that no funds could be appropriated for such a purpose. Now we learn from a Kansas paper that Congress has appropriated $11,000 for a Catholic Church, a Catholic school-house and a priest's house, at Fort Leavenworth.—Even this it would seem that Secretary of War Lincoln's objection was not based either on good will or good law.

—One of the strangest of Protestant religious sects is that which calls itself the New and Latter House of Israel. Its headquarters is in Chatham, England, in which town its devotees are building a magnificent temple, which will cost $250,000. They believe that they will not die and that they are the remnant of true Israelites who will reign with Christ for a thousand years. Their founder was a man named Jezriel, who is now dead. His death was a great shock to the believers, but his wife claimed that it was an accident and declared herself to be his successor. *Vive la fumisterie!*

—On *Quadragesima Sunday*—the Sunday after *Ash Wednesday*—which falls this year on the 27th inst., a collection will be taked up in all the Catholic churches in the United States for the benefit of the colored and Indian missions under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Gibbons. The Rev. Father Burke, of the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, the colored church in New York City, has applied to the committee, which consists of Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, and Bishop Curtis, of Wilmington, for the relief of his church and St. Benedict's Home for Destitute Children.

—An Eastern paper reports that when in New York recently Cardinal Taschereau of Canada made an important statement regarding the Knights of Labor. Cardinal Taschereau was asked whether he would move at the meeting of the Cardinals by which he will attend at Rome, to consider the Knights of Labor. "Yes," the Cardinal replied, "and I will try to get a specific declaration from Pope Leo not only regarding the Knights of Labor, but also as to the theories concerning property in land as advocated by Henry George." It will be remembered that Cardinal Taschereau at Montreal last summer condemned the Knights of Labor.

—Mr. Chamberlain the prominent English politician, has so much love for the Orangemen in the North of Ireland that he has hatched out a novel scheme for the amelioration of Ireland by having two Parliaments—one in Belfast for the Protestant section of the people, and another in Dublin for the Catholic Irish. Such a scheme is ridiculous in its very conception and could not in any possibility be carried out. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, says very justly that whatever scheme is sanctioned must be approved by the Irish people, and he knows nothing short of a Legislature with a responsible Executive, which would give the Irish people power to execute as well as to make laws, would satisfy their national aspirations.

—A subdeacon from London brings the sad news that Mr. Parnell's health is so badly shattered that it is considered almost impossible for him long to sustain the position he occupies at present as leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. His malady is reported to be a very serious attack of Bright's disease which has for late baffled the best medical skill. In casting around for a successor to leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, the name of T. M. Healy stands first on the list. We sincerely hope the news by cable is exaggerated.

—It is generally conceded that one of the most effective natural agents for shaking up the consciences of doubtful Catholics sinners is a regular series of earthquake shocks at short intervals. Attach a time thermometer to a people fond of the confessional, approach the Sacraments and generally make the peace with God. We see by a Charleston paper that the same cause creates the same results in that city, both the Catholic and Protestant congregations having been greatly enlarged since the earthquake warning which reminded the people of that well shaken section of the South that in the midst of life we are in death.

—The progress of the Church in Cleveland, Ohio, is well demonstrated by the fact that it is but 47 years since the first Catholic Church was erected in that city. When the first small church was commenced there were but five Catholic families in that city. Now there are 50,000 Catholics in Cleveland, with 20 churches and congregations (besides old St. Patrick's and St. Columbkill's), with schools attached, educating nearly 10,000 children; with 32 secular priests and 14 regulars; 2 hospitals, 3 orphan asylums, caring for about 400 orphans; foundling asylums, home for the aged, reformatory for girls and fallen women; and its religious communities of women number some 350 members.

—At the session of the National Woman Suffrage Association held in Washington last week, resolutions were adopted demanding the passage of a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, which shall secure the right of suffrage to the women of the United States. An appeal is made to the working women to strive for the right of suffrage, upon the ground that a disfranchised class is always an oppressed class. Reference is made to the fact that in New York a woman is under arrest for casting a ballot, an act held to be commendable when performed by a man, which is declared to be proof of the inconsistency and injustice of the present position of woman. The end-moment of woman suffrage by the United Labor party and by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is recognized as a hopeful sign of the times.

—Recent advices from Europe state that despite the peaceful reaction war is seriously considered there as among the possibilities. The general opinion of the chances is generally against the French. Wise heads say the preparations are quite insufficient, notwithstanding the 400,000 guns ordered by Gen. Boulanger to be ready for April 15th. The artillery has all been sent from Vincennes to Lunerille and Vernon, and it really seems to be a forward movement if reserve strength in both instances. No one appears to have much illusion about the risks. A cutting up of France is openly talked of, and, as the penalty of defeat, the feeling that a crushing indemnity would be demanded is universal. For this very reason the French would fight this time, if war is inevitable, with a savage determination not to survive a defeat.

—Germany evidently believes in the prudent maxim: "In time of peace prepare for war," as the Berlin papers announce the purchase of large school buildings at Zillichau, near Cüstrar, for barracks for the cadets. Recruiting-offices have arrived at Dieuze, Hagenau, and other frontier posts. An Alsace journal also reports that the French are building wooden barracks at Belfort to accommodate 20,000 men and at Cornier for 5000 more, and that at other places in Vosges smaller barracks are being erected. The garrisons at Epinal, Bruyeres and St. Die have each been increased by 5,000 troops. The *National Zeitung* says it seems that France is preparing for immediate war. The German need have no fear the truth of the assertion that France is only defending herself against possible assault.

—Rev. A. J. Canfield, who ministers to the pre-holiness and other plutocrats in the church of Our Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a preacher who has the courage to tell the truth about Protestantism and its failure as a religious system. In the course of a recent sermon, Dr. Canfield was not afraid to tell his aristocratic hearers that "the Protestant Church has failed to preach the Gospel to the poor. Atheis, in its paimy days, was a trifle smaller than Brooklyn is to-day, and it had 140,000 slaves. The Catholic Church abolished slavery and took the side of the poor as against the rich. Protestantism claimed to be an advance on Catholicism, but it had failed to ameliorate the condition of the poor. The feudal lord enacted only one-tenth of the aid produced as rent. Now the landlord is not satisfied unless he gets from one third to one-half."

—The peace of the Church in China is assured for some time, if we may judge from the fact that the authorities of several of the Chinese centres have issued proclamations calling on the people to live at peace with the Christian missionaries and converts, and explaining that the Christian religion teaches men to do right and shield therefore its special protection. The proclamation reminds them that by becoming converts to Christianity they do not cease to be Chinese. "Know, therefore," says one of the proclamations, "all sort of whatsoever sort or condition, that the sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right, those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese, church and state, therefore, should continue to live in peace and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them." This change has been brought about without any outside pressure.

THE MONITOR.

Closing Calvary Cemetery.

In consequence of the great number of interments daily in Calvary Cemetery in this city, it is possible that all the land available for burial purposes will be occupied in the course of a couple of months, and then Calvary Cemetery will be closed against all further burials except for the relatives of persons who have already secured plots therein. Simultaneously with the closing of Calvary Cemetery, the new Cemetery on San Mateo county will be dedicated and opened. The present cemetery will be scrupulously kept sacred for the repose of the ashes of all who repose therein, none of the remains being disturbed, and no portion of the land appropriated to any purpose whatever save for interment in graves or tombs already owned by individuals.

Calvary Cemetery was blessed by Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, D. D., on Sunday August 17th, 1862, in presence of a vast concourse of citizens. His Grace was assisted on that occasion by Rt. Rev. Bishop Lora, Bishop of Sidon, from whom he was raised the year previous, arriving in this city where he was tendered a public reception and a handsome sum of money. The priests present were Very Rev. James Croke, Rev. John McGinnis (*Rt. P.*), Rev. J. P. Harrington, Rev. Michael King, Fathers Affandinato and Maurain, S. J.

The sermon on the occasion was preached by Most Rev. Archbishop, in front of the vault at the summit of the hill, in the center of the grounds, the text being the words inscribed over the door of the vault—"Yesterday for me, today for thee." At the conclusion of the sermon, the great cross in front of the vault was sprinkled in the usual manner in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the Litany of the Saints recited. The long procession then moved down the main carriage-way to the cross on the right, which was in like manner sprinkled, and holy water placed upon the grave. The funeral procession then moved down the entire circuit of the grounds, something like a mile in extent, was made, the chanting and sprinkling of the aisles being kept up throughout, and on returning the ceremony of blessing was taken was performed. The procession then made the entire circuit of the grounds a second time, and then moved back to the central cross in front of the vault, where prayers were said, and the ceremonies were concluded. It was half-past six o'clock before the ceremonies were finished, and the last concourse of people returned to the city.

Calvary Cemetery—originally consisted of one hundred acres, which was laid out by Mr. W. H. Dwinell of San Jose, and improved at an expense of some $50,000. This was the first work of this character ever undertaken in California. The cemetery comprehends one of the finest views of the neighborhood. It overlooks the city and the bay, beyond Hunter's Point, and to the Alameda shores, away the mouth of the Sacramento, the shores of Marin, the Pacific Golden Gate Heads and the Farallones. Underneath, it possesses but few attractions of these scenes of panoramic views, but since its adornment, its attractions to the living have been greatly enhanced. What were appropriate sites for last earthly resting-place of the dead, whose dirge in the never-ceasing roar of the waters of the Pacific, accompanied by the wail of the east-wind! May all who shall in repose in Calvary's sacred soil reap the reward of Calvary's sacrifice.

Authority in the Church.

"What has the Pope to do with an American citizen?" asks the *Colorado Citizen*, and it gives the following precise and pungent answer: "Nothing. What has the Pope to do with a Catholic priest? Great deal. The Pope has to see that priests do not make the Protestant ministers uttering every foolish doctrine that diseased brains can germinate; he has to see that priests respect constituted authority; he has to see that when their heads get abnormally large, they should have quiet and not until the swelling is reduced. If he let things run disorderly, as they do in the sects, he would soon have the Church as little like a church as the Baptists or Congregationalists or the Unitarians. The doctrines of the Church are definitely fixed, thanks be to God. If they were not, Catholics would be tossed and tumbled and jumps from belief to belief which make the interesting gymnastic pseudo-religions of the Protestant sects. The Pope, therefore, is a public benefactor, besides being a solid authority. If a priest or layman thinks he knows better than the Pope what should or what should not be believed, there is no chain around him, and he can throw off his allegiance and join one of the neutral administration societies in which absence of all belief seems to be the highest recommendation."

Church Progress in California.

In every portion of this State the Catholic Church is progressing with that sure and steady growth which betokens stability. It is only twenty-one months since Archbishop Riordan was installed in the archiepiscopal charge of this Archdiocese, and since that brief period a great Cathedral has been completed; new parishes have been formed; six new churches and a chapel have been dedicated; two female academies have been blessed, and four parochial schools have been added to those which previously existed in the Archdiocese. In the dioceses of Monterey and Los Angeles the same advance in the temporal and spiritual progress of the Church is made manifest by the commencement of a cathedral of magnificent proportions in Sacramento, the completion of the finest hospital building on the coast in Los Angeles, and the establishment of parochial schools in many sections. All of which goes to prove the ever-enduring vitality of the Church of Christ and the constant progression of His Faith throughout every secular field, whether the field of Christ exists.

Archbishop Riordan has collected in a large album pictures of all the old Franciscan missions of California. This magnificent historical collection the Archbishop has presented to his Alma Mater, the University of Notre Dame, Ind., for the Bishops' Memorial Hall.

Papist Discrimination Against Churches and Charities.

A proposition is now before the Legislative Assembly of this State with the laudable intention of laying before the people of California the propriety of amending an amendment to the State Constitution exempting churches, school-houses, colleges and benevolent institutions from taxation. This much-desired and well-deserved legislation is being strenuously opposed by members of the Methodist ministry, assisted by the clergy and influential laity of other Protestant sects, who find themselves crippled financially and their philanthropy curtailed in consequence of the onerous taxes now placed upon every movement having for its object the exercise of religion, the spread of Christianity, the amelioration of poverty, the shelter of the orphan or the relief of the sick.

It is a loming disgrace that the statutes of California were ever enriched by such a scandalous ordinance by a law calculated to curtail the best and most generous instincts of charity in the human heart, for what man will bestowth an amount of money to erect a charitable institution when he knows that the land, the buildings, the supervision, and finally, the results, the orphans, the sick, the aged, will be taxed to the hundredth by the State and can be seized by the sheriff and sold for unpaid taxes!

Yet this is precisely the position of every Church and eleemosynary institution in this State, and it is to right this wrong that our separated brethren now seek this legislation—and the MONITOR heartily hopes that the efforts of our evangelical brethren may be crowned with success.

To the credit of the American people be it said, California is almost alone in the annals of Christendom in taxing churches and charitable institutions. Nowhere else, nearly all the States on the Atlantic shore help to save upon property used for public worship or public charity. North all the New England States also exempt such property. Missouri, Mississippi, Virginia, the Carolinas and all the Western States also exempt from taxation all property—whether held for church, school or charitable purposes—lying on the north of 36 and Nevada on the east—both exempt property held for educational, scientific, literary, charitable and religious purposes. Why, therefore, is Christianity curtailed and clamped by the oppressive Constitution of California?

From these facts it will be seen how difficiently Christianity, charity and philanthropy are treated in this State from the outset—by recognition they receive in other parts of the Union. We hope, therefore, when this proposed amendment comes before the voters of this State that it will receive the endorsement of a large majority of the people.

The Catholic Church is forced to pay taxes on every foot of land in use for God's worship, on every church, orphanage, asylum, hospital and school. Yet there is not a single building of this character in California that does not save the State from one to two thousand dollars a year. It costs about $500 each—exclusive of the expense of purchasing land and erecting buildings—to educate children in the public schools, yet the Catholic schools in this State contain not less than ten thousand children, all of whom are educated without costing the State a dollar! Let us, in simplicity, otherwise, if only Catholic institutions did not exist, there would have to be at least $500,000 added to the State taxes, to drain upon the public treasury for public school purposes. Besides this, at least another $500,000 would have to be expended in the purchase of land and the erection of additional school houses—not to accommodate the ten thousand children for which Catholic churches are nobly taxed in order to educate them free. The injustice of this state of things must be apparent to every reasonable mind. It is fair play and who takes to see the best interests of Christian human nature hanged by laws with oppressive and unjust bias.

Bishop Gross on Labor.

The Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, has written a very strong Pastoral Letter, which was read in all the churches of the Diocese last Sunday week.

Labor and capital—the Bishop says—the working classes and monopoly are at war with each other, for even hundred and impal treatment at the present time. We are yet no one can fail to see where sympathy lies—it is where it ever has been and will be forever affection. False sons desert for a time their mother, the Church, for worldly loss, may now, as in days past, rise up against her and make slaves of the Church. The loss is all theirs. Like a true and loyal mother, she will mourn over the lost sons, but without murmuring. She will bring on—as of her divine message.

"Honest and industrious workingmen, the loss and shame of the nation, the Church honors you; yours your right to combine peacefully to secure the amelioration of your condition, an equitable share of the profits of your hard labor, a just remuneration for your daily toil, to maintain your wives and families in decency and reasonable comfortably, in homes where the rational children of God may be the comfort of your leisure hours. . . . . If there shall be any combination in our city, now through your own careful folly, because of lely we have prayed you abjuring, the union that ends you propose to yourselves or the unjust employers, we will attempt your peace. But should you, in spite of her warnings fly in the face of divine law, after a time accepting the extend away by sin and social, shameful, immoral, and irreligious theories, no matter by whom propounded or whom defended, you certainly may, as yet the Church's condemnation in any and state, leaving a monument as striking as the Babel's tower on the plains of Shinar, and of the supreme folly of looking to equal tion to the Almighty."

Rev Henry A. Brauns of New York has sent a letter to a local paper in Henry George's mayoralty campaign, in which he says that Mr. George's theory that private property in land is unjust, is not only contrary to the practice of the United States and the principles of the Catholic Church, but is repeated by every pope and in Ireland George's theory of the rights of property is taken from the Germans without Fidelity, "the nationalization of land" is from the English disciple Herbert Spencer, and the "unearned increment" theory is from another English disciple, John Stuart Mill. Not one of these lads ever has an Irish or a Catholic origin.

Rev. Mr. Brauns mentioned the case of a child patient who was brought to him jumping and prking with St Vitus dance. He asked the child's father if he had found there a geography or arithmetic. Here—of the United States, a "Protestant" Hygeian—whatever that may be and in spite of whatever he may have. His only wisdom, then, was that which had not been forewarned. Instead of St Vitus dance.

"She was using her brain capital and not her muscular capital, and, in consequence, "Intellectual handicaps are starting in the race of life, and the wonder is that the school master who forgets that children are not all equally developed in their right senses when they come to school, and who, in the name of intense mental exertion and sound and hold sets the child to work with the physical labor. How much better, then, than to have prevented the physical overtaxation of the brain, and prevented the physical exertion of the muscles, and the consequent disorder of the nervous system. From the very earliest age, the child's education is to proceed on knowledge, ... the education of the child is to take place in the perception organs, and the faculties of understanding and reason, and through the perception organs in the first year of childhood, and the child will know how much or a book until it is in the second year of childhood, and the child will know how many letters in the alphabet at three, and the child will know a multiplicity of studies at three, and the child will be able to look afterwards for his mistakes through the perception organs, and the child will be able to read at four years of age, and the child will be able to read at five years of age, and the child will be able to read at six years of age, and the child will be able to read at seven years of age, and the child will be able to read at eight years of age, and the child will be able to read at nine years of age, and the child will be able to read at ten years of age, and the child will be able 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Farm and Home.

A Talk with Young Men.

Observe that pale young fellow crossing the street. Not one a good many of that kind just now. Some folks say it is the climate. The truth is, that the climate of America, with a fair chance, produces not only the best complexions of the best health in the world.

Did you notice the thing he was carrying in his mouth? Well, it is that meerschaum that is doing the business for him. It is busy with three million of our men. Let us study one of those meerschaum smokers. We will take a young man. He shall have money and plenty of time for nothing. Pale, nervous, irritable, thin in the chest and stomach, weak in muscle, he is fast losing the power of thought and application. Let us get near enough to him to smell of him! Even the beast of prey will not touch the corpse of a sailor saturated with the vile poison. Nice boldfellow he for a sweet, pure companion.

Chewing is the mastest mode, stuffing ruins the vision, but smoking, among those who have time to be thorough, is most depressing.

Young K——, graduated at Harvard (no devotee of the weed has ever graduated with the highest honors that institution), and soon after consulted his physician with reference to his pale face, emaciation, indigestion, and low spirits. He weighed but one hundred and eight.

"Stop smoking," was the prescription. In four months he had increased twenty-eight pounds, and become clear and healthy in skin, his digestion all right, and his spirits restored. One or two million of our young and middle aged men are in a similar condition, and would be restored in health and spirits by the same prescription. On the whole, the cigar is worse than the pipe.—*Home Science.*

Christian Mothers Wanted.

Model mothers are of the first importance in molding the nature of a child. If we would have fine characters, we must constantly present before them fine models. Now the models are constantly before the child's eye is the mother. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred school masters. In the home she is a load stone to all hearts and a load-star to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of prospects." Its instruction, like teaching without words, often examplifying more than any tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are of little avail. The example is followed not the precepts. Indeed, precepts at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even little children are judges of hypocrisy, and the hasocs of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through.

Fresh Eggs Won't Swim.

"How do you tell whether an egg is fresh or not?" was asked of a Front street produce dealer yesterday.

The dealer picked out seven eggs, and dropped them into a tub of water. "That egg," he said, "which went plump to the bottom was laid to-day. Those two which stopped when they got to within two inches of the bottom were laid yesterday. Those two swimming around the middle were laid three days ago, that one on top, about a third out of water, is probably a week old; and that one standing up like a cork is old enough to be gray. They never get quite old enough to rise out of the water into the air. That water has two ounces of salt to every pint in it. But the only way to be sure of getting fresh eggs is to buy from the hens."

Two More Remedies.

The New York *Sun* publishes the following "by request":

Diphtheria—Take a string of soft-shell clams and bind them on the patient's throat. They will turn black and offensive. Apply again until relieved; only soft-shell clams.

Asthma—Take thirteen autumn, bore holes it them, string them, and wear as necklace, allowing them to reach as far down as the chest.

MAE DIXON.

A Happy Home.

In a happy home there will be no dull finding, overbearing spirit; there will be no peevishness or fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be found on the tongue. Oh, the tone, the sighs, the wasting of life and health and strength, and of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words. A celebrated writer remarks to this effect, namely, that fretting and scolding sore life tearing the flesh from the bones, and we have no more right to be guilty of this sin than we have to curse and swear and steal. In a happy home all selfishness will be removed. The members will not seek to please themselves, but will seek to please each other. Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile, emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to make home happy. An evening how soothing is the sweet cheerfulness that is born on the countenance of a wife and mother! How do parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight upon those sheerful looks that, these scolding smiles that beam from the eye and burst from the inmost soul of those who are dear and near. How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the cares of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation, and drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with lowly hearts to return to the parental roof! Seek, then, to make home happy.

A Successful Economist.

It is really worth while for the wage-worker to save, although the process has become so unfashionable among more fixed incomes, that to follow it is regarded almost as a mark of eccentricity. The path to influence and independence for the toiler begins and steadily follows on the line of small economies applied in daily life.

Two years ago, in a Pennsylvania manufacturing town, a machinist went home one evening and said to his wife, "I'm tired of this work for others, and we'll turn over a new leaf. I get three dollars a day. Now we will put away ten dollars a week, and live on the rest. If we can't live on it we'll starve on it. He carried out his determination. In two years he had $1,000 in the bank. With this he began business for himself in a small way, capital was attracted by his energy, and now he is at the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns of his section, rich, proper one and respected. What this man did was possible, of course, for one of strong resolve will and a fixed purpose were at that was needed after his determination became fixed. Why should not such an example attract the attention of other wage-workers, equally able and of like qualities? It is only the beginning that counts; after that the task of self elevation becomes easier each day.

—The most stubborn cases of dyspepsia and the bandanke yield to the life-imparting and living influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Family Fun.

Not so Bully After All.

One day the troopers of Reddy's cavalry were about to go into battle, dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses. The man was drawn up to count from right to left. Of course, every fourth man fell jolly, and this is the way the count went on:

"Fifty."

"Two."

"Three."

"Bully!"

"One."

"Two."

"Three."

"Bully!"

Gen. Reddy, heard each fourth men call out "Bully!" His face flushed. When all had called off, he said:

"Numbers 1, 2, and bully will go into the fight as dismounted cavalry. No 3 will hold the horses."

An Interchange of Logic.

"How is this for logic?" remarked Mr. Sing. "A dog is an animal, so is a horse; therefore a dog is a horse."

"Good, very good" ejaculated Mr. Thump. "By the way, a dollar is money, so is a cent; therefore a cent is a dollar. Just take this copper, Mr. Sing, for the dollar I owe you."

Please Register.

Hotel clerk (to farmer)—Will you register, please?

Farmer—"Will I do what?"

Clerk—"Register, sign your name in this book."

Farmer—"Not much, young feller. Ya don't git me to sign my name on no paper. I ve been beat once, and that's enough."

A Child's Faith.

In a family of several children, one little three-year-old was busily watching all the rest at play. Mamma was sick, and all the children were going with ring dolls except Neddy. There wasn't one for him. Going to his mamma, he asked her permission to use the telephone. After ringing, he says, "Hello, Kinbaby!"

"Hallo!" came back the answer.

"Please give me heaven."

There was consternation in the exchange office for a moment, and then the answer was shouted back "All right; connected with heaven."

Neddy then said "Dear God, please make my mamma well, and send us another big baby, for we are one short, and I can't play with the children.

This is an actual fact."

He Married a Modern Belle.

Customer—Have you any corned beef? Fancy Grocer—Best kind, Mr. ——; any thing else!

"Any canned tongue already boiled?"

"Yes."

"Canned chicken, already cooked?"

"Yes."

"Let's see. They don't put up boiled hasheesh, do they?"

"Oh, no."

"Not roast beef?"

"No."

"By the way, what are these; lock like fried potatoes.

"That's what they are—Saratoga chips."

"Well, I'll take a bushel of them. Hello! What's that?"

"Canned corned beef hash."

"Just the thing. Gimme a lot of it. Got any bake meat?"

"Yes. Boston baked beans; three different brands."

"Let's see what else there is here. How are these used?"

"Those are soup essences, and used nothing but thinning with hot water.

"Well, I'll try those, and throw in a lot of other things you think good, no matter what, only be thy're cooked. I'm tired of starving."

"Is your mother sick, Mr. ——?"

"No, she's well, but I don't live with her now. I'm married."

Not Very Polite.

Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—Can I give you some more soup, Mr. Dumley?

Mr. Dumley—No, thanks.

Mrs. Hendricks (congingly)—You'll refuse, Mr. Dumley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup.

Mr. Dumley—Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam; it's the soup.

Where He Was Great.

Miss Duffy—I hear that you are engaged to young Bobbie, Mr. Plumber.

Miss Puffy—It is a fact, Jane.

I hear he always struck me as being a cold, callous creature.

"Well, Jane, I confess that he does not do very much sobbing, but in billing he cannot be surpassed."

One Society He Had Forgotten.

"John, I would like to invite in my friend, Mrs. Healizy, this evening. Will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear, I must attend the meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters tonight."

"Well, to-morrow evening?"

"I have the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and you know——"

"What about Wednesday evening?"

"Oh, the Odd Fellows meet that night, and on Thursday I have a meeting of the Knights of Labor to attend; on Friday the Good Templars and Temperance; on Saturday there's a special meeting of the Maccabee lodge, and I couldn't miss that, and then Sunday night—let me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The Grand and Ancient Order of Christian Fatherhood."

"Why, I had forgotten. Am I a member of that—let me see——"

"But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member."

"What's that?"

"Your wife's."

Something to Remember.

A mother had reproved her little girl for being so rough as to drop a dish, and the little girl, after a thoughtful silence, said:

"Mamma, can you write with your left hand?"

"I could if I want left-handed, but I'm not."

"Well," said the little girl, "I guess little children are left-handed all over."

Surprising Ignorance.

"Young man," he said in solemn tones, "don't you realize that if you persist in drinking you will never get ahead in this world?"

"Won't get ahead!" repeated the young man. "Why, my dear sir, your ignorance surprises me. I have a head on me to-morrow morning as big as a barrel."

Oneipha.

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Leave S. F.	Destination	Arrive S. F.
9:00 a.m.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale	6:00 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	Cloverdale	10:45 a.m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Sebastopol, at Lytton for Lytton Springs, at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Geyserville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlotta, Kesick, Bonesteel, Howard, Middletown, Oil and the Geysers.

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To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days—7:20 a.m., 8:20 a.m., 11:50 a.m., 2:55 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Sundays—8:20 a.m., 10:50 a.m., 1:50 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 10:30 p.m.

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INIQUITY OF ENGLISH LAW.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

it as a scandalous slight and slander put upon those all treated jurors. This outrage upon the Catholic body has been committed in the name of the Crown. It is all the more reprehensible when perpetrated under the high sounding forms of law.

Every one familiar with Irish history knows what meaning for Irish Catholics—for the poor Irish peasants in particular—the words loyalty "government," "law," and "justice" necessarily have. Take the nations directly opposed to what we Americans attach to the words government, justice, and law, and you have exactly the same which centuries of wrongdoing have burnt on the minds, the memories and the hearts of the Irish people. What this ultra-religious, ultra conservative, and exceedingly high-toned Government has done, is still doing, and threatens to do for the next twenty years, is not likely to change the centuries long of sentiments of the priests and people of Ireland.

Law here is a delusion and a mare. Justice means anarchy. Trial by jury, as far as a long experience goes, signifies a cunningly devised scheme for secretly placing the lives and liberties of the Catholic majority at the mercy of the pitiless Orange faction. Listen to Dr. MacCormack:

"I MAKE BOLD TO ARRAIGN THE CROWN before the bar of public opinion. Does the Crown think that there is such a creed and such the people of that creed loyal to the Crown? It is now fashionable to talk of agitators as nothing class against class. But what about the Crown acting class against class? A Woodford Catholic prisoner in Sligo does well his Catholic co-religionist jurors set aside by the Crown, and twelve non-Catholics called to try him. I say try, when the word correct is the one. Now how could that poor Papist prisoner have any confidence in the administration of justice and law? With the prisoner's recollections of the recent history of Belfast, how could he possibly feel that his liberty was safe in the hands of twelve picked Protestant jurors What are the records of jury packing in Omagh? Were twelve Catholic jurors picked out of the jury panel and to try the elder and junior Walkers, who were seen by the multitude taking their doubly sure at the head constable and soldier! No, no! An overwhelmingly Protestant jury—nay, an Orange jury was selected. That jury refused to convict, in the very teeth if the clearest and most contemptuous evidence! Nously to reject Catholic jurors in Sligo for men of the same true blue breed, is as unblushing a feat of audacity as any Crown official could perpetrate.

But, one may ask, how on earth on the rulers of this country be so blind as to look for loyalty among a people so spat upon?

Aye, indeed, and this is one of the mysteries of British misrule in Ireland, which Americans seem but to understand or to think of otherwise than sentimentally. Thus misrule has opened up a gulf between the original Celtic inhabitants and their Anglo Saxon rulers; and, as if the passions and prejudices of race were not powerful enough to separate them, the still more baleful and not less powerful passions and prejudices of creed have been used as auxiliaries.

THE RELIGIOUS WORK OF DIVISION.

We who in America live and work together in every walk of life, and even in the turbulent arena if party politics, without ever invoking the name of religion as a party or a political pretence, cannot understand the intense bitterness, which Orange fanaticism is officially encouraged to use to subjugate, oppress, and degrade the Catholic Celt of Ireland.

Thank God there does not exist in this Celtic Catholic breed, a single Bishop, a single priest, a single true-hearted and enlightened Catholic man or woman, who is not ready at any moment and in all emergencies to extend to the non-Catholic neighbor, even at the most unbounded toleration, the charities dictated by the deepest piety, but a full and unstinted participation in all the blessings of national independence and a common equality and brotherhood.

Dr. MacCormack has spoken what has deeper in the heart of Catholic Ireland. And looking to the long hopeless generations of the Irish heart, like that of the American, loves freedom for all men and for his own sake. It has lived liberty for more than a thousand years. It has suffered for it, struggled for it against all obstacles. Is the reward far off?

BERNARD O'REILLY.

RUMORS OF WAR.

Reports Received From European Capitals.

LONDON, Feb. 7.—It is reported that Lord Salisbury has received pacific advices from Sir E. H. Maier at Berlin and other British Ambassadors.

Three of the largest paper manufacturers in Germany have instructed their agents in England not to enter into fresh contracts for supplies of paper, because they have reason to believe that Bismarck is likely to be dead soon in consequence of war.

The *Standard* corresponding at St. Petersburg affects to know on good authority that there will be no war in Europe.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* asserts that England has practically decided to sell the Lee Americus rifle for the use of her army.

LONDON, Feb. 7.—Canada opened at 109 11-16 for both money and account. American and other foreign securities were firm to-day. The price of Canadian Pacific were slightly better. Consols closed at 100 11-16

PARIS, Feb. 7.—The numbers of the Etrenne Left have decided in favor of granting the request to General Boulanger's Military Organization Bill, with the view of drawing from Premier Goblet a statement regarding the political situation.

Le Pays expresses thankfulness because France is under a republican government. A King, says that journal, could never have brooked German insults.

The Spanish republican immigrants residing in France have decided to form a volunteer force of 2,000 men to assist France in the event of war with Germany

PARIS, Feb. 7.—Three per cent rentes fell to 78 francs 5 centimes, but advanced in the afternoon, and the official closing figure were 78 francs 35 centimes.

BERLIN, Feb. 7.—The Pontifical authorities are making extensive enquiries with a view of connecting the whole of Germany by telegraphs.

At a large meeting of electors held yesterday at Bonn, Judge Hass, a Catholic, who favors the septennate, was chosen as a candidate for the Reichstag.

—A few days ago, at Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, accompanied by Archbishop Ireland, McQuaids and Have, J. D. Mayr and Eugene A. Hanson of St. John's Church, visited the Little Sisters of the Poor at their institute, corner of Calvert and Biddle streets. The Cardinal made a brief address, in which he referred to the different institutes throughout the city. He feelingly referred to the Little Sisters of the Poor as being a veritable refuge for the aged poor. Monsignor McMaous also made a few remarks. The institute at present has 250 inmates and seventeen sisters.

—Rev. Patrick Corrigan, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, N. J., lately organized conference societies among the Catholic children in his parish. Over 125 of the school children are members of conference, and 200 young men in another number the name of St. Mary's Catholic Alliance pledged to refrain from the use of intoxicants and tobacco until they are 21 years of age, when a benefit of $100 from the reserve fund of the society will be given to each.

OUR PARCHIAL SCHOOLS.

January Roll of Honor.

ST. LOUIS ACADEMY OF MARY.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT—Maggie Bellis, Mary Bailie, Agnes Ward, Agnes Fitzsimmons, Kittie Wall, Nellie McDonough, Belle Murphy, Clara McWilliams, Sarah Sullivan, Florence Wilson, Mary McCarthy.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT—Sadie Hicks, Katie Dunn, Anna O'Connor, Nellie Hanley, Stella Connolly, Alice Burke, Elizabeth Gamble, Lena Cooney, Maggie Shang, Lillie Wilber, Maude Murphy, Nellie Bulfin.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT—Maggie Schmidt, Annie O'Connor, Maude Donnelly, Maude Wright, Bessie Downey, Lizzie O'Connor, Rose Kelly.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—Maude Carter, Maggie Roche, May Greer, Maude Cooney, Loretta Power, Josephine Kearney, Maggie Kearney, Hannah Ahl, Annie Mahlen, Mamie Flood, Lizzie Hasse, Agnes Slattery, Hattie Shea, Lizzie Cooney, Maggie Shang, Lillie Wilber, Maude Gilbreath.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—Alice Keegan, Agnes Keegan, Annie Kears, Annie Quinn, Cecelia O'Connor, Katie Mahlen, Mamie Cooney, Lizzie Redmond, Maude Reed.

GRAMMAR GRADES PARCHIAL SCHOOL.—Madden 96, N. Keamy 94, M. Clancy 92, A. Mulrenin 94, L. Hoban 93, M. Kelly 93, K. Ward 93, M. Ward 93, M. Mullin 90, M. Morton 90, J. Obrien 90, H. Collins 90, M. Counihan 90, M. Mullin 90, T. Collins 90, A. Mahoney 90, J. Campbell 90, Burke 78, K. Obrien 93, M. Murphy 78, K. Cunningan 78, J. Hanson 78, A. Ward 78, S. Tessier 78, K. Malone 92, M. Tessier 92, L. Morgan 92, M. Lapsley 92, M. Ward 92, A. Miles 93, C. Madden 93, M. Carroll 93, Bailey 93, M. Lynch 93, M. Ward 93, M. Mullin 93, E. Hagans 93, A. Hickal 93, M. Kelly 93, M. Madden 93, N. Pursner 93, M. Burke 93, M. Crawford 93, E. Maloney 93, N. Pillibos 93, M. Wash 93, L. Fogarty 93.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME.

The prize-roster obtained by the pupils of the College of Notre Dame, San Jose, during the month of January, is as follows:

First Class—Misses A. Pollock 98, M. Watts 98, M. Geary 96, J. Foster 95, J. Flynn 94, M. F. O'Neil 93, Jessie Foster 92, F. Geary 92, T. Murphy 92, M. A. Neil 92, A. Wynne 92, Tom Pollock 92, Ida Smith 90, M. A. Kennedy 92, V. Callaghan 89, M. Ryan 89, M. Lynch 89, M. Lynch 89, M. Brennell 89.

SECOND CLASS.—M. Pierce 97, J. Bernhard 95, F. O'Neil 96, F. Sullivan 94, M. A. O'Neil 94, A. McCormick 90, J. Quinn 87, J. Stanley 85, M. Mullen 82.

THIRD GRADE CLASS.—Mary Cronin 97, Mary Flynn 96, Jane Hanley 95, Annie Sullivan 95, Mabel Green 95, Sarah F. Boyle 94, Marion Pritchard 90, Pauline Mahon 85, Mamie Lynch 82, Blanche Loughran, 80.

FOURTH GRADE CLASS.—Nellie Jones 96, Agnes O'Neill 95, Katie Hicks 94, Mary Callaghan 94, Clara O'Brien 93, Katie Bray 92, Lizzie Keyes 85, May Somers 78, Pauline Hellman 75.

FIFTH GRADE CLASS.—C. Spaulding 94, C. Cuneo 91, M. Walsh 90, E. Hoagland 90, Sweeny 86, E. Cronin 85, Mamie Lynch 85, Gardiner 81, Sullivan 80, M. McGlynn 79, A. Brennan 79, M. Brennan 78, A. Eckler 78, Ag. Noon 78, E. Conte 77, A. Barry 76, M. Golden 75, M. McGuire 74, E. Kirk 73, C. Leibert 71, M. Mooney 69, S. McCluskey 66, M. Riley 66, Esther 62, N. Alexander 62.

SECOND GRADE CLASS.—A. Hickok 90, Mg. Dwyer 89, Mel. Kimm 87, F. Gilfoy 87, E. Cooney 86, Mat. Donahue 84, A. Green 83, M. Harrington 83, Ethel Bruns 83, Jessie Foster 83, Harrington 81, E. Robinson 77, T. Culligan 77, M. Hogan 76, H. Donahue 74, E. Sullivan 74, M. Hayward 72, M. Cunningham 72, N. White 72, N. Mullen 72, Annie Hellman 72, Ida Green 5, A. Estabillo 67, L. Bradley 67, M. Tyrrell 66, E. Ryan 66.

THIRD GRADE.—Lizzie Keyes 97, M. Rios 95, J. Donnelly 95, Alice Donnelly 95, Belle Rios 95, Annie Lynch 95, E. Maguire 95, Mollina 74, L. Baker 74, A. Bailey 73, E. Fachenet 67, Bernhard 66, M. Donovan 65, E. Ahern 63, N. Ryan 61, M. Lackey 61, A. Estabillo 60, M. White 52, M. Donovan 52.

FOURTH GRADE.—K. Smith 96, L. McGlynn 95, M. Ryan 95, M. Mahon 78, C. Cubbin 77, Sarah Boyle 94, Marion Pritchard 90, Pauline Mahon 85, Mamie Lynch 82, Blanche Loughran, 80.

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THIRD GRADE CLASS.—F. Kears 97, M. Rios 95, J. O'Neill 95, M. McKenna 95, C. Cubbin 95, Belle Rios 95, Annie Lynch 95, E. McGlynn 74, L. Baker 74, A. Bailey 73, E. Fachenet 67, Bernhard 66, M. Donovan 65, E. Ahern 63, N. Ryan 61, M. Lackey 61, A. Estabillo 60, L. Mahoney 56, M. Donovan 52.

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ST. ROSES PARCHIAL SCHOOL.

FIRST DEPARTMENT, 2nd class.—Mary Dean, Lizzie Duffy, Rose Mooney, Annie Mooney, Lizzie Dwyer, Annie Cunningham 87, Nellie Smith 85, Katie Kane 85, Mary Ward 85, Ella Fitzgerald 85, Annie Ward 85, Mary Cooney 85.

SECOND CLASS.—M. Pierce 97, J. Bernhard 95, F. O'Neil 96, F. Sullivan 94, M. A. O'Neil 94, A. McCormick 90, J. Quinn 87, J. Stanley 85, M. Mullen 82.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS FROM IRELAND

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—Mr. McNaghten, Q.C., M.P., has been appointed one of the Law and Appeal Judges for the Supreme Court for North America.

A number of names have been mentioned for the vacant Bench of North Antrim. Lord Ardilaun's name is spoken of for Director Treasury.

BANGOR.—Mr. Nicholas S. Darcy, of Newcastle West, popularly known as the most notorious land grabber in the County Limerick, has been discovered in the County Cork. Regrettable of West Riding of the County Cork.

MAYO.—On January 12th, Mr. Cuzzo, M. Mr. Mr. Mr

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE UNFORGOTTEN ONE.

("Blessed are they who have passed from the grief and care and pain of this life, into the land of the unseen! In their sorrow too."—St. Augustine.)

Our Father, when Thy Angel touch
Have, stepping from Heaven's golden dome,
Resolve the mourner's latest breath
And bears the faithful spirit home.
Love still with fond and close embrace
Clasps the pale form, the empty shrine,
Whose sound is fair angelic grace
The soul sound with Thy and divine.
And in that hour of woe sensitive,
While bitter tears of anguish fall,
When earthly comfort is a dream,
To Thee the sorrow mourners call;
For near to every wounded heart,
Thy Angel Thy healing stands,
And Faith and Hope their balm impart,
And heavenward point with lifted hands.
To Thee through swift ascending hours
What pleading prayers as incense rise
Pure remains of bright celestial flowers
Gemmed with the dews of Angelic Eve.
The Mourner's palm sublime,
The reaches grand and solemn strain,
And comfort in that dreary time,
The Lord fulfil all sweet prayer;
Then when with grief beyond control,
Their treasure sets earth they yield
Which, giving great joy upon her, observed
Dwells safe beneath Thy mercy's shield.
See by pain, and day by day,
Petitions ante-Thee are poured,
As friends and kindred fondly pray—
Have mercy, have mercy, Lord!

Then when bird tones of sorrow true,
The first and mouth is told and o'er,
With harvest and dark lovely years
To Thee their pleadings more and more,
For let from many an altar fair,
Some up to Thee by Angel hands,
Thy Gift to man, Love's Treasure rare,
Offered by saints and Martyrs dear
As Sacrifice to Thee, O Lord,
Is refuge for the soul so dear,
To which their spirit turn in need
The guardian of her labors here—
The guardian of her years of toil
And counsels sure and thought for youth,
Within whose spirits fertile soil
Has sowed his priceless seeds of Truth.

And they who weep a true friend's loss,
Who prized her friendship, knew her care,
Who have 'neath parting's cruel Cross,
At Holy Mass, in daily prayer,
Will lift their voices unto Thee
For her whose name their memories keep;
O then would she remembered be
In their intention morn and deep,
Thus love anything still shall bend
Their hearts in bonds whose blest materials
Will lead them another reward to find
To the "Communion of the Saints,"
Till in Thy heaven of joy we shall
The parted ones shall meet once in ev.
Where all is joy and peace and love
Oh Heaven's own bright eternal abode.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.
Mossy Woodland, 1887.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE BEREAVED HEIR.

Oh! Emerald Isle, ever green,
Nature's conservatory there is seen—
Everywhere!
Home deep in beauties grand,
Home up over a blight land,
Home are now a blight land,
In the cause of right.
In sadness and gloom
In a glorious fight
Against the night
Of the heartless lord
Who robs their board
Of everything that's there.

Oh! blighted land, your misery astounds,
Where the rich are poor and poverty abound—
Everywhere!
Your sigh is like unto a funeral death,
Your cry is heard in civilized earth,
Your sigh is answered in Spain with
At people ground down
In prelude and tears,
To satisfy the crown
That the spirit is dead
In the Lamp of your deep cloud—
Everywhere!

But be of good cheer and never fear,
The day of deliverance will soon be here;
There!
Were'nigh ahead, if few of us there;
We're united by the whatever's our fare;
We're selfish, perhaps, but fate is hope
For companions in disease,
Hunger's pangs to suppress,
And bring to relief
That for hundreds of years
Have made sorrow and tears—
Everywhere!

Irishmen forward—man to a man!
Powerful the spirit of help to a clan;
Rise forth Irish Americans from your plentiful board,
And help to relieve Erin of this tyrannical horde.

T. F. D.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

At night when the lamps are lighted,
And the fire burns cheery and bright,
There's a dear little one—no sleepy—
Comes to bid Mamma—"Good Night."

Oh she carries her full fun after
The coverlid, white, and warm,
I pray God to watch over her
And keep her from all harm.

And I sigh, and tremble to think
That in years that are to come
The little feet, and the golden head,
Will no more brighten our home.

It may be, I will be sleeping
My last long quiet sleep,
And she may be giving another
Her dear love, warm and deep.

At night when the lamps are lighted,
Miss may be burning above;
May O of let it shine, a guiding star,
To lead her to His love;

Whatever of throes or throbs
Are fated to the dim cold sod,
Mother up there would be gathering
Flowers for her when she's dead.

Sweet flowers to bind in a chaplet,
Glorious and fair to see,
To crown my darling's golden head,
In Heaven eternally.

So, whenever the lamps are lighted,
And the fire burns cheery and bright,
In the future years, my darling,
Breathe a prayer for mamma's "good night."

TUSSENS.

A Fearful Leap

Into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of short-sightedness is taken by thousands, who might become wealthy if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed, free, how they can make from $5 to $20 a day and upwards. Some have made more than $20 in a day. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. All is new. You are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.

Literary Miscellany.

The Golden Bond of Grief.

A Beautiful Catholic Story in Two Chapters

CHAPTER II

When Anna left the churchyard, said Mrs. H——, remained behind to arrange the flowers, planted and put this shrubbery, and Michael stepped up to her, and in order to silence the reproaches of his conscience, asked her how long the grave had been completed before which the lady had been kneeling.

The woman told him that the mother of that lady had been buried three months before Christmas last year. The winter had prevented anything being done to the place. The young lady first came here about a week ago, had wept bitterly that the grave should have been neglected, and have so fallen to decay, and had left orders that it should be restored as it now.

Michael sighed a deep sigh of relief when he found that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and again asked who the young lady was.

Upon this the woman told him the young lady's name, and where she lived, and he, seeing great pains upon her, observed what a good daughter she must have been, since she wept so bitterly by her mother's grave, and that through she had a father also living, and who also in consequence of the grave upon herself.

When the woman had left him, Michael remained behind, and kneeling in the same place where Anna had knelt, sighed after the soul of his mother. In spite of his sins, and his fervent prayers, the image of his mother was united with the utmost fondness of the girl who had done for him what he himself had been nothing, and had.

Returning to town, he went at once to Mr. G——'s place, where, to his great satisfaction, he found no one at home; Mr ——— was at his office, his daughter engaged in the garden. He had a long conversation with the old servant, who had been the cause of the mistake, and learned from him at what time he could find Mr. G——at home.

The old man, who loved to talk about his own people, and, what is rare in these days, always spoke in their favor, praised above all the economical nature of his master, and advised Michael, if his business was urgent, to return about five o'clock, his master would leave the office for a short time. And his young lady returned home so earlier; she is so industrious and conscientious as her father. "And if she has a duty to fulfill thunder and lightning will not hinder her," he said.

Well pleased with the jealous of father and daughter, Michael hurried away, he knew not wherefore, towards the office where Mr. G——, according to the words of the old servant, was working himself to death.

He had one acquaintance who had a situation in the same department. He sent to him to come out to speak to him that he might learn a little more about the character, means of living, family circumstances and connections of Mr. G——, and that he learned was quite satisfactory.

Having returned home, he passed a long time up and down his room, considering how it would be best to proceed. He could not drive from his mind the image of Anna as she knelt by her mother's grave, and the tender care and continually before the eyes of his imagination, so that he determined that he would, and return to Mr. G——, but go wait for the father and daughter's arrival, that he might explain to them the mistake which had been made, which, however incredible, was not unpleasant.

On the following day, about half an hour after his arrival, he saw Anna running along the narrow path accompanied by a tall, good-looking man, whose countenance was very pleasing. He then went to the grave and contained himself in such a manner that he could, without being himself seen, observe the father and daughter, and learn if that they should say to each other.

Anna's countenance was a proud deep feeling and happy expectation, and this expression of opposite feelings made her more lovely in Michael's eyes than yesterday.

Anna at once went to her mother's grave, and in spite of her grief, was full of joy, at having prepared so great a surprise for her father, and of expectation of the surprise which would be produced upon him by the sight of this spot in so different a condition from that which he had pictured to himself.

When they stood before the grave Anna pointed out to her father looking at him with a smile and her tears, the neat, green and well-kept grave.

Mr. G——— did not move from the spot where he stood, but looked sorrowfully at another direction. Then Anna, greatly astonished took his hand pressed it to her lips and asked

"Are you angry with me, dear father, that without your knowledge I have ventured the first installment of my salary in this putting this place in proper order?"

"But, my Anna, whose grave is it that you have so richly adorned?"

"How! what!" she asked at astonishment. "Is not this, is not the grave of my dear mother!"

"No, my child!" replied Mr. G——, in much troubled, "your mother lies there." And he pointed to the mound to the left of her grandfather's tomb.

"There!" exclaimed Anna "Then who did Martin show me this?"

"His poor old head had forgotten, or she he made a mistake."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Anna, wringing her hands as she looked about more at the spot where she had spread so many tears, and then she followed her father, who approached the grave of her mother and knelt down.

Anna, she knelt down, and in order fully to convince her, her father drew aside the boxes and weeds which covered it, and showed her the little slate grave stone lying on the ground. Anna exclaimed, this little slate with her tears as soon as the real her mother's name, lent her face down upon the ground, and sobbed so violently that Michael, who had seen and heard all that had passed, felt as if his heart was broken, and could with difficulty suppress his tears.

And this grave was even in a worse condition than the other had been, upon which, that of a stranger, whose son knew not, and had bestowed all her money, and it was impossible at present to obtain from the inventors of her school another advance with which to put the right grave into, at least, as good a order as the other.

These thoughts were heart rending. The father disappointment and the deep sorrow of the child, weeping over her mother's desolated grave, were overwhelming.

Then Mr. G——— rose and, running up his half fainting daughter, spoke to her, kindly moved.

"Calm yourself, my dearest Anna," he said; "this mistake which affects you so painfully will be repaired. Your beloved mother and I both know your good intention and bless you for it; I have upon earth, she there above, where, no doubt, she receives the reward of the virtues of her, alas! short life. Within two or three weeks I shall have the money which is required, and I shall place it in your hands, that you may make your mother's grave like to that other, in the meantime, I will see that grass shall this, for it is a good work which you have done, and one for which the poor faithfully of the one who rests there will bless you for their whole lives."

And the good father laid his hand on his father's breast, who kissed her tenderly. After a short time she left the churchyard leaning on his arm.

Now that he knew all, Michael hesitated no longer. His duty was plain. He could not experience the noble heart of her father as well as of the daughter, and cherished the pleasing hope that both the mothers who slumbered in the same grave would be united soon in the attainment of his wishes.

He immediately sought out Mrs. H——, and had the same people engaged who had been employed upon his mother's grave, and he did not leave the churchyard till he had completed the arrangements for adorning the deceased Mrs. G——— should be restored and ornamented in exactly the same way as the other.

After the workmen had said that within the next night or two they should be completed and Mrs. H——— had solemnly promised that she would look after them, and take care that this grave should be quite as beautifully adorned as the other, Michael proceeded to the stone mason, and on being shown the slate which Anna had chosen ordered another exactly similar, and at some expensive materials. He visited the church yard every two or three days to see that the work was proceeding properly. When he came at the end of the week the grave was already covered with green turf, shrubs were planted, and the tombstone was also set up with grass, the flowers in full bloom were placed in vases. At the head of each and of the grave stood a large cross, the inscription on them ran thus—

"At the top of the mountain the tiresome cross stood in a state blanket covered in the rock and allowed us to go about, and the cross helped us to climb up and to go on climbs at an angle of 45°. The river just on the back ground was a deep ravine, and the cross carrying them into runners. The vehicle despite these precautions and by its own weight and its slender shape, could not hold barely keep on our state. We balanced ourselves as best we could, the cross, on the winds of winter will shake it from its state, and the state, too, will bear the coating of gold, and it will fall down, and on the plain like a withered weed. Tell him I will be there, and I will be waiting for him, and every time I see a tear in her bright eyes, or a sigh, I will say, and will remind him of the promise he made to me."

"Dear Mr. G——, I will be waiting for you, and you will be with me, and I will be with you, and I will be with you, and I will be with you

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED FREE OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1887.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT 1887.

ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

1.—All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year, are obliged to observe the law of fast from Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday, inclusive, Sundays excepted, on the Ember Days, and on the Vigils of the Feasts of Pentecost, of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of All Saints, and of the Nativity of Our Lord; unless on account of sickness, age or hard labor, they may be dispensed, or relieved from the obligation fixed by the Church, or unless one of the feast of either these or vowed programs occurs.

2.—Fast consists in taking only one meal during the twenty-four hours of the day.

3.—Flesh meat is allowed at all, one meal in each such obligated fast, except on Ash Wednesday, Fridays, Ember Saturdays, the Vigils of the Feasts of St. Joseph and of the Annunciation, and the last four days of Lent.

4.—The use of Flesh Meat and Fish is forbidden at the same meal, even on Sundays.

5.—A collation is allowed in the morning, at which the permission of the Holy See, the use of Milk, Butter, and Cheese is usual quantities is granted.

6.—Lard is allowed instead of Butter in preparing food for the child meal or collation all days throughout the year except Ash Wednesday, Ember days, the last four days of Holy Week, the Vigils of the Feasts of the Annunciation, Pentecost, Assumption, All Saints and Christmas.

7.—On Good Friday the use of Eggs, Milk, and Animal Food is forbidden.

8.—All under twenty-one years of age, those who are engaged in hard labor, the sick and convalescent, and those who cannot fast without injury to their health, are exempt from the law of fasting.

9.—Those who are not bound to fast may use Flesh Meat but should be careful to do only on all days in which its use is permitted.

10.—Those who may have any reasonable doubt as to their obligation to fast or abstain should ask the advice of their Confessor.

11.—The time for fulfilling the precept of Easter Communion extends to the Archdiocese of Oakland from Sunday in Lent until the end of the Octave of Easter.

12.—The Pastors of the Diocese are requested to have Lenten Sermons in their churches on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings of each week.

+P. W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

February 2, 1887.

DIOCESE OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

1. All the faithful who have completed their 21st year, are obliged to observe the law of fast from Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday, inclusive, Sundays excepted, on the Ember Days, and on the Vigils of the Feasts of Pentecost, of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of All Saints, and of the Nativity of Our Lord; unless on account of sickness, age or hard labor, they may be dispensed, or relieved from the obligation fixed by the Church, or unless one of the feast of either these or vowed programs occurs.

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10. Those who may have any reasonable doubt as to their obligation to fast or abstain should ask the advice of their Confessor.

11. The time for fulfilling the precept of Easter Communion extends in the Archdiocese of Monterey from first Sunday in Lent till the end of the Octave of Easter.

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February 2, 1887.

Return of the Franciscan Fathers to the City of St. Francis.

We feel a thoroughly religious happiness in announcing for the readers of the MONITOR the fact that his Grace Archbishop Riordan has secured the services of several Franciscan Fathers from St. Louis, where is located the Mother House of the Order in this Province, to take charge of the German Catholic element in this city and also to preach in Spanish to the Germans residing in different localities throughout this Archdiocese.

The Franciscan Fathers will commence their labors in St. Boniface Church, Golden Gate Avenue, on next Sunday, and we sincerely hope their German Catholic country-man will give them a reception worthy of their high and holy office as well as for the generous duty they must feel towards these emigrants who have come to carry tidings of great joy to the German Catholic people.

Almighty God works in wonderful ways. Nearly one hundred and eleven years ago two holy sons of St. Francis—Father Francisco Palou and Father Junipero Serra—planted the Cross in this city near the spot upon which still stands the venerable church of the Mission Dolores. These holy pioneers of Christianity and civilization came to the healthy shores where sprung the waters of the beautiful bay dedicated to the Founder of their Order, and where—through the benificent designs of an all-wise Providence—a great Catholic City was to arise and thus perpetuate the name of the great St. Francis of Assisi to untold generations of both pagan and Christian people from many of the most distant portions of the earth!

And now, after more than a century has elapsed, more missionaries of the ancient and holy Order return to renew the work of their predecessors commenced—the salvation of souls. Very Rev. Peter Gerhard, O. S. F., and his assistants in the church of St. Boniface, still preach precisely the same Christian truths, expound the same dogmas, inculcate precisely the same principles of Christian morality which this poor but learned Franciscan Father taught when they first patched their tents in the hamlet of a portion of illiterate by the lakelet called after the *Mother Francisca*.

It was on the third feast of SS. Peter and Paul that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass first ascended upon this Almighty God by the holy hands of the Franciscan Fathers, and every Catholic should ardently pray that the long-awaited harvest of holy souls which the Chief of the Apostolic College and the Apostle of the Gentiles brought into the Church of God, may be granted to the German Franciscan Fathers, that the great and good work they have undertaken.

The German Catholics have a grand record in the archives of the Church in this land. The numerous churches and schools they have built and established, the Religious orders which they have introduced, the zeal of their pastors and the practical faith of the people—are all testimonials of a faith which has passed through the crucible of persecution in their Fatherland. Hitherto the German Catholic element of this city has been represented by comparatively few Catholics, but the Catholic Germans of the Archdiocese of San Francisco have entered the Lord's vineyard, we predict that the great mass of the German people will flock around the Franciscan Fathers, that the general small Church alloted to these will be replaced by a splendid structure, that schools and societies will flourish and bring forth good fruit, and that the Church in San Francisco will receive an impetus in growth, solidity and manifestation of practical Catholic faith which will edify the heart of every layman, encourage every pastor to consolation, and delight the heart of our beloved Archbishop—through whose energy and zeal the notable accession to our spiritual strength in Border Business and Holy Days of Obligation, every Wednesday evening, commencing on the first Wednesday in Lent.

+FRANCIS MORA,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Feb. 6, 1887.

Another Church for this Archdiocese.

On Sunday the 27th inst., his Grace Archbishop Riordan will dedicate the new church recently erected in the newly-organized parish of St. Francis de Sales, Oakland, over which Rev. Thos. McSweeney presides as Rector, and through whose instrumentality—aided by the munificent generosity of his friends and parishioners—the new edifice has been erected. St. Francis—called of Sales, where he was born, in order readily to distinguish him from many other great Saints in the Church who bear the Christian name of Francis—was dedicated to Almighty God's service by his holy mother prior to his birth, and, as a consequence of this holy impulse, he grew up in grace and became one of the great lights of the Church in the seventeenth century. He is honored as Bishop and Confessor of the Faith, his feast falling on the 29th of January, the day on which his remains were carried to Annecy, France, where he desired to be buried.

—Rome is preparing the introduction of the cause of beatification of the Servant of God, Mgr. Frances de Montmorency Laval, Bishop of Quebec, from 1648 to 1688. In the latter year he resigned his See, and died in 1708. He was formerly Archbishop of Evreux. By virtue of the decrees of the Holy See, the present Bishop of Evreux must make search for the writings of the servant of God, which must then be submitted for judicial examination.

—The Bishops of Switzerland have issued a joint Pastoral on the subject of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of his Holiness Leo XIII. By direction of these Prelates the Pious Verein is organizing a great Swiss pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Peter and Pauli. A Pastoral, with reference to the Papal Jubilee, has likewise been addressed to the faithful by the Belgian Episcopate.

—Next Sunday will be the ninth anniversary of the election of the present successor of St. Peter, now gloriously reigning. May his reign be as long as his immediate predecessor in the See of St. Peter!

"This decoration, making St. Blasse in honor of Irish Catholics, was the gift of the Pontiff, Pius IX., who, in the year 1854, established the Hierarchy in Ireland, and conferred the Cardinal's hat upon Paul Cullen, the first Irish Cardinal of modern times. The Pope, in the consistory held in the Vatican on the 22nd of June, 1866, conferred the Cardinal's hat upon Archbishop Cullen, who was then in Rome, and in the latter diplomatic circle, the pope, after partaking of a snuff draft of Irish poteen, from the snuff box of his Eminence, Cullen, the Irish Primate, and,

Farm and Home.

A Simple Cure for Croup.

Mothers with young children will do well to remember that one-third of a teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed with double the quantity of sugar will give almost instant relief in case of croup. It is also good for a hard cold, as the smallest children take it without trouble, and it enables them to eject from the little stomach what one has reason to be afraid may, and relief follows as a natural consequence. If, when that dread disease which so often proves fatal, first makes its appearance, when the croup barker announces the approach of danger, or the rattling, gurgling sound in the throat, which is the sure forerunner of croup, if then this simple remedy were promptly administered and repeated as often as there was need, there are few cases, I think, that might not be cured. The great trouble is that young mothers do not know what to do, and if a physician is not within reach they hold the little one is often past all human aid before help can come.

Hints to Employers.

There is one spirit that achieves a great success. The man who seeks only how to make himself most useful, whose aim is to render himself indispensable to his employer, whose whole being is animated with the purpose to fill the largest possible place in the walk assigned to him, has in the ambition of that spirit the genuine success. He commands the attention, and shall walk in the light of prosperity all his days. On the other hand, the man who accepts the unwholesome advice of the demagogue and seeks only how little he may do, and how easy he may render his place and how loose his employment altogether, is unfit for service. As soon as there is a supercargo on the list, he becomes disengaged as least valuable to his employer. The man who is afraid of doing too much is near his end when he seeks to do nothing, and was begot in the same family. They are neither of them in the remotest degree a relation to the man whose willingness to do everything possible to his touch phase him at the head of the active list.

Treatment of Whooping Cough.

The following method of disinfection of sleeping and dwelling apartments and clothes is recommended by M. Mohn in the treatment of whooping cough. It is said so cure the cases immediately. The children are washed and clothed in clean articles of dress, and removed to another part of the town. The bed room and sitting room or nursery are then hermetically sealed; all the bedding, playthings, and other articles that cannot be washed are exposed freely in the room, in the middle of which is burnt in the proportion of twenty-five grammes to the cubic meter of space. The room remains then charged with sulphurous acid for five hours, and is then freely ventilated. The children return into the same bed, may sleep and play in the disinfected rooms. *Lancet.*

How to Manage a Man.

Nothing on earth fatishes a man like a good dinner and a well dressed wife presiding. The husband who can look forward to such a state of things every day of his life will never tire of home, and the wife who studies his comfort will have little difficulty in managing him according to her will. Men are gregarious animals and will wander in spite of all allurements, but they are selfish enough to remain where they are most comfortable, and to shape a little trouble for a year or two of married life the years that follow will be well repaid by the fact that always glad to go back to the pretty home where smiley await him and the dinner I spoke of. There are so many women who object to being "bossed," as they call it. My dear fellow, you can always be boss if you take the trouble. By giving in you get your own way as you never would by fighting for it. And, after all, it is better to feel you are right than to stand so much that to give in to him is not a difficulty.

Now men out of time are managable if you go to him right way about it, and one great point is to act after marriage just as you did before. Arguments and contradiction are vital enemies to married peace. Should you wish for anything particular, don't insist upon it either refusal. Some women are persistent and say: "Why may I not? Why don't you do as I tell you?" and irritate the man. Rather bide your time, and make an extra good dinner of his favorite dishes, put a bow on of the color he likes, make home and yourself sweeter than ever. You'll get it sure, even if you have to wait. Also, when you want him to do any particular thing which you know will be for his good, for Heaven's sake do not say: "Do it." Rather drop a hint that you think so and so would be a good thing to do. Get him interested and then let the subject drop. I venture to say that in a short time that man will do precisely as you wish; he will never permit you to think that he has traded the least on your common sense.

Cure for Diphtheria.

Dr. A. Bendel writes, in the *Bulletin General de Therapeutique* of November 15, 1886, concerning the treatment of diphtheria by bensoate of sodium, and asserts that of two hundred consecutive cases he has not lost a single one. He admits the possibility of a mistaken diagnosis in some instances, but, even excluding fifty per cent on this account, he still has one hundred cases without a death. His method is as follows: Every hour the patient takes a tablespoonful of a solution of bensoate of sodium, fifteen grammes to the ounce, and at the same time one-sixth of a grain of sulphate of eserine in sirup and or gruel. In addition to this the throat is thoroughly sprayed every half hour with a ten per cent solution of bensoate of sodium. This is done religiously at the regular intervals, day and night, but no other local treatment is employed. No attempt is made to dislodge the false membrane, and no penalling nor painting of the fauces is resorted to. Tonics are given and antipyretics are used when occasion calls for them. The nourishment consists of beef juice, tender rare meat, milk, rice, beef bread and all other articles which may cause irritation of the throat are forbidden. The sick room is kept filled with steam from a vessel containing carbolic acid, turpentine, and oil of eucalyptus in water.

The employment of bensoate of sodium is not a few method in the treatment of diphtheria, for it has been tried and if recommended highly by Lebentich, Kiss, Farrell, and others. But this, of course, speaks so much the more strongly in favor of the remedy; and as Dr. Bendel's results were better than those obtained by others using the same drug, it is to be presumed that his method of employing it is the best.—*Medical Record.*

The Age of Twenty.

The truth is, that the majority of women begin to be more thoughtful when they have turned the age of twenty.

The giddiness of the girl gives way to the sobriety of woman.

Frivolity is succeeded by reflection, and reason reigns where passion previously held undisputed sway.

The nerve and anxieties of life press themselves more, probably.

They tend to weaken the effect of the sanguine anticipation of unmingled felicity in the marriage state which the mind had formed in its youthful day dreams.

Family Fun.

Very Accomodating.

After the clerk had pulled down everything in the store without satisfying his customer, a woman, she asked him if there was anything else he had not shown. "Yes ma'am," he said, the collar; but if you wish it I will have that brought up and shown to you.

An Editor's Luck.

"We wish to return our sincere thanks," says the editor of an Idaho paper. "On the complaining but ungrateful burglar who broke into our residence night before last, under the impression that he was robbing the druggist who lives next door. He entered at a window and carefully removed his boots, setting them down on the floor. To this circumstance, and to the fact that we saw him come in, we are indebted for the first good pair of boots we have had in ten years."

A Mother's Responsibilities.

Young matron (with theories on the care of children) to nurse—"Jane."

Nurse—"Yes mum."

Young matron—"When the baby has finished his bottle lay him in the cradle on his right side. After eating a child should always lie on the right side; that relieves the pressure on the heart. Still (reflectively) the liver is on the right side, perhaps, after all, you had better lay him on the left side. No, I am wrong the treatise on infant diges—said the right side. On the whole, Jane, you may lay the baby on any side you like, I have locked the nutter up more thoroughly."

A Fine Distinction.

Lawyer—"Now you know the man isn't truthful, do you not?"

Witness—"I wouldn't like to say so, sir."

Lawyer—"Why not? Is it a milder way of stating it would suit you better, sir?"

Witness—"Just so. I wouldn't like to decide as to the veracity; but I know that he is decidedly nehistorical."

Filial Obedience.

"Don't waste your time in clipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went and laid his ax at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy—and then he went a fishing. Truly there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience.

His Remarkable Strait.

A diner-out who had had more than his share of the wine was carefully feeling his way home at night, when he unfortunately stumbled against the circular railing which surrounded a statue. After having gone around it about seven times, the hopelessness of his situation flashed upon him, and he sank down upon the pavement outside with a despairing shriek: "The scoundrels. They've shut me in here!"

The Queen's English.

A school master in Columbus has the following juvenile composition among her schoolbooms manuscript: "A codfish is the only Anaymal that aint got no neck. There ain't but one kind of a fish in the world that has their ears in their head like we do, and that is a fish hawk. A codfish has a large mouth, and my aunty school Teacher got a large mouth too. Two kids can't fishing one day one of them pulled quite a lot of fish out of the water. I fled and the Superintending pounded one of his ears with a broken jug and got out. A fish would look funny if they had legs and could run.

Cold Weather.

"Did you order the tons of coal?" she asked of her husband. "We are all out."

"Yes, but the dealer wouldn't trust me. It made me very mean, I can tell you."

"I wish it would make us warm," said the discouraged wife with a shiver.

Eliminating.

The funeral was over, and a few personal friends were taking dinner with the bereaved widow.

"Won't you have some more of the roast beef, Mr. Smith?" she asked.

"Thanks," he replied; "I believe I will. The ride to the grave and back has given me quite an appetite."

Timely Information.

Gus—Have you put the important question to old Moneybags's daughter, Jack?

Jack—No. I hear there is a prior attachment there.

Gus—You don't say so!

Jack—Yes, the Sheriff has attached everything the old man owns.

Must Have Been Them.

"Did you see the Alps while you were abroad, Miss De Pole?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so," she replied briefly. "We went everywhere and saw everything."

Household Treasures.

A treasure of a husband—carries the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a son—has money in the bank. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same age as her mother; if anything, a little older. A treasure of a servant—runs to the post-office in less than half an hour. A treasure of a cook—is not hysterical whenever there is company at dinner. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb its dear papy in the middle of the night.

Hogs on Bolt Trains.

A tall, lank man boarded an outgoing western train near the stockyards. He looked like a farmer, and there was an odor of stable-cars about his clothes. He walked through the car and looked about for a seat, but nobody stirred to make room for him. A drummer was spread over two seats, and a woman and two children over three. Several men occupied a whole seat apiece. The tall, lank man paused and looked down on the drummer, then exclaimed:

"Walk by gosh, I cum up to Chicago with a load o' hogs, but I'll be darned if I thought I'd have to ride home with a load, too."

A Useful Invention.

Parents who lie awake nights worrying about their daughters and their daughters' best beaux will thank the *Judge* for a kind suggestion. An ingenious contriance connects the parlor clock with a "Good Night Our Home" motto on the wall. The machine is set so that at 11 o'clock the motto unfolds and this legend appears: "Gas out and dog unchained at 11 o'clock." Good night! At the same time a lever connected with the clock pounds vigorously and repeatedly on a gong.

—That feeling of extreme debility is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, "I was tired all over, but Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me new life and strength." says a Pittsburgh, N. Y. lady. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. 41 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

THE GENTLE YET EFFECTUAL ACTION OF this glorious old remedy, Simmons Liver Regulator, is universally manifest, here place it at the head of all family medicines.

No household should be without it. It promptly but ungrudgingly forgiver the Blues, Headache, Nausea, Bile, Colic, Indigestion, Constipation, Fevers, Sleeplessness, Languid Feel, Foul Breath, and every disease brought on or aggravated by a disorder of the stomach.

It has as equal as a Preparatory Medicine: Mothers what the stomach, a dose of it will afford relief and in a short time will effect a speedy cure. Its use for over half a century by thousands of people have endorsed it as

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

D. M. ENCARNI,
911 Mission St.
San Francisco, Cal.
Manufacturer and Importer of
RELIGIOUS STATUARY, ETC
Suitable for Churches, Convent Chapels, Academy Schools, Etc.
THE ONLY COMPLETE COLLECTION ON THE PACIFIC COAST.
Catalogue sent free on application.

WARD & CO.'S
Male and Female
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE,
608 and 610 Clay Street, S. F.
WANTS TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL & Ship, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Dairymen, Sawmill Hands, Gardeners, Butchers, Bakers, Waiters, Private Families and Ranches. Also, good reliable Female Help, without any charge to employers. Instant written orders for males at 608 Clay street.

CATARRH POSITIVELY CURED
Wilson's Vaporizing Inhaler!
A Household Treasure!

This only successful home treatment for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, Sore Throat and Lungs, Deafness and Neuralgia. Trial Free. Handsome Illustrated Book, with Medical Advice, Testimonials and Reasonable Price, 25 cents. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail. Wilson's Catarrh Snuff, 25 cents. Wilson's Liver Pills, 25 cents. Wilson's Vaporizing Ointment, 25 cents. Wilson's Cough Balsam, 25 cents. Wilson's Pain Balm, 25 cents. Wilson's Sarsaparilla, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Tea, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Pills, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Ointment, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Cream, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Soap, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Shampoo, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Hair Dye, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Hair Tonic, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Hair Restorer, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Hair Brush, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Comb, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag Tie, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag Tie Button, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag Tie Button Hole, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag Tie Button Hole Cover, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag Tie Button Hole Cover Cloth, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag Tie Button Hole Cover Cloth Bag, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag Tie Button Hole Cover Cloth Bag Tie, 25 cents. Wilson's Dandelion Toothpick Holder Stand Cover Cloth Bag Tie Button Hole Cover Cloth Bag Tie Button, 25 cents. 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THE CROSS IN AFRICA.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the old country alone bears the weight of these missions, and they can't be certainly that old Europe can go on and bear the expense almost alone, for the number of missions are increasing and each mission grows more and more extended. If America would lend a helping hand and facilitate the example set by France in respect to contributions, now the activity of the Catholic missions could be doubled. If American had such organizations as "The Holy Child," and "The Annals of the Faith," then no Catholic priest ought to come from the distant mission on a special call for charity from America. But as it is now you must understand that from time to time a missionary must come. This is what I have done. The missionary must be detached from the Mission and visit the twenty eight missions, and that in 1879 there was only one district in Africa which had no missionaries, and that was the important Zambesi mission. In the year 1879, the speaker, with five other priests and five lay brothers, was sent to South Africa to establish this mission, which extends several hundred miles along the Zambesi river.

NORTH OF THE ZAMBESI

the people are idolatrous and adore cut image. South of the Zambesi there is no idolatry, but simply paganism or heathenism. They know there is but one God, but that God they do not adore. They don't adore him as a personal God. They have no idea of creation, or hell or of heaven, much less of purgatory. They don't know what is sin and have no idea what is a crime. They know that something is against the law, that something is wrong. They know what public honesty is, what family morality is, what justice is, but they don't know what sin is, sin that makes the liable to punishment by God. They have no idea of a soul and no idea of purpose. No one can say "Our Father, Who art in heaven. They don't know that God is a father. They have a veneration for spirits, good and bad, and good spirits are personified in the king and his ancestors and they build spirits in every called sceneries. All crimes against law are punished under the name of sorcery by death. Manslaughter under the name of sorcery is punished by death. In the year 1877 30 sorcerers, 11, we are now 108. Twenty-one have died. We have made 2500 converts and the number of novitiates and catechumens is from 4,000 to 4,000, and the name of God is known all over, perhaps to over 8,000,000 people. What is needed is the assistance of sisters in our hospitals and schools on the coast. It is intended that the schools shall be as near the colonies as possible, where most promising children can be met. Shall and adhere all best hold in the mission. The speaker has already found two-thirds of the necessary sums needed for bringing the sisters into Africa, and made an earnest though unselfish plea for further assistance.

THE SACRED COLLEGE.

Number of Cardinals and their Different Grades.

The Rome correspondent of a New York paper thus describes the Sacred College as it stands at present:

It is interesting to note some facts concerning the composition and the curiosities of the present Sacred College. It numbers fifty-six members, divided as follows: Six Cardinal Bishops, thirty-eight Cardinal Priests, and twelve Cardinal Deacons; so that there are twelve vacancies among the Cardinal Deacons, Cardinals Bishops and Gibbons are of the priestly rank; so are Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, Engonnet, Archbishop of Lyons, Archbishop of Sidney, Australia, Vanade Archbishop of Quebec, both Cardinals Newman and Howard are strikingly priests; but in the Sacred College, Cardinal Howard is of episcopal rank, being the title of Bishop of Frascati, while Cardinal Newman is simply a deacon. Cardinal Howard has lately been appointed "Protector of the Cruelins." from St. Francis. He is also the protector in Rome of English-speaking Catholics. The other episcopal Cardinals are Sacconi, Pitra, Vallera, Sbarbaro, and Martinelli—the only name among them at all known being that of Pitra, and that on from any high executive office he holds, but because of his great learning. Jacobini, the Secretary of State, and Simeoni, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, this two best and widest known names among the Cardinals, are of the priestly rank. It is the tradition of the Holy See to have about two-thirds of the Cardinals natives of Italy; but Leo XIII. has appointed only broken through the rule. There are now only thirty Italians to twenty-six foreigners in the Sacred College. It is likely that the majority of the fifteen vacancies will be filled by the foreigners. Several red hats are due to France. They would have been conferred long ago had the French Government not suspended the quick. Spain had well doubtless obtain one, and, if the gains her native Portuguese, will be no more one or two more. Perhaps the United States may also obtain two or three Cardinals. Of course, these are only speculations, but intimations from high sources of authority lead me to believe that there is a substantial foundation in them. Italy will always have a disproportionate number of Cardinals, because many of them have to reside in or near Rome, being members of the congregations or heads of government departments. But in the exercise of the highest functions intrusted to it—the election of a Pope—the next conclave assembled for that purpose will not be influenced by Italian influence, and will probably elect the chair of Peter a native of some other country.

Cardinal Gibbons will go to Orleans, Lyons, Avignon, the home of the exiled Popes; Nancy, where the principal institution of the Religious is situated; Rheims, where he will visit Cardinal Meurin, and Paris, where he will call upon Archbishop Richards, whose predecessor, Cardinal Guibert, was a personal friend of Cardinal Gibbons. He may visit other places on the Continent, passing through England and Ireland on his return, and reaching the United States some time in August.

A French Nun Honored.

The Cross of the Legion of Honor has just been conferred on Sister Claudine Guiba, a nun of the Order of La Charité who is the founder of various schools and hospitals in the Lebanon. The number of women who have received this honor is regrettably small, whereas men are often gratified with the much-coveted bit of red ribbon, for a purely commercial order, by which they can derive large pecuniary advantages. With the exception of Rosa Bonheur and a certain number of nuns, the few women who have obtained the Cross have done so by striking acts of bravery, courage, and nerve.

Death of a Patriarch.

From our Irish exchanges we learn of the death of the venerable William Carroll of Clonmel. He was born Nov. 10, 1796, and was consequently in his 91st year, but his senses and faculties were unimpaired to the last. After a life of extraordinary usefulness and holiness, he died a few moments after receiving Holy Communion on Friday, Jan. 7, 1887. A short while ago, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., sent the venerable patriarch his Apostolic Benediction. To Mr. Carroll's five surviving daughters, four are Sisters of Mercy.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

Entertainment and Monthly Prize Distribution.

A pleasing entertainment of a literary and musical character fills up the regular monthly distribution of rewards and premiums to merit took place in Sacred Heart College on Tuesday afternoon, the 8th inst. The usually excellent programme was given. Mozart's orchestral recitation, Bernard's recitation, song, "My Southern Home, chorus, distribution of premiums, Sons of Innocence recitation, M. Flanigan's Mazurka, Mozart's recitation, Second Instrumental Quartette, H. Ryan, F. Sullivan; song, "Come, Gentle Spring," Mozart's orchestra; recitation, T. Noonan, song, "Thinking Bells," W. Wilson, distribution of testimonials, Fourth Collegiate, song, "Old Home," Sixth recitation, A. Bechtel, J. Gibbons, distribution of testimonials, Fifth Collegiate, song, "Boats by the River," E. J. Cattley; recitation, J. W. Sullivan; recitation, W. Bechtel; distribution of testimonials, Second Collegiate; orchestra.

The following received testimonials of merit for continuous deportment, regular attendance and application to study during the month of January:

Second Collegiate class—Thomas J. Mullen, W. Sullivan, Alex. T. McCarthy, Richard E. McKee, Edward J. Lynch, Edward J. Taylor, Wm. A. Richards, John A. Boyd, Edward J. Collins, Dalzell Lynch, Wm. C. Shakspeare, William J. Tracey.

Third Collegiate class—James Sullivan, W. Sullivan, Augustin Batchelder, Thomas J. O'Connor, Thomas A. Coyle, Thos. Boyd, Matthew Thomas, Thomas Crowley, John C. Flood, J. Wm. Wilkins, Wm. J. McCarthy, Joseph Wilkins, Jas. Mulcahy, Joseph C. Cooney.

Fourth Collegiate class—John Cooney, Thomas Kerrigan, Joseph Fitzpatrick, Frank Lacy, Thomas Connolly, John Barry, Thos. Stokkan, Theodore Bechtel, James Murphy, William Wilson, Frank Rankin, John Perkins.

Fifth Collegiate class—Charles A. Dwyer, John Glennan, William O'Donnell, Charles Wilkins, Thomas Ryan, Daniel Ryan, Joseph Tyrone F. Ryan, Daniel Ryan, Wm. Wilkins, Thomas Bechtel, A. Coyle, Thomas F. Mullen, Michael McCarthy, Joseph Boyle, Joseph Wynne, Joseph Wynne, Joseph Carroll, James Brown, James Mahoney.

Second Intermediate class—John Ryan, Will. Bechtel, Thomas Cooney, Thomas Ryan, Jas. Hannan, John Hilard.

Third Intermediate class—John Ryan, Will. Bechtel, Thomas Cooney, Thomas Ryan, Jas. Hannan, John Hilard.

Fourth Intermediate class—Hermann Hoentzel, Jas. J. McCarthy, John Cicey, Joseph Dredock, Jas. Cooney, Joseph Gallagher, John Bindel, Wm. Farell, Thomas Lawson, John Mulhern, Wm. Wilkins, J. Stock, Thomas Sanders, James Wilkins.

First Preparatory—Alfred A. Tobin, William Glennan, William J. Brown, Joseph Cooney, Nicholas Welch, John T. Kingston, Joseph Rolling, Frank Kingston, John Cicey, Joseph J. Riordan, Eddie Dussy, Joseph J. Dussy, Joseph E. Twist, Thomas Welch, Alexander A. Mellon, John C. Keating, Jeremiah Lynch.

Second Preparatory—William Sullivan, Joy Peoples, John Mulcahy, Joseph Gallagher, Jas. Ryan, Francis Cooney, John H. Wilson, William Bode, George Wilkins, Michael Dussy, Thomas Cooney, Thomas Carpenter, Thomas Lawson, Edward Lynch, Joseph Wolf, Fast Walsh, Adolph Bechtel.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION.

Monthly Report of Auditing Committee.

To the officers and members of the Catholic Mutual Benefical Association of the Diocese of San Francisco:

Your executive and auditing committees beg leave to report your social condition as shown by the following report of the financial and monetary standing of your Organization for the month ending January 31st, 1887, as per records, vouchers, etc., of secretary and treasurer, viz:

Cash on hand received by Secretary for month of January, $1,000 00; cash received by Secretary for office expenses, $7 60—receipts, $1,007 60; balance on hand last report, $1,000 00; cash received by Treasurer last report, $1,900 00; cash received by Treasurer this month, $2,310 20—disbursements, $2,310 20; balance on hand, $1,900 00—assets as per vouchers, $3,907 60.

Assets—In the Savings Bank of Sonoma County & Co. bank, $1,422 16; on deposit Hibernia Bank, $197 61; on deposit Hibernia Bank, Sacramento Union, $22 45; in hands of Treasurer, $1,900 00; $3,544 45. Members in good standing, 1,051; members admitted at last meeting, 2; 2 deaths, 2; 2 members suspended, 1; 1 member, leaving, 1,046 members on roll. February 1, 1887.

H. BOCKERFEY, Vice-President.
J. MEYER, Secretary.
H. MEYER.
F. MULLANY.
F. SULLIVAN.
Office, 26 Hinckley Block.
WM. F. WATSON, Secretary.

SITUATIONS WANTED FOR CATHOLIC TEACHERS.

We have opened a Register in the Monitor office where we intend to keep the names, residence and other information regarding the qualifications of Catholic teachers, who may desire to procure positions. We shall be happy to receive the necessary information to such men information to the Catholic Teachers of the Diocese, who have may be placed on the Register. We have at present the names of six ladies who desire to teach in Catholic families or in private governesses in private families. The Monitor will be happy to receive the Catholic teachers of any kind free to those who apply at the office.

MARRIED.

RUDPERTH—BEAGLEY—In the city, February 5, Rudperth, a native of Germany, aged 27 years, and Miss Lizzie Beagley, a native of Ireland, aged 19 years.

LYNCH—MCCARTHY—In the city, February 5, Patrick Lynch, a native of Ireland, aged 27 years, and Miss Mary McCarthy, a native of San Francisco.

DIED.

DERMODY—In the city, February 5, Margaret, beloved wife of Thomas Dermody, a native of Ireland, aged 65 years.

CAVANAGH—In the city, February 5, Patrick Cavanagh, a native of Ballymoney, County Wexford, Ireland, aged 70 years.

WILKINSON—Killed in the city, February 10, Joseph Wilkinson, a native of Ireland, aged 30 years and 3 months.

MCCARTHY—In the city, February 5, Patrick J. Quill, a native of New York, aged 1 year and 8 months.

HAYES—In the city, February 11, Patrick H., infant beloved of Margaret Hayes, a native of the City and County of San Francisco, aged 1 year and 10 days.

KEEGAN—In Oakland, February 10, Michael, beloved husband of Ellen Keegan, a native of Ireland, aged 50 years.

LYNCH—In the city, February 10, Michael, beloved husband of Honora Sullivan, a native of Ireland, aged 50 years.

CARNEY—In Oakland, February 10, Mary, beloved wife of Thomas Carney, a native of Ireland, aged 50 years.

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CARNEY—In Oakland, February 10, Mary, beloved wife of Thomas Carney, a native of Ireland, aged 50 years.

MCGLYNN—In the city, February 5, Catherine, aged 60 years, a native of Ballinrobe, County Mayo, Ireland.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—The premises of John Douglas, a grain merchant, 22, 24, and 26 Donegal street, Belfast, have been enjoined by the Court of Chancery, on the 5th inst., the damage is estimated at £1,000.

ARMAGH.—On January 19th, the synod of the Archdiocese of Armagh assembled, selecting a committee to draft a pastoral address to the clergy. Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Armagh, was celebrated a little after 10 o'clock. Rev. H. Mathews, Archbishop of Tuam, Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, Bishop Gillooly of Elphin, Bishop Conroy, Bishop Lynch, Bishop Donnelly, Bishop Gillooly

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

EVENSONG.

NOVEMBER 19, 1896

At the Altar stood a maiden,
Just before the nuptial hall,
In a robe of lightsome texture,
With a soft and dazzling veil;
Glittering in the rays of wonder
From the mystic book of love
That should bind her to a lover.

Evensong.

Chose beside that blushing maiden
Stood a youth of noble mien,
Anxious waiting to be moulded
To her who should be queen.
Of all his new possessions—
His hopes, his joys, his more
Than all that God ever gave him,
Evensong.

"Will you take this gallant suitor,"
Said the sacred man of God,
"To love, to care, to cherish
'Till the cold and clammy sod
Shall lay upon his bosom
Where his soul shall be at ease?"
And the maiden softly answered,
"Evensong."

Turning they to her companion
With words that seemed true enough,
"Will you take this maiden to your home,
A stranger dared did stare;
"Will you protect this fair one,
Though dark clouds have lower o'er?"
And he answered without murmur,
"Evensong."

Then the good man gave a blessing,
And the mystic band did place
Upon the willing finger—
A sign of heavenly grace;
And the two from out that chancel
Passed into another door
With a vow they'd keep forever,
"Evensong."

JOHN GOSA.

Santa Rosa, February 14, 1897.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MY HEART'S PICTURE.

In my heart I have a picture,
And it calms each troubled hour.
Would you think a silent visage
Could possess such mystic power?
But the hold of golden brightness,
And the tender deep bliss eye,
Have for me a precious comfort
Which I care not to deny.

When with sorrow I'm afflicted,
When all mirth doth fill my heart,
In such hold for such pleasure
This dear picture takes its part;
When I'm weary, sad or lonely,
When my friends seem lost or cold
Then that look of patient courage
Makes me pass through life more bold.

When I write it's here before me,
Imparting thoughts or good advice,
Contains verse or swing stanza,
Giving love a nameless price;
Yet it chides me for my folly,
But with tone and gentle grace,
And those I love look kindly on
Through the blue eyes of that face.

Can you guess who is my maiden,
Who she is my tender eye?
Can you guess who is my woman,
Who she is my soul's ideal?
As God's dear angel from above;
Yes, she is both a mother and
For the fairest Goddess's boast?

The she who stayed my footsteps
In childhood's wild impetuous hour,
That I have a chief pleasure
Which still sways the olden power;
She who called me to my boyhood,
Taught me what I'e'er must do,
And, in her, my darling mother,
And her memory as I trust.

ZASE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE SECRET OF MY PEACE.

You answered me by call
Across the gray sea wet.
—ELIZABETH TYLER.

I stood on the shore, and gazed in such yearning
Across the deep waters; ah, looking to me
If the ship—always coming—but never arriving,
Would broken in white sails come morning to me.

You were so safe, and I—ah, I was weeping,
Weeping and wailing, as mouse yonder are,
While you, ah, my darling, were quietly sleeping—
Resting the Rest; and I, grieving for thee.

I pass thro' a Sea, as a shadow of sorrow,
And lo! as a mirage, we—of moon and fair,
Also a city, so glorious, so gentle,
Rays beatific, that shine only There.

Alas! I was sorrowing, and you, smiling sweetly;
I was weeping in wasting despair,
When sudden—glory my whole soul illumined,
And the starlight of peace, shone lovely and fair.

THERESE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

FRIENDSHIP OR LOVE.

Friendship or Love, which shall it be,
Both have I ready to offer to thee!
Love seems raging,
Friendship eternal,
Love, live and earthly,
Friendship supernal;
Friendship all trustful,
Love, jealous and blind,
Love often cruel,
Friendship still kind;
Love, the conqueror,
The palace it rules,
I have both ready,
Which shall it be?

Friendship or Love, which shall it be,
Both have I ready to offer to thee;
Love—burning, raging,
Friendship all calm,
Love a fell wounder,
Friendship—a balm;
Love soon will falter,
Soon grow obscure,
Friendship forever
Will smile and endure;
(Oh! let me be the chosen,
Thou'lt not be the loser,
Love, honest Friendship
I tender to thee.

Pure, honest Friendship—so let it be!
Sacred the vows I plighted to thee,
'Twill never slight thee,
Never distrust,
'Twill never blight thee,
But will comfort and bless!
Never to scorn
Forever and sine,
Pure, holy Friendship,
Bind you and me.

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

—Howe's Masonic, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, and is the way positively cure catarrh.

Literary Miscellany.

Lawrence Rohan's Destiny.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY J. M. DALTON.

CHAPTER I

When LAWRENCE ROHAN was but twelve years old, he resolved that his future should be into the world and seek his fortune. His father owned a small house and lot, and a blacksmith shop on the corner, in the city of S——. Sebastian Rohan had a large family of children, Lawrence being the eldest, and when the latter signified his wishes to his parents, they had no objections to urge, especially as Lawrence was offered a good situation as errand boy in a large grocery store. His wages at first were small, but he was so industrious and obliging that he was soon given charge of the delivery wagon and paid better wages. There was no more attentive and courteous boy to be found in S——. He remained at the store until he was seventeen years old, and in the five years of steady work he had saved eight hundred dollars.

Lawrence was conscious that his education was insufficient to fit him for a successful business career, so, after consulting with his father, he resolved to devote his savings to procuring a collegiate education. His father made arrangements to send him to one of the best colleges, which was under the control of the Christian Brothers.

During the busy five years of work, he had not neglected his studies altogether, he had studied hard every night, receiving assistance, when he needed it, from his employer. He was sufficiently prepared to enter college; and after a two years course, graduated with the degree of Master of Accounts.

Being very ambitious, Lawrence resolved only to live upon his money in order to save. He was always planning and working out a brilliant career for himself. He would begin on, step by step, overcoming every obstacle, surmounting every difficulty, battling against all opposition to his progress, until he should finally climb to the dizzy height of pre-eminence and greatness. He looked to read of the lives and early struggles of the great men of every age, thinking he shrewdly noted, and that was that most of the great men assumed a considerable fortune before they finally rose to distinction. "Wealth is power," reasoned Lawrence, "and I must first build up a competent fortune a well basis for my future career."

Having now a good education as a foundation, he set to work at once with energy and decision to build up his fortune. His old employer gladly received him as a clerk and book keeper, and for so much pleasure this dear picture takes in part;
When I'm weary, sad or lonely,
When my friends seem lost or cold
Then that look of patient courage
Makes me pass through life more bold.

When I write it's here before me,
Imparting thoughts or good advice,
Contains verse or swing stanza,
Giving love a nameless price;
Yet it chides me for my folly,
But with tone and gentle grace,
And those I love look kindly on
Through the blue eyes of that face.

Can you guess who is my maiden,
Who she is my tender eye?
Can you guess who is my woman,
Who she is my soul's ideal?
As God's dear angel from above;
Yes, she is both a mother and
For the fairest Goddess's boast?

The she who stayed my footsteps
In childhood's wild impetuous hour,
That I have a chief pleasure
Which still sways the olden power;
She who called me to my boyhood,
Taught me what I'e'er must do,
And, in her, my darling mother,
And her memory as I trust.

ZASE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE SECRET OF MY PEACE.

You answered me by call
Across the gray sea wet.
—ELIZABETH TYLER.

I stood on the shore, and gazed in such yearning
Across the deep waters; ah, looking to me
If the ship—always coming—but never arriving,
Would broken in white sails some

THE MONITOR.

PERIODICAL ISSUE OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Paris *Matin* states that the Pope offers to act as mediator in the Russian-Bulgarian dispute and in the France-German misunderstanding.

—"The Italian Catholic Church," with which the names of a few apostates were identified, has collapsed for want of funds. The Italians, says a Roman correspondent, will not support anything that is abused.

— We regret to announce the death of Canon d'Amelio, of Naples, a learned theologian and distinguished publicist. Canon d'Amelio was twice offered a Bishopric, but on each occasion he declined the honor.

—In view of the fact that Queen Victoria's government in Ireland has, during her fifty years' reign, chiefly occupied itself in arresting the poor Irish tenant-farmers, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* suggests that the great-grandlady has well earned the name Queen Evictoria.

— The Right Hon. Sir M. Morris, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Ireland, has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, in the place of Lord Chief Justice May, resigned. Sir M. Morris is the first Catholic who has been appointed to this office since the Reformation.

—From a Berlin dispatch we learn that the Emperor William, in the course of an interview with Mgr. Klein, Bishop of Limburg, expressed an ardent desire for the preservation of peace in Europe. Speaking of the Bulgarian question, the Emperor said the mediation of the Holy See would be most acceptable.

— The oldest Cardinal now living is Cardinal Newman, aged 85. The youngest member of the Sacred College will be (after the Consistory to be held in March) Mgr. di Rende, now Nuncio in Paris. He is in his fortieth year, and was Archbishop of Benevento at the early age of 32.

— The lectures on the "Irish in America," by T. P. Gill, M. P., the first part of which we publish this week, will be read with great interest, as it states many facts not hitherto alluded to under this head. Next week's installment contains a great many valuable historical facts worth preserving.

— Mr. William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, published a letter in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, refusing to become a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons. He says that he can be more useful to the Irish cause outside Parliament "detestable premises."

— The *amended* Regulations for Lent in Rome, which we publish under "Rome" from those published last week in the Rome *Times*—as well as the Lenten Regulations for the Diocese of Sacramento, will be found on the fifth page, and they should be carefully perused and sedulously observed by all to whom they are applicable.

— A cablegram from Rome says the *Herald* correspondent was informed at the Vatican that proposals will shortly be laid before the Prussian Landtag, annulling nearly all that remains of the May laws, and giving the Church satisfactory action in all essential points, thus virtually closing the Kulturkampf. We hope this is true, but similar rumors from the same source have been circulated for several months past.

— The past winter in Ireland is described as one of fearful misery. Out of a population of less than 5,000,000 there are 700,000 in receipt of pauper relief in a land only one-fifth part of whose fertile area is tilled; 3,000,000 gone since Black '47! The dwindling population is dwindling still—nearly one hundred thousand a year. Well may the Irish people work and pray for an Irish Parliament in order to save the people from being legislated out of the island of their birth.

— A cablegram from Europe credits the *Paris Figaro* with announcing a "grand reconciliation" between France and the Vatican, the French representative in Rome having given assurances of the immediate cessation of all religious persecution in France, presenting the Pope with a Seven ram and one of the Monitpapers with a gold pen. We doubt the truth of the whole story, so we await our European exchanges before weighing in any jubilant expressions over the reported *entente cordiale*.

— A Rome correspondent writes that the American Cardinals arrived in time to take part in two of the most interesting celebrations witnessed annually in that city, and their attendant ceremonies will be the source of special gratification to the Holy Father. Five days before the opening of the Consistory, in which the Cardinals will receive their red hats, they will have the honor of representing the Catholics of America in offering evidence of affection to his Holiness on the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birthday, and on the following 24 of March they will assist at the ceremonies attending the celebration of the tenth anniversary of Pope Leo's coronation.

— We regret to learn from a European contemporary that Mgr. Parisetti, the Magnifico of the Catholic University of Louvain, lies in a critical position. Recently he received the last rites of the Church in presence of the Papal nuncio from his Grace the Archbishop of Mechlin, who was assisted by the Bishop of Tournay, the chief officers of the University being present. The Holy Father has telegraphed his Apostolic Benediction in the most affectionate terms. The loss of Mgr. Parisetti would be a great blow to the University, where he has been a prominent patron of learning, and an encourager of all the higher branches of scientific study and research.

An Infidel View of the Lenten Season.

One of Bob Ingersoll's bad blooded disciples injected an anti-Catholic article into Sunday's *Chronicle*, which we are really ashamed to find in the columns of such a wide-awake contemporary. The essence of the writer of the insulting and unmerciful article in question might easily have been secured by the editorial chief when he read the opprobrious term *Romish* as applied to the Catholic Church. It is a word not permissible nowadays, and it is not expressive at once destructive and detestable in the eyes of every Catholic reader of the *Chronicle*.

But this is not the only flagrant offence committed by this writer, as he tells the *Chronicle* readers with all the arrant dogmatism of unbounded assurance "the origin of Lent is involved in some doubt," when there is no doubt about it. *Lent is an Apostolic institution*, has ever been an Apostolic institution, and will continue to be an Apostolic institution to the end of time, even though ignorance, bigotry and Bob Ingersoldism should annually howl itself hoarse in derision or denial of this remarkable Catholic truth. Irenaeus, who flourished in the second century, in a letter to Victor, who was Bishop of Rome from about the year 190 to 202, speaks of the Lenten fast as having existed "long before, in a past generation." Tertullian, who grew prominenced in the first century and who died in the middle of the second century, speaks of days that were set apart for fasting "under the gospel dispensation, in which the Spouse was taken away."

St. Basil, who died in the year of our Lord 329, preached a sermon in one of his *Homilies* which is just as appropriate and as fresh in this nineteenth century. Lent as it was when first written for the Catholics of the third century. "There is no contest," says St. Basil, "no island, no nation, no city, no corner of the earth, however remote, where the *Quadragesimal fast* is not proclaimed. Wide-asunder—travellers, sailors, merchants, for this time cease to journey—have heard it promulgated and have congratulated themselves thereon. Let no person think themselves exempt from fasting. The angels take note of those who observe the law. Strive that your angel may write your name on his tablet, and do not desert the standard of Religion. It is now that our Lord meets the devil in a general engagement, with all the forces of His army, formed of the inhabitants of the whole world. Happy are they who, by their courage, show themselves worthy of such a Leader! Kings and princes, clergy and lay people, nobles and plebians, rich and poor, are now but one, when there is question of fasting. Would it not be a shame to consider so too heavy a burden that which the whole Church takes up with joy."

Then, Catholic readers of the MONITOR, is a brief but impressive Lenten discourse delivered nearly 1600 years ago by a Catholic Bishop to your brothers in Christ. Read it, ponder on it, and let the spirit of it be a guide to you in your Lenten duties.

Sectarian Missionaries in the Sandwich Islands.

In a recent issue of the *Pacific* an attempt was made by a Protestant contributor to eulogize the *wonderful* Christian works performed by American Protestant missionaries in the Sandwich Islands, the writer adopting the usual style of all sectarian utterances on the topic, by keeping entirely out of sight the enlightened and successful labors of Catholic missionaries in the same field.

Speaking of the first missionaries, here is what the writer in question says:

"The Catholic rites were discovered by Captain Cook in the year 1778. The first company of missionaries landed there in the spring of 1820. So that it was really forty-two years from the time of discovery till they began the labors of missionary operations."

The impression left upon the mind of a person reading this paragraph in a Protestant paper, would naturally lead to the conclusion that these so-called Christian teachers represented the pioneers of Christianity in the Sandwich Islands, whereas the first missionary to those Islands was a Catholic priest—the Abbé de Quelen—who went to the Sandwich Islands in the French corvette Uranie, of which he was chaplain, and to whom belongs the distinguished honor of having baptized *the first Christian sovereign* of these Islands—King Kaumualii II., as well as the first Christian Prime Minister. This important event occurred in the year 1825, prior to the date given in the *Pacific* contribution.

This was the Cross of Christ planted in this pagan portion of the vineyard of our Lord, and—what is very remarkable—sanctioned with the baptism of King Kaumualii II., idolatry disappeared—as if by a miracle—of the Most High—from among the native race.

Speaking of the labors of Protestant missionaries in the Sandwich Islands, the non-leading history maker of the *Pacific* says:

"But the missionary went there with the Bible in his hand and the Word of God in his heart; and what did the next forty years do? Look around! The fruit speaks for itself. It has no parallel in modern history or in the world's history."

The American missionaries allotted to such barbarous—the Bible in their hands—when they went to preach Protestantism to the natives of the Polynesian group, but there was far too much Amateur Instead of Catholicity in their minds for even the shadow of "the love of God" to not for a transitory instant in their hearts. By a miracle of grace it would be unlike to not, but not even a miracle could assimilate the hatred which heretical sectarians feel towards Catholic missionaries with "the love of God" ever lost in the breast of any sectarian.

"The history of Protestant missionaries in the Sandwich Islands is designated by the *Pacific* as 'simply marvellous,' and 'without a parallel in modern history or in the history of missions.' We agree with the writer. The history of the American missionaries is *marvellously bad*, and the persecution they waged against Catholic priests is almost 'without a parallel in modern history.' The first Protestant missionaries arrived in the Sandwich Islands in 1820. Twenty years before they had learned that the Church of God had obtained a foothold there, they were at once their Puritanical bigotry, to work to keep Catholic priests from being permitted to reach even among the Kanakas. They made grounds of military and civil goods to a supposedly old native woman named Kaahumanu, who assumed the reins of government when Governor Boki left the Islands on a visit to Europe, and they flattered and cajoled the old woman that they would be a party to the Lutheran anti-Catholic persecution that ever blackened the pages of even Protestant history.

"In 1826 three of these preachers—Ring, Bates, Clark and Chamberlain—became a self-appointed committee—under the authority of a sixty-year-old savage—to inquire into the conduct of the priests of *le Jesus* settled in this place," meaning thereby the three priests—Fathers Bachelot, Ravard and Short—who had arrived from France in 1826, in response to an invitation made by the Archbishop of Paris by King Kaumualii II., who was a convert to England in 1824-5.

The Portuguese Blue Laws of New Eng land were introduced into Polynesia with greater gratification by the Calvinistic Bishops of colonial days, than did the trio of Protestant preachers set to work to persecute the Catholic priests on the Sandwich Islands. Father Bachelot was lustily dragged from the altar by a band of armed men, in response to the suggestion of these anne missionaries of whom the *Pacific* writer says that "they had God in their hearts." Catholic converts numbering thousands—men, women and children—were publicly whipped and inhumanly starved and tortured in order to make them give up the religion of them "Jesus," whom the Jesuits of Christianity designed to give their courage to die like their companions. Up to the latest account note of the missionaries had been moderated, though they also were patiently awaiting the crown of martyrdom.

—Now that Lent is here it affords an excellent opportunity for carrying out the following suggestion of the *Ave Maria*, when it occasionally every Catholic to lang a cheap yet artistic, ornate or plain kitchen, the self-sacrificing, industrious girl who does your work will owe to your forethought many a holy inspiration, many an encouraging reflection at the sight of the Man of Sorrows. Adorn the temporary home of your kitchen with a statue of the Infinite Mother of Jesus, and you will have less reason to find fault with them. Ask for your work in the kitchen, at the art stores. Make Catholic ideas influence the market, and force into their proper place, in the kitchen, the revival of art in the household, God, His Mother and His Saints.

—Two more converts have lately been received into the Church in Oregon. Archbishop Gross had the happiness of baptizing James W. Virtue, Esq., a distinguished citizen of Salem county, and Rev F. X. Blanchet of Jacksonville had the pleasure of adding another to his long list of converts, in the person of Miss Emma Lynn Bell, of Applegate.

Lessons From the Lives of the English Martyrs.

SECOND ARTICLE.

An eminent literary writer has well stated the proposition which Henry VIII. of England waged against the Catholic Church—"Satan conspires against Christianity. Every victim which the chosen of destruction is dragged to the sacrificial altar requisitions in order to annihilate the true faith in the hearts of English Catholics and to stamp out every moral principle from their souls. The pad, the rack and the gibbet were in constant requisition. All whom the head of England devised to perish were sure to become the certain victims of the perjury, violence, death and desecration to which the laws of England devised them. In this way hundreds of innocents people were executed, many of whom pleaded guilty even when innocent, in the hope of gaining even a grain of mercy at the hands of a tyrant who knew not what mercy meant. Was it over the Catholics of England alone that this monarch's fiendish cruelty descended? Did he people with a relentless hand? Were confined himself with unfettered satisfaction? Did he wash their hands and all of whom knew that if the monarch's brutal engagements were not carried out, they would be the victims, continuously would pay the forfeit of their disobedience. The Members of Parliament were not the victims of Henry's cruelty? Know to his sore cost their proud monarch will, while the plebiancy of the land was overjoyed of the real champions servants of him who would not stop at stealing a judge that dared to administer impartial justice? Was a second Henry's hate was brought before him.

One of the most abominable, cruel and unjustified of Henry's crimes committed by Henry VIII. was his wanton and unjustifiable raging against the Protestants. Yet he had enough to do with the Catholics, and he had no time to spare for the Protestants, who were not so numerous as the Catholics, but who were more determined in their opposition to the Papal supremacy. Yet, the Protestants were not the victims of Henry's cruelty? Know to his sore cost their proud monarch will, while the plebiancy of the land was overjoyed of the real champions servants of him who would not stop at stealing a judge that dared to administer impartial justice? Was a second Henry's hate was brought before him.

Many of the most determined opponents of the Papal supremacy were Protestants, and their opinions were so pronounced that they

Farm and Home.

COOKERY FOR LENT.

Hints for Catholic House-keepers

SOUP MASHAL.—Four carrots, two leeks, one turnip, two large potatoes, and a bunch of dried peas. Put together in a cup pot with four quarts of cold water; boil four hours, pass through a sieve; add a piece of butter, pepper and salt, and a little more water. Boil for half an hour, and serve, adding a little boiled rice or sliced potato.

ASPARAGUS.—Hard-boiled eggs—allow the number as needed—into a basin, add a spoonful of cream, and a little piece of butter, pepper and salt. Take two ounces of butter in an omelette pan, and, while it is melting, whip the eggs thoroughly; when the butter begins to splutter, pour the eggs in and stir. As it becomes firm, roll the omelette, let it brown on a dish, and serve.

CONDIMENT.—In boiling codfish it should simmer rather than boil. Ten minutes is allowed to every pound of fish, and it must be taken out immediately when done.

OYSTER SAUCE.—One pint oysters; half a lemon; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one teaspoonful of flour; one teacupful of cream or milk; nutmeg and nutmeg. Stew the oysters in their own liquor five minutes and add milk. When this boils, strain the liquor, and return to the saucepan. Thicken with the flour when you have wet it with cold water, stir well in; put in the butter; add the cayenne (if you like it) boil for a minute; squeeze in the lemon-juice, shake it around well, and pour out.

SPINACH.—Cook spinach in its own juice; it requires little water, it must be washed thoroughly and have the stalks off. Put a half peck into a dry saucepan, sprinkle with a dessert spoonful of salt. This will draw out the juice. Let it boil for ten minutes, after it has begun to cook. Then put it in a colander to drain, and shop it very finely or pass it through a coarse sieve. For the sauce, put a tablespoonful of cream and an ounce of butter into a saucepan; as it boils, stir the spinach into it. After this, keep it hot where it will not boil. When it is about boiling, sprinkle with cayenne pepper, garnish with potato of lemon or hard boiled eggs cut in rings. If you prefer poached eggs on spinach: fill a small pan with boiling water, pour into this a tablespoonful of lemon juice; break four eggs on a plate, one at a time, and slip it into the boiling water. The lemon juice sets the eggs in shape. Wait till one egg is quite set before you put in another. Cook each about three minutes.

CELERY (BOILED).—Wash one bunch of celery thoroughly, and let it lie in cold water for half an hour. Cut in small pieces and boil in salted water for thirty minutes. Drain through a colander. After this, put back into the saucepan, add a tablespoonful of butter and a cup of milk in which a tablespoonful of flour has been dissolved; let it boil five minutes. Before serving, sprinkle with black pepper.

BOILED POTATOES.—Wash thoroughly and put them into boiling water, with a little salt. Boil thirty minutes. Afterwards drain and send to table in their jackets.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Take a pint of grated apple-tart, three eggs, and a half pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, half a teacupful of milk, the juice and grated rind of a small lemon. Mix the sugar and butter together, beat in the eggs and the milk. Then put in the lemon. This makes five dishes in single crust.

BLACK COFFEE.—Java and Mocha. Pour boiling water on the coffee. Cover the coffee-pot at once and set aside for a few minutes. Do not let the coffee boil. Serve in small cups.

Queer Things to Eat.

Grasshoppers have been eaten from the earliest times. The Scriptures contain abundant proof of this, and the law of Moses is very plain indeed in its permission to the people of Israel to eat "the locust after his kind, the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind. Every flying, creeping thing that creeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet, to leap withal upon the earth," was "clean," that is eatable, to the people of Israel (Leviticus ii. 22), and was unquestionably eaten not only by them, but by other Western Asiatic people.

There were two ways of preparing grasshoppers to be eaten. They were either stewed in wine and onion without cooking, or else—and this is the way they are still prepared for food in Syria and Arabia—they were boiled in salted water, their wings plucked off and then the insects dried in the sun, when they were ready to be eaten.

Ants are eaten in Africa. The traveler Junker relates that the chief of a tribe on the Mubarch river, in the Egyptian Soudan, sent him twenty baskfulls of ants for provisions on his journey. They are pounded into a sort of paste, which is said by Junker to "taste like hare."

Moths and butterflies have often been eaten, and the ancient Romans used beetles as food. The Brazilians greatly esteem a bug that feeds on the palm leaf. In Chili and Peru one of the national dishes, the *chupe de choche*, is a sort of stew made of potatoes and the *choche*, a beetle like insect which is found in manure and under stones along the water courses.

The old gentleman replied by answer, but the question strongly effected him.

"I beg your pardon," said the minister gently, "if I have thoughtlessly awakened in your mind recollections of a painful nature. The world is full of sorrow, sir, and perhaps my question recalls to your mind (?) a fair, beautiful girl, whose blossoming young life withered in its bloom. Am I right, sir?"

"No, not exactly," replied the old gentleman. "I have five unmarried derivatives, and the youngest of his 21 is 26 years old."

Entirely too Harrowing.

Young husband—Would you like to go to the theatre tonight?

Young wife—Yes, indeed.

"What shall we go and see—'Man and Wife?'"

"O, no! I don't like to see fighting on the stage."

American Appreciation of Worth.

Omaha dame—I am soliciting subscriptions for a monument to Mr. Blank, the poet.

Omaha man—Did he die poor?

"In absolute want.

"Are his children provided for?"

"No, but being a poet is just as long, I guess there some odd victuals this morning."

"Where is his wife?"

"O!, she's comfortable. She's in the poorhouse."

"I didn't know Blank was such a great poet as that. Here is $50. He ought to have a monument worth $50,000.

Cash Every Time.

Call lady (in dry goods shop)—What do you sell those goods for?

Clerk (selling boy)—Cash!

—Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in Dyspepsia, Asthma, Hiccough, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, Liver Complaint, and blood purifier, as proved by the "Sun." Use it and be convinced. Sold by all druggists.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh, but holds in relaxation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and is all wasting diseases, both old people and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

Family Fun.

Not Acquainted with Shakespeare.

In a will case before a court and a rustic jury Jere Black appeared as counsel for the contest of three sisters, and sought to break the will on the ground that the aged testator had, with the assistance of his learned brother, the counsel on the other side, cajoled and coerced the dead father during his dying hours into signing a will giving them all his property and leaving the youngest daughter out in the cold. Black, who was young then, made a great speech to the jury, in which "King Lear" very naturally appeared.

"Gentlemen, he said, the bedside, gentlemen of the jury, he exclaimed. Begin was there. But where was Cordelia?"

The jury remained out for some time. At last they came in. But the foreman reported that they could not agree. All of them except one man were in favor of the youngest sister, but the one man was not satisfied, and could not be satisfied about what he thought a flaw in the evidence.

"What is it?" asked the court of the obstinate juror.

"Why, your Honor," said the fellow, "if Mr. Gonerel and Mr Regan were present, as that lawyer said, why didn't he put them in the witness box?"

A Couple of Strangers Called.

"You see, the way of it was this," he was explaining to a patrolman yesterday; "I was in a misery spasm to-day, and I was cross in. They warned their hands at the stores, and one of them suddenly began sniffing and sniffing and then called out:

"'Say! Mister, you! Your kerosene is leaking all over the this cellar!'

"That rattled me, and I grabbed a couple of matches and ran down stairs. I was down there a couple of minutes before I remembered—

"Remembered what?"

"Why, that there was upstairs at the back end of the store—

"Yes, I understand. I hurried up to see if anything had happened to it. It was too late.

"They had robbed the till and gone, of course?

"Oh, no. They had gone around the counter, and my bag dog had corralled one of the potato-bins and the other between two molasses barrels, and was biting them at the rate of forty bites a minute."

"Then how was it too late?"

"Why, when I pulled the dog and locked the fellows over I hadn't the heart to kick them across the street. I just led 'em to the door and gave each one one kit spiece and asked him to call again. I wish I wasn't so shaken-hearted about such things—I really do."

Money in His Pockets

In Savaria no unmarried woman is allowed to speak on the street to any of her friends of the opposite sex, no matter how well she may know them. This is money in the Hungarian young man's pocket when he meets three or four of his lady friends in front of an ice cream saloon. It may be etiquette for a young man to speak at such times and places, but it is not policy.

Willing to Work.

Pittsburg tramp—"Madam, if you'll fill me up with a good dinner I'll saw some wood. I'm willing to work."

Woman (shortly)—"You know very well we burn nothing but natural gas."

Pittsburg tramp—"Well, gimme suthin' to eat an' I'll turn on the gas for you."

Poor Man.

"O, yes; they say he's very rich now. Still, I know the time when he used to walk around barefooted in mid-winter."

"In his early boyhood, maybe?"

"O, no. Since he's married."

"Impossible, Mrs. Bascomb! Why, when?"

"At night, when the baby had the colic."

About His Head.

A lady who saw a sailor beaten and pounded by a brutal Captain was made so ill that she remained below deck for several days. When she again made her appearance upon deck the sailor was at the wheel. In great sympathy she went to him, full of memory of the dreadful event, and said:

"How is your head, my poor man?"

He had himself forgotten the little circumstance, and, glancing at the compass, cheerfully replied:

"Wny-nor-west and running free, madam."

A Funny Story.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dumley as he finished a long chestnut. "Capital story, Featherby!"

"Yes," replied Featherby, "it's good every time, Dumley; good every time."

The Clergyman's Mistake.

"You have daughters, have you not, sir?" said a minister to an old gentleman with whom he had formed a mutual acquaintance as a fellow passenger.

"I have one left."

"Why, where is your other? I hope nothing has happened to her?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing, sir, but—but—I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you asked me about my daughters."

"Why, Mr. Gonerel and Mr Regan were present, as that lawyer said, why didn't he put them in the witness box?"

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MISCELLANEOUS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

THE GENTLE, YET EFFECTUAL ACTION of this great old remedy, Simmons Liver Regulator, makes it the best family medicine.

No household should be without it. It prevents as well as cures Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Nausea, Bile, Colic, Indigestion, Constipation, Fevers, Sleeplessness, Languor, Bad Breath, and short attacks brought on or aggravated by a disordered stomach.

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JOHN HIGGINS, : : Proprietor
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LATEST NEWS FROM ROME.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

On last Friday, in the Chanalor, he mounted his favorite hobby once again, and evidently denounced the practice of a chaplain at Charenton, the great public madhouse, as a "jest," and demanded that he should be dismissed. To the great surprise of the Doctor and the Chanalor, M. Hublet stood up to the defence of the chaplain, declared that far from being a jest, he was a consolation and a help to the inmates, and should not be taken from them. The Minister seemed so far as to grant this opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to the Sisters, who devote themselves to the care of the patients. Prince de Léon, acting on the principle that you must not take holy water from the devil office it, contemptuously rejected M. Hublet's generous homage to the Sisters, and sneered at him so rudely that he had to be called to order by the President.

Death of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons.

Cardinal Caverot, Archbishop of Lyons and Primate of the Gaulis, the oldest of the French Princes of the Church, breathed his last on Sunday evening, in the archiepiscopal palace at Lyons. His Eminence had long been ailing, and his death was not therefore unexpected. The malady which has had so fatal a result was not a painful one, but it was attended by complete physical exhaustion. Towards the close of last week his condition gave alarm to his friends, and at the request of the Vicars-General special prayers were offered up throughout the diocese for his recovery. On Sunday afternoon it was recognized that his state was hopeless. Fortified with the last Sacraments, and with a prayer upon the lips, the venerable Cardinal passed away at six o'clock.

The Apostolic Nuncio.

His Excellency Mgr. di Rende, Apostolic Nuncio to the French Republic, will be elevated to the Cardinalate at the approaching Consistory. Mgr. di Rende who is scarcely forty years of age will be the youngest member of the Sacred College. The pleasure with which the intelligence of his well merited reward has been received in Paris is considably marred by the prospect of the early departure from the French capital of a Prelate whose affable manner and brilliant accomplishments have earned for him the esteem and affection of all with whom he came in contact. Intimately acquainted with the complex relations of Church and State in France, Mgr. di Rende will be a valuable acquisition to the Sacred College, and a clever counsellor to the Propaganda.

The Papacy and Foreign Governments.

Amongst the preparations for worthily celebrating the jubilee now being made in Spain, France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, etc., there is a project to have a collective movement of Catholics to their respective Governments, requiring that the Sovereign Pontiff be offered the most efficacious and true guarantees of liberty and independence in presence of the fury of anti-clericalism. Bagnor Rebaldi, Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has become aware of this project, and has communicated his opinion to his colleagues, Depretis and Tajani, who in their turn are, it is reported, about to address circulars to the prefects throughout the country. The very surprising concurrence of rogue which have been employed against the anti-clerical press is considered as the first effect of the new ministerial tendency. Thus, the ministry which raised or encouraged the anti-clerical fury now attempt to quiet it down. Already the sum of 173,465 francs has been received from Italy alone for the Pontifical Jubilee, and this has been sent to his Holiness. The contributions to this gift have been halfpence and pennies. On the 19th of January the Superiors and Rectors of the various Ecclesiastical Colleges in Rome assembled, under the presidency of the Cardinal Vicar, to take the steps necessary for the holding of a Polyglot literary Academy, which will be held on occasion of the Pope's Jubilee. No city but Rome could, in all probability, bring together the speakers of so many different languages, all harmonized by love and devotion, to sing the praises of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A Carmelite Nun.

Miss Eulalia Mary Tuckerman, daughter of Mr. Samuel Tuckerman of Lambert's Castle, Westchester Highlands, was admitted into the Order of Carmelites, and received the habit here on Jan. 20th by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, at the Convent of Our Lady, John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, who was the priest officiating, and who baptized, confirmed, and gave her her first Communion, was present at the ceremony. The very surprising nonsense of rogue which have been employed against the anti-clerical press is considered as the first effect of the new ministerial tendency. Thus, the ministry which raised or encouraged the anti-clerical fury now attempt to quiet it down. Already the sum of 173,465 francs has been received from Italy alone for the Pontifical Jubilee, and this has been sent to his Holiness. The contributions to this gift have been halfpence and pennies. On the 19th of January the Superiors and Rectors of the various Ecclesiastical Colleges in Rome assembled, under the presidency of the Cardinal Vicar, to take the steps necessary for the holding of a Polyglot Literary Academy, which will be held on occasion of the Pope's Jubilee. No city but Rome could, in all of probability, bring together the speakers of so many different languages, all harmonized by love and devotion, to sing the praises of the Sovereign Pontiff.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new Catholic Schools, which it is proposed to build in Donegall street, Old Park road, Belfast, was recently performed by Most Rev. Dr. McAlister. For many years another necessity for school accommodation in Northern Antrim has felt by the Catholics of the Ballycastle district, and we, thanks to the zeal of the Rev. Father Crockard, the want is about to be met.

CAVAN.—The "Flies of Carnaghan" against tenants, has been adopted on the estate of Messrs. Jones and William Johnson, near Blackliss. The tenants, numbering 70, having been refused a reduction of 25 per cent., it was decided to adopt the Plan.

CLARE.—The tenants on the Ballycorus estate of Mrs. Hall and Miss Abbott, of Ennis, have paid their rents into the hand of Charles Gabbett Mahon sub-Sheriff of Clare, and, of the larger attending seizures and evictions in Clare.

CORK.—Mr. T. J. Conty, Sligo, Limerick, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace.

Paul Kingston and Daniel Sullivan, his son, tried tenants on the property of Mr. Wm. O'Connor, Bantry, were evicted from their holdings at Kealvinan, on Jan. 20. The latter, who represents a year and a half, has with a young Kingston was so afflicted by the eviction that she attempted to commit suicide in the river.

A death is announced, on January 23, at Cremore, Malahide, of Catherine, beloved wife of Daniel O'Brien, and mother of Dan Ryan, of Wagga, N.S.W., aged 70 years. She was a pious, good mother, charitable to the poor, and particularly attentive to the wants of the fishermen.

On Jan. 27th, there died in Cork, at an advanced age, an humble, but honest, and an oldest patriot, Daniel Beaslie. He was for ran the outlaw's hold career, and in '48 he took a prominent part in the Fenian movement, for which, the informer, sworn against him he was arrested after Judge Nicholas Keogh, and sentenced. He was transported again in connection with abortive rising in '67, but finding himself unable to stand the climate, he died so far from his native country, and, alas! without the consolation of seeing and praying for his daughter's (Mrs. J. Mahony's) residence, 72 Sullivan's Quay, on Jan. 30.

CARLOW.—At the Convent of Mercy, Rosscommon, Margaret Mulhall, in religious Sister Mary Agnes Joseph, breathed her last on Jan. 21st, details reported by a host of admiring friends. The deceased, the third daughter of the late Thomas Mulhall, Carlow, was but one of a family of twelve, all of whom, with the exception of themselves, who having left the world, devoted themselves to the service of God in the religious state. She entered the Convent of Mercy, Athlone, at the early age of sixteen, made her novitiate and profession at the time, and after having spent thirty-five years in the service of God, she died after having completed her fifty-third year.

DONEGAL.—The worst evictions in Gweedore were asked by some quite as severe as those of Glenbeigh, and the sheriff and the police were obstructed much more seriously than in Kerry. Rude hooting to the sounds of the evictions were rendered impossible and the people enabled to carry the town in the evictions. In one of the houses to be evicted the bailiffs found the tenant—a cripple. Only the outer walls of the evicted house have been completed, and it has the sheriff had to carry the cripple out of the house, put down open and replaced the tenant and his family in the house. Some of the rock jaws between the police and the people, and some powerful words spoken by the people, and some were arrested through the exertions of the Catholic clergymen who were present.

DUBLIN.—His Holiness the Pope has conferred the dignity of the Roman Prelacy on the first Catholic layman in Dublin, Chairman of the Dublin Catholic Chapter, Dean Law and Mr. Macaulay, of 41 Upper street, in the city of Dublin, Solicitor and agent under the Marquis of Ormonde's family Mother, of 11 George's quay, in the same city, and Mr. Edward Dillon, of the Hermitage, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, Mr. Stephens, the county of the city of Dublin, Solicitor and plaintiffs' dealer, have been a judged bankrupt.

GALWAY.—On Jan. 25th, Dr. Tully, Bishop of Galway, called on his professional adviser, Mr. G. G. Bodkin, Q.C., to inform him of his determination to resign the very active duties of his episcopal office, which confined, he said, he felt it his duty to do, he was sure, that the bishop did not consider it prudent for him to be overtaxed by any person. There was no slight of his time he regretted, and though he was sorry he had to refused to give half.

KILKENNY.—The Rev. Father Lee on Sunday, 13, 2, P.C. of Kilkenny, who since his arrival in Ireland, has been promoted to the curacy of Mrs. Hall and Miss Abbott, of Ennis, has paid their rents into the hand of Charles Gabbett Mahon sub-Sheriff of Clare, and, of the larger attending seizures and evictions in Clare.

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Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

Heavier the Cross, the nearer Heaven,
No cross—no crown, as God wishes!
Death, Judgment from this heart are driven,
Amid the world's false glare and ghost;
Oh! happy he, with all his woe,
Whom God hath set beneath His Cross.

Heavier the Cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded tree strikes deeper root;
The vine yields sweetly beneath
When men have pressed the clustered fruit;
And morning grass wears diamond gems
Like pearls beneath Australia's foam.

Heavier the cross the heavier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are;
If sky and wind were always fair
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Lauras would not be sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the Cross, the more aspiring;
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The saints of old Exile bring,
Long for the Canaan of their rest;
Those Will Come have no rest in sight,
And to the Ark they whelp their flight.

Heavier the Cross the easier dying;
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,
From life's distress one than is free;
The Cross exhausts life our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thus Crucified: the Cross I carry,
The longer may it dearer be;
And let I faint while lower I tarry,
Implant Thou scath a home in my
Until faith, hope, and love increase,
Till for the Cross the crown I wear.

* * *

Oh, human hearts! how strange it seems,
With so much woe, so much wail and moan,
That ye gather strength in the trial hour,
And cheap Calvary's Cross with such a power
Is there aught worth in Heaven above,
Where all is light and joy and love,
Than earth's tears upon its sod dare
In faith and hope, trusting His care
Who bore His Cross?
Then, Christian hearts, fresh courage take!
Your crosses carried; the Golden Gate
Will be open wide, and God's own hand
Will lead you home to that blest land
To crown for ever.

F. McGINN McHALE.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

From a far off eastern province in the land of grape and vine,
Where the sun, unclouded loveliness, the golden fruits ripens,
Where flowers of rarest beauty and rich odors meet our glances,
Overhung with cloudless azure sky—the sunny land of Palestine,

Came an humble peasant woman, dressed in poorest peasant garb,
Bearing something, which she guarded as a dear and valued prize,
All the savings of her lifetime, of her life of toil and sorrow,
Late and early had she labored hard upon her positive toil.

Now, she brings her little savings to a pilgrim bound for Jerusalem;
To present the Holy Father, as her loving gift from home;
Hoping humbly, as she gave it, with a child-like faith and hope,
That her gift, if suitable offering be accepted by the Pope.

She may hide the coin for small comforts in her sickness and old age,
But to have that she has hoarded like would her poverty sayings;
She had always worked with strangers, and that work she still would do,
As a bird and lone Providence no cold distrust she knew.

Thus she spoke, as in the pilgrim she consigned her hard-won gains;
Who so sure about her future, she' not s'en a sent remains,
In dam time Her Widow's tribute was presented without fail,
And during was the Pontiff touched while listening to the tale.

Unmoved not, 'mid sorrow, had remained that noble brow,
And pity to large tight tear-drops are glistening as it saw;
The noble, pure devotion of that honest, fervent soul,
Awaked in him feelings which he could not then control.

Pope Pius, with emotion, took the Fisherman's ring off his finger,
And placed it in the alms, as she' it were a hallowed thing;
The Widow's loving offering, she's simple one and small,
Clutch' Vine priest, for well he knew she received her all.

A holy alms—too sacred far—the saintly Pontiff for his use,
Yet, he said, aside, altho's Pope should avoid the sin of pride,
Yet as it is richest treasure which from affluence he has given,
Were thought one half as precious as that humble gift bestowed.

MONREE.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

The works of man shall crumble and decay,
His boast in brass and iron shall pass away,
But, say the inspired pages of Holy Writ and time
The Truth shall flourish in immortal prime.

Temples and towers shall crumble into dust,
Ships shall be wrecked and perish with the rust,
And all things that we see, hear, smell, taste and feel
Vanish from the earth, but Love and Truth are real.

The splendid crowds of pyramids and thrones
Can only remain in spirit when human lives are
Still moulder into earth without a name—
Not even one memorial of prominent fame—

But Truth, and Love, and Hope and glorious Song
Will triumph over age and time, and long
And those the dreams spirit in the night
When vice and vengeance battle with the right.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

THE HOMES OF IRELAND.

The blessed homes of Ireland!
In sunshine time they stand
Around the verdant hills and plains,
The valleys of the land.
As hallow'd shrines where treasures dwell
Dear, sacred within their walls,
Hearts let the roll of days tell
Yes! within their home walls.

The peasant homes of Ireland!
They are centuries old in sod
For which their fathers fought and died
When Tyrants would despoil
And round the ruthless hearths by night
Still echo many a toil.

Of daring deed and bloody fight
For home and country's land.

The noble homes of Ireland
! but memories dear are
What glorious feats of chivalry
Green land, for thy dear sake!
Their battled towers and turrets hold,
Spread on the breeze
Tell of the free, fair home of old,
Thy ancient pride, Ire'land.

The abbeys grey of Ireland
Are in solemn contrasting
Their silent and mouldering pleasure,
The aged and slender lady
There faith and freedom found a home,
And a thousand raided shrines
Tell of the sanctuaries love that Home
Hears to our holiest lays.

God bless the homes of Ireland,
Long may their virtues shine,
Vouchsafe bright blessings on them
Of love faith and love divine,
And may the Pontiff touched while listening to the tale.
Send forth the "wind and whistle" cure,
The balm—the tears—love.

—For 35 years Henry F. Hollins, of Hickory Man., suffered from rheumatism. He tried in relief till he took Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Literary Miscellany.

The Broken Crucifix.

A Tale of Prague and Mexico.

BY M. J. COLLIN

The young wife of the Marquis of Rosline, at within the contained alcove of her lonel tifial bedside, at her feet a lonely child, a shout eight summers, was sitting upon a low ottoman, engaged in the hopeless task of teaching her pet Fido to walk on his hind legs, suddenly the startled child caused the check and with tears, a fearful, unbidden, had fallen from the sad, unfamiliar eyes of the unhappy wife and mother.

In vain did the mother strive to conceal her emotion, and to restore the mirth of her only child.

The approach of Silva, Marie's familiar name, announced to them that the lonely had arrived for evening prayers. Kneeling upon the soft carpet, the three repeated, in unison tones, the *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria* and the *Credo*, and as Marie was about to kiss her mother good night, the latter, gently raising her head, motioned to the child and bade her to remain upon their knees. In obedience to the mandamus, they petitioned her Lady of Sorrows to obtain for them the grace sufficient to enable them to remain true to their faith in spite of persecution.

As soon as Marie had departed, the Marquis of Rosline entered. He was a man whose countenance bore the marks of irascibles, unregulated passions, combined with the severity which of St. Ov. he had not only ceased to practice but which had becomes disciple of Voltaire and D'Alembert, who constantly employed his wealth, liberty, reason and philosophy to destroy the faith, not only of the people of France, but of the laiest portions of the entire continent.

The marquis, like many others, did not realize the fact that true liberty is only to be found in the religion of Christ, and that our reason properly directed, leads to the content of faith, when that faith rests which requires revelation as the corner stone of its system, is really nonsensicpy.

So bitter were his prejudices against the religion of Christ, that he had more than once cruelly forbade the marchioness from attending church, receiving the sacraments, or instructing their child in the simple truths of the little catechism.

As he entered the presence of his wife, she at once detected, with a sensation of terror, that his countenance bore the traces of great anger.

"Madame," he exclaimed, hardly, "have you not once again been teaching our child your Papish prayers! how often have I commanded you to cease your superstitious work, and leave Marie's mind free to be influenced by the light of reason?"

Without raising her eyes, which were placed upon a small silver crucifix, resting on a marble mantel, within the alcove, the wife replied:

"I have before told you that my allegiance to that Heavenly Father is paramount to all other duties, and I can not dispense Him to obey your unreasonable, unnatural and diabolical commands. I shall continue to teach my child her prayers, and shall be the will of God to spare my life, I shall endeavor to raise her a true Catholic."

"Then you intend to continue to disobey me?" he exclaimed, fuming with rage.

"I can not obey man before my God."

"You will live to rue the hour when you trample upon my orders, and assume to control the affairs of my house. Mark, listen, if you do not renounce your superstitious and conse tending work of child contrary to my express wishes, I will drive you out into the world as poor as I found you, when, in a moment, I raised you from the Mendicant's lowly cot."

Saying the crucifix, which the lady vainly endeavored to protect, he crushed it beneath his heel, and left the apartment, with a frown, strode from the apartment.

Crushed, and almost heart-broken, the unhappy wife sank upon her knees, and implored the protection of the Blessed Lady.

Seating the crucifix, which the lady vainly endeavored to protect, he crushed it beneath his heel, and left the apartment, with a frown, strode from the apartment.

Crushed, and almost heart-broken, the unhappy wife sank upon her knees, and implored the protection of the Blessed Lady.

The marquis, summoning a carriage, at once drove to his club, composed of the following of Voltaire and St. Simon, of that class of man which led a Lacordaire to abandon worldly honors, and to become a disciple of St. Dominic, that he might appeal to the infidel mind, not only by the eloquence which captivated a hemisphere, but by the influence of a man, whose early appearance on the role of a legal practitioner, drew from M. Seguier the remark, "This is not Patin, but Bossuet." And yet, with a brilliant career open to him on the paths of the legal profession, he abandon it, and enters a religious order, so that, by word and example, he might appeal to that very class of frenzied agitators, of which the Marquis of Rosline was a type.

Leaving his faith at St. Cyr, where the order has often been overmatched for appealing the sermons, he encountered the ire of the army and of the club-hall succeeded in transforming a man noted for faith and, blind, bigoted, hatred of the Church and her services.

At the club he related what had occurred within his own house, omitting to mention his treatment of his wife.

The cross of Jesus! bravo! followed his recital of the story of his crushing the image of our Saviour hanging in the crown, amidst loud cheers, and the clinking of glasses of a blind reason, the marquis returned home determined to force his wife to immediately abandon her faith. The lie dared not for a moment also would do, rather than be driven from her home a disunited family, suffering all the infamy attached to that name, and without means of support.

Though a woman of rare culture and genius, the marchioness is only like had known the pangs of poverty. She was the only child of a retired officer, who had left a small pension on which to support himself and daughter. At his death she was left penniless, and was employed by the aged mother of the marquis as companion. Her grace and beauty soon won the love of the infidel son, and with her last breath the mother blessed the union of the young couple. With the flight of time, and from association with evil companions, the heart of marquis had grown cold, and his hatred of the Church intensified the dislike with which he now regarded his wife.

He determined to watch her closely and see if his orders were obeyed. The evening succeeding himself fatigued a heavy slumber overpowered his wife's faculties, the marchioness, Marie, and Silva kneel upon the floor and raise the cups of the cross. He waited nothings, hurting rolled the room from the alcove and child to leave the scene and ordered his wife to depart from the mansion. At the same time he threw a purse containing a few hundred francs at her feet. Seizing the faith cord, which for long suddenly, he commanded the valet, who was a man of no more heart than his master.

The marquis at once ordered his willing tool to take the marchioness away. In vain did the poor wife beg for her child, but the heartless lattie had her seized, placed in a carriage and driven from home. He had previously instructed his servant to take her to Genoa, where she remained for two years. The lonely, sad, broken-hearted woman died in a foreign land, and the child, whose name was Marie, was placed in a convent.

Marie, the child, who had been an unwelcome guest, could not give for any infantile affection, and could only trust to our all the consolement, telling her that she would see her mother in a long time, and to remove all feeling of dependence, she was assured that her mother had been paid for some weeks in advance, and that she had a home and a friend for life in the man who brought her to her lodgings.

The latter, a machiavelian refused to touch, and begged to be allowed to go in search of her child.

As soon as she was sitting enough, the two women, in the shadow of evening, drove to the residence of the marquis and asked.

This thought occupies, at some time, other, the minds of those who were in the crowded carriage.

Why was the surprise and agony of the poor child, when she found Marie had been sent to England and placed in a Protestant institution, and that the marquis had contributed with Maximilian for Mexico?

The marchioness could not ascertain to what place her daughter had been sent. All that she could learn was that the child had been sent to England. The poor mother crossed the channel, and made inquiry at many schools in London, Liverpool, Manchester and other large cities, but her efforts were in vain.

With a broken heart she determined on trying to leave United States, with the hope of finding some means of entering Mexico, and by force from her cruel husband the knowledge she craved above all earthly blessings. After a tour through the United States, supporting herself by teaching, manual labor, and by the sale of jewels to enable her to procure an humble lodging, she finally arrived at the capital of Mexico penniless, and with out any means of support. She found the city filled with wounded Mexicans and French soldiers, which was truly distressing and fearing the sentiments of her kind friend of the school, promised to be allowed to attend to them. One day, as she was passing through a public building, she heard a voice proceeding from a distant cell which thrilled her and kept her fascinated. It was the voice of her husband. Though she had not seen him for thousands of miles to rest him, because we are growing lukewarm in those matters. They deplore as among the heathens, as being "the leaders," or "the followers," of this and the other like cause, but they do not understand. The thought is cheaper and stronger in an iron, perhaps, than in a brass vessel.

Thus was the middle at the surface and made more noise.

Sleep a Preventive of Headache.

A sensitive writer says: "Sleep, of taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of this affliction will watch the symptoms as coming, they can usually tell that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. Then will come a yawn, or an hour, or even two, or nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late. For after the attack has begun it will be in vain to expect sleep until far into the night, perhaps. It is common, in those days for doctors to forbid having their patients waked to take medicine, if they are asleep when the hours come round, that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is far better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a wonderful preventive of headaches. Let the person who is subject to them, when he feels the first symptoms, go to bed and sleep, if he can, and he will wake in the morning free from the pain. Of course, he must be careful to avoid the causes which have led to or to induce the headache, especially this habit.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and vitamins, but it promotes the utilization of the fats and albumen. Palatable as milk and so well agreeing therewith, both by adults and children, is a marvel in food and medicine.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

The Hour of Benediction a Time for an Act of Reparation.

How often does we think of the happiness of those living at the time our Lord Jesus open Himself human nature, and lived among men. We think of those whom He blessed and of the consoling words addressed to them that received and believed what He said. We would like to be of that crowd which followed our Lord in His public ministry.

But this thought occupies, at some time, other, the minds of those who were crowded around the tabernacle. We can fancy ourselves in the Cenacle, or in the Garden, or in the chamber of Jesus Christ towards pentecost minutes. Magdalen at the feet of Jesus tells us what His Love will do for us! Also we wish the vows to break upon us saying "Thy sins are forgiven thee." St. Luke vii. 48.

Again, we think of the centurion, his faith, his humility, and of how our Lord wanted his appeal for the cure of His sick servant. "I will come and heal him. The centurion answering said: Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof: say only the word, and my servant shall be healed." The word was said, and the servant was healed at that hour.

We think of Jesus coming into the home of Martha and Mary, and of the joy of those two sisters. Their hearts were filled with reverence, respect and gratitude. Martha and Mary were the Lord's special benefactors. Mary takes her place at His feet, and listens to the words of Life. I am sure worthy that then she might enter into joy, but Mary hath chosen the better part.

Our chosen near to that of Mary. Let us be thankful for the privilege of taking our place home at the feet of Jesus, and of being allowed to present, every Hour in the Blessed Sacrament.

Now comes a truth which faith confesses and we must endeavor, greater than many of the loved of Jesus is with us. He comes to us, as any kind of foundation and dwelt, and spoke to them and received them hospitably, for in the Holy Eucharist He comes into our bodies, and is the food of our souls.

When we receive Holy Communion, we are partakers of the Blessed Sacrament, and is with us pure truth that he was with Mary and Martha.

Mary and Martha—life, we said, was at the feet of Jesus. Our Lord, in reference, reputation and attainment, but no loss of mind. "Two things is necessary."

Now the time of our conversion, Mary, natural disposition—from a life of vanity—to a life of prayer. Martha, of our ordinary—Where are the signs of our conversion? Where are the signs of our resolutions? These are the signs of our conversion, and the resolutions of our conversion? Where are the signs of our resolutions? Where are the signs of our conversion? Where are the signs of our resolutions? Where are the signs of our conversion? Where are the signs of our resolutions? Where are the signs

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ARCHDIOCESE.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— Mgr. Mermillod, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, has, it is said, decided to dedicate to St. Francis de Sales the University to be founded at Fribourg.

— Herr Windthorst, in the Prussian Lower Chamber, accused Prince Bismarck of being the real author of the Kulturkampf. The Chancellor denies the charge, but admits that he approved of the May Laws.

— Galeote, who so foully assassinated the Archbishop of Madrid, according to a dispatch has been declared insane by all the doctors. He will not, therefore, be executed.

— The Pope has signed the Commission for the introduction of the cause of beatification and canonization of Vincenzo Pallotti, the founder of the Pious Society of Missions.

— On last Thursday His Eminence Cardinal Edward Howard, laid the corner-stone of the newly-founded Canadian College at Rome. Cardinal Tachenaux and a large number of the Prelates and priests of Rome were present at the imposing ceremony.

— His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam presided recently at a meeting of the parish priests of the united dioceses of Galway, Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, held at Athenry for the purpose of selecting a successor to the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, new Archbishop of Melbourne. The choice fell by a large majority on the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Achonry.

— The local of another great Catholic family died recently in England in the person of Mr. John Redman, which took place in London. The deceased became a convert to Catholicity some twenty-two years ago, and the whole of his family have since then become priests or nuns. Their names are the Very Rev. J. Redman, D. D., the Rev. John Redmond, S. J., and the Rev. C. I. Redmond, S. J., and Sisters Clare and Monica, of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. May he rest in peace.

— The death is announced of Mgr. Francesco Marinelli, O.S.A., titular Bishop of Porfirio, and Sacristan of his Holiness. The deceased Prelate was for a considerable time confessor of Pius IX. The Pope, when he learned of the serious illness of Victor Emmanuel, hoped to employ the good offices of Mgr. Marinelli to secure the administration of the Sacraments to the dying King, but the Papal messenger was refused admission into the chamber of the dying King.

— The papers report that Dr. McGlynn has gone to Fortress Monroe for rest and recuperation after his long struggle with himself. We sincerely hope that with renewed strength and silent reflection may come that spirit of ecclesiastical obedience to the voice of God which is so highly commended in those who preach peace and good will among people of every station in life, and which is the only avenue by which Dr. McGlynn may hope again to occupy the high pedestal of priestly prominence from whence he descended to the plane of that political purveyor —Henry George.

— The "enterprise" manifested by the secular press in "reaming" the reading public with sensational news from Rome is certainly peculiar. The latest attempt to forestall time and truth in the selection of the next Pope, some sagacious scribe in Europe having selected Monsignor di Rende, Papal Nuncio at Paris, as the successor of Leo XIII. "The next Pope," says the prophetic scribe, "is to be a young man—that is well understood—and if Monsignor di Rende is not to say, the favorite. He has been carefully put to proof, and the verdict of authority is that he has been found prudent." What a wonderful interest outlings take in the affairs of the Church, and what vast wisdom they demonstrate in their desire to serve her!

— We are in receipt of the Appeal of the Brownson Memorial Committee of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, who are soliciting subscriptions in order to erect a suitable monument over the remains of the profoundest writer that ever labored with his pen in the cause of Catholic truth and light in this country. The Chairman of the Committee requests the MONITOR to receive subscriptions for this worthy object, and we will be most happy to publish any amounts sent to this office, together with the names of the donors. The importance of the project is apparent to every Catholic and its success should be shared in by all who have learned to love the great Brownson for the genius he displayed in the defence of the dogmas and divine character of the Church of God.

— During late years it has been the regular custom of those infidels and Papacy-hating Italians who take part in the Carnival in Rome, to burlesque—after the most blasphemous manner—the vestments of priests and the religious habit of Sisterhoods in the Catholic Church. Not satisfied with this desecration and public defamation of God's sanctified, the Satan-inspired blasphemers even went so far as to publicly caricature the Pope and even the Mother of God. The late Carnival in Rome, we presume like those that preceded it in recent years, hence Catholics will not wonder that the power of God manifested itself on Ash Wednesday morning by the wreck of whole towns and the destruction of many lives in Italy—the details of which will be found on the third page of the present issue.

— In the Catholic World for the current month Rev. Henry Hunter, D. D. LL. D., has a very interesting and instructive article on "Henry George and his Land Theorem," in which he reviews the lib-sided Logic of the modern Reformer of men's rights, property and religion, showing from Scripture, Christian teaching and common sense how absurd, untenable and even ridiculous are the land speculations of the Georgian pamphlet. Finally, from whom Henry George has filched the false theories on land which he is now publishing for pell and personal aggrandisement. We will print the important article in an issue in the next and subsequent issues, and we ask for it a careful reading on the part of all who desire to be correctly informed on the right of personal property in land.

— Commenting on the French attempt to pick men selected by political authority to death to become Catholics, the Western Watchman says: "It is often asked why so many become Catholics before execution. It is because men before being hanged grow up human respect, worldly ambition and dissimulation, and having lost fortune and name in this world, try hard to secure a better their lot in the next. If the heroics of the world we all hanged, seventy-five per cent. of them would become Catholics, and among the converts would be nearly all the preachers. Protestantism is a good enough religion for a man that does not want any."

— Now that the project of building a Catholic hall in this city has been endorsed by the Archbishop, we earnestly hope the Catholics of this city will evince the proper spirit of union and enterprise in its execution, so that the Catholics of San Francisco shall no longer have to apply to secret societies and others diametrically opposed to the Christian religion whenever they require a place to meet in. There are Catholics enough in this city to build and own one of the finest halls in the Pacific metropolis, if they would only shake off the lethargy which throws a pall over every project which does not pay a monthly percentage of profit. It would be a disgrace if this matter is let die out now through the unwillingness of those to assist who have the wherewith to help in this laudable and durable enterprise which will be a credit to all concerned when completed.

— The month of March, as every Catholic ought to know, is dedicated by the Church to St. Joseph, the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin and Patron of the Universal Church. Hence devotion to St. Joseph should animate every Catholic heart during this month. The great St. Theresa assures us that she never asked a spiritual or temporal favor of St. Joseph that he did not obtain for her, and other saints have borne witness to the same fact. Our Lord as a child was subject to St. Joseph on earth and His loved His foster father with that supernatural love which exists for ever. The Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child were in St. Joseph's care on earth, and has influence in heaven, therefore, is immeasurably great. Go to St. Joseph, therefore, during this month, in the spirit of humility, resignation and confidence, and see if the graces of God does not come to you and yours in response to prayers made with the right intention and in the proper spirit.

Death of Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet.

The serious illness of Bishop Blanchet, the patriarchal proto-Prelate of the Diocese of Nesqually, Washington Territory, culminated in his demise on last Friday afternoon, in the 89th year of his age.

A dispatch from Vancouver, where Bishop Blanchet died, conveys the information that the remains of the deceased Prelate were transferred to the Sisters' Chapel at the convent at 4.30 o'clock on Sunday last. The body remained there until 10 a. m. on Monday, when a Solemn High Mass was celebrated. At 3 p. m. the Office of the Dead was chanted, and at 5 o'clock the remains were transferred to St. James Cathedral where they lay in state all night, watched by a citizens' guard of honor. The funeral took place yesterday and was attended by the Prelates and a large number of the priests of both the Archdiocese of Oregon and also the Diocese of Nesqually, as well as a vast concourse of Religious and citizens.

We ask the prayers of every reader of the MONITOR for the happy repose of the soul of one whom we had the honor of knowing for many years, and who was the love of both priests and people for his humility and holiness of his inner life as well as by the great charity of his words and actions in his relations with the world.

Men in the world often quote the last words of statesmen and patriots long after they have passed away. But far more precious to the Christian mind are the words of those holy Prelates who are selected by Almighty God to be His messenger bearers throughout the world. Listen then, Catholic reader, to the legacy this dying patriarch has left to the children of Christ. Preserve in your hearts the last words that ever passed the consecrated lips of Bishop Rt. A. M. Blanchet, and let them demonstrate to you with what resignation a true Catholic should die. *"If I have done any good,"* said this humble servant of God with his last breath, *"Almighty God knows it. If I have done any wrong, I hope Almighty God will forgive it."*

What a sublime confession to a life devoted to God's service and spent in increasing His glory on earth! No eulogistic praise could add to the solemn and sublime grandeur of such a separation from the temporary to the eternal! May the venerable Prelate's footsteps long be realized in heaven, and may he shine like a star for all eternity!

Death of Cardinal Jacobini.

A cablegram from Rome conveys the sad intelligence that Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, died in the Eternal City on last Saturday afternoon. The deceased was born in Italy in 1832, and when but thirty years of age he was selected as one of the Domestic Prelates of his Holiness Pope Pius IX. He demonstrated such an aptitude for diplomacy that he was nominated Papal Nuncio to Vienna in 1874. Four years later he was created Cardinal, and after six years sojourn in Vienna, where his accomplished much diplomatic success, he was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to the important position which he held at the time of his decease. R. I. P.

About the Fraud "Maria Monk."

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Will you please be so kind as to inform a constant reader of your paper who Maria Monk was, and if at the time of writing the book entitled "Awful Disclosures by Maria Monk" (no escape) was the 'Bishop of Montreal' who gave any notice of it. By doing this you will greatly oblige a Catholic and Protestant in dispute over the matter.

A CONSTANT READER.

In answer to the above question we are pleased to inform the querist that the Maria Monk affair of which it was a fraud, happened long years ago, while I stayed with my father in Montreal, I never before told her "*Awful Disclosures*," of which the falsehood of the whole affair was exposed by the Bishop.

She now dwelt at great length on all that occurred during her stay in Montreal, and repeated what she had told me when a child.

"My father used to say that my mother's book was a lie, a foreign guard over me at the convent that such a woman should be my mother, and I felt humbled to the earth. I had such a feeling of shame that I could not look my mother, I now feel that my mother was not an impostor, and I believe that any one else who knew her would believe the same with stress aimed against that slanderer, from whom she was a refuge, and who was the cause of her being driven from her own mother, to be taken in charge by strangers, and to be disowned.

I have been told that my mother at eighteen was backward and wild, very unremarkable and had no education. She did not write her book; in fact, she could not read, and she did not know the only place certain singed facts which were changed by the man who imposed her name on the alleged disclosures and who alone profited by the sale of the book.

A priest, friend of my mother, with her disposition, unremarkable, and with a desire to do good, to repay persecution by kindness, and the victim of a heartless man, and driven out of her own home, and a prisoner, would naturally try to make friends among the visitors and attendants, by representing herself as a victim of a heartless tyrant of a father. And, in order the better to enlist their sympathies would take care to shape the story so as to excite the prejudices and pastilities of those whose good opinion she sought.

The tyrant and villiness of Ballston Hospital, was Maria Monk, and she was a patient there, and probably said Catholic. Then men of distinction, and of influence, and of wealth, collected facts and published them to gratify their prejudice, and to gain the approbation and support of swelling their own profit.

My mother may have known a few of the natural deformities of the Catholic priests, but she knew nothing of its spirit—and she could not have been conscious of the fall extent of the sin or enormity of her crime, when she made herself an accomplice of the wretch which lasts her name.

We should not forget to take into consideration her youth, and her misery, at the time that she wrote the book, and her hope of rising above her misery, that she would allow them to publish it for some years with no remonstrance against the libelous Maria Monk.

Most Catholics shrink with horror at the very mention of the name of Maria Monk, and I feel it more painful than His children; He judges the intent and the act.

I took out to exonerate my mother. It was indeed a cruel and unfeeling act on her part to try to blacken the character of nonfeeling and helpless, and entirely dedicated to the service of religion and humanity. But had as she was, she was a destiny her offspring; and let those who are without sin, cast the first stone. I will not be surprised if I pay to leave out of the man who were so near from millions of priests and people to the Throne of Grace. Hotel Dieu of their good sense, should have to plead for her unfortunate child, Maria Monk, of the proceeds of her book.

Mrs. Fickel has once become a convert to the Church and has done all she could to repair the injury which her mother perpetrated through the connection of calumny which disappointed favorite purposely published in order to injure the Catholic Church—well knowing at the same time that every statement therein was suggested by Satan, the Father of Lies.

The name of the infamous scoundrels who used the unfortunate mother of Mrs. Fickel, John Eckel as their cliffder circulating stool-pigeon, should go down in degradation to posterity, hence we give them. They were president Bourne, Brewster and Slocum, a trio of through fanatical frenzies who duped the public and robbed the unfortunate creature called Maria Monk out of the portion of profits promised to her for her share in the mystery. Such is a sample of the Satanic views of those vandals who lay their defaceled hands upon the holy characters of the Brides of Christ in the Church of God!

Two years after *Maria Monk* appeared, Harper & Bro., of New York, published a work entitled *Prodestant Jesuitism*, in which the "awful disclosure" was made that *Maria Monk* was one of the most pure and serious that were ever palmed off upon the community." Thus we see that even those who were most anxious to publish calumnies by circulating diabolical lies against the Catholic religion, abandoned the attempt to be confirming more but a tissue of foolishness and falsehood combined!

There were Protestants at this day who believe the absurd impossibilities called Catholic convents, nunneries, seminaries, asylums and institutions managed by differ ent Protestant Religious Orders, yet, even the time of the fraudulent *Maria Monk*, not even the shadow of any scandal had rested upon one of them! Candid, honest minded and large-hearted Protestants, therefore, have long, truly and naturally come to the conclusion that all Sisterhoods in the Catholic Church are pure as the night of Providence and models of morality to the whole human family. The Inlow company and community are the daughters of benevolence of some of the most respectable families in the land, and is link their names with licentiousness is a crime that cries to heaven for vengeance upon the traducers of those defenceless ladies who give up the world in order to serve God in works of Mercy and Charity.

Dobson, indeed, must that man be who can think evil of the Brides of Christ. His intelligence must not equal even the apprentice boy who delivers his master's eggs. On the contrary, he must be so stultified by prejudice as not to be capable of forming an opinion even when he lives in a community which is perfectly separated from the daily lives of every Sister in the adjoining convent. There are dozens of such institutions in Canada, and we glorify the combined bigotry of the land to point to a single law upon the constitution of their government, purity and good works generously alone for God's glory. The Sisters are the salt of the earth, and the more intimately an Catholic knows them the more will they despise the disreputable slanders forged against them by the malignant peddlers we have remarked on this brief but necessary *expose* of Maria Monk.

More Coercion for Ireland.

Jury-packing has been one of England's secret systems by which the brand of guilt has been been attached to innocent Irishmen. The juries that declared O'Connell, Mitchell, Meagher, Darrell and other Irish patriots who have been convicted of "high treason" as guilty of the crime charged in the indictments against them were all jury-packed with anti-Irish Protestants, or Oath-lacks who were traitors to their country and Jurisdiction in the sight of God.

It is with great gratulation, therefore, that we read a dispatch from T. P. Gill last week in which he says that the Catholics of Ireland have gained a great victory by means of the disagreement in the cases tremped up by the British Government against Messrs Dillon and other so-called "traversers" of the English law which prevails in Ireland.

Mr Gill publicly declares that the "prosecution has failed in spite of the open efforts of the crown judges. In the jury and in spite of the bold defense of that jury against which the Government ventured to make its last desperate stand. This is proof of the public opinion, avowed by the debate in jury-packing in Parliament, has begun to sink in Ireland, and I think the break-down may be taken as the death knell of jury-packing system. The Government, however will seek return at advantage. They will pretend it is proof that crime has been broken down in Ireland, and consequently it must be strengthened by coercion, for to this the Government is now hopelessly committed. They have enunciated again a policy whose first phase will be to transplant Ireland and Irish Bar into a state of disorder, which they will use as an excuse for coercion. They will then ask the House of Commons for a Coercion Act. Meantime they are pushing new rules of procedure in order that when the time for asking for coercion arrives discussion may be choked off.

Thus far coercion—the popular English panacea for curing the ills of Ireland—has been a magnificent failure. Gladstone, and will be interesting to watch the manœuvres of Her Majesty's ministers in this year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

Another Cure by Knock Consecrated.

Archdiocese, Kamaqui, Parish Priest—Knock, requests the publication in the Monitor of the following instances of the curative powers of prayer added by the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, received from the Chapel at Knock, County Mayo, Ireland. Following is the letter addressed by a farmer in Australia to Archdeacon Kavanagh:

MOUNT VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, November 11, 1886.

Very Rev. Dear Sir—I feel pleasure in being able to inform you of what I believe to be a miraculous cure. Some time ago I forwarded to you left eye. It was troublesome and most painful, and continued to grow and spread so my eye. I was advised by my friends to go to Melbourne and undergo an operation. But, fortunately for myself, I had a piece of the cement from the Chapel of the Apparition at Knock. I made a Novena to our Lady of Knock, put the cement into water and applied it to my eye. In a very short time, thanks be to God and to Holy Mary our Immaculate Mother, there was no trace of the cataract.

I believe it was all Mary. I have to thank our Lady of Knock for this perfect cure of my eyes. She is, as she is truly called, the "Health of the Sick" and "Comfortress of the Afflicted."

I remain, Rev. Dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

DOMINIC FANNIGAN.

— The Pope has signed the Commission for the introduction of the cause of beatification and canonization of Vincenzo Pallotti, the founder of the Pious Society of Missions.

Uniform Catholic Text Books. Lessons from the Lives of the English Martyrs.

(BLUE MOUNTAIN.)

In previous articles we have demonstrated the diabolical means which the tyrant Henry VIII adopted in order to extermin ate the Catholic Church in England, and now we will take our readers down to the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, so they may have some slight conception of the odious means by which Protestantism prosecuted its war of extermination against the Church. To explain the true faith of that by religious persecution and falsehood combined.

Anti-Catholic writers have tried to furnish up the bad character of Queen Elizabeth, by portraying her as a woman more armed against than sinning. But, fortunately for the cause of truth impartial non-Catholic historians have left sufficient evidence on the records of the past to justify us in saying that she was the most lustful and sensuous woman of her country or any other age. She was the daughter of Henry VIII., and a Catholic during her earlier life, but the sins of the Catholic Church her lord, was disgraceful, and when this fact flashed upon her mind in her mature years, it caused in her all the foul passions she inherited from her sires, persecuting father, and she placed herself upon her throne a fiend incarnate in lust, tyrannical and bloodthirsty. Such was the woman who was commissioned propagating or propagating Christ's religion.

Queen Elizabeth had not been long on the march of England ere an incident occurred which proved her much mightier than the Pope, and which caused the Catholic Church to lose a Bishop, and the world a saint. Christmas Day, when he received an order from a female sovereign to read Mass at Christmas Day, when he received an order from a female sovereign to read Mass at Christmas Day, when he received an order from a female sovereign to read Mass at

Farm and Home.

Penurious Husbands.

Undoubtedly there are so many spendthrift wives as penurious husbands, but when a wife does put conscience into the management of her husband's money, she should not be obliged to account to him for the exact manner in which she lays out every penny in the dollar. A wife who has not the control of a certain sum of money for her own private uses and charities is thrown into embarrassing situations and cannot feel either dignified or happy. She has trifling demands on her purse which her husband need not and cannot be expected to understand, but which she inability to satisfy deprives her of many simple pleasures, and is often the last straw in the burden of her annoyance.

If a wife has an income of her own, (and the majority of wives have none,) let her make the most of her early married life before her husband's affection has had time to cool, as it will be very likely to do after a while, and settle upon a regular annual allowance for her own use, and also for housekeeping purposes. A wife who is obliged to ask her husband for every cent and at the same time give an account of how it is to be spent, is very likely to lose respect and affection. To be obliged to make an appeal for fifteen cents for patching Johnnie's shoes; to have the sum doled out grudgingly with the early remark that Johnnie is too hard on his shoes, will hardly make man a seem a hero in his wife's eyes. A woman will strive doubly hard to see that her husband's income is laid out to the best advantage if she finds his generous and trustful. People are often penurious in the wrong place and spoil the ship for a ponnyworth of tar. A man who disputes his wife's economy in the matter of clothes pins, often spends in a day or two his own selfish desires, a sum that would make his wife happy for a month.

Engaging Manners.

There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed affected or foppish, the sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger whom one may recommend to our good regards, the unjarring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession: these will ensure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither a time throws away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

Advice for Over-Work.

The best receipt for overworked men, says the *Herald of Health*, is for them to drill themselves to work slowly, and to let them begin by learning to eat slowly. When they come to the table let them throw aside care and trouble, greet their friends with pleasant words and smiles, and make the hour one of true delight. Having once learned to eat slowly, let him—as will soon be easy—do other things with deliberation, calmness and moderation. It will soon become a habit, and when once well established will make life more sweet and lengthen it to near what Nature intended.

Over Supply is Not Hospitality.

Never overload a plate nor over-supply a table. It is a vulgar hospitality. At a small dinner no one should hesitate to ask for more if he desires it. It will only be considered a flattering tribute to the dish. At more ceremonious dinners, there is necessarily a greater variety of dishes, and trial each dish is not practicable. There is more elegance, more refinement in a moderate supply, where there is necessarily a greater variety of dishes, the most precious epicure must be satisfied with a little of each. The French understand better than the people of any other nation how to supply a table.

When a Man Should Know Himself.

As a man advances in years, he ought to know himself so much better from the various experiments he has tried from time to time that he need not try any, or many more. It is all very well for Nahum to buy a violin when he is seventeen and go to singing school the same winter, and in the spring of the following year he tries and see if he is not meant for a sculptor, and so with every six months to test himself on one side or another, till he finds out whether he is meant to be another Solon, or Cicero, or Aurelius, or Michael Angelo, or Mandelssohn, or Tennyson. Nay, the boy ought to try such experiments till he has found out what he can do and what he cannot do. It is his part to keep on trying them forever. He ought to know quite well by the time he is twenty-five what is the range of his abilities; and after that time to examine himself on the things for which he has been sent into the world. Until he is twenty five he is finding out what his degree is. After he is twenty five he is making use of his discovery.

Patient Workers.

There is one class of laborers who never strike and seldom complain. They get up at five o'clock in the morning, and never go back to bed until ten or eleven o'clock at night. They work without ceasing the whole of that time, and receive no other reward than food, and the plainest clothing. Though harassed by a hundred responsibilities, though driven and worried, though reproached and looked down upon, they never revolt; and they cannot organize for their own protection; not even sickness releases them from their posts. No service is deemed too great for them to make, and no incompetency in any branch of their work is excused. They die in the harness, and are supplanted quickly as may be. These are the housekeeping wives of the laboring men.

The Charme of Song.

Cultivate singing in your family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sang—bring them back to your memory and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together, to meet the varying moods that in after life come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in the very whirl of life, some little thing will wake up the memories of early youth, and we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces and the merry eyes of the schoolmates, some grey headed now; some moldering in the grave; and soon, "the song my mother sang," springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories. At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time popping to little hand, breaks in upon the train of thought, throws the mind into another channel, and light breaks from the cloud in the sky, and a new courage is given to us. The honest man goes singing to his work and when the day's labor is done, his toil-worn wife, and he on his way home, where his wife, tidy table and cheery fireside await him, he cannot help whistling or singing.

Family Fun.

News in a Nutshell.

Strange that women are not more extensively employed as news gatherers for the press! "Why," said Fogg, "Mrs. F. went out visiting Arbor Day, and, notwithstanding she had been gone less than an hour, when she came home she was fairly overflowing with new and recondite information. Our next-door neighbor had gone into bankruptcy and his creditors were meeting a sheriff in the street in our neighbor on the other side had been treating his family in a most shameful manner, and everybody was talking about it; a wedding was on the carpet across the way, notwithstanding nobody could see what he ever could see in her to fall in love with; two persons had been married out of the world just below us, and other more brought into it two or three doors above; Mrs. A. had got a new silk dress, Mrs. H. made over her old one, and Mrs. C. had declared that Parson Jones' wife wasn't a bit sociable. All this and much more beside. And I," continued Fogg, "might travel all over town, from now till mid-summer, and I wouldn't have found out the one-hundredth part of the intelligence that woman picked up in one short hour.

An Heroic Effort.

Wife (head out of a second story window)—Is that you, John Smith!

Husband (in the street)—Yesh, my dear.

Wife—Well, say chrysanthemum, or you don't get into this house to night.

Husband (hesitatingly)—Ch-Chrys-sythemum, m dear.

Wife (keeping down the window)—Good night.

Quite Necessary.

Two ladies had an amusing experience in making a formal call at a house in Lawrenceburg, across the other day. We said asked them to wait until she ascertained whether the persons inquired for were in. Presently she tripped down stairs and announced that "the ladies were not home." One of the callers, finding that she had forgotten her cards, said to her friend: "Let me write my name upon your card." "Oh, it isn't necessary, Miss ——" put in the maid, cheerfully, "I told them who it was."

Shakespeare's Mistake.

"Times have changed greatly, since Shakespeare's day," remarked Spriggins.

"Yes, just so," replied Fitzsmith.

"Now, Shakespeare said 'The apparel oft proclaims the man.'

"Well, what does it proclaim now?

"The dude, generally."

Puff's Egg Feat.

Paris was recently dining, when some one complimented her because of her beautiful mouth. "Pit is a very good mouth," said she, laughing, "and as large as you please—proving her assertion by cracking half a dozen large boiled egg in the shell, removing it a second afterward unbroken.

Not the Right Smell.

"And that is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snaggs, as she examined a piece of curious looking mineral.

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "And how do you get the silver out?"

"They smelt it."

"Well, that's queer," she added, after sipping her tea to the core; "I smell it, too, but didn't get any silver."

A Story Spoiled.

Mr. Homespun was reading a thrilling story of an accident, winding up with the usual formula, "Not a dry eye in the house."

"Why, Ma," said Fogg, "Mrs. F. went out visiting Arbor Day, and, notwithstanding she had been gone less than an hour, when she came home she was fairly overflowing with new and recondite information. Our next-door neighbor had gone into bankruptcy and his creditors were meeting a sheriff in the street in our neighbor on the other side had been treating his family in a most shameful manner, and everybody was talking about it; a wedding was on the carpet across the way, notwithstanding nobody could see what he ever could see in her to fall in love with; two persons had been married out of the world just below us, and other more brought into it two or three doors above; Mrs. A. had got a new silk dress, Mrs. H. made over her old one, and Mrs. C. had declared that Parson Jones' wife wasn't a bit sociable. All this and much more beside. And I," continued Fogg, "might travel all over town, from now till mid-summer, and I wouldn't have found out the one-hundredth part of the intelligence that woman picked up in one short hour.

An Heroic Effort.

Wife (head out of a second story window)—Is that you, John Smith!

Husband (in the street)—Yesh, my dear.

Wife—Well, say chrysanthemum, or you don't get into this house to night.

Husband (hesitatingly)—Ch-Chrys-sythemum, m dear.

Wife (keeping down the window)—Good night.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

THE GENTLE, YET EFFECTUAL ACTION of this good old remedy, Simmons Liver Regulator, recommends it to all.

No household should be without it. It is prepared as well as cures Torpid Liver, Headache, Nausea, Bile, Colic, Indigestion, Constipation, Fevers, Impoverished Blood, Fever and Ague, and even disease brought on or aggravated by a disordered stomach.

It has as equal as a Preparatory Medicine. No matter what the attack, a dose or dose of Simmons Liver Regulator will relieve and cure quickly. It is compounded purely of vegetable matter, and can be taken by the most delicate without fear of injury.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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CATHOLIC NEWS FROM EUROPE.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

ceremony "most imposing in all its details." Happy for him, had he but profited by his good impressions to reflect seriously on the salvation of his soul, and to prepare himself for a happy death. It is needless to state that the reputed letter from Mgr. Panico to the Cardinal Prefect of Propagenda relative to the re-conversion to the Catholic faith and reception of the Sacraments of the Church, is a fabrication, merely a manœuvre of the enemies. No such letter was either written or forwarded, nor would there have been material time for such minute to have reached Rome at the epoch of the publication of the false announcement.

Funeral of the Late Archbishop Vaughn.

Archbishop Vaughn has, at last, found a fitting resting place. His body arrived on Tuesday afternoon at St. Michael's Priory from Ince Blundell, under the escort of the Rev. Jerome Vaughn, O.S.B., of Fort Augustus, the Rev. Basil Hurworth, O.S.B., and the Rev. Ildefonsus Cummins, O.S.B., and was lowered into the grave as the sun went down, amid the plaintive peals of the church bells and the solemn chants of Benedictine Monks. The place where the Archbishop's remains now rest is in the vault which was prepared for the late Bishop Brown, and where that Prelate's body remained until it was translated, a short time ago, to the splendid mortuary chapel specially built to receive it. Archbishop Vaughan, therefore, lies in the cemetery of the monastic church, just under the east window. Here his body will remain in its simple grave, until the friends and admirers of the late Archbishop, both in England and Australia, enable the Fathers of Belmont to raise above it a suitable and worthy monument. The funeral service was performed by the Bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, O.S.B. After the arrival of the body, a procession of monks came forth from the church, followed by the Cathedral Prior, Canons in attendance on the Bishop, and lastly the Bishop, in cope and mitre. The *In Paradisum* was sung as they moved onward towards the grave. The grave was blessed and incensed, and the *Benedictus* sung, as on ordinary occasions.

Important Indulgence for Students.

A Decree to the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, under date August 16th, 1886, and which has been made public, accords a Plenary Indulgence to all the faithful, but especially to young students, who practice the devotion of the six Sundays preceding the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, or on any six consecutive Sundays throughout the year, provided that they confess and receive sacramental Communion on each of the said Sundays. The indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS.

Culled from our Australian and New Zealand Exchanges.

A new convent is to be established at Gerowa, Queensland.

A large grazer broke out lately on the Western side of the Paeroa Range, New Zealand.

Two churches were lately dedicated in Australia—one at Stockton and the other at Campbelltown.

Endeavors are being made to induce the Prince of Wales and inaugurate the Centennial Exhibition at Melbourne.

The death is announced of the Hon. John Maple-Ryan, M. L. C.—a prominent citizen of Sydney, aged 73 years.

Over £100,000 has been expended on the new cathedral in Sydney, Australia, which is yet in an unfinished condition.

The Vincentian Fathers have an establishment in Lyttelton, which has recently bestowed a hearty public welcome by Cardinal Archbishop Moran.

The deaths are announced of Sister Margaret Mary, of St. Joseph's Providence, Sydney; and of Sister Mary Francis de Sales, of Adelaide, S. A.

Archbishop P. Moran lately had an argumentative religious discussion with the Premier, Sir Robert Stout of New Zealand, and by all accounts, worsted him considerably.

The cause of Catholic education is warmly espoused and assisted by the Catholic press and population of Australia and New Zealand, and there is a great number of parochial schools in both countries.

St. Benedict's Church, Auckland, the largest religious edifice in New Zealand, was destroyed by fire sometime since. Steps were at once taken to erect a temporary structure for divine service.

A religious profession took place at St. Bridget's Convent (Sisters of Mercy), Albury, on the 13th inst. The Sisters professed were Miss M. Ward (Sister Mary John the Evangelist) and Miss Kennedy, (Sister Mary Columba).

Rev. Dr. Mathew Gilmoy, who was appointed Coadjutor just before the death of the venerable Bishop Grivon, was solemnly consecrated Bishop of Perth, Western Australia, on the 22nd ult. Cardinal Archbishop Moran officiated.

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New Zealand Catholics protest thus against exorbitant school taxation: The Catholics of New Zealand provide at their sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children. This is tyranny, oppression and plunder.

St. Mary's Branch, C. K. of A., Portland, Oregon.

The following is the list of officers of St. Mary's Branch of C. K. of A., at Portland: Spiritual Director, Rev. H. Orth; President, F. Campion; Vice-President, M. B. Hislop; Rec. and Fin. Secretary, A. Donnelhey; Treasurer, G. H. Springmyer; Sergeant-at-Arms, Martin Curry; Sentinel, T. O'Connor; Trustees, J. Wagner, W. J. Kennedy, and J. J. Fridels; Organist, Miss B. Orth. Membership, 35.

St. Joseph's Benevolent Society of St. Francis Chapel.

President, J. Lanzer; Vice President, T. McGinley; Financial Secretary, M. McMann; Recording Secretary, F. L. Durham; Treasurer, John Mullen; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Barry; Fanning and Charles Sanders.

—At St. Louis, or the six in lieu, the Catholic Mutual Aid Society was organized, the object being to provide a benefit society for the clergy of the Catholic Church. The seven dioceses numbers 162 priests, and a majority of them were represented. A constitution and by-laws prepared by the Vicars-General Brady and McMahon, and Fathers Hennessy, Coyle and McDonald were adopted, and a board of three directors appointed who were to select officers. A second Mass for the souls of the departed was celebrated.

—At the last session of the Franciscans in the United States, held in St. Louis, twenty-three houses of the order were represented. The following, among other changes, were made by the chapter: Father Dominic Pelletti, Pittsburg, succeeds Father McCarty at St. Peter's Church, Chicago, the latter going to Memphis. Father Symphorosian will be the superior of the house at Forty-fifth street, Chicago, and Father Lawrence will be assistant. Father Simeon, at present guardian of the convent at Frederick, Lynn, Father Paul goes to the true spirit of his Order.

The report of the process of the building of St. Saviour's Priory, Lower Dominick street, brings back such thoughts upon the history of the priory of Irish history to the days when the Priory of Friar Preachers stood on the site that is now occupied by the Four Courts. Dispelled of their possession by Henry VIII., and dispossessed, the Dominicans never abandoned their mission, and the continuity of the order of Friar preachers in Ireland dates from the century to the eleventh. The effort of the Dominicans to erect a Priory in Dublin at this time has met with generous aid, but the assistance of the public is needed, and it is to the time the Catholics of Dublin are called upon to contribute to this speedy accomplishment if so glorious a work.

DERRY.—The bold, undaunted body of Tenants in Derry and Derry are up in arms against the lordly Castlereagh have shirked the fight for 50 per cent abatement which they demanded and accepted the 15 per cent. offered—thereby proving that the tenantry are not yet the cowardly contemptible cowards. Their crown backdown seems to satisfy some people.

DOWN.—Mrs. Eliza Pottrell, widow of Sir Anthony Cassidy, Newry, died on Feb. 25, at the convent in Kilkenny. The deceased lady, who was known in religion as Sister Mary Stanislaus, was the daughter of the late Sir Thomas Pottrell, of Dublin. She entered Clonmel Convent in the year 1850, and was appointed abbess in 1861. She had attained her sixtieth and the thirty-fifth of her religious profession.

DONEGAL.—Mr. Swift McNeill, Protestant Home Rule member, has just delivered an eloquent address, Monster, by a majority of three thousand six hundred votes. In the one thousand electors in South Donegal only since three hundred could be got to muster for the Union. Since the last election, over four hundred Unionists have died or left the district, a temporary structure for divine service.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—Mr. E. D. Gray's paper, the Belfast Morning News, so recently had occasion to the National cause in the house of Commons, has given to the light of day a very extraordinary document. It purports to be a secret manifesto to the members of the police force, pledging against the evidence that forms upon the Irish Constabulary. The manifesto has been addressed to all the police barracks over the country. Landlordism is lashed unsparingly, and Dublin Castle is accused of being the head quarters of the system. The document is signed by the Secretary of the Irish Force. The circular states that there will be a desperate combination of the Irish people in order to stamp out any agitation that may arise up in reference to the question of evictions. The author or authors advised that petitions should be drawn up by the men of every county proceeding against the performance of eviction duty any longer by the men of the force, and winds up by calling on the police to declare against eviction duty. No wonder the Dublin Inspector at the Whitechurch evictions the other day, confessed that such work was repugnant to him and his men.

CORK.—Mr. Edward O'Callagan died on Feb. 1st, at his residence Tower Hill, Dunkettle, Cork. He was brother of the late Michael O'Callaghan who obtained distinction in the Crimean war, and was married to a sister of John Hope Hennessy of Cork.

Mr. Isaac Julian of Cork, after a lengthened illness has died at the age of 72. At one time or another he had been a member of most public boards, and in each he had given proof of considerable ability in dealing with affairs, as well as a lucid, unbending integrity.

—A son of £200 has been subscribed in Cork towards the fund of a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Father Delaney, Bishop of Cork. The meeting was held under the presidency of Bishop O'Callaghan.

On Jan. 30th, a man named Andrew Casey was buried at Dallycrossy, having reached the very advanced age of 107 years. He resided at Kilmeen, near Dallycrossy, for a long time previous to his death, and up to a short time before he died, retained the full use of his faculties and wrote fairly and seriously.

CLARE.—On Jan. 31st, upwards of one hundred tenants, on the estate of the Marquis of Conyngham, from the districts of Kilmaley and Ennis, assembled at the Ennis Court, C. C., matched in procession and under a banner, at the residence of the agent, Mr. Maurice Keane, J. P. Cash, with the object of demanding a abatement of 30 per cent. Father Hogan urged the reasonableness of the demand, and pointed out that a prudent and considerate agent should have no hesitation in adopting the proposal of the tenants, who, he said, were desirous of maintaining the friendly relations which have subsisted between them and the landlord. Mr. Keane, who had no authority to grant any reduction, said he would convey the wishes of the tenants to his principal, and let them know the result in a few days.

DUBLIN.—Father Jackman, provincial of the Irish Franciscans, has received in private audience of his Holiness Leo XIII. on Tuesday 27th, of January.

The Very Rev. Father Paul, Novice-master, has been elected Provincial of the Irish Province of the Capuchins. This important appointment is a further step in the direction of the consolidation and perpetuation of the order, observers of the Rule instituted by the Very Reverend Father Francis, at present a child of the order, and the Very Reverend Father Paul possesses the confidence of his brethren.

The report of the process of the building of St. Saviour's Priory, Lower Dominick street, brings the mind back through years that the centuries of Irish history to the days when the Priory of Friar Preachers stood on the site that is now occupied by the Four Courts. Dispelled of their possession by Henry VIII., and dispossessed, the Dominicans never abandoned their mission, and the continuity of the order of Friar preachers in Ireland dates from the century to the eleventh. The effort of the Dominicans to erect a Priory in Dublin at this time has met with generous aid, but the assistance of the public is needed, and it is to the time the Catholics of Dublin are called upon to contribute to this speedy accomplishment if so glorious a work.

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Market Report.

MONITOR OFFICE,
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Fluces—Superfine ..... 2 25@2 50
Extra, family ..... Nominal
Flour ..... 1 62½@1 87½
Feed, ordinary ..... 1 25@1 30
Feed, fine, wholesale ..... 1 35@1 40
Corn, Cracking ..... 32 50@35 00
Corn, Chicago ..... 32 50@35 00
Oats No. 1 feed ..... 1 30@1 35
Barley ..... 1 15@1 17½
Buckwheat ..... 1 50@1 55
Hay—
Hay, f'r, wholesale ..... 5 50@6 50
Turkeys, ♀ lb wholesale ..... 1 0@17
Ducks, ♀ doz ..... 1 00@9 00
Geese, ♀ pair ..... 1 75@2 00
Broilers ♀ doz ..... 6 50@7 00
Hens, wholesale ..... 5 00@6 00
Old Roosters ..... 5 50@6 00
Eggs—
Choice, ♀ doz ..... 20@22
Butter—
Choice fresh roll ..... 17@19
Fancy ..... 20@22
Choice ..... 18@19
Cheese—
Domestic ..... 11@11½
Eastern ..... 12@13
Wool—
Wheat ..... 11 00@13 00
Potatoes—
New Southern Coast ..... 1 00@1 25
San Joaquin ..... 1 00@1 25
Humboldt ..... 1 25@1 50
Mats—
Wholesale ..... 4@6
Mutton, wholesale ..... 4@7
Veal, wholesale ..... 5@6
Pork, wholesale dressed ..... 4@6
Eastern Sugar-cured Hams ..... 12@13
California Hams ..... 10@11
Bacon ..... 10@12
Lard, ♀ lb wholesale in kegs ..... 7@8
Onions—
Yellow ..... 1 50@1 75
Cabbage, ♀ 100 lb ..... 1 50@1 75
Turnips, ♀ 100 ..... 1 50@2 00
Onions, California ..... 1 25@1 50
Garlic ..... 8@10
Green Peppers ..... 8@10
Beans—
Bayo ..... 1 75@2 00
Garlic, ♀ lb ..... 7@8
Seeds—
Celery, ♀ lb ..... 60@75
Mustard, ♀ lb ..... 6@7
Millet, ♀ lb ..... 6@7
Hops—
Hops ..... 10@17
Hides—
California Dry, ♀ lb 15
Dry Kips 16
Calf Dry ..... 17@18
Salted 10
Salted Kips ..... 9@10
Sheep Skins, each, shearlings ..... 10@25
Dressing Pelts—
Green Apples, ♀ box ..... 75@1 25

MARRIED.

[illegible]

DIED.

[illegible]

TIPPERARY.—Henry Charles White, Esq., Clonbrilla, Goresbridge, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Tipperary.

WATERFORD.—Mr. James Robertson, the manager and co-partner in the extensive iron foundry of Messrs. Robertson, Limited, of Waterford, died on January 29th. Mr. Robertson had taken an active part in public life, he devoted himself with success to business, and amassed a large fortune. He was a Protestant, and was, who lived with his parents at Ballyduff, Co. Waterford, with some other boys, he was knocked down and driven over by a porter van. His injuries were so severe, his head had smashed, the skull was badly fractured. He died very shortly afterwards.

The retirement of Mr. Richard Power from the representation of Waterford has made one more gap in the ranks of the old brigade. Mr. Power entered Parliament so far back as 1852. For several years he acted as one of the whips of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and was, perhaps, the most efficient whip, which it has been the good fortune of the party to have possessed. He was one of the "seven who broke the back of the Famine fight on the Sixth Bill, and in many a fray since then he has shown himself by his party in all its various fortunes.

WEXFORD.—In the Augustinian Church, New Ross, on Sunday morning, the Rev. Father Dunne, formerly resident and blessed, Father Mahony, Crossmolina, assisted by Rev. Father Kavanagh, Ballycanew, married to a local merchant, Mr. James Hutchinson, in presence of the deceased members of his family.

WESTMEATH.—Mary Stormont, of Longbonderry has evicted Mr. Mullen, one of the Mullen family, who have been in possession for a long time. The Mullen has now accepted his death sentence. He has thrown down the position to the entire tenantry, and to the spirit and the manhood of the people of Westmeath. Mr. Stormont has now to face the odium, not between his agent and the tenant could make, and he will undoubtedly find that "Public" is in sympathy with Mr. Mullen, and that the sympathy of every honest man is the county.

PRESENTATION CONVENT FAIR.

Following are the winning numbers of the articles disposed of at Exhibition at the Presentation Convent Fair recently held in Fair's Hall, Taylor St.—Lot 1, Lady Chair, 1; Lot 2, Table, 2; painting of Israel Shepherd 13, Lot 3, Table, 3; Lot 4, Table, 20; pastel drawing, 21; Lot 5, Table, 4; Lot 6, Table, 5; Lot 7, Table, 6; Lot 8, Table, 7; Lot 9, Table, 8; Lot 10, Table, 9; Lot 11, Table, 10; pastel drawing, 22; Lot 12, Table, 11; Lot 13, Table, 12; Lot 14, Table, 13; Lot 15, Table, 14; Lot 16, Table, 15; Lot 17, Table, 16; Lot 18, Table, 17; Lot 19, Table, 18; Lot 20, Table, 19; Lot 21, Table, 20; Lot

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.
THE OLD MISSION.
SPECIFICALLY DEDICATED TO REV. J. J. BURGIN.

Slowly the day king is sinking
Into the western sea,
And they his cousin splendor
Fade through twilight's dusky gloom;
Softly the soul breaks shading,
Sole Nature's solemn repose,
Twaing a weird mystic anthem
Round these ruins so gray shadowy.
A wondrous peace breeds about thee,
Oh! sage of the western main,
And a feeling of sad melancholy
Fills my soul as I gaze on thy face;
Tis a strange sea, this to the reverence
That we feel in the presence of age,
When we wantly turn from the present,
Pleading Memory to turn back a page.

Oh! fair is the scene primeval
Most thy sunny fields have spoused,
As it teemed ere Nature's first beauty,
And shyness in glamour rosewy
Wen the bells calling clear from the belfry
Called the child of the forest to prey,
And the dusky faced throng from the wigwam
Filled the aisles on a calm Sabbath day.
On a quiet, yet a soul-soothing picture,
Did the glorious morning sun beam,
As it flowed through the oriel window
Down the nave in one dazzling stream;
And the heart of the lad was an echoed,
As simply the enchant he'd like,
For it seemed if the Heavens attends set
Of a world that is brighter than this.

But Progress has swept all before her
In a feverish and ambitious haste,
With a hand—yes, and ill destruction—
Which a Godfearing people erased;
And now other Temples are replified,
Breathe prayers of petitions to save,
And mormon "Regeneration is Pure"
For those who lived in the grave.
But mortify still the bells echo,
And loud on the clear morning air,
Tis call to the "Gateway of Heaven"
Oh! ye people, leave labor and care
And behold the great Holocaust rising
To the Throne of the Infinite One,
Verifying that "His shall be offered
From the rise to the set of the sun."

How many a crushed reed was lifted
To bask once again in the light,
As the peaceful mesmeric of Heaven
Dispelled from the soul sin's dark night;
And in Spirium, when all nature rejoiceth,
How often young hearts were thrice blest,
As they joyfully hailed for the first time
Their Saviour and King in such breast!
A prisoner returned than wert ever,
From trials and temptations to save,
An oasis in life's weary desert
That sheweth faint hearts towards the grave;
For the infant received his great reason
In the sacred Baptismal rite—
Then dight pilgrim's thy through life those same footsteps,
Even brightening Death's awful night.

I could sing of thy peaches forever,
As I pass on these turrets so old,
But my heart is becoming so dreary,
And my shynine grows paler and cold;
For Time is lowering about thee
His wield and mysterious spell,
And fain would I lay thy form sleeper
As softly I left to thy shell.
Then commend to our care the who
Of them words that forever shall burn:
"Earth is earth and ashes to ashes,
Dust thou art and to dust shalt return;"
For what are we all but the relics
Of crumbling antiquities and dreams,
Our journey and dark understanding
Illumined by flickering gleams.

But, oh! thou art grand and majestic—
Yes, o'ns in this modern alms,
Thou hast stood so firm and defiant
Unbent the relentless destructive of time;
As an emblem of that mystic Body
Whose foundation were laid ere time fell,
Against which the Infernal regions
May rise up, but never prevail!
And oh! 'tis a sweet consolation
To feel that when life's sorrows cease
We shall rest 'neath thy shade while the night wind
Murmurs softly a requiem of peace;
Oh! then may we feel that assurance
The hope of the Christian sublime—
That God will at last in His mercy
Raise our souls from the ruins of time.

ARNIE J. WHITE.

San Francisco, Feb. 26, 1887.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]
PAINTING LIFE PICTURES.

I longed to paint me a picture;
Colors dark and bright
Were placed on the palette, all ready,
But alas! for the proper light!

Great trees was sky, for surely
The sky hangs over us all;
Shield, darkness and dreary,
And sadness rolls drops fall—
Or, perhaps the other's all sunshine,
As a beautiful silver glow
Of the heavenly light beyond it;
And peopling shades and colors
Moving restlessly, too and fro,
Intense as anger, human hearts,
Burning in fated glow!
Relics of the Eternal Promise
To rather into below.

"Pity have their reward, (Christ speaketh)
Verily I say unto you,
Be the frame at last holds the picture,
Be the artist false or true;
This is a truth—set one thinking,
(As when tale oft told)
Each artist will touch from his palette
Whatever the colors it hold.

The colors will be clear in the today,
Or in vague shires severe of doubt,
And a heroine despair in the shadow,
Which somehow never turns out;
Else, but shadowy semblance and shrinkin,
From the light (analogy of years)
Artist, in handling your brushes,
(With coloring of sunshine and tears)
Oh, never shrink, never hide
In stretched the black canvas of life,
And gloom in the clouds and the shadows,
The tinging of joy or strife.
Pray the Angels arrange as our studies
Of colors and fine effect,
And the earth, a sweet dark of the blossoms,
In a plaining of moonlight reflect;
E'en U desert land, lonely and barren,
Stretches wearily on before,
The sands are tinged as golden
Like a drift from the heavenly shore.

TERRIE.

San Francisco, Feb. 27, 1887.

Important to all Who Work

for a living. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, valuable work you can do, which will bring you pay you can make from $5 to $10 and upwards a day, and in your own locality wherever you are located. Capital not required; you are started free. All apparatus, book, etc., free. Great business before those in the work. Form, now avail all workers with large profits.

Dr. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY—St. Bridget's Church—Portland, Jas. M. Barnett; Vice President, F. J. Thomas; Secretary, William McMahon; Treasurer, John J. F. Sullivan.

Literary Miscellany.

What the Snow Did!

An Incident of the Late Snow-Storm in San Francisco.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY M. M.

"It's what a cold day it has been, I do snow in the air," I hear my mother say, as the front door opens and a strong draft blows through the house.

"It is indeed very cold, we do not often experience such weather in our temperate California climate; but now! oh! if it only would fall," and I draw aside the heavy curtain and gaze out into the dreary, dark day's fury of the rain storm has passed away, and a momentary lull has come. The heavy clouds that stretched like a dark pall from horizon to zenith, have spent their fury and have been blown aside, disclosing a pale, trembling moon. But to the south, great, black, storm-laden clouds loom up with an ominous scowl, and though the placid smile of the queen of Night floods their forewoms with an apparent softening peacefulness, yet they soon will spread their sable wings across the sky and hide her from sight. But now the moonbeams are flooding the vault of Heaven with mellow and dreamy splendor, and, as I musingly gaze upwards, the soothing spirit of Heaven attends me. Snow! how well I remember, though only a little child of six years, when I first reveled in the glory of a snow-storm. How it seems that time of childhood and the little New England village!

As I stand by the window I seem to pass through a strange scene. It is a dream of promise, or a vision of substantiveless phantasies! Or has Imagination reproduced in the gallery of memory a meaningless sketch of impossible occurrences! I am in the midst of a plain. Far away in the white moonlight stretches a field of glittering snow bounded only by the azure dome that sinks in the distance into a rim of blue black horizon. I look upward, and lo! through the clear, exhilarating air descend two fair and queenly forms. They are angels, if I judge by the seraphic beauty of their countenances; they are snow-maidens if I judge by the texture of their nestling loveliness. Between them they bear a wreath of crystal beauty, nearer they come and press it on my brow. I start—I try to remove the wreath—with a commanding gesture they dissuade me, and together address to me these strange words: "We bring life and strength to thee." I turn to look at them—to trembingly ask the import of their message—I glance wildly around, grasp at something, start, and open my eyes, but—the parlor windows are shining in the moonlight, and the fair forms of Damnah curtains are around me. I feel troubled and leaning my throbbing head on my hands try to disentangle the perplexing cords of mystery that bind my struggling thoughts, but the soul I try to grasp eludes me, swaying just out of my reach, and I cannot, I cannot, I cannot!

"Well, I declare! here she is, frown to the window, come to the fire, little girl, and thaw out."

It was my brother Frank who drew me from my retreat to join the cheerful group around the fire. We had company, old friends lately from the East, who were spending the holidays with us; for this was New Year's Eve, the last day of 1852. I listened the fun in an animated discussion; the Easterners were maintaining that our wonderful western climate was "all stuff," while Frank, our champion, inveighed against the injustice of judging the rule by an exception.

I dreamed that night of snow, and awoke thinking I was drifting through huge heaps of polar ice, or wandering through castles formed of great glaciers; but in reality it was very cold and the dreary rain was beating against the windows.

Mass was over in the church, and the lay brother was extinguishing the tapers, when over the pews breathed the assisted whisper "it is snowing." It was some moments before the pacing aisles were cleared enough for me to leave the pew, and then, kneeling for a hasty prayer at the altar of the Sacred Heart, I was all but fainting. I had often seen before—one of those people whom we sometimes know and love intuitively, although they are actual strangers to us. I did not know her name nor where she lived, only that she was good and holy. Often the fire of her fervent living devotion warmed into life my own languid faith, and as I glanced now at her pale sweet face I thought I had never seen such perfect peace and quiet repose on human countenance before.

In the vestibule, I was detained by some acquaintances, though I was dying to be out in the snow, and when at last I was free I stood on the porch. How I loved this anxious familiar scene! I felt a new life thrilling through me. Down drifted the silent flakes, covering the roughness and blackness of the great city in a smooth white mantle of spotless purity. On all sides was the inevitable small boy who, though perhaps he had never seen snow before, is accepting so handfuls to fire at his fellows, or at some horror stricken individual, whenever one of those patient pagans would venture into sight.

At last when I was ready to descend the steps, I noticed the old lady I mentioned above, slowly and painfully going down the slippery stone steps. She seemed so feeble and trembling that I feared she would fall, and hastening to her abruptly said: "Lean on me, Madam." She looked straight in me for an instant, and then said as she laid her hand on my shoulder: "Thank you, my child." When we reached the sidewalk she seemed very much frightened at the confusion and shouting of the excited men and boys, varied every now and then by the crash of breaking glass, and she said "Oh, why didn't Ray come," then turning to me, "you are not afraid?" "Oh! no Madam, I love the snow and I am sure that we shall not be hurt," replied as a snowball was flung against the frame beside us. But her only answer was a dolorous shake of the head and an involuntary grasp at my hand. I hurried alarmed sentiment far from the church and comforted to see her safely home.

was right, for when we came to a pretty little cottage set in a large garden, she swung open the gate, and when I would have said good-bye, she shook her head, "No, no, my child, you must come in and not while, at least until it stops snowing." "Ray, I attempted to speak, "I won't let you go; I know who you are, my dear, I have heard Father Joseph speak of you; you are the child you have no relatives," she abruptly exclaimed, as running her eyes over my attire she also seized this omission.

"No, Madam, they are so unmerciful."

"You feel bound to go home to-day, right in this minute, you'll catch your death," and the persuasive old lady hurried me up the path and ushered me into a snug little parlor where a bright fire was blazing. Then throwing off her shawl and bonnet, she insisted on unfastening my cloak and drawing a low chair to the fire, bade me lay my feet upon the fender and have a good time. I was thoroughly enjoying the warmth and comfort of my novel position when I heard a manly voice say

"Mother I thought I heard you talking to some one. Are you alone?

"No, there is a little girl with me, and you may think her that I get safely home."

"Snow! mother, are you dreaming! But no—it actually is snowing. This is the first I've seen of it. I've been reading and didn't notice or I had gone for you myself. But who is this female girl?

"Little girl! I'm not a chaperon," replied his mother

"I thought so. I rarely believe you go to church to make acquaintances. It used to be old fogeys, and now it's little girls. Can't you pick up a stray young lady for me?

"Stay! I'm your own young Ray," I hear the old lady answer, and then she cause in with a cup of tea.

Seeing the amused expression in my face she added in a low tone. "Ah! you have heard him! don't mind him, my dear, he is only quizzing. There isn't a better boy in the world than my Ray."

Then we talk of the sermon, and of Father Joseph. She is, I find, a delightful, sympathetic, interesting but never unbearable conversationalist. Just fastidiously we indulge the pleasing discovery that we have many friends in common, and I altogether it is a delightful half hour I spend with my new friend, and regretfully I rise to go. With genuine hospitality she speeds her parting guest, first over my cloak, then my hat, all the while talking volubly.

"I am so sorry you must go, my dear, but then mother can be anxious. Be sure and come to see me again. From seeing you in church I wanted to know you, and now there is nothing to prevent it! hope!

"I will be very happy to come," I reply, "I feel as if we were old friends now."

"Do you dear! the dissatisfaction, kissing me, and then before I can prevent it she is in the hall calling, "Hey, Ray, come, I want you to take him home home with me and I don't want him," I think; but it is too late, Ray comes and we are introduced. He extends his hand when he hears the name I give—Marion Stanley. Their name I know through my foolish embarrassment. It is decided that I must go home with him. Mother insists on my taking her arm, and I answer, Candidly, Frank's coming does not interest me just then!

Soon we hear his cheery voice calling us, and Mrs. Clifton brings him out on the balcony. It is getting late and Frank tells me to get my things as he cannot be long gone. Mrs. Clifton urges me too, but Frank grins slyly at me, and maliciously says: "I guess I can take care of her."

"Oh! I can, I can!" Ray protests, "you're too fond lately of gazing at the moon," and Frank blushes and says no more, we all laugh.

"What is her name, Frank?" I inquire as that individual continues silent.

"Who? mother?"

"The lady Ray tells me you are thinking of."

"Mary likes company, eh, Ray?" says Frank, "I was thinking, as that I ought to congratulate myself, -I am a born matchmaker."

"Ass!" Ray exclaims, "you had nothing to do with it."

"That's all right, if I did any more I'd have equaled a new, Hallo! Ray!"

"But we do not admit his logic.

"It was Hate," says Ray solemnly.

"It was the error," I retort.

"I accept the exception," answers my lawyer lore.

Cherished Closet Skeletons.

Baron Hemickstein was a banker in Vienna, to whom I had letters of introduction, writes a correspondent of the *Chicago Times Leader*. With some friends I called on him. He received us cordially. When our business was completed he invited us to visit his private museum, which filled an upper floor of the lofty building. He said he was the noble banker some fifty years to form this collection of rare and valuable curiosities. After making the tour of the hall the baron drew from his pocket a massive gold key, and unlocking the door of one end-bolstered or to follow him into a smaller hallway room, his entering was arranged about it a series of tall and narrow mahogany cabinets, the doors of which were kept equally three open, disclosing to our astonished gaze a grim and ghastly human skeleton in each.

"Ladies," said this extraordinary man, "I put me introduction you to this select circle of my intimate friends—friends, ladies, in my lonely hours, when I am cursed nothing. Here is my beautiful Rinka, the love of my youth, who can aside from the baron, the room stood alone. But it was not until twilight fling her tissue of purple mist over the earth that I realized the glorious beauty of the scene before me. From the balcony, the eye ranged over a vast extent of stately, lofty mansions spread over undulating fields and from sloping valleys to the summits of azure-piercing mountains. Then a fair triumphant moon shone forth, and mounted in a silvery haze that sloped drifting clouds in a mellow glory, and the frame for this sweet picture was the far-off mountains, that rose, a pleading rim, to guard the fair dreaming loveliness.

But my reverie was broken by Ray calling, "Snowbird! You, it was himself here plained, he wears in the city on business, and must go back in the morning, but he couldn't resist the temptation of "seeing the folks," and then we both became absorbed in the strange scene before us. But soon Ray tells the true reason for his coming—to let me know that he loves me, and to ask me to be his wife, and my answer is yes. There are no romantic protestations whatever.

"Your brother is in the city with me, Ray says, breaking the happy silence, "and he'd be over in a little while." I do not answer. Candidly, Frank's coming does not interest me just then!

But

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED FREE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— The Pope has appointed Monsignor Pampolla, now Nuncio at Madrid, Secretary of State to succeed Cardinal Jacobini.

— A cablegram from Rome, published in Friday's dailies, considerately informs the reading world that Pope Leo XIII. "has concluded to allow *political liberty of thought and action in this country*." This is the kind of "news" Catholics are compelled to read and digest as best they can without even daring to doubt the infallibility of the cable manipulator who resides in Paris. "Newspaper enterprise" is the modern pygmy giant that daily crushes Truth beneath its rapidly-revolving wheels.

— The Rev. W. M. Bennett of Ottawa, Ont., is dead. He passed peacefully away in the General Hospital surrounded by the good Grey Nuns, who did all within their power to alleviate his pain. The deceased was about 70 years of age. He was a subdeacon of Leo XIII., and often refused to the admirable qualities of the supreme Pontiff as evinced in his early days. Father Bennett, previous to the illness which resulted in death, was professor of English literature in the College of Ottawa.

— Extensive and very extravagant calculations appeared in the daily press last week concerning Cardinal Gibbons and the Knights of Labor. To us there are many expressions in the document to which the signature of the Cardinal is attached which look too sensational not to have emanated from him. The document in its correct condition will be published in these columns as soon as we receive it from quarters deemed far more reliable for Catholic news than the sensational concoctions of cable manipulators.

— The addition of Mr. Swift MacNeill, an honest Protestant Nationalist, to the Parliamentary phalanx of Home Rulers, will be a notable strengthening of the party intellectually. He will act as the successor of the late Mr. Bernard Kelly in South Donegal at the expense of Mr. Parnell and his principal colleagues. The election of Mr. Timothy Healy for the Longford Division, formerly held by Mr. Justin McCarthy, is imminent. His return to St. Stephen's will be hailed with pleasure by his countrymen, for, as the leader says, the popular counsellor is a man of great energy and fighting power, and these we cannot afford to do without in the crisis.

— The news from Ireland this week indicates the Tory desire of applying Coercion to the Irish people. The National party, however, are now in a position where they can successfully resist England's tyranny through the bullets and bayonets of its hireling minions in Ireland. A triangular alliance has been entered into between Gladstone, Harrington and Parnell which will, in all likelihood, solidify the Liberal party, defeat the government measure of Coercion, throw the Tories out of power, and bring back Gladstone to the post of Prime Minister. Then Home Rule for Ireland is a foregone conclusion.

— To such a degree of absurdity has the custom of flowers at funerals been carried in some of the Eastern cities that "no flowers" is the standing appendix to funeral notices by respectable relatives of deceased persons. The Boston *Transcript* reports that recently at the funeral of a hotel-keeper in that city, there was a floral rock strewn, set with bottles and grid-irons, and at the funeral of a market-man, there was a floral lamb composed of white pinks, save in one spot, into which a floral knife was thrust suggesting the bloody cut. After this we may expect to hear of a floral "goose" adorning some tailor's coffin, and perhaps a floral gallows standing on the casket of an executed murderer.

— Lovers of the old tongue of the Gael—who the *Irish-American*—will relish with pleasure of the approval given by Leo XIII. to the Irish translation of the "Imitation of Christ." But such incidents only increase the astonishment at the apparent indifference with which the gradual extirpation of the national language is regarded by Irish Catholics, by and should. Yet it apparently can be more certain than another, it is the fact that it was the Irish language which, under Providence, mainly preserved the Catholicity of the Irish nation. The English language on the Old Faith were not even understood by the Gaelic-speaking Irish; and, then, even that fragmentary success which attended Lutheranism and Calvinism, in France and Germany, was excluded from Ireland.

— There is a new religious sect established among the peasantry in the interior of Russia which is founded on the dogma that it is a sin to let a fellow-member suffer the martyrdom of disease. Accordingly, when anybody falls sick, one of the believers goes to him and strokes him to death. The person commissioned for the deed is clad in red clothes, and is known as the "red death." They do not confine their delusive attentions to the members of the sect alone, but impelled by a broad charity, seek to cure in their peculiar way every one, whoever he may be, who has the misfortune to become ill. We wish some of the "cranks" in California would form a branch of such a society in this city. "Red Death" would thus rid this afflicted community of a great many evil-disposed men for whom the world has no use.

— A very useful and instructive climatic map of California has been issued by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. This map demonstrates the fact that the mean temperature of the San Joaquin Valley and that of Los Angeles and San Diego is very nearly the same. The hottest portion of the State is the Mojave Desert and the Bernardino county, very nearly the whole of which is colored brown to designate the temperature ranging from 68° to 72°.

The fact bill bell and the regions neighboring on the coast are colored yellow, designating a temperature of 52° to 68°. Tables showing the superiority of the climate of California over more other portions of the globe, are printed on the back of the excellent map, which makes the unique publication valuable both to settlers in the State as well as to intending immigrants.

An Appeal to Catholic Parents.

We ask from every Catholic father and Catholic mother, from every Catholic in Monroe may fall, a *careful* and *conscientious* reading of the Pastoral Letter from the pen of Rt. Rev. P. Bourgade, Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, which we print for the instruction of Catholic parents this week.

An awful responsibility rests on Catholic parents, and one that they far too seldom reflect on. Each and all of us believe that Catholic faith and Christian knowledge are necessary to salvation, and yet—alas! too often—Catholic parents lose sight of the *awful* responsibility that rests upon them in the fact that upon them rests the future progress or prostration of the Church of the Living God in America! There is no disguising the fact that without Catholic children the children of Catholic parents will become the enemies of that Church whose precepts such parents rebelliously refused to follow.

Upon whom rests the salvation of children's souls? Not on the Church. Not on the Bishops. Not on the Priests. Not on the Brothers. Not on the Sisters. The responsibility for the salvation or the loss of the souls of our Catholic children *rests alone upon Catholic parents*. Vain is the hope of the Church if you will not listen to her. Useless are the wise admonitions of Bishops in Pastoral Letters if Catholic parents will not obey them. Fruitless is the advice of Priests if Catholic parents are so foolishly conceited as to refuse to follow it. And yet—it is the sight of Almighty God—the Judge, the great, as a factor in the salvation or the destruction of God's image in the soul of the child—*Catholic School, Christian, grounded on teachers!*

Every child sent to Catholic parents is a gift from God. The sacred Scriptures tell us that children are *the inheritance of the Lord*. Mark, then, the *monstrous inequity* of those Catholic parents who destroy the gift of God! and who direct *His* inheritance into the paths that lead to destruction! There is but little hope for the salvation of the soul of that parent who calls himself or herself Catholic, yet who refuses to pursue the precious gifts of God to be educated in the love, the fear and the knowledge of that Father who sends to us such "a precious inheritance."

Bishop Bourgade in his Pastoral, well and forcibly informs Catholic parents that "the enemies of God and virtue are allied to drive away from their Creator the souls of your children," and let us ask any Catholic parent who reads this paper, on which side of the contest his duty to God calls him! Will he be ranked with the enemies of God and the enemies of his own and his children's salvation, or will he not rather rally beneath the Standard of the Cross, and be marshalled among the hosts of God's children on earth?

Pause, then, Catholic parents, when you have read this profound Pastoral Letter, and if you heretofore have not sent your children to some Catholic school, do so *at once*, as the worst earthly wealth and honors your children can gain are those that may be purchased through the loss of the souls of their parents because they lored false education and false learning as a substitute to that faith, that knowledge, and that virtue which flow in living streams from the fountain of Christian education, as truly as descends the grace of God upon the souls of those happy Catholic parents who cherish God's gifts in a Christian spirit, and raise up their children to call them Blessed.

Adventurous Lives of Protestant Missionaries.

In the line of literary ability "to blow their own horn," we are not outpinned by any class on the community that can at all compare with Protestant preachers. They can discount even quack doctors whenever they sit down to write out their so-called "missionary adventures and to detail the "terrible sufferings" they endure in order to sow the cockle of heresy and infidelity in the garden fields of God.

We select as a sample of this evil spirit of self-adulation, the letter written by D. F. Taylor, of Fort Bidwell, printed in last week's *Pacific* under the incorrect and misleading caption of "The Adventurous Life of Missionaries," wherein the cockle-sowing sectarian relates a trip he recently made in the Northern part of this State in order to carry his false gospel to the benighted denizens who reside along Goose Creek and other adjacent streams. Here is the opening chapter in this evangelical eulogy:

"And now, *dear Pacific*, (also in the hour twilight) but one last trip to Oedenville was yet in store. I place before you a *leaf from* "The Adventurous Life of a Missionary and His Wife." We started down the valley Saturday morning, and, with Sunday, my wife joined us at the mouth of Goose Creek. My wife adjourned her business, and we both jumped into the hack."

"My wife adjusted her fascinator. What—in the name of woman's mysterious make-up—is a *fascinator*? And what part does "a fascinator" play in the propagation of Protestantism? We pause for a reply, and we appeal to the married managers of this *Pacific* not to keep the world in ignorance regarding this new fangled aid to missionary enterprise!

"Arrived at Goose Creek—continues the narrator—Mrs. Taylor left another duty undone, remaining that her left foot fell as it fell, thinking to her, and had a desire to go out of sickness."

Poor dear lady! Perhaps she dropped her *fascinator!* Or this mysterious appliance of the good lady's toilet may have become *frozen!* Terrible to think of! How is a member of the weaker sex most suffer who has a *frozen fascinator!* It makes us shudder with sympathy as we contemplate such an awful catastrophe! Ah! little does this wicked world realize the terrible terrors of "The Adventurous Life of a Missionary and His Wife."

What fate is in end, what earthly job is greater? Then what job is a *frozen fascinator*?

A Discrimination on Protestant Falsehood.

The ignorance displayed by Protestant preachers when they set out to libelous Catholic Church is actually astonishing. No man over pretended to write upon any scientific subject, any religious question, or any artistic theme—unless he had at least some general knowledge of the subject matter of his literary contribution. But when the Catholic Church is to be calumniated, the lie direct seems to be unnecessarily and by history the trained them every ignorance who feels bound to "expose Rome," with that he has spread "cell" to continue the Church of Christ by publicly parading his preconceived prejudices against Rome. Reckless of their own ignorance, careless concerning the truth or falsehood of their assertions indifferent as to how correct they are on the subject matter under consideration either material series fill column after column of newspapers with their bigoted blunders and their unmerited falsehoods.

The incentive inspiration which moves Protestant preachers thus to break every commandment of Almighty God by bearing false witness against their Catholic neighbor, comes from the Father of Lies who continually goes about the Church of God as a roaring lion, and whose power on earth is manifested through a multitude of servants, "the spirit of error."

In the columns of the *Pacific* last week we noticed a communication from Mr. Ellis, concerning the Whitman massacre, which took place in Oregon in 1847, and regarding which more fulminations has been exhibited by Protestant preachers, and more falsehoods have been written by that same class of calumniators, than would fill the entire of Mount Vesuvius.

Mr. Ellis may be a very good kind of a gospel slinger; he may be able to tell the difference between a rail fence and a railroad tie; but when it comes to questions concerning the Catholic Church, the man is so utterly ignorant that he does not know the difference between a Priest and a Bishop. This is a fact, as we will show to readers shortly, yet this Mr. Ellis undertakes to enlighten the readers of the *Pacific* upon matters of history which all his information comes from Spalding, the not-that-the slanderer, and Gray, the widely known Protestant minister of Chicago Plains.

Mr. Ellis thus perpetrates his first blunder:

"The massacre took place on Monday, but Mr. Spalding did not hear of it until he was within three miles of Dr. Whitman, where he met *Bishop Brouillet, a Catholic priest*, who had just come from the scene of death."

Good Father Brouillet! Poor fellow! he! to be made to play a double ecclesiastical role through the ignorance of this scribe, who continues to call him "Bishop Brouillet all through his badly sanctified screed. Mr. Ellis also fogies to tell his readers that it was Father Brouillet who saved the life of Spalding, whose ungratitude led him after wards to slander his benefactor. This fact is admitted by Spalding himself in a letter which he wrote to Bishop Blanchet, (recorded in Gray's work under date of December 10, 1847, in which he makes this candid admission:

"*Rev. and Dear Friend*.—This hasty note may inform you that I am yet alive through the mercy of God. The hand of the Merciful God brought me to my family *three* days and nights from the time my *dear friend* (Father Brouillet) *separated me with protestations of mercy from the Indians*."

Pause, Catholic parents, when you have read this profound Pastoral Letter, and if you heretofore have not sent your children to some Catholic school, do so *at once*, as the worst earthly wealth and honors your children can gain are those that may be purchased through the loss of the souls of their parents because they lored false education and false learning as a substitute to that faith, that knowledge, and that virtue which flow in living streams from the fountain of Christian education, as truly as descends the grace of God upon the souls of those happy Catholic parents who cherish God's gifts in a Christian spirit, and raise up their children to call them Blessed.

A Professor Who Perverts Historical Truth.

In the Pamphlets of Friday last we find an account of an interview between a representative of that journal and a certain Herr Dr. Alexander, Professor of Church History in the San Francisco Theological Seminary, concerning the Waldenses, in which the latter gentleman undertook to give a lecture of the historical sort, and among other matters—he said that Pope Innocent III. virtually gave the Waldenses the power of excommunicating the Catholic Bishops. Herr Alexander's version of Professor Michelet's language.

Pope Innocent III., one of the greatest of the Pontiffs, had the sagacity to perceive the power and tendency of his principles, which this feudal and military age had deprived the Church of a body of men, who might form powerful auxiliaries against the Church. Accordingly, he sanctioned the Waldenses the power of excommunicating the Catholic Bishops, with the child-like notion, as we have seen, that they would be burned for it. But it was a wise idea, and it succeeded.

The latter statement is entirely untrue. Neither Pope Innocent III., nor any other Pontiff, who ruled the Church of God could or would bestow on any body of laymen the right to excommunicate Bishops.

In the year 1179, the Waldenses appealed to Pope Alexander III., from the decision of the Archbishop of Lyons, who had forbidden them to preach, and the Pope replied—that in interfering with the duties of the clergy, and referred their back again to the Bishop of Lyons for further information. Matters rested in this position until Pope Alexander died and his successor, Lucius III., was elected, when the Waldenses again sent a petition to Rome asking permission to preach. Pope Lucius III., not only refused their petition, but in the Synod of Verona, in 1184 he published anathemas against the Waldenses and their heresies.

These will appeal to Catholic readers as a very little to the purpose, but we will show that the Pope referred to in the Pamphlets, who is said to have conferred on the Waldenses the power of excommunicating their Bishops, was not Innocent III., but Innocent IV., who ascended the throne of St. Peter in 1243, and who died in 1254. Now, we will show that Innocent IV. was a very different man from Innocent III., and that he was the author of the Inquisition, which Innocent III. had nothing to do with. We will show that Innocent IV. was the author of the Bull, which authorized the torture of the Waldenses, and that Innocent III. was the author of the Bull which authorized the Albigenses to be burned, and that Innocent IV. was the author of the Bull which authorized the Bishops of Lyons to be burned, and that Innocent III. was the author of the Bull which authorized the Waldenses to be burned, and that Innocent IV. was the author of the Bull which authorized the Waldenses to be tortured

Farm and Home.

The World's Tea Drinkers.

The popular idea that the people of Great Britain consume more tea on the average per head of population than any other country in the world is now shown to be erroneous. The Australian Colonies and New Zealand (according to one of the Indian journals) drink far more tea per head of population than the British Islands. The Australians come first, with 7 lbs per head; the New Zealanders next, with 7.22 pounds per head; while the people of Great Britain, though appearing third in the list consume only 4.86 pounds each. New-foundland and Canada come next, while in the United States the consumption is only 1.30 pounds per head; and in Russia, which is always regarded as a great tea drinking country, the consumption is only .61 pounds per head. Belgium, Sweden, Austro-Hungary and Spain consume less than the other European nations. But in certain parts of the countries named tea drinking is much more common than in others. In certain Russian districts, especially, tea is drank constantly and copiously, and it is this fact which has given rise to the notion that Russia is the most bibulous of all tea-drinking countries.

How to Sweep.

Sweep with a long, steady stroke, taking care to form a belt of raising the broom at the end of the stroke in such a way as to prevent dust raising. Watch some women sweep as if they were digging; a small cloud of dust will follow the end of the broom every time it is raised.

Be careful and go into every corner with the end of your broom, and be careful to dust from between carpet or matting and skirting board, as here is where moths love to harbor. Sweep from all sides of the room to the centre. This sweeping to the centre instead of to the door may strike readers as an innovation, but if they will consider a moment they will see that there is no reason whatever for dragging be dust all over the room.

Sweeping towards the centre of a kitchen just square room, you only sweep the dust eight feet each way, instead of carrying it before the broom the whole sixteen feet. Short quick strokes of the broom are apt to scatter the dust, especially when the strokes ends with an upward jerk, as I have often seen it do when the broom is in the hands of vigorous girls who image they are getting over the ground much more rapidly by hurried movements than they would if they took greater pains.

A Lesson on Home Subjects.

In a recent discourse by a prominent non Catholic clergyman, the prevalence of crime in our communities is attributed to three main causes, viz.: "The haste to be rich," "Extravagance in living," and "The false education and culture of our young women." The discourse was directed to the consideration of those evils, and his severe reprehensions of them were well-timed. He closed his sermon with the following good paragraph:

When, therefore, parents and daughters realize how much better it is to be wise and useful, than to shine and glitter—when our young ones enter their new homes with characters formed on a solid moral and religious basis—when all men and women are ready to lay off all pretension and let every presence to seem precisely what they are—when all foolish extravagance ceases, every one learns to live according to his means, and to feel that death is to be all ways preferred to dishonor—then we shall have removed at least one cause of a large class of crimes. Then ends-element and fraud, forgery and theft, will become less familiar words than they are now.

Drinking a Farm.

"My homeless friend with the chronic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You say you have longed for years for the time, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. Now this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of 100 square feet a glass. If you doubt this statement figure it for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at $40 50 per acre, you will see that this brings the lands to just one mill per square foot, or cent for ten square feet. Now your down that they does, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that 300 foot garden. Go on in a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass!—there is first 1—100 square feet of good, rich dirt, worth $43 56 per acre."

But there are plenty of farms which do not cost more than a tenth part of $43 56 per acre. When an enormous acreage has gone down many a homeless drinker's throat. No wonder such men are buried in the potter's field; they have swallowed farms, and gardens, and homes, and even drank up their own graveyard.—*H. I. Hastings.*

Courtesy at Home.

"The foundation of courtesy is unselfishness and the desire to please." How much happier would home be if true politeness found its way there; and why should we not be polite at home, and make our nearest friends as happy as we can? We see people in society that look as though they were the "pink of politeness," but when they return home they carry gloom and sadness to great their nearest friends. We should be as agreeable at home as we strive to be in society. We should be as polite as possible when we wish to make anyone happy. Home should be the brightest and happiest spot on earth for kindness and cheerfulness should be the rules. "Happyie the home and happy are children is not allowed to enter, and where gentle, forbearing courtesy is the rule of all; where the happiness of all is the consideration of each one."

Worrying over Things.

The older I grow the less I feel like worrying over things. I am essentially optimistic in my tendencies. Worry makes people gray and crinkled and bald, and I slept consciously to my youthful looks.

I often wonder why some men will help wrinkles to deepen and increase baldness by flying into such passions when their meals are a little late, or the buttons are off their shirts. I know a Christian man a "performer," a deacon in the church, who makes his wife's life a burden to her because of his occasion complaining and scolding about trifles. Do other readers know such husbands? Heaven forbid that one such has fallen to the portion of any reader of this. I call such men vicious. We allow too many trifles to worry and fret us, and once now a man noted for his mental vigor and great learning swell up and pour upon his wife rage because—he couldn't find his hat. How many is it for a man to make a family wretched by this habit of whining and complaining and scolding. Life is too short to waste any of it in such useless moonlings.

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Family Fun

Misplaced Confidence.

"Where did you get that watch?" said her husband, as she very ostentatiously pulled out a watch and looked at it.

"I bought it."

"A Christmas present?"

"No; I bought it for myself. I couldn't help it. I could see a poor lady starve and I bought the woman a watch."

"Just like you," he said. "You're always doing something kind—with my money.

"You're not mad, John, are you?"

"No; let me look at it. What did you give for it?"

"Forty dollars."

"Forty dollars!" and she husband began examining it.

"It is all you have it happened. I was passing along this street and there was an auction going on in a store.

"An auction! Oh!"

"Yes, I was listening and looking, and as I stood there a poor, ill-dressed man came up. He pulled out his watch, and he asked the auctioneer if he'd auction it for him. He said his wife and family were starving, and she was an old family heirloom, and he wished to sell it. Well, the auctioneer said he'd sell it, and he put it up, and all they'd bid for it was $7. The poor fellow began to cry. It's worth $100," he said. "Won't somebody give more than $7? I can't sell it for that. I've had an offer of $45." And I got mad and sorry for the poor man, and bid $8 and somebody bid $9, and I bid $10, and finally they got it up to $40 and I bought it. The poor fellow's the man went off relieved and happy, and I was glad that I'd done a good deed at a bargain.

"Yes, the poor chap was relieved. I don't doubt it. This watch is worth $1.75, and that was a good deed, and this poor distressed-looking man was a cooper for the establishment. He does that twenty times a day."

"Oh, John!"

"Just like you, my dear. Always doing something stupid—with my money."

"Well, I believe I do."

Topnoddy Taken Down.

Mr. Topnoddy threw down his newspaper with a muttered objugation, and looked across the table at his wife.

"What's the matter? she inquired.

"The confounded civil service reform troubles makes me sick, he exclaimed. "I don't see why it is that a lot of men can't do their duty when it is marked out plainly before them."

"Did you order that coal to day? she asked irrelevantly, but with a new light shining in her face.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he said picking up his paper again, "that's get right to do with civil service reform."

"Did you order that coal, I said," she persisted.

"No—no, my dear," he hesitated. "I forgot all about it. But I'll do it the first thing in the morning. As I was saying, my dear, this civil service reform—"

"Don't talk to me, Topnoddy, about civil service reform," she said hotly. "What you want to devote your time and attention to domestic service reform. There isn't a lump of coal in the cellar; the boards are off the sofa force; that back yard looks like a pig-pen; there hasn't been a stick of kindling chopped since Saturday; you haven't given me a cent of money in two weeks, and the cook's going to leave in the morning. You may think that's the way to do things, Topnoddy, but I want to say to you that I'm running this admiralition now, and if you don't stop fooling with politics and attend to business you'll hear from headquarters after a fashion that will make your head ache. Civil service reform, indeed!"

Topnoddy never said a word; he knew better.

A Pretty Mean Man.

Old Billy W. was one of the richest men who lived some fifteen years ago, in that part of West Philadelphia called Mantua, and one of the meanest men who ever drew breath. One day he took a Lutheran Avenue for the city, having in his hand a basket of superb white grapes, raised in his own greenhouse. Old Billy W. sat in one corner of the car, and a poor mother with a sickly child in her lap sat in the corner opposite. The child looked at the grapes wistfully as the car rolled on, square after square. At last the old man, in a time of rampire curiosity, asked the child where she was going.

"To the park, sir, to see the grass and the birds."

"Do you like grapes?"

"Yes, sir," and the pale little face bright ened up as the child half rose from her mother's lap.

The old man lifted up his basket of luscious fruit, and, plucking one grape from a gigantic bunch, gave it to the child.

The rest of the passengers said nothing, but the way they looked at the old man would have split a stone post.

Couldn't Fool Him.

An Union Creek dairy visited the establishment of an Austin jeweler.

"I wish, boss, you would regulate dis fresh pendulum."

"How can I regulate the pendulum without the rest of the clock?"

"Dem outfin the mester wid de rest ob de inards ob de clock, yo' I jess lof 'em at home. Jess you fix up the perjulum. If de perjulum goes all right de rest of de clock goes all right, too. I know dat much, cbes if I ain't had no book larnin."

Not a Farmer.

"You are not a farmer, are you, Mr. Feathery?" Flabby inquired, as that young man settled himself on the sofa for a party call.

"Certainly not, Bobby," he replied, "I'm in the dry goods line. Why?"

"Because pa told me that from the way you acted at the supper table last night you must believe in makin' hay while the sun shines.

Everything Goes.

"Would you take a poor man's last cent for a glass of gin?" asked the tramp, in a very careful voice.

"Certainly," replied the bartender, briskly, "that's what I'm here for."

"Well," said the tramp, as he returned the glass to the counter and produced his last cent, "there you are," and then he walked sorrowfully but hastily away.

CATARRH.

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Leave S. F.	Destination.	Arrive S. F.
7:15 A.M. / 3:30 P.M.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Fulton, Windsor, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, and Way Stations	10:40 A.M. / 6:50 P.M.
7:45 A.M. / 5:00 P.M.	Guerneville	12:10 P.M. / 9:00 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol and Mark West Springs. At Cloverdale for Geyserville, Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for High Spur, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Bucknell's, Saratoga, Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $3.

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To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6:50 A.M., 8:15 A.M., 10:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:45 P.M., 5:15 P.M., 6:15 P.M. Sundays—8:15 A.M., 7:00 A.M., 12:15 P.M., 3:30 P.M., 5:15 P.M., 6:15 P.M.

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F. W. MELIS, Land Agent. CPENAR, Gen'l Ticket Agent. JEROME MATHEW, Gen. Pass. Agent. N. KOMSTEDT, Gen'l Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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BEST PIANOS. $500 Pianos from $50 upwards. New Pianos on low as $150. Antistell Famous Pianos gained highest award over 150 makers. All Pianos sold by us guaranteed for 7 years. Backed by half a million dollars capital. CALL ON T. M. Antissell Piano Co. 7th and Market Sts., O. P. Hall.

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EDUCATIONAL.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA

This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, covered gymnasium, swimming pool, etc. It possesses a museum of Natural Philosophy and Natural History, collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has also, philosophical and chemical apparatus, a Astronomical Observatory, Library of 5,000 volumes and active at San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market street foot of Mission street.

Diplomas are given in two departments—the Classical and Scientific and Certificates in the Commercial course.

TERMS:

[Payable semi-monthly in advance]

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once. $ 15 00
Board, Tuition, Bed and Bedding, Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Baths, etc., per session of ten months 200 00

For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to Father Bronsgeest, 214 Hayes street, San Francisco.

REV. P. E. KENNY, President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME SAN JOSE ..... CALIFORNIA

This institution offering peculiar advantages to young ladies, which are not to be found in any other institution in the State, has been incorporated by the State Legislature, and empowered to confer the degrees and grant the diplomas usually conferred by other institutions of the State, and to confer all the rights and privileges of College grads.

It occupies large buildings, with extensive playgrounds, shady walks, and is noted for extreme healthfulness and attractive. The course of instruction is thorough, in all the Departments. Every facility will be afforded to students who may find it desirable to prepare for the state examinations for teachers.

Special attention is given to the study of the language. The Spanish language is taught by a native teacher, who is a lady well versed in the best modes of teaching. Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

Per quarter, payable in advance.

Entrance Fee, for Tuition, to be paid one time ..... $ 10 00
Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linen, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Elocution, from entrance 150 00
Southwestern, French and Spanish 150 00

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY, ANAHEIM, ORANGE CO., CAL. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Address all Communications to SISTER SUPERIOR.

JOB PRINTING. Any of the Best Cheap Printshops of which Society officials or Business men who desire serve money by having their Job Printing executed at the Lowest Rates, of Cash, at the Office of the MONITOR, 510 Sansome street, the most reliable place in the city to patronize. ☞ Call and get estimates and be convinced.

HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY 417 MONTGOMERY ST. Half's Patent & Fire Burglar Proof Safes. 311 and 313 California Street. Safes made for church and other uses. Go and look over our stock and see for yourselves.

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EDUCATIONAL.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Offers Every Facility for Acquiring a Thorough Education, whether Classical, Scientific or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL course receive the degree of A. B.; in Scientific, B. S. in the Commercial, Diploma.

The Commercial course has been established for the benefit of those who wish to acquire a good practical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch taught in the College, our care is given to moral education. The daily exercises of the students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class room.

TERMS:

[Payable, invariably in advance.]

Board, Tuition, Medical Attendance, Books, Stationery, Washing and Mending, per term of Five Months $150.00
Day Students 40.00
Vocation at College 50.00
Extra Charge for Music and Drawing.

BRO. BETTELIN, President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME BY SAN FRANCISCO, FOR YOUNG LADIES. CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

This institution, founded in 1851, received in 1857 by Act of the Legislature, authority to confer Diplomas and Academic Honors, and in 1863 was made a Branch of the Mission Church. The course of instruction is thorough, and the education of the young ladies is the acquisition of a solid and refined education.

TERMS:

Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per session $250 00

EXTRA CHARGES.

Piano use of Instrument per session. $60 00
Vocal Music 30 00
Harp, Guitar, Violin 30 00
Drawing, per session 30 00
Painting in Oil, per session 30 00
Painting in Oil, per lesson 2 00
Painting in Water Colors 30 00
Graduating Fee 10 00

Pupils's Fees for use of sheet music.

Bills are presented and are payable at the beginning of each half session, in advance.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL.

Terms per month (cash in advance.)

Tuition in the 1st and 2nd Collegiate Classes $ 10
Tuition in the 3rd and 4th Collegiate Classes 7 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes 5 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Grammar Classes 4 00
Tuition in the 3rd and 4th Preparatory Classes 3 00
Tuition (Vocal and Instrumental) Drawing Calisthenics and Private Elocution Lessons form extra charges, as in Boarding School, but reduced to one half. Separate Bills are presented (cash in advance) as also Plain and Fancy Needle work.

☞ A private entrance is furnished, in moderate rates, for the convenience of pupils residing in distant parts of the city.

Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, SAN LUIS OBISPO ..... CALIFORNIA

[COUPONS AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Terms, $20 per month. This house is the Rectorate of the order. Address, SISTER MARY OF THE PROVIDENCE, Principal.

Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, OAKLAND ..... CALIFORNIA. CONDUCTED BY The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

This institution is pleasantly situated, but only a few minutes walk from the Broadway, affording an extensive view of the bay. The building is large and well adapted to the purpose, and every care has been bestowed to provide for the comfort of the boarders.

The course of instruction embraces the various branches of a thorough education.

TERMS (Payable half yearly in advance):

Board and Tuition in English, French, Spanish, per session of ten months $150 00
Washing, per month 2 50
Bed and Bedding 10 00
Music, Piano lessons, with use of instrument 10 00
Harp or Guitar, lessons and use of instrument 10 00

☞ No deduction for required. For further information address the Mother Superior.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, A Select Boarding School. Conducted by the Brothers of Christian Schools. Fifth and Jackson Sts., OAKLAND, CAL.

This institution is a select boarding school for boys up to the age of fifteen years. Its location is healthy, and the premises are large and well adapted to the purpose. The course of instruction is thorough, and the education of the young boys is the acquisition of a solid and refined education.

TERMS (Payable invariably in advance):

Board and Tuition in English, French and Spanish, per session of ten months $150 00
Washing, per month 2 50
Bed and Bedding 10 00
Music (Piano use of instrument) 10 00
Harp or Guitar, lessons and use of instrument 10 00

☞ No deduction for required. For further information address the Brothers.

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY, Oakland Cor. Ave. San Francisco. DIRECTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.

This academy pleasantly situated in the Mission District, has been established by the Sisters of St. Dominic, who have charge of the Rosario Academy, comprises the substantials and ornamentals of a thorough education, at moderate terms. For particulars address the Sisters as above.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE, HOLLISTER, SAN BENITO CO., CAL. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. Conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Terms moderate. For further particulars address the SISTERS OF THE SACRED HEART OF MARY, Hollister, Cal.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, ALAMEDA, CAL. (Branch of the College of Notre Dame, San Jose.) Now Commenced Second Work at July. TERMS (PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE): Board and Tuition in English, French and Latin, per session of ten months ..... $150. The Academy is within the grounds of the Park. Pupils are not required to take lessons in music unless they desire to do so. Pupils should be prepared to make their suitable wardrobe. For further particulars address, SISTER DAME ADVERTISED, ALEMEDA.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, SAUSALITO, ... CALIFORNIA. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. TERMS: (Payment invariably in advance) Entrance Fee, for Tuition, to be paid one time ..... $10 00. Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linen, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Elocution from extra charges ..... 150 00. Southwestern, French and Spanish ..... 150 00.

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY, ANAHEIM, ORANGE CO., CAL. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Address all Communications to SISTER SUPERIOR.

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TERMS (Payable invariably in advance):

Board and Tuition in English, French and Spanish, per session of ten months $150 00
Washing, per month 2 50
Bed and Bedding 10 00
Music (Piano use of instrument) 10 00
Harp or Guitar, lessons and use of instrument 10 00

☞ No deduction for required. For further information address the Brothers.

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URSULINE ACADEMY, FOR YOUNG LADIES, SANTA ROSA, ... SONOMA CO., CAL.

For Particulars Address the Superiores of the Ursulines, Santa Rosa. Seventh Annual Session Begins August 1st.

Academy of Our Lady of Angels, SANTA CLARA ..... CALIFORNIA.

This institution, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, affords an opportunity to young ladies to acquire a refined and intellectual education, combined with the advantages of a home. The course of instruction is thorough, and the education of the young ladies is the acquisition of a solid and refined education.

The scholastic year, comprising 10 months, commences at the beginning of August and ends in June.

Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

Per quarter, payable in advance.

Entrance Fee, for Tuition, to be paid one time $10 00
Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linen, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Elocution from extra charges 150 00
Southwestern, French and Spanish 150 00

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, BY SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. TERMS: (Payment invariably in advance) Entrance Fee, for Tuition, to be paid one time ..... $10 00. Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linen, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Elocution from extra charges ..... 150 00. Southwestern, French and Spanish ..... 150 00.

MT. ST. MARY'S, GRASS VALLEY, ... CALIFORNIA. THIS INSTITUTION COMMODIOUSLY FOR THE SISTERS of Mercy, in connection with the Convent of Mercy, San Francisco, is now in full operation. The building is large and well adapted to the purpose, and every care has been bestowed to provide for the comfort of the boarders. The course of instruction embraces the various branches of a thorough education. The scholastic year commences on the first Monday in August and ends in June. Pupils are received at any period of the year. TERMS (Payable half yearly in advance): Board and Tuition in English, French, Spanish, per session of ten months ..... $150 00. Washing, per month ..... 2 50. Bed and Bedding ..... 10 00. Music (Piano use of instrument) ..... 10 00. Harp or Guitar, lessons and use of instrument ..... 10 00. ☞ No deduction made for temporary absence.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA. Studies will be Resumed Aug. 30th. THIS INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1851, chartered by the State Legislature, and endowed with the rights and privileges of a College, is conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Reference required, for terms and particulars address, COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, Marysville, Cal.

Our Young Folks.

☞ Short, original contributions (1 page) will be accepted for this Department. Write on one side of the paper only. Give your full address of contribution should you desire your name kept.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, with pen and ink, and in the proper form.

THE POET AND THE SAGE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY C. A. C.)

In olden days when the spirit of Poesy first came from Heaven to Earth to cheer, with the hope of its mission and the light of its countenance, the toiling spirits of the industrious and good, there lived a poet famed for the beauty and dignity of his compositions and the religious purity of his conceptions. His versatility was remarkable, and when he gained the plaudits of the populace—for in those days poems were publicly recited—yet amongst a few sitals, his name and fame were highly spoken, for entry and spirit close fed their jealous judgment. These rivals pretended to be friends to the poet, and took advantage of this guise, to constantly challenge him to perform various things in his art. But they had failed to place him with their quarrs, until one day the question was given to him for solution. "Give annulled life and Death, wherein the better gauge, merchants, and shepherds of Arcadia, and the Sicilian Sea." Now, in which the glory and the gain of both will be portrayed."

The poet thought awhile, and then, with a sigh, and finally resigned his challenges to return at a certain day and hour his answer to it. In the interim the poet thought steadily and long, but without a single word. He could conjure up nothing which would truly, yet without bitterness, portray the life and death of man. Driven to despair almost at his signal failure, he lethargically himself of a stage where fired close by, and was fascinated by its burning. To him, therefore, our poet had The sage being asked the apparently puzzling question, in our good's astonishment, at once replied: "My Brother, the cruise you set for is within the Heavens—in the Sun. He portrays

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA CITY.

Catholic Affairs on the Comstock—Bright Mining Prospects this Year—Gleanings Drawn from President Clieland's Letter to Catholic Citizens. Father John Nolty's Labors in Nevada.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, March 5, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—A few callings from this silver region may not prove unfavorable to your numerous readers. Owing to the great amount of work which has recently taken place in this Nevada Mountains, and which is now safely stored away in the hands of eastern capitalists, the people of Virginia City have every reason to hope for a very lively and prosperous coming summer. The snow, melting under the sun, forms numerous rills and streams which will flow to swell the waters in the Carson river, thus supplying ample motive-power to the mills for crushing and pulverizing the rock which contains the precious ores. The miners and officers of the famous Comstock lode feel happy in view of such bright prospects of continued prosperity.

NOT WHILE THE MATERIAL INTERESTS of our city are so hopeful, while a better age has already dawned upon our battle-born State, the far more important affairs of Christianity claim all the present time a great deal of attention. Realizing the absolute necessity of having the growing and impressionable mind and faculties of our youth to bloom and expand beneath the salutary influence of religion, and knowing from past experience that in some cases the unhealthy atmosphere of the public schools can easily produce the contrary effect, our people have determined to withdraw their children from these Godless Institutions. This is only as it should be; for the soul being infinitely more valuable than the frail body, prerequisite demands of every Christian who hopes to enter a happy hereafter a life-long cultivation of every virtue and an utter abnegation of every vice. This care, the normalizing attention to the spiritual wellbeing of man's spiritual being is morally obligatory on the youth of tender years as it is on those of riper age. All must admit that a child who spends six days of the week in the atmosphere of a godless school, and the rest of our country has completely eliminated every iota, the Alpha and Omega, of the Christ and His glorious Gospel—that is an sophistical plea that to preserve the liberty and to render more secure the enfranchisement of our Free and eclipse all human creatures must render on the day of Judgment.

EXCEPT A PERSON REALIZES THE FACT that he is strictly accountable to God for every act he performs, what is there to restrain him from the commission of the most dreadful crimes? Thus murder, robbery, lying, dage or any other criminal deed—only winners of was must establish a *modus vivendi* which will unite the various denominations to impart religious instruction combined with secular education. We need no better illustration of this proposition than the sterling words of President Cleveland, recently published in the Monitor. "A wholesome religious faith," says this wise statesman, "is at the perpetuity, the safety and prosperity of the Republic, by teaching the "obedience of civil laws, the preservation of public order and a proper regard for the rights of all, and thus are for all." Such a faith is fitted for good citizenship," and such, "We will be fortunate for our country when every citizen of the Republic has an over-powering duty to perform to his Maker which he cannot escape from or neglect without being false to his religious as well as to his civil allegiance." The burning truth contained in these words of the Chief Magistrate of this nation needs no further comment.

THAT THE CATHOLICS OF THE COMSTOCK are awake to the vital importance of this great necessity is evident from the flourishing condition of our Christian schools where the entire available space and seating facilities are not sufficient for the number of the children in attendance. More ample accommodation must soon be provided for the large increase in pupils that is certain to result when our glorious climate returns from its brief isolation.

A few paper from which I clip the following extracts of the exhibition of the pupils of Sacred Heart Academy. The girls' department was first visited and the following are the numbers in the various classes: First Grade, intermediate Department, 62 students, all through school, age between 12 and 17; Second Grade, Primary, 50 students, all through school; Third Grade Primary, 50 pupils, all deserving the greatest credit; Fourth Grade, Primary, 50 portraits. Class A, 40 pupils in the various classes. Class B, 40 students. The girls' department is composed of about 300 students. The school was then visited and the following are the numbers in the various classes: First Grade, intermediate Department, 62 students, all through school, age between 12 and 17; Second Grade, 50 pupils, all bright and intelligent girls; Third grade, primary, 50 students, all deserving the greatest credit; Fourth Grade, Primary and Department. Class A, 40 students. Class B, 40 students. The girls' department is composed of about 300 students.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS FROM IRELAND. IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—Sir Hercules Langrishe, the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh, has transferred the Rev. Dr. Doherty, C.C., Crossgar, to the curacy of Downpatrick, and the Rev. Michael McGovern, recently ordained, to succeed him in the curacy of Portadown.

CLARE.—Colonel O'Callaghan's agent has settled with 100 out of 131 tenants on the Doyle estate. The rent-roll of the other tenants is expected to be carried out during the month. The tenantry of Mr. Tobin of Cappagh, Ballyvaughan, have decided to adopt the "Plan of Campaign." The agent, Francis Moore, the County Treasurer of Clare, was waited upon by the tenants headed by the Rev. Father Cleary, but he refused to hear the Rev. gentleman's statement on behalf of the tenants. Mr. Moore acted in an extraordinary manner towards the Rev. Father Cleary. He resented his interference, and he treated the tenants in a manner which they came individually to him. The tenants, who were interested in the treatment of their priest, left and adopted the terrible "plan."

CORK.—Miss Thorne, Walton, Liverpool, who, it will be recollected, contributed £1,000 to clear for the ladies of the Presentation Convent, Bandon, last year, has, on the termination of a similar engagement at Macroom, received a handsome testimonial in the shape of a work-box and silver salver, as an token of her love for the ladies of Macroom.

Mr. Thomas Lindsay, hon. secretary of the Sunbeam National League, held a "Plan of Campaign" meeting at Newmarket, on Feb. 20. It is to be only a great demonstration was subsequently held. The chairman declared that the tenants would be more determined than ever to resist, and even the landlords of Newmarket, to be fair, but to hold out against the unjustness of the Irish Land Commission. Mr. John's, the largest Protestant church in Cork, was totally destroyed by fire on Feb. 20.

Mr. Solomon Frank, J.P., Stewanstown, has given to his tenants at Foxrogh, 15 per cent off the judicial rents.

On Feb. 24, Mr. Pure, who arrived at Youghal, by a strange coincidence the very person to met on platform from the carriage was John Dowling, the evicted tenant. Some lively interchange of remarks took place between these. Mr. Pure's remarks that he (Mr. Pure) was a "fine man." Dowling said he was a "fine man." Pure said he was legal. No wonder. Later on in the day Mr. Pure, accompanied by Mr. Blakemore, was seen on foot by a circular route to Kilmacow, evidently with a view to survey the situation. The car waiters of the town absolutely refused them care rather say condition whatever, and they were therefore obliged to return on foot.

CARLOW.—James Fidler, of Old Leighlin, County Carlow, farmer, and Lucy Byrne, of Kilkenny, spinster and sister, have been judged bankrupts.

DUBLIN.—The death is announced of the Rev. Edward Ryan, of 11 Millbourne Park, Dublin. He was born in 1807, educated at Maynooth, and entered the Society of Jesus in nineteenth year. For more than forty years devoted himself to teaching in the college of the Society. Many of his first pupils have passed away in the future of their lives. Not those with whom he was brought into further intercourse in more modern times, in Leviathan College, retain vivid memories of his strong faith and zeal for the promotion of every good cause. His father years were spent at Milltown Park.

DOWN.—On Feb. 5, Miss Gillagan in Saintfield, Miss Mary Ann Gillagan was appointed Miss Allen, Miss St. Clare Stewart, High street, Newry, in succession to Miss Mother Mary Gonzaga Gordon, Miss Mother Mary Leahy, R.C. Bishop of Dromore, Rev. Dr. Leahy, Rev. Dr. Gibney, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rev. Dr. Wilson

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

AN ODE TO ANGELO.

Affectionately dedicated by S. M. J.

Our earth has cast of her mantle
Of beautiful, virgin snow,
And stands with her young heart throbbing,
As she bids old Winter go.

She smiles from her exalt'd valleys
O'er the crystal waters bright,
Rich with the spoils of spring,
And calm as the dawn of light.

She looks from the lofty summit
Of gray old mountain's height,
Across the boundless prairie,
And sees a royal sight.

She lifts her eyes to heaven
To bless the snow-drame,
Or onto them on the ocean,
White with its silver foam.

She laughs at the sun, her father,
As he smiles on his child so gay,
And our hearts like the Spring rejoice
That Winter has passed away.

She is decked with the May blow-bell,
Or violet pure and fair,
And she wears the fragrant clover
In her bosom and her hair.

She with the yellow cowslips,
And dahlias great and gay,
As the owl does from her night,
And we know this lovely maiden,
The precious, spotless Spring—
A light to all in darkness,
A warmth to all will bring.

So our hearts join in the carol,
And we sing this halcyon lay—
Hail! Hail to Summer's sunlight,
All hail sweet Spring to-day!

ZARE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

REMEMBER THAT.

How sweet, when the last ray of sunset
Has died, with its mellow light,
The lovely hills and rich valleys,
Are they stark in the darkness of night;
When the spicy and fragrant perfume
Of the sweet cedar tree,
Is gently wafted to greet us
On the wings of the soft June air.

When the plain of the noonday is over,
And the bells of the day are past,
When the parched, worn face of Nature
Wears the garb of peace at last;
When the moon is its silver beauty
Is shedding her peaceful beams,
Flooding with radiant brightness
The meadows and babbling streams.

When the stars with their brilliant lustre
Are in the enraptured gaze
Like some glimpse into Heaven,
Through the opening in the sky;
When the gentle breeze of evening
Sees to wind the drooping flowers,
"By silence" breathing around.

Will we, pal for whom Christ died,
When we wake and be satisfied,
Remember the Master's goodness
Who gave us the day's ended,
The wonders of Nature around us,
Or, Ireland! on you in love?
Will you be "Top o' the Morning,"
Will you be "Top o' the Morning,"
I bid you the Top o' the Morning.

The sun's last glow is fading
For many a year now lovingly back,
Its glorious rendition will be lost sight,
There's no much joy in a sunset,
Or, rather, I should say, in a sunset,
All other attractions aside,
O, Ireland, this lovely sunset
I bid you the Top o' the Morning.

The sun's Christ's shaving strand
And Kerry's jutting promontories
Tis give us a blessing for ever
Let be the down the sky,
Or, photos that have gone before,
And set from the sky with welcome charged,
A million of water-color troops.

Finally, generous Irish land,
Hail! Hail to Summer's sunlight,
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All hail sweet Spring to-day!

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ZARE.

Literary Miscellany.

"An Eye for an Eye."

"An Irish Story of the Present Day.

CHAPTER I

Though the children of Amalek, with trumpets and pattiers,
To deeds of sacred terrents of humanity gone;
Let them look, for deep hell at their far rather allies,
Where the death-dealing tyrants of Ireland

It was evening—a wild and bleak November evening in the rugged slopes of the great Galtee Mountains, a few years after the famine era. Large masses of jet-black clouds hung over the distant peaks in heavy blasts of winds swept down the bare mountain sides and roared through the desolate gorges, the elements were in complete harmony with the wild and inexplicable character of the place. Although well-thatched and altogether comfortable-looking, though rudely constructed, stood in a small glen at the foot of one of the loftiest mountains of the range. Within a turf fire was rather smouldering than burning, and over the embers were crouched two persons, who listened to the howling of the wind around their humble dwelling, and shivered with the chilly dreariness of the night.

The one was a woman, still young, but evidently prematurely aged and disheartened by care, toil and anxiety. She retained few traces of what was once deemed unequalled beauty, the deep lines on her haggard, care-worn face told of years of hardship, want and agony. The only other inmate of the hut was a lad of fifteen, in whose countenance could be observed a marked resemblance to the elder, which at once proclaimed their relationship, while traces of the famine demon of want and hunger which had blighted his young life were not less plainly stamped thereon. Both were literally and almost in the surroundings of their abode unmistakably denoted abject poverty.

"Mavbe, arthur alll, we mighn't be out till spring, and who knows what may turn up before then. Cheer up, mother. God is good, and even if the worst comes *He* will not forsake us," and the boy after a long interval of silence.

"They say the new agent is hard and cruel, and that the people on the other estate are turned out on the world by him. Drink every day, to make room for the sheep Lord Colloden intends to bring over from Scotland," answered the mother in a desponding tone.

"But share, to, was with a heart would have any Christian business in such weather!"

"Ah, Brian, you little know what them furrin' praste can do. Share 'twas only last month Poor Tom Grady and his nine chil. drem were

"Upon this cursed door, and he quiet about it! Dye think we're going to stay here on this infernal mountain till we're frozen!"

Before either mother or son had recovered from their surprise a vigorous kick sent the frail door into the cabin, and three bailiffs entered, accompanied by a well-dressed, brutal-looking man, whom the hapless inmates at once recognized as the dreaded pay. ment of every evil and of unlimited power, the new agent. Outside a formidable body of armed policemen stood leaning on their rifles and shouldered with odd, bother; I dare-sheep happy woollen great. I hear too much of it! Yes, I am the new agent, as the pay-sant, and I have come to turn you out of this cabin, and you may consider yourselves lucky in accepting of it. Come, come, bestirring yourselves, I have no time to waste."

"Share, sure, we are only our Lord's tenants and tenants-at-will, and our health and degree and drainin' is, to, more nor mine, sir, and our poor little boy, sick of stone you won't throw us out on the world, replied the poor woman, without a friend to aid us but God in heaven.

"Well, if you pay the year's rent you may consider yourselves safe."

"Will, I will!" exclaimed the widow, a gleam of hope lighting up her pale face. "We sold every bit about the place to make it up."

The bailiffs, who had been engaged in roughly removing the miserable furniture, paused and looked somewhat surprised, but the agent winked cunningly at them while the widow was extracting from some place her scattered clothing, and the difficulty retreated and the rifliam with disappointed their laughter when they comprehended their sharp pay's dabbed on the ground.

Here, sir, is the whole year's rent, and may God bless you!" exclaimed the poor woman, handing the money to the agent.

"Quite right, quite right. Oh, if you hadn't partially scribbled a receipt, I should be a fool to give it back."

"And now, Mrs. Cavanagh, he coolly remarked, as the widow secured the paper with fervent thanks, "we must proceed with the eviction of the same. Lord Colloden's great grandfather, Sir Hugh Colloden, was a particularly desirous of taking your farm into his hands as it is now far more than value for the rent you pay. Well, I suppose you have heard of Lord Colloden's intentions who intend to turn out the people and bring over Scotch sheep."

"Yes, sir, I have heard of it," muttered the poor woman.

"Well, I am sorry for Mr. Brant on his son, and a clerk at the door of the cabin.

"Show him in," ordered Mr. Hunt.

Immediately there entered a fashionably dressed young gentleman of about twenty, a wealth of jet black hair curled over a broad, white aristocratic brow, piercing blue eyes, which sometimes assumed a pensive and at other a fierce expression, harmonized admirably with a refined complexion, which bespoke a young sojourn under a tropical sun, and the elegance of his dress, and the manner assured of that of independence of spirit which only remarkable wealth or distinguished lineage can bestow.

"Mr. Brant, I presume, sir, as your service-man, he said," answered the Gentleman, pointing to the clerk.

"Thanks I do not intend to delay. I understand you hold a mortgage on Lord Colloden's Tipperary estate."

"Yes," assented the head partner.

"Under the existing circumstances, I expect you will have no objection to transferring your claim to me, I presume?"

"Certainly, sir, only too glad to accommodate, sagerly replied the head partner, at the same time, Mr. Hunt, in nervous anxiety, from some pleasant dream.

In a few minutes all the necessary formalities were gone through, the solicitors were of Brant & Co. departed, the owner of the mortgage on Lord Colloden's estate, and leaving the delighted firm a cheque on the Bank of England for sixty thousand pounds, signed "W. Collin, Royal Hotel, London. When the representative of Hodman & Co. called few hours later, to his surprise and gratification the rather unfortunately paid the agreed amount. But one night it was known that Lord Colloden had by some mysterious means quite revived the money, and that the head of the unsuccessful firm had recovered her prestige, and were in full possession of their former existence and lucrative business.

Five months had rolled rapidly by, the famine-cry and the day appointed for the payment of Lord Colloden half yearly instalment of the interest of the mortgage came on. Of course the bailiffs had been duly advised of the transfer of the claim on his estate, and had hastened to pay his respects to his new taskmaster, but Mr. Collin had engaged a suite of the best apartments at the Royal Hotel, pid the rent for two months, and then cut occupying them for a few days at his ease. Meanwhile the time he was immensely rich; a few hinted that he was some disguised nobleman, but as he made no acquaintances, received no company and conducted every of his business affairs, the avaricious gossip mongers could find no fact to their speculations upon. Parent & Co. and the reputation of great, cute, clear-headed, resolute and long-sighted, and yet the rent he had made engagements with them, but as he assumed Mr. Collin, the firm felt it was a better object to the transaction he resolved to make him a loan of half a million to pay the three thousand pounds, which he found necessary for the commencement of the days spent. Gallant cavaliers in gay hunting attire laughed and chatted with beautiful ladies in tight-fitting habits, while itself and quiet rode apart, lounging for the pick of the pack, the huntsman's whisp, and the wild gallop over hill and dale in wily reynard's wake. Mr. Blood was there, in his glory, and his laugh was the loudest and longest, his voice was clearest heard in the brilliant of merry conversation, and his jovial disposition seemed to share in sports and merry-making. Suddenly the report of a pistol shot rang out clear and sharp. Looking upwards the startled company beheld a wreath of smoke issuing from the shelter of an immense fragment of rock far up the mountain. A boyish figure emerged for a moment and attentively gazed on the scene below; then the youthful marksman shouldered the deadly weapon and leisurely skirted the brow of the hill, disappearing just as one of the party cried out in horrified accents.

"My God, Mr. Blood's shot!"

The agent had lingered behind, the others a few paces, and while his companions at a bound, which seemed to have carried every avenger his lifeless body was being dragged along by his hunter. A bullet had penetrated right through the brain, and his guilty spirit was in an instant hurled from its earthly tenement into the awful presence of Eternal Justice. Of course, a magnificent reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer. But the effort of the police were quite fruitless. Young Brian Cavanagh suddenly, almost mysteriously disappeared. Not even the kind peasant who had generously entertained him since the memorable night of his mother's death received intimation of his departure or destination.

CHAPTER II.

By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To utter—I say I love you on my head.
Or the oldest sins.—*Merchant of Venice.*

The scene changes to a wild and romantic glen, amid the lofty peaks of the Galtee Mountains, where he preserved that his mother's words were only too true that she was quickly dying from worry, want, and exposure. He wildly endeavored to chafe her lump and lifeless hands, though his own were completely benumbed by the piercing cold. His cries for help, echoed shrilly on the gale, but were lost amid the roar of the tumultuous cataracts that now rushed down the rugged mountain sides with ever increasing violence. At length finding that his mother had become utterly unconscious, he was nestled in a lonely glen among the hills, three miles away. Tenderly composing his lifeless form into as comfortable a position as possible, he started on his perilous journey, but ere he had proceeded twenty paces he stumbled over one of the huge boulders with which the ground was strewed, and fell heavily, unconscious, to the ground. Next morning the neighboring peasants discovered the dead body of Walter Cavanagh near the walls of her ruined home. Brian Cavanagh was found a short distance off, bleeding from a deep wound in the forehead, and still unconscious.

Thanks to the exertions of the local doctor, a kind and humane gentleman, he rapidly recovered. The widow was interred in the little cemetery hard by, a few days later, and ever her freshly-covered grave young Brian knelt in deep sorrow, and vowed a vow to be a kind to his aforesaid gentleman.

* * * * * * * * * *

Nine months after. A bright, frosty December morning at the foot of the old Galtee. A merry hunting party are starting—inspired by the commencement of the days sport. Gallant cavaliers in gay hunting attire laughed and chatted with beautiful ladies in tight-fitting habits, while itself and quiet rode apart, lounging for the pick of the pack, the huntsman's whisp, and the wild gallop over hill and dale in wily reynard's wake. Mr. Blood was there, in his glory, and his laugh was the loudest and longest, his voice was clearest heard in the brilliant of merry conversation, and his jovial disposition seemed to share in sports and merry-making. Suddenly the report of a pistol shot rang out clear and sharp. Looking upwards the startled company beheld a wreath of smoke issuing from the shelter of an immense fragment of rock far up the mountain. A boyish figure emerged for a moment and attentively gazed on the scene below; then the youthful marksman shouldered the deadly weapon and leisurely skirted the brow of the hill, disappearing just as one of the party cried out in horrified accents.

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IRELAND'S ARCHITECTURE

Its Peculiar Beauty and Solidity Biographically Demonstrated.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Those subterranean passages, some 1500 years ago, were built in lime and mortar and arched overhead with wide, spacious chambers, are numerous in many parts of Ireland and generally interwoven in near proximity to forts, thus at one age or another, almost unknown, and were built, no doubt, for living purposes as well as for protection against the enemy. Such places are found in Eastern countries and along the banks of the Nile in Egypt.

At the landing of Cæsar in Britain, the inhabitants were found living in caves and holes in the ground and in huts, built of what was called wattles, covered with mud. Indeed the progress made in domestic architecture in England up to the 11th century, compared very unfavorably with other countries more especially with that of Ireland and even then, when the people began to build and lay out cities of brick and stone, little of which were known there up to that period, very little amongst was great either the cleaning of stones, houses or cities. J. F. Bayless, editor of the *Iron Age*, on his work on "Water-Service and Street Plumbing, says: "Rome (Italy) cities's being covered with large marble mansions a yard deep, their houses floored with rubies which were hideous debauchery. Up to Jupiter's Capitol, the Capitol of Italy, from the landing of the Tiber, and the sides of the road were lined with palaces, and the pavement of the road was of the finest marble

THE MONITOR.

TRIBUNE ORGAN OF JURISDICTION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—It is stated on good authority that the Propaganda has under consideration the creation of a new See in Western Iowa, with a Cathedral in Des Moines.

—Patriotism is a crime in Ireland, as Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde has been suspended from the office of High Sheriff of County Waterford for having supported the "Plan of Campaign."

—Over 20,000 persons in France have subscribed for the statue of St. Genevieve to be placed in the new Montsouris Church, Paris, as expiation for the secularization of the Pantheon. M. Hugins is to execute the work.

—The Rosary said in common sweetly fosters the home life which was one of the most beautiful features of the Christian family in the ages of faith, and the absence of which is one of the crying evils of our own time.

—[illegible] of Rites has distinguished that [illegible] "Ave Maria," when clothed in their own habit, and in a body following a cross, have precedence of the members of all other lay sodalities.

—The theological department of the Hona University has been remodelled in consequence of the modification of the May Laws. A strong Catholic faculty has been appointed, and Catholic students are again seen inside its ancient walls.

—At an audience held with the Holy Father by Cardinal Gibbons the other day, the Pope thus addressed him: "The American Catholic Church enjoys the greatest civic freedom. Her Bishops have no other work than to live like shepherd's guiding and tending their flocks."

—The British government deserves credit for the manner in which it fosters a religious spirit in its soldiers. A chapel, which has been built for the use of the Catholic soldiers at the Guards' depot, Caterham, was opened recently. The building cost £8,000. The War Office contributed £3,000.

—Cardinal Gibbons will leave Rome next week in order to visit the principal centres of Europe. He will also visit Cardinal Manning, travel through the North and West of England, then visit Ireland, where he will start for Baltimore in the latter part of April.

—A bill has been Rhode Island legislature to [illegible] into the independent military companies in the state, the reason given by the framers of the bill being that they are composed chiefly of the "foreign element." The Boston *Pilot* says it is aimed at the Catholic societies of the state, and is a fair specimen of the bigotry of the view of securing the complete religious liberty and security of the Catholic missions, series and their flocks in the empire. It will be sent to Pekin this month.

—There are, according to Warner's "Atlas of the Missions," the most authoritative work on the subject extant, 6,224,000 Catholics in Asia, which is fifty times as many as all the Protestant churches have together. There are 2,635,000 in Africa, which is a hundred times as many as all shades of Protestants can claim.

—Michael Davitt, speaking at Grangemouth, Scotland, recently, advocated Archbishop Croke's "jay-to-hawk" manifesto. He said the continuance of a Tory Government in Ireland for any considerable time would either compel Ireland to adopt such a plan of national assertion or fall back upon the undisciplined methods of past resistance.

—It will be a source of pleasure to all the friends and members of the Order of the Good Shepherd, to learn that the cause of the beatification of the saintly foundress of the Order, Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier, has been introduced at Rome. At an audience recently granted by the Holy Father to some of the Nuns of the Order, he bestowed his benediction on all the benefactors of all the houses of the good Shepherd.

—We are not astonished to learn that the bitter anti-Catholic course of the so-called Catholic *Herald* of New York in the Dr. McGlynn matter, has brought it into collision with the Church authorities in many sections of the country. Some of the Bishops have forbidden their clergy and people to take the paper. We suspected the honesty and Catholicity of that paper a couple of years ago, so we set it off from our exchange list, and now we are continued in our suspicions.

—Slowly but surely (thank Heaven!) the "Old Catholic" movement is dying out in Germany. The latest desertion from the diminished ranks occurred recently when Herr Bussenbach, the Old Catholic "parish priest" of Neisse, after a ministry of half a year, has resigned his post and left Neisse, owing to the almost total extinction of his flock. On Christmas Day only fourteen persons attended the solemn function, and on the day after (Sunday) only twenty-four. On New Year's Day, Herr Bussenbach held service for the last time.

—Sister Alphonsus, of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, died at the Convent of that Order near Dublin on the 20th ult. She was a native of County Limerick, her family name being Joanna Hotlor. At her obsequies the chief mourners were Hon. Edward Sexton, Mr. Eugene Butler, all her brothers, and Brother T. J. Butler, her cousin. She had made her solemn profession only a year before her death.

—A London secular paper gives currency to the rumor that Germany has consented to mediate with Italy to an endeavor to arrange a modus vivendi between the Vatican and the Quirinal. The proposal is said to be that the part of Rome including the Leonine city and the nine from the Vatican to the sea by the Porta Viridaria should become the absolute property of the Pope.

—The labors of the Mission repeatedly force during the past week have taken quite public and peculiarly pleasing to our publishing department. Mr. Flood forwarded the names of fifty new subscribers from Stockton, and Mr. Kinsella sent in as many more from the southern counties. We think every friend who subscribed as well as those who helped to extend the influence of this paper in such particular locality.

—The Lord Mayor of Dublin is a wag as well as a poet. At a dinner given at the Mansion House recently, on the 5th of Jan. were furnished forth such dishes as "Gaelic shew oysters," "Clurricaude sweetbread," "Limerick ham a la Marty Hynes," "Greek Street asparagus," and "Nelson of Ireland" called on pain of Ten Pounds." The menu would have been complete had there been [illegible] Jugged Members of Parliament, [illegible] Sandiness, and Salisbury Hash.

—If we are to believe the Chicago *Times*, San Francisco is the most corrupt city in the Union. It says: "Chicago is not entitled to her reputation for superlative wickedness. Bad as she is, she must take a back seat for San Francisco. She is cursed with crooked Aldermen, lawless Commissioners, an inefficient Police Department, and other afflictions of the kind. A good deal of the public money is stolen forthwith year and a good deal more is wasted, and there are many persons in authority who ought to be in the penitentiary."

—A private letter from Sidney says: "Cardinal Moran travels as hard over the almost impassable roads that humanly speaking, his health can hardly keep up. Since his return to Australia he travelled through, on the business of his diocese, over 2,000 miles and gave Confirmation to 3,000 people. It would be impossible to describe his labors and privations. He preached at Newcastle for the dead mines, and the result was nearly a thousand pounds, which he gave to the Sisters who conduct the deaf and dumb asylum. Parts of his journeys have to be performed on foot."

—Prior to his departure from New York for England, on the 10th inst., Justin McCarthy and of Irish affairs: "The news which comes from Ireland day by day, of Tory losses by elections, cabinet disasters, and cabinet resignations, is exactly as I prophesied in my first speech in the Academy of Music, on arriving in this country. I see another general election [illegible] in two years. The majority of Irish members will be returned as home Rulers independent of the so-called Unionists, who will be [illegible] ation, into his cabinet. This produces unprofound constitutional lawyer in the person of Mr. W. E. Jim the startling information that no foreign born citizen can hence forward hold a cabinet position. The new law further enacts that no naturalized citizen makes each naturalized citizen ineligible; hence they must be all Irish. The Sun answers that the constitution does not make a foreign-born citizen ineligible to the cabinet, but that in the event of his succession failing to his lot he would be passed over in favor of the next eligible cabinet minister.

—The Nuntiature of the Irish Sisters of Charity, which is situated at Milltown, on the Dodder, held a most interesting festival a few days ago. It was the centenary of the birth of their foundress, Mrs Mary Aikenhead, one of whose earliest good works was the establishment of St. Vincent's Hospital in Stephen's Green, the first attempt at a Catholic Hospital in the British Islands. The Archbishop and a great number of the Clergymen were present at High Mass, which was the chief ceremony of the occasion. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Achonry, the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack. Subsequently the Archbishop laid the cornerstone of a new chapel to be attached to the Nuntiature.

—Among the Peter Pence offerings recently presented to the Holy Father was $65.20 from Bishop Glorieux, Vicar Apostolic of Idaho, the last named sum being the first collection of Peter Pence from that recently re-established vicariate, whose Bishop, appointed April 19, 1886, is hopping the Papal acceptance of the small tribute, noted the slender number of the Catholic population—2,500 whites, the half of whom are not self-supporting, whilst the remainder to the amount of 1,000, is comprised entirely of Indians. The Holy Father was pleased to declare the love and reverend devotion prompting the gift, of far more value to his paternal heart than the intrinsic worth of the offering, and desired Dr. O'Connell to write in that sense to Bishop Glorieux, to whom, as well as to his clergy and flock he sent his Apostolic Benediction.

—The Sultan of Turkey is the first sovereign to recognize and celebrate the jubilee of Leo XIII. February 15th Mgr. Azarian, Armenian Patriarch and special envoy of the Porte, was received in public audience by His Holiness. After reading an address in letter in Turkish and Latin with a magnificent diamond ring which His Imperial Majesty offered as a jubilee present to the Pope. His Holiness placed the ring on his finger, and in a short discourse referred fondness to the Sultan, not only for the venerable person of the Vicar of Christ, but also for the religious liberty accorded to the Catholics in the empire. February 20th the Holy Father commenced the tenth year of his glorious reign.

What St. Joseph Accomplished for California.

The feast of Saint Joseph, which falls on next Saturday, is a most acceptable day in the history of California, and we know of no occasion more suitable for commenting on what we may well call the first national event in the early history of the pastoral of the Pacific Coast than by laying before our readers a brief account of what St. Joseph did in response to the prayers of the saintly Franciscan Father Junipero Serra and his associates in Christianizing California.

When it is remembered that Portez was in possession of Mexico in 1519, and thence forth the energies of himself and final explorers were bent upon new conquests in the north, it is surprising that California remained unconquered, or rather unoccupied until 1769. In 1542 the famous navigator Cabrillo had coasted along her shores as far as Cape Mendocino, and in 1602 the explorer Vizcaino entered the Bays of San Diego and Monterey, closing his career on one of the California islands, San Miguel, which he was buried on a forgotten spot. From that time there is a large gap in the course of discoveries. The whole of Mexico had been subjugated, its aboriginal wealth poured into Spain, the Indian population of Mexico had been reduced to a fourth in number, and for many generations Mexico was like Tennyson's land "where all things always are the same."

In 1768 there was a change, however, Carlos III. of Spain ordered the expulsion of San Diego and Monterey, places marked on old maps but not seen by a single European since then. Between the receipt of the royal order in Mexico and its execution there would have been the usual delay, if not a tragedy had not been resorted to a man of extraordinary energy for those bitingly organized four expeditions to go to California by sea and by land, and there to meet at San Diego. Hospitan was successfully carried out, and in the same year Father Junipero Serra was busy with eight labouring California's first mission at that place; while Californian newly appointed governor, Don Gaspar Portola, continued his northward, missing Monterey, but sighting, as it were, upon the Golden Gate. Through inexperience his party failed to identify Monterey by the landmark described by the old navigators and returned to San Diego, disappointed with their fruitless efforts.

The order of the expedients had ended commissarily and the San Diego colony was equally less spirited. The expected vessel with provisions from the Gulf of California had not arrived. No supplies could be obtained in the country itself, and gradually all settled down to the belief that only by abandoning California could they save their lives. All but Father Junipero, who prayed incessantly and trusted to the intercession of St. Joseph—the Patron of the Universal Church—Novena was commenced to culminate in a grand ceremonial on the feast of St. Joseph. Meanwhile Portola, continued his search

Family Fun.

His Future Assured.

"I guess I'm pretty safe about going to Heaven," remarked Bobby to young Mr. Feathery.

Mr. Feathery replied that he earnestly hoped so, and then inquired why Bobby felt so confident about the matter.

"Because," explained Bobby, "Ma says that it ain't safe to trust me where there's fire."

A Wise Child.

Angel Child—Say, Mrs. Wiggins, if ma asks you to stay to dinner, you stay. Mrs. Wiggins—Why! Would you like to have me stay, my little boy?

Angel Child—Yes. I would. Nobody ain't stayed to dinner with us this week, an' I'm dyin' for a square meal.

A Safe Secret.

"You tell everything you know, don't you?" said Mrs. H——— to Mrs. A——, a garrulous neighbor.

"Indeed I don't," replied Mrs. A——, with some show of asperity. "I can keep a secret as well as any one. It was only yesterday that Mr. A——told me that he was going to tell that Mr. H——was short in his accounts, and I haven't mentioned it to a soul, and don't intend to either."

A Queer Bonanza.

"That dime is only worth five cents—said the proprietor to Johnny Faststep.

"How's that?"

"It's gotta hole in it."

"Je t'ne."

"Then gitz the dime back to me. I'll punch another hole in it and then it will be worth ten cents. By thunder, I'll punch six holes in it and then it will be worth thirty cents. I'll have money to throw at the birds pretty soon."

Determined to Break Him of Forgetfulness.

"What time is it Brother Gruff?"

"Time you should pay me back that dollar you borrowed from me about a year ago.

"Did I never pay you that dollar?"

"You never did.

"Well, isn't it strange how a little thing like that will escape one's memory!

"It never escaped my memory.

"So I see. A good memory is a great blessing. Now, we'll just let it run a bit just to see if I can't think of it myself about this time next year. I'm determined to break myself of such forgetfulness. It's annoying. Good day, Brother Gruff."

Another Fruity Joke.

Miss Clara (to young Featherly, a guest at dinner)—"Won't you have a little more, Mr. Featherly?"

Featherly—"Oh, thanks awfully."

Bobby (turning to his mother)—"How's that, ma?"

Mother—"How is what, Bobby; little Bobby?"

Bobby—"Why, ma, but you said that Mr. Featherly's vittles wouldn't be Clara's concerned, would he, ma?"

An Obituary World While.

An immersion on a monument winds up with the following touching obituary: "Mike lived a life of virtue, and died of the shock. He was drowned, caused by eating green fruit in the hope of a tender immortality, at the early age of 17 years, 3 months, and 12 days! Reader: Go thou and do likewise."

How it Came There.

Guest—How comes this *dead fly* in my soup!

Waiter—In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came by its death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dished upon the soup, etc too much of it, constructed an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The poor thing may have had a weak constitution, for when I served up the soup it was dancing merrily on the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presented itself only at this moment—it endeavored to *fancy* to *fly* the use of vegetable; this remaining fast in its throat, caused a choking in the windpipe. These are the only reasons I can give for the death of that insect!

He Had Changed His Mind.

Bachelor to Benedick—You believe in luck, don't you?

Benedick—Not much; I don't.

Bachelor—Why, my dear fellow, you surprise me! You used to believe in it firmly.

Benedick—That was before I got married, my boy.

Not Very Polite.

Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—Can I send you some more soup, Mr. Dumley?

Mr. Dumley—No, thank you.

Mrs. Hendricks (emphatically)—Don't relish, Mr. Dumley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup.

Mr. Dumley—Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam; it's the soup.

How He Lost Her.

A lawyer recently lost a bride in a peculiar way. He appeared at the wedding, but on his way to the ceremony, from whose force of habit, protested that it was not ready to proceed, and demanded delay. And on the table got cured and would not have him.

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever. A New Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it now leads many to cure the worst cases of catarrh by one or two simple remedies. For pamphlet containing full home treatment, send 10 cents in stamps to Dr. Jaynes & Son, 805 West King street, Toronto, Canada. By special request M. Dixon, Jr., is making at the Melville House (formerly Grand Union) Hotel Market st., San Francisco, for a short time. Sufferers should send for his treatise or call and see him. Consultation free.

Letter from Her Majesty's Opera Company.

MONTREAL, P.Q., May 25th, 1886.

MESSRS. HOLLOWAY & DAVIS CO., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen—Your Celebrated Ointment has been used in Her Majesty's Opera Company" to advantage during our tour in Canada, and I feel bound to write to your address. Your Mr. Fisher has kindly called our attention to one of the best results of your ointment, which we have witnessed in our company. Yours, etc.

It is truly a wonderful testimonial, surpassing anything in the agreeable form we have heard of from Madame Patti. Among the chief powers of Holloway's Ointment are its marvelous healing and soothing qualities. It relieves the most painful forms of scalding (rubbing), blackness and perfect a cure of any wound, and shows all of congestion, inflammation, and sympathetic quality of which it is capable. Its power to cure the most obstinate and painful forms of inflammation, and the extreme tenderness of the parts, are matters of surprise to the medical profession. We have seen cases of carbuncles, which had resisted all other treatment, and which had been given up by the medical men, completely healed by the use of Holloway's Ointment. The ointment is also a specific for all skin diseases, such as eczema, tetter, ringworm, scaly eruptions, and all other forms of cutaneous disease, which may be described as the result of a vitiated state of the blood. Holloway's Ointment is also a specific for all diseases of the glands, such as scrofula, glandular swellings, and all other forms of glandular

Erin's Place in America's Prosperity.

SPLENDID SKETCH BY SENATOR HOAR.

NATIONAL INGREDIENTS OF IMMIGRATION.

Irish Blood in Native Americans.

The following is the full text of the Hon. George F. Hoar's reference to Irish-Americans in his oration at the Worcester Bicentennial:

I must not pass by another important factor in our history, whose influence has been already very great, and must be largely taken into account in our anticipation of the future. I mean the immigration, within the last half century, of our brethren of foreign birth, especially of the Irish race. Mr. Webster, at Plymouth, in 1820, said, with just pride, that in the villages and farmhouses of New England, there was still unbattered sleep within unharred doors. New England, and America, so far as it has slept or her teaching, has ever kept her doors unbarred. The great immigration, which began about 1830, has enriched Worcester with its abundant life. Of our whole population in 1880 of 58,291, there were of foreign birth 15,624. Of this number the principal ingredients were contributed as follows:

Ireland	9329
British America	3869
England	1297
Sweden	1000
German Empire	976

The number of persons having one parent or both of foreign birth was 32,894.

Allowing for the very large number of the grandchildren of emigrants, it seems reasonably certain that of our present population of 70,000, quite 30,000 are of Irish descent. To many good men this has been a source of alarm. But to me, much meditating on this theme, considering it in those large and paternal relations which belong to an occasion like this, it seems cause for

CHEERFUL GRATITUDE NO ONLY,

both, for what it has done for us in the past, and for what we may hope from it in the future. Say nothing now of the benefit we have been able to confer on them. Leave out of view the blessing of justice, freedom, manly, self-government, education, to those who have withdrawn their necks from under the heel of England, a boon which a humane and generous people would strain and peril their own institutions to the utmost to confer. Think of what this has done for us.

Without the foreign immigration to this country the building of our railroads would have been impracticable, or must have been delayed for a generation. That, in turn, would have postponed the settlement of the West, would have made the suppression of the rebellion impossible, and would have prevented the creation of that western manhood, and access to that western agriculture, which, in their turn, have erected, supported and fed the manufacturing communities of East.

WEDDED OVER ITS GROWTH.

He spoke of the Irish Catholic element, that railroad, Poles, which these men erected for us, and of the Pope.

The English and the Saxon race exist in America in even larger numbers than in England, also in equals. The problem of their perfect union is to be wrought out here, on a new field, where equal justice prevails, where there is no political and no social

Wealth, with an honest pride, on the great qualities of our ancestors. We hope to transmit them to our children. In that mighty national life, the Saxon and Celt, different sources of many, one; of many states, one nation; of many races, one people; of many creeds, one faith; the elements the Puritan has contributed, civil courage, his constancy, his belief in God, his sense of duty, his love for liberty, his reverence and lofty hope—will be elements of perpetual power.

But see what the Irishman brings, also, as a dowry to this marriage which the centuries are to weld.

THE IRISH RACE IS IDIOSYNCRATIC

among great races for great traits. No people that possessed them ever failed to achieve a high rank among nations, on a fair field. These qualities are the capacity to govern and organize under the most adverse conditions; the capacity for rapid elevation, when conditions are favorable; courage; soldierly qualities; the gift of eloquence; the power of severe and patient labor; the passion for rational liberty; strong domestic affection; chastity; deep religious feeling.

The most English of English historians has drawn a picture of England's rule over Ireland, whose dark and terrible shadows no other hand can deepen. Six hundred and forty years of the most terrible form of tyranny, that of a race by a race; government by bayonets, artillery, and intrenched camp; the greatest English champions of civil and spiritual liberty denying even toleration to Ireland; whatever is associated with daily deliverance and dignity; the Englishman is associated with bondage and ruin to the Irishman; of the two greatest English sovereigns—Cromwell for the Puritan—the Irish policy of one extirpation, of the other, degradation; the most odious laws, aggravated by more odious administrators; priests, reviled by millions as the only authorized expositors of Christian truth, and the only authorized dispensers of the Christian Sacraments, treated as no honest man would treat the most abject beggar.

THE LAST LORD MACAULEY'S VOUCHER.

His authority needs no confirmation. If it did it would be supplied by multiply English witnesses, and by slight that this state of things continued, without intermission or improvement, down to the time when the great emigration from Ireland was at its height. Yet what sight millions of men on earth proclaimed more great men than Ireland during the last half of the last century? Swift and Goldsmith and Burke and Sheridan, with the foremost name in great literature, in English literature; Wellington, the first soldier of his time, were Irishmen. It may be said that they belonged to the dominant race. But take the men whom Ireland claims as her own, all on the stage within a period of 50 years—Emmet,

The noblest star of Fame,
That ever in life's young glory set!

Grattan, whose genius gave Ireland her brief taste of national life,

That soon faded, withered from the plume
And the emblem of age, when, filled with life anew,
A nation exchanged the dark bonds of her doom,
And, for one moment instant, touched Liberty's goal!

Plunkett, greatest of the great orators of the House of Commons, Curran, Moore,

To whom with one consent,
All Irish the crown in the high argument.

Father Mathew, whose inspired word excited the desire of intemperance from the bosom of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen; O'Connell, before whom England trembled for her peace. Had Ireland but a few of the great names which have adorned the annals of this downtrodden people,

—Mr. Fulton Forman, of the London Stores Co., has just arrived from the "village" of only 7,000,000 population (London), with an extensive assortment of gigantic mammoths of all sizes, weights, colors and fancy; also a quantity of diamond jewelry in all cut styles, and a large consignment of Indian Clubs, as which and manufactures generally Mr. Forman's produce stock is overstocked with the 10 Fisher St., room 17, San Francisco.

Selecting a Jury in Ireland.

An Irish journal gives the following graphic sketch of how jurors are selected in Ireland whenever any Nationalist "rebels" are to be put on trial:

"What sort of a man is Paddy Murphy? queries the Crown solicitor. 'Is he a loyal Leaguer? Does he attend their meetings? Is he a Home Ruler? 'Begorra, I don't think he is,' exclaims the constabulary. 'He's a quiet, decent man, who minds his own business.' 'It is a Catholic name, observes the Crown official, as if commiserating with himself. 'Yes, yes, he is a Catholic.' 'Well, now, constable, what about his sons and daughters? Do they show any active part in politics?' 'Yes, says the constable. 'I remember that his youngest daughter, Mary, was a member of the 'Ladies' Land League' when that association was flourishing some years ago.' 'We cannot have him on the jury, cries the Crown solicitor, and accordingly Paddy's name is marked for challenge, but not on account of the patriotism of his daughter, but simply because he belongs to the proscribed class.

Now here it will be observed that although a multiplicity of questions are asked, the only real test of which the Crown Solicitor wants to assure him is whether the man is a Catholic or Nationalist or not.

"No doubt there are a certain class of cases in which the religious question is not raised. For instance, Catholics are permitted to serve on juries before the jury-packers, lawyers and other notorious offenders are to be tried. But mail questions of an agrarian character, or in which the national sentiment is in any way concerned, the sole end and object of the Crown officer is to get a Protestant or exclusively Protestant jury.

"It is a very remarkable thing, and one not accepted as including the base, under-hand and unscrupulous methods by which English law is enforced in Ireland, that while the directions which Attorney General Holmes read in the House of Commons appear to enumerate a number of grounds upon which a challenge may be made, there is no allusion to the subject of religion, which is the only reason in twenty-nine cases out of a hundred for which Roman Catholics are ordered to stand by.

CURIOUS STATISTICS FROM ROME.

Catholic Statistics from Rome.

The Rome correspondent of the Boston Pilot, gives the following interesting extract from the "Pontifical Annuary" issued from the Vatican press. The Dean of the Sacred College, by age, is Cardinal John Henry Newman, aged 87 years; the Dean, by date of creation as Cardinal Merchi, who is 29 years in the Sacred College. The Dean of the Sacred College, however, is Cardinal Sacconi, first Cardinal of the Order of Bishops, by the date of his creation in 1861. He is Cardinal during 26 years.

The Cardinals of the Order of Bishops are six; of the Order of Priests, 42; of the Order of Deacons, 13. Of the Cardinals created by Pius IX., 23 are still living; Leo XIII. has created 39 Cardinals, and five who have been created of their elevation to the Sacred College at the next Consistory, after which date the Sacred College will have 67 members. In relation to age there are, in the Sexagenarians, 16 octogenarians, 23 nonagenarians, 16 over the age of 90, and 16 over the age of 94. The youngest member of the College is Cardinal Vannutelli, Nuzio, Patriarch of Lisbon, 46 years of age. With regard to Italians and foreigners there are at present five Roman Cardinals and 25 Cardinals of other Italian sects. The nations have 37 members of the Sacred College, according to the list published for this year. There are 13 Patriarchal Sees, 192 Archbishoprics, 1,000 Episcopal Sees. The Patriarchates of the Latins are Lisbon, Venice, Lisbon (Malacitana, Syrians), Halydon of the Chaldeans, Cilicia of the Armenians, And those of the Latin Rite: Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Venice, Jerusalem, Indies, West Indies and Lisbon. The Archbishops and Bishops, known formerly as *in partibus infidelium*, who do not enjoy Episcopal Sees properly speaking, 315; Archbishops and Bishops no longer having titles, 21; Prelates *sullaire discrezo* five; a total of 1271 titles actually conferred. Leo XIII. has created one Patriarchate, 16 Archbishoprics, 42 Dioceses, 27 Vicariates and one Apostolic Delegation, nine Prefectures Apostolic, and 98 new titles, in short, marked the happy development of the hierarchy under the present Pontiff.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Where Erin lay a dreamy child,
Upon Atlas's wave and wave,
Her hills, and valleys, lone and wild,
Her music but the breakers roar,
The green turf, smiling at her feet,
Seemed beckoning to some gifted head,
Her fortune then, in a word,
A guardian Saint of Church and land.

He opened to life amid the poor,
As it be ancient virtue home,
And placed upon each cottage door
A blessing for the coming morn.
He gave a promise to the race,
Of wit and joy, to wed or woo,
And to the home wear a smiling face
Though stormy days might come or go.

Then slowly marching o'er the ground,
He planted the great and tall then here
The work of love, that might be found,
In saving man by a little deed.
The Faith of old he lovely taught
To rich and poor, 'mid gain and loss,
The Christ, the Crucified,' who bought
Their purchased souls upon the Cross.

Oh Saint! in these latter days,
Thy children, who have kept thy life,
The world's pet banner tale of trays,
Hit kingdom's peace, and war and strife.
Try good St. Patrick's simple plan,
Is this your heir of grief and pain,
Be true to God, and just to man,
Then Erin's saints shall live again.

San Francisco. THOMAS CURTIN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

OUR LADY OF MERCY'S SCHOOL.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT—Maggie Ballin, Mary Cahill, Agnes Farley, Annie Wallace, Mary Ballin, Agnes Ward Maggie Joyce, Cecilia Reilly, Fannie O'Brien.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT—Nellie Healy, Belle Hickey, Lizzie Healy, Katie Shaw, Mary Quick, Jude Crowley, Lou Dwyer.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT—Mary Whalen, Katie Kelleher, Katie Daly, Tessie Keegan, Adeline Rascoillet, Maggie Hayes, Maude O'Donnell.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—Mary Gray, Judith Gordon, Minnie Finnegan, Annie Hagerty, Lena Madden, Mary Casey, Christine Sewell, Hattie Stone, Linnie Casey, Nettie Carr, Annie Kane.

SITUATION WANTED

By a middle aged widow lady as housekeeper or to do housework. Apply at 618 Francisco.

A Sudden Change of Weather

Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which follows coughing is quickly subdued by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple and effective cure for all hard or tender throats. Price, 25 cents per box.

—Frank P. Kelly, Druggist, 109 Fifth st., opposite Panorama Building, Prescriptions a specialty. Complete assortment of fancy goods and toilet articles always on hand.

—The oldest reliable optical establishment. C. Mullen the leading optician 136 Montg. street.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—Captain McHardy's report on the Belfast riots will recommend better barracks, more rapid conveyance for the police during riots, and the employment of mounted and plain-clothes constables, with more premiums.

CARLOW.—Mr. F. Mulvigan, school master, Carlow Parish, has received an appointment in the Government service.

CORK.—A very extraordinary moonlight affair is reported from Bantry. On February 16, about 12 o'clock, a house in the possession of a woman named Mrs. Ross, who was protected by the Land League, was surrounded by about one hundred men, who demanded that the inmates should leave. The woman refused, whereupon attempts were made to force the door and effect an entrance. They answered by volleys of stones, with shouts, groans, and threatened to pull down the house if it was not given up. The police, believing that it would be useless to contend with such a large body of men, consented to leave. Mrs. Ross and some other inmates, together with the three policemen, then left for Bantry, some three miles distant. What makes the affair more extraordinary is that the dispute between the parties is confined to the Ross family, the National League not interfering.

On February 17, the remains of Sister Philomena were interred in the holy ground attached to the Kinsale convent. The funeral procession was a very imposing one, the Kinsale people feeling great regret among the inhabitants of Kinsale, at the departure of Sister Philomena, who was one of the highest respected sisters, which were justly merited on account of her noble works, humility, and untiring devotion. Judge Barry, who is a Protestant, and who knew the deceased lady very well, was closely sheltered as a token of respect, and many other similar demonstrations of respect were indulged in by the Catholics of the town.

The occasion of turning the first sod of the Cork and Cloyne Cloyne Cloyne Cloyne railway took place on Saturday last, and was celebrated by a luncheon at St. Anne's.

CLARE.—The Government, it is said, has been at considerable difficulty in finding a suitable person to accept the appointment of High Sheriff for Clare. Mr. Cornelius Cornelius Cornelius Synge, J.P., Moyan Callan, Co. Clare, has, it is now generally known, at last consented to take office. The new sub Sheriff, Mr. Charles Mahon (Belfast), is a nephew of the Marquis of Sligo, and is a Protestant. It is stated that he will be succeeded by Mr. Patrick Hogan, Fort Castle, Doughmore Creek for the Nenagh and County Limerick Division. Mr. Patrick Dawson is the son of Mr. Richard Dawson, J.P., Bearnty, County Clare, and if his recruits go well he may be sure of success. He has done in Sheriff, he is bound to become that singular anomaly, a popular sheriff.

DUBLIN.—On February 16th, a servant girl named Jane O'Neill, aged 30 years, residing in the house of Mr. Dawson, 20 Grosvenor-place, Dublin, was sent to post some letters. When she reached the post office she was accosted by a young man of fine mien, native and backed upon the footway, and from whom she was crushed by upon the horse and cart and a carbine wall. She was killed instantly.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Stuart Harvey, of 29 Nassau street, and 16 and 23 and 25 Frederick street, to the Commission of the Peace for the Borough of Dublin.

DONEGAL.—Prof. Seth McNeill, M. D., speaking at a meeting of the Professional Hole Association, on Feb. 16th, said the Protestant clergy, a Protestant, the sex of a Protestant clergy, and showed the English public that Irish Protestants, who, in the last century, had been very numerous, had ceased to be so from their Catholic fellow-countrymen, so that the Protestant clergy of Donegal and Sir (Mr. McNeill) had gone about the county working for Catholics, and they had found that the Catholic sacrifice—into the very hearts—of the Lord Lieutenant, and all the lie they had told about the country, that Protestants and Catholics were fly at each other's throats but for their mutual interpretation.

DERRY.—Derry is at present the more celebrated party triumphs. It was generally thought that the Orangemen would be allowed the pealing of the old Cathedral over the difficulty. But, it is said, the Protestant clergy, their use for the occasion. The loyalists disapproved of the proposal, and it was not carried into effect. The bring continued by two Catholics, and the thing by protestant, the police did not interfere.

LONDONDERRY.—The Lord Lieutenant's tenantry, with reference to the recent decision in Parnell's case, received a very cordial reception. At one at part, the route due Lord Lieutenant, and he had to pass until the 15th of March, on the hall week's rent due the 1st November, on or before the 8th of May. After time respective dates indications cannot be given."

GALWAY.—The town of Loughrea continues to present the appearance of a place in a state of siege. The houses of those who have taken the land from the owners are still in the police are kept in barracks. Notice have been posted, calling upon the people to boycott a landlord who had supplied goods to the police. All the shops in the town are closed, and the people have to go to Galway for food, the inhabitants refusing to convey them. Provisions have been forwarded into the town.

Upwards of a thousand people assembled in Clifden on the 16th, to hear Mr. Michael Davitt and parish priest, the Very Rev. Patrick Lynskey, P.P., V.F., who arrived from Dublin, at 4 p.m. Rev. the parish priest, by which the very representations travelled from Galway had reached the usual destination, at Mullahey's Hotel, he was loudly acquitted by the crowd to alight, and was obliged to take his place at the head of a large procession, which was formed in Fair Hill, and proceeded to Clifden, the Rev. Mr. Lynskey by his side, followed by a large bodyguard of the Irish National Land League, who formed a hollow square at the entrance to the town, which was brilliantly illuminated. Mr. Davitt addressed the people in words to the people from the steps of the Freemasonry door.

On Feb. 11th, Mr. Michael Walsh, teacher of the National School, Cloon, Ballinrobe, received the following letter, addressed to "Michael Walsh, Cloon, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, Ireland, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, Sydney, Melbourne, Cork, Dublin, Ballinrobe, Cloon, Mr. Michael Walsh, Cloon, Ireland." Mr. Walsh, Cloon, Ireland." Mr. Walsh, Cloon, Ireland." Mr.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

To me this world is but a treasure mine,
Aglow with gems of rarest hue and lone;
They form our passports to a happier clime,
By them our fame or infamy is known.

And like the base objects of our care,
To feel them we must search and toil and delve;
Just, so within those baser objects—they
Must search with toil and delve for gems like these.

For all the virtues which these gems possess,
Attach themselves to him who happily sought,
And all their power to strengthen and to bless
Within the inward heart—strongly wrought.

Wouldst know these gems, be will-bored, aimless youth,
Just entering Life's full play with heartfelt zest!
Thy soul then—search well for Truth and Virtue,
And prize to it the treasure thus gained by the quest!

Sweet Virtue is another; great its art
To strengthen purposes and to truly bless;
Go find this one and gain it in thy heart
To light thy way to honor and success.

More gems I still could name, but shall not—lest
Their number dull thy purpose—let them be;
First mine for Truth and Virtue and the rest
Will be the surface and basin on thee!

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

IN CLEARER SIGHT.

(SUPPER AFTER CONFIRMED.)

My walls are no more prison walls;
I see one see that sunlight on the casement falls;
And here I thought were bars, cold and grim,
Were only branched shadows—something dim.
That caught their darkness from the soul within,
Or now in fadeless glory I behold
Or crowning sunbeam, with no thought to hold
A sunless spirit in a captive gloom,
Whose walls are stony speech, and doom
With an pale pages of despair—
The dread, alas! of which months no outer air.
Ah, well! it surely well doth seem
It was at last but passing or dream;
No gaoler holds me now a prisoner here,
There is no gaoler but one, Conscience—and fear
Imprisons minds and bodies in its chain,
And freedom is not freedom—only seeming such,
A very mockery of freedom!
Our faults so tenderness should ask
The chastening stripes must chastise them all!
But for our blessings—oh, in shame,
Before the throne of heaven we bow!

"Earth bears no blessings for mistaken;
Man crown the brows, and scourge the too
That did his gift, but spoil, or slay!
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed, in silence rose
The king, and sought in the garden cool,
And walked long and earnest long and low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

M. L.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE GRAVE OF ST. JOSEPH.

Holy Joseph! glorious Patron
Of the Church's sacred fold,
Guardian of the Divine Infant
Given once to mists of old.
Oh! sent thy powerful influence
And the Church's pride behold.

Keep our faith from growing cold!

Behold! Behold! Behold!
Keep our faith from growing cold!

Behold! Behold! Behold!

Eyes of a Saviour's life;
And what joy had mortal feeling
One Who is the Bread of Life!
Let us, too, partake thy bliss,
For our days with sin are rife;
Our souls, too,
Save and feed to through the strife.

Hyacinthe Joseph! glorious model
Of the lowly, poor, and meek!
Pour the sweet telling spirit
With a powerful, holy mirth,
Pour the sweet telling spirit
Of thine own most lowly birth!
Come, oh! thy powerful, mirth,
Pulsing! Joseph! solve doubt we
Days and years are fleeting fast;
Thou hast died in Jesus' bosom,
Thou our hope on thee we cast;
Lead us to the land of Peace
When we each approach our last!
Joseph, Joseph!
Help us till death's final is past.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to please his soul.
And to his jester cried, Sir Fool,
Kneel and to us thy fool make a prayer!

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the modding court before.
Then kneel down and crossed his hands,
Bobbed the painted pate he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the floor. A hush fell on
His pleading voice some, "O'ts Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From wrong to right, as wrong is wrong!
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"I'm by our guilt the outward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay,
We are foolish and we do
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clouds of sin, dull in the skies,
Go scathing blessings without end,
Then fall, well-meaning men be so struck
Among the heart strings of a friend.

"The ill thrust truth that we have kept—
We have been sharp to pierced and stung
The words we had not mean to say—
We know not how great our fault lies!

"Our faults so tenderness should ask
The chastening stripes must chastise them all!
But for our blessings—oh, in shame,
Before the throne of heaven we bow!

"Earth bears no blessings for mistaken;
Man crown the brows, and scourge the too
That did his gift, but spoil, or slay!
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

THEODORE.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

Use our "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" as freely as you please, knowing perfectly that they can do you no harm. They are the unanimous opinion of the world. G. A. GRANT, Teacher of Oratory, Boston.

Ask for and obtain only "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." Sold everywhere, at 25 cents a box.

—The Fish garden at Fredericksburgh, Very Rev. Father Dowling, will be consecrated, as mentioned, by Mgr. Corrigan, Bishop of Newark, shortly after Easter. The rise of consecration will be performed by Mgr. Corrigan, the Archbishop of Toronto, the Bishops of Brooklyn, Hamilton and Kingston notifying.

Literary Miscellany.

Buried Hopes.

A Pretty Story of Domestic Life.

Agnes Fitzroy was the youngest of a numerous family, all of whom had survived their father, an officer of distinguished character who fell in the Crimean war. Two of her sons had embraced the same profession, the third was in the navy and therefore had already attained some celebrity as a hero after. She had five sisters, all married, but only two of them resided in England.

Agnes lived with her mother at their family seat in Gloucestershire with no youthful companion but little Jane Douglas. Jane Douglas, who was a niece of Mrs. Fitzroy, had been brought up by her aunt from infancy (in the death of her parents Mrs. Fitzroy took her child, then only six months old, to her own home, educated her with Agnes who was one year older, and bestowed the same maternal care on the little orphan as on her own child.

Though the bulk of Jane's father's property went to his male kindred, the giver only relinquished such a portion as enabled them to make a mere than adequate settlement upon her; and as Mrs. Fitzroy religiously abstained from appropriating any part of it towards the expenses of her maintenance and education, it had grown accumulating for nearly eighteen years, until two Jane Douglas might almost call herself an heiress.

The two girls being "grown up," Mrs Fitzroy saw no objection to again open her doors to the visits of her neighbors. Agnes now nineteen, is fair as a lily, beautiful, indeed, in form and feature; but, alas! that glowing pink cheek and marble brow are in this instance the forerunners of the direct of mortality which in several generations had helped to thin the ranks of the house of Fitzroy. The medical observers, but hopes lovingly for the best—but we shall see.

Among the neighboring gentry was the family of Sir Frederick Trehearn, with whom Mrs. Fitzroy had kept up an intimate acquaintance since her husband's death. Sir Frederick was a widower, and had two sons, George and Edward, and one daughter, Emily. Edward was the elder, and of course heir to the title and estate. George was a miserable cripple in consequence of an accident which befell him in his infancy, at Emily everything I told when it is said she was not ugly, and not ancient, is all natural or stupid; not too talkative or too grave. In fact, she was one of those girls you might see hundreds of any day—simply commonplace.

Edward Trehearn, the "Young Squire," as he was usually denominated, was in his twenties (Agnes, had been educated at Stonyhurst, and habit fair to reflect honor upon the hot-headed hot-hearted youth.

In the close intimacy which subsisted between the families at Trehearn Hall and Fitzroy Cottage (as the elegant residence of Mrs. Fitzroy was modestly designated), Edward, of course, became a frequent visitor at the latter; while somehow or other it always happened that he was at home whenever the Fitzroys were expected at the Hall. It was soon settled, therefore, that a match would certainly take place between Edward and either Agnes or Jane. But it was impossible to decide whether Edward cared for either Agnes or Jane, so impartially were his attentions bestowed upon both. He was, in deed, the frequent companion of their walks and rides in summer; would read to them in the long dreary evenings of the winter; and sometimes take his part in singing or accompanying them with his flute, which he played with a brilliancy of execution, while they exerted their voices and their science alternately upon the piano. Occasionally, too, he might be detected lots one at one time with Jane at another with Agnes, either in the drawing-room or upon the lawn, or sauntering through the grove of surrounding poplars, where sweetly-scented lovers usually their path with dancing moonbeams. It happened however, that these latter walks were more frequent with Agnes than with Jane, not because they were sought or contrived, but simply because Agnes was more prone to seek such quiet nooks than her mercurial cousin. Edward, with all his hot-headedness, was a true and honorable gentleman. He would rise have discovered, and soon enough to have a pang, such he was ever desirous, and too honorable to appropriate as a triumph, that he was looked upon as rising with roses the beginning of a pale whose cold and lonely grave.

Time glided on, and month after month saw Edward a more and more frequent visitor at Fitzroy Cottage, when one morning, about two years subsequently to the period at which this narrative commences, Sir Frederick came alone, and with an air of mysterious importance requested the honor of a private interview with Mrs. Fitzroy. They were closeted in the breakfast-room, whence the footman retired, and Mrs. Fitzroy immediately took her leave of her guest. Jane, who was busy at embroidery, instead of continuing her work, could do nothing but look again and again at that portion of it which was already finished, as if she was endeavoring to catch the image of the pattern. Agnes was reading, but the hand which held the book dropped upon her knee, and while a faint flush came across her cheek, her eyes were fixed upon the countenance of Jane, who for once in her life, looked anxious and fearful.

In about half an hour Mrs. Fitzroy returned to the room, for Sir Frederick had taken his departure. His approached Jane took her hand affectionately, as she tenderly inquired "what was the matter?"

"I have long expected such an interview."

Jane looked up. There was a tender smile upon her features which caught the eye of Agnes. She was real all its meaning, and smiled too; but the smile of her mother, as it spread itself over her pale cheeks was like a wintry sunbeam upon a bed of snow.

Mrs. Fitzroy, having gained herself, in her accustomed place, the Cottage Family resumed upon her to make certain customary inquiries, in consequence of having learned from his son that he was desirous of being permitted henceforth to consider himself the acknowledged suitor of Jane, a desire which he had no wish to oppose. "No, my child, you have only to consult your own heart and before you finally take a step, in which, according as the heart is well consulted or not, must make or mar the after chance of its after felicity."

The affectionate and parental tone with which Mrs. Fitzroy addressed these words was answered by the tears of Jane as she fell upon the work she held in her hand; but Agnes, advancing towards her with the lively throwing her arms around her neck, exclaimed, as she gently kissed her "Happy Jane!" in accents that only too well mated with her tears, which now mingled with those of her own cousin. In a few moments the struggle was over; and then what a touching contrast there was between the beaming countenance of Jane, suffused each restant by the standing tinge of confusion joy which despoiled to a blush, and the fairness of her cousin, which was the check of Agnes, now speechless, and now pressed, as Hope's angelic touch has on flying flakes in the silent agony of her stricken heart. Slip, like her mother, laid long expired each an interest as Sir Frederick had that morning sought; but her altered anticipation of the object was scarcely a month old. She had wakened as from a dream. But it was impossible that Rosen told her it was a dream, and that the scene of enchantment had dissolved away.

Agnes was not slip, but at late the presence of Edward Trehearn, amid the transporting thoughts which disturbed and harassed her when he was absent. And then, too, everything he said or did had become so, were suspicious and cracks with her. He could not be wrong, and she was surprised that anybody could think or act otherwise than as he thought and acted. Sometimes she paused to doubt the meaning of all this. To question her heart why it turned so instinctively towards him as a fruitless scrutiny, for she knew the pang it was to know the fact, but not to find the cause. She was quite aware that he had no share in what she felt; besides, Edward had never spoken of love to her; and know then for, must be out of the question. Thus, then, was her conduct at a time, but it gradually departed from her to be unmeaning, and consequently unpleasant. The first consciousness of the real truth started her one evening when Edward was thinking for her mother, and her sister, but she. Sad often heard Edward read, but this time the felt a strange interest, an unusual sympathy in the romantic scenes of the lovers, while her heart palpitated at the sound of his voice fell upon her ear. In a moment she knew he did not prefer her. It was a moment of bitterness, but Sir Frederick called upon Mrs. Fitzroy, and when she left the short period Agnes had discered that which caused his visit. No prejudice, no, nor even pride, could stand the shock of an unexpected blow when it really comes; and hence the brief struggle with herself. But that brief struggle was all. Agnes was too proud to confess a sense of slight, or wrong. She could not, she acknowledge she had nourished not merely an unrequited, but an unsought and unauthorized preference; and she was too independent of spirit to allow herself to be so lowered by obtrusion of her own weakness.

The bridal course came, and Agnes had proceeded from her chamber a fairer bride. She would have it so, in spite of all the fond entreaties of her mother to the contrary. And why were those fond entreaties urged? Alas! the ground that spoaks not, that wipes its, that will not, cannot, speak, but in silence in the heart, is the grief that consumes the soonest.

The health of Agnes had gradually declined, and her mother was now in fear of the symptoms of her increasing debility, she could not allay the anxious fears of her mother as her cheek, which was painted with the lovely glow of a wasting fever that told of the "withered rose upon her mother's cheek."

Mrs. Fitzroy had watched these symptoms with unwariness, but without any serious apprehension, till the rapid strides they had lately made imparted her with alarming thoughts of the danger they pretended—that there was but too much reason to dread that Agnes was becoming consumptive, if she were not so already. The languid glare of her full blue eyes, to which a frightful prominence was given from the hollow cheeks produced by the wasting of the flesh from their orbits—the quick breathing, and the panting cough, brought on by the slightest motion, were fearful indications of the existence of that malady though deceitfully malady. Medical aid had been called in, but the most skillful remedies had failed to arrest its progress. Yet there were some days when a transformation for the amendment was held out, to be followed only by a more severe and searching relapse.

It was on this delusive and dangerous crisis of her health that the appointed wedding day arrived, and hence was that forth Mrs. Fitzroy and Jane earnestly dissuaded her from attempting the fatigue and excitement of the ceremony. But no; it was her own wish, she said, it was her last request, and that she should be her cousin's bridesmaid, and she would be her cousin's bridesmaid, and she would be her cousin's bridesmaid. Jane was the first to yield to her wishes; and when the day was at the finger of Jane she smiled, and in a whisper said to her own breaking heart—"I will be well. I have triumphed over my sin! I have actually witnessed the consummation of a felicity which should have been my own; and now I may depart and bury my secret with me."

Jane was a happy bride, but Agnes felt that she was a happier bridesmaid. Jane's heart was full of love

THE MONITOR.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1887

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—"Take away," says Brownson, "the subjection of the State to God, and you take away the reason for the subjection of the subject to the State."

—The Belgian hierarchy has selected Mgr. Jean Baptiste Abbelen, D.D., father to Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Malines, for the important post of Rector Magnificus of the University of Louvain.

—The Irish National League has issued a circular to the branches throughout the kingdom, urging the necessity of preparing for the next general election, the supposition being that the fall of the Government is among the early possibilities of the near future.

—A Chinaman has been elected President of the Congregational Club at Hartford, Conn. Intelligent Christians can appreciate the reasons which impelled the people who thus elevated John over them. John has "coin," and money makes the Congregational mare go at a 2:40 pace.

—Lutheran Germany is disturbed at "without a living sense of God. Reverence, mystery and awe at the name of God have died out, and where they glimmer, other fires do not burn. A more tyrannical ministry, a more enslaved people, is not found in Germany than those who compose the Lutheran Church of to-day."

—Emperor William celebrated his 90th birthday, yesterday, and the Sovereign Pontiff sent his congratulations by a special envoy, who telegraphed to the Holy Father from Berlin that he has been very favorably received, and that he had an audience with the Emperor, in order to present to him the autograph congratulation sent by the Pope.

—A cablegram from Germany announces the re-opening of the Theological Institute, at Paderborn, which was closed under the Kulturkampf. The Catholic papers, commenting upon this, rejoice upon the return of the May Law victims, including Father Gabriel, who was imprisoned for three months and was afterwards exiled to England for a breach of the law. Father Kemper of Eggenstedt and Father Thoes have also returned.

—We are in receipt of a neat pamphlet giving interesting particulars concerning the new St. Patrick's Church in Rome. Among the subscribers to the fund for the erection we notice the name of Pope Leo XIII. for $800; all the Irish Bishops for various sums ranging from $100 to $500; John Fitzgerald of Nebraska, $500; Dr. J. F. Gibbon of this city, $100; Richard Tobin of this city, $100; Bernziger Bros. of New York, $50.

—Readers of the MONITOR will remember that some few months ago General Sir Redmond Buller was sent to Ireland in order to terrorize the Irish people into abrisk fear of English bayonets. But England's enemy, it seems, has become England's enemy. Here is what he says of the bad government of Ireland by the country whose representatives he is: "He said there never would be peace in Ireland until there had been established a court having strong coercive powers over bad landlords and protective powers over poor tenants."

—"Ireland," said Cardinal Manning in a recent sermon, "in all its poverty, in all its suffering, in all its penal laws, now happily gone for ever, has again covered the face of the land with cathedrals, churches, convents, seminaries and colleges. And it is not only in Ireland, but throughout the world—in Northern America, in Australia, throughout the British Empire—the Irish faith and the Irish blood are spreading, scattering broadcast the seed of eternal hope, which, taking root, springs up thirty fold, sixty fold, one hundred fold."

—Poor old Joyson's Catholic flock has been teetorally stranded at last! The long-threatened financial crash has culminated in the ex-Pere's desertion of his determination to establish a Gallican Catholic sect, and as he has gone into copartnership with the Protestant episcopal sect in Paris! Such is the ignominious end of one who—as a Catholic priest—commanded the attention and the admiration of Europe, but who fell through pride and perished in his own perversity. The Gallican fance is thus finished at last!

—The rapidity with which Socialism is spreading in Germany may be surmised from the following figures which indicate the Socialist vote in Berlin alone, during the years indicated: In 1867 the Socialist vote was only 67. In 1871 it increased to 2,036; in 1874, 11,779; 1877, 31,022; 1878, 56,147; 1881, 30,671; 1884, 68,526; 1887 94,259. It is no wonder, therefore, that the governing power of Germany dreams an alliance with the Pope in order to save the country from an enemy raised up by the persecution of the Church under the "blood and iron" rule of Bismarck.

—The Thurles Board of Guardians have passed the following comprehensive resolution: "That inasmuch as in this, the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, our laws are being made and administered by a Little German Prince, the Privy Council, and the Court of Queen's Bench, our Press is being persecuted, our National leaders prosecuted, the Union Jack contemptuously dishonored, and all Catholic juror are told to stand aside, we, the Guardians of the Thurles Union, hereby decline to take any part in the celebration of her Jubilee." The words "Little German Prince" are meant for Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, commander of the forces in Ireland.

—Hedging to a letter recently received from Prior Elyon, regarding the contemplated church of St. Patrick in Rome, Cardinal Manning says: "I do not know how I can express my long delay in fulfilling my promise to unite with the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland in assuring you to be [illegible] in Rome a church in honor of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, and Spiritual Father to millions scattered throughout the world. It is indeed most fitting that as England has the church of Saint Gregory at Rome, Ireland should have a church of St. Patrick, to whom, next after the Apostle of England, it shall bear a filial love. May your project thriving, as I am sure it will, be carried by the blessing of God to a happy issue."

—The Boston Catholic *Pioneer*, commenting on the action of the local Sabbatarians, says: those ordinance ordinances are not wanted in India, or for that matter anywhere else. They effect no possible good amongst the native population by making themselves absurdly ridiculous, and, apart from the mischief which they do themselves, the only serious result of these antics and gyrations is to bring Christianity into contempt. But as long as there are dupes at home willing to supply the sinews of war, we shall probably find fools enough abroad to carry on a crusade which is nothing short of a travesty on all that sensible Christians hold in esteem and veneration.

—One of the chief topics of conversation in Ireland at present is the religious disposition which John Graham, deceased, under of his real estate. Mr. Graham was a resident of Ballintra, in the county Donegal. Two of the provisions of the will of deceased include clauses that in case his son Norman die from his wife and without issue, the farm in Aughadella, known as Aughadella Hill, should be given (the tenant right thereof) free of charge to the inhabitants of the village of Ballintra, and the people of Drumholm parish for a public park." The rector, the parish priest and the police officer of the district for the time being are appointed trustees for the carrying out of the bequest.

—The manifestly manner in which our fellow Catholics in the East respond to the appeals of their pastors for help to build schools in their parishes furnishes a pleasing contrast to the slipshodness with which such appeals are oftentimes met with by the officers of this section of the Lord's vineyard. Rev. Father Corcoran, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn, recently made an appeal to his parishioners for funds to erect a school building for girls to be taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph and within ten days—he received *thirteen thousand five hundred dollars!* This is real, genuine and practical Catholicity, which blesses those that give more than a hundred-fold. Philadelphia or Corcoran may well feel proud of his parishioners.

—"Golden Gate Park will shortly be graced with a $60,000 monument erected to the memory of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." James Lick left the money for its purchase and Story, the Sculptor, has just finished his portion of the work. It is made of Roman travertine—a white concretionary limestone peculiar to Italian localities. The whole structure will be fifty feet high and will be surrounded by a magnificent symbol of America. The figure of Key is of bronze; he is represented seated under an arch of elaborate workmanship and the figure is modeled in Story's best style. We earnestly hope there will be no Masonic mummeries permitted at the inauguration of this great work of art.

—A singular admission was recently made by the St. Johnbury *Republican*, a paper published in Vermont, concerning the great illiteracy of that State's native-born population. The *Republican* says: "It is a singular fact that in a country where popular education that is falling behind. To the figures given from time to time in this paper the only answer has been that the growth of illiteracy in Vermont was due to the great increase in our foreign-born population. But the statistics do not sustain this view. Of native-born white persons 10 years old and upward who are unable to write, the census of 1870 gave us 2,962, while in 1880 the number had increased to 3,354. On the other hand, of our foreign-born population the number unable to write was 13,864 in 1870, and 10,327 in 1880."

—The Anglican bogus Bishop of Lichfield, England, has hit upon a great remedy for the troubles of the Church of England. He candidly acknowledges that the religious belief of a great many Protestants is "little better than a jumble of ill-assorted truths to some one or more of which they attach a special importance. The consequence is that when they meet with "a well-instructed Romanist or other non-conformist, or perhaps a plausible skeptic, they have no solid ground on which to stand, and no trief armor with which to meet the attacks made upon them. The Anglican representative thinks their position would be rendered stable by "definite instruction in spiritual truth." Right you are, good Sir, but how can you expect the flock to know the way in which they should walk if the head-shepherds cannot agree in pointing it out to them!

—The death of Henry Ward Beecher has revealed the fact that—from a financial point of view—his life was a magnificent success, in fact he stands alone in modern days among men who live by their talents. Here is the result of his long life, as recorded by one who is in a position to know approximately: Salary first ten years, $20,000; salary second ten years, $100,000; salary third ten years, $200,000; salary fourth ten years, $200,000; for "Life of Christ," $50,000; for copyright of "Norwood," $5,000; lectures first ten years, $20,000; lectures second ten years, $30,000; lectures third ten years, $150,000; lectures fourth ten years, $100,000; for "Life of Christ," $10,000; for editorial and special work, $150,000; weddings, $10,000; sales and copyrights, $25,000; total, $1,145,000. To which may be added miscellaneous income of at least $100,000; grand total, $1,250,000. And at death that did all these thousands perish the persuaded soul of Beecher! No faith, no comforting assurance, no pentecostal spirit manifested, no appeal to God for mercy—he died as he lived—his own god in his life, his own idol in death.

—A singular coincidence was recently made by the St. Johnbury *Republican*, a paper published in Vermont, concerning the great illiteracy of that State's native-born population. The *Republican* says: "It is a singular fact that in a country where popular education that is falling behind. To the figures given from time to time in this paper the only answer has been that the growth of illiteracy in Vermont was due to the great increase in our foreign-born population. But the statistics do not sustain this view. Of native-born white persons 10 years old and upward who are unable to write, the census of 1870 gave us 2,962, while in 1880 the number had increased to 3,354. On the other hand, of our foreign-born population the number unable to write was 13,864 in 1870, and 10,327 in 1880."

Saint Charles Borromeo.

The action of his Grace Archbishop Ryan in creating a new parish in this city under the patronage of the great St. Charles Borromeo, will be earlier than to some of that distinguished citizen of heaven into a prominence on the Pacific Coast which it does not hitherto enjoyed.

St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal and Confessor of the Faith, was born October 2nd, 1538, in the castle of Arona, fourteen miles from Milan, which was destined to become the seat of his celebrated ecclesiastical See. He was descended from a very ancient Lombard family which gave to both the Church and State many celebrated men. He was educated at the celebrated University of Pavia, where his prudence, piety and moral conduct made him a model for his fellow students. In 1559 his uncle, Cardinal de Medici, was chosen Pope, to succeed Paul IV., and by him St Charles was created Cardinal and nominated as Archbishop of Milan, although then but 23 years of age. Pope Pius IV. also placed him at the head of several important ecclesiastical Commissions, but St. Charles refused all high positions and emoluments in order to devote himself entirely to the service of God and the salvation of souls.

During the time his uncle occupied the Chair of St. Peter St. Charles was his confidential adviser, and mainly of the great work accomplished by Pope Pius IV. during his brief pontificate, is due to the prudence and wisdom of this prince-nephew. To St. Charles is also due the credit of suggesting the reopening of the Council of Trent, which had been interrupted during the reign of Pope Johnus III., and yet amidst the numerous onerous duties which devolved upon him as a public adviser and confidant of the Pontiff St. Charles never neglected a single opportunity to increase the happiness of his people, to ameliorate the condition of the poor, to spread the Faith and to be himself the apostle of prayer and humility for the edification of the people. He was also a great patron of learning, having established many schools, and among others an academy in the Vatican for the advancement of clergymen and scholars in virtue and knowledge. This academy was the doctrine of great good and gave to the Church many bright ornaments among whom was Pope Gregory XIII.

St. Charles afterwards founded the College of the Borromeo for the education of priests in the city of Milan, and which he provided over that ancient See with all the dignity which his elevated ecclesiastical position entitled him, so private St. Charles was a most stern ascetic. He subsisted upon the plainest food purtaken of in the smallest quantity which would remain fire, for several years before his death he fasted every day upon bread and water, never tasting any eggs, milk or wine. Often he spent the whole night in prayer and meditation, and his couch was a pallet of straw.

A reformer of ecclesiastical discipline his labors proved of immense benefit in purging Religious Orders of irregularities which had crept into them through inertia, and, after a life of forty-six years—during twenty-four of which he governed the Church of Milan—he died between the 3rd and 4th of November, 1584, the Church having selected the latter date as his festival when he was canonized by Pope Paul V., in 1610.

St. Charles was one of the many instruments which Almighty God makes use of in the world in order to carry on His Church in accordance with His holy will. He literally spent himself for the aggrandizement of God's glory and the salvation of souls, and the large fruit the seasons which marked his career on earth may be transferred to the new parish, so that it may be fruitful in bringing many souls to the vision of God.

A Baptist Preacher Undertakes a Big Job.

Protestant preachers are so constantly engaged in attempting the impossible feat of reconciling God a truth with Protestant error, that some of them have become possessed with the idea that they can "convert" Catholics to their one-horse heretical sect! A certain Dr. Justin D. Fulton, has notified an astonished world through the daily press that hereafter he proposes to devote himself to the conversion of Roman Catholics to the Baptist faith! Poor souls! We really pity him! He will find it far easier to advertise his ridiculous pretensions than to perform his proposed task, and we suggest to him that he would be perverter of Catholics that he had better convert his dissenting Baptist brethren to one form of sectarianism, before he undertakes to denominate Catholics by making Baptist manikins out of them.

Among the sect represented by Dr. Fulton there are no less than a dozen different wings of Baptists—each claiming to be the Simon-pure system of sectarianism, yet all differing as widely as the Mormons do from their Methodist brethren. There's the Anabaptists, Dunkenbaptists, Arminian Baptists, Calvinistic Baptists, Regular Baptists, Free Communion Baptists, Free Will Baptists, Six Principle Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, Antimonian Baptists, Mennonite Baptists and Hunker Baptists! What a medley of man-made mockery of Christian truth!

To which of these heretical wings of religious bombaggery Dr. Fulton intends to "convert" Catholics, that great modern Apostle fails to tell us, but it is fair to presume that any Catholic who may be silly enough to follow this daring dreamer will be known as *Fulton's Fools*.

We opine, however, that Dr. Fulton's array of "converts" will be very much of the same calibre as Falstaff's army, "ragged prodigals" whose Christianity is comprised in a well-clad body and a well-filled belly. "Except they call this class of "converts" in Ireland, and those are the only class who will consent to enter the corral of "converted" Catholics who are to be known as *Fulton's Fools*.

—The reliability of the sensational calligraphic received from Rome may be estimated by the fact that of them recently made Monsignor Stonesbro inform the Pope that mixed marriages were "a benefit" to the Church in America.

Lands Awaiting Catholic Settlers.

There are thousands of acres of land in California which Catholic colonists can procure on easy terms and which emigrants from the East can take up, cultivate and grow rich upon as comparatively few years California is by long odds the best state in the Union for agriculture, horticulture, fruit raising, or any industry where pride crops depend upon a good climate. Here a farmer or other occupier of land can labor in the fields eleven months in the year, he has no long dreary winter to consume the profits of his summer and fall crops. Children will be healthier and the family happier through climatic influences than any other portion of the United States, and the land will be advancing in value year by year.

If this should fall under the vision of any person desirous of procuring large tracts of land for Catholic colonists, it will give us a great deal of pleasure to furnish such information in reply to any inquiries. Our Catholic fellow-citizens are good needs citizens and they are rapidly coming here, but we regret to say that a large proportion of these are not of the household of Faith.

Bishop Keane on Ireland.

A cablegram from Rome says that Bishop Keane of Richmond preached on Sunday last in the Irish Franciscan church in that city, on the subject of St. Patrick and Ireland's love for the Church and the world. It must have been a masterly discourse if we may judge of it by the following meagre excerpt:

Bishop Keane compared the early phases of Christian Ireland to the transfiguration of Christ on the mount, and His persecution and suffering on the journey to Calvary. He drew a powerful picture of Ireland's conflict as a light and teacher of the nations of Europe, her children reaching even to the gates of Rome itself. As Christ was despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity, so was Ireland. Jeers by three days to the tomb, which was sealed with the seal of Cæsar and the synagogue. When Easter came he arose in glory. So Ireland, after at least after three centuries of entombment. The first brightness was the Catholic constitution, and it had more been always steadily expanding. Life has been slowly but steadily returning to that mangled form, exalted in grave clothes. Already the trumpet of the Lord is sounding "It is Easter!" Vocus deep, thundering "There is no resurrection" "Other has not risen; there is no life in her." They have asked her for a sign. Shall we give them? But although the same mystery of the cross prevails, it is also has for her the joy and the tomb with just as surely lead her to the new light.

—It is a lucky thing for the huge army of "humorous" who fire vagrant lives in this country that the laws of Kentucky are not in force in California. At Augusta, Ky., Hiram Hudson, a vagrant, who had been in jail, was sold recently under the laws of that State to the highest bidder for seventy days. The jailer brought him to the dollars and immediately turned him loose, glad to get rid of his bad bargain.

The Duty of Catholics.

The evil influences of secularism and unbelief are undermining the elective plural religion of that benevolent materialism which poises in the world as Protestantism. Its ministers are becoming more and more and they are rapidly approaching that crisis in the history of sectarianism when the work will end in a period. In the midst of all this turmoil, and the unrest feeling which springs from disbelief, it is a great happy to Catholics to be able to point to a place of security which springs from Catholic faith and to be able to base our opinions upon a Church which are promulgated from the Rock of Christ.

Individuals outside the Church have only their own fallible, frail and fleeting judgment to guide them whenever upon questions affecting their worldly welfare or their spiritual future age-brought letter. Catholics are blessed with an infallible guide to whom they can turn. They have no predecessors whose wisdom they can consult, even as the Catholic turns to the tomes of the Fathers. They have no Vicar of Christ whose word goes forth the Vicar of God and all the lesser guides in such delicacy. And yet for want of the light of Faith, this lamp of Inspiration, that so many non-Catholics are now led into the lamentable condition of doubt and bewilderment concerning man's rights on earth and the future state of man after death.

In this state of doubt is the duty of Catholics? In it not to bring before their separated brethren, who are groping around in the darkness of doubt, the light of Catholic reasoning founded on the Faith, a mental law of Heaven?

Is it not a duty which comes upon us in conversations among men, where sin abounds, works like a cancer in the most Catholic souls, that souls be found fully and dearly solved in Catholic Revelation? Is it not a duty to act of mercy to open the eyes of our weaker and misled brethren, by placing them in possession of unfeasible evidence calculated to convince those of them in sincerity to which they may have come through sad experience, that the Church is the only Ark of Salvation, and that no man or any of the problems presented to him on opening questions of the hour. All a Catholic does is duty to ask himself this question: What says the Church? And what he has once learned the lesson the Soul of Wisdom teaches—then he can safely adopt her principle as his own. This is the plan and simple duty of all Catholics whenever the shadow of doubt falls across their souls regarding new theories, new propositions, or alarmist, questions upon which their knowledge may not be complete. To follow the Church is to walk on the straight and narrow path which leads men to the right, to avoid the numerous pitfalls which surround us, and, after a life of forty-six years—during twenty-four of which he governed the Church of Milan—he died between the 3rd and 4th of November, 1584, the Church having selected the latter date as his festival when he was canonized by Pope Paul V., in 1610.

St. Charles was one of the many instruments which Almighty God makes use of in the world in order to carry on His Church in accordance with His holy will. He literally spent himself for the aggrandizement of God's glory and the salvation of souls, and the large fruit the seasons which marked his career on earth may be transferred to the new parish, so that it may be fruitful in bringing many souls to the vision of God.

Protestant Opposition to Secret Societies.

A new movement in opposition to Secret Societies is about to be inaugurated by women in influential non-Catholics who are beginning to realize the fact that Rome is not alone in condemning Masonry and all kindred oath-bound organizations.

A committee of all persons engaged in secret societies has been called to meet in Chicago on the 24th inst., when a circular will be issued to the public, setting forth the evils of Masonry, which will be sent to the leading sects as Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Rev. McCosh, D.D., President of Princeton College, Professor A. Hodge, of Princeton College, Rev. W. Hatch, D.D., U. W. Pentecost, editor of the *Christian Herald*, Rev. James E. Rogers, of the American Missionary Association, Rev. H. F. Roberts, of the *Friend of Man*, Rev. Dr. N. C. Emerson, Rev. Sunderlin, President of the Woodman Lodge and Society. Their prime objection to Secret Societies, and to Freemasonry in particular, is "that they have a moral and religious tendency which is in conflict with the teaching of Christ in some instances, and the moral tendency of the rest, which are not in conflict with Christ, is so far in conflict with the teaching of Christ as to be morally injurious to the moral character of our citizens, and to be a source of great evil." The committee have taken no other position than that which Catholics have taken for years, and they do not claim that the society which is at the foundation of all the evil is the invention of the Catholic Church, but they do claim that the society which is at the foundation of all the evil is the invention of the Devil, and that the Church is the only society that has ever opposed it. It was the Church that first condemned the society, and during the centuries that the Church has been in existence she has always demonstrated. They had to be suppressed by general canons of their century, and it is to the credit of the Church that she has always opposed it.

Although secret societies have existed from the time of the Apostles, they have never been so numerous as at the present time, and they have never been so powerful as they are now. The Masonic institution has grown into a power in the land, and it matters to deny what it has done for the country. It has been the mainspring of the Union army, and it has 1,000,000 of men in its ranks, and it has 1,000,000 of men in its ranks, and it has 1,000,000 of men in its ranks

Family Fun.

How He Lost His Taste.

I was sleeping in a second story bed room of a painter's house in Mississippi, and it was not yet daylight, when something roused me up. I was listening to hear the noise repeated, when there came such a yell as fairly shook me out of bed. I ran to the open window, but it was too dark outside to see anything. As I stood there listening I heard the clank of a chain, followed by groans, and then the yell was repeated back to bed with the idea that some crazy negro was prowling around, and slept till sunrise. Then I looked out, and solved the mystery. A few rods away was a smoke-house. A big bear had been set at the door, and it had caught a grab. With one leg held as in a vise, and with his hands grasping a young tree to hold him up, a burly negro looked up at me and called out—

"Say, boss, but I want to get loose of dis!"

When I went down and told the colonel he expressed no surprise, and took no notice until after breakfast. Then we walked out to the smoke-house, and, after looking the prisoner over, he said—

"Does it hurt?"

"Not so much hurtin' in my life, sah."

"Can't you get out?"

"No, sah. I've been trying ever since midnight, but I can do it."

"I have hams and shoulders in there."

"Yes, sah; I reckon you has."

"Are you fond of smoked meat?"

"No, sah. I used ter be, but I ain't any mo'. I shall be hard to cooked meat agin!"

"Like to walk out nights?"

"No, sah. I'm guiss ter bed shery sight at sun down arter dis."

We got a rail and opened the trap and let him out. He went off dragging his leg behind him, and as he reached the gate he lifted his hat and coolly said—

"Wuzzy mush c'lowged, kabed. If my appetite for hams an' shoulders eber returns, I'll keep wide o' dis plantashun, an' does you fergit it."

After They Found Out.

A Detroiter who was driving out on the Holden road the other day came to a spot where the snow had drifted on each side of the track just as a woman driving a horse and "pung" entered the other end of the cut. As both had to be on the road their horses soon came head on and stopped.

"Why didn't you turn out?" shouted the man.

"Why didn't you?" replied the woman.

"I've got seven miles to drive, but I'll stay here all winter before I'll turn out!"

"And I've got five miles to go here, and I'll let 'em freeze as hard as rock before I'll give an inch!"

The man dropped the lines, lighted a cigar and leaned back on his seat. The woman dropped her lines, lighted her pipe and wrapped the old buffalo robe around her feet. Thus they sat for eight minutes, when the man grew impatient and called:

"What's the price of hogs out your way?"

"Oh, you've got all the pork you want in your sleigh!" she answered.

"I'm glad I'm a widower!"

"And I'm glad I'm a widder!"

"Will you be married?"

"Sartin, and I own 225 acres of the best land in Greenfield. So you are a widower!"

"Yes'm. Madam, pray excuse me. I'll cheerfully turn out."

"Oh, don't mention it. I'm mighty willing to back clear to the snow bank."

"Ah! madam, allow me to hope that you will overlook my—"

"Oh, certainly. Fine weather, but rather cold. Good-bye.

"Good bye madam. Wish you a safe journey."

Made Believe They Were Married.

Little Dot—Mamma, Dick and I got married this morning.

Mamma—You did, did you! Who performed the ceremony!

"I don't know what you's talkin' about."

"Well, how did you make out you were married!

"Oh! Why I got my dishes an' set the table, an' then we both sat down an' he said there wasn't a thing fit to eat, an' I said he was as ugly as he could be, an' he went out an' slammed the door."

Her Pa Was Older.

"What pretty children you have," said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. Ah, my little dear, said he, as he took a girl of five on his lap, "are you the oldest of the family?"

"No, ma'am," responded the little mite, with the usual accuracy of childhood, "my pa's older'n me."

Caution and Good Sense.

Photographer (to Philadelphia customer)—Will you be taken standing up or sitting down?

Philadelphia Customer—How about the cost?

Photographer—The cost is the same.

Philadelphia Customer—Then I'll sit down, of course.

Life in Harlem.

"Lemme an' oranges, all sweet, twenty-five for a quart'r; here y' are!" vociferated a vender.

"Are they all sweet?" demanded a woman with a basket.

"Yessem, all sweet."

"Well, I wanted to get some lemons, but if they're all sweet I don't want 'em," and she passed fruitlessly on.

A Professional Talker.

"Charley," said Clara, at a ball, "that young man you introduced me to is the greatest talker I ever heard. I didn't get a chance to say a word."

"Oh, he's a professional," replied Charley.

"A professional!"

"Yes. He's a barber."

The Economy of Nature.

Deacon Horing (to Sunday School)—Yes, dear children, everything in this world has its uses. There is nothing, however small or trifling, that was not intended for some good purpose.

Small Scholar (thirsting for information)—What good does a pig's tail do the pig?

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness and May Fever. A New Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure the worst of our country to use a two minute application made by Dr. Nicholson, of Newark, N. J., of a vegetable compound. The highest title now bestowed by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 West King street, Toronto, Canada. By special request Mr. Dixon, Sr., is starting at the Metcalfe House (formerly Truesdell) 1104 Market st., San Francisco, for a short time. Sufferers should send for his treatise or call and see him. Consultation free.

Farm and Home.

Profit in Fruit.

Up to as high as $800 per acre has been realized in Santa Clara county in the raising of French prunes. In one instance 8 Kirk of San Jose realized the three quarters of a acre patch of four-year-old prunes to the dimensions of San Jose, who realized $1200 in one season from the fruit. It is well known that the tree will yield as profitably in Contra Costa as anywhere in the State. It becomes a source of profit the first year and is widely known to be free from insect pests. The fruit never fails to find an easy market, no matter the extent of its production.

Peaches and pears realize from $200 upward per acre. H. F. Hardy, whose orchard is near Martinez, has realized as high as $700 per acre from the product of four-year-old peach trees.

Cherries, of which Juliano Cantine has a number in his orchard near Concord, have realized as much as $1000 to the acre.

Figs, of which there are numerous trees in the Lang Camp orchard in Ygnacio valley, have yielded the $100 to the acre.

We could enumerate a host of instances proving the fruit industry of Contra Costa to be more profitable and encouraging to those who have and intend to engage in it than any other country in California.

We advise farmers to set out the French prune, peach and pear. We have it on good authority that the most largest nursery erected in the State will be established in our beautiful county of Contra Costa. Already the small display from the widely known orchards of Dr. John Strentzel and others of this county is attracting considerable attention at the Citrus Fair now being held in Sacramento, as being unmistakable for firmness, flavor and size—no irrigation being needed in its production.

A Wife's Prayer.

(O God, who hast ordained and sanctified the holy state of matrimony, for replenishing the earth, for mutual consideration, and as a type of the union of Christ and His Church, give me grace both thankfully to accept its blessings and carefully to fulfill its duties. I beseech Thee continually to bless our union, and enable us to live together in peace and love, in the faithful discharge of all our duties to Thee and to each other.

Deliver us from every evil temper, from every bodilisn action, which may in any way weaken or embitter the sacredness of that tie by which Thou hast bound us together, and which can never be a vexed.

Make me faithful and affectionate, studious to please, and ready to deny my own will and inclinations in all things. Let not the trials and crosses of this life cause me to murmur, nor any earthly blessing cause me to forget Thee, the Author and Giver of all; but by patience and meekness, by prayer and thankfulness, may all things be sanctified unto me for eternal union with Thee, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

A Good Hitker a Free Drinker.

Observing dairymen have noticed that the quantity of milk a cow yields depends very much on the quantity of water she drinks. Almost invariably a good hitker is a free drinker. M. Lemoon reported to the French Academy of Science that he found, by a series of experiments, that the quantity of water habitually drank by each cow during twenty-four hours was a criterion to judge of the quantity of milk she would yield per day. And a cow that does not habitually drink as much as four quarts of water daily must be a poor milker, and should be fed to the butcher pretty fast. But all the cows which consumed as much as 50 quarts of water daily were accounted milkers, giving from 18 to 23 quarts of milk per day. He gives a confident opinion that the quantity of water drank by a cow is an important factor of her value as a milker. Prof. Horsfall found that a cow giving only 20 pounds of milk a day drank 40 pounds more of water than for yielding milk of the same weight. There is a clue to the excellent effect noticed by many that cows should have the water fire chaw. The Boyd reported in the Dairyman, nearly the usual quantity, and the result, as John Boyd reported in the Dairyman, was an increase of 25 per cent more milk of equal good quality.

The Value of Industry.

Let every youth be taught some useful art and trained to industry and thrift. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly intact a certain portion of his earnings. Let every one set out with a determination to engage in business for himself as soon as he can. Begin in a small, safe way, and extend your business as experience will teach you is advantageous. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerable certain income, sufficient to live on comfortably. Let every man who is able buy a farm on which to bring up his sons. It is from the farms the best men are turned out, morally and intellectually. Hear in mind that your business cannot be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers.

Taking Care of Harness.

Two brothers in Ohio at the same time sent bought a set of farm harness, made by poor correspondent from the same lot of leather. One could his harness each spring and fall and kept it housed when not in use, and it kept sound and pliable for ten or more years. The other never oiled his, but used it in wet and mud, and in three years it was hard and dry, and cracked and ripped so as to be nearly worthless. For all this, of course, he blamed the harness maker.

Never oil a harness when dry.

Never hang it in the sun to dry or for the oil to strike in.

Some leather day in spring, fall or winter take the harness into the cellar or some damp place; take all apart and soak thoroughly in warm water. Then wash off all the dirt and gum, and when nearly dry on the outside put on with a swab or brush a heavy coat of oil, either best tanner's oil or neat's foot oil, with just enough lampblack to color it well. Lay it oil in spots in the thinks till the oil works in. If very dry and hard it will pay to put on a second coat. When well soaked in take saddle soapand and a coarse rag and wash it well and clean the poter, press it a glow and put away where it will not freeze. If this is properly done twice a year the harness will keep nice as new and add one half to the durability.

— Dr Gilles de la Tourette has recently published a monograph upon mental locomotion and the variations in the gait caused by diseases of the nervous system. He found from a comparison of a large number of cases that the average length of pace is, for men 25 inches; for women, 20 inches. The step with the right foot is 2 inches longer than that with the left. The feet are separted laterally in walking about 4½ inches in men and about 5 inches in women.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most nutritious food and remedy in Nestle's Food. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. Cotton of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Lactated Food with marked effect. It not only relieves wasted tissue, but gives strength, and increases the appetite."

MISCELLANEOUS.

In cases of Diphtheria Delay is Dangerous PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER will quickly cure Diphtheria Quinsy, Coughs, Colds, and Sore Throat. All Druggists sell it.

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Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF APRIL,

Parties at least bought of us ON OR BEFORE THIS DATE will be entitled to the full value of the premium which may be drawn upon the bond they have in their hands on that date.

One or more orders sent in Eastern Express Letters, in clubbing $5 will secure one of these bonds for the sum of $1 weekly. Balance payable in monthly instalments.

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N. B.—Parties who have bought of us before, can add to their holdings on the above premium bond, and be drawn upon one or more of these bonds for the next drawing. Orders payable in monthly instalments.

N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in The San Francisco Monitor.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

"THE DONAHUE STEAMER RETURNS."

COMMENCING SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1885, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Boats and Trains will leave Foot of Market Street (Ferry Depot, Pier 2) as follows:

Leave S. F.	Destination	Arrive in S. F.
9:00 a.m.	Petaluma	10:50 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	Santa Rosa	4:20 p.m.
	Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, and Way Stations	
7:45 a.m.	Sonoma and Way Stations	10:10 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Sonoma and Way Stations	8:10 a.m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mark West Springs, Aetna Springs, at Lytton for Alexander Springs, and at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Saratoga, Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Eureka, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino City and the Coast.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa $1; to Healdsburg $1.50; to Cloverdale, $2.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, week days, 7:45 a.m., 2:45 p.m. Sundays, 9:00 a.m., 2:45 p.m. Leave San Rafael, week days, 7:50 a.m., 4:00 p.m. Sundays, 10:30 a.m., 4:30 p.m. Leave Point Tiburon, week days, 8:20 a.m., 4:30 p.m. Sundays, 11:00 a.m., 4:30 p.m.

The Best Produce from Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Lakeport, Upper Lake, Eureka, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino City and the Coast, will be found on the Tables of this Company.

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Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. Superintendent.

SONOMA VALLEY RAILROAD

STEAMER JAMES M. DONAHUE LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO for Sonoma and Way Points every Tuesday and Friday at 10 a.m.

4.00 P. M. Daily (Sundays excepted) from Wharf foot of Jackson street. Wharf on the left hand of Sansome. Glen Ellen and Way Points.

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS

$.15 A. M. Sundays only, from Washington street Wharf, foot of Jackson, to Glen Ellen and way points. Round Trip Tickets to Sonoma, $1.00 to Glen Ellen, $1.50.

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Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent. Superintendent.

SONOMA VALLEY STAGES

Connect at Sonoma with Steamer and Train for San Francisco, and at Glen Ellen with Train for Calistoga.

Leave Sonoma for Glen Ellen and Calistoga at 7:30 a.m. and 3:45 p.m.

Leave Glen Ellen for Sonoma and Calistoga at 8:00 a.m. and 4:45 p.m.

Fare to Glen Ellen, 50c; to Calistoga, $1.50.

Stages for Kenwood, Oakmont, Glen Ellen, Agua Caliente, Boyes Springs, Eldridge, Glen Oak, Glen Ellen Springs, Madrone Springs, Kenwood Springs, Agua Caliente Springs, Fetters Springs, Lawndale, Vineyard, Pythian Springs, Wildwood, Temelpa, Camp Meeker, Occidental, Bodega, Freestone, Valley Ford, Tomales, Dillon Beach, Duncans Mills, Jenner, Cazadero, Guerneville, Monte Rio, Forestville, Sebastopol, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Lakeport, Upper Lake, Eureka, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino City and the Coast.

Leave Sonoma for Stages every Morning at 7:30 a.m. Leave Santa Rosa for Stages every Morning at 7:30 a.m.

Fare to Santa Rosa, $2; to Ukiah, $5; to Lakeport, $5; to Eureka, $7.

Stage Offices: Plaza, Sonoma; Exchange Hotel, Santa Rosa.

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FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1887

New Illustrated Edition of Dreer's Garden Calendar, containing valuable information for the Farm and Garden, with Directions for Planting and Flower Culture, and over 600 illustrations of Choicest Novelties in Vegetables and Flowers. Sent free to all who write for it. Contains more than 1000 varieties of the best vegetables and flowers, with prices and directions for their cultivation. Our Specialties are the Celebrated Lettuces, Cabbages, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Melons, Radishes, Onions, Peas, Beans, Corns, Cauliflowers, Beets, Carrots, Turnips, Cabbages

AUSTRALASIAN NOTES.

Outlings from our Australian and New England Contemporaries.

The Patrician Brothers at Goulburn, Australia, have opened a select school.

The Catholic Church at Gympie, Australia, was recently destroyed by floods.

Rev. P. J Doran was recently raised to the priesthood in Sydney.

One of the most promising literateurs of Australia is an Irishman—John Ferrell.

Last month New South Wales entered upon the hundredth year of its settlement as a British colony.

The total area under wheat in this whole colony of New Zealand is estimated at over 170,000 acres.

Cardinal Archbishop Moran is about to introduce into Sydney a branch of the Order of Christian Brothers from Ireland.

A new church was recently dedicated in the diocese of Maitland, Australia, by Bishop Murray.

At the conclusion of the Redemptorist Mission at Dunedin on the 6th ult. over 6[illegible] of the congregation approached the altar and received Holy Communion.

Rev. Fathers Barry and Delaney of All Hallows College, Dublin, are in the colonies, collecting subscriptions in aid of the building fund of that celebrated institution.

Rev. Dr. Mathew Gibney was consecrated Bishop of Perth, on Sunday, January 23rd. His Eminence, Cardinal Moran officiated as consecrator. The ceremonies were imposing.

The Order of the Nursing Sisters of the Little Company of Mary, which was introduced into Australia by Cardinal Moran some sixteen months ago, is doing a wonderful amount of good. A convent for the Sisters is nearly completed at Petersham.

The Rev. Mother of the Ballarat City Convent and Loreto College (Victoria) proceeds to Europe shortly for the purpose of selecting about forty nuns. During the past ten years the nuns of Ballarat have spent £45,000 on educational work.

Four missionaries destined for the Vicariate Apostolic of the New Hebrides arrived in New Caledonia on the 6th ult. It is said that their coming will permit the chief of the mission to take possession, in the name of religion for the welfare and honor of France, of the New Hebrides group hitherto given up to English and Protestant influence.

Recently at St. Joseph's Novitiate, North Sydney, Sydney, two lady and interesting ceremonies took place in the oratory, which has lately been enlarged and beautified. The first ceremony was a reception. The following received the white veil: Miss Annie Joh, in religion Sister Mary Bibiothyna, native of England; Miss Catherine Donnelly, in religion Sister M. Aloysius, native of Armagh, Ireland; Miss Mary Hyde, in religion Sister M. Theodora, native of New Zealand; Miss Ellen O'Brien, in religion Sister M. Camilla, native of Dapto, New South Wales. At the second ceremony Sister Mary Serafina (Miss Kate Carroll) made her profession as a Sister of St. Joseph.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

CATHOLICS IN GERMANY.

Objections of the Centre Party to the New Church Bill.

BERLIN, March 16.—The Church bill as passed by the Commission of the Chamber grants the religious orders the restitution of their property. The report of the commission will be ready for the consideration of the Chamber on Tuesday. The report of the commission will be in favor of the Government proposition. The report of the commission will be signed by all the members except Herr Windthorst. These are that the premises contained in the bill in favor of Prussian Lombardy and Osnabruck be extended to the Rhine provinces, including Cologne, Sieg-burg, and Soest, and that the bill shall entirely include the Catholic clergy, and shall be made identical in phraseology with the ecclesiastical bill. The Centre party of the Minister Von Puttkamer will be ready, if religious orders be defeated and limited. Dr. Windthorst declares that there will be no peace between the Church and the State unless these demands shall be conceded.

No Danger of War.

BERLIN, March 16.—It is reported that the Emperor William, on receiving General Marquise on Saturday, said: "Tell your compatriots that there is no danger of war. So long as I live I shall use my influence in maintaining peace. Peace will one be Himself. I do not wish to leave as my present heritage to Germany, Germany shall my desire for good will with the French."

IRELAND'S OUTLOOK.

A Rift in the Clouds of Her Sorrow.

NEW YORK, March 18.—A London cable speaks of the 17th ult. as follows: "At the usual hour just of the London League to-night, Henry Labouchere responded to the toast of "Ireland's sorrows." He said: "We are told the crushed people, but I have seen no appearance of it. I see a little more hardiness and determination than I saw when I last resided in Ireland. I see a great deal more liberation Act in Ireland, but as it has been well remarked, the Act will be with little use. You have taken land long in the desert, but the promised land is now in sight. Ireland is a land of hope and the land, and you must soon enter that promised land."

The Shamrock Wave in Englishmen's Hearts.

LONDON, March 17.—The feature of the observance of St. Patrick's Day in England was the appearance of many Englishmen wearing shamrock, and great enthusiasm was shown at all outdoor demonstrations in honor of the day.

TORY LAND SCHEME.

Plans for Assisting Tenants.

LONDON, March 19.—Enough is known of the scheme for the relief proposed by the Cabinet to show that it is intended to be the most advanced measure ever introduced by a Tory Government. The details have not yet been communicated to the Liberal dissidents. It has transpired, however, that purchase money for tenants is to be provided by the issuance of land bonds. These bonds are to be a charge on the property sold to tenants. Delinquent tenants will accept the bonds from the landlords and place their fate rents to the credit of either. Regular installments, as they fall due under these bonds, will be collected by the local government officials sent by them and by the bonds. Provisions will be inserted for a periodical revision of rents based on the fall in prices. The Government will be charged for the security of the money advanced by the bonds, if it see needs.

An Irish Priest Arrested.

DUBLIN, March 16.—Father Keller of Cork was arrested today. He had been twice indicted in courts a summons ordering him to appear in Dublin on charges of conspiracy and inciting to violence. He came under the Plan of Campaign, of tenancy, belonging to the tenants of the Tipperary estate.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—A few heaps out in the Mid-Island, Fri. Mail, Wednesday morning, Feb. 23. The Fire Brigade arrived on the scene in a short time, and subsequently the flames in about half an hour. The damage is estimated at £1,000. The fire will not interfere with the working of the establishment.

CORK.—The sum of £3,000 is to be spent upon improvement work in connection with the Cork District Lunatic Asylum.

On Feb. 21st, there died in Castlemartyr, a woman named Ellen Sullivan, who had completed 105 years of age. She was the mother of 13 children, all of whom are dead. Up to twelve months ago the deceased was in fairly good health, and a month ago she was able to walk about the village and discharge her duty of minding the grounds attached to the Protestant Church.

The extensive flour mills of Messrs. Bowen Brothers, King street, Cork, were burned down on Feb. 23. The whole buildings were gutted. The mills were originally built in 1854, but being burned down in 1877, were again rebuilt in the same year. The damage is estimated at £20,000, and the insurance amounted to only £17,000.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien and Dr. Tanner spoke at a public demonstration on Sunday, Feb. 20th, at Mitchelstown, in connection with the adoption of the "Plan of Campaign" by the Kingston estate. The meeting was organized privately, and Mr. O'Brien said it was a great mistake to hold public meetings to open day time and take the Government at their word, and hold their meetings secretly. He referred to the fact that, notwithstanding all the Government proclamations, garrisons, police, and Gladstone, the "Plan of Campaign" had been adopted in 25,000 tenants, and of these 9,000 had had their demands acceded to. He advised the people to trust Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, who would have their grievances redressed.

CLARE.—The Government, acting on information received, arrested a land resistance in Ennistymon, Co. Clare, and repeats of large contingents of army and police assembled among the people, who assisted in arresting all the artillery forts on the Shannon, and Mr. Dillon was in charge of caricatures for a week.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Michael Davitt, J.P., of Grosvenor Quay, Dublin, died on Feb. 20. The deceased was a member of the Board of Guardians, Auctioneers and Valuers, and a prominent Nationalist. He was aged 72 years.

DONEGAL.—Prosecutions are taken by the Crown against fifty people who took part in the proceedings in connection with the attempt at eviction at Bloody Foreland, Gweedore, on the 19th of January. The charge is for unlawful and riotous assembly, and rescuing, and assaulting the police in the execution of their duty on the occasion. It was expected that no proceedings would be taken owing to the indefinite and contradictory nature in the local clergy for having restored order and induced peace on several occasions, and relying on a conversation between the resident magistrate and the Bishop of Raphoe after the Mass on Sunday, the people had abandoned evictions because unable to point out the exact in the conversation the resident magistrate was understood to convey that there would be nothing more about the affair in case Father McFadden would use his influence and draw the people off from further outrages, and allow the law to do its part in peace. The Father McFadden did.

DOWN.—The consecration of the Rev. Thomas McGivern, D.D., as Coadjutor Bishop of Down, with the right of succession to the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, O.P., in the See of Dromore, took place in the Hill street Cathedral, Newry, on Sunday, March 4th.

GALWAY.—A meeting of the people of Lough Corrib, was held on Feb. 20, for the purpose of deciding what action they should take in forcing the military, and if it was agreed that they should get whatever supplies they required, Mr. J. Mitchell, secretary, and others addressed the meeting, and it was decided that the people should not whatever supplies they required, and that the military should be compelled to pay for the supplies they required. The meeting was organized privately, and Mr. O'Brien said it was a great mistake to hold public meetings in open day time and take the Government at their word, and hold their meetings secretly. He referred to the fact that, notwithstanding all the Government proclamations, garrisons, police, and Gladstone, the "Plan of Campaign" had been adopted in 25,000 tenants, and of these 9,000 had had their demands acceded to. He advised the people to trust Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, who would have their grievances redressed.

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LIMERICK.—Mr. Moran, solicitor, Limerick, has given notice of his intention to bring in a Bill for Compulsory Land Purchase in Ireland. The Bill provides for the purchase of £1,000,000 in Ireland for the purpose of a small committee, to be appointed by the Lord Lieutenant, to consist of Colonel Forse, R. M., for a small committee, to be appointed by the Lord Lieutenant, to consist of Colonel Forse, R. M., for the Petty Sessions District of Cootehill, and others.

Edmond Ryan, aged 55, of Palmerstown, died suddenly on Sunday, Feb. 20th, at the Market Fields, while witnessing a hurling match.

LOUTH.—In the convent of Lurgan, Feb. 21, the anniversary of the death of Mr. Ryan, the deceased, of Lurgan, and prominent in the local clergy for having restored order and induced peace on several occasions, and relying on a conversation between the resident magistrate and the Bishop of Raphoe after the Mass on Sunday, the people had abandoned evictions because unable to point out the exact in the conversation the resident magistrate was understood to convey that there would be nothing more about the affair in case Father McFadden would use his influence and draw the people off from further outrages, and allow the law to do its part in peace. The Father McFadden did.

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**DOWN

AUSTRALASIAN NOTES.

Gallings from our Australian and New Zealand Contemporaries.

The Patrician Brothers at Goulburn, Australia, have opened a select school.

The Catholic Church at Grafton, Australia, was recently destroyed by flood.

Rev. P. J. Dwyer was recently raised to the priesthood in Sydney.

One of the most prominent literateurs of Australia is an Irishman—John Farrell.

Last month New South Wales entered upon the hundredth year of its settlement as a British colony.

The total area under wheat in the whole colony of New Zealand is estimated at over 170,000 acres.

Cardinal-Archbishop Moran is about to introduce into Sydney a branch of the Order of Christian Brothers from Ireland.

A new church was recently dedicated in the diocese of Maitland, Australia, by Bishop Murray.

At the conclusion of the Redemptorist Mission at Dunedin on the 6th ult. over 1000 of the congregation approached the altar and received Holy Communion.

Rev. Fathers Barry and Delaney of All Hallows College, Dublin, are in the colonies, collecting subscriptions in aid of the building fund of that celebrated institution.

—Rev. Dr. Mathew (Sliney) was consecrated Bishop of Perth, on Sunday, January 23rd. His Eminence, Cardinal Moran officiated as consecrator. The ceremonies were imposing.

The Order of the Nursing Sisters of the Little Company of Mary, which was introduced into Australia by Cardinal Moran some sixteen months ago, is doing a wonderful amount of good. A convent for the Sisters is nearly completed at Petersham.

The Rev. Mother of the Ballarat City Convent and Loretto College (Victoria) proceeds to Europe shortly for the purpose of selecting about forty nuns. During the past ten years the nuns of Ballarat have spent £45,000 on educational work.

Four missionaries destined for the Vicariate Apostolic of the New Hebrides arrived in New Caledonia on the 4th ult. It is said that their coming will permit the chief of the mission to take possession, in the name of religion for the welfare and honor of France, of the New Hebrides group hitherto given up to English and Protestant influence.

Recently at St. Joseph's Noviciate, North Sydney, Sydney, two lady and interesting ceremonies took place in the century, which has lately been enlarged and beautified. The first ceremony was a reception. The following received the white veil: Miss Annie Joch, in religious Sister Mary Ethelburg, native of England; Miss Catherine Donnelly, in religious Sister M. Julia, native of Armagh, Ireland; Miss Mary Pitts, in religion Sister M. Theodore, native of New Zealand; Miss Ellen O'Brien in religion Sister M. Camilla, native of Dapto, New South Wales. At the second ceremony Sister Mary Bernhmans (Miss Kate Carroll) made her profession as a Sister of St. Joseph.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

CATHOLICS IN GERMANY.

Objections of the Center Party to the New Church Bill.

BERLIN, March 16.—The Church bill as passed by the Commission of the Chamber grants the religious orders the restitution of their property. The report of the commission will be placed before the Chamber on Friday next. The Commission also to constitute the Church whose final demands will be formulated by Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Center party, recorded his vote in favor of the proposition of Lasbonet and Gonnebrech to be extended to Lutherans, and consequently Protestant Bernhard Meester and Emsel, and that the bill shall strictly limit and define the powers of the State to vote clerical appointments, and that the discretionary power of the Minister of Worship over the temporalities of religious orders be defined and limited. Dr. Windthorst declares that there can be no peace between the Church and the State unless these demands shall be conceded.

No Danger of War.

BERLIN, March 16.—It is reported that the Empress William, on receiving General Manteuffel, said: "Tell your compatriots that there is no danger of war. In four or five years I shall use my influence to maintain peace. God will soon call me to Himself. I do not wish to leave my people a heritage of blood. Germany shares my desire for good will with the French.

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Young Men's Institute in Southern California.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of young men was held in San Bernardino on the 14th inst. The progress of organizing a branch of the Y. M. I. was reported. Rev. Father Mc. Donald, who was present, gave a lucid exposition of the objects of the institute, presented to effect an organization with the following officers, who may be known as the permanent officers: President, James J. Dockery; Vice president, J. H. Lightfoot; second Vice president, H. J. Kaar; Treasurer, Rev. P. J. Brockman; Rec. Secretary, D. E. Kelly; Financial Secretary, T. J. Smith; Marshall, K. McDermott; Executive Committee, E. McTygue, H. J. Kaar, Thos. Walkin; S. Sam ordained H. E. Lodge. The Institute in Southern California is flourishing, the organizer having distributed twelve hundred and twelve tickets to visit them and the Institute which will be done during the next four months. A hall and reading room, etc., will soon be provided for the members in Los Angeles.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—A fire broke out in the Mill-hey This Mill, Waterford street, Belfast, on Feb. 23. The Fire Brigade arrived on the scene in a short time, and subdued the flames in about two hours. The damage is estimated at £1,000. The fire will not interfere with the working of the establishment.

CORK.—The sum of £5,000 is to be spent upon improvement work in connection with the Cork District Lunatic Asylum.

The Rev. Thomas Ryan, died in Castlemartyr, a venerable priest, who had attained the extraordinary age of 96 years. He was twice married, and was the mother of thirteen children, all of whom are dead. Up to twelve months ago Mrs. Kennedy was in fairly good health, and a month ago she was able to walk about the village and to discharge her duty of minding the grounds attached to the Protestant Church.

The extensive flour mills of Messrs. Brown and Austin, King street, Cork, were burned down on Feb. 24. The whole buildings were gutted. The mills were originally built in 1854, but being burned down in 1862, were again rebuilt in the same year. The insurance amounted at £2,000, and the assurance amounted to only £1,000.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien and Dr. Tanner spoke at a great demonstration on Sunday, Feb. 20th, at Mitchelstown, in connection with the adoption of the "Plan of Campaign" by the Kingwilliamstown. The meeting was organized privately, and Mr. O'Brien said if they were prevented from holding their meetings in open day they would take the thunderbolt at their word, and hold their meetings secretly. He referred to the fact that the withstanding all the Government power and the garrisons, police, and fulminations, the "Plan of Campaign" had been adopted by 25,000 tenants, and of these 20,000 had had their demands acceded to. He said the people of Ireland, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, who would have their grievances redressed.

CLARE.—The Government, acting on information of a threatened forcible resistance to the evictions in Clare, and reports of large concentrations of arms being distributed among the people, are mounting and manning all the artillery force on the Shannon, some of which have been in charge of caretakers for years.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. J. P. McGovern (Cavan), Dublin, died on Feb. 20. The deceased was well known as one of the prominent Anti-Coercion and Nationalist, and was greatly respected. He was aged 72 years.

DONEGAL.—Prosecutions are taken by the Crown against fifty people who took part in the proceedings in connection with the attempt to evict Mr. Patrick Doherty, Fortland, Gweedore, on the 14th of January. The charge is for unlawful and riotous assembly, and for assaulting and assaulting the police in the execution of their duty on the occasion. It was expected that the prosecution would be taken owing to the intelligence of the authorities in the local clergy for having allowed order and the habitual peace on several occasions, and relying on the conversation between the Parliamentary Nationalists and Father McFadden after the Manors Sweeney had abandoned the evictions became unable to point out the leaders. In the conversation the resident magistrate was informed that it was in vain that there would be bloodshed if ever the affair in case Father McFadden would use his influence and the people had to be forced from their homes, and allow the force to do part in peace. This Father McFadden did.

DOWN.—The consecration of the Rev. Thomas McGivern, D. D., as Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore, with the right of succession to the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, O. P., in the See of Dromore, took place in the Hill street Cathedral, Newry, on Sunday, March 6th.

GALWAY.—A meeting of the people of Loughrea, was held on Feb. 22nd, for the purpose of deciding what action they would take regarding the military, and if it was agreed that they would not whatever supplies they required. Mr. M. Meagher, C. C., presided, and explained the meaning that the action taken, the commissariat would remain in the town. A long discussion took place, and it was whether they should agree or not, but, in a division, it was carried by a very few of the people. The Loughrea Coal Company, employing 100 men, stated they would not supply coal, and, as long as they had nothing to do with the military, they would continue to employ men.

LEITRIM.—Mr. Michael Ovie, J. P., of Ballinamore, died on Sunday, Feb. 20th, at the Mansion House, Dublin, aged 72 years.

LOUTH.—In the convent of Lurgan, Feb. 21st, the ceremonies of reception and profession took place. The following received the black veil: Miss Annie Gill, of the late Mr. John Mathews, proprietor of the Lurgan Mail, in religion Sister Mary Monica; Miss Kate Fullerton, in religion Sister Mary Ignatius; Miss Mary Ann Mathews, of the late Mr. John Mathews, proprietor of the Lurgan Mail, in religion Sister Mary Malachy. The following received the white veil: Miss Annie Joch, in religious Sister Mary Ethelburg, native of England; Miss Catherine Donnelly, in religious Sister M. Julia, native of Armagh, Ireland; Miss Mary Pitts, in religion Sister M. Theodore, native of New Zealand; Miss Ellen O'Brien in religion Sister M. Camilla, native of Dapto, New South Wales. At the second ceremony Sister Mary Bernhmans (Miss Kate Carroll) made her profession as a Sister of St. Joseph.

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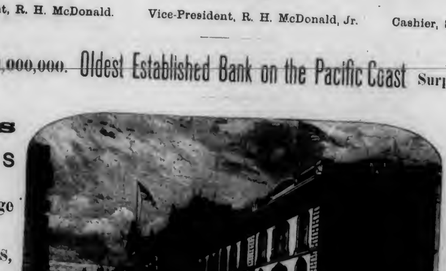
THE PACIFIC BANK.

President, R. H. McDonald. Vice-President, R. H. McDonald, Jr. Cashier, S. G. Murphy.

Capital, $1,000,000. Oldest Established Bank on the Pacific Coast Surplus, $550,000.

BUYS AND SELLS BILLS OF Exchange ON UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, IRELAND, Scotland, and EUROPE. ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.



ISSUES LETTERS OF CREDIT Available Throughout THE WORLD. Collections MADE PROMPTLY EVERYWHERE AT LOWEST RATES.

PACIFIC BANK. - Cor. Pine and Sansome Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

Market Report.

MERCANTILE OFFICE,
320 Kearny St., Tuesday Evening, March 22 1887.

WHEAT—No. 1	$1 10@$1 [illegible]	
Flour—Superfine	2 20@2 [illegible]	
Cornmeal	30@ [illegible]	
Corn	[illegible]	
Barley, feed	[illegible]	
Bran, P ton, wholesale	16 50@17 00	
Almond Barley, P ton	22 00@23 00	
Middlings	22 00@23 00	
Oats No. 1 feed	1 50@1 [illegible]	
Rye	1 55@1 [illegible]	
Buckwheat	2 00@2 [illegible]	
HAY—		
Hams, P lbs, wholesale	6 00@7 00	
Bacon, P lb, wholesale	[illegible]	
Ducks, P doz	9 00@12 00	
Turkeys, P lb	14@16	
Broilers, P doz	3 00@5 00	
Young Roosters	5 00@6 00	
Old Roosters	4 00@5 00	
Eggs	18@20	
Butter—		
Choice, P lb	13@14	
Roll—		
Choice fresh roll	17@19	
Cheese	10@11	
Pickles—		
Cucumbers	15@17	
Onions	1 00@1 [illegible]	
Potatoes—		
Sweet, P box	1 50@1 [illegible]	
Sweet, P box	1 50@1 [illegible]	
Sweet, P box	1 50@1 [illegible]	
Potatoes	1 00@1 [illegible]	
Potatoes	1 00@1 [illegible]	
Potatoes	1 00

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.
MY MUSE.

'Twas a beautiful bird—a white wing'd dove,
It came to me in my tears and thrall;
Came to me in pity in line of the love
That bloom'd as a rose—but died to fade.

And it futter'd and fanned—poor fel,stained bird,
Pass'd in the pinions of my prison cage;
Left a broken heart and a blighted word
Pouted its beauty—and all was well.

It came on Friday—my dismal day
Ah, yes, it wafted my soul away
To the old churchyard and the trysting stile—
The village green and my boyhood's play.

It sang of my father—here bed above,
It sang of a saint—my mother,
And it sang of souls it sheeps to love—
Of love that outshine the love.

It painted in song—grave, stately and tall,
As a lily—pure, and fair, and young,
The sister whom God saw fit to call—
Beautiful—beautiful, only one.

I mourned in my manacles—moaned and cried:
O! Ho! what now may I woo or wed?
And the bird in answer softly sighed:
Thy beautiful, beautiful dead.

And sorrow resolved was pang'd and born
To pulsate the years spent in vain and gone
Kiss my shackles—shake off manger to mourn
The bird song on—her murmuring on,
Of the brave and the pure and the true;
Of hearts that will die and live dare not
And of hearts that know nothing to do.

Then to earth the bird—when shades of twing
To the dungeon's dome; their home impart—
Flutter'd a moment—then, o'ver'd in song,
Folded its wings in the tomb and lay.

F. S. DORSEY.

FOR THE MONITOR.
VAGRANT VERSES.

I stood in the vault of ages
With the angel of memory near,
And paused in the silent chamber of sleep,
Each one bits mentioning bier;
Each one with the stone of the sorrow
Raised over his ghastly head—
Behold but the shadow of glory
For the enchanted pavilioned and fled!

I approached and read with a grain's laugh,
The empty vessels of each epitaph,
And not on a stone were the lines engraved
Of a heart made happy, or a lost soul saved;
But power and birth and creed and gold
In letters of glorious size were held,
And I think, as the beautiful lines I sous,
Not washed in life blood in time's dark sea,
What good is life glory and gold and name,
Or the fleetest phantom of passing Fame—
When life is over and the coffin gone
And nothing is left but a graven stone?
Does are the bones, for the price,
When the mockery of a memento remains
Weak is the glory, powerless the gold,
Were the ones of the unknown much is told.
Oh! rather should heart and hand and hope
Unite in the breadth of a Master scope,
And the impulse inspiring in every soul
Should be shaped and sent in a sense goal.
Then unknown should unknown a God hath sent
Should aim to return to the foot of His throne
With the Powers of Faith and Purity power;
For the one the soul's true purpose given,
To keep o'er the channels which bind it in—
Gloomy perceived against of sin,
The channel in the waters of virtue sweet,
Pure and fair, and free from the stain of sin
The pure sweet, we trust, in the Master's hand
It keep in the sunshine of celestial Heaven!

C. ANTHONY DUFFY.

FOR THE MONITOR.
THE BORDER LAND.

A sad old woman, nearing life's end,
Lonely and grieved—nor a kindly friend;
Has taken each day still more and more,
Her feeble footsteps very near the shore;
She presses her feet in the golden sand,
And whispers—"I am near the Border Land."

Her withered face and her dim old eyes
Shine like, when the glorious of day arise,
Yet the Blessed Gate of heaven and earth,
Who hath watched and guarded her from birth;
As she bathers each day still more and more,
Her faith deeper still answer the shore
She presses her feet in the golden sand,
Still whispers—"I am near the Border Land."
But a little while, weary-stricken and gray,
She enters the portals, so far away,
Her simple soul—Jesus—Jesus!—
In her home beyond the Border Land.

TYRONE

INVITATION TO THE SINNER.

Oh, come to the merciful Saviour that calls you,
Oh, come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that betalls you,
There's bright home above where the sun never sets.

Oh, come, then, to Jesus whose arms are ex-
To hold His dear children in silent embrace;
Oh, come, for the time will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you his beautiful face.

Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows
brighter
The longer you look at the depths of his love;
And fear not, his Jesus, and life's cares grow
lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

Have you dissed so sore sins in the world have
Are they blacker than all other creatures in
gulf,
Oh, fear ok, fear ok, the mother that loves
you
Loves you less than the Saviour whom blood
you have spilt.

O sonn, then, to Jesus and say how you love
him
Tell Him that thy feet you will keep in His
ways
For only that is shed by a cleaner can move
Heaven;
Your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

Then come to His feet, and lay upon your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of grief and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the sworn of His glory,
And his joy of our Lord to be true to His
name.

FATHER FABER.

GOD SAVE ALL HERE.

There is a prayer that's breathed alone
In door old Erin's land;
The utmost of the Land of Ill
Is the smile and sleeping hand;
And oft, perchance, the mourned low,
With sigh and falling tear,
The gentle prayer, that only know—
The prayer, "God save all here!"

In other lands they know not well
How pleasing is the word
That helps strife's sad spell
Old Ireland's calm door.
To those it is no empty sound
Who think with tears a tear
Of happiness, the sunshine round
The prayer, "God save all here!"

Live on, O prayer, in Ireland still!
To bless each thrashold area,
The solace of her house to fill
With sacred favour!
And guarding by the holy spell
Of Ireland's hearth and home,
The prayer—as each hours a dwell,
The prayer, "God save all here!"

"Pain's Remedy Relief is accessible to
you. It is not a liquid or a sand. Sin.

Literary Miscellany.

Never Trust to Appearances.

A Story Founded on Fact.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches which ran between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of composing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Prince Street, I had leisure to survey my fellow-travelers. I immediately opposite me was a gentleman of the first order, dressed in white cotton coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, at which they puffed away with a marvelous complacency.

Beside me, sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of the youthful mourner and her babe influenced that they belonged to the lower class of society, and although the children occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably, at such times, cast upon her child, seemed to touch even them, and to dismiss their coarseness.

On the other side of the window, sat a young gentleman of plain and prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His current was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently undergone more than one season, and could perceive many contemptuous looks directed to his shabby hat and threadbare handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau, in his hand—a small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. The article also appeared to arrest the eyes of a sprigs of fashion opposite, whose snap robes, in all probability, were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not, might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Cumbophine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the gaud observing that the young gentleman married his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it in his box, to which he immediately consented.

"Put it fairly in the centre, guard," said one of the dandies.

"Why, Tom!" inquired his companion.

"It may cajoine the coach," rejoined the first; a salty at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

While we were changing horses at the little town of Uphall, an aged beggar approached and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half-pence, and the young widow poor as he seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in a threadbare hat and hard gloves, drew a purse from his pocket, and dropped a half crown in the beggar's hat, and made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other.

"Showing off, Jack," said one.

"Aye, aye, successful at our last bonds, you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a hoarse laugh.

At this, the young gentleman's profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment and he continued silent.

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the antcoat, surrounding the young widow, and perceiving that she was not in a covering dressed against a shower of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the negative, he requested the guard to allow the young widow and her child to take a place in the coach, and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak.

"It will protect so far," said he, "and at all events it will protect the baby."

The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said that, for the sake of the infant, she would be glad to have the cloak if he would not suffer for the want of it himself.

He answered her that he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather.

"Hallo! what's speed," said one of the dandies in a tone of elevated contempt, and heedless my dear, the cloak will hold you both."

The young gentleman, turning quickly round, addressed the speaker in a tone of dignity which I shall never forget:

"I am not naturally quarrelsome, sir; but yet it is quite possible you may provoke me to do so."

Both the expositions turned as pale as ashes—shrunk in spite of themselves into their national insignificance; and they scarcely opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime, the young gentleman, with the same politeness and delicacy as if he had been assisting a lady of quality with her shawl, proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this, when a smart shower of rain made it well had, consequently. Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelope and protect my hand, I offered the young gentleman my umbrella, which he at first accepted, but held it, as I remarked, in a manner but better calculated to defend the widow from blight!

When we reached West Craig's Inn, the second stage from Edinburgh, the rain ceased, and the young gentleman, politely returning my umbrella, begged to relieve the widow of his dripping cloak, which he shook over side of the coach, and afterwards hung it on the railing to dry. Then turning to the young widow, he inquired if she would take any refreshments, and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as fellow-sojourner, after a short absence of two years.

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he is labouring in poverty—day labor on the estate of the Earl of H—."

At the mention of this nobleman's name, the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evident his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature. "What is your father's name?" said he.

"James Anderson, sir."

"Are his relations?"

"Blind, sir."

"Well, I trust that though destitute, so far as this world is concerned, you know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of religion."

"My husband, too, though a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of this must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My faith is poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness, and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will provide for you, he assured her will.

By the time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the tone of the whole parcelled me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the widow, however, exchange looks with one another, and at one time, the more forward of two alleged sweep of the companion, in which the words "Methodist parson," also was audible.

At Alnwick, nothing particular occurred; when we got about half way between that town and Glasgow, we arrived at a place of rest, and supper, happy that he found the Sunday delight. But that we usually a year before the weeks I have repeated were over.

Her boy was none active, merry, and healthful than Harry until the work of a few months had reduced the child to a skeleton. For long weeks he lay upon a bed of pain and misery. After a time he grew strong enough to sit in an easy chair by the window, lay by day in strength increased until he could with tolerable comfort, spend the whole day in his arm-chair, leaving the lessons his sister Mary found time to hear at night, for love invented many ways by which the poor boy might have been kept happy. Mary and Harry were cousins, and "all the world to each other." Everything connected with Mary seemed fresh and cheerful; and so, although she was obliged to work all day and every day, even the darkest and dullest day of her busy working machine, in the window opposite Harry's bed, seemed a sort of contentment, like the peep of a summer sky. Strange with a sickly sister or Harry, although, had he looked at a sunny sky, he would have prepared; none could shake the fine cheerfulness of the cottage, or do anything in the place of Mary.

Discontent was ashamed to show his head near Mary's cheek.

But the Sundays—the long, long Sundays, when Harry could not leave his bed, yet could not be happy alone.

Little Mary knew how very dreary and wearisome he found them. He had said so, time for her, and in the evening they sat together reading the Bible, or the hymns, some where they hoped to meet a glorious and happy time, when they should be well and sick," and none would need a physician.

One Sunday evening, in which Harry "placed as usual in his arm-chair—saw his sister and—not a stranger's long evening of High Mass with apparent cheerfulness. Mary hoped her off, even, waving his little handkerchief only until she was fairly out of view.

Then her book his prayer book and tried humanly to fix his mind upon the words he read. But alas, the mind wandered to the great Physician, who healed so many, filled him with strangely bitter thoughts.

Wasn't our Lord just as powerful in those days as he is on earth? Why could not He heal Harry Gray as well as Jairus's mersa, and the Centurion's servant, and St. Peter's wife's mother?

How many boys could run and leap and play, and never ail, "Thank God!" How many rich boys were whole, while he, who was so strong, was helpless.

Only across the street was a handsome home, the only son of its owner—a lad of Harry's age—was lying on a bed of pain.

Didn't God make a mistake and give all the good things that should by Harry's to the rich man's son? He had power, heaven, earth, and all sorts—power to bring life and health to Harry.

"Rich! He would gladly give all his pal ty gold for the wealth of health, strength, Divine Lord to redeem you; that by timely sacrifice you may attain to eternal glory.

"The Earl of H——, sir," replied the gentleman, "is one of the best men as well as the richest in Scotland.

"The Earl of H——!" replied the dandy turning his eyes upon the speaker, "do you know him? There's an end of all chance of my being introduced to show his cousin."

"Oh, yes; we may burn our letters of introduction, and rely upon the Earl's hospitality and kindness to my friend and companion, and, silently and cost-fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartment.

A Brave Sister of St. Joseph.

If every public spirited citizen and school teacher emulated the example of one of the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Elliott street convent (called the Cathedral school in Springfield), there would be less blood and misery than one would imagine possible.

The Sister was dismissing her school at the noon hour recently, when she saw near the entrance to the school-yard a little boy with a bag slung over his shoulder of trashy papers. He alternately shouted out in the window of the building and at the fence behind him on which he placed several more bundles, and appeared as though he was confident of disposing of 1,000 of his vile shouts to the innocent children. The Sister in an instant read his purpose, and knowing full well the danger that lurked in the bundles, called him to her seats with a sharp ring of her bell. Her glance spoke to the other teachers in the building she ordered the children in two by twos and continue in that way till they arrived at State street, and forbade them to take one of the papers or speak to the boy. The children, some of them not over eight years of age, faithfully obeyed the order. No military regiment could have marched in better order than those 500 children did. The paper sam at first was thunderstruck. He was used to having the children flock around him and buy for the papers, but 100 or more passed him before he caught his breath. He then held out a dozen papers in as alluring way but no one touched them. Becoming angry, he called right into the line and tried to force the papers into the pockets of the children. Then one little sinner shouted "break ranks," and away ran the youngsters laughing and shouting at the discomfiture of the peddler, who dejectedly gathered himself and papers together and fled from the scene of his defeat.

Self Denial During Lent.

The Church suggests to us in the Divine office the following matters, in which we should deny ourselves during Lent:

1. *Fast*—Honor it strictly the law of the Church as modified by the Lenten Indult, and never permit yourself any further relaxation, not compatible with necessity, without permission.

2. *Sleep*—Rise punctually at a fixed time, both as an act of penance, and that you may wake your morning prayer with few his drowsy. Retire to rest early and at a fixed hour, according to the advice of St. Francis of Sales, who said it was an act of virtue to sleep well, that we might rise early.

3. *Words*—Practice the virtue of silence as you may have opportunity, as a penance for your sins of the tongue, and as a help to recollection and prayer.

4. *Recreation*—Avoid as much as possible all the amusements and gaieties of the world, and all that is unbecoming a time of sorrow. Do not seek pleasure, but draw in your thoughts, and consider what it cost your Divine Lord to redeem you; that by timely sacrifice you may attain to eternal glory.

5. *The Senses*—Maintain, during this time of penance, a strictly guard than usual over the senses. Sight, hearing, smelling, taste and touch all should be mortified and brought under command, that death may not enter in by them.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by them peculiarities, the combination of remedial agents, it, the proportion, it, by the manner of preparing the given medicinal virtues. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown.

GRUMBLING AGAINST GOD.

A Moral for Dissatisfied Mortals.

"Well, well, it's Sunday again," were the first words uttered by Harry Gray as he awoke one morning. What a long, weary day it will be. Yes, wonderful, beautiful day, and pleasant to some people, no doubt."

There had been nothing particular occurred; when we got about half way between that town and Glasgow, we arrived at a place of rest, and supper, happy that he found the Sunday delight. But that was nearly a year before the weeks I have repeated were over.

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CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Extracts from a Paper on Charity by Rt. Rev. John Vertin, D.D., Bishop of Marquette.

We are a peoples of generous impulses it is true, remarkably so, yet as that bath with charity, we fall in the end good, we find fault with the Legislation, and complain of our taxes.

This morning too often comes from the lips of those who would be the most forward the poor of the wealthy. Those distinguished for their generosity are the most ready to find in the cities who ought to be and are bound to cherish and foster all works of charity, yet they have no great or extraordinary gifts to manifest their devotion of this noble art. Hence we find that those that they ought be instruments for the advancement of the welfare of others. He has retreated to them good things for this very purpose, and to all demand an account of the trust committed to them. If such are not distressed by the anxiety for the saints of life, the sure expect that God's holy body and soul together, if they know not what want is, it is their duty to aid in every way possible, those who are afflicted and oppressed, so that poverty may be made endurable, the repressed and humanity benefited.

No one is exempt from the duty of laboring for the welfare of his fellowman in as far as may be in his or her power. It is not for us to judge of the work of others, and the time, and to guide the numbers, to relieve the sufferer, to comfort the afflicted, to succor the distressed, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the prisoner, have a care for the sick, and to care for the poor and glory of the Master, and to do all this in the spirit of love, and done earth as in heaven, we must proceed unanimously, laboring for the establishment of His authority on earth.

This implies a well directed benevolence, and a well ordered charity, and it seems to throw some light on the subject. There are some who are ready to give, but in no hurry, not even upon the humblest occasion, and yet they are ready to give, and to give in a manner which is worth little. In the case of the poor, the sick, the afflicted, the aged, the orphan, the widow, the stranger, the prisoner, the dying, the dead, the light of Faith over the Rampart of the Middle Ages, and the Faith of our own age displayed in all its glory.

The Villa Lodovisi resembles the same of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Prince Lord Bell, the Cardinal so presided for the Irish Institute and Society of the Holy Sacrifice Religious, the Sacred Institute, the Society of Jesus, the Society of Christian Doctrine, the Society of Christian Doctrine, the Society of Christian Doctrine

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY TO JUDAISM.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Amongst the twenty-one Lenten preachers in Rome is the Rev. Father Hannebin, O. P., a near relative of the late M. Leon Cambetta, the notorious anti-Catholic statesman.

—The Dublin corporation by a vote of 23 to 3 has refused to tender an address of congratulation to the Queen on the occasion of her Jubilee. The Lord Mayor intimated that the motion would be reconsidered when Her Majesty changed her advisers.

—It is pointed out as a remarkable fact that ten houses occupied by 2,500 orphans under the care of Dom Bosco suffered no damage by the recent earthquakes, though houses were wrecked around them in all directions.

—It was stated at the annual meeting of the Scottish Reformation Society in Edinburgh that the Catholic population in Scotland numbered 342,000, and that it is steadily on the increase, mainly through the immigration of Irish.

—We heartily thank our Wesleyan protege Brother McCrary for printing the miraculous cure through Knock element in last week's *Advocate* without note or comment! Such docile conduct augurs well for Brother McCrary, and we hope he will often treat his readers to similar selections from the MONITOR's columns!

—The distinguished writer, especially well known to the readers of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Brother Amatus, has resigned the Presidency of the Rock Hill College at Elliott City, Md., which he has ably filled for the past twelve years, and is in Europe. Brother Aidd, a graduate of London and a noted scientist as well as an experienced educator, is announced as his successor.

—The New York *Freeman's Journal* reports the return of Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan from his pastoral visit to the Bahamas. The people of New Providence have been without a resident priest for seventeen years, and the new church of St. Francis Xavier's partially built at the expense of the Archbishop himself, is their first church.

—Alluding to the coercive course adopted towards the Irish people by Balfour, the chief representative of British intolerance in Ireland, United Ireland calls him the man with the tiger's heart, and reminds him that he has certainly entered upon a downward career by attacking the Catholic Church. "In such struggles," says the Irish National organ, "the proudest dupes have been humbled into dust. Prince Bismarck, swaying the destinies of Europe, in his whole career, but once learned the bitterness of defeat, and that was when he laid his lash on the Church which counts the angels in heaven of the faithful priests and priesthood."

—Mr. Gladstone—in his speech printed on the first page—positively proclaims to the world that there is no crime in Ireland. The Judges who opened the Spring Assizes in Ireland—as detailed in our Irish news on the eighth page—all voluntarily declare that only trivial offences are to be found on each county's calendar—yet the British Tories are now engaged in attempting to pass a Coercion Bill for crimeless Ireland! The object of this unjust legislation is to drive the people of Ireland into an attitude of rebellion so that they may be shot, stabbed, brained and bulleted by the brutal emissaries of the wickedest government on the face of God's green earth!

—Many of the Catholics of France are at the present moment carefully considering a Pastoral Letter which has been issued by Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble. It deals with the question of the Concordat, and calmly surveys the prospect of a separation between the Church and State. The subject is engaging the attention of a Commission, to which it has been referred by the Chamber of Deputies, and the Bishop appears to be under the impression that the day is not distant when the enemies of religion will succeed in abolishing the agreement between France and the Holy See. Mgr. Fava considers, from all points of view, the probable effects of a severance between the Church and State, and the conclusion at which he arrives is that it would prove disastrous alike to religion and to the country.

—Alluding to the necessity that at present exists for the Protestants of Ireland to join their Catholic brethren in securing Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone says: "Nothing can be more legitimate than the appeal to the Protestants of Ireland to return and maintain the tradition of their sires. Strange as it may seem, I believe that a very large part of the English people, and no small number of their representatives in Parliament are still ignorant of that elementary fact of Irish history that down to the time [illegible] the Irish Protestants, say, even the now too famous town and people of Belfast, were the most prominent supporters of Irish nationality. They have now the opportunity of supporting that nationality within safe and constitutional bounds, and of thereby giving peace to Ireland and great comfort and advantage to whole the United Kingdom."

—Maynooth College—says the *Dublin Nation*—has lost another of its old guard. By the death of Dr. Hackett the number of its professors, whose work is measured by a generation, has been further reduced. The deceased was Professor of Moral Philosophy for close on a quarter of a century. He was appointed in 1862. He had already worked for nine years as Dean, so that his connection with the government of the College extended altogether to thirty-four years. Thousands of Irish priests passed through St. Patrick's during that period, and with as large an share their labors by Hackett's work extended. A fruitful life like his deserves that peaceful ending that it met, and the regard that, we also agree, it has found.

—The latest "sensation" in Rome—as described by the daily press—was caused by two ladies (one the niece) pelting each other's hair in the sudorous chamber of the Vatican! The cable correspondent is very particular in conveying the information that one of the belligerent beauties was "a German lady," and the other virago was "an American lady," so that hereafter the word "lady" will not apply solely to a gentlewoman of refinement in manners and behavior, but the title may also be given to every Amazonian street brawler of bad conduct! Those cable messages are certainly the nearest if not the greatest literary nuisance of the nineteenth century!

—The Masonic-minded manikin who manufactures the cable messages for the New York papers shows the cloven foot of his anti-Catholic hatred quite frequently. His latest effort in this direction is an attempt to prejudice the American mind against the Pope because his Holiness did not confer "Court Honors" upon Cardinal Gibbons! The cable-monger also informs the public that Cardinal Gibbons "feels a little slighted" at the Pope having nominated a "Court of Honor" for Cardinal Taschereau. It is probable—nay, we know—that the slight is all a legitimate slice of the highly-spiced sensational cablegrams which the public regaled with every morning as an evidence of the "enterprise" of the press in knowing more about Catholic affairs than does the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals.

—Whenever news becomes stagnant and sensational news scarce, there are two subjects which cable correspondents always fall back on. These are the Pope's health and Archbishop Croke's attitude on Irish affairs and the constant fear which the Holy Father has that the Archbishop of Cashel will jeopardize the Church! Last week "the greatest newspaper in America" informed its readers that Archbishop Croke's "sensationalism" was "very embarrassing for the Propaganda, which cannot, with all the very real Irish sympathies, countenance illegality," as if the Archbishop of Cashel—or any Bishop or priest in Ireland—would countenance such less command "illegality" on the part of the people against their persecutors. The dispatch also intimates that Archbishop Croke is to be called "sharply—though perhaps secretly—to order," an intimation that is on a par of impurity with the whole put-up paragraph.

—A recent dispatch says that the Centennial Baptist Church of Brooklyn has refused to accept the resignation of Her. Dr. Justin D. Fulton, who wants to devote his whole time to a crusade against the Catholic Church, but gave him an indefinite leave of absence. The members of the Baptist sect in Brooklyn have aroused our admiration for their good sense in thus throwing cold water on Fulton who would have been dumb long ago if the Fool-killer had encountered him. The Baptists of Brooklyn doubtless feel that there is so much competition in this Catholic-perverting profession that Rev. Fulton will make a miserable failure of his venture, hence they have had "the pick of the Baptist church open so he can crawl back to his congregation after he has battled his brains out trying to make bad Baptists out of good Catholics.

—A begging-letter to help a degenerate descendant of Daniel O'Connell from backsliding is going the rounds of the American press, but such a case will not avail when the truth is known that one of the bitterest enemies of the Irish National League in Kerry is the good-for-nothing grandson of whom the appeal is made. The descendants of O'Connell in Ireland may well be compared to the prodigal—the lost of Israel—undergound—and the Irish people have no use for the "dope" no matter how green they may look even in their ignorance. O'Connell himself—God rest his soul!—were he living to-day, would spurn from his presence the Whig specimen who at present resides at Derrynane, as a scorpion who tried to sting to death House Rule a few years ago when he ran for Parliament in opposition to the Parnellite candidate. Ireland's despicable deserter receiving only 115 votes against 3,000 cast for the Parnell patriot! Had this descendant of immortal "Dan" been true to the principles of his patriotic progenitor, the Irish people would never permit a bailiff to bother him. But he gave his influence to landlordism and loyalty, and now let those turn anti-Irish tyrants come to his rescue. Millions for Home Rule but not a dime for deserters from Ireland's cause!

Another Irish Priest in Prison.

England has achieved another victory in Ireland! On last Monday a cordon of constables and a squad of soldiers surrounded the residence of Father Matthew Ryan, at Hospital, near Kilmallock, in the county Tipperary, and valiantly arrested the patriotic priest whilst he was lying sick in bed! This being the jubilee year of Queen Victoria, a brass medal should be given to each peeler and soldier in order to commemorate this newest specimen of British courage! Balfour, the amiable English Secretary for Ireland has been in office only a month, and he has already immortalized his incapacity for sanking two priests to jail, imprisoning an innocent man and causing a number of women and children! Great Balfour, himself, could hardly excel this record of injustice and cruelty combined. Like Father Keller—a full account of whose case we give on the first page—Father Ryan declined to give any evidence regarding his association with the Plan of Campaign, hence he was hurried off to Dublin and there imprisoned!

The London Times now reals the brutal remark that agitation in Ireland would never be crushed until the English Government hanged a Catholic Bishop, and Balfour seems to be on the high road towards the accomplishment of that heinous crime. But meanwhile the Tory party is in the last throes of dissolution and it will disappear from public life covered with the opprobrium and condemnation of all Christian people.

Bismarck's Plan for Peace with the Pope.

It is becoming to be generally recognized by the thinking and reflecting portion of the world's intelligent men, that Pope Leo XIII. is—in point of diplomatic skill and successful statesmanship—the master mind of the whole universe. Even Bismarck—that arch-enemy of the Catholic Church—has flattered himself in the first solution of his enmity against the Church that he could dictate terms of capitulation to Rome and persecute the successor of St. Peter into subjection by means of his May Laws—even this man of "blood and iron" principles has lately begun to acknowledge publicly in a recent speech in the upper House of the Prussian Parliament, that he acknowledged peace with the Pope as fully as important as peace with any other foreign Power!

What an admission to fall from the lips of a man who for the past fifteen years has been warring against the very Papacy with which he now regards it as important to be at peace!

Bismarck initiated his unsuccessful persecution of the Church in Germany in 1872, aided by his *deus ex machina* reformers Dollinger, Reinkens and Cochem, and Father Falk, the infamous framer of the famous Falk Laws. The first step taken by the "blood and iron" Chancellor was to circumscribe the ecclesiastical authority of both Bishops and priests, his second step was the abolition of the Catholic Department in the Prussian Ministry of Public Worship and education. Then followed in rapid succession the secularization of the schools; the expulsion of the Jesuits, the Lazarists and the other Religious Orders; the State supervision of ecclesiastical ordination, and other anti-Catholic legislation under military and penal enactments which were calculated to make Germany a modern Galway for the Catholic Church.

Such was the programme of persecution which Bismarck carried out through the long years which God permitted his existence. But the Church of Christ—the Easter Day as well as her Good Friday—her Resurrection as well as her Crucifixion, and history has again repeated itself in the fact that Bismarck attempted the impossible and he has been brought to his knees despite his power, his influence and his strategy. His persecution has turned itself out and left nothing save the ashes of its disastrous defeat upon the Prussian Empire.

The man who boldly declared in the Reichstag in 1872, "you need not fear; we will not go to Canossa," has now not only gone to Canossa, but he proudly proclaims the fact that he glories in achieving a peace with the Pope of Rome!

Up to 1871 Bismarck was the most successful diplomat in Europe, but like all his other predecessors in persecuting the Vicar of Christ—he has dimmed his glory in disaster and drained to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat! Leo XIII. has vindicated the superior wisdom of the Vicar of Christ over the would-be world's dictator. His Holiness has brought the Church out of the Prussian persecution intact in all her members; though scourged, spit upon, loaded down with her heavy Cross and then crucified—he now arises from her tomb as immortal and as impregnable against the assaults of men as when born in the stable of Bethlehem! His whose crest bears the inscription "Christ the Conqueror" inherits the veritable Light of the World by his prudence, his wisdom, and the possession of all those necessary faculties for his high station which Almighty God always vouchsafes to those upon those whom He calls to serve Him as the successor of St. Peter.

Another Bishop on Catholic Education.

Right Rev. Bishop Kalzer, of Green Bay, Wis., in his first Lenten Pastoral calls the attention of his clergy and people to the importance and necessity for young children receiving a Catholic education. In order to carry out his instructions on this subject, he has laid down the following rules: "Children living within three miles of the church are strictly obliged to attend the parish school. All other children, except a too great distance or some other reasonable cause excuse them, are obliged to attend the parish school for at least one year before receiving First Communion. Sponsors who wish to be considered Catholic are admonished not to admit or retain members who send their children to the public school. No priest of this diocese may admit children to First Holy Communion until they have completed their twelfth year, no matter whether they attend a Catholic school or not, but all those who, having completed their twelfth year, are sufficiently instructed and prepared, but who, through the obstinacy of their parents, did not attend the Catholic schools, can be admitted to Holy Communion, but are to be deprived of the privilege of the customary solemn First Holy Communion. No priest except their own pastor, or a person to whom he grants the faculty, has jurisdiction in the Sacrament of Penance over those parents who without a cause approved of by the Bishop or the School Board, send their children to the public school while they have a Catholic school in their own parish. The Pastoral also pronounces in unequivocal language against Sunday salon keeping and horse selling.

Lee Tasil's Affliction.

A doubly-sad domestic affliction has joined with grief M. Leo Taxil, the well-known French writer, whose conversion from blasphemous infidelity was announced in these columns about two years ago, and who is now engaged in the laudable task of undoing as far as he can, and atoning for, the evil which he wrought with his too facile pen during the years he lived in Marseilles, to pay his last tribute to his wife, who last just died. On the morrow of the funeral his father, overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of his beloved companion, died from a broken heart. He was thereforeunder the sad necessity of assisting at the interment of his father and mother in the same week. Both parents were devout and practical Catholics; and their dying years were rendered happy by the knowledge that their talented son had returned penitent to the Faith of his boyhood. Keen sympathy is felt for M. Taxil on his terrible bereavement.

The "Pacilli" on St. Patrick.

In a morning sermon of St. Patrick's Day celebration, the Pacilli of the city agree to differ with its forbearance and exhibits its ignorance by making quite unfair assertions.

The good Saint was a Briton, and lived before "Romanism" was much heard of the "Roman Catholic" had been created.

St. Patrick flourished in Ireland during the fifth century, at a time when the Church in Ireland had lived through several centuries of persecution, so the grand work of preaching the true Faith to all nations, Pacilli—in its ignorance of ecclesiastical history—would have its readers believe that Rome was authorized as the fountain head of Christianity in St. Patrick's day, and that the Irish people had nothing what ever to do with Rome in spiritual affairs at that period of the world's history. Both propositions are false, as we propose to show briefly and plainly from historical documents.

St. Palladius—the predecessor of St. Patrick in the Prelacy of Ireland—was created Bishop by Pope Celestine, the fifth successor of St. Peter in the Apostolic See, and sent to Ireland. Thus we have the first link in the chain of unity and faith which has united Ireland and Rome continuously ever since, the symbolical salvation was first pronounced in the shamrock decked sod of the Island of Saints.

St. Palladius—sent out by Rome—died in Britain shortly after his arrival. Then Pope Celestine consecrated St. Patrick to take up the work concerning the Irish people, but in order that the apostolic mission might have authority from God, it was necessary that he should be commissioned by the Vicar of Christ—the successor of Peter—and then, as now, the seat of that very "Romanism," and the place from whence was derived the term "Romanism" in full unity a century before that hybrid heresy had existed, or romanism ever entered the dissolute ears of Protestantism.

Pedesa—one of the most reliable translators of ancient Irish history—says that the first care of the future Apostle of Ireland was to obey the following, Christ's Vicar for his new career, and so he poured forth his soul to God in the following prayer:

"Wherefore, great Christ, I call you, I beg you, I ask you, I implore you, that, as you, through my ministry, be gathered to the fold of Christ."

Here we find demonstrated the great fact which St. Patrick had in the supremacy of the Roman See, as the seat of spiritual authority for all the world. Pacilli—if he wishes to correct the erroneous impression which the unmatured Protestantism makes upon its deluded readers.

St. Patrick, in the fulfilment of his prayer, went to Rome, where he was ordained Bishop by the Pope, and then he returned to Ireland to carry out the work assigning the Irish people by Pope Celestine, and, when he arrived in Ireland, in order to show to the Irish people that he was a genuine and the first Roman Catholic, he addressed those words to some of his very first converts.

"Thanks be to God you have passed from the kingdom of Satan to the City of God; the Church of the Lord, as you have learned, as you are children of Christ, as be you children of Rome."

Rome a transparent denial of the Pacilli misleading falsehood! Rome was their St. Patrick's own personal testimony—as recorded in the ancient Irish manuscript known as the Book of Armagh, revised after fourteen centuries in order to flatly contradict the falsehood of a Protestant writer who knows only enough about this subject to exhibit himself as a blind leader of the blind—so that both himself and his readers tumble into the ditch of historical error?

The Way of the Cross.

One of the most edifying devotions during this holy penitential season of prayer and penance for the feast of the Resurrection of our Saviour, is the exercise, the Way of the Cross, each Station of which leads the soul nearer to take upon the Passion and Crucifixion of our Blessed Redeemer.

This beautiful devotion had its origin in Jerusalem where it became the custom of pious people of all religions to make pilgrimages to the different localities which had been rendered sacred through communion with scenes in the life of our Lord.

From Jerusalem the devout exercise was afterwards introduced into France, Spain and other portions of Europe, and many of the many priests who had made pilgrimages to the Holy Land and who saw what ardent devotion was inspired by means of those scenes from the life of our Divine Saviour.

The Franciscan Fathers, who are the guardians of the holy places in Jerusalem, were the first to introduce the Stations of the Cross, the indulgences attached to this salutary devotion being at first confined to members of this Order and by persons attached thereto. But in 1726 Pope Benedict XIII., extended these indulgences to all the faithful.

The beatified Dominican Father—Blessed Alvarez—also promoted the growth of this devotion during his life time, having erected fourteen small chapels in which he represented each particular scene in the life of our Saviour as we now have them in the Stations of the Cross, and out of this mode of making the Via Crucis grew the custom of representing the Stations by pictures placed in different portions of churches.

The Way of the Cross is a devotion peculiarly endowed with Indulgences, thus making it in any church gaining thereby all the Indulgences which have been granted by several Popes to the faithful who visit in person the holy places in Jerusalem, provided they have made the meditations at each Station scrupulously.

—In response to the cablegram sent by Charles A. Dana as the representative of the meeting held last week in New York in order to combine Clergy and Laity in the Gladstone sent the following gratifying reply:

"I am very sensible of the value of the sympathy which, from the first, so have received from, I believe, the majority of the American people in our efforts to secure for ourselves of good government for Ireland—a sympathy which, I feel sure, will continue to extend so until that just policy shall attain its security consummation."

The Sacred Heart College Society.

The Literary and Debating Society of Sacred Heart College held its regular meeting on Monday evening. President, Brother Amon; Vice President, Master Ed. Ryan; Recording Secretary, Master E. Cadden. The Society meets every Monday evening at 7:30 sharp. Subject for next debate is "Knights of Labor and Society."

LECTURES BY REV. J. M. C. BOUCHARD, S. J.

The eminent lecturer, Rev. J. M. C. Bouchard, S. J., will continue lecturing in San Jose until Good Friday inclusive. On next Friday evening he will lecture in the Church of the Ursulines; and on Low Sunday evening (April 17), he will delivery a lecture entitled "Ancient and Modern," at St. Joseph's Church, Alameda. On Good Friday Father Bouchard will lecture in Sacramento.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Thanks to one of the best and well-regulated bands of Sacred Heart College (a band giving a grand literary and musical entertainment every Thursday evening), we are indebted "Robert Emmet" will be produced on the stage of the College on next Thursday evening, preceded by a literary and musical entertainment scheduled for May.

THE NEW RECTORY OF THE FRENCH CHURCH.

This new rectory will adjoin the French church on Bush street, which has been in course of construction for some time past, and when completed will be a two-story structure of substantial character. The ground floor will be occupied by the building and church; there is a wide archway between the church and rectory so as to allow of passing from one building to the upper and lower floors of the church without the cold, chilly exposure to the elements. Alterations and additions in the rear have been made to the accommodation of the sisters and Sunday school adjuncts. The lady parishioners have taken a lively interest in the parish church, and have contributed largely to the expenses of its decoration and furnishing. While full every a liberal unlimited, Mass is celebrated every Sunday at 10:30 o'clock, and vespers at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Sunday school at 2 o'clock.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Rev. Hermann Gillmann left of St. Rose's Parish, Sacramento, on Tuesday last for San Francisco, Vallejo street, and Rev. P. Scott has come to take charge of St. Rose's parish.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

The interior of the new cathedral is rapidly assuming shape, and the building is now in a fair state of forwardness. The main altar is a very fine piece of workmanship, and the side altars are in keeping with the main altar. When completed the cathedral will be the finest edifice of its kind on the Pacific Coast, and in the State; and, already its superior beauties and effect strike the visitor on first entering it.

CONFIRMATION LAST SUNDAY.

Last Sunday afternoon his Grace the Archbishop gave the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of candidates at the Church of Visitation and Saint Ignatius. They had all been well prepared by the Rector, Reverend Father Kenny, and they did him credit.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

Order of the Forty Hours Devotion in the Churches and Chapels of the Diocese of San Francisco, for the Year 1887.

APRIL.

3. Palm Sunday, Mariposa.
10. Easter Sunday. San Rafael Asylum.
17. Low Sunday. Marin Path.
24. Second Sunday after Easter. Napa City.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

April 3—Sunday—Palm Sunday.
" 4—Monday—Feria.
" 5—Tuesday—Feria.
" 6—Wednesday—Feria.
" 7—Thursday—Maundy Thursday.
" 8—Friday—Good Friday.
" 9—Saturday—Holy Saturday.

ST. CHARLES' PARISH.

First Mass Celebrated last Sunday—Subscriptions Opened.

[illegible] Service was held at Lassen's Hall, 17th and Treat streets, last Sunday, for this new parish, which has been placed in the archdiocese of Rev. Father Prendergast, recently instituted. The hall was hardly large enough to accommodate the congregation, and it was decided that a church should be built, which will be 100 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a seating capacity of 400. The first Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. J. Prendergast, Vicar-General, assisted by Rev. Father Archdeacon Scott, who delivered an eloquent sermon. He described the gain and loss of the Church of Christ, and under whose patronage the parish has been formed, and asked the blessing of God on the Church. He next mentioned the sufferings which the Apostles endured for the Faith, and said that which it is not our lot to suffer at times, the yet should imitate their zeal for the Church of Christ, and, labor to erect churches in the parish in which the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass could be offered. He ended the necessity for a parish in the outlying portions of the city by allusion to a journey which he had made the year of Father Cummings who had consented to come to the Mission, and the joy and the sorrow of the people at that time. The sermon was followed by the Offertory, when a sum of $1,115 was subscribed for the church, Father Prendergast leading the subscriptions with a personal promise of the parish, and the Vicar-General following with a generous offering of a worthy and a holy enterprise, and a proper appreciation of the grace the parish had bestowed upon them in the appointment of a pastor. The Vicar-General then announced the appointment of Rev. Father Scott as pastor of the new parish, and the fulfilment of his duties will commence next Sunday, when he will be ordained at 10:30 a. m., and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon a Sunday school will be opened.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S LETTER.

His Grace Explains Precisely What He Means by Irish Ireland.

The gifted patriotic Prelate of Cashel produced the following letter as a recent gift of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*:

"Sir—I have read with great pleasure your editorial remarks that appeared in last Saturday's issue of your journal, on the letter written by me, and published in the Freeman of the preceding day, on the subject of a national language in the Irish National Schools, with a few lines of explanation concerning some of the terms used.

"I have given time to a good deal of Irish in my day, and I have found it, as I have been willfully misunderstood by some writers who, in the interest of the Saxon, are ever seeking an alternative policy in Ireland, to be a thing of long and serious, and that the policy I propose is not a new one.

"I was quite unprepared, I confess, for this misrepresentation of my words, and most of all for the charge that I have proposed nothing. I recommended nothing. I simply expressed my individual opinion, which I think I perfectly right to do, as to the relative value of the two languages, of a certain manner, if I may compared with a certain other, and I stated that I said, as so far.

"I added, it is true, that I recommend expending the public money in collecting Irish, and in the Irish National Schools the children who impose them, and that it was a pity that it was not impossible to profitably such a course.

"Now, I have entered into my head to recommend a general uprising against the present of Irish, however, I may deplore the use to which the present Government has been converting them, or to suggest a policy which would be, if it could be successfully pursued by the Irish Parliamentary Party.

"I did not policy I am one of the staunchest of Home Rule supporters. I tried to be constitutional agitation when, some years ago, I was a young boy, for the restoration of my country's rights. As every one knows, I believe, but a feeder of a party, could not be trust in any other line of action. Not being either, as I may assure you, any the less a Home Rule supporter, I recommend, or merely limited, an action of a patriotic character, and cannot conceive how any man of Home Rule principles can be so perverse as to suppose that I had the most distant idea of doing so. I remain, my dear sir, very faithful servant.

"J. T. CROKE."

THE CHIEFTAINS TRIUMPH

Written in memory of Very Rev. Father Scully, late President of Sacred Heart College, on the occasion of the interment, April 27, 1886.

Leader of the wondrous legions!
Chieftain! Chieftain! Chieftain!
That fain would with a mere cent rejoice,
Thy Cross, thy Crown, thy Throne, thy Bride,
Thy Altar, thy Priest, thy Bible,
Vowed to service of Christ!
Thy Cross—thy Crown—thy Throne—
Blessed with His embracing!
Thy Altar—thy Priest—thy Bible—
Crown of Christ—Throne of Christ—
Cross of Christ—Altar of Christ—
Priest of Christ—Bible of Christ!
Thy Bride—thy Bride—thy Bride—
Sacrificed—thy Bride—thy Bride—
Thy Bride—thy Bride—thy Bride—
Thy Bride—thy Bride—thy Bride—
Thy Bride

Family Fun.

An Honest Farmer.

A woman was standing with her arms resting on the gate when a squint-eyed old fellow wearing the outward and inward filth of the pine hills, and carrying an enormous ax whip came along and accosted her:

"Have you seen anything air or little boy steer round kyar?"

"No."

"Er steer with or white ear in his forehead?"

"No."

"Some lumps with the left hind foot, but pretty pearl, taken altogether."

"I tell you no, the woman snapped.

"Fotch or load ax wood in this mornin an' old Dash—that's the steer's name—got out of the wagin yard an' r'lared hisen? It's the steer I bought from Ben Hardin' last fall—lean Dan. Yer know him, I reckon?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, rest easy erbout it, fur it ain't your fault, hass Dan alle squalated with mighty nigh ever woman ha kon. I don't know wh'er Dan got the steer, but that ain't none ay my bis'ness. Ain't good him hass yer?"

"I tell you no!"

"I didn't know but he would er come up hither way, fur that ole h' so tallin' whar he'll go when he gets a chance. Want over to old Jim McLauthlen's jes one day an' fall in the well. Don't know old Jim, do you?"

"No, I don't; and more than that, I wouldn't want to know him nor you either. Go on away from here."

"Oh, yer oughtenter tar talk that ar way erbout old Jim. Wy, he's the man that disco vered the persimmon pudding. Ain't signed with ole of the steer, yer say?"

"If you don't go on away from here will call a policeman."

"Ol, don't yer yerself ter no trouble on my account. I may be hoarsy lookin' but I ain't so fool. I ketched married the prettiest woman in all our neighborhood, an' when I seen a home I allus hole my wife that if I find a better woman than she is, that—well, I never expect to see one, that's all, but I have. "Madam," taking of his yallow slouch hat and making a bow, "you are that lady."

"Oh, what an old fool you are!" the woman laughingly replied.

"Yes, madam, I am er fool—er fool erbout beauty, but not erbout sense, mam. Some men ale aleared to tell er woman that she's pretty, but I ain't. Them never was nothin' ovardly erbout me. Yer tell yer the truth, I don't lost no sense, but when I used yer I had her trump up some sort er yer pears. I've got er ol'ly ax' er half er wood round hom, an' the wagin that I'm going for coal, but mam I've been talkin' ter you I've forgot all erbout the wood. You'll yer some excuse me for talkin' ter you so, for I see on ole man, while you are young enough ter be my daughter. You'll pardon me, won't yer?"

"Oh, certainly. What do you ask for your wood?"

"You may have the co'al an' er half fur the steer."

"All right," the delighted woman replied. "Bring it around here and throw it over the fence."

He drove around, threw over a quarter of cord of green pine poles, collected the five dollars, bowed to the woman and went away.

Inconvenient Charity.

A young man with one arm, representing of confederate on his foot entered a Detroit clothing store yesterday and asked to see a coat.

"I am straight business. I want a suit and clothes. Three years ago seven of us who left boy our clothes at the door. Boy I have been sent on ahead to get prison."

"Humph!"

"If I bring the other six here to buy, when will you make this 200 suit for?"

"The clothier went over and down by the stove with a disgusted look on his face.

"Didn't answer my question."

"My friend, please go out. You make me very tired."

"What's the matter with you? Don't you want me to bring the party here?"

"No, mine friend, I don't. All my sales I say goes to an orphan asylum, and I like to keep me down to a summer coat and a pair of second-hand pants. Better try der man two doors hakes."

Mark Twain on Columbus' Discovery.

I am not here to disparage Columbus. (Laughter.) New Columbus started out to discover America. Well, he didn't need to do anything at all but to sit in the stolen of his ship and hold his grip and sail straight on and America would discover Itself. (Laughter.) Then it was boring his ships across the whole length and breadth of the South American continent and he wouldn't get by it. (Laughter.) He'd got in disgrace if he couldn't help it. Nether did he have to find any particular spot of America, and when he found any portion of it his contract was fulfilled. But Mr. Stanley started out to find Dr. Livingstone, who was hidden away somewhere, scattered abroad, as you fear say, over the length and breadth of a great slab of Africa as big as the United States. It was a blind kind of a search. He was the worst scattered man. (Laughter.) He was the absentest commodity there was; he was so scarce as a tectonic by a prohibition State. (Laughter.) Now it wouldn't do to send me out to hunt a man. I shouldn't find him. I wouldn't be there when I got there. (Laughter.)—*From his speech introducing Stanley.*

Making the Skin Tender.

A minister with a rather florid complexion went into the shop of a barber, one of the parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to drinking, after which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of his face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn severity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink."

"Aye," replied Thomas, with the utmost composure, "it makes the skin very tender.

Strong Circumstantial Evidence.

Judge (to prisoner)—"You have been here before, I think?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sah."

"What was the charge?"

"Same as dis one—stealin' chickens."

"And you were convicted, too. I remember."

"Yes, Judge, I was found guilty, but it wasn't my fault. I was convicted on circumstantial abidence."

"How so?"

"A man sew me takin' de chickens an' he swore to be circumstance."

Her Opportunity.

There was a stick of the latchkey in the front door about 12:30 a. m. when Mr. Jim Stubble stole softly up stairs. His spouse had not yet begun to dream dreams, but was awaiting him.

"Seems to me you are later than usual," "Yes, a little, my dear," said Job. "You see, I was elected K. of L. to-night."

"K. of L! What's that?"

"Why, keeper of the soul, of course."

"Indeed! And about how long before I'm to be elected keeper of a seelshun morgue?"

A woman knows just when to pour cold water.

Farm and Home.

Plenty of Water a Good Thing.

Medical authorities now declare that it is of vital importance to health that the system should receive daily a sufficient quantity of water to amount to what authors would call a "flushing"—that is, sufficient to wash away the waste. Most of the matter which should be excreted is solid, and requires a comparatively large volume of fluid to dissolve it so that it may be cast off, an example of which may be seen in the case of urea said, which needs several thousand times its weight in water to dissolve, or else it crystallizes in the shape of calculi, or produces other disease. Thus fluid, not obstructed by semi-solid contents, should be taken daily by every adult, and by large people as much as four and a half or five pints, in order to keep the cells of the kidneys wall washed out, the white waste matter from the possibility of depositing itself where it may do harm, and the system in health generally.

Forgery Made a Easy.

David N. Carvalho, a handwriting expert in the district attorney's office of New York, says that forgeries by amateurs are increasing, and that they are encouraged by the best practices that have grown up in the commercial houses—the use of stylographic pens and aniline inks. Many large houses, he says, recognizing the fact that character in a signature written with a stylographic pen, have discontinued its use altogether in signing checks and papers of importance, and that the corporate's office at New York requires that the signed work is done by a quill pen. A stylographic signature is easily imitated, and when it comes to identifying the genuine signature, a difficulty is met, proceeding from the effect of the movement on the essential characteristic features. Aniline inks are still more dangerous, because they can be copied exactly by the use of copying pads, on the principle of the heliotograph.

Catholic Newspapers.

The Brooklyn *Examiner* offers good estate to Catholic parents in regard to having Catholic newspapers in their houses, when it says:

The boy or young man who finds a good sound Catholic newspaper on the table in his father's housekeeper week will sooner or later read it. When he begins to read it, he will begin to identify himself as a Catholic, to formly himself from the contents of such a newspaper for the innumerable arguments against, and discussions of, his religion which he hears from Protestants, instead of tamely denying his religion in silence when he should speak. No Catholic man and woman who take a newspaper without feeling that there are many more Catholics than he is personally acquainted with, or constituting "the Roman Catholics" that is a part of a religious world which his governments, his citizens, his body politic, and not least, its newspapers. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it is the duty of every Catholic head of a family to see to it that a good Catholic newspaper is regularly taken into his household, and that he is not providing for the proper education of his children.

How to be Always Happy.

A French Journal publishes the following infallible remedy against a host of ills, strongly commended to its readers, and it is said to cure *cœur*, mammthrgy, mocomoco, and everything else except that of the heart, the seat of the brain—in a word, all the evils that human nature is heir to, not excepting even imaginary ones—"Every day for a year, the first thing in the morning, swallow the following ingredients, mixed in a cup of pure, unsweetened coffee: One ounce of patience, two ounces of wisdom, one ounce of philosophy, two ounces of courage, and one ounce of perseverance. Add to this mixture, with two grains of indifference, Shake well, and take fast. Lastly, if you find yourself very drowsy, take any dolefy the compound with an ounce of sweet temper."

The Curse of Riches.

A few of our Catholics have made a little money, and straightway have become ashamed of our religion. They have the open sneers to high-toned society, but their religion—the religion of the poor and ignorant—is a heavy weight on their full enjoyment of social pleasures. They feel that they were born under a cloud, in having the Catholic Faith thrust upon them. When occasion offers, they hastingly apologize for the stigma, saying "they were born so, and never pay much attention to religion, anyhow." If a colony of these fools could get together and placed on a lone island, we would be willing to wager that in fifty years Darwin's theory would be incontrovertibly proven. A few generations would suffice to reproduce the original species.

Sleep a Preventive of Headache.

A scientific writer says: "Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming, they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. This is the time the sleep of an hour, or even two, as nature guides, which effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late, for after the attack is fairly under way, it will be impossible to get sleep until far into the night, perhaps. It is so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients waked to take medicine, if they are asleep when the hours come around, that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is far better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a wonderful preventive of disease—better than sanitary regulations and stimulants.

Ice as a Luxury.

In Germany ice is precious. The ice-man takes his cart up to a customer's door and carefully weighs the ice out to him in little bunks. A grocer, who is in Minnesota world boy, say at least 500 pounds of ice, in Germany boys five pounds. The ice-man keeps his stock under lock and key, it is so valuable. The ice is chopped up fine like coal oyster, and is weighed out in a spring scale. In weighing it the dealer is careful give no more than the exact amount, just as much as the grocery man does when weighing out butter at fifty cents a pound. One wagon in Germany will supply the demands of 30,000 persons. A family ice box holds about two pounds of chopped ice, and only well-to do people can afford the luxury.

CATARRH.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious or that they are due to the presence in the living parasites in the living tissues of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has now proved this fact, and it is now made easy to free yourself from the misery in one or two simple applications made by the patient at home. Send stamp for circular describing this new treatment. Address, Lamphear & Co., 303 West King street, Toronto, Canada. By special request Mr. Dixon, formerly of the Metropole House (formerly Tremont) 1141 Market st., San Francisco, for a short time. Old friends should send for his address or call and see him. Consultation free.

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1	45	15,000	15,000
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1	45	5,000	15,000
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8:00 A. M.	3:45 P. M.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Fulton, Windsor, Cloverdale, Ukiah, and Way Stations.	10:50 A. M.	6:50 P. M.
1:30 P. M.	8:00 P. M.	Guerneville.	9:15 P. M.	5:00 P. M.

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Sunday—7:00 A. M., 8:00 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 12:00 M., 1:00 P. M., 2:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M., 10:00 P. M.

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TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Entrance Fee, $10 one time only ... $10 00

Tuition in Primary Class, per month ... 1 00

Tuition in Intermediate Class, per month ... 1 50

Tuition in Grammar Class, per month ... 2 00

Boarding and Drawing, per month ... 6 00

Washing, per month ... 2 00

Fuel, Water, per month ... 1 00

No deduction made for temporary absence.

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Vocal Music, Private Lessons ... 60 00

Instrument, per session ... 30 00

Drawing (per quarter) ... 5 00

Painting in Water Colors, per session ... 10 00

Painting in Oil, per session ... 10 00

Use of Instrument ... 10 00

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Terms per month (paid in advance.)

Tuition in the 1st and 2d College Classes ... $ 10

Tuition in the 1st and 4th College Classes ... 1 00

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Bills are payable half at the beginning of each half session, in advance.

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Tuition in the 1st and 2d College Classes ... $ 10

Tuition in the 1st and 4th College Classes ... 1 00

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Music (Vocal and Instrumental) Drawing Painting and Private Elocution lessons, each one lesson, at the Boarding Schools, for 30 lessons in French and Spanish are given, gratuitously; as also in Plain and Fancy Needle work.

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TERMS:

Terms per month, in advance

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes ... $ 10

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Intermediate Classes ... 1 00

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Grammar Classes ... 1 50

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes ... 1 00

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TERMS:

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TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Entrance Fee, one time only ... $10 00

Tuition in Primary Class, per month ... 1 00

Washing, per month ... 2 00

Fuel, Water, per month ... 1 00

Boarding and Drawing, per month ... 6 00

Tuition in Intermediate Class, per month ... 1 50

Tuition in Grammar Class, per month ... 2 00

No deduction made for temporary absence.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

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Our Young Folks.

☞ Short, original contributions of profit will be accepted for this department.

The proper name and address of contributors should be given in full.

Communications should be written on one side of the sheet only, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

A Soft Answer.

"You coward! how dare you strike my brother?" cried little Sallie (Sara), standing up before Willie Lowry.

"He broke my egg," said Willie, sullenly, "I know he meant to do it."

"His dolly," cried Sally. You were a man coward to strike him, because he is younger and weaker than you are. You would be afraid to strike me."

Willie was a stout, strong boy, and he could not help smiling at little Sally's defiance.

"You may laugh," cried Sally, with the greatest indignation, "but I mean what I say. You didn't mean to drop your egg, and you had no right to strike him."

"Indeed! I didn't mean to drop it, blackbared Tom, who was two years younger than Sally.

Willie was a generous, good-hearted boy, but hasty and quick tempered.

A little reflection convinced him that he had acted unjustly in striking Tom Grace. He was strong, and pride scorned to him not to acknowledge it to a girl.

But he was a manly boy, and a blush came to his face frankly.

"Tom, I am sorry I hit you. I beg your pardon with all my heart. I get into a temper too easily, and I would rather I had been hit myself."

It was wonderful how the few words acted like oil on troubled waters.

Sally fell all her indignation pass away in tears.

"How good of you to say that," she cried. "I have been very cross to you and to Tom ever since I got home. I didn't mean to let your egg drop, but I had no right to aggravate you as I did.

So a reconciliation was effected at once, and the two boys, who might have grown up to be enemies, became lasting friends.

A few days afterwards, when Sally was out in the fields with Minnie Willis, collecting flowers to deck the Easter altar in the chapel little Minnie said:

"I was glad Willie spoke so to did. You were very angry yourself, but how true it is that a soft answer turns away wrath."

A Pretty Good Bad Boy.

A good, busy years ago now, a small, bare-legged boy set out from his home in Portsmouth, N. H., for an adventure upon a gun. He rambled along, as boys will, with his eyes wide open for everything that came under them, as well as for game that was the special object of his expedition, and he had not gone far when he saw a dress approaching, driven by the Governor of the State.

The Governor was a very popular and distinguished man, who was being called for the Presidency, and we should not have liked the small boy if he had not given to let stareward by finding himself alone in the presence of so eminent a personage. He was equal to the occasion, however, and when the chaise reached him, he stood aside to let it pass and gravely presented to the Governor at once pulled my his horse and bolted with the chaise, and the little fellow standing there as serious as a sentry, with his gun held rightly before him.

"What is your name? said the Governor.

"Jack Bunker," he replied the boy, with a military salute.

He was invited into the chaise, and though he lost his shooting, he was not in companionship with the distinction of riding into Portsmouth Town with Governor Woodbury!

This was forty years ago, and since then Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who served a place among the foremost of American authors by a series of books, some in prose and some in verse, which are distinguished by the purity of their tone, the refinement of their style, and the picturesqueness of their invention. One of them is called "The Story of a Bad Boy," and except that some of the names of persons and places are changed, it is so faithful a picture of the author's boyhood that it might be called an autobiography.

God Sees Us.

A man once went out to steal some corn. He took his sack, a bright little fellow of eight years along with him. When they came to the edge of the corn field from which the father expected to steal, he said to the little boy, "Go down the road to make sure that there was no one to

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

CABLEGRAMS FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

DRIVING THE IRISH TO DESPERATION.

An Innocent Man Murdered by the Police

LONDON, March 22.—There can be little doubt that the Government is anxious to goad the Irish into overt opposition in order to influence public opinion in England and Scotland against them. A telegram of Balfour to Captain Plunkett was the direct incentive to the murder of a man in Ballina. In that town a crowd composed mainly of boys and women had paraded the streets to protest against the recent evictions and vacatedal prices because he declined to become a witness in the Bankruptcy Court where it was hoped that he would betray secrets confided to him in the confessional. In defiance of the protests of the local magistrate the police were ordered to charge the crowd with fixed bayonets. The crowd at once fled, but they were pursued by the police and a man in his flight was killed by bayonets and died of his wounds.

Let my one consider what indignation all this would have created, had it taken place in Ireland and he will realize the bitter hatred which such atrocities evoke in the Irish. There is nothing more dangerous than a body of men armed and trained with power and urged to a state of frenzy by their adherents. The Tory Government seem to side of women who are ready to plead blindly into my cause to prove that they are more Tory than Tories.

TO DEFEAT COERCION.

An Appeal to the Friends of Ireland in America.

LINCOLN (Neb.) March 26.—The Executive Board of the Irish National League of America to-day issued an address to the "American Public and the Irishmen of America." The address recites the history of the Land League and the persecution of Ireland, to be Christian world for a protest of humanity against the unchristian treatment of the Irish people by the British Government; review the present political situation, and urges the friends of Ireland to use their influence and pass and people to pass their circles and say fidelity if the Irish have not displayed all the forbearance that human nature is capable of by their passive resistance to such inhuman laws as those to which the British Government would force them submit.

The address says that if nothing will satisfy the British Government but the destruction of the Irish people, Ireland will be justified before God and the world in the use of the means given her for her own defense, and in such a case every weapon the humanity of man can place in her hands. Condemnation of the policy of the British Government by the American public is asked in order to avert such a calamity.

The address urges the re-organization of disbanded branches of the League and the establishment of new ones, and asks that Irish people living in towns too widely separated from each other to form branches send their names and addresses to Rev. Dr. O'Reilly of Lincoln, who will acknowledge the same through the press. The address is signed by John O'Mahoney, President of the League.

DILLON'S DEFIANT SPEECH.

He Scorns Bulldoze and Defies the Tories to Arrest the Convention.

LONDON, March 25.—In the House of Commons to-night Dillon replied to Balfour. He said that the Government will never succeed in his case. [Irish cheers.] He believed that if the people of Ireland were capable of exercising the manacles he would give up forever the cause of sense the Irish people had shown. The Irish people would be slaves, instead if they consented to it. Balfour he would leave a country to be intimate could live unless he lived in a country where he could speak his mind. [Cheers.] The speech and hands to Turner years, [Cheers.] The speech and hands to Turner years, Chamberlain, and Balfour, whether he lies in the Tower or not, he would rather be in the Tower than lived like a man. He would not have the Government have conferred on him the distinction they have conferred on him. [Cheers.] Dillon, belittering his life to the cause of Ireland, he would not be a slave to the Government, he would not be a slave to the Government, he would not be a slave to the Government

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THIS, TOO, MUST PASS AWAY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO "MARIE."

Far from the vale of Cashmere,
Across the sapphire sea,
Rich with spice and savory,
This thought comes home to me:
Thick with dust and solitude,
Off the shell of Time,
Sung by lands and sages
Through every land and clime:
So let it be—perhaps in play—
Of quaint, Arabic fancies,
This, too, must pass away.

I glance from out the window,
Walls I set here by the hearth,
First at the sky above me,
Then, on the smiling earth.
I see that jolly fellow—
The sky, old, roguish eye,
Kiss the pretty maidens,
With eyes, just full of fun;
I look out on the ocean,
Where sea-gulls flit and play,
And whisper half in wonder,
This, too, must pass away.

Look out the dusty window
Gladys, bright and rosy,
With a wealth of raven hair;
I see a rose-bush nobly,
In the sweet's golden light,
Lavish with its perfume, on the breeze,
Its beautiful and bright;
I sigh to save upon them,
These sweet, idyl's *great play*;
Ah, youthful Love and Beauty,
Yes, too, must pass away.

As roses flow on forever,
The heart will ever move wise,
We have looked on buried,
Our youthful hopes and sighs
For, from you happy heaven,
Back to our earth again,
Of creatures, or their talents,
Not a soul returns to tell
For the Mighty Lord of Heaven,
And the souls we have to-day,
Alas, will pass away.
All else must pass away.

ZARE.

March 21, 1867.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

A PETITION TO MARY.

DEDICATED TO S. C.

Mary, holy one, Mary save me,
Mary, Mother, guide thou me
Let thy sweet smile light the pathway,
Bring me safe to heaven and thee.
Sorrow deepen, shadows gather,
She's dark pall obscures the light;
Mother, let thy loving presence
Chase from life this monster blight;
Take me to the same place Jesus,
Pray that I my crosses bear,
Let not Vice's siren precepts
Turn my heart thy image tear.
Pray to Jesus—He will hear thee,
He will give whate'er you ask,
Heaven or Heaven, Mother Mary,
Make my wayward soul be meek;
Ask Him, Mother, to vouchsafe me
Strength to fight until the end,
Lay every sinful thought, sweet Mother,
To my death a sanctified end.
Hide me safely from sin's portal,
Let not sin, Satan, tempt me more,
Star of sea thy Son's dear presence,
Give me pardon, never again.
When I falter, Mary, help me,
When I stumble, Mother mine,
Let me not, Oh, I implore thee,
Fall from Jesus' grace divine.
If a Father should be stern,
And its sweet mystery hear,
Tries, sorrows, doubts, tempt's me,
And the dark hour-weak of care;
Mother, let me then be patient,
Let my soul submissive be,
Give me courage to endure, Oh,
Let me offer them to thee;
Let me bear them patiently,
To our God's almighty will,
Knowing that He does things rightly,
Though we see not the reason why;
When the shores of life are fading
Pray my mortal frame, pray,
Mary, Mother of our Saviour,
Bear my soul beyond the skies.

CLOTHO.

March, 31, 1867.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THAT BABY.

Sweet little dimpled, pretty creature,
Two relics of each parent's feature,
Too young to heed a guide or teacher,
O, that baby.

When night comes on, and drowned in slumber,
Shake every head with care encumbered,
It rings the rules once, or somebody,
O, that baby.

When morning breaks no! long black wishes,
Its drowsy parents, sleep forsaken,
Behold their treasure, love's criterion
In that baby.

When mother's eyes look down with sadness,
Fill them on shade of grief or sadness,
For all its trials of infant sickness
Or that baby.

A store of love walls up within her,
Which ought to smile as cold as ice be,
To change from of that little sinner
Of a baby.

Now ever prayer accompanies,
With many a hope of bright to morrows,
And many fears of future sorrows,
Every baby.

San's Rosa, March 24, 1867.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Oh! Heart of Three in the evening,
Yet another the hour—or sweet hour!
He leaned on you in His sorrow,
And rested you when dead.

At Jesus' side—Oh! Heart dear,
He can you slay on Calvary,
And Mark you "His own last hour."

Oh! Bow of Three living crowns,
Then wreated a crimson crown;
Thou art Friend of the hours forever,
And thy voice, as then great down

The cries of time, still murmure
"I hold thy hands the Eternal,
"I hold thy hands the Eternal,
Is the hour—Oh! Heart dear!

Oh! Heart of Three-in-the-evening,
Miss hours with thine—to-day!
Thou felest the elder sleep,
I hand—and I weep and pray.

FATHER HEAR.

IRELAND.

My first dear love, all dearer for the grief
My land, that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, valor, glory, flower or fair!
If God be so mine after Jesus first to me!
May love may mean with the first the first
It depent not—Ah—the whole—the whole and entire
Like that first face and heart where I was
In my poor land, the Nl-lee of Isles.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Literary Miscellany.

Where the Breakers Meet.

A Beautiful Catholic Story. Written by the Sister F. Ezra.

Thaw is a point in the Long Island coast where trial was seen to meet. The Atlantic waves rush on other Atlantic waves across this stretch of sand. Thus row of islands comes from the direction of the great city, while the other comes from the direction of the open sea. The point is known by sailors in the fine light of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty,—whose fresh beauty is lessened when compared to the crown that surrounds our Blessed Lady in the West. Disasters being rare have glanced at those waves as they glistened silvery in the sunlight near a hundred pleasant summer resorts.

The other row of white capped monsters has toward against the propeller of many a steamer rushing manfully homward, and sank and rose under the eyes of many a heart-sick passenger longing for his native land. And here they meet, stirring, crushing, like gladiators,—and the air on gray and windy days is full of their groans. No victory is ever gained; it is a perennial conflict.

Here at the point lives Richard Alworth and wife. They have worked hard in their position. Alworth was Rear Admiral, and was made up of devout Catholics; and, when he married him, the ceremony was performed by a priest, and he made the usual promise. But when Austin, their only child, was born, a Protestant lady was engaged for a "Nurse." It was to rain that poor Rose protested and entreated. Rubbers was obdurate, and for reason that she was very fond of giving. He asserted that he himself did not care anything about religion; a "square" man would come out all right, anyhow; but nearly all the Catholics at the Point were of the opposite political party, and "Dick Alworth wasn't going over to the enemy by having his son baptized in the Romanish Church."

Rose found no consolation in her own relations. They had opposed the marriage, and they told her that they had washed their hands of the consequences. Gradually she had become separated from them. Many several attempts to have the child baptized, but her husband was too clever for her; once, when he was ill—he was a very healthy child, generally—she tried to baptize him herself, but Pichard, out of pervexity, kept a watch over her all the time and prevented it.

The boy was early taught to say things against his mother's faith. To do him justice, he did this thoughtlessly, because his father told him it was "smart;" and when he saw the pain expressed on his mother's face so real and deep, he tried to make up for his careless words.

The life at the Point was an open air life. Father and son were much together; and the boy seemed to be drifting away from his mother. His prayed and begged. It was a pathetic sight to see her, tossed and buffeted by the wind, starting along the coast towards the church on Sundays, and on every day when Mass was celebrated at the out-of-the-way place three miles from the Point.

Austin wanted to go with her often; but his father sternly forbade it. But the boy, though he was laughed and jeered at, always were the medal of the blessed Virgin his mother had tied around his neck.

The days passed drearily at the Point. In summer the blue fish came, and the varying duties of spoiling the sea of its treasure and forcing the fishes to yield their gold. Lord Austin and his father busy. The winter was the unhappy time. Then the men at the Point were much at home; they smoked, and talked, and read the newspapers, and "women folk" declared "they wished there wasn't a man in the world." It was during the long winter days that religious prejudices seemed fervently in the Alworth house. Richard, who was proud and overbearing, generally provoked them. Rose retorted to the common allusions he heard against the Church and the Jesuits. She lost her temper often and took refuge in sullen silence. Austin sometimes found this a tried and like more pleasant than the turmoil within. He went out with his gun after rabbits or put to sea, just for the pleasure of forgetting the unkindness that oppressed him.

"Father," he said on one gray afternoon, when there was a storm brooding over the sea, "why don't you get another church alone? If you don't believe in them, why don't you—you know quiet about it?"

Richard Alworth look his pipe from his lips in amazement. What did the boy mean? What had he ever done to make his own child think that he was an atheist?

"Do you mean to say that I'm an infidel, you impudent puppy?" he burst forth.

"It's against the conceptions of Romanism I've been talking and not against religion. Haven't you sense enough in your stupid head to see that?"

"No, I haven't!" said Austin, unabashed, for his father's constant example of disrespect to his mother had not had the effect of making him respectful to anybody.

"Everybody you say is dead against religion. And I can see that mother's church tries to make her good, and she is good wherever she holds by its teachings. She'd make home happy enough if you let her. She doesn't attack you. And I tell you this, if I were twenty years, and had the boys that go to the priest and be baptized, just to please her."

"You'll leave this house, then, sir" cried Richard Alworth. "I shouldn't object to your being a professing Christian of any church, if you want to. But one Papist in my house is enough, and there will never be another by my consent."

His wife had trembled during this snatch of dialogue. She feared, above all things, the alienation sure to between the father and son; they were too much alike in disposition.

"You may be a Papist yourself, someday," said Richard's son, in the same spirit of aggravation "that sometimes moved his father.

The elder man's face reddened. He repulsed his wrath and were so wrath that made his wife put her hands to her ears. His son only laughed.

So you mean to say, dad, that could make you a Papist if he wanted to?"

Richard Alworth dropped his clay pipe. It broke into three or four pieces. He was too angry to answer at once.

"Don't know anything about it," he said, "unless the almost killed me first. I tell you, Austin, that I have to strike—or with lightning and burn up the kind of heart I have, or be a Papist—I will do it."

"Well, I am going out, dad" Austin cried, letting in a great gust of cold wind as he opened the door.

Richard Alworth's temper seemed calmed by its outburst.

"I hope the boy won't go out in the boat," said his wife, anxiously. "It looks bad, I wish we could make Rose promise for him. He's always out."

"I don't wonder he likes the noise of the breakers on the Point more than your tongue," answered her husband. "Rose's forever opposing me."

A bright red spot burned in his wife's cheeks, but she was silent. She prayed for patience. Her eyes grew mobile as she saw the wrath of Jonas Hunter, as the wind raised from a low moan to a shrill howl.

"If he must go young, she prayed, "let him not die so far in—to lose he come as baby of Heaven.

The prayer seemed vain. Austin Alworth did not come home. His staff was seen in the quiet water of the "Cove," just before the storm reached its climax. Two days after a lot of board was carried almost to Richard Alworth's door and stuck in the beach, looking wistfully for some trace of his lost boy. It was a splintered piece of the boat. Around it, caught in a crack, was a shining thing. It was the medal that Rose had blessed.

The father had laughed and sneered at it. He had called it all the scornful name he could think of. He picked it up and then sank with a groan on the sand. It was as if lightning and of the clear sky had struck his heart. The designed symbol was at once the only relic of Austin and the message that told of the boy's death. He kissed it and wept over it as he had not wept for years. The great waves broke at his feet, dashed back on his knees.

For weeks he hardly spoke. No news came from Austin. He was dead—of course he was dead. For who could live in a storm like that dreadful Point.

* * *

One day Richard Alworth went to church with his wife, and it almost made her feel happy to see him there. The priest evidently announce his intention of becoming a Catholic.

"If I doubt it," he said, "tried will never forgive me. I know that, if Austin is dead, he is—though say pride and my hatred of your church—kept out of Heaven. Oh, yes, I'm always believed in Baptism and Rome, this is the biggest sacrifice I've ever made; how the folks at the Point will jeer at me! But I don't care—I'm sick of it. I'm tired of the sea. I'm tired of the cruel storms; but I can stand it, if Hell only bring Austin back again, so that the lad can the over again a Christian."

Rose knelt down and prayed.

* * *

Six months had passed. One day a boy came to Richard Alworth with a letter from the postoffice. It was postmarked "Rio de Janeiro."

Richard opened it and said coolly to his wife:

"It is from Austin. He was picked up by a big fine ship off the Point and carried to Rio de Janeiro. He is coming back in the *Sphen Star*. God crushed me. Rose, I'll still raise no up again.

His wife could only sob as if she was sorry, instead of happy.

* * *

The breakers are at their worst. The rush on each other with thunderous roar. You can see a line of white horses meeting each other out at sea as far as the eye can reach. There is a ship out there, too, tossed like a toy.

Richard Alworth has used his glass all the afternoon. He knows it is the *Sphen Star* back, bound to New York. No boat could live in the storm. He stands alone, watching the vessel as it struggles hopelessly.

The sea surges around his knees. He does not move. Suddenly a speck appears on the white foam. It is a boat. But it seems to be a speck of humanity, and he knows how it reel!"

"Can I row?—can I row, my man? I really think I can. Long ago the Brothers used to take me with them in a boat, and used to look at the pictures and prayers in the water. Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad that this was a long while ago." St Philip turned his New Testament from the shelf, and opening it gave it to the boy. "Read, my friend, only read these four verses, and I'll pray for you—I'll pray for you, and see no sight days.

"Read, my friend, four verses in order to be—a saint! You are joking.

"No, no, my friend, I am very serious, and I want you to read these four verses in order."

"My saint, I promise you, I will, and I shall be back in eight days.

"Read, my friend, read, read, my New Testament. He had been a soldier for a while in early youth, and now said "my saint," just as he soldiers said "my corporal." At the end of eight days he was gone.

"Good day, my friend," said St. Philip, as he opened the door to a stalwart figure.

"These four verses—these four verses—I have to read them."

"How is that?"

"Look at them, show four verses, pray to find . . . do not aware

"Why, do you think that easy to do?"

"Oh! I have done something, let it takes a long time, I'm sure, to find myself."

"Well, well, my friend, said St. Philip, "you are on your way to holiness. Hunt for your four verses, and when you find them, only now you must take up your cross."

* * *

They remained some time in conversation. St. Philip entertained the greatest hopes. The soldier was a fine fellow, and had been a man of a happy result. As he was leaving, he received his four verses, and, with good-byes and promised to return again within a fortnight. The eight days passed but he did not return. St. Philip was in great anxiety and prayed hard for his friend. Eight days more passed and he did not and still he did not returned. St. Philip was now very much troubled and almost gave up all hope. The porter, he fancied, had been a mistake in the man. He had been worn disheartened, and had now, no doubt, thrown in the winds the lessons of four verses. At length, however, you had to be working there and reflection he found the sick and well nourished stop of a man coming into the outside, and almost at once a knock was heard at the door.

"It is he," cried the saint, hastening to waste the door to open it. It was indeed the porter, but in what a pitiable state! The poor man supported himself with a cane. A bandage passed under his arm, and the cross of his head. His cheeks were marked with a deep red line, the blood which reached to the bridge of his nose. He was pitiable to see, and he was only three days which were only healing.

"What happened you, my dear friend," exclaimed St Philip, "who could have treated you like this?"

"It is my . . . the porter replied, "don't try to put the blame on any one else."

"How?" said St. Philip, "it is! Explain yourself."

"You will soon see," said the porter, "it is all very simple. I was going with my pack along the Atlantic Road, carrying with commission, when I met a curious with two boxes. At the sight of my pack the horses turned, reared and ran also a stick and beat in the ground. The man who was driving freed himself of seven or eight of the boxes and stuck them in the mouth. Then he leaned on one of the boxes and I fell down on the concrete. At, my saint, if I wanted to I could have crushed that fine young fool, you know! I could have pitched him at his horses or turn the man his eye his broken carriage with the pieces. Just see so, saint, my big muscles!" Saint Philip looked at the pack frightened he knew! Could I get rid of it? Could I throw it away from my pack? It is my only way of making a living. Yes, my saint, I could have crushed the man, I could my long curses, and thus and "He good to them that curse you." I can't stretches you on the right cheek turn on him . . . I can't do it. I had no need of turning the other. He found fault with you, I believe. I can say a word. I only gathered myself to go this a little while to left, and it is now fifteen days since I went to the hospital. I left only this morning. Is this what I should have done, my saint?

St Philip was moved to tears at the porter's story. He pressed him to the bed and embraced again and again the poor man who had suffered so much for his faith. He felt that they must never separate again. The saint proposed to the porter that he should become a Religious and remain in the convent. The Brothers have always been kind to him. He had never imagined that the saint could make him so happy a proposal.

He became a Brother distinguished for the most striking virtues. He was a model of humility, prayer and obedience. He had been saved from a great sin, and the Word of God had told him the means. After about twenty years he died, full of days and good works in the odor of sanctity. The Church has canonized the humble porter. I hope only to be able to do so.

Catholic Messenger.

THE NUMBER TEN.

The reason why ten is a favorite with God, and favorite number in church, is because it is the number that is left over enough, small that no one has any excuse, and thus said—"Do good to them that curse you." Ten is a large number of things to count, say a flock of sheep, or a number of years, or dollars, or perhaps into account, if the number is large, or the collection of lions are naturally grouped together in a large hundreds. A further grouping of ten is made, and we have ten tens. Then we get the ordinary system of numbers. Ten is a number of completion, and ten tens is a complete system of numbers. Ten is the number of the system of counting was first made, and the system of counting was first made by the simple elementary fact of the number of the digits on the human hand. Ten is the number 12 has its name as a favorite number, and 12 is a favorite number, and the reason probably is that 12 is a number of which ten is an aliquot part, which in many cases is a great convenience. Ten is the number of dozen bottles in a convenient quantity to be carried in a man's hand, and ten is just half the standard number, or of the unit of measure, which is the number twelve. In the measure of time, in fact, 12 is one of nature's units, for it is the number of months in which for many purposes we divide the year, and 12 is the number of hours in which we divide each of the day and night. Hence the great divisibility of 12 is a great fact in the world's history, and ten is the most notable instance of its use. Ten is the number of the commandments, in a year, we need some further explanation. The reason why ten is the number of days between two successive full moons is because it is measured by 29 days. Hence there are 348 days in the year, and the year consists of twelve months, and the reason why the Church rightly assigned to the feasts of the Church, and the reason why the Church rightly assigned to the feasts of the Church, and the reason why the Church rightly assigned to the feasts of the Church

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Almighty God judges man through his soul. Now, as we wash our faces and hands daily, is it not well to give the soul a good plunging bath in the cleansing waters of mercy at least once a year—during this Easter festival?

—The cable announces the death during the aloe of March, of a cold-cold Irishman, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of Bantry, county Cork, father of Hugh Hoe, Timothy Daniel Sullivan, Lord Mayor of Dublin, of his brothers the lamented A. M and Richard, also Daniel Sullivan, M. P.

—The Catholics of Holland are about to present a splendid album, called the *Nederlandsche Catholiek*, to the Pope as their Jubilee offering. It contains an account of all the Catholic foundations in the Low Countries, printed in Dutch type of the sacentieenth century, and is illustrated with illustrative paintings of the most interesting Catholic edifices by the first artists of the country.

—Gladstone's mission regarding the Catholic Church seems to be embracing great change. In his "Studies of Homer," he thus eulogizes the representative of God in the world: "She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has harnessed to its chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world: its genius the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of."

—We are glad to know that the many friends of Master Eugene O'Connell, the juvenile musical prodigy of Oakland, are about to give a seminal entertainment after Easter for the purpose of procuring funds in order to send this California musical phenomenon to Europe, so that his wonderful musical talents may be thoroughly developed. As soon as the date and place is decided on, we will call the attention of our readers more fully to the merits of this promising youth, but in the meantime we hope that hundreds of our Oakland and city readers will make my their minds to attend the concert when it does take place.

—If some English Catholics could control the mansions of heaven, we verily believe they would place over the principal gate this thoroughly English sign: *No Irish need apply.* Nearly every issue of the London *Tablet* contains some acrrrlous allusion to Irish Catholics similar to the following samples. At a Tory meeting held in London Mr. De Lisle—an English Clerkhole is reported to have uttered this spiteful piece of insulting impertinence:

"As a Roman Catholic he (Mr. de Lisle) considered the conduct of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland; instead of being Hierarchs, they were Anarchists (loud cheers)."

Another anti-Irish Anglo-Clerkhole named Angus, expressed his disgust for his nationalist co-religionists in this pleasant way:

"Let us know where we are. Our unfortunate connection with our Nationalist co-religionists, and the satyrs and dotage of those persons expose us to a vast amount of obloquy."

And yet it is solely to the Irish that these Anglo-*Orthodox* owe the fact that there is a Catholic Church in England to-day or that they have a *Tablet* to trouble them in the days of the best, bravest and truest Catholics in the world.

—The American College in Rome is on the eve of a new development; the building now occupied by that Educational Institute which ranks as one of the first in Rome both as to importance and organization, has become too restricted as to space and as to the requisite accommodation and comfort of the daily increasing number of the students, already over seventy; as also to the furtherance of the oft-expressed will of the Sovereign Pontiff that resources be taken to enable the said college to offer fitting hospitality to the members of the American episcopate during their respective visits to the Eternal City. Consequently a site has been wanted to purchase a proper site whereon to erect a spacious and commodious college to which will be attached a handsome edifice to be known as the "National American Church," and to serve as a centre for the citizens of the United States where they can find English-speaking confessors. The project has met the entire approval of Cardinal Simeoni and other authorities of the Propaganda, and Cardinal Gibbons is actually engaged in the perfection of the plans. Meetings have already been held to consider the matter, which, when closely outlined will be submitted to the Board for their approval. Some American Catholics of wealth and social position have already expressed their desire to co-operate in the proposed undertaking, in order to enable the Catholic Church of this country to assume her fitting place among other National representative institutions in the Eternal City.

Cheap Lands for Settlers.

The attention of the Secretary of the State Immigration Society having been called to the statement of an intending settler that no lands other than those in the hands of speculators could be procured in California, he informed a newspaper representative last week that high-priced lands in this State are the exception rather than the rule. The great majority of the good land of this State—the Secretary said—is now below $10 an acre, and, besides this, there are about 10,000,000 acres of public land which may be had for nothing—just for the mere settlement upon them. He also asserted that there are 40,000,000 acres of agricultural land which may readily be had for less than $20 an acre, and if the people want proof, all they have to do is to come to him and get it. There is any quantity of good land—flat land—right in Yolo county to-day, that you can buy for $5 an acre. There is lots of land on the hillsides—just the land for vines and fruit. There is plenty of land in Colusa county and many others—added the Secretary—I don't like to mention localities. And I say this, not to injure high priced land in any way, for this high priced land is not above ground. We wonder if there is a man, and in many cases is worth more. But I say there is just as good land—speaking of the well—outside of those few districts that have been boomed recently. The work of the association has been to deal especially with cheap lands and Government land so plenty even in property of higher price.

It may also be important for immigrants to know that the State Immigration Society has formulated a plan for disseminating information concerning private lands, and the association will hereafter permit holders of private lands in this State to offer them for sale through the association. This is not intended in any way to interfere with the purposes of the association to settle Government lands, but is intended to reach new comers who are seeking improved property. Parties having improved farms for sale or unimproved lands suitable for colony settlement may be able to dispose of them by placing plats and descriptions on file in the office and supplying the necessary information. The association will make a charge for this service, and the revenue derived will be used to further promoting immigration.

Who Are Responsible for Such Journalistic Villainies.

It is singular with what cunning Protestant writers try to cover up their religious error by raising a cloud of dust around the head of the great prelate who has so valiantly upheld the truth and hurled the shafts of error into the face of the fanatic who thought he would "make Rome howl" by coining a lie against Cardinal Newman and by using the sectarian sound before whom he felt convinced it.

In the Oroville *Mercury* of a few weeks ago the following article appeared, and it might have passed down to posterity unchallenged except for the fact that it was copied into the Sacramento *Bee* of the 24th ult., and this came under the notice of Rev. William H. O'Connor, Rector of St. Mary's Church, in that city, who accordingly petitioned an appeal and to whom we tender the thanks of every Catholic in California for the neat manner in which he has "turned the tables upon the tradducative Methodist preacher who perpetrated this monstrous and unchaste calumny.

THE FALSEHOOD.

What is Said About a Baby's Experience with Sisterian Clergy.

A year or so ago in the city of Stockton, San Joaquin county, California, United States of America, Rev. John Kirby, an American citizen, ordained as a minister by the Methodist conference, and recognized by the Constitution and laws of this State and of the United States as duly qualified to solemnize and legalize marriages, performed that ceremony for an American gentleman and lady. The wife of that gentleman is a Catholic. Some months ago a child was born to the said so, and last week when Rev. Kirby was in Stockton the father of that child requested him to baptize said child. Protestant and influential priest of Stockton hearing of the proposed ordination, went to the gentleman, told him that his child was illegitimate, that Kirby was a counterfeit, that unless he was married by a Catholic priest the child would be bastardized, and that he and his wife would continue to live in concubinage and under the anathema of the Church of Rome. The young man was called a Catholic but renounced his allegiance when he became of age. His wife is a Catholic and the two are now completely demoralized. The young man venses that his wife isn't a prostitute, that his child isn't illegitimate, and that he will not submit to remarriage. Mr. Kirby will go to Stockton and explain the matter to the father, to the young man and his wife can matter courage to break the water of that Catholic priest.

Mr. Kirby preached an onslaught last night against such effrontery and paid the *Mercury* a high compliment for its course in regard to the matter. Sacramento Bee.

Mr. Kirby preached

Farm and Home.

Health of European Cities.

The *Revue d'Hygiene* for October 20, 1886, contains an interesting article by Dr. Bertillon, the Chief of the Statistical Bureau of Paris, on the comparative healthfulness of the principal European cities for the year 1885, from which we take the following:

Typhoid fever was more frequent in the French cities than in others. At Rheims it caused, per 100,000 inhabitants, 151 deaths, at Marseilles 149, at Nancy 133, at Toulouse 79, at Havre 74, at Paris 63, and at Lyons 42. In Brussels the proportion was 19, in Amsterdam 11, in Munich 18, in Berlin 17, in Leipsic 16, in Kenigsberg 36, Dantzic 33, Heisiberg 32, Vienna 14, Copenhagen 8, St. Petersburg 90, London 17, Manchester 21, Liverpool 21, Edinburgh 34, Dublin 50. In New York the proportion was 26, Brooklyn 25, Baltimore over 30, and Philadelphia 54 per 100,000 inhabitants.

On the other hand, scarlet fever has been less fatal in France than in other countries, the only French city in which it caused a notable mortality being Marseilles, where it was 23 per 100,000 inhabitants. In Leeds it was 68, in Liverpool 33, Glasgow 56, Dublin 50, New York 40, Brooklyn 84, Philadelphia 30, Berlin 39, Dantzic 41, and Christiania 48, 131 per 100,000.

For diphtheria the figures are per 100,000 inhabitants: Marseilles 98, Amiens 113, Nancy 97, Toulouse 65, Lyons 29, London 22, Liverpool 23, Glasgow 22, Edinburgh 17, Manchester 8, Dublin 6, New York 94, Brooklyn 77, New Orleans 59, Philadelphia 42, Berlin 35, Cologne 31, Dresden 147, Leipsic 137, Munich 71, Strasbourg 55, Stockholm 122, Christiania 424, and Copenhagen 57.

Unfortunately, the reports are not so given that such a comparison can be made. A disease is by no means always contracted at the place of death. On the other hand, a certain proportion of those who contract the disease in a large city go to their old homes in the country or to various health resorts to die, leaving the former place free of consumptive invalids. Taking the figures as given, however, we find for each 100,000 inhabitants the deaths from typhoid fever 434, Lille 463, Paris 453, Nancy 361, Rheims 340, London, 205, Berlin 346, Breslau 361, Hamburg 309, Dresden 390, Leipsic 365, Munich 414, Nuremberg 476, Vienna 477, Buda-Pesth 642, St. Petersburg 553, New York 371, New Orleans 294, and Philadelphia 398.

Weak Nerves in the Young.

Nervous prostration has become one of the prevailing diseases of the day. Especially are young girls, who ought not to know that they have any nerves, the helpless victims of it. But when we think what is expected of school girls now it does not seem so strange that many droop by the way. Read the list of studies pursued in our best schools, which it is expected will be mastered, or rather "goes through with," in a specified time. History, literature, art, science, language, music, painting, drawing, &c.—the sum is appalling. A recitation required in nearly every division of the school hours, making necessary either practice or study every hour at home. No wonder the poor girl's nerves are protested before she leaves the school-room. She cannot think; she has no time for it; she cannot sleep, the whirl of the tired brain will not stop long enough. It is not necessary that girls should attempt to master all the objects. A thorough knowledge of a few things is better than a mere superficial view of a dozen. Health, strength, and a good constitution are more conducive to real happiness than a mere smattering of all the sciences. A vast amount of nervous force is wasted in trying to gain a knowledge of many, when Nature has not bestowed so far it, and the fashionable ones for painting, embroidery, crochet work, and hammered brass, which have filled our houses with so called ornaments unlike anything in heaven above or earth beneath, is responsible for many exhausted nerves prostrated, and their furrowed, but not by age.—*Family Darlen.*

Preservation of Eggs.

Australian eggs are preserved in the following simple manner: The vessels in which the eggs are to be placed are glass jars with patent stoppers, vulcanized India-rubber plates making them perfectly air tight. As soon as the eggs have been collected, the jars are stood in hot water for some time, and left until the air in them has become thoroughly warm and rarefied. The jars having been heated, the eggs are cropped up in paper to prevent their knocking together, and placed in a warm apartment, their pointed ends being uppermost. The jars are immediately closed up, and then, and until then, are removed from the hot water. It is said that if this process is skillfully carried out, the eggs will be as fit for breakfast table as the day they were laid, many months after they were put in the jars. The great secret of success", carrying out this method is, no doubt, to thoroughly heat the air in the jars. The eggs will stand a better chance of keeping, if the place in which they are packed is previously baked and sand warm. Patent stoppered jars are not absolutely necessary, any cooper answering which effectually excludes the air. At the late Birmingham, Eng., cattle show, prizes were offered for the best dozen of preserved eggs, and they were given, as was the case the year previous, to those preserved in simple lime and water, or packed in dry salt. Samples were shown covered with melted suet, beeswax, oil, or lard, and all these were good. But strange to say, one exhibit which had been rubbed over with pure vaseline was at once so bad, was the a case of all. All the eggs were putrid.

Speech Perfect in a Man's Life.

If the period between twenty and forty is critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period between twenty is more important still for the fixing of personal habits, properly so called, such as vocalization, gesture, motion and address. Hardly ever is a language learned after 30 spoken without a foreign accent; hardly ever can a youth transferred to the society of his betters unlearn the vocality and other vices of speech bred in him by the associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much money there is in his pocket, can he ever learn to dress like a gentleman-born. The mechanic after thirty warms as eagerly to him as the tenant "serfs," but he simply can't buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within his orbit, around this year as he was last; and how his aristocratic acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear, will be for him a mystery till he dying day.

The great thing, then, in all education is to make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and to guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the infinite and efficient custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects or express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to have been so thoroughly ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all.

They Took Tintypes Instead.

A man and woman were loudly disputing in a doorway on Gradiet street yesterday when Detective Hoberlin happened along and asked what was the trouble.

"He's just this," replied the farmer. "She's my wife. We live out here about seven miles and she's had the toothache for three days and nights. We drove in this morning to have the tooth pulled, and now she wants to back out.

"But it has stopped aching," protested the wife.

"Yes, but it will begin again as soon as we get home."

"No, it won't."

"But we can't drive fourteen miles and lose half a day for nothing."

"You might have your tintypes taken," suggested the detective. "That will be the next thing to having a tooth pulled."

"I'll agree to that," promptly replied the wife. "I'm willing to suffer, but I'm no use to pull a tooth unless it aches."

"Well, we'll do that, then," observed the husband, 'and I'm much obliged to you, stranger, for the suggestion. There's a place right over there, and I guess we can be performed on and get home in time for dinner."

He Thought It was Tremens.

"What's your dad's doin' now?" asked a Newport tock farmer of a Newman boy.

"He's asleep anyway," replied the boy.

"Well, how does he make a livin'?"

"Oh, he has a sincure."

"He-he, he-he! I kin tell he's had em of he didn't stop drinkin'!"

Gaelic Conception.

It is admirable for brethren to dwell together in unity, but when the unity becomes individuality it no longer commands our admiration. The following rumor from one of Jack Robinson, who, because he was not invited to take part in a shooting match, got up one of their entertainments on his own account, and invited not a solitary person to it.

"Is the Gaelic service over yet?" asked a visitor to the Hons shire Spa, of the beadle of a church, to which he had walked for the good of his health, and to hear a sermon in English.

"No; it will not be over yet.

"Will it be long?"

"No; not verra long. You will just take a walk near till it will be over. I will wave my hand when it will be time for you to come."

In a little while the old man was seen waving his hand and the stranger returned.

"Hes is the Gaelic service over?"

"Yes."

"And is the songregation gone?"

"Oh, ay; the songregation will be gone, surely."

"But, I have not seen them hearing; which way have they gone?"

"Which way?"

Then pointing to a solitary man slowly walking away at some distance, "You's hum."

Names That Matched.

The following, says the Hampshire *Advertiser*, are reported to have been joined in matrimony last year in Scotland: Thomas Black and Mary White; Peter Day and Ellen Night; Solomon Bank and Catharine Vale; James Hill and Sarah Dell; Peter Slater and Julia Thatcher; John Baker and Mary Butcher; Hugh Sweet and Nancy Hunt; William Stately and Jessie Smart; Joseph Reed and Julia Hay; Thomas Spring and Mary May; Joseph Brown and Kitty Green; John Hobbs and Ann Hobbs; William Castle and Nancy Hall; Peter Chatter and Jennie Call; Joseph Man and Eliza Child; James Morrow and Lucy Wild; Thomas Brain and Mary Boar; James Fox and Catharine Hare; Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone; Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone; John Cook and Julia Hood; Edward Cole and Nancy Wood; James Broom and Helen Birch; Charlie Chapel and Susan Church.

This rather peculiar list of names was furnished us by Samuel Cromwell, of Wharton township, who copied them from the *Advertiser*, in which they were published, and he vouches for their accuracy.

Our Modern Diamonds.

Last month a beautiful girl received a present of a diamond cluster ring from her husband. She took it to a jeweler and ascertained that the gems were rhinestones, worth about $1.75. During his absence the following evening so allusion was made to her discovery, but having inclosed the ring in a note she managed to slip it into her coat pocket surreptitiously. On reaching home the very first thing that he should see was her missive, which read as follows:

I have no right the place in which they are packed is previously baked and sand warm. Patent stoppered jars are not absolutely necessary, any cooper answering which effectually excludes the air. At the late Birmingham, Eng., cattle show, prizes were offered for the best dozen of preserved eggs, and they were given, as was the case the year previous, to those preserved in simple lime and water, or packed in dry salt. Samples were shown covered with melted suet, beeswax, oil, or lard, and all these were good. But strange to say, one exhibit which had been rubbed over with pure vaseline was at once so bad, was the a case of all. All the eggs were putrid.

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Number Four in a Man's Life.

"And now," concluded the revivalist, "if there is any one here who wants to ask any questions, let him be heard." "I'd like to know," said an old bald headed sinner, rising in the back seat, "how many marbles have been dropped in my hat by these sermons in the gallery? I'm mighty present."

An Intelligent Parent.

"Father," said Johnny, "this paper says that many preventable diseases are now ill with prosecution and kindred diseases. What is a kindred disease, father?"

"Why, my son," said Smithy, "a kindred disease is one that runs through an entire family—kindred, relation, you know. Surprised you didn't know that, Johnny.

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—Sister M. Juliana died recently at the convent of Notre Dame Chartreuil. She was 37 years of age and a native of Cleveland. She was the eldest of a family of 10 children, all of whom survive. Her father, who died in 1882, was interrupted in "Tom Brown's School Days." Her mother, who survives her, is a sister of Rev. Father Lamy, the first Catholic bishop of New Mexico. Her brother, Rev. Father Lamy, is a member of the Society of Jesus, and is now stationed at Los Angeles, Cal. Her sister is a member of the Order of Mercy, and is now in charge of the Convent of Mercy, Los Angeles. Her death was caused by a cancerous growth in the throat, which had been of long duration, and was borne with the greatest patience and resignation to the will of God.

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TERMS:

(Payable in advance.)

Boarding, Tuition in English, French, and if desired, Drawing, Use of Bed and Bedding and use of Bedding $175 00

Washing, per month 1 50

Use of Piano, per month 1 50

Use of Harp, per month 1 50

Use of Bath, per month 1 50

Use of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, per session 10 00

Use of Library, per session 1 00

Physician's Fees (in case of sickness), per session 10 00

Bills are presented and are payable at the beginning of each half session, in advance.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL.

Terms per month (paid in advance.)

Tuition in the 1st and 2nd Collegiate Classes $ 20

Tuition in the 3rd and 4th Collegiate Classes 1 50

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory 1 00

Tuition in the 3d and 4th Preparatory 1 50

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Intermediate 1 00

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Primary Classes 1 00

Tuition in the 3d and 4th Primary Classes 1 50

Drawing, Instrumental Music, Painting and Vocal Music, Each Class 1 50

Use of Piano, one hour per day 1 50

Use of Harp, one hour per day 1 50

Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 50

Use of Instrument of Music, per lesson 1 50

Extra charge for Music lessons, per lesson 1 50

For further particulars, address

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, San Jose

ST. GERTRUDE'S ACADEMY, RIO VISTA, SOLANO CO., CAL.

THIS ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER the direction of the Sisters of Mercy, is pleasantly situated for its attendants in the pleasant and accessible town of Rio Vista. The building is large and well adapted for the purpose, and has been erected with a view to the health and comfort of the pupils. The grounds are extensive, and afford ample facilities for healthful exercise. Pupils of all persuasions are received, and no pains are spared to promote their moral and intellectual improvement. Pupils received at any time during the term, and will be charged only from the time of entrance.

The scholastic year is divided into two sessions of five and a half months each. Terms payable in advance.

Terms per Session, Payable in Advance.

Board and Tuition, with use of bedding $175 00

Washing 15 00

Use of Bedding (private rooms) 10 00

Use of Piano, per session (Music, Vocal and Instrumental) 15 00

Use of Harp, per session 15 00

Use of Bath, per session 10 00

Drawing and Painting, per session 15 00

Tuition in Music, per session 50 00

Use of Instrument, per session 15 00

Tuition in Vocal Music, per session 15 00

Tuition in Drawing and Painting, per session 15 00

Use of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, per session 5 00

Use of Library, per session 1 00

Physician's Fees (in case of sickness), per session 10 00

Bills are presented and are payable at the beginning of each half session, in advance.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL.

Terms per month (paid in advance.)

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Collegiate Classes $ 20

Tuition in the 3d and 4th Collegiate Classes 1 50

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory 1 00

Tuition in the 3d and 4th Preparatory 1 50

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Painting in Oil, per lesson 1 50

Use of Instrument of Music, per lesson 1 50

Extra charge for Music lessons, per lesson 1 50

For further particulars, address

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, San Jose

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY, GILROY, CALIFORNIA

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

For terms, etc., apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES, EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

THIS ACADEMY CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS of Mercy, is legally incorporated and empowered to confer Academic Honors. The Academic year commences on the first Monday in August and ends the last Friday in June. The second term commences on the first Monday in January. Pupils are prepared for entrance into any College or Academy.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Board and Tuition for scholastic year $150 00

Tuition, Fee (pupils not boarders) 10 00

Use of Piano 15 00

Use of Harp 15 00

Painting and Drawing, per month 5 00

Vocal Music, per month 5 00

Use of Bedding (only for temporary absence) 10 00

No deduction made for temporary absence.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

Studies will be Resumed Aug. 30th

THIS INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1868, is chartered by the Legislature of California with the additional privileges of similar Collegiate Institutions in the United States.

Reference required. For terms and particulars address

SISTER superior.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Offers Every Facility for Acquiring a Thorough Education, whether Classical, Business or Commercial.

THOSE WHO CONSIDER THE TIME SPENT at College as the most valuable portion of their lives, will find in the Commercial Course, as taught in the Christian Schools, a course of study which affords a good practical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch taught in the College, our Language classes receive special attention. The daily exercises of the students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class room.

TERMS:

(Payments, invariably in advance.)

Board, Tuition, Medical Attendance, Books, Stationery, Washing and Mending, per term of Five Months $150 00

Day Students 40 00

Vacation at College 50 00

Extra Charges for Bedding and Use of Bath.

BRO. BETTELIN, President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME (IN SAN FRANCISCO).

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

THIS INSTITUTION, FOUNDED IN 1868, chartered in 1878 by Act of the Legislature of the State of California, and empowered to confer Collegiate Honors, is situated on Do-lores street, between the Old Mission Church and the Convent of Mission Dolores, and affords a beautiful view of the City and Bay.

The building is large and well adapted for the purpose, and has been recently improved and refitted with every modern convenience for the health and comfort of the pupils. A complete Philosophical Apparatus, a Cabinet of Natural History, and a Library of 1500 volumes, are at the disposal of the Professors.

Instrumental Music and Vocal Culture, and Drawing and Painting form no extra charge.

EXPENSES PER TERM—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE:

Board, Tuition in English, French, Drawing, and Use of Bed and Bedding, $175 00

Washing, per month 1 50

Use of Piano, per month 1 50

Use of Harp, per month 1 50

Use of Bath, per month 1 50

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Use of Instrument of Music, per lesson 1 50

Extra charge for Music lessons, per lesson 1 50

For further particulars, address

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME, San Jose

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY, Gales Gate Ave. San Francisco

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.

THIS ACADEMY PLEASANTLY SITUATED IN the Western Addition, offers every advantage for a thorough English education. The board of the academy is furnished with all the comforts of a home. Terms, $150 per annum. Pupils received at any time during the year. For further particulars apply to the SISTER SUPERIOR.

URSULINE ACADEMY, FOR YOUNG LADIES, SANTA ROSA, - - SONOMA CO., CAL.

For Particulars Address the Superior of the Ursuline Academy, Santa Rosa.

Seventh Annual Session Begins August 1st

Academy of Our Lady of Angels, SANTA CLARA, - - - CALIFORNIA

THIS INSTITUTION, CONDUCTED BY the Sisters of Notre Dame, affords an opportunity of preparing for young ladies, a refining expense, a moral and intellectual education. Due heed is paid to particular that should recommend the Academy, to the influence accredited to the people, to views and habits of society and to render them useful members of the Church and State.

The scholastic year, comprising 10 months, commences on the Monday of August and ends in June.

Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

For quarter, payable in advance.

Entrance Fee, Ten Dollars, to be paid once for all.

Tuition, Reading and use of Bedding, $20

Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Elocution form extra charges.

Needlework, French and Spanish lessons free.

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY, GENESTA, SOLANO, CO., CAL.

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Address all Communications to SISTER SUPERIOR.

JOB PRINTING.

Any of the Bay Clergy, Principals of schools Society officials or Business men who desire to save money in having their Job Printing executed at the Lowest Rates, at 1 and McCormick Bros., 410 Sansome street, are most cordially invited to the office to patronize. ☞ Call and get estimates and be convinced.

HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY. —MANUFACTURERS OF— Hall's Patent & Fire Burglar Proof Safes. 511 and 513 California Street. Safes made for church and other uses. Second hand safes always on hand for sale cheap.

IRON MOUNTAIN AND SOLD, ST. A. SOLBUCKS Dust Management.

Our Young Folks.

☞ Short, original contributions on morals will be accepted for this department.

The proper rules and scheme of contribution should be understood:

Compositions should be written on one side of the paper only, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

LA SALLE'S PRESENTIMENT.

How the Wonderful Explorer Met His Death

La Salle, the most indomitable of French explorers in the New World, with wonderful courage and perseverance—was on his way from Texas to Montreal with twenty or more followers. La Salle himself and some half a dozen more were bringing several mules in advance of the main body. Night had overtaken them and each party had travelled for the rest on its own ground. During the night the surgeon of the party, with two accomplices entertaining against La Salle a feeling of hatred, had determined to assassinate him. Prudence in this step, however, it was necessary to kill several others, among whom was a trusted nephew of La Salle. The company being divided—La Salle in one camp and the nephew in the other—resolved him to carry out his design with little danger of detection. Thus he did with the Indian Victims early asleep, by crushing their skulls with an axe. Two days had passed. La Salle had not seen his nephew, and become suddenly to the Prior Divay he inquired of his fate and noticed of him that Duhaut, Sagot, and Heine were showing signs of discontent. Singularly enough these were the three who aims of his nephew and his most trusted friends, the very men who had agreed to assassinate La Salle himself. Unable to endure the impression that was haunting his mind, he turned over the command to his little party to Cloutel, his faithful follower, and in company with Prior Divay rode back in search of the larger party and his nephew. "All his way long he talked to Friar. "La Salle talked of nothing but thankfulness to God, who by Prior Divay's mind dangers preserved him. Suddenly he was overcome with a profound sadness for which he found no cause, and which he was at said nothing of what was engrossing his thoughts. He was not in fear of death, but scarcely knew him. But his soon recovered its usual calmness and they moved on. Unusually La Salle fired a pistol to indicate his approach so as to prevent his being so boasting. Another party were on the opposite bank of the river, but out of sight. On hearing the pistol the three conspirators crossed the stream with the death and secrecy of savages, concealing themselves, as they easily could, among the tall grass. At last one of the party appeared in view. La Salle hailed him to know where was his nephew. His reply was evasive and instantly advanced towards the mule to demand an explanation. As he drew near the two men in the grass who had not yet revealed themselves fired simultaneously, and the poor man fell dead. La Salle rushed to his brains. His assassins then stripped the body of what was worth stealing into the bushes, left it a prey to the wolves and buzzards. Thus died at the age of forty-three, one of the most wonderful men—wonderful in courage and in his ideas—one of the most wonderful men—wonderful in courage and in his ideas—one of the most wonderful men—wonderful in courage and in his ideas—

THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS TO THE POOR.

[DEPOSITORY FROM FIRST PAGE.]

to carry on his work. Such is the complaint of the suffering Catholic poor, silently addressed to God, and we in their name and the name of Good hereby invite the well-to-do Catholics of every mission to lend them all the assistance that they can.

NOW FOR THE WORK.

We ought to have societies or organizations of men and of women who, under the general direction of the clergy should visit the sick and the poor, either in their own homes, or in hospitals, workhouses, and other institutions. Where these societies exist the work will be done more thoroughly and with a far greater economy of time, labor, and money, than where individuals are left to themselves and there is no subdivision of labor. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul for men ought to be far more widely extended than it is. And quite as important as a society for men, would be the establishment of a society for women to visit the poor in their homes and public institutions. No words can say how valuable is the influence of devout women; how noiselessly, quietly, and deeply it penetrates where the vision of no man will reach and persuade. We do not hesitate to declare our former judgment that thousands of souls, among the young and the old, would have been saved to the Church was, [illegible] if, however, we had developed the early institutions of the Apostolic Church, which made so wide a use of the religious activity and influence of devout Christian women living in the world. It may be asked, Have we not communities of religious women? We have; and they render invaluable service, which we pray God we may praise; but there is not one of them which is not already overtaxed. Have we not clergy? Yes; but their number is far below the needs of their pastoral work. You of the laity who, though not rich are well to-do, who could find time for a little charity towards your neighbor—you cannot discharge your duty by entirely abandoning the poor to the care of others. You cannot claim love for the poor without good works of your own. We well remember that the Catholic Church in this diocese will never acquit herself of her great Christian obligation until the multitude of her well-to-do children are in some way or other really engaged in the love and service of her poor. Though St. Vincent de Paul founded a congregation of Priests and another of Sisters of Charity to serve the poor, though the clergy were numerous in his day, he felt the absolute need of the cooperation of laities living in the world. He therefore established the "Confraternity of Charity," which was composed of married and single women. He drew up admirable rules for their guidance which bound them together, and he has left his plan as a legacy to all who will. In Manchester and Salford a beginning has been made in this direction. The Lady Associates of the Catholic Girls' Mutual Aid Society, and the ladies who visit the hospitals and workhouses and the poor in their homes, are already walking in the glorious footsteps of St. Vincent de Paul. Our most earnest desire is to see their work developed, extended and consolidated in connection with St. Vincent de Paul through the Sisters of Charity.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. W. P. DOLAN.

DOLAN—In this city, March 30, 1887, Julia Ann Dolan, wife of W. B. Dolan, a native of the Parish of Donaghmore, County Cork, Ireland, aged 40 years.

Only a little sentence in the mortuary column of the daily press—conveying no meaning to the stranger, save that another soul had crossed the bourne and passed from time to be with us no more in this life. Yet it has a world of meaning to the children, relatives and friends of the departed—children, relatives and friends. Husband and wife were devoted to each other that their interests were always identical. For more than twenty years, they had jogged along life's pathway, not always smooth perhaps, but always happy and that are the common heritage of all, but sugar-coated by memories of great unhappiness. It was ordained that the husband should be taken from the wife, the children from the mother, the friends of the deceased what an admirable model Husband and Father she would have been had little children been given her. But she took up her cross and bore it with the patience of an angel, and God called her home to give her her other but larger. The more they were neglected by those who should have and have been to one for them, the greater seemed to be her desire to make them, for all she was worth, happy in their happiness. I had the pleasure of teaching a deceased friend of mine Mrs. Dolan pray a tribute he has memory not fettered either, for it was in the presence of the sacred dead. He said, "I have for many, many years been almost a bereaved parent in her sorrowful home, and it has been my privilege to see some of the thousand little attentions and kind words bestowed her produce the greatest happiness, comfort, and solace, that can world which, alas! is so full of sorrow. I have seen her, even when sickness by the bed-side brought tears her own home, washed, given toys to her children to amuse themselves, entertained by their good mother for hours, and finally sent to their homes to sleep, with a smile on their face, a loaf of bread, or other necessities, which the children would tell her were wanting at their own table. She seemed to realize in its fullest intent the meaning of the Master in my reading "Suffer little Children to come unto Me." Her charity and her kindness was not circumscribed however, all were the recipients of her bounty, and I have seen the poor tramp or beggar lay his burden down in the dear old cottage and have looked tired, and the little shock nearly exhausted, if she knew the person to be poor or old, and blessed and have needing rest, Miss Dolan would place his stock and need there off, rejoicing in what she was pleased to think was discriminating benevolence. Many a poor family in this city she relieved in her own quiet way, and many in humble man and woman who found work for through her own earnest personal solicitation." Mrs. Dolan was a devout Catholic and by her example and teaching gave a number of her children to the Church of our Father. She was an active member in the performance of the duties required by the Church, and her death was lamented by all the leading Catholics of the city. The illness of Mrs. Dolan was of but short duration. On the Sunday previous to her death, which occurred on the following Wednesday, Mrs. Dolan and her husband attended Divine Mass, Communion, and after the service they left the church together. She seemed in cheerful. Indeed, unusually so not was compelled for her own baby by her living husband and a party of friends whom they met. The refusal for the night at 11 p. m. in perfect health. At about 2 a. m. she complained of being very ill, and her husband was immediately called and everything that could be done to stay the ebbing tide of life was resorted to in vain. On Wednesday at noon, the angels opened wide the gates to receive and she departed home with them.

"In such prepared the passage is a breath
From time to eternity, from life to death."

Dying without pain and surrounded by weeping friends and relatives, she will go to the power of life, was called from them to receive the reward of its labor. Mrs. Dolan leaves her husband, a son and a sister, the wife of Mr. Thomas Ryan, the well-known sheriff of Sheriff Matthew Ryan during the two terms of office, and also an married sister.

"How far the than inspired the wretched out, And round the offices of death the sacred light."

Her remains were followed to the grave by a Bench not their bread to feed they prize, Or mix their plying tears with those that weep.

DANIEL RYAN.

RYAN—On the Feast of St. Joseph, David the beloved son only surviving son of M. and Ann Ryan, of Spring Cross, Kimbolton Corner, Washington Street, in aged 1 yrs. 3 months and 18 days.

The MONITOR extends its heartfelt sympathy to the relations and friends of the world's people from whose bourne has been torn this little angel lamb of the heavens; if I dare, Dr. Dowling, Bishop present than afflicted there is the sweet consolation of knowing that another little treasure has been added to the angelic choir that chant the praises of God in Heaven; another little plea for us with the Eternal Father and His Immaculate Mother. Dear little David, we miss you, and we feel something than prayer and the blessings to make up for the loss of that little smile, that many may all be united in prayer in Heaven from to-day on they were united in the bonds of filial love on earth.

Another but—though blighted in manhood—
Her hopes in heaven eternal bride.
Another and yet fairer bloom, set here
But green twig to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—The tenants of Sir Richard Wallace have decided to accept the miserable reduction of 10 per cent. which he offers.

The tenants in the townland of Glentaggart, county Antrim, under Sir Hugh Smyth, have just concluded arrangements for the purchase of their farms from the Misses Martin, Ballymena, at sixteen years' purchase of the judicial rents.

CAVAN.—There were only three bills, and those were of an unimportant character—to go before judge Fallon at the Cavan assizes.

CLARE.—Mr. David Sheehy, M. P., who has been sojourning this country on the Grifith estate at Mullough, West Clare, in pursuance of his "Plan of Campaign," was present on Sunday, March 6, at a demonstration on the farm of a man named Mc Mahon, who was evicted by his landlord, also named McMahon. The meeting was held at Kilmurry, about 4 miles from Mullough. No public advertisement was issued, and, as usual, the police were out-manoeuvred. The attendance was very large, contingents, with bands and banners, being present from Ballyvaughan, Kilfenora, Killinaul, Lahinch, Miltown Malbay, and other districts. Kilmihil was further represented by about 200 horsemen. The districts were represented by 21 policemen. There was no Government interference without prosecution. Mr. Sheehy delivered a manly speech, and the "Plan of Campaign" was endorsed. The tenants on the property of Mr. R. W. C. Reeves, D. L., Rockbrook House, Killinah, have been granted a reduction of 20 per cent. in their rents.

CORK.—The work of filling the forms of income tenants on the Fermoyle estate who have been singled out for law proceedings, has been completed.

A meeting convened to express condemnation of a landlord (Captain Leonard, of Lisfin Island), was suppressed at Macroom, on Sunday, March 6. In the evening the band turned out, as its custom is, to entertain the population with a few brisk tunes; an incident was forthwith put upon the music by the local magistrates. This reminds one of the played-out Roman system in Wexford. It is improper, forsooth, to tootle on a clarionet or the trombone as a terrible instrument of treason. Yet the Salvation Army bangs and whacks away opposite our windows every Sunday morning, and the Social. ists flaunt their red flags and spout fiercely anarchy, and we must hold our peace. What a happy privilege it is to be a mere Irishman in mere Ireland!

A movement has been set on foot for converting Cork Harbor Docks at Passage into public docks, the same as in Liverpool.

On March 2, at the Convent of St. Joseph, Kanale, Miss Julia O'Shea, in religion Sister Mary Michael, eldest daughter of John O'Shea, Youghal, made her solemn religious profession.

DERRY.—The tenants of Mr. C. C. Dolling (Dublin) have resolved to accept the "Plan of Campaign" in the event of the landlord refusing to give them a reduction of 20 per cent. in the rent.

DONEGAL.—The Donegal tenantry of the Doles of Ballycarry have resolved to accept for a reduction of 25 per cent. in their rents.

DOWN—The consecration of the Very Rev. Dr. M'Glynn as Coadjutor-Bishop of Dromore took place on Sunday, March 6, in the Cathedral, Newry. The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy presided. The consecrating prelate was the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, who was attended by the Very Rev. Archdeacon Maginn, P. P. Donaghmore, and the Rev. Thomas Gallery, Adm., Newry. The assistant prelates were The Most Rev. Dr. Logue, Bishop of Raphoe, attended by the Very Rev. Canon Dougherty, P. P. Colman's College, Newry; and the Most Rev. Dr. Jordan, Bishop of Ardagh, who was attended by the Very Rev. Dr. Henry, Administrator, Cathedral, Ardagh. The Most Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallery, Adm., Newry, and the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher. The Rev. Dr. Henry, P. P., Clonallon, acted as chaplain at the Throne.

GALWAY.—Riotous was renewed at Galway on the night of March 7, when soldiers were attacked by a mob armed with sticks and stones. One soldier was struck on the head with a stick and another was knocked down and kicked. They took refuge in a house and private house, not for the interference of the police matters of the Rev. F. J. Coen, P. P., Woodford, has received a sum of £15 from the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, the patriotic Bishop of Clonfert, in aid of the Woodford Prisoners' Defence Fund. The amount was subscribed by the priests and people of Loughrea.

KERRY.—Thirteen persons, charged with being concerned in the murder of Geraldine Murphy, near Killarney, were, on March 8, brought before two magistrates at Killarney. Two were discharged and eleven further remanded.

LIMERICK.—Justice O'Brien, in addressing the Grand Jury of Limerick City, on March 8, said, "there was substantially no crime at all with which they would be called upon to deal."

A disgraceful outrage has been reported from Athlone, Nawassala West. It appears that on Sunday night, March 6, the Memorial Church, some distance from the village, which has erected about twenty cottages for the late Archdeacon Goodall, and who was a prominent Home Ruler and Nationalist, was attacked by some ruffians, and the windows of the residence were completely smashed. Indeed, unusually so not was compelled for her own baby by her living husband and a party of friends whom they met. The refusal for the night at 11 p. m. in perfect health. At about 2 a. m. she complained of being very ill, and her husband was immediately called and everything that could be done to stay the ebbing tide of life was resorted to in vain. On Wednesday at noon, the angels opened wide the gates to receive and she departed home with them.

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Her hopes in heaven eternal bride.
Another and yet fairer bloom, set here
But green twig to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

THE PACIFIC BANK.

President, R. H. McDonald. Vice-President, R. H. McDonald, Jr. Cashier, S. G. Murphy.

Capital, $1,000,000. Oldest Established Bank on the Pacific Coast Surplus, $550,000.

BUYS AND SELLS BILLS OF Exchange ON UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, IRELAND, Scotland, and EUROPE. ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

ISSUES LETTERS of CREDIT Available THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Collections MADE PROMPTLY EVERYWHERE AT LOWEST RATES.

PACIFIC BANK, Cor. Pine and Sansome Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

DIED.

DERRY—In Lincoln, March 31, William Grimes (Sagar), a native of Germany, aged 18 years, 7 months and 7 days.

MALLON—In this city, March 31, John Mallon, a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, aged 70 years.

COURTNEY—In this city, April 1, Mary, beloved wife of Timothy O'Connor, native of Ballymacadam, County Cork, aged 50 years.

COLLIER—In Oakland, April 1, John, beloved husband of Mary Collier, a native of Ballycastle, County Antrim, aged about 70 years and 9 days.

LOWE—In San Jose, March 30, Mary Lowe, daughter of James S. Lowe, aged 20 years.

FLYNN—In this city, April 1, John Flynn, a native of Ballymacadam, County Tipperary, aged 70 years.

MOORE—In this city, April 1, Mary, beloved wife of James Moore, a native of Kilmore, County Cavan, aged 50 years.

HOLTON—In this city, April 1, Elizabeth, beloved wife of Thomas Holton, mother of John, Robert, Caroline, Mary, Lizzie and the late James Harrington, a native of County Kerry, Ireland, aged 47 years.

DUNDON—In this city, April 1, Hanor, beloved wife of Jeremiah Dundon, a native of Ballymacarbry, County Waterford, Ireland, aged 70 years.

DAVIES—In this city, April 1, Bridget, beloved wife of James H. Davies, a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, aged 60 years, 7 months and 11 days.

—For surgery, all clothes, etc., go to Sayre & Thompson, 536 Market street.

Mr. R. Sharborn manager of the popular dry goods firm of Barker & Co., takes great pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has now fully recovered from the inconvenience and pain he suffered from a severe attack of Piles, which he was for some time unable to attend to his business. He now feels as well as ever, and can recommend Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt to any person suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lame Back, Kidney Troubles, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Female Complaints, Epilepsy, Fits, Paralysis, Wasting Diseases, Insomnia, Premature Decay, Want of Nerve, Want of Ambition, Want of Vitality, Want of Memory, Want of Energy, Want of Vigor, Want of Flesh, Want of Blood, Want of Life, Want of Sleep, Want of Rest, Want of Appetite, Want of Strength, Want of Vitality, Want of Nerve

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE ULALU.

Like the mole of a star—
Low sight'd and soft and far,
As the wind soke o'er the deep,
Pale breathing banshee song
The song of the Ulalu.

Within me oft—and low,
As—toiling long ago
It wept o'er hard and chief—
I hear the wild, wierd grief,
The wail of the Ulalu.

I hear it in Teen hosel,
In the piping of a bird;
As moaned the an-eyed hosel,
With eulogies and priest,
I hear the Ulalu.

And darkly telling still—
Of power and of ill,
Of beauty wak'd to wed
With glory tomb'd and dead,
I hear the Ulalu.

From hearts forever hush'd,
By strength and triumph crush'd—
Spirits sanshrl could touch,
Wight from peace and doom,
To sing the Ulalu.

And now I hear more
The tone of the Ulalu,
In a sweay tiere's lair,
And month'd by a polar bear,
Blazed on a tawful strand,
And lead in crystals grand,
I hear the Ulalu.

In thunders in the sky,
Thats wake and speak and die,
And wake again—and will!
Cloud-scaffolds like a child,
I hear the Ulalu.

In blame and in fame,
In merriment—in pangs,
In sorrow and in joy,
In the maiden and the boy,
I hear the Ulalu.

In the present and the past,
In here hearts down-cast,
In the aged and the young,
In the acold with mother's tongue,
I hear the Ulalu.

In the household and the tomb,
In sunshine and in gloom,
In poverty and pall,
And'on sthins myself,
I hear the Ulalu.

With streaming eyes and hair—
The banshee o'r yewhere,
For all my blood and me
Blaze eternally—
The tree of the Ulalu.

P. S. DORSEY.

"Death sing of the ancient Irish.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

GOOD FRIDAY.

To-day the Saviour died—suffered the Crucifixion, and would His failing eyes see this repentant one, Saying: "In Paradise thou shalt with Me appear."

"Father, forgive! He prayed; such blessed words He said,
"They know not what they do." This is the face of death,
This are His enemies, nailed with His latest breath
Yet do His children now turn from His face and shun Him!
Not to this lonely one; down to strange gods to run
And in their lust and pride, still is His crucified.

How long will they profane His pure and sacred name?
Piercing His holy sign, His emblems so divine,
In midst of mockery, on each unhallowed temple
"I thirst!"—to each poor heart, struck by the poisoned dart,
Trending the narrow way—ready to falint and fall
To the parched lips that cry, earth gives her bitter gall.

Come, the Prince of Peace," when shall thy offering stay?
Dark roll the waves of death; on we the current sweep!
Resting at last Thy face—touching Thy garment's fold!

Oh, let us kneel to-day! kneel in the dust and pray,
Close to His bleeding feet; sobbing our souls' repentance!
In deep repentant grief—s'on the Afine the dying thief!

Pardon and life vved Thy outspread arm have, blessed Jesus!
Hold christ not forgive; into Thy hands receive
At death our corrupted souls, that they may live.

Today the Saviour died—suffered the Crucified.
Yet He, the expiatant, bowed, and He could pray:
"Forgive!"

Saying: "Ts Paradise, to-day, thou shalt be with Me."

ANNA MORRISON REID.

Friday, April 8, 1887.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

CAPTIVE.

A bird in its cage—the sky of blue—
The little waters played around,
The waves but dallied o'er the ground—
A tempting sparkle, nothing more,
Tantalizing to break the shore.
They lapp'd and laughed on either side,
And mocked me with a taunt of pride,
A semblance of the power to save,
Yet bent the strength to catch the wave
Yet near one sobbing, the thought alone
(Alas! there was no helping hand)
Thy hole in the prison cell around at least,
Seem to come fatal moment past,
Still with no light to crisis the way,
A midnight hope, twixt night and day—
A feeble star in changing sky,
Yet mocked me with a taunt of pride,
A semblance of the power to save,
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Yet near one sobbing, the thought alone
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Thy hole in the prison cell around at least,
Seem to come fatal moment past,
Still with no light to crisis the way,
A midnight hope, twixt night and day—
A feeble star in changing sky,
Yet mocked me with a taunt of pride,
Before a throne, where darkening stand
Capitoleon. The thunder cloud
Not vented its efforts to be free,
And mid its brightness on the other sea.
Be hoat or star, the storm days,
Propitious leaves alone on I at
Cloud-bound star in captive boat.

THERMA.

A Chore

is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hulett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning a free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever they reside, at a profit of from 5 to 25 cents per hour daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. Hulett & Co. will prove this. Reader, if you want work, write to them at once. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes.

All ages.

Pile Ointment

Is a sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa., sole proprietors, 330 North 2d St., S. F.

Literary Miscellany.

Only Easter Eggs!

Queer Conduct of a Miner Toward His Nephew.

"Old Uncle Flint," as he was known, was a very rich man in Pennsylvania, but very parsimonious and eccentric. He spent most of his time in his dingy office, and year in and year out sat there counting up figures and looking over musty papers, until he came to look like a worn piece of parchment himself. His nephews, Reuben, Seth and Tom, had no reason to have any great love for their old uncle, and on old Flint's sides there seemed to be little, if any regard, for them. When he was a young man, so it was told, he had been crossed in love, so, too, knew why, but he had never married, and now he appeared to think of nothing but making money.

He had sold an old mill to his nephews, who by dint of economy and hard work managed to meet their monthly payments, though there was often but little left them when this was done. Their uncle never offered them any assistance and was as exacting of every penny due him as if they had been strangers.

One Easter, however, what was their surprise to receive from him some Easter eggs—some apiece—and for Reuben and Seth, who were married, one each for their wives and children. They were gaily ornamented, contained only one of the old man's treasures and the eggs were carefully laid away on the mantelpiece, where they could be seen if it should happen to call.

Tom was the youngest of the brothers and it was thought that if any of them was with favor in the old man's eye, it was he. The young man had more regard for his uncle than both his brothers combined, and they had become a little jealous of him, and were wont when they were hard pressed for money, to insist him with trying to get into the good graces of the old man with a view of being handsomely remembered in his will, from which they feared their names might be omitted. Tom paid but little attention to his brothers' slurs other than to say he would much rather they should have all and he nothing, than that they should think so meanly of him. True, he went to see his uncle more frequently than they, who rarely saw him except on pay-day, but he pitied the lone man, and even liked him, in spite of his cleoseness and oddities.

"Tom," said old Flint one day when his nephew had dropped in to see him, "I hear you are going to John's Lawson's pretty often nowadays," and he had black eyes fixed themselves on Tom's face which reddened up to the roots of his curly hair, for somehow he felt uneasy under the close scrutiny of those piercing eyes. "But he answered truthfully.

"Yes, I do go there frequently, Nellie Lawson is an uncommonly sweet girl, and I meant to tell you that if she will have me I want to marry her."

"Don't go there any more, my boy," said old Flint, shaking his finger firmly at Tom. "It will do you no good. Tell her you have no money and expect none. Ha, ha" he exclaimed, more to himself than to his nephew, "see what she'll say then." With this cause a far-off look into his eyes, which for a moment lost their piercing, but his face still held its stern expression. "When I was your age, he resumed, "I was foolish, too—and big, I was, for the one we met she found I had no balance at the bank. That I was dissatisfied because I had less money than my rival, who laughed at me because of my poverty. Mark you, I can now count my dollars where he has one. Do you hear? Ha! Ha! Ha! the same dry chuckle again, the worn, wrinkled face became more serious, the thin lips closed tightly, and again a look of asterity came into his eye.

"I'm sorry—very sorry, boy, that you have fallen in love with a girl who is so poor. Why, I'm worth—I don't mean to go against you, remember, but it seems to me you had better wait until you are a little further along in the world before taking a wife. I know Nellie has a comfortable home now, and she had better remain there for the present. This is my advice and my will.

All the proud spirit within Tom's breast rose up in rebellion at this. He understood the full import of what his uncle had said to him the day before, some of which fell on his ears at the time. But, remembering where he was and to whom he was speaking, for Nellie's sake he checked the angry words that came to his lips.

"So I am to understand that you refuse your consent to our engagement?" said he, rising to take his leave, without making the slightest apology in his own behalf or waiting a moment in his determination.

"I think it is as well," was John Lawson's short answer, and he turned upon his newspaper, as if everything had been settled to his satisfaction. "Good-night, sad he.

"Good-night, said Tom, as he passed out to the street, where Nellie was anxiously awaiting him.

"If I am so sorry," she exclaimed when he had reported the interview. "I wish I could do something."

"So you can, darling, by keeping your promise to me and my wife, whatever comes," was his comforting assurance. The answer was his satisfaction, and when they parted they had mutually cheered each other.

The days that followed were happy ones for Tom Flint, and it was with a lighter heart and step that he went about the old mill to see to the wants of his men. Some trouble, for now he had some one to share his anxiety and make the burden lighter.

Uncle Flint began to fail in health and brothers saw him more than once in close conference with Lawyer Hopkins and with Mr. Wilkins the banker, and they did no doubt feel no little uneasiness lest old He would often be seen chuckling to himself as he rubbed his hands as his knees while thinking of his nephews, for Reuben and Seth had been more solicitous since their uncle had begun to show such signs of failing. Tom did not discontinue his visits, but went as before, for, notwithstanding the displeasure depicted on his uncle's face, he felt they were welcome, and he was warm spot in his heart for the lonely old man.

Nearly a year had passed and Tom had married Nellie in spite of her father's opposition—which, however, went no further than his protest—and had of increasing his uncle's displeasure. They had been settled in a neat little cottage on the high road leading to the mill about two months before Easter. The week before Uncle Flint was very busy making his customary preparations of the eggs intended for his nephews and their families. This time there was an addition to the number. This one was for Nellie, and when it came with Tom's, bearing her name, it gave him a little start, as, she said, as she handled the dainty shell.

"I am so glad. Want it nice of him to send us one, too, and how beautiful he thinks I am, I guess, for only like the ones he has sent me on previous Easters. I have worn them lilacs because they are so old and they always seem to be my eggs as." He was much pleased over this offering by his uncle Tom. "Walking smoothly along toward the mill he listened to his wife's prattle, occasionally he his wife, whatever might happen. They could wait and bear the storm. (Alas! there was no helping hand.)

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THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ARCHDIOCESE.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— A new Bishopric is to be established in Aguascalientes, N. M., by order of his Holiness the Pope, at the recent Consistory.

— His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, received the Pallium from the hands of the Holy Father on the Feast of St. Patrick.

— Amongst the recent visitors to Lourdes have been Mr. and Mrs. Michael Davitt. "Who hope," says the *Journal de Lourdes*, "to see them here again in August with their friend the Archbishop of Cashel."

— Most Rev. John McCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, in order to attest his sincere admiration for Father Daniel Kelleher, the unprincipled friend of the Irish tenant farmers, has bestowed upon him the appointment of Canon in his diocese.

land, and the attitude of the Irish clergy on the Irish question, the Pope has charged Cardinal Simeoni to make thorough inquiry of the whole matter, and draft instructions for Irish Bishops.

— The injunction sent out by Bishop Junger of Nesqually Diocese, Washington Territory, praying that the United States military authorities be restrained from encroaching upon the lands of the Catholic Mission at Vancouver, has been dismissed. Bishop Junger has now entered suit for the possession of the land, and the case will be tried upon its merits at the next term of the court.

— We ask the prayers of all our pious readers for the repose of the soul of Edward D. Dalton, who died on Good Friday last in this city. Deceased was a most exemplary Catholic; being a member of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, of St. Mary's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the Catholic Young Men's Mutual Aid Association. His funeral took place on Easter Sunday, and we sincerely hope that it was in truth a Resurrection-feast for his faithful soul.

— Is it not somewhat singular to see so many Protestant sects celebrating the festival of Easter, when the last "revising" committee of the Protestant bible expunged the word "Easter" from their spurious scriptures! In this instance, at least, Catholic example is more powerful than the protests of Protestant preachers—hence Easter will continue to be observed regardless entirely of the bible—man without faith left in or taken out of the bogus sectarian bible.

— News comes from London this week that there is a strong emigration movement being organized there to establish English colonies in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, and to induce settlers to go to Southern California. Several English sects are canvassing the idea of buying tracts of land upon which to build churches, while at the same time selling out land in parcels to sectarian Christians. If the Convention be true there will be increased emigration from Ireland. There is great distress throughout England among the working classes, and emigration agents have no trouble in getting up shiploads of skilled workmen to emigrate. In the mean time, it may well be asked, can not much of this land be secured for Catholic colonies if some effort is made in that direction!

— Right Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, Bishop of Wilmington, which comprises the State of Delaware and the Eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia, preached recently in St. Matthew's Church, Washington City, D. C., and in the course of his sermon he thus manifested that spirit of self-sacrifice which is peculiar to ecclesiastics in the one true Church. "I believe," said the Bishop Curtis, "to be the Bishop of the poorest See in this country. There may be a vicariate as poor as my diocese, but as yet it is simply a vicariate, and I thank God that if I am to be a Bishop that I am the Bishop of a poor diocese. I thank God that I was born poor, will live poor, and die poor. Had I been born rich, with all the luxuries and pleasures of life around me, I would probably have been lost." What a lesson for the gold-grasping Catholics of every community! A Prelate proud of his poverty! How such sanity sentiments help to elevate the true faith and add to God's greater ragged on the mass, poor, partner to use more spiritual blessings, and come under the same spiritual censures. How different it is among our separated brethren where "sanctity" is recognized by the purple and fine linen, but there is no room for the ragged among the Reformed religions.

— Protestant preachers are proverbially the most helpless human beings in the midst of danger. They are no good to themselves nor anybody else. This fact is well illustrated by the following anecdote related in an Eastern magazine:

A minister crossing the ocean was so unfortunate as to be caught in a severe gale on his voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough, and the ship persistently buried herself in the sea. The rolling was constant, and at last the clergyman got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not have prayers. The captain took him by the arm and led him down to the forecastle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them cursing you may know there is no danger."

He went back feeling better; but the storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted he managed to stagger to the forecastle again. The ancient mariners were swearing as ever. "Sculpins," he said, as he crawled into his berth; "a sympathetic wife, after taking us from a wet deck, "Sculpins, *Bound Girl Boy* is coming up!"

A Presbyterian Paper on Easter.

Presbyterianism may be styled the religion of prejudice. Its so-called Christianity comprises a mixture of the crankiness of Calvin with the bigotry of Baliol. Each one of its preachers is a modern Bergetton—every man has his hob, outside of which there is no truth, justice, honesty or holiness in the world. This is Presbyterianism pure and simple.

The Presbyterian organ in this city is the incubus, and it is a good representative of the rancor, venom and bitter prejudice which forms the only virtues of any value in the composition of a Presbyterian preacher. Whenever it alludes to the Catholic Church it gratifies its Satanic spleen by using the word "Romish," and whenever it speaks of Catholic festivals it waxes wrathy in fanatical fury at the foolishness and idolatry—featuring if the silly Romish priests add their more silly worshippers! Such is the Church of Christ in the purblind vision of pharisaical Presbyterianism!

The *Herald* knows no religion save that which partakes of the crudities of Calvin—the murderer of Servetus, the inhuman debauchery and immorality of John Knox, one of the murderers of Rizzio; and, if it had away in San Francisco, it would imagine Christianity consisted also in Calvin's 1537 Reformation, where even the capital crime of the murder of an innocent Catholic was condoned by Presbyterian "saints" of the John Knox type as "a just act, and most worthy of all praise."

Holding such views, diametrically opposed to the teaching of Christ, we Catholics need not wonder if the followers of Calvin and Knox in our day vent their venom against our Catholic Church and try to cover it with the slime of their calumny. A true Presbyterian is the slave of prejudice. He lives in a groove not wide enough to permit a single atom of God's grace to enter; his heart is a hard lump of bigotry as black as it is base; and, when he dies, his last hope is that no "Romish" priests or people may be permitted to enter the damned roof "mansion" prepared—as he egotistically believes—for Presbyterians from the very beginning!

We are never surprised, therefore, when we open the *Herald* and find therein a fanatical faulfide fired at the Catholic Church, well knowing the virulent nature of the system of sectarianism from which it emanates. Hence we were not surprised to read in last week's *Herald* an article on Easter, which took the regular Simon-pure Puritanical Presbyterian view of that august Christian festival, by throwing doubts upon its authenticity and its mode of celebration.

Presbyterianism is the religion of gloom. It is a species of long-faced sectarianism just suited to Puritans afflicted with jaundice! Cold, stern and selfish, it has no place in its bigoted breast for that charity which believes for its fellow-man without, but it is merely as atomless *nothingness* in the sight of God! Hide-bound and hypocritical—it thinks itself the essence of consistent sanctity, and in its jaundiced eye every man outside its paw-line lacks the religious cerebrum which is patented solely by the Presbyterian "class!"

Is it any wonder then, that Presbyterians should fail to realize the sublime and supernatural spiritual joy which always accompanies the recurrence of Easter in the hearts of all true disciples of the gloriously-risen God! Those who are corporeally blind cannot see, and—in the same manner—those who have destroyed their spiritual vision by error and prejudice, can have no appreciation whatever of the superb supernatural sights seen through the eye of Faith, by the children of the true Church of Christ, as they follow Him, year after year, from the Crib at Bethlehem to His Resurrection from the tomb at Easter.

It is this that means love for libelling the Catholic Church—which is the result of Presbyterian intolerance—this *Occident* regales its readers with this specimen of literary abomination:

> Because the Romish church fosters idolatry and the taking-money and nonsense of her priests and more silly worshipers, even in this intelligent city, pretending to have for year by year, the body of our Lord alive in state, there is no reason that *Presbyterians should* be therefore example of their Scotch two fathers and refuse to join in the broken revelation, because "The Lord is Risen."

If this silly sectarian scribe who sanctioned the foregoing silly slander out of his silly head, had reflected for a moment before commencing such a silly act of supersoulfly, he would have remembered that had the diabolical envy of Calvin and Knox become supreme, there would be no Christian God left for man's adoration. The god of Calvin and Knox was more of a Demon than a Deity. Their god was born to blight man's life while the real God designed to bless. Calvin's God was nachrisian, undoubtedly sub-ordinate, while the God of Christianity is the difference between the base and the true, the counterfeit and the real, the man-made ideal of Presbyterian bloodthirsty bigotry, and that Most High and Holy God whom Catholics adore as He appears really and truly in the most august Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist!

There is no "pretense" whatever—nothing *Occident*—concerning the reality of the Lord's Real Presence in Catholic churches, because "pretense" has been believed in by all the whole Catholic world for more than eighteen centuries, ever since the Lord hopped of our Lord. Thousands of martyrs, have died proclaiming their faith in this doctrine, and thousands more are ready to die for it if necessary even in this twentieth century. Clearly, then, the word "pretense" is merely the outpuffing of the gutted prejudice of Presbyterianism, and it will not pass current in any Christian community.

When murderous hearted men like Calvin and Knox undertake to form a Deity for their followers to worship, they naturally endow their man-made divinity with all the attributes most prominent in their own characters. Hence the natural result is that Presbyterianism is a most repulsive system of religion in the eyes of all large-souled and liberal-minded men among the non-Catholic element of every civilized nation, and even men who have been raised under its cold, cheerless, unchartable and unchristian influences have borne testimony to its baneful influence upon their lives.

And such is the sallow faced, sullen, ungenerous, saturnine and Satanic system of sectarianism which has the hardihood to call itself the church of Christ, founded on earth! What a scene for Christian contemplation! A gorilla mocking God! A murderer mocking the agonies of a martyr! A Nero fiddling while his victims writhed on the funeral pyre! Protestantism has many ills, but among the worst cancers that cover its leprous carcass there is one huge blotch which is blacker and more venomous than all the rest, and that is the pustule of Presbyterianism.

Popular Condemnation of Coercion.

Judging by the numerous expressions of the people of America, England, Scotland, Ireland and other portions of the globe in condemnation of the proposed Tory measure of Coercion towards Ireland, it may be united with certainty that if such a stringent measure is applied to the Irish people, the Tory party in England will be limited from secured Home Rule for Ireland.

So ominous is the Coercion bill to the English democracy, who hitherto have not been active in their friendship for Ireland—that vast mass meetings were held in several of the largest towns throughout England last week, at which tens of thousands of people proclaimed upon hostility to that drastic measure as destructive of every right to which civilized man is entitled from his fellow-man.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* in laying before its readers the latter injustice which such a measure would work against the people of Ireland, by depriving them of the right of trial by jury, truly styles this measure a flagrant violation of the ordinary principles of even the elements of English common law. "It is a fraud," say the London journal, "and English people can easily form some idea of the essentially fraudulent character of the proposal by asking themselves what confidence they would have in the administration of justice in this country if it were the law that policemen should always be tried by a jury of Irish-men, Protestant lecturers by Catholic jurors, and Social Democrats, by rabid Tories. The essential principle of trial by jury is to prevent the administration of justice by filling the jury box with men who are drawn from the same social, religious and political strata as the man in the dock. To alter this is to destroy the spirit of the institution while paying hypocritical homage to its outward form."

Against the operations of such an unjust law every voice of the people of all lands should be raised, so that the spirit of "equal and exact justice to all men" may not be trampled in the dust whenever England desires to punish Ireland for daring to persevere in her aspirations for freedom.

Conduct in the House of God.

Last week while looking over a copy of the *Catholic Penny Magazine*, published in Ireland fifty-three years ago, we came across the following rules for the guidance of Catholics in the House of God, and as we know from actual experience that there are many Catholics who do not observe that reverential adoration due to God in the Real Presence, we print them so as to show such careless Catholics how particular their progenitors were in their personal appearance and their conduct whilst they remained in the sanctuary in which Almighty God is ever present:

Catholics who believe in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist, cannot show too much respect to the Temple of God. A few practical hints on this subject may be better than a dissertation on an admitted truth.

1st. Persons whilst in the church should as much as possible avoid coughing, spitting and all manner of noise.

2nd. They should be remarkably clean in their dress and person, and avoid the slightest appearance of foppery or indiscretion.

3rd. They should look only on the altar or at the priest, and recollect that it is to speak to God and not to man they appear there.

4th. Whilst they appear in a respectful posture, they should avoid all ridiculous gestures or forms.

5th. All who can read should use their prayer books, unless when meditation may be preferable.

6th. Mothers should take care not to disturb the congregation by bringing children under the age required.

7th. Catholics should take care never to be a respectful posture.

8th. Children serving at Mass should not be allowed to answer the priest in a burlesque manner, but in an edifying way.

9th. Communicants should approach and retire from the altar in the most recollected manner, and also to and from the Confessional in a similar way.

10th. It is an edifying sight to see all stand when the Gospel and Creed are read, and all kneel together at the same time when they come to the words, "and was made man," etc.

11th. Communicants should take care to hold the communion cloth in a proper manner, and on no account turn out of the church in haste after approaching the holy altar.

—A Cork colleagues of the 11th gives the *Cork Herald* as an authority for the statement that the suspicious vessel seen off Youghal is the *Dalmar*, which left an American port ten days ago. A correspondent says that it is part of the Government's plot to treat the people to a scare in order to assist in passing the Coercion bill, and that the vessel will cruise between Queenstown and Youghal and try to entrap men to assist in the landing of dynamite, when Government agents will be ready to seize them. Mr. Kennedy asserts that the plot was originated at Dublin Castle.

A Catholic Mother Promotes Charity.

One of those noble mothers which shine like so many brilliant gems in the coronet of the Catholic Church, writes to the Mentor this week suggesting a system of charity which can be productive of much good if adopted by other Catholic mothers similarly situated. The plan which this thoughtful lady has outlined can best be told by the following extract from her communication:

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR.

Dear Sir—I beg your pardon for thus trespassing on your time which I know is that of all the readers of that household treasure—the *Star Of Monitor*. My justification is that I want to know the address of the secretary of some charitable society, and from long reading I—exclude that the Editor of the Monitor has the cause of charity greatly at heart and will be willing to give a short space in his columns for this purpose. I have read in your paper of the noble-hearted ladies of some other mother's clothing with other donations, and have heard many comments in the young, mostly children's—I know of thing, would take real pleasure in sending them where they would make a little lighter the burden on the overtaxed shoulders of some poor widow, father, brother, having to earn bread for her half-clad children.

I would also like to ask other Catholic mothers, who read our dear MONITOR, to join with us, and, if they have poor working mothers, or children, to have their poor working mothers, or children, to have their clothing with other donations, and have one to be greater H, for Christ's sake, we clothe the poor little clothed lamb of some other mother's darling in the same clothing we wore by one in the country where none are rich, yet none very poor, and there being none in which to carry alive such things, in a few years there is great accumulation of clothing of all kinds and if you will but give the name and address of a secretary to whom such donations will be acceptable, it would be a great relief to all such who have some things that are worn or old fashioned to dire want. The story of her mother from affluence to poverty and death, told by a correspondent of the Chicago Citizen.

The story of her mother was so very simple, and it shows that she is one of the noble-hearted ladies of the Sacred Heart. Her husband, Sir William Wilde, now dead many years, was an eminent surgeon in Dublin. He made a great fortune and lost it by his practice, but unfortunately for them he left no life insurance, and died a poor man. He bought two estates in Ireland for Wilde and his wife, the rent of which he paid $1,500 yearly. For some time after his death, she received the rent of the Wilde. She was able to live comfortably and to keep her daughter at the best education that could be procured, but the land war began, and now for six years she has not received a farthing of rent.

Are sure that the public in general, rather than of Ireland, will be interested in the sad distress in which Speranza is at present. It was in a letter to her that I learned of the sad that she and her mother reached so low down as to be obliged to hire the money in which she had for years spent in charity for hidden in hunger, and it was remarkable that the day I read the letter I was going to do, and if they are going to allow me to do so, I will write to the Sisters of Charity to see what they can do for her.

Speranza is a poetess of no mean order, and I know that many people would be willing to pay a dollar for a book of her poetry, if it could be published. Father Doyle, of Dublin, will be pleased to publish it.

Immediately after the ordination Father Gallagher commenced his pastoral labors in Dunsyngan and Lisdoe, and he continued his labors until 1860, when he became assistant to the late lamented Dr. Blake, pastor of the Irish congregation, as he generously offered his services to the Archbishop of Dublin, and was ordained in Gaelic rite on Sunday, July 29th, in the year, when the deceased brother, Rev. Hugh Gallagher, was ordained to the priesthood, and to which he was appointed assistant.

In the latter part of that Father Gallagher was appointed by Lord Harrington, ward guardian of the Liverpool workhouse, and there were large numbers of Catholics among the inmates, and he was enabled to minister to their spiritual wants.

In the following year Father Gallagher was of the bench sheets at Ashton, Power county Wales, and remained there for two years, when he was appointed to Holyhead, on the Island of Anglesey, Wales, where he remained until 1870, when he was appointed to Holywell, in the county of Flint, Wales, where he continued for a few years, when the deceased brother, Rev. Hugh Gallagher, died, and he was appointed to succeed him as pastor of Holywell, and he remained there for a few years, when he succeeded brother, Rev. Hugh Gallagher, as chaplain to the convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, London, where he remained

Farm and Home.

France's War Pigeons.

General Boulanger has recently given prizes to the best trainers of carrier pigeons in the department of the Seine. Pigeon training in France has become a branch of the military service, and plenty of well-trained birds are to be found in the beautiful little establishments built for them. They are furnished with modern improvements that vulgar and ignorant pigeons could never appreciate. Among the pigeons now in possession of the Government are several veterans of the siege of Paris, and one among them is a genuine old hero. In 1870 this pigeon was sent from Paris in a balloon called Neptune, and was captured by the Prussians. Prince Frederick Charles sent him as a present to his mother, the Princess Charles of Prussia, who put him among her own collection of birds, where he was treated with all possible kindness. But he was a patriot. The bitter bread of exile did not agree with him. He flew away and reached his home in a pigeon house in the Hohenzerd Chefy. The owner of this establishment handed him over to the authorities, and he is now once more in the service of his native country.

Cleanliness and Health.

People who have no opportunity to enjoy sea bathing will be glad to know that a substitute exists, if we may so call it, in an invigorating solution whose strengthening effect can only be compared to a plunge in the surf. To wash pores this is recommended as an incomparable luxury and tonic. It cleanses the skin and stimulates it wonderfully, and leaves the flesh as firm and cool as marble. More than this, the sensation pervades the body from all odor of perspiration. Those in whom the secretion is suppressed will find relief by using a spoonful of the tincture in a basin of water and washing each part of the body as may be necessary.

May persons find great comfort and benefit from salt water baths, arranged in this way. A coffee cup of the fine distilled salt mixed with a gallon of water, and with a hair glove or coarse towel, the body thoroughly bathed with the mixture, rubbing till the body is aglow. Then follows an exhilaration akin to surf bathing. For a delicate child such a bath is recommended as speedily beneficial.

Good Order in the Kitchen.

Kitchen workers would save themselves millions of wasted steps if they would keep more of the weapons for carrying on their warfare within easy reach, on shelves and in cupboards arranged along the kitchen walls instead of carrying them back and forth from the pantry or storeroom every time they are used.

There should be open shelves for such articles as are not injured by exposure to the dust and dampness that are liable to prevail at times, and also closed shelves with horizontal flaps opening downwards.

Shelves of this kind have obvious advantages over drawers, or common cupboards.

No intelligent carpenter or other mechanic thinks of picking away the implements of his calling simply because they are not in actual use.

His idea of good order does not consist in keeping his tools out of sight, but rather in having them close at hand and ready to be taken up at a moment's notice.

The work of the kitchen should be managed like that of any other workshop or manufacturing establishment where the best results are obtained by employing the most skillful workers, by using the most modern and complete machinery, the sharpest tools tools and the most suitable materials. Broad winning is no mere essential to comfort and prosperity than broad making and broad saving.

The Nose as a Indication of Character.

Maj. Sophus Schack, an officer in the Danish army, on the subject of physiognomical indication, agrees with Aristotle in putting his faith in noses. He can make a good guess at a man's character from the size and build of his nose. A large nose, for instance, almost invariably indicates superior class and capacity for intrigue. It is a still more accurate index to mental qualities, for, belonging as it does at once to the most and least mobile portions of the face, it faithfully reflects the most fugitive movements of the mind. It is not till the intellectual faculties come into play that the nasal organ acquires its characteristics. Savages have no noses worthy of the name. Maj. Schack's observations lead him to conclude that a small and retrorse nose betokens cunning and fleeness; a straight and thin nose, taste and delicacy; an aquiline nose, judgment, reason and opinion; while a shapeless and of course nasal proboscis, almost always indicates intellectual dullness and want of "moral force."

At Home.

Don't entirely banish politeness from the home circle. We do not advocate an etiquette so rigid as to be burdensome. Yet it may be the means of teaching politeness to children. Those who have an instinctive politeness easily fall in with the rules of etiquette; but all have not this instinct. Boys are careless, rude, selfish, inconsiderate. These need discipline. To give this is not to lecture on the rules of good order or politeness. It must be instilled more by example than precept.

Just when the parents are careful to that it would be shown in public society should mark intercourse at home; and if husband and wife are courteous, children imbibe and practice it. Example is the great teacher in this line.

Feeding the Farmer.

The following from an exchange shows the way in which the farmers of this vicinity may be duped if they do not have a care. This time it is the "Wyo-Fomo Man." He sells upon a farmer to ask of his permission to exhibit to the farmers of the vicinity his new fence-wire stretcher upon his farm. In consideration for this privilege he will build for the farmer thirty or forty rods of good fence, whenever he may want it. All that he asks of the farmer is, to travel him, to go for the machine, not over three dollars. In order to have it all understood, the farmer is asked to sign a contract to the above things, written on a postal card, which the fence man sells in his spare time. After the machine arrives, a new man turns up to demand $200, the price of the machine. The farmer then learns to his astonishment that the "contract" for board, etc., that he thought he was signing, was really an order for the machine, at the price of $200. The last comer claims to be the attorney for the company making the machine, and by threats of bringing a suit in the United States Court forces some kind of a settlement of his fraudulent claim.

—100 Dozen One Dollar is temporarily connected with Hood's Sarsaparilla and no other medicine. A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses, and will last a month, while others will scarcely last a month. Use only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Family Fun.

At the Breakfast Table.

"Ah, Mrs. Fogg," said the professor, placing the biscuits in front of him, "I never ignore your rolls, whatever else I may do."

"Indeed, professor, your words charm my soul. As the poet says: 'Every sarsin is filled with the sweet music of applause.' But I have noticed that there is one of my rolls for which you seem to have a chronic aversion."

"And that is, my dear madam?"

"The pay roll," responded the landlady, with a smile that reached over and behind the whole character of that is laughed.

A Congressional Annex.

"My dear," said a congressman to his daughter at breakfast, "wasn't young Brown here last night until 12 o'clock?"

"Yes, papa," she replied with a pretty little blush.

"Well, my dear, you should not permit it. It has been that way for several nights, hasn't it?"

"Yes, papa."

"Don't you know that is hardly the proper thing?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then why do you do it?" he asked impatiently.

"Because he wants to see me extra session."

Bill Nye's Cow.

"Going to ill health," says Bill Nye, "I will sell at my residence in town 29, range 15, west, according to government survey, one crushed rusty colored cow, aged six years. She is a good milker and is not afraid of the cars or anything else. She is a cow of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a good boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by reason of a trace chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. Purchaser must be identified. I will also throw in a double-barrelled shotgun, which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf, with long, wabbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident."

Crushed Hopes.

"Papa," she said softly and blushingly, "young Mr. Simpson is in the parlor and wishes to speak with you." Then she slunk into an easy chair and her heart beat so fiercely that it made the gas fixtures rattle. Presently the old man returned.

"Papa," she said, "did he—was he—did he want?" "He wanted to borrow $5," said the disappointed old gentleman.

A Milky Mistake.

A lady living near Baltimore, who is very deaf, stopped a milkman as he was passing the house the other day and asked him how much he charged for a quart of milk, and then put her ear trumpet to catch the reply. The man drew a quart of milk and emptied it into the trumpet, and the result has been that he has to give three miles out of his way to keep out of sight of the lady's son, who sits at the front door waiting for him to pass.

A Woman's Way.

An agent with three or four rugs in a strap had called at a house on National avenue and asked if the lady wanted any, anybody, when a woman called to him from the street:

"No use ringing there."

"Lody gosa?"

"They are too poor to buy rugs."

He was about to pass on, when a chamber window was raised, and a woman stuck her head out and said:

"I'll show you whether we are or not! I think a carpenter's wife is just as good as a drayman's wife, and has just as much money for fine things. Which is your best rug?"

"This one, ma'am—for night dollars."

"Hang it on the fence, where everybody can see it. Now take this twenty dollar bill and call at all the houses around here and ask for change. You won't get it, but I have the right amount to hand you when you come back. If you happen to say to you as you go around that this is the first eight-dollar rug you've sold within a mile of here I'll give you a piece of pie and a glass of milk."

Only by Reputation.

She—Have you read the article on Henry Clay in the December *Century*?

He—No, but I would like to very much.

She—You admire him, then?

He—I have never met him personally, but I have smoked a great many of his cigars.

A Cautious Major.

Several evenings ago Major Stofah went up on Sixteenth street to see a young lady to whom he has been very a tonitre for some months. She was not visible at first, and her visitor was left to pass the time as best he could. After various questions the lady remarked:

"You ain't contagious, are you?"

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean by that?" asked the Major, with an inward shiver. "I have been exposed to the cars all winter, and I don't think so."

The Major remained the rest of the evening, but hasn't been back since Lent began.

Cried in the Wrong Place.

An attendant at Mount Vernon, not long ago, found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He slipped up to her and said: "Are you in trouble, madam?"

"O, yes, sir," she sobbed.

"I saw you weeping."

"Ah," said she, "how can one help weeping at the home of the Father of his Country!"

"O, indeed, madam," said he, "that's not it. The tomb's over yonder. This is the ice-house!"

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever. A New Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that their complaints are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and we are now able to cure this curse of our race by the use of our simple applications made by inflating the nose. Send stamp for circular of Dr. Nasal Air Inhalant to A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 Wrightsville Avenue, Baltimore, Md. For special report Mr. Dixon, Sr., is staying at the Metropolitan Hotel, Toronto, Canada, for a short time. Sufferers should send for his genuine or call and see him. Consultation free.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, bathe the parts affected freely with Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER. Taking also a teaspoonful in sugar and water 3 times a day, and you'll get relief at once and a cure after faithful use of this remedy. Pain-Killer Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Frost Bite.

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45 " 30,000 " 30,000
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RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD
"THE UNBROKEN FREIGHT GAUGE ROUTE."
COMMENCING FEBRUARY 10, 1889, AND UNTIL further notice, Sunday excepted, Ferry leaves and arrives at Market Street Ferry Depot, Marion street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.	Leave Sausalito.	Arrive Lv. S. F.
7:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
1:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	3:20 p.m.

Train connects at Sausalito with Ferry Leaves San Francisco at 7:45 a.m. and 1:45 p.m. daily, except Sundays.
Stages connect at Sausalito for White Sulphur Springs, Bolinas, Stinson Beach, Point Reyes, Olema, Tomales, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Ukiah, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Nevarro, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Glenbrook, Calistoga, Napa, Sonoma, Glen Ellen, and Santa Rosa.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Sausalito to Mendocino, to Petaluma, $1 75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4; to Ukiah, $5.
EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma, $1 50; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4; to Ukiah, $5.
From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, week Days, 7:45, 8:45, 9:15, 11:00, 2:30 p.m., 4:15, 5:00, 6:15, 8:00, 10:00 p.m. 7:30 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 2:30, 4:15, 5:00, 6:15, 8:00, 10:00 p.m. Sundays—8:00, 9:00, 10:30, 11:30, 1:45, 3:45, 5:15, 6:45, 8:00, 9:30 p.m.
To and From Sausalito Ferry—Week Days, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a.m., 12:45, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00 p.m. Sundays—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00 p.m.
PETER J. MOGLYNN, Gen. Pass & Tkt. Agt.
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Ticket offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery street and No. 2 New Montgomery st.

San Francisco & North Pacific R. R.
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(COMMENCING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1886, AND UNTIL further notice, 6:15 a. m. train on each day of the week (except Sundays) will leave Tiburon for San Francisco, at 6:30 a. m. daily.
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$.25 Sonoma, Glen Ellen and Way Points. Trip Tickets to Sonoma, $1 00 to Glen Ellen, $1 50.
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McCORMICK BROS., Book and Job Printers, In Consequence of the Great Increase in their Business HAVE REMOVED To Larger Premises, 410 SANSOME STREET, 410 (Corner of Commercial.) Where they will run their presses By Steam, and where they will be provided with every facility than ever for doing all kinds of Book and Job Printing NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND QUICKLY.

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Future of the Church in America.

RELIGION'S INFLUENCE FOR PUBLIC GOOD.

PROTESTANT PREJUDICES RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING.

The Church the Best Ally of the State.

A Catholic writer in the Buffalo *Express*, answering a bitter attack by the Protestant Bishop Coxe, 1887 his views with much force and earnestness. He says:

In the near future America will occupy the highest rank among the nations of the earth. One of the many qualities which mark a nation destined to reach the highest eminence is a willingness to learn. Nations, like individuals, cease to be progressive as soon as they imagine that they have attained the highest degree of perfection. Progressive civilization cannot surmount the haughty barrier of pride; but it seeks new and more favorable paths, leaving the proud ones in possession of their stagnant stupidity. To a keen observer of national character, nation it must be a source of pleasure to notice that genuine Americans are ever willing to learn and to improve themselves. They are sympathetic and generous; and they would be glad to see everybody situated as happy as themselves. And it is certain that if the Church can devote herself principally to the spiritual welfare of her children her power for good must be incalculably greater than were it under the old system. During the last eighteen centuries the Catholic Church has nowhere enjoyed such true freedom as she may enjoy in America. And if she does her duty she will undoubtedly achieve her most brilliant success in this country. Her faith never changes; yet there is a continual development in her organization towards a higher perfection. Liberty is the place where a new age and higher civilization is developing itself both in Church and State.

A few words more about some of Bishop Coxe's latest statements. It is positively painful to see how an educated man tries to torture the plain and pure teachings of the Catholic Church into a bungle of revolting bloss. The prohibition, he held by St. Ligori, and approved by the Church, means this: When two opinions are equally probable or nearly equally probable, either opinion may be followed as long as there is doubt as to the existence of the law. When there is certitude as to the existence of the law, or when one opinion is notably more probable than the other, the most probable opinion must always be followed. A similar doctrine holds good in civil law, with this difference, that the civil law is less strict than the Catholic theology. Thus there is some doubt as to the guilt of an accused person, the opinion of one juryman is as good as that of any one of the other eleven. Yet nobody thinks of accusing the eleven of perjury. Perjury, in the language of the gamesters and all of a chapter of Catholic theology.

The Parliament of Paris in 1762 was far from being composed exclusively of Roman Catholics." It was composed of a number of members of the Jansenist sect, bitterly opposed to the Jesuits. When the Jesuit confessor of Louis XV. refused the Sacraments to the King because the latter would not dismiss Mme. de Pompadour, the then reigning mistress of the Bourbon family in Spain, Italy and France joined the alliance against the Jesuits, and with revived in hand compelled Clement XIV. to dissolve the Society of Jesus. In the brief relaxing issued to that effect the Pope said:

"The aim we end at is, in the first place, to secure the advantage of the Church and the tranquility of the nations; then to bring aid and consolation to the exiled members of the Society of Jesus, whose person we love in the Lord, in order that henceforth, being delivered from all that henceforth, have terminated others, and from many decrees and accusations, they may the more fruitfully cultivate the vineyard of the Lord, and more abundantly work for the salvation of souls."

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As porter in a store; can do anything to suit an employer. P. CASEY, 1182 Bush st., San Francisco.

A Tribute to Abbe Kneipp Genius

were the sweet sacrifice of Liverpool and Edinburgh of Kneipp Tonic Bitters, Kneipp Tablets, Pharmaceutical Chemists, and Proprietors of Jensen's Capsules Tablets. These plasters are the only reliable medicinal and pharmaceutic as sedic, rheumatism, and fevers of nervous affections by oxalate.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—The death is announced of Sister Mary Angela O'Hara, of the Convent of Belfast, who died at the Convent of the Sisters of Nazareth, Nazareth House, Hammersmith, London. After the Requiem Mass, the remains were carried by the Sisters to the Convent cemetery, adjoining the cell-sailing chapel, the community, Mgr. and Mrs. Connolly (brother-in-law of the deceased, M. P. Kane, Antrim, Esq., and by relatives of the inmates, old people, and children.

CLARE.—The Ennis Board of Guardians have passed a resolution condemning the Government for the removal of The O'Donnellan Blake Foster from the Commission of the Peace, and calling on the Catholic National nominees in the county of Clare to throw up the Commission of the Peace as a mark of their disapproval of the tyrannical action of the Government towards one of their body. Mr. Foster was present at a National League meeting, and this led to his removal from the Commission.

There is more land now being broken up in the counties of Limerick and Clare than for years past, and it is hoped that the tillers of the soil will be left undisturbed.

CORK.—It is said the "honor" of knighthood is about to be conferred on Alderman Scott, J. P., of Cork.

The Very Rev. Canon Walsh, P. P., Coman, County Cork (Cloyne diocese), died on March 19th, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Mr. Glasser, Sub-Sheriff of Dublin, has sent Father Kelleher a cheque for £10 for the family of Hanlon, who was forwarded to death by the police. This was the sum amount which he received for his services in serving the arrie of *mire fortas* on Messrs. Dillon, Kearney, etc.

The Rev. T. Murray, P. P., has been presented with an address by the National Teachers of Drimdeagan on the occasion of his appointment to the parish of Donagh, County Cork, in succession to the late Rev. Canon Scannell.

DUBLIN.—The recent death is announced of the Rev. Thomas Keating, S. J., formerly rector of Clongowes Wood College. Father Keating died at St. Aloysius College, New South Wales.

The Rev. Thomas O'Dwyer, P. P., Enniskerry, died on March 19th. The deceased clergyman had resigned the rights of eighty two years, of which fifty-four were spent in the sacred ministry. During half a century he labored among the people of Enniskerry, and his labors from had abundantly in works that remain to tell of the zeal and piety of the devoted priest, who has passed to his reward. The beautiful church, presbytery, and schools of the picturesque village were erected by him, and it will be remembered that one of the first public acts of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, after his return from Rome, was in connection with Enniskerry Church.

Sir Edward Guinness having turned his brewery into a company, as about to be in Ireland and settle in Norfolk, where he has rented Sanacre Hall for three years from Sir Alfred Corck.

DONEGAL.—The tenants on the estate of David J. Gilleland have adopted the "Plan of Campaign." They ask an abatement of only 25 per cent., and the property was that no reduction would be granted. The tenants held a meeting, and every man of them, except three, lodged his money in the hands of trustees. On March 9, at an early hour, horses were blown as a signal that the land court was in session. The "scissors" was to be ploughed. At noon the plough were at work, and two hours the land was finished. There were engaged at the same time 80 stalwart men with implements along the farm. Early in the morning a procession was formed, and the crowd marched to the Sessions House in the Isle of Doagh, where a meeting was held. Cheers were given for the "Plan of Campaign," the men who joined it, and Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Parnell, and the Irish Party.

DERRY.—Mr. Justin McCarthy took the oath and kissed for the city of London-derry, in the House of Commons, on March 18th, while Sir Charles Lewis tried to look on indifferently over his sneer and high-or civilization is developing itself both in Church and State.

In Derry, on St. Patricks Day, the Nationalist procession was attacked in a cowardly manner. The police allowed a crowd of the Orange party to assault at the corner of Fountain street, and the party kept waving emblems at the processionists as they passed. When the band came to this point showers of stones were thrown, and several persons, including constables, were knocked down. The police at long has turned and charged the crowd back. At the present season the Grand Jury granted a substantial sum to Mr. O'Hanlon, M. P., for evidence in connection by an Orange mob at the same point, but notwithstanding this a second or a similar character was allowed to assemble with the men described. The procession was attacked at other points, and a cry of "Kick Biddy" caused remonstrance for a time. The marshals of the procession exercised themselves to the utmost of their power towards the preservation of public peace. Three wanton attacks have created a little alarm. It is worthy of note that the Orange party are now in a minority. The corn and flax millerf Mr. James Magee, situated near the town of Moneymore, were discovered to be in flames. The fire was first discovered by Mr. Hugh Hegan, proprietor of the body, who at once gave the alarm. In a short time a large number of the inhabitants had gathered, and every possible effort was made to subdue the conflagration. The flames, however, had got too great a hold on the premises, and very little could be done. The mills, which were entirely driven by water power, were well stocked with corn and flax from the various farmers of the surrounding district, and this, together with the machinery, and building was entirely consumed. The premises were not insured.

GALWAY.—The village of Inishtown, the birthplace of the Land Leagues, on March 17th, was turned into a great demonstration held to emphasize a loyal Nationalism in the Land Leagues. Mr. P. J. B. Daly, solicitor, Ballinrobe, who retired from the bench a few years ago, presided. The meeting had also for its object the support of the National Leagues in the neighborhood. Some thousands of Connaught people assembled beneath the old Land League flag to meet the popular member for the northern division of the county, who travelled there from Dublin to address them. Mr. Crilly was followed in his drive from Clarenaccity to the place of meeting by a few miles of policemen, well armed. The tenants who were evicted have all retaken possession of their holdings. On Monday of Mr. James Daly, accompanied by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, P. L. G., the chair was taken amidst loud applause, by the Rev. J. Cunnamon, P. P.

KERRY.—The inhabitants of the prosperous town of Tralee are fond of the fine and important section of the county Kerry, comprising the district of the Barony of Corcomroe, extending from Kenmare to the town of Sneem, and the correspondence. Most of the Barony of Dunkerrin is the south of Kerry, are to raise a railway from Kenmare to Sneem. Mr. Hoffman, estimating the position of the south Kerry with the Sisters of Cork and with the Island of Ireland.

LIMERICK.—At the meeting of the Longford Board of Guardians, on March 16th, Mr. Joseph Moore presiding, the usual business was transacted. The Board resolved to offer land of Ballinamuck, were found at the Otter fort were from the estate of Robert O Brien, solicitor, of Mahill in reference to the Guardian minority, the Sub-Commissioners, recently sitting at Longford, reduced their rents 52 per cent. in many places.

LIMERICK.—A step has been taken by a large number of Limerick newspapers, which must command the approbation of all right-minded people. The leading spirits met, and, after discussing with some members of religious orders the question of the sale of trashy English periodicals in the city, agreed to resolution expressing not to sell any of the objectionable publications in future.

It was a pleasing spectacle on St. Patrick's morning, to see the Catholic soldiers of the 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, headed by Carr Bands—brass and reed—marching to many hundreds strong, and marched in most harmonious manner to the Cathedral, where they were joined by a year's rent, less 25 per cent., which Mr. Gray refused. They then lodged their rents with trustees. Seeing that the trustees could not be intimidated by taking legal proceedings against them, Mr Atwell dismissed Mr. Stanley from the office of agent, and appointed Captain Bailey Mr. Arthur, in the same, with instructions to at once open negotiations with a view to an arrangement, the result was that the tenants got an abatement of 20 per cent., and paid their rents. The rents were lodged with Mr. Atwell, the average 50 per cent.

WATERFORD.—On March 16th, a fire appeared with very serious consequences, broke out in the premises of the Great Southern and Central Ireland Railway Company at Newrath. The fire, which has by no means arisen accidentally, completely destroyed the engine shed, the fitting shop, and partially wrecked three or four locomotives.

WEXFORD.—Mr. W. S. Wall, Chairman of the Vice-Guardians, New Ross, having tendered his resignation to the Local Government Board, Mr. R. C. Agnew, Galway, has been appointed in his place.

WICKLOW.—On March 10th, a deputation of the parishioners of Arklow, comprising the Rev. Michael Kelly, C. C., of Hollywood, died on March 16th, at the Mall, Westport, in the 68th year of his age. In every walk of life, he lamented deceased was the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

ROSCOMMON.—The Rev. Michael Kelly, C. C., of Hollywood, died on March 16th, at the Mall, Westport, in the 68th year of his age. In every walk of life, he lamented deceased was the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

TYRONE.—The tenants on the Atwell estate went to the rent agent, Mr Stanley, on Saturday, at his office in Cookstown, in November last, and tendered a year's rent, less 25 per cent., which Mr. Stanley refused. They then lodged their rents with trustees. Seeing that the trustees could not be intimidated by taking legal proceedings against them, Mr Atwell dismissed Mr. Stanley from the office of agent, and appointed Captain Bailey Mr. Arthur, in the same, with instructions to at once open negotiations with a view to an arrangement, the result was that the tenants got an abatement of 20 per cent., and paid their rents. The rents were lodged with Mr. Atwell, the average 50 per cent.

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WEST END STABLES. D'ARCY & NOLAN, Proprietors. 2414 California Street. bet. Fillmore & Steiner. First-Class Livery Stock, Hackney Horses & Saddle Horses Always on the Ride and ready at a moment's notice. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO BOARDING HORSES. Telephone No. 6164.

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KNABE PIANOFORTES. UNEQUALED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability. WILLIAM KNABE & CO. Nos 204 and 206 East Baltimore street, Baltimore. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York. 817 Market st., San Francisco.

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JULIUS H. MEDAU, 968 and 970 Folsom St., New Hat ..... San Francisco. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER. Established 1870. We are selling Cheap for Cash and cash only. The following low prices will receive you a call.

Table Wines	50c, 60c, 75c, and $1
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Market Report.

Monday Office. 536 Kearny St., Tuesday Evening, April 12, 1887.

Wheat—No. 1	$1 65@1 67½	
Flour—Superfine	3 10@3 25	
Extra	3 40@3 50	
Family	3 75@4 00	
Bakers'	3 00@3 25	
Rye, per ctl.	1 00@1 10	
Barley, feed	1 00@1 10	
Barley, Brewing, wholesale	1 20@1 25	
Ground Barley, sacks	27 00@29 00	
Corn, whole	37 50@38 00	
Corn, No. 1 feed	1 75@1 80	
Oats, feed	1 40@1 50	
Buckwheat	1 00@1 20	
Potatoes—		
Hens, P. lb. wholesale	6 00@7 50	
Sweet Potatoes, per ctl.	1 50@2 00	
Ducks, P. doz.	9 00@10 00	
Geese, P. pair	1 50@2 00	
Broilers, P. doz.	5 00@7 00	
Eggs, P. doz.	1 25@1 50	
Butter, California	18@25 00	
Eggs		
Cheese	16@18	
Hides—		
Butter	16@18	
Hides, low	12@13	
Tallow	1½@2	
Cattle—		
Wheat	11 00@11 50	
Hides—		
Butter, Southern Coast	11@12	
Butter, Bulls	12@13	
Butter, Cows	12@13	
Mares—		
Butter, wholesale	20@25	
Butter, wholesale	20@25	
Butter, wholesale	20@25

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)
FRIENDSHIP.

I.

In a corner of my garden,
Where an ash-tree's shade shows,
Was a pretty little flower,
Half dreaming, half decayed.

For the oval tree above it
Robbed it of the sun's warm ray's,
And it drooped, when it should flourish
Through the sunny days.

So I found it one bright morning
Almost withered, nearly dead;
From its cold retreat I took it,
To a sunnier, warmer bed.

And in time its petals brightened,
And its form grew wondrous fair,
While the odor from its bosom
Gave a fragrance to the air.

II.

There are hearts of wondrous beauty
On this sorrel, cruel earth,
But the chill of Sorrow's autumn
Kills that beauty in the birth.

For some souls are too happy o'er them,
And a'ershadows every bliss,
And they with beneath their sorrow,
And they die in bitterness.

Oh! if kindly hearts would seek them,
And remove them from their woes,
As I transport from a cold soil
Where the one of Friendship grows.

Ah! methinks those hearts would brighten,
And far truer to us prove,
Than our fickle friends of fortune,
Who move us waste our love.

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)
MANY ARE STRANGERS YET.

In distant climes
Na rolos of Tiboo
Hath reached his darkened land;
Oh, Christ! Thou bend'st Thy wounded head;
Thou stretch'st Thy bleeding hand;
Thy pleying eyes will tears are wet,
But, oh, alas! so Thou, sweet Christ,
Many are strangers yet.

Mount Olivet rears no sacred height;
Gethsemane—an sacred path;
Thy steps, oh, Christ, are hidden and not,
The ages so solo hour.
The Sea of Galilee worshipped afar,
And, oh, Thy name so near;
Thou, sweet Christ (oh, hear repeat),
Art hoard not in their hear.
Thy promise from lips divine,
Thy mercyes always open yet,
Some Easter morn, dear Lord, for them
Thou will surely smile upon;
The light of Faith Thou hold'st forth
To all—Thy Will be done.
And words will flower, tears bedew,
Thou dashed hearts will hear once;
Thy eternal goodness, tis can ne'er set,
And Thou, oh, Christ, vouchsafe
Thy love on strangers yet.

TERESA.

Good Friday, 1887.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)
THE OTOAR.

Patter, patter, hoes the rain
On the humble cottage home,
On the lone and weary traveller,
On the high and lofty dome.

But within that modest dwelling
Are hearts that lofty simple
Where not sighs forever terror
Towards the tempest's blackest fury,
There a few Barnet horses.

And that weary footsore traveller,
Whose strength seems almost gone,
Has a heart as full of courage,
Thah Will stand the tempest long.

So no matter what the danger,
What the giant power of sin,
It's matter whether the storm without,
Keep a glowing fire within.

If we keep this inward consolence
From the Fathers Heavenly throne,
Will defy the worst temptations
That bestow the path of life.

It will keep a light, when darkness
Hovers o'er the lonlsome world,
It will furnish wholesome counsel,
When from life we're rudely hurled.

It will soothe by our bedside
When life's last lingering ray
Hovers o'er the room of sorrow,
Ere the spirit flies away.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

Fairer than the storied Tempe
Watered by its murmuring rills,
Fairer far than sweet Avoca
Dwelling 'mid its verdant hills;
Fairer than the land of Ophir,
Whitened by Arabian hills.
Is our Santa Clara Valley,
Home of plenty and of rest,
Where the sunbeam ever lingers
Fondly lighting, fondly caressing
Fruitful fields and clustering vineyards,
Spread before the mustering eye.
Here, while beds of budding roses
Shed a fragrance on the breeze,
There the mellow peach and apple
Grace the stately grove of trees;
Here the grapes in many a cluster
Turn with rich and sparkling wine—
Which for sweetness, scorns the nectar
Of the famed Bacgus the vine.
There the golden harvests waiving
In the mighty mild and bland,
Tell of bounty lavished and plenty
Hidden in the mellow soil.
Happy valley, happy valley,
Were the cheerful lays of Mon,
Where each morn and purple even,
Speaks his charming sight and day,
Happy valley to which is given
Her local name where Delphiens rare
Is reflected in thy bosom,
The revered Imperial Clara.
Happy vale! where sacred footprints
Fly each hills and wooded road,
Still remind us of the glory
That accompanies this hallowed ground;
Where the saintly form blessed,
Where the saintly form blessed,
And included the Divine Infant
From its third for a season
Taught him principles of lowly
That surpassed the eagle his;
Taught him Godhood Majesty perfection
Love of God and fellow-man.
Once the honor and the glory
That surrounds this holy vale,
Let us guard as the noble hair locks,
Lest its sacred footprints
Let religion pale with silence,
Death despite of soldiers death,
That will make our vale the greatest,
Brightest, dearest spot on earth.

S. RICHARD HOGAN.

Santa Clara College.

If the Sufferers from Consumption, Bronchitis, and General Debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent cure. Dr. Wm. H. Ellis, Brentwood Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Consumption, Bronchitis and Wasting Diseases generally. It is very palatable."

Literary Miscellany.

The Brother's Sacrifice.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written by James Guimartin.

"I cannot do it, Jos. My partner would not consent to it; so there is no use in talking further about it. Perhaps I would be happy to oblige you, but all I am worth is invested in the business."

"Look here, Bob, I'll make the note for twelve thousand. That is eight thousand for the use of four, for three months. Jager son will hardly refuse that."

"Oh, nonsense! I explained the young man addressed as Bob, flinging his half-consumed cigar into the cuspidor. "You are as green as a baby in business affairs. Don't you know that you have not a dollar to your name! A friend may take your notes to spare your feelings, but what can you expect of a man who has to make a living by loaning his money?"

"Why, there is my hotel on the Square."

"Mortgaged to the highest figure it will fetch!"

"Let us look at that! Your claims amount to only fourteen thousand, and it is assessed at twenty-seven thousand!

"Pshaw! It is useless to talk business with you. Just try to borrow one cent more upon that property and you will very soon find out its true value. Jackson is for foreclosing on your right away.

"Well, then! What about the lot beside the railroad?"

"Are you drunk or crazy? Do you forget that you had it to me at our little card party last week!

"What! Lost that to you?" exclaimed Joe, striking the desk beside him with his clenched hand. "I must have been both drunk and crazy then. Twelve thousand dollars gone on the turn of a card!

"Frightful, is it not? You would think differently though, if I had lost."

"Yes, that's so. But what shall I do? I cannot show up among the boys until I pay my note to Simmons. You are the last fellow I thought would go back on me, Bob."

"I suspect I am the last, Joe. If you can get Conant to sign, which I seriously doubt, why not try your brother for the other?"

"Barney is through with me. He is a good fellow, and he stood to me until he found that I go to Simmons' rooms. Then he knew that all I had been telling him about my losses on stocks were lies, and he washed his hands of me."

"What about the rich uncle out West?"

"Neither I nor Barney ever saw him. He left here as soon as it was settled that his sister and my father were to be married, saying that he would never speak with her again. He did not think father good enough for her, because he was known to gamble a little; but father, after his marriage, I am told, never raked another dollar in a wager or anything else."

"Well, sorry for you, old man. Now, having some business to attend to, I must wish you good morning."

With this, Mr. Robert Jennings, a shrewd young man of thirty, and junior partner of the firm of Jackson & Jennings, Private Bankers, turned to his desk and commenced to read his morning's mail; while his partner, Mr. Joseph Wantworth, a younger man, with a haggard countenance, bearing the unmistakable impress of dissipation, hurried distractedly from the private office of the firm.

It was probably a month after that Mr. Bernard Wentworth was busily superintending the shipment of some large orders South from his wholesale provision store, when he was called into the counting-room by one of his clerks to speak with a gentleman who had his counting-room."

The old gentleman smiled.

"I would like to speak with you in private," he said.

Bernard led him to his sanctum, which was partitioned off from the main office, and shut the door.

Here, the visitor slowly unstrapping his wallet, said

"I regret to say, Mr. Wentworth, that my errand is hardly one that will be pleasing to you. I have been a side of Mr. Aaron Edwards which I discovered some time since. It is for $6,000, and is two days overdue. Mr. Edwards cannot meet it, so I come to you as the endorser. I am in need of the money, and I would like to have it to-day, but certainly, not later than to-morrow."

Bernard had expected this claim to be made upon him since a few weeks before, when Mr. Edwards had written to his firm another State that he would, most probably, be unable to take up the note.

Edwards was the younger brother of Bernard's mother. He had been permanently injured in a railroad accident, and though once in affluent circumstances, was now poor, owing to having expended all his money in litigation for the purpose of obtaining damages from the railroad corporation. Six months back, he had assured Bernard, that his case would be brought to a successful issue if he had money enough to enable him to carry out the latest suggestion of his counsel, and begged him to endorse his note to Jackson & Jennings. Bernard, in all other respects a prudent business man, could not resist his uncle's appeal, and had cheerfully complied. By dilatory motions, the opposing counsel had been able to keep the case in suspense, until the six months for which the note had been drawn, had nearly elapsed. Then the matter was decided against Edwards, leaving him a legacy of dons all round.

"It is my debt," said Bernard, after examining the note, "and of course I'll pay it."

Whereupon he made out a check for the amount and gave it to the old gentleman.

"Perhaps, Mr. Edwards is a relation of yours?" said the writer inquiringly, as he carefully put the check in his wallet.

"Yes. He is my uncle," Bernard answered.

"An excellent man, but unfortunate, I hear. Has he not a wealthy brother somewhere?"

"I believe so."

"What! Don't you know?"

"I never saw him."

"Maybe, he is not as wealthy as they say."

"Perhaps so! I cannot tell."

"You don't seem to care much. As his nephew now, you ought to have some expectations, if he is the Croesus he is reported to be.

"I shall be always pleased to know that he is as successful as his desires to be, replied Bernard, coldly. "Now, sir, if there is no other business to transact, I shall have to leave you.

"A miserly, cranky, old curmudgeon, wrapped up in his whims and selfishness, I'll wager my life!"

"Pardon me, sir; but I—"

"He probably has earlier brutally, I understand, for marrying your father."

Bernard, flushing with anger, warmly exclaimed: "Look here, old gentleman, these subjects don't concern you."

"—Rifled her I ken," continued the visitor, apparently not hearing Bernard's protest, and wiping his face vigorously with his handkerchief. "—Vowed never to speak to her again, and left her to starve, or for not seeing and judging people as he did, the idiot. Would not be reconciled, though entreated by her repeatedly, for he prided himself upon his inflexibility, the ass. Was willing that she should pass to a precarious grave, because of her misplaced affection for a heartless scoundrel, unnamed a brother she had, the prodigal!"

The last sentence was uttered by the old gentleman in a key loud enough to be heard in the outer office.

Bernard was completely taken by surprise. Recovering himself, however, upon the instant, his first thought was to throw his visitor out of doors. A little reflection restrained him from doing thus, but, taking the old gentleman rather roughly by the arm, he said to him

"There being no other business to detain you, I will now wish you the door."

The words seem to wake up the old gentleman to a sense of his errand.

"See me to the door! he repeated. "Not just yet, young man. There is another affair which I am obliged to call your attention to."

"Well, sir, what is it? Please be brief," said Bernard, impatiently.

"You are doing a pretty prosperous business here, I mean so.

"Supposed I am, what of it?" asked Bernard, hotly.

"Oh! nothing," was the calm reply. "but I marvel how it can be done by a man who looks so much jager for his relatives."

This remark exasperated Bernard beyond control, and he hotly said, "Show me another domestic of the kind I've just had from you, and I'll pay you a thousand dollars!"

"I guess I can earn it," said the old gentleman, mildly—an expression of pity creeping into his eyes—and he once more reverted to his wallet.

"There! What do you think of this?"

Bernard unfolded it sullenly; but, finding that it was in the same by his brother Joseph, and that his own name appeared in the place of that of "William Conant," the name of a well-known merchant, his uncle had asked a jade how, his jaw dropped the pleasant curves of his opened countenance stiffened into hard lines, and he staggered back to his chair, clutching at for support.

The old gentleman watched him narrowly, but said nothing, while the expression of pity deepened on his eyes.

Bernard made a strong effort to conceal his feelings, and overthrighed aloud, though with evident excitement and clapped his visitor with undue familiarity upon the back by way of emphasizing his merriment.

"Right you are! old fellow," cried he. "You've earned the money and you'll get it. It is the funniest thing that has ever happened to me to forget that notice. And only think, it lasted a week since poor Joe wrote me that he could not meet it. I'll pay it, and the thousand dollars also—poor old, old man! Well, well, I had never thought it!"

He sat down to his desk and opened his check book, with a trembling hand. In order to take a pen with his other hand he had to lean over the desk, his elbow, where the old gentleman quickly took it again, and said, "Well, but, Mr. Wentworth, of course, you see that Mr. Conant is responsible for the amount in the first place."

"No, no! Never mind him. I'll take it up. There is your check

"Eight thousand dollars!" remarked the old gentleman, incurriously, on receiving it.

"Yes, sir, eight thousand! Shall I write for the note, and one thousand for your trouble?" Bernard replied playfully.

"No," answered the old gentleman, emphatically.

Bernard stared at him, terror-stricken for a moment; then, laughing lightly, said

"Well, then, call it ten thousand."

"Not enough, came back the answer, in hard, steely tones.

Bernard's laughter lapsed into a groan, and he bent sullenly forward over his desk, while his arms, with clenched hands, dropped rigidly upon it.

"Twenty thousand" said he, with clenched teeth, after a short manner, through pallid countenance.

"Take forty-five thousand,—all I am worth,—the store and its contents being included and give me the note."

"That will be sufficient, Mr. Wentworth. Give me your acceptance on demand, for that amount, upon the security of your store and its contents, and the note is yours"

Quicker than it takes to tell it, Bernard produced the necessary blanks. These he rapidly, and without a pause, filled out and gave to his visitor.

After reading and pronouncing them satisfactory, the old gentleman, smiling pleasantly upon Bernard, handed him Joseph's note.

It was soon ashes, Bernard holding it as it burned, between his fingers through sickened therefy, and it was scarcely cool enough to touch.

The old man looked on with tears in his eyes.

Bernard, without once glancing in his direction, put on his overcoat, took his hat, and was passing into the counting-room, when the young man, who had opened the door for the visitor, called him by calling, "Wait a minute, Bernard. May I asked you what you propose doing, under present circumstances?"

"Cash you see for yourself!" Bernard replied, bolting expressed in every word. "I propose leaving you to the undisturbed management of your blackleg."

"An Edwards to the more! my brave boy," said the old man coming close to Bernard and placing a hand affectionately upon each shoulder. "I am your uncle—your mother's brother who went West, and you—you are her only son. I see her in every line of your face, in the flash of your eye, in the generous assistance which you have given my unfortunate brother. My sister's soul it was, which animated you, when, to save your own feeds, or from the consequences of forgery—of forging your name as well as Conant—you departed with all you had to me. In a similar manner did she once preserve me from the consequences of an act of youthful folly. Blackmail! No, Bernard. The is your note to me. Now, Bernard."

The old gentleman set the note aflame with a match, and behold, after the example of Bernard, until it was completely burned.

"Come the way of Joseph's" continued he, striking his hands together to free them from the dust. "This store with its contents are so well managed, and its contents, are still young. Your unhappy brother, the wretched inheritor of your father's only weakness, is on the way to Australia to begin life anew, by my advice and assistance. I have been in the city watching both of you for the purpose of making myself known to either, my intention being to select one of you to take charge of my property and make him my heir, by way of atonement, for the slight reparation for my treatment to your mother. Your brother, I found on the downward road to destruction. You were prosperous and respected, but I wanted to test you last, perhaps, my design should injure rather than serve you. I have tested you—tested you to the last extremity, and find you worthier than the most exacting could expect. In the bulk my estate is probably valued for three millions dollars. You can come enter upon the charge of it without delay. I am an old man and need rest. Today I shall have my will drawn up, naming you as the heir of all I possess."

Bernard stood mute and motionless while these revelations were being made, giving no sign of reciprocating his uncle's affection for him. Apparently confounded by what he had heard, he made no reply to it, but walked slowly to his desk and sat down, and, leaning his elbows upon it, and placing his elbows upon it, and placing his elbows upon it, and placing

THE MONITOR.

TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— As a sign of the sympathy manifested with the Home Rule aspirations of Ireland, by the laboring classes in all the larger towns of England, we are happy to chronicle the fact that at an election held in the Birmingham division, hitherto represented by John Bright, all the Gladstone candidates were elected by large majorities over their Tory and Unionist opponents.

— Every day furnishes fresh proofs of the truth of Gobbett's assertion in the "History of the Reformation," when he said: "A married priest and pauperism and pensioners, all cause upon England at one and the same time. . . . There would not, either, have been a college at Eton, Winchester, Oxford or Cambridge, if the bishops in those days had been married men."

— Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes will, this summer, take definite steps in the long contemplated project of erecting a new cathedral in Covington, Ky. A wealthy member of the congregation is ready to subscribe $20,000 towards the expense, one-fourth of the proposed cost. We heartily wish California had a few such gold-lined generous Catholics to assist in raising the grand edifice on Van Ness Avenue.

— Alluding to the lack of Catholic unity, Bishop Bagshawe said on a recent occasion: "It seems to me, that Catholic society is in an degree atomized and blighted, and the influence of Catholic principles upon politics reduced almost to nothing, because there is so little social and political union among Catholics. The sects and the secret societies invariably patronise and push forward their own compatriots; and poor Catholics, therefore, denied at times both by friend and adversary, have a hard lot to bear."

— Col. King Harmon, the Tory Under Secretary for Ireland, seems to be the most unpopular official in Great Britain. He is a renegade Home Ruler, a notorious rackrenter, without brains and devoid even of the moderate ability required to make a decent speech. The Tories hate him because he was once a Home Ruler, and the Nationalists hate him because he is a renegade.

— A priest in one of the Western States had occasion recently to announce the death and mortuary services in the church over the remains of one of the piggy-away members of his flock, so he made this keenly startling announcement: "On next Sunday the funeral of A. B. will be held in this church. I shall preach a funeral sermon on the occasion, and the man himself will be here—the first time in twenty years." What a lesson for those lax Catholics who find so many flippant excuses for not going to church when alive, but whose corpses are carried into the sanctuary of God as if in very mockery of the foolishness of their lives!

— Governor Bartlett made an excellent appointment last week when he nominated Dr. Charles A. Clinton as one of the Board of Health. This Board is a young man who has won his way to professional eminence and personal popularity by his skill, experience, success, and genial disposition, and his appointment will be a source of pleasure to every tax-payer who desires to see medical genius recognized. Dr. Clinton has already established for himself a national reputation for his success in the treatment of nervous diseases, and we are proud that such a skillful Irish-American physician has won such deserved honors at the hands of the Governor of California.

— If we can place any reliance upon a cablegram from Dublin, Parnell, Dillon, and a number of other prominent Irishmen are actively engaged in the work of promoting the organization of an Irish woollen manufacturing and exporting company, with capital of $500,000. It looks reasonable, however that such a movement would depend upon the result of Home Rule, as the present English tariff laws discriminate very unjustly against Irish manufactured goods. These laws were passed solely for the purpose of killing off Irish industry, and they have succeeded in completely destroying all industrial pursuits in Ireland except the manufacture of "patriots," of which, we are proud to say, Erin seems to have a monopoly.

— The most atrocious nature of the Tory coercion proposals has started England from end to end. They have been received by the English Liberal press with a storm of disapprobation, and it is expected that in many days are over, that the great body of Liberals throughout the country will make their voices heard in emphatic condemnation. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an outspoken article on the proposed abolition of whatever shreds of the constitution still obtains in Ireland, declares that "to subject a civilized country to such arbitrary interference with the most elementary liberties and rights of man is to justify insurrection," and that if "the Irish did not wish to revolt against such a system they would deserve the indelible contempt of the English people."

— A cablegram from Rome to a New York paper states that the Pope "has decided the question of the Knights of Labor in favor of their organization. The decision will stand so long as the present method is pursued in furthering their aims. The document of Cardinal Gibbons has been indorsed. The Pope further decides that in Canada, where a mandament had been issued against the Knights of Labor, members of the order will receive absolution on a promise of obedience to the future decisions of the Holy See. If the Knights identify themselves with the Therites now being denounced by certain agitators, the decision in their favor will be revoked."

— A cablegram from Queenstown states that the arrival there of emigrants from all sections of the south and west of Ireland, on their way to America, is simply enormous. The railways are running special trains to accommodate this class of travel. The number of emigrants on awaiting steamers is early three to their destination is already greater than can be accommodated in the houses and lodgings, and many are camping in the streets. Fifteen hundred embarked in one day. Three thousand more are expected to arrive shortly to take the steamers thrice. Thus Ireland is losing the best and sinew of the land by the baneful influence of bad English laws.

— The *Dublin Nation* voices the sentiments of every friend of Ireland all over the world when it alludes to the Tory Coercion Bill in these terms: "The Government have devised and brought forward their jubilee gift for Ireland. The fiftieth year of Queen Victoria's reign is to be signalized, if the Salisbury Ministry can achieve it, by the enactment of the most infamous Coercion Act that was ever proposed for Ireland. The country has now been made acquainted with the substance of the Government proposals, and it may be said at once that the hand of the ruffian is traceable in every line of Blackguard Balfour's bill. None of its provisions, Mr. Gladstone said, "made your blood run cold." This eighty-seventh Coercion Act is not put forward as a temporary expedient which is supposed to be called for by an exceptional state of affairs. It is contentiously announced that it embodies the law under which Ireland is to be ruled for ever."

— Pope Leo XIII has again proved his sympathy with Ireland's aspirations for freedom by appointing a pronounced Irish patriotic Prelate to a most important ecclesiastical position, his Holiness having confirmed the selection of the priests of Armagh for the Primacy of all Ireland. The Right Rev. Dr. Logue, Bishop of Raphoe, who was named *Signaturus* by an immense majority of votes, has been appointed Coadjutor to his Grace Dr. McEntigart. Dr. Logue's elevation will be welcomed by the Catholics of the whole world as well as of Armagh. His Grace was a distinguished student and professor of Paris and Maynooth. His abilities and attainments are of a high order, and his sympathies are known to be with his people in their struggles and aspirations. The appointment is a complete disproof of the fabrications of the "eminent English Catholics" who recently circulated the rumor that his Holiness Pope Leo was opposed to the attitude assumed by the body of the Irish episcopacy in political affairs lately.

A Bogus Parnell Letter.

The London *Times*, in its efforts to defeat Home Rule and to destroy the prestige of Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party in the eyes of the English people, has resorted to the dodge of detraction in order to carry its point. The latest ruse is the publication of a forged letter purporting to emanate from Parnell, which he is made to justify the murder of one of the Phœnix Park victims, but the document bears plainly upon its face the features of its British paternity, and coming out at this crisis in the affairs of Ireland, it will be received with the derision it deserves.

Misrepresentation of the Church on the School Question.

The Knight of Ind sent which indulges in its customary spirit of religious disturbance against American Catholic citizens for keeping them of plotting against the Public School system of education with the view of destroying it. This charge is as false as it is fanatical. The Church has ever been the friend of Education, and her interest in the spiritual welfare of her Catholic children has been a prominent feature in her history. The opposition of the Church is not directed against the system or the subjects taught in Public Schools, but is aimed at the anti-Christian influence which arises from the banishment of Religion from the State schools.

This is a Christian country and the vast preponderance of children in it are born of Christian parents, hence the Church is the best friend of the State when she labors assiduously to preserve Christian truth and morality among the people by fostering them among the youth of the land.

The Church does not censure the State for not teaching religion in its schools, because she well understands that a system formation would not be in accord with the religious law of the land. Hence the Church—its law and for the welfare of the souls of her children and in order to make them good citizens—establishes schools of her own where the religious influence of God's truth will go hand in hand with those studies which are necessary for fighting successfully the battle of life.

When sectarians demonstrate their opposition to the Church in regard to her views on education, they are then engaged in the fatal work of digging their own graves. It is a foregone conclusion that children taught out of books in which the name and power and existence of Almighty God are not mentioned, will grow up in entire ignorance of the most elementary principles of Christianity. As will and grafting children to a sind and dumb asylum to learn to speak, as to send them to teachers who are ignorant, indifferent or unbelieving, to teach them Christian morality.

Bigoted prejudice is the "leaven" that prevents Presbyterians and other Protestants from seeing that subject in the true light. They imagine that the Public Schools will help to destroy "Popery," little dreaming that their own children have to drink from the same fountain the fatal draught of irreligious education. The Church, however, is constantly preparing for her children new Christian schools where they will not only receive the light of worldly knowledge, but they will also be regaled with the immortalizing religious influences of Christianity in its fullest sense. Some of the sects are taking example after the Church in this necessary enterprise, and others again are possessed with such a Presbyterian spirit of intolerance that they would rather see their children stripped of every atoms of knowledge concerning their God and Saviour, rather than follow in the footsteps of that Church which they hate with far more warmth than wisdom.

So far as the Catholic Church in America is concerned with the School question, the Freeman's Journal in Baltimore at the Third Plenary Council at the Gilman hotel, which had hitherto existed, when they addressed these memorials words to their flock all over the United States:

"Two objects therefore, dear brothers, we have in view, to multiply our schools and to perfect them. We must multiply them till every Catholic child in the land shall have within its reach the means of education. There is still much to be done yet in this matter. There are still thousands of Catholic children in the United States deprived of the benefit of a Catholic school. Pastors and parents should not rest till this defect be remedied. No parish is complete till it has schools adequate to the needs of its children, and the pastor and people of such a parish should feel that they have not accomplished their entire duty until the letter is complied."

Such is the simple solution which the Church has found for the problem of pagan-ising Public School education. The State cannot do it, and it would be a crime if it knowledge of God in the souls of such children as are sent under the influence of unchristian text books and unbelieving teachers. But no children of hers shall thus have Christianity washed out of them by the Lethean waters of secular education, and for this purpose it is that Catholic parochial schools are springing up all over the land, and the Church is gathering her children under her wings so as to save them from the hawks of heresy who hover above them in the ominous clouds of godless education.

— Too charge brought against the members of the Irish party in the House of Commons, and for flatly denying which Healy was expelled, has been successfully contradicted by no less a personage than Earl Spencer, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under Gladstone's administration. A telegram of the 16th inst. says that in an interview with Charles Augustus Cowpbeare, Radical Member of Parliament for Cornwall, "Earl Spencer said he knew from experience as viceroy, and nobody could positively know better, that it was absolutely untrue that any members of the Irish Parliamentary party were murderers or accomplices of murderers, as has been charged by Major Saunderson in the House of Commons. This effectually squelches what dear Father Tom Burke—God rest his soul!—so aptly styled "another thumping Emphasis!"

— An exchange says that a new exemplification of the saying, "From the sublime to the ridiculous," has been contributed by the leather-headed Parson Newman, who in a letter to young men averred that the three names that would live in history were Plato, Shakspeare and—Beecher! We think however, it must have been Tallmage that made ass of this metaphor. Had Newman uttered such a sentiment it would be worthy of the asinine author: "The four great names that will live in history are Plato, Shakspeare, Stanford and Newman." There's nothing small about Uncle's political parson!

— An Irish paper makes a centre shot when it makes this comparison: "The Tories are trying to make Ireland happy and prosperous by coercion." They remind the photographer who polished a revolver at his sweetheart with the remark: "Now, then, my reputation is at stake. Assume the tender expression or I'll put an bullet into you."

A Methodist on a Miracle.

How Selah Brown of Santa Barbara sent to Brother Mortarty had sent a regular Methodistical communication concerning the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which taken place several times during each year in the Cathedral at Naples.

Brother Brown says the Neapolitans the great compliment of calling them a very religious people who pay one sonnet and Cadmus sonnet to the blessed Virgin, and to state the proposition he gave the people of Naples which, he says, they turned down with a snort. Perhaps he outdoes his public trade against "Popery" among them, and when the Neapolitans saw the printed matter in their faith rust in their very teeth—they naturally gave vent to their anger by invoking maledictions upon the head of their Holy Father.

Speaking of the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, Brother Brown says the priests "pretend to have a little vial filled with the Saint's blood," and adds that its liquefaction "is, no doubt, a chemical 'miracle,' the liquefaction probably being caused by the heat of the hands held during the sacred vial, or its nearness to the burning candles around it."

In reply to these objections it is only necessary to state—as we have already done in those columns—that the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius has stood the test of time too long to be charged a fraud by a fanatical Methodist preacher. In the first place the blood question is nearly sixteen hundred years old. Again, the miracle has been witnessed by hundreds of thousands of nine non-Catholic men from all parts of the world and yet not one of them has ever been able to throw any doubts upon the supernatural nature of the liquefaction. The Popes and preachers like Brother Brown have given adverse opinions concerning the miracle, but all of them together were not worth the paper they were written on, for the reason that such opinions were merely the result of prejudice and not based on any scientific principles whatever.

For the same reason is the opinion of Brother Brown not so valuable as a landlion, because he has no knowledge of the mass of evidence which has been published in support of the supernatural nature of this miracle, and the very moment he gives his own is not original. Brother Brown also tells us sanctum when he says that "if the blood in the vial does not boil, the saint hard name, and even take his image out of the church and give it a regular chastisement so no such thing ever happened in Naples, but the story will be believed all the same by all the Wesleyan old women who are ever ready to swallow all the lies which are uttered against Catholics or their creed.

How Women Suffrage Works.

The advocates of the right of women to rule have always strenuously argued that when the female portion of the republican population were permitted to take their place at the polls as voters, their presence would impart a refinement to the suffrage exists in Europe. We have read newspapers in that State given this account of the manner in which the females suffragists of Wyoming Territory voted:

Wonart, white and black, enlisment-ally stood in front of the precincts and fervently exhorted electors to vote the ticket that each one was champoning. The ladies were not only enthusiastic for their respective candidates, but they engaged in controversy with each other in the street. They went into hacks to bring their female friends to the voting places, placed tickets in the hands of their friends and actually had altercations, which, on other occasions, would, so far as effects were concerned, be regarded as disreputable; because it is supposed that the bad element of women, except on average fair polling and gentle sparring, knows no restraint when it once gets up and ordered them driven hither and thither to pick up all classes of women, irrespective of color or sexual standing, to cast their ballots for their particular candidates.

Whilst acknowledging the refining influence of woman, few people will be willing to admit that when women enter the political arena they do not lower the dignity of their sex or their standing in society. In politics is generally the roughest element of the male sex to be found, and the female in Kansas proves that in this respect sex makes but little difference.

The paper from which we quote also says that "some women served lunches in their saloons, by prearranged schemes, called set-tos, by prearranged schemes, called set-tos, but can never be accused of being, or of being called, a female saloon keeper." The gentlemen were harmed away in incurously upholstered vehicles to the place of the respective candidates, and the sight of the dawned Cents assured the Saints that they felt he a sun dying and regretted the attendance of a priest as soon as possible, and so his wish being gratified he succumbed to the good Father that he wished to be received into the Holy Catholic Church without delay. He was immediately prepared, and after being baptized, he received his last Holy Communion on the first Friday of the month, and a few hours later in breathed his last. The poor young man, thus tragically called from life in the very bloom of manhood, was a Protestant, but he was an Algerian clergyman, but that his mother was a pious convert to Catholicity, and that he had instructed in the Sisters of the Sacred Heart and another Catholic lady, Madame Pendar; to his wife-guard, which the assassins had singularly left with him, was a friend of the Sacred Heart, which he was for his mother's sake, and his signal appeal for a priest was made in order to execute a request he had made her to on the occasion a Catholic. Thus he died, wearing the medal of the Sacred Heart, received into the Church the first Friday of the month, the day devoted to the worship of the most adorable Heart, and fearing the signal ever desire of the power of prayer and of the wonderful chemistry of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus."

What a simple story, and yet what a profound impression it makes upon every man who heart into which has been infused a solitary spark of love for that Sacred Heart which has promised certain salvation to all who try to live good lives sanctified by God's grace.

The Country Coercion is Aimed At.

It is peculiarly interesting at this time to draw a contrast between the condition of Ireland and the treatment which the English Tory Government manifests in its efforts to pass the Eighty fifth Coercion Act in order to crush out of the people of Ireland their aspirations for Home Rule.

At the very time when the English enemies of Ireland were preparing a drastic measure of coercion, which, if passed, will be a blot on the statute book of the nineteenth century, the judges of the several Irish Circuits were complimenting the different Grand Juries upon the fact that grave infractions of the law were few and far between on the criminal docket of every county. These in the county Galway, Baron Deasse was pleased to say that the lessons of the cases to crime before the Grand Jury was the best illustration of the proverbial peace of the whole county.

In Kings county, Justice Lawson expressed his delight at the satisfactory state of peace which marked every county in the whole county, there being no cases of serious crime on the calendar.

In Leitrim Judge Murphy congratulated the Grand Jury on the fact that but four cases were to come before them, and most of these were of a capital nature.

At Longford, Chief Baron Pallas expressed the delight he felt in telling the Grand Jury that unless his mess offence were all that would appear on the docket.

In Louth, Justice Harrison opened and closed the Assizes with the trial of a single case of misdemeanor.

In Meath, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon congratulated the Grand Jury on the fact that there were no cases to come before them, and no other business than a formal one.

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The Vatican Exhibition.

The committee of the Vatican Exhibition for 1887 is have recently issued their prospectus, which is a very elaborate document. Offerings and worked of artists in the Vatican will be received up to the end of October, and should be addressed to Cardinal Rampolla at the Vatican. The exhibition will be held in the Court of the Vatican known as the Pigna, where was erected last year the commemorative hall for the Leo Jubilee. That monument consists of a fine column of Carrara marble with appropriate inscriptions and surmounted by a splendid statue in bronze of St. Peter. Prizes and presents for the exhibition are arriving from all parts of the world, and the Pope himself has given a very valuable chalice. Prince Doria comes a delicately and exquisitely carved ivory tablet, the work of a Sicilian artist, standing about three feet, and presented to the Pope by a Canadian missionary, who caused much excitement among the Italian Bishops, who all hastened to crown, by his peculiar dress and gait. Lastly, a handsomely ornamented clasp of the Holy Ladder, with appropriate devices, filigree work, has arrived from Genoa. The whole is enclosed in a beautiful Cabinet, and is one of the gifts up to the present offered for the Supreme Pontiff.

Sullivan on George.

Mr. Alexander Sullivan, in a speech in a large audience on Thursday, thus plays the Irish Land question:

I will tell Mr. George because it is just to a man with a family of his own state of the Irish tenant. I will tell Mr. George that if the landowners combination for the purpose of keeping up the rents of Ireland wages of 10 cents a day, and the Irish tenant, the Irish farmer, is to be driven to the workhouse, Mr. George, I will tell you what will happen. Why, all Ireland will be down upon him, and the money left with the Irish people will be taken from him. For the same reason that it would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall Ireland if the landlords actual the arrears owed by the tenants, Ireland would be ruined if the tenants were to make a combination against the landlords. The time of Catholic example is very potent in this country, an instance of which cannot be forgotten by the Catholic people in Ireland. A Kilcoursy Catholic lady who is a Protestant, but who never lives for the Blessed Virgin, told me recently that on last Good Friday the Catholic females employed in one of the local hospitals were so impressed by the solemn perfect silence from noon to 3 o'clock, i.e., the hour of our Lord's death agony. Several of the Protestant ladies, who had accompanied to their Catholic co-workers to this hospital, were so impressed by the solemn silence and the perfect order which we are accustomed to see in a country could be accomplished.

Yours sincerely,

A. M. S.

The Coercion Act.

Following are the provisions of the Coercion Act by which the Tories of England seek to suppress the right to trial by jury and other constitutional purposes from Ireland:

Magistrates may examine witnesses on oath, even in cases where no person is charged before them with the commission of the crime which is the subject of inquiry.

The jury system is abolished altogether in cases of conspiracy, and probably a liberal issue of warrants issued. In other cases, two stipendiary magistrates are to have summary jurisdiction, and may impose sentences not exceeding six months hard labor for any of the following offences: Unusual company, loitering, rioting, offences under the Whiteboy Acts, assaulting officers of the law, taking forcible possession of a house, or resisting a writ of ejectment.

In jury trials the venue may be changed on the certificate of the Attorney-General that a fair trial can not be had in some other place in Ireland. A prisoner, in such cases, has a right to appeal against any proposed change of venue.

In jury trials either the Attorney-General or the prisoner may demand a special jury.

If the jurors of number, attempt to market, aggravated crimes of violence, arson, or injury or firing on the darlings, the Attorney-General for England and Ireland may certify that a fair trial may be had in England, the State witnesses, witness and crying witness, his witnesses, solicitor and counsel.

Home commitments are only to apply to such parts of Ireland as may be proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant.

If the Lord Lieutenant in Council will have power to declare at any distance of time that any district is in such a state of insubordination, or of interfering with the administration of the law, or of intimidating witnesses or jurors, or of intimidating or injuring the tenants, or of interfering with the collection of rents, or of combination, or of conspiracy, or of intimidating

Farm and Home.

How Food is Adulterated.

The chemists of the Department of Agriculture, under the direction of the Commissioner, have for a year or more been investigating the extent and manner of food adulteration practised. In this country, as compared by several branches of the work is in progress of preparation. Then portion relating to spices and condiments, prepared by Prof. Hubbard, is almost completed. Mr. Richard's investigations show that no other kinds of human food are adulterated to such an extent.

Of twenty samples of ground clove examined only two were pure. The others had suffered the extraction of their essential oils and had been polished by the addition of clove stems, allspice husks and other inferior kinds of serious kinds. Of eight samples of cayenne pepper only one was pure. Of ten samples of mustard none were pure unchanged mustard, though several had only suffered the loss of their fixed oil, the other contained adulterants of wheat flour, the spurious matter being in some cases two-thirds of the compound. This made it necessary to add tumeric and (harmless) to restore the mustard color. Ten samples of allspice were examined, eight of which were pure. Four samples of cassia were all pure. Of ten samples of ginger four were pure. Only one out of thirteen samples of black pepper was found to be what it purported to be. A specimen sent from Baltimore to a man who had an easy contract was almost entirely spurious. Cayenne pepper, black pepper, leaks and mustard balls were used to give flavor and pungency, while "body" was supplied by ground beans and rice, and color by charcoal. Two samples of mace out of five were pure, and of three samples of nutmeg examined all were pure.

Mr. Richardson's experience leads to the conclusion that the public has the power in its own hands to effect a reform in the matter of spice adulteration. The quality of the article is fixed by the retailer who names the price he is willing to pay. The grinder thereupon estimates the amount of the pure spice he can afford to put in, and fills out the order with refuse. Mr. Richardson incidentally mentions a New York spice grinder who within a short time worked off 5,000 pounds of cocoanut husks. The grocer's attitude which sells for less than the pure and unground, needs no law to prove its purchase. Usually when he demanded a pure article and called upon a first class grocer for it he got it. Considerable space is given in the report to the operation of laws at home and abroad relating to the adulteration of food, while the methods of detection, both popular and scientific, are treated exhaustively.

How to Visit the Sick.

1. Enter and leave the house and move about the room quietly.

2 Carry a cheerful face and speak cheerful words, but you need tell no lies to be cheerful.

3 If your friend is very sick do not fall into gay and carelessness talk in the attempt to cheer him.

4. Don't ask questions and thus oblige your friend to talk.

5. Talk about something outside, and not about the disease and circumstances of the patient.

6. Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and dying.

7. Never whisper in the sick room.

8 If possible, carry with you something to please the eye and to relieve the monotony of the sick room—a flower, a pleasant book, or even a religious picture, which you can leave for a few days.

9. If deserable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be well bestowed; but it is the most unkind unkindness to accept the sick to eat too much of rich cakes, etc.

Perfume Making in California.

There is no reason why America, with its great variety of soil and climate, should not avail itself of the benefits of the perfume industry, especially in the Southern counties of California. And even in the North it could be prosecuted with great profit. Rose, violets, heliotrope, lilac of all kinds, mignonette, stock orange, honey lemon, verbena, lilies, bergamot, rosemary, and other plants used in perfume making would easily be grown. And the fields of white clover, the messes of wild spikeaine, the fragrant linden trees, the odorous arbutus blooms and water lilies, the spicy laurel, all of which grow wild, without the aid of human culture, need but gathering to be made a source of profit as well as beauty. The possibilities of flower culture in the South can hardly be overestimated. The most riotous imagination can scarcely picture the realities of the natural flower gardens of California, where plants grow to tall trees, adorned with their aromatic of beauty and fragrance. All the rare beauties of the floral kingdom, which in the North are brought into bloom by the most painstaking process in greenhouses and conservatories, not only throug the gardens in California, but run in wild luxuriance over uncultivated fields and hillsides. Florida, too, could be made a veritable Elysium of loveliness. Honey raising could also be associated with the flower industry, as the immense lower fields would be a paradise for bees, and so a double profit be derived with but little extra outlay of labor or expense.

The Value of a Helpmate.

When a man becomes a widower he soon learns what the financial worth of his wife was to him. When he is compelled to have his food cooked, the garments made, the washing and ironing done, he finds that about one-half of his income is required to meet the outgoes. Who saved this expense before? Let the cold fingers and the silent lips in the graveyard bear testimony. The family purse should be as accessible to a faithful wife as to the husband. What man would consent to become a partner in a company in which his brother partner should alone have control of the company's funds? There is no one thing more degrading and depressing to a hard working wife than to feel that she must beg like a tramp for every cent she spends beyond her food, which is truly belongs to her as though she earned it as a domestic or shopgirl.

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever. A New Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made by the patient at home. Send stamp for circular describing this new treatment to A. H. Lifter, Box, 505 West King street, Toronto, Canada. By special request Mr. Lifter, Sr., is starting at the Metropolitan Hotel (formerly Tremont) Market st., San Francisco, for a short time. Sufferers should call on him for treatise or call and see him. Consultation free.

For Dirty Teeth Yours

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been used, with satisfying success, for the relief and cure of coughs, Hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Rev Hawet Maxwell Preacher said of them: *"I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first except I think yet better of them since I began by thinking well of. I have also recorded them to friends, and they have invariably appreciated, I do not pay Your Troches are very good."*

Family Fun.

A Reporter's Ruse.

Shrewdness, tact, intelligence and versatility are all valuable essentials to the mental make up of the successful reporter, but these are nothing if he is lacking in pure and undiluted gall. Perhaps that is has not the real journalistic instinct that is the secret of success. The heart of an editor beats high when he runs across a reporter whom gall is like that of the man mentioned in the following touching incident:

A funeral procession was winding its way slowly and sadly toward a distant cemetery when suddenly a man rushed forward from the sidewalk and motions the hearse to stop. Then he hastily whips out a note book, puts one foot on the hub of the hearse wheel, lays the book on his knee, and, pencil in hand, asks:

"Name of the corpse?"

"What!" says the astonished driver.

"Name of the corpse, please?"

"Why, Johnson, I believe; B. G. Johnson, but—"

"What did he die of?"

"Typhoid fever."

"Ah! Family?"

"Why, yes; but I—"

"How much family?"

"Four children and—but lookee here, you get out of the way for I—"

"I are widow?"

"Yes, but what you—"

"Funeral from house?"

"Yes, but, man alive, if you don't—"

"Men of property?"

"Some—now you—"

"Been sick long?"

"Three weeks—but I—here we go.

"Wait. What cemetery?"

"Riverside.

"Ah! Body in grave or vault?"

"Vault—but now you—"

"That's all. Thanks. Reporter for the Daily Gab, you know. Come along and get a copy of paper. Here's my card. To, ta."

Laughing at Ma.

Miss Birdie McGonagan is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however, does not tower into the sublime heights reached by Susan B Anthony, but, re one the cold language of truthfulness, she is very much the same kind of young lady that Gen D. Smith is of young men. Not long since he proposed matrimony. He proposed in good faith, in a column, to preserve manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, said this was very most disgusted, and, arising from his knees, his anger found exit in words. "If I was med, too mad almost to speak. "Miss Hennipin," he finally ejaculated, "with no than no laughing matter. Why she did you see anything ridiculous about me?" "Why man! excuse me, Mr. Dr Smith—really you must, for I am not laughing at you; really, now, I am not; me's so funny, you know; really, she is just too funny for any use; yes, I was laughing at ma." "At you, sir!" "You see me told me only the morning, Birdie, you are so green that some darkey will take you yet," and here you come—" but he was gone. He was in the last tender. It was he who banged the door so violently. "I wonder," said the sadfully deserted Birdie, "I wonder now really, if he is offended at what ma said! But then, we always was so cowfully funny for any kind of one.

Education Not Appreciated.

"Why don't you send your children to school, Ike?" asked the Superintendent of of Public Instruction of an old colored man.

"Well, boss, I'se tried dat school business and it won't work.

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, my son's been studyin' rithmetic for some time, and t'other day he come home and he says to me, said t'other day Ikey, "I'se been learnin' rithmetic for some time, and t'other day Ikey, "I'se been learnin' rithmetic for some time, and t'other day I axed him what was the county seat of Africa, and he couldn't tell me. When a boy studies rithmetic free years and can't figger out such a simple question, I make dat it's time for him to quit. Now he's studyin' astronomy as a bit hard.

Go Her One Better.

First little cherub—"My aunt has got false hair."

Second little cherub—"So has mine."

"But mine has got false teeth."

"I don't care, my aunt has false teeth, too, and yesterday I heard Ma say that she had a fal-o tongue."

A Landlord Roasted.

"Have you children?" demanded a house-rent'r.

"Yes," replied the other, solemnly, "six all in the cemetery."

"Better than that here," said the landlord, emphatically, and proceeded to execute the desired lease. In due time the children returned from the cemetery, whether they had been sent to have a nice play, but it was too late to mend the contract.

The Sheriam Did It.

He was a very sleek stranger, and he addressed old Farmer Hungrain in a very sanctimonious manner.

"Yes, sir, I'm selling this patent right, but only to the very best of men, and I can let you have it on the very easiest of terms."

"What are they?"

"Why, all you have to do is to sign this paper, agreeing to pay six seventy five per cent of the profits received for the machines—you reserve the remainder as commission."

"D'you see that gate?" queried the farmer, pointing to his front yard gate.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Wal, I'm goin' in for the ola musk! but if you make that gate stove I pit back to the door, you'll be pretty well out of range.

He made it and had several seconds to spare.

Mrs. Gilligan's Chase.

A lady sat at her window high, while her lover sang below, and he shrilly screeched "O lady, fly!" he also laughed at his noisy woo. And he broke his lute in his passion wild, and howled to his mad despair, till he woke Mrs. Gilligan's infant child, and she chased him nearly a half a mile with the leg of an oaken chair.

A Queer Prescription.

There is an old story about a sea captain who had a medicine chest and a book of instructions. The bottles were all numbered, and the book gave no one—of certain symptoms, and then said No. 3 or No. 10, as the case might be. The captain had a patient whose symptoms required No. 9, and as No. 9 was all gone he mixed equal quantities of 2 and 7, and was very much surprised when the patient died.

A Tribute to American Genius

wan the recent awards at Liverpool and Edinburgh of silver medals to Sunbury & Johnson, Philadelphia Chemists, and proprietors of Benson's Capcine Plasters. These plasters are endorsed by 1000 adjacent physicians as the only reliable external remedy for sciatica, rheumatism, pain, lumbago, weakness, and kindred complaints.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHILBLAINS Frost BITE and ACHES & all PAINS relieved at once by Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER also Coughs—Colds—Sore Throat—Diphtheria—Rheumatism, and Neuralgia. Always keep it in the house, ready for instant use—All Druggists Sell it.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS PER SAN ANTONIO & PESTH AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT BOND.

ONE OF 100.

These bonds are shown in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums (one issue yearly). Every bond is entitled to

Three Drawings Annually,

Until such and every bond is redeemed with larger or smaller premium. Every loss after case one of the following premiums, as there are

NO BLANKS.

Premium		Florins.		Florins.
1	at	100,000	equals	100,000
1	at	50,000	"	50,000
1	at	20,000	"	20,000
1	at	10,000	"	10,000
1	at	5,000	"	5,000
1	at	2,000	"	2,000
1	at	1,000	"	1,000
1	at	500	"	500
1	at	200	"	200
1	at	100	"	100
1	at	50	"	50
Together 1,000 premiums, amounting to				1,000,000

Tickets are issued for the Drawings of the Imperial Austrian Government Lottery, which are strictly under Government supervision, and the drawings are made at the Government Office, and are conducted by Government Officials. Every ticket issued is a bona fide Government Bond, and entitles the holder to a prize in the Drawing, and at the end of the Lottery the Government pays back the full value of the Bond. Tickets are issued for the Drawings, and are delivered to purchasers immediately after the Drawing. Purchasers have the choice of Tickets, and can select any number they may fancy. Tickets are issued for any amount, from one to one hundred. Purchasers in ordering should state whether they wish to receive Tickets for the first or second Drawing. Orders should be addressed to the undersigned, and remittances may be made by Postal Money Orders, Bank Drafts, or Registered Letters. Prices of Tickets for the Drawings are as follows:

Whole Ticket	$10
Half Ticket	5
Quarter Ticket	2.50
Eighth Ticket	1.25

Every purchaser of a Ticket will receive an Official Government Lottery Bond, signed and sealed by the Austrian Government, which is the same as a

ANTI-COERCION AGITATION.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the Catholic Church, and struggled to maintain the moral law, yet this league, so supported, was stigmatized as a conspiracy sustained by criminals and dynamiters. The bill itself was the grossest kind of an attempt at a violation of the moral law. The bill aimed to sweep away at one fell swoop all the cherished rights of the people. It was justified by nothing in the condition of Ireland. The begrudging practised by Irish people arose naturally from the irrepressible growth of Irish public opinion. The only way to do without it was to obtain laws governing the people of Ireland as majority with those people.

Sexton, continuing said that it was absurd to attempt to suppress a body so strong in the heart of the Irish and so powerfully supported in Ireland and America as the League, which, so far from being accessory to and the incitor of crime, labored to put it down. If the bill passed, it would hugely hasten the ruin of the Government. The day which saw the downfall of the Government would witness the cessation of coercion. [Cheers.]

GLADSTONE ON COERCION.

He Shows up the Tories Successfully.

Gladstone, upon rising was loudly cheered. He said that if the bill was passed the political subscriptions from America, which some of the speakers condemned, were likely to increase; not Irish subscriptions alone, but those humane contributions which were reflecting such splendid light upon American life and his supporters had been charged with inconsistency in proposing coercion at a former time and opposing it now. He might admit a feeling of shame over the failure of coercion, but he did not refuse the lessons of experience. [Hisses.] He believed, and so seemingly did the Conservatives of 1885, that though coercion in 1882 reduced the amount of crime, it made the Irish more determined than ever to continue. Finding no permanent result from that course, the Liberals looked to some other. The measure given at the last election was to govern Ireland without coercion. When the Lib erals passed the coercion bill they passed a remedial proposal in reality—not an impossible one. [Cheers.] He would withdraw that expression and say illusion. [Laughter.] That the Government intend to stand or fall by their relief bill! Before they went to a division he hoped and expected that they would give a clear, unmistakable, unequivocal answer to that question.

Gladstone complained that the Government had withheld from Parliament information regarding the state of crime in Ireland, of which there has been no sufficient increase to justify the bill. "The only increase was in menacing letters; were those outrages? [A voice, "Yes."] Then he had been the subject of hundreds of outrages [laughter], but they were always perpetrated by what was known as the loyal, law-abiding party of Ireland. [Parnellite cheers.] They proceeded from the most peaceable people in the kingdom, mostly at the time of the disembablishment of the Irish Church. [Laughter.]

Proceeding to deal with the bill, Gladstone said it was intended to suppress any combination to secure reduction of rents. He repelled and repudiated the allegation that it was a crime; but. It was not intended to suppress exactest crimes known to the law, but it was a bill that made things crimes that never were crimes. Conspiracy was already a punishable crime. Therefore the introduction of the conspiracy clause in the present bill might fairly be called nonsense. A tenant refusing to pay rent had the prospect held out to him of obtaining a reduction by bonneting the bankruptcy. In this same time he would get the benefit of six month's hard labor. [Laughter.] Was the bill aimed at the land leagues? [Parnellite cheers.]

The bopposition was done in England, said Gladstone, especially among the upper classes. It was done in sentiment, but in Ireland it was done from necessity. [Cheers.] The more bills of this kind passed, the more the House would strengthen Parnell's influence. He had no doubt the bill would lead to an increase in crime and secret societies. Legislation against the nation was vain and futile. Combinations in Ireland could not be suppressed. The question was, by whom were these combinations to be guided? He maintained by those responsible to Parliament, not by secret agents. The Government most unwillingly was going to encourage even extreme forms of violence. In his opinion the Government had the idea of dynamite and dagger locked with sentiment upon the proceedings of the present Government. [Cheers.] In his view the bill was a poison. He would not present it to the lips of Ireland. It must be presented by other hands, and it would be an honor and a source of happiness to him to think that he was permitted to have the smallest share in dashing it to the ground. Gladstone resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

A Protest Against the Passage of the Irish Coercion Bill.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—A meeting was held here this evening in the Masonic Temple to give expression on the part of American residents and sojourners at the national capital to protest against the passage of the Coercion bill for Ireland, now pending in the British Parliament. The Chairman of the committee called the meeting to order at international Congressman Springer of Illinois to preside. After stating the purpose of the meeting Springer said: "The contest was going on in Ireland. Britain in reference to the government of Ireland was in many respects very similar to that which was carried on in the American colonies, and it would not be inappropriate for Ireland at this time to proclaim that immortal Declaration of Independence which 113 years ago was proclaimed in Philadelphia."

General Rosecrans Register of the Treasury, spoke briefly. Ex-Senator Van Wyck of Nebraska said that England had no more reason for her pretended right to oppress the American colonies than she has for oppressing Ireland. In our own soil claimed territory and planted her people and government upon it. Ireland had been taken by conquest and spoliation, for which the vanquisher of must and the just judgment of Heaven had been ten long delayed.

Congressman Crain of Texas read to the meeting resolutions prepared by the committee appointed for the purpose, the closing paragraph being as follows:

Resolved, That the enactment of such a diabolical law would not alone be an outrage on the Irish people but a crime against the spirit of liberty everywhere and that the framers and advocates of the Coercion bill should go down to posterity condemned by humanity and branded with infamy.

The resolutions were adopted with cheers and music. The announcement was made that they would be cabled to Gladstone and Parnell.

A large number of letters were read by the Secretary. John Sherman wrote: "Your kind letter of the 6th, inviting me to attend the proposed Kansas meeting at Masonic Temple, for the purpose of entering a protest against the passage of the Coercion bill now pending in the British Parliament, is received. I regret that I shall be unable to attend, while sincerely sympathizing in the object of meeting. I could not express my views on this important subject more accurately than I have done so in a recent letter, a copy of which I inclose." Letters were also received from Hoxie Cushing and "Sunset" Cox.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—On March 25th, Joseph Walker was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for the murder of Private Hughes, of the West Surrey Regiment, during the riots in Belfast last July. Walker was tried upon the capital charge, but the jury found a verdict of manslaughter. It will be remembered that Walker was put on trial at the Omagh Winter Assizes, before Judge Lawson, who repeated the evidence of wilful murder as direct and strong that he refused to accept the minor verdict of manslaughter. Walker's demeanor when the sentence was passed upon him afforded a pretty accurate indication of the sort of man he is. He excitedly shouted to the judge to "execute me at once," a demonstration in which the richly insolence of the brave asserted itself. The sentence has given much offence to the "loyal" inhabitants of that hotbed of "law and order" where Walker resided, the Shankhill road.

CARLOW.—A largely attended meeting of the inhabitants of Carlow and the surrounding districts was held on March 12th, in the Town Hall, Carlow, for the purpose of expressing indignation at the evictions which were being carried out on the Lone down estate, Queen's County. The Her. Edward Kavanagh presided. At a meeting held in Athy, a sum of £200 was subscribed towards the fund opened on behalf of the evicted tenantry.

CAVAN.—Edward McGauran, Esq., Clerk of the Crown and Peace for Cavan, died suddenly on March 23th. After the rising of the Quarter Sessions Court, the deceased gentleman, in company with Judge Curran, County Court Judge, went out for a walk, and was about a mile from the town he fell on the footpath. Help was procured and soon arrived, but, notwithstanding all that could be done, the deceased never rallied, and expired in about a quarter of an hour.

CORK.—Rev. P. J. Neil, C.C., Kinsale, has been presented with addresses by the female members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, the parishioners and the Young Men's Society of Blackrock, where he was for several years a curate.

On Sunday, March 20th, a meeting of the Nationalists of Buttevant and Kilnapike presided over by Mr. H. Heffernan, was held for the purpose of forming a committee to organize a testimonial to Mr. John Cullinan, who is now in prison in Cork, in consequence of having been tried under the Coercion Act. A resolution was adopted, recognizing the services rendered by Mr. Cullinan on behalf of the people, and letters were read from the Mayor of Cork and others enclosing subscriptions. A committee was then formed, and fifty pounds subscribed on the spot.

The Lords of the Admiralty have issued printed notices to be posted at the Haulbowline Dockyard, Cork Harbor, that on or the 1st of June next, batches of men from 40 to 60 per month, will be discharged, until the number now employed (430) is reduced to 250; the greatest consternation consequently prevails among the families of the men.

On Sunday, March 20th, the three weeks Mission conducted simultaneously in all the churches of the city with unexampled success was brought to a close in Cork, and is described as the most singular and imposing demonstration witnessed in that Catholic community for many years. The Bishop (Right Rev. D. O Collagan) and his clergy have expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the zeal and devotedness exhibited by the people. The churches were crowded to excess at the vast congregations who crowded to them on the closing night, and that hundreds had to turn from the doors. An idea of the numbers that approached the altar may be had by the mention of the fact that over 15 priests were received the Holy Eucharist in the Cathedral during the three weeks, with one in the South Parish, and over 8,000 in St. Peter and Paul's. The number in the other churches were proportionately large. The Bishop administered Confirmation to over 300.

CLARE.—The court-house and market-house of Tulla are covered with civil bill ejectment processes in the number of about twenty, at the suit of Mr. R. R. Kane and Mr. Thomas M Molony, agents, of the Duke and Kilkenna tenants.

A contemplated erecting one hundred and fifty additional laborers' cottages in the Ennis Union.

DOWN.—On March 19th, as a farmer named David Arthurs, Carnamoy, near Ballymena, was driving home his home with a cart loaded with lime from Cushendall, the animal took frightened and bolted. Arthurs was thrown to the ground, the wheel of the cart passing over his body, and crushing him in a sickening manner. He was conveyed to his home, where he succumbed to his injuries in a short time. The deceased leaves a wife and family to mourn his untimely end.

DONEGAL.—Captain Hill has served over fifty ejectments for Quarter Sessions, commencing in Letterkenny, on April 9. Amongst those in the Rev. James McFadden, P. P., against whom there are three ejectments. The Rev. gentleman was served personally by the process server on his public street of Lifford, on the occasion of his attendance there in connection with the defence of his parishioner, Mr. Boyle. Twenty-eight ejectment decrees obtained by Capt. Hill at the January Sessions have not been yet executed, as that exercise on a very large scale may be expected to take place at a not very distant day.

DUBLIN.—On March 21st, a young man named Daniel Lance, a joiner, which engaged in some work at Guinness's Brewery, lost his footing and fell from a scaffold to the ground, a distance of eighty feet. He was taken up in an unconscious state and of course conveyed to the Steevens Hospital. He was dreadfully injured about the head, and his arm was fractured. It was found that the fall had brought on concussion of the brain, and the injured man remains in hospital in a very critical condition.

The death is announced of Sir William Grace, Bart., in his 76th year. He is succeeded in the title and estate by his brother, Percy Raymond Grace, B.L., of Derry Manckstown, county Dublin, who married, in 1874, Margaret, daughter of the late Valentine O'B. O'Connor, of Merrion square, and has issue, William Raymond, born in 1877.

On March 19th, there passed from this life to a better, the Rev. Mr. Doyle, a most amiable and distinguished student of the Urban College, Rome. He was to have been ordained for work in the Archdiocese of Dublin next Easter, but a few days before his death he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, through which he passed in his God, deeply regretted by his superiors and companions and by all who knew him in Rome.

GALWAY.—On March 23, a fire was discovered to have broken out in the premises of the old clog factory, Galway, lately used as a store-house for the jute and spinning company annexed at Earl's Island. There was an immense pile of bagging fabrics in store, and when the fire broke out it was a serious one. The losses were two story, and the flames lit up the whole town. An estimate of the loss cannot yet be accurately formed. It is understood the premises were insured.

KERRY.—An extensive scheme of English fish dealers have made arrangements with the commissioners of Fenit Pier to discharge their steamer (at present attending the fishing fleet off Limerick at Fenit and have the fish conveyed by rail to Tralee, where it will be manured for the Manchester and Liverpool markets. The contract was made by the secretary of the Tralee and Limerick Railway Company, and forwarded to the English market. The contractors are making the necessary arrangements to revive the fish, and the steamer may arrive at any time. This will lead to establish Fenit as the port for the extensive fishing district, stretching from the mouth of the Shannon to Valentia. The works at Fenit are progressing steadily towards completion, and in a few months from this time, Tralee will be able to boast of a harbor second only to Kingstown, in Ireland.

KILKENNY.—Mr. James Fleming has been reinstated in his holding, at Heathgort, from which he was evicted some months ago, by Captain Wheeler. He has arranged to purchase his farm under Lord Ashbourne's Act, whereby his instalments for the future will be £50 a year. Hitherto rent was £90 and his judicial rent £80.

A judicial rent fixed at Mr. Meehan, whose at Grosschill, was forced to death, on March 21st. It appears that her evidence got satisfied with parallel which against.

KILDARE.—Mr. Thomas Dowling died on March 19th, at his residence, Mayfield Cottage, Hampstead, from a severe attack of gout. Mr. Dowling was one of the chief promoters of the Kingstown and Knightsbridge Line, which has just obtained the sanction of both Houses of Parliament, and held the highest opinion of the advantages that line would confer on the South of Ireland, the expenses in the promotion of which he bore a large share, and just lived to see it put in a fair way of completion, for through him and his friends the present influential board of directors had been got together in London. Mr. Dowling was a Kildare man, and though living in London for the last 40 years, has been connected with a good many railway works in Ireland. He has contracts were in the county Cork, where he constructed the Bantry Extension and West Cork Lines. He was a liberal employer and a strong Liberal in politics, of a kindly, generous nature, and souated many a fellow-Irishman in London, where he was greatly respected, leaving held the office treasurer before last of Prime Warden of one of the City guilds.

LONGFORD.—On March 21st, a meeting of tenants on the estate of Mr. John Cullinan, who is now in prison in Cork, in consequence of having been tried under the Coercion Act. A resolution was adopted, recognizing the services rendered by Mr. Cullinan on behalf of the people, and letters were read from the Mayor of Cork and others enclosing subscriptions. A committee was then formed, and fifty pounds subscribed on the spot.

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CLARE.—The court-house and market-house of Tulla are covered with civil bill ejectment processes in the number of about twenty, at the suit of Mr. R. R. Kane and Mr. Thomas M Molony, agents, of the Duke and Kilkenna tenants.

A contemplated erecting one hundred and fifty additional laborers' cottages in the Ennis Union.

DOWN.—On March 19th, as a farmer named David Arthurs, Carnamoy, near Ballymena, was driving home his home with a cart loaded with lime from Cushendall, the animal took frightened and bolted. Arthurs was thrown to the ground, the wheel of the cart passing over his body, and crushing him in a sickening manner. He was conveyed to his home, where he succumbed to his injuries in a short time. The deceased leaves a wife and family to mourn his untimely end.

DONEGAL.—Captain Hill has served over fifty ejectments for Quarter Sessions, commencing in Letterkenny, on April 9. Amongst those in the Rev. James McFadden, P. P., against whom there are three ejectments. The Rev. gentleman was served personally by the process server on his public street of Lifford, on the occasion of his attendance there in connection with the defence of his parishioner, Mr. Boyle. Twenty-eight ejectment decrees obtained by Capt. Hill at the January Sessions have not been yet executed, as that exercise on a very large scale may be expected to take place at a not very distant day.

DUBLIN.—On March 21st, a young man named Daniel Lance, a joiner, which engaged in some work at Guinness's Brewery, lost his footing and fell from a scaffold to the ground, a distance of eighty feet. He was taken up in an unconscious state and of course conveyed to the Steevens Hospital. He was dreadfully injured about the head, and his arm was fractured. It was found that the fall had brought on concussion of the brain, and the injured man remains in hospital in a very critical condition.

The death is announced of Sir William Grace, Bart., in his 76th year. He is succeeded in the title and estate by his brother, Percy Raymond Grace, B.L., of Derry Manckstown, county Dublin, who married, in 1874, Margaret, daughter of the late Valentine O'B. O'Connor, of Merrion square, and has issue, William Raymond, born in 1877.

On March 19th, there passed from this life to a better, the Rev. Mr. Doyle, a most amiable and distinguished student of the Urban College, Rome. He was to have been ordained for work in the Archdiocese of Dublin next Easter, but a few days before his death he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, through which he passed in his God, deeply regretted by his superiors and companions and by all who knew him in Rome.

GALWAY.—On March 23, a fire was discovered to have broken out in the premises of the old clog factory, Galway, lately used as a store-house for the jute and spinning company annexed at Earl's Island.

THE PACIFIC BANK.

President, R. H. McDonald. Vice-President, R. H. McDonald, Jr. Cashier, S. G. Murphy.

Capital, $1,000,000. Oldest Established Bank on the Pacific Coast Surplus, $550,000.

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IN MEMORIAM.

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McCORMICK BROS. Book and Job Printers, In Consequence of the Great Increase in their Business HAVE REMOVED To Larger Premises, 410 SANSOME STREET, 410 (Near Commercial.) When they will run their presses By Steam and where they will be prepared with greater facilities than ever for doing all kinds of Book and Job Printing NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND QUICKLY. TRUMBULL & BEEBE Growers, Importers and Dealers in Seeds, Trees and Plants 419 & 421 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS WORN ON THE BODY. Is warranted to hold the rupture, or we will refund the money. It is light, cleanly, and cannot get out of order. It is worn with ease by the weakest person, and is the only Truss that will not injure the wearer. It is the only Truss that will hold the rupture while bathing. It is the only Truss that will not become offensive to the wearer. It is the only Truss that will last a lifetime. It is the only Truss that will not rust. It is the only Truss that will not chafe or gall. It is the only Truss that will not stain linen. It is the only Truss that will not cost more than a good one. It is the only Truss that will not be sold for more than it is worth. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by agents. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by peddlers. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by swindlers. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by quacks. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who have no interest in your welfare. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for your money than your health. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for you. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for humanity. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for their families. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for their friends. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for their neighbors. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for their country. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for their God. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for their souls. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for their souls. It is the only Truss that will not be sold by those who care more for themselves than for their souls

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE RIVER AND THE SERPENT.

"I have a poem with a moral deep,
As the fathoms of the sea, and sweet as
The overhanging Lists of Heaven, and
Shall be published, perhaps, but not in any place
The Spectator but of long ago which Each Love
Its only counsel."

I.

'Twas a pleasant little river,
'Twas a sparkling little river,
And full merrily it trickled down a mossy mountain side;
And the Sun shone softly on it,
While his warm smiles danced upon it,
Through the long and lovely season of a dreamy June.

II.

'Twas a playful little urchin,
'Twas a smiling little urchin,
And it hovered round the river with a soothing, gentle cry,
As it whispered its affection
With a passionate inflection,
And the little stream believed it and consented with a sigh.

* * * * * * *

III.

'Tis a moaning little river,
'Tis a hopeless little river,
And it drags itself fail away down the mossy mountain side;
And its waters once so sparkling,
Now seem stained and foul and darkling,
As they labor thro' the bleakness of a shivering Winter tide.

IV.

'Tis a withered little river,
'Tis a choked little river,
And it shuns the bright, pure sunlight and, mournfully on doth glide;
Praying, hoping—but in vain—
For the coming once again
Of the sulphy that bewitched it in the golden Summertide!

C. ANTHONY DUFFY.

[FROM THE MONITOR.]

BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.

The Sun had just kissed the dewy tears
From the flowery petals fair,
And the fragrant blossoms raised their heads To breathe the balmy air.
Spring had heralded in her train
Our bright and lovely May,
Nature donned her gala robes,
Her homage sweet to pay.

A maiden stood upon the bank
Of a mossy-bordered stream,
Her cheek was flushed with the morning air,
And her eyes with joy did beam;
She held to her bosom a garland frail
Of roses and jessamine,
The dulcesa heatherbrow twined its stem
With the lily and sweet woodbine.

Above the cerulean arch spread out,
Unmarred by a fleecy cloud,
The bluish mass seen in the listening wood,
Their anthems clear and loud;
And the maiden's bosom was as calm
As the placid stream at her feet,
And her robes rose up in a happy swell
Of song that was pure and sweet.

Then she glanced at the flowers that lay on her arm,
In a peaceful and trusting rest,
And she thought how bright they would look bedewed about
On the mountain's silver crest.

That subject was soon changed, still,

Oh! yes; it was right to use her flowers,
Her rich, new lay with the title,
And the sweet lyre hung in exalting glee
And hop, y childish frolic;
They seemed the jewels fitfully set
In a silver's transparent hue,
And in admiration the maiden paused,
The remembrance fade to true.

But, alas, for the dreams, ye, pouting brows
That crowed the current bower,
And wafted the flowers adown the stream
From the reach of the maid on the shore;
Tossed hither and thither on ripples so bright,
Her enchanted eye had not seen
That a steady hand was bearing away
Her fragile and flowery dream.

A shadow passed o'er the tranquil bow
As she realized the loss
Of her garland, culled from our Lady's shrine;
And she cried—but all too late—
"O, cruel stream, keep not my flowers,
But bear them again to my side;
I only lent them to you in play—
Bring back my flowers," she cried.

But the streamlet rippled a merry laugh
As it carried her treasure away,
And the breeze issued in the tree-top lyres,
A low little mocking lay;
And the maiden stood on the shore and wept,
And called to the stream in vain,
To restore her the flowers she prized so much,
But they never came back again.

Ah! silly maid, why did you not keep
Your offering fair and sweet—
Instead of coming it into the stream,
To place at our Lady's feet;
But are we not often more foolish, when
We throw virtue's blossoms away,
For the trivial pleasure a moment affords,
Our treasures are gone for ever!

The flowers garnered through years of toil,
In suffering, pain and strife,
In a thoughtless moment are cast to the breeze
For the fleeting allurements of life;
But, ah, we will never know our loss
Till we stand on Eternity's shore,
And weep in vain—for the stream of Time
Will bring back our flowers no more!

ANNA WEEKS.

[FROM THE MONITOR.]

A HYMN TO THE QUEEN OF MAY

Had I the mind of the poet blest,
And the voice of St. Dunstan's lyre,
I would not write—I would not stay,
Lay my heart and my soul desires!
My human pen's can frame the word,
No material do can chime in lay
Worthy of thee—forever crowned—
Our Lady and loving Queen of May.

The breath is in the rocky cell;
The virgin from her bower retired,
The warblers in her grove resort
Ay, thousands in the sunny forest,
The proud and rich, the wise and great,
Where'er our Pontiff holds his way,
To thee their hearts are strung, alone,
O, let's and loving Queen of May.

Within the winding casement,
When kneeling with a Christian wife,
What so long was heard 'mish pagan Rome,
Be poor, or pleasing in God's sight!
Your song rolls down St. Peter's shine!
What music does the spot, day!
What song can vie dear Jesus' smiles?
Thy hymn, O loving Queen of May.

Let maidens bring their wreaths of snow,
Let youth's hearts sing some of thee,
Let all life's cot'ages to thee go
And lend their hearts when beats their bosom
But, like St. John, (it let me live,
Thee as my Mother and my stay,
And grant, O grant, I'll one above,
My love, my loving Queen of May.

Rev. W. P. TRAY.

Literary Miscellany.

After Twenty Years.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written for the Monitor by A. P. Narsen.

"Oh! if I could but see my poor, old mother and little Alice, I would die content! But I am not a crybby of it, for I must have broken their hearts by my reckless cruelty, and the scorn with which I treated their fervent pleas. But God heals the penitent sinner, and the Son shone softly on it, While his warm smiles danced upon it, Through the long and lovely season of a dreamy June.

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As it whispered its affection
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Within the winding casement,
When kneeling with a Christian wife,
What so long was heard 'mish pagan Rome,
Be poor, or pleasing in God's sight!
Your song rolls down St. Peter's shine!
What music does the spot, day!
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A specially warm, affectionate and soul disease Marvelous Discovery, Ask Druggists, 25 Wells St., N. Y.

THE VOICE OF MARY.

Its Power and Advantages.

The Church attributes a peculiar power of intercession to the Blessed Virgin, and calls upon her to be our advocate with God, and to invoke her intercession three times a day by the ringing of the Angelus, also consecrates the month of May to her honor, and celebrates her feast every month. But this was not enough for the piety of her children. All united with the love of Mary wished to pay her homage in a way more suitable. A holy proud filled them, however, at such an time, to make a Month's observance, at such an the year to take up the devotion and sending the earnest of the angels. Thus, and days ago, the month of May, dedicated to Mary, has been a month of delight, but should choose what is best and most pleasant, thus adding the most beautiful month of the year has been selected, which by the consecration of nature and the appreciable variety of flowers throughout the earth is centered, seems to invite the soul to receive the Virgin herself with most beautiful acts of virtue, in choice of flowers, as it were a crown for the Queen of the universe.

This virtue is—to such a practice remains unknown, all researches can lead only to uncertainty, tiel, doubtless, wished to preserve the beauty of the Lily of the Valley, the promise of such rewarding as intimately more precious could for him, and for her. But he blessed his work. He developed seed and gave stalks the most populous minds with sacrificial, and crippel them to be recognized as the Lady of God therein. A holy proud show, and the Lily of the Valley so justly revered by all children of Mary, thus yielding this month—as—"Month of that touching story of the prophet Elias who after flying from Jezebel, fatigue, in the cities on the summit of Carmel and implores God to remove his life. Lo! an angel appears in a cloud, and bids the aged prophet arise and eat, for the journey is too long for him. Elias arose and ate, and was strengthened by the food, and walked forty days and forty nights, even to Horeb, the mount of God. Thus, the month of Mary, according to the custom of the early ages, is a time of fasting. And those who pray and meditate on the virtues of the Virgin Mary, and offer up the fruits of the earth, and adorned her altars with the Mai-pole, followed by their children, who carried the Mai-pole, and the meeting, then other groups were formed and was begun.

At the end of my journey was N., the home of the Blessed Virgin. "Again, this day of my manhood the old painters of Italy had taught me their conceptions of the beauty that is more than mortal; but those images, all seemed shadowy now, and faded before me as dimly, the one exemplified the other, that they left me not one sweet idea, on which I could look, and look again and say, "Mary, see! Yet they left me more than an ideal—they left me Mary, when I am sent to have thy—a faint apprehension of beauty not conceived with the old masters, they touched me—for give, proud Maria d'Angelo!—they touched me with a faint, but indelible transcending mental chain.

I came to Nazareth, and was led from the convent to the sanctuary. Long falling will sometimes heat my brain, and draw me away from the world—will distract my judgment, confuse my notions of right and wrong, and weaken my power of choosing the right. I had fasted, perhaps, too long, for I was fatigued with the zeal of an insane devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Queen of Christendom. But I knew the feeblenessof this gentle malady and knew how easily my wakeful reason, if ever so slightly provoked, would yield one back to it; for there is but one chilling breath of the outer world, and all the loving pity could cower and fly before the sound of my own bitter laugh. And so, I knew I tred tenderly; not looking to the right nor to the left, but bending my eyes to the ground.

The Morning Friar served me well—he had me down quietly, and all lion alertly to the Virgin's home. The mystic air was so burnt with the consuming flame of the sacred Mother, and so filled with incense, that my chest laboured strongly and heated with intense pain. There, with beating heart, the Virgin knelt, and, listening, I strived to grasp and hold on with rivetted eyes some of the fanned Madonnas, but of all the heavenly faces imagined by men, there was none that could abide with me in this very sanctuary. Impatient of vacancy, I grew really entranged in Nature, and if by some awful spell—some prize rite I could—do I not enter religion, that lists me fear that I could be prone, and yet not cease from being? Religion and gracious canon commanded me that I fall down entirely and kiss the rock that Blessed Mary pressed. With a half consciousness—with the semblance of a thrilling hope that I was plunging deep, deep into my last knowledge of some holy mystery—of some new, rapturous and daring sin, I knelt and bowed down my head and kissed the smooth rock with my lips. One moment—one moment—my heart, or some old pagan chords within me, woke up, and fervently bounded—my bosom was filled, and living as though I touched her warm robe—the moment—one more, and the Queen of her half left me. I rose from my knees. I felt my hopelessly sick. The more would reappeared. My good old monk was there, looking kind, with fatherly patience as he guided me from the church, and talked of the velocity and the coming repast, I listened to his words with some attention and pleasure.

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OUR MOTHER'S HOME.

The Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin in the Hills of Galilee.

In his beautiful work entitled "Eothen," Mr. Kinglake thus speaks of the Blessed Virgin's home in Galilee, in his chapter entitled "The Sanctuary."

I crossed the plains of Esdraelon and entered upon the hills of beautiful Galilee. It was at sunset that my path fought me through round into the gorge of a little valley, and close upon a grey nant of dwelling, I found myself hapily perched in the lap of the mountain. There was only one alamed, and I was alone with the light of the sun, who had set for a long freedom, a lamp upon the to the holy Shrineel, and the rest of my journey, for the sun, gilttering summit was the land of a Minaret, and the rest of the sacred village that had yielded itself to my wonder under the shades of evening was the Nazareth.

Within the precincts of the Latin convent there stands the great Catholic Church which enclosses the sanctuary the dwelling of the Blessed Virgin. This is a gentle if absent place, and living as though I touched her warm robe—the moment—one more, and the Queen of her half left me. I rose from my knees. I felt my hopelessly sick. The more would reappeared. My good old monk was there, looking kind, with fatherly patience as he guided me from the church, and talked of the velocity and the coming repast. I listened to his words with some attention and pleasure.

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WHY HE CARRIED A POTATO.

THE BROKER ALWAYS KEPT ONE IN HIS POCKET.

He Did Not Carry It For Luck But to Keep Rheumatism at Bay. Tri-Pod Paints Gives Him Immunity. Read Together Proves Him to Be Truly A Wonderful Discovery.

New York World, March 6, 1887.

Editor Monitor:

Dear Sir—Some years ago I, the proprietor of the Tri-Pod Paint Co., was in the habit of carrying a potato in my pocket. I was a victim of rheumatism, and was advised by my physician to carry a potato in my pocket to keep the rheumatism away. I tried it, and it really brought the standards of Mary to full perfection for fort, for small implements of rheumatism, and the potato was in perfectly good condition, and I was cured in fact, and carried it for a long time, and finally lost it. Since then I have had no rheumatism, and I attribute the cure to the potato. Yours truly,

Tri-Pod Paint Co.

There is no State in the Union where people can live better or cheaper than in

OUR OWN CALIFORNIA

"HORN OF PLENTY"

So far as Edible and Fruits are concerned.

THE SECRET

Of living cheaply and well may be discovered by all Morrison readers. If they will purchase their household supplies from

FAMILY GROCERIES

From the well-known firm of

SBARBORO & CO.,

At their Old established place of Business,

531 Washington St.,

The Old House Still Stands

Where for more than a quarter of a Century—Tens of Thousands of Smiling, Pinched and

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS

HAVE SAVED

Hundreds of Dollars Yearly

BY JUST KNOWING

Where to Buy their Groceries.

THE SECRET

BY WHICH

SBARBORO & CO.,

Can sell Groceries Any Cheaper than other Leading Grocers in Show-Stick Business Competition.

1 We buy all our goods for Cash.
2 We buy in large quantity at Bed-Rock Raise.
3 We sell to Cash Customers only.
4 We have no Bad Debts on our Books.
5 We buy cheap and can sell cheap.
6 Having no Bad Debts we require less profit.
7 We have fewer goods than our competitors.
8 Our customers get the benefit of our cash purchases.

Remember therefore that if you want

The Best Groceries

AT THE CHEAPEST PRICES

The proper place to purchase them is at

SBARBORO & CO.'S,

531 WASHINGTON STREET

[Between Montgomery and Sansome.]

READ THESE PRICES

And Call and Examine

OUR GOODS.

SUGARS.

Greatly Reduced.

15 pounds Dried Apples,	$1
18 pounds Tapioca,	$1
18 pounds Sago,	$1
20 pounds Codfish,	$1
16 pounds Prunes,	$1
10 pounds Dried Peas,	$1
Star Ground Coffee,	20c. per lb
Fine Tea, (No Humbug)	50c per lb
Fine Jar Tea,	50c per lb
Family Mixed Tea,	25c per lb
5-gallon can Banner Coal Oil,	$1.00
10 pounds P White Beans,	$1
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs,	$1.75
20 pounds Canary Seed,	$1
Flour from Old Wheat at Great Reduction.	

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Claret, Bakersfield, 7 gallon	
Claret, Fine, 7 gallon	$1 50
Sherry, Old, 7 gallon	$7 50
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Old Tom Bourbon, 7 gallon	$6 00
Gold Dust Bourbon, 7 gallon	$6 00
Green Binnie, 7 gallon	$6 00
Green Hills, 7 gallon	$6 00
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There is no finer or more delicious beverage than Cocoa. Unless it be Cocoa mixed with Boiling Water or Milk. Cocoa is a food, and a most nourishing food. Cocoa is easily digested, and is the most economical food. Cocoa is sold by Grocers everywhere. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Chocolate. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Shells. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Dutched Cocoa. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Nibs. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Butter. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Paste. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Essence. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Tablets. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Powder. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Mixture. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Sticks. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Cake. Cocoa is not to be confounded with Cocoa Lozenges

THE MONITOR.

PARISH ORGAN OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Saturday next will be the thirty-first anniversary of the death of Right Rev. Francis Garcia Diego y Moreno, D. D., First Bishop of this Archdiocese. We ask the pious prayers of our readers for the repose of this Apostolic Prelate's soul.

—The Catholics of Philadelphia have contributed $1,500,000 for charitable purposes during the episcopate of the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan. An example worthy of emulation by the faithful children of the Church in other sees.

—Pref Hyacinthe is reported seriously ill. May God grant him the grace of a conversion and a dissolution of the connubial partnership of Legaux, Merriman & Co., before the diabolical octopuses disperse to that land where the Halifax church courts for nothing.

—It is stated that one of the first steps which the Home Government intends to take after the coercion measure becomes law is the suppression of *United Ireland* and *The Freeman's Journal*. In view of such a calamity, therefore, it has been determined to place Michael Davitt at the head of a new National organ to be published in Dublin, to take the place of any present organ that may be suppressed.

—Christian education seems to be "booming" all over the land. A Catholic school building will be erected by the people of St. Benedict's (Colman) congregation at Terre Haute, Ind. The work will begin at once. The cost will be about $24,000. Mr. H. Hulman, the generous Catholic school-mentor the splendid hospital to the Sisters of St. Francis, handed the subscription list with $4,000; so far $12,000 has been subscribed.

—A cablegram announces for the fifth time—*Semper idem*—that the Vatican is renewing its efforts to induce Dr. McGlynn to go to Rome. Rome commands and Catholics obey. The See of Peter never belittles its authoritative attitude by repeated efforts to induce people to obey its commands. Rome can be Rome without Dr McGlynn; but Dr. McGlynn cannot be Rome's priest unless he obeys Rome.

—One of the best signs of the times is the change of sentiment among the people of England regarding Ireland's right to Home Rule, is found in the fact that no less than 3,200 non-Conformist English preachers have signed a protest against the Tory Coercion Bill which is now the talk of the world. The only ministers in England who favor Coercion are the Church of England hirelings, and they hate Gladstone because he disestablished King Henry the Eighth's Church in Ireland.

—At Cincinnati, on the 14th ult, Judge Shrader rendered a decision which is of interest to every holder of a lot in a cemetery. The trustees of an old cemetery in [illegible] "Court House" issued an order of sale on the ground that lots in a cemetery cannot be held in fee simple, but are bought from the trustees, to be surrendered when the building is to be torn down.

—The Brief of the Holy Father to Bishop Ireland on the Total Abstinence question, which we publish this week, will be the means of injecting fresh courage into the hearts of all who have a love for the holy cause of Temperance. It should also serve to impart a new impetus to the movement on the part of the Rev. Clergy, who are counselled by the Vicar of Christ to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so many calamities which flow from the treatises to the Church and State may, by their strenuous endeavors, be averted."

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The Month of Our Heavenly Mother.

Family Devotions to the Mother of God during the month of May are now generally practiced, hence with this issue of the Monitor we present every subscriber with a copy of prayers which can be recited regularly every evening, both by families and individuals, with great spiritual profit to all concerned.

Catholics are assured—on the evidence of the great St. Bernard—that no one whoever implored a spiritual favor from the Blessed Virgin, or who had recourse to her powerful protection, were ever forsaken by the Mother of Pity. With what confidence, therefore, may not Catholics ask the Mother of an All-Merciful Redeemer for the graces, virtues and favors which are so needfully, beautifully and yet linearly set forth in the short prayers for every day in the week which follow in this issue of the Monitor.

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A Magnificent Marriage.

One of those high-handed outrages which peopled Ireland clothed with half an hundred seditious crimes, occurred last week in Vancouver, Washington Territory. As our readers already know, litigation has been going on for over a quarter of a century between the Catholic Church and the United States relative to the land occupied by the Barracks. In 1845 the Missions of St. James which covers the military reservation and a portion of the footsteps of Vancouver and the military authorities repudiated the claim of the Church.

In opposition was recently carried out by Rev. Father Jecker, the military authorities, in order to prevent them from removing fences erected by the Catholic authorities, and thus to defeat the United States representatives from trespassing in private property.

Injunction was refused, and Fortnight the military authorities notified Bishop Junger that the building which has been standing on the contested property for many years and occupied as a Catholic school under the designation of Holy Angels College, should be demolished. The message being delivered coolly to Bishop Junger while he was convalescing in the street with a crowd of bystanders. The messenger deputied to deliver the message evidently thought he was of importance, hence he delivered it in an offensive and insolent manner. It being impossible to remove the extensive College building, even to make preparations for doing so in the short time designated by the engineers—immediately, Bishop Junger assisted further developments. Nothing had to wait, as the following morning Lieutenant Yeaman and a guard of United States soldiers appeared in front of the College building and ordered Father Brouillet, the principal in charge, to vacate the premises within ten minutes. Of course the soldiers of the United States army promptly over the rights of the people, and Father Brouillet, his staff of teachers and all his pupils, were compelled to flee before the bayonets of the United States army.

Thus has been perpetrated a high-handed outrage which calls for the condemnation of every citizen in America. There is no law by which the civil authority can be usurped by the military. The matter in dispute was still in the civil courts, and any process on the part of either party should have been placed in the hands of civil officers. Instead of this action, ignoring the power of the civil courts, the military authorities at Vancouver Barracks have taken the law into their own hands, they have sent the parties with an insulting message to Catholic Bishop who is the legal representative of the Church which has claimed and occupied the land in dispute continuously for missionary purposes for nearly fifty years, the military authorities not then by any representative of the territory of Oregon.

The claim made by the Catholic Church to the land in question is based upon the solid foundation of original and continuous legal occupation, and the protestants of late subsequently passed giving sections of lands to some natives who taught the Indians of the Northwest. The Catholic missionaries have taught the Indians of the Northwest. The Catholic missionaries have taught the Indians of the land, their possessions, their occupation and their rights to the land, and have taught the Indians to plant and cultivate

Farm and Home.

For Dyspeptics.

Rise betimes and have a bracing cold bath, with a few handfuls of sea salt, and eat some fruit before breakfast, notably prunes, oranges, grapes, or stewed apples. Avoid tea and coffee and tiger cigarettes. Take no kind of stimulant on an empty stomach. Avoid fret and care and overexcitement during the day. Bi-termine—if you can—that nothing shall annoy or irritate you. Take exercise—you must, even though at great expense and inconvenience. Cycling in moderation, and without "sporting" of rushing up hills, is the best and most delightful of exercises, but beware of cutting cold; always change a damp sodden garment immediately on coming home, and previously to re-dressing it will be found most refreshing to rub the body with a cold wet sponge, then to dry with a rough towel. Never eat when fatigued. Dine early, live plainly, take nothing that is in the least likely to disagree with you. Take a last good walk about an hour before retiring for the night. Look upon exercise in any shape as poison. And now a word or two about the bedroom itself. The room should be large, most cleanly and free from dust, with a proper system of ventilation by door and window. The temperature should be equable all through the night and through the year as possible—from 50 to 60 degrees according to age; the old and very young requiring more warmth then the young and middle-aged.

How Eye Diseases are Spread.

To mention a few of the modes of contagion, I have to speak in the first place, especially of that abominable institution known as the roller-towel, which has been used so much in asylums where forty, fifty, or more children use the same towel, whether they have granular lids or not. True, in a great many of these cases the existence of granular lids was not known; but even when the existence of the disease was evident, the ignorance or carelessness of the persons in charge has allowed transmission by means of towels to be one of the most frequent sources of contagion. As a carrier of the contagion, the house fly plays an important role, especially in case of young children who are not able to protect themselves against the visits of this little animal. Attracted by the sweetish odor of the discharge, it will settle upon the eyes of children affected with the disease, especially infants, and carry the contagion to its claws to the other eye or the eye of sleeping infants.

To Clean Paint.

Two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, one pint of skimmed milk, two quarts of hot water, and enough soap to make a weak lather. Wash the paint with this, and it will not only remove all spots, &c., but give it a nice polish. Another way—With warm water, a little soda, and very fine pumice stone, rub the paint all over, using a flannel. Rinse the soap off well and wipe dry. Rub up and down when cleaning paint, not crosswise or round and round.

Sheep on Poor Farms.

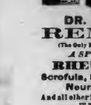
Is it from the benefit to the farm that one of the profits on sheep is derived. Many farmers do not take this into account, yet it is one of the most important items in sheep raising. In this connection the *Nebraska Farmer* says:

"If you have field which is poorer than the new virgin soil of your farm, make it a pasture for a few of sheep. If it be tolerably fertile, or by a movable fence so as to confine the sheep somewhat and pasture the field in sections. The improvement will be so marked that you will never forget the value of this experiment. If you have no sheep, this experiment is worth the purchase of a small flock, and the sheep will be no loss to you afterward."

We do not believe in keeping sheep on the poorest part of the farm, as that is where the sheep raisers have for centuries made their grand mistake, but the solution is given in the above, by constructing the movable fence, and pastoring the sheep in sections. Such a method is the only true one, and will always give a large profit.

How to Drink Water.

The leading medical journal of France has published a pamphlet protesting against the extravagant use of artificial mineral water, which, it sets forth, do the double damage of chilling the stomach, thus laying the foundation for gastric catarrh, while the limestones held in deposit in the aerated waters finds its way to the kidneys, and eventually produces Bright's disease. The pamphlet also protests against impure water as a provocative of catarrh in the stomach. It further says: "Water should be drunk cool, but not iced, with the juice of a quarter or half a lemon in it. Mineral waters should also be drunk with a dash of lemon. Water should always be swallowed slowly. It is not the stomach which is dry, but the mouth and throat. If you toss off a drink of water you throw it into your stomach without doing the former any good, while you injure the latter by loading it with what it does not require. Drink slowly, and keep the water in your mouth for a moment when you begin.



DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY,
(The Only Reliable Blood Purifier.)
A SPECIFIC FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Scrofula, Salt Rheum,
Neuralgia, Ring Worm
And all other Skin and Blood Diseases.
IT REGULATES THE
LIVER AND KIDNEYS.
Purges the System of all Poisonous Matter and Restores a Healthy Condition.
☞ Ask your Druggist for DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY and take no other. Price $1 per bottle or six bottles for $5. Manufactured by the
PARDEE MEDICINE CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.
DO NOT POISON YOUR SYSTEM
with medicines you know nothing about. Nearly every so-called remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia now offered to the public contains powerful and poisonous medicines that injure the stomach and leave the patient worse off than before.
Do not use them, but take "the old reliable" one that has stood the test for twenty-five years. One that is free from anything injurious to the system, composed wholly of roots and herbs, the medical properties of which are particularly adapted to blood diseases.
Dr Pardee's Remedy is safe and effective. Can be used by both old and young with beneficial results. Five hundred dollars will be paid for any case where the use of Dr Pardee's Remedy has in any way injured the patient.
PARDEE MEDICINE CO

Family Fun.

The Guileless Young Man.

On the boat coming down from the Flats the other evening was a young man and a black bass. He was such a guileless young man that several parties thought to pay him and his catch. The fish was hanging to a peg, and with it a pair of small trousers which enabled a fisherman to weigh his catch without unlacing they don't go over twenty pounds.

"Catch it all alone?"

No reply.

"Were you much over three days about it? I quoted the third, and we went on for ten minutes, while the fisherman had nothing to say, but looked pleased."

"That bass will weigh six of half a pound."

"I doubt it," replied another.

"Why, fisherman what are the figures?"

"Two pounds," was the solemn answer. The man pulled a $10 bill from his vest, and laid it on his knees and said

"If he don't the money is yours. Pal up."

After some hesitation a stake purse of $10 was raised, the fish brought to the scale, and he showed an ounce over. The crowd kicked on the scales, and the fish was weighed in the steamer's pantry. The fisherman had gone, but he was weighed again when the boat landed, and the money had to be passed over.

"How did you do it?" asked a policeman when the crowd had dispersed.

"Simply poured seventeen ounces of bird shot down his throat," was the reply, and he let the fish's head drop and the shot pattered out on the wharf like a young hail storm.

Got There all the Same.

The following marriage ceremony, uniting an estimable colored couple, was performed by "Rev. Berry Bee, Hobinson, of the Baptiss Church, enlisted." After securing the usual promises from the "young couples what had arisen up before him on that day, a-wahsin to be united in the holy ordeny of wedlick," the Rev. Berry, with glasses across his nose, head thrown majestically back and a little twisting, an old ragged Testament held aloft, young couples who are not able to protect themselves against the vices of this little animal. Attracted by the sweetish odor of the discharge, it will settle upon the eyes of children affected with the disease, especially infants, and carry the contagion to its claws to the other eye or the eye of sleeping infants

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MISCELLANEOUS.

To a small cupful of MOLASSES or strained HONEY add 2 teaspoonfuls of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER and take after 1/4 teaspoonful of the mixture & you WILL CURE your COUGH or COLD. Pain Killer also cures Sore Throat and Diphtheria.
WITH
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YOU CAN ENCLOSE A $10,000
IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN
GOVERNMENT BOND.
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These bonds are chosen in a class, the interest of which is paid out in premiums (twice issue yearly). Every bond is entitled to
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and each and every bond is endowed with a large or middle premium. Every time next time you get a drawing another premium is due.
NO BLANKS.

Premiums.	Forins.	Florins.
1	150,000	150,000
1	50,000	50,000
1	20,000	20,000
1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
1	1,000	1,000
100	500	50,000
1,000	100	100,000
Together	2,100 premiums, amounting to	1,500,000

Florins The premium-money taken out in the
FIRST OF JUNE,
and every bond bought of us ON OR BEFORE THE 1st OF JUNE, UNTIL 4 P. M., is entitled to the premium that may be then issued, and to the following one.
Out of twelve orders sent in SEPTEMBER LAST, eleven will receive one of those bonds as an early drawing. Similar payments monthly issued thereafter.
For orders, circulars, or any other information, address
INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
100 Nassau St., cor. Ann St., New York City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1870.
☞ The above Government Bonds are not to be confounded with any Lottery whatsoever so lately declared by the Court of Appeals, and we are positive will not be held to exist in the United States.
☞ We do nothing please state that you saw this in THE SAN FRANCISCO MONITOR.

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A Preparation of the purest and most healthful ingredients that may be used with the utmost freedom. It imparts a delicate, natural, and lasting beauty to the complexion, and is invisible when properly applied. For sale by all druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

A Proclamation!
Dr. C. Gray Leslie, Patison, Ariz., says: "A year ago I had bilious fever, Tutt's Pills were recommended to me, and I believe that I owed them my life. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a year, cured a master of a century. I prescribe them to-day."
ANTI-BILIOUS
medicine now used. I always prescribe them."
Tutt's Pills
Cure All Bilious Diseases.

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FIFTH AND TOWNSEND STS.,
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Wool Sage, Tallow, Shoats, Hides and all articles received in Wool Growers kept on hand and supplied to Customers at the Very Lowest Rates. Cash Advanced on Consignments of Wool, Hides, Tallow, etc., at Low Rates of Interest without separate insurance.
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ABOUT MIXED MARRIAGES.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

of the same school. Their acquaintance made there warm friends and their friendship developed into mutual affection. The result was they married.

He was prodigal and an indifferent with regard to religion, or, at least, had no distinct positive convictions. When he married by a Catholic priest he made the usual promises respecting his allowing his wife to freely practice her religion, and permitting the children, if they should have any, to be brought up in the Catholic faith. Doubtless, at the time he made those promises, he honestly intended to keep them.

He took his wife to his father's house. His father was a Protestant of Protestants; he was fully impressed with the idea that one religion was as good as another, excepting the Catholic religion, and he disliked that both on account of traditionary prejudices against it and because he regarded it as superstitious and intolerant. The husband's mother was a devout and Catholic, but from regard for her son she did not persecute his wife or treat her unkindly.

FOR A WHILE THE YOUNG WIFE attended to her religious duties; her husband never accompanied her to church. He occasionally went to a Protestant church on Sundays, but most frequently went nowhere. In due time a child was born. After some delay it was taken to a Catholic church, and baptized by a Catholic clergyman. Then for some time the wife was in poor health. No priest was sent for or asked to visit her. When her health was restored she occasionally went to Church. But her attendance became less and less frequent, until now she never attends Catholic worship, and sometimes accompanies her husband to a Protestant church.

What will become of her? An apostate from the Catholic religion? Faithless to the obligations she took upon herself at the baptism of her child? And what will become of her husband? Regardless of the solemn vows and promises he made when he was married? And what hope is there for that child? Brought up by a father who has induced his wife to become an apostate and by a mother who has knowingly and wilfully transgressed under her eyes well-known religious duties and obligations.

THE SEWING EXAMPLE

is that of an ex-Governess of one of our trans-Mississippi States. In this case the unhappy parties have separated and carried their differences into the civil courts. The husband is a non-Catholic, the wife is a Catholic.

He says he divorces on the ground that his wife rendered his life intolerable by her constant reproaches and abuse of him because he would not consent to join the Church; that he made no objections to his children being brought up as Catholics, but that she alienated the affections of the children from him and taught them to despise him and treat him contemptuously, and finally that she deserted him, taking the children with her.

She says for alimony, alleging that her husband abused her and the children on account of their adherence to the Catholic religion, and refused to permit her or them to continue under his roof unless they abandoned their religion.

These two instances of mixed marriages carry with them their own comments, and each teaches a significant lesson.

We do not mean to say that all mixed marriages are fruitful, and by parallel the same consequences. But we do mean that in nineteen instances out of twenty there are elements of inevitable bitterness in the step which the two partners thus unequally yoked together must drink.

Sometimes, very often, the misery comes to them in this world, and it is life-long. And this misery is not, on earth, sweetened as seldom be visited, except at the cost of the Catholic partner to the marriage and the sacrificing of the practice of the Catholic religion and making apostates of his or her eternal interests.

EXCEPTIONAL INSTANCES OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

We have now stated some of the usual consequences of mixed marriages. But there is another fact connected with the subject which seems to give it a different aspect. It is that in some instances the Catholic husband or wife succeeds, instrumentally, in converting his or her non-Catholic spouse. This is exceptionally true in some instances. But these instances are as few as the number of four-leaved clovers in the grass plot.

And where, happily, such an instance does occur, how often is it not after years of weary waiting and painful concern and anxiety on the part of the Catholic? And during this period how probably several of the children, following the example of their non-Catholic father or mother, have perhaps become Protestants or indifferentists.

Moreover, even where the non-Catholic parties does eventually receive the grace of conversion and the children have been brought up in the Catholic faith, they are more likely to marry outside of the Church than are the children whose parents both of whom have always been Catholics.

IN THE ONE CASE THE CHILDREN'S REL IGION

are all Catholics. In the other case the relatives on the father's or mother's side are non-Catholics. With these non-Catholic relatives these children are naturally brought into intimate relations. They visit them, associate with them, go into company with them, and are naturally more or less influenced by them. They form numerous Protestant acquaintances and friendships, and out of these friendships with Protestants mixed marriages constantly arise. If their parents object and try to restrain their children they are met with the reply: "Why are you so a mixed marriage? Why, then, may not I?"

What we have been saying is not a mere matter of theory, nor an argument based upon what may naturally be expected. It is a statement of facts that are constantly recurring. Every Catholic clergyman will testify to the truth of what we have said from numerous instances that he is personally acquainted with. And every observing Catholic layman can mention many such instances within the range of his own personal knowledge.

Where a Catholic marries a non-Catholic and even if the non-Catholic becomes a Catholic, there is a strong probability that some of the children, even though brought up in the Faith, will marry non-Catholics. Thus the evil is perpetuated and multiplied, so that often all the descendants in the second or third generation are non-Catholics.

How can it be earnest, devout Catholic young man or woman entering into marriage contemplate such a prospect in the future, and not shrink back from a mixed marriage? How can he or she with a clear conscience enter on such a marriage?—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard.*

V. M. I. Entertainment at Stockton.

We learn from our Stockton correspondent that a very enjoyable entertainment was given by Father Hall, Stockton, on the 29th inst., by the young Men's Institute of that city. The programme opened:—Opening remarks by Prof. Best, J. T. Mulcahy; recitation, J. Barrett; Brown, and Jeff M. Dolan; recitation, J. Barrett; song, Joseph Ryan; recitation, Master Seaver; duet, Mrs. Ed. Outlaw and Miss Maude Joyce; violin solo with piano accompaniment, Urach and Miss A. Grant, accompanist, F. Pengley; recitation, R. Covert; song, H. Hoffman; song, Richard Dorgan; duet, Mrs. Ed. Outlaw, A very large audience was present and appeared to delight in every word spoken. The Stockton Institute numbers now nearly 100 members and is exceedingly flourishing.

—The Catholic institutions acted solely upon the advice of a large majority, a resolution proposed by Mr. Mowat, demanding Dominion aid towards a heavy expenditure.

La Grande Chartreuse.

A FAMOUS MONASTERY GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

LABORS OF THE MONKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Stupendous Work of the Sons of St. Bruno.

A non Catholic tourist who recently visited the world-renowned "La Grande Chartreuse" in the Department of Isere, France, gives the following graphic description of the wonderful lives of the Carthusian monks founded by St. Bruno:

To the lover of the great monuments of the past, to those in search of religious emotions or majestic scenery, "La Grande Chartreuse" is of unrivalled interest as the object of a vast. This celebrated monastery which was called into being by the religious feeling of the Middle Ages was founded by St. Bruno, a native of Cologne, where, even in our own day, the spirit of Catholicism retains much vigor, as evinced by the magnificent of the celebrated cathedral of that city.

Those who have had the good fortune to visit, even during the summer, La Grande Chartreuse, may, by an effort of the imagination, realize in some degree what must have been the wild sycamnes of the spot eight centuries ago. We must bear in mind that the original establishment founded by St. Bruno did not occupy exactly the same spot as the present monastery. It was built on a still more elevated site, but located in an almost inaccessible gorge, facing the actual convent. The present chapel of St. Bruno, standing upon the rock, surrounded by pine trees, and buried in the snow for many months of the year, marks the original site of the convent as founded by the holy monks.

THE MATERIALS THAT WERE FIRST EMPLOYED

having been of wood, the history of the monastery is closely linked with the history of the many fires from which it suffered, and, in fact, it was almost utterly destroyed by eight conflagrations, in 1676, did Grignan, the celebrated author of the Order, remove the convent to the foot of the mountain of the Grand Nom, where it now stands. Some of the more ancient portions of the first convent were preserved in the second, and they still show many vestiges now remaining of that distant past. Those old parts are found in the clock tower and the refectory, which date from the Fourteenth Century, the church, the Fifteenth Century, and especially the magnificent cloister, portions of which belong to the Thirteenth Century. It is in the cloister that we can fully realize the mysterious life, of which the Grande Chartreuse is one of the last lingering examples. It is about 220 yards in length and 24 wide, covered within its first arches by a vaulted roof, upon which open its 130 cells and richly moulded arcades. As the observer leaves the natural inclination of the ground which slopes very steeply, the back part is higher than the front part, so that the first arches appear to have effects of light and shade that are very striking. The external walls which are over three feet thick, protect the cloister from the terrible cold of winter, for the cloister is at an altitude of 3,200 feet, and as a gorge with a northeast exposure.

ALL THE CELLS OPEN UPON THE CLOISTER,

and are numbered on the wall, on which is always inscribed some pious sentiment or text. The occupant, in a little wicket through which the provisions are passed, has a clock. Each cell is really a small separate house, consisting of a bedroom, a study, lighted with a stove, and another containing a table, a pallet and the wooden stools which are the sole cell covers. A garret and workroom, with a little garden if it, complete the cell of a Chartreuse monk. In this workroom and garden he passes the greater part of which is required of him, for in conformity with the ancient regulations of the Order of St. Benedict, of which the Chartreuse is a branch, mental and physical exercise must be united in the prepaytory.

The Chartreuse monks have retained the austerities preached by St. Bruno. In this strange in our day and contrasts singularly with our refined ideas of comfort, the fifteenth century it was simply the ordinary dress of the peasantry in most of the cold countries of Europe—in Germany, Poland and England. Bruno adopted it from humility, and it has been retained from a spirit of unchanging conservatism which is the very life of the Roman Catholic Church. It is composed entirely of white wool, and consists of a waistcoat reaching the shirt, a tunic with large sleeves, drawn in at the waist by a belt, a rosette or scapulary with a hood, woollen stockings, and shoes. The three-cornered hat and black caps are worn only when travelling, for use of linen is forbidden, and this need not surprise us if we reflect that linen things began to be used as a luxury only in the Fourteenth century.

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE CHARTREUSE MONASTERY

is divided between prayers in common and private meditation. Without going into the numerous pious exercises that are performed during the day, the monk rise at a quarter to twelve every night, whatever the weather may be, and remains in prayer in the church, or in their cells, until 3 in the morning. Visitors to the Chartreuse may watch this nocturnal exercise from a gallery, and it is not the least curious and interesting of the strange sights to be seen in the cloister, or the moonlight, these gliding white phantoms, so silent in the grave, and so listen to their funeral pomp.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Trappist Order is more austere than the Chartreuse. Though both are compelled to submit to the rigorous rule of almost perpetual silence, the Trappists have at least the advantage of living in common, of sleep and eat together. Except on very rare occasions, the Chartreuse monk eat alone and remains by himself the whole day—when not at religious services allowed in thought of death, which is the ordinary subject of his meditation. It is only recently to visit successively the Trappist Monastery of Augueboile, in the department of the Drome, and the Chartreuse Convent, to judge of the difference in the severity of their regime and mode of life.

THE CHARTREUSE ORDER COMPRISES

19 different convents in Europe, of which four are in France (two for women), six Italy, and 1 in Switzerland. The Grande Chartreuse is the capital of this monastic world, and called the Mother of all the Orders, it is there that the General of the Order resides. He is elected by all the Fathers, and governs with the assistance of the Chapter of Fathers. It is in consequence of this authority that the Chartreuse, which alone of all religious orders has its seat in France, enjoys immunity from the application of the Ferrier law. Father Le Vachet, of Johns Ferry's law, expelling from French territory ecclesiastics who are governed by foreigners.

It has been justly established that the Church of Rome is famous for discovering the best remedies, and for its entire absence of unfavorable bitterness in the ties which the two partners thus unequally yoked together must drink.

Sometimes, very often, the misery comes to them in this world, and it is life-long. And this misery is not, on earth, sweetened as seldom be visited, except at the cost of the Catholic partner to the marriage and the sacrificing of the practice of the Catholic religion and making apostates of his or her eternal interests.

EXCEPTIONAL INSTANCES OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

We have now stated some of the usual consequences of mixed marriages. But there is another fact connected with the subject which seems to give it a different aspect. It is that in some instances the Catholic husband or wife succeeds, instrumentally, in converting his or her non-Catholic spouse. This is exceptionally true in some instances. But these instances are as few as the number of four-leaved clovers in the grass plot.

And where, happily, such an instance does occur, how often is it not after years of weary waiting and painful concern and anxiety on the part of the Catholic? And during this period how probably several of the children, following the example of their non-Catholic father or mother, have perhaps become Protestants or indifferentists.

Moreover, even where the non-Catholic parties does eventually receive the grace of conversion and the children have been brought up in the Catholic faith, they are more likely to marry outside of the Church than are the children whose parents both of whom have always been Catholics.

IN THE ONE CASE THE CHILDREN'S RELIGION

are all Catholics. In the other case the relatives on the father's or mother's side are non-Catholics. With these non-Catholic relatives these children are naturally brought into intimate relations. They visit them, associate with them, go into company with them, and are naturally more or less influenced by them. They form numerous Protestant acquaintances and friendships, and out of these friendships with Protestants mixed marriages constantly arise. If their parents object and try to restrain their children they are met with the reply: "Why are you so a mixed marriage? Why, then, may not I?"

What we have been saying is not a mere matter of theory, nor an argument based upon what may naturally be expected. It is a statement of facts that are constantly recurring. Every Catholic clergyman will testify to the truth of what we have said from numerous instances that he is personally acquainted with. And every observing Catholic layman can mention many such instances within the range of his own personal knowledge.

Where a Catholic marries a non-Catholic and even if the non-Catholic becomes a Catholic, there is a strong probability that some of the children, even though brought up in the Faith, will marry non-Catholics. Thus the evil is perpetuated and multiplied, so that often all the descendants in the second or third generation are non-Catholics.

How can it be earnest, devout Catholic young man or woman entering into marriage contemplate such a prospect in the future, and not shrink back from a mixed marriage? How can he or she with a clear conscience enter on such a marriage?—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard.*

V. M. I. Entertainment at Stockton.

We learn from our Stockton correspondent that a very enjoyable entertainment was given by Father Hall, Stockton, on the 29th inst., by the young Men's Institute of that city. The programme opened:—Opening remarks by Prof. Best, J. T. Mulcahy; recitation, J. Barrett; Brown, and Jeff M. Dolan; recitation, J. Barrett; song, Joseph Ryan; recitation, Master Seaver; duet, Mrs. Ed. Outlaw and Miss Maude Joyce; violin solo with piano accompaniment, Urach and Miss A. Grant, accompanist, F. Pengley; recitation, R. Covert; song, H. Hoffman; song, Richard Dorgan; duet, Mrs. Ed. Outlaw. A very large audience was present and appeared to delight in every word spoken. The Stockton Institute numbers now nearly 100 members and is exceedingly flourishing.

—The Catholic institutions acted solely upon the advice of a large majority, a resolution proposed by Mr. Mowat, demanding Dominion aid towards a heavy expenditure.

THE WEEK'S NEWS FROM IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM—Michael Davitt arrived in Belfast on March 28, by the purpose of fulfilling an engagement to lecture under the auspices of the National League. The subject of Mr. Davitt's lecture was the work of an Irish Parliament. A number of belfast of the Belfast Branch of the National League marched in a body to the lecture room, with the intention of presenting Mrs. Davitt with an address and a gold bound ledger. Owing to a boycotting attack Mrs. Davitt was unable to accompany her distinguished husband. Mr. Davitt, in the course of the lecture, alluding to the arrests of Father Keller and Father Ryan, expressed what he had told a Scotch audience recently, "that he would be delighted to have an imprisoned priest sayed up every morning in the *Freeman's Journal* for breakfast; that he would like to see the Tory Government chuck thunder after thunder, and would not regret if a hundred Protestant clergymen were sent to jail for the mission of Kilmanaban, because the Government would thereby be committing political suicide."

CLARE—The leagues of Clare have unanimously endorsed a local paper devoted to the Nationalist cause, called *The Independent*.

The Kilmacshane Branch of the National League, on March 20, Rev. H. Scanlon P. P., in the chair, and denounced the cruelty and brutal conduct of the Tory Government, in arresting Father Keller and Father Ryan, and imprisoning them, thereby trying to coerce him to give evidence against his people.

CORK—On March 29, the funeral of Mr. D. O'Connor took place at Blackrock. Mr. O'Connor was formerly a teacher of dancing in Cockpoint, with a fine classical and mathematical attainments, and during his early life educated many of the prominent citizens. Mr. O'Connor died at the residence of his son, Dr. O'Connor, on March 27, and was buried in St Joseph's Cemetery. Father Irving followed by a large concourse of friends. Dan of Mr. O'Connor was a member of the Vincentian Order, and two of his daughters are nuns.

Mr. Charles Curtin died on March 27, in Kanturk. Mr. Curtin was a Kanturk man, and was for years connected with the staff of the *Cork Examiner* and subsequently with the *Freeman's Journal*. During a short stay in America he was engaged on the staff of the *New York Herald*. He was at one time being followed for

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

A LOVER'S FORGET.

The mariner upon the sea,
To the wild ocean's merry call,
In off a windward from his sleep
To hear the storm-winds frenzied blast;
Yet one bright beacon lights his way,
For where, up in the Heavens far,
The blessed, saving Polar star
Unfurls fair to adorn it then.

I know of one, who on Life's sea
Is victim of wild distress;
And wakens off in her sleep
With nought to cheer her to bless;
Ah, me! that one loved beacon bright
Could be hid amid the tempestuous rage,
That there, forever, be night-shut,
And bank in light and happiness.

C. ANTHONY DUTIL.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

WHICH WAS THE FAIREST?

BY L. L. S.

On a verdant bank one evening,
As the sun sank south the west,
We painted a living picture,
More lovely than Art could be.

With the evening's pearly dew,
By a lake of dreamy sweetness,
Sat three friends, warm and true;
Maidens, they were most charming,
Maidens, as they were all bright
As ever were seen 'neath Heaven,
But differing as day and night.

One was like starry midnight,
With eyes of heal or gray;
Skin like the Orient beauts of,
Which she unlocks the gates of day.
One was a dark and sweet lassie,
With clustered ringlets bright,
And a look in her brown eyes, whisking
As rays of the moon's silver light;
But the third, the youngest and weakest
Like Raphael, St. Agnes would make,
Had hair that rivalled golden,
And eyes like the crystal lake.

So they sat and talked there, merry,
Of this one and that one, too,
And they planned half sly in the mirror
Made by the water blue;
And they spoke of and pacts many,
Till Margaret with raven hair
Said to her comrades laughing
"Of all, my hand is most fair,
For see," and she dipped it gaily
Into the dancing stream,
"Isn't not more white and shapely
Than any hand you've seen?"

But Dora—her own pretty fingers
Had ripe dyed with berries red,
With look that was almost queenly,
Raised her graceful hand and said:
"Nay, mine is the fairest, dear ones,
For look at my finger tips,
They are small, slight, and shapely,
And red as your coral lips."

And now, while they planned at Vere,
Awaking her turn to tell,
The charms of the dainty fingers,
They each hand and left as well.

An old woman, bent and ragged,
Passed by at the time the brook,
And paused to gaze on the picture
With tender, admiring look;
A beggar she was, made older
By wear of blood years and food,
An awful image of hunger
She looked, as mute she stood.
And the maidens turned and saw her;

But Vera raised her eyes kindly,
And softly and sweetly said:
"I've only this quarter for you,
But take it and buy some bread."
The poor woman took the silver,
And blessed Vera's hand as she said:
"This is fairer than Grecian marble,
And sweeter than berries red.
For beauty is not in the figure,
Nor in the hand, eye or face,
But 'tis precious gem of virtue
That makes up a woman's grace."

ZARE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

A WREATH OF UNFADING FLOWERS.

The rosy May has come with all her sweetness,
With all her wealth of perfumed blossoms fair;
She comes to deck the dowry out of sorrow,
And whispering from a brighter land to cheer.

The swaying trees keep time with nature's song,
Who warble forth their hymns of holy praise;
Wafts wandering breezes bear away the sweet—
And o'er it all the sun beams down his rays.

This month of all the twelve—the fairest, holiest,
Devoted to Heaven's Blessed Queen,
When maidens with her chaplets hasten fair flowers,
And bright as Summer harvest's golden sheaves.

In every clime where Faith's bright lamp is burning,
Sweet Mary's shrines will be adorned with flowers,
Oh! let them come with prayers and gardens,
And learn this potent lesson on the way:
The flowers of perfume which they press this morn,
To morrow will be withered by decay.

Oh! let us crown our Queen with wreathes of Virtue,
All culled from out the garden of the soul;
Bright wreaths whose fresh'ning fragrance shall yet linger,
When the Present toward the shadowy Past shall roll.

Our Queen will prize, indeed, a gift so holy,
And her blessings will to us be freely given;
Till we pass from Earth, and earn this priceless boonty—
A wreath of immortality in Heaven.

A CHILD OF MARY.

Oakland, May 1st, 1857.

"HAIL, FULL OF GRACE!"

"Hail, full of grace!" Twas thus the angel spoke
When from high Heaven he came to thee to bring
Tidings of the mandate of his King.
Then who so far kept sacred his soul's defiling robe,
Who so chaste, so pure, so free from sin's foul blots,
Thou fair, thou spotless queen of sinless souls fled,
Thine all the children of the earth could be
Oh! by thy sexless, all pure, thy sacred virtue,
Win us the strength that fainting hope sometimes
Turn upon us those many beaming eyes;
Hark to our prayers, and plead for us one more,
That when this dreary pilgrimage is ended
We may salute thee, Mother, in the skies!

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Literary Miscellany.

"To Let—Inquire Within."

Or How the Warriment of Mons-Letting was Satisfactorily Concluded.

There is nothing so uncomfortable as an equal, in fact, black letters, sound upon a page exclamation point, to the attention of all house-hunting sufferers.

"This house to let, and no mistake about it, either," mused Mr. Briggs, shutting his cane of cold coffee, and looking distastefully at one boiled egg that lay before him. "The fact is, I'm sick of keeping house; could always one—tates always be—carpets always scarring in their places—grover's bill enough to make a man's hair stand on end, and housekeepers always arriking for higher wages! I won't stand it any longer—I'll be boiled alive if I do."

As Mr. Nahum Briggs was a fat, fussy man, with starvy eyes and a "test enemble" not unlike a comfortably sized lobster, the "boiling" part of the business was not at all inappropriate. And if to carry out the simile, he turned a lively conflict at the door slowly swing open, and his housekeeper shake an indignant fist in the direction of Mr. Darley, but Mr. Briggs was obliged to break the hateful spell, and stood boldly to his guns.

"Mr. Briggs," began the lady solemnly, "can I have my wages?"

"Well, ma-am," and the old bachelor, "I never heard that anything was among with your wages."

"It is possible that you have posted a bill on the front of this house without consulting me?"

"Quite so, ma-am," responded Nahum. "And you intend—"

"To give up my—to close my establishment—to break up house-keeping, ma-am," said Nahum. "That's exactly my intention."

"Very well, sir, said Mrs. Darley, grimly, "if you will settle the trifling expense of my salary between us, I will take my departure."

"What, now?" ejaculated Mr. Briggs somewhat taken by surprise.

"Immediately, responded the lady, frigidly.

"And who's to keep house for me until the first of June? And who is to give the premises to all inquirers? demanded Nahum, a little apprehensively.

"That's your own business, sir," said Mrs. Darley. "I, for one, can not consent to remain in a house where I have been so unkindly reflected from the confidence of its owner."

"Just so, ma-am, exactly, counting out several bank notes. "There's your money, and you will oblige me by clearing out as quick as you can, ma-am."

Mrs. Darley withdrew, and Nahum was left to his own meditations.

Singularly to relate, they took the shape of a species of war-dance, executed in the middle of the floor, to the musical snapping of fingers.

"Have I been? three chers and a tiger at the end of em," chuckled our hero. "If ever there was a miserable slave, I've been one to that hatchet-faced woman, and now I'm free! Who would have supposed—

He stopped abruptly—there was a ring at the door bell.

"And nobody to answer it," mused Mr. Briggs, a little depressed from his high spirits. "Well, I'll go myself.

A spectacled old lady stood on the door-step, in a shabby bombazine and turn that looked as if they might have grown on the back of some dispirited cat.

"This are house to let?

"Water pipes in order? cellar dry? paint new? furnace work good? and would I chandelier up with the honest neighs-bread good? Methodist church anywhere near? any objections to children? ventilators in the roof? cheery closets off the dining room?"

"Ma-am, interrupted poor Nahum, lardy stunned by the torrent of questions.

"Servants are so stupid," sighed the old lady. "Can I see your master?

"I am my own master, ma-am, said Mr. Briggs, irritably.

"Oh—I thought you was the porter, said the old lady scornfully.

"What's the rent?

"Twelve hundred dollars a year.

"Twelve hundred fiddlesticks! shrieked the old lady, holding up both her hands.

"Who on earth do you think I am going to pay twelve hundred dollars a year for such old, tumbled-down rat-hole as this? Why, you must be crazy! Say nine hundred dollars and I'll look at the rooms.

"I won't say nothing of the sort, said Nahum, turning red and feeling apoplectic.

"If you don't like the rent of my house, ma-am, you're not obliged to pay it, and I'm not obliged to rent it, ma-am.

So saying, Nahum Briggs closed the door in the face of the old lady with the mangy furs, who immediately commenced rapping on the panels with her umbrella handle, calling out abusive messages through the key hole.

Scarcely had the old lady got safely round the corner and Mr. Briggs recovered his ruffled facties, when there came another sharp, intimmidation to the bell wires—a laughed young lady, this time, with a stiff looking gentleman who appeared engaged in holding on to his mustache. With this couple Mr. Nahum trusted to the very top of the house and down again.

"Adolphus, my dear, said the lady "Well, my dear."

"Don't you think these ceilings are very low?

"Well, I don't know."

"And then the back yard is so very small."

"Well, I really don't know."

"And the dining room is so monotonous."

"Well—my soul I don't know."

"And I am really afraid there are chorus roaches in the bed-rooms."

"Really, ma-am, said Nahum, bristling up, "is there any other fault to find? Because, if there isn't, there's the front door open, and I really don't think its too narrow for you to walk out of."

"Adolphus, my dear," said the lady, "we won't remain any longer in the society of this extremely abrupt person."

"No, my dear.

And Adolphus and his wife departed.

Well, quoth Mr. Briggs to himself, "I wonder if people leave their manners at home when they go house-hunting. Oh—I would commend to take the rent out in board——

"Ah ah—you keeps a boarding house?" We exactly a boarding house, my family consists of seventeen select friends, five servants and six children.

"Seventeen, plus five, plus six, plus one twenty-nine, purely harmonily calculated Nahum "I really think, ma-am, I could consent to let the house to you.

And the lady flounced out in a rage.

Two young friends and a spinster aunt followed, and after a lengthy inspection of the premises, came to a stake round in the spinster aunt.

"I like the house very much, said the spinster aunt, "and with a few alterations I will engage it for my brother's family.

Very good, ma-am, said Nahum, rubbing his hands and seeming greatly tickmatin in his trials. "Name one—

"The lots front, front and be gilded, and I should like the house-wa papered in velvet and gold, and re-painted, and the partition between the parlors taken down and replaced by an arch, and an extension built on the back of the house, and a bay window thrown out of the parlor, and a new style of range in the kitchen, and a dumb waiter put in, and new house-hinderlocks, and an iron furnace in the cellar, and—

"Hold on ma-am—just hold on one moment, said Nahum, quickly gasping for breath. "Wouldn't you like the old house carried away and a new one put in its place? I think it would be rather less trouble than to make the trifling alterations you suggest

"Sir" said the spinster, fiercely.

"I don't think we can agree, ma-am.

"Very well—very well—some, gritts."

With prim dignity the lady marshaled her three chaperones, muttering something about "the extortionate ideas of landlords nowadays."

While Nahum, wildly ramping his room with hair with both hands, soliloquized

"Well, if I do had been alive, and had a wife, I wonder what sort of a time she would have had with Mr. Darley, sir. There goes that overlandy bell again. I'll bad it out by the roots if this thing goes on much longer. I'll run down the bell and put the place up at once.

Another lady, but quite different from the other, a sober, little, cat-like lady, with a bonnet that dropped like a lily of the valley, and a dress of green silk that had been mended and darned until turned and retrimmed, rang the door bell. Nahum Briggs—poor old bachelor, though he was, could see his very dimpled in it was

Yet she was pretty, with big blue eyes and shining brown hair, and cheeks tinged with a dainty blushing color, where the velvety roses of youth had once bloomed in vivid profusion. And the golden-haired little lassie who clung to her—ah, were as like her as ever. Nahum felt as if the trifling expense of a dollar bouquet

Nahum Briggs stood looking at her there conscious to him the aunshing days of his youth—a child of blooming cheeks, grown in the June light, like waves of blood, and a blue-eyed girl leaning over the fence with her bright hair bare's with sun set gold, and he knew he was standing face to face with Barbara Wyke, the girl he had quarreled with, years and years ago, and who had grown and kept him an old bachelor all his life.

"This house is to let I believe! she said, quietly, with a little quiver in her mouth.

"I believe it is, Barbara Wyke.

She looked up, starting with a flush of recognition.

"Nahum Briggs

And Barbara turned very pale, and began to cry, with the little golden-haired girls clinging to her skirts, and wailing, "Mamma, mamma, what's the matter mamma?

"Nothing, now, said Barbara, rewhisking blushing away the tears. "If you please, Mr. Briggs, I will look at the house. My widow's, and very poor, and—and I am thinking of keeping a boarding house to earn my daily bread. I hope the rent is not very high?

"We'll talk about the rent afterwards, said Nahum, fiercely scalloping down a big lump in his throat that threatened to choke him "Come here little girls and kiss me. I used to know your mamma when she wasn't much larger than you are.

Barbara, with her blue eyes still drooping, yielded to the request, and the children stood in the elder lady's lap, unmistakably delighted on the change told.

"I think the house is beautiful," said meek Barbara.

"Will you rent it to me, Barbara Nahum

"Well, yes, said Nahum, thoughtfully, "I'll let you have my house if you want it, Barbara.

"Will the privilege of keeping a few boarders

"No, ma-am"

Barbara stopped and looked wistfully at him.

"But I don't think you understand! a very good bed, Mr. Briggs

"Yes I do.

"And that I cannot afford to take the house without the privilege of boarders.

"I tell you that, Barbara," said Mr. Briggs, dictatorially, "I'll give you privilege of keeping just one boarder, and him you've got to keep all your life—long, if you come to take him.

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Briggs, said Barbara, but she blushed very strongly, and we are rather inclined to think that she told a naughty little fib. "What do you say to me for a boarder Barbara? said the old bachelor, taking her little widow's hands in his.

"Barbara, we were young fools once, but that is reason we should be old fools now. I like you well as I ever did, and I'll do my best to be a good husband to you, and a good father to your little girls, if you'll be my wife.

Barbara blushed again and hesitated, but Nahum was not to be eluded thus.

"What I take down the "To Let, Barbara?

"Yes, she murmured, almost under her breath.

So Nahum went deliberately out and coolly tore down the bill, to the great astonishment and disappointment of a party of jubilant house-hunters who were just mounting the steps.

"And what shall we be married, Barbara? he next demanded.

"In the summer, perhaps, said Barbara, slyly.

"To-morrow," said Nahum, decisively "to-morrow it was.

"Upon my word, Barbara," said Nahum, on the first day of June, as he watched his wife's blossoming face behind the coffee-urn, "you don't think how much fuller it is with you for a house-keeper than that Mrs. Darley.

Barbara only laughed and said "he was a good old simpleton.

So the probabilities are that neither Mr Nahum Briggs nor his brown alone house will be in the market again as "To Let. Inquire Within.

Mastering the Masons.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 26. A new obstacle by which to reach the lodge room on the third floor is being erected in Masonic Hall, on Fifth avenue. The Catholic diocese of Pittsburg, singular as it may seem, owns stock in this building and the ground on which it is located. Three years ago, during the life of Bishop Domenec, a well known and wealthy member of the Masonic fraternity died in the Catholic faith, and bequeathed his valuable property and the stock he held in the Masonic property to the diocese. In several conversations, the other stock holders in the Fifth avenue property were desirous of selling the property, but the Bishop, at the time, not being satisfied with the price offered, would not consent to the sale.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Day after each meal Scott's Emulsion. It is as palatable as milk and nearly digested. Delicate people improve rapidly with its use. For Consumption, Throat Affections and Bronchitis it is unequalled. Dr Thos. Price Ala., says: "I used Scott's Emulsion on a child right months old he gained four pounds in a month."

MARY, OUR MOTHER.

The Ideal Woman. The Model for all Women throughout the World.

At the St Patrick's Day dinner in St. Louis, the last toast of the night was responded to by Judge John H. Finney, who drew with marked delicacy to his theme. The toast was, "Woman—the Adam woman made Christian but to us she remains Para due regained

"Maiden, when such a soul as this is born,
The Christ-like mantle wraps the world in scorn.

JUDGE FINNEY'S SPEECH

When the great eyes of Greece and Rome rested their blinded and fixed to the enchanted world, they proudly quitted the swelling lines with a passionate intention to the totem. Lord, Mr President and brother knights of St. Patrick, have a far nobler subject assigned to us, to-night, than the recounting of the brutal conflicts around the walls of Troy or the useless wanderings of Ulysses chief. Therefore have I, in this Christian age, passed by "the timeful time" and applied, rather, to the noble chosen of angels, as alone able to imparts us with fitting words for this occasion.

CHARACTER OF HEATHENISM—WITH ITS GODDESS.

While winning for their manifestations, however, it might not be amiss for us to stop for a moment, and, in passing, to have a glance occupied by those old temples and Roman Pantheons, which stand even to their loss as and that—that whether in the Senate, the battle-field, or in the sacred precincts of their homes, they had to pay an idea that was so like that was wise, that was chaste, that was exquisite, that was a great moral creative extension in the person of a woman. Through those pale, sculptured corridors and aged along the corridors and through the halls of the Olympian haunts, were the mere impers nations of the passions of man, and the personifications of virtue. While Mars is a god of war, Venus is the goddess and god of dissolution. If Apollo were the god of poetry, Minerva was the goddess of "dialectics" and "machinery" in the country, and Mercury the god of commerce and trade. For each of those deities presided over the department of human affairs. Up the other land, the human soul was cursed with the fruits of the earth, and the dreamy of the Dodo Dacca had not had such a goddess, low the sweet Sisters of Charity and the talking virgins of our world would have mounted her altars, and where, let me ask you, would the Knights of Columbus be paying devotion as usual the very shrines of the Knights of Pythias? Jupiter Tonans himself, even under his Greek name, was, as the record goes, an unstable and unmanageable old fellow, though immense genius and consequent rascalities were somewhat palliated, if not entirely redeemed by the fact that he was the father of the peerless Apollo, the Hercules, Venus, Mars and beauty and supreme directress of the human heart. To the author of all time also was indeed a fourth spouse, a fiery little woman, who, if we may be allowed to use the convenient parlance of all this nineteenth century, "had a temper to give."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN ANCIENT HISTORY

But, leaving the mountains, the influence of woman has been even more pronounced in man. Who, before the Christ, ever had a high ideal of woman? Who ever had high thoughts and they proved the exception? Who ever had a high ideal of woman? Who ever had the birth-throes of regeneration. The very name of the Virgin Mary, the mother of both the Lord and the Word. It was the daughter of Joachim and Anna, the daughter of Joachim and Anna, the daughter of Israel, the daughter of Jesse, the daughter of David, and with a fire of purity burned in her breast, and with a fire of purity burned in her breast, and with a fire of purity burned in her breast

THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—In the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee the Holy Father will receive a jewelled tiara from the Emperor of Germany.

—The National church of St. Patrick's in Rome is to be dedicated on the 22nd of August. *Orbi Sallustiani* and where now recently stood the Villa Ludovisi.

—On the occasion of the Easter solemnities the Pope distributed 1,210,000 in the parishes of Rome, and 160 beds and bedding to as many indigent families.

—During the past week 2,618 emigrants left Queenstown for America. The total for the month of April is 11,804 against 6,540 for April of last year.

—A church is about to be built in Rome to commemorate the centenary of St. Louis Gonzaga, and as great is made to all the youth of the Catholic world in and of its canonization.

—Bishop d'Herbomez, O. M. I., from British Columbia, accompanied by Rev. Father McGuckin, O. M. I., is at present in Rome, having passed through London on the 19th ult., on their way to attend the General Chapter of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

—A dispatch to the daily press states that Beecher had serious intentions of dying a Catholic, but the dispatch adds that "rumor originated in the fertile brain of some New York poseur, who, as the idea of Beecher ever occupying a pulpit in the Catholic Church is unworthy of any serious consideration at the hand of Catholics.

—A subjectage, from Rome says that Bishop Keane of Richmond has received the Pope's Brief approving the plan which defines the scope of the proposed American Catholic University. Very few alterations were made in the plan drawn up by the American Bishops, and the measure as a whole is thoroughly embraced in the Brief. The choice of a site is left to the Bishops, and Bishop Keane is appointed as Rector.

—Every reader of the Monitor will derive much useful information as well as acquire a great deal of satisfaction at possessing the true faith, by giving a close and careful perusal to the beautiful sermon preached by Very Rev. Joseph Sasia, S. J., at the corner-stone laying on Sunday last. Non-Catholics also can profit by reading the sterling argument which the eloquent divine used in defence of Catholic doctrine.

—The Northwestern *Chronicle* says that a member of the Richmond, Va., city council recently introduced a proposed ordinance before that body which proposes to license not those who sell liquor but those who drink it. This is claimed by some of the papers to be a novel idea. It may be Kate Mann, made a similar proposition to license drinkers in the Minnesota legislature, three or four years ago.

—The celebrated Franciscan preacher, Padre Agostino, has addressed immense crowds in the vast Cathedral of Florence. In his first sermon he said to the people that no rhetoric or eloquence should be expected from him; only the Gospel addressed to their minds and hearts. The subject of his sermon was of the highest importance, "How grave and better a thing it is for society, for the family, and for individuals to have separated from the truth, which is Jesus Christ." It is reported that about 12,000 persons assembled within the walls of Santa Maria del Fiore of Florence to hear this great preacher.

—A good Catholic named Denis H. Tully—God rest his soul!—died recently in Boston and left nearly *thousand dollars in charity!* $10,000 goes to Boston College, $10,000 to reduce the debt on St. Mary's Church; $10,000 for the care of homeless Catholic children; $10,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor; $10,000 to the St. Vincent de Paul Society for the poor of Boston; and $10,000 to minor Catholic charities. Would that we could chronicle such an event in California! Yet, with all the boasted wealth among Catholics on this coast, it is only very rarely that any of them act upon Cardinal Manning's advice when he tells rich Catholics to "remember God in their wills."

—The *Propriedor of Archdiocese* Walsh to the London *Tablet's* continued misrepresentation of the Irish Bishops, priests and people, which we print this week, is calculated to accomplish a great deal of good in removing the scales of ignorance from the eyes of those English Catholics who have been misled by the malignant course of the *Tablet* towards its Irish co-religionists. It is also very gratifying to know that in their present political battle for Home Rule, the Irish people have the full and unstinted sympathy of Pope Leo XIII., and that where welfare is to him a subject of the utmost solicitude. It is last matter to the people of a country so eminently Catholic should in their temporal as well as in their spiritual affairs prove so deep an interest to the Holy Father, and that their evidence to win legislative independence should command his entire sympathy and concurrence. It is, at the same time, easy to understand that a journal serving such a party as the *Tablet* serves would not be too particular to give a straight answer in the formidable indictment brought against it by Archbishop Walsh. It has adopted a line of reply that can not be regarded as any answer at all to the strong charges of misrepresentation and premeditated malice which Archbishop Walsh brought against the bigoted course of a paper which is far more English than Catholic, and far more Tory than truthful.

The Old and the New St. Mary's.

It was a holy inspiration which prompted his Grace Archbishop Riordan to select the opening day of the month dedicated to the Blessed Virgin as the occasion for laying the corner stone of the new St. Mary's Cathedral. Thirty-four years ago, on the 29th of the same sweet month of May, his Grace Archbishop Alemany, O. P., had dedicated the ground whereon stands the pro Cathedral of this Archdiocese for $1,000. At that period of San Francisco history there was but three other Catholic churches, where there are now twenty-three, almost around in the neighborhood. Through the munificence of the generous people of the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Those three churches comprised the old adobe church of Mission Dolores, the remains of which still stand on Eighteenth street, and which was then attended only by the Spanish residents in the immediate vicinity, for persons from the city proper, ever venturing out so far across the intervening sand hills in order to attend religious services. St. Patrick's, a small wooden church located at the foot of a sand hill on the line of the present Market street where the Palace Hotel at present stands—gathered its congregation from the region of sand hills known as "Happy Valley," which represented that section of the city from Fourth street to the

Mission. The third church was the Franciscan Church, located on Valley street, was the cosmopolitan church of the city away back in the "fifties," sermons being preached at the seven o'clock Mass on Sundays for the Spanish people, and at other masses for the French and English speaking Catholics.

When the ground for the old St. Mary's Cathedral was purchased, the work of digging out the foundation and building the basement walls was pushed forward at that rapidity which marked the progress of all enterprises in this city at that period. The corner-stone was laid on Sunday, May 17th, 1853, by Right Rev. J. S. Alemany, O. P., then Bishop of Monterey, assisted by Very Rev. John Francis Lhabura, V. G.; Rev. Eugene O'Connell, Superior of the St. Thomas Seminary, afterwards first Bishop of Grass Valley, now Titular Bishop of Zopalon; Rev. Hugh P. Gallagher, (then Pastor of St. Mary's), Rev. Anthony Jonene, Missionary of the College of San Fernando, and Rev. Flavian Fontaine, Pastor of the Mission of San Francisco. The students from St. Thomas' Seminary at the Mission Dolores also assisted at the Pontifical Mass, among whom was Rev. John Cassidy, at present attached to St. Paul's Church. A sermon replete with religious reminiscences of "Yerba Buena" was delivered by Rev. Hugh Gallagher, and a discourse in Spanish was given by Father Lhabura. Shortly after the corner-stone laying, a Ladies Fair was held for the benefit of the Church, which netted the sum of $6,096.87. Up to April 1st, 1864, the sum of $22,147.35 had been varously collected for the building fund, and a large force of workmen and artisans were kept constantly at work at wages ranging from $10 to $16 a day.

During the year 1853 4 the main portion of the church was built, and at eight o'clock on the evening of the vigil of Christmas Day, 1854, the carpenter work was sufficiently advanced to justify the celebration of Midnight Mass on that holy season of the year. It was to secure good positions for seeing and hearing religious services which a large majority of the attendants had been at pains to secure before. The girders of the ceiling were not completed and the floor joists of the galleries were in the same condition, but with that happy go-lucky disposition so peculiar to the miners of California, a large number of the gold-seeking Argonauts climbed up the sides of the building and seated themselves on the girders of the ceiling and the joists of the galleries, their rough and rubber boots dangling down over the heads of the congregation on the main floor where some unpainted pews and rough benches had been improvised for the accommodation of those who did not care to roost like crows in the upper portion of the unfinished building.

On that memorable Christmas eve of 1854 the dedicatory Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Alemany, O. P., assisted by Vicar General Lhabura, Revs. Carroll and Casen, Deacon and Subdeacon; Rev. J. F. Harrington, Master of Ceremonies. The sermon to the cosmopolitan congregation assembled on that occasion was preached by Very Rev. Hugh P. Gallagher. The orchestra for the festival which was comprised of brass and stringed instruments, was placed in the gospel side of the main altar, the other—under the leadership of the well known George Loder—rendering Haydn's Third Mass.

It was nearly two o'clock Christmas morning before the services were concluded, and it took nearly another hour before the last of the miners had descended from his high perch and commenced his homeward march through the sand dunes that then environed the city south of California street.

In 1855 the work of completing the old Cathedral was continued and had so far progressed in 1856 that the basement could be used as a school room, library and children's chapel, for which it was afterwards used for many years. On June 24th, 1859, the clipper ship *Flying Mist* arrived in this port, a portion of her cargo being 57 cases of stained glass, the most beautiful ever seen after the Cathedral whereon so many "classic chiaroscuro" both the living and the dead, have been fitly provided celebrated by both priests and Bishops, many of whom have since passed the Church Triumphant. The beautiful white marble altar was the work of one of the most celebrated sculptors of the Royal Academy of Turin, and cost nearly $4,000.

In 1866 Archbishop Alemany, O. P., organized a Church Building Association, and from the report of a select committee appointed to ascertain the financial transactions connected with the building of the old Cathedral from May 29th, 1853, to December 1st, 1869, we learn that the receipts during that interval were $127,456.29, whilst the expenditures were $174,762.14, leaving a debt on the Cathedral at that date of $47,303.85. In April, 1866, another meeting was convened for the purpose of paying off the debt of the Archdiocesan and the efforts then and since made have materially reduced it.

When old St. Mary's was built it was not expected that the city would spread with such rapidity or westerly much beyond its limits. Then North Beach and its vicinity was the garden of the city devoted to residences. Stockton street was the popular promenade, whilst Dupont street and adjoining streets were the Montmartre of the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Those three churches comprised the old adobe church of Mission Dolores, the remains of which still stand on Eighteenth street, and which was then attended only by the Spanish residents in the immediate vicinity, for persons from the city proper ever venturing out so far across the intervening sand hills in order to attend religious services. St. Patrick's—a small wooden church located at the foot of a sand hill on the line of the present Market street where the Palace Hotel at present stands—gathered its congregation from the region of sand hills known as "Happy Valley," which represented that section of the city from Fourth street to the

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The Outrage at Vancouver, W. T.

I.

Through the kindness of a friend I received at Vancouver, Washington Territory, we have been put in possession of a sensational paper published in the English language, prepared by the military authorities of that place upon Bishop Junger, by which the property of the Catholic Village, and existing the occasion.

In addition to the facts recorded in the Monitor last week, it appears that not only was the Holy Angels College closed by forcibly by the authorities, but the contents of the school, consisting of about 300 pupils, were ejected, and the building was made the scene of a grand ball, given by the officers of the garrison, and many a story (alone from the mouths of the young immigrant girl landed have plodded up the steep, sand hill before Oakland street was graded, in order to lay their joys and their sorrows, their trials and their infirmities at the feet of that Catholic Vicar which has been the comfort of the distressed and the consolation of the afflicted, during the past thirty four years.

What cherished reminiscences clung around the old Cathedral! The help of its shrine many thousands of infants and adults have been born again of water and the Holy Ghost! The place where other thousands were made good and perfect Christians through the Sacrament of Confirmation. The holy spot where many thousands received for the first time the Body and Blood, Four Lord! The same sacred shrine where two hearts bound by Our Faith were made one flesh in the Sacrament of Matrimony. The Ark of the Covenant where sinners sought and found consolation through Penitence, Contrition and the Holy Eucharist! The chosen scene where so many priests have made their vows and celebrated for the first time the sacrifice of the Mass. The Altar from place where rested the remains of thousands of the faithful departed, while the Dies Irae and Requiem Mass, and the last Requiem over them are they were consigned to Calvary to rest in peace.

Only the generation coming before, the old Cathedral, two, most pious and "But though people perish and new Cathedrals supplant the old, the Church of God remains immutable and indestructible." In the new Cathedral the same *Mass, Pontifex* that was heard on the vigil of Christmas, 1854, in the old Cathedral will be certainly only heard in the new Cathedral by sinner stone yet unborn! The same Mass, the same sacrifice, the same ceremonies. And thus from generation to generation the glory of God resounds in this Church, proclaiming over time unaffected by death's destroying scythe, unscrupulated by the material decay of mortal mansions, or stately Cathedral the spiritual progress of God's ever-marching Faith will continue onward march until the sunset of the world's last day when the Church Militant shall be come the Church Triumphant, and God's faithful children be welcomed into an eter nity of heavenly glory.

Dasit's Retraction.

When Michael Davitt delivered his last speech in New York, in which he made a violent personal attack upon Cardinal Manning, the eminent Prelate's equipoise antagonism to Irish Home Rule, Monitor and the Irish agitator made a point of the following dispatch:

"New York, May 3.—Rev. Father Sasia, of Joseph Grace, priest of Santa Marie Ingrassia, Rome, arrived here yesterday. Speaking to a reporter of the Michael Davitt demonstration, Father Sasia said: 'Cardinal Manning's speech, which shows was a strong appeal to the Irish people, and in the end it Irish people, liberty, are actually and unconditionally, and Ireland, in the Irish National Leagues, the priest's opposition to Home Rule, and the Pope's Cardinal Manning. I saw him before my departure for America, and he gave me a letter of apology to Cardinal Simeoni. This is a copy of the letter in which he explains matters to my first letters in the United States. Cardinal Simeoni read it and was so pleased with it, and he sent it to the Pope, who read it and was so pleased with it, and he sent it to Cardinal Jacobini, who read it and was so pleased with it, and he sent it to Cardinal Rampolla, who read it and was so pleased with it, and he sent it to Cardinal Simeoni, who

Farm and Home.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Valuable Hints that May Be Away With Medicine Bills

For billiousness, the editor of the Hygienic Medical and Surgical Journal considers a plain diet of bread, milk, oatmeal, vegetables and fruit, with lean meat or fresh fish, is best. Exercise in the open air helps. The vitals of an acetic attack will be relieved by, 1, abstinence; 2, porridge and milk, 3, meat, a little meat and fish are type fruit, then coming to solid food gradually.

Hot lemonade, taken just before retiring, is a well known remedy for a cold in its first stages. Everybody is not familiar, however, with the famous cure for an acute attack of hoarseness. For this purpose first roast a lemon in the fire, turning it now and then that all sides may be equally cooked. It should not crack or burst, but be soft all through. While she lemon is still very hot, cut a piece from the top, fill with as much sugar as it will hold and eat on going to bed.

A wrust on the diet of centenarians holds that the rules of life laid down by Cornaro are probably perfect, and he intimates that, in his opinion, 12 ounces of solid food and 16 ounces of liquid appear to be the maximum requirements of age. The solids ought, he thinks, to be made up of vegetable and solid food chiefly fish, and tender animals, such as chickens. He drinks fruit and fish, and says also that salt and sugar should only be used sparingly. He also deprecates the too copious use of milk, as well as of drugs, and, after adding that industry of some kind should be practised, he gravely points out the valuable medicinal properties of short wine.

People have very generally learned the lesson that natural sleep is the best medicine of all. A scientific writer now adds attention to the power as a preventive of disease. He remarks, as an instance, that sleep taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch for coming, they will find that it begins with a weariness or heaviness. This is the time the sleep of an hour, or even two, at nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late. After the attack is fairly under way, it may be impossible to get to sleep till far into the night.

Dr. Dullmann, of Germany, lectured recently on the dangers of living in new houses. According to him, the close fitting of new doors, window sashes and floors prevents the entrance of fresh air from the outside, while the moisture in the pores of new plastering obstructs the transpiration of air through them. For these reasons, together with the consumption of oxygen and formation of carbonic acid in inhabited rooms he recommends that no dwelling be occupied till the walls are thoroughly dried, which may take a year or two. To hasten the process he advises burning charcoal in the rooms. The surprisingly dry wood, which has drawn the hydrate of lime in the plastering to carbonate, and sets free the water of hydration which fills the pores of the plastering, until all of it evaporates. Of her exhibition, however, rate the danger of a new house less high than does Dr. Dullmann, provided efficient ventilation is supplied.

The Body and Its Health.

A WORD ABOUT DISINFECTANTS. — A number of disinfectants for household use are generally classed together as about equally good. But as each has a more or less specific action, it may be expected to serve some particular purpose with best effect. Following are the common disinfectants [illegible] Chlorine, or chlorine gas, is produced, and whitewash with lime.

Chloride of lime, by prices of chlorine, to absorb putrid effluvia and to stop putrefaction. Sulphate of iron (copperas), one pound dissolved in one quart of water. Poured down waste pipes this will destroy the foulest smells. A quantity in an open pan will purify the air in rooms.

SEVERE HEADACHE FROM WEAKNESS.—1. Be regular in your habits.

2. If possible, go to bed at the same hour every night.

3. Rise in the morning soon after you are awake.

4. A sponge bath of cold or tepid water should be followed by friction with towel or hand.

5. Eat plain food.

6. Begin your morning meal with fruit.

7. Don't go to work immediately after eating.

8. Be moderate in the use of liquids at all seasons.

9. It is safer to filter and boil drinking water.

10. Exercise in the open air whenever the weather permits.

11. In malarious districts do your walking in the middle of the day.

12. Keep the feet comfortable and well protected.

13. Wear woolen clothing the year round.

14. See that your sleeping rooms and living rooms are well ventilated, and that sewer gas does not enter them.

15. Brush your teeth at least twice a day, night and morning.

16. Don't worry. It interferes with the healthful action of the stomach.

17. You must have interesting occupation in vigorous old age. Continue to keep the brain active. If-et means rust.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism and Catarrh.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Pardee Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN—About one year ago I chilled my blood and was under the Doctor's care for about six months when I had a counsel of eight physicians and was given up to die. Soon after, a lady friend came to see me and told me about your great Remedy. She said she had been cured by it after having the rheumatism seven years, and that her rheumatism was first brought on by a cold. At this time I was suffering severe pain all through my body and near my heart. The doctors called it only "Brown blood." Through the persuasion of my friend I procured a bottle. I found some relief, seeing that I procured more and was entirely cured by its use; and what was my surprise and pleasure at finding that I was not only cured of my rheumatism, but the catarrh, which had been troubling me for years, and had become very offensive, had entirely left me.

Wishing you remedy every success, and thanking you very much for my double cure, I remain,

Truly yours,
MRS. LUCY BRONSON.

Rochester, N. Y.

GENTS—I was confined to my bed with inflammatory Rheumatism for over a week; was very badly afflicted; suffering from severe pains in my chest, it was going to my heart. On Thursday the 15th I commenced using Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy at 8 o'clock, P. M., and on Saturday the 17th, was able to walk all over the house, and have since continued to improve, and take pleasure in recommending it to all who are afflicted with the terrible disease.

REW. R. WILKINS,
No. 5 East Maple Street.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price $1 per bottle, six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Family Fun.

Mr. Bowser and the Mired Girl.

When we began housekeeping and got our first bread girl, Mr. Bowser called me into the library, shut the door, and slipped his voice down to the confidential pitch and said

"Mrs. Bowser, let's start out right. Let's control the feelings of that poor girl in the kitchen."

"Certainly."

"She's just as good as we are, and we must put on any airs over her. She shall sit at the table with us, and I'll be too any time from her work you might teach her how to sing and play the piano."

"I can't quite agree with you, Mr. Bowser."

"Uh, you can! Woman's mortal enemy is woman. Well, I'm going out to have a little talk with Erica and tell her what I'm willing to do."

I listened at the kitchen door. Mr. Bowser is no man to beat about the bush. He went right at the business in hand by saying

"Erica, nobility does not consist in riches."

She did away from him toward the sink.

"You are not to blame for being in your present position. How would you like to take singing lessons?"

She looked at him with an open mouth.

"And learn to play the piano?"

She opened her mouth still wider.

"Or, perhaps, learn how to sketch and paint?"

She seized a pan of water in the sink and whirled on him with

"You infernal cross-eyed idl reprobate to talk to an innocent girl in that fashion! Get out of my kitchen or I'll down you in a minute!"

When we sat down to supper I wondered why Eliza hadn't put on a plate for herself, and I asked Mr. Bowser when I should begin her piano lessons.

"Mrs. Bowser, have you lost the little sense you possessed two or three months ago? he hotly exclaimed

A Wrecked Life.

Omaha Widow—I should greatly like to meet your wife, Mr. Halfwest.

Mr. D.-Sent.—I have no wife.

"I can sympathize with you. You too, have lost—"

"I never was married."

"Oh! You are engaged, though, I presume, and—"

"I have never been engaged, madam—"

"Ah! I begin to understand. Some sad romance of the past has left its mark upon your heart—"

"No, ma. I have never been in love. I would not tie myself to a woman if she were sent down from heaven to me."

"Mercy! A woman hater! What could have perverted your nature! What has happ and to—"

"I am a dry goods clerk."

A Slight Impediment.

She had gone up to visit a lady friend, with whom her acquaintance was slight, and she wanted to let her know somehow that is usually considered among ladies rather important.

"Then know that I am engaged to be married."

"Indeed! He a nice fellow, of course—

"Yes, charming; delightful gentleman.

"And when is the ceremony to take place?

"Well, I don't quite know—

"There needn't be any delay short such a thing as that. He's wealthy, is he?

"Yes, has very well off. But you see I wish, there's a slight incumbrance

"A slight incumbrance?

"I mean—well—he's not divorced yet."

Miss C——was born only two years earlier than her brother Tom. When Tom was ten years old she plotted because she was twelve, when Tom was known to be fourteen she confessed to be sixteen, and when Tom proudly boasted of eighteen she timidly acknowledged herself past nineteen when Tom came home from college with a moustache and a pipe, and had a party in honor of his twenty-first birthday, she said to her friends: "What a boyish fellow he is. Who would think he was only a year younger than I?" When Tom declared he was twenty-five and old enough to get married, she said to a gentleman friend: "Do you know, I feel savagely jealous to think of Tom getting married. But then I suppose twins are always more attached to each other than other brothers and sisters. And two years later at Tom's wedding she said with pitiful tirade to the wedding guests: "Dear old Tom, to see him married to night and think how when he was only five years old! they brought him to me, his sister. I wonder if he thinks of it to-night!"

How Widows do not Woo.

Omaha Girl: "Engaged to Mr. De Lowe! Dear me! How do you widows manage to step in among us young girls and carry off our nicest beaux?"

Young Widow. "Well, in the first place I'm really like a man, we don't act as if we hated the very sight of him.

"You don't?

"No, and if he forgets himself and happens to touch our hands, we don't jump as if he were a reptile have

Remarkable Feet.

"Now, you say, Mr. Kolly, that you stood outside, and, looking over the fence, saw the detective here strike Mr. Smith!

"Yes, sah.

"How tall are you, Kolby!

"Heut fee foot six, sah.

"Then tell me, if you please, how you could stand and look over a nine-foot fence?"

"I stood on my my tiptoes, sah."

Poor Fellow.

"Come in, my poor man," said a benevolent lady to a ragged tramp, "and I will get you a nothing to eat."

"Thanky, mum; don't care if I do."

"I suppose," continued the lady, setting a square meal before him, "your life has been full of trials!"

"Yes, mum; and the worst of it was, I allus got convicted."

—"There is now, and has been for three years, an inmate of St Peters Hospital, Albany, N. Y., in the Rev Wm Tillman, who for twenty eight years was pastor of a church in West Troy. Having deafness in its very rare—saved some money during this long sickness, the Rev Mr Tillman, recently that he could not better dispose of this sum, and sent drafts for $50,000 to St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, Mill Hill, England.

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness, and May Fever. A New Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are the result of what they are, viz. the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made by the patient at home. Send stamp for pamphlet describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 West 42nd Street, New York. By special permission Mr. Dixon, by, is stayed at the Metropole House during the month of May. Market st. San Francisco, for a short time. Patients above should send for his treatise or call and see him. Consultation free.

MISCELLANEOUS.

You don't wait till Burglars come before buying a revolver—Then don't Wait till Sickness comes before buying a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER you may need it in the night for Diphtheria-Cold-Tooth-ache—Neuralgia or ACCIDENTS. Buy a bottle NOW. All Druggists sell it.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS YOU CAN BUY ONE A BOND OF THE IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT BOND. DATE OF 1881

These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums every three years. Every bond is entitled to

Three Drawings Annually.

Until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Your bond may win the first one of the following premiums, or three or

NO BLANKS.

Premiums	Florins	Florins
1	100,000	100,000
1	50,000	50,000
1	20,000	20,000
1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
1	2,000	2,000
1	1,000	1,000
1	500	500

Together 7,000 premiums amounting to Florins Florins. The next redemption takes place on the following premium, or three or

FIRST OF JUNE,

And every bond bought of us ON OR BEFORE JUNE 1st of EVERY UNTIL FEB. 1st, is entitled to the above premium that may be twelve months on that date.

One of these orders was in EUROPEAN LOTTERIES, in exactly 33 all orders, has all those bonds for the next drawing. Orders payable in monthly instalments.

For more information or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 100 Fulton St. cor. B'way, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

☞ The above Government Bonds are not to be confounded with Lottery Bonds.

☞ We also offer Government Bonds for sale on the terms of the United States.

☞ Our Circular Letter explains that you may thus THE EXACT PROFITS.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Approved by Physicians, Druggists and Professional Beauties as the most delicate and perfect Complexion Powder. Ask your druggist for it. J. P. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

Advice to the Aged. Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and torpid liver. Tutt's Pills have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, giving natural elasticity without straining or griping, and

IMPARTING VIGOR to the kidneys, bladder and liver. They are adapted to old or young. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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ALWAYS TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL Help, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Dairymen, Sawyers, Hands, Gardeners, Fishermen, and Married Couples for private families and ranches. Also, great variety of Mechanics, Laborers, and Boys for various trades. Satisfactory reasons for sudden or **LOW** wages.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD. Time Schedule (Pacific Standard Time) Taking Effect Sunday, April 10, 1887. Leave Tiburon for San Francisco: 8:00 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 4:15 p.m. Leave San Francisco for Tiburon: 9:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:45 p.m. Stages connect at Tiburon with trains of this road for Sausalito, Point Reyes, Cazadero, etc. Fare to Tiburon: Ferry, 10c; Round Trip, 20c. Stages extra. Tickets sold and baggage checked through to points beyond. Ferry foot of Market st. (Slip 9). Tiburon Ferry Pier, foot of Main st. (Narrow Gauge Depot). H. D. MAYNARD, Superintendent. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. 1 Market st., San Francisco, Cal.

JOS. PESCIA, Physician and Surgeon RESIDENCE, 1036 Taylor Street. OFFICE, 511 Washington Street. Office Hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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JAS. FORRESTER HAS OPENED A BULL'S HEAD Horse Market On the same principle as conducted in New York. Fine accommodation; well lighted and airy; 60 feet to stage; stalls capacity for 100 head of horses; 40 feet wide; with plenty of water and good attendants. This BULL'S HEAD market is opened for the accommodation of the public, and for the sale of good, sound, gentle, and well broken horses, and for the sale of such stock on good accommodations. Will at all times be found a good assortment of horses for sale. Prices ranging to suit a class of customers. Persons wishing to sell a stale of a horse can do so by leaving the same with the undersigned. Stable on the premises, **Entrance, 606 Valencia Street and 376 Fifteenth and Valencia Streets.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

SULLIVAN, KELLY & CO., IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF PAINTS, OILS and GLASS 112 and 114 California St., SAN FRANCISCO.

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THE DR. ZELLE Turkish, Electric, Russian, Steam BATHS. 520 to 526 Pacific Street bet. Montgomery and Kearny.

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BEST PIANOS. $500 Pianos from $50 upwards. New Pianos as low as $150. Antiseil Famous Pianos unsurpassed Highest award over 500 makers. All Pianos sold by us guaranteed for 7 years. Pianos for rent a million dollars. CALL ON T. M. Antiseil Piano Co. 7th and Market Sts., O. P. Hall.

KNABE PIANOS Unqualified and Emphatically the Best Piano in the World. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., 116 Post st., S. F. Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Academy of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, WOODLAND, — CAL. THE ACADEMY REPEATEDLY OPENED UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE ARCHBISHOP, and the Clergy of the Diocese of St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Benicia, is beautifully situated in the healthy and pleasant town of Woodland, surrounded by large and well cultivated farms, with every improvement and convenience. Its Course of Instruction is the most comprehensive, its discipline the most agreeable, its care and comfort of the pupils A complete Philosophical Apparatus, Cabinet of Natural History, and Library, furnished with every convenience for study. Pupils may be received at any period of the year. TERMS: Per quarter, payable in advance: Boarding, Tuition in English, French, and Music, Bed and Bedding, $75.00. Washing, Mending, Bed and Bedding, $25.00. Painting in Water Colors and Oil, $10.00. Drawing, $10.00. Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting in Oil, per month, $1.00. Use of Piano, per month, $1.00. Use of Bed and Bedding, per month, 25 cts. Washing, per month, $1.00. Entrance Fee, $10. No deduction for absence, except in cases of sickness. Pupils are required to bring with them complete Bed and Table linen, and toilet articles marked distinctly. No pupil will be received for less than one quarter. Pupils who do not return after the vacation will be charged for the entire term. Drawing, Painting, Music, and Fancy Work, are the only extras. No deduction made for temporary absence. Pupils will be received at any time during the year. For further particulars address THE LADY SUPERIOR, Academy of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA. This Institution was founded in 1851, and in 1862 was invested with the privileges of a University. It now possesses large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, well-watered gardens, swimming pond, etc. It possesses a new and elegant Philosophical Apparatus, and a Cabinet of Mineralogy and Natural History, the latter containing specimens from all the principal localities of the mineral kingdom. It has a Museum of Natural Curiosities, Surveying, Civil Engineering, and Architecture classes, etc. For the latter a new building fitted for the purpose has been finished, that leaves nothing to be desired. Diplomas are given in the Departments of Commercial course. TERMS: (Payable semi-annually in advance.) Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, $15.00. Tuition in English, Latin, Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Bathe, etc., per session, $100. Bed and Bedding, per session, $10. For further particulars apply to the President, REV. R. L. KENNA, S. J. President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA. THIS INSTITUTION, OFFERING PE-CULIAR advantages for a thorough and refined education, was established in 1851, and has been continuously by the State Legislature, and subsequently, the Trustees authorized the conferring of honors to confer all the rights and privileges of Collegiate Institutions. It occupies large buildings, with extensive playgrounds, numbers every thing to make science familiar and attractive. The course of instruction is the same as that of the Departments. Every facility will be afforded to students who desire to pursue a course of Ecclesiastical study. Terms (payable one-half in advance): Board and Tuition in English, Latin, French, Music, Use of Bed and Bedding, Washing, Mending, Stationery, Doctor's Fees, Use of Library, Use of Philosophical Apparatus, Use of Musical Instrument, per annum, $250. Extra charge for Drawing and Painting. Bed and Bedding, per session, $10. Use of Piano, per session, $20. Washing, per dozen, $12. Entrance Fee, $10. Ten dollars for the use of Bed and Bedding, to be returned if not injured. Pupils are received at any period of the year. TERMS: Per quarter, payable in advance. Entrance Fee, Ten Dollars, to be paid upon Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, $62.50. Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting in Water Colors, per quarter, $15.00. Use of Piano, per quarter, $5.00. Use of Bed and Bedding, per quarter, $5.00. Washing, per dozen, $12. Entrance Fee, $10. Ten dollars for the use of Bed and Bedding, to be returned if not injured. Pupils are received at any period of the year. TERMS IN ADMISSION: Board and Tuition in English, Latin, and French, per month, $20.00. Washing and Mending, per month, $2.00. Bed and Bedding, per month, $1.00. Use of Piano, per month, $1.00. Use of Bed and Bedding, per month, 25 cts. Washing, per dozen, $12. Entrance Fee, $10. Ten dollars for the use of Bed and Bedding, to be returned if not injured. Pupils who do not return after the vacation will be charged for the entire term. Drawing, Painting, Music, and Fancy Work, are the only extras. No deduction made for temporary absence. Pupils will be received at any time during the year. For further particulars address THE LADY SUPERIOR, College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal.

ST. CERTRUDE'S ACADEMY, PETALUMA, SONOMA CO., CAL. THIS ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER the direction of the Sisters of Mercy, has been established in a healthy and pleasant locality, in the commodious, well-ventilated building, and well furnished with all the requisites for a thorough education. The Course of Instruction is that followed in the Academies of the Sisters of Mercy. Pupils are received at any period of the year. TERMS: Per Session, Payable in Advance. Boarding, Tuition in English, French, and Music, Use of Bed and Bedding, Washing and Mending, Stationery, Doctor's Fees, Use of Library, Use of Philosophical Apparatus, per annum, $250. Extra charge for Drawing and Painting in Oil, per session, $20. Use of Piano, per session, $20. Washing, per dozen, $12. Entrance Fee, $10. Ten dollars for the use of Bed and Bedding, to be returned if not injured. Pupils are received at any period of the year. TERMS IN ADMISSION: Board and Tuition in English, Latin, and French, per month, $20.00. Washing and Mending, per month, $2.00. Bed and Bedding, per month, $1.00. Use of Piano, per month, $1.00. Use of Bed and Bedding, per month, 25 cts. Washing, per dozen, $12. Entrance Fee, $10. Ten dollars for the use of Bed and Bedding, to be returned if not injured. Pupils who do not return after the vacation will be charged for the entire term. Drawing, Painting, Music, and Fancy Work, are the only extras. No deduction made for temporary absence. Pupils will be received at any time during the year. For further particulars address THE LADY SUPERIOR, Academy of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Petaluma, Sonoma Co., Cal.

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Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA. CONDUCTED BY THE Sisters of the Holy Names. THIS INSTITUTION, IS PLEASANTLY SITUATED IN the City of Oakland, and is now in a flourishing condition. Its Course of Instruction is that followed in the Academies of the Sisters of the Holy Names throughout the United States. TERMS: Per Session of Five Months. Board and Tuition in English, French, Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Use of Bed and Bedding, Washing and Mending, Use of Piano, Stationery, Doctor's Fees, Use of Library, Use of Philosophical Apparatus, Use of Musical Instrument, per annum, $250. Extra charge for Drawing and Painting in Oil, per session, $20. Use of Piano, per session, $20. Washing, per dozen, $12. Entrance Fee, $10. Ten dollars for the use of Bed and Bedding, to be returned if not injured. Pupils who do not return after the vacation will be charged for the entire term. Drawing, Painting, Music, and Fancy Work, are the only extras. No deduction made for temporary absence. Pupils will be received at any time during the year. For further particulars address THE LADY SUPERIOR, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Oakland, Cal.

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URSULINE ACADEMY, FOR YOUNG LADIES, SANTA ROSA, — SONOMA CO., CAL. For Particulars Address the Superiors of the Ursulines, Santa Rosa.

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ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, SACRAMENTO, — CALIFORNIA. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. TERMS: (Payable invariably in advance.) Boarding, Tuition in English, French, and Music, Use of Bed and Bedding, per month, $20.00. Washing and Mending, per month, $2.00. Bed and Bedding, per month, $1.00. Use of Piano, per month, $1.00. Use of Bed and Bedding, per month, 25 cts. Washing, per dozen, $12. Entrance Fee, $10. Ten dollars for the use of Bed and Bedding, to be returned if not injured. Pupils who do not return after the vacation will be charged for the entire term. Drawing, Painting, Music, and Fancy Work, are the only extras. No deduction made for temporary absence. Pupils will be received at any time during the year. For further particulars address THE LADY SUPERIOR, St. Joseph's Academy, Sacramento, Cal.

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY, BENICIA, — SOLANO, CAL. Conducted by the Sisters of Benicia. Address all Communications to SISTER SUPERIOR.

JOB PRINTING. Any of the Best Clergy, Principals of school Society Schools or Business man who desire work may be by having their Job Printing executed at the Lowest Rates, at the Steam Job Printing Office of Wm. McCormick Bros., 510 Sansome street, the most probable place in the city to patronize. ☞ Call and get estimates and be convinced.

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BOOKS BOUGHT AND SOLD, BY A. BOSTWICK 1206 Montgomery street.

☞ Short, original contributions of merit will be accepted for the Young Folks.

The prizes for solution of conundrums should accompany their solutions.

Conundrums should be written on one side of a sheet only, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

A Brave Girl.

Three were brave girls among the early French colonists of Canada. One day, while [illegible] a lad of the village, named assailing savages in living Eglentine's house. The story is told as follows: Eglentine was busy at her household duties of Northern, a settlement twenty miles below Montreal, seam in the fields at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and his wife were absent. Its daughter Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, stood on the landing with a hired man, when she heard firing.

"Hon, mademoiselle, run!" cried the man. "Here comes the Indians!"

"Looking round, the girl saw the Indians near at hand. She ran for the fort, and the Indians, seeing that they could not catch her, fired at her. Their bullets whistled round her, and made the time seem very long, as she afterwards said.

"As soon as she neared the fort, she cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that she would get assistance. But the men were all frightened that they had hidden in the block house.

"When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort, she found the women there crying for their husbands, who were in the fields and had fled to the fort. Madeleine encouraged them to, and shut the gate. She continually went to an embrasure in the fort, and found that some of the palisades were fallen down, and that the Indians through which the enemy would easily enter.

"She got what help she could and set them to work to repair the palisades, and passed to the block house, where she found the brave garrison. Her words brought them to a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that match? asked Madeleine.

"I light the powder, and blow us all up, answered the soldier.

"You are a miserable coward and the girl.

"Coward! if the place is lost, my wife and children are in the hands of the Indians, and I shall be tortured to death! Let us go! I tell you, I shall be tortured to death!

"Madeleine was placed her brothers and the soldiers at the palisades, and they fired at the Indians lurking and dodging behind the trees, and drove them back. How large the garrison was and therefore how small it was, she knew, and numbers of these fell before the well directed aim of the soldiers.

"The girl commander succeeded, after a while, in stopping the scattering of the women and children, and in the following day that the enemy should retreate no sign of fear or weakness. Her plan was to make them to see that every defender was double and brave, and that the fort was so fortified in no time to fear, and that the enemy might easily intelligence of the situation and being thus duped.

"Thus the fight went on, day after day, and night after night, the brave girl keeping up her vigilance, and encouraging all that it was a fortnight's site before she was relieved.

"For a whole week Madeleine held the fort, with the help of the soldiers and the strong watcher, which prevented the Indians from approaching the palisades or fences. At the end of that time reinforcements came down the river and raised the siege.

The Child and the Drunkard.

The late John B. Gough, in one of his powerful addresses, tells the following most touching story. "I once was playing with a beautiful child in the city of Norwich, Conn. I was carrying the child in my arms, and I had the strange notion of swinging the child out over the deep, dark, rushing river. I was carrying it out to do so, when, all at once, I think he forgot me. Bring your gun! said he him, Harry, will you drop down with me to the side of the green bank? 'Oh, yes, was his answer. We went together, and I saw a most lovely place. Lovely, I mean, for a drunkard's place. The bright green sward, the sunbeams that danced and chased and illumined on day upon his pensive, grave face, the pine overhead, and the rock, the pencaled lips and pained sorry countenance, the very seems to the lady's heart more than he, for they were following the purpose of their being. As I looked upon the poor drunken wretch, and then upon that child, with his bright hair his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his innocent smile, his perfect picture of life, pe

The Martyrs of Uganda

DYING FOR THE FAITH IN AFRICA.

GRAND DEATHS FOR GOD'S GLORY.

"The Blood of the Martyrs is the Seed of the Church."

It is the glory of the Catholic Church that at every period of her history members of her children have been found ready to give up their lives in defence of her holy doctrine. And, as no age is without its list of martyrs, so it may with equal truth be said that every portion of the world has at one time or other contributed its contingent to the great white robed army of sufferers for the name of Christ. It is not so long since the sufferings endured by the newly converted Christians in several parts of the Chinese Empire proved that among the followers of Christ in the far East there has existed in modern times heroism as noble and fidelity as strong as that which animated the early Christians themselves, and the same is attested by the history of the Church in Japan whose martyrs have of recent years been placed upon our altars by the Holy See. A similar declaration of ecclesiastical authority has still more recently conferred

THE CROWN OF BEATITUDE

upon many who had down their lives for their faith in England during the sixteenth century, and hardly has this decree been issued when the news reaches us of fresh sufferings in the same cause endured by the followers of the same holy religion in another quarter of the globe and among a people to whom the truths of Christianity have only recently been made known. It is in the heart of Equatorial Africa that these latest witnesses to the faith of Christ have laid down their lives, and the history of the sufferings of these neophytes, despite the fact that they belong to a race which it is the fashion for men brought up in civilization to despise and despite the fact that barbarism and ignorance have all lately prevailed among them, is as bright with instances of heroism and self-sacrifice as that of many another portion of the globe where religion and civilization have long been known and flourished.

THE HISTORY OF THESE LATEST MARTYRDOMS,

though as yet necessarily incomplete and wanting in details, is nevertheless already sufficiently well known to excite the deepest interest in all who read it, as briefly, yet most pathetically, told in the few letters and despatches which have arrived from the Nyanza Vicariate, one of the four which belong to the immense African mission directed from Tunis by his Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie. The first intimation that a serious outbreak of persecution had occurred was received at Paris from Tunis in the early part of the month of January. It briefly stated that a hundred Christian negroes had just been put to death for their faith by the young king Mwanga the son of the late king Mtesa. Further details were promised, and those have since arrived in two letters from Equatorial Africa, one of which is addressed to his superior in France by Père Lourdel a missionary who has labored unfatigably in those regions for the last ten years, and the other is an official account received by the Propaganda from Mgr Livinhac, the Vicar Apostolic of Nyanza.

IN THE FORMER OF THESE LETTERS

which is dated Rubaga, the 25th of June 1886, Père Lourdel gives a brief account of the commencement of the persecution

SEVEN YEARS AGO, says the missionary, "in the king himself in the act of explaining the catechism to one of his young companions." Mtesa who had long been accustomed to entertain a hatred of Christianity as subversive of the old superstitions of the country, went for its Minister and gave orders for an immediate massacre of the Christians. The doors of the palace were at once made fast and on the following day the whole body of pages and other court officials was assembled to the presence of the king. "Let all," said he, "who believe in the religion of the white men, stand apart by themselves." The order was at once obeyed, and a chief named Lenago with a number of his companions separated themselves from the others. They were at once seized and bound, and a few day afterwards most of them were either

SLAIN OR SENT ON THE MORTAL JOURNEY

of Mamungongo near the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, or else cut to pieces, having been first compelled to endure horrible torture. In another part of his letter the same writer describes the sufferings and martyrdom of the other members of the newly gathered Christian flock. They are hunted, he says, like wild beasts and are at a loss where to hide themselves from the fury of the king. At midnight they secretly gather round the missionaries, who up to the date given in the letter had not been deprived of their liberty, for the sake of receiving the sacraments and performing their other religious duties. But fears were entertained that ere long a general slaughter would take place and that the missionaries, who, besides the bishop, are three in number, would with all the surviving Christians be made prisoners and afterwards massacred.

IN HIS LETTER TO THE PROPAGANDA

dated July 31st 1886, Bishop Livinhac expresses his belief that more than a hundred neophytes have been martyred, and adds that the sufferings they endured were of the most terrible character. But their courage never failed, and so little did they seem affected by their tortures that the pagans present, as often happened during the persecutions of the early Christians, were firmly convinced that the courage they displayed was due to the influence of some magical charm which conferred upon the possessor immunity from pain as well as contempt of death. In these letters it is likewise stated that every effort is being made to collect all the facts connected with the martyrdoms, of which authentic account will shortly appear, the sole cause of which was hatred of the Christian faith which it is the object of king Mwanga to root out and utterly destroy. In considering the possibility of his doing so the Bishop remarks that, humanly speaking, there appears no hope of saving the mission from destruction, but he places his trust in God and hopes that the blood of martyrs shed in Africa, as elsewhere, one day prove to have been the seed of the Church, and in the same time thanks God for having chosen the members of his flock to be the first witnesses to the truth of the Catholic faith among the negro races of Africa. Such is the brief account hitherto received of the latest victory won by confessors of the faith over the terrors of paganism, and no Catholic who reads it can do otherwise than pray with the Bishop in the hope that it may be followed by further triumphs of religion in the heart of the Dark Continent.

Vine-Dressers Notice.

Regarding the New Vineyard Quina on New York, as exchange says: Those who are intimately acquainted with Mendocino Quina speak of him in the highest terms of praise and regard, and bear testimony to his industrious and satisfactory labors in the duties of his sacred calling. Probably no priest in the United States was better known or more widely esteemed, and his absence will be attended by a decide d feeling of regret from all parts of the country. The confidential advice and counsel of this prelate, is so mostly associated with them and most impliedly trusted in every important work of that archdiocese.

— Read the card of Pringle Bros., of 1109 Market street, in this issue, and when you need any boots and shoes do not forget to call upon them.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

FROM

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

CLARE—Some evictions took place on April 7th, on the property of the Hollies, whose most zealous, county Clare Leagues men, one of the persons evicted, is a young man from Cork, a nephew of Dillon, it is said to have footed some time ago.

YORK—On April 2, at Mallow, a man named J. Walsh, while at early Mass swoon-ed to fall from his seat in the chapel. Those people who happened to be near to him in the seat, under the impression that the man had only got a weakness, helped him out into the chapel yard, where he expired immediately. The deceased was a stranger in the town, and was employed by the Great South ern and Western Railway Company.

At a meeting of the Chapter of the Diocese of Cloyne, the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy presiding, the Rev. Daniel Keller was unanimously raised to the dignity of Canon—not only for his personal worth but as a protest against the action of the Government for having suspended him to the indignity of imprisonment. Father Keller, P. P., and Father Mat Ryan, C. C., were visited on April last, at Kilmainham, by the Lord Mayor, M. P., Mr Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the Rev J. J. Ryan, the College, Thurles Rev John Wood, C. P., Upper Church, Tipperary, and the Rev. J O Riordan also called.

The recent disclosures of the details of attempt made by Emergency men at Inch, near Killeagh, in manslaughter on cottage, will be brought before Parliament immediately. The Emergency men, who had been drinking heavily at Killeagh at the time, fired several shots on their way home and next day reported to the police that they had been attacked. Each, however, gave different stories which showed that the whole affair was a concoction

DUBLIN.—Michael Davitt says The Freeman's Dublin, for reasons best known to the authors of the paragraphs recently published in the London Standard, is convinced that I am about to start a daily morning paper. If I had any such intention I would probably not select the journal referred to as the medium for communicating it to the public. As a large number of friends have addressed inquiries to me regarding the "sell" rumor, permit me to say that there is no truth whatever in it.

On Sunday, April 3, about 2,000 people, with bands, assembled outside Kilmainham Jail, and serenaded the priests confined within.

The Government have abandoned their prosecutions against Messrs John Dillon, M. P., William O'Brien, Dand Sheehy, M. P., William Redmond, M. P., and D. Crilly, M. P.

FERMANAGH—At Bisbee, county Fermanagh, a meeting of splendid proportions was held Sunday, April 3th, for the purpose of giving aid and encouragement to the ministry of Mr. Lowtrance, of Sligo, who is seeking for a reduction of rent. Mr. Lowtrage has given an earnest of his sincerity on the subject by the eviction of nine of their body. The Rev. Father Cullen, who was in the chair, devoted some of his speech to the evils of Irish land grabbing and the virtues of forcotting and combination as weapons for fighting unjust landlords.

GALWAY—No clue has as yet been discovered which would lead to the detection of the murderers of the young man named Dawson, whose body has been found in the lake at Renmore, in the county Galway, near the borders of Clare. A statement which may upon the courage and self-sacrifice he exhibited

MAYO—The announcement of the death of Miss Roche, eldest Bantadine sister to Dr. Roche, Bishop of Elphin, and to Rev. Jerome Dutch, in our issue will be sure to be heard with deep regret. She died on April 5th, in the 50th year of her age.

Excursions took place on Lord Sligo's estate on the eighteen-hundred Landlords, on April 2d. The beasts on view were brought from two to three miles each, and offered no resistance whatever. Some of the people, it was thought, dressed and armed as peasants, but the faces of some of them could hardly be traced to the peasantry and attitude present. The evictions and the immense of them held long, the spiritedness of their houses, and the pitiable helplessness of the extremely old and very young, make the punishment of the evicted of the unemployed, people, more nearly imagined than described. Pride led by a force of fifteen men, Mr J. Jo Rogers, attended at Foxmore, near Lanesboro, in the 1st, and carried out two evictions, in each of which the houses were emptied.

On April 5th, at Kilkelly, an old man named Patrick Kelly was found dead on his bed. He lived alone for some years past, and was a very steady, inoffensive man

QUEEN'S COUNTY—Information is wanted of James Burke, who when last heard from was in Barker Hill, Mount county, Indiana, by his brother, Lawrence Burke, R. I. P., Ferill, Ballybrophy, Queen's Rev John Wood, C. P.

ROSCOMMON—At a meeting of the tenantry of the O Conor estate held on April 1, the following resolution was passed: "Resolved, that we return our best thanks to Joseph Scollard, Nicholas Roderick O'Conor, Esq., of Hendermott, Baltimore, for his action in reducing the rent of 28 per cent, and we are also grateful to his agent, Col. J. W. Lewis, for his humanity, Hillsmeter, for his tenancy towards us

SLIGO—In Tubbercurry, the admirable organization and management of the Nationalists have succeed in so sapping the last shred of Landlord influence once in the town. The election of chairman and committee, which some years ago ruled the roost in this Union as they now do in Dublin, were subjected to a by-election, leaving nothing to the National elected Guardians the duty of electing the following gentlemen, who had been previously selected by ballot, to the respective chairs—Mr. John Gillespie, chairman; Mr. John O'Hoed, vice-chairman, and Mr. John Gormain, deputy vice-chairman.

The following clerical changes have been made in the diocese of Killala—Rev J Conway, from Burke, to the P P Aldergoole, Rev J. Kelly, from Mogeesagh, to be Adm. Ballina, Rev T. McDonnell, from Ballycastle, to be P P, Morgeesagh, Rev J. Fox, from Doonan, to be P P, Kilcommon, Erris, Rev P. P. Boland, from Easkey to Ballina, Rev T. J. Dolphin from Inishcrone to Easky, Rev J Colleran from Binghamstown to Inishcrone, Rev J Hoban, Binghamstown, Rev Michael Gallagher to be Dean.

The death rate in Sligo for the week ending April 2d, was the lowest in Ireland, being at the rate of 14 per 1000 inhabitants. The lowest death rate in Ireland for the same week was 17 in Belfast.

TIPPERARY—We regret to have to announce the early and unexpected decease of the late Rev Jas Dunlop, P. P., of Ballycastle, Newtownland, which took place on the 20th of March, at Ballycastle, in the vicinity of the scene of a scene cold, cough in the discharge of his pastoral duties. The deceased was born in the 5th year of his age and the 7th of his ordination. He was a man of

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THE PACIFIC BANK.

President, R. H. McDonald. Vice-President, R. H. McDonald, Jr. Cashier, S. G. Murphy.

Capital, $1,000,000. Oldest Established Bank on the Pacific Coast Surplus, $550,000.

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Market Report.

MONTHLY TERMS.

S.W. Kearny St., Tuesday Evening, May 3, 1887

WHEAT No. 1	$1.72½@1.75
Flour, Superfine	3.25@3.50
Extra	3.75
Family	4.00
Barley, feed	1.15@1.17½
Brewing	1.20@1.25
Brewing Barley Fine	1.30
Middlings	26.00@27.00
Oats No 1 feed	1.42½@1.45
Hay	13.00@17.00
Buckwheat	1.30@1.35
Potatoes	
Burbank, or wholesale	50@60
Turkey, P lb wholesale	20@22
Geese, P pair	1.00
Ducks, P pair	4.00@5.00
Young chickens	4.00@5.00
Old hens	5.00@6.00
Eggs	12@13
Butter	
Fresh, P lb	35@40
Pickled	20@22
Cheese	
California	10@11
Eastern	12@13
Honey	
Wheat	14@15
Barley	14@15
Oats	14@15
Hay	14@15
Potatoes	14@15
Onions	14@15
Beans, white	1.90@1.90
Tallow, P lb	3@3½
Turnips, P 100	75@50
Beets, P 100	75@50
Potatoes, California	1.50@1.75
Onions	1.75@2.00
Green Peppers	5@6
Garlic	6@7
Garlic, P lb	10.00@12.00
Apples	1@3
Cabbage	
Cabbage, P lb	2@3
Cauliflower, P doz	75@1.00
Celery, P doz	25@30
Beets, P sack	1.00
Carrots, P sack	1.00
Turnips, P sack	1.00
Parsnips, P sack	1.00
Beans, Lima, P lb	5@6
Beans, Bayo, P lb	3½@4
Beans, Pinto, P lb	2½@3
Beans, Small White, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Pea, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Red, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Red Kidney, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Green, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Wax, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Lima, P lb	5@6
Beans, Bayo, P lb	3½@4
Beans, Pinto, P lb	2½@3
Beans, Small White, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Pea, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Red, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Red Kidney, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Green, P lb	3@3½
Beans, Wax, P lb	3@3½
Peas, Green, P lb	3@3½
Peas, Split, P lb	3@3½
Peas, Black-eye, P lb	3@3½
Peas, Red

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE BETTER PART.

The day was in his wandering clothes still fanned,
The low—hour of its infancy—delay
Upon the dew-rim. And the sun new risen,
In soft caress his beams poured warmer all
The birds, sweet harbingers of morn, just waked
To mind upon the air their matins sweet;
When, from a low brown house, a woman stept
Forth in the dewy air. Tall, young and fair,
With eyes now dark, now blue, as passing thought
Its image mirrored there. The soft brown curls
Clustered a bower on which the light of a head
Seemed to have set His chrism; and now on
And on it rested the, and bearing proud, above
The sacred Sign. Light trembling o'er the sward
Was not more a word; they—who where blessed
Seemed if ending on this quiet cottage door
Now thro' the darkness shade where vale lost
Now through the sunshine bright, wending its
way.
Its ripples touched with light by every ray.

Now stept she on the stones, grown smooth from
tiny
Or which, in childhood's bright unclouded
morn,
The stream she daily crossed is going to school.
A tho'l of this—music of her, had her brow
But now serene as yonder smiling moon,
Clouds are in thought. How oft in those dead
days
Her well loved sister here had walked with her
And told her of the saints—"Oh go to sleep,
And I in turmoil still am left behind."
The thought, and then—"Ah, dear Lord, me for-
give
The passing thought, I'll like regret it sound!
Thy holy will, see mine, be done," she said,
And low in reverence deep she bowed her head.

On through the vale she walked; now here, now
there,
Pausing, the beauty of the spot to note,
Perhaps her heart to him that had wrought
all.
A lowwall ran thro' her childhood's haunts,
Eve leaving than forevermore. What hour
Is some time that hath rest in weak, strong
cords
That bound it to some loved and cherished friend,
Or spot endeared by long lapsed time thoughts.
The sun was fresh, another's life to share
Unto another, heart and hand to give
Life and death! Pity thou sweet of that one now
That needs the warm blood nourishing thro' her
veins
And yet grow has that smile her mouth to
Some fortunate into the of Heaven is given
In the possession of a strong—strong—
Whose duty is the light of her bright eyes.
Her smile is her smile her smile her smile!

Not so; she goth forth from this, her home,
Unto a Bridegroom—true; but not of earth.
Not so; she goth forth from this home
Which had her to be having, I mean the vows
In Poverty to dwell—as gentle to hold,
Save just to see for present need, and those
As much her sister's and the poor's as her;
In Chastity to dwell; to Him alone,
Whose Virgin Mother is her Mother, too,
Her heart to open. To His service, and
Heart, mind and body, kept as sanctum p.t.
In which His Heart may rest. And last of all,
Obedience yield implicitly to all.

Ere was her lonely first dream, Elizabeth—
"Th God in commendation given"—one day
Her sister, long since gone to dwell with God,
Had told her was the meaning of her name.
And then in musing, to the child, she thought
Her mother's words were nearly wings that
touched
Her soul, and s'ir it had a virgin vail.
But claim yours long claimed in the world
A father—aged and a son with ev'ryes dazzy,
Stark which fell nearly a man with loss of Faith
And loving trust in God, had failed to live,
Had aged, wife and children for a time
Had claimed her care; and sister, to, who had,
Let conscious loving mound have ever was lost;
For souls she labored, mindful what they cost.

Some years passed thus. At times her heart
would faint,
And then, in fear and trembling, how she prayed
That God would send His own sweet peace again!
* * * * * * *
One day a call came to her—one bright day
When Autumn made all the woods to smile
In gorgeous dazzling tints; ere yet the storms
Of Winter had the forest's mantle torn—
A message came to her that made her heart
Bound still; the loving friend that she to her
Was dying, and wished to see her once more.

Literary Miscellany.

The Workhouse Children.

A True Tale by Lady Herbert of Lea.

It was a cold, drizzling, wretched evening in November. People hurried along the slippery, muddy streets of London, intent on their work or business, and only anxious to get home out of the wet.

But there was a whose step was even quicker than the rest, though his grave countenance and downcast eyes showed that he was the bearer of something that kept him recollected and his hurry. We will follow him past the busy shops, through a narrow passage, till he comes at a house in a wretched court, of which the entrance was hall obscured with rags and bones. He does not speak, but hurries up the dirty, broken staircase, and some of the lodgers in the same house follow him and struck and silent too, till he reach a one particular door. It is opened by a crying boy of ten or twelve years old, who instantly knocks, while his sister, a little older than himself, lights a candle, and together with their visitor approach a bed in the corner of the miserable room, on which lying, a woman, still young but in the last stage of decay. Her pale, wan features light up with joy as she sees her Lord approaching; and for a short time tonight is heard but the voice of the priest, who is come to soothe that dying bed, and give the one great strength for the last dread journey.

A quarter of an hour passed, the service was over, and in a faint and feeble voice the dying mother spoke: "Father, I could go in peace, gladly, too, but for one thing. What is to become of my poor children? They are all go to the workhouse—I know enough to think that Ah children should be sent to one place, but it isn't likely I know what I mean! If they go they will lose their faith. It's no use telling me the contrary, you know the law is on our side, and the law says that children are to be brought up in the religion of their parents. But the guardians don't care about the law, they'll force them to be Protestants, as they did Mary Green's children last year. And where I ask you, are the poor children to be cried so? and said they lost him if he made the attempt to see or said his own prayers. O Father, would that I had learned them with their poor father! I would rather see them die this minute than become Protestants!"

"And does not our Lord know this, and will he not provide, O you of little faith?" replied the kind, old priest, gently taking her hand. "Do not fear, my child, we will ask other friends. And the newspapers have taken up the matter, and some of the guardians dare not keep the children as they used to do. Only commend them to Her care Who never yet forsook the widow and fatherless."

I would be beaten to death sooner than give up my children," said the dying woman, clasped the boy, who had been eagerly hanging on his mother's words. The little girl was silent; but she drew nearer to her mother and imprinted on her forehead one kiss which full many a man with less of Faith and loving trust in God, had failed to live, Well, my child, I will commend you to Mary—Had claimed her care; and sister, to, who had, let conscious loving mound have ever was lost; For souls she labored, mindful what they cost.

"Mary, dear Mary, I am dying fast by her protector's hand, was found alone with her dead friend in the mourner's room.

"Poor little many Catholic children in the house!" was the first question asked by the lady.

"There were a great many, ma'am," replied Mary, "but now they daren't even to speak to me, for the guardians have put extra work on them if she finds out that they ever what she calls 'prayed,' and half the time they don't get their dinner or supper, as they've just started and beaten for being Papistesses.

"And my poor little confessor here has lost all that he had the lady, smoothing the hair of the child's forehead, and looking at him kindly.

"I tried to think of Jesus, and how he loved poor and those for us, as poor as they used to tell us, and the child sorely, "and then it didn't seem so hard. And I prayed to Jesus and Jesus lady every day to give me strength to meet it, and I tell you, ma'am, the aunt Arthur was from this terrible place.

A messenger here interrupted the conversation by announcing the lady to inquiries below the door.

"Courage and hope on," whispered she, as she left the girl to weep the sentence.

"We have considered the case you have brought before us, madam, and we have sent gravely," and though you must allow me to say there is no legal right in the matter of removing the children to the Protestant schools, which is left to the discretion of the guardians, we have resolved, if circumstances, it will be well to grant your request. You are perfectly at liberty to remove the children when you please, and have instructions to the effect of those prepared for the purpose."

Hardly, we fear, a cold, and, under some takes, it is a true one. If it should meet you—I only one due to take up the cause of those who have no friends, and to second the measures which are being set on foot to delay these little ones from the cruel persecution they are now undergoing for their faith, or from the still more cruel one of being cast out and robbed if altogether, and forcibly brought up in error, my object will be attained.

THE HOLY FACE.

Extension of the Devotion From the Church of Santa Tutto.

During the past ten years 30,000 copies of the *Voce Ellipsis* have been distributed from the church of the Holy Face in Tours to various points over the civilized globe, and have been sung consecrated in cathedrals, chapels and private dwellings.

In the vicinity of Tours there are present every month 1,000 Communions, 40 tentmen, and about 300 thanksgivings for answered prayers. Letters come from all from every direction, some simply, others in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, Sanscrit, Hindoo, Tartar, Syriac and Armenian to the Holy Face, which is kept in the sanctuary. Some go to testify to their faith and adoration, others to thank for favors received. Priests and bishops feel honored to bring offerings of the Holy Face of Tours. Pictures are presented to the Holy Face for the success of a mission, the healing of the sick, success in business, and for other temporal and spiritual favors, but especially in reparation there offered to the Divine Face, for the Face of His Divine Son, for the Temples made the sins of desecration of Sunday, of schools without Christian education, and of the Sacrilegious.

The devotion of the Holy Face is spread over all the countries of Europe, particularly France, England, Italy, Spain, Ireland, Russia, Poland and Holland, and in Asia, Asia, the United States and the English Indies, and in Africa, nearly all the churches and many private dwellings are copies of the *Voce Ellipsis*, which are surrounded with a wreath of flowers, and are venerated with all the Christian devotion. It would be impossible to quote the numerous cures and favors which are blessed with the possession of a copy of the Holy Face.

The attention of the Archi-Confraternity of the Holy Face of Tours, which has 7 million 102 special confraternities.

Not only are many of the clergy and laity all over the civilized globe adopting the motto of the Holy Face, but it is of the highest importance, is the fact that the popes are taking an active interest in the extension of the devotion. We will quote the words of Pius IX. that 48 bishops of Europe and America signed the petition to the Holy See for the erection of the Archi-Confraternity of the Holy Face, and the witnesses and judges of congregations.

In this country, Archbishop Gross of Oregon City, Archbishop Purcell of New York, together with Bishop Kenrick, of Richmond, and Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, are especially devoted and zealous towards the cause of the Holy Face. In the closing years, and when their Footsteps were in the Holy Face, and the Holy Face in the first American Cardinal, and the late archbishop Purcell of New Orleans, both found ineffable consolation and comfort in the devotion to the Sacred Face of the Saviour.

To the Clonghaneely Exiles.

CLONGHANEELY, April 2nd, 1867.

Dear Friends—Do you not well know Clonghaneely has ever been in the past the unhappy living grave of Tyrell Landlords? They have tried to chase the people from their lands by all kinds of persecution and oppression. The cruelest of all was the attempt to make them Protestant, viz. the attempt to deprive the poor tenants of the Sacrament of Communion, where they grew their sheep and, and without which they could have little holdings would be worthless. It is an old saying the history repeats itself, and we see the attempt to make us Protestants, and to make us, some thirty years ago, renewed today. Arthur has taken up the Wyndham Gilbert, against John M'Cafferty, of Lynn Aughris, who has trespassed his sheep on the grazing to which he has a right, and which he has enjoyed for a long time. This is referred to be not a true one, as Gilbert and Wyndham would not let his will follow up his success by taking proceedings against all the other tenants. It is most important therefore, that the people should be prepared for any process, should be employed in fighting his battle. It is not in the view we have now started a fund called the "Clonghaneely Tenants Defence Fund." The time, however, being very bad at home, we cannot hope to make the Fund a success without external aid. Many cases in the meantime, therefore, to appeal to our friends abroad to help us in the fight. Accordingly at the last meeting of the Clonghaneely Tenants Defence Fund Leagues, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Neal Doughlin, and seconded by Mr John M'Hinley, Kreldrum, was carried unanimously—"That we appeal to our friends abroad to help us in the present struggle against landlord tyranny, contributing part of the sums of war to Wm. Gilbert.

Signed on behalf of the N. L. Committee—Daniel Stephens, Cor. Treasurer; John Doughlan, Vice-President, James M'Donlan, Sec., Treasurer John M'Hugh, Jun., Secretary.

P.S.—It is intended that the Fund will be a permanent one, so that whatever struggle may arise, we may be fighting for the mountains, will be kept for the protection of weak tenants in all cases of litigation so the part of oppressed landlords in Ireland.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jas Hagerty, 52 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

A Singular Death.

Thomas Mandey, better known as "Blind Tom," a negro musician, died in this city, on last week which notified that his pension of $24 per month had been increased to one $6,000 back pension. He at once fell in a fit and died soon after. Deceased was fifty-five years of age, a native of Ireland and fought in the Crimean war in the English Army. Shortly after the Civil War, he came to this country, enlisted in the army, and lost his eyesight through the accidental explosion of a shell while fighting Indians under General Terry. He was then orderly sergeant. His legal heirs are entitled to this money.

BISHOP FHERBOMEZ

His Thirty-Seven Years Missionary Work.

Bishop Fherbomez is one of the most learned, and especially in Oriental Literature, which, though of the Oriental People, the most famous superior for it was to be the Bishop of the Diocese, is in coming to Lyons on a certain high occasion, being a linguist in public opinion, and "the blessed Bishop" as Protestants used to call it is becoming less and less so, and Mass, and the Mass, and the legend. Even the grave and stand of Protestant Anglicanism, speaking sometime ago of the sermon by which the legate from Rome between England and Ireland was so well received, and delivered into this letter, but the remarks of the writer on the disunion of the West Indies.

That "the Gallic kills all Europeans and natives almost annually, as I admit, strictly true, as I would also be true if said of the greater portion of the United States where both natives and Europeans are frequently killed by domestic influence. The attentions wouldn't we had in Chicago for the past few months, on one day in which the lies had a deadly effect upon some of our residents, but that will not prevent the enterprising newspapers from purchasing the fact that Chicago is the abbatoir of the earth's world. The Protestant, however, sought to be compared to the Gallic Island of the West Indies is of a deadly nature that nothing can prevent, and the Catholics cannot be indulgences. That Father Gallic has long there for "nearly a third of a century, disposes of it in one sentence, "I am of my own knowledge that in Martinique, the West Indies, the Gallic Island, I have been, across of "foreigners who have taken a fancy to the Island" and "a few of the island to a green old age." A few of the island's inhabitants, and a few of the island, are very unhealthy at certain seasons of the year, but Martinique is the prevailing disease among the Europeans, and the Gallic Island is not the place to go to.

Yet, Gallic Island is well known as a salubrious climate. In some, "the islands" are the Gallic Island, and "the negroes, who constitute the laboring population, are generally healthy, and attained ripe, but they are in more land than the island of Jamaica. As to yellow fever, the mortality is not so great as in other islands, who are exposed to the direct rays of the sun, and who are not known to be very careful. Their habitation are not well ventilated. Their food is not so with others alcohol is very, very more abundant than in other islands, and in Jamaica. In fact the island of Martinique is the island of Jamaica, and the island of Jamaica is the island of Martinique. Yet, Gallic Island

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Bishop Maes proposes to build a cathedral. One wealthy citizen of Covington has offered $100,000.

—In Berlin, Prussia, looking at the religious of those to whom divorces were granted for a certain period, 2,592 were Protestants, 26 Jews, and only 14 Catholics—a sign that they are hard to obtain divorces.

—One arm of the Baptist Alliance met in Oakland last week and solemnly resolved that there is no such thing as probation after death. With all such people—when death comes—it will be a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire."

—The *Moniteur de Rome*, referring to the Papal Bread to Bishop Ireland, in favor of total abstinence, says that it will give to this work of zeal, charity and social wisdom, an increase of authority and influence not only in America but wherever the sad plague of intemperance prevails.

—The Berlin papers recently published a letter from the Holy Father to the Bishop of Cologne, in which his Holiness recommended the Government Bill to the Catholic of Prussia. The Bill is called by the *Norddeutsche* "a bayonne for bringing about the peace, which bayonne wounds may be taken as secured." [illegible]

—There has been introduced into the Illinois Legislature a bill to limit the inheritance possible to any one person. As introduced it places the amount at $50,000 in money or 1,000 acres in land. Thus a sufficient number of heirs to take the whole estate in such limits, the remainder is escheat to the State.

—The Cleveland Catholic *Universe* states an important fact when it says that all the work of an editor is not visible on the surface, that is, cannot be gathered simply from what appears in the columns of his paper. There is so much wisdom and newspaper tact in what is left out of a newspaper as in what goes in.

—A very interesting ceremony took place last month at the Church of the Enfants Passionists, Avenue Hoche, Paris. His Grace Archbishop Richard administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to between fifty and sixty English and American converts who have recently been received into the Church by the Rev. Fathers.

—Trinity Sunday, which falls on June 5th next, will be the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of Very Rev. Joachim Adam, Vicar General of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles. Father Adam is still known all over this coast, and all who know him will join the Monitor in wishing him the happiness of 25 years more in his sacred ministry.

—Concerning land for Catholic colonies, can obtain the information they desire by addressing Messrs. E. F. Bass, Anderson, Shasta county; N. R. Spoot, Orland, Colusa county; William Parker, Vacaville, Solano county; or Rev. Anthony Ubach, San Diego. There is plenty of idle land in other counties, and we will publish the names of parties having them in charge if some subscribers therein will send them in.

—In order to hasten the progress of the Crimes bill it is stated that the British Government intends to apply the closure rule in the House of Commons after a brief discussion on each amendment, except in the case of important amendments, of which—we are unusually happy to say—there are at present more than a hundred attached to the Bill, with at least as many more in reserve, so as to stay the progress of the latest legislative lash for poor, persecuted Ireland.

—That was a very high compliment which the Anarchist Herr Most paid to Catholics the other day when he said: "You can't make good Socialists or Anarchists out of Catholics, for they reverence and obey their priests, and their priests are invariably on the side of law." This is a golden truth and we hope it may never be tarnished by the Catholics in America. The Catholic Church is the friend of law and order, hence she is the deadly foe of anarchy.

—These warning words which we cull from one of the works written by Cardinal Manning, should sink deep into the souls of many Catholic parents in California. "Suffer no children of yours to go to any school whatsoever where they will be exposed to the smallest danger of losing their faith. Their faith is more vital than life itself. If you voluntarily expose them to the danger of losing it, you will be guilty of mortal sin. The consequences of such an act are awful."

—During the past week the attention of the members of the British Parliament has been mainly directed to wrangling over the numerous amendments to the Coercion Act, the Closure, the *Times'* forgery of the Parnell letter and the Dillon accusation, so that nothing has transpired of interest to our readers. It seems to be the idea of separate friends of Ireland that the Coercion Bill will pass towards the end of June, but that its duration will be short and bloody, ending with the downfall of the Tory ministry and the triumph of Hadleyism and the Irish Home Rule Party.

—At an additional proof of the truth of the oft-repeated saying of the Holy Father, that not the Church, but her enemies, have reasons to fear the revelations resulting from historic research, we learn from Berne that at the last meeting of the Historical Society of that place Professor Zwerkleder announced that the Government had decided to suspend, at the close of the year, the publication of the *Fontes rerum Bernensium*, which step, writes the *Courrier de Geneve*, is easily explained. The Government has been led to make this decision by the discovery after relative to the Protestant Reformation in Switzerland made by the Historical Society, which discovers are humiliating to that religious belief, which for over three centuries has thus falsified history.

—The absolutely question of the day in Italy is the proposed establishment of a satisfactory modus vivendi between the Papacy and the Italian Government by giving the Hope sufficient territory to secure his practical independence and freedom of action—in other words a partial restoration of the temporal power.

—A surprising blot of the development of the Catholic Church in America is given by the list of all the Catholic newspapers appearing in that country, which shows that those organs number no less than 181, being published in 144 different towns, some in very small places indeed. The success of the Church in its struggle against Hannah & Co., has been very materially advanced by the strong opinions formulated by this large number of Catholic papers.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says Mr. John Sweetman sends to us with reference to our query: "Does the Pope approve of Home Rule?" the following anecdote which he thinks may be of interest just now: A month ago, when in Rome, an American Bishop told me the following story: An Irish lady asked Cardinal Howard (the Englishman) whether it would be better for her to tell the Pope at the audience she was to have that she was an Irishwoman. "Oh, yes" said Cardinal Howard, "and if you only say you are a Home Ruler, you will be all the better received."

—One result of the resumption of cordial relations between the Holy See and Germany will apparently be the admission of Catholic missioners into the German Colonies, which up to now is forbidden. It is added that Rome that Dr. Karl Peters, Baron Grancenrieth, and Father an Rhein, from Reichenbach near Eichbaum, are staying in the Eternal City, engaged in negotiations concerning the German Catholic mission in East Africa. It is added that an agreement has already been come to between the Missionary College of Reichenbach and Dr. Peters.

—In response to information desired by a subscriber, we give the following statistics. The ten largest cities in the world, according to the latest estimates, are London, which, with its suburbs, has a population of 4,315,325; Paris, 2,269,023; Canton (China) 1,500,000; New York, 1,449,000; Aitchi (Japan), 987,887; Philadelphia, 875,000; Calcutta, 766,326, and Vienna, 726,105. There are several cities in China which claim a population of 10,000,000, but as the claim is not based on any systematic enumeration they are not included in the list.

—The German Catholics have resolved to erect a noble monument in commemoration of the seventy-fifth birthday of their great leader, Dr. Windthorst. As he shapes lately declined to receive any personal gift, it has been decided that the memento shall take the form of a church, to be built in Hanover, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin. The cost is that Dr. Windthorst, as a second Catholic Church erected in Hanover, where it is sorely needed.

—The Catholics of Quebec desire to erect a fac-simile in cast-iron of the cross placed by Jacques Cartier, on May 3rd, 1536, on the banks of the St. Charles River, with the inscription, "*Franciscus primus Dei gratia Francorum rex regnat*", and also to build a second in memory of the first Jesuit missionaries of Canada. They claim that the work is neither Canadian, nor French, nor English but Catholic; its object being to honor the man who first opened out a new world to European enterprise—Jacques Cartier—and the brave Jesuit missionaries, Fathers de Brebeuf, Masse and Lallemand, who planted the standard of Christ on those distant shores.

—No movement has yet been made in this country relative to the Pope's Jubilee. From an English paper we learn that the English Prelates had a meeting recently and determined to issue a joint Pastoral on the Jubilee, to be followed by public addresses. An address to the Holy Father will be signed as widely as possible by all the clergy and faithful in England and Wales, and this address with its signatures will be bound in volumes. Every encouragement and facility will be given for making offerings of works of art, and specimens of the industries of the country. Finally, a deputation of Bishops, clergy, and laity, will proceed to Rome next December to present the address and offerings on the occasion of the Holy Father's Jubilee Mass.

—Cardinal Gibbons left Rome for London last week, bearing with him the decision of the Holy See on the question of the American Association of the Knights of Labor. "*Nil innovetur*"—the words in which the decree is couched—signifies that on the basis of the memorial presented by Cardinal Gibbons there is no occasion to intervene. Provided that the Knights persist in obey the future decisions of the Vatican, his Holiness has authorized Cardinal Taschereau to absolve them from the penalties which they have incurred.

—Atheism and anarchism are making such rapid headway in France that a number of French philosophers have founded a "League against Atheism." One of the leaders of the movement is M. French, who has lately delivered a remarkable address on the subject in the Salle des Capucines, in Paris. After tracing the history of Atheism from the earliest times—even those of the Old Testament—he pointed out that whilst the Atheism of the ancient world was merely speculative, modern Atheism had become practical and aggressive. "I do not know whether all Atheists are anarchists, but I am confidently assert that all anarchists are Atheists." The best League against atheism and its twin ally of rebellion against God—anarchism—is the Catholic Church, without whose labors and divine influence the whole world would be at the mercy of unbelievers and the worst elements in the dangerous classes.

THE MONITOR.

A Grand Project for Catholic Francisco.

San Francisco is—in all intents and purposes—a Catholic city. The religious principles that prevail throughout the majority of the Christian element of the population is Catholic. The Church possessed the city and conservated it in the active work of God almost a century before the feet of Protestant preachers pressed the sandy shore of the Pacific. The progress of Catholicity in this metropolis has well kept pace with San Francisco's progressity; it has grown with its growth, until it now has given to the use of God's worship and institutions of charity and education more property than all the various non-Catholic denominations combined.

In a recent issue of the *San Francisco Real Estate Circular* issued by Thomas Magee, we find a detailed statement of the value of all Church property in the city, wherein it is stated that the grand total of assessment of all the property owned by the Catholic Church in San Francisco is $697,645, upon which is annually paid taxes amounting to $14,102.30. The Hebrews and the different Protestant sects have property assessed at $884,250, upon which they pay a tax of $14,041.92.

From these figures it will be seen that the Catholic Church pays more than half the whole amount of revenue derived by the City of San Francisco from all the Church property therein. In nearly all portions of the city, Catholic churches or institutions of charity or for educational purposes, have been erected or are at present under construction. Yet there is one institution which is sadly needed, and which should have been erected long years ago by the Catholics of San Francisco, and that is a Catholic *Institute*.

The presence of so many brave, bright, manly and intelligent Catholic young men with the consciousness of the laying of the consecrated of the sacred Mass (Mass Catholics) on Sunday week, naturally caused the reflection of regret that these Catholic young men have no place where they could call their own. All of them are paying rent for their halls, and this sum in the aggregate amounts to a great deal of money every month. Why not, therefore, build—in a central place—a Catholic Institute where all Catholic societies can meet? How can this be accomplished? The answer is plain—by Catholic unity. Let the members of the Young Men's Catholic Mutual Aid Association and the members of the Young Men's Institute link their fortunes for the good of their Faith—and the work will be accomplished.

The Young Men's Catholic Mutual Aid Association, we understand, are about to extend themselves into a State organization, and if this design is carried out we will have—in every town and city in California—two Catholic organizations of young men, one paying rent to the Masons, Odd Fellows, or some other secret society, and the other paying rent to the Good Templars or the Rangers—for the use of their halls to hold meetings in.

Before such a sad calamity overtakes these Catholic organizations, let our Catholic young men reflect that as the Church is one so should they be one. They are the leading Catholic Young Men's Society of the State, and unanimity of purpose and action would enable them to place in their own hall and contribute the rental received therefrom towards increasing the facilities for health, amusement or mental improvement which the gymnasium, the billiard hall or the library of the Catholic Institute would afford to all its members.

We feel that we voice the sentiments of the vast majority of Catholics in this city in thus portraying the benefits and blessings which will be derived for long years to come from a solid union of our Catholic young men. Such unions exist in the Eastern States and have been productive of a vast amount of both spiritual and temporal good to the members of the Catholic Institute associations are calculated to give men that Christian courage which leads them to love, honor and obey the Church in times of peace, and to present a solid phalanx of her defenders in times that try man's souls.

How different would be the condition of the Catholic countries of Europe today if large Catholic organizations of young men had existed therein twenty or thirty years ago. Ourselves, in such an event, would not have supplanted Catholic courage, nor would a small minority of the enemies of the Church have been able to persecute to the death the large majority of citizens of Catholic countries who never have had recourse to that aggregation of individuals which ennobleth the respect of friend and foe alike, and before which fanaticism falters and the evil spirit of bigotry is broken down.

At a recent meeting of Congregational preachers in Oregon, the members thereof had the audacity to style Almighty God the "Great Head of the Congregational church." This is blowing sand into the eyes of sectarians with a vengeance! Why, it is well known to all intelligent people that the Deity has long ago been changed to Judgment, and then again to Congregationalism, and for their head a sect-maker named Brown, and that the Lord did not leave religion making as the legitimate occupation of the Browns, Jonesses, or Robinsons of the eighteenth century. Almighty Hot is the Great Head of the Catholic Church—the only Church He instituted, and the Congregationalists came into existence about eighteen hundred years too late to claim that Almighty God recognizes its relationship claim to His headship of any such heresy.

Another Tribute to the Sisters of Charity.

On the first pages of the present issue we print an article which shows, in a brief manner, the heroism, self-sacrifice, and the devotedness of the Sisters of Charity during the Civil War. Since that article was in type, the Los Angeles *Herald* has come to hand containing the public vote of thanks, tendered by the Board of Health of that city, to those ministering angels of mercy—the Sisters of Charity—for the fearless courage, enduring fidelity, and self-denial which the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul voluntarily manifested well and nearly unintimidated during the recent epidemic of the small pox in Los Angeles.

"When the small pox first made its appearance in this city, says the *Herald*, "three Sisters of Charity offered to go to the hospital and nurse the afflicted. The offer was accepted and during the whole of the so called epidemic the Sisters have stood at their post, and doubtless many of the patients owe their restoration to health to the careful nursing of those sweet faced, low voiced angels of mercy.

"Now that the danger has passed and the Sisters removed their sorded avocations, the Board of Health has performed a graceful act by passing the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the Board of Health desires to express its high appreciation of the services of the Sisters of Charity for their successful management of the smallpox hospital, and the secret sovereign of the disease in our city. They withstand their arrival at a time when the disease threatened to become more epidemic, they entered their hospital into a comfortable home, and their kind intelligent treatment of the sick removed the third objection that prevailed to entering the hospital. It is due to it it easy to confine the disease to four cots, instead of exhausting the sick and filling the graveyard with the dead.

"Thus it transpires that in every age and in every clime wherever Christ's holy Sisters are over ready to minister to the sick and poor in order to stand as guardian angels between God Omnipotent and His unfortunate creatures, the Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Charity and

Farm and Home.

English and American Goods.

A New York banker lately gone abroad has just returned from Great Britain says: "The extra tariff on American goods will be broken than it is at present. The linen trade of the North of Ireland is also improving. This is not due to exportations to the United States, but to increased home and Indian consumption. The Manchester manufacturers have backed up their armor to fight the domestic manufacturers of the United States. They can import cotton from the Southern States, land it at Liverpool make it into handkerchiefs in Lancashire, export it to New York, and after paying the 40 per cent ad valorem duty, underbid the domestic manufactures. The most dangerous competitor against the home producers is a handkerchief made to sell in New York at 38 cents a dozen. The article is said to beat domestic goods in quality, finish, color, style and printing. Its superiority must be due to the skillfulness of the labor, since the price of labor is very little cheaper, and Lancashire uses the same cotton and the same machines as are in use here."

Twelve Rules for the Care of the Ear.

1—Never put anything into the ear for the relief of toothache.

2—Never be careless in the ears if they are discharging pus.

3—Never attempt to apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.

4—Never drop anything into the ear unless it has been previously warmed.

5—Never use anything but a syringe and warm water for cleaning the ears from pus.

6—Never strike or box a child's ear; this has been known to rupture the drum head, and cause incurable deafness.

7—Never cut the hair if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oiled-silked cap when bathing and refrain from diving.

8—Never scratch the ears with anything but the tip of the finger, and do not use the head of a pin, hair pins, pencil tips, or anything of that nature.

9—Never let the hair become oily and damp, or sit with the back toward the window, as these things lead to agravate any existing hardness of hearing.

10—Never put milk, fat or any oily substance into the ear for the relief of pain, for they soon become rancid and tend to incite inflamation. Simple warm water will answer the purpose better than anything else.

11—Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Footing warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface, and can be easily removed by the fingers. A few puff of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

12—Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, bu ton or seed enters it; leave it absolutely alone, but have a physician attend to it. More damage has been done by injudicious attempts at the extraction of a foreign body than could ever come from its presence in the ear.

Don't Grumble.

Don's be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to turn against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You might as well make up your mind to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you are able to it, never mind about that other who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

Graces of Old Age.

A face which has for years been under the ennobling and shaping influences of good feeling and noble thoughts has obtained thereby a beauty of the finest kind. Oliver Goldsmith's most have thought something of this sort when he pithily wrote, in his Vicar of Wakefield, that "handsome is that handsome does." So it comes about that the human countenance is a magician's glass, in which is seen the very image of the actions emanating from the volitions of the mind and heart. It is, indeed, as Spenser appropriately put the thought in his "Hymne in Honour of Beauty," where he says:

For of the soule the body form doth take:
For soul is forme, and doth the body make.

And it is, indeed, as the Poet Young declared:

The body charms, because the soul is seen.

Consequently beauty is not confined to youthfulness; neither it is the exclusive monopoly of those who are upon the higher side of the middle age. There is a slow, but sturdy growing beauty which can only come to maturity in old age.

—The children of the blackest Africans are born whitish. In a month they become pale yellow, in a year brown, at first dirty black, and at six or seven ebony black.

A LETTER

From the Mother of Miss Jennie Benedictus.

Rochester, N. Y., April 22, 1886.

GENTLEMEN—It is with pleasure I add my testimonial to the many well known cures which your most excellent remedy has effected. For more than two years I was a great sufferer with rheumatism, being scarcely free from pain during the time. I found no relief until I procured Dr. Pardee's remedy, and it cured me completely. It is now two years since I discontinued its use and I have had no symptoms of the disease since. I know from my own and from the experience of many others also, that it will cure any case of rheumatism or neuralgia.

I am, very truly yours,
MRS. H. S. BONESTEELE.

Syracuse, N. Y.

GENTS—I have been troubled with Rheumatism for three years, at times very badly afflicted; was in that condition about two weeks ago, when I got a bottle of Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and in three days time was greatly relieved, and have not been troubled with it since I finished the bottle. I feel like recommending it in the highest terms, as I believe it will do all that is claimed for it.

Yours truly,
JOHN BLODGETT,
62 Madison St.

Lockport, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN—I think the medicine prepared by the Pardee Medicine Company is in fact the best rheumatic medicine now on the market; its equal is not known. My boy only six years old was confined to his bed with rheumatism; I got a bottle of this medicine and in a few days he was out of bed and playing around the house. I can cheerfully recommend this medicine to all rheumatic sufferers.

J. K. PERRY, Shoe Dealer.

Ask your druggist for Dr Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Family Fun.

He Was Suspicious.

There is a livery stable keeper in Houston, Texas, who is very careful to have no loss from thieves.

Last Sunday afternoon a young married man called at the livery stable and wanted a horse and buggy.

"Who is going along with you?" asked the livery stable man.

"I am going to take my wife's mother out for her health, and you can put a hatchet and spade in the bottom of the buggy, as I wanted to bring in some young cedar trees to plant out in the yard."

"My buggies are all engaged, and those were just you would have to pay $200 buggies for one afternoon."

"Why, how's that?"

"Because I don't want to be hauled up as a witness every time the moon moons."

"Witness! About what?"

"And then you will be taxing a chance of venue because public sentiment is down on you here, and I don't want to be attached by the sheriff as a witness, corral forty miles and be fined $40, and be blackguarded by three or four lawyers."

"Why, what are you talking about?"

"That's all right. I don't my pay ain't justified, but I win't no fool. When a man wants to take his mother-in-law in the country for her health, with a hatchet and a spade and talks about planting things in the cemetery, I know all I want to. My buggies are hire's a year in advance. Just take your custom to some rival house. When I hire a buggy I hire a buggy; and when I hire a hatchet, it is a hatchet, I don't want to do any business what's not legitimate."

Something Brand New.

Yon other morning, says a San Francisco paper, as the departing Honolulu steamer was casting off its lines and swinging out into the stream, an elderly looking gentleman hastily embraced a lady who was one of the passengers and rushed down the gang plank to the wharf.

Going hurriedly up to the melancholy loafer who was watching the busy crowd, the gentleman drew him behind a pile of freight and said:

"Want to earn a dollar?"

"You bet."

"You see that lady in black in the stern there?"

"Cert."

"Well, that's my wife—going travelling for her health. Of course she expects me to stand here for the next twenty minutes while the steamer is backing and filling around so as to wave my handkerchief and wash her out of sight—see?"

"I batch on."

"Well, I'm too busy to monkey around here. Friends to ship—big as you see. She's a little near sighted, so I'd hire you to wave this handkerchief instead. It's a big one with a red border, and as long as she sees it she'll think it's me. Come up to No 1 Front street when they're well off and I'll pay you."

"Spoon she lo-ks through a telescope or sothin?"

"Is that case you will have to bury your face in the handkerchief and do the great weep act."

"Cast it be a half a doller extra."

"All right. Time is money and cash sharp now. You can time your hard a few times at—say ten cents a time, and snapping his watch the over-burdened business man rushed off.

We print this affecting little incident to call attention to the fact that the man thus employed has since gone into the business regularly. He is now a professional farewaller, and business men are willing to save valuable time and give their relatives an enthusiastic send off by applying to the above specialist any steamer day. Go early and avoid the rush.

A Good Guesser.

Magistrate—Have you ever been arrested before, Hatsun?

Hatsun—Yes'un yo' honah.

Magistrate—How many times?

Hatsun—I don't exactly dare remember, yo' honah.

Magistrate—Once?

Hatsun—Yes'un, I'se ben 'rested mo'n wunce.

Magistrate—Five hundred times!

Hatsun (indignantly)—Nu, suh!

Magistrate—A hundred times?

Hatsun—Er—yuse gittin' hot, Judge, yuse gettin' hot.

Wasn't Her Spread.

He stood on the possible steps with an open letter in his hand. He began at the mouth, and slowly turned pale, until the rims of his nose lost color, and during this process he was tearing the letter into fine bits.

"Hello, Charlie!" called an acquaintance who came up, "what's new?"

"Nothing."

"How does married life hold out?"

"Humph!"

"Say, old boy, let me congratulate you on having such a mother in law. We were talking about it in the office yesterday. That spread she got up on the occasion never cost less than $175."

"It cost $200—an even $200," said Charlie.

"Did she give you the figures in occasnose?"

"No, but the caterer just sent me the bill."

She Would Risk It.

"I came down here to go out on the Lansing train," she said to Officer Button at the Third street depot yesterday morning, as she held a satchel in one hand and an umbrella in the other.

"You—train gone in thirteen minutes."

"How are the stoves in the cars?"

"Perfectly safe, ma'am. All the cars on that road can roll over twice and not take fire."

"Bridges all safe?"

"Entirely so. The bridge inspector has just dunked his trip."

"Don't the rails ever spread on that road?"

"Never."

"How is it about collisions?"

"They don't have any."

"Any chance for some other train to run into the rear end of ours?"

"Not a bit."

"Well, I don't know but I'll take the risks and go, but I want you to understand that if anything does happen to me I have an killed off my old man won't take a cent less than $2,000, and maybe he'll want the burial expenser to boot."

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever. A New Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, as they are due to the presence of living parasites in the membranes of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it now made easy to cure this curse of all ever by one or two simple applications made by the patient at home. Send stamp for pamphlet describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 West King street, Toronto, Canada. Ref special request Mr. Dixon, Sr., is staying at the Sherlock House (formerly Truesdell) 115 Market st., San Francisco, for a short time. Sufferers should send for his treatise or call and see the Consultation free.

DOZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, and Roughness. Ladies who have used other powders will find this a more delightful article. It stands to no other in purity and delicacy. Sold by all druggists. Ask for DOZZONI'S. Sold by druggists generally. Ask your druggist for it, or send 50 cents in stamps to Dr. C. H. Berry & Co., Proprietors, St. Louis, Mo.

Tutt's Pills.

After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been

DRINKING TOO MUCH,

they will promptly relieve the nausea.

SICK HEADACHE

and nervousness which follows, resulting from intemperance, will find relief. Elegantly sugar coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

CHRISTY & WISE WOOL

Commission Merchants

N. E. CORNER FIFTH AND TOWNSEND STS.,

SAN FRANCISCO

Wool Bags, Twines, Shears, Dips and all articles required by Wool Growers kept on hand and supplied to Customers at the Very Lowest Rates. Cash Advanced on Consignments of Wool, Hides, Pelts, etc., at Low Rates of Interest not prompt return sale.

Post Office Address, San Francisco P. O. Box 2081.

WARD & CO.'S

Male and Female EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, 606 and 610 Clay Street, S. F.

Telephone No. 797.

I WANT TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL Help, Farm Laborers, Teamsters, Farm Hands, Gardeners, Coachmen and Grooms, Boys for private families and ranches. Also, good reliable male Help of all kinds. Also, Female Help—Ladies' Nurses, Seamstresses, Housework Girls, Waitresses, Chambermaids, Dining Room Girls, Laundresses, Cooks, Ranch Cooks, Vineyard Cooks, Boarding House Cooks, Restaurant Cooks, Pastry Cooks, Ranch Women, Dairy Women, Nurse Girls, Children to Board with Parents, Ladies' Companions, Housekeepers, Cooks for Hotels in Country Towns, Chambermaids, Waitresses, Dining Room Girls, Laundresses

OUR CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Brief Mention of Past and Coming Events.

—Y. M. I. No. 4 will hold its picnic to-morrow (Thursday), at Belmont.

—Y. M. I. No. 21, of St. Patrick's parish, had a picnic at Belmont last Thursday.

—Y. M. I. No. 8, of West Oakland, picnicked last Thursday, at Shell Mound Park, and a very pleasant time was had by all that attended.

—Y. M. I. No. 2, gave an enjoyable open meeting on the 29th ult., at which an excellent literary and musical programme was rendered.

—The Y. M. C. M. A. will hold its annual election of officers on Wednesday evening the 18th inst., and a full attendance of the members is urgently requested.

—The St. Patrick's Mutual Alliance Association held its 12th annual reunion last Wednesday at Stehr's Park, Petaluma, and a large crowd of merry pleasure was present.

—The officers of the St. Francis de Sales Mutual Society, Oakland, are, president, Mrs J. M. Delanoy; vice-president, Mrs. M. smith; treasurer, Mrs. Thos. McGlenney; secretary, Miss Tyrell.

—The officers of the St. Francis de Sales Beneficiary Society, Oakland, are president, E. Hart; vice-president, T. Tamonal; treasurer, F. Durer; treasurer, John Prewer; spiritual director, Rev Thos. McGlenney.

—Steps have been taken by the young men of Sacred Heart Parish, Tamonal, to organize a branch of the Y. M. I. A preliminary meeting was recently held, and some twenty-young men signed a petition to the State Council for a charter.

—The officers of the Children of Mary Society of St. Mary's church, Oakland, are president, Miss Maude Turnbull; vice-president, Miss Clarion Merritt; secretary, Miss Josephine Woodward; treasurer, Miss Kate Barry; consultor, Miss Lillie Touchard and Annie Downey.

—The officers of the Ladies Altar Society of St. Mary's church, Oakland, are president, Miss Maude Turnbull; vice-president, Mrs. J. S Dwan; secretary, Miss Lilia Touchard; treasurer, Mrs. E. Kier The society is in a flourishing condition and has over 200 active members.

—Y. M. I. No. 3, held an open meeting on the 21 inst., and the following talented gentlemen contributed to a most acceptable programme. Messrs. A. A. Oliver, J. T. Green, F. Murnaky, F. E. Kane, R. C. Gibbons, A. J. Barrett, F. F. Burns, O. W. Patterson, W. J. Creighton, E. F. Sullivan, M. J. Brady, and J. E. Murphy

—A branch of the Catholic Knights of Ohio, has recently been formed in San Luis Obispo. Without doubt other branches of this excellent National Catholic Society will be formed in Southern California; and that the spiritual graces and splendid material benefits of this order will be thoroughly disseminated throughout the whole State.

—The following officers have been recently elected by St. Francis de Sales (Oakland) Branch of the C. B. of I.: president, D. Crowley; vice-president, Frank Arm-strong; corresponding secretary, W. Sullivan; financial secretary, D. Sullivan; sergeant-at-arms, John Dwyer; spiritual director, Rev. P. Scott; treasurer, John Dwyer. This branch organized some two or three months ago, is in a most prosperous condition, and has over 60 members.

—Y. M. I. No. 89, was organized on the 25th ult, at Shell Harbor, and the following officers were elected and installed: President, John J. Spelbrink; vice-president, Augustus H. Dee, and F. Wickenden; financial secretary, Louis F Kalfish; recording secretary, N. C. Dwyer; corresponding secretary, F. K. Uvella; treasurer, A. Gleason; examining physicians, Drs. A. C. Williams and K. F. Wiechmann; marshal, F. Moyer; sentries (outside), A. C. Greenwell, Frank Sieber, J. C. Hope, A. Dee, and L. Rein.

OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Roll of Honor for the Month of April.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARACHIAL SCHOOL. FOURTH STREET.

Senior Classes.—Nellie Fenton 97, Lizzie Pike 96, Mary Dutton 93, Christina O'Neil 93, Katie Lynch 93, Annie Ahern 93, Honora Fitzgerald 92, Nellie McKaye 91.

Junior Classes—Margaret Kitcles 95, Mary Byrne 92, Margaret McDevitt 92, Virginia Dwyer 92, Annie Lynch 92, Lizzie Ryan 92, Annie Fitzgerald 91, Annie Ryan 91, Annie Byrne 91, Mabel Tuohy 87, Mary McCormick 87, Mary Hilliard 86, Annie Dwyer 86, Annie Ryan 81, Mary Collins 81.

Fourth Class—Katie McMahon 97, Annie Dwyer 96, Mary Dwyer 96, Annie McNeas 92 Maude Keith 92, Mary McCullagh 92, Nellie O'Brien 92, Ella Sulger 89, Mary Fitzgerald 86 Annie Ryan 86, Lillie Keenan 86, Maude Dunnigan 86, Julia Walsh 83, Annie Dwyer 82, Hattie Downey 82, Fannie Dunne 80, Maggie Ryan 80.

Fifth Class.—Katie Cunningham 98, Annie Cooper 98, Kate Collins 97, Katie Dwyer 96, Mary Cole 96, Nellie Fenton 91, Laura Ryan 89, Mary McMahon 89, Bridie Keogh 89, Bertie Tully 87, Rosie Gallagher 87, Lottie Feeney 86, Minnie Sullivan 86, May Mead 85, Maggie Mitchell, Annie Lazarous and Maude Taylor each 84, Annie Ryan 81.

Fifth Class, B.—Maude Cole 99, Maude Brown 97, Lizzie Ryan 95, Maggie Barry 94, Annie Lynch 91 Annie Taunton 90, Maggie Taylor 89, Maggie O'Leary 89, Nellie O'Brien 88, Mary Reilly 83, May Gallagher 83, Maggie Morrow 82, Jane McBride 82, Maggie Bentley, Annie Kane, Annie Lynch each 81, Maggie Mahoney, Kate Mooney, Annie Mooney, Annie Dolan 80.

Sixth Class.—Maggie Gallagher, Rosie Cooney, Mary Dougherty each 99, Mary Hoch 98, Ada Mooney 97, Nellie Cunningham 94, Mary Finnegan, Della Mitchell, Katie Shine, Mary Ryan, Hannah Mahony each 91, Mollie Keenan 87, Maggie McAvoy 81, Mary Tate 80, Esther McGroy 80, Mary Hughes, Katie Walsh each 79, Katie Finn 78, Bridget Dolan, Della Mooney, Katie Green each 98, Annie Lofts 95, Kitty Sullivan, Johanna Hoch each 93, Ella Dwyer 92, Olive Hahn, Annie O'Mara each 91, Katie Ryan 90, Annie Ryan, Mary McGovern, Mary Flynn, Annie Downey, Mary Mitchell each 89.

Seventh Class—Thomas Mitchell each 99, Mary Dougherty each 98, Mary Hoch 98, Ada Mooney 95, Nellie Cunningham 94, Mary Finnegan, Della Mitchell, Katie Shine, Mary Ryan, Hannah Mahony each 91, Mollie Keenan 87, Maggie McAvoy 81, Mary Tate 80, Esther McGroy 80, Mary Hughes, Katie Walsh each 79, Katie Finn 78, Bridget Dolan, Della Mooney, Katie Green each 98, Annie Lofts 95, Kitty Sullivan, Johanna Hoch each 93, Ella Dwyer 92, Olive Hahn, Annie O'Mara each 91, Katie Ryan 90, Annie Ryan, Mary McGovern, Mary Flynn, Annie Downey, Mary Mitchell each 89.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM—There was further rioting in Belfast on Sunday, April 24th, the police being attacked while bringing a prisoner from Agnes street to Shankill-road Station. Our men was shot with a revolver, but not fatally, and a policeman was knocked unconscious with a stone.

Mr. John Dillon spoke home truths to the men at North Antrim when he addressed them at Ballycastle, on April 12. The meeting was composed of Unity farmers of all denominations—Catholics, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, Nationalists and Orangemen. His difference were such in agreement upon the two great questions of the hour. All are united in opposition to Coercion, and in dissatisfaction with the Government Land Bill.

CORK.—The Bishop of Cork conferred the Sacrament of Holy Orders on Mr Keane, on April 10th, in the Cathedral. The Rev Mr. Keane was a teacher in St. Finn Barr's Seminary.

The Rath Inst, Mgr. Sheehan, P. P. V. G., St. Patrick's Cork, is suffering from a severe and prolonged illness.

Very Rev. William Canon O'Brien, P P., died on April 15th, at his residence, Clonyn The respected clergyman had reached the age of 71 years.

During the last thirty years, the Cork Mercy Hospital, established by the late Venerable Archdeacon Murphy, has admitted 12, 926 patients to its wards, 150 000 persons having been treated outside. The annual meeting of the friends and subscribers was held on Sunday, April 10th, the Most Rev. Dr O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, presiding. Addresses were delivered by the Mayor, Mr Maurice Healy, M. P., Right Rev Mgr Newville, and the Bishop.

Canon Keller, writing to a clerical friend in Cork, says:—"I am deeply grateful for many thoughtfulness. In God's own time we shall meet again, where and when He pleases. Let not my friends be troubled for me. I have tried that Highest and Independent Any of the priesthood should not suffer at your hands. The penalty I pay is small. All goes well with me here. The Resurrect on day shall find me captive, but that is little. The walls and corridors are held well by the memory of great freshness. It is time the priests should take their part."

CLARE.—On April 13th, the recommendation of a Professional Reception, took place at the Convent of Mercy, Wakefield, to young lady who was professed being Miss C Ffrench, daughter of Mr. M. O'Brien, Limbaunrina, and whose nunnery religious is Sister Mary Celestine. The young lady who was professed is Miss O Carroll, daughter of Mrs O Carroll, Tullaghnoe. She has taken the name in religion of Sister Mary Stanislaus.

The monolith of limestone intended for the tower to be erected at the new Cathedral in Limerick, in memory of the Manchester Martyrs, is now ready for the sculptor. It is 30 feet in weights about six tons. It is at present rough in shape, and the work of carving, according to the design of the artist will be immediately begun, and is to be finished in about a number unit, when it will be moved with the utmost facility.

DUBLIN — The Royal Commission on Irish Public Works has now practically completed its report. It is understood that the report had until it has been submitted to her Majesty, which will be done as soon as possible.

his Albert Edith, is an amendment to the Irish Land Bill, proposes that sanitary and other family charges on land should be allowed in proportion to the rent payable in arrears by the Land Commission.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, whose illness has caused some anxiety to his friends, has been successfully operated upon for Mr. G. Fitzgerald, F. R. C. S., and Mr. J. K. O'Neill, B. L. S. Sir Thomas is now progressing satisfactorily.

DERRY.—On April 11, a splendid torchlight demonstration, in connection with the land question and in support of the National Leagues, took place in Derry. The demonstration was held in Drapstown, and the enthusiasm characterized the proceedings. It was unanimous that an active campaign against the tenants on the Skinnon estate would be commenced that day, but owing to misunderstanding between the agent of the and the tenants, the evictions have been postponed.

GALWAY.—At Clifden Petty Sessions, on April 13th, Cornelius King, Nationalist candidate for the office of Poorkeeper, was fined £5 for eating a voting paper.

KILKENNY.—Mr. Martin Hackett, died on April 14th, in his residence, Walkin street, Kilkenny. Deceased had been only ailing for two days, and died at the age of 84 years.

The impressive ceremony of profession took place at the Presentation Convent, Kilkenny, on April 13th, when Miss Phelan, Cannon, Queen's County (in religion Sister Mary Ignatius), and Miss Ryan, Ballycurrane, Kos Louis, Eden Noonan, Maggie McCarthy, Jeffrey in attendance. Sister Frances Mary Byron, Annie Sullivan, Mary Bowe, Maggie Gallagher, Vinie Farrell.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, VIRGINIA CITY, NEV.

Section Intermediate—Jane Tracey, Katie Nolan, Katie Quinn, Clotilda Pagnol, Ellen Lynch, Annie Dwyer, Lena Malone, Jennie Mincock and Thomas Nason.

Elementary—Mary Norton, Lillie Ryan, Mary Considine, Mary Blake, Maude McDermott, Maude McLoughlin, Mary Michelin, Annie Malloy, Annie McGlynn, Katie Diggins and Willie Sullivan.

Section Elementary—Berta Gay, Maggie Hennessy, Kathleen Webber, Eva Rodgers, Maggie Considine, Louise Doran, Julia Shannahan, Mary Wilson, Kate Lawrence, Nellie Hennessy, Mary Wilson, Mary Mooney, Julia Downey, Polly Corbett, Mattie Shannahan, Mary Ryan, Mary O'Donnell, Annie Dwyer, Mary Finnegan, Maggie Mackie, Frank Downey, John Sullivan, William Malloy, Manuel Sullivan, Edward Nevin, and Tiddy Noonan.

Second Division—Annie Mooney, Mary Lynch, Martha Sullivan, Kate Shanky, Maggie Riley, Annie Kennedy, Maggie Higgins, Katie Mc Donald, Julia Lorley, Annie Sullivan, Kate Mooney, Kate Thompson, Katie Mooney, Katie Carroll, Mary R. Shanky, Mary Martin, Annie Mooney, Annie Lynch, Mary Murray, Kate Sullivan and Mary Delaney.

Third Division—Maggie Mincock, Rosalie O'Leary and Charles Sullivan.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, RENO, NEV.

Senior Class.—Annie Jones, Estella Nash, Pauline Wise, Kate Bowen.

Junior Class—Mary Ryan, Lizzie Ryan, Belle O'Leary, Dolores Bowling, Mary Gibson, Clara Lynch, Mary Kemp, May Lierer, Katie Combs, Nettie Ladd.

Intermediate—First Division, Mary Dougherty, Lena Bean, Louisa Evans, Minnie Smith, Jane Bennett, Clara Mary, Second division—Ellen Wilson, Ida Dolan, Mary Brackin, Alice Moody, Nettie Reilly.

Boys Intermediate—Harry Thrall.

Primary—Nora Cash, Matilda O'Brien, Boys Primary—Charles Thrall, Edward O'Brien, Willie Crane.

OUR LADY OF MERCY'S SCHOOL, S. F.

Senior Department.—Maggie Baile, Annie McGrath, Kittie Fitzsimon, Mary McCarthy, Mary O'Donnell.

Preparatory Department.—Katie Shine, Annie Mooney, Jane Crowley, Maggie Thompson, Elizabeth Grimble, Sadie Hicks, Annie Sullivan, Nellie Blanchfield, Mary Willey, Mary Regan.

Intermediate Department—Annie Ryan, Mary Casey, Mary McFeely, Maude McFeely, Edith Spencer, Mary Hood.

Primary Department—Annie Madden, Hattie Shaw, Annie Casey, Mary Tillmann, Ada Madden.

Local little girls in Kindergarten class—Monie Tuohy, Alice Kenny, Bridget Casey, Annie Kane, Annie Kane, Mary Tillmann, Annie McKinny.

The Sisters of Honor of St. Rose's Schools, city, omitted for want of room.

DYSPEPSIA.

The Symptoms: Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Dizziness at the Stomach Headache, Sour Mouth, Constipation, Low Spirits and general prostration. Dyspepsia is frequently attended with Constipation, but sometimes with Diarrhœa.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

NOW CURED!

"I suffered intensely from Pain in my stomach, Headache, &c. A neighbor who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, recommended it to me. I tried it, and it gave me immediate relief. I now take it regularly, and it keeps me in good health. I cheerfully recommend it to all who have long suffered as I have."—H. C. CORRIGAN, Pulaski, Va.

Market Report.

MONTHLY TRADE REPORT.

836 Kearny St., Tuesday Evening, May 10, 1887.

Wheat—No. 1	$1 75@$1 77½
Flour—Superfine	2 30@2 60
Cornmeal	22½@25
Oats	1 10@1 20
Barley, feed	1 00@1 05
Bran, ₹ ton, wholesale	21 50@22 00
Middlings, ₹ ton	25 50@26 50
Mixed Feed, ₹ ton	23 50@25 50
Oats Net, feed	1 35@1 50
Corn	1 35@1 50
Buckwheat	1 30@1 35
Hay	
Hens, ₹ lbs, wholesale	5 50@7 00
Turkeys, ₹ lb wholesale	20@22
Ducks, ₹ doz	5 50@6 50
Geese, ₹ pair	1 00@1 50
Young Geese	8 00@11 00
Old Roosters	5 00@6 00
Eggs	
Butter, ₹ doz	17@19
Cheese	
Chicken fresh roll	18@19½
Lard	12@12½
Pickles	15@17
Onions	
Domestic	90@1 10
Bermuda	1 50@1 75
Potatoes	
Sweet	1 00@1 50
Wheat	11 00@15 00
Wood	
Cord, Southern Coast	14@15
Sawed	16@18
Cord, Oak	14@15
Meats—	
Beef, wholesale	6@9
Mutton, wholesale	7@8
Veal, wholesale	7@8
Pork, wholesale dressed	7½@8
Eastern Sugar-cured Hams	14@15½
California Hams	10@12½
Bacon, breakfast	12½@13
Lard, ₹ lb wholesale in bk.	8@8½
Vegetables—	
Tomatoes, wholesale	1 50@1 80
Cabbage, ₹ 100 lbs	75@1 00
Garlic, ₹ lb	5@6
Onions, California	1 50@2 00
Potatoes	1 25@1 50
Turnips, ₹ box	75@1 00
Carrots, ₹ box	75@1 00
Beans—	
Bayo, ₹ lb	3@3½
Small White	3@3½
Pinks	3@3½
Lima	5@6
Green, ₹ lb	5@6
Fruits—	
Apples, ₹ box	75@1 50
Apples, ₹ box	1 00@1 50
Oranges, Mexican, ₹ box	3 00@3 50
Oranges, Navel, ₹ box	3 50@4 50
Lemons, ₹ box	3 50@4 50
Bananas, ₹ bunch	1 50@3 00
Pineapples, ₹ doz	1 00@1 50
Cocoanuts, ₹ doz	1 00@1 50
Walnuts, ₹ lb	8@10
Almonds, ₹ lb	12@15
Raisins, ₹ box	1 00@2 25

NOTICE TO CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The heads of all the Catholic schools and colleges throughout the State are respectfully requested to send us the names of all pupils who have left school during the month of April, and who have received honorable mention in the various departments of study. Also, the names of those who have received premiums, prizes, diplomas, medals, or any other mark of honor or distinction. Also, the names of those

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

MOTHER'S DEATH.

One more spirit free from sorrow,
One more heart has ceased to beat:
To the land that knows no morrow,
Mother's gone, her place is vacant.

Nevermore her lingering footstepe,
Here shall tread this troubled sphere,
But with wings of golden plumage,
She shall find what's wanting here.

Hosannas and anthems—Hallelujahs—
Shall her heart with ecstacies fill,
But with arms outstretched and loving,
Angels shall my mother greet.

For every pang that wrung her lonelinge,
For every pain that rent her breast,
Jesus shall replace them,
Love eternal, peace and rest.

When her steps shall near the portals
Of that home beyond the skies,
Let her ears drink in the chorus,
Let its splendor meet her eyes.

Let the angels sing those anthems
That doth fill the heavenly dome,
When a lost and weary traveller,
Seeks the bright, eternal home.

Let the candles show the glory
Which awaits the weary soul,
When from life's long, toilsome journey,
It reaches near the final goal.

For a blind and loving mother
Thus has been passed life's journey
In awaiting at the doorstep
Of the sacred throne of God.

. . . .

AT OUR MOTHER'S SHRINE.

Another May time cometh, sweet Mother, and I see,
While out late Cathedral walls, a fairer shrine for thee;
A shrine in whose fair precincts hath each gifts as each can give;
A shrine where lights in prayer will learn into thy face to live.

And once again, sweet Mother, thy praise I hain would sing—
And once again, into thy lost my lowly offering bring;
I've made for thee a garland—ah, me!—I know not why—
Behold! the flowers are fading, ere in my hands they die!

Th morning yet, my Mother—see, still the East is red!
And nearly gathered were the flowers, and now, alas, they're dead!
And thy image hide above me, and the image of thy Child
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And they will live, and bloom again, yes, sweeter than before!

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THREE STOOD, BY THE CROSS OF JESUS, HIS MOTHER.

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Stood a sweet and stalwart maiden,
Close beside the tree of scorn.

Ay, while He, our God, our Brother,
With His life redeemed our loss,
Gazed, and with all the tenderness
By His blood-empurpled cross.

Silent, meek, and unconpaining,
By that cross whereon He hung,
Fair of sweet grief refreshing,
Lo, O Mother, stood thy Son!
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Fairest from that miserable soldiers,
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LIFT UP YOUR HEART, MOTHER IRELAND.

Lift up your heart, Mother Ireland,
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There's one great generous land in the world
That now deemed you yet,
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Hides every or your dainty dill,
There's a pow'r in this land of Columbia
To war and to conquer his will.

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Come back, dear days, from out the Past:
" " " I see your gentle cheeks adorn,
You look at me with mournful eyes,
And then the night grows vague and vast.
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Why did you flutter, dear days?
Why did you come, only to vanish?
The morning stars were all silver,
The birds sang sweetly in your place,
All else of life you put to shame.

Did I not honor you aright
Who left Hell to see you alive,
Who left your very pale divine,
Thanker I did and warmed me in your light,
Or quelled your tears as they were wine?

What stood you to these strange chimes—
What love were lost, what dream were fair,
What gems whispered to the air?
What soft delight of smiles and sighs
Enchanted you from elsewhere?

You left no pledges when you went;
The years since then are black and cold—
The beautiful days that I adored,
While you were here my all I sold,
Now I am poor, and sad, and old.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 12, 1884.

"Gentlemen—The writer, who is a lower singer, desires to state that he was a bearer on a recent occasion, when his services were necessary to a church choir, that he was approached by a lady who complained to desist from singing, lest by taking cold in consequence, she should lose her place as leading soprano of your church. The writer was called in fully participate in the services. Would you send him a dozen boxes of your preparation.

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And once again, sweet Mother, thy praise I hain would sing—
And once again, into thy lost my lowly offering bring;
I've made for thee a garland—ah, me!—I know not why—
Behold! the flowers are fading, ere in my hands they die!

Th morning yet, my Mother—see, still the East is red!
And nearly gathered were the flowers, and now, alas, they're dead!
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"It is of no use now," exclaimed the impatient driver, slackening his speed. "We are too late for dinner, the washing of all others, that puts my aunt out. I must lay the blame upon you, she can't say anything to you as a stranger. We must go on."

Charley approached the window. "Just the measure of the destitute. There was nothing to be seen, except three or four whatnot cals, and two or three women in flung-looking shawls and bonnets; also a shovelled-look man with a dripping umbrella, which he held under over a brown paper parcel that his own space body; at last a bright spot appeared, the rain seem to melt into luminous streaks in the sky, and the rain drops began to gather into two or three large drops, and to descend slowly on the surface of the pieces of glass. The pavement began to dry, and Charley decided on a walk. He sought his club, and stood there for five minutes delightfully undecided as to whether he should turn to the left. Before he had done standing a shower came up rapidly and pelted upon the spot where he stood.

"My dear fellow," said its occupant, "I am in search of you. I want you to go down with me to my aunt's and stay there till Wednesday. Her house is within three miles of Croydon, so you could be back at an hour's notice. Let me take you to your hotel, and thence I shall get you to drive me down in your dog cart."

Charley accepted the offer with the gratitude of a desperate man; it was just what suited him, and he sprang into the cab in the great sprite. Horace Langham, who thus had delivered him from the dreary room, had long been the object of his especial envy. He was a good-looking young man, well-dressed, and with all the externals of a gentleman. The few needful preparations were soon made, and as they settled themselves in the dog-cart, Langham said: "I have made you drive down, for my horse has been overworked lately. My aunt unluckily has a great prejudice against driving servants; but there is a nice country inn close by, so your Thomas will do very well."

The conversation for a time grew very alternated, for Horace knew something about everyone who was anybody; and was very well inclined to tell all he knew. Anecdotes, though, like other treasures, must come to an end; and Charley took advantage of a pause to ask if Mrs. Langham had any family.

"Only a niece," was the reply.

"Is she pretty? asked his companion.

"Not if you put it to my conscience, said the other; "but she is likely to be rich, will that do as well?"

Charles colored, from "a complication of disorders." First he was quite shy enough to be annoyed at its being supposed that he cared whether there was any young fairies in the world or not; and, secondly, he was quite romantic enough to be shocked at the idea of money supplying the want of a pretty face.

He was relieved by Langham exclaiming "Montague, we must go back to town immediately. I have forgotten my aunt's address! Oh, she will never forgive me! Old ladies are so cursed unreasonable. Why did she plague me about her horrid silly. How ever, if we make haste, we shall get to the time for dinner. I wonder why old women are left in the world?"

Without waiting for Charley's reply he put the horse in as nearest speed and drove furiously back to town. The drive was now anything but agreeable, a heavy mist rose rain beat directly in their faces, and Horace's conversation was confined to maledictions on all elderly ladies, and lamentations on his own ill luck in having anything to do with them. The particular shop was reached, the silk, to match pattern procured, and again our young men were on their way to Croydon. The rain continued, and Langham's spirits seemed to have fallen like the barometer. In sullen silence he continued to drive as a fortress rate, till Montague's sympathies were aroused on behalf of his hosts; he was just about to "blast a fault and heaven's pardon," when the clock of a church in the distance struck six.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We have to defer until next week a very interesting account of the Holy House at Loreto.

—Governor Hill of New York has signed the bill making Saturday a half-holiday throughout the State. It goes into effect on the 21st inst.

—A telegram from Rome announces that the Holy Father has created five new Bishoprics and three new Vicariates-Apostolic in Australasia. His Holiness has further created Ecclesiastical Provinces for Brisbane, Adelaide, and New Zealand, with an Archiepiscopal See at Wellington.

—His Holiness Leo XIII., is about to send a gold medal and a letter of thanks to Miss Mary Caldwell, who has contributed three hundred thousand dollars towards the founding of the new American Catholic University.

—Rev. Edward A. Higgins, S. J., President of St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, has just issued his "Fallacies of Henry George Exposed and Refuted," in pamphlet form for 10 cents. Persons who wish to procure copies should address St. Xavier's Conference, Box 107, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Immigrants at the rate of over 2,000 a day have landed at Castle Garden during the past month. Should this continue during the next six months it will greatly exceed the number (390,918) that arrived last year. So far Ireland has furnished only a small per cent., Germany and Italy furnishing the majority with England, Russia and Spain sending a liberal number.

—The large colony of Irish residents in Paris propose to have a "black flag" banquet on the 24th inst., the day upon which Queen Victoria's jubilee will be celebrated by the English royalists. The black flags will be typical of the famines that scourged Ireland during the Queen's reign, and of the martyrs who have died on the scaffold for the national cause.

—Sister Mariana Flynn has been appointed Superiress of St. Mary's College, Kansas City, and Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity of the United States, in place of the late Mother Euphemia. Sister Flynn's place as treasurer of the Order has been filled by the appointment of Sister Angeline Davis. The new Mother Superior is a native of St. Louis.

—Speaking at a monster meeting of workingmen recently in England, the Marquis of Ripon characterized the Land Bill as a measure to promote the non-payment of rent in Ireland, and for turning tenants into bankrupts as soon as possible; and the Coercion Bill as a measure of the wildest scope, professing to deal with crime, but striking really at opinion.

—King Leopold of Belgium has presented the Pope with two magnificent historical portraits on the occasion of his Holiness' Sacerdotal Jubilee. The portraits are those of Leopold I. and Queen Louise-Marie; and they were selected because it was remembered that the present Pontiff expressed his admiration of them when he was Nuncio at Brussels.

—They have some Catholics with gilt-edged generosity in Cincinnati! Among them is Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Agnes Kleine, who presented an altar worth $16,000 to the Church of St. Francis of Sales, Walnut Hill, in that city. In point of art it far exceeds the altar of the great Cathedral in New York. The altar was consecrated on the same day in presence of thousands of thankful worshipers.

—The nineteenth "American Newspaper Directory," published by George P. Rowell & Co., has been printed. It shows that there are 14,716 newspapers printed in the United States, an increase of 546 over last year. There are 95 more daily publications than in the preceding year, 100 more weeklies, and 52 more monthlies. Pennsylvania shows the greatest increase in dailies, and Kansas leads the growth in weeklies. New York stands first as to the monthlies.

—If we are to believe the daily press dispatches, it must keep the Pope and all the Roman Prelates in almost perpetual motion manufacturing cablegrams in order to coax Dr. McGlynn out of his contumacy. The latest "bull" (of the daily press) states that Dr. McGlynn has been "excused" that if he does not reach Rome inside of forty days he will be formally excommunicated! The daily press is a great institution, but it is not always safe to rely on its Catholic intelligence.

—Readers of the MONITOR will learn with unusual delight that there are no less than 20 amendments to the Coercion Bill. Of these 8 stand in the name of Parnellites, 60 of Gladstonian Liberals, 36 of Conservatives, and 8 of Liberal Unionists. No member of the Irish Cabinet has yet put down an amendment, nor has notice been given by responsible leaders, and it is estimated that in the course of the next fortnight at least two hundred additional amendments will have been offered.

—Timothy D. Sullivan, Lord Mayor of Dublin, has written to the *London Times* in behalf of the *Nation* and *Weekly News* in reply to the correspondent who accused the Irish Nationalist papers of refusing to insert the government advertisement offering a reward for evidence that would lead to the arrest of the Phœnix Park murderers. Mr. Sullivan says that though the papers declined to take Castle money, they announced the reward in their news columns in leaded type and charged nothing for it.

—Nearly 10,000 hail already been collected under Archbishop Elder's plan to buy the claims of Archbishop Purcell's creditors at twenty-five cents on the dollar. If the Supreme Court decides that the church property must be sold for the debt, this money will be used instead of buying the churches. The creditors will then get their money from the Sheriff's sale.

—Captain John Grant, a native of Pennsylvania, died in New Orleans recently, aged ninety-two years. He was a railroad contractor, and built the Pontchartrain Railroad, the first built in the United States, and ran the first locomotive ever it. He also dredged out Grant's Pass, making an inside route for the mail boats plying between New Orleans and Mobile thirty years ago.

—During his recent visit to Erin, Bishop Ireland preached a number of temperance sermons which were listened to by tens of thousands of Catholics, and the Irish papers state that never since Father Mathew's time have such a mass of pledges been signed anywhere. His reception has been enthusiastic, and the papers uniformly couple his name alone, in point of both spirit and results, with that of the great temperance evangelist.

—There is a celebrated institution in Europe into which no female is allowed to enter without first gaining the permission of the Pope. The institution in question is the celebrated Grand Chartreuse Monastery—a description of which appeared in the MONITOR a few weeks ago. Thus far only two females have ever gained admission—Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria, on her recent European tour. But a special dispensation had to be procured from the Pope before either of these females could enter the Eviless sanctuary.

—On April 19th, a concerto for the selection of a Professor for the vacant chair of English Literature was held in Maynooth College in presence of the Professors and students of the institution. A large number of the Irish Bishops were present. The competitors for the vacant Professorship were—The Rev. John J. Cluney, Sligo College; Rev. James Devine, Derry; and Rev. Denis O'Connor, of Kerry. The programme included, besides a general knowledge course, English Literature, including History and Philology. Father Cluney was easily first.

—The people of London are whirled from one part of the British metropolis to another by underground railway, the train, on which the fare varies from two to four cents. The greater proportion of tickets are sold for two cents. The trains run at intervals of from a minute to a minute and a half. Nobody has ever been killed on this underground road, although more than 50,000,000 passengers are carried over it in a year. This is rapid transit worth talking about and enjoying.

—Church-building seems to be "booming" in Bishop Gilmour's Diocese, we learn that Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour dedicated St. Anthony's (Italian) Church on the 8th inst. On last Sunday he had the cornerstone of St. Stanislaus (Polish) Church, and St. Mary's (Bohemian) Church on the 15th inst. Bishop Gilmour officiated at all these ceremonies. Rev. Father Dunne, pastor of St. Stanislaus (Polish) Church, and Rev. Father Kelly, pastor of St. Mary's (Bohemian) Church, also officiated at the ceremonies.

Pagan Customs at Catholic Funerals.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, has addressed the following pastoral letter to the heathenish display of unseemly pomp, extravagance and sinful waste which prevails almost every portion of this continent in connection with Catholic funerals:

He also enlightens his flock relative to the pagan customs which crept in the days of faith when all the world was Catholic and among those he enumerates the pagan practices which followed death.

In England when Christianity was in its vigor, albeit the Kingdom itself was still a part of the Catholic Church of Christendom, the friends of the dead gave out doles to the poor on the day of the death or of the burial, or on the third, seventh or thirtieth, for the reason that the poor might plead before God for the deceased. They founded monasteries and colleges with the provision that a certain number of Masses should pray year by year for the soul of their dead. Such acts of charity and piety were the flowers of Christianity in England through about the commencement of those trusts to the personal advantage of kings and courtiers. The unjust retainers of these stolen properties will one day have to answer before God for their injustice.

The Pagan idea of reverence to the body only is again cropping up and influencing the customs of the present day. The charitable works of former times are giving way to grand display, to funerals, magnificent coffins and heaps of flowers sometimes stamped with the Pagan and unseemly designs. All this, apart from the Pagan humanity worship it implies, is useless expense. It brings scarcely, not to the soul departed, but to the pride of the living friends. None but Christians seem only would think of imitating such examples. Flowers fade, but the alms of charity live forever in the treasury of Heaven.

If the dead could speak they would say, "All this display is of no use to me. If the money you thus squander in honoring my dead body were given in the incense of the poor or in sacrifices for my soul, then would it avail me. Alas! I am joyless. Not the odor of your Pagan honors oppresses me, but rather the cry of 'The weight of the magnificent monument (perhaps not paid for) crushes me.'"

Rome Grace is particularly severe upon the profusion of flowers which are often arranged in designs that are diametrically opposed to the doctrine of Christianity. "The Church," says Archbishop Lynch, "permits a crown of flowers as a sign of heavenly joy upon the heads only of children who have died before they attained the age of reason. But "a simple pall is all she allows on the coffin at the funeral of those who have reached the age of reason." He then enjoins upon the clergy of his diocese to see that these rules of the Church are, in future, strictly observed at the Gospel.

Commenting upon this extravagant craze which seems to afflict Catholics at a time when decent economy is far more desirable and edifying, the Catholic *Standard* of Philadelphia truly says that the amount of money thus wasted in useless display and sinful foolishness is simply enormous. "It is spent," says our esteemed contemporary, "in a manner which is not Christian, nor is it, and really leaths ish custom, or for the gratification of a weak and silly vanity. It is a fashion which we should think would be in any way the surviving relatives and friends. On the contrary, as regards the family of the deceased it very often expines them to the censure of the thoughtful part of the community who know their circumstances well enough to be convinced that the expense incurred is beyond their ability to pay.

We have known personally of several instances and have been credibly informed of many others, in which the floral decorations, the costly monument of carriages and other extravagances attending the funeral of a deceased husband and father have entirely cut away the little insurance he had laid up, and left the widowed mother in debt. We have heard of other such instances, which unanimously after such an extravagant funeral a collection had to be immediately made by the friends and acquaintances of the widow and fatherless children of the deceased, to provide them with food.

Were a truth part or even a twentieth part of the cost of such vain and useless display expended in having Masses said for the soul of the deceased, it would immensely relieve and benefit him in Purgatory, if he died in communion with the Church, and would be in accordance with Catholic teaching, and with what ought to be the custom of Catholics everywhere.

Grievous Ireland.

We have already given in these columns the evidence of many of the Irish Judges relative to the atrocious state of several of the counties of Ireland, and now we have the gratification of stating that at the opening of the Waterford City Quarter Sessions on April 20th, Judge Waters, County Court Judge, after stating that there was only one case of a criminal nature to go before the Grand Jury, one of assault arising out of drunkenness such as might be expected in a city like that, said he was sure they would be glad to know that in the great and populous county of Cavan, where he presided at the recent Quarter Sessions, there was not one criminal case to be tried, and that for the larceny of a couple of yards of flannel. In the large adjoining county of Leitrim, where he also presided, there were but two criminal cases, one of which arose out of a family dispute. That was the entire criminal calendar that he had to deal with in three large counties.

Such sterling facts challenge the world to produce a record for peace and social security equal to Ireland. Yet, if we are to believe Kenn's speeches in England and Ireland, Ireland is the wickedest country in the world. Such is the power of prejudice and falsehood combined.

—No doubt many readers of the MONITOR were amused when reading in the daily press that no less a personage than "a noble Lord" intended "to be acting as the missing link" which was to unite the Greek and Latin churches at the dual suggestion of the Pope and the Czar! Notwithstanding the grave announcement, we are of opinion that the Catholic Church will read a *Requiem* over the noble Lordship's corpse ere he brings about such a union. The truth is, "the noble Lombard Monk" is a myth which was manufactured at Roman news in London has dressed up to give a realistic appearance to a romance in one chapter.

Value of Catholic Societies.

Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, Ontario, Canada, recently addressed a body of Catholic young men upon the valuable assistance which well-organized Catholic societies can give to the pastors of the Church by keeping the members in a loud of unity where Faith is concerned, and good works are diversified. Such organizations help to guard Catholic young men against the vicious influences of temptations and dangerous associations, and the evil effects of bad reading, bad company, bad places of resort, against bad thoughts, in which are the beginnings of bad desire and all bad conduct.

"The soul, remarked his Lordship, "within the man." The incomparable gift of our mental faculties has been granted to each one. It was given to be properly used through laborious study and judicious direction, which was properly called education. This training could be perfected in the society by good reading, friendly over-hearing of thoughts, and discussion on popular subjects, and various other methods and objects associations of young men. "Thus, he said, "you may contribute one another and after pleasure to friends who come to witness your literary exercises. Music and song combined with recreation and debate constitute a sufficiently full programme of an evening amusement. I should like to see these societies frequently requested, and your means of pleasurable enjoyment multiplied. Believe me, the youth who finds delight in reading dance, music, the study of poetry, history, biography, poetry, popular science, or whatever other such useful and entertaining branches of knowledge it may be to select fitly to turn aside from the ways of vice to seek indulgence in gross and criminal pleasures."

Catholics at Protestant Services.

A correspondent asks "Why may not salaried Catholic vocalists sing in Protestant churches? The answer in this case, as in all other cases where the law of the Church rests the right solely, and Catholic individuals are not the enemy side of the question, is very plain. Catholics must take part in the Catholic religious services of any kind or in any participating manner because it is strictly forbidden by the Church. It is a well and widely known doctrine of the faith that Christ established only one true Church. It follows from that all other organizations of a religious character, whether Methodists, Mahometans or Mormons, are merely man-made sects of Christian Worshippers, with almost as much and a second for Catholics to participate when they are going through their mummery of divine worship.

The Catholic who participates in Protestant religious services, whether at a Methodist camp-meeting, or even a Baptist sprinkling, thereby virtually denies Christ before men and is guilty of mortal apostacy. Man can serve but one master. Catholic Truth and Protestant Error, we no man can have two religions. Error and Truth are equally pure reasons, the Church forbids her children from participating in any way in Protestant services, and has to bring sound quietly in a pew, much less when they are up in the Protestant organ loft rolling off Protestant hymns, or assisting the choir of the "Sweet Bye and Bye" every "Sabbath" for a salary. The best use Catholics can make of their musical talents is to put them back to the God who lent them to their possessors—and He will see that they are nothing the poorer thereby.

A Jubilee of Injustice.

One of the reasons which impel the people of Ireland to take no part in promoting the second Jubilee of the British Empire may be found in the fact that more evictions took place in this the Jubilee year of Ireland than in any period since the year of rope-tragedy commenced. Even a return recently laid before the House of Commons we copy these shocking instances of inhumanity

During the three months in Ireland 7,294 persons were thrown out upon the roadside in Ireland, being the largest number for any similar period for some years. Kerry appeared to be a county where crime flourishes, but in Kerry alone 1,776 persons were evicted between the 1st of January and 1,776 persons, that is a third of the total for the remaining 31 counties of Ireland. These figures tell their own tale. Taken by provinces the total for Ireland is divided as follows: Munster, 5,062 persons; Ulster, 519; Leinster, 590; Connaught, 953. Next to Kerry, Cork comes highest in the list, contributing 413 persons; Mayo had 409; Limerick, 194; Galway, 173; Tipperary, 193; Leitrim, 185; Monaghan, 151; Roscommon, 109; Longford, 194; Queens County, 109.

Comment is entirely unnecessary, as the figures presented tell their own tale of British injustice in Ireland.

—There are some Catholic parents who never ponder on the duty they owe to their children in planting the seed of true faith in their souls. Such careless parents seem to forget that they are in duty bound to see that their offspring must be surrounded with the atmosphere in which Faith blooms. Their eyes must rest on the Infant Jesus in the arms of His Blessed Mother. They must be taught as soon as their lips can form words that they are children of the Queen of Heaven, and that this Infant Jesus is their Model for life and death. Let them see in "no time" for this at home. If as a contemporary well remarks—there is a Crucifix, or a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the house, it may be put away into some remote corner, and is as little noticed as the big show bible on the parlor table. Where, then, can they learn the sweet lesson of their loss gift which makes them the equal of kings, and higher than the angels. Nowhere, except in parochial schools. Nowhere except in schools where Catholic doctrine and practice, Catholic truth and tradition are part of the daily routine—the oxygen of the daily atmosphere. There is no escaping this. Who can look forward to a happy death over the chance of dying in death by the neglect of the souls of his children! There are only two ways open: to save the children through Catholic schools, or to let them fall into darkness and outright with out Catholic schools.

The Puritan Sunday Condemned

Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, N. S. makes a timely and sensible protest against the passage of a Sunday law. He says of this measure, which has one strong fend, and imagines that a poor mortal should spend the whole Sunday in prayer or in some pious exercise. After the dedication of Sunday the day are over we have a part left for our bodily goods. That part may be profitably spent in any decorous exercise or amusement, or healthful going abroad. Surely every reasonable man will say that it is far better, "within the man," that the Sunday and all should enjoy tried sleight-o-hand and parlor, riding or boating, or running, or ball playing, than to lounge round street corners, or consequently, idly gossiping, or sitting at full ease and indifferent of the fumes of the father's last night's pipe, or the wife's scolding chat. If, as we are bound to believe, that promotion of morality is the object of the authors of the bill, or Gods name let them look at facts as we see them every and as we might wish them to be, at the house of thousands, and let them seek rather to drive men, by reasonable means, into the light of heaven and the pure air of our parks and gardens. By all means strive to make our Sundays frequently respected, and let leave them the God given liberty of rational recreation. Regarding the running of street cars, he says:

"If I may pun my reverend friends, I would say that the Sunday car is the sunday, surely the labourer may pay, his fare cents to the company for the same purpose. Let those who cannot afford it walk, and carry an ego-ism the very legitimate pleasure of riding, by having liberty to the street car. Let those who can afford it pay, to carry them cheaply on Sundays.

The Abbe Louis Mommer, writing from Nazareth to the editor of the *La Croix*, gives an account of an interesting discovery that has lately been made at Nazareth of what is supposed, with good reason, to be the site of the house where the Holy Family lived after their return from Egypt to Jerusalem and other early Christian events mention too obscure as existing in those times at Nazareth, one on the site of the Annunciation, and another half-way on the road to the house where our Lord was brought up and subject to Joseph and Mary. The discovery was made in 1876, after a minute account of this latter church. He says it was built between two small chambers in the form of the Latin cross, and that it rested on two tombs that were separated by arcades, and that between the tombs a clear stream flowed from a rock the people used to draw water through a well in the church above. The Barnes de Nazareth, in building their convent, have had lately to remove a considerable quantity of the rubbish lying in which their presence and lend the ancient church, which is now in ruins, enlighten and encourage us with souls. Let us, then, be thankful for the discovery, therefore, promises to reach the great end of such excess of barren attention.

An Important Union.

We are indebted to Rev. Joseph H. Mechan, President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, for a copy of his address to all the societies of Catholic young men throughout the United States, and delegates of the Baltimore Annual Convention, which will be held in New York on the 25th and 26th of the present month.

Father Mechan then points out the benefits to be derived by a Catholic Union organization as the one ever which he proposes.

I need not point out here the advantages and benefits that result from such a Catholic Union. For it is evident that such a union of all the Catholic societies of the young men of this country means strength, power and energy; and unfortunately too placed and scattered without a general union of our Catholic young men of that strength and power, ruled by one guiding hand and directed to the same aim and purpose. It means a band of men, of union, of fraternal charity among all the Catholic young men of America, so that if any of them should by the pressure of circumstance be obliged to leave the place of residence to seek for another clime, he may find in the strange place friends and brothers, and some home as if at home, and to tender him advice and encouragement in his new circumstances. I hope, therefore, that this organization will not be laid aside by non-usage or inaction, but that it will, with one accord, send for aid of admission to the National Secretary, and be more numerous than ever. I hope it will be an honor to themselves and the Church to belong to the Catholic Union.

I am happy to state also that accounts have reached here from all parts highly pleasing as to the good feeling, good will and prosperity of the different Societies in the Union. The Catholic Young Men's Institute of Boston, which is a model society, and a model institute, and which has been the parent of the Union. Amongst the numerous societies of the Union, the young men of Notre Dame College, Mission Dolores, and the Young Men's Institute, are conducted in a manner worthy of the Catholic name. Rev. Father Hamilton, of the Church of the Holy Cross, Boston, is President of the Union. Rev. Father Vincent Gleary of the Diocese of Kansas.

BOOKS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Besides the introductory series of readers, I have already mentioned in the list of Text Books to be used in Catholic schools the following, which, as the publishers will subsequently inform you, are furnished to the Schools at the following rates:

Young Catholic Readers. Primer, 20c; First, 25c; Second, 40c; Third, 60c; Fourth, 75c; Fifth, $1.00; Sixth, $1.50; Young Ladies' Pet, Discount 33 per cent.

Young Catholic Speaker. 25c; Grammar School, 25c; Discount 33 per cent.

Young Catholic Speller. Primer, 20c; Intermediate, 25c; Discount 33 per cent.

Catechism of Perseverance. Cloth, Discount 33 per cent.

Catechism (small Baltimore, for Catechists, Large) Dr Hedin's 40c; Kenrick of Religion, Cloth, $1.20. Discount, 33 per cent.

Geography, Sadlier's Edition, (Introduction) 20c; No. 2, 40c; No. 3, 60c; 3b.

L. Kohler, Barclay street, New York. Wm. Wood & Co., New York. W. H. Sadlier, 12 Barclay street, New York. Benziger Bros., Barclay street, New York. Hardy, Buffalo. —Wholesale Publishers.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

FARMERS OF BOURGEROIS: Lux, (Simple) with reference to the Syllabus, the "Cloud, Sky" Pontiff of Pope Pius IX., the Council of the Vatican, and the latest decisions of Roman Congregation. Adapted especially to the discipline of the Church in the United States. Rev. J. B. Smith, D. D., formerly Professor of Canon Law in Mount St. Mary's Seminary. With the Imprimatur of Rt. Rev. Archbishop of New York. Vol. 1. Established in Church and Rome. Approved by the Pontiff and Archbishop of the Roman Consistory, and Vatican. Pp. 1,000, 8vo, 30 engravings. Benziger Bros. Publishers, New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis. 1887

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THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18 1887.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

May 22 Sunday—Sunday in the Octave of the Ascension St John Nepomucen, Martyr Ferial Holy Ghost Office Office of the Ascension, Sunday in Ferial Holy Ghost Office

" 23—Monday—St. Desiderius, Bishop

" 24—Tuesday—Our Lady Help of Christians

" 25—Wednesday—St. Gregory VII., Pope and Conf. St Urban, Pope and Martyr

" 26—Thursday—St. Philip Neri, Conf. St. Eleutherius, Pope and Martyr

" 27—Friday—St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi Virgin. St Julia, Pope and Martyr

" 28—Saturday—Vigil of Pentecost. Feria

THE ARCHBISHOP AT MERCED.

His Grace the Archbishop accompanied by Rev. W. B. O'Connor, rector of Dunsmuir, made a visit to St. Patrick's Church, Merced, on Sunday last. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. The Archbishop was assisted by Rev. Father Kelly, of Stockton, who delivered a most eloquent and powerful sermon, afterwards administering Confirmation to some 31 children and adults. In the evening his Grace gave an interesting discourse on "The Great Necessity of Christian Education for the Young."

NEW CATHEDRAL AT SACRAMENTO.

Work upon the new Cathedral at Sacramento has progressed sufficiently for the laying of the foundation for the corner stone on Sunday, June 12th, at 4 P. M., with the usual impressive ceremonies.

THE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

A new branch of the League of the Cross was organized last Sunday evening at St. Joseph's church, Oakland, when Father Wolfrum delivered an impressive and fervent address on the advantages of temperance, and the prospects of the new organization to contribute to the amelioration of the condition of the poor. Over 300 persons joined the new branch, which will be known as St. Joseph's Branch, League of the Cross. Among the renewed clergy who were present were Fathers Wolfrum, Prendergast, Shinnick, Gallagher, Scott, Kelly, Ward, Ryan, Sullivan, Shea, Ward, Ryan, Joseph Cathedral, Sullivan, Shea, Ward, Ryan, Joseph Cathedral, Sullivan, Shea, Ward, Ryan, Joseph Cathedral

Farm and Home, Family Fun.

Reliable Recipes.

A GOOD PUDDING.—Two eggs and their weight in butter, sugar and flour. Have the butter soft and mix it with the sugar. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, and mix the butter and sugar; add the grated peel of half a lemon, and then stir in the sifted flour. Pour into a buttered pan, filling it a little more than half full, and bake in a moderate oven.

FRENCH MEAT.—Clean the fish; then take a bunch of herbs and chop them fine, and put them with one ounce of butter, three tablespoonfuls of soup stock, into a saucepan. Lay in the mackerel and simmer gently for ten minutes. Lift them out upon a hot dish; dredge a little flour and add salt, capsicum, a little lemon juice, and finally two tablespoonfuls of cream, let these just boil, and pour over the fish.

PLAIN CAKE.—Beat six eggs very thoroughly, the yolks to a cream and the whites to a stiff froth; add to this one tablespoonful of flour or corn starch mixed smooth in one cup of sweet milk, salt and pepper and a piece of butter as large as an English walnut; now pour this on to the white fresh and without stirring it at all pour the whole into a hot buttered omelet pan or ordinary deep frying pan. Cook on top of stove over a brisk fire for about five minutes and it will "rise" beautifully; gently remove it to the hot oven and let it brown, and serve hot. This is always perfect, if the cook can refrain from her desire to "stir" everything.

OCCULENT PUDDING.—One pint of milk, one grated cocoanut, four well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter melted and sugar to taste. Bake a light brown.

RICE PUDDING.—A heaapful of cold boiled rice, one heaped tablespoonful of corn starch, one egg and one quart of sweet milk, one half teaspoful of sugar and the juice of one lemon. Salt a trifle. The corn starch must be mixed thoroughly in cold milk and stirred into the hot milk evenly before adding rice or eggs.

LEMON PUDDING.—Bake three jelly cake tins full of sponge cake. Cut them in halves for convenience in serving. Make a custard to put between each layer thus: One pint of milk, three eggs, a half a tablespoonful of corn starch, the juice and rinds of two lemons, sweeten to taste. Use butter and half a cup of sugar. Serve cold.

CORN BEARING CORN AND.—Six tablespoonfuls of corn meal boiled in 1 quart of milk, sugar to taste, peel of two lemons grated and the juice of one. When thoroughly cooled add the yolks of three eggs and pour over the corn meal, set in the oven until slightly brown. Serve hot or cold with a custard made of the yolks of the eggs.

SAUCE FOR BOILED FISH.—Make ready while the fish is cooking a tablespoonful of butter beaten to a cream, with a tablespoonful browned flour, a pinch of salt and pepper; add the strained juice of one lemon and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce or of any good vinegar from the pickle jar. Add a dash of red pepper, if you use the last. More delicate is the fine red fish sauce. A tablespoonful of either is beaten into two ounces of butter, two saltspoonfuls of salt and one of powdered mace are added; a cup of water and a cup of cream, all made hot in a saucepan.

Be Careful with Matches.

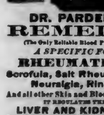
A peculiar fire-insurance case in a suburb of Boston lately, and but for its timely discovery and extinguishment would have been added to the list of fires from "incendiarism." "Defective flue," "tests," or any of the causes attributed where nothing is known of the cause. The lady of the house was going out to call, but heard a noise in the upper part of the house just as she was about to shut the outside door behind her. After some hesitation she re-entered the house, went up stairs, and found the chamber carpet burning quite briskly. Upon its extinguishment it appeared that the brass from an open window had blown the matchbox from the bureau to the floor, broken it, and lighted the matches. We have heard of one similar case. It is the old moral: "Be careful with matches."

A Paper Chimney.

A large factory of Breslau, Germany, required a chimney 54 feet in height. Instead of constructing the chimney with bricks, as usual, a large number of solid blocks of paper firmly compressed were made use of. These blocks were placed carefully one on the top of the other and joined together with a special cement. The chimney is non-inflammable, is very elastic, and is by the nature of the material quite secure from lightning, which often plays havoc with the more ordinary sort of factory chimney.

A Japanese Bed.

A bed in Nikko, Japan, is eight or so thick silk wadded comforters piled upon the floor; upon this a very ample wadded coat is placed. You slip into the great coat, put your arms into the long sleeves, fold it over you, and sleep. The pillow is a block of wood placed under the neck; but it looks too hard, and I carry a rubber pillow to take its place. A paper lantern is lighted all night, for the people, I am told, are much afraid of the dark.



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A SPECIFIC FOR
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Scrofula, Salt Rheum,
Neuralgia, Ring Worm
And all other Skin and Blood Diseases.
AND
LIVER AND KIDNEYS.
Cures Indigestion and all diseases arising from an unhealthy condition of the system.
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Rochester, N. Y.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
GERTS—For the past winter I have been very badly afflicted with rheumatism. About six weeks ago was confined to my bed, and whenever I was able to get around was obliged to use crutches. All the time I had the best medical attendance.
After one week's use of Dr. Pardee's Remedy, I was able to walk with a cane. I continued its use and can now move around without assistance of any kind, and am better in health than I have been for years. It has effected a permanent cure and I take pleasure in recommending it.
C. R. FINNEGAN,
Supt. Fire Alarm Telegraph, City Building, Front Street.
Send for pamphlet to Pardee Medicine Co.

Family Fun.

Mr. Howser's Mistake.

I suppose Mr. Howser is like the majority of men in putting his best side of life before the public. The other morning when he left the house he knew the baby was sick, and that I had a headache and that the cook was doubled by cutting her hand on a piece of glass. I had told him that we ended up of butter and eggs and potatoes, and he said he would order them. These on the car he forgot all about it, and at 11:30, meeting an old schoolmate, he invited

"Now you come right up to dinner with me. I want you to see my house and my family and have a little talk."

"But your wife won't be expecting company."

"Oh, you come right along. My wife and my house are always ready for any visitors I may bring home, and your presence will cause us no lots of embarrassment."

At 11 o'clock I told Jane to pick up any sort of a dinner for Mr. Howser, and at 12 Mr. Howser and his friend entered the house. Leaving him in the parlor, Mr. Howser rushed in on me with: "Get into your Sunday clothes as soon as possible—dress the baby—tell cook to have three different kinds of meat—send for a nigger to wait on the table, and run through the rooms and pick up things."

"Mr. Howser, have you been idiot enough to bring some one home to dinner!"

"Of course I have. What in there wrong about that I'd like to know!"

"Well, where are the groceries you were to order?"

"Groceries! I—I forgot."

"Jane can't use hot cake and, while I should faint away if I tried to dress. You'll have to take him to a hotel."

"Never! Wasn't I twice a man to partake of my hospitality? I'll meet a walk like off to a hotel! It is a pretty state of affairs that my house is all upset in this manner at this time! Mrs. Howser you and I must have a reckoning! I'll be hanged if I put up with such conduct as this!"

And then he returned to the parlor and I heard him say:

"Will, old fellow, I find a note from my Birdie (that's me), stating that she has taken the little angel (that's our wal sped baby) over to her sister's for the day, and our idea of a cook dish's expect me home and has no dinner ready. Well have to go down to the restaurant."

"That's all right. You've got a beautiful home here."

"And the nicest wife, and the prettiest baby in all the world," exclaimed Mr. Howser, as he slapped his leg.

The Knew a Magnet.

Some years ago a Miss H—— was teaching school in Dixon, Ill. One day in the noon recess she thy exam scram this word "magnet." The teacher asked how many in the class knew what a magnet was, and requested those who know to hold up their right hands.

All the class was motionless for a moment, and then one little girl rose and put up her hand.

"Well, my dear," said the teacher, "what is a magnet?"

"I don't know," said the little girl, "as I know what it is, but I have seen an a home in mother's cheese."

A Stranger in a Strange Land.

"Ah!" said the stranger, "this is a strange country. There are all sorts of people here, and it shows how well we marked are the eccentricities of fake."

"Yes," said the Californian, "we have and fall here. I know an English baron who drove to town in a hack. He don't tell me!" "Yes, and I know a German who keeps a beer-hack stand." "It's incredible! Hot lock up there. The Chinaman is the most curious thing I ever saw." "Yes, and I know a Germ. Yes, I know a Germ. Yes, I know a Germ." "Why, I know a Germ." "Yes, I know a Germ." "Why, I know a Germ." "Yes, I know a Germ." "Why, I know a Germ." "

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

(CONCLUDING FROM FIRST PAGE.)

dral! You can save the country of Lagenians and you alone can save them from the fate that overtook, perhaps, the latter if many a man listening to me long ago in the great rising when landlords fled in their own way to Ireland. If we come to Canada to ask you to befriend us and to save our people, it is because this is not the first time Canada has stood between the Irish people and their oppressors.

"Our great leader, Parnell, has said he once again will take the sword for the Irish landholders. We are now begging, not for alms, but to enable us to support that whole system of Irish landlordism. We do not come to ask for £50,000 for charity any more, but to ask you to consider what our Lord Lansdowne is making of the making of the £20,000 a year which you give, or which you enable him to get, and if that be just to bad and inhuman use. We ask you to convey your censure on Lansdowne, as you have perfect right to do as the free citizens of a self-governing nation. The day you send Lord Lansdowne home with the stamp of Canadian disaffection on his brow you will enable us to laugh at coercion and strengthen the arms of Gladstone to put an end to coercion for all time."

Mr. O'Brien then quoted from lengthy reports in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of evictions on Lord Lansdowne's estates. He then described the incidents attending some of the evictions, in which the aged and infirm were thrown out of their cabins, helpless, in the snow and rain. He proceeded:

"The Loggarnvar lunatic was honest, peaceful and inoffensive so far as crime is concerned. The locality is simply stainless. During those barbarous evictions not a blow was struck, not a stone was flung, and what have those people ever done that they should deserve to be robbed of home and land? They have simply sought an abatement in their rents. Abatements less than Earl Cowper's Royal Commission, a landlord commission appointed by a Tory Government, had declared to be equitable; less than the land commission courts are granting on the neighboring estates, and finally, reductions to which Lord Lansdowne's own arbitrator, Mr. Dunning, gave his assent and approval in black and white.

The next news we get from Ottawa was that Lord Lansdowne threatened us with a hot, if not bloody, reception, if we ventured to Canada to proclaim the wrongs of Irish tenantry. I appeal to the people of Canada against Lansdowne's savage sentence against the whole peaceable population. Substantially the Canadian flag floated overthe existing army and it was Canadian money that hired the 'emergency men,' to do their dreadful work. I call upon you to free the Canadian name from this taint to let Lord Lansdowne and the world know that when Canada stretches out an arm to Ireland it was not to wound or subjugate her, but to save her."

O'Brien closed with a glowing picture of Ireland's gratitude to Canada when Home Rule should be achieved, and he was cheered again and again. Before leaving the hotel for the meeting O'Brien sent the following telegram to Mayor Howland of Toronto:

"I perceive you have convened a meeting of citizens of Toronto to demand an official prohibition of my meeting. If you will, in the play, process me in a hearing, I shall attem it a privilege to attend your meeting to explain the motives and object of my visit."

Meeting opened at 8 o'clock and passed the following resolution, which, after he had concluded his address, was passed amid an outburst of cheering:

Resolved—That this meeting of citizens of Montreal is of the opinion that Lord Lansdowne's contemptuous disregard of the Imperiaal issues is just, cruel and impressive, and deserves the condemnation of the Canadian people.

At the conclusion of the meeting, O'Brien, responding to a vote of thanks, said: "We were threatened if we dared to come here that a mob was forming for no long age in Dorne mont now believe to the contrary, and if he does not, I can only pity him, for he has neither eyes nor ears. The resolution condemnatory of Lansdowne was called to the Lieutgovernor immediately, after which the entire audience stood up and joined in singing "God Save Ireland," with hissing and groans for Lansdowne.

OUR CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Past and Coming Events.—Society Elections.—Notes.

—T. M. I., No. 4, holds an enjoyable picnic last Thursday at Belmont.

—The T. M. C. M. A. holds its fourth annual picnic at Belmont Park, Thursday, the 26th inst.

—T. M. I., No. 3, gave a successful picnic at Belmont, last Wednesday.

—The Tyre Club picnics at Belmont on the 30th inst.

—No. 1, Y. M. I., picnics at Shell Mound Park on the 30th inst.

—The Young Men's Catholic Mutual Aid Association holds its annual election of officers this (Wednesday) evening.

—The Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Peter's Parish, will have a reception of new members in the church on the 29th inst.

—Y. M. I. No. 4, will hold its next open meeting at Irving Hall, Tyler Ist, and a pleasant evening is promised.

—Y. M. Institute No. 1 and 14 of Los Angeles are preparing for an entertainment in aid of the Building Fund.

—No. 5, Y. M. I., of Stockton, gave a fine literary and musical entertainment on last Washington's birthday.

—New Institutes of the Y. M. I. will shortly be organized at Livermore, Gilroy, Hollister, Salinas and Watsonville.

—The Y. M. I. Branch, lately organized at Virginia City, Nev., claims the honor of being the first Institute formed out of the State.

—Next Sunday the Sodality of the Children of Mary, Sitkum Fort, will have a reception of new members in the chapel of St. Mary's Hospital.

—St. Dominic's Benevolent Society will give a picnic on the 30th inst., at Shell Mound Park. Valuable prizes for various games will be distributed.

—The Young Men's Institute No. 31, of East Oakland, have lately built a commodious meeting hall, surmounted by an imposing flag staff. The branch is in a flourishing condition.

—The Young Men's Institute of South San Francisco gave a very enjoyable social on the evening of the 7th inst. which was largely attended by the numerous friends and members of the branch.

—St. Anthony's Sanitary Society, of East Oakland, was organized May 8, with a membership of 15. The officers are President, Dank Corkery; Treasurer, James Slattery; Secretary, Louis Dolan.

—The Board of Directors of this city have levied an assessment of 50 cents for May, which makes only four since the adoption of the $500 assessment by the Grand Council held in June, 1886.

—Shannon & Co., undertakers, tell all their acquaintances in the Sodality of Mary, Holy Family Institute, a story of mishaps in decline of their shop. Last Sunday night, the undertaking store of this firm located at 521 Washington street, is constantly threatened with customers who approached their establishment early in money gulped," when surprised in the commercial parlor of grounds, just as well as in all other avenues for financial prosperity.

CONSUMPTION.—The new treatment of consumption and asthma (the product of medical research) is proving by Surgeon of Lyons, France, and Hotel de Dieu Paris, $10 by prize. Dr. F. Wolfram, 28 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

—The young widows of P. Revel, who died in Sacramento, left a will which was read the night, and not signed there, as reported. Business was resumed next morning, and Revel stands ready to receive his old friends and customers.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM—The employes of the various Belfast shipbuilding establishments gave notice on April 14th, to the managers to the effect that unless a satisfactory arrangement is arrived at with respect to the demands to have the wages paid weekly instead of fortnightly, a general strike would take place on the 29th. Should the demands not be conceded, and the employes carry out their threat, six thousand men will be thrown out of employment. It is expected the employers will yield.

ARMAGH—Mr. Richard Wilson Guinness, County Court Judge of Armagh and Louth, dropped dead on April 19th, while addressing the Synod of the Church of Ireland.

Nothing could be more emphatic, than the terms in which his grace the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, and heartily express their unalloyed confidence in the Irish leader and the Parliamentary Party. The declaration from the Northern province, is as vigorous in denunciation of the wretched policy of the Government, as any that have emanated from the conferences elsewhere.

CARLOW. John Kelly, who lives near Rathoe, county Carlow, is under police protection. Two poor laborers were ejected lately because a cottage was sought for them on his master's land, under the Labourers Act, and one of them a weak old man, died shortly after being thrown out of his home. Kelly's act has earned for him utter detestation in the district. His former friends join him with averted looks; every other class has sent him to equal horror, and all manifestations of scorn in the neighborhood, assembled on April 10, to express their opinions of him in his own townland.

In the Cemetery attached to St. Leo's Convent of Mercy, Carlow, the grave closed over all that was mortal of Sister Mary Stanislaus on April 20th.

CLARE.—On April 19th, at St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church, Joseph Corcoran Smith, Esq., third son of the late S. Corcoran Smith, of Dublin, was united in marriage with Miss Laura Genevieve Cragen, eldest daughter of Thomas McMahon Cragen, Esq., J. P., Ardcorgan, county Clare, and St George street, Limerick.

Posters have been extensively posted throughout West Clare, bearing an appeal from the National League and the Central Trades Association of Kilkenny, addressed to the men and women of Ireland against the buying of English manufactured goods. The manifesto points out that Nationalist shopkeepers who are importing such goods should discontinue to do so.

CORK.—At a meeting of the Bishops and priests of the diocese of Cloyne, on April 14, a series of resolutions was passed, expressing sympathy with Cannon Arthur, P. P., and Her Father Ryan, C. C., who have been suspended; also protesting against the Coercion Act.

On April 16, a fire was discovered in the premises of Mr. John Fitzgerald, coach builder, Copley street, Cork. Eight horses were burned to death and a large quantity of valuable property destroyed. The premises were only partially insured.

The floor mills of Messrs Forbing and Sons, Fermoy, were burned down on April 22d, and all the valuable machinery and stock were destroyed. The fire originated in the screen-room, where the machinery for few years ago fitted up with modern machinery at a cost of £7000, and the entire damage is estimated at nearly £5,000, which is covered by insurance. A large number of men will be thrown out of employment.

DOWN.—At an eviction at Mayo Bridge county Down, the bailiffs, on attempting to break open the door of the house of a tenant named Connolly, were compelled to retreat by a hailstorm of stones upon them, accompanying their fusses and their bands. Several other attempts to force an entrance were repulsed, and eventually the bailiffs and parter retired without effecting the eviction.

DUBLIN.—The welcome factory, opened a few months ago at Ringsbridge by Sir Edward Guinness, is about to close. The factory, stated to give employment to the families of the men engaged at the brewery, has not been paid, but it is generally feared, that it will be opened under new management.

FERMANAGH—On April 19th, a large and enthusiastic meeting, attended by some thousands of people, among them being a great many Protestants, took place at Lisnaskea, held at Crudon, near Ennniskillen. The object of the meeting was to protest against the passing of a Coercion Bill for Ireland.

GALWAY—On April 19th, the ceremony of the reception of two young ladies into the order of the Convent of Mercy, Ballinasloe. The young ladies received were—Miss Rose O'Donoghue in religious Sister Vincent, daughter of Mrs. O'Donoghue, the Holes Crag, and Miss Kate Regan (in religion Sister Columba), daughter of W. Regan, Esq., Ballinasloe. The Very Rev. Canon Rogers, P. P., V. F., assisted by the Rev. James Stephens, C. C., officiated in the ceremony.

The ceremony of religious profession and reception took place in the Convent of Mercy, Clifden, on April 20th. The young ladies professed were Miss Mary Joyce (in religion Sister M. de Sales), daughter of M. Joyce Cullaran, Headford, county Galway, and sister of the Rev. M. Colleran, C. C., Clifden. The young lady received to the veil was Miss Maggie Meagher (in religion Sister M. Gabriel), daughter of Mr. Thomas Meagher, Creaghna, Tuam county, Tipperary.

Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway, has appointed Archdeacon Fahey, Rector of Galway, vacant by the translation of the Most Rev. Dr. Carr to the Archbishopric of Melbourne. Dr. McCormack was elected by the votes of the great majority of the priests to succeed Dr. Carr, and the fact of his being so shows how universally popular he is. See over which this learned Bishop is now placed.

KERRY.—On April 21st, a large number of tenants on the property of Lord Kenmare, near Milltown, county Kerry, were evicted for non-payment of rent. Some were accompanied as caravaders.

A great anti-coercion meeting was held on April 17th, at Tralee, and a notable feature in connection with the demonstration was the presence on the platform of several priests who have been prevented for some time past by their Bishop from attending political gatherings.

Mrs. Carlos, the widow of the Kerry farmer who was murdered by moonlighters, has received a sum of £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund.

KILKENNY—The Bishop and priests of the Diocese of Ossory, when protesting against coercion, were bound to take notice of the slanderous accusation directed against the people of Kilkenny by Mr. Balfour, one of the Chief Secretary's anecdotes—stupid concoctions that they were—left Englishmen to understand that Kilkenny was in now need of coercion, and that the Bishop was in danger to be disgustly repudiated by the Most Rev Dr. Healy, and his clergy as a libel upon a peaceful and law-abiding people, whose character is attested by the declarations made by the judges during the last three years. The resolutions adopted at the Dunleary Conference, besides protesting against the Coercion Bill, condemn the Lord Bill as a scheme to increase the power of the landlords, and convey to Mr Gladstone and the other Liberal members, the thanks of the signatories for the assistance which they have given to the Irish people. They furthermore give proof that the attacks made upon Mr Parnell by his accusers in Parliament were but to attract the public attention to which he is held by the Irish people.

LEITRIM—On April 19th, a man called Francis, a bailiff, residing at Drumkeen, was fired at by his uncle, Robert Clarke. He died next day. The wife of the murderer, on being arrested, committed suicide at Carrigallen Police Barracks, it is believed by poison.

LIMERICK—The death is announced of Mr James F Mortagh, formerly of Bedford-row, county Limerick. He was an active member of the National cause and since the 20th, Should the demands not be conceded, and the employes carry out their threat, six thousand men will be thrown out of employment. It is expected the employers will yield.

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"Villiers is one city troubled with defective sight, counsel!! Mailer the expert optician, 136 Montgomery, near Bush.

THE PACIFIC BANK.

President, R. H. McDonald. Vice-President, R. H. McDonald, Jr. Cashier, S. G. Murphy.

Capital, $1,000,000. Oldest Established Bank on the Pacific Coast Surplus, $550,000.

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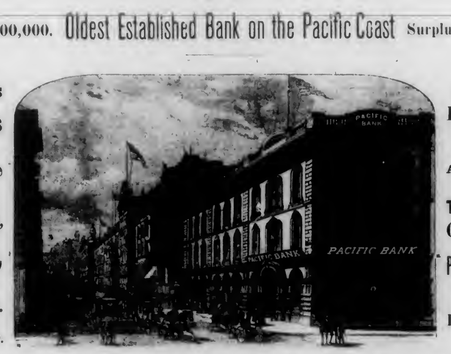

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OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Rolls of Honor for the Month of April.

AT ROSE'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

Boys' Department. Third Class.—Matthew West 92, Fourth Class.—John Lang 90, Frank Regan 75, Edward Fitzgerald 72, Philip Fallon 65, Fifth Class.—Jas. Hickson, Benjamin Mickson 96, William Mooney 94, John Hartley 93, William Gallagher 89, John Hines 81 William Ryan 78, William Langlois 77, John Doyle 76, Thomas O'Connor, John Ahern, each 75, Fifth Class.—Jos. Dwyer, Cornelius McCarthy 95, Michael O'Connor 87, Francis Dunphy 86, Michael Mooney, Richard Mooney, Richard Mooney, each 72, Francis McKenna, John Mooney, Michael Mooney, each 71, Sixth Class.—Jas. Mooney 98, Michael Fahey, Max Dodd, James Barry, each 75, Sixth Class.—Joseph Cusack 98, Joseph Dwyer 95, Thomas Hickey, William Langlois, Thomas Hickey, William Lang, each 75, George McKenna, John Sullivan, Jas. Mooney, Thomas Ahern each 70, James Barry, Walter Ryan, Richard Fleming, John Lynch, Francis McKenna, Anglesey Gallagher, Edward Hickey, Edward Fallon, Michael Fallon, Joseph Cusack, Joseph Mooney, Joseph Mooney, each 65.

Girls' Department. Third Class.—Rose Mooney 98, Fourth Class.—Annie Mooney 98, Jas. Mooney, Annie Duffy 95, Mary Dunphy 92, Fifth Class.—Annie Ryan 98, Annie Mooney 95, Annie Ryan, Annie Duffy, Kate Kennedy, Mary Mooney, Annie Mooney, Annie Ryan, Annie McKenna, Annie Fallon, Annie Mooney, each 92, Sixth Class.—Annie Mooney 98, Annie Ryan, Annie Mooney, Annie Mooney, each 92, Seventh Class.—Annie Mooney 98, Annie Mooney, Annie Mooney, Annie Mooney, Annie Mooney, each 92, Eighth Class.—Annie Mooney 98, Annie Mooney, Annie Mooney, Annie Mooney, Annie Mooney, each 92.

Boys' Department. First Class.—Rose Mooney, Edward Fitzgerald, Philip Fallon, Fifth Class.—Jas. Hickson, Benjamin Mickson, William Mooney, John Hartley, Sixth Class.—Joseph Cusack, Jas. Mooney, Michael Fahey, Max Dodd, James Barry, each 75, Sixth Class.—Joseph Cusack 98, Joseph Dwyer 95, Thomas Hickey, William Langlois, Thomas Hickey, William Lang, each 75, George McKenna, John Sullivan, Jas. Mooney, Thomas Ahern each 70, James Barry, Walter Ryan, Richard Fleming, John Lynch, Francis McKenna, Anglesey Gallagher, Edward Hickey, Edward Fallon, Michael Fallon, Joseph Cusack, Joseph Mooney, Joseph Mooney, each 65.

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Market Report

MONTHLY REPORT.

336 Kearny St., Tuesday Evening, May 17, 1887.

[illegible]

Pictorial Lives of the Saints. 30th Thousand. Reduced from $3.50 to $2.00

KABO PAT. OCT. 1882. U.S.D.C. TRADE MARK. CORSET SOMETHING NEW. Warranted to neither break down nor roll up in wear. Less Corsets at least fifty dollars in bulk of fund. CHICAGO CORSET CO. CHICAGO. NEWYORK.

KNABE PIANOFORTES. NEW YORK WAREROOMS, 112 FIFTH AVENUE. Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability unsurpassed. WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

BENZIGER BROS. Publishers to the Holy Apostolic See. MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF Vestments and Church Ornaments, New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

FIRST ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE Members of the New Parish. Lady Fields Island on Point Pinole. SHELL MOUND PARK. On Thursday, June 2d, 1887. ADULTS TICKET, - FIFTY CENTS. Special train will leave Third and Townsend streets at 9 A. M.

RARE CHANCE For Those Who Wish to Buy the Best Quality of Groceries and Provisions. In the estate of Joseph H. Wilson, Bankrupt. Stock and Fixtures of a Well Established Grocery Business, Doing a Cash Business, for one of the most fashionable localities in the City of San Francisco. Inventory about $3,000. Will be sold for $1,500 cash. Reason for selling, Bankrupt. Address Assignee, Box 1, Post Office, San Francisco.

J. FISCHER & BRO. No. 7 Bible House, New York. HAVE PUBLISHED Hymn for the Golden Jubilee of the Priesthood of HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII. By Permission of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Price, 40 Cts. Orchestral parts, 80 cts. Choral parts, 20 cts. A. WALDTEUFEL, 737 Market St. San Francisco. San Francisco Prize Lager. THE NATIONAL LAGER BEER. Is made with Wisdom and Perfected by Experience. SILVER MEDAL PREMIUM. At the Last Mechanics' Fair. Try it for Taste and Flavor. Bottled for Export and Family Use. Brewery Bottling Dept. Cor. Bryant and Fifteenth Sts. Telephone Exchange. Wholesale & Retail Dealers. Offices and Depots. 1 & 3 Clay Street. DECKER BROS., WARNER & HAMLIN, IVERS & POND, FISCHER, SHERR BROS. PIANOS SOLD FOR $10 IN INSTALLMENTS. 137 Post Street.

REMOVAL. PRINGLE BROTHERS. Will, on May 2d, Occupy the Spacious New Store, 1109 MARKET STREET, Odd Fellows' Building. With a Large and Well-Selected Stock of Fine BOOTS AND SHOES. GILROY HOT SPRINGS. ROOF & TENNANT. Proprietors and Managers. These celebrated springs, situated in a spot of the Coast Range, 12 miles east of Gilroy, are now in charge of the undersigned, who have made them a popular resort. Their waters have been proved to be of great value in dropsy, kidney and bladder troubles, and all cases requiring a mild but effective aperient. Terms, $2 per day; $12 per week; $50 per month. Take the train (leaving Third and Townsend streets depot, San Francisco, at 8 A. M.) direct to Gilroy Springs. Address, Gilroy Springs, Gilroy, Cal.

MEDALS AWARDED TO BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTER. THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

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For by Soul we are ashamed to say the Truth.....Strive for Justice for thy Soul, and even unto Death fight for Justice, and God will overthrow thy enemies for Thee. (Ecclesiastes iv. 28)

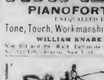
The Monitor.

VOL. XXX. SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1887. NO. 34.

THE COMMERCIAL IMPORTING TEA CO., 957 Market Street, Have just received a Cargo of the Celebrated ELECTRIC COFFEE. 30 Cents a Pound. WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST. Country Orders Promptly Attended to. We have as Premiums at commission with other houses.

THE Commercial Importing Tea Company, 957 MARKET STREET, Bet. Fifth and Sixth. GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL PLATING. Every Description of Church and Altar Ornaments ALSO HOUSEHOLD GOODS Repaired and Plated. With the above notice in the scale unofficial and on Valuation Extension. SAN FRANCISCO Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating Works, 653 and 655 MISSION ST. Bet. Fourth and Fifth Sts., San Francisco. E. G. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

DR. M. J. DUNN DENTIST. HOURS: 9 a.m. to 12 m. 1 to 5 p.m. ANÆSTHETICS ADMINISTERED. 1228 MARKET STREET. (Between Jones and Leavenworth Sts.) San Francisco, Cal.



THE DEVIL'S TURN CORSET. This Popular Corset is Worn by the Coast. Ladies' Corset Waists in Jean, Satin, Silk and Satin Jean

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

MEMORY'S GRAVEYARD.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO M. G'C.

In the graveyard of Memory lie buried
The ashes of departed years;
The short, little race of my pleasures,
The long, changeless dim of my tears;
And trembling I kneel by their tombstones,
And gaze on the verdant turf,
Where rosebuds my hopes as calmly
As the lam of the sea-lift surf.
I glance into vacuo unlighted,
Thin scanty murmur at last—
"Can it be ye all fell around me
In that silent and beautiful Past;
Did I stand by the bier that bore ye,
In sad, sad march to the tomb;
Did I chant that solemn requiem
Which told thy earthly doom?"

Did each day as it slept at sunset
Leave vacant a place behind,
Or did I see grow so sallent
That I seemed not at all to mind?
Did I heavily serve Youth's follies,
Toiling on with fixed brow,
Or was the Future, that page unwritten,
Tedious, and hard to be read?
Was the rise slow in turning crimson,
Or did life seem slip away?
Am I glad that in Memory's Graveyard
So many are sleeping to-day?
Did I cross paths of olden pleasures
And call on the Past in vain,
Regretting that youth's affections
Can never arise again?

Not I. Lurking now the tombstone
I deep there my loving tear,
I know it was better to lose them,
Though, then it was hard to bear;
I know that such flowers and fancy,
Which played in my life a part,
Was a shock of Fate, blighting
With bestial force my heart,
I know such hope and yearning
Which killed my peace, was bold
When I buried my aspirations,
My shadows were turned to gold;
Each day is an arc of the circle
Which bounds our mortality alone,
And the requiem I sing o'er many
Makes a sweeter eternity mine.

So I pass through Memory's Graveyard,
And lament my dead at rest,
Who sleep without thought of waking
In the dreamless home of my heart;
Nor do I, weeping vainly,
Beg the Past to rise once more,
For I feel, and I know it truly,
I am not what I was of yore.
Things, that be calm ye departed
Sweet spirits; rest ye in peace;
I, too, shall be one day like you,
And then shall end your sorrows shall cease.

ZARE.

May 16, 1867.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

DEO PAYENTE.

You planning worldling,
Hath no video of sad sorrow,
By timid ripple alone disturbed;
Ye like to subtend light (like light from loving eyes)
Sweet note of falling bird,
The only sound the stillness heard;
Violent protracting height of watching hill,
Pathos in the valley of sorrow.
Ye, a mount lurking, lowering in shape,
And we by storms ordain relentably set sail;
Purchase we reach the sheltering hill
Of Hope, we are pilot in safety still.

TRUMB.

San Francisco, May 11, 1867.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

"A letter from America!
O glory be to God!
Call in your father, Mary,
And just pass down a rod
Look! there's Pat Dempsey passing by,
And Jack across the way—
Call them in, and let them see, sure
My heart is big to day

And the simple folk were gathered
Around the blazing fender,
And poor Pat, the village scholar,
Read kind words and tender
Penned by his mother's fair haired boy,
Who crossed the ocean foam,
To win the bread and work that were
Denied to him at home.

"O mother, now I'm nightly prayed,
This city of New York,
They're four houses in its streets
Thus over were in York.
Life pretty, I'm glad to know all
The people here are dressed,
And wing your daily work is slow
You can walk am sight the best.

"And so my sister, mother dear,
Is married, I see,
Of a house grander far than that
We used to name 'The Hall';
But ah! I don't care much for them,
My heart is never here—
I'm in the land where I have known
Of sorrow, joy, and care.

"There's nothing here at all that's like
The chapel on the hill;
Where long ago in childhood's days,
I knelt and prayed Father Phil;
And they all seem so busy here,
Each one has work to do,
One wish a Shillyl Nd and you
When a se old friends will rest

"Oh, I miss them all so sorely,
The old friends and the trees,
There's none can stand into the heart
Like those that with you grew
From boyhood's days to manhood's prime,
And shared each joy and woe—
I'd freely give my life for them,
The friends of long ago.

"God's blessing on you, mother dear,
And all the folks at home,
And O'd be with the boys and girls
That lay well wide my round
God's blessing on the land I love,
And God bless our freedom's day—
Gabriel's trumpet blow on the sun that lights
Poor Ireland far away."

E. H. M.

WHY MAIDS WILL WED.

A good wife rose from her couch one morn
And thought with sorrow dread
Of the piles on piles of clothes to be washed
And the dozens of mouths to be fed.
"There's Tom must be fed for the men in the field,
And the children to send away,
And all the suits to be skimmed and shrunk—
And all in one day."

It had rained in the night and all the wind
Was wet as wet could be,
There were puddings and pies and cakes to bake
And a load of bread for her;
And the day was hot, and her aching brow
Therefore nearly as she sat
"If matters but went what good wives know,
They'd not be married to-that."

"Annie, what do you think I did Ned Brown"
Called the lassie from the well
"Last night? I refused to have him I love
And from my door I turned him."
"I was right," the old woman cried in reply
"I was right. That you—a girl so young
And the answer wife in time."

The farmer went back to the field,
And the wife, in a musing, sweet way,
Sang snatches of tender love songs
Her had not spoke in many a day.
And the pale in her hard wife cheek and her
dimples
Were as white as the foam of the sea,
And the tones of her voice, as she sang
the song,
Were tender and full of glee.
The night came down and Hannah sheet,
And the girl sat musing and
said:
"The world is false to love for those we love,
It is not strange that mother will wed.

Literary Miscellany.

A Happy Ending.

"Here, Alice, said Mrs. Darcy, glancing up from her mistress's paper, "here is something that may interest you.

She was a large, unwieldy figure, with a cold and unsympathetic expression. The girl whom she addressed was a slight and delicate creature, clad in mourning, and in appearance as different as possible from the elder lady, though she was the latter's own niece.

"You were saying," continued Mrs. Darcy, in a tone in which there was a tinge of severity, "that you would like to go away, and be independent, and earn your own bread. That I think was the expression you used.

Alice colored as she bent over the ribbon, the property of one of her cousins, which she was elaborately darning.

"I am young and healthy," she said, quietly. "I do not see why I should remain here to be a burden to you, Aunt Darcy."

"Have I ever complained of your being a burden?"

"No—certainly not, but—"

"But," repeated the lady with an accent of sarcasm—"but you are only dissatisfied under my roof and anxious to get away. Very well—I know that in such a case I would be the worst policy to endeavor to detain you. Besides, you are now of age, and as capable of judging for yourself as you will be six months hence. If you can find a situation to suit you, you suitable for a lady, and where you can be happier than in my family, I shall make no objections."

Poor girl.

She did not say, and yet Alice knew, as well as did Mrs. Darcy herself, that the true cause of this expressed willingness was to get rid of her niece. Mrs. Darcy had four unmarried daughters, none of them very attractive, and Alice threatened to be a dangerous rival to the two younger when they should come out, as she had already proven to Maude, the second, who was a year older than herself. For Miss Ling without set of fort had captivated the handsome, dashing, young Arthur Gordon, whom Mrs. Darcy and Miss Maude had carried their utmost powers of fascination and diplomacy to attract. Maude was the previous of the four sisters, and Mr. Gordon had appeared to like her until, in his visits to the house, he had met with Alice, whose beauty and sweetness had attracted him. Then there had followed a love affair—an engagement and a separation—nobody seemed to know exactly how and why it was, and Mr. Gordon had gone away, and Alice, after a season of what her aunt called moping had announced her wish to become a governess, a company, anything by which she could support herself independently.

Miss Darcy was searching through the paper for the item of interest to which she had alluded. It took some time to find it, and then she read aloud:

WANTED—A Companion for a invalid elderly lady. Apply at No. 73 M——Place.

"A companion—no age or qualifications specified"—said Mrs. Darcy, doubtfully, "and yet you may stand as good a chance as another. You country or not, as you like," she added, indifferently.

"I will go at once," Alice replied, and in less than hour she was turning with a brisk step and heightened color into M——place.

It was a quiet street, with old-fashioned residences which had once been aristocratic, but which were now mostly used as genteel boarding-houses. Alice ascended the high granite steps, and rang the bell. Presently a neat servant looking female in widow's dress. They passed down the steps together, the younger woman leaning her hand and the other mutterings something about hard to please. Then Alice found herself in the hall, making known her errand to a neat servant-maiden.

"Please walk up-stairs, miss," the latter said, civily. "Mama is been worn out seeing all the people as has called about the place, and I reckon you'll be the last she can receive today. I don't think she's made up her mind yet about which she to choose. They don't none of you seem to please her."

"Hush!" said the lady, in a tone which was a little more of a whisper than before, "I think was the expression you used.

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THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY AUTHORITY.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sailing last month 11,854 Irish emigrants embarked from Queenstown, the number for the corresponding month of last year was 9,656.

—Cardinal Gibbons spent a portion of last week in Baltimore as a visit to Archbishop Walsh. He will sail in the Cunard steamship *Umbria*, which leaves Queenstown on next Sunday.

—We are now printing the little red leaflets for devotion to the Sacred Heart during the month of June, and we will mail several thousand of them on Saturday next to those who have already ordered them.

—The Pope has presented a gold medal to the Rev. Dr. Vincenzo De Vit on the occasion of the publication of the third volume of his "*Dissertatione Totius Latinitatis*." Father De Vit is one of the priests of the Roman Seminary.

—We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of numerous invitations to attend the closing exercises of Catholic female schools on this coast, and we are delighted to notice that "no flowers" are to be permitted to be presented to the pupils on such occasions.

—Twenty-four priests of the Catholic Church have been slain in Mexico since the inauguration of President Diaz, and not a single one of the murderers has been punished. Yet Diaz is a Catholic!

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—Rev. John Grafton and Timothy Crowley are at present in Chicago, and by permission of Archbishop Feehan are soliciting subscriptions for the completion of the O'Connell Memorial Church, at Cahirciveen, the birthplace of the great Irish Liberator.

—Every child should have a little altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgin during the month of May. It will obtain blessings upon the family; and a light burned in her honor, a few flowers wreathed around her statue, will increase devotion to her whom all should love.

—German papers announce the death of Old Catholicism in the cities of Baden-Baden, Basel, Shaffhausen and Heidelberg. It may be predicted with safety that within ten years from now Old Catholicism will be a name and "nothing more."

—It is now understood that Bishop Keane, of Richmond, resigned his See before going to Rome, where he was appointed President of the Catholic University. The names most prominently mentioned as his successor are Bishop Janssens, of Natchez, and Bishop Kain of Wheeling.

—Preparations are being made for Home Rule demonstrations throughout the west of England. Lord Rosebery will speak at Plymouth, Mr. Stansfeld at Newton Abbott and Lord Wolverton and Mr. Sexton at Exeter. Thus the English people are educated in Home Rule justice.

—Twenty-three Jesuit Fathers and Christian Brothers will have charge of the government of the proposed American Catholic University, but it is rather premature to speculate about such matters when we consider that the building is at yet represented only by the plans of the architect.

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—In the course of conversation with the representative of a Utah paper last week, a Mormon missionary asserted the reporter that in a life-long experience in the Mormon creed he had never known or heard of a Catholic who became perverted to their vile practices. This is a grand testimony of the power of Faith in keeping men from descending in the scale of humanity.

—Monsignor Pusey, of New York, announced recently that the first floor of his own house, which is attached to the episcopal residence, will be used as a dispensary where domestic, etc., may get the best medical attendance free of charge. Dr. Kelly, of Dublin, and more recently of Boston, will be the physician in attendance. This is a good idea and might be copied with beneficial results in all large cities.

—In order to associate the names of Alexander Sullivan, Patrick Egan and other notable Parnellites with the revolutionary element of the Irish race in America, a security deposit was published last week about "a split in the Clan-na-Gael Society, lest the contemptible connection drive from parent to devotee anybody save those whose shares to be duped by such disreputable dodges.

—Very excellent testimony of the real and enterprise of Catholic missionaries in India comes from a Mr. Grant Duff, a Baptist missionary of India, who says: "The Roman Catholics are everywhere in India. I would sooner contend with Brahmanism and Buddhism, or any other form of heathenism, than with Roman Catholicism." Miss Miller is correct in her judgment, and all the learn so wish her is that she may never die an old maid.

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THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1887.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

May 29 Sunday Pentecost, or White Sunday
" 30 Monday Whit-Monday
" 31 Tuesday Whit-Tuesday
June 1 Wednesday Ember Days
" 2 Thursday
" 3 Friday
" 4 Saturday Ember Days
" 5 Sunday Trinity Sunday. Corpus Christi. Corpus Christi. First Day *Fast*

CONFIRMATION NEXT SUNDAY.

Next Sunday his Grace the Archbishop will celebrate Pontifical Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral, and will afterwards confirm a number children and adults. In the afternoon his Grace will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of children in St. Patrick's church.

THE CHURCH AT MERCED.

We understand that Rev. M. McNamee, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Merced, contemplates erecting a church in that city, and asked building. We hope to have the pleasure of chronicling the completion of the work shortly. The Catholic cemetery at Merced is in good order, and well cared for. The Catholic population of Merced is about 300, which were formerly attended by a large book will, which is now attended by a large book will, which is now attended by a large book will, which is now

Farm and Home.

Beautify Home.

Spring is here. The buds are bursting into verdure and blossoms, the fields are green with the promise of future plenty; the flowers are ready to bloom in beauty and fragrance; the birds fill the land with melody and nature is full of beauty everywhere.

Now is the time to beautify the home. It can be done without cost and with so little labor that all should enjoy the comfort and refinement of a beautiful dwelling place. It matters not how humble home may be, it is its household the dearest spot of earth, and it should be made fragran t and beautiful.

The laborer can devote his evening and morning hours of rest to the planting of trees, shrubs, roses and flowers, and there by gain the richest reward for his efforts Nor should he be alone in making home beautiful. Father, mother, son and daughter, should all be taught the necessity of making attractive the one place where most of their days and nights are spent. It will not only well pay all to plant fruit and flowers, but it will refine the taste and elevate the character of every one who enjoyt the beautiful home.

What Wives are For.

What the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him.

A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failures and defeat, trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to share his sorrow and sympathies. He has some stern battles to fight with powerful enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, as he puts an armor around her, feels that he has some thing to fight for, will help him fight, who will put her lip to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration.

All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by a noble idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

How to Care Warts.

It is now fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often troublesome on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate magnesia taken internally. M. Colrat, of Lyons, has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts morning and evening were promptly cured. M. Achaus cites the case of a woman who was disfigured by three excrescences, and who was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts.

How to Save Boys.

Women who have some to care, and dread the domesticity infesmous of home education, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is exceedingly restless. It is disturbed by vain ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desire to touch life in manfold ways. Home, however wise and repressive of natural instincts, can not more to know them than into the society that cannot in any measure supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public house at first for the love of liquor, they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they find does much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. Due to it, that they become compete with public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, light bright fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so ruled in your household, and bring in music and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home thus delightful to them with higher purposes than pleasure, to bother they shall pass happy boyhood and enter upon manhood and refined taste and noble ambitions, which depends upon you. Believe it possible that with attraction and right means a mother and sisters may have more control of the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

—Do not, even with oil cloth, cover your kitchen. Its floor can only be kept clean by daily washing, and it is also much more wholesome. A painted floor, or one that is simply oiled, is the most desirable in the kitchen.

DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY, (The Only Reliable Hoof Powder.) A SPECIFIC FOR RHEUMATISM, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, Ring Worm And all other Skin and Blood Diseases. IT ERADICATES THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS. Cures Dyspepsia and all Stomach ailments from Torpid Liver. Sold everywhere. Ask your druggist for DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY and take no other. Send for Circular to DR. PARDEE MEDICINE CO., Rochester, N. Y.

DO NOT POISON YOUR SYSTEM with medicines you know nothing about. Nearly every so-called remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia now offered to the public contains powerful and poisonous medicines that injure the stomach, or leave the patient worse off than before.

Do not use them, but take the old reliable one that has stood the test for twenty-five years. Use that is free from anything injurious to the system, composed wholly of roots and herbs, the medical properties of which are particularly adapted to blood diseases.

Dr. Pardee's Remedy is safe and effective. Can be used by both old and young with beneficial results. Five hundred dollars will be paid for any case where the use of Dr. Pardee's Remedy has in any way injured the patient.

PARDEE MEDICINE CO. Rochester

Family Fun.

Mrs. Dollinger's Caller.

Mrs. Dollinger, a Sioux Falls lady, who lives on Twelfth street, heard a rap at the front door the other afternoon and responded to find a very distinguished-looking gentleman, extremely dignified and handsome.

"Ah! Mr. Dollinger, I believe, he said.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Harcourt. I live at Huron Mrs. Scott of that place is your sister, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes, I am very well acquainted with her. She requested me to call and do a little errand for her."

"Oh, yes, won't you step in, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Thank you, I believe I will. Very fine weather we're having."

"Yes, sir. Take the easy chair."

"Thank you; pray don't put yourself to any trouble on my account."

"Certainly not. Was my sister well?"

"Quite well. I am pleased to say. By the way, Mrs. Dollinger, I have a little work here which I would like to show, as I am sure you would be interested in it. It is called 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' and is by the Rev. Thomas H. Dodsworthy, and it comes in twelve parts exquisitely bound in cloth, leather, or extra Russia, is finely illustrated and should be in every library, and I am taking his divide of orders, so you can see by examining this order book, not everybody would order it, and all promote it the most wonderful book since the days of the old Scriptures. It treats of Daniel in ten years when he started to go into the den, when he got a little further in, when he got clear in, when the lions came up to examine him, while they were making their survey, while they retired to consult together, when they decided a post mortem would be necessary, when they announced the result to Daniel, when he convinced them that he would not consent to an autopsy, when they loose resired and Daniel got out established with numerous cuts, plates, maps, and beautiful steel engravings, comes at $1 a part of $12 for entire work, just your name down here and pay as you receive each part, eleven parts now ready—here is a fountain pen, write under Mr. Brown's name at the bottom of the page."

"Mr. Harcourt," said Mrs. Dollinger, rising and suppressing her tears, "you're a mean, deceitful, book agent. Get out of my house!"

"I know, but just sign—"

"Go on, or I shall scream!"

"Certainly, certainly. I pon oratio; no thank you. But can you tell me the name of the lady next door, and where some of her family live. Ah, you won't do! I'll work another scheme, then. Good day, Mrs. Dollinger, good day; glad to have made your acquaintance."

Good as a Trade Mark.

Omaha Girl—Pa, who is that?

Omaha Pa—I don't know. He is a stranger.

"Has wonderful how many distinguished people come to Omaha now.

"How do you know that stranger is a great man?

"Way, his clothes don't fit him."

A Discovery in Natural History.

Mother: "Tommy, how are you getting on at school?"

Tommy: "Fine, ma."

"Mention the names of some of the domestic animals."

"The horse, the cow, the pig, the sheep."

"Now, Tommy, that will do. Tommy, the goose, the hen and the cock?"

"Yes, I was thinking of four-legged animals; what is the use, if, while live mostly in the house, but which often makes a dreadful row, that people can not sleep? Yes, Tommy, let people sleep." "Yes, Tommy, triumphantly: "Pa pizen."

Promptly Answered.

Old Lx y (to wicked little boys who are playing marbles on Sunday)—Little boys, what are you playing marbles on Sunday for?"

Little Boys—We're playing for "keeps."

An Abrupt Matrimonial Offer.

The following story concerning a Boston local man and his namesake, will be a unique contribution to hymeneal lore. A gentleman is nothing if not severely practical in many things, and notably in his opinion of the matrimonial relation. When he made up his mind to get married he took a rather short cut to the consummation of his determination, and, addressing the lady by her Christian name, voiced his proposal in the following unique style: "I consider marriage a purely business transaction; there is no force or sentiment about me; now, with this understanding, will you marry me?"

Such a frigid way of putting this all-important query appreciably lowered the temperature in that vicinity for a few minutes at least, and the lady is not to be blamed for the immediate "No" given in answer. "Very well," said Mr. Isiah, "think yourself. The lady, evidently regretting her hasty negative, immediately retracted with: "Yes, I guess I will have you." and Cupid, having complacently laid, picked his quiver and hastened to a warmer climate to get thawed out, leaving "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one"—well, as they always did, each thumping away on its own account.

Little Lambkin.

"Dearest," said a fond bat patient lover, after the weddingday had been set, "can you—or—do you know how to sweep?"

"Sweep!" repeated the girl, with a proud glitter in her eye. "At the party to-morrow night, George, dear, just watch me as I sweep into the room!"

—A lady passenger on a steamer and bound across stormy sea much amused at the flirtation of the steamer surgeon and one of the fair passengers. One day, when the ocean waited strongly in his direction, these words were born to her from the loving sculpt: "It's so shilly," said the young lady, "I feel as if a goose were walking over my grave." "Do you?" asked the surgeon, tenderly. "I wish I were that goose. No cards.

—"Bishop take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of robbs is meant?" And the smart lad hop at the foot of the class and he "reckoned they must be oat-robs."

—"A sensible woman," so Dr. Aberneally would have called her, was once cured by a shy man, who made her a rather original proposal. He bought a wedding ring, and sent it to the lady, inclosed in a sheet of note-paper with the brief question, "Does it fit?" By return of post he received for an answer, "Beautifully."

—"What is an sphere du cour, papa?" said a small boy, who had been exclaiming to read the daily papers. "That mean he a sex name for a dog fight, and the old gentleman, as he reached for the paper

How to Gets Fresh and Strength.

Um after each meal Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are palatable as milk and aid digestion. Infinite people improve rapidly with these. Physicians, Clergymen, Lawyers, Merchants, recommended Dr Tutts Pain Ann. stop. 1 cent Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will shell mishap and be dained four pounds in a month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCALDS and BURNS should have prompt and proper care or they may prove very dangerous and perhaps FATAL. ACCIDENTS are constantly happening. A Kick of a horse or cow may cause a bad bruise; the slip of an axe or knife may result in a serious cut. Any of these things may happen to one of your family at any moment. Have you a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER ready for use in such cases? It has no equal for the cure of scalds, burns, cuts, swellings, bruises, sprains, sores, insect bites &c.—All Druggists Sell it. PERRY DAVIS & SON, PROVIDENCE, R.I.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS OF AN AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT BOND. (NOTE OF 1861.) These bonds are shares in a loan, (1) a interest of which is paid yearly in premiums (one times yearly) each bond is entitled to Three Drawings Annually. Until such and yearly bond is redeemed, with a larger or smaller premium, (2) Every bond must share in all the following premiums, as here as no bond is entitled to NO BLANKS. Premiums. Value. Total. 1 Premium of 100,000 florins 100,000 florins. 1 " 50,000 " 50,000 florins. 1 " 20,000 " 20,000 florins. 1 " 10,000 " 10,000 florins. 1 " 5,000 " 5,000 florins. 1 " 1,000 " 1,000 florins. 1 " 500 " 500 florins. Together 1,000 premiums amounting to 2,140,000 Florins. The next drawing takes place on the FIRST OF JUNE, And every bond bought of us ON OR BEFORE THE 1st of JUNE, UNTIL 1 P. M. P. M. is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on the 1st of June. Out of some orders sent in SEPTEMBER LAST, we have already paid over $1,000 in premiums to our patrons, who are largely interested in our Government Bonds. Parties ordering now (or before 1st June) will share in the premiums of the whole year. Single bond (per mail, insured) $1. Five bonds $5. Twenty bonds $20. Address all orders to BANKERS, 116 Nassau St., New York. Drawings Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery enterprise, as fairly decided by the Austrian Government.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Imparts a delicate, fascinating grace, imparts an exquisite, lasting and delicious perfume, and is the most perfect of all Complexion Powders. Ladies who use it are charmed with it. For sale by all druggists throughout the United States and Canadas.

Tutt's Pills stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an anti-bilious medicine. In unfavorable climates they are strictly unrivaled, as they promote perfect digestion, and a healthy action of the system. Their gentle purgative properties are unexcelled. Sugar coated. Price 25 cents. Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

WEDDING PRESENTS. A SET OF PRICE'S Famous California-Made CARVERS. Fine Ones Made and Design. Challenge the World. Beware of Imitations. Each set bears Handles, per pair, $1.00. Ask for Price's Carvers. Sold by all Dealers. Manufactured only by Price's Cutlery Co. Chicago. Ill. Factory at Meriden, Conn. Factory at Sheffield, England. Send C. O. D. if dealer cannot supply. Sent free on receipt of price.

M. PRICE, Pioneer Cutler, 611 Kearny St.

WARD & CO.'S Male and Female EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. 608 and 610 Clay Street, S. F. Telephone No. 707. I WANT TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL Cooks, Waiters, Waitresses, Chambermaids, Dishwashers, Laundresses, and Married Couples for private families and country hotels. Also Farmers, Farm Hands, without any charge to employers. Family cooking rooms for sailors at 608 Clay street.

JULIUS H. MEDAU, 968 and 970 Folsom St., San Francisco. WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER. Established 1870. We are selling Cheap for Cash and nearer. Sole Agents for Kentucky Belle Whiskey. The following low prices will convince you. Per Gallon. Table Wines 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00 Angelica Wines $1, $1.50 and $1.75 Mount Vineyard (ery), $1.50 Old Port or Sherry, $1, $1.25, $1.75 and $2 Kentucky Whiskies $2.50, $3, $3.50 and $4 Bourbon Whiskey, $2.50, $3 $3.50 and $4 Pisco Brandy, 50c, 60c, $2 per Gal. and upwards. Orders from out of town promptly attended to. Address JULIUS H. MEDAU, 968 and 970 Folsom St., San Francisco.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD. THE PACIFIC RIGHT OF WAY. (COMMENCING AT SAN RAFAEL) Will be completed and open for business in the Spring of 1882. Passenger Trains will leave the Ferry Foot of Market, at Tiburon. Leave S F. Leave San Rafael. Sunday Excepted. Sunday Excepted. Stations. 7 45 A M. 3 00 P M. 8 00 A M. 3 30 P M. 8 30 A M. 4 00 P M. 9 00 A M. 4 30 P M. 9 30 A M. 5 00 P M. 10 00 A M. 5 30 P M. 10 30 A M. 6 00 P M. 11 00 A M. 6 30 P M. 11 30 A M. 7 00 P M. 12 00 M. 7 30 P M. 12 30 P M. 8 00 P M. 1 00 P M. 8 30 P M. 1 30 P M. 9 00 P M. 2 00 P M. 9 30 P M. 2 30 P M. 10 00 P M. 3 00 P M. 10 30 P M. 3 30 P M. 11 00 P M. 4 00 P M. 11 30 P M. 4 30 P M. 12 00 M. 5 00 P M. 12 30 P M. 5 30 P M. 1 00 P M. 6 00 P M. 1 30 P M. 6 30 P M. 2 00 P M. 7 00 P M. 2 30 P M. 7 30 P M. 3 00 P M. 8 00 P M. 3 30 P M. 8 30 P M. 4 00 P M. 9 00 P M. 4 30 P M. 9 30 P M. 5 00 P M. 10 00 P M. 5 30 P M. 10 30 P M. 6 00 P M. 11 00 P M. 6 30 P M. 11 30 P

AN IRISH NUN.

Sister Mary Francis Clare.

SKETCH OF LORD LANSDOWNE.

How She Worked to Save the Pensantry of Ireland.

"I love that William 11 Hines, editor of *The United Ireland*, is in Canada," said Sister Mary Francis Clare, better known as the Nun of Kenmare, in a Sun, reporter when he called upon her at St. Joseph's Convent and Home in Jersey City. He is in Canada to show to the Irish there how little of a friend Lord Lansdowne, their Governor-General, really is to them. I think he will have an interesting story to tell, but I really think I can tell a more interesting one."

It was a cheery voice and it came from a woman under medium height, robed in the sombre garb of her Order—the Sisters of Peace. Her keen, gray eyes looked out upon the world through steel-rimmed spectacles, but behind the glasses could be detected the sparkled and twinkle that betrayed a happy, cheerful mind. As she walked across the floor to welcome the reporter her step was firm and labored. Her lack of strength came, she said, from a recent long and painful illness. But the enthusiasm in a sick chamber had not disturbed the calm mind of the good Sister, nor had it taken away her interest in the affairs of the world about her.

"I am glad you have come to see me, and I think I can tell better than any one else in America all about Lord Lansdowne's trouble with his tenantry, and she settled herself down in a rocking chair in the plain reception room of the convent where she now resides.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

"I was born just half a century ago to-day," she continued, "in county Meath. My people are all wealthy, and my wealthy name is Cusack. The present head of the family is Sir Ralph Cusack. I went to live in England when a very young girl and when about 21 years of age, through the influence of Cardinal Manning, was converted to the Catholic faith, my parents were Protestants. I was about 25 years old when I took the veil and became an inmate of the convent at Surry, county Down. In 1861 I went as a several Sisters to found a convent at Kenmare, in Kerry. Lord Lansdowne's grandfather was then alive, and it was with great difficulty that I obtained ground for the convent. Here I spent many years looking after the poor in Kenmare.

"LORD LANSDOWN'S HEREDITARY ESTATES

comprise most of the county Kerry. His tenantry number over 90,000 people. His home, Derrey Castle, is a lovely spot it is, is about twenty miles from the town of Kenmare. Lansdowne spends none of his time there, however. Most of the country is a grazing district, and is wonderfully fertile. The grandfather of the present Lord left the estate badly encumbered. He had spent most of his time in London, was a fast man, and so when the present Lord came into the property he found himself heavily encumbered. Lansdowne spends none of his time there, however. Most of the country is a grazing district, and is wonderfully fertile. The grandfather of the present Lord left the estate badly encumbered. He had spent most of his time in London, was a fast man, and so when the present Lord came into the property he found himself heavily encumbered. He at once set about retrenching. He he is a saving, parsimonious man, and by his estate is under the management of Townsend Trench, whom he thinks was made before him.

"If I was at the request of Parish Priest O'Sullivan, afterward Archbishop, and Father Kennare. I first had my attention called to the appalling suffering of the Irish people as a result of English governmental protection of the landlords almost sixteen years ago.

"I was looking from the window of the convent one day and my eyes turned to the road from Kenmare to Killarney, when I saw a very touching sight. A son and his family, who were going to America as the result of an eviction, was parting from his father, a gray haired very feeble man. I can never forget the grief of the son and the intense agony of the father at that parting. It was terrible, and I asked myself the question, 'Why is this so?' From that time on I made a study of the question. I looked at the matter from every side. I read the laws and acts of Parliament. I went among the Irish tenantry, saw their suffering and degradation, and I think I know from actual observation just to what depth of misery and want our people are sunken in this island."

When Gladstone's bill for the protection of the Irish tenantry was passed in 1870, the landlords availed themselves by requiring their tenants to sign an agreement not to take advantage of the provisions of the bill before the land would be leased to them. This fact came out by the evidence of Lord Cork's land agent, Lesby, in a trial in Cork about a lease. Then Lord Lansdowne through his agent, Trench, did as all the other landlords did at this time in this matter.

"THE GREAT IRISH FAMINE.

"In 1879 came the great famine. People absolutely starved to death. The crops were an entire failure throughout Ireland. Even the farmers with the large farms were obliged to ask for aid. The suffering was intense and very general. It was at this time that the title by which I am known—the Nun of Kenmare—was given to me. There passed through my hands for distribution to the suffering and starving over $75,000 that came from America alone. To this fund John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, the late John Kelly, and Gen. Sheridan's wife contributed largely, though most of it came from Cardinal McCloskey and the various American Bishops. This money I distributed, not through Kerry county alone, but throughout all Ireland.

"During all this time Trench, Lord Lansdowne's agent, was pressing the people for their rent. The heavy encumbrances must be removed. Trench boldly declared in the streets at Kenmare one day that he had made £10,000 for Lord Lansdowne that day. 'How are? was asked, for the assertion seemed foolish in those starving times. 'By raising the rents all around,' he replied. If the tenants were not able to pay the rent, then came eviction. This was purely the cause of the custom known in Ireland as 'hanging gale'—that is, every tenant owes to the landlord a fortnight's rent in advance. No matter if the rent is in reality paid up in full, there is always hanging over the head of the luckless tenant this fictitious debt, and upon that cause he may be evicted at any time.

COMPLAINTS AGAINST LANSDOWNE.

"But the special complaints against Lord Lansdowne for his actions at the time are two. The will in Kerry, though fertile, is very heavy and not easily worked. Every tenantry there runs through the country a sub-stratum of lime rock. Upon every farm there was a little lime kiln, where the farmers were accustomed to burn the lime rock for manure. Lansdowne spends none of his time in the country, but finally went to Kerry, county Mayo, to the Sunny Kerry, and in the south of Ireland, and in the only Irish Bishop who subscribed to the Queen's Jubilee. I decided to go back to the Convent Cluny at Newry, county Down

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

CALIFORNIA.

Ours is a wonderous land so strangely blest
With ancient rules and historic name,
With dreamy grandeur of the Orient West,
Young in its beauty, elder in its fame.

Sentinelled the realm of Montezuma's line,
Hat stripped of honor Rome's ancient pomp and show;
Northward Siberia's reaching tundras spine,
Crowned with eternal coronals of snow.

Within at our feet in subjugated glee
The broad Pacific chafes her rocky strand,
Bearing the freighted Argo o'er the sea,
To deck the glory of our sun-set land.

How doubly bright Eureka's golden day,
When plume-padoes tangle the truth Pizzaro,
Raising the Eureka with a peaceful sway,
And schooling his heart within some forest shrine.

Loading his steps on paths they humbly trod,
Turning the land to plenty and increase,
While o'er it all a pleasant and festive God
Smiled—and His smile was Joy and Peace.

That youngerdame is gone—and now no more
The Indians' rule arains fill the air,
But in their place another race adore
The bonstorous Giver of a clime so fair.

It's calm clear blue reflective Heaven's light,
Its golden sands richer than Jason's Fleece,
Its stately mountains distant to the sight,
Its forests—keepers of past centuries—

This was the prized Utopia—so famed,
And here the pioneer pilgrim's march was done;
"Eureka!"—"I have found it!" he exclaimed,
Before his eyes the Land of Promise shone.

C. A. D.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MONTH OF MARY.

Year after year, sweet Mary,
The roses their incense bring;
O'er the earth—regrets of color glowing—
The incense speaketh—Spring.

Year after year, dear Mother,
Bears thee its month of flowers,
Its garden of paradise and vestiaus,
Its rosary of Vesper hours.

The blossoms, like interpreting words,
Unfolding truth and love,
Rest with the fane of blushing faith,
And white—as a white young dove
Spreads its wings in the sunshine
So the incense to the hallowed air,
Distinct their fragrant offerings
As tender and silent prayer.

But the roses have thorns, sweet Mother,
Smite them on our sorrows, too,
For the sake of the crown which pierced thy heart,
Keener than sagaski knew.

San Francisco, May 24, 1887.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

As recited by Martin F. Ward at the Gaelic school in Assumption Hall.

The eye has lacked its fusion and the colors lost its glow,
The hair that blackly clustered now is neither black nor dark;
The cheek has grown rigid and the steps are short and slow,
And not unlike Yorick' come to this same forty years ago.

Where stalwart youths and maidens fair in gleeful mazes danced,
Would join in prayer and worship there some forty years ago.

What joy to join the dancers or to press the cool sward on the Dun!
But the answer lies beneath the sod, and the silent lips are sealed.

There is hope in the skylark as I hear his music free,
And if he shows an rivals there some forty years ago.

No song of Thrush nor Blackbird nor cooing of the dove,
Nor cuckoo's soothing prelude can soothe or the summer dale,
No meadow sward nor wild mint nor thorn is full
Have shared with me their fragrance since full forty years ago.

No more to Temple castle or to view the pilgrim's cell,
No more my Beede I'll on at the holy Sunday well,
No more I'll climb the mountain or view the vale below,
Or sample with my sweet hearts of some forty years ago.

No more we hear O'Shanahan, O'Brien, Clery or the rest,
Nor a blast from Charley Fearson, the last of that crew,
No more the village piper hands down the melodies,
He blew his bagpipe the very last, full forty years ago.

Those golden days of sunlight have taken wing too soon,
I thought it was but morning, alas, it's after noon;
The thoughts recall both joy and grief, and the sad sweet mingled lore,
For those that wept or laughed with me some forty years ago.

No sense of artless rhyming nor power of life touch,
Nor emotionally replying can recall those bygone days,
But the faith that I have now I'll abide the final blow;
And share more lasting happiness than forty years ago.

The Pen.

IMPRESSIONS ON VISITING KILLARNEY

Where, under Heaven's high vaulted dome,
Will pour so pleasant dell a home,
Where nature with so gentle a hand
Has strewn her treasures o'er the land,
Art, nature harmonized in combined
To cater to the human mind.

Rose, mighty monument of art,
Your ancient castle, ivy-clad,
Where over the lake by night,
Mid the moonlight's silvery light,
The minstrel's song, the sister's blast,
Have not consigned thee to the past,
But in colonial might you stand,
A silent history of the land.

To reach thy summit, Ashtabo,
And view the wonders around below;
To breathe thy fresh untainted air,
And hear thy graveyard, say "beware,"
I carry not the man who can tire!
We decide a lad or a man, or kind,
To be gone to 60 and fight time
To one swift glance each mystery.

Tore, thy sensuous rock, some sublime,
In a sublime valley with foot time,
Near present, ever passing,
As if greater force absorbing,
Till to earth, great boom choosing,
Parched stone, life intoning.

Muckross, thy hallowed ruin so quaint,
Of resting place for sage or saint,
When I am called on to leave thy
From this fairyish home of bliss,
I hope would in the hours lay
My bones till the Eternal Day.

THEBES.

Literary Miscellany.

A Charming Legend.

The Story of the Giant Who Staggered Under a Choice Weight.

The popular legend of St Christopher has been in place by the pen of a gifted writer, "Kavanagh, the sweetest and pleasant of all the writers except "Ringlebone" but it has been told better and more fully by Mrs Jameson.

Most Roman churches contain a gigantic image of Christ, which is now out of place, and will find the story of St Christopher told about the limited-edition page, by the "Boy who stood on the Burn." But the same yen had written out the legend some what earlier in a slightly different form, which in certain parts is best suited to our purpose. We shall therefore skip sometimes from one version to the other, but the narrative shall still be the author of "Marcella Grace."

I will tell you the story of the mighty St. Christopher, who is too little known in our country. The same Christopher is dressed from two classical words which means a bearer, or carrier, of Christ. When travelling in foreign lands, many of us are greatly surprised to see a giant with a benevolent face and a little child perched on his shoulder, looking down on us from pillars and nooks of the great cathedrals. Sometimes he is made of stone, standing under the light of some pointed window, a huge limb, rough and boarded, leaning on a club, with face upturned to the face of the infant, who pats him his face with a tender impulsive smile. He is also to be found in rare old pictures, struggling through lonely waters in the dim twilight, only lighted on his way by the radiance of the little face above his shoulder. I have met him where rude but loving hands had made a coarse image of him on the corner of a street or over some humble doorway.

In a cornerstone of the quaint old German town of Trier. I found him striding along through grass-green waves, and dressed out in all the colors of the rainbow. Close by stood the Roman gates, black and green with age, and streaked with tawny stains like rust, but the golden sunrise crowned them with warm blood against their sides. The hot sun shone on the browning necks of the grain, and on the grotesque image of St. Christopher; on the monument of the past, which had remained through so many ages, and the picture sprang from a legend which had remained almost as long in the people's heart. At such a time I should have been very not to know the story of the giant, the good and mighty Christopher, who carried the Lord of the world upon his shoulders.

His friend in very old times, belonged to the land of Canaan, and his name was Offero. People feared and wondered at him because he was such a giant, and he grew so proud of his strength that he would serve no master but the greatest king that lived. And he set out to seek for the kingdom of the greatest king.

After traveling a long, long way, he arrived at last at the gates of a palace, which he was told belonged to the greatest king dom on earth; and he knocked upon the gate with a great, loud knock, which startled the king and his friends, who were at supper.

The servants were greatly astonished when they opened the gates and saw the visitor.

"Tell your master" said Christopher, "that Offero, the giant has come to serve him."

The king was delighted to hear this, and invited his visitor to sit beside him. In the palace, I am afraid of Satan," said the king.

"What?" cried Offero, "you are afraid of Satan. I shall go and find this Satan, and I will make him serve me, since he is greater than you."

And off he went into the night alone. He traveled through storms and cold, across dark forests and desolate mountains; and just as the dawn broke, he was crossing a blank waste, when he saw a strange, dark looking person coming to meet him out of the shadows.

"Where are you going fellow traveler!" said this person.

"I am seeking for one Satan," replied Offero, "for he is greater than the greatest king on earth. My strength is mighty, and I will serve only the most powerful monarch that is to be found."

"We are well met, then," said the strangger, "for I am Satan, and I will take you into my service on the spot."

Offero was delighted, and they traveled on together till after a long way, they came to where four roads met and formed a cross.

When Satan saw this he shook and trembled. "We must turn back," he said.

"Why?" said Offero.

"Because," said Satan, "I dare not pass that cross."

"Why?" said Offero again.

"Because of Jesus Christ, said Satan very unwillingly. "The Cross is His sign, and I am afraid."

"What! You are a coward, you!" cried Offero, "Then you are not the greatest king after all! I will go and seek for Jesus Christ, and Him only will I serve."

So he said good-bye to Satan, and went traveling still further in search of Christ.

He asked a great many people to show him the way to Christ's kingdom, but everybody could tell him, for this happened a long time ago, when there were very few Christians in the world. Poor Offero was quite disheartened; he wandered east and west and north and south in vain, it seemed to him that all his good strength was good for nothing, since he could not find out to the service of the greatest king.

At last one evening he met an old grey hermit in a lonely spot and asked him the usual question.

"Old man, can you show me the way to kingdom of Christ?"

"That I can," said the old man gently and with great surprise, and he invited the giant to rest in his cave, and there he explained to him that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world; you that a man may do magnificent service while on earth for this magnificent of kings.

"But it is a difficult service," said the hermit. "You must fast."

"I could not fast," said Offero, "for my strength is my only possession, and were I to fast it would only possession, and were I

"Do not know how to pray," said Offero.

"Well, then," said the hermit, "if you can neither fast nor pray, will you go to you can die for Jesus Christ," and he fell Offero out again and showed him a place where a great river rushed down between the rocks with very strong current and where almost every day numbers of people were drowned in trying to cross the stream when they were swept away by the rushing waters.

"Here, he said, "you may serve the Lord by using your great strength to carry the poor people through the torrent. If you are a true servant of God you will not weary of the task.

Offero stayed joyfully. He built himself a hut beside the waters, and when anyone came to cross the stream he called aloud for Offero. The giant rooted up a young pine tree to serve as a pole, and leaning on this he waded lowly day after day and night after night through the treacherous waters, thus saving the lives of hundreds of his fellow creatures who would have be lost away in the night of his great master and was patient.

One night when asleep on his hut he heard a voice calling him. He ran out to the stream and saw a little child standing on the bank. He ran to the stream and saw a little child standing on the bank. He ran to the stream and saw a little child standing on the bank. He ran

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ST. FRANCIS'S

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The priests of the diocese of Poitiers presented Bishop Spalding with a purse containing $5,100 during the celebration of his tenth anniversary feta a few weeks ago.

—The death is announced of the distinguished Catholic journalist, Don Francisco Margarit, editor of the Madrid Correspondencia. The paper will continue to be conducted on the same lines by his brother, Commendatore Stefano Margarit.

—The Sacr à Congregation of Rites has ratified the Office and Mass proper with insertion in the Martyrology of the Blessed John of Rochester (Cardinal Fisher), the Blessed Thomas More, and the other English martyrs recently beatified.

—The Christian Brothers, who preside over the Catholic schools of Ireland, teach their pupils to say the *Hail Mary* whenever the clock strikes. The pious observance is generally carried out through life by those who have been under care of the Brothers.

—Mayor Roche, the newly-elected municipal representative of Chicago did a graceful act when he decided that Mr. Dunlam should continue in office as City Collector. He is one of the very best representatives of an Irish-American Catholic gentleman in the United States.

—We cannot imagine a more thick-headed, brainless and dogged conception to Gladstone's Home Rule policy than that made by Chamberlain, where a recent dispatch credits with saying: "The success of Gladstone's policy would destroy the country and ruin the working classes."

—The St. Louis *Western Watchman*, edited by Father Phelan, gives this cautionary advice to all men who employ trusty clerks and agents: "Don't employ a Catholic who does not go to Confession. He is either immoral, and you have to take care of your wives and daughters; or he is dishonest, and you had better look after your daily cash balances. Every priest will resoho this advice."

—News has reached Rome that in Spain, prominent Catholics under direction of the Bishops, are actively engaged in organizing a great pilgrimage which will be one of the first to arrive in Rome for the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII. On account of the difficulty of communication experienced in the vicinity of the Pyrenees and the civil war during the winter, the Spanish pilgrimage will arrive in Rome next September, bearing thus the first offerings of the Catholic world to the Pope on his jubilee.

—Cardinal Manning is described by a recent visitor as "wardly impressive at night." Wearing his black cassock and scarlet cap, sitting by a blazing fire in his study, his Eminence will discuss any subject for hour to comer, and use 3000 words where 300 would do. The Kensington Oracle is not shy in the hearts of the Catholic masses that they taught their children secretly to hate themselves and to pray, so that the living of faith was thus secretly transmitted from generation to generation—even while the sectarian soldiers of Satan were watching from the ramparts of religious error for any sign of "Popery" among the Papists.

In 1836, the brig *Geraldin* arrived at Honolulu from Valparaiso, having on board Rev. Robert Walsh, a Catholic priest; and no sooner was this fact learned by the fanatical firebrands who formed Luther's league in Honolulu, than they determined to prevent any "Popish priest" from setting foot on the Sandwich Islands. Fortunately, however, Father Walsh was protected by the British Consul, and he went on shore, only to suffer untold annoyance through the calumnies of the Calvinistic preachers of persecution for conscience sake. Father Walsh, therefore was permitted to reside in Honolulu, *provided he did not teach his religion.* Such is a sample of sectarian "liberty" as understood by the Puritanical Congregationalists who first scared a crop of "cookie" in the Sandwich Islands.

Notwithstanding the unjust and illiberal conditions which the Protestant preachers imposed upon Father Walsh, he must have accomplished some good for God's cause during his stay at Honolulu, as we are reliably informed that in the year 1839 the number of Catholics had increased to 222, and, in 1840, the faithful flock of Christ had grown to 1,057 souls.

Finding the number of Catholics increasing—despite their despicable designs—the Protestant preachers abandoned their open hostility and persecution of priests in 1840, and, instead of the Pope's Bull being read from the housetops, the Protestant preachers adopted their system of undermining the Church of God in every manner they preached to the natives. In the latter year, therefore, the children of the Church had grown so numerous as to suggest to the Catholic missionaries the propriety of creating a vicar-Catholic for Almighty God's perpetual adoration. With this grand object in view, the first Catholic Bishop in Polynesia was consecrated, and the faith began to spread with miraculous rapidity among the native population.

Intolerance still continued to be poured forth from Protestant pulpits and from lecture platforms, but, as Catholics well understand, "when God is with us we care not who is against us." The Church continued to grow in an atmosphere of continuity and calumny. Natives were converted even whilst the air was filled with anti-Popery platitudes, and at last the Church gives of such importance in the Sandwich Islands that the Sovereign Pontiff at present glories only reigning created them into a Vicariate Apostolic, nominating the present Vicar Apostolic—Mgr. Hermann Koehnmann—who was consecrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, in this city, in August, 1881.

The Islands where the evil spirit of Protestant intolerance prevailed for many years, to the entire exclusion of Catholic missionaries, are now dotted with Catholic chapels, schools and charitable institutions. Twenty priests of the Society of Purpetual the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, are engaged in leading the native population to God's light. Besides the Cathedral already mentioned, there are in the Hawaiian group sixty-five churches and chapels to accommodate native congregations.

In Honolulu, the College of St. Louis is conducted by the Brothers of Mary, whose Mother House, there is located at Nazareth, near Bayeux, Diocese, their Mother House being at Paris, France. St. Louis College is attended by male pupils, while the females of educational age are under charge of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who have 600 scholars. The Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, N. Y., have charge of the leper children and females on the Islands, they having charitable institutions of their establishment at Honolulu, and also at the leper colony on the Islands of Maui and Molokai. Schools under the charge of the Brothers of Mary, Father Damien, by leaders have been in operation on several of the Islands during recent years, and the fame achieved by Father Damien, the heroic priest who voluntarily surrendered himself to a life of perpetual exile and a certain death through dreaded leprosy, in order to save the souls of those who were victims to this terrible affliction, has brought the Hawaiian group into great prominence as another convincing proof that the Catholic faith makes heroes of human beings where other so-called living "missionaries are mere mercenary money makers who preach the gospel for pennies, shillings and pence.

The total population of the Hawaiian group at present is computed at 80,000 souls. Of this number 15,000 natives, 15,000 Portuguese, and about 2,000 European and American residents are Catholics, so that the grain of Faith good seed sown sixty years ago in this pagan portion of His Vineyard, has virtually grown into a great tree of Truth, whose branches spread over many Islands over which flutters the celestial emblem of the Cross of Christ.

The Pope and the Powers.

A cablegram from Rome, under date of the 25th ult., says that the Pope, in an allocution yesterday, referred to the religious peace with Prussia, which the Pope and he had made every effort to attain. Continuing the Pope said: "Thanks to the equitable and pacific sentiments of Emperor William and his counsellors, the Prussian Government removed the more serious inconveniences and then accepted the various practical conditions of peace by which some of the former laws against the Church have been repealed and others mitigated. Something remains to be done, but we must rejoice at what we have obtained, and above all in regard to the free actions of the Pope in the government of the Church in Prussia. God grant that Italy, which is peculiarly dear to us, may share the spirit of peace with which we are animated towards all nations. We remarks Prussia that Italy should put aside her unhappy differences with the Papacy, whose dignity is violated thereby by the conscription of sects. The means of obtaining concord would be objected to by no power in the enjoyment of full and not illusory rights, the free exercise of religion."

The Evictions at Bodyke.

It is actually pitiful to read of the inhuman cruelty of British landlords to their unfortunate tenants. Our pulse trembles, our eyes moisten, our lips relax, and the flush of indignant anger suffuses our cheeks as we endeavor to express our utter condemnation of the relentless tyranny of a foreign and viperous horde of landlords who unconscionably practice their God-dishonored brutality in the light of our 19th century, and with the brilliant notions of the world's world as witnesses of their wretched crimes which cry to Heaven for vengeance! The transactions at the Bodyke Island evictions will remain on record as a damaging evidence of English misrule in Ireland. Amidst all the exciting and sorrowful scenes that were enacted at Bodyke, we manage to find some gratification in knowing that the brave tenantry, led by the patriot Dwyer, resisted determinedly and with more than partial success the unjust invasion of their rights by leasing back the bullying British bailiffs with boiling water, and by knocking some into the scenes of the red coat soldiery with fists and stones. We are also proud and gratified to learn that the *Supreme Arbiter* was on hand to assuage in some degree the sorrows of his persecuted flock, and to stand side by side with Dwyer, pls and enter his solemn protest against the heartless cruelty and upon outrages perpetrated under the mask of legal sanction by the native and imported ruffian retainers of Irish landlords. The spirit of the Irish people cannot be broken by starvation, persecution or eviction. It will live and widen and grow stronger as England's Tory tyranny grows apparently more relentless and blood-thirsty. And when England finally exhausts her resources and recoils weakened from the combat with a great principle; this will, the genius, the valor and the manhood of Erin will unite in welcoming the peaceful dawn of Freedom and Home Rule. God grant that the time for such a glorious consummation is not far off.

—Mr Peter White is the American representative of the principal milling industries of Ireland, nearly all of which are consolidated into a company of which Michael Davitt and E. Dwyer Gray of the *Freeman's Journal* are active members. Mr White recently received a $40,000 order for woollen goods—the largest order ever sent to the mills of Ireland. "He is a fortunate representative for Ireland," says the Boston *Pilot* "a perfect business man and a sincere Catholic and singular simplicity. He will break the ice of every Irish industry. We congratulate him and the country he represents on his splendid success at the very start in America." And we also bid him Godspeed in his patriotic enterprise. Whatever tends to bring before the eyes of the world the industries and resources of Ireland, will also have a direct and beneficial influence on the present agitation for self-government.

Catholics and the Canadian Press.

It is a matter of congratulation for Catholics that because a few bigoted Orange journals have shown their illiberal and unchristian hatred of Catholics by rousing religious fanaticism in the operational field, the Catholic press of Canada is in a respectable grasp of Canada is in league with the lodge-room lying scribes who draw a small society from a point of unity and imported bigots by catering to their Irish prejudices. The case is entirely in the other way. Here are a few samples of the manner in which the press of Canada speaks of Mr. O'Brien and the imbecile tyrant, Lord Lansdowne. The Montreal *True Witness* says:

> It is perfect sympathy with the great mass of Canadians. The men who are called upon to opposition have demonstrated the Italians of their own, for some half-dozen years, by their entire zealous and incapable of meeting an opponent's argument either in fair debate or in such a manner as to win by threats of violence.

La Croix, a French paper of Montreal, has this to say:

> "If Mr. William O'Brien—admitted as one of the most eloquent Irishmen—is known in the Dominion of Canada he is also known as a man perfectly cool in dealing with the Canadian Tribune.
>
> Since the Governor-General has his duty with cheerfully, he does not send the commission to the Lieutenant-Governor of any of the provinces, in the exercise of his duty, of liberty of speech, or of action, which constitutes the glory of the British Empire. Lord Lansdowne at the tenants in Ireland as the Dominion of Canada. If Mr. O'Brien, it is not surprising that he is there looked upon as a dangerous agitator.
>
> "Do among the loyal French population of our province responded to the loyal of the Queen's representative. With the spirit of Long live O'Brien! down with the Orange tyrant!
>
> "If O'Brien came to Quebec to-day fifteen thousand people would meet him at the station and applaud him.
>
> "Even with the Orangemen, the race of ignorance, the prejudice of the Catholics, the enemies of Ireland, O'Brien is a hero.
>
> Another French journal, *le Peuple du Bas Canada*, says:
>
> "O'Brien, either of Ireland or Canada, is now visiting Canada, in order to announce the imminent ruin of the Orange Lodges. Ireland is acting very badly towards his former tenants in Ireland. From a private letter we learn that Gladstone makes very bad use of his influence in the Dominion of Canada. The Catholics of Ireland are not the only victims of the Orange lodges which Canada gives the Mother Country, and which the Mother Country tolerates upon him. Here he believes like a minister, he is called in his country, and whom he condescends to forgive as a great Frenchman. I appeal to the Catholics of Canada, to water he is a petty tyrant who grinds down his tenants and would like to deliver other Irish.
>
> "It is well known that the best tenants are those who have the most land.
>
> "Mr. O'Brien is accompanied by Mr. Kilbride, an evicted farmer, lately dispossessed by the agents of Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Kilbride is a man of the highest moral worth, and his character is which the Irish people have bestowed by the great lords whose ancestors stole Ireland from the ancestors, the Irish people.
>
> "Mr. O'Brien is a brave man. He went to Ireland to escape from the Tyrants, prepared to pay bailiffs.
>
> "He will have crowded meetings at Boston and New York, after which he will immediately return home to take his place in the Irish Commons. In his absence, he was last week elected member for the same borough as Parnell, by this it can be seen that Mr. O'Brien is not an adventurer. He was also a member of Parliament in the past, and is one of the strongest and most eloquent orators of the Irish Parliamentary party.
>
> The *News*, of Toronto, speaking of the lately of the O'Brien meeting in Toronto, says:
>
> "The great majority of those present were evidently anxious to hear the eloquent Mr. Mesmer, O'Brien and Kilbride, but a few applauded the Orange sentiments of Lord Lansdowne and the Orange Lodges of Ireland.
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Pleasure in Simple Things.

There is hardly a more fortunate endowment than the power of finding pleasure in simple things. The heart which is easily satisfied is the happiest heart. When the feeling of a flower is the most full when he looked only for grass and rushes, brings light to the eyes and a smile to the lips. When a chance meeting with a friend, seen in a country lane, a walk by the shore, or the coming of a letter which he is expected, makes the morning delightful, the pleasure of the day, the happy man is meant is to be congratulated.

We talk of the art of pleasing, the art of being pleased is equally as desirable, and almost equally as attractive. The joy of many a young life is that, before the blossoms of youth with has faded, the taking for granted of the friends, proves and people, bishop. Longfellow of Brooklyn, has broke ground for a 5,000 school building and a prosperous Diocese, and in the course of an address on that occasion he expressed the numerous value of Catholic schoolmen.

> "One of the most important duties that devolve upon the Catholic Church is to see that suitable schools are provided for the youth, so as to fit in due course of nature the citizens of a free state, and better the world which is beyond the grave. Nothing low only for a time. One of the grandest things on earth is to be *duly prepared for* our last moments in this world. Without religion the highest attainments will not avail the human race. Religion is the groundwork of happiness. Education, properly given, is a blessing. It enables men to appreciate the glories of religion. From the beginning of the world the most learned men have been the most zealous advocates of the Church. It is the duty of the Church and of parents to prepare children for a happy life hereafter in the world to come. I see youth about me. They will doubtless become people of the schools the ground for which I have just now broken, and I trust, in the future, worthy citizens of our great, happy and glorious country

Farm and Home.

An Early Start

In these three words may be found the secret of most successful work in the home of housekeeping. Alas for the houses that are hurried all day and every day! The fraction in such homes is very wearing. The minutes rise late, the breakfast is behindhand, hurriedly prepared and hurriedly eaten, and things are at sixes and sevens the whole day. And so it goes on through the week. Monday's washing is begun late, and lops over into Tuesday. Tuesday's duties make inroads upon Wednesday, and so all the various special duties of each day. In many cases a difference of half an hour, or even less, would make all the difference. It is false economy to spend an extra fifteen minutes in bed when one has to pay for it by hurrying all day to make up for the lost quarter of an hour.

One Name Sufficient.

"Give your daughter but one name in baptism," cried out a thoughtful clergyman once, "and she ought to be perfectly content with that." This brings us to speak of a custom coming only too much into vogue of dropping the good, old fashioned English terminations of female Christian names adopting the "ie" termination, in imitation of the French. Hence our Johns, Sallies, Caddies, Mattie, Pullie, Lucie, Mamie, Nellie, Kittie, and what is to be deplored of all, Marie. This "Marie" is a corruption of Mary, the sweetest of all female and female names. It is derived from the Hebrew and signifies "exalted." The Magnificat will show the great exaltation of Mary the Blessed Virgin, who was Mother of the Son of God and such a Mother as all ages since her time the name of Mary has been conceded to be the most exalted, and in pious Catholic families it is most always preferred for a daughter. Let the great name of Mary, therefore, continue to be preferred. It is not only endorsed to us by religion; it has ever been a favorite name with the poets.

What is Good Breeding.

Genuine good breeding is simply a general wish in life which always avoids giving unnecessary pain, which seeks itself, and which is uniformly kind to all people. A factory girl in this sense may be and often is as well bred as a princess.

The very height of good breeding is to behave one's self properly, and there are millions of hard working matrons and maidens who can do that, and such are more than that. The flowers and the fun, the frolics and the fairy-like abundance of enjoyment which wealth can purchase, are often, it may seem, unequally divided.

But good breeding, the art of always being frank and yet dignified, of patient self-control, of thought for others, of kindness to all, is as general as the gift of a heart. A duchess, in the best sense of the term, is no more well-bred than a milkmaid, if the latter has a gentle mind and disposition.

A Remarkable Dog Story.

John Templeton is the blacksmith who a few specimens of the English mastiff. Recently Mr. Templeton was working in his forge, putting a new steel in a peck. The new steel was slightly burned in the heating, and, instead of welding, flew in half a dozen pieces. One piece struck the blacksmith just above the right eye with such force as to fasten itself in firmly. The blacksmith staggered and fell backward. How long he was unconscious he does not know, but when he recovered the big piece was where he had first struck it, the piece lay a short distance from the dog. The faithful brute had added the hot steel with his teeth and drawn it from the frontal bone of Mr. Templeton's head. The dog's mouth was found to be badly burned.

Switchers of Bird Flight.

Thomas Alexander, in his book entitled "Game Birds of the United States," says that wild ducks, smelled by the wind, fly from sixty to one hundred miles an hour, and that the blue-winged teal, "going fast, the wind at the top of his speed, will make fifty-one hundred and fifty miles an hour—possibly more." The swiftest bird on the wing is the frigate bird, a sort of pirate bird of prey. Sailors believe that it one start at the pop of duck from the coast of Africa, and follow the duck trade winds, land on the American coast before sunset. It can undoubtedly fly more than two hundred miles an hour, but we do not know of any trustworthy record of the speed of which it is capable.

—A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

—The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love twined together will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

—What man want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

A LETTER

From the Mother of Miss Jessie Benedictus.

Rochester, N. Y., April 22, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure I add my testimonial to the many well-known cases which your most excellent remedy has effected. For more than two years I was a great sufferer with rheumatism, being scarcely free from pain during the time. I found no relief until I procured Dr. Pardee's remedy, and it cured me completely. It is now two years since I discontinued its use and I have had no symptoms of the disease since. I know from my own and from the experience of many others also, that it will cure any case of rheumatism or neuralgia.

I am, very truly yours,
MRS. H. S. BENEDICTEUS.

Syracuse, N. Y.

GENTS:—I have been troubled with Rheumatism for three years, at times very badly afflicted; was in that condition about two weeks ago, when I got a bottle of Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and in three days time was greatly relieved, and have not been troubled with it since I finished this bottle. I feel like recommending it in the highest terms, as I believe it will do all that is claimed for it.

Yours truly,
JOHN BLODGETT,
63 Mill St.

Lockport, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—I think the medicine prepared by the Pardee Medicine Company is in fact the best rheumatic medicine now on the market; its equal is not known. My boy only six years old was confined to his bed with rheumatism; I got a bottle of the medicine and in a few days he was out of bed and playing around the house. I can cheerfully recommend this medicine to all rheumatic sufferers.

J. K. PERRY, Shoe Dealer.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy and take no other. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Family Fun.

Commercial Courtesy.

Clerk Silverstone—"Mister Schaumberg, in dat forme I want you to draw me out me mit more politeness and considerations."

Boss Schaumberg (indignantly)—"You want more politeness, eh! You blame fool, you think I boys you terrebble titlers I vook to make mashes on you, eh!"

Birthday Compliment.

Jones—"This is my birthday, Smith."

Smith—"Indeed! How old are you?"

J.—"Just forty to day."

S.—"Humph! Forty! Well, there is an old saying that every man at forty is either a fool or a physician. You are not a physician, I believe!"

Who Was Sold?

"Sambo! You infernal scoundrel! Where are you?"

"Dis you call, massa?"

"Did I call? Oh, no; I was just whispering to myself. Where are those shoes of mine?"

"Why, massa, you tole me take 'em down an' hab 'em soled."

"Well," (impatiently) "that was last week; it ought to be done by this time."

"Ah dun done, sah! I took 'em to a Jew on Sabenth street, an' he sold 'em yesterday. Hesh am de money, sah, twenty five cents, sah."

The Journalist's Revenge.

Tired Reporter—"Mr. Sneers, the men you sent me to interview a girl mad."

Mr. Sneers—"Ha ha!"

"And choked me."

"Eh?"

"And bit me in the eye."

"Ye Powers!"

"And kicked me down stairs."

"The low lived scoundrel! Spell his name wrong!"

Making His Son Work

Jay Gould—"Want a yacht, sah! Well, you've got to make the money to buy it. I'll take a walk down the street."

Son George—"Yes, father."

"I'll sip on the parlement."

"Yes, father."

"And have myself brought back in an ambulance."

"Yes, father."

"Then sleep with drop and you buy."

"Yes, father."

"Then I'll go out on the front pavement and dance a jig."

"Yes, father."

"Your stocks will go up and you sell."

After a Market.

Traveling Man—"What state are we in now?"

Conductor—"Kansas."

"Kansas! Kansas! My gracious! This is a prohibition state, isn't it?"

"Yes, been a prohibition state for a long while."

"I'm sick at the first important town."

"Have you a temperance lecturer?"

"No, I'm selling a remedy for the jim-jams."

"Be Properest Way."

"Which am de properest way to suppress cocoa?" Does yer say? "We sets at de table, or, 'we has dun sip at de table?' Ah, yes, de properest way of doing dis question, which was:

"In de same ob you two niggahs none ob you am right."

"What am de proper way to say: 'We sated at de table, Uncle Moses?'"

"De properest way for sich cattle as you two am to say: 'We fed at de trough.'"

She Took a Flyer.

"Is this where they sell stocks?" she asked, stepping up to the counter with sagging top-piece.

"Yes-m. Did you wish to invest?"

"Well, yes—no; the fact is, I don't know exactly. My Cousin Charley does nothing but buy stocks, and they say he makes lots of money. Now I thought I'd like—

"Ah, yes, I understand. You thought you'd take a flyer."

"Yes, I guess that's what I wanted. What funny names you brokers have."

"And what stock do you desire?"

"Oh, I want one of those you buy for ten dollars and sell to morrow for fifteen."

"Just so. Keely Motor is what you want."

"Is it? Well, of course you know. You ought to cut off a few samples, I suppose! I don't know, you know, whether they are wanted by the lady who asked me to inquire, you know."

"Very sorry, madam, but we never give patterns."

The lady looked straight into his face, tossed up her chin and flounced out with the remark: "Well, I swear!"

Small Smiles.

A sickly smile—Lemonade.

It is a paradox that of all shoes a fell shoe is the least fair.

The only man we can excuse for wanting the earth is the pottery manufacturer.

A "premature smile" is one that comes in a woman's face before she is married.

The red flag in Chicago will hereafter signify that the Anarchist party is up at auction.

Explorer Stanley's arrival at Bassam would seem to argue that he is standing on slippery ground.

The Honest Nine may live on nectar and ambrosia but none of them can command a $10,000 a year salary.

It is never too late to mend; but a man cannot expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.

It was the Old Woman.

Every drunken man thinks all the rest are drunk, and he is the only sober one. Lucy now may be more intelligent, but they are just about as near.

An eastern dreamer who was in Knoxville listened to the complaints of a mountaineer about very hard times, for ten or fifteen minutes, and then observed:

"Why, man, you ought to get rich, playing green corn in the Northern market."

"Yes, I reckon," was the reply.

"You have the land and can get the seed, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you go into the speculation?"

"No sir, stranger," sadly replied the native; "the old women in yo-onder may be able to do the plowing and planting."

Ever since Adam blamed his sin upon his wife, women have been bothered enough ready to charge their wives with the results of their own shiftlessness.

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OUR SCHOOLS.

Graduating Exercises of the Various Catholic Institutions

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The closing exercises of St. Mary's College took place yesterday at the Union Opera House in the evening of Tuesday, June 21st, were of a character to indicate the high state of every one of the pupils of this institution in all of every sense of the word of Christian education. The vast Opera House was crowded. The stage was occupied by the members of the graduating class and by the clergy of the city. Hi Honor Mayor Sullivan, Archbishop Alemany, Archbishop Gross of Oregon City, the Archbishop of San Francisco, Rev. Father Chiesa of Chicago and Rev. J. E. Cross of the Oakland, were seated in a prominent position. Many other clergymen were noticed. Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Rev. Father Prendergast, Rev. Father Gallagher, Rev. Father Bernard, Rev. Father Shinnick, Rev. Father Caverly, Rev. Father Scott, St. Joseph's, Rev. Father Barry, St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Shea, St. Ignatius' Church, Rev. Father Kelly, St. Peter's, Rev. Father Mullarkey, Star of the Sea, Rev. Father Wadhams, Rev. Father Brady, Rev. Father Sorin, Rev. Father Kenny, Rev. Father Shinnick, Rev. Father Caverly, Rev. Father Scott, Rev. Father Barry, Rev. Father Shea, Rev. Father Kelly, Rev. Father Mullarkey

OUR SCHOOLS.

Graduating Exercises at the Various Catholic Institutions

AT MARY'S COLLEGE.

The closing exercises of St. Mary's College which took place on Wednesday, June 29th, were of the usually interesting character. The attendance of the cities of Oakland and San Francisco on this occasion was crowded. The stage was occupied by the graduates of the graduating class and by students of the college. His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, Rev. Brother Mary, Rector (Chancellor of the Archdiocese), Rev. Father Bernard Chiesa and Rev. Father Brown of the College, were stationed prominently on the stage. Among the other stage boxes were noticed Rev. Father Rade, S. J., and several others. Brother Ignatius Church, Rev. Brother Mary, Rector, Rev. Br. Cassian, Director, Br. Cyprian, Prefect of Discipline, Rev. Br. Oswald, Vicar, Rev. Br. Gerard, Rev. Br. Ignatius, Rev. Br. Victor, Rev. Br. Valentine, Rev. Br. Leander, Rev. Br. Patrick, Rev. Br. Leopold, Rev. Br. Aloysius, Rev. Br. Ambrose, Rev. Br. Alphonsus, Rev. Br. Cornelius, Rev. Br. Sebastian, Rev. President of St. Mary's College, Rev. Father Brown, Rev. Br. Boniface, Rev. Br. Gregory, Rev. Br. Peter's school, Rev. John J. Robinson, Master Robinson, Master Frank Robinson, Master Donnie Robinson, Master Maurice Kennally, Chaplain of St. Mary's, Rev. Bro. Simon, Director Head College, Rev. T. Brenaghan, St. Bridget's, Rev. Br. Jerome, St. Bridget's, Rev. P. O'Connell, St. Mary's, Rev. J. Caswell, Immaculate Conception, Church, Oakland, Rev. John Cassidy, St. Peter's, Rev. B. A. Foley, Napa, Rev. J. M. Donald, Berkeley, Rev. Bro. Lentulus, St. Patrick's school, West Oakland, Rev. Bro. Lawrence, St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, and about 200 persons from the various schools of the College and Academy of the Christian Brothers were also present. The exercises commenced promptly at 7:30 P. M.

The orchestra having rendered in a pleasing manner an overture entitled "Globe March," Mr. Edward Fitzpatrick came forward and delivered an essay on the late Charles J McCloskey the truly lost eloquently recounted the life and labors of that distinguished patriot and paid a glowing tribute to the virtues and abilities that characterized his earthly course.

"Mother Machree" by the Glee Club, followed by the choir, after which Mr. Thomas Phelan came forward and in a pleasing manner presented his essay on the subject, "Patrick Mahoney." Father Mahoney was a priest. The speaker extolled the zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls that marked the life of this worthy son of St. Ignatius, as well as his unbounded charity to the poor of him to presents his explorations of an unknown land, thereby making known to the world the grandeur, beauty and heroism of the Missionary Priest. All this was a worthy tribute to the memory of the departed.

"Victory Overcomes Day," a double quartette excellently rendered by the St. Cecilian Glee Club, followed. The essay on "Woman's Influence in Society" was read by Master Mahoney, and "Hail Mary," showing an expanded range of feeling on the subject. He lamented the great spread of infidelity in France, which reached its climax at the time of the Commune. Modern infidelity, he said, was the legitimate daughter of the so-called Reformation, when reason became the supreme god before which men bowed down in service and adoration. He showed that the history of the Catholic Church and its influence was the only safeguard against the flood of infidelity, and that knowledge and moral development and the common good of society, of kings, and that liberty and morality are deeply rooted.

An interlude "La Souvenir" by the orchestra was the next number on the programme.

John S. Barrett gave an interesting history of the "Redemptorists" from the time of the organization of the Society of the Holy Trinity in 1726 and that of Our Lady of Mercy in 1729 through the long years when hence men dared to their lives to redeeming fellow Christians from the bondage in which they were held in the interest for which they were established was accomplished. Nothing now remains but to, of those who were, to pray that the members are devoted to Mont-mary labors and the education of youth. The manner in which Mr. Barrett treated the subject, and his graceful allusion elicited the hearty applause of the assembly.

"Ave Maria" by the choir followed.

An impromptu song in response to shouts of "Yoke Dunne," from Master Dunne, "Oh! Cruel Bulls," sweetly sung by John A. Conlon and Joseph J. Farrow.

"Ownership in Property" so presented by Mr. John J. Mahoney would in all probability set forth the anathemas of Henry George & Co. the essayist said that the advocates of Communism are making an onslaught on society. They insist on taking their property, if property they be, to the minds of the working classes, and it is deeply to be regretted that these advocates of Communism receive the support of many, who should be the conservators of the rights. Such had been the Anti-Christian teachings in the fourth century St. Augustine, who thought capital shelter spiritual, was called by a sect calling themselves Apostolici. By close adherence to the teachings of Christ, Mr. Mahoney proved the undeniable right of man to acquire, possess and enjoy the goods which inheritance has brought, as well as those which, by his ability, energy and industry have enabled him to acquire.

The choir sang a rondo (Gaetano) "The Farmer and His Bride" then Mr. Charles W. Lynch commenced a brilliant essay on "American Literature," speaking from the French philosophy, a. The Bonald, herald, "Literature is the expression of society." Claiming that the speaker observed closely the rules laid down by our common humanity, and intended at one aim, whether it be fictitious or real in poetry or prose, consists within the appropriate portrayal of literature. To complete a nation's greatness something more than force of arms is required. Monuments or crumble, empires fall, and even the evidence of their desolation may pass away, but if any thing survives it is the thought of a people exhibited by the creative magic of literature, a true nation is young, but already she has taken her place in the first rank of literature.

The choir having sung a vocal quartette, "The Song of the Whippoorwill," Mr. John F. Richards, the last speaker on the programme, discussed on the "Irish in America." His subject was one that appealed to the feelings of the audience, and he handled it in such a way as to call forth frequent bursts of applause.

"Nor Forget the Poor" was the theme of the essay of Liberty in America and Ireland. The Irish people had ever been the champions of liberty, and the Irish people had ever been the champions of the freedom where liberty's bell rang out the call to arms. That patriotic band were first man with I-y. They rushed into the field, and side by side with the men of other climes, England found arrayed against her in the new world the same fearless foeman whom on a century of opposition could not subdue in the old. Intimately linked with the names of Adams and Washington are those of Sirkie, Wayne, Pitcher, Rice and Moylan, Irish men, Irish men, true, and then there was many Irish Navy and Irishmen, who fought for the Navy and Army, and Irish men, who fought for the Navy. Mr. Richards said that the awakening glory of the Irish in this country—a glory arising from deeds most fruitful in blessings to this land in the number of distinguished men and saints whom they have given to the cause of religion and education, the faithful priests administering to the people, the noble sisterhoods which have done such a splendid work in many and in fostering charity and wounded, whose ranks have year been largely recruited from the virgin daughters of the island of Saint.

The essay of the young gentleman were universally praised.

The audience was for above that generally fond of the subjects, the English was polished and scholarly, and they were all delivered in a style which showed considerable natural ability and careful training by the instructor is identified.

In the absence of Rev. Rev. Bottelle, President of the College, the Archbishop, Rev. Rev. Sebastian conferred the honors, His Grace presenting the decorations and diplomas to the honor recipients. The Hold Medal for achieve in Christian Doctrine, donated by the Most Rev. Archbishop, which was so closely and vigorously contested, was won by Mr. John Dunne of Class of 88. His Grace placing the medal upon the young gentleman, Master Joseph Dunne, Master Frank Dunne, Master Donnie Dunne, Master Joseph Dunne, Master Joseph Dunne, Master Joseph

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A DREAM.

Only a dream, like a fitful gleam
From the shadow world of thought;
Only a bright antelope shy,
Touched by the care of sought.
I dreamed I bound, with sought of sound
To me like music full,
An island bright, 'mid sunny light,
And all things fresh and fair.
The sweep dash high, and the winds low sigh,
Around my island shore,
Yet it came to pass there was no grass,
Is calmly breathing of me.
My soul at rest—my heart a nest
Of peaceful thoughts and still,
Yet as it seemed, for something gleamed,
And through my soul did thrill.
The sky's arched was pierced with red,
With streaks of glory bowed;
The amber gaze, where angels wall,
On pinion shape turned;
And fonds of might, of heavenly light
Came pouring through jubedum,
A pathway rare, for form most fair
For angel feet to press.
They came alone, their spirit strong,
And seemed to fill the air;
In sun I gazed, and all amazed,
My dark was spell-bound there.
The heaven-sent band, by grains of sand
Which crowd the wide seashore,
As dream of the sea they seemed to me,
As I tried to count them o'er.
They hovered yet, and seemed to fit
Ash-cast in summer sky,
Then one by one they sailed adown,
Below where dwell bells lie.
And one went east, and one went west,
Unto the haunts of men,
Unto the homes where love s'er reams,
And which chastening sorrows kiss.

* * *

When an infant form, a babe new-born,
In its mother's arms is pressed,
By a spirit brightness, whose own's own light,
By an angel-guard is blessed.
When from heaven is sent, to earth is lent,
The little child most dear,
A band of might, from more till night
Will make its pathway clear—
Will guide its feet o'er childhood fleet,
And own youth's bright day,
And when manhood speeds, to see it leads,
Our spirit-land way.
Aye; from more of life, till death of strife,
Till the world's strife is o'er,
And we stand alone before heaven's throne,
And our Judge and Lord adore.
And the angel voices, as the demon knays
He records dark, yet clear,
And points the white, with threes'ning smile
As our spirit quakes with fear.
While our angel-guide, the ill to hide,
With his cause to blot it out,
Will mark the line, which must s'er assign
Our victory or rout.
Or What joy will be to pen and me,
When the balance of good will slide,
And we stand beside the angel band,
At our angel-guardian's side.

* * *

And this was the dream, like a fitful gleam,
Which illumined my soul with light,
As I gazed s'er head, in a sky all red,
At the beautiful wonderous sight.
How it startled my heart, and from seeking apart
The meagre comfort of man,
I turned to my God, like a broken rod,
And I cried aloud for Heaven's
shrouds,
Which wrapped my soul from light;
Oh, God! please now on the sinner's bow
Thy benediction bright;
And keep my soul, with Thy control,
And let it s'er be true;
Until it wake at the amber gaze
Within the Father's home.

LORETTO E.

San Francisco, June, 1867.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

SEIN'S DEFIANCE.

We have flung the gauntlet at you,
Cursed tyrants—at you all;
By the die of our own casting,
We shall stand as we shall fall;
You have rifled, starved and killed us,
Thro' the wrecks of ages past,
But we'll tear our birthrights from you,
Though you clutch them strong and fast.
Oh! we are not now cowering
At the scope of Royalty's throne;
We come not to thee weakened
With starvation's plaintive moan;
But we stand before you, tyrant,
With your Throne and your lords,
Heading not your threats of potent,
Nor the slight of guns and swords.
Bold is front we stand, Victoria—
Fool dangerous is Victor's sight—
With the might of brain and bullet
To secure us in our rights;
And a living God of Justice,
Who has record of thy crimes,
Will award the triumph to us
In His Mercy's just designs.
So; come on! ye lords and Sirkes,
With Cossacks's cruel ban;
To oppress a valiant people,
Here we wish ye, man to man;
And our eyes shout forth defiance—
Not an inch do we retreat,
By the home, noble mother,
Ye will know what is defeat.
While our arms are strong to strike ye,
While our life is in the land,
While the Genius of our nation
Has its dwelling in hand,
We will keep a tireless vigil,
We will wage a ceaseless fight,
Till the glow of Freedom's sunshine
Lights Oppression's weary night.

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

OH GOD ALL.

Man's life is formed of love,
Man's love steeps all in light;
It is the priceless gift
That endows all things bright;
That makes life worth living,
And dash the darkest night.
Death! that iron force severs
Friend from Friend's fond embrace;
Then Hell Heart Hope whispers:
"In Hell's home you're a place;
In light—Hell's bright shadow,
You'll see Him face to face."
Love feels no Hope. Th'well;
But what we see our own
Beyond man's world, so dark
For want of love. So long!
Shall we see them, know them,
Love them—same in heart and form?
In God we feel perfected
That which is man here;
He, the Good, the Perfect!
Man, the Good, the Wise,
Shadow by His every attribute,
And His shadow we love.
Shall we remember our loved?
Who can self? You ask I.
Methinks they will remember
Whom, as man, in the day
Before that great light, the Sun;
Enough we know—"In God only."

JACQUELINE.

Literary Miscellany.

Breaking Through the Mist.

A Catholic Story of California.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY MISS MAY ROSCOMBE.

CHAPTER IV.

We will pause a very little while with Army in the pleasant town of O——. The Angelus has long since pealed from the convent. She, stands in the aisle gateway. Her hand clasps Sister Philomena's.

"One kiss, Sister. No scolding," she says playfully.

"My child, your walk is lonely at this hour. It was wrong to come."

"O, Sister Philomena, above is faith! Must we avoid all reliance on God's calls. Did blind Cecelia ever have a thought of fear in her ramble through Pagan Rome?"

"No dear, but—"

"But," Army interrupts sweetly. "Your prayers are protection."

She goes a short distance wrapt in the blaze of having knelt for the first time with the holy inmates of convent walls, when she hears her own name spoken in a tone of pleased surprise. It is almost dark so she does not instantly recognize the speaker.

"Mr. Black" she says, delighted, yet with a vague uneasiness. "Can it be really you?"

"It is really me. The same question almost escaped my lips. When we parted we little dreamed of meeting here. Didn't you promise to watch for me at the old mill some day next September?"

"Yes. For there the water falling like music through the rusted machinery, the hundred broken windows, where I imagine ghosts flirting in the moonlight; the Autumn leaved ivy—all are living poetry, that you alone can appreciate."

"Cannot Claude?"

"Mr. Chandler has something else to think of," she is angry with him for mentioning Claude. "I hate to talk to you because you are only a schoolboy. Aren't you?"

"I used to be," he says, not very sensibly.

"Pardon me, Mr. Black. You have looked books aside during vacation, I suppose, and naturally do not enjoy hearing about them?"

"I keep my book." She wonders if he intends presenting a Bible. He shows her a pocket-book. "You remember it?"

"Give it to me, quick! I am going to read that page."

"You shall some day. It is not complete." He smiles.

"What! Couldn't you spare me even a few moments thought?"

"I have wasted many," he expected to find her slightly embarrassed, while here she is exasperingly indifferent.

"Well, if you will be so agreeable. It might prove dangerous to remain longer with you. So—good-by."

"It may be forever," he says, detaining her hand.

"And if may be for years," she hums softly.

"Why, yes. How also!" Why does the laughter die on her lips, and that sharp pain shoot through her heart as her eyes meet his?

"Army, Army," calls a grisly voice. She draws her hand from his and hurries toward the house. On the piazza she turns and looks at the figure rapidly moving from sight. "Perhaps I shall never see him again," she says with a little regretful sigh. Then smiles and he is forgotten for the present.

A gloomy November day is slowly closing. Claude and Army are resting in the centre of a grove of charred pines. The falling, hazy sunlight casts long, fearful shadows across the yellow grass, moving gently in the Autumn breeze.

"Just the place for a duel. Look Claude, even the grass." Slipping away from him she lays one hand on a blackened trunk, while the other plucks a red rosebud from the bosom of her snowy dress, and drops it reverently into the excavation. "Years ago Clara Harris and I played 'Marmion and Douglas,' on this very spot.

"Months ago, Army Delbus, I lay on this very spot through the darkness and dew of a whole night thinking of you. Had other scenes, but your face shone free among them all. There is one whom I would wish to meet here." His eyes flash and his breath comes in short gasps.

Army gazes bewildered. Strange tales of his father are afloat in the village. Can Claude's brain be affected also?

"What?" she stammers.

"George Black."

Army's laugh echoes oddly among these ghastly trees. "What has he done?"

"Done! Did you not prefer him to me at the picnic? Hasn't he aven now a spray of your flowers? Can you deny that you owned, drove or walked with him every evening in O——, after my telling you that he was unfit for companionship with you?"

"How dare you?" Army's face is flushed and every nerve tingles with anger. "Who considers it insufferable upon them to chastise my every act? And you—enough, to listen! With me Mr. Black is a gentleman. What else he maybe matters not. If I choose him for a friend by what right do you interfere! You have told me that he was a gambler. Were you never one?

"I was and shall be again." He smiles now. "I gave it up for you, heartless coquette. You caused me from Purgatory to spat me into Hell. What I have suffered during the last six months would drive any other man mad. Keep George Blackie. Hold him high above the drunken brute your cruelty has made."

"Claude, Claude," she catches his arm. He throws his hand back quickly and strikes her on the temple. She falls crushed to the ground, and he hurriedly leaves the place.

The sun's last beam kisses her fair brow; its stars peep out and try to comfort her; a hunter unloading his gun, the bullet finds a resting place in a tree above her head. Then she awakes. "Were you never a gambler?" kisses in her ear. How many prayers on her part, how much mental agony on highest broken this habit! And now? Gambling, the joy of that moment! They forced the fast-approaching separation.

"Claude, I love you so much," the girl says, kissing his marble brow.

"My darling, my darling, I cannot leave you. The breeze blowing over golden fields through the western window seems to whisper me. He raises on one elbow. His gaze which has been riveted on Army, answers seem gentle kindly covered with yellow grain, tiny glimpse of silver sand between Indian wigwams lying by the river, in shadow, mountains garlanded with wild orange blossoms and blooming nutmegs; long lines of stately redwood, solemnly silent, nothing. Then he speaks in his old unusual voice.

"Earth is too beautiful. I am young. I will not die."

Army turns away to hide her tears, but he sees them.

"Do you wish it? he asks.

"You will be happier, Claude, she vainly tries to chide down sobs.

"And you? You will marry George Black."

The pained, proud look in her face recalls all the past. He sinks back, covering his face with his hands.

"Go away, Army. I do not deserve to see you."

"Yes, Claude. Let it be forgotten like unto forgive Black. How hard it is to utter that name.

"Really! You do not care for him! Then why so cruel to me! If you knew half of what I suffered before that evening, you would forgive me. I loved you. A stranger word is impossible. You never gave me the slightest ray of hope. Smiles for others, sighs for me. Your face was before me always, yet, had I dared, I had not a name, much less a home to offer. And—and—you rather—Army!—his strength and dexterity fails.

She lays her face against his, no longer endeavoring to repress the tears.

"It must I die," he says in an agonized, scarcely audible tone.

"If you were forgiving with me." Again silence reigns in the room. Army weeps on Claude's dim eyes watch her tenderly. Claude's dark sweet shroll ery rises on the air.

"Army, be calls feebly. "I thought I heard you laugh. No I remember speaks darling. Let me hear your voice once more.

"Claude, she says, with an effort. "We will soon be before God. Are you prepared?"

A frightened look comes over his face He clings desperatingly to her hand.

"I dare not. Help me help me.

"Shall I send for Father Nevin?

"He will come. He promised. Hurry—hurry—I am dying. Send for him."

"After—afternoon those fears will vanish. Remember, Claude, very soon you will be with Him forever. Who on earth can paint that happiness!" She kneels him pass nately, kneels an instant in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, then Father Nevin takes her place, having just arrived.

Around by the corner of the house, under the same dropping rosebush, gazing upon the same scene, listening, perhaps, to the same sweet, plaintive, tender voice, stands a slight young girl. Suddenly the voice breaks into a sob. The hands drop with a discordant thud upon the instrument as. "It was best to leave you Claude," she hears her small audience.

Two sharp rings of the door-bell. Army snatches a yellow envelope from a messenger boy and with trembling fingers tears it open. The common but forever heart rending message, only changed in name.

"Claude Chandler ill. Come immediately." Running upstairs, she sees rosy-cheeks in a neat traveling suit.

"My precious child sit down. Your train does not leave for an hour. Perhaps maybe here before then. Kind old Mr. Rogers says.

"No," Army answers. "It is but half past eight. I shall have a few moments in the church.

"Wait. See how dark it is. You cannot go.

"I must," the self-called girl says. "Its not worry, my guardian angel cares for me. Hurry closing the door she walks hurriedly toward St.——

To night the weary and thick-rent before our eyes lady's altar. She bows her head on the railing and sways. Through her mind come tingling pictures of the past. Pale, tales of Claude's drunken insanity. Then faint whispurings of Madame Gough. Last and hardest, the cold contempt, half hidden relinds of those who were as far beneath her in every virtue except humility, as earth from Heaven. O, what a relief death would have been to her jaded, pitiful spirit. So her real genius prompted. Love came to her rescue. Claude's soul should be saved. It was not affection for Him in whom all joy, all thus is found, but for a frail clay idol. Still prayer drew her upward. Dreary months passed. Her faith was unyielding. Thoughts of that Saviour brought her to his feet. In Holy Thursday lives had not been the vigil of an hour. From six in the morning till twelve at night she knelt before His flowery throne, watching with fervent gaze each taper burn out, that she might do him even the tiny service of replacing it.

Good Friday's chime rolled. The hour when nothing is ever refused, found Army before with tearful upturned face, pleading for a stricken.

To those at home the dolorous chorus and heavy eyes of the girl told that she was lonely. They sent her to Italy, where her spirit sat and almost childish gaiety was taken of friends. Tonight at home. She felt that soon her prayer would be granted. Can we wonder if there was much agony mingled with thankfulness.

The village clock chimes four in a starry, fairly evening as Army alights from a fleet-received vehicle. Hesitating by convent door on the temple, She falls into the room where death will soon follow. The large hollow black eyes turned toward her are not the sparkling brown ones of Claude Chandler. They kindle on seeing her. A faint flush tinges his cheeks as she gets both arms around his neck and presses her lips to his.

"My Army, my darling again," the dying man whispers, drawing her closer to him.

CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Concerns in Many Countries.

On Nov. 21, Father Bansen, S.J., will celebrate his golden jubilee in Chicago.

Ground has been purchased for the new Hermann Cath. Church at Omaha, Neb., has been let.

—In two years from now the Sec of Balmo will be well wooded with a fine park.

The Diocesan Catholics of Buffalo have petitioned Rt Rev Bishop Hoffman for a church of their own.

—Bishop Watterson was the second Cath. Bishop from the United States to visit the Holy Land.

—Ground has been purchased for a church at Ashland, Neb., and work will be begun on the new Sunday of this month.

The Mc Mac Inhans still sing the true gospel Mass taught them in centuries ago by Jesus successors.

—The cornerstone of the new Church of St Francis de Sales, Utica, N.Y., was laid on the 19th ult by Bishop Ludden.

There are over 40,000 members in the Confraternity of the Holy Face, established in the Carmelite Chapel of New Orleans.

The 16 orphan asylums in Minneapolis, which are conducted by Sisters of Charity, have received in their care 1,000 children.

The cornerstone of St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, was laid on the 4 inst in the presence of a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen was laid on the 4th inst. The cathedral is intended to cost, when completed, $250,000.

—Recently the Rev. Dr. James J. Mooney, rector of St John's church, Utica, received into the Catholic Church Dr. Ed. and Hutchinson, the celebrated physician of Central New York.

—Her Lorna Cook, Redemptorist and author of "Ecce Ancilla," Clarke, of Hexent, Mich., who goes to St Louis, as superior of the Sisters of the Holy Redeemer.

On the 24th ult., the funeral of Rev John O'Connell, curate at St Mary's church in Lowell, Mass., was the largest ever in that city. The church, it is stated

THE MONITOR.

PRESTON'S TYPE OF VERACITY.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., has thrown another worthless wool over the wall which separates the Kingdom of God from the world, the flesh and the devil.

—Two valuable lives were lost last week by drowning in the Russian river during the militia encampment at Healdsburg. If these disasters are going to continue, we suggest that a Coroner and an Undertaker be added to the Colonel's staff of each regiment of the California National Guard.

—A colloquoy from Rome states that three new Dioceses are about to be added to the Church in America. Cheyenne, in Wyoming Territory will shortly be made the seat of an Episcopal See which will include all Wyoming, and new Dioceses are also projected for Lincoln, Nebraska, and for Wichita in the Diocese of Leavenworth, Kansas. It is announced in the colloquoy that Rev. Thos. M. A. Burke of the Diocese of Albany, has been nominated to preside over the new Diocese of Cheyenne.

—The great American philosopher and essayist Brownson never wrote a truer phrase than when he said: "Methodism is a compound of sensationalism and animal magnetism" and, it has were alive to-day, he might have included the names of all the other heretical bodies in the same category.

—In a letter of thanks to Eugene Kelly of New York for $25,000 which he recently received for its Irish Evicted Tenants' Relief Fund, Mr. Parnell says "there is pressing need in this direction, as evictions have alarmingly increased during the last quarter and are being still further stimulated by the Crimes bill. I trust all of our friends will redouble their amounts for those unhappy victims of landlord oppression." The MONITOR will gratefully acknowledge all funds contributed for this purpose, and forward them to Treasurer O'Reilly in Detroit.

—The Earl of Aberdeen was in Chicago last week and in the course of an interview he told the representative of a local paper that "the facts in regard to the Irish question here which had most favorably impressed him was the entire absence of the Irish-hating, fanatic element which Englishmen had been taught at home was universal in America. He was exceedingly gratified to discover this, and believed that if the English people generally were better informed on this subject, much good would be accomplished." This goes to prove that "the man been said: "The most ignorant people in the world concerning Irish affairs are the English people themselves." Such statements as Aberdeen's, however, will help John Bull to open his eyes to the fact that England does not comprise the whole

—The Unionist Bill having passed the House of Commons in passage through the Lords is only a mere matter of routine, hence very likely it will be in full force and effect in Ireland during the next ten days. But as to its enforcement—that is still a debatable question. The Irish people are almost a unit in opposition to this cruel and anti-Christian law, hence those who suffer under it will be looked upon as martyrs and their sufferings will serve to cement still closer the union which now prevails among the Irish Prelates, priests and people. It is a fact universally admitted that the time the drastic clauses of this cruel law are enforced in Ireland the Tory Ministry will be politely informed by the laboring masses all over England, Scotland and Wales, and such opposition will be arrayed against the Government by the Gladstone Liberals and their allies both inside and outside Parliament, that the Tory Ministry will be glad to resign in favor of "the grand old man."

Bombastic Furious Fulton.

The notorious Dr. Fulton, the Baptist preacher who has set out on the same footsteps of Father Phelan, who used to pervert Catholics into Baptists—arrived in this city last week and performed the character of *Bombastic Furious* in the First Baptist Church in this city last Sunday morning. The following graphic description of Fulton's fulsome oration on that occasion is copied from Monday's *Chronicle*.

> He is a fine, dark complexioned man about 50 years of age, burly, but not fat, and somewhat gray, but very Baptist-looking, with an impressive delivery, and a voice that rings through every corner of the house. He took as his text the 20th chapter of Revelations, 12th and 13th verses, and the Doctor, Chairman and Congregation of the Baptist Church, in response to a request of the trustees, set up a chair in front of the pulpit, and placed the Bible upon it, and throughout the sermon he was constantly by the Rev. Dr. Fulton. On Sunday, July, 3rd, he was not present yet. (The speaker had apparently an impression that the deposition of Fulton was that the Post Office had been robbed.) Let us pray that Father Fulton be kept all right and that the robber would go with him. We say stay with him, for he is a good man, and I know him well, but I don't know how the victory has come in this country and in the world, but I know that God has given the victory to us. Satan is the god of this world and water worship is Satan. It seems to me the speaker is going to prepare for the crusades against the Pope and the Catholic Church. Satan is the god of Romish Party, when meant, he said, opposed to the Catholic race."

Now, in all Christian sincerity, we ask the Rev. Minister, the Deacons and the members of the First Baptist Church if they will tolerate such a character of preaching such a feast of falsehood and such an avalanche of antipaternal calumny to be poured forth from the fanatical lips of a man who is either crazy or possessed by the Father of Lies? We call on the members of this Baptist Church to clean out the stables of this brainless religious bigot when is a disgrace to the sect he claims alliance with as well as a living scandal to all sectarianism. Such freaks should not be tolerated in Christian churches and we hope this heretical brother will be banished from the Baptist denomination as a "Jonah" whose presence in a church is sure to bring disgrace and disaster upon the whole congregation.

An Old Sectarian Subterfuge Revived.

To garble the writings of Catholics, to misquote Scripture, to mutilate and falsify facts, to pervert published laws and to misrepresent the sentiments of even the Saints of the Church—have ever been the favorite weapons with those Don Quixotes of the past who were merely fighting windmills when they imagined themselves warriors who were Dauntless Angels engaged in the total annihilation of the Catholic Church.

Protestantism being nothing more and nothing less than a protest against Catholic doctrines and relatives of deceased members during the past year alone, $31,284.60. Since its organization the sum great to help the deceased relatives of those nine thousand women who died in good standing amounts to *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!* What a glorious record for a most useful society! Yet how blind to their own interests must be a large number of Catholic parents in California to, when such a safe and splendid Catholic Association can count only 2,730 members after an existence of nine years in the midst of half a million Catholics!

Justice to their children and foresight for themselves makes it an imperative duty on the part of every Catholic father and mother who have to labor for their daily bread, to insure their lives. "But," says some careless parent—"look at the cost!" Let us reply to this common objection by telling such one wise people, that it will not cost them over $1.50 *a month* to insure an acceptable life in this Association for $2,000 at death. Last year the assessments amounted to $17.00, and this and entrance fee is all the expense attached to membership, there being no dues, no fines, no fees of any kind on members, save the single dollar paid when a member dies.

What prudent laboring man is there who cannot spare one cent a day out of his wages so as to secure $2,000 for his widow and children when the head winner is called to a better world? And think of it! The price of a single glass of beer devoted daily to life insurance is the Grand Mutual Benevolent Association assessment, and for this a $2,000 policy at the death of a Catholic father or mother will yet people hesitate to secure such a blessing?

The labor that Father McNally has displayed in this organization, if given to upholding some quasi-secret non-Catholic insurance society under the title of "Grand Sachems of the Sachedrim," the "Crown Cavaliers of California," the "Knights of the Kingly Knacks," or some such nonsensical title would have gathered in a membership of fully 50,000 non-Catholics, neglecting Catholics and bad Catholics. His because the society is purely Catholic, because it has no "Grand Lodge," "Grand Officers," with very grand salaries, "Grand State Lecturer," and "Grand Keeper of the Golden Keys"—the Society has to struggle along where it should run like lightning, it has to resort to annual additions by a few paltry hundreds, when Catholics should flock into it by tens of thousands.

We are glad the Association re-elected Father McNally President at its last meeting, and we hope he will manage to provide against the recurrence of such a misfortune as the loss of Peter. "Catholic parents save your children!" cry the Bishops in every Pastoral Control.

And how shall this salvation be brought about? *By giving them a good, practical Catholic education, and by insuring every year in every diocese in this coast, and those Catholic parents who desire to perform this duty towards the souls and bodies of the souls of those children who find his blessed them will should send them to a Catholic school if they would have them grow up in the knowledge, the fear and the love of God. And without this all important knowledge what hope can any Catholic parent have that his little self and his children will ever behold the Beatific Vision in the world to come.*

Catholic parents have a conscientious duty to perform in this serious responsibility. No father or mother who do not have their children to attend Catholic schools and practice of Catholic faith can feel any assurance for their own salvation. We have given a sermon a letter from the Roman congregation of the Propaganda, addressed to the Archbishops of Baltimore, Quebec, Oregon City, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Mobile, Natchez, Richmond, Wheeling, Newark, Hartford, Portland, Buffalo, Erie, Covington, Nesqualy, Vancouver, Nesqualy, Vancouver, Nesqualy, Vancouver

Farm and Home.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport, Iowa, delivered a notable sermon in that city on a recent Sunday on the immoral tendencies of the times through the breaking down of safeguards which once protected girls and young women. As a model for the rising generation the Bishop pictured the "old fashioned girl" of thirty years ago in the following words:

"She was a little girl until she was fifteen years old, and she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She never said to her mother, 'I don't believe in your obedience was to her a cloveted virtue. She arose in the morning when called, and we don't suppose she had her hair done up in papers and crimping pins, or bringed over her forehead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beau before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fanying a hero in every plough-boy she met. The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang nor used by words. She did not mimick old people nor make fun of cripples. She had respect for her elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not know so much as her mother, nor did she think her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother. She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old, and stay till after midnight dancing with any chosen young man who happened to be present. She was in bed in season, and doubtless said her prayers, and slept the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness. And now, if there be an old-fashioned girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her and raise up others like her.

Relief for In-growing Toe Nail.

For that very painful affection, ingrowing toe nail, the simplest measure of relief which has been advocated is the application of tannin. One who has had many years' experience with it says: A concentrated solution (an ounce of perfectly fresh tanin acid dissolved with six drachms of pure water, with gentle heat), and have the soft parts around the nail painted twice a day. Two cases recently had no pain or lameness after the first application, and went about their work immediately, which they could not do before. After about three weeks of this treatment the nail had grown to its proper length and breadth, and the cure was complete. No other treatment of any kind was used, though formerly he introduced lint under the edge of the nail in such cases.

Onions as a Nervine.

Those who are in the habit of indulging in raw onions may be consoled for the social disadvantages which result from their use by the knowledge that onions are a most nervine known. No medicine is really so efficacious in cases of nervous prostration, and they lone up a worn out system in a very short time. Their sheerheat properties are also most valuable, especially in times of epidemic.—*Medical Journal.*

Wisdom from Charles Dickens.

To a contented mind, all things are a palace. Out of bad things good things sometimes arise.

Clothes, though dear to buy, are cheap to pay.

It is easier to burn men than to burn their principles.

A sorrowful air will sometimes outlive generations of men.

Friendships which are founded on a partnership in doing wrong are never true.

It is dreadful to observe how long a bad example will be followed; but it is encouraging to know that a good example is never thrown away.

What invents grow out of the graves of rich men, sowing perjury, hatred and fine in among men's kindred, where there should be nothing but love.

Open Your Windows.

Many a woman and child have been scattered to save the carpet and keep out flies. Many a fit of sickness has resulted from the same cause. Many a shortcoming has been traced back to unclean rooms as a begining. Multitudes of women and children are only half living, because half fed, famished and light and air are as much food for the body and soul as the fruits and grains and vegetables that we take into our stomachs, and we cannot get a surfeit of them as of food. The more we have the better. Open your windows, then, my sisters, and let the sun, that always carries health in his rays, have free access to every part of your houses. Screens will keep out the flies, and if you have occasion to temper the heat of the sun, use a white curtain that can be rolled up and down at will.

—Bishop Kaizer lately received from Rome official notification that J. H. Wigmore, of his diocese, had been made a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. The bull conveying the title is a large piece of parchment written at length in Latin, sealed with the Pope's seal, the Fisher's Ring, and signed by Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Congregation of the Holy Cardinal of the Propaganda, Simeoni, sent an autograph letter of congratulation.

Dr. PARDEE'S REMEDY is The Greatest Blood Cleanser. Cures Spring Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Constipation and Regulates The Kidneys & Liver. One bottle taken according to directions will give better results than a gallon of Sarsaparilla, or any of the so-called Blood Purifiers with which the market is glutted. At Druggists, price $1.00 per bottle.

$500 REWARD will be paid for any case of Rheumatism which Dr. Pardee's Remedy, properly administered, fails to relieve.

Family Fun.

Advice to Husbands.

Never talk in your sleep unless you are sure what you are going to say.

Don't be discontented. It is much easier to make your sweetheart feel that way.

Never tell your wife that she is a charming singer unless you happen to be deaf.

Don't flatter yourself that you know more than your wife until you have got home from her funeral.

Don't be too friendly with your prospective son-in-law. He may think you intend to live with him after he is married.

Don't try and fool your wife about dinnerbig unless you happen to marry an idiot.

There is not a word white to do so.

Never tell your wife how much better any other woman dresses than you have money to buy them you know what to do with.

Never boast to your wife about the value of your past experience. Your mother-in-law may settle herself down on you to-morrow.

Never find fault with the quality of your wife's cooking. You may possibly drive her to pick some cooking club, which would be much worse.

He Had to Wait.

On a Michigan Central train the other day as the "butcher" came into the car with a basket of oranges an old man, whose wife sat beside him, was very anxious to buy half a dozen, but she waved the boy on with—

"He can't have 'em. He never eats one without the juice run down on his shirt bosom."

"Shut! but I want two or three, Hannar," he protested.

"You behave yourself! You want to get orange seed into a crack, you don't you!"

The boy soon returned with bread figs, and the old man beckoned to him and began to lick his chops.

"Fare right on!" said the woman to the boy. "He isn't eat a fig for thirty years, and I guess he can go thirty more."

The boy passed on and returned with peanuts. The old man was ready for him, but the wife protested.

"He can't eat 'em. I've been ten years since he had a tooth in his head, and he'd have to swallow 'em whole. No, I'll shell you let peanuts alone."

Twenty minutes later the boy was back with candy packages in which there were prizes, and the old man exclaimed:

"I'll bet one of 'them or—hunt!"

"Then you'll hunt," she replied as she mentioned the boy to pass on. "It's again the Lord and the law to take chances, and you wouldn't get nothin' nohow.

"But I'm going to buy sunthin," Hiram cry.

"Well, you wait. You can't have ice cream nor lemonade, and if he comes with popcorn or lunarpsch don't you dare to raise a fuss. Just you wait. Well he in Detroit at 6 o'clock, and then, if there happens to be a grocery handy by, you can buy sunthin' to eat. Ice cream, Hiram is sunthing to stand by you, Hosbem, and the bands and tails will keep mosha away and are good for warts. We've got too old for gewgaws, Hosbem. What we want is the with of our money."

Her Husband's Night Caps.

A lady coming from the Continent asked the Custom House officer that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunk, but he went to the bottom of the article and found a dozen bottles of brandy stowed away. "Madam," said the officer, "do you call these wearing apparel?" "Yes," the lady demurely replied, "they are my husband's night caps."

Too Much Enthusiasm.

"Teaching, to me," said an enthusiastic young school-ma'am, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. I think only of—"

"I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession. Miss Clara, I had hoped that some day I might ask you—in fact I called to-night to—but I hardly dare go on. In the light of what you have told me—"

"You may go on. Mr. Smith," said the young lady, softly. "I'm a little too enthusiastic at times, perhaps.

In Business for Herself.

Dry Goods Dealer (to saleswoman)—I was very sorry, Miss Satinette, to receive your resignation. Aren't you satisfied with you place here?

Miss Satinette—Yes, sir; but I've had the offer of a better one.

Dry Goods Dealer—Well, if it is a question of salary, Miss Satinette, I would be willing—

Miss Satinette—It is not a question of salary, sir. Young Mr. Highroller of the furnishing department made me an advantageous offer last evening which I accepted. I'm to be his junior member of the firm.

Has Him Well in Hand.

Minister (making a call)—And do you always do as your mamma tells you to, Please?

Flossie (emphatically)—I guess I do, and so does papa.

A Great State.

"Yes," said a Pueblo sleeper at the Hoffman House recently, "California is a great State for timber. There is one kind in particular that we can beat the country."

"What kind is that?" he was asked.

"Prodigonal timber," he whispered, "and don't you forget it!"

War to the Knife.

Miss Shawgardan (of St. Louis, to Miss Breezy of Chicago)—Well, how is everything in Chicago? Dull as usual, I suppose?

Miss Breezy—No, things are looking very bright. How is the pasturage in St. Louis?

Couldn't be Too Late.

"Hurry! hurry!" cried Brown, impatiently up the stairs, "we'd be too late for church."

"Oh, yes, dear," replied Mrs. B., buttoning her gloves as she came down, "we can't be too late. I've got on my new suit."

Turned About.

"Women are unreasonable creatures," observed Brown, as he ordered another round for the boys. "Now, there's my wife. Before we were married, when I went to see her she always thought it was too early for me to go home, and now I can't go home early enough to suit her."

He Didn't Bite.

"No," said Tompkins, "I no longer call on Miss Hobbleaw. You know she's a fine performer on the piano, but I got tired of hearing the same piece every time I called."

"What was the piece?" asked Tinmarsh. "Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.'"

—The many remarkable cures Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes are sufficient proof that it does possess peculiar curative powers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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NO BLANKS.

Premiums.	Florins.	Florins.
1	100,000	100,000
1	50,000	50,000
1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
2	2,000	4,000
5	1,000	5,000
10	500	5,000
100	100	10,000
1,000	50	50,000
1,000	40	40,000
Together 1,000 premiums, amounting to		1,276,000
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FIRST OF AUGUST,

And every bond holder of one or more bonds is entitled to one or more of the above premiums, which will be paid to the Owner Thereon on that date.

Out of the money sent in Emperor Leopold, on the 4th of June, gave 40 more sets of these bonds for the next drawing. Prospectus payable in monthly instalments.

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Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, $35.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, $40.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, $45.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, $50.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $60.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $70.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $80.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $90.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $100.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $110.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $120.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $130.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $140.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $150.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $160.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $170.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $180.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $190.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $200.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $210.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $220.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $230.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $240.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $250.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $260.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $270.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $280.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $290.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $300.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $310.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $320.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $330.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $340.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $350.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $360.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $370.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $380.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $390.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $400.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $410.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $420.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $430.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $440.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $450.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $460.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $470.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $480.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $490.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $500.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $510.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $520.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $530.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $540.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $550.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $560.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife, $570.00. Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Extra Fine Blades, Silver Ferrules, Silver Plated Knives, Forks and Steels, Finest Quality, Ivory Handle Carving Knife, Ivory Handle Carving Fork, Ivory Handle Carving Steel, Ivory Handle Knife, Fork and Spoon, Ivory Handle Pocket Knife,

REVOLUTION OF 1792.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

how long it was to New Year's Day? "Ten month," said the child, "because I have grown taller." "Ah, you are a clever little boy! I see you have studied hard." "Yes, I know how to read by them." He—Good land, and on New Year's Day he said to his mother: "Have is your New Year's gift, I know how to read." In return his patience, sprightliness and intelligence were the admiration of the roughest of his guards. After his father's death it was the Queen's chief comfort to watch, tend, and teach him. She even contrived to pay him some of the respect due to his rank as hereditary king of France. But one day the order came that the child should be sent to the Temple. Then for the first time the Queen lost self-possession. She shrieked:

ANE RESET TO THE GAOLERS;

she struck them with her fists. But this boy was taken. He was placed in a dark adjoining room of the prison, under the care of a shoemaker named Simon, an atheist, a sot, and a scoundrel. Simon's instructions were significant: "Here am I to treat the wolf cub as I choose." "Is he to be treated?" "No." "Is he to be killed?" "No." "What, then?" "He is to be got rid of." "I understand, Simon, and he is at himself to worry the child to death. He took off the Prince's clothes, and dressed him in the revolutionary garb. He abusively shrieked and cursed at him. He kicked, beat, and swore at him. He made him drink brandy, and drug, and curse, and swear with him. He sometimes exhibited him in this state to emissaries of the government, who came daily to see him. The miserable mother, suspecting these things, used to secretly ply them, when, after long hours watching, she caught a glimpse of her child through the chinks of the boarding. Then once again, but for the last time, the poor boy had strength to show she grew frantic with despair. "I cannot pray any more," she said; "God has forsaken us."

BUT THERE WAS WORSE TO COME.

At her trial a document was read, containing an utterly monstrous accusation against her. The document was signed by her son. It had been got from the terrified child under the influence of drugs, brandy, and the whip. The Queen had borne much with such queenly dignity that even the bloodthirsty men had filled her court applauded. But the boy, though more than half unconscious of what he had done, and utterly ignorant of the falsehoods, bitterly repented. He spent nights in sleepless remorse. He sighed he arose, and he dwelt in prayer. Simon saw him, and, taking a pitcher of water, threw it on him with it. Then he flung a heavy shoe at him, and left him wet and wounded. "Pull yourself together," said he, "or I'll get up in the night and pray like a monk." After this the child's heart seemed broken. He fell into a sort of stupor, and, as continued, more or less, until his death. Meanwhile Simon was guillotined, and a new guardian appointed. This man was in some respects worse than Simon. He fixed a grating of iron across the young King's cell, and let him literally rot inside it. The boy's bed swarmed with vermin; his body became infested with foul sores; his mind became dulled and almost imbecile. So he was kept for six long months—officials of the government, by stealth, every day. After Robespierre's execution some pity was shown. He was cleaned, dressed, and brought to a terrace in the sunlight. He was seen to grow warm, smile, and make them up into a little bonquet; this he laid at the door inside which he supposed his mother to be. But the sunlight soon weds on the wall of his cell. This much only could be ascertained. "Mamma is your pain?" pleaded. Night came as he died. "I hope you do not suffer," said his attendant. "Yes, I suffer," he said, "but the music is so beautiful." "Where is the music?" asked the attendant. "Up there!" said the child; "listen, listen; and through all the voices I hear distinctly Heaven." Thus died Louis XVII., King of France and of Navarre. The Revolution had been a great convulsion; but I hope of none whose fate illustrates more strikingly the dreadful characteristics of delirious persistency which marked these revolutionary excesses. Whoever was to blame, this child was necessarily blameless. To kill him might have been, in a certain sense, justifiable; but by a colder criterion, but I know

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

WHAT DO YOU LACK?

Tell me not of the blue eyes,
That are warm, and pure and true,
Tell me not of their beauty,
Unless you see not of their hue;
Tell me not of how wistful
The blue eyes seem to gaze
Like the vaults of Heaven,
Mean-grown with length of days;
For we see blue eyes everyday.

Oh! tell me not they are bright,
Tell me not of their glory,
Though gazed on in every sight.

Tell me not of the brown eyes,
Tell me not of passionate fire,
That choose to lower at times,
Or flash with the deepest ire;
Tell me not they are sparkling,
More sweetly than words can do,
They may be bright and sparkling,
Perhaps all the world to you;
They may pierce your heart with a crisl,
A bitter and steady pain,
Yet may win a world of trouble,
Or the fiercest tempest raise.

Tell me not of the black eyes,
That can dance so lightly and cold—
A smile to the lips of the weary,
And bring joy and content to all;
Tell me not why they are happy,
Oh! tell me not they are glad,
Yet they bring with all the merry,
And they morse with all the sad;
Tell me not of the soft, soft eyes,
With hapelisme full and bright,
Though close as the moon at harvest,
And radiant as the sun at night.

If bliss eyes do not please me,
And the brown eyes cannot charm,
And black eyes have no power,
Oh! tell me not they are glad,
And bring joy and content to all;
Tell me not why they are happy,
Oh! tell me not they are glad,
They may bring with all the merry,
And they morse with all the sad;
Tell me not of the soft, soft eyes,
With hapelisme full and bright,
Though close as the moon at harvest,
And radiant as the sun at night.

If bliss eyes do not please me,
And the brown eyes cannot charm,
And black eyes have no power,
And will only work me harm;
How can I praise them justly,
Or worthily adge I say,
To the wise, to the pure, to the loiney,
To the wistful eyes of gray?
For blue eyes are too common,
And brown eyes are too gay,
And black eyes cannot win you
Like those tender eyes of gray.

Oh! look at the lofty window
In those gray eyes soft and sweet,
Where faith and hope and candor
Are ever your glance to meet;
For a sweetness shows the blue,
For a lover shows the gay,
Black eyes have spirit, merry,
But for friendship choose the gray
For pure as the blue, and bright as the brown,
As merry and soft as the black,
But full of firmness and kindness rare,
Want thou do gray eyes lack?

Janet M. Oxnen (Cure.)
Spokane Falls, W. T., July 15th, 1887.

NOW AND THEN.

Lovingly dedicated to S. M. L.

When our foolish dreams have failed,
And our planned fancy lies
In the dust with dreaming pleasure,
From her nestling in the skies;
When the fragile vase is broken,
Which
Seeks a truer world beyond;
When the tide has ebbed and retreated
In the God-made's holy bond;
When alone by Life's cool river
We shall love the loving bower,
Will the mending flesh before us
Of the strange and eerie now?

Will we see as now we know
Causes light and shade to blend,
How the darkling glow would blind us,
If it lasted to the end?
Alter lessons hard and bitter,
Will the sweet and slightly tears
That such flower cause a shadow
While it's swaying in the air?

Aye, in quiet retrospection,
Through the calm mirage of years,
We shall see what now is hazy
Through the mist of blinding tears;
With the dim and turmoil over,
We shall hear life's fear notes,
And we shall hear the soft vibration,
Through Memory's wave it floats.

Then we'll see
In the one the Father's guiding
With His loving, watching care,
While in the other, unerring
And until Life's parallel,
We shall see which chosen
How the weak ones were the mighty,
And the foolish were the wise.

Oh! the many crystal fountains,
From the rock our faith shall bring;
Oh! the precious grace we fathom,
Through our constant morning;
Though the way is long and dreary—
It is rendered sweet by love,
Here we not the wonderous manna
Helped upon us from above?

When at last we're only waiting
Till the winter frost is over,
When we've only looking forward
To the steady realm of peace;
When we see the bright dawn breaking
Or the hill tops far away,
Then the heart shall know no aching
In that calm eternal day.

Annie Wiese.

WERE ARE WICKED FOLKS BURIED?

"Tell me, gray haired sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are wicked folks laid?
Have wedged the quiet graveyard through,
And eye the epitaphs, old and new;
But on monument, shelak pillar or stone
I read of no evil that was here done."

The old sexton stood by the grave near by mate
With his pick on his hand, his hand on a spade;
I saw by the gleam of his deep set eye
That his heart was thickening his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the and idiot the right?
Who is to judge what the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died today?

"In our journeyings through life, the better we speed
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Other virtues than in lives of our kind.

"Therefore, of deeds we record on these stones,
The evil may do not's the with their bones;
I have labored as sexton for many a year,
But I never have found a bad man here."

SEND OR CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would most respectfully ask the Rev. Clergy, or any of our readers of other Parishes, to send us items of interest for our paper. Also, We wish to make the Monitor a thoroughly Catholic Homesteadpaper relating to the progress of religion, but we cannot do so unless we are aided by those who have the knowledge of the Parishes of their vicinity. Bare to we are all in work. Will our friends please lend us a hand?

—In a pecularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it is the best blood purifier, it imparts new vigor to every function of the body.

Literary Miscellany.

The Doctor's Story.

A Thrilling Tale in Three Parts.

FIRST PART

Toward the close of a certain day—a May evening, by the way, I was seated in my consulting-room reading a pilling, as it was my custom to do, of my day's visits. It was not late—evening was only closing in, and I had accomplished my work for another day at an end. As a general rule, I found my practice was not large. I had not long commenced to practice, which will account for my desire being of a scarcely busy character.

On this November afternoon, as I have said, I was occupied in my little room in the rear of the shop. I had not been long seated, when a call rattled up to the door, and dropped a tall, foreign looking man, who, entering and waving signs of no little excitement, inquired for me. Surmising that I was about to be introduced to a "new" case, I left my chair and went into the shop. The tall man was breathing hard, as if he had run a couple of miles for me, instead of driving in a hire wheeler he had done. I was not prepossessed by his appearance. There was something like a treacherous cool open his face, which I well knew—and his carriage, I half decided, was at any rate in part, assumed.

"You are Dr. Ambrose?" he inquired, in a voice in which anxiety was well disguised, his restless beady black eyes seeming to search me through and through. I nodded, as if he had run a couple of miles for me, instead of driving in a hire wheeler he had done. I was not prepossessed by his appearance. There was something like a treacherous cool open his face, which I well knew—and his carriage, I half decided, was, at any rate in part, assumed.

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"Yes, sir, he is," I replied, in a quiet, deliberate way.

"Yes," replied my assistant, "and he said he would come back and see you again."

"That's the card he left."

I took it eagerly and read, "John H. Cooder."

"Let me see, sir, address, and I would, if I could," he paused a moment, as if pondered the affair long, but could make nothing of it. "It was patent to me there was unalloyed villainy about; but the more I looked over it the more clearly did I realize how powerless I was to interfere. However, I resolved it was my bounden duty, and I did, to communicate to the police authorities, and I did so without delay. A well skilled detective sergeant, by the name of Holland, was put on the case, and with him I discussed the matter at considerable length and in all the aspects.

"In the very outset we were non-plussed, in that I was unable to point out the house to which I had been conveyed.

"I don't really see," said Holland to me after we recollection-thrown when we met by appointment early in the succeeding day, "I don't really see how we are to set about it, unless you can give me no clue to the street, the house, or even in what direction you were taken. There is only one way I can think of, though, and that is for you to scour the neighborhood; for, course, we should open the houses, you will, of course, know it again.

"I had thought of that but when I recollected that all houses in the street were alike, or nearly so—for I had no more to note that much before passing in behind the so-called "John H. Cooder" I was even doubtful of my ability to do what the fellow was asking me to do, and, moreover, I had no easy, no pleasant duty to perform, and he not on my "side of the question.

"Well, I said, partly, "it is impossible for me to be of service to the patient." I must be understood what a wrong."

I said "idiot" intentionally on the spur of the moment.

"You must see him, sir, upon your doctor," he exclaimed, rushing on, and glaring at me, his brows again angrily lowering.

I already perceived from this incident that my first decision as to the sex of the patient was the right one. I was now fully informed as to what sort of a man I had to deal with—one with an unscrupulous, unfeeling nature, prone to base beating, and that there was some villainy afloat I was thoroughly convinced. We were alone in the apartment with the patient, who had never once moved since my arrival, indeed, I had seen no one else as yet. I was some paces from the bed, but making up my mind to see more, I approached it, and, as the same moment partly wrenching aside the clothes that covered the head.

I had time to see a pinched, white, livid face, the muscles fixedly set, a blue tinge surrounding the eyes, which were closed. To act and perceive these things was but a second's work; then, turning and facing the stranger, whose features were fairly contorted by passion, I exclaimed the three words—the first that occurred to me.

"This is murder!"

Nobody had the accusation found utterance when a stunning blow on the right side of my head, from a heavy bag, relieved me of my senses, and I sank unconscious to the ground.

SECOND PART.

When I came to myself I was lying on the little couch in my own room behind the shop, my assistant doing what he could to recover me. The wound on my head was very painful, but, I was glad to find, was not of a serious character. Naturally, I was weak in my senses, I was surprised at finding myself there, and asked an explanation, for I remembered nothing after the blow.

"The same gentleman brought you back in the cab," I was informed. "He said you had tripped in stepping out of it, and he feared you had received a severe hurt to your head. He was greatly upset, and, after getting you in, there, said he was sure so ill he couldn't wait lest more go at once for another doctor.

"Clearly fellow!" was my impulsive comment. "But

"His wife, did he say? I repeated, in bewildered

"Yes," replied my assistant, "and he said he would come back here and see he you get on. That's the card he left."

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A STUPID CALUMNY.

Irish Aid in the American Revolution.

A writer in the North American Review pitches into Lafayette and Rochambeau in expert scoffing of Massachusetts shipowners, Christopher Gadsden, a leader of downright Know Nothingism. For the chief characteristic of the Whigs was an intense complete knowledge which he possesses less than half so broadly as every Tory Rochambeau and Lafayette superiorly which the Vitality of Toryism during and after the Revolution and it to the success of know Nothingism is below the mental and moral capacity of the Tory Gadsden. Gadsden pleased to dominate "Foreigners as the principal and most powerful agents of freedom." All this is in the shift but vicious essay on "Irish Aid in the American Revolution."

The writer asserts that the Irish "cannot point to a single name like Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pulaski, or Steuben, but there was Conway, and there was "Conway's Gallas." He quotes from Bancroft, whose treatment of this portion of history is inadequate and misleading, both as to the Irish in the American army and in relation to the sympathy of the people of Ireland with that Revolution. He cast pole Gradam in the attitude of hostility.

Bancroft's fault is truth many serious of information on this questions of which Mr. Gadsden did not avail himself. Thus, for instance, the report of the Committee of Secret Aid of Congress from 1776, and to be found in the British Museum, although rare certainly, it is. Thomas Bancroft was a member of the committee who was to inquire into the conduct of the American Tory, Samuel Seabury, and Gouverneur Morris, Robert Morris, Richard Bartlett, Silas Deane, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Lynch, Jr., and others, they assert in about Washington's army, and in the Revolution.

"We swore that Gen. Lee informed him that the parade army "were Papists, and would not fire upon those that came with Lafayette will be found the names of well known Irishmen, Dr. Dwyer, a Roman Catholic Clergyman, Dr. Ryan, a Protestant Clergyman, Dr. Ryan, a Protestant Clergyman, Dr. Ryan, a Protestant

THE MONITOR.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The Runs of England presented to Queen Victoria, as their jubilee offering, 550 guineas ($5,600 pieces) articles of clothing for distribution among the poor. In their letter accompanying the immense pile of body-covering the Sisters say "our offerings are but poor, but they are the work of our hands, and they come from religious women who have vowed poverty and whom Irish are devoted to the poor." What a beautiful thought, and how truly Christian is not Catholic charity!

—Among the Jubilee offerings made to Leo XIII., one of the most remarkable is certainly that of the Carthusians, who have presented his Holiness with a valuable property in the Via Aurelia, together with a very considerable sum of money, which will permit the Holy Father to instal in it a charitable institution, where poor children may be received and trained in the useful arts and farming. The *Indipendente degli Abruzzi* has profited by the joint munificence of the Pope and the good monks, and has already taken possession of the place. The Sovereign Pontiff has just addressed to Father Anselm Mary, the Superior of the Carthusians, a touching letter of thanks.

—A correspondent enquires why the daily press does not advocate the promotion of sobriety and morals by closing the saloons on Sunday. But the interrogator overlooks the important fact that the daily press caters more to the immoral classes than it does to those who would like to have morality the motive power in all society. The daily press is no longer the leader of public opinion but the craven and obsequious servant of its subscribers and advertising patrons. The last Plenary Council required all Catholic liquor dealers to close their saloons on Sundays, but we fear there are many Catholic saloon-keepers who never heard of the last Plenary Council. The bar-keepers as a body should demand Sunday as a day of rest—and then the Sunday closing of saloons would be quickly accomplished.

—That fraudulent sect which called itself "Old Catholics" is gradually disappearing from the few places in Europe where it had a foothold. It would appear also that there is a strong tendency in several quarters to restore to the Catholics the churches which have been taken away from them by the authorities and unjustly handed over to the schismatics, all the more so as in several cases the latter have scarcely any use for them. Such is the contention of even Conservative Protestant organs like the *Journal de Genève*, which remarks that the State ought to proceed in the work of restitution of its own accord, and adds that, in several "Old Catholic" parishes there are now no longer any "Old Catholics." One Continental Council has applied to the Cantonal authority to be allowed to restore the Church and appliances to the Catholics, which, it says, would be only fair, as that of M. Theodore de la Rive, belonging to one of the most distinguished families of the city.

—The Infidels who rule France for the time being seem to be carrying things with a high hand in that country. Here is their latest pretending proposal with regard to the numerous Catholic churches which were built centuries before infidelity was known in France. It is announced on the French papers that a majority of the Commissioners appointed by the French Chamber to study the question of the separation of Church and State, is said to have approved a project of law drawn up by M. Boysset, which is nothing less than monstrous. After repealing the Concordat, the Organic Articles, the Decrees concerning seminaries, fabrics, and ecclesiastical establishments, and, generally, the rights of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in particular, it goes to hand over to the Dépositary, all churches as their absolute property, with the residence of the religious edifices and religious employees of every power to let them out on hire, as well as the duration to be fixed with the approval of the State, to "religious syndicates" or associations to be established for the purpose. The Church, in fact, is to be allowed to have its churches at a fixed rent, and it is to be a tenant on sufferance, for, if any of the religious syndicates overpass the bounds within which they are about to be given permission to enjoy the full and free benefit of the document issued by Pope Leo XIII. in order to excommunicate Dr. McGlynn.

Are Catholics such slaves as to submit to that base Sterne's alone thing in their faces under the guise of a genuine document issued over the signature of the Vicar of Christ? If they are, let them pass such purposely concocted calumnies calmly by—and there will be no need to do so. If they are not slaves, they will insist by saying their dollars from increasing the exchequer of any paper which indulges in this class of indecent and insulting literature.

—Here Thunnisel, a Protestant "pastor" at Remschied, has just been prosecuted at Elberfeld for "abuse of the Catholic Church and Holy Sacrifice." The Court of Appeal of the Elberfeld court, confirmed in his sentence, and the following extract from the pamphlet entitled *Ecclesia Magdalenica and Romish Friends*: "The over zealous Papist pamphleteer has been fortunately punished and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and his partner to two months. If every Catholic bigot who is fully aware of his guilt could be treated the same way what a number of sore scam cracks and anti-Christian agitators would find themselves in the gaol of felons!

—The signs of the rapid return of the spring of peace to the Church in Germany are multiplying. Three admirable teachers of youth, the Pauline Sisters, will within the next few months open higher schools for girls in Trier, in Boppard (the site of the former branch of St. Hedwig's College), and at another town not yet designated.

The Very Latest Anti-Catholic Calumny.

The enemies of God's Church never tire of rendering her. They are not from what infernal source their inspiration comes, nor do they stop at adopting the "chestnuts" of calumny which appeared in the corrupting and indecent literature of past centuries. The latest form of assault upon the Catholic Church comes in the shape of an extract from *Tradition Shandy*, a book filled with the foulness of Laurence Sterne—a Protestant preacher (God save the mark!) who died born in 1713 and died in 1768. He order to make his work popular with the lovers of impure literature, and to gratify his gorgeous taste against the Catholic Church, Sterne introduced into Tradition Shandy a form of excommunication supposed to be used by the Church, but which he connected from the depths of his own debased imagination. And now after a lapse of over a century—this *false form* of excommunication is dug up from its surrounding dirt and heralded forth by the papers that delight in holding up the Catholic Church to ridicule, as the form of a genuine anathema used by Pope Leo XIII., against Dr. McGlynn.

The malignant miscreants who thus performed the part of literary ghouls in profaning this anti-Catholic calumny from the literary vault of Sterne, purposely added the name of the deposed McGlynn to the disreputable document, as such the more readily to dupe and to malign their estimated Catholic readers. This is what is called "enterprise" by papers that are daily performing the devil's work through the lies, lasciviousness and avoral tilt which they are constantly disseminating.

The writer from whose work this precious—made pervision of truth was copied, is an notoriously bad odor with the best critics of English literature. He was such a heartless and immoral character that Walpole said of him that "Sterne could smile over a dead ass, to the neglect of his live mother." Another authority depicts him as "the lax in principle, a bad husband, a fastidious liver—offering his affections to two or three married women at once, the dupe of every coarse flattery and false to his professions of virtue or sensibility. "There is not a page in Sterne's writings," says Thackeray, "but has something that were better away—a latent corruption—a hint, as of some impure presence; the foul Satyra eyes leer out of the leaves constantly."

And this is the loving lascivious literary profligate from whose polluted pages the "no Popery" papers derive their base libels to fling at the Catholic Church! Yet there is a singular consistency even in this, as it is a notable fact that the papers which have insulted their Catholic readers by placing Sterne's spurious "excommunication" before them with the name of the infuriate Dr. Doctor McGlynn injected into it, is precisely the most suitable sewers through which such century-old corruption should flow.

But as Sterne was in being "a profligate hidden in the parson's gown," his book was a filthy—even in his own debased and immoralized mind—*that he was ashamed to put his name on the title page*. Yet it is on the foetid atmosphere of such garbage being thrown from the sewers of "enterprising papers" that Catholics may read the very latest "news of the day." It matters not how fiendish or how brutal the calumny may be against the Church of God, the "big shot" must be filled, and in it goes—regardless alike of the feelings of Pope, Prelate, Priest or Pagan!

Is there no remedy for this? Assuredly there is. When Catholics cease to be asleep against their Church, they must, the Pope or anything else pertaining to their religion, the best remedy is to *stop that paper*. In the meantime, the proprietors of journals where anti-Catholic pollution is shovelled into their columns to fill up "the big paper," will continue to give their Catholic readers insults in small sentences first, paragraphs next, and whole columns thereafter.

Catholics must cease from mendicant if they would be respected by the press and their Protestant fellow-citizens on that land. They can command a decent respect even from those who malign them, by throwing back into the faces of those who use their columns to insult them, the shows that circulate such fostering footsteps as the example "Sterne's excommunication" literature which we have shown to be the product of a prodigious who preached to the world with its pulpitering on Sunday. The Church, in fact, is to be allowed to have its churches at a fixed rent, and it is to be a tenant on sufferance, for, if any of the religious syndicates overpass the bounds within which they are about to be given permission to enjoy the full and free benefit of the document issued by Pope Leo XIII. in order to excommunicate Dr. McGlynn, the syndicate is to be dissolved, and each of its members punished with the loss of citizenship. Such is "liberty of conscience" in France!

Two New Kansas Bishops.

Alluding to the colloquium raining the apparitions to the new Seva in Kansas, the *Kansas Catholic* gives the following biographical sketch of the Bishopelect.

The Rev. James O'Reilly, who will be consecrated Bishop of Wichita, is the present rector of the Church of the Assumption at Topeka, and is as well and as favorably known to the people of this State, that he needs no introduction at our hands, and we sincerely congratulate the people of that Diocese on the selection. Father O'Reilly was a native of the County Cavan, Ireland, studied partly in Ireland, but studied theology at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., from which place he was ordained Priest. He succeeded the present Vicar-General, Very Rev. J. F. Cummings, as rector at Topeka, which place he has filled with wonderful success during nearly six years. Rev. Jas. O'Reilly is about forty years of age, and has for some time past been Treasurer of the Irish National League of America at Topeka. He stands as well as religious reputation as a man as the State.

The Rev. Richard Scannell, who will be consecrated Bishop of Concordia, is at present Vicar-General of the Diocese of Nashville, and as one time was Administrator of that Diocese, and is felt a fine grasp the service of Father O'Reilly. He is a native of the County of Cork, Ireland, and studied theology at All Hallows College near Dublin, Ireland. He is a popular speaker, speaks French, about as well as English, and speaks French and Italian fluently.

How the Present Public School System Originated.

It is only right that both Catholics and non-Catholics who believe in the preservation of Christianity in this land should fully understand the infidel source from whence the system of the education which the State at present follows originated. The system has worked and have sown the seeds by creating not only entire unbelief in any form of religious observance in the minds of American children of Protestant parentage, but also by inspiring them with infidel ideas which kill all scruples of conscience, free the mind of all moral obligation, and leave young men and women on the threshold of life fully imbued with the principles which make them—as they make money, so that every appetite may be gratified and every passion pampered.

This is precisely what education without God has led to throughout all ages in the past, and the laws governing the results of such a system of education are as immutable as they are enduring. People who talk about the "moral" influences of education without God, cannot appreciate the absurdity of the proposition. As well might they expatiate upon the "light of the world" in the absence of the sun, as to think that virtue, morality, honesty, fidelity, and all the other attributes which combine to make man "God's noblest work, can exist in that moment, or at any time, when the Creator of all is entirely ignored.

Republics have risen and fallen long ago, and it is a well-established fact that the passions of the people—engendered and encouraged by the influences of paganizing education—had a large share in their downfall. Then, as now, corruption—both of public morality and private society—led to the disintegration and final destruction of the republics of Sparta, Athens, Thebes, Carthage and Rome. History, as repeated itself in other respects, and the parallel—as which all thinking citizens of this Republic should ask themselves—may not the historical evidence of the Past be repeated in our Future.

As long as the manners of the Romans were regulated by the principle which inculcated the fear of the gods, a time held a strong conservatism, Plutarch, and "future state of rewards and punishments—the Romans were great, free and virtuous people. But when the substantial doctrine of Epicurus—which insinuated itself into Rome under the captivating title of *philosophy*—was adopted by the people, the passion for luxury and lascivious ease became almost universal, and the once great Republic went down in the vortex of its own seething corruption.

A whole volume might be written in order to show the analogy which exists between the present state of public and private morality in this land and the dawn of decadence in the ancient Republics we have mentioned. But for the present we can only glance at this phase of a vital question with the American people, in order to point out the necessity of a system of public education which shall not be a mere form, but a reality. Let the Catholics of Protestant parents be such as to exert that influence which will lead to a system of education which shall be free from the influence of infidelity, and which will make them, as citizens, and as men, good citizens and men.

The Catholic Church is exerting herself to extend this system of education in every parish throughout the land, and to gather her children into parochial schools, even as a prudent hen gathereth her chicks under her wings when her vigilant eye discerns a hawk upon the horizon. In this way the Church will keep alive Christian faith in the land, while the different sects who have not already taken, or will not take the precaution in future, will disappear from the Protestant world every as the present system of public school education emanated, we feel assured that they will realize the danger to liberty, to life and to property which lurks in that State system of educating children without an acknowledge of the love and the fear of God in all their actions to their fellow-men.

Voltaire in Whose Footsteps was to America what Socrates was to the world in his day—the model citizen, the profound philosopher, and the public teacher. Both men were hated because they exposed popular fallacies, both antagonized public sentiment, and both stripped popular idols of their many-colored Aroll, for that alone—to win against the popular idols, both were made to partake of the bitterness and draught of men's hatred—the former during life and the latter at his death.

Sermons works are a sealed book to the great mass of the American people, for the simple reason that the professional pulpiteer and the gesticulating lecturer find more charms in a flowery rhetoric. The idea that "no Protestants" should learn wisdom from "yon Papists," still prevails in the popular mind, notwithstanding the fact that popular notes many Americans, because they consume nothing but loafing and the Mr. Barnum of modern educational chapstick for sewing, looking neither to the right nor to the left, for fear of being called a Papist, or the American Prelates, or some Anti-Christ, or convert like Brownson should happen to be within ear shot of the "Gentlemen" upon the slippery path which environs the freedom of a nation that has no room for God in the minds of citizens of the Republic.

Thirty-four years ago Brownson plainly pointed out to the free sons whether what at his fact, the coming church which were to overturn the Republic through the system of education which was then in vogue. Brownson's prophecy has been fulfilled, and the system—as we have shown—has been the means of making the children of good Protestant parents into Agnostics and Infidels, while Catholic children attending public schools are made worse by among "Christian" companions than they would be if they were compelled to attend the public schools. Let the Catholics of Protestant parents be such as to exert that influence which will lead to a system of education which shall be free from the influence of infidelity, and which will make them, as citizens, and as men, good citizens and men.

The Functions of a Catholic Paper.

An article from the pleasant pen of Mr. Hugh E. McHenry recently appeared in a New York secular paper, in the course of which the experienced journalist thus sagely sketched the functions of a Catholic paper, and we feel no little pride in recording the fact that the Monitor is modelled precisely upon the same pattern as that drawn so deftly by Mr. McHenry, whose long connection with the Catholic press gives his views additional authority:

He says that a Catholic paper should be a *complete whole*. About this there ought to be little doubt, and yet both publishers and readers of Catholic papers often forget it. Some—perhaps the majority of the weekly newspapers will answer the requirements of the times. A monster collection will cost nine may need the folly of such proceedings. Newspapers are meant to publish the news, and in the present circumstances of the press, the news must be furnished daily or the very first of it. A newspaper for a weekly is complete with a daily on this score. The news is stale to-day, and to-day's news will be answered history to-morrow, or rapidly drop into the waste of the matter of news. We do not command the news, the events, the crude and inaccurate as it must be, of the world's doings, but the fact that it is presented to the public with reverence and is collected to kill the foolish superstition of any weekly to be a complete whole. Indeed, at the same time there is a limited—as the entertainment of the news which does legitimately fill the space of a weekly, and that is to guarantee its accuracy, and to avoid matters as far as possible distorted, and to give such news as is daily procedure matters are so of little the importance or of little interest. News of this kind is sometimes the most urgent and of the most interest. They all this, however, the main purpose which a Catholic weekly subscription, as Mr. McHenry puts it, is to be a journal of ideas. Its main purpose is to be a journal of ideas. Its main purpose is to be a journal of ideas. Its main purpose

Our Young Folks.

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Accidental Discovery.

Accident has been a suggester of a number of important scientific discoveries in the world's history. These discoveries have been earned, however, before they have looked out from observant, thinking minds. Galileo had observed many times the lamp in the church swinging with measured beat; but to them it meant nothing. Yet when, in the Cathedral at Pisa, one of the vergers, after replenishing a lamp with oil, accidentally left it swinging to and fro; Galileo, then a youth of 18 noticed it, and conceived therefrom his invention of the pendulum, which he completed after fifty years attentive study and labor.

A tiny spider's web suggested to Capt. Samuel Brown, of England, the invention of the Suspension Bridge, and the peculiar shape of the shell of a lobster gave James Watt the solution of the problem of how to carry water by pipes along the unseen bed of the river Clyde.

And so, also, Sir Isambard Brunel, in reproducing upon a larger scale the movements of the little ship worm, which perforates the wood in one direction and then in another until the archway is complete, constructed successfully the great Thames tunnel, a triumph of engineering.

God Sees Us.

A man once went out to steal some corn. He took his coat, a bright little fellow of eight years along with him. When they came to the edge of the corn field from which the father expected to steal the corn, he locked up and down the road to make sure that there was no one to witness the intended theft. He could see no one, and thinking the coast clear was about to go into the field when the little fellow caught him by the arm and looking up into his face said, "Papa, you therefore look one way."

"Which way?" asked the father.

"You forgot to look up."

The words struck conviction to the man's hardened heart and he turned home without stealing the corn.

A Good Word for the Flies.

It is wonderful how little matters effect great deeds. We cause across a funny story as told by Randall, the man who wrote the large biography of Jefferson, which shows how the signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened. Says he, "While the question of independence was before Congress it had its meaning near a livery stable. The members were short breeches and silk stockings, and with hand-kerchiefs in hand they were diligently employed in lashing the flies off their legs. Very vacatious was this amusement, and to a great an importance did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not add, to inducing them promptly to affix their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire republic. This anecdote I had from Mr. Jefferson at Monticello, who seemed to enjoy it very much, as well as to give credit to the influence of the flies. He told it with much glee, and seemed to retain a vivid recollection of an attack from which the only relief was signing the paper and flying from the scene."

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man was listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and desolate. Presently one of the fishers spoke to him:

"If you will take this rod and hold it you could sell them at a very fair price and buy me food and lodging."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"What is it?" said the other.

"Only to send this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the lines returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many fish as were in the basket and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

A Model Salesman.

A story is told of a "green hand" on a good selling round, who could not learn how to keep a mountain, a sure sign of a blue twilight night, and the captain told particularly the vessel toward a bright, was dinging, which he pointed out. "This right, but R, for a short time all was well, the vessel, though she was veering rapidly before the course, and rushing green at the wheelbed. Very pleased the excited commander. "For you, good for you mean?" Where's the other? What do "Dear captain," timidly, devious helmsman, "keep looking at the excited—never signed! I lost the boat! found another, brighter and better, than the one you showed me!"

Dr. PARDEE'S REMEDY

is The Greatest Blood Cleanser.

Cures Spring Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Constipation AND Regulates The Kidneys & Liver.

One bottle taken according to directions will give better results than a gallon of Sarsaparilla, or any of the so-called Blood Purifiers with which the market is glutted. At Druggists, price $1.00 per bottle.

$500 REWARD

will be paid for any case of Rheumatism which Dr. Pardee's Remedy, properly administered, fails to relieve.

Family Fun.

A Census-Taker's Experience.

The census-taker has been going his rounds in San Francisco. He has been getting a part of one day a spectator to his repartee, and from it we make the following extract:

At one house I saw the women upstairs at the window and I went up the front steps. A fat, good-looking girl came to the door, and I commenced taking her statistics.

"Any children been born here during the last year?" says I.

"Don't know, says she, never been here but three weeks. I'll go and ask mamma," and away she toddled up stairs. Pretty soon she came toddling back, and says:

"Mamma wants to know what you want to know for?"

"Tell her I am taking the city census, as required by law each year, says I, and away went the girl again. When she got back she said:

"Yes.

"How many? says I.

"Only one, says she.

"Boy or girl? says I.

"Girl, says she.

"What name? says I.

"Dimple, says she.

"That's her baby name, says I. "What's her real, full name?"

"I don't know, says she, and up she went.

"Beatrice Bramsmithe Brown," says she.

"When was she born? says I.

"I'll ask mamma, says she, and I whistled "The Watch on the Rhine" clear through before she came back.

"Day before Christmas, says she.

"What is her father's name?

"Mr. Brown, of course, says she.

"What is his christian name? says I.

"I'll ask Mamma." The girl was fat, and began to puff as she went up the stairs.

"Benjamin Bruce Brown," says she.

"What does he do? says I, thinking I says I.

"Keeps a store, says she.

"What's her mother's name? says I.

"Dishwasher Bridget Brown, says she.

Just then the woman came to the head of the stairs, and a pr.

"Seems to me you're asking a great many impertinent questions."

"Yes, I am," says I. "Where were you born?"

"Buffalo."

"How old are you?"

"None of your business" Matilda, shut the door.

Suggestive Smiles.

—"Alas" said the heavy tragedian mournfully, as he stepped from one railroad car to another, "there are times that try men's souls."

An old tramp who agreed to saw wood for half an hour for his breakfast from a Baltimore woman, quit at the end of half an hour and said, "Madam, I have struck for more breakfast and less work, are you willing to arbitrate?" "Certainly," she replied, and she left the man in the hands of her bulldog, who ran the tramp half a mile and decided that a lockout was inevitable.

A well known minister was sent South from New Jersey a few years ago to labor among the colored people. They received him with many demonstrations of joy, and at the first meeting which he held one colored preacher prayed for him with great earnestness thus: "O Lord! Bless dis par brother whah come down from the North to preach de Gospel to us. Nobut him with the kerkerness of salvation, and set him on fire."

"Pray, sir, can you tell me the way to the Tremont House?" asked a stranger of a Boston boy. "Yes, I can," was the reply. "Shall I show you the way?" "Yes, if you please." "Then follow me." "Shall I carry your carpet bag?" "Yes, if you please." "Shall I carry your umbrella?" "Yes, if you please." "Shall I carry your cane?" "Yes, if you please." "Shall I carry your—" "Stop! I can carry myself!" "Yes, if you please."

An Inquisitive Wife.

"Mr. dear," said Mrs. Paters to her husband the other day, "what's this I read in the papers about Home Rule mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Peters, with the air of a sage, "that the Irish want to govern themselves."

"They are tired of the tyranny of the Czar, are they?"

"The Czar! What are you talking about!"

"Oh, I mean the Emperor."

"Worse, and more of it. Do you mean to tell me that you don't know that Ireland is under the rule of England?"

"Oh, so it is. Isn't Queen Victoria good to them! I know she loves to read one in her pictures. She can't be very horrid."

"She's horrid enough to the Irish. Do you listen and I'll explain the Home Rule business to you. I want my wife to be informed on so important a subject. You know all about Gladstone, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; he's Queen Victoria son or something, isn't he?"

"What are you talking about! Have I married a raving lunatic?"

"There, now, you go to getting cross about nothing. I wouldn't talk to my wife like that for all the Irish in creation. Who's mine is the King, or President, Czar, or whatever the ruler of Ireland is, isn't he? But it doesn't sound like an Irish name.

"He's no more Irish than I'm Chinese. Now you pay attention and I'll tell you all about it. For years the people of Ireland have long been dissatisfied—"

"With Gladstone?"

"No, no—"

"With Victoria, then! Well, I—

"Not with her aloud! They have been shamefully oppressed, and their rights and liberties restricted through oversion and—

"Oversion means the same as prohibition does here, doesn't it?"

"Heaven help you, woman! Do you like to see the English rulers try the prohibition game on the Irish in freedom? This house-rule middle wouldn't be any thing. Coercion is a species of tyranny that deprives the Irish of almost all individual liberty. You've heard of Parnell?"

"He's the man who has just been round the world on a bicycle, isn't he?"

"Great Cesar! I've a notion to go right down town and apply for a division. Any jury in the land would give it to me in ten minutes a half. Here! where's my hat and coat? I'm going off to hang myself for marrying such a—

"Family jar, I guess! no mean as you can be! I'm sure I've understood every word you've said, and I wish I stood your abuse."

Hat Peters had fled.

"You asked me to bring you a little pin money," said a young husband to his wife.

"Yes, dear," said the lady, expectantly.

"Well, to save you the fatigue of going out to this job earlier I have brought you some pins instead."

—Wife—Now that you have bought a cow, who will milk it?

Husband—Oh, he says the calf does that. So we'll have all the milk we want.

—Hills and pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at the season when the blood is heated. Hoods Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing, and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

Cholera Morbus
Cramps
Colic
Diarrhoea
Summer Complaints
Dysentery

All Cured by a teaspoonful of Perry Davis's Pain Killer in a little Bitter Sugar and Water

5% INTEREST. WITH FIVE DOLLARS

5'- IMP. ASST. 100-FLORIN GOVERNMENT BOND.

ISSUE OF 1880

These bonds are issued by the Austrian Government and are guaranteed by the Austrian Government. They are of the same security and nature as the Austrian Government Bonds which have been so much in demand during the last few years. A part of the interest on the whole sum is paid every six months, and at maturity the entire principal is returned, the holder of a coupon being entitled to the number of prizes attached to the coupon, payable on maturity, every bond is entitled to

Two Drawings Annually.

Until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must win one of the following premiums, or it does not.

NO BLANKS.

Premiums.		Floring
1	60,000	120,000
1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
1	2,000	2,000
1	1,000	1,000
5	500	2,500
10	100	1,000
100	50	5,000
1,000	40	40,000
1,000	30	30,000
1,000	20	20,000
1,000	10	10,000
1,000	10	10,000

Together 3,000 premiums, amounting to 256,000 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

1st of January, 1890.

And every bond must participate in this drawing and must have a premium or a prize. Any person who sends us from one to twenty bonds at a time, and remits the amount of the purchase money, will be entitled to receive the bonds with the premium or prize they may win, by return of mail, without any further deposit of money. Every bond is entitled to

Gained 15 Pounds.

—I have spent a great deal of money for Turpid Liver and Dyspepsia. Every thing I ate disagreed with me and I gained nothing.

Tutt's Pills

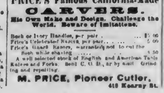
I can now digest any kind of food; am free from dyspepsia, have gained fifteen pounds in weight.—W. C. Gwyn, Lee, Columbia, S. C.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

D. MENCARINI, 911 Mission St., Manufacturer and Importer of RELIGIOUS STATUARY, ETC. Suitable for Churches, Convent Chapels, Academy Schools, Etc. THE ONLY COMPETE COLLECTION ON THE PACIFIC COAST. Catalogue sent free on application.

WARD & CO.'S Male and Female EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. 608 and 610 Clay Street, S. F. Telephone No. 767.

WEDDING PRESENTS,



A SET OF PRICE'S Famous California-Made CARVERS. Elegantly Made and Design. Challenge the World. Beware of Imitations.

Back to Ivory Handles, per pair. $1.00
Ebony Handles, per pair. 1.50
Price's Silver Spoons, plated on coin silver. 2.50
A well selected stock of English and American Table Knives and Forks. Best C. O. D. or by mail. Catalogue and Price-list free.

M. PRICE, Pioneer Cutler, 416 Kearny St.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAIL ROAD.

"THE DUFAUX SHORT LINE."

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1888, AND UNTIL further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows: Leave Tiburon Ferry Foot of Market Street, as follows:

Leave S.F.	Arrive Tiburon	Arrive S.F.
9:00 A.M.	9:25 A.M.	9:40 A.M.
2:00 P.M.	2:25 P.M.	2:40 P.M.

Leave Tiburon for San Francisco, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9:50 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. Leave Tiburon for San Rafael, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7:35 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. Leave San Rafael for San Francisco, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6:15 A.M. and 1:45 P.M.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Sausalito to Mendell, or San Francisco, $1.75, in Saloon Seats, $1; to Sausalito, $1; to Tiburon, $1.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, to Sausalito, $1; to Tiburon, $1.50; to Mendell, or San Francisco, $2.50; to Santa Rosa, $3; to Healdsburg, $4; to Cloverdale, $5; to Ukiah, $6.

Round Trip Excursion Tickets to Mendell, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Calistoga, Napa, Sonoma, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Harbison Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Bartlett Springs, Madison, Yolo and Davis, at reduced rates.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Sausalito to Mendell, or San Francisco, $2.75; to Santa Rosa, $5; to Healdsburg, $6; to Cloverdale, $7; to Ukiah, $8.

From San Francisco or Sausalito to Santa Rosa, Round Trip Tickets, $3.00; to Healdsburg, $4.00; to Cloverdale, $5.00; to Ukiah, $6.00; to Calistoga, $5.00; to Napa, $2.50; to Sonoma, $2.00; to Glen Ellen, $2.50; to Sebastopol, $3.00; to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $3.00; to Fulton, $3.50; to Windsor, $3.50; to Healdsburg, $4.00; to Lytton, $4.50; to Geyserville, $5.00; to Cloverdale, $5.50

TRUE TEACHER.

[DISCUSSED FROM THIS CASE].

Thus ends. He will but be every side the great truths of Christianity publicly assailed and defended in the land to-day. All this makes it more imperative that the rising generation should be well instructed in their religion, and imbued with an extensive and practical knowledge of the teachings of Divine Faith. Such shall be the knowledge imparted in those Christian schools. The child shall learn, every branch of science suitable for his position in life, but religion shall be his book of delicacy, and his religious inspiration will outlast his knowledge of worldly wisdom. Such shall be the teacher to expand, to subdue the passions, to regulate the affections, and to prepare his mind for that world, full of danger, into which he shall soon be obliged to enter.

We welcome, then, Brothers, coming as you do to strengthen our ranks in this great work of Christian education. But we welcome you also as coming from Irelaud faithful Ireland, the motherland of sages and of saints. [Applause.] At the present hour the eyes of the civilized world are fixed upon Ireland, her struggles, her aspirations, her obtaining her triumphs. [Applause.] Her sons at home, with unprecedented ardor and untainted loyalty, assert their inalienable rights, resolved never to relax their efforts until they shall have secured a full measure of self-government, with all its privileges. [Applause.] But it is not to the political struggles of Ireland that I would now desire to call your attention. I would wish rather to commemorate her devotedness to religion, which can never be surpassed; her faith, pure as the purest gold that issues from the crucible, her piety, rivalling the brightest ages of the Irish Church; her charity, that superabounding in good works; her missionary zeal, carrying souls to Christ in every quarter of the globe. [Applause.] Bright and pure are indeed was the sacrificial spirit of chivalry in the first ages of her Christian history. It is no less bright, no less illustrious at the present hour. [Applause.]

THE SAGE OF ST. ALBERTUS

described the Irish Church as "rich in the wealth of science, and as thickly set with learned men as the firmament is with stars." A thousand years later, another Sagacious writer, Camden, would affirm that "no man came up to the Irish scholars in Ireland and Britain for sanctity and learning; and they sent forth swarms of holy men all over Europe to whom the greatest monasteries in France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland owe their origin." In our own day the learned Dr. Lanigan, Ulster, has affirmed with no less eloquence that "when we look into the ecclesiastical life of the Irish people, we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirit had transported over the sea the cells of the Lavras of Ireland, with all their hermits, its monasteries, with all their inmates; these centuries gave saints to the Church, and, while it divulged the eternal attributes of the sciences, enlivened with especial care the religious contemplation of her communities as well as in the mists whose they produced."

BUT WE NEED NOT THE TESTIMONIES

of these writers. The religious monuments which still remain, the cyclopean towers of round stone and cells and monasteries that mark each fairest spot, the silent glen, the green hill, the smiling valley, sufficiently attest how widespread through the length and breadth of the land were the blessings of the faith in those days of old. [Applause.] At the present day beside those venerable ruins we see the new monuments, stupendous grand schools and churches, noble convents, magnificent cathedrals—charitable institutions of which any nation of Europe might be justly proud. In no other country perhaps, except Ireland, has the faith, the battle for Christian education been so persistently fought; and I may add that on this religious battle-field no laurels have been more bright than those won by the Christian Brothers. [Applause.] I might cite many proofs of the efficiency of the Christian Brothers' schools and of the success which attended their labors in the great cause of Christian education. I might cite many, or, only two witnesses who, before the Royal Commission on the endowed schools, gave testimony to the truth. Mr. Crawford, assistant commissioner, reported as follows:—

"THE MOST EFFICIENT SCHOOLS,

in addition are those managed by the Christian Brothers. Counting out from them so—

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD COL.]

ever in the basket and presenting the young man, the old fisherman so—"I (full) my promise from the fish have caught, to teach you, whose you are, clearly earning what you need, for no time in fruition wishing, but to labor for yourself."

A Model Helmsman.

A story is told of a "green hand" and a coasting vessel, who could not steer by a mariner's compass. It happened one night, and the captain partitioned the vessel toward a lighthouse, which he pointed out to the green hand, for a short time, rapidly before the course, and steer great at the wheel. "Always remember, Pat," said the captain, "you mean I Where's the lighthouse?" "Dear captain," replied the devious helmsman, "keep yourself entirely easy in my hand, I put the blood another, brighter and bolder than the one you showed me!"

Dr. PARDEE'S REMEDIES

The Greatest Blood Cures Cleanse Spring Humor Salt Rheum Scrofula, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Constipation AND Regulates The Kidneys & Liver

One bottle taken according to directions will give better results than a fifty Sarsaparilla, or any of the so-called Purifiers with which the market teems. At Druggists, price $1.00 per bottle.

$500 REWARD

will be paid for any case of Blood which Dr. Pardee's Remedy, properly administered, fails to relieve.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ARMAGH.—At a special meeting of the Armagh Nationalists, held on June 27th, in the Catholic Reading Rooms, Cathedral street—Rev. P. McGearty, C.C., presided—the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Patrick Hanlon, and seconded by Mr. John McCrudy, and carried unanimously:—"Resolved, that considering the condition of the public accounts, and the danger of incurring serious income tax, we recommend the Nationalists of the city to carefully avoid all responsibility for the accumulating difficulties of the Town Commissioners by taking no part in the forth coming municipal elections."

ANTRIM.—On Tuesday, June 28, the ship Lebanon, 1,020 tons, of London, in command of Captain Nowlan, arrived in Queenstown Harbor, after a protracted voyage from Portland, Oregon, with a cargo of wheat to consignees. Captain Nowlan, who appeared to be in much grief, caused by the recent death of his son, whose body was on board the Lebanon, stated that on the 28 of March last, while his ship was running before a fierce gale of wind and heavy seas, she was suddenly taking on board a seaman named Smith fell from the main topsail yard and was drowned. It was impossible to render the unfortunate man any assistance, as the ship was scudding before the fury of the gale. Smith was a good seaman, and much respected by those on board. He was a native of Belfast.

CARLOW.—The plans of the new Rev. P. M'Donald, P.P., has at a cost of a monument to incorporate the Wolstead Cistercian Abbey of Graiguenamanagh with the parish of Tullow, Co. Carlow, and restore, as far as possible, the old chapel of Graiguenamanagh. The work of this nature will cost a great expense; but the people of Graiguenamanagh are to be congratulated on the faith that is in them by subscribing so a work of this nature. The work of this nature, however, owing to the extent of the work and the labor, a large sum is necessary, contributions are invited from those outside of the parish.—Those wishing to help on the work of Christian charity can communicate with Mr. John Murphy, Globe Hotel, Graiguenamanagh, who is the treasurer, or Mr. Patrick O'Leary, Graiguenamanagh, Secretary.

CORK.—On June 30th, one who was a conspicuous figure at all the conventions of the Nationalists in England, has been removed by death. Mr. James O'Brien, who was in his 70th year, was one who took the pledge in 1842 and remained a much respected Total Abstinence Advocate. Mr. James O'Brien, who was in his 70th year, was one who took the pledge in 1842 and remained a much respected Total Abstinence Advocate. A Catholic Marksman, county Cork, he was a lad of 17 years when the Rebellion broke out. He witnessed the cruelties then perpetrated by the yeomanry and the soldiers in the name of law and order. He had a lively recollection. His remains were interred in Kilmalkedar Cemetery, Limerick.

With deepest grief it is our melancholy duty to record the death, at the advanced age of 80 years, of the Very Rev. Father O'Brien, of Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, parish priest of the Diocese of Cork. After years of hard and arduous labor for such was the summary life of the worthy priest of the Cross was taken to their people in the famine year, the dire, Father O'Brien presumably injured this life on the 26th ult., at the residence of his nephew, in Midleton, Co. Cork, under, though a priest of the Cross. He was long the beginning of the century, of most respectable parents at Ballinla, near Liscarroll.

The death of the parish priest of Saint Patrick's, Cork, the Right Rev. Monsigner Sheehan, which took place on Monday, June 27th, will be heard with great regret by the many friends of the deceased prelate in Cork Mgr. Sheehan labored long and zealously in his native city as a priest whilst he was Dean of Cork, and his social work and his benefactions were numerous. Under his auspices the Christian Brothers built the handsome little church of St. Joseph's, Blackpitt, and he was chosen to succeed Dr. Patrick, in which position he discharged his duties for many years of his life. Mgr. Sheehan had been ailing for several months before his death.

CAVAN—Mother Mary Ignatius Corbett, of the Dove Clares' Convent, Cavan, died on the 13th of June, in the 75th year of her age and 48th of her religious profession. Her character of a century ago followed came to Cavan from Newry and founded the convent in the former place. She labored with such prudence the glory of God and comfort His poor, and was followed by the members of the community and a large circle of friends. Her loss will be felt in Cavan.

CLARE.—At all the chapel gates throughout West Clare, Sunday, June 26th, collections were made after the Masses for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Father Cleary, P.P., Kilmaley, Co. Clare, who died in the prime of life, and in the 25th year of his ordination. Father Cleary, who appeared to be in much grief, caused by the recent death of his son, whose body was on board the Lebanon, stated that on the 28 of March last, while his ship was running before a fierce gale of wind and heavy seas, she was suddenly taking on board a seaman named Smith fell from the main topsail yard and was drowned. It was impossible to render the unfortunate man any assistance, as the ship was scudding before the fury of the gale. Smith was a good seaman, and much respected by those on board. He was a native of Belfast.

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With deepest grief it is our melancholy duty to record the death, at the advanced age of 80 years, of the Very Rev. Father O'Brien, of Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, parish priest of the Diocese of Cork. After years of hard and arduous labor for such was the summary life of the worthy priest of the Cross was taken to their people in the famine year, the dire, Father O'Brien presumably injured this life on the 26th ult., at the residence of his nephew, in Midleton, Co. Cork, under, though a priest of the Cross. He was long the beginning of the century, of most respectable parents at Ballinla, near Liscarroll.

The death of the parish priest of Saint Patrick's, Cork, the Right Rev. Monsigner Sheehan, which took place on Monday, June 27th, will be heard with great regret by the many friends of the deceased prelate in Cork Mgr. Sheehan labored long and zealously in his native city as a priest whilst he was Dean of Cork, and his social work and his benefactions were numerous. Under his auspices the Christian Brothers built the handsome little church of St. Joseph's, Blackpitt, and he was chosen to succeed Dr. Patrick, in which position he discharged his duties for many years of his life. Mgr. Sheehan had been ailing for several months before his death.

CAVAN—Mother Mary Ignatius Corbett, of the Dove Clares' Convent, Cavan, died on the 13th of June, in the 75th year of her age and 48th of her religious profession. Her character of a century ago followed came to Cavan from Newry and founded the convent in the former place. She labored with such prudence the glory of God and comfort His poor, and was followed by the members of the community and a large circle of friends. Her loss will be felt in Cavan.

CLARE.—At all the chapel gates throughout West Clare, Sunday, June 26th, collections were made after the Masses for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Father Cleary, P.P., Kilmaley, Co. Clare, who died in the prime of life, and in the 25th year of his ordination. Father Cleary, who appeared to be in much grief, caused by the recent death of his son, whose body was on board the Lebanon, stated that on the 28 of March last, while his ship was running before a fierce gale of wind and heavy seas, she was suddenly taking on board a seaman named Smith fell from the main topsail yard and was drowned. It was impossible to render the unfortunate man any assistance, as the ship was scudding before the fury of the gale. Smith was a good seaman, and much respected by those on board. He was a native of Belfast.

DOWN.—On Sunday, June 26th, a sad fatality occurred at Camlough, a village about three miles from Newry. A lad named Joseph Wells, aged 16 years, who belonged to Portadown, lost his life by drowning. It appears that Wells, who was a servant in Camlough, went to bathe in a lake adjacent to the village, and nothing further was heard of him until his clothes were found on the bank by a man named William Kearny. The lake was then dragged for the body, which was not discovered until a late hour in the evening. Mr. Joseph Kearney, Coroner, Newry, Esq., summoned a jury, and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

DUBLIN.—In view of the passing of the Coercion Act, the following particulars relative to Resident Magistrates in Ireland, may prove interesting. There are 76 of these "Lords Lieutenant of Justice," every one of whom is removable at the pleasure of the "Castle," Inclusive, good, bad, or indifferent, notwithstanding. Of the total, 55 are from the fighting services—police or military, there are no fewer than a dozen Generals, and there is no conspicuous of the numerous jet nominees of the aristocracy, who is described as "gentlemen" of no future association.

On June 29th, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Milltown, Dublin, Miss E. Kelly, Dublin; Miss J. Dailey, Dublin, and Miss M. Dunigay, Kyle House, Rathdowney, were professed. His Grace the Archbishop presided at the ceremony.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ELEMENTS OF ASSAYING LABORATORY. By Joseph Bayma, S.J., Professor of Mathematics at Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel, publisher, 525 Market street.

We unhesitatingly a valuable work on Analytic Chemistry, which we have carefully perused and find 100 problems are pleasingly clear and concise. The book contains tables of logarithms of numbers from 1 to 12,500, which will make a very valuable reference for students. The author, Rev. J. Bayma, S.J., is a distinguished mathematician with an established reputation both as a practical teacher and as the author of several excellent treatises on Geometry and Trigonometry.

WORKS OF MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY. Uniform Edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., publishers, 1887. Contents: "Tom Quad; Adelli, Beth's Promise, Reason of Carrington, Old House at Glenevan, Elder Sister, Fate of the Dunn, Mary and Wood, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey.

The name of this distinguished Catholic authoress is familiar, no doubt, to many of our readers, who have read her numerous serials from time to time in the American Catholic publications. Mrs. Dorsey's writings may be briefly and correctly summarized as refined, intellectual and thoroughly Catholic in tone. If she is not a powerful writer, she is at least a conscientious one, and a rule of sincerity and pathos runs through her entire works. No better reading could interest Catholics. Within moderate limits it is decidedly excellent, yet there are dramatic climaxes in several of the volumes. All the stories are about the refined and most healthy and dignified tone for the minds of our Catholic youth. Mrs. Dorsey has lessed her latest works in this uniform edition at the suggestions of Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Ryan. Each volume is tastefully bound in cloth and gold, and the typographical appearance is pre-possessing.

GILROY HOT SPRINGS.

List of Late Arrivals.

From San Benito—J. Hayes, Hayes, Dorsman, N. Levy, Mrs. N. Levy, Miss Levy, Miss Gertie Levy, Gertie Hollenbeister, T. Mitchell, Phil. Mathieson, M. Sharp, John Martin, M. Kirk, J. O'Kane.

From Salinas—T. W. Fenwoll, Mrs. Fenwoll, Miss Fenwoll.

From San Felipe—Miss E. Day, Miss L. Day, Miss Pauline Mahoney, Mrs. Mahoney, Miss E. Kenneth, W. Malaby.

From San Jose—Miss E. Clayton, Mr. Fluck, Miss H. Fluck.

From Watsonville—T. W. Hutchinson, Mrs. T. Fred Hutchinson, Miss Hutchinson, Master Fred Hutchinson.

From Gilroy—Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Fenn Railroad—Miss Stanton.

From Cherry Creek—W. A. Dodd.

From Tres Pinos—Miss H. Mapes.

From Tres Pinos—Miss Mapes, Miss Mapes, Miss Mapes,

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

LEO XIII. AND ERIN.

From every Christian land on earth,
A joyous tribute swells
In fonts of deepest filial love,
To where earth's Pontiff dwells;
To holy Rome, Saint Peter's throne,
Loved Leo fills it now,
Christ's Vicar's first blest thars rests
Upon this sacred brow.

Souls in celestial lustre gleam,
What living silver yours!
'Tis the radiance soft and holy
Of his Priesthood's fifty years:
O consecrated Prince of God,
Our Father and our Friend,
To bless thy Golden Jubilee,
Our hearts and voices blend.

And though then are a captive one,
Beneath the Robber's frown,
Yet still again Earth hails thee King,
Thou art Prince within the crown;
God's Priest by half a century,
Christ's Holy Vicar now,
Behold two hundred millions bend,
And for thy Blessing bow.

More than two hundred millions own—
Yea, love to own thy sway!
Did Caesar such dominion have
In their most powerful day?
True-hearted Friend of all mankind,
Defending the oppressed,
Thy holy counsel charms to peace,
In which are nations blest.

And thus thy Benediction rolls
Our weary land across,
And islands of the ocean roar—
All pour their gifts to thee;
As grand O'Connell sent his heart—
His proof of love to Rome,
So hearts of Erin's blood and Faith
Unite around Thy throne.

Though Erin's children exiles are,
For centuries, not years,
Their alms received by every skies,
By every land their tears;
Of margins'st strangers, thy child's truly proved,
Mid persecutions dire,
Their holy Faith but brighter glows,
Tried in oppressor's fire.

Thus Erin, queen of sorrow, kneels
Mid bonders and mid tears,
For thy holy Benediction—
That soothes earth's bitter fears;
And deep it pierces the Irish heart
In exile or at home;
To see the Holy Father dear,
A Prisoner in Rome.

A stranger tyrant's iron scourge,
Makes mourn their own fair land—
But to see Christ's Vicar smote in Rome
By a sacrilegious hand.
Fierce Hun, Attila, savage grand,
Would to Christ Leo be—
But the free-hearted Roman of to-day
Robs not Leo now.

Tis sure that Justice long withheld,
One day the scoffer comes,
Like the destroying angel's awful flight
Ov' Egypt's firstborn sons;
O deadly flight! O dreadful night!
Hear! Egypt's woeful wail,
For death in all its bitterness
Overspreads Nile's fertile vale.

Hear! It again thou robber king,
Despoiler of God's throne—
And ye who plunder Erin's isle,
And make her children groan;
Ye empire-builders—
Is just as swift to day,
As when power—
A delightfull nation lay.

One spake of earth world sink yon down,
One phrase to world being yon pen,
While from your midst, protected, free,
God's faithful ones will go
Through the Red Sea from their tyrants,
Free as God's Priests and people are
Where Pharaoh and his mighty hosts
Perish every one.

MARY J. COLEHAN.

Livermore, July 25th, 1887.

TWO LIVES.

Two babes were born in the self same town,
On the very same bright day;
Two souls were given to two mothers' arms,
Never of the world away;
And both neared pain and hardship
As falling flakes of snow
But one of them lived in the turnpike house,
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self same town,
And the children both were fair;
And one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
The children both grew up alone,
As other children grow;
But one of them lived in the turnpike house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens grew to the self same town,
And one was wedded and loved;
The other died—for the curtain's part,
The world wins her sister moved.
And one was smiling, whose the hope
The other knew care and woe;
For one of them lived in the turnpike house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self same town,
And one had tender care;
The other was left to die alone,
Or her pallet on this and bare.
One had many to weep for her,
For the other few tears would flow;
For one had friends in the turnpike house,
And one in the street below.

If the Lord, who died for rich and poor,
Is wondrous, holy love,
Took both the sisters to his arms,
Then all the difference where?
Then all the difference where, indeed,
Yes, in Heaven, some would know
Which of them lived in the turnpike house,
And which in the street below.

THE PRAYER FOR IRELAND.

Oh! God, enthroned above in Power!
A suppliant entreat from
Is this, for people's trying hour,
Yes—hear her mighty pray'r.
That Ireland may be saved, we cry!
That Ireland may be saved,
With them we pray to Thee on high
That Ireland may be saved!

With Thy (unshelent) Eye Thou seest
Her bitter wrongs and woes;
Her ruthless oppressors we've been
For many long years—
Bow to Ireland's cause, we cry,
Thy outstretched arm! Thy thorne on high
Our mariyrs pray'r receive on high,
That Ireland may be free!

Yet, not from vengeance we implore;
A nation's right is all
We ask Thee, O of, to be restore;
For this we treating, call
That Ireland may be saved, we cry;
That Ireland may be free!
Our martyrs pray'r receive on high
That Ireland may be free!

Throughout our Ireland's sunlain black
Still—cannot have no foes;
On plain, in glades, hills and rock,
We're still clung to the Cross,
That Ireland may be saved, we cry!
That Ireland may be free!
Our martyrs' pray'r receive on high,
That Ireland may be free!

Chronic Coughs and Colds
And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as is contained in the testimonial of Prof. Lowe (M) and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. "I consider Scott's Emulsion a remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles." W. R. S. Conrad, M D, Manchester, O.

Literary Miscellany.

The Doctor's Story.

A Thrilling Tale in Three Parts.

THIRD PART

Absently I shaped my course for the scene of my previous evening's adventure, and at most before I knew it found myself upon its threshold. It was well on toward dark. The street was entirely deserted save for one solitary figure, which I passed, and all the outward indications of being without occupants; but as I looked up at the top windows I fancied I saw a sudden flash of light. In doubt as to the reliability of my eyesight, I continued to gaze upward. Again there was the flash as of a candle passed behind a Venetian blind. No longer hideous of the fact I speedily left the spot in search of Mr. Holland, pleased to be able to strengthen my position even thus trivially.

The collective pursed up his lips in a peculiar way when I breathlessly told him of the light; then putting on his great coat we left the office in company, repairing with as much celerity as we could to H——street. The distance between the police chambers and H——street was no inconsiderable one but Holland and I were not long in covering it, which we did in silence.

We took up our posts immediately opposite the tenement, where we waited in the chill winter air for two whole hours unseen from the other side; but, to my extreme disgust, nothing was visible. The light did not again appear.

"Doctor, look here," said Holland finally, as we turned away, "I cannot for the life of me see how any person could live in that house after the examination we made to-day. But, to satisfy you and put the matter at rest, although I myself think it will be fruitless, if you agree we will come back here to-morrow, get inside the house, and remain quietly in it till night. What do you say?"

"Very well," I agreed, glad to have an opportunity of settling the affair, and they only put out at the soon access of a second visit to the locality; "that ought to decide in one way or other."

"You know, continued Holland, taking pity on my gloomy demeanor, and contradicting his previous opinion in doing so, "it is just possible some one may go in at night, when, of course, we shall ask him. Is there any person's fear, Doctor?"

"The following afternoon, at o'clock, so arranged, I met Holland, and together we paid another visit to H——street. We quickly entered the house with little noise as possible, and took up our quarters in a room on the first floor. Our wait was a protracted and tiresome one, cooped up in a damp, close atmosphere. The time passed with leaden pace. Daylight was replaced by gloaming, and then night fell. Seven o'clock had struck, and the darkness of night was quickly setting in, though to us it seemed nearly enough in coming. Eight o'clock sounded from the neighboring church spires, and still no one had come to the house. Holland and I sat in the room, we stood in silence in the dark room; but I knew he was rapidly losing patience, as I had done long before.

"Hist! Something creaked above us. Neither of us spoke. We held our breath for what was to follow. The creaking noise was repeated, accompanied by a dull hammering that either drowned or startled the deserted chambers. I felt the sweat gather in every pore as my eyes strained upon the door, as if they would burst from their sockets. Holland stood by my side, his right hand raised to my ear, his whole frame on the stretch, his fingers, with the pistols and friends of the students. When the tree-tops of the College Green were shaking with a very quiet one, I fancied. But I thought you were positive of the house, doctor," he added, drily. "Well, so I was, till I saw Mr. Holland, I been tenanted, and view then the dog strangled by former fellow."

"By the way, we have never seen that dog, Holland. It must have belonged to the last occupant of this house.

"I think that must be the explanation, although it must have been in the other room, for I saw it.

"Well, well. We've explained everything as we go along, said Holland grimly and turning to the policeman who had entered the room at our heels, "You go down to the hall door, and get in if you can. I expect you won't manage it."

The policeman disappeared, obedient to the order of his superior, and we crept through the building to the hall door.

The garret apartment we occupied a little again in this fashion, had to all appearances been used for the storage of lumber. The rattling noise Holland had heard was distinctly audible in the stillness of the night, where we stood. Holland's assertion seem came back to report, as we expected with leaden step

THE MONITOR.

PACIFIC ERA OF FUNDITION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—It is ten years since James Lick, the millionaire of this city, died, leaving the bulk of his large fortune for charitable and scientific purposes, yet the most practical of his bequests—the training school in the trades for young lads—has never been begun. In their first ten years of management the Lick trustees spent $150,000 for legal fees.

—Readers of the MONITOR will be no doubt much gratified to learn that a New York publisher is about to issue a Corpus Schoolchildrorum. We hope, however, that none of our readers will try to pronounce this word at first sight, as it may result in serious dislocation of the vocal organs!

—Mr. Parnell's habit of extreme cautiousness makes all the more forcible the words of encouragement which he uttered at the National Leagues Dublin Convention last month. He went so far as to predict that before many months the Liberal policy of Gladstone would prevail in Parliament, and that Gladstone would be recognized as the only great man in British politics. That is a prediction of victory in a far sooner date than Mr. Parnell has heretofore made.

—A Rome correspondent of the MONITOR sends us the welcome intelligence that Rev. Gregory Antonucci, who for several years had charge of the Chinese mission in this city, has been nominated Vicar-Apostolic of the Province of Canton, in China. Bishop Antonucci will be consecrated in Rome at the hands of the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda.

—Readers of the Washington City *Church News* must have been astonished to find a poem in its pages recently under the title of "The Alameda," which must have sounded strangely to ears unaccustomed to such a Spanish phrase. The poem in question was written for the MONITOR by Miss Cooldige, and stolen from us without credit. This style of appropriating poetry is neither churchly nor Catholic.

—A meeting of the parish priests of the diocese of Raphoe was held at Letterkenny recently in order to nominate a successor to the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, recently elevated to the Primacy of Armagh. The Most Rev. Dr. Logue presided. The result of the voting was Very Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Rector Dunboyne Establishment, Dignissima, 14; Very Rev. Hugh McFadden, P. P., V. G., Donegal, Dignior, 4; Rev. Charles McGlynn, P. P., Dungloe, Dignus, 2.

—We are in receipt of last week's issue of the *American*, a kind of a tail to Pilsby's Knownothing "American" party kite. A double page engraving in the current issue contains a view of the residence of the relations of Pilsby, Horack, Wiggington and other sore-pellers in this quasi-secret society, just as they landed on American soil a few years ago. They are, indeed, a very looking lot, and the *American* has hurt its party's prospects by printing such a picture of Pikeymanus in its page!

—We publish on an inside page this week, a very interesting account of the Confraternity of the Cord of St. Thomas, in which every Catholic who desires to preserve the grace of virtue should join. Any Dominican Father in the city, Benicia, Vallejo or elsewhere will receive members or impart any information desired. The aim from which people are saved by means of this Confraternity are those which destroy the faith sooner in the souls of otherwise pure and good Catholics.

—In the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, in announcing the return of Peter Dignan, 118 A, of St. Patrick's Church, Home, says: "The corner-stone will be laid on December 29, the feast of the Pope's Jubilee, when the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and the Most Rev. Dr P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, the two greatest Prelates and the most renowned Irishmen in the United States, will be present. One feels like uttering the prayer of the Roman Balladist, in the "Lays of Ancient Rome" "Heaven send Romes fortune! Ay, and send you there to see."

—When "the hat was passed around among the ladies of the British possessions in Burmah, in order to receive their rupees as a jubilee offering to England's Royal Majesty recently, the Burmanese ladies were naturally disgusted at the idea of such a gaudy begging onfit from them as her subjects. "Why should their sovereign want money," they inquired, "especially so soon after the annexation of Burmah?" "Has she no rice?" and "can it be that she has no bedcloth?" were frequent queries. For, as all Burmese ladies smoke several cheroots daily, they become deeply sympathetic at the idea that their Queen should be without the solace of tobacco and her State cares, lest they never once imagined that no woman on England loves the British "sovereign" better than Victoria loves the so-called coin of her realm.

The penny wisdom party organs of the one called "American" political anti-Catholic organization, are endeavoring to continue their dupes that their platform is not proscriptive against Catholics. That will do to fall for the marines, but when such a typ of true blue bigots as Pixley, Wiggington and Horack stand sponsors for such a combination, the word "anti-Catholic" is branded on the party with the red-hot branding iron of the "Boss" of the bottom pit! We hope no Catholic citizen will become a "Pig" in the Knownothing sty constructed by the three notorious "spiders" who weave just such webs every time there is a presidential election coming, so as to put money in their own purses through the foolishness of men who are led to follow them in their un-American secrecy against law, and adopted faith the citizens of the land. Let these whose three political lapses are unworthy be—

Black Stains on Our National Character.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25th, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:—

Dear Sir: I have read with pleasure and, I think, with profit, the articles upon your paper on the French Revolution, and I take the liberty to address these few lines to you, not to criticize the articles, but merely to make a few remarks regarding the thoughts which presented themselves to my mind while reading the valuable history of the French revolution.

I have often asked myself: Are we not in some measure responsible for the calamities to the one in which the French people were shortly before the revolution? Is it not your duty and mine, as Catholics, to counteract the warfare people to make a living for themselves or to raise a family? Is it not our part of the approach of a revolution, as terrible and bloody perhaps as the one which your writer describes so graphically? Do not our poor get poorer and our rich get richer every day? Is not discontentedness and a spirit of rebellion growing right along in Christ and mightily in Ireland? Are we not in some measure responsible for the stains which have been accumulating about our national escutcheon? Are we not in some measure responsible for the wrongs which have been committed by our fellow citizens against the Church by the reformers in the sixteenth century still continues, and tends to this end, that by the denial of all revelation and the suppression of the supernatural order, the reason of man may run riot in its own conceits. This error, which unjustly deprives its name from reason, forters the pride of man, lessens the rights of all his passions, and thus it has deceived many minds which are now in their dotage on civil society. Hence it comes, that, by a new sort of impiety, unknown to the pagans states constitute themselves independently of God, or of the order which He has established. Public authority is declared to derive neither its principle nor its power from God, but from the multitude, which, believing itself free from all bindings, rises to such a pitch of rashness as to carrying the doctrine. Supernatural truth being rejected as a contrary to reason, the Creator and Redeemer of the human race is ignored, and subjected from the moment of the lyceums and schools, as also from the public exercise of human life. The rewards and punishments of a future and eternal life are forgotten in the pursuit of present pleasure. With these doctrines which spread, and this extreme license of thought and action, it is calculated that the sphere of a just enjoyment that men of the lowest order, weary of the poverty of their lot, and of their hard workshops, should yearn to raise upon the buildings and possessions of the rich, that there remains neither peace nor tranquility in private or public life, and that society is brought to the brink of destruction.

Jubilee Offerings of Peter's Pence.

It is authoritatively announced to several of the leading Catholic papers of Europe that the number of pressing that have already arrived in Rome, and that are either pressed or on their way, for the Holy Father, is so great that they are beginning to embarrassment. The desire has therefore been expressed that England—and the United States also—should signalize their interest in the Pope's Jubilee rather by diminishing Peter's Pence than by sending a fresh instalment of presents of works of art or of industry. The great *centesimo fatto* piece of which the Vatican Library forms the nucleus, is now in course of preparation for the Exhibition. But it is foreseen that large sums, it will be much too small to represent the number of Religious Spain and France are not only sending presents to represent the diocese, but every parish—sometimes even a parish in a diocese—desires to send its offering to the Pope—the time has passed to be represented singly as well as collectively. Religious Congregations, too, are sending each their own present, but every community is hesitating to have a present from its congregation, is preparing to send its own separate present. At least this is happening in many instances. Germany has determined forty square yards of space for its present of books. A single French publication alone is sending a wagon load of works of literature and religion, and so of the rest.

Whilst all such presents are appreciated, they can in no way be utilized for the progress of religion, the spread of the Church or the encouragement of Christian education—three objects always dear to the Sovereign Pontiff's heart, and which the Vicar of Christ can best promote through Peter's Pence. The Pope, among other things, desires to complete and enlarge the great Industrial School in Rome for Lost boys, and to leave an endowment for the maintenance of the Catholic parochial schools of Rome, which he now supports out of his own current income. Religious Orders who have been expelled by the Italian Government, foreign missionaries, and congregations in every portion of the Kingdom of Christ, look to the Chief Pastor for assistance, and, too, too few are the offerings of the faithful that go to the shrine of Peter's Peace.

—Even at this late day it is highly gratifying to see Catholics to notice the "change of heart" which is coming over our Methodist brethren on the question of public school education. They are beginning to discover that the true school is the one which teaches Catholicity to death in America, has a sufficating effect on sectarianism also, hence they are "hedging" over towards the Church in her plea for denominational schools. Among the editorial notes in the local Methodist organ of last week we have, with pleasure that "Denominational Schools Their Importance and Improvement" was the subject of the essay of Rev. J. P. Mahaffy of Santa Clara, read on the previous Monday morning. Brother McCrary says that the essay "was liberal and put in words our high schools and State colleges, yet contended for *distinctly Christian schools*. It was a strong plea for better provisions for our church schools." We congratulate our Methodist brethren on the fact that they have thus emerged from the slough of sectarian prejudice in which they so long wallowed merely to gratify their opposition to a measure for the benefit of Christ's kingdom, it was imagined by the Catholic Church.

A Protestant clergyman of Lowville, Ry., Rev. S. S. Steel, pastor of Walnut street M. E. Church in that city, and the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, congregation The Pope was right in condemning Dr McGlynn's infringement of Henry George's doctrine of property, so long as every jubilee year is conducive to or enrichment is sold to the highest bidder, so long as a venal press pours its daily deluge of filth, falsehood and foolishness before every community, and the people speech their thirst for knowledge at such reeking fountains.

Religion—a return to God—may save the Republic, but without this we may expect things to go on from bad to worse in this country until some supernatural Power will lift the American up to that exalted standard of morality which guided in the days when to be an American citizen meant a man of pure morals and unprofaneable patriotism.

Protestantism by means of its baneful influence in the world at large is also responsible for much of the disloyalty and disorder which is causing the people to throw off the Sovereign Pontiff at present glorious religious and in an Encyclical issued during the first year of the Pontificate, also alluding to the dangers that threaten society.

These attempts of pernicious men, who circulate to undermine civil life, and fill all thinking minds with alarm, had their origin in the poisoned doctrines broached long ago, like seeds of corruption, which are now producing their destructive fruit. You are aware, venerable brethren, that the warfare raised against the Church by the reformers in the sixteenth century still continues, and tends to this end, that by the denial of all revelation and the suppression of the supernatural order, the reason of man may run riot in its own conceits. This error, which unjustly deprives its name from reason, fosters the pride of man, lessens the rights of all his passions, and thus it has deceived many minds which are now in their dotage on civil society. Hence it comes, that, by a new sort of impiety, unknown to the pagans states constitute themselves independently of God, or of the order which He has established. Public authority is declared to derive neither its principle nor its power from God, but from the multitude, which, believing itself free from all bindings, rises to such a pitch of rashness as to carrying the doctrine. Supernatural truth being rejected as a contrary to reason, the Creator and Redeemer of the human race is ignored, and subjected from the moment of the lyceums and schools, as also from the public exercise of human life. The rewards and punishments of a future and eternal life are forgotten in the pursuit of present pleasure. With these doctrines which spread, and this extreme license of thought and action, it is calculated that the sphere of a just enjoyment that men of the lowest order, weary of the poverty of their lot, and of their hard workshops, should yearn to raise upon the buildings and possessions of the rich, that there remains neither peace nor tranquility in private or public life, and that society is brought to the brink of destruction.

More Misery in Store for Ireland.

Letters from Ireland convey the sad intelligence that Connaught is not the only and the Irish people will have to contend against during the present year. It is predicted that the famine of last year will be felt in the land in consequence of the almost entire failure of the crops.

The prevailing summer has been the driest season ever known in Ireland, and the result is that only in a few place did the crops ripen. The potato crop in Ireland was extremely backward and cold, as a consequence the planting and seed sowing were greatly done. Towards the end of April came a change. Summer set in extremely as well as prematurely, and, wanting the necessary rain, the crops were forced into unnatural growth. The heat during the entire month of June was well nigh tropical, the thermometer frequently recording 90° in the shade, and 120° in the full blaze of the sun. Such a high temperature has very rarely been recorded in either England or Ireland. Still no rain came, and the very dose ceased to fall. As a natural result, the earth was baked as if in an oven, and the growth of grass, green crops and cereals at this early period was completely arrested. What is the only crop that could possibly stand such dry and scorching weather, but wheat is no longer sown in Ireland. The oat and barley crops are described as presenting a completely blighted appearance, the straw being so miserably short, and the ears so lean and shrivelled. The potato crop, with the exception of what is planted in nearly or deep soils, is not expected to produce more than half an average yield, while the green crops, after being sown, have been pronounced utterly worthless. Naturally the poor will be the greatest sufferer, and it is scarcely possible that more than one-third of the average crop will be gathered.

The reliable scares from which we derive our information—says the writer—states that the well-informed on the country have become dazed at the rapidity with which the prospects of the rich have ceased to be, and that the rich have ceased to be, and that the conspicuous large numbers of cattle have perished, and are perishing, from sheer exhaustion. The unusually dry weather has rendered the pasture so short and scanty, and the heat so intense, that the cattle have perished in the fields

Our Young Folks.

All short, original contributions of merit will be accepted for this department.

The proper address and address of contributors should accompany their MS.

Communications should be written on one side of the sheet only, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

The Princess' Veil.

Once upon a time, in the year of 1103, Duke Ludopold and his aide Agnas, who was the daughter of Henry II., who was the emperor of Germany, were standing on the bulwarks of their castle overlooking the Danube, talking of their wish to build a home for the twelve good priests, who were going around in their dolcelike dressing all they could in their kind, Christ-like way. But where to build the church then was the question. The duke seemed to think Vienna was a good place, but his wife said: "Nay, the hill to the north with woodlands above the river, would make a more peaceful home."

As they were arguing thus, the wind arose, and lifting the veil of the princess, a light cross thing, carried it off toward the northern hills.

"We will hold the home where the veil rests," said the duke.

Couriers were sent out; they searched the woods night and day, but the veil could not be found.

Three years had passed, and one day the duke, who had forgotten about the abbey-home he had intended to build, was hunting in the woods beyond the Kahlenburg, the mountain of the Leopoldberg, where his castle stood. He stopped to rest under the shade of a lime tree, and looking up he saw something white all spangled with gold. He drew it down with the hilt of his sword and behold, it was his wife's lost veil!

Instantly he gave orders for the ground to be cleared, and the foundations of the abbey to be laid. There it stands to this day. The home began for twelve poor priests is now the world renowned Klosterneuburg, the richest monastery in Austria. In its old treasure room is the old linen, upon which the veil rested, and in a crimson velvet lined golden casket lies the veil itself, tarnished with golden knots twinkling through its fold.

Facts in Natural History.

Frogs, toads and serpents never take any food but that which they are satisfied is alive.

When a bee, wasp, or hornet stings it is nearly always at the expense of its life.

Serpents are octenarians that they will live six months or longer, without food.

Turtles dig holes on the seashore and bury their eggs, serving them to be hatched by the sun.

Lobsters are very pugnacious, and fight severe battles. If they lose a claw, another grows out.

A sea-goldfish produces more than a million of eggs in a season.

A whale suckles its young and is therefore not a fish. The mother's affection is remarkable.

Toads become torpid in winter and hide themselves, taking no food for five or six months.

Serpents of all species shed their skins annually, like snakes and lizards.

It is believed that crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalm them.

The head of a rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

If the eye of the newt (a pot out another one is restored by rapid growth.

Fishes have no eyelids, and necessarily sleep with their eyes open.

Alligators fall in a lethargic sleep, during the winter, like toads.

The power of serpents to charm birds and small quadrupeds is a well authenticated fact.

There are agricultural ants in Texas that actually plant grain, and reap and store the harvest.

Children' Games.

Probably our boys and girls have no idea of the great age of many of the games and pastimes they take pleasure in. Why, in the time of Alexander the Great, Roman and Pompeian children blew their whistles and walked on stilts just as you boys do today; they spun their tops, whipping them in the classic streets of ancient Rome, and the stately Roman matrons scanned their babies with restless, as your mothers do. A little girl once said she felt so sorry for Cain. "He must have been so lonely, you know, with nothing but his tops to play with." Hit she was comforted when a friend told her that Adam, no doubt, made a whistle for his little boy; that he had lots of nets, and very probably while on Mamma Eve's lap whose the seed-pod of some plant for a rattle. The Bible says "The children played games in the streets." Who knows but what they played some of the very games you are familiar with? The game of croquet was many years ago the famous ball mall, in which kings and princes were glad to take part. Mallets and balls were used in the game, but the object was not to drive the balls through arches on the ground, as now are. The pall mall balls were sent flying up in the air by a stroke of the mallet, and their "wicket" was a ring suspended from a lofty pole. It required skillful strokes to send the balls through the rings, often swinging as high as the tree-tops, and to be known as "a good hand at pall mall" was quite a distinction.

Dr. PARDEE'S REMEDY is The Greatest Blood Cleanser. Cures Spring Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Constipation AND Regulates The Kidneys & Liver.

One bottle taken according to directions will give better results than a gallon of Sarsaparilla, or any of the so-called Blood Purifiers with which the market is glutted. At Druggists, price $1.00 per bottle.

$500 REWARD

will be paid for any case of Rheumatism which Dr. Pardee's Remedy, properly administered, fails to relieve.

Family Fun.

A Singular Circumstance.

"The most singular case of deafness I ever had anything to do with," said the family physician, in that of a woman up on Fremont Place. She has such a frightful noise in her head that she can't hear a thing except when she sets in a hardie, when the rattle of the vehicle seems to drown the noise in her head, and she can then hear as well as ever. She observed this peculiarity of her affliction and when she woke up one night but being home a watchman's rattle and a pair of cymbals. She didn't say anything until her husband came home and set down to dinner. He thought it was the blessing, and also, wishing to make remarks, he got to bang away on the cymbals. He stopped right in the middle of his blessing, and asked her scrutinizingly if she was crazy, to which she responded by whooping it a little louder, whereupon he rushed over to my house and said his wife was raving insane. I went back with him to try and tie up matters, but just as soon as I opened my mouth, she let fly with the watchman's rattle. The outcome of it is that my friend gets all his meals down to the town and spends his evenings at the City Club, while his wife, armed with her crockery, goes calling on her neighbors, and fools the children into believing that the circus has come again.

A Consequential Coon.

I like the fellow who is always asking or saying to himself, "Don't you know who I am?" It is human nature to be ashamed of being mistaken for anything but a gentleman. The occupation does not depress a man of that sort of being of some importance to the world. At the same time, it is a man who always remains so quickly as being asked, "Don't you know who I am?" Nobody in creation can keep the answer internally, if he can keep it to himself, of "Don't, and I don't care a ——."

There was once a very imperious State official in California who thought that everybody knew him or ought to know him. He was one day walking through a field, and made for him with his head down and turns in a position to raise him. He was a State official, a man of dignity and political power and natural pomposity, but he ran. He ran even better than he did his office, and he got to the fence first. He clambered over out of breath and dignity, and found the owner of the bull calmly contemplating the operations.

"What do you mean, sir," asked the track official. "What do you mean by having an infuriated animal like that roaming over the fields?"

"Well, I guess the bull has some right in the field."

"Right! Right! Do you know who I am?"

The farmer shook his head.

"I, sir, am General ——."

"Why in thunder didn't you tell the bull?"

"And What of That?"

James T. Fields was a noted teller of stories. In the "author's parlor" at the store of Tickner & Fields he was sure of his audience, and almost invariably made that any clever thing would be sure of wide and speedy circulation. It may be therefore, that the following story has appeared in print, but, if it has, it is good enough to be told over again. A young Englishman, Mr. Fields used to say, who had imbibed Anglomania while in London, reached Boston on the night of the 3rd of July. His sleep was disturbed by the sounds of a row in the night before the Fourth, and he came down to the family breakfast table in a state of very English irritation.

"Mawshah," he asked, "what is the prepaiwation of pyrotechnics in the night, this most demoaiy inharmonious sounding of bwass and that sort of thing? Blahmed blahs jingled so that I couldn't sleep at all, don't chwe know."

"Why, John, it's the Fourth of July."

"The——a——Fourth of July! Yaas. I'm aware that its the fourth day of the current month, mawshah, but——what of this?"

Scene at the Sessions.

Recorder (to prisoner)—"How do you live?"

Prisoner—"I do, particular, as the oyster said when they asked whether he'd be roasted or fried."

Recorder—"We don't want to hear what the oyster said. What do you follow?"

Prisoner—"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when it ran over a man."

Recorder—"We care nothing about the locomotive. When is your business?"

Prisoner—"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken."

Recorder—"That comes nearer to the line, I suppose?"

Prisoner—"Also gether in my line, as the rolling stone when chasing the moss."

Recorder—"If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give you twelve months."

Prisoner—"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

Digging a Well.

An Irishman took the contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty five feet down he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around, and saw that no one was near, he took off his hat and coat, hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes, and awaited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and, seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of hard digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the anger citizens had reached the bottom, and were considering where the body was, Pat came out of the bushes, and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of so sorry a job. Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.

Kissed Is All Around.

Some little time ago a young lady, who had been teaching a class of half grown girls in the Norway school of Dr. Ha church, Brooklyn, was called away from the city, rendering it necessary to fill her place.

The superintendent, after looking over his available material for teachers, decided to request one of the young gentlemen of the congregation to take the class.

It so happened that the young man upon whom fell the superintendent's choice, was exceedingly bashful—so much so, in fact, that he insisted upon the superintendent going and presenting him to the class. Accordingly the two gentlemen appeared on the platform, and the superintendent began: "Young ladies, I shall introduce to you Mr. C., who will in future be your teacher. I would like to have you tell him what your former teacher did, so that he can go right on in the same way."

Immediately a demure voice of fourteen years arose and said: "The first thing our teacher always did was to kiss us all around.

The low price from sewer-gas, salt rheum or other humors. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. 100 doses one dollar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cholera Morbus
Cramps
Colic
Diarrhoea
Summer Complaints
Dysentery

All Cured by a teaspoon full of Perry Davis's Pain Killer in a little Milk or Sugar and Water. All Druggists Sell it.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS YOU CAN INVEST IN THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT BOND. ISSUE OF 1870.

Three Bonds are entitled to four, the total of which is paid without further deposit, if the bond is not drawn, and entitled to

Three Drawings Annually.

Each such and every bond is redeemed with larger or equally premium. Next drawing after the close of the following month, as follows:

Premiums.	Florins.	Premiums.	Florins.
1	100,000	1	100,000
1	50,000	1	50,000
1	40,000	1	40,000
1	30,000	1	30,000
1	20,000	1	20,000
1	10,000	1	10,000
1	5,000	1	5,000
1	4,000	1	4,000
1	3,000	1	3,000
1	2,000	1	2,000
1	1,000	1	1,000
1	500	1	500
1	400	1	400
1	300	1	300
1	200	1	200
1	100	1	100
1	50	1	50
1	40	1	40
1	30	1	30
1	20	1	20
1	10	1	10
1	5	1	5
1	4	1	4
1	3	1	3
1	2	1	2
1	1	1	1

Equivalent, 1,000 premiums, amounting to 11,000,000 Francs. The next redemption takes place on

FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST,

and every bond bought of us TAKES PART IN THE DRAWING, and we will send to each purchaser of one bond, a certificate of the Government, in which the Government guarantees the payment of the Premium Bonds, and the Government Bonds, and the Government Bonds, and the Government

SYMPATHY FOR ERIN.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

tude the dawn of better and brighter days for their beloved country (applause).

HEAR HEAR AND WELL WELLS.

Mrs. Mills said—Whilst this message has been in course of signature, we have sometimes been asked, with a doubting smile—"What is the use of all this waste of time and effort? It will do no good." And even from others, who, whilst they sympathise with our cause, seem to have the power of grasping only the material side of things, has come the question, "What is the good of it? If you want to show sympathy then money and clothing, for instance, Well, we have done the one, and, if needful, treat we shall not leave the other unless that honor and conviction is that not clearly but justice at this moment Ireland's deepest need. To this questioning I should like to reply in the words of a letter lately received from Frederick Douglass, an escaped slave, who forty years ago found not only to England but to Ireland, and especially in Dublin, great sympathy and help, and is now waiting for old friends in Europe. He writes—"I have just read your message of sympathy to Ireland, and am deeply moved by it. It carries me back to those dark days in my life when every honest word of sympathy with me and my oppressed brethren was worth more than silver and gold. Such words saved me from despair, were a consolation in sorrow, and a harbinger of hope for the future. Your words will be a balm to a very bruised Irish heart." Could you, madame, have read a-thing of the hundreds of earnest heartfelt letters we have received on this subject, you would know that this has been a spontaneous labor of love for which all concerned will feel richly repaid, and if in ever so small a degree our message of sympathy should also prove to be a "consolation in sorrow, a harbinger of hope for the future," a brighter one for the thousands of hopeless Irish hearts, the thousands of homes in poverty, to present to you, the Lady Mayoress of Dublin, and through you, to our Irish sisters, this address (applause.)

THE ADDRESS.

Mrs. Mills then read the address as follows:

"TO OUR IRISH SISTERS.

Home is so remedy.

Home is so sacred and sweet.

—We, the undersigned women of England, Scotland, and Wales send loving and sympathetic greeting to our suffering sisters in Ireland, and declare that we strongly condemn this Coercion Bill, and will use all the influence we may have to urge the speedy and measure of Home Rule as will satisfy the just demands of the Irish people as made through their representatives in Parliament. Meanwhile, we attest them for their own sake to embrace as patiently as they can the woes of eviction and other sufferings now bearing so hardly upon every class, but which will, we are convinced, be soon put an end to by the voice of the indignant and justice-loving masses of Britain.

Miss Colsden, daughter of Mr. Richard Cobden, said it was with the deepest sense of gratitude that she formed one of the deputation who brought this message of sympathy to their suffering sisters in Ireland. This was only one of the many marks of sympathy which they felt for the Irish women in their sufferings in consequence of political mismanagement. This painful accounts of the evictions occurring in the different parts of Ireland had brought home with the deepest abhorrence for the oppression which it showed to have been perpetrated. That the present system of government could not last was plain to any reader of English history, and would soon be replaced by the universal desire of the country by the people themselves (hear, hear).

Mrs. Schwann, who was much affected, said—Madam, whilst it is a source of satisfaction to us to have been allowed to express you our sympathy with your fellow-countrywomen in this time of national crisis at the same time we cannot help feeling that shame and sorrow that this expression is necessary—that there has not always been in the past that natural sympathy between our whole you might have claimed as a sacred right from sister to sister—that where your countrymen have taken a large share in building up the greatness of our common country—we have as proud a right to the names of Swift, Grattan, Goldsmith, Burke and Sheridan as very forgetful of our duties. We have proofs of your generous willingness to forget the past and to clasp the hand of friendship, though, unfortunately, too hastily offered. We hope much from that generosity which is a noble instinct of your people; and that as our countrymen and country remain here more fully all that you have suffered, are now called upon to suffer, that we may be forgiven, if we do not realize as they have never done before, the sacred obligation that we believe now rests upon us to fulfill your national demand (applause).

THE LADY MAYORESS, IN REPLY, SAID—

Mrs. Mills and ladies—Speaking the sentiments of millions of patriotic Irishwomen, I bid you a hearty welcome to Ireland, and tender you thanks for the beautiful message of sisterly love and sympathy of which you are the bearers. I think each and everyone of the kind-hearted women who have signed this noble address, or have received my appeal, and I am confident that the grateful feeling which I now endeavor to express will be shared by my countrywomen, not only throughout the extent of this island, but throughout the world wherever there is one spark of the divine. Amongst the names appended to this address are several which are known and honored throughout these kingdoms in connection with works of benevolence and humanity; and it is with delight I read on the head of the list that of the wife of the great statesman, the friend of Ireland and England, William Ewart Gladstone. Madam, I am happy to see represented the names of Cobden and Bright. So far as I know, nothing like the presentation of this message ever before occurred in the long history of the connection between Ireland and England; and I regard the incident as one of the many signs that we are even now at the commencement of happier relations between the two countries.

As you have new courage to-day, which in a few days will be passed into law, there can be no doubt that, if worked as originally intended by it authors, it will inflict injustice and unfeeling torture upon thousands of innocent men; and when the men are struck down women and children suffer with them, but we have good hopes that the promoters of this cruel measure will be deterred from carrying it, they would wish by the recent indications that the heart and conscience of England are revolting against the hateful policy. I feel confident that the women of Ireland will act in the spirit of the wise and kindly counsel given them in this most welcome address. They will believe with you that this vile Coercion Act will not long be allowed to stain the pages of the statute-book of England, and that instead of it we shall have a measure of Home Rule which will allow the Irish people to manage the local affairs of their own country. When that right shall have been conceded peace and prosperity will take the place of angry strife, and both England and Ireland will be stronger and happier than ever they were before. I believe that all who fully to think about that better state of things take part in a lady work, and I feel hope that I share in it, Julius, will have a place in history, and will never be forgotten by the Irish people (applause).

—Negotiations will be opened in No. vember between the Vatican and Portugal, with a view to the establishment of a Catholic hierarchy on the Congo.

Correspondence.

We appreciate which correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church or the spread of its divine work.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday noon, so as to insure insertion.

A ZEALOUS PRIEST REWARDED.

Father Blake's Departure from Utah. The Faculty of All Hallows College Present Him with a Sensitive Purse.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, July 27, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Father Blake, who came to Utah in 1884, left for San Francisco on Tuesday last. On his departure, he is followed by the empties by presents a great deal more of honor, and proceeding him with a beautiful gold watch. During the three years that he had been in Utah he worked faithfully and zealously, and in all his undertakings success crowned his labors. After his arrival in Utah he was appointed Pastor of Park City. He was only two months in that place when the little church was burned. Encouraged by the good Catholics of the place, he immediately began to rebuild, and in less than six months succeeded not only in rebuilding the church, but in leaving it free from debt, and also in erecting a school of the same material and dimensions. He succeeded also in build a parochial residence. He remained and in less than two years had church, school, and residence free from incumbrance. His work thus being completed, instead of seeking that rest to which he was so justly entitled, he yielded to the suggestion of Bishop Scanlan, and came to Salt Lake to take charge of All Hallows College. There he worked during the past year unceasingly. His management was great and his success great, especially when the many disadvantages he had to contend with are taken into consideration. He was never idle, and his disciples were placed under his charge, and through assiduity by a corps of able lecturers and practical teachers, the great work of moulding the character of the pupils, and of laying the foundation of a college, developed on himself. In this he succeeded as well, that public, and others accustomed to college life, when visiting the institution were surprised at how unspoiled, or rather (as I said to the good order, and deportment of good Father himself would just be right with pride.

The faculty of the college, entertaining for their veteran and devoted fellow-worker the regards, arranged with Father Chatenhay, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, to have a purse in his honor a beautiful, and present him with a beautiful gold watch. After Mass, which was presided over by Bishop Scanlan, the following address was read by one of the pupils:

Dear Father Blake—Your departure from All Hallows College we receive with sorrow, but we sadly filled. The resolutions one of your pupils, and the kind consideration during the year of the College's existence, together with the great success which attended your efforts in teaching and guiding our members by the faculty of the College. To testimonial Professors alike are you, to first President, or dean, I present The former, on the art of their departure for vacation, gave expression to their gratitude, and toward you, by the presentation of a gold hunter and the latter feel that any presentation they could make as any expression of their appreciation of your zeal and devotion to duty, and could not measure the depth of their feelings and sentiments. We, as students, feel that we owe you all we can do to make the College shall be a place for you, in the future, as it has been in the past. Where the duties of your office will allow you to visit well with us to another year to place where the students will be happy to see you, will receive its reward. We ask you present, for the time being and as occasion may permit during the past year under your administration. We shall not forget the kindness of the members of All Hallows College, your name shall always be a cherished one in our memory, and we shall ever cherish your memory ever revered. For you dear Father, we have a sincere and lasting affection, and we pray that wherever you may be consider that any gift which we may present you with would be as sincere and as unspoiled as that you have done in building up and giving you to All Hallows. This time-piece, which we present to you, is to remind you of the friends, from whom you are about to depart, of the many grateful friends who wish to hold a place always in your memory. We hope and trust that the time of day, on your onward march that will be spent in the service of God and the good of souls in Utah, and of the happy days spent at All Hallows.

Father Blake, who seemed to be in good health, was deeply affected. He said that he could not express his feelings on the occasion. He looked back with pleasure over the period of time he had spent in Utah, and at the present moment he was inspired to work on by the remembrance of the kindness of his friends in Utah. After coming to Utah, and seeing the churches, schools, and hospitals that dotted the various parts of the Territory, as monuments of his labors, he felt that it was his duty to do all in his power to have these institutions in a few years, how much could be done in the cause of religion. He was not ashamed to state that he was poor when he came out of the world, abundant and wholesome. About 3 miles from Utah, are situated the famous Valley Springs, the analysis of whose waters proves them to be superior to the celebrated Vichy Springs of France. Wonderful cures have already been made upon those who have taken the waters of these springs, and he felt that he could place their healing if asleep.

The waters are pure, healthy and beautiful, and I know of no more delightful resort where, this world is spoiling the world. Great improvements are being made in the place, and it is now in the assuring care of society, to use and listen to the doctor's lecture upon speaking here in the gentle whole, the Saint's song, the soft music of the dove, and the sweet, sweet chirping of the birds.

By making special arrangements with the Department of the Pacific, people will be able to visit and bathe in the Vichy waters which are very valuable in cases of dyspepsia.

Bishop Scanlan, who came to Utah in 1884, left for San Francisco on Tuesday last. On his departure, he is followed by the empties by presents a great deal more of honor, and proceeding him with a beautiful gold watch. During the three years that he had been in Utah he worked faithfully and zealously, and in all his undertakings success crowned his labors. After his arrival in Utah he was appointed Pastor of Park City. He was only two months in that place when the little church was burned. Encouraged by the good Catholics of the place, he immediately began to rebuild, and in less than six months succeeded not only in rebuilding the church, but in leaving it free from debt, and also in erecting a school of the same material and dimensions. He succeeded also in build a parochial residence. He remained and in less than two years had church, school, and residence free from incumbrance. His work thus being completed, instead of seeking that rest to which he was so justly entitled, he yielded to the suggestion of Bishop Scanlan, and came to Salt Lake to take charge of All Hallows College. There he worked during the past year unceasingly. His management was great and his success great, especially when the many disadvantages he had to contend with are taken into consideration. He was never idle, and his disciples were placed under his charge, and through assiduity by a corps of able lecturers and practical teachers, the great work of moulding the character of the pupils, and of laying the foundation of a college, developed on himself. In this he succeeded as well, that public, and others accustomed to college life, when visiting the institution were surprised at how unspoiled, or rather (as I said to the good order, and deportment of good Father himself would just be right with pride.

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Father Blake, who seemed to be in good health, was deeply affected. He said that he could not express his feelings on the occasion. He looked back with pleasure over the period of time he had spent in Utah,

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

PURE THOUGHT.

Only a beautiful lily,
Fresh with the morning dew,
Pure as the crystal water
That wends the valley through!
Robed in snowy whiteness—
Not even a shadow to blight;
The fair, bright spotless earnest,
Radiant in purity's light.

Into my soul stole its sweetness,
And a calm content and peace;
The Artist who modeled the flower—
Of its work, then, too, formest a part;
Thy soul should be pure and fair
Than this trifle of beauty you hold;
More treasured than pearls or rubies,
More precious than silver or gold.

Why, then, should you willfully tarnish
This mirror of God's holy love,
Wherein are reflected the graces
Which Heaven bestows from above?
Virtue's jewels grow brightest when shaded
Refects from a pure stainless soul.
And Purity's pearl lies the deepest,
In the wave of God's grace as they roll.

A pure thought is merely an echo
That rings from the depth in the heart;
And the mind is indeed truly noble
When Purity leads it a part!
O'er the life that knows not a blemish,
Wisdom's king with sole power shall reign,
And God, his most beautiful image,
Engraves on a'bool free from stain.

Let not a foul thought, then, rob you
Of a beauty of priceless worth;
Give not for a moment's pleasure
A soul of immortal birth;
Valiantly battle temptation,
For the virtue of purity wins
Its in glorious light of the sunset
Then illumine Christ's setting sun.

ZITA.

San Francisco, Cal.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

ROBERT EMMET'S CENTENNIAL DAY.

We hail thy great memorial day,
Green Erin's brave and noble son,
A century has passed away
Since thy life's blood for Erin ran;
Around the lips of hallowed time,
Are Erin's best and noblest men.

Thine eyes forever beyond the time
That mortal hope and fear surveys,
The nations hold thy name sublime,
Where Liberty is kept alive;
The kindling speech thy genius gave,
In glory burns above thy grave.

Taught by thy life and martyr'd death,
Patriot men on every sphere,
Through all the bounds of mighty Earth,
Still hold thy name in memory's store;
Despite the power of palace domes,
Loved Freedom yet shall light thy home.

We pray that Heaven will hasten the day
That Ireland may be free and gain sway,
When o'er the land in glam of May,
Her proud old flag shall wave again;
When power of right through Earth's broad plains
Shall never there oppression's bands.

Farewell, young patriot, ever true,
To right fair Erin's many wrongs,
Though Freedom bade her shores adieu,
Thy name shall live in deathless songs;

One day, young Emmet, o'er thy bones
A giant marble tomb shall rise,
When Erin shall ignore all Thrones,
And live as free as light at skies;
Ray of thy soul's resplendent light,
Guide Erin's sons to paths of right.

JOHN F. MCDONELL.

Gold Hill, Nevada.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

TO THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

(A free rendering of an old Latin hymn, translated by Miss Marcella A. Fitzgerald.)

In thy mild and sweet companion we hap of thee, O Mary!
To bestow with assistance to the souls that writhe in pain
And especially for those, imploring "neath keenest purgation
While the cleansing flame effacies every sin's defiling stain.

To the souls of the departed, O Mary! be propitious,
Thou who voice of pure entreating is all-powerful with thy Son;
Daughter of the world's Creator, Mother of its King and Saviour,
Ask thou that the bonds which hold them, by thy mercy be undone.

The dead, O pious Mary! send up thine alpha and longing,
Darling, ah! so fervently, that they may be set free
From the torments laid upon them, and within thy glorious presence
Dwell and joys that are eternal for evermore with thee.

Oh! hasten, dear Mother Mary; show the depths of thy compassion
Unto those who have intensities in the bitterness of woe;
Obtain for them that joyous life by His Sacred Wounds would heal them—
Wounds from which flowed forth the Precious Blood that gladdens all above.

True hope of those who cry to thee, O Mary!
Of the multitude of faithful who for their
Redemption, thy is mercy to appease thy Son's just anger
And win for them the blest reward of Heaven's unfading day.

O good and gracious Mary! grant that the inner of sorrow
We shed before the Judge's foot may cleanse the crimson fires,
And the souls set free from prison rear up on wings of praise ecstatic
To chant their Maker's praises amid angelic choirs.

And when in God's awful judgment the Son shall come in splendor,
Searching all hearts with a rigor language but to purify pulses,
Judging all with strictest justice, pray for us, for us, O Mary!
That we then may be found worthy to be numbered with the saints.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE BOAT THAT NEVER WENT TO SEA.

It lies forsaken on the sand,
Forgotten on the lonely beach,
A thing of neither sea nor land,
Beyond the wave's foremost reach,
The stay may fall, the tide may rise,
The wind may whistle joyfully,
It has no fear that replies—
The boat that never went to sea.

Ah! happier were the dwellers
That toiled with the tireless waves
Where currents of the sea are filled
Above the sides of deep sea caves,
It had the part of storm and ebbing,
It bore its colors valiantly,
Its load has cleft the bitter billow;
Its sails were set, it went to sea.

And happier even were the wrecks
Where boats are swamped and sails are torn,
Ah! waters must quit the dock,
Ah! waters must quit the dock,
That never, driven by the wind
And blind with foam, run desperately
With rocks before and storm behind—
This boat that never went to sea.

The wild seaweed lies even in needs
And blooms above the sea worn planks
That never met the water wide
And passed between their parted ranks;
The rudder, that remembers not
A hand to guide it steadily
Through warring wave, must waste with rot—
The boat will never go to sea.

E. CAVIERA.

Literary Miscellany.

A Set of Sapphires.

A Domestic Story with a Moral

"John"—pretty Mrs. Cecil Morgan stood beside her husband's chair with a strange hesitancy of look and manner—"would you let me have a little money?"

John Morgan, head book-keeper in the commission house of Macray & Co., laid down his morning paper with a slight sigh. He looked up kindly into the fair, rose-tinted face of his young wife, whose sapphire blue eyes were bent on his face expectantly. She was a lovely, loving, but thoughtless little woman—she was his wife and he loved her devotedly—but sometimes, not often, her vanities jarred on his finer sensibilities; for Cecil Morgan was not the woman to fully understand a man like her husband, whose worth, honesty, and nobility of thought was simply, incomprehensible to her tender but shallow nature.

"So you want a little money. How much, Ceci?"

He smiled as the dimples came and went in the smooth pink cheek.

"Oh, ever so much, John."

Cecil's spirits rose as she caressed her jewelled fingers, and she laughed in a childish fashion.

"Well, out with it. How much? Tell me"—as she hesitated. "I must hurry to town, as we are unusually busy just now."

"You are always that when I want anything," pouted Cecil.

"Business is business," he said, rather impatiently. "Tell me what you want."

"Why, you know that lovely set of sapphires in Ruby & Co.'s window—Mrs. Morgan paused, and her spirits fell a trifle, for John's face grew suddenly clouded; "they are just perfect and would suit my style—match my eyes, you know—and they are only $200. I want them to wear with my white moire at Mrs. Canal's reception."

"Indeed!" was John's comment, as he coughed slightly.

"Cecil, I am sorry to refuse you, but I cannot spare that amount of money at present."

"But they are just lovely, John," persisted Mrs. Morgan, with heightened color, "and so unique. The settings are peculiar in design—so chaste and delicate, and they are so cheap. Only $200 the complete set."

"Cecil"—John Morgan looked as if he was about to tell some very unbelievable truths—"what would my employer guess, if my wife wearing a $200 set of jewelry! Some of your evening dresses have already excited comment; but no one knew I had walked to and from the office, denied myself cigars, and even the daily papers, to pay for your extravagance.

"My extravagance," cried Mrs. Morgan, with a subdued wail, as she put her handkerchief to her eyes and burst into childish tears—a weak woman's best defence. "That's always my cry—my extravagance.

"No, Cecil," he said, gently, as he laid his hand on the sobbing shoulder, "not extravagance. But I am tired of living on our poor fare, and the everlasting pinching in everything but dress. You do not need this jewelry, and it would not be advisable to wear it if you had it; for men with only moderate salaries must pay up with moderate incomes. I will deny you nothing in reason, but you must have been more careful.

"Now, Cecil, my wife, I am sorry to refuse you, but I cannot spare that amount of money at present.

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1887.

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Leo XIII., whenever occasion arises, emphasizes his sense of the mission of the Catholic press, and the useful labors which its men are addressed to the editors of the *Unità Cattolica* breathe the spirit displayed in his pontifical sentiments to the utility and importance of Catholic newspapers. His Holiness says: "Continue to protect religion and society from the innumerable snares which menace them today. This work is, indeed, arduous, but trust in the help of the Lord, whose heavenly grace we invoke in your behalf." The great Pontiff knows the difficulties which Catholic editors have to encounter, and he gives them encouragement and his blessing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We call the special attention of our readers to the magnificent sermon of Cardinal Gibbons on the first page. Both Catholics and non-Catholics alike may derive profit from reading it.

—Upwards of a thousand bishops and priests have signed the petition to the Holy Father in which the privilege of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice three times in one day—at present only granted upon Christmas Day—is sought to be extended to All Souls Day.

—About the middle of this month the great French pilgrimage of the Catholic Workmen's Association is expected to arrive in Rome. The pilgrims will number about 1,200, and will be under the guidance of Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims.

—The distillers of Kentucky have formed what is known in commercial circles as a "combine" so that whiskey has gone up. We are very glad of it, too, because the aforesaid fiery fluid has been going down for centuries, to the great destruction of the souls and bodies of battalions of men who deserved a better fate.

—Even as unprincipled an opponent of Gladstone as the London *Times* has been forced to acknowledge the power of his eloquent appeals in the cause of Home Rule before the English people. In a late issue the *Times* says: "It is a fact beyond question that Mr. Gladstone's oratorical performances beat the record of all statesmen who ever attempted to govern the country by the gift of speech. We stand amazed at the fecundity of language and physical endurance displayed by a man completing seventy-eight years."

—As the 11th day of November approaches, the authorities of Chicago are redoubling their vigilance, and are making every preparation to head off what they believe to be tremendous mischief—a bold front is shown that the Anarchist element will realize the folly of such an attempt. In plain language the fear is widespread that there will be an outbreak on the day the seven convicted Anarchists ascend the gallows, and that the scenes which will follow will make the Haymarket massacre seem insignificant.

—The graceful offer of the Dominion Government to Cardinal Taschereau of the use of the vice regal quarters in the Citadel of Quebec, until his own residence, which was recently destroyed by fire, should be rebuilt, was a kindly and thoughtful act of courtesy. His Eminence has been forced to decline the offer, however, the apartments provided for him temporarily in the seminary, although not so commodious as those proffered, being nearer the ecclesiastical archives, and more convenient for the management of his diocese.

—The *Freeman's Journal* says with forcible truth "the parochial schools of New York City are attended by forty thousand children. It takes thirty dollars a year to keep a child in the public schools—at least, the tax-payers that much. Those parochial schools save the public treasury over $1,000,000 a year, and the Catholics still pay their proportion of the school tax!" The same may be said of San Francisco, Sacramento and every other city in the Union, and we hope it is only a question of time until the rank injustice of this triple taxation of Catholic citizens down upon the impartial mind of the American people—and a remedy is applied to this great wrong.

—Mr. Thomas Ellis, M. P., introduced as the "Parnell of Wales," this concluded a pithy and pointed speech in Dublin recently: "The Catholic Church has thrown in its lot with the people in their struggle for a livelihood and for freedom, and now stands strong, brave and honored. The name of the Irish gentry is the glory of the Catholic Church. To the honored head of that Church, I desire, as a Welsh Nonconformist, and as one of the people who have themselves felt the keen edge of oppression and the bitterness of attempts at proselytizing, to say that I unite with you all in adding my mood of praise and admiration of Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin."

—Speaking of the forthcoming Jubilee of the Holy Father, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, recently alluded to the Church in the United States in these words: "The navigator from Genoa, the Catholic discoverer of this continent, came here in his bark of the Constitution before the pilgrims from England in the *Mayflower*. The Church that was built on the rock of Peter sent her brave children to this land long before Puritan foot touched the rock of Plymouth. The first standard of civilization planted here was the Catholic cross, and here it shall remain to bless with the benediction of Christianity the society of this New World. There is evidently nothing in the genius of the Catholic religion incompatible with the genius of our Constitution, and the present Pontiff must feel, like his predecessor of happy memory, that in no country in the world is he more truly Pope than in the United States of America."

Remember the Poor Suffering Souls.

Our Holy Mother the Church, which is all Charity, and, in the exercise of this attribute of Divinity, she has devoted the whole month of November to the poor Suffering Souls, so that her living children may help her faithful dead to arrive at that longhoped for eternity—if we may so speak—of fetters of sancta and the hope of sanctus.

St. Francis de Sales says: "We do not often enough remember our dead, our faithful departed friends, who belong to the Church of the Faith urgently appeal to the living relatives of this dead for their prayers so as to help the poor Suffering Souls to procure immunity from the pains of Purgatory and to secure happiness in heaven.

It is further to be seen that there is not a single reader of the Monitor but who has some parent, relative, or friend in Purgatory whose sufferings can be shortened by Masses and prayers. Will they be given in order to plead for God's mercy towards that poor Suffering Soul? Yes! In the name of that Christian Charity which the Christ teaches, let every reader of the Monitor during this month of poor Suffering Souls, have Masses celebrated for them; let Communions be offered up for them; let the Rosary be recited for them; let Religious Communities, Confraternities and Sodalities be invoked to pray for them, and let a generous God like mercy burn brightly in each Catholic heart so that a united appeal may do violence to Heaven and thus liberate thousands of captive souls who have long languished in the penal prison of Purgatory.

It is in the power of every Catholic in the world to work and pray for the poor Suffering Souls. There is no poverty like that of the Catholic dead to whom Christianity has supplied the prefix "poor," because their lot is so pitiful through the neglect of the children they may have lived and even died for, the relatives they may have cherished and cared for, and the acquaintances whose friendship culminated in a floral offering at their funeral!

To die and be forgotten by the world is the fate of even the most honored in life. But God grant that such inhuman ingratitude may never be found in a truly Catholic heart towards the suffering dead! Masses and prayers are all they ask of us—and who is so poor as not to be able to give both? The perfumes of a single *Dulce* and *Ave* floated up with a humble heart for some poor suffering Soul, is more fragrant and forcible in the sight of God than a pyramid of flowers as high as Mount Ararat laid upon the coffin-lid of a dead Catholic and single Mass for the Souls in Purgatory possesses more intrinsic value to the departed than a Mausoleum costing a million dollars built over the rotting bones of a Bonanza king. And yet, even Catholics are found who spend thousands of dollars in flowers that fade and mortuary fabrics that fall to decay, whilst they have neither Mass nor prayer for the poor soul thus falsely and uselessly honored.

What says the Church to her children concerning their duty to the dead? Hear hells them that "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." And what say the poor Suffering Souls themselves! They cry aloud in spirit to every Catholic "Have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." Or, in the words of the Psalmist, they say "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the Just wait for me, until thou reward me."

Shall the Church speak to us in vain? Will Catholics turn a deaf ear to her counsels? Must the poor Suffering Souls continue to suffer from year to year, from decade to decade, and from century to century, simply because *their children, their living relatives*, or their worldly-disturbed friends *have forgotten them?*

Why, the very thought that for every soul released from Purgatory by Masses and prayers advocates are gained in heaven for the friend on earth who thus procured their eternal happiness, should be enough to animate Catholics to have hundreds of Masses offered up and to recite thousands of prayers every year for the poor Suffering Souls. Let this thought sink deep into all Catholic hearts now. Let our present piety and alms-giving make up for past indifference. Almighty God is an all-merciful Judge and He only awaits the holocaust of the Mass and the petitions of the just in order to say to the thousands of poor Suffering Souls who have languished long in the cleansing fire: "Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Thus Masses and prayers are the spiritual keys which unlock the gates of Purgatory and set poor captive souls free—and where is the Catholic who will not share in such a *holy* and a *wholesome* work.

—The cable representative of the American press in London sent a message last week in which he gives this view of the poverty and destitution which exist in London: "With a sous difficulty I have been able to obtain the following figures, which, more eloquently than words, show the misery prevailing here, of which the mobs of the past ten days represent the dangerous element. The paupers of the metropolis number, according to this week's report of the Board of Guardians, 91,000, against 71,000 for the corresponding week of last year. The secretary of the Organized Charity Society informed me that an inquiry by members of the society had just been conducted, which shows that there are 100,000 persons in the metropolis whose condition is one of actual suffering and distress." A little House Monsoney ago on the part of well-paid English journals, and a reasonable size from Queen Victoria, might remedy this evil—it is impossible to draw blood from the lips, especially when they spring from Protestant seed.

—Archbishop Walsh, Archbishop Croke, and all the other leading Prelates of the Catholic Church in Ireland, and the Archbishop of Irish birth from other parts of the British Empire, have arranged to visit Rome early in January, when conferences will be held, and a foundation stone of a cathedral in honor of St. Patrick will be laid. The stone is to be a block of Irish marble.

A Queer Oakland Celtic.

It seems that there is at least one man in Oakland who is displeased with the reference made by Father Sasia, S. J., to Catholic parochial schools in his address at the laying of the cornerstone of St. Mary's College on Sunday last. Here is what the gentleman in question says through one of the local organs of our sister city across the bay:

On a memorable yesterday were lampooning and denouncing the Catholics of the Catholic Church in San Francisco and Oakland. Aside from the absence of the Cardinal there was a new Father Sasia, in his eloquent and scholarly oration, spoke of the glory of Catholic schools. The free non-sectarian schools are dear to the American heart; they are patronized by the majority of our people as the corner-stone of the Republic, and nothing could persuade them to have those schools replaced by denominational schools supported by the State. Catholics have their separate denominational schools, and we have no quarrel with them; they are lovely institutions in themselves; but Father Sasia seems to forget that the great majority of Americans will consent to the abolishment of the public schools and a division of the school money sectarian, for there are no signs that such a thing will come.

The candor with which this critic tells us that Catholics "are freely permitted" to erect, pay for, support and pay taxes on their own parochial schools, as well as to pay their proportion of taxes for the support of the public schools, evinces an amount of erudition and liberality not usually found in common place critics outside an insane asylum. In fact during the long years the Monitor has been pleading for justice to Catholic parochial schools, denominations on the public school question, we never once dreamed what delightful privileges Catholics enjoyed in educational matters until we were enlightened by the electric flash of the Oakland critic. How fortunate it is that Catholic bishops and priests have never been charged or indicted for building school houses or supporting schools. Ah! We Catholics have much indeed to be grateful for when we contrast that—as the unusually wise words of the wisdom seller of Oakland—we actually have "free permission" (just think of it) "free permission" to support our own schools out of any few dollars we may have left after paying the State for an education we cannot use. Why, such liberality our liberalizes Liberty itself! The word "Freedom" with all its synonyms of independence, fails to develop the fainest analysis of the "free permission" which the pundit at Oakland Point has perspicuously pointed out for the admiration of the present and future generations of freemen upon Freedom's soil!

We are really sorry, however, to be compelled to differ with this modern Solomon when he says that "Father Sasia errs" in his opinion that denominational schools will prevail in America. Father Sasia is right and the critic from Oakland errs in his wrong. Anti-Catholic critics both in England, Ireland and Canada hold the same wise-man of Oakland, and yet denominational schools exist in the countries named today, and all classes are well pleased. In some of the Southern States and some of the Northern States and some of the Eastern States and some of the West, the same spirit prevails—and the Union still exists! In like manner denominational schools will supplant public schools just as sure as the intelligent and fair-minded masses of the American people find out that the "free permission" enjoyed by Catholics and Protestant Christians to tax themselves for their own schools as well as the public schools is a "Blight on our land" the Solomon of the Siloran age imagines, but a piece of rank injustice unworthy of any nation calling itself Christian.

The Oakland pundit seems to think that Father Sasia, S. J., is alone in his opinion that denominational schools will supplant the present system of public schools. But in this also Sir Oracle is oblivious to the progress of Protestant thought upon the question. Here, for instance, is the expression of a single Protestant preacher out of a hundred we could name) whose Protestantism cannot be doubted. We quote from the *New York Sun*, of the 23rd ult., the following paragraph which will no doubt prove a "startling disclosure" to the Oakland wiseacre

At a recent meeting of the New Haven Congregational Club, when the subject for discussion was "Religion in our Public Schools," Dr. Dexter, of the Yale Divinity School, said that the public school system, which he studied very carefully, was a Godless one. He expected the Church and State, and yet a failure to teach religion, and in so much a failure to teach good American citizenship. He said "This system takes away from parents what is their right and duty, to have their children brought up religiously. It also tends to develop hypocrisy in teachers, as every one who has religion is bound to propagate it, and will, even unconsciously. There is no objection to the Israelite, or Roman Catholic or Protestant Christian, but there is no place in this system for the Christian. There are those who want the Roman Catholic to close his child from the influence of his religious knowledge, if he is bigoted. Religion should not be taught in schools, but it should be taught at home, and children should not be sent to schools where religion is not taught. I oppose the system because it is a fact, an America, injurious, unnecessary, and unchristian. According to my figures and opportunities, I can hound to labor for the disestablishment of the common schools.

Dr. Deems is one of the leading lights of Protestantism in the Atlantic States, and when he holds an opinion at variance with the Oakland oracle, it is equal to the influence of an extinguisher upon a candle—the light of Oakland is luminary gone out, whilst the extinguisher remains intact and ready for future victims.

What the Oakland critic says about "the free non-sectarian school" being "dear to every American heart" is all "bosh." We feel in our heart-of-hearts that there was any monopoly in this "American heart" business. The man who is willing to accord equal and exact justice to all men in relation to religion, education, and rights of conscience and citizenship possesses a far nobler "American heart" than the man who thinks Catholic citizens should be thankful for being "freely permitted" to pay three times the taxes other citizens are called to pay in order that their children may preserve Christianity in the land.

—Messrs. Hardman Bros. has sent us a timely little book entitled "A Novena for the Relief of the Poor Suffering Souls in Purgatory," compiled by a monastery of the Sacred Heart. We heartily commend the work to all our readers and promise they can purchase copies at all the Catholic book stores. The price is only 10 cents a copy, or $1 a dozen, and the proceeds are devoted to a worthy work.

Poison Found in a Peculiar Place.

Last week we received from Ambrosius of the Sydney Freeman's Journal, Australia, a pretty account of a Protestant Sabbath School paper entitled the *Glow Leaf*, issued in that distant country, and which is circulated under the guise of a good paper by Christian children. And yet, singular to relate, the poison which Satan's agents are for ever on the watch to find a place for in the weekly papers, fountain of anti-Papery, has crept into this paper with thirty pieces for young people for no other purpose than to prejudice their minds by means of malignant falsehoods concerning the Catholic Church.

On the third page of the number before us is an engraving supposed to represent Italian children and the pious teaches of the *Glow Leaf* are assisted that they are far better off than any Italian children for the following reason set forth in the pestiferous paper

"The Italians are nearly all Roman Catholics. The Pope not allowing them to read the Bible, they can't have the people read for themselves. They want them to be ignorant, so that they can teach them what they please. They do not want them to read the Bible. Now, what do you think be a Roman Catholic? Would you like to have the Bible taken away from you?"

Such is the scandalous style in which the Pope—Christ's Vicar and the Priests of the Catholic Church are vilified and vituperated in a Sabbath-School journal supposed to furnish pure reading for religiously minded young people. Christian Sabbath School Protestant preachers thus sow the baneful seeds of bigotry in the minds of non-Catholic children! Simply in order that they may become blind bigots early in life, and then grow up to hate the very name of Pope and Priest and Catholic. These unsuspecting deceived children cannot give a single reason for their antagonism to the Catholic Church beyond the fact that they have been taught by people to be ignorant so that they can teach them what they please! Assuredly it never entered the head of the infuriated bigot who wrote this wilful falsehood that the Pope proclaims precisely the same doctrines in America and all over the Christian world as he does in Italy. As well might the slandering scribe say that Christ selected ignorant men for His Apostles so that He might teach them what He pleased, as to say that the Vicar of Christ and the Pontiff of the Catholic Church keep people in ignorance in order to teach them any kind of religious folly.

The fact is that the Pope and the Priests are constrained to differ with this modern Solomon when he says that "Father Sasia errs" in his opinion that denominational schools will prevail in America. Father Sasia is right and the critic from Oakland errs in his wrong. Anti-Catholic critics both in England, Ireland and Canada hold the same wise-man of Oakland, and yet denominational schools exist in the countries named today, and all classes are well pleased. In some of the Southern States and some of the Northern States and some of the Eastern States and some of the West, the same spirit prevails—and the Union still exists! In like manner denominational schools will supplant public schools just as sure as the intelligent and fair-minded masses of the American people find out that the "free permission" enjoyed by Catholics and Protestant Christians to tax themselves for their own schools as well as the public schools is a "Blight on our land" the Solomon of the Siloran age imagines, but a piece of rank injustice unworthy of any nation calling itself Christian.

More Cable Nonsense.

A pretended telegram from Rome, originally concocted in London, appeared on Saturday's dailies in which it was stated that "the Holy Father is greatly alarmed at the results of Prince's mission to Ireland. The Pope has made no secret of his displeasure. Things in Ireland are simply the creation of the remarkably unctuous Protestant, who is the man who manufactures cable news in Rome for the American market. The Vatican is not responsible for the nonsense displayed.

Perhaps, says the cable man in the mask, "originally failed, having returned with more vague declarations. The truth of this assertion will be made manifest when Monsignor returns from Ireland. Mgr. Persico was sent to Ireland in consequence of his diplomatic tact, peculiarly adapted to such emergencies. He is acting as representative of the Holy Father. Hence assertion No. 2 is a transparent falsehood.

"The Pope hoped, says the unreliable cable stuffer, "that a favorable result of Persico's mission would have contributed much towards rendering easy negotiations for a renewal of diplomatic intercourse with England." Precisely the contrary is true. England is anxious to re-establish diplomatic relations with Rome, and the Pope is not responsible for balking what appeared to be a certainty. Persico's mission failed because the cause of Ireland in the minds of the Canons and Pontiffs, let Leo XIII. Even the Holy Father is not free from the baneful seeds of bigotry in the minds of non-Catholic children! Simply in order that they may become blind bigots early in life, and then grow up to hate the very name of Pope and Priest and Catholic. These unsuspecting deceived children cannot give a single reason for their antagonism to the Catholic Church beyond the fact that they have been taught by people to be ignorant so that they can teach them what they please! Assuredly it never entered the head of the infuriated bigot who wrote this wilful falsehood that the Pope proclaims precisely the same doctrines in America and all over the Christian world as he does in Italy. As well might the slandering scribe say that Christ selected ignorant men for His Apostles so that He might teach them what He pleased, as to say that the Vicar of Christ and the Pontiff of the Catholic Church keep people in ignorance in order to teach them any kind of religious folly.

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The Slavery of Sectarian Bigotry.

Readers of the Monitor will remember that a few weeks ago the Pacific of this city charged the Catholic Church with enslaving a portion of the people of Europe by the tyrannous canon law. We challenged the Pacific to prove the truth of its charge, and then again we asked some other question of the enslaving Church, if not Ireland, but when asked to say had scarcely the courage to hope that the Protestant pen would be found to write a reply. We have given our reasons for the paternal guide to deny now pass to the other part of the charge, namely, that the Church has been the main, or, indeed, the only, cause of the enslavement of Ireland. The dodgeball idea that a Catholic priest or bishop is deliberately determined among our unsuccessful fellow citizens as if the Pope had ordered us to read the gospel of Christ! Has such conduct been confined by keeping Protestant minds somewhat in the dark, thanks of sectarian bigotry? Let this question be precisely what Protestants and other sectarian papers hope people who thus pay their cash for a Catholic paper, and the chance against the Catholic Church.

The Rome well-grounded minded readers of their Catholic fellow-citizens imagine that they help Protestantism by this calumniating Catholics. If they do they are mistaken. Such conduct is not a sin of a fact that many converts have been attracted to the true fold of Christ by means of underlying Catholics in their own ranks, which they afterwards are successfully refuted in the Catholic pipes. Just as the Catholics *Key* refuted the calumnies of the Protestant Bible, and thereby made Christ's *Key* more valuable to the Catholic. Every Protestant in Christ Romanism does not have to be the enemy of truth, than it does to the Roman Catholic Church.

The ministers of the Brighton Mass were: Rev. A. Varsi, S. J., Celebrant; Rev. E. J. Roberts, S. J., Deacon; Rev. Vincent Ferrer, Subdeacon; Mr. J. Cullinan, S. J., Master of Ceremonies. The Rev. Fathers were assisted in prayer by Rev. Wm. Kenna, S. J., President of Santa Clara College and Rev. E. Masson, S. J., of St. Ignatius Church. The Religious Sisters were represented by the Mother of the Church in the presence of Mother Dolorosa and a number of the sisters of that Holy Family.

It was a most edifying sight to notice all the near relatives and a host of Father Kelly's dear friends approach the altar and receive from the hands of his self-sacrificing brother and spiritual director, the Bread of Life. The beloved priest received communion from his brother, and then, with the aid of the deacon and the priest who can perform the office of Sub-deacon, he administered communion to the priest of God

Farm and Home.

Do Try to be Natural.

Girls, talk to the young men you meet as unaffectedly as you do the boy friends of your brothers, or, if you have no brothers and therefore no brothers friends, as you do the neighbor lad, who was "the class shows" for your father. Do not imagine when you meet a gentleman that your conversation must be remarkable or unusual to be entertaining. The hearing of an intelligent, gracious gentleman is one always to be anticipated, but this should be your everyday behavior. You should have no company manner. Assume no extra kicks or demure simpy manner you are in the company of a young gentleman instead of a young lady.

Do not suppose the strange gentleman you meet is a typical novel hero. He is no more a hero of romance than you a heroine. You are both just plain, everyday humanity. Don't get foolish notions that you are anything but ordinary clay and try to act like the young person who figured as chief character in your last novel.

In the Embrace of a Reptile.

A correspondent of a New York contemporary says: "Richard Engleiton, a farmer in the town of Vienna, Wm. had a thrilling experience recently with a large spotted adder which would have proved fatal had not assistance arrived. Engleiton, who is eighty years old and paralyzed on one side, was driving along near his farm, accompanied by his daughter, when he saw in front of him, coiled up in the roadway, the snake, which as the team advanced evinced no disposition to move aside. E gleiton was afraid to drive over it for his horses might receive poisonous wounds, and therefore alighted to drive it away. As he approached, the venomous creature, darting forward violently, in a twinkling entwined itself spirally around the old and helpless man. It darted its fangs into its victim's unprotected leg, but fortunately did not reach the flesh. The terrified daughter, fearing for her aged father's safety, hastened away and gave the alarm at the first farmhouse. Several men immediately ran to the rescue, and after a severe struggle, in which the snake fought desperately, succeeded in killing the creature and releasing the old man, whose face was purple from the constantly tightening folds of the monster. Besides nothing loose from the terrible pressure to which they had been subjected, the old man sustained a severe nervous shock; but he will probably recover. The snake measured a trifle over six feet in length, and was fully three inches in diameter where its body reached the largest swell. No such reptile has been seen here for many a day."

Oil on the Waters.

While a staunch little vessel was sailing in very high seas, the waves shooting in the air flooded the decks with water and threatened to swamp her, the officers caused a bag to be filled with oil and placed it so that the oil would drip on the sea. It spread and formed a "slick" thirty feet long. As soon as the great waves reached this "slick" they subsided and became swells through which the vessel rode without shipping water. The gale continued twenty-four hours—three quarts of oil in four hours kept the "scuttery" down and enabled the barque to make good speed.

The good ship Home often rides through a gale of high tempers. A contrary wind blows through the whole house, and floods of angry words break over the family. How comfortable it is when mother brings the "bag of oil!"

Sometimes a good-natured big brother or generously disposed sister furnishes the oil. Whenever brings it, the quieting effect of a little is marvelous. Try it.

A New Shirt Linen.

A through revolution in the manufacture of all grades of linen is possible, and it seems probable that satisfactory results will follow late attempts in that direction. The production of pure straw-linen oatmeal by the association is being vigorously discussed in European journals. It has long been known that straw contains about 25 per cent of pliable fiber, cohesive and capable of bleaching; but it was not till 1861 that a French patent was taken out for soaking finely cut straw in hot water, and then in a solution of caustic soda, under atmospheric pressure, for the production of a straw-linen substance. This process succeeded very simply, but it required many experiments before a method could be perfected which would produce the result cheaply and certainly. The important features of the new method are the chemical treatment of the straw and boiling under a pressure of five atmosphere until the water runs away colorless and the fiber is smooth and pliable to the touch.

Hints for Housekeeping.

Don't hang a picture so that it will be necessary to mount a stepladder to view it. Hang it so that the center will be about five feet and a half from the floor, a little below the vision of a person of average height.

Don't select furniture whose "season of support" do not appear adequate. Chairs with spindle legs inclined too far inward or outward have an apparent tendency towards disruption and are constant terrors to sellers.

Straight, substantial legs suggest strength and inspire confidence.

Don't treat a hallway as though it were a dooryard, and no part of the house proper. A hall should be inviting and hold out to the visitor a promise of the beauty of the inner rooms.

Don't put a piece of furniture into a room merely because it is pretty and will fill up. Every article should have its real or apparent use; as a general thing the necessary pieces will comply all the space that should be alloted to furniture.

Don't put paper on the walls of a nursery; it is better to either paint or kalsomine.

Don't have a drawing room so filled with frail and delicate bric-a-brac that the least movement is fraught with danger of costly and wholesale breakage. This does not conduce to ease.

Don't place a dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments on the outer light will stand tones in decoration.

Don't hang a picture from one nail. Aside the mere question of safety, the use of two nails, the cord stretched across from one to some down symetry to the eyes of the frame has a symmetrical effect, and makes the walls look very much more finished.

Don't have a carpet patterned with grapevines or other natural flowers. They harmonize with nothing. The colors in a carpet should, in a great measure, complete the color scheme adopted for the room.

Don't place a picture or a bit of decoration where it does not serve some artistic purpose. If a picture is intended to be seen in a strong light do not put it in an obscure corner, and, on the other hand, if it be painted in a high color key, do not bring it within the direct influence of a brilliant sunbeam.

OUR AGENT AT LOS ANGELES.

Mr. J. K. Chalmers, dealer in Catholic books, artistic of devotion, stationary, school books, etc., 710 South Main street, corner Main and Third streets, Los Angeles, will hereafter have the Monitor for sale regularly every week. He will also receive the names of new subscribers and furnish the Monitor at $2.00 per year.

Family Fun.

A Man Who Never Heard of the Great Yacht Race.

"Well, well," remarked a Frisco citizen to his neighbor in the street car, "the Volunteer did nicely."

"Hey?" responded the man spoken to, who seemed a little deaf.

"Volunteer, I said, did nobly."

"Yes, indeed," replied the deaf man; "in fact they fought better than the regular troopers."

"Eh, I wasn't talking about the war," rejoined the yacht crank, testily; "I was speaking about the race between the Volunteer and the Thistle.

"The what?

"Thistle."

"Oh, yes, I see. Yes, the thistle is a great nuisance to the farmer—terrible pest—no way of eradicating it at all. Dunkeys like to eat it, though.

"I was speaking about the yacht race," replied the Frisco man, with some asperity.

"Well, I don't approve of the race at all. I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I think such treatment of horses is shameful, besides being demoralizing to public habits."

"I guess you only caught my last word. I said yacht race.

And he laid a very impressive emphasis on the word "yacht."

"Yes, I heard you; but I think the better the more the more cruel they are. Speeds the horses worse, you see."

"Yacht! I said," and the Frisco spoke very loud, while all the people in the car manifested an intense interest in the conversation.

"Yacht!

Tom was from the deef man, and was put forth in an inquiring tone, as his injured tone said:

"What's that?"

The deaf man began to thirst for information.

"What's what Yacht!"

The Frisco Man's tone was supercilious and incredulous.

"Yes; what's yacht!

And the man really seemed to be very anxious to know.

"Don't you know what a yacht is!

"No, sir. Is it the name of one of the horses that ran in the race you mentioned?

"Gracious! man, where have you been? The Thistle and Volunteer are yachts—boats, you understand—the one is an English and the other an American vessel, and they raced for the America's cup. Though everybody knew all about it."

"That's the first I have heard about it," replied the deaf man. "What is the America's cup, anyhow?

"Great Cousar! man, where are you from?

"Philadelphia."

And then the other buried himself deep in his newspaper and did not see the sly wink the deaf man tipped to the seat full of people opposite.

The Difference.

Elsie (shouting to Edith)—E-e-dith! You was wanted a mess to do yesterday.

Edith (shouting back)—Tell mamma I can't, I'm busy, I'm busy.

Elsie—It's not mamma who wants you. It's papa.

Edith (hastily)—Mi-i-ll-ph. Tell him I'll be there in a minute.

The Old American Navy.

English Naval Officer—My stars! What is that for! Your man-of-war is coated with jaminous paint!

American Naval Officer—No, it always shines that way at night.

English Naval Officer—It does!

American Naval Officer—Yes, old wood is always phosphorescent when it's wet.

Better than Beads.

"I see that you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes, we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose! Our man is under $150,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Great heavens, man, he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank."

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see he has just run away from a Canadian bank with $200,000. I think he is safe enough."

He Lived by Crime.

Visitor—"Perhaps, madam, you could get your husband to put his name down on the roll of our society.

Lady of the house—"What is the society?

Visitor, impressively—"The Society for the Repression of Crime."

"I, of the B.—!" "I don't think my husband would care to put his name down for any such thing. He makes his living by crime.

Vy, horrified—"Is he a criminal!"

L. of the house.—"No, he is a policeman."

She Had Two Dresses.

De Haven—I tell you the lady, De Young, I have the sharpest wife you ever saw in your life. Why, I gave her just barely enough money to go out and buy one dress, and I pow'll believe it she came home with two.

De Young—That is sharp. How did she manage it?

De Haven—Why, she bought one and the other she had on when she went out.

Cold Comfort for a Wife.

Friend—Well, Elias, how do you like your husband?

Elias—He is a villian.

"All men are; but what has he done?

"You know he was a widower. Well, I've found out that all his love letters to me were copied verbatim from the ones he wrote to his first wife when they were courting."

"Well, I wouldn't mind that. He never will send you any more."

He Earned His Harp.

St. Peter (to applicant)—What was your occupation when on earth?

Applicant—Editor of a newspaper.

St. Peter—Big circulation, of course!

Applicant—No, smallest in the country.

St. Peter—Pass out your harp.

His Father Would be Left.

"Suppose, Tommy," said a San Francisco teacher, "that your father owned forty lots and a house in China chopped his sixteen of them and a man from St. Louis should buy twenty, what would he left?"

"Where are the men from," asked Tommy, "Chicago and St. Louis?"

"Yes."

"I'm would be left; he wouldn't get any money."

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is a purely vegetable preparation, being free from injurious ingredients. It is peculiar in its curative power.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lactated Food

The Mother's Favorite.

Send for our Circular entitled

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which shows a large number of letters, some of which say the life of their baby was saved by the use of LACTATED FOOD.

Send those letters and if you wish, write to the mothers and get their opinion. Positive will gladly answer.

If your baby is not hearty and robust try it

LACTATED FOOD

is also a Perfect Nutriment for INVALIDS.

In either chronic or acute cases. Wish stomachs accept it when all else is rejected. Thousands of Physicians recommend it as the best of all prepared foods. Its reputation is increasing.

150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.

Easily Prepared. At Druggists Etc., 50c. $1

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

1867-BABIES-1887

To the mother of one half born this year we will send a pamphlet containing Diary of the "Jewelwell Infant, Instructions how to Nurse, Bathe, Feed, Dress, Prevent Sickness, Cure Colic, Cholera Infantum, Constipation, Scurvy, Rickets, Sleeplessness, Fretfulness and Restlessness. For 1887 we will send the Diary, Instructions, etc., free to any Mother who will write us and mention this paper. J. I. PEARSOL, Sole Prop., Jewelwell Building, St. Louis, Mo.

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ISSUE OF 1872

These bonds are always in demand, the interest is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to one

Three Drawings Annually.

Until each owner has been in receipt of a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must come out with a premium, and then participate in all the

NO BLANKS.

Premiums.	Premium.	Premiums.
1	$15,000	$15,000
1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
2	2,000	4,000
5	1,000	5,000
10	500	5,000
1,750	300	525,000
Total		$1,000,000

Together 1,800 premiums, amounting to $1,000,000. Further, the next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF DECEMBER,

and every bond begins of an OUT OR BEFORE TIME (as of DECEMBER 1ST), E. F. is entitled to the whole premium that may be there thereon on that date.

Out of two orders sent in EXCHANGE LETTER, in October, we will secure one of those bonds for the next drawing. Orders payable in monthly instalments.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address,

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

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ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

☞ Beware of spurious imitations. Genuine bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery transaction. Our business is conducted on the principle of selling bonds, and not in similar wise as by the lottery or the Gift Enterprise.

N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in THE SAN FRANCISCO MONITOR.

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, earth by clog; Sick heads, weak kidneys and dulled sight and torpid liver.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs. They restore digestion, clear the sight, give a healthy appetite, without straining or griping, and

IMPARTING VIGOR

to the kidneys, bladder and liver. They are adapted to old or young.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Male and Female

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I WANT TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS BOYS for Farm Hands, Teamsters, Dairymen, Herdsmen, Gardeners, Coachmen, and Married Couples for Farms, Hotels, Boarding Houses, and good reliable Office Help, without any money, both parties. Information free; no charge to employers. Intelligent young women seeking a good home.

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Best or Ivory Handles, per pair $6.00
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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

"The Humboldt Route Bonds" (NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD, AND NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD) and Tacoma and Tacoma extension Bonds, Sonoma Railroad Bonds, Sonoma Railroad Bonds, Marin County Railroad Bonds, and Sonoma Railroad Bonds, and Sonoma Railroad Bonds, and Sonoma

O'BRIEN IN JAIL!

Three Months Imprisonment.

EXCITING SCENES IN COURT.

Ruffianly Conduct of the Police.

DUBLIN, October 31.—William O'Brien, M.P., was at Middlebrown, County Cork to-day, where his appeal to Recorder Hamilton of Cork, against the decision of the magistrate sentencing him to two months' imprisonment was heard. Mr. O'Brien traveled by train from Midleton to Cork. He drove to the Victoria Hotel and an immense crowd assembled in the street to greet him. He left by train for Middleton when he was met by Mr. Harrington, M.P., John Dillon and Mr. Lane, M.P.

On his way to Middletown O'Brien alighted from the train at Queenstown Junction, where he was greeted by an immense crowd of league members, with bands and banners. Some of the crowd were untouched, and all displayed in their hats green cards of membership of the league. The cavalcade lined the roadside far beyond the depot. O'Brien drove to Carrigtwohill, where there was another imposing demonstration in his honor. An address was presented to him, and in his reply O'Brien said he never saw before such evidence of the unconquerable spirit that animated the Irish people. The thought of the imposing spectacle would compensate for him for the wretched three months he should have to spend in prison, and for his life long hardship of the Irish cause. He asked the leaders of the Irish people to show a spirit of defiance and resistance to the Government. O'Brien from their purpose to march to Middletown. On reaching Middletown there was a further demonstration. The police, however, interfered and suppressed it.

En route O'Brien was greeted with address. Mr. O'Brien was accompanied by Mr. Maudeville, and both drove into Middletown. After Mr. Dillon, M.P., had addressed a few words to the people on arriving in Middletown, Mr. O'Brien entered the court accompanied by Mr. Dillon. The clerk of the Crown called "William O'Brien, M.P., appellant; the Queen, respondent."

Mr. Carson—I appear for the Crown in this case, your Worship. This is an appeal brought by William O'Brien.

Mr. O'Brien—I am the appellant in this case, and am sorry that I was not in court before.

The Recorder—Oh, not at all, Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. O'Brien—If you allow me to make a short statement I shall gladly abbreviate.

The Recorder—If you wish to do so, Mr. O'Brien, you may.

O'Brien—I had instructed counsel not to appear for me, and I was anxious to learn the opinion of an old established, equitable tribunal upon the proceedings of the Court below, which, to my mind, is a court of very novel and despotic jurisdiction. Unforeseen events have occurred which have forced me to abandon that expectation and to reconsider my opinion. If you will permit me, I will refer very lightly indeed, and in a very abbreviated manner, to those events. I do so because I find it absolutely necessary for me to do so. A gentleman who is well known as an English judge wrote—

Recorder—I really must interfere. If the case is to go on it must go on in the usual course.

O'Brien—I am accustomed to be treated in this way by this gentleman. It seems to me that the gentleman assumes the demeanor of a gentleman who treats the irritable under his Act as merely subordinate to himself.

The Recorder—I think that the case should be settled in the ordinary way, and as you are not represented by counsel, Mr. O'Brien, I shall give you the fullest opportunity of making any statement you desire to make afterward. I assure here with a perfectly unprejudiced mind. I want to hear the case against you, and I want to hear it supported by evidence. It is the usual course for the Crown to make its case. Mr. Carson may not be able to make his case, but if he does, then of course I shall give him ample opportunity to make any statement.

O'Brien—Of course I shall accept your suggestion. I think I should have spared public time by making the statement.

Mr. Carson then proceeded with his statement. Mr. O'Brien then, in a short speech, explained that in consequence of the eulogium passed upon Baron Dowse and the Recorder, and in consequence of the statement with reference to his case which the Attorney was pending made by Baron Beaumont, he could not expect a fair trial of his appeal.

The Recorder—Do I understand you to withdraw your appeal?

O'Brien—I have said, sir, what I thought necessary to defend my conduct. You can, if you perfectly sure, know what the law has in store for me.

The Recorder—Well, I do. Go on with the case.

The formal proofs were then handed in, and the Recorder, in a short speech, confirmed the decision of the Court below.

Three months' imprisonment.

Mr. Carson was proceeding to open the second case and was reading Sergeant Cox's evidence, when Mr. O'Brien rose and proceeded to the body of the court, evident about to leave. He was at once seized by District Inspector Creagh and a number of policemen. He struggled to get away, asserting that there was no warrant for his arrest.

Mr. Harrington rose in court and said that he was counsel for Mr. O'Brien in the Recorder's absence, and he wished to draw the Recorder's attention to the fact that Mr. O'Brien, against whom there was no warrant, was prevented from leaving the court by a number of constables.

The Recorder—If Mr. O'Brien wishes to retire to the Magistrate's, he may go there.

District Inspector Creagh—Yes, your Worship, but I cannot allow him to leave the court.

The Recorder—I am afraid not. Captain Stokes take Mr. O'Brien into custody.

The constables, who had been preventing Mr. O'Brien from leaving, then arrested him. Mr. O'Brien struggled with the policemen and managed to get to the solicitor table. He said, "Allow me to speak. I don't know, sir, whether I am entitled to ask your opinion on a question of law. My legal rights are very few, but I would like to know whether I have a legal right to leave the court and whether I should be assaulted when I attempt to do so?"

Recorder—I am very sorry that you should have been assaulted, but you may refer to the Magistrate's room.

Mr. O'Brien—I propose to leave the court.

The Recorder—I am afraid you cannot.

Mr. Harrington—There is no warrant. The certificate of confirmation of the appeal signed by the Petty Sessions clerk of the district, is in possession the magistrates who imposed the sentence, and they are to make out their order.

Captain Stokes, the Petty Sessions clerk—Get the certificate.

Mr. Harrington.—I contend that it was never heard of in any Court of Appeal, in order that the warrant might issue then to signed. The invariable practice in when the Court of Appeals upheld the decision of the lower Court the certificate was made out by the Registrar that the sentence had been confirmed. The certificate was then sent dressed by him to the Petty Sessions clerk of the district where the sentence was originally pronounced. The Petty Sessions clerk called together the magistrates who had imposed the sentence and they made out the warrant.

Mr. Carson argued that Mr. Harrington's contention was incorrect and that Mr. O'Brien was lawfully in custody.

The Recorder said that the contention of Mr. Harrington's contention was correct and that Mr. O'Brien was at liberty to go.

Captain Stokes, D. M. then called out loudly to the police—"Arrest that man! I authorize you to do it on my own authority. I will be responsible for the consequences."

The police, under District Inspector Creagh, then seized Mr. O'Brien and dragged him toward the door of the court. Mr. O'Brien resisted with all the power at his command. Mr. Dillon, M.P., and Mr. Tanner, M.P., at once rushed to Mr. O'Brien's assistance and a scene of indescribable confusion and excitement arose. A lady in the court fainted and was carried out. Mr. O'Brien resisted with all his might, but the force of police was overwhelming and he was dragged out. In the collision not only Mr. O'Brien, but Mr. Dillon, Mr. Harrington and Mr. Tanner were roughly used.

The excitement of the people was intense when the news of what was going on inside spread amongst the crowd in the outside. It would have been impossible to prevent a disturbance but for the exertions of the Rev. Father Keane and other clergymen. Mr. Tanner returned into court and said that he had reason to believe that Mr. O'Brien had been injured, and as a member he asked that he should be admitted to see Mr. O'Brien.

The Recorder—Certainly.

Mr. Dillon came back into the court and proceeded to address the Recorder upon the illegality of the proceeding that had just taken place.

Recorder—I won't hear you.

Dillon—Then you had better send me into custody with Mr. O'Brien.

Recorder—I will send you into custody if you persist in this.

Dillon—Then I will be heard.

Harrington called Dillon off to his seat of the court and they held a consultation, in consequence of which Dillon said no more.

When Mr. O'Brien was brought into the court to the Bridewell, which is situated at the back of the building, he looked very much exhausted from the injuries he received during the struggle in the court. He was bareheaded and the jailoresses. When Captain Stokes ordered his arrest, although the Recorder said he was at liberty to go, he was attended by Dr. Tanner. Happily O'Brien's injuries are not serious, although he was very roughly used. Later on Mr. O'Brien was taken from Middletown to Cork under an escort of hussars.

At 5 o'clock William O'Brien and Mr. Maudeville, surrounded by military and police, arrived in Cork, and lodged in the County Jail. As Mr. O'Brien's carriage passed through the country from Middletown to Cork, bad cheers from the people greeted the honorable gentleman, and by the time he reached the jail, quite a procession of cars followed O'Brien's carriage. The streets were thronged, and cheering and waving of hats were continued. At the jail entrance a force of mounted police prevented the people from approaching nearer than a hundred yards of the prison. When O'Brien and Maudeville stepped from the carriage and entered the portals of the jail there was loud cheering, and "God save Ireland" rang through the air to inspiring music.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—Miss Harriet McAlister and Miss Margaret McAlister, daughters of Mr. Alexander McAlister, Belfast, were committed to jail in default of bail, for refusing to give evidence in the case of the Queen against Patrick Carolan, of Sister Mary Austin and Sister Mary Agnes.

Cavan.—A Balinamore correspondent says the recent Nationalist meeting at Ballinlough in Cloone parish, County Cavan, was attended by Orangemen, some being thrown and others had their clubs taken from them. Orangemen stopped a cartload of people going to the same meeting, rendered them late for the trial.

Carlow.—On the evening of September 30th, Monsignor Panzini, Papal Nuncio, addressed a large gathering of people at the Vincentian Seminary, Carlow. Two Commissioners, in the room of Mr. Bolton, were present, accompanied by his secretary, Father Donald, the Most Rev. Dr. Jordan, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Rev. Father Burke, President Carlow College; Rev. J. Kavanagh, Athy; and the Rev. J. Byrne, C.C., Carlow, the school of the Christian Brothers. Address Excellency was received by him, in which the loyalty, morality, and industry of this through the different rooms of the spacious building.

Clare.—On the morning of the 1st inst., Captain O'Grady, sheriff of Clare, accompanied by a force of 30 police, made a rather extensive seizure of cattle in the Scariff district for rent. The seizure was at the suit of Mr. Michael Hogan, who resides near Scariff, County Limerick, and who happened to be the landlord of the district. The authorities had intimated to the tenants that they should not offer any opposition to the distraint or his bailiffs, who in less than an hour seized 32 head of cattle.

Cork.—Sir John Pope Hennessy has purchased from the Corporation of Cork, for a sum of about 800 acres for the sum of £17,000. The property is beautifully situated in the city of Cork Harbor. Sir John returns to London in a few weeks, but contemplates retiring from the political service.

Kerry.—Mr. Bagot Bartlett writes to the *Daily News* correspondent in London that he has received from his tenants, street tiers, gratitude, prayers for good out of the abundance of their satisfaction, answer for manners. He doubts the benefit of the jury and admires the National League to test the landlord's title to the country.

Limerick.—Mr. William Power, of Clonmore House, Adare, has resigned his position as agent of the Brittain property. Mr. Power was a Protestant and a Tory.

Longford.—On Thursday morning, October 6th, Miss Moore, only sister of Mr. J. Moore, Fisher, died suddenly at her residence, Ballinalee. It appears she departed evening before, and was only about 12 years of age, had for a long time suffered from heart disease.

Monaghan.—St. Joseph's Church, Knockcandoo, Sunday, October 2, County Monaghan, on Sunday, October 2, by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Richard Dunne, Professor of Theology at Maynooth.

Meath.—Nature was recently the scene of the largest demonstration witnessed in Meath for years. The object of the gathering was to give a welcome to Mr. Pierce Mahony, the nominee of the Parnell Commission, who has been well as the president of the English Home Rule Union, Dublin, Mr. Mahony, who is a native of Meath, was received by the people with great cheering.

Mayo.—The Mayo Examiner (Oct. 5, says the Very Rev. T. J. Lynch, Dean of Lacken, who has been for some time past in very bad health, and improvement, as we had to learn, was not at all favorable. The priest, who arrived at Castlebar on Oct. 2, was waited on by a deputation of his flock, who came to express a reflection of their rank. After carefully considering their circumstances, he gave twenty per cent. reduction on the rents due in November. This concession has given great satisfaction, and his efforts to improve the condition of his country on all occasions has met with general approval.

Roscommon.—At the Haley Show recently held in the Agricultural Hall, Castlerea, Irish butter more than held its own, and exhibits of Roscommon butter, which were numbering all the others put together. Out of 20 prizes offered for butter, 18 were carried off by Irish fresh butter the many Roscommonites. The butter was made in Roscommon. The first place was won by Miss Stackpoole, the Kilsallagh, Castlerea, and the third by Miss Kelly, Doonyaver, Tyrone. Fifty of the exhibits were highly commended, so that among the merit of this exhibition there must have been a considerable amount of merit.

Tyrone.—On October 31, a band of soldiers on the streets of the Catholic quarter of Omagh in Tyrone, were pelted by their enemies. Not a conflict took place, and the police had to disperse the crowd. Shots were fired by the Peelers, and used their bottle freely. They were compelled to resort to their barracks by the police, with the assistance of the people.

Waterford.—Mr. Kyran Lafan, Hon. Sec., and Mr. Michael Gee, Athletic Association, and a big number of members, on Sunday last, at the early age of 22 years. He was with the Young Irelands in 1848, and died on the death. The interment took place on Tuesday, the 25th, and the funeral was followed by a large concourse of people. The coffin was taken from the house to within half a mile of the graveyard and carried by the members of the G.A.A., and there will be a fine for the house.

Wexford.—On Wednesday, Oct. 5th, Mgr. Panzini visited the Christian Brothers' Schools, in Wexford, where he got a magnificent reception. The pupils having been grouped to receive his Lordship, the Rev. Brother Murphy rose to address Mgr. Panzini, in the course of his address, said—"My dear children, it is a pleasure to see that the schools of the Christian Brothers are so numerously attended. I congratulate you because you enjoy the great advantages of a good education, and that advantage and that benefit will be felt by you in after life."

IN MEMORIAM.

MAGGIE GRIFFEN.

Died in Gold Hill, Nevada, October 24, 1887, Maggie, beloved daughter of John F. and Julia Griffin, aged 20 years and 9 days. She was born in San Francisco and when this city was visited with her parents to Gold Hill, where she resided up to the time of her death. She was a most exemplary young lady, loved by her friends as only those do who whose hearts she had thoroughly tested. She was a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and died in the full hope of a happy resurrection. Her death was caused by a long and lingering illness, which she bore with fortitude and resignation worthy of the Christian. The remains were followed to their final resting place beneath the shade of Mt. Davidson, there to sleep until the final summons awakens her to life with those who have died in the Lord. As the last tenderly lowered the remains into the grave, the choir sang the touching lines of a favorite hymn, which, in the opinion of many, were well suited to the occasion, the lingering firm in life for ever more when life on earth was free from strife, the eternal joys of heaven.

Death another visits claims
A more and holy work,
While we are with a Christian love,
Unshaken and very by a love
For all that's good and pure,
A crown of glory Maggie wins,
Which shall from her endure.

Let not her when into a more child,
Her little feet would stray
Be thinking of the world and sin,
With phone work to pray,
And when at catechism time
The children gathered round,
Dear Maggie with her lessons learned,
Would always there be found.

Long ago on the that once happy home,
Fond hopes were centered in
Thee, and when in joy and joy,
Thy parents thee would
Be thinking of the world and sin,
Be sweet left behind,
Who are engaged in form of love,
Who was to good and kind.

God summoned her while yet so young,
From this cold world of strife,
That she might in a brighter one
Enjoy eternal life.
Her Maggie, rest, sweet sister,
Thy work is done, we know,
For all the cares you have exchanged
For a bright eternal rest.

H.

Gold Hill, October 27, 1887.

Market Report.

MORTON STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, Tuesday Evening, Nov. 1, 1887.

WHEAT—No. 1	90 @ 92½
Feed Wheat	80 @ 85
Corn—Cracked	1 17½ @ 1 20
Barley	60 @ 80
Flour, Extra, wholesale	3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, retail	30 @ 35
Mill Stuff	20 @ 22½
Gold Nuts, 1 load	1 50 @ 1 75
Hay	14 @ 17
Potatoes	1 00 @ 1 25
Pot—Ind	
Hogs, P lbs wholesale	5 00 @ 6 00
Turkeys, P lb wholesale	12 @ 14
Geese, P head	1 00 @ 1 50
Ducks, P pair	1 00 @ 1 50
Hens, P dozen	4 00 @ 5 00
Eggs, P dozen	25 @ 30
Butter, P lb	25 @ 35
Cheese, P lb	12 @ 14
Bacon, P lb	12 @ 14
Ham, P lb	14 @ 16
Lard, P lb	10 @ 12
Pork, wholesale dressed	7 @ 8
Beef, wholesale	3 @ 4
Mutton, wholesale	5 @ 6
Veal, wholesale	5 @ 6
Pork, wholesale dressed	6 @ 7
Eastern Sugar-cured Hams	12 @ 13
California Hams	12 @ 13
Eastern Breakfast	12 @ 13
Lard, P lb wholesale in kgs	9 @ 10
Vegetables—	
Beans, white	2 50 @ 2 75
Cabbage, P doz	50 @ 75
Turnips, P sack	90 @ 1 00
Beets, P sack	1 00 @ 1 25
Onions	1 00 @ 1 25
Garlic	2 50 @ 3 00
Green Peppers	2 50 @ 3 00
Tomatoes	1 00 @ 1 25
Garlic, P lb	1 @ 2
Squash	1 @ 2
Celery, P doz	1 00 @ 1 25
Cucumbers, P doz	1 00 @ 1 25
Green Peppers, P box	1 00 @ 1 25
Fruit—	
Lemons, P box	2 50 @ 3 00
Oranges, P box	2 50 @ 3 00
Apples, P box	1 00 @ 1 25
Pears, P box	1 00 @ 1 25
Quinces, P box	1 00 @ 1 25
Pears, P box	1 00 @ 1 25
Pears, P box	1 00 @ 1 25
Pears

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

A VESPER PRAYER.

(FROM THE STANDARD.)

Life is fragile, she is cruel,
And unmitigated is the fool,
Jane Christel,
Jane Christel,
What the cause of Thy grief,
Lays our hearts and heals and faces:
In our sorrows, oh! assist us,
Dulce Sancte Jane Christeus!

Thou, O Mary pure and mild,
Mother of Jesus and holy Child—
Jane Christel,
Jane Christel,
Speak with Him who knows our soul,
Lead us to the Elysian goal;
Cheer us, bless us and assist us,
Modre del Infinite Christeus!

Seraphs of sweet Heaven, hear
The fine pleading of an ewer—
"Jane Christel,
Jane Christel"—
Quoting Mercy's instant laws,
Oft with Christ defend our cause;
In our hours of pain assist us,
Angels del Infinite Christeus!

—G. ARTHOR DOYLE.

THE SUN UNDIMMED BY TIME.

O glorious, bright, transcendant orb,
Changless, immortal, fadeless light of Day—
Reaping through the vast starry realms
Thou hast gazed upon creation's dawn, and
With thy fiery beams inspired the first man
To love, to hope and sweeten Heaven's grace
Commanded. The Lord of all that lives and moves
Dr. Keith's broad domain, has seen all events
Of Time; History's pages thou hast mark'd
With thy unmistakes beams; Eden's Vale beheld
Thy gladsome warmth from the Great Creator's
Hand, fresh and new, whilst the progenitors
Of man, before the fall—Adam and Eve—
With glad hearts walked beneath thy kindling
beams.
Neither change of Time, nor fall of Empire
Can ever conquire to dim the lustre of thy
Bright unvanished glory. A thousand years
To thee are but as yesterday, when placed
In the balance of decay, and serve to
Propagate thy course through Time and sublime
Space. Ah, fadeless King of Day, changeless as
Immortality; pilator of the dawn
Of Heaven's ray, spontaneous from Night,
Hiding in the broad noon-day of glory,
Superbly supreme throughout the Universe.

JOHN F. MCDONELL.

Virginia City, Nevada.

ONLY A WAIF.

The sun was hot, her feet were sore,
And she longed to be far away,
Away from the city's bustle and hum,
Away to the country so fair and sweet
To the place where her mother lay!

She passed through crowds in the busy streets,
And saw in her hurried flight
The homes where wealth and luxury smiled;
But no one heeded the beggar child
With her face so pinched and white.

She passed through verdant country lanes,
As the sun sank in the west;
She heard the birds, and the little brook murmuring,
She smiled at the song that the reapers sang,
For all spoke of peace and rest.

How gladly she gathered some fragrant flowers—
Wild roses and ivy-green tall!
Then she paused to bear in the echoing breeze
As it gently sighed in the fair, green trees,
The death angel's dreamy call.

Oh! he sang a song in her brain and heart
That was strangely, wildly sweet;
It was the music of the angels' lyre
Was the trend of the angel's feet.

The pale moon rose in a cloudless sky,
When she laid her down to rest;
Then the angels bore her safely home
Where her sorrows never can have power,
For she lay so her Saviour's breast.

J. M. C.

THE ALTAR BOY.

It was in far-off Erin,
Historic legends say,
In dark days of oppression,
When tyrants held full sway;
That priests were hunted down like wolves,
A price put on their heads,
Our insulted gospels—the law proclaimed
For such—slave or dead.

No temple could they find for a home
Where Shannon's waters glide;
No longer by Killarney's lakes
In peace could they abide;
But legal Kerry's grand old hills
And Connaught's mountains high,
Afford them a safe retreat
At least, in peace to die.

One early dawn a foot-sore priest
Strayed lonely around a cave,
And spied a wayside chapel, where
Some Mass-boys knelt to pray;
He knelt down by the altar steps,
But none was there, alas!
To aid him with the offering—
No boy to serve his Mass.

His calmly spoke the mystic words,
And reverently once chanted
Though well the reverend Father knew
No altar boy was said.
The wine and water duly served,
The "Sanctus" responded to,
Left low responses, like music, came
From lady's sweet chorus.

When Mass was o'er the Father turned
To thank his blest royal child,
But he had gone, as he he came,
The great priest only smiled.
To after years he so far forgot
That chapel in the mute, grey
Where God had sent an angel boy
To serve his morning Mass.

—*Adon.*

BROWN EYES AND BLUE EYES.

Brown eyes and blue eyes, coy and cold,
Boldly working—three little girls;
Digging a sunny corner, then making cakes,
Sweet in the pleasure innocence takes;
Selling their dresses, pouting their lips,
Struggling so bravely, never minding their woes.

Brown eyes and blue eyes, hale mines early,
School books and papers—three other girls—
Translating Virgil, conjugate Greek,
Laughing spontaneously, asking to "speak;"
Talking of parties, dresses, and "feet,"
After commencement—then a long rest.

Brown eyes and blue eyes twinkling like stars,
Watching the sickness—three good mamsies
Making new dresses, mending the old,
Soothing philanthropists, love never cold;
Patiently sitting, heather with joy
Towards Heaven's portal each spot and boy.

Brown eyes and blue eyes faded and dim,
Three aged grandmas with knitting for film;
Dreamily gazing toward sunset skies,
Thoughts of the other world—Paradise.

Brown eyes and blue eyes closed evermore,
Footsteps so weary passed from this shore;
Three little graves in a lonely place,
Three lost lambs—carefully have to
Twilight saw fallen, labor all done,
Life's work completed—to-day was.

GOD BLESS MOTHER.

A little child with dress Nair,
And sunlight eyes so sweet and fair,
Who's made, when twilight on the land lay,
And from whence bring the fairy fall
Five seconds of this simple prayer,
"God bless!—God bless my mother!"

A youth upon life's threshold stand,
Who leaves a gentle mother's side,
Yet keeps sanctuary within his breast,
Her words of warning still the best;
And whispered when temptation tried—
"God bless!—God bless my mother!"

A white haired man who gazes back
Across life's weary, furrowed track,
And sees, 'mid scenes of joy and sorrow,
Heart words of light that led astray,
And prays, with unwonted fervor,
"God bless!—God bless my mother!"

GEORGE COOPER.

Literary Miscellany.

The Ocean's Prey.

BY L. O'NEILL DATNE.

CHAPTER I.

Calm as the moonlit lake or sea, the heaven discloses;
While many a sparkling star, in cyclet fire,
Shines out from the deep, cloudless sky expanse.
The mighty main she stands, sky-skyey
Enrobed with a sense of
A cross of light and shadow bright
That makes her wakeful sea more bright.

WILSON.

One lovely, lovely, autumny morning in June, about ten or twelve years ago, a young girl might have been descried standing in the small garden that fronted her grandfather's cottage, which was situated, adjoining the seashore, in a northern English shire.

Very sweet and pretty Katie Winthrop looked as she stood among the bright flowers still bathed in dew, and with one hand shading her eyes, gazed out to seaward. Her neat print dress showed off her slender figure to advantage, somehow she thought, as she trimming or ornament. Her dark wavy hair was caught up in a low coil at the back of her head, and in front divided over a white, open brow. Her eyes were grey, with a clear, frank, trustful expression, and looking into them one seemed to read the innocent soul within.

Only for an instant or two did she stay to inhale the fragrance of the morning and the flowers; then, as if in response to a call from the house, she re-entered the little porch all surrounded with honeysuckle and with roses just bursting into bloom.

Katie was the sole nurse and attendant of her old grandfather, who mother to two little sisters, sole and undisputed mistress of the cottage. Her mother had died a long time previously, with her last breath entreating Katie to fill her place to the utmost of her power.

Tom Winthrop, the father, was a fisherman, and seldom at home, and for a few months back the only brother, Dick, had joined his father in his fishing expeditions. They were absent now, as Katie took her place at the breakfast table, after first helping her grandfather to his own special corner, where he sat comfortably enough in a roomy, padded arm chair.

Their talk was principally on the prospects of a good "catch," on the return of the men, on gratitude for the fine weather, and kindred topics. There was a mingling of music of anything like gossip or sadness accounts of their neighbors' lives and actions.

Breakfast over, Katie rose and took down from a peg two little brown straw hats.

"Dick! tose your hats, dears, on the road," she said, as she fled the hats on the fair, curly heads of her young sisters. "Here are your slices of bread. Have you your books all right? There, kiss me and run away. Tell Sister Elise I shall be up to morrow at the convent. It is the anniversary of my First Communion."

"Is it indeed, Katie?" asked Cissy, the youngest, with an expression of pleased wonder.

"Of course it is, you little goose; don't you remember.

Agnes, the second sister, exclaimed with a laugh; "Why, Katie, we shall be lost, maybe next year we'll be able to say the rosary ever so."

"Why, how can we?" argued Cissy, with blue, wide open eyes.

"Don't stand talking, children, or you'll be late," urged Katie.

So, still arguing the point, they walked away, slowly at first, but presently coming to an agreement, they joyfully ceased, and the loving eyes that watched them from the open doorway

In the kitchen—a room half sitting-room, half kitchen—Katie found abundant employment for some time in washing and putting away the breakfast things and making sundry preparations for the next meal. The girls she brought her grandfather and his chair to the porch, and left him happily established with a newspaper. She found further employment in the sleeping-rooms, and finally, having put things in order for the day, she took her needlework and stationed herself in the garden, where her eyes could from time to time obtain a glimpse of the sea. But the hours passed rapidly away, and the children returned from school, and still the dear ones so anxiously looked for had not made their appearance

That day dread like many another. Some neighbors, young girls for the most part, came in the afternoon, and chatted with Katie in the garden, or sewed with her in the cottage. Some of the girls were of her own age, or thereabouts, and some were old men, as old as himself, at discussing politics and the chances of the fishing with Ben Winthrop.

The dusk grew deeper, and all departed to their homes. Then the little family sat down to supper, after which Katie saw her sisters to bed, first making them say their prayers, and watching with tender eyes their reverent attitudes and clasped hands.

But long after the old man had gone to bed, long after the children had gone to dreamed happy dreams, Katie remained kneeling at the unshuttered window, looking out with wistful eyes upon the waters of the ocean that lay now quieted in the dark, soft moonlight. Her thoughts were not unlovely with the fear and brother who pursued their avocations on the treacherous bosom. They took another direction.

She wondered what the future had in store for her, if she would always thus lead a peaceful life in the little seaside cottage.

"Dick will marry," she thought with a pang, "and I may have to find out my own living."

Then she dropped her head on her hands, and prayed for resignation to whatever lot God might have in store for her.

"I have something to tell you," she thought again, "thus forecasting what never may happen; I have to prepare for Communion to-morrow, and devotedly making the sign of the cross, Katie gave herself up for the next half hour to her prayers. Time fashioned, she went to bed, after ascertaining by an other glance through the window that the night was calm, and that the waveless dancing and sparkled as the tide moved out. The noise of a cuckoo from a distant wood mingled with the sighs of waters in sadness. Katia fat asleep, ere her head had been three minutes on the pillow.

CHAPTER II.

For her if morrow lay in wait,
She saw not in the night;
And if a smile could dazzle Fate,
He might have passed her by!
Oh, would that Time's speed had been slow!
Then had that such been happy day
Henry Tatum

—Hyde-Park still.

Hid thy will good-and all well,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from Religion flow.

THOMAS PERKINS.

The next morning rose bright and cloudless, just as the day before had risen, to cause more and more intense. The cattle stood pawing in the fields, the birds crowed to sing, the glare from the waters crossed full to the sight. Katie had attended early Mass at the convent where she had learned her lessons as a child

At a shutter window stood a man absorbed in the reading of a letter, from which she scarcely raised her eyes, when a lady Sister approached her with the words:

"Katie Winthrop would like to see you for a few minutes, Sister Elise."

"Yes, in a moment," she answered.

But not for many moments did she stir from her place at the window, and there were tears in her eyes as she finally folded the letter and turned away.

"My poor sister" she murmured, "would it not could bring you back to the faith and love of your earlier years. And yet what would they have in store for you?"

She sighed, and again the tears fell from her eyes as blinkingly that she found it necessary to enter the chapel, there to grow composed before presenting herself to Katie

"Did you think I never was coming?" she asked, with so bright a smile that no suspicion of her tears could have entered

"The little ones gave me your message yesterday. Come with me and we shall have a little chat by ourselves

Sister Elise led the way by a sashed door into the garden.

"How are you getting on, dear child? This, I know, is the anniversary of your First Communion, made how long ago?

"Five years ago, Katie hastened to say.

"So long! But its memory abides with you—he let be to the end. Each returning anniversary brings us nearer and nearer to the Eternal Communion in heaven. I must give you a picture before you go as a keepsake. And let me tell you how pleased we are to hear such constant good accounts of you. You are an example not only to your own family but to your Protestant neighbors, and that reounds to the glory of our holy religion.

Sister Elise paused a moment, looking at Katie, whose downcast eyes and blushing cheeks bespoke at once her joy and her humility.

"I shall tell you a story," she went on, "of that sweetly perceptible pause during which she had prayed for strength to preserve her calmness.

"There were once two sisters whose mother died when the eldest was nine years old and the youngest three.

"Clotilde, the eldest, was fortunate to have been in a great measure formed and trained by that pious, loving mother, because, unknown to her father was a man who approached the Sacraments, although he did not live in the world. Clotilde's pious precepts, Neither did he interfere with his eldest daughter, for although he a young a child when her mother died, she had loved that mother dearly, and had only resolved on enjoying her example in all respects.

"But it was otherwise with Yadie the youngest. Scarcely was there ever seen a lovely, so wilful a creature. She enchantered every one with the magic of her beauty and her cleverness. Her father was her slave; the servants fawned and adored her, for, with a sharp, biting, clever tongue, she had also great generosity and generosity of disposition.

"Her sister loved her—oh, so dearly! But she was powerless to curb the wilful child who had only to carry her complaints to her father to be made certain of obtaining her own way in all things.

"Clotilde made her First Communion, and Yadie, then five years old, and more clever than many a child of twice her age, was greatly interested in the various preparations for the happy event—the wreath, the veil, the white dress.

"Marguerite Lacroix's sister was married the other day, she said, and Marguerite told me she wore white things like yours. Are going to be married?

"Clotilde hesitated before answering.

"Yes, Yadie, she said finally. "I am to be the bride of Our Lord to-morrow, and I will pray to Him for you!

"Pray, she said tenderly, "I wish I could give my life for you, child! I thinly you cheer you length of days!

"Her manner more than her words startled him.

"Clotilde, he said, 'what do you say? I see it in your face. I am so fully deathbed?

"He sank back upon the pillows, unable to arrise to choke back her sobs, and she answered:

"But now reconciled to our Lord, she whispered. "You will stand in His presence

"Her voice failed.

"Then she laid the crucifix on his breast, and with her few hidden in his hands she prayed more fervently than I can tell you

"I thought sobbing ceased in the room for some minutes, at the end of which I felt a hand on her head, and her father's voice said

"Send for M. le Curé, and may God bless you, my child

"Grace had conquered. The priest arrived and saw the sick man, spent a considerable time with him, while Yadie wandered to and fro, with a pale and troubled face, restless and unhappy.

"The next day the priest came and remained some time in private with his penitent. Then Clotilde prepared a temporary altar in the sick room, and the Holiest sacrament being had thereon, Yadie and the household were summoned to witness the giving of the last Sacraments.

"Yadie's face cannot be described. Impatient, love, regret, absorbed thoughts of a time, [illegible] received a short profession of faith before the Sacraments. Silence was profound, when Yadie broke in in a startling manner

"Yes you believe—do you believe in that? she said, stepping forward and pointing to the sacred species in the pyxis?

"Yes believe! Indignant exclaimed her father; while Clotilde flung her arms round the girl and tried to drag her away, but she shook herself free.

"Yes, I believe! she said passionately; and I believe that if I had been a young child I do not believe—no, not even when I approached the altar for the first time.

"Child, you have killed your father! the sobbing sister said, as Yadie, pale, cold, stepped up hastily to the bedside.

"Then the flush died out of Yadie's face, and gave way to a doubly pallenss. She stepped sideways and would have fallen had not one of the priests caught her. Yadie was upon a carried her from the room.

"Her father recovered, however, and when he left with his confessor and Clotilde the last Sacraments were administered, she such a bit of weeping as neither of the lady attendants had before seen a man indulge in.

"He sent for his youngest daughter, and Clotilde left them for awhile. Presently there was a scream from Yadie, and Clotilde and the Curé ran in to find that death had called for its victim. Barely was there time to pronounce the final absolution.

Sister Elise looked fatigued for a moment.

"And what became of the poor sisters? Katie asked breathlessly.

"She had a worldly life—not positively bad—but wholly unspiritual, she was married to a man who cared not for God, and long after, having lost sight of her sister, he was in India, for he had left the old home and wandered far and wide in search of fortune. She went to India, for she had married a Protestant, and her sister had heard of she had married a Hebrew, and of her death.

"Hist, Katie and in a hurried tone. "Hebrew—Mohammedans are not Christians

"No, they are not. But which is worse, a believing Christian, or a Mohammedan? Not come," the nun resumed, rising from the bench on which they had been seated, "time has flown by, and I must be off to your little children now that they are in mischief, I suppose, and I must be serious. Let them make it with fault, and I hope we shall pray for Yadie, for poor Clotilde, for your father, for herself.

"She led the way to the chapel, where they knelt in silent prayer

Three Sister Elise beckoned Katie out. "There is a visitor waiting for you, she said. "Did you make many resolutions during your Communion, Katie?

"I don't know, Sister, answered Katie, with a blush that I made—my one.

"May I ask what it is, inquired Sister Elise.

"To do everything as well as I could to please God, no matter what it cost.

"You seem very good child, she said, with a well known smile, a prominent smile applied and was given a pch. Atop do last. Katie, with a blushing face, gave a start—large in the many faces around her. Her father was there, and the other sisters were there this morning, but now sunk into a dreamy sleep.

She began to make inquiries among the other girls, and learned that Yadie was the cause they could not unknowingly, in her anger the night of the second day she determined to see Yadie, and endeavor to reconcile her before time. She was given a card with two days' leave of absence, and packed her two pockets and one down bonbin in the morning. The stranger then told him that he was going to the land of his fate, and which he was to be the bride of the machine and steam power.

"Yadie was undoubtedly the person spoken of by the priest, and Katie, as she rose from the chair, with Mr Bryant received him very politely, and wanted to know what he could do for him. The visitor frankly told him that he had been Mr Bryant evangelical replied that he had not been misinformed, and that miracles, through the mercy of God, had sometimes been wrought in his house. He then remarked to the visitor that all was necessary was simply to pray, and he would receive. Mr. Bryant pointed to a window, and pointed out a little girl, who had early lost her mother, and had prayed for her father, and that he had hopes that she would be cured.

The stranger stated that he had joined in the prayers, although for the last time he had not performed a single act of religion. The eyes of the sick man smoothed, and at first, she said that she could not read a single word from the sacred volume, and that she had lost her. However, after repeated entreaties, she began to read, and the stranger was surprised at the ease with which she read, and the sweetness of her voice. However, after repeated entreaties, she began to sing

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1887.

THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

A Double Issue for a Double Great Occasion.

☞ In consequence of the forthcoming CHRISTMAS MONITOR containing two illustrated Supplements—a Christmas Supplement and a Jubilee Supplement, making a Double Number of the MONITOR, we are compelled to go to press much earlier this week, and all contributions (whether in prose or poetry) for the Christmas Monitor, must reach this office not later than Saturday Noon on Nov. 26th, so as to have the names of accepted contributions announced in our issue of the 30th inst.

☞ Subscribers and all persons who desire to procure extra copies of this Double Number of the Christmas Monitor should send in their name now and ten cents per copy for all copies desired, so as to save disappointment by delay. The forthcoming Christmas Monitor will be profusely illustrated with engravings such especially as befit a journal, like that of this city, and it will be the largest and best Catholic Christmas paper ever issued in the United States.

☞ Now copies to send to your friends at home and abroad now, or you may be sorry if you delay, as there is going to be a great demand for the Christmas Monitor.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Since June, Bishop Fitzgerald confirmed twelve thousand people in the Archdiocese of New Orleans.

—A cablegram from Rome under date of the 4th inst., announces the death of Cardinal Antonius Pellegrini, who was born Aug. 12th, 1812, and elevated to be a member of the College of Cardinals March 12th, 1877. *R. I. P.*

—Messrs. O'Connor and Esmonde, Ireland's envoys at present touring on the Irish Question in this country, were accorded a very enthusiastic reception at Lincoln, Nebraska, on Monday, 31st ult. They are expected in this city on Friday next.

—Henry George's attacks on the Catholic Church have caused him a Waterloo defeat at the election held in New York yesterday. Last year George received more than 68,000 votes for Mayor. This year he received 36,000 votes for Secretary of State. So much for throwing mud at the Pope!

—The Marquis of Ripon—one of the most distinguished Catholic converts in England—is fast proving himself a friend of the Irish by advocating the interests of the working classes. He says that a large number of Parliamentary representatives of the people should be taken from the working classes, as they understand the proper legislation for the people better than the shoddy-crowd who make up the main body of representatives in the British Parliament.

—Rev. P. O'Keefe, C. C., of Berwick, has recently issued a valuable book entitled "Sermons at Mass." They are short, simple, aspirative and practical discourses which afforded much delight to Cardinal Manning that he wrote the Rev. author a letter in which his Eminence says: "I am wickedly in the habit of saying that the three maladies which hinder piety are fanciful books of devotion, theatrical music in church and pulpit oratory."

—The prominent wealthy Catholics who reside on the West Side in Chicago are certainly generous gentlemen. A few of them met recently to make arrangements for the celebration of the golden jubilee of the great Jesuit missionary, Father Damen, S. J., and instead of presenting the veteran Soldier of the Cross with any temporary trophy of their true friendship, they wisely decided on erect in his honor a free hospital to cost $50,000. This is a few second Catholics, who have the true spirit of Catholic faith in their hearts, undertaks a work that will redound to their spiritual good both here and hereafter. The MONITOR wishes them all the success they pray for in their great good work, and we hope that Father Damen may live to see the free hospital flourish for many, many years!

—It is now definitely settled in England that during next summer there will be held a great congress of lay and clerical delegates from all English-speaking communities of the world. Preliminary meetings were recently held at which three main subjects for discussion were suggested, namely, the attitude of the Catholic Church towards education in general, whether it is possible to arrange for greater co-operation of the laity in the work of the Church, and to consider what steps should be taken for the diffusion of Catholic literature among the masses. Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning and a majority of the Catholic Hierarchy in England approved the proposal, which is to be submitted to a full meeting of the principal and most influential Catholics. This scheme has been under for two years and now seems likely to be realized.

—The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* has discovered a new duty which the Irish constabulary are called upon to perform, and regarding which it says: "The latest expedient for pacifying Ireland is to supply the members of the Royal Irish Constabulary with pocket cameras for taking instantaneous photographs unbeknown of those they are about to summon. This is Mr. Balfour's own patent idea. It is a fact that the order has been given for those pretty little toys. The education of the force grows apace. They must now be amateur photographers as well as amateur stonepitchers. We hope they will make a better hand of the former than they have of the latter art. By the way, alas! a pity there was no one to take a sweet photo of Mr. Balfour when he got the nose of the eclipse of the proposition of the Lord Mayor. We would have given ten pounds for it outselve."

The Cowardly Cruelty of Knownothingism.

Rev. John Bapst, S. J., died on the Feast of All Souls, at Mount Hope Asylum, near Baltimore, and his remains now repose in the Jesuit Cemetery near Woodstock College, in that peace which the enemies of the Church refused to give to her body in this world.

The death of Father Bapst will recall to the minds of thousands of Monitor readers the ruffianly outrage perpetrated upon the body deceased by the rowdy Knownothings of Ellsworth, Maine, in the Spring of 1854. The Native American Party at that period was irresistable throughout the Eastern States, and every political victory they gained was celebrated by the total destruction of some Catholic Church or some outrage against Catholic citizens.

Father Bapst, S. J., was Rector of St. Joseph's Church, at Ellsworth, in the State of Maine, in 1854, and as there were several Catholic children attending the public school in that place, the parents naturally complained to their pastor that their children were compelled to read the Protestant version of the Bible every day. Father Bapst, accordingly, had an interview with the school teachers, explaining to them that such compulsion was an infringement of the rights of conscience granted to people of every persuasion under the American Constitution. The teachers saw the matter in the same light and the Catholic pupils were excused from reading a book which they did not recognize as the full, complete and authorized version of the Sacred Scriptures.

This action of the school teachers coming to the ears of the Native American school committee, they ordered the teachers to compel the Catholic scholars to read the Protestant Bible, under penalty of expulsion for refusing to do so. Some of the Catholic children refused and were expelled, then the parents of the children appealed to the Civil courts to protect them in their rights to liberty of conscience. Fearing that the law would decide the question adversely, the Knownothing fanatics determined to take the law into their own hands and also to wreak summary vengeance upon an intrusive priest who peacefully pleaded for the legal rights of his people.

A meeting of the Native American town trustees was held, at which inflammatory speeches were made denouncing the Church, the Jesuits, and Catholics in general, and the proceedings culminated in the passage of the following preamble and resolution which were inscribed on the town records on July 8th, 1854, and which has brought the burning blush of shame to the cheeks of all Christian citizens of Ellsworth, Maine, ever since:

WHEREAS, We have reason to believe that we are indebted to one John Bapst, S. J., Catholic priest, for the library of the present lawyer, now enjoyed by the school committee of Ellsworth—therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That should the said Bapst be found again on Ellsworth soil, we manifest our gratitude for his kindly interference with our free schools and schools of Dutch by his library therefrom, by presenting for him and trying in a suitable mode of trial, the same as is meted to hoard at the shop of say tailor, and that this resolution be presented with a free pass for three Ellsworth upon the first *railroad opera* train that may go into effect."

This murder-suggesting resolution, which was calculated to ignite the fires of religious intolerance upon Freedom's soil, and which was discussed one hour an minutiae black stain of bigotry upon the character of the intelligent element amongst the citizens of Ellsworth, was passed unanimously and ordered by its Knownothing compilers to be printed in both the papers of the place. Father Bapst resided at Bangor, from whence he journeyed to Ellsworth on certain Sundays to celebrate Mass for the few Catholics residing there. Accordingly, on the evening of Saturday, October 14th, 1854 (more than three months after the passage of this illegal and shameful resolution), Father Bapst repaired to Ellsworth as usual, and put up at the house of Mr. Kent, whose hospitality he generally enjoyed. About 9 o'clock at night the Father was hearing confessions in the parlor of Mr. Kent's residence, when a mob of murderous Knownothings broke into the house, dragged Father Bapst into the street, where they tore off his clothes, rifled them of his watch and purse, placed him on a rail more dead than alive, and carried him some distance when the rail upon which he was placed broke and the martyr priest fell prone and almost lifeless upon the muddy ground.

In this naked and helpless condition the inhuman Knownothing mob covered his shivering body with soiled tar, then sprinkled a sack of feathers over him, and left him where he lay, bestowing upon him at parting a volley of blasphemous maledictions, too horrible even to think of.

When the innocent maltreated martyr of the vengeance of the vicious and intolerant Native Knownothings was left lying upon the ground and the last of the horde departed, Father Bapst fell into a swoon from which he awoke chilled to the marrow from the cold drenching rain which fell upon him during his unconscious condition. Then he arose and dragged himself through mud and murky darkness back to the home of his kind host, who—like the good Samaritan in ye—God bless him!—helped this poor, abused and afflicted priest to free himself of the tar, feathers and petrify with which his holy anointed body was covered. Mr. Kent, seeing the sorrowful condition of nervous prostration into which Father Bapst has been precipitated by the perpetrators of the wanton outrage, pressed the suffering Jesuit martyr to partake of some nourishment, but as this irate fellower of the suffering Son of God cast his eyes upon the chair, he saw it was just midnight, and no food or drink could induce him to break a rule of the Church. Thus this heroic priest offered to God a gross personal privation, and this might celebrate for his little flock the Great Sacrifice of the Mass on the Sunday morning just dawned! No sleep rests on the eyes of Father Bapst through the intervening hours, but when his frightened little flock met in God's sanctuary to offer up the indignities suffered by their pastor, they found Father Bapst at the foot of the altar praying for his enemies. "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*"

When an account of the outrage upon Father Bapst appeared in print it aroused the just indignation of every true American and did much to demolish the political prospects of the Native American party. Non Catholics of every denomination denounced the dismoral spirit of the ruffians who perpetrated it, and a number of Protestant gentlemen in Bangor subscribed for a gold watch which was presented to Father Bapst in place of the silver time-piece which had been stolen from him by the things who outraged him. An address was also presented to Father Bapst by the citizens of Bangor in which they indignantly protested against the brutal conduct of the Ellsworth mob and expressed their determination to protect every citizen in future from such outrage to justice. But Father Bapst preferred that his persecutors should repent and live, so as to atone to God for their sin against religious crime, hence a prosecution was never pressed.

The undivided missionary never fully recovered from the excessive nervous shock which his nerves received at the shame and outrage, and the situation in which he was placed by his cruel and cowardly assailants. Years after the deplorable and disgraceful occurrence his reason became affected and finally his mind gave way altogether, and it was found necessary to place him in an insane asylum until he went to that bourne across whose lifeless the raiment of his enemies can never reach him.

Father Bapst was born at La Roche, Canton of Fribourg in the year 1810, and was educated in the Jesuit College in that city, where he entered the Society of Jesus when he became of legal age. In 1848 he came to America with other Fathers of the Order, and his first missionary labors were performed among the Pawnees and other Indian tribes in the West. He was subsequently sent with Rev. Lizy Vigilanti, S. J., Rev. Basel Paccarani, S. J., and Rev. Kessler, S. J., to Kentucky, to take charge of down towns and outlying missions in the State of Maine, which was at that time in charge of Jesuits, and he remained in the Diocese of Boston.

Such is the simple yet startling recital of one of the most ruffianly acts ever perpetrated in this United States upon an inoffensive priest of the God of Peace. Father Bapst was not guilty of even the most venial offence against the laws of humanity, but because he happened to be the representative of a Church men hate and an order they endeavor vainly upon the same principles with which men hated, condemned and crucified the Son of God—he was made the unseen victim of a mob's most Satanic violence and violence.

The evils that outcrop from secret political societies in the Knownothing cabal of the past, and the so-called "American" party of the present, are always disastrous to law and order—and their political trail is dyed in criminal tints.

It is well therefore that Catholic young men should fully understand the antecedents of the Native Knownothing party, and be on their guard against the craft and disgrace which clings to membership in a party whose war cry is "Anti-Romanism" and whose principal aim is to deprive Catholic citizens of their civil and religious rights. Of course there is no possibility of this honor-promoting and religion-hating one called "American" party ever attracting to its ranks a majority of the voters of America—but there is a party—entitled in those times demonstrates very clearly that the enemies of the Catholic Church and Catholic citizens are still as active, as aggressive and as inclined to iniquity as they were thirty-seven years ago—when their ancestors were fired by the fanatical harangues of the Jawsmitha of the Wigwam to perpetrate a deed which has left the deep mark of infamy on the Stars and Stripes, as it says, "will be perpetually omitted from the children's life, and it will as naturally drift into indifference to the Church and Christianity as a rudderless ship drifts upon the rocks or thousands of an adjacent shore.

Prosperity Christianity in any country, education must not be divorced from religion, and the sooner those Protestants and non-Catholics of every persuasion who are honestly desirous of the welfare of their country awaken to the dangerous whirlpool into which their children in the public schools are every day drifting—the sooner will they join the Catholic Church in her plea for denominational schools where every religious sect will be represented, and—as the *Times* properly expresses it—where religious training is optional and within the parents choice—thus drawing a safeguard around religious freedom which will work equal justice to all citizens.

St. Dominic's Church.

Our Most Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has benignly conceded a Plenary Indulgence, applicable, by manner of suffrage, to the souls in Purgatory, to all the faithful who shall assist at the dedicatory services of the new St. Dominic's Church, on this city, to take place on next Sunday morning, the 13th inst., or also shall visit it during the day and offer there some prayers, according as the Pope's intention, for the spread of divine faith on earth, provided they on that day receive worthily the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, in any church they desire.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian organ in this city, calling attention to Oakland as a mission field for well paid Presbyterian preachers, candidly admits that "those who give up the Romanish ideas become either indifferent to all religious or become infidels." Evidently, however, these apostates from the Church of God are looked upon by Presbyterian preachers far more favorably as "infidels" than they are as Catholics. And this is a bad sectarian call "among the gospel seed of Christ in Christ!"

The first case of a public school holding religious services in a school house has just occurred in Madrid, Mass. The Board of Aldermen of that city has issued the necessary permit for the use of a room in the school house for a nominal rent of $20 per month for parochial schools.

—Archbishop Corrigan has publicly stated that there is no truth whatever in Dr. McGlynn's statement that he has been selected to return to the Church. The statement is merely "a George falsehood," there being no change in the attitude of the Church towards the unfortunate excommunicate.

An Anti-Catholic Paper on Godless Education.

When the name of the London *Times* is mentioned it is scarcely necessary to say that it is bitterly and unrelentingly anti-Catholic. And yet, with all the hate which the London *Times* is constantly manifesting against all things Catholic, it has been literally compelled—in its sober second sight—to denounce the Godless Education system as a curse to America—to admit that on the all important question of Education, the state-ridden government by the Catholic Church is the model one for all Christian governments to copy plus by which Christianity can be preserved in any country, and the name of God be honored in society.

The sentiments of the *Times* were expressed on a recent occasion when commenting on an official Educational Report in which it was shown that department, advancement and retrectiveness of memory was better in denominational schools than in institutions where secular education alone was imparted. In the course of a long review of the Report alluded to, the *Times* advances these sound arguments in favor of having education fortified by religion:

"Those who hold that religion should be stonedded to religion, and who fearing it has accordingly, and more so than in the world in their conclusions. In England some of the public schools are denominational, others are not. . . .

In the Iona Report there is a good deal of evidence bearing on the vexed question of religious training in schools. The results are such as we have from it is that the established system works well, and that the objection raised to it are mostly of a somewhat captious kind. The system is that which makes religious training optional and within the parent's choice, is a safeguard of religious freedom. No child can be taught one word of a creed or of a doctrine against or in opposition to its parents wish. In boarding schools, where the denominational system is allowed, the choice lies between giving such instruction as all denominations will approve and omitting religious instruction from the school course. There is no doubt as to the direction in which the feeling of this country approves. The fact is that it and religion from school teaching is found every frequently to imply its omission from the child's life. In French government schools the thing has been tried on a wide enough scale to show that it does not satisfy, and they are such as English parents would most strongly deprecate and imagine.

With the dusty arrow of religion there lingeringly the best and most trustworthy moral safeguard, and the child that grows up with no religion and no moral principle is not a type which we could wish to see spread, of which we would really consent to go out of our ground way to produce.

For years the Mormons have been trying to open the eyes of our non-Catholic Christian brethren to the fact that what is popularly known as "spiritual wives" are simply and under the present public school system, would as surely kill Christianity in the hearts of the rising generation, as the Gospel preached in the present public school system, would as surely kill Christianity in the hearts of Protestant children, as the baneful effect had for years been illustrated upon the minds of Catholic children. Cause and effect are not confined to any creed, and those laying non-Catholics who think to admit the Bible in their schools, while they hope to destroy Catholicity by means of a godless system of education, will find out to their cost that in trying to do so to others they have unwittingly supplanted sectarianism with infidelity.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we find a paper of such world-wide prominence as the London *Times* making such an admission as the "The fact is, that to oust religion from school teaching is found very frequently to imply its omission from the child's life." Hence it is very clear that a non-Catholic child is taught nothing concerning God in the course of its school life, and therefore, as the *Times* paper says, "will be perpetually omitted from the child's life," and it will as naturally drift into indifference to God and Christianity as a rudderless ship drifts upon the rocks or thousands of an adjacent shore.

Prosperity Christianity in any country, education must not be divorced from religion, and the sooner those Protestants and non-Catholics of every persuasion who are honestly desirous of the welfare of their country awaken to the dangerous whirlpool into which their children in the public schools are every day drifting—the sooner will they join the Catholic Church in her plea for denominational schools where every religious sect will be represented, and—as the *Times* properly expresses it—where religious training is optional and within the parents choice—thus drawing a safeguard around religious freedom which will work equal justice to all citizens.

Pumpkin Funds for Ireland.

An Eastern telegram sum uses that Rev. Charles O'Reilly, Treasurer of the Irish National League, has issued a circular letter to the American public and friends of Irish freedom, stating the renewed struggle in that country, all the forces brought against them, and the great need of supplying them with money to carry on the struggle to a successful end. Money is wanted, and for this support is made. The Irish National League executive mean to wear a pension of popular belief in the righteousness of Ireland's claim. Every subscriber thereto is requested to place this or her name and address opposite the subscription. The roll of honor will be sent when completed to Ireland, and the name of every person and organization that has subscribed since the Philadelphia Convention will be engraved thereon.

The Monitor will gladly receive school collections and any sums our subscribers may desire to contribute in this critical emergency of Ireland's struggle for freedom, and we hope that a generous response will be given to Father O'Reilly's request.

In this connection we are happy to announce the receipt of $48 from fourteen faithful and generous friends of Ireland in Scott's Ranch, Nevada. The generous gift places Rose Ingham first on Father O'Reilly's Roll of Honor, and we trust their example will be followed by every friend of Ireland on this coast from Alaska to New Mexico.

Rev. Mr. Denis Hurley truly says in his letter accompanying the funds: "The Irish National League is engaged in a life and death struggle with the Tory Government of England, which—other than our gender—landlordism—is centering from the blows it has received from the Plan of Campaign, and it is now a struggle for existence on the floor of the British parliament. The Government is in a rage at being defeated and baffled by its opponents. The present struggle is a decisive one, and—as patriotic Irishmen in this land of freedom should be—liberals of a pacific character.

Following are the names of the subscribers: Rev. M. Kiely, $5; Peter Dalton, $5; Peter Burke, $5; James Burke, $5; James Sullivan, $5; P. J. Kelly, $5; Denis Hurley, $5; Mrs. George Ah, $2; Geo. James O'Neill, $2; Henry Mawrenson, $2; James Kelly, $2; Mrs. Mary Ann Barnes, $2; Patrick Reynolds, $1; Total, $48.

A Member of the Monitor, in attendance at Mass on Sunday last, was informed that one very aged Irish Catholic, concerning the Pumpkin is true, and the most added to make it sufficiently serious to induce the Pumpkin Fund, which seems of public obscurity in this age. The Trappist Monastery, in Kentucky was founded by monks from Mt Melleray in Ireland, in 1848, which may account in a measure for the "dominating" which seems to have admonished the writer of the time on Sunday last. Our Catholic people, as well as other people in our land, are prepared to drink. The contemplative Fathers are the salt of the earth and the staff of the church in the world, and through the prayers, labors and sufferings of these men of God the cause of Ireland will be more effectively advanced than by any other agency. Money is needed, and for this support is made. The Irish National League executive mean to wear a pension of popular belief in the righteousness of Ireland's claim. Every subscriber thereto is requested to place this or her name and address opposite the subscription. The roll of honor will be sent when completed to Ireland, and the name of every person and organization that has subscribed since the Philadelphia Convention will be engraved thereon.

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VIRGINIA CITY LETTER.

Successful Fair for the Orphans' Benefit.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., Nov. 6th, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The orphan's Fair closed last night. Everybody is delighted at the wide-spread interest and the generous response to the good work. The Fair was held in Odd Fellows' Hall. As far as I may venture on the subject, I think the receipts will exceed those from the large entertainments given every evening, which harvest was reaped for the benefit of the Sisters of Charity and St. Mary's.

The "booth" was started in fine style by Gen. Keating, who achieved a splendid success in the oratorical art. He delivered an address introductory to the Fair, which was received by the audience. To Mr. Keating's credit, be it said, that his labors in promoting the interests of the Fair cannot receive in this world their due meed of praise without his knowledge. Your correspondent sends the Monitor the following extract from his address:

Ladies and Gentlemen—We have assembled here this evening in the cause of charity—in particular the helpless and fatherless children of St. Mary's School. It is an asylum that is open to every creed, race and religion. It bears none of the sectarian distinctions of nationality. In an orphan's the only passport required, Many of the children who are in it are the issue of the combats of this House have lost their fathers while the latter were defending the union in the great Comanche fols, in which we are all so proud of. Now, I think that this fair should be well attended by every true-hearted people of the State, and especially of Nevada, which is the great pride of a country. Its action has flourished and has endowed and if immense and has accordingly, and more than first and fourth-round children have been fed, clothed and educated within the state in recent years, without one dollar of State or county aid. In the last two years the State has accomplished by the voluntary contributions of its people, and the voluntary contributions of their liberality.

Nevada's richest days of Virginia's history there has always been a liberal response from the people of this city to every appeal made in behalf of the orphans. The present appeal will not be an exception to the rule.

The cause is one that appeals to every public heart. It is for a worthy cause. The reward of the giver will be ample and in a worldly sense. A corpse takes in this Fair may bring about a great benefit.

The wise man has said that "voluntary charity is a sacrifice." Charity is a sacrifice. Men from the Society day, always repaid by silent and unknown.

The eloquent gentleman who is to address you this evening, is a man of great ability and you should give as earnest support to this worthy cause as you would to a lecture by Ingersoll or any other infidel, who has the art of three little orphans. I hope the will do as well as Ingersoll.

They come here not for fortunes or for wealth. They come here for a little bread, a little charity without thought. I will only remember that the Sisters of Charity are the Sisters of Charity, and that the Sisters of Charity in this State. They are by day and at dead of night, ready to relieve a sister or helpless orphans. They are ready to go to the sick bed of the poor and to comfort the sorrowful of their order as they are ready to go to the sick bed of the rich and to comfort the sorrowful.

Young and beautiful, gentle and dutiful;
Very a sacrifice, tender and mild;
Ever ready to relieve the sorrowful and the sick
Ever and lonely, in manners child.

At the close of the address, the Fair was formally opened by J. H. Hoffner to the admiration of the crowd. The booth was then visited by the Sisters of Charity and a few minutes had passed when the Sisters of Charity had sold over $100 worth of articles. The Sisters of Charity are well known in this city for their charitable deeds, and the Sisters of Charity are well known in this city for their charitable deeds, and the Sisters of Charity are well known in this city for their charitable deeds.

Among the articles sold were a number of Indian curiosities, which were presented by the Indian Chiefs, who have the care of the Indian Reservation, and who have taken a great interest in the Fair. The Indian Chiefs have also contributed a large number of articles, which will be sold at the Fair.

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Yours truly, A. STRANGER.

P. S. If Sheridan Edmonds and his compatriots could visit this place they would be astonished at the result.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.

The solemn ceremony of religious profession took place in the Convent of the Holy Cross, Oakland, on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, Sunday, Oct. 7th, when Miss Mary Ann Ryan, of Sacramento, received the sacred veil of Religious Profession. Amid the solemn Act of Consecration, the Choir sang the Hymn of Thanksgiving, "Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, laudate eum omnes populi," and the Sisters responded with the Psalm, "Laudate Dominum de cœlis, laudate eum in excelsis." The following Sisters have lost their fathers while the latter were defending the union in the great Comanche fols, in which we are all so proud of. Now, I think that this fair should be well attended by every true-hearted people of the State, and especially of Nevada, which is the great pride of a country. Its action has flourished and has endowed and if immense and has accordingly, and more than first and fourth-round children have been fed, clothed and educated within the state in recent years, without one dollar of State or county aid. In the last two years the State has accomplished by the voluntary contributions of its people, and the voluntary contributions of their liberality.

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The wise man has said that "voluntary charity is a sacrifice." Charity is a sacrifice. Men from the Society day, always repaid by silent and unknown.

The eloquent gentleman who is to address you this evening, is a man of great ability and you should give as earnest support to this worthy cause as you would to a lecture by Ingersoll or any other infidel, who has the art of three little orphans. I hope the will do as well as Ingersoll.

They come here not for fortunes or for wealth. They come here for a little bread, a little charity without thought. I will only remember that the Sisters of Charity are the Sisters of Charity, and that the Sisters of Charity in this State. They are by day and at dead of night, ready to relieve a sister or helpless orphans. They are ready to go to the sick bed of the poor and to comfort the sorrowful of their order as they are ready to go to the sick bed of the rich and to comfort the sorrowful.

Young and beautiful, gentle and dutiful;
Very a sacrifice, tender and mild;
Ever ready to relieve the sorrowful and the sick
Ever and lonely, in manners child.

At the close of the address, the Fair was formally opened by J. H. Hoffner to the admiration of the crowd. The booth was then visited by the Sisters of Charity and a few minutes had passed when the Sisters of Charity had sold over $100 worth of articles. The Sisters of Charity are well known in this city for their charitable deeds, and the Sisters of Charity are well known in this city for their charitable deeds, and the Sisters of Charity are well known in this city for their charitable deeds.

Among the articles sold were a number of Indian curiosities, which were presented by the Indian Chiefs, who have the care of the Indian Reservation, and who have taken a great interest in the Fair. The Indian Chiefs have also contributed a large number of articles, which will be sold at the Fair.

The Indian Chiefs have also contributed a large number of articles, which will be sold at the Fair.

Yours truly, A. STRANGER.

P. S. If Sheridan Edmonds and his compatriots could visit this place they would be astonished at the result.

PARISH PERSONALS.

—Rev. John Hogan, assistant at Star of the Sea, administered the last rites of the Church to Mr. Thomas Ryan.

—Rev. J. E. Coyle has returned from the East.

—Rev. Father Kroeger, Superior of the Convent of the Papal Brief which he lately received from Rome, is expected here.

—Rev. M. McNally, of Alameda, intends to visit the Eastern States next month.

—Rev. P. O'Connor of St. Thomas's church, Oakland, has been visiting his parents in Napa.

—Rev. J. McDonald, of Berkeley, visited friends in this city last Saturday.

—Rev. Father Kroeger, of Oakland, and James Cronin, Professors, and T. Phillipard of Santa Clara, were in the city last week.

—Rev. John McNamey, pastor of Petaluma, is at present in this city. He is accompanied by his parents, who have come from Ireland to visit their son.

—Rev. P. J. Cummins of St. Charles' Boys' school, church, informed our obituaries some years, that the school opened on 19th and the school will be completed in four months.

—Rev. M. Kiley, the pioneer rector of the Immaculate Conception parish, Oakland, is partially paralyzed at the residence of the Sisters of Mercy, which institution he was instrumental in establishing.

—Very Rev. Joseph Adams, V.G., will arrive here in a few days to officate at the Sacred Jubilee celebration.

REQUIEM MASS FOR ST. JOSEPH'S UNION.

The Solemn semi-annual Requiem Mass for the deceased members and friends of the living members of St. Joseph's Union was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock. Rev. Thomas Phillips of Salem officiated as Celebrant, assisted by Rev. M. D. Connolly, Deacon, Rev. J. M. Cronin, Subdeacon, and Rev. P. Dillon, Master of Ceremonies. Rev. W. Walsh of St. Joseph's Church, Oakland, and Rev. Father Kroeger, of Oakland, were present in the sanctuary. The Very Rev. V. J. Cummins, V.G., Rev. Joseph Adams, V.G., Rev. Father Prendergast, Rev. Father Kroeger, Rev. Father Coyle, Rev. Father Hogan, Rev. Father Kroeger, Spiritual Director of the Young Ladies' Sodality.

A BEAUTIFUL BANNER.

Among the many beautiful and costly articles which will be displayed at the Cathedral Bazaar, the many-hued Sodality Banner recently received from Rome in which the Sodality of Young Ladies of this city will be enrolled, will be conspicuously the most attractive. It is a gift offered to every Catholic citizen in the place, as well as an offerent to thousands of our Catholic sisters, who have Mass-way to the Sodalities of Holy Ladies, and to the Mass-way to the Sodalities of Holy Ladies, and to the Mass-way to the Sodalities of Holy Ladies, and to the

Farm and Home.

Why Woollens Should be Worn.

A physician who advocates using woollen underwear in place of cotton or linen goods, gives an array of reasons why it should be done. Wool, he affirms, exercises a stimulating effect upon the skin, unlike linen and cotton, and consequently promotes the proper action of the pores, glands and superficial tissues. It is a non-conductor of heat and preserves the normal temperature of the body. It allows a freer escape of the perspiration, and thus lowers, by evaporation, any abnormal temperature of the body, and facilitates the loss of excessive heat. Also, through its non-conductivity of heat, it preserves the normal measure of warmth. Hence it is a better protection against the extremes of either heat or cold than linen or cotton.

Besides the above, the doctor adds that wool is electrical, while linen and cotton are not. Wool can excite electricity, but does not conduct it. Therefore a body clothed in wool loses less of its animal electricity, while fresh electricity is excited on the surface. The intimate relationship between animal electric, nervous and vital forces renders this peculiarly of the greatest importance to the wearer.

While he does not consider it an infallible cure, of all the physician is certain that woollen underwear is of much benefit, and that its general adoption would produce permanent good.

Points of Politeness.

Bedroom—Never look toward a bedroom.

Never play with your knife, ring or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in lunch in your hand.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they are out.

In the dining room.—Take your seat after ladies and elders.

If all go together the gentleman stand by the door till the ladies pass.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

At the street door.—Hat off the moment you step into a private hall.

Eat as fast or as slowly as others and finish the course when they do.

Do not ask to be seated before others unless the reason is imperative.

In the parlor.—Stand till every lady in the room, also older people are seated.

Special rules for the mouth.—Smacking the lips and all noise should be avoided.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

If obliged to take anything from the mouth cover it with your hand or napkin.

In the street.—Hat lifted when saying "Good bye" or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with. Always precede a lady going up stairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

These rules are imperative. There are many other little things that add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.

Garments Made of Waterproof.

A writer in an English paper says: "By the way, speaking of waterproofs, I think I can give travelers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India-rubber waterproofs, but will say no more, for I have learned that good Scotch tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain; and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so, and the following is the recipe: In a bucket of water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals, until it becomes clear; pour it off into another bucket; and put the garment therein, and let it be there for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry, without wringing it. Two of my party, a lady and a gentleman, have worn garments so treated in the wildest storms of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain bangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they are waterproof. This is a secret worth knowing for cloth, if it can be made to keep out water, is, in every way, better than what we know as waterproof.

A New Idea in Dress Suits.

It is quite probable that during the coming Winter, dress suits made in one piece will be very fashionable in Paris. The waistcoat has no back, the shirt consists of a front, the collars stitched into the coat sleeves, and the whole thing can be fastened with one set of buttons, and without any expenditure of that strong language most ready on tight lacings in when struggling with studs and sleeve links. Enterprising tailors ought to introduce this novelty here, for it is much needed. The vest is much smaller than that of an ordinary dress suit.

Cream as an Aid to Digestion.

Cream is often tolerated by the stomach when other fats would not be. Professor Arnold, of Cornell University, explains the superior digestive qualities over butter and other solid fats. This consists, first, in its being not exactly a liquid form, but in a condition allowing of great mobility between its particles, permitting the gastric juice to mix with it in the most perfect manner, and with whatever else the stomach contains, thereby aiding digestion. Its behavior is quite different in this respect from that of the other substances mentioned. As soon as these become melted they grease over the other contents of the stomach, obstructing, in a measure, the contact of gastric juice, and hindering, rather than hastening, the progress of their digestion.

Longevity of Alfalfa.

Over 200 years ago some Jesuits planted alfalfa on some barren, sandy islands in the South seas, and that alfalfa is growing yet. Near the city of Pueblo alfalfa is still flourishing which was planted in the days of Cortez the invader. In Mexico are numbers of alfalfa fields over 200 years old that have never been planted. Alfalfa, when once rooted, is a never-dying plant.

To Cure a Kicker.

The *Californian* gives this prescription: Its warmest indorsement: If you have a horse that is in the habit of kicking, put him in a narrow stall that has both sides thickly padded. Suspend a sack filled with hay or straw so that it will strike his heels, and let the horse and sack fight it out. Be sure to have things arranged so that the horse cannot hurt himself. The sack will be victorious every time, and in the end the horse will absolutely refuse to kick the sack or anything else.

OUR AGENT AT LOS ANGELES.

Mr. J. K. Chalmers, dealer in Catholic books, articles of devotion, stationary, school books, etc., 210 South Main street, corner Main and Third streets, Los Angeles, will hereafter have the MONITOR for sale regularly every week. He will also receive the names of new subscribers and furnish the MONITOR at $3.00 per year.

—The worst features about catarrh is its dangerous tendency to consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying the blood.

Family Fun.

A Lady of the Old Stock.

A traveller once put up for a night with a simple-minded old couple in a lonely farm house. As he rode up to the door he heard the old lady say, in a tone of deep conviction:

"There! I knewed somebody'd come before night, for I dropped my fork on the floor this morning, and it stuck straight up. Then I dropped the dishcloth at noon—another sure sign of company."

On entering the house the visitor carelessly struck his foot against the step and came near falling.

"Ah," sent the old lady, quickly, "which too (for you) stub, the right or the left?"

"The right," was the reply.

"That's good; it's a sure sign you'go long where you're wanted. Pa, shoo that rooster off the fence. If he crows there it will be rain before morning."

A little boy suddenly ran into the room, crying out: "O grandma, look! Here's a copper I found in the road."

"I'm sot a bit surprised. Don't you remember, Tommy, that you dreamed of finding a nest of hen's eggs last night! I told you then that you'd find money sums time before a week."

A young woman was washing on a porch at the back of the house, and the old lady suddenly cried out:

"There, there, Susan; if you haven't splashed suapsuds all over the front of your dress! And if you don't get a drunken husband for it, I'm wonderfully mistaken. I've known the sign to come true time and often. But you can keep it from coming true by hanging all the clothes on the line wrong side out, and you'd better do it.

So Susan did, as the traveller noticed to his great amusement.

Where to Find His Lordship.

Young Mr. Ps. Ferdinand Pell (to Palace Hotel bartender)—Aw—has Lord Fitz Montague Wyjye Wyjye been in this morning, aw?

Bartender—Yes, sir; you will find his Lordship over at the free lunch table.

The Shakespeare-Bacon Theory.

"This is all nonsense about the Shakespeare-Bacon theory," replied old Mossy-back, looking up from the paper. "The idea of saying that Shakespeare never wrote anything! Why, I've read his plays myself!"

Making Money on the George Racket.

Brown—What are you doing these days, Jenkins?

Jenkins—Well, I am lecturing for the Anti-Poverty Society.

Brown—But you don't believe in it! I thought you said I believe in it! I am making more money with less work than I have since I was an Alderman.

A Shakespearean Inuendo.

"Do you recollect Shakespeare's famous remark that 'All the world's a stage?'

"Yes.

"Did you ever notice that it applies to chickens as well as to people?

"To chickens?"

"Yes, they have their sentrees and their ergoes, don't they?"

Another Coolness at the Castle.

"My!" said her Majesty, impatiently, as she stood out the window at the terrace of water, "What a wet rain this is!"

"Truly your majesty," retorted the Prince. Then her Royal Highness rushed up to the jewel room and got her wine receipts, which showed an expenditure of over £10 per season, and flounced them in the face of her hypocritical heir.

How to Pay a Preacher's Salary.

"You complain of having to pay your preacher's salary," said an old miller. "I will pay it for you and you shall not feel it. At the end of the year he will hand you a receipt in full for the salary from the parsonage, and the idea explained: "I did taking a little toll when you sent your grain to our mill, and I took so little that none of you felt it. You see how easily the preacher can be paid."

Why She Joined the Saffragists.

Female Suffrage Agent—I called to see if I could not induce you to join our suffrage association, Mrs. Politician.

Mrs. Politician—Indeed I will. I was opposed to the whole business until I happened to attend a mass meeting, and now I want a vote just as quick as the law will let me.

Yes, I saw you there with your husband. He seems to be very popular. Not nothing was said about woman suffrage. What changed you so suddenly?

"It just occurred to me that if I had a vote my husband would be polite to me during every campaign."

An Awful Dream.

Husband (at breakfast)—I had an awful dream last night, my dear.

Wife—What was it, John?

Husband—I dreamed that your mother was out riding and the horse ran away. Just as they approached a frightful precipice, with a sheer declivity of five hundred feet.

Wife (pale faced)—Oh, John, that was awful!

Husband—I woke up and found it a dream. It was simply terrible!

Tommy's Hook.

Tommy (bride's little brother, after the ceremony)—Did it hurt—the hook?

Bridegroom (never did like that boy)—"Hurt—the hook! What do you mean, dear?

Tommy—"Cause ma said I'd a fished for yer a long time, but she'd hooked yer at last."

An Easy Convert.

Prohibitionist (to saloon keeper)—I wish I could convince you, my friend, that liquor infects untold misery upon countless thousands; that water, pure and water is what we all should drink; that—

Saloon Keeper (convinced)—You are right, sir, water is a good thing. (To bartender)—Kelly, pour about four more gallons of water into that barrel of whiskey.

Very Much Worn.

Gentlemen (in clothing store)—I find that I have got to go to Montreal to night, and I want a suit of clothes.

Clerk—Yes, sir. You want a cut-a-way coat, I spose.

—Omaha Teacher—Yes, my children, remember there is no more precious jewel to a mother's love.

Little Girl—Wonnus love their children better than their husbands, don't they?

Omaha Teacher—Very often.

Little Girl—Yes, indeed. When we gets the biccogne mamma gets sorry and tries to cure 'em, but when papa gets the biccoughs she gets mad.

—Post-mortem resolutions and notices sent in for publication must be paid for in advance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

The most fatal disease at infancy.

PREVENTED, CONTROLLED, and CURED by

Lactated Food

It has been successful in hundreds of cases. Worth its weight in gold.

FOR INFANTS

of any age, it agrees well with stomachs so fastidious that no other food can be retained.

FOR INVALIDS.

It is Perfect Nourishment in cases of wasting from whatever cause, whether acute or chronic, and recuperation is always rapid when it is administered. Its demand is the best testimony of its value.

1500 REWARD for refusal for $1.00.

Easily Prepared. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.

Valuable pamphlets and receipts, sent free.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

1887-BABIES-1887

To the mothers of our baby from this time on we will sell the celebrated Lactated Food at the "Parental Infant Institute" for half price. Not a baby has died in this country "if it is a healthy baby." It is a healthy baby picture, and within one mother's heart, and it shows the good effects of using Lactated Food in the Infant Institute. Yours, etc., Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

WITH

FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN ORDER A WHOLE

IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN

GOVERNMENT BOND.

These bonds are sharing a share, the interest (which is paid out in premium three times yearly, every three months.

Three Drawings Annually.

Each and every bond is delivered with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw one of the following premiums, or there is no

NO BLANKS.

Premiums	Florins		Florins
1	100,000	—	100,000
2	50,000	—	100,000
5	10,000	—	50,000
10	5,000	—	50,000
20	2,000	—	40,000
50	1,000	—	50,000
100	500	—	50,000
1,700	200	—	1,500,000
Together	1,800 premiums	amounting to	Florins 1,800,000

Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF DECEMBER,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of DECEMBER (with 5 f. a coupon) is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn on that day.

Out of every coupon sent in EXCHANGE LOTTERY, we deduct $1 will secure one of these tickets for the next drawing. Bankers payable in monthly instalments.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address,

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

108 Fulton St., corner Dey, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

NB Unless Government Securities are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and are not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

NB—In ordering please state that you saw this in The San Francisco Monitor.

Tutt's Pills

After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been DRINKING TOO MUCH, they will promptly relieve the nausea.

SICK HEADACHE

and nervousness, which follows, relieve the patient and restore stomach feelings. Elegantly sugar coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

WARD & CO.'S

Male and Female

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

608 and 610 Clay Street, S. F.

Telephone No. 767.

ALWAYS TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL & Pulp, Paste Hands, Teamsters, Dairymen, Sawmill Hands, Gardeners, Grooms, and Married Couples for private families and farmers. Also, good reliable Female Help, Waitresses, Cooks, Chambermaids, Nurses, Seamstresses, Housework Girls, etc., etc.

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RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAIL-ROAD

THE TRAINS RUN AS GIVEN BELOW:

COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 10, 1887, AND UNTIL NOTICE IS GIVEN, TRAINS WILL RUN DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED) AS FOLLOWS:

Leave S. F.	Stations	Arrive S. R. P.
8:00 A.M.	Petaluma	10:20 A.M.
4:40 P.M.	Santa Rosa	5:40 P.M.
7:00 A.M.	Santa Rosa (Stage connects at Cloverdale for Ukiah)	11:00 A.M.
3:00 P.M.	Santa Rosa	8:00 P.M.

Leave Cloverdale 8:00 A.M. Arrive Ukiah 11:00 A.M.

Leave Ukiah 3:00 P.M. Arrive Cloverdale 8:00 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs, Calistoga, Aetna Springs, Napa Soda Springs, Napa City, Yountville, Soda Springs, Stewarts Point, Knights Valley, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Harbins Springs, Kelseyville, Lower Lake, Upper Lake, Saratoga Springs, Manchester, Mendocino City and the Coast.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Santa Rosa to Mendocino, Sonoma, Marin, Napa, Lake and Sonoma Counties, at reduced rates.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—Between S. F. and Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg $2; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah or Lakeport, $4.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, Week Days—7:45 A.M., 11:00 A.M., 3:30 P.M., 5:00 P.M.; 6:15 P.M., Sundays 9:00 A.M., 2:30 P.M., 10:45 A.M., 6:00 P.M., 8:00 P.M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days: 8:30 A.M., 9:50 A.M., 1:20 P.M., 4:45 P.M.; 6:05 P.M. Sundays 10:00 A.M., 4:30 P.M., 9:15 A.M., 8:05 P.M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael—Week Days: 7:00 A.M., 8:20 A.M., 12:00 M., 3:35 P.M., 5:15 P.M. Sundays 8:05 A.M., 12:35 P.M., 7:45 A.M., 6:35 P.M.

Stages connect at Tiburon with Narrow Gauge Trains for Sausalito, Mill Valley, Tamalpais, Cazadero, Bolinas, Point Reyes, Inverness, Olema, Nicasio, Lagunitas, Fairfax, San Anselmo, Sleepy Hollow, Ross, Kentfield, Larkspur, San Quentin, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Sebastopol, Forestville, Guerneville, Duncans Mills, Tomales, Point Reyes, Cazadero, Bolinas

ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

A Fixed Institution of Mercy Country—Educational and Other Works of the Sisters of Charity—Neat, Clean, Tidy and Airy.

In company with Father Tolman, a reporter of the Virginia City, Nev., *Enterprise* was shown through every part of St. Mary's Convent and school, which he said was amply surprised to find an institution of such proportions to meet every call that charity may make upon it.

[illegible] BY BRIDE COSTELLO.

The institution is at present conducted by eight Sisters of Charity, who work under Sister Baptista as Sister Superior. That Sister is a lady of high educational attainments, and that she possesses strong force of character is shown in every line of her face. The school work has become so great since Sister Baptista has so thoroughly reorganized this part of the work that a call has been made for five more Sisters, qualified for purposes of teaching, to more effectually perform the work, and they will soon be here.

THE INSIDE WORKINGS.

The buildings and rooms are large, airy and kept scrupulously clean in every particular, but owing to the fact that they were not put up as a whole, but additions put on as occasion inspired, the appearance, when one goes through the different rooms, is more like that of a castle of feudal times than of modern architecture.

The Sisters, with the help of the older girls, do nearly all the work, and when it is considered that the number of orphans under their charge now is 56, many of whom are quite small, ranging from infancy to womanhood, their task will be in part understood, at least by mothers who have four or five little ones at home. There are also two large dormitories, besides small sleeping apartments for the oldest girls. Two Sisters sleep in each dormitory to maintain order and discipline among the children. There are 26 little single beds in one dormitory, and 28 in the other. The beds are made of iron, and there is a spring foundation, with mattress sheets, blankets and cover. They were all made up without hillocks, and were clean.

In the basement of the main building is a large kitchen, dining room, dish washroom, recreation-room, bath rooms, drying rooms, boilers, laundry, etc. The larger girls help to get away with the work in these rooms, and they are taught to do it as all true housewives should.

On the first floor are situated a chapel, recitation room, music hall, sewing room, offices, reception rooms, library and the school rooms. There is also a study room for the children of the convent, who there study their lessons in the evening. The day scholars are not allowed in it.

THE SCHOOL ROOMS.

There are over 300 day scholars on the rolls who attend all the classes, from the primary to the high school classes. A rare feature in teaching in the convent is the practice stress which is laid in imparting the rudiments of elocution, at the sacrifice of flummery. There is a beautiful absence of "ornamental" and that which is taught is thoroughly taught. While the discipline might be called rigid, still it was noticeable that there existed the familiarity of home between the teachers and scholars. The Sisters spoke to their pupils in a familiar tone of voice and the children answered promptly and politely—the latter feature was prominently noticeable in all that was said and done.

In each room visited the scholars were put through their lessons in arithmetic, and in the high school room the scholars would [illegible] classes at Lorenzaugh, in the Fulbeck district, county Armagh, some miles from Newry, are learned to the ground. The bell belongs to Mr. Parker 11 Street, J. P., Newtownhamilton. The sense will was destroyed by fire about this time last year.

Clare.—On Sunday, October 9, a splendid meeting of the inhabitants of Kilrush was held in the chapel yard. The Clare street, to protest against the outrages of the corporation proceeding free speech and the right of public meeting, as well as the attempts made to the Irish Press. Before the meeting commenced, a large force of police, in charge of Mr. J. W. Bourke, R.I., wanted to follow the people, but on demanding to be present were told by Mr. Dr. Hynes as the priests that they did not want to hold a meeting of the Congress, so was it wrong in the police permitting to force themselves in, the gates were closed and locked against them and a most crossing.

Cork.—There is not one who knows Dr. Tanner who will not sympathize with him in the loss of his mother; and there are hundreds—ay thousands—who know him and who do not share his political views who will acknowledge that he is the popular member in such a deplorable domestic calamity. The deceased was a charitably lady in every relation of life and filled the duties of her station in life in a way which endeared her to all classes. The family have had a female place in the city for at least 50 years, and have always been held in that respect which their virtues and attributes merited. Dr. Tanner's father was for many years a member of the Corporation, and in his personal bearings was quite on a par with his great professional accomplishments. Hence he has which fully a new sensation in the minds of Mrs. Tanner is keenly felt by everyone in Cork.

Dublin.—The death is announced, on October 9, at St. Harold's, Castleroy, Strawbane, of the Rev. Father Anselm, O.S.F.C., aged 72 years, after a lingering and painful illness, which he bore with true Christian fortitude. He was well known as Bobby, Clerk and Parishioner, and was ordained priest in the year 1848.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin, on October 10, opened the new Catholic Boys' Schools, in Kevin street, Dublin.

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Donegal.—Father Gaughan took place at Gweedore, on Oct. 7th. Mr. Hourke, R.M., and County Inspector Lenox proceeded with fifty police, on foot, from Gweedore to Bloody Foreland. The people gathered on the hillsides and measured the force along the route. Their number, although not so large as formerly, was quite sufficient to give the police a considerable task in the matter of keeping the road. The McFadden's, the Boyle's, the McFadden's, and the Boyle's, were actually accountable for the action of the people. Some of the people, who were thrown into the ditch, and treats read the Riot Act, Father McFadden and the people were forbidden by the police on account taking notes, and upon the sergeant being asked to disperse, the crowd was then seen. On reaching the Bloodyforeland, it was found that the house of which possession was to be demanded, were tenantless and the doors had been nailed up. The bailiff declared his intention of demanding away house in the townland, and Father M. Fadden protested against the action as illegal. The Resident Magistrate thereupon declared the house would not further support the bailiff.

Galway.—At the Dunlo Petty Sessions, on Monday, Oct. 10, a number of cases of assault and battery and malicious injury to property were adjudicated upon, and the cases were dismissed. The Bench, in dismissing the cases, said that it was a considerable number of statements had been made in the estate of the late Michael Davitt, and near which George Robinson, of Ballinahinch, is agent; but only to the unexpected death of the bailiff they have been withdrawn, and all parties, passengers, tailor, on the property to have been satisfied that they are no longer to consider themselves under fire.

Kerry.—At the Dingle Petty Sessions, commencing Oct. 10, and lasting three days, before Messrs. Lord Ross and A. J. McDonnell, R.M.'s, the renewal certificates of the licensed [illegible] Dingle, Ventry, Cloghane, Ballyferriter, and Dingle, which were opposed by the police in the renewal of the certificate in Mr. Lee's case was that he refused selling to the police on the 22nd and 23rd February, the occasion of the Ballyferriter evictions. Mr. McCarthy's case the objection was that in January he refused to supply one Antoine Brown, who was alleged to be boycotted with bread. Mr. Daniel's certificate was the ground that he was summoned to the peace for addressing the people at the shelter's evictions at Ballyferriter in February last, and for having called for three cheers for Davitton, Parnell, Dillon, and O'Brien outside the police barracks at Dingle on the night of the meeting, and for refusing to drink the Queen's health. Mr. Daniel's case was a very little great professional accomplishment. Hence he has which fully a new sensation in the minds of Mrs. Tanner is keenly felt by everyone in Cork.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Athlone.—On Monday, Oct. 10th, Mr. Isaac Mott, Queen's Counsel, died rather suddenly at Ballinlion, where he had been appointed Parliamentary roll for North Fermanagh.

[illegible]

ROLLS OF HONOR FOR OCTOBER.

[illegible]

SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

Last Thursday afternoon, at Sacred Heart College, Limerick, the prizes and certificates awarded to the students who had distinguished themselves in competition to study during the month of October. A glorious musical and literary programme was rendered on the occasion, such student playing the part assigned to him in a manner deserving of great credit to himself and his instructors.

The following is the roll of honor, giving the relative percentage in both exams, etc., obtained by the students:—

[illegible]

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, VIRGINIA CITY.

Senior Class—N. Ussa, J. Tracy, K. Hoskins.

Intermediate—K. Nuelan, K. Chiesla, M. Crowe, B. Paymal, M. Henderson.

Intermediate Section, 2—Mary Mahoney, T. Newman, M. Considine, H. McLaughlin, M. Turner, M. McGinty, and Mabel Mitchell, M. Navin, C. Mitchel, K. Dugenan, A. French, M. McGuire, M. Mahoney, M. Ussa.

Elementary—J. Shanahan, K. Kelleher, L. Dwyer, J. Ryan, J. Bennett, M. Cunnahan, J. Sullivan, J. Stanton, M. Wash, M. O'Donnell, M. Rowan, J. Sullivan, M. Hennessy, M. Lawrence, M. Stewart.

Elementary Section—A. Dupuis, M. Jensen, M. Ralfferty, J. Sullivan, G. Nassa, W. Mc. Donald, J. Walsh.

First Division—M. Mahoney, M. Sullivan, M. Kavanagh, A. Kearns, K. McDonald, M. Ussa, M. Sullivan, K. Newman, E. Kane, J. Sullivan.

Second Division—S. Ryan, M. Scannilli, A. McDermott, M. Enoch, M. Hogan, K. Sullivan, T. Murphy, L. Murphy.

Third Division—H. Lassere.

Fourth Division—L. McCormack, F. Nichol, J. Kennedy, L. Garland, S. M. E. Dugenan, M. Hatton, S. O'Donnell, M. McCarthy, F. Foley.

Third Division—L. Gilligan, M. Sullivan, K. Nugent, M. Harrington, D. Landon, L. Pierce, M. Sullivan, M. Mahoney, E. McNamara, A. Pendergast, K. Walsh, N. Dunnigan, A. Sias, V. Farrell, E. Sullivan, M. Sullivan, J. Murphy, D. Sullivan, J. Kavanagh, J. Walsh.

ST PETER'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

First Class, First Division—P. D. McKenny 100, J. Hicks 99, J. Hughes 97, J. Kane 95, A. Hackett 93, C. J. Haggerty 93, F. McGinnis 92, J. McLaughlin 91, J. Griffin, and J. Dwyer 90.

Second Division—J. F. Foley 97, E. F. Drew and J. Cook 96, A. Crosby 95.

Second Class, First Division—G. Cleary 99, E. H. Tobin 98, J. Dyker 93, L. J. Clyne 92, J. McGough 91, R. E. Blackwood 90, L. Cronin 89, J. Ryan 88, J. Cronin 87, J. Sullivan 86, J. M. McCrea 85. Second Division—W. J. Doyle 93, J. F. Boley 92, T. D. Smith 91, J. Kenny 90, E. B. Gibson 78, C. Wilson 75.

Third Class, First Division—T. H. Malloy 92, J. Markham 91, W. H. McCarthy 90, G. Pope 89, J. Hennessy 87, J. J. Griffin, and J. J. Strand 17. Lower 55. Second Division—A. L. Fairfield 91, T. H. McKenna 89, J. Needham 78, J. Conway 76, J. Kendrick, J. L. Holtman, J. W. Ryan, each 75.

Fourth Class, First Division—T. U. Mancke 99, J. Dwyer 97, J. Daly 87, Percy Tomasi 86, Esther Wolpe 95, Mary Madden 91, Maggie Ryan 90, Annie Cronin 87, Lettie McKenny 86, Annie Cunnahan 85, Bessie Mahoney 84, Annie Cunnahan 83, Annie Holbrook 80, Maggie Gallagher 79, Mary Hughes 97, Ellen Conway 93, Annie Cronin 92, Annie Cronin 91, Annie Cronin 90, Annie Cronin 89, Ella Cronin 87, Mary Nixon 85, Mollie Quinlan 85, Esther McKenny 84, Mary Gallagher 83, Nellie Flynn 81, Mary Dunham and Mary Mahoney each 80, Mary Hughes and Mary M. Cronin 79, Sarah Ryan and Maggie Shea each 78, Mary McGovern, Annie Harper, Maggie Finn, Mary Foley, Ella Sullivan, Mary McKevin, Annie Cronin, Annie Cronin and Maggie Sullivan each 77.

Fifth Class—Violet Lowe 100, Mary Tully, Maggie Wolpe, Josephine Feilbach and Mary Byrne each 98, Kate McKage and Emma Nolan each 97, Mamie Gallagher and Mary Mahoney each 96, Henrietta Hoagberg and Maggie Shea each 95, Nora Foley and Emma Geary each 94, Annie Cronin, Annie Cronin, Hayes C. Lynch, Bolger, Mary Sullivan, Frances Connolly and Annie Cronin each 93, Annie Shanahan 92, Dorothy and Mollie Gallagher each 91, Maggie Cronin 90, Annie Cronin, Annie Cronin and Lulu Ward each 81, Mary Mahoney, Eva Mahoney, Annie Cronin, Annie Cronin, Annie McCarthy, Mary Walsh and Agnes Lynch each 80.

Models of Honor—Lady-like Department—Lottie Pine, Mary McCarthy, Annie Cronin, Mary Toomey, Kitsie Shiles and Mary Tully.

Gentlemanly Department—Mary Agnes Hilton, Cecilia Murphy, Kevin Collins, Arthur Wilson, Frank Cronin, Frank Cronin, Victor Orsini.

Market Report.

Mercantile Review.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERSONAL.

[illegible]

BAD BREATH.

[illegible]

Tired and Dependent.

[illegible]

Endowment Insurance.

THE OCCIDENTAL
Self Endowment Association

[illegible]

A Few Reliable Agents Wanted

Address, GEO. C. JONES, Secty.,
ROOM 28,
Pfeiffer Building, Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

INFORMATION WANTED.

[illegible]

MARRIED.

[illegible]

DIED.

[illegible]

DECKER BROS.
MASON & HAMLIN
IVERS & POND,
PIANOS
SOLD FOR $10 PER MONTH.
KOHLER & CHASE,
PINGLE BROTHERS,
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURERS
Now Occupy the Spacious New Store,
1109 MARKET STREET,
Old Fellows Building,
With a Large and Well-Selected Stock of Fine
BOOTS AND SHOES.
CATHOLIC MORTUARY CARDS.
Beautiful Catholic Designed
MEMORIAM CARDS,
Both Plain and Illuminated Styles.
Printed in the Neatest and Cheapest Manner by
McCORMICK BROS.,
510 Sansome Street.
[illegible]
FURNITURE,
CARPETS,
BEDDING, ETC.
Special attention is called to our elegant New Stock of FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY GOODS, CARPETS, etc.; also SMYRNA CARPETS, RUGS and MATS, LINOLEUM, OILCLOTH, Etc., in Great Variety at Stimson and Pierce,
JOS. FREDERICKS & CO.,
649 & 651 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
RAOWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RAOWAY'S PILLS.
[illegible]

THE MONITOR.

A CATHOLIC FAMILY JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Preservation and Defense of Catholic Principles.

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VOL. XXXI. SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1887. NO. 8.

THE MONITOR

[illegible]

TO CORRESPONDENTS

[illegible]

All communications and remittances, whether on business or otherwise are to be addressed to the Manager.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COMMERCIAL
IMPORTING
TEA CO.,
857 Market Street,
Have just received a Cargo of the Celebrated
ELECTRIC COFFEE,
30 Cents a Pound.
WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.
Country Orders Promptly Attended to.
THE
Commercial Importing Tea Company,
957 MARKET STREET,
Bet. Fifth and Ninth
BRANCH 24th and Mission Sts.
COLD, SILVER AND NICKEL PLATING.
— Every Description of —
Church and Altar Ornaments
HOUSEHOLD GOODS
Repaired and Plated
With the above articles we have used exclusively and for the last 20 years
SAN FRANCISCO
Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating Works,
652 and 653 MISSION ST.,
Bet. Fremont and Beale Sts. San Francisco
E. D. DENNISTON, Proprietor.
DR. M. J. DUNN
DENTIST.
HOURS, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. 1 to 5 p.m.
ANESTHETICS.
1228 MARKET STREET,
Opposite J. O'Brien's Dry Goods Store,
San Francisco.
REMOVAL.
FRANKLIN N. CLARK,
DENTIST,
26 Montgomery St., op. Lick House,
SAN FRANCISCO.
[illegible]

O'BRIEN'S PRISON.

Description of Tullamore Jail.

THE MARTYR'S CELL.

O'Brien Likely to Die Within His Walls.

At Partington, between Dublin and York, a little railway leaves the main line and shortly after its own, from Athlone to Clonmacnoise is full, very pretty country, and a most interesting district. The town, which is three miles off, is shingly, ugly and uninteresting, but the Bog of Allen is a great and most prominent thing in the landscape, a stretch of gray stones, which looks like a sea, and which is a sea of bog. The Grand Canal runs through it, and the Government proposed to cut the river Brosna and drain the bog, but the Irish people objected, and it is now left to the Irish people to do it. The Government proposed to cut the river and drain the bog, but the Irish people objected, and it is now left to the Irish people to do it.

Tired and Dependent.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

A Few Reliable Agents Wanted

[illegible]

INFORMATION WANTED.

[illegible]

DIED.

[illegible]

Specially Engraved by Messrs. Oliver & Co. of this City, for our Paper, thus forming
A DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE MONITOR,
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THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR
The Product of the Catholic Genius and Intellect of
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Of any length agreeable to the author.
PREMIUMS WILL ALSO BE GIVEN
For other Contributions to THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR if Found worthy thereof.
IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.
ALL MATTER SENT MUST BE ORIGINAL, written on one side of each sheet of foolscap paper, and must be mailed to the Monitor so as to reach this office not later than November 30th, which is the date fixed upon to announce the names of successful contributors in the Monitor of November 26th.
The name and nom de plume of each contributor must be inserted in each manuscript. This Premium are open to contestants resident in any portion of the Pacific Coast. All manuscripts should be forwarded to the office at once, as soon as completed, so as to be carefully and properly considered by the committee.
SEND COPIES TO YOUR EASTERN AND EUROPEAN FRIENDS.
THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR mailed to any address in the United States or Europe on receipt of TEN CENTS in coin or postage-stamps.
DO NOT DELAY
In sending in the Names of all your friends to whom you desire to mail copies of the CHRISTMAS MONITOR, as here-after many subscribers are disappointed to receive copies of the Christmas Edition being entirely exhausted. Send your lists and cash at once, and then your friends will be certain to receive a most welcome CHRISTMAS or NEW YEAR'S GIFT for which
THEY WILL LONG FEEL GRATEFUL

The Monitor.

"Fiat Justitia Ruat Coelum."

Let Justice be done though the Heavens Fall.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS,

Reception in New Orleans.

GOLDEN GIFTS FROM A GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

Affectionate Address of Catholic Fealty.

Last night the Catholic community in this city of Cardinal Gibbons a public reception at Greenwald Hall. In view of the general desire to see him, Cardinal Gibbons kindly consented to meet the hall from 8 until 9 o'clock.

The committee of Catholic gentlemen had the affair in charge, and all the arrangements were admirable. The entrance to the hall was crowded with cardinal hunting. The hall itself was tastefully decorated. In front of the gallery were the national colors. At the far end of the hall was the Cardinal throne, surmounted by a canopy of crimson, and fringed with gold. Above the canopy hung the Papal flag, and on either side were flags with glittering spear heads. On a platform, and with crimson and gold cloth covered, stood a chair for the Cardinal, facing the throne and the seats, which were arranged in a semi-circle. The gallery was filled to the brim of the reception and there were hundreds of people on the floor.

At half-per 6 o'clock the hall was dark, such little Sodality Cardinal Gibbons, accompanied by Father Chapelle, came on stairs and was met at the head of the stairs by a number of gentlemen on the reception committee, who ushered him into the hall. As he entered, the hall became full and fantily illuminated, the crimson of the throne brightened, the flags shone in the light, and a welcome lit up the faces of the spectators. At the same time the orchestra, the chorus, the organ, played the hymn "Adeste Fideles" (O Sanctum). The Cardinal was then seated in the throne, and the Rev. Dr. McGlynn in this campaign." This sentiment, I am sure, will be shared by a number of the defeated candidates, and it is even said that George himself thinks so, although he does not say so.

—A striking instance of the enthusiastic and increasing sympathy which the Irish National cause has taken root in the metropolitan suburbs was exhibited at a meeting held at Camberwell, England, on October 22nd, called to protest against the "Mitchelstown murders." In the audience were to Ireland's Blood Fund, the National Leagues. This announcement was received with great cheers, which were renewed when Mr. Hill exhibited his card of membership. Mr. Hill, who is one of the largest hock manufacturers in the world, dealing with the Jews of Russia and Poland, remarked that though he had extensive commercial dealings with Ireland, he was a bad debt three, while he had frequently such in England and Scotland.

—The exile announces that a complete disorganization of the Gaelic Athletic Association in Ireland, which was inaugurated at Thurles, on Friday, Father Scanlan, and the delegates from Ballyhaunis, Wilkinsy, Wicklow, Wexford and Dublin withdrew from the association, accusing the other members of an intention to oust Father Scanlan from the presidency. Archbishop Croke has also resigned his membership. The *Freeman's Journal* deprecates the disunion. The Press had been expected some time. The organization founded to revive the ancient Irish sports and field exercises, unfortunately fell under the management of those who became jealous of the power and dangerous malady known as "the swelled head." Archbishop Croke, who was the core of the earliest and most enthusiastic patrons had to get out the case must have been very sad indeed.

The *Observatore Romano* publishes an interview with Father Tolmen, who succeeded Mr. Persico on his special Papal mission to Ireland. Father Tolmen, in addresses presented to Mgr. Persico in Ireland, expressed the hope and strong confidence in the Holy See. In that country the agitation based on such a long memory of ancient wrongs England has inflicted upon her, but also upon the serious provocation which demand attention. The presence of the Mgr. contributed to keep the country tranquil. Father Tolmen stated that there is every ground for the hope that a solution of the Irish question by means will be found to settle the difference between landlords and tenants, especially as the Irish are very far from desiring separation from England. Catholics and Protestants alike have confidence in the Pope.

—In the release of Miss Mary Anne Lawler from Wexford Jail, on October 25th, Nebraska Gold, Holmestown, made her a valuable presentation, on behalf of the Home National League. Mr. M. J. Tobin, Nebraska Gold, presented a gold watch and chain, Rosary beads and prayer-book, on behalf of the ladies of the Nebraska Leagues, Liverpool. The presentation took place in the historic Bull Ring, where, kneeling before the Cross, the women of Wexford were slaughtered by Cromwell. Miss Lawler was escorted home by a large procession.

—It is stated upon authority, that during the next Consistory, which will be held in the month of December, the Cardinalship will be conferred upon Mgr. Persico, Mgr. Bichard, Archbishop of Paris, and Mgr. Parocco, the present Envoy Extraordinary of the Pope in Ireland.

—The English clergy as a rule begin to feel some alarm over the question of church disestablishment, and are preaching against it very widely. The scheme of Mr. Chamberlain to disestablish the Welsh Church is regarded as a remote attack on their own vested institution—an assault on the outposts of the main citadel of which they are the guardians and defenders.

HELP OLD IRELAND!

Appeal to Wealthy Irishmen.

JOHN FITZGERALD'S CIRCULAR.

Erin's Present Need for Pecuniary Assistance.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
OFFICE OF PRESIDENT,
LINCOLN, NEB., Nov. 12, 1887.

To the Wealthy Irishmen and Sons of Irishmen:

Fellow Countrymen—To day the fate of Ireland hangs trembling in the balance. One brief year must decide whether Ireland shall cease to exist or shall, in the glory of renewed youth, take her place in the royal robes of restored independence. The Parliament of Ireland will be called together with their gallant leaders; they have shown that, against overwhelming odds with prudence, Christian forbearance, and heroic fortitude, could do wonders for their condition. The odds are against them. Without assistance from abroad, they must yield to the law of superior force. Left now to their own resources, as far as human aid from our home, Ireland's hope lies in the hands of her children, who, coming from Ireland, in the land of their birth, or to drench the sacred soil with their blood as a last sacrifice, in the sacrifice of liberty, which

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

REPENTANCE.

Deep in the depths of my troubled mind,
I've lingered oft and long;
Heedless to some of a thousand thoughts,
Haunted by scraps of song.
On the troubled waters of high days,
On the battle of silver years,
Of the priceless hours that lily apart,
Have plaited an ocean of tears.
The awful doctrines that fill my soul,
That raised the dismal fabric of sin,
Are thoughts that crowd my harrowing brain
With images vile and grim.
"Why give me back the long gone hours,"
I cried betwixt my tears,
"Give back that dear though misspent time,
That darkened some of years,
When I, in the lap of childhood,
Caroused by her fruitful hand;
I lived upon her winsome smiles,
And followed her feast nominal."
And now were old and passive grown,
I look with a hungered eye,
Upon such terrible sunrises
That solemnly marches by.
The tears flow down my hollowed cheek,
Whenever with a sigh and start,
I think on the awful crimes of youth
That I have dared my hopeful heart.
And thus I sit in the splendor of day
And in the dim silence of night
Uncovered my soul to a kindred tears
To God—the all-great Light.
That His may wash my stained soul
In the waters of heavenly love
And place me amid the saintly host
That live in God's state above.

—JOHN J. FARRY.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

FAME.

Hunter Fame, oh, what art thou,
A mortal being doom'd to die,
Thy recent gifts are only now
To pity with man and pass him by.

Delusive dream, what's in thy gauze
To make poor man thy abject slave,
An adverse blast from Fortune's frown
Sinks emperors beneath thy wave.

Bright Fame, thy odorous wreath of bay
Will late from array monarch's brow,
Thy perfume vanish in decay
When man to his last bourne shall go.

When thy bright ambiance cease to bloom,
Oh, Fame, when Time has made them rust
Man then finds refuge in the tomb,
And honors crumble into dust.

JOHN F. MCDONELL.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

ORRIN IN TULLAMORE

The despots now begin to smile
And peaceful man small
These are gloomy hearts on Erin's isle
For O'Brien is in jail.
Aye! cast into a felon's cell,
From home and loved ones free,
This brave, outspoken martyr lies
In jail at Tullamore.

The good old cause still onward moves,
Hope yet is not to rain,
For noble hearts will ever still work
To break the despot's chain,
Hope on! hope on! O valorous heart,
Success is still in store,
It matters not how well they fill
The jail at Tullamore.

From out their prison cell there come
Echoes of freedom's strains,
Made plaintive by the clanking of
A hero-born in chains.
A martyr to poor Erin's cause,
From home and comfort torn,
Yet from long and dismal months
Had escaped—or the crafty held no
Of true and trusty steel!
Ah! hardened is the despot's heart—
For nearly is lame or nothing was
The punishment O'Brien feels
In jail at Tullamore.

Yet sometimes your hands have sung
Most sad and memorial lays
About poor suffering Erin
In the dark the happy life days,
When the scaffold high was reeking
With many a hero's gore,
Who loved his native land like him
In jail at Tullamore.

Oh! leaders of old Erin's cause—
To him we look and hope,
Your wisdom yet may tell to how
Your sons can break the yoke,
In patience we are waiting now—
When will suspense be's o'er?
And men upbold their hands as four
The jail at Tullamore.

Farwell! Farwell! to thee we look,
Then art our guiding star,
We'll listen to thy words of hope,
Be they for peace or war.
Brave Irishmen have learned to wait
As they have done before,
Despite the threats of those in power
And the jail of Tullamore.

W. G. H.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight."

I would receive my sight; my clouded eyes
Miss the glad radiance of the morning sun,
The changing tints that gladdy the skies
With rosate splendors when the day is done;
The shadows soft and gray, the pearly light
Of summer twilight deep'ning into night.

I cannot see to keep the narrow way,
And so I blindly wander here and there,
Groping amidst the brake, or helpless stray
Through pathless, tangled deserts, blind and bare;
Weeping I seek the way I cannot find—
Open my eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind.

And oft I laugh with some light, thoughtless one,
Now now weighed bliss some fane most dear,
And write my sketch, a mocking pallimpsest—
Ah! human smiles of human pain and fear!
Ah! satyr on the tantalus inherited—
Pity, oh, son of David! I am blind.

I do not see the pale my light words give,
The quivering, quaking heart I cause yet;
So, light of thought, SOME hidden grief I live,
And most the joyous tones with sightless glee;
Open mine eyes, light, blessed ways to God—
Jesus, have mercy on me—I am blind.

My useless eyes are reservoirs of tears,
Doomed for their blind mistakes to overflow;
To weep for thoughtless ways of wandering years,
Because I could not see—I am blind.
Those sightless eyes—than sweetest glance less kind—
Light of the World, have pity: I am blind.

SEND US CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would most respectfully ask the Rev. Clergy, or any of our readers of the entire Pacific Coast, to send us items of general interest. We wish to make the MONITOR a chronicle of all Diocesan happenings relative to the progress of religion, but we cannot do so unless we are aided by those who have the knowledge of the facts in their keeping. Dare facts are all we want. Will our friends please furnish us with them?

Literary Miscellany.

The Young Abbe.

A Story of the French Revolution

Few there are in the present day who, having resorted to either Pau or Biarritz during the winter months in search of either health or pleasure, have not, during the spring acts in, made excursions into the heart of the lovely mountains of the Pyrenees. But at the time the incident narrated will relate, an about to endeavor to relate, lingering in Bigorre, and Be Loudon, Cauterez, and indeed all the now fashionable places, were very different to what they are in the present day, the so-called improvement name had not laid its hand on these lovely scenes, and except a few huts for the mountaineers, all had been left very much as God had made it. For the most part the lives led by the poor peasants were quiet and uninteresting, their occupation being mostly the care of their flocks, and the only black spot in this otherwise innocent life was the immense contraband trade which was carried on with Spain. The Seigneur of the part of the Pyrenees I have allude to was the Marquis de Bajac. The chateau he inhabited and all the surrounding country had belonged to his family from time immemorial. Smuggling was carried on very extensively during the regns of Louis XIV. and XV., and, unfortunately, there were few, if indeed any, of the nobles who held their castles in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees who were not more or less connected with the banks of smugglers infesting the whole range. The Marquis de Bajac merely allowed the use of the hiding places at the back of his chateau, but for this favor he received a large compensation. He died a few years before the unfortunate Louis XVI. ascended the throne of France, and as he left no child he was succeeded in the family estates by his cousin, with whom notwithstanding the immense difference of character between them, it very frequently he ever had been on terms of close friendship.

Jacques de Bajac, who thus inherited the chateau, held in horror the lawless trade that had been countenanced by his cousin, and on taking possession gave the smugglers to once to understand, that for the future they were to expect neither aid nor protection from him. He and his amiable and pious wife devoted all their time and attention in endeavors to help the poor by whom they were surrounded, and in spite of the hatred with which in the first instance they were viewed on account of smuggling having been forbidden, they won by their kindness and charity won the love and esteem of all with whom they came in contact. In all their good works they were aided by their only child, a son to whom both were devoted, but so thoroughly did the Lord of our Blessed Lord enter into all the actions of their lives that they never hesitated for one moment granting him their full consent when he expressed a wish to enter the sacred ministry. They knew that he was more honored by being called to serve God in the altar than if he had been named to the greatest earthly honors.

As soon as Jacques de Bajac succeeded to the family estates, he entrusted the Bishop of the diocese to appoint his son curse of the parish. The request was at once granted, and young Henri de Bajac, entered, held no intercourse with the smugglers who then were the ordinary bearers of tidings from the outer world. Nothing or nothing was therefore known of the breaking out of the Revolution, and the unhappy Louis XVI. and his wounded consort had been consigned for many weeks to the Temple, before the tidings of the horrible event had reached the Pyrenees. But the happy life led by the Bajacs was soon to end. One of the most desperate of the smugglers, enraged at the restrictions that had been put on his dishonest trade, denounced the family as aristocrats, and therefore dangerous to the public safety. One lovely summer evening when the family were sitting on the terrace watching the glorious setting of the sun, they were suddenly surrounded by a band of soldiers belonging to the self-constituted government, and at once hurried off to the prison at Toulouse, which they were only to leave to appear before a mock tribunal, and receive the sentence of death that had in reality been passed on them before they were tried. The mock tribunal was the Marquis and his wife were guillotined in the public square, and the Abbe, though he had entreated to be allowed to die with his parents, had his request refused, and he was sent back to prison. Little did he think that God had still work left for him to do!

In those dreadful days the prison at Toulouse was so crowded that many of the cells had to be divided to admit of more prisoners. During the evening of the day of the execution of his unfortunate parents, the holy priest was pacing the cell in which he was confined, in a state of mind not to be described, when his steps were arrested by hearing what he thought was a groan. He listened. The sound rose again, and he soon ascertained whence it came. He put his mouth to the wooden partition and gently asked the cause of the great grief, and whether he could be of any assistance. "Alas, no!" was the answer he received, "no one can now do anything for me. I am condemned to die. There is no hope for me either in this world or in the next. I have scoffed at religion and at the priests of God's Holy Church, and now they have left me to meet His without a possibility of my being reconciled to Him. I have betrayed the innocent family of Bajac merely through a desire for revenge, and with such a load on my conscience how is it possible I can be other wise than as you find me." The Abbe informed him of his real office, but without telling his name, not wishing to add another drop to the bitter cup the poor wretch had to drain. His ears entreated him not to give way to despair, but to seek pardon of God by making a good confession. At first the wretched man was most unwilling to comply, and only burst out into fresh groans. The Abbe threw himself on his knees and prayed earnestly to God that He would soften the proud, hard heart. His prayers were answered, for soon after the poor man called to the priest to hear his confession, and when he had done so he told him that to give him courage to the last, he would try and obtain permission to be executed at the same time. The smuggler was true to his promise which had hardly been made when the door of the cell was opened, and a man entered. It being the hour for the prisoner's sandy meal, the Abbe scarcely turned his head. What was his astonishment when he did so to see one of his nearest and dearest relations before him! He was on the point of speaking to him by name, but the new-comer put his finger to his lips and said in a whisper

"Speak, speak, my friend, there is no time to lose. Although my companions are sound asleep, I dare not speak aloud. Put on this dress which I have brought, at the same time allowing me to disguise you.

"Impossible replied the Abbe, "I can not be," and he proceeded to relate the circumstances that had brought him to prison, and how he had made to his fellow-prisoner, adding that however terrible death might be it would be nothing compared with the remorse he should ever after feel were he at this moment to abandon a fellow-creature in distress.

The friend knew him but too well to entertain any hopes of his altering this determination, and he left the prison with a heart sad for the fate of the relation he loved so warmly, at the same time full of admiration for his self-sacrifice. The two companions so unfortunate thus again left alone passed most of the night in prayer, conversation and prayer, and when the soldiers the following morning came to conduct them to the fatal spot where they were to suffer, they found them ready and willing to follow.

The smuggler was the first to ascend the scaffold, and as he left the side of the doomed priest he heard the holy words of absolution which the priest pronounced over the prisoners should not be allowed to speak to each other. The Abbe met his fate with the calmness and resignation that one would expect from him, he felt this world but a few minutes after the fatal axe had ended the life of his penitent, and soon both appeared at the judgment seat of God, where we may hope the smuggler had that pardon ratified to him which he had received on Earth from the man whom he had so deeply injured.

How London Bridge was Built.

Once on a time, says the legend, when London Bridge was not, there was but a ferry. The ferryman's name was Hearne, and he had a lovely daughter Mary, whom another was dead, and who had promised her hand to a certain noble knight. Hearne was one of the meanest of men, thrifty even to marring point. He was, in short, a miser, and in his traitor endeavor to keep down his household expenses to a minimum, a strange idea occurred to him. This was to forget himself dead, so that for grief at his demise he remained for one day at least, would entirely refrain from food. And so the old man carefully locked his larder and wine cellars and simulated death. He was "laid out," and measured for his coffin, and he kept himself stiff and still, and chuckled internally at his new device for reducing his expenditure. Also instead of grieving over the loss of their miserly master, the household rejoiced exceedingly. Headed by the cheery apprentice, they broke into the larder, and prepared the only good dinner they had had for months. Fancy the ferryman's dismay as he lay all silent and deserted on stairs supposed to be dead and yet listening to all that passed in the room below. He heard the dinner ordered, and these cases must be feeding at his expense. And he could hear them in full swing, rule and merry. The meat was carved, and the wine

PRACTICAL CATHOLICS.

To Be Catholic Merely in Name is to Glorifiably Insulting.

Bad Catholics are those who do not practise their tongues. They neglect, but cannot deny their faith of the assertion for all that. We call a man bad or good with regard to what he does his work well. We say "he is a good mechanic," or "he is good apostle of his capability, but also of his practice. We go further and say that he is good in spite of it he has the capability and doesn't exercise it in his trade or profession. We assert that a man who can, but will not, is not worthy of consideration. We say he has everything in his work hands. If he fails he fails because he does not exert himself, and is, therefore, unworthy of our pity.

How is it with a Catholic? He has every thing in this world found that whoever commands him to hear the Church, that gives him grace accordingly which will be to practice his faith as a Christian. What can he ask for that he has not ready to his hand? Did God not send his son that he might only bring forth thorns, offences against God, as the fruit of his life? He knows his duty to God, his neighbor and himself, and, therefore, cannot plead ignorance.

The Bishops and pastors of the Church are continually explaining those duties to the faithful. Those who are ignorant must say, I could have known them, but would not." What will God say to them when they are called before His throne of justice? They cannot dare expect the sentence of the just, for they have despised the commandments of God, tells us that the time will come when He will judge, but the destruction of those who put off their conversion from day to day.

We are about to enter a holy season, the time of Advent. We have been stirring our souls with Christ's Church during Sexagesima before the altar of God, begging for peace and the fulfilment of God's promises throughout the whole world, but how can we expect God to hear us unless we make clear our own souls? We should ask our selves how it is with us. Are we improving the time which God has given us to work out our salvation?

The Feast of All Saints is gone by, and the commemoration of all the faithful departed is at hand. We have seen some days of grace and mercy. The first was a day of grace to conversion, the second a day for energy on our part to the poor souls of those gone before us. We must answer for our every talent that God gives to us, and the day of reckoning is near at hand. Life is short and we cannot prove the day of our death or, if we would, had fancy with God when he calls us from life. If we live in order for the poor souls, how may we expect the prayers of the Church for ourselves when we are dead?

Do as you would be done by, was good motto to follow in our actions towards the living and the dead. If you, kind reader, have never rendered a your duty towards the dead on All Souls Day, do not forget it for the rest of this month of November. Join the millions of the Church in praying for the souls departed. Be a child of the Church in deed and in truth, and extend to those who have the charity you will one day need your selves.

Teach your children, parents, to pray for the dead. Tell them of those that are near to them by blood, affinity and friendship, but who are no longer of this world. Remind them of the poor priests who labored for you in times gone by, and who are now, perhaps, of the Church Suffering. Tell them of the fathers known to you when they lived and ask them to pray for them. Tell them of those who have passed away from parents, relatives and friends, and cause them to pray by praying for them in family prayers.

Hold help the unfortunate family in which there are no family night prayers at least. The children of such families often wander from their faith, for the reason that they have been taught to practice it at home. Say the Rosary every night during November for the poor souls and God will bless your family. Amen!

S. S. M.

A Conversion by Means of the Rosary.

A famous preacher of the last century, relates that early one morning to hear the confessions of a man strictly speaking, unknown to the house, he found him in a state of consciousness. The man confessed to the church, and offered for the dying man the votive Mass of the Blessed Virgin. Scarcely had he taken off the vestments, when a servant came to say that his master had regained his speech. Upon returning to the house, he perceived, the priest found him ready to confess, and he made amends for the deepest repentance, and offering his life to God in expiation for his sins. The priest at once heard his confession and administered the last Sacraments.

Not knowing to what this happy death might be attributed, the servant observed that he considered the circumstances somewhat extraordinary.

"Father," replied the dying man, "I can only attribute the great grace I have received to the prayers of my beloved wife, who on her death-bed also called on me to pray, telling me of the dangers to which my poor soul exposed me, she said: 'The only consolation I have, my son, is that I have up to under the protection of the Blessed Virgin. Promise me to say your Rosary every day.' I promised, and for ten years I have been faithful act of religion I have performed."

At these words the confessor recognized the visible protection of the Blessed Virgin, which continued to be manifest until the sufferer drew his last breath.

The Love of Mother.

He was about to die for a cold-blooded murder. Standing beneath the gallows he made a short talk. He spoke of intemperance, of his evil ways, of his disregard of his wife and children, of his neglect of God, of his disobedience to his parents, of his profane and cursing habits, of his Sabbath-breaking, of his gambling, of his dishonesty, of his lying, of his hatred of his fellow-men, of his murderous thoughts, of his murderous deed, and then he said:

"But there is one love I have kept pure and true and with the Engineer Memoulian and the Indian General Mejias, a full blooded Aztec. Mrs. Miramon witnessed all the cruelties of the Imperial Period, and accompanied to the place of execution of her husband. Her recollections of imperial authority are so horrid that memories are related in the tenderness of a woman's style, and it is the more to be regretted, as the expression of sentiment is the most impressive. They abound in details which Gonzales has not included, and the more intimate knowledge I facts disclosed, think other writers have not been in a position to make as prominent in their histories or publications. Following is an illustration of the character of the interesting work, being now published in Mexico, relating to the last days at Queretaro. *The Emperor Maximilian.* In the Convent of the Capuchin Order, a lonely quadrangular structure of the present architectural kind, I found six chamber, unpretentious cities, prison in a sense, the condemned prisoners were confined, preparatory to the climax scene in the tragedy.

In the first time, I, nothing remarkable occurred. I visited the Emperor, and he received me in a cordial manner, and conversed with me in a cordial manner, and conversed with me in a kind manner. He was in good health and spirits. Mexico, relating to the Emperor Maximilian, and the Empress Carlotta, and the Emperor Maximilian, and the Empress Carlotta, and the Emperor Maximilian, and the Empress Carlotta, and

THE MONITOR.
THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION
THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1887
THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.
A Double Issue for a Doubly Great Occasion.

OF the consequence of the forthcoming **CHRISTMAS MONITOR** containing two illustrated Supplements—a **Christmas** Supplement and a **Jubilee** Supplement, making a **Double Number of the MONITOR**, we are compelled to go to press much earlier than usual, and all contributions (whether in prose or poetry) for the **Christmas Monitor**, must reach the office of the **Monitor** on or before **Saturday November 26th, inst.** Subscribers and all persons who desire to **procure extra copies of the Double Number of the Christmas Monitor** should send in the names now and ten cents per copy for all copies desired, so as to avoid **disappointment by delay.** The **Christmas Monitor will be printed on the finest of tinted paper with engravings** such specially for it by Moses, Oliver & Co., of this city, and it will be **the largest and best Catholic Christmas paper ever issued in the United States.**

Some copies to send to your friends at home and abroad now, or you may be sorry. If you do not, you may have a great deal to be sorry for, there is a great demand for the Christmas Monitor.

JUBILEE INDULGENCES.

Letters Apostolic, in form of Brief, granting Indulgences to Pilgrims on occasion of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff and to those who unite themselves in spirit to such pious pilgrimage.

LEO XIII., POPE.

To all the Faithful who shall read these present Letters, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

As the first day of the New Year approaches, when, with the help of God, We shall celebrate Our Sacerdotal Jubilee, all the nations of the world and all classes of society, with one heart and one mind, rejoice exceedingly, and amid the many trials of the times in which by the Will of God We occupy the august See of St. Peter, they in a most admirable manner solemnly testify to Us their faith, love, veneration, and good wishes. For this We give glory to God, Who consoles Us in Our trials, and We beseech Him to bless this Christian people and to grant it long desired peace and concord.

Touched by these sincere displays of devotion and solid piety, and yielding to the requests made us, that Our children in all parts from their Father's house should participate in the benefits of the dispensation. Wherefore, relying on the mercy of God Almighty and on the authority of the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, We grant in the Lord a Plenary Indulgence and remission of all sins to all and each of the faithful of either sex who shall come on pilgrimage to Rome, on occasion of Our Sacerdotal Jubilee, in order to bear public and manifest witness to the piety and devotion of their ancestors, and to render honor and proper obedience to that supreme authority with which God has clothed Us. In like manner to all Cities or Dioceses of either sex who follow and accompany in mind and heart such pilgrimages to Rome, and also to those who in any way whatever promote the success of such pious journeys, if they make a Novena, reciting daily the third part of the Holy Rosary, before the day of Our Sacerdotal Jubilee, that is, before the first day of next January, and if they repeat the same Novena during the time fixed for the audience of these pious pilgrimages, and truly contrite, and having confessed and received Holy Communion, they visit their parish church, or some other church or public oratory, and there offer their pious prayers to God for the concord of Christian princes, for the extirpation of heresies, for the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of their Holy Mother Church. We grant in the Lord a Plenary Indulgence and remission of all sins on the day of Our Sacerdotal Jubilee as well as on the feast day that shall follow immediately the Novena repeated at the choice of each one at the time above fixed. Moreover to all and each of those who shall exercise heart and soul Novenas, We remit for each day of the Novena, in the usual form prescribed by the Church, three hundred days of penance that they may in any way have incurred, or may be due from them. All and each of these Indulgences, remission of sins, and dispensations from penances, We grant so that they may be applicable to the souls in Purgatory, and We desire that they be granted only for this year. Lastly, We desire, all things to the contrary notwithstanding, that these scriptions or copies, even printed, of these present Letters, signed by a Notary Public and sealed by some constituted ecclesiastical dignitary, shall be accepted, as if these Letters themselves were shown or exhibited.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman, this first day of October, 1887, in the tenth year of Our Pontificate.

M. CARD. LEDOCHOWSKI.

—"Casting a slur on the women of Canada," is the charge which is wired to this west against Hight Rev. James V. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, Ontario, by some Orange ruffian who formulated the charge solely in order to gratify his hatred against the Catholic Church. Bishop Cleary never said that Canadian girls were "wild, immodest, uncontrollable and altogether improper," but he was a fanatic foolish enough to believe the vile charge of some slanderous scoundrel.

—A cablegram from Rome announces that the Pope has nominated a commission to examine his project to found an extensive charitable institution for the benefit of the working classes to commemorate the Jubilee. He proposes that the sum of $200,000 be raised to start the institution.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Most Rev. Bernard Finegan, Bishop of Kilmore, Ireland, died at Kilmore, County Westford, on the 11th inst. R. I. P.

—The business establishment of the Catholic Publication Company of New York was destroyed by fire on the 9th inst.

—Cardinal Taschereau admitted himself from the Premier's reception at Quebec because learned that the ladies costumes would be decolleté.

—Signor Zazzar has published a letter in which he says that conciliation with the Vatican will take place in spite of the Masonic seals.

—A dispatch from Vienna, of the 19th inst., says that the Papal Nuncio to Bavaria to attend the Pope's Jubilee, will start for Holy City on Monday, headed by Cardinal Limer. The Hungarian Episcopal committee yesterday handed Monsignor Galimberti, Papal Nuncio, £23,000 for the Pope. Numerous other valuable presents have been sent to His Holiness.

—Every Catholic will be glad to learn that of the 10,000 priests in Prussia where Bismarck's anti-Catholic crusade commenced some dozen years ago, not more than fifty turned traitors to God and His Church. And now that the Church has come out of the conflict triumphant, it is still more gratifying to know that of those fifty there are only two left upon whom the grace of repentance has not as yet fallen.

—The Catholic Columbian is of the opinion that the recent appointment of Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock, to be Administrator of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, taken in connection with the amount of episcopal labor performed by him in the Archdiocese of late, would indicate a strong probability that the Bishop is likely to be made Archbishop of New Orleans.

—John Fitzgerald, President of the Irish National League of America, seems to be precisely "the right man in the right place." He seems an apostle to rich Irishmen in America through our columns this week, and he heads the list of subscriptions himself by a generous donation of *one thousand dollars!* We anxiously await the receipt of subscriptions from rich Pacific Coast Irishmen, and hope sincerely that they will not desert Ireland now when she needs money to crown her long struggle for liberty with certain victory.

—The wonderful growth of the Church in the Eastern States is well illustrated by the following statistics of the Diocese of Brooklyn which Bishop Loughlin took charge of in 1853, when there were only eight Catholic churches in Brooklyn, and ten others scattered over Long Island, with twenty-three priests. Now there are more than twenty-five hundred priests adjoining the new cathedral in Clermont and DeKalb Avenues is rapidly approaching completion, and early next year it will be occupied by the Bishop.

—The loyalty of the Catholics of St. Stephen's parish, New York, was demonstrated recently in a very gratifying and substantial manner by the liberality with which they responded to the appeal of Archbishop Corrigan for a special Peter's Pence collection for Pope Leo XIII., which was taken up in all the Catholic churches throughout the Archdiocese of New York on Sunday, October 30. It has been officially announced that this collection amounted to $1,247 in St. Stephen's Church, and the members of the congregation were thanked during every service for their liberality on that occasion. Last year St. Stephen's Church gave only $397 24. The collections in the other New York city churches on the occasion were as follows: Cathedral, $7,000; Church of the Transfiguration, $2,943; Paulist church, $1,350; St. Francis Xavier $1,100; St. Ann's, $1,005; St. Michael's, $1,053.

—Some friends in Oregon have sent us marked copies of the Oregon City Enterprise containing a farewell kick at the Church by the Clackamas county curse—Rev. J. C. Taylor, whom we castigated very severely on a recent occasion. We see nothing in this brazen bigot's recent effusion, however, to call for any further notice at our hands. The Monitor's foulmouth seems to have knocked this preacher silly, hence he can only repeat his former twaddle concerning questions upon which we proved him to have falsified scripture, history and fact. Our "attempt" to reply to this ranegade enemy of the Church was made mainly at the request of Oregon Catholics who felt ashamed to have Taylor's slander distributed in their midst whilst the score from which they expected a defence remained as dumb as a dead oyster. Under such circumstances the Monitor will always be glad to "attempt" a defence of the Church and Catholic truth which some of our contemporaries seem either too indolent or too ignorant to make.

—Cardinal Gibbons recently officiated at the religious profession of some Sisters in New Orleans, and in the course of a brief sermon on the consecrated life, he said that the habit did not make the monk nor the nun. If the heart is not also clothed in the robes it is a mockery in the eyes of God. The life of the nun must be similar to that of the Saviour in as many respects as possible. They cannot work miracles as the Lord has wrought. It was consoling to know that the same privileges are address granted by the Lord to mortals for their own benefit. It was done for the benefit of others. If it were so it would not increase our sanctity and hope of blessedness. The same soul and same life is given to all, but they could enlighten the ignorant; they could not make the deaf hear, but they could admonish others of the duties of this life; they could give bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, consolation to others, and in these ways be of great service to society. There was no doubt that the religious life was of social service. Its members went out and made others happy. Never did perfection approach nearer to the Lord than when they caused happiness to shine in the hearts of others.

Protestant Pupils in Catholic Schools.

"There are, says the local Methodist organ, "two thousand Protestant girls in convent schools in the Canadian Province of Ontario." The question, therefore, naturally arises: Why, thousands of Protestant parents send their daughters to Catholic schools? The answer is very plain and obvious. Catholic parents, Catholic mothers, under charge of priests, virtuous Sisters trained to teaching, and whose lives are spent in an atmosphere whose morality is absolutely excluded and entirely unknown, young ladies grow up in the grace of God under the guardianship of His consecrated Virgins. Even Protestant preachers themselves have at length discovered that in order to have their daughters trained in virtue and womanly graces, it is necessary to commit them to the charge of Sisters whose every day practice is a living lesson of chaste deportment and ladylike virtue to those committed to their training.

Among the "two thousand Protestant girls" in Catholic schools in Toronto, were the daughters of Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, a distinguished Methodist minister and Literary Superintendent of Education in Ontario. When the Methodist brethren learned this fact they at once raised a howl of indignation at the "outrage" perpetrated by one of their preachers who thus "fraternized with accused of "Popery." The more intolerant and ignorant Methodists commanded Rev. Dr. Ryerson to withdraw his daughters forthwith from the "dangerous" citadel of Popery within the convent walls, but Dr. Ryerson very sensibly told his co-religionists that his children were his own, and as he wanted them to grow up good, virtuous and intelligent young ladies—a credit to themselves and their parents—he proposed to educate them in a school where he knew they would be perfectly safe from the sinful wiles of the world, and where no taint of sins against chastity could sully their virtuous souls.

For daring thus to exercise his parental rights and his inalienable independence, Rev. Dr. Ryerson was hoopoolled by his bitterly bigoted bible brethren; his society was shunned by his Wesleyan co-religionists, and as a crowning blot both his social and religious position became in connection with the brethren who are supposed to dwell in harmony together, that he was at length unjustly deprived of his license to preach the gospel which inculcates peace and goodwill among all Christian people.

Such was the action of Methodist sectarians towards a Methodist preacher who manifested independence even superior to all sectarian bondage, and we cite this case in order to show the relentless rigor of Methodism towards its preachers if they dare not discover one of their co-religionists fastening the bonds of slavery with which Methodism commands its victims when they come within the web of Wesleyanism.

Nearly all the respectable element among our Methodist community of every sect, the reason that they have tried their own schools and found them wanting. Too late, many cases, they found that their daughters had formed acquaintances among visiting gentlemen which were far from being desirable and which in some cases—bright and beautiful as they were—ended in the ruin of the existence of the fairest flower that grew in the parental heart. They also discovered from experience that the natural modesty of the young maiden had been lamentably impaired by association with boisterous graduates. And so notorious have some so called non-Catholic female academies become for the ruin of innocence and morals that public sentiment has been given and the reputation of more respectable educational institutions damaged through such ruinous schools.

We heartily congratulate, therefore, the two thousand Protestant young ladies who have entered the Catholic schools of Ontario. They have wise parents whose daughters will be restored to them without blemish, well grounded in Christian morality and well versed in all those virtues calculated to adorn the female heart and to make her a worthy representative of chastity and worthy to be an heir to the joyed heaven hereafter.

The Week in Ireland.

The cable news from Ireland this week is very meagre. Written still languishes in suffering in Tullamore jail, where it is likely he will die at no very distant day, unless the other Irish patriots have been provided by the new torture inflicted upon them by order of the English power in Ireland.

It is reported that when Mr. Gilhooly, a member of Parliament, came out yesterday from Dublin Castle, after a long interview with Mr. Payne, Member of Parliament, he will return to Castle, defying the attack which is threatened. Mr. Dougthy, the labor delegate from England, who was arrested recently on charges of violating the Coercion Act, has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment at the Ennis Petty Sessions with hard labor.

In consequence of Mr. Parnell's absence at this critical hour in Ireland's destiny having been commented on, he has written a letter to the news agency stating that he does not intend to speak during the Parliamentary recess, as his doctors have advised him to avoid excitement, which would probably bring on chills. He has been warned against undue exertion. Parnell remarks that his health is not yet sufficiently improved. He is now staying at Hastings, where he will remain during the winter, unless the weather he comes severe as to compel him to go to Egypt. Mr. William Redmond, a prominent Nationalist, has been sentenced at Mitchelstown to three months' imprisonment at hard labor for intimidation. His solicitor with drew from court, alleging that the wages treats was prejudiced.

Concerning the quandary in which the British Government finds itself, it is noted that the Tories are in hot water because of the Parnell commission, which was forced upon them by the Liberals. The Liberals are in a state of confusion because of the Coercion Act, and the Parnell party are in a state of uncertainty as to what the Government will do with the Coercion Act when it comes under it. There is a great deal of speculation as to what will happen to the Government if the Liberals should vote against the Coercion Act, and Parnell and his party should vote against it. Some think that the Government would resign, and Bishop Ireland, influence Sir Jos. Jesuson, and to the mind of the country upon the Church as the source of light upon well-equipped schools, colleges and universities. The tide of moral evil is rising, intemperance, dishonesty, wickedness of all kinds is spreading around us the hall of death. We must reach out even into the deep waters of sin, protect the struggling, wave the victim of poison from the jaws of death, strike terror into evil doers, influence for good public legislation. Souls are being lost, agents of Satan surround us, the saloons and gambling dens, our streets run red with poverty and sin, and we, meanwhile, are solemnly in the sanctuary, kneel in our closets, and say our prayers, thank God that we are not as other men, and before our work done, during not who we have prayed are wicked and the sorry stories of sin that are ravaging the world. Are we guilty before God? Have leaders among Catholics and Protestants been guilty of this day? Are they quick to hear every cry of distress, to frown collar or garret, from factory or mine, from prison or alms-house? Have they made the people feel that the Church is their friend and Saviour even as He, of whom it was said, "He went about doing good?" Does the world at this moment turn to the Church as it should, to see in her the refuge and hope? Does it not know the refuge and hope is outside of her bosom? And if not, are we without blame?

In America do we, more than such duties, inculcate the spirit of the age, do we touch with our hands as we ought, the Catholics in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington

Farm and Home.

AFFECTION FOR FRIENDS.

Some Important Suggestions.

It is curious how many persons consider themselves at perfect liberty to treat their friends with the most cool indifference. I know a lady once who sent an intimate acquaintance a note scribbled on a piece of brown wrapping paper, a thing she would never have dared to do to a stranger. What will you be polite to the world, and insult those you profess to love? For whom should you make your most careful toilet, for whom reserve your sweetest smile, your most charming conversation, if not for your dearest friends? Yet how often is it otherwise. I stood once near a beautiful lady at a fashionable reception. In the course of a short conversation she dropped both her handkerchief and fan. The former was returned to her by a gentleman, to whom she bowed the most polite acknowledgement. The latter was restored to her by another gentleman, to whom she did not even lift her eyes. My curiosity was roused, and I asked a friend in the vicinity of the little pantomime if she could explain the enigma. "Oh, yes," she answered, readily, "the gentleman who handed her the handkerchief is Captain Dunbam; the other is only her husband." Only her husband! What use to waste a courteous expression on him! Only her husband! She will keep her radiant smiles for a stranger's admiration! Only husband! No need to lift the beautiful dark eyes to his familiar face. Their bright glances are reserved for him who is but a passing acquaintance. Only your wife, your daughter, your sister, my anxious mother! Ye gods! You need not raise your hat to these, if no one is looking. You will meet a lady present by whom you can, if it gallantly enough. She is somebody's wife, or daughter, or sister; that is the difference, too. Alas! alas! What is it Emerson says? "Treat your friend as if he were a god. And why not? What have you beside your friend, whether he be husband, or brother, or son, or lover, whether she be wife, or sister, or daughter, or sweetheart, or whether the word signify only the one whom you love most? You can live without the world. The business of life is jests and hollow shams and slows are not essential to your happiness. They will pass away. The fire of ambition will burn out, the zone of success be reached, the goal of earthly fame and wealth and honor be attained, all that you seek by work and toil perhaps, but what then? Can you live without your friend? No, no, a thousand times no. Let her be your constant delight, your never-failing inspiration, your ideal, your refuge, your strength. Let your every act be an exponent of your love for her.

The World's Greatest Clock.

The Waterbury, (Connecticut) Watch Company has almost finished its wonderful clock, which in its mechanism, is said to surpass the famous clock at Strasburg. It will be completed by early autumn, and will then be on exhibition in several of the leading cities of the United States. No one has yet seen it but the builders. The clock is 18 feet high, with a base of 7 feet, the width is 8 feet, and it is 6 1-2 feet deep. Clearly all the choice and expensive varieties of wood enter into its construction, also a considerable variety of metals. The cabinet work throughout is a marvel of beauty. Five long years have been consumed in its construction; sometimes four, at others five men have been engaged at the work. Time is indicated in the usual manner by hours, minutes and seconds; in addition to these, days, months, sidereal and thirty-seconds. The day of the week, month and year may also be taken from the dial. The number of wheels, pairs, pinions, springs, and other parts of the mechanism is legion, all of which contribute to most wonderful and amazing exhibitions of intricate events. The several phases of the moon are indicated. The entire system of the planets and solar systems are shown in perfect form in all the varied revolutions. A perfect system of astronomy may be studied from the ingenious mechanism. Many hundred figures represent distinguished clergymen, lawyers, physicians, orators, poets, musicians, sculptors, artist and actors; also distinguished men of all nations. These figures are said to be carved in wood from correct likenesses, and are most complete representations. The signers of the Declaration of Independence assembled as represented in history, the cabinet of Lincoln when the emancipation proclamation was signed, the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, several scenes at the centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, and noted scenes and historical events as represented in the Bible have a prominent place. Shakespeare plays are set out with character true to the representations of the author and the modern setting at the theatre, with dresses and costumes to correspond. Figures and fashions of dress, both ancient and modern, down to the latest period, are among the curiosities. A multitude of amusing scenes will all one the measure of this wonderful clock. It is safe to say that it will surpass any other mechanical structure of the kind ever produced.

A Family's Best Welfare.

A man is anxious for the welfare of his family, and willing to work hard for it; what steps does he take to compass so worthy an end? Thinking in a crude and narrow way that money and happiness are convertible terms, he proceeds to absorb himself body and soul, in the pursuit of money. Now undoubtedly a generous family needs money; but it also needs much also that money can buy; yet of all this he thinks not. He cannot give them the time, his thought, his judgment, his influence, for they are all divided away in his single pursuit. It is perhaps needless to say that a family's best welfare cannot be thus attained. The aim is good, but the method is insufficient. He has missed the road, and cannot reach the goal.

Removing Warts.

In answer to various inquiries, let me say that I have for years cured wart very easily on all animals, no matter where located, by applying bayer of saltpetre with a feather two or three times, at intervals of two or three days. If the warts are dry scaled I scarpe them lightly at first. It simply dries the wart down to a hardness, when it drops off without saving any sense or irritation. The best milking cow which I own I produced out of a drove of bad mils on account of her superiority in having all the excellent milking points, and the discovery that her teats were literally covered with pointed warts, which no doubt was the reason why she had been fattened and sold.

Small Trials.

"I know," says St. Francis de Sales "that little annoyances are more harassing than great ones, because of their number and importunity. Domestic annoyances are more unendurable than those that come from without; but I also know that the victory gained over the former is more acceptable to God than such as attract the attention of the world, and are falsely deemed more meritorious," which means that virtues are to be valued more by the love of God, which inspires them, than by their natural worth.

Family Fun.

Little Laughlets.

—Old Lady (very much shocked). Little boys, what are you playing "shinny" for on the Sabbath day?

Little Boys. We're playin' fer keeps is game.

—Man—As your first baby is a boy, I suppose you have the privilege of naming it.

Young Father—Yes, sirre. I wouldn't allow any one else to name that chunk.

—"Have you thought of a good name for him yet?"

—"Yes; I've got, splendid names, just the thing, but they won't stay of them too."

—"Why not?"

"My wife won't have 'em."

—Smith—You look a little mussed up, Brown.

Brown—I should my so! I've just had a row with my mother-in-law, and I'll be hanged if she didn't put one out of the house. The house belongs to her, you know.

Smith—You told me a day or two ago that your mother-in law was very feeble.

Brown—Yes, I meant feeble for her.

—Smith—Do you know a young man named Tom Barsty?

Jones—I do.

—"Well, he wants a position in my office as cashier. Is he a good business man; is he capable?

"Capable! I should say so. He is capable of anything. He was a private secretary of a New York Alderman for several years. There is nothing he is not capable of doing."

—Consul (to sitters)—Is it possible, Uncle Reuben, that you would swear to what you know is not true for a single paltry dollar?

Uncle Reuben (indignantly)—No, sah! de gummun gyve me $2.

"And now," said the pastor, at the close of his sermon, "I will ask a hymn in the congregation who are outstanding and backsliding, or who desire or expect ever to be numbered among the redeemed, to come before the throne." Immediately a number of men and women rose and walked down the aisle, looking benignantly to the direction of the pulpit as they do so, "seeing ordinarily invited to remain.

—Tommy walked home with the minister last Sunday, and the latter complained of exhaustion.

"Tired out, eh?" said Tommy.

"Yes, and the reverend, "completely worn up, mentally and physically. I actually strained my back getting up this morning's sermon.

"Oh," said Tommy, musingly, "you must be very near the bottom of the barrel."

—Mr. Bumps—I saw you taking a horseback ride this morning. Your own hoss?

Mr. Wumps—No; only a livery hack.

"He looked like a very fine charger."

"No I thought until I paid the bill. Then the owner of the stable cast him all in the shade."

—Little Tommy (who has never been out of the city before)—Oh! Oh! Oh!

Lady—What's the matter, Tommy?

Little Tommy—Why, what a big sky they've got here, mun.

A Double Advance.

In the ante bellum days, a New York State grocer sold the best price of a certain grade of tea "from three shillings" to forty-five cents, and an old farmer who came in with a barrel of cider-vinegar to sell, could hardly credit his senses when told that his favorite brand of tea had advanced several cents per pound.

"What on earth is the reason for this sudden rise?" he inquired.

"Scarcity of tea chests," was the brief answer.

"Well, do you want my vinegar?"

"How much?"

"Eight cents a gallon."

"I only paid you seven for the last."

"Yes, but cider has risen, you see."

"What has brought cider up?" asked the astonished grocer.

"Scarcity of hemp hole plugs," was the quiet but serious reply.

They looked at each other without winking, and then the tea dropped back to thirty-eight and the cider vinegar to seven.

Too Much for the Indian.

A detachment of soldiers being suddenly attacked by the Indians, fired their mountain howitzer without removing it from the back of the mule that was carrying it, the result of which was that the mule and howitzer went rolling down the declivity toward the end of the world, in consternation. One of the Indians being captured, and asked why he ran so, replied: "Me big Injun; not afraid of little gun on big gun, but when white man load up and fire whole jackass, Injun don't know what to do."

The Lime-kiln Club.

"Am Col. Wood-and-De Hoper in de hall dis evenin'," blandly inquired Brother Gardner as the meeting softly opened on the usual degree.

The Colonel was in the hall. He had just taken off his shoes and was about to put down a corn with Washboise Hawkers white handled razor. Where he reached the President's desk the latter continued

"Brodder De Hoper, de report on circumvangiatin' around dat you hav a call to go forth and preach."

"Yo, yah, sah."

"When did de call come?"

"Bout six weeks ago, sah."

"Dat was about de time you was sot out doahs for not payin' yer rent."

"Yes, sah."

"I thought so; and now you feel it yer duty to spread de gospel."

"Yo, sah."

"Well, Brudder De Hoper, I want to make a few observations to you. Of all de members of dis club you an' de most shiftless. You aim low on money, you do less work, you have less to eat and to wear, your clothes are ragged an' your wife discouraged, an' you haven't got neff personal property to fill an old wheelbarrer. You're lazy, shiftless, low, you ought to be easier an' you'd rather hit on preachin'. You want to go out and warn de people to be honest, upright, industrious and sevin—jus what you ain't. You want to talk about de children of Egypt while yours are in rags and dirt. You want to give de Judge Israel a raking down for his thirty pieces of silver, while you'd sell out for fifteen, Brudder De Hoper."

"W—what, sah?"

"If one dog hosts de cause of religion mo' dan another it is in such possons as you gave around de kaintry, claimin' to represent de gospel. Why, sah, de Lord neber chose hand of you an' dose' want to! A man who would portend to git religion to drive preachin' ortser to be sent to jail."

Brother De Hoper's spectacles out his breath, and the bald spot on his head tried to show all the colors of the rainbow.

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OUR SCHOOLS.

Parochial Schools no New Idea

PROTESTANT OPPOSITION TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Some Objections Answered.

Now that certain demagogues are trying to make political capital out of the school question, and attempting to arouse the people against the Catholic church by falsely asserting that Catholic priests are plotting the destruction of the public school system, the statement of a few plain facts bearing upon the question of religious education and the Catholic school policy may not be out of place. In the first place, it is well to assert that the policy of the Catholic church in recommending here now the establishment of parochial schools for the education of Catholic children is no new departure. The parochial school has always been regarded by Catholic pastors as an establishment second in necessity only to the church, for every well-ordained parish. In Catholic countries the church and the school-house are always to be found side by side, and even in this country the parochial school has long been an established fact, especially among the German Catholics, who, to their great credit, have always erected a school house as soon as they built a church, and, in some instances, the schoolhouse was given the preference over the church, and made to serve for the latter on Sundays and holidays. All through the western and northwestern States, the Catholic schoolhouse has been in existence for years, and yet no complaint has ever been made that its establishment went warfare upon the public schools. It was reserved for

THE RIGHTS OF NEW ENGLAND

to make that accusation against the Irish-American Catholics, when the latter began to copy the methods of their co-religionists in the west and northwest, and to carry on the educational policy which has always and everywhere characterized the Catholic church. Perhaps the hostility to the parochial school here in New England does not arise so much from the antagonism of the bigots who object to Catholicity, as from their inherent prejudice against Irish Americans, who, heretofore, constitute the majority of the Catholic population. Whatever motives may prompt this hostility, however, the parochial school needs no defence either for existing or for the system of education it follows. As far as the State is concerned, Catholics have a perfect and unimpeachable right to send their children to what ever school they deem best fitted for their education, and, all contrary assertions notwithstanding, Catholic parents are practically unanimous in preferring the parochial to the public school and the educational system of the former to that of the latter. Nor are Catholics the only ones who are dissatisfied with the public school, or who consider the schools ill adapted for the present needs of the country. A few years ago

PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

before meeting of the school teachers of this city, declared that "the great problem is that of combining religious with secular education. This was no problem sixty or seventy years ago, for then our people were homogeneous. Now, the population is heterogeneous. Religious teaching can best be combined with secular teaching and flourish in countries of heterogeneous population, like Germany, Austria, France and Switzerland, where the government pays for the instruction, and the religious teachers belonging to different denominations are admitted to the public schools at fixed times. That is the only way out of the difficulty. I see, growing up on every side parochial schools—that is, Catholic schools—which take large numbers of children out of the public schools of this city. That is a great misfortune, and the remedy is to admit religious instructors to teach those children in the public schools. This is what is done in Europe. And all those who are strongly interested in the successful maintenance of our public school system will urge the adoption of the method I have described for religious education." This is pretty plain language, and the Harvard President is not the only man, by any means, whose dissatisfaction with the present public school system could be quoted. The action of hundreds and

THOUSANDS OF PROTESTANT PARENTS,

who refuse to send their children to schools in which no religious or moral lessons are taught, would, of itself, if other things are wanting, be a sufficient complaint against the present system, and an ample justification of the Catholic parochial school. It is undeniably over a year now since the president of the Harvard uttered the words above quoted, and submitted his plans for the remedy of the evils he frankly admitted existed in the public school system. Our educational boards, however, have made no more in the matter of adopting his suggestions, while, if any Catholic should venture to urge the adoption of President Eliot's plan, he would at once be denounced as a plotter against the public school system. The sentimentally secular education, such as given in the public schools, has had a long and a fair trial in this country, and the results are not all satisfactory. One of the most discernible results is a large increase in the number of those individuals who either have lost, or are fast losing, all practical faith in Christianity as a revealed religion, and who are daily becoming—if they have not already become—agnostics, which is the polite name nowadays for infidelism. That was not the kind of an educational system the fathers of this nation, as a Rotbury divine called them recently, conceived of when they started the public school, nor is it the kind that will make the rising generations good and worthy citizens of the country, and, as long as bigotry and ignorance assist in maintaining that system in the public schools, American Catholics have no alternative left them other than to withdraw their children from such schools and voluntarily tax themselves with the maintenance of other institutions wherein learning can be acquired without

DETRIMENT TO THE RELIGION

of the scholars. "But," say the opponents of the parochial schools, "the system of those institutions is un-American." It is nothing of the sort. Is it un-American to believe in Christianity and to avoid educational models which, experience has fully demonstrated, weaken, if they do not destroy, that belief? "It has a tendency to make men less reliable citizens than the public school system." Humbug! Catholics have never yet been found wanting in loyalty to their country, and not long ago Mr. Gladstone declared that the statement that Catholics could not be loyal subjects to the State was "a monstrous assertion." Cardinal Gibbons loyalty to this country has never been called into question, and yet the parochial school has no stauncher advocate than he. Archbishop Hughes proved his devotion to the United States when he went across the Atlantic to serve the Union during the war. Bishop Ireland's warm interest in the welfare of America, and his labors to make American citizens sober and industrious, need no mention, and, nevertheless, the parochial school is to be found everywhere in his diocese, and the assertion that the hierarchy of New England, comprising such men as Archbishop Williams, Bishops McMahon, Harkins, Healy, O'Reilly and Hendricken, are ready to place the parochial schools under the ban of the Church is simply ridiculous. Some time ago, when some of these bodies in Boston and early subsequent to this city, and other dioceses here for years in a ministerial capacity, would either meditate or sanction any system of education calculated to make students disloyal to the country in any way and absolutely the contrary when he learn it made. Yet silly and a word as such an assertion is there any

RIGHTS AND HONORABLE MEN

who utter it, and credulous fools who believe it, not a few of both classes doubtless, individuals who pride themselves upon the broad, liberal and intelligent education they imagine they have received in the public schools? Protestant charge against the parochial school is that its system of education is opposed to modern progress and intellectual freedom. Responding to the publication of the Catholic University, announced that accusation very fully in the columns of the New York Herald, in a letter some time ago, which we quote: "If intellectual freedom means the liberty that scientific discovery, the results of which are, of all modern progress means a system of education adverse to Christianity, then we do frankly admit that we are opposed to them. But these suppositions are preposterous, and so is the charge that is based on them. American Catholics have nothing to fear from the attacks bigotry and ignorance are at present making upon them. Their Church and its educational policy Truth always conquers in the long run, and, while it is very unpleasant to be misrepresented and maligned, and to be charged with intentions that are wholly foreign to one's mind there is consolation in the thought that the time is quickly coming when justice will be done. As far as opposition to non-religious education of their children is concerned, American Catholics are fully justified in that by such men as President Eliot of Harvard, a house would be quieted above, and by hundreds of other conscientious Protestants, who hold, with themselves, that a Godless system of education is not only undesirable, but vastly dangerous to those who are subjected to it, and, in the State that upholds it, it is the establishment of the parochial school tends an ample authorization in the number of private and select schools patronized by Protestant parents, who send their children to such institutions in order that they may obtain there that moral and religious training which is as important a factor in the moral character in the formative period, and which the public school system makes a pretense of furnishing. *Boston Inquirer.*

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.—On Oct. 20th, the lifeless body of Mr. W. McMurry, of Armagh, was found on the road at Clay Lake, near Keady. The deceased had left Keady late the previous evening with two horses and carts, and proceeded towards Castleblayney. The horses arrived there in the evening without him. When found there were wounds on deceased's head such as would be caused by a blow from a club.

Antrim.—Mr. Townsend Trench, probably stung by remorse of conscience for his deeds in Gweedore, has taken to the pulpit and left the rent office. He has been lately conducting special services in Methodist churches in Belfast. Trench now says that he has played a leading game in Tipperary, and that he and Landlords would be prepared if they got the offer that was made when the "Plan of Campaign" was adopted. The lamentable stand to win; Landowners to lose in the Plan of Campaign, and Trench to regret his share in it.

On Oct. 23d, a new Catholic Church in the Falls district was dedicated by the Most Rev. Dr McAllister, Bishop of Down and Connor. The Mass was sung by the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Bishop of Clogher, and the Most Rev. Dr. McGettrick, Coadjutor Bishop of Down. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelan, Bishop of Derry. The collection amounted to £1,000.

Carlow.—On October 24, his Eminence Mons. Pentini was in Tullow, where he was received by the Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare, and a number of clergy. A dinner was given in his honor, at which he made impressive and eloquent replies.

Cavan.—On the 20th ult., at Redhills, about two miles distant from Belturbet, an old woman named Mrs. Lunny went out to the cow house early in the morning, and, on her not returning, her son went out to the cow house and found her dead. It appears she had fallen down in a fit, and, when she was found, her face was quite black, and her tongue was protruding. The deceased was in her 70th year, and was in good health and spirits when last seen by her friends.

Clare.—On Oct. 29th, Charles Martin, Curtain Vandeleur's land bailiff, escorted to a large force of police, went to evict, by force, Mr. Patrick Cullinane, of Ballycorick. The evictions were found concealed in a cave, last week, in the wood. After the Sheriff had taken possession and locked the door, Martin was again delayed with a bootstick of loyalty by some woman, until much jeering by some spectators, and as the police had no charge against Mr. Cleary, he ordered them and the bailiff out of his house, and they then adjourned.

Cork.—At the sittings of the Sub-Commissioners, under the Land Act, at Macroom, on October 25th, Mr. Lane, R.M., presiding, reduced the rent of Mr. Cornelius Barnett, of Ballyvolane, and fixed the rent at £1 per Statute acre. The Land Commission have also reduced the rent of Mr. Michael Cotter, of Ballyvolane, and fixed the rent at £1 per Statute acre. The Land Commission have also reduced the rent of Mr. Michael Cotter, of Ballyvolane, and fixed the rent at £1 per Statute acre.

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AFTER THE SHOWER.

After the storm is past,
And black, heavy clouds, rumbling o'er the sky,
And sing aloud the joyful lay
The glittering rain drops sparkling
Hung in the air
Where so cloud peals fall

Hung in the air where
Along some unfrequented road after,
The brilliant silvery gems
Of hue, by wind made colored now,
And perfect, nature's beauty
On dew bejewelled heath

The glittering rain drops
And another's delight offered the golden rod
Or cooled the hands where drops of wet
Dwelt
Down the fern stem joyful
And handsome flowers
Unscathed by rain or cloud.

But later the sudden storm
Burst forth upon the lone, perched hills and
dales,
And cooled and shadowed deep the valleys warm;
And frequent showers and fresh'ning gales
Transformed scene
The sunshiny view.

Or the unprotected sheep
Afresh the pitch pine cheer, and summer sounds
Where the birds warbling sang the lark, and lead
The summer air with downy rounds.
While shadowed
Blow from the eastern deep.

—Clinton Transcript.

THE BURNT CHESTNUT.

"This is the famous Burnt Chestnut runway," said Maj. Silas Haight, known all over the commonwealth as the "Lone Hunter man of Kettle Creek." "This is the fav'rite spot for deer hunters an' it is known for half a mile round as the Burnt Chestnut runway, though th' hain't no more sign of a burnt chestnut here now than there is on that flat rock yonder. Right whan you second growth pine is standin', not an inch to the left nor to the right, is jus whar the ol' burnt chestnut stood an' give this runway its name, years an' years ago, an' it'll be the ol' Burnt Chestnut runway as long as there is a hunter left to come here an' stan' an' take his chances for deer.

"Ol' Burnt Ches'nut! I'd jist like to here some of the ol' times over ag'in th' I've had on this blame nigh played out mountain! When I think of such as I've got humsick all through, an' on lonesome as a wahdered turtle dove. Th' hain't nothin' nor nobody no more, sonny, an' that's a fact. That is, not to speak on. There one or two of the ol' boys left yit, an' wund in a w'ile they manage to strike out here an' I jaw with them a bit, fish, an' play at huntin' deer. But th' was a hull crew of us in the rippin' an' tearin' ol' times, an' we run the township, for its lookin' mighty like in those days was deer an' hu'r an' painters. Some in the ol' boys gittin' kerlose now an' then, an' let a bear git th' upper hand, or give a panther too much rope, an' they gradually got chewed up an' pulled in two. Thar were Pete Muffer, come to think on it. He got mauled one fall an' didn't never show up with the boys no more. He were a fush fiddle sort o' chap, Pete were, an' allus kep' a jawin' 'bout th' w'ile he wasn't nothin' in the woods wuth tackin' any more, an' he got up an' swoon, reg'lar ev'ry fall, th' h'l gives he bear jump his fence, an' he were what he could rassel tigers or sumpsh' o' kind th' hull time he were in the woods, an' were likely to stan' some show with him. So w'en Pete didn't turn up no more, we's pooed, o' course, he had along his coffin on his shoulder an' pulled out for some deer'ntin' or other whar tigers was roustin' about, an' he mebbe jus' kep' on a-coming and gives 'em some lessons in rough an' tumbles. We had pooly nigh forgot all about Pete, so jus' in spring after he'd cut sticks, on ev'n a speed, Jim Barnes slugged a big bar over th' Burnt Chestnut Holler one day. Th' wun'n' wahm' suffer'n' been, jus' a-lazin' in th' sun, an' th' bar, he come a-lumbrin' up th' hill, an' he jus' knocked it at Peter Muffer's, an' th' bar kill'd Pete, an' he kill'd th' bar. The rest o' him had nat'rally disappeared, an' th' bar hit th' trail an' ever stole a pig an' kin digest a tin tobacker box, sure.

"Then there were Cole Barnes, he wa'n't rash, giner'y speakin', but one nice day he jus' a-lazin' in th' sun, an' th' bar come a-lumbrin' up th' hill an' th' bar kill'd Cole Barnes, an' he jus' a-lazin' in th' sun. Then there were Cole Barnes, he wa'n't rash, giner'y speakin', but one nice day he jus' a-lazin' in th' sun, an' th' bar come a-lumbrin' up th' hill an' th' bar kill'd Cole Barnes, an' he jus' a-lazin' in th' sun. Then there were Jim Barnes, he wa'n't rash, giner'y speakin', but one nice day he jus' a-lazin' in th' sun, an' th' bar come a-lumbrin' up th' hill an' th' bar kill'd Jim

THE MONITOR.

TENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1887.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

In consequence of having to issue a **DOUBLE NUMBER** of the Monitor next week we will not go to press until next Thursday noon, instead of Wednesday morning as usual.

THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

Double Issue for a Double Great Occasion.

IN in consequence of the forthcoming **CHRISTMAS MONITOR** containing **two Illustrated Supplements—a Christmas Supplement and a Jubilee Supplement, making a Double Number of the MONITOR, we are compelled to go to press much earlier this week, and all contributions (whether in prose or poetry) for the Christmas Monitor, must reach this office not later than Saturday November 26th, so as to have the names of accepted contributions announced in our issue of the 30th Inst.**

To Subscribers and all persons who desire to **procure extra copies of the Double Number of the Christmas Monitor** should send in the same now and not certain per copy for all copies desired, so as to avoid **disappointment by delay.** The forthcoming **Christmas Monitor will be profusely illustrated** and will contain articles specially for it by Messrs. Oliver & Co., whose pen and pencil will be **the cheapest and best Catholic Christmas paper ever issued in the United States.**

Subscribers who desire to send to a friend or friends at home and abroad **now**, or you may be sorry **if you delay**, as there is going to be a **great demand** for the **Christmas Monitor.**

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A great loss to Catholic France in the death of the Very Rev. Father Pelletier, of the Oratory of Jesus, which he had reconstituted, and in which he had revived the rule of Cardinal Berulle.

—A London Catholic paper has this excellent hit at the sure-cut Lord Mayor of that city. "The city bells rang out on Wednesday as sonorily as in the old days of Whittington; and it is said that, to the Lord Mayor, they seemed to say: "Turn again, Freemason, Lord Mayor of London."

—The Rev. Thomas Esser, O. P., of the German Dominican Province, who at the request of the Irish Bishops has been appointed to fill the chair of scholastic philosophy at Maynooth, stayed at the Dominican Priory, Haverstock Hill, on Sunday, proceeding in the evening to Ireland.

—A recent cablegram from Rome gives the following account of a double death in one family: Lord and Lady Dalhousie are both dead. Lady Dalhousie's mother and Dr. Fogg, an English physician, were present at the time of her death, which occurred suddenly at the Hotel Frasati. Lord Dalhousie died in Rome.

—An English paper learns from Rome that the Bishop-elect of Hexham and Newcastle will be consecrated by Cardinal Howard, in the English College, upon the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. We are also informed that Dr. Gilse, the present Vice-Rector, will probably be appointed Rector of the English College. Dr. Gilse has lived within the walls of the English College for over twenty years.

—Several subscribers have sent us extracts from local and other papers during the past week, for which we are much obliged, but in consequence of having to give much time and attention to the double number of the Christmas Monitor, which will appear next week, we will have to defer criticising some of the extracts sent until after that event; others will be attended to next week.

—A dispatch from Baltimore, which appeared in the local daily press last week, states that Cardinal Gibbons has just sent to the Pope a letter from the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States, congratulating the Holy Father upon the attainment of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The letter is in Latin, and represents private prayer for the health of the Pope, and of all the Archbishops and all the Bishops in the country. Its tenor is entirely congratulatory.

—The Holy Father has fixed the month of February as the period, during his Jubilee celebration, at which the corner-stone of the new Basilica of St. Patrick, in Rome, will be solemnly blessed and placed. Prior Olynn hopes to be able to add the name of Archbishop Cary, of Melbourne, representing the Antipodes, to those of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, as one of the preachers of the day. St. Patrick's "sons will come from afar" on that great festival.

—At a recent audience granted by the Pope to Bishop Flood of Trinidad, the latter presented a piece of white Irish poplin sent by Mgr. Woodlock, of Ardagh, with the request that His Holiness would wear the material made from it at the celebration of his Jubilee Mass. The Holy Father who has always had a great personal esteem for Bishop Woodlock, whom he himself consecrated in the Sistine Chapel in 1879, willingly promised to comply with the request.

—Charles A. Gillig of the American Exchange, London, is in New York. In conversation with a reporter, Gillig stated that his present visit to the United States was for the purpose of perfecting necessary arrangements for a visit to the United States of Gladstone in April next. One thing that tended to bring this about, was that his physicians long advised him that an ocean voyage would be beneficial to his health, and as he has always cherished a desire to visit this country, now that his dread of the ocean has been conquered, he embraces the opportunity eagerly.

The Solution of the Labor Question.

Frances A. Walker contributed a timely paper entitled "What Shall we Tell the Working Classes" to *Scribner's Magazine* for November. While we fully disagree with certain statements as to the demoralizing effect of foreign immigration upon a correct solution and arrangement of the labor question—statements too general, and of too indiscriminating a character to carry much weight—yet Mr. Walker urges certain points with perfect justice and remarkable force. He alludes to the disastrous alliance between the working classes and political demagogues thus:

"Whatever we may have to say to the working classes, the spirit is likely to be as important as the matter. It is a thing of course that politicians, having respect to the encouragement of reward, will flatter and fawn upon those who hold so large a mass of political power; but more sense and sincere self-respect might fairly have been expected of many of the persons, themselves altogether disinterested and sincere, who have of late contributed to the literature of the labor question. Some of these writers cannot refer to the general issue between laborers and employers, or even to a specific demand for higher wages and fewer hours, without gushing over the virtues of the working classes; without talking as if there were something peculiarly noble and self-sacrificing in occupying that position; without assuming, in advance of investigation, that any body of laborers must be right in any claim they may choose to make, and cajoling reprobrial glances at every employer who ventures to suggest a doubt regarding his interests or rights. Some of these social philosophers always speak of the position of a day laborer or a factory operative in a tone which intimates regret that the deficiencies of their own early education prevent their sharing in the moral and spiritual advantages of such a lot. Others write as though they felt it a duty to make up to the laboring class in "laity," all that, owing to the hardness of the employers' hearts, they may not be able to secure in broad and liberal.

"Now, this sort of thing is foolish, and, so far as it has any effect at all, is mischievous. If the working classes are not spoiled by the unceasing adulation of which they are the subjects, it is because they have too much rugged sense of their own and too much native insight into character. But there is little reason to doubt that this kind of talk has its effect, in a degree—that many a laborer has been made restive by it, and that it has prepared the way for the elections of the demagogues."

The writer states that the working classes have "a real, a large and a vital part to perform in securing that distribution of the products of industry which shall promote the highest development of the industrial organism, and, at the same time, minister to the health and strength of each part and member." He declares that the self-assertion of the working classes, within due limits and through appropriate agencies, is an important factor in the equitable and beneficial distribution of wealth. The readiness of those the resistance they would be able to offer. A spirit of alertness, activity and cautious aggressiveness should be infused into their ranks. Industrial protection and progress. They should be patient, watchful, resolute, sagacious, self-possessed and hopeful.

The past which laborers are to perform in influencing the distribution of the product of land, labor and capital is not a part in which they are to do whatever is agreeable to themselves, without regard the most scrupulous, to the rights and interests of others, and without responsibility, the most instant and direct for all the effects of injudicious or wrongful action. It is just as fully true that there are no industrial rights without corresponding duties, as there are no political rights without corresponding duties. In the industrial republic, as in the political republic, power comes to the masses accompanied by the graver responsibilities for its exercise. In the one, as in the other, the abuse or wanton use of power inflicts its lowest penalties upon the humblest members of the community.

"Such and such are the responsibilities which attend the efforts of the working classes to improve their condition. They form the beginning of the rapkh century, Ireland outstripped every other country of Europe in miniature painting and the ornamentation of metal and wood." A very pretty as well as true compliment coming from such a distinguished source.

An Authoritative Denial.

Previous to the late election, says the New York *Freeman's Journal*, a communication appeared in a morning paper to the effect that Cardinal Manella had officially examined and approved the works of Henry George, and had declared that he found nothing in them to be censured.

A letter has just been received from the Cardinal in which he stigmatizes as absolutely false this statement, and denies that he ever made such an examination.

He read the article and expressed himself as perfectly astonished at the boldness of the assertion.

An English contemporary states that "Religious Orders and 'laicisation' seem to make religious education thrive, rather than otherwise, in France. At least, within the same period, 7,500 schools kept by religious congregations, with 500,000 scholars, there are now 10,987 such schools with 1,067,000 children. The "free schools" created during the last ten years have restored to the congregavie schools about as much as the 'laicisation' had pulled them of." This will be news to a certain excommunicate who said a few months ago that there were no parochial Catholic schools in France.

A recent dispatch from Chicago states that the cold weather throughout the Northwest is sending a great many tourists bound to this State by way of New Orleans. To accommodate the travel the Illinois Central Railroad has inaugurated a line of through sleeping cars from Chicago to Los Angeles.

The Difference between Protestantism and Christianity.

"A reader of the Monitor" sends us a copy of the Pasadena *Star*, in which he has marked an article entitled "Where are Thine Accusers?" The drift of the article is to show that Christianity is not what it professes to be, and the writer bases his opinion solely upon the fact that certain sectarian bodies related a reformed fallen woman to membership in their mutual admiration society.

The repentant sinner had attended the church services for several months. She had proven her respectability during her probation, but the moment she asked to be taken into "full membership," then all the "high toned feminine" flew in fury to the preacher in order to prevent such "a disgrace" from tainting the "respectability" of the religious society.

Although the action of these "better think" women was not Christian, it was thoroughly Protestant, hence the writer who tries to make Christianity responsible for the acts of some sectarian women were wrathful that who, is wrong in his conclusions.

Nearly all Protestant sects pride themselves upon their "respectability." They are composed, in great measure, of wives and women who are in what is known as "comfortable circumstances." The poor they have no use for. No Reformation religion has any place for "ragged" Christians, and as for "Magdalens," why the very name is enough to the nostrils of all "highly respectable" sectarians!

Protestantism, therefore, is not now, never has been, nor can it ever be Christian in any true sense. It is a compound of Christian principles which those with whom it was the word Protestant originated, *stole* from the Catholic Church that they might *corrupt* Christianity in its fullness of Divinity, Authority, Unity, Apostolicity and Universality.

No, simple Protestant sect, nor all the sects combined, can ever convince Christians of the Monitor that Christianity is a matter of courtesy and charity, but, in this instance at least, Cora is willing to be convinced. A man may be called a Christian yet he may not believe in Christ. Another man may be known as a Christian who may reject the sacrament of Baptism. Hence from the fact that the word "Christian is applied by the world to Protestant sects, it by no means follows that they are Christians in the sight of God.

The Mormons officially call themselves the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." Can some of their sects are disorganically opposed to the divine teaching of Him whose most Holy Name they thus call by the scandalous one they make of it.

The Campbellites call themselves "Disciples of Christ," and they look upon very other kind of religious belief as forming what they term "the Apostacy." And who might we select a dozen Protestant sects in order to show how false is the plea that any of those are really, truly, thoroughly and completely Christian.

Christianity exists in its fullness of divine authority and orthodoxy only in the Catholic Brotherhood of the woman would have been fully in accord with the precepts and practices of the Divine Founder of Christianity.

The repentant female would not have been cast out from the free Church, for the reason that Catholic faith teaches and puts constantly before our minds the great fact that our Blessed Saviour came to bring mercy, and not the just, to repentance. The wolfish priest of the holy Church of God pulsates with pleasure at the conversion even a single sinner. She shares in the rejoicing of joy which fills even heaven itself when a fallen sinner rises from his fallen Prodigal and returns to his Father's House when the cleansing tears of repentance bring rest and refreshment to the wearied soul.

No numerous were the crimes of Mary Magdalen prompt to her early course life that she was designated "the sinner" in order to distinguish her from other and better women. Yet, though her sins were as red as blood and of daily recurrence, the Saviour of God washed them all away! The Church not only took the repentant wanton back to her loving bosom, but, Mary Magdalen, who designed of her race and the disgrace of her sex—was elevated to the eminent dignity of one of the Saints of the Church whose name Mercy of God truly adores and is put into everyday practice.

Such is one of the difference between Protestantism and *real, genuine, Universal* Christianity—in its practical operations in this world. There is no place for Lazarus or Magdalen in the conventicles of sectarianism. The sects are too anti-religious to "respectable" to permit their meeting houses to be polluted by the presence of poverty or sinners. The peculiating band proclaimed, may occupy a velvet covered front pew; the salesman who daily rolls his employer is welcome to the sifted seat in that sanctuary where good clothes and social standing prevent mere age and worse—sins than ever sullied the soul of Mary Magdalen! The Bigamist may open his branch mouth to eat and drink in full membership in Protestant services, but woe unto the honest man or woman whose "rags" dare to invade the social hall of sectarian Christians.

On the other hand—In the true Church of Christ the poor are *always* found! The banker and the beggar kneel side by side at the common altar rail and receive the Eucharistic elements from the *real* priest of the Great Sacrifice! Christianity—like Christ—knows neither rank nor wealth! The world falsely calls "respectability" its ministrations of that Almighty's grace giving and soul saving Sacraments!

There is no soul so defiled as to be incapable of Redemption through true Christianity. But those people who think they have found Christianity when they join some sectarian society of sweet smelling females and broadcloth-scented little sinners—are merely taking their time in following the Shadow at the base of the Substance. The great and good God who established Christianity in the world simply sanctioned all mankind against the folly of believing the deceitful cry which is raised in the Protestant world when the different sects cry out "Lo! Here is Christ!" "Lo! There is Christ!" God is time, the Church is and must be time, and, where, Christ is, there is Christianity pure and undefiled, complete and practical. That Christianity, with all the faculties which the Infinite Founder Himself gave it, ever has been, is now, and ever will be put into practical operation throughout the whole Christian world daily and perpetually, by the one, holy, apostolic, Catholic Church.

Monsignor Persico in Ireland.

We repeat now what we have often said before, that "all addresses published in the daily press, purporting to come from Rome, and relating to Ireland, should be taken cum grano salis. The reason for this remark caution arises from the fact that a cablegram appeared in the daily papers of Friday last, in which Mgr. Persico's probable mission to Ireland is declared to be confined, but it is connected in such an anti-Irish and anti-Catholic style as to exhibit it as the work of an enemy of the Church and of Ireland, rather than the result of personal experience on the part of the Pope's special envoy.

The pretended "report" starts out by this rather mixed up way of putting things, "Persico emphatically asserts that the Irish cause is an immensely real and sacred one, and he recognizes that England for the bad century has resolutely endeavored to make it a sacred one. Persico says that what way, or by what means England has for the last half century "resolutely endeavored to make it sacred" or in

Farm and Home.

Oatmeal.

Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the tooth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementine and acetinal strong, fleshlike and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children, marry allow say white bread upon your table. Graham bread is made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran, which contains minute quantities of lime, is preserved. Instead of using white flour in making bread, take two bushels of wheat meal and one bushel of white or bolted flour, and make by the usual process. Nothing is superior to Boston brown bread for bone and tooth building. This is made of rye meal and corn meal. Bake 8 hours, and have a considerable supply of these lime salts, and should be on your table, either hot or cold, at least three times a week. In brushing the teeth, always brush up and down, from the gum, instead of across. Brush away from the gum and on the grinding surfaces at your teeth.—*Herald of Health.*

A Woman's Laugh.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the song of finches in the wintr. It leaps from her heart in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool sanitarating spring. Have you ever pouted? Do women frighten through you, and say her *last* merry laugh, now been, now there—it lost, now found! We have. And we are pursuing that merry voice to this day. Some times it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or anxious business; and then we turn away, and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with music to scare away all the spirits of the land. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It is the prose. Four fifths of all poetry, it lings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sad days, which are more the image of death, out gemmed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

Work and Think.

There is a greater difference between man and man than that one is rich and another poor, that one is strong another weak, that one is sick another well, or even that one knows a great many things and another few; and that is that one man thinks and another does not. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her." Whatever you do, whatever the purpose to do in all your common daily work, in all your plans for what you hope to do another day, in all your reading, all your learning, any, in all your amusements, try and think about what you are doing. Put your mind into it. Get into the way of asking yourself the meaning of every thing you see or do. All men have not been in encouraging regrangy. Think, and all men think, and can motivate that amount of thought which is available for their own work in the world, and no man can do any work in the way that it should be done without thinking. It is true of every one of us that if a man will do anything for his own good, or what is more important, for the good of his fellow-men, he must use his mind, and not only his hands, in what he is doing.—*Sir E. Strachey.*

How he Got Rid of the Crows.

A Chester (Pa.) gentleman tells an inter esting story of the manner in which a Delaware county farmer got rid of crows. He was greatly troubled by the depredations of those birds, and all means to drive them away permanently having failed, he tried an original plan. Taking a half peck or more of corn in soaked it thoroughly in whiskey and then scattered the corn among the fodder of the field shortly visited by the feathered thieves. He soon had a number of crows eating the doctored corn, and as they didn't fly away he was treated to the effect of the dose. He found every crow drunk, some lying over on their backs, others listening around in a maudlin attempt to fly. He could have killed every one but contented to await the outcome of the drunk. Grad ually the birds recovered, and one by one, the unsteadily away. During the rest winter of the season the farmer was not troubled by a single crow.

A Kind Act.

It is said that the life led by a politician bride to make a man worldly and selfish. That it does not always kill sympathy and kindness was shown by a little incident witnessed in Washington not long ago. Two coming out of a store, where had been making some purchases, when I saw a horse moving slowly along in the middle of the street.

It contained a small pine coffin, and was followed on foot by a woman and a child, the last ran at eight years of age.

The woman's face was sad and sore worn, and she wore a shabby, rusty black dress which had evidently seen long service. The child all she wore did not conceal the worn which trickled down her face.

The boy's ground, child-like face was blue with the cold, his shoes were worn and broken, and his clothes were patched to such an extent that it seemed will patching would go no farther.

He held his mother's hand, and evidently shared her grief, for his eyes were inflamed.

While I stood looking at the sad procession, a handsome, strong same rode by the street.

As it reached the hearse, a gentleman, whom I recognized as a well-known politician, looked out of the window. He looked at the hearse, then at the woman and child; there was a moment's hesitation, and then he spoke to the driver. The coupe stopped, and the man left it, and approaching the poor little woman, spoke a few hurried words to her; then, not waiting for her reply, he lifted her into the coupe, motioned to the boy to jump in after her, and with a bried order to the driver, turned away.

Another moment and he had sprung on a passing street car, and was gone.

A grace into the coupe showed the poor little woman sobbing as if her heart would break, and the child, with both arms about her, rather trying to calm her, evidently not understanding why she was moved so deeply.

Endowment Insurance.

In the past, all systems of endowment insurance have made the payment of endowment contingent upon the death of the party insured. It has been reserved for the Occidental Life Endowment Association, organized under the laws of this State, to make a departure, which by actual practical experience during the life of the insured, gives the members the benefit of the insurance at a period when most needed.

The Directory of the Association are known to be great business men, viz: Hon. Hiram Crabtree, Ex-Mayor; Hon. Jas. H. Carthen, J. T. Ralston, Jr. R. T. Smith and George H. Jones. With these men, a safe and economical management can be relied upon, and we expire the highest confidence in its stability and soundness. The plan of the Occidental Life Endowment Association is based upon the principal of mutual assurance. We wish our readers to bear in mind that this excellent institution is now in the seventh year of its existence, has met and paid all liabilities due, in both mutual endowments and death losses with that promptness which should recommend it to the favorable consideration of every person, male or female, who need protection, and all need it. For further information call on or address the Secretary at Room 20, Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Family Fun.

Little Laughters.

Doctor—Did you give the patient that white powder at 10 o'clock?

Nurse—Yes, sir.

Doctor—And the liquid at 11?

Nurse—No, sir.

Doctor—Didn't You result, you. I want to understand that my orders are to be obeyed. Why did you not give the liquid?

Answer me.

The patient died at 3 o'clock.

One Youngster—We have a nice canopy top to cover our carriage.

Other Youngster—That's nothin', we have a chalmi mortgage in case that will more than cover it, pa says.

Tommy's mother has had a terrible time teaching him to remember always to say "if you please" at the table. His manners are lamentably bad.

The other day this dialogue took place at the table:

Tommy—Mamma, hand me the butter!

Mamma—If what Tummy!

Tommy—If you kin reach it.

"Good joke on me a little while ago," he said as he rubbed his hands and rigged his legs.

"How—what?"

"I was carrying a light of glass along Congress street, and a man asked if I was suffering. I didn't see the point at first, but now—ha! ha!

"Hat I can't see the point.

"Suffering, don't you see—ha! ha!"

"Didn't he say if you were in pain?"

"Oh, yes, that was it, some to think. How stupid I was, to be sure. Really I thought there was a pun somewhere. Excuse me—I think it all back."

"No, Bobby, said his mother, "one piece of pie is quite enough for you."

"It's funny," responded Bobby with an injured air. "You say pie, when you know that I should learn to eat property and yet you won't give me a chance to practice.

Why they speak of a sleeping car as a "sleeper."—A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper which he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper, under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper, by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

The Tramp and the Woman.

"Madam," said a tramp as he called at the back door of a Stone Falls resident, "gimme a bite!"

"No, sir, can't do it."

"Why not, madam?"

"You're able to work, sir—I don't believe in encouraging vagrancy. Why don't you go to work and earn your victuals?"

"All right, madam—don't holler. But I called on the women next door last evening, and she gave me a very different answer, madam."

"She was just fool enough to go and give you something, I suppose!"

"Oh, no, madam, she didn't give me nothin' neither, but she gave a numb differ ent answer. Good-by, madam."

"Hold on just a minute! What did she say?"

"Sh-a-ams to the door oil dressed up in a new pallar dress, so seemed very much a-grief, madam, and when she opens the door I looks in as 'rev-a man in there sittin' in a chair, madam.

"Mercy, has it come to this with her! I wouldn't hardly believe it. Here, don't go away—take this, my good man."

"That's her, madam! Bless Lord! Yes, I gess ally prefer it to hot meals bread, especially where there ain't none too good much. The butter is just a little tainted, madam. Hain't got no jelly to put on it, Ma'am. Oh, you have all right; jill im prove it powfully. No, thanks, I don't ever boot any fruit make—better throw it in the sip-pan, where the children won't get it, madam. Any pie? Ah, yes, our feel, that cream pie is good, but this apple rather lay over is. I'll put this cold chicken in my pocket. Thank'ee, madam, this is best all I can carry."

"But what was it that woman said to you?"

"Why, she seemed heated like, 'af she was goin' some place, an' she says: 'Please go 'way, sir, we hain't got nothing in the house to eat!'

"A pretty excuse to get you away! But that was no excuse."

"He proved to be her husband, madam. He come out and kicked us through the top of a shade tree an' then chased me two blocks! He's prize on tramps, madam! Good-by—just jot's a little more cream in your pie crust an' I'll improve it!"

She Wanted a Pointer.

A middle-aged woman with a column out of countenance, and wearing a black dress, approached Col. Dan. Sheehy, proprietor of the Blue Falls Turf Association, one day this week and said:

"Sir, I understand there is going to be some hoss racing here next week?"

"Wa, expect to be hoss racers, madam."

"So I heard. A lot of gawkies are going to get on the track and the horses will rushes and force rail horses, and lean over and sow on the hoses, and crack the poor beasts with a short whip, and holler and scrow and try to get ahead of each other."

"But why, madam—"

"Then a big crowd of bad-headed old hippopotamus and scratch dudes will stand around and bet on the hosses."

"Why, madam, I suppose there will be some betting."

"Then there will be a lot of old hicks up on the judges' stand, too drunk to tell which hoss does come in ahead."

"But, ma'am—"

"Don't you no' sw. I tell you they will all be drunk! Then a man with a mouth like a new collar will stand up and sell pools for the races, and lie, and cheat, and break the law."

"I know it, ma'am. And the race will be gold by the owners, or some miserable driver will be paid to throw it, so the honest man does not bet on it he'll get beat out of his money."

"Madam, I'm sorry that you appear to be so much opposed to hoss racing."

"Mr.—guess so from your remarks."

"No, sir, no, madam; I just understand it, that's all. What I relied for was to see if you couldn't give me a pointer on which is going to win. I'm sold a heating stove on a window sill, and I've got up pretty a long-legged gray mare, but I don't want to go and get the money on her unless she's going to get there on the hoss stretch. I'm willing to shake up what I got for the stock to anybody that'll put me on to a good sure thing to put the money on."

—Countryman (who has strayed into Dalmonico's with his bride)—Hats you got many raw oysters!

Waiter—Yes, sir. How many will you have?

Countryman—Well, I dunno. (To bride)—Don't you think we kin give a raw, Marie?

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIAMOND DYES

COLOR EVERYTHING.

Ten Cents per Package. Warranted Fast. Fast Colors and Fine Goods. Brilliant, Durable and Economical. Any one can dye with them.

32 COLORS—10 CENTS EACH.

Remember, these are the only Pure, Harmless and Unadulterated Dyes.

Beware of other Dyes, because they are Poisonous, Adulterated, Weak and Worthless.

We warrant these Dyes to color more goods, pound for pound, and give more brilliant and durable colors, than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors, than any other dyes ever made.

TRY THE DIAMOND PAINTS, GOLD, SILVER, BRONZE and COPPER

For gilding Picture Sashes, Frames, Lamps, Vases, Brackets, Mouldings, Ornaments, Fancy Articles, Stoves, Repairing, etc. Ask for Diamond Dyes and take no other. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers everywhere. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

WITH

FIVE DOLLARS

IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN

GOVERNMENT BOND.

ISSUE OF 1861

These bonds are the only ones in the world, which are to be paid out in premiums (two thirty years) (Lots) and bear no interest.

Three Drawings Annually.

Until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium, which will have been won on the bond, (no blanks) premiums, as follows:

Premiums.	Florins.	Florins
1	100,000	— 100,000
1	50,000	— 50,000
1	20,000	— 20,000
1	10,000	— 10,000
1	5,000	— 5,000
100	400	— 40,000
100	200	— 20,000
Four thousand, 7,000 premiums, amounting to		1,040,000

Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF DECEMBER,

and every bond bought at or ON OR BEFORE THE 1st OF DECEMBER THIS YEAR, is entitled to a premium (which it may be lose) thereon in that date.

Lists of numbers and all information furnished on application. Orders for Bonds (or Lots) with remittance of $5 will receive one of those bonds for the number desired. Balance payable in monthly installments.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 126 Fulton St., cor. E'Way, New York City.

Established in 1864.

Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent.

Daily Express and Emigrant Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway Lines in the East.

Passengers are

New York & New Orleans

with the several Steamer Lines

TO ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS

attached to overland Express Trains.

THIRD-CLASS SLEEPING CARS

are attached to Overland Emigrant Trains.

Excursion tickets for Sacramento to Third class Cost.

Tickets sold, Sleeping-car Berths secured, and other information given upon application at the company's Offices, where passenger's may be present on various classes of tickets, etc.

RAILROAD LANDS

For Sale on Reasonable Terms.

Apply to, or address,

W. H. MILES, Land Agent, 1 P. R. R.

JERIOT MADDEN, Land Agent, 2 P. R. R.

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

San Francisco.

Dyspepsia is the bane of the human race. Its forms are legion. Its symptoms are Headache, Nausea, Dizziness and Costiveness. Tutt's Pills are a specific for all these ills.

Tutt's Pills

have become so famous. They act upon the liver as a healthy stimulant, giving them tone and vigorous healthfulness. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

WARD & CO.'S

Male and Female

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

606 and 610 Clay Street, S. F.

Telephone No. 827.

WANTED TO SEE—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL Help, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Dairymen, Barnyard Hands, Storekeepers, Clerks, Boys, and Market Gardeners, Cooks, Waiters, Chambermaids, Housekeepers, Nurses, Seamstresses, Dishwashers, Laundresses

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—A Belgian nobleman who lived in Bragan, the Baron de Vogts, quitted the world to take the habit of the Trappists in the house of that order at Mont des Cats (France). The new religious is remarkable for his multifarious acquirements.

—The jubilee present of the Empress Eugenie to His Holiness is a portrait of her dead son, framed in a setting of violets of amethyst and gold and surrounded by an enamelled eagle with outspread wings. The late prince imperial was a godson of Pius IX.

—The Rev. J. B. Stardis, pastor of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, St. Paul, Minn., has just enlarged his fine church. What with church, schools, rectory and convent, he has probably the most complete parish in the diocese of St. Paul.

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—There are many signs that Yankton will be the seat of the southern diocese of Dakota. Forty acres in the western part of the city have been presented to Bishop Marty upon which to erect cathedral, episcopal residence and school, the plans for which are now being drawn by a Chicago architect.

—Rev. Henry Cooper, C. SS. R. died at the Redemptorist house of studies, Dubuque, Md., on the 10th inst. He was born on the 11th of June, 1862, and had been a priest twenty years and seven months. For several years he was stationed at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Boston Highlands.

—Bishop McMahon of Hartford both dedicated and consecrated the new church of St. Francis, in Thomaston, Ct., on Sunday. The church has a seating capacity of 1000, is Gothic in style and cost $64,000, every dollar of which was paid by Rev. P. Dugan, the pastor, as the work of construction advanced.

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—Rev. H. D. Atwell, the new pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, New York, belongs to the community known as "Fathers of the Divine Mission." He came from Hastings Sussex county, Eng., where he has been rector of the church of St. Mary Star of the Sea for the past five years. The order directing him to come to New York was sent to him from Rome by the rector general of the community, Rev. Dr. de Bruno. This is Father Atwell's second visit to America.

—It is denied that Baron de Charette and 100 of his former comrades in arms of the brigade of Pontifical Zouaves have gone to Rome to offer the congratulations of the survivors of the brigade to the Holy Father on his jubilee. They intend, however, offering the Pope a handsome yellow and white Papal standard, adorned with the Pontifical arms and figures of the patron saints of the various countries whose sons served in the brigade. New Zealand is represented by St. George, Ireland by St. Patrick and Canada by St. John the Baptist.

—Right Rev. Maurice Francis Burke, recently consecrated as Bishop of Cheyenne, Wy. T., is described as a man of great ability and attainments. His great and unsparing energy, his zeal for souls and his amiable disposition have made him extremely popular among those for whom he has labored so untiringly and with such constant solicitude. He is tall, of a commanding presence, and is about 44 years of age. He is an American by birth, and was educated and ordained at the American College, Rome. Before he was appointed to the charge of St. Mary's, Joliet, he was for some time assistant to the Rev. Dr. Hebre of St. Mary's, Chicago.

LIMERICK EXCITED!

A Brutal Police Attack Upon the People.

DUBLIN, November 27.—Last night Limerick was the scene of much excitement consequent upon the arrival of Dr. John McCloskey of New York, to deliver an address to-day at the unveiling of the memorial bust in St. Lawrence's Cemetery, to Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, the Manchester martyrs. On Dr. McInerney stepping on the platform, which was crowded, there was tumultuous cheering. A body of police was present and very much on the alert. Dr. McInerney was met in a close carriage to his hotel, the people on the platform having been dispersed by force. At the hotel, Dr. McInerney was urged to address the multitude, who were assembled and scattered by the police, many persons being injured. Replying to an address from the Municipal Council, Dr. McInerney urged Irishmen to persevere in their movement. A policeman came on the scene and presented Dr. McInerney with a copy of the proclamation of the day's meeting.

All special trains to Limerick to-day were stopped in consequence of the proclamation, and the Mayor issued placards requesting the people not to assemble on the streets, and at the same time declaring the action of the Executive unwarranted. Poles with crape were exhibited, and the yellow ribbon of one establishment and removed the emblem. A large force of police and military was in the city. While they were stationed outside the town hall a meeting took place inside, with Mayor O'Keefe in the chair. Dr. McInerney, M. P. Fitzgerald and others being present. The Mayor passed his vote against the action of the Government, and that they would postpone unveiling the memorial until another day. The police cleared the street later on, using their batons.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Edward Flintstick who came to this city about two years ago. His wife desires her sister in Quebec at once, should he see this notice. She has important information to convey to him.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Jeremiah Murphy, native of Ballyroig, County Cork, Ireland. Thirty years since he came to San Francisco. Address, MONITOR Office.

MARRIED.

MCLAUGHLIN—DURAN—In this city, November 19, 1887, by the Rev. Father Caverly, assisted by the Rev. Father Prendergast, Philadelphia and Sarah J. Duran, both of this city.

HERRERA—MONDAY—In this city, November 23, 1887, by the Rev. Father Clements, Rev. C. Zimmerman to Miss Dolores Monday, both of this city.

WHITE—QUINN—In Santa Rosa, on November 16, by the Rev. Jos Kuss, S. J., William Morris to Kate Quinn.

MONNET—TRAVERSI—At Sacramento, by the Rev. Father Manni, assisted by the Rev. Father Scherer, both of Stockton, Cal., Joseph Monnet to Miss Antoinette Traversi, both of this city.

HUGHES—PURTELL—In this city, November 27, by the Rev. Father Mackin, Thomas Hughes and Ella Purtell, both of this city.

DIED.

O'REILLY—In this city, November 25, John, beloved husband of the late Bridget O'Reilly, and father of Mrs. Mary Ann Cummins, a native of County Clare, Ireland, aged 72 years.

MCFADDEN—In San Leandro, November 25, William McFadden, aged 12 years.

MCCARTHY—In this city, November 26, Joseph, dearly beloved brother of Hanora McCarthy, a native of Mr. Rae's station, parish of Carrick on Shannon, County Leitrim, Ireland, aged 28 years.

MAGLE—In this city, November 26, Michael, the beloved husband of Ellen Magle, a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 50 years.

DEFFEBACH—In this city, November 26, Hilda, the beloved wife of John Deffebach, and mother of Mrs. Frank Lyons, Mrs. Jos. Lyons, Mrs. Chas. Lyons, Mrs. David McDonald, and Mrs. Geo. Deffebach, a native of Trogtal, County Cork, Ireland, aged 71 years.

DAVEY—In this city, November 26, Mary Davey, a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 52 years.

CONNORS—In Sacramento, November 24, Jeremiah, a native of the Parish of Drumlease, County Tipperary, aged 74 years.

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MOST REV. JOSEPH SADOC ALEMANY, O. P.
First Archbishop of San Francisco.

Born at Vich, in the Province of Catalonia, Spain, in 1814. Ordained at Vitorbo, in the Roman States, in 1837. Consecrated Bishop of Monterey, June 30th, 1850. Translated to the Archdiocese of San Francisco, July 29th, 1853. Resigned in January, 1885.

HIS EMINENCE, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Born at Baltimore, Maryland, on July 23, 1829. Ordained in 1861. Consecrated Bishop of Adramyttum, August 16th, 1868. Transferred to Richmond, July 30th, 1872. Appointed Coadjutor to Archbishop of Baltimore in 1877. Succeeded to the See of Baltimore, October 3rd, 1877. Created Cardinal, June 7th, 1886. Received Cardinal's Hat, June 30th, 1886.

MOST REV. PATRICK WILLIAM RIORDAN.
Archbishop of San Francisco.

Born in Chatham, New Brunswick, August 27th, 1841. Educated in the American College, in Paris and Louvain. Ordained in 1865. Consecrated in Oakland, on the 16th of September, 1883, as Coadjutor to Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, O. P., whom he succeeded in the administration of this Archdiocese, December 28th, 1884.

RIGHT REV. LAWRENCE SCANLAN, D. D.
Bishop of Utah.

Born in 1843 at Tipperary, Ireland. Ordained in June, 1868. Consecrated Bishop of Salt Lake, June 29th, 1887.

RIGHT REV. FRANCIS MORA, D. D.
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

Born in Vich, in the Province of Barcelona, Spain, on November 25th, 1827. Ordained March 19th, 1856. Appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese February, 1862. Appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Amat in June, 1873, with the title of Titular Bishop of Mosyopolis. Consecrated Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, August 3rd, 1873.

RIGHT REV. PATRICK MANOGUE, D. D.
Bishop of Sacramento Diocese.

Born in the County Kilkenny, Ireland, in the year 1831. Ordained in the year, 1861. Appointed Coadjutor to Right Rev. Eugene O'Connell, D. D., January 16th, 1881. Succeeded to the Bishopric in March, 1884.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

A Beautiful Comment by the Celebrated Dom Guéranger.

How lively was the faith of olden times! To people who lived unceasingly amidst the mysteries of religion, prayer was a tie which knit them closely together, and made them pass hours in the church without weariness. They understood the value of the prayers and the ceremonies of the liturgy (which compose the tribute of a man's inward worship of his Creator) were not—as now, unfortunately, they seem to many—a dumb show, or, at best, something introduced for effect. What, in our days, is found only in individuals, were then in the mass of the people—faith, and a keen sense of the supernatural.

Thanks be to God! this strong, practical faith is not dead among us, and is each year spreading in the world. How often have not we ourselves been charmed at seeing the traditions of the old Catholic customs still kept up in some families, especially in those favored parts where heresy has not been able to corrupt the simplicity of the people! We have seen—and it is one of the most pleasing recollections of our childhood—one of these families seated together, after a frugal evening collation, round a blazing fireside, waiting for the hour to come when the whole house was to go to the Midnight Mass. A plain but savory supper, which was to be eaten on their return home, and would to the joy of holy Christmas night, was prepared beforehand. A huge piece of wood, called the Yule Log, was burning cheerfully on the hearth; it would last till the Mass was over, and warm the old man and the little children, as they came in chilled by the sharp frost.

Meanwhile, till it was time for Mass, their conversation was upon the mystery of this much loved night. They compassioned the Blessed Mother and the sweet Babe, exposed to the inclemency of the wintry weather, and with no other shelter than a wretched stable. Then, too, there were the Christmas carols, in the practice of which they had spent many a pleasant evening of Advent. Their whole souls were evidently in those dear old melodies, and many a tear would fall as the song went on to tell how the Angel Gabriel visited Mary and declared to her that she was to be the Mother of the Most High God; how Mary and Joseph were worn with fatigue, going from street to street in Bethlehem, trying to find a lodging, and no one would take them in; how they were obliged to take shelter in a stable, and how the Divine Child was born in it; how the loveliness of the Babe in His little Crib was above all the beauty of the angels; how the shepherds went to see Him and took their humble gifts and played their rude music, and adored Him in the faith of their simple hearts.

And thus they spent the happy eve, passing from conversation to song, and from song to another, and all was on Mary or Jesus, Joseph or Bethlehem. Cares of life were forgotten, troubles were gone, melancholy was a name—but it was time to leave, the village clock struck eleven, and of the happy group there was a little one, who had been too young the other years, and this was his first Midnight Mass! There was no brighter face in the procession than his. Could he ever forget that beautiful night

Peace, Fraternity and Good Will.

Christmas is the season of peace on earth, and its spirit is that of perfect fraternity and good will, a season and a spirit which ought to last all the year round, and as the Chinese philosopher in England, seeing that in a Christian land the Christian church was open only on Sunday, asked whether Christianity was suspended during the week, he might also ask whether the spirit of peace and fraternity is in season only at Christmas.

If it be so, the general feeling of satisfaction and of kindliness at that time certainly shows how pleasant it would be if the feeling, and the conduct that springs from it, were habitual and permanent.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO.

The building represented in the above engraving was commenced in 1873, and dedicated on Sunday, December 28, 1873. It is under charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who have also charge of St. Mary's College. In all the Brothers have about 2000 pupils in this and our sister city, Oakland. The frontage on Eddy street is 133 feet, 4 inches, and on Larkin street, 131 feet, 5 inches. The architecture is of the Corinthian order. There are commodious stores on the ground floor. The building is four stories in height, and has a fine basement. The cost of the building, including furniture, was $250,000. The Brothers have a fine collection of paintings, and a very valuable library. The College is well attended, and the Brothers are doing a noble work in the education of the young.

CALIFORNIA SCENERY.

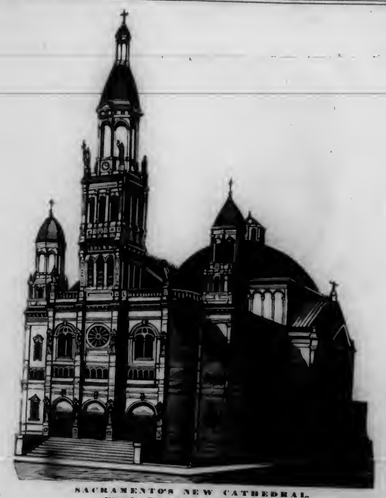
It is hardly necessary to state to our readers that California is unequalled in scenery by any other country in the world. We have the largest trees—those of the Calaveras Grove and Fresno; we have the grandest waterfalls—those of Yosemite; we have the most ripped and sublime mountain scenery—that of the Sierras and Santa Cruz Mountains; we have the most beautiful lakes—Tahoe and Donner; we have the richest and greatest valleys—the San Joaquin, Santa Clara, Vacaville, Santa Cruz; added to this we have glacial scenery, innumerable medieval valleys, lofty mountains, unrivalled forest growth, precipitous canyons; and, in fact, we have everything that goes to make up the grandest scenery in the world.

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW CATHEDRAL.
Situated on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Fulton streets.

General dimensions—Width at towers in front, 68 feet; width at transepts, 176 feet; length from front towers to end of vestries, 192 feet; two towers at front, each 21 feet square, 172 feet high; main tower, only 15 feet square, 175 feet to top of cross. Seating capacity about 2,500. Material—Ground brick, granite and terra cotta trimmings. Estimated cost, $300,000. Cornerstone laid Sunday May 1st, 1887.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. VIBIANA, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The above engraving presents a faithful appearance of Bishop Mora's beautiful Cathedral, together with the brick residence of the clergy. The handsome exterior presented in the engraving is typical of the beauty of the interior of the edifice. The seating capacity is about 2,000; the acoustic properties are remarkably good, and the ventilation is of that chaste and elegant kind which should always characterize the house of God. It is located on one of the principal streets, and is the finest church in Southern California. It was begun in 1874, and dedicated in 1876.



SACRAMENTO'S NEW CATHEDRAL.
Situated on Eleventh and K streets, Sacramento.

Commenced a year and a half ago. The general form is that of a cross with short arms. The front on Eleventh street is flanked with turrets fourteen feet square, and rising to a height of 123 feet from the sidewalk at each end. Length from front to rear, 224 feet, and 116 feet across the transepts. The general character of the work is modern Italian. Seating capacity, exclusive of galleries, about 1,700. Cornerstone laid Sunday, July 17th, 1887.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. FRANCIS CHURCH, VALLEJO STREET, 1851.
The First Church built in California after the Old Mission.

The plain and unpretentious building represented in the above engraving marks the beginning of a new era in the history of the Church in California. When the Franciscan Missions were secularized, the Indians returned to their nomad life and the Fathers retired to their convents in Mexico and elsewhere, a few only remaining in charge of the Pueblos where there were a sufficient number of resident Christians to require their spiritual services.

On the death of Right Rev. Francis Garcia Diego y Moreno, O. S. F., first Bishop of both California, who passed to his reward in Santa Barbara on the 30th day of April, 1846, Father Jose Jesus, Superior of the Franciscans at Santa Barbara, was appointed by the Holy See administrator of the vacant diocese. San Francisco was then without a Catholic church, save the Franciscan Church at Mission Dolores, which was at least a day's journey over the sand dunes which bounded it on the borders of the bay. But, in 1849 the gold-seeking immigration began to pour in, and as the Diocese Mexican were at that period greatly involved in debt to the Hudson's Bay Company for money advanced to bring out the priests, to build local churches and other expenditures, Bishop Francis Norbert Blanchet and Rev. J. B. Brouillet and Rev. A. Langlois, to San Francisco, in order to collect funds of the church. California, so far to Highlander the heavy indebtedness that rested upon the Oregon City Mission. Father Brouillet, having received several thousand dollars, returned to Oregon where he subsequently became Vicar-General of the diocese of Nesqually, when the Oregon diocese was divided. Father Langlois has lived in this State ever since, and in 1849 he was constituted Vicar-General for the diocese. The old Mission church lasted at that time attended by a native Indian priest, Padre Sensillos, it became necessary to purchase a church for the English-speaking Catholic element much newer than water, where they nearly all resided.

Father Langlois having received the necessary permission from the Archbishop of the Diocese rented a small cottage on Vallejo street, fitted up the lower portion as a chapel, and used the upper portion for domestic purposes. The church was dedicated to St. Francis, and was opened for divine worship on the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, July 19th, 1849.

About this time there also arrived in this State from Oregon several of the Jesuit Fathers who had started in Oregon that God for their missionary labors which they afterwards developed in California. Among the missionaries were some priests whose names will be ever cherished in memories of long ago in the minds of many Monterey readers. These were Fathers Nobili, Accolti, Huet and Gregory Mengarini—all gone to that heavenly home which a merciful God has prepared for just such faithful servants. To these are laborers in California, Father Langlois assigned the charge of the missions at Santa Ana and Santa Clara, and the success which has crowned their own and their successors' labors is a part of the history of the progress of the State.

On the arrival of Archbishop Alemany, O. P., the Jesuit Fathers received permission to establish Santa Clara College, which has prospered so admirably under their management. In 1850 Father Anthemo, a Dominican, arrived in this State and was assigned to duty in Sacramento, where he made preparations to build St. Rose's Church, but he died of chlora after a few months labor.

In November of the same year, Father James Croke and Father Blaire arrived at the port from France. Father Blaire founded the church in Stockton, and afterwards organized the French church of Notre Dame in this city. As the cholera was then raging, Father Croke remained at St. Francis, being the only English-speaking priest then on duty. Here he labored amidst contagion and death until Archbishop Alemany arrived in 1850.

The pioneer priests who so zealous had charge of St. Francis unpretending church in the earlier days were Father Lonchin from 1849 to April, 1852. Father Llabaria from 1852 to April, 1857. Father Peter Magnanotto to August, 1862, and beautiful brick edifice was erected. He was succeeded by Father James Cassin who was in charge until December, 1863, at which date Father Cotter was appointed and remained pastor for up to July, 1865, when the Dominican Fathers under Father J. Jurdin, O. P., were placed in charge. In November, 1872, the Dominicans retired and were succeeded by Rev. John F. Harrington who has had charge of the parishioners since.

REMINISCENCES OF SAN FRANCISCO IN 1850.

In October of 1850, the cholera for the first time appeared in San Francisco. The epidemic was introduced into the country by the immigrants from the States. During the years 1849 and 1850 it had been prevalent in New York and the other great cities of the East, and many, while crossing the plains, fell victims to it in the beginning of 50. Its ravages in San Francisco, though not the most widespread, we sufficient to cause considerable alarm and sensation in the community. The average number of deaths from its effects during the three months of October, November and December, may be reasonably estimated at between four and five hundred.

As there were then only two priests in the city, Very Rev. James Croke and Very Rev. Father Langlois, the duty was remarkably trying. For days they had to be continually at their post administering the last Sacraments to the sufferers. That some under such circumstances departed this life without the comforts of religion there is every reason to fear, but from the devoted attentions of the missionaries their numbers were probably few. The epidemic also extended its ravages to other parts of the country—Sacramento in particular—where one of the missionaries, Rev. Father Anthemo, fell a victim to its deadly effects.

The increase in the population during the year 1850, must have been from fifty to sixty thousand, of all classes. Thirty-six thousand arrived by sea, and at half this number was probably Catholic, the necessity of an additional number of clergy became more and more urgent. For the moment the whole wants of the people could not be supplied, nor, indeed, it must be admitted, were all in a disposition to attend to the rites of religion. In general, the emigrants had come to the country with only one object in view—the acquisition of wealth, and in the great struggle therefor, many unhappily forgot for the moment their duties to God, or at least became largely indifferent to the claims of religion. Yet this was not a reason why they should be forgotten, on the contrary, it became a still strong er motive why the practice of religion should be placed within their reach.

In 1851 the mission received an addition to its ranks, in the persons of the Rev. Eugene O'Connell and Rev. Father Vincent, then a scholastic of the Dominican Order. The foundation of the Church was now solidly laid; time and hands were alone necessary to raise the superstructure and give it that form and development which it has since received.—*History of the Church in California by Rev. W. Gillespie.*

OUR CITY CHURCHES.

—The side altars of St. Ignatius's church are exceedingly handsome.

—A beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin will soon adorn St. John's church.

—St. Patrick's parish is one of the largest in the archdiocese. The church is crowded to the steps on Sunday.

—Rev. J. Mullan's expected great results from the formation of Point Lobos parish. There are many residents in that part of the city, and it is being rapidly settled.

—All Hallows' church, South San Francisco, is attended by quite a large congregation. The parish is an extensive one, and we believe there is quite a future in store for the church in that direction of the city.

—The years of the new Dominican church are now handed. The foundations for the side altars are prepared and they will be erected and finished sometime in December.

—A school will be opened probably sometime next year in St. Paul's church. Collections for that purpose are being made by the energetic rector, Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, and we believe that a lot adjoining the parochial residence has been purchased.

ST. DOMINIC'S NEW CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

Cornerstone laid on Rogation Sunday, 1887. Dedicated, November 13th, 1887. Dimensions—Length of the nave, 132 feet; width, 56 feet. Two towers, each 20 x 20 feet. Channel, 20 x 32. The two towers will each be 172 feet high to the top of the cross. Seating capacity, 2,000. St. Mary's used brick and stone, cost about $250,000.

THE APOSTLE OF UPPER CALIFORNIA.

FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, the Apostle of Upper California, was born on the Island of Majorca, on November 24th, 1713. He entered the Franciscan Order on September 14, 1730, and was professed on September 15, 1731. He afterwards studied philosophy and theology and received the title of Doctor of Divinity. During the next sixteen years he occupied himself with various missionary work, and at length in 1767, he was named President of the California Missions. A ship was fitted out, and accompanied by some priests, several soldiers and sailors, set sail on January 9th, 1769. Father Serra at the same time set out for the Loreto Mission. From there he went to San Diego, where he arrived in July, 1769. With his band of priests the intrepid Father Serra proceeded up the Coast past Los Angeles, Monterey, Watsonville and Santa Cruz, founding the mission of Monterey on June 3, 1770. Several other missions were established in the next few years. Father Serra returned to Mexico in 1773, to plead the cause of the Indians and to adjust several doubts and differences that had been engendered by the Mexican Government. Having satisfactorily accomplished this end, he sailed for the mission San Carlos, where he arrived in May, 1774. After the mission of San Francisco had been founded, Father Serra visited it in October, 1777. Here he stayed for ten days, preaching and baptizing. He then returned to San Carlos, and organized new missions at Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, and other places north and south of Monterey. Having received faculties from the Sovereign Pontiff to administer the sacrament of Confirmation, he took every occasion to travel from mission to mission and confer this great mesas of grace on the devout Indians, and in all, he confirmed 5307 men, women and children. Being taken sick in 1784, he bore his sufferings with remarkable patience and constantly manifested the utmost trust in God. He contemplated his approaching dissolution calmly and with plain satisfaction, retaining the full use of his faculties to the last. He died at the age of 70 years, 9 months and 4 days. Nearly 17 years of his life were passed in the world, and nearly 54 in religion. He was buried in his beloved mission church in Monterey. "We piously believed," says his venerable companion, Father Palou, "that he slept in the Lord just before two o'clock on the afternoon of the feast of the Assumption in the year 1784, and that he went to Heaven to receive the reward of his Apostolic labors.

VERY REV. MARIA ANTHONY ANDERLEDY,
Father-General of the Society of Jesus.

THE APOSTLE OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

FATHER GIOVANNI MARIA SALVATIERRA, S. J., the Apostle of Lower California, was born at Milan, 1644. He entered the Society of Jesus, and so had a burning desire to spend his life in the conversion of the heathen. he was all ready to Proceeds to go to Mexico 1675. He was then ordained priest in 1680 and spent the following seventeen years in arduous missionary work. During this long interval of years of internal and external Father Salvatierra was awaken in California. He had been summoned by the venerable Father Kino, to undertake his conversion of the native of the new land, and renounced his priority to begin the work of evangelizing at once. Father Salvatierra's words, therefore, to the General of the Jesuits for permission to begin this great work, his request was, however, not granted for several years but was flatly refused. A ably was filled out with the necessary provisions, and on the 13th of October, 1697, another was cast in the Bay of San Dionisio. The crew, which consisted of Father Salvatierra, Don Spanish soldiers and three native California converts of Father Kino, had hardly landed when several Indians came running up and well received the strangers. A fitting site for a lowly place was chosen; and in the centre of an enclosure was erected a great cross covered with leaves, and near by a chapel of our Lady of Loretto whom Father Salvatierra had taken for the Patron of California, and after whom he named the his first mission. Afterwards this church was rebuilt and on Christmas Day, 1697, just 210 years ago, the first church built in California was dedicated to God under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Numerous other crosses followed it; for the patience and self-sacrificing the missionaries, but through the determination and wonderful religious zeal of Father Salvatierra they were successfully met and vanquished. In 1700 Father Salvatierra was appointed Provincial of Sinaloa and returned to Mexico. In 1717, at his earnest request, he was relieved of the onerous office and came back to his beloved California missions. Here he labored indefatigably for ten years. In 1717, at the advanced age of 74 years, he fell from his horse while on his way to attend a general meeting of the Province in Mexico. His religious is thus beautifully and briefly pronounced by an old historian of Mexico: "He was one of the most celebrated missionaries of new Spain, a true servant of the Blessed Mother of God, and the Apostle of California."

The Father General of the Society of Jesus.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR BY S. J. M'C.

The very Reverend Maria Anthony Anderledy, the illustrious Father-General of the Society of Jesus, whose portrait appears for the first time in America, in the MONITOR's columns, was born on the 3rd of June, 1819, at Bazinal a small town in the Canton Wallis, Switzerland, about nine miles from Brieg, on the road to the Simplon. His sister still resides on the family homestead, and many travellers speak in terms of enthusiastic praise of the generous hospitality she extends to all visitors. Father Anderledy's brother also still resides in the same Canton, where he is a distinguished physician with a very extensive practice.

Father Anderledy received the higher branches of his education in the College of the Jesuits at Brieg, and on the 5th of October 1838, he joined the Society and became a novice in the Brieg College. After four years spent in that institution he was sent to the famous College of Fribourg, where his taught grammar and was Prefect to the German students. Here he remained until 1844, when he was sent to Rome.

While in Rome Father Anderledy studied philosophy and theology under the tuition of that eminent and erudite scholar, Father Passaglia, his spare hours being spent in teaching Christian doctrine to the numerous prisoners confined in the Castle of St. Angelo. The Father's health, however, suffered from the peculiar climate of the Eternal City, and he was sent back to Fribourg, where he remained as one of the Faculty until 1847, when the enemies of the Church drove the Jesuits from Switzerland, closed all their schools, and exiled the Fathers.

In company with other ecclesiastical students of the persecuted Order of St. Ignatius, Father Anderledy then embarked for this country, where he finished his studies in St. Stanislaus' Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Florissant, St. Louis county, Missouri. After his ordination in 1849, Father Anderledy was sent to do missionary duty among the French, German and Irish Catholics of Green Bay, Wisconsin, but his zeal for the salvation of souls, together with the rigors of the climate, so undermined his failing health, that it was found necessary to send him to Europe with the hope that his native air might recuperate his shattered constitution.

The close of the year 1850 found Father Anderledy in the Jesuit seminary of Tronchiennes, near Gand, Belgium, completing what the Jesuit Fathers designate "the third year's probation," previous to taking his solemn vows as a disciple of St. Ignatius. In 1851 he became one of the glorious band of Jesuit missionaries whose headquarters were at the residence of the Fathers at Baden, and who successfully gave missions throughout Germany. In 1852 Father Anderledy was sent to Vanderloom, in Westphalia, where he preached numerous sermons against the evil of intemperance and then rife among the people, and so fruitful were his labors that he revolutionized the morals of every community where he exercised his ministry. In 1853 he was called to occupy the important position of Vice-Rector of the College for theological students which the Jesuits had established in Cologne, and it was in this institution, on March 26th, 1855, that Father Anderledy made his profession of the four vows which are required by the Rules of his Order.

In 1856 Father Anderledy was called to the responsible position of Rector of the College of Paderborn, where he remained for three years, when he was named as Provincial of the Jesuits in the German Province, in which capacity he continued during his residence in Bonn and other places, until he finally established his headquarters at a House of his own formation in Aachen, in Rhenish Prussia.

The circumstances by which Father Anderledy became possessed of this property will tend to illustrate for the readers of the MONITOR the means by which the Church has been robbed in Europe of her churches, abbeys, and other ecclesiastical edifices. The place which Father Anderledy afterwards made the Jesuit House, had originally been a Benedictine Abbey, but the monks had been evicted and their property all stolen from them during the French occupation in the year 1807. It then passed into the hands of the Russian government, who sold it to a Protestant family, from whom it was subsequently purchased by Father Anderledy, after months of difficulty and diplomacy. No bitter was the owner against the Church that he stated in the title deeds that the building should never "be sold to a monk," and we leave our readers to imagine his horror when he found that the Jesuits were going to place the Benedictines in what the owner considered the home of Protestantism! The only consolation he received, however, was the assurance that Jesuits were not "monks," and this atom of comfort was the only balm for his festering bigotry.

The monastery which Father Anderledy thus restored to the church occupies one of the finest positions for its purpose which is devised. The building is located on the borders of the beautiful body of water known as the Lake of Maria-Laach, and is surrounded by hills and woods which present a most pleasing perspective. It has since been occupied as a Novitiate. Father Anderledy having collected therein all students of the Province who previously had to reside in the over-crowded houses located in large cities.

On December 15th 1855 Father Anderledy was relieved of his office as Provincial, and became Professor of Moral Theology at Maria-Laach, and during his continuance in the latter position he published a new edition of the "Moral Principles of Father Reuter, to which he added many notes which demonstrated his deep erudition. In February 1867 Father Anderledy was nominated Rector of the House of Maria-Laach, and, finally, in 1870, he was called to Rome by Very Rev. Father Beckx, the then Father-General of the Society, to be German Assistant for the Provinces of Austria, which comprise Belgium, Galicia, Germany and Holland.

In 1870 Father Beckx was compelled to leave Rome and take up his quarters in Fiesole near Florence, where Father Anderledy followed him, continuing as his assistant until September 28th 1883, when his Order elected him Vicar to the Father-General, whose great age and increasing infirmities obliged him to entrust the business of the Order to younger hands. Father Beckx died on March 6th, of the present year, and, on the demise of his distinguished chief, Father Anderledy, by right of succession, became Father General of the Society of Jesus.

The engraving of this great ecclesiastic which we present to our readers illustrates the character of Father Anderledy without any additional explanation. In his features may be noted the man of great mental acumen, the deep thinker, the ascetic, the far-seeing diplomat and the enthusiastic enthusiast. The great lover and glory of God." In personal appearance Father Anderledy is of medium height, with a large frame, but spare in flesh. His complexion is swarthy, partaking more of the climate of Southern Italy than it does of Switzerland, and his clear blue-gray hair and deep black eyes also give him the appearance of an Italian. Besides a perfect knowledge of its ancient classic tongues, as well as his native German, Father Anderledy is complete master of the Italian, French, Spanish and English languages—an accomplishment which greatly aids him in transacting his extensive business with members of the great Order in every quarter of the globe.

ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH AND COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO.

The labors of the Jesuit Fathers in California, properly speaking, are called the apostolic work of Apostle of Lower California, Father Salvatierra, S. J., have been recorded with the happiest results. They have erected theatres not only to missionary works but to the education of youth. Santa Clara College, one of the pioneer institutions of this State, was founded in 1851; the labors of the Jesuit Fathers in California, properly speaking, are called the apostolic work of Apostle of Lower California, Father Salvatierra, S. J., have been recorded with the happiest results. They have erected theatres not only to missionary works but to the education of youth. Santa Clara College, one of the pioneer institutions of this State, was founded in 1851; stored in 1854, 1858, and dedicated in Feb. 1880. For classical proportions, symmetry and grace of outline this triumph of architectural skill stands without a rival on the entire Pacific Coast. We feel the inadequateness of words to properly describe the graceful proportions of the edifice and we commend the attention of our readers to the subjoined engraving.

The Christmas-Eve Cross.

An Episode in the Life of a Missionary in Southern India.

A missionary priest in Southern India recently sent a letter to an Eastern magazine, in which he relates the following remarkable circumstance in connection with a mission Cross which he planted on a prominent eminence in that country on last Christmas Eve.

You know I have planted, on the rary top of my rocky hill, the standard of the Cross in the name of the Sacred Heart. Thanks to the central position of my lofty stronghold, it is in the middle of my parishes. No matter from what side one comes to Calicoolum, he is the Adversary's enemy, he sees from afar the symbol of salvation and the sign of combat.

All this was about twenty years ago. The battle began the very first day. A hasty sketch of this will give you pleasure, and the Heart of Jesus will find its glory in the recital.

It was Christmas eve.

"Tiny mine," I said to three or four shaved pagans, "I am going to night to set up a big cross on the top of the rock! It has to be solid, you understand. Give me you all carry the cross, bring me the fuse and hammer, and—another the water for mixing the mortar. There is no lack of stones up there. You must keep it the greatest secret. So, to work."

The next morning Christians and Pagans alike, from the large village of Calicoolum and the hamlet of Tirumalaiyoorum (village of the holy mountain), saw with astonishment the Cross of our Lord high up on the famous natural pedestal, which had now truly become a holy mountain. It was curious enough that, for many years, the pagans had set up their idols amongst the rocks, at the foot of the rock. But they had never dreamed of taking possession of the summit, which, from time immemorial, had been called the holy mountain. And behold, it had now become sacred for the Christians, since the Cross of our Lord had crowned it and seemed to orbit their demons!

They thought the matter over for a whole day. On the second, the pagans from the surrounding country came up in great crowds on the flat summit of the rock, while I was saying Mass. You can imagine my surprise when I came out of the chapel. If the cross is heathrown, what a shame it will be! If our Christians learn the fatal news, and defend it, what a scandal, and one that will not be altogether spiritual!

While I was praying, after having sent a summon to the pagans to remove the cross, my chief Catechist, without my knowledge, was using a less dangerous weapon than their sticks. They had distributed a sum of money to the leading pagans. The pagans were grouped at the summit but did not dare touch the cross. But three steps away from it they raised up their own altar, and three of the hideous idols were hastily lifted upon it.

Incidentally, this was revelations. Here was the enemy calmly seated in front of my hut, lazy, and I could not dislodge them. I was not what to do. It was much worse when they came to tell me that our rivals were about commencing their half victory by a dance, which is the most famous pagan sacrifice of the surrounding hills and comes and everything was ready. Alas, I was no bravo with fire, iron, a sheep, and a garland of flowers.

Along the side of the hill marched up in files the devotees and the curious, and among the latter were some of our Christians. From the door of my cabin I looked on with some sadness at the different movements of this pagan demonstration.

The group of musicians, who were securing the powers, had arrived in front of the cross. It began gesticulating and brandishing big great cutlass, when all at once a strange tumult began in the midst of the crowd. There were cutting and loud shouts, and then, as if by enchantment, in a general panic all these devil workers took to flight and left forever the place so disagreeable to them.

What has happened? The sacrifice began how ing that he could not sacrifice near the Cross of Christ,—that he was himself on fire.

"Your Guide," he said, "cannot remain in a hut like this"

and thereupon, throwing away his cutlass, he took to his heels, and all the rest like a flock of sheep followed him. The Christians who were present at this strange scene, finding themselves master of the ground, overturned the idols on the spot, and dashed them in pieces at the foot of the rock. Nightfall favored their work, and never since that time have the pagans labored this place.

Since that standard has been placed on high, how many battles have been waged here, good father, defensive and offensive. The missionaries who have passed here have seen a thousand adventures. Now, thanks to God, we are no longer in a state of siege. By the contrary, we have broken the enemy's lines, and Christ the Conquer or has made His way into the villages which surround us.

CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.

Singular Customs and Peculiar Festivities.

The Christmas festival of Nacimiento, as it is termed, lasts usually for two weeks, Christmas Eve is what the Mexicans call *The Good Night*. During the day which ushers in this memorable night, large processions of men and women, on foot and on foot, march through the streets, dressed in the costume of shepherds, after the ancient Scriptural style. This is what is called the Pastores. When darkness approaches, the Pastores, and in fact people generally, light hundreds of lanterns of all sizes and, of course, in all directions. Anywhere in the Republic of Mexico on Christmas Eve night timesmay be seen hundreds of lanterns, and, in fact, the illumination and his an impressive effect. The procession of Pastores is also attractive. After nightfall the thousand and one lights in the theatre, and there is rendered the tableau of the birth of Christ—Nacimiento, with all its accompanying scenes. In this tableau, which is gotten up with georgeous effect, little girls and boys take part, the Blessed Virgin, angels and the father Joseph. Unknown lights are burned. All the scenes in this drama are rendered with colon felicitous. This performance is kept up until after midnight, presenting all the Scriptural incidents of the occasion. While this is going on in the theatre, people outside are busy in setting off some such large ones as we have in this country, but small ones, such as a stick about a foot long, which is stuck in the ground and a match applied to the taper. The fires on the hillsides have dreaded these meteor rockets in every direction give a weird look to the night, and if you are fortunate enough to get into the Cathedral the Nacimiento, you will be still further impressed with the oriental aspect of the festival.

Formerly on Christmas Day the Host was carried through the street by the clergy, in full relics, but now, under the present laws of the Republic, no religious procession is allowed to take place in the public street.

Dining the feast of Nacimiento the female portion of the community are all engaged in baking which ordinarily they are depressed of. If at this time a lady in the presence of a gentleman should drop or even let fall an egg (down full of silver or gold powder (gentle or act denotes a special preference and in the greatest compliment a lady can bestow upon a gentleman), it would and be covered indeed, while at other times it would cost her her reputation. These eggs filled with gold or silver powder, are called cascarones. They are sometimes filled with flour, and when a lean gets hold of their latter he is made the butt of the evening. The sorcerer fire takes occasion to get out with some one of the sorcerer are who have at some time slighted her, by striking him, unobserved, with a cascaron of flour. The receipts from all public entertainments on Christmas are donated to charitable purposes. The sentimental round of gaiety is kept up for two weeks. The theatre is kept open, operas performed, the Christ has yet his secret, and it is curious how faithfully they keep it.

NEW ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OAKLAND.

The New St. Mary's College, Oakland, is situated on a beautiful slope fun outside the Battle of Fiskland, bounded by Broadway and Webster streets, and Oakland and Hawthorne avenues, and comprising seven acres of ground. The frontage on Broadway is 196feet. The height is 110 feet and the depth is 180 feet. The style of architecture is the modern Renaissance. It will probably be opened in August under the control of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The corner-stone was laid on Sunday, October 23rd, 1887. There will be accommodation for 200 students and the estimated cost is $100,000.

CHRISTMAS Supplement to the Monitor.

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Poetry.

HAIL! HOLY CHRISTMAS TIDE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR BY C. ANTHONY JONES.]

As apples bloom in the white May tide—
The russet apples round and brown,—
As roses bloom in the summer tide,
In niches of hoath green mighty bloom;
As lilies bells mutually catch the tints
Of the azure sky on their rounded cheeks;
As violets blush with the soft imperfection
Of Nature's matchless color streaks.
So unto the Earth from sphere to sphere—
Just as the pleasant flowers come—
Cometh the Christmas every year,
And the Rises of Jesus's tomb!

Hail to the holy Christmas tide!
Blessed the Redeemer—Blessed the Bride!
When fond hearts think of the olden tryst,
In the yearly Birth of Jesus Christ!

As the morning sun in the East appears,
When the moon in evening waning and past,
And so through the norms of a million years,
Till the world and time are dead at last!
As birds of passage wing their flight
From wintry cold and heavy rain,
To return with the warmth and honeyed light
Of the single Phœnix, summer days;
So shall with the Christmas in the East
Of the sky of the fateful Earth,
So angels follow the Great High Priest,
And herald the Saviour's Birth.

Hail to the happy Christmas tide!
When the Redeemer—Blessed Bride!
Memento rare of a tiddly tryst
In the yearly Birth of Jesus Christ!

And thus does the Christ child come below
In a cradle of mellow ice and snow—
Much as He came long years ago
In the humble manger here;
Oh! pity His tender suffering Form;
Oh! shelter Him from the cruel storm
Where? Why, Christians, your hearts are warm,
And why not shelter His form?

"How will He come?" perhaps you say;
Listen, and I will tell you the way—
How he will visit your hearts and stay;
So:

"As Hopes that kindle sustaining light
In sorrowing souls once gloomy and sore,
Amongst the Heart with Christ for delight,
And the Haven of Heaven below!
As only a Father of Fathers greets
The strayed of His household home again;
As only a God of Gods can coos
With Divinity's matchless tenin;
So Christ will come at the stroke of eve
Whose soul is free of stain.

As a tittering flicker of crystal snow
Fall and melt on Earth's yielding forest;
So the manna will fall and melt and flow
In the depths of grateful hearts for rest!
So into each heart at Christmas tide
Will come the Redeemer—Blessed Bride!
So now and Maker reveal their tryst
In the yearly birth of Jesus Christ!

As the apples ripened, the roses bloomed,
And the lilies bells borne with the May;
As the gentle violets assumed
Their single shade and fade away!
But this sweet story Holies for,
And, like the rose that stay at least
We sing of "Glory upon a time."

THE NATIVITY OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

CHRISTMAS IN BELGIUM.

Some of the Beautiful Customs Observed in that Country.

There are beautiful Christmas customs observed in Belgium. For three or four months before Christmas the children are busy, and save up their pocket money to buy presents for one another and for their parents. What the present is to be is carefully kept secret, and the girls have a world of sentiment and romance, each a working when they are out on visits and when the others are not with them, getting up in the morning before daylight, and Than, on the evening before Christmas Day, one of the parlors is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must go; a great yew bough is fastened on the table, a little distance from the wall, a multitude of small tapers are fixed to the bough, and colored papers, etc., hang and flutter from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still remaining in their pockets what they intend for one another. Then the parents are introduced, and each child presents his little gift; then the little ones bring out the remainder, one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces.

Where I once witnessed this scene there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and the youngest son were pale and tenderness, while the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children more to his breast as if to offer up such that was rising within it. The shadow of the bough gave a fine effect to the group, and on the ceiling and on the wall was thus a pretty picture.

On the next day (Christmas) the parents lay out on the table in the great parlor the presents for their children, in the form of some sober joy succeeds, as on this day, after an old custom, the mother lays a gift by to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, what has been observed most praiseworthy and what most truly in keeping the Holy Scriptures, and the children answer the responses in unknown tongues and tongues.

At the prefaces, when the celebrant turned around, he also cut full and bright; every one of his singular penitents displayed; in all his lives nakedness, the fleshless bones of a skeleton. All were on their knees.

At the consecration, as the priest pronounced the sacramental words, a chorus of voices, harmonious as the angels, resounded around him, the skeleton were changed into radiant figures.

When he turned around again for the Ite, missa est, the chapel was empty, but the immense trail flying toward heaven showed him the path to paradise.

It was a troop of suffering souls whom his had delivered from purgatory.

HAMON.—*Ville Bon and de Silesie.*

THE SUFFERING SOULS.

A Christmas Reflection.

In an old number of the *Echo des Pyrenees du Lundes* appears the following—

"Christmas night the suffering souls (souvenirs) of Purgatory are and point around the living to implore their prayers. An old legend of the Pyrenees will tell us how this is done.

One Christmas night it was cold. The moon was shining, the stars were all in their places. Nothing was left, for all wanted to assist at the great feast of the Nativity. The north wind was blowing, the weather cold was reaching, the farm dogs were howling around the house. An old cat, seated in the chimney corner, was murmuring prayers while; awaking the midnight hour.

Suddenly a shadow passed before her as had never been heard before, resounded the presbytery door. The priest opened the door, and great was his surprise to see a long procession coming to his dwelling. Long, white winding-sheets covered head to foot, these strange figures appeared, who all carried lighted torches. The old priest trembled, uttered a cry of fear, and, made the sign of the cross. All the ghosts imitated him, but, stange to tell, when they made that sign, none of them showed either hands or face, and that they bestowed to the end to follow them. Astonished by that strange information, he forgot his fear and joined them. The funeral procession moved. The sheter of Heaven was filled with the light. The priest looked, that some dense blood, and the ground was red. They walked long, long time, and stopped before an old, ruined chapel. One of the penitents ascended the steps of the altar and lighted the consecrated vestments to the priest. He put them on and advanced to the altar. There he found an old missal all worn esten, and a broken chalice. He began the Holy Sacrifice, and the priest answered the responses in unknown tones and tongues.

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HAMON.—*Ville Bon and de Silesie.*

OUR LORD'S CRIB.

How it has been Preserved in one of the Great Roman Basilicas.

The cradle of our Saviour—the identical crib in which the Infant Jesus was laid—was for a time preserved in Bethlehem; and it is well known that St. Jerome, St. Paula and others had always entertained the greatest devotion for this sanctuary. Subsequently the crib was carried from the rock from the cave at Bethlehem, were brought to Rome. Some of the wood upon which the Nativity was made is the year 352; but the learned Pope Benedict XIV. proved that it was not until the seventh century, at the time the Saracens had taken possession of Jerusalem, in the year 653. St. Jerome, who was buried in Bethlehem, spoke of three times in a place much there where the Blessed Sacrament repose. On both sides of the altar are two stairways of wood which lead to a recess on the altar. The main part of the crib is preserved in another side chapel, which is a magnificent silver-mounted crystal reliquary, surrounded by a gilt iron railing. Every year, on Christmas night, this relic used to be carried in solemn procession to the main altar of the church, where they remained during these days for public veneration. O d and young, beggars and princes, may be seen during these days, kneeling before the chapel, and kiss the iron railing, or fold in Bethlehem, hastening to Santa Maria Maggiore, to visit the holy crib.

Choice Fruits.

An elderly lady entered a High street fruit store yesterday, and pointing to some ripe tomatoes, said:

"How much is tomatoes a quart?"

"They're forty cents a piece, madam," said the clerk. "I suppose there would be about eight in a quart that would cost—"

"Never mind figuring," said the elderly lady, hastily, "you may keep them. Good morning."

"Merry Christmas," said the clerk.

Grandmother's Christmas "Gloria."

AND HOW SHE HEARD IT.

BY NELLIS F. O'NEILL.

It was Christmas morning, and Grandmother watches, from the window of her little side-room, the people hurrying to the Catholic church at the corner.

"Grandmother," the woman of the house says, "I don't like to leave you alone. I wish you would let Jenny one of us stay with you! I'm afraid you will be lonesome."

"Oh! no, dear," "I would have say of you stay from church on my account, and most of all, on Christmas Day. I'll not be lonesome, never fear, for I can watch the people going and coming."

"I wish you could come, Grandma," says little Minnie. "I wish you could hear the *Gloria*, for papa says it will be grand!"

She smiles in the child's sunny face. "Don't worry, little one. I can hear very distinctly every Sunday the choir from St. Patrick's at the corner, and to-day there will be a greater number of voices, and I shall hear better than ever. So, dear, Grandma will hear the *Gloria*."

"I'm so glad, for I know you won't be lonesome now." The child follows her parents, and Grandma watches them until they enter the church.

The people, as they pass, stare curiously at the old face at the window, that seems them not, but is looking far into the distance. Granny is with her loved one the long ago.

The husband, who had taken her girlhood's home to the neat little cottage that he had built with his own hands for his young bride! She hears his voice: "Welcome, my wife, to your own little home; and may it ever be, in this world, your refuge!" Now she holds a tiny baby, their first born, in her arms, who opens his blue eyes for a little while, and, as though discouraged at even this brief glimpse of the world, closes them again. Before she knows what has happened, John has lifted tenderly from her arms and carried him of the room. She feels what pride of sorrow, plaintively: "My baby!" John replies: "Hush, Nanny," he adds, "assumes grieve for him; try and be perfectious, She sees from the mills earnestness also door, and from the window a human funeral train winding its way out of cemetery, the hill, and, at last, the church, she knows her husband, and St. years pass on, John always at his side as a closer her to his side faithful, and comfort her in her grief. Another baby comes—strong and sturdier every day,—as like his father in his looks and ways. She is so proud of him. There never was such a boy, thinking him so beautiful that mother is proud. "Mother's boy," they call him. "Mother's boy" he has to put up with. John says, with pipe: "Take care, Nanny, and don't spoil him!" How time flies! What a little time it seems since he was a baby, when he stands before her a manly form, in a suit of blue, and asks, with a blush, for the hand of her mother. How careful then should you, parents, be in your homes! And I would include even those who serve you. Domestics are looked upon at this day as chance comers and goers. Not so was it in Christian homes at the beginning. They were a part of the household; they were called by the same name as the children of the house; they were watched and cherished, continued in the faith taught so as not to be family. Let this "Christian spirit come back and it will be a blessing to the master of the house.

It was have this high and noble conjugal tenderness Lord and Master, Dearing the light of God's face, the dearest himself to everyone in the room. So that when sickness were reconvenient John says, "Mother, you are tired, and my mother felt happy that I had a companion to go and return with every day.

The superior of the college, Father Francis Cox, advised my parents to keep the boy, as he seemed to be a remarkably grateful and docile child

On the first of May, Jimmy made his first communion, and on Pentecost of that year was confirmed by venerable Cardinal Alexis Billiot. From then on the boy had shown himself piously inclined, but everyone marked the great increase in this inclination, for at the month of his time in the sanctuary.

Jimmy learned rapidly, and at a comparatively early age finished his classes. My parents were proud of their adopted boy, with his bright brown eyes, dark curly hair, and his youngish intelligent face.

Of course I was his bosom friend, and he had no secret from me.

I had spent two years at the Seminary of Chambary, and been allowed to put on the priestly soutane, before returning home for vacation.

Jimmy could not keep his eyes from me. He was with me every moment. He seemed jealous of me in a trace through Switzerland.

One day, he we were seated in a snug Swiss cottage far away in the center of the canton of Valais, he said:

"Dearest friend, I love you all. But I wish to ask another favor from you. Intercede for me with mother. I also wish to be a priest."

My parents did not oppose him, and on the eighteenth of October, I led him to the seminary of Chambary, the venerable John Depouter, now dead long a long time ago. Father John looked at Jimmy a moment, and then turned to me: "This young man will be no ordinary priest."

Two years afterwards, Jimmy was Father James Jimmy.

In the meanwhile, I had been sent as professor to a college, and afterwards had left for the colleges of Lorraine.

Father Boimon could not contain himself; he entered the Society of St. Francis de Sales in Annecy. Soon after he was sent to India, and, less than one year later died of cholera, the victim of his unremitting zeal among those sick of that dread disease.

How well repaid was Jimmy's care of Christ in a little boy, in the name and for the sake of Christ Jesus, on that bitter cold eve of Christmas, of the year 1848.

—Recollections of the past so long kept silent, are freshly exchanged at Christmas and the old, once more carried, as it were, back to the scenes of their youth. Happy hours pass away, but the memory of them still remains in our hearts, and in the future will associate themselves with it.

A Christmas Guest and What Became of Him.

A Pleasing and Instructive Personal Reminiscence.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY REV. J. H. DAFOUR.]

It was many years ago. I was then only a boy.

My home was by a cosy nyle of the Alps. The valley is broad, and at the foot of it runs the Isère river, a large Alpine stream.

I was then a day scholar at the college of St. Pierre d'Entrigue, an old Roman town, nearly destroyed in the eighth century, by the Saracens who had escaped from the sword of Charles Martel, on the plains of Solsonne. Dividing themselves into bands, they penetrated into the heart of the Alps, destroying all in their passage. And then came the Roman city of Montals, to be destroyed by them. But to my story.

The college was over two miles from my home.

One Christmas eve, late in the evening, they were returning alone from the college. They had followed the course of a river the Tarine, meandering through and arched over by snow.

What was my astonishment at LAY THEM

one crying in the darkly, recklessly and to approach hearing of their children, [illegible] remember that those little ones have in them the capacity of eternal life and perfect sanctity. And than the sanctity of Christian homes. What can be more holy than a home founded on a sacramental government for the indissoluble unity of the unity of Christ and His Church fers, as an example. As God gave dominion over all His creatures, so God gives parents dominion over their children. He has given the father dominion and authority, but the mother has a sovereignty even more powerful. In all the first years of childhood, it is the mother that reigns over the child and forms and fashions it. The child receives the impress and the shape and the image of his mother. How careful then should you, parents, be in your homes! And I would include even those who serve you. Domestics are looked upon at this day as chance comers and goers. Not so was it in Christian homes at the beginning. They were a part of the household; they were called by the same name as the children of the house; they were watched and cherished, continued in the faith taught so as not to be family. Let this "Christian spirit come back and it will be a blessing to the master of the house.

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THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Written by Bishop Challoner.

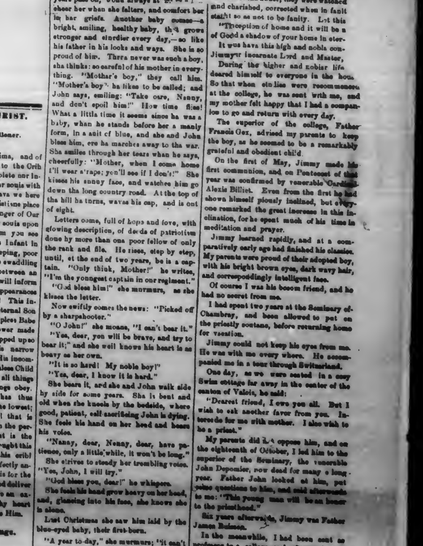
The devotion of this holy time, and of this day in particular, calls us to the Crib of Bethlehem, there to contemplate our Infant Saviour and to entertain our souls with Him. O! what a large field have we here opened to our meditation! Christians place yourselves in spirit near the manger of Our Lord, and let the eyes of your souls upon Him. Reflect who this is whom you see lying before you, as a helpless Infant in the open stall; suffering and weeping, poor and humble, wrapt up in mean swaddling clothes and laid in this crib, between an ox and an ass. O! your faith will inform you that under all these mean appearances lies concealed the Lord of Glory! This infant not yet one day old, is the eternal Son of the eternal God; this weak, helpless Babe is His who by His almighty power made heaven and earth; He who is wrapped up so straightly, and confined to this narrow crib; this heaven and earth with His immense unbounded immensity; this speechless Child is God's own Word Who called all things out of nothing, and Whom all things obey.

O! wonderful mystery which has thus joined together the highest and the lowest, all that is great in heaven, with all that is little and contemptible on earth, in the person of this infant God! But what is the meaning of all this? What has brought this great God down to this stable, to this crib? Why has He thus debased and perfectly annihilated himself? My soul, it is for the love of Thy; it is to redeem thee and deliver thee from sin and hell; it is to give an example of all virtue; it is to draw thy heart to Himself, and engage thee to love Him.

The Little Ones' Stocktings.

The toys and other treasures suspended on the Christmas tree will be, by the little ones, regarded as treasures. A few sweets, or a part of a toy, gift or boy's pocket money, will procure for some other little boy or girl untold delight, for the sake of human joy would turn but dimly were not the oil of human kindness poured into it on this and such like anniversaries.

—The Christmas motto was uttered upon the eventful night of the Nativity: "Glory to God and peace and on earth to men of good will" Its meaning has since continued to inspire the thought and feeling of the occasion. That motto implies Worship, Peace and Charity—greater attributes than which there are not.



THE WITHERED HAND.

The withered hands fall by her side, the old eyes close slowly, and from St. Patrick's church on the corner comes slowly, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*

And so the woman of the house finds her in her return, at home with her loved ones.

"Ah, Granny," she says, "you can never be lonesome now."

Little Minnie dances in joyously: "O Granny! she says, "I've heard the *Gloria!*"

"Hush, dear!" says her mother, "Grandmother now hears the grandest *Gloria* that was ever sung!"

THE CHRISTMAS TREES.

Hushed was all the busy household, gone the guests and dark the hall,
And the number midnight sounds bring the silence over all.
The tapers on the Christmas tree Joe had learned out; but now
The late opens tinged with silver, tell that sunrise had begun.
The old clock on the stairway tolled mournfully and low,
Time, thrilled from base to summit, the tree waved to and fro;
And the smiling branches whispered, as through the open door
A weird and ghostly figure moved slowly o'er the floor.
Its brow was crowned with holly, but faded were the leaves,
And its robe was red and white as the lace of one who grieves;
And it spoke, in soft, sweet accents, to the Christmas tree and said:
"Lo! behold in me the phantom of Christmas trees long dead!
In the dusty garret lying, neglected, cast away,
Are the trees which greeted childhood with toys and tapers gay;
And beneath our glittering branches, songs were sung and tales were told,
And the maiden blushed, and listened to the words of lovers bold.
And of those who danced around us, but few, alas, remain;
And their locks are white as silver, and their limbs are bowed with pain.
Sorrow, death, and separation, in the years here scattered wide
All the orchan hearts, once rejoicing in the Hallowed Christmas tide."
The phantom paused; the branches of the tree a rustling made,
Which into speech seemed molded—and thus the words it said:
"Oh, phantom of old Christmas! oh, Spirit of decay!
When I, too, in my turn, shall droop and pass away,
Tell me, if among the many who have had sight were wild with glee,
Who sported, sang, and revaled beneath this Christmas tree,
All will live to laugh together when another year has passed?
Then the spirit's brow, with darker, deeper gloom was overcast.
"Not to me," it said, "is given the mysteries to read—
We believe, we trust, the future, yet hopeless the light we need."
It was silent. Then came streaming from the horizon afar,
Through the casement, gleaming brightly, the luster of the star.
"We are answered," cried the phantom, "as the shepherds were of old.
Who shall care to piece "Hails that those mysteries unfold—
Where the proud and glad shall come—for of the life beyond the cloud,
Rolls from yonder clouds, dissolving doubts, anxieties, and gloom?
Though our branches droop and wither, and our little trees grow gray,
We shall live on and bud together in another spring, hereafter,
If the loving lessons taught us by this sweet old story be
Treasured deep in young and old hearts, beneath the Christmas tree."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

San Francisco.

MY LOST LOVE FOUND.

A SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS STORY BY ROBY MCDOUGALL.

Christmas Eve, and there was not a sailor in more than I, as I walked along Liverpool.

Just a month before from service, and Pulteney in the Mary Jane, bound for Los Angeles, not seen my darlings. Texas, bounding 4, to find the cabin 3,1276. Several strangers with wards, in the next few years. Patrons walks Mexico in 1773, to plant the cause of freedom and to adjust several doubts and difficulties that had been engendered by the Mexican Government. Having satisfactorily accomplished

The Father General of the Society of Jesus.

No. 1

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

S. J. M'C.

The very Reverend Maria Anthony Andeviely, the illustrious Father-General of the Society of Jesus, whose portrait appears for the first time in America in the Monitor's columns, was born on the 3rd of June, 1819, at Barinal a small town in the Canton Wallis, Switzerland, about 20 miles from Brieg, on the road to the Simplon. His sister still resides on the family homestead, and many travellers speak in terms of enthusiastic praise of the generous hospitality she extends to all visitors. Father Andeviely's brother also still resides in Wallis Canton, where he is a distinguished scientist, with a very extensive practice.

Father Andeviely received his preliminary branches of his education in one of the Jesuits at Brieg, and said October 1836, he joined the order. He was ordained priest, same as years, explored and carried off by the press gang.

As for the life of me I couldn't help exporting to myself, another standing waiting for me at the gate.

Well, there was a woman standing there just as if she was waiting for me, though, of course, she wasn't, not of her own knowledge. But it wasn't my mother. It was my wife.

I mean that sweet-faced lass that spoke to me like an angel and asked me to come in and rest, and have a look around, and talk with her father about the old neighbors that used to live here but had flitted to better quarters above—what I mean to say is, that afterwards, when we were better acquainted, she became my wife.

I had a little money saved, and I spent it in improving the old home and furnishing a few more acres than belonged to it, and in a couple of years' time there wasn't a prettier little spot as ours for its size in all the country round.

We had been married, and a bit of a garden with well-flowers, and a couple of cows bushes, and I had learnt two or three things worth knowing while I was away about the world, and my Mary had as good brains as ever a girl had under her yellow hair, and as good hands as ever made a bit of butter or threaded a needle. We had two children, one was just able to toddle and prattle about the place, and the other was as new to the world as that Jesus's beast of white roses on the bush that I had sailed well up against the cabin half door, or as the lilies under the elder-bush that hung over the gable.

Just at that time I was happy, happy as happy that one of those summer evenings when I sat at the door with Mary and the children, she telling me what a good prize she had got for the better, I said to myself all of a sudden, "Look out for squalls, my man. This fair weather is too good to last!" And sure enough at the same moment I saw a neighbor who had been off to market in Tralee coming up the field to me with a letter in his hand.

Now a letter was a letter in those days, and when it got to the length of a Kerry mountain it was near about as wonderful as the great Mogul's Charm itself. Mary turned as pale as a ghost when she saw it, thinking something terrible would come of it, and God knows she had bit the truth. But I was as cool as a cucumber, and I bawled "Good news! good news!" and swung little Terry over my head by the gable.

The letter was from the captain I had served with on sea, and who owed me a nice little lump of money that I had never hoped to lay my hands on. He would be in Liverpool docks on a certain day, and if Lorry Nolan would be there to meet him on that day, why Lorry Nolan should be paid the old score to the full on the spot.

"Now Mary, my darling," I said, "we'll have that other cow" and she tied a few things in a handkerchief for me, and off I set for Liverpool on the morrow morning.

I saw the captain and got my money, spent an evening with old friends on board ship, enjoying yarns about old times, but thinking Heaven for the new times that I had come to me with so much fullness of happiness. I promised that I was no wanderer over the world, and that I would adjust several doubts and difficulties that had been engendered by the Mexican Government, and settle down into a steady citizen, and cultivate the cabin under the mountain, and all it contained; and I went ashore again and walked down Lime Street.

I turned away and hurried to the nearest house to make inquiries, with a faint hope that although the nest was deserted the bird might not be far away.

I found the house empty, when they heard my story and e-quainted me, as every their pity, along with the bad news that was bound to go with it. My wife's father died not long paying my disappointment, times had been even harder than usual in the Irish peasant. My Mary had fretted herself under to be left alone for good and pay the rent, though she had not a penny struggle to cling to the cottage home, and at the last she had to give it up, and go from the kingdom put to restraint at the disbelief energy of the leaping waves it were the same, nothing was changed. I trip, where seemed to answer with a strong hand to all sorts of inquiries at subduing that terrible rapidity. Hear after year looks from the mountains as one after another the occupants who had been imprisoned in the inner recesses just as the Christmas Eve dropped forth, sale, or more—it's been a period, but at least it was be proved that all [illegible] ago.

When suddenly figures appeared at our of the highest upper windows: I the black. The slight figure of a woman leaned forward with outstretched arms appealing to the mercy of her fellow creatures below, and two children were clinging to her and by with agonized and terrified shrieks. In a moment the fire escape was placed against the burning wall, a breathless silence fell on the watching crowd, and then a deep bay of horror went up from the throng, as it was seen that the window was too high, that the fire escape was too short, that in that case effort must failure, and that the living creatures up yonder must be left to face one the prey of the tigers of flame. The firemen could suggest no expedient, could offer no hope. The window was so peculiarly placed, the space between it and the "escape" was great. Heavens! it is in my ears, sounds sight, and I'll never, never ask anything again, Amen."

"Not a, matter." I cried, rolling my arm and frame easily to the front. I was a wild and desperate man, my life not worth a pin a purchase to me, and I had not long then a cat from a mouse and fought through fire like a fiend in the wars for nothing. I saw that it was only a long leap from the top of the fire escape, and catch, and hang on by his hands to the windowsill, and keep his grasp, the fire escape being left plant a yard high. I was young and full hot life there by help of strong muscles and determination—I, I, I, my I had seen in a moment that the three creatures up yonder might crawl down on his body and drop safely into the fire escape from their hold—the lad I thought, I knew, was a sailor like myself, who had hung from the rigging with one hand and fought through storms and blows with the other, and had seen, and heard, and even at the peril of his life. But here was the man, and his children, and the woman, and the little. I had dashed up the fire escape left everyone considering me. I had rushed to the window and clambered and clung in the air, as with the claws of a wild cat. Hope! I was hope, and I had found hope and directed the woman, who I could not see, how to assist by only as a father, to stand on the sill of the window, and drop, drop, drop, below. I felt them one after the other, drop her holding and stretching my strength almost beyond, as they hung for a moment with their weight in my nerves, holding their swift foothold below. Yes, that I had put the woman down I felt as one who off with one hand and drop and drop, and swung and swung, and I had [illegible] the last, except that I seemed to have, I thought, a great weight, the weight of a man in my muscles, and that I had [illegible] I felt the strong arms of my shoulder, just as when I left it that morning, eight long years ago. The arms were the same, nothing was changed. I trip, where seemed to answer with a strong hand to all sorts of inquiries at subduing that terrible rapidity. Hear after year looks from the mountains as one after another the occupants who had been imprisoned in the inner recesses just as the Christmas Eve dropped forth, sale, or more—it's been a period, but at least it was be proved that all [illegible] ago.

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A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF A NEW-YORK CHRISTMAS, BY MRS. E. B. KENNEDY.

Special Priced tree, dear children, means the good Christ at work through human hearts and hands. You do not see Him in earning hushes nowadays, nor do you ever [illegible] Christ, dear children, and [illegible] when you have so often read. Our own good thoughts and our own good deeds are the angels which He sends abroad over the world.

But to the little story.

It was a sharply cold Christmas eve. The sun had gone down in a glory of crimson and gold. It was a warm, tender sky to look at from the windows of comfortable, firelighted rooms, but, to those hurrying up and down the streets, it was a cold, hard sky—a sky bitterly, pitilessly bright, like some radiant blue eye, out of which looks a cruel and unloving spirit.

Little Johnny and Katie Morris, hurrying home from gathering their baskets of chips and sticks out of the streets and alleys, did not admire the sky at all. They thought only of their cold nose and their coldness, their aching toes, and the great holes in their mittens, and of what they were going to have for supper when they should reach the poor, shabby little home which they called home.

"Baked potatoes would be so good," said Johnny.

"Hot brick and cold water and some butter on the bread, would be good, too," said Katie, sometimes forgetting her blue lips.

"I'm awful tired of bread and water, isn't you?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, and I'm awful tired of everything. Look up there through those windows! See how the fire blazes! And there—just at a Christmas tree, to night. And look at that girl in her white dress and blue sash! O, dear. Come along."

"Do never had a Christmas tree, did you?" asked Johnny.

"I should think not! It's as much as mother can do to buy our bread and keep us from freezing. Let's hurry up, or we'll freeze anyhow."

The shabby little home was as cold as the darkness, pitiless, and we as shabby they had stopped to look, and as they were soon warm there enough, and at home. But such a Christmas home—just a little warmer than the air outside, that was all. The mother, a pale, sickly woman, sat on a rag by the almost empty stove. She looked at her children, and tried to smile, but got precious little for their pains. Katie ran to her mother, and Johnny stood by the door, as if half expecting to be turned out of it, but exactly "Yes, we're home, mother, and I'm cold and hungry, but we could not speak of it, for we saw how you looked at us. We'll be good, mother, and we'll do everything, if you'll only be well and happy, and get us supper and put us to bed. I'm so tired, mother, and I'm so cold, and I'm so hungry, and I'm so sorry you look so sick. Johnny and I will be good, and we'll do everything, if you'll only be well and happy. Johnny, you stand there, and I'll take the basket, and I'll carry it upstairs."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Yes, sir," said Katie.

Half an hour afterward, while the poor woman sat on the rag sack, with warm gown and shivering by the dead fire, and the stockings were still hanging broken and empty under the mantelpiece, Johnny and Katie stealthy steps at the door, a sound as of a small regiment grounding arms, a rap at the door, and then a well-disciplined knock.

"Those somebody, rude boys," said Mrs. Morris to herself.

"I have brought you a merry Christmas," said a kind, gentlemanly voice through the key-hole.

Mrs. Morris opened the door with trembling hands. Her rich neighbor looked a pleasant "Good evening," and added, "I will set those things inside the door for you. The baskets can be returned to-morrow."

Mrs. Morris tried to speak, but the words stuck fast in her throat.

Johnny's tongue was easier managed. He watched the baskets and bags. He caught sight of the oranges. He saw the yellow rags of the chickens peking out of the great mouth. He saw the [illegible] and the shoulder and shouted:

"Katie! Katie! wake up, I told her dons it. I told you He would!"

"Is your children?" asked the rich man, glancing from one merry at Johnny's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. He fancied his words to be the delirium of a fever.

"No, he is not ill, sir, and I don't know what he means—unless he was just what he says, cried Mrs. Morris, since at delirious himself, over such sudden good and plenty.

"Very well then, thank God, and good night" and the rich man went home, sweetness in heart and notion in it. He thought of the impression of Special Providence.

"It doesn't seem right to pray for things, and then, when your prayer is answered, to be so surprised," he said to himself, as he walked home. "Why, I'm as much a believer in Providence as any body, and I believe that every good thing comes from God."

Johnny's prayer was not the first time that the Wise Men of the East in offering the Lord our most precious gifts. We give Him gold when we present a loving heart and a will pledged to perfect obedience. Frankincense when we pray to Him and meditate upon His goodness, and myrrh when we improve evil inclinations and revive for poetry of body and soul.

Poetry.

LADY SPARKLE'S CHRISTMAS FETE.

A HOLIDAY POEM BY ELEANOR DONNELLY.

In her cell of stillness, in her lonely attic gown,
Her the Sister Isabel, Lady Sparkle sat [illegible]

The Christmas twilight was not deep enough to hide
The rare, rich, and rare that heavy he heaped on every side.
The carpets with an amount more, the curtains relent Up,
The mirrors and the pictures, the statues pure as snow.

Up the north in deeper shadow, in her snow-spun [illegible]
The library lay—upon the east, the stately drawing room.
And west and south with walls of glass and wealth of flowering glass
Alive with birds and fountains, slept the grand conservatory

Then round the Lady Sparkle, white e dainty, silken sown
She felt [illegible] the fire and her soft transparent sink

"They have all been making merry—one a-this, and I? alone was lonely.
Ah! I'm alone no less, I'm lonesome, and it shall relieve them all!

"When I throw three grand apartments, nine-teen guests, and wealth and [illegible]
Lady Sparkle, and I'm alone, where a-lone nobody [illegible]

"When I line my wall with flowers, when the Hall hide my fancy [illegible] among the orange trees,

"What with scent of Eastern perfume, and fiper Lamps [illegible]
Lamps [illegible] Lady Sparkle, where [illegible] and [illegible]

"What with light, and music, and scent, all the [illegible] wealth supplies,
My Christmas Eve will seem to be a dream of Paradise

At the dawn's work, the charming bell [illegible] Lower [illegible] chord
In [illegible] and Lady Sparkle, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

And the second [illegible] [illegible] straightforward [illegible]
Where [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

And the table [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

In the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

To [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

There were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Instead [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

There were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Low music and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

And Lady Sparkle [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[

Poetry.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR BY JOHN F. MCDONELL.]

Oh, beauteous Star that shines through sore long
In golden beams from Heaven's bright dwelling,
The signs thy angels hailed with joyful song
Thou glorious orb, lovely "Star of Bethlehem"

Through ages of darkness the faithful came
To watch thy beams, oh, Heavenly Star of Peace,
And hail with joy the Great Messiah's name,
Whose tendings, "peace to men" shall never cease.

Thy glorious praise the poets songs have sung
While the wise shepherds long watched for thy ray;
Thy beams, amidst angelic music clang,
Shone broke where Jesus lay in glory lay.

Oh, sacred Star that shone o'er Mary's Child
In all the glow of Heaven's resplendent fire,
When she the Virgin Mother, pure and mild,
Behold her Son, on equal with the Sire.

Bright Star of peace! Bring forth new rays of Time,
War, hatred, discord vanes from every shore;
The angel sacred tenths chant a'er, 1886 "an.
"Good will to men" re-echo ever more." tre.

Light all the nations that in bondage lie
A hapless prey beneath the devil's reign;
Dissolve their darkness with Thy light on high,
Transform their ways to know the living God, an.

Bright Star of Heaven, shine from the sky
Amid the Angels' song
And pierce man's gloom with pure celestial light;
Thy advent bears great tidings to earth's home,
God's chosen Son dispels our darksome night.

Shine on, oh! Bethlehem Star, in clory shine
Until the Gospel's tenths are known to man
Thy saving Name around see fives antwine,
In all the ti ing grace of Heaven's great plan!
"Virgin" Mary.

Old John White's Christmas.

A Sad Story with a Sadder Ending.

WRITTEN BY EUGENE V. WALLETT.

"I'll forevclose on him, of course I will!" he softly chuckled as he rubbed his hands together. "I lent him the money, and he can pay it back, and why should he lounge in his house and lot! I'll take a walk up that way. They needn't call me an old miser, and say I'm hard-hearted. It's a straight matter of business. I lend money on a mortgage; if the money isn't repaid, I'm entitled to the security. That's straight business the world over."

It was "Old John White," as every man, woman and child in the town called him. When they didn't refer to him by that name it was to speak of him as "Miser John," "Stingy White," or "Mean John." He had tried to recall one kind or liberal act on his part but in vain. Woman had sought to find excuses for his selfishness in behalf of his dead wife, but he had done all he had ever been married—if wife or child had ever shared his lot—so one could remember to. He lived alone—unhelpful, penurious and friendless. No man was ever bored his gate unless in financial distress or willing to put himself in the way of the stark. No child ever halted for a kind word in front of the grim, tumble-down building Miser John called home.

It was about Christmas time. The Winter winds were like the teeth of wolves, and now and then the light snow was caught up and whirled over remnants of a bygone or a spiteful way. The rich shivered as they stepped from their doors; the poor suffered even as they remained within.

Miser John left his cheerless home for a walk of a mile, and as the winds took hold of him he fairly gasped for breath. His garments were old and thin and worn, but he had planned that they must do him for the winter.

"It's cold, very cold," he said to himself, as he hurried along. "All this talk about the poor suffering so much is nonsense. Let more around and keep their blood circulating and they'll be warm enough."

He held a mortgage on the little home of Clark, the mechanic. Death had stolen the man's family—sickness had coused great factory had shut down and left scores of men without work or wages. There was misery and want in plenty, and the very day had come when the law would permit Miser John to commence proceedings of foreclosure. He was not the man to delay an hour. The misfortunes of others were nothing to him. If he owed a debt he had to pay it (of course and he did it would go hard, but he would have the amount.

"I'll just pass the home—notify pass by," he whispered as he came near it. "There ought to be an acre of ground there, and I want every inch of it. And I want Clark to leave the house in good repair, and to be out as soon as possible. I'm not to blame that his boy died, nor for his sickness, nor for the trouble at the factory. People who borrow money must pay it back."

It was lamplight as he passed in front of the house. It was a better building than he had hoped for, and the land seemed to be all there to the last inch. Miser John was notify rubbing his hands when he noticed an object leaning on the fluke's few yards away. It did not seem cold enough for a human being, and yet what could not a shabby in the gloom of the evening in such a place?

"It may be a robber!" he whispered, "no one has ever tried to rob me yet, but the time may have come. Clark thinks he would be glad to see me lose my last shilling. John White would get no sympathy here. Suppose I'd meet him and he declare I'd didn't move then! I'll go home. Clark may burn the house down to spite me, but I'm due I'll send him to State prison if it costs me $500."

As he moved away on the route home the something followed after. He made a run across the darksome commons. It kept its distance. He slowed up as he reached a frequented street. It was no nearer to him—no farther away. Under the gaslight it disappeared entirely, but as he entered upon his own dark street, lo! the something was nearer to him than before. He leaned no footsteps on the walk except his own. There was no word or rustle of garments as they entered side by side and passed to the door. There was no presence beside him and yet there was. He was awed and frightened, but at the door he turned at boy and struck out furiously and shouted

"Hack! Go away! You may believe me old and helpless, but I'll grapple with the strongest man and fight to the death!"

He struck only the empty air. Though the shadow was at his elbow. He took the key from his hands, unlocked the door, and he was forced to enter first. As he stood in the darkness of the room, he heard the key turn in the lock again. The something was locked in with him!

"It's only some trick to scare me!" he whispered, "or else my long wall in the cold has made me nervous and nearsighted. As soon as I strike a light it will be gone."

A candle soon shed its light over the room, and the old man threw some fagots on the fire, which was nearly dead on the hearth.

"There!" he whispered as he looked about him, "it's gone! It was some trick by the boys. They hate me and like to annoy me. Yes, it's gone."

"It is here!" answered a voice, and lo! the shadow stepped into view on the hearthstone.

In his amazement the old man was silent for a moment, and before he had found his voice the Shadow—the Something—said:

"I have been with you for half a century, but never before this night have you seen me."

"And—and why to-night?" asked Miser John in a trembling voice.

"Because your life ends with the year! When the bells ring out the Old and ring in the New, you will be no more on earth John White, what has been placed to your credit on the books of Heaven!"

"Why—why I've obeyed the law haven't I? And I never did nobody my harm. I slept no Christian, but I've tried to live right."

"I have been with you all these long years, John White. You have been a miser. You have let scarce triumph in your heart. Selfishness has chased all pity from your soul. The widow, the orphan, and the poor and unfortunate have appealed to you in vain."

"They want my money," whined the old man.

"Man have learned to hate you, and children shun you," continued the voice. "You have gold hidden away, but you have no friends. If your soul was to pass from earth to-night, there is not one human being in all this world who would volunteer to toll your knell upon the nearest church bell. Point me to one who is your friend. Tell me the name of one you have befriended. If you have ever done one kind act toward humanity, speak it it that I may have it recorded on the books of this angel in heaven."

The old man was silent.

"You have been a miser with the rich—a robber of the poor. Even this night you want forth to glout over the troubles and misfortunes of a fellow-being. Hark to the winter winds! Feel the cold as it creeps in through crack and crevice! Not yet, to add a few dollars to your hoard, you would turn helpless children out of doors."

"There was never a word said to me in pity, trembling man who croued over the dying fire.

"And this is the last week of your life," whispered the voice. "You will die here in your bed, and it may be days and days before men miss you and enter this grim old house to find you dead. Your hoard of gold will buy you a coffin, a shroud and a grave, but there will be no mourner. Children will even rejoice that you are gone."

With head in his hands, and his half-closed eyes looking into the fire, the old miser remained silent for a long time. By-and-by he lifted his head with a sudden start of surprise, and the something was gone. He called out to it, he searched the dark corners, but it had silently disappeared.

It was the day before Christmas. Clark, the mechanic, entered Miser John's house with fear and trembling. He came out sighing the tears from his eyes and his face illumined with the great joy in his heart. Miser John had executed the mortgage. Others came and went with the same feeling. The widowed and the fatherless in the house knew were made glad by presents of food and fuel, and men whispered to each other as they passed: "Isn't it curious Miser John has gone away?"

When the sexton stood in the church to read the requiem of the dying year, and then to peal the deep-toned bell to ring in the new, man came to him and said:

"When that is done, you must toll the death of Miser John. He died an hour ago."

Santa Claus and the Little Ones.

Of the beautiful illusions which brighten the days of childhood, and render their memory delightful, none is so charming as the belief and firm belief of little ones, that a kind and generous-hearted old man, all radiant with tender smiles and glittering with pleasant ice stars, makes each year during the days of Yule-tide, an incursion through chimney-tops into the hearth-stone and fills the apartment stockings with rare gifts, both rich and rare.

It matters little to us how far back in the annals of the race this pleasant fiction runs. Whether it had its birth in the Black Forest of Germany, or was handed down from an ancient civilization—suffice it for us that to-day in every home, and throughout the land this beautiful dream of childhood is still cherished, and that tiny hands are still filled in prayer to the good and open hearted Santa Claus.

With children all faculties are subordinate to the imagination, and we know what pleasant fancies flit through the budding intellect, modelled by the questionings of the intellect.

It matters not to the sincere worshipper of the good old man, that the law of gravitation is violated by those aerial flights of flesh and blood, and that one old gentleman, however well-disposed, is utterly unequal to the task of supplying all the children in the world with gifts and toys in the course of a single night. Such absurd reasons given for their being so Santa Claus would be laughed to scorn by a child, and he would sit down in his own way, and make All-Powerful God, Who is the well-spring of goodness, enable the old gentleman to clear the air with lightning speed to carry out his kindly intentions.

No; questionings are unfit for children, and they accept with implicit faith the beautiful legend of Santa Claus, with its attendant train of dolls and soldiers, flags, sheep and shaggy dogs, drums and trumpets, and whatever else helps to fill up joy and merriment on the morning of our Saviour's birth.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO"

"Peace on Earth to Man of Good Will.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT WRITTEN BY E. L. HEALY.

It was a cold, dark, stormy December night. Outside the wind howled, and the snow came down in sheets and the fierce blast tore along from his hands, unlocked the door, and he was forced to enter first. As he stood in the darkness of the room, he heard the key turn in the lock again. The something was locked in with him!

"It's only some trick to scare me!" he whispered, "or else my long wall in the cold has made me nervous and nearsighted. As soon as I strike a light it will be gone."

A candle soon shed its light over the room, and the old man threw some fagots on the fire, which was nearly dead on the hearth.

"There!" he whispered as he looked about him, "it's gone! It was some trick by the boys. They hate me and like to annoy me. Yes, it's gone."

"It is here!" answered a voice, and lo! the shadow stepped into view on the hearthstone.

In his amazement the old man was silent for a moment, and before he had found his voice the Shadow—the Something—said:

"I have been with you for half a century, but never before this night have you seen me."

"And—and why to-night?" asked Miser John in a trembling voice.

"Because your life ends with the year! When the bells ring out the Old and ring in the New, you will be no more on earth John White, what has been placed to your credit on the books of Heaven!"

"Why—why I've obeyed the law haven't I! And I never did nobody my harm. I slept no Christian, but I've tried to live right."

"I have been with you all these long years, John White. You have been a miser. You have let scarce triumph in your heart. Selfishness has chased all pity from your soul. The widow, the orphan, and the poor and unfortunate have appealed to you in vain."

"They want my money," whined the old man.

"Man have learned to hate you, and children shun you," continued the voice. "You have gold hidden away, but you have no friends. If your soul was to pass from earth to-night, there is not one human being in all this world who would volunteer to toll your knell upon the nearest church bell. Point me to one who is your friend. Tell me the name of one you have befriended. If you have ever done one kind act toward humanity, speak it it that I may have it recorded on the books of this angel in heaven."

The old man was silent.

"You have been a miser with the rich—a robber of the poor. Even this night you went forth to glout over the troubles and misfortunes of a fellow-being. Hark to the winter winds! Feel the cold as it creeps in through crack and crevice! Not yet, to add a few dollars to your hoard, you would turn helpless children out of doors."

"There was never a word said to me in pity, trembling man who croued over the dying fire.

"And this is the last week of your life," whispered the voice. "You will die here in your bed, and it may be days and days before men miss you and enter this grim old house to find you dead. Your hoard of gold will buy you a coffin, a shroud and a grave, but there will be no mourner. Children will even rejoice that you are gone."

With head in his hands, and his half-closed eyes looking into the fire, the old miser remained silent for a long time. By-and-by he lifted his head with a sudden start of surprise, and the something was gone. He called out to it, he searched the dark corners, but it had silently disappeared.

It was the day before Christmas. Clark, the mechanic, entered Miser John's house with fear and trembling. He came out sighing the tears from his eyes and his face illumined with the great joy in his heart. Miser John had executed the mortgage. Others came and went with the same feeling. The widowed and the fatherless in the house knew were made glad by presents of food and fuel, and men whispered to each other as they passed: "Isn't it curious Miser John has gone away?"

When the sexton stood in the church to read the requiem of the dying year, and then to peal the deep-toned bell to ring in the new, man came to him and said:

"When that is done, you must toll the death of Miser John. He died an hour ago."

Santa Claus and the Little Ones.

Of the beautiful illusions which brighten the days of childhood, and render their memory delightful, none is so charming as the fond and firm belief of little ones, that a kind and generous-hearted old man, all radiant with tender smiles and glittering with pleasant ice stars, makes each year during the days of Yule-tide, an incursion through chimney-tops into the hearth-stone and fills the apartment stockings with rare gifts, both rich and rare.

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"We Miss You at Home."

A Christmas Episode in Montana.

When a man is going somewhere and he thinks of some body to get there he does not usually care to stop and talk about it, but a man from Montana had to wait long enough for yesterday train for he could get a train to Indiana, and a chance acquaintance drew him out.

"This is my first Christmas in more years than I care to count," he said. "I suppose I wouldn't have come this time if it hadn't been for something that happened one year ago.

"What was that?" asked his companion, quintessence his cost and settling himself for a story.

"Well, last Christmas I was in camp on lost River. I'd been there a good many years pegging along trying to get a little dust together. The snow was deep and we were not doing much. I had a wife and three children back here in Indiana when I had not seen in years. I left them on account of a disagreement my way. My wife was a good woman—too good for me, I guess—and one day when I was gay I hit out. I used to write to them and send them money, and I was always promising to go home. I did intend to go, too, but somehow I kept putting it off.

"Last Christmas morning my partner and I was up early preparing for a very than to camp. It was pretty cold, and the snow was badly drifted and unbroken. We got started about nine o'clock, and had gone nomore than two miles when I stopped on something that gave under my weight, and I stopped to examine it. Brushing the snow aside I found a child, a little girl of a year and half, with my partner's help I uncovered at last a good looking girl of eighteen or thereabouts. We picked her right up and started for our cabin with her. Some in the cabin we made some hot whiskey and rubbed her vigorously. There was a little satchel strapped to her shoulder, and opening it I found some photographs and papers which led me to say

"'This here girl, pard, is mine, and I know it. She's after me.'

"Then we worked harder than ever. The little color came into her face, but vanished. We gave her more whiskey, and in a minute she seemed to revive a little. At first she would not open her eyes or say anything though I tried my best to get her to, but in the course of time she looked at us and said just as clear and quiet as I'm saying it now

"'Are you my father?'

"I believed I am, said I. 'If your name is Wilton, and if you come from Indiana, and if that there woman whose picture you have in your satchel is your mother, then I'm your father.'

"She never took her eyes off me a minute. They were big and soft and black, just like her mother's were twenty years ago, and my partner, who was getting scared, said, 'She's getting crazy. She is raving.'

"'I hate' says I. Then turning to her I said: 'What brought you here, and how did you come, and you not have been lost?'

"She laughed a little, just as if she didn't understand, and shut her eyes, and said in a dreamy way:

"'This is my daughter.' I yelled to my partner, 'and we must save her. I must know who she came here and where she has been.'

"Then we went to work on her again. We were afraid we were not and will sigh distorted, when she sat up quick and straight, with red spots on both cheeks, and says to me in a voice that fro me my blood.

"'Father, I came here for a Christmas, for the children's sake, for your sake. We miss you at home. Promise me that you will go—that you will go at once. Name it, now.

"I raised my hand, and looking up, promised. The next day we left for home.

Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer. But he was grateful, for to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome my lips trembled and were silent.

Then he said: "Four not. I come from the great source of all good, whence come all good gifts.

Trembling, I asked: "New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?

Looking with loving eyes into the unfrodden future, he replied: "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest the throne know; only He who sitteth between. Give me your hand and question not. Enough for thee, that I accompish *His* will. I promise thee nothing. Follow me and be content. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, thy winged moment. The next may not be granted. Hand in hand we will journey together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. Of Life's cup thou hast a cup of joy to be thankful, and be joyful to those who mourn; and let all man be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave into thy lips be not too eager to receive relief, but then bitter the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count those happy who endure. When you behoveth in the east, glad yourself for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving, and when night gathers with her sorrows of stars look over the day just gone and let its failures and blunders cause thee to better things on the morrow, so that when I have no longer my days or nights to give, and the end cometh, then thou wilt bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."

—In the popular expressions of the holiday feeling of the last generation, we hear the voice of the Christmas sentiment of to-day, and if we look back two centuries and a half, Shakspeare's familiar and beautiful allusion to the season shows how unchanged the feeling is. Santa is made to sympathize with the glad and jovial spirit of the time. The lord of misrule, the night-long, and all is healthful and serene.

—Christmas, that lovely season, brings with it a thousand delights, coming, as it is laden with the memories of nearly two thousand years, and possessing a thousand uses that minister to our better nature. It holds out a respite for the weary in its joy; it summons to the scattered household to gather again under the old roof, and to forget for awhile the sadness and disappointments of the year passing away.

A Singular Christmas.

An Old Man's Reverie.

The following pages are copied from an old book which came into the hands of the present owner through a variety of circumstances, the relations of which would not be specially interesting to the general reader. Suffice it to say that the book was originally the property of a young old gentleman, who was found dead sitting upright in his chair, in the room in which he lodged in an Inferior city. Nothing whatever was known of him, and not a clue left which would lead to his identification. When I say nothing was known of him, I mean nothing of his past history. His quiet, unobtrusive figure was familiar to all on the streets, and he was remembered by many for his little, kindly acts of benevolence. He seemed to have a passion for lonely strolls, and many pages of his book are given up to descriptions of these solitary rambles. Nothing, however, that would throw any light on why he led a life so isolated. Every thing in his room was found arranged in the most orderly manner, and he was always scrupulously careful about his own personal appearance. In fact, he was known by the name of the "Old Gentleman." His note book was found open on the table, and from it the these pages that I have transcribed must have been the last thoughts of the poor, lonely, old man, who had so little to cheer them. These were memorandums, directing what should be done in case of his sudden demise, in a way, as it might be inferred, that he had a fatal form of heart trouble) with his few effects, and directing the manner of his burial.

"And that day is over at last. When has my heart ached as it has today?—and does it not seem sometimes, acknowledge it ever so little, that I am a lonely, lonely old man? Ah, my heart! I know it well, and memories are to me this restless heart, to open its pearly gates. For many a Christmas day have I spent, during my seventy years, that was, in my merry as they wish it, at least quiet. Wonderfully happy, happy for the season that Christ Child who, to smooth our way to eternal happiness, came all weak and trembling into the world to enter into our weary, wicked world. But I was not happy to day, not even contented,—and why? Is the temptation in the desert is that to me to see what and so close to the edge of the dark river? Yes, as close that I can almost see the other bank, hear those sweet voices that have beckoned me so persistently to day. I have a fancy that it is doubting in this great city that causes this unwonted weakness. I am utterly alone. Not a creature in all its length or breadth knows my name—my name, which at one time,—but what does it matter now? Past and gone! Let all things pass with the dying year!

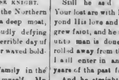
"In my solitary ramble yesterday afternoon, I met a boy staggering under a load of Christmas gems. As he met me his eyes brightened, and half heartily against me. I put my hand out to help him, and as I did so he murmured some phrase expressive of his regret at having pushed against me. Some one had taught him to meet the customary Christmas greeting as if that must certainly take all its cut of my heart. I felt—I felt—I felt—I felt—I felt for him. I did not answer him for an minute, I could not. They hurried man as I got now. Suddenly I was carried back and reminded me as strongly of myself sixty years ago. He looked up, a little surprised at my silence, and I saw in his eyes an look that I was not hurt. I asked him whither he was going, though I could have guessed the direction. He mentioned the church hard by. Turning, I went in with him, and, all second like an old dream. Again, I saw a little boy of ten, with a gentle, sad eyed mother who rarely smiled, yet was full of dreams and love. The Christmas Eve of which I thought so clearly last night was so bright and pleasant, the mother so happy, so intensely odd—the snow crunching under every footfall. And she and I were to trim the Christmas tree, and surprise the boy when—

—Christmas is a season of beauty. The very bells are rarely full, and their metal is all the brighter in the genuine and hallowed sense. Christmas is a season of joy, and as we gaze back, there are some lasting places on the roadside where sunshine and were bright and pleasant, and are there still. Yes, and we do be joyful, and happiness, and are there still.

—On the sacred Christmas festival, three sentiments clasp hands in community of pleasure and of peace. Three, where, though less fortunate, are not wholly ignorant or indifferent, and each recurring anniversary finds them progressing hopefully in the light. We, to whom it has been given to be enabled in the full rays, looking upon those whose destiny has been less happy, we but pour fruitless wishes, and forget to thank that benign Providence in whose hands we are but clay, and who might be cast where not a gleam should reach us.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

O
the
Christ-
mas tree,
O the Christmas tree
we delight
and grant,
Both for young and old
alike to be
And the time
may dare and sing
and shout, sages with
the grandeur gain
The little stockings are all
hung up, and baby just
make fun. Wow! Old Santa
be surprised when he finds them in
one more! There's an elegant piece
of work for the Christmas tree!
and a piece for Mary and for Kate to
leave little dolls upon. But for little
baby, poor, a brown jacket made
of the best of Jacket and find the
chest hung up, and baby just turn down
this light a little now, so old Santa Claus
are. And lady and all wishes joined and be
as good as good can be. And to morrow
morn get up early after a long night'
sleep.



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Sold by all druggists for 25 cents.
J. R. GATES & CO.
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Poetry.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT CHILD.

(From the German of Uhland Adelbert von Chamisso. Translated for the Monitor by H. E. Watts.)

In Alsace, Nideck castle
Is known in legend lore.
The mountain hides it grace
In happy days of yore,
Now all is dust and ashes,
Where once was joy and mirth,
You ask about the giants,
Long since they passed from earth.

Out of her house the young child
Of the giant came one day,
Without her nurse she wandered
In sobbing cheerless way,
Then down the steps descending,
Into the valley fair
She gaily tripped all smiling
To know what might be there.

With quick step on she hurried,
Passing the wood and fire
She came to Hassleck cottage
And saw the land of man;
A strange world lay before her,
For over the far plain
Were villages and homesteads,
And fields of fruit and grain.

And now the giant demon
As she looked down espied,
Tilling the fields a farmer
Walking his plough beside,
He crawled about, that being,
To her a curious sight,
While in the sunshine glistened
The plough so smooth and bright.

"This pretty little plaything
I will take home," she said,
Then, kneeling down, her kerchief
Upon the ground she spread,
And gathering together
All living things were there,
She placed them in her kerchief
And folded it with care.

Then tripped she gaily homward,
You know a child's glad ways,
She sought her father's presence
And thus to him she says:
"I found a creeping plaything
Where I this morn have been
Oh, such a pretty wonder
Up on the meadow was one!"

The old man sat at table,
Drinking the cool Rhine wine,
And looking at her gladly
He asked her: "Daughter mine
Why do you laugh so lonely,
What sort of creeping thing
Is it that up from Hassleck
The land of man, you bring?"

Then spreading on the lowboard
With care the giant mail
The peasant, plough and horses,
Upon the table laid,
Then clapping hands together
She shouted with delight,
While proud in solemn silence
The father at his sight.

He paused in solemn silence,
Then sadly shook his head:
"What have you done my daughter?
No plaything this!" he said
"The peasant is no plaything
Therefore never give him leave
Unto the plane you found him,
My child have you no sense?"

"Sonnichtway and without morsure
De child so I command,
For bread you would pray vainly
Did noon and eve thy hand,
From humble peasant morrow
Spring forth the plant sun,
The peasants are no playthings—
Thanks be to God for them."

In Alsace, Nideck castle
Is known in legend lore,
Where once was joy and mirth
You ask about the place,
Long since they passed from earth.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE HOLY ROSARY.

Wondrous tales of song and story
Float down the surging Time,
Crowned with wreaths of matchless glory,
In splendor pure, sublime;
Brightly shines the fame of heroes,
Warring on the battle plains,
Fired by great undying verses—
Home's soul-inspiring strains.
Legends old and quaint and weird,
Of Greece's magic days,
Vision fair of Egypt's glory,
Hold yet a potent sway;
But brighter, fairer, glorious the tale
That tells of greater deeds,
Achieved on mountain, plain and dale,
By Mary's mystic beads.
Far in such happy reeling land,
Upon such bounding waves,
She stretches forth her gentle hand,
The swing over to save.
She bids the sinking heart arise
From out its troubled care,
To wing its flight beyond the skies,
To God's bright home and fair.
Then all who love the Virgin fair,
In this black month of snow
Prepare to years a rosary rare,
With heartfelt prayers adieu;
So when we meet grim, ghastly death,
In festitude we'll be,
And pealing with our parting breath,
The heaven-born Rosary.

JOHN J. PARRY.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

IN SORROW SUPPLIANT.

My cross is heavy, Lord,
I call on Thee!
My path a rocky thorn is strewn—
Lord succor me.

My pain is great, dear Lord—
Greater was thine;
Pardon my moans and sighs—
Thine are healing.

Not in complaint, dear Lord,
Doth my voice rise;
Only to pray for aid
Bent from the skies.

Pray (? Thy Will be done;
Lord hear my prayer;
Thy nature shrink from pain,
My soul on bear.

CHAT ANON.

REAL PRAYER.

I often say my prayer,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Agree with what I say?

The cadence is implore,
Unless I feel I need!
Unless 'tis from a sense of want
That all my prayers proceed.

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the Living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He use that child regard
Whose prayers are insincere.

Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Not let me for implore Thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

Herbert Walton's Christmas Gift.

WRITTEN BY J. SMITHSON.

Herbert Walton was too kind hearted to be a woman hater, yet he certainly shrinked to be dubbed "a ladies man." He had never been remarkable for timidity, and had now passed an age at which bachelorhood would have been unbecoming, not to say ridiculous, and yet he had been vainly longing, for more than a year, to speak his mind to a woman. "None but the brave deserve the fair," was a maxim to be quoted on occasions, and Herbert felt confident that he was brave, and with his self conceit he was faithful, when he ventured into the fire so unchingly as it it held a state secret. Her thoughts kept recurring to that ridiculous remark of Miss Wilkins.

"His Christmas present—and this is Jody," she said to herself, and her brow knitted thoughtfully. "Shall I, or shall I not?" There was a smile, half mischievous, half distant, on her lips as she turned over the honey in her bag, picked up the stockings which belonged to her little nephews, and set to work to fill them with toys and candies. When they were ready, she hung them in their appointed places at the fireside.

After a minute's pause she took up Mr. Walton's socks, surveyed them critically for a moment, and looked questioningly at the time. It was dazing up merrily, and seemed to encourage her. She glanced half nervously around the room, then stooped and slowly drew on the socks over her slippers. Then she tucked her feet under her chair, and, leaning back comfortably, began to discuss an important matter with herself. Dining the past few years she had seen and heard a great deal of Mr. Herbert Walton, at that time, when she asked her thoughts whether they had taken a wonder and interest him only, they had taken a wonder and interest him ultimately, the answer was emphatically affirmative. The next question put to her imaginary audience, whether she thought Herbert was fond of, or read of a man so worthy of her friendship, to be the object of her affections, and consequently, the recipient of her Christmas gift, was a longer one, and the answer was a little ambiguous. The result of this mental investigation, or more plainer, at least, should be granted them. Their conclusions, if they were not, should be granted, should establish not to neither others in the pursuit of knowledge. Their humble laws will not be the worse for it, and the knowledge of virtue and use, as departing glamour the pleasant smooth path of truth.

Polish Catholics in Prussia.

Hitherto the Polish Prussian Poles suffered from the religious point of view a treatment disheartening to see be fairly the heavy hand of oppression in the ears of the clergy. Fifteen thousand of them were thrown into prison. Seventy-two priests were fined, and thirty-two imprisoned, and in Prussia, as a whole, there are reckoned to be 2,000 priests in ministry, of the spiritual wants of 2,000,000 Catholics, an average of one priest to 1,000 souls, which is the whole case of Germany. Also, the Polish Prussian Catholics are in a state of great excitement, owing to the unfavorable and unsatisfactory reply, as stated by members of the law established Church towards their Catholic countrymen. There was no concession, no recognition, no outage however enormous, nor persuasion, nor remonstrance, that the Protestants did not employ against the Catholics, the same that they employ against the ancient faith might be forever rooted from Ireland.

THE RIGID AND TIME-HONORED TRADITIONS which the people of Erin held in the greatest veneration, and to which they were most tenaciously attached, were assessed at and ridiculed in the most cruel manner. Catholics were accused of the most wicked crimes and tainted as a nation of idolaters, who rendered divine adoration to images of wood and stone. Even the august assertion of the Mass was pronounced blasphemy, and the doctrine of Purgatory, a lamentable infringement on the prerogatives of Heaven. Seeing their abominable and reformed authorities are challenged, they rapidly cast a bribe in their endeavors on Catholicism. But the warm-hearted of Father Maguire could suffer no more, when he saw his cherished Mother, the Church, subjected to such terrible abuse. Nobly battled with the armour of justice, and sweet Christianity he labored faith from such foul aspersions, he boldly entered the polemical arena in personal combat with the ablest, most shameless and most dissentient representative of blasted bigotry—the Rev. Mr. Piper, a Minister of the Anglican fold.

THE CHARACTER-STORIES OF CONVERSIONS which lasted one week in the Irish capital, created intense excitement in every house hold in Ireland at the time, and even to this day it is often made the subject of conversation between father and son during the long evenings of Winter, when the family are assembled around the cheerful fire, safe from the dismal howling of the north wind. But in this place it is not necessary to dwell on the splendid victory gained by the champion of Catholicity over the learned and sophistical Mr Piper; it is enough that allusion to "Father Tom's" masterly arguments, discussions and dissertations, whereby he certainly done instead and proved that the teachings and doctrines of the Church are the only true and sure guide in their religious and authority, but are neither or repugnant to most of harmony with right reason and true science. In conclusion, he has unique success in defending Catholicism against the Catholic hand, from the curious attacks of Protestant bigotry and from the remarkable manner in which he showed up the hollow pretence of the Anglicans catalogue to be the Church founded by Christ, he was adjudged by a unanimous verdict by secret and sensitively numerous, who seem would so fain to convert a Catholic into a Protestant, to be the victor in the battle. In the Protestant fashion, "Father Tom" was presented with a purse of gold, and with the sum of 100 pounds, which was soon to be transmitted on December 2nd, 1847, under express instructions that such money should be applied to the purchase of a large organ, which was to be placed in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough-street, Dublin, "Father Tom" will be recorded when Ireland takes her place among the Christian nations.

THE PRO-CATHEDRAL, MARLBOROUGH-STREET, Dublin, is the most intense habitual frequented by the most numerous and overcrowded congregation in Dublin. It is the Catholic church, which by false reasoning, misrepresentations and numbers assertions, the Protestant Ascendancy Party, in their Times and Sacraments, this noble hearted and eloquent Father Tom, so well right to the millions of Ireland, and which, in fact, took up the arms of high which he so strenuously wielded in defense of the Church in Ireland.

Descended from noble ancestors, a scion of a Celtic clan, that gave many brave heroes to the cause of Faith and Fatherland, Father Tom was born in the year of Christ, 1805. The humble vestage of his birth is preserved as a national relic by a Protestant family, who gave to the Holy Ireland, the famous Venerable. He first was the light in the Sanctuary of Kilmacow, County Limerick, in the year of our Lord, 1826. Arrived at an age when the mind is susceptible to new ideas and new impressions, he was sent to a grand seminary conducted by a lodge school master, where the youth of the surrounding country assembled and a very precious course of studies. Not at a very early age Father Tom was made great by his talents and associates, to enter the famous national College of Maynooth, where his extraordinary talents were

THE MONITOR.

PAPER PAST TRADE OF CALIFORNIA

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— The success of the Catholic Ministry in Belgium has been striking in many ways but in none more than from the temporal point of view. Herein the annals in a nutshell, as compiled by the new Budget for 1888 : Liberal Administration, 1878-84 — total deficit, 38,728,416 francs; Catholic Administration, 1885-87 — total surplus 10,825,000 francs.

— The Bishop of Salford has written an encouraging letter to Father Slattery, who, under the auspices of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, is founding in Baltimore, a College for the training of ecclesiastics destined for the negro missions of the United States. The new Institution will, the Bishop says, be American in character, and the work for which it will be established will be carried on under the American Bishops.

— A number of Jesuit Fathers have just left England for foreign missions. Father Piemonte, an Italian member of the Society; Father Barrasate, a Spaniard, and Brother Resinda, an Italian, left Liverpool for New York last week *en route* to Honduras. Father Turner, Mount St. Mary's, Chesterfield, and formerly of St. Helens, Lancashire, and Father Chandler, formerly Prefect of Studies at St. Ignatius' College, Malta, have left for Jamaica.

— A few weeks since the Bishop of Fontanels in Brazil summoned a meeting of the leading men of all parties and all trades and of the press, and begged their aid in carrying out the plan already taken up and recommended by several Brazilian Bishops of marking the Jubilee of Leo XIII. by setting all slaves free on December 31st. A committee was formed for the purpose. The action of the Bishops has given new life to the emancipation movement which is becoming daily more irresistible.

— Leadville, Colorado, supports *eleven hundred* saloons and yet the public schools had to be closed recently for want of funds! It used to be said that "cotton" was king, but "whiskey" seems to have become monarch in many cities in the United States during the last decade. The worst of the evil is that it is growing every year, and there seems to be no organization powerful enough to stay its disastrous ravages upon the bodies and souls of those who permit this Satanic power to lure them into the sin of intoxication.

— The steadily-growing indignation with which the treatment of the Irish political prisoners, is exemplified especially in the persecution of Mr. William O'Brien, is regarded in England, is not unlikely to powerfully influence the course of public opinion. The Times's comment is apropos. We fancy it will prove so, though it quits an opposite sense to that intended by the Tory Times. Englishmen are getting profoundly moved by a story which, for fully animated by cruelty, has no equal in our time.

— The death is announced of Rev. Father (Said) Mgr. Persico's secretary during his recent official tour through Ireland. When Father Dudd returned to Rome he was suffering greatly with heart disease, which resulted fatally on the 22nd ult. News also comes from Ireland that Mgr. Persico is at present very ill at the convent of the Franciscan Fathers at Roebestown, Cork Co., In accordance with the directions of his medical attendants Mgr. Persico receives no visitors nor does he answer correspondents.

— A cablegram from Glasgow reports that the Delegates of the Scotch Home Rule Union who have been making a tour of Ireland have returned and report that the Irish people are eager for peace, that their demands are moderate and that the National League is the chief agency for maintenance of law and order. They say that they are convinced that the Irish are home rulers and not separatists. No one in Ireland fears religious persecution. The Delegates assert that the measures taken by the present English Government are ineffective and irritate the mass of the Irish nation. This is important evidence in favor of Ireland from impartial witnesses.

— Among the many objects of value in the shape of jubilee presents to the Pope, which are daily pouring into the Vatican, one recently presented by Monsignor Leon, Bishop of Dijon, has a singular history. It is a picture by Annibale Carucci of the "Ecce Homo" which was stolen from the Vatican by a French soldier at the time of the departure of Pius VII. The picture passed through various hands in France, and finally came into the possession of a priest in Burgundy. Upon the representations of Monsignor Leon, the picture was given up to be consigned to the Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee, and the Bishop had the pleasure of presenting it personally to his Holiness, together with a large sum as Peter's Pence collected in his Diocese.

— Most Rev. Daniel McGettigan, D. D., Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, whose death we announced last week, was born in 1814, and was ordained a priest in 1839. He was the hero of a suit that is famous in the annals of the Irish priesthood. He advised a man to marry some stolen goods. The trigger magistrate got wind of it and summoned him to name the guilty person. He refused, and was sent to the county jail on the charge of compounding a felony. Daniel O'Connell took up the case, and, discovering a flaw in the warrant of committal, had the priest acquitted. Father McGettigan was made Assistant Bishop of Raphoe in 1857, and Archbishop of Armagh in 1860. He was a man of imposing presence, being over six feet in height and broad in proportion.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

It was a most edifying sight, and one that must have infused greater love for God in the hearts of every Catholic who beheld it, to witness the very large number of communicants in the different city churches on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. This gratifying evidence of devotion to the Mother of God, goes far to establish the great fact that the 8th of December has come to be one of the greatest holydays of the Church of God all over the Christian world. From remote Borneo to Catholic Belgium, from the deep recesses of the Australian woods, where the lowly chapel has its converted Aborigines worshipping, to the Cathedral in Cork, Ireland, where every Catholic can proudly point back to a heritage of Catholic faith throughout nearly fifteen Christian centuries; in every portion of the world, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Catholics of every clime, race and color, gather in their millions to offer up their grateful thanks to Almighty God for having vouchsafed to give them such a beautiful Mother who shines more resplendent even than the sun in all the virtues which can make a mortal worthy of the exalted title of Queen of the Heavenly Host.

Had the Catholic Church no other magnet whereby to attract the souls of non-towards her sanctuary than the veneration and love which her children are taught to constantly practice towards the Mother of God, she would still prove herself to be the distinctively true Church of Christ.

Although the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin was not defined as an Article of Faith until December 8th, in the year 1854, yet the belief in the immaculate purity of the Mother of God has always been current in the Church, even from the earliest ages. To exhibit this important fact briefly and partially is all that can be accomplished in a newspaper article, hence we merely introduce a few witnesses to the truth of this assertion out of the long array of immortable Saints and Fathers of the Church whose names are on record as attesting to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In the library of Bologna there exists a very ancient manuscript known as "the Epistle of the Priests of Athaia," in which is narrated the martyrdom of the Apostle St. Andrew, the disciple of St. John the Baptist, and wherein it is set forth that in making his declaration of Christian Faith just prior to his crucifixion, he made this declaration concerning the Blessed Virgin "And because the first man had been created of an immaculate earth, it was necessary that the Perfect Man should be born of an immaculate virgin, in order that the Son of God Who had previously formed man, should restore the eternal life which they had lost by Adam."

St. Dionysius of Alexandria, who flourished in the second age of the Church, also makes bold and explicit reference to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, calling her "the only Daughter of Life, who is by nature free from all sin." Eusebius, the Father of Church History, has recorded by the power of the Most High: preserved without corruption and blessed from head to foot." St. Ephrem calls the Blessed Virgin "Immaculate, all pure, exempt from all stain," and adds that she is holier than the Seraphim, and more glorious far than all the choirs of the heavenly host.

St. Peter Damian, who lived over eight hundred years ago, proclaims the dogma of the Immaculate Conception plainly when he says: "The flesh of the Virgin assumed from Adam bore none of Adam's stains." St. Bonaventure, St. Bernard and hundreds of other great Saints speak in the same strain, and thus carry down to the present day the existence of a belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, down to the time when the Church in her wisdom deemed it necessary to proclaim that dogma so as to confirm the Faith on the doubting, and to confound that acceptious, arrogant heresiarchs who contested the Faith of the whole Church.

But it is not alone by the Saints and Fathers of Church Church that the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God is proclaimed in every Christian age. Monumental also bears testimony to this fact, and even that arch-enemy of God's Church, Martin Luther, could not conceal from the world the fact that he firmly believed in this doctrine of the true Church which he tried to discover by religious discord.

In a sermon which Luther preached upon the festival of the Conception, Luther said that the Blessed Virgin was "sanctified in the maternal womb and received without concupiscence." Again, it is just and meet that that person should be preserved from original sin, from which Christ received the fault by which He overcame all sin." Since Luther's day thousands of other Protestant ecclesiastics and laymen have redundantly adopted the teaching of the Church in regard to the Blessed Virgin, and the more intelligent among those people who are separated from the Church by sectarianism, have at length arrived at that, enlightened mental condition whereby they quietly accept as true the dogma of a Church which alone has given to the Mother of God that love, honor and veneration to which she is entitled for her supereminent sanctity on earth and her high place in heaven.

— The Belgian Liberal press is alarmed at the rapid strides of Catholic education in the capital. The Liberal *Journal de Charleroi* gives the cry of alarm: "Brussels, a Liberal city, possesses three Colleges—the Athénée, the Institut St. Louis, and the Jesuit College. Hitherto, while St. Louis has received every year over 1,000 pupils, the Athénée has never reached 700. Well, all to the thousand students of the Episcopal College (St. Louis), three of St. Michel (the Jesuit), we shall arrive at a total alarming, and we shall understand how rapidly the rapid and incontestable progress accomplished by the Catholic party in the capital." And yet there are people even in progressive California who try to persuade Protestants that the Catholic Church is opposed to education!

Archbishop Croke on "a Mean and Merciless Government."

The brave and beloved patriotic Prelate who occupies the Archiepiscopal Chair of Cashel is ever the first confessorate in Ireland to raise his voice against British tyranny whenever that Dragon of destruction assumes a new attitude in its efforts to tear out the life-blood of Irish manhood.

Every true Catholic champion of Irish rights—Michael O'Brien—was arrested, Archbishop Croke sent a letter to the secretary of the great demonstration which was immediately convened in Dublin, regretting that he could not be present, and addressing these national sentiments

"Expressions of sympathy will soothe, no doubt, the gentle but irritated spirit of the persecuted patriot, and it is well, therefore, that such should be passed through the country, but if we desire, moreover, to fill his heart with joy and his dreary cell with light unconquerable, we should at the same time publicly pledge ourselves never to make peace with the so-called government that is maltreating him, nor to enter into any treaty with the exterminating and anti-Irish faction, by which that mean and merciless Government is supported."

These words of the wise ecclesiastical guide of the Irish people should sink deep into the heart of every lover of Irish liberty throughout the length and breadth of the whole civilized world. "No peace for Ireland's enemy" should be the watchword of every Celt no matter what clime may cover him or what clime may be his habitation. The Government so justly characterized by Archbishop Croke as "mean and merciless" must be made to feel that Ireland's friends throughout the world, not Ireland alone, but that its every section of the globe, and under every form of government, they are united in a sympathy and sanctity in their resolve to redeem the poor Ireland from that hideous power which O'Connell justly denominated as "the base, bloody and brutal British Government."

That the present Tory party which is at present terrorizing Ireland, in the terrorizing time of Cromwell, which "mean and merciless" is a substantial fact to all persons who are familiar with the arbitrary conduct of English officials in Ireland from such a week. The stealing of O'Brien's clothes by his jailers was an act of "meanness" which is without a parallel in the annals of history, whilst the "merciless" character of Balfour's bloodhounds has been already demonstrated by the Mitchelstown massacre and many other instances where the military and police have been hounded on inoffensive and law-abiding Irish people like a pack of hungry wolves assaulting a flock of lambs.

The British Government, therefore, must ever continue to deserve the united scorn of the whole Irish race until it restores from bleeding Erin the blood-stained shackles of serfdom which an alien power has placed upon the personal liberties of a race of people that have ever patriotically placed themselves in the vanguard of those valiant armies of freemen who have raised the flag of Liberty upon many a foreign shore.

How to Have a Happy Christmas

To Catholics the holiness of the Christmas tide and exclaiming that God delights, beyond the worthy reception of the Sacrament of Penance by every contrite heart. Every Catholic man and woman in America should approach Holy Communion at Christmas. Every Catholic father and mother, every Catholic child who has arrived at the age of reason, should also receive the Holy and Blessed of our Blessed Lord on the last commemoration of His Birthday. Every practical Catholic one his or her influence to induce Catholics to join the Banquet of our Blessed Lord on the holy Christmas Festival, and Almighty God will grant them additional blessings therefore.

No man or woman who has a single spark of Catholic faith within them, will refuse to go to Confession at Christmas if asked to do so in that spirit of charity which leads men to grace by claims of love. Let all practical Catholics, therefore, be unanimous during this holy season and make it their special duty to see that all their relatives, friends and acquaintances check the Church by a worthy reception of the Sacraments on Christmas morning. If you have a father or a mother, a sister or a brother, a relative or acquaintance—who may not have approached the Communion rails during this year, then make it your special duty to approach them and bring home to them a sense of their religious duty, so that you can offer each of them as no many Christmas gifts to Almighty God. Then, indeed, will the Christmas festival be a happy one for all concerned! Happy for those by ministering to them bearing up laggard Catholics to the fount of God's love, to drink of the waters of everlasting life, and happy, too, for those who have gone to the Crib to adore the Infant Saviour, and thus to become sharers in that "peace on earth, which God has promised to all "men of good will."

English Catholics Enlisting for Ireland.

A cablegram just received from England at the hour of going to press, brings the gratifying intelligence that an address, signed by many English Catholics, will be presented to Mgr. Persico, who was charged by the Pope to make personal investigation of affairs in Ireland, assuring him of their devotion to the Holy See, and expressing the hope that his mission will result in enabling the Pope to assist in obtaining for Ireland the fulfillment of her national aspirations. The address will reproduce the action of those English Catholics who have adopted a course of letter and encouraging healthy toward Ireland. The address has already been signed by the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Ashburnham, Lord Oxford and other prominent gentlemen, and is now being circulated for signatures among the Catholics of England.

This is the right spirit, and we are proud to know that all the English Catholics are not in unison with the anti-Irish form of the London Times.

We learn from our Stockton correspondent that Mary Ward's new drama, "The Old Man's Wife," Stockton, died recently, this season was attended by the whole city and by many of the students of St. Mary's College (Union School) to the one record. *R. F. C.*

Iniquities of the Italian Government.

A correspondent in Rome writing to request to the usurpation of the Papal States by the Italian Government, says, with great truth, that there is no a Catholic in Europe—yes, in the world—who does not condemn the iniquitous spoliation of the Holy States, and the Catholics have the sympathy of many non-Catholics who have preserved their respect for justice and generosity towards the vanquished. The spirit of this revolutionary usurpation has been denounced in the Parliaments of Madrid and Buda Pesth, and in the Austrian Parliament Dr. Lueger affirm Mgr Hatzarcith raised his voice against it a few days ago in a remarkable speech. It was a strange sight—the spectacle of a Protestant Prince of Europe that the Pope should be asserted an independent power. A speech which has caused quite a sensation in Rome was that delivered by Mgr. Schlaudi, Bishop of Grosswardein, at a session of the Hungarian Delegation. The Bishop speaking to a motion for the approval of the report of a committee relative to the Italian Alliance, said: "In approving of this report, I cannot allow it to be understood that I also approve of what has been done during the past twenty years all that by which the Head of the Church of which I am a member, has been profoundly afflicted and stricken. I earnestly desire, and I trust I may be allowed to express the hope, that this question will find a solution which will not only consolidate the alliance with Italy, but will cause it to be more heartily approved of, and which will, in a great measure, strengthen it. Dante, the immortal poet of Italy, says, by prophetic intuition, in the strength of the Lord, that Italy would see the future unity and greatness of Italy, but how the unity and the solid grandeur of the two powers of the Church and Italy and the Empire. And Italy of the present, like Italy of the past, cannot explode from its calculation the glorious and powerful influence of the Church and power of the universe, that power whose representatives, enjoying full independence and freedom, would be as a secure and a magnet factor in the future greatness of Italy. He would be its most splendid ornament, its strongest guarantee, and its most reliable support of peace. The weight of this mighty power would confer real greatness, and the Italian nation would definitely arrive at the conviction that its greatness and power would receive an unspeakable increase of strength if it united itself intimately with that cosmopolitan authority, which, despite the existing situation, is flesh of its flesh and blood of its blood. These sentiments would, I feel, be a lively response on those who heard them, and the reporters assured the distinguished Prelate that they had all listened to the address with satisfaction.

Good News from Ireland!

Irish intellect is coming to the front in grand style in all that constitutes its excellence. Education is well under way. Irish American readers enjoy the glorious festival of Christmas with greater zest, and, in a more above detail, lavished in elegant set forth the grand fact that Irish Catholic children are now the most intelligent pupils in Great Britain! A London paper says: "Return has been published showing, among other things, the results of the examination of elementary schools in England and Wales for the year ending August 31, 1887. The general result of all the examinations shows that the total percentage of passes compared by such denomination of schools to which the Government makes an annual grant was as follows: Schools connected with the National Society, or the Church of England, 84.69; British undenominational and other schools, 85.55; Wesleyan Schools, 86.24; School Board Schools, 87.82; Catholic schools, 88.06. The Catholic schools are distinctly attended by children of Irish parents or children of Irish blood, who thus proved themselves to be the most intelligent of all the children attending the elementary schools of the kingdom." Merry Christmas to the Catholic Irish children!

Archbishop Seghers's Murderer.

A correspondent at Nitka sends information of the trial of Fuller, the murderer of the noble martyred Archbishop Seghers. The case was on during the last session of the Court and lasted several days. Finally that question will find a solution which will not only consolidate the alliance with Italy, but will cause it to be more heartily approved of, and which will, in a great measure, strengthen it. Dante, the immortal poet of Italy, says, by prophetic intuition, in the strength of the Lord, that Italy would see the future unity and greatness of Italy, but how the unity and the solid grandeur of the two powers of the Church and Italy and the Empire. And Italy of the present, like Italy of the past, cannot explode from its calculation the glorious and powerful influence of the Church and power of the universe, that power whose representatives, enjoying full independence and freedom, would be as a secure and a magnet factor in the future greatness of Italy. He would be its most splendid ornament, its strongest guarantee, and its most reliable support of peace. The weight of this mighty power would confer real greatness, and the Italian nation would definitely arrive at the conviction that its greatness and power would receive an unspeakable increase of strength if it united itself intimately with that cosmopolitan authority, which, despite the existing situation, is flesh of its flesh and blood of its blood. These sentiments would, I feel, be a lively response on those who heard them, and the reporters assured the distinguished Prelate that they had all listened to the address with satisfaction.

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A correspondent at Nitka sends information of the trial of Fuller, the murderer of the noble martyred Archbishop Seghers. The case was on during the last session of the Court and lasted several days. Finally it was given to the jury, who, after forty-eight hours consideration, could not come to any conclusion, eleven of the jurymen being of the opinion that the verdict should be murder in the first degree, whilst one jurymen obstinately asserted his idea that manslaughter was the crime committed.

Thus the matter stood when the mail steamer sailed from Nitka, and now we will have to wait several months for further communication in again established with the Home North era we can ascertain the fate of a man who was guilty of the foul deed, a man who ever perpetrated upon an innocent victim.

An Eminent Irish Priest Dead.

Yesterday we received five of Irish papers containing the sad news of the death of Very Rev. Canon Flick J. Hurley, on the 22nd ult. at Castlehaven, where he had been staying for medical treatment which could not be procured at his house in Clarenmorris, Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo. Deceased was one of the most learned and zealous priests of the national cause of Ireland, Canon Hurley will be greatly missed by all who speak the Gaelic language of Ireland, as he was one of the few standard authorities on that language then existing. An account of his life, labors and funeral will appear next week, and in the meantime we ask the prayers of our readers for the happy repose of his soul.

This is a good time for Catholics to prepare for their visit to the Babe of Bethlehem at Christmas. To the Crib we go, let every one, like the faithful Shepherds—let every Catholic follow the Star of Faith to the Sanctuary of God and there fall down in humble adoration at the Divine Presence which is typified in the Body and Blood of our Blessed Redeemer as received in the soul saving Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. To do this is to have a happy and a holy Christmas.

— Rev. P. O'Connor has presented the $200 painting of the Sacred Heart to St. Vincent's Church, Vallejo street.

Another Eminent Convert.

A recent cablegram from Paris announces the conversion to the Catholic Church of one of the most prominent Protestants, and one of the foremost men in the ranks of the English aristocracy, who died shortly after his conversion. This distinguished convert was the present city through Northern California will, I doubt not, be interesting to our readers, at the close of this year of grace. As is customary on all my trips up the Sacramento valley, I first and was made to Sacramento. The year just closing, I am informed, has been one of general prosperity to the people of this county, the year's production of fruit and grain being fairly good and yielding paying returns to the producer. Result—well-grounded confidence all round, and general business buoyant. Backing up this happy state of affairs was the fact that the extensive workshops of the General Pacific R. R. Company have been running at full blast all the year round, giving employment to a larger number of mechanics and laborers than ever before, and thereby distributing large sums of money among the people and so stimulating trade to a very great extent. In fact the pressure of business just at the march, I learn, that the company think of running their shops night and day in order to meet the demands of the awakening interest of freight and passenger traffic over their route between here and the States. To crown all, the glorious rains of the year have rolled away the clouds of adversity and ushered in a bright and hopeful season, which promises to be a very great one for the farmers, fruit growers, stockmen and all other producers. Hence the church goes forward in this city with a good heart, and has erected into the present appearance which it now presents to the eye of the passer-by, and which is the beauty and ornament to this Sacramento. In this work the Rev. Father McKinnon—who by the way, is one of the most popular men in the city—has been ably assisted by the Sacramento Catholics, who have shown a very creditable degree of liberality in the matter of subscriptions. Hence the church is now free of debt, and, as I said before, presents to the eye of the passer-by a very creditable appearance with its Gothic architecture and its beautiful spire. Father McKinnon is a young man, full of the spirit of his work, and is, I believe, the only Catholic clergyman in the city who has a horse and buggy at his disposal, and he makes good use of it in the discharge of his duties. He is also a good preacher, and, I believe, is the only one who can be heard in the church in the rear of the church, which, by the way, is a very large one, and which, when the church was first opened, used to be filled with people who could not hear a word of the sermon. Father Scanlan, who was the first pastor of the church, is now in charge of the Catholic church at Placerville, and is, I hear, doing good work there. Father Wadhams, who was the first pastor of the church at Sacramento, is now in charge of the Catholic church at Oakland, and is, I hear, doing good work there. Father Wadhams is a very good man, and is, I believe, the only Catholic clergyman who has ever been in charge of a church in Sacramento who has been able to speak the language of the people of this place

Farm and Home.

Little Things That Kill.

At various times the newspapers have warned the public against swallowing the small pieces of bone in chicken, for the danger of such substances getting into a small intestinal bag, or caecum, as called by the doctors the appendix vermiformis. This is a little receptacle formed at the junction of the large and small intestines, but its use or object no physician knows. It has been thought to be a rudimentary or incomplete formation — or possibly some meaningless survival of a lost animal organ. At any rate, its existence, while presenting no apparent "reason for being," as the French say, is, on the other hand, a positive and constant source of danger, because of the liability of its becoming the receptacle of some undigested seed or other indigestible substance. In that case it produces a state of inflammation which in nearly all cases proves fatal.

Fortunately but few seeds, among the great number we herd daily swallow, seem to get into this little death-trap — although any one seems likely to lodge there. Perhaps more cases of inflamation of the bowels than the doctors suspect may be in reality due to this obscure and disregarded cause. One sad case, which to-day produces a feeling of deep regret among thousands, and which plunges a family into overwhelming grief, occurred in this city on Saturday evening, in the lamented death of J. Robert Dwyer, the much-esteemed adjutant of the Governor's Foot Guards — a man whose place it will be hard to fill with well make good. His case so baffled the physicians that an autopsy was had, and that revealed a piece of peanut shell in the *appendix vermiformis.* — *Hartford Times.*

Drinking Before Meals.

In the morning the stomach contains a considerable quantity of mucus spread over and adherent to its walls. It is full of odors at this time, the tenacious mucus will interfere, to some extent, with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water, taken before breakfast, passes through the stomach into the small intestine in a continuous and uninterrupted flow. It partly cleanses the stomach, stretching, and to some extent, obliterating to rugae; it thins and washes out more of the tenacious mucus; it increases the fulness of the capillaries of the stomach, directly if the water is warm, and indirectly if a reactionary way if the water is cold; it is a comparatively suitable of the alimentary tract; wakes it up (so to speak), and gives it a warning, exercise and washing. Care must be taken not to give cold water when the circulation, either local or general, is feable so as to make reaction impossible. We should restrict it to advanced age, nor in the bath, whether old or young. But should it be given in local troubles, like chronic gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of salt is very beneficial. Such a time-honored custom of drinking soap at the beginning of a meal could only have been persistently adhered to because of it having been found by experience to be the most appropriate time. It does not only what warm or hot water, with the addition of salt, does, and more, in that it is nutritive and excites the flow of gastric juice.

Cure for Rheumatism.

[illegible] the English expression know the following remedy consistently with her feet, with painful by taking her of her stone. The following mended recently and the speaking pain in stone, and she can now lie a couple of days action her boots, and or crutch on one tread into which she sinks ankles curls and wrap. of with the whey mixture one means time keep the curds hot, and after bathing put them on a poultice, wrap in flannel, and—go to sleep (you can). Three applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.

A Practical Land Theory.

In France "all the land for the people" does are pretty numerous and are known as Socialists who wish to rob the rich, do away with priests and churches, and have a new deal generally. One of these was not some months ago in that country by a way, who was on his way, like the peasant, to Bordeaux. He thus addressed our Socialist peasant:

"What are you doing here? They are about to divide all the land of the rich; you had better go to the mayor and put down your name for your share."

The peasant set of at full gallop, and on arriving at the mayor's, said:

"Monsieur le Maire, as there is to be a division of the land, I wish to have the window of ——, which adjoins my garden. Put down my name at the head of the list."

The mayor turned over some papers, and then said:

"You are not the first. I have an applicant who demands the window, and also your garden with it."

"My garden! my garden" said the peasant in a fury, "I will go and get my musket! and he set to watching his garden day and night.

There is a host of persons like this peasant they wish to share the property of others and keep their own.

Moral Courage in Daily Life.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to lend him your money.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to discharge a debt when you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and thus discount poverty of its sting.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may crave it.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich friend, and richly attired.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent for you to do so.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty in what ever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and deceit, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to act the most agreeable station you have when you are true to the high principle, a friend in a friend's indemnities, but [illegible]

[illegible] cures of eczema or [illegible] accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

Family Fun.

Had Been There.

A Sacramento man visiting this city was being shown around by a city man, who said: "Now, let's go and see the Widows' Home."

The Sacramento man put his finger to the side of his nose and winked, and then said:

"Not much; I've been there before! I saw a widow home once, and she sued me for breach of promise and proved it on me, and it cost me $16,000. No, sir, need the widows home in a hack."

A Matter of Small Importance.

Oakland Man (to father)—Papa, did Mr.—Mr.—can think of his name—anyway, did a tall young man with blue eyes and side whiskers call on you to day?

Father—I don't think he did. Why do you ask?

Oakland Man—Nothing, only I promised to marry him, but I didn't know he had asked for me. Let me see, Ryman, Rymall—isn't it strange I can't remember the name! But I am almost sure it begins with an R, and, papa, he's the nicest little man you ever saw. I just know you'll like him.

Father—Wouldn't be surprised. When you get acquainted with him, introduce me.

A Truly Wonderful Man.

Feathery—I don't think much of your friend, Mr. Humbug, Jumbug.

Humbug—What's the matter with him? Feathery—I read him an original poem last night of twenty-four verses, and he walked off without saying a word.

Humbug—He is certainly a wonderful man!

Feathery—How wonderful?

Humbug—In being able to walk off. If he was not a wonderful man he would have to be carried off.

No Use For "Used To Be's" and "Going Talk's."

Old Dan Rice was an odd character and given to terse sayings. He once addressed for a double menagerie performer, and there were fifty applicants. One man said he "used to" do the act but was out of practice. Another said he believed he would soon "get there." And so on. When they had all made their excuses, claims and promises, old Dan, with deep disgust, said:

"Twenty five used to's, and twenty-five 'going to be's, and not a thunderin' 'now' in the whole lot. I want no 'is' or 'was' in mine."

The Request of a Bank President.

Bank President—Mr. Hollins, I regret to state that I have discovered a shortage in the cashier's accounts.

President—I have also ascertained that I am going to marry my housekeeper. Now I have one request to make.

Cashier—Name it, sir.

President—Don't go until to-morrow. Give me one day's start.

Cleaned Out.

"I have just returned from a little [illegible] where with your daughter, and I have all to the parlor," said the young man briskly, "and—and—may I say a word to you, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly," responded the old man, [illegible]

Suggestive Smiles.

Farmer—Ain't what is your brother Frank doing now?

City Visitor—He's paying a good deal of attention to his clothing.

Farmer—I see. What is he taking for it?

"I regard the use of beer as the true temperance principle. When I work all day and am exhausted nothing helps me like a glass of beer. It assists nature, you understand," said Hermann to Hansen.

"It makes a fool of me," Hansen replied "Just so," exclaimed Hermann. "That's what I say; it assists nature."

A Cook's Credentials.

A young woman presented herself at a newspaper and asked for the position of cook.

"What can you do?" asked the proprietor.

"I can make seventy sandwiches with only a quarter of a pound of butter.

Washington Quips.

Care of Rev. Father Hume, Hyde Park, Ill.

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

How the Element of "Doubt" Leads to Grand Achievements.

The world is agitated again over the question of who was the author of Shakespeare's plays.

The world is full of doubting Thomases.

The man who has been successful in instilling the present momentary interest in the subject is like most successful agitators, an Irishman. He claims to have discovered a cipher running through the Shakespearian plays which proves them to have been written by Lord Bacon. It is also claimed that there is a cipher in the epitaph on the monument to Bacon's memory, which, properly interpreted, leads to the same conclusion.

This age shows a decided inclination to pry into mysteries.

It can make no difference to Shakespeare now whether the world believes he wrote the plays that bear his name or not.

The plays are immortal.

Ignatius Donnelly claimed pride on all those grand works, even though he should succeed in robbing Shakespeare of his glory.

Were it not for doubting Thomases many of man's great accomplishments would never have been brought to successful issue.

Men have been stricken down without warning. Death put in motion the investigation which unearthed the cause. After the discovery of the cause, the world was ignorant of any remedy with which to stay the mysterious slaughter of humanity, and medical science said it was impossible. Death led the way by the light, and Warner's safe cure solved the wonderfully inscrutable problem. Its friends tell us with conclusive proof that the symptomatic kidney disease, which the Shoshani causes most of our diseases! Kidney disease is the least was looked upon as the most important organ in the body. Not only did its further importance which developed the fact that the kidneys are the real blood purifiers, and that all the disease organs now attract the first attention of the cause practitioner. It is now a recognized fact that if they are put in a healthy state by the use of the remedy possessing such wonderful curative and cleansing powers most of the prevailing diseases of the system will be speedily overcome, since their cause will be removed.

How indispensable, in comparison with such profusion, is the present discovery to the authorship of Shakespeare!

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIAMOND DYES

COLOR EVERYTHING.

Unequalled for Silk, Wool, Cotton and all Fabrics and Fancy Articles. Strongest, Durable and Economical. Any one can use them.

32 COLORS—10 CENTS EACH.

Remember, these are the only Pure, Harmless and Unadulterated Dyes.

Beware of other Dyes, because often Poisonous, Adulterated, Weak and Worthless.

We warrant these Dyes to color more goods of more value, for less money, and give more brilliant and durable colors. Sample Card free.

THE DIAMOND PAINTS, GOLD, SILVER, BRONZE and COPPER

Very grateful Family Paints, Ready to use, Brush attached to each cork. Gilding Gilt edge, Ornamenting Fancy Articles, Repairing Furniture, Frames, Toys, Tinsels, Ornaments, Gilding Picture Frames, Gilding Signs, Ornamenting Fairs, Gilding Carriages, Ornamenting Fairs, Gilding Carriages, Ornamenting Fairs, Gilding Carriages

THE CALAMITY.

Almost Will Result in a Narrow Escape at at Sea!

...was dark last Sunday evening a fire was seen between the two buildings on First ...This still, just above Harlem street, occupied as a school by the Sisters of Mercy attached to St. Mary's Hospital. The alarm ...who turned in the alarm, assisted by the chapel and broke the door in to get at the fire. The ...Hallpike, by the time he had arrived, had ...the fire extinguished by them, and they were ...effectually attempting to quench the flames ...three means when the department engines ...

When it was sought to play upon the blaze, however, the alarming discovery was made that the water would not reach the roof of the chapel ...of this school, and, as the fire was in full progress ...the apparently flying in every direction, ...buckets were again called into requisition, and at length, by means of buckets and the water from the bucket, the fire was somewhat subdued. At this point the pumping forces on the ...were brought into play, and a stream was made to play on the roof. The result was at once manifest in the putting out of the fire. The water was then turned on the sides of the chapel and school, when the flames again broke out on the roof. At length, however, the fire was extinguished entirely.

Inside the chapel, however, in the choir gallery and around the new organ, the fire was still blazing, and, had it not been for the strenuous efforts of a number of volunteers who carried water in buckets, the damage would have been ten-fold more than it was. The Sisters were remarkably fortunate in having the services of one of the Mother Superior, who, of inestimable aid in removing statues, flowers and ornaments and many other articles which it would otherwise have been impossible to save.

The Mother Superior's whole care was for the hospital, and as soon as she learned that that institution was in no danger, she was greatly relieved. She expressed the utmost solicitude for the patients and for the inmates of the Old People's Home, which is situated just north of the school, and, when it became apparent that the hospital was secure, she at once took measures for the removal of the inmates of the latter place. Carriages were ordered by the Mother Superior and conveyances rushed to the assistance of the Sisters of Mercy as the fire drew near, and aged women aided in reliving the Sisters of as much work as possible, for which the Sisters of Mercy tender their heartfelt thanks.

The loss which is entirely fire-insured by insurance, will amount to about $800 for that which was fire-insured, but will be as much property ruined by smoke and water which can never be removed, and the further work of which amounted to $10,000 at a low estimate. The cemetery from hallway to hallway is ruined as completely as if it had been burned, and the chapel is ruined entirely. The rare and religious ornaments

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

LAMENT FOR THE DYING YEAR.

The midnight bells a solemn requiem sing
O'er the grave of the sigh-laden year;
And telling out in accents clear,
They hail the New with deep and joyous ring.

The skies above to sable darkness cast
A deep gloom over all earth adrift,
In unison with sadness's earth
That mourns deeply for the year now past.

My heart seems strongly bound in Sorrow's chords,
And feels a strange and piercing pain,
A wailed, measured and heavy strain,
Untold by sought in meagre human words.

The past year crowned me with its pleasures great,
And now when past—forever gone,
My heart is sunk in sadness strong,
And painted touch its overbrimming weight.

Old year, to me you've been a constant friend,
With pomes you filled my slumbers life,
And sought to screen or at state,
Ere marred the sweetness of the joys you sent.

And now when silent in that mystic sod,
Where hoary Past forever dwells,
Your death a solemn tenor tells—
How earthly goods fly on with rapid feet.

How frail and fleeting are our fondest prayers!
How death with its searing dart
Doth pierce alike each throbbing heart,
And the touch hide all deepest cares.

Then place our hopes and thoughts beyond the tomb,
And glance with nerve falling love,
To God, who reigns supreme above—
The Light which our untutored hearts illume.

Old year, farewell! the thought of thee
Shall linger long within my soul;
And when the hours shall onward roll,
On Memory's wings you'll oft return to me.

And when dread Futurn's book shall open lie,
Be judged worthy to occupy a fair,
Your image shall, like a sweet dream's view,
Relieve my wakeful misery.

S. M. C.

San Francisco, December 16, 1867.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE FUTURE OF IRELAND.

There is an Isle, a fair Green Isle,
The cone of Neptune's sea,
And all her land at God's command,
Shall one day yet be free.

Her children long in heroic song
Proclaimed their homestands free,
But England's laws for subject cause,
Denies them liberty.

Yet fleeting Time o'er Erin's clime
May bring the glorious day,
When valor's sons through every glen
Shall open Freedom's way.

The tyrant's chain has left a stain
For some on the land;
Yet soon to day in earnest my
Those fetters shall not stand.

Heaven blest the land by Nature's hand
With choicest fruits of earth,
His arms on his breast, and walked gloomily to the window which overlooked the street. It was a gloomy day, threatening snow. He stood silent for a few moments, and then with a gesture of despair he cried aloud:

"I would give all I have—all I am—to make it a success!"

As he spoke he stood upright, and the tone of Fanchette's voice was changed when she replied:

"Why, well, be keeps it up," cried one. "You are a born artist," said another. "Why, you should take to the stage, they that would mean giving up Fanchon von Angel."

"Gentlemen," said Fanchette, rather sniffy, "it pleases you to be witty. I assure you I have not been near Herr von Angel's house this week."

Her was answered only by another burst of merriment, though not so loud a one as before.

"Very good wonderful control of fun-loving and mischievous of the young man," said one of the group, taking a fresh cigar.

In the midst of the laughter Herr Fan Anspel had turned as pale as a sheet.

"What is the matter, Ludwig? Are you ill?" they asked in turn.

"No," he answered, as a horrible dread shot through his soul, "only a little weakness. Give me some brandy."

He drank the brandy and sat silent for a few minutes. Then under the pretence of wishing to speak about some orders he quietly drew one of them aside.

"Max," said the artist, "I have not been well lately. No, do not smile; I am quite serious. I have been working too hard, and it has injured me. My memory plays strange tricks sometimes. I forget what happened only a few hours ago. Now, when we were at Herr von Angel's this afternoon, did I do anything eccentric or rude? Did I look as I usually do?"

"Certainly you did; and you seemed full of spirits," answered Max Baumgarten. "I must say, I didn't know you were such a clever fellow. Both Herr von Angel and his daughter were enchanted with your wit, and I heard you say that you had been deceiving us or too shy all this time."

"But, Max, I must have appeared preposterous—frivolous—"

"Not at all, I assure you, my dear fellow. Your manners were perfect. But what is the matter? You are trembling all over."

"It is nothing. Don't speak of it, my dear friend. I shall be well again in a minute or two."

Ludwig Fanachi sat down, drank a little more brandy, and then rose to go home, the clerks were under pay on hour, but he was in no mood now for acts of mercy. Her timorous appeal fell upon deaf ears, her attempt to follow was to pay to his heart.

"Out of my way, he cried roughly, as he pushed her to one side.

On reaching his home, Fanachi with trembling fingers lighted a lamp and opened the door of his studio. The colors left by the Italian were lying here and there, as if they had been recently used. He went forward to the picture and held up the light. And a shudder ran through his frame as he saw that now, indeed, the work was begun. The face of the old man was almost finished, the drawing, too, was altered, and some of the alterations had been made to change their position; but the artist's eye could see that it was the hand of a master that had done it. The new coloring was wonderfully brilliant—doubtless the colors brought by the Italian stranger had been used.

As Fanachi turned to leave the room he saw a letter addressed to him on the desk. "Ah! Herr Fanachi, said she, "you should take more care of your health. Your light in your window all the evening. You will make your eyes ache."

"How well he keeps it up" cried one. "You are a born artist," said another. "Why, you should take to the stage, they that would mean giving up Fanchon von Angel."

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Leagued with the Evil One.

CHAPTER I

THE TRIPS

Ludwig Fanachi was sitting in his studio one winter afternoon in a state of deep dejection. His elbows rested on his knees, his head in his hands, and he was gazing with a look of despair on an unfinished picture on his easel. The subject was a martyr-lion. A young man in the full flush of health and strength was about to suffer. In the foreground lay a cross, with hammer and nails—two enormous iron steel nailing by the right was a statue of Jupiter, with an altar before it, on which the fire was already kindled, whilst the priest stood before it with an incense box, to offer the doomed man his last chance of life by consenting to throw a few grains of incense on the altar fire. Around the pontiff many clerics and his friends—his father with his gray hair disheveled—his mother with her face hid in her robe—and standing nearest to him a young woman of great beauty, his wife or his betrothed, holding out her arms with a look of imploring agony. But the young man was not looking at her. He kept his eyes fixed on the cross at his feet, and his ear bent to the lips of a monk, who, with sharen crown, and coarse traveled stained raiment, was evidently encouraging him to win a martyr's crown. As the picture was sketched, the young man was in the act of waving aside the beathen priest with one hand, and touching one of the executioners with the other, as if inviting him to begin his awful task. But the picture was not what it ought to have been. The composition was striking and effective, but not harmonious. The colors, good in themselves, did not go well with each other, and, worst of all, there was neither strength nor emotion in the face of the principal figure.

The artist groaned aloud, and then, rising, stamped with rage. He seized a large brush full of paint, and held it over his work as if he would destroy it with one stroke.

There was some reason for his exasperation. The good burghers of Munich had offered 5,000 thalers for a picture which should be judged worthy to occupy the place of honor in their new council chamber, and the fame which would attach to the winner of the prize would bring wealth in its train. Not was this all. For the last two twelve months Fanachi had been madly in love with Hoan von Angel, the only daughter of the wealthiest citizen of Munich. People said she was heartless and a flirt, but Ludwig cared nothing for them. Her beauty had overpowered him, and her rank, unknown to himself, enhanced her worth to him. The haughty air with which she treated him on the few occasions when he ventured to contact the Von Angel mansion only added to his passion. Now Fanachi was not only a poor man, but one of humble birth. For him to have aspired to a daughter of the "noble" class would have been utter madness, but for his art. Already he had won marked success; it was like age when a great painter was held in highest esteem by prince as well as burghers; if he could really rise to the eminence that his art could place within his reach, he would not be an unworthy husband for even Hoan von Anpel. And now this picture, on which he had spent the toil of months, which was to be the test of his power and the foundation of his fortune, and the winning of his bride was a failure.

Fanachi threw down the brush, crossed his arms on his breast, and walked gloomily to the window which overlooked the street. It was a gloomy day, threatening snow. He stood silent for a few moments, and then with a gesture of despair he cried aloud:

"I would give all I have—all I am—to make it a success!"

As he spoke he stood upright, and the tone of Fanchette's voice was changed when she replied:

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SAINTS OF JANUARY.

Our Daily Patrons for the Coming Month

FIRST. ST. FELICITIUS.—Born at Tebipe, Province of Byzacena, A. D. 450. In early life he was distinguished for great piety and erudition. Entered the priesthood at the age of twenty-two. Was consecrated Bishop in 508. He died at the age of 55 years on January 1st, 505.

SECOND. ST. MACARIUS.—Was born in the early part of the third century at Alexandria. Lived the life of a recluse in the celebrated desert during 60 years, and died, A. D. 394.

THIRD. ST. PETER BALSAM.—This Saint suffered martyrdom at Antioch at the hands of Sevorina, A. D. 311.

FOURTH. ST. TITUS.—This Saint was a disciple of St. Paul, and preached in the Island of Crete, in Dalmatia and Crete.

FIFTH. ST. SIMEON STYLITES.—Born in Syria at the beginning of the fourth century. Passed a very self-sacrificing and sacred life in a hermitage, and died A. D. 459.

SIXTH. ST. MELANIO.—He was a native of Brescia, Lombardy, and died a very holy death in 409.

SEVENTH. ST. LUCIAN.—Born at Samosata, in Syria. Was martyred for his Christian faith in 312.

EIGHTH. ST. APOLLINARIUS.—Lived in the first age of the Church. Was Bishop of Hierapolis, in Egypt. Died in D. 175.

NINTH. ST. JULIAN AND BASILISSA.—Were married and lived a life of purity, in the reign of Maximian II., in 313, in the isle of Antioch.

TENTH. ST. AGATHO, Pope.—Born at Sicily, succeeded Dionisius as Pope in 678 and presided with equal ability for the period of 2 years, 5 months and 8 days.

ELEVENTH. ST. HYGINUS.—He was elected Pope in the pontificate in 139. Lived a life of purity, and died in 142 in the 4th year of his pontificate.

TWELFTH. ST. TELESPHORUS.—Succeeded Hygin in 142. Lived a life of purity, and died a martyr in 154.

THIRTEENTH. ST. VERONICA.—Born near Milan in 1445. Entered the Convent of St. Martha, where she lived a life of purity, and died in 1497 at the age of 52 years.

FOURTEENTH. ST. HILARY.—He was born at Poitiers, in Gaul, in the third century. Entered the service of the Church and was made Bishop of Poitiers A. D. 353. Died January 14th, 368.

FIFTEENTH. ST. PAUL.—He was born at Lower Thebais, Egypt. Retired to a hermitage at the age of twenty-five. He called the Saint the father of hermits. Died at the age of 113 years, in A. D. 342.

SIXTEENTH. ST. MARCELLUS.—Succeeded Marcellinus as Pope in 308. Died in exile, after a pontificate of one year, seven months and 20 days.

SEVENTEENTH. ST. ANTHONY, ABBOT.—Born at Coma, Upper Egypt, in 251. Passed a monastery in 305. Died peacefully on January 17th, 356, at the age of 105 years.

EIGHTEENTH. ST. PRISCA.—Was a native of Ireland about the time of St. Columbanus. Founded the Abbey of Laine, Brittany, and died in 588.

NINETEENTH. ST. CANUTE, KING, AND MARTYR.—Was King of Denmark in the 11th century. Murdered by assassins, while in his Parish by rebels on July 10th, 1090.

TWENTIETH. ST. FABIAN.—Was elected Pope in 236. Suffered martyrdom in the persecution in 250. Was martyred in the pontificate of Decius. Fabian was a man of great piety and virtue.

TWENTY-FIRST. ST. AGNES.—Was a native of Rome. Was a virgin of great beauty and virtue, and for the religious belief of her parents, in 1222, was caused to Antioch, in Syria, where she died at the tender age of 13 years.

TWENTY-SECOND. ST. VINCENT.—Was a disciple of St. Paul. He died was made bishop of Spiltoon, was martyred in the year A. D. 304.

TWENTY-THIRD. ST. CONSTANTIUS.—St. Paul, the Hermit, was a native of Thebais, and died in the year 341. Was a native of Rome, and died in the year 304. Was a native of Rome, and died in the year 304. Was a native of Rome, and died in the year 304.

TWENTY-FOURTH. ST. TIMOTHY.—Was a native of Rome, and died in the year 304. Was a native of Rome, and died in the year 304. Was a native of Rome, and died in the year 304. Was a native of Rome, and died in the year 304.

TWENTY-FIFTH. ST. PAUL.—Was born in the early part of the third century at Alexandria. Lived the life of a recluse in the celebrated desert during 60 years, and died, A. D. 394.

THIRD. ST. PETER BALSAM.—This Saint suffered martyrdom at Antioch at the hands of Sevorina, A. D. 311.

FOURTH. ST. TITUS.—This Saint was a disciple of St. Paul, and preached in the Island of Crete, in Dalmatia and Crete.

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THE MONITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—It is stated that during his recent visit to Rome the Duke of Norfolk made a personal jubilee offering of $50,000 to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

—If Balfour keeps on imprisoning Irish Members of Parliament, there will soon be more brains in Tullamore Jail than in the Houses of both Lords and Commons combined!

—As soon as the election of the French President became known, special instructions were forwarded from the Vatican to the Nuncio in Paris to make an early visit of congratulation to M. Carnot.

—The widow of Baron von Mallinkrodt, the celebrated orator and champion of the Catholic cause in Germany, has entered the novitiate of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Conflans, near Paris.

—It is stated that the Catholic members of the Canadian Government have decided to offer to his Holiness, on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee, a missal, with enamels, clasps and corners of massive silver.

—A dispatch from Rome announces that the Rev. Thomas McGovern rector of St. Joseph's Church, Danville, Pa., has been appointed to the See of Harrisburg to succeed the late Bishop Shanahan.

—The Catholic *Review* very pingently remarks that the George-McGlynn miscalled "Cross of the New Crusade," has not found much favor with sober-minded people. The Cross of the Old Crusade was good enough for all Christians.

—The Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, Mgr. Eder, has placed before the flock of that city a proposition inviting the permanent commission of the Diet to send to Leo XIII. an address of congratulation on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

—Over 1,000 people were received into the League of the Sacred Heart at the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8. The rector, Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf, officiated, and the ceremonies were most impressive.

—The Hon. Frank Smith, a member of the Dominion Cabinet, and a Senator, has resigned his position as representative of the Catholics, in consequence of a Protestant having been raised to the Bench when a Catholic Q. C. had a higher claim to promotion.

—Our readers will regret to learn that one of Ireland's best English friends—Mr. John Morley, M. P., is seriously ill. We hope he may be spared to share in the efforts which his Home Rule sympathies will win next year.

—John Dillon will return to Ireland after Mr. O'Brien has been released, and Mr. O'Brien will then make a tour of England where he will pay back with interest the indignities heaped upon him by brutal Balfour and his unmanerly minions.

—The latest site selected for building a Catholic Church is on the rock of Gibraltar, the English government having conceded ground valued at $40,000 for that purpose. The church will be dedicated to the Sacred Heart, a devotion that is spreading day by day in every land whereon the sun shines.

—We thank our esteemed contemporary, the *Colorado Catholic*, for the following notice of the Christmas MONITOR: "We congratulate the San Francisco Monitor on its splendid Christmas issue. This edition of the Monitor deserves unstinted praise, and many readers."

—Rev. Hugh Dyke told his London congregation recently that no man has a right to call himself an English gentleman who would shake hands with John L. Sullivan. This shot was meant for the Prince of Wales. Rev. Hugh evidently values himself at a "High" price!

—The will of the late Marquise de Tourinc nominates Mgr. Bourrel, Bishop of Rodez, as its sole legatee. The Prelate has given all the property possessed in the town of Milan by the regretted lady for the purpose of establishing in that town free schools to be conducted by the Frères du Patronage.

—The Queen Regent of Spain in the course of the speech from the throne at the opening of the new session of the Cortes, on the 1st inst., referred in affectionate language to the Holy Father. His Holiness, she said, gave her every new proof of his esteem which helped to maintain good relations between Church and State to their common advantage.

—Every Catholic will be delighted to learn that our glorious Pontiff was never better health than at present. The immense enthusiasm surrounding his Sacerdotal Jubilee seems to have given his Holiness a new lease of life! God save the Pope, and may 1888 see the supremacy of the Sovereign Pontiff established in all things Temporal as it is in all things Spiritual!

—Rev. Hugh J. Kelly, of St. Teresa's Church, New York, has been appointed Catholic Chaplain for the United States Navy. Father Kelly was born in New York about thirty-three years ago. He was educated at St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy, and was ordained in 1879. He has been in delicate health for several years and his quiet but winter in Europe.

—The Catholic World for January has an article on the Seminary for the Colored Missions, "one of the most important works of the Church in this country, from the pen of its newly-appointed rector, Rev. R. Slattery. The aim of the Seminary is to train priests who shall devote themselves exclusively, as missionaries to the Afro-American race.

—In reply to a correspondent we have to say that two of Archbishop Croke's sisters are Sisters of Mercy; one, the Mother Superior of the Convent at Charleville, County Cork, Ireland; the other, is one of the Australian contingent of her wide-spread Order. The Rev. James Croke, of Ballinfadd, is a brother of the great patriotic Archbishop, and is himself a strong Irish patriot.

—The new Diocese of Concordia, Kansas, over which the Right Rev. Bishop Seanell will preside, has 58 missions and 28 priests. The Mayor and Council of Concordia resolved by acclamation that the arrival of Bishop Scannell in his episcopal See at Concordia, should be greeted with a public demonstration of welcome, and that every ceremonial of respect should surround his entrance to their city.

—The ladies of Belfast have initiated a rival of the Primrose League. It is called the Daisy League, and has as its motto "Faith, Hope and Charity." The object of the society is for the promotion of women's rights and Home Rule for Ireland. God bless the Irish "Daisies," and may they become as numerous in Erin as the sweet little flower which covers many a patriot's grave in the Green Isle!

—We feel very grateful indeed to our afflicted friend Bro. McGrary for saying in last week's *Advocate*: "The Christmas number of the MONITOR is a sixteen-page paper profusely illustrated. It is really a creditable substitute of enterprise." We always said there was a Catholic sun in one of the heart-strings of our heretical friend; whose soul-cause it is to be a Methodist! May he never die until he finds the light of true faith illuminating his soul.

—Our "ancient but ever new" contemporary Aurora, the Catholic journal of the New South, published at Memphis, Tennessee, pays the Generous Morrow this kind compliment for which we feel very grateful: "The Christmas number of that excellent Catholic journal, the San Francisco MONITOR is at hand, and reflects great credit on its editor and publisher. It has, in connection with its regular issue, two supplements replete with interesting original matter and handsomely illustrated."

—A Philadelphia preacher has resigned because at a church festival the ladies filled a bottle with beans and offering a prize to the person guessing nearest to the number, the object being to raise funds for the church. The preacher opposed the scheme on the ground that it was a species of gambling and his course led to a difference. Poor man! He ought, however, to make a good living been raised to the Bench when a Catholic Q. C., had a higher claim to promotion.

—We learn from an exchange that the "Rev." Hunter Justin D. Fulton is back in Maine hoaxing against Catholics, by romances of the Protestant preachers of Biddeford and Saco. Recently the Methodist clergyman of Biddeford, from the pulpit, accused Mayor Parsons not only only of refusing a promise of protection to Mr. Fulton's meetings, but of saying that personally had like to hire a man to kick the Brooklyn parson out of town. The mayor of Biddeford has a heap of horse sense.

—It is gratifying to know that even in Germany the Catholic Church is gaining converts every day. In the kingdom of Wurtemburg seventy-five per cent. of the population were Protestants in 1841 and only twenty-five per cent. were Catholics. Since then, and especially during the last ten years, there has been a large increase in the Catholic population. According to recent statistics, for every thirty-five Catholics who became Protestants there are sixty Protestants who have become Catholics.

—The concession of the use of the language of the Slavs in the liturgy of the Church, which was granted some time ago by Leo XIII. to the Catholics of the Russian Rite in Montenegro, at the request of the Prince of that territory, has induced the Slavs of Austria-Hungary to get up an agitation for the introduction of the Slavonic language in their liturgy. Mgr. Galimberti, the Nuncio at Vienna, has written to the Bishops of Austria-Hungary explaining the nature of the concession made to the Catholics of Montenegro, and stating that a similar favor cannot possibly be extended to the Slavs of Austria-Hungary.

—A recent colloquium from London brings this remarkably gratifying admission from a cockney source: "That House Rule is gaining ground to an important extent indeed, and it is tacitly admitted in nearly every Unionist gathering. Unless something unexpected happens, the Government will have to abandon the land bill, which, it was represented, would settle Irish demands. The result will be very little business and a session wasted in hopeless discussions. The Government majority is dwindling. Since the secession of Grove from the Unionist party two more Liberals have declared against the Government. Both stood at the last election in the Unionist interest." This information will add additional happiness to the New Year of every MONITOR reader!

—The St. Louis *Western Watchman* states an irrefutable truth when it says "the so called *verse de la verse* of our Catholic people do not read religious papers. Their wives and daughters subscribe for the devotional periodicals and feed their piety with edifying dropsings from the pulpit and sanctuary." But this sort of Catholicity is of the same character as Situalism, and may be traced to the same mental and physiological causes. It is piety without intelligence. Catholicity, as inculcated by the Catholic paper, demands interest in current events, comprehension of Catholic principles and their application. It may be true that the lower ranks of Catholic society never read a Catholic paper, and the upper ten of our people are just as shy of the religious weekly. A good Catholic home without a Catholic paper is rare and exceptional.

Death of Father John J. Riordan.

We were both pained and astonished to read in the New York Sun of the 14th inst., an account of the death of our dear friend Father Joan J. Riordan, the guardian, guide and friend of every Irish emigrant who landed in Castle Garden, New York, during the past four years. Father John was one of those large-hearted merry hearted Irish priests who unselfishly lavish and spend themselves and their like a ray of sunshine darting out of the gloom of everyday life. We met him in New York a couple of years ago and he looked the embodiment of health and happiness—a jolly, whole-souled Superb Jesuit struggling hard to establish a mission under the patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary, to whom he was deeply devoted.

Father Riordan died in St. Vincent's Hospital, where he had been staying for some time suffering from an attack of bronchitis, to which he was subject, and which culminated in a heart disease which carried him off. He was a native of New York, where he was born of Irish parents thirty-seven years ago. He was educated in the old parochial school of the pro-cathedral Mulberry street, from whence he was sent to the De La Salle Academy under the Christian Brothers, finishing his higher studies in the College of St. Francis Xavier, under the supervision of the Jesuit Fathers. He was ordained in 1874, and was selected for the Castle Garden Mission by Archbishop Corrigan in order that the Irish emigrants might be saved from the "sharks" and "sharpers" who had hitherto regularly robbed them upon their arrival in this country.

We had the pleasure of spending a day with "Father John," witnessing the disembarkation of thousands of emigrants from every country in Europe, and the facility with which they were received, registered, forwarded to other destinations and settled in freedom in the city, was very gratifying indeed. When a ship-load of Irish emigrants arrived—Father John was there, there and everywhere. Every emigrant wanted to see "the priest," and the questions they put to him concerning the whereabouts of their friends and relatives on this country were often very perplexing. "Father John" was supposed to know the name, age, birthplace and date of the last and mentioned of every "gossoon and colleen" that landed in America during the previous three months, and great indeed was the astonishment of many a parent when they learned from "Father John" that he could not tell them what state in the Union was the dwelling place of their sons and daughters who came over to America eight or ten years previously.

The saddening fate and the pertly facetious "Father John" when next seen by emigrants approaching the landing at Castle Garden, always brought a gleam of joyous hope into their faces. He was the cynosure of all eyes, as the emigrants saw in him their best friend and protector. Thousands of them go to the

Farm and Home.

Hints to Farmers.

You will save your horses the pain of a sore mouth if you will always dip the bit in a bucket of cold water before putting it in his mouth. This "takes the frost out" of the bit. If you want to know what will happen if you did not do this, put your tongue against the bit after it has been hanging all night in a zero temperature. You will not take it away as easily as you put it there, and when you do get loose you will leave a piece of the skin behind. If the bit be put in cold water first, this will not happen.

Horses and cattle are quite as subject to kidney complaint as any living creatures. Constant use of ice-water for drinking will in time bring on kidney disorders in the human subject. Watering your cows with cold weather, from an ice-cold well will often cause the same difficulty in the course of time. Put the big wash-boiler, filled with water on the kitchen stove before you go to bed. When you are ready to water your cattle in the morning you will have warm water on hand to take the chill off the wall water. If you do this your horses will live longer, be healthier and do better work for you than if you do not take this little trouble for them, and your cows will give more and better milk than under the ice-cold treatment.

Do not forget to blanket the horse when he is in the stable, as well as when he is standing in the shafts waiting for you at the store or post-office. It will save feed to do so, besides adding to the good appearance of the coat of the horse and keeping him in good health. Something might happen to college you to sell him unexpectedly, and you would get more that the coat of a blanket extra for him if you had used one, than if you cannot buy a blanket, as it is never of some kind ap-home.

Any domestic animal understands and appreciates kind treatment. It is as true in any thing as "only dumb brutes." It is true they cannot talk; but the good or ill-treated man, their intelligence in other respects is doubled. You can make friends of all your animals if you take the trouble to do so, and if you ever feel lonely you can banish this feeling by going among your beasts.

Honest Work.

The Christian workingman is more than faithful to his employer, for he takes as his models St. Joseph and the Saviour. We are all of us workers in one way or another; but how many of us are possessed of an earnest desire that the work which we put from our hands shall be a thoroughly honest, faithful performance that shall fulfil its purpose, and withstand the ravages of time? The great difference in labor is not in what is done—not in the kind of work which we perform—but in the spirit with which we put into it. From the cleaning of a room to the ordination of a government, from the sweeping of a forest to the shinning of a statue, from the washing of a dish to the making of the noblest work of the heart and brain, it is the determination to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like cloth of shoddy, which may please the eye, but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

A Useful Suggestion.

Every one knows how soon the butcher's knife and chopping block often daily exposed to the blows of a mallet or hammer. A remedy suggested by a Brooklyn man consists simply of sawing or cutting off the bottom of a gravestone, from the block, so as to make it flat, one standing by a few nails on the top of it two pieces of sole leather are placed and becomes similar to the end of the heel of a boot. The two thicknesses of leather will prevent all further splitting, and if, in the course of time, they expand and crack, lap the wood of the handle, they are simply trimmed off all round.

Household Hints.

As a general rule the best meat is that which is moderately fat.

Never allow fresh meat to remain in paper; it absorbs the juice.

Pickles, will mold, are better when two years old than at the end of six months.

In making any sauce put the flour and butter in together, and your sauce will never be lumpy.

A few drops of lemon juice spread on cold boiled ham gives it a greater zest and improves it vastly.

To keep lemons: Cover with cold water, changing every week; this makes them more juicy.

Frozen beef tea will often be taken by invalids when they would not be induced to take it warm.

(Good flour is not tested by its color) White flour may not be the best. The test of good flour is by the amount of water it absorbs.

To make hard sauce, take one-half pound butter and three-quarters pound sugar. Stir it up to a light, stiff, white cream, then add one grated nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls brandy. Set in a pan and keep on ice.

Control Your Anger.

We should avoid both speech and action while the feeling of anger is hot within us. If we cannot suddenly subdue it, we can at least restrain its outpouring; we can wait in quiet until time has cooled the lever and made reason possible. Bitter words spoken under the impulse have severed friends, destroyed affections, injured reputations, poisoned the very taste of happiness—words which a few hours later the speaker would have given worlds to unsay. Acts have been done under this influence which have broken up families, destroyed business, inflicted life-long injuries; and blasted the characters of the doers—acts they would have shrunk from in horror had they but waited till their anger was spent. Perhaps the thought that it is not to be wholly attinguished, but simply restrained, may make its restraint more possible.

A Danger To Youth.

One of the gravest dangers to which the youth of this or any other age can be exposed, is that which comes through the reading of books of a pernicious character that "the taste of sensality are not to be conquered by pondering on their lessons and by reading, but by ignoring, their existence, by occupying the mind with other subjects, and turning a deaf ear to their seduction. This is the only safe course to follow.

Remember.

Remember—That grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives are made up of trifling events. That it is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to keep you in mind. That men often preach from housetops while the devil is creeping in at the basement door. That little vexatious burdens and harasses are those who bear their own burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to them around them. That hasty words often rankle in the wound which injury gives, and that soft words assuage it, forgiving cures, and forgetting takes away the sear.

Family Fun.

Misdirected Philantrophy.

"No, sir, I'll not give you a cent; you are a useless tramp, and I was so badly deceived yesterday that I'll never give money to a beggar again," roared old Hickam the banker, when a poor fellow approached him for a dime.

"What, you deceived? asked an astonished friend, who had just seen a man give one cold foot."

"But I was fooled, sir, and I don't fe get it. A miserable bummer stuck me yesterday for ten cents to get a cool lager with. I gave it to him, sir, for I always encourage those beggars to drink themselves to death; and what do you think, sir, I caught the third two minutes later in a coffee saloon eating mutton stew, sir, and on my money, sir. Ugh! I'll not be fooled again that way."

Struck the Right Man.

Clerical Gent (to fellow passenger)—Have you ever thought that in the midst of life we are in death?

Fellow Passenger—Often.

Clerical Gent—Have you reflected that any moment we may be buried into eternity, and that we ought to be prepared for that event?

Fellow Passenger—I've said so a million times.

Clerical Gent—Is it possible that I am speaking to a brother clergyman? I judged from yr cr dress—

Fellow Passenger—I'm a life insurance agent. Just let me show you a few figures of insurance at cost.

A Fatal Defect.

First American Financier—Well, we have a right to feel proud. The Empire of China has sent a representative to the country to study up our system of American banking.

Second American Financier—It will be lowe's labor lost. Our system won't work in China.

F. A. F.—Why, why?

S. A. F.—Too far from Canada.

Dick at the Resaurie.

Mamma (to Dickey who has been at the show)—What struck you most at the menagerie, my son?

Dickey—The elephant, ma. He knocked em down with his biggest tail.

Her Impressions of Camp Life.

"Have you ever been camping, Miss De Vere?" asked Agustus Popsnpy.

"Oh, yes" replied his companion; "that is was so long ago that I only remember two things."

"What were they?" asked Agustus.

"That we had a 'gone feeling in the morning and washed dishes all day."

Suggestive Smiles.

Granger—I bought a pack o' clams of you last time I was down.

Dealer—Yes, I remember you.

Granger—well here they be. My woman ast 'em under a Shanghai hen four weeks ago and not a darned one would hatch.

Patient—Doctor, what makes dose brain fevars hang on so long? Dat am da second time I'ave been on dis bed.

Doctor (musingly)—Switching for da brain, Mr. Wabash; am what takes up the time ob dose slow fevers.

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the former of the two sophomores, "who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?"

"It was Atlas ma'am."

"And who supported Atlas?"

"The book don't say, but I guess his wife supported him."

(Old Party—I've got a sura tip on the first race. You can have it for a V.

Young Party—Why don't you play it yourself, instead of a-ling it?

Old Party—Wall, you see, young fellar, I've got a tur rible thirst on me, and the race ain't to be run for two hours yet.

SAM SMALL'S BROTHER.

Why he Did Not Make as Much Audience as Two Women's Experiences.

"Sam Small, Evangelist!"

This proverbial philosophy of "Old Sl," the venerable plantation darkey, who gave in the world through the medium of Small's pen maxims of worldly wisdom, sickled in a vertiage of irresistible humor, has found a permanent place in humorous literature.

Great surprise was shown when it was announced that by having been converted under the ministrations of "Sam Jones," would become an evangelist.

At first though, a honorable by the pulpit seems incongruous. Is it really so?

No doubt the mere buffoon attempting to turn men's hearts to solemn truths would meet with only contempt. But truth is not hidden in gloom. Genuine humor frequently illumines and fastens in the mind bits of wisdom that would otherwise quite unlooked.

In his eulogy of Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Parker says: "Whenever he came among men, he brought June sunshine and music, and made even disappointing and early man feel as a cool and warmer summer, 'the Kingdom of Heaven,' itself was at hand." That is special christianity.

Mr. Small belongs to a witty family. He has a brother connected with Armey Knox's and "Pat Confriniter's" *Texas Siftings*, a paper which has had phenomenal success in the field of humorous literature. Mr. Frank S. Small is the present representative of that popular paper in England, and, like his distinguished brother, he takes a deep interest in the welfare of other people.

Under date of 46 Porlen Road, Kensington W. London, Eng., Sept. 27, 1887, he writes: "I am at Tabling in Kent yesterday, and my wife, Mrs. Frank Head Maxwell, of the Curates Endowed school. In the course of conversation about Angostura Bitters, she was remarked that Warner's safe cure had been of great benefit to his wife, who had been much troubled with a disordered liver. Warner's safe cure is an Angostura preparation; was all she had taken, and she had experienced none of her old trouble for some months past.

Mr. Austin Bidwell, editor of New York *Dress*, and a very popular woman in the fashionable world says in her own magazine for October: "Warner's safe cure is the best medicine I ever take or recommend. In every instance it gives new energy and vitality to all my powers." This distinguished woman also says that Warner's safe cure "is peculiarly effective."

Sam Small is likely to succeed as a moral teacher. When we remember how we huddle together in human nature the fountains of laughter and of tears, the deep effect his humorous pictures on the manners and morals of the people, judging everything by merit, not by prejudice.

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1	"	20,000	20,000
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8,190	"	100	819,000
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Leave S. F. | DESTINATION | Arrive S. F.

WEEK DAYS: 7:45 a m, 3:30 p m, 5:30 p m | Petaluma | 10:40 a m, 6:25 p m, 8:25 p m

SUNDAYS ONLY: 7:45 a m, 8:00 a m, 3:30 p m | Cloverdale, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville | 10:40 a m, 6:25 p m, 8:25 p m

7:45 a m, 3:30 p m | Cloverdale | 8:25 a m, 6:25 p m

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Sulphur Springs, Sarsaparilla and Mark West Springs. At Cloverdale for Geyser Springs, Skaggs Springs, Stewarts Point Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Upper Lake, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Monticello City and the Geysers.

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EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma, $1 50; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $3; to Geyserville, $3 50.

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To San Francisco from San Rafael at 6:40 a m, 8:00 a m, 9:50 a m, 2:15 p m, 4:15 p m. Sundays: 8:00 a m, 10:30 a m, 1:00 p m, 3:00 p m, 5:00 p m.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days: 6:30 a m, 8:05 a m, 9:45 a m, 1:15 p m, 3:15 p m, 5:15 p m. Sundays: 8:05 a m, 10:35 a m, 12:05 p m, 2:05 p m, 4:05 p m, 5:45 p m.

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In nearly every large city of the world a magnificent organization for dispensing charity—the St. Vincent de Paul Society—is established. Founded by one whose great fellow-feeling was the least striking of his many virtues, it continues to enlist the services of influential and wealthy people, who, are, by the help thereof, made their less fortunate fellows in works of charity and mercy.

In this Archdiocese there are several very active Conferences, that together do a most wonderful good in relieving distress and want. In the discharge of their duty, the members of the Society visit the poor at their homes, bring the Gospel to them, with a spirit of humane equality. None who with a tale of woe to tell is refused a hearing; and the fruitfulness of our Blessed Redeemer, "Feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty," is almost the watchword of Ozanam's magnificent band of charity-workers. In this city alone last year the Conferences dispensed a yearly sum of over $100,000. The following are the officers of the Conferences organized in this city:

OFFICERS OF THE PARTICULAR COUNCIL.

Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., Spiritual Director; John M. Burnett, President; Patrick Shirley, Vice President; Roger O'Donnell, Treasurer; Thomas Ryan, Secretary; C. J. Devlin, Assistant Secretary.

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Rev. P. Bermingham, Spiritual Director; J. M. Burnett, President; F. J. Thomas, Treasurer; W. McMann, Secretary; M. F. Killey, Secretary (pro tem)

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ST. PETER'S CONFERENCE.

Rev. P. S. Casey, Spiritual Director; A. Quill, President; J. K. Gallagher, Treasurer; C. D. Douglas, Secretary.

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Rev. J. F. Nugent, Spiritual Director; D. McSweeney, President; N. Sweeney, Treasurer; T. J. Wimbrit, Secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S CONFERENCE.

Rev. L. Beulin, Spiritual Director; J. E. O'Donnell, President; ——, Treasurer; F. McCrohle, Secretary.

IRELAND TO THE POPE.

Jubilee Gifts of Irish Manufacture.

Jubilee presents from the Bishop, priests, and people of the Diocese of Down and Connor, were sent to his Holiness, the Pope, and have arrived in Rome. The gifts are very numerous and costly, and embrace many specimens of Irish art. Among others are five magnificent sets of vestments (of the various ecclesiastical colors) five large webs of Irish poplin, mitres, breviaries, silver-ware, plate, and additional articles of church furniture. The mitres in question are of rich poplin manufactured by the ladies of the Convent of Mercy, Newry, and embroidered by Messrs. Morris Ward & Co., Regal Ulster Works, Belfast. This is from the Rev. —— and clergy of Down and Connor. The presents will be placed in the Vatican Pilgrimage. Messrs. Morris Ward & Co., also sent a splendid album containing photographic views of the various churches and other ecclesiastical buildings of the diocese.

Cuban Patriots—an Unprecedented Letter.

Lawrence, December 24.—The imprisonment of Father Ryan, the free priest arrested under the Spanish flag in Cuban waters, has caused a rumor that the Duke of Norfolk's mission to Rome is a political one to secure the Pope's help for the Salisbury government of Ireland, that trade theories are heretical. It is officially known that Norfolk's mission was merely to congratulate the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee. Anybody conversant with the history of the relations of the Catholic Church to Ireland can have a reason otherwise.

Intelligence from Mission Dolores.

The following was the result of the evening lotto at Carson recently, for the purpose of establishing three more St. Vincents—Ladies' Fancy Work, Gentlemen's Fancy Work, Fancy Cake—Mrs. Cullen, President; Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Vice President; Mrs. Ryan, Treasurer; Miss Ryan, Secretary; Mrs. Ryan, Assistant Secretary.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—On November 29th, the first meeting of the newly elected Corporation of Belfast was held in the Council Chamber, for the purpose of electing a Mayor for the remainder of the current year and for 1887. There were a few unexpected things wanted, and it was generally felt that the present Mayor, Sir James H. Haslett, deserved a second term of office, though it was not so well settled that they should be polite.

Armagh.—Mr. Thomas Gray has resigned the editorship of the Lurgan Gas Works were opening the ground on William street to extension the gas pipes, a rush of sewerage gas knocked down both workmen. Medical aid having been procured they were restored to consciousness, but one of them, Jacob Hoskins, remains in a critical condition.

Carlow.—The Carlow Nationalist gives the following details of an extraordinary Union occurring recently at the Carlow Lunatic Camp. A regular tribunal was formed for the purpose of dealing with contraband letters, persons workmen having any connection with the Camp. If any letter throughout into the slight expression of sympathy with the National movement. Several decisions have been taken the court lately, and at least one has had the highest penalty inflicted on him, viz., his banishment out of the Camp by the Present Marshal Lord Wimborne, under pain of arrest, if he attempts the irrelevant. The Nationalist proceeds to give particulars of one case in which a Mr. Michael Clare, of Newtownlow, who had large dealings with the camp, was banished. Mr. Clare died recently for manifest honors in the town and was elected by the people.

Clare.—It is stated that there is now every likelihood of an active campaign on Official Ossifrage's side against Parliament. The tenants are to be served with notice to quit Summer, and who immediately took possession of the farms, have not a few days more to remain undisturbed under the Redemption Clause of Mr. Balfour's Act, which gives him a month after course to do so. They are disposed not to meet with the landlord except on terms already refused by Colonel O'Callaghan's Agents, and it is reported that the period for redemption expiring the consequence of the estate will again exist the tenantry.

Cork.—On November 28th, a landlord named Cramer was returned for trial at Ballyvourney Petty Sessions on the charge of presenting an ejectment at a tenant named Murphy, and threatening to have him put in jail. Informations were at first refused by the Magistrates, on the ground that the letter complained of was not proved; but they afterwards had to grant them, as an aggravated assault was clearly proved where been committed by the landlord.

At a meeting of the Cork Corporation on Nov. 29th, the present Mayor, Alderman O'Brien, was elected to fill the position of Mayor for 1886 for regular meeting. The Corporation was held on November 1. The Tory members did not attend the meeting, and the Mayor was usual quietly endorsed. In returning thanks, the Mayor referred to the treatment of William O'Brien, and alluding to the imprisonment of Sir Wm. Hennessy, said that if necessary he was himself prepared to act as an agent for the National Press. The following resolutions were sent forward to the Lord Lieutenant for the Sheriffalty of Cork City—J. Crawford Leslie, J. P. E. A. Atkins, and Martin Flavin.

The Duke of Devonshire has given thirty per cent. abatement to his tenants in Cork and Waterford. "His Grace" has surrendered to the Land Commission, after repeatedly refusing through his agents, to concede to the moderate demand of twenty-five per cent., which was what the tenants first asked.

Donegal.—The method of village technical teaching described in the paper read before the Society of Arts, in May last, by Mrs. Ernest Clark, having been approved by the Government, and a small grant of £1,000 having been made for the extension of technical teaching by the Donegal Industrial Fund, in the art of weaving, Mr. Ernest Clark, Secretary to the Society of Arts, Ardinglass of Donegal, Lady Leitrim, the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, Mr. Marcus Ward, Mr. Woodhall, M. P., Mr. Hogg, Mr. Clements, Mr. and Mr. Mrs. Hamilton are acting as a committee to administer the fund. Mrs. Hart has been invited to form one teaching centre at Rosdrum, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wilson.

Derry.—On Dec. 1st, Sir William Miller (Conservative) was elected Mayor of Derry for the ensuing year. A Liberal Unionist, Mr. Aaron Hadden, was first put in nomination against Alderman Bell, and received a majority of two. The question was raised whether Mr. Hadden would accept the position, and if he did the salary of £300 paid by the Irish Government, the expense of your hospitality. Mr. Hadden said he would do so if the predecessor would refund their contribution. Sir Wm. Miller said if elected he would not ask a salary, and Mr. Hadden then withdrew, Sir William was declared the successful candidate.

Dublin.—The Dublin Corporation have established the following three exchequers for the year—Sir Thomas Myles, Alderman Gray, Alderman Nagle, and Alderman O'Connor. As under the present Lord Mayoralty Dublin, Cork, and other Corporations have Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant is obliged to appoint one of the members of the Lord appointed one of the office of High Sheriff (instead of the usual way of taking the senior of "the going Judge of Assize," who was, always, a Crown official). Lord Londonderry will have to make a very long while in commissions, in either of the foregoing named gentlemen, as all counts of the National Press, which the Tory party be represents is now so actively prosecuting.

Galway.—Mount St. Mary's destined to become a household word among the people of Ireland, the choicest of Galway, Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, for such is the title by which the Catholic Bishop and residence of the Bishop of the diocese is, in future, to be known. The late Thomas M. Power, Esq., recently returned from a tour in America, became a naturalized citizen of the United States, and, on his return to his native Galway, he called it Mount St. Mary's, in honor of Father William Plassnelly, P.P., Castlegrove, Co. Roscommon, and Mr. Cymelgan, the Irish Press, contained in the Times Cabinet. He was only after Mr. Plassnelly in the year 1850 discovered the ruins of the oldest relate in the Annals of which he spent in the parishes of Oran, Ballaghaderreen. He was born in July, 1812.

Kerry.—On the 27th of November, at the Presentation Convent, Listowel, Mr. Timothy Kelly, son of Mr. Michael Kelly, T.C., Church street, was ordained priest by the Bishop. The rev. gentleman received his primary education at St. Michael's College, Listowel, and took a place in the Seminary, at Killarney, where he was last two years when he passed with distinction an examination, and also took a post graduate which reduced his term in the Irish College, Paris, from six to five years. Three students from Paris at the age of 23 years.

Longford.—The death is announced of Rev. John Dawson, of St. Aidan's street, Liverpool, from typhoid fever, caught in the discharge of his duties in ministering to the sick poor. The good priest was a native of the Longford diocese, having been born near Ballymahon, and educated at St. Mel's, Longford. In September, 1875, he was ordained by the Bishop of Liverpool, and three years after, Cardinal Wiseman, who also conferred the dignity course with considerable success.

On the 27th of November, at Cordrow, Dublin, Mr. Mary Vesey, died at the advanced age of 100 years.

King's County.—On November 27th, at Birr, a woman named Mrs. Carroll was killed in place called Clahan. Mrs. Carroll, who was known to her neighbours as a quiet, inoffensive and sober woman, had left her home on the morning to do her marketing in Birr, when, on a quarter to four in the evening, she was found lying on the side of the road, near her home, in an unconscious state by two young men, who brought her to her own home. Having recovered sufficiently to speak, she told the following story. She had been returning home and had reached a point about a mile and a half from Birr, when she suddenly felt a blow on the side of the head. The car took the middle of the road. The blow came from the other side of the road. The car driver had left the car and was walking on the other side of the road. The car driver, though she asked for help, was unknown to driver, who had driven off, and she remained behind to move. The car driver, Patrick Ryan, of Ballyfin, a tenant of Lord Castlemaine, and a married man, was sent for the car driver, Ryan, who was driving the car, was found at Mr. Carroll's door. The police have arrested a man named Thomas Kenny, of Tullamore, on suspicion of being the driver of the car.

Kilkenny.—On the 1st, inst., at a special meeting of the Kilkenny Corporation, it was unanimously adopted that P. M. Fagan, the present Mayor of the city, hold the same office for the ensuing year. Mr. John Cockle, T.C., was, at the same time, unanimously selected High Sheriff for 1886.

Kildare.—On Nov. 29th, a sad scene was witnessed in Athy. Fifty tall men marched to the Union to seek work from the Guardians. They had a lamentable story to tell. Some of them had no work for the previous four or eight weeks, and, in their desperate condition had left behind independence. It was work, not charity they sought, and they were willing to work for any wages. The condition of these men is inexpressible. Some of them, which most but a burden on it, the Union Board, at their meeting, refused to accept, and, of course, the Irish country round. These men would be

Limerick.—On the 29th of November, on his return from Limerick, where he had been on a visit to his sister, the Mancheste Martyrs demonstration, Mr. Creagh, D. L., was served with a copy of the writ issued at the suit of Mr. Dunn (? Brian against him, out of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice.

On November 29th, Thomas M. Roe, a policeman, was released from the county Limerick jail on the expiration of his sentence. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor, for having in his charge a Mr. Michael Cline, of Ballyhoura, Mrs. Hanson Cline, on the 11th of last month, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and bailed for a bond received him to Rathbeltain. He was loudly cheered along the route, and looked none the worse for the imprisonment.

Meath.—Mr. J. T. Hinde, solicitor, died Nov. 26th, at Professor's, Blackrock, County Dublin. Mr. Hinde had an extensive practice in Dublin and Meath.

The annual visits to the hunting field in the county of last November in full swing, with a full contingent of hounds and members, the Meath Hounds, recently, which his illustrious patron, Cardinal Darlington, and his fellow-colleagues, Cranbrook, were stocking in the outskirts of Dublin, the hounds was the rendezvous of great wealth, the farmers of Meath. Yet, the Meath Hounds, it is stated, that it will be allowed to do much longer; for the Navan National League Branch has passed a resolution that they will allow no more hunting over their lands. What a pity that the Land Act does not contain a clause making such disloyal conduct as this high treason pure and simple.

Mayo.—For reasons which have not been divulged, the proceedings at the election, held about two months ago, of successor to Mr. Fitzgerald, as coach to Bishop of Achonry, have been set aside, and a fresh one ordered by the Holy See. Consequently a fresh election took place at Ballaghaderreen, on Sunday last, and the final selection of a fine and patriotic coadjutor of Saint Nathy, a prelate whose learning and practical experience qualifies him to be one of the most reliable leader and guide in the trying ordeal, will make the Catholic subject for congratulation to the people of Achonry and of Ireland.

Monaghan.—On Sunday, Nov. 28th, the beautiful new high altar in St. Joseph's church, Castleblayney, was solemnly consecrated by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clonfert. The Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Coadjutor Archbishop of Armagh, officiated at a most elegant and powerful discourse. Very Rev. Canon Bellingham, the respected and popular P. P. of Castleblayney, also spoke with his accustomed eloquence and pathos. The altar is composed of Irish and foreign marbles, and over the tabernacle is a gilded tabernacle of exquisite workmanship, presented by the Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clonfert

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The Monitor.

THE MONITOR

is sent to the (Most) first year of publication, and the unanimous testimony is that each and every Catholic family engaged, has found it to be a sure conclusion and an influence which makes THE MONITOR a welcome visitor.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Communications, to secure insertion, should be handed in or addressed to the Editor not later than Tuesday each week.

No communications will be inserted unless accompanied by the author's real name. This is required as a private guarantee of good faith.

Communications will be gladly received from all interested in this cause actuated by this Journal. Correspondents should be as brief as possible, and should write lightly, and on one side of the paper only. We cannot undertake to return the MSS. of unused articles.

All contributions and communications, whether on business or otherwise are to be addressed to the Editor.

For thy Soul be not ashamed to say the Truth..... Strive for Justice for thy Soul; and even unto Death fight for Justice, and God will overthrow thy enemies for Thee. [Ecclesiastes IV. 32

VOL. XXXI. SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1888. NO. 14.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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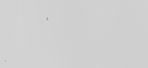

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A sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and all Throat and Lung Affections.
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NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Cablegrams from all Countries

EVENTS IN ERIN.

Affairs in Europe.

ETC., ETC.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Its Grandest Victory over Irish Landlords.

LONDON, December 29.—The *Daily News* commenting on the reduction of judicial rents in Ireland, says by one stroke the Government has offended all the Land-leagues and close its ears to conciliate the tenants.

The Dublin *Express* condemns the measure as worse than anything that could be accomplished under the "plan of campaign." The Nationalist papers complain of the reduction as totally inadequate.

John Dillon, member of Parliament, speaking at Newcross, said the reduction of judicial rents completely undermines the policy of the Nationalists and the "plan of campaign."

The *Morning Post* says the reduction will have the effect of transferring property in Ireland practically unsalable. Those tenants who have refused to buy their holdings under Mr. Parnell's advice to wait for better terms, are fully justified. Hopeless the present action will be followed by a further reduction.

The *Daily Chronicle*, without disapproving the reduction, thinks than the landlords ought to be compensated by the State.

Modern English Brutality.

Men rub their eyes with amazement at the report of the scenes enacted in the cell of the brave John Mandeville. Are these things done in the 19th century, and with the sanction and approval of the English Government? Torture is not abolished at all. Fifty stripes of the lash, a few turns of the rack, and then rest would be infinitely preferable to the loathsome and continued persecution to which Mr. John Mandeville is persecuted for the crime of having a brave man's heart in his bosom. It was a cruel act that imprisoned Mr. Mandeville in the first place. He suffered Mr. Mandeville to wear the prison clothes. At midnight, when the worn out prisoner slept on his plank bed, a gang of Irish offender Thugs burst into his cell and carried off his garments. That was not the worst. All the next day, a bitterly cold day even for November, Mr. Mandeville was left standing with naked feet on the chilling stone floor of his cell with only a quilt between him and the cold, warmth or decency. But even his courage never faltered. But the worst had not been even reached. That cruelty had been clothed with form of law by brute force, and only a bowl left to cover his nakedness, for the final threat that even this would not be left, decency compelled him to submit to the degradation of the prison garb.

Sad Death of a Galway Man.

On November 27th, Roger Connolly, of Farrytocla, Barna, went to Galway to purchase a coffin for his wife who died the day before. At about six o'clock in the evening he was found lying quite dead in a field called Weeks, which skirts the village of Barna, and is generally used as a pass by residents living close to the seashore. Sick men had been prevalent in the poor mans house for months, and this with hunger and misery, evidently crushed the creature's life out. Wife and husband were home together the one grave. The poor man's family were wretchedly poor and miserable.

Lord Lansdowne's Tenantry.

It is stated that Lord Lansdowne has offered the non-evicted tenants on his Luggacurran estate a reduction of 55 per cent. This is an excess of what was sought under the "Plan of Campaign," the refusal of which constituted Mr. O'Brien's christmas visit to Canada. The untented tenantry then only asked 50 per cent. on the non judicial, and 20 per cent on the judicial rents, so that the offer now made is in excess of that demanded under "the Plan," but it will of course rendered unacceptable by the association of the evicted tenants from the renewal. It is, however, a decided "Yan-ke" on the part of the landlords, and once more the moderation of the "Plan of Campaign" is vindicated.

Coercion in Ireland.

DUBLIN, December 30.—At Newmarket, County Cork, to-day five persons were sentenced to three months' imprisonment, each with hard labor, for attending a meeting of a suppressed branch of the Irish National League.

Items from Ireland.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—Parnell will resume the active leadership of the Irish party this month. He will summon a meeting of his colleagues soon.

DUBLIN, Jan. 1.—Sexton is now reported better.

Special police protection has been accorded to Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The Prince of Wales has cabled that Father Matthew Healy, who is in prison under the Crimes Act, be permitted to wear his own clothes and underwear.

A Jubilee Address.

WORCESTER (Mass.), Dec. 30.—The Jubilee address from the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was forwarded to Rome from this city by Rev. T. J. Conaty, President of the Union, yesterday. The envoy was made of white silk, bearing the Papal insignia. The address is imprinted on white satin paper in blue and gold. The names of the general officers, provincial Vice-Presidents and officers of subordinate State unions are signed to the address.

Valuable Paintings Burned.

QUEBEC, January 1.—A fire this morning destroyed the seminary chapel, together with about $200,000 worth of original oil paintings immense. The chapel was erected in 1725.

GLADSTONE INTERVIEWED.

His Opinions on the Irish Question.

PARIS, December 30.—The *Soleil* prints a brief interview with Gladstone. He says "Nothing now in my 79th year, I would retire but for the fight for Irish liberty, which I shall not, perhaps, see the end, but I shall have the consolation of knowing that I have done my utmost."

"What do you think about the prospect for war?"

"War will not break out now. It is too cold. But Spring is not very far off. Nobody can know what will happen. I hope that diplomacy will avert a European war, which will be terrible above all forgave."

"What would be, in your mind, the attitude of England?"

"We have no great interests at stake, but Government will be certain to regard passively this terrible struggle and watch strictly our interests of the country."

The *Temps* to-day published an interview with Gladstone, in which the ex-Premier described the Irish Commissioner's recent reduction decree as a "Tremendous decisive," and said he was thoroughly at the mercy. He also said that the Tory cabinet, having alienated the tenants, would now alienate the landlords.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

Editying Scene in an Italian Church.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—The Rome correspondent of the *Mail and Express* describes the recent popular revival in a conclave in the village of Santi Sarcuse. The description contains a few features that were not stated in the dispatches received a few days ago, and are of interest, even if in stating them a part of the best story is repeated. The conclave began some years ago with the murder of an aged woman, named Italia. The was retaliated by cutting the throat of the eldest member of the murderer's family happened to meet. Thereafter every member of both families went armed, and hostile encounters were common. Recently the Church and authorities interfered and persuaded the families to peace. One day the women of both clans entered the church and swore to keep the peace, and embraced and kissed each other. The next day it was the women's turn. Dressed in their finest they also swore peace and forgetfulness. Two weeks ago peace was celebrated at a Mass, and 600 persons kissed the crucifix held out by the Bishop and promised to forgive and forget. After this a general banquet was spread for all the surrounding country, at which had seven hundred bushels of macaroni, ten cows, seventy pigs, 600 pounds of bread, 1,000 pounds of fruit and twenty barrels of wine.

THE LONDON "TIMES."

Michael Davitt Discusses its Base Motives.

Michael Davitt exposes the true motive of the *Times* in publishing its wild story of a dynamite fund at this time. There are two reasons, he says, at present in jail in London awaiting trial for complicity in an alleged dynamite plot. The object of the *Times*, and of those who are used unwittingly, as to create a prejudice against these men, whether they are innocent or guilty. With a freely "dynamite scare" under full headway, the chance of their obtaining a fair trial is as slight as it well could be. Being American citizens, they might have some hope of intervention on the part of the Government at Washington, but the representatives of that Government, to which they might otherwise look for aid, are Mr. Bayard in the State Department, and Mr. Phelps at the American Ministry in London, neither of whom would dream of incumbering dear Mother England by such intervention. Mr. Davitt further says that the *Times* has never hinted at his organization, but he forgets that it did hint most unmistakably at the association of Mr. Parnell, a year or two ago, when it said that the leaders of the Irish party would be held responsible for any indignant people of certain dynamite outrages, which were never contemplated, took place. The *Times* is absolutely unscrupulous. If it dared, it would gladly connect the murder of every Irish patriot. From the assassination of character to that of men is but a short step. Libellers who commit not only slurs, but of the other, because that is the easier rather than give the slander an ownership.

Condemning Balfour's Brutality.

At the annual Synod of the Diocese of Ross, held in Roscarbery, Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald presiding, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by all present: "Resolved, That we, the Bishops and clergy of the Diocese of Ross, in Synod assembled, cannot separate without publicly recording our strongest feeling of sympathy with Mr. William O'Brien in his imprisonment, and our emphatic condemnation of the cruel treatment to which he is subjected—as also of the Coercion Act under which he has been convicted, as well as of the shocking outrage on the administration of justice which marked his so-called trial; and that we most emphatically condemn the policy of the present Government in Irish affairs as being nothing else than flagrant tory-government and odious tyranny, under which no people can be contented, prosperous or loyal."

Section in Stead for West Belfast.

The following letter has been addressed by the Most Rev. Dr. McAlister, Bishop of Raphoe and Connor to Mr. Healy, hon. sec. of the Registration Association of West Belfast: "In reply to your communication, it would, in my opinion, be a great calamity if the valuable services of Mr. Sexton were lost to the popular cause in Belfast. His efficient and able advocacy of the claims of the Catholics of Belfast in the House of Commons, during the past sessions of Parliament, is worthy of the highest common thanks. It is, therefore, very gratifying to know that every effort has been made to put the voters of West Belfast in a position, should an occasion arise during the coming year, to exercise the electoral rights conferred on them by the Legislature. I beg to enclose a cheque for £50 towards the registration expenses, and trust the funds necessary to obtain so deserving a name will not be wanting.

Cleveland Thanked.

BIRMINGHAM (Ala.), December 30.—The Catholics of Birmingham last night held a mass meeting in celebration of the Pope's jubilee. A resolution was adopted thanking Cleveland for the honor which he paid the Holy Father on the occasion of his golden jubilee.

POPE LEO XIII. IN HIS PONTIFICAL ROBES.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

By Cablegram from Rome.

MAKING GREAT PREPARATIONS.

The Imposing Ceremonies Commenced.

ROME, December 30.—The city is crowded in anticipation of the jubilee ceremonies. To-morrow will be the anniversary of the Pope's fiftieth year in the priesthood. All the papers are filled with elaborate sketches of his career and personal gossip. From the lighter sketches I summarize some features that give a personal idea outside of a formal biography of the man to whom all Europe is looking and seeking to pay honor.

Audiences Granted to Kingly Representatives.

The Portuguese Minister, together with the Baron San Pedro, Chief of the Cabinet, were today received by his Holiness, to whom they presented an autograph letter from the King of Portugal and a beautiful gold chalice. Later on the Pope received a special envoy from Emperor William with an autograph letter from his majesty, a special envoy from the King of Saxony and special envoy of the King of Holland, with autograph letter.

ROME, December 30.—The Pope has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Pius IX. upon all special envoys sent to congratulate his Holiness upon his Jubilee.

The French Government has conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honor upon Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State.

HAVANA, December 30.—Herr Wolffhert has demanded the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope in a speech here concerning the Papal Jubilee.

The Pope's Daily Life.

At six he rises, at seven celebrates Mass, after having spent some time in contemplation. After Mass follows a period of prayer and repose. At eight the decisions of his Congregations and his other correspondence are attended to, and at eleven the public audiences are held. The Pope receives the Ministers and Ambassadors, the pilgrims of all classes and countries. Then at 12:30 he takes a walk in the gardens of the Vatican, generally accompanied by a Prelate and two aids of the Bonnanaise, adorned by the armorial bearings of the Pope of the stamp. A gold pen and a paper-cutter accompanies the desk. The pen holder is gold and is adorned by the coat of arms in diamonds, stones and topaz. The handle of the paper-cutter is formed by rare, large Oriental pearls in the shape of a cornucopia. It is surmounted by a helmet in gold enamel.

The King of Portugal's Present.

A chalice in solid gold studded with precious stones, was presented to the Pope by the King of Portugal. The United States of Colombia have offered a cross and chain of diamonds; the centre of the cross is an enormous brilliant, and thirteen more very large diamonds are studded into the arms of the cross, each end of which is formed by a diamond of larger dimensions. The chain is also studded with precious stones, and the double chain to which the cross is attached is interlaced by diamonds and small stars in brilliants. The whole is enclosed in an elegant case of white satin.

CANONIZATION OF SAINTS.

On the 15th inst., will take place the authorized canonization of several new saints, among them the seven founders of the Order of Servants of Mary and the Blessed John Berchmans, Peter Claver and Alphonse Rodriguez of the Society of Jesus. The ceremony will take place above the periphery of St. Peter's, in the great hall, originally devoid of all ornamentation, but to-day one of the most important of the Vatican, both for its dimensions and precious marble and paintings. Over $200,000 has been spent by Leo XIII. in decorating this hall in which it was his original intention to celebrate his Jubilee Mass, but the original idea was finally abandoned. The preliminaries for the canonization of the new saints commenced on the 23rd ult., with a public Consistory held with great pomp by the Pope and his Court and attended by all the extraordinary Ambassadors present in Rome.

More Gifts from Emperor Hearst.

The Duke d'Annale has sent two beautiful chandeliers in gilt bronze. A Sedan chair, in the shape of a boat, with a sail as canopy, has been offered by the city of Naples. A rich laid lower of Her Grace, Spain, offers a crucifix in solid gold, of special historical worth, as it was the property of one of the most famous Spanish knights who fought with the Crusaders. Sadagura, the celebrated rabbi of Vienna, surnamed the Pope of the Jews, has forwarded an ancient Bible, commented by precious stones. Finally, the Holy Father will receive from a Chapter of the Basilica of St. Peter's a most unique reliquary, artistically wrought in gold, to be used in preserving the relics of the head of St. John the Baptist.

Presents from Potentates and Princes.

Numerous pilgrims from Spain, Belgium, France, Hungary and elsewhere have arrived to take part in the ceremonies. The following personages also arrived with the same object: Marquis De la Vega de Armijo, Extraordinary Ambassador of the Queen Regent of Spain, who will be received by the Pope with royal honors. He is the bearer of an autograph letter of the Queen and the presents of the royal family of Spain. The Baron of Spaetes, bearer of a gold pen and of an autograph letter from the King of Portugal to the Holy Father. Monsignor Marinos, Latin Archbishop of Athens, bearer of an autograph letter of the King of Greece; the Prince De Lucanstein, chief of the German committee for the Jubilee; the Duke of Ursel, with presents and the autograph letter of the King of Belgium, and a host of Church dignitaries.

The Sovereign Pontiff's Appearance.

At half-past 9 the distinguished and specially invited officials came into the chamber by a private entrance. During the last hour the Pope himself entered the basilica. The appearance of the handsome old man, attired in the white robes of his high office, was the signal for the most tremendous applause. This unusual feature was continued for five minutes, and the great arched roof resounded again and again with the roars and salvos of 30,000 throats. The Pope was borne in the chair used for such occasions, preceded by a magnificent section of his Pontifical guards, followed by a very one of the Cardinals present in Rome. After them came every member of his immediate court, in official robes. The Pope appeared very much overcome by the tremendous demonstration from the audience. He smiled continuously and occasionally bowed gravely.

Jubilee Presents for the Pope.

ROME, Dec. 30.—The first present of note came from the Sultan in the shape of an antique pastoral ring set with precious stones, valued at $50,000. The Queen Regent of Spain has sent another ring, valued at $15,000, which is valued at $15,000. The Emperor of Germany has sent a mitre worked in gold and encrusted with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and brilliants. It cost 20,000 francs. The empress accompanies the gift with a Mass vestments that cost 30,000 francs. The clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Cologne subscribed 120,000 francs for a tiara. It is made in a foundation of blue cloth and is broidered in fine pearls. The triple crown is of gold, studded with an immense number of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires; a large diamond sets the cross on the top. The Empress of Austria also sends a gold tiara that cost 150,000 florins. The Emperor of Austria joined with the ladies of the capital in sending a pectoral cross that cost 100,000 florins. The Duc de Nemours has also sent a pectoral cross studded with diamonds and emeralds. The Syrian Catholics sent a cross and chain that cost 70,000 rupees. About fifteen pounds of gold are contained in the present. Princess Clotilde, Benaparte, sister of King Humbert, has made a magnificent cope of white satin, embroidered with flowers. It is valued at 100,000 francs. The ladies of Seville, Spain, sent a cope chased of gold, set with 561 precious stones, mostly diamonds and emeralds. The Queen of Saxony gives a holy water stoup worth 50,000 francs.

THE POPE IN ST. PETER'S

20,000 People in the Building.

ROME, January 1.—The Pope's Golden Jubilee was celebrated here to-day with appropriate services in all the Catholic churches of the archdiocese.

The most interesting service was held in the old cathedral. Cardinal Gibbons conducted the services, the grandeur of which was fully in keeping with the pomp of the Roman ritual. The scene within the church at the Mass was impressive. Elaborate preparations had been made.

Cardinal Gibbons wore his red berretta and magna cappa, the train of which was carried by six altar boys. When he reached the sanctuary, he went to the archiepiscopal throne, which had been raised for the occasion. Its set upon the throne throughout the Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. A. Magnan, Chaplain of the Sacrum Consistory.

Just after the first Gospel, the Cardinal changed his magna cappa for a trimphe robe, and preached a sermon on the Papacy, making special reference to the life and influence of Leo XIII., and to the honors recently paid to him by all nations, irrespective of religious belief.

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

His attenuated figure is lost by study and the weight of years; but in every movement he is astonishingly quick and energetic. His head is a most remarkable one, once seen never to be forgotten, with its every feature and of strict proportion, yet with the harmony of the whole. The small, bright, myopic eyes, so close together, denote "the man who is ever on the search;" the largely developed cerebellum, a capacity for domination. The mouth, when under a pleasing influence, forms into an exceedingly wide, sweet smile, its benevolent expression brightening the whole face, and supplying the beauty which is less observable in the eyes. The ears, like the hands and feet, are exceptionally large and long. The skin is so fine and glowing with health, and much admired by Italians, as a sign of high breeding—that a perfectly network of blue veins (the "blue blood") is visible on some of the aesthetic face. His Holiness is young with the fire and impulse of youth without impairing physical strength, and feels lovely the disabilities of age. When he saw my portrait for the last time he thoughtfully remarked its look of youth, and advised me to remember when painting another Pope, (!) that "Popes are of no age." I thoroughly appreciated the *finesse* of the phrase, and only regretted that a painter could hardly give it practical effect. During long functions the Holy Father's muscular nervous effort he will raise himself from time to time straight as an arrow.

Great Rejoicings in Rome.

ROME, January 1.—Rome presented a beautiful appearance this morning. Although the day was rainy and cold, it was clear. Flags waved from nearly every house and every public and private building. Rome was crowded with visitors. All hotels and available quarters were last night filled to their utmost capacity. There was the greatest eagerness on the part of everyone to witness the splendid ceremonies of the Jubilee Mass, which took place this morning within the dark picturesque interior of the mighty St. Peter's Cathedral. The reception data at the Vatican and exercises by the Pontiff in attending, all of them have told on his physique, and his Holiness looks fatigued and careworn. During the week he received the homages of the Noble Guards commanded by Prince Alliere, and the Swiss Guards under the Count De Courten, who presented to their name a beautiful Roman missal.

The Papal Guard's Present.

General Kanzler, Commander of the Papal Guards, accompanied by the commanding officers of the various corps, had a private audience with the Pope. The General remitted a large sum of money collected among the rank and file of the small army, and a present of a gold writing desk, in the style of the Renaissance, adorned by the armorial bearings of the Pope in enamel. A gold pen and a paper-cutter accompanies the desk. The pen holder is gold and is adorned by the coat of arms in diamonds, stones and topaz. The handle of the paper-cutter is formed by rare, large Oriental pearls in the shape of a cornucopia. It is surmounted by a helmet in gold enamel.

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Emperor William's Precious Present.

The Mass, which was begun as soon as the applause had subsided, continued for twenty-five minutes. The effect of the music was strikingly beautiful. The chanting of an exquisitely trained choir resounded in such a way under the dome that the music came back again and again, producing effects absolutely startling. Many provincial pilgrims shed tears during the services. The Pope knelt in front of the altar after Mass and recited an Ave Maria. The high church officials who were in attendance upon the Pope during the ceremonial, then laid aloft in full view of the audience the mitres and tiars worn by the Pope during the service. This was the Emperor William's mitre. The tiara was a splendid one presented by the city of Paris.

The Day in England.

LONDON, January 1.—The letter of the Pope to Queen Victoria, which has been sent through the Duke of Norfolk, offers the thanks of his Holiness to her Majesty for having sent the Duke as their representative to her congratulations. The Pope addressed to her Catholic Majesty the Queen for the kindness shown to subjects, diplomatic relations will be speedily resumed.

Special Masses in honor of the Pope's Jubilee were celebrated to-day in the cathedrals and other churches throughout Great Brittain. The ceremonies were largely attended, and fervent enthusiasm was manifest.

Good Health of the Holy Father.

ROME, January 2.—At the conclusion of the jubilee services yesterday the Pope retired to his private apartments and rested for two hours. His Holiness was not feeling ill, however, from the effects of his exertions during the Mass at St. Peter's in the morning, and to-day is in his usual health. Yesterday he received 2600 congratulatory telegrams. His Holiness has informed all the special foreign envoys that he will grant them an audience by their leave taking whenever they desire.

The Pope Addresses the Vast Congregation

A *Te Deum* was now sung, and after this the Pope turned towards the great crowd, and in a few words, so clearly and distinctly spoken, that they could be heard quite a distance from the altar, thanked those present for their manifestations of kindness and sympathy. Before he was permitted to pronounce the Apostolic Benediction he was again made the recipient of another tremendous outbreak of applause. The enthusiasm which followed his last words of his address was greater even than upon his first appearance. The Pope's face flushed. Cheers, shouts and vivas were heard in every part of the great assemblage. All united in one voice hailing him saying "Viva Pontefice!" "Viva Papa!" and again, "Viva Leone XIII!" "Long shouted "Viva il Papa." The noise of acclaiment and enthusiasm was heightened by the waving of handkerchiefs in every hand. Leo XIII looked very much moved, and as he faced this tremendous demonstration his face brightened. Indeed, at no time during last week has his face worn such a look of unclouded happiness as at the close of today's ceremony in St. Peter's. He was brought to the church in a sedan chair presented him by the city of Naples. The pedestal antiquated any possible demonstration of anti-clericals. There was not a single sense of disturbance or disorder anywhere.

The Pope's Dinner.

The Pope's appearance in the Basilica of St. Peter's was the first appearance of the Pope there since Victor Emmanuel entered Rome in 1870 with troops to overpaly the temporal authority. The Pope was assisted in the low Mass by Monsignor Lenti and Monsignor Sanminiatelli, Cardinal Mertel held the basin in which the Pope washed his hands, and Cardinal Hergenrother changed the Pope's robe which was given to him by the Roman nobility. The pastoral ring was a present from the Austrian Archduke. The chalice was a gift from the King of Portugal. The mitre was from the Emperor of Germany. The tiara, covered with a shower of pearls, was presented by the clergy of Paris, and the plate used during the Mass was given by the Queen of England. The city was brilliantly illuminated to-night.

The Day in Spain.

MADRID, Jan. 1.—The Queen Regent, accompanied by members of her court and Cabinet Ministers, attended the Jubilee Mass in the Madrid Cathedral to-day. All the Government offices were decorated and at night brilliantly lighted in honor of the Pope.

JUBILEE SERVICES.

How the Day was Celebrated in Eastern Cities.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 1.—The Pope's Golden Jubilee was celebrated here to-day with appropriate services in all the Catholic churches of the archdiocese.

The most interesting service was held in the old cathedral. Cardinal Gibbons conducted the services, the grandeur of which was fully in keeping with the pomp of the Roman ritual. The scene within the church at the Mass was impressive. Elaborate preparations had been made.

Cardinal Gibbons wore his red berretta and magna cappa, the train of which was carried by six altar boys. When he reached the sanctuary, he went to the archiepiscopal throne, which had been raised for the occasion. Its set upon the throne throughout the Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. A. Magnan, Chaplain of the Sacrum Consistory.

Just after the first Gospel, the Cardinal changed his magna cappa for a trimphe robe, and preached a sermon on the Papacy, making special reference to the life and influence of Leo XIII., and to the honors recently paid to him by all nations, irrespective of religious belief.

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

Poetry.

(For the Monitor.)

A PLEA FOR THE NEW YEAR.

While my mother chamber here I sit
This festive New Year's twilight on the air
Outside the jubilant bells from swaying towers
Toll out the glad year's exoplosion. And oh! God,
While speechless fain is everything around me along
The dark and narrow halls of endless Time,
In spite do I pause and pray to Thee
With arms outstretched in supplicant, and will
Pray:
Tearful with hope and humb ulcerity.
Oh! through the wall-ribs of Thy white throne
Since ages past, like the star-platoons on
Of ocean's waves warping upon the rocks,
Let my dear plea—like unto far-reaching wave—
Rise up to Thee.

Oh! Great me, gracious Lord,
That this year may be one of simple peace,
Of gentle happiness, of hopes made good,
Of fields detected, and of promises
In faith fulfilled.

Oh! Great as that I may
Throw off the shackles of fertilious Sin—
Once more to be true image of Thyself,
And sweet partaker of Thy saving grace!

C. ARMONT DUTR.

San Francisco, January 1, 1890.

(For the Monitor.)

A GLANCE INTO FUTURITY.

I dreamt, last night, a pleasant dream,
And dreamt it o'er and o'er,
Of people's bright continuous stream
Came rolling towards my door,
With a splendor and a softness
I had never seen before.

Midnight! I saw a beauteous maid
Descending with and tears,
Her helpless friends in misery Said,
Cast down by myriad fears,
Which English cunning hath devised
Since hundreds have passed years.

And as I gazed a smile awoke
From out her lambent eyes,
Which said to plain as if she spoke—
"Soon, soon, they will arise
And fling their tear-stained banner
To the breezes of the sky.

From deep affliction will they spring—
From slavery and woe;
And stars defiance will they fling
To England—hated foe.
When bright upon the emerald isle
Will the star of Freedom glow.

Shall Jubbies, with face all fair,
And joys usually English hand,
Of Nick's nobody land
When emancipated reveal Liberty
And her attendant band."

My heated blood began to boil,
And surged with rapid glow,
To think that on the dark green land soil,
The flag of Liberty
Should wave as in the storied time,
O'er verdant land and sea.

But now the morning's cruddy light
Came drowsily through the dose,
With gentle sway waftures the night,
And bids him unwind over
Those who are sometimes had a happy
The good God to adore.

The Peace of God.

Maurice Francis Egan in the "Catholic Home Almanac."

As Mary Desmoulin turned into Bleecker Street about the hour of six on a midsummer night, she heard a series of pathetic steps following her. Miss Desmoulin had of late led a lonely life, and a lonely life produces one of two fancies. In those footsteps sounded in Broadway and then came around the corner, she turned to look.

A young man of the type that always is beginning to be a man of books—or rather a stream of heads which is moving to an unknown sea. But Miss Desmoulin had left the great stores of Montagy & Co. a little earlier than usual, and at this time, just a few minutes later these tiny footsteps she had heard would have been lost in a throng of hurrying steps of people homeward bound,—there was a lull; and so she heard them.

Mary Desmoulin's mind was full of bitter thoughts. She had been rich, she was poor. She had been free; she felt that she was almost a slave; she had had many friends; she was alone. She had watched the rain and the snow fall and heard the moaning wind howl, and it had only meant to her warmer fires, an easy chair, and more comfort than usual. Now snow and rain and wild weather had a new meaning to her. She must earn her living. If she ceased to work she must starve. Death had taken father and mother, brother and sister from her side, and when a fair maiden of sixteen had left her penniless, she disappeared from her old, pleasant world, and found a place in one of those large emporiums where many young women are employed. She was affronted—sometimes reprimanded,—as Miss Desmoulin." She said to herself that she might have been a slave for all anybody cared for her. She earned the people who rode in carriages and whose fine toilettes brought out the shabbiness of her old frock, as she wearily unrolled silk and velvet for their inspection. She almost hated them. She believed that the best thing in the world was money. It had given her all she wanted.

She had knelt, with propriety in a Protestant church, in which the appointments had been after the most approved ritualistic manner. She had listened to eloquent sermons the necessity of symbolism and ceremonies and the superiority of the Roman Catholic Church in matters of this kind. But the preacher had been so earnestly, almost impassioned, that he had forgotten to teach any laughable doctrine and, in fact, had always expressed horror at the "iron clad and unchanging dogmatism of that Church." In this way, Mary had never acquired any positive help from religion, as it was taught. She had associated it with new gowns at Easter, comfortable pews, plenty of wax candles, and artistic stained glass. It was part of the routine of a young woman in society to attend church; but all the churches were good enough for the poor in them. And yet, she had never felt poor and lonely. She had never imagined that religion was a thing to put on Sundays, and take off again when the owner left church. It was very much a costly robe.

When the clouds had rolled over she was twenty years of age. She was twenty-three, fresh, frugal living and hard work made her look older; there was a wrinkle in her forehead and a set look about her mouth which told of suffering and impatience. But her blue eyes sometimes had a lonesome and kind expression in them, and her smoothly-rolled brown hair and her black dress, sympathetic souls, her good-humoured walk, and trained voice, proclaimed the lady.

The worst of her condition was not that she had worked for two dollars a week after three years of industry and thrift, but that she had learned how to go to an almshouse, but that her poverty had brought such doubt, such discouragement, such hopelessness, such bitterness, such despair and such cry of them.

She lived in a house in Bleecker Street, and, as she turned into it, she heard steps beginning to be a man of books—or rather a stream of heads which is moving to an unknown sea. But Miss Desmoulin had left the great store

THE MONITOR.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1888

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—It is now hinted that Detroit will be made an Archiepiscopal See, and that Bishop Marty of Dakota will be its first Archbishop.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Daily News* says the rumors of the establishment of diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See are unfounded. Just what the MONITOR said three weeks ago.

—Archbishop Ryan arrived safely at Queenstown last week, and proceeded at once to the county Tipperary where he intended spending a week in his boyhood's home and among his relatives.

—The next Consistory will be held in March. It is rumored from Rome that the Archbishops of Paris and Cologne will be made Cardinals during this month, that the Archbishoprc of Milwaukee will be divided and that a Coadjutor will shortly be given Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis.

—Statistics published by the daily press show that the horrible crime of suicide is on the increase in San Francisco. Here is the monthly record of the 82 cases which occurred during the past year. In January there were 7, February 5, March 2, April 9, May 5, June 12, July 5, August 7, September 13, October 5, November 3 and December 9.

—The Holy Father has been pleased to approve the Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda nominating the Rev. Thomas McGovern, parish priest of Dunville, Pennsylvania, Bishop of the See of Harrisburg, and appointing the Right Rev. P. Hall, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Marybels Abbey, Vicar Apostolic, episcopal character, of the Vicariate of North Carolina.

—The English papers are spreading alarming reports concerning the increase of leprosy throughout Europe. The horrible disease has been traced to the Chinese either by direct importation, when or to exist, occurring among whites who have been exposed to contagion from the Chinese—a particularly noticeable among soldiers, sailors, merchants, missionaries, and others whose vocations bring them into contact with the Orient. Following the Crusades leprosy prevailed throughout Europe to a frightful extent. The swarming of the Chinese in California, and close relations with that country, open the way to a similar visitation here.

—The Paris correspondent of an English paper thus sketches the new President of the French Republic: "I have often met M. Carnot at the houses of friends without raising anything in him foreshadowing an exceptional elevation. He is quiet, well-bred, sufficiently affable, preferring to reply by monosyllables, and afraid of putting himself forward. He does not seek the society of men, though he shows no uneasiness in it; he has seems a little awkward in the society of ladies, and his conversation with them rarely goes beyond an exchange of commonplaces. His influence are few, and his home life is simple, but comfortable."

—Balfour's bailiffs in Ireland still keep the jail doors open for the reception of victims. He has now about 200 under lock and key. He has selected the approach of the season of peace and good will to put a priest in prison, and we may hear that at any moment in the United States. The new Vicar-Apostolic was educated in St. Vincent's Abbey College, and took the usual pledge of his order September 17, 1862, and the solemn vows October 5, 1872. He was ordained priest December 21, 1872, and was assigned to educational works in the College until his election as Abbot of St. Mary's in the spring of 1885. He was the first Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey, which was founded at that time. The Abbatial Benediction was conferred on Abbot Hand by Bishop Northrop in Charleston. He will probably retain that office in commendam, with his new dignity. The Bishop-elect is endowed with practical administrative abilities, and with fluency and force as a speaker.

—Connected with the consecration of Bishop Heaney—says the Milwaukee Citizen—was one of those divine little episodes almost too sacred to touch upon, and yet so full of sweetness that it were a pity to withhold its tender grace. The school sisters had passed from the sanctuary, the last throng from the church, the nuns were hushed, the lights extinguished, but still there lingered near the chancel a group of worshippers, the central figure of which was a venerable and lovely lady. Into the newly-made Prelate came forth in his purple robes. He said "Mother." She knelt before him and he laid his hand upon her head and blessed her. Tears sprang to eyes that witnessed this holy scene. What must have been the emotions of the mother and child hearts? The Bishop told his mother how he had looked for her in the congregation—meaning at the time he imparted the solemn benediction at the conclusion of the Mass—as he wished that she should be the first to receive his blessing.

—It is only sixty-five years since the first Catholic church was erected in New Hampshire. The building was the renowned Father Virgil Horace Barber, who was at one time a Protestant Episcopal preacher, but who, by the grace of God, was converted to the true faith, with his wife, son and daughters. Mr. Barber became a priest, his wife and daughters entering the Ursuline and Visitation Orders. We mention these facts merely to show the small grain of mustard seed from which the Church has grown in New Hampshire as we read in a secular paper recently that in the city of Manchester just that State there are now sixteen children in the Catholic schools than in the public schools. Evidently Puritanism does not prosper even in the soil of New England where it first germinated in America.

Help Where Help is Needed.

We regret to learn that the damage caused by the late fire at St. Mary's Hospital is much greater than has been supposed. The statements formally made by some of the daily papers that the losses were covered by insurance are wholly incorrect. The school furniture was uninsured except one piano, and the buildings themselves had only an insurance of two thousand dollars on them, while the loss from the fire in buildings and furniture exceeds twelve thousand dollars. This is estimated of the injury done to the stock which is more than double the whole amount of insurance on it. The whole loss to the Sisters will not fall short of fifteen thousand dollars and will probably exceed that amount. As the community is burdened with a very heavy debt, largely incurred in the support of the old Ladies' Home and the other numerous charities supported by the Sisters of Mercy, this loss is a very severe one and we have no doubt but assistance will be freely offered by the public to enable them to rebuild their schools where the facts are known.

It is impossible for the Sisters to restore the school buildings at present unless help is given them. They have provided as almost wholly gratuitous education for over four hundred children in the schools just destroyed and it is to be hoped that the charity of the public will provide them with the means for continuing the good work as soon as far as restoring the buildings as speedily as possible. Subscriptions can be sent to the Superiores at St. Mary's Hospital, or to the Monitor office, 536 Kearny street, the acknowledgement of which will be given in our columns.

To Favors from a Brutal Government.

We learn from our Irish exchanges that when the patriotic Prelate of Cashel heard of the brutal treatment of Mr. Maud still in Tullamore jail by Balfour's bailiffs, Archbishop Croke indignantly declined to have any further correspondence with Dublin Castle as to permission to visit William O Brien in his present cell. His Grace repeatedly made an application to the "Irish Prisons Board" to be allowed to see Mr. O'Brien, observing at the same time that he had obtained similar permission some years ago from the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, to visit Michael Davitt in Portland Prison. The Archbishop's application was answered to the effect that the Prison Board had no power to grant his request but that the matter would be referred to the Government for decision. Meanwhile information of the refusal of the clothes off Mr. Mandeville by prison officials under the direction of the prison Governor was made public, whereupon Archbishop Croke wrote to the authorities that he "would not accept even a nominal favor from a tyrannical government for Mr. Mandeville's barbarities practiced on Mr. Maudeville. The entire Irish race will applaud the spirited action of the Prelate of Cashel. He has voiced the sentiment of an overwhelming majority of his countrymen.

A Benedictine Honored.

A dispatch from Rome to Cardinal Gibbons announces the appointment of Right Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., as Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. He is now Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey, Gaston county, N. C. A native of Pennsylvania, he was born near St. Vincent's Abbey, in Westmoreland county, in that State, July 15, 1849. St. Vincent's Abbey is the Mother Abbey of the Benedictines in the United States. The new Vicar-Apostolic was educated in St. Vincent's Abbey College, and took the usual pledge of his order September 17, 1867, and the solemn vows October 5, 1872. He was ordained priest December 21, 1872, and was assigned to educational works in the College until his election as Abbot of St. Mary's in the spring of 1885. He was the first Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey, which was founded at that time. The Abbatial Benediction was conferred on Abbot Hand by Bishop Northrop in Charleston. He will probably retain that office in commendam, with his new dignity. The Bishop-elect is endowed with practical administrative abilities, and with fluency and force as a speaker.

How Sectarians Spread Immorality.

Protestantism had its foundation in Infidelity and its continuance in lust. It can be anything else than impious in its influence upon the human family. Here is a description, taken from the Boston *Transcript*, of Fifty Fulton's lecture to that city which plainly demonstrates the disastrous influence which Protestant preachers like Fulton exercise upon every community where moral purity is blasted by their blighting presence. "Let us try," says the *Transcript*, "to see into the scene. It has been announced far and wide for days previously that the subject to be—"The Priest's Substitute for Marriage." At the appointed hour the hall is already thronged. A dozen or more boys, ranging in the age from ten to eigh teen years, are seen running to gain an entrance. As they rush through the swinging doors they find not only that all the seats within reach are occupied by people young and old but that girls in their teens are standing, for want of seats, in groups just inside the doors. However, presently a fleecy of girls is led to chairs on the platform and some of the boys perch on the floor of the platform with their legs dangling down in front. When all are made as comfortable as possible the services begin. A testimonial and the sermon proceeds. Large portions of the sermon consist of details concerning alleged acts of immorality committed by priests and nuns. And from beginning to end, at intervals of not more than a few minutes, frequently several in one minute, shouts of laughter, uproarious applause and other such demonstrations of approval and enjoyment greeted the speaker. More than twenty times there was loud laughter at one time. Every time it was in response to something said manifestly to gratify or please the boys, and nearly each time it was in response to a remark which pandered to the sensual appetites of the young.

This is the way Protestant preachers help to Christianize and elevate our youth, and on the more readily become victims of the worst forms of vice. When the earn of youth are corrupted and Sabbath Schools are barrier between virtue and vice has been broken down and every young man and young woman leaves the hall where such Satanical "services" were performed, prepared to adopt any vice that may present itself to their perverted imaginations. For this sectarianism is solely responsible, and as the sower of the seeds of sinfulness throughout the world it may be said to be a most diabolical success.

Protestant Repudiating Protestant Missionaries.

The rather strange fact—says the New Zealand *Tablet*—that the Protestant authorities of the republic of Liberia in Africa have applied to Rome for Catholic evangelists and Religious to manage their schools and hospitals, has been accounted for by the reports relating to missionary enterprise on the continent in question given by the late Dr. Lenz the Austrian, and Baron von Barth, the German African travellers. The accounts given by Dr. Lenz were contradicted by an African missionary in a letter to the *Times*, and, as they were libel on a sacred order, the contradiction was the more readily accepted. Baron von Schwerin, however, who goes still further than Dr. Lenz in the contempt he expresses for Protestant missions, and in his admiration for those conducted by Catholic missionaries, is a staunch Lutheran, and accounts by his being so for the failure of what he had witnessed among the Protestant missions to convert him. The Baron does not attribute the failure of the missionaries of the Protestant sects to any fault in the religious systems they follow but rather to the character of the men themselves, whom he stigmatizes as almost total failures. Rather, he says, "can an unclean greasers or cockbirders preach a faith they do not understand?" "They are, he adds, a disgrace to civilization." But it is a hopeful sign that the people of Liberia have been able to draw a contrast, and that they prove themselves to be more sensible of their participation in applying as they have done, to Rome for the religious assistance they require.

—A London correspondent says that Michael Davitt passed through the English metropolis recently on his way to address meetings in the big English manufacturing towns called to congratulate with Home Rule movements. Davitt's lean and sallow face looked very much worn. The strain is beginning to tell on him. He was pale and nervous, for very north in earnest, as usual. The strong physical endurance, he said, so astonished throughout England in the meetings called to protest against the brutality and savagery of the present coercion government in Ireland. It is not confined to any particular country, but is found in all quarters of Great Britain. "The clergy," he said, "are endeavoring so with the utmost cordiality, the Congregational ministers manifesting the keenest and most independent spirit. This is one of the most cheering of the many encouraging features of my visit. It should not be a happy New Year for the Tories when they consider their brutal work in Ireland. Not for many years has there been such misery as exists today all over our country. People are relied with a hatred that knows no mercy, and at this time, when the hearts of Englishmen are tendered to Ireland's grief, the Tory foes are lamentably friendless with unprecedented severity."

—The Church of the Immaculate Conception, East Fourteenth street, New York, Rev. John Edwards, rector, was consecrated last week, being free from debt, by Archbishop Corrigan, assisted by a number of Prelates and priests. Bishop Loughlin of Curious celebrated the Mass, and Bishop Mertsand of Rochester delivered the sermon.

The latest news from Alaska states that Frank Fuller, the murderer of Archbishop Seghers has been found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years imprisonment on McNeil's Island and to pay a fine of $1,000. Some of the jury were of the opinion that Fuller was crazy when he committed the inhuman crime, hence his escape from the gallows.

American Jubilee Offerings to Ireland Vindicated by English the Holy Father.

The congratulatory letter of the whole Hierarchy of the United States to the Sovereign Pontiff, which we print this week was presented to the Pope personally by the Right Rev. Rector of the North American College. It was written in Latin and engrossed in a beautiful and artistic manner by three of the Christian Brothers at St. Joseph's Academy, Baltimore. The title, "Illustrissimo Pontifice," was in Gothic, with ornamentation in illuminated colors, at the top of the cover, was a magnificent representation of the tiara. To the left of the title was a pontifical cross; and to the right was the Pope's triple cross, all of which, including the title itself, raised from the surface and united to seem to resemble gold stamp. The body of the letter was in American round hand, after the Spencerian style. The whole was surrounded by a figurative framework also raised from the surface of the paper, consisting of a harmonious combination of flowers, the colors so delicately blended as to give the most exquisite effect. The dimensions of the engrossed letter were thirteen by eighteen inches. The name of the several members of the American hierarchy were on a printed page, accompanying the Address proper.

Mgr. O'Connell likewise presented an address of the Cardinal Archbishop, clergy, and faithful of the Diocese of Baltimore, together with 31,364 Irish Jubilee offerings from that Sees; the offerings of the Diocese of Sacramento, California, a Jubilee offering from the Sisters of the Joseph of Cluny, consisting of a purse, an address, in their own tongue, but in Latin characters, with an English translation, from the Diocese of Dunedin of the Diocese of Nelson, the number some 3,000 Lira part of an amount and formerly presented to Leo XIII., who had never to have shed the blood of a man." The address is from the children of Joseph, the mission of the Holy Redeemer, taught by the Christian Brothers, with three Sisters of Mercy, and founded in 1883, the members some 150 baptized Indians, who expressed in the address their fellowship to those of the Holy Faith, and entreat the "Christ Spirit" to shower on them divine blessings. The "Irish Club," under whose Protectorate they have learned the truths of the faith which will lead them to that celestial country where the "Pale Faces and the Red Skins will form but one family, and termination in employing the Holy Father to bless the Neophytes of Mississippi."

The Pope was much interested in this address, strive to pronounce the word "Choctaw," and desired Mgr. O'Connell to see that a French translation be made, to enable him to read the sentiments of filial devotion of his Indian children, to whom he sent a heartfelt Apostolic Benediction. His Holiness further charged the Rector to convey to the American Episcopacy the story of faithful of Baltimore and of Sacramento, his thanks and blessing, as also to the other dioceses who have contributed, since the special Benediction for the enterprise of Right Rev. P. Manogue, Bishop of the New Island, succeeded in the Holy See, the rejoicing Pontiff. The Tabernacle Society of Notre Dame, Philadelphia, affiliated to the Congregation of Notre Dame, sent a jubilee offering—$[illegible]—to the Holy Father, and the Sisters of Charity, Philadelphia, sent a purse, to be afterwards presented to such remote parts of the Pope may select. The Tabernacle Society of New York, likewise duly affiliated to the centre in Rome, sent a similar offering in money, and the Confraternity of the Holy Family, economically erected in the city of New York, sent a similar offering of communions, prayers, good works, &c., in honor of the Papal Jubilee.

Ireland's Present Attitude.

In a letter written a couple of weeks ago Monsignor Bonomelli (Bishop) thus sums up the present attitude of Ireland in the Tory question—the question of the Tory power—that wronged and injured land:

It is not, says Mgr. Bonomelli, a question of patient endurance, as against a ferocious dragon armed with a scaly Corsican act, backed by a judiciary and a gaoler, and a spy, the docile instruments of the Executive, and supported in every contingent measure by the British army and the Royal Irish Constabulary.

It is hard, in the light of more human wisdom, to see Ireland's Christian, but also in the pitiless reactionaries of the Salisbury and Balfour Ministry, can escape political sin. Such is the terrible struggle for mere existence which is going on in my poor native land, as I am preparing to leave it for ever, and for him, my dear friend, I write. My hope is in the unconquerable spirit of the people, which prompts to a quiet but resolute and hopefulness as such act in the drama of the national resistance displays new depths of suffering and deeper and what affords the hope is ground so firm as that the heart of this small island is a Christian heart, rich in the purest virtues of a nature made beautiful by God and had loved by the fidelity of centuries.

I trust also to the awakened public opinion of the civilized world. Freedom, to the three kingdoms, was by the sword of William and his Norman, is pulling forth its last supreme effort to struggle in Ireland the enthusiasm of Celtic nationality. It is well that in this last battle all the wrong done, the injustice, the cruelty, the level of by should be on the side of the foulest land of Christendom, governed by Salisbury and his worthy nephew. Were these men and their Unionists, who is the personification of blind, merciless landlord greed, to succeed in uprooting and crushing out all resistance, and in exterminating from the face of Ireland the very last remnant of her Celtic population, their victory would be more most terrible defeat, the final downfall of that feudal system which has been the bane of the social freedom implanted and nurtured by Europe by Christianity.

But Salisbury and Balfour can gather from the brave manifestations of popular opinion which daily swell louder and more angry around Dunning street and Bucking ham Palace that the hour is nearly at hand against them in London and all over England. This means the victory of Irish nationality.

Twenty years, as they linger finally in this dear land of my forefathers, there is, then, a light which breaks vividly over the eastern hills, and which gives the echo of the closer horse soil.

Bonomelli Cortese tend to remark that the history of civilization is the history of Christianity, and the history of Christianity is the history of the Catholic Church, and the history of the Catholic Church is the history of the Pontiffs, the greatest benefactors and rulers of the Christian world.

THE AMERICAN PRELATES

Congratulatory Letter to the Holy Father.

The letter of the Bishops of the United States to the Holy Father breathes a spirit of loyal and loyalty worthy of the last age of the faith, which cannot fail to be acceptable to Pius IX. It was presented to Leo XIII. on Friday last. The following is a literal translation of this important document:

Most Holy Father—As the devotion of a Christian people, the dignity of your office and the importance of the deeds done by you certainly demand, the whole world now congratulates you on the fifteenth joyful and glorious anniversary of that day whereon you received the Christian priesthood. Nor have your years been shipped since you shed robed yourself wholly in God, and wholly devoted yourself to service in performing the sacred rites in the temple and in fortifying Divine worship.

Nor have you ever been found wanting in the fulfillment of your duty or your promise. All are aware how carefully were you educated to the service of the altar when you became a boy, and how, in your early years, you grew virtuous. Then, when you were ordained priest, you shone more, nothing was nearer your heart than the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and nothing so tried and filled you with joy as to be employed in the sacred ministry. Thus shortly the prudent mind of your Holiness, ripened by the ripe years, and by the profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and of the Sacred Canons, was soon called to the Episcopal dignity, and was so well and happily exercise your office, that you seemed to be born for the Episcopacy. Nor, indeed, your humility deterred you from the Episcopal dignity, your zeal and your learning, which you had so well and happily exercised in the Episcopal office, you were called to the Sacred College, and by the Pontiff Pius IX. of blessed memory, you were made the right hand of the Pontiff, and the counsellor, and the teacher of the Church, and the defender of the Holy Faith, and the guardian

Farm and Home.

It Pays to Think.

A striking instance of the extent to which labor saving machinery is carried nowadays, says the *Industrial Journal*, is shown in the tin-can industry. Everybody knows that the cans are manufactured by machinery. One of the machines used in the process solders the longitudinal seams of the can at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans rushing along in a continuous stream. You, of course, a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside can be easily cleaned away, but it is not so easy to scrape the drop left on the inside. It wouldn't do, of course, to retard the speed of the wheel—better waste the drop, it is only a little, sapphow, and to 99 men in 100 it would not seem worth a minute's attention. The hundredth man worked for a firm using one of these machines, and he set about devising an ingenious arrangement for spinning inside of the can, thereby saving that drop of solder and leaving none to come in contact with the contents of the can. He was encouraged by his employer to patent his invention, did so, and has already received several thousand dollars in royalties for its use. As the machine solders 20,000 cans a day, the solder saved by his invention amounted to $15 a day. It pays to think as you work.

Drink to Make You Work.

"Oh, I only 'drink to make me work,' said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right; drink just to make you work! Listen to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that may do you good."

"I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and lived happily together. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted and she now lies by her two sons. I am nearly two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I need to drink to make me work, and mark, it makes me work now. At twenty years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Yes; drink! and it will make you work."

It is Well to Remember.

That shader, like mud, dries and falls off.

That he who gathers roses must not fear thorns.

That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

That all are not princes who ride with the emperor.

That correction is good when administered in season.

That it takes a great deal of grass to be able to bear praise.

That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That to have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.

That there is no limit to the use of a thick, a sour map not make a foot of himself.

That the cross of pleasure seldom lasts long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

That a man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.

The Bond of Union.

A man unfamiliar with the blacksmith's art spent several hours in vainly trying to unite two bars of iron by hammering them on an anvil. At last he did what he should have done at first: he placed them in the fire until they were glowing with white heat. Then a few blows united them, and that so firmly that they could not be parted. And so it is with a family. Let its members be without love for one another, and they will be only so many isolated units, cold and careless of one another's welfare and happiness. But let the fire of love be laid upon them, and they will soon discover that they are of one mind and of one heart.

A Ten-acre Orchard.

Last week we had an item about an eight-acre orchard which united the crame $6,500. C. B. King, of San Leandro, has ten acres planted to plums, cherries, prunes and one acre of pears that has for three years paid netted him $900 an acre, or just $2000 net each year. King paid for the plum in three years, besides making a living on it. The higher-priced pears netted was the year before Mr. King purchased it, when it cleared just $2,700. Let San Benito or any other county give us another walnut to smoke.—*Haywards Journal.*

Heroism of the Country Doctor.

There is no finer and nobler work to which a man who has the requisite qualification of intense human sympathy can devote himself, that the work of a physician in general practice.

Curtyle said he honored but two men, but I should place before either of the two whom he names the country doctor, ready and willing to be called up at the dead of a stormy morning, to harness, perhaps, with his own hands, the old gray—who, forsooth, lately for him, knows those dark roads and unsaveys better than he does—that he may drive across the country a dozen miles for the relief of some old woman who has not a penny to pay him any recompense.

I am one of those people who believe that this sort of thing came in with the Christian religion and is a visible expression of what the Christian religion is for; and there are no houses which I think the great for the man who is willing to enlist in that duty.—*Dr. Hale, in the Forum.*

Things Worth Knowing.

To clean zinc use strong vinegar.

Popcorn is good for nausea and cranberry for malaria.

Eating onions and horseradish is claimed to relieve dyspeptic swellings.

The addition of a few drops of oil of almonds will keep ink from becoming moldy.

A paste of plaster of paris and water will fasten the brass cover to an ink stand.

For neuralgia try a flannel strung out of hot water and sprinkled thickly with black pepper.

A cloth wrung out of cold water and wound around the neck is said to be good for a sore throat.

The common hard, red pimples on the face may be cured by frequent bathing of the face in salt water.

Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold water; it will give relief almost instantly.

Lime water is good for chilblains. Use strong and hot. A saturated solution of alum in water, is also a remedy.

The white of an egg beaten and rubbed into the head three or four times a week is claimed will prevent the hair from falling out.

For ingrowing toenails one equal parts of mutton tallow, castile soap and lime sugar made into a salve. Apply until the swelling is down, then trim the nail in the center.

Family Fun.

Short Smiles.

Charley Smith, a New Yorker, visits a Boston restaurant with a friend.

Friend—It is the habit here, dear boy, to name some dish on the bill of fare after the great. I told the chef you were coming in dine. Waiter, the *mous.*

Waiter (to mouse, and friend peruses it. C. Smith—Well, have they got my name right?

Friend—Yes. Calf's brain poulette a la Charley Smith.

—

"Say, doctor, can'you bleach this nose of mine in some way?" asked old Bibbler.

"It is possible," replied the doctor, "but I think you will find it better to let nature take her course."

"But I'd be left sure if I do," returned old Bibbler. "You see I'm just received the nomination on the Prohibition ticket."

—

Young Lady (on the beach)—How lovely the sea foam is, Count Spaghetti!

Italian Count (forgetting himself)—Very tasty. It ees six par excellence for dandruff.

—

"How is Brown getting on, doctor, any better?"

"Oh, Brown has been up and about for two weeks."

"Then you don't go to see him any more?"

"Don't I! I want to his office three times yesterday, to see him and I'm on my way there now."

—

"My young friend," he said gravely, "do you know what prohibition means?"

"Yes, sir," replied the friend, who seem ed to be a person of intelligence; "it means that a man drinks far more as much as he ought to use drink."

—

Wife (to late husband)—What time is it, John?

Husband (consulting his watch unnatural ly)—One o'clock, Benedict's time.

Wife (repeatedly)—No it was, John. That's bachelor time. Benedict's time is not later than nine o'clock.

—

"Conductor," said a passenger on a Southern railroad, "my hat has blown out of the window."

"How long ago."

"About ten minutes."

"Well," said the conductor, pulling the rope, "I'll back up for it, but it's lucky for you you spoke in time."

—

"Come up to the house, Dumley," said Robinson, "and take dinner with me."

"Will Mrs. Robinson expect me?"

"No, that's just the beauty of it. Her mother is paying us a long visit, and I want to make the old lady mad."

—

Gilbody—Sad affair over at Jones'.

Gus De Smith—What's the matter?

G.—One of the twins has died.

Gus De S.—That is an affliction.

G.—Yes, and the worst of it is the people don't know which is dead, they look so much alike.

—

The keeper gave the lion a large piece of meat.

Poet—Does he get that often?

Keeper—He gets it regularly twice a day.

Poet (with clasped hands)—What a boon it would be if I could only get a position as lion here.

Pleasant Dreams.

"It isn't my body I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mr. Jenkins to the landlord and extremely nervous young relative who was spending his first night in B——, at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me, sir," he went on. "My first husband died on that bed with his head on them ere pillers, and poor Mr. Jenkins died setin' right in that very chair there in the corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him setin' there still.

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under that winder. Poor pa! He was a Spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again after he died; and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him tonight, you'd better not tell me, for it'd be a sign to me that thers was something in Spiritualism, and I'd hate to think it is.

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in the closet that belonged to him and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer."

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."

An Arrectic Customer.

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this an office till the boat starts. I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," cried the clerk; "take him out."

"Well, stranger, this is cruel; but you're both dispositioned alike, and he is kinder company for you."

"Take him out," roared the clerk.

"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching; here, Hero, go," he said to the dog, "sit down here and watch that fellow sharp," and turning on his heel, he said, "If he kim out stranger, if his resolutioners." The dog lay there till the boat started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better half of his office.

A New Method With the Sick.

"Doctor, do you think I shall recover?"

"I don't think anything about it; I know it."

And pulling a paper out of his pocket he hands it to his patient.

"Here are the statistics relative to your case. You see that one out of every hundred is cured.

"Well!" asks the sick man nearly frightened to death at this announcement.

"Well, your's the hundredth! Fortunately, the other ninety-nine I lost.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, painful eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and over a year had to running sores on my neck. Took five bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and cured." C. F. LOWELL, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is positively cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Sipes, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by healing injuries. At times his limbs would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without any. Finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the soles of his feet. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Hutchinson, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

MISCELLANEOUS.

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COLOR EVERYTHING.

Unequalled for Silk, Wool, Cotton and all Fabrics and Fancywoods. Brilliant, Durable and Economical. Any one can use them.

32 COLORS—10 CENTS EACH.

Remember, these are the only Pure, Harmless and Unadulterated Dyes.

Beware of other Dyes, because often Poisonous, Adulterated, Weak and Worthless.

We warrant their Dyes to color more goods, more quickly, more perfectly, and more durably than any other Dyes. Sample dyed free.

THE DIAMOND PAINTS, GOLD, SILVER, BRONZE and COPPER for gilding Picture Frames, Mouldings, Lamps, Chandeliers, and for all kinds of ornamental work. Gold Paint, Gold Size, Gold Leaf, and Gilders' Tools. Sample of Paint, with a copy of our Gilders' Guide and Decorator's Assistant, sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address DIAMOND DYE CO., Burlington, Vt.

5% INTEREST.

WITH

FIVE DOLLARS

IN THE SECURITIES OF

5-IMP. AUST. 100-FLORIN GOVERNMENT BOND.

ISSUED OF 1867,

Wednesday, the 1st of FEBRUARY

These bonds are shares in an Austrian Government loan, and are secured by the Imperial Treasury and redeemed at one right and hold bond is redeemed at the rate of 100 florins ($47.00) for each share, or 5% on the whole sum by drawings to be repeated in future ranging from 120 florins to 50,000 florins among the holders of the shares redeemed at each drawing. The bonds also bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable each semi-annually. Every bond is entitled to

Two Drawings Annually,

Until such and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium, according to the number of the following premium scale, as follows:

NO BLANKS.			
Premiums.		Florins.	Florins.
1	"	100,000	100,000
1	"	50,000	50,000
1	"	20,000	20,000
2	"	8,000	16,000
20	"	1,000	20,000
100	"	200	20,000
1,000	"	100	100,000
Together, 1,025 premiums, amounting to			776,000 florins

Are the next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF FEBRUARY,

And every bond bought of us ON OR BEFORE THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY, UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK P. M., is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn on that day, and will be in the interest that the bond bears.

One dollar enters each in Reservation Lottery, in consideration of which we will secure one of these bonds for the lowest price. Bonds payable in monthly instalments.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

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And all diseases arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.

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INFORMATION WANTED.

The heart-broken sister of Daniel Quinn wants to find her brother, who is supposed to be in the State or in Oregon. When she last saw him he was in Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng. He was a stone mason by trade, and must be now about 50 years of age; and our record of his Montreal residence anything about him, will receive the prayers of a broken-hearted sister by addressing

WISHFUL QUINN,

Care of Rev. Father Hurest, Hyde Park, Ill.

DOZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION

Imparts a fascinating loveliness to the face. Removes Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Sunburn and Roughness, and renders the skin soft and smooth. Recommended for all the purposes for which it is used. Ladies who have once used it will use no other. Sold by all Druggists throughout the United States and Canada.

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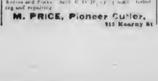

A SET OF PRICE'S Famous California-Made CARVERS.

Six Cow Horn and Bone Handles, Challenge the World. Beware of Imitations.

Bone Handles, Per Set, per pair, $1.00
Cow Horn Handles, Per Set, per pair, 1.50
Finest Silver Plated, Per Set, per pair, 2.00
Ivory Handles, Per Set, per pair, 2.50
Ivory Handles, Silver Mounted, Per Set, per pair, 3.00

Ask your Jeweler for them, and if he does not keep them, send to us, and we will send them, charges paid, on receipt of price.

M. PRICE, Pioneer Cutler, 313 Kearny St.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

"THE OCEAN'S SHORE ROUTE"

COMMENCING SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1889, Trains will leave Tiburon (Connecting with Trains leaving Sansome and Tiburon Ferries foot of Market Street, Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.	Arrive	Stations	Arrive S. F.
8:00 A. M.	10:35 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	6:05 P. M.		10:40 A. M.
4:00 P. M.	8:35 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	8:10 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	10:35 A. M.	Cloverdale.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mark West Springs, Fulton, Furlong's, Lytton Springs, Geyserville, Soda Springs, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Harbison Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Navarro River, Mendocino City and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4; to Geyserville $3.50.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, Week Days—7:00 A.M., 8:00 A.M., 11:00 A.M., 3:00 P.M., 4:15 P.M.; Sundays, 9:00 A.M., 9:30 A.M., 11:00 A.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael—Week Days: 6:05 A.M., 7:40 A.M., 10:15 A.M., 2:45 P.M., 4:20 P.M., 5:50 P.M.; Sundays, 8:40 A.M., 9:10 A.M., 10:40 A.M., 2:40 P.M., 4:40 P.M., 5:40 P.M.

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CUTTING'S JAMES R. DOHANEY'S LEAVES San Francisco and connects with trains at Sonoma Station as follows:

4.00 P. M. Daily (Sundays excepted) from Washington street, Oakland, foot of Broadway, at 3 P. M. Daily (Sundays excepted) from Market street wharf, at 3 P. M. Arrives in San Francisco at 9 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.15 A. M. Sundays only, from Washington street, Oakland, foot of Broadway. Leave Sonoma Station and wharf points. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8 P. M. Fare for the round trip, $1 for all points.

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No additional charge for Berths in Third class Cars.

Emigrants should see that their tickets read over Southern Pacific Railroad, and take no other.

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THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

How the Day was Celebrated in Eastern Cities

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

St. Paul's (Minn.) Jan. 1.—The Cathedral was packed to the doors, to-day, the occasion being the celebration of the Pope's jubilee.

A solemn Mass, with orchestral accompaniment, was celebrated by the pastor, the Rev. John Stanley. Bishop Ireland delivered a eulogy of Leo XIII, which was attentively listened to.

There were special sermons and eulogies of the Pope in all the other churches of the diocese to-day, by order of the Bishop.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1.—The golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII was celebrated with elaborate ceremonies in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in this city to-day.

Indianapolis, January 1.—The Catholics of this (Archdiocese) diocese celebrated the golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII here to-day. Several addresses were made. Among the speakers was Bishop Chatard, who has just returned from a visit to Rome.

His remarks were confined almost entirely to the present temporal condition of the Pope, who, he said, was practically a prisoner of the Italian Government. The attitude of that Government is such toward the Holy See that even the Vatican is not free from its spies who report every word and act of Pontiff.

New York, January 1.—The Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII was celebrated in all the churches of this city with characteristic and imposing ceremonies.

Chief among the churches notable for the splendor of the ceremonies was St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth avenue. The finest music was heard and several thousands knelt praising God for His gifts to the Supreme Pontiff.

THE A. O. H.

Their Beautiful Gift to Pope Leo XIII.

The offering of the Ancient Order of Hibernians to Pope Leo XIII, for his Golden Jubilee consists of a large framed silver plaque with an etched inscription and symbols of ancient Irish history. Following is the inscription beneath the Papal cross and crown:—

"Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, 1877 1887, fifty years a priest. Golden Jubilee Leo. Offering of your devoted children of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America. The children of St. Patrick will always be found loyal and devoted to the See of Peter. This offering but feebly expresses the love and veneration of the A. O. H., organized under the patronage of St. Patrick, for the present venerable occupant of that illustrious chair. May God prolong your days.

"M. F. Whilbere, National Delegate; T. H. McNalls, National Secretary; Patrick H. Byrne, National Treasurer."

Around the inscription and symbols are wreaths of shamrock. At the top are the American flag with the legend "E Pluribus Unum," and the Irish flag with "Erin Go Bragh." The plaque is fringed with green plush, and is in an elaborately carved frame of frame oak, three and a half feet square. The carving on the top includes representations of a harp and ancient Irish weapons, and on the bottom figures of two well fashioned men-at-arms, representing Ireland, including the Papal taxes, the keys of St. Peter and the other ecclesiastical emblems, and on the other side representations suggestive of Irish antiquity.

THE IRISH LAND WAR.

Glorious Victory for the Tenantry of Gweedore.

Gweedore was the biggest triumph the "Plan of Campaign" has yet achieved—a glorious victory for the tenantry. A little while ago we was so resolute as Captain Smith in the enforcement of Lord Salisbury's famous policy of pay or quit. His exactions reached to the magnitude of a campaign. For weeks the police and sabbiny marched and countermarched in that wild and desolate region, and scenes of misery were witnessed, and acts of brutality committed that recall the worst days exactly parallel. The English power was prostituted. Imperial treasure lavished like water in the effort to drive a hundred and thirty starving families from their homes. A tithe of the same spent on their extermination would have sufficed to bring comfort to the poverty stricken district. Behold the end of it all. The exterminator himself, in whose aid so much was invoked, under the strong pressure of the "Plan of Campaign," has gone on his knees, confessed the impotent handcuffs and implored the forgiveness and forbearance of his persecuted tenantry.

Captain Hill has been compelled to give, in the end, far more liberal concessions than were demanded in the beginning. Every one of the hundred odd tenants came back into his home. An all-round reduction of sixty per cent. is granted out of the rents, and Captain Hill has to pay the legal piper to the tune of £900 for his eviction diversion. It strikes us that the Irish and western Government looks remarkably foolish in the face of this outcome. The vast sums of public money might have just as well been thrown into the deep sea. The costly service of military and police for which the public pays might have been just as usefully and far more innocently employed upon the troubled. Of course, we will have the usual sneering assertion that the right of property (meaning the landlord's rack rents) must be preserved. Quite the contrary. The rack rester is far worse off at the end of the struggle than before. The public have a natural objection to pay the costs of these futile battles of Cretinism against the Plan of Campaign. Tenants and landlords—especially landlords—would have been better off if they had been permitted to settle their little difference between themselves.

The New President of France.

By far the youngest of the four Presidents that the French Republic has had during the sixteen years of its existence, is M. Carnot. The first President, Thiers, was 74 years of age when elected in 1871, and in his 77th year when he resigned his office. McMahon was over 65 when he became President in 1873, and nearly seventy when his Presidency ended. Grévy was 64 when elected President in 1877, and 74 when he resigned a fortnight ago. But Carnot was born as late as 1837, and consequently only 50 years old when elected to the office of President. M. Carnot is one of the three comparatively young men among the rulers of the powers of Europe. Queen Victoria is in the sixty-ninth year of her age, the Kaiser William is in his ninety first year, Francis Joseph is in his fifty-eighth year, Christian IX. is in the verge of seventy, and Leopold II is close to fifty-three. The two younger rulers besides M. Carnot are Alexander III., who is forty-two, and Humbert IV., who is forty-three. Thus President Carnot of the French Republic is the youngest of the chief rulers of Europe, and is also younger by a half year than President Cleveland.

—P. J. Hogan, the Indefatigable agent for the Guardian Fire and Life Insurance Co. of London, England, spares no effort to keep his company at the front of the list of fire and life companies; he is well known, here and everywhere through the civil and social world. The Company's annual statement appears in another column.

POLITICAL PARSONS.

Pastoral Politics Preached from Protestant Pulpits.

Now that the political contest in Boston is over, it may be pertinent to ask what did the Republican party gain by introducing the race and religious question into municipal politics?

That they did so deliberately and with malice, aforethought do intelligent persons can doubt. More than half a year ago some citizen pamphlets were scattered broadcast calling upon the "Anglo-Saxon Protestants" to remember and unite for the overthrow of the "Papists." The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, prominent in Jesus was made the pretext for carrying out that programme. Later a Republican politician, prominent as a political "worker," though sufficiently imaginative every other way, succeeded in committing the Charitable Mechanic Association to a contemptible piece of prevarication against Mayor O'Brien, avowedly because the latter was a Catholic and an Irishman. The perpetrator of this cowardly insult was never rebuked or repudiated by his party.

For weeks before the election many of the Protestant pulpits of the city rang with the denunciations of the Mayor and his party and skilful appeals to the spirit of sectarian hate. A blackguard broadsheet was circulated by the thousand among the voters of the city, and a blackguard parson was imported from New York and engaged to pour forth obscene libels against the Catholics. Sunday after Sunday Democratic candidates were weighed, not by their ability or their honesty, but by their race and creed. We know of a case in which a gentleman, whose name had been proposed for the Common Council was secretly denounced as "a Jesuit priest in disguise," and this by his own neighbors who knew him to be a worthy citizen, native-born, as was his father before him, a resident of Boston from his birth, and as a husband and father most likely to be taken by any but the most sordid temptation, or equally, a priest. Yet, not one thousand knelt praising God for His gifts to the Supreme Pontiff.

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THE IRISH LAND WAR.

Glorious Victory for the Tenantry of Gweedore.

Gweedore was the biggest triumph the "Plan of Campaign" has yet achieved—a glorious victory for the tenantry. A little while ago we was so resolute as Captain Smith in the enforcement of Lord Salisbury's famous policy of pay or quit. His exactions reached to the magnitude of a campaign. For weeks the police and sabbiny marched and countermarched in that wild and desolate region, and scenes of misery were witnessed, and acts of brutality committed that recall the worst days exactly parallel. The English power was prostituted. Imperial treasure lavished like water in the effort to drive a hundred and thirty starving families from their homes. A tithe of the same spent on their extermination would have sufficed to bring comfort to the poverty stricken district. Behold the end of it all. The exterminator himself, in whose aid so much was invoked, under the strong pressure of the "Plan of Campaign," has gone on his knees, confessed the impotent handcuffs and implored the forgiveness and forbearance of his persecuted tenantry.

Captain Hill has been compelled to give, in the end, far more liberal concessions than were demanded in the beginning. Every one of the hundred odd tenants came back into his home. An all-round reduction of sixty per cent. is granted out of the rents, and Captain Hill has to pay the legal piper to the tune of £900 for his eviction diversion. It strikes us that the Irish and western Government looks remarkably foolish in the face of this outcome. The vast sums of public money might have just as well been thrown into the deep sea. The costly service of military and police for which the public pays might have been just as usefully and far more innocently employed upon the troubled. Of course, we will have the usual sneering assertion that the right of property (meaning the landlord's rack rents) must be preserved. Quite the contrary. The rack rester is far worse off at the end of the struggle than before. The public have a natural objection to pay the costs of these futile battles of Cretinism against the Plan of Campaign. Tenants and landlords—especially landlords—would have been better off if they had been permitted to settle their little difference between themselves.

The New President of France.

By far the youngest of the four Presidents that the French Republic has had during the sixteen years of its existence, is M. Carnot. The first President, Thiers, was 74 years of age when elected in 1871, and in his 77th year when he resigned his office. McMahon was over 65 when he became President in 1873, and nearly seventy when his Presidency ended. Grévy was 64 when elected President in 1877, and 74 when he resigned a fortnight ago. But Carnot was born as late as 1837, and consequently only 50 years old when elected to the office of President. M. Carnot is one of the three comparatively young men among the rulers of the powers of Europe. Queen Victoria is in the sixty-ninth year of her age, the Kaiser William is in his ninety first year, Francis Joseph is in his fifty-eighth year, Christian IX. is in the verge of seventy, and Leopold II is close to fifty-three. The two younger rulers besides M. Carnot are Alexander III., who is forty-two, and Humbert IV., who is forty-three. Thus President Carnot of the French Republic is the youngest of the chief rulers of Europe, and is also younger by a half year than President Cleveland.

—P. J. Hogan, the Indefatigable agent for the Guardian Fire and Life Insurance Co. of London, England, spares no effort to keep his company at the front of the list of fire and life companies; he is well known, here and everywhere through the civil and social world. The Company's annual statement appears in another column.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh. A very successful meeting on the sequence of the Armagh Catholic Literary Association, was held recently. Mr. Shields presided, and a number of elocutionary selections were given through by the well known elocutionist, Mr. Bean Campbell. Mr. H. T. Hanlon, secretary, read the annual report of the Association for the year. It showed that the sums were laid out on the external which adorns the Cathedral at Armagh. The obsequies of the deceased were celebrated with great impressiveness, no less than nine Bishops and a great number of priests from all parts of the country taking part in the solemn rites. The high return to which the last Archbishop was held by all classes was shown in a striking manner in his interment by the same in of the Protestant Bishop of Armagh, Dr Knox, and a number of Protestant and Presbyterian clergymen. Among the pastors of the Protestant Church who were present at the Catholic ceremony was laid to rest in the external which adorns the Cathedral at Armagh. The obsequies of the deceased were celebrated with great impressiveness, no less than nine Bishops and a great number of priests from all parts of the country taking part in the solemn rites. The high return to which the last Archbishop was held by all classes was shown in a striking manner in his interment by the same in of the Protestant Bishop of Armagh, Dr Knox, and a number of Protestant and Presbyterian clergymen. Among the pastors of the Protestant Church who were present at the Catholic ceremony

Belfast. At a very large meeting held in this city, the sum of £1,000 was collected for the Mission Fund, a number of eloquent speeches were made, among the speakers were Bishop Dorrian, Father Kane, Father Lynch, Father Lynch, Father Lynch

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE YEARS OF LONG AGO.

BY
AN OLD HAND IN HOBART.

I.

Oh! the old years, the fair years!
The years of the long ago!
When our steps were light,
And our hearts were bright,
With never a care or a thought!
When joy was so short
Without a thought
Of a future rude awaking.

When our hopes shone sung over the hills,
(Ah! they were greater than now they are!)
When we slily searched for the hunter's nest
In the pow-wow's quiling brush;
When we loitered the ditch and will by-grove,
And "followed my leader" straight!
When we laughingly gathered the ripe fruit trees,
In some gloomy orchard's aisle!
They were good days the old days!
When, we will our children sat,
That the years of the present were never so fair
As the years of the long ago!

II.

Ah! the old years! the dear years!
The years of the long ago!
When a mother's smiles
Like a lulu's silve,
Threw into our hearts a magic spell;
When we lingered about
Till school was out,
Or Noah's Ark or Nell!

And, oh! the flowers we used to pick
For our bright eyed yellow girl;
How we wished we could take a look from our
hands,
And peal out their hearts in her hair,
Sure, love was love in the time of Adam,
And hearts were honest then;
For all wicked villainous arts we should
Of loving and wedding again.
In the old days, the young days!
(Now, children, don't laugh at),
For the years of the present were never so dear
As the years of the long ago!

III.

Oh! the old years! the dear years!
No longer for us they shine,
And I see only tears
In a waking dream,
As we speak to our children here
Of the dear old days.
And the far off years.
Or the days of some fair New Year,
And they mar ed much as they accite round
Our chair in the cozy firelight,
Why, our voices tremble as we speak,
And the tears roll down our face,
But they do not know that is true to come,
When they are aged and grey,
Like us they will gather their children round
On some New Year's eve, and say:
They were good days—the old days,
(Oh, children, hearts like ye!)
The present years can never be fair
As the years of the long ago!

C. ANTHONY DUFIL.

San Francisco, 1888.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

LOOK DOWN, MY DEAREST MOTHER, LOOK.

Look down, my dearest Mother, look!
Upon thy wandering child;
And bless it to be holy, pure,
O Maiden Mother mild.

I know another year is past,
To bring me nearer home;
But, oh! how sad my heart shall be—
No mother where I roam;

However street the flowery paths,
Or soft the azure skies,
Or mild the fragrant, starry nights,
Or rich Aurora's dyes,

If there dost not look sweetly down,
From thy bright heaven above,
And cheer this sorrow heart of mine
With thy sweet smile and love.

Oh! I know, as St. Bernard has said,
In years long, long ago,
That thou will listen "to the prayers
Of children here below."

O Mother, cheered by kindest hopes,
Before thee do I weep,
To think how thou hast led me on
Through slippery ways and steep.

O Mother, I feel gladdened now,
To trust the stormy calm—
To pass great seas—smiling day,
My past sins to bewail.

Oh! then I'll say naught is so sweet
As Virtue's lovely ways,
While through such passing month is prayer,
My soul to thee I raise.

And then, within thy tender care,
I'll rest the heavenly place,
And there beneath God's radiant throne,
Will live forever more.

JOO J. FAHEY.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE NEW YEAR OF 1888.

O hail, first morning of the year,
Thy enchanted course has a new begun;
Say, wilt thou bring me joy or pain,
Or bear on or the return?

We've seen fair years like thee entwined,
In bright review before us fade,
And all our dreams of heart and mind
Sink down beneath Time's cruel shade.

We count thee now, late opening day,
With gladness heart and claims song,
And trust through all thy varied away
That Right may triumph over Wrong.

A few months, oh, let us make,
As thy bright golden days we hail,
That man's dissensions may not wake,
To mar our lives on Earth's dark vale.

On life's resistless fry train,
With heavy let us wage the strife,
And trust that no step may be vain
Over the thorny paths of life.

Enchantment beneath her hopeful sigh—
Around thy new propitious ray,
That human toil may have stand by
With due reward for every day.

But, oh, how brief one passing year,
Yet each day marks a notch in life,
One may bring hope, the other fear,
Alternate rendering joy or strife.

May friendship's fry, bought New Year, strive
Around the bosom of our care,
And all thy days in radiance shine
Upon the Earth with God's last grace.

Pass on to the eternal year
Fair year; may you be still thy dower,
May Truth, immortal as the soul,
Around above all Falsehood's power.

Then hail to thee, new ushered year;
May all thy days be ever bright,
May none be marred by sigh or tear,
And all dark clouds be silent sight.

JOHN F. MCDONALD.

Virginia City, Nev., January 1, 1888.

A Home Across the Ocean.

Rose Rubilliard in the "Catholic Home Almanac."

The autumn tints were coloring the lofty sides of Shiloh, slowly but surely creeping up the peaks of Sorry mountain. The weather was in a robust crimson, the grey mists were blue, about the tops of the mountains, and the flaming streamers and curled in the mornings of the river at sunset, and even the tragic crows and dens of the raven flying to and walls were in gaudiness harmony with the landscape.

The people still passing in and out among their thresholds, and sharing in their shelter. The little children and their old women, and the young mothers, and girls just blossoming into womanhood, barefooted, scantily but pretty clad as they might be, in the "Sol" the lot of a home to belongs, the rosy cheeks, the fourth-also matured by the tint fire only that her. Flower that had not yet made its appearance in the Bazaar shown Ellen.

In another week, however, all this was to be changed, for every soul in the valley had received notice to quit. Times were hard, and rents which had been gradually rising were hopeless to pay, these circumstances gave the landlord an excellent opportunity for clearing the land of the "tenants," as he so-called them, that exceedingly well.

Dark Dunnell Reilly, a tenant much at his wanting, and the rent was paid, was gazing towards the golden ruin of the sun which was rising from behind the ridge of the opposite hills, and lit the opposite side all the beauty of the velvety brown and purpled the landscape, the shadow of Ellen's cottage, its crimson and carlet creeper streaming down the gable to look from the downside facing upon a cupboard here, and the right of his long straight, and the long and fine hair in the fine and long, the shadow of Dunnell, and the shadow of the sun, the sun, the sun,

THE MONITOR.

TWICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11 1885

THANKS FROM ARCHBISHOP BIRORAN.

I beg leave through the MONITOR to express my thanks to the Tablet and Guardian of the purchaser of the site for the Society and other interest in the Cathedral Bazaar. The result will undoubtedly and those who have charge of the building to bring it to a speedy completion.

✠ P. W. BIORAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— The English pilgrims were received by the Pope yesterday.

— Three remarkably good original poems will be found on the second page, and three very interesting original prose articles on the third page of this issue of the MONITOR.

— Mr. Gladstone will stay about for five weeks, spending the time between Naples, Sorrento, and Amalfi. He will return home two days before the meeting of Parliament.

— The Holy Father Sympozes to send twelve million francs (about $2,270,000) to various charitable institutions scattered all over the Christian world.

— The Irish pilgrims to Rome will be received in audience by the Holy Father between the 5th and 10th of next month. It is expected that fully a thousand persons will join in the pilgrimage.

— The *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* makes a good point in a late issue, which might be profitably studied by the same class on the coast. It says: "Young men who cheerfully pay a dollar or two for seats at the theatre ought to reflect when the plate approaches them how little the Church costs them in comparison with their amusements."

— Our esteemed contemporary, the Monitor of San Francisco, Cal., commemorates in one splendid double-leaded, number the Feast of Christmas and the Golden Jubilee of Leo XIII. Success to the Monitor, which is doing noble work for religion and education and the success of the Irish national movement. Thus speaks our remarkable and vigorous contemporary, the *Boston Pilot*, whose position is foremost among the Catholic press of this country.

— The *Church News*, published in Washington, D. C., is not only a good Catholic paper but it is also spicy. Here is a sample of the following editorial note: "The Beauvoisin Christmas Supplements we have seen are those issued by the San Francisco Monitor and the *Catholic Columbian*. The publishers of those journals deserve much praise for their taste and enterprise." Thanks, co-laborer, on behalf of ourselves and our highly-esteemed contemporary of Columbus, Ohio.

— The large sums of money, reported by cable as having been given at Jubilee offerings to the Holy Father are all turned over to the Treasury of the Church and used to open up new missions in pagan lands, to assist needy missions all over the world, to help distressed Communities, and to relieve Indian missionaries. But the rent is reserved for the Holy Father's personal use, as he has no need for Cesar's tribute save to dispense it in charity and in promoting good works.

— It is estimated that the value of the gifts to Pope Leo XIII., will amount to $15,000,000. This will include 20,000 chasubles, 12,000 chalices, 8,000 crucifixes and an immense number of costuments, mitres, lamps, etc. All these are now on exhibition and the pilgrims and visitors have an opportunity of seeing something from every nation in the world. The space originally intended for the display of the presents had to be greatly extended, such was the desire of the people to honor the Vicar of Christ.

— The number of divorces applied for through the courts of this city during the past year, aggregated 542. Of these 413 have already been granted, as against 417 in the year 1886 and 291 in the year 1885, and 333 in the year 1880. From these figures it will be seen that "divorce" like all other baneful influences, is progressing too rapidly to be healthy for the moral condition of society. Divorce is one of the many baleful things introduced into the world by Protestantism.

— Last year the Monitor published a very interesting biographical sketch of the venerable Rev. Louis J. Neyron, who has for some years been residing at Notre Dame University, where he died last Sunday in the 96th year of his age. Father Neyron was a valiant Frenchman who fought under Napoleon all through the Russian campaign and also at Waterloo. He subsequently resigned his position, studied for the priesthood, received Holy Orders, and served 35 years as a missionary, but when he became supernatural he retired to Notre Dame and was professor of physiology up to within a month ago. *R. I. P.*

— Such of our readers as have the happiness of being infused with the beautiful devotion of the Sacred Heart, will appreciate great joy in reading Father Delcourt's contribution "The Miracle of Cangas," on the third page. Every Catholic home should have an image or a picture of the Sacred Heart for personal and family devotion, and the home where such objects of devotion are not found, can never be so perfectly happy as those wherein both the temporal and spiritual blessings promised by our Sacred Redeemer to Blessed Margaret Mary are daily and hourly procured for all the household, through devotion to the Sacred Heart.

A Public School Superintendent's Mistaken Ideas.

At the recent Convention of the California School Teachers held in this city, addresses on various subjects were delivered by the members, and, among others, Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, undertook the difficult task of enlightening the educational world on "What to Do and How to Do It." According to a city daily Mr. Hoitt commenced by saying

"The rule and end order of the various schools in this State should be the development of the faculties of the children, and the education of the mind or soul. Does anyone dare to gainsay this?"

It is hardly necessary to say to Catholic readers, or, in fact, readers of any Christian denomination, that Hon. Ira G. Hoitt's declaration is wholly at variance with truth. *Religion* is the main dependence upon which rests the purity of the people, the morality of society and the safety of the State. That system of unscaled education to which Mr. Hoitt attributes such potency is far better qualified to make the men of the future destructive Anarchists than true Americans. George Washington, properly styled "the Father of his country," never spoke truer words than when he said "Whatever may be essential to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

Such are the words of Washington, and they have successfully stood the test of critics and scoffers during the past century, for when the unusual declaration of Mr. Hoitt in any way weaken them, it is simply an example at which George Washington is, and always will be right, and he Hoitt is wrong. Hoitt is now and ever will be wrong.

The Anarchists of Chicago were all educated much, yet we fail to find any appreciable influence exerted upon them through their school-hall advantages. Men may be educated in the shops of Sparta, yet like the Spartans they may be the worst slaves of passion. The knowledge of God is the beginning of wisdom, and a knowledge of God free from God it is like a branch torn from the mother tree trunk: a fragile limb which only encumbers the ground upon which it has fallen.

Every jail, prison and penitentiary in the land is filled with educated convicts. Canada is the chosen paradise of the back Prysthonia and other humiliating frauds. Guiteau, all of whom graduated from the highest schools in America, but that system of education which our State Superintendent says is opposition to George Washington—is a panacea for all public calamities. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to say that Mr. Hoitt's expressions upon this point are absurd and actually criminal.

Let us now follow the State Superintendent through other sections of his speech:

"Every child," said the speaker, "has a right to an education at the general expense of the public. Education must be universal, as free as the child of the laborer as to the scion of Nob Hill; all have a right to it at the expense of all. We have no more right to make a man a slave than we have to make him an ignorant man. Education must be free, and the State must be based by universal suffrage. But the State must provide that its children not only intellectually, physically, morally and industrially, but also in patriotism."

"The State," says the Superintendent, "should train its children not only intellectually, physically, morally and industrially, but also in patriotism. These sentiments are second-hand thoughts which our State Superintendent has pushed from some equally illogical predecessor.

In the first place, the *State has no children*. Mr. Hoitt would have us believe that every child born in California comes under the direct control of the State Superintendent of Education for its literary, moral, physical and industrial acquirements. But, thank God! the American people have not yet advanced that far on the road towards adopting the State slavery established under the pagan code of Sparta.

Published statistics will bear us out in the declaration that in every country where education has been divorced from religion, crimes of the worst character have increased. It is so in Germany, in Saxony and in our own country, as evinced by the records of divorces, the private speculations of school officials, the corrupt literature which floods the land, the obscene pictures which are spread broadcast for the corruption of youth, and the filth which pollutes the pulpits of every town, city and State in the Union.

Did Hon. Ira G. Hoitt reflect when he said "the State should educate its children" that he was advocating Communism? If, as Herbert Spencer asks, "the material wants of the rising generation ought to be satisfied by the State, *why not their physical ones?*" The reasoning, therefore, which is held to establish the right of children to intellectual food will equally as well establish their right to material food and all the accompaniments that appertain to their existence, and when such a scheme is perfected it will annul all parental rights and make each infant a mere chattel of the State.

Does the Hon. Ira G. Hoitt know anything of the existence of an Omnipotent Being whom Christians call God? or does this State Superintendent imagine that the human can supplant God in spiritual supremacy? His language would lead us to suppose that in his view at least the State is the very highest authority. California Christians should recognize Hon. Ira G. Hoitt's Heaven, there is a *higher* one even than that recognized by Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, and that is the authority of God over every Christian child, there comes in the parental right to educate children through *pecuniary* disinterested and inalienable right given to every father and mother by the code of the Divine Creator.

Hon. Ira G. Hoitt would expunge both Almighty God and parental authority from State education, and make all children grow up in a similar groove without the slightest necessity to save their morals. That attempt to teach morality without religion would be as great a failure as to attempt to wash man to wash straight when blindfolded. The eyes of every child must be open to see God in his works and thus learn to love Him and to hope through faith to see Him hereafter. It is for this great and that every human being is born, and the education which does not lead youth under the unstilled and saving shadow of God's commandments is false in its conception and dangerous to society and the State in its results.

Christians have always and everywhere made the best citizens under every form of government. It was so under the Pagan emperors and it is so under modern systems of government. Christianity is the mother of civilization, and when State Superintendents like Hon. Ira G. Hoitt propose to banish Christianity from our schools, the attempt is impossible and will inevitably be crucified in disgraceful failure.

At the Session of the Third Plenary Council have well said, the three great educational agencies are the Home, the Church and the School. They should unite and shape society, and any education which ignores parental rights, excludes religion, and place itself upon the quicksand foundation recommended by Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, will inevitably lead to the destruction of any nation that follows it out to its legitimate results.

So apparent is the danger which Christians realize from State education based upon Hon. Ira G. Hoitt's theory, that Protestants of every denomination are crying aloud for the establishment of schools which will save Christianity in the souls of their children. The State cannot teach religion, hence it is folly to expect that morality can exist among a people educated without a knowledge of God and their obligation to Divine Providence upon Him, and the sooner the Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, the better. Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, the better, will it be for the future of the children of California who are to be educated under a system that violates the same Divine Law, which, if we do not, we shall be guilty of criminal neglect.

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December 15, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

My Dear Sir—I have great pleasure in forwarding you the enclosed cheque of one pound—my yearly subscription for your admirable and well conducted journal, the MONITOR. I read a number of newspapers published both in this country and America, and none of them with as much profit and pleasure as the MONITOR. I have only to wish "*Prosper, prosper Monitor*."

—A colleague of Friday last says that Mgr Cataldo is engaged in an attempt to induce the Tories to compel the Bishops and priests of Ireland to surrender their House Rule principles. It is nearly worth while to deny such malignant lies of a malicious enemy as old as Ireland is to assignmain in Ireland. Even so far back as the *London Daily News* said of the *canard* when it was first mentioned "The supposition that even the present Monarch, feeble as they are, have been trying to prose Monsignor Persico into their service passes our powers of credulity. It is hardly out of put about that Monsignor Persico can work upon the Irish priesthood—through anti-Nationalist recommendations like Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Kerry, and Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, but these schemes, though valuable as showing the fainthearted fiction of the paper Unionists, are more ridiculous." "More ridiculous" and the rottenest kind of "rubbish" at that!

—Last year when the Monitor first mentioned the grand Union Banner in aid of the new Cathedral as said that "even more than $50,000 can be raised by the proposed union of parish interests, if the laity will only put their hands to the plough and not look back." We are delighted to know that—notwithstanding the adverse proposition—the result of many if not all parishes—the Monitor was rather below than above the sum realized, which was $52,282 75 over all expenses. This is a very gratifying result indeed, and it proves that when the Catholic laity of San Francisco do put their hands to the plough there is certainly that prelate who will refuse them their united zeal, labor and enterprise. God bless all who helped this grand object for God's glory.

—A batch of political parsons in Ballarat are growling at President Cleveland for having sent a copy of the American Constitution to the Holy Father as a Jubilee gift. Nobody, however, minds such noodles now-a-days. If the Pope were to build a rail-road to Heaven and offer free passes to political parsons they would refuse to accept them through their bigoted blindness. In fact they would prefer to travel by Beelzebub's underground palace cars to Pandemonium rather than go to Heaven through "Papish influences."

—The blighting influence of Parliamentarism is still felt in New England. Just at present an interesting discussion is progressing among the citizens of New Hampshire as to whether the destruction of timber in Northern New England is not largely contributable to the growth on deserted homesteads. The number of such farms that have gone to seedy well nigh irretrievable to one who has not actually seen them. It is not unusual to find whole hamlets which, half a century ago, were inhabited by prosperous Puritan yeomanry, almost entirely deserted and the houses falling into decay.

—Next Monday, the 16th inst., will be the 25th anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Maingonne of Sarrebourg. We trust the Monitor sends warmest wishes of all sorts of welfare unto, and trusts that he will long be spared to minister to the wants of his prosperous diocese.

A Tribute our Readers will Appreciate.

The following tribute to the Monitor's worth comes from one of Ireland's most distinguished scholarships, whose name stands foremost in the ranks of her holy and patriotic priesthood. We know that all Monitor readers will experience joyful pride in the sentiments expressed by our learned priest and they will also rejoice to know the high appreciation accorded the MONITOR when placed in contrast with its numerous contemporaries.

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EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

My dear Sir—I have great pleasure in forwarding you the enclosed cheque of one pound—my yearly subscription for your admirable and well conducted journal, the MONITOR. I read a number of newspapers published both in this country and America, and none of them with as much profit and pleasure as the MONITOR. I have only to wish "*Prosper, prosper Monitor*."

—A colleague of Friday last says that Mgr Cataldo is engaged in an attempt to induce the Tories to compel the Bishops and priests of Ireland to surrender their House Rule principles. It is nearly worth while to deny such malignant lies of a malicious enemy as old as Ireland is to assignmain in Ireland. Even so far back as the *London Daily News* said of the *canard* when it was first mentioned "The supposition that even the present Monarch, feeble as they are, have been trying to prose Monsignor Persico into their service passes our powers of credulity. It is hardly out of put about that Monsignor Persico can work upon the Irish priesthood—through anti-Nationalist recommendations like Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Kerry, and Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, but these schemes, though valuable as showing the fainthearted fiction of the paper Unionists, are more ridiculous." "More ridiculous" and the rottenest kind of "rubbish" at that!

—Last year when the Monitor first mentioned the grand Union Banner in aid of the new Cathedral as said that "even more than $50,000 can be raised by the proposed union of parish interests, if the laity will only put their hands to the plough and not look back." We are delighted to know that—notwithstanding the adverse proposition—the result of many if not all parishes—the Monitor was rather below than above the sum realized, which was $52,282 75 over all expenses. This is a very gratifying result indeed, and it proves that when the Catholic laity of San Francisco do put their hands to the plough there is certainly that prelate who will refuse them their united zeal, labor and enterprise. God bless all who helped this grand object for God's glory.

—A batch of political parsons in Ballarat are growling at President Cleveland for having sent a copy of the American Constitution to the Holy Father as a Jubilee gift. Nobody, however, minds such noodles now-a-days. If the Pope were to build a rail-road to Heaven and offer free passes to political parsons they would refuse to accept them through their bigoted blindness. In fact they would prefer to travel by Beelzebub's underground palace cars to Pandemonium rather than go to Heaven through "Papish influences."

—The blighting influence of Parliamentarism is still felt in New England. Just at present an interesting discussion is progressing among the citizens of New Hampshire as to whether the destruction of timber in Northern New England is not largely contributable to the growth on deserted homesteads. The number of such farms that have gone to seedy well nigh irretrievable to one who has not actually seen them. It is not unusual to find whole hamlets which, half a century ago, were inhabited by prosperous Puritan yeomanry, almost entirely deserted and the houses falling into decay.

—Next Monday, the 16th inst., will be the 25th anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Maingonne of Sarrebourg. We trust the Monitor sends warmest wishes of all sorts of welfare unto, and trusts that he will long be spared to minister to the wants of his prosperous diocese.

Sham Sectarian Missionaries.

Large numbers of Protestants are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the so-called "foreign missions" maintained by the different sects are nothing more than humbugs for enriching a few well-paid professors, and that they may live in luxury and idleness in foreign lands. So apparent is the fact that a writer in the *New York Independent*, a prominent Protestant paper, freely admits that Protestant missionaries are just as nasty friends and failures. Here is what he says concerning the difference between true and false missionaries:

"Surely," he says, "the picture of a Roman Catholic priest going alone to a distant island of the Pacific Ocean, the inhabitants of which are all lepers, and giving up his life for the conversion of the loathsome wretches, ought to electrify the Christian world. His also to those miserable people for whom Christ died, instead of being pieces of gold or silver, are dropping fingers, legs, noses and certain death. The work of this lone man has by accident become known to the world. If we know the full and complete story of what Romanism is attempting to do for duty in the heathen world we should know of many more such cases. The work of Protestant missionaries is almost absent in every popular field, almost nothing is known of the Propaganda at Rome. The writer concludes his article thus: "In the long future, when the 'science of missions' comes to be written, we shall see that our enemies have a thing or two to teach us. After making a wide margin for all the exaggerated accounts of Roman Catholic missions, we must surely be able to see that the Papacy is today, as never before, winning the millions over to its empire."

The writer of the above article seems to forget that Sectarianism is propagated only by means of salvage stolen from the Catholic faith is spread throughout Pagan nations by priests who trust absolutely to Almighty God for their reward and who make voluntary sacrifices of themselves so that they may save the souls of those entrusted to their care. Sectarianism is a sham faith.

The Protestant preacher looks at his so-called "mission" altogether from a money standpoint. How many dollars a year? What are the emoluments? Then he asks whether the climate is such as will agree with his educated children? If it is not any English speaking "society where he intends to locate? And a dozen other questions concerning the comforts of life accustomed with his present pleasing surroundings. If he discovers that "there is money in it," he goes off to his "mission" station with a great flourish of trumpets, and after a few years sojourn he returns home to live upon his accumulated coin.

On the other hand, the Catholic missionary goes forth gladly to his field's work. He takes no money with him, and he leaves behind him his relatives, friends and comforts of his native home, and he goes to the ends of the earth, and he dies there, and his remains are left in the wilds of the Pagan world. "Lord, I goes all and lose. There I goes!"

How lone Catholics are really guided by the Holy Ghost that is in them. The persons, men and women, who are so full of Christian love, winning people to Christ, are those who are willing to go anywhere in the world to do the work of God. Catholics are willing to be laid at the feet of the Divine Master. Mr. Mission which has proved successful is to have the money and the means to carry on the work. Protestant missionaries are sent out in the name of some organization, and the whole world knows that they are there for money. Catholic missionaries go forth in the name of God, and the world knows that they are there for God. Protestant missionaries are sent out by the hundreds, and they are paid for their services. Catholic missionaries go forth by the tens, and they are paid by God

Farm and Home.

A HOUSEHOLD PEST.

Interesting Anatomical Facts About Fleas.

Fleas love dirt, and in it they flourish and multiply most abundantly. But in spite of their sanguinous and their unclean haunts, they are interesting little fellows. Let us put one under the microscope. It seems to be clothed in a suit of armor formed of brown overlapping plates that are so exceedingly tough as to be almost indestructible. The head is small and very fine, and it has a single eye on each side. This eye is black, and the rays of light annihilate within it like sparks of fire. Fagot managed to look through one of these eyes, and he found that it diminished objects in size, while it magnified them in number—a man appearing like an army of fairies, and the flesh of a needle becoming a thousand tiny stars. From the shape of its head, and for other reasons, the flea is supposed to see only one eye at a time. The off-more wagon of the flea is composed of two pulpi, or feelers, two pincers, and a tongue. When it feeds it stands erect, thrusting this anchor into the flesh, and it will eat without intermission until distributed, for it voids as fast as it swallows its food. It is interesting to put several in a glass, and giving them a piece of raw meat, see them all standing on their hind legs to suck up its juices.

Their manner of breeding is still undetermined, but it is thought most probable that they receive air into their bodies through small holes at the ends of the pulpi.

The legs of the flea are wonders of strength and elasticity. They are joined to the body by long tendons that act as wire springs. In making its leap, which, it is said, can cover two hundred times its own length, the flea draws the leg up close to the body, and then throws out with great force, on the impetus proceeds from the first joint alone, the others only increasing it by their stretch while the leap is being made.

Fleas are possessed of great strength. Moulin tells of a merchant who made a gold chain, as long as his finger, that a flea dragged after him, and a golden chariot which he drew. Hooke writes of a watchmaker in the Strand who had made very fine wheels of chaise, with a cinchbug on its box drawn by a flea. The same man afterwards made a carriage with six horses, a coachman, four persons inside, two footmen behind, and a postilion on one of the horses, all of which were drawn by a single flea. Latreille mentions a flea which drew a silver cannon, of twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and showed no fear when it was charged with gunpowder and fired off. Rose says that he saw three fleas drawing a tiny omnibus, that a pair drew a chariot, and that a brass cannon was drawn by a single one.

There are several varieties of fleas, but they are so much alike that their differences are interesting only to scientific people. The cat-flea will do as well as any to show us the process of breeding. During the spring and summer months she simply drops her eggs into the fur of the cat, but during the autumn and winter she glues each one by upon a hair. These eggs are so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye, but under the microscope they are very beautiful, looking like the loveliest pearls, and so perfectly transluscent. The flea deposits nearly two hundred at a time, running a hair-dropping them here and there. They soon hatch themselves, white, footless worms in from one to two weeks they go into cocoons. Nothing can be prettier than this cocoon. I wish I could show it to you, but will try to describe it. It is like a flask of clear glass, tinged at the shoulder with pink tints, and dotted over with gold. The little sleeper within lies in a circle, in rose color, and looks like the delicate petal of a flower. In about six weeks he reaches maturity. At first he is not larger than a mite, but when well fed grows rapidly in size and strength.

Fleas are quarrelsome and great fighters. When several are confined in a glass, they will stand on their hind legs, striking at their opponents with the others, and roll over and over as an athlete, losing legs and antennæ, and at last giving up their lives in the fight. There is a record of a flea which lived two days after such an encounter, with an antenna, three joints of his sidbroken in; one eye gone; and with only four legs, and these cut off to the first joint.

Fleas are supposed to feel a great antipathy to wormwood and other bitter herbs; and, in England, the country people have a habit of placing these about their cottages for the purpose of hanging the lively little pests.—*R. L. Cluyes, Swiss Cross.*

The Care of the Ears.

Never put anything into the ear for the relief of toothache.

Never wear cotton in the ears if they are discharging pus.

Never attempt to apply a poultice to the inside of the tragal of the ear.

Never drop anything into the ear unless it has been previously warmed.

Never use anything but a syringe and warm water for cleansing the ears from pus.

Never strike or box a child's ears; this has been known to rupture the drum-head and cause incurable deafness.

Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oiled silk cap when bathing, and refrain from diving.

Never scratch the ears with anything but the finger if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hairpins, pastel tips or anything of that nature.

Never let the feet become cold and damp, or sit with the back to the window, as these things tend to aggravate an existing hardness of hearing.

Never put milk, fat, or any oily substance into the ear for the relief of pain, for they soon become rancid and tend to excite inflammation. Simple warm water will answer the purpose better than anything else.

Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface, and can be easily removed by the fingers. A few pulls of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupify the insect.

Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, button or seed, enters it; leave it absolutely alone, but have a physician at once to it. More damage has been done by injudicious attempts at the extraction of a foreign body than could ever have come from its presence in the ear.

How to Give Up Bad Habits.

Understand the reason, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, but think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is you have failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think that it is an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

Family Fun.

Lively Little Laughlets.

A lasting document—An iron will.

What kind of shot never made a wound, yet is often the cause of dueling?—Shot silk.

A Vermont woman has her jaw and her husband facetiously called her the vocal speaker.

There is one kind of vice that never sticks to young people long enough to hurt them, and that is advice.

The boy who quails at the sight of a mustard plaster, is the same lad who goes fearlessly forth to tackle a bee's nest with a handful of willow switches.

A railroad eating house is a place where trains stop long enough to allow a person looking man, formerly a colonel, to collect one dollar from each passenger.

Bobby—Pa, what's the meaning of phenomenal?

Pa—Don't bother me, Bobby. It has something to do with lion-ball pitching.

Magistrate (to Chinaman)—What is your complaint against this young man, John? Chinaman (unable to collect a laundry bill)—He too mochee by-and-by.

Dealer (clerk) What did that young lady want, Jessie?

Clerk—She asked for anatomical Hercules except and I told her we had no such thing.

Dealer—Great Scott, James, that young lady is from Oakland! She wanted Jack Hercules, and we've got an overstock of one.

Fireman (to country editor)—Its you want the R. W. Grumbum's address, "Feed my lambs," to go on the editorial page?

Editor (absentmindedly)—No. Run it in the "Agricultural Department."

After dinner speaker. Conquered as I am—unprepared as I am—unprepared as—I'll a wise man once said to me—Mary Tom, you had best by heart this afternoon—to, do.

"Well, my little boy," he said to his mother's son, "we have to get back home, and I can't stay any longer just now. Good-by."

"Say, mister, you're coming from his relatives, looked the tramp over, and slowly replied:

"Walk, by gosh!"

"What's the matter?"

"If you hadn't stopped me I wouldn't have known it was a hearse."

"Half-price were these horses bought?"

"Did I! Why I owned 'em! I traded both of 'em to a horse trader in town three weeks ago. That night one has the bloats, and the other is a critter as dead as a door-nail. I'll trade with you for $75, and thats allowing $50 apiece more on your horses than I got."

The owner of the "spankers" hasn't been a peaceful hour since that meeting.

The Priest Heard Him Finally.

Father O'Halloran had a telephone put into the parsonage, in connection with the church, the parochial school, etc. Patrick Mc Fee, his reverence's handy man, was instructed in the use of the instrument, and it was only the next day when Pat, dusting the church, heard the clatter of the new telephone bell. Taking down the receiver, he was pleased to hear Father O'Halloran's familiar voice, asking him something or other which no his work.

Pat, in escaping to answer, remembered that his reverence was a long way off, and Pat consequently hollered into the transmitter at the top of his voice.

"I don't understand you, Patrick," said the telephone.

Pat tried again, with no better success. On the third trial, he came near splitting the telephone; but again came Father O'Halloran's voice, "I can't hear what you are saying, Patrick."

Pat by this time had lost some of his patience, and as he stood gathering his breath for the fourth blast, he couldn't refrain from soliloquizing in a low tone, "Ah! may the divil fly away wid the tell-fo-phone."

His Pat dropped the telephone like a hot potatoe and fell on his knees in dismay, when he heard Father O'Halloran's voice again, "Now, I hear you perfectly, Patrick."

Too Risky a Risk.

"I'd like to write you a policy in our non-forfeitable, non-assessable, double-guaranteed security company," observed an insurance agent to a stranger.

"Well, I don't know," replied the latter. "But you should think of your wife and family. If anything should happen—"

"All right, go ahead with your policy."

"Thanks! Your name, business, and age, please."

"Darkey Jones, base ball umpire, age 31."

"Oh, er—excuse me—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't stay any longer just now. Good-by."

Never Whip a Child.

"Never maintain Professor, that children should never be slapped or whipped!"

"I do maintain it. The parent who whips his children is a coward, and slapping children are all quiet and obedient. If I had a son like Sobieski's boy I'd break his back."

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Contain ingredients which act upon the organs of the throat. They have a direct medicinal efficacy in all affections of the Throat, resembling Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption. Public Speakers and all who, at any time have a cough, should use the Troches. Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches" take no other. Sold by all druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, it imparts vigor and quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, it Purifies and Vitalizes the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, it acts mildly, but surely on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, it Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by prominent and leading men. Price $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars.

WELLS RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

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5'- IMP. AUST. 100-FLORIN GOVERNMENT BOND.

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Tell your neighbors, friends and relatives

Wednesday, the 1st of FEBRUARY

Two Drawings Annually.

Until such time as they begin to informed with a larger or smaller number of Prizes, the prizes and Prizes will be drawn as follows:

NO BLANKS.

Premium.	Prizes.	Premium.	Prizes.
1	$ 50,000	—	$ 50,000
2	20,000	—	40,000
3	10,000	—	30,000
4	5,000	—	20,000
5	2,000	—	10,000
100	1,000	—	100,000
1,000	100	—	100,000

Tickets for one drawing, according to Prizes. The next drawing can take place on the

FIRST OF FEBRUARY,

And every other month thereof as ON OR PRIOR THE 1st of FEBRUARY, UNTIL AUGUST, M., Tickets to Each Drawing, Prizes, Prizes and Chances to Each Drawing will be in the proportion of the lower Bond.

Orders, enclosed in letters addressed to American Letters, inclosing $5 will secure one of Chow bonds for the next drawing, or $5 apiece, payable to monthly installments.

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Male and Female

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608 and 610 Clay Street, S. F.

Telephone No. 767.

I WANT TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL & Help, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Dairymen, Sawmill Hands, Gardeners, Coachmen, and Married Couples for private families and farmers. Also, good reliable Female Help, Cooks, Waiters, Chambermaids, Nurses, Seamstresses, Housework Girls, Young Girls, etc. Call or address

Tutt's Pills

ARE A SPECIAL BLESSING.

Unerringly adapting themselves to the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Piles, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a natural, healthy, and beautiful complexion to the face. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all druggists throughout the United States and Canada. Ask for Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder. J. P. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

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Suitable for Churches, Convent Chapels, Academy Schools, Etc.

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SULLIVAN, KELLY & CO.,

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112 and 114 California St., SAN FRANCISCO.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS

GIANTS for PREMIUM for greatest capital & World's Exposure, for artistic and scientific power of tone, elegance of design, and perfection of workmanship, combined by United States commissioners, after a test of two months, and a report of which, in part, we publish, and which, in double repeating action, Grand Square and Upright Pianos, we have, for the best instrument, and the best piano, the highest award of existence, after trying great rival at every world's fair for the past twenty years, and the great London Exposition of 1862 and 1867, and Paris Exposition of 1867, and Vienna Exposition of 1873, and Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and Paris Exposition of 1878, and Paris Exposition of 1878, and Paris Exposition of 1878

HOME RULERS.

Ireland's Friends in England.

AN APPEAL FOR FAIR PLAY.

Address to Mr. Persico.

The following petition is being circulated among English Catholics:

We continue to invite, inform your notice the accompanying address to Monsignor Persico, and to express a hope that you will allow your signature to be attached to it.

RIPON J. W. BERNARD, Lieut.-Col.
ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR.
OSWALD HENRY HOBART
JAS. MARSHALL SIMON SCROPE
HENRY DISSONO S. N. BROOKS
FRED. BART. JOHN D. KENNEDY, K.S.G.

You are requested to direct your reply to George Hicots, Esq., 28, Old Burlington Street, W.

To the Most Rev. Monsignor Persico, O. S. F. C., Archbishop of Damietta, Commissary Apostolic.

Most Rev. Lord—We, the undersigned, desire respectfully to approach your throne upon your return from Ireland, and offer to you the assurance of our loyalty and devotion to the Holy See, together with our congratulations upon the accomplishment of your important mission.

As Catholics, we feel specially bound to express our gratitude to the Sovereign Pontiff for the tender solicitude displayed by him, in our common father, for our suffering brethren in Ireland; remembering as we do that it is to them, under Divine Providence, that we owe the liberties we enjoy at present in our country after centuries of persecution.

As Englishmen, bitterly conscious of the oppression of England towards her sister land in the past, we hailed with pleasure the advent of your times, believing that it would materially assist and morally encourage our efforts to seek a remedy for the past and to obtain justice in the future. We cannot doubt that the result of your prolonged stay in Ireland will have been to convince you completely as to the legitimate and reasonable nature of the national aspirations, the denial of which we hold to be the main cause of all the misery and disorder which cannot have failed to strike your Grace painfully, as the chief characteristic of this country. You will at the same time have been amazed by observing the apostolic wisdom which characterizes the episcopate, the zeal which animates the clergy, and the piety which distinguishes the whole people.

Your Grace will have noticed and appreciated the remarkable fact that, in the present struggle for constitutional changes, unconstitutional methods of agitation are recommended by the leaders and accepted by the people with a practical unanimity which some rare exceptions here and there only serve to illustrate. Under the influence of this happy sympathy between hierarchy, clergy, and people, not only have secret political associations almost, if not entirely, disappeared, but the bitter and not unnatural enmity and suspicion which have for centuries existed in Ireland against our Protestant fellows is rapidly giving way to affection and confidence.

Englishmen who visit Ireland to express sympathy with the people, or even to satisfy themselves impartially as to the state of the country, are met there with an enthusiastic welcome which a few years ago would have been out of the question.

But amid these general signs of improvement in the relations between the two countries, we have to deplore the action of certain Protestant members of the Church of England—men of high position and honorable character—who, for reasons assuredly worthy of them but incomprehensible to us, have adopted a course of bitter and hostile incompetency hostility towards Ireland. Disparaging and disrespectful observations concerning the conduct of priests and even of the Bishop of Ireland have been made, and the latter especially have been publicly censured in speeches made in England, and even, as we have reason to believe, in private repeated, and, we regret to say, unpleasantly but not less unjustly to the Holy See itself.

We desire most emphatically to repudiate the action of those who assume to speak as we protest against it as resulting in that wounded hierarchy and venerable episcopal which have been the main safeguards of the faith in Ireland in the past, and which are still among the chief glories of Christendom.

Finally, Most Reverend Lord, while we abstain from making needless appeals or offering unsolicited counsels to the Holy See, we deem it a duty to express our firm conviction, that no misrepresentations, however conscientiously made, or from however distinguished a quarter they may proceed, will serve to somewhat lessen the esteem in which Ireland is held by the British Crown, and the confidence in Ireland, and the confidence from his faithful people of Ireland, who, constant to the noble traditions of their past, and adhering as firmly as ever to the faith of their fathers, have made up their core for themselves and their children the power to conduct their own internal affairs, under the shelter of the British Crown, in accordance with the wants, the feelings, and the history of their race.

ARCHBISHOP CASANOVA.

His Course Approved in Rome.

The Most Reverend Ricardo Casanova, Archbishop of Guatemala, who was arrested by that Government, and is now residing at San Clara, in this State, wrote to Rome, setting forth in the Pontiff a full statement of the case. He has received in reply the following letter, in which the Holy Father approves the conduct of the banished Archbishop:

Most Reverend and Dear Sir: "The letter in which you, your Grace informs me of your exile was a scene of intense grief, both to me and His Holiness, whom I was obliged to acquaint with the sad intelligence.

His Holiness deeply deplores the measures taken by the Government of Guatemala against your worthy person, and he deplores it still more since you are only punished for fulfilling the duties inherent to your pastoral charge.

However, the consideration of the merits of your sufferings must serve to console you for your present affliction, knowing as you do that "Blessed is he that suffers persecution for justice sake," and that the transitory tribulations have but one source as of an ever lasting reward.

So with these consolations, sufficient to cheer any sorrowful heart, the Holy Father concludes for your consolation to impart apostolic blessing to your Grace, and I on my part will earnestly pray that this blessing may obtain from our Lord the grace to shorten the time of your exile.

Meanwhile I have the pleasure of signifying to your Grace that the dispositions taken by your Grace for the administration of the dioceses from which you have been so suddenly separated, have been found prudent and praiseworthy.

Hoping soon to receive more favorable news, I remain, my Lord, with sentiments of profound esteem your Grace's servant in Christ,

M. CARDINAL HAMPOLLA,
Secretary of State.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS:

Heartless, Headless, Godless.

SOME VERY STERLING TRUTHS WORTH STUDYING.

Three Fatal Defects in Public Education.

Rev. P. P. McSweeny has an article on Public School Education in the January *Catholic World* from which we make the following forcible extracts.

This, then, I submit, "is the writing that is written," Heartless, Headless, Godless. "And this is the interpretation of the word" "Heartless."

Your public school system is one which ignores "the heart" and has the effect of drying up, or at least parching and stunting, the science on which the dews and rains of heavenly religion do not fall. It consequently is not calculated to bring forth Christian men and women who will believe in God and His commandments, and in future rewards and punishments, and who will value right and honesty above temporal advantages, and who will be spiritual by strong enough to conquer their animal passions. Man has affections as well as intelligence, and he is to be educated it does not do to train his head only. Inside the family one father would be guilty of bringing up his boy in this way. He would expose his child to much bad treatment from his parents, to make him tender and pure, than he is to provide him with a rock or cradle by which to rock his child. Catholics believe that this branch of education is much more difficult to impart illegitimate requiring less time than the other, it needs more, and as they think it ought not to be relegated to the Sunday or to the home—especially at those hours in no home worthy of the name but should have its place daily, and therefore, they ask it added. It cannot be taught by memory lessons merely, or by books merely, but by every word that proceeds from the parent and teacher. Like the salt which seasons our food, it may not be taken in doses once a week, but every night, lest man be in the food at every meal. It must be in history, in geography, in reading lessons, in the manners and character of the teacher, aye, in his very eyes.

The child learns as much, perhaps more, from the teacher by salt than by learning. Now, in your common schools the Catholic child has a teacher who may be a scoffing infidel, or at least may have no belief in the doctrines of his Church; and even in some opposite doctrines are taught openly, or by the many secret ways which are heterogenical and shut off by no inspectors, since to do so it would be necessary to annihilate all character in the teacher, even then there is a cold negative and neutral tone in the most approved of all branches of education, which must produce on the child a piety and faith a blighting influence, and, as we see now in the men and women who are graduates of this system, the effect is agnosticism or indifferentism to all religious belief, which is hailed as a noble charity and broad brotherly love by those who do not understand it rightly. Let those who are now Christians, whether Catholics or Protestants, and who shall believe and practice as their parents did before them, look back for a moment to their youth, and they will perceive that it was not the teaching of their parents, but the spirit that kept them in their Church was not the formal lesson, but the tone of the conversation of apparent nothings in which they lived in an atmosphere of faith, and breathed in the atmosphere of prayer or reverence, the little events of every day family life, which were great ones to their young minds, and gradually and imperceptibly made them what they are to-day. We hear much about the Church to be, here and in another in Monday! Who would be willing to put a child, whom he loves, to place to place, now to a warm patch and then to a cold one, now in the sun and then in the shade? Who would have his child in an atmosphere of faith, and then, for six days or parts of days in the week to keep of the rain and dew? The result of his child would not be healthy, but would be dwarfed and sickly one, if not a mere dry stick. So education, I repeat, is life. Himself, the child advances in wisdom, age, and grace. The age depends on years and days and weeks, and so its wisdom. Education is what helps and aids in this growth. Where a halting plan is in use the child has no example at home which Catholic, and another at school which is Protestant or agnostic. It looks up to the teacher as to God and love her, and it also looks up to the mother and loves her too. Will it not take the side in the neutral or cold ground of indifference and doubt? Catholics say it will, and so they are not satisfied with the public school system. They want unity and sympathy between the two authority—the teacher and the natural mother.

We have no objection to make to the individual teachers, many of whom are good Catholics, who would be glad to teach their religion, but are forbidden, under pain of the law. Neither do we care so much about the fact of the system as regards active branches, although, in the opinion of most people, there have been, and are, cases of practical common sense displayed, at least in some places, in giving at the public expense a training which will put it the children of the toilers at natural labor for their respective occupations. This probably is what was meant by *Mathew* in the writing of the Sermon on the Mount, where he says that commissioners of education are misleadership, they are so beautiful in their dress. Possibly it has occurred sometimes that a poor child was picked up and given opportunities which developed in him such spirit and genius, that he ended by becoming President or something like it. But in more than ninety-nine cases in hundred, we shall have reason to regret if the son turn out as well as his father. We say let the expense which is to teach only the common branches—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history, leaving out the languages and Logics. If it happens that a poor man should have a son of extraordinary ability, in most cases he will himself be able to push him forward, or, if not, the philanthropists who are willing to do it are as numerous as such children, and the worst that will happen is the loss of an ornamental given man, which we can better afford than all this expensive machinery of education.

The system is also heartless from the very fact of its being *heartless*, and so, since it forbids any religious teaching, it must be *Godless*. We would be far from saying that communication between children is worthy of such a title, but if the last, through extremely favorable circumstances as advice and example, continue to fear and hope in and love God, they have not the school to thank for it. They will not, generally speaking, be good Catholics, and if they are good Protestants—which we do not deny—they cannot be expected to behave it satisfactorily to God.

Hence the system, not applying itself to Christians, might to be changed, or its days are numbered.

Moses, Moses, Moses is also written on the wall by the hand of God.

Mene Mene has been numbered thy days and finished thy work.

Thekel—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Phares—Thange will never work well till the system is divided and divorced to suit different interests, and made broader, so that it may be adapted to each sect. A way may be found where there is a will.

Let us make the public schools more secular.

ST. IGNATIUS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Christmas-Tree Festival of the Female Department.

Under the auspices of St. Aloysius Circle the annual Christmas Tree Festival of the girl pupils of St. Ignatius Sunday School, took place in the College Hall, last Sunday afternoon. A large audience was present. At the left side of the stage a gigantic Christmas Tree was placed and the Hall was decorated with a variety of evergreens. The exercises opened with a capital song slowly rendered by the Sunday School Choir, Miss Lizzie Sparks, delivering a dignified address of Welcome. A beautiful duet of the Infants was given with considerable realism. Misses Emperia Gonzales, Teresa Kelly and Mary Burke then recited the "Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love to the Shepherds of Bethlehem," a clever composition from the pen of Miss Harriet M. Wild. Miss The Shepherd's Thanksgiving Song," was sung clearly and was succeeded by a tableau of "Heartless." Then the Infants sang in sweetly blended voices the "Child of Bethlehem." Miss Mary Cronin, who had a very pleasing manner, then delivered the closing address. The distribution of extra prizes and Christmas gifts was the last act in the members of the Sunday school—probably the most interesting of all the programme. The exercises passed off very nicely and were highly enjoyed by the immense audience. Miss M. Hagerty had charge of the Christmas Tree, the decorations were in the excellent management of Miss Shilmore, and Miss K. M. Ryan, the Superintendent, established the music. Miss Mary Hagerty presided with much ease and grace at the Organ. Miss Lizzie Sparks, who also had charge of the Warbling music pleasant and perfect as it was possible to be.

The Female Department is under the charge of teachers and also the classes in the girl pupils are taught by the Sisters of Mercy, who, by such non-let regular attendance, good deport and good lessons, are to be commended.

TEACHERS. PUPILS WANTED.

Misses Lizzie Sparks, M. Hagerty, Miss Thompson, 1—M. Glass, A. McCarthy.

Miss Brooks, 1—M. Jennings, 2—J. Hyley, Miss Casey, 1—C. Stanley, 2—H. Miller, Miss Gallagher, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Kenny, Miss Collins, 1—E. Harvey, 2—A. Moyer, Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Dunn, 1—M. De Long, K. Eagle, 2—M. Ryan, M. Ryan, M. Ryan.

Miss Kearney, 1—M. Murphy, Bolotin, Miss Kearney, 1—E. Wallace, 2—L. Lake, Miss Gorgeby, 1—M. Conlon, M. Burke, Miss Gallagher, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Burke, 1—J. Dunning, 2—K. Kearney, Miss Mills, 1—J. Dunning, 2—K. Kearney, Miss Walsh, 1—K. Lynch, 2—N. Hilfer, Miss Walsh, 1—K. Lynch, 2—N. Hilfer, Miss Walsh, 1—K. Lynch, 2—N. Hilfer, Miss Fitzpatrick, 1—G. Burke, 2—M. Burke, Miss Fitzpatrick, 1—G. Burke, 2—M. Burke, Miss Sheffield, 1—M. Hagerty, 2—A. Hagerty, Miss Sheffield, 1—M. Hagerty, 2—A. Hagerty, Miss O'Malley, 1—M. Burke, 2—A. Martell, Miss O'Donnell, 1—M. O'Kelly, 2—M. O'Kelly, Miss Burke, 1—M. Sweeny, 2—K. Byrne, Miss K. Ryan, 1—M. Dunning, 2—M. Hagerty, Miss M. Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Collins, 1—J. Ford, 2—K. Dowdon, Miss O'Connell, 1—M. Cronin, 2—J. Hackett, Miss O'Connell, 1—M. Cronin, 2—J. Hackett, Miss K. Ryan, 1—M. Dunning, 2—M. Hagerty, Miss M. Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Gallagher, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss O'Brien, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss O'Brien, 1—E. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Burke, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Burke, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Burke, 1—Emma Kelly, 2—M. Madden, Miss Burke, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Burke, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss O'Malley, 1—M. Walsh, 2—M. Lehan, Miss O'Malley, 1—M. Walsh, 2—M. Lehan, Miss Kelly, 1—M. Kelly, 2—M. Forbes, Miss Kelly, 1—M. Morgan, 2—L. Morgan, Miss Burke, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Burke, 1—K. Murphy, 2—K. McCarthy, Miss Burke, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Burke, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss M. Brennan, 1—L. Gorgey, 2—M. Gorgey, Miss M. Brennan, 1—L. Gorgey, 2—M. Gorgey, Miss Harvey, 1—M. McCarthy, 2—M. McCarthy, Miss Harvey, 1—M. McCarthy, 2—M. McCarthy, Miss Harvey, 1—M. McCarthy, 2—M. McCarthy, Miss Harvey, 1—M. McCarthy, 2—M. McCarthy, Cannon.

Misses O'Neill, 1—M. Carbett, 2—L. Carroll, Miss Callaghan, 1—A. Kelleher, 2—C. Brown, Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss M. Ryan, 1—K. Hussey, 2—M. Powers, Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan, Miss Dutch, 1—G. Leader, 2—A. Kenny, Miss Dutch, 1—G. Leader, 2—A. Kenny, Miss Dutch, 1—G. Leader, 2—A. Kenny

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH.

A Name when breath of earth is the silent air,
With golden light surrounds!
It wings its way direct to heaven fair,
With love intense around it.
A Name when with sincerity allied,
Dispels dark Satan's gloom;
Then in our hearts, forever will abide,
Sweet Victor's endless bloom.
But when 'tis spoken with irreverence dread,
Cuts, like a spear, the soul;
Our blighted hearts are then like with Satan wed
In bitter anguish dole.
That holy name is Jesus—magic word,
With love the soul it assists.

In age-land, t'we now with love 'tis heard,
Great interest by the saints.
To it who dwell in constant bliss above,
In worship bend the knee;
Nay, in the gloom of hell, that Name of love
Sounds sterndly.
With reckless unalloyed to service free,
Full men in reverence bend—
In pure unstained bliss or burning tears—
To Jesus—Mankind's Friend.

Ah! with what depth of tender love we speak
Our Mighty-holy name,
Whose Holiness heart, for man—her children
bent,
With love is all aflame.
Thy name! It is a magic fountain bright
Of grace divine and true,
It assumes hearts that grope in sin's dark night,
As flowers are slanted with dew.
We linger fondly on thy name, Mark,
Repeat it o'er and o'er;
Oh! stretch with gifts our pathways' dreary way,
Like sand on ocean's shore.

We hail thee, foster-father of our God—
St. Joseph, ever mild,
Whose every thought while this bleak world lay
Bind,
Was fixed on Mary's Child!
Who dilled—while joy—across our Mother's heart,
Raising this world of strife,
Believing ever wounds of sorrow's dart
Which pierced her tender life.
We linger fondly on thy name, Mark,
Repeat it o'er and o'er;
Oh! stretch with gifts our pathways' dreary way,
Like sand on ocean's shore.

We praise thee, Holy Family, we praise—
Type of the Trinity;
Oh! fanne our hearts with Victor's warming
rays,
To love fadingly.

S. M. C.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

ONLY A WORD.

Only a bench and an angry word
Hastily uttered and painfully heard,
Leaving the father and standing smart
Deep in a tender and loving heart.

Only a glance and a scornful frown,
Flooding the cheek when a thinking person—
Gloomily nurtured till souls and heart
Slowly but surely drifted apart.

Slowly but surely drift away,
Treading the path of an unknown day,
Bitterly feeling the blinding rain—
Life can never be the same again.

Only a word! but the tenuine heart
Quivering turns beath the fiery dart;
Only a frown! and a world of pain
Circles a heart with its calling chain.

Powerful Titans whose baleful art
Blanketh the banks of Love apart,
Stealthily toiling 'till day by day,
Hearts that once loved have drifted away.

Drifted away—in the world of pain
Blossoms of Love shall not bloom again;
Drifted away and the weary years
Are drowned in a passion of remorseful tears.

M. F.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

OR! SOFTLY TOLLED THE ANGELUS BELL

Oh! softly tolls this Angelus bell
Among the Evening's shades,
And sounds along the purple hills
And down the silent glades.

O, Mary Mother, hear our prayers
Amid the twilight's charm,
And warm our barren hearts with love—
Save us from sin and harm.

And in the West the setting sun,
His golden light delays,
And tints the balmy, cool grey clouds
In lovely Beauty's mass.

O, Mary Mother, hear our prayers, etc.

Again a bell is sweetly heard,
And all the sophyr's mild
Suspend their sigh and fragrant wings,
And listen like a child.

O Mary Mother, etc.

Again that dear and magic bell
Doth thrill our souls with bliss,
And falls on cold and stony hearts
Like manna from above.

O Mary Mother, hear, etc.

THE TWO CROWN.

Deep was the bank so, rapt in fervent prayer,
Knell Catherine—Siena's fairest flower!
Nor yet alone, for angel's hovered there,
To share her solitude in that still bower!
To whisper solace to her aching heart,
And in her depths a heavenly peace distill.
In vain both every cost in vanished dark,
All her, where soul divinest grace doth fill.

Dependent Heaven! Empire yet around,
Whence comfort, light, and strength, and refreshed
light
That fill her chamber? Whence those tones
that sound
With thrilling sweetness in her day tonight?
And are her spirit-friend and soothe grief
Behold the Harbour holding in her view
A golden Crown, whose jewels be displays,
And let a crown of woven thorns, too.

"Beloved daughter!" Tenderly he spoke,
With ravished eye His loving spouse had heard
That voice, which in her hearing oft awoke
Emotions sweet as such endearing tones
"Thou prayest in rare succession most blest,
Thou dry drink pressing on the cup,
That as My sufferings thou mayst share,
And then receive the jewels for thy brow.

"Or, should thee wish thine glittering pane to
No load be thy wreaths even for My sake,
Hereafter thou shalt be golden Crown shall lose,
And wear the heavy and piercing thorns take.
Oh! ever cast thy eyes upon the Crowns pere
Upon our rugged way!
Oh! teach us to be patient and endure
The trials of Life's short day.

We praise thee, Holy Family, we praise—
Type of the Trinity;
Oh! fanne our hearts with Victor's warming
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THE MONITOR.

PRIEST PARK FIRE OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The value of real estate in New York may be appreciated from the fact that the building operations for last year, in the city, foot up $38,000,000, as against $19,000,000 for the same time last year, and $36,000,000 for the same time in 1885.

—It was a queer coincidence that the venerable Dr. John Ogden, of New York, should have died on the night before Christmas. He was twice married, both his wives being the daughters of Clement C. Moore, the author of the poem "The Night Before Christmas."

—We see by the daily papers that the twenty-fifth Mass by Harper a few years ago employed to draw disgusting caricatures of the Pope, the Prelates, the priests and the Irish people, is about to lecture in this city. Self-respect may be preserved by all Catholics and Irish-Americans who studiously avoid attending those lectures.

—On the third page of the present issue we print a very interesting condensed biography of St. Peter Claver, one of the Jesuit Saints canonized recently by the Vicar of Christ. It will be concluded next week. We will also print for the edification of all Catholics a brief sketch of the life and labors of Blessed Louis Grignon de Montfort, of the Order of St. Dominic, who was Beatified by the Holy Father last Sunday.

—February 1st, the feast of St. Bridget, has been selected as the day upon which the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church will be laid in Rome by Most Rev. William J. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia will preach the sermon, and the same day the Irish pilgrims will be received in special audience by the Pope. Many visitors are expected from Ireland and other countries, and the ceremony will be a memorable event in the history of the Eternal City.

—Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M. P., who arrived at Gloucester last week, was welcomed by a great crowd and escorted to his hotel. In an interview he said that the reception accorded Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde and himself throughout the United States had exceeded their most sanguine hopes. He said that the feeling among Americans, from the President downward, was in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, and that the people were shocked at the manner in which the Tories were enforcing the Coercion law.

—The Presbyterian preachers recently assembled at St. Johns, New Brunswick, proved to be strict from the Confession of Faith, by a vote of 9 to 4, the clause forbidding a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. It is not improbable that the agitation that this special legislation was brought about by the fact that some of the goodly-good parsons of Presbyterianism had "a widow" in his mind's eye! Ah! those preachers! they are the unholiest set of humbugs in the whole wicked world!

—The Pope in his Encyclical just issued to the Bavarian Bishops says "secular schools are a menace to the State itself." President Cleveland uttered the same sentiment when he said to the members of the Evangelical Alliance which met recently in Washington "all must admit that the acceptance of the teachings of Christianity resulted in the purest patriotism." Or, in other words, that citizens educated without Christianity were not as good as those imbued with Christian principles—from which true patriotism always springs.

—Mr. Creamer, the defaulting ex-Mayor of Hackettstown, N. J., it is discovered, was engaged to marry three women in his borough and twelve others elsewhere. A Schooley's Mountain woman says he had been engaged to marry her for fifteen years. Mr. Creamer was thrifty and turned his engagements into financial profit, but it must have kept him busy trying to remember the names and residences of the numerous maids and widows he promised to marry. And then to think of the deceitful rascal keeping up a marriage engagement for sixteen years and finally leaving the lady in the lurch! A jury of women would hang, draw and quarter such a scalawag!

—A great effort is just now being made to place Catholic parochial schools under the jurisdiction of the State. A telegram from Boston says that a great sensation has been created there by the report of a special committee of the Legislature which recommends that private schools be required to register and return lists of pupils; that the School Committee be required to visit and examine private schools and to report annually approving or refusing to approve of such schools; that after September 1, 1889, no such private schools be approved unless taught by teachers holding certificates of qualification from the School Committee, as is required in the public schools. These recommendations will, if adopted, place all the parochial schools under charge of a school committee of almost certain Protestant complexion. This system of espionage—or education is, however, too utterly opposed to the spirit of the Constitution ever to be adopted, hence the cranks who concocted the scheme, will find it only another still-born freak of intolerance and fanaticism which has few followers in free America.

Look Out for Flim!

We learn from the Nevada City *Transcript* that a disorderly individual representing himself as a Catholic priest, recently imposed upon the charitable Catholics of both Nevada City and Grass Valley, and as he is an itinerant tramp who loves whiskey not wisely but too well, we are asked to caution the Rev. Clergy and Catholics all over this coast to repel the advances of a sleek-tongued stranger who hoes for such only to disgrace the clerical calling to which he pretends to belong.

Beatification of the English Martyrs.

The highest honors bestowed upon the servants of God by the authority of Christ are those of Canonization—for which the process of Beatification is a necessary condition and a remote preparation. To many the one fact only, the stages of the whole process coming in the consistories are chiefly there. First thousands of Holy Men are Venerable, that is worthy of the love and veneration of the Faithful, as his virtues, heroic virtues, are proved to have shone out in a worthy manner in the Human Court, and been deemed worthy of being introduced and made the subject of the Church's investigation. Such title has been lately conferred by the Holy See on 261 English Martyrs, including 25 members of the Society of Jesus, 128 secular priests, and also the revered martyr Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh. The next step is when the Venerables are declared Blessed which constitutes the process of their Beatification. By the decree of the Congregation of Rites, issued December 29th, 1886, and signed by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., 54 English Martyrs have been beatified, including Cardinal John Fisher, Thomas More Chancellor of England, Margaret Pole the Countess of Salisbury, 20 secular priests, 18 Carthusians, 3 other Religious, 5 Jesuit priests and 5 laymen, among whom is Thomas Sherwood, a boy only fourteen years of age.

The final stage is when the Blessed is declared to be a Saint—this is called his canonization in virtue of which his or her name is entered in the roll of the Saints, and proposed to the veneration of the Universal Church. This highest honor has been lately conferred by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. among others, on three members of the Society of Jesus, Blessed Peter Claver, Blessed John Berchmans, and Blessed Alfonso Rodriguez, whom we now venerate as Saints, and the Feast of whose Canonization already celebrated in Rome, will be commemorated with appropriate solemnity in St. Ignatius Church of this city sometime during the present year, to be duly announced in the Mission.

As Cardinal Manning well says that the sentence of the Church does not make the servant of God to be Blessed a saint, nor does it, as objectors foolishly suppose, transfer him to heaven and place him before the throne of God, but it only declares him to be what God has already made him and publishes it to the faithful, just as she does not create a new dogma by her definitions, but she declares that such or such doctrine is contained in the deposit of revealed truth and should be believed by all. The Church is profoundly conscious that without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and hence she pronounces those only to be Blessed or to be Saints, in whom she found evident signs of eminent grace and sanctity of life. She requires, therefore, a protracted and exact proof of the virtues—cardinal and theological—in a heroic degree, and well as validated miracles as the countersigns of the Divine favor, and of their utmost power before she throws of God. But on the process of a Martyr for his beatification, proof is required either of virtue or of martyrdom. All that is necessary is to show an unimpeachable authority the fact of his martyrdom or death for the Faith. Benedict XIV. refers to martyrdom as "the voluntary endurance of death for the Faith, or some other act of virtue relating to God." A martyr, he says, may not die for the Faith, but also to preserve some virtue as justice, obedience, chastity, or the like—himself or commanded by the Faith. Some martyrdoms in a baptism of blood which effaces all sins—both original and venial—and the Martyr is proclaimed a Saint. Hence the Martyrs are ranked in the second degree, and well as validated miracles as the countersigns of the Divine favor, and of their utmost power before she throws of God. But on the process of a Martyr for his beatification, proof is required either of virtue or of martyrdom. All that is necessary is to show an unimpeachable authority the fact of his martyrdom or death for the Faith. Benedict XIV. refers to martyrdom as "the voluntary endurance of death for the Faith, or some other act of virtue relating to God." A martyr, he says, may not die for the Faith only, but also to preserve some virtue as justice, obedience, chastity, or the like—commanded or counselled by the Faith. Some martyrdoms in a baptism of blood which effaces all sins—both original and venial—and the Martyr is proclaimed a Saint. Hence the Martyrs are ranked in the second degree, and well as validated miracles as the countersigns of the Divine favor, and of their utmost power before the throne of God.

Comparative Catholic Statistics.

There is something radically wrong in the statistical summaries published in the two *Catholic Directories* issued in this country, and the difference in very many instances is so great as to show palpable carelessness on the part of those entrusted with the compilation of matters of such importance. Here are a few samples hurriedly selected from the Ecclesiastical Summaries of the issues of 1886 before us:

	Priests in Ministry 1886	Priests in Ministry 1887
Florence R. Florence Diocese	17	186
Charleston	17	17
Priests in Missions and Lay Angelus	4	4
Priests in Missions and Lay Angelus	36	41
Chickasaw in Indian Territory	2	2
Priests in Diocese of Chicago	36	41
" " Alton	130	30
Chicago Diocese	41	41
" " Alton	132	66
" " Little Rock	15	15
" " Alton	129	66
" " Oregon	30	34
" " Alton	66	66
" " San Fran.	65	71

These discrepancies are sufficient to show how erroneously each statistical summary is compiled, and we may add that there is scarcely a diocese in the Union where there is not some discordance between the *Sadlier* and the *Hoffman Directories*.

We might go even further and say that in several instances the figures in the body of the work giving Diocesan statistics, do not agree with the totals given in the Summary, showing that no statistician (in the true meaning of the term) has charge of that department in either publication.

In the Diocese of San Francisco there are actually 95 churches, while *Sadlier's* summary returns 87 and *Hoffman's* summary reports 124. There are fifty-six colleges, academies and parochial schools in this Diocese, whilst *Sadlier's Directory* returns thirty-six and *Hoffman's Directory* gives forty-eight. Such figures are worse than useless so far as being a source where from statistics concerning the Church may be considered.

Again, the correct number of churches in Sacramento Diocese is seventy-six; the proper number of stations is one hundred. *Sadlier's Directory* gives them as fifty seven churches and ninety stations, *Hoffman's* figures being the same. The correct number of parochial schools in this Diocese is thirty, whilst *Hoffman's Directory* returns seventeen—and *Sadlier's* pollyanish returns thirteen.

Nothing is more valuable than correct statistics, but when figures are the work of gather in a haphazard fashion, they become only a meaningless jumble of figures, and useless to the public at large, since, therefore, when they ought to be thoroughly reliable, we hope, therefore, that the compilers of both publications will hitherto give more attention to this evidently neglected portion of their work.

Brother McCrary on the Pope's Jubilee.

It would be just as sensatural for a Methodist preacher to tell the truth about the Popes! Notwithstanding all the pains he has taken to ridicule Brother McCrary out of his ignorance and bigotry combined, he seems determined to keep up his solid course to the great scandal of saints and sinners alike. Of course he had to allude to the Popes Jubilee, and he did so after the usual mean way which all Methodist preachers always whenever they choose to distract from the merit of the Vicar of Christ. Alluding to President Cleveland's gift to the Holy Father, Brother McCrary says:

"All the powers and potentates, and President Cleveland, as a citizen like, and as governor of the Constitution of the United States, which, we have seen, is not a Christian document. His predecessors have issued all of his leading principles in all possible ways." Such assertions are disreputable to him who gives them currency as they are abominable in the eyes of that few who love truth in every man. So far from the great Pontiff now gloriously reigning "hating the American Constitution, it will be clear to all impartial minds that he is more in accord with its principles in demanding its own liberty than are those few preachers of Methodism who transgress God's law by bearing false witness against him.

We decline to follow Brother McCrary the evidence in possession that any Pontiff ever "cursed" the principles embodied in the Constitution of the United States as some Protestant sects, and what makes the matter worse we learn from *Sadlier's* "Catholic Movements" in the present issue that the Congressional Library contains no such "curse." Such a document as that would be a most valuable one, and it would give a more extensive notoriety than Saint as well as the foes for getting the blessing for the use of such of the Rev. Clergy as may feel inclined to use it.

—Mr. John F. Lyons, well and favorably known to Mission readers, has been appointed by Governor Eugene Semple Commissioner of Deeds for Oregon. Any business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

The Catholic Church in the United States.

The Catholic Statistics, A.D. 1886, as published in the Catholic Directory for 1887, show the following total numbers:

Archdioceses, 7; Dioceses, 57; Vicariates Apostolic, 3; Prefecture Apostolic, 1; Priests, 6,404; Ecclesiastical students, 1,000; Lay Brothers, 1,000; Parishes, 6,000; Churches and Chapels, 6,000; Stations, 10,000; Religious Institutions of Men, 1,000; Religious Institutions of Women, 1,000; Academies, 1,000; Parochial Schools, 1,000; Orphan Asylums, 1,000; Hospitals, 1,000; Asylums, 1,000; Colleges, 1,000; Students in Colleges, 1,000; Students in Academies, 1,000; Students in Parochial Schools, 1,000; Students in Orphan Asylums, 1,000; Students in Hospitals, 1,000; Students in Asylums

Farm and Home.

Health Hints.

FOR EARACHE—One pint of sweet milk and a handful of pokeberry roots. This is a sure cure.

OLD SORES—First cleanliness, normal bowels, and a vegetable alterative are the only curative measures.

COLD FEET—Use a foot-bath each night of cold water, with two tea-spoons of Fuller's Earth thrown into the water.

TO PREVENT HAIRSORE, or the hair turning gray prematurely, go with head uncovered or wear a properly ventilated hat.

SORE EYES—Dissolve sixteen grains of acetate of zinc in half a pint of soft water (rain water is best), and apply to the eyes several times a day.

DRINK—Take one teacupful, twice daily, of the following mixture. Decoct asparagus, 16 ounces, parsn. root, 1 scruple, mell scillic, one half ounce.

TAPE WORM—To expel this parasite, take equal parts tincture assafœtida and tincture aloetidin, in teaspoonful doses, night and morning. No fasting is necessary.

REMEDY FOR CANKER—Take the blossoms of red clover and make a tea of them, and drink freely. It will cure cancer in the stomach as well as on the surface.

BITTERS—All "bitters" offered for sale contain alcohol. Many take them in place of brandy, whiskey, rum and other forms of spirits, persuading themselves that they are reforming as to their beverage.

ASTHMA—Tincture belladonna in 10 drop dose, repeated every 15 or 30 minutes, will very often relieve the most severe attack of asthma. So also will nitrate of amyl, given in 5 to 10 drop doses every hour, if more than one dose is needed.

FISCHAN SUPPLES—A simple and safe means for relief of cracked nipples is to powder them regularly with powdered gum arabic. Immediately after the child has been nursed the powder should be dusted over the surface and the nipple protected from the air.

MEASLES—The room should be kept dark to protect the inflamed eyes. As long as the fever remains the patient should be kept in bed. Exposure may cause pneumonia, which, in other words, is acute inflammation of the lungs. Keep in the room as long as the cough lasts.

Home Cookery.

DROP CAKES—For eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt, and flour enough for a batter; bake in cups.

RUSKS—Two ounces sugar, three eggs, six ounces of flour, pinch of salt; to be dropped and sugar sprinkled on before baking.

POVERTY CAKE—Two cups cream, two cups stoned and chopped raisins, two cups sugar, four cups flour, one teaspoonful of soda, salt and spice.

FRIED FINE PASTRY—Make a batter, dip the fast into it. Fry in hot fat until brown. Make a little brown batter, then add a spoonful of vinegar to mix with them.

RICE CAKE—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one cup of cold water, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of hickory nut meats.

LEMON SAUCE—Half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, one grated lemon, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water; put in a tin pail and set in a pan of boiling water to thicken.

CRAB APPLES—One pint of sour milk, one even teaspoonful of soda, one egg, one dozen finely chopped clams, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; drop into boiling lard and fry until cooked.

SPONGE CAKE—Half a pound of powdered sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, four eggs, juice of one lemon. Drop from a spoon upon buttered paper; if the mixture runs add more flour. Bake in a quick oven.

PIE CRUST—Two cups of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, whites of six eggs, one cup of milk, one pound of chopped dates, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

OAT EGG CAKE—One egg, one large spoonful of butter, two cups of sugar, one small cup of milk, two and a half cups of flour, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, cinnamon or lemon to flavor.

CREAM PIE—Part of scalded milk; two eggs; half a cup of flour mixed with milk; cup of sugar; any flavor that is preferred—almond is excellent. Use cup-cake, or any light cake, slightly warm. Pour the custard over it.

PLAIN CAKE—One and a half teacups of sugar, one half cup butter, one small cup sour milk, one teaspoonful saleratus, flavor mix, flavor with nutmeg. Roll one-half inch thick, cut in round cakes, and bake quickly.

A NICE MEETER FOR BREAKFAST—Two cups of oatmeal, one cup of flour, one large spoonful of butter, one large spoonful molasses, one small teaspoonful soda. Use milk enough to make the batter about like griddle cakes.

Facts for the Family.

—There will be fifty-three Sundays this year.

—Paper "window glass" is now said to be an assured fact.

—Violin-playing is growing in popularity with the fair sex.

—The elevators of some Western hotels are operated by women.

—Anne, Queen of Richard II, first introduced side saddles for ladies.

—It is said that England expends nearly $5,000,000 yearly to maintain her spy system in America.

—Discoveries, inventions and compounds patented each year in the United States and never amounting to anything, cost $3,000,000.

—Important of snails for American consumption is said to be steadily increasing every year.

—To a year 1880 is the first year containing the ascendancy digits alike since 1777. There will, of course, be no recurrence of this peculiarity of a year date until 1999.

—The first trouble set of a Jewish bible known in England, were used in Cropland Abbey, Lincolnshire, in 1053.

—The total production of the oil fields of the United States since the first discovery of oil in Pennsylvania has been 317,000,000 barrels.

—"What becomes of all the pins?" Recent statistics show that the various pin factories of this country turn out eighteen thousand million pins annually. What becomes of them all? Most of them are probably "lost in the shuffle."

—The Cottonseed Oil Trust, by its improved machinery in the preparation of cottonseed, saves in the aggregate from ten thousand to twenty thousand bales of cotton which has hitherto been lost.

Popular Sparkers and Stingers

Can use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" as freely as required, containing nothing than can injure the system. They are invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, effectually clearing and strengthening the voice. They greatly relieve any soreness in the throat.—S. R. Cupy, Teacher of Singing, Boston. Ask for and obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Sold everywhere at 25c.

—Post-mortem resolutions and notices sent in for publication must be paid for in advance.

Family Fun.

Giving a Parson Points.

A young man who recently graduated from an Eastern theological school went out to Murray, in the Central Alaska country, to take charge of a church. The largest congregation he had ever had since his ordination the first Sunday, one table on which Spanish moss was usually dealt being left for him to stand behind. A large stuck against him, and on this which was supposed to represent the Bible. The whole town turned out, and the young divine preached a powerful sermon. In it he strongly denounced gambling, horse-racing, drinking and profanity. That afternoon he was called upon by a committee of leading citizens, one of whom said:

"Perdner, thar's a little matter we'd like to talk over with ye. I am the chairman of the vigilance committee."

"Is it possible?"

"Mighty possible, captain, the consecutest possible thing ye ever seed. We've come here to ask ye not to interfere with our preachin'."

"I am very sorry that such is the case, but I don't see how I can change it."

"Can't help! Well I reckon you'll have to. We've got to lay upon your hollerns' agin gambling an' horse racin' an' swearin' an' licker. Them things are all lowable here, an' air highly recommended by the leadin' citizens, and the chief has got leff fail yer line. As a committee we mosyed up here to warn ye, an' 'taint anyuse to warn more'n once.

"But, my dear sir, what can I preach against—I must denounce something."

"What can ye preach agin? Why, I swan, Hain't ther' enough wickedness in this country 'thout goin' outen yer way to jump on yer sech things? Preach agin hose stealing an' jumpin' mineral claims, or somethin'. Ketch yer hosses an' git! Git!"

Then there's regional an—ice that up once in a while. Jed Jenkins (proud to show things an' the boys aid jes' crowd in to cheer yer every time ye make a pint.

Why He Accepted the Call.

An old darkey, who is an antebellum and miles from Winston, and who was engaged in the ministry last year, has given up his profession and is now dealing in animal spirits. The reason for his change is given as follows: "When I preached, I never got more than fifteen cents an day, while now I make from $2 to $3 for de same occupation time. There is bigger kin' of difference in dem figgers, you know, and you know farther dat dem dollars is well folks in arter dem days.

The Old Men.

Mr. Blobbs—Marsh, hadn't I better take then has to market?

Marsh—She's about 40 years old, Zeke, an' I'm afraid she'll spoil our treds. Better think of some other way of getting rid of her.

"I might give her to the editor in payment for our subscription."

"I paid that yesterday in last year's turnip."

"Well, we'll save her for the next donation party."

The Feminine Characteristic.

Elsie—You say you do as you like, Edith; but you don't always, do you?

Edith—No, not always. I do as mamma wants to, sometimes.

Elsie—Yes, I see. You do as mamma does.

Edith—How that!

Elsie—She does as papa wants when papa wants her to do as she wants, and when papa doesn't she does as she wants.

Edith—Yes, I guess that's about the way of it. Big folks are just like little folks, after all, only more so.

And then they went on making mud pies, which they had been forbidden by their mammas to do.

Mirth Provoking Paragraph.

Father—Here you're been married four weeks, and almost every day you come to me with complaints about your husband. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Daughter—But he fights me all the time.

Father—Foolish child! Haven't your mother and I been fighting every day for thirty years, and don't we get along peacefully and quietly with each other?

"I generally pick my company," said Mrs. Yount, haughtily. "Yes, I am aware of it," replied Mrs. Crimscoback, sarcastically. "But you wait until after they have left your house and then you pick them to pieces."

Little brother (whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman)—Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well?

Mr. Smiler—Yes, very well, indeed.

L. B.—Then you'd better look out. Ma said if she played her cards well she would catch you.

"We don't care for the rain," said one Baltimore girl to another, as she raised an umbrella; "we're neither sugar nor salt." "No," replied the other, "but we're lemon."

In Chicago. The lady is leaning on the arm of an elegant and wealthy young man, and leading her little daughter by the hand. Little Daughter—(Oh, ma, ma, look there! See that gentleman on the other side. Don't you know him!

Ma—N no, my dear.

L.D.—Why, mamma! he ana papa lost year.

"I thought you took an unusual interest in my welfare," remarked an unsuccessful lover. "No indeed," she replied, "only in your farewell."

Wife—John, why didn't you wake me up last night during the fire on the next block?

Husband—It didn't amount to much.

Wife—Well, the next time I wish you'd let me know it, you know I can't sleep if there is a fire anywhere near.

Boston Girl—And there is a good deal of culture in the West, then!

Chicago Girl—Oh, yes; we don't like to boast of it, but when it comes down to the necessity of showing our stuff, you bet we have them.

Vick's Floral Guide.

A silver lining—every cloud! With the short crop of early Wilder seeds the closer half days and Vick's beautiful annual, and Seeding already appears not far distant. We can almost see the growing grass and the blooming flowers. In the way of landscape, Vick's Floral Guide is unrivaled in artistic appearance, and the edition of each year that appears simply perfect, is surpassed the next. New and beautiful engravings, and three colored plates of flowers, vegetables and grain, are features for the issue for 1880. Intending visitors, with original designs of most pleasing effect, will ensure it a prominent place in the parlor, and will cause it to be read a hundred times by attentive, and to admirers, who wants all who are interested in the question of home plants. It will then be found to be worth the slightest expenditure. If you want to know anything about the garden, use Vick's Floral Guide, price only 10 cents, including a certificate good for 10 cents worth of seeds. Published by James Vick, Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NERVES! NERVES!!

Wind Pains, Spasms, Sick and Nervous Headache, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, Wasting Diseases, Spermatorrhœa, Impotence, Impurity of the Blood, Hardening of the Brain, Softening of the Brain, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Fits, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia

CARDINAL MANNING

Modern Egotism and Infidelity.

THE LAW OF HEREDITY IN EVIL.

Will the World Ever be Converted?

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster recently preached on the "Church and the World," at the Pro-Cathedral. Amongst His Eminence took for his text the words of St. Paul "The wisdom of the flesh is the enemy of God, for it is not subject to the will of God, neither can it be." and after explaining that the words "the wisdom of the flesh" meant man in his blind and lust without God, and there were two others, the Divine and the diabolical. In the Divine order the will of man is in conformity with and dependent on the eternal intelligence of God; the will of man is perfectly submissive and conformed and subject to the will of God; and, therefore, the heart of man was in obedience to the will that was conformed to God. That was more or less the state of all those who were living a life of faith—perfect to be surmounted by a mistake, but not in perfection because man's nature had been wounded by the Fall; nevertheless, by faith his intellect was conformed to the intelligence of God, his will was conformed to the will of God, and his heart was conformed to the law of God. But beneath that Divine order there was a *diabolical order*, and that was where the intellect of man got its dependence on the intelligence of God and became a law to itself, and finally when the heart of man became rebellious and indulged itself in defiance of the law of God. That was the diabolical order in which men and women sought out themselves in a moment. And what was the consequence? this! First there was what was called independence of the intellect—when the intellect refused to be subject to the intelligence and revelation of God, to the lights of nature, and the laws of nature, when man refused to depend on the Eternal Reason, and claimed to be what Satan promised, Gods in Paradise she should become—"Ye shall be as God"—for when man does not believe in God he becomes a god unto himself. And when the will has become rebellious, insubordinate, what has remained? There is no law left except a man's own inclinations, because he can blind his own conscience, he can feel all manner of excuses, and plausible reasons for acting as he likes best. And when the intellect is perverted, and when the will has followed that perversion, then the passions become turbulent. There are three great provinces of the human soul. The first is pride—the sin of the angel—which has been well defined as "an insolent desire of our own proper excellence. It is quite lawful to desire perfection it becomes sinful when we try to build up the perfection of our own, like a Tower of Babel, to reach to heaven. Out of this come all manner of ambitious, high and low, noble and base—all the concerns about honors and names and titles, and precedents, and the follies and fashions of this world.

THE SIN OF SELF-INTELLIGENCE.

And then there springs up, thirdly, a self-intelligence, a full-swing of our own things and doctrines, which grows into sensuous and sensual and earthly, full of self consciousness and self-pity, full of murmuring and complaining if anything go wrong, realizing the words of searching reason in Holy Scripture: "Sin that lireth in pleasures is dead while she liveth." These are the three powers of the intellect, the will and the heart to which the soul will come that is not subject to God and submissive to Him. Such is the world or the worldly character in the individual. What is the world as distinct from such one's individual state? Look at history in the Holy Scriptures. The first sin of Adam grew until the world was so overspread by sin that the world was destroyed by the Flood. God again from the Flood till the call of Abraham, who was called out of the midst of idolatrous people who had fallen away from God. Read again the history of Abraham to the time of Moses, who came from the patriarchal and pure life of the earlier Fathers of Israel to the intense and multiplied and manifold

CORRUPTIONS AND VICES OF EGYPTIANDOM.

Look at the book of the Prophet Hosea, and how this great law of accumulation was perpetually going on. Nations are made up of individuals, and this has taken place in every nation of the world. Look at Greece. The sublime and pensive characters are to be found in its early history; nothing more pure than the corrupt literature of its latter history can be conceived. Its manhood became effeminate, and the name of Greek became a by-word in the Roman world. Once more, take the great Empire of Rome itself. In its early days there was in it a manhood and a virtue—and the very word virtue signified courage—and the virtue of that great race was known and was a tradition of prince even to those who became corrupt, but the accumulation of vice brought down that great Empire to such a condition of internal corruption, that there was nothing for it but to be swept of the face of the earth. Was there ever anything worse than that? Yes. The Roman Empire was Pagan or Heathen, and in one sense bad to be better, but after Constantine, when the Empire became Christian, it was translated to Byzantium, which became Constantinople, and all the refinement of the Roman Empire was, as far as possible, concentrated there with an intensity of luxury of every kind. What was its history? Anything more base, anything more corrupt, than the state into which it fell could not be described. There was a perpetual accumulation of evil going on. Why and how? Because nations when they were in contact with one another, communicated to each other those several vices and corruptions.

THE FREE TRADE IN EVIL.

There is a sort of free trade in evil between nations and they interchange and adopt all the follies and evils which are called by literature and by conversation, the personal influence, by habitation—sometimes dwelling and returning—until at last the evil accumulation overwhelms; and as nations are made up of individuals the world is made up of nations, and the accumulated evils run together into one flood. Look at Paris and see the Dry Drains laid open as for this when He said, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find the faith on the earth?" The question seems hardly "If it implies a doubt. And again: "Even as iniquity hath abounded the charity of many shall waxen cold." Look at what St. Paul speaks of the times when "men shall be lovers of themselves" and "lovers of pleasure more than of God, having the form of Godliness without the power." And it is to be borne in mind that this accumulation is handed down as an inheritance and as a heirloom. These were three great laws of the world written upon the stony hearts of unbelievers and of infidels. Thus, the question of the world whatever is contrary is called pleasure—that is the opinion of the world. The last law of the world is what they call the spirit. Every age has a spirit of its own, and we are known unto this day of our age. Look at this great city. How many there are who, through a fault of their own, are borne into house on worthy of the name, into a restrictive atmosphere, into the midst of every form of temptation that can degrade, outrage, and ruin. Is it humanly merciful, supposing impossible, His picture is not a little justice like the picture of man. He weighed the sin, and will know how to deal with those, who have left the blessings enjoyed by the Children of the Church. The final sin that still remained unmentioned was, he was speaking of what it seems to him therefore that he had been acquiring power commensurate with the circumstances of his position. Nothing was so contrary to God, but as far as he could see the world would never be so conscious of the wisdom of the flesh as the enemy of God and not subject to the law of God, neither can it be.

REV. LAWRENCE SERRA,

Tributes of Respect from His Brothers and Pupils of St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland.

It is indeed a very sorrowful duty, and it is with a very sorrowful heart we pen a few words of regret which our brothers and pupils of St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, have asked us to write, and which we feel we can do but very feebly, from our inability to express our sympathy with our brothers and our sorrow for the loss of our beloved Father, who was the opportunist and gladly accepted the call to his reward. We know that he is happy in the Divine Presence, and we know that his work will be rewarded, and that his memory will be cherished by the world with all the fervor of a true and noble heart. We know that he has left behind him a monument of his labors, which will outlast the marble and bronze, and that his memory will be perpetuated by the hearts of those who have been the recipients of his bounty, and who have been the recipients of his bounty, and who have been the recipients of his bounty, and

Poetry.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HYMN.

Fondly do we pray, dear Mother,
Daily calls we fall of love;
Tender is thy hand each other,
As they do in Heaven above.

Smile ever on our pathway, Virgin,
As thou smilest on every saint!
Drive away sad sin, sin's sighing
Each stainless brow to taint.

Through our gloom and through our sadness,
Fondly beam upon us, holiest!
Bear in our joy and gladness,
Cast a gentle heavenly light.

Stay us when we falter!
In this world of object woe,
While the tomb of Time's cold finger
Lays our fairest hopes below;

Be our guiding star, dear Mother,
Onward as we roam,
Teaching us to show each other
The path that leads to home.

Then fondly do we gaze, dear Mother,
On thy features lit with love;
Smile on us while here, dear Mother,
And in Heaven above.

J. Ryan Smithwick.

FROM THE GERMAN.

DEAD.

Now fold the hands so white and cold
Upon the pulseless breast,
And gently close the dim eyes
In Death's unbroken rest.

No toils shall stain thee more
No tears shall dim the eyes,
No earthly cares again shall wake
The burning storm of sighs.

No toiling bells nor lowe'l fare
Announce a hero's death;
No wonderous tales of daring deeds
Are told with bated breath.

And yet, as name on Fame's bright i'ovoll,
A greater victory won,
Than he who lies so silent there,
"Unknown and unsung."

Not his, the gift to thrill mens' hearts
Like orators of old;
Not his, the hands to turn all things,
As Midas did—to gold.

Or self, and passions wild and strong,
A noble victory gained—
A noble life for others lived,
Unsolish and unstained.

The lessons from that humble life
Dare be to bless.
Than those who bound immortal wine
From Fortune's fleeting brim.

And as ye gently place him in
His narrow home of clay,
Amidst shedes a requiem sing,
Celestial harpists play.

M. L.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF
"GOD KNOWS"

In a burying-ground of the far, far West,
Where blest life of the shipwrecked lie,
Through and bushdrown loam, like flocks of
Flowers by the sea hard by,
And massed in marble, with many a trace
Of the whistling wind a'surprised,
In a tablet shine as an upturned iron
When the spirit of life hath fled,
With "Died drown" brokenly carved thereon,
Like a job that has stiffened above the
Like a sob that is knotted in breast and throat
Long after its voice ceasedst,
That hath "Died drown" said death's wind
rose
To the render of tombs appeals.
The child's light body those dulcies dark—
The sole one washed ashore
From the eastward North-feel'ill starved wreck
And her wave-beloved human stove—
The only body of all who drowned,
Nameless and mute, that was ever found.

The old priest passed in the funeral rites—
"The name of the dead?" quoth he.
"God knows," said the clerk of the parish kirk,
And the wall of the dark, deep sea,
With only those words on the bankless gray,
Which so much to the heart express,
Was folded away to the judgment day
"Neath the firm's of the far, far West!
And ever at haul, in a solemn deep,
Who wind and the waves their replies keep.

And the nights at morn and the sun at noon,
And the stars when the day is dim,
And the wind of noon, too, in the shimmer of dew,
Wheel over the ceaseless sea.
But God, in His infinite goodness knows
What liquid name and rare
From lips seraphic in mute flows
When they speak to our wail up there!
God knows! In the north's maternal breast
Unnamed and titled find repair!

MARJORIE.

"Oh, dear," said Farmer Brown one day,
"I never can catch weather!
The rain will spoil my meadow hay
And all my crops together."

His little daughter climbed his knee:
"I guess the sun will shine," said she.

"But if the sun," said Farmer Brown,
"Should bring a dry September,
With vines and stalks all wilted down,
And fields scorched to an ember—"

"Why, then I will pray," said Marjorie,
The little girl upon his knee.

"Ah, no!" sighed Farmer Brown that fall,
"Now what's the use of living!
No plan of mine succeeds at all"—

"Why, next month comes Thanksgiving
And then, of course," said Marjorie,
"We're all so happy as can be."

"Well, what should I be thankful for?"
Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double.

I've nothing left"—"Why, you get one!"
Said Marjorie, upon his knee.

WILLIS BODD ALLEN.

GOD'S COMFORTER.

What time the Christ to Calvary was led
And hung all bleeding on the cross of shame,
While frowning hordes reviled and mocked His
pane
O'er thorns the golden aureole's form was shed
When a'er His face death's deadly pallor spread,
And one great cry of anguish shook His frame,
Or, rapid wine a pitying soldier's hand
And fettered sorrowful about His head.

From out the wounded brow, with anger lash,
The robes plashed a thorn, when, His a tear,
Upon its breast one drop of life-blood fell,
And ever now the blessed brand will speak
From every robe's bosom, of the dear
And tender pity that He knew so well.

—So sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla If you want an honest, reliable medicine. Do not take any other. It is adapted to be "about the mark," or "just as good." Insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself and by druggists.

Literary Miscellany.

Saved by Pauline's Prayer.

A Beautiful Catholic Story.

The wind was stirring. It was blowing in sudden gusts along the coast from the north west and striking inland at the opening between the tall cliffs of an old Norman town. The tide was nearly high and the weather so rough that the water frequently splashed over the edge of the quay. The young smacks lying alongside creaked and strained as they rose, threatening to get loose from their moorings. The quay was crowded, for these fishing boats had run into the harbor with the tide, and nearly every hand was busy helping to unload them. The fishermen were passing baskets filled with fish up the ladders from the depths of the vessels, and the baskets of fish were being tossed into large tubs of fresh water. Four times tubs women carried packed the fish in pannniers, ready for removal in the carts which waited hard by. It was an animated scene, full of noise and movement, for the south the only unactive figure was a young fisher girl. She had been looking intently seaward, and had now turned away. Her face wore a painful expression and her lips were parted as though in anticipation of some danger.

The girl's dress was a blue woolen of coarse material. A head of white knitted worsted covered her head and shoulders, leaving her fair hair to cluster about the knee. She belonged to that type of blonde not uncommon among the Norman peasantry. Her face was round and dimpled; and the head to which it was coquettishly framed gave it the soft and simple expression of a child. In her motionless attitude, in the mode of this busy crowd, she resembled a statue in a market-place of some village.

"Helloo there!" cried a fisherman, who was stationed at the head of a ladder which reached down into one of the boats. "Haul up the lamp! We shall soon be in the dark."

The sun had set, and black clouds were gathering towards the horizon. The fisherman was a short, powerful man of 40 or 45. A thick fringe of black hair curled round his honest, weather-beaten face, and a red cap with a tassel was adjusted to the shape of his head. His throat was enveloped in a great woolen wrapper. He had the appearance of a Hercules as he stood on the quay receiving one weighty basket after another.

The girl, who was now close behind him on the quay, looked round as he gave the order in a bluff, honest voice.

"Marcel," said she timidly, "the Lionne is not yet in port."

The man glanced towards the sea. Above the horizon the clouds had thickened, picturing black masses in the sky.

"Wone luck," he replied, "she will be caught in the storm."

As he uttered this prediction a change became apparent in the sea. A dark shadow was creeping across it, the shore, and the waves which this shadow crossed were white with foam. It was another sign of the approaching storm, and to a sailor's mind, upon the coast. As though night had suddenly descended without warning, the harbor was thrown into semi-darkness, and with the gloom the wind swept round the quay and howled about the rigging of the fishing smacks. The creaking and straining of the boats now sounded a protest against the threatened gale.

The girl uttered a low cry, and her eyes sought Marcel's face.

"Pauline," said the sailor, looking round, "is Fernand on board?"

"Yes," she replied in a distracted tone. "He will be lost"—

"Courage, my girl," said Marcel. Fernand is a brave and able seaman."

Pauline appeared slightly reassured.

"He is indeed brave," she said with grave fervency. "Whom you protect him."

She raised her eyes, and her lips moved as though in prayer. Then she glanced about with a look of anxiety. The crowd upon the quay were still working, in spite of the rough wind, with dogged energy. The boat had to be discharged, and the herring purchased while fresh to the inland towns. The Paris market needed the supply, and the owners of the fishing smacks, fearing to lose their profit, were moving about like taskmasters among silling slaves.

Pauline turned and ran along the quay.

"It was now quite dark. Lanterns hung suspended from the masts of every fishing smack, and the lamps had been lighted in the roadway. The windows of the Cafe de la Plaire, the fisherman's favorite wine shop, began to brighten as the sky in every quarter assumed the aspect of night.

At the summit of the cliff, directly above the harbor, stood the lighthouse. It revolved slowly, and its brightness was like a gigantic eye regarding the storm.

Crossing the drawbridge, which separated the harbor from the dock, Pauline reached the foot of the cliff. A steep pathway led in serpentine curves, towards the lighthouse. The girl began to ascend, and her movement was full of vigor and purpose.

When she had almost reached the height and had come to the walls of a romantic ruin, she noticed a flock of sheep huddled together. A black shaggy dog was running restlessly to and fro. The shepherd, a huge man, wrapped from head to foot in a thick sheepskin cloak, turned to look down at her.

At this elevated point, near the top of the cliff, the force of the wind nearly raised the girl off her feet; but the shepherd stood facing the weather, erect and motionless.

Pauline hurried toward him.

"Pierre Le Tour," she demanded frantically, with her hand upon his arm, "did you see any fishing boats about sunset out at sea?"

The shepherd pointed towards the West.

"Yon pinnacle," said he, "just before sunset, I saw a sail."

"The Lionne?" cried Pauline, "was it not Pierre?"

Pierre Le Tour, who had wandered for many years over these Normandy hills, knew every fishing boat by sight which left the port. To watch the vessels that passed along the coast was almost the only distraction he had in life. He had a keen eye, and could distinguish one sail from another distinctly, as here did distinguish the forms of his flock.

"Yes, said he, "it was the Lionne. All the other boats have come in safe."

While speaking they had continued to ascend the cliff side. They now stood at the outer walls of the ruin. The light house glared down upon them a few steps above. A rocking ray sought Pauline looking up eagerly at the shepherd. Her face was pale and distressful.

"Fernand Demarc is on board

"Your betrothed

"Yes, Pierre."

"Then why," he demanded, "have you come here to pray, and she, "God, Fernand may be saved."

While these old Norman ruins stood a little chapel, it was all that remained of an ancient monastery. This small building, known as La Chapelle de la Vierge, was a famous shrine, to which fishermen and their wives made a pilgrimage once a year from all parts of Normandy. Pauline passed between the crumbled walls, and came to a broken archway. In a corner, through this archway, was a small door leading into the chapel. The girl raised the latch and stepped in.

The chapel was almost in darkness. Near the entrance was a small table upon which there stood a tall, thin taper. It gave out but a feeble light. Beside it by a quantity of similar tapers, ranged in a row ready for lighting. Close to this table, in a low chair, sat an old woman. She was fast asleep, her head on her chest and wrinkled. Her white hair was born forward, and her long pointed chin was resting on her breast. Above the chair a lamp was burning among the black shadows. It was as sombre and silent a place as the entrance to a sepulchre. The only sound was the wind, which moaned round the ruin, and the only sight was the sea, which sometimes glared up the side and sank down upon the silent steps, clasping her hands in prayer.

Pauline Delille had known her lover ever since she was a child. They had lived all their lives in the same village—the village of Barval—and when Pauline had reached womanhood Fernand had asked her to be his wife. The young sailor had lately inherited a small farm through the death of his father; and it had been his intention, as soon as the herring season was over, to give up the sea and marry Pauline. The marriage had been fixed to take place on a month's time.

That day the girl had pictured Fernand, as she had so often seen him, steering the Lionne into harbor—a strong figure stationed at the helm, a brave face with dark and wind-dried eyes. And such was the picture which now before her mind as she knelt upon the altar steps in the little chapel praying for Fernand's safe deliverance from the perils and dangers of the sea.

Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning filled every corner of the chapel with its ghastly, quivering brightness. The white, stone floor, worn by the tread of many a generation of pilgrims, the large, pointed window over the altar, representing the Virgin and Child in the dark-taken beams of the arched roof—all became for an instant as distinct as through the glare of sunlight had looked in. Then followed a clap of thunder, which sounded as if the cliff close by had fallen with a crash into the sea.

Pauline Delille started to her feet with a painful cry upon her white lips.

She fled towards the chapel door, and hurried out into the storm. In a sheltered corner among the ruins Pauline found the terrified flock bleating piteously. The shepherd was not there. The girl stopped and peered into the darkness. Another flash revealed him, she recognized his troupe, and broke the silence of the cliff. Pierre Le Tour, cautiously forward, calling in a kindly name.

"Pierre le Tour

He heard her, for as she spoke to Pauline was him approaching.

"Pauline, said he, as she reached his side, "if I am a blind man, I hear."

"You have seen her

"Yes."

"Where!

The shepherd seized her arm.

"Come, he replied, "I will show you."

She yielded helplessly, concentrating to be led his strong hand. The cliff side was at that moment as much before her the wind and rain were beating in her face, and she was half dead with terror and expectation.

After ascending a few steps to the summit of the cliffs Pierre le Tour stopped. Pauline heard the waves breaking with a deafening roar 100 feet below them.

"Look!" said Pierre, "look towards the sea and wait."

Pauline obeyed. But she had scarcely waited a moment, with her eyes strained eagerly seaward, when another flash of lightning quivered out of the dark clouds. The whole expanse of an angry sea was illuminated, and upon the waves the girl descried a large fishing smack with a broken sail, and at the helm was the man for whose safety she had been praying. It was like a vivid vision impressed upon her brain, for in another second the scene was enveloped in black night.

"Fernand!" she cried in a piteous tone. "He's making for the harbor."

Breathless with excitement, and with a fast beating heart, Pauline descended, grasping her way swiftly by the same path up which she had climbed not half an hour before, with such resolution and piety. The lights in the harbor and in the town beyond were shining brightly now. Pauline fancied as she approached that she could even distinguish dark figures moving about, still long upon the quay, landing the cargoes of herring from the fishing smacks, and passing in and out of the Cafe de la Plaire across the road way. Notone, the girl thought, could have the least suspicion that the Lionne was labouring out in the storm, and in vain to the entrance of the port The news would transform the scene.

The last lamp leading on to the quay was at last reached and crossed, and Pauline once more stood in the midst of the active crowd of workers. She glanced about in search of her friend Marcel, the powerful sailor who had left in the act of handling heavy baskets of fish at the head of the ladder. He was no longer standing at his post.

His girl husband towards the quay. She had not seen Marcel then with a pitying look. He looked inquiringly as she approached.

"Your boy Marcel" cried Pauline, clasping her hands. "Oh, he

"The Lionne is trying to enter the harbor, exclaimed the girl, as she finished her sentence aloud. Thousands at a moment to close Sainte Fanny, Marcel sprang into the jet. The cafe was crowded.

"Hi the crowd, in a chorus!

Every one was anxious to hear the news.

Marcel repeated the story.

The news which Pauline had brought spread like wildfire. The excitement in the harbor became general. Her sailors on board the fishing smacks left their work and went with Marcel on a hurrying crowd towards the jetty. Pauline Delille was among the foremost.

The jetty was long and narrow, and curved gradually out to sea. At the extreme end it continues to the harbor, a bright red lamp was burning steadily. Towards this red lamp the crowd advanced, against the wind which blew in their faces with such sudden and powerful gusts. Oh! it was difficult to make much headway. Every wave that broke against the jetty covered these hardy people with a shower of spray.

Marcel was the first to reach the jetty head, and Pauline was still close beside him. Looking seaward, the sailor's keen eye Marcel perceived a faint light rising and falling among the waves. He pointed it out to the girl.

"That's the Lionne," said he, "she is steering up against the tide. We are not lost a moment too soon."

He then turned to the men and gave his instructions in a calm, commanding voice. Every rope was quickly got in readiness to render aid, as Fernand Demarc's boat was hauled forward and firmly attached, and every man was speedily stationed at his post prepared for action.

Pauline Delille leaned eagerly over the low wall of the quay. She watched the light on board the Lionne as it rose and fell, and was sometimes hidden entirely behind huge waves. Slowly it approached nearer and nearer toward the narrow entrance to the harbor. But there was the slightest miscalculation, or the least mistake in the sailor, and the boat would be dashed to pieces against the projecting masses. Those few moments of suspense seemed to her like a lifetime, her agony was terrible when she reflected that they might be her lover's last moments on earth. In many days they had passed together in their native village, and the plans they had formed of the future, rose up in her mind like a cruel cross, the sense of bereavement and despair and yet she had no confidence in Fernand, the pilot could guide a boat with greater skill.

Closer and closer came the light towards the harbor, and at some moments was so completely hidden that Pauline thought it was sunk with a sudden fear that the Lionne had sunk, never to rise again. But presently a loud shout from the crowd announced the safety of the vessel. Over a wretch's cross mast, the light was seen shining where the lamps on each side of the jetty shone out in the darkness. Pauline Delille started to her feet with a cry of fervent prayer to Heaven for the safety of her lover.

Into the great wave upon which the Lionne was lifted into port had swept a man upon whom another wave had cast her, and swept back and struck the base of the boat with such force that it was dashed to pieces. Pauline saw the man, and before Pauline saw a cry of fervent prayer from the crowd, but it was quickly stunned, for Marcel the muscular fisherman, had opening upon the wall of the jetty, with a rope bound round his waist. In another moment he had been lowered into the sea.

A moment of terrible suspense followed. Marcel and Pierre, a fisher were struggling half hidden by the surf, and in early entrance to the harbor. A single wave sought, without warning, dash both men against a wall of the jetty and deprive them of life. But the men were both excellent swimmers, and well knew their danger, and meanwhile they were being carried further into the harbor out of the roughest sea. Fernand had now got near enough to his friend Marcel to reach him with a rope, and they both keep themselves afloat while swimming side by side. At the same time a large boat from the harbor, manned by young fishermen, was making toward them, every stroke of their oars was watched by Pauline in the agonizing intensity of hopefulness and dread. Could, she thought, such a terrible contest be much longer sustained? The struggle was enough to exhaust the best of swimmers. But the boat reached them at last, though none too soon for the two men, who lifted into the boat were more dead than alive with cold and fatigue. They were taken, amid great excitement upon the quay, into the inner harbor and the first face when Fernand Demarc sought sight of as he was carried up the steps on to the quay, was his sweetheart—the face of Pauline.

As long as she lived Pauline never forgot that night. In after years, when seated with her children round the fire, she would recount to them how their father was caught in that storm, and how their friend, the brave Marcel, saved his life. And every year, on the day of the pilgrimage, she accompanied the story of her and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving in the little chapel among the ruins of the old Norman monastery.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1898.

There are several Catholic Almanacs published in the United States, but *for Home* serves three to none of them equal to the *Catholic Home Calendar*, published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers. The form *For Home* is a beautiful chromo-lithograph frontispiece, and nearly the price of the Almanac itself. Many engravings, in colors, of Sacred Subjects, *note for* large relief pages of stories, essays, anecdotes, poetry, and spiritual readings, from such eminent personages as Right Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., Bishop of Richmond; Rev. R. H. Dawey, S. J.; Rev. Martin S. Brosnan, Rev. Maurice F. Egan; Christian Reid; Rose Mulholland; Eunice C. Donnelly; Anna T. Sadlier; Eleanor C. Donnelly; Mary M. Molloy, and other Catholic writers.

This cheap and valuable home treasure is sold for twenty-five cents, and may be had through A. Waldteufel, 737 Market street, or at all Catholic book stores on the Pacific Coast. Agents desiring to purchase on receipt of twenty-five cents.

Blessed Is Pope Leo XIII. Sunday, January 23rd, 1898.

Received by Pope Leo XIII. Sunday, January 23rd, 1898.

Rome, Italy, the most anti-Catholic Government France that land of monasteries, where the Inexorable Methodist Episcopal Church, and Protestant Bishop Hendrick, Methodist Episcopal Bishop Cranston, Methodist Episcopal Bishop Mallalieu, Methodist Episcopal Bishop Andrews, Methodist Episcopal Bishop Fowler, Methodist Episcopal Bishop Warren, which left no room for Catholics, and which left no room for Catholics, and which left no room for Catholics, and

THE MONITOR.
TWENTY FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION
THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Among the Jubilee gifts offered to the Pope was a contrivance by a French engineer named Arnaud for ringing large church bells by electricity.

—The Trappist Missionaries in South Africa are doing wonderful work in converting the Kafirs. At one time of the Trappists, accompanied by the first Catholic Zulu ever in Great Britain, is staying in London and awaking sympathy in every section for the noble work of his community.

—The great organ of St. Agnes' church, of Brooklyn, which is to rank among the most massive instruments in the world, was formally opened on Christmas morning. It has 9,000 pipes, four banks of keys, three octaves of pedals and a full chime of bells. The reeds include a four, eight and sixteen foot trumpet. The power for the bellows is furnished by a hydraulic engine.

—Among other persons received into the Catholic Church last month by Father Bernard Vaughn, S. J., of The Holy Name Mission, were the Rev. R. F. R. Cordner, an Anglican clergyman, and his wife. Mr. Conder, who was looked upon as one of the rising Anglican preachers in London, is descended from a Huguenot family which went over to England to escape persecution in France.

—Writing from Rome, on a recent occasion, a correspondent says: A pair of finely embroidered cosy slippers have always been a favorite present. But all such demonstrations of affection or appreciation of religious benefits fade into nothingness before what is now happening at Rome. The Pope is having slippers literally showered on him on this the occasion of his Jubilee. Up to New Year's Day he had twelve thousand pairs sent, and the cry is, "Still they come."

—Many Israelites and Prohtpetians look upon the introduction of an organ into the Synagogue or Meeting-house as the first sign of decadence for their respective religions. A Canadian orthodox Jew warns his English brethren against "worship reform," and draws this dreadful down-grade sketch of the results of introducing organs into synagogues: Organ, pews, Christian choir; hats off, microscopic prayer books; abolition of the Hebrew; pork and oysters; Chanukah Christmas; intermarriage; the Sunday Sabbath; no God; no Judaism.

—Those who condemn the "Plan of Campaign" may very well be recommended to study the eulogies given by the Middlesborough Commission, and then they may be somewhat better qualified to speak of the morality of that powerful engine against landlordism. The tenants asked for an all-round reduction of 20 per cent.; the Commissioners have given reductions averaging 20½ per cent on the old rents. By this fact alone those who seem to do so may judge of the fairness of the claims of the Irish tenants.

—Here are some suggestive figures showing the disastrous influence which English rule has resulted in by its operation in Ireland: The population of Ireland in 1831 was 7,800,000, when the whole United Kingdom had 24,000,000—being a third of the whole. It had increased to 8,200,000 in 1841, and at the same ratio would be 9,000,000 in 1851, but it had fallen to 6,500,000, a loss of 2,500,000. But the decrease still goes on. The population is now under 5,000,000, being only a thirteenth of the United Kingdom, whereas in 1831 it was a third.

—An exchange says it has been discovered that a number of wealthy people in Cincinnati have placed their aged parents in old men's and old women's homes, in order to save themselves trouble. Four immense halls have been removed from one institution. This is one of the worst features of what is fashionably called "modern civilization." We know of a case where a very eminent member of the American Judiciary discharged with having permitted his poor, old Irish father to have died in a poor house in Illinois, while he himself literally wore "purple and fine linen."

—A telegram from the East states that at a meeting held in Washington, D. C., last week, which was presided over by Cardinal Gibbons, the plans and purposes of the new Catholic University to be built in that city, were explained by Bishop Ireland of St. Paul and Bishop Keane of Richmond, Va. During his remarks Bishop Ireland stated that the earnestness of the Divinity building would be laid in about three months; that the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy of America would be celebrated in the autumn of 1889, and at the same time the beginning of the second century would be celebrated by the opening of the Divinity Department of the University, to be followed as rapidly as possible by Departments of Philosophy, Law, Medicine, etc.

—The expending of the Duke of Torlonia as Syndic of Rome has developed into being one of the most important events of the day. The Catholic and Liberal newspapers not only of Italy, but of other countries on the Continent, are speaking out very plainly on an incident which is believed to be the forerunner of a bitter struggle between Church and State in the Peninsula. *Il Popolo Romano*, an organ bitterly hostile to the Vatican, is, however, candid enough to admit that the Government has in this moment cares serious enough to make it feel the necessity of not adding to them the administration of the commune of Rome, which could, in any case, have been regulated at a more opportune moment and in a different manner. The Crispi Cabinet is evidently resolved to open fire on the Vatican, prompted, as it is, to revenge by the unexpected success of the Jubilee demonstration.

Sage Counsel from a Wise Teacher.

It is a great pity to see otherwise good Catholics *Protestantize* themselves, so to speak, through imitating the foibles and follies of the world, and Cardinal Manning, in a recent occasion, alluded to the fact that "those who love danger shall perish," when he thus cautioned Catholics against certain evil customs which are just as prevalent in San Francisco as they are in London or any other European capital.

"Within the Catholic Church," said his Eminence, "there were unhappily those who worshiped the world, its money, its titles, its fashions and follies. They ran after such honors as the world can give, and got in this world; they ran after a name or a title because they loved to have their mouths full of the names of Peter's throne, whose they may have seen once and would like to meet again; they worshipped fashion and the claims of the world, they bowed down to society, because their hearts were in the world, and they forgot the warning of the Evangelist: 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in this world, for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' Let them apply these words to society, the play, the theatre, to their dress, and their books, &c., and draw their own conclusions. As regards the stage many do not know the harm they did themselves by frequenting the theatre. None know, or would know, until the Judgment Day, the harm done by the whole system. In dress Christian women were departing from the injunction of the apostle in two points especially, continence and modesty. As to literature, there was a time when books that were now to be seen on drawing-room tables would never have crossed the thresholds of our families. Again, there was a restless, morbid desire to know everybody, to be everywhere, to have all manner of people at our houses. All this led to laxness and sin in life."

A lax life, concluded the Cardinal, is a dead life; a strict life is a peaceful life, and a life; a strict life is a peaceful life, and the peace of conscience, springing from a strict life, is the peace of God, which "passeth all understanding." We must be in the world until God calls us out of it, but of the world we need not be. If we are united to our Divine Master the spirit of God dwells in us, and it matters not what may be our lot in life, however heavy its duty, how close and perilous even its temptations, God will not forsake us. He will fulfil His promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and the rivers shall not overflow thee, and when thou walkest in the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle within thee."

Another Cry for Help!

A cablegram from Dublin says that William (Hinian has written a card in which he says there is urgent necessity for large American subscriptions of money at this time to help the Irish in their struggle. In addition to the expenditure needed to keep up the struggle, large sums are needed to indemnify persons prosecuted under Balfour's coercion laws.

It is to be earnestly hoped, therefore, that every reason of the Irish National Leagues on the Pacific Coast will go to work at once and send in liberal subscriptions to Father O'Reilly, so that the cause of Ireland may not be retarded through want of the necessary funds to carry it on to a successful close.

—Non-Catholic journals delight in asserting that a great portion of the crime in this country must be charged to Catholics. This has been proved to be untrue, yet our enemies keep harping upon it without commission, and we are glad, therefore, to be able to show the restraining power of religion over crime by statistics not far from home and which are easily susceptible of proof. Ontario, Canada, is English and Protestant, Quebec is French and Catholic, their respective populations being in the proportion of 24 to 17. The Government Returns give 1,456 as the number of convictions for indictable offences in Ontario for the year 1884; the corresponding number of convictions for Quebec might therefore be calculated as 1,017, it was, however, only 790. When it is borne in mind that in both Provinces the same law is administered by the same authority, these figures show that the moral restraint of Catholic faith is palpably greater than that of Protestantism, especially when it is brought to mind that the power of Protestantism over even the English people, is growing less every day.

—Among the many valuable offerings which the Holy Father received on his Jubilee, not the least interesting was the chasts and elaborately wrought chalice of Australian gold which was forwarded as a gift from the members of the Holy Catholic Guild, New South Wales. It is of purely colonial gold, not less than 17 ct. of the precious metal being used in its making. It stands 11 inches in height, and the cup, which in itself weighs 4 oz., is of plain gold, set in ornamentation of artistic and elaborate workmanship. A jewelled cross is introduced amidst scrolls at the foot of the chalice. The jewels are set in representations of the Southern Cross. The paten weighs nearly 3 oz., and is 5½ inches in diameter. In the making of the chalice the gold has been treated in five different ways namely, deep and bright colored yellow, green and red, and polished, and the consecration of the various shades is highly effective.

—The *Ave Maria* should be a regular weekly visitor to the homes of Catholics who love to honor the Mother of God. It is the Blessed Virgin's best organ in America, and we fully appreciate the kindness for the eulogistic praises in which it touched its criticism of our Christmas number when it said: "The MONITOR, of San Francisco, published a notable Christmas number. It had two supplements profusely illustrated, and filled with interesting and appropriate articles in prose and verse. The MONITOR is an excellent Catholic journal, and is doing good service on the Pacific coast. We rejoice at its success."

Official Aid to Immorality.

Chief Crowley, head of the police force in this city—who is thoroughly cognizant of the morals which crime is making upon the morality of the youthful both sexes by the numerous dens of immorality which exist in San Francisco—recently asked the Board of Supervisors to pass the following ordinance:

"It shall be unlawful for any person in the city and county of San Francisco to keep or maintain or become an tenant of, or a lessee of, in any manner by sublet, or to the support of, any disorderly house, or house of ill fame, or place for the practice of gambling or lewdness, or to rent, let, or transfer the possession of any premises for use by any person for any of said purposes. Every person who shall violate any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and be punished by a fine of not less than $20 or imprisonment for a term not less than ten days."

The committee of city officials to which this excellent enactment was proposed, took a vote on it and refused to report favorably upon it as that it might become a law, lamen, as we have often said in these columns, it is absolutely useless for a decent people to hope that morality will keep a foothold in this city so long as the hands of those who make the laws are greased with the gold which comes to them through gilded vice.

Every citizen in San Francisco will admit that Chief Crowley's proposition is the very law the city needs, but as some of our Supervisors are elected by the votes of the worst elements in this community, they are the slaves of the slim keepers, and will do nothing that will purify the social atmosphere, for the reason that such men steal political honors through the votes of those from which the city's impurity springs.

Sensible Ideas About Public Schools.

We commend the following sensible paragraph about public schools to the careful perusal of those sectarian cranks and political demagogues who are constantly crying out "Our Public Schools are in Danger" The paragraph comprises a portion of an editorial in the *Beacon*, of Boston, Mass., and it is scarcely necessary to say that the journal in question is non-Catholic.

"Even the most passionate friend of our public schools should never forget that they are a system of charity, and that the public body has sworn allegiance to primary and grammar schools. These schools are subject to the pleasure of the people, and there is no danger that the public at large, including a majority of the Catholics, are likely to forsake the public school system. It is wholly improbable that the Catholic Church will ever become the enemy of these schools, though for its own children it may prefer parish schools, and that religious instruction which the public school is profoundly unable and unwilling to give. Now, as long as Catholics pay their taxes, as long as they obey the law, as long as they are good American citizens, their right is there to exist, there to plague them, to complain of them and to remind them of Innocent III., who was the lord of the Church of England and of whatever Protestants there was in his day. For the Church of the thirteenth century was the Church of our own ancestors, and is the Church of the present Catholics. But we happen to live in the nineteenth century, in Massachusetts, with freedom of conscience and full freedom of speech. And if any one disputes this freedom, or the freedom to maintain religious schools at our own expense, let him remember that we live in Massachusetts. It is not necessary, even for a Catholic, to agree with Mr. McCarthy. We address and his letter are subject to public discussion and general dissent. But he has a right to speak, and we have a right to speak, and we have a right to speak for the Monitor and the Constitution of Massachusetts and the United States exist for the very purpose of defending this right."

Ireland's Attitude Unchangeable

A great deal has been said recently in the popular press about certain supposed "Planes which England's special friends were supposed to be making with the Sovereign Pontiff in order to keep aliens in Ireland by yielding to the demands of Leagues. Among other "Boots" sixteenth to place the Irish for the loss of their national spirit, we have seen it stated that the Irish in Ireland a Catholic University nicely endowed. But no such bribe will ever tempt the Irish people to exchange in their ancient country National Independence.

A Catholic University once existed in Ireland, and we have of honors in those old days, the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, in order that the Eminent Catholics both in England and Ireland, may learn a lesson from their constant when such an Institution existed. The author of the letter is Mr. Charles Dawson, and in it he says

"Of all the dangerous subjects for the Eminent Catholics to touch, that of the Catholic University is the most dangerous. During its long course of struggle this class never gave it a helping hand. I was sure Monsignor Petersi and his Sovereign Pontiff would remember how little it mattered to those people that the University was established by Pope Pius, whose position and Bull founded nearly all the universities in Europe, including those of Oxford and Cambridge. Neither the Pope nor the Bull gave the least heed to these Catholics studiously abstained themselves from the Synod, and the Catholic University, which twenty four Bishops attended. They cannot forget that, they cannot forget that from its walls to those of Trinity and of the Godless colleges. And they had little excuse. Why should the Catholics of Ireland Holy See the University conserved, there was a place in the Catholic Universities in any existing college. Newman was at Dublin, and Ireland produced like Grady, mathematicians like Boyle, literateurs like Ferrand and Allen, chemists like Dr. William K. Sullivan, and Irish Catholics like O'Curry presided in its chairs, but where were the upper class Catholics? Where? They were attending the lectures of Cousin, and the Protestant University. Of this class, as the Newcastleists did in Scotland, they fled to their Parliament and to the See of Peter, the Catholic University, which would have been a great benefit, and dare not have been ignored by the government.

But those persons now no anxious for the amelioration of the Holy See, show their laurels, chief justices, judges and lawyers who would fain go to Rome to instruct the Pope, were exactly where it stated them, and not care one jot either for learning or for religion. And of the few who did go to the University, who were they? Mr. Jake Gibbs, Mr. P. Ry. Mr. Jo Bonny, Mr. D. Dry, Cox and many others who now take the Queen's shilling and the Queen's bread. Nor, it is not likely that the most zealous of modern Pontiffs will be lured walked by such parties. They are sunk in the shadow of the Church crits cause, but not present a strong impression. Their ranks, enrolled for and insulting. When our Lord Cardinal Cullen, Dublin, Ireland, there was then no Parnellism, no National League, no plan of campaign. Yet the upper-class Catholics attend in the Dublin Castle, and the barristers or lawyers wait on the first Prince of the Church every one but Their deportion was conspicuous. Catholics, and the Pope, have been anxious for the recognition and support of a strong Catholic University, for it is causing. In the halls of Trinity College I witnessed the course and the support of scholars like Dr. Haughton, F. T. S. But it is well for all concerned that the Pope's Bull was not, as it really was, the Protestants service. Yet in the history of Ireland, in the Catholic Universities of Ireland, in the Catholic Universities of Ireland, it often seemed another Bull was called for strong enough to overturn his right and the right of anybody to maintain for the Monarchy and the Constitution of Massachusetts and the United States exist for the very purpose of defending this right."

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH IN ROME.

Consecration Laid Down of St Bridget, Feb. 1st, 1888.

I.

On this feast of the Lily of Eve whose fragrance sweetly blends
With the blood of martyred incense which here to Heaven ascends,
Hail! Lily of Consolation, Lily of the Lamb, Lily of the Cross,
Sweet by the pure waters of Jordan, Lily of the Rose of Sharon,
Zion, Solid the foster hold of Love Jubilee,
Zion Temple, Lily Lady, to Glory St. Patrick's memory.

II.

To Erin's great Apostle, grand founder of the Word,
Who here received consecration, great to make fair Erin Bird,
Bird with the precious gem of Faith planted upon her brow,
Where still continued its trembling image shining brightly now;
Hail! Lily of Consolation, Lily of the Lamb, Lily of the Cross,
Lily, pure as our Queen Mary, fair daughter of the Bride!

III.

Her consecrated sons today around St. Peter's Chair,
Assemble where St. Patrick's knelt, for mission now their own,
To testify their gratitude thus unto God and thee,
St. Patrick, in whose honor, to whose holy memory
The Eternal City will possess a church of the great name
Ireland's Island members young Catholic Ireland
Hail! Lily of Consolation, Lily of the Lamb, Lily of the Cross,
Lily, pure as our Queen Mary, fair daughter of the Bride!

IV.

Atlantic sees the mighty shrine, crown of the Empire State,
While mid Pacific's tiny shrine, Lily of the Golden Gate
Now whole Ethics classic wave receives the Queen Queen
Lily of Virgin Flower on the cross with Lily Lady Queen
Thy patroness dear Erin exhibition her with filial prayer,
Through years from their native isle they still invoke thy care.

V.

And for their fair, dear Motherland long fettered fast in steel,
Crushed by a cruel like tyrant's sight, to thee do they appeal
Lily pure to tender mercy bestow from Zion's sacred shore,
As on consecrated Bridget's Church, Lily Lady, Lily Lady
Sweet Peace and Freedom soon and full of Love may bound
Dear Erin's shore and church were to their ancient Lily Lady.

VI.

St. Patrick and St. Bridget, pour that Erin's dismal sight
May vanish as the golden beams of Freedom's rosiest light,
Be the sacred Lily of Justice shine over Erin's lovely land,
The Harp of Erin's ancient tuner may breathe through the strand
A melody of concord, praise to God in this blessed strain,
Till her children's souls like sweetness, in your celestial fane.

MARY J. COLEMAN.

Lorenzo, Cal., 1888.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

Complete Official List Taken from Roman Documents.

Following are the names of the two hundred and sixty-one English Martyrs whose canonizations by the Pope will take place in St. Peter's Archdiocese of Westminster, was lately introduced before the Congregation of Rites for further consideration, with a view to their Beatification.

The following Servants of God were declared Venerable:

Anthony Brockby, Franciscan; John Stainsborough, Franciscan; Ven. Ven. Ven.

Farm and Home.

Health Hints.

FROST BITES.—A New Yorker gives the following remedy: Rub the affected parts with goose oil or pure lard. It will also prevent the after effects of chilblains. Care should be taken to amply the parts oil and not the essence of peppermint, as the latter will not have the desired effect.

FEARFUL INFANT MORTALITY.—In Germany goes the astounding result of fifteen infants during the first year of life. Thus nursed by mothers, only 18.7 per cent. lie, those nursed by wet nurses, 29.32 per cent. the, those artificially fed, 50 per cent. those brought up by institutions, 80 per cent. die.

CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Sit erect and in fasts the lan, a fully. Then, stretching the breath, bend slowly forward until the chest meets the knees. After slowly rising again to the erect position, slowly exhale the breath. Repeat this process a second time, and the nerves will be found to have received an excess of energy that will enable them to perform their natural functions.

EARACHES.—Dr. Ayrell, I, ounce; glycerine, 1 grain. Mix and shake well together; then pour twenty-four drops into the ear, and close it up with a piece of raw cotton to exclude the air and retain the mixture. This remedy we can truly say is a specific for earache. It acts promptly and efficiently, and in good hands has never failed to effect a cure in a short space of time.

FRESTED FEET.—Painting it restored by the blood leaving the brain. Place the patient feet and allow the bath to be lower than the body. Sprinkle cold water on the face. Hartshorn may be held near the nose, or to it. A half teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a wineglass of water, will tend to revive the patient. If the symptoms recur send for a physician.

TO CURE STAMMERING.—Dr. Ralph Hindsdon writes, that anyone may cure stammering by simply making an audible note in expiration before each word. Stammerers can sing as easily as other persons. Jacky Brazier, of Chester, who made a large fortune by curing stammering, simply made his pupils say *ho!* before each word beginning with a consonant.

POISONS.—When a poison has been swallowed, send immediately for a physician, and in the meantime give a tablespoonful of ground mustard in a tumblerful of warm water, followed by more warm water until vomiting occurs. If there is no mustard, common salt will answer. If an alkali like washing soda is taken, give vinegar and water, and follow in a short time with an emetic.

TO ABOLISH A STYE.—Dr. Fitzpatrick says he never saw a single instance in which the stye continued to develop after the following treatment had been used: The lids should be held apart by the thumb and index finger, while tincture of iodine is painted over the inflamed papillæ. The lids should not be allowed to come in contact until the part touched is dry. A few such applications in the twenty-four hours are sufficient.

TO PREVENT CONSTIPATION—Eat brown bread, mush and molasses, or oatmeal porridge for breakfast; use salt water bathing and friction; cold water injections daily, exercise freely in the open air, and last, but not least, the single habit of obeying the voice of nature at a regular hour every day, will cure work wonders, (and I had almost said always), if persevered in. If none of the above remedies succeed, a mild dinner pill may be taken every day, before or after dinner.

Home Cookery.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one and one-fourth cups of flour; beat to a cream; add two eggs, one-half cup of corn starch, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of lemon.

EGG SANDWICHES.—Boil fresh eggs five minutes; put them in cold water, and when quite cool peel them, and after taking a little white off each end of the egg, cut the remainder into four slices. Lay them between bread and butter.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One quart of Graham flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt, milk enough to make a batter as thick as for griddle cakes.

CHICKEN STEW.—Boil a chicken until tender, remove and chop fine; have ready a deep dish; put in the pieces of chicken with the liver, in layers, with salt, pepper and butter; make a gravy with the liquor; pour over the chicken and cover with a soft crust.

BROILED CHICKEN.—Split the chicken open on the back and then flatten with a cleaver; lay in a dripping pan with the inside of the chicken next the pan; bake one hour and baste occasionally; when done make a gravy with the giblets and a little butter and browned flour.

MOCK SALMON.—One head of cabbage minced fine to two hard-boiled eggs, to tablespoonfuls of salad oil, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar; one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper and made mustard, one teaspoonful of vinegar; mix all together thoroughly.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Take an ordinary amount of dough; use cup of desiccated cocoanut; mix thoroughly; bake in three layers. Put together with frosting in which has been mixed one tablespoonful of cocoanut. Frost the cake; sprinkle the top heavily with cocoanut.

CRANBERRY PIE.—For the pastry take one quart of flour, half a pound of lard, half a pound of lard, half a pound of butter, one teacup of cold water. Wash and pick over the berries. Put into a saucepan with a little water, and simmer until they become soft. Bake with a cross-bar of pastry over the top.

Facts for the Farm.

—The price of pedigree shorthorn cattle has dropped in England from an average of $50, which it reached a few years ago, to $27 10s.

—Gopher farming is a new industry begun at Auburndale, Fla. Two men have devoted a tract of 1,000 acres to the purpose. It is said that the most fastidious epicures cannot tell the flesh of the Florida gopher from the famous Maryland terrapin.

—The yield of the corn crop of 1887 in a little more than 200,000,000 bushels short of that of 1886.

—The State of New York feeds and fattens more sheep for the shambles than any of the big sheep raising States.

—There are fifty varieties of cheese imported to this country from Europe. Many of them are imitations made in New Jersey.

—Last year bread and butter cost less than in the previous year, but cheese, pork and canned goods were higher. Coffee, which advanced in price, decreased largely in consumption, while tea, which declined in price, increased 10 per cent in use.

—The annual honey product of North America is about one hundred million pounds, and its value is nearly $12,000,000. The annual wax product is about five hundred thousand pounds, and its value is more than $100,000. There are about three hundred thousand persons keeping bees in North America.

—Scientific tests in Hungary show that corn will yr ders the larger yield of milk, while sorghum will yr ders milk of the richest quality.

Family Fun.

Morning Mysteries.

Oldhand Dame—Hi, you know what time it was when you got in last night!

Tipsy Gent—Nearly one o'clock, I guess. It was after twelve when I got my books balanced. Well, well! This is curious. Here's my hat under the bed, I should have hung it on this chair and it fell down.

"Probably."

"Where are my boots?"

"On the hat rack."

Straightened Out.

Teacher—Correct the sentence, "The liquor which the man brought was drunk."

Smart Boy—The man which bought the liquor was drunk.

Parasites.

A Linguist—Pa, here's a piece in the paper about parasites. What is parasites?

Pa—Parasites, my boy? Why, parasites are the people who live in Paris. I think you ought to know that, and you in the third reader.

No Trouble to Call Again.

Contributor—Here is a lit tle article which I wish to submit to the editorial.

Editor (with a grateful wave of the hand) Very sorry, but we are all full just now.

Contributor—Very well! I will call again when some of you are sober!

True Politeness.

Little Nell—The gentlemen's were rel polite to me in the street car. One real nice one gave me a seat.

Mamma—Indeed!

"Yes, on his knee."

"Oh!"

"Yes, mamma, and some big girls stand up in public real mad cause no one was polite to them."

Knew What He Was Doing.

The congregation of a church at Elk Rock were much at odds upon learning that their preacher had departed under most disreputable circumstances. On the following Sunday it seemed to be the aim of nearly every one to hash up the scandal, and, under great restraint, many uninteresting conversations were had, merely to show that the congregation could rise above sensational gossip. Just before the service were closed Brother Eljah P. Brooks arrose and said.

"Brethren and sisters, since we last met in this home something which seems to have cast a gloom over the congregation has occurred. We were all very much attached to our minister, in fact, we loved him, and I now propose that we offer a prayer for the wanderer."

A sensational wave swept over the congregation. Another brother arose, and turning to Eljah P. Brooks, said

"I am astonished that you should desire this congregation to pray for our erring minister—you above all others."

"Why?"

"Because he ran away with your wife."

"Yes, I know," Eljah replied, "and that is the reason why I think he will need our prayers."

The Cape Cod Oracle.

A few years ago a sage and learned man entered a sage remark. He said: "Thatlarin' ev'ry girl to play the piankur and ev'ry boy to be a bockkeeper will make prairies as a bushel before many years.

In this thoughtful farmer's prediction coming true! And in the reason he gave to his wife why we do not raise potatoes enough for our own people!

Little Laughlets.

Physician (to patient)—Your case is a very serious one, my dear, and I think a consultation had better be held.

Patient (too sick to care for anything)—Very well, Doctor, have as many accomplices as you like.

Countryman (to hotel clerk)—I reckon you'll have to give me another room, mister.

Clerk—What's the matter with the one you have?

Countryman—The sign says, "Don't blow out the gas," an' I gosh, I can't sleep with all that light in the room.

The Binghamton *Leader* says. It is long year, and it has been just (.00) years since there were as many $'s in the year as we have just now. It is a good time for the old bachelors to negotiate, the girls to reciprocate, and not hesit ate.

"Everything I hear goes in one ear and out the other," said a dude to Charley St. Clair yesterday. "Why shouldn't it?" said Mr. St. Clair, "for there's nothing to stop it."

"It is pretty blue up at the house," said Mr. Twinsey, mournfully; "I've got a cold, my wife's got a cold, baby's got the measles, and my oldest daughter's got a piano. Say, which is the warmest place to stop in?"

Teacher (to naughty boy)—Now, sir, hold out your hand.

Naughty Boy—Look out, ma'am, there's a mouse behind you!

Teacher screams violently and makes a dash for the girl's entry. School adjourns at the boy's entry.

The wild-eyed, long-haired, sombrero-topped man so numerous in Omaha somedays are not cowboys, nor army scouts, nor Indian slayers—unless the lowly redman purchases their wares. They are patent medicine fakers from the Indian-less East.

Physician (to anxious wife)—We have held a consultation, madam, about your husband's case; he is a very sick man, and it might be well to send for a minister, I think.

Anxious Wife—Will one be enough, doctor, or would you advise a consultation of ministers?

An usher at one of our fashionable churches noticed a little tot of a girl walking with the ventilfan until she had half stripped ringing and the services begun. Then he kindly offered to find her a seat. "No, fank 'ou," she said, sweetly, "I want to go home real late and make a thunderstorm like mamma."

An Englishman and a Scotchman were walking in the fields together. "Hilough" said the Englishman, "cows are very wall in thour way. Now in England we feed horses with them." "Ay, ay" said the Scotchman, "and see what fine horses there are in England, and what fine men there are in Scotland."

—Why you gain to done to night, Tonkins? "Wall, Joe Sheppard expects me to spend the evening with him." "Awfully sorry, old man. I was going up to see you to come to my house. "That's all right, my good fellow; I'm not going to disappoint you again. Joe is good for any time. I'll come." Tears was a temporary alance, and the conversation turned upon the weather.

—Go to the Lone Star House for cheap dress goods, boots, stationery, ales, liquors and cigars. 112 McAllister street S. F.

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For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

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This great vitalizer restores sound health and manhood to the nervous, debilitated, and those broken down by the effects of overwork, excesses, or other causes. Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, Impotence, Wasting Diseases, and Premature Old Age, are the results of nervous exhaustion, and are cured by Paine's Celery Compound. Sold by druggists, $1 per bottle. Send for circular containing testimonials of the most remarkable character. Address, WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

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ISSUE OF 1882.

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$1.75 Round Trip Tickets to Sonoma, $1.00 to Glen Ellen.

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Cash each and every bond to redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every one of the 100 Florins of the following premiums, in lieu of

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Premiums.	Florins.	Florins
1	50,000	50,000
1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
2	2,000	4,000
5	1,000	5,000
10	500	5,000
4,500	100	450,000
4,519	Prizes	529,000

Together 4,519 premiums, amounting to 529,000 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF FEBRUARY,

and every bond bought of us ON OR BEFORE THE 1st of FEBRUARY UNTIL 4 O'CLOCK P. M. participates in the next following premium that may be drawn thereon on that date, so will it be the interest that the bond bears.

Out of town orders sent in Registered Letters, in doubt $5 will secure one of those bonds for the next coming drawing. Either one or more bonds may be ordered.

For orders, circulars, or any other information address,

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INFORMATION WANTED.

The heart-broken sister of Daniel Quinn wants to find her brother, who is supposed to be in the State of Oregon. When she last saw him he was in Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng. He was a stone mason by trade, and about twenty years of age; and any reader of the Monitor knowing of his whereabouts will do a kind act by informing the broken-hearted sister by addressing

WINIFRED QUINN,

Care of Rev. Father Horan, Hollis Park, Ill.

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FEAST OF ST. BLAISE.

Spiritual Security against Diphtheria or other Diseases of the Throat.—How the Blessing is Given.

"The Master of Ceremonies of the Archdiocese of Versailles respectfully states to the Sacred Congregation of Rites that in the Blessing of the Throat given on the third of February, only candles that were blessed the day before, the Feast of the Purification, are used:

"1. Is it proper for the priest, when giving this blessing, to use the candles that he holds on his neck, another set held in his hand, as is done in the Archdiocese? The ritual sticks to this used. A candle is held against both cheeks of one of the extremities; then, in giving the blessing, the cross on the end of the stole between the candles is touched to the chin. Or rather, should only the two candles be held by the priest, the lower ends of which, in giving the blessing, are brought together, or nearly so, under the chin?

"2. In the formula for the benediction: *Per intercessionem B. V. M. et Beati Blasii martyris liberet te Deus a malo gutturis. Amen*; or: *Per intercessionem Beati Blasii martyris liberet te Deus a malis gutturis. Amen.*

"R. Only one stole, that from his neck, is to be used by the priest in giving the Blessing of St. Blase; and in imparting it he will only say: *Per intercessionem Beati Blasii liberet te Deus a malo gutturis. Amen.*

March 20, 1869."

The formula for the Blessing of St. Blasius given in the *Missa Sancti Blasii* of the Roman Ritual recently issued by order of the Sacred Congregation of Rites (Pustet & Co.) is as follows: "Per intercessionem sancti Blasii episcopi et martyris liberet te Deus a malis guttura, cta quibus ista malo. In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

As this edition of the Ritual was prepared expressly to be the model to which all other editions must conform, and was revised page after page in the Sacred Congregation, there can be no doubt that the form in the Ritual is the one to be used. Every formula given in it must be a basis equivalent to a law decree. In the present case the formula given in the Ritual is the latest, and, therefore, to be followed. Just a glance at the above decree of 1869 will show that the questions to which that decree was a reply had only two things for their object, namely the use of the red stole and the intention of the Blessed Virgin in the formula. Was either, or both, correct? That was the inquiry. Answer.—Neither is correct—the red stole is not to be used, and the intention of the Blessed Virgin is not to be in the formula. The Congregation in replying to the queries from Versailles, did not undertake or intend to give the entire formula to be used. Had such been the intention, the long prayer, *Omnipotens et mitissime Deus*—the principal part of the formula—would be given.

The title of the blessing in the Ritual is Benedictio Candelarum. It is a special blessing of the candles, in which God is invoked to grant the candles so blessed in honor of St. Blasius, that peculiar virtue whereby the Almighty was pleased to manifest. His acceptance of the saintly life and works of His servant, the Bishop of Sebaste. The candles may be taken home by the faithful and used on occasions serious. The priest's blessing on February 3, attaches to the candle—*that all whom thrusts are touched thereunto in pious faith, may be freed, by the merits of his* (St. Blasius's) *martyrdom from every illness of my kind.* The candles once blessed, the intervention of a priest does not seem to be necessary for their after use.

It does not appear that candles other than those blessed on the preceding Feast of the Purification may not be legitimately used. But the candles should be of wax: *ceraceus* or *mixtus cum cera*. Candles made of tallow are not allowed. Candles made of wax are not absolutely necessary for the blessing, but the ceremonial adopted by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and which we have given above, does not allow the use of other than wax candles. The ceremonial adopted in the Archdiocese of Versailles is not that of the Roman Ritual.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, RENO, NEVADA.

Full Description of the Beautiful Building and its Health-giving Surroundings.

During the Nevada State Fair held in Reno some months ago, the *Reno Gazette* wrote up and published histories of all the attractive and leading features of the State and Reno, and among those of Reno was one of Mount St. Mary's Academy, which we cheerfully reproduce.

A brief history of this excellent school, the spiritual education and guidance of those who are its pupils, and the marvelous progress made in a very large majority of the readers of the State Fair edition of the *Gazette*. The Academy is conducted by a community of religious ladies, called Dominican Sisters, who form what is known in the Catholic Church as a Teaching Order. The members who compose these communities devote their lives and talents to the work of Christian education. Those entering the Order, as members, although educated, are subject to a system of training which enables them to keep pace with the most approved methods of teaching.

That they have been eminently successful wherever located as teachers, is evidenced by their growth and flourishing schools on the Pacific Slope and in the Atlantic States. In the interest of Reno it may be said that Mt. St. Mary's Academy stands as one of these many evidences of success. Eleven years ago, Reno, though only partially provided with educational facilities, offered but slight inducements for an addition to the number of schools. The Dominican Sisters, however, on the look-out for new fields of labor, with characteristic foresight, selected Reno as their vantage ground. With them, to decide was to act, and accordingly on the 15th of August, 1887, they arrived in our midst, and rented a suitable building, and, subject to their foundation, opened school in a few days with an attendance of forty day pupils and two boarders. At first quite astonishing the advantages offered by schools of this grade, this may seem a sweeping assertion, but it must be remembered that another Academy had been located in Reno for years, and absolutely many families expecting the efforts of the dull times, had compelled to send their children to the free schools.

In the course of a few months the aspect of things was considerably changed. The number of boarders, day pupils and private music pupils increased so rapidly that the Sisters were obliged to march out for more room and better accommodations, so that in the brief space of three months in Reno they were encouraged to purchase property, and to take measures for the erection of their present large, substantial and well-planned building; but while this new building was but a covered frame, a series of tendernesses and disastrous events occurred that were calculated to cast the gloom and shadows upon the courageous than these enterprising Sisters. Among these was the heavy pecuniary loss entailed by the destructive fire which swept away the greater portion of Reno, and took so much hard, their old convent and school buildings, library, home and school furniture, and all other possessions. The new building escaped the general destruction, but large quantities of valuable goods intended for its completion, were burned. Thus on the 1st day of March, 1887, the Sisters found themselves without accommodation for boarders or day pupils, without capital, and dependent entirely upon their school for support and the means of finishing their house. Notwithstanding these, and other similar drawbacks, these good ladies persevered in their noble work, and the building is now not only an ornament to Reno, but the educational advantages offered compare more than favorably with those of other institutions.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Manogue, ever zealous in the cause of Catholic education, and ever ready to be the prime benefactor of the Academy and has insured the promotion of its object by his timely and tangible aid. The Sisters always speak of this, and of his abiding kindness, and words of fraternal encouragement, in language of commendation and gratitude. The Academy is one of the handsomest and most complete buildings in Reno, occupying grounds—a whole block—within five minutes walk of the railroad depot. The interior of the building commands admiration by the neatness, good taste and good judgment everywhere displayed. The halls, classrooms, dormitories, refectory and recreation hall are all large and well-ventilated. Broad stairways lead down from one to another of the spacious outside porches which run along the west and south sides of the building, affording means of ready escape in case of fire. There is nothing of luxurious in any of the appointments, but much of that rarer elegance which attends neatness and good order in a home-like way. The grounds are spacious and well improved and the lawn of him grass with the broad walks bordered with the tocsan and poplar trees, render this department extremely attractive.

The discipline in the school is mild, but firm, and while no religious influence is ever brought to bear upon the minds of non-Catholic pupils, the polite and moral training of the young ladies is a strong feature in favor of the school, and one to commend it to the 100 fashionable families and guardians who still hold that feminine modesty and reserve are graces that add to, rather than detract from, the wonderful charms of the accomplished young lady. The course of studies pursued in the Academy is similar to that of all first-class Academies. That the pupils at this school are all cared for, well taught, and are happy and contented, may be judged from the fact that they return to the Academy year after year, until they complete the course and depart with graduating honors. Of those who have graduated from the school, a majority have first-grade certificates, and are now actually engaged in the schools in various parts of this State and some in California.

The intrinsic worth of the school, and the increasing demand for its graduates, as teachers, have compelled the Sisters to add to the school and, although still burdened by debts, the projects are that no Institute in Reno will share more largely in this era of prosperity than Mt. St. Mary's Academy.

A PRIEST ON STRIKES.

Their Evil Influence Even upon Catholics.

From the pulpit of St. Mary's Catholic Church, Pittsburgh Pa., Rev. Father Pelt, pastor of the church, has denounced in stringent terms the action of a number of his congregation, who were engaged in the Black Diamond Steel Works strike. The majority of his parishioners are workingmen, and belong to the Knights of Labor. The priest said that a number of members of the church were guilty of using bad language, and warned men who had taken strikers' places in the Black Diamond Works. This was a violation of the laws of the Brotherhood of St. Joseph, a church order to which they all belong. He threatened them with expulsion.

He said that a number of those, who were members of good standing in the church, had called their brothers "Scabs," "Black Sheep," and other harsh names. Many of them were further, cursing and applying vile epithets to them. He called their attention to the order of the Knights of Labor, and asked if the membership in that order warranted such conduct. If it did, they had better leave it at once. He referred to the antipathy between the church and secret societies, and caused a number of prominent church dignitaries who were opposed to the Knights. The members of the church who were the subject of his remarks, were becoming too engrossed in the order, and the time might come when they would have to choose between the Knights of Labor and the church—stick to one and leave the other.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Celebration Benefit for the Youths Directory.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Institute was held in Irish Literary Hall, Sunday afternoon. The following officers were present: President, James E. Kelly; Vice President, M. H. Dwyer; Second Vice President, Captain M. J. Wallace; Recording Secretary, Thomas F. Boyle; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas J. Ryan; Treasurer, Thomas F. Boyle; Marshal, Captain M. J. Wallace; Sentinel, J. Mc. Gillen; President Hibernian Benevolent Society, Thomas J. Ryan; President Young Men's Institute, James E. Kelly.

A full Irish band, J. Mc. Gillen, President Hibernian Benevolent Society, Thomas J. Ryan, and President Young Men's Institute, James E. Kelly, addressed the meeting.

Arrangements were made for a grand ball in aid of the Youths' Directory, to be held in Irish Literary Hall, on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day. The committee reported that the Hibernian Society had agreed to take the ball tickets for the benefit of the Institute. The recommendation was adopted.

The following were elected delegates at large to the convention: C. D. O'Sullivan, Mark J. Sullivan, William F. Welch, J. J. Quinn, J. B. McGinty, Henry Barrett, Thomas Fitzpatrick, George D. B. Hayes, Joseph I. Dooly, John J. Mc. Hale, J. F. Dugan, William F. Stafford, J. M. Kinge, G. W. Paterson, Jeremiah Deasy and Mr. Shilling.

Messrs McCrystal, Sheehan, and Wine were appointed with Mr. James E. Kelly of his ex-officio President.

Messrs. Barnes, Dowling, Kenny, McCarty, Sullivan and Scanlan, with the Chairman, were appointed a ball committee.

The committee called upon to address the convention, and to pass an account of the action of Irish branches for the amusement of the possible resin, described an election scene, and the Irish Literary Society, of which he was President in San Francisco. The convention then adjourned.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE FUNDS.

Acknowledgments to the "Monitor" from Treasurer Rev. Charles O'Reilly.

SYDNEY, Miss., Jan. 23, 1888.

Rev. Dear Sir:—Your welcome letter of the 19th ult. duly reached me, and I have to thank you for the kind manner in which you have dealt with the Antipodean Irish Fund.

I am glad to again have the pleasure of thanking you, on behalf of the Irish Parliamentary subscribers, who are now for the 16 years, so regularly contributing to the Monitor.

Very faithfully yours,
CHAS. O'REILLY, Treas. N. I. C. A.

PASSED AWAY.

RETURNED.—In Los Angeles, January 21, Elias, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Moore.

We are in receipt of intelligence of the death of Sister Mary Ignatius, of the Order of St. James, Brooklyn, E. D. of that place, at the early age of 22 years. The deceased was a native of Ireland, and a sister of the English Canonesses of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Ulcah, Ohio, and was that of member of instructional duty in the Convent at Los Angeles. In her death is lost a valuable acquisition to the order, and a loss deeply felt by the most elaborate style by Marcus Ward and Co.

DIED.

On January 21 Sir Marlon Comerville, who duly installed as Mayor of Derry, in place of Sir Thomas Lecky, resigned.

On the morning of January 20, about four o'clock, the premises of Messrs O'Neill and Cleary, grocers and drapers in Magherafelt, with the stock in trade, were totally destroyed by fire. The premises belonged to Dr. Kane, and had got a considerable hold on the premises, when the insurance company.

MARRIED.

DIED.

Antrim.

The will of the late Hugh McAlister, farmer of Ballycor County Antrim, has been proved in London, and his assets declared to be £3,121 10s. 3d.

Cork.

The re-installation of Alderman J. O'Brien as Lord Mayor of Cork, Mayor of Cork for 1888 took place January 23, in the city court house. There was a very large attendance, and at the mention of the name of Alderman O'Brien, cheers for the Lord Mayor, there was loud and prolonged cheering.

The Sacredotal Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII was celebrated in Queenstown on Sunday, January 15, with a special religious ceremonial in the cathedral, at which the Bishop of the diocese presided. There was an immense congregation. The sermon was delivered in Latin and with Italian by Mr. George Fitzgibbon, Youghal, dated January 15, 1888. The Sermon was one of the most highly respected and popular performers in the Cork Diocese. The sermon was delivered in the Young National Leagues, and up to recent times, was a member of the Irish Parliamentary party, for the Tipperary Commissioners. His death is deeply regretted.

Clare.

On Dec. 21st at Lake the District Inspectors and a large force of Police, accompanied by a prisoner of Dennis McNamara, epileptic and insane, from Ennis to Lake, a distance of 10 miles, and the attendant Sent Ireland. Which was the cause of the death.

Patrick Hynes, a native of Kilmacrenan, died in the Navy, and was for a number of years Pensioner of the Admiralty, died at Ballyshannon, on Tuesday, 15 inst. Deceased was in his 70th year, and the 41st of his service.

Dublin.

On Thursday, December McCarthy, R. L. has been elected Member of Parliament for Dublin, in place of the late Sir Arthur Guinness.

The Reporting stenographer Mr. Lane, died on the 19th inst. at his residence in Dublin. Lane was an immense in the Country, and his sort result of the occasion that he practically only passed two years—Time an equivalent that of one on a Dublin.

Down.

The Bishop and clergy of the diocese of Down and Connor have forwarded a address to the Pope as a Jubilee souvenir, a magnificently illuminated address with the most great gospels of the churches and other ecclesiastical buildings in the diocese of Down and Connor, supplemented by a number of ancient buildings situated in the locality, in which St. Patrick Patrick established the faith in the country. The work, which is of Celtic design, has been turned out in the most elaborate style by Marcus Ward and Co.

Derry.

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Donegal.

The tenantry of Mr. Wybrant, Ballybofey, Stranorlar, Mr. Hunter and Mr. Cowan have long demanded the right to pay the rents collected upon the Plaintiff's Solicitor, Mr. Mc. Donnell, Solicitor, Mr. Mc. Donnell, Solicitor.

Galway.

On January 23, six prisoners were released from Galway Jail after undergoing one month's imprisonment for taking part in the Woodford suppliants demonstration on Sunday, Jan. 1st, at Portumna was illuminated, in honor of the release of Mr. Kelly, M. P. for Galway, Lawrence Ryan, P. L. G., and the other prisoners of Woodford, who had arrived at home, and were received with great enthusiasm.

Kerry.

On the 20th inst. at Killarney, Mr. Mc. Donnell, Solicitor, Mr. Mc. Donnell, Solicitor.

Kilkenny.

On January 20, Mr. P. M. Egan, the outgoing Mayor of Kilkenny, was re-installed as Mayor of Kilkenny, and delivered an interesting and general address.

King's County.

All who knew the late Michael Cribbin, C. M., or his admirable qualities as a scholar, a zealous priest, a kind and sympathetic friend, a courtly courtesy priest, will deeply regret to learn of his untimely and premature death. During life he was a model of every priestly virtue, and his memory will be cherished by his friends and admirers, not only after his death, but during life. Born in Mullingar, in 1846 he was ordained priest in the Month of May, 1869, and early. After his ordination he was assigned to the active work of the mission, in which he fervid and pathetic eloquence and his great ability in the Confessional, he soon made many converts back to the service of his Creator.

Limerick.

On January 20, Mr. Michael Jones A. (Fleville was installed as the Mayor of Limerick, and Mr. Michael Jones, M. P. for Limerick, for the 1st time, the same day the freedom of the city was voted to Lord Mayo, Mr. Jones, the ex-Mayor, Mr. Robert McDonnell, P.C., J. P., and passed unanimously.

Meath.

On Sunday, January 1st, an immense gathering of the Meath Land League, at Kells, the object of which was to make funds to pay the expenses of the Kells Meeting, which, has lately been arrested in the bailey of the court.

Monaghan.

On January 5th, our Hallgapeley, a young man of 18 years of age, who was walking with an old gun, blew it a portion of his arm. It is feared that he is going may prove fatal. The encouragement of the death of Jim Reilly (Fate R. F. P., Belleisle) which occurred at his residence, on December 27th, after a long illness, occasioned the sorrow of those who had the pleasure of knowing him. His remains were transported to Dublin in a hearse, in its parish church of Ballintubber, on Jan. 4. He died in his 71st year, and the 41st of his sacred ministry.

Sligo.

Mr. P. A. M Donnell, the popular Editor of the *Sligo Champion*, was on January 21 installed Nationalist Mayor of Sligo for the current year.

Tipperary.

Mr. Edward Mealey, the Nationalist Mayor of Thurles, was re-elected on the 2 and 3 inst. Mr. Mealey was unanimously elected, and the Mayor, Mr. Mealey, and the Mayor, Mr. Mealey, and the Mayor, Mr. Mealey

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT.

Cast off, ye sons of fallen man, your pall
Of empty pleasures and dark sin!
Repent from sinful thoughts that blind the mind,
For now the solemn days begin.
The awful days, when, age past, our God
Is deep and piercing suffering blind;
And mourned His thousand agonies intense,
By being numbered with the dead.
Ah, think for what a thankless race He died,
Rejoice! the hours are and nearly hence;
Oh! thank Him for His dying thus that saved
Mankind from burning hell and woe.
Now as this chilly month of winter dear,
He ushered in the silent Lent,
Open your wide the windows of your hearts,
And take the groom He has sent.
Now unto God, the front of purest lilies,
Let hers and heavenly serene turn;
And in the mystic chamber of the soul,
Let penance from day dwelling be.
Aye, let them burn, this season wisely made,
In penance free and humblest prayer;
Let God adored at the sepulchral aisle
Shine forth in Victor's parenthesis fair,
Full long in ashes sin's mysterious way,
Have we in misty darkness trod;
Tis now the time to shun our thoughtless path,
And turn with heartfelt love to God.
Oh! if from Satan's wiles we owned free
To seek our creeder's holy light,
The soul in innocence resplendent shall
Shall bask in the glory of God's right.
With truth reflect, that this temptsome world
Is but a Lent of sorrow great—
A short-end step where man his part must act,
To pass through Heaven's pearly gate.
Yes our ashes in the mantle of vile dirt;
To God, our souls in sorrow bare;
Tis Lent, the solemn moment of the year,
When "Mercy most delights to spare."

S. M. C.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

DEATH OF THE CROSS.

High hung on hurtling cross, a bleeding One—
The Saviour of the mighty world appears,
Bearing the sin-weight of Time's long years,
And heaves, the destined goal for man, His woe,
Redemption's task and suffering thus were done.
The sin-laden's world at Saviour's death did seem
To a sparrow rise as from a troubled dream,
With lend sprear and gimmes form. The sun,
Shaded a delight or shrouds, in sager rushed
To hide its fiery light. A host of cloods
Dark frown upon the earth. The air was hushed.
The earth seemed wrapped in thrice-fold sable shrouds,
As if intent to be Death's regal bride.
Thus Nature trembling spoke when J'sus' died.

J. F. COTTRGRAE.

HARKEN TO THEE.

Nearer to Mary! Yes, when we are tempted,
Near the dark whelpings of sin or of shame,
If we implore thy maternal protection—
Breathe thy name and blessed, I am calmie name—
Thou in Bible scenes with mystical splendor
Bless the beautiful Star of the Sea,
Shining above us and guiding us gently
Nearer and nearer, I feel Mother, to thee.

Nearer to Mary! Yes, when in affliction,
Weeping and kneeling before thy dear shrine,
If we remember thy sorrows and sufferings
Think of the anguish of heart that was thine—
Thine, our mother, our Mother, to thee.

Nearer and nearer—but, in our last moments,
When a strange darkness more over the soul,
Comfort us then, Blessed Mother of Sorrows,
Pray for us then, most compassionate Queen.
Nearer to Mary! Yes, blissful assurance!
Weary, unhappy and poor though we be,
Still we may trustay that in the bright future
We may forever be nearer to thee!

THE QUEEN OF WOMEN.

O, under the cottage roof!
Or, under the palace dome!
Here's to the Queen of Women,
The woman who loves her home!
Finds it a little kingdom,
In which she can always stay,
Making it better and fairer
And happier every day.

Here's to the Queen of Women:
The faithful and tender wife!
The strength of her husband's heart,
The joy of her husband's life.
Other joys know than?
Lighter love comes to an end;
The true wife is always a queen!
Comforter! Counselor! Friend!

Here's to the Queen of Women!
The Mother content to be
Mother and nurse and teacher
To the children at her knee.
She is the woman to place
All other women above;
She is the woman to praise:
She is the woman to love!

What is a sceptre and crown,
Crown and sceptre of gold!
Ermine and velvet and silk
Fallow in many a fold?
Greater the mother and wife,
Edgeing in love sweet,
Over her husband and home!
Twenty times greater a queen!

Beauty and youth will not last;
Fashion may make themselves wings;
Pleasure and fashion too oft
Are unconsiderately kings.
The beauty, the lotrous, the belle,
Alike upon love must bear;
Only the wife and the mother
Is always and ever a queen!

PETER'S POWER.

"Blessed art thou!" the Saviour said,
As Peter's answer came
With sufficient love: "Thou art the Christ,
Son of the living God!"
For flesh and blood had not revealed
The truth that Peter spoke;
But Heaven's light that ever walls
The Father's mighty will.

Amazed and mute the others stood
To hear their leader praised;
Each throbbing heart with awe was lettered
As Peter further said:
"I say to you: then Peter art,
And on this rock,—Peter—
My Church I'll build, and 'gainst it not
Shall gates of hell prevail."

"Of Heaven's Kingdom," He did add,
"I'll give to thee keys!
And whatsoever that thou shalt bind
Upon the earth Hell,
The same in Heaven bound shall be;
And whatsoever, also,
"Upon the earth thou loosest shalt,
Shall loosed in Heaven be!"

—Post-mortem resolutions and notices sent to us for publication must be paid for in advance.

Literary Miscellany.

Guy Traynor's Probation.

A Love Story Founded on Fact.

BY CHARLES HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

"Whom can it be from?" said Archibald Wellington, the retired London draper, as he scanned the address of a letter which he had just received.

He was seated in his easy armchair, in the morning room, after breakfast; and his question was uttered in a half soliloquising tone, although, as he spoke, he glanced at his only child, a pretty girl of eighteen, who was sitting near him, and who was engaged in some fancy needlework.

"I don't know the handwriting," he went on; examining the superscription closely through his spectacles. "Certainly, I never saw it before."

"Don't you think you had better open it, father?" suggested Edith, in a voice which betrayed some impatience.

"Yes, yes, my dear," said Mr. Wellington, absentedly staring at the envelope.

Tearing open the cover, he took out the letter and looked at the signature.

"Guy Traynor!" he exclaimed. "What can he be writing to me about, I wonder!"

A strange light came into the young girl's eyes.

"Read it, father, and we shall then know!" she ventured, with an arch smile.

"Sir, the old gentleman slowly began, "you will doubtless be surprised on receiving this. What a hand he writes! Positively copperplate! He ought to be a bookkeeper in a large establishment, let me see; where was I? 'On receiving this, and perhaps you will be inclined to consider the request I am about to make to you an act of presumption. But even a refusal will be better than the present suspense, and I can control my feelings no longer.' I have not the remotest idea of what he means—

"Read on, father, and you will see," returned Edith.

"Of course," said her father, bending over the letter again. "'To come to the point at once, I have your daughter Edith, and have reason to believe that the attachment is reciprocal.'

"Edith!" exclaimed Mr. Wellington, with a frown "is this a joke, or is the young fellow in earnest?"

"It is no joke at all, father; Mr. Traynor is quite serious."

"What! Has he the audacity to love you, and the presumption to think that—"

"I love him in return," added Edith quietly. "Yes, it is true, and he is only awaiting your consent to our marriage."

"How do you know that?"

"Because he told me yesterday that he intended to ask you for it."

"Indeed! Then you may tell him that I distinctly refuse to hear another word from him on the subject. A young fellow without a shilling."

"That is no fault of his," remonstrated Edith. "Besides, if he has no fortune, he is bound to make one, you have said so yourself."

"Yes; I have often heard you compliment him on his literary attainments, and say that he was certain to make his way in the world.

"If I did, it does not follow that I should choose him for a son-in-law. If he had only something in hand to begin with."

"That is just what he was coming to," said Edith. "The end of his letter explains it."

"Let me read the end, then," replied Mr. Wellington in a half-amused, half-angry tone, taking the letter as he spoke, "I may as well know it too.

"'My sole object in life,' he read, "is to be the husband of Edith Wellington, but I do not aspire to occupy that position until I am able to offer her a home in some degree worthy of her. To the accomplishment of my ambition I have firmly pledged myself henceforth be devoted: and I am confident of success. One year's probation is all I ask. At its expiration I pledge myself either to bring you the sum of a thousand pounds as an earnest of what I hope to do in the future, or at once to renounce all claim to your daughter's hand. Hin." concluded Mr. Wellington, "a thousand pounds is not a big amount, but the lad, I must admit, speaks fairly enough."

"You will be fully convinced of the honesty of his declaration after you have heard him speak himself."

"I do not quite catch your meaning, Edith."

"He is coming to see you this morning. He is not far off at this moment."

"How do you know that?"

"Because it has just struck nine, and at that hour he told me he would be in the street opposite our house."

Without waiting to hear what her father had to say, she opened the window and made a sign, which was evidently expected, for a minute or two later the servant announced "Mr. Guy Traynor."

On his visitor's entrance, Mr. Wellington put on a magisterial air. Its acknowledged the young man's respectful salutation by a patronizing wave of the hand.

"Sit down, Mr. Traynor," he began, affecting a dignified ease, but in reality he was hardly less embarrassed than the individual he addressed. "I have read your letter—I must congratulate you on your fine handwriting—and I gather from it that you are—shall we say—desirous of obtaining my consent to your marriage with my daughter."

Guy bowed assent.

"It is my fondest hope," he declared.

"I will not deny," pursued the retired merchant, "that I had other views—financially more advantageous—for her. But under the circumstances—how he had features relaxed—"I might be disposed to waive my objections and accept your conditions, if I saw any reasonable chance of your fulfilling them."

"I assure you," said Guy, "that—

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Wellington, "but I must ask you a few questions. May I inquire what are your present means of existence?"

"My salary, sir, as clerk in this Post Office, is thirty-seven shillings and sixpence per week."

"Enough! Other resources?"

"No. My earnings have hitherto sufficed for my wants, and I have even put by twenty or thirty pounds out of them. Henceforth it will be different. I shall resign my situation to-day, and depend upon my own exertions."

"They may possibly bring you in loss," said Mr. Wellington, with an ominous shake of the head. "And what are your prospects for the future?"

"I mean to utilize the excellent education I have received, and turn my pen to account. I am well acquainted with the principal modern languages, and speak them tolerably fluency. The classics have always been my favorite study, and in my leisure hours I have acquired some proficiency in the Oriental tongues. Besides, I have a natural taste for painting, and have even dabbled in chemistry. With so many chances in my favor, one at least ought to serve my turn.

"I hope it may," rejoined Mr. Wellington; "but in my business a thousand pounds was not so easily gained. However, it rests with you to succeed or fail. To-day is the 14th of September, 1885. On this day next year, if you have kept your word, you will have earned your prize.

"You believe in me still, Miss Wellington?" said Guy Traynor, with a pitying glance at Edith.

"With all my heart, and forever," was her reply.

CHAPTER II.

[illegible] alone, a young man, the occupant of a miserable attic in the Leopoldstadt, the poorest quarter in Vienna, was sitting on a wooden bench at a rickety deal table, on which lay an unfinished letter.

His pale, care-worn features bore the unmistakable marks of suffering and privation, and he looked deeply as he threw down his pen.

"I cannot do it," he muttered, in a voice broken by emotion. "The task is too hard, too cruel. And yet I must release her from this fatal engagement, which I once thought by hoped would be a source of happiness to both. Those who have wrongled us I have can alone know what it has cost me to bear my lot patiently. Hitherto I have kept up, and still despairing, close to the delusive vision conjured up by a disordered imagination. A few more weeks will tell the tale, and they must be written.

With a look of anguish he read over the beginning of his letter, and he had already taken up his pen yet to continue it, when the door opened gently and a stoutish personage with Israelitish cast of countenance entered the room.

"Herr Traynor, and the newcomer in German, "pardon the intrusion. Not having met you for some days, I was afraid you might be ill, and I thought I would call to ask if any service. You work too hard, my friend you overtax your strength. Take a doctor's advice, and come with me. We shall dine together, and a stroll in the Prater will do you no harm."

"You are very kind, Herr Rieger," replied Traynor, with a faint smile; "but I feel so weak and disjointed that—"

"Not another word," exclaimed the visitor, as a sudden thought struck him. "You have been sitting too long."

Guy bid his face in his hands.

"Not yesterday," he faltered.

"Not yesterday! Why, you don't mean to say that—

"That at least can be remedied," said the doctor, "and the sooner the better. Put on your hat and come. When we have dined, you shall tell me your story."

A comfortable repast in an adjoining restaurant, and a glass or two of sparkling Hungarian wine, especially recommended by Herr Rieger, being somewhat invigorated his companion, the former handed a cigar to his guest, and lighted another for himself. "Now, said the doctor, "let us talk seriously. Since I first had the pleasure of making your acquaintance in the bookseller's shop near the Graben, I have often wondered that with your abilities you have not succeeded in turning them to some account.

"The usual ill luck, I suppose," replied Traynor, "that a literary man and an artist—and unfortunately for me I am both—must expect when he has neither money nor influence to back him. I have tried every thing in vain. Publishers will not even either declined to look at my manuscripts, or pronounced them unsuitable. Managers and art patrons gave me a commission that I should be able to finish in a month's time, for a Madonna for the Louvre, and after nearly a year's hard labor he handed me the miserable sum of £20. At last, despairing of success in London, I tried Paris. There I met with a friend. Then I came to Vienna, hoping to find an old friend, a Viennese by birth, whom I had lost sight for many years, and who would certainly have aided me by every means in his power. I was too late. He died a few months before I came, and they threw weeks had passed before his patient was out of danger. The nurses, however, kept me ignorant of his grand strength rapidly; and, buoyed up by the cheering prospect of speedily resuming his fondest hopes, impatiently counted the days which must elapse before I could go to him.

"How can I sufficiently thank you, doctor, for all the kindness I have received at your hands" he said one evening to his friend, the latter was busily superintending the preparations for the invalid's supper.

"By getting well as soon as possible, replied the doctor, laughing. "I only refer to thank you, for it is a glorious feather in my cap. I shall be proud of my patient."

Two days before the departure of our hero from Vienna, a general meeting of the numerous friends he had made was convened in his honor and the sum of ten thousand florins was duly collected, together with a voluminous diploma, was formally delivered to him.

Professor Langenhart treated the assembly to a long discourse on the peculiar merits of the pigeon considered as an article of food, and concluded by proposing three hearty cheers, that Herr Traynor should be elected as an honorary member of the society.

On the 15th of September, 1884, Guy Traynor appeared in London, and next morning, as time o'clock struck, appeared at the Post Office, where he was met by a gentleman and his daughter sitting in the waiting room, who left them a year previously.

"Well, well," exclaimed the old gentleman, "I really thought you would be late, sir!"

"I told you he would, all along, father," said Edith glancing fondly at her lover, "I was sure of it, but I think he might have written."

"Leave me!" her father went on, struck with the young man's pale haggard face, "you look as if you need a rest. You have been working too hard."

"But to some purpose," answered Traynor, drawing from his pocket-book a bank-notes from the money changers, and laying them on the table. "I am, I have kept my word."

"And I said the old merchant, when he had carefully counted the notes, "will keep mine. Edith is yours. But alone I can part altogether with my little girl so most made room for you here. As it happens, I am a little lame in the side of trade. My successor in the business is looking out for a partner, and with a thousand pounds, and so much again from my son, there will be a fine opening for a young married man. What do you say?

"That I am the happiest of men," cried Traynor, grasping the hand of his future father-in-law.

"You seem to have suffered much, Guy," whispered Edith. "Do you regret your long absence from home?"

"Regret it, darling, when it has given you to me," responded Guy, "Oh, I added seriously, with a slight shudder, "I do not think that I could go through another ordeal of the kind, even for such a prize, and he glanced tenderly down into her beaming eyes.

SEND US CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would most respectfully ask the Rev. Clergy, and any other friends of the Catholic Church, to send us local items of general interest. We wish to make the MONITOR a chronicle of all Catholic happenings relating to the progress of religion. We know that there are many who by those who have the knowledge of the facts in their keeping. Dare facts are all we want. Will our friends please furnish us with them?

Coughs and Colds.—Throat diseases are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Sore Throat should use Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, a simple and effectual remedy. They are pleasant to the taste, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Important Steps Being Taken for Its Early Institution.

A meeting of prominent Catholic gentlemen took place in Maryland Hall, on Holliday street, Baltimore, on Tuesday morning, January 24th, for the purpose of considering the progress of the proposed Catholic University, and for taking steps to further its interests. The gentlemen at the meeting was presided over by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and was addressed by the Right Rev. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, the Rector, who explained the objects and purposes of the University.

Tuesday evening, January 17, a meeting was held in Unitarian Hall for the same purpose. The meeting was a second, and the enthusiastic reception given to its advocates afords these satisfactory evidence that the University will be sustained by the Catholics of this country. There were members of Young Catholic Friend Society had charge of the meeting. The platform were seated Cardinal Gibbons, who acted as chairman, Bishop Keane, and Rev. Fathers Foley, Clarke, Ryan, Donahoe, Dubuc, Lee, with Rev. Walter J. Dupuy, of Albany Cathedral, and others. After a short prayer by the Cardinal, the Rector read several addresses from Bishop Ireland, who had been delayed two hours at Harrisburg, he would probably arrive in the next hour. He had the arrangements that time and was unknown to the gathering. Bishop Keane, who was speaking when Bishop Ireland came on the floor for the university, who also received an endorse from the Cardinal. Bishop Ireland's speech was warmly applauded and received the cordial support of Rome to be characterized as the arrival of a blessed from America. Bishop Ireland said he was sorry he had been late, but he was glad to welcome a blessed as he was then. He was glad to hear the remarks Bishop Keane and we, Bishop Ireland had contributed $1000, and he would be an enthusiast in the university, and he would be willing to endow a chair in the Catholic University, and he would be willing to give all the assistance in his power, and he would be willing to give all the assistance in his power, and he would be willing to give all the assistance in his power

THE MONITOR.
PRIVATE PRIVY COUNCIL OF CONSCRIPTION.
THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Next Monday will be the tenth anniversary of the election of Pope Leo XIII. Long may he reign!

—The Jubilee offering of the Jesuit Fathers to Pope Leo XIII., comprised $200,000 in gold, besides an immense variety of objects of art, literature and ecclesiastical usefulness.

—In the London *Evening Star* (T. P. O'Connor's paper), Mr. Healy asks the pertinent question whether the Queen would be more dishonored by having men like John Dillon and Justin McCarthy to advise her in Dublin than she would be by such men as French and Cornwall.

—The impressment of priests goes on in Ireland, but it only adds fresh fuel to the fire of patriotism that burns so brightly in every Irishman's breast. Great times require great sacrifices, and this is not the first time in Irish history when Irish priests became martyrs for Ireland's sake.

—James G. Blaine has written a letter declining to be a candidate for the Presidency. Now that he is out of politics and in the vicinity of the Chair of Peter, we sincerely hope he may have the grace to erase his baptismal vows and to return to the Church of God and of his good mother Gillespie.

—In addition to the favorable rep rts concerning the attendance of Irish Bishops at the Plenary Council, which we published last week, we have now the gratification of telling our readers that Judge Kinby opened the Quarter Sessions in Armagh on Jan. 19th, and there was only one bill of a very trifling nature, so the Judge congratulated the Grand Jury on the peaceful state of the county.

—A cablegram from Rome says that some of the jubilee orators on exhibition in Rome have been stolen, but the cable from Rome has been so laden with lies recently that we give but little credence to its report. If true, however, it only shows that human depravity which begun with the Reformation has been fast going down the sliding scale of Satan ever since.

—Not much has been said in the papers recently about Ireland's gifted patriot Thos. Sexton, whose critical condition we noted a few weeks ago. A Dublin correspondent informs us that a bulletin was issued recently by Drs. Banks, MacDonnell and Kenny, as follows: "Mr. Sexton is making satisfactory progress. Fresh air seems for some months are essential for his complete restoration to health." It is very likely that Mr. Sexton will—

—To-day begins the Holy Season of Lent, and just as most of the hampering restrictions and religious devotions, by a decree from Rome the Regulations for Lent are now uniform throughout every Diocese in the United States, so that Catholics travelling from one section of the country to other need not hereafter have to enquire what privileges are prescribed or prohibited in different localities. The desirable change was brought about by the Prelates of the Third Plenary Council, for which the faithful should thank them with prayers.

—Some significant facts regarding mixed marriages are collected by a Polish Catholic paper, the *Kuyer Poznanski*. The percentage of mixed marriages to the total number rose from 14.02 in the Province of Posen, to 17.27 in that of West Prussia, and to 26.99 in Silesia. It is clear, therefore, that the proportion increases as the provinces become more "Germanized," and lose more of their national language, manners and surroundings. But what is most alarming of all is that lists hour out that generally in the second generation, and always in the third generation, *the children of mixed marriages become Protestants.*

—A Catholic paper in Liverpool says: "We have much pleasure in recording another clerical conversion. The Rev. C. E. Gandy, late curate of St. Michael's, Edinburgh, and formerly of St. James, Hyde-mouth, and St. Mary Magdalene, Lammemoor, was received into the Church, at St. Mary's, Clapham, by Rev. Father Bridgett, C. SS. R., on the 11th inst. Next morning Mr. Gandy received his First Communion from the hands of his old friend, Rev. Father Langdale, of Lanscoton, who was also formerly a Protestant clergyman. Mr. Gandy is about to commence his studies for the priesthood." A converted Anglican preacher, giving First Communion to a brother convert, was a sight to make even angels rejoice!

—Cardinal Manning has publicly disowned having any literary connection or personal sympathy with the anti-Irish sentiments of the London *Tablet*. He says he is neither directly nor indirectly responsible for the *Tablet* newspaper. This is certainly hard upon the English Catholic Tories who have done all they could to make it general; by believing that the Cardinal is on their side and opposed to the claims of Ireland. Cardinal Manning is one of the few English Catholics of position and importance who has risen above the selfish views and prejudices of English Catholicism, and it is well known in Vatican circles that he is one of the staunchest upholders of the Irish cause and of the claims of a people whose hopes depend on their unswerving fidelity to Faith and Fatherland.

—The Rome correspondent of the Dublin *Nation* writes as follows concerning the attitude of the Irish Question before the Vatican: "A special telegram from Rome announces that several American Bishops have been received in special audience by his Holiness. The Prelates, as are told, used on the occasion every possible argument to dissuade the Pontiff from condemning the national agitation. From these and other indications we may conclude that the National League is not likely to condemned by the ban of the Church. If the Duke of Norfolk fancies that he can induce Leo XIII. to level his thunderbolt at the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people, he will find to his disgust that he has to deal with a pontiff of a mind bordering on dotrediling sleep. Those who would have the Holy Father lend his shoulder to Balfour's Juggernaut, and who would ask the Vicar of Christ to countenance the ignoble programme and policy of Dublin Castle, are guilty of a gross breach of decorum in his regard. Howard's mission will turn out to be as big a farce as that of George Errington. And the sooner the epilogue comes the better.

—The demoralizing influences of Mormonism are by no means confined to Utah. In fact so common has the custom of supporting a plurality of wives become in the land of the Puritans, the New York *Sun* boldly asserts that "there are more men in New England who have several living wives than there are in Utah." Nor is the evil confined to New England as the following example from a Western city amply proves. Not many days since, at St. Paul, Minn., Mrs. John Wilkins filed suit for divorce against her husband, alleging that he had said lately had five wives, all living in St. Paul. He married the complainant, an attractive brunette, in Pennsylvania fifteen years ago. They lived happily until they came to St. Paul fifteen years ago, but here he began his polygamous exploits, carrying on rapid excursions, Simon Stylites, West Point, Miss French and Hattie Bowles, each under an assumed name. The strain of keeping up five separate establishments proved too much for him and he has at length got himself into the toeiles of the law. Such is the condition of society under the Protestant system of divorce—one of the worst systems of human degradation ever invented by a diabolical agency.

—The announcement by telegram some weeks ago that twenty Christian churches had been destroyed and Christians massacred in Foshien province, China, was alarming. Recent dispatches state that the places of worship destroyed were Roman Catholic. It is very obvious that a Protestant mission is molested.—*Pacific Christian Advocate.*

True, indeed, Brother McCrary. Protestant missions are rarely molested, for the reason that the same evil spirit in man that hated the Son of God still hates His holy Church. Protestantism is of this world and—as St. John says—"the world lieth in wickedness," hence the immunity of Protestant missions from molestation. Nor are Protestant preachers ever martyred, and this for divers reasons. In the first place they act on the Hudibrasian truism by keeping away from danger and dangling on their wives skirts during their ignominious retreat. Protestant preachers in China are merely paid hirelings, and Protestantism is not planted in China to get them. Next week we will write some facts regarding the double-dealing and cowardice of the Protestant preachers in China to get them.

Speaking on the Nature of the Church at the Pro-Cathedral, on a recent Sunday morning, Cardinal Manning said:

"True it is hardly a heresy that has ever been taught in the world that was not begun by a priest or a bishop. One or two heresies certainly owe their origin to laymen, but the great multitude of Heresiarchs have been priests and bishops. They separated themselves from the Truth, and got others to follow them; as Satan fell from Heaven and drew down with him a multitude of angels. . . . But every separation that has been made from the Church has withered and passed away. . . . Where are the separations of the ancient world? They are gone. Even their names are not known. Where are the separations of the middle ages? You don't even know the titles that they bore. Where are the separations of the last centuries? Gone fast, and shame are the kingdoms of the world! They have passed away. And the Emperors of the world! They have succeeded one another, and are not. And the Kingdom of Christ was the Roman Empire, and then came the Franco-Empire, and it was followed by a German Empire. Where are they? And now we have a Hierodotisany Europe. And where will that be? In the midst of the dead the Church stands, the Body united to the Head, inhabited by the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of life, shelled in all its ancient beauty, unpolluted, indissoluble, unconquerable, fulfilling the prophecy that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Death of Archbishop Lamy.

A telegram from Santa Fe, New Mexico, conveys the sad intelligence that the venerable Archbishop Lamy, the pioneer Prelate of that portion of the continent, died on last Sunday morning. In the Monitor of January 19th last we gave a biographical sketch of the lamented Prelate, and we have now only to request the prayers of the Catholic faithful for the repose of his soul. The telegram states that the deceased Prelate's death was very quiet and painless. He had been suffering for some weeks from a second attack of pneumonia, and had not strength left to rally from its effects. Archbishop Lamy's remains will be laid in the Cathedral in Santa Fe until Thursday or Friday, when the funeral will take place. Illness crowns is felt throughout the Southwest, the Bishop being widely known and loved by all. *R. I. P.*

Next Sunday's Collection.

In accordance with the Circular issued by his Grace Archbishop Riordan, and published in the Monitor last week, the collection taken up in all the churches throughout the Archdiocese on next Sunday, will be for the organization and support of Missions among the Colored people of the Southern States and also the remnants of the Indian tribes who have survived the injustice with which they have been treated.

No Priests in any Protestant Sect

We notice in the daily papers of last Thursday a gleaming account of what is erroneously called "the ordination of three priests" by some "Bishops" of the Protestant Episcopal Sect. This so-called "ordination" is all alone, and those so-called "Bishops" unassuming in mildness, are merely sectarian preachers whose ordained brethren stand on the outside of innumerable others throughout the country who are kept by the daily press to exhibit Error as Truth, and to present sectarian sham ministrations as Christian worship. The Episcopal Church contains which elevate laymen into the high and holy office of the true Priesthood as it exists in the Catholic Church alone.

Give Good Example.

Catholics, says a contemporary more than any others in every community, should be models of virtue for their fellow-men. God has given to us graces which non-Catholics can never possess. He has provided Sacraments by which we may be purified, strengthened and rendered sinless in the sight of God. He has given us heavenly admonitors who pray before His throne, so that a wise community walk in the path that leads to eternal bliss. But unfortunately for themselves, there are Catholics who seem to be ignorant of the Sacraments, who never petition the Mother of God or the Saints to intercede for them, and thus they fall through ignorance into the gulf of the Sin died for into the mire of their own iniquities. Such Catholics authour it is who light the fire of prejudice in non-Catholic minds against our Holy Church, and who follow it in the mock and humble manner so fitting to our Blessed Redeemer.

The Church in China.

It is interesting to note the growth of Catholicity in the East during the short space of one year. Comparing the statistics published in the Missions Catholiques for 1886 and 1887, we find that in the former year China numbered 483,403 Catholics, 2,429 churches or chapels, 471 European missionaries and 251 native priests, while in the latter year there were 494,552 Catholics, 2,500 churches or chapels, 477 European missionaries and 253 native priests. In the former year there were 494,552 Catholics, 2,500 churches or chapels, 477 European missionaries and 253 native priests. In the former year there were 483,403 Catholics, 2,429 churches or chapels, 471 European missionaries and 251 native priests, while in the latter year there were 494,552 Catholics, 2,500 churches or chapels, 477 European missionaries and 253 native priests. This year the number of Catholics amounts to 500,000, the places of worship are 2,704, and the missionaries 500, of whom 247 are Europeans. Of the 500,000 Catholics, 1,000 churches, 322 European missionaries, 1,869,986

Farm and Home.

Health Hints.

PILES.—The following ointment will ease a most cases of piles, even those that will seem to require an operation. I have never found it necessary to operate since I became familiar with the theory. A number of cases of chronic prolapsus have yielded to it. Monsilin's salt, one half ounce; phenic acid, six grains; petroleum wax, 1 ounce. Apply and manipulate with finger. Be sure to use petroleum wax; lard, vaseline, oxonoline, etc., should not be substituted, as the oxide petrolatum has a specific effect on the parts diseased.

INGROWNE NAIL.—M. Monod states that during the last twenty years he has treated ingrowing nail by a very simple and efficient manner, which does not involve the removal of the nail. He makes a less application of nitrate of silver at the commencement of the affection, without isolating the nail. If the cauterization is carried into the diseased tissue, the patient has usually, even by the next day, derived considerable relief, and is able to walk in moderation with an easy shoe. Extirpation of the nail seldom is required for quite exceptional cases.

TRUTHS.—When new-born children, affected with thrush, refuse to take the breast or bottle, Dr. Wunderlicher advises the pouring of milk by means of a funnel through the nasal loom. This mode of alimentation is not difficult. When the milk enters the pharynx it provokes reflex movements of deglutition, and is propelled into the stomach. The author has been enabled by this means to nourish infants for three or four weeks in succession. The same procedure is useful in children born before term, in whom there is no sucking movements of deglutition.

TO REMOVE HEADACHE.—As this is usually a symptom of some form of dyspepsia, to prevent it permanently, it will be necessary to cure the disease. But great temporary relief may generally be obtained from the use of antacids, such as magnesia, lime water, etc. The great thing is to prevent it, by the use of a proper diet. Dispose of pastry as you would if you knew it to be half arsenic. Let others eat all the sweet things. Take a large proportion of animal food, though not salt or smoked meats. Salt and water, or vinegar and salt, over the stomach and bowels, with plenty of friction should never be forgotten.

BED-SORES.—The patient being often obliged to lie in one position, bed-sores occur, being due to long-continued pressure on parts whose general vitality is weakened. They usually form at the lower end of the backbone. Much can be done to prevent them by keeping the sacral sheet perfectly smooth, clean and dry. Pressure on any one point may be avoided by changing the position frequently. The parts of the body resting most heavily on the bed, when the skin is not broken, should be sponged three or four times daily with alcohol or whisky and water. Air cushions are made use of to remove all pressure from the lower end of the back bone, are useful.

Family Cookery.

CRANBERRY PIE.—Put up one pint and one quart of flour, half pound of lard, half pound of butter, one teacup of cold water. Make into a paste, line the pie dish with one-half the paste, fill with cranberries, sprinkle plenty of sugar over the top.

CURRANT DRINKS.—Cut a chicken into pieces, season and fry in butter. Slice an onion and fry in butter, add a teacupful of stock, and tablespoonful of curry powder mixed with a little flour, and rubbed smooth with a little stock; salt; boil five minutes.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, two cups stoned raisins or currants, three cups of sifted flour, one cup "bread" (sifted in taking one teaspoonful of soda, and salt; steam three hours; serve hot, with sauce.

LEMON FOAM.—Beat well together the yolks of six eggs, half pound of powdered sugar, two grated lemons, half ounce of gelatine dissolved in cold water. Simmer over the fire until quite thick. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add them to the mixture; beat together and pour into moulds.

DELICATE INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of milk scalded, two heaping tablespoonfuls of meal, cook twelve minutes; stir into this one tablespoonful of butter, then beat three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one half tablespoonful of ginger, salt to taste, mix all thoroughly, and bake one hour.

SPICE MIXED.—From kerosene lamps may be removed from the ceiling by washing with strong soda water, and the yellow stains from leaks with a strong solution of white vitriol at least, so an old oilcloth and painter tells me.

PUTATOES A LA CREME.—Put into a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Stir up well until hot, add a small teacupful of cream, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until it boils. Chop some cold boiled potatoes, put into the mixture and boil up once.

INK STAINED CARPETS.—I have removed the very worst ink stains from carpets of very delicate colors by rubbing them with skim milk and when they are almost dried, washing them with a cloth wrung out in boiling water without soap. Then cover the place with a dry cloth and let it remain an hour dry.

Increase of Heart Disease.

It is an alarming fact which has been brought to the attention of physicians in this city in recent years that deaths from heart disease are six to one as compared to what they were thirty-five years ago. Nothers has it attracted more attention than in the office of the city Board of Health. "Death from heart disease," says Dr. McConnell, statistician to the Board, "have increased in number to a startling extent of late years, and no satisfactory reason can be assigned for it except the general one that we live faster than we did a quarter of a century ago. In 1860, the proportion of deaths from heart disease to the total number was 1 42 per cent. In 1865 it had increased to 2 per cent, in 1866 it was over 3 per cent, in 1874 it had jumped to over 4 per cent. It had increased more than another 1 per cent in five years from that time, and last year (1886) it was 6 36 per cent. These percentages are to the total mortality, which is the only true way to reach them. It is quite a popular notion that excessive use of tobacco is this aggravating cause. That is quite readily disproved by the fact that of the total number of deaths from heart disease in 1886 326 were women, against 295 men. Of course women do not, as a rule, use tobacco."

—According to a Florida exchange the largest lemon ever grown in that State was recently plucked in Brevard county. It is 12½ inches in circumference and weighs two pounds and two ounces.

—The gingers of Dutchess have organized an active campaign to strengthen the granges, advance reforms and reduce freight charges of the railroads.

—Two hundred and seventy-five thousand tons less of sugar beet-root were grown in Europe during 1887 than in 1886.

Family Fun.

Susceptible Smiles.

—An old round wag has placed the following phrased orar his coal bin: "Not to be used except in case of fire." The cook's relatives are in consternation.

—"How can you afford to give a decent cigar and a shirt for 8 cents" was asked of a Randolph street barber.

"Oh, I get my cigar first an' then go away without the shave, or I shave an first and they skip without the cigar."

—Donnally Delighted.—Ignatius Donnally—Heard anything new about the cryptogram?

Friend—Yes, people say all the English papers are calling you a donkey, a fool and a born idiot.

I. D.—Ah!

F.—Every one of them.

I. D.—Glorious! How that book will sell.

—An American Alliance—"What do you think about this proposed alliance with the South American States?" asked Mr. Brazil as the lamp burned low.

"Ah!" replied Miss Venus, "you must give papa an opportunity to Peru's your bank account. Venus's willing if you have the Argentine."

—In Concord Town.—Native—Kerridge sir!

In the home of Emerson far from the station!

Native—That depends on whether y' want tar see Hash Emson, r Jed Emson 'th hose decks. Think lives pretty hardy, but Jed, he's more'n a mile down th' Lexin'ton road."

—"Didn't I order mi-lu-wai" she shouted to the grocer through the telephone yesterday.

"Yes'm."

"And you sent me vinegar!

"Yes'm, I did. We are out of molasses, and won't have any until Thursday. Try and make the vinegar answer for a few days."

And as he hung up his trumpet he growled to himself.

"The people are getting so particular that nothing will suit 'em."

—Mother (to Billie Emma)—"What are you going to do with that egg?"

Little Emma—"The teacher is going to fill in the history of Columbus, and asked every one of us to bring an egg."

Mother—"But, my dear, I can't spare an egg."

Little Emma—"O's! that doesn't make any difference. The teacher told us to bring some butter if we had no eggs."

—Minister (solemnly). Young man, do you realize when you retire at night, that you may be called before this morning dawns—Yes, sir; I realize it fully and often. I am the father of a three-weeks-old baby.

—Pawkins—Do you know that my wife and I were born on the same day?

Bumpkins—No, indeed! Why that Mrs. Pawkins—

—Young Husband (to Experienced Listener, in confidence)—Jack, I'm in a terrible fix. Mrs. Smith and I have had 365 of the honeymoons in one day by St. Clair yesterday.

Listener—Why, shouldn't it? said Mr. St. Clair, "for there's nothing to stop it."

A Puzzling Question.

Mr. Simpson (pensitatively)—"I love you dearedly, Miss Chumley, but my parents have always prevented my making a declaration of my love." Pause in taking you to become my wife."

Miss Chumley (hesitating but sweetly)—"I confess that I am not wholly indifferent to you, but—"

Mr. Simpson (eagerly)—"Would you mind telling how much you have pay away?"

Anxious to Please.

Landlady (to her star boarder)—"May I send you some of the turkey, Mrs. De Hobson?"

Star boarder—"Yes, thanks; a leg if you please."

Landlady—"Will you have the right or the left leg, Mrs. De Hobson?"

A Sorrow that was Wasted.

Affected lady tourist—"Captain, I feel so sorry.

Captain—"What about, Madame?"

"On account of the poor fish."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They must get so seasick when the water is rough."

A Deserving Case.

Oakland Dame—"Well, what's the matter now? I wouldn't that tramp eat the crust I told you to give him?"

Little Son—"Not yet. He wants me to ask you for some warm water and soap so he can wash hisses? before eating."

"Sakes alive! He does! Go tell Jane to show him to the bath room and ask him to stay to dinner."

MISCELLANEOUS.

NERVES! NERVES!!

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1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
1	2,000	2,000
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LEAVE SAN FRAN.	LEAVE SAN RAFAEL.	Destination.	ARRIVE SAN FRAN.	ARRIVE SAN RAFAEL.
7:30 A. M.	6:40 A. M.	Petaluma, and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	2:40 P. M.		6:40 P. M.	6:00 P. M.
7:15 A. M.	6:25 A. M.	Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale and Way Stations	10:40 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	6:40 A. M.	Guerneville.	8:10 P. M.	7:30 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs, Aetna Springs and Mark West Springs. At Cloverdale for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, Ukiah, Orr's Springs, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino City and Way Points.

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From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael, week Days—7:45 a. m. 9:15 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 2:30 p. m. 4:15 p. m. Sundays: 8:00 a.m. 9:30 a.m. 11:00 a.m. 1:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m.

Leave San Rafael for San Francisco—Week Days: 6:35 a.m. 8:05 a.m. 10:15 a.m. 1:45 p.m. 3:40 p.m. 5:05 p.m. Sundays: 8:10 a.m. 9:40 a.m. 11:10 a.m. 2:40 p.m. 4:40 p.m. 5:40 p.m.

Leave Tiburon for San Francisco—Week Days: 6:45 a.m. 8:15 a.m. 10:25 a.m. 1:55 p.m. 3:50 p.m. 5:15 p.m. Sundays: 8:20 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 2:50 p.m. 4:50 p.m. 5:50 p.m.

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THE GERMAN ARMY.

Watching the French Frontier

READY TO SPRING ON FRANCE.

A Crouching Tiger Waiting for Prey.

The following interesting letter from a correspondent at Malta to an Eastern paper will give Monitor readers a good idea of the perfection of drill which the troops of Emperor William of Germany have arrived at:

Once inside the city of Metz you find discipline, hard work and the results of a perfect military system. Fully half the people you see on the streets are soldiers. In the city of Metz to day there are 26,000 men. Along the frontier, in a position where they can be concentrated upon the borders within twenty-four hours, there are over 200,000 men. In time of peace the confinement of so large a number of men as are at Metz within such circumscribed quarters would simply result in license, idleness and disorder. But there is nothing of the sort to be seen at Metz. The men are too constantly occupied. The private soldiers are turned out at four o'clock in the morning. It is drill, drill, from morning until night. The men are marched and countermarched. They are exercised in every form of evolution which could be employed in actual war. The officers are constantly scouring the country hunting up new difficulties to test their men to overcome by preliminary drill. Such discipline, such subordination, I do not think was surpassed in any army. The officers would blow their subordinates off in a breach of discipline, and of the most severe character, for them to appear public in civilian dress. These officers have no time for social hospitalities. They never make calls or accept invitations except among themselves. There is very little entertaining even among the officers of the border. They are too much occupied with their military duties; in the perfection of this tremendous machine which grows more and more into shape.

THE PERFECTION OF THE DISCIPLINE

of the German army can only be understood by witnessing its daily and constant operation. To begin with, the private soldiers are thoroughly trained physically, as well as in the mental details of the military profession. They are all accomplished gymnasts. Although the men in many of the regiments are of medium size they look strong, hardy and resolute. The German army is perfectly democratic in the placing of its men. The sons of the best families, who merely wish to serve three years' term, have to begin in the ranks as common soldiers. They are not allowed to accept the army as a profession and placed in special schools and according to the exigencies they are placed in correspondingly better positions than those who are merely serving their three years' term. But when once a man enters the army his private social positions are absolutely ignored. I heard when I was in Metz of a son of a most distinguished family being called on to do some duty or other. His head gardener also was called out at the same time. The young man had to obey the orders of his gardener, who was called out at the same time. Yes, and under the command of his gardener. The very first day of his service the private of his company came up to wheeling diet for some breakfrecks. The sergeant called and had to see he was present engaged in this work, and took off his cap and did his share for him, but promptly resulted in the punishment of the sergeant for a breach of discipline.

THE SPIRIT WHICH ACTUATES

must pay to his superior extends throughout every hour and minute of the day. Whenever the subordinate meets his superior he must be most attend to him the same offer and recognition of his superiority that he would exhibit on actual parade ground. The first night of my arrival in Metz I was dining at the table d'hote, when a heavy, thick-set German officer entered the room. A slight, aristocratic looking German officer, also in uniform, was leisurely eating his dinner and talking to a friend. The moment the latter entered, the young officer stood up from the table and saluted. He stood with his hand at the side of his head in the attitude of saluting other senior officers who returned the salute and told him politely to sit down. In this particular case I afterwards learned that the officer superior to him was a former instructor in a town where the young officer, the only son of a noble family, was one of his social leaders.

THE TWO MEN IN CIVILIAN DRESS

would not knock each other civilly. But in the army the tradesman's position commanded the respect and obedience of the nobleman. I merely give this instance as an illustration of the absolute perfection of military subordination in Germany. I noticed them constantly as the officers came into the dining room. Every officer who came in saluted those present, and those saluted either arose or bowed formally according to their relative ranks. The working of this discipline, which was shown in a hotel dining room, was of course common at all places of public or private meeting. When the officers pass each other on the streets, no matter if it be twenty times day, the same ceremony, only in a more cut fashion, is gone through. The punishment for any breach of discipline is swift and severe. Yet in spite of the rigor of the discipline and the hardest work imposed, all of the officers and the men look comfortable and contented.

NOT IN SUPPRESSING THE PERSONALITY

of preparation more shown than in the drills at night and in the sudden arming and turning out of the entire force along the frontier upon the shortest possible notice. The larger men officer, when he arrives at night, never knows whether he will be called out within the next ten minutes or at any time of the night. At one o'clock the signal will be given, and then an order is called out for the men, and instantly the entire garrison at Metz will be placed in line. Men will be sent out at double quick up and down the streets, cavalry will go clattering out into the darkness, the artillery men will be whipped out at their posts with the same rapidness and rush as if the enemy were actually at their gates. The men will be followed by shower of rockets. These lead to hillside fires, one hillside lights up another, and so the chain of light runs down the long line of the frontier, and in the morning the men at distant posts. Nothing that could happen now in this way of drill would throw upon the part of France could find the Germans unprepared. They are united, harmonious, and have a perfect military arm.

A Dense Drift Passes.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—The remains of Stephen Joseph Meany, the well-known journalist and Irish patriot, formerly of New York, arrived from Waterbury, Connecticut, this afternoon, and escorted by delegations from various societies and press representatives. They will be placed in the receiving vaults of Calvary Cemetery until arrangements can be made to have them removed.

A CHARITABLE DENTIST.

Tooth Extracted for "Three Hail Marys."

The Rome correspondent of a European Catholic paper gives the following interesting account of a celebrated book who is one of the notable characters that exist in the Eternal City.

On Tuesday I was coming home a little tired, after my day's work, and I had come from church to church in the Trastevere, where I usually found myself unable to do much good. A crowd of people was gazing at the tolling bell of the Church of Ss. Cosmo and Damiano, which is called the bell of the Holy Door, because it is only rung on the occasion of the opening of the Holy Door, which is only rung on the occasion of the opening of the Holy Door, which is only rung on the occasion of the opening of the Holy Door, which

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1888

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)
LIFE.

"Life is real, life is earnest" — LONGFELLOW.

Man was born to a soldier's vocation, where clears of pain
Flow their banks and mourns them with fame-like trophies,
And they hold the together like lards when wind-storms sweep the plain.

But over the valley, the sloping ascent of a mount
Rent with chasms dark-gaping and treacherous ditches,
Is the steep but the palatable pathway that leads to a comforting front.

Few may reach it, yet thousands desperately, hopelessly strive;
But their limbs are weighed down with the chains of a lifelong endeavor —
In their hearts is a doubt, on their souls is the dust of a grave!

Still they struggle and blitterly fail to accept from their plight,
While the law that are desirable, determined, palatabling and clever,
Smile at their sad condition, as he in a tower, sitting

Secure in the shield of ancestry honor, I say —
Honor to those who are blessed with a changeless heredity!
Steady in climbing, strong in resisting, and firm on the way;

Like a skill that projects on the sea and forever defies
The assaults of the storm, and jibs rush of impetuous waves,
Maintaining unbroken grace from challenge to earth, sea and skies.

Sincerity, virtue and manhood—they are the weapons to win us a triumph in Heaven;
They are the weapons to sustain our foes from the field!
These, then, like the Spartan Immortals, will stand at the door,
Hurling back Satan's cohorts 'till through them a pathway is shown,
Victoriously leaving their course in the battle's red brunt.

Then honor to them valiant few in whose truth they stand!
Honor to those who were visitors where thousands were quartered!
Their proof of a life is the living, the test of an aim in the end!

They are the soldiers of Ormond who fight with Alacrity,
They are disciples of Justice, with spirits unbartered;
They are the prophets, whose words are a moral and omen.

But to those go going still in the valley in downfall and her great sorrowing
Like cattle that listlessly wait for the time to be slaughtered;
What is the use of life—and your carnage, what are they but shrouds!

Look aloft to the height! let not fear from the [illegible]
Hope, honor and peace crown the beautiful summit,
Up where the spirit of life is, and down in the valley [illegible]
THE MONITOR on your lips, press above, and your crown and your freedom are won!

San Francisco, February 18, 1888.

COMMUNION.

Oh! with what joy I the heart doth leap!
To what great give incline,
When in the sacrament God may keep
At first communion time!

The God of heaven and of earth
Thus fills us with his love,
And gives us what is more than a mound hitch
From brightest heaven above.

Although our sins hath shed His blood
And pained him with their sting,
With patience His great sufferings stood,
Our hearts to near him bring.

On Calvary's cross that love shone bright,
With His red blood it flowed;
Pleading the gloom of hated sin —
Its light on all men glowed.

They nailed his feet, they pierced his hands,
They rent His side asunder,
They robbed His heart of life's demands,
And all our sins to bide!

On every day and every hour
The holy priest of God
Renews these pangs, to give us power
The heavenly road to plod.

This sacrifice our hearts doth fill
With love of that sweet union,
Which spell his hand on Calvary hill —
The hallowed Communion.

Oakland, Cal. N. D.

FAITH.

I watched in the depths of the changing sky
For the moon's crystal silver face;
Observed at first by the clouds that fly,
It rose to a higher place.

It rose o'er the mists that transient stay
A world that is dense and solid;
With its shoes to the earth's central way,
It passed to its throne of gold.

From the depths of a heart that has felt no chill
At the frown of a day that has passed;
That has wept and prayed and hoped until
It has reached its place at last.

In the endless march to the broader deeps
Of the purer realms of light,
It leaves the scene of a world that sleeps
'Mid the frown of a dark'ning night.

JAMES RIDDY.

THE TWO POPES.

Unto all times, unto all generations,
Pius the Ninth shall be forever known,
As Pope of the Immaculate Conception,
Of Mary's glory, the grand crown-time.

But, when the past shall answer for the present,
The future for the past—and earth shall seem
Less the Thirteenth "Sentinel Light from Heaven."

Pulling Time's feeble tapers all to shame!
By men and angels, he shall honored be,
As Pontiff of the Holy Rosary!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

—Post-mortem resolutions and notices sent to us for publication must be paid for in advance.

Literary Miscellany.

Rose Marie.

A True Story of Domestic Life.

"Oh, if you want fine embroidery done," said my friend, Mrs. Rose, "I can show you such work as isn't to be seen out of Germany, and the linoleum there are works of high art. Never an anything in this country to compete with them until I happened, by the merest chance, to stumble upon Rose Marie."

"Rose Marie? I repeated, with a pretty accent. The owner of it ought to be fresh, sweet and lovely as the eglantine, a kind of wild simplicity, you know."

Mrs. Rose laughed.

"Fresh, no," she said. "She is only 22, but she has had too much trouble to retain much freshness; sweet and lovely are hardly applicable to one of the women of Arles, who look more like stately dames than peasants. Yes, she is simple enough, and beautiful, too, if you will, but she will never remind you of the eglantine—poor Rose Marie! It isn't often that her sad lips curve into a smile. I will not tell you her story until you have seen her; it will make you more sympathetic. Come and we will go to her house.

We drove to Revoyre street, a narrow thoroughfare, and stopped before a small house set back in the yard. The borders were gay with verbenas, pinks, and pansies, three old-fashioned virtues of patience and hardihood, giving their best color and perfume to the dreary, unpaved yard. Mrs. Rose

"Entree," said a deep voice from within. The room we entered was scarcely furnished, but everything in it was shining with cleanliness. A tall, emaciated old woman sat in an old armchair by the window, with a piece of work in her hands. She nodded to Mrs. Rose, and looked inquiringly at us with her hollow black eyes.

"She is paralyzed," Mrs. Rose said to me in English. "All her lower limbs are numb. Ah, Madame Rosa," in French, "this is my friend, Mrs. L——, who has come to see Rose Marie about some work."

"Take seats, mesdames," with a courteous gesture. "Rose Marie will be in directly. She has gone out on some business. Since left Henri to take care of me, passing with a smile to a beautiful little boy of 4 years old, who was peeping at us from the back of her chair.

"I would like my friend to see that robe Rose Marie is embroidering for Mme. Dupre," said Mrs. Rose.

"It is there in a napkin on the bed," the old woman replied, "if you will take the trouble to get it, madame. Ah, it is so hard to be half alive, so I am able to move from my seat."

Mrs. Rose unfolded the shining folds and held them before me.

A pale maize-colored silk, with tendrils of blue bloss and white convolvulus embroidered exquisitely on it. The grouping of the flowers was a work of art and the finish was perfect.

Mrs. Rosen smiled at my admiration.

"Ah, she works well, does Rose Marie! Madame, she was a famous beauties and lace maker, even in Arles, where the work is so fine. Ever since she was 10 years old she ruined her eyes for work. But her eyes are getting weak, ah, so weak," with a sigh. "And then, if the worst come, my child, she keeps her hands with a convulsive movement and her great mournful eyes filled with tears.

"The poor girl has cried her eyes out," Mrs. Rose said to me in a low voice; "at last, I believe her tears have run out with her failing vision as the work. Whole days she sits here and I will tell you a story. The old woman there does not understand one word of English.

"She married, immediately after the last war between France and Germany, against my advice, Henri Dupre, who has a furious temper, tried to separate them.

"After their marriage she made it so unpleasant for the Prussian that he determined to come to America. He said he would write somehow. Was not then and left his wife and child, but on no account was the mother to come, else more close between them; but if she elected to remain, in Prussia, then little Henri must come to him.

"I think Satan got into the old woman, for she acknowledged that she destroyed the husband's letters to her daughter, and got her nothing about it. As she could not read herself, she knew nothing of the contents, nor where Karl was.

"A year ago she had a stroke of paralysis, and, thinking she was going to die, confessed the wrong she had done to the unhappy wife, who believed her husband had deserted her. What to do she did not know. In that great wide America where was she to find Karl? where write to him?

"At last she determined to come over, bringing her mother with her. She was an only child, and she would not desert the helpless creature who had wrought her so much wrong. The same tree's New Orleans, and Karl had sailed for that port, but could hear nothing of him.

"Madame Dupre," cried the little boy joyously, rushing to the door, "Ah, but I've have stayed so long, my child."

She bent and took him up in her arms, and as she smiled lovingly at him I thought I had never seen a more beautiful creature. It was a grand, calm beauty, which made her look older than she really was.

"We are here before you, Rose Marie," said Mrs. Rose. "We came to see you on business."

"Ah, pardon, madame, but I did not see you," she said, advancing slowly toward us. "I do not know what has come to my eyes, presuming my hand on the link. A mist is before them, and I see not clearly."

Her mother gazed at her as she spoke with a startled look.

"Are they worse, then, Rose Marie? Ah, my poor child, did you go to the doctor?

"You should go so without delay," Mrs. Rose added. "Your strength is too precious to you to be neglected."

"Ah, yes, yes, madame, they are my bread winners; but I will go, positively, tomorrow. Have you seen Mme. Dupre's robe? Do you like it?"

"It is exquisite, she thought to pay you a good round sum for such work as that.

Rose Marie smiled sadly.

"She offered me $15 and I accepted it."

"Fifteen dollars!" Mrs. Rose threw up her hands in surprise. "Do you mean to tell me a rich woman like her, who knows the value of such work, and can well afford to pay it, has offered you the pitiful sum of $15 for what is worth $50? Don't take it!

"I have promised," Rose Marie said in her quiet tones. "Besides, we are strangers here, and our work must be known before we can command prices. Fifteen dollars will keep us a long time, we eat so little."

"Mrs. L——had come here to give you some work, but, of course, under the circumstances, you cannot take it.

"No, madame, not now,"—a distressed look came to her face—"but I may get better soon. I may hear of Karl. It he knew, ah, if he only knew! But he thinks of me as so wicked, never having written to him.

"And have I am, a poor, worthless lump, weighing down them," cried the poor old woman passionately. "Ah, good ladies, perhaps he is not dead, I may go to some charitable asylum. There are so many in this city. It is too much on her, and she owes me no duty, none. I have lived her life and her husband when I was strong and well, and I

squandered them, sinner that I am!" leaning her head wearily. "Rose Marie, will you cheer me, and she is breaking her heart. Ah, yes, day by day she is paler and thinner," and I say to myself, 'Can wicked woman who have done this why do you not die?' She turns into a stream of tears.

Rose Marie moved softly to her mother side and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Hush, mamma, she said trustingly. "You shall go to any hospital you desire, while I can work. I like Karl and he loves me, and I know he will find us out. Mamma, do you want to make me a bad daughter that would desert a helpless and aged mother, for the good fend would ruin me? Hush, mamma, we shall find him.

"Ah, Madame Rosa, I am a wicked, wicked woman to my poor Rose Marie. Ah, yes, I know that God has punished me. I am no madame! I'm Mrs. Rose.

It was a simple, simple fault, but I entangled Rose Marie during the weeks that followed—heavy weeks slow, slowly but surely, the blurred vision grew more and more indistinct. There was an eminent oculist in the city, a good, humane man and an old friend of mine. I interested him in the case, and he examined her eyes, but refused to give a final verdict until his return from Sieroe port, where he was going the next day.

"Bring her back in three weeks, when I return," said Mr. R——. "I will do all I can, and I hardly think it is a hopeless case.

"I think Mrs. Rose and I both fell in love with our beautiful, stately protege, she was so patient, and even cheerful in spite of her misfortune. For the first time in my life I felt the sweetness of a home, and such our home

"Entrez," she would cry, "if Karl would only come, I would fall before him and kiss the ground under his feet."

One fine morning I had taken Rose Marie and her child to one of the city squares where a fine band was playing. She listed music passionately, and in her darkened life it was the sweetest thing that we could do. They were playing the "Soldiers Farewell," and I looked at her, I saw her hands were clasped together, and the tears were rolling down her white cheeks.

"Ah, Madame Rosa," she whispered, "my Karl, ah, he played so beautifully.

"Ah, but I know that little Henri in playing about had slipped through the gate of the square into the street. Suddenly I heard confused cries. "Ah, the little boy. He will be killed." and shaking up my heart stood still as I saw the little fellow almost under the wheels of a press of wagons going and crossing.

But at that moment I saw one of the street players dash down his instrument, leap over the barrier, and snatch Henri from the jaws of destruction, and bear him safe in his arms. I had been too much terrified to utter a sound during this drama, and Rose Marie, sitting by my side, was utterly unconscious of her child's danger.

"What is the noise about? Why has the music stopped suddenly? she asked, but I did not answer. I saw Henri's rescuer, with the child in his arms, looking around for his mother, the little boy pointing to us and talking. As he approached I saw a tall, handsome, and lordly young fellow with gold-hair and auburn blue eyes. I rose from my seat as he came up.

"Here is your little boy safe, madame," he said to me with a bow.

"Henri was not hurt. At the sound of his voice Rose Marie had sprung to her feet and, with a wild exclamation, fainted very gently forward. I heard an answering cry

"My Dear Mrs. Rose—wife my lost love!" and then I understood that Karl was before me.

I will pass over that meeting and the one that followed between mother and son. Karl had made a home at the West, and frightened at his wife's silence, was then on his way to search for her. Order of his letters of inquiry to his old neighbors had been sent, but, of course, Franz Myers, prevailed on by him has hand and heart, "I saved!" Strange! strange!

All this happened more than ten years ago, and the rest of the story is short. Rose Marie recovered her sight, and I spent a very happy day with her and her husband at their pleasant Western home. The old little Henri has grown into a sturdy youth, who he fought a duel with a fellow soldier, and, I believe, he bids fair to be a comfort to his good parents.

Apparition of the Blessed Virgin.

She Appears to a Boy in Palestine.

A recent letter of Mgr. Zouillel, Archbishop of Tyre, published in several of our French exchanges, contains an authentication though brief narration of an apparition of our Blessed Lady at Kafrkedrim, one of the villages situated within the confines of Galilee, near the borders of Palestine. The story goes to prove that the Blessed Virgin there appeared to a boy fourteen years of age. The lad was told to escape away the earth on a spot about three paces distant from the place of his birth in the village, and that he would find a spring of water. He command was obeyed, and, true to the words of the apparition, a beautiful spring of water burst forth.

Since that time numerous bands of pilgrims have visited the spring in search of relief from various maladies. In many cases wonderful cures have been effected, while others have been without result. Among those whose faith and piety have been rewarded by Heaven are counted not only Christians, but Mussulmans and heretics. The church which is near the scene of these wonderous occurrences is a Greek Catholic Church, and belongs to the diocese of Saida or Sidon. There is also near by a monastery of Greek monks of the Order of St. Basil the Great. Among the marvels that have taken place at the spring of Kaphar-Kedrim, Bishop Zouillel mentions the following:

One of the Christian women of the village, a paralytic for many years, was with great pain and difficulty brought to the water, and bathed therein in hopes of effecting a cure. She was accompanied by a Mussulman woman—one of her neighbors—who carried her child in her arms. The faith of the Christian was rewarded—a cure was obtained, but the Mussulman would not believe the evidence of her senses, and declared there was some deception. Laying her child upon the grass, she said she would go and examine the spring for herself more closely.

She was absent about five minutes, between her return the child was dead. The mother rent the air with her cries, but her infant was cold and lifeless in her arms. Suddenly she rushed back to the spring, vowing that her child was restored to her she would have it baptized, and she herself would profess the Christian religion. She bathed the child in the water of the spring, and gradually she beheld life return again through its veins. In testimony of her gratitude, she has baptized her child by a physician who happened to be a witness of the event. In testimony of her gratitude, the overjoyed mother produced the true faith, and contributed most liberally out of her slender means to the support of the little church of the village.

The narration of such events can not but prove the source of edification to our readers, and serve to increase their filial devotion towards the powerful Queen of Heaven, whom the East and the West invoke as the Support of the weak, the Comforter of the afflicted, and the Help of Christians — Ave Maria.

PYNE'S CASTLE PRISON.

A Visit in an Irish Patriot's Fortress.

I have just returned from visiting Bing ies Dyne, M. P., in his beleaguered castle of Castle Pyne. It is a picturesque old-fashioned grand wild and rugged uplands that stretch from the sea to the Knockmaldown hills. It is about four miles from Lismore, the Irish home of the Duke of Devonshire, and about a mile from the once thriving but now impoverished town of Tallow. The castle has six chaded and the approaches to it are so rough and rough that it is almost impossible to get that I at last found it. When I journeyed the last bridge, down into what may be called the castle courtyard, I found myself unexpectedly in the presence of four men of the royal Irish constabulary doing sentry duty. It must be understood that twenty-two men of this force, under the command of a sub inspector, are told off to watch the castle, and some of them pace round its walls day and night.

We stood at the foot of the old, grim, square tower, overgrown on one of the towns with ivy, and said to be eighty feet high. I asked if there would be any objection to my speaking to Mr. Pyne, praised to were willing to admit me. They said that no difficulty would be raised by them, but they greatly doubted if Mr. Pyne would allow me to enter. And, in any case, they warned me seriously against raising the subject. I asked that the reason was, and they pointed out a small aperture near the top of the tower, blocked up with a heavy door, which they said was the only entrance. I had made up my mind to go through with the adventure, but I confess that my heart failed me for a moment as I looked down and drawn up that giddy height by a common "Hook and Hole," suspended from a long boom that did not seem too securely fixed.

I went to the foot of the tower and shouted to Mr. Pyne, who was in a corner room about half-way up, demanding my business. "Is Mr. Pyne at home?" "Yes, sir. "Can I see him?" The face disappeared for a moment, and a voice answered that he came. I asked for a cord to be lowered that I might mount by a rope. Where I sent up a few cabalistic words Mr. Pyne himself came to the loop-hole and half-leaning out on some business. I had to report to the mode of entrance. Mrs. Pyne, he said, would come and speak to me, and I could enter by the way she came out.

Presently I saw a lady waving out of the little aperture near the top and slowly lowered to the ground. I assisted her to alight and to get free from the noose in which she sat. Then came my turn, and presently I found myself swinging like a bale of goods in mid-air. On arriving at the aperture, I was seized by a pair of brawny arms and hoisted in. Then Mr. Pyne gave me a hearty welcome to his prison house. We hunched and smoked together while he gave me an account of his seven months' imprisonment. He declared that he never in his life had been in better health and spirits, and certainly looked the picture of health.

Mr. Pyne says that he is not the least lonely, because the little lady persists in coming to see him every day, and he does not seem to suffer from solitude. He has many visitors, who "brave the perils if the way to spend an hour or two with him. And his surprises are unlimited. He knows everything that goes on in the district, and is kept well posted on such information as a newspaper can give him. He says he is not restricted in being able to escape supervision, and says that when the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he will quietly enough slip out of the castle. He says he is certain that Mr. Pyne's love for the tournament

EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS

How the Rulers of Europe are Paid.

In an interesting article on "The Emperor's Income," published in the Hospitaler Zeitung, Herr Karl Hermann gives some details respecting the revenues of other sovereigns and Presidents. It will surprise a great many to learn that German Emperor, William I, has no income at all. Two of the Princes of Germany, the Kaiser and a some 1,250,000 marks (£1,250,000) in the Diet of 1887 so that there is no sum of income for the Emperor at all, but merely a grant, in the shape of appropriations, for granting pensions and gratuities. Consequently, the Imperial dignity is becoming an unpaid honorary office. What income the German Emperor does drive he receives as King of Prussia. In 1886, his revenue amounted for 1887 88 altogether to 12,270,288 marks (£610,000, of which 7,500,000 marks were taken from the income received from public lands and forests, and the remainder (4,500,000 marks) voted by the Prussian Chambers. Out of this, 12,250,000 marks (which comes to 32,317 marks, or £1,614 a day), the King of Prussia has to call his Court, and to keep up his royal house. The expenditure for the imperial house of Russia amounted, according to the published balance sheet for 1886, to no less than 10,000,000 rubles, the civil list alone makes 12,000,000, in that year, or nearly 300,000 rubles (£2,000 a day). In Austria, the Emperor's income represented in the Reichrath, grant a civil list of £800,000, and Hungary adds to it a sum of £200,000 a year, or in all, £1,000,000 a year, or about half the civil list of England in 1886, and a little more than that of the Czar. But this separate income are annually voted by Parliament, and are not included in the sum of the royal house. Italy is also somewhat more liberal than Germany in providing for the Crown. The income of the King of Italy (£950,000) is annually voted for the "civil list and apanages." The income is about £2,000 (or £1,000 a day). The civil list of the Mikado of Japan is 1,000,000 yen (£170,000). Japan also has a council, which, in 1886, voted the Mikado 1,000,000 yen. France pays her President in "salary and expenses of representation, the sum of £200,000 (or not more than little Henri in playing about had slipped through the gate of the square into the street. Suddenly I heard confused cries. "Ah, the little boy. He will be killed." and shaking up my heart stood still as I saw the little fellow almost under the wheels of a press of wagons going and crossing.

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OUR BOOK TABLE.

Reviews of Recent Publications.

Hilary and Parnassus, or the Martyrs of Ireland. By Rev. Michael Hermann. Published by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Philadelphia. H. J. Gallagher & Co., Phila.

There is little a new dramatic construction in this, but the plot is good, the dialogue is lively and Catholic interest, especially will be found not lacking. A few lines but displeased from cover between the lines.

Gaudrille, A Story of the Rebellion, and The Quilt Cabin. Author of Lucia, Dorothy, & Rosa. 3 vols.

The authors of these two excellent juvenile stories both have facilities for entertaining the young. The latter are pleasantly told, and are quite interesting; but of the two, "Gaudrille" is the best. These books belong to the "Hearth and Home Series."

Poems by James Rice. Third edition. Boston: Boston: T. B. Noonan & Co.

Some of the most approved traits of this will are as the constant use of old phrases and words, have caused a repetition of the same thoughts, and his employment of stilted literary language. There are some gently pieces in this volume, however, and of the few, "Eclipse" is our taste is the most meritorious.

The Dublin Review for February is readable, and is evidently reaching the high-water mark of its prosperity. Cardinal Newman's article is strongly thrown many years has been particular, and is a fitting one from the pen of the author of "Loss and Gain." The Cardinal Manning, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Mallock, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Lang, Mr. Miller, the best colored whose poem is a fine one, and Mr. Lang's "Ballade of Dreams," seem, with language exalted. The rest of the prose is editorial, and the prose articles almost

OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Roll of Honor for January.

ST PETER'S BOYS' SCHOOL, COLUMBIA AND TWENTY-FOURTH STREETS.

Testimonials were awarded on Monday last to the following pupils, who deservedly distinguished themselves during the month of January for good conduct, diligence and good application to study:

First Class—First Division—Peter D. Murphy, Gerard J. Hicks, Thomas Hughes, Jr. Michael, Francis McLaughlin, Francis A. Hackett, Peter J. Hagerty, Aloysius D. Feldman, James F. Lally, Marshall Hughes, Joseph McGinn.

Second Division—Edwin F. Dunn, Wm. L. Fagan.

Second Class—First Division—Jas. Tobin, Richard Shallhouse, Joseph Hicks, Jas. J. Duff, Jas. J. Sullivan, John J. Hogan, Jas. Hogan, Jas. Hogan, Jas

THE MONITOR.

PRINCIPAL ORGAN OF ST. FRANCISCO.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— Cardinal Howard is reported as serious ly ill in Rome that but little hope is entertained of his recovery.

— The Pope in imparting his blessing to Bishop Durrer, of Netherlands, said: "My dear son, leave nothing undone to provide schools for my children of Louisiana."

— Mr. Thomas Sexton's health has so much improved that he has been able to make the statutory declaration and enter on his office as Lord Mayor But a focus fever has been appointed, for it will be a long time before Mr. Sexton can take part in public affairs.

— James Redpath is dying in New York of paralysis of the throat. When Ireland needs needy friends, the valiant American was among the first to espouse the cause of Erin with both the thunders of his tongue and the power of his pen. We hope that

— The various sects and denominations gradually awaken to the necessity of religious schools. At a recent convention of the Baptists of Kentucky at Louisville, one of their prominent ministers said: "You must provide for the education of 215,000 Kentucky Baptists. If you do not, the Catholics will provide it, other denominations will provide it." Sound sense comes slowly.

— The Venerable Servant of God, Clement Mary Hofbauer, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, was Beatified in Rome on the 29th ult. The decree proclaiming the heroic virtues of the Servant of God was promulgated by Pius IX., on the 14th of May, 1876, and the authenticity of the miracles required for his Beatification was declared by Leo XIII, in a decree dated the 21st of February, 1886.

— A dispatch to the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* from Shamokin, Pennsylvania, says that a curse seems to have followed all those who were engaged in the "Passion Play" scheme of Selmi Morse. It says that the actor cast for the "beloved disciple" is now a street peddler in that town, and in the vaudeville performance he was one of all his colleagues. Selmi Morse has himself committed suicide, and several of the cast have come to a bad end.

— The Liverpool *Catholic Times* reports that the American Bishops of Litchfield and Salisbury are visiting Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, under a commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to discover whether intercommunion can be established between the Old Catholics and the Anglicans. It would be something for the Anglican Church, the *Manchester Examiner* observes, to find that there is one Christ body on the face of the earth which would condescend to hold communion with him!

— The Presbyterians are perhaps the most Catholic portion of the globe. Out of a total population of 1,549,000, it is shown that there are 1,483,000 people professing the Catholic Faith, directed by 1 Cardinal, 2 Archbishops, 7 Bishops, 1 Apostolic Prefect, and 1,546 Priests and Religious. There are 957 churches, 26 seminaries and colleges, 239 convents and 69 hospitals. The different ecclesiastical districts into which the Province is divided, are peopled as follows by Catholics: Quebec, 729,000; Montreal, 419,000; Ottawa, 137,000. In the Diocese of Quebec there are 666 priests, 444 churches 106 convents, 18 seminaries and colleges, 25 hospitals and 1,927 schools.

— A Protestant observer of Catholic and Protestant missions in Japan says: "The Roman Catholic missionaries live with the people they try to convert; they make themselves actually Chinese or Japanese for the time being. Most of the Jesuits are under a vow never to leave the country to which they have been called. It is a different with our Protestant missionaries. They have had their wives, families and comfortable homes; they take a trip to the United States every few years 'to recuperate,' and spend some months every summer at the mineral springs, or a seaside resort on the cool hill lands."

— Persons who are fond of depicting the Irish people as the greatest consumers of intoxicating liquors, should keep the following pasted in their hats: "I saw more intoxicated women in Liverpool than I have ever seen in my whole life before, and some of them were the most hideous-looking objects I ever put my eyes on. On the other hand, I noticed but few drunken men. On Sunday in England bars are permitted to keep open from 12:30 to 2:30, between church hours, and from 6 till 10 in the evening. The regulation is rigidly enforced, but the bars are crowded when open. The number of infant tipplers in large English towns is frightful. Children are sent with pitchers and tin pails for beer, and thus acquire the habit." Thus writes William J. Adams, describing a journey to Europe in the Minneapolis *Tribune*.

— The Apostolic Letters issued on the 26th of December last in favor of the "Custodia" of the Holy Land, after recounting all that former Popes have done for the support of Holy Places and their Franciscan Guardians, recites that the four collections in each year ordered by Pius VI. to be made everywhere have fallen to a certain extent into disuse, and commands the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries of the whole world to see that the collection be made in every parish church at least once a year, either on Good Friday, or on some other day to be determined by the Ordinary. The sum collected in each church is to be sent to the Ordinary, and is to be by him transmitted to the nearest Franciscan Superior who is named Commissary of the Holy Land, who in his turn will transmit it to the Father Guardian of the Holy Land at Jerusalem.

The Mockery of Calling Protestant Preachers "Missionaries."

In one of his Epistles to the Romans, St. Paul, in speaking of the ministers of his day, who, like the Protestant preachers of our times, "not knowing the justice of God, and seeking to establish their own, have not submitted themselves to the justice of God," asks this vital question: "How shall they preach unless they be sent?" No man is entitled to call himself a missionary unless he is sent by God to wander around the sea-coast of that land, and to live in luxurious laziness at better people's expense.

With regard to India, Sir James Brooke, told the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in London: "You have made no progress at all, you are just where you were when you first went to India." Mr. Cruikshank, himself a missionary, spoke similarly of the efforts in China, and hundreds of other writers spoke of their converts which their morality "shocks the feelings of even their heathen countrymen." In Ceylon, the converts were little better, according to Mr. Hammond, and the Rev. James Selkirk, himself an Anglican missionary, said that "by far the greater part of them live as though they had no souls." In Australia, Dr. Lang said the progress made there was "very little indeed." Bishop Colenso, of Natal, declared that all missionary efforts have failed. Speaking of New Zealand, Mr. Fox said that amongst the natives the word Christian was merely a name and nothing more. Another Protestant authority stated that the converts were distinguished from the uncontverted heathenism by "vices," "thieves" and "liars"—three "accomplishments" which, no doubt, they picked up from their heathen "brothers-in-law" who gave them a sectarian "stone" when they asked for the "Bread of Life."

St. Matthew clearly outlines the people of the world against those who called "missionaries," when he says in the seventh chapter of the Gospel: "Beware of false prophets who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. By their fruits you shall know them." And as the fruits of sectarian "missionary" enterprise are only the Dead sea fruit of fanatical greed and sectarian selfishness, it is no trouble to arrive at the safe conclusion that Almighty God has no hand, act or part in that propaganda of Protestantism which is undertaken for pell, and continued for years in disembodiment, by men and women whose sole study is how they can secure fat salaries under the banner pretense that they are propagating Christianity.

Americans in Rome.

A correspondent arriving from Rome concerning the audience which the American deputation of Catholic pilgrims were accorded by the Holy Father, adds these interesting particulars to what has already appeared in the Monitor's columns

> Amongst Archbishops of Philadelphia and the Bishop of Buffalo stood, one on either side of Pope Leo, and the pilgrims, who were each received separately, were introduced by Abbé Jacobsen of the Vatican College. The Chamberlains on duty for the day were Mr. Stanfish, Mr. Handley, and Mr. Ellis, Bishop of San Francisco, very notable feature of the American audience was the number of Protestants who had come from Europe to attend, and the tone, amounting to tenderness, with which the Holy Father received them all. As each passed, the Pontiff stepped forward and knelt at his feet, the Pope questioned each militarily, and then, when asked for his blessing, would lay his hands lingeringly on their heads, and sometimes, in a most paternal way, while he was speaking to them, would gently stroke them upon the cheeks. Many there have gone away with a depth of insight left in the world to distinguish between the Reality and the Sham, the Divine and the Human. Imagine the Primate of the Anglicans thronged at Canterbury—would gentlemen from New England, even of his own Church, cross the Atlantic to kneel to him, and kiss his feet? Imagine, and be glad because St. Benson had spoken a few words, and stroked or patted them on the cheeks! The thing is too funny to think of. And many of these American Protestants, representing some of the best families in the States, not only felt privileged to log the Pontiff's blessing, but came provided with crucifixes and rosaries and medals, I suppose for the sake of Catholic friends at home. One lady, in answer to Mr. O'Connell's question whether she was a Catholic, said, simply, "No. 'You are a Protestant?' "No. "Not even baptized?" "Not even a Christian, I am nothing at all." The Rector of the American College whispered some horrid words to the Pope, who then received the poor woman as graciously as if she had been a Catholic all her life, and, in blessing her, said "I will pray that this may be the beginning of faith for you." Gifts of money from the Dioceses of Pittsburg and Savannah were presented, and also one by Father Hartnett, which had been set to music. Looking over this, the Pope asked if Americans had usually great ears for music. Mgr. O'Connell, without any apparent hesitation, assured the Holy Father that the Americans are a very musical people."

— One of the most costly Rosaries ever manufactured was recently presented to the Holy Father among the Jubilee gifts. It came from La Verdice and is of solid gold, exquisitely wrought and enamelled, representing the Passion of the Redeemer, on medallions in embossed gold, the Joyful Mysteries on a blue ground, the Dolorous Mysteries on a green ground, and the Glorious Mysteries on a gold ground. This splendid gift, in value $3,000, is wholly in gold, hand wrought, and adorned with diamonds and hard-coloured pearls, and offering of the Noble dames of La Verdice; the crucifix blazes with large diamonds, while each medallion is set with jewels of great beauty and price. The Pope expressed his warmest admiration of the superb work of art, and duly congratulated the brother M. Poussielgue-Rusand, who was present at the audience, on the taste and skill of the conception and execution thereof.

Catholic Churches in the United States.

Thinking that the readers of the Monitor would be interested in ascertaining the different denominations which Catholic churches have been dedicated to the service of Almighty God, we spent some time last week in compiling the following statistics from *Sadlier's Directory* for the current year In doing so, however, we were astonished to find that in hundreds of instances the names of churches were omitted from the reports of many Dioceses, whilst locations and names of Pastors were returnable given. This is simply a piece of negligence which should be promptly remedied next year, and we hope the compilers of both *Catholic Directories* will call the attention of the Bishops and Rev. Clergy from whom they receive their returns to this fact, so that some may no longer be injured by having their names omitted in connection with the churches dedicated to their patron saints in the Directories.

Sadlier's Directory reports the total number of churches at 6 825, and *Hoffman's Directory* gives the number at 7,094, but the experience which we have gained by going over their pages, impels us to say that both *Directories* are wrong and that there are more than 8,000 Catholic churches in the United States.

In the classified statistical tables which we have compiled from *Sadlier's Directory* we find that the churches designated in the following list are represented by the figures annexed: The number of churches placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, according to our Blessed Lady's different titles, are 1,393. St. Joseph comes next with 687, then follows St. Aloysius with 466. The other churches follow in the following numerical order: St. Peter, 179; St. Michael, 175; St. John, 149; St. John the Baptist, 124; Sacred Heart, 122; St. Patrick, 121; St. Anne, 112; St. James and St. Paul, each 103; SS Peter and Paul, 88; St. Francis of Assisi, 82; St. Bridget, 74; St. Rose, St. Francis Xavier, St. Boniface and Holy Trinity, each 68; St. Augustine, 65; St. Anthony, 62; St. Vincent de Paul, 61; St. Thomas, 60; St. Charles Borromeo, 56; St. Bernard, 53; St. Stephen and St. John the Evangelist, each 50; St. Lawrence, 47; St. Aloysius, 45; Holy Cross and St. Martin, each 42; St. Louis, 40; St. Andrew, 37; St. Francis de Sales and St. Teresa, each 36; St. Nicholas and the Holy Family, each 35; St. Agnes and St. Catherine, each 32; St. Matthew and St. Stanislaus, each 30; St. Ignatius and St. Celinda, each 28, St. Benedict and St. Luke, each 17; SS. Philip, Raphael, Mark, Henry, Columbanus and Gabriel, each 16; SS. Joachim, Anthony of Padua, Wendelin and Zachary, each 15; SS. Andrew and Philomena, each 13; SS. Denis, Clare and Guardian Angels each 11, SS Peter, Paul and Apollonia, Lawrence O'Toole, Ambrose, Isaac Jogues and Holy Redeemer, each 10. All the other saints have less than ten among which are the following titles of the Blessed Virgin: Our Lady of Solitude, of the Lake, of the Valley, of the Cascade, of the Isle, and of the Sprinkling, Our Lady of the Mountain, of the Rock of the Snow, of the Rocks, of the Tears, of the River, of the Gulf, of Mills, and of Chicago, Our Lady and of Lourdes. The churches are dedicated under the titles of Our Lady of Lourdes, of Knock and of Loretto. Other churches are dedicated to The Three Kings, The Fourteen Holy Helpers, The Forty Martyrs, The Fourteen Holy Martyrs. Among the Irish saints not mentioned above, are SS. Aidee, Brendan, Canera, Colman, Cronin, Finbar, Fintan, Flannan, Hall, Kevin, Killian and Kran.

Death of Don Bosco.

The name of the Abbé Don Bosco is required by Catholics in every clime and serve the character of this holy Apostle of Charity is known deep grief will be felt that the benign influence and the charitable deeds of the founder of the Society of St. Francis de Sales for the protection of abandoned children, has been lost for ever to the world. It is a sad, deep regret, for those that we announce the death in Turin of this holy man, whose pure soul found rest on the 31st ult., his death-bed being surrounded by many priests of his Congregation among whom was Mgr. Cagliero, also of the Salesian Congregation, Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Patagonia. A sketch of his life and labors will appear in our next issue. *E. I. P.*

—Apropos of the Lenten fast, a good story is told of an Irish Catholic who was at sea as a cabin passenger on a steamship during the week in which Ash Wednesday occurred. At the dinner table all the passengers were eating meat, but the gentleman in question, being in the minority, as all the heavenly grace to refuse it. So he was making his meal off of fish, butter and milk, when a Presbyterian preacher, thinking to embarrass the Catholic before all the passengers, remarked: "Your action in refusing meat seems most absurd. Why do you refuse to partake of the one yet out of the substance of the same animal?" The Catholic gentleman, in no wise disconcerted, replied quickly and pointedly: "Why do I eat eggs." "Faith, it is no more absurd for me to eat of the substance of the cow than it was for you to eat of the substance of your mother and not to eat your mother." And then he quietly continued his meal, to the laughter of all present against his tormentor.

—By a recent decision of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, the Holy Father has granted (1) a Plenary Indulgence once a month for the daily recitation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin; (2) also an Indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days for each time it is said; and, moreover, (3) his Holiness grants three hundred days for saying Matins and Lauds (7) and (3) can be gained but once in the day.

How the Church Prospers Under Persecution.

> Translated from Revue de Neuchatel, Switzerland, by Rev. Hugh Walsh, Mt. Carmel, Columbia Co. Oregon, West New Jersey, Diocese of Trenton. Hope and Written Publisher, Iowa.
>
> To the mind of a thinking Catholic it would appear that the very fact of the prosperous condition of the Church under many forms if persecution during the last Protestants to the truth that such a Church must have some Divine Principle, which, in order to preserve a continuous existence the high both Pagan and modern persecutions, and to flourish in countries where all the available military force of the land, backed up by penal laws, were used to crush out Catholicity and to crush the Church of Christ.

The History of Newfoundland is filled with facts which serve to demonstrate the deep-rooted antipathy of England to not only the Catholic religion from the soil of that colony Yet, notwithstanding the cruel laws against Catholicity, and the inhuman treatment of Catholics themselves at the hands of England's minions, the Church of God unmoved by last the foundations of Catholicity in that Island. The Mass, Hall open the very spot where England erected gibbets to hang Catholic men, women and children, for the crime of Catholicity, the Church prospered so far that the Catholics of Newfoundland contribute more than the Protestants of England's colonies

Farm and Home.

Health Hints.

TURPENTINE IN DIPHTHERIA.—The antiseptic treatment of diphtheria by turpentine has recently been introduced in Germany by Boms, of Dorman. It is given in the same manner as in cases of phosphorus poisoning, that is to say, as pure turpentine highly rectified, in doses of a soup spoonful twice a day to adults, a dessert spoonful to children of more than five years of age, and a teaspoonful to young infants. Milk and wine are given abundantly at the same time. The administration of it causes a sensation of burning in the stomach, epigastric pressure, vomiting and the passage of stools strongly impregnated with turpentine odor. The use of turpentine was suggested by the experiments of Koch, which showed that it had an action on the problematic bacilli of diphtheria. But the treatment itself is much more than problematic.

BLINDNESS IN BATHS.—Inasmuch as blindness has frequently resulted in before from inflammation of the eyes following childbirth, the following directions are given to prevent that disaster. First, immediately after the birth of the baby, wipe the eyelids and all parts surrounding the eyes with a soft dry linen rag, and scon after with a soft rag—a flat, worthless, lint fabric is not good—dipped in a cup of water. Do not make hay parlors so dreary!

Mrs. Sputter. Such a tedious evening I could hardly keep awake until it was time to go home.

Mr. Tuddy: "Everybody was yawning. I had a sad headache in the morning." Sympathetic story.

Mr. Lab Dr. Dab. Deceed pekey, be Jove if it wasn't. Bwoke me all up—yes it did, really!

Parting shots: "Humbug;" "A perfect fiasco;" "No fact or taste in such affairs;" "Well if simply sent regrets, I'd prefer reminded me of a Sunday School picnic;" "Too stupid and tiresome for anything."

Inalienable Rights.

A way has made up the following summary of what he calls the "Inalienable rights of Americans," and which are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence.

To know any trader business without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents or friends.

To have a wife and children, dependent on contingencies if business, and in case of sudden death, leave them wholly unprovided for.

To put off upon hireling strangers the literary, moral and religious education of children.

To teach children no good trade, hoping they will have, when grown up, enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy, when made bankrupt by reckless speculation.

To that the government when possible. To build offices without being competent to discharge their duties.

To build houses with nine and six-inch walls, and go to the funeral of tenants, firemen and others killed by their fall, were ready a very little better with one cap and a half of water, and a piece of butter half the size of an egg; pour this batter boiling hot over the egg and sugar just as it goes to the table; force to mash. Beat while mixing the boiled butter and sugar.

WARM OUT CAKE.—Four pounds of sugar and one of butter; beat five eggs with the sugar; put one teaspoonful of soda in a [illegible] one teaspoonful of cream of tartar in [illegible] cream the butter and flour together, add the eggs and sugar and other ingredients; stir well and bake in a tin mould.

LEMON TARTLETS.—Rub a teaspoful of sugar in lumps over the rind of a fresh lemon, so as to absorb all the essential oil; squeeze the juice of the lemon over the sugar; crush it fine with a spoon; add to it two eggs, well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of sweet butter; boil all together, and bake in little patty pans, lined with puff paste.

PARMESAN SMALL FISH.—Any kind of small fish may be prepared in the following manner: After being well washed and wiped it be put in a pan with a little butter, and sprinkled over with pepper, salt and nutmeg, of bread scraped from a crusty loaf, with an onion chopped fine, and fried in the oven freely sustain to half an hour.

STEWED CHICKEN.—Season and stew a chicken in a quart of water until very tender; take it out on a hot dish and keep it warm; then put into the liquor a lump of butter the size of an egg; mix a little flour and water smooth and make a thick gravy; season well with pepper and salt, and let it come to a boil. Turn over the chicken and serve hot.

OYSTER STEW.—One pint of oysters, drain them in a colander; put liquor to scald with the same quantity of water; set the oysters in small pieces. When the liquor is hot, stir in pulverized crackers mixed with milk, and then add the oysters. Boil two minutes, add a large teaspoonful of butter, a little pepper, and a pint of milk. Boil one minute.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One egg well beaten, one large coffee cup of sweet milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of Graham flour, one half-cup of super fine flour, and a little salt. The batter should be of the consistency of wheat griddle cakes. Warm the pan on the top of the stove, and grease each compartment well. Then fill with the batter to within a quarter of an inch of the top, and bake in a quick oven half an hour.

Drinking Before Meals.

An acquaintance of the writer who has suffered sorely from dyspepsia for a number of years, and has tried most of the numerous remedies a host of kind friends have recommended for her relief, hands us the following article from the *Medical News* with the request that it be printed. Our dyspeptic friend has found great relief in following the directions, and it is hoped others may also be benefited.

"In the morning the stomach contains a considerable quantity of mucus spread over and adherent to its walls. If food enters at this time the tenacious mucus will interfere, to some extent, with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water, taken before breakfast, passes through the stomach into the small intestines in a continuous and uninterrupted flow. It partly distends the stomach, stretching and to some extent obliterating the rugæ; it dilutes and washes out the tenacious mucus; it increases the fullness of the capillaries of the stomach, directly if the water is warm, and indirectly in a reactionary way if it is cold; it moves peristalsis of the alimentary tract, wakes it up (so to speak), and gives it a morning stimulus and washing out. Care must be taken not to give cold water when the circulation either local or general, is so feeble as to make reaction impossible. We should not risk it in advanced age, nor in the feeble, whether old or young, nor should it be given in local trouble, like chronic gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of salt is very beneficial. Such a time honored custom as drinking soon after the beginning of a meal could only have been so persistently adhered to because it is having been found by experience to be the most opportune time. It does something what warm or hot water, with the addition of salt does, and more, in that it is—revives and excites the flow of gastric juice.

Family Fun.

A Successful affair.

Mrs. Rattle "Good night, dear Mrs Spread your party has been such a success."

Mrs Gush: "Yes, indeed, Mrs Spread but than your parlors are always charming,"

Miss Satin: "Oh, delicious! I am always aging so to my friends. How do you manage to make them so delight."

Mrs. Spread. I have enjoyed every moment of it.

Mr. Tuddy: "Ah, yes; so have we all. A great success I assure you, Mrs Spread."

Mr. Lab Dr Dab "Ah, yes, really, you know, you know. Quite the most charming party of the season; ah, yes, really."

All at once "Good night" "Delight ful evening" Enjoyed it so much" Such a success!" "Must congratulate you!" Splendid!"

On the Way Home.

Mrs. Rattle. "Tha most perfect born of the season."

Mr. Rattle: "The Spread parties are so utterly tiresome. It takes me two weeks to recover from the effect of one."

Miss Satin: "It turned out just as I said it would.—A flat, worthless, utter failure. Why people will persist in giving parties to make hay parlors so dreary!"

Mr. Tuddy: "Everybody was yawning. I had a sad headache in the morning." Sympathetic story.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

Medical and scientific men are at last awake to the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous debilitated and aged. Many preparations have been more or less extensively advertised and put on the market, but the medical profession has at last discovered that none of them contain the elements necessary to give tone and vigor to the nervous system, except Paine's Celery Compound. It is the great nerve vitalizer and invigorator, and is the only medicine which can always be depended upon to cure nervous prostration and weakness, and expectation has proved that the most sceptical do not need the testimonials of the cures it is performing. Recommended by prominent and eminent men. Send for circulars.

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BURLINGTON VT.

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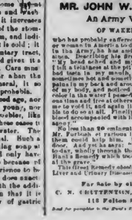

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DEAFNESS, BRONCHITIS, COLDS, and all throat, bronchial and lung troubles. The only advertised remedy endorsed by the medical profession. Price $1; with one month's course and prescriptions $2. Of druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Circulars free. Address, Wilson Medicated Inhaler Co., Cortlandt Tuttle Iron Hall Building, Detroit, Mich. U. S. of America. Inhaler sent on receipt of price.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Leave S. F.	Destination	Arrive S. F.
7:00 A.M.	Petaluma, and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A.M.
1:30 P.M.	Petaluma, and Santa Rosa.	5:00 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	Petaluma, and Santa Rosa.	8:40 P.M.
7:15 A.M.	Fulton, Forestville, Guerneville.	8:40 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	Fulton, Forestville, Guerneville.	8:40 P.M.
7:45 A.M.	Guerneville.	8:10 A.M.
5:00 P.M.	Guerneville.	8:00 P.M.

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Mending ... 1 50
Washing and Mending ... 1 50
Washing and Mending ... 1 50
Washing and

ARCHBISHOP LAMY.

(CONCLUSION FROM FIRST PAGE.)

diocese of Santa Fé. This is not quite correct, and the facts are contained in the saintly Bishop of Durango, Dr. Zubiria, had been advised in time, and had immediately set out for New Mexico, taking the mission of the diocese, and performing every where his episcopal duties. But he had not been consulted in the dismemberment of his diocese, and he felt quite unwilling to quietly stand by it. The clergy had another reason, they had been living at ease, twelve hundred miles from their Bishop, and they dreaded the presence of a superior, who among them; I might add, that many of these were utterly opposed to American rule, either civil or ecclesiastical.

The indefatigable Dr. Lamy set out on horseback, with a military guide, for the city of Durango. He had an interview with the Bishop and everything was settled amicably. Without taking time for rest he returned, having performed a journey of three thousand miles on horseback.

In his new diocese he found but few priests, and it was destitute of educational establishments of any kind. The young Bishop put his hand to the grand work of building up Catholicity with an energy that cannot be overpraised. His adventurous and long journeys over the vast plains extending from Kansas City to Fort Union, plains with no inhabitants, then, save wild beasts and roving Indians, besides an occasional Mexican about also hundred miles in extent, Dr. Lamy crossed those plains twelve times for the welfare of his vast diocese.

THE SISTERS OF LORETTO—THEIR ARRIVAL AT SANTA FE.

Bishop Lamy, ever anxious for the good of his diocese, desired to enrich it with devoted labors, to such the young, knowing well that this was the best way to reach the people. Having heard of the self-devotedness of Father Navinick's spiritual children, and of the severe training they had gone through, he considered that they were the very ones whom Divine Providence had designed for the laborious work for which the Holy See had confided to his care. He applied for a colony of Sisters and his request was there fully granted. Faithful to its traditions, and to its spirit of self-sacrifice, the Institute could not refuse a mission that seemed to promise nothing but hardships and privations.

Early in the Spring of 1852, the missionary Bishop left Santa Fé to assist at the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, crossing for the first time the dreary wastes called with reason, the "American Desert." In the commencement of June he reached Baltimore, and the preparations were soon made. But before returning to New Mexico, the Bishop went to New Orleans, to visit his niece who was still at the Ursuline Convent where he had placed her to test. There had already been some cases of cholera on board, when, on Friday, the 18th, at 2 o. m., Mother Mathilda was attacked. Her sufferings lasted till about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when she quietly went into the hands of her Maker, after having received the Sacraments of Penance and Eucharistic Unction at the hands of the Bishop. Two hours later the steamer landed Todd's Warehouse, six miles from Independence. The remaining passengers of the Mission had contracted the disease, and the landing was truly affecting, the Sisters following the corpse of their dying Mother and the death-bed of their Mother. The inhabitants stood in such dread of the cholera that the Sisters were not allowed to enter their houses, and were therefore obliged to sleep in the sacred cars.

The next morning, July 17th, three of the Sisters with the Bishop and some other persons, accompanied the carriage which conveyed the corpse of Mother Mathilda to the last resting place, in the graveyard of Independence. But on the way they were met by a sheriff and his posse, sent by the authorities to forbid entrance into the town, for fear of contagion. However, the Bishop's firm attitude, and perhaps, too, compassion for the sad situation, made the official relent. They continued their way to the graveyard, and there they saw the old earth receive into its bosom the remains of her whom they had loved and reverenced.

The Mother Superior, Mother Magdalen, quoted by Bishop Mass, "how took the Sisters, Catherine Phelan, Hilarion and Hilton, to the town and left them there, whilst Mother Magdalen remained in the carriage with Sister Monica. But on the night of the following Monday, July 19th, Sister Magdalen herself was attacked with the cholera, and made what she believed to be her last confession. The Sisters were assisted for ladies, especially religious ones, with tender dread, and Bishop, enable to make better arrangements, had the two dying Sisters removed to tents about two miles from the town. The poor Sisters were much better off than in the warehouse, although they had to lie on the ground, with only a blanket, and nothing but the canvas tent to screen them from the heat of July.

After a few days Sister Magdalen began to recover. On Sunday, July 25th, the three Sisters came from Independence, and heard Mass said by Bishop Lamy in a tent. It was impossible for Sister Monica to proceed any further, her recovery being doubtful, and in spite of her desire to pursue the journey to New Mexico, she returned to Independence to let her health should be sufficiently restored to return to the convent at Loretto. As Sister Magdalen could travel in a carriage, although very weak, they left Independence on Saturday, July 31st, to go into camp some four miles distant, where the Bishop and part of his suite (for the others were sick at Willow Springs) had already encamped. There the Sisters went to Confession, and the next morning received Holy Communion at the hands of the Bishop.

After the death of Mother Mathilda, Sister Magdalen was chosen to fill the office of Superior, and this election was promptly approved and confirmed at Loretto. Dear Mother Magdalen, after thirty years of untold toils and privations, has been stricken down by palsy, but her heart and her heart are as warm and as sound as ever, and although she gave up the charge of the flock inhabiting community into the hands of another self, Mother Superior, yet she is still the guiding spirit of the institution.

On the evening of August 1st, they reached Willow Springs, a fine water place few miles from Westport, and there found the other party ready to start. So they lost no time, and started all together; but they had proceeded only a few miles when one of the wagons broke down, and there they were obliged to camp in order to repair the wagon.

Some time was spent the next day to repair damages. On the following Sunday, the 6th, the Bishop said Mass four all in their tent on the banks of the Humboldt and Ten creek. Thence they passed Hallingsant, and on the crest of the Rocky Mountains Council Grove. All confessed that evening, and on the next morning received Holy Mass at the hands of the Bishop. The Sisters, according to their rules, renewed their vows at the time of Mass. The next day the Bishop left the Sisters at Council Grove, and still they reached Pawnee Fork, on the spot where now stands the town of Larned, at the junction of the Pawnee Fork and the Arkansas. For the first time, buffaloes were killed by the party, and fresh meat enjoyed.

Resuming their march on the 7th of September, they passed the Arkansas River at Ellinor, and encamped some two miles beyond, into still in Kansas, when a party of Indians, four hundred strong, fell upon them and surrounded them. All were terrified, particularly the ladies. The was the Indians' hunting ground, and whenever they could do so with impunity, they would attack caravans. On this occasion they seemed peaceable, the Bishop was even enabled to baptize the child of a native Mexican woman. Still as their intentions were not known, and the Indian is often treacherous, the Bishop thought it prudent not to make any more, forgiving the wagon, but as they seemed disposed to remain, he ordered his company to march in the evening, and the caravan traveled all night, as the Indians do not generally make their attacks in the dark.

Las Vegas was reached on the 15th. This was the final Mexican town reached. The next morning the Bishop said Mass in a private dwelling no far from the town. There he stopped two days, and saw Father Lamy, who had recently left Santa Fé, and with the Sisters to what was then called the Bishop's ranche. To show the zeal of the Bishop for the spiritual welfare of those under his care, I must say that the whole journey he said Mass and preached every Sunday but one, when it was absolutely impossible, still prayers were said in common.

The Bishop set out from Las Vegas on Wednesday, and on Thursday, the 21st, the teamster, quietly entered his episcopal city, to prepare the way for the coming of the triumphal procession of the Sisters, which was to take place on Sunday, the 25th, the day left the ranch and stopped for Santa Fé, where they arrived at four p. m. The people, led by Father Lamy, the other Mexican priests, went several miles to meet them. Father approached the city, the crowd increased so much that the carriages could scarcely pass through the streets of the ancient metropolis. Triumphal arches had been erected, and the bells of the cathedral tolled, the Sisters, who were received at the door of the cathedral, presented with holy water, and led to the foot of the altar. The Te Deum was sung, accompanied by Mexican music, violins, guitars, etc., and the ceremony terminated with the episcopal blessing. Thence the Sisters were conducted by the Bishop to their Convent and the clergy to the house prepared for them, and the priests who had accompanied the party were lodged at the house of the Bishop, and thus ended a long and painful journey, full of accidents and dangers. All felt glad at being finally at home at Santa Fé.

BISHOP LAMY GOES TO ROME.—THE FIRST ORDEAL OF MISSIONARIES.

The Mexican Government did not strictly speaking persecute the church, but its want of care for both church and state was unpardonable. Dr. Lamy, ably seconded by his Vicar-General and learned friend, Father Machebeuf, went everywhere to see for himself, and set to work to correct abuses, to establish schools, to form religious associations; and thus they were employed during the winter and spring of 1853. In the fall of 1853 the energetic young Bishop set out from Santa Fé with a caravan to cross those formidable plains, the American Desert, the home of the Indian and coyote—a desert extending nearly nine hundred miles in breadth, from New Mexico to the Missouri river. He rested only a short while at St. Louis, Cincinnati and Baltimore, from whence he paid a flying visit to Loretto to give news of the saintly origin of the Institute and to petition for more Sisters. This time also his request was readily granted, and arrangements were made to start for Santa Fé the following spring. The Bishop, being no time, embarked at New York, soon reached France, and at once visited Messrs. Perron, the old Bishop of Clermont, who had ordained him priest and blessed his vocation to the missions of Oceanica. From him also he received warm and fair recommendations to the Bishop of the diocese to help him in his mission of New Mexico.

In the meanwhile, the Bishop, having paid a flying visit to his brother Etienne and other immediate relatives, set out for Rome, where he was kindly received by Pius IX, and Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propagandi. He received great praise and encouragement, and obtained leaving the Holy See. He then embarked half-way, taking several companions on the same route, and early in the spring of 1854, reached Clermont. A number of young ladies generously offered themselves to him, and he expressed their willingness to cross the ocean and work under his paternal direction. Without regret they were willing to leave the fair shores of their native country, to come to the almost desolate part of the field of the labors of the family. They were inured from their minds' but the thoughts of the future beyond up their spirits.

Among the saintly men who heard the voice of God in their hearts were the Revereds Talard, a priest from Madrid, Martin, of the diocese of St. Flour, Francis, Anthony Lehard from Clermont, Stephen Abel, of Clermont; Peter Eguillon, the actual Vicar General of Santa Fé and parish priest of the cathedral also a priest from the diocese of Clermont.

Among the Sentimentes were the Revereds Joseph Guerin, who was then deacon, and who ordained priest on the 23d of December of the past year, at Santa Fé, by Bishop Lamy. Eugene Pallet, parish priest of Belon, then a Subdeacon; and X. Vaurie, a clerk in minor orders, who died on the day of their arrival at Santa Fé.

Forming the caravan were also the Revereds Kolopp Drim, a priest from New Mexico, who had accompanied the Bishop to Europe; Hesse, Jesus M. Orpez and Florencio Gonzalez, who had been sent previously to France for a course in the Seminary of Clermont; an Irish family named Covington, and Mr. Macarthy, a lawyer who acted as major domo for the Bishop in the journey.

Dr Lamy and his band of priests and levites arrived at Lexinville, Kentucky, to watch the end of May, 1854, the Bishop going to Loretto they reached Cincinnati, where they had to wait for a month, as we were arrived at Kansas City and Westport, and being there directed to camp at Willow Spring, a romantic spot, with a flowing stream of water gushing from under a huge bluff, the surrounding hill green, and covered with a profusion of good size, with an abundance of grass for the animals. There they remained for six weeks waiting for the colony of Sisters who were to come and join them. In the meanwhile, the Bishop was disappointed, as the Sisters were unable to send any of their number to the missions of New Mexico. The Bishop had his hands full buying animals, wagons and provisions, and making arrangements for a speedy departure.

Hardly had Bishop Lamy arrived at Willow Spring, after completing his preparations, and being sure that the Sisters could not come, than, although late in the afternoon, he resolved to move to this camp. An order was given to that effect. All was bustle in the camp. Messengers gathered their animals and hitched them to the wagons, and before a short delay all together took the broad road toward Santa Fe, their destination. But they had proceeded but a short distance when one of the wagons broke down, and they were obliged to stop without water for the night.

The caravan consisted of fifty wagons and one hundred and twenty men. The wagons as they had left Willow Springs, Father Eguillon, who was very sick, and whose bed had been in such a terrible condition that the physician had really thought he had to amputate it, fell asleep under. He had been carried to my house in Kansas City, suffering, should a fever be the cause, to be forwarded to his mission, than to the among Mexicans, Father Dan D. Barry. The Sisters, a mattress was brought, and the Sisters placed in it, and carried to the Bishop's carriage, as a victim for the sacrifice. They left Willow Springs on the 19th of September, 1854.

The private wagons were placed on dismissing, and the Sisters, with the Bishop, Father Machebeuf, followed, and have arrived safely and faithfully for years.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.

It is intended to erect a memorial to the late Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, Armagh. A meeting in furtherance of that object was held on the 2nd, in the Synod Hall, Armagh, when the great celebrator of the "Mortals Mind" for the Irish Church, Dr. Gibbs the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, who presided, said the best way they could perpetuate his memory would be to erect a memorial which would in fact be his great chair of the Church of Ireland. The Very Rev. Dean Bigger, P. P., Burgomaster, said the Grace, the Most Rev. Primate, had sent a letter to the meeting in which he spoke of the Archbishop of Armagh, and the Most Rev. Primate said that he was not in a position to be present at the meeting and this debt of the late Primate had cleared off. Mr. Lynch, M. P., said the Most Rev. Primate had made it his wish for the proposed memorial

ARCHBISHOP LAMY.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

diocese of Santa Fe. This is not quite correct, and the facts are contrary to it. The saintly Bishop of Durango, Dr. Zubiria, had been admitted to his diocese, but immediately set out for New Mexico, visiting every mission of the diocese, and finally ending every where his episcopal duties. But he had not been consulted in the administration of his diocese, and he felt quite unwilling to quietly stand by it. The clergy had such or reason, they had been living at ease; twelve hundred miles from their Bishop, and they feared the presence of the new Prelate among them, I might add, that many of them were utterly opposed to American rule, either civil or ecclesiastical.

The indefatigable Dr. Lamy set out on horseback, with a solitary guide, for the city of Durango. He had an interview with the Bishop and everything was settled amicably. Without taking time for rest he returned, having performed a journey of three thousand miles on horseback.

In his new diocese he found but few priests, and it was destitute of educational establishments of any kind. The young Bishop put his hand to the grand work of building up Catholicity with an energy that cannot be overpraised. His adventures and long journeys over the vast plains extending from Kansas City to Fort Union, plains with no inhabitants, then, save wild beasts and roving Indians, boasting no cities. Though about nine hundred miles in extent, Dr. Lamy crossed these plains twelve times for the welfare of his vast diocese.

THE SISTERS OF LORETTO—THEIR ARRIVAL IN SANTA FE.

Bishop Lamy, ever anxious for the good of his diocese, resolved to entrust it with devoted Sisters, to teach the young, knowing well that this was the best way to reach the people. Having heard of the self denial of Father Navinck's spiritual children, and of the severe training they had gone through, he concluded that they were the very ones whom Divine Providence had designed for the laborious mission which the Holy See had confided to his care. He applied for a colony of Sisters and his request was cheerfully granted. Arrived in Santa Fe, and to the injunctions of its founder, Loretto could not refuse a mission that seemed to promise nothing but hardship and privations.

Early in the Spring of 1852, the missionary Bishop left Santa Fe to assist at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, crossing for the first time the dreary waste called with reason, the "American Desert." In the commencement of June he reached Baltimore, and the preparations were soon made. But before returning to New Mexico, the Bishop went to New Orleans, to visit his sister who was still at the Ursuline Convent since his departure for Santa Fe.

"On Sunday," says Mother Magdalen in her "Annals of Our Lady of Light," June 27th, 1852, after Mass, the Sisters destined for Mexico, left the Mother house of Loretto; Mother Mathilda, Mille and Sisters Catherine, Mary Magdalen, Monica, Hilaria and Roberta. The same day they arrived at Bardstown, and on Thursday morning, July 1st, they reached St. Louis and were kindly received by Archbishop Kenrick. In a few meanwhile they visited the Convent of St. Ferdinand, in Florissant, and spent a few days with their own Sisters. As soon as they heard of the Bishop's return from New Orleans, they joined him at St. Louis, and on the 10th of July left by the steamer Arcadia, which was to convey them as far as Independence. With them they visited a family, and some other persons belonging to the Bishop's suite.

The Sisters had accepted the mission in a true spirit of self-abnegation, as they little dreamed, as the spires of the city receded from view, how soon Providence was going to put their virtue to a test. There had already been some cases of cholera on board, when, on Friday, the 16th, at 2 a. m. Mother Mathilda was attacked. Her sufferings lasted till about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when she gave herself into the hands of her Divine Spouse, after having received the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction at the hands of the Bishop. Two hours later she was landed at Jones' Warehouse, six miles from Independence. In the meantime Sister Mathilda had contracted the disease, and the landing was truly affecting, the Sisters following the corpse of their dying Sister and the coffin of their dear Mother. The inhabitants and the crew, dread of the cholera that the Sisters were not allowed to enter their houses, and were therefore obliged to remain in the warehouse.

The next morning, July 17th, three of the Sisters with the Bishop and some other persons, accompanied the carriage which conveyed the remains of Mother Mathilda to the last resting place, in the graveyard of Independence. But on the way they were met by a Sheriff who had been deputed by the authorities to forbid entrance into the town, for fear of contagion. However, the Bishop's firmatitude, and perhaps, too, compassion for the sad spectacle, conquered this difficulty. They continued their way to the graveyard, and there they saw the cold earth receive into its bosom the remains of her whom they had loved and reverenced.

The Bishop," continue Mother Magdalen, quoted by Bishop Mace, "now took the three Sisters, Catherine, Hilaria and Roberta, to the town and left them there, while Mother Magdalen remained in the warehouse with Sister Monica. But on the night of the following Monday, July 19th, Sister Magdalen herself was attacked with the cholera, and made what she believed to be her last confession. The place was ill-suited for latter, especially religious ones, sick with cholera, and Bishop, unable to make better arrangements, had the two dying Sisters removed to lists about two miles from the town. The poor Sisters were much better off than in the warehouse, although they had many inconveniences to bear, and had nothing but the canvas tent to screen them from the heat of July."

After a few days Sister Magdalen began to recover. On Sunday, July 25th, the three Sisters came from Independence, and heard Mass said by Bishop Lamy in tent. It was impossible for Sister Monica to proceed any further, her recovery being doubtful, and in spite of her desire to pursue the journey to New Mexico, she returned to Independence with Sister Magdalen, who had entirely restored to return to the convent at Loretto. On Sister Magdalen could travel in a carriage, although very weak, they left Independence Saturday, July 31st, to go into camp some four miles distant, where the Bishop and part of his suite (for the others were waiting at Willow Springs) had already encamped. There the Sisters went to Confession, and the same evening received Holy Communion at the hands of the Bishop.

After the death of Mother Mathilda, Sister Magdalen became the Superior, and this election was promptly approved and confirmed at Loretto. Dear Mother Magdalen, after thirty years of untold toils and privations, has been stricken down by paralysis; her head and her heart are as warm and as sound as ever, and although she gave up the direction of the flourishing community into the hands of another self, Mother Francisca Lamy, she is still the guiding spirit of the institution.

On the evening of August 1st, they reached Willow Springs, a fine watering place a few miles from Westport, and there found the other party ready to start. So they lost no time, and started all together, but they had proceeded only a few miles when one of the wagons broke down, and there they were obliged to camp in order to repair the damage.

Some time was spent the next day in repair damages. On the following Sunday, the 8th, the Bishop and Mass-saver an Indian lost on the banks of the Big Blue River. Ten creek. Thence they passed Burlington and on the eve of the Assumption reached Council Bluffs. All embraced the Sacraments and on the next morning received Communion at the hands of the Bishop. The Sisters, according to their rules, retiraed their vows at the image of Our Lady. The camp was removed, and the Mass was said until they reached Council Bluffs, on the next morning, a distance of twenty miles, at the junction of the Platte River and the Missouri. For the last time, the Sisters received Holy Communion at the hands of the Bishop. Remaining three days on the Bluffs, the Bishop, Sisters, Mass-saver and the Indian left Fort Atkinson, and encamped some miles from Indian Agency, a place of resort of Indian warriors, four hundred strong, full upon them and surrounded them. All were terrified, particularly the Indian. This was the Indians hunting ground, and whatever they could do as with impunity, they would attack parcants. On this occasion they seemed peaceable, the Bishop was even enabled to baptize the child of a squaw. But an woman. Still as their intentions were not known, and the Indian so numerous, the Bishop thought it prudent not to make any move, lest they would resist, but as they seemed disposed to remain, he ordered his company to march in the evening, and the caravan traversed a night in the Indians do not generally make their attacks in the dark.

Las Vegas was reached on the 18th. This was the last Mass-station. Bishop Lamy, next morning the Bishop and Mass in a private dwelling not far from the town. There he assigned two, and one to Sister Magdalen (who had recently joined him) with the Sisters to what was then called the Bishop's ranche. To close the end of the Bishop for the spiritual welfare of the Sisters, for his sake, I must say that during the journey he had Mass and Communion every Sunday but one, when it was absolutely impossible, still prayers were said in common.

The Bishop set out from Santa Fe on Wednesday, and on Thursday, 24 of September, quietly entered the ranche, to prepare the way for the caravan, entirely unnoticed of his own people. On the eve of the day, 25th, the party left the ranche and start for Santa Fe, where they arrived at 10 a. m. The people, led by Father Otero and other Mexican priests, sent several miles to meet them, before approaching the city, the crowd increased so much that the carriage could scarcely pass through the streets of the ancient metropolis. Triumphal arches had been erected, and the Bishop, the different churches were pealing. They was received at the door of the cathedral presented with holy water, and led to the feet of the altar. The Te Deum was sung, accompanied by Mexican music, violins, guitars, etc., and the ceremony terminated with the episcopal blessing. Thence the Sisters were conducted by the Bishop, Vicar General and the clergy to their new home prepared for them, and the priests who had accompanied the party were lodged at the house of the Bishop, and thus ended this long and painful journey, full of accidents and dangers. All felt glad at being finally at home at Santa Fe."

MISSIONARY LABORS—TO LORETTO—THE FIRST ORDINATION.

The Mexican Government did not strictly speaking persecute the church, for its want of care for both church and state was unpardonable. Dr. Lamy, ably seconded by his Vicar General and home friend, Father Machebeuf, went everywhere to see him, and set to work to correct abuses, to establish schools, to form religious associations and thus they were employed during the winter and spring of 1853. In the fall of 1853 the emperor years, Bishop was from Santa Fe with a caravan to cross those formidable plains, the American Desert, the home of the Indian and coyote—a desert extending nearly nine hundred miles in breadth, from New Mexico to the Missouri river. It resembled a sea, when at St. Louis, Cincinnati and Bardstown, from whence he had a flying visit, to see the dear ones of the sanctity edifying at Santa Fe and to petition for more Sisters. This time also his request was cordially granted, arrangements were made to start for Santa Fe the following spring. The Bishop, lastly, to time, embarked at New York, accompanied Fenwick and some seminarists, Father Ferron, the old Bishop of Clermont, who had resigned his place and blessed his profession to the missions of Cincinnati. From him also he received warm and fatherly encouragement, promising a gift from his diocese to help him in his missions of New Mexico.

In the meanwhile, the Bishop, having paid a flying visit to his brother Germain and other immediate relatives, set out for Rome, where he was kindly received by Pius IX, and Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda. He received great praise and encouragement and also the approval of the Holy See. His soon afterward left Rome, visiting several remarkable cities on his route, and early in the spring of 1854, reached Clermont. A number of ecclesiastics presented themselves to him, and to him expressed their willingness to cross the ocean and work under his authority. Without regret they were willing to leave the fair shores of their beloved France, to come to the almost desolate part of the field of the father of the family. Hence, he returned crossed their minds" but the thoughts of the future inspired up their hearts.

Among the saintly men who heard the voice of God in their hearts were the Brothers Talardi, a priest from Madrid, Sainte-Marie, of the diocese of St. Flour, Francois Anthony Gollard from Clermont, Stephen Abel, of Clermont; Peter Eguillon, the sacrist (overseer) of Santa Fe and parish priest of the cathedral also a priest from the diocese of Clermont.

Among the Seminarians were the Brothers Joseph Guerin, who was then deacon, and was ordained priest on the 23d of November of the great year, at Santa Fe, by Bishop Lamy; Eugene Dalbet, parish priest of Belen, then a Subdeacon, and N. Vaure, a deacon in minor orders, who died on the day of their arrival at Santa Fe.

Forming the caravan were also the Reverend Eulogio Ortiz, a priest from New Mexico, who had accompanied the Bishop to Europe; Messrs. Jesus M Irisarri, Florentine Gonzalez, who had been sent preparatory. Peace for a course of the Bishop's Vicar General and home friend, Father Machebeuf, went everywhere to see him, and set to work to correct abuses, establish schools, to form religious associations, and thus they were employed during the winter and spring of 1853. In the fall of 1853 the emperor years, Bishop was from Santa Fe with a caravan to cross those formidable plains, the American Desert, the home of the Indian and coyote—a desert extending nearly nine hundred miles in breadth, from New Mexico to the Missouri river. It resembled a sea, when at St. Louis, Cincinnati and Bardstown, from whence he had a flying visit, to see the dear ones of the sanctity edifying at Santa Fe and to petition for more Sisters. This time also his request was cordially granted, arrangements were made to start for Santa Fe the following spring. The Bishop, lastly to time, embarked at New York, accompanied Fenwick and some seminarists, Father Ferron, the old Bishop of Clermont, who had resigned his place and blessed his profession to the missions of Cincinnati. From him also he received warm and fatherly encouragement, promising a gift from his diocese to help him in his missions of New Mexico.

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THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

MUSINGS OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT ON ST. HELENA.

I revelled long in life's young dream,
When youthful pulses ran high,
Was lured by war's absorbing theme,
Unmindful how a mote might roll;
I tasted all the chalice of life
That Fame and Fortune's power could bring,
Yet fearless sought the martial strife
When Islam Death was on the wing.

The battle clang, the clash of arms,
The deadly issues, the caution's roar,
Could give me more of ideal charms
Than acts of peace or golden store;
The conquered hand and regal crown,
From sire to son authroned to reign,
Obeyed my beck and feared my frown,
Nor dared to say my power was vain.

Empires and nations at my beck,
In helpless ruin crumbled down,
And less proud Europe failed to check
The power of my fast course;
I deemed a power akin to God,
Was vested all in me alone,
And understood my fast I trod
The Temple of this Holy One.

Oh! what is glory, wealth or fame,
Or all the pomp of Emperor;
He proudest deeds an empty name,
His life, misleadingly near;
Yet who that saw me on the day
The diadem had crowned my brow
Could think I should be cast away,
A captive king unhonored now.

My shackled life was famed in war—
Its prowess gains could belap be—
On martial fields a conqueror,
Death was in my scentless;
Hell proudly on, yo bondman wave,
Keep pace with Time's unfathom'd deep,
Thy empire can claim no resistance even,
Compared to those that o'er me sweep.

Fair Josphine! my heart in vain
Feels now a fond regret for you;
Oh, could I but recall the pain
I wanton caused your heart to rend,
My sorrow would soon be vain
And peaceful as sweet summer shower,
Had I had given a hundred balm
Of love to soothe your closing hours.

On St. Helena's barren shore
I taste the humiliest of despair,
My hopes lost I stand on a mere,
Weak captive in the lonesome's lair;
As such my wild life's fitful scene,
I usually find a mere dream
That I had parted Josephine,
Or tried to sever the Fatalit's course.

Fond mother, sisters dear, farewell;
Ou brothers, son, God's blessing pour,
Heaven great we meet where sorrows shall
Where sorrow's tide quite ebbed no more.
And sweet Heavenly peace at last
In this religious temple to me
By my dear mother in the past—
To me a child beside her knee.

Forty years of time of this one bright world,
I honor the gifts of the land and free,
Where the flag of the Cross in fatin unfurled,
I welcome the message of Jubilee.

Pray, tell your ruler that papal tiara
And pomp mean to time.
At length the lady beckoned to her to
Kneeling in humble and reverential fear.

Oh! whisper my blessing to that rich alms
Where the fires of freedom spontaneous
spring!
Where the bulls of the Vatican fulminate
The scope of hope which the angels sing.

CHARLES J. SEIFFIE.

—Post-mortem resolutions and notices sent to us for publication must be paid for in advance.

Literary Miscellany.

Rose M'Donnell.

A True Story of the Fortunes of an Emigrant.

Some years ago, while travelling from Cork to Dublin, I got into conversation with a quiet, ladylike person, who traveled in the same carriage. She informed me that she had spent many years among her friends, and whenever she contrived to come to be six months. My degrees we came to be on friendly terms. She told me several amusing incidents of her time in America, and we reached our journey's end I was in possession of her entire history, which was, indeed, an interesting one.

Her father had been a tenant-farmer, who, being barely rack-rented, had a hard struggle for existence, particularly as he had a large family to support.

As soon as the oldest girl had reached the age of eighteen years her parents decided on sending her to America, thinking it the easiest way of providing for her, and also hoping that she would assist them by her earnings in providing for some of the younger members of the family.

She was a handsome, intelligent girl, and rather liked the idea of going to America, and many were the protestations she made that she would send all the money she earned except barely what she required for clothing. On reaching the "Land of Promise" she wrote announcing her safe arrival, and after an interval of about two months a second letter came, enclosing a cheque for a small amount, and saying that she had got a good situation, attending an invalid lady, and after that all correspondence ceased.

Three years passed away, and as no tidings of their absent child reached the anxious parents, they came to the conclusion that she must have died.

In the meantime their affairs had gone from bad to worse; their children were growing up; something must be done, so a second girl (the narrator of the story) was sent out to America.

Hard was the struggle to pay the passage money and buy an outfit—even though it was a scanty one—and when all was done they remained but five shillings for pocket-money for the poor young girl.

However, this did not give her the least concern. Strong in her innocence, and ignorant of the world, she parted, with many tears, from her sorrowing family, and, with "hopes high burning," stepped into the tender which was to convey her to the emigrant ship.

When she landed on the dock at New York, where her sister had landed a little more than three years before, she felt frightened for the first time. However, she got her trunk stored up as she saw other passengers had done, and, having any friends to go to, wandered away into the city, not knowing what to do next.

It was midday when she landed, and the poor girl kept walking helplessly about the streets until evening came on. She was getting very anxious to provide a lodging for the night, but knew not how to set about it. She was afraid to make inquiries of the people whom she met in the streets, as she had a vague fear of being directed to an unsafe lodging-house.

In the meantime, night came on, and still uncertain what to do, but getting uneasy, she wandered on until she entered a street composed entirely of private houses of a respectable class, some of which had porches to them. While passing one of these she noticed that the door was open, and she suddenly occurred to her that perhaps she could sleep in the porch.

Accordingly, she entered the porch, and, it was delicious to sit down, for she felt exhausted; so she drew out her bonnet and, while her tears fell fast offered up a Rosary to the Blessed Virgin to protect her during the night.

While thus occupied she heard a step approaching, and soon, to her terror, a gentleman entered the porch. She sat perfectly still, hoping to escape his observation. However, just as he was about to open the inner door with his latchkey, he noticed her, and asked, in rather a stern manner, what she wanted there at that late hour.

She burst into a passion of tears and sobbed as if her heart would break, and as soon as she could speak, she begged that he would allow her to remain in the porch for the night, as she did not know where else to go. A few questions drew from her the fact that she had only that day landed in New York, and that she had no friends to go to.

The gentleman, on hearing this, opened the inner door and desired her to follow him, saying that he would get a lodging for her. She obeyed, and he led the way into a comfortable kitchen, where two or three female servants were sitting at a table taking their tea.

In a few words he explained to them that he wished them to provide a bed for the girl and to provide for her wants in every way and then, saying he would speak to her in the morning and see what he could do for her, he left the kitchen.

The servants were very kind, and made her quite comfortable for the night. She was more easily imagine than describe the feelings of the poor girl on finding herself so safely lodged, and fervent were the thanks she offered up to our Blessed Lady. We had so visibly protected her.

Next morning, after breakfast, the gentleman, whose name the servants informed her was Mr. Lloyd, came out to speak to her, as he had promised.

"Well, my good girl," said he, "what are you able to do?"

"I will try to do anything you set me at, sir," replied she.

"Can you clip a hedge?" said he.

"Well, I never did anything in that line, sir," was the reply, "but I will try if you will be so kind as to show me how."

He seemed pleased with her answer and said:

"Very well, come out into the garden, and I will show you how to set about it."

She went out with him into a beautifully kept garden, and while she was admiring the flowers he went into a shed in which the gardener's tools were kept and presently appeared again, bearing a large hedge-clipper. He then took her to one end of a fine hedge which surrounded the garden and showed her how to set about clipping it. He stood watching her for a few minutes, and then, saying she was getting on very well with it he left the garden.

She worked away for about half an hour, and was beginning to get interested in her occupation when the hall-door opened and two servants appeared, one carrying an arm-chair and the other a foot stool, which they placed on the terrace in front of the house, and then stood by respectfully while a beautifully-dressed lady moved gracefully forward and took possession of the chair.

She dismissed the servants after giving them a few directions, and then sat for some time looking at the girl clipping the hedge.

The latter continued to work away assiduously, casting glances of admiration at the lady from time to time.

At length the lady beckoned to her to draw near, saying she wished to speak to her.

"I heard from my husband," said she, "how he found you in the porch last night. I suppose you have no friends in New York or they would have met you on your arrival?"

"I have not a single friend here, ma'am," replied the girl. "A sister of mine came out some years ago, but we have not heard from her for nearly three years so, of course, she must be dead."

"Why, you must be dead, said Mrs. Lloyd, "but she may have grown careless about her family."

"No, ma'am," said the girl, while her eyes filled with tears, "I am sure she must be dead. I don't believe she could forget those who loved her so much, and whom she loved in return, whilst she had life."

Mrs. Lloyd turned very pale.

"What part of Ireland did you come from," said she, "said what is your name?"

"I was born in a place called Mountmellick in the town of M——in the County Cork," was the reply, and my name is Rose M'Donnell."

Mrs. Lloyd started from her seat, burst into tears, and threw her arms round the astonished girl, exclaiming:—

"My sister! my sister! oh, what a shame it was for me to neglect you all as I did. My poor mother! what trouble I have given her, but I will try to make up for it now."

One may easily imagine the joy of poor Rose on finding that it was indeed her long-lost sister who stood before her.

It was some time before either of them spoke coherently, but when they had gone calmer, the elder sister explained how it was that she had treated her family with such neglect.

It appeared that she had lived for about six months with the invalid lady whom she hired with on arriving in New York. This lady had been very kind to her, and showed her intelligent and anxious to learn, taught her many things, used to get her to read to her, and in a little time treated her more like a companion than a servant. In the meantime Mr. Lloyd, a gentleman who had a large business in the city, and who saw often visit this lady, took a fancy to the handsome Irish girl said, finding the living companion, addressed her, as she was now mistress of a beautiful house and blessed with a husband who anticipated her wishes.

She confessed, with tears of shame, that she had left her poor invalid friend, surrounded by everything that could make life enjoyable, she had married a second time, and that whom she had left struggling with poverty in an Irish farm-house.

All her old affections for her family revived on meeting with her sister. She wrote a penitent letter to her parents, in which a cheque for a large amount was enclosed as a peace-offering, and lived at her earnest desire and with Mr. Lloyd's consent, continued to reside with them until her marriage, which took place about twelve months after her arrival in America.

Such was my fellow-traveller's tale, which was ended a little before we reached Dublin. I drove to my lodgings, and, when I parted, I received a cordial invitation to visit her in New York if ever anything should ever take me to that side of the Atlantic.

"A WOMAN MADE OVER."

A Funny Incident in Real Life.

"Hannah," said Farmer Hull, as he, hung out into the farm-house kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter?"

"No, ye answered her wife promptly, "who's writ?"

"O dunno, cuhsa it's the high flyin' sister of yours, Juliet! What's her name. Like enough she's tired of livin' starched up in the city—leastways I guess the real human feelin, anyway—so she's comin' here to make us a visit."

"Do she say so?"

"Well, not exactly. Et wasn't put in the law an' consumers nuents when we was married yet you was to open my letters, nor read them, either. Take an' open it yourself."

Mrs. Hull opened the letter and read to read it.

"Now, said Mrs. Hull, handing him the letter, "read it, cuhsa it's just the other way—Juliet wants us to go an' visit her. She says she'll make the expense, an' I go suffers' for somebody to make over, an' what d'ye thinks about them?"

The old farmer read the letter with much care and pumtashing.

"Mal' sez a visitin' what they eat breakfast in the middle of the day, and wear dinner clothes in the middle of the week? I'ragber guess not. But, mother, if you want to go, I'm another man than I was, for I can hev the use of the old mare fetched—you nigh about broke her in, I reckon, I'll go—fine."

"There's my best alpaca!, said Mrs. Hull thoughtfully. "It's as shiny as silk. But, I'll hev to make a new bonnet to go in. I hoped that the shiny girls there wear real silk an' satin every day."

"Poor things," said her husband, "must be dreadful hev to dress fine to death all the time. Where's the ink horn! I'm goin' to write to the children thet their mas goin' a visitin'."

After manifold preparations Mrs. Hull was ready to go and visit her stylish sister, the rich city widow.

The farm-house by sister said to her was "Hannah Hull, you're a fright. I wonder you stay."

"Why, Juliette, I think you're real mean," said Hannah, with some spirit. "I guess I'd look pretty fine if I hadn't my bonnet coat nearly 40."

"Well, I'm sorry for, goodness sake, you have no style. You're lived down on the farm. Why don't you look like—

"I be one 50, Juliette, but then I'm only two years older than you."

"Hush! Never say anything about your age, it isn't polite."

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"Hannah, I must make you over."

Mrs. Hull made such a long visit that her husband became uneasy. The droughtiness and pies were getting out, and besides he was lonesome. He wanted his Hannah home again. He didn't hanker after the city, but he made up his mind one day that he would send for his wife home.

"The old gal will be glad to see me," he said to himself. "It's a mount killed her I expect by this time, sittin' up so straight an' smilin' all the time with a frisk, an hem away from me. I'll be boun' it'll give her a turn to see me."

It did. The sister had tried the glass of fashion and the mould of form with wonderful effect on Hannah. She had also introduced Mrs. Hull into "society."

Poor Mr. Hull carried he wardrobe into a darkened parlor by a smirking maid.

"Hain you a card, sir?" she asked politely.

"I don't play keerds," said the old man, reproachfully. "You jest tell Hannah there's a man here to see her."

"Her garden, sir."

"Her garden, eh? You hain't done nothin' Just go and tell Mrs. Hull there a gentleman wants her."

The girl went, and the old man chuckled to himself. He were his store clothes and a buggy and shaved to the back of his jaw. Sarey looks fine about his rugged face when he thought of it.

The door opened and a strange lady entered with a very pale face and a stylish glaze. She wore a voluminous blue silk dress, and walked on shoes that were mounted on Pawnee heels. Her hair was a stylish gallow.

"Hannah didn't say anyth'n' about emy other woman a visitin' here. Who kin she be? Jest as big!"

As the strange lady advanced at a queer hippity-hippity gait, something in her presence grew familiar.

The old man got to his feet and levelled one hand over his eyes.

"Good morrin', ma'am," he said hesitatingly. "I was expectin' to see my wife, Hannah. I kinder thought you might be her sister. I ain't seen her in a good many years, but she ain't er young er you be."

A shrill, affected laugh, that died in a fat, shrill, greeted him.

"He don't know me! Juliette, come here. Dear fellow! I knew he was safe."

The old man looked at her attentively.

"Leather hair on a sensun of 50! Red pears in her cheeks like a gal of 16! Where's the old woman that was my wife, Hannah? I don't want no ballet dancer in her place."

"Dear friend, to be fashionable," sneered Hannah, sitting into a hand on the floor.

"I've spent hundreds of dollars on her! exclaimed her sister, as she looked on, "and this is your gratitude."

"You've made a chimn o'her, perpetual jiggs—I'm a sensun o'jiggs."

"It's a perpetual motion," sobbed Hannah.

"It looks wuss than a barn dore, an' look at her cheeks."

"Blooms of youth—fill a bottle," grumbled Juliette. "She's onda cover."

"Hannah!" exclaimed her husband severely, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"So be I," added his wife, "but if you lire in the city you must do as city folks do."

"What's your naw alpacky that you thought good enough for the President's wife?"

"In the closet upstairs."

"Get into it and wash the paller outer your gray hair, and the red offen your cheeks, an' kiss your husbin' fust. I never show yer face at conference mentin' again!"

"Don't a crank," said Juliette to her weeping sister upstairs as she tried to soothe her.

"No, he ain't! an' I was a fool to think I could be made over. Salem alive, how glad I am to get into my own shoes again."

The Jones's drove out of the city that afternoon, cuhsa fasting as a religious ceremony. The country was fine, and the Jones were getting out, and besides he was lonesome. He wanted his Hannah home again. He didn't hanker after the city, but he made up his mind one day that he would send for his wife home.

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A VISION IN TULLAMORE.

Written by T. D. Sullivan, during his imprisonment in Tullamore Jail.

Here within my little study, where, amid twilight gloomily creeping
Three fantastic lights and shadows on the wall and on the floor,
I was thinking of two nations that for many years of sin
Had known naught but deadly hatred and contentious sad and sore,
Naught but deadly strife and hatred and contention sad and sore.

And I thought all this is blameful, its not only sad but shameful,
All this plundering and oppressing and this sifting jokes of scorn,
Tis its pattern that is stronger that has been the chief abuser,
Let her play this part no longer, let this cruelty give over
Turn to ways of love and kindness, and this cruelty give over,
And have peace forevermore.

While note myself thus speaking on the stairs I heard a creaking
And someone softly stealing up to listen at the door.
Then said I: "Vision cast for me, I pray you to come and hear me,
Take a seat or stand near me; let us talk this matter over—
"Tis a crime and serious subject, let us talk it calmly over."
Then I opened wide the door.

There a being, thin and shanky, white of visage, tall and lanky,
Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor;
In his hands some keys he dangled, keys that hanky clicked and jangled,
And over his right optic a large patch of black he wore—
When it fell he slowly raised it, and replaced it as before.

"Now," said I, the shape addressing, "don't you think 'twould be a blessing,
If this Anglo-Irish conflict coming down from days of yore—
If this ancient feud—war not—could be changed to peace and gladness,
And the holy ties of friendship could be knit from shore to shore?
And no words but words of kindness pass across from shore to shore?"

Quoth the lank one, "Tullamore."

At this word I marvelled truly, for it seemed to come weirdly,
As a misplaced exhibition of his geographic lore;
So, my thread of thought resuming, I said: "There are dangers looming
Ever for the land we live in, and they come from far and near—
What shall strengthen and sustain her when the battle thunders roar?"

Then said I: "Across the waters Erin's faithful sons and daughters,
Now have force and bitter memories binding in each bosom's core;
Think what peace and joy would fill them and what happiness would thrill them
If the news came that Erin's children had ceased to be at war—
It she spoke the word of freedom to the land their souls adore,
That the word was "Tullamore."

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3—We sell to Cash Customers only.
4—We have no Bad Debts on our Books.
5—We buy cheap and can sell cheap.
6—Having no Bad Debts we require less profit.
7—We can give better goods for the money.
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15 pounds Dried Apples,	$1
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14 pounds Sago,	$1
20 pounds Codfish,	$1
10 pounds Prunes,	$1
10 pounds Dried Pears,	$1
Star Ground Coffee,	25c. per lb
Fine Tea, (No Humbug)	50c per lb
Fine Jar Tea,	50c per lb
Family Mixed Tea,	25c per lb
5-gallon can Banner Coal Oil,	$1.00
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs,	$1.75
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Flour from Old Wheat at Very Low Price.	

And 50 other Goods Equally Cheap.

WINES AND LIQUORS

Claret, Zinfandel, p'r gallon, from	35 to 75c
Claret, Brandy, p' gallon	$1 00
Sherry, Port, p' gallon	75c
Port, Old, p' gallon	75c
Old Tipper Bourbon, p' gallon	66
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Grape Brandy, p' gallon	66
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All orders promptly and carefully filled and delivered to any part of City, Oakland or Alameda free of charge.

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SAINTS OF MARCH.

Anniversary Days During the Present Month.

1st. ST. DAVID, ARCHBISHOP.—St. David, the patron of Wales, was born of a princely family in the Kingdom of Ceredigan, and at an early age entered the service of the Church, and after leading a most exemplary life, died A.D. 544.

2nd. ST. SIMPLICIUS, POPE.—He succeeded St. Hilarius as Pope in 467, and died in 483, after reigning eight years.

3rd. ST. CUNEGUNDES.—This Saint was daughter to Henry, Count Palatine of Luxemburg. She married St. Henry, Duke of Bavaria, and received the Imperial crown with him in 1014. The last years of her life were spent in a Monastery where she died a very saintly death, on the 3rd day of March, 1040.

4th. ST. CASIMIR, PRINCE OF POLAND.—He was born October 5th, 1458. Being wedded with a fragrant virgin, he lived his last hour, and died a happy death at Vilna, Lithuania, March 4th, 1484, in his twenty-three years.

5th. ST. KILIAN.—ST. KILIAN was the first bishop of the Irish mission, and was born either at County or Cork, in 592. He journeyed to Rome to obtain the Catholic doctrine from the fountain-head, and, returning to his native country, he was made bishop of a recluse. He afterwards passed into Germany, where he died.

6th. ST. COLETTE.—She was born at Corbie in Picardy, in 1380, and at a tender age entered the religious state, dying at the ripe old age of seventy-six years, on March 6th, 1447.

7th. ST. THOMAS OF AQUINO.—This illustrious Doctor of the Church of whose magnificent works we have already spoken, was born in 1226, at Belcastro, Spain, and after leading a life of matchless piety and sanctity, he died March 7, 1274.

8th. ST. JOHN OF GOD.—St. John, surnamed of God, was born in Portugal, in 1495. He redeemed the errors of a loose youth by the practice of the virtues of religion, and died in the odor of sanctity, March 8th, 1550.

9th. ST. FRANCES.—St. Frances was born at Rome, in 1384. Much against her wishes she married a Roman nobleman, in 1396, who in 1415, declared his intention to take a second wife, and induced his first wife to take the same course. She entered a Monastery, and died in 1440.

10th. ST. KESSOCH.—This Saint, who was celebrated for the many miracles which he performed, was born in Scotland, and died Lerm and Rhin, in Scotland, and died in 518.

11th. ST. CEBLAND MEDMOND, OD.—Constantine, surnamed the Great, was born at Thessalonica, and Methodius was his brother. They both embarked in arduous missionary work among the Sclavonians, in Illyria. The dates of their death and burial are unknown, but they are accurately known, although there are many fragmentary relics and accounts of them extant.

12th. ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, POPE.—He was born at Rome, in 540. In 575, he renounced the emolument of a high civil position and the world, and became a Monk. He died on Sunday, March 12, 604, aged 64 years.

13th. ST. MEDRIS, ABBOT.—He was an Englishman who, passing into Ireland, became a Monk and subsequently a Bishop, in 1096, and died.

14th. ST. MATHILDA.—She was the daughter of a powerful Saxon Noble and became Queen of Germany. Her practical charities are numerous and humbling, and died March 14, 1021.

15th. ST ZACHARY, POPE.—Zachary succeeded Gregory III. as Pope in 741, and died in March, 1752.

16th. ST. FINTAN, THE LEPER.—He was descended from Alild, King of Munster, Ireland, and was a disciple of St. Brendan in Kerry. He was afflicted with a loathsome disease he manifested the utmost patience, humility and piety, and died a holy death.

17th. ST. PATRICK.—The glorious Apostle of the Irish in Ireland was born in Scotland, and was married for the first time, and died, A. 464.

18th. ST. EDWARD, KING.—Edward succeeded his father Edgar as King of England in 975, being thirteen years old. He was treacherously killed by order of the Queen, his step-mother, March 18th, 979, but his remains which had been hidden, were recovered miraculously, and they many miracles were performed.

19th. ST. JOSEPH.—St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin, shared with Mary all the sufferings and trials during the early years of Jesus. He died before the narrative of Pain and the beginning of their Divine Mission.

20th. ST. CUTHBERT.—He was born in the beginning of the sixth century at Malton, England, and at an early age entered the priesthood. At first he led a heroic life, but was prevailed upon to accept the Bishopric of York, in which capacity he rendered his humility and ascetical practices, dying a holy death March 20th, 687.

21st. ST. BENEDICT.—Born at Norcia, Italy, in 480. He founded the Order of St. Benedict, after spending 63 years in the service of God, he died in 543.

22nd. ST BEATO D'ANNA.—He was a priest of Verona, and was martyred for the faith by Julian the Apostate in June, 362.

23rd. ST. ALTHEMIUS TURBIFIS.—St. Althemius Turbifis was born in the Kingdom of Ireland, and, going to Peru, became Archbishop of Lima, and died in the year 1606.

24th. ST. IRENEUS.—He was Bishop of Pannonia, Hungary, in the third century, and was also had to suffer for the faith.

25th. ST. DUNNAN.—Dunnan is among the saints who obtained the crown of martyrdom, and died in Galway, and died at 51.

26th. ST. LUDGER.—This Saint was born at Friesland in 742. He was ordained priest by St. Gregory, and Archbishop in Saxony. He died a.c. 809.

27th. ST. JOHN OF EGYPT.—St. John of Egypt was born in 305. At the age of 25 years he forsook the world and became a Hermit, and died in Bethlehem, at the close of the year 394.

28th. ST. SIXTUS III., POPE.—He succeeded St Celestine as Pope in 432, and died March 26th, 440.

29th. ST. BERTHA AND ST. ADOLPHUS, MARTYRS.—Jesus, Barnabas and their companions were martyred by King Sapor of Assia, in 327.

30th. ST. ZOSIMUS.—He succeeded the holy Bishop Pelagius as Bishop of Rome, and died a. c. 660.

31st. ST. GUY.—Guy was born in Italy and became eminent for his virtues, and exercised his talents in the cause of charity, and prayer. He died in 1046.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

—From recent statistics it appears that the Parisians throw away more than three hundred thousand tons of material which is found in the city, and which would be chasm for upwards of 25,000 francs per annum.

—The Duke of Westminster and the Duchess of Leinster are the most liberal in hospitality as each proprietors of the London Improvement Company. They gave over 950 of their tables on the streets of the British metropolis.

—The system of administration have been granted for the will of the late gunmaker, Henry Tolley, of Birmingham, to the Public schools, Lowell, Mass., Director of St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, Md. This is one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind in the United States. Its Director, Brother Bernardin, who has charge of it for the past twenty years, Brother Bernardin now takes charge of St. Joseph's House, Baltimore.

—Father Egan in an article in the C. T. A. Never silent journal and young men says: "The number of Catholics in the so many young men engage in the figure of Catholic young men are not plentifully represented in the Catholic Institutions, education and good opportunities before them we cannot understand how they can settle down to the level of the Irish Catholic—the level they say—yes, beneath the common level, which is invariably from the salons of the Irish Catholic young man is among the low, and rather of the lower class.

—The Benedictines recently converted in solemn chapter at St. Vincent's Abbey, Latrobe, Pa., to elect a successor to the late Abbot, the Rt. Rev. Boniface Wimmer. A ballot was said in the chapter, after which the priests repaired to the chapter-room, where the ballots were kept. The priests of the priests in the Order were registered and printed. On the third ballot Abbot Innocent Wolff, D. D., of Atchison, Kan., received a majority of votes and was declared elected. He was notified by telegraph, but declined. The voting was then renewed, and on the first ballot Father Athanasius Hintenach was declared elected. The new Abbot is a native of Hermany, and 45 years of age.

—After diphtheria, scarlet fever, or pneumonia, St. Sarsaparilla will give strength to the system, and expel all poison from the blood.

CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Concerns in Many Countries.

—During the year 1887, the Rev. P. F. Shanahan received 16 converts in the Church of St. Patrick's, Norwalk, Connecticut.

—The Catholic population of Germany arises from forced military service has been rejected by the Italian Parliament.

—Dr. Hyatt, ex-Bishop of the Catholic party in the Canton Berchtolg, recent by celebrated his 100th birthday.

—The Church of St. Mildred, Somerset, Ky., will be dedicated about the middle of March.

—On Wednesday, the 8th inst., St. Rose's Church, Davenport, Brooklyn, was visited by the Rev. D. J. Higgins, Rector, was dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonkey.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Hartkin is making inquiries as to the number of Portuguese in Fall River, Mass., and is not unlikely that a church will be erected for them.

—Miss Bessie Martin and Miss Annie Ranney, two well-known society belles of Baltimore, took the veil at the Convent of the Visitation, in that city, recently.

—Montreal will shortly have the presence of two more Religious Orders, the Franciscans and the Christian Brothers. The Franciscans, it is understood, will found a monastery there.

—Mgr Kirby—eighty-fifth birthday was recently celebrated at Rome. Mgr Kirby is the oldest rector the Irish College has ever had. He was a classmate of the Holy Father's.

—The Province of St. Louis has more religious than any other Province in the Church. They are the Bishops of Dubuque, Leavenworth, Kansas, Omaha, Kansas City, Concordia, Lincoln, Cheyenne and Wichita.

—Father Sullivan, who has been pastor at Cumnings, Illinois, for several years, is about to leave his parish. He, it appears, he has been unable to fill service on account of asthma, and intends to go to California in search of health.

—A second thanksgiving service was held on Sunday, the 22d ult., at the Catholic Cathedral of Sydney, all the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia being present. The service was the celebration of the centenary of New South Wales.

—The great Catholic chief of the Maoris, New Zealand, the Hon. Mr Takiu Ngatata, died on the 7th ult. Deceased was over 80 years of age. The funeral was attended by 20 the chiefs of the tribes and a large number of people. The Archbishop of Auckland officiated at the funeral ceremonies.

—The nuns of the Sacred Heart, recently from the New Mexico Territory, have left for the benefit of the New York Catholic Orphan Asylum, Fifth Avenue. Every lot add at $18. Four thousand people were relieved during the year.

—Father Xavier, missionary priest in China, has been resident in Pekin for 25 years. He is a Mandarin of the third class in the Empire, and is decorated with the blue button. He is a linguist, and fluently speaks language, and knows Chinese as well as French, Italian and Latin.

—St. Benedict's Church, for the colored Catholics of Belmont, N. C., was recently dedicated by Bishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, who is also Bishop-elect of North Carolina. This is the first Catholic church for negroes in North Carolina. It is in charge of the Benedictine Fathers.

—The Jews were protected in Rome during the ages when they were banned and persecuted by the Christian rulers of Europe in turn. It was but natural and fitting that the Jews should be protected in Rome. It was but natural and fitting that the Jews should unite with all the world in mourning the loss of Pius IX., and the Rome Leaten season in his own Diocese. It is expected that on or about Easter Sunday he will return to Rome, and that he will be in time to the interests of the Catholic University, which he also had to open, and an extensive tour of the country in that behalf.

—The Rosary was obtained in the way of a rosary from a rough-hewn stone cotton under Canterbury cathedral, where heretofore the Rosary had been formed into a chapel. The skull is still preserved, and it is said to be magnificent. It is a beautiful piece of the face one of the finest ever seen. The crown is of a beautiful material, and the rosary which the chroniclers relate took off the top of his head.

—Sister M. Angela died at the Sisters of Mercy Orphan Asylum, at New Haven, Conn., on the 8th inst., aged 72 years. She was at one time the Mother Superior of the Order of Mercy in Providence, R. I., and Rhode Island. She had been in the convent since 1844, and had spent many years of her life as the pioneers of the Order in that part of the country. Her death was very sudden. Her Mass by a Monk was Mary J. Fingerald.

—Negotiations have been concluded between the Secretary of State and Bishop Fink, of Leavenworth, Kans., by which the property of St. Patrick's Church of Fort Leavenworth has become Government property, which is now and has had the use of it for the past 40 years, and the sum of $11,000 was placed at the disposal of the Bishop, who will rebuild the chapel in another part of the city, and will provide sufficient seats than the present large and beautiful building.

—The rapid growth of the Order of the Sacred Heart in this country has necessitated the formation of a new province. It takes from the Eastern with the Mother-house in Paris, and the Mother-house in St. Louis, and the Mother-house in Rochester, New York, the Rev. Mother Superior, who has been Superior of Sacred Heart Convent, Omaha, Nebraska, and Sister Mary Mark,

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Thanks to a friend at Riverside for a copy of the Daily Press containing the synopsis of a lecture on the Mormon Church delivered by Hendy Vill. We will call Brother Taylor what we think of his nonsense next week.

—It seems Mrs. Cleveland joined with her husband in making that present to the Pope. The bordering and setting of the Constitution was the work of her own hands. This knowledge will no doubt cause a fresh "howl" from the Methodist preachers!

—We deeply regret to announce the death of the Rev. J. P. Daly, of the Order of Preachers. Father Daly was being recommended as likely to become a worthy successor of the great Dominican, Father Tom Burke, in pulpit oratory. His death occurred at Naples, whence he intended to proceed to Rome. Father Daly was only 37 years of age. *R. I. P.*

—A secular paper well defines the detestable crime of suicide when it says that suicide is dissection on the felo de se. It is a confession of defeat in the contest of life. It is a shot in the back on which we dare not apply for a pension. It is a self-mutilation to avoid the draft. Instead of tragedy it is comedy so poorly acted that it excites our pity and our scorn. It is a leaf torn off the back of the book so that we never finish the story or see how the hero comes out.

—A cablegram published recently attributes to the Holy Father the following language in the distribution of his Jubilee gifts: "I should feel that I was acting against the commendatory intentions of the Catholics who have contributed the gifts which now adorn this magnificent exhibition and who have given such generous offerings of Peter's Pence, if I were not to dispose entirely of all this wealth for the exclusive benefit of the Church and of the Holy See."

—Michael Davitt has written a letter eulogizing Wendell Phillips. Davitt's estimate of Phillips is that no other name in American history embodies so fully the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence as does that of Wendell Phillips. His interpretation of the great truths of that immortal charter, says Davitt, was not blunted by prejudices or narrowed by geographical boundaries. He preached liberty as a gospel for mankind, and not as a creed for a favored people or nation.

—We present to our readers this week the superb sermon which was delivered by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church in Rome, and we begin the consecutive insertions of the Catholics who have contributed the gifts which now adorn this magnificent exhibition and who have given such generous offerings of Peter's Pence, if I were not to dispose entirely of all this wealth for the exclusive benefit of the Church and of the Holy See." knowledge to be gained from it by old and young, but also in order that all classes may fully realize the solidity and supernatural life that is inherent in God's sanctuary—the glorious Church for which the Holy Father have so cheerfully bled and suffered through out centuries of crucial martyrdom.

—On the third page we print a very interesting sketch of the life and labors of Don Bosco, whose funeral took place on the 2nd inst. at Turin, and at which it is said that the spectators numbered about a hundred thousand. Foreigners attended in hundreds. Leaves and flowers from the wreaths and bouquets laid on the coffin were eagerly sought for in order that they might be preserved as souvenirs of the departed. Permission was demanded from Signor Crispi, the Italian Premier, to inter the body of this holy religious in the Church of the Salesians, but it was refused. A petition asking leave to transfer the remains to the sacred building is to be presented to Humbert.

—The answers given in the *Morning Call* to "Three Historical Questions," seem to have aroused considerable interest. A number of subscribers have sent in communications on the subject, complaining of the one-sided anti-Catholic view presented by the Call, and requesting the *Monitor* to give the Catholic side of the argument. We hope next week, please God, to commence to open fire on the Call's air castles, and to show how utterly unreliable are the sources of the Call's information on the "Three Historical Questions," as well as to furnish our readers with argument and evidence which will prove the Call's libeller Littledale to be one of the most wilfully malignant liars in England, and we will also show up the hundreds of errors which are strewn along the slimy path of his slanderous career as an anti-Catholic crank. The Call's antidote will comprise several articles, but we think the cure will be effectual for many years to come.

—Several correspondents having called our attention to the proceedings of the Oakland Commission of Charities at its meeting last week, we made diligent enquiry into the truth of the report printed by the Oakland *Tribune*, and find that there is little or no truth therein. The anti-Catholic expressions attributed to ex-Governor Perkins were never uttered by that gentleman, and are entirely antagonistic to his well-known liberality both in act and sentiment. A preacher named Wendte, who was present, stupidly said that the Catholic Ladies Aid Society of Oakland "had been formed by an order of the Bishop." Thus evincing the usual ignorant prejudice against the honest Protestant preachers as close as the sting does to a scorpion's tail. This admirable society of charity sprang spontaneously from the Catholic Ladies of Oakland, and, like all such Heaven-blessed undertakings, it is doing far more good for suffering humanity than ever will be accomplished by those hypocritical heretics who think they can slay poverty with the same implement with which Samson slew a thousand Philistines—the jaw-bone of an ass.

A Catholic Hall for San Francisco.

We have heretofore intimated in these columns that it was not creditable to the Catholics of San Francisco that they possessed no building for missions or charity purposes which they could call their own. That complaint, however, is now at an end. A good step in a fair way to be founded, and in the course of a short time we hope to be able to announce that a project has been started which will give to the Catholics of this city a building that will serve for many years as a noble monument to the zeal and generosity of Archbishop Riordan and the Catholic ladies and gentlemen who may subscribe to the capital stock in the Young Men's Institute Hall Association.

The readers of the Monitor are already aware that a meeting of prominent Catholic citizens was held in this city a short time since in order to formulate plans by which land could be secured and a building suitable for a Catholic Hall erected. The meeting was a magnificent success virtually, a large sum having been subscribed to start the desirable undertaking.

The capital stock of the Young Men's Institute Hall Association is placed at $300,000 divided into 60,000 shares at the par value of $10.00 each. As any investment in real estate property in San Francisco is almost certain to return good dividends, it is to be hoped that the thousands of wealthy Catholics residing in different sections of the State will subscribe for shares so that the project may proceed as rapidly as possible towards consummation.

The selection of a site for the building, as well as all the details relating to the construction of the edifice and its management thereafter, has been entrusted to a Board of Directors comprising amongst others

Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Rev. George Montgomery, Rev. John E. Cuttle, John J. McDade, F. S. Wensinger, J. J. O'Brien, E. W. McCarthy, James A. McMahon, Peter Donahue, Col. Robert Table, James D. Phelan, J. Mortimer Dunphy, James R. Kelly, M. C. Hassett, A. H. Loughborough, M. W. Pinche, Louis S. Kaat, Hon. J. F. Sullivan, A. R. Maguire, Gustave Touchard, Joseph Pendt, M. D., F. R. Kane, M. D., D. Geary, P. F. Nolan, and John A. Lennon.

The sentimental, social and commercial standing of these gentlemen are sufficient guarantees that the best interests of the stock-holders will be protected and promoted in every way, and those who invest have thereby an implied security for the safety of their investments. For these cogent reasons, therefore, we hope that an immediate and a liberal response will be given to the call which will be made upon Catholics who have cash to spare for such a laudable investment, and we also urge upon the members of the Young Men's Institutes scattered all over the State, to exert themselves to the utmost in order to have all the capital stock taken, so that an eligible site for their building can be secured are every available location for such an edifice is appropriated by other organizations or individuals. Besides, real estate in desirable localities in this city is advancing in value by leaps and bounds, and the sooner the project is put in motion the better will it be for all concerned.

Catholics have laid foundations now in process of erection, as well as in the prospect of a much greater and the prosperous condition of commerce.

"Delays are dangerous" to all projects involving an outlay of half a million of dollars, especially where the money has to come from a multitude of people. "Strike while the iron is hot" always holds good in an enterprise of this character, hence we sincerely hope that the Catholics of California will not let the present year pass without assisting to secure a Hall wherein Catholic young men may feel at home, and, at the same time, be safely removed from the sinful snares which society permits to exist in every direction in this city for the temptation of youth and the ultimate destruction of virtue and health in the growing males and females of San Francisco.

Intending subscribers to the capital stock can procure any information they desire by addressing any member of the Board of Directors.

The Effect of Godless Education.

It is gratifying to notice the candor with which the respectable section of the secular press is beginning to acknowledge the injurious results of education without God. The New York *Evening Post* truthfully says in this regard, that both filthy books and filthy newspapers find their prosperity to the existence and rapid growth in all countries of an immense public which has acquired the art of reading without any intellectual taste or culture, and therefore seeks from the types simple entertainment of any kind. He would be a very wise man who could tell how this class is to be cut off from what it finds the cheapest form of excitement." Yes, it will take many centuries to restore the tone of morality in the world, and it can only be done by godly education upon the lines laid out for it by the Church centuries ago, and those despots that the head, the heart, the mind and the soul—must all be illuminated with that light which spiritualizes secular education, and which alone can make Christian citizens for this Republic.

—Recent advices from Ireland indicate an immense emigration from that land during the present year. A cablegram says that a tremendous exodus is expected from Ireland in the Spring, and that after March 20th ten steamers belonging to as many lines will step at Queenstown for passengers every week. Passage for a great number has already been engaged. In addition to this intelligence we may add that among the hundreds of letters received by the State Board of Trade in this city, was one from the county Carlow, in which the writer sent a list of 500 Irishmen who desired to emigrate to California. The writer says that 80,000 persons left Ireland in 1887 and that a far greater number would leave this year. Such is the result of English miseries in Ireland!

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Middlesboro Money-Seeking Methodist Ministers.

Whenever the financial "cracks" of the Methodist preachers leave "a clean and handy hole," they start a commotion generally by announcing that God, the Father, and the Holy Ghost, have sent them on the pulled up pavement to collect money and start a mission. Sometimes the scheme is successful in securing funds from foolish people that it may be said that all the Methodist preachers out of the pockets of Methodist dupes who vainly imagine that Catholics and Jews can be transformed into Methodists by the power of money in the hands of Methodist preachers who, as all the world knows, are mostly sallow-anthropic clothing.

The local Methodist preachers met in this city last week, on just such a religious "racket" as we have designated. The meeting was opened by a bibical fluent from Benson, who said: "It was time to go to the Jews and show them that they need a Christ, and we must also reach out to the Catholics, and the great Methodist church should have missions in all the large cities in order to bring the Jews and Catholics into the fold."

The hypocrisy, impudence and arrogance embodied in this Methodist preacher's language is a fair simple of the brazen front current of these conspirators against God's truth. Well, indeed, did Sydney Smith portray the true, racking character of Methodism when he said of it that the elements of its composition were meanness, prevarication and fraud!

Every honest, candid-minded Protestant knows that by no possible efforts on the part of the whole legion of Methodist Bunkers from Benicia can as many California Jews and Catholics be transformed into Methodists as would fill a country preacher's pig-pen. Yet, with what appalling cant this Bishop Bazao told his brethren that the *general* Methodist church *ought* to bring the unclean Jews and the unhappy Catholics into the wolf fold of Wesley! He forgot, however, to mention the remarkably indifferent fact that John Wesley—the founder, inventor and father of Methodism, thought so little of this so-called *general* Methodist church—when he found himself dying—he literally jumped out of the frying pan into the fire by giving up the mythical religion represented by Methodism—*not he died an Episcopalian!* Every big Bazao from Benicia ought, therefore, to remember that

A little knowledge can and does
Do mischief by a desperate case!

The next speaker at this Methodist preachers pow-wow was a Rev. Simon, no relation, however of the well known Simple Simon who met a pieman going to the fair, because the preacher had the good sense to remark that "as a general rule missionary work among Catholics and Jews had not been a success. Moreover, he manifested his critical ability by advancedly brethren to "watch every Catholic priest, and to pray for the conversion of Catholics." Well, if ever the fulfillment time of the fat famine, cozy cyclopedia, and very triangular or straight pull in order to fatten the souls of the men who already fill from a large 8 vine Methodist church, then the time is now. Out of the pulled up pavement, Methodist preachers will start a mission and collect money and start a mission. This plan is so successful in securing funds from foolish people that it may be said that the Methodist preachers out of the pockets of Methodist dupes who vainly imagine that Catholics and Jews can be transformed into Methodists by the power of money in the hands of Methodist preachers who, as all the world knows, are mostly sallow-anthropic clothing.

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A little knowledge can and does
Do mischief by a desperate case!

The next speaker at this Methodist preachers pow-wow was a Rev. Simon, no relation, however of the well known Simple Simon who met a pieman going to the fair, because the preacher had the good sense to remark that "as a general rule missionary work among Catholics and Jews had not been a success. Moreover, he manifested his critical ability by advancedly brethren to "watch every Catholic priest, and to pray for the conversion of Catholics." Well, if ever the fulfillment time of the fat famine, cozy cyclopedia, and very triangular or straight pull in order to fatten the souls of the men who already fill from a large 8 vine Methodist church, then the time is now. Out of the pulled up pavement, Methodist preachers will start a mission and collect money and start a mission. This plan is so successful in securing funds from foolish people that it may be said that all the Methodist preachers out of the pockets of Methodist dupes who vainly imagine that Catholics and Jews can be transformed into Methodists by the power of money in the hands of Methodist preachers who, as all the world knows, are mostly sallow-anthropic clothing.

New System of Temperance Reform.

Science has become the end of intemperance in several of the most populous countries of Europe. Science has made the gastronomists have to surrender their delicious dishes to the epidemic cases, and to frame general laws for the suppression of the hydra-headed monster. Thus, every one knows that the Maine law has been and partially successful in curtailing intemperance, but there is a High Licensed Liquor Traffic in Europe which makes those who are in authority, or in influence, to be in favor of a system of temperance reform. It is well to understand what European governments consider the best plan for practically confining the sale of liquor within certain restrictive limits.

The Parliaments of both Austria and Hungary recently passed laws for the regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquor and the sale of liquor. Duly prorated the average consumption of alcoholic liquor in Sweden was 40 pints per head per annum, but owing to legislative restrictions the consumption of intoxicants has been greatly reduced. In the Netherlands it has somewhat similar to the High License law in operation in some of the States, reduced the number of liquor shops for the sale of intoxicating liquors from 45,000 in 1881 to 27,263 in 1885.

Austria now proposes to follow in the footsteps of the Netherlands, and has proposed laws regulating the number of saloons to 1 to every 600 inhabitants. Places where liquor is sold must be closed from 9 o'clock p. m. on the days preceding Sundays and festival days, until 5 o'clock a. m. of the following working day.

Licenses are required for retailing "spirituous liquors in a pure, and undiluted state, or even in estables, except in hotels, similar houses, and in the shops of the manufacturers of liquor. The importance of this regulation will be seen when it is remarked that it applies to the wages of laborers and clerks and by such as would be ashamed to frequent recognized public houses. The supply of drink to not-married persons, even extensive qualities to those under age, is to be prohibited under heavy penalties. Drinks intended for liquor consumption off a quart and under, are to be receivable at law only in certain conditions. Habitual drunkards may be prohibited from visiting any saloon for their mental and moral good.

Such is the general outline of the proposed Bill. It may of course be difficult to apply local regulations in such a way that there can be but little doubt that its groups will universally protect the communities against the evils of drunkenness and its evil effects on the social and moral life of the American people.

Such a system would, we think, not only perhaps be more in the interests of temperance and steady decrease in the marriage rate, and only in Austria, but elsewhere. This fact, partly attributable to the increased difficulty of obtaining a livelihood, and the slender salaries, the competition has reduced wages of pay, so that the average income has led to the spectrum of profligacy, immorality and sickness, such as drunkenness and its evil effects on the social and moral life of the American people.

Such is the general outline of the proposed Bill. It may of course be difficult to apply local regulations in such a way that there can be but little doubt that its groups will universally protect the communities against the evils of drunkenness and its evil effects on the social and moral life of the American people.

A Grand Society in the Presence of a Great Pontiff.

On Sunday, the 23d inst., as we learn from our European exchanges, one of the greatest receptions that marked the Jubilee year of Leo XIII. was tendered that day. It consisted of the representatives of the Society of Jesus from France, Belgium, Germany, Spain, England and America, as well as those from Italy and Rome.

Among the prominent members of the Society present were the General Congregation of the Society of Jesus, the Superior of the Society of Jesus, the Provincial of Paris, with the Provincial of the whole Society, M. Antonin Papin, and Fonin, Belgium, Germany, Spain, England, America, Italy and Rome. All had gathered in the Pauline Chapel, and the hour had been fixed by the Presidents and Superior Generals of the Society to those committees. The address of the Holy Father was read by M. Antonin Papin, the President General of the Society. The delegates in solid regiment—a regiment of Peter Pence, and a rich album containing a list of all the Conferences in the world, more than 1,200 in number, with the names of their members also exceed 80,000.

This great Society of Charity in particular is dear to the pontiff, and the Society is grateful, and the hour he hears it in his heart and soul with illumina every word of the following beautiful discourse which the Holy Father addressed to the assembled of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul:

We feel a deep satisfaction, dear children, in seeing you, as we do, in this solemn assembly of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and we thank you for the sentiments which inspire them and the great desire which prompts you to have expressed to their name. It is a necessary consolation for us. We are able at this solemn time of Our Jubilee—a world of prayer and encouragement to your great Society, and to obtain the blessings which have, as you remind us, been so fitting to the Society of Jesus, and to the Church.

We know how well your Conferences have prospered, and how they have so gloriously. We are glad to acknowledge an act of charity, which, in these days, more particularly, we have to do, and we feel that it is our faith the want of being consoled by acts of charity which, in the political and distractive spirit of the time does not seem to have the power of drawing and effecting the present day not only between the members of a class, but even together in the minds of those who are of the same country, and who are children of fellowship, fraternity, and sympathy, and supplying to us the most efficacious and most fruitful of all the virtues, charity.

Yet all this you should do, with a prudence which is able to impress your minds, hearts and souls. Such, dear children, we have entered upon a full of fellowship, and we have entered upon a full of fellowship, and we have entered upon a full of fellowship, and

Farm and Home.

Caring for the Quinine Tree.

The price of quinine has been reduced from $5 an ounce to less than $1, and a dealer says that it will remain cheap hereafter. The reason is that the chinchona trees are destroyed in taking off the bark. Formerly the bark was stripped clean and the trees were left naked to bleed to death. Now as the bark is removed the tree is covered with moss; new bark forms on it, and instead of living to bear one crop of bark, they yield their bark yearly.

Curing Neuralgia.

I had neuralgia in my face for a good many years. I had used all sorts of medicine which seemed to relieve it for awhile, but it would return. Over three years ago I had the worst spell I ever had, and all remedies seemed to fail. I finally had a bowl of catalog tea made, which I knew was good to quiet the nerves. I drank the tea as hot as I could, and before bed-time I was entirely free from pain. I went to bed and kept well all night. Whenever there was a slight return I would resort to the catalog tea and it cured me. I can run out in the wind now and never think of having neuralgia.

Will Apples Pay?

A gentleman living not far from Petersburg has about ten acres mostly in apple orchard. He will sell this year over 5000 barrels of apples. He knows how to pack and ship his fruit, and having good trees, always gets the best price. He estimates his income from apples alone this year at $1000 per acre. What other crop will pay better? But suppose an argument's sake his crop would only bring him one-fifth of this sum—it would still pay better than grain or potatoes. When men say that apples properly selected and cultivated will not pay, they don't stop to consider. An old apple grower informs us that they will pay even if the crop has to be sold for an average of 25 cents a box.—*Petersburg Courier.*

Pain as Tonics.

Pain, especially those which are of easy digestion, like cod-liver oil and cream, are essential to the well-being of the nervous system. The physiologist and neurotic-fused in all nervous structures contains fat as an essential constituent. It is remarkable that most "nervous" individuals have a strong aversion to fats as articles of diet. This is unfortunate for the omission of fats and oils from the diet results in increased irritability and weakness. Cod-liver oil is a most valuable medicine in such cases, because it is already fully digested by admixture with the bile secreted by the liver of the fish, and thus enters circuit with more easy of absorption. The labor of digestion is thus partly taken away from the tasks to be performed by the intestine. Of course, the fishy odor is objectionable at first, but this is generally overcome after a short time. There are a few preparations on the market in which oil of some kind has been partially digested by admixture with pepsin. The taste of these made are palatable, but much more expensive than the crude oil.

Chronic Tea-Poisoning.

Dr Bullard gives, in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, the details of seventy-four cases of chronic tea intoxication investigated by him. His conclusions are that the action of tea is cumulative; its action is more pronounced on the young and on those subject to nervous or physical depression, although persons otherwise healthy do occasionally show toxic symptoms; the average amount of the beverage required to produce poisonous effects in persons accustomed to its general use is little less than five cups per day. Chronic tea-poisoning, Dr. Bullard asserts, is a common affection, the symptoms being usually loss of appetite, dyspepsia, palpitation, headache, vomiting and nausea, and the symptoms combined with various kinds of functional nerve affections, such as neuralgia, hysteria, etc. Constipation and pain in the left side are frequent.

Child Training—The Science in a Nutshell.

How to combine firmness and love with wisdom and impartiality in the question of questions in child-training. A Detroit bachelor has embodied it in his aphorism, and gives to the world the cardinal points in his great scheme:

1. When you consent, consent cheerfully.
2. When you refuse, refuse finally.
3. Often command.
4. Never scold.
5. Beware of making an issue with your child, but when an issue is forced carry it out. It is with children as with men, few of whom, says Goethe, are open to conviction, but the majority of whom are open to persuasion.

Newspapers in the Family.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with newspapers because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in the family one year is worth a half-year's schooling to the children, and every father must consider that educational information is connected with this advancement. The mother, having more immediate charge of a family, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied is fortified against the ills of life, and is bound for its emergencies. Children amused by reading are kindly are, of course, docile and easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a grog-shop who ought to have been reading! How many parents who have never spent twenty dollars or books or papers, would gladly give the hands to reclaim a son or daughter who is ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

Wholesomeness of Apples as Food.

The great Chemist, Liebig, said on this subject: The importance of apples as food has not, hitherto, been sufficiently estimated or understood. Besides containing a large proportion of sugar, albumen, and other nutritive compounds in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substance, and aromatic principles as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics; and when freely used at the season of ripeness by young and aged, and others, they probably maintain and strengthen the power of productive labor.

On His Guard.

Maiden (watching geese in distance)—Even the birds seem to be happier running in couples!

He (a bachelor suddenly remembering it is leap year)—Yes, mine, but then they are only geese, and know no better!

"Brown's Bronchial Troches."

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. 25c. a box.

Family Fun.

(WRITTEN FOR FAMILY FUN.)

THE CARPET-LAYER'S REVERIE.

We are placed in a world of trouble,
With ARMS BUT HAVE NO HEAD;
And our lives are very much
Changed and submerged
Like carpet-patterns mixed.

There is little room for creeping
From the floor to the ceiling line,
For our lives are lain
Close as lambs,
With connecting stitches tied.

And after the weary struggle,
When we've lived our briefer day,
The needle of death
Will stitch each breath,
And our carpet is ready to lay.

And those who court delusions,
And fashions fancies hug,
In the end but feel
They are sewed
As the cat on the parlor rug!

And Truth comes down with a heavy hand
To stitch our fancies much;
And we writhe and reel,
As when cold steel
Hits flat on our balancing thumb!

There are threes in the fairest roses,
For woe is of joy begotten;
Though the thorn's not seen
The thorn I ween,
Like a tenacious tack is cotton,

And many who boast of honest lives,
(Ah! Life is the deepest riddle,)
Are not just right
In a good, strong light,
But like carpets that hulps in the middle.

San Francisco, February 28, 1885.

Winering the Bishop.

A Catholic Bishop gave one of his priests in a rural district of Australia the serviceable gift of a horse. To commemorate the circumstance the young priest named the animal after the donor, and "Saddle the Bishop," "Feed the Bishop," "Water the Bishop," and so forth became familiar phrases in his household. Some time afterward the children of the parochial schools were ready for confirmation, and a day was fixed by the diocesan to confer this sacrament of the Catholic Church upon them. The priest, who was the soul of hospitality, invited the principal official persons in the district to meet the prelate at dinner after the ceremony. It was a gathering day in the Australian wilderness, and just as the distinguished company sat down to table the door opened slowly, and the priest's groom put his head into the room and whispered:

"Might I have a word with your reverence?"

"Oh, not now, Mike, don't you see that I'm engaged with his lordship! Come to me after dinner."

The prelate considerately suggested that Michael should be heard on the spot.

"Well, Mike, his lordship will permit you to tell what you want at once."

"It's a horrid hot day, your reverence; I was thinking whether I oughtn't to throw a bucket of water on the Bishop?"

Touched a Responsive Chord.

"Oh, brethren," shouted a temperance orator, "let us build high the fences about our houses, and shut out from our country the baleful liquor traffic. Now is the time to put up the bars and—

"Might you not, sir," piped a man in the crowd; "I've put up one in my grocery, and you ought to put up another as soon as I can get the fixtures."

It Brings Good Luck.

In the Domestic Circle.

Husband—Here you heard the pretty little expression regarding visits paid by young ladies to Mrs. Cleveland at the White House?

Wife—What is it?

Husband—It brings them luck.

Wife—How?

Husband—They always get married.

Wife—Ugh! You call that luck, do you!

Not Bargain Day There.

"I know I am not a match for you in wealth or in social position," he said. I know how unworthy I am of you, yet may I not hope that perhaps some time—some day—"

"Yes," she assented, lifting her regal head. "Some day as you justly remark, I may be glad to consider your proposition. But not I think in the near future. No Mr. Secondshelf, it is not bargain day at this counter yet."

When They Rush Things.

"Your dotion must be somewhat monotonous," said a lady to a mailing clerk.

"They are indeed."

"The same round day after day and week after week. No sentiment.

"No sentiment excepting when we have to rush things."

"And when is that?"

"Oh! when we find 'in haste' written on the outside of a letter."

"Oh! yes, that creates sentiment!"

"Tremendous!"

THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS WILL GRATEFULLY TESTIFY THAT THIS IS THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT FOR

CATARRH, ASTHMA,

DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, COLDS, and all Throat, Nose and Lung Troubles. You may advertise anyone indorsed by the medical profession. Price $1.00. with one month's treatment and press explanations. For $5 will send four month's supply (enough in cure the most chronic case). For solution (SO), Constitution and Tonic Free at the office. Hours 10 to 3 daily.

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5'- IMP. AUST. 100-FLORIN GOVERNMENT BOND.

ISSUE OF 1869,

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Wednesday, the 1st of February!

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The Drawings Annually,

Until each and every bond is redeemed with a large or smaller premium. Every bond gets four sets of the following premiums, as there are

NO BLANKS.

Premiums.		Florins.
1	60,000	120,000
1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
1	1,000	1,000
1	500	500
6	250	1,500
1,000	120	117,000
Together 1,006 premiums, amounting to		270,000

Thus every bond must share in one of the following premiums, as there are

FIRST OF FEBRUARY,

And every bond benefit of an OFFICIAL REPORT THE 1st of FEBRUARY, 1885, and 1st of MAY, 1885, amounts of the whole Lottery that will be drawn on the 1st of MAY, 1885, as it is to the interest that the bond issue.

Out of bond issues such as Government Loans, is $4 of bond issue of those bonds for the next drawing. Business payable in monthly instalments.

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ALWAYS TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL & Shop, Farm Hands, Gardeners, Dairymen, Sawyers, Hands, Laborers, Coachmen, and Married Couples for private families and ranches. Also, good reliable Female Help, without any charge to employers. Select sitting rooms for ladies at 608 Clay street.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The heart-broken sister of Daniel Quinn wants to find her brother, who is supposed to be in this State or in Nevada. When the latter saw his sister in Brooklyn, about three years ago, he was a stout man, of dark complexion, and must be now about 60 years of age. Any reader of the MONITOR knowing anything about him, will oblige the purport of a broken-hearted sister by addressing,

WINIFRED QUINN,

Care of Rev. Father Horan, Hyde Park, Ill.

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His Own Make and Design. Challenge the World. Beware of Imitations.

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Price's Unbreakable Knives, per pair 1 50
Price's Unbreakable Knives, warranted not to rust the blade, per pair 2 00
A full assortment stock of English and American Table Cutlery and Forks. Send U. S. Ex. or by mail. Catalogue and reporting.

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RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAIL-ROAD

THE DONAHUE BRANCH RUNS THEIR COMMENCING SUNDAY, TUESDAY, 1, 1885, AND until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave from Ferry Foot of Market Street, Pacific Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.		Leave N. Sausalito		Arrive in S. F.
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M. P.M.
7:45 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	Petaluma,	10:40 a.m.	2:15 p.m.
10:45 a.m.	3:30 p.m.	Santa Rosa,	8:00 a.m.	5:00 p.m.
7:45 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	Healdsburg, Guerneville,	10:40 a.m.	2:30 p.m.
3:30 p.m.		Cloverdale,	6:00 p.m.	
		Ukiah and Way Stations.		
7:45 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	Glen Ellen,	8:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.

Stage connections at Sausalito Ferry, Tiburon, Glen Ellen, Sonoma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg and Mark West Springs. At Clover dale for Geyser Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Lake Port, Bartlett Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlotta, Bucknell's Springs, Silver Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blossom Rock Springs, Orr's Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Sausalito or Monday to Wednesday, $1.75; Saturday to Sunday, $1.50; Sunday to Monday, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1 50; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $2; to Cloverdale, $3.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, Week Days—Commute, 6:00 A.M.; 8:00 A.M., 2:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M.; Saturdays, 6:00 A.M., 2:30 P.M., 11:30 P.M.; Sundays, 8:00 A.M., 9:30 A.M., 11:30 A.M., 3:30 P.M., 11:30 P.M.

From San Rafael to San Francisco—Week Days, 6:40 A.M., 8:00 A.M., 8:30 A.M., 12:05 P.M., 3:30 P.M., 5:00 P.M.; Saturdays, 6:40 A.M., 8:00 A.M., 12:05 P.M., 3:30 P.M., 6:00 P.M.; Sundays, 8:00 A.M., 9:30 A.M., 12:05 P.M., 3:30 P.M., 6:00 P.M., 11:00 P.M.

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8.15 A. M. Sunday only, from Washington street Ferry, Oakland, connecting at Sonoma with Stages for points. Returning, arrive at San Francisco at 5 p.m. Round Trip Tickets to Sonoma, $1.00; to Glen Ellen, $1.50.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS

GAINED 1st PREMIUM for excellence of Workmanship, Tone, Touch and Durability at Mechanics' Fair, 1884, and 1st Premium at Mechanics' Fair, 1883, and 1st Premium at Mechanics' Fair, 1882, and 1st Premium at Mechanics' Fair, 1881, and 1st Premium at Mechanics' Fair, 1880, and 1st Premium at Mechanics' Fair,

A SAD CALAMITY.

Great Loss of Life by a Steamboat Explosion.

One of the worst steamboat explosions that ever occurred on this coast wrecked the Southern Pacific Company's steamer *Delta*, at South Vallejo, Monday morning, and resulted in the killing or injuring of every one of the forty nine persons on board. Fifteen bodies have been recovered and identified, and fourteen persons are missing, all of whom are believed to be lying dead among the wreckage of the ill fated steamer. Most of the killed and injured were workingmen going from Vallejo to the Contra Costa shore to their daily labor in the mills and factories at the Junction. The explosion occurred just as the steamer was about to start from the wharf. The *Julia* was broken in two, the crude petroleum used for fuel took fire, the vessel soon burned to the water's edge, and the flames spread to the adjoining wharf, burning the offices and four cars. Starr's flour mill was saved with difficulty. The entire loss is estimated at $200,000.

The saddest feature of the disaster was the grief of those who lost husbands and fathers. The identification of the recovered bodies was attended by terrible scenes. None of the survivors could give any clue to the cause of the explosion, but late last night a diver started the mystery by discovering one boiler with the end blown clean out, while the petroleum tanks were found to be intact. The *Julia* was an old boat, built in 1861, and the boilers, though frequently overhauled, were never renewed. They were inspected last June and declared to be sound.

List of the Victims of the Explosion.

VALLEJO, February 27.—At this Coroner's inquest this afternoon thirteen bodies were identified. From the result of the inquest and from other sources the following is a complete list of the killed:

John Brancato—Laborer, 36 years old, native of Ireland; leaves a wife and two children.

Michael Brannelay—Laborer in a lumber yard, 27 years old, native of Ireland; leaves his mother and a wife who is in the insane asylum.

John Braverie—A Norwegian employed in a lumber yard, 30 years old, single.

Timothy Cain—Mill hand in Starr's mill, native of Ireland, 40 years old; leaves a wife and two children.

William Connelly—Laborer 52 years old; leaves a wife and two children.

Joseph Dufour—Assistant pilot of the *Julia*, 50 years old; leaves a wife and five children.

Michael Higgins—Worked at the sculpin works, about 40 years old; leaves a wife and two children.

Malvin Hodgkins—Tally man for Port Costa Lumber Co., native of Maine, 31 years old; leaves a young wife.

William Lennox—Shipping clerk, 27 years old; leaves a wife and two children.

Albert Mathiesen—Laborer at lumber yards, native of Norway, 43 years old; single; a member of the imperial Order of Red Men.

Olof Nelsen—Fisherman, native of Norway, 28 years old; single.

Edward Rule—Apprentice-molder, native of California, 20 years old; single.

James Sale—Workman in lumber yard, body not yet recovered; leaves a nearly above, native of California, 33 years old; single.

Theodore Stark—A machinist from Massachusetts, 44 years old; leaves a wife but no children.

Timothy Kane, laborer. His body was recognized by a porous plaster on the side, the poor fellow's wife having put it on the night before for him. His head was simply a charred mass, black and unrecognizable.

CABLEGRAMS FROM IRELAND.

Victorious Tenants.

DUBLIN, February 23.—The victory of tenants on the Ponsonby estate at Inagh has been unexpectedly resumed. A large bailiff and police force, accompanied by a doctor, an ambulance and a fire-engine, escorted the bailiffs.

An Editor's Sentence Set Aside.

DUBLIN, February 22.—The Exchequer Court has set aside the sentence of two months' imprisonment passed by the Crimes Court in the case of Walsh, editor of the *Wexford People*, on the ground of its holding of assemblies, and as a natural consequence of these was seen deliberations in the affairs of Government.

EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS.

The order next entered upon the subject of European Governments. He said where civilization on that continent was making its greatest strides, the Catholic religion was proclaimed. As far as it lay in the power of the Church, every monarch was made to rule with justice. In England, during the ascendency of the Catholic Church, liberty had a healthy growth, and on event of paramount importance was the granting by King John of the charter to the barons. This charter was the ground-work upon which was reared the structure of British liberty. The speaker referred to the anti-papal of the Republics of San Marino and Andora, and attributed the fact of their permanency to the influence of the Catholic Church. Switzerland was distinguished as were also Venice, Florence, Genoa, Pisa and other Italian cities. Everything tend ed to show that during the ascendency of the Catholic religion there was a healthy tendency toward Republican forms of Government. France was the oldest daughter of the Church, and when she assumed a Republican form of Government, she found no reason of the Church upon her. The speaker said that in the discussion of the subject it was necessary to call attention largely to the Governments of Europe, for there could be traced the evolution of civilization from barbarism.

SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

The speaker called attention to the fact that nearly all the governments of South America were Republican, and he pointed out that the Catholic religion had its largest and most exclusively. He denied that the Church had ever done anything to oppose religious liberty. In the War of Independence the Catholics joined in heartily with the Colonists, giving their blood and substance in aid of the cause. Referring to the ministry of the Church he said the Papal Nuncio or legate had they combined religion and politics. They took no part in the coronation at the polls and accepted no offices. The speaker quoted from Washington's farewell address to the effect that religion and morality are indispensable to political prosperity in any nation. "Let us not indulge in the belief that religion can be sustained without morality; this is the necessary spring of government. If moral restraint were lacking there would be power that could prevent men from giving rein to their desires." In conclusion the speaker said that the institute of which he was a member, owed no apology to the State for its Catholicism, and argued that Catholics made good citizens and had the welfare of the Republic at heart.

TRUTH WELL TOLD.

Judge Sullivan's Late Lecture

HISTORICAL FACTS FORCIBLY STATED.

The Relation of Catholicity to the Republic.

Weber Hall, Stockton, was filled last Wednesday night, the occasion being an entertainment given under the auspices of the Young Men's Institute No. 6, to defray the expenses of the State session of the Institute which convenes in this city next Fall. The drawing feature of the entertainment was an oration by Judge Sullivan of San Francisco. The programme opened with a duet, violin and piano, a selection from "Il Trovatore" by Miss Anna Tully and Gus Grant. The President of the Institute, John T. Doyle was down on the programme for an address but gave way as he expressed it, for "things more interesting." Misses May and Ida Dohrman danced the flag dance in a manner neat and graceful. A vocal duet, "Pescatori, by Misses Amy and Carrie Hoyt, was finely rendered and the young ladies effort called forth an encore; Miss Carrie Marks gave a recitation entitled, "The Miner," in her best style. Beach Hornsby's sweet little tot, danced gracefully and kept good time for one so young. She was recalled and sang "Going Back to Dixie." Charles E. Dahlman sang an appropriate song, "Down Deep Within the Cellar," in his rich bass voice and was encored. Misses Anita and Marie Vinat gave a duet, harp and piano, entitled "La Concertina." Miss Mercy Webster gave a very good selection and Miss Anita Tully rendered the "Shillelagh Dance" on the piano. A scene from "Old School for Scandal" was portrayed by Miss A. M. Haines and R. H. Gillham.

JUDGE SULLIVAN'S ADDRESS.

Judge J. F. Sullivan of San Francisco was introduced and delivered an address entitled, "Are American Catholics a Menace to the Republic?" He apologized for using manuscripts, saying that his other duties prevented him from devoting ample time to his lecture. He has a pleasant voice, and an earnest, frank manner, which gives his discourse a greater charm than any green to avowal from rhetoric or elocution, and his language is as plain and direct as it needs not the aid of gestures to render it effective. His address, of which only a brief synopsis can be given, showed studious thought and logical definitess, scholarship refined by a bright intellect. He paid a brief tribute to the memory of Washington, saying the monument of the Illustrious warrior and statesman was as broad as the continent itself.

The Judge then announced his subject, and said the large evangelical figures showed that in the United States there were up wards of 7,000,000 Catholics, and the membership was exceeded by no other denomination. The membership of the Catholic Church throughout the world was nearly one-half of that of the other Christian denominations combined. Some years ago a Frenchman visited this country, and upon his return home published a book, devoting therein a chapter to Catholicism in the United States, in which he stated that the country was the most democratic of any nation. It was also the country in which the Catholic religion made the greatest advances. The promotion of his assertions he demonstrated by statistics.

CATHOLICS AS CITIZENS.

The speaker said it was frequently asserted that Catholics could not make good and true citizens of a Republic. As a matter of fact, Catholics did not fare worse at the Government more than another. None of their brethren, or ordered catechism related, or favored, a particular form of Government, but the Catholic Church honored the laws, giving care upon every form of Government. He cited Montalembert's first pro test against the heart of the continent, and Marquette was only one of the many Missionaries who went forth to convert the heathen, and no color or skin ever repelled their advance.

It was an American Archbishop who said the Catholics were of no land or school of men, but broke the barriers of race, and its views were as extended as the world. The organization of the Catholic Church was based upon the principle of equal rights to all, and no man was denied its sacraments. Recruits for that ministry came from all classes—many of them from the poorest. With her "throne and shame from no condition rose." The Catholic Church encouraged the holding of assemblies, and as a natural consequence of these was seen deliberations in the affairs of Government.

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Our Released from Prison.

LEWISTON, Feb. 29.—Gen. Comyn, Premier of Parliament, sentenced to one month's imprisonment for contempt of Parliament, was released today. Cox made a speech to a crowd denouncing Chief Secretary Balfour and maintaining that the National League was stronger than ever. He was afterward presented with numerous ad dresses.

—Frank S. Kelly, Dragoon, 1st Reg't, stationed at Presidio, Feb. 29.—Co. Sergeant Kelly, specialty. Complete assortment of fancy goods and billet articles always on hand.

NOT A JESUIT MAXIM

A Protestant Parson Converted.

THE END DOES NOT JUSTIFY THE MEANS.

Bishop Chatard Exposes a Preacher's Ignorance.

The following letter appeared recently in the Indianapolis Journal:

BISHOP CHATARD AND THE JESUITS

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

Some time ago you published a letter from Bishop Gross, of Western New York, in which he said that if you would publish any thing you will publish the other side, I now give you the opportunity. The letter was addressed to the Ministers, a church periodical of New-York City.

"Fr. Ignatius Author of the Charbonnas

"A little more than a year since I had occasion to quote the Jesuit maxim, "the end justifies the means." Whatever is one of the Jesuit Morals interest the following has made in one of our local journals of largest circulation: "If Bishop Cox can show from the authorities of the Church and the writers of the Society of Jesus that the Jesuits teach the principle that the end justifies the means, he shall receive the reward of $1,000, payable at Cannons College, this city.

This was impolitely answered by the Bishop of Buffalo, thus: "Unless they were willing to spell it to one of our benighted Protestants, I refer them for proof to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. XIII., p. 1, where they will be found textual quotations from the Jesuit writers (Bonembaum, Layman and Wagemann), fully meeting the challenge. The article quotes from one of them as follows: "*Finis determinat quidlicet ex medis*. Thus spoke the Jesuits officially, but, needless to say, the reward was not paid. The Jesuits contented themselves with replying that the maxim does not mean that "the end justifies bad means. Answer. Hence means require no justification. I had accepted their challenge and given a responsible reference to which they body has access. It would be easy to give other cases, but how can any fair Protestant Enough? It illustrates their maxim that if you are quoted, through the newspapers statements that "the Bishop had never met their challenge. I wrote this only to gratify my friends who have inquired of me as to the facts.

"A. CLEVELAND COXE,

"Bishop of Western New York."

Had the master owned no comment I should not have called your attention to the facts in the matter and asked for the publication of this above.

F. W. HENRY,

Rector of Grace church, Muncie, Ind.

BISHOP CHATARD'S REPLY.

In reply to the above Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard writing to the *Journal* says:

"Your issue of January 12th contains a communication signed by F. W. Henry, Rector of Grace church, Muncie," in which there is contained a very extraordinary letter from the Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York. Were it not that the Bishop of Buffalo had for by the Rev. Mr. Henry, and that I know something of Bishop Coxe, I should have hesitated to look upon such documents as coming from one of his standing. Some thirty-three years ago he was rector of a large church, in Buffalo, and gratified his feeling of hostility to the Catholic Church by a violent attack on Archbishop Hughes, Coadjutor of the Immaculate Conception, which tangled that the Bishop of Buffalo was obliged to interpose in a letter to the Bishop of Buffalo, in which he said that "the Jesuits teach the principle that the end justifies the means." Bishop Coxe was thirty years a professed Nun, and up to a few years ago was his episcopal title as a teacher in the convent schools.

Kerry.

On Jan. 23d, Mr. P. Ferriter, of Hagle, was elected from Tralee, in place of P. W. Henry, deceased for a seat with had labor, for an alleged assault on a policeman.

Limerick.

Mr. H. O. Gill, M. P. for Limerick city, has addressed a letter to the Mayor to intention to resign his seat on account of his inability to attend to his parliamentary engagements. The Mayor of Limerick has forwarded to Mr. Dillon, M. P., £1,000 as the first instalment of the city and country to the Parnell Tribute Fund.

Longford.

Mr. John Gleason, of Longford, died Jan. 30th Mr. Gleason, who was literary years connected with the Cork City Middle Times, and who is entitled to the credit of suppression in Ireland of the Phoenix Society, contributed to Irish journals a number of interesting papers on the Irish Volunteers. The deceased gentleman was a brother of the Rev. Canon Gleason, of Longford, and of Mr. Gleason, of Dublin, and of Mr. Gleason, of Dublin, and of Mr. Gleason, of Dublin

THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

GOOD FOOD.

I have sometimes thought when to my door
Came one of God's neglected poor,
Or when at the curb of the crowded street
A lame limb begged me to lend his feet,
Loss or sick, or maimed or blind—
That Heaven to them had been unkind.

But I thought of the fate to wealth oft given:
'Few that are rich shall enter Heaven.'
Needful pride and selfish greed
Are curbed by the Master's simple creed;
And a deed of love done Christ will hail
As either for him or for a saint.

A cloaked life and spirit pure
Are treasures fashioned to endure:
But the rich who boast no1 odious sad board,
Not let a bigger share their board—
God help them! they need pity more,
Than the wretch who kneels at their kitchen-door:

For the poor may suffer, starve and die,
But what is death to eternity?
Why Christ himself had humblest birth,
Every pledge to Him in death was given;
So the weak and wretched of this earth
May can day be while saints in Heaven.

Who is poorest? Who, I ask, is rich?
The selfish, aimless, purse-proud rich,
Or the humble, tattered beggar—which?

C. ARTHUR DOYLE.

San Francisco, February 22, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE CONTRITE HEART

With humble heart, the sin-burdened soul
To Jesus' feet
Cries, "Have mercy, Lord!"
With modest mien, befitting Heaven's throne,
Grants my exceptional sight.

I humbly bend while in my soul I feel
A gentle calmness creep;
My heart now tells that in her mystic dells,
The fountain of sorrow lies.

In bitter anguish beat—for in 'tis Lost—
I prayed for grace above;
For heavenly light, shining pure and bright,
On the face of Eternal Love.

While thus I knelt, within my heart I felt
The touch of comfortless's hand,
Then I saw the gleam of God's dark night,
At Heaven's strong command.

I thanked the Virgin-maid, and the heaven-born child,
Who asked of God eternal
To pleace my heart, with the pain of sorrow's dead,
To regain his grace eternal.

Ah! what a bliss to taste of joy like this,
That streams from God above;
That pretty glides, and in the heart abides—
Sweet token of His love.

Ah! blessed pensive, wilfully sorgie lasses,
Then heal the sin-stained soul;
And even again make it as it was,
Of heavenly thoughts—the soul.

Oh! from in solo desert, for you the low
crowned heart
Wanders to pitiful, it tend,
And turns with love to heights above
When religion is the end.

With sorrowful prayer As I endure
S. M. C.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

STAR MUSINGS.

I wonder if the great, white stars
Vouchsafed to heaven above,
Are made by God set in the sky
To light the earth with love?

Or are they wistful unshed mortal tears
Their fields with pearl-set—
To mean the many-colored light
That dying in the West,

To records of forgotten days
Still burning near the Blest,
Shine guidingly upon the path
That leads to heavenly rest?

Then faintly beam yo silent stars,
And when life's last scan—
Like twinkling stars—a gleaming star the sun,
Oh! guide our souls to heaven!

E. L. CURRIE.

THE MAGDALEN.

Though low be her couch and base her name,
Scarlem in sorrow and laden with shame;
Calmly she's sleeping her last long sleep,
With not a friend by her low to weep.
Pale is her features, once Parkly's bride—
A daughter of Eve, she fell in her pride.
Judge not the error, but utter a prayer,
Think of her lonely—so full and so fair!
Pity must weep o'er her, lying so low!
For sorrow in life never made her a foe;
But now sorrow and pity will shed her good name,
And blemished for ever a women's best fame.

Few women on her their beauty had shed,
For trials were laid on that fair young head;
Quickly the bright dreams of youth were o'er,
And vanished the joys that could some so more.
With shame on her cheek and despair at her heart,
And a conscience to wound with its maddening smart,

Truly her life was a long day of pain,
Drooping in gladness, in sorrow in some.
Look at her lying so pale and so still,
Who would believe she have sight of ill;
Oh! speak of her not in scorn of shame,
Try to forget—to forgive—her sorrow and shame!

Has she a father to mourn her lon now?
Has she a fond mother who kissed her brow?
Gone on her immortal, not with disdain,
For Death is his triumph has wiped out all stain.
Look at her lips, how sweetly they part,
Breathing that odes which rings from the heart.
Surely repentance has been the blest dower,
Which came to the fallen one in her last hour.

THOMAS S. TETHERLEE.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOSS-ROSE.

Children, have you heard the story,
That the little moss-rose tells,
Of the time it bloomed in glory,
On the hill-top, in the dells?

But it wanted special favor;
Other roses were as bright,
Others had as sweet a savor,
And were lovely to the sight.

So it went to its Creator,
Lifting up its pretty head:
"O my Master, give, oh, give me,
Something more than these!" it said.

And the Master heard, and smiling,
Answered, "Yes, I'll give to thee
Only moss, on earth that creepeth,
Emblem of humility."

EUPHEMIA MUSGO.

Literary Miscellany.

John Selwyn's Daughters.

An Episode in Real Life

John Selwyn was a strong man, for he had manoeuvered his strength. He relied and caught at the chair, and for the moment there was no light in his eyes. He had asked for the truth, but merciful Father. For a space he covered his face with his hands, and the silence in the room was as the silence of death. When he raised his head, there was a quiet smile on his face.

"How long before"—the voice died in the parched throat.

The great man looked at him pityingly, even his professional callousness penetrated.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Selwyn, that think the utmost limit is two years, but there is imminent danger within that period. Yes," he continued, profession trampling pity, "it is more than possible that work would bring on a crisis in less than a twelve-month. I shall recommend an absolute cessation from labor as an imperative necessity."

John Selwyn's tortured heart forced one terrible cry, and he arose and listened to hard the man who had told him his fate with hands contracted in a helpless, imploring fashion, as though the doom were already upon him.

"Doctor, Doctor," he cried out, "you have made a mistake. Say there was one hopeful symptom you have overlooked—the God of mercy. I cannot die in this way. I have only been trying my hoarest endurance. I have it in me, I know I know you remember I have a wife and children waiting for bread. Oh, I cannot have it true!"

The surgeon put his cool, steady hand upon Selwyn's shoulders. "I am very sorry, sorry from my heart," he said with genuine feeling, "but it is God alone who can help you. He is man, Selwyn, and try to endure the inevitable."

"Why, John," said the wife, "do not say that."

"Hush!" cried the girls in indignant, loving disclaim "dear, dearest, and best of papas. You know you always did the very best."

So he had. John Selwyn was a well-known surgeon—a man whose services were always in requisition. The eldest of a large family, he had supported mother and sisters until the first had been called home and the latter had married. His wife had managed well with the required income. Her girls had got a smack of making a little go very far not often possessed by girls of 16 and 17. They had received excellent educations, but neither had displayed more than ordinary proficiency. In short, they were admirable types of the ordinary American girl, quick-witted, generous, clever, but not too clever. Mrs. Selwyn had noted with some regret that Gertrude and Bryan were rather in different to what are usually termed feminine accomplishments, although fairly well skilled in them.

Gertrude devoted herself to her father, and openly declared her intention of becoming a surveyor, and, indeed was an invaluable assistant to him. Bryan never evinced a desire to do more than help her brothers, knowing he must stand helpless and let them starve. He wandered around the streets, pawing his acquaintances unheedingly, till the darkness fell. Then mankind said—"He a man. Have the impudence! Remember you are driving them wild with anxiety."

He entered his gate. The windows were unscreened, the bright light displayed the shoen of silver and chins. He saw his wife's face been over that blessed face. Yes, he had remembered his strength. He relied and caught at the chair, and for the moment there was no light in his eyes. He had asked for the truth, but merciful Father. For a space he covered his face with his hands, and the silence in the room was as the silence of death. When he raised his head, there was a quiet smile on his face.

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THE MONITOR.

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— Justin McCarthy has been offered the position of Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons.

— A subscription from Ireland reports the death of Right Rev. James Walshe, D. D., Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. He was consecrated March 30th, 1856, and died on Sunday last. R. I. P.

— Miss Cleveland is said to be writing the life of St. Augustine. Rather an ambitious undertaking for a non-Catholic, but we hope the doctrines of St. Augustine may lead her to the light of true faith.

— The snow has been so deep in the Alps this year that a snow-slider covered the celebrated Hospice of St. Bernard, and the residence of the monks, but fortunately no lives were sacrificed.

— Rev. Augustine Deshon, of Indiana, in the Episcopal Congress of Louisville, declared that Protestantism was a "mule" without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. *Bis in unde.*

— The Baptists are claiming for a change of name. In their new Bible the word "Baptism" nowhere appears; and their new motto reads, "one Lord; one Faith; one Immersion." As they wish to be nothing if not scriptural, they propose to style themselves hereafter "Immersionists."

— Last Sunday was the 110th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmes, a hero whose noble struggle for Ireland's liberty has kept the fire of patriotism brightly burning in many an Irish breast throughout the past century and in every land wherein the spirit of liberty exists throughout the whole world.

— St. Patrick's Day is to be made the occasion this year in London of a political demonstration in favor of Home Rule of a more and more extensive and representative character which have hitherto been held on this anniversary. Although the Irish spectacle will not be heard inside the walls of Parliament so much this session, it will be heard of a good deal out of doors.

— We are now in Lent, and as a pious writer properly remarks: "As regards the sinner and balm, which are the world in the very height of its power to do harm, no one that calls himself a disciple of Christ should ever be present at them, unless necessity or the position he holds in society obliges him, but if from his own free choice he throws himself amidst such dangers during the present holy season of penance and recollection, he offers an insult to his character, and must needs cease to believe that he has sin to atone for, and a God to pacify by communication from the City Collector of Chicago, Mr. W. J. Onahan, concerning the success of the High License law. It is true that it furnishes a conclusive answer to the extreme statements which prohibition advocates have been accustomed to make during the last two months, their aim being to show that the number of saloons and of arrests for drunkenness had greatly increased during the past year. In this case, as in others, reports of the failure of High License laws are shown to be not upon misrepresentation and misinformation.

— A cablegram from Rome, dated Friday last, says: "To-day was celebrated at the anniversary of the coronation of the Pope. His Holiness received the congratulations of the Sacred College, Cardinal Secretary, Dean of the College, delivered the address. Pope replied in an animated speech. He continued more than ever on his position, which he said was untenable. He declared that if the Italian Government did not provide jubilee fêtes, it was in its own interest that it acted, and no doubt Mr. Taylor's respect for the Holy See. The Catholic world must be aware of the situation. No arrangement with the Government was possible until the independence of the Papacy was restored.

— A private letter from Rome announces Rev. Dr. John S. Foley, pastor of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, is looked upon there as the next Bishop of Detroit. The clergy of that diocese have, according to the writer of that letter, forwarded a unanimous request that Dr. Foley be appointed to the See—a rare compliment—he adds, to a clergyman in another diocese, and one that seldom fails to have its weight of influence at the Vatican. Dr. Foley has the hearty indorsement of the American Hierarchy. He is eminently qualified for the proposed honor, being a ripe scholar, a fluent and eloquent speaker, and possessing marked administrative abilities. Dr. Foley is a man of handsome physical presence, and is in every way fitted to wear the purple. We says the Baltimore *Mirror*.

— The Young Men's Catholic Association, of Boston College, like the Young Men's Institute of this State, have decided to undertake the erection, in that city, of a large building, to be used for all the purposes of a literary and social institute for the Catholic young men. The plans have been laid with care and deliberation, and active work is already begun in the way of providing necessary funds. The work is a notable one, and it will be well and nobly accomplished. Sites for such buildings are becoming scarce in large cities, and, as we hinted last week, no time should be lost in securing land even if the erection of the building has to be postponed for future years. *Mother's Best Estate Circular* of last week thus speaks of the advance of real estate in this city: "The tendency of real estate is to advance in prices all along the line. This is particularly true of all funds business property. No less than of that class of real estate which is not yet business property, but will inevitably be so five to fifteen years hence."

Some Note for a Rev. Taylor to Crack.

The Riverside Daily *Ink* imparts the important information to its readers that an Episcopal preacher delivered the alpha lactical application of Rev. R. W. B. Taylor, preached on a recent Sunday concerning the difference between the real unanimous Catholic or pronunciamento, issued by Christ and the Apostles, and the *Roman* Catholic Church, as comparatively a modern organization. Now, Mr. Taylor says these different designated churches form only one "Catholic Church, less is that the Roman Church, the Greek Church and the Eastern Church, all refuse to embrace with or many say to recognize, *the Church of England!* They feel flattered our Mr. Taylor's sect as completely as if it were a twice turned flap-jack.

Now we propose to relieve Mr. Taylor of course, each of these points, in order to show Mr. Taylor that his sectarian theories have not even a timber toe to fasten upon. His before doing so we may as well enlighten Mr. Taylor's congregation upon points, viz. Mr. Taylor's Unadulled of theology is neither original nor truthful. The "differences" he notes have all been knocked into smithereens by many Catholic writers during the present century.

All sensible Christian men agree that Christ founded one Church—and no more. This one Blessed Saviour did when He said to St. Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build *My* Church. (Matt. xvi. 18). Christ always and everywhere speaks of *His* Church, never of "Its churches." St. Peter—upon whom Christ built His Church, was first Bishop of Rome and first Pontiff of the Catholic Church, thus we Catholics prove her title to be the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church against which neither the hateful fabricators of heresies, nor the gates of hell even, shall ever prevail. Thus knocks the underpinning from beneath Mr. Taylor's tapped building.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.—Infallibility is one of the most necessary factors in the visible Church of God, and without it no Church can claim to be the true Church. Almighty God gave to St. Peter the power of "binding and binding." He also promised to abide with His Church to the end of time, and it is through the influence of the Holy Ghost guiding and enlightening them that—out of over 250 Popes—not a single Pontiff of the Catholic Church ever advanced or advocated a heretical doctrine. An infallible Church must have an infallible head in all matters concerning faith and morals—whilst a mere man-made sect can accept as Christian verities from an immoral King like Henry VIII., or a leaver-swilling sot like Martin Luther. This disposes of "difference" No. 1.

THE WORSHIP OF SAINTS.—There is no such folly as "the worship of Saints" practised by or practised in the Catholic Church. We give worship to God—and to Him alone. We pray to the Saints to help us, and in this happy and holy custom of asking the intercession of the dwellers in every sect of which Mr. Taylor is a theological turnstile, has omitted the Catholic Church. In a hymn frequently sung in the Episcopalian churches, and entitled, "To Thee from all souls, or the saints are souls" are also invoked, and in some of the Ritualistic churches the Litany of the Ritualistic churches the Litany of the Saints form part of the High Church Episcopalian worship. But, as we said at the outset, no Catholic worships any Saint in the sense alluded to by Mr. Taylor, so that topples over "difference" No. 2.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—The dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Blessed Virgin has ever been a stumbling-block to sectarians. Protestants who believe that St. John the Baptist was sanctified whilst still unborn, cannot cast off their prejudices sufficiently to believe that the Mother of God was sanctified from the first moment of her conception. Mary was sinless by the grace of God. "Then art innocent," says Bossuet, addressing Christ, "by nature, Mary only by grace. Then by excellence, she only by privilege. Thou as Redeemer, she as the first of those whom Thy precious blood has purified." This is the Catholic doctrine in a nut-shell, and we leave it for Mr. Taylor to upset it if he can.

INFIDELITY.—No doubt Mr. Taylor like a great many other preachers whose only knowledge of the Catholic Church comes from perverted fabulous authors, thinks that Indulgences authorize the commission of sin. In this, however, he is egregiously mistaken. The power of the Keys, given to the Church through Peter, enables her not only to forgive sins but also to open the gates of heaven for repentant sinners. Thus St. Paul imposed penance "with the powers of the Lord Jesus," and relaxed it "in the person of Christ." Penitably so relaxed was no longer due, either here or hereafter, so that the doctrine of Indulgences exhibits at once the justice of God and His infinite mercy.

CERTAINLY.—Mr. Taylor would not be a true disciple of Henry VIII., if he did not object to Celibacy in the priesthood. Carnalism was the cornerstone of Protestantism in Luther's case, and it will continue so down to the end. The common-sense people of the world, however, are rapidly beginning to discover the difference between a divinely-ordained, disinterested and disentangled clergy, and a body of men whose attention is divided between babies and the bibbly, soothing syrup and sermonizing, bonnets and boxes, pulpit talks and prunes, plasters, sermons and Scripture, curtain lectures and Christianity. Nor has it taken the world long to discover that one Catholic priest is capable of doing more good in the world than a whole wagon-load of preachers who have wives and babies to look after, and who merely have time to work for the Lord one day in the week—the other six days being devoted entirely to Sarah Jane and the midgets who people the parsonage premises. So much on that point.

Now let us turn to Mr. Taylor's "argument" outlining his reasons for not believe-ing the Roman Catholic Church to be the true Church of Christ. Here is what he is reported as having said on that subject:

"The Catholic Church was not comprehended in any one branch; the local Church should be more right to claim universal authority than had the Church of England, or the Greek Episcopal church, but the various branches comprising the orthodox Russian, the Greek, the English, the Italian, the Eastern churches, the Dutch Episcopal, and the American Episcopal made up the Catholic Church.

We feel fully assured that the "branch" or which Mr Taylor claims make up the Catholic Church of the creation, are "eastern branches" and had tried unity. Now let us ask Mr Taylor one question which will settle the whole matter, and show the unsectarian character of the religious claim of the Episcopalians. Mr. Taylor says these different designated churches form only one "Catholic Church, less is that the Roman Church, the Greek Church and the Eastern Church, all refuse to embrace with or many say to recognize, *the Church of England!* They feel flattered our Mr. Taylors sect as completely as if it were a twice turned flap-jack.

The Church of England has said her lapgn "Bishops" as delegates to all the Eastern churches yet all of them said to her "*Get the behind us Satan!*" They one and all refused any alliance with her, because they knew too well the foul leprosy which overspread her body when she was born during the reign of Henry VIII. This is a fact and we challenge Mr Taylor to contradict it, notwithstanding all the rolling talk he recounts about "unanimous" and other spiritual myths of his public Protestant imagination.

Moreover, it is a well-established fact that among the sects of Protestantism there are several of them who turn up their heretical noses at "those other fellows," the Episcopalian persons, who pretend to be more "respectable" than American sectarians merely because they claim to have in the Anglican Church an English mother-in-law. For this reason several of the preachers of American sects do not recognize the Episcopal Church as anything more than a thing tail to Victoria's kite, and, as a consequence, they never permit Episcopalians to occupy their pulpits, nor do they ever "speak to them" by any chance. This is the statue of Mr. Taylor's 1042 sect in the eyes of both the Eastern churches and also American Protestant sects themselves.

The holy Roman Catholic church, therefore, is the *only* Church of God in the world. The Episcopalian sect is merely a mushroom which grew up from the fungus of the infamous English king designated by historical writers as the most corrupt character that ever disgraced the English sovereignty. He was Mr Taylor's spiritual Father-in-law, and the Mormon sinbeam pop in his defunct relation."

The "Churchman" on "Father Vilatte."

The Rev. Father Vilatte, of Wisconsin, who has been ordained and seven thousand others have entered our church, is now travelling in the East. The Church Herald and Churchman Publication, says: "He is delighted among his own people and French Roman Catholics in the Western Bishops hearing the opening of its publication.—*Parish Chimes.*

No doubt our Episcopalian contemporary will be astonished to learn that its "Father Vilatte of Wisconsin" and his "seven thousand converts," some of those peculiar Protestant stores filled with poison and falsehood in order to injure the Catholic Church.

In 1885 he forsook the errors of Calvin and embraced those of Henry VIII. The Episcopalian Bishop Brown, of Fond du Lac, took the turnoaround Vilatte and ordained him a Munchausen stories about Vilatte, so as to rake in the dollars by duping the gullible churches. Brown succeeded, but he did not succeeded in perverting a dozen Belgian Catholics in the Diocese of Green Bay. The Bishop of Green Bay, in his last out of the fog, and the Belgian Catholics of Wisconsin have chased her out of every parish. Brown and Harford the Lac fanatical friend say that some 30,000 Belgians, French, Canadians, Bohemians and Wallons have been converted by their efforts, but such "conversions" have no truth whatever to make them worthy of credence. As Vilatte, Burns, of the Fathers of Mercy, who have charge of the Belgian Catholics of Green Bay, says

"Let Catholics, both in the West and the East, look out for the Old Catholic Free Vilatte. He has fooled the people, insulted the Bishops and priests, and still has not enough to collect money from Roman Catholics! As to the rest he is laughable. It is well calculated to draw money from the pockets of the ignorant and the prejudiced of Protestant Eastern cities.

Such is a true picture of "Pere" Vilatte, and its publication will help to lift the scales from the sectarian eyes of the *Parish Chimes*, which seem all such pictures as through a glass darkly.

— The number of pilgrims already received by the Holy Father, whether in private or collective audiences, is computed at 64,000, namely 30,000 Italians, 10,000 French, 4,000 Germans, 2,000 English, 1,000 Hungarians, 2,000 Spaniards, and 1,000 Belgians, the remainder being of various nationalities. The Cardinals admitted to private audience numbered fifty-two; the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops of different rites 480; the other ecclesiastical dignitaries over 700. The Pope has admitted to private audiences numerous representatives of the Catholic press of all lands, notably of Italy, France, Spain, Austria, Holland, etc. The gifts in money and in articles of gold and of silver, are calculated to amount to over forty millions, without computing the artistic gifts which figure in the Vatican Exhibition.

— Pope Leo XIII., exhorts all Christians to adopt or faithfully keep up the pious custom of daily reciting the beads. Pius IX. called the Rosary the most efficacious prayer in increasing devotion to Mary in the hearts of the faithful. The Blessed Virgin herself said to Blessed Alanus: "Next to hearing the Holy Mass, the Rosary is the exercise that pleases me the most.

— A recent cablegram from Rome states that a correspondence negotiations between the Church and the Czar have completely collapsed. Russia demanded impossible concessions, stipulating that the Catholic Bishops throughout Russia should be appointed by the Czar; that the Russian language should be exclusively used in the Catholic churches in Russia, both in preaching and in catechism, and that the offspring of mixed marriages should be educated in the orthodox Russian church.

CONTROVERTED POINTS ON CATHOLIC MATTERS.

I. Dr. Littledale and his Trustworthiness.

In the columns of one of our daily papers, the Morning Call, there appeared recently, viz. Sunday, 19th, and Monday, 20th of last month, some queries and answers, which, bearing, as they do, on Catholic matters, we propose to answer, for the benefit of our Catholic readers, and for the benefit of our separated brethren, who may, instead of gaining strife, secure, by a little reading, a good deal of information, which, if they be honest, they will not fail to have recourse to, whenever any misunderstanding or controversy may happen to be called upon to answer questions concerning Catholic subjects and doctrines. Perhaps, if some of our readers should happen to be amongst the numerous readers of our Ritualistic brethren, seeing the place of our Ritualistic brethren, seeing the place of our Ritualistic brethren, seeing the place

Farm and Home.

Little Things That Kill.

At various times the newspapers have warned the public against swallowing the seeds of grapes, oranges, etc., because of the danger of such substances getting into a small intestinal bag, or sac, or cecal by doctors the *appendix vermiformis*. This is a receptacle formed at the junction of the large and small intestines, but its use or object as physiologists know it has been thought to be a rudimentary or incomplete formation—or possibly some meaningless survival of a lost anterior type. At any rate, its existence, while presenting no apparent "reason for being," as the French say, is on the other hand, a positive and constant source of danger, because of the liability of its becoming the receptacle of some undigested seed or some indigestible substance. In that case it produces a state of inflammation, which, in nearly all cases, proves fatal. Fortunately, but *few* seeds among the great number so heedlessly swallowed seem to get into this little death trap—although any one seems likely to lodge there. Perhaps more cases of inflammation of the bowels than the doctors suspect may be, in reality, due to this disregarded cause. One and case which to day produces a feeling of deep regret among thousands, and which plunges a family into overwhelming grief, occurred in this city recently, in the lamented death of J. R. Dwyer, the much esteemed adjutant of the governor's foot-guards—a man whose place that corps cannot make good. His case so baffled the physicians that an autopsy was had, and that revealed a piece of peanut shell in the *appendix vermiformis*.

Cuts.

If the edges of a cut are drawn closely together before it has entirely stopped bleeding and kept in their places, it will heal very rapidly and leave no perceptible scar. Gut surgeon's adhesive plaster, both kinds, the thin and the strong, cut it into narrow strips, and when the bleeding has nearly ceased, wash the wound with a soft sponge or piece of old linen wet with warm water, and dry it carefully; then dip the thin plaster into water and apply it. Being transparent, you can see through it that the edges are united; then warm the thick plaster, and bind it over the other, and bandage, if the wound requires it. This may have to be repeated after twenty four hours, but not if the plaster adheres well. This mode of surgery every woman should know, and be ready to practise if necessary, and the benefit to the sufferer will amply repay the effort at self-control it may require.

Cold Feet at Night.

The association between cold feet and sleeplessness is much closer than is commonly imagined. Persons with cold feet rarely sleep well, especially women. Yet the number of persons so troubled is very considerable. Cold feet should be dipped in cold water for a brief while—often just to immerse them and no more, is sufficient, and then they should be rubbed with a pair of hair flesh-gloves, or a rough Turkish towel immediately before getting into bed. After this a hot-water bottle will be unnecessary enough in maintaining the temperature of the feet, though without this preliminary it is impotent to do so. Disagreeable as the plan at first sight may appear, it is sufficient, and those who have once fairly tried it continue it, finding that they have got an end to their bad nights and cold feet. Pills, lotions, lozenges, "night caps," all narcotics, fail to woo sleep successfully.

Aid to Digestion.

It is not so generally understood as it should be that good oysters, when in season, have medicinal qualities of a high order. They are not only nutritious, but wholesome, especially in cases of indigestion. It is said, "Then is no alimentary substance, not even excepting bread, that does not produce indigestion under certain circumstances but oysters." Oyster juice promotes digestion. By taking them daily, indigestion has been cured. Invalids, who have found other kinds of food disagree with them, often discover in oysters the required element. Raw oysters are highly recommended for consumers. Many of the leading voralists use them regularly before concerts or operas, but their strongest recommendation is the remarkably wholesome influence exerted upon the digestive organs.

Furniture Polish.

A fine, lustrous polish for delicate cabinet work can be made as follows: Half pint of linseed oil, half pint old ale, the whits of an egg, one ounce spirits of wine, one ounce spirits of nalta. Shake well before using. A little to be applied to the face of a soft linen pad and lightly rubbed for a minute or two over the article to be restored, which should be first rubbed off with an old silk handkerchief. It will keep any length of time if well corked.

To Remove Warts.

A correspondent of a medical contemporary states that he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid three or four times, by means of a camel's hair pencil, to be the most efficient and easy method of removing warts. They become black and soon fell off.

Sound Health.

The following signs may be accepted as evidence of sound health: 1. Individual adaptability; the capacity in man to adapt himself to extremely opposite conditions of existence without suffering in energy. 2. Endurance; the capacity of supporting considerable bodily or mental labour without suffering from fatigue, or of repairing the latter quickly. 3. Self command; the capacity of controlling the emotions, blunting as well as sharpening the sensations of will.

Tender Turkey.

If you have any doubt in regard to the age of a turkey or any other large fowl, it is a wise precaution to steam it until you can lift the wing from the body with ease. Do not stuff it before steaming, but two or three stalks of celery may be placed in it, and they will give a delicious flavor to the meat.

Chocolate Custards.

One-fourth of a cake of chocolate, one pint of boiling water, six eggs, one quart of milk, one half cup of white sugar, two teaspoons of vanilla. Dissolve the chocolate in a very little milk, stir into the boiling water and boil three minutes. When nearly cold add the beaten eggs, stir in to the milk, flavor and pour in cups; set in boiling water and bake.

—If you want to praise a lofty edifice of perfection, take humility for your model. —*St. Thomas Aquinas.*

—Catarrh originates in scrofulous taint. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures catarrh.

Family Fun.

Hearty Side-Shakers.

—Landlady (to boarder)—"How is the butter, Mr. Dimby?"

—Dimby (a produce broker)—Quiet; but strong, madam, and in little demand."

—"See, mamma," cried little Johnny, "there goes the snake woman we saw at the circus."

—"Oh, Johnny, it isn't a snake woman; it is a lady with a fur boa around her neck."

—Mrs. Lastyo (to her dearest friend)—Yes, Aurelia, my husband proposed to me three times before I accepted him.

—The D. F.—You always was a reckless girl, Josephine.

—Farmer's Daughter—"I suppose you want my father to take you in for the season?"

—Tramp—"No, Miss, if you will kindly sew a shirt on to this button, that's all I ask."

—Little Jay Schemburg having fallen and raised a lump on his forehead, somebody suggested to his mother to press a silver dollar on the bruised place, which would cause the swelling to subside. "Hopeless," said Miss Schemburg, "you don't need a whole toller. Schoot prese a half a toller on dot bump on. Vat for you vant to indulge in so many extravagances?"

—Mr. D. Sappy—Yas, sah, time works wonders. Why, when I was born, I was the youngest in my family, and now I have few brothers all younger than myself.

Admiring Crowd—Isn't it extraordinary.

—He, with emotion—Now, dearest, that you have accepted my proposal, let us seal it with a kiss.

She, in a business tone,—What's the number, your bid has been accepted, and there's no need of sealed proposals.

—He, at late hour, with deep tendarness in his voice—Darling, I love you.

She,—Really, Mr. Singer, I can't tell you. I wish I would.

—Scotchy Bille—Mother, Mr. De Brass has proposed and I have accepted.

Mether—What! Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you. Mr. De Brass hasn't a cent to bless him wi' wih, and won't have until his father and grandfather die.

"The Mr. De Brass I am referring to is my grandfather."

"Oh. Bless you my children."

—Minister (about starting for church)—I have been requested by several members of the congregation to pray for rain this morning.

Wife (of great faith)—We do need rain badly. Hadn't we better take the umbrella, John.

Minister—No, I think we will be able to reach home before the storm comes.

Suspicious.

Waiter Girl—"You better get your board in advance from that man who says he's a United States detective.

Landlady—"He looks honest."

"He's no detective; he'd never suspect anybody of anything. He ate his mince pie without once looking under the crust."

An Arizona Seance.

Felso Man—"Want to a spiritual seance down in Arizona, eh! anything happen?"

Arizona Man—"Well, yes. The medium went into a trance, and then announced that he was a spirit of a man who had been murdered and that the murderer sat in the audience.

"Well, well. Did anybody run?"

"We all ran."

A Cornered Count

Practical American Father—"Now, before we go any farther in this matter, Count, for as my daughter is concerned, I should like you to establish your identity."

Count—"Mon Dieu! I till show you my patent of nobility."

F. A. F.—That is all very well. I own several patents myself, but how do I know yours is not an infringement?"

How to Frighten Drummers.

Friend—Don't you have a great many drummers coming in and boring you with their samples and talk?

Merchant—A good many drummers come in here, but they don't bore me.

"Don't they ask you to look at their samples?"

"No."

"Now ask you for orders?"

"They go right out without saying a word."

"How do you manage to get rid of them."

"It's the simplest thing in the world. I put a plug hat and an open gripsack on the counter every morning. When a drummer sees these signs of another drummer being on the premises he goes off. Etsy ten minutes in the day a drummer comes to the door, looks at the gripsack, and goes away, and I am left in peace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What people venture into late and bogs of the earth! Headache, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Sick Nervous Prostration, all these troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also controls the functions, diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Blood, which always accompany nervousness.

Sold by druggists, $1 per bottle, or six bottles, a Laxative, $5. Dr. Paine's Celebrated Medicines.

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

WILSON'S Vaporizing Inhaler.

THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS WILL GRATEFULLY TESTIFY THAT IN THEIR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD, THIS TREATMENT for

CATARRH, ASTHMA,

DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, COLDS and all throat, bronchial and lung troubles. The only efficient remedy ever discovered. Sent by mail, Price $1. Full with medicine, $1.50. Sold by druggists, or will send free on receipt of price. Circulars free. Correspondence with medical men solicited. Testimonials free. Over 1000 Testimonials. Address, Inhaler Co., 1 Lafayette Place, New York.

E. M. WILSON, 229 Kearny St., SAN FRANCISCO.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION

Imparts a natural beauty to the face. Ladies who use it are the admiration of all. Gentlemen who visit ladies who use it are charmed. It is not to be discovered. It is not a cosmetic. It is not a powder. It is not a paint. It is not a liquid. It is not a wash. It is not a pomade. It is not a pomatum. It is not a cream. It is not a lotion. It is not a specific. It is not a nostrum. It is not a quack medicine. It is not a patent medicine. It is not a secret. It is not a mystery. It is not a humbug. It is not a fraud. It is not a delusion. It is not a snare. It is not a trap. It is not a pitfall. It is not a gin. It is not a sham

ECHOES FROM ROME

Vatican Exhibition Views.

HANDSOME GIFTS FROM HOLLAND.

Grand Presents from France and Belgium.

The Rome correspondent of the Dublin *Nation* thus describes some of the more prominent Jubilee gifts sent to the Holy Father by the Catholics of Holland and Belgium, as he saw them in the Vatican Exhibition.

I begin by Holland. As everywhere else, we have here a profusion of gold and enamel work, and especially a remarkable collection of Byzantine chalices, also a mediæval casket of most precious workmanship, a gift from the old town of Utrecht. Hereunto is chiefly remarkable for the beautiful piece of silk needlework, a marvel of delicacy and patience—the work of the Ursuline nuns—and representing a picture of Bethlehem. There is also an extraordinary missal, a master-piece of illuminating and printing on vellum. It is curious to note in this Exhibition the superior artistic tendency of Northern countries in religious matters. In the South religious art tends more to the Pagan and Greek styles, whilst in the North Gothic art predominates.

But let us enter Belgium. Here there is more industrial than artistic element, and at first sight looks some like a huge bazaar than an artistic exhibition. Everything is crowded by hundreds and thousands here—as 10,000 rosaries, 2,000 cups, 800 mission chests, travelling bags without number, portable cupboards, lithographic machines, colored prints, countless of church linen, etc. Of all these things the mission chests seem to have found the most favor at the Vatican. They are filled with everything necessary to any Mass. Nothing is omitted, not even the little portable altar and the priest's robe. The rosaries and medals included in the chest are intended for presents to the women and children of the savage tribes. All these articles, although rich in appearance, are not rich in reality, because if the had been really rich they might have tempted the dishonest, who are to be found in savage as well as in civilized countries.

BEAUTIFUL GIFTS FROM BELGIUM.

But from Belgium there have come, too, many articles of great intrinsic value. The Limbourg schools, for instance, have sent some very costly and splendid things, and the town of Tournai sent a whole library of Gothic manuscripts, which are very tempting to some visitors. The Exhibition is not, however, exclusively occupied with articles strictly religious. By the side of the sacred objects we see a Spanish Court cloak, embroidered with gold, which looks as though it had been laid aside by some noble matron who had been set to watch the treasures of the Exhibition. And, as if in sublimest contrast to the sacred, we see there the guns and other arms of destruction sent by the town of Liege.

Beautiful, however, is a Van Orley "Madonna and Holy Infant," a masterpiece of the Flemish school. This is the best thing of all the Belgian Exhibition, unless we except the lace, which is truly splendid—so splendid that, even the Vatican, accustomed as it is to see lovely lace, remained astounded. As for the ladies, they stand as if magnetized before this lace. Altogether, indeed, the Exhibition pleases the ladies more than the men who visit—perhaps on account of the abundance of lace, gold, tapestries and needle work which fill the room. Nuns of all classes—rich and poor—have grown old working at these wonderful tapestries, altar-covers, church linen, &c., to say nothing of all the embroidered white silk and purple velvet slippers.

SUPERB PRESENTS FROM FRANCE.

Pilgrims—to whatever country they belong—are always bent on finding the Exhibition of their own particular town or village—there one gifts, in a word. When they find this they are in rapture, and they rub their hands with glee, calling to everyone around to share their enthusiasm. The French, especially, are loud in French praise. In their eyes there is nothing in the whole Exhibition to equal the lace sent by the Catholic ladies of Paris. In fact, it is one of the most valuable gifts sent to the Pope. It is not only of rare and delicate workmanship, but it is also rich in gems and precious stones. The foundation of the robe is of Oriental silver cloth, embroidered with the finest pearls.

The three crowns are of massive dissilled gold, studded with many precious stones around each crown. The ball is of gold with a brilliant of thirty grammes in the centre, and the cross above the ball is all of diamonds varying from eight to ten grammes. The ribbons are of royal richness. The cape which contains it is of white crocodile skin, with the arms of the lady donors in gold enamel upon it, and it is lined with crimson gold, with the Pope's arms written upon it with precious stones of the same size and value as those on the tiara itself. Then and once together cost over $40,000. The Pope wore it for the Jubilee Mass. He took it off before giving the Papal Blessing, however.

Magnificent specimens of needlework are also seen in the French Department, as the vestments made which the Pope wore when he said the Jubilee Mass, and that wonderous representation of our Saviour, embroidered in relief, all in gold and silk, with a golden halo and a golden globe in His hand, which is a perfect gem. Besides these really beautiful gems of artistic workmanship, we see vegetables, imitation fruit, sugar candy, soupot, and other common-place articles, which satisfy the Exhibition to the desired, as universal, where everything can be had from a work of art to a pound of brown sugar.

"It is," says Cardinal Bernardou, "a most relic of nations that the lots of Leo's children brings these voluntary tributes that constitute the Vatican Exhibition. Some our damned eyes did not know which to admire more the number of the gifts or the richness of the articles. Sovereigns and subjects, governments and peoples, rich and poor, all have given the gold from their opulence, or the farthings from their poverty, with that which gives the preference the highest value. And this page which Catholic faith is writing in honor of the Pope will to all time be one of the most beautiful that the annals of the Church have ever reprised."

Released from Jail.

DUBLIN, March 6.—Wilfred Blunt has been released from Tullamore Jail to-day.

Violation of the Crimes Act.

DUBLIN, March 6.—Snelling, the English Home Rule delegate, has been arrested in Limerick, for offenses under the Crimes Act.

DUBLIN, March 6.—Gilhooly, member of Parliament, was today convicted at Schull, county Cork, for offenses under the Crimes Act, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment without hard labor.

—On last Sunday the Holy Father consecrated the first bishop of the Pontifacate.

CABLEGRAMS FROM IRELAND.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, February 28.—In the Commons this evening, after a sharp debate on the rules and procedure rule, which reduced to 100, the majority necessary to closure, the closure was adopted. Smith then moved the adoption of the rule enabling the speaker to order the withdrawal of disorderly members or to ask the House to decide upon the conduct of such members. It was then proposed, Bolton and T. P. O'Connor vigorously opposing it. Hicks Beach argued that it was necessary to render possible punishment of disorderly members. The amendment was rejected.

The rule increasing the Speaker's power was adopted by a vote of 154 to 74. The House rule empowering the Speaker or Chairman to stop a member who, after being warned, persists in making irrelevant remarks, or indecently repeating his own arguments, or arguments of others, was adopted.

Hay, Liberal Unionist, was to-day defeated without opposition to the House of Commons for Hampstead, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Sir Henry Holland, Colonial Secretary, to the peerage.

The Crofters Threaten Trouble.

LONDON, February 28.—A correspondent says that the North of Scotland is developing into another Ireland, and greater troubles is expected there before long among the crofters.

Can Refused from Prison.

LONDON, February 28.—Cox, member of Parliament, sentenced to one month's imprisonment for inciting tenants to conspiracy, was released to-day. Cox made a speech to a crowd, denouncing Chief Secretary Balfour, and announcing that the National League was stronger than ever. He was enthusiastically greeted with numerous addresses.

A NEWSPAPER HOAX.

A Ridiculous Report about Fenian Pirates.

LONDON, March 1.—The Chronicle to-day gives editorial prominence to the following ridiculous story. It appears that the Prince of Wales had a narrow escape the other day from being kidnapped by Fenian pirates. While at San Remo he went out for a little sail in an Italian pinnace. For several days previous a mysterious yacht had been seen hovering about the port. It bore the American colors, and the people thought it was engaged in taking scientific soundings. The Prince's pinnacle had barely got out to sea when the strange yacht, pulling on ahead, bore down on it in a suspicious manner. Fortunately a gunboat belonging to the Italian squadron happened to be the handy, and perceiving signals of distress hoisted by the pinnacle, at once made for the place, which now hoisted the Irish flag. The chase lasted some time, but the yacht succeeded in getting off. Meanwhile the Prince of Wales got back to port, happy in having escaped from captivity, which would have lasted as long as the English Government refused justice to Ireland.

Gladstone Returns Thanks for an Important Memorial.

LONDON, March 1.—Gladstone to-day, in returning thanks for 250 clergymen of the Church of England for a memorial drawn up by them in favor of Home Rule, said he believed it would have the effect of widening the growing conviction that neither honor nor advantage can possibly be gained by a continued refusal to confer this moderate and constitutionally expressed demands of the Irish people.

Remains of an Irish Patriot.

QUEENSTOWN, March 1.—The body of Stephen J. Meaney arrived here to-day on the steamer Wyoming from New York, and was taken to Ennis. The proceedings of the party accompanying the body were watched by detectives.

A Patriotic Demonstration.

CORK, March 1.—The body of Stephen J. Meany was escorted through the principal streets by a huge funeral procession, in which the Mayor of the city and all the prominent patriots and National Leagers took part.

More Money for Ireland.

DETROIT, March 3.—The following cablegram was sent this morning:

VOICE OF THE ANNIVERSARY: OF ROBERT, THE MARTYR.

Dr. Joseph Kinsey, M. P., House of Commons, London, England—In memoriam of the man who died hard for Ireland, I transmit you $5,000 for men who are getting hurt in Ireland.

CHARLES O'REILLY, Treasurer.

IRELAND'S PROSPECTS.

What the "Monitor" at Rome" Says Concerning them.

In a leading article entitled "The Parliamentary situation in England," the *Monitor de Rome* makes some comments on the coercion policy of the Salisbury Ministry, concerning which it would be well for the Irish people and their supporters to take to heart. "Yes thing certain," says the *Monitor*, "is that the coercion law has in no way disarmed the Irish National party. On the contrary, the Nationalists are more at ease than ever in the assertion of their claims." The opinion of this journal is that the correct and fearless attitude of the Irish opinion is not in these rigorous measures, and that "coercion is but a hazardous expedient which cannot but result in failure." This, of course, means the downfall of the actual Ministry—a possibility which the *Monitor* does not look upon as highly improbable. In conclusion, the article, which throughout manifests full sympathy with the Home Rule cause, urges the Irish people to follow the advice given by his Holiness to the recent pilgrimage, and keep their agitation within the law. "Ireland will be the first to gain by this attitude—she will win the sympathy of English opinion, and the Halfour policy will correspondingly become more and more odious and impracticable."

Rhenish Pilgrims.

ROME, February 27.—The Papa yesterday received 600 Rhenish Pilgrims, including the Archbishop of Mayence and three members of the Reichstag.

WORKING PEOPLE

Are often in that wretched state of health, really sick but not to alarm, but so weakened that they cannot do a day's work. Now if they would use Hop Bitters they would not be sick, nor feel as they do, and save doctors' bills and sickness. Lose of time means loss of money. Multitudes of hard-working people, rich and poor, are now in good health, and happy, thanks to Hop Bitters. But many needlessly make hard work perform duties, when a few bottles of Hop Bitters would give them vigor and make hard labor light.

The Hop is the prime source of nearly all healthy elements, viz.:

Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Sour Stomach, Biliousness, Colic, Low Spirits, Kidney Affections

And a medicine the Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co. of Rochester, N. Y., and San Francisco, Cal., and Toronto, Ont., and Hop Bitters, which the proprietors have made, is the best medicine ever made. Mr. B. G. Wilkes, Proprietor, N. Y., says: "Hop Bitters saved my life. I was a wreck, and could not walk a block from weakness."

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

Constable O'Sullivan, of Clonbroch Station, county Antrim, has resigned after a service of thirteen years, as a protest against the conduct of the Government in Ireland. Mr. Balfour, and as a token of his sympathy with the Irish members. It was thought strongly, Dillon and T. P. O'Connor vigorously opposing it. Hicks Beach argued that it was necessary to render possible punishment of disorderly members. The amendment was rejected.

The rule increasing the Speaker's power was adopted by a vote of 154 to 74. The House rule empowering the Speaker or Chairman to stop a member who, after being warned, persists in making irrelevant remarks, or indecently repeating his own arguments, or arguments of others, was adopted.

Hay, Liberal Unionist, was to-day elected without opposition to the House of Commons for Hampstead, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Sir Henry Holland, Colonial Secretary, to the peerage.

The Crofters Threaten Trouble.

LONDON, February 28.—A correspondent says that the North of Scotland is developing into another Ireland, and greater troubles is expected there before long among the crofters.

Can Refused from Prison.

LONDON, February 28.—Cox, member of Parliament, sentenced to one month's imprisonment for inciting tenants to conspiracy, was released to-day. Cox made a speech to a crowd, denouncing Chief Secretary Balfour, and announcing that the National League was stronger than ever. He was enthusiastically greeted with numerous addresses.

A NEWSPAPER HOAX.

A Ridiculous Report about Fenian Pirates.

LONDON, March 1.—The Chronicle to-day gives editorial prominence to the following ridiculous story. It appears that the Prince of Wales had a narrow escape the other day from being kidnapped by Fenian pirates. While at San Remo he went out for a little sail in an Italian pinnace. For several days previous a mysterious yacht had been seen hovering about the port. It bore the American colors, and the people thought it was engaged in taking scientific soundings. The Prince's pinnacle had barely got out to sea when the strange yacht, pulling on ahead, bore down on it in a suspicious manner. Fortunately a gunboat belonging to the Italian squadron happened to be the handy, and perceiving signals of distress hoisted by the pinnacle, at once made for the place, which now hoisted the Irish flag. The chase lasted some time, but the yacht succeeded in getting off. Meanwhile the Prince of Wales got back to port, happy in having escaped from captivity, which would have lasted as long as the English Government refused justice to Ireland.

Gladstone Returns Thanks for an Important Memorial.

LONDON, March 1.—Gladstone to-day, in returning thanks for 250 clergymen of the Church of England for a memorial drawn up by them in favor of Home Rule, said he believed it would have the effect of widening the growing conviction that neither honor nor advantage can possibly be gained by a continued refusal to confer this moderate and constitutionally expressed demands of the Irish people.

Remains of an Irish Patriot.

QUEENSTOWN, March 1.—The body of Stephen J. Meaney arrived here to-day on the steamer Wyoming from New York, and was taken to Ennis. The proceedings of the party accompanying the body were watched by detectives.

A Patriotic Demonstration.

CORK, March 1.—The body of Stephen J. Meany was escorted through the principal streets by a huge funeral procession, in which the Mayor of the city and all the prominent patriots and National Leagers took part.

More Money for Ireland.

DETROIT, March 3.—The following cablegram was sent this morning:

VOICE OF THE ANNIVERSARY: OF ROBERT, THE MARTYR.

Dr. Joseph Kinsey, M. P., House of Commons, London, England—In memoriam of the man who died hard for Ireland, I transmit you $5,000 for men who are getting hurt in Ireland.

CHARLES O'REILLY, Treasurer.

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Released from Jail.

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Market Report.

MONITOR OFFICE

Mr. Hearing St., Tuesday Evening, March 6, 1888.

Wheat—No. 1	1 30@1 32
Flour—Superfine	2 50@2 75
Cornmeal	30@ 35
Oats	35@ 40
Barley, Feed	60@ 65
Barley, Brewing	75@ 80
Ground Barley P'ton	1 50@1 60
Rye	1 50@1 60
Oats No. 1 feed	1 40@1 45
Hay	12@16
Straw	50@ 60
Potatoes	1 00@1 25
Onions, P'ton, wholesale	1 50@1 60
Turkeys, ℔ lb. wholesale	15@17
Chickens, ℔ doz.	4 00@5 00
Geese, ℔ piece	1 00@1 50
Ducks, ℔ piece	1 00@1 50
Hen Hatchers	5 00@7 00
Eggs	15@17
Butter, ℔ lb.	21@22
Cheese	
Cheese Imitation	10@12
Cheese Eastern	12@14
Lard	10
Bacon	
Hams, ℔ lbs. wholesale	13@15
Turkeys, ℔ lb. wholesale	15@17
Chickens	12@15
Hen Fruit	10@12
Apples, ℔ bbl.	2 50@3 00
Apples, ℔ box	1 00@1 25
Hundredweight	1 10@1 15
Wool	
Hard, wholesale	22@24
Pulled, wholesale	20@22
Coal, wholesale	6 00@7 00
Coal, Wholesale demand	7 00@7 50
Eastern Sugar-cured Hams	11@12
California hams	10@11
Pickled pigs feet	2 50
Lard, ℔ lb. wholesale in bkgs.	9@10
Bacon	
Bacon, wholesale	3 25@3 50
Tallow, ℔ 100	1 00@1 25
Tallow, California	1 00@1 25
Potatoes	2 50@3 00
Green Hides	1 00@1 50
Grease, ℔ lb.	1@2
Calf Skins	10@12
Tallow	1@2
Crushed ℔ lb.	5
Dry Hides	1@2
Dry Kip	1@2
Calf Dry	1@2
Sheep Pelts	10@25
Wool Kips	1@2
Sheep Skins, each, shearings	10@25

To the Victims of Vaccination.

It is a well-known fact that people, and particularly children, lose their good health, vitality, appetite, etc., after being vaccinated. Shortly after vaccination many persons suffer eruption on the skin, diseases of a contagious and scrofulous nature, and discharge from the latter lasting months, etc.

All those who consequence are entitled to recover, and the local portion of it may be cured by Electro-Homo-Pathic remedies. We have cured hundreds of cases of this kind, and the Medical Commentary hospitals do so, too, to know about the Electro-Homo-Pathic treatment, and to visit those hospitals and get free medicines of simple pure, healthfulness, sensation, remedies, etc., of the best effect.

All who suffer from the consequence of vaccination ought to consult the official representative for Electro-Homo-Pathy, Dr. J. Hermann, 215 Pleasant, and they will positively be cured of the trouble after this, and at a very small expense.

Potatoes.

An extraordinary fine invoice (1,250 sks.) of Humboldt potatoes guaranteed just received at Goldstein's, 1-3 Washington street. For sale in quantities to suit at wholesale price.

Eggs and Butter.

Nice fresh eggs, 17c; choicest eggs, 22c; choicest butter, best table butter, 25c per ℔ at Starbuck & Co., 537 Washington street, San Francisco.

Notice to My Friends and Patrons.

Have moved my Boot and Shoe Manufactory from Market street to 1109 Market street, Opposite Hale Bros., where I will be pleased to see my friends and patrons. Thanking you for your liberal patronage, I remain respectfully yours, ROBERT ELLIS.

Horse Economy.

A horse blanket, at $1 50, will save $5 doll. allow your horse to get cold; it requires extra food to keep warm; 500 horse blankets, tartan lining, silly Dickie, in table or stable, $1 50; 1,000 horse blankets, Scotch plaid, Eastern ship work; all kinds saddlery goods. H. H. MOORE, 738 Market st.

—Dr. S. E. Gray, dentist, has removed to 229 O'Farrell street, between Powell and Mason streets.

—Charles H. Darrow, 636 Clay St., Room 16, Parlors open evenings; criminal law, casualty and negligence.

—Frank S. Kelly, Dispatch, 102 Eddy st. opposite Fairmont Building. Investigation a specialty. Complete assortment of fancy goods and toilet articles always on hand.

—Dry goods on installments without interest; home goods, furniture, stoves, carpets, bedding, jewelry, pictures, mirrors, hanging lamps, clocks, etc.; surplus from 65 cents upward. J. NEWMAN & Co., 327 Mission Street, between 5th and 6th; open evenings.

—J. S. LITTLE, Dentist, (St. Gaudy street) formerly of Sacramento, 1 Montgomery avenue.

—I receive yellow a month a lot of imported and domestic Dolls to order that Dressmaker work workmanship, $25, Dressmaker Dolls, $15 and upwards. Dolls' heads, bodies, stockings, shoes, wigs, etc., supply from 65 cents upward. I receive yellow a month a lot of imported and domestic Dolls to order that Dressmaker work workmanship, $25, Dressmaker Dolls, $15 and upwards. Dolls' heads, bodies, stockings, shoes, wigs, etc., supply from 65 cents upward. I receive yellow a month a lot of imported and domestic Dolls to order that Dressmaker work workmanship, $25, Dressmaker Dolls, $15 and upwards. Dolls' heads, bodies, stockings, shoes, wigs, etc., supply from 65 cents upward. I receive yellow a month a lot of imported and domestic Dolls to order that Dressmaker work workmanship, $25, Dressmaker Dolls, $15 and upwards. Dolls' heads, bodies, stockings, shoes, wigs, etc., supply from 65 cents upward.

—CHEAPEST—Infinite order and cheapest No. 1006 Broad street, near Stark.

The more select institutions the better for Mulder, the optician, 135 Montgomery st., near Bush.

JACOBSON & LATZER,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
James M. Starr & Co. Pianos,
—AND—
C. C. McEWEN PIANOS,
ROOM 113, PHELAN BUILDING,
806 MARKET ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

T. J. WELSH
Architect,
HAS REMOVED
To FLOOD BUILDING,
S. W. Cor. Market and Fourth Sts., Room 86

RUPTURE.
AN HONEST "TREATMENT" PATTERNED FROM "NATURE'S ANTIDOTE," WHICH IS NEVER TO REQUIRE CHANGING, AND WHICH IS NEVER TO REQUIRE CHANGING, AND WHICH IS NEVER TO REQUIRE CHANGING, AND

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE DRUID'S DREAM.

In snow-gone, leaf-rung in Erin's isle,
The pagan priests offering wild
Deep echoing the valse among;
While out of day bright beauty lies glittering smile,
Full of happiness serene,
Flooding all her head of green
With his rainbow colored sheen.
From mantled green and military tree,
Clear sings the bird with wondrous melody,
Fits angel warbling stream,
Kissed by the sun's bright beams,
With increased joy doth seem
Half to extend along
To the soul-inspiring song
Thrilled forth by myriad throats the grove among.
Blindly the flowers shine,
Jewelled with dew divine;
Sparkling like the stars of night,
Flashing forth their rays of light;
While on the towers old,
Mantled and clothed with gold,
To the gods all-potent name;
Now deep and full,
A song most beautiful
Quires through the listening air;
'Tis the priest's adorter prayer.
The nation all seen catch the strain,
Redoubling it with glad refrain;
Till soon from shore to shore,
The melody they pour,
Rivals the thunder of the ocean's roar.
Oh! 'tis a sorrowing sight
To see 'neath Heaven's light,
The aspect drear of Satan in the stone,
Not thinks the fault that table given
Embroids their mind;
In fallen nature sunk to find,
Why rest they in a pagan tomb.
Long held the priests their sway supreme,
Until a troubled dream
Disturbed his wan lance of their reign.
Thy dream a man who vision rare delight,
And hyget abroad the seeds of living light
Thus his fadeless fire of Tara's mount,
From sky-light that shines ever;
Would rise perpetual light and solitude,
That large forever spread
The deep full prayers and supplicate
In universal symphonies
To Jesus, Saviour of the world,
Whose radiant banner full unfurled,
Shall float from North to South from East to West;
And every loyal Irish breast
Shall guard it with unflagging zest—
Through smile and tears,
Through ill, by the k,
Mid persecution a Spanish Conscript:
They if Ith gold, which ever leave,
Their dear land but said-around even
To die beneath the ban of a Spanish security strong.
F the Exhibition and vale,
Amid of the ships of every gale
Wonder rise the choral strains of true adoration
Sung
This was the dream
That made them dream;
The empire of their power had passed away,
The pagan gods had seen their final day.

S. M. C.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

LINES

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE REV. ARCHDEACON RAYMOND, P. P., ST. MARK'S, CO. MAYO.

Sweet is the hour, that saintly pastor, rather,
The interest, "Father" of that hallowed place
By Heaven; to the Almighty Master,
The unfeigned servant; whose angelic face
Proclaimed him far less of earth than Heaven.
Of majestic height; and with what grace
He met his mark, from more till even,
To bless and raise the lowliest of his race.

How sweetly spoke he—with lips emotion,
The sweet same Mary, and the Pilgrims there
Met his calm smile with almost a devotion;
Love, so sublimely pure, few mortals share.
The mourned departed not, when his sacred hand
They touched; heavenly seemed the very air
Around him, where thousands crowded, and
He met each in turn, with a smile and prayer.

With fond remembrance, when lowly hearing,
My dear archdeacon, you will share my prayer;
And with me millions are each day appealing
To the highest Heaven—may you be there
So I fondly trust; and that sacred shrine,
(Where from worse than death I was set free;)
To see some day, God grant the lot be mine;
Yet without kiss, Knock, I'd scarce know thee.

M. L.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A SOLDIER'S WORLD.

(After the battle of Waterloo a hospital showed up amongst the images of wounded and dying, discovering a young man with his left arm torn off by a cannon ball. Hoeering to the dying man's side the surgeon, kind, and, seeing his hand, forced a little water down his throat. The dying revived a little energy and strength in the author who opened his eyes on the steward, and said, "Tell my mother I die for my country.")

Some year in time, faithful to my country, dying in my mother and bound to myself. "A moment later he fell back—a corpse."

"I am true," said the soldier as he gasped death-fly wounded,
"To my mother, myself, to my country and God!"
And a smile of serenity rounded
His face as he sank on the sod.
No stone marks the place
Where that warrior lies,
For his deeds were of God,
And his truth of the skies:
But in Heaven an angel of reward will arise
To honor the hero unknown here below.
For, mark me!
The man who is kind to his mother,
And faithful to conscience and virtue and right,
And true to his country, and ever obedient
To God—is a hero of destiny nameless;
Though a peasant or earth,
Yet in Heaven's bright eyes
He rise as a throne,
And his title is King,
And his privileges a crown!

C. ANTHONY HOLES

SEND US CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would most respectfully ask the Rev. Clergy, or any of our readers of the entire Pacific Coast, to send us local items of general interest. We wish to make the MONITOR a storehouse of all Diocesan happenings relating to the progress of religion, but we cannot do so unless we are aided by our friends in the different parts of the Pacific Coast keeping. Bare facts are all we want. Will our friends please furnish us with them?

—Post-mortem resolutions and notices sent in for publication must be paid for in advance.

Literary Miscellany.

The Conversion of the Carolans.

An Irish-American Story of Love, Sacrifice and Repentance

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR, BY MISS M. MULCAHY.

Almost twenty years ago, in a rather luxurious garden in the North of Ireland, a lady mysteriously walked upon the soft grass at eve pale. Looking away to the west, her eye reached to where the setting sun poured forth its last beams over dead and laved attendant of green fields. But her brow was wrinkled with anxious thought, and her black eyes were not filled with the peaceful radiance that fell upon her, but tinged with the anxiety of a mother's care. Too weary was she to notice the loveliness of the hour, until a thought checked her progress, then suddenly she gave a longing gaze to the meadows that slanted under a weight of sunset arrows. "Oh, it is beautiful it is beautiful, our own home," she murmured, then her waiting heart was gladdened, and her eyes shone with pride as she looked on the hoyah form that had lapped the hallow then lodge, and stood at her side.

For some time they were silent while the shadows and sunshine of a lovelong twilight mingled in blessing over them. Then Mrs. Carolan whispered.

"John, my darling, do you love your home?"

"Yes, mother," answered the boy. "Fair to my eye, and very dear to my heart is Erin, but a blight has fallen upon her which we cannot remedy, and it is better that we—"

"There is no one like this John, that floods our valleys," the mother said, with gentle remonstrance, "we have nothing to do with the wretchedness of Poperty, because to and it, will bring discomfort and sorrow to our home."

John made no reply. He could not agree with his mother. His own unbending principles of right and wrong would suffer not the slightest change.

"Mother, we cannot help our poor country, but we need not stay here and witness her sufferings. There is Liberty in the world somewhere, even though English tyranny and religious prejudice has fastened Ireland for a victim." "Yes mother," he weeds, vigorously, "I must say it, for truth requires it. Pagan, and patriotism does not fear the searching light of day nor the scrutiny of honest men. Pagan is freedom and justice to be found on the earth, and oh! darling, mother, that we could go with Kathleen and Isabel to Ann-ica and be at—"

Mrs. Carolan was too agitated by the vague proposal to at once reply, but she smiled through her tears at the boy who was so ready to protect his mother and sisters.

Two young men bounded over the lawn as John had done, but they did not observe their mother and John in the deepening gloom.

"It's nearly time old boy to catch that meeting, and Maurice, as the Lodge rang from the Catholic Church every hour."

"It wouldn't do to miss that fun," laughed the other, and then their voices sank to a whisper.

"John," said Mrs. Carolan, with wistful earnestness, "father is in the house with his friends. That is why I waited for you here; you will be careful dear and not interfere with them. You know you are hasty."

"I will go up-stairs," replied John, quickly, "don't worry, mother, and with an impulsive caress, he too started away. His mother had seen with sinking heart his dark face and the angry light that flashed forth at his brother's words.

"Blessed mother, some deep misery will come from their bigotry which their father has instilled into them, and I have looked passively on account with doubtful eyes; but oh, God, it was for my children's sake, so send us my love vengeance, but spare them."

In an abandonment of frightened grief, Catherine Carolan suffered with pain almost physical, and prayed that John might find no cause to do what he had threatened—to leave his home and the wretchedness of idolatrous, for the untrammeled liberty of thought and action, that stepped in romantic beauty the fair-fed land of America.

A light step came through the darkness cracking the dry leaves, and a fresh young voice called.

"Mother, are you here?"

In a moment a young girl of fifteen stood under the old trees side, and laid whispered, "we want you mamma, for tea."

"Who is inside, dear," said Mrs. Carolan, drawing nearer to the slender form of the girl, whose tender, silent sympathy was so grateful.

"Only Kathleen, and the boys, mother," Isabel answered, with persuasive quickness, "father has gone out with Mr. Delaney and the Richards, and he said not to wait. This is Lodge night, Thursday."

"I am sorry to disturb Mrs. Carolan, was the beauty and wealth of her new country. John cries not to greet her at Castle Garden, and yet while the emigrants anxiously waited in New York Mr. Carolan carried in silence for some moments his son. He could not be severe and unforgiving in the face of this uncertainty, but they could not mind him, and disheartened with the home that promised so much, they finally turned to that far West, the elder sons remaining in the East.

"Do you know, mamma, that Lord is coming, and Easter will come here, the seventh in America, lightly begun Kathleen Carolan, as with her mother and Isabel, she slightly dusted the shaded angels of their new home in the West.

It was another summer hour, for the trees, quiet light and shade, the great rose-bushes in avenues, and clumps, and parks, the ring-mind the spot, beautiful Western city.

"Mamma I was beginning to feel like a heathen, mamma," plaintively murmured Isabel, who shivered as she passed a some what dismal looking Methodist church.

"Now, Liberty Grove Lee," went on Kathleen, "she offered several times to take us to their Methodist meetings, but it doesn't seem right, they are so cold.

"As well say at home, child, answered Mrs Carolan, "and papa would never think of it." They had broken in on a train of thought, and she dismissed the matter with an unconscious haughtiness that was not lost on a gentleman who had passed them with a contemptuous bow.

"That is Mr. Sorris, I think," said Isabel, quickly, "I know what is in his face, I wish, you have met him."

"Indeed does not pass at consciousness, Kathleen, has you, I think," and her mother.

"But mamma, mother, explained Kathleen, tells us both that he is charming, but I would like to know something more definite of him."

"He is very nice," said Isabel, her lress tinged with a street radiance.

"Oh" Isabel, is that delicate? exclaimed Kathleen.

"Well, then," and Isabel's pained brought down a cluster of bloom, "He is a Roman Catholic?"

"Always Roman Catholics," murmured Kathleen, as she left the room to Kathleen to her.

"Oh mother the Catholics are have a beautiful church and always have good services, you know they are nearer to us than any other sect", and Isabel.

"Hush, Isabel, hush, I know all that, and I'm sorry for your sake, and I wish to go, she said, Kathleen, she sighed for simplicity and mind.

"Come this side, on our way home, and Isabel, said Kathleen, I will show you a lovely bed of lilies and roses, that Aunt Louis Fa the altar."

"Oh, be careful, children, and Mrs. Carolan, "I know papa will be very angry if you make any friends among these Catholics.

"But it is perfectly unreasonable in him, mother," Kathleen, "there is no Protestant Episcopal Church here, and that lovely little Romanic one to better than the Methodist. We catch friends of those Bible, mother dear, and promise to come with us Sunday night. I know I have done wrong, John, she added laughingly. And reluctantly the promise was given.

Ah! how they would have trembled with feverish excitement, had they known the revelations and surprises which that visit to the Catholic Church brought about. "Truly we are the helpless puppets of Destiny, and Destiny is only another name for Divine Providence.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

A Remarkable Woman.

NEW YORK, February 26.—Probably one of the most remarkable women now in New York is Fern Schlamm, the mother of Leon Schlamm, who is a clerk in Judge Hewitt's Trial Court. Mrs. Schlamm is older than the century. She to day celebrated her 102d birthday, and it was made the occasion of a great gathering of her descendants, friends and well wishers to offer their congratulations. She was born on February 25, 1786, in Prussia, and came to this country in 1847. Mrs. Schlamm had thirteen children, of whom only two are now alive. She has had fifty four grandchildren, four only survive, of them are now alive. She had thirty two great grandchildren, of whom twenty are living. Of her great great-children, twenty-six are living. Of her great great great-children, twelve are living. Mrs. Schlamm has her faculties almost as clear as ever. Her memory on certain points is unpleasant, it is a living power that will stir and kindle the spirit of her descendants, and the trumpet sounds and the last of the fleet are heard in Russia. The Battle of Waterloo, though to her recollection, and indeed the only event of her long life, which she can tell with the accuracy of a chronicle, and at last fled allowed that beautiful life to be sacrificed, and of the dead of thirteen of her children, four only survive, and of the dead of thirty two grandchildren, twelve only survive. She has thirty two great great grandchildren alive, and five great great great-children. Mrs. Schlamm is in almost unimpaired possession of all her faculties. She has a remarkably retentive store of reminiscences, and is especially fond of talking of her early days in Prussia. In 1806, just before she left Prussia, she was a school mistress. Her recollection of that morning is quite vivid. She was a school mistress, and was busy with the pupils, when a messenger came with the news that the French were in the town. The pupils were dismissed, and she was left alone with the school. She was a young woman of twenty years, and was in a state of excitement, and was so much so that she was unable to leave the school. She was in a state of excitement, and was so much so that she was unable to leave the school. She was in a state of excitement, and was so much so that she was unable to leave the school. She

THE MONITOR.
CHURCH FREE OF TAXATION
The MONITOR was the leading advocate of our Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1888

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Cardinal Wallimer Czacki died in Rome last week. He was a native of Poland, having been born at Pozyck on April 10th, 1834. He was created Cardinal-Priest on September 26th, 1882. *R. I. P.*

— Our readers will find on the second page this week the first part of a very interesting original Catholic story written for this Monitor by Miss Mary Malesky, a gifted young lady whom we predict will yet take rank among the literary lights of the Catholic world.

— Cardinal Howard attained his sixtieth year last month. His Eminence was born in Nottingham England, and is a distant relative of the Duke of Norfolk, being the grandson of the brother of the 15th Duke. He was formerly an officer of the 2nd Life Guards.

Mgr. Dunnet, author of the "History of Cardinal Pa," has been appointed Rector of the Catholic University of Lille. The former Rector, Mgr. Hautcoeur, has been appointed Chancellor of the University in the place of Mgr. Monnier, who has been named as Honorary Chancellor.

— A cablegram from Rome reports the Holy Father as having been ill for a couple of days last week. No serious symptoms have manifested themselves, but a certain degree of apprehension exists in consideration of the Sovereign Pontiff's age and the laurels caused by the exertions he was compelled to during the Jubilee festivities.

— The Irish societies of Detroit, Michigan, have hit upon a happy method of uniting patriotism with charity. They have decided that the proceeds of their banquet on St. Patrick's Day shall go into the hands of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in that city. Here is an example which might be advantageously followed in other localities.

— Public school troubles in Mississippi are serious affairs. Down there they teach the young idea how to shoot" in more ways than one. A row occurred over the expulsion of two pupils and the enemies and friends of the teacher chose sides and had an old-fashioned shooting match. Two persons were killed and several wounded.

— One of the most beautiful and costly gifts which Mr Hoffman has received in a cruise sent by the Prince of Monaco. It was made in Paris, and is constructed of gold, which is encrusted from top to bottom with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. It is a masterpiece of the jeweller's art.

— April 10th next will be the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which in the little Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, Father Mathew pronounced the decisive words: "Here goes in the name of God," and signed his name to the Total Abstinence Pledge. Jubilee commemorations are to be held in many of the Eastern States, and we hope the disciples of the Apostle of Temperance in this city and State will not fail to honor his memory.

— Balfour is carrying injustice to extremes in Ireland when an Irish news-dealer is sentenced to three months imprisonment for selling copies of a newspaper containing reports of suppressed branches of the League. Balfour will find himself mistaken if he thinks in this way to keep from the public all knowledge of the holding of proclaimed meetings. The meetings are held right along, and the fact is going to be published, jail or no jail.

— A London *Chronicle* telegram from Rome says: It may be remembered that some little time ago the Parliament of Quebec passed a Bill recognizing the existence of the Jesuits as a civil corporation. At that time the Bill was vigorously assailed by the opposition and the Premier, the Hon. H. Mercier, the Attorney-General and Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, who was instrumental in the passing of the Bill, has now left Canada for Rome for the purpose of explaining his conduct to the Vatican.

— The death is announced of Mr. George V. Hooker, brother of the learned Very Rev Father Hooker, Superior of the Paulists. Mr. Hooker was an enterprising and successful New York merchant. He was a native of New York, of German parentage, and was one of the few Catholic laymen of America who take an active interest in Catholic literature. As we learn from the *Catholic Review*, it was his money which started the *Catholic World*, and the *Young Catholic*. He gave freely and with a most disinterested zeal whenever he was asked to help the Catholic Publication Society to do its noble work for Catholic literature. Few know those facts, for he was a man who never let his right hand know what his left had done. All he did for Catholic literature, and he did it in a way it is most needed—by furnishing money—will never be known until the day when all hidden things shall be revealed.

— The great Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish orator, author and advocate, was made a Mason in 1799, in the city of Dublin—a fact not generally known.

A friend clipped this above paragraph from the Mobile *Daily Call* of recent date, and asks if it is true? It is, like many another similar circumstance when only half the truth is told, only partially true. O'Connell, when a young man, only 24 years old, was inducted into the Masonic Lodge, but—as he himself afterwards said—"it was at a very early period of my life, and either before an ecclesiastical censure had been published in the Catholic Church in Ireland prohibiting the taking of Masonic oaths, or at least before I was aware of that censure." O'Connell, like the good Catholic that he was, retired from the Masonic sect the day he discovered that the anathemas of the Church were hurled against that anti-Christian organization.

Functical Fulton Fired Out of Chicago.

The filthy, fanatical, fraudulent tire brazed Sister Fulton, whom the Church of Christ has cast out of the Church, and whom the Church of Christ has cast out of the Church, and whom the Church of Christ has cast out of the Church, and

Farm and Home.

The Coughing Habit.

Coughing is often under control of the will and the result of habit. There are many people who consume a small portion of a lifetime in unnecessary coughing. At first a little irritation is felt, a cough is set up, and habit keeps it going until the irritation provoked produces a real and serious disease. Through force of sympathy coughing often becomes contagious. This can be illustrated in a schoolroom of restless boys and girls, one cough—like—the—chickpot the ball rolling, when the teacher addresses the school—another child takes up the musical note, then another, and still another until the teacher's voice is so persecution as if in the din of artillery. The teacher brings the ruler to the desk, and commands this noise to stop. There for an instant an eloquent silence prevails. In church we may sometimes observe the same thing—when some old lady, who has had a pet cough for years, sets up a coughing strain, which is soon followed, as if in chorus, by many other members. The poor preacher then wages an unequal contest and may as well stop preaching. These facts should be ample evidence that coughing is an act under control of the will in very many cases. In such cases a little application of "mind cure" can be made effective. The family physician can cure chronic cough not by a prescription but a simple command to stop them.

How to Keep Young.

milk as the standard food, but varied according to season. Take food, in moderate quantity, four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed. Clothe yourself warmly but lightly, so that the body may in all seasons maintain its equal temperature. Keep the body in free exercise, and the mind serive and cheerful. Maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and take part in reasonable hours and pleasures, although old age were not coming. Take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. Spend seven hours in bed at the least, and take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at 60 deg. Fahr. Avoid passion, excitement, luxury.

Perfect Fruit Cake.

Many people are disappointed when they make fruit cake by finding the fruit sink to the bottom. There are causes for this. Fresh fruit is not good, if it is moist, it has not been floured; the cake has been stirred too much after the fruit is added. When fruit is intended to be put in cake, it must be warmed, floured, and added at the last thing, only stirring just enough to mix. If these matters are borne in mind there will be no failures.

Cranberry Jelly.

This jelly, on account of its beautiful color and clearness, is useful for ornament ing various sweet dishes. Wash and drain the berries, boil them soft, and while hot press them through a jelly bag or the mint strainer. Put the juice on to boil with one pound of sugar to every quart. If you boil it longer than a quarter of an hour it will lose its fine color. It should be cooked in an earthen preserve pan.

Delightful Doughnuts.

Three cupfuls of sugar, five eggs, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, flour for soft dough. Cream the butter and sugar; add in the eggs, whipped light; then the spices, the sour milk and soda, and enough flour. Roll out the dough into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick, cut into fancy shapes, and fry in boiling lard.

Magnificent Muffins.

One heaping cup flour, two-thirds cup meal, one and a half cups sour milk, one tablespoonful lard, one egg, salt and soda. Heat hard and put one spoonful of the batter into well buttered muffin cups, bake in a hot oven. They are so nice for breakfast and can be made so quickly. I have seen many recipes for muffins, but none just like this.—*selected*

White Mountain Cake.

Three cups sugar, one cup butter, one half cup sweet milk, whites of ten eggs, one half teaspoonful soda and one half teaspoonful cream tartar sifted with the flour, four and one-half cups flour, flavored with essence of bitter almond. Icing, whites of three eggs and one pound powdered sugar. Flavor with lemon juice. Bake in jelly-cake tins and fill with grated cocoanut sweetened with a quarter of its weight of powdered sugar, or with icing such as is made for Lou cake, only flavored with lemon entirely.

Weight of Burdett-Coutts' Inheritance.

The late Duchess of St. Albans left Miss Burdett Coutts the round sum of £1,600,000, or a sum of £1,000,000. The weight of this property, upon an average of gold, reckoning sixty ounces to the pound, is thirty-six tons, seven cwt., three quarters, twelve lbs., and would require 107 men to carry it, supposing that each of them carried the solid weight of 700 pounds. This sum may be partially guessed by considering that counting at the rate of sixty sovereigns a minute for eight hours a day and six days in the week, it would take ten weeks, two days and four hours to accomplish the task. In coverings by exact computation, each sovereign in diameter seven-twentieths of an inch, and placed in touch each other, it would reach 24 miles and 250 yards; and in even pieces, (12) miles 280, yards.

A Poor Man's Blessings.

"Who are those?" asks a fashionable lady of another.

"The Joneses," replied the friend.

"What a handsome couple! Have they a family?" gets answer one.

"Oh, no. They are really elegant people. They have no children," answers another lady.

A certain kind of fashionable people, and some heartless persons who are not fashionable, think it "bad taste" to have very few children, or even none; but the old-fashioned notion that children are a blessing still holds good. Children are a blessing, let Fashion sneer at them as she may; and the poor man who has many children has not only something to love, and to love him, but has done and is doing a service in giving her more workers—more men to make things grow, and more men to get the things that are grown, and to help on the grand development of the race.

—Archbishop Lamy has the honor of introducing the Sisters of Loretto to the far West. More than twenty years ago he brought a colony to his Diocese establishing them in Santa Fe and Denver, from which place they have now emerged the States and Territories of the West.

—The way to make money is to save it. Hoard a farm profits is the most economical medicine to buy, as it is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Do not take any other preparation if you have decided to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Family Fun.

SEQUEL TO A CREMATION.

James Potter, of 77 Spoonore street, died last winter, and was, in accordance to his wishes, cremated. His widow, who felt placed the terra-cotta urn containing his ashes on the parlor mantel, between two vases of gold lithographs. Last Friday morning the new domestic, while dusting, knocked both pot and Potter to the floor. The ashes, in wild desire to get a sniff of fresh air, formed of the cover and spread out, like the geese in the Arabian tale, till they filled every corner of the room, and, tickling the servant's nose, caused her a tremendous fit of sneezing. "Sure, and it's a queer place to keep the pepper," she remarked to herself and restored the urn, with the remaining dust to the mantel.

When preparing dinner she found the pepper-caster needed replenishing, and, having none of the condiment in the spice-closet, bethought her of the pepper-pot in the parlor; which furnished her a sufficient quantity. After dinner had reached the second course the widow, with a plaintive sniff, declared that "nothin' in the air reminds me of James. I can really smell his breath. Just as it used to be when he came home from the lodge." A young man who boards with Mrs. Potter finally observed that "This pepper's pretty white, and I can't see that it smells any more."

The servant, on being questioned, explained that "the pepper was all out and there was some in the stone crock in the parlor." "What do you mean?" inquired the widow; "there's no crock in the parlor." "Then I put some pepper from the urn around it." The widow, who had perished of her husband sprinkled on a dish of omelette, here shrieked and fainted while the young man who had eaten about an omelette of Mr. Potter with his beefsteak, turned pale and rushed away to a physician. The new servant came to them after finishing but firmly ordered the domestic to pack up her trunk, and Mr. Potter now repose at the bottom of a chest in the garret.

A Telegraphist's Dilemma.

"I went to send a message in a great hurry.

The Western Union operator braced himself for a "rush message.

"To what place?"

"Well, we have no open wire to Chicago; "Can you send it right away?"

"Yes madam.

"Well, you see, Emma's baby is sick, and Charley is away on a trip."

"What shall I say, madam?

"You see, we don't think just where he is, you couldn't tell!"

The operator had to admit that he could not.

"Well, suppose you send it to Chicago?"

"Well, suppose you do. Where is he?"

"Suppose you take a Chicago Directory, and?

"Yes ma'am" (handful to hay)

"I am afraid I have forgotten the address.

"What business is he in?

"I don't know; he makes a good living though. Don't you think a telegram addressed to Chicago would reach him?

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, then, I'll go home and find out his address. Can you tell me the nearest car that will take me home?"

"No ma'am I cannot."

"Well, it seems queer to me that you telegraph operators don't know anything."

An Even Jury.

Clerk of Court—"Well, gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict."

Foreman—"We have.

Clerk—"What say you! Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

Foreman—"We do."

Clerk—"You do. Do what?"

Foreman—"We find the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty."

Clerk—"But, gentlemen, you must explain.

Foreman—"Of course! You are six of us find him guilty, and six of us find him not guilty, so we've agreed—to let it go at that.

A Rare Old Dormant.

Senator Stockbridge of Michigan is something of a wag. He was sitting in his committee room the other day when one of those fellows who are always demanding documents came in. The caller had secured almost every book, pamphlet, and bill which the Government magnanimously prints and gives away. But he still longed for more.

"I am very anxious," said he, "to secure a copy of the Constitution of the United States. Could I obtain your help, Senator?"

"Why, certainly; but it would be useless. The officer will be liable."

"Indeed. And why?"

"Well, you see, there were so many demands from people like yourself for copies of this good work that the supply soon ran out. There was one copy left, and the President has just sent that to the Pope."

He was "Be Boss."

Some time ago a colored man contracted with Capt. F. M. McKinney to do some repairing on a house for the sum of $25. The next day the Captain found the man had hired two hands, who were hard at work, while he was sitting around, giving instructions.

"How much do you pay them?" he was asked.

"Well, sah, I pay one man $10 an' the odder one $15."

"But where does your part of the money come in?"

"Come in! Why! I'se boss—don't you see!"

The above Picture Represents

CAPTAIN S. GREENWOOD,

Master of the Steamship Kenosha.

Above is a recent photograph showing the change in his health. He had been troubled with rheumatism for several years, and was so crippled he could scarcely walk without assistance. He tried to procure Brandreth Pills, but could not get them, and was induced to try Hop Bitters. He used six bottles, when he was able to walk without crutches, and has kept them ever since, and is now in good health. He attributes his recovery to the use of Hop Bitters. All those who know the Captain are astonished at the change in his appearance, and they unanimously add the testimony of their hearty approval of Hop Bitters. Mr. Greenwood is well known in Chicago, where he has been for many years, and is a member of the Board of Trade. He is also well known throughout the State of Michigan, and in the Lake ports of New York and was doing a business in perfect health, I never knew it.

This Steamer is owned principally at Kinbury, Lake and Liberty Streets.

For Sale by all Druggists.

C. W. CRITTENDEN, General Agent, 113 Fulton St., N. Y.

Send for pamphlet to the Hop Bitters Company.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

Medical men everywhere will say that at last a blessed boon, a priceless blessing, has been given to the feeble, debilitated, and the nervous. Dr. Dixon's Celebrated Cerebro-Spinal Fluid is the most astonishing, most wonderful, most invigorating, most life-giving agent ever discovered. Its effects are prompt, positive and permanent. Thousands of testimonials from Ministers, Lawyers, Merchants, Mechanics, Farmers, Housekeepers, Students, Invalids, Old and Young, Rich and Poor, Prefers strength and vigor to health. The medicine is

MUNN & CO. PATENTS New York. After forty years' experience, 50,000 patents in use. Hundreds of new inventions are patented every week. Pamphlet free. Hand Book of Information and Directions for obtaining Patents, sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American, the largest and most widely circulated paper devoted to the interests of Science, Invention, Mechanics, Manufactures and Industry. Weekly, $3.00 a year. Specimen copies sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

Paine's Celery Compound

It Cures these Terrible Diseases, and marks the Epoch in Medical Science, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Piles, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache, Female Weakness, Mental Depression, Loss of Sleep, Malaria, Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache

IRELAND'S APOSTLE.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

gus, the very words which Patrick and his dear disciple Sechnall heard the angels singing; so that from the time of Patrick to our own, these blessed words have been sung; and in Erin they were accustomed to sing them when the people received the body of Christ in the Holy Communion. The hymn of Saint Sechnall, which he learned from the angels when in company with Saint Patrick, translated, reads thus:

Oh! come, ye holy men,
Christ's holy ministry:
Come, drink the Sacred Blood,
For this is all good.
Sacred by Christ's body,
And saved by His Blood,
Refreshed now and strengthened,
Sing praises to God.
He comes, the first, the last,
Himself, the Christ our Lord,
He who shall come to judge us
For every act and word.

THE ANCIENT MISSIONS TELL US

of the work done for Ireland by Saint Patrick; the great work done for America and the United States, through Saint Patrick, by the faithful priests and lay people, remains still to be written. But the sweet burden of this duke of gratitude will enter into many a prayer, and many a hymn of praise, and many a deed of charity in honor of Saint Patrick; and on that last day, when not only the evil deeds of men will be manifested, to the world and their authors punished, but the good deeds of men will be seen in all their beauty, measured in all their greatness, and only raised for their exceeding worth, then will the fulness of glory come to Patrick. Then will he be crowned before his Lord and Saviour, not only for his apostleship, but also for the souls of the hour, and were asleep or had gone home utterly exhausted, the British members would spring to their feet with the hope of proceeding with the business of the House; but the rejection of Jo Biggar was as inevitable as death. With a smile and gentle smile he would rise in his seat at the critical moment, beaming genially on his discomfited opponents, and step the question, he would never caught napping. On one occasion, when the Irish members were fighting in a forlorn hope against over whelming odds, of Jo Biggar, as he is familiarly called, and began an elaborate and profound speech, which consisted mainly of statistics of the most amazing length, breadth, and thickness, based on the Exchequer report of the year 1841. He spoke in a hard, dry, rasping, and metallic voice for four solid hours, until the speaker, in a fit of exhaustion, said feebly, "I do not think I quite understand what the honorable gentleman was saying."

"Ah! that's too bad," said Mr. Biggar, sadly; "I'll have to begin all over again."

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Notwithstanding these habits Mr. Biggar seems to be as popular as any member of the House, for he will take any amount of chaff and he has a tongue that is really but never cutting.

DRAWN MICHAEL DAVITT.

Michael Davitt is too well known to need description. His strongly marked aquiline features, closely cropped beard, and intense black eyes are known from one end of America to the other. He is by far the most popular man of the Irish leaders at home. When he walks along the streets of Dublin he is cheered, and the working people have more faith in him than in all the other Irish leaders combined not excepting Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Davitt is one of the people, and the risks he has run in the cause of freedom will, if he survives, place his name in the roll of honor of the people, and the risks he has run in the cause of freedom will, if he survives, place his name in the roll of honor of the people, and the fame of his sufferings will live in the hearts of the people, and the sufferings will live in the hearts of the people, and the sufferings will live in the hearts of the people, and the

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Oh! come, ye holy one,
Christ's holy resolve;
Come, drink the Sacred Blood,
For He it will give,
Power on Christ's body,
And saved by His Blood,
Refreshed now and strengthened,
Sing praises to God,
Who gives us food, the best,
Himself, the Christ our Lord,
He who shall come to judge us
For every act and word.

THE ANCIENT HERITAGE TELL US of the work done for Ireland by Saint Patrick; the great work done for America and the United States, through Saint Patrick, by the faithful priests and laity of Ireland, is still to be written. But the sweet burden of this debt of gratitude will enter into many a prayer, and many a hymn of praise, and many a deed of charity in honor of Saint Patrick; and on that last day, when not only the evil deeds of men will be manifested to the world and their authors punished, but the good deeds of men will be seen in all their beauty, measured in all their greatness, and only valued for their eternal worth, then will the fulness of glory come to Patrick. Then will he be crowned before men and angels, not only for his apostolic labors, but also for the patience, the charity, the meekness, the purity of the heart, and the love of God and of souls, which made the most deserted wilderness, or the barest rock and hill-top of the Rocky Mountains, as well as in the populous cities which stand in their beauty on the Atlantic and Pacific shores, a fit country, town, and city, and hamlet, from the miner's cabin and the hall of legislation, as well as from parish churches and cathedrals, there will go up to Heaven, as long as time endures, a hymn of praise to God for the blessings that have come to us in America, from the Apostle of Ireland, and the labors of those Irish priests, who were sent to Ireland by Saint Patrick. (From *Patron Saints*, by ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The New Bishop of Achonry.

As already announced in the MONITOR, the Vatican has at length pronounced its judgment in an ecclesiastic matter of no ordinary what long standing, and a successor has been found for the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, in the ancient diocese of Achonry. The new occupant of St. Nath will be the Very Rev. John Lynch, D. D., the esteemed and learned president of the diocesan college, Sligo. The bishop-designate is quite a young man, stalwart and vigorous, his natal year being 1850. He was born in the parish of St. Peter's, Athlone. In 1861, he entered Summer Hill College, whence five years in his turn, he proceeded to Maynooth. His collegiate career was brilliant and distinguished, so much so that in June, 1872, while still one young for ordination, he returned to his old alma mater as professor. He was ordained priest on the 29th of December following. Since then he spent the remaining five ten years (72-72), during which time he had charge of a seminary which was taught by the Christian Brothers under his immediate. Again returning to resume his teaching duties in Summer Hill, he became president of that college in 1880 on the death of its former president Abbé Gillooly, brother of the present Bishop of Elphin. He found the establishment laboring under serious disadvantages. The educational course was limited to Latin and the finances embarrassed, but his energy and enterprise soon effected a beneficial change. In the same year he purchased Castle Forbes House, upon which his rector has proved equally successful. Sligo, with a population of twenty thousand, is rather but too high distinction as an element of poverty and misery. In the national struggle now being so sorely waged the priests of Ireland will no doubt find in him a most efficient colleague and ally. These qualities, combined with his strong natural urbanity and an amiable disposition, augur for him a warm-hearted reception worthy of this, kindly people. Ad multos!

The consecration of Dr. Lynter will probably take place at an early date in the Cathedral at Ballaghaderreen.

Cardinal Manning's Calumniators.

The London correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* says they, and Cardinal Manning, the latest person of distinction against whom the Times levels a charge of disloyalty. The Freeman correspondent goes out the vials of his wrath on his Eminence, declaring that his influence has been used at the Vatican to support the Irish Hierarchy. The value of that influence is best attested by the outrageous virulence of the attack made upon him in the columns of the leading journal." The same correspondent declares that all the Catholic Bishops of Ireland are selected by the Holy Ghost, and are therefore necessarily disloyal. Without troubling the absorber of this assumption, it may be pointed out that the statement on which it proceeds is false. The Catholic Bishops of Australia were all, with one exception, Irish by birth. That exception is Archbishop Carr, but this is sure enough to the truth for the purpose of the Times.

Sudden and Sad Death.

A Mr. Maguire, an elderly man, of New York, died of heart disease at Dr. McGlynn's meeting on a recent Sunday night. The trustees of Calvary Cemetery refuse to admit his body to be buried in consecrated ground. It seems that the late Mr. Maguire attended the meeting in the capacity of a sympathizer with the doctrines taught by the anathematized, and that he was entirely in sympathy with those of Dr. McGlynn in his disobedience to the laws of the Church. Under late legal decisions, the trustees of Calvary Cemetery cannot be forced to admit Mr. Maguire's body into consecrated ground. A lot bought in a Catholic cemetery is bought subject to the rules of the Church.

Corcoran's Charity.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran bequeathed to St. Vincent's and St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum $2 000 each; to the Little Sisters of the Poor, $3,000, and to the St. Ann's Infant Asylum, $2,000. These sums are to be held and invested by the institutions to which they are severally given, and a selected part of the income therefrom used to furnish the inmates with the usual Christmas and strawberry festivals and feasts commenced by Mr. Corcoran a decade about forty years ago, and continued by him to the present time.

—Among the bills which received the action of Congress recently was one by Mr. Neal, for the relief of the Catholic church of SS. Peter and Paul, Chattanooga, Tenn., and provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall be authorized to pay to Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, of Nashville, $18,729 09, for stores and other building materials taken during the war. During the time the above claim was instituted, Archbishop Feehan had charge of the Nashville Diocese. When this money comes into his possession it will be turned over to Bishop Rademacher, and by him to Rev. Father Walsh, and applied to the construction of a beautiful new church soon to be built in that city.

ERIN'S ENVOYS,

Parnell and His Compatriots.

PEN PORTRAITS OF IRELAND'S FRIENDS.

—By—

Character Sketches of Notable Men.

BILLY JOSEPH BRIGAN.

The personality of this public man of the Irish party may be of some interest to Americans. The personal idiosyncrasies of the professional politicians have as eager, if glamed over as are the peculiarities of the idolons of the United States at home. Ben Backer's artful eye has its prototype in the squinch of Joe Biggar's robes. Biggar is equal with an affection amounting almost to love by the majority of the Irish people. He is small and hump-backed, and is worth nearly a million of our dollars. He is a Member of Parliament, and his greatest distinction is his unvarying pertinacity. He has the rare gift of being able to say what he means, and for the whole of last session he was a flaming menace and terror to easy and every British statesman who attempted to get a bill through Parliament. It was the current supposition that Jo Biggar never slept. He objected to every possible measure that any man of British birth tried to pass. When all the other members of the House, tired out and worn-out, had gone home utterly exhausted, the Irish member was still fresh to their feet with the hope of proceeding with the business of the House; but the objection of Jo Biggar was as inevitable as death. With a noble and gentle soul he would rise in his seat at the critical point, leaning genially on his deadly weapon of parliamentary, and stop the measure. He was never sought napping. On one occasion, when the Irish members were talking for a forlorn hope against overwhelming odds, the Speaker, in a fit of exhaustion, left the chair, and began an elaborate and profound speech, which consisted mainly of statistics of the most amazing length, breadth, and thickness, based on the Kilkenny report of the year 1841. He spoke in a hard, dry, rasping, and metallic voice for four solid hours, until the Speaker, in a fit of exhaustion, said plainly "I do not think I quite understand what the honorable gentleman was saying."

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Mr. Davitt is one of the people, and his risks he has run in the cause of freedom make the hearts of such men as the descendants of Brian's and Hugh's seem pumpy and shoddy. Davitt's life and his work are simply a moving book if ever he gets time to write it, but his time is given up wholly to the cause.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S HOME.

Land League Cottage is a cosy, small house, with a nice, but by no means large, stretch of green award bordered with gravel walks and pretty trees such as I saw other places in this country have, spreading away to the rear. The occupants suffer petty annoyance from individuals who are simply nasty and break the limbs of trees, to all of which easy means may be had, for the premises are open day and night for those who desire to enter. One of the means of petty vandalism is the continued defacement of the two granite plates into which are hammered the supports of the main gate. On one of these was painted the words "Land League" and on the other "Cottage" as soon as the property was purchased for Mr. Davitt. A short time intervened, and the inscription was effaced by unknown hands. It was restored, and now several of the letters are rubbed off. To prevent further mischief Mr. Davitt intends having the title cut into the stone.

Inside the cottage is a model of neatness, and the mistress is a lady worthy of her husband and the country where she was born. A caller is impressed with the modest yet withal, hospitable disposition of the hostess. She has the happy faculty of making every one feel at ease by her unpretentious treatment and appropriate language at timely points. A wall of the parlor holds tokens of dears given Mr Davitt each time he was released from prison. The first one indicated a servitude of over seven years, is faded and crumpled from being thrown in a bucket of water by Davitt after his release from prison while on his way to Ireland on a vessel. Some one saw him toss the document from him and took it from the pail. Looking through the contents of his pocket long after he reached home, the agitator was astonished to find the ticket-of-leave. The rescuer had slipped it into his pocket.

SYMPATHETIC PARMAN.

A distinguished ancestor of Mr. Parnell's was Irish, but he himself is half English and half American, while his ancestor is wholly American. It is customary with the English caricatures to make him a hoary headed man with a very pronounced "lodge" in the region of the waistband, whereas, on the contrary, Mr. Parnell is perfectly straight, lithe, and slender. He has a frank and open manner, a direct way of looking at a question, and is one of the few politicians who will talk for hours entertainingly without touching on a question of claim.

TRESCOTT THE SERAF.

T. C. Healy, who is popularly known as Tim Healy, is the man who once attempted to overthrow Parnell's sway. Parnell had put up Capt. O'Shea for Galway, and there had been a great deal of talk in the opposition papers about the preference which Mr. Parnell exhibited for the society not only of Capt. Shea, but also of Capt. O'Shea himself. The rumor turned out to be groundless, of course, but Parnell put up Capt. O'Shea as member for Galway just at the time that the remarkable Mrs. O'Shea and himself were prevalent. He probably did this so much to show his contempt of such opinion as anything else. However, Mr. T. C. Healy, backed up by Jo Biggar, undertook to make out that Mr. Parnell had made a grievous mistake, and that he should no longer be accepted as the head of the Irish party. They hurried down to Galway, and put up a man named Lynch in opposition to Capt. O'Shea. The papers got out extras, and the streets of London rang with the cry of "Split in the Irish party." Parnell was declared to be overthrown, and Healy and Biggar were declared the future leaders. The *Times* and other Tory organs exulted over this break in the Irish ranks, and so the matter rested for one day.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Parnell stepped off the train at Galway and sent for Mr Healy and Mr. Biggar, who were working up the Lynch boom with terrific enthusiasm. Mr Parnell's interview with the rebellious lieutenants lasted exactly five minutes. He returned immediately to London, but before he had been a half hour on his journey Mr Lynch's candidacy was withdrawn, and Messrs. Healy and Biggar returned humbly to Dublin, and Capt. O'Shea was triumphantly elected to Parliament. There has been no talk of a split in the Irish party since that time, but the incident is an example of the remarkable influence which Parnell has over the men who work with him. The leaders of the Home Rule party, 1885, 86 and 87, "so far the people generally, or the parishes, Kerry has done comparatively nothing."

Ilowerick.

The usual season on the Shannon, opened with nothing worse than rain, and though the prospects are good, the expectations are not very sanguine.

A Mitchelstown report we record the death of Mr. J. McCarthy, principal of the firm of T. McCarthy & Sons, extensive merchants, which took place on Feb 19th. Deceased was a member of his family, and a large circle of friends and relatives sympathize with the bereaved family. In the month of July 27th year, had been ill for about a fortnight, and here he suffering with most edifying fortitude.

We regret to have to announce the death at St. John's College Sligo, on Dec 31st, of the Rev. Peter O'Hara, brother of the Rev. James O'Hara, Adm., St. Michael's, Limerick. The young clergyman had only attained his 25th year, and just two years ago he had been raised to the priesthood by the Most Rev. Dr. Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, in the Cathedral of Sligo. The deceased was a young man of great promise, and his untimely death at such a tender age, leaves a void in the hearts of his relatives and friends, which time alone can fill. The young deceased was a nephew of the Very Rev. Canon Fahey, P. P., V. G., Ballinasloe, and a cousin of the Rev. Michael Fahey, C. C., Kilkenna, and Rev. Thomas Fahey, Ballinasloe, and Rev. Martin Fahey, C. C., Ballinasloe, and Rev. Patrick Fahey, C. C., Ballinasloe, and Rev. Patrick Fahey, C. C., Ballinasloe, and Rev. Patrick

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1888.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)
THE ASSUMPTION.

The time hath come for God to overpower
Dark sin's tyrannic sway;
The mind of God is one, and so that o'er man linear,
By Him be swept away;
And matter for the Death winds that pour
Borrow on Life's short day.

The hour hath come for Him to open fling
The gates of Heaven ajar;
And to the west, the fond Redeemer bring
Rebellious, remission war
Visited thy; so that each malcious soul may wing
Its flight to heaven far.

As He hath said, when, in the olden time,
In sages at the Fall,
Primeval man by Satan lured to crime,
Deep spurned his God and all—
Our world arise, who hath wing to His prayer
Would break Death's gloomy thrall.

Long ages past, manikind lived heedless on,
Thoughtless of Him to cease;
Smelling the sponge of the Evil One,
With Death who Godless reign,
Unlimited of love yet so easily was
Is their predestined home.

But now the time was fast approaching near,
For Heaven's redemption Son
All hearts with words of love to fondly cheer,
At Paradise soon was;
Where pure souls dwelt, the clouds of fear,
Like mists fly from the sun.

Within the century Mary prayed,
With soul pure as the snow;
Imploring God who all creation made,
That she in grace might grow,
That in celestial purity, Heaven's Maid,
She'd praise God, ages thro'.

What light celestial breaks upon her now,
Kneeling so humbly there,
Pulsing a golden hale round her brow,
Glowing divinely fair?
While seraphim, from great set canaors throw
A heavenly fragrance rare.

Hail! Mary, full of grace, the Lord's with
thee,"
Thus spake the angel bright,
While wonder deep shone from our Mother's eye,
At the strange words and light;
Fair woman, so full of awful mystery
Ne'er beset on human sight.

"Thou art the Mother of the Eternal God,
Thou'rt pure as lilies white,
That voice their spotless hands above the sod,
Clothed with heavenly light,
Guard Jesus till on sinful Earth's abode,
Perpetual shines the Light."

Mary, I, ended with a grace divine,
Humbly Mary, sweet, gave the
"The order of Him," she said, "Be unto
His will I will fulfil."
The angel vanished but behind left joy
That made her pure heart thrill.

Oh, Mother! guide our thorny path aright;
Thy tender love will bring
To blinded man, grace, purity and light,
And in our wandering,
Oh! lead us through the gloom of sin's dark
night,
To Heaven's King of Kings.

W. CUTHBERTSON.
THE VIRGIN.

One calm and beneficent light in March,
I stayed within a wood,
Where measured low the cooing birds,
In sweet, reflective mood.
The morning skies so pure, so bright,
Soft troubled in the sky,
And seemed to pour into my soul
A flood of sympathy.
Anon, above the hills, I saw
Within the rose light,
A falling star that left behind,
A trail of silver light.

And then my heart was rapt with joy,
As the wise I imagined,
Where on the ground the virgin mose,
Fantastic shadows made.
Soon peaceful sleep fell on my soul,
When lo! in beauty mild,
Appeared in fragrant, heavenly light,
St. Joseph and the Child.
I turned aside my dazzled eyes,
And could not bear the light;
But when St. Joseph spoke, my tears
Were quickly put to flight.

And thus I turned to view again
The lovely vision bright,
That beamed upon my soul like dreams
Of Heaven's delight.
Below them rolled a snowy cloud,
Above the downy grass,
Blow dropping roses, red and white,
In graceful forms were seen;
His face was wreathed with a smile,
And to me, then, he spoke,
While joy from out the Infant's eyes,
In tender radiance broke.

"Oh! then that wasn'frost now," he said,
"Within the wood alone,
To let thy soul in proper second
Like incense to God's throne;
I seem this night to help thee now,
And direct when thou wilt ask;
For thou performest with God's true love
The Father's daily task."
Then down I knelt and kissed the ground,
And wept a flood of tears;
While to my mouth my hand did leap
With mingled joys and fears.

Then rising with a reverence mild,
Extraordinary I said:
"O thou, my patron saint, one thing
I ask—that I may tread
The same dear path that thou hast trod—
The path of God's sweet love,
That when my spirit bid to fly,
I'll retire with God above,
Then with a gracious smile be pat
The Infant in my arms,
Who smiled upon my raptured soul,
Entranced, with each dear charms.
And as my soul was held in joy,
The Vision paled away,
And through the silent woods I saw
Aurora's morning ray.

JOS. J. FARRY.

HYMN FOR LENT.

Watch, for you know the tempter tries,
By a crafty art and wile,
Look up to God and ask His grace,
Your sorrow help to praise.

Pray when the first temptation comes,
"I will save you many sad many a sin!
For they who pray, and they who watch,
Are sure at last the prize to win.

But if you listen, if you pause,
The wily tempter gains the day,
And leads you on to deeper guilt,
And then to steeper way;
He is God's foe, he must be poor,
He knows not you will win the fight;
The harder he is yield to sin
Then 'tis to battle for the right.

Literary Miscellany.

The Conversion of the Carolans.

An Irish-American Story of Love, Sacrifice and Repentance

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY MISS M. MCCARTY.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, mother! Oh, father! whispered Kathleen, in breathless wonder as the three paused before the great glass doors that divided the vestibule of the church, and her wondering eyes turned to where surfeits of chastened flames glowed in lines of beauty from innumerable candles. Like blossoms of crystal the chandeliers swayed to the light touch of the sexton's taper, and each jet as it was lit, was reflected a thousand times and in a thousand colors in the clear glass pendants. The church was slowly filling with people who scarcely breathed as they passed to the high altar, for they knew the Mass was to commence, wrote Kathleen only saw in it a scene of chaste, artistic loveliness. Ah! to think of candles when the burning flame of love waited to enkindle hearts!

Mrs. Carolan swept by the hush which fell upon the worshippers knelt with a glad sense of protection, filled with a sudden secret hope of good to come. Tears of yearning filled Kathleen's eyes, and she could not gaze at the stream of light which poured upon her from the altar flame.

A sermon was to be preached, and Mrs. Carolan waited with some curiosity the appearance of the preacher.

A young priest clad in the white robes of a Dominican, ascended the pulpit. Mrs. Carolan started as she saw his dark head and graceful form that were so strangely like a picture in her heart; but there was something unlike her picture in his ascetic face and those thoughtful eyes, and she sank back, "Not him, not him, and he had seemed so near to me."

As the preacher began, Mrs. Carolan paid no attention to the words, but only to the rich voice that thrilled her and bore her back to other days and to the youth, who for the proud platoons of his mother and sisters, would ambitiously sway oratory, and tell of the fame he would win one day in the House of Commons.

"Oh! that it might be that for this life lonely and hidden, that my darling had been saved," she murmured.

But the magic of eloquence had come upon this priest, and, startled into realization as to where she was, Mrs. Carolan listened to the fervid exhortation that wonkly impressed her, and drew burning tears from the breast of his people. As Mrs. Carolan listened she came to feel, by an unfathomable instinct, that this was John, her son, and calmly she drank in his words. It was her son, and he had authority and power to teach her, and hour and her new found happiness, but the sight of the priest frustrated her with an abandon of anxiety.

After Mass she found her way to the Priest's house.

"Whom do you wish to see, ma'am," said the little porter, answering her knock.

"Father Stirley, or —"

"Father Carolan," vouthed the mother, with pride thrill in her voice.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the boy.

"Then I will wait," she replied, as she entered a room and sat down.

Then as the child disappeared, she burst into tears, but restrained herself and murmured:

"No, I will—I must be calm."

Her eyes fixed upon the little parlor with its wealth of books, its Sacred Heart that thrilled one strangely with yearning and remorse. Photographs were there in plenty, but the one she instinctively sought was not to be seen. Then to the flower wreathed window she passed where the warm "sun-flooded rose" and faint magnolias breathed languor from their southern hearts.

The door opened behind her, and a kindly voice asked:

"You wish to see me, madam."

"Yes," murmured the lady faintly.

She turned towards the priest. His face expressed a wondrous astonishment; the tears started to his swimming eyes, and he staggered forward; meeting his mother half-way with the cry of "My mother! my darling mother!" Ah! the happiness of that meeting!

In a long and old! how delightful a conversation, it was decided between John and his mother that she would make no explicit explanation to his father. "He is quieter than of old, but has aversion to your religion is no less strong, and he will never forgive what he calls your apostacy."

"Yes, mother, father will relent, but in God's own good time," and Father John's voice trembled yet with the glad surprise.

Kathleen and Isabel met their brother that evening, and another happy scene took place.

"How is it that we never caught a glimpse of you, I only saw a priest they call Father James," asked Kathleen.

"He is the pastor; I am only an assistant, and this is my first mission," said Father John.

Richard Carolan made no comment on the sudden flush of sunshine that streamed through his home, though the girls angered him by almost talking him into their secret, in their persistent discussion of it; but after a time they grew more retired, for a brooding calm fell on their lives.

Mrs Carolan walked with you heart such mornings Mass, watched the evening twilight shadow the mellow light in the little Church, and when in thankful homage she prayed for the boon of Faith her prayer was answered, and Father John baptized her, with only her friends, the Carters, and the pastor present.

The girls were a little shy and did not at once yield, but each passed through her own sweet, and state of trial and faith.

Annie Carter, a lovely Convent girl, fell of the sweetness of her new friends, took them to the Sisters' Convent where she had been educated, and introduced them to them they had ever dreamed of, and ultimately into the Church.

CHAPTER VI.

Two years more had gone by, and Richard Carolan was ill. Tenderly his wife and children nursed him, praying with nervous strength and hope for the final conversion of the remaining member of the house of the Carolans. And it was granted, for one day the sick man whispered, "send for John." He then the waiting son was within the door, and before the father could draw back, he was in the arms of the boy whom he had years ago banished from his sight.

Strengthened, he seemed to get better, and was soon able to sit up.

On a golden evening in July, propped up with pillows, he lay before the open door Father John was with him and Mrs Carolan, and they discussed a letter from the absent boys.

"I would like to see them before I go," the old man said, "Maurice and Owen, and our new daughter—she is not a Catholic, Marion?"

"No—I should think not," hesitatingly, answered Mrs. Carolan.

"We will send for them, father, if you wish. They can soon be here," said Father John.

"Do, and tell them to come quickly. There is little time, and much to be undone," said the father, with an anxious sigh.

"Who is with the girls?" he asked, looking up with a smile, as voices were heard in the garden.

"Gregory Searles," said Father John, smiling gravely at his mother. "He remains with us for his vacation."

"I have heard the name before," continued Mr. Carolan. "Who is he?"

"The brother and son of my two best friends. He is a Journalist, and lately likes to take frequent rests down at the house."

"Ah! I see," indignantly assented the father. "Well, which one does he enjoy his rest with most—Kathleen or Isabel?"

"Isabel," and Mrs Carolan, with a smile, "Kathleen will have a nobler destiny."

And then they went back to the days they had spent together.

"Gregory Searles is a Catholic, of course," said the father.

"Yes sir, and Father John told the story of his friend's life, which is a marked mastery influenced him.

"When I hunted in New York, after working my way over, I started for home and fortune in a large warehouse. There I was promoted to the business office of Mr. Searles. He was poorer then than he is now—though he is not rich, and he employed several clerks. From the first a friendship formed between Francis Searles and myself. We had lost our parents, and were waiting for something better to turn up. Francis wanted to study for the priesthood, and I desired to study law. So constantly were we together, that I think both Mr and Mrs. Searles became a little anxious, and not knowing what kind I might be, asked me to change my uncomfortable boarding house for her home.

"Now, continued Father John, with a smile, "I knew I was in probation. I was still a Protestant. That noble woman was my guardian angel, and almost took the place of my own dear mother. I could not see their lives of faith and duty, and not realize the grandeur of their religion. Then came a Catholic in a dark room that contained only one pictured Gregory Searles was a son of my friend and benefactor. He was a school-boy then." Here Father John stopped speaking, as Gregory Searles himself entered the room with Kathleen and Isabel.

"Aldus, my golden days," he sighed, as he took a chair near Mrs. Carolan. The two boys, as their mother called them, came at her bidding to see their father. Were it not for the anxiety that pressed upon them, it would be a joyous band that gathered house, for the first time in many years.

All were anxious to know Maurice's wife. They found her a lovely American girl, whose nature naivete speedily won their love.

She was a revelation to Mrs. Carolan and the girls with whom she became quite a favorite. Her husband, who had lived under a rigid course of hygiene, was enthusiastic for progress and reform, peculiar to American schools, and, at the conclusion of her visit, had persuaded Mrs. Carolan to decide between adopting one of two professions, literature or law, and then yielding to the persuasion of her wife, Maurice Searles, she married him, and adopted neither.

But she was still a suffragist, and was enthusiastically devoted also to the cause of Temperance.

There is little more for us to add. Richard Carolan died a hopeful Catholic, fortified by the sacraments. "Ah, that I had known in time," he murmured to Catherine, as in his last agony, he looked on his three children who gazed wonder-stricken at him.

Before two more years were past, Kathleen had entered a Convent, under the name of Sister Xavier, and well did she deserve her title; for zeal, and devotion, and sacrifice, the "Apostle of the Indies" sent to his faithful friend. Isabel became Mrs. Searles, and were the rarest crown of a wife's happiness—the first deep love of her husband unlessened, increasing and unalterel.

And Mrs. Carolan spends her time in visiting Isabel and Margery. So the flame of Faith kindled first in John, spread its sanctifying radiance into the hearts of a whole family, and brought happiness and prosperity, and—above these—the hope of eternal salvation, to the Carolans

THE END.

The Nuns of the Twelve Apostles.

An excellent story is told by Father Damen, the Jesuit missionary, of an incident that occurred to him during his missionary labors. While given a mission once in Indiana, he invited any Protestant who chose to visit him after the instruction, and converse on him as they pleased. Accordingly a stalwart Indiana farmer called on Father Damen, for the purpose of putting a few questions to him. The Father asked him was he a Christian. Well, yes. To what denomination do you belong? "Well, I belong to the Church of the Twelve Apostles."

"Indeed, and dark was the night of January, 1?, when an orange girl came upon the house of the priest of a town, and knocked at the door, and demanded admittance. After being admitted, the stranger asked the priest to come by a dead-last, at the same time getting the bellows. It was an ill hmed, dangerous quarter of the town, the priest hesitated. It was late in the night, the old man was unknown to him. Might it not be a ploy? But the old woman begged him the more earnestly to come, with tears, and promised him if he would give the last Sacraments to a poor old woman who is in her agony.

A second duty was concerned. The priest hesitated no longer, but hurriedly dressed himself and followed the messenger. The night was freezing cold, but the old woman did not seem to notice it. He went fast, saying, to reassure the priest, "I will meet you at the door."

The door before which they stopped was that of one of the worst houses in that part of the city, and the priest, who was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, felt afraid for a moment. He knocked, and the door had come to answers, and at a sign from his guide, who was about to leave, he rapped the bell. No answer came. He knocked several times, but all in vain. The priest then said to the guide, "Perhaps the woman is not alive, they will open the door."

The door before which they stopped was that of one of the worst houses in that part of the city, and the priest, who was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, felt afraid for a moment. He knocked several times, but all in vain. The priest then said to the guide, "Perhaps the woman is not alive, they will open the door."

"Pardon me, reverend sir," said the stranger, "I have just arrived some hundred and ten miles on foot—back—from Almighty, and I must be on my return to-morrow at daylight in the early morning, after a brief rest for—myself and beast. When I reach Wytheville—sixty miles I hoped to find you there to make a request. But you had crossed the mountains fifty miles—more—and something still urged me to follow you. My name is Fitzgerald, a Maryland Catholic. I know my duties, but for years, among strangers, I have been—well, I am poor, reverend sir, do me the favor to receive my confession. My health is very—very—"

"But you will wait and receive Communion at 8 to early Mass" and the priest, "in consideration of your long journey."

"My business is suffering already because of this additional delay, which I must be in Wytheville here. By taking another and shorter route, I hope to reach home tomorrow night."

He fell, with a light heart, reach home safely—but, with his heart broken, he had taken great cold and this headed by him was the cause of his death. He was a Catholic, and in his delirium, he called for a priest, and received the last rites of the Church.

The Church's Strength

A contributor to a little Lake compiled from various sources an interesting statistics of the strength of the Church as represented by the Catholic population of Christendom, derived and by, throughout the world. He gives the following as the result of his statistical calculations to the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee, and the number of priests contained in the Sacred College, and the Bishops, etc. Eight cardinals died during the year, and 17 new ones were created, namely, the cardinal Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, Monsignor Hohenlohe, Monsignor Bilio, Monsignor Bonichi, Monsignor Ferrieri, all deceased, Cardinal Lenis Pallerio and Augustini, Jesuit, Cardinal Bonaparte, Cardinal Bonaparte, Cardinal Bonaparte

THE MONITOR.

TRUTH THAT FREES IT PUBLISHED

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Lent 1888. In preparation for Easter.

to the Phalanx of Israel on slavery and freedom. It will mark the opening of a new era in that vast and sparsely populated empire. Another Israelite on the social question will follow.

—A Turonto dispatch states that the Mowatt cabinet has refused a charter to the "Secular Publishing Company," a concern which proposed propagating infidelity. This official recognition of Christianity is highly creditable to our Ontario neighbors.

—Bishops Ireland and Keane recently had an interview with President Cleveland, and the Chief Magistrate took occasion to assure them of his warm sympathy in the projected Catholic University, and announced his attention of being present at the laying of the corner stone in May.

—The *Catholic Voice* is the name of a neatly printed Catholic weekly recently established in Los Angeles under the editorial supervision of Mr. Frank H. Robinson. Mr. W. D. S. Harrington has charge of the business department. We wish our new contemporary a prosperous career in the Southern Diocese.

—It is estimated that fully one hundred millions of dollars are drawn by English and Scotch investors as annual interest on their holdings of securities in the United States. Much the largest part of their investments is in railroad shares and bonds, but they have also placed a great deal in lands for farming and stock-raising. Their railroad investments are said to yield an average of about 4½ per cent. per annum, which is not far from twice as much as could be realized from the use of the same capital at home.

—On Sunday the 19th ult, was celebrated in the Hall of the Loggia of St. Peter's the last of the Beatifications to be dismissed during the Pope's Jubilee—that of the Venerable Servant of God Josephine Mary of Saint Agnes—commonly called Inez de Benigamin—professed religious of the Augustinian Order. The Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, Senor Groizard y Gomez de la Serna, with the whole staff of his Embassy was present at the ceremony, as was also a numerous deputation, ecclesiastical and lay, from the city of Valencia in Spain.

—Rev. T. D. Phillips, an Episcopalian minister, was expelled from the British American Association in Chicago last month for no other reason than because he did not idolize the Public School System! From this latest phase of modern idolatry it would seem that the old-fashioned catechetical question: "Do you believe in God?" will be Public Schools! The devil has many ways of trying to root Christianity out of the world, and the very fact that a Protestant preacher could be expelled from a Protestant society simply because he did not believe in Public Schools, shows plainly that Satan is not without satellites in Chicago.

—The famous Leo Taxil, who has had such experience of the cabala of the Freemasons, is still devoting himself to the task of exposing the tactics of the sect. He has just brought out a new book which has caused a great sensation amongst the Freemasons. The title is *Les Frères Moçonnes*. In this work M. Taxil gives, in alphabetical order, a list of the sixteen thousand Freemasons in that country, with their names and addresses. It can be easily imagined what herculean labors M. Taxil must have undergone in compiling this book. The volume is the result of three years' patient researches amongst all kinds of Masonic documents.

—Commenting on the action of Mayor Hewitt in refusing to review the Irish procession in New York on St. Patrick's Day, the *Catholic Review* thus demonstrates the bigotry of this anti-Catholic official: "Last year when he was invited to witness the procession he requested to be excused on the ground that he was suffering from rheumatism. Since that time he gave his official presence to the demonstration of the Italians who celebrated the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power by the troops of Victor Emmanuel, and to other public gatherings not connected with his duty as Mayor. If Mr. Hewitt had always made it a rule to review no parades except those of the militia, the police and the firemen, no objection would be made, but when he draws the line on the Irish, and in the most offensive manner of a gentleman who has cultivated rudeness as a fine art, he justifies the indignation which his singular and disgusting refusal has excited."

—Last week we gave statistics showing that about one-third of the Protestant churches in Maine were closed up in consequence of their being no congregations to fill them. In contrast with this dry-rot of Protestantism we are happy to say that the Catholic Church flourishes in Puritan Maine like a fair olive tree in Jericho! No Catholic Church has ever been closed in Maine for want of priest or congregation. There are at present 63 Catholic churches and chapels in that State, all of them prospering and with a priest to attend each. About thirty years ago—when the two States of Maine and New Hampshire formed the first diocese of Portland—there were in both States *five* priests to assist the first Bishop; now, there are in the same territory forming two dioceses—in Portland diocese, 65 priests, and in that of Manchester, 53—a total of 118 in both. In Portland, Maine, new churches, schools, houses for the aged, and asylums for orphans, are being constantly opened—by one there bears of any Roman Church or Catholic institution being closed for want of priests or worshipers.

Calumnies Concerning California.

Rev. M. G. Jenkins is a Methodist preacher who recently came to this State for the purpose of "Christianizing California according to the most modern improved methods of money getting Methodism. But when this wandering Wesleyan arrived in our beautiful State he discovered that he did not receive that degree of appreciation which he deemed merited. Consequently, he decided that the time of California from sectarian shows and harried away to Texas where he ventilated his venomous malice against this State and its people in the following fulmination of falsehood which he printed in the Fort Worth, Texas, Gazette:

Rev. M. J. Jenkins of the Methodist Church, who has just returned from California, was not a pleasant reporter yesterday to whom that embassador said: "I am glad I was poor; I wanted some means whereby I might give to the public an account of my experience on the Pacific slope, in the hope that I might be able to deter some others from venturing in search of chowders, comfortless, and utterly desolate as I found California. It is a Christian duty I feel bound to perform to warn all I can from going there. It is not right to let people go there. It is sinful. It is hell! I was then forced by the North Texas Conference of the Methodist Church from North Texas to Bakersfield, a small place in the San Joaquin Valley, about 100 miles from San Francisco. I was there forced into a community rich in all the goods to make life pleasant; but I found the whole country black, barren and desolate, in fact a desert, resembling that part of it which lying from New Mexico to Yuma in fact I believe it to be the same desert that extend only by a narrow belt of arable land. It is the most God-forsaken country of a minister and one such an expressible I ever saw. The ministers were supposed there all those of Protestant denominations being supported by missionary appropriations from the East. The people, actually, take more interest in their church duties than do the people of the East. I was the man to the whole country who wanted me to go to a quiet black, barren and desolate, in fact a desert, resembling that part of

Farm and Home.

Things Worth Knowing.

Soot applied to corns is said to destroy them.

For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia, drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

A refreshing and nourishing drink for an invalid: Stir the yolks of an egg into a glass of lemonade; if this is too rich use more lemonade and less water.

Water that stands in metal tanks of silver plishare without a porcelain lining is unsafe for drinking. The same is true of water that stands for any length of time uncovered in a room.

Sprains cramps every motion, elogs every word. The only way to overcome the fault is to mix constantly in society. The habitual fault-mopper with others will give you the ease and manner that shyness destroys.

Any kind of a bath, or any other process that will produce a general perspiration, and then bring upon a reaction, will cure a cold. Simply inhaling fresh air largely, by deep inspiration, is sufficient to nip an incipient cold in the bud.

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you around the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, uncourteous or ill-natured giving, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

A correspondent in the *Scientific American* tells how he got rid of a number of warts upon his hands. Place the thumb upon the wart and press it against the bone. Move the wart back and forth upon the bone until the roots become irritated or sore, when the wart will soon disappear.

At a recent meeting of the London Medical society, Dr. Blake stated that extraction or tension of teeth was unnecessary. He was assisted, he said, to overcome the most desperate case of toothache, unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy to the tooth: Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; camphor, nitrous spirit of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to a tooth.

When and How to Eat Fruit.

When fruit does harm it is because it is eaten at improper times, in improper quantities, or before it is ripened or fit for the stomach. A distinguished physician has said that if his patients would make a practice of eating a sample of ripe orange every morning before breakfast, from February until June, his practice would be gone. The principal evil is that we do not get enough of fruit; that we injure its finer qualities with sugar, then we drown them in cream. We need the action of the pure fruits in our system, and their cooling corrective influence.

Stove Cosmetics.

This is the name given by a correspondent to certain farmers who waste valuable time around the stove in a village store. "I'm a rule," the correspondent states truly, "the topics discussed at these gatherings are unpleasant, if not altogether damaging. Often the worst forms of scandale form the chief topics of conversation. Boys, too are attracted by these gatherings and learn vulgarity. Business farmers never haunt such places; they can nearly around their homes. The social circle will give you the ease and manner that shyness destroys.

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Family Fun.

Wiping His Gums on the Door mat.

A clergyman who has spent some time in Pennsylvania relates the following story illustrating a peculiarity of speech in that section. The clergyman had just arrived and taken possession of a little country parish, and had been invited to take charge of the funeral of a prominent resident. As he knew nothing about the deceased, he was to be assisted by a farmer of the neighborhood, who was something of an exhorter. The relatives had expected that the service, should not begin until Mr. J. had arrived.

He was a long time coming, and the clergyman began to grow weary, he called one of the family and asked him if he knew where Mr. J. was

"He's come now," was the answer.

"Where is he?" asked the clergyman.

"Down stairs," came the response "wiping his gums on the door mat."

The thought of the reverend agelontors list "wiping his gums on the door mat," filled the young clergyman first with horror, and then with almost uncontrolable amusement. It did not occur to him at first that "gums" in that part of the country meant rubber over shoes.

He Was too Poor to be Sick.

A plainly dressed man, who introduced himself as Mr. John Smith, walked into a doctor's office, and having explained his symptoms, asked the doctor how long it would take to cure him.

The doctor who had treated the visitor with every possible courtesy, replied.

"You will require several years' careful treatment under my personal supervision before you are perfectly well, but I think, Mr. Smith, you will be able to resume your labors in the bank in about two months.

"Doctor you are feeling yourself. I am not South the banker, but Smith the street car driver."

"Is that so! Well, my good fellow, I don't see what you came to me for. There is nothing the matter with you, except that you are not a banker."

A Great Obstacle.

Mr. Tinchaser (who has been announcing pressent in his attentions)—I have not had the pleasure of finding you at home for some time, Mrs. Bond.

Upstart Widow—No. There seems to be an obstacle.

Mr. T.—Can't remove it?

O. W.—Possibly.

Mr. T. (tenderly)—At least let me know what it is.

O. W. (coldly)—The front door!

The Gentle Power Wins.

"John," said Mrs. Billus sweetly, "I have dismissed the hired girl and will do the cooking myself hereafter. It will save us ever so much, and—where are you going, John?"

"I am going down town to have my life insured," replied Mr. Billus, excitedly. "I can't afford to run any risks, Marie.

A few hours later Mrs Billus sat down and wrote as follows:

"Dear Mamma—The plan works to a charm. John is not hard to manage if one goes at him right. The policy is for $10 000 and is made payable to me. The hired girl will come back next week."

"Dry money—change of lit. winds—Do you notice how my head throbs, Miss Julia?"

Sha (Sighy) "Yes, Mr. Sampson."

"And cannot you divine the cause?"

Sha (shyness increasing)—"N-no, Mr. Sampson."

He—"Miss Julia I have—a—a—a—make, will you hear it?"

Sha (shyness becomes painful)—"If you like, Mr. Sampson."

"It was met with some of the boys last night, and it was 2 o'clock when I reached home."

Comfortably Fixed.

Brown—Have you been able to get anything to do yet Jones?

Jones—Yes, I got a nice place last week.

Brown—Good. I'm glad to hear it. I'm doing well myself and I like to see my friends do well. Is it inside work?

Jones—No, outside, I'm collecting for Dropper & Tailor; and by the way, old man, I've got a little bill against you that has been running a long time.

He was Disappointed.

In the chemical laboratory: "Professor, what has become of Tom Appleton? Was he not studying with the same last year?"

"Ah, yes, Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals—very. That disconcertion on the ceiling. Notice it?"

"Yes."

"That's he!"

He Accepted.

"Lemp year is a great snap, isn't it?" remarked Bachelor.

"Just why?" queried Smith.

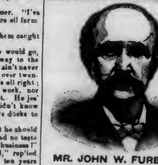
"A girl proposed to me last night."

"No; you don't say!"

"Yes, and I accepted."

"Worse and more of it. How did it happen?"

"Simplest thing in the world. She proposed to me to leave the house or she would call her father, and I left. That was all!"



MR. JOHN W. FURBUSH,
An Army Veteran,
OF WAKEFIELD,

who has probably suffered more than any man or woman in America to day, Taken sick while in the service of his country, he contracted chronic diarrhoea, the first symptoms for sad. "My head ached and I felt dizzy, I had a little fever at the pit of the stomach, and a bad taste in my mouth, while my skin was parched and burning. I had a dull pain in my back and could not sleep. My bowels were in an awful condition, I lost flesh, and became a mere skeleton. I had a terrible cough, and hemorrhages from the lungs, which drained the remaining strength from my system. I was confined to hospital for months, and was given up by the doctors to die. I was so low that I could not retain food, and I began to feel that I should accompany the grave digger ere long."

In less than 20 minutes physicians attended to my case, and I was soon able to walk from ward to ward without assistance. I gained in flesh and strength every day, and in a short time was able to return to my home, which proved the wonderful power of Hunt's Remedy which from that hour to this has been my family medicine.

This great remedy is absolutely cures all Kidney, Liver and Urinary diseases.

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For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Sleeplessness, Liver Disease, and all affections of the Kidneys.

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AS AN ALTERATIVE, it Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, it acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

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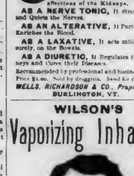

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When I say I cure it I do not mean temporarily but permanently, so that after having other fits again, I repeat, my remedy is not to stop the fits for a time and then have them return, but I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not sending your case. Give express and P. O. address. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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1	1,000	10,000
1	500	5,000
4,150	250	172,000
4,155	100	415,500
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Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

SECOND OF APRIL,

and every bond bought at ON CE OR SEVERAL TIMES or APRIL, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

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Send orders, circulars, or any other information desired to

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BRANCHES at 1214.

☞The above Government Bonds are not to be confounded with any Lottery whatsoever, as decided by the Courts of Justice, but are a security, not affected with any of the laws of Lottery.

N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in The San Francisco Monitor.

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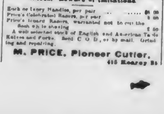
INFORMATION WANTED.

The heart broken sister of Isaiah Quinn wants to find her brother, who is supposed to be in California or Oregon. When the last new him he was in Dowdy's saloon, Virginia City, Nev. He was a stone mason by trade, and must be now about 60 years of age; and any information of Martin Quinn or anything about him, will receive the prayers of a broken-hearted sister by addressing

Care of Rev. Father Horan Hyde Park Ill.

WEDDING PRESENTS.



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A well selected stock of English and American Tea Sets and Dinner Sets, from $20 to $100, by mail. Send for illustrated catalogue.

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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

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COMMENCING SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1867, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Passenger Trains will leave Tiburon Ferry Landing (Foot of Tiburon Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.	Destination	Arrive in S. F.
7:45 a. m. 9:30 a. m. 3:30 p. m. 5:00 p. m.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa	10:40 a. m. 12:25 p. m. 6:55 p. m. 8:25 p. m.
7:45 a. m. 3:30 p. m.	Petaluma, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, and Way Stations	10:40 a. m. 6:55 p. m.
7:45 a. m. 3:30 p. m.	Cloverdale and Way Stations	6:55 p. m. 10:30 a. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mark West Springs, Aetna Springs, Litton Springs, Skaggs Springs, and to Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino City and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Sabastopol to Mendocino, to Petaluma, $1 75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma $1 50; to Santa Rosa $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale $4; to Geysers $6 50.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael. Week Days 7:15 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:45 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m.

To San Francisco from San Rafael—Week Days: 6:30 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 8:40 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 5:20 p. m., 6:15 p. m., 8:40 p. m., 11:40 p. m.

Sundays—From Point Tiburon: 8:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m.

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STAGES LEAVE GLEN ELLEN DAILY (Sundays excepted) at 8.15 A. M. Connecting with Steamer for San Francisco. Stages also leave Valley Ferry for Sonoma, Kenwood, Glen Ellen, Eldridge, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino City and the Geysers.

FARE TO SONOMA, $1 50; TO GLEN ELLEN $1 50; TO VALLEY FERRY, $1 50; TO SANTA ROSA, $3 50; TO HEALDSBURG, $4 50; TO LYTTON, $5; TO GEYSERVILLE, $6; TO CLOVERDALE, $6 50.

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SAN JOSE, - - CALIFORNIA.

This institution offering the rellar advantages to young ladies wishing to pursue a solid and refined education, was founded in 1851. In 1855, it was incorporated by the State Legislature, and subsequently, became body so extended the original charter as to confer the rights and privileges of a College, as fully as any institution.

The complete large buildings, with extensive plain grounds, are unsurpassed, as to their entire sanitary and attractive. The course of instruction is the same as that of the Mother House of the Order, in Belgium.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches necessary to the education of a solid and refined education.

TERMS:

Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per annum ..... $ 250 00

EXTRA CHARGES.

Tuition, half-day (if required) per annum $60 00
Vocal Music, Class Lessons..... 20 00
Vocal Music, Private Lessons..... 50 00
Drawing, per annum..... 30 00
Painting in Oil, per annum..... 50 00
Painting in Oil, per lesson..... 1 00
Painting in Water Colors, per lesson..... 1 00
Graduating Fee..... 10 00
Physician's Fees (in case of sickness).

Bills are presented and are payable at the close of each half session.

SESSION OF 1867-8.

Terms (per month in advance.)

Tuition in the 1st and 2d Collegiate Classes $ 2 00
Tuition in the 1st and 2d Preparatory Classes 1 50
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The scholastic year is divided into two sessions of five months each; the first to commence January and ending June.

Terms per lesson, payable in Advance.

BOARDING PUPILS

Board and Tuition, with use of bed $ $150 00
Instrumental Music..... 15 00
Washing..... 15 00
Total Music (Lessons)..... 15 00
Use of Pianos, Harp, Guitar, French, Flute and Other Musical Instruments, not more extra charge.

DAY SCHOLARS.

Terms per month, in advance:

Senior Class..... $5 00
Intermediate Class..... 4 00
Primary Class..... 3 00
Music, Vocal and Instrumental..... 5 00
Music, Guitar lessons with use of instrument..... 5 00
Use of Piano for one hour per day, Harp, Guitar, French Flute and Other Musical Instruments, not more extra charge.

Pupils received at any time during the year, and charged from the date of entrance.

No deduction made for temporary absence.

Pupils are expected to be provided with a full set of Clothes and Philosophical apparatus.

For further information apply to the

SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, WOODLAND, CAL.

MT. ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
RENO, - - NEVADA.

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic.

For Terms apply to the SISTER SUPERIOR.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT,
SAN LEANDRO, ALAMEDA CO., CAL.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC. It combines every facility for education, in addition to the advantages of a healthy and pleasant locality. Its location, for the accommodation of those who wish to enjoy the country, is not too far from the city to be inconvenient. The course of instruction is the same as that of the Mother House of the Order, in Belgium. The course of instruction embraces all the branches necessary to the education of a solid and refined education.

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TERMS:

(Payable half yearly in advance.)

Board and Tuition in English, French, Spanish and Latin, per annum..... $250 00
Washing..... 50 00
Use of Harp, Guitar, Vocal Music, Drawing and Paint for Outside Charges.

For further particulars apply to

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY,
Golden Gate Ave. San Francisco

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.

THIS ACADEMY PLEASANTLY SITUATED IN the western division affords every opportunity to obtain a thorough and Christian education. The course of instruction is the same as that of the Mother House of the Order, to which reference is made.

For further particulars address

SISTER SUPERIOR.

VOSE PIANO
ELEGANCE, DURABILITY, MODERATE COST.
Write for Particulars to
BENJ. CURTAZ & SON.,
20, O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

KNABE PIANOS
Unequalledly and Emphatically the Best Piano in the World.
A. L. BANCROFT & CO., 110 Post st., S. F.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

EDUCATIONAL.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.
24 Post St., San Francisco.

ONE SCHOLARSHIP FOR DOLLARS THIS COLLEGE (without a Shorthand Department) is Unsurpassed, Thoroughness, Practicability, Dispatch, and the English Department, Penmanship, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Telegraphy, Shorthand, and Typewriting are taught by the best practical teachers. Terms for all or any part of the above, and the individual instructions in all our pupils. Time unlimited, and any part of the above taught. ☞ Send for Circular.

E. P. HEALD, President.
C. S. HEALD, Secretary.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,
ALAMEDA, CAL.
(Branch of the College of Notre Dame, San Jose)

Term Commenced Second Week of July.

THE COURSES OF STUDIES EMBRACES VARIOUS branches of a solid and refined education, and the Academy is within 90 minutes of the Metropolis of the Pacific, and yet in a healthy locality. Applications by business people be made immediately, as the number of pupils is limited.

Terms moderately moderate. For further particulars address

SISTER IN CHARGE.

SISTERS DUNE ACADEMY, ALAMEDA.

URSULINE ACADEMY,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.
SANTA ROSA, - - SONOMA CO., CAL.

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR COMMENCES ON THE FIRST Monday in August, and ends the last Friday in June. For particulars address

SISTER SUPERIOR.

EDUCATIONAL.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Offers Every Facility for Acquiring a Thorough Education, whether Classical, Scientific or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL Course receive the degree of A. B; the Scientific, B. S; the Commercial, Graduate.

The Commercial course has been established for the convenience of those who wish to acquire a good practical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch taught in the College, our own language receives special attention. The daily exercises of the students in Rhetoric, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class room.

TERMS:

(Payments, invariably in advance.)

Board, Tuition, Medical Attendance, Books, Stationery, Washing and Mending, per term of five Months..... $150 00
Bed and Bedding..... 40 00
Vacation at College..... 50 00
Extra Charges for Music and Drawing.

BRO. BETTELIN, President.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CONFORMED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME OF BELGIUM.

THIS INSTITUTION, INCORPORATED IN 1866, CHARTERED IN 1862 by Act of the Legislature of the State of California, and empowered to confer Collegiate Honors, is situated on Dolores street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches necessary to the education of a solid and refined education.

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MT. ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
RENO, - - NEV

Correspondence.

We urgently solicit correspondence from all parts of the Union on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church in the extend of the Valley.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday morning, in order to insure insertion.

FROM SACRAMENTO.

The New Cathedral Rousing Competition. The Christian Brothers.—St. Patrick's Day Celebration.—

SACRAMENTO, March 19, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:—

Dear Sir—Knowing that Catholic news from any part of the State is always welcome to your readers, I send you some Sacramento gossiping during a brief sojourn here. It is fifteen years since I was here last, so my recollections of the city were not very vivid. Walking up K street, it was not long before I found myself face to face with the new Cathedral, which is fast approaching completion. The brick work is all finished and from the center of the immense pile, rises the huge dome, surmounted by a cross which is not three towers, so far as the eye can judge, which surround the main building, a wood-work which, however, has been some time twaying from shore. The towers have Seventh street, between J and K. The roof is on, but the blending is not completed. In connection with these towers I may relate the following incident:

Last Friday evening some ardent children of St. Patrick's, who are employed on the building, made up their minds that on St. Patrick's Day a green flag should float from the top of the highest tower. They heated high and low for Erin's banner, but in vain. It was quite dark but they did not despair. A bright idea seized one of them. Some of the girls had given him some green ribbon, and, why not make the flag out of the ribbon? The idea was carried out, and, with only a number of the ground to the summit of the tower, a green flag was seen floating over the top of the wood-work. Who shall say that the Sacramento Irish are not patriotic?

After viewing the magnificent edifice which is, I believe, the only one in the Blessed Sacrament, I noticed, on the opposite corner, the imposing school of the Christian Brothers, and there, right on the corner, stand the well known Reverend Brother Director Chanon, looking hale, hearty as ever. Thousands of your readers have met him and it was only a minute or two afterward, that I was enjoying his hearty congratulations and inquiries of the Brothers. It is to be present at an exhibition, on Friday afternoon, of the pupils' talents, and a pleasanter two hours I have rarely spent. The young ladies Christian Brothers, are really artists, and the addresses and recitations, spoke volumes. The Sacred Twins stand off in the following complimentary terms:

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION.

The students at the Sacramento Institute took that day the lookout, and without waiting for the sun to rise on the "Ith of Ireland" idle pastime, presented a very pleasant programme of musical and literary numbers to their parents and friends yesterday afternoon. The programme commenced with a chorus by the choir, sung to the Patrick and addressed to the Virgin, J. Hennessey. The rest of the programme was as follows: Recitation, "St. Patrick's Day," by M. S. Foley; "The Voice and the Pen," by J. F. Butler; "Upward and Onward," by J. Payne; vocal solo, "Killarney," by Miss Sweeney; recitation, "The Shamrock," Sam-uel F. Bowen and Jerome A. Coughlan; song, "Ireland Mavourneen," by Patrick H. Farrell; chorus, "The Green Shamrock, for Erin's Lyre;" "The Sword of Bunker Hill," by Wm. Hagger; "The Death of Sir John Moore," by Thomas O. Kyne; ballad, "The Dying Warrior," by Harry H. Hennessey; recitation, Alexander J. Fellenzer, James J. Gannon, M. S. Mooney; chorus, "Tailors in the Old Castle (comic); recitation, "Ballads of the Way," by Matthew Dwyer; "The Sons of Erin," by J. H. Hennessey; "The Blessed Virgin's Knight," J. J. Donaghy; "The Little Four-leaved Shamrock," by J. W. Hanford; recitation, "Ireland's Sons," by A. A. Jackson; "Ireland's Ark," by A. Martin and W. T. Sullivan; song, "Ireland Mavourneen," by Master Hugh Gallagher; recitation, "Scott and the Vandals," by F. J. O'Brien; chorus, "Ireland, Ireland," by the choir; "Ireland's Sons," by J. W. Butler; Erin's Defenses," by J. J. Donaghy; vocal solo, "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls," by Master Hugh Gallagher; "A Noble Race," by C. A. Fraser; recitations, "O'Connell's Last Day," by T. Butler; "Erin's Dead," by J. W. Butler; "Erin's Defenses," by J. J. Donaghy; vocal solo, "Come Back to Erin," by P. H. Farrell; song, "Ireland's Sons," by Wm. H. Murphy, and "Erin's Flag," by J. J. Donaghy; chorus, "Ireland's Sons," by the choir. The author of the "Sacred Twins" is Mr. Cyr. Yes Cyr, "brought the exercises to a close with a very fine Irish jig, which was encored to the delight of the audience.

IRISH AND NEGRO MISSIONS.

Contributions Received from Churches in this Archdiocese.

St. Mary's Cathedral,	$132 65
All Hallows,	55 40
St. Boniface,	50 00
St. Brendan's	119 45
St. Bridget's,	27 00
St. Charles Borromeo's,	22 00
Total,	$405 50
Mission Dolores	70 10
St. Ignatius	210 10
St. John's	85 00
St. Joseph's	75 00
Our Lady of Guadalupe	55 00
St. Patrick's	183 00
St. Peter's	33 00
St. Peter's	57 15
St. Rose's	127 50
Sacred Heart	85 00
Holy Trees	50 00
St. Teresa's	30 00
Daughters of Notre Dame Convent, City	20 00
St. Joseph's, Alameda	25 15
St. Joseph's, Benicia	27 00
St. Joseph's, Berkeley	20 00
St. Anthony's, Brooklyn	26 10
Holy Ghost, Berkeley	26 10
St. Peter's, Bilson	19 00
St. John Baptist's, Healdsburg	19 00
Kalseyville, Lake Co.	10 00
St. Joachim's, Lockford	17 50
St. Catherine's, Martinez	21 20
Music Field	20 00
St. Patrick's, Merced	13 00
St. Stanislaus, Modesto	15 00
St. Mary's, Oakland	42 50
St. Francis de Sales, Oakland	35 00
St. Vincent's, Petaluma	35 00
Rio Vista	10 00
Rio Vista	14 00
St. Joseph's, San Jose	104 00
San Juan	47 00
San Mateo	36 00
San Pablo	8 50
San Rafael	52 00
Santa Clara	57 75
Santa Rosa	19 00
St. Mary's, Sausalito	25 50
Stockton	70 00
Spanishtown	21 10
St. Patrick's, Vallejo	112 00
St. Vincent's, Vallejo	27 00
Vacaville	7 00
Total	$2838 55

THANKS TO ZEALOUS FRIENDS

Mr. E. J. Kinsella returned from a very successful tour through Northern counties last week and has forwarded the following list of Monitor subscribers. He has built up a tender one wonders why he did not before—thanks to Rev. Wm. O'Connor, Brother Albert, M. J. Harris and D. Twomey, Stockton; John O Malley and A. J. Lemassey of Alameda, Rev. Father Mahony and Thomas Colbert of Sutter Creek; Jeremiah Murphy and James Mosher of Jackson; and Rev. D. McFeely of San Andreas, through whose generous donations the good work of spreading the light of Catholic literature was so successfully accomplished.

FAIR IN ST. CHARLES BOREOMEO'S PARISH.

As most of our readers already know by announcements previously made in these columns, a grand fair for the benefit of the new church of St. Charles Borromeo, Rev. P. J. Cummins, rector, will be commenced about April 24th, and will last several weeks. The church is nearly finished and funds are seriously needed to defray the building expenses. We trust that every Catholic in this new parish will do his utmost to make the fair a grand success.

CLERICAL CHANGE.

Rev. John Brennan late assistant at Sacred Heart Church has been appointed assistant at St. Peter's Church, Potrero, of which Rev. P. O'Connor is rector.

PARISH PERSONALS.

Rev. P. Gallagher of Chicago, a friend of the Rev. John Lynch, arrived in this city last Saturday and is temporarily stopping at the Palace.

—Rev. D. J. Riordan of Chicago preached a masterly sermon last Sunday at St. Mary's Cathedral on the gospel of the day.

—His Grace Archbishop Cleary of Canada, and secretary, were in the city last week. On Sunday last Archbishop Cleary confirmed 75 boys and girls at St. Anthony's Church, Dunbar, and a class of 125 at St. Francis de Sales Church, Oakland.

MONITOR MISCELLANY.

Holy Cross Church, Santa Cruz, is nearing completion. Nothing remains to be done but the plastering and interior finish.

—The new Convent of the Order of Notre Dame at Petaluma is progressing. The concrete foundation is in, and the various sub-contracts have been let.

—Your Ladies' Institute No. 3 has elected the following delegates to the Grand Council: Miss Kate Dwyer, Miss Alice Cullen, Miss Annie E. Daly and Miss Mary Noonan.

—Y. M. I. No. 18, San Rafael, gave an excellent entertainment on the 16th inst., at which Rev. J. F. Sullivan of this city delivered a lecture.

—Several persons have sent in marked copies of anti-Catholic publications this week, which it is intended to use some as we find time and space to give them attention. A fit against the Church can be expected to last but of space, but it may take volumes to refute it, hence Truth sometimes moves slowly. We have all the same to do.

—"The Converted Jew," an original Catholic Story of the Fourth Century, by Rev. J. Gilchrist, "Aunt's Vision," an Original Catholic story of modern day, by "Matalena," and poetical contributions from Miss A. Wynne and other members of the Monitor family, are in posts to our next issue.

—We call the attention of readers of the Monitor resting in the Western Addition to the card of Dr. Spun, who is another of the best and well-selected drug stores at 1847 Fillmore street (U. W. cor. of Fillmore and Haight), and has a practical chemist and druggist of long experience in charge, is prepared to compound medicinally and confidently commend him to our readers for their patronage.

—The National Surgical Institute, 319 Bush street, is the Western Division of the S. S. Institute of Indianapolis and Philadelphia, which is so celebrated for the cure of all deformities and lameness, diseases of the spine, hip, knee, ankle, club foot, wry neck, spinal curvature, rheumatism and tumors. Call or write, and examine facilities for curing them. Deformities and lameness will disappear.

—Capt. W. L. Merry, President of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, will contribute an exceedingly valuable article to the April issue of the Monitor, on "San Francisco Commerce Past, Present, and Future." Transportation, commerce, and the civic duties of commerce are all treated. There is no better authority on these points.

Entertainment at Sacramento.

The Sacramento branch of the Catholic Mutual Beneficial Association, will give a grand entertainment and ball on Thursday evening, April 5th, for the benefit of the Sisters of Mercy in charge of St. Joseph's Academy. Rev. J. P. McNally, President of this valuable society, is at the head of the committee of arrangements. The Sacramento Union says: "The entertainment will set a large amount for the Sisters.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of John Quigley late of Stockton, San Joaquin Co., or relatives. Write Ed. Quigley, Sec., Summerfield, Dilney, Dublin, Ireland.

—The well and favorably known firm of Fitz & Kean, Plumbers and Steam Fitters, Geary st. near Fillmore, are prepared to work for more counties and better quarters. They have leased the spacious stores in the new building, No. 423 Geary street, and intend to keep on hand all plumbers' supplies, and keep them in working order for customers. They will be ready to do work in San Francisco. This firm was established in 1861, and enjoys a reputation for fair dealing. We wish them success in their new undertaking.

—St. Louis Lager Beer, $1 25 per doz. Unq. Liquors, 126 Third Street. N. Zoel.

Better.

No matter if the price is high or low every person wants good, fresh, sweet butter. Mission Hills & Twin Peaks Creamery Butter is the best and most uniform of all considerable trade during March and April high valuation, being sought for the finest dairies in the State. The best and fine uses sold by all the best grocers. Order of or carried to price gilt edge butter marked down to 50 cents per roll at their stalls.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM— IRELAND.
IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

In Belfast, on Sunday, Feb. 19th, during the earlier portion of the service at St. Joseph's Church considerable alarm was created among the congregation by the appearance of flames issuing from the immediate vicinity of the fire hearth. The Fire Brigade was immediately summoned and arrived in a short time, and by energetic work succeeded in cutting off the flames before they reached any magnitude. The damage done is very slight.

On Tuesday, Feb. 21st, news reached Belfast, that an extensive landslip had taken place near Glenarm, on the County Antrim Coast, and that a village was carried into the Irish Sea at Straidowy, a small village near that town, which, during the night, was visited by a very steady moving land slide, the inhabitants of the village had to leave their dwellings in the middle of the night, and the Fire Brigade was called up, and got at present engaged in clearing away the debris.

Clare.

Between 40 and 50 per cent, is the standard in rent reductions adopted by the Clare Sub-Commission. In a few instances reductions of 60 per cent. have been granted. The Sub-Commission has decided that the tenants should be allowed a fair rent, which should be combination by their only landlord, and the tenants should be allowed to be dismissed as the worst criminals. And yet we are told that only Arthur Balfour knows what justice, or the judicial tribunal decides.

Cork.

At the Cork Police Office, on Feb. 21st, Mr. Hurley, Inspector, Bridge Street, Bandon, charged with having a green flag flying from a flag staff on the roof of his house, on St. Patrick's Day. The prisoner said that he did which the flag was put up, and that he was not in another party, and the magistrate, after hearing the case, dismissed the case.

A Cork paper publishes a sensational story, which was recently circulated at Waterspringhill, has received a letter from a person who signs himself "Cork" and who is a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, in which he says:

On Feb 20th, at Skibbereen, the interment took place of Mr. Timothy Donovan, Rockery Castlewemond, who lived to the ripe old age of 97 years. When the Rev Father Theobald, of the Heroic Apostle of Temperance, the last of the honest priests of Ireland, who had the honor to be buried in the cemetery in which his ancestors had fought a resistance till death. His Grace Dr. Gillooly, Archbishop of Cashel, was present at the funeral.

The announcements of the late Ven. Peter O'Mara, Archpriest of the diocese of Mathurna, with a few of close mass, All Hallows and his native city, Cork, have heard with the heartiest regret of his death. He was a man of very amiable and lovable character. His brother, Rev. David O'Mara, was secretary to Father Matthew, whom he accompanied in his temperance mission to the United States; subsequently settling down in Cork.

The following is the announcement of the Rev. Wm. Hagerty, President of St. Colman's College, Fermoy: "Ordained only some four or five years ago and during the intervals acting as Dean of St. Colman's, Father Hagerty made for himself a name of friends. The Very Rev. Dr. Wagner, P. P. Mallow, presided at the Office celebrated on Feb. 17th, the chanters being Sir Canons O'Donnchoe and Rev J. D. Seaton, both of Clonmacnoise. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. D. O'Connell, P. P., Kildorney; Deacon, Rev. P. D. O'Connell, Castlecomer; Sub Deacon, Rev. S. Morrison, Mitchelstown; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Michael Ryan, Fermoy the funeral procession was formed, and the remains of the late Archpriest, Mr. Hayes, Hire the last rites were performed by the Archbishop of Cashel, the coffin was lowered into the grave.—R. I. P.

Mr. Michael Kennedy, C. C., Mallow, was ordained Priest by Archbishop Kennedy, C. C., Mallow, Cork, on a charge of stealing, the operation of a Bishop of Cashel, Dr. Gillooly, in the presence of a Bishop of his neighbors, John Cotter, Cornelius McCarthy, John Hayes, Philip Lane, Cornelius McAuliffe, John Hayes, Philip Lane, Cornelius McAuliffe, John Hayes, Philip Lane, Cornelius McAuliffe, John Hayes, Philip Lane, and it is no wonder that they are proud to go to prison for such a noble young priest. On the application of counsel for the defendants the case was stated for the superior courts on points of law.

Donegal.

The Land Commission for this county Donegal has granted reductions averaging 25 per cent. to the tenants, Thomas Gallagher of Claughaun and neighboring landlords in the Glenties district, Kilcar, Kilcarrigan and Ballyness, and Ballyness. Take been granted an abatement of over 40 per cent.

Dublin.

The publication of the Dublin *Evening News* has been suspended, and the Dublin *Irish Times* office, has been discontinued. It is stated that this is preliminary to the issue of the *Irish Times* into a limited liability company.

The Dublin Corporation meeting on the 20th ult. Feb. 20th, of the Rev William Portlaoise, R. J., the 14th year of the Lord Mayor's Sunday was released and released at Maynooth College. He began his studies in Dublin and was ordained Priest in the diocese of Armagh. Even to the present day, in Dublin, he is known by his Christian and his holiness, lives almost as from as when he left Maynooth to go to join the ranks of the great Society of Jesus.

Down.

The Rev. Jas. M. Mooney, P. P., V. G. Clonduff, Hillsborough, one of the most pious, real, and learned priests of the Irish Church, died on Tuesday, Feb. 21st, aged 76 years. He was a native of Ballymoyle, and the eldest of Vicar Hill Seminary, opened under the patronage of his late uncle, Rev. Jas. Mooney, P. P. Dublin, he was ordained in 1844. After a short and successful mission, he was appointed Professor of Dogmatic Theology, and Canonist, he was chosen to the parish of Clonduff, in 1856, and succeeded the late Canon Lynch, P. P. Clonduff, Kilkeel, Kilcoo, Rathfriland, and Ballymoyle, he was the author of the Rosary, Bishop of Dromore.

Kilkenny.

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Leighlin, Dean, Dean of Ireland, of the county Kilkenny, by staying a visit with his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Bishop of Cashel.

Anthony Shea, Esq., died at his residence, Thomas street, Kilkenny, Feb. 19th, having long interwoven with the public life as extensive business, and as a public man, his extensive business and public life and interests in which he was held by the people of Kilkenny and county.

Madame Rooney, one of the sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent, Thomas Aytoun, South Island, died on the 13th of January. She had been in Buenos Ayres for over five years.

Limerick.

Mr. H. G. Gill contradicts the report that he has consented to retain his seat as Member for Limerick. Mr. Parnell has given his sanction to the candidature of Mayor O'Keeffe.

A sad and nameless death Fitzgibbon, 24 years old, employed in the Limerick Gas Works, and had been failing in a position was in a great Dr. Lynch, Dr. Mc. Dr. Mc. Dr. Mc.

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1888.

Poetry.

(For the Monitor.)

A TRIBUTE TO ERIN.

When so many bards have praised thee
In melodious lyric strains
With thou lilean, goddess Erin,
To a noble lay of mine!
Spirit whose presence unity of sphere
Of thy silvery laying sea,
Decked in emerald robes of splendor,
With thou hear a strain from me?
Ah! upon the air are floating
Rare melodies I ween;
Wafting sonorous tone harmonious
Measures to thy varied gems;
Strains of praise that tell thy story,
Riding o'er the land to-day!
Poets, orators and statesmen,
To thy mantle homage pay.

As I list to them enraptured,
Fain to strike the thrilling notes,
And to breath the charm to music
Which o'er all my spirits floats;
How I long to join the chorus
Of thy children's praises sweet;
To ach the lowest hard among them,
I would humbly at thy feet
Tell what others oft have uttered,
For the age cannot die
O'er the glory of the minstrel,
Or the pathos of his hymn;
While the world is gladly ringing
With thy patriot sons' harrah,
And each honest heart is singing:
"Erin, shamrock go brash!"

Land of glorious Saint Patrick,
Blest Apostle, first to hear
Through the gloom the glorious standard,
Hope of Christians' heart; prayer;
With the reign of Faith the purest,
Satan's sway forever ceased,
Calvary's sacrifice replacing
Druid rite and ghastly feast.
Why should Erin mourn in sorrow,
And why bend her royal brow?
Is not Israel's God of battle,
God of Erin even now?
Take thy harp, O noble daughter,
Take it from the willow tree;
For the Truth thy fathers cherished,
Will forever make thee free!

Land of promise! Earthly Eden!
Land of peace and of cease;
There's a hymn in every mountain,
And in lightly glides along;
There's a prayer in breeze and zephyr,
And a world of harmony
Mingles with the sparkling waters
Of the Shannon and the Lee.
Still the Muses love to linger
In each peaceful glen and dale,
Resulting in the holy silence
Of every lovely vale!

Land of heroes! land of martyrs!
Heaven alone thy grandest pelals,
For thy glory is separate—
Isle of beauty, isle of valors!

A. WEBB.

San Francisco, March 17, 1888.

(For the Monitor.)

HAIL, VERNAL SPRING.

Hail, gentle Spring,
We joyous hail thee
And wish thee welcome with a cheer:
Thy presence bright,
Dazzling as light,
Sheds splendor on the infant year.

Dark clouds upon the mountain's brow,
Have vanished one by one;
The sunlight smile, with its silvery glow
Has melted beath the sun.
Now decay forms traverse the sky,
The sun his head appears;
The tuneful deep has sent to sleep,
All labor's hard appears.
Sweet Nature's form from its bonds,
In obeying accents sing;
To rest its cloak it laughs aloud,
And hails the glorious Spring.
The shady groves like heaven above,
With magic mode sing;
The warbling rays of these golden days
Proclaim the birth of Spring.
My heart with serene bosom,
Yet with deep pleasure turns
Fond Memory's home beloved with tears;
To Life's sweet Spring—
The joyful Spring—
The smiling hours of Life's May-morn,
That sweetly cheered my childhood's years.

II.

Hail, earth-reviving Spring
The teeming joys you bring,
While circle the land with the waves of delight;
Before you fleet sorrows wrath,
The delight of Winter's wrath
Speeds heedlessly to the realms of night.

The landscape decked with brilliant green,
Is flanked by Spring's daft hand;
Sheaves down the gladdened ground
The wealth at her mom and.
The tender flowers from their parent plants
Strike forth in beauty's bloom;
Their rays are sweet, the air they greet
With the balmiest of perfume.
The acorn'ring streams a lullaby sing
To the gentle of the wind;
That charmed with soul, murmurs gently along,
Leaving a freshness behind.
With love remain, oh, gentle Spring,
And wan with thy warbled earth;
Your coming makes the languishing world
Feel as if it had birth.
Bright as the gems have overtaken my hand,
Though prickly gray more has fled,
And Life's decline has chilled my veins;
Yet, gentle Spring I'll praise,
And in loving accents raise
My voice in lord triumphant strains.

S. M. T.

(For the Monitor.)

COUSIN GENEVIEVE.

A little tot broke at my study,
And enters with an air,
Much as grey Moses left when the Mount,
He took his entire leave,
She enters and stands cautiously
Up to me, and jumps on my lap
And whispers, "What are you doing?
Must you be busy all the time of day?
Cousin Jim has a new and how has quantities
Sounds through my cool a chill,
And makes me feel the weakness of my office,
The sadness of my skill.
What! Write a poem of this radiant child,
This masterpiece of Heaven—
This work of the great Poet?—no, no!
Such skill to me is rarely given,
But cannot just fresh from it of when on my
knee
She sat, and as I gently stroke
The light hair from her shining baby brow,
Her face here Heaven's look,
Her eyes were large and blue and brilliant
With sweet expectancy
And mine are thick as angel had come down
From Heaven just to talk with me
That as I mused, she stopped her quiet recount,
And I replied: "My cousin Genevieve,
You are a poem in yourself,
I cannot write of you."
And pleased she hung her little head
And as I looked I saw two pearly tears
Which down her crimson cheeks had fled
But so finely through tears she smiled and said,
"Did you write poems, last He?" "Yes,"
said I.
And thought that ill could this sweet spirits
With loss of earth those of delight
"Dos he? who mine if so, tell, and her face
Looked radiant with new joy
While I felt that I was quite near to God,
Were I charged Genevieve to see with a kiss
A. ANTHONY DOYLE.

Literary Miscellany.

The Converted Jew.

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY, WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY J. T. COPTHORNE.

Hieronius of Bassorah! With that name the gaunt, fleet figure of a vague, antiquated man forms into shape. A face, deep grey by the touch of time yet smooth, yet peering, overarched by shaggy eyebrows; lips exceedingly protruded; a sorrowful look that betokened some deep internal anguish; I lay bare that revealed the snow in whiteness; and there we have a faint image of this quaint, odd character. His age no one knew. He had lived at Bassorah for centuries, some said. Who he was, what he was, or who were his ancestors, were questions clouded in impenetrable mystery. But by a certain peculiar cast of countenance, all claimed him a Jew. But why, they asked, did he frequent the gatherings of the Christians? His raiment as poor and scarce protected his attenuated body; and his face, beneath the scorching rays of a Mesopotamian sun, had assumed a yellowish hue. He lived in a dilapidated house a few miles from the town, surrounded by a boundless waste of level country, on whose surface not a living thing could thrive and flourish. No rain had ever satiated the thirsty ground. The heavy rain-charged clouds would scornfully pass by this barren land and shower their blessing on the country some miles distant. A strange occurrence, indeed, yet such is the fact. Both man and Heaven seemed to dislike this especial part of the earth.

Daily through the streets of Bassorah, Hieronius carried his little bundle of wares. The children thronged about him and minded not his care-worn face, or his time-faded garments, for his little presents and his kind fatherly talk had an irresistable attraction for them. But to the youths, his barbarous appearance always provoked a smile of mingled contempt and pity; and occasioned the flow of insulting wit. From house to house he would go, the occupants always greeted with the same inquiry: "Any wares to-day?" Some of the kind hearted people would purchase a few trifles, and try to ascertain who he was and where he came from. But a grave shake of his aged head was his only answer. Others would rudely slam the door in the old man's face, or in angry tone and threatening posture would cry: "Begone, begone." Not a word of resentment ever escaped the lips of Hieronius. With bowed head he patiently suffered all the rude rebuffs and contemptuous scoffs of the careless people.

One day in summer, while the sun was rolling down fierce torrents of heat upon the city, Hieronius in his accustomed sauntering, happened, when near the outskirts of the city, to espy a poor, ragged little urchin, lying prone on his back, gasping in all the throes of death. Quickly hurrying to him, he found that his leg was broken, and the pain was excruciating. Tenderly lifting him, he slowly returned to his home in the wilderness, placed him on a rude couch and bandaged his broken leg. Not till the following day did the little fellow return to consciousness. The moment he opened his eyes he struck way, and his wondering eyes seemed to question Hieronius how came he to be lying on the couch in this house. "Do you feel any better, my little man?" Hieronius asked. "Yes, much so," he replied, "but how did I come to get here, and why do I feel so tired?" The voice was an exceedingly sweet one, but the childish face told of weak, shelter and sorrow. The brow of Hieronius was for a moment clouded as if some long-forgotten, one shaded for thought had swooped through his brain, but the next instant, a smile—an unusual thing—flitted across his face, and he tenderly answered his inquiry of the child. "Were you not thrown from your horse, and did you not?"—"Why, yes, I remember it all," interrupted the boy, "and how that terrible man with the gay horses drove me down, and his chariot passed over my leg. I knew him and I will have revenge." "Hush! hush!" said Hieronius, but the child heard him not. "Many a time on the noble plains have I seen him sitting and laughing among a band of rich men, and when the little beggar boy would timidly ask him for bread, would order his soldiers dressed slaves to put me out of sight, and would scornfully throw a large morsel of meat to the sensuous dog that watched behind him. Twas he that injured me and made me an object of laughter to the people. But when I'm a man," and he pronounced the words through his teeth, "I will seek revenge, and then he will be sorry he ever hurt me." "My dear little child," said Hieronius, "you must not speak that way. It is wrong. And your heavenly Father will not be pleased." "My father, did you know him, sir?" said Hilary—the boy's name—in astonishment. "He died, oh! so long ago in Hamrah, and my mother died but a few years after. I am glad you know my father." "Not your earthly but your heavenly Father," Hieronius softingly said. The boy expressed greater astonishment. "Have I not fathers them?" Hieronius immediately perceived that the little fellow knew nothing of that or religion, but was stuck in pagan darkness. "We will talk of that some other time, my lady, and now I will get you something to eat, for you must be hungry after your long fast." After getting him food, Hieronius made his daily round through the city. It was noised by the people that his step was firmer, and his voice more musical, and stranger yet—a thing outlivered for many years—there was a perceptual smile on his face that day. Something remarkable must have happened the old man, the people whispered to each other. What wonder they all asked. But like everything pertaining to He-mim, it was shrouded in gloom. He for receive a fortune! Oh, no, some replied, he is simply entering his second childhood, so being delayed, when one magician himself again a boy, and assumes the gaiety and light-heartedness of youth. His fate they were from the truth much by a score.

That evening, Hieronius returned to find the boy much better, but he injured leg was progressing slowly. "Good evening, father," said the boy Hilary, as Hieronius entered. He had asked permission to use that endearing appellative, and Hieronius did not refuse.

As night was fast approaching, Hieronius drew his stool near the bed of the boy, where the flickering rays of a small tallow candle fell full on the young face of Hilary. "Where is my other father that you are going to tell me about," said Hilary. "You have not forgotten, I hey," replied Hieronius. "Oh, no, I have been thinking and thinking over him ever since you left, and I cannot remember ever seeing him in my life." "Hey, do you know who you are?" "Why, terrible looking stone man in the temple!" "No, no, Hilary they—the people—made that themselves, and how can they make God! My boy, there is but one God and He is up in heaven, where He sees all things, and hears all things and He will punish us if we are bad, but will bring us to Heaven—oh, a most beautiful place—if we do not offend Him." "But I never saw Him!" "No, my boy, not with mortal eyes can you see Him. His brightness is so intense, that a glance at Him would blind us. His a spirit, and not till we shed down the soul behold Him." "What is the soul, father?" "It is a spirit like God, but unlike Him, it was created and made immortal by the goodness of our Maker." There was then a silence. Hilary gazed with fixed eye at the ceiling, in utter wonder over the things that Hieronius had told him. He believed, his every child, the mysteries that he heard, though he puzzled his little brain to understand, to find out their true meaning. Hieronius gazed quietly on the boy, and the smile that in his countenance was so strangely attractive, that his unpresessing face would not be noticed, under the beauty of the smile. Hieronius broke the reverie. "Hilary, how old are you?" The boy quickly turned his head and answered: "I will soon be fourteen." "Fourteen" murmured Hieronius to himself, he looks to be twenty ten than fourteen. "And you were born in this town, fourteen years ago." "Yes, father." "Did you ever go to school, Hilary, resumed the old man. "I went for nearly four years to the school on Alexandrian street,"—a pagan one—"and I studied very hard. The teacher liked me and said I would be a great man some day. But when mother died I had to leave and beg through Bassorah for bread, for I could obtain no work, nor could I do much." "That is good, Hilary, and you will be a great man yet, if you do what I tell you." "Yes, I am glad you know my father." "Not your earthly but your heavenly Father," Hieronius softingly said. The boy expressed greater astonishment. "Have I not fathers them?" Hieronius immediately perceived that the little fellow knew nothing of that or religion, but was stuck in pagan darkness. "We will talk of that some other time, my lady, and now I will get you something to eat, for you must be hungry after your long fast." After getting him food, Hieronius made his daily round through the city. It was noised by the people that his step was firmer, and his voice more musical, and stranger yet—a thing outlivered for many years—there was a perceptual smile on his face that day. Something remarkable must have happened the old man, the people whispered to each other. What wonder they all asked. But like everything pertaining to He-mim, it was shrouded in gloom. He for receive a fortune! Oh, no, some replied, he is simply entering his second childhood, so being delayed, when one magician himself again a boy, and assumes the gaiety and light-heartedness of youth. His fate they were from the truth much by a score.

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The tide of immigration is again at flood, during 1887, 699,581 Russians fled from Czardom, and 1,000,000 Germans left the Fatherland. Of these immigrants, 1,000,000 have settled in the United States than anywhere else in the world, and proceed to by transferring their allegiance from several decrepit kingdoms to the robust Uncle Sam, for whom strapped Germany is already assembling troops to wrest a fair share of the spoils. The result of the United States has been more numerously recruited in earlier years, but not often. In 1881, 720,000 immigrants arrived, and in 1882 there were 788,992. That was the top figure since 1873.

A closer study of figures, dry in themselves, is fruitful of singular contrasts and lays bare not a few skeletons in national closets. Prussia approaches nearer to 38,000,000 inhabitants than does the United Kingdom. Yet in 1887, 177,663 Britons (including Irishmen) forsook their native land, while nearly all Frenchmen preferred to stay at home, the exceptions numbering only 5,559. That this disproportion is not casual is proved by examining the record for many years. There are fluctuations, of course, but not in any year since 1873 have more 19,872 Frenchmen left home for lands. Even that figure republic, Switzerland, sent no more than 6,000, and the 6,000 Germans with the immigrating Germans (111,203, 241) is almost as great as the 6,000 Frenchmen. What makes this all the more significant is that the Prussian knows the most reckless and enterprising people in the world. They die in Tongan as readily as they fight in Africa, and in 1887 they sent four of millions to Texas, and their hatchets of industry many of millions to Brazil, for example that of the Baron of Hogg, 20 million, just as they have sent with 11,000,000 Germans, and 3,000 thousands, among the other sacred territories are many equally costly. Tom Daniel de Hamburg, 13 M F O, Confessor to his holiness, Pope Leo XIII, is a Hebrew possessed with the gift of fifty tongues, specially practice in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, and Sanskrit. The Holy Father, great by good with the gift, sustained in receiving it, in the words of St Paul: *Superabundantly grateful, to meet fold deliver*

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.

A Protestant Clergyman Holds that Newspapers and the Law's Delay are to Blame

In the course of a lecture the other night in New York, the Rev. M. Morgan Dix said: "I think, with many others, that the growth of crime is due to just two reasons. The unlimited newspaper publicity given by the press and the slowness of our criminal courts. And first, I arraign the newspaper as a great cause of this evil. But it is said, as it always is and in the defense of the press, that it only reflects the tone of things, and therefore they must have the blame. I think, on the contrary, that the tone of journalism was considerably higher and a higher tone prevailed than one which produced the horrible crimes of the morning.

"Secondly, we attribute these crimes to the law which delays the prompt execution of a righteous sentence. What we want is a fixed law to the effect that the general public that crime will be punished and that the public has a right in mind the belief that morality will surely be followed by a speedy punishment. Let the law be in itself well surely follow his victim into the next world within, say, thirty days of his capture, then and then only will we check this equal growth of crime.

Then another class that ought to be arraigned as demoralizers of the public are those subtly, sentimental philanthropists who ask for autographs, locks of hair, and mementoes from the criminal, while they are petitioning for his release or the commutation of his just sentence. And do not let us forget the funeral honors paid to the thousand murderers this epithesis of all atrocities.

UNCLE SAM'S FAMILY

European Nations Flocking to America.

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IRISH -- LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

(Contributions to this column who write the Irish language, will also please copy the Irish words in **English Letters**, as our compositors do not understand the language with the pronunciation of Irish Words correctly from a manuscript.—Editor Monitor.)

THROUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Air "The Coolin"

I.

Tá ro-m' anaoe Seiplinae ajn
Mhuirn a Cainge,
Ionadaoe Mhic 'ic Dé ann
Ceiplinae, cuirpe mo Chaoidh,
Deiß ó' ndéi mair Gnáe-Éireann, a
Éirinn mo Chaoin.

Is cuirpe'n mac peaile-cuilinn'n'ruaig
Ionnsi a Seiplan

II.

Go chuajn aarjnaoe Éireann, go
Chuajn Éireann go Sorjn,
Ó Éireann go Coillean go Cuajn
Éireann ó Éireann
Éirinn go dtaoi ar an Cuirpe, ag
Cuajn ar an Cuajn
Go Foilsiúgfaidh an Dia Ríoghta
Ceoba

Ó Saoi ajhr

Cuirpeann ro luaiqajn mhór
Ajnn a Éirinn ahr-por Éireann
Ó Éireann go Éireann go Éireann
Ajhr aqur an muirjonn ar ro
Éirinn go ro-m' anaoe Seiplinae
Ro Éirinn go Éireann go Éireann
Cuirpeann ajhr aqur ro-m' anaoe
Seiplinae ajn an ara Éireann
Ó Éireann go Éireann go Éireann
Ó Éireann go Éireann go Éireann
Ó Éireann go Éireann go

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Spurgeon, the great gun of gospel religion in London, has been converted to the Irish Home Rule cause. We hope he may livelong enough to see Erin's tears changed into smiles and her sorrow turned into joy.

—Archbishop Ryan arrived in New York last Sunday and left for Philadelphia the same evening. His Grace reports the Holy Father as taking great interest in the progress of the Church on this Continent.

—Every Catholic should make the Stations of the Cross on Good Friday, so as to share in some degree with the merits of our Divine Lord's Sufferings and Crucifixion on Calvary.

—More than sixty Irish-American students of the University of Michigan have become members of the Ann Arbor Branch of the I. N. L. since last September. There are more Irish-American attending the University this year than ever before.

—On the recommendation of Bishop Ireland, the Rev. John F. Dolphin, of Hastings, has been appointed by President Cleveland post-chaplain in the United States Army. Father Dolphin is a native of Boston, and was educated in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained for the Diocese of St. Paul, two years ago.

—Thanks to Oakland friends for copies of Oakland papers containing an account of the recent District meeting of Methodist preachers in that city. Want of room prevents us from noticing in this issue the rabid untruths enunciated by the ranting parsons thereat, but next week (*D. v.*) we will depict the sewer from which the aforesaid gospel sharps gathered the garbage which they flung at the Catholic Church.

—The Encyclical of the Holy Father, "Liberty," is in press, and will be issued shortly. It is a long document, and treats of the relations between true and false liberty, and is intended to put an end to the doubts and misconceptions prevailing among Catholics. The Encyclical bearing upon the social problems will not yet be issued, as the Pope says: "I am not ready with it as yet, the difficulties are great and numerous, and the subject matter delicate."

—An exhibition of Irish industries is to be held in London in May. The objects of the Exhibition are: (1) To place before the English public a clear view of the prevdominant industries of Ireland; (2) to awaken public interest in the efforts being made to revive her trade; (3) to exhibit to the public thousands of persons in England who have relatives in Ireland, the production of her domestic manufacture and antiquarian industry; (4) to illustrate

—Protestant preachers, having lost their influence over the minds of the masses of non-Catholics, are very seriously beginning to use their ministerial powers over the defunct among the lower animal kingdom. A Boston Baptist parson recently preached a funeral sermon over two dead dogs, at the Paine Memorial Hall, in the "Hub", on last Sunday. The harrowed "Hub", on this date made such a burlesque of Christian burial should be spanked by every sect in America, and forkwhich anathemas who fell from the presence of great Pope Protestantism! He would free us the fanatical "Saints" who stamp themselves "ministers of the gospel."

—The Provincetown, Mass., invalid who used the power of the Catholic Church therapeutics he did not great his request to stop the ringing of the church bell, has lost his case. The plaintiff, a young man, had been confined, with a lingering illness, in a house close directly across the street from the church. His physician went to the priest and asked that he would not stop ringing the bell, as owing to the plaintiff's peculiar mental condition it threw him into convulsions. This the defendant refused to do, and this suit was the result. In ordering a judgment for the defendant, the Supreme Court said that the church and the bell were there before the young man, and if he did not like the ringing he had no business to go where it managed him.

—The Rome correspondent of the Dublin *Nation* thus alludes to Bagnal's contribution to the Vatican Exhibition: "Here we see the different offerings of Bylands and, I must confess, that for sober, correct, and tasteful designs, Irish silks carry clear off the prize. The woven fabrics, its embroideries and church ornaments, for instance, while they display Oriental fancy, are tempered at the same time by European taste. To mention but one of these articles, I may refer to the magnificent gold and silk throne which is in the center of this gallery. It is dead Magrath in style, with its large satin wings, and its cushions and rug so richly worked. It reminds one of the Alastic battery that once rugged in Spain, and which is still to be traced in the vestiges it has left behind.

—The Sacramento *Bee* is greatly mistaken when it says that there are no feelings of hatred on the part of the Mass for Protestants of any denomination. We have been away, and we find it with all the mental force that has given us, but for heretics as individuals we entertain no feelings whatever save those of charitably pity that they have not received the grace of knowing God's truth. As the *Bee* has referred to the Monitor in this matter, it may be well to tell our Sacramento contemporary that even *erstwhile* Christianity is better than no Christianity. The *Bee* is not only anti-Catholic but it is anti-Christian and is doing its very best to *stay* Christianity to death in the minds of all its readers.

The Feast of Easter.

"The Festival of Easter," says St. Gregory, "is the solemnity of solemnities, because it raises us from earth into eternity which it enables us to enjoy beforehand by faith, hope and charity." The worthy recepient of Holy Communion at Easter receives a similar pledge of his immortality, and, in union with even Nature itself, the sinner can rise again from the torpidity of sin, to glorious resipiscence, through the life-giving graces derived from the practical operation of our holy faith.

What man or woman calling themselves by the glorious name of Catholic, will refuse to co-operate in the Resurrection of our Divine Redeemer at this holy season, Sex is it, therefore, Catholic fathers and mothers, that you make your Easter duty and that your children and kindred likewise participate in the Eucharistic banquet which fills the heart with peace, the mind with gratitude, and the soul with a profusion of joy that no words can express nor can the mind of man conceive.

God rewards every good act, but the Catholic who refuses to rise at Easter from the torpor in which his sins may have buried his soul, need not expect any blessing from that Heavenly Father who has said: "He that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." The Church of God commands every Catholic to receive Holy Communion "under pain of mortal sin during Easter time," and no time during the Paschal season is more appropriate than the morning of that glorious festival when the Son of God arose from the tomb and manifested his Divine power by achieving a great victory over Death.

The Pope and the Irish Question.

In a recent letter upon the Pope's interest in Ireland's struggle for Home Rule, Monsignor O'Reilly says: "In my letter from Paris I was led by high authority to write that Mr. Gladstone had gone to Rome at the invitation of the Holy Father. The same high authority informed me yesterday that the protracted presence in Rome of the Duke of Norfolk, in consequence of the critical condition of his relative, Cardinal Howard, prevented the visit to the Vatican of the great English statesman. Meanwhile the Pope has declined to accept the proposal made to him by the English Government. He is perfectly aware that the issue of life of the Salisbury Cabinet and of the present Tory Parliament will end with the next general elections, when the return to power of the Liberal party is assured.

The only remedy, as the aged Pope concceives it, for the terrible sufferings of Ireland, is in resisting all settlements to coercion and disorder; in obedience to their religious guides, whose union among themselves, and with their political leaders, will ward off all temptation to open resistance and agrarian crime. The increased vigor of the ecclesiastics in Ireland is only the last expedient to force Leo XIII. to yield. But yield he never will." This is cheering news for the friends of Ireland in every corner of the globe. God bless our glorious Pontiff!

—Cardinal Manning recently said—"A Bad Catholic is the favorite of the world. There is no Bad Catholic with Christ who is not a bad Catholic, with one exception only. A good Catholic is a rebuke to the world, because his life is founded on a high standard. But a bad Catholic, whose life falls below that standard, gives a consolation and a relief to the bad conscience by which the world lives. There is something, however, worse than this. A bad priest is the world's idol. When the world finds a bad priest, it flatters him with all manner of indulgence. Can anything be more in the spirit of the world than this? There is only one thing worse than a bad priest, and that is a bad angel, who fell from the presence of God himself. And the world, in receiving a bad priest with so much love and favor, is acting in accordance with the spirit of the bad angel, who is the god of this world."

—An Exhibition of Irish Lace and Embroideries will be opened by H. H. the Princess Christian at Donegal House, London, early next month. The Cardinal Archbishop will be among the contributors of ecclesiastical lace, and an Irish lace worker will be seen at work on a beautiful piece of new design. The embroideries will include some exquisite examples of ecclesiastical work, for the teaching of which a class of young Irish women has recently been formed at Donegal House under Miss Una Taylor, an accomplished lady, whose originality and skill in this class of work are so well known.

—We learn from our Irish exchanges that the present month has been a phenomenal one in Ireland. One Member of Parliament, Mr. Flynn, has some out of prison on the completion of a sentence of three months' imprisonment, but Mr. Balfour has actually forgotten to "renew the coercion machinery in jail to preserve the balance. The priests, too, have been let above for a whole month, and although a good many humble Irishmen have been deprived of their sheltering roofs for their labor the average, and quite worthy of brutal, dangling Balfour.

—The numerous friends of Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, D. D., who are scattered all over this coast, will deeply regret to learn that he was so seriously sick during the close of last month that his death was reported throughout Spain, but *El Noticiero*, published in Valencia, in the vicinity of the Brilliant, contradicts the death report but adds that the venerable Archbishop (now in his 74th year) had been for several weeks confined to his bed. We feel well assured that this sad intelligence will prove more nearly correct than the recent Archbishop's behalf from the Catholic Clergy, Religious and Laity of Christendom, for whom he labored so wearily and well for so many years.

Pray for him living. Pray for him dead; For life health, or his peace, let prayers be said.

—A radiogram from Rome states that it is announced on high authority that the Pope has expressed his chance to write the Irish question in such a manner as to be satisfactory to both the Irish and the English people.

Right Rev. Bishop Marty, of Dakota, is suffering from a lung attack, which we hope will prove a fatal one, as he is the most Christian canons of some of the bravest and most beautiful martyrs that ever died for the Cross. Let us, then, pray that his shine out now their from eternal repetition.

—Some pious, Catholic parents, that Almighty God will not hold you responsible for thus leaving the minds of your children in darkness concerning the loss of Holy Baptism? If you do, you are sadly mistaken. Every Catholic child should have a Saint's name in order to direct

A Valuable Book for Catholics.

VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS; or, Lives of the Most Celebrated Martyrs of the Church. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimes, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Bros., Publishers, 1888.

There are many reasons why this valuable work of religious knowledge should be in the hands of all Catholics, but we will call to the minds of Monitor readers only a few points which should induce them to purchase, to peruse, and to preserve this volume so that their children's children may imbibe portions of the faith-strengthening examples of fortitude with which its pages abound.

In the first place, this precious catalogue of Martyrs was compiled by a great Saint whose writings have been praised by Popes and commended by the Church. Those persons alone would be sufficient to demonstrate to Catholics the necessity for reading this beautiful and highly instructive volume.

In the next place, the contents of the work itself—even if not written by a canonized Doctor of the Church—are of such an instructive character that even its casual reading is certain to infuse every Catholic soul with greater devotion to God, through the admiration which the narrations of the sufferings across as they are vividly depicted by the stylus of a saint in whom soul was constantly absorbed the love and the service of Almighty God.

One of the greatest incentives whereby Catholics can preserve the faith in the souls of themselves and their children is to study the lives of the saints. But alas such literature is looked at as this standard "enlightened age" as "too homely," "too dull," "too uninteresting" to be of any practical use in this gold-seeking and God-forgetting world.

Catholic children no longer hear from the lips of their parents a recounting of the lives of any of the Saints after whom they were Christened as the regenerative water of Baptism were poured upon them. And why this criminal neglect? Simply because Catholic parents themselves are ignorant of the lives and virtues of the Saints whose names they bestow upon their offspring. A child is baptized Agnes, Alphonsus or Andrew, Vincent, George or Henry, Felix, Lucy or Margaret for the worldly-inspired reason that some of the child's parents or relatives happen to be bearers of those names, and the child's mind is left in darkness as to the great lesson it life taught by the renowned servant of God whose name it bears during the whole life is to be passed.

This is one of the reasons why the flash given cold in the hearts of millions of Catholic parents, and why so little of the heroic Christian canons of some of the bravest and most beautiful martyrs that ever died for God's faith, fall away from the Church which alone can save them from eternal perdition.

Pray for him living. Pray for him dead; For life health, or his peace, let prayers be said.

CONTROVERTED POINTS ON CATHOLIC MATTERS.

1. **"The End Justifies the Means," or the Moral Code of the Jesuits according to Dr. Littledale "Encyclopedia Britannica," Ninth Edition, Vol. XIII., P. 414.**

Dr. Littledale may well claim considerable gratification and honest pride to Catholics to see their Church, whom they love as a mother, and revere as their heavenly appointed guide, holding such an impregnable position even in the eyes of the world, that whenever her enemies attempt to assail her, they must unerringly resort to calumnies, misrepresentations and slanders, the outcome of ignorance or ill-will, and often of both combined. The actions of articles, that we are now submitting to our readers, furnishes an additional proof of the truth of our statement, and the subject matter of the present number is another case in point. Though the abominable slander, that we have undertaken to examine and exonerate in all its bearings in regarding the conscience of men, is generally imputed to the Jesuits, as a specimen of the moral or rather immoral doctrine, which guidance and rules the unfortunate souls, that may happen to fall victims to the misleading influence of Jesuitism, yet it does not require much acumen or extraordinary mental penetration to see that the shafts of our adversaries, though directed against the members of the Society of Jesus, are in reality meant to strike the Roman Catholic Church herself and her teaching authority. The enemies of the one and the other, whenever the case, the enemies of the other, since they cannot strike a blow at the Jesuits without aiming another at the Church, and they know full well that the Society derives its existence and holds its mission. There is no true that, as thoughtful men have been remarked, during the last three centuries the bitterest opponents of the Jesuits have always been the most virulent persecutors of the Roman Church, whether openly or secretly, in accordance with their tactics and schemes. It is one of the many evils of the times that few non-Catholics read in approval, authentic works on the explanations of our doctrines and religious practices, and the defense against the attacks made upon them. Not to speak of other centuries, in the English language there is perhaps no field of religious lores more rich in original and valuable matter of the highest merit than that of controversy or polemics. Bartlemy considers to uniform tissues, as well as the most learned and with a book or pamphlet worthy of notice has appeared during the last hundred years, supposing the first hundred years, supposing the first hundred years, which has not been critically examined, thoroughly scrutinized and triumphantly refuted by Catholic writers. Yet, we have heard people who would refute calumnies, expose misrepresentations, which are buried at our books, and time—few weeks afterwards they re-appear in Catholic publications, which we are compelled to say, why waste the work of time and the time which it takes to present a refutation in the field of labor, for we have to deal with, do not even take the trouble of putting a new face upon the old lucubrations, but reproduce them in the terms, in which they were uttered hundreds of years before, and as frequently disproved and completely answered! Yes, the rule, taken of a calumny is not by conquering it by the defeat of those who have put it in circulation, but by conquering it by the defeat of those who have put it in circulation, but by conquering it by the defeat of those who have put it in circulation, but

Farm and Home.

Worry.

Worry is the cause of more trouble than any other one thing, not excepting alcohol. For it leads to murder, suicide, embezzlements, insanity, family misfortunes, quarrels, and business difficulties. Worried people cannot make good bargains; their judgments become so warped or twisted, through the line too much of the same subject; with those subjects they are no clearer at the end of their thinking than they were at the beginning. There are multitudes of deaths every year attributed to regular special diseases as typhoid fever, dyspepsia, consumption, and heart disease which have for their cause worry. Worry induces such a condition of body that it readily receives the germs of disease.

To one who was accosted one to worry a friend said, who attended the confession to much as possible:—"What was you do if you stopped every time to consider the possibilities of every act. I knew of a woman who walked carefully across a smooth carpeted floor; she fell, broke her hip joint and died in a few days. I knew of a neighbor who ate his dinner and died as he rose from the table. Another went to sleep well but never woke; another rode out and was killed. These instances other instances might be mentioned, for every daily act, if we travelled, or read much, or met many persons.

Occasionally we know people who can truly be called born fretters; they fret at everything, and even dreams and even nights smoothly give them time enough during the week to do all the worrying of which they are capable; as for any one living with them, it is their worst punishment that they have to endure in mortal life.

We daily meet instances show the results of worry; they are careworn and wrinkled, and full of lines. They should be warning to us. If the time and strength spent in worry could be used for self improvement and benefiting those near us, there would be many changes in every community.

Family Matters.

The simplicity of childhood should be carefully preserved. A child should be a child; but this cannot be if it is always with grown-up people.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not seem to keep them; it will generally be found that such people cover as even as a spendthrift covers money—for the purpose of circulation.

A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude man never always renders a manner inside to others. He is never without the dignity who avoids sounding the dignity of others.

In all our efforts we exhibit ignorance and vice, to aid the feeble to raise the fallen, to restore the erring, to relieve the oppressed we need to look far deeper than the surface facts or actual aids we would banish. "What is the source?" should be our constant inquiry; and against that, when we have found it, should our chief efforts be directed.

Household Hints

—Towels washed with soda water will look like new.

—Zinc is best cleaned with hot soapy water, and then polished with kerosene.

—To remove kerosene stains place a piece of paper over the spot and iron.

—A piece of a net put on the live coals in the stove will clean out the stovepipe.

—Egg shells will clean vinegar or nursing bottles as well as shot, and possess the advantage of always being on hand in every household.

—To test cake in the oven, never insert a broom splinter, but draw it gently forward and put the ear close to the loaf; if it is not done there will be a little spattering sound. When it is thoroughly baked there will be no sound.

—A glue that will resist heat can be made by mixing a handful of quicklime in four ounces of linseed oil, boil to a good thickness, then spread it on thin plates to the shade and it will become very hard, but may easily be dissolved over a fire or glue. A glue which will resist the action of water is made by boiling one pound of glue in two quarts of skimmed milk.

A Pile of "Nots."

David and Dora early decided to have a home. And while they were considering one plan after another, the little wife sought information from every accessible source, concerning the best way to make it comfortable and pleasant. One by one she collected a pile of Nots which were to well it in Among them were the following:

Not to build the house or furnish it out of harmony with our circumstance.

Not to have gingerbread work about or in the house.

Not to allow poor work or items of any kind in its construction.

Not to attempt to vie with rich neighbors.

Not to sacrifice comfort or health to appearance.

Not to make small rooms in order to have many of them.

Not to have living rooms situated on the shady side.

Not to have stationary bowls as brackets of foul air.

Not to follow any plan which would not allow of enlargements or additions.

Not to copy from any other house in the vicinity.

Not to forget that perfect ventilation and plenty of sunshine are as necessary as shelter.

Wisdom.

Self is a poor centre for a man's actions to turn about.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

Grieve on pleasant thoughts in your mind, for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

In some moments form your resolution, and in cool moments make that resolution good.

When a rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life he answered "Civility."

The man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

Study is the support of youth, the ornament of prosperity, the solace and refuge of adversity, and the comfort of domestic life.

He who seldom thinks of Heaven is not likely to see it there, as the way to hit a mark is to keep the eyes fixed upon it.

Healthfulness of Onions.

A physician says that both children and adults should be encouraged to eat onions and adds: "I challenge the medical faculty or any mother to point out an instance where children have died of diphtheria, scarlatina or agin ship, where onions are always used freely."

—Post-mortem revelations and notions sent to us for publication must be paid for in advance at the rate of ten cents a line. Short sight work make a fine.

Family Fun.

Ordering from a "Tab Dote" Bill.

French is now considered an essential in order in a first-class hotel in Chicago. I stood at the door of the Grand Central Hotel yesterday for a few minutes and heard one of the finest specimens such as should from Paris in the native tongue of the latter. I supposed at first that the chef was a Frenchman and that this was one of Messrs. Drake and Parker's new departures. But when an American spoke and asked a question the clerk switched his tongue on to the Anglo-Saxon with ease and was more voluble than before. I understood later that French is considered a valuable acquisition in a hotel office. My informant said: "You know there was a time when it was considered necessary for a hotel clerk to have a diamond. Well that doesn't count now. He must speak French and speak it intelligently. It is going to be the next great American game to have nothing but French in the hotels, and by and-bye the menus will be French."

The remark reminded me of a recent visit to the Palmer House and a waiter, a colored man in conventional attire, handed a patron a table d'hote bill. The gentleman didn't care for the cold dinner and selected what he wanted.

"You don' keer for de tab dote dinnah, then, sah?" said the waiter.

"I told you what I wanted," returned the gentleman.

"You want dat off de tab dote bill?" queried the waiter.

"I don't care; I suppose so; any way so that I get it."

"Well, sah," replied the waiter, "if you want it off de tab dote you has to take it all; tab dote can't be selected from, sah. Tab dote is French and means the whole hog, sah."

A Square Judge.

Three months ago Abner Logan, a very dark colored man, was sentenced to twenty days in the Hudson Correction. Yesterday he was released, and he came down to the police courts and sought an interview with Justice Maxe.

"Judge," he says with many bows and scrapes, "I wishes to speak to you, and what I regard as an outrage."

"What is it, Abner?"

"Fore provide ago you sentenced me to ninety days in the workhouse. Well, sah, day I got me dar ninety one days."

"This is a serious charge you are making Abner. Are you fortified with facts to prove it?"

"I do, you sah.

"What do you propose doing about it?"

"I dunno, sah. That's what I kim to you for. What kind I do?"

"Hum; well. Ah, I have it. Say nothing about it. Just position it on the next time you are brought up, and I'll give you credit for the odd day."

"Hi—is dat, sah?"

"Well, I'll make your sentence eighty-nine days?"

"Dat's it, Judge; dat's it, shore nuff. You's a square man, you is. Good day, sah. "Good day, Abner."

Then and Now.

Good Citizen (bedtime 1788.) "Have you left the latch string out?"

Wife—"Yes, my dear."

"And placed a candle in the window?"

"Yes."

"Let us pray."

Good Citizen (bedtime 1888)—"Are all the doors and windows locked?"

Wife—"Yes, my dear."

"And the burglar alarm set?"

"It looks all right."

"And the dogs untied?"

"Yes."

"Is my Winchester under the bolster and revolver by my side?"

"Let us pray."

Little Lunglets.

—Mr. Dr Bear—"Miss Emma, perhaps I ought not to call during Lent, for I understand that you deny yourself all amusement!"

Miss Emma—"Yes, I do, Mr Bear, come as often as you like."

—There is a spasmodic paper published in Maine, which has got to be a tri-weekly. It comes out one week and tries to come out the next.

—Countryman (to hotel clerk)—"I reckon you'll have to give me another room, mister."

Clerk—"What is the matter with the one you have?"

"The sign says: 'Don't blow out the gas,' an' I gosh, I can't sleep with all that light in the room."

"I have nothing to say to you, sir," said the man in the prisoner's cell to the clergyman who had come to offer consolation. "I am entirely in the hands of my attorney. "May heaven help you, my friend," said the minister, with deep feeling, as he turned to go."

"I wish you a happy journey!"

"Yes, I'm a-goin' to Boston."

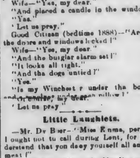
"Well, I wish the tramps would take a notion in their heads to boycott us," joined the old man, musingly.

A young lady who is partly deaf is in the habit of answering "yes" to everything when a gentleman is talking to her, for fear he might propose to her and she not know it.

Mortimer's Wife (to husband)—Will you please put up the stove to-day, dear.

Mortimer (resignedly)—I suppose I will have to.

Wife—And don't forget that you are a mechanic of the pipe, dear.



The above Picture Represents

CAPTAIN S. GREENWOOD,

Master of the Steamship Escorts.

About a year ago I contracted a strange charge in my left side, which got first troublesome when I was heated or strong. My appetite became poor and I lost weight. My friends thought I was in a decline. I had a cough, the back pains, and that the kidneys passed a scalding water. I was so lame in the morning that I could scarcely get out of bed. I was so bloated in the little abdomen. All these were in the morning. I had a dull pain in the region of the kidneys, and they continued all the day. I was nervous, irritable, and had the pictures of health and vigor to be gone. I was induced to try Kidney-Wort, and it has cured me. I can now eat anything I want, and it does me good. I can do a day's work and feel like doing it, and can't tell there is a kidney in me. I am ready to testify to the world that Kidney-Wort is a most valuable medicine. I am 62 years of age, and I feel as well as I did when I was 30. I have kept a livery stable for 30 years, and know what I am talking about when I say Kidney-Wort is the best medicine I ever used.

Kidney-Wort absolutely cures all Kidney, Liver and Urinary Troubles.

Price $1.00.

E. N. WILSON, 229 Kearny St.

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SCHOOL TEACHERS SUPPLIED.

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100 Per Cent Profit or Profit

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These bonds are secured on a lien, the interest of which is paid out in premiums four times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

Four Drawings Annually,

Cash each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must gain one of the following premiums, as there are

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Premiums.	Florins.	Florins.
1	100,000	100,000
1	50,000	50,000
1	20,000	20,000
1	10,000	10,000
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10	500	5,000
1,100	100	110,000
Together 1,200 premiums, amounting to		1,300,000

Further Premiums are added if necessary.

SECOND OF APRIL.

And every bond bought at 100 ON PRIMAE will gain one of the premiums, and the next drawing of premiums, therefore, is for the

SECOND OF APRIL.

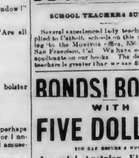
Each original bond purchased at 100 ON PRIMAE will be redeemed at 120 ON PRIMAE, and every bond purchased at 120 ON PRIMAE will be redeemed at 140 ON PRIMAE.

Orders should be addressed to the undersigned, or to any of his agents.

Prospectuses and Lists of Premiums free. Every information will be given. Remittances may be made by Postal Money Orders, Bank Drafts, or Registered Letters.

Address: H. J. OPPENHEIMER, Banker, 1 Wall Street, New York.

WILSON'S Vaporizing Inhaler.



THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS WILL GRATEFULLY TESTIFY TO THE WONDERFUL CURES WROUGHT BY THIS INSTRUMENT.

CATARRH, ASTHMA, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, COLDS, and all throat and lung diseases, treated with Dr. Wilson's Vaporizing Inhaler. Price $2.50, with one month's medicine and a year's treatment. For sale by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Circulars free. Address DR. WILSON

E. N. WILSON, 229 Kearny St.

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WANTED TO SEE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL Help, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Laborers, Barn-ell Hands, Harvesters, Gardeners, and Married Couples for private families and farmers. Also Laundresses, Cooks, Waiters, Chambermaids, Nurses, Seamstresses, Housekeepers, Boarding-house Keepers, Ranch Cooks, Dishwashers, Waitresses, Ranch Help, without any charge to employers. Satisfactory service guaranteed or money refunded.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The last known address of Daniel Upton's uncle is Enfield Lock Mills, who is supposed to be in the States or in Oregon. When the last saw him he was in Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng. He was a stone mason by trade, and had he now about 60 years of age; and any reader of this Monitor who can give anything about him, will receive the gratitude of a broken-hearted sister by addressing

Mrs. Wm. Murgatroyd, Cleveland, Ohio, Father Hooker, Hyde Park Ill.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

A SET OF

FRICK'S Famous California-Made CARVERS,

Ebony Handle, Stag Shape, Unchanged by the Weather, Guarantee of Imitations.

Each in Fine Satin Lined Case, per pair $2.00

Fine Cocobolo Handle, per pair 1.50

Fine Ebony Handle, per pair 1.00

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A well assorted stock of English and Sheffield Table Cutlery and Fine Pocket Cutlery, at very moderate prices.

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RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

COMMENCING SUNDAY, DECEMBER, 4, 1887, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Passenger Trains will leave from and arrive at the Tiburon Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.	Leave Tiburon.	Stations.	Arrive S. F.
8:45 a. m.	10:40 a. m.	Petaluma,	12:05 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	5:25 p. m.	Cloverdale,	7:00 p. m.
7:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	Fulton, Healdsburg, Windsor, Cloverdale,	6:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	5:25 p. m.		7:00 p. m.
7:45 a. m.	10:40 a. m.	Guerneville,	6:20 p. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mountain House, Mark West Springs, Altitude Springs, Harbison Springs, Stone Lodge, Upper Springs, Parkinson Springs, Stone Lodge, Upper Springs, Kearney Springs, Mendocino City and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $3.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1.25; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2; to Cloverdale, $2.50; to Guerneville, $2.50.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, Week Days: 7:45 a.m., 8:15 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:15 p.m. Sundays: 8:00 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

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To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days: 7:50 a.m., 8:20 a.m., 11:05 a.m., 3:05 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 5:50 p.m., 6:45 p.m. Sundays: 8:30 a.m., 10:05 a.m., 12:40 p.m., 4:05 p.m., 5:40 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

H. C. WHITING, Agent at Tiburon.

PETER J. MOLYNE, Agent, Foot Pine A Tel. Ave. Ferry office at Ferry, 222 Montgomery street and No. 1 New Montgomery st.

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OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

Bishop Spalding's Contribution

DECAY OF MORALITY.

Dangers that Threaten American Society.

We present our readers with the following extracts from an article "In Our Social Life Threatened," by Bishop Spalding of Peoria, which appears in the current number of *The Forum*:

The question, he says, we have to consider is not whether we are advancing or whether the changes which are taking place threaten our national and social life. We are safe in affirming as a general truth that barbarism people perish by violence from without, civilized nations decay from within. The most timid could hardly imagine that we shall be overwhelmed by foreign foes, unless the source of natural life first be tainted and corruption eaten our strength. It is equally plain that many things which are brought forward as symptomatic of declining moral tone and vitality ran hardly deserve serious consideration. The little knots of anarchists in New York and Chicago have really nothing to do with us. They are the birth of social and political conditions other than ours, and the spirit by which they are generated is as foreign to our thought and life as a ward caucus would be to the method of government in the kingdom of Dahomey.

THE ONLY ANARCHISTS

who possibly belong to us are the lynchers and vigilantes, and they pity their trade in the interests of law and order. The fear of immigration, which the half-throwns have intensified, is foolish. Known criminals, idiots and paupers are excluded, and their suffices. For the rest the peasant millions who come hither bring to us the best and purest blood of Europe and of the world; and as the great majority of Germans are of mixed descent, there is no reason for thinking that the intermingling of different noble races on this continent will lead to degeneracy. Rather is it to be believed that a high type of manhood will be the result. Let, then, the disinherited of the earth still seek these shores, and if their children prove wiser and stronger than ours, let them inherit the land. Here is a fair field and while: here are opportunity and invitation to every man to do the best he can.

OF MORMONISM, TOO,

as a national danger, much that is superficial and silly is spoken and written. The Mormons are industrious, sober and thrifty, and their acceptance of polygamy is our only grievance against them. But polygamy, personal? question, we need not fear at all. Even among the Mormons it exists in comparatively few instances. It is a barbarous institution, and is found only where women are held in the bondage of ignorance and servitude. No man who has any regard for his peace and comfort would think of having two wives in a country in which women have become so intelligent and independent that the only way of living happily with them can be to be humbled and obedient. Sensuality with us may be reasonably certain, will not take the form of polygamy. The problem which shall present itself for solution is not whether a man shall have one or several wives, but whether he shall have one or none at all; but whatever the future of Mormonism may be, here in the United States it must cease to be polygamous.

THE EVIL OF INTEMPERANCE.

With clamorous and persistent emphasis it is urged from many sides that drunkenness threatens the ruin of our republic. But whatever opinions we may hold as to the best means of promoting sobriety, there is no question that the evil of intemperance in this country was much greater in the early part of the century than at present, and the wave continues to subside. Also, the historian, has shown that drunkenness is essentially the vice of savages and barbarians; and it is easy to discover in a civilized people that those who are least civilized suffer most from indulgence in drink. Bluntness in opening up new scenes of pleasure and lending diversity to the interest which relish of some of a wearying monotony, helps to liberate us from the sway of appetite, and thus renders the attraction of animal indulgence less irresistible. Then the science to take, which are growing more than abundant, are, at the same time, reasons for sobriety. In no other society are the weak pushed so pitilessly to the wall; do the strong so uniformly succeed; and drink, unless it be pure, when it rarely is, and unless it be used with moderation, which is not the case, is the ruin of the mind, body, dollo the mind, and doubtless the moral sense.

HENCE, TO DRINK IS TO BE A FOOL,

is to have in the race for life an unusually step, a fatal weakness, and an inevitable prose, and in the growing light of this truth men are more and more plainly that sequence of this kind is not only wrong but foolish. Hence the voice of public opinion, through whatever organ it utters itself, becomes more and more emphatic in denouncing intemperance. The railway president knows that a glass of whiskey may wreck a train, the shipowner that it may sink a ship, the bank director that it may pick his bank; the clergyman perceives that its use hurts the church, the statesman that it leads to law breaking, and the physician that it undermines health; and even those who feeling most keenly the weight and scarcity of mortal life, would sacrifice almost anything to bring back the careless lightheartedness of the early pagan Greeks, are driven to confess that Bacchus cannot be a helpful god for us.

CONTRASTING LABOR CONDITIONS.

But does not the organization of labor forbode evil? In all ages and countries, he who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow seems happiest, and yet he has not to be forced to work at a master's folding, to be forced to work day by day, or lack shelter and nourishment for himself and his wife and child, this is evil; and the affect and tendency of Christian civilization and popular government, in theory, at least, is to lighten the burden of toil and secure the bread of those who toil with their hands. Hunter declared that the rich are received into the Church only on condition that they become the servants of the poor; and it will not be found possible to reconcile democracy to the accumulation of wealth in the hands of those who refuse to become the benefactors of the people. To seek to improve the condition of working men or working women by all lawful means, whether the effort be made by legislation or by National or State legislatures enlightened by the wisdom of the best and fairest minds, is to do patriotic work, is to labor for peace, is to do what poets for which such a government as ours exists. But will the labor organizations be able to promote the interests of working men?

HE WHO BEARS THE BURDEN

knows how heavy it is, and it surely cannot fail to have that they who equally bote must to our material well being should tell us at what cost of suffering and loss we have comfort and indulge in luxury. We profess to believe that men are brothers and equals, and we thereby commit ourselves to labor to make them so. As yet the science of Christ is false to Christ, and believe that obedience to law is more rash from their own and all men's welfare and a popular government, if it would last must leave nothing undone that may keep such fanatics from becoming impossible. Since the mass of mankind are savages, barbarians, and slaves, it may be that a few and intelligent people, who have learned to look at things as they are, and not as they appear to fleshly eyes in Mammon's temple, ought to abandon elsewhere all the project of under building the nations in the markets of the world. LAWS BEFORE THE FACT. Legislative enactments extend the price of labor, but laws beyond the reach of the whole human race make intellectual, moral and physical degradation inevitable when the working pittance is not paid sufficient hire. May it not be that popular government is imperiled by the existence of manufacturing centres which supply goods to the markets of the world at less cost than they can be made by potatoes and oatcake?

OF THE ONLY REAL QUESTION

which the two great parties have now to join issue upon, what louder is there in either who takes other than a financial and economic view? Might it not be well, having out of question for the moment whether the country shall thereby be made richer or poorer, to consider whether it is wise, in a democratic society and a popular government, to pursue a policy which fosters centres of revolutionary turbulence, intellectual darkness and moral degradation, the only obnoxious result is an increase of paupers and millionaires? It must we, on this vital subject, as in literature and fashion, be only servile imitators of Europe? If the Boston and the Chinese are willing to sell as good tea, why should we not make them without dragging a large portion of our population into ease and misery, why prevent them by a protective tariff? And if we have should throw large numbers of factory hands out of employment, is there not other and more healthful work for these people in a country in which hundreds of thousands of the poor, peasants make homes for themselves every year? And if the poor and laboring classes should depreciate in consequence, but only I would without any pledge that prices would be raised, is there not a world endless even ten years?

THE SOCIAL SUPERFICIAL SENSE,

in spite of the philanthropic efforts of individuals, churches and governments, is never low of human hearts is capital, "a collection of men, which, by the wasting of vital forces of individuals, by the weakening of whole generations, by the breaking up of families, by the ruin of morality, and the destruction of the improvement of work, and of the moral energy of society, is imminently peril. The evils which Henry George refers such to our system of land tenure are in fact the results of modern industrialism, and hitherto human wisdom and ingenuity have failed to discover a remedy for what seems to be a rate of constitution. Capital, steam and electricity seem to be controlled by shrewd and rapacious men whose object is gain, act upon a population of operatives like a malarial poison. How can shall we account for the fact that under a popular government, in a country where the measurable resources we have hardly begun to explore, pauperism has become a chronic disease, while in all our great cities and manufacturing centres what seems to be an irreparable conflict between the rich and poor rises like a cyclonic cloud on the horizon?

A DEMOCRACY OVER THE MILLIONS

can nothing at the few now minds, must fatally fall a prey to socialistic, communistic and anarchic turbulence, and though so far there is no proper soil here for such germs to spread, the plant which has in the powers of government to blight soon for people, who, unlike poor, shall only when enlighted lands, that can only when capitalists, the rich and the middle classes, are the only real conservative forces. We forget that democracy is lost a form of government, and a form which in the world's history has been little tried and generally tried with poor success. If we have been able to found a durable state with who, elsewhere and hitherto has been the least stable kind of government, our success is to be attributed to causes some of which have ceased to exist while others are disappearing. Our enormous growth in wealth and population tends to the truth that the only form of government is not to make a country rich and populous, but to establish morality as the foundation of all law. Character, not wealth or numbers, is our social ideal. Good men make a good government and good laws, and where the society rule as with us, the State ought to foster morals, to life and have kinds of work which are most favorable to wisdom and virtue, whether there not only the tendencies of the age, but the deliberate efforts of government are helping to build up centres of population which neither the family, nor religion nor education can preserve from physical, moral and moral degeneracy. And worse than all, even to other such thoughts is to speak in a desert which sends not back even an echo. All that the younger generation can now contend for is whether this or that has been or should have the chance which is really a matter of no concern at all to the nation; but neither them will but only take sides on a question which is concerned urgency and intimately related to the permanence of free institutions.

Death of a Charitable Irishman.

SALEM, Mass., March 31.—Thomas Dodd, a well known and respected citizen of this city, died here yesterday after a short illness. Mr. Dodd was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1818, and came to this country in 1850. He landed in Canada, where he remained a month, afterwards coming to Boston, where he obtained employment on the Boston railroad then in process of construction. He entered the employ of this company in September, 1856, and has been in its service ever since. In August, 1859, he began the first train which ever entered this city and from that time he has been flagman on Mill street crossing, in this city almost without interruption. When he completed his 30 years' service, he had earned a pension, his employers presented him with a purse of $200, and the management of the road gave him an annual pass over the entire road. He then took a vacation of two weeks, the first in his 30 years, and although his life he was a faithful Catholic and a charitable man, he was known to nearly all the Irish emigrants arriving in this city, who never fail to call upon him and their remember with gratitude, the kindness of this humble Irishman. These children are left to pray for the repose of his soul.

Cocoan Cruelty.

The Cocoans, who have recently sent a minister to Washington, are barbarous in their punishments. No crime and prison is complete without an assortment of iron chains, bamboo cells for keeping the feet of offenders, pillories and cachots for sleeping the cabin off the flesh on a table, ropes for sawing the flesh, stocks, boards to lie on, and iron bracelets. Other punishments are suspension by the arms, the bastinado and whip. This humiliating, but not painful mode of punishment, is for a drum to the back of the offender and parades the crime while the drum is beaten as he walks through the streets. The man who strikes his father is labeled, the drum is beaten to death. Formerly, in extreme cases, the culprit was carried down the streets on throat or large cartridge, and he was then beaten till he bleed.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

FROM

IRELAND

BRINGS NEWS BY MAIL

Antrim.

The chairman of the county Mr. Father Stephen Moore, Ballyclare, who died at Hill Town House, Ballyclare, on Friday last, aged 80 years, now estimated at the 201 in the following extent, and the number of Mass Rev Dr. Mahony preached. The funeral Mass was celebrated by Father Dr. Mahony, Father Rochford, Father Hughes, Father Dawson, the Rev. Father Mahony, Father Dawson, and the Rev. Father Morris Master of Ceremonies.

Clare.

On Feb. 26th, the hearing of a prosecution on behalf of Mrs Jessie Whitehead, wife of the Rev. Hugh Arundale Whitehead, for £2,500 for the loss of her husband, who was killed at Ballycastell, on the 11th of September, during the moonlighting raid, came before the Clare circuit court, and having addressed the grand jury on behalf of the plaintiffs, the jury awarded £2,250 to be levied on the county at large.

Cork.

Mr. Roberts, Governor of Cork city jail, has been directed by the Lord Lieutenant to institute proceedings against Canon O'Mahony, in connection with the recent prison scandal. The Rev. gentleman will, in his defense, be able to bring forward such evidence which would be admissible in criminal proceedings.

At a meeting of the Cosgrial National League, on Sunday, Feb. 26th, Canon Keller presiding, resolutions were passed sympathizing with Rev. Father Kennedy, Mullin, who was recently located at that town; and also with the Plan-to-be-treated who were arrested the previous week.

The London Citizen's says that Dr. Tanner is to be next married to Miss Roberts, a rich lady of Cork.

Derry.

The funeral discussion of the late William Mc Keelery, Moneyglen, were celebrated in the Cathedral Derry on Sunday, Feb. 26th.

Donegal.

The sad news that Father McFadden has been sentenced to Parliament for two years, for the crime of "Land Leaguing" has caused a great sensation. The Father's sermons are very 1879 and the consolation of the people. Father McFadden's Mass was one of the most valuable part of the business but it was not to be, and the Father's sermons in the very point where they are at all sensitive.

Dublin.

The Rev. D. Gallagher has been officially appointed Professor of Trinity College, Dublin, in succession to the late Rev. Dr. Jellett.

Fermanagh.

The perpetuation of the lineage on the Provost, parish of Clones (Michael and Mullin) Mass Rev. Dr. Mahony, Rev. Dr. Mahony, Rev. Dr. Mahony,

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1888.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

PRAISE TO ALMIGHTY GOD.

When morning gilds the earth with golden light,
Dispelling for the season of calm night,
Unfolding the dews that glow on flower-gems,
Like diamonds sparkling on earth's diadems;
From mind sweeds the rapture-filling song
Of countless whistling voiceless—a throng
Of sweet-voiced birds, whose soft melodies blend
To praise the more—their pleasure-giving friend.
Thus while full Nature smiles, I hasten away
To where the dulcet dove with sonorous cry,
Burns bright before the tabernacle fair,
Which tells us that our God *resides* there.
I kneel, and from my heart there gushes forth
This sincere prayer to Jesus, King of Earth:

JESUS, save from Thy bright throne,
Guide Thou my stormy way;
Fixed on with fullness of Thy love,
Thy wishes to obey.

And when the sun hath set in heaven bright,
(His blazing presence stars defies the sight,)
Casts down his rays upon the eager sod,
Which smiles and chants a hymn of thanks to God,
The black and sighing woods which feel his rays,
In doleful numbers echo forth their lays
Of praise. The little streams with cheering voice,
And laughing murmurs sing: Rejoice, rejoice.
Ah! then with joyful feet I wand my way,
While Nature smiles in the glorious face of day,
To praise within the sacrificial altar,
My God—and heartfelt sing this song of prayer:
Root in the Maker of the world,
Who fills all land with love;
Grant me the grace to praise Thee! Mild Angelic choirs above.

With regal step the sun hasten to the West,
To sink upon the ocean's soothing breast;
A tender glow corresponds his mighty mine,
When ocean's broad expanse form is seen.
The bride so longed for gains their mystic song;
The morn'ring streams glide silently along.
New Bloom, language of old chase dread,
Speaks forth each day's last parting glance has fled;
Dull shroud-like darkness from Night's shoon hand,
Falls silently and calmly o'er the land.
Now once again within his chapel dim,
Contritely I raise up my soul to Him.
Oh, God! at morning, noon and night,
Ever guide me on my way;
Oh, fill my faltic mind with light,
Thy wishes to obey.

J. COTTHORES.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MY BIRTHDAY.

Swift flew the bright and pleasure-distilled year
On floating orbs of quick-revolving Time,
Borne onward without ambitious of a tear,
To swell the tomb of mighty Past-sublime
Not one I mine with bewildered gaze
The emblem and portals of my new-born year.
With fervent and grateful to God I raise
My feeble voice in prayer and thanks above
Alone thy narrow road that leads to God,
I have been guided by an angel bright,
Whose radiant presence o'er the sinful sod,
Calm sheds a peace and heaven-reflected light
Yet, God, I cannot voice the thoughts that rise
Deep in the chamber of my surging mind;
The emotions prayer that struggle to my breast,
All humbly seek an utterance to find.
Yet, Lord, Thou knowest the glimpse of souls
Thy Spirit, Lord, hallowing, raise,
From divers harms His hand hath shielded me,
From Satan's wiles, from sorrow's withering gaze;
Then *this* my soul a grateful anthem—
To God, sweet odours of love upraise.
Then may His name be held in reverence dear;
May all men know His depth of boundless love.
And how their souls without the sien of fear
To God the Sovereign Lord who reigneth above.

B. M. C.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

A TYPE OF THE DIVINITY.

When I would see the Godhead in repose,
I seek some little child
Whose hair like ethic of sunlight brightly glows,
Whose soul is undefiled.

I twine her both arms gently into mine,
And watch her dazzling face;
Her eyes, where a Divinity doth shine,
Her mouth—type of unfathomed grace.

I kiss her cheek and say soon pleasantly,
To have her smile at me. That smile
Is Heaven, when from a cloudless sky
His footsteps sunlight gilds some troyd hill!
But if parchance I wound her gleaming heart,
Chasing her hands to her face, she sighed
I can't do anger is that sweet face start,
And lose her love to smooth it out again.
Oh, God! If ever I have felt Thee near,
And bowed to Thee a contrite penitent!
If ever I have held Thy comfort dear,
And so turned for days forgetful of Thee spent,
Thy wisdom some young child has come to
teach
Me,
And with its great bliss eyes looked at my face,
Then do I blush before its purity,
And will a sinner's reverence for its grace.
Then do I think of Him that Mary bore,
Of a—one of Perfect manhood to unite one more
In His child's guise to turn my soul to Heaven.

March 27, 1887. C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

SEDUCTIVE WINE.

Sadly at close the eyes come tapping,
Gently tapping at man's door;
Wooing bright youth with phantasy's promise,
Leaving one with her gifted sore;
Amazes too from her sunlit eyes
Flaste its glamm from Elysian skies.

Odorous breathings soothing sense tire,
Bliss all hearts in a trance of dreams;
Mystical incense wafted and bewitching,
Floateth out from her habit of fray;
Witching eyes that burn the brain,
Cause and incense of shame and pain.

Stretching out arms in wanton coaxing,
Danger lurks in her perfumed breath,
Lungs-eyes eyes are raised in persuasion,
Luring men on to destruction and death;
Binding the soul in her mystic spell,
Changing mortals to foes of hell.

Patient her eyes—her lips—her
Fetters! clown to her will evermore,
Stranded and wrecked alone they are lying
Alcohol by the wave—her shrine—her altar;
Pillow winds are the bleaching shroud
Wrapping form once so beauty and proud.

Outcasts alone in agony dying,
Spurned by her who has wrecked their soul,
Taking their all for amorous shadows,
Luring them on to a pestilence foul;
Dying alone where their bleaching bones
Need no epitaph's glowing tones.

Beautiful temptress! Lackaday man on,
Or, in fell at thy revelling strains,
Where lovers in mad'ning frenzy are thrown!
Heaven away for embrace of thine—
Blindly desiring thy wanton delu,
Ample for the their reluctant.

M. L.

Literary Miscellany.

Janet's Vision.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "MANZANITA."

Two small rooms, the bare walls and floors, unpainted white, and yet giving every furniture of which, gave unmistakable evidence of grim, gaunt poverty. At a plain deal table a woman was sitting in attitude of weariness and despair; her head, resting on her hands, which were clasped on the table before her.

The woman was poorly, but cleanly clad in a neat, well fitting calico dress, which did not hide her slight, graceful figure, greatly at variance with her coarse and common surroundings. As she lifted her head from the table she showed a face of rare sweetness and gentleness, marking its owner as the possessor of a spirit of refinement, purity and goodness. Deep lines were around the sweet, patient-looking mouth; the hair was combed away from the pale, pure forehead on which were also, in delicity printed, the marks of care and sorrow. Clasping her hands to her face, she sighed deeply, then, moving to the next room, a room as poor as its companion, she spoke to a young girl, who was then tending a baby in its cradle, while, near by, was a boy, of three or four summers, playing with his blocks. "Stella," she said, and her voice was low and gentle, a voice well matched to her face, "I am going out for half an hour or so, will you take good care of the children, until my return?" "Indeed ma'm, I will," she replied, "don't be uneasy, it's a fine time we'll have of it together." Donning a shawl and an unpretentious nothing bonnet, Janet Shaw passed out of the house, through the dirty dark alley to the main street, leading to the church of St. Ignatius.

Janet was the only daughter of wealthy people, and from her birth had been surrounded by luxury and plenty, knowing nothing of the work-day world; of a gentle, sensitive nature, loving, tender hearted, with a mind endowed by nature with many a gift, which a fond mother had perfected by every means in her power, she was little fitted to cope with poverty and its many ills. The first few years of her married life were years of prosperity and plenty; then came sickness, followed by losses of one kind and another. Then they moved to San Francisco to better their condition, but alas! to find in a strange country, far from friends, a harder lot; and now starvation seemed staring them in the face. Janet had one consolor, one friend to lean on whenever yet deserted any one in trouble or want—Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Although a Protestant at her birth, she had early embraced the Catholic faith and had found there in every strengthening grace needed in time of trouble and sorrow. It was but a short walk from her poor home to the church where, many a time she had been for, and found, the comfort and strength she needed.

Entering the church, she knelt down, unmindful of her dress, and, with her head bowed in humble and fervent prayer, she poured out her soul to God, her Father, who, knowing her need, had ordained the Sacrament of the Altar. Although a Protestant at her birth, she had early embraced the Catholic faith and had found there in every strengthening grace needed in time of trouble and sorrow. It was but a short walk from her poor home to the church where, many a time she had been for, and found, the comfort and strength she needed.

Entering the church, she knelt down, unmindful of her dress, and, with her head bowed in humble and fervent prayer, she poured out her soul to God, her Father, who, knowing her need, had ordained the Sacrament of the Altar. Thus it was which stopped her at the gates of heaven and caused this great agony of anguish in her soul. She knew that God knows itself, or in eternity of joy could efface from her soul the bitterness of that moment. 'Again she saw herself at the entrance of this beautiful field, and Jesus on the other hand. He looked at her with unutterable love, and, bending towards her, took her by the hand drawing her to Him, and with unspeakable endearment kept her at His side. The vision passed. When Janet remembered the pain and anguish she had felt at the gates of heaven after passing the years of her life in pleasure and enjoyment, she fell on her knees and, with tears, thanked God from her heart for every joy she had lost, for every pain and sorrow she had to bear; well she knew then that no sorrow could equal the pain she had experienced in her vision.

Janet left the church comforted and strengthened by the light of grace in her soul, which illuminated with faith and hope and strengthened with patience and resignation. In the years that came and passed, Janet, in her hours of greatest trial, would close her eyes and see Jesus, weary and worn, travel stained and foot-sore, clasping her by the hand, tenderly wending His way along the dark and lonely road, and, in spirit, bending over His hand, which love prompted to her own, she would cover it with her tears and kisses, and thank Him again and again for the love that bore with her, and saved her from the agony in store at the last. For her soul, loving Jesus, glorified in sharing with Him His pain and sorrow.

Oh! ye hearts bowed down with your weight of care, Oh ye souls crushed with your load of sorrow! take heart and be comforted. Every sorrow will be a crown of glory, every pain a jewel in that crown. Crown and jewels without price.

And let it be written in letters of fire on your and those souls "God is love." "God is love."

In your hours of trouble and sorrow, when your heart is hot and rebellious, and the waves of temptation roll over your soul, and darkness and despair reign within you—go and kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. You have no need of our words. Jesus knows, He will say "Peace, be still," and the troubled spirit of your being will obey that voice as did the waves and winds of the Lake of Gennesareth.

SECTARIAN SEGREGATION.

A Protestant Paper Jeers at the Brethren.

The Chicago *Living Church*, which is the organ of the High Church faction in the Episcopal sect, in a recent issue says

A Chicago woman, residing in the city of Guatemala, C. A., gives The Church Advocate an interesting illustration of Christian unity and its inspiring effect on missionary work. The city has an English speaking population—Protestant, of course—of about 200 in a total of some 45,000, the rest being all of a shady Romanism. The Protestant population has been the sole resource of Leo XIII.

Modification of Rate by Emigration.

Americans desired from English parents, and without association with any other nationality are not English. Their mental character and physique have changed, to have their accent and language. The Mexicans in Texas, the Spaniards in Mexico, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders take on a distinctive character of their own, under a changed climate. The Pennsylvania Dutch have lost their likeness to Hessians, as the Boers have lost their to a great extent to the Hollanders. Abundance of examples also show that on every side, as in our own, when an immigrant colony does not mix with other elements. Even the Jews must submit to the modifying law of country, and climate, and time. Old colonies in Canada, Nova Scotia and Algiers have little likeness to the Jews of England and Germany. Italians by thousands are pouring into South America, but a century hence they will have a feature and language little resemblance to the Italians of Italy. These new nations are constantly being born, unlike any others that have existed. There never before was a nation like this in habit of thought, physical or mental traits. The German Americans must become something better than they are, or they will be swamped—possibly better than the people among whom they settled a long, but different, certainly. No one is wise enough to predict the character of the nationality who will inhabit the continent two centuries hence. They may be probably will be, such as will look, back upon this age as we look back upon the Middle Ages, or think of the people of the Nineteenth Century as we think of those of the days of Alfred the Great.

Rev. Hector Sinclair, of Providence, R. I., Cathedral, has announced that hereafter no pews will be rented in that church, and neither will opening of office be permitted.

A STUPENDOUS MIRACLE.

What an American Priest Saw in France.

The following extract is from a letter of Father Sheehan, now sojourning in France, to the Catholic Columbian.

We went to Arles sur-Tech which appears to be a few days ago, to visit the shrine of a living miracle. Over the door of the very old church of St. Andrew and Saviour are carved in bas-relief, two figures of angels surrounding another, which seems to grow out of and from their shoulders as wings. They are there in remembrance of the time when mountains were devoured the flocks and children of the people of the ancient and sleepy town. The Benedictine Abbot, Amalé, beloved of his people, went to Rome in 1882, to bring from there the relics of SS. Abdon and Sennen, Persian martyrs buried under Decius. These relics were put in the shrine of a cross composed of gems into which a stone coffin was laterally divided, and the upper and lower tiers filled with water, so that the relics might be safe from the depredations of robbers or the importunities of the pious during their trip all from the Eternal City to Arles. Some time the coffin has never ceased to give an unfailing supply of pure water, though no one has been allowed to put it from the outside I saw it myself. The lid is a real shaped, hinged down with iron, and the whole cut in unapproached stone blocks that have no further connection with it. The supply of water taken therefrom on the Feast day of the Saints far exceeded, days and even, the quantity it could naturally contain. This has been officially examined and confirmed by several—the Bishop, who is that the miracle is authoritatively authenticated. I received a bottle of the wonderful water, and I think Father Cleary is writing an account of it. Many people have left crutches in the grounds of the chapel, and a great deal of our visit and journey of the miracle.

Over a door of one of the very old houses in here I saw the following inscription a day or two ago, and it struck me as being a text coming to the belief of the people in the village at an early date in what has since become a cradle of our Church

"CAST MARIA SIN PECADO CONCEBIDA, 1604."

Still with all that, the religious aspect of France appears black indeed. The social aspect apparently is its opposite. On Sundays the people have work and yet in that they do many other days in the week. They did the same in Paris, Toulouse, Perpignan, and in other places where I have passed the day or two. At least I can say, with a world very hard to discern any difference between the business transacted in town and country on Sunday or on Monday.

My doctor here, on being introduced to him, said he could hardly ever see an Irish man without wishing at the same time that he could shake the English Government. He said the French have a grateful position, from all the sympathy extended to them in Ireland during the period of their bitter struggles in 1870. These sentiments of his were moreover, in the strongest terms, and, of course I must hold his profession, opinion of the highest possible authority. He has his problem no more to do any more, or lend money to French and Spanish, but he is one of those peculiar warm natural waters, and is a Catholic Irishman, and, I think, loved by the latter means he hopes to remove from my lungs the remnants of former attacks of bronchitis, which I do think I will have to endure years there consumably during my life, if I remain, but if I go to Italy, or a milder climate, amid the interesting memories clinging to the old villages around

PREHISTORIC MAN.

Evidences of His Existence in California.

In Tuolumne county from 1862 to 1865, stone mortars and platters were found in the hydraulic mines, along with the bones and teeth of a mastodon, 90 feet below the surface, and a stone pestle was found in a tunnel driven under Table Mountain. In 1870, a stone mortar was struck at a depth of 150 feet, in gravel under Sonora, as the hand of the very old church of SS. Abdon and Sennen is carved in bas-relief, two figures of angels surrounding another, which seems to grow out of and from their shoulders as wings. They are there in remembrance of the time when mountains were devoured the flocks and children of the people of the ancient and sleepy town. The Benedictine Abbot, Amalé, beloved of his people, went to Rome in 1882, to bring from there the relics of SS. Abdon and Sennen, Persian Princes martyred under Decius. These relics were put in the shrine of a cross composed of gems into which a stone coffin was laterally divided, and the upper and lower tiers filled with water, so that the relics might be safe from the depredations of robbers or the importunities of the pious during their trip all from the Eternal City to Arles. Some time the coffin has never ceased to give an unfailing supply of pure water, though no one has been allowed to put it from the outside I saw it myself. The lid is a real shaped, hinged down with iron, and the whole cut in unapproached stone blocks that have no further connection with it. The supply of water taken therefrom on the Feast day of the Saints far exceeded, days and even, the quantity it could naturally contain. This has been officially examined and confirmed by several—the Bishop, who is that the miracle is authoritatively authenticated. I received a bottle of the wonderful water, and I think Father Cleary is writing an account of it. Many people have left crutches in the grounds of the chapel, and a great deal of our visit and journey of the miracle.

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IRELAND'S OLDEST BISHOP.

Dr Walsh, Based at 84 Years.

Already the Bishop of Ireland has begun to kindle warmer and brighter, and has turned in those windows. We appreciate the Bishop of Ireland, Dr. Walsh, of Dublin, Waterford.

The venerable departed prelate had reached the great age of 84 years. He was born in Ireland, in the year 1804, and was a boy in France. He was seven years in that country, and was ordained a priest, and he was seven years more a priest in France, and was Bishop. A native of New Ross, he received his early education at the Christian Brothers' School, and afterwards at the Classical school at that place nearly eighty years ago. He was ordained priest, and, the medical profession, but only such as showing a great aptitude for the study of the Fathers, Professor Wesford, whose he was a student, and the Jesuits College of SS. Patrick, at Clonliffe. He was ordained priest in 1840, and was appointed a priest of the mission at intervals, and of his labors as a priest were collegiate. In Carlow 1851 he was appointed President of Maynooth, and was appointed President of Maynooth, and was appointed President of Maynooth, and

THE MONITOR.

TWICE-A-WEEK ORGAN OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— Recently, at the Seminary Mt. St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, O., the Very Rev. Thos. S. Byrne, rector, received the degree of Doctor of Theology. The degree was granted by the Pope in recognition of the past great services rendered by Dr. Byrne to the cause of ecclesiastical science in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. Archbishop Elder officiated.

— The London *Truth* says the Vatican has received an addition to its works of art, in the shape of a huge bas-relief, representing Prince Bismarck, receiving, in a very obsequious attitude, the Pope's award on the subject of the Caroline Islands. It is the work of a devout Roman artist; and is intended as a companion to the famous relief in St. Peter's, which depicts the Emperor Henry's submission at Canossa.

— The latest departure from Christian law and common decency which Protestantism is accountable for, is the marriage of an uncle to his niece. This horrible union was consecrated last month in New York by Rev. Dr. McArthur of Calvary Baptist Church, who found nothing in secular law or in the canons of any Protestant sect to forbid such a republican alliance, Such is the downward course of Protestant "progress" in this remarkably "enlightened" century and country!

— The monument of the Irish brigade, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, will be unveiled July 2, on the position occupied by the brigade on July 2, 1863. It is proposed to invite every veteran of the brigade to be present and also their friends and the sanitarians to the monumental fund. The unveiling will be attended with appropriate ceremony. The music will be the same as after the battle of Solferino, and will be rendered by a large chorus with the accompaniment of a military band.

— Mr. Maurice F. Egan and Mr. John A. McMaster have now become joint owners of the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Mr. Egan was for many years the valued editorial associate of the late James McMaster, and now, as editor-in-chief and acquiring one-half proprietorship, is, as Mr. John D. Kisly, Jr., administrator of the McMaster estate, expresses it, but consummating the plans which his late honored chief so earnestly cherished. The Monitor sends its best wishes for the literary and financial success of the new firm.

— Says the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*: It will be particularly interesting to American Catholics to know that the sermon which justified the canonization of St. Peter Claver were wrought in the United States, and were investigated by the Metropolitan of Milwaukee, Philadelphia, and St. Louis which was performed on a Catholic lady of this city about twenty years ago! by the application of the relics of St. Peter Claver by the hands of Father X. Weninger, S. J., the illustrious missionary, who himself imitated the devotion of Peter Claver to the negro race.

—The *Churchman's* charges against the Church of Christ, which is *wholly* holy and infallible, yet polluted by sectarian erudition, are condemned by the very fact that they are the concections of a crooked-minded parson whose falsifying character is at present being thoroughly ventilated in these columns. When the *Churchman* can retract any respectable sonnet from whence to draw its inspiration in its efforts at convicting the Church of "crookedness" in faith or morals, we will give its nasticuss due consideration. But when it could Little dale's tin-pan thumping, and tries to pass off such flagrant falsehoods for its own home-made thunder—we will treat all such scheming with the silent scorn it deserves.

— The recent snow storm in New York occasioned many strange incidents. Here is one as related by the Sun of that city:—

"The great snowstorm on Monday shut in a family on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, so completely that ingress and egress were impossible. The head of the household was in a distant city, and the provisions became exhausted. A Shanghai rooster was taken from his perch in the cellar and boiled in the dinner pot. Still the family were hungry. On Tuesday morning seven English sparrows, baffled by the storm, had spent a snow-drift in front of the parlor windows and died. These were secured with the help of a poker and fried in butter. Although the sparrows proved to be delicious eating, they were wholly inadequate to stay the gnawing hunger. Later in the day the neighbors tunnelled a passage to the basement door, and the family were enabled to get a square meal in the grocery near by."

— A very edifying exhibition of Catholic charity transpired in Washington City on the feast of St. Joseph when the patrons of the Home for the aged men and women under charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor prepared a special dinner for their wards and waited upon the table themselves. The 200 old people sat down to the sumptuous repast, whilst Minister Roustan, of the French legation, and many people in high life, did the honors on the occasion by acting as waiters. There were a score or more of old "aunties" and "uncles" also attended to by the distinguished guests. This custom of thus waiting upon the old people on St. Joseph's Day comes with the customs of the Little Sisters Order from France. Among those present, and who acted as waiters, were Mme. Bonaparte, Miss Jamie Biggs, Mrs. Admiral Franklin, Mrs. E. Phillips, Miss Hettie F. Loring, Miss Hodgson, Miss Dangerfield, Mrs. Senator Stanford, the French Minister and M. Bourcy (of the French Legation). All Catholic Catholics will feel a laudable pride in seeing the name of Mrs. Stanford associated in such a beautiful work of real Catholic charity.

An Objection Answered.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26th, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—It is your habit a page or more back to quote Scripture and then say something over even though it would "empty hell and fill heaven." I would like to see you reconcile your belief with the passage of Scripture wherein it appears that God rewarded the midwives for telling a lie to save the children (the new born) from the wrath of the wicked king.

C. L.

The scriptural texts of Exodus, chapter 1, verses 16 to 22, do not militate in the least against our statement, that it is unlawful to tell a lie, even if by telling it we should "empty hell and fill heaven," for Almighty God rewarded the Egyptian midwives, not because they told a lie to King Pharao, but because they shrank from executing his barbarous and inhuman order to kill at birth all the male children of the Hebrews. This fact is distinctly stated in verse 21 where we read: "Because the midwives *feared God*, He built them houses."

We are sure that many of our readers—and more particularly our critical correspondent—will be not a little surprised to learn that the objection here referred to is rather antiquated, as it was proposed as early as at the time of St. Augustine, in the fourth century of the Christian era, and was completely answered by that great Doctor of the Church in one of his books entitled, *Contra Mendacium*—"Against Lying." We quote from his work, volume 40 of the Migne edition of the Latin Fathers, Paris, 1861, chapter xv., paragraphs 31-2:

ORIGINAL TEXT—*Premisam dictam ut a Deo mentiendo sint gesta mentiri ceset, sed quia in feminas Deo misericordia fuerunt, non est inique in ea remuneratio fallacia, sed beneficiatio, benignus enim mendax, non malignus mendacium; et propterea illed bonum Deus etiam hæc mala gessit.*

TRANSLATION—God rewarded the midwives not because they lied (to Pharaoh) but because they were merciful to the people of God; there is not their deception that was recompensed, but their benevolence; the goodness of their falsehood, and not the site of their lie and so much of the good that they did, God also purposed them the evil they committed."

Such evidence from such a great Bishop and Doctor of the Church, must clearly demonstrate to "C. L." that the Monitor was well within the line of scriptural authority and Christian teaching when it declared that it would "empty hell and fill heaven."

The "Call" on Easter.

Yesterday Christendom commemorated with joyful celebration and words of thanksgiving and praise the triumphal resurrection of Christ from the dead. As commemorative the custom of Christian religion Easter has always been regarded as the chief festival of the Christian year, and has been from the earliest times observed with ritualistic and elaborate ceremonies. Still there is no trace of the celebration of Easter as a Christian festival in the New Testament or in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers.—*The Call of Monday last.*

All Christendom, says the *Call*, commemorates a Christian festival of which no trace is to be found in the New Testament or in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers. Now if the *Call* is right in its dogmatic decision that the Christian festival of which no trace is to be found in the New Testament or in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, is an "empty shell" and "a lie" then the Christian world—The Protestant world—is wrong—state of affairs not very likely to exist—by any stretch of the imagination—in the Christian world. The New Testament speaks of the Passover and the Jewish festival of which Easter is the Christian type. The Bible—our Divine Lord—the true Paschal Lamb, and—the fact to the contrary notwithstanding—the festival of Easter goes back to the early centuries of Christianity. St. Polycarp was a disciple of St. John the Baptist (who was assuredly one of the "Apostolic Fathers" alluded to by *Call*) journeyed to Rome about the year 160 in order to receive instructions from the successor of St. Peter as to the proper time for celebrating Easter, there being a diversity of opinion among the Christians of the first ages as to this proper day for celebrating the festival. Here, therefore, we find both the New Testament and the Apostolic Fathers on the side of "all Christendom," while the critical *Call* stands solitary and alone, developed in the fog of its own error. If the *Call* would adopt the motto of Dary Cracker: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," it would leave unassailed many of its dogmatic decisions concerning Catholic matters which are misleading to many Christians and supremely ridiculous even only by Catholics who know more than the *Call* does about "all Christendom" and also the "Apostolic Fathers."

— Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, the "Chrysostom of America," on Monday last in course preached in Rome, gave the following practical illustration of Christian revenge. He said: "A French family during the awful negro insurrection in San Domingo, had been almost exterminated, the sole survivor, a young boy, had seen all his kindred, father, mother, sister and brothers, brutally butchered, and with every aggravation of cruelty and outrage. When the boy grew to manhood he meditated a Christian revenge on the whole negro race. He became a priest, and then, mindful of his sister's fate, he gave his whole fortune to found a convent home in Maryland for negro girls, and he himself became its chaplain."

— It can be stated upon absolute and direct authority that, providing his health will permit, Hon. William E. Gladstone will pay a visit to the United States next fall. He will be accompanied by his son Herbert, and Sir Lyon Playfair, but it is hardly probably that Mrs. Gladstone, who holds sea voyages in mortal horror, will be induced to form one of the party. The visit will be entirely a private one, and the ex-Premier's physicians, two of whom according to the present plans will accompany him, will see to it that all invitations to banquets, formal receptions, etc., will be declined on the plea of advanced age and the necessity for an utter avoidance of excitement.

— Dr. Windthorst has laid before the Prussian Landtag the draft of an educational law which secures for elementary schools the direction of the ecclesiastical authorities in religious matters. The first paragraph of the measure claims for the ecclesiastical powers the right to rule, for ecclesiastical and religious reasons, the nomination of teachers; and the second places in the hands the sole care of choosing the medium by which religious education is given in the schools.

E. Dwyer Gray Dead.

A cablegram from Dublin last week brought the sad news that E. Dwyer Gray, M. P., the distinguished editor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* died in that city on last Wednesday.

In the death of this eminent literary light of Erin, Ireland loses a self-sacrificing patriot and Parnell still mourns one of his most faithful coworkers in the cause of Ireland's freedom.

Mr. Gray was the son of the late Sir John Gray, who stands in the front rank of the phalanx of literary men who have given their talents towards the vindication of their country. Young Gray learned early in life the history of Ireland's wrongs from his father, hence when he entered upon the threshold of manhood he at once plunged into politics, entering the ranks of the Tenant Right party under the guidance of Isaac Butt.

When the Tenant Right agitation went down Mr. Gray gave his fealty in 1877 to Messrs. Parnell and Biggar, when these coworkers for Ireland's cause tried to gather about them the scattered remnants of Irish patriotism which then sepirely lingered around the shrine of Erin's slavery and starvation.

In 1880 Mr. Gray was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the great interest he manifested in relieving the cruelful sufferers of that year of Irish famine, gained for him the undying love and gratitude of the Irish people in every clime.

Mr. Gray was born in Dublin in 1846, and was consequently in the 42nd year of his age when death cut off a career that promised great benefit to the forces on the battle-field of Irish freedom. He represented the county Carlow in the British Parliament, but his literary duties confined his labors to the production of his pen than the advocacy of Ireland's rights before an assemblage of men among whom were to be found some of Erin's most vindictive enemies. His remains repose in Glasnevin graveyard adjacent to the shrines wherein rest the ashes of many a true and tried Irish patriot who has fought the good fight for Ireland's faith and the freedom of her Parliament.

— The autograph letter from the Pope to Emperor Frederick, which Mgr. Galimberti taken to Berlin, expresses the deep sorrow of his Holiness at the death of a monarch who was animated by the friendliest feelings towards the Catholic Church. The Pope thanks Emperor Frederick for the kind proclamation, which, he says, gives him joy, inasmuch as it proves that the son shrinks the sentiments of his father—sentiments which give assurance that the relations between Prussia and the Vatican shall become more and more friendly. The Pope on his part will do all in his power to conserve a friendship that will be to the glory of both the Emperor and the Papacy. In conclusion his Holiness expresses a hope that the Emperor may recover his full health, in the interests alike of his people and of the whole of Europe.

— For the past fifty years or more Ireland has lost annually about forty thousand souls by more than the inexplicable character of her most defenses. But now the case stands differently. Other powers in Europe have built ships of war to be always equal to those of England in size and offensive strength, so that in the event of a general war England and Ireland are so easy as it used to be for England to prevent the landing of a big army on her soil. Attention to the altered state of things is directed by Mr. Stephen Spoerry, Secretary for War, who urges immediate measures for strengthening the land defenses at Plymouth, Portsmouth and the mouth of the Thames. The suggestions of Contment is not so peaced that England feels a little uneasy.

— Mr. Peter Donahoe, of this city, is one of the Pontifical Cameriere Segreti of his Holiness. On the 25th instant, being month, Mr. Donahoe, who was accompanying the Pontiff to and from the audience, was accosted on the road by a Protestant in a jubilee memorial, his white zucchetto, or skull cap. The Pope said: "Take it, take it" and taken from his head, Alfio Mr. Donahoe gently removed the cap therefrom. It is perhaps, the first occasion on which the present Pope has granted such a request and, strange to say, the gracious concession was made to an American. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Donahoe regards this white zucchetto almost as a relic.

—The peculiar result that seems to follow from "getting religion" according to the Methodist prescription, is to turn the victims of emotional religion into lunatics. A few weeks ago while Rev. H. Y. Yatman was holding service in the Franklin Street M. E. Church, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Leonard Johnson jumped out of his seat and cried out at the top of his voice: "Don't say another word now, I am saved! I see the Lord! Let me do the preaching." Johnson made a rush for the pulpit. Becoming very desperate, he threatened to stab those who surrounded him if they did not let him take possession of the pulpit. He was finally overpowered, and four policemen took him to the lock up. The man is now a raving maniac. There are thousands of similar cases now on record, all of which tend to show the evils which follow from religious error and its baneful influence upon the human mind.

—England's two foremost men in religion and politics are at present writing for the American reading public two important articles dealing with questions of paramount interest. Cardinal Manning is preparing a paper for the next number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* on social and political questions, based on the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Alphonsus Ligouri regarding the rights of the starving poor; and Mr. Gladstone is engaged upon an essay, for the *North American Review*, dealing with Ingersoll's views on religion.

—It is reported in Rome that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has written a letter to Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, priest-of the London *Tablet*, requiring him to moderate the language of that journal which, in its anti-Irish expressions, has outraged Christian decency.

CONTROVERTED POINTS ON CATHOLIC MATTERS.

5.—The Suppression of the Society of Jesus by Clement XIV.—An Examination of Dr. Littledale's Version and Perversion of some Historical Facts connected with that Event.

We have hitherto been forced to say, but always with proof on hand, some hard things respecting the character of our Ritualistic opponents, and we are now compelled once more either to himself or to those, whose cause he represents, and upon it are for the last time we refrain from using such epithets as readers with a further exposure of his libelous predictions, we might yet tell a good deal more. Only a few days ago we received from a friend a valuable document relative to the present question in the shape of some very damaging testimony relative against Littledale's fairness and veracity; a testimony, mind well, brought forward and duly proved not by Catholic writers like ourselves, living thousands of miles away from the scene of the Doctor's pastoral zeal in the *interests of truth*, but, strange to say, by his own brother parsons of the Protestant fraternity, who, be it said to their honor, indignantly reject all sympathy with his views, and have particularly with the weapons, with which he strives to sustain them. To corroborate our own statements by the assertions of witnesses, that cannot for a moment be suspected of partiality on behalf of Catholics, and by way of conclusion of the present controversy regarding, we intend to publish a setting close to our neat article some extracts from the documents here referred to. However, before proceeding to do so, we feel we are entitled to think that the case has now been sufficiently cleared up and the evidence in our favor, so that, we may, at least from each, we might therefore afford to dismiss it from court with the verdict of guilty against the defendant, if wrong by silence to make in this instance a little change from the usual technical wording of the court. But we must before hand redeem the promise, that we made at the conclusion of our preceding number, and take the Rev. Doctor one more to task for his version, or rather perversion of several historical facts connected with the suppression and sum with the restoration of the hated and much maligned Society of Jesus.

Limiting ourselves at present to the first of these events as a modern writer in the *Month*, an English Review, well remarks, it is a well-known fact that everywhere that the Jesuits have sanctify founder, Ignatius of Loyola, prayed to God, that the Society, which he had been instrumental in establishing, might always be persecuted, and thus, like the agitated waters of the sea, be constantly kept free from all corruption, it has been the fashion all the world over to hold the Jesuit up from time to time to ridicule and hatred. Near leading in no longer in vogue, but the Jesuit is still fair game and good sport, as ready a scarecrow for all evil minded people to frighten the timid Pawkies as an established mark for little boys to pelt with apples and crackers in the streets of London on the 5th of November. The Jesuit has for friends comparatively fewer still to put in a kind word for him. Hate a Jew, and all the world cries out against the Jew, and none but a few chuckle and applaud. Our Blessed Lord's prediction that His disciples should be hold in hatred for His Name's sake has been fulfilled to the letter in the case of the Jesuit. He bears by the Divine Bounty the Sacred Name and thus takes the consequence of an honor at once so great and always so merited by any of Christ's followers. Suffering has, in consequence, been the lot of all who tribe from the first moment of its existence. The persistent persecution, which the Lord for reason worthy of His Infinite Wisdom has thought proper to allow trial and test of the fidelity of His servants, prove how literally the prayer of their Founder was heard.

The Jesuits has been from time immemorial hunted down and worried. Things have at times gone so far that it seemed to be no violation of the law of God, no infringement of justice, no breach of charity to misrepresent, rifle, blacken and slander them. In the opinion of the world general enemies the Jesuit has no character to lose, and no feelings to hurt. He is considered fair game. He is a mere lawless rebel. To harry such a being on to destruction is to do good service to God and man. It is interesting to know that the existence and doings of such characters, as are many of the enemies of the Jesuits and of the Church, have been clearly foretold by our Blessed Saviour in His Gospel, when He said, as we read in St. John chap. xvi, verse 2: "Yes, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doth a service to God." Though the His formers have not been alone in this ignominious warfare, for the infidels and apostate Catholics have frequently joined hands with them and fought under the same banner, yet history proves that the adversaries and victims of the heroics that the Society was providentially organized to combat, have generally held a conspicuous place in the ranks of the adversaries of the Jesuits, with some exceptions highly honorable to the individuals that constitute them. Hence from the days in which Malachias conjured the princes of Europe to take up arms for the extermination of the Society of Jesus; from the days when Clement XIV. wrote to Ilesa: "As to the Jesuits, we must murder them, and if that cannot be ceremonious; by-done, we should at all events overwhelm them with calumnies and lies," from those days, we say, even to the infidel age, which ushered Voltaire's shrieks of rage and hate, the Order founded by the tears here of Loyola, publicly commented by the Clement of Trent as a "pious institution," approved by twenty Popes, and protected, blessed and employed by innumerable Bishops throughout the Catholic world, has been familiar with persecution in every shape and form. But when it was discovered that open violence was powerless against men who bade defiance to the tyranny of the persecutors of the Faith of Christ; men who counted death of the hands of the heathen in India, China and Japan, who stood to be hacked to pieces and flayed and burned alive by the savages of North America, and when this scarcely less savage penal laws of England never once deterred from making their way into that heretical country thirsting for their blood, then the enemies of the Society had recourse to other and, if possible, more diabolical means, for a time at least, totally prevailed; we mean the customary weapons of cowards, the vile, slander, misrepresentation and calumny. We allude, of course, to the contemporary overthrow of the Society, the result of a vast combination of that rationalistic spirit of the Jesuits, which has at last succeeded in the Protestant Pseudo-Christian Prime Ministers of the Bourbon Kings, that one and all were clamoring for the suppression of the Jesuits, as a kind of justification in the eyes of the world, or at least of many easily deceived, of the cruel persecution, which they were about to inflict on both openly and secretly against the hated and doomed Society.

To prove that Clement XIV. pronounced no definite judgment as to the charges alleged in the Brief, but only related history only the accusations against the Society of Jesus put forward by their opponents, and particularly through the representatives of the Bourbon dynasties, we here quote an extract from a letter addressed by the same Pound to Louis XV. if time only allowed time before the publication of the Brief of Suppression: "I can neither excuse nor abolish an Institute which has been commended by nineteen of my predecessors, and which, for ever, must have been confirmed by the Council of Trent, if, according to your French maxims, the General Council is above the Pope." [We here observe parenthetically that in the above passage the Pontiff alludes to the Gallican erroneous opinion of the supremacy of Council over the Pope—a doctrine which has been totally condemned as heretical by the Vatican Council, 1870.] And he continues: "Some have put forth charges against these charges, he tells us on page 199, "it has been necessary to cite these books of the Brief, because the apologists of the Society allege that no notice sufficiently the Pope saw the desire of peace at any price, and that he did not believe in the culpability of the Fathers. The accusations charges made in this document, and that in the most silent fashion, rebut this plea.

The Jesuits, then, according to Littledale, were pounded as criminals. To be here repeats the accusations of guilt, we shall have to endure two again with the reply drawn from the Pontiff himself, and on this page we had distinctly told the reader that we, in consequence, that the Jesuits were not, after all, so very, very, very, very of consolidate, as some people imagine them.

Then with back respect for the eternal verities of Christianity, we must say that the principal points of their lives are those which they have so strongly and boldly asserted, that the Society of Jesus was suppressed by the Pope, and that the Society is dissatisfied with the suppressed and contradictory to what which he has stated in the Brief. We will say, in a course of all this plain language, have told a little history to after We have assumed

Farm and Home.

Small Farms.

The San Luis Obispo *Tribune* has the following: "Wonderful transformations are taking place all along the line of the Pacific Coast Railway, from San Luis Obispo to the foot of the Santa Barbara range of mountains in Santa Barbara county. Great ranches have lately changed hands, and the new owners are displaying the right spirit and conforming to the demands of the age by subdividing the land into farms of ten acres or upwards, as may be desired by the home-seeker. Among other beautiful and productive tracts of land now being cut up and placed upon the market are the well-known College and Buell ranches containing over 40,000 acres. This immense body of land was lately purchased by the Santa Ynez Land and Improvement Company, said company being composed of E. W. Steele, ex-Attorney General Wiley and others representing large capital—and all these gentlemen are enthusiastic over their ventures and the future of that portion of the State. Preparations are now being made for planting the olive extensively, and soon, with the olive trees now in their vicinity, of which there are now over 100,000, the College and Buell tracts will become the most extensive olive raising portion of the State. The soil is finely adapted for this industry, as well as for wheat and various fruits and vegetables. The water is excellent and abundant, large tracts can, if necessary be irrigated, and in all respects this new country, through all of which the railroad runs, is one of the most desirable to be found on the Pacific Coast. The principal land is so low as to be within the reach of men of limited means, and the facilities for reaching the great markets of the State insure a grand living for the purchaser of small holdings, if from the first year of his ownership, he will raise vegetables, small fruits, poultry, etc. In the mean time his vineyard or olive orchard arrives at full bearing age, and lands for which he now pays thirty or forty dollars an acre will, in four or five years, readily command from three to seven hundred dollars an acre."

The Largest Flower.

The largest flower that grows is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, measuring as it does a roundish leaves of petals, each a foot in width, of a brick red colour and covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a large cup nearly a foot in diameter, the margin of the cup bears the stamens, and is filled with a leafy disc, the upper surface of which is every where covered with curved projections like miniature cow's horns. The cup when freed from its contents would hold about twelve pints of water. The weight of the entire flower weighs fifteen pounds. It is very solid; the pistil being about as much in thickness. The odour is exactly that of tainted beef, and it is supposed that even flies which always swarm over the flower are deceived by the small end deposit their eggs in the thick disc, taking it for a piece of carrion. The buds push through the hard bark like knobs, continuing to grow until they have the aspect of large coarse cabbages, and in about three months after their first appearance expand into flowers. These remain but a short time in perfection, soon beginning to rot, and leaving only the central disc, which becomes a large round fruit, filled with a number of small simple seeds. The *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, which is a member of the parasitic family, has no leaves of any kind, but the flowers spring from a small creeping stem about as thick as two fingers. This giant flower is named after Sir Stamford Raffles and Dr. Arnoldi, who discovered it while exploring in the island of Sumatra.

A New Treatment for Boils and Carbuncles.

In a communication to the French Academy of Medicine, at a recent meeting, M. Verneuil says:

The important applications (prominent among which stand the carbolised and boiled solutions) employed in a certain way, and particularly in the form of poultices used repeatedly and for a long time, are of remarkable efficacy, and of the same time are absolutely harmless and easy of application.

These applications of powder quickly short, with very few exceptions, boils and carbuncles. They arrest the progress of the disease in the gravest cases, ordinarily assuage the pains in quickly cease, reduce the fever, diminish the pulsations and suppress nervous tetanus, hasten resolution, and promote the formation of healthy granulations.

This treatment is suitable for all regions, and for all forms and periods of the disease. It is never harmful, and leads to a cure in a large number of cases. It assists surgical interference when that is necessary.

Finally, it tends to prevent auto inoculation and general infection.

California a World within Itself.

California is a world within itself. With labor and business enough, if properly utilized, for the entire population of the United States; with a capacity to feed them, and gold and silver enough to pay them; with land well watered and timbered, and a soil that produces a greater variety of vegetables and fruits than that of any similar area on the face of the earth; with scenery the equal of which cannot be found elsewhere in the world, and a climate which for healthfulness is unequalled. California is truly a world within itself, and I might say a paradise.

The Chances of Life.

Out of every thousand men twenty-five die annually.

One half of those who are born die before they attain the age of seven.

The men able to bear arms form a fourth of the inhabitants of a country.

More old men are found in elevated situations than in valleys or plains.

The number of inhabitants of a city or country is renewed every thirty years.

The proportion between the deaths of women and those of men is 100 to 108.

The probable duration of female life is sixty; but after that period the calculation is more favorable to them than men.

Our Olives and Wines.

What California may do with two of her products, olives and wines, is outlined by the crop reports of Corfu, Greece. This little island, with a population of 20,000, will produce this season an olive crop worth $600,000; while the wine crop of the season is estimated at $400,000. This is only a strip which shows the way the wind blows; but without much precedents, the future great resources of fruit production and wine industry of California are as assured as the rising and setting of the sun.

Home Life.

It has been well said that a single bitter word may dissolve an entire family for a whole day. No matter how humble the whole, if it be garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the shroud of the sun.

Family Fun.

Brother Gardner on Cremation.

"Dis letter which I hold in my hand," said brother Gardner, as the notes of the triangle died away, "comes all the way from Virginny, an' it seems to know whether the Lowe Nikin Club farmers cremeshun or burial for de dead, I should like to hear de opinyun of various members.

The Rev. Peasnick ought to be favored bu rials and he looked on the men who didn't as a heathen.

Elder Toots had not had time to make up his mind. He had turned four wires without knowing whether it was easier to cremate than to bury, but should post himself before barging four more.

Parkles Smith wanted to be buried under a persimmon tree when he died, and if dis wish was not carried out some one would be haunted.

Rise Up Johnson had been cold all his life, owing to the high price of fuel, and the idea of warming him up after death was rather pleasant. He had often thought Hades must be a nice place, owing to the good fire always maintained in the stove.

Sir Isaac Walpole had had his ancestors in his old age. One of them was to keep green the last resting place of the wife who had gone hand and hand with him for nearly half a century before being called to the other shore.

Samuel Shine had formed no opinion. All he knew was that turnips were ten cents a bushel higher than last winter, and he starved to death before Spring he did not care whether they burned, buried or used his body as a fricking pan.

Giveadam Jones felt that he was a wicked man, and made no pretense to sentimentality, but he never consigned the body of one of his friends to the flames he hoped to be spared by a bolt of lightning, or a lump pose.

Several other members followed, generally leaning towards the burial of the dead, and the President lifted up his voice "Gen'ul in ar' evidence dat dis club am opposed to cremeshun, so dey letter will be entered to dat effect. Wha all sot he where, condemn cremeshun. It saves buyin' lots o de graveyard, drowsing evil oakets and miasmiss, an if de corner gets de idea dat anything is wrong an wants to dig up de body an' hold on request dat sich am de body in dispute.

The Boy and the Bath Tub.

The wife of a Western Congressman, quite well known in the House, has a delicate apartment said in the dining room—she has three rooms in all—in a curious looking setter, or sofa, which has often attracted the attention of her sisters who looks like a large box all covered with imitation leather cloth. It has figures and plenty of gold thread through it, while the top is tufted, and makes a rather soft seat.

She had some guests in to tea the other evening, and one of them remained later than the others. The guest was seated on the sofa, sipping a glass of wine, talking to the Congressman and his wife, when the door suddenly opened and an apparition appeared on the threshold. It was the 3 year-old son of the member from the West. The boy was arrayed in his night clothes, and carried over one arm a rough bath towel, while under the other he had nearly half a cake of soap, and the other grabbed the knob of the door. His mother gave an exclamation of surprise when she beheld him, but before she could say anything the infant terrible shouted out: "I say, Mr. Jones, I wonder if you'd mind my staying much longer are you going to stay? I have been waiting here for the last hour for you to go home, so I can take my bath. Do you know that you are sitting on the bath tub, and I cannot get in till you go home?"

The scene that followed can be imagined. The gentleman soon after left. The boy being in a very convenient costume, had a sound spanking, while his mother lifted the top of the curious looking sofa, and displayed beside the nice lined bath tub, sponge and all complete. The guest gave the joke away, and now the member asserts that the next time he entertains he will hire a room if it takes all his salary. He has had enough of this mechanical furniture, and especially bath tubs hidden in sofas.

"Calire," "Sere," Zere."

A "little knowledge" is indeed a "dangerous thing"—at least, it very often leads to make its owner ridiculous. The following conversation among some Dutch entertainers is a sample.

No. 1: "Vas you an awful cold Christmas, now, I tell you. The river was frozen, all to Cincinnati, and the boys used went down twenty degrees below Calire."

No. 2: "Dhere wheels!"

No. 1: "Below Calire, you timberhead. Don't you know what that means? Seems to me the school you vent to was a one horse affair, anyhow."

No. 2: "Vi don't mean anything, you fool!—there's no such thing."

No. 1: "I say there is. You see when it freeze so Calire, it must be pretty cold; so they say so many degrees below Calire."

No. 2: "Ho, ho! You pretend to know! Why, you stupid dunderhead, you've got the wrong word entirely."

No. 1: "What is it, then?"

No. 2: "Why, so many degrees below Nero, of course. I don't know what it means, but I know that's what they always say when it's dreadful cold."

More Than a Match.

A Scotch farmer celebrated in his neighbourhood for his immense strength and skill in the athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who came to see if they could settle him or not. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, had some from London on purpose to fight the Scot. The latter was working in an outshire, a short distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship told his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer—

"I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I have come a long way to see which of us is the better wrestler."

The Scotchman, without answering, set off the nobleman by the middle of the belt, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about sowing. When him lordship had got himself fairly picked up.

"Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?"

"No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be so good as to throw me my horse."

—Curious typographical errors and verbal combinations occur even in church papers. The New York Churchman of last week reports that "St. Thomas Church, Hyattsville, Maryland, the Rev. Wm. Hopekew, rector, is at once to be redesigned and repaired, and bids are now in hand; the roof will be some 80 dollars."

—"I'm so sorry I can't accompanate you, Mr. Dapperkiff," said Miss Kerrell, shifting her head as she drew out of a Saturday evening, "but my boarders settle weekly. My motto is 'Pay as you go'" "Oh, yes," exclaimed Paperwaite, "so is mine. But I'm not owing yet, you know. I'll be here six months yet."

—"Pat mustn't run fast—not so fast—not so fast—he pot-belly—not to pant for a mile—at the rate of two pints a fine. Short sight, weak ankles, too.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long sought medicine for the nervous system. Dr. Shaw's Nerve Restorative is a most marvelous nerve tonic, invigorator, and restorative. It is the only nerve medicine which acts quickly and efficiently. Dr. Shaw's Nerve Restorative is for sale by all druggists, price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5, or will be sent by express, on receipt of price, or C.O.D., by addressing Dr. Shaw's Nerve Restorative, 143 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Paine's Celery Compound

It Has Cured hundreds annually and more than any other medicine. It is the great Nerve Regulator, Strengthener, Builder, Renewer, for the Prostration of nervous prostration and exhaustion, and is the most powerful and speedy cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Weakness.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

WILSON'S Vaporizing Inhaler.

THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS WILL GRATEFULLY TESTIFY TO THE MERITS OF THIS WONDERFUL LITTLE INSTRUMENT.

CATARRH, ASTHMA, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, COLDS, and all Throat, Lung and Nasal Diseases, are rapidly cured by the application of the Vaporizing Inhaler. Its mode of operation is so simple and unobtrusive, that it may be used in any place, at any time, without inconvenience or exposure. It is the only Inhaler that has been in use for years, and has cured thousands of cases. Its wonderful curative powers are due to the fact that it is the only Inhaler that will carry the medicine into the lungs and air passages. Sent by mail, with full directions, on receipt of $1.00. Address

E. M. WILSON, 229 Kearny St., SAN FRANCISCO.

DOZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a delicate, natural beauty to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale everywhere. Ladies who travel should not be without it. A. S. POZZONI, ST. LOUIS, MO.

OFFER EXTRAORDINARY!

Twelve Redemptions ANNUALLY AND THREE NEXT MONTH Do Not Miss the Opportunity.

EMORSONS ADMS AND MONROE MAKE ONE

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

FOR SAN SUCHE

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One Italian Red Cross Bond.
One Hungarian Government Bond.
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All popular Bonds are guaranteed by their respective Governments.

Every bond has the opportunity of being redeemed, with one or more of the following larger premiums:

Two Millions Lire,
One Million Lire,
Five Hundred Thousand Lire,
Four Hundred Thousand Lire,
Two Hundred Thousand Lire,
One Hundred Thousand Lire or Francs
Fifty Thousand Lire or Francs.
&c., &c., &c.

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TWO OF MAY 1, ONE ON MAY 20

And every party remitted of who $5, $10 OR $20 PRIZE MAY 1, 1886, UNTIL S P M., or satisfied to the Government Bonds, and to be drawn thereon, on the 1st of May and 20 of each month.

(Out of more drawers sent to Remorsin Lawrence, in the year 1885 only one of these groups for the forthcoming redemption. Balance payable in monthly installments.)

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 5 W. cor. Broad way and Pulton St. NEW YORK CITY.

Established in 1854

The above Government Bonds are not to be confounded with Lottery whatever, as decided by the Court of Appeals, and as not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in The San Francisco Monitor.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

"THE DOLLEYS BIRDS GAME RUN."

(COMMENCING SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1885, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Boats and Trains will leave from foot of Mission Street, Pacific Transport Passenger Depot, Water Front.)

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Schellenbarger's and Mark West Springs. At Cloverdale for Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Harbinger Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Springs, Blue Springs, Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Springs, Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Springs, Springs, Saratoga

CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS.

Great International Congress in Paris Next Week.

Non-Catholics who think that the Catholic Church is opposed to science, will learn with astonishment that a great International Scientific Congress of Catholics will meet in Paris on next Monday.

The specific and sole object of this Congress is to promote the development of science for the defense of the faith. Theology, in the strict sense of the word, is excluded from its circle of topics. Its direct scope is not Apologetics. It is intended to furnish materials and aids to those who professedly engage in the great work of Christian Apologetics, by directly labouring for the development of the various branches of science. It will occupy itself with the impulse and direction which ought to be given, at the present time, to the scientific researches of Catholics, and with the method to be followed in order to make these researches subservient to the Christian cause without sacrificing anything of the most frank orthodoxy or the most entire scientific sincerity. Natural Theology is included in the programme as a department of Rational Philosophy; and Biblical Science, so far as it is concerned with the relations of the Scriptures to the sciences and secular history, excluding all questions concerning the extent of their inspiration. The commission has invited Catholic scholars and scientists to prepare memoirs and reports, which, after being examined and approved, will be presented to the Congress for discussion, but there will be no votes taken or decisions formulated on their respective topics. The principal objects proposed at those papers will be to determine the points, if any, at which, in relation to those questions which, by their relation to the Christian faith, have a special interest for Catholics. The acts of the Congress will be published, including such papers as may be selected, or abstracts of the same. In this way will gradually be collected an encyclopedia which will be of the greatest value and interest.

SETTLED AT LAST.

The Stack-O'Hara Case Canvassed.

The famous Stack-O'Hara case is at length settled, after sixteen years of litigation. Father M. P. Stack, who was pastor of the Church of the Annunciation, in Williamsport, Pa., was removed from his position in 1871, by Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton. Claiming that the removal was illegal and in opposition to the canons of the Church, Father Stack carried the matter into the civil courts. His suit was successful in the lower courts, but he was thrown out in the Supreme Court. Bishop O'Hara's counsel argued before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania recently the appeal in the case. Father Stack recently made a three-week's visit to his old parishioners at Williamsport, Lock Haven, Jersey Shore, Muncy, Allegheny, N. Y., and sent in his liberty of gold thread through it, while the Bishop as humble letter of submission and to tell, and makes a rather soft nest, regret for his unfortunate. The Bishop has accepted the submission, restored the priest's faculties, and then gave him letters dismissory to the diocese, or, as it were, recommending him to other sofa, sipping a glass of wine, talking the best consideration of any right reverends the Congressmen and his wife, when the Bishop who might be pleased to receive humbler suddenly opened and an apportion into his diocese. It is understood that Bishop Spalding and the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, of Omaha, Neb., will accompany one son of the member from the Wa the services of Father Stack in the event of his being reinstated. Nothing, however, certain required conditions being fulfilled and carried over one arm a rough hide sa

Correspondence.

We respectfully exhibit correspondence from all parts of the world. Catholic Court on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church in the spiritual and temporal order.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday morning at most, as the MONITOR go to press every Tuesday night.

Correspondents must look to Agents.

VIRGINIA CITY LETTER.

Catholic Concerns on the Comstock.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEV., April 1, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:—

Dear Sir:—The wonderful yet joyful announcement which the coming of Holy Week always awakens in the Catholic heart, seems to have given a fresh impetus to the Comstock. Our large congregations are the perfect model strangers—St. Mary's in the Mountains—is almost uncomfortably overcrowded at through fall in with the cross, and the Stations of the Cross, which the Blessed Lord underwent during the sorrowful journey, that course around the last solemn act of man's redemption. On Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday, the Church ceremonies were very impressive, and the Church was crowded to overflowing. Vespers were performed with the solemnity and deeply touched those who all the substantial spiritual benefits under the but the happiest to be present.

The young lady pupils attending St. Mary's school, dressed in garments and trailing robe of spotless white, looked like angels in attendance at Holy Thursday before the Most Blessed Sacrament, while the same horse by Father Lynch, elegantly decorated canopy of silk, fringed with gold pendants, and supported by gilded poles, and spangled in the most exquisite manner, was carried over the consecrated Host by the most marginal acolytes, during the course of the procession around the church. The choir could be congratulated on the Miss M. A. Feeney and Mrs. D. Curran, whose artistic taste, skill and rare and exquisite voices produced a lovely company. The altar of Sepulchre was beautifully decorated with the floral emblems procured from California conservatories by Mrs. Dr. Gallagher, Mrs. Dr. Fleming, Mrs. Dr. Ford, Miss Minnie Leonard and other Comstock Catholic ladies who brought in beautiful flowers where the glory of the Lord dwelleth. Two individual tapers tower about half high around the altar, then resembling a picture set in a frame of gold.

On Easter Sunday morning the high mass was nicely decorated by numerous flowers and well attended notwithstanding the rain. The choir rendered a beautiful mass, which was enjoyed by the congregation. The commission has invited Catholic scholars and scientists to prepare memoirs and reports, which, after being examined and approved, will be presented to the Congress for discussion, but there will be no votes taken or decisions formulated on their respective topics. The principal objects to be aimed at in those papers will be to determine the points, if any, at which, in relation to those questions which, by their relation to the Christian faith, have a special interest for Catholics. The acts of the Congress will be published, including such papers as may be selected, or abstracts of the same. In this way will gradually be collected an encyclopedia which will be of the greatest value and interest.

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CRIMELESS IRELAND.

More Cessation Declared Free from Crime.

In addition to the numerous counties reported in last week's MONITOR, where the day has passed by without the following additional evidence of the peaceable condition of the Irish people, even under the present agitating circumstances.

No Trouble in Tyrone.

On the 6th of March, the Tyrone Assizes were opened in Omagh, by Justice Holmes, who, in drawing the Grand Jury, said the cases that had been brought up were very trivial, very few in number. There were only three cases going before the Grand Jury, and none of them were of a serious complexion. It was a matter of the greatest pleasure to every person interested to find Tyrone presenting such an example of peace within its borders. Since the last Winter Assizes only six cases had been reported to the police.

Orangeism Condition of Tipperary.

Mr. Justice Gibson opened the Tipperary Commission on March 5th, and in addressing the grand jury, said there were only a few cases to go before them, which were of a trivial nature. These constituted all the Crown business at the Assizes.

Grand Report from Roscommon.

The assizes for the county of Roscommon were opened on March 5th, by Chief Justice Morris and Justice Murphy. The Chief Justice, in addressing the Crown Court, and subsequently repeated in the Queen's Court, and subsequently repeated in the Queen's Court, and subsequently repeated in the Queen's

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

LINES TO GOD'S CHURCH.

(Written on a church bell.)

Church of the triune God, and Bride of Christ!
I serve feel thy Truth and virtue more
Than when some mass-house tongue or vocal hand
Would stetha at thee.

Why, Christ thy Spouse
Was crucified for Truth; and martyrs bled
For principle. Thy mitred leaders bent
Their willing heads to reeking knives, so that
Thy name was shielded and their Faith declared.

What wonder, then,
If thy white mantle's stained with hate,
With foul calumniation—aye, with blood;
What wonder if thy virtue is severe;
What matter if thy spirit is unharmed;
What matter if Christ ministers to thee!

Still be thy task the savior of the world;
Still be thy hope the cleanser of souls;
Still be thy faith the promise made by Christ.
Still be thy step, strong men will bear thee on;
If foes beset thee, Can will hurl them back;
If dark the hour, new suns will light thy way.

Far—yonder Church—this sun—departing ship
That leaves its haven on a lengthened cruise
With large well-wishes and supervise shores,
So dim! this light journey through the earth
Amidst our prayers, our blessings and our tears
For we are with thee on the vastness way,
And Faith, thy pilot, in temptatious hours
Can be alone by to fit the crouching mist,
And show thee where thy destination lies!

C. ANTHONY DOFLE.

April 8, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

The past, the long-remembered past,
Dwell on each scene however gay,
Yet sorrow's cloud will sometimes cast
Its shadow on the fairy way.

Still on the past I love to dwell,
And wake the dreams of youthful glow,
Because those memories fondly tell
A story tinged with joy or woe.

The joy I love, because 'twas joy,
The woe, no pain may cause me now;
Such dreams are never more annoy,
Nor blanch with care my lips or brow.

I love to wake those happy dreams
Of memories of the fairy past,
When Hope's bright star shed forth her beams,
Too brilliant to be glow to last.

Oh, the days of joy and pleasure
I oft remember fondly still,
And those days I'll always treasure
With heart filled by deeper thrill.

Each scene, like some enchanting song,
Still above me on life's onward way,
And though I join the worldly throng,
The past still holds a deathless sway.

Still as I ponder o'er the past,
What cherished hopes from memory spring—
Of youthful joys that could not last,
Vows breath pledged by mighty king.

I would not, if I could, recall
One moment of "the long ago"
But let Time's somber curtain fall
Upon the joy and woe.

JOHN F. MCDONNELL.

Virginia City, Nevada.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

TIDINGS FROM OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea, the beautiful sea,
A white-winged message is wafted to me;
Over the waves and freshening spray
Where the sunbeams dance and the mermaids play;
From a peaceful home in the Mohawk vale,
Fragrant with blossoms that fill each gale,
Like a breath from a better world to me
In this living message from over the sea.

Over the sea, the calm summer sea,
Memoirs pictures reflected to me,
Faces and scenes that I loved so well,
Cast around me a mystic spell;
And down through the wonderous vista of years,
They are shining to-day in the haze of hazes,
Riding before us, sweet memories of them,
Beautiful bones o'er the billowy sea.

A cottage half hid 'mmh the jessamine vine,
The shady elm, the towering pine,
The deep-toned grass, the silver plume
Of limpid brook and moss-edged stream,
Where, we paddled our skiffs and whiled away
The long bright hours of the summer day,
The merry peals of our children's glee
Are resounding today o'er the wide-spreading sea.

But Time's rude pinions have swept the air,
And change has introduced even there,
Many are few gone from the dear old home,
Afar in the great wide world to roam;
The young ones are pacing the familiar plain
In lighted by many a stranger face,
And some rest under the Church-yard tree,
Just beside the old home-stead over the sea.

Home of my childhood over the sea,
My truest heart turns fondly to thee,
For there I have there is perfect rest
From the billows of trouble and care's behest;
And often I think I shall wander again
Away from the noisy hamlets of men,
To find that coveted peace with thee,
Beautiful home o'er the memories sea!

A. WEYER.

San Francisco, April, 1888.

MY IRISH GIRL.

Am I of those ye see, too late,
Life's early faults retrieving?
Must I, too, share the sceptic's fate,
Endeared to stern believing?
As Love I've mocked, at Passion smiled,
To end my heart in peril
In sight of Nature's sweetest child,
An artless Irish girl!

Love is wake those happy dreams
Of memories of the fairy past,
When Hope's bright star shed forth her beams,
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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1888

Dangerous Anti-Catholic Literature.

The Sacramento *Bee* seems to have been hit in a vital spot by the MONITOR when we recently gave its true character as both an anti-Catholic and anti-Christian publication. Our opinion was based upon the fact that we have read the *Bee* very carefully for some time, and the conclusion we have come to is that the *Bee* belongs to that class of newspapers which is far better outside than inside the homes of Catholics, where there are children whose minds are easily poisoned by reading the anti-Catholic and anti-Christian sentiments with which its leading articles are interlarded.

One of the duties incumbent upon a Catholic journalist is to caution Catholic parents against the insidious poison which is distilled by the secular press and distributed broadcast over the land. The Prelates of the Third Plenary Council, which met in Baltimore in 1884, issued a Pastoral Letter wherein they cautioned their Catholic flocks against just such papers as the Sacramento *Bee*, whose constant *stings* at Christianity in general bring it within the category of papers denounced by the American Bishops in the following extract from their Pastoral Letter, Speaking of the dangerous literature which floods the country and which tends to destroy the faith in those youthful souls where it is not fortified by experience in the nature of the weapons used by the enemies of God's Church, here is the language of the Pastoral:

"Not only should the immoral, the vulgar, the sensational novel; the indecently illustrated newspaper, and publications tending to weaken faith in the religion and the Church of Jesus Christ, be *absolutely excluded from every Catholic home*," say the Prelates who have charge of the souls of the Catholics in America, "but the dangerously exciting and the morbidly emotional, whatever, in a word, is calculated to *imperil, or even the loss of faith and morals in the youthful mind or heart, should be carefully excluded*."

Such is the line of conduct pointed out by the American Prelacy for Catholics to follow, and an examination has convinced us that the *Sacramento Bee* comes within the category of papers condemned by the Council for the reason that it glories in scoffing at Christianity in general and Catholicity in particular. Such is even gone out to where as a newspaper to condemn [illegible] and mass and Christian principles [illegible] sonable pleasures of young and old, it has risen above all religious restrictions.

A paper that thus both openly and covertly assails Christianity, "is calculated, in the language of the Pastoral Letter we have quoted, "to impair or lower the tone of faith or morals in the youthful mind or heart, and it should be carefully excluded."

Those young Catholics read in the *Bee* that "if Christ himself were living to-day he would not see a trace of Christianity in any prevailing religion," (see the *Bee* issue of last week) the faith and the morals of such children of the *true* Church are likely to be *lowered* if not *materially impaired*. And when youthful Catholics find a paper that is a daily visitor to their homes boldly declaring that were the Son of God to enter one of our churches, we doubt not that He would be tempted to drive out preachers and deacons as He drove out the money-changers in the Temple," their minds become imbued with the infidel idea that Catholic faith is a fraud, and that Catholics and deacons are those included in the denunciatory declaration by the anti-Christian *Bee*, and therefore they listen to sermons from Catholic "preachers" with that listless indifference and inattention which are the sure premonitory symptoms of the growth of the weeds of infidelity in those sacred gardens in which good Catholic parents earnestly endeavor to cultivate the beautiful flowers of Catholic faith planted in pure souls of God's creation.

According to the *Bee* neither Christianity or Christian ceremonies are necessary to economy. All a Catholic child has to do is to grow up as best he can outside of religious influences—which are characterized by the anti-Christian *Bee* as "a *system of pot-pot glory*"—then be honest if he can; refrain from stealing or cheating—if he can; and to shape his daily life according to the materialistic mold in which a vivid worshiping poet cast the imaginary form of a *perfect man!*

Have Catholic parents no better literary pabulum for their children than such a paper as the Sacramento *Bee*, whose motto that his *Thoughts* should become the theological text-book for Catholic youth! Hypnut was the author of a series of most godly anti-Catholic communications on "Catholicity in Mexico," which he published in his paper—the New York *Post*. Moreover, this same individual, who seems to be the *Bee's* sole divinity, acknowledged no higher God than nature! And yet, in the face of both these convincing facts, the *Bee* endeavors to make its readers believe that it is not an anti-Christian paper!

The *Bee* charges the MONITOR with being bigoted in its Catholic belief, and it also alleges that we do not believe half of what we say. But from our standpoint of faith bigotry as a foreign to our mind as Christian Truth is to the belief of the Sacramento *Bee*. So far from being bigoted, we believe there are millions of laxjudged non-Catholics who are following out the dictates of their individual conscientious according to the little spiritual light they have, and we appreciate to a greater decree the conduct of such among our separated brethren than we do the degeneracy of those apostate Catholics whose only aim in life seems to be to shower slander and contumely upon the Church that made them Christians.

The *Bee* says the MONITOR can see no good in anything that does not deserve our approval, our applause, and our approving nod. Well, we should say that The Church of God condemns everything appertaining to Christianity that does not meet her approval, applause and approbation, and as a consistent Catholic we always feel that we are beneath Salvation's shadow when we fight our polemical contests beneath the Church crowned with the Cross of Christ.

The *Bee*, therefore, is sadly mistaken in its measurement of the MONITOR's Christian rule of conduct. In rain also does it plead that it is not both anti-Catholic and anti-Christian so long as we can call them [illegible] columns such broad-gauged infidel sentiments as those we have outlined. We do not either ask or expect the *Bee* to show the Catholic Church any special favor in its columns, but we do expect from every secular paper received into Catholic homes that its columns shall be free from that Satanic style of latter-day literature which stands at sanctity and includes our Divine Church in the mass of miscellaneous sects from which "preachers and deacons" would be driven by the Son of God if he were in the world to-day. From papers which inform Catholic children that bigoted Bryant's Thanatopsis is good enough gospel upon which the lives of men may be governed, every Catholic parent should pray—"*good Lord Deliver us!*"

The "Glories of Mary" Criticised

A gentleman who signs himself "A Liberal Protestant and a constant reader of the MONITOR," sends us a copy of the *Sign of the Times* in which recently appeared several incomplete extracts from the great work of St. Alphonsus Liguori—*The Glories of Mary*. Alluding to the extracts in question our friend asks:

"Can these be correct, or are they lies and libels?" The extracts are correct as far as they go, but—like all Protestant practices of the past—the text is mutilated for the purpose of misleading the Catholics. The *Glories of Mary* has been published and circulated throughout the whole Christian world for more than a century. It is to be found in the libraries of Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, priests and good Catholics, and it contains within its covers the best refutation of the false meaning attributed to its contents by the Oakland paper. The work, moreover, has the approval of episcopal authority.

Fortunately for the cause of truth, Almighty God permitted the *Glories of Mary* to be severely criticised by Catholic enlightened during the life-time of St. Alphonsus Liguori, and by this means this great work of God and friend of the Mother of Mercy was enabled to add additional strength to every sentence he wrote concerning the power which Mary exercises through the plenitude of grace she receives from Almighty God.

Non-Catholics cannot have the slightest conception of the supernatural power Mary possesses, because they look upon her merely as an ordinary mortal who lived and died and went to Heaven. Beyond what the Sacred Scriptures say—and Holy Writ says but little of Mary—their knowledge does not extend, hence they are naturally horrified when they read that the Blessed Virgin can secure the alteration of the souls of repentant sinners. Such is the feeling, doubtless, that actuated the non-Catholic gentleman who reads the MONITOR, and who asks that we notice the charges made by the *Sign of the Times*. It must be borne in mind, however, that the *seeming* attributed to St. Alphonsus Liguori's language by the Oakland paper is the individual opinion of an unauthorized Wayback preacher named Waggoner, which the *Glories of Mary* was written by a saint and its precepts have benefited thousands upon thousands of souls during the past century. Hence Wayback Waggoner is best only an absurd individual whose objection to the language of St. Alphonsus Liguori are the outcome of ignorance influenced by heretical hate.

If "Liberal Protestant" will call at the MONITOR office we will let him have a copy of the *Glories of Mary* to read, and we will prove to him by ten numerical references in the work, that Wayback Waggoner would meet with the latter success behind a white wash brush that he does as the critic of a saint of the Catholic Church.

The Pope to the President.

The following autograph letter has been presented by Cardinal Gibbons to President Cleveland:

TO OUR BELOVED SON, JAMES GIBBONS, PRIEST OF HOLY ROME, AMERICAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. *Age, Benedictions to Beloved Son, Health and Benedictions.*

Among countless congratulations which we have received from all parts of the world upon the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of our elevation to the priesthood, we have, as was natural, set the most store by the evidences of courtesy and respect sent by the rulers of nations. For by these marks of their good will toward the head of the Church they manifest, and this we ardently desired, their kindly dispositions towards their Catholic subjects.

Since then the illustrious President of the United States has through you, our beloved son, seen fit to exhibit a like courtesy, accompanying the expression of the same with the gift of a superb copy of the Constitution of the most powerful republic, he has in so doing afforded us peculiar pleasure and satisfaction.

Moreover, as it is fitting that we should return to his Excellency the expression of our gratitude, we commit the discharge of that duty to you, both on account of your exalted rank in the hierarchy of this country and the personal esteem in which his Excellency holds you.

In fulfilling this duty we desire you should assure the President of our admiration for the Constitution of that United States, not only because it has enabled its authors and enterprising citizens to attain so high a degree of prosperity, but because under its protection your Catholic countrymen have enjoyed that liberty which so manifestly promoted the marvelous growth of their religion, and will, as in the past, we trust, enable it in the future to be of the highest advantage to civil society.

We, as you will be pleased to add, will pour forth frequent prayers to God for your country's constant advance, glory and prosperity, and for the health and long life of the President.

Finally, to you beloved son and to the faithful intrusted to your pastoral care, lovingly in the Lord, We impart our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, this 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1888, and the tenth of our Pontificate.

LEO, P. P., XIII.

ORDINATION FOR THIS ARCHDIOCESE.

Rev J. Pinerini was ordained for this Archdiocese on Holy Saturday at Baltimore by Archbishop Gibbons. He is a native of Italy, a graduate of St. Leonard's Church, San Leandro, and will undertake his first Mass three consecutive weeks. He is expected to arrive here next Saturday.

CONTROVERTED POINTS IN CATHOLIC MATTERS.

6.—Providential Preservation of the Society of Jesus in Prussia and White Russia, and its Restoration by Pope Pius VII., August 7, 1814—Other Calumnies of Dr. Littledale Exposed and Refuted.

Continuing the many historical falsehoods and barefaced calumnies that, thanks to *honest and conservative* Littledale, disgrace the pages of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (vol. xxiii., p. 645-656, Article on the Jesuits) are to be reckoned the following, which concern the existence of the Society of Jesus in Prussia and Russia after the time of the Brief of Suppression, and its complete restoration throughout the Catholic world by Pope Pius VII. of happy memory. Desiring to furnish to the readers of the *Encyclopedia* some specimens of his *historical trustworthiness*, on reaching the period of the Suppression of the Society (p. 655) he boldly asserts: 1st, That "far from submitting to the Papal Brief, the Jesuits after some ineffectual attempts at direct resistance, withdrew into the territories of the non-Roman Catholic sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, Catherine II. and Frederick II." 2nd, That "two legged Briefs were specially circulated implying the repeal of the Brief of Suppression." 3rd, That "they also pleaded a verbal approbation by Pius VI., but no proof of either its existence or its validity is forthcoming." 4th, That "Pius VII. which he re-established the Society, omitted all vindication of the Jesuits from the heavy charges in the Brief of Suppression."

In these four statements of our *learned* and *fair-minded* divines we detect several flagrant falsehoods. To begin with the first, the real facts, as revealed by historical documents and unimpeachable authority, are simply these. In the first place, as the preservation of the Society in Prussia and Russia directly and principally concerns the members, that were already long established in those countries, we fail to see the truth of the broad statement that the Jesuits *withdrew into those regions*. With regard to the temporal survival of the Society in Prussia, 1773—1786, Frederick II., who had succeeded to the throne in 1740, with all his profession of infidelity, was too keen a statesman to sanction so religious annihilation, men who were valuable instruments in lirthering the interests, culture and prosperity of his subjects. Hence, when the Brief of Suppression appeared, Frederick forbade its publication within his dominions, and informed the Pope of his mission to maintain the Jesuits. He seems to have had some presentiment of his future attitude in this matter, when on July 7, 1773, he thus wrote to Voltaire: "That good Francisco of the Vatican leaves me my dear Jesuits, who are persecuted everywhere else. I will preserve this precious seed, so as to be able one day to supply it to such as may desire again to cultivate this rare plant." Clement XIV. could not exact obedience from a monarch outlying the limits of the Church, and the Bishops fearing disastrous consequences to the cause of Catholicity, if they contravened the order of their temporal sovereign, declined to interfere. The Jesuits themselves were unwilling to accept the protection thus extended to them, and persisted in their desire to submit themselves unreservedly to the Brief of Suppression. According to the wording of the Pontiff himself, the Brief was not binding unless canonically promulgated by the Bishops in their respective Dioceses; this was not done for the reasons given above, hence the continuance of the Society in the Prussian State was both legal and justifiable. However, all anxiety on account of it was entirely removed by the accession of Pius VI., who, in a letter addressed to King Frederick, informed him that he was willing to take all the name he considered fitting for the maintenance of the Society in Prussia, and that under such a name and title, free from all disobedience to the Holy See continue to live in community, and discharge the duties of their institute. In the face of these facts, the attempt of such a man as Dr. Littledale to make the Jesuits withdraw into other regions, and which everyone can easily verify for himself, our readers know well, is simply the result of his offended pride. Clement XIV. continued himself to words of simple exhortation—the Jesuits were free to act as they thought fit, and the Bishops of Prussia, the sovereigns and the Pope, by their conduct, gave the Jesuits to understand that they approved of their continuance in Prussia. Having wrested from Poland part of White Russia and part of Livonia in 1772, she found among her new subjects two hundred Jesuits, who were in possession of four colleges and many smaller houses. Catherine was strongly advised to dispense with their services at once; but she happened to have a will of her own, and determined to keep the Jesuits herself rather than yield to politics. Time of her minority, bolder than the rest, ventured to remind her that Inter Crassas was not a law in Russia, but only in her Russia, but Catherine quietly asked if she, as Empress, was expected to possess the power which Peter possessed, and when all her dutiful courtiers bowed affirmatively, she said that, no doubt, Peter may have had the right to do what he pleased in the law in question, and that she had also good reasons for restricting it. "If they misbehave they can be dismissed at any time, and it will not be more easy to put me among into this field." In September, 1773, came the news of the suppression of the whole Society by Clement XIV. Catherine at once dispatched peremptory orders to all the Catholic Bishops within her dominions forbidding them under the severest penalties from promulgating the Brief, and enjoining on all the Jesuits to remain at their posts and attend to their duties as before, asserting there at the same time, that she would unmeritably take the Jesuits ought to obey the Pope in matters which concern the Dogmas of religion. In other respects it is your duty to obey your Sovereign. I perceive that you are zealous. I shall send instructions to my Ambassador at Warsaw to convert monastery of the Emperors, and commanding them to go on as before till they received further orders. The right course of action was now no longer doubtful. The Brief of Suppression either was sufficiently promulgated to demand the obedience of the Jesuits or it was not. If it was not, they were still bound by their vows and obliged to go on as before. If it was, they were clearly subject to their Bishop in accordance with the provisions of the same Brief, and by their Bishop they were forbidden to disband and commanded to remain at their posts.

A few years later when Joseph II. of Austria visited Russia, he inquired from the Bishop of Mohilow how it happened that the Society of Jesus suppressed throughout Europe still flourished in that Empire, and he received the following laconic, but expressive reply: "*Pippin indopte, nu pendrive pabrelu, Russo Iesuite*"—It is because of the needs of the people, the consent of the Empress, and the silence of Rome.—Pamphlet to her princess Catherine wrote to Rome and obtained from Clement XIV. a Decree, dated June 9, 1774, authorizing the Jesuits of White Russia to remain *in statu quo* till further notice. This is perhaps one of the two Briefs, which our honorable Littledale charges the Jesuits with having *forged* and circulated from their headquarters in Rome with a view to sanction their rebellion and freshness existence. Those of our readers who are acquainted with the *noble dignity* and *truthful sequence* of the Ex-Jesuit contributor to the *Encyclopedia* know by this time what to think of our remarks.

Listen to, at the accession of Pius VI., the Empress dispatched to Rome a special messenger bearing her autograph letter to the Pope, in which she thus summed up her motives for providing the Jesuits: "The Society of peaceful and innocent men continues to remain in my Empire because, among all Catholic Orders, they are the best fitted to instruct my subjects, and to inspire them with the true principles of Christianity. I am resolved to support these priests against any power whatsoever, and in doing so I only fulfill my duty for I am their Sovereign and I regard them as faithful, innocent and useful subjects." Pope Pius VI., replied to the Empress by a verbal sanction conveyed in these precise words reported by Cathrein—"*Appoints Sacrisstatus, Jesus in Albo Rosso Deputation, opposito, opposito*."—I approve the existence of the Society of Jesus in White Russia; yes, I approve it, I approve it.—The verbal approval, technically called "*viva voce*" which, according to Cathrein, "*Jesuits and furthermore*, our quite a sufficient answer in the judgment of Catherine, and Jesuits, signifying all scruples from the minds of the Jesuit Fathers, it justified their existence in the eyes of all Europe, and afforded to many former members of the Society a strong inducement to join their brethren in Russia, as a substitute of them actually did.

It is highly interesting to see how closely Cardinal Valenzi follows the one memorial bearing his signature and seal, addressed to Pius VI. under date of the 1st of April, 1785, from the Palace of Ravagnan, S. J., in his History of Clement XIII. and Clement XIV., (Rome, 1887, p. 426). Valenzi, in his Preface, says he has taken the following extracts, which are of the highest importance, from the Archives of the Vatican, and he thus concludes: "Thus Brief of Clement XIV., was not published in Russia and Prussia, and, as the Bishop of the Brief itself, was charged to make it known, and to superintend its execution, from secret, it remained, and yet, in fact, The Jesuits in Russia remained accordingly in peaceful possession of what had belonged to them in 24 years under the auspices of among Holla and Brida of numerous Pontiffs; that is to say, they continued to be true Jesuits. In this where is their choice? Where their disorders? The Bishop did not communicate the Brief, because the Court of St. Petersburg forbade its publication under pain of severe disciplinary enactments do not bind with such grave consequences. Besides, even Catholic Sovereigns had a law of the transmission of the Brief without imposing blame, not only for the reasons just alleged, but also from the form of expression used by the very Pope who suppressed the Society; for Clement XIV. continued himself to words of simple exhortation—the Jesuits were free to act as they thought fit, and of His ends for the salvation of souls. Are the Jesuits in Russia, then, guilty of disobedience to the Holy Ghost, through the expulsion of the Society from Rome? Are the Jesuits in Russia, then, the flourishing remnants established by the Jesuits in Russia, yet it produced a very important effect in the Jesuits in Russia. At the time of its restoration the Order in other countries of Europe, it was composed of two hundred and fifty, who had survived the ruin of the Society, who, alone in Europe, had continued to live in the old habit. In the meantime, four lifetimes had passed, and the Jesuits in Russia, which had grown to a number of 1,000, of which 400 were Jesuits, and the rest were Novices

Farm and Home.

How to Drink Milk.

"What did you drink?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing that could have made me sick, I am sure," replied the patient. "Only a glass of milk."

"Did you drink it quickly?"

"No quicker than usual."

"Humph!—Now, the one great fault of the age is the use of the word of advice. Many persons complain that they cannot drink milk without being 'disposed by it.' The most common reason why milk is not well borne is due to the fact that people generally drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily it enters the stomach and then forms in one solid, curdled mass, difficult of digestion. If, on the other hand, the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes, at least, is occupied in drinking it, then, on reaching the stomach, it is so divided, that when coagulated, as it must always be by the gastric juice while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard, condensed mass, upon the outside only of which the digestive fluids can act, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can freely play to perform its function. Milk may be rendered more digestible, and, for many, of more agreeable taste, if prepared by slowly adding a few drops of dilute hydrochloric acid to it, drop by drop, stirring it the same time. By this means the curd is broken up, and it is in a more favorable state to be acted upon by the digestive fluids. You follow my advice and you will have no more attacks like the one you are troubled with to-day. Two dollars, please. Good day."

Believed That Buttermilk Cured Her.

A woman of this city who had been prone to scold by her physician to be fitted with an consumption, and who was apparently dying as fast as that slow young disease could carry her off, was told by a neighbor that she had been assisting a lady in churning and had much enjoyed a drink of buttermilk. "Buttermilk!" fairly screamed the invalid, "how I wish that I could have a drink!" And from that time till her friend could go to the house where the churning had taken place and bring the longed-for draught, she raved and cried for it. She drank it and felt better. Then another churning was hurried up, and she drank again. The lady made her churnings more frequent and used to please the dying woman.

In a little while the news was brought that she was improving. A few days later she was out of danger. A week elapsed and she was on her feet and about the house. And now she is again a bustling, busy woman, not strong, but in apparently good health, with no symptoms of a deadly disease lurking around. There is no doubt, she says, the buttermilk cured her. A physician says "it was right in the spot." It nourished her poor, famished body, filled up the dried out tissues, and gave her strength and coverage. Neighbors say that she is proud of her money, and that probably much of her illness was due to her reluctance to pay for palatable and nourishing food. The buttermilk was given to her.

What Is Stale Bread?

The stale crumb may be regarded as the framework of gluten coated with glony, dried starch, not readily dissolved by the saliva. But by heating the hydration of gluten is driven out. The starch is moistened and the whole crumb, recovering the elasticity of fresh bread, is palatable. On cooling, the water is withdrawn from the starch and restored to the gluten, and the bread becomes stale.

Now as stale bread is the most easily digested it deserves to be restored to palatability, and this can be easily done by reheating it, as we have seen. It should be done in a covered dish, so as to prevent loss of moisture. Thus reheated it renews its youth, but does not resume the qualities that make fresh bread indigestible. It is these possible to combine the taste of fresh bread with the virtues of stale bread, and the process is one that should be familiar in every house where cereal food continues to be the staff of life.

The Value of Love.

The love of a true, sincere heart is more to be prized than the wealth of the Indies; it is pastile of childish voices, the purity that slumbers in their lilies, implanted there by the true harmony dwelling in the souls of pure whom God has joined together, is a mine of unbounded wealth. Too, boy! wrestling with your reticed stock, gold bonds, and boasted wealth, don't you think the prattle of infant voices would make sweet music to your ear, and children caresses outset the blushing selling here! What have you to give in exchange for such happiness? Well I would that every one had in her possession, guaranteed unto them, the transfer of which might be compelled to their posterity, this expression of true wealth—Love at home.

Cure for Rheumatism.

A correspondent of the *English Magazine* says: "Let all of 'cars' know the following. My wife was suffered excessively with acute rheumatism in her feet, with painful swelling, completely taking her off her feet for several days at a time. The following remedy was recommended recently and tried, and took away the agonizing pain in less than fifteen minutes, and she can now walk very fairly, and in a couple of days she will be able to better her boots, and walk without a stick or crutch: one quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir one ounce of alum; this makes curds and whey. Bathe the part affected with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keep the curds hot, and after bathing put them on a poultice, wrap in flannel, and—go to sleep (you can). These applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.

White Meats.

Bishop Kaiser, of Green Bay, speaking of the terms of the Roman Index says:

"The translation 'white meats' for the Latin word 'lacticinia' has been misunderstood by many. Some dictionaries (also Webster's edition) explain white meats to mean "young or delicate flesh, or veal, poultry, rabbits, and so forth."

The Lenten regulations of the several Dioceses translate the spirit of the Roman Index in this manner. They exclude all flesh meats, and the term "white meats," so far as it describes permissible food, refer to eggs, fish, oysters, etc.

Bear Boston!

A tramp applied at the back door of a house on U street, Washington City, for something to eat, and the mistress let him in.

"Madam," he said with a formal bow, "I crave some nutritious element."

"Hunter," she added to the cook, "there is a man here who wants something to eat, bring out that plate of pork and beans."

"Ah, madam," he said, lifting the dish as a soft light shone in his face, "a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind;" used to reside in dear Boston, myself."

Family Fun.

Tickling Thoughts.

Two girls sat in a car a few evenings ago. We won't have to ride in these kinds of cars any more, after a while," said one, we're going to have electric cars here."

"Is that so?" queried No. 2. "How do they go, by steam or by weather?"

"I don't know," replied No. 1, "but I think they go by weather."

Mr. Dunenberry—"What nonsense it one newspapers study out! Now, here's a statement that widows are more likely to die than widowers."

Mr. D.—"That's all bosh, my dear. The fact is that a man generally dies before his widow."

Mrs. D.—"Is that really the case. How do you account for it?"

Mr. D.—"I can't."

Benhen—"It's too bad 'bout Wilsung bein' out o' work. I'm 'fraid he'll be kinder hard work to make both ends meet" Pete (who has never heard the expression before) "Th-la ends meet, eh! Well, judgin' by his present circumstances, he'll be mighty lucky, if he kin make one end weetable."

Photographer—"Excuse me, sir, but if you could look a little more pleasant—"

Wild-looking Countryman—"Don't be nervous, young man. I'm not a-force ex I look."

"Well, old fellow, it's all settled. I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope."

"O man upon me. I never desert a friend in adversities."

Friend, to widow, mourning her third husband—"I sympathize deeply with you, my dear Mrs. Black, and was sorry not to see you in your hour of affliction."

Widow, sadly—"Ah, my friend, you do not know what it is to lose husbands."

A young mother looked through twenty-six novels to find a name for her girl baby, and finally settled on Marier.

"Uncle Rufus, I am very sorry to hear that you have lost your wife."

"Neber mind, boss; neber mind. I'ad de experience."

Old lady, to saleswoman—"You don't seem to possess the patience of Job, young woman."

Saleswoman—No, ma'am; but Job never worked in a dry goods store.

He Saved Him.

He had just taken hold of a coat hanging in front of a second-hand store when the weighed proprietor jumped out and inquired:

"Was you going to buy some coats?"

"Well, I was out o' looking."

"Would you like to buy for cash?"

"Why, I'm ready to pay some cash, of course. I think I'll buy on the installment plan.

"Dat settles it. We dean do some possessions on dat plan any more."

"What's the matter?"

"My friends, I tell you all should it. Suppose I sell you dot coat by der week."

"Cos."

"And ether you pays me too weeks you shan you outer and kin?"

"Yes."

"Dot makes me have a lien on your estate dean't! I had to tie a claim und sendt a judge. You is stickdown dedt, und so I put in my bill dot you owe me six hoonered dollars."

"That's fraud."

"So he shas, but I put in my bill und der Sheriff came und he sold your estate goes up. I gife my lawyer two hoonered, und keep four hoonered, und your family goes by der poorhouse."

"Would you do that?"

"Why, of course. Dot shas I tell you. Dot weekly payment shas such a temptation dean't I can't resist it. Dot shas, in reasonity, but you see nopody can find me und is free. If you pay dem dot coat shas tree dollar. If you pay by der week ha shas also dollar, und if you don't shump on your estate mit a claim for six hoonered. Dot makes me a rascal, und if you shas my friendt, und like to see me lif like some honest man, I peg of you to pay me cash down."

"Um! I see. Well, I'll pay cash for the coat. If I can save you from committing a crime it is my duty to do so.

"O course he shas. My friendt, shas yoda. You shas an honest man. You hif saved me from doing a wicked thing, and some tears shas shed in my eyes. I make dot coat cost worry cheap, to you, but still you shas an honest; I put in the paper sollare—No. 18—and may shas you like some clothes come und see me."

Be Weakened on Nosh.

A hired man who had been employed on a farm in this country for several months entered suit against his employer the other day for balance of wages, amounting, as he claimed, to $22. The suit was on trial yesterday, and it looked at first as if the plaintiff had a clear case. His gaze dates and figures in a straightforward way, and seemed a very honest young man.

When the farmer took the stand, he said "I claim an offset for the $22. No man need owe me for what I honestly owe."

"What is your offset?" asked the lawyer.

"He's an unbeliever."

"In what?"

"Why, in the Bible."

"What has that to do with your owing him $22?"

"It has a hoep to do with it. I had six hands in my employ, and we were ranking things when I hired this guy. He held a been with us two days when they stopped the reaper in the middle of the forenoon to dispute about Daniel in the lion's den, and in three days we had a regular knock down over the whale swallowing Jonah. The man who runs the mower got to arguing about Samson, and drove over a stump and damaged the machine to the tune of $18, and the very next day my hay burner, Jim, and while climbing the fence to hear and see the row started over Shadrach and Meshach and the Red Sea. It wasn't a week before my wife and kids fell to fighting for the Jews by the rescue, and hanged if I didn't feed myself growing weak on Noah and his flood. That's my offset, sir, and if he was worth anything I'd use him for $1,000 besides.

Cold Comfort.

They were sitting round the stove in a grocery, when the man with the red grizzly spoke up and said: "It must be a relief to be cast away on an ocean-girt island."

"Bunker yer life," replied one of the others. "Well, I don't know about that," said the grower, I ought-fully. "You don't. Why how would it help but be awful?" "Its the island supposed to be uninhabited!" "Of course." "Oh, that makes a difference. I didn't know but that it was inhabited by a grocer who keeps a red hot stove, and a barrel of apples for the convenience of loafers." "Then a deep shadow fell upon the island in the ler-of Pacific, and one after another the wrecked sailors went out on some errand or other.

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RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.

Impressive Ceremony in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Sacramento.

Last Friday afternoon there was witnessed at the Convent chapel of the Sisters of Mercy in Sacramento a beautiful ceremony, the occasion being the reception into the Order of six young ladies as Novices. Bishop Manogue officiated, assisted by Rev. Thos. Grace. The following clergy occupied the sanctuary: Rev. T. Hanglo, Sacramento; Rev. P. Scanlan, Rev. Wm. Kerr, Rev. Peter Dillon, all of Sacramento; Rev. F. D. Lucas, Dunlap; Rev. T. Ryan, Oakley; Rev. J. Wilson, Marysville; Rev. Father Herbode, Woodland.

The chapel was handsomely decorated; the altar beautiful with flowers, and interspersed with vases of fragrant flowers, was very bright and pretty.

At three o'clock p. m. the Sisters entered the chapel in procession, headed by a cross bearer and closed by the young aspirants to the religious life, who were attired in bridal robes and conducted by the Rev. Mother and assistant. The cross bearer entered the sanctuary first. The choir intoned the "O Gloriosa Virginum." The usual preliminary ceremonies were then performed.

Bishop Manogue addressed the young ladies in a most impressive manner on the nature of the obligations they were about to contract, at the same time encouraging them by bringing before them the luminous rewards of Heaven for the sacrifice which these obligations entail. The discourse, though not lengthy, was most instructive, and the earnestness of the Bishop evidently touched the hearts of many of his audience, as well as those of the young ladies directly addressed.

At the conclusion of the sermon the young ladies were conducted to the altar and interrogated by the Bishop as to their determination to enter the religious life of a Sister of Mercy. On their replying in the affirmative in a very earnest manner, they were permitted to exchange their worldly robes for the humble garb of religious.

The names of the young ladies are as follows: Miss Liston, in religion Sister Mary Dolores; Miss Davis, in religion Sister Mary Antonia; Miss Atkinson, in religion Sister Mary Stanislaus; Miss Somers, in religion Sister Mary Columba.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, after which the clergy and religious retired in processional order.

CATHOLIC LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

—Mrs. M. Ryan and Mrs. A. J. McDonough were selected as delegates to the Grand A. S. No. 1, to the annual election of officers in A. O. H.

—The social of U. I. A. S. No. 1 was held last Wednesday evening at Cavalry Hall, and was a grand success. Mr. Fitzpatrick and other artists kindly volunteered their services for the occasion. Following is the programme: Piano and violin solo, Miss A. Thibault and Master E. Harbert; solo by song, Josh Davis; piano solo, Miss Mary Shaughnessy; song, "My Not Farewell," Miss Julia Robinson; recitation, Miss Annie M. Sullivan; vocal duet, Miss M Sullivan and Miss Harrington; comic selections, Master F. Thibault; piano and violin duet, Miss M. Sullivan and Prof. Manning; comic selections, Wm. McGuire; song, Miss May Flynn.

The programme received well merited applause, and the ladies deserve credit for compiling the half was elegantly filled. The committee in charge gave great credit for the manner in which they performed their work, there being no jarring or unpleasantness. The following are the members of the social committee: Mrs. M. Ryan, Miss B. Culhane, Mrs. W. Hamon, Miss M. Smyth and Miss A. Houlihan.

—Rev. J. B. McNally was departed for Europe on Tuesday last, was presented with an address, accompanied by a travelling-case, from U. A. C. No. 1, on last Sunday. The Reverend gentleman was much pleased and complimented the ladies of the Society on the noble work in which they are engaged, and said they had done a vast deal of good in Catholic circles.

—The programme for the annual picnic of the U. A. A. S. No. 1, to be held at Shell Mound Park on May Day, promises to be one in every particular, as all the parishes are taking a lively interest in the affair.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. ANDREW MANNING

On last Thursday evening, after only a few days' illness, Mrs Andrew Manning of 1272 Howard st., peacefully breathed her last, surrounded by her family and fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church.

Mrs. Manning was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, in December, 1833, and was consequently, at the time of her demise, not yet 55 years of age. She resided in San Francisco early in the fifties, and, if memory serves, was married to Martin County where she resided for many years followed by the duties of giving her children a good education, however, Mrs. Manning, several years since removed to the City of San Francisco and joined her husband and children. Her home was a place of rare delight to her friends, many of whom, if not of Irish and Roman Catholic descent, Mrs. Manning had nothing undone to give her children a Catholic education. Her sacrifices in behalf of her children, her patience and kindness, may remain a chastening and beneficial memory in the hearts of her children. Charitable without ostentation, kind and sincere in all things, she endeared those characteristics which make a loving wife, a tender and devoted mother, and a sincere friend.

The funeral took place on Friday; and the large number who attended, testified to the regard in which the deceased was held. The remains were taken from the residence to the Church of the Sacred Heart, where which the obsequies were celebrated by Father Brady, assisted by Father Caron, and a sermon was preached by Father Brady, in which he spoke of the deceased as a Christian mother, and a true friend to her children and family. The pall bearers were Messrs. Thos. Grace, Thos. Ryan, Thos. Ryan, Jr., Thos. Ryan, Jr., Thos. Ryan, Jr.,

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A DIRGE

Under the billowy waves of the sea
That struggle against the shore,
Down in the depths of the ocean lies
To rise again no more.
The silent dead sleep peacefully,
'Mid the ocean's ceaseless roar.

In the desert soil of the far-off East,
Where hot winds scorch and rave;
Where the burning sun on his fortunes scowls
Looks down on many a grave,
As steady as brooding lights that gloom
At the head of a church's nave,

In the solemn shadow of forests grim,
That sense imperiously,
The traveller skirt and sad spoot,
Kneels down full wearily,
And 'mid the dirge of the forest chorus,
Forsaken mortality:

Within those northern ice-bound lands,
Where snows eternal rest,
Still there with life's ebbs sharp and bright,
Death follows his gloomy quest,
And sends his poisond lifeing darts
Into many a throbbing breast.

And this this world from end to end,
While fleeting Time shall be,
Is only a vast sepulchral tomb,
Where King Death regally
Relieves the woes of countless hearts,
Their years for sorrow.

Then pray for the dead, 'tis a wholesome thought,
As Christ Himself hath said—
To raise our souls in earnest prayer,
That God may bless the dead,
And give them heaven where angels fair,
Celestial fragrance shed.

S. M. C.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

AN ACCIDENTAL THOUGHT.

Lay two strings tightly on a separate board;
Then drawing near them whisper a clear word,
And in! the strings will vibrate with the sound;
Bearing so wandering warm sweet thrills around.
And so
A motion's voice, sometimes, though soft and low,
Vibrates 'twixt spirits—aliens though they be—
And down them sloun in Love's dear harmony!

C. ARMOT DUNN.

THE ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

Come, raise me up, alannah! Lift me up a little more,
And let the sunshine touch my bed, and stream upon the floor,
Draw back the curtain further yet—let enter every ray,
And gaze the place look cheerful, child! for this is St. Patrick's day.

Once more I bid it welcome—'tis the last for me I see,
I've had a long, long journey, but the end is drawing near;
Thank God, I've had my share of years, but, remember, child, to day,
My heart grows warm and youthful, and my thoughts are far away.

You know my old brown chest, mother; go now and find the key,
And bring me what you'll find there, in the bottom corner hid.
A little colored purple board [illegible]
And yet I prize it dearer far, next if I were sold or [illegible]

Long years ago I carried it across the rolling sea,
And There, with all its changes, has not stolen it from me;
Just as you read the other day—and I believe it true,
That everywhere an Irish gy, God's Cross will follow, too.

And there are friend around it, child, what you can't understand,
Old memories of other days—of youth, and manlier hand;
As dry and withered rose leaves speak of summer past and gone,
So Mic's bright early spring-time in this little cross lies on.

It is like one of the first time that I wore it, long ago,
Pinned here upon my shoulder, ah, but sure you'll never know
How proud I felt that morning, with my cross and ribbon green,
God and country bound together—I was prouder than a queen.

Here Sight and gay my spirits, as children should be light
Yet in four-leaved shamrocks whilst the dew drops sparkled still;
Whilst the blackbird sang its welcome, the primroses showed her face,
And violets nodded from their cozy hiding places.

My little cross—around you, oh, how many memories cling,
Old times, old scenes, old faces to my mind this holy day you bring;
Come, pin it on my shoulder, child, in spite of age or pain,
For Ireland and St. Patrick let me wear it once again.

The weight of years may bend me, but my soul shall ever pray,
May God be with the good old land, and bless her honored day,
And round the Cross entwine I may her shamrocks ever be seen,
That as she bore the burden she may share the triumph yet.

MY GRAVE.

There's a shadowy isle in a mystic sea,
Where I watch, and wait, and pray,
Its back, now calm, and now fierce the wave,
None visits the shadowy isle but one,
To weep where its white grave gleam.

I found this isle when Young Love died,
In the cold, dim, long-ago,
And I made her a grave and knelt by its side,
And my prayer, crushed heart in its anguish cried,
From the depth of a benedison was

Again I come with the dust of pride,
To weep at a new made grave;
Ambition, too, I laid at her side,
For they drooped and pined when Young Love died,
For the light of life she gave.

And now my bark, with silent sail,
Wanders the mystic wave;
And I hoed not the breakline, and rock not the gale,
Nor the alien's sway, nor her victim's wail,
While I guard my island grave.

And a thousand fragments drift and float,
The wrecks of the wasted years;
But they pass adrift from the land of my boat,
And I hoed them not, as I dreamily float,
For my graves have happened my home.

MARIE WARDOW.

Literary Miscellany.

The Penitent of Cortona.

A True Incident in the Life of St. Margaret.

Of the many saints whom the Church has placed upon her altars, there are few whose lives reflect so strikingly the power of the mercy and justice of God, than that of St. Margaret, the Penitent of Cortona—the Magdalen of the great Franciscan Order. In it we see the Justice of God evidently manifested by the terrible end of the wicked companion of Margaret's crime. His mercy, in not only raising Margaret from this vile creature she was to a height of sanctity seldom attained in this life, even by the purest souls, but in giving her such powerful graces as to enable her to be, to day, numbered among the Seraphim, while all the celestial choirs burn most ardently with Divine love.

Margaret was a native of Laviano in the diocese of Chiusi in the province of Tuscany. Her parents were of the well-to-do class. At the early age of seventeen she forsook the paths of virtue, and for more or ten years, like Magdalen, remained dead to a sense of her duty. At the end of this time an event occurred which proved the turning point of her career. One morning the companion of her evil course, the Lord of Montepulciano, left his villa on business but did not return that evening according to his promise. The next day passed and yet no tidings. On the third or fourth morning after his departure her little pet dog, which had accompanied him, returned alone, and going directly to where its mistress was, began to whine piteously and pull her robe, as if it wished her to go with it in search of something. Margaret, whose activities had been arrested by the unaccountable absence of her master, and astonished at the whining and unusual conduct of the little dog, immediately followed it to a heap of wood not far distant. But who will describe her horror when she found her murdered lover hidden under the pile, his carcass already in a state of corruption, a mass of worms and a prey to vermin. This was a terrible moment for poor Margaret. Contemplating the lamentable scene before her, and moved by an extraordinary grace of God she, on the instant, determined to change her life, and repair in as much as she could the scandals of her former career. In the first instance she gave unequivocal proofs of her conversion to the inhabitants of Montepulciano, and then like another prodigal she resolved to return to her father and humbly entreat his pardon. She instantly set out for Alt-Cortona. Arrived at her father's house she cast herself at his feet, and by her tears and sincere repentance obtained the paternal forgiveness.

Encouraged by her father's restored love and pardon, Margaret now set in earnest to do penance for her past follies. Every night her groans pierced the ebonds, and the words of bitter anguish she appealed to the saints in heaven to have if her and were yet in a state of damnation or if Jesus Christ would pardon her after the commission of such enormous crimes. At one time she fastened a cord round her neck, go bare foot like a criminal to the churches and public places, and with every sign of deep regret implore the pardon of the people she had once so scandalized. This conduct soon drew upon her the resentment of her mother who treated her as a fool, and so grieved over her father that he banished her for ever from his house. This was precisely what the demon wanted. Now was his opportunity to recover his lost prey. He vividly placed before her mind a long life of pleasure if she would but return to her former dissolute career and abandon the cold by this crushing temptation, she heard an interior voice which bade her repent of what the demon proposed. Margaret saw what the demon proposed. Margaret saw the danger, but trusting in God, she put from her the temptation, and resolved to do penance for her past sins. Her sorrow was so great, and her mortifications so severe, that in a short time she was the admiration of the whole city. Her fame reached the ears of the Pontiff, who sent for her to Rome, and after a long interview with her, gave her the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. In obedience to that Pontiff's injunction she hastened to Cortona, and there set herself in the feet of one of the Fathers, made a general confession of all her sins, and received the habit of the Third Order as she had been commanded. The Fathers, however, prudently deferred according to her request till she had given solid proofs of a real conversion. Day by day her anxiety to receive the habit of penance grew more and more intense, and for three whole years she almost daily renewed her petition. At last her prayers were heard, and to her great consolation she was numbered among the children of the great Patriarch of the poor.

Margaret now continued her penances with great earnestness and fervor. But were I, dear reader, to recount all her heroic deeds, I have great doubts if you would believe me. So great and so rapid were her meditations that we could not conceive even a strong man practicing them on a body inured to suffering, much less delicate woman inflicting them on a body all lately treated with every tenderness and delicacy. After twenty, which was the cause of her fall, she tried to destroy by torture her face with stones and rubbing it with sharp gravel, every inch of her body was rendered livid by disciplines and other mortifications; her bed was the bare earth, her pillow a stone or a log of wood; and little by little she so accustomed herself to fasting that she reduced her daily nourishment to a little bread and water. This sort of life was more than the demon in whose power she once was, could silently endure. He tried every remedy in his power to shake her fervor, but in vain, for her Divine Spouse was ever at hand to aid and console her. At one time she was brought to the very verge of despair by the devil representing to her that her sins were too many and too great to be forgiven; that she would not persevere to the end; that God would sooner or later abandon her; and that she would be inevitably damned. Then in terror she threw herself at the feet of her crucifix, and in an agony exclaimed, "O my Jesus, I know that I do not deserve Thy pardon, or final perseverance, yet though You were to abandon me, and that damnation be my eternal portion, I will during my life shall acknowledge Your justice extolle Your mercies."

Seeing that remission for her was daily increasing, Margaret bewailed Our Lord to withdraw some external favors which elevated her in this estimation of men, but that Lord told her that it was His will to assist fast His gifts to her, this to encourage poor sinners to return to Him, and to promote His own glory, adding: "I have set thee up as a wonderful light to enlighten those who are seated in the shadow of sin. I have made thee an example for sinners, for a clear proof to them that if they do not reap My inspirations, and if, by the help of My grace, they fit themselves for the work of their justification, I am as ready to show mercy to them as to thyself. Hence I wish that all should know the graces I have showered thee, and that they may be published, not only in this country, but even beyond the seas." Some time before her death, Margaret was graving over the Passion of Christ, Our Lord appeared to her complaining of the ingratitude of Christians who daily crucify Him by their crimes. "As to thee, My child," He added, "who so least Me so often with bitter tears as I had forgotten thee, why dost thou not return to the from whence thou hast crucified Me so many times, if thou desirest so ardently to possess Me." As these last words grieved Margaret, He reassured her saying "Thou hast indeed crucified Me over and over again, but since thou hast been converted to Me and hast received the habit of the Third Order of My Father, My beloved Francis, and since thou hast given thyself to Me, I order, then that taken Me down from the Cross by the bitter sorrow of thy heart, and hast never replaced me there.

As Margaret and approached she increased her penances as much as the weakness of her body, after twenty three years of unremitting and very increasing austerities permitted. Her whole being became absorbed in the love of the Crucified. Long before her death, the day of her deliverance was revealed to her, and that a great number of souls delivered by her prayers and merits from the purifying flames of purgatory, would accompany her to Paradise. Margaret ended her mortal pilgrimage in her fifteenth year, and entered the celestial abode on the 22d of February, 1297. Her glorious and increasing power with God are testified by innumerable miracles, among which eight persons were raised to life at her tomb. Devotion to her spread with wonderful rapidity, and her feast began to be celebrated in various places; but it was not till 1728 that she was solemnly canonized by Pope Benedict XIII. Her feast is kept in the whole Franciscan Order with special solemnity on the anniversary of her death. Devotion to her has ever proved most effectual for the conversion of sinners, as our Lord told her the case would be—"Whatever thou shalt ask in My name shall be granted to thee, and those who have recourse to thee shall receive a special grace."

Considering then, the events of this wonderful penitent's life, and the extraordinary graces accorded her by the Giver of all good gifts, who will not, with submission, gratitude and love exclaim "*Thy mercies, O Lord, I will sing forever!*"

IRELAND A NATION.

Beautiful Sentiment from Daniel Dougherty.

Mr. Daniel Dougherty, in response to the toast, "Our Sister Isle," at a Celtic and Friendly Sons' dinner, New York, said: "It is a great pleasure to me to be present at this occasion. The countries of Continental Europe crowd each other, boundaries touch boundaries. Italy can surrender Savoy to France and still be Italy. Alsace and Lorraine may be torn from France, yet France remains one of the great Powers. Scotland and England are as one. God planted Ireland apart and alone, and—lade the wild waves of ocean roll around her shores for ever. Ireland is twice the distance from England that England is from France. Though speaking the same language, the Irish and English are as distinct from each other as the Frenchman from the German or the Italian from the Spaniard. Ireland, by the way, is nearer to America and the day set to us. Seven centuries of cruelty have not conquered the Irish. Try justice and they will be conciliated. Let England, by a magnificent act of policy that will win her the good will of the world, give peace to the counsels; let her duplicate Halifax, disarm Salisbury, resuscitate Gladstone, make bright and beautiful the sunset of his illustrious life by granting Home Rule, send Parnell to Dublin as Lord Lieutenant to open the Irish Parliament, and Ireland, with a spotless fame, and the acclamations of mankind, will take her seat and the family of nations.

European Liquor Statistics.

The Swiss bureau of statistics recently prepared a reliable report giving the annual liquor consumption of different countries, it showed that the people of the United States drank more of it than those of Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, Russia, France, Austria, Hungary, Great Britain and Ireland. The only countries where the average per head was less than the United States, were Italy, Finland and Canada. The average consumption of spirits in the United States is a little less than 5 quarts a year, while Germany is a trifle over 12 quarts, and in Ireland 24 quarts, in Germany 9 quarts, in Russia 8 quarts, and in France 7½ quarts. In the consumption of beer and malt liquors Germany comes first with an average per capita of 150 quarts a year, England is second with an average of 145 quarts, while the United States comes fourth with an average per capita of 22 quarts. France is, of course, conspicuous for its wine-drinking. The average per capita in that country is placed at 40 quarts, Switzerland is second with an average of 37 quarts. The United States is sixth with an average of 25 quarts. The figures of the United States however, compare agreeably with those of Great Britain.

Good St. Anthony.

The *Catholic Universe* reports cases of how St. Anthony helps to find lost things. Just try the good Saint's intercession yourself, whenever you lose something you really want to find. St. Anthony will bring it to you as sure as you live. The other day Orlando Wood, Secretary of the Society of I. C. B. U., of Alexandria, Va., wrote us he had lost the check of $75 we had sent him for the Library Fund. He wanted another check and the lost one stopped at the bank. We gave no other check. We gave no notice to stop the lost one. We gave him little by little as he accustomed himself to fasting that she reduced her daily nourishment to a little bread and water. This sort of life was more than the demon in whose power she once was, could silently endure. He tried every remedy in his power to shake her fervor, but in vain, for her Divine Spouse was ever at hand to aid and console her. At one time she was brought to the very verge of despair by the devil representing to her that her sins were too many and too great to be forgiven; that she would not persevere to the end; that God would sooner or later abandon her; and that she would be inevitably damned. Then in terror she threw herself at the feet of her crucifix, and in an agony exclaimed, "O my Jesus, I know that I do not deserve Thy pardon, or final perseverance, yet though You were to abandon me, and that damnation be my eternal portion. I will during my life shall acknowledge Your justice extolle Your mercies."

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BLACK BAPTISTS BAPTIZED.

Religious Scenes and Queer Songs.

On the banks of the pond, between the road and the water, the polyanthuses are ranged three or four deep, and down at the lower corner, near where the millrace debouches from the end of the dam, I used to think to be pleasant this warm August day. For this is the centre of attraction. Here are the dressing rooms overshadowed by several large trees, and leading a long way down into the water, are two planks upon which the candidates for baptism enter and leave the water.

All colors of skin are represented among the crowd, from the almost white cream faces of some of the undaties to the ebony black of the real old fashioned, "born" de wah Affrica. And all colors of the rainbow flash and rustle and flutter in the sunshine as the wind stirs the garments of the female portion of the brethren. Such has on her Sunday-go-to-meeting ribbons, and marvellous indeed are some of the combinations of color and arrangement of the ribbons.

But a stir in the crowd announces the arrival of the preachers, and they unfeelingly give greetings around as they make their way to their dressing room to don their water garments. Two of them enter the water at the side out of the home plate, marked by a stake, where the water is about waist deep. Both of them are pretty dark in color, self satisfied in manner, and of that sleek appearance and round outline of form that are the usual appanage of popular negro preachers, for the fattest chicken is the good pullet, the lightest biscuits are too heavy, and the oldest buttermilk is too warm for them when they pushed the glasses of their tempers on Brother M. or Sister A. at dinner after the monthly morning preaching. Verily they live on the fat of the land and their shadows never grow lean.

Some of the converts emerge from the dressing room and stand in the shallows at the edge of the pond, accompanied by old sisters and sisters, and this is the signal for singing to commence.

A short, stubby, bull dozen, whose countenance is about that of a Sergeant, starts the tune

"Oh, what you gwine, mourner?
What you gwine, I say?
Oh, I gwine wah de river of Jordan,
You cannot cross to-day.

Sing, brethren, de good Lord bears you,
What you gwine, I say?
Oh, I gwine down de river of Jordan,
You cannot cross to-day.

The first verse, accompanied by a couple of deacons, enters the water and wades out to where the preachers await her coming. She is quiet and serious and makes no demonstration as she comes out, extremism being not yet get the hold on the crowd that it will have later on.

The leader of the hank gives out the next song. Several more go through quietly, but the song is getting louder and a decided movement of the singers, led by the deacon, who is getting worked up to fever heat, is noticed. The extremist Sister Gladstone, makes a decided advance, containing, as it undeniably does, more of the spirit of the Spirit than Sister Gladstone's. The leader of the hank gives out the following:

"Ole Satan's a-ridin' on a cloud,
Ole Satan's a-ridin' on a cloud,
Ole Satan's a-ridin' on a cloud,
Ole Satan's a-ridin' on a cloud.

Excitement is getting a good hold on the crowd now, and many of the newly baptized are receiving the congratulations of their friends receiving congratulations. One old sister is overcome with joy and excitement, and is embracing everybody who will submit to her in that way. In her hour of salutation she is actually approaching a young, and, judging by her companion, who is standing close by, very handsome, young man. Her friends are laughing at her, and a good deal of fun is being made of her attempts to get her arms about a young man.

Now the preacher, who is a tall, lean, bony man, who is a good deal of a dandy, and who is evidently a man of some education, and who is the Sergeant Bull Dozen's superior in every respect, takes the hank and sings:

"Ole Satan's a-ridin' on a cloud,
Ole Satan's a-ridin' on a cloud,
Ole Satan's a-ridin' on a cloud,
Ole Satan's a-ridin' on a cloud.

The words are spoken, he is drawn slid under the water by the practised hands of the preachers, and as he comes up a baptized sister leads the neighborhood knew it, "I've found him, I've found him; bless de Lawd," and waving his hands and splashing the water all around he stands and shouts until the attendants lead him ashore.

Time is slipping away, so the officers don't let the water stay long. Some more go down into the water, and, one by one, come out to their shouting on the pond.

There is a sweet rhythmical ring to the best tunes that never fails to carry a number of hundred of negro voices joining in the old song.

In de sweet dello di Elias,
In de sweet dello di Elias,
In de sweet dello di Elias,
Dat's the time for me.

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CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Concerns in Many Countries.

—Thomas a Kempis has been translated into the Siamese language by a Protestant Missionary.

—The enterprising and pushing Catholics of St. Louis will erect the finest Catholic church in the United States, if good old Liberius.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher of Green Bay, expects to start for Rome about April 20th, accompanied by Rev. Joseph A. Zemmger, Chancellor of Milwaukee Archdiocese.

—The plans for the new Catholic school house, in Boston, Eng., are now prepared. The building will be an ornament to that town and will cost about $70,000.

—The Sisters of Loretto, Loretto Heights, Pa., visited St. Louis, Mo., towards the close of Lent. Father Lambert has been pastor of Fort Hodge for seventeen years.

—At 88 Peter and Paul's Church, Detroit, a very successful retreat for men was given lately by Fathers Bradley and Finnegan, S. J.

—The health of Bishop Wiggers of Newark is said to have improved little since he went to Temperary seclusion at Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J. His stay there is for the purpose of obtaining a complete rest from diocesan labors.

—Very Rev. Geo. L. Willard, of the Catholic Indian Bureau, Washington, and Father Ketcham, Jasper Co., Ind., where he left his mission for a time to superintending the erection of an Indian in such a church, have left for Rome.

—The many friends of Father Felix Barry, of Washington, will be pained to learn that they were struck down in his office while ministering to the hospital at Vinna de Mar, near Valparaiso. The latest cable dispatches announce their convalescence.

—Catholics of Ulster, Bishop Dorrian, Prince Edward Island, in his will gave forty thousand dollars to Bishop McIntyre for the erection of the Catholic College, and left the testator's relatives penniless. Irish Catholics, take a lesson from Scotch.

—Rev. William B. Hunter, of Carbondale, is travelling in the Western States in Sunday City, Mo., at the Church of St. John, Rev. James Fielden, pastor, Father Hunter celebrated a Solemn Mass of Requiem for the repose of the late Bishop of Kilkenny and Leighlin, an honoring attribute venerable Prelate's decease.

—Pere Dulac, one of the most distinguished Dominicans of France, is now living in retirement at Flavigny, in the old convent of Flavigny, which he has made the mother house of the Dominicans of the Holy Ghost. Pere Dulac is a nephew of Mgr. Dulac, the Vicar Apostolic of Dakota, and a brother of Bishop Dulac's assistant, Father Dulac.

—Pope Leo XIII. has conferred the Papal Medal on Mr. Thomas Gallagher, of Ottawa, Ont., for his generous services to the Church in Canada. Mr. Gallagher has been the generous and zealous friend of the Oblate Fathers, and is universally esteemed for his charitable disposition and his great zeal for the cause of the Church.

—Mother Mary Johnson, for thirteen years superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Phila delphia, died on Tuesday, March 27, in St. Joseph's Academy and Convent, at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. Mother Johnson was a native of Armagh, Ireland. She entered the Sisterhood of St. Joseph in 1851 under her brothers, the late Rev. T. Kearney, of St. Mark's Church, Port Richmond, Philadelphia, and the late Rev. Jas. Kearney, of St. Joseph's Church, Germantown, Philadelphia, entered the priest hood, and of her sisters, one became a member of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, and the other, Sister Ignatius, was for a number of years Superior of the Order of St. Joseph.

—Cardinal Manning's articles on the social question have been attracting special attention in the Catholic press abroad. In one of them he says that the remedy is pointed out by the Vicomte de Vesnole, whilst in another article of very similar character he appears in the *Moniteur de Rome*. The leading German Catholic organ, *Germania*, calls his Eminence's action in this question "a new service rendered by the great English Prince of the Church, upon whom the German Catholics look with joyful veneration and the deepest reverence; and that service is one on behalf of the poor and needy, whose cause has so often been taken in hand by Cardinal Manning.

—Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who celebrated his golden jubilee last Lent, is in excellent health. In conversation with a representative of the *Ledger*, he said he remarked that America and American affairs were dwelling on his mind at the time of the Vatican. "Does the Pope know asked the reporter, "what is going on in this far distant country in Church and other affairs?" "Yes," said Archbishop Ryan, "the Pope is conversant with American affairs. He knows the first time that his Holiness has seen a copy of the Constitution of the United States?" "No, indeed, the Pope has never seen it. It is the most convenient form for carrying and taking, and is the most popular. Formerly they were made by hand. The Latin Vulgate was the Latin Bible. There are a few manufacturers who make 1,000,000 pils a week.

Saved the Frame.

A well-known showman who owns ran a menagerie in a Pennsylvania town tells a story which will amuse the printers. He hired a big colored person to take the tickets from the 1 ffice, and he carefully directed him to move a "form" from one place to another. The early promptly put in on his hand, and just as promptly his head went through, and there was a terrible mess of "ink." To his employer he then reported: "Boss, I done spilled the type, but I saved the frame."

—A Roman correspondent contradicts the report that the Pope is suffering from Cholera. His Holiness is quite strong, and will sing Mass at St. Peter's today at the 11th hour, for the Croatian pilgrims.

A Life Well Spent.

There has just died at Verne, France, of which place he has been Cure since 1832, an old priest by the name of Fidlete, who drew up the night before his death, a memorandum setting forth that during his ministry in Verne alone he had baptized 1,526 infants, assisted at 1,326 deaths, celebrated 300 marriages, and had heard 25,000 confessions. At the foot of his memoranda he wrote, "God has been very good."

—Post mortem examinations are to be asked for publication soon to just for to advance a project by the name of Fidlete, who drew up the night before his death, a memorandum setting forth that during his ministry in Verne alone he had baptized 1,526 infants, assisted at 1,326 deaths, celebrated 300 marriages, and had heard 25,000 confessions. At the foot of his memoranda he wrote, "God has been very good."

IN THE HOLY LAND.

Sisters of Charity Among Lepers.

Our excellent contemporary *Les Missions Catholiques*, gives a graphic description of the actual condition of lepers in the Holy Land, as well as the efficacious and wonderful kind care of those solely effected persons, in reading the letter of Mgr. Dupuis, who has been for many years an eye witness of what he describes, we must confess that the Sisters of Charity have surpassed all expectations in the temporal and spiritual care lavished on the unfortunate victims of the leper. The results will but fill most Christian hearts with joy and gratitude. Mgr. Dupuis writes that during the last year of 1886 arrivals. The results will but fill most Christian hearts with joy and gratitude. Mgr. Dupuis writes that during the last year of 1886 arrivals. The Indian lepers seems so little to have been changed or improved upon. Even the tribes of Moses and of Christ, the leper is today cut off from human society, or at least restricted to the companionship of those who share in his affliction. Formerly, we are told by Mgr. Pelet, the lepers of Jerusalem were permitted to live in a time-honoured hospital situated in a secluded part of the Holy City. About twelve years ago, however, those unhealthy buildings were torn down and their inmates transferred to a secluded valley of Cedron, beyond the walls of Hr Ayoub, or Nehemiah. Here they form a village and a community of their own. They are secluded as far as possible from the great world without, and are cared for with the tender sympathy only female companionship is sufficient to impart.

Lately, however, the spirit of Christian charity has given them a more commodious and pleasant retreat. Their sates are largely supplied by loving and generous hands, and the sweet sisters of charity are at their side to minister to their wants. The lepers are also provided with a new hospital, which is one of the most beautiful and comfortable of the kind. The lepers are also provided with medicine and in some generally. Speaking, of course, only as lepers, we may say that we shall look with much interest for further accounts of the loving care lavished on lepers and other maladies.

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S. SBARBORO, Manager.

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1888.

"CAPTAIN JACK."

A Touching Tribute to Sisters of Charity.

While at Phœnix, Arizona, some time ago, I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, and the hero of many an exciting adventure while engaged in his dangerous calling, that of a thoroughly secret in the Indian country. The hall was represented to be almost capacity and when the scout stepped upon the stage the applause was all most deafening. Every one in the house knew and admired the Captain, and as he stood there dressed in his buckskin garb his long hair falling in wavy folds over his broad shoulders, and his keen eyes sweeping over the audience, I thought I had never seen a more noble specimen of athletic manhood.

He began his "Campfire talk" as he called it, with a brief sketch of his adventures during the war, in which he served in the 8th Pennsylvania Infantry. At the battle of Spotsylvania he was severely wounded and sent to the Satterlee Hospital, at Philadelphia. When he reached that place he was in a condition his voice grew soft as he paid this tribute to the noble Sisters of Charity:

"While lying upon a cot in the hospital, battling with pain with all my boyish strength, when the doctors said I could not live, and when I could almost feel the icy kiss of death upon my brow, I looked up and saw a sister of charity, a black robed sister of charity, kindly my cot of pain and prayed and watched with the angels in white. By her careful nursing that good Sister saved my life. And now, after all the years of peace, when I entered the array I could not write my poem, I could not do justice to it, nor do it the honor it deserves, I could do it but little justice to the noble, the grand Sister of Charity, that noble, that grand woman, the deepest veneration, coupled with affection and admiration, I have for her, and the same reverence from time to time repeated to my children, that they may know, I trust, that I have built the shrine of her memory in my heart.

"Ye all that's green and beautiful earth there are some of you, I know, who have sisters, and I know Mr. Hunter, that you have sisters, and I know that you have sisters, and I know that you have sisters, and I know

THE MONITOR.

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The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. Margaret Hughes Hodrigue, sister of the lamented Archbishop Hughes of New York, died recently in New York and was buried from St. Patrick's Cathedral.

—Ten carloads of Mexicans, a total of 360 persons, on a pilgrimage from the City of Mexico to Rome, passed through El Paso last Wednesday. Archbishop Padallo, the highest Catholic official in Mexico, leads the party.

—The transatlantic steamship companies are stopping the booking of Irish emigrants, because the number of applicants for passage is greater than can be accommodated. Shiel is the "happy conditions" of the Irish people under English legislation!

—The City of Washington subscribed $150,000 towards the erection of the Catholic University. If every city in the Union gives in proportion there will be no trouble in completing the buildings during next year.

—It is stated that Cardinal Howard, cousin of the Duke of Norfolk and the Senior English-speaking Cardinal, who has been in ill-health for a long time, is now temporarily insane and has been taken to a private asylum at Prague, a school of Facts.

—Miss Dora Grant, a near relative of the late General Grant, was received into the Church by the Very Rev. Father Waters-Russell, C. P., on the feast of St. Joseph, in the Church of the English Passionists, Avenue Hoche, Paris.

—The latest and most ridiculous rumor from Rome is to the effect that Archbishop Walsh is to be made a Cardinal and given a permanent position in Rome and Archbishop Persico made head of the Irish Church. When that happens the Hill of Howth will fill up the Gap of Dunloe.

—We present our readers this week with the concluding portions of Father Adam's remarkably interesting letter from Egypt, and we are happy to say that we have just received another very interesting epistle from our valued friend, which will run through our columns for the ensuing two weeks.

—High buildings having been erected adjacent to the gardens in which the Holy Father takes his daily walks, it has been found necessary to erect a canopy covering the gardens to an additional height to the influence of a disease which was caused by the prying eyes of the curious who sometimes hurl insulting remarks at him.

—A New York Commissioner of Immigration very sensibly says that Mormons come under the head of assisted immigrants and should not be permitted to land. His position has turned Mormon immigration to the right of thinking, this incoming tide of prosperitive Mormon polygamists might be checked.

—In his very remarkable speech in the Canadian House of Commons last month, Sir Richard Cartwright showed by incontestable statistics that during the last twenty-five years Canada has lost to the United States 2,900,000 of its population, which at present is only about 4,600,000, as against 61,000,000. Canada has not even retained the natural increase of its population.

—"C. L." must excuse us from answering any more of his minimizing objections concerning the Catholic Church. When a non-Catholic says that he takes the evidence of St. Augustine in favor of the Catholic Church "for what it is worth," it is useless to strive to convince him of Catholic truth. Let "C. L." present Cardinal Gibbons' *Faith of our Fathers*, and he will find much therein to enlighten him.

—The beatification of Blessed Clementi Marie Hofbauer will be solemnly kept in Rome on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of this month, and among the clergymen to be present at the ceremonies will be a deputation of American priests to represent the Redemptorist Order in the United States. They are the Rev. Elias F. Schaer, C. SS. R., Provincial of Baltimore, Md.; the Rev. Wm. Lowekamp, C. SS. R., Provincial of St. Louis, Mo.; the Rev. William Waytich, C. SS. R., and the Rev. Peter J. Schauer. All of them are now on their way to Rome.

—Father Rivington, a member of the great English publishing family, and one of the most familiar figures in the ultra ritualistic circles of Oxford a dozen years ago, has just been received into the Catholic Church. He is an attractive preacher and has been a successful missionary in India, but has most recently been preaching in the English Church at San Remo, where the Empress Victoria was a constant attendant. His secession from the Episcopalian sect on the subject of much sentiment all through Great Britain.

—A leading London paper says that one of the greatest anxieties awaiting the new German Emperor, is the probable conversion of his mother, at no very remote date, to Catholicism. The *Monitore de Roma* declares in no many words that it is the intention of the Empress Augusta to become a Catholic, and that after her reception she will definitely leave Germany and spend the remainder of her life in Florence. It is not impossible that this announcement may be put forth as a feeler, but it will surprise no one who is acquainted with the strong Catholic sympathy of the Empress, in whom, throughout the bitter struggle of the Kulturkampf the Pope and the German Bishops always knew they had a powerful ally at the Imperial Court. Her conduct to the Old Catholic Bishop Reinkens when he was presented at Court, was a matter of severe criticism at the time, and her dislike of Old Catholicism was notorious. There is an impression in some parts of Germany that she has long been a Catholic."

Christian Heroism Exemplified.

A telegram from Oregon brings the intelligence of an act of self-sacrifice which truly illustrates the Divine power of Catholic faith. Rev. L. L. Conrardy, a zealous Belgian priest, has been for many years engaged in missionary work among the Oregon Indian tribes congregated on the Umatilla Reservation, where he has truly led a them-crowned life of self-abnegation worthy of an Apostle of the true Faith.

Father Conrardy recently learned that Father Damien, the heroic priest who died at present laboring among the leper colony on the Island of Molokai, had contracted leprosy, the disease having settled in his hands, which will soon disgustfully him from breaking the "Bread of Life" to this poor stricken souls that form his flock. Sooner than see Christ's newly-afflicted sufferers deprived of a spiritual Shepherd, Father Conrardy at once wrote to Archbishop Gross for leave to resign his present mission in order to devote the rest of his life to the service of God in saving the souls of the poor exiled lepers upon Molokai, Sandwich Islands!

Such an act on the part of a Catholic priest, proclaims in thunder tones the power of Divine Faith on the soul that is saturated with the grace of God. Father Conrardy well knows that he must now bind up his self for his natural life from all civilized society, but also that he is certain to contract a most loathsome and repulsive disease which is sure to end in a slow death, yet for the sake of saving souls that might otherwise be lost, this true priest of God volunteers to become the servant of servants to a community who are looked upon with loathing by those who live in the world and for the world alone!

What shallow shams sectarian preachers become when compared to Catholic priests under such circumstances! *True faith alone* can inspire man with the supernatural heroism to take their lives in their hands and to live amongst epidemic, contagion and death in order to secure the salvation of souls just as dear to Almighty God as the soul of the most favored among Fortune's friends.

Where, in all the world, is there a Protestant preacher who would have the courage to carry the Cross up the Calvary of life which Father Conrardy has voluntarily chosen! And yet, these feather-bed "missionaries" never tire of telling their misguided flocks that the Catholic Church is not the religion of Christ! Our Lord promised to be with *His Church* all days even to the end of time, and this personal sacrifices which Catholic missionaries make in God's service and solely for His glory—prove that *He dwells in the Catholic Church still!*

Father Damien has already succumbed to the influence of a disease arising from the prying eyes of the curious who sometimes hurl insulting remarks at him.

Recent Beatifications in Rome.

During the past month many Servants of God have been raised to Beatification by the Holy Father. Among them were Jean de Beauignon, Sister Joseph Marie of St. Agnes, Professed Nun of the Order of Perpetual Hermits of St. Augustine, which took place, with the ceremonies of rite, in the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus of the Vestine Mass of Confessors, with customes proper, being the titular Bishop of Valentinia, assisted by the Vicar Urban Chapter.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has also passed upon the Causes of the Beatification of the Venerable Bartholomeo Capitanio, First Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in Lovere, near Brescia, *Pontente*, Cardinal Parocchi, of Venerable Hieronzo Lanfranzi, Novice of the Congregation of Regular Poor Clerks of the Mother of God, *Pontente*, Cardinal Bianchi; and that of Venerable Margaret Duffaud de Lajemmarine, of Lourdie, Widow, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in Marmiquhia, *Pontente*, Cardinal Martinelli. Six other Causes await merely definite sentence relative to the authenticity of miracles wrought under the intercession of the candidates for Beatification, Venerable Father Avila, Spanish, Venerable Grace, of the Century, Venerable Perboyre, of the Congregation of the Mission; Venerable Antonia, Bishop of Salonge, of the Century; Venerable Chanel, Marist, martyred in Oceania, and Venerable Pirrotti, of the Pious Schools, whose respective Beatifications will, it is hoped, take place before the close of this Jubilee year. Among other Causes under consideration before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, is that of the Venerable Julia Billiart, Foundress of the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame, of Namur, in whose name the Rev. Mother General made a Jubilee offering through the Postulator of the Cause of a valuable Episcopal ring, with an immense diamond of purest water; that of the Venerable Mother Alice Clere, Foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame, whose process of Beatification was recently brought to Rome by Count Gandolfi, together with a superb chalice, a pen in gold, and other Jubilee gifts, in the name of the said Congregation; that of the Venerable Francis Libermann, a converted Jew, Founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, who directs the French Seminary in Rome.

It is computed that two hundred and thirty-five Saints have been inscribed in the Calendar of the Church since the canonization of St. Ubbertus by Pope John XXII., in his *Decalo Extraordinaria*, in 1921, of whom forty-eight were added during the nineteenth century.

Ireland's Decadence.

One of the most striking cartoons which have recently come under our notice was that issued on St. Patrick's Day Supplement to the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. It represents Erin standing on the seashore, pointing across the broad Atlantic Ocean, on which is engraved "In painful measure of 2,500,000 Irishmen and Irishwomen, who died of hardship and starvation, and emigrated to America, during the decade ending 1881." Erin's face is turned towards the spectator, leaning against a stern-looking Celtic Cross, on which is engraved "Year of Famine, 1847." Her

Farm and Home.

Hints For the Housewife.

Don't allow matches to be kept loose or in paper boxes, but only in metal or earthen jars. Those lighting on the box only are safest.

Don't allow any loose jointed and creaky stairs on your premises, which could be swept without write screws, or gloves, if light materials or curtains are near them.

It takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook, than it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked. This is because some sugar turns to grape sugar by cooking and thus loses its sweetening power.

To cure a felon take a half-cup of common pitch tar in a tin dipper, set it on the stove and stir with the affected finger as long as you can bear the heat. Then remove to cool and heat again, keeping it in half an hour at a time, three or four times a day for three days.

Do not put the knife blades into boiling water, as the heat of the metal may cause the shank to expand and crack the handle. Set the knife blades down, in a little pipe shaw with warm water until you are ready to wash and dry them. After drying the blades rub on a little powdered rottenstone, moistened with a paste by a few drops of water, and polish with a clean cloth. In this way they will not wear cutting every day on a board or in a machine, both of which process is sure the blades very much.

A correspondent writes to the New York Tribune: To inform the poor mothers whose children are suffering for want of milk that in France even the children of many rich people are half fed on Barley-water. It is considered most nourishing and is recommended by doctors for delicate babies, and thought much better than cow's milk. The barley itself can be used in broth for older children, and is all the better for being so thoroughly boiled.

Choice Cooking Receipts.

SCALLOPED CORNED.—Mix together two teacupfuls of mashed potatoes, one and a half teacupfuls of cold boiled codfish, two and a half teacupfuls of milk, one half egg, and one quarter of a teacupful of butter; bake a light brown.

USE OF SALT.—Salt is preservative in its nature. If too much of it is used in cooking it wars against the juice of the stomach and thus retards digestion, and it will in time derange the digestive organs. It is best to use it in small quantities.

SWEET TEASTS ORANGE.—During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, eaten ought to be eaten at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description.

TO UNFIXE STALE BREAD.—Cut all the crust from a loaf of stale bread, and then tear the loaf in long thin pieces. Spread them in a large pan, only one layer deep, and place in a hot oven. When they are crisp and brown, which will be in six or seven minutes if the oven is very hot, send them to the table with thin slices of cheese. This dish is nice just before dessert. Frequently it is served with the coffee.

WHITE BEAN SOUP.—Soak one quart of beans over night, drain off the water, put the beans in the stock pot with one carrot, one onion, one tablespoonful of prepared seasoning, three quarts of water. Let them simmer four hours; and then strain through a colander, stirring it over the stove, and remove the scum boiling. When finished add a pat of good butter, a little sugar and a little chopped parsley. Serve with fried crust of bread.

TO REMOVE ALPACA AND MOHAIR.—Brush the material, if alpaca, perfectly clean and free from dust; then sponge the right side with clear, cold coffee which has been strained through a piece of black calico or muslin; to kill of black moulds is better than a sponge to dampen with) and iron with a hot iron immediately on the wrong side; it will "look good as new." Black merino can be restored by the same process. To save time do not rip dresses to be made over, but cut close to the seams in skirt and overskirt, leaving whole the lining, unless desired otherwise.

Value of Silence.

What a strange power is silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime exposets effected—during that pause when the lips are closed, and the soul security feels the Eye of her Maker upon her!

When some of those cutting, sharp, biting words have been spoken, which send the hot, indignant blood to the face and head; if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look with awe—for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil and their guardian angel, is very near to them in that hour—during that pause they have made a step towards heaven or towards hell, and an item has been recorded in the Book, which the Day of Judgment will see opened.

They are the strong ones who know how to keep silence when it is hard to utter a word of reply to them—those who give time to their ever scale to war strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon their power.

The Real Friend.

The truth is, friendship is a romance that has been written and spoken a thousand times among men, but never spoken unless in a dramatic way. Thus was prepetually to be saved from our friends, and we say that a man who has many acquaintances and few friends is at one the happiest and saf-est of mankind. There have hardly been a dozen friendships since the time of Jonathan and David, which could bear the weight of an awkward looking circumstance, or a decently alloted report. A friendship at its height, is the favor of its favor fit, what is it hairypressy? Our friends think themselves gods, not men, and as their instruments, the profitable implements of their feature, their embrace and of their will. Friendship is not connected by a sacrament, as marriage is, yet we must have a friend. We shrink from unfriended solitude. But there is no true friend but God.

All Have Their Crosses.

Things are very well balanced in this world as far as taking comfort goes, and we begin to believe that high or low, all have their tribulation. Fishes are hooked, worms are trodden on, birds are fired at. Worry is everywhere. Poor mare' wives worry because the stove won't draw, or the chicken line breaks, or the mill burns, or the pane of glass is mended with putty, or their neighbor's afflicted to hire help. Rich mens' wives worry because the dish is not of the latest pattern, or because some body finds out how a party dress is trimmed before the party happens, or because some grandma's wife overlooks them. Canoes very, but the worry arranges about the same. The ends of miles are different on different maps, but places remain just so far apart, and so do Humanity and Content.

Family Fun.

Burglars in the House.

It is not pleasant—we have it on the very best authority—to be awakened in the middle of a cold night with an intimation from the wife of your best bosom that "there are thieves in the house," and that "if you don't go down stairs and parley with them we shall all be murdered in our beds."

It is trying by reason of the cold.

It is yet more trying from the unusual terms on which the dwellers in the house, in the short shirt, and pattering on the icy oilcloth, condemn supplicants.

So we can hardly blame little Tommy kin if he did not spring out of bed with alacrity when assured "There's as many as a dozen down there, if I think rightly, and they hear Tompkins listened. There was profound quiet. In the act of listening he fell asleep. But not so his wife.

"There! don't you hear that! she demanded. "And Aunt Sarah's silver teapot's down there, and the children's new frocks, and the best carrisen. Oh, why—why don't you go down!"

"But what in the use!" he remonstrated.

"The use!"

"Yes; they'd better take Aunt Sarah's teapot than my—"

"Frederick, you're a coward."

"No, Amanda; I'm not afraid but there is no cross in my going down. Suppose one of them should be lying behind the door at the dead of the kitchen stairs, and I attempted to pass, should knock my brains out! There's no end of my good down so, Amanda," he went on "they must have a gun. I don't hear them."

"There's that noise again. Now, Fred, if you don't go, I shall go and tell the neighbors that a nice coward you are. Will you go?" I shall yelled Mrs. Tompkins.

"I'll go Sakes! I ma kim the baby, for I shall never see's again. In ten minutes I shall be a corpse."

But she was inexorable. So he was nothing to do but comply; but he did not go with his a struggle.

"Amanda," he said, as he stood shivering, his teeth chattering the while, "we've been married nearly five years. Haven't I always been a good husband to you? haven't I bought you new bonnet, real skin jackets, and high-heeled boots? And now you would have me go down there to be murdered, I say, most foully; yes, slain in the most horrible manner—struck on the head with the kitchen poker and knocked one quarter, thrust out from ear to ear, eyes blooded with caper—pepper and then stabbed to death. Farewell. I forgive you. Tell the baby boy, when he grows up, that his father loved him and that he died brave-ly. Knowing a set of murderers were in the house, he got out of bed, went downstairs, and defiantly faced them, was overpowered, and killed. I don't care—I feel" she shrieked, "you go and find out what's the matter.

"Well, I'll go," said the almost fainting man, as he moved towards the stairs, shaking and quaking with fear.

Slowly he descended to the hall and lit the gas therein—shuddered—dared another flight—cautiously opened the kitchen door and what did he behold! Only the cat playing with an India rubber ball!

And such is life in the mustrial development.

A Narrow Escape.

It was at a wedding. The guests filed slowly through the room where the presents were displayed, and each gazed with wonder and admiration on the one that lay above them all.

"How good of him!

"Oh, father, how could you!" said the bride as she saw it and fell blushing on his neck.

"Never mind," he said, in choked accents, "you deserve it."

Three hours later when all was still and the room deserted, he crept in his slippers, drawing short quick breaths as he approached the wonderful gift. Then he clutched it, crumpled it in his anger across grooves and threw it in the stove.

"Saved!" he gasped. "Saved from beggary and ruin! And he went back to bed. It was an order for a ton of coal.

Little Laughlets.

A curious anecdote has been told of the Emperor William of Germany. An artist was commanded to paint some court ceremony and brought some sketches to the Emperor. Instead, however, of representing the Crown Prince standing upright by his father's side, the painter had sketched him with one foot on the step of the throne on which the Emperor was seated. His Majesty at once seized a pencil, scratched out the obnoxious foot and drew it in its proper place, writing on the margin, "Not yet!"

Wife—"And you won't give me the price of an Easter bonnet?"

Husband—"No."

Wife (with a sob)—"You are one of the meanest of men, one of the smallest—"

II. (accentually)—"You are a lady and a model wife."

W. (with dignity)—"I know it, sir. The opinion is universally held that I is the greatest man get the best wife."

II. (laughing)—"By Jove. That's worth a bonnet! Here, take my pocketbook and help yourself."

W. (in smiles and tears)—"I always knew you were a dear."

Magistrate, to witness—"Do you know the nature of an oath, Uncle Ramus?"

Uncle Ramus—"I reckon I does yo' Honah. Ise owsed a balky mule fo' fouteen yu."

Tramp—Can you let me have a nickel, sir!

"Well I'd like to help you a lot, but I have been imposed on so often by worthless characters that I must be cautious. What brought you to this deplorable condition?"

"I was editor of a society paper and—"

"Here's a dollar. Go and eat something."

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RECURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Pacifica, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $1.75; to Calistoga, $5; to Cloverdale, $5.50; to Sonoma, $1.50.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, Week Days: 7:45 a. m., 9:50 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:15 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 11:00 p. m. Sundays: 8:00 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 3:15 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 11:00 p. m.

To San Francisco from San Rafael—Week Days: 6:35 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 8:50 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:05 p. m., 6:05 p. m., 8:05 p. m. Sundays: 9 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 11:10 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 5:05 p. m., 6:05 p. m., 8:05 p. m.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of Epilepsy, Fits or Falling Sickness a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not sending for a cure. Give express and P. O. address. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS

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Correspondence.

We urgently solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church in the Pacific Coast States.

All communications should be addressed to "The Monitor" Office, San Francisco.

☞ All correspondence must reach this office by Tuesday evening's mail at latest, as the MONITOR goes to press every Tuesday night.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Catholic Affairs on the Camstock.

VIRGINIA CITY, April 15th, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—The Comstock Branch of the Irish National League established by the eloquent O'Connor and Grattan Ramsdell is the entity of the Catholic population of Nevada, much in silver and gold, the Catholic population is not exploiting the pride of birthright of Ireland. In embracing the poor banished of the land and heartest citizens of the prosperous community, who seem thoroughly antichristic for the cause. Even amongst one census of Virginia's talented young ladies appear on the roll, and when a cause can number among its adherents and supporters so many fair ladies, it is sure to accept the golden chaff of success. Hon. J. F. Egan, President of the League, being and the popular Financier Treasurer Capt. P. J. Duane, Secretary, the sum of $500, Joseph O. Regan, Assistant Secretary, the sum of $500. This will enable the Land Leaguers to carry on the good work, and comfort the victims of the landlordly brutal Balfour has vented his hell on base, by a system of persecution and murder, as inhuman, unequalled in savage or by any tyrant. Now that the long-suffering Irish people are determined to battle peacefully, unflinching and everlastingly for the downtrod and destitute of the democratic Government that now holds sway in Albion's dominions, all liberty-loving people, the world over, should see that they are sustained and encouraged in this long and hard-fought contest. The League fairly, and will continue to do so, in the Old Country, and will one day, in the near future, see the Irish leader of the House of Commons, Mr. Parnell, back to his native land, with the accompanying honors and ovations of the plundered exiles.

The meetings are largely patronized, and a splendid program of speeches, songs, music and poetry is floral at its semi-monthly entertainments. On last Monday the meeting was enlivened by some splendid singing and recitations. Miss Blanche Fraser who is possessed of one of the sweetest and most mellow voices since the Madame Ponisi, sang the popular ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen" with admirable effect, the lustrous voice of the cultured songstress, in a pathetic manner, and the encore was a delightful rendition of "Bonnie Dundee" which delighted everybody. Mr. Thomas McGlynn who leader of the Boy Choir that sings in St. Mary's every Sunday at 10 o'clock mass, sang "Rose Ave Maria Filia." In very fine style; Maurice Kelly, only son of Mr. Arthur Kelly, a child of eight summers gave number of his splendid recitations. The talents of this mere child are simply marvellous, and will one day or another make him a leader of men. Miss Frank Dwyer gave "Ave Maria" in a very fine and fruitful manner. Mr. John F. McDonnell who was some months ago severely known in the whole mining and mill population, rendered a very fine rendition of "Mr. that quizzical him many laurels. Mrs. J. T. Brady, Mrs. John Sharon, Mrs. M. J. Kelly and J. W. Byers, also entertained the audience.

Michael Nugent, a constant reader of your paper, and relative by marriage to J. F. Egan, was buried last week from St. Mary's, after the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated for his soul. The funeral was attended by an immense cortege of sorrowing friends; he leaves a very large number of Irish daughters to weep over his untimely death. The deceased was a man of the people, and died at the age of forty-four years, surrounded by his children to the third and fourth generation. John Cavanagh whose mangled state was noted sometime ago in the MONITOR, is now pronounced out of danger. Cavanagh is a very estimable young lady of St. Mary's Convent, was married by her Rev. Father Kelly, a few days last, to Mr. Thomas F. McCormick. Their nuptials were celebrated in the mass many blessings on their new mate. Miss Alice Kennedy was bridesmaid.

After a three months sojourn in Oakland, Miss Mollie Kennedy returned to St. Mary's school renewed vigor on Monday, April 16th. Miss Mollie McGlynn has returned to the Comstock after an extended tour in California. Her many friends are rejoiced to know that she has entirely recuperated after a period of illness.

Several members of No. 41 Y. M. I. went down to Gold Hill on Carson City to organize another branch of this powerful young organization in the Capital City of the silver State, to show the prosperous state on the Comstock. Your correspondent, whose to date that the Comstock City, at for membership even read and is a member of the Knights of Pythias, and of the Masonic boys have an organization for the advancement of the Catholic Church, with no 50 of Carson and Gold Hill Hence, Comstock, July or August is considered the best date. Yours truly

CORRECT CORRESPONDENT.

A CONVERT IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

GUATEMALA, March 12th, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—I have the honor to salute you most cordially, and to request the insertion of the following in the columns of your interesting journal, for the greater honor and glory of God, and for the edification of souls.

It is probable that you have taken place in this city of Guatemala, which has filled with great joy the hearts of all the Christians here. An American citizen, Mr. Francis Graves H. Hilliard, a native of Mobile, in the State of Alabama, in the United States of North America, the son of the late Colonel Hilliard and of Mrs. Agnes Scott Millar, after having been sufficiently instructed and having thoroughly reached the dogmas and morality of our Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, asked to be received in the arms of Protestantism, and to be baptized with all solemnity in the bosom of the Catholic Church of our Redeemer, in the Metropolis, on the 10th of March of the present year, and received for the first time the Sacrament of Confirmation.

At this event is a new triumph of Jesus Christ and of the Church, I do not doubt that you will give it publicity, for which I shall be extremely grateful. Without fear of presumption and of the highest esteem, I remain your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS XAVIER TORRES, Chaplain,
Parish of Our Lady of the Remedios.

THE BEST SUMMER RESORT ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Each of our readers as may be contemplating a trip into the country for health and pleasure will find in Gilroy Hot Springs, which we mentioned in our columns this week, one of the most agreeable places on that coast where to spend a few weeks or months of restful rest and recreation. The medicinal properties of the Hot Springs for which Gilroy has become celebrated are reliably beneficial. Paralysis and also Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Malaria, Chronic and the most obstinate of Diseases are easily healed, while the accommodations are spoken of by all visitors as the best on the Coast. The grounds are known as Moses Rock Spa, both of whom have made thousands of friends out of their patrons by the hospitality with which they treat all their visitors. The Springs can be reached by a journey of three hours by rail and two hours by stage. Take the Central Pacific to Gilroy, and from there a delightful mountain ride will bring you to the Springs. Our readers will find in the Springs a home, a cottage, or a single apartment to suit and accommodate the wishes of him or single person.

PORTECOMING PICNICS.

April 29th.—Y. M. I. No. 14 at Shell Mound Park.

May 13th.—Y. M. I. No. 34 at Petaluma.

May 19th.—Y. M. I. No. 1 at Shell Mound Park.

May 20th.—Y. M. I. No. 2 at Shell Mound Park.

May 26th.—Y. M. I. No. 1 at Shell Mound Park.

May 30th.—Y. M. I. No. 2 at Shell Mound Park.

May 30th.—Loyola Assembly No. 1, Y. M. C. I. at Shell Mound Park.

June 9th.—St. Boniface's Parish and Sunday School, Shell Mound Park.

ST. PETER'S MORAL ALLIANCE.

The following new officers have been elected by this organization, for the ensuing year: President, J. Gorman; President; H. F. Kemp, First President; C. J. Carroll, Recording Secretary; Assistant Financial Secretary; P. J. McElroy, Treasurer. Trustees Thomas Brannan, Thomas Seery, Timothy Fields, Thomas Dorgan and C. W. Walsh.

Regarding Sunday socialibility, it has 700 members and a bank account of $12,000 50; and since its inception has paid to death benefits upwards of $9,000.

Well, such reliable institution; Muller's optical depot, 136 Montgomery St., near Bush.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. CATHERINE CUNNINGHAM.

Died in Santa Clara, Cal., April 12, Catherine Cunningham, relict of the late James Cunningham, a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 78 years. Deceased was the mother of Mrs. James Kane and John F. Cunningham, a native of Tullamore, County Westmeath, Ireland, aged 45 years.

The hearts of near and dear ones have been wrung with grief at the death of this amiable and pious Christian lady, the fervent and consecrated servants of the Lord, (occurring at 11.30) within six months of her beloved husband, the blow is all the harder for her bereaved children to bear. Yet the Divine Master, who chastisteth whom He loveth, bounteth heavenly the fruits of sanctification, and pours balm into the fistula of sorrowed hearts, and the Christian Father has again and seven with the Proof of the strong her children for His consolation by the sight of her Christian resignation in active suffering during two long months of illness, and of a death precious in His divine eyes.

Hoping against hope, her dear one prayed that God would delay in judging her earthly release until her aged eyes should be gladdened with the sight of her son at the altar of God—a priest of the Most High, and her head be bowed low beneath his consecrated hands—fulfilled. Yes, the mother that bore him, and brought him to the Christ, and taught him to love Mary.

Glad that she knew what he for the best, has taken her to Himself, thus uniting father and mother in Heaven. Thus that himself should they doubtless will come in company with the angels and kneel around the throne of God on the glad day of their son's ordination, and behold with delight ineffable the fulfilment of the sacred filial dignity conferred upon him, and be thankful to him where he offers for the first time the Divine Lamb that was slain for the sins of mankind.

To her quiet grave in Santa Clara, we, who knew her and loved her, will carry the tribute of her holy memory, and a fragrant one it is. Her life was a life of Christian charity, of Christian faith and hope, and resolved for the first time in the Church, and the Church's Divine Lamb that was slain for the sins of mankind.

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES COUGHLIN, a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, died at his residence, Santa Clara, on Saturday, April 14, 1888, aged 78 years.

Sudden and sad he ended life,
Just as the dawn of Hope began
To form those bright clouds of mind and strife,
To cheer the way of a living man!

He lived his Faith, his country, too,
His generous worship, and with filial love,
Unto the Cross he was ever true,
May he be happy in the realms above!

"Our Jim has gone!" the neighbors say,
Brave and true hearted Friend and Son!
May the future, Jim, be refined day,
The record be—God's will and Union!

To end that death should unlit her path
Such friends where friends are left,
But God knows best. There is no heart
That sorrow never knew.

Dearest! dear Friend! thy father's pride;
Thy mother's ever loving son!
May Charity my sister be
That thy soul will glisten as the sun!

And when thy soul from state is free,
And Heaven is thy dwelling place,
Oh! pray for those who prayed for thee,
That they may see God's holy Face!

MARRIED.

BEARDED—MCCARTHY.—In this city, April 9, by Rev. Father Nugent, St. Ignatius Society, to Hannie McCarthy.

MURPHY—GEORGE.—In this city, April 5, by the Rev. Father Prendergast, Thomas Murphy to Annie George, both of this city.

ROSSER—KELLY.—In this city, March 29, by Rev. Father Kelly, Richard Rosser to Miss Annie Kelly, a native of Virginia City, Nevada.

SULLIVAN—KEEGAN.—In this city, April 16, at St. Mary's Church, by Rev. Father Prendergast, Daniel Sullivan to Kate C. Keegan, both of this city.

WALSH—MCGLYNN.—In this city, April 14, at St. Mary's Church, by Rev. Father Kelly, Thomas Walsh to Miss Mary Ann McGlynn, both of this city.

WOODWARD—MCGLYNN.—In this city, April 16, by Rev. Father Prendergast, Edward J. Powers to Maggie J. McGlynn, both of this city.

DUNN—MCGLYNN.—In this city, April 18, by Rev. Father Prendergast, William H. Dunn to Annie J. McGlynn, both of this city.

GREENFIELD—McGLYNN.—In Virginia City, April 15, by Rev. Father Kelly, Thomas J. Mullen to Miss Sarah Greenfield, both of Virginia City.

DIED.

COLEMAN.—In San Leandro, April 3, Mary Jackson, beloved mother of James S. Coleman, a native of the Parish of Moville, County Donegal, Ireland, aged 78 years.

KENNEDY.—In Oakland, April 16, Ellen Kennedy, a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 35 years, 3 months and 11 days.

KELLY.—In this city, April 15, Thomas Kelly, beloved husband of Ellen Kelly, a native of Ballyhaise, County Monaghan, Ireland, aged 41 years.

MCCARTHY.—In this city, April 16, Thomas McCarthy, a native of County Cork, Ireland, aged 45 years.

MCCARTHY.—In this city, April 16, Florence McCarthy, a native of County Cork, Ireland, aged 12 years.

MCCARTHY.—In this city, April 16, Florence McCarthy, a native of County Cork, Ireland, aged 12 years.

MANGAN.—In Santa Rosa, April 16, James Mangan Sr., a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 78 years.

MANGAN.—In Santa Rosa, April 16, James Mangan Jr., a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 45 years.

MCCARTHY.—In this city, April 15, Jane Mangan, a native of the Parish of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 35 years.

KATTON.—In this city, April 15, Jane Mangan, a native of the Parish of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 35 years.

MCCARTHY.—In this city, April 15, Jane Mangan, a native of the Parish of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 35 years.

MCGRATH.—In this city, April 16, James Mangan Sr., a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 78 years.

MCGRATH.—In this city, April 16, James Mangan Jr., a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 45 years.

MCGRATH.—In this city, April 16, Jane Mangan, a native of Ballyhaise, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 35

THE IRISH WATCHER.

A STORY IN TRUTH FOUNDED ON FACT.

On the confines of Meath, in the old County Cavan,
An old lady lived at a place called Kantavan
She was famous for her skill and for distributing alms,
And for praising the Bible and Protestant psalms.

Some said she was speculin' her fortune thinkin' plenty,
And others maintained that the Bible Society
Provided the means, when it was understood
That at praisin' the Bible the lady was good.

But that as it may, she employed now and then,
To take care of her farm some two sons of men;
They were stiff necked Irish, she said, led astray,
For they never attended Mass on the Lord's holy day.

And there was one not so evle as the rest,
Though it thinked he lazy to pass a good jest;
But that was not often—indeed, close were shave
Yet the neighbors all pampered the lazy knave.

But often his mistress her temper would lose,
As she looked through the antenna of Saunders' *News*.
The money was wasted, the time quietly flew,
And the converts she captured were shaky and few.

Her laborers all were determined to try
As they always had done on a Saint's Holy Day,
But she was determined they should go to work,
For she hated themselves and their prayers, the old Turk.

They would not go to work and she got so annoyed,
Every man of her help that day disappointed
Then got Walshers, and Mannans, English and Scotch
Then got Walshers, held stock-pyed, and thatch.

And when she got bigger when Sunday came round,
She was pressed thinn in style for their strict sobriety,
And swore to say so to the Bible Society.

When the corn was all in and the crops doing well,
Twould do your heart good to inhale the sweet smell,
For the red heather blossoms around you had thrown
For the sun to bake in the while that outdoor your Colleen.

It was on such a day the whole party did fly
Away at their ease, to make tetl on the hill;
'Twas a soft, dreamy day, near the middle of June,
And sleep came unsought with the hour of noon.

And now the old lady, you must bear in mind,
To her laborers all was grown cordinly kind;
For she lately took offer, on she sat down to dine,
To send them a goodly supply of white wine.

And Mathew was always detailed to convey
The milk to the men at the turf or the hay,
And this day he brought them two pails full of cream,
And to mix it they went to some spring near the stream.

While filling the water a big Mannan found
A nice wooden jug, with solid silly hound;
It intercepted the water, and then plain to view,
Were three or four quarts of the real "mountain dew."

The milk was untasted—each drank like a bird,
Till drank to a pragger each lay in the sward;
They gave Mathew a penny, he left them to watch,
And they lay down to sleep, the Walsh, English and Scotch.

The young parson went on a visit of peace,
And found the old lady 'mid turkeys and geese;
He was praising her help with the wisdom of Burke,
Till the said—well, we see then this evening at work.

But called for her phaeton and soon it came round,
And the parson just lifted her up off the ground—
Fixed her up in the seat, then gave her the whips,
And got smiles from her daughter, dear man, for his pains.

Then they started away at a nice easy jog
To see the Christians at work on the bog;
And Mathew was there as content as usual he,
Till the lady advanced he happened to see.

"My blessed," cried Matt, "on your big scurvy face,
What a darling you'd be if you'd switches your pace,
Till your nice foreign pale Eli awaks in surprise,
To bask in the light of your beautiful eyes."

The lady arrived, and at once she began
To view the whole scene, on the top of her fan,
When Mather cries, "Charley; he, Charley; get up;
You must be in need of another wax-ear."

But Charley stirred not, and Matt took up a sod,
A load sure enough for a dozen true-born Irish,
And he hit him—he hit him fair on the front of the head,
Enough to make Charley, if Charley were dead.

Then Charley looked up with a stare of surprise,
And rolled to poor Matt, "that your Irish eyes,
But Matt paid him back with an accent low
Saying, "Charley, the mistress is waking yo here."

"Is hanged to the mistress!" But as he turned round,
Close on by his elbow the mistress he found;
And Matt started off like a scalded sib,
Saying, "Charley, you watch her the next time yourself."

The parson laughed hard, but he could not refrain
From laughing, but roared out again and again;
The mistress was pleased at the joke playing slave,
Now 'tis time we would learn to take care of ourselves;
And I really believe that our hypocrite Joe
Will not pay us a watchman, an Irish parson.

BERNARD NULTY

SAINTS OF MAY.

Anniversary Days During the Coming Month.

1st.—SS. PHILIP AND JAMES, APOSTLES.—St. Philip was a native of Bethsaida in Galilee, and was called by Our Savior to follow Him the day after St. Andrew. He preached St. Andrew. At his death he was buried at Hierapolis in Phrygia. St. James, surnamed *the Less*, to distinguish him from the other Apostle of the same name, was the son of Alpheus, and Mary the sister of the Blessed Virgin. He was martyred on April 10th, in the Year of Grace 62.

2nd.—ST. ATHANASIUS.—He was born at Alexandria about the year 296. He embraced a religious state of life at an early age, retired to a hermitage in the desert, and was subsequently ordained deacon. In 326 he was appointed Patriarch of Alexandria, and died in the year 373.

3rd.—ST. ALEXANDER, POPE.—He succeeded St. Evaristus in 109, and reigned nearly ten years, dying in 119.

4th.—ST. MONICA.—Monica was the pious mother of the great St. Augustine. She was born in 332, and after enjoying the happiness of seeing her illustrious son baptized, she died in 387.

5th.—ST. PIUS V., POPE.—This holy Pope was born at Bosco, Tortona, January 17th, 1504. He was ordained priest in 1528, consecrated Bishop in 1556, made a Cardinal in 1557, and was finally elected Pope in 1566. He died in 1572.

6th.—ST. JOHN BEFORE THE LATIN GATE.—St. John the Apostle was apprehended at Ephesus and sent to Rome in the year 95. By order of the Emperor Domitian he was thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, but miraculously unharmed. Domitian was subsequently assassinated and our Saint was enabled to return to Ephesus. This glorious triumph of St. John happened without the gate of Rome, called Latina, hence his title.

7th.—ST. STANISLAUS, BISHOP AND MARTYR.—He was born July 26th, 1030, at Sucapanow, in the diocese of Cracow, Poland. He embraced a religious life at an early age, and was afterwards made Bishop of Cracow. He was murdered by the reigning King for upbraiding the latter for his many crimes against virtue in 1079.

8th.—ST. PETER, OF THE MISSIONS OF TARENTAISE.—He was a native of Dauphine where he was born in 1171. At the age of twenty years he left his home in Claterbach, and in 1142 he was made Archbishop of Tarentaise. He performed many miracles, and died in the odor of sanctity in 1191.

9th.—ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN, B. C.—This saintly and celebrated doctor of the Church was born at Arianzum, in Cappadocia, about the year 329. His writings are voluminous. He died a happy death in 389.

10th.—ST. ISIDORE.—This Saint, who is the patron of the ancient city of Madrid, was born about a great many years ago, and died in 1170, aged sixty years.

11th.—ST. FRANCIS DI GIROLAMO.—He was born December 17th, 1642, near Tarantino, Naples. At an early age he entered the Jesuit Order, and after devoting a long life to Missionary work, died May 11th, 1716.

12th.—ST. PANCRAS, BISHOP.—He suffered martyrdom for the Faith at Rome, under Diocletian, in 304, and in the fourteenth year of his age.

13th.—ST. JOHN THE SIMPLE, BISHOP.—John had this surname given him from his love of silence and reflection. He was born at Nonpolis in Armenia in 454, and was ordained Bishop of Colonian, Armenia, in 482, dying in 558 at the advanced age of 78 years.

14th.—ST. BONIFACE, MARTYR.—He reformed a vicious and dissolute life, and boldly confessed his Christianity to the Pagan Simplicius, Governor of Colosia, and was martyred in 307.

15th.—ST. GENESIUS, MARTYR.—He was a holy Irish priest of the seventh century, who together with St. Dympna, another Irish Saint, was beheaded for the Faith.

16th.—ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENE, MARTYR.—Born at Pomuck in Bohemia, in 1330. Becoming connected with the Court of King Wenceslaus in his priestly capacity, St. John, for refusing to divulge to the King the confession of his Queen, was murdered in 1383.

17th.—ST. PASCHAL BAYLON.—Paschal was born in 1540 in the Kingdom of Aragon. He was admitted to an Order of Saints in 1564, and died May 17th, 1592, aged fifty-two years.

18th.—ST. VENANTIUS, MARTYR.—He was martyred in the persecutions of Decius in 250, at Camerine, a city near the Marquisate of Ancona in Italy, of which place he was a native.

19th.—ST. PETER CELESTINE, POPE.—He was born at Isernia in 1221, was crowned Pope August 29th, 1294, but out of his humility resigned that exalted office in the following December, and died May 19th, 1296, a most edifying death.

20th.—ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENNA.—This saintly disciple of St. Francis was born at Massa in 1380. He entered the service of God when quite young, and died on May 20th, 1444, aged sixty-three years.

21st.—ST. FELIX OF CANTALICE.—Felix was born at Cantalice, in the Papal State, in 1513. He entered the Capuchin Order, and established a long life by dying a most holy death on May 18th, 1587.

22nd.—ST. JULIA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.—She was born at Carthage, and in 439 was sold as a slave to a Pagan merchant of Syria. Being afterwards abducted by Felix, a Pagan Governor of Corsica, she was martyred by him for refusing to offer sacrifice to idols.

23rd.—ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE ROSSI.—This Saint who was canonized by Pope Leo XIII. in 1881, was born at Voltaggio, near Genoa, February 22nd, 1698. He was ordained priest in 1721, and died May 23rd, 1764.

24th.—ST. DONATIAN AND ROGATUS, MARTYRS.—These two noble brothers suffered martyrdom for the Faith, and for refusing to sacrifice to Jupiter and Apollo by the tyrant Verus, in 287.

25th.—ST. MARY OF PAZZI.—She was born at Florence in 1566. Entering the Carmelite Order of Nuns in 1582, she passed a most sanctified life in prayer and meditation, dying May 25th, 1607.

26th.—ST. PHILIP NERI.—This celebrated Saint was born at Florence in 1515, and was ordained to the priesthood, and in 1551 organized the Congregation of Oratorians. He lived a most exemplary life, and died in 1595.

27th.—ST. BEDE.—Venerable Bede was born in 673, and was ordained priest in 702. His whole life was a great study and labor, in various subjects, and died May 26th, 735.

28th.—ST. GERMAIN.—St. Germain, the glory of the Church of France in the sixth age, was born in the Territory of Autun about the year 469. His devoted himself to God in this priesthood, was made Bishop of Paris in 555, and died in 576, aged 97 years.

29th.—ST. CYRIL, MARTYR.—He suffered martyrdom under Diocles at Cesarea in Cappadocia, for being faithful to Christ and His Church.

30th.—ST. FERDINAND, KING.—He was born in 1198 and succeeded to the Crown of Castile in 1217. He died May 30th, 1252.

31st.—ST. PETRONILLA.—She lived in the time of the Apostles, and is commemorated in the martyrology of Bede.

Literary Miscellany.

A Friend in Need.

What Come at Purchasing a Picture

A lot of furniture was heaped up near the threshold of a house, and two men stood there calling loudly for purchasers.

Some passers by stopped, but sorrowly had they cast their eyes on the objects exposed, when they continued on their way, the very biggest of them (mentally speaking). The auctioneer, wearied by his fruitless efforts, desisted therefrom, and, shaking his head, said to the little old man in spectacles standing by his side:

"You will have your labor for your pains, Master Cavendine. I am afraid there is no one in Dunsopee enough to buy the rickety furniture of Pelegrine's widow. All here is not worth three dollars.

"And the wretch owes me twelve" cried the little old man, striking the ground with his cane. "Twelve ducats, Jacob, as sure as I'm a Christian! more perhaps, because I had confidence in her husband. I furnished him with innumerable ostrichs, brooches and colors. Who could have known that he would die without paying me? I was too good-hearted, too confiding. You see all that the wretched dauber has left me in payment—this rickety furniture, a wife and four children. I can sell neither the children nor the wife, and the furniture—something, indeed, is worth three ducats. Ah, we poor people who have something for ourselves are very unfortunate, Jacob. Everyone borrows from us, deceives us, robs us. The sentimental looking hybrid bin, whispered

"Speak low, my willow is back there with her children, and you know she has some feeling; she would take all you say as a reproach. After all, Master Cavendine, it was not Pelegrine's fault that the fever carried him off.

"No, but it was his fault to have taken twelve ducats with it of merchandise from me."

"He would have paid you had he lived."

"I will believe it."

"Well, then, what are you complaining about?"

"What am I complaining about? cried the little old man in a rage—"that that he did not leave the means to pay his debts. That is always the way with your people. You are over upholding one another against the rich. You might as well say that the pragger gives a receipt of all debts to those whom he enters. Learn that those who have behaved right not to be unlevent."

The auctioneer shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, well!" said he, "the honesty of poor people does not always depend on themselves; it depends also on Providence. They can only pay with their work, and when God deprives them of health it is not they that are unmeable. Who knows, but He who is unmeable, Who knows, but Yet the lady advanced he happened to see.

"Master Cavendine, but your twelve ducats may pay for your place in Paradise."

The little old man answered a scandalized air.

"I don't trifle about holy things," said he "busy yourself rather in calling customers than in making jests."

Jacob obeyed, smiling, while Cavendine approached the furniture scattered on the pavement, to examine again what he could gain from it.

The poor widow, in the meantime, had heard nothing of the conversation, or had been little moved by it, for she changed another expression not attitude. Seated in the doorway, she had her face in her hands, and her elbows on her knees, and her eyes fixed on the ground. Her attitude was the same as when, a few days before, she had seen her husband, her son, and her daughter, carried in from the field, and laid down upon his desk with tremendous love.

The young man had retirement rose from his chair and passed the floor of his office.

"I made a fool of myself," he said to himself. "Here I am, a young lawyer, without practice, in a little country town, with no clients, and I'm actually thinking of refusing twelve ducats to that no-account widow, who owes me twelve ducats to that no-account widow, who owes me twelve ducats to me, and who, if I'm not mistaken, is about to give us a child. Ah, Jacob, Jacob, I'm a fool, I'm a fool, I'm a fool

THE MONITOR.
TWICE-THIRTY YEARS OF PROGRESS
The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1888

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The Pope, through his almoner, the Right Rev. Monsignor Cassetta, gave an Easter alms of three thousand dollars to the poor of Rome.

—The Belgian National Pilgrimage to Rome is now in the United States. It is under the direction of Mgr. Dontenlieu, Bishop of Liège, and Mgr. Lambreck, Coadjutor-Bishop of Gand.

—A New York daily paper which is fond of sensational news, says that the Pope has condemned "boycotting" and the "plan of campaign" in Ireland. We prefer, however, to await the arrival of the Vatican document before accepting newspaper advance in any matter appertaining to Ireland or her much-maligned people.

—An Eastern telegram says that in accordance with the ruling at the recent Catholic conference in Baltimore, it has been decided to have a superintendent of Catholic parochial schools in the various dioceses, and Archbishop Corrigan has appointed Rev. W. E. Dugnan, D. D., assistant Rector of St. Mary's, Grand street, to superintend the Catholic schools in New York. The purpose is to introduce greater system.

—The Roma correspondent of the Boston Pilot says that it is regarded as almost certain that amongst the Prelates raised to the dignity of the Cardinalate at the next Consistory held for this purpose the Bishop of Clifton, England, Mgr. Clifford, will be nominated Cardinal. His will, in such case, reside in Rome, and occupy some of the positions which Cardinal Howard has occupied, but which his state of health practically leaves vacant at present.

—The MONITOR assertion was honored on Monday last by the presence of our dear friend, Rev. Lambert Conrardy, of whose heroism in devoting himself to the Leper Mission at Molokai, Hawaiian Islands, we spoke last week. Father Conrardy will leave for Honolulu by the steamer which sails on May 3rd next. May the "Star of the Sea" guide the brave missionary safe to the scene of his future life-long exile, suffering and labors by which he hopes to earn an eternity of happiness!

—John A. Robinson, a wealthy gentleman of Norwich, Conn., who died recently, left a remarkable provision in his will. This document directed that his remains should be kept for three days before they were placed in the grave, where the lid to the coffin should be removed and the grave so closed that no person could readily get out. It also permitted no coffin-plate and allowed no "gaudy hallstones, too, are to be used." Every one of the directions was rigidly enforced.

—The Pope—or the most striking coincidence in all the world. The judges are going around from saloon to saloon declaring that there is little or no crime, and that no country could show a fairer record in that respect. Yet, while this is so, she is governed under one of the most galling and tyrannical Coercion Acts that ever prevailed in a civilized country. The rights of free speech, public meeting, and free press are abolished so far as prosecutions could effect their abolition. The Irish jails are filled with men who have simply insisted on exercising the elementary rights of citizenship.

—The fine portrait in oil of Pope Leo XIII., painted from life by Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, in whom our readers may recognize Mr. Henry Jones, of Cork, a city honorably identified with British art through James Barry, Daniel Maclise, Sam Ford, James Butler Bonneman, Lynch, Shiel, Hartland and a host of others, is at present on view at Messrs. Grardell's art gallery, Dublin. It is pronounced by connoisseurs to be a noble work of art, a speaking likeness, and the portrait by which the reigning Pontiff will be known to posterity. Since the time of Sir Thomas Lawrence no English artist has been honored with sittings from a Pope. The Irish artist is favored by Leo XIII. has attested the notice of notable persons who have visited his London studio.

—The Pope lately paid a peculiarly marked compliment to the great German Catholic historian, Janssen. At the final audience granted to the German pilgrims on March 4th, Leo XIII. asked very particularly after Janssen, "the illustrious historian, as he called him, adding, "tell me something about him; I should greatly like to see him." After Herr von Steinle had given his Holiness several particulars concerning Dr. Janssen and his state of health, the Pope said: "Salute him for me. Please go direct to him and salute him in the name of the Pope. His books are doing a great deal of good, are they not, and helping to remove prejudices? His calm, clear, exposition of facts, the citation of real historical documents, must certainly act by way of bringing light."

—The MONITOR has often cautioned its city readers regarding the riotous conduct which is carried on by the hoodlums element who make a regular business of attending public picnics on Sunday. So outrageous is the conduct of these miscreants that the North Pacific Coast (narrow gauge) Railroad has decided that they must cease, so far as the road is concerned. Tony Taylor will no longer be the favorite stamping ground for the San Francisco hoodlums, and Fairfax will be a respectable place henceforth. The hoodlums of San Francisco have outgrown decency so much at Santa Rosa that the police force of that town has been increased by swearing in fifteen special policemen. Catholic parents should by all means prevent their friends, relations and children from joining in these demonstrations and disreputable carnivals of crime.

The Latest Diabolical Calumny.

In the columns of the MONITOR we have been marvelled why the enemies of God's Church did not invent some new calumny, so as to lift themselves out of that rule which the whole of slander in dead centuries have made along the highway of time. And now, thanks to the inventive genius of the satellite of Satan, the reading world has before it a most malicious calumny of modern manufacture, the sole intent of which is to arouse the demon of anti-Catholic hate in the hearts of the American people. Here is the calumny in all its diabolical deformity, errors, misprints and all

Exceptional Letter.

The following Encyclical letter, from the Abbey, may perhaps be of interest to the readers of the Women's Christian Temperance Union:—

Rome, March 1, 1888.

To the ladies of the Christian Temperance Union of America which shall need be pleased to send their most fervent benediction in your labor, health and success in the holy crusade against the Republican party of America, the sacred cause of the "Holy Catholic Church" of Jesus Christ on "Earth Below." For this we give glory to God, and consider it our duty, and we have pleasure to bless you as a people, and to grant you our fatherly peace and counsel.

Pushed by these sincere displays of devotion and will piety, and piedies to the cause of the ever faithful memories (the "Holy Mother the Church of America," you can—we be pleased by with the "Catholic Church," to the sacred heart of the "Virgin Mary.

By press and publicity placing yourself in communion with the parish priest in your place and city, we will most solemnly receive you, and impart to you the future instructions necessary to guide you to Paradise through the Holy Catholic Church of Rome.

It is with sorrow we learn that the most gifted of our country are Heretics, and leaders in the Republican party, which must be your enemies, with prayers and masses in order for Hence, at vespers, you will continue to offer up your pious supplication for the conversion of the heretics, the conversion of the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians churches, and all other so-called infidel societies. The Holy Ghost, in course of time, will be most effectively aliened, for the intercession of the Most Holy Mother of Our Christ, her beloved Son, whom I now represent at Rome. Moreover, be all and one of those who, with nobility, heart, aims such "Norman" we grant a remission of sins, and dispensation from penance; also we grant, so that they may be applicable to the souls of your friends in purgatory.

Given at Rome, near "St. Peter," under the seal of the "Fishermen," the 1st day of March, 1888, in the 15th year of our Pontification.

U. LEONCRUCI, Secretary.

We heartily thank the Catholic gentleman at Riverside, San Bernardino county, for having sent us this pestiferous production, which was published in the anti-Catholic Chronicle of that place, having originally appeared in the Attic of this city, from which it is said to have been copied.

The spurious document itself bears upon its face its own condemnation, hence it needs no words on our part to prove that Pope Leo XIII. never composed it, nor did it emanate from any Church authority at Rome or elsewhere.

In order, therefore, to show the bogus character of this calumny against the Church, and the great harm it may do the Pope and Catholic citizens, the MONITOR will pay to the Attic, or to its echo the Riverside Chronicle, the sum of *five hundred dollars* payable through the banking House of Messrs. Hamilton, Kelly & Co., of this city, if the latter will publish a diabolical document as the foregoing.

Here is a chance for the anti-Catholic Attic and its equally reprehensible echo at Riverside to make *five hundred dollars* very easily. We ask no penalty in case there is an exposure of the Catholic Chronicle's fail—as fail they will—to prove that such a scandalous, spurious and Satan-inspired document ever emanated from the present Pontiff who fills the Chair of Peter. Here these two conspirators against truth, decency, and the Church of God can win *five hundred dollars* in gold without risking a cent in return.

In the meantime, whilst waiting for the Attic and his anti-Catholic echo worker in infidelity, to justify themselves for thus grossly and maliciously insulting every Catholic in America, by printing such a scandalous document in their columns, we desire to inform our readers that the best way to stop all such slanders is to spatch them from existence at their first appearance. For this reason we hope Catholics in every section of this coast will send to the MONITOR any calumnies that may appear in the columns of their local press intended to defame the Church of God, so that we may be enabled to expose their mendacity and to correct the authors of them before the bar of public opinion.

The main duty of the Catholic press is the defense of Catholic principles and the propagation of sound Catholic thought, and any paper calling itself Catholic that possesses neither the energy nor the talent to meet every calumny and to crush it beneath the ever-revolving wheels of God's truth, is no better than a barren fig tree in the earthly garden of God.

Popes and Prelates, priests and Catholic people alike look to the Catholic press to defend the Church against the assaults made by its enemies through the anti-Catholic literature which is deluging the world today, and, however much some of our contemporaries may shirk this duty as nonessential, the MONITOR will carry out the duties devolved on it by Catholic consciences in resisting every rancorous assault against the citadel of Truth and will triumphantly vindicate the civil and religious rights of the Church and Catholic citizens against the vile calumnies and vicious aspersions of all our enemies—no matter from what source they emanate. This is the platform upon which we stand, and that is prospering so daily by doing our duty. With *Him* with us, we care not who is against us.

Since writing the above we have received the following Circular Letter from Right Rev. Francis Mora, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, condemning the above spurious document with all the power of Episcopal authority.

BISHOP MORA'S LETTER.

TO THE PATRIARCH, OR THE DIOCESE OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES:

Dearly Beloved Brethren—Being set up to govern in the Church of God, Intra, morevery responsible for the guidance of those committed to our care, we feel called upon at this time to address to you a few words of admonition. Not only are we, by our high office, obliged to keep the flock of Christ which has been committed unto us, but we are, moreover, so constrain by the watch tower of Israel, to give alarm when danger is imminent. Whatever leads to lawlessness in the church must receive our attention; whatever leads to the disciplin of the ministry necessarily demands on our part the vigilance which the care of a good shepherd for his Jesus Christ inspires. Thus, as a citizen of the Church and his land, the Vine Clad, we feel not authoritatively but when they take the form of a document purporting to be from the Holy Father, we feel it our duty, having some by our knowledge that a document of this sort, we publish a document containing a tirade against a certain political party, to be from the Holy Father, we feel it our duty to inform the world that the document is not issued from the Holy Father that it seems to have been formed for political purposes, if not to bring the Church of God and its Visible Head into disrepute. Whenever we receive from the Holy See documents of a political order which may be of utility to the faithful we immediately send them to the Clergy that be entrusted to us, we take care. This we do, so make a sure of their reception. We do so because the Holy Father, therefore, presents it to us. Any document, therefore, not from you by this sign, we do not consider authentic. We will look upon such a document, and we will look upon such a document, and we will look upon such a document, and we

Farm and Home.

Medical Value of Lemons.

Many people know the value of lemon juice in allaying bilious troubles. Many know nothing of the wonderful power wrapped up in the little yellow fruit, for the good lemon juice is so plentiful—so wonderful as it is harmless and simple. A lady who had suffered greatly with severe attacks of something akin to bilious colic hoops free from them so long as she faithfully takes lemon juice. Let her, though "feeling so well," neglect to take the juice of at least one lemon a day and in a short time symptoms of the return of the old enemy will make her only too glad to be faithful over that little thing. For several years this lady had been subject to these attacks, at times so severe as to indicate gall stones. No cure of diet or druggists' doses exerted them, and hope of relief was nearly gone when a friend said: "You even now—why not try lemon juice and water? Dr. Some body says a person need never be bilious who will take the juice of one lemon in water every night before retiring." Catching at this straw, the lemon were tried, and the juice in water without sugar, was freely drank whenever thirsty, and always the last thing at night.—One slight attack of the malady proved that the remedy was doing a good work, and after that, complete exemption for more than a year makes her an advocate of lemon juice. Sick headaches yield in many cases to this simple treatment. Some cannot bear the acid, but those who crave for it are very sure to be benefited by its use.

A Paying Apple Orchard.

Judge S. H. Axtell, who owns an apple orchard consisting of ten acres near Woodbridge, says the Lodi *Sentinel* has found the cultivation of that fruit very remunerative, as will be readily seen below. This orchard is situated on the slope between the upland and the Mokelumne river bottom-lands, it having been planted in 1857, thirty-one years ago. Mr. Axtell said to a *Sentinel* representative that from one tree he picked last fall three and one half barrels of apples, this yield being a fair average for the entire orchard. Each barrel holds 100 pounds of fruit, which makes 600 to the tree; and as there are 200 trees to the acre, the total crop per acre last fall was 120,000 pounds, all of which found ready market at 2 cents per pound, making the gross receipts $2400. Mr. Axtell said the best results would be obtained if there were 150 instead of 200 trees to the acre. On inquiring his, Mr. Axtell said, an apple-orchard six years old will produce sixty pounds of fruit per tree, or, at 2 cents, $4.80 which would make an income of $720 per acre. The total expense per acre—plowing, pruning, spraying and whitewashing, picking and packing and marketing, will not exceed, at the highest calculation, $75. The reader can readily see that the net income will be something over $600 per acre.

Mr. Axtell says that any person doubting the truth of these statements can call upon or address him at his ranch, when he will be glad to verify the above facts and give any information upon the subject.

Rules For Home Education.

1. From your children' early infancy accustom them to instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you always mean exactly what you say.

3. Never make promises you are not sure you will keep.

4. If you tell a child to do a thing, show him how to do it, and see that he does it.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them see that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be repeated.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the like circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals to perfect truth.

13. Never teach the boasting.

14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of obtaining happiness.

Adam's Knives and Forks.

There are a number of things that the most inalienable and well-bred people now sit at the dinner-table with the fingers. They are:

Olives, to which the fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing, or in a little salt.

Celery, which may be properly placed on the table circle beside the plate.

Sour-berries, when served with the cream on, as they usually are in the most elegant houses.

Bread, toast, and all tarts and small cakes.

Fruit of all kinds, except melons and quarters which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese, which is invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular people.

Even the leg or other small pieces of birds are taken in the fingers at the fashionable dinners, and at most of the luncheons ladies pick small pieces of chicken without using a fork.

A Word to Young Men.

Father Ryan in an article in the C. T. A. News, about taverns and young men says:—"It is a very great misfortune that so many young men engage in the liquor traffic. Unfortunately we cannot say that thousands of young men are not painfully represented. With health, energy, reputation and good opportunities before them we cannot see how they can settle down to the level of the liquor traffic—to the level do I say—yes, beneath the common level, for it is almost invariably true that the saloon opened by a young man is among the lowest and vilest of its class."

A Beautiful Legend.

There is a legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own institution. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in sleep bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left to perform his humble duty. When he returned he again saw the blessed vision, and heard those words: "Hadst thou staid, I should have left thee."

A Careless Habit.

Flies are often started by a foolish habit that women have of petting warm ashes in a hot or barrel in the cellar. The first thing you know a live coal sets fire to the barrel, and then you have a fire that makes an awful lot of smoke and maybe suffocates somebody. Always put ashes in a tin pail.

Family Fun.

Proposing Under Difficulties.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You would not go to the end of the world for me, Jamie. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but—

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact.

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah Minnie, if you knew the aching void—

"There is no such thing as void, Jamie. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the north pole I would go to you."

"Pip! It will be another century before mam on fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance.

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank and I want you to be my wife. There."

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—

Let the curtain fall.

Bertie.

Mrs. Shannon gave a small but very elegant tea the other evening, and as a reward for being good for two hours, she allowed her son Bertie, aged 10, to sit at the table in the guests. We give a few of the quaint remarks made by Master Bertie during the progress of the meal:

"Ma," he asked trot, "whose spoons are these?"

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Shannon.

He hushed for a second, then—

"Ma, whose big glass dish is that?"

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," said Mrs. Shannon, with a sickly smile that did not conceal from the guests the fact that there was a fearful reckoning in store for Bertie in their departure.

"Say, Ma," he put in, interrupting old Mrs. Mooney-wight, who was the special guest of this occasion, "that isn't our all-wool-and-a-yard-wide, is it?"

"Bertie, didn't you hear Mrs. Mooney-wight speaking? Behave this distressed person."

"Well, I'll be quiet if you'll tell me whose pretty glasses those are. They're Mrs. Bester's, aren't they?"

"Bertie!"

"Oh; ma, I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Hooker wantsyou to be sure and send back her teaspoons to-night, and—oh ma, did you know that Sally broke one of Mrs. Walker's nice teacups, and—oh, what a pretty plate this is! Who does it belong to?"

The doors had hardly closed on the last guest when the neighbors were appalled by a sound whose import could not be mistaken that Bertie's hour of reckoning had come.

Indefinite.

A man was being tried in court, and the particular question at issue was the number of persons present when a certain event occurred. An honest but simple-minded German was on the stand.

He had never taken an oath before, and was not a little disconcerted. The lawyer who conducted the cross-examination saw his opportunity, and badgered him with questions after the manner of his kind.

"How many did you say were present? he shouted, bringing his fist down upon the table as though the fate of empires trembled in the balance.

"Vell," meekly answered the witness, "of course I gould not shoot say, but I think dere vas between six and seven."

"Tell the jury what you mean by that," roared the lawyer. "How could there be six and seven! Were there six, or were there seven?"

"Vell" answered the witness "maybe it was wrong. There was more as six, but dere was not as much as seven. Oun vas a lerry leetle boy."

Too Much Education.

"Mrs. Cosser, I have not seen your Sam at school for some time. Is he sick?"

"Oh, no, mission, but he was gittin too larnal smart so we I took him out. Hookin lastin' hain't good for dat pickaninny, sahow."

"You must not entertain such ideas, Mr. Cosser; with a fair education he might become President of the United States."

"Dats sure, I don't hear whether dat chile is President or not. When I sees him he is drunk up dat quart of milk, I don't want him to be drunk, I want him do it with my own eyes, an' then hare dat next egg-nog he dat he drinks. I reckon he ought to have a good licking, I reckon dat my old man stole an armful of wood when he only borrowed it. No, mission, dat chile won't go to school no mor."

Queer Propitiation.

At a Boston hotel the head waiter once went to the office and informed the learned and cultured clerk that a man was making a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table.

"Go in again," said the Browning-saturated clerk, "and propitiate him in some way; I leave it to you."

Back went the waiter to the dissatisfied boarder and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get right out or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

Fatal Delay.

The young man had been sitting to tell her how madly he loved her for over an hour, but couldn't plack up the courage.

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Faithedly," she said, "I think I hear a ring at the telephone," and in her eagerness she ran her into an adjoining room.

Promptly she returned, and then his mad passion found a voice.

"I am sorry, Mr. Faithedly," she said, "to cause you pain, but I am already engaged, Mr. Sampson, learning that you were here, has urgled his suit through the telephone."

He Gave up the Money.

The dispute between the two Ampchiels became warm.

"Do you suppose I don't know whether I've got the measles or not?"

"Do you think I can't tell the measles when I see 'em? You hain't got measles no more'n my foot has."

"Bet you a $2 bill."

"Done."

The matter was referred to a physician. "You will have to wash yourself, sir, before I can decide," said the man of pills.

"Wash myself to win $2! Soap you in thunder first. Give him the money.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill can not go beyond the preparation of Lactated Wine of Cod Liver Oil and Iron. Physicians prescribe it in preference to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil, because it is the most perfect combination of the active principles of the best Cod Liver Oil with Iron, Quinine and Strychnine. Sold by all druggists.

Paine's Celery Compound

Is the most potent of all known tonics. It gives vigor and tone to the whole system, promotes digestion and assimilation, and experience has shown that the special properties do not yield the prompt and permanent results that are expected.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price, $1.00, at druggists.

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WILSON'S Vaporizing Inhaler.

THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS WILL GRATEFULLY TESTIFY THAT THIS IS THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT FOR

CATARRH, ASTHMA,

DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, COLDS, and all throat, spinal and lung troubles. The only self-retained remedy that reaches the seat of disease. Sent by mail with one month's medicine and prescriptions for $3 (will send four month's supply (enough to cure the most chronic case) for $10. Pamphlet free. Consultation and Testimonials free at the office. Send C. O. D. if desired. Inhaler sealed on 10 days' trial.

E. M. WILSON, 229 Kearny St., SAN FRANCISCO.

DOZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a rich, natural color to the complexion, imparts a delicate fragrance to the person, and is recommended by all First-Class Druggists, or mailed free for 50 cts. in stamps to D. J. DOZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

OFFER EXTRAORDINARY!

Twelve Redemptions ANNUALLY AND THREE NEXT MONTH

To the Best Bible Students in the Opportunity.

ENORMOUS SUMS OF MONEY PAID OUT.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

FOR EAH BIBLE

The following group of 5 Bonds:

One Million Bell Cross Bond.
One Buckeyed Government Bond.
One City of Baltimore Government Bond.

All genuine Bonds are guaranteed by their respective governments.

Every bond has the opportunity of being redeemed, with one or more of the following large premiums.

One Million Lire,
One Million Lire
Four Hundred Thousand Lire,
Two Hundred Thousand Lire,
One Hundred Thousand Lire or Prizes
Fifty Thousand Lire or Prizes.
&c., &c., &c.

Ha Ha Ha. Every bond must be redeemed.

The last redemption takes place in 1889.

TWO GO MAY 1, ONE ON MAY 20

And every group bought of us with $5, ON OR BEFORE MAY 1, 1889, will be P. S. N. Numbered and will participate in the Redemption to be held in Florence on the 20 May Of Mat.

Out of every entire note in Tuscanian Lottery, in stating $5 will secure one of these groups for the forthcoming redemption. Balance payable in monthly instalments.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, call on or address,

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
A. W. ROOT, Broadway and Fulton St.
NEW YORK CITY.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not come under the lawyer the United States.

N. B.—In comparing these rates that you see this in THE SAN FRANCISCO MONITOR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WARD & CO.'S Male and Female EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. 608 and 610 Clay Street, S. F. Telephone No. 707.

ALWAYS TO BE HAD—FIRST-CLASS HOTEL Meat Pies, Pickled Pigs' Feet, Pickled Pigs' Heads, Sauerkraut, Blood Pudding, and Boiled Corned Beef, Potato Dumplings and Sausages. Also, good reliable Female Help, without any charge to employers. Reliable working women no notice at 608 Clay street.

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Choice Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

TO FOURTH ST., Bet. Jessie & Mission. San Francisco.

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His Own Make and Design. Challenge the World. Beware of Imitations.

Stock or Fancy Handles, per pair $2 00
Price's Celebrated Burning Fluid, per gal. 1 50
Price's Quart Bottles, warranting not to crack the finest white starching 1 50
Price's self-adjusting Shade for Lamps, Lanterns and Lamp Chimneys, from Size C. D. D. or to Size. Globe Lanterns 1 50
Price's Patent Lamp Burners, for Coal Oil or Gas, Globe Lanterns and Lamp Chimneys 1 50

Sent on receipt of price, or at Dealers.

M. PRICE, Pioneer Cutler, 415 Kearny St.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE DEPARTURE HOURS BELOW NOTE:

COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1888, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will run as follows: Leave Pacific Street Wharf, Foot of Mission Street, as follows:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO TIBURON		FROM TIBURON TO SAN FRANCISCO	
DAYS.	DAYS.	DAYS.	DAYS.
7.00 a.m.	2.30 p.m.	8.00 a.m.	4.00 p.m.
8.00 a.m.	3.00 p.m.	Potrero, 10.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
9.00 a.m.	4.00 p.m.	Bayshore, 10.30 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
10.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	Sunnyside, 11.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.
11.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	Excelsior, 11.30 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
12.00 m.	7.00 p.m.	Holloway, Ocean View, and Way Stations	
1.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	Garfield, 12.00 m.	8.30 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	Bernal, 12.30 p.m.	9.00 p.m.

Bonger connect at Point Reyes for White Sulphur Springs, Schandorf Rock Wall Springs, Alfalfa for Skaggs Springs; and at Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Barnhart Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Harwood Springs, Bonesdale City and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $2; to Cloverdale, $2.50; to Guerneville $2.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma, $1.00; to Santa Rosa, $1; to Healdsburg, $1; to Cloverdale, $1.50; to Guerneville $1.50.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and Way Stations: Week Days: 7.00 a.m., 8.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 4.00 p.m., 5.00 p.m., 6.00 p.m., 9.00 p.m., 11.00 p.m. Sundays: 8.00 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 3.00 p.m., 4.00 p.m., 6.00 p.m., 9.00 p.m., 11.00 p.m.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days: 6.40 a.m., 7.40 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 3.40 p.m., 4.50 p.m., 5.50 p.m., 8.40 p.m., 10.40 p.m. Sundays: 8.40 a.m., 10.40 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 2.40 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.50 p.m., 8.40 p.m., 10.40 p.m.

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THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Hoping to Lay the Corner-Stone by the First of May.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—On the brow of the hill overlooking the eastern grounds of the Soldier's Home, says the Star, stand the remains in bits, must be seen a group of workmen; a line of horses and mules emerge from the woods on the side of the hill, their slow course marked by a trail of red clay, all this meaning the beginning of the work which is to result in the erection of the splendid buildings of the new Catholic University. As is well known, the site selected is the old Middleton place, which was purchased some months ago. It has a large acreage, and the old-fashioned driveway, between rows of trees, leading to the house, starts from the inter-section of Lincoln avenue with the Bunker Hill road. The grounds extend to Brookland, Metropolitan Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the railroad station bears the name of the place. The distance from the city is two and a half miles. As the crow flies, the plan of the University was as nearly as possible adapted, the plan of the University was as nearly as possible adapted to a very comprehensive one, and contemplates the erection of at least seven large buildings. At the present time it is not thought necessary to erect more than one of these, but it will be anywhere to be with you. If you were in one of the largest. The excavating now being made, in 200 feet long, 70 feet wide and 30 feet deep, will be the foundation of the new building, which will be a massive structure in the Romanesque style of architecture. It will be known as the Divinity Hall, and in the proposed groupings of buildings it will occupy the prominent position in the western point. The building will front to the south, and from its elevated position, "I've got a pretty fair balance in there will be a good view of the country looking towards the city, with its smoky effa-vium hovering over it at its feet. The building will be built of Potomac stone will be largely used in the construction, and its effectiveness as a building material may be seen in the Corcoran Gallery, Church Washington. Upon the left side of the building will be an L wing, where the chapel will be. Provision for a tower, to be placed on the other side, which will be added afterwards. The building will contain class rooms and a large lecture hall. The rooms are to be 30 feet square, and will accommodate 30 students. It is expected, if the weather continues favorable, that in two months a few weeks the work on the foundations will be begun. It is thought that the building will be ready for occupancy by the fall of 1889. Cardinal Gibbons, who is deeply interested in this enterprise, expects to preside at the corner-stone laying, and the event will be a notable one.

The New Abbot of St Vincent's Conference.

LATROBE, Pa., April 16.—A cablegram has been received at St. Vincent's Monastery from Rome stating that the Pope had confirmed the election of the Rev. Andrew Hintenach as Abbot of St. Vincent's. Father Hintenach is at present pastor of a church in Tuscumbia, Ala. He is about 45 years of age and was ordained at St. Vincent's. The official papers now on their way from Rome to America.

ARCHBISHOP SEGHER'S REMAINS.

A Government Vessel Detailed to Remove Them.

Some time ago his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Prefect of the Propaganda, Archbishop Feraneelli, Secretary of the Propaganda Tresoury, to whom the authority is vested, re-quested him to authorize Captain Healy of the revenue cutter Bear, cruising in Alaskan waters, to convey the remains of Archbishop Seghers to Victoria, B. C. Secretary Fabcelli gratefully acknowledged the receipt of Captain Healy's letter to Archbishop Gross, the Cardinal, in a letter to Archbishop Gross, the Cardinal, in a letter of the Secretary of the Treasury, preferring the request that a Government vessel be detailed.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, March 31, 1888.

His Eminence, Cardinal James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter enclosing one of the Pius Society, in which you request the United States revenue steamer Bear, which is cruising in the waters of Alaska the coming summer, to convey from Onalaska to Victoria, B. C., the remains of the late Archbishop Seghers of Vancouver Island, who was murdered over a year ago by Indians, while performing missionary duty. In reply I beg to state that the Bear will probably be ordered to proceed to Alaska at an early date, and instructions will be issued to her commanding officer in accordance with your request. Very respectfully,

C. S. FAIRCHILD, Secretary.

FAIR IN ST. CHARLES PARISH.

The bonanza in aid of the parish of St. Charles's opens this (Wednesday) evening in the new church, St. Joseph and Dauphine streets, and will continue. Too booths have been erected, and are very tastily decorated. It is confidently expected that the fair will be a grand success, and to repay all of the comfort to the visitor by will attend it both for the pleasure to be had and the good to be conferred, to complete the beautiful new church of St. Charles'.

MOTHER MIND FOR VERY REV. P. A. VILLARDA, O. P.

At Solemn High Mass for the repose of the soul of the lately deceased Very Rev. Father Villarda, O. P., Provincial of the Province of St. Joseph, celebrated on Monday morning the 16th inst., at 10 o'clock, by the Most Rev. Edward Hoeffer, D. D., assisted by Rev. M. Dooger, O. P., Prior, as Deacon, and Anthony Wilson, subdeacon, amongst the many persons present were Very Rev. Thomas F. Kelly, O. P., and Rev. Fathers Mathieson, O. P., Kenney, O. P., Durham, O. P., Ryan, O. P., Delphin, O. P., Powell, O. P., Jahan, O. P., Vincent Vizzy, O. P., Riley, O. P., Amelia, O. P., Gray, O. P., Fleming, O. P., McHenry, John Rodgers, O. P., Lynch, Dominic, O. P., Dominic, O. P., Sebastian, O. P., Scott Brother, O. P., Sebastian, O. P., Brother Dominic, O. P., Brother Sebastian, O. P., Brother Dominic, O. P., Brother Sebastian, O. P., Brother Dominic, O. P., Brother

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1890.
SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.
WEEKLY PERSONAL PLEASURE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

SPRING TIDE.

Of all the season's of the year,
Young Spring I ever love most dear,
Because in these balmy hours
All nature is arrayed in flowers.

For all these fragrant petals fair
Received a Godhead's master care.

Oh, Spring! thy beauties still inspire
My soul with poetic fire,
And bids me feel the mighty power
That gave to Earth so fair a flower.

JOSE P. MCDONEL.
Virginia City, Nev., April 19, 1890.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

Sweet Lily of Eden, Immaculate Maid,
When danger assails me, O come to my aid;
Preserve me all pure in this dark world of sin
O guard me without and defend me within!

Mask flower of humility, teach me to be
The queen of the world—from folly to fly;
Without that fair virtue I never can see,
O Mary, thy face—then obtain it for me!

Deep red rose of charity, teach me to love
Thy pure blessed Son, Who is crighing above;
Again may I never His wounded Heart pain,
By darkening my soul with iniquity's stain.

O may to Jesus, dear Mother, most mild,
O my to Him, Mary, that I am thy child;
Remind Him of all His has suffered for me—
His Bride's bitter anguish in Gethsemane!

The scourging He bore at the pillar of stone—
Scorn of all comfort, forsaken, alone;
The crown of sharp thorns enclosing His Head,
The wound in His Side which for poor sinners bled.

His calm resignation to God's Holy Will;
His last painful journey up Calvary's Hill;
His faintness and thirst as he branded His lips
dry;
The three hours He hung in His dread Agony!

And offer Him, Mary, thy sorrow and tears,
The sufferings thou baded from thy earliest years,
Unless for my sake thou, as my guardian of heart—
Remind Him to bless me are life shall depart.

O Mary, to whom we in gladness and woe,
In sleeping, in waking, whenever I pray
Turn, Mary and Joseph, at the moment of death,
May thou loved name be uttered by my latest breath.

M. A. CUSHION.

THE MADONNA.

It was in years agone—long, long ago—
When life was full of childhood's vicious rare,
When life's sorr hasn't a sorrow or a woe,
I saw a picture—a Lady fair.

The picture hung upon a chapel's wall,
And the soft glamour from the taper's glow
Crowded, as on the picture it did fall.
The work of some inspired Angelo.

It was a picture of the Queen of Love,
The guiding star of Life's tempestuous sea;
It was of Her who reigns in Heaven above,
The Queen of Heaven, and of thee and me.

Ah! I remember how that picture wrought
A sacred awe into my childish heart;
And, gazing on that picture there, I thought
For aught I would to be like Mary or to part!

They all the years since then that I have seen,
They all the years that swiftly swept by me,
That picture of the Queen to me has been
A Maiden star upon Life's stormy sea.

Back to that little chapel oft I turn,
To see that Mother as I saw her there;
Back, back in fancy do I oft return,
To see that picture of the Virgin fair.

The sight of that sweet picture clings to me,
Of childhood's years an heirloom to my heart
And memory. O Mary, would that we
Could be united with thee, so'st to part!

A. M. D. G.

Literary Miscellany.

Child and Clown.

A Story from the French.

CHAPTER I.

The child lay on his little, white bed daintily, safe, and looked, with eyes made all the bigger by fatar straight before him steadily, and with the strange intensity of the sick, who already perceive what those who are well cannot see. The mother, at the foot of the bed, biting her fingers so as not to cry out, anxious and tormented with her suffering, watched the progress of the disease over the poor, thin face of her little boy, and the father, a fine fellow, though he was only a workingman, held back in his eyes the tears that burned on their lids. And the first light of the dawn, clear, gentle, the light of a fair morning in June, came into the narrow bedroom on the Rue des Abbesses, where lay dying the little Francois, son of Jacques Legrand and of Madeleine Legrand, his wife. He was a boy of seven years. A blonde and rosy little chap, who not three weeks before, had been as lively and as chipper as a sparrow. Her a fever had seized him, and they had brought him home one evening from school with his head so hot and his hands so limp, that the mother, who had lost her three on the way, and sometimes in his delirium he would say, looking at the nicely polished shoes that he wore had carefully set in the corner: "You see there those are very new—like Francois shoes. Little Francois will not wear them any more. Little Francois will not go to school again—never, never."

Then the father would cry out: "Will you be quiet?" and the mother would go and hide her face in her pillow, so that little Francois would not hear her weep. Through the night that had just passed the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency, which resembled a surrender to death as if, though but seven years old, the sick boy had already experienced the weariness of life. He was tired out, apparently, silent, sad, tossing his weak hand backward and forward on the pillow, unwilling to take anything, having no longer a smile on his poor, thin lips, and wish has languorously something, seeing no one knew what, far off, far away. "There, above us, perhaps," thought Madeleine, who shivered at the thought. When they wanted him to take his medicine, some syrup maybe, or a little beef tea, he refused everything.

"Do you want anything, Francois?"

"No, I want nothing."

"You must eat him out of this," said the doctor. "This torper alarms me. You are his parents; you should know your child. Think of something which may amuse this little fellow, bring back to earth the mind which is roaming among the clouds." And then he went away.

"Think of something!" (Ah, yes, beyond a doubt they knew him well, their Francois, those good people. They knew how much he was amused, the little fellow, when on Sunday he would forage in the hedges, and would come back to Paris on his father's shoulder loaded with hawthorne. Jacques Legrand had bought for Francois all sorts of images, and he put them on the child's bed and made them dance before the wandering eyes of the little fellow and, all ready to cry, tried to make him laugh. "Now, do you see, 'tis the broken bridge. The ass. And here is a General. You remember we saw a General once in the Bois de Boulogne. If you will take your medicine I will buy a real General for you, with a cloth coat and gold epaulettes. Do you want him—the General? Tell me.

"No," replied the child, in the dry rage low and arrow.

"No," answered the little voice, almost cruel in its distinctness.

And to all that they said to him, to all the pimping jests, to all the ballooms that they promised him, the little voice—the parents call the while looking at each other in despair—answered: "No! no! no!"

"But what do you want, then, my Francois?" asked the mother. "Come, now, there must be something that you would like to have. What is it? Tell it to me, your maman." And she laid her cheek down on the pillow of the sick boy, and she whispered her request in his ear, as if it were a secret between them. Then the child, rising in his bed and stretching out towards something invisible an eager hand, replied suddenly with a strange accent and in an earnest tone, that was as once supplicating and imperative.

"I want Bonn-Bonn!"

CHAPTER II.

Bonn-Bonn!

The poor Madeleine threw a frightened look at her husband. What did the little one say? Was it the delirium, the terrible delirium come back?

Bonn-Bonn!

She did not know what it meant, and she was frightened at those queer words, which the child now repeated with the wilfulness of a sick person, as if, not having dared until then to formulate his dream, he would cling to it with an invincible obstinacy.

"Yes, Bonn-Bonn! Bonn-Bonn! I want Bonn-Bonn!"

The mother had seized in her nervousness Jacques's hand, and said in a low voice, as though she were out of her wits: "What does that mean, Jacques? Oh, it is all over with him."

But the father had on his rough face a smile that was almost happy—and a bewildered smile also—the smile of a condemned man who detects a possible chance for liberty. Bonn-Bonn! He will remember the Easter morning when he had taken Francois to the circus. He had still in his ears the child's great burst of joy, his hearty laugh—the laugh of an amused youngster, when the clown—the splendid clown, all spotless with gold, with a sparkling, many-colored dress, on the back of which was set a big brown butterfly—performed his antics in the ring, played tricks on the riding master, or held himself motionless on the ground, his head down and his feet in the air, or threw up to the chandeliers the soft felt hat and caught it adroitly on his head, and where the man performed a pyramid, and at each trick, like the refrain of a song, lighting up his big, droll, bright face, the clown intured the same cry, repeated the same word, accompanied sometimes by a yell of drama—Bonn-Bonn!

Bonn-Bonn! And every time that it came round, Bonn-Bonn! the child burst out in bravos, and the little one laughed his heartiest. Bonn-Bonn! It was this Bonn-Bonn, the clown of the circus, the man who entertained a good part of the city, that he wished to see, the little Francois, and that he might not have and might not see, because he was thus, sick and weak, in his white bed.

That evening Jacques Legrand brought to the child a painted clown, with spangles sewed on all over, that he had bought at a high price, the price, in fact, of a day's work. But he would have given twenty, thirty days, a year's labor to bring back a smile to the pale lips of the sick boy. The child looked for a minute at the toy as it shone on the white bedclothes, then said, sadly:

"It is not Bonn-Bonn! I want to see Bonn-Bonn!

Ah! if Jacques could have wrapped him in his still, curved him off, taken him to the circus, taken him to the clown dancing under the lighted chandelier and said to him, "There is Bonn-Bonn!"

He did better than this, this good Jacques. He went to the circus, he asked for the clown's address, and timidly, with limbs weakened by emotion, he mounted step by step the staircase that led to the house of the artist in Montmartre. It was very bold what he had come to do here. Jacques, a workman, and of a class who are willing to go and play, to recite monologues in the drawing-rooms of fine people. Perhaps the clown—ah, if he only would!—may be willing to come and see poor little Francois. What mattered it how they received him, Jacques Legrand at Bonn-Bonn's house? He was no longer Bonn-Bonn! It was M. Moraine who, in the rooms of an artist, among Dodo, exercising an artistic elegance making a choice background to a charming man, who, received Jacques in his office like that of a physician. Jacques started, did not recognize the clown, and turned his soft hat over and over in his hands. The other waited. Then the father excused himself. It was surprising what he had just asked—it could not be done—impossible, and then in fact it related to the little boy. "A fine little boy, moreover, and so intelligent! Always the first in his class, excepting in arithmetic, which he did not understand. A dreamer, this little fellow, do you see. Yes, a dreamer. And the proof—there, the proof—" and Jacques hesitated, stammered, and then plucked up courage and abruptly said: "The proof is that he wants to see you, that he thinks only of Bonn-Bonn!"

The artist looked at the speaker with a kind of pity. He was not a bad man, this artist, when the boy went out for the first time; "because in fact, you see, I love you somewhat."

The clown offered to his parents his two hands, the hands of a sweet and amiable man. "A good shake of your hands," he said. Then kissing both of the child's cheeks, which had recovered some of their roseness, he added, laughing: "The permission to print on my visiting cards: 'Bonn-Bonn, acrobatic doctor, Physician in Ordinary to the Little Francois.'"

Tramps in Germany.

In Germany beggary has vastly increased since the war. Tramping, too, is easier since the abolition of the strict law of settlement, which made a pass necessary for every journey beyond the parish boundary. The French millionaire made the German fancy they had suddenly become fabulously rich. Everybody lamented over the hard times, particularly in Europe became a nation of speculators and gamblers. Railways were planned in all directions, crary third rate towns began to build grand asylums. This drew thousands of laborers off the land, and when the bubble burst, and the nation realized the fact that the millionaire were not in circulation at all, but locked up in the Treasury, thousands of the laborers were thrown out of work and obliged to go on the tramp. Most of the tramps are literally homeless, having no place to which they are legally entitled to shelter and employers are very shy of keeping any of them long enough to give them a claim on their place. No wonder, then, that German tramps are beginning to form packs, like the wolves. Such a pack will swoop down on a lonely village, while the men are away in the fields, and extort money and food from the women, the military policemen looking hopelessly on. If the village starts a suit and prosecution, that means a good many extra jettonge in the local rates, so they are allowed to pass off. Some villages prefer paying blackmail, like the isle of Man shopkeepers. Lodging, too, is sold—or refused, for, if the barn door is kept locked, the farmer "may see the red cock perch upon his thatch!"

OUR BLESSED LADY.

Some Favors She Granted.

The great Oblate missionary, Father Hoecken, O.M.I., remarks his sermons with stories taken from his own personal experience, and among the anecdotes he tells are some startling than the sentimental dreams of fiction. Among the manuscriptions of his career in England, he relates the following incident:

In one of the manufacturing towns where Father Cook gave missions, a Protestant lady, after hearing some of the instructions, asked permission to be admitted to the church. On the morning of her baptism, she said:

"You cannot imagine the splendor of this day. My husband is an atheist. He is naturally hopeful he has his parents, who were Catholics and later on he spent a few months in a Catholic college. But he was brought up by Protestant relatives and when he was grown to manhood he fell into infidel surroundings. The result is that to-day he sneers at religion as a superstition, and scoffs at the name of God.

"Up to the Blessed Virgin, and the Blessed Virgin alone, I owe the grace to touch your husband's heart.

"Accordingly she has been my constant prayer for years, kneeling at the shrine of the Mother of God, invoking her aid to pray for the conversion of this atheist.

The same evening the convert presented her husband to make his acquaintance with the missionary. His was amused at the sight of the clergyman's priestly garb. He asserted his wife that if he went with her, he would go to hear a good sermon, but he would not be bound to become a Catholic. When he was introduced to Father Cook, the latter saw at once a young, good-natured and intelligent man.

"You have been doing a useless piece of work," he said, "in bringing a Catholic of my wife. But I shall not trouble her. For a lark, put him out of the house!

"You live?" asked Bonn-Bonn.

"Yes, sir, I live. Rue des Abbesses."

"Very well, said the other. "His wants to see you. Do you say? At night, he shall see Bonn-Bonn!"

CHAPTER III

When the door opened before the clown, Jacques Legrand cried out cheeringly to his boy: "Now, Francois, be satisfied, you rogue. See, there is Bonn-Bonn!"

And into the child's face there came a happy light. He raised himself in his mother's arms and turned his head towards the door, and, looked for a moment to see who was this gentleman in the frock coat at his father's side, the gentleman, who so good, jolly face was then smiling on him, and whose lips seemed to say and when they spoke to him: "That is not Bonn-Bonn." he fell back slowly, sadly, with his head turned on the pillow and lay there with his eyes fixed, his big blue eyes that saw beyond the walls of the little bedroom and that looked for, that were always looking for Bonn-Bonn! speaking and butterfly as a lover pursues his dreams.

"No," replied the child, with a voice no longer dry, but distressed, "no—that is not Bonn-Bonn.

The clown, standing near the little bed, bent a profound gaze on the face of the sick little man, a gaze dark, full of tender sweetness. He shook his head, looked at the amazed father and broken down mother, and smiling: "He is right it is not Bonn-Bonn! and he went out.

"I will not see, I shall never see him again, Bonn-Bonn—now repeated the child, in a voice so low that it seemed to be already whispering to the angels. "Perhaps Bonn-Bonn is over there yonder, where little children go to pray.

And suddenly—he had not been gone half an hour—the door was rudely opened and in he black silk gown, with an expiatory gin, his head bent under the weight of his sorrows, and on his face all chalked, Bonn-Bonn, the real Bonn-Bonn, the Bonn-Bonn of the circus, the Bonn-Bonn of the little Francois. Bonn-Bonn himself appeared. And on his face, pale, with a lively exaltation in his eyes, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the child clapped his little thin hands, shouted leave" and cried with all the joyfulness of a seven-year-old, bursting out suddenly like a lighted rocket: "Bonn-Bonn! "Tis he, 'tis he this time. This is Bonn-Bonn, ever! Hurrah for Bonn-Bonn! Good morning, Bonn-Bonn

CHAPTER IV

When the doctor came that day he found, seated at the bed side of the little Francois, a white faced clown who kept the little fellow laughing all the time and who said to the sick boy, pretending a lump of sugar at the bottom of a cup of medicine

"You know if you do not drink it, little Francois, that Bonn-Bonn will not come to see you again.

"And the child drank it."

"Isn't it nice

"Very nice, thank you, Bonn-Bonn.

"Doctor," said the clown to the physician, "I have a little secret to tell you. Be sure, ever, that my antics do him as much good as your prescription.

The father and mother sayt, but this time it was because of their happiness. And crying day until little Francois was able to leave his bed a carriage stopped before the door with a clown at the Rue des Abbesses, and there stepped from it a man wrapped in a heavy cloak with the cape turned up and beneath, dressed for the circus and with a painted face.

"What do I owe you, sir," said Jacques Legrand to the clown at the end of his cash, when the boy went out for the first time; "because in fact, you see, I owe you something."

The clown offered to the parents his two hands, the hands of a sweet and amiable man. "A good shake of your hands," he said. Then kissing both of the child's cheeks, which had recovered some of their roseness, he added, laughing: "The permission to print on my visiting cards: 'Bonn-Bonn, acrobatic doctor, Physician in Ordinary to the Little Francois.'"

Tramps in Germany.

In Germany beggary has vastly increased since the war. Tramping, too, is easier since the abolition of the strict law of settlement, which made a pass necessary for every journey beyond the parish boundary. The French millionaire made the Germans fancy they had suddenly become fabulously rich. Everybody lamented over the hard times, particularly in Europe became a nation of speculators and gamblers. Railways were planned in all directions, crary third rate towns began to build grand asylums. This drew thousands of laborers off the land, and when the bubble burst, and the nation realized the fact that the millionaire were not in circulation at all, but locked up in the Treasury, thousands of the laborers were thrown out of work and obliged to go on the tramp. Most of the tramps are literally homeless, having no place to which they are legally entitled to shelter and employers are very shy of keeping any of them long enough to give them a claim on their place. No wonder, then, that German tramps are beginning to form packs, like the wolves. Such a pack will swoop down on a lonely village, while the men are away in the fields, and extort money and food from the women, the military policemen looking hopelessly on. If the village starts a suit and prosecution, that means a good many extra jettonge in the local rates, so they are allowed to pass off. Some villages prefer paying blackmail, like the Isle of Man shopkeepers. Lodging, too, is sold—or refused, for, if the barn door is kept locked, the farmer "may see the red cock perch upon his thatch!

READING FOR MAY.

The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel.

From hundred years ago there lived in Genazzano an old and poor woman named Petruccia, who was the guiding stock of the village and who had given up all her little property in order to restore the ancient church of the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel which had fallen into ruin. Poor as she was she was the very image of cheerful faith begun the work, and now when the walls of the little edifice began to rise and she had started were hardly six feet high, Petruccia had to stop for she had spent all her little. The artisans refused to work without pay. "I told you so," said the poor woman's cozy wife to her sister and commiserations pity of her neighbors. But while worthily holy minded wanting, Our Lord was preparing to complete the work which had been begun for Him, and that with one of the miraculous manifestations of His Power which from time to time are scattered like a few stars upon the history of the Church.

On the 25th of April, 1467, the early feast in honor of St. Mark was being held in Genazzano and a great concourse of folk from all parts of the country were gathered together for besides the religious festival they had come to the annual fair which was held on that day. The High Mass was over and the people were in full flow with the excitement and bustle on the fair, when an unknown pilgrim left the side of the church in the town ranged in rows towards, that unknown to the world, Petruccia's house. The peasants listened. Songs it angels in unknown tongues were heard to stay, and far up in the beautiful blue heavens was seen a small white cloud, hovering on the spot where the Virgin of light darted from that cloud, and as it approached earthwards the cloud of light grew more and more ravishing and sweet. Slowly it descended, and it rested over the poor, unknown hut of the work as dear Petruccia's home. Soon the cloud melted away, and revealed the kneeling and amazed-eyed multitude a beautiful picture! Our Lady with the Child, all lovely in colors and close to, but not touching, the walls, suspended in the air without any visible support, yet so near that Our Lady of Good Counsel had consented to plete the church. Miracles were at once wrought at the shrine, and the devotion and enthusiasm of the people was so great that for what they called "Our Lady of Pieta" there also was erected a church, and a convent for the Augustinian Friars, and in their gratitude they at once took up Petruccia, who had had the privilege also of seeing the whole church restored, and the Pieta of the Virgin Mother of Sorrows, of God's clemency and most lavish gifts.

Our Lady of Good Counsel has been a most perfect explanation. A few days after St. Mark's day, the town of the sanctuary was in a state of the highest glory and wide and crowds of persons were attracted to Genazzano by the wonderful news of the miracles, by name lowerings and Bethlehem, as the Virgin Mother and Child, the holy picture from time transports of joy and delight, and the earliest reports of the story lastly in that year they had deter mined to leave their native towns and their homes, and to settle down in that town which their country had been reduced to the ownership of the Virgin Mother. Where the departure came they went to pay a farewell visit to the Pieta of the Virgin Mother, and the immediate work of God at that parting. Some children of Mother and Child had been moved to leave their native place, Genazzano, and to settle down in a

THE MONITOR.

THIRTY FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1888.

Dr. Macfarlane on "Crazy" Catholic Saints.

Dr. W. W. Macfarlane is Superintendent of the Sonoma Asylum—Agent in Spain, and I learn from the San Jose *Mercury* that he read on a recent occasion a "very interesting" paper before the members of the State Medical Society, the "interesting" document in question containing the combined wisdom of the Committee on Medical Diseases and Peculiarities, of which Dr. Macfarlane is the honored Chairman.

Among the different very doubtful statements made by the medical gentlemen who composed the "very interesting paper" in question, we had several references to the Catholic Church which call for some strictures on the part of the MONITOR in order to make this already "interesting paper" of Dr. Macfarlane *et al.* still more "interesting" even than it would be were it permitted to pass unnoticed.

The most serious charge that this Committee of medical gentlemen bring against the Catholic Church is couched in the following language, as we find it in the *Mercury*:

"During the dark ages many religious frauds were created. The mawkish sentimentality of those ages was abundant for several centuries. St. Simon, for example, lived for thirty years on the top of a tower only three feet in diameter, and stood for a whole year on one leg, the other being covered with sores. Had he lived during our time, he would have been sent to an asylum for the chronic insane.

We cannot close this article with all the arrogance and dogmatism which characterizes the foregoing paragraph. The manner in which these medical critics of the Catholic Church charge her with crime, and then convict her without the use of judge, jury or justice, is certainly far more novel than it is honest or Christian. If the Church of God were a human being and became afflicted with any dangerous or contagious disease, these Doctors would make a careful diagnosis of the case; they would go into the minutest details concerning the origin of the disease, the cause of its development, and the proper treatment of the patient. But as these Doctors seem to imagine that the Catholic Church is only a corpse upon the dissecting table, they take no trouble whatever to give a single reason for the irreverent, inthinking and ridiculous conclusions which they arrive at, nor to palliate in the least the preposterous calumny which they have thus propagated in an official document coming from the medical fraternity of California.

Is this right? Is it Honest? Would any of the medical gentlemen comprising this Committee like to have his character slandered and his conduct in life thus libeled? Who would think or feel if a jury of twelve dealers were to issue a manifesto charging the members of the State Medical Society with being members of a Board of body-snatching quacks? No doubt these gentlemen would feel highly indignant that such a proceeding should be propagated by persons of such circumscribed mental abilities and medical knowledge as junk-dealers are generally supposed to be. Yet the action of Dr. W. W. Macfarlane and the other members of the anti-Catholic committee who wrote this *remarkably* "interesting" paper, is precisely of this character.

By what *authority* did these Doctors dare to arraign the Catholic Church as having canonized "many lunatics"? What *proof* they had that the Church did so even during the era of the world to which they apply the hackneyed phrase "dark ages"? and then the despicable nonsense which led these Doctors to inject into an official document the disgraceful insinuation that the Catholic Church had plenty of material (that is crazy people) for "manufacturing saints" during several centuries.

These dogmatic doctors seem to have graduate in ignorance. At least so far as the ecclesiastical history and customs of the Catholic Church are concerned, they certainly are as much in the dark as are the Millerites concerning the Millennium! Had they possessed even a *slight* knowledge of the tedious delay, the rigid scrutiny, the exhaustive examination and the perspicuous proof which must accompany all cases for canonization, and which are required from the advocates of those holy persons who are proposed for that immortal honor, these deluded Doctors would have saved themselves the humiliation of being forced by the Catholic press to swallow their own prescription!

According to the unofficial blue of these medical gentlemen St. Simon Stylus was a lunatic! Yet these physicians will no doubt be astonished to be told that the saint whom they in their ignorance of the hagiology of the Catholic Church call "a fool," was a far wiser man and a far more useful member of the human family than any modern, materialistic medicos who ever met within the walls of that Athens of absurdity at Agnew's Station! This may appear strong language to the gentlemen who composed the "very interesting paper" we are criticising, but the MONITOR has the character of never advancing an idea that is not susceptible of proof, and before we get through with the anti-Catholic committee now under dissection, we will prove the truth of this assertion so clearly that every Agnewite attaché will be convinced that it is the living Doctors who are "crazy," and not the celebrated saint whom they hold up to the scorn of the world through their ignorance, pride, prejudice and presumption combined.

Sane, indeed, must be that man whom the Catholic Church elevates into the ecclesiastical rank of Saint. If Dr. Macfarlane and his fellow-committeemen imagine that the Church of God cannot distinguish "a fool" from a wise man—they had better not submit their heads to be examined by the College of Cardinals! God is Omnipotent Wisdom, and wise beyond human lore are those who dwelt at God's fountain of knowledge and who derive their mental pabulum through His inspiration.

Medical men in modern days are not celebrated for any remarkably astute love for God; on the contrary, those of the school of Agnew's Station seem to glory in exhibiting their ignorance of the one state in the calendar they tried to make "a fool" of! It must have been some lunatic fulling who spelled Jesus with an "y" that invented the story of "St. Simon" standing on one leg for a whole year! The medical committee are made to say that had St. Simon "lived during our time he would have been sent to an asylum for the chronic insane." Well, for the sake of St. Simon's celebrity the MONITOR is very glad he died long before "our time," for had he been sent to the asylum for the chronic insane at Agnew's Station, it is very doubtful in our mind if he would ever have become a canonized saint in the Catholic Church! In spiritual, as in temporal matters, men are judged by the company they keep, and when the Devil's Advocate would urge the objection against St. Simon Stylus that he had been under the care of the committee who drew up the report we are revising—poor St. Simon would have seriously suffered in character for keeping such company.

There is sufficient material in the extract we have made from the "very interesting paper" read by Dr. Macfarlane, to make its very instructive articles, which will contain some sage counsel and some historical information for our anti-Catholic medical friends, who will therefrom discover that the "dark ages" were not nearly as opaque as they appear to obtuse minds, nor was St. Simon Stylus by any means the lunatic the Sir Oracles of Agnew's Station would have the world believe.

Next week (*D. v.*) we will devote a couple of columns to the "Dark Age" phase of the subject, and in our subsequent issue we will exhibit the great St. Simon Stylus in his true character, so that additional interest may be given to Dr. Macfarlane's "very interesting paper" on "crazy" Catholic saints.

The Heroic Martyrs of Molokai.

By the steamer *Zealandia*, which sails for Honolulu to-morrow, there will leave the Pacific shore of America, *for ever*, a holy and courageous Catholic missionary whose memory we hope will be for ever kept green in the mind of every reader of the MONITOR. Rev. LAURENT CONSTANT, with whom our readers have already become acquainted as the noble-souled priest whose zeal for the salvation of souls has led him to volunteer to assist the martyr of Molokai, FATHER DAMIEN, in breaking the bread of life to the afflicted lepers who are shunned by all save these two valorous priests of the Catholic Church.

FATHER CONSTANT leaves behind him, *for ever*, relatives, friends, society, and all that serves to make life dear to the majority of mankind, in order to live amidst the leper villages for a number of years, as the servant of servants, then to contract the dread disease, linger a few years more or less while the corroding vires devour health, strength and leave one lying a wreck of humanity, then to smile at death, and then earn the perpetual palm of the martyr's victory in heaven!

How "foolish," and and unaccountable such an act seems to those who know nothing of the noble faith, who have been taught to worship Mammon as their sole God! Such persons cannot conceive how it is possible for a Catholic priest to unite himself *for ever*, merely that the sole of stricken strangers may be saved—to absorbed are they in following this whatever world that they forget the ability bestowed by Almighty God who gave His only Son as a sacrifice for man's Redemption. But every true disciple of Christ will remain in the self-sacrificing spirit of these two Catholic missionaries the God-given gift of Apostolic zeal which animates the souls of all who are truly devoted to the glorious cause of Christ, and who desire to share in the great work He inaugurated when His suffered an ignominious death on Calvary's Cross.

FATHER DAMIEN fully appreciates the immense sacrifice which FATHER CONSTANT has made in thus sharing with him his lifelong exile on this leper-colony island of Molokai. In one of his letters to his brother Benedictines in the holy cause of Charity, FATHER DAMIEN says: "The generous and complete sacrifice you have made of yourself has been accepted by Almighty God and by our beloved Bishop Hight Rev. Dr. Hermann Koeckemann. As for myself, I cannot express my feelings for the salvation of my poor lepers, who continue to arrive in great numbers (30 to-day) I dare to ery aloud to you with all my heart. Come without delay to my assistance to help and to replace me, for I am the only priest here, and, to tell you the whole truth, my health threatens to refuse me their use to celebrate Holy Mass, and that in a very short time."

For fourteen years FATHER DAMIEN has been the guide, the friend and the comforter of the suffering lepers of Molokai. He has built two churches, one in Kalawao and another in Kaulapapa, both of which he has attended himself. He has also established a school for leper children, and now, after fourteen years of association with the effect, the occupants of this Island, his terrible disease has insinuated itself into his system, and he lives in the dread of some day seeing his hands unfit to celebrate the Eucharistic sacrifice! What a terrible trial for a priest of God's Church! Microbes have also attacked in FATHER DAMIEN's ears and eyes, his eyelashes are affected, and it may be only a few months when his features will cease to be familiar to those who knew him in the world beyond the charnel-house of the living tomb!

And yet, gloomy as FATHER DAMIEN's present prospects are, dark as his earthly future may appear, there is to every true missionary of the Cross a silver lining which shines with heavenly splendor through the starky veil that hides the glory of God from human eyes. "*All for God!*" is inscribed upon the banner every martyr bears, and under such a Divine inspiration the highest aspirations of the Christian soul, and the most heroic sacrifices of the human will—are possible of performance.

FATHER DAMIEN has attended the death beds of nearly two thousand lepers during his residence in Molokai. He has also shared by a noble band of the Sisters of Charity of St. Francis, who voluntarily left their beautiful house in Syracuse, New York, in order to undertake the nursing of the thousands afflicted with the most loathsome disease known among the many ills to which human flesh is subject. What sublime testimony does not such heroism on the part of those holy Sisters bear towards the truth of the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, when these pure and beautiful servants of God's poor and afflicted belong! They follow in the service of their Benedictine Redeemer in the Infinite where contagion is constant and where their self-sacrifice is sure to end in the lingering death of leprosy! Here, indeed, may the Catholic Church say: "Behold what a victory God's faith can achieve over human pride, worldly vanity and self-will!"

And then, for a moment, let us be useless, and how cowardly sectarianism appears when it is brought into comparison with the supernatural heroism which priests and Sisters of Christ's only Church manifest when duty calls them to face contagion and death in order that souls may be saved for heaven! In such a contrast, every intelligent Christian can readily distinguish the true Church from the *false* sect. The true disciples of God sacrifice all worldly comforts and honors in order to serve God in the midst of repulsive sights and odors in voluntary exile, whilst the bleatings of sectarian dress in purple and fine linen, live in "reatured" society, and—like Dives of old—look down with scorn and contempt on those "foolish" Priests and Sisters who make the charnel-house of disease their daily habitation. We can only thank God that they can win Heaven at so small a sacrifice!

Archbishop Riordan in Chicago.

Through the kindness of Very Rev. Joachim Adam, V. G. of Monterey and Los Angeles, the MONITOR is in receipt of news from the Most Rev. Archbishop J. S. Alemany, D. D., who, our readers will deeply regret to learn, received the last rites of the church on the 8th ult., at which time his illness was generated through a very severe attack of brain fever. Father Adam promises to send us news of the condition of the venerable Archbishop from time to time. Meanwhile we ask the pious prayers of our readers for God's will in the critical case of one whom they all deeply revere.

We are indebted also to Rev. Father Harrington for a copy of the Spanish paper *El Norte Catalan* of April 7th, which gives the following account of the Archbishop's recent severe attack: "On Wednesday of Holy Week, Archbishop Alemany experienced a very severe cerebral attack which commenced at St. Joseph's Day while leaving confessions during the morning, in the Church of the Pillar, in Valencia. As the doctors feared a recommencement of the attack, they ordered the administration of the Holy Sacraments. Thanks to God, on Saturday of the same week there was a change for the better, which although very slow, continues. The same doctors hope that within a few days this illness (or stroke) will be able to leave his bed, although they do not think that he will regain his previous health. The whole city of Valencia which was expecting yesterday report no change."

A Word of Caution.

We caution our readers against putting any faith whatever in the calleganza from Rome published in the daily press every Sunday last. They are all manipulated in London and each of them bears transparent evidence of the falsy upon its face. The calleganza says that Catholics who belong to the Irish National League are to be debarred from absolution. And then it affirms this absurd contradiction "It is fortunate stated that the Irish National League not political aims are explicitly confessed by the Holy Office."

Another calleganza says that the majority of the Irish priests "have been from the National movement against their will. A flagrant falsehood which could only emanate from a London cockney. And the ignorant and malevous manufacturer of the crooked calleganza winds it up by saying "To deny the Infallibility of the Pope, who has acted with anything like precipitation or without the most careful inquiry, would subject Roman Catholics to the accusation of heresy." When the Irish Catholics become heretics, then indeed will the heavens fall! These calleganzas are concocted in London, a place notorious for the crime of lies that have emanated from it defaming the Irish people and calumniating the Catholic Church.

Feast of St. De La Salle.

The Holy Father has appointed May 15th as the Feast of St. De La Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers, and on Friday last the Feast of this great servant of God will be celebrated for the first time in the chapel attached to St. Mary's College. At 7 o'clock in the morning there will be Mass and Communion; at 10 o'clock Solemn High High Mass, and Vespers in the afternoon. May 4th, 1888, was the day when the canons of St. De La Salle were deposited in the Church at Rouan, France.

— Patience is a virtue which every friend of Ireland should exercise under the present exciting crisis. Catholics, especially, should be cool, calm and collected, as the official documents from Rome will be printed in the course of a few weeks, and they will be found to be far different from what the enemies of Ireland and of the Church are representing them to be, in order to make capital against both the Church and the country which English Tories hate most cordially.

— Last Thursday the corner-stone of the new Convent School, built at the expense of the tax payers of Los Angeles, was laid by the Grand Lodge of Masons, a body of men who have no business whatever to be present in such a function. Masonry is an oath-bound secret organization condemned by the Catholic Church and objectionable for many reasons to a great many American citizens, and the parties who invited the Masons to act on the above occasion should be publicly censured.

CONTROVERTED POINTS ON CATHOLIC MATTERS.

3. Additional Testimonies Against the Historical Veracity of Leo's Statements and Figures Relative to the Spanish Inquisition.—Reluctance to be Borne in Mind in Dealing with the Present Subject. Concluding Remarks.

Few readers, even if only moderately acquainted with these pages since the dawn of day, can be said to ignore the world renowned productions of the distinguished Spanish author, James Balmes. These have been translated into the leading modern languages and have everywhere met with unprecedented success. But by far the most famous of his works are his Essays entitled. "European Civilization or Protestantism and Catholicity Compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe." It is precisely in this book that he treats in a masterly manner the question of the Inquisition in general and of the Spanish Inquisition in particular.

We warmly recommend the perusal of his three chapters bearing on our subject—chapters XXXV, XXXVI and XXXVII, and for the benefit of those who may not possess that valuable work, we here transcribe a note given in the Appendix, page 187, in which Balmes's claim to veracity is triumphantly displayed.

"In some of my works I have made the most notes with respect to this Institution, to Llorente, the author of a history of the Spanish Inquisition. The impartiality which may be expected from a writer who has made every effort in his book, which has evidently been written for the purpose of Inculcating the hatred of Spain, the Catholic clergy and the Holy See. Hispanophobia, which is the ruling passion displayed by his modern works, for any Catholic to place any reliance on the veracity of Llorente would be a great error. In fact, in every part of the project of the religious constitution of Spain, the author displays a hatred of the sciences, and introduces scheme and heavy jests against the Spanish Inquisition, which are the universal discipline established from the time of the Apostles, and which form the sacred repository of our holy religion, whose only end is the salvation of souls. This hatred and does not hold the best lover Hispanicus in check, but, on the contrary, it does credit when writing the history of the Inquisition, that he of every side of it in many appropriations of declaiming against the clergy and the Holy See, and of making use of impartiality. Perhaps, if the Inquisition in Madrid had sent relating the conduct of the Spanish Inquisition, and the Inquisition in Spain, and the effects made by the Holy See for the purpose of having the Inquisition in Madrid, the appeals which were made, and the merits of the Holy See, and the acts of many obtained at Rome; all these facts clearly showed that the Holy See, from the time of its rise, a member of country, was rather an idol than a friend to the Inquisition, and that it has been the cause of the difficulty. By saying, that when Cortes of Madrid wanted to carry money from to [illegible] to [illegible] the Holy See, the Inquisition, and the Inquisition in Spain, and the effects made by

Farm and Home.

Breeding Over Ailments.

If you are sick or ailing, don't depend too much on the medicines you take or the remedies you take to effect a cure. Tonics and alteratives are of great use, but attention to the rules of hygiene, mental as well as physical, will make them more efficacious.

In the first place, don't give up too easily; have courage; assert your will power; don't brood over your aches and pains and symptoms, but try to forget them; and the chances are that you will forget them so thoroughly that when by accident you do remember them it will only be to wonder where they are. If the worst comes, and you must give up, then do so gracefully and thoroughly, keep hopeful, and so order all pertaining to your mind as well as your body, that the best results may be obtained from the remedies used.

Half the sufferings of nervous people come from brooding over their ailments until imagination gets the upper hand. Nine times out of ten all their symptoms would disappear if they would pay strict attention to their diet, have it light and nutritious, and avoid stimulants altogether—tea and coffee; baths daily, using friction with a brush or towel; take plenty of outdoor exercise, whether the weather be pleasant or not; and try to forget their nerves in pleasant reading or pleasant companionship—not exciting company, to irritate—or in congenial work; and if work they must and if it be not congenial, then let them do it "by God's law," thoroughly and conscientiously; and they will be astonished to find how the sun will seem bright, or the lay wind less cold, the ocean less irritating and their friends much pleasanter, when in reality it is all in themselves—they are only taking brighter views of life, and not ceaselessly irritating themselves and others around them.

What! Never?

There are some things a well bred young lady never does, says a writer on etiquette, and these are among them:

She never turns around to look after any one, when walking on the street.

She never takes supper or refreshments at a restaurant with a gentleman after attending the theatre unless they are very intimate acquaintances.

She does not wear her monogram around her person or stick it over her letters and envelopes.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in the street car without thanking him.

She never forgets her ball-room engagements or refuses to dance with one gentleman and immediately dances with another.

She never takes more than one glass of wine at a dinner or entertainment.

She never snubs other young ladies, even if they happen to be less popular or well favored than herself.

She never talks or laughs loudly in public places.

She never raises her lorgnet and tries to stare people she doesn't know out of countenance on the street.

She never wears clothing so singular or striking as to attract particular attention in public.

She never speaks slightingly of her mother and says she "does not understand" whether her behavior meets with maternal approbation or not.

A Cure for Cancer

Dr. Peter Hood, of London, is a communication to *The Lancet*, calls attention to an article published by him in the same journal some twenty years ago, on the value of calcium carbonate in the form of calcined oyster shells, as a means of arresting the growth of cancerous tumors. In the case which he then reported, that of a lady nearly eighty years old, the growth commenced ovary and left a healthy surface after a period of the remedy in question, at much as would lie on a shilling; taking taken every day in a little warm water or tea. He now reports another case of scirrhus in the breast, in the wife of a physician, in which the treatment was followed by an arrest of the growth and a cessation of the pain. The improvement having now lasted for years, and no extraordinarme having then the occurred. Dr. Hood says that the remedy can do no harm, and that the prima facie evidence in its favor is certainly strongerthan that on which rests the use of Chian turpentine, so eagerly resorted to by the profession. He would restrict the trials to well marked cases of sclirrus, and no longer it should be looked for in less than three months.

Apples and Pears.

Never before in the history of California were so many trees being planted, mostly prunes, apricots, peaches and oranges. Now many people have grown rich by doing what others neglected doing. Who is planting apples and pears? Is it a suggestive fact that, at this very time, these fruits are selling at prices ranging from $1 to $2 a box, these fruits, at least the winter varieties, are entirely for the upper hill where orange does not grow. At a height of 3000 or 4000 feet the apple has all the good qualities of the New England or Michigan apple, and some they do not have. Even an elevation of 1000 feet makes a different fruit. There are thousands of acres of such land in the mountains on both sides of this valley. Nothing can be better for winter apples or pears than the land where the redwood is a native. There are no more pests to contend with than with other fruits. All have to be cultivated and carefully watched.

Coffee and Tea

"How do you make coffee, and do you consider it beneficial?"

"I never boil it. I pour boiling water on it, let it filter, boil the water again and pour it over the grounds, and let it digest. Coffee is a precipitant—it aids digestion. To make *tea* as foul, boil the pots."

"How about tea?"

"To make good tea you must pour boiling water on it and take it out immediately. Then pour one third of the boiling water required, put the pot over a steamboat appearance, and let it stand another third, and finally the last one-third, repeating the steaming in order to let it draw without boiling. It is an actual stimulant.

Evolution of Words.

It is interesting to trace the evolution of words and expressions. Cultivated people say "How do you do?" Those who are less precise say, "Howdydo?" In the backwoods of Pennsylvania they say, "Howdy." The noble red man of the west says, "How" while the out on the farm says, "How."

—To clean bottles, put into them some kernals of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes; half fill them with water and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.

—Never use tea to clean tin, it will soon spoil it; make it shine with soap and water and rub with whiting, and it will look well and last longer.

—To clean silver—Use half pound of soft soda added to eight quarts of water; when at a boiling heat, dip the pieces of silver, and immediately wash in suspends, and wipe dry with a piece of cotton flannel. This method is recommended by one of the largest britannia works in New England.

Family Fun.

A New Year's Gift.

"James," he began as the clerk entered his private office. "The new year is clear ahead."

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been with us?"

"Twenty years, sir.

"Twenty years. You came to from the country with all your worldly possessions tied up in a cotton handkerchief!"

"I did, sir."

"You left home determined to achieve success."

"Yes, sir."

"You believed that honesty and integrity would be rewarded, and that faithful service would meet its reward.

"That's the way I reasoned, sir.

"Ah! I remember the morning you applied for a situation. I liked your looks and the way you talked.

"Thank you, sir."

"Now, James, my partner goes out with the new year. I've been thinking of you."

"Yes, sir."

"Of your long and faithful service."

"Yes, sir."

"And I'm going to reward you. I'm glad it's in my power to do so. I shall commence the new year alone."

"Exactly."

"With limited capital."

"Ah!"

"And it will therefore be necessary to reduce all salaries. Up all the others I shall make a cut of 15 per cent. Owing to your long and faithful services, I shall make the cut only 10 per cent. That's all, James, and I hope you will try and get down half an hour earlier in the morning, and also be more economical with the gas and fuel."

She Saw the Point.

"That lady," said a Woodward avenue merchant, pointing to a woman who had traded about twelve dollars' worth in ten minutes, and was going out, "used to be one of my worst customers. She'd come in almost daily, bother four or five clerks for two hours, and go out without buying a cent's worth.

"How did you cure her?"

"Well, I spoke to her in an off-hand way one day and she fired up and said that for long as I kept clerks it was my business to be bothered. Next day I selected ten of the girl clerks, and they rung her door-bell at intervals of an hour all day and inquired if she wanted a screw girl. She didn't, and told them so pleasantly enough until the tenth one came. Then she said:

"I'd like to know why all you girls come here bothering me when I don't want to buy anything?

"Because, ma'am, so long as you keep servants in a poor business to be bothered," was the prompt reply.

"I think she reasoned out the analogy, for she now sits down and buys what she wants, and every clerk likes to wait on her."

Exchanging Experiences.

"My friends," said a man at an experience meeting in a Chicago suburb a few evenings ago, as he arose and looked about him with deep contrition. "I trust I have been a new life, and yet my conscience impels me to make a full confession before I can ask you to extend to me the hand of fellowship. For fifteen years before I came among you I was a manufacturer of maple syrup.

"My brother, there is hope for you!" exclaimed a man on the seat in front, as he rose and cordially grasped the speaker's hand. "I sold real estate for five years in Los Angeles."

"Brethren," exclaimed the minister, in a voice shoked with emotion. "Let us sing

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Excuse And Writing.

One day last week one of our young lawyers was asked by a neighbor to write a letter. After consenting, he said:

"What must I write?"

"Well, tell her your kind letter found us all well, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing."

"What else?"

"Well, tell her we expect to make a good crop of rye and wheat, and will send fifteen acres in corn and cotton.

"Well, go on."

"Tell her John is married and has a nice wife. They live at the Mathews' place."

"Anything else?"

"I believe not; only tell her to excuse bad writing, and close."

Discriminating Charity.

"My dear," said Mr. Sparks to his wife, "if we give a new parlor carpet what will we do with the old one?"

"Put it in the library," said Mrs. Sparks promptly.

"Why, there is a carpet there," said Mr. Sparks, "what will we do with that."

"Put it in the spare room," said Mrs. Sparks decisively, "and give the spare room carpet to the poor. It is a hideous thing, anyway."

"Yes," said Mr. Sparks reflectively, "it is. We might give it to an asylum for the blind."

"A very good idea," said his wife approvingly. "And we will give the one in our room to an asylum for the deaf, it is so fearfully loud."

An After-Dinner Speaker.

"My good man," said the lady who had given the tramp a large plate full of victuals, "pardon me for making the suggestion, but would you not enjoy your repast fully as well, if not better, if you should follow the custom that has always prevailed in this household, and invoke a blessing on your food before you begin?"

"Madam," replied the hungry tourist, with his mouth full, "I'm and Chauncey Depew always does our best talkin' after we've eat."

Simple.

Some children are bright enough to discover the cross-cuts to knowledge at a very early age.

"What is a diamond?" asked a teacher.

"Carbon," replied the bright scholar.

"Yes, a diamond is pure carbon, but you must remember that coal is also carbon. That was taught in the last lesson."

"Yes'm."

"Now, how could you be sure to tell the difference between the two kinds of carbon?"

"Ask the price!" piped up a small boy.

Precious Letters.

Wife (to second husband who is rummaging in a close)—"Don't disturb that bundle of letters, John. I wouldn't have anything happen to them for the world."

Husband (fondly)—"Oh, dear, then you didn't burn those foolish love letters of mine after all, as you said you did?"

Wife—"Yes John, I burned them; but those letters are from your first husband."

A Woman's No.

Sympathetic Mother—Don't be cast down by the girl's first refusal. It doesn't mean anything. I refused your pa half a dozen times before I married him.

Son—Humph! I guess I won't try again.

"Why not?"

"Well, I suppose I might worry her into accepting me, but I don't want any such cold-dog life as you and pa lead.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paine's Celery Compound

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CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Weakness, Mental Depression, Liver Disease, and all affections of the Kidneys.

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DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, COLDS, and all throat, bronchial and lung troubles. The only medicine which reaches the seat of the malady, and gives immediate relief. Sent by mail, with one month's medicine (enough to cure the most chronic case), Paralyzed Ear Syringe and Treatise for the office. Price $5.00. If deafness, Ladies extra set by MRS. WILSON.

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RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD. "THE DUMBARTON BRIDGE OPENS TODAY." COMMENCING ON SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1883, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Trains will leave Tiburon Ferry (Foot of Market Street, San Francisco): Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F. | DESTINATION. | Arrive in S. F.
9 A.M. Sunday only | Petaluma. | 12:45 P.M.
7:45 A.M. 3:00 P.M. | Santa Rosa. | 10:40 A.M. 6:35 P.M.
7:45 A.M. 3:00 P.M. | Healdsburg. | 10:40 A.M. 6:35 P.M.
7:45 A.M. 3:00 P.M. | Windsor, Cloverdale and Ukiah. | 10:40 A.M. 6:35 P.M.
7:45 A.M. 3:00 P.M. | Guerneville. | 8:10 P.M. 8:00 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Springs, Stewarts Point and Mark West Springs; at Healdsburg for Geyserville, Skaggs Springs and at Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Springs, Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Kondolfo City and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, inclusive, $2.50; to Santa Rosa, $3; to Healdsburg, $4; to Cloverdale, $5.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4.

Prices from Principal Stations: Fare to Santa Rosa—1st class, $3.00; 2d class, $2.00. Fare to Petaluma—1st class, $1.50; 2d class, $1.00. Fare to Sonoma—1st class, $2.50; 2d class, $1.75. Fare to Glen Ellen—1st class, $2.75; 2d class, $1.85. Fare to Cloverdale—1st class, $5.00; 2d class, $3.35. Fare to Ukiah—1st class, $5.50; 2d class, $3.70. Fare to Guerneville—1st class, $3.00; 2d class, $2.00.

Tickets to Principal Points Beyond Santa Rosa at Reduced Rates.

Excursion Tickets to Cloverdale and Intermediate Points, Saturdays and Sundays, at Two Dollars.

Tickets to Principal Points in California and Eastern Cities for Sale at Lowest Rates.

Baggage Checked to Destination.

Commutation Tickets, Family Tickets, Mileage Tickets, Excursion Tickets, Sunday Excursion Tickets, Tourist Tickets, Round Trip Tickets to Sonoma, Glen Ellen, Santa Rosa, Petaluma, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Guerneville, Duncan's Springs, Skaggs Springs, Stewarts Point, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Springs, Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Kondolfo City and the Geysers, Sold at Reduced Rates.

Excursion Tickets to Monterey, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, and Intermediate Points, at Reduced Rates.

Sunday Excursions.

$1.75 S. F. Sunday excursion to Redwood City, Menlo Park, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lockheed, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Chittenden, Pajaro, Watsonville Junction, Aptos, Soquel, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz Junction, Laurel, Newell, Alma, Wright's, Zayante, Mount Hermon, Felton, Paper Mill, Fitzburg, Olivas, Glenwood, Lompico, Mt. Hermon, Camp Evers, Camp Rowlandson, Camp Santa Cruz, Camp Concordia, Camp Capitola, Camp Santa Cruz, Camp Santa Cruz, Camp Santa Cruz

CONTROVERTED POINTS ON CATHOLIC MATTERS.

[EXCLUDED FROM PICKETT PAGE.]

Ruler of the world was an insult to society itself, and they accordingly measured the punishment by what they considered the gravity of the offence in judging of the tent times, if we wish to be wise and fair, we must judge them not by our feelings and thoughts, and by our modern ideas and views, but according to the habits, customs, feelings and circumstances prevalent in those times. In these days, if a man is punished for rejecting the Faith, or even for insulting God in the great scandal and injury of his fellow-citizens, a fearful outcry is raised to protest against the sentence. Yet, when the French Communists took it into their head to reproduce the feats of the African Vandals of olden times, every one was loud in proclaiming that shooting would be too good for them. Is, then, a denial of the Faith, or blasphemy against God's Supreme Majesty, not a far worse crime than the pulling down and burning of public buildings or setting fire to the Tuileries? Verily, by maintaining the unity of the Faith the Roman See saved the world more bloodshed and spared it far more ruins than all the ruling monarchs have been able to erect by their palliative or even their coercive legislation.

Sixth. Even the Spanish Inquisition, notwithstanding all its errors and excesses, which we freely admit, and the cause of which we have already adduced, can say this much in its defence. The Spanish Government and all Europe in flames and all hands reeking with blood, wherever heresy and schism arose and the unity of Faith had been lost. The Pseudo War, the Thirty Years' War, the excesses of the Anabaptists; sedition in France; the cruelties that desolated the Netherlands; the wholesale butcheries in England, particularly under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; the high handed measures, exiles, confiscations and murders with which the Catholic Faith was exterminated, root and branch, from the people of Sweden, Norway and Denmark; taught the other European Catholic nations lessons not to be easily forgotten. The Spanish rulers seeing this, determined to save Spain these and similar terrors, by preserving, at all costs, the unity of the Faith among that intensely Catholic people, and by stamping out and excluding from the realm even the first germs of the Protestant rebellion, which promptly smoke were taping to dissemination in the Spanish Peninsula. The Inquisition was the means devised for the purpose. How on we blame that tribunal for the death and tortures of a few obstinate heretics, when we see that thereby the whole of Spain was never even murmuring civil wars, and all the horrors that characterized the religious fanaticism of the sectarians of Northern Europe?

Seventh. A story is told of Sir Robert Walpole, that on one occasion, when his secretary proposed to read to him some work on history, he declined, saying that he preferred hearing something that was true, whereas *history he knew to be false*. His knowledge of the affairs of life, of the real motives and causes which led to public events, and of the way in which these events are described and accounted for in the works that are given forth to the world as histories, had led him to the general conclusion that all histories are false. Though we are willing to accept from this cynical judgment some honorable instances of faithful records of the past, yet we find ourselves compelled to subscribe to the common saying that, during the last three hundred years in particular, history has generally been one vast conspiracy against truth. The Protestant world calls Ecclesiastical History, when duly analyzed, is found, in most cases, to be a systematic attempt so to distort and misrepresent facts, as to bring discredit upon the Popes, the Catholic Church and her institutions. The Inquisition is a case in point. When Protestants have the word *Inquisition*, immediately there rises up before their eyes a horrible vision of a secret tribunal, whose headquarters are at Rome, but whose hands are every where; a tribunal, which shrinks from no measures either of fraud or violence in order to compass its ends, and whose one great aim is to sweep away Protestantism and Protestants from off the face of the earth. Now, granting that this was a true picture invented by the bigoted Monks and Friars of the Dark Ages to rob and murder all lovers of pure Gospel truth. The object of these pages, and of the article that is to appear next week, is to call our readers something of the real history of this much maligned institution, thereby to assist them in repelling the attacks so frequently hurled at the Church and her Supreme Pontiff, and this enable them to judge, from this instance, of the many other calumnous charges alleged by freethinkers and bigoted sectarians or ill-informed newspaper writers against the Catholic Faith.

When poorly informed or misled newspaper writers, drawing their knowledge from *certain Encyclopedias*, and composing their lucubrations under the pressure of time, are betrayed into mistakes like those, that we have recently exposed in the Monitor, they are likely to screen themselves from all responsibility on the plea that they did no more than follow, and that, at all events, they knew no better; rather a lame excuse in the mouth of those that pose as leaders of public opinion! Here we beg to remark that we should feel more inclined to believe them and accept their apology, whatever it be, if such editors had the manliness and honesty of retracting and acknowledging their unintentional blunders before that very public, whose they were instrumental in deceiving and misleading. But to do this requires some courage, a thing rather rare in our days. Then we beg, in sooth, reasonable to presume true that the misled has been done, and every one acquainted with the case here referred to, is firmly convinced that not only Christian charity, but even common, natural justice exact its reparation, whenever it can be, at least partially made, through the columns of the Press, and by reaching the same readers that have perused the obnoxious statements against the Holy See. Charity and justice of sentiment silence is golden, yet there are occasions in which it is rather premicious, and in which to speak out the truth, is, to say the least, more honorable. But want of space compels us to bring our remarks to a close.

Our chief, nay, our sole aim in writing the series of nine articles successively published in the Monitor, was, as we stated in the introduction, to defend the truth and correct misrepresentations of the enemy, anti-Catholic, one sided and unfruitful answers, contained in the query columns of our contemporary, the *Morning Call*, in the issues of February 19 and 26 of the current year. A few lines, it would appear, might have sufficed to contradict the false statements printed in that journal, but we are firmly convinced that the most effectual means of disposing of untruthful and groundless assertions is not only to pull down the flimsy fabric of misrepresentation, but also to dig out its very foundation, and build upon its ruins the stately edifice of truth. This we have honestly attempted to do—we leave it to our readers to judge of our success. We expect no favors and much less an attitude of defense from the secular press; but we think we have a right to claim at least fair play and impartial justice, and to see that our Church, her institutions and history, shall not be either maligned or misrepresented with impunity.

And let it be understood that whoever it shall come to our notice that either intentionally or otherwise, either through bigotry or ignorance, Catholic Truth and Catholic Facts are perverted, we will not fail to raise our voice and wield our pen, so long as it shall please God to make use of our poor efforts in the defense of His Holy Cause.

That Spurious Papal Document.

The letter which purported to have emanated from Pope Leo XIII., and which we published last week, appeared in the *Atlas* of this city on the 19th ult., and the Riverside *Chronicle* having asserted that it equal the document from the *Atlas*, led us to suppose that it first appeared in that paper and was endorsed by it. Upon this supposition we placed the *Atlas* and the Riverside *Chronicle* in the same anti-Catholic category. We have since discovered, however, that the *Atlas* is not responsible for spurious letter unreservedly condemned it by the following introductory editorial remarks:

"The Republican politicians are evidently feeling very uneasy in consequence of the activity and earnestness of the Prohibitionists, and the party organs are vainly trying to check the Prohibition movement by alternately abusive and coaxing lectures. The Sacramento Bee is virulent denunciation of Father John and other Prohibitionists, and the Democratic contemporaries, there is no perceptible disposition on the part of their Republican brethren to turn back from the Prohibitionists. This single fact is alarming the Republicans like the Spectre at the feast. A forged papal letter, purporting to be from the Pope, is being sent through the mails to Prohibitionists. While the forgery is a very clumsy affair, its intent is plain enough. It is meant to make Prohibitionists believe that the Pope and the Catholic Church are opposed to the Prohibition movement for purposes of their own. Of course Catholics will at a glance recognize the spurious character of the document, but it is not intended for Catholics at all. The letter will doubtless be treated with political contempt of a stronger different character—also sent secretly through the mails. A copy of the bogus "encyclical" received by a Methodist preacher in this town, is a well known Prohibitionist, is given below, verbatim et literatim.

(Here follows the spurious Letter.)

We learn that several thousand copies of this diabolical document have been scattered all over this County by some designing and degraded individuals who have taken this method of raking up the Sewer filth spirit of intolerance against the Catholic Church, and we are glad to know that the *Atlas* is on the side of right and truth in this matter. We have no desire to censure any of our contemporaries unless they evince a prescriptive spirit towards the Church or Catholics. The reference made by the Riverside *Chronicle* mislead us in this matter, and we cheerfully give the *Atlas* the benefit of the fact so as to remove any false impressions our remarks last week might have formulated in the minds of our readers.

— Whilst Balfour's lazzuks are bastinadoing poor Erin by means of malicious subterfuges manufactured for the occasion, a Protestant world calls Ecclesiastical History, when duly analyzed, is found, in most cases, to be a systematic attempt so to distort and misrepresent facts, as to bring discredit upon the Popes, the Catholic Church and her institutions. The Inquisition is a case in point. When Protestants have the word *Inquisition*, immediately there rises up before their eyes a horrible vision of a secret tribunal, whose headquarters are at Rome, but whose hands are every where; a tribunal, which shrinks from no measures either of fraud or violence in order to compass its ends, and whose one great aim is to sweep away Protestantism and Protestants from off the face of the earth. Now, granting that this was a true picture invented by the bigoted Monks and Friars of the Dark Ages to rob and murder all lovers of pure Gospel truth. The object of these pages, and of the article that is to appear next week, is to call our readers something of the real history of this much maligned institution, thereby to assist them in repelling the attacks so frequently hurled at the Church and her Supreme Pontiff, and this enable them to judge, from this instance, of the many other calumnous charges alleged by freethinkers and bigoted sectarians or ill-informed newspaper writers against the Catholic Faith.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

On April 6th, the Northern Spinning and Weaving Mill, Belfast, one of the largest manufacturers in the North of Ireland, was offered for sale by public auction, but, as the bidding was the highest offer, the sale was withdrawn. Nearly one thousand operatives will be thrown out of employment in consequence of the stoppage of the mill.

The death is announced, on April 6th, of Mr. Patrick Reed, brother of the late Messrs. R. and D. Reed, the well known publishers of Belfast, and formerly proprietors of the *Morning News*. His brothers, the late Robert and Daniel Reed, by their many editions of the Sacred Scriptures, Catholic prayer-book and other religious publications, spread the knowledge of religion through all the divisions of the Christian family. Mr. Patrick Reed, jr., taught it by beautiful example. For a long time, even after he had retired, he was Honorary Secretary of that value, and he kept the accounts of that church until about three years ago.

Armagh.

On April 6th, a report reached Lurgan that Catholics proceeding from Derry to the sports at Derrytrasna, on the previous day, were stopped on the road by an organized mob of Orangemen and attacked with stones. The Orangemen opened fire, and it is thought that the sports were held in the interests of the Nationalists, for political purposes.

Cork.

A very fine statue of St. Patrick has been placed in a niche over the Doric column in front of Patrick's Church, Sunday. It was intended to have been erected yesterday, being the 1500th anniversary of his death, but a difficulty arose owing to the height it had to be elevated to, the niche being over 70 feet from the ground. The pedestal of the statue took an epoch to Dublin which, as well as many other Catholic churches, was under the auspices of the Very Rev. Canon McCarthy, P.P., V.G.

The remains of a relative to the Dean's brother-in-law, policy of Balfour, has been awaited to Cork. A few days ago the latter, of the poet murdered Lord Cavan, followed his son to the grave, the mourning funeral illness, brought on by the shock of his boy's tragic fate. It is only a few weeks since the cortège closed over the remains of his eldest daughter, whose death is attributed to the same cause. The two deceased were the only five deaths at the dinner at Michelstown, and the murderer was a Catholic homicide; but the wounds of his victim, a Protestant, were inflicted by a Protestant, who were unable to more accurate reports. As the extrinsic proceeded several Protestants soon were witnessed, and and Irish people dispossessed, and some stones in some instances brought, and the Mayor, on a bailiff, Cuffe, directed the landlord to aid in the short extemporaneous hovel watched the process of the immortalities around.

Clare.

A communication from the Rev. M. B. Corcoran, P.P., Lisdoonvarna, Co. Clare, contains a very sensible idea of the police barracks. A large fashion with the Protestant world calls Ecclesiastical History, when duly analyzed, is found, in most cases, to be a systematic attempt so to distort and misrepresent facts, as to bring discredit upon the Popes, the Catholic Church and her institutions. The Inquisition is a case in point. When Protestants have the word *Inquisition*, immediately there rises up before their eyes a horrible vision of a secret tribunal, whose headquarters are at Rome, but whose hands are every where; a tribunal, which shrinks from no measures either of fraud or violence in order to compass its ends, and whose one great aim is to sweep away Protestantism and Protestants from off the face of the earth. Now, granting that this was a true picture invented by the bigoted Monks and Friars of the Dark Ages to rob and murder all lovers of pure Gospel truth. The object of these pages, and of the article that is to appear next week, is to call our readers something of the real history of this much maligned institution, thereby to assist them in repelling the attacks so frequently hurled at the Church and her Supreme Pontiff, and this enable them to judge, from this instance, of the many other calumnous charges alleged by freethinkers and bigoted sectarians or ill-informed newspaper writers against the Catholic Faith.

Tipperary.

In the hurling match between Tipperary and Galway for the championship of Ireland, Tipperary won, the score being 1 goal, 1 point, and 7 forfeit point to all.

Wicklow.

On April 24, in the Dominican Convent, Wicklow, Miss Stella Kavanagh, third daughter of Mr. Thomas Kavanagh, JP and Lady Kavanagh, Ballin, was solemnly received into religion under the name of Sister Mary de Salos.

RESULT OF ST. ANTHONY'S FAIR, EAST OAKLAND.

St. Anthony's parish fair came to a successful conclusion this week, and the following is the result thereof: Proceeds at door, $92.50; 25th point, kept by Miss Josephine Coleman, $125.50; Wheel of fortune, kept by Miss Mary McCole, assisted by Miss Feeney, and Mr. James Ward, $183.60.

Candy stand, kept by Mrs. Hickey, assisted by Misses Hickey and Rogan, $166.40.

Refreshments table, kept by Mrs. Tillie, assisted by Misses Crouch, Corkery, and Mrs. Fredericks, and Mrs Sauer, $181.

Fancy table, kept by Miss Annie Hampel, assisted by Misses White, Foster, Kelly, Lowe, Oliver, Baker, Lynch and Mrs. Dayton, $145.50.

Fancy table, kept by Mrs. O'Keefe, assisted by Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Mohler, Miss O'Keefe, and Mrs. Usher, $451.60.

Fancy table, kept by Miss Nesbit, assisted by the Misses Cullen, White Murphy, Saul and Lynch, $750.

Fancy table, kept by Mrs. O. C. Kirk, assisted by Mesdames Darby, Richards and Logan, $1.

Grand total, $2115.45. Expenses, $50. Net proceeds, $2065.45.

The winning numbers are as follows:

Miss Nesbit's table—Cake basket, 4; albums, 27; toilet set, 10; silk palatine, 19; purse, 14; lemonade set, 14; accordeons, 31; album, 10; doll, 12; of wd, 1; 29; doll, 1; gold bracelet, 1; ear-ring, 5; basket, 52; bag, 1, 10; jug, 8, 31; pushed cushion, 20; toilet watch, 31.

Miss McCabe's table—Toilet set, 13; gold watch, 26; rocking chairs, 1.

Miss Kirk's table—Enchiladas, 6th point—Silver bracelet, 30; ladies rings, 20; vases, 1, 29; vases, 2, 31; silver cup, 30; silver pitcher, 27; lamp, 37.

Mrs. O'Keefe's table—Gold ring, 70; lock of hair, 65; album, 94; doll, 1; gold bracelet, 1; ear-ring, 1; 69; silver set, 106.

Mrs. Henry's candy stand—Box of cigars, 62; tidy, 16; set of pillows, 19; basket of flowers, 20; cushion, 72; cake, 31.

Mrs. Kirk's table—Rocking chair, 37; pillow, 24; lifts of the Cross, 29; pillow, 31; Lady Chapel of Archbishop Alemany, 31; set, 36; vase, 10; bassinette, 20; doll bassinette, 12; gold pulsatory, 6; blue pillow, 30; pillow, 31; pillow, 32; pillow, 33; pillow, 34; pillow, 35; pillow, 36; pillow, 37; pillow, 38; pillow, 39; pillow, 40; pillow, 41; pillow, 42; pillow, 43; pillow, 44; pillow, 45; pillow, 46; pillow, 47; pillow, 48; pillow, 49; pillow,

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1888

Poetry.

[For the Monitor.]

LEGEND OF MOUNT DIABLO.

After from Boston's fleeting shores,
A venturous dreamer came;
The dashing, dancing sea, that
Had set his soul afame;
Young Frazer! dared the noble band,
Unmoving, strong, and bold,
That toiled to woo the Western world,
And win its heart of gold.

Upon a verdant mountain side
He reared his humble home,
Nor tapestry nor his primitive walls
Leveled down with the moist and gnome;
No ceiling, no flooring, no
Their stalwart spoil had cast,
The mountain sward was his tapestry,
His vine was the mountain blast.

There hung in old baronial halls
Its reverse-pictured face,
Than wife and children that adhered round
The mountaineer's fire place.
Three times were all that life held dear,
His joy and his golden store;
Far than he loved all peril and strife,
And came to this distant shore.

Wan and foolish dreams awoke
When sunrise gilded
Aye—dreams so bright, that they lightened his
heart
When thinking his daughter's curly hair;
Such dreams a father's blood refines;
So proud, so sensitive—and so
Such blissful hopes allured him to win
This Eldorado's gold.

Around this happy mountain home
There reved in merriest glee,
A not-brown lad and his golden-haired mate,
Like bird's and sky-plume,
No shade of care budimmed their eyes,
Nor even a cloud-fleck in sight;
No shadows flitted in darkness about,
To tell of the coming sight.

At length the pall of cruel Fate,
In terrible blackness hung;
The loving hearts of the parents were soon
To behold an angelic song.
An agony far worse than death
Their dreams and their spirits broke,
A memento of more terrible pow',
A darker sentence spoke.

Oh! death is not the direst fate,
Nor comes with the deepest gloom,
Some weary hearts find sweetest repose
Within the dreaded tomb;
For them with soft and resolute s'ar,
They lie in a blessed rest,
Their peaceful calm ne'er more disturbed
By any mawkisome guest.

The setting sun that fatal day,
Went down with his glowing smile,
The north and sky in their placid content,
Nor spoke of the woe and wile.
The stars came out and calmly stared
On mountain, vale and dale,
And shed their light on the desolate home,
Over lone stars the ever-dale.

The mother searched from place to place,
And called in her loving voice;
Hunted amount, which was peculiarly his own,
To make her heart rejoice.

All round about, again, again,
She searched in her anxious mood,
Ran from the wandering mother could find,
Self-reliant, and good.

Which, heart bound down to frantic grief
Relief from the tearing pain.
No children born home returned
To calm her mother-fears,
Her pent up soul found a blessed release
In a pitying stream of tears.

But love new hope and vigor lent,
No pause in the home was found;
So out again to the wearisome task
Of a Husband's Lesson.

A Domestic Story Founded on Fact.

"I wonder why he stays so late?"
The woman who uttered these words had
repeated them a hundred times since the
autumn sunset in which she first sat down
behind the window to watch and listen for
her husband's coming, and it was quite dark
now, and still she pressed her soft cheek to
the casement and peered into the shadows
with clear, blue eyes.

She was very beautiful and very young.
But for the wedding ring upon her hand
you would have called her a girl, and have
believed her to be waiting for a lover's, and
not a husband's, coming. Yet she had been
married three long years, and he, to whom
she had given all her heart when she could
hardly hum at the altar, already neglected
her, and left her to watch evening after
evening, night after night, for his lately
fortunes when, in the old days of courtship
had been the very echo of her own.

Something akin to regret was in her heart
to night as she remembered, as only a wife
loved with can, the love and tenderness of
those past years, and how he used to gaze on
her eyes, and sing to her, and bring her
flowers and books and music!

Why had he changed! Was it her fault!
The tears would come to the blue eyes now
and she was wiping them away when the
light of a lamp fell upon the ceiling through
the half-open door, and in another moments
a tall, broad-shouldered woman, a servant
evidently, entered the room.

"In the dark again," she muttered, "and
crying, too. It's a shame—that's what it is
—a burning shame! Such a pretty young
critter, and to make an idiot of her!
And then, setting down the lamp, she added,
aloud: "Come ma'am, come to dinner.
You know as well as I do that Mr. Powell
won't be here for hours and hours, and this
wrong of you to injure your health in this
way. Do come down."

The young wife arose in obedience to
the summons of the old servant—for Hugh
had been her nurse when she was a child
and was a privileged person, and not without
some influence—and followed her
doctress to the dining-room, where the
snowy cloth was spread with every tempting
delicacy of the season, and where everything
from the coal mirror between the windows
to the ample one seconds standing near the
fire glittered like polished silver.

"It is not because his home is cheerless,"
she said again, and the thought gave her a
little comfort.

She sat down, and as she ate she listened
to every sound in the street without. The
wind was rising, and now and than some
arm gale, or some unfastened shutter was
flung to with a violent clang. But through
all she soon heard a light, quick step upon
the pavement.

"Ah, mama, you were wrong," she said,
with a bright smile. "Here he is.

Nurse shook her head and chided down
the words. "The first time in three months,"
which she felt compelled to utter.

The door opened and a handsome, well
built man, with soft, brown whiskers, and
hair that had a golden gleam upon its dark-
ness when it caught the light, came into the
dining-room.

"I am sorry I did not wait for you,
Harry," began his wife, "but nothing is cold
yet, I hope, and—

"Oh, it will right. I'm glad you didn't
wait," said the husband in a careless, off-
hand manner, which was peculiarly his own,
and which had a singular charm about it.
"Go on with your dinner, Rose. I'll help
myself."

And so he did, eating with a hearty ap-
petite, and talking all the while about noth-
ing, chiefly about the weather.

It was like old times, Rose thought, as
her cheek reddened and her chonky smiled
mirrorlight.

"He loves me still," she said to herself.
"Oh, I am sure of it! Dear Harry! he
loves me still!

And so, when they were in the parlor,
alone together, she put her hand upon his
arm as he stood before the fire, and said to
him softly: "Harry, you'll not be angry
with me if I say something to you—some-
thing that was in my heart as I sat waiting
for you by that window an hour ago?"

"Angry with you, Rose? I'm answered,
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And he passed his arm about her waist,
and drew her closely to him.

"I thought," she went on, "I thought,
Harry, while I sat there, of our old lover
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may mend them and win it back again. If
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She followed it till sick and faint,
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"Why should I follow! if thou followest me not,
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The hollow voice, like magic spell,
Renewed her failing strength,
The breeze followed her mystic guide,
Straight on through the weary length.

Her tattered once her blouse in a thorn,
Her petticoat torn in a bush,
Yet pulling down to the rocky cleft,
The form of the mystic shape.
Behold that rock and the cleft in it
Thy beautiful children thrown
Far from the cleft—and the mysterious form
And pierced the shadowy air.

She turned to speak; the form was gone;
She stood on the hollow alone;
The night winds taped with her streaming hair,
Bestowing her hearts and moan.
Once more the rocky cleft she sought
In pleasure, and fear and dismay,
The spectral form in the opening stood,
Her children within his arms.

The frantic mother loudly called,
And beckoned with eager hand,
But vain appeal! they could not return,
Nor break from the spectral bands;
The mocking laugh from Demon bold
Was heard on the hollow alone;
As out of sight in the mountain's side
He vanished for evermore!

Years soon went searching far and wide,
For many a weary day,
But never more saw the children or fond,
And reluctantly turned away.
The parents around the rocky cleft,
Far back in the dark recess,
Their lost of Hope and ambitious dreams—
All wrecked on the Hidden Sand.

The mother's heart soon crazed to moan;
It broke, though years strong and brave;
Beneath the shine of her Scotland home
She rests in an early grave.
When found our Sandie's happy glow,
This legend we off recount,
Of the place where they had vital day,
Zeolite the Devil's Mount.

MARY LAWRENCE.

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Literary Miscellany.

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A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

A Broken Heart and a Creeping Vine.

Once upon a time there lived beside the
Rhine a beautiful young lady. She had a
lover also lived her, and a lover she loved in
turn. But, after he had sworn her not
only one year, but three—he asked her to
marry him, and she, anxious to show her
love, said, "Wait

Wait! he waited three years, he said, but
at point holding, I will wait once more just
one year.

Then he went away and became a soldier,
and years of his absency filled the hand, but
the lady was prized by the thought that he
had been able to leave her even for a year,
and then he returned with laurels and
remain home, though all the while the loved
him well.

He knelt at her feet and took her hands
in his, and said

"Lady, I have come back to claim you
as my wife.

"Wait longer, a patient water is not a
loser.

"I will wait ten years longer, he said,
calmly. "If I do not, those will as well
have been to left behind. Wait, lady! that
he would plead for her, and that she would
be forced to change her mind. But the
maid passed, and with the return of his old
self came a remembrance of those black eyes
and red lips, those tender glances and bold
professions of affection. Good, beautiful
flower, gone same in comparison, and with
the timepiece told the hour of II he started
to his feet.

"Go to bed, Rose, he said. "I have a
business appointment to night that I had
forgotten. I will be back as soon as
I can.

"A business appointment at this hour
of the night! Rose was surprise.

But he had gone before she could put her
thoughts into words, and, still full of her
new found happiness, she went upstairs to
her own white-curtained chamber. Harry
had been up before her, and had changed his
dress, leaving his every day garments lying
untidily about. As she picked them up a
paper fluttered from his vest pocket—a fold
of paper, perfumed with musk. She opened
it with a strange, aching of the heart, and
read her wicked rival's note.

She did not scream or tear her hair as
many would have done, but with a low moan
she sat down upon the carpet, rocking herself
to and fro. "So this was the friend of
the neglect—of his remorseless self-reproach
tonight. A worthless woman, who could
make such an appointment—a creature be-
yond contempt or hate! She, true and pure
as she was, was slighted for so foul a thing.
"I will confront them, she muttered.

"I will see him once more, and never again
all day life. I will ask him how he
crushed worm can turn. I will be a miserable
man no longer!

And with these words, uttered in a hard,
voice, which did not seem her own, and with
a face so changed that no one would have
recognized it, she donned her hood and cloak,
and stole into the darkness of the night.

On she went toward the city, a slender
figure hending beneath its weight of woe.
She heeded nothing and glided on and stood
stood opposite the window of her husband's
house, and saw the glare of lamplight
through an aperture in the closed shutters.
Then Rose uttered one sharp cry of
strength, tried the door, found it open, and
went in.

In the meanwhile Harry Powell had
reached the rendezvous early, and had
waited some moments before the figure of
cloaked and hooded woman came up the
dark grass walk and stood beside him. She was
veiled so that he could not see her features,
but he knew that she was fearful of dis-
covery, and did not wonder that it should
be so.

"Signed," and she answered in a stifled
voice, "I have come—watched—Mrs. heard.

And Harry led the way in and lit the gas.
The woman seemed frightened still, for she
crouched down upon a bale of goods, with
her veil upon her face and her hand within
her bosom.

"We are alone now," and Harry, in a
gallant tone. "Let me see your face, my
sight! You cannot imagine how I long to
meet those eyes?

Something, which might have been either
a sob or a laugh, came from beneath the
woman's veil. She whispered again: "Are
these shutters closed? See, will you?

Harry turned to look at them. It was
but a moment; but in that brief space of
time he felt a heavy hand on his throat and
saw a cloak and bonnet lying on the floor.
A stalwart ruffian, with a pistol in his hand,
stood over him, and he saw that he had been
duped.

"Aha!" muttered the coarse voice of the
man—"aha, my fine gentleman! I have
braces did you? My Lizzie has played her
part bravely. You've opened the door for
us, and shall open the safe, and shall never
live to tell of it, either! The voice of
Lizzie was in love with you and was a rich
lady, did you? Ha, ha, you poor fool!"

There was a desperate struggle, but
Harry was unarmed, and in a little while he
lay prisoner on the floor, with the ruffian's
pistol at his breast. It was all over. He
gave one bitter thought of his own folly.
Rose was dead to him. Then the marauder's
voice caused him to open them again in
wild amazement, to see the robber sensation
on the floor and his wife—his fair slender
wife—standing over him with a billet of wood
in her hand. She had saved him. And in
his penitence and shame he fell at her feet,
as one might fall before a sacred shrine.

He never forgot it. He never betrayed
the sweet forgiveness she accorded him in
his humiliation; and though they are old
people now, with grandchildren about them,
she still watches for him in the twilight,
and never watches long.

Profaning the Holy Name.

Is it not a terrible thing to think of this
frequency with which so many thousands,
every day, upon every little annoyance, use
the most Holy Name of Our Lord by way of
cursing and swearing! It is one of the most
deplorable vices of our time. And is not
only the vulgar and wicked who do this,
many who ought to know better fall into
this abominable habit.

In a number of dioceses, both in England
and our own country, in order to counteract
the prevalence of this shameful sin, and to
guard the young especially from falling into
the habit, associations have been formed,
the members being all pledged against any
profane use of the Holy Name. We trust
these societies will spread and flourish.

In this connection we happen, just now,
to know of a young man who, from the infinity
and absurdity of the habit, set forth in
following cruel—

"I won't pick you up when you fall
I won't light your cigar when your has
match gone out.

I won't mend a lamp chimney when you
let it fall.

I won't change 1867 at the top of your
letter into 1868

It won't make your correspondence shine
some one else.

I won't keep the nails in your boots from
running into your feet.

It won't shake off the shovelful of snow
that has landed on you from some roof

It won't make a train come back for you
when you are one minute and thirty seconds
late.

It won't cause your shirts any to make you
to stop laughing when you fall down with
a bundle of wood

"It is the lady when her lover bade to
wait forever. In this form she is creeping
toward his castle slowly but surely. So she
will keep on till she reaches the heart she
longs for.

Generations have passed from earth. The
castle is a ruin, covered with ivy, and the
peasants will tell you that it has crept there
from the lady's grave, yonder, by the cross
stone and rock, through the graveyard and
over aisles and lofty towers. You can trace it if
you choose, they say, but you do not try.

Solomon's Judgment in Chinese.

Two women came before a mandarin in
Chinese dress, claiming to be the mother of a little child they had brought
with them. They were so eager and positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled.
He retired to consult with his wife, who was
a wise and clever woman, and the queen was
held in great repute in the neighborhood.

"Bring me a pair of scissors," said the
lady, "and I will settle the matter.

"Bring me the infant," she said, "and
I will show you how to divide it so that
each may have an equal share

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1888.

ANNOUNCEMENT BY BISHOP MANUCHE.

By the authority of Right Rev. Patrick Manogue, D. D., Bishop of Sacramento, the Monitor desires to inform the Rev. Clergy of the Diocese of Sacramento that, in accordance with the Bishop's Circular Letter published in this paper on the 23rd of February, 1887, the Rev. Clergy will please announce to their respective congregations at all the Masses on next Sunday, that the annual collection for the Seminaria studying for the Diocese of Sacramento, will take place on Pentecost Sunday, the 20th inst.

A Little Light on the "Dark" Ages.

Ignorant non-Catholics may justly be compared to talking parrots, for the reason that they can only repeat what they have heard from others, without being able to give a single reason for any expressions they may be able to make use of. Professional preachers, sectarian school teachers, anti-Catholic writers, and all vicious-minded vessels of error, have, for hundreds of years, been dinning into the ears of the youth of all lands the cry: "Dark Ages," "Dark Ages." As a natural consequence some Catholics themselves have been led to blush for the blackness of the earth during the so-called "Dark Ages," which twist for ingenuity depicted as the darkest spot in the world's history, and all of which was caused by the Catholic Church permitting the lamp of literature to become extinguished, that people are generally in the darkness of ignorance themselves, or else they have read only anti-Catholic works on the "Dark Ages," and as they look only through a smoked glass every object looks as black as night to their deceived vision.

Of course it stands to reason that the people who occupied the portion of the world which was inhabited from the eighth to the twelfth century, did not possess the vast affluence of art we do in the nineteenth century. They had neither steam power nor compressed air; the printing press nor the electric current. Railways and steamboats were unknown, telephones and the telegraph system had not yet been invented. In all such matters the speech known as the "Dark Ages" was completely in the dark; but claim that the people of the Christian world from the eighth to the twelfth century, were just as good, as moral, as virtuous and as faithful to God's ordinances as any portion of the earth's population, from the first dawn of Christian faith on earth down to this era of the world when men sacrifice themselves on the altar of materialistic advancement, without ever giving a single thought to the Creator who gave them all they possess.

Non-Catholics seem to have come to the conclusion that because some kings and high-born nobles could not write their names during the so-called "Dark Ages," the blame lies with the Catholic Church for keeping the people in ignorance. Yet the half-dozen examples quoted by her enemies prove that ignorance was general among the people, as truthful history has well established the contrary fact. It is even asserted by some anti-Catholic writers like Robertson, that some priests could not read the Breviary in the "Dark Ages." This fiction, however, is merely a flimsy falsehood fabricated out of whole cloth, as documentary evidence drawn from the Councils of the Church is extant, and which goes to prove that such ignorance on the part of priests in the Middle Ages of the Church was *simply impossible*.

It must ever be borne in mind that for centuries the Church struggled single-handed against Emperors, Kings and Princes, in order to release the people from the slavery into which they had been plunged by their rulers. And when she had gained a share of freedom for these serfs, then it was that she turned her attention to teaching them the necessary rudiments concerning both the world to come and the world they inhabited. Whilst slavery existed amongst the colored race in the Southern States, the Catholic Church could do hardly anything for the souls of that degraded race. And why? Because the Protestant owners of the slaves would not permit Catholic priests to instruct their bondsmen and bondswomen in the true faith. Hence the colored people became largely belonged to the Baptist, Methodist and other shouting sects wherein the man or woman who could shout "glory!" "glory!" loudest, was considered the nearest to God!

Now, however, since the shackles have been removed from the backs of the African race in America, and the Catholic Church has "a fair field and no favor," a most wonderful change has come over, the religious complexion of the colored race. Catholic missionaries are meeting with most gratifying success in establishing schools for the colored children and even the adults of the colored race. Catholic churches now dock sections of the South where the Sign of the Cross was never seen prior to ten or twenty years ago. Communities of Catholic Colored Sisters have thriving schools in several of the Southern States, and thus the civilizing influences of true Christianity are making a vast change in a race that hitherto only knew God as "the great Massa" of roaring, ranting, rip-and-tearing Methodist Camp meetings, or as "the Holy Hallelujah" of Baptist orgies which were bordered on their boundaries by blasphemous incantations.

Precisely in the same way had the Catholic Church to fain her time in past ages with respect to educating the people countries before Protestantism brought doubt, discord and spiritual death into the world. Slavery, ignorance and sensuality had to be annihilated before freedom and Christian knowledge could assert themselves. But the moment the Church saw her way clear to elevate the people, then her monks opened wide the doors of their every dominion, and education became as free and as general as the air the people inhabited. Schools and colleges abounded in every country in Europe and the East. Rome, Alexandria, Milan, Carthage and all the great cities of the world known to the people of the Middle Ages, had schools which were world wide in their celebrity. In the earlier centuries the monks of Ireland had established a school at Lindisfarne in England; they had also founded the monastery and school of Bobbio in Italy, of Verdun in France, and of Wurtzburg, Retisbon, Erfurth, Cologne and Vienna in Germany—to say nothing of the numerous institutions of learning they founded throughout their own land, as well as in other portions of the countries mentioned.

Whoever has read the history of the Middle Ages, or the "Dark Ages" of Protestant illiterates, need not be told of the thousands of students who attended Oxford and Cambridge, Cologne and Bec, Padua and Bologna, not to mention a hundred other equally memorable institutions that gave literature and religious knowledge with no niggarding hand to the youth of the ages called "Dark" by those who willfully blindfold themselves and their proclaim that the sun has lost its light!

It was the Catholic Church that created the great English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the former of which, during the reign of Henry II. of England, counted thirty thousand students! In attention in most of the schools of the Middle Ages was entirely free. Teachers in those "Dark Ages" did not work for salaries but for the salvation of souls. They spurned earthly dross and worked solely for God. In this respect they must be considered very "dark" indeed when viewed from the money grasping standpoint of some of our nineteenth century Christians! Bishops, Kings and Emperors left immense legacies of land and money for the support of free schools for the poor, and one Pope actually was "dark" enough to send more than a thousand students at different academies, supplying them also with books! The name of this Pope was Pelagius II. He was elected as one of the successors of St. Peter just eight hundred years ago.

Non-Catholics never tire of boasting and bragging about what they call "our" public schools, as if Catholic citizens had no share therein. It will, no doubt, surprise the Medical Faculty at Agnew's Station to learn that *five* schools were founded by the Catholic Church fifty-five hundred years before Luther let himself fall into the sewer of Catherine Hora. Where would *five* schools be in this nineteenth century only for the millions of the peoples' money which is expended in supporting them? Everybody, from the Director down to the door mat shaker must have high salaries, and when any outstanding attempt is made to reform educational earthquake occurs! It was not so in the much called "Dark Ages." The *ragged Irish Catholics* taught—at they do now in the Catholic free parochial schools—*on a religious dole*—without hope of fee or reward save that which God has promised when He says to those who instruct many to justice shall shine like stars for all eternity.

Whilst the Church of God was busy educating her children at home, during that era of the world which the medicos of Agnew's Station designate the "Dark Ages," she was also making the light of Christian faith shine with lustrous refulgence throughout the outside and almost unknown portions of the world. Thus from the opening of the ninth century to the close of the twelfth century the Sclavonic races were converted from the darkest and most repulsive paganism to Christianity, by some of those ecclesiastical celebrities whom Dr. Macfarlane, the Demosthenes of Jersey in the "Dark Ages," "crazy." The Bulgarians were also brought into the fold of Christ by another "crazy" saint. The Moravians, Bohemians, Danes, Swedes, and Germans were taught to know, to love, and to serve God by other "crazy" saints. St. Ansgar was "crazy" enough to found Oxford University about a thousand years before these medical critics of the Catholic Church made their headquarters at Agnew's Station.

Nor was it in teaching the youth of Europe alone that the Catholic monks and the other priests of the "Dark Ages" at the medicos of Agnew's Station spent their lengthy lives. These "crazy" Catholic divines were actually "foolish" enough to undertake to write copies of the *whole* Bible upon parchment, and to spend many years on the task! Upon the theory of Dr. Macfarlane every such learned man must have been a loose lunatic who ought to have been caged in some Asylum for idiots. These "crazy" were the priests of the Catholic Church to preserve the Bible, that hundreds of them were engaged during the "Dark Ages" in writing, imparting, correcting and embellishing the book then known as the "Sacred Scriptures," a correct copy of which, we imagine, none was seen inside the asylum at Agnew's Station. Other "crazy" monks in the "Dark Ages" were engaged in having down forests, erecting massive structures which still stand to immortalize their "foolish" builders, and in other works which transformed the face of Europe, and which covered a wilderness with a hundred cities. Ah! verily: The "crazy" Catholics of the "Dark Ages" could add Wisdom in any quantity required to the captious, peevish and snapish critics of this nineteenth century, who think themselves giants in intellect when they are mere pygmies in that knowledge which is most appreciated by Christian men. It is easy enough to cry "fool! fool!" when those to whom this term of opprobrium is applied, have been dead a thousand years, but Dr. Macfarlane and his miserable concurrers of the Catholic Times and Daily Monitor discovered ere this that there is still a power within the Church to which these "crazy" persons bow in humble, yet, to the medicos of Agnew's Station experience the sensation that all the fools in the Asylum for the Chronic Insane are not comprised in the patients above, and the sooner the Faculty are brought before the Commissioners of Insanity for mental examination, the better will it be for their medical reputation.

In the tenth century, Saints Adalbert, Bruno, Poppo, Sigefrid and other "crazy" saints of the Catholic Church, carried the faith of Christ to the nations of the Hungarians, the Prussians, the Poles, the Polish Russians, the people of Denmark, Holstein and Sweden. In the eleventh century Saints Ulfred, Eskill, Eudace and their equally "crazy" companions spread the light of Christianity among the Swedes, Norwegians, Russians, Moravites and Greek Schismatics.

In the twelfth century Saints Otho, Henry and other equally "crazy" Catholic missionaries, preached Christ Crucified and subsequently converted the people of France, and of Wart

Farm and Home.

How and When to Eat.

Never eat food when not needed, simply to satisfy, for in doing so it is twice wasted. It is thrown away in the stomach, as it has not transformed into health and strength, but becomes a source of disease and suffering. It had better be thrown upon the land for manure in the form of vegetation.

Never eat at bed-time, nor when very much exhausted, nor in great haste, for in so doing the seeds of dyspepsia are easily sown. If you have not time to eat a fair meal properly, you will gain by eating just what you can eat in an intelligent way, taking it so moderately that it may be well chewed and mixed with saliva, so that it may be digested, as that only is of any importance in the formation of health and strength.

Never harbor the absurd idea that the richer your food is in grease, spices, sweets and the like, the more nourishing it will be; for the plainer food contains the most available nourishment, bread being the "staff of life." The complicated dishes are often so difficult of digestion, that even less strength is obtained from them than from one half the quantity of plain and substantial food, while some kinds of so-called rich foods exhaust more strength—in the vain attempt to digest them—than they can afford, making an actual loss.

Never hurry unnecessarily, or attempt more labor than you can perform, unless sure of having ample time in the future to rectify errors, or be sick.

Never eat between meals, not even of fruits, if you are at all troubled with indigestion, or are not willing to become a dyspeptic at some time. No amount of hard work will justify lunches, as the stomach cannot digest food when taken so irregularly, nor will dispose of more than three meals a day.

Never take ice-water or ice-water at your meals, or destroy the digestion of them—within four hours after taking them—when satisfied that a "cold dinner" will prove unfavorable to your case, as ordinary food is never half so cold as those articles.

The Home Doctor.

For children there is nothing better than saffron tea for teething and fever.

Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold water; it will give instant relief.

Lime water is good for chilblains. Use strong and hot. A saturated solution of alum in water, used hot, is also a curative.

For earaches take a bit of cotton-batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie; dip in vinegar and insert in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

Any kind of a bath, or any other process that will induce a general perspiration, and thus bring about a reaction, will cure a cold. Simply inhaling fresh air largely, by deep respiration, is sufficient to nip an incipient cold in the bud.

For a cough boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain, and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

Turpentine in almost a sure remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it, and put it on the chest, and in severe cases three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

An excellent salve for bruises is the following: Take the leaves of catnip and bruise them with salt pork in a mortar, or with a rolling pin. If applied to flesh wounds or bruises of any kind, it will at once allay the inflammation.

The mixture of the yolk of an egg and glycerine is said to be an excellent remedy for burns. Put equal parts of each into a bottle and keep tightly corked. It will last for some time if put in a cool place.

Healthfulness of Lemons.

When people feel the need of an acid, if they would leave vinegar alone and use lemons or sour apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. And a suggestion may not come amiss at a good time when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should, in those times, purchase several dozen at once and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of spring and summer, when acids or lemons and ripe fruits are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table, to make it yield as more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler, never lie to him; strain out all the seeds as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peel and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulps—to extract the acid. A few minutes boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes; bottle it and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon sugar in a glass of water, and you have a cooling, healthful drink.

Hurtful to the Brain.

There is so much danger of hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork. Farquharson argues that intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well-to-do classes generally spend their lives. Under such conditions the brain gradually loses its health, and although equal to the demands of a routine existence, is unable to stand the strain of sudden emergency. If when a load of work is suddenly thrown on it its unprepared state, the worst consequences of that may be called overwork show themselves. Similarly a man accustomed to sedentary pursuits is liable to be physically injured by sudden or violent exercise. Dr. Farquharson further says that so long as a brain-worker can sleep well, eat well, and take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise, he is safe to go on. When any of these conditions fail, it is time to try a halt.

Airing Rooms.

It is a great mistake that the whole house, particularly sleeping rooms and dining rooms receive so little attention in ventilating and purifying the air, when it can be done with so little trouble and no expense. A pitcher of cold water placed on a table or bureau will absorb all the gases with which the room is filled from the respiration of the people sleeping in the apartment. Very few realize how important such purification is for the health of the family, or, indeed, understand that there can be any impurity in the rooms, yet in a few hours a pitcher or pail of cold water, the colder the more effective, will make the air of a room pure, but the water will be entirely unfit for use. In bedrooms a pail or pitcher of water should always be kept and changed often if any one stays in the room during the day, certainly be put in fresh when the immates retire. Both water should never be drank; but either a covered pitcher or glass bottle with a stopper should be used for drinking water, and always kept closely covered. Impure water causes even more sickness than impure air, and for that reason before using water from a pump or reservoir for drinking or cooking, enough should be drawn or pumped to clear the pipes before using it, particularly in the morning, after the water has been standing in the pipes all night.

Family Fun.

Ticklish Theatre.

Chicago Clerk (to employer) I shall have to ask for an increase of salary, Mr. Hunfat.

Employer—Why I raised your salary six weeks ago. What's the matter, your girl married.

Clerk—I know it, sir, but now I've got to go to the expense of a divorce.

Employer—Oh, well, say $2 a week more.

"I think you are unjust to me, father," said a young man, "non-recovery is worse as it were. I haven't the advantage which you say pod when you were young.

"What do you mean by that, sir?

"Your father was poor, you know."

Young Lady (decidedly decollete)—"Good evening, Mr. Gray. You don't know me, I guess.

Old gentleman—"Never what! This can't be Joe Harker's daughter Fanny!

"Yes it is. I have changed some since you saw me last."

"You have, indeed, Fanny. You have grown quite out of your gown, I declare."

Dr. Scalpel—I think I will have to call a consultation, sir, in your case."

Patient (alarmed)—"And why?"

Doctor (calmly)—"To ascertain whether you will be worth more to me dead than alive. You see I can easily claim my claim from the estate, but—"

Patient (who has the name of calling a strange physician every time he feels ill)—"That's just right, doctor; if you'll tell me about what it will be I'll pay you in advance."

"Grumy, what you going?"

"Grumy, he answers back, with noble voice, jouting lower lip and a savage aspect, turned round and confronted the wife—a mere. What I going! What I going! I ain't going to tell you what I game. You always asin, 'what I gamin' and why I gamin' I gamin what I gamin—dats what I gamin, what I gamin! what I gamin! what I gamin! what is gamin! what is gamin! I ain't gamin tell a what I game."

Philip, 7 years old, is proud of his standing at school. "Dad and his uncle, who had heard the boy speak rather delightfully about his school triumphs, "what is your relative rank in your class?

"I don't know what you mean, uncle.

"Why I mean where do you stand in your classes?

"Oh! in the reading class I stand just on the crack in front of the big desk, and in the rithmatic class I don't stand at all, cos we just sit on the recitation benches."

Miss Tattleton, entering suddenly—"It's raining, girls."

Dr. Spiceyrille, hastily rising—"You will excuse me. I want to be outside, don't you know, if it's raining girls."

Undertaker (to bereaved)—"In regard to the casket, madam—"

Bereaved—"I will leave that matter entirely to you, Mr. Mould. You know more about the styles than I do."

Boston Youth—"You said, Miss Vassar, that there was one question about Brown that you wanted to ask me."

Poughkeepsie Girl—"Er—oh yes do you know what kind of gum Browning chewed?"

Tramp—"Will the gentleman give a trifle to a poor man?"

Gentleman—"How do I know you are a poor man?"

Tramp—"How do I know you are a gentleman? It's only by the outside that anybody can judge."

Tonsorial Logic.

In the barber's chair:

Young Gent—"Mighty straight hair I've got."

Old Barber—"Yes, sir.

Young Gent—"What will make it curl?"

Old Barber—"Got any money?"

Young Gent—"Yes."

Old Barber—"Got a sweetheart?"

Young Gent—"Yes."

Old Barber—"She got any?"

Young Gent—"No.

Old Barber—"Want to know what will make your hair curl?"

Young gent—"Yes."

Old Barber—"Get married!"

Eternalorangeville.

Hotel Waiter, in Southern California—"Orangeness value dispartaten date soffried a rebaked."

Guest, desperately—"I don't want 'em in any shape, I want meat and potatoes."

"Meat!"

"Yes, meat."

"Beefsteak!"

"Yes, potatoes."

Waiter to proprietor a few minutes later, "Sneak five for the police, orsay man in the dining room."

All Disposed Of.

They are telling a little story on the street about a well-known real estate man of considerable means who is a little careless in his business habits, and has drawn a number of unpaid bills to accumulate in various parts of the city. The other day he took it into his head to have a new will drawn up, and to that end he summoned a legal friend who was acquainted with his peculiarity. The lawyer put down the imposing clause "In the name of God, Amen," and then, "being of sound and disposing mind," &c. Then he looked at the man with a sigh.

"I desire" said the latter, "first, that all my just debts shall be paid."

The lawyer wrote, laid down his pen, and asked him to sign.

"But I haven't finished yet," said the sorrowful real estate man.

"Yes, you have," replied the lawyer. "That's all that's necessary. By the time that desire is complied with your estate will be taken care of."

He Was Trapped.

Lady to dude (who has been trying to flirt)—"Sir, will you do me a favor?"

"With pleasure, madam; in what way can I serve you?"

"She—"I would like very much if you would ask the conductor to stop this way a minute."

"With pleasure."

He goes off and returns with the desired offering.

Lady to Conductor—"Will you please notify this man that if he always me any more you will stop the train and put him off?"

Conductor leads dude into the smoking car by his ear.

Rev. Mr. Poundtext Startled.

"And now," concluded the clergyman, after a long discourse, "We have seen that millions on millions of people have been benefited by following the scriptural injunction." Just then Lawyer Bond became so long enough to say in a sleepy manner, "More that the injunction to made permanent."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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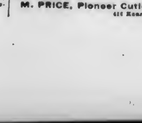

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Bed linen, per session 15 00

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The scholastic year begins on the first Monday in August, and ends on the last Friday in June. Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

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Boarding, Tuition in English, French, and Drawing, Use of Bed and Bedding, Washing ..... $ 60 00

Music, Vocal and Instrumental Drawing, Painting and Private Elocution, each 10 00

Use of Piano, per session 10 00

Use of Bed and Bedding, per session 10 00

Washing 10

OUR CITY IN '49.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

rodents swarmed all over the town, and their holdings of the premises were such, that the tiny creature trudging home to his 'loft' at night frequently stepped on the horrible, pulpy, slimy things and imagined, no doubt, that apoplexy of snakes were being strongly developed in his boots. Leaving this disagreeable phase of our sketch, we will direct our attention to another touching feature of early California life.

SUNDAY AT THE FIRST POST OFFICE.

The Post Office in 1849 was situated on the corner of Pike and Clay streets, and was a long, irregularly built, one story building. The Eastern mail used to arrive once a month—and Oh! how the rough bearded, excited miners used to watch for that eventful day. When it was announced that the mail had arrived and would be delivered on a certain day, that day saw the entire male population standing in one long line, stretching from the window of the Post Office and extending down as far as Portsmouth Square. What a study for an artist would the faces of those miners make! A celebrated painter once selected his pupils to commence painting a human subject only when the soul, from some unknown impulse shone in every feature of the face. And surely the souls of these exiles from home and kindred beamed in their faces, when cheered by the large of a "letter from home." The scenes on "Letter Day" were always very touching. On one occasion grinled, rough, but kindly looking miner brushed up to the window.

"Any letter for me?"

"What's your name," inquired the postmaster.

"My name! My name's Jack Smith. See if my Bessie's writ somethin' for me, please ye."

The postmaster brought a pack of letters to the window, and commenced turning them. The suffering, anxiety, excitement and expectation that blazed out from the poor miner's face during that moment was something which one seen, would never be forgotten. Finally the answer came:

"No letter for Jack Smith."

"What! no letter!" he gasped. "Postmaster, for God's sake look again, will ye? You may or passed it by by mistake." And to him the postmaster thumbed his letters again, and repeated:

"No letter for Jack Smith."

And then the poor fellow stood blankly for a moment at the postmaster, turned from the window with great big tears in his eyes and with bent head took his way to his lonely cabin.

Scenes like this were by no means rare. The other side of the picture was just as touching. When the fortunate miner did get a letter, his satisfaction was uproariously manifested. He would lovingly scrutinize the address on the envelope, and recognizing the writing to be that of his wife, his grown child, or his beloved mother, would passionately kiss the envelope, and retire to some quiet corner to sit down, if open and read—a dozen times over—the message from his loved ones.

SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST COURT AND JUDGE.

Previous to December, 1849, Justice was unknown in California. The only court was held by Alcalds, who generally had no other book than the Spanish code, and Tuesday attorneys. In 1849 a Judge was sent to San Francisco, and a court established, which was a novelty to the people, and was conducted in a manner more nearly resembling the Court of Queen Bess than the Court of Queen Victoria. The court was held in a large tent, and the Judge was a jolly, good fellow, who was fond of his bottle, and was not averse to taking a game of cards, or a game of ten pins, or a game of anything else, for the matter of that, with any one who was his guest. Previous to 1850 California was governed by the Mexican code, and Judge Almond, by a home-made system of impartial equity, modified by the United States Statutes and Statutes with these laws.

The greater part of his business was done in settling claims against owners and masters of ships, and it was often jokingly remarked that Judge Almond always gave judgment against those who were best able to bear the costs. Moreover, His Honor completely broke up many young law sharks who attempted to make "spread-eagle" speeches. Things came to such a laughable and ridiculous pass finally, that the ship owners preferred to compromise claims with their employees and others, rather than run the direful risk of learning masters in the necessary hands of Judge Almond.

HOW THE FIRST CRIMES WAS MADE.

Queer results and happenings, laughable in their way, took place in nearly political year, in 1850 a census of the population was taken for the purpose of securing a basis of Congressional representation. San Francisco at that period had a political rivalry with the Pueblo county, San Francisco, however, furnished to returns, but the political necessity of the times caused it to be credited with population of 35,000. The most ludicrous means were used to back up the fraud," of the returns, and it was a notorious fact that the census men visited all the grog shops and accomplished a still more portion of the deed by transcribing their names, from the saloon registers! Truly, indeed, is it said that "necessity is the mother of invention."

It is interesting to note the composition of the population of San Francisco at this time (1850): The returns stated the total population to be 36,151; male whites, 30,150; female whites, 5,851; foreign residents, 16,537; females, 2,766.

THE FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Up on Pike street there was but one Catholic church in the young city, and in July of this year, Father Anthony Langlois, a pious French priest, erected the first St. Frances church. Becoming too small it was torn down, and a large barn-like structure was hauled to the site and made into a church. It was lined on the inside with cotton cloth which fluttered and shook ominously whenever strong gusts of wind whistled through the cracks but were the wall timbers. The church was reached by scrambling over uneven, rough hills, and large congregations of worshippers attended every Sunday. Of course they were thoroughly cosmopolitan in caste. There was the dreamy Spaniard with his hair sinewed and pigeon proud, the phlegmatic Indian, some Portuguese, Frenchmen, Americans and many Irish—faithful old race! where are they not! At the very time that the solemn services were being celebrated, only a stone's throw away around Washington square, the sounds of gambling salons would be thronged with desperate devotees to the goddess of luck. Their ears, high pitched and hoarse, contrasted strangely with the humble supplicants of the adoring priest, and Mr. Rush remembers how frequently the antitheses impressed itself upon him. The nightly scenes at these dens of vice and degradation were wild, fascinating and incongruous. Gambling games were brilliantly lit up with lamps and candles, and frequently at the back of the hall or in front of it, a band of music played excitedly with the fees of attracting the unpolished miner to the place, much after the way of the Cayenne siren who wiled her victims with a lute. It is hardly necessary to state that the proprietors of these saloons did not lose money.

GAMBLING WAS CARRIED ON

in open day as well as night. Let us enter for a brief moment into one of these places. There are several rickety tables, a gorgeous bar at which usually were congregated a lot of miners leaning against the counter in all imaginable attitudes, and talking on the all absorbing topic of gold, or cursing their ill luck as cards. The players usually were in study. At one table might be a rough, determined looking miner, whose appreciation of a joke was a gallon and a hearty slap on the back. Just opposite to the least mouth or cross-hollows was the dreadly resolver which he carried in full view in a rough belt around about his highly tattered shirt. Playing with him, as a dealer, might probably be a stage Frenchman, whose soft, alpine hands indicated that he made his living by his wits, to use a common expression. His garb might be as striking in its contrasts, as the other was disappointing. He might wear a soft, slouch hat, or if very well off, a sombrero hat which cost from $30 to $50, quite similar to the former, and probably a tinted shirt in which glittered a stupendous diamond pin. Tilted back in his chair with a cigar pinned at right angles in his mouth, his suave complacency was in strong contrast with his vis-vis—for such the rockless miner might be termed—who must probably would be bent over the table, his face strongly marked with anxiety, and his breathings, deep and heavy with suppressed excitement as the game narrowed to an end, or as the luck fluctuated—regarding the stakes—increased in number. Gambling at that time was indulged in by all classes and kinds of people, and was the principal amusement of the reckless and extravagant. Still the Catholic element of the population regularly. The two churches.

was very devotional, and attended Mass

ST. FRANCIS AND MISSION DOLORES.

and the more than crowded on the Feasts of Good Friday, Easter and Christmas. On these great Catholic festivals the ceremonies were more magnificent and impressive, and always attracted the entire population, irrespective of creed or nationality. We have only made mention of two churches, because they were all that were erected prior to 1851. In June of that year, Father Gallagher's parish was formed by St. John Maginnis who had left St. Andrew's Church, New York, to labor in this distant vineyard. Mr. Rosch remembers Father Maginnis to have been of a naturally irritable disposition, but he was zealous and truly devout. He erected a church, school and orphan asylum was built, and through the assistance of five Sisters of Charity in the management of the latter, the orphan asylum was built, and amongst the prominent laity who assisted in various ways were Michael Ryan, Jacob A. Rosch, John Parrot, Gustave Tonnelle, A. Bergin, Dr. Thomas Maguire, Shuster, H. J. Oliver, John O'Meara, Peter Chrystal and others. But a rare interview was mainly on pioneer reminiscences, anything happening after 49 or '50 seemed to be passed over. Enough has been stated to our article to show that even in the most unlovely place God's religion prospered, the only grow out of its nothingness, into a great commercial and industrial centre and, we are happy to add—a great Catholic centre as well.

Ex-Governor John O. Downey Married in Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, May 6.—Late Saturday night a marriage license was issued by County Clerk Dunsmores, very quietly and unknown to the public, for the marriage of ex-Governor John G. Downey and Miss Rosa V. Kelly. The license was issued to Governor Downey in person and he immediately drove to the Cathedral, where he was joined by the young lady, and the team were made one by Rev. Father Sonnell, assisted by Rev. Father Mora.

Miss Kelly is a brunette, possessing many accomplishments and many friends. For twenty years she has been an honored guest at Mr. Downey's household, and in so many ways both a friend and a sister to the lamented wife of the Governor, who, it will be remembered, was killed in the railroad disaster at Tehachapi some years ago. The Governor's friends are all pleased with his choice, and declare that he could not possibly have selected a helpmeet who would unite as many desirable qualities and be as such and so fair as the woman he has wed.

COENTOCK CLIPPINGS.

Correspondence of the Monitor.

—Every evening during May, Mass has been celebrated in St. Mary's Church, which are attended by large congregations.

—Michael Dunn was buried last week from St. Mary's Church. His mortal remains were accompanied to their last resting place by a large cortege of friends.

—St. Mary's beautiful Hospital, Sister Seraphina, Superioress, has been recently painted and white washed. It is a delightful place, neat and attractive throughout. Nothing may be found wanting, nothing may be found to be over-paid, painted and frescoed. It looks very both a gem. The large park which encircles this luxurious sanitarium is now one mass of variegated green. The trees are full and Sisters.

—Miss Maggie Cavanaugh, organist of St. Mary's Church, has been quite sick for two weeks past. Miss J. F. Egan is at present in San Francisco.

—Mrs. Gen. P. Keating and family are visiting Mrs. C. O. O'Sullivan of San Francisco.

—Some time ago, Mr. Thomas Dunn and his daughter, Miss Jane, Mamie Regan, M. Dunn, Maggie Lennan, Lizzie Ryan and Nettie Downey of Marysville, Cayucos, will return to their parents in Virginia City, where they will spend their vacation.

CATHOLIC LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

—The reunion at Shell Mound Park on May Day was a great success, both socially and financially, over two thousand persons were present. The games were well contested and attracted the crowd, being participated with valuable prizes, donated by friends of the C. L. A. S. through the exertions of Mrs. A. T. M. Donahue, the present president of the society, Mrs. Spies and Mrs. Kissella, was well patronized and received much praise. The ladies of the society have kept going all day long and added quite a respectable sum.

Members from Branches 1, 2, 3, 6, 8 and 10 were present, and were pleased to see the latter had made to be present, by the pleasure they had received. Such a union was the whole object that Mary-day hereafter will be considered the C. L. A. S. Day.

SECURE A HOME.

Wise is that man who can cast about beneath his own vine and fig tree upon California soil, and on land that he can call his own. It is not necessary to tell our readers that Alameda is the choicest spot in California. Its climate is unsurpassed, and a home in such a beautiful, healthy and prosperous city as Alameda county will not only afford great pleasure, but also secure profit to any purchaser. The Lowell Sale of 50 elegant residence lots is the very best location of Alameda—five years opportunity to procure homesteads in a moderate price. The property is described in our advertising columns, and as less than one tenth acre is required from purchaser it should go off like "hot cakes." For further information address the Lowell Land Company, Alameda, Cal., and cut out the Bay st. Station Ticket Office, 1 Ferry Building, San Francisco. Cal., will give interesting terms to the lots and give all necessary information concerning the splendid property which is certain to advance fully fifty per cent. in value inside of a few months.

MAY-DAY CELEBRATIONS.

The pupils attending Powell street Presentation Convent, gave a very enjoyable May Day entertainment on Tuesday afternoon, the 1st inst., at which an excellent programme was entertained. A similar celebration was also held at Lowell street Presentation Convent, Taylor street, large number of the pupils participating.

Entertainment at Virginia City.

The talented pupils attending St. Mary's school, Virginia City, gave a very pleasant entertainment on Monday, the 30th ult. Among those participating were the children of Anton Kelleher, May Hawkeson, Marietta Mahoney, M. Donahue, K. McDonald, A. Keenan, May O'Connor, Kitty Sheehy, Estelle Desmond and Sheehy, M. Gray.

—Hereafter shall cadets my prince with the Lord in his joy. Cadet Mr. C. Muller, cadet no. 13 Montgomery Street.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

The conduct of the transgressors at Dunsegall on Monday, Tuesday in attacking Gallowhing, Ballycastle, and Cushendun, was of the most cowardly character. Not one shot at a man which has already appeared. They collected on the hill and assisted the people in burning the houses of Tipperary, in religious Sister Mary de Sales, made her solemn profession.

Waterford.

Preparations are already being made to start a better factory in Carrick. The proprietor is Mr. Walsh, Pillows, late manager of the Pillows Factory. The idea is to the full equal to the Pillows Factory. The idea is to the full equal to the Pillows Factory. The idea is to the full equal to

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1888.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES

In all the abiding scenes of bliss,
Save ever Holy Palestine,
Where, one fair day, doth thy glad home
Pour down their incense on such scenes
As blow that light to thy adorning
Our fair and favored Catholic France,
Where Mary's Sanctuaries stand—
Blest towers of strength to guard her land.
France, Eldest Daughter of the Church,
On whom descends the greatest which
Flow from the Sacred Heart, so tell
The ardent pushing with emotion swell
In the Fountain of Mamelbielle.

Though thirty years are passed away,
Since on a calm, celestial day,
A silent pomp of the Pyrenees
A vision saw—It Faith still sees—
There frame the torrent of the Gave;
Nigh to Mamelbielle's lone cave,
A gentle child, one humble, poor,
A shepherd-boy, impalpable, pure,
Whom poverty did here receive
"The rather choice for mother's love,"
With patient, toiling footsteps never!
The Grotto, where to her appeared
The queen of Heaven in robes of white,
Surpassing brilliance of snow and light.

Young Bernadette while sleeping near
The Grotto, raised her head to hear
What sudden, rushing wind then swept,
To rouse the calm which there had slept,
While music of the torrent Gave
Alone, before had filled the Cave.
Bernadette! Could angels tell
The glory that around thee fell,
To meet that gentle maiden's glance!
Our Lady of Lourdes above stood
Angelic hosts. O favored France!
The Mother of God, Mary the Queen
Immaculate, majestic and serene,
The Virgin Mother confessed,
Smiles on she, o'er that kneeling child.

Queen of the Rosary! she bore
A chaplet of that pearl of prayers,
Which softly through her hand she moves,
And sweetly smiles as the prayer she loves—
The Salutation of Gabriel—
Ascends from earth to Mamelbielle,
To greet the Mother of the Word.
Her Mystical Rose, whose fragrance poured
A priceless balm o'er Earth from Lourdes;
That balm of cross and mercy flows,
To heal the wounds of woe
Which Science falleth to assuage
In the contrite of her Golden Age.

Health of the Sick! Cause of Our Joy!
Flow, Heart of Wisdom, sweet apply
The remedy that cures each pain,
The Balm-of-healing with which stain
In soul and body, heart and brain.

Hail Morning Star! o'er Eden's shine,
Immaculate Conception! Hail!
To crush the demon-serpent's head;
Through thee the Sun of Justice shed
The light of grace—and darkness fled.
So Virgin Mother, in thy Shrine
Your streams of grace and light divine
From which infinity o'er flow
Such where first it took its rise,
The abyss whence dwells the Father of Lies.

Hail! "Immaculate Conception!"
Mystic Rosary of the Incarnation,
Of Redemption this mysterious divine
Shall form a halo 'round thy Shrine.
Our Lady of Lourdes! above shall stand
Ever—ever—this splendore on thy Feast.
MARY J. COLEBAR.
Livermore, Cal., May 2, 1888.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

ST. JOSEPH.

Afar in the realms above,
Basking in smiles of love
That helpful beam on the Eternal face;
With dazzling whiteness robed,
There in blest abode,
Are mighty saints—God's favored race.

Like heaven's own vault at night,
Glowing with stars serenely bright,
The abode in Paradise appears;
Unnumbered for thee and,
That side the yielding bed,
Which comes wave in anger fear.

Around God's presence bright,
Like countless gems of light,
Thou art the moon in glory tried;
Thus circle saints above,
Around the Sun of love,
Reflecting their splendor from the face of God

But 'mid the heavenly throng,
Thy place is more than all
The prince of the mighty One;
St. Joseph, ever blest,
With super-abundant dower,
With heaven's own wondrous brightness

In distant ages gone,
When God's co-equal Son
Appeared in human bonds of skin;
St. Joseph, stainless heart,
Alone was set apart
From earth and Man to father Him.

Beneath his kindly face,
The Saviour of our race,
From human youth to manhood grew;
His magic influence rare,
Was plushed from Heaven fair,
And blessed distilled in Mary's dew.

In St. Joseph's tender arms,
Secure from fears and harms,
The infant Jesus often laid;
Such favors as we ask,
Dashed Joseph's heart in bliss,
And bitter troubles oft allayed.

Oh, Saint Joseph, ever mild,
Foster-father of the Child,
Light our path with Virtue's sun—
That is a fairer land,
In heaven's angelic band,
We'll star the dome of the Mighty One.
J. T. CUTTRIGHT.

IF THOU WERT NOT MY LOVE, O! GOD.

If Thou wert not my Love, O! God,
How dark and sad my heart would be;
If Thou wert not my Hope, O! God,
How could I have such a misery.

A weary pilgrim I have been
Since morning dawned upon my way,
A weary pilgrim I must be
Till night has covered flags display.

A few kind friends to-day I met,
I had to part before their door;
They greeted me—they went for—
But now they dream of me no more.

I fain would sit upon the Cross,
And sin that cost so long denied;
But oh, oh, oh, I must move on
Till I have crossed Life's Desert wide.

The seeds are left, the seeds are red
With blood that dyed my heart and brain;
How can I stand the chasm's breach!
My God, forgive, if I complain.

If Thou wert not my Light, O! God,
How dark my pathway would be—
If Thou wert not my strength, O! God,
How could I bear Life's misery!

Literary Miscellany.

Miss Finch's Editorial Experiment.

A Sorio-Comic Truthful Tale.

Eleven o'clock of a summer forenoon in the sanctum of the *Sandwich Morning Bugle*. The chief was seated at his table, tugging at his moustache, and ever and anon languidly marking a paragraph in the newspaper which lay open before him.

He was planning from the issue of that morning for the weekly edition—the Clarion, with "the largest circulation in the States."

It was his habit to visit the office in the forenoon for this purpose; also to take note of the delinquencies of the foreman and the night editor; to look over the morning mail, and to lay out the programme of the day.

It was evident, however, that on this occasion something was on the editor's mind and from the quality and availability of the paragraphs he was marking. And, in fact, the very day before, his most useful assistant had left him to "accept a position, as the personal item column announced, on the *Boston Highflyer*. This change had been anticipated and was not regretted, for it was the pride of the chief to train up promising young journalists to an excellence which brought them into demand, and then wish them God speed to more conspicuous and lucrative posts. Yet the vacancy was to be filled, and perhaps this consideration accounted for the vigorous pulls at the chief's moustache, the occasional groans in the dalle of blue pencil, and the nervous slaps at ragged water-bugs.

A firm, but gentle, tapping at the sanctum door.

"Come in," cried the chief, without looking up.

A young lady briskly entered the room. Petite she was, with small regular features, inquisitively grey eyes, and checks hanging out rosy signals of agitation. A close fitting black velvet bonnet set off a trim and shapely figure; a plain black skirt and neglige straw hat completing the costume. She might have been 20, she might have been a slender figure gave her a more youthful appearance.

"Good morning, Mr. Russell," she said, advancing with a resolute air to the editor's table.

"Ah, good morning," echoed the chief, raising his eyes inquiringly.

"I have come to see if you will give me a position on your paper?"

The chief dropped his pencil. Here was an event glimpsed headlong into the current of his meditations.

"Will you be seated, Miss —" he remarked.

"Julia Finch," she interjected. "I am a daughter of Thomas Finch of Ayresdown. You know of him, I think."

"Yes, I curse my bin, but—and so you want to try your hand on a newspaper. Had any experience?"

"No, sir. What would be required of me?"

"Writing any!"

"A little, just by way of practice."

"Published anything?"

"No, sir.

"Well, I hardly know. The force is short just now, and it is an easy time of year. I have thought I would like to try a woman on the staff."

All this time the chief was sharply scanning the candidate beneath his spectacles. There was an air of determination and energy about her that pleased him. He was not a man to tolerate dreamers on the editorial force of the *Bugle*.

"I believe I will venture the experiment for a month," he added, after his inspection of the candidate was ended.

A gleam of satisfaction flashed in the inquisitive grey eyes.

"When shall I begin to do? Or some changes, and make up the news and miscellany. You might give special attention to such matters as interest women.

"What are you going to pay me?

"Seven dollars a week will be about right, I think."

"What would you give a man in the same position?"

"Ten dollars, probably.

"Why do you make that difference?

"You cannot be expected to do night work, and there are some places where I am used a male reporter but not a woman. I think seven dollars a week is all you can earn at present.

"Oh!"

The engagement was settled and the chief, after finishing the editing of his weekly, departed in search of a boarding place for his new assistant. Two days afterward Miss Julian Finch was installed in the *Bugle* sanctum.

There was only a single room for the editorial force, nailed off at one end, and provided with four desks and tables. The new comer sat on one side of the room, with her back to the others. The chief's position was such that he could observe her.

When Miss Finch entered the office to begin her duties, the "Local" was perched at his desk, having strolled in during the leisure of the forenoon to refresh his mind by practice on his banjo.

At sight of this apparition he hastily removed his hat, and laid his pipe and instrument upon the table. A vibrating leg was also lifted from the arm of the chair, and he rose to his feet.

"Step pardon, Miss. What can I do for you?"

"I am to occupy this desk," Miss Julia responded with a blush. Mr. Russell has engaged me. Are you one of the force?"

The astonishment depicted upon the Local's countenance it would be difficult to describe.

"Ah! indeed," he murmured—he was a gallant young fellow—"very happy, I'm sure. I'm the city editor; here's my card. I hope you'll be comfortable here; sorry there isn't a separate room for you; you mind smoking?"

Julia replied that she supposed she could put up with it if it was essential to the evolution of a daily journal. Whereupon the Local excused himself with some perturbation, and fled with pipe and banjo to the composing room. There he held an animated conference with the foreman. In adds which, for purposes of "copy," gave access to the sanctum was seen cautiously opened, while several pairs of eyes in succession eagerly took notes of the new member of the sanctum.

It was a general conviction in the composing room that the chief must be "cracked," and the Local gave vent to his agony by assenting "Poor Old Joe" with great vehemence on his banjo.

During the next few days the sanctum was the scene of various amusements, which tire by one, on different occasions, the familiars of the office came roaring in without the formality of knocking, bursting full of some piece of news, which they could hardly wait before getting fairly made. The consternation with which these visitors pulled up, and lapsed into silence on the sound many a rebellious twitch at the editorial moustache, and even gave rise to a suspicious shaking of the twin shoulders at the sole table.

After a few of these incidents, a solemn hush fell upon the sanctum in the working hours of the afternoon. The night editor, who now came in to do an hour's paragraph work, which proved to be rather out of date, finally transferred his quarters to the composing room.

Hoarse and smothered echoes of the same indicated that the Local's moments of leisure were enjoyed in the seclusion of the composing room. That worthy did not take his table, yet, as his duties now mostly out of doors, his intervals of afternoon work in the office were few and. He was endeavoring to be the new assistant. Indeed, being a devotee of "the way," he made some advances toward a mild flirtation. But as time wore firmly discountenanced—Julia usual being strictly upon business intent—he was soon driven into the region of polite commonplaces.

There was to be a woman's convention at Hazlehead about this time, and it naturally occurred to the chief how appropriate it would be for the *Bugle* to represent itself by a woman. He suggested this idea to Julia, who received it with fangirl. On the day of the convention she departed in high spirits, duly furnished with note-book, pulls and passes and certificate, as a regular member of the honorable body of reporters.

It was half past nine in the evening when she burst into the office, radiant with enthusiasm.

"Oh! I have had such a splendid time," she ejaculated, to the great admiration of the group of frequenters collected in the sanctum—for these women had discovered that the lady editor favored the evenings with her absence.

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world. There was a lady reporter from the *Tribune*, and I got introduced to Miss Anthony, and Mrs. Stanton, and Kate Field, and a lot of others. I never had such a treat in my life."

"Well, the report, is it ready?" asked the chief, blandly extending his hand for the manuscript.

"Why, no! I haven't written a word; I was too busy and excited."

"Haven't you the notes of the meeting?"

"Oh! dear no. I couldn't do it. I was completely carried away."

"Pish," shouted the chief, through the slide to the night editor, "you'll have to chip a report of that convention from the Hazlehead evening papers."

"Impossible—Nothing more to regret, to-night, Miss Julia. Be added.

"Oh, I'm sorry—I thank you, but I really couldn't, you know. I did have a good time, though. I'll pay much about it tomorrow.

"Very well. Good night."

The Local's visitors disappeared, the sitters resumed their pipes; and the snap of the editorial sheets alone broke the silence, although smiles of exceeding broadness illuminated every face in the sanctum.

Miss Julian was of no small, that was evident to the chief. He was furtively observing her the next afternoon, when he noticed that she seemed to have drifted into a state of perfect idleness, her hand pencil loosely in her fingers, tapping it on the table, sliding her digits down and repeating the process at the other end. The nonchalance briskly dipped in the bottle, but transferred upward in the air. The young woman's head bent over in a unsong attitude. A sudden titter escaped her lips. This recalled her to herself for an instant, and she soon relapsed into reverie. Another chased each other over her half averted face now and then a hysteric giggle was smothered and once she wiped away a tear.

Evidently, thought the chief, that young woman has something on her mind which does not concern the readers of the *Bugle*. Soon her work began to show signs of haste and inattention. One afternoon the chief was surprised to see her fling her pen aside, and fall to with great assumption upon her desk as if blank paper.

"Oh! she is trying an editorial, may be that is hopeful, he murmured to himself. Julia had, at his request, essayed sundry editorial paragraphs, but, as a rule they had lapsed into sentiment and emotional descriptions. Perhaps now she had an inspiration for a leader. Perhaps—

The manuscript grew rapidly beneath her pen. At length it was complete. She half turned around and a smile of content lighted up her face. The chief, who had already preparing to stretch out his hand for the expected editorial when Julia sidled therein and sealed it in taste. "Excuse me a few moments," she said, rising. "I have an important letter to mail, and she vanished from the sanctum. The chief gave a deprecatory shake of his moustache.

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"Excuse me, Mr. Russell," the young lady interrupted, "I am glad you have spoken, but you have only anticipated me. I know that I cannot do what you require, and am only putting extra work on the others. I had made up my mind to leave the office. I think I have learned all I can. I am quite satisfied, only sorry if I have made you any trouble."

So it was amicably settled, and the chief emitted a sigh of relief as he sat down to write a letter to one of the correspondents of the *Bugle* whose work seemed promising. The Local made the sanctum fairly ratile with jigs on his long-suffering banjo the day after Julia's departure. The night editor contentedly resumed his seat in the inner office. The siftings were whispered about, and specially the familiars began to hurl in afternoons with their hurricanes of gossip.

Three months later the chief opened a journal from a neighboring State, and lo! there was a red line drawn around the marriage notices. "In Blanktown, November Blank, by Rev. Blank Blank, Mr. George Hillash and Miss Julia Finch of Ayrestown," was what he read.

"So that accounts for the supposed editorial, and the impertinent letter," Hum, haw! and the sitters, and the blushes, the tears and the reverie. So thought the chief, as he commenced the new to his assistants.

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Four months resolutions and authors sold so far not traffic much to good for to almost at the rate of ten cents a line. About eighteen's active fee.

READING FOR MAY.

A Legend of Our Lady.

It was a cloudy, and the burning rays of the eastern sun came down fiercely upon the yellow sand of the desert over which St. Joseph with the Virgin Mother and her Child traveled on their way to the land of Egypt. Not a tree or bush was there to shelter them, and much did the travelers suffer from thirst and heat, yet they murmured not, but passed the time in whispered prayer.

Suddenly the ass stopped, and would not go forward. What had he seen? Joseph went about and way in the desert, and to his astonishment, he saw a fine spring. Joseph looked anxiously at the Blessed Virgin and at Divine Son.

But as they stood dismayed Jesus stretched out His Hand and smiled, and the travelers saw before them, but a few paces distant, a little stunted, withered bush which they had not noticed before, and Mary alighted and spread her cloak there, so that the Holy Child might rest.

But in that moment, instead of a poor withered bush, there was a blossoming tree of hawthorn, full and shapely, covered with white fragrant flowers, and beneath its shade sparkling in green grass, amidst which floated a spring of water.

Reverently and devoutly did St. Joseph and our Lady thank God for His gifts, while they refreshed themselves with the life giving cooling fruits to relieve their thirst.

Then the Infant Saviour said, "My dear, as this poor shrub did blossom for thee this day, so shall those who call them with virtue and Mary who shall be to the Holy Ones and in remembrance of this province is a shrub of the hawthorn shall blossom every the month which Christians yet offer—and shall be called the Mary's Hawthorn, and shall seede throughout the earth that may know the Lord, and shall be called Mary's Hawthorn, adorn thine image."

Then the Blessed Virgin took up her cloak in which the little Jesus had rested, and as they continued their way, the angels divided the sand into a fine dust, which they blessed, carrying them to different parts of the earth, as the Blessed Virgin had said, they sang the praises of God and the purity and devotion of His Blessed Mother.

O'CONNELL MEMORIA CHURCH

Father O'Riordan Enthusiastically Welcomed in Chicago.

On the arrival in Chicago of the Rev. Father O'Riordan, who, with Father Kelly, was collected in St. Augustin's behalf of the O'Connell Church, a hearty welcome was accorded. The very Rev. Canon Hennessy, who had been in Chicago a few days, and a dozen miles off, accompanied Father O'Riordan to his home. After the evening, two items in the church, the streets became alive with people, and the Rev. Canon and Father O'Riordan, issued from the Presbytery, and proceeded by that a train was headed by blushing tar barrels, passed through the town, roadways and sidewalks were thronged with an enthusiastic crowd, who gave vent to their feelings such repeat as something on the hand which they does not concern the readers of the *Bugle*. Suffice, her work began to show signs of haste and inattention. One afternoon the chief was surprised to see her fling her pen aside, and fall to with great assumption upon a blank sheet of blank paper.

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KNOWNOTHINGISM.

The "Patriotic Order Sons of America" Properly Denounced.

Mary Quinny McNeill, the old radical warhorse and latter of slaves and caste, recently received the following letter, with a request that she should forward it for Freedom leading, the man-hunt of which read Patriots—who Sons of America.

HOME OF THE SONS PATRIOTIC PARTY, Lake Michigan, Chicago—Dear Sir—I understanding that you are a native born American, I inclose you a circular with the request that you read the circular carefully and let me know if you will join should a camp be started in your vicinity. Also please send me the name and address of a few Catholic gentlemen, that I may send them circulars. Our order is growing rapidly in this State, but we will not be satisfied until a camp is established in every county, and we expect the support of every true American. Trusting soon to hear from you I am, yours in the cause.

J. MCGRATH BRIEN,
Dec. Prest at Large, Illinois.

That Patriotic President Brien should not be disappointed in the last hope expressed, however it may be as to the rest, the mind forbids, and so she in the pleasure and glorious of the following, which she composed and sent to the Boston review similar in vitaness.

Lo, a new Hi, O Mary! Sons of South Paul street, Chicago, Ill., have received yours of yesterday, and in answer thereto all say that the platform and principles of the Patriotic Sons of America are in full accord with Knownothing, into college and Knownothing, and we will do all in our power to make application to membership in our order. We will do all in our power to make organization against any person who happened to be a Catholic, or who may be in favor of the rights of the Old Knownothing lodge I was requested to pledge myself "not to vote for any person who is not a member of the order." Of course I did so, and I assure you I implied that any person, born in America, who was not a member of the order, the betterment of the library which we expect to open in the near future, and which we should have my request that I hold intolerance, but that the organization allowed "not to vote for any person who is not a member." Of course, I pledged myself to vote for any person, born in America, who was a member of our order, and will not encourage any person who is not a member. I am a member of the Knownothing lodge, and I know that there are many in America who are better than Catholics, and I know that right and wrong, and I know that there are many Catholics who are better than Knownothings, and I know that there are many Knownothings who are better than Catholics

THE MONITOR.

FRONT PAGE FREE OF STAMPING.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1888.

The Papal Rescript Not Promulgated.

At last we have definite news from Ireland concerning the fate of the Papal Rescript which has caused so much commotion throughout the world during the past few weeks. Here is the cablegram as it appeared in the daily press:

NEW YORK, MAY 11.—A London cable special to the *Mail and Express* says: At the conclusion of the annual meeting of the Dublin Roman Catholic Episcopal last week, an informal exchange of views occurred with regard to the scope of the Pope's Rescript on politics in Ireland. The opinion was arrived at that, apart from the question of the Pope's authority in the matter, aside from substantial grounds, and also, from the ultimate effect of the Rescript on Ireland's church and people, the promulgation at present would be inexpedient and would be misunderstood by the Protestants. Two views have been formulated as to the Vatican's attitude in the present the matter remains in abeyance.

The Irish Prelates do not enter into the question of the ethics of hypnotizing and the plea of campaign which was raised in the circular. They desire to obtain a thorough recognition of the whole subject. There is a very strong feeling in Irish Roman Catholic circles against Mgr. Persico being again sent to Ireland. A move has been initiated to defend certain prominent Irish based and lost by Tory sympathizers ready to avert all their influence against the tyranny of the Holmer administration.

If the above report is to be relied on, there has been no promulgation of the Papal Rescript in Ireland, hence there has been no publication of the Papal Rescript condemning Boycotting, the Plan of Campaign, or any other measure of reprisal by any portion of the people of Ireland in their present contest against this tyranny, injustice and inhuman conduct of the English government in that unhappy country.

In this view of the case the National League stands precisely where it stood a month ago, and the patriotic Irish Prelates who have stood up so bravely for their people in the face of British influence in Rome, are worthy of the united thanks of every friend of Erin throughout the whole civilized world.

It is very unfortunate both for the Catholic Church and for the National cause in Ireland, that these periodical spasms of excitement should occur. It is also to be regretted that all documents from Rome have to go forth into the world dressed up in the language of the bitterest and most vicious enemies of both Rome and Ireland—the editors of England's ministry.

Had this Rescript been first perused by the Irish Bishops—to whose shores it was addressed, the people of Ireland and their firm and fast friends all over the globe, would have heard the contents of the document in Irish or Latin, and no excitement would have ensued. But the irritation which the Irish people and their millions of Catholic sympathizers all over the world are subjected to periodically, by means of false and sneering translations of Papal documents, is calculated to arouse passion and to annihilate that docile spirit of respect for Church authority which has always been characteristic of the Irish people.

Ireland's loyalty to Rome is proverbial, and England has long sought to make a breach therein by just such means as the late Rescript presented. Any antagonism which would arise between the Pope and the Irish people would make hell rejoice and heaven weep. Therefore, Catholics should be very careful not to give any comfort to the enemies of both the Church and the Irish people, by indulging in any the themes against the Holy Father when their intellect is inflamed by the falsehoods of their ancient enemy. The Bishops of Ireland, the priests of Ireland, and the Irish people at home are far more immediately interested in this Rescript than are we in America. The Irish Bishops, as a rule, are able to take care of the National cause, and to defend it when called upon, even against a whole College of Cardinals. Hence it is the acme of absurdity, as well as actually damaging to the Irish cause, when Catholic Irishmen undertake to "condemn" the "Vicar of Christ because he simply admonishes the Irish people not to transgress the laws of God as administered by the church of Christ.

Ireland's mission in her present struggle can never be achieved by means of assaults against the Holy Father. His is the banner under which the Irish people and priests of Ireland alone can conquer, and those ultra-patriots in this land who think they are doing Ireland a service by denouncing Pope Leo XIII., are greatly mistaken. The Sovereign Pontiff has, wherever occasion offered, spoken well and favorably of Ireland's right to struggle for her freedom, but the principles upon which that struggle is based must be consonant with the occasions of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland. They are the caretakers of the Catholic faith of the people of that country, and they never can countenance that style of political patriotism which thinks to aid Ireland in attaining her freedom by indulging in any denunciations of the Pope, as all such resolutions rather retard than advance the Home Rule prospects of the Irish people.

—Among the many misrepresentations of "news" which the cable carried to the daily press last week, was a certain cablegram in which it was falsely asserted that "Archbishop Walsh has been having frequent conversations recently with Cardinal Simeoni. The latter urged the necessity of submitting to the Pope's rescript. The Archbishop declared his readiness to submit to the Pope's order, but said that he could not act in opposition to his own conscience. He would rather do so without making any difficulty and resign his position. It is reported that if he should resign he would be created a Cardinal." Now it is scarcely necessary to say that the foregoing assertions have been fabricated from whole cloth. Such a thing as a Bishop who would resign his see under the circumstances portrayed in the London much Roman cablegram, being elevated to the dignity of a Cardinal, is utterly impossible of occurrence in the Catholic Church. The whole cablegram is concocted as a "clincher" to last week's "news" about the Irish National League, and there is not so much truth in it as there is in Leicester's little finger.

The Saint Called "Crazy" by Ignorant Critics of God's Church.

When infidelity is allied with ignorance and impertinence, there are no bounds to its indecency. Dr. Macfarlane and the other medium of Agnew's Station in Santa Clara county, who set themselves up as censors of the Catholic Church, on a recent occasion, proved their ignorance, exposed their bigotry, and evinced their infidelity, when they embodied these unfriendly sentiments in a report which they made to the State Medical Society:

"During the late Agnew meeting, inquiries were canvassed. The material for manifesting saints was absent for several centuries. St. Simon, for example, fried for thirty years on the top of a tower only there lost in distance, and short for a whole year on one leg, the other being crowed with stones. Had he lived during our time, he would have been sent to an asylum for the chronic insane."

Such are the views of Dr. Macfarlane and his medical companions concerning a Saint of God's Church regarding whom it is very clear, from their manifest ignorance—they know about as much as the Esquimaux do concerning the electric motor.

St. SIMON STYLITES, the great servant of God whom those veritable Know-nothings call "crazy," was one of the few men whom Almighty God inspired with more than ordinary powers of endurance and with supernatural devotion, so that he might use the weak instrument in the hands of God by whom thousands of persons might be converted to Christianity.

This Saint was originally a shepherd in the employment of his father, but a heavy fall of snow occurring, he placed his flock in a safe place, then went away from his church and there heard the gospel read that contains, among others, these Beatitudes spoken by our Divine Redeemer in His memorable Sermon on the Mount:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall have their fill.

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

Pondering upon these words of our Divine Saviour, St. Simeon Stylites became so "crazy" that he concluded to try and serve his soul by "leaving all things," by "taking up his Cross," and by imitating the Son of God in His privations and sufferings. For doing this Dr. Macfarlane and his confederate critics say "Had he lived during our time he would have been sent to an asylum for the chronic insane."

A few days after St. Simeon heard the sermon which caused him to give up the world and to devote himself entirely to God's service, he consulted a venerable priest, who told him that continual prayer, watching, fasting, weeping, humiliation and patient suffering of penancetimes were pointed out by our Divine Lord in the Beatitudes as the road to true happiness and that a solitary life afforded the best opportunity for enforcing the practice of these good works, and confirming a man in solid piety. Such advice would doubtless cause "Macfarlane, the "crazy" St. Simeon Stylites and asked Almighty God to direct him in the best way he could serve Him whom Cross he had voluntarily offered to carry through life. He then entered a monastery, became one of a number of those "crazy" monks whom Dr. Macfarlane would like to incarcerate, and after a few years spent in their society, he acquired that spiritual knowledge which is absolutely necessary in order to mould men so that they may become sufficiently sanctified to serve God. Dr. Macfarlane and his medics might consider such a "foolish" line of time on the part of St. Simeon, strong proof of his insanity, but they must remember that there were wise men in the world long before Protestantism denounced the "foolishness" of the Cross as a sign of Redemption.

St. Simeon stayed with these monks a few years, when he moved to a hermitage at the foot of a mountain, where he passed the forty days of Lent without partaking of any food. (More "foolishness" says Dr. Macfarlane.) Three years later the Saint moved his domicile to the top of the mountain, where he built a small rude stone pen in which he lived. But such crowds of people flocked to this "crazy" man for benediction, counsel and advice, that it left him little time to pray; so he resolved, in the year 423, to erect a pillar twelve feet high upon which he lived for happier and more in communion with God than do those medics of Agnew's Station who slandered him.

St. Simeon preached twice a day from the summit of his pillar to vast crowds of Arabs and men of other Eastern nations who came to learn wisdom from this "crazy" servant of God. The result of his preaching was miraculous, because he effected what other missionaries, who were not so "foolish," failed to accomplish. The hearts of the wild tribes of the desert could not be softened until Almighty God raised up the "crazy" St. Simeon Stylites as His Apostle to bring the Word of God to bear good fruit in their souls. Through the Saint's preaching vast numbers of Persians, Armenians and Iberians, with the entire nation of the Lazi in Colchis, were converted. Indian queens, princes and people traveled long journeys in order to get his blessing. The Emperor Theodosius the younger, and Leo, often consulted him and begged his blessing. And yet, this is the eminent man whom Dr. Macfarlane and other medics of Agnew's Station say he would have lived in our time he would have been sent to an asylum for incurable idiots."

This great Saint of God died in the year 459, being found dead in a kneeling position on his pillar. Thus he died the death of a Saint while adoring God! Such was the "crazy" man who was borne in state to Antioch, attended by many Bishops and by vast throngs of sensible people who loved and venerated the memory of this wonderful Saint whose festival is still kept all over the East, in consequence of the vast number of miracles that have been performed through his intercession.

It will no doubt make Dr. Macfarlane and his unfortunate co-partners in this conspiracy to calumniate the character of St. Simeon Stylites, feel rather abashed when they learn that even so enlightened an English Protestant divine as Rev. S. Baring Gould, M. A., was "foolish" enough to write a biography of this "crazy" Saint. In that work he eulogizes the holy man whom Dr. Macfarlane scoffed at in a straight jacket. Alluding to the thousands who were converted by St. Simeon, Dr. Baring Gould says: "Had a says are not as crazy as these. The Dial who needed their souls, called upon the soul of Simeon to do the work, and Simeon obeyed, and transved perhaps than any soul paid man has yet trod. It is not for us to condemn a mode of life which there is no need for us to follow now. It was needed then, and he is rightly numbered with the Saints, who admitted his will to that of God, to make of him an instrument for His purpose."

Such is the eulogy which a Protestant pays to St. Simeon Stylites, and we leave Dr. Macfarlane and his mummer brethren to "blush unseen" in the shrubbery at Agnew's Station. It would also be well for those medical gentlemen if they would ponder frequently in prayer to St. Simeon Stylites and ask him to endow themselves with even a very little of the grace of God and the good sense which the Saint demonstrated during life. Sinners may call Saints "fools," but intelligent people all well understand the reason why Almighty God often chooses the "foolish" things of this world to confound the worldly wise, and the weak things of this world to overthrow the strong; the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, as it is written: "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." And thus has been caught the sensorious calumniators of St. Simeon Stylites, who have been trapped in the snare of Dr. Macfarlane, being perverted with the power, fell prey of Catholic truth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Sir Charles Russell, speaking to the Hounslow Liberals, on Tuesday night, said that the knowledge of English sympathy for Ireland alone kept Irishmen from adopting extreme measures.

—The Pope has received through Cardinal Simeoni a magnificent silver ewer from the Cognier family, of Lyons, France. This is the same ewer that was used by Pope Pius VII. at the ceremonies attending the coronation of Napoleon I. at Paris.

—The Catholic missionaries, Fathers Verron and Couppe, have found that the river which they discovered in New Guinea, and named after the St. Joseph, is navigable for inland, and winding through a fruitful and thickly-peopled region.

—Count Moltke-Hvitfeldt, Minister Plenipotentiary of Denmark, in Paris, has been received into the Catholic Church. The conversion of the head of the Chapter of the Lutheran Cathedral at Copenhagen, is also announced.

—We see that the Kreuz Zeitung, the Papal Organ at Berlin, the friend of the Red Eagle, with brilliants, is regarded as a sign that the relations between Rome and the Holy See are becoming more thoroughly satisfactory.

—The popularity of the forthcoming Irish Exhibition in London promises to attain the height of an important industrial movement. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London have lent the Council now include those of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Earl of Dufferin, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Sir Algernon Borthwick, Bart., M. P.

—It is announced by cable that the Rev. Father "Lemonas" has been appointed Bishop of Vancouver Island, to succeed Archbishop Seghers. We presume this means Rev. J. N. Lemmens, who is attached to that Diocese, and whose learning, prudence and fitness for the station of a bishop, eminently qualify him for the position to which he has been exalted by the Holy Father. We congratulate Father Lemmens and wish him many years of unalloyed happiness in the See which furnished the first martyr for the Faith on this Coast.

—Our respected contemporary, the *Catholic Globe-times*, finds a very good illustration of an old and strong argument in favor of the celibacy of the clergy in the case of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, Protestant minister of New York City, who lately sent word to his flock that owing to scarlet fever in his family, he must close his house to callers, and be excused from his ministerial duties till the danger was over. (!!) The Globe-times quotes, by contrast, the case of Father Bigelow, of Steubenville, Ohio, who some years ago had his life by assenting a sick call from a man suffering from small-pox, whose common was refused by every Protestant minister whom he had first sent for." The Globe-times adds: "Father Bigelow's Catholic priest," while our contemporary, "having no entangling alliance, and being under the sacred obligations of his profession, never hesitated, but bravely and heroically gave on his sick calls without question and without fear."

—Readers of the Monitor will remember that Queen Victoria was said to have sent a relic of some saint to Leo XIII. by the Holy Father when celebrating his Jubilee Mass. Mr. P. L. Connellan, the Rome correspondent of the Boston *Pilot* now says that the Queen's gift was a piece of the Holy Cross which Victoria in a letter to Leo said that it was her wish that it be worn at Rome; that he wear the relic on his breast, and that he wear the relic on his breast.

The Pontiff's gracious acts not merely expanding as the Presbyterian Thompson thinks. Father Gibson in his knowledge of the Scriptures, knows that Christ gave to the Pope of Rome, the successor of the Apostles, power to bind and loose, the Scriptures were given with the Holy Ghost of language by men inspired by God, and, according to a learned historian called Eusebius—of whom perhaps neither the Oakland Thompson nor the San Francisco Thompson has heard—St. Peter wrote his First Epistle from Rome. Even at that early day the Church had become so well established and so spread that "the faith was spoken of throughout the whole world," as recorded in the first Epistle of St. Peter. Rome was Christ's chosen foundation in Rome it was called "Roman" then and ever since, and being universal, it was called "Catholic," and when St. Peter was the first Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church.

We are somewhat surprised that the Student should be so ignorant on the subjects which it desires enlightenment. As a general thing Presbyterian preachers seem to imagine themselves to be the enlightened and only possessors of all things human and divine, in heaven and on earth. And yet, notwithstanding this epistatical assumption on the part of these pretentious preachers, if what they do not know about God's truth were written in a book, the present world would not be large enough to hold the volume.

The Student desires to be told how Father Gibson knows that St. Peter was ever in Rome. Well, he knows as by means of several acquirements which Presbyterian preachers rarely possess. In the first place Father Gibson is an educated man who has received the classical education of a scholar as well as the ecclesiastical education of a Priest of the Church whose chief Blessed Lord placed St. Peter at the first Pontiff. Secondly, Father Gibson's mind is stored with much of God's truth which would be a stranger in a strange place if in the mind of a sectarian minister. Thirdly, Father Gibson is a linguist who can read ancient manuscripts and printed books in tongues that would puzzle a Presbyterian preacher far wiser than would a Chinese Dictionary bewilder a Chinook Indian! In a word, Father Gibson can sip knowledge from many a fountain, the waters of which are frozen up to the half-shell theologians of the topsy-turvey sects. We hope, therefore, the Student has acquired knowledge on this point.

The fact that St. Peter lived in Rome and had his See there, can be proved from the Holy Father when celebrating his Jubilee Mass. Mr. P. L. Connellan, the Rome correspondent of the Boston *Pilot* now says that the Queen's gift was a piece of the Holy Cross which Victoria in a letter to Leo said that it was her wish that he wear it in Rome; that he wear the relic on his breast, and that he wear the relic on his breast.

The Student's questions are not merely expanding as the Presbyterian Thompson thinks. Father Gibson in his knowledge of the Scriptures, knows that St. Peter was Rome's Pontiff in Christ's chosen foundation in Rome. Rome is universal, and St. Peter was the first Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church.

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Enlightening Presbyterian Ignorance.

An article appeared in the Student last week, in which a very silly attack was made upon Rev. William Gibson, the gifted rector of St. Anthony's church, Brooklyn, and as Father Gibson is present down on New York, we will not see his statements called in question by any enemy of the Church, and yet, without defending him to the best of our ability.

The Student, in its account of the private last controversy which Father Gibson had recently with a certain Dr. John Thompson of Oakland, gives it Methodist brethren a dig under their short sectarian rule, after the following fashion:

"The children of the Methodist Church at a late conference in Oakland, had to discuss a question which directed their thoughts to the Roman Catholic Church, and some statements were made which, being published, have called forth a reply from Mr. Gibson, a Roman Priest. In a long communication in the Oakland Tribune, Mr. Gibson fairly demolishes Dr. John Thompson general secret of the bible. Not only has Mr. Gibson shown that Dr. Thompson has not the slightest knowledge of the Scriptures, but he has shown that Dr. Thompson, and so forth."

In the part of Father Gibson's letter which we have taken to Heavenly Father, we find that Dr. Thompson's ignorance of the Scriptures is so great that he has not even a general knowledge of the Bible. Not only has Dr. Thompson not the slightest knowledge of the Scriptures, but he has shown that Dr. Thompson, and so forth." Dr. Thompson's ignorance of the Scriptures is so great that he has not even a general knowledge of the Bible. Not only has Dr. Thompson not the slightest knowledge of the Scriptures, but he has shown that Dr. Thompson, and so forth." Dr. Thompson's ignorance of the Scriptures is so great that he has not even a general knowledge of the Bible. Not only has Dr. Thompson not the slightest knowledge of the Scriptures, but he has shown that Dr. Thompson, and so forth." Dr. Thompson's ignorance of the Scriptures is so great that he has not even a general knowledge of the Bible. Not only has Dr. Thompson not the slightest knowledge of the Scriptures, but he has shown that Dr. Thompson, and so forth."

Historical Sketches of Irish Landlords.

In contrast with the admirable character of the tenant farmers of Ireland, which we delineated last week, we present a few extracts from writers upon Irish landlordism as it has operated in Ireland throughout the greater portion of the present century, during which time it has done so much to stay the domestic prosperity of the Irish people and to drive the honest, hard working, industrious, and thrifty tenant farmers into the poor houses, thus, any other power at work for the improvement and thrift of the Irish people.

Just one feature about Irish landlordism in Ireland is found in the fact that it is not an institution, civilized and Christian, but a barbarous one, which in English annals has disgraced

The landlord of an Irish estate, called to his aid a Protestant clergyman, who was not a bigot, who could not be induced to shoot down the poor Catholics on land that of them and all living relations of equity and pity, by very many illegal acts, and by very many illegal acts, and by very many illegal acts, and

Farm and Home.

"Bound-Shouldered" Children

"For someone past," says Dr. Tullio de Santos Verdi, in the Washington Star, "I have noticed children from the age of ten to fifteen growing round shouldered, and I believe it to be due to the careless training of parents, and I account such among in many instances. Thus, morning, however, I noticed four children of the same family (boys and girls) all round-shouldered, and inquired of the parents the cause of this abnormalities condition. I was told these same children had become erect during three weeks they had been detained from school, on account of measles in the family, but they had resumed their bent appearance a few days after their return to school. Inquiring further the children informed me that they were required to sit in school with their arms folded across their chests, for the purpose of doing their studies. ** Such a posture during the time of physical development, maintained daily for many hours, will cause the growing ribs and sort lapse to adapt themselves to its requirement, and the stoop of the shoulders and the contraction of the chest finally to become permanent. This would not only distort the natural shape of man and woman, but deprive them of the free exercise of blood and air so important to life. It is bad enough that children should have to sit quietly five or six hours a day, but that they should be kept in positions which prevent the development of their chests is almost incredible."

For the Laundry.

—Use buttermilk to take out mildew stains.

—A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes, greatly aid in the whitening process.

—As far as possible iron by the thread, pull the material straight, and move the iron in the direction of the thread of the cloth.

—To take ordinary ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in paste made of tallow, wash out the tallow and the ink will come with it. This seldom fails.

—To set the blade in home-school wooden goods, so it will not want, wash the wood or goods over night in sweet milk, rub it out and dry, then rinse well through water, and the color will be as fast as it can be.

—Bluing.—Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it and put in a bottle with one quart clear rain water, and add one half ounce pulverized oxalic acid. A tablespoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

—Both white and colored dress goods can be so washed that they will never shrink. If, however, we want our material not to shrink or fade, we must keep the fibres of wool composing it from overlapping each other, and we must not rub it with anything, nor on anything. Instead of rubbing the soap on the goods, dissolve sufficient in a small amount of water; add this mixture to sufficient warm water to make good suds; allow the goods to be washed to remain in this suds until thoroughly soaked, when they may be washed by being drawn, not rubbed repeatedly through the hands. Rinse in clear water of the same temperature as the suds, by moving the garments briskly about until every particle of soap is removed. When hanging up, take care to stretch the garments to their proper shapes, and hang in the open air, or where the drying will be accomplished quickly. Every soap or the best imported Castile, is the best for washing flannels. It injures all kinds of hosiery and underwear to iron them. A fair trial of these very simple directions will effectually prevent the shrinking of woolen knit underwear, keeping the material soft and pliable until worn out.

Apples vs. Oranges.

In El Dorado county we have thousands of acres of first-class land neighbor-to-neighbor for the raising of apples, and the best apples in the world. Some of our people are beginning to realize this fact, and on the past season quite a good number of trees have been put out at stumpage ranging from $100 to $ 000 each. Most of this land is being offered at from $4 to $6 an acre. While in Placerville a few days ago, Hon. J. H. Miller of Latrobe, who has made his home in Sacramento for nearly a year, assured me that he could not buy a good apple tree for less than $1 75 a best, and that late in the season he had paid as high as $4 a box. With apples at the first price named, and land at present ruling prices, is it not the height of folly to buy orange land and grow that fruit?

New Style Barrels.

Barrels are now being made of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety and slightly thinner than the hard wood stave. The edges of the staves are cut square, and, when placed together to form the barrel, the outsides are even, and there is a Vulcanized crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving hoops forces the edges of the hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed, and the extra thickness of the latter causes its inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

Planting Orange Trees.

In the immediate part of Rotte, including Orcville, Tarsualto, Palermo, and Wyandotte, not less than 50 000 orange trees will be planted by the fin of May. Of these more than 20,000 are already in the ground, and not less than 200 men are at work planting; the others. Fifty thousand trees in bearing means a grand item for eastern Butte. It means employment to a large number of persons for years, and when the trees come into bearing it means the yearly shipment of 500 carloads of the golden fruit.

A Remarkable Yield.

Joseph Phillips, of Albert and Phillips creek, says that he expects to take off 1,500 tons of peaches, from 200 acres of the orchard this coming season. It such is to be the yield, and they were willing to sell on a contract now, for 2 cents a pound, they would receive $60 000 as the expense of picking and hauling to the Marysville depot, for the product of 200 acres. This would be equivalent to $300 an acre, and would probably net them more than $200 an acre. The trees are only about four years old.—*Marysville Appeal.*

Avarice Overreached.

A farmer of Washington county, Ill., just before taking a drove of hogs to the market, gave them a bot of salt and then fed the water they could drink. This was to increase their weight. Fourteen of them died on the road to town, and the smart farmer's little trick cost him just $150.

—Inspector Collector T. Vincent, N. H., the Postmaster found a pouch the other day which had been lost nineteen years, and which contained 118 letters for that city. There were then three registered letters with money in them, and their non-receipt had upset half a dozen offices.

Family Fun.

Never Use Slang.

"Miss Hastaur," said one of the pupils of an Indian boarding school to the school-ma'am, "we want to ask you a question before we recite."

"Certainly, my dears, ask as many as you like."

"Would one of we girls ever be justified for using slang?"

"Yes certainly would not," replied Miss Hastaur with quite a firmness.

"We frequently hear educated and cultivated people employ it in their conversation," insisted the young lady.

"That may be only too true, but it's no excuse. We cannot fall into the ways practiced by even the so called educated and cultivated. For my own part, I continued the principal, as she sat up very straight on the edge of the chair and glanced at the text book she held in her hand and again raising her eyes, "For my part I will allow the horrid blaze to whistle through my whiskers a long time before I will indulge in the use of slang."

He was Convinced.

An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the sceptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted, "Hello, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried: "That's Sarah sure enough."

He Knew.

A Sunday School teacher told his scholars that he would give a present to the girl or boy that who would bring in a new pupil. On the following Sunday a stout boy occupied a seat in the class. The lesson was on Pharaoh; the teacher asked, "Who was Pharaoh?" No answer. Presently the newcomer held up his hand. "Can you tell?" inquired the teacher. "Yes'm; he was the man what busted my pa."

Anything, So it's English.

Itinerant Vendor—"Fro's per nice fresh 'ot waffle, haways hinvigoratin' han' comfortin'."

Miss Anglos—"Oh, 'Tom' do let's stop and listen a little. I haven't heard such pure English since we left London."

A Slave to Appetite.

Revivalist—"Uncle Rastus, why don't you give up your evil ways and become a Christian?"

Uncle Rastus—"Use tried it, sah, I tes tried it. I'se sperienced religion mo'n once, but hain' got no."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I speeks I'se too fond o' chicken, sah."

Pungent Paragraphs.

Young physician, pompously—Yes, I've called at Mr. Brown's house three times a day for a week. He is a very sick man.

Miss Smith—"He must be by this time."

"Who was the wisest man?" asked the Sunday-School teacher.

"Solomon," promptly replied a little girl.

"And who was the holiest?"

"Moses."

"Moses. What makes you think so?"

"Because Paps calls him 'Holy Moses.'"

Grigg—"What on earth is the matter with that lady over there. Has she the St. Vitus dance?"

Briggs—"Yes, no; she's just trying to put on a new pair of corsets."

Parsimonious, in bed—"Is that Pryor's hangnail still in the parlor with Clare?"

Matrimonious, listening—"I think he is. Everything is very quiet down there."

Brown—"I say, Dowley, Robinson has threatened that his first born shall be named he propose to knock some horse sense into you. You want to look out for him."

Dowley (contemptuously)—"Pooh! It would take a dozen men like his Robinson to knock horse sense into me."

Minister (making a pastoral call)—"I reverence sir, my dear madam, to discover traces of tears upon your face. Sorrow, my dear Hendricks, that he whom the Lord loveth He chastoseth. If you would speak freely to me I might—"

Mrs Hendricks—"Oh it is nothing, Mr. Goodman. We are to have a boiled onion for supper and I have been peeling them, that is all."

"Bigsby, the lawyer, doesn't seem to be very lovable in your set."

"No, he has shaken me entirely."

"Why is that?"

"The other day I heard him making an argument before a jury and I was so impressed by his talk that I sent him a present."

"What was it?"

"A set of gas fixtures."

Husband (to wife)—"I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm mad enough to break the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes me money and won't pay it isn't fit to associate—"

Servant (opening the door)—"The butcher, sorr, is downstairs with his bill."

"Tell him to call again."

"Doctor—"Why, the skin's all worn off your tongue. How did that happen?"

Patient—"From hard work, sir."

"Impossible! Are you a sword swallower?"

"No; I'm a labor agitator."

"A clergyman is accused of being seen trying a cinch on a dog's tail." Well what if it is? Some people are unreasonable enough to expect that because a man is a minister he ought to tie other goblets to dogs' tails.

Philadelphia Lady—"How many times did you use the same piece of bridge?"

Bridget—"Only four times, mum."

Philadelphia Lady, severely—"Bridget, I am surprised! Go and wash them down again, at once."

Mrs Rabagoul—"I'm going shopping, Lobetia. Is anything needed for the nursery?"

Lobattie—"Oul, madams. Lobella Hardcold, eat pus cell—swallow how a rattle snake morning. Eet eas as silvere one wie as bells, madams. Possibly you can it march."

"My dear," said a dying man to his wife, "very handsome woman. When I am gone, will you erect a monument in my honor?"

"If you wish it," sobbed the lady; "but, I fear monuments are getting to be so common."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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"THE DONAHUE NARROW GAUGE ROUTE."

COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1886, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Passenger Trains will run on the Narrow Gauge Division of the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.	STATIONS	Arrive S. F.
7:45 a.m.	Petaluma	10:40 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Petaluma	6:40 p.m.
7:45 a.m.	Point Reyes, Bacon's	10:40 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Point Reyes, Bacon's	6:40 p.m.
7:45 a.m.	Tomales	10:40 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Tomales	6:40 p.m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol and Mark West Springs. At Fulton for Shaw's Springs, and at Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Saratoga

THE NEW BISHOP OF ACHONRY

A Striking Discourse Delivered at His Consecration by His Predecessor.

The new Bishop of Achonry, Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, was consecrated on Sunday, April 8th, in the Cathedral, Sligo, by the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, the assistant Bishops being the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin, and the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, Master of Ceremonies, Rev. O'Connor. The Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, presided, and preached a sermon from the text, "I have chosen you and appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit and your fruit additional fruit." He said the Bishop-elect was called by the Vicar of Christ from the comparative obscurity of his college life, where his high intellectual gifts and his acknowledged talents had rendered long and valued services to his Bishop and his native diocese. He went forth from those college halls carrying with him the esteem and admiration of his colleagues and the affection of his pupils. It had been his good fortune to have served for a considerable period under a Bishop unsurpassed for zeal, unrivalled for his power of originating and organizing and adapting means to an end, a Bishop whose name should live in the Cathedral and in the other monuments of his labors which were to be found in the length and breadth of the great diocese.

The Right Reverend preacher rejoiced that the creator that he was called upon a few months ago to lay aside now passed into the hands of one so fitted to carry it. But his own brethren especially had feelings of enthusiastic joy when they saw one called upon to take rule and file of their own body, invested with episcopal dignity and the ministry, one of a flock of over a hundred thousand people. Speaking of the obligation of a Bishop to guard his flock from error and false teaching, he said at the present day the revolution of bad books and corrupt literature was doing a tentative mischief. What was called high class literature was in many instances nothing better. Sneers at revelation were becoming common. The superiority and self-conceit of science, and the emancipation of the human mind, were preached from the house-tops. Thoroughgoing indifference of the passions was confessed, if not self-justified. There were only a few of the poisonous fruits that had sprung from that land on called high class literature, and the mission of the Church was to guard against those dangers. Happily the Bishop-elect was equal to the task. He was a ripe scholar, and a well-trained theologian and legislator—one who was qualified to challenge false premises and correct false conclusions.

The other Bishops present were the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare, and the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh. In the afternoon the new Bishop was presented by the Rev. James Kelly, Athlone, with an address from the Priests of Elphin, in which grateful reference was made to those brilliant abilities which placed His Lordship in the front of his classes in that great national College of Maynooth, that abundant and rapid learning which increased through many obstacles years, that touching eloquence often heard with delight beyond the confines of their diocese, and the modesty which added a fresh grace to his high intellectual gifts. His Lordship was President of the Diocesan College of Elphin, His Lordship had placed the Priests under a tender and lasting debt of gratitude, and they wished him very many happy years, and with gentle and the mildness of manner of St. Nathy and the long line of learned and zealous prelates who had sat in Achonry, His Lordship, in reply, said his heart was too full for utterance. He was, in fact, a ripe scholar, and a well-trained theologian and legislator—one who was qualified to challenge false premises and correct false conclusions.

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THE STATUE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

It is Stirring Up a Lively Religious War in Canada.

The war that was waged by the Protestants here, says a Montreal letter to the New York Sun, on the Roman Catholics proposed the erection of a high statue of the Blessed Virgin, on Mount Royal, the Central Park of Montreal, has somewhat subsided. The Catholics say they had proved, so they have decided to erect the statue in Protestant quarters of the city. The Protestants object to the erection of the statue in any part of Montreal, but the Catholics are determined to erect it in all hands unless Queen Victoria interferes. It is said that a petition has been prepared to send to her Majesty asking her to interfere. Meanwhile Bridget Herbert, of Montreal, has the contract for the statue, and left for Paris, where the figure will be cast in parts and shipped to Montreal to be put together. It will take the sculptor three years to complete the work, but the fact does not seem to console the Protestants in the least, who are doing a great deal of jeering and no small amount of swearing.

The statue will be made of bronze and is to stand on a square pedestal two hundred feet high. The figure will be hollow, and an elevator will be provided for the curious public to the head. At night an electric light will shed a halo around the sacred form. As it is to be similar to the Bartholdi statue of Liberty on Bedlow's Island, New York, it is thought that M. Bartholdi will give the new statue the Parisian *finis*. The estimated cost is $100,000, the whole of which amount is nearly in hand. The original committee of twenty at its formation pledged two-thirds of the amount, one individual alone contributing $10,000. The committee was then enlarged to fifty, who succeeded in raising very nearly the whole amount. When the petition was first presented the Protestants saw it as a joke, because they thought it was legally impossible to carry out the project, and not a few of them signed it and actually contributed to the scheme; but when they found that there was no legal barrier, and that the Catholics meant business, they grew into the same state of excitement as a number of those who subscribed asked to be relieved of the obligation. Many of those of the Protestants who subscribed and still support the scheme is Sir Donald A. Smith, a philanthropist, who has strength enough away nearly half a million dollars in charity.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

The death of the Rev. James McGuna, P. P., of Ballycastle, which occurred on April 11th, will be lamented with much regret. Deceased was a man of the people, and his death will be felt by the poor. In early life he was employed in the Customs, but he left it for the priesthood. He was ordained the first year of his married life his wife died, and he then decided to join the priesthood. He was Administrator of Dunfanaghy, and in 1875 was appointed to the pastoral charge of Ballycastle.

Carlow.

On Sunday, April 15th, another parish Bishop was added to the ranks of the Irish Hierarchy in the person of the Most Rev. Edward Maginnis, the new Bishop of Kilmore. The Archbishop of Armagh was the consecrating Prelate. Seven Bishops attended the solemn ceremonial in the Cathedral at Cavan, and the gathering of the present clergy and laity was numerous. A fellow student of the new Bishop, the Rev. Thomas Finlay, of the Order of Jesuits, preached the consecration sermon, and the youthful Prelate was placed among his priests and people with the whole-souled hearty cordiality which is the outcome of his great personal and happy episcopacy. His diocese has not a worthy bishop the loss of the late lamented occupant of the seat to which he now worthily succeeds. He brings to the ancient See of Kilmore, the strength of the suffragan of a faithful priesthood; and we are sure that his practical mind will grave teaming with good projects in the service of religion and country, in the united cause of which we cherish the hope that his elevation to the episcopal committee of twenty at his formation pledged two-thirds of the amount, one individual alone contributing $10,000. The committee was then enlarged to fifty, who succeeded in raising very nearly the whole amount. When the petition was first presented the Protestants saw it as a joke, because they thought it was legally impossible to carry out the project, and not a few of them signed it and actually contributed to the scheme; but when they found that there was no legal barrier, and that the Catholics meant business, they grew into the same state of excitement as a number of those who subscribed asked to be relieved of the obligation. Many of those of the Protestants who subscribed and still support the scheme is Sir Donald A. Smith, a philanthropist, who has strength enough away nearly half a million dollars in charity.

Clare.

We regret to have to announce the sons what sudden death of the Rev. Father Burke, the respected parish priest of Kilkeary, county Clare.

Down.

The death is announced of the Rev. J. Hughes, S. J., Legal Times, Dublin. He had gone to Dromore to take charge of the large property left by the late Rev. Father Retamat there, where he resided for two years. His pastoral character was conspicuous in the large charities and the kindness of his fellow to women who followed his mission in the place.

Dublin.

On the 17 of April, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., was presented with the handsomely illuminated address prepared by the Nationalist students of Trinity College, and the original manuscript copy of which had been presented to him on occasion of his visit to Dublin. Mr. Brayley to the address, Mr. O'Brien said it was one which he should treasure as the most valuable address

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1890.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

TIMES CHANGING.

How strange that loving souls below
Must but to part and meet no more;
Most in this world with spirits spleen,
Then pass to Paradise's bright pleasant shores.
And ever thus the world moves on —
We meet to-day and part for ages;
Ere we dream life's battle is won,
We sink to sleep, and then we die.

Yes, die; and are forgotten and fade
With the enchantress throng of old.
Whose nameless graves the silent glade
Creeps to its bosom free and cold.
Some souls that yesterday were strong
In dreams of joy and hope and pride,
Have fallen from the mortal throne;
And ceased to stem life's wayward tide.

The stars that shine in Heaven above,
Shone o'er our cradles fair as now;
True as our souls are pledged to love,
Those stars shall light each departing brow;
Why ponder on such passing themes,
The same routine through time has sped;
Our hopes are but a balmy dream —
Held fast to-day, to-morrow fled.

Ah, be morose, yes, to-day,
We may take time to a helpless shore,
For all the joys young and gay,
Must one day bear the boatman's oar.
Why chide the ceaseless flight of Time —
The changing years so fast they roll;
Each one is borne on winds sublime,
Each bears in mourner to the goal.

All earthly forms evolve in dust,
Our youthful loves all fade away;
Life's brightest scenes will change to rust,
Yet Hope and Faith are ever near.
Look back on all the bygone hours —
The unforgotten scenes of old,
When all our paths were strewn with flowers,
And hope our bosoms spirits bore.

Then let our days in peace pass by,
High not for what we cannot mend,
There is always a watchful eye
To whom is revealed our mortal sins
Bathe in the balm of Heaven's first ray.

JOHN P. MCDONELL.

Virginia City, Nev.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A LESSON.

I wandered one evening, when twilight was stealing,
Along the fair margin that circled the brook;
And there in its beauty a lily was smiling,
Its head with a crook and discomposed look.

It shot up in beauty above the wild tangles
That threat'ningly hemmed it around and
frowned
Like a planet from the skies it patiently flourished,
And prospered in quiet on alone ground.

With nerves I glanced on its virginal bearing,
Not a stain ever defiling its immaculate brow;
I eagerly drank its calming sweet odor,
That wholly and kindly enveloped me now

Long did I gaze on this spotless beauty,
Shedding its fragrance wherever I roam fair,
When, straight to my mind came a lesson and moral —

A lesson of truth and a moral most rare.

I saw in the lily the type of frail man,
Who, cast from his true home on high,
Now blooms 'mid the thorns of this valley of pain,
With the hope that his soul will not die.

Like the lily he thrives upon rude, sterile ground,
'Mid sensation, low luxuriance and greed,
Diffusing o'er earth an aroma of glory
Caught from a heavenly land.

Fair may he bloom in this garden terrestial,
His spirit with virtues celestial benight;
Oh, may he shine forth in angelic pure lustre,
Emphatically fair until Time's hour shall.

May his life on this earth be as fair and as spotless
As the lily that blooms undefiled by a stain;
So when Death shall disso e the body and spirit,
The pure pleasures of Heaven his soul may attain.

J. T. COPTBRIDGE.

THE MOTTO OF MAY.

A song written 30 years ago by Cardinal Newman.

Green are the leaves, and sweet the flowers,
And dark the hour of May;
We see them in the garden round,
And market passers gay;
And a low murmur meets and lauze.
And alleys, we dancey,
By fateful gleams like fair sunshine,
The blue, transparent sky.

CHORUS.

O Mother mild, be then our aid,
Now in the opening year;
Cast sights of earth to sin give birth,
And better the Tempter near.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile,
Twill grow, and then will wither;
The flowers, brightly, as they smile,
Shall perish altogether;
The merry sun, yes sure would say,
It is cold and is gloom;
But earth's best joys have all an end,
And sin, a hery doom.

CHORUS.

But, Mother mild, then dost not fa'n;
With more alarm thy bear,
And the pale moon beneath thy feet,
Forever thrust set thou.

The green, green grass, the glittering grove,
The bower's and sylvic dome;
They image forth a tender bower,
A more enlighted home;
They tell us of that Paradise
Of everlasting rest,
And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,
The sweetest, yet the best.

CHORUS.

O Mary, pure and beautiful,
Then art the Queen of May;
Yet affends wear about thy hair,
And they will never decay.

—*The Oratory, 1890.*

THE PRINCESS' PEARLS.

"The queen has given all her daughters her necklace of pearls."—English Court Gossip.

Ages, twice round the nation of your daughters,
Round the necks of your royal girls,
These gems from the deep sea waters,
These circlets of pearls!

As they rival each throat's lily whiteness,
Where quaver and dale in line convey;
Why they bloom in the radiant brilliance
Of ball-rooms or court —

Behold the red stain on their splendor!
The blood!—yes, the blood that hath flowed
For gem, from hearts true and tender!
These gems! foul abode

Was down 'neath the black, bitter waters
Of Erle's inhospitable and fierce,
Your pearls, O Victoria's daughters!
Are Ireland's tears!

ELEANOR C. HUDDLE.

Literary Miscellany.

Squire Shrimpup's Wife.

A Simple Story, Short and Sweet.

"I will not, and that's all there is of it."

The speaker was quite small and very girlish in appearance. She had a pretty face and the foot that she stamped on the yield ing carpet was fit for an artist's model. There was much of the Chinese mallness about it, without the cramped and bunchy look which compression causes. She was in earnest, and the wide-like lips through which the words of indignant emphasis were shoved that when she drew them into a pout and put her foot down something would have to yield, but not her resolution.

"The idea of marrying that horrid old man!" she exclaimed. "Why, he's old enough to be my father. And he's got a bald head. Ugh! And he has false teeth. Ugh! Ugh!"

And the young girl felt a cold shiver run over her body and escape at the nape of her neck, which made her throw her head back with a sudden jerk, and then she burst into an uncontrolable fit of laughter, which ran through the spacious mansion with the clear tone of a dinner bell.

"Oh, Jessie!" she exclaimed, "to marry Squire Shrimpup! I? Not I!" and then she laughed some more.

She was sitting at a grand square piano, but why she had taken that position did not appear, for the keys had remained untouched, and the stacks of music showed no signs of recent disturbance. The tact is she had intended to indulge her foolishness for instrumental music, but she got to thinking of Squire Shrimpup with his bald head and false teeth, and her purpose had vanished into an exclamation, followed by an unconbrollable fit of laughter. The setting rays of the sun, slowly sinking in the West, fell upon the large window sills of the parlor, and lit up the room with a soft, weird light. Jessie Onslow certainly looked bewitching as she sat upon the piano stool completely absorbed in her own thoughts.

"My dear, what are you thinking about?" Jessie started up. "Oh! how you frightened me, mother. What was I thinking about? What would you give to know, now?"

"Jessie was a great tease. Her mother smiled pleasantly and looked upon her only child with a thoroughly devoted expression and said: "Now, Jessie, how should I know? There are more dreams in the head of a girl 19 years of age than a Shakespeare could gather into reasonable coherence. You mean tease me."

"I'm not going to tease you. But would you really like to know the nature of the particular dream I was playing with when you disturbed me?

"I would, my dear."

"Well, I was dreaming of Squire Shrimpup," said Jessie, with a slow and deliberate emphasis. "He came near proposing to me."

Mrs. Onslow sat down in a chair, and Jessie ran to her assistance. She was much frightened. Her mother had fainted. Jessie rushed for some water, camphor, sulphuric —and in a short time she, with the assistance of two servants had brought the mistress of the house to consciousness. When the two were alone again, Mrs. Onslow said:

"I really believe I have heart trouble. The least thing sends me off into a fainting spell."

"You are not well, mother, and you must be very quiet."

"What did the Squire say, Jessie?

"Oh, he didn't say anything," said Jessie, not desiring to agitate her mother again. "But I want to know. I am all right now. Tell me, love.

"He said he was thinking of getting married again, and that he thought it was time I began to think of doing so, too. He seemed quite in earnest. He said I seemed so near and dear to him, and that he would like to see me happily married. He quite frightened me, because I couldn't think of marrying Squire Shrimpup. It's quite too ridiculous.

"Do you think, Jessie, that Squire Shrimpup intended to make a proposal of marriage to you?"

"I am very sure of it, mother, and he would have done so if I had not turned the conversation.

The tea-bell rang at this stage of the conversation, and mother and daughter left the room together. Jessie was almost convulsed with laughter at the idea of Squire Shrimpup's proposal, but Mrs. Onslow was more reticent and reflective than was usual with her. She was evidently displeased at what Jessie had told her.

"Could Squire Shrimpup have meant to propose to my Jessie" Mrs. Onslow asked herself time and again.

Squire Shrimpup was the great man of Flushing, where everybody spoke of him as "the Squire," but no one could have explained why. He had a flourishing law practice in New York, and made the journey to and from the city every day.

Squire Shrimpup was only 50 years of age, and a mighty well preserved and dignified old gentleman he was. True, he was bald headed, but he was too proud to wear a wig, and had only given way to the weak-ness for false teeth because a man is considered unmatiurate his food, and this cannot be satisfactorily accomplished on the best regulated gums.

Charles Onslow and Thomas Shrimpup had been law partners for a great many years, and when the former died he not only succeeded to the law practice of the late firm, but was made a joint executor with the winder of his partner's sing estate. He had known Jessie since the time she was a little baby, and he entertained a real fatherly affection for her. He had always treated Mrs. Onslow with deferential courtesy. When his own wife had been dead some two years he began to see excellence in Mrs. Onslow which had escaped him before. During the past six months in particular their intercourse had certainly been different from that which characterizes friendship, and he had reached a point where he felt he could declare himself and hope that he would not meet with a refusal. Mrs Onslow was only 40 years of age and of exceedingly reserved and dignified manner.

When Squire Shrimpup called at the Onslow mansion after meeting Jessie, he was surprised and pained at the formal and chilly reception his received. All the warmth and cordiality seemed to have gone out of the house. Mrs Onslow in particular appeared determined to freeze him out. But Squire Shrimpup was too old and too wary a man to permit such a state of things to continue long without being explained.

Later in the evening an opportunity came to disperse the haze that enveloped matters. Jessie betook herself out of the room, as she was accustomed to do, leaving her mother and the Squire to their own devices, and shut in the past, she thought, been agreeable enough.

"My dear Mrs. Onslow," said the Squire, "may I ask for an explanation of the extreme coldness and reserve with which you have received me to-night?

"Mr. Shrimpup, you will please excuse me. I am sure I have no explanation to make to you. A man of your age and position is ashamed to trifle with the affections of a young girl, and that, too, without obtaining the consent of her mother."

Squire Shrimpup looked aghast for a moment, and then, when the truth dawned upon him a huge wave of laughter swept the broad surface of his lobster countenance.

"My dear Mrs. Onslow, it is a mistake, I assure you. I had no intention of trifling dear little Jessie's head. Indeed, I was speaking to her purely in a fatherly way. If she thought I wanted to propose to her I am sure she misunderstood me in a most reprehensible manner. I never thought of such a thing.

Mrs. Onslow made no reply to this general denial that could she say? The Squire had always been very honest and frank in all his dealings with her, and she had cause to regard his word as in some sense law.

The Squire took a seat nearer Mrs. Onslow.

"I told Jessie I was thinking of getting married again. So I am," he said. "But, my dear Mrs. Onslow, and he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, "I was not aware that I was minded to marry me."

There was a moment of intense silence, and Mrs. Onslow blushed a great many pa and original shades of red, for while she had long expected such a result, she had actually did not anticipate it under the existing circumstances.

"You will have to give me time to think it over, Mr. Shrimpup," she said, without any resolution whatever.

"Why think it over, Mrs. Onslow! and he took the hand nearest him and held over it with courtly gallantry.

And the widow relented.

A few days after, Mrs. Onslow picked up courage to tell Jessie the news. She hardly knew how to go about it, especially after the conversation she had with her daughter about the good man, but it had to be done.

"Jessie, dear, I am going to get married again."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young Miss, and her astonishment was perfect. "I didn't know you were thinking of anything of the kind."

"I hadn't been, my dear."

"Why, I suppose, I ought to be pleased, mother. What was changed mind?

"Jessie, Jessie, you mustn't be rude. I am sure you will like him very much. He is going to be Mr. Shrimpup."

"Mr. Shrimpup!" and Jessie went pomplly into a solid form of hysteria. When she had recovered her composure a little she exclaimed, "Well, that will be just too ridiculous!"

But she became reconciled to the match, and even overlooked Squire Shrimpup's hairless head and false teeth.

CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS.

Some of the Distinguished Attendants at the Recent French Congress.

This Congress divides with the national pilgrimage to Rome the attention of the Catholics of France. Your readers are already aware of the object and the scope of this Congress, and I shall accordingly merely say that over one thousand adhesions, among which are those of nearly twenty Cardinals and nearly one hundred Archbishops and Bishops, have been received by the organizing committee, and that, despite the difficulties of the undertaking, there is every prospect of a measure of success such as even the most sanguine of the promoters of the scheme scarcely dared to hope for. From France two members of the Academy, Messrs. Perraud and the Duc de Broglie, several eminent members of the Academy of Sciences, such as the talented Jesuit Father Secchi, and M. Wallaby of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and of the Institute, together with professors from the Catholic universities and seminaries, are now in Paris engaged in the work of the Congress. From Belgium come the illustrious Dumont, Father de Smedt, S. J., the Baron de Gerlache, Governor of the province of Hainaut, Monsieur M. Kurth, the historian, and several professors from Louvain. From Spain are represented by Dr. Orueta, the Rector of Madrid University; Holland by Dr. Cornelis Wenz, the editor of the *Tamid Bode*; Italy by Mgr. Vinati and Mgr. Barberis, editors of the *Roma Thomas*, a philosophical review founded under the auspices of the Pope himself; Commander J. B. de Rossi, of Rome, the historian of the Catacombs, his father, the geologist, unfortunately having been prevented almost at the last moment from attending. Then, not to lengthen the list unnecessarily, the British Isles are represented by Mgr. Vaughan, Father Kelly and Father O'Mahony, of Dublin; Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the son of the famous Dr. Ward of the Oxford movement—the only Oxford don who was publicly defended from his professorial chair because of his religious tendencies—and last, but not least, Father Parkinson, S.J., of Stonyhurst. Mr. Ward has been elected to the Directing Committee as a compliment to the part taken by English-speaking Catholics in the Congress. Even distant America has representatives in the persons of Mgr. O'Reilly and Father Walsh, of Indiana.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Week's Happenings in the World.

—Shasta county mines $70,000.31.

—Pennsylvania flower festival netted $6,000.

—Sonnenfels the necessity of a Vaticanic Council.

—The Squire took a seat nearer Mrs. Onslow.

—Judge Robert C. Kinzo of Butte, M. T., died at Santa Ana, Monday 14th inst.

—Mgr. Satolli's Jubilee Mass commemorating per day for attending Emperor Fred erick.

—White hope show superiority over Chinamen in training hop-vines on poles and strings on the coast.

—Pittsburgers are shipping natural gas in steel cylinders to other cities for illuminating purposes.

—The Atchinson Globe has discovered that since the advent of prohibition, lockpanics have been doing a great business in Kansas.

—The custom for ladies to carry walking sticks is once more becoming fashionable in foreign cities.

—The Vienna journals announce the death of a peasant in Moravia, aged one hundred and forty-two years.

—Montenegro celebrated the proclamation of her first civil code, with prayer, salvoes of artillery and illumination.

—It is now stated that Henry Villard will succeed President of the Oregon Transcontinental Railroad in Adam Fullen will resign.

—Mrs. Mackay, wife of the American millionaire, is quite ill at her residence in London. She suffers from a severe attack of neuralgia.

—It is understood at Washington that Secretary Bayard is engaged in negotiating a treaty with Russia, providing for the extradition of train-robbers.

—The demand in the London market for Easter lilies has caused a London lady by growing has become a great industry in Bermuda.

—Several London female vocalists have agreed to sing "Sweet Jesus" dreams in concert-rooms and in private singing engagements, in order to have fewer calls.

—The Australian Colonies are determined that immigration of Chinese to their shores must stop, or else they will not contribute a farthing to the Chinese Exclusion Bill.

—There have been many arrests of incendiaries in Germany, charged with circulating incendiary pamphlets among thousands of strikers.

—There were two fatal cases of small pox at New Haven last week, and a third case was discovered. The health officer hopes to prevent it from spreading.

—The Fond du Lac Commonwealth claims that if Wisconsin is to have an Arbor day, and it is, Wisconsin people are the boys out long trees to think of planting them.

—A bill is to be brought forward in the French Chamber to prohibit duels, particularly girls under sixteen years of age from appearing in perf-ormances on the stage.

—The Barcelona, Spain, cathedral was opened last week with magnificent ceremonies yesterday. The infant Princess of the Asturias, with a splendid retinue, were present.

—The British War Office has issued orders for new guns to be mounted on the coast defenses of England, and the speedy manufacture of two magazine rifles for the army.

—At last England is about to be asked from the Sultan of Turkey a firman for the ending of slavery. A New Yorker is about to ex-plore Spain as a representative of London on the business principles of America.

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—Catholicity is flourishing in Colorado. The churches are numerous, still their number is constantly increasing. The Jesuit college is fast approaching completion, the little Sisters of the Poor will come, a free hospital will be established, and four of the sick

—Some charitable women at New York are trying to establish a "Spectacle Mission." Poor people who have lost their sight in the eyes, will have spectacles carefully adapted to their needs, free of charge.

—An attempt will be made at Montreal, Ia., has spoken up some queer things, among them being lumps of coal, the tusks and scales of fish, clear amber colored rocks and lots of wood.

—Already they are talking about next year's crop of Easter lilies. It is early, but they are evidently anticipating it with much pleasure, according to present indications, the structure is to be of marble.

—Philadelphia's latest project in commercial enterprise is that of bottling water for medicinal purposes and chemical tests.

—Mr. Ruskin's last work, and after specimen of diseased fields and made very clear the point that weeds will grow many cared without the knowledge or assistance of the farmer, and that, with gracious self-confidence he remarked "I can do without farmers." Perhaps you the healthy water of a strong well tries.

He applies the test:

"Gentlemen, I have made a terrible discovery, for proof. I myself have drunk the English water."

In less than a year this specialist of the public health service of the Catholic Church, we are to be the victim of a blessed death. Why do we say so going?

"No," replied Mr. Allen: "I must spend next evening at home.

"Better go," urged Mr. O'Neil. "They're nothing good sellers. Let me see if I've got a dollar. Fifty, seventy-five, eighty-five—

Mr. Allen had also begun to feel in his pockets, and he supplemented Mr. O'Neil's efforts by saying: "If you've got eighty-five cents we can make the dollar.

So the two members started off to hear the Bishops without any intention beyond being entertained. The subject of the double lecture, as the Congressmen found out after taking their seats, was temperance. The gifted prelates handled it with rare ability. By the time Bishop Ireland was through, the audience, largely made up of church people, was on fire.

Then Bishop Keane came forward, and his utterances further excited the listeners. As he concluded his impassioned appeal he called on all to take the pledge of total abstinence for one year. Two-thirds of the crowd crowd arose without a moment's delay.

Then the more thoughtful began to get up one after another. Bishop Keane kept on talking, striking sparks from his cerebral fire, and with every sentence. Pretty soon there were scarcely half a dozen people left sitting. Two of the others were the two Congressmen. Under the lively exhortations of the Bishop the situation began to grow embarrassing to those who were holding out. Mr. Allen looked at Mr. O'Neil and Mr. O'Neil looked at Mr. Allen. Mr. O'Neil looked back appealingly and shifted uneasily in his seat. Mr. Allen straightened up as if about to get on his feet, and Mr. O'Neil dropped his head. Mr. Allen looked back when he saw Mr. Allen hadn't risen. After two or three false starts, which Mr. O'Neil duplicated, Mr. Allen, with a look of determination, took his place among the fallen. Mr. O'Neil followed.

The good Bishop uttered some congratulatory remarks and continued his lecture to be true in the good results they had taken.

The two Congressmen, after they got to the stand, took another pledge, and thus gave a fine example of bravery so to the by they had been caught.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

—Foul motion resolutions and science sent to the publication must be paid for in advance. Bills of the Wm. Cook's a fine Wood right wooden's for.

AUSTRALASIAN NOTES.

Excerpts from Our Antipodean Contemporaries.

A new church was recently started at Temo, near Sydney.

Cardinal Moran left Sydney for Rome on the 8th inst.

Cardinal Moran recently had the consecration of St Mark's new church at Marrickville, on the Parramatta river.

The foundation stone of the Benedictine monastery and Orphanage, at Liverpool Sydney, was laid on the 7th ult.

—A Catholic mailing room was opened at Sydney on the 4th ult. To the library and reading room are attached other conveniences for recreation and various games, and it is to form a home for lonely, concerts or other entertainments are given.

—The claim made by Sir John Robertson at the banquet in the Sydney Town Hall on St Patrick's Day as to the nationality of St Patrick was contradicted, though not openly, at the banquet of the Shamrock Club on the following Monday by the Very Rev Father Henneberl, S. M., who declared that the Saint was a Frenchman, and being like himself a Celt, might claim to be an Irishman as well, as he himself did Father Henneberl, who is a native of Lorraine of an Irishman, to make a very patriotic speech, in which, among other things, he declared that when Irishmen met as such, their meetings were and should be cordial. An Irishman, he said, was no longer an Irishman, but was rather to be a Nationalist and a patriot. He recommended the adoption of patriotism both Irish and Australian, and then a decided toast should be drunk in honor of the Australian National party.

—The Sydney Bulletin of the 3rd ult. said:

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE ARCHDIOCESE

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1888.

Some Wesleyan Whoppers from Walnut Creek!

Our attention has been called to a letter published recently in the Oakland *Tribune*, over the signature of A. Holbrook, and issued from the classic regions of Walnut Creek, Contra Costa County. The gentleman who contained this specimen of polemical patch-work is, we presume, a Methodist preacher, and he sends forth the curious literary combination as a sample of Father Gleeson's article published in the MONITOR of the 2nd inst. But, by one of those tricks so peculiar to Methodist parsons, Mr. Holbrook purposely avoids meeting a single objection set up by Father Gleeson! Father Gleeson demanded *proof* from the Methodist preachers whom he quivered, for several of their charges against the Catholic Church, but he sought as well and thoroughly to wrap, as to ask Methodist preachers to give any respectable authority for a single calumny which they are constantly hurling against the character of the Bride of Christ.

Our long experience in defending the Catholic Church against assaults of Mr. Holbrook's calibre, places us in the position to say, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Holbrook is a plagiarist of the worst type, as, in his letter to the Oakland *Tribune*, he has strung together a lot of nasty old calumnies which originated over thirty years ago in the brain of a fanatical firebrand in Boston, and which have been rehashed a thousand times since as the exploded productions of a Scotch plagiarist. Methodist parsons as Mr. Holbrook: From "*Romanism in America*," by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, and issued in 1855, Mr. Holbrook stole many slanders which he hurls at the Church of God. Every calumny he cites has long since resolved into dust under the trenchant pen of that powerful Catholic controversialist, Orestes A. Brownson, who so aptly and so thoroughly gave to the vile book in which the satanic writer first set forth the calumnies Mr. Holbrook exhibits as the result of his own research, than Brownson buried the palpable informal inventions beneath the weight of his truthful testimony, aided by his learned and logical mind.

It is in this way that Methodist preachers purloin the pestiferous literary putridity of the past in order to garnish their daring falsehoods in the present day. Yet this is only natural, as Methodism, being a system of religious novelty, is entirely to the Catholic Church in consistent in its calumniating influence, and the conduct of its preachers in manufacturing and circulating falsehoods of a century ago shows how shallow brained these sectarian slanderers are, and how they prostitute their talents when their sinful fanaticism:

The second source from whence Mr. Holbrook drew his inspiration, we trace to a dirty, disreputable Orange hebdomadal, issued in Washington City, and styled the *American Protestant*, in every issue of which may be found nearly all the calumnies which Mr. Holbrook injects into his scissors-and-paste-pot production so his own.

When Methodist preachers resort to such disreputable "dodges" in order to defame the faith of their Catholic neighbors, every intelligent citizen—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—will easily understand the weakness of Wesleyanism in its efforts to saddle its home-made slanders upon the Catholic Church.

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The *Shepherd of the Valley*, the sickly journal of the Bishop of St. Louis November 21 1868, says: "If Catholics ever gain a sufficient numerical majority in this country, religious freedom is at an end."

In refuting this weather-beaten Wesleyan falsehood, it is well to call the attention of non-Catholics to the well-known fact that when the first Protestants dared to name fictitious bibles for themselves, they purposely corrupted the correct text handed down from Apostolic days and carefully preserved pure and undefiled by the guardians of God's Word in the Catholic Church. Under the manipulation of Luther and other creaders for sectarian schools, books of the *genuine* Bible were omitted from the Protestant version, some texts had their heads cut off, other texts were cut asunder in the middle, and some of them so transformed as to be made to mean almost the opposite from what Almighty God intended! These are positive facts!

The descendants of these drillers and dissecters of the Sacred Scriptures naturally learned the cunning lesson taught them by their predecessors in Protestant practices, and so, when the editor of the *Shepherd of the Valley* printed this paragraph in his paper:

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When found on fanaticism become noisier, there is no limit to the lies they manufacture. Malice in a Methodist preacher's heart turns to ashes a pandemonium of passion, wherein the Father of Lies sits in judgment upon the Church established by Christ, and in this way the Holbrooks of heresy try to heaping their poor impotent malice against the Catholic Church, they use a lot of stale lies invented by Luther, and printing as their own a lot of rubbish which has formed the pabulum of hate a century ago, shows how shallow brained these sectarian slanderers are, and how they prostitute their talents when their sinful fanaticism:

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WHIPPER NUMBER THREE.

The next flagrant falsehood which we find Mr. Holbrook has filched from the columns of the impious book and the unclean paper we have mentioned, is this:

"If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed they will fall by the hands of the Catholic clergy."—*General Lafayette.*

No doubt it will astonish non-Catholics to know that Lafayette expresses exactly the contrary opinion to that cited in Mr. Holbrook's letter! The paragraph above has been surreptitiously extracted from a letter written by Lafayette when in Paris, to a friend in New York. The correspondence took place in 1829, shortly after the illustrious Catholic Freeboaster returned to his visit to this country. Here are the sentences in *full* from which the foregoing falsehood was fabricated:

"I cannot but admire your noble sentiments of devotion and attachment to your country and its institutions. But I must be permitted to assure you that the fears which in your patriotic zeal you seem to entertain,—that if ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed, it will be by Roman priests,—are entirely without any shadow of foundation whatever." (!!!)

Here we see the clever "father of Satan" again! Lafayette, as Mr. Holbrook has it, said that American liberty would be destroyed by Catholic priests, while Lafayette actually said that there was no danger whatever of such a calamity ever occurring! How careless it was of Mr. Holbrook to misquote such slanderous falsehoods from out the ill-smelling foam of anti-Catholic corruption which lodges down the pages of *Romanism in America* and the columns of the Orange organ yclept the *American Protestant*! But it is a singular fact that the anti-Catholic information possessed by all Protestant preachers is part of the old junk of dead-and-gone Knownothing days, and when the preachers of the present day attempt to show their intellectual prowess and research, they just re-hash the rotten rubbish of fifty years ago, and parade it out to the public as the freshest and most potent arguments against the Catholic Church!

For the information of those non-Catholics whom Mr. Holbrook has tried to bamboozle by means of his second-hand stolen slanders, we will append the closing words of Lafayette on this subject, as a pair of fire-brand fulminations from ranking Methodist ministers of themselves by pasting this transparent falsehood into the columns of some newspaper will be forced to a sense of giving additional weight to the justice of his opinion concerning the Catholic priests of America, and their fidelity to the principles of the American Republic, General Lafayette said:

"An intimate acquaintance of more than half a century with the priesthood and Catholic priests and members of that Church both in England and America, warrants me in assuring you that no such danger need be apprehended from the Catholic clergy in this country. The danger is your Republican institutions from that quarter."

There, Mr. Holbrook! What do you think of the criminal falsehood you tried to saddle on Lafayette? Evidently you imagined *Romanism in America* and the *American Protestant* to be inspired sources of information for anti-Catholic Orangemen and Methodist preachers. But no doubt your present experience will prevent your future pracy from that patrol source of Protestant "proof" against other principles or private of the Catholic Church in America.

WHIPPER NUMBER FOUR.

Pope Pius IX. extols his allegiance of September, 1851: "That he had taken that priests to be his. That the Catholic religion, with all its rights, ought to be exclusively dominant in such sort that every other worship shall be banished and tolerated."

Like all the other slanders which Mr. Holbrook hombugged the people of Oakland into paying, the above charge is utterly false, and we offer Mr. Holbrook or any other Methodist who desires to earn the reward of "one hundred dollars in Turkish or silver Englishe issued by Pius IX. in September, 1851, containing any such sentiment. These people who bring such charges against the Catholic Church, should always remember that Catholics keep in their vocabulary and dictionary the Ancient Orgies of all Encyclicals issued by the Popes, so, as we our misguided Methodist brethren useless trouble, we will inform them that Pope Pius IX., nor any other Pontiff, ever did use or could use the barbarously unpronounceable jabberish which Mr. Holbrook copied. The vile concoction is nothing but a badly-boughed *forgery* for the purpose of fraudulently deceiving the hopes of Methodist preachers who prefer those things from the rotten garbage heaps of the miscreants who originally manufactured them.

WHIPPER NUMBER FIVE.

"Undoubtedly, says *Romanism Rome*, 1854, "it is the intention of the Pope to place this country. In this intention he is aided by the Jesuits, who are now in the United States, and by the Propaganda, which is the Jesuits' Office for Foreign Parts." "It will be a great day for the Jesuits, if the order can, when, under the Stars and Stripes, establish, on school system, that is to be established in this country."

When Mr. Holbrook sent the foregoing two sentences from the scrap literature of Knownothing and Orange dealers (like Mr. Holbrook set, he tried to impress his readers with the idea that he had quoted from the original Catholic papers, Papal documents, magazines, etc., wherein he found every word he produced. For this reason he added these words to "*Forbearance to quote Romanism*" in the above sentences I will calculation [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Farm and Home.

Housekeepers' Notes.

—Table linen should always be hemmed by hand. Not only do they look more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after the hand-hemmed, as the machine sewing.

—Startling white "tidies" are not now scattered over chairs and sofas, as on so many bushes, or as if you were hanging out the wash to dry.

—Pungent are no longer much in demand and are a dead stock on the hands of the dealer in elegant household fixtures. Oak is the very latest rage. Desks, chairs, brackets, bedsteads, almost everything, is fast, are made of it, and it is the most fashionable of all the woods.

—Brass, copper or wrought iron nails are used in rows to fasten heavy wall coverings which will not easily retain their place if pasted. Nail effects are used very generally, and where needed they are useful and ornamental.

—Lincrusta Walton is used to fit up the edges of book-shelves or shoe-shelves in a bedroom. It is applied in a narrow band to plain pine shelves, and takes the same kind of stain—cherry, red wood or butternut—that the pine will take, resembling delicately carved wood.

—Yellow is prominent for all decorative touches. Wall papers, however dark in tone, have dashes of yellow, and in the extremely fashionable papers this color is shown throughout, if not in solid tones or precise dashes, it underlines the pink, blue or maize to such an extent that it shines out through the whole arrangement.

—Little bags for holding dust cloths are now made so pretty that one of them would be an ornament in everyone's room in the house, even in a corner of the parlor. They are made of crary material, from plush to pretty cretonne, with a flap to cover the pocket, which is ornamented with balls, and drawn through a large brass ring, by which the bag is hung up.

—Young housekeepers, who nowadays excel in their art, provide their housemaids with aprons, sweeping caps, dusters and dusting-sheets, all made of the same pattern of gingham or calico. This often is exceedingly good, and housework becomes pleasanter in say the least, with these inexpensive accessories.

Diphtheria can be Cured.

A priest who has had and opportunities of witnessing the ravages of diphtheria requests us do publish and give as much prominence as possible to the fact that so dread disease can be cured. He inclosed a slip from a Victoria paper, in which a correspondent says:

"Should you or any of your family be attacked with diphtheria, do not be alarmed, as it is easily and speedily cured with a gargle. When it was raging in 'Gasland a few years ago I accompanied Dr. Fields on his rounds to witness the so called "wonderful cures" he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides.

The remedy to be so rapid must be simple. All he took with him was powder of sulphur and a gimlet, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a tablespoonful of flour of brimstone into a wine-glass of water, and stirred it with his finger, instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommends the swallowing of it.

"In extreme cases in which he had been called just in the sick chamber, when the fungus is too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blows the sulphur through a gill into the throat, and when the fungus had sunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He has never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live owl, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonfuly or two of flour brimstone at a time upon it, let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head above it and the lungs will do. If plentifully used, the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation, the patient can wait about, inhaling the fumes, with doors and windows shut. This mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured measles attacks of cold in the head, chest, etc., at any time, and is recommended in cases of consumption and asthma."

The Glory of Woman in her Hair.

Young girls of the present day complain by destroy their hair by crimping it with irons, and twisting it up tightly with thick, hard hair pins. This treatment may make the hair look pretty for the time being, but no thought is given to the ultimate result and the appearance it will present a year hence. The hair should be well brushed every night and morning with a moderately hard brush—brushes made with wire, and stiff-bristled bristles are the best—and on retiring to rest the hair should be drawn back lightly over the ears, plaited in one long plait, and allowed to hang down the back; it should not be fastened up with hair-pins, nor should any cap or covering be worn on the hair. This method makes the hair fine and glossy without the aid of oils or pomades, which are best avoided. The lower tier and hair pins used in dressing the hair the better, and twisted hair pins are injurious. It is not well to continue the same style of dressing the hair for two years in period, as it will become thin in some places; a change is a relief to the head, and wherever advisable. Cutting the hair occasionally is necessary, and should not be neglected.—*Herald of Health.*

How to Cut a Bottle.

The Boston *Journal of Commerce* tells how to cut a bottle: "Put the bottle on a level foundation and fill up with oil as far as you wish the line of separation to be. Next get a rod of iron as large as possible, but small enough to go into the mouth of the bottle. Make the iron almost white hot and dip it into the oil. In a very short time the sound of a crack will be heard, when the iron may be taken out, and the bottle will be found so neatly cut as with a diamond. Should the bottle be very thick and the sound of the crack not heard in a minute or so, a dash of cold water on the outside will settle the business.

Cure for "Ring-Bound."

At the first sign of a ring-round take a cupful of wood ashes, put in a pan with a quart of cold water, put the pan on the stove, put your finger in the pan, keep it there until the water begins to boil or as long as it can be borne. Repeat once or twice if necessary.

Burns and Scalds.

For a burn or scald, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the skin.

A Stopper for Rats.

A correspondent says: Soak one or more newspapers, bind them into a pulp, dip the pulp into a suitable solution of caustic acid. While wet, force the pulp into any crevice or hole made by rats or mice. Rat soft—a disgusted retreat, with sore mouths and feet, on the part of the world he intenders. *Professum est.*

Family Fun.

Pungent Paragraphs.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a Lynn teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, ma'm!" replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat.

Judge—"Madam, what is your age?" Shee—"Your honor, I leave that to the mercy of the court."

A little boy and girl were playing together, when the boy put a match in his mouth. "Oh, don't swallow it!" screamed Mary. "It'll scratch on your bones and go off."

Little Mabel was sitting next to a very thin, small man in the horse-car. She leaned over to her mother and whispered: "Mamma, I guess God must have made that man on a rainy day." "What makes you think so, dear?" "Cause he doesn't look as if there was much dust handy."

Mrs Dompsey—"John did you mail that letter I gave you last week?"

Mr. Dompsey (greatly confused)—"My dear, I—I will to tell the truth, I forgot it."

Mrs. Dompsey (overjoyed)—"How glad I am! Simon Tweale, Mrs. Tiesling has been divorced from her third husband, and I devoted three pounds sterling to congratulating her on her marriage!"

Society Dame—Who is that young man who is so attentive to you now?

Great Belle—He is a poet.

"Mercy on us! And do you, the proud daughter of a hundred millionaires, propose to throw yourself away on a poor, miserable starveling of a poet?"

"Oh! he isn't that kind of a poet. He writes soap advertisements."

"My own, own daughter, after all. Ask him to dinner."

Papa's Peculiar Changes.

"The first baby when she needs her first new shoes hears this from her proud and happy father:

"And does t want some little shoe one for its little foot nose? Wall, papa shall get it all the shoe-nuss it wants, so he shall.

When the order for the second pair shows he seems a little surprised and says:

"What! Hes papa little girl wore out its pretty new shoes so soon? She is a little rogue, so she is, to kick out her shoes so.

Before the child is a month older her toes are to be seen through her third pair of shoes.

"What!" cries papa when he is informed of the fact. "Wall, I'd just like to know how in thunderation that youngster kicks out her shoes so fast. She wears out more shoes than I do. She'd break up a bank president at this rate.

When the fifth pair is needed, Papa observes:

"Wall, if this don't beat everything. I'd like to know if I've got to get that young man a pair of shoes every day of his life? I'm tired to death of this thing, Clara. If she wants another pair this month she can take the pennies out of her bank and buy 'em. I won't."

Poor Papa.

Driving a Bargain.

The ineptitude of the female mind (in rare instances, we mean) to take a comprehensive view of a business transaction is marvellous. At a dry-goods store in Lecanty recently a woman called for some scrap of something, which we will not attempt to describe because we could not. She was told that the piece, containing two yards, would cost her 30 cents. Then the following conversation took place:

Customer—"Oh, I don't want a whole piece, how much is it by the yard?"

Saleswoman—"Why, have to charge 5 cents a yard when we cut it."

D.—"Five cents! Well, I guess seven yards will be enough.

Here the stuff is measured.

S.—"Thirty-five cents, please."

C.—"How much is thirty-five?"

S.—"Three yards."

C (presumably mentally reckoning that ten times five are fifty)—"How much for the whole ten yards?

S. (dazedly, but with an eye to business)—"Oh, you could have the ten yards for 50 cents."

C.—"Very well. I guess I'll take ten yards." (Plunks down 45 cents and departs satisfied.

Why She was Dressed.

Husband—"What are you rigged out for now?"

Wife—"I'm going shopping and want to be treated with respect."

"Humph! Go shopping in all that finery and you'll be charged three prices for every cent's use."

"I can't intend to buy anything to-day. I wear my old clothes when I buy."

A Heart-Breaking Discovery.

Anxious Father—Why, what's the matt ter?

Little Son—Ma and Dick was playin' as was Abe Lincoln and splittin' rails, an' was we got that big board all chopped up nuseus came out an' took it in for kindlin'.

"But you didn't want the wood, did you?"

"N-no."

Then what are you crying for?

"I'm just frazed out!—I ain't been playin'. I'd've been workin'—boo, hoo!

Not Married.

A Congressman dead against woman's rights was talking to a delegate to the International Council of Women.

"Why," he said "you women can't be men, you can't vote, and you can't fight."

"Can't fight! ma's ma!" she said with a cold glare in her eye. "You are a bachelor, aren't you?"

He was.

A Sensible Move.

Passenger (to stranger)—"Minister of the Gospel, I imagine, Sir?"

Stranger—"Yes Sir. I have been a minister of the Gospel for forty-two years, but I expect to retire soon."

Passenger—"Ah, that is a very sensible move, sir. I think when a man has made enough money in his business he ought to get out of it and enjoy himself.

The Installment Plan.

"Yes sir he committed suicide on the installment plan. How's that?"

"He moved from Chicago to New York, then to Cincinnati, then to St. Louis, when he took to beer, then whiskey, next to a 5-cent eating house for his meals, and finally bought a cigarette smoker. What else can you call it?"

Women's Way.

She—"Yes, dear Henry and I have made all arrangements, and we are to be married next month."

Another She (who had designs on him herself)—"I do so wish you will be happy, dear. But how did you ever manage to encourage enough to ask him."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, it Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, it Purifies and Invigorates the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, it acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, it Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

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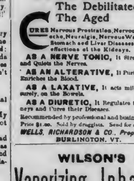

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RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1886, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Trains will leave and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.	DESTINATION.	Arrive in S. F.
9:00 A.M.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa	10:50 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa	10:50 A.M.
3:30 P.M.	Cloverdale and Way Stations	10:50 A.M.
7:00 P.M.	Cloverdale	8:20 A.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mathesonville, Mark West Springs, Hot Springs, Glen Ellen, Kenwood, and at Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Ukiah, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Tuleyo, Tiger Springs, Bunker Hill, Mendocino City and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma $1 50; to Santa Rosa $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Guerneville $5 00.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Antonio Station, 9:00, 11:00 A.M., 3:30, 5:00, 6:00, 6:30, 8:00 P.M. Sundays, 9:00, 9:30, 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 6:30 P.M., 8:00 P.M.

From Tiburon for San Antonio and S. F. Week Days: 6:30 A.M., 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 1:00, 3:00, 4:30, 5:00, 6:00, 6:30, 8:00, 10:00 P.M. Sundays, 8:00, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 11:00 A.M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:30, 5:00, 6:00, 6:30, 8:00, 10:00 P.M.

From San Antonio for S. F. Week Days: 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A.M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:30, 5:00, 6:00, 6:30, 8:00, 10:00 P.M. Sundays, 8:00, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 11:00 A.M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:30, 5:00, 6:00, 6:30, 8:00, 10:00 P.M.

Tickets to San Francisco from Tiburon and San Antonio: Single Fare, 10 cts. Commutation Tickets, 2 for 25 cts. Family Tickets to Tiburon, $2 00; to Sausalito, $2 50.

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CITIES JAMES M. DONAHUE LEAVES SAN Francisco and Sonoma every Sunday at 8 A.M. 4.30 P.M. Sunday (Sundays excepted) from Wednesday, Sonoma, Glen Ellen and Kenwood. Stopping at Glen Ellen and Wig Toledo. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:00 A.M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.15 A.M. Sundays only, from Washington street near Wharf for the Town of Sonoma, Glen Ellen and way points. Returning leaves Sonoma at 4.30 P.M. Round Trip Tickets to Sonoma, $1 50; to Glen Ellen, $1 00.

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GAINED 1st PREMIUM for greatest Variety of Pianos in Competition, and at Centennial, Whitney's Pianos have received the highest commendation from all who have purchased, from each of the Match Trust Pianos, from each of the Match Trust Pianos, from Pianists and Dealers, for Tone, Touch, Durability, and Elegant Finish, combining the latest improvements, and warranted for 5 years. Pianos to Rent, $3 per month. Pianos Tuned, $1 50. Second-hand Pianos, $125 to $175. Pianos on Easy Payments, $10 per month. Pianos Boxed, Cartaged and Insured, 50 cts. Sheet Music, Books, Dolls, Musical Boxes, Violins, Guitars, Accordeons, Flutes, Fifes, Drums, Cornets, Fife and Drum Music, Sewing Machines, Needles, Oil and Parts for all Machines. Illustrated Catalogue free. Pianos Exchanged, Rented, Tuned, Repaired and Polished. Sole Agent for Celebrated Weber Pianos. Agent for Steinway Pianos. Agent for Decker Bros. Pianos. Agent for Ivers & Pond Pianos. Agent for Sohmer Pianos. Agent for Knabe Pianos. Agent for Mason & Hamlin Organs. Agent for Estey Organs. Agent for Smith American Organs. Agent for Shoninger Organs. Agent for Ludden & Bates Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga. Agent for Peter Gideon, New Orleans, La. Agent for Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Paper Dealers. Agent for Pacific Coast Musical Review. Agent for Pacific Coast Musical Review. Agent for Pacific Coast Musical Review

ORPHAN ASYLUM FIRE.

St. Vincent's and San Rafael Narrowly Escapes Entire Destruction.

SAN RAFAEL, May 19th.—This morning a telephone message was received from Father Bastian, stating that a fire had broken out in the Orphan Asylum, stating that it is hard to tell where it started in the Asylum at 10 a. m., adding that the San Rafael Fire Department had been sent for by telephone. The message was promptly answered by the Fire Department of this place. When the Asylum was reached it was found that the old shed, recreation parlors and dormitories, situated in the northwest portion of the recreation grounds, were on fire in many places. Assistance in the vicinity of the Asylum had already gone to the rescue, but owing to the lack of water, and saving no ladders, were unable to combat the flames with any great success.

Chief Moreland on his arrival directed that a stream from the Fire Department be started to save the main buildings, in which were situated the dormitories, schoolrooms, bakery and dining-rooms, which owing to the constant changes of the wind, were in danger of being ignited. The water supply was found very inadequate for an institution of its size, and it was some time after the Fire Department arrived, before the steam pumps were in working order. The increased volume of water directed on the buildings adjoining the fire made a marked change in the progress, and after two and one-half hours of hard work they were pronounced safe. Our correspondent visited the scene of the fire on Sunday. During the progress of the fire, a panic was started in the upper end of the yard, where 500 boys were collected. Father Bleishart saw that he could do no way control them, and he ordered that the front gate be thrown open. The gates were opened and the inmates rushed forth like a flock of frightened sheep. They scattered over the surrounding country, traveling in all directions. After the boys had been pressed out of danger a survey was made of the grounds, and it was found that over 300 feet of the main building were a total loss, only the chimney of the kitchen remaining to show the place where the kitchen was located on Sunday. The boys were fed at noon, and provision made for lunch, and it was found that over 300 failed to answer to their names.

From reliable sources the information was received that the fire was incendiary. One week ago, John Ward, Tom Sullivan, John Kelly and Joe Donahue, a blind boy, made an attempt to escape, which was frustrated by some of the teachers in charge. It is supposed that, owing to their capture, they had planned this scheme to escape. The incendiaries had dug a hole in the soft ground outside the parlors and placed a quantity of dried twigs and straw under the building, which they ignited this morning, with the above results.

The loss on buildings and material destroyed is estimated at $10,000, partly covered by insurance.

The boys who escaped are being taken in charge as fast as they arrive in San Rafael, and already about 100 have been brought in by officer Donahue referred depot, awaiting transportation to the Asylum.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Nominations Made at Los Angeles.

For Congress—First District, Thomas C. Thompson of Sonoma; Second District, Marion Biggs, of Butte; Fourth District, Joseph Leake of San Francisco; Fifth District, James P. Coghlan of San Francisco; Sixth District, Joseph Rosborough, of Tuolumne; Seventh District, Thomas Bishop, of Tuolumne; Eighth District, Thomas Flint, of Los Angeles county; Alternate, A. T. Vaplaing of San Joaquin; Ninth District, Thomas Bishop, of Tuolumne; Alternate, E. S. Leake of Sacramento; Twelfth District, F. J. Murphy of San Francisco; Alternate, P. F. Dunne of San Francisco; Fifth District, Joseph Rosborough, of Tuolumne; Sixth District, Joseph Nugent of San Francisco; Ninth District, Brown Wardell of San Francisco; Alternate, S. B. Hayes of Santa Barbara.

For delegates to the Democratic National Convention: At large—Supreme Judge Sanford, of Los Angeles; Alternate, Judge Ames, of Alameda. By districts—First District—James P. Coghlan, of San Francisco; Alternate, Thomas Taylor of Shasta. First District—James F. Murphy of San Francisco; Second District—Second District—J. A. Pillsbury of Placer County; Alternate, Charles Gildersleeve, of Los Angeles; Second District—J. Pfister of Placer County; Third District—Alternate, Thomas Taylor, of Shasta; Fourth District—J. Leake of San Francisco; Alternate, E. G. Bonnifant of Sonoma; Fifth District—Joseph Clark of Tuolumne; Alternate, E. S. Leake of Sacramento; Sixth District—Joseph Nugent of San Francisco; Alternate, E. McCartney of Solano and E. G. Adams of Yolo; Fourth District—Joseph Clark and Edward Curtis of San Francisco; alternate, Samuel Newman and Samuel Brown; Fifth District—C. T. Bridgeford of Santa Clara and Mendo Sonnenia of San Francisco; alternate, Max Fotts of Santa Clara and C. T. Bridgeford; Sixth District—Will Wright of Tulare; alternate, Joseph Nutt of Kings; Ninth District—Brown Wardell of San Francisco; alternate, S. B. Hayes of Santa Barbara.

For delegates to the Democratic Congressional Convention: At large—Supreme Judge Sanford, of Los Angeles; Alternate, Judge of Alameda. By districts—First District—James P. Coghlan, of San Francisco; Alternate, Thomas Taylor of Shasta. First District—James F. Murphy of San Francisco; Second District—Second District—J. A. Pillsbury of Placer County; Alternate, Charles Gildersleeve, of Los Angeles; Second District—J. Pfister of Placer County; Third District—Alternate, Thomas Taylor, of Shasta; Fourth District—J. Leake of San Francisco; Alternate, E. G. Bonnifant of Sonoma; Fifth District—Joseph Clark of Tuolumne; Alternate, E. S. Leake of Sacramento; Sixth District—Joseph Nugent of San Francisco; Alternate, E. McCartney of Solano and E. G. Adams of Yolo; Fourth District—Joseph Clark and Edward Curtis of San Francisco; alternate, Samuel Newman and Samuel Brown; Fifth District—C. T. Bridgeford of Santa Clara and Mendo Sonnenia of San Francisco; alternate, Max Fotts of Santa Clara and C. T. Bridgeford; Sixth District—Will Wright of Tulare; alternate, Joseph Nutt of Kings; Ninth District—Brown Wardell of San Francisco; alternate, S. B. Hayes of Santa Barbara.

ALL OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Closing Exercises of Various Institutions

—Sacred Heart Novitiate, closing exercises May 31st at Mount St. Joseph's Hall.

—Notre Dame College, San Jose, Commencement exercises, June 5th at 9 a. m.

—St. Peter's Parochial School for Boys, May 27th.

—Sacred Heart Convent, Uhlich, Tuesday evening, June 5th.

—St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Commencement Exercises, Tuesday afternoon, June 5th, at Uhlich Theater.

—St. Joseph's Institute, West Oakland, closing exercises, on Friday, the 25th inst. at 2:30 P. M.

—St. Patrick's parochial school for boys, West Oakland, closing exercises on Monday the 28th inst.

—The commencement exercises of Our Lady of Angels Academy, Santa Clara, will take place on Wednesday, June 6th, at 9 P. M.

—Academy of the Sacred Heart, Oakland, commencement exercises on Wednesday, June 6th, at 1:30 o'clock, P. M.

—St. Joseph's Grammar School, corner Tenth and Howard streets, in charge of the Brothers of Mary, Commencement will be held next week, at 8 o'clock, May 31st.

—St. Mary's College, annual examinations, May 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 28th and 30th; Commencement exercises, June 4th, at Grand Opera House, Mission street.

CHEAP BUILDINGS.

Help to Solve the Problem of Homes.

How to have a home of his own is the problem that millions in this and past ages have been vainly trying to solve. Then we hear the great cities in the very last hitherto have the great control over the people, at least of those in general and will be the only demand indispensable. Many have tried to solve the problem and to suite themselves, desirable and happy. Another those who have labored in this direction, John F. Clark has been one of the most successful. Many say that is house building the wonder age has been exceeded by that of iron and stone; but in this city, at least, the wooden age still shows its hold for one, in the commercial sections of San Francisco, of wood, stone, brick and iron necessarily hold away; but outside of that some of the most beautiful homes in the world rear up as the result of the efforts of the architects.

Mr. Clark has established his experience in some of the best building architectural ideas on a scale that has had all the practical knowledge and experience of thirty years from such adverse opinions, extending over a period of eighteen years. In almost every town or city in the State he has had charge of work, and his name is identified with the best of the best buildings, both public and private, in California, and we are pleased to present his name to our readers and the public generally. At present Mr. Clark is actively engaged in the erection of a large residence in the Mission—namely, the new St. Mary's College, Oakland, the new residence in Oak County, and also San Francisco.

The Clark cottage is entirely worthy of attention in a new departure initiated by the proprietor in a new departure initiated by him for the purpose of propagating plans and estimates for the erection of dwellings and villa residences in and about the vicinity of moderate means. He aims, a laudable one, to ward off by careful drawings and composition of outlay, elegance in design, and every possible economy, ease in interior arrangement.

Mr. Clark is a young man, and energetic and capable, as already proved by his work. Persons desiring to see the cottage can call at his residence, Oak and Fillmore streets, or at his office, 1 Montgomery Block, and see the plans and estimates. Mr. Clark's building, corner of Powell and Eddy streets, opposite the Baldwin Hotel, where he has a lot, is to be let out lately. In view of the increase of our population in California, he has opened an office at Room 20 and 27 Bush, near Bush, Broadway, between 9th and 10th streets, Oakland.

—The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union of the United States will be held on June 6th and 7th at Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh

At Lurgan, on April 24th, at an adjournment of petty sessions, presided over by Mr. Lindsay, Resident Magistrate, the following named persons of the recent riot at Lurgan station at Derrygold, on Easter Tuesday, when a number of Orangemen were attacked and beaten, Wm. Richardson was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, Robert Lindsay and James Clapham were fined 20s. or 14 days' imprisonment.

Cavan

The new and handsome Catholic Church at Cootehill is now nearly completed, and the dedication of the sacred edifice is fixed for Sunday, the 30th of September next. The preacher on the occasion will be the patriot Bishop of Meath, the Most Rev. Dr. Dudley, and a large attendance of clergy is assured. It need scarcely be added that the successful close of the work will cause the brilliant joy to the esteemed and popular pastor, Father John Boylan, who has devoted years of anxious labor to secure the success of the project. It will also be hailed with sincere gratulation by many friends and co-workers in America.

Clare.

At Kenis, on April 22, Mr. Jas. Halpin, Poor Law Guardian, of Newmarket on Fergus, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, without hard labor, for taking part in the land agitation at Kenis. Notice of appeal was given.

Carlow.

Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Keogh Kilbride, of Ball, died on Sunday, April 22d. He was the only Protestant landlord in the county of Carlow, of principles, and latterly endorsed the National programme. His connection dates back to 1798 the Liberal interest, but was defeated by a small majority. The farmers showed by some of the hundred for voting for the return of the priests and people.

Cork.

The election of Councillor for the North East Ward, by-election of Cork, on April 23d, and the results, called off on April 23d, and the result was a gain for the Nationalists, the sides worked hard for their man, and the "Princes" ladies made strenuous efforts to secure the victory for Mr. J. C. Enos, the Conservative candidate. The Nationalists Dalton, Lane, Mr. Alcock, junior, was beaten, returned by a majority of 1 for Mr. Enos, 200 votes, as against 199 for Mr. Lane, 198 votes.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan has made the following appointments: Rev. Jas. Ryan, from the Diplomacy of the County Jail, to be chaplain to the Cork Barracks; Rev. John O'Mahony of Bishtown, to be chaplain to the Jail and to the Mercy Hospital; Rev. Jas. Arrose of Grammont Monastery, to be C. C. at Innisfeadig; Rev. Wm. O'Reilly, from the chaplaincy of the Mercy Hospital to that of Grammont Monastery; Rev. Sylvester Cullen, C. C., Mallestrane, to be C. C. at Newmarket; Rev. Jas. Ryan, Ballinadee, to be C. C. at Mallestrane.

Miss Brennan, daughter of the late John F. Brennan, M. P., and sister of the Rev. Michael Brennan, C. C., Ballinadee, to be C. C. at Newmarket; Rev. Jas. Ryan, Ballinadee, to be C. C. at Mallestrane.

Miss Brennan, daughter of the late John F. Brennan, M. P., and sister of the Rev. Michael Brennan, C. C., Ballinadee, to be C. C. at Newmarket; Rev. Jas. Ryan, Ballinadee, to be C. C. at Mallestrane.

Derry.

We regret to announce the death of Rev. Jas. Mellon, P. P., which took place lately, at his residence, Maghera. Deceased was ordained by Father Mullan filled the office of Curate in the Diocese of Meath and subsequently been appointed parish priest of Ballinderry, in succession to the popular and saintly Father McGough.

Down.

At an early hour on Sunday morning of Tuesday, April 17th, the premises of Mr. Francis McGuigan, Rathfriland, were found to be on fire. Strenuous efforts were made to save the grain in the stores, but without avail.

Galway.

The Stations of the Cross, recently purchased by Father Lally for St. Joseph's Church, Galway, were solemnly blessed on Sunday, April 15th. The Most Rev. Dr. McCormack officiated, assisted by Father Lally.

At the request of the Most Rev. Dr. Malachy Lothlahan of Tuam, the Very Rev. Father Lowe, P. P. of Knockbridge, Dundalk, Louth, will preach the annual retreat of the clergy in that diocese.

Lord Ffrench has just surrendered to the Fee of Ffrenghan in the county Roscommon, as were told the National League balanced with the law, and that the Ballinrobe and Ballinkillerig tenants who were leading to pay their rent in full and which was the question with their families, both been relieved from the impending ejectment. Lord Ffrench has generously made them to keep their rent up by their pockets until a substantial reduction was agreed to. Strange enough the rents don't agreed to a 30 more lowly by the removal of the obstacle; quite the contrary. Lord Dunsandle is one Ffrench from others in this, that, from the first to last and agent, the Hi-morals. Within Galway, antedated no angry feelings toward his tenants, even in the few ill-advised proceedings which he brought this county of which to the tenants in will have to apply. Accordingly, Joseph Lord Dunsandle was compelled to surrender, he was penalized, so to speak, to the extent of the amount of costs, which, in the case of the tenants, the landlord to pay all costs. The Hon. Wm. Daly would be the first himself to admit the moderation of the leaders of the movement. The tenants were not at present relenting, but both sides accepted Mr. Dillon's friendly mediation; so that Lord Dunsandle owes his rents to the meetings for which Mr. Dillon has been prosecuted. Will the Irish landlords ever learn that the leaders are not bombing, but holding back the people? It is only when they have got the leaders in jail that the landlords' real trouble will commence.

Kerry.

At a special Council court, held in Tralee, Monday, April 23d, before Resident Magistrate Massy, Resident Magistrate, a young man named Timothy Sullivan was charged with having a bullet in his possession. Sullivan said he found the bullet and thought it was a medal. He was sent to jail for three months with hard labor.

Kilkenny.

In April 19th, the old "Victoria Hotel," in Kilkenny, was closed up. It was once a famous house, and did a very large business. There is no sign of its being reopened. The result is, the "Imperial" and the "Club Hotel" are now doing a big trade especially the "Imperial" (Italian) which has fallen to be the resort of the Victoria crowd.

King's County.

An event unique and at times young men living near Birnagh been been announced for village assembly. The object consisted of meeting away manors from an united farm.

Leitrim.

On the 17th of April, the wife of the late Robert Dwan, Daniel Carr, John Holmes, Michael Cassaff, Patrick Mulvey, Andrew Nulty, John Reilly, Patrick Beirne and John Dorkin, who underwent imprisonment for participating in an alleged unlawful assembly, and were after Mr. Bellew, mayor of Dublin, left, and arrived in Carrick-on-Shannon by the five o'clock train. They were met at the station by a large concourse of people, and several bands of music were in attendance. A public meeting was held, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Mullins, Chairman of the Board of Guardians.

Limerick.

The season has been unusually dull up to the present, remarked to Limerick.

Mr. Thomas R. Bennett, of Hogg-street House, Ennis, has been appointed to the office of an injury received at the fleet Cottage.

Louth.

On Sunday, April 21st, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, arrived in Dundalk on a visit to Father Kevin McKenna, and the Very Rev. Canon Connolly, V. G., Castlebellingham, were presided to the sacred order of priesthood. Father Kevin is a nephew to the late John Hughes proprietor to the *Freeman's Journal*. He is a young priest of great promise. Even so distant in the preparatory duties of the Pontificate at Maynooth, to Kingland.

Longford.

A meeting was held in Longford, on April 22d, which illustrates a phase of Nationalist movement as it may seem. An application was made on the part of the trustees of Maynooth College to have a receiver appointed over the estate of Lord Greville. In the counties of Longford and Westmeath, Lord Greville is a landlord to the extent of 17,000 a. The annual interest on the sum is 17,000 lbs., and Lord Greville is in arrears to the extent of 3,000 lbs. he has been obliged to borrow money from his friends to pay off a portion of the interest due. Of course his lordship's liability to meet this interest is nominal, and he could discharge the obligation he had to make his rents, and next, to the non-payment of any rent at all by a very considerable number of tenants. Now, what are the facts? It transpired during the hearing of the application that while the total valuation is 20,000, the gross rent amounts to 30,000, and the total rent payable—May, 8,8,4, 20,000. Mary, 8,8,4, 20,000. Mary, 8,8,4, 20,000. Mary, 8,8,4, 20,000. Mary, 8,8,4, 20,000. Mary, 8,8,4, 20,000. The reason for the application commented on the fact that while Lord Greville, the receiver, has taken steps on a valuation of 20,000, had, through his solicitor, asked for an abatement on the ground that he had made very large abatements and had received no rent whatever from a very considerable number of tenants! Comment on the "noble lord's" action is unnecessary.

Tyrone.

On Friday, April 27th, a most successful meeting was held at Ballygawley, County Tyrone, under the auspices of the Protestant Home Rule Association. The gathering was addressed by Mr. Thomas Sillinglaw, J. D. Fortashaw, and Mr. J. H. Oldham, B. A., Dublin. An Orange resolution was passed calling a counter-meeting, but Orange opinion being weak in the district the attempt collapsed.

Tipperary.

The Rev. Thomas Meagher, P. P., Nenagh, died on Sunday, April 27d, at the parochial residence, Nenagh. He was ordained, and at eighteen months ago for himself and his counterpart, Rev. Jas. Ryan, Ballinadee, which he presided over for many years, died. Deceased was a nephew of the late Rev. Jas. Meagher, Parish Priest of Cashel. The Rev. Thomas Meagher, as curate and parish priest, was a decided friend to the tenant farmer, by word and by deeds. In powerful appeals through the pulpit and on the platform, there was no law in the assembly parlor of that through which he was wont to do more to further the interests than he, or who was more affectual in the cause of tenants and friends to it. He was in his 75th year.

Waterford.

At Dunmurry, on April 24th, a farm held by the Rev. R. Carey and Mr. Daniel W. Carey was sold by the Sheriff of Waterford, under the landlord, the Duke of St. Albans, to a Land Commission for £10. Over £1,000 of the 200 had been expended by the tenants in improvements.

Wicklow.

The Rev. Canon Kirwan, P. P., died at his residence in Ballinacor, on Sunday, April 22d, in the 63d year of his age, after a illness of two weeks. For over twenty years, Father Kirwan worked assiduously, the last thirteen years being devoted to the pastoral charge of this immense parish. He was born at Kilbegs, county Wicklow, where he lived with his parents until he was sent to Maynooth, to studies in St. Patrick's College, Wexford. After a few years he was sent to Maynooth, where he had the honor of honors with marked ability and success. After his ordination he was appointed in succession to the curacies of Tenneck, Kilrane, Tarbow, Ballymore Eustace, and Ballinacor. In 1865 he was appointed parish priest of Ballinacor, and subsequently appointed parish priest of Tagoat in 1870 and in 1875 Chaplain to the Convent of important pastoral charge of New Ross, where he worked unceasingly and zealously for the welfare of those committed to his care.

Place at Glenbeigh.

A joint plaque of the Catholic Societies of Stackton, for the benefit of the Agnes Free Schools, on Sunday, April 22d, the 11th inst., at Glenbeigh water Gives. The arrangements and games were conducted by Messrs. P. J. McFeley, J. McKeon, W. McDonald, Dr. Powers, P. Lynch, J. Fitzgerald, J. Brosnan, B. Cassidy, Dr. Gibbons, J. H. Smith, J. H. Powers, P. Fee, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver, and J. Brosnan. The prizes were won by Ed Kennedy, T. Garvin, E. Pasty, F. Sullivan, Charles Fagan, Peter Arthur, W. Doyle, E. Sullivan, C. Garvin, H. Hickenbotham, J. Wynne, J. Fagan, J. Fitzgerald, J. Lynch, Henry Kennedy, Thomas Fee, J. Vaughn, Henry Kennedy, Thomas Fee, J. Vaughn, Henry Kennedy, Thomas Fee, J. Vaughn

ORPHAN ASYLUM FIRE.

St. Vincent's at San Rafael Narrowly Escapes Destruction.

SAN RAFAEL, May 19th.—This morning a telephone message was received from Father Kheinkort, at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, stating that a fire had started in the Asylum at 10 A. M., and asking that the San Rafael Fire Department be sent to his assistance. The message was promptly answered by the Fire Department of this place. When the Asylum was reached it was found that the old church, adjoining the school and clothes-room, already in the centre of a conflagration, and the problem was how to save the school and clothes-room. Neighbors in the vicinity of the Asylum were hurriedly on hand to the rescue, but owing to lack of water, and having no ladders, were unable to combat the flames with any great success.

Chief Mooshed on his arrival directed that the efforts of the Fire Department be exerted to save the main building, in which were situated the dormitories, schoolrooms, bakery and sleeping rooms, which owing to the constant changes of the wind, were in danger of being ignited, for no water supply was found very handy, except for the consumption of the steam engine, and thus allowed the Fire Department actively to work on the main building, which was saved. The increased pressure of steam directed on the building adjoining reduced it to a mere marked change in the proportions, and after two and a half hours' incessant labor they were pressed out of danger.

During the progress of the fire, the pipe burst, and a mere, quite a mule was started in the upper end of the pipe, where 500 feet were laid. Father Rheinkort saw that he could in no way control them, and he ordered the whole front gate to be thrown open. The time was opened and the immense crowd poured in a rush of frightened sheep. They scattered over the surrounding country, leaving in all directions. After the belongings were thrown out of the windows and piled in the grounds, and it was found that the school and the dormitories were a total loss, only the chimney of the clothes-room building remained standing, and the lower piles still burning. The boys were marshaled into the church, and a roll-call was taken, and found that over 200 failed to answer to their names.

From reliable sources the information was received that the fire originated in the room occupied by Master Ernest Sullivan, who made an attempt to escape, which was cut off by the time he reached the hall. It is supposed that, either tendency to smoke, or a lamp upset, caused the fire. The loss thereof is not yet known, but it is well covered under the policies of the Home, which they keep for such a contingency.

The loss on buildings and material destroyed is estimated at $5,000, partly covered by insurance.

The boys who escaped are from San Rafael, and charge as fast as they arrived to be sent home, already ninety two have arrived, by their parents, or friends, awaiting transportation to the Asylum.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Nominations Made at Los Angeles.

For Congress—First District, Thomas J. Clunie; Second District, Jerome Dwinelle; Third Sage of Santa; Fourth District, James J. Chalk; Fifth District, Joseph Rhodes; Sixth District, Hugh J. Corcoran; Seventh District, Frank Lipsitt; Second District, J. B. Cantwell of Alameda county; Alameda, A. Vyleinski; San Joaquin, Third District, Charles A. Jones; Sacramento, Fifth District, Thomas Cashin; Fourth District, F. J. Murphy; Sixth District, Jas. Gallagher; Seventh District, Thomas Flint; Eighth District, N. Sweeney of Santa Clara; Ninth District, Thomas Nunnally of San Francisco; Ninth District, William Weaver of San Luis Obispo and Mr. Kemp of Tulare; at-large, J. S. Cain of Los Angeles and W. H. Grady of Fresno.

OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Closing Exercises of Various Institutions.

—Sacred Heart College, closing exercises May 31st at Montgomery Hall.

—Notre Dame College, San Jose Commencement exercises June 5th at 8 P. M.

—St. Peter's Parochial School for Boys, May 20th.

—Sacred Heart Convent, Ukiah, Tuesday evening, June 5th.

—St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Commencement Monday, June 4th, at 2 P. M.

—St. Joseph's Institute, West Oakland, closing exercises on Friday, the 25th inst. at 2:30 P. M.

—St. Patrick's parochial school for boys, West Oakland, closing exercises on Monday the 28th inst.

—The commencement exercises of Our Lady of Angels Academy, Napa, will take place on Wednesday, June 6th, at 2 P. M.

—Academy of the Sacred Heart, Oakland, commencement exercises on Wednesday, the 6th inst. at 2 P. M.

—St. Joseph's Grammar School, Over Tenth and Howard streets, is under the tuition of Brother of Mary, Dawning evening, at half past seven o'clock, May 30th.

—St. Mary's College, annual examination, May 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 28th. Commencement exercises June 5th, at Grand Opera House, same evening.

CHEAP BUILDINGS.

Help to Solve the Problem of Homes.

How to have a home of his own is the problem that millions in this and past ages have been trying to solve. One of the greatest difficulties in the way has hitherto been the great cost of suitable buildings, or at least of those in general use and by the many deemed indispensable. Of late years, however, attention has been paid to quite cheapness, durability and beauty in the construction of buildings, and in this direction, John J. Ostrander, who was one of the first to introduce the idea, say that in house building the wooden shell has been supplanted by that of the wire lath, but in this city, at least, the wooden shell still holds the ground. In the commercial metropolis of San Francisco, of course, stone, brick and iron necessarily hold sway; but outside of that some of the most beautiful homes in the world grace up on the rental of the office of the architect.

Mr. Clark, who has gained his experience in some of the finest building architectural schools in the world, has had all the practical knowledge the most, has had all the latest improvements and approved designs, and has spent a period of eighteen years, in almost every quarter of this broad land, in the business of work, and his name is identified with many of the finest buildings, not only in Chicago and private, in California, and we are proud to have him as a citizen of our city and to the public generally. At present Mr. Clark is actively engaged in the erection of the largest edifice in the State—namely, the new St. Mary's College, Oakland; the Palace Hotel, Santa Cruz County, and also numerous residences in Oakland, Danville and San Francisco.

One feature eminently worthy of attention is his commodious and well-appointed lumber yard, which is a sight doubtless well worth a visit to the lumber yard, buildings and yards, for the selection of a house of moderate income to suit the fashionable one, is to all of by counsel, drawing and specifications of outlines, plans, designs, and every possible convenience in lumber or carpenter.

Mr. Clark is a young man, and energetic and capable, as already shown by the success of his place with those building modern eyes. His selection of materials is universally fine, and the chameleon with shaving Hardware and in the St. Ann's Building, corner of Market and Fifth streets, opposite the Baldwin Hotel, which is open from 1 to 5 P. M. and between 7 and 10 P. M. Mr. Clark's residence is at Room 9, and 7, Bet. per Block, Broadway, between 8th and 10th streets, Oakland.

—The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union of the United States will be held on June 5th and 7th at Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh

At Lurgan, on Friday, 11th, at an adjourned Coroner's inquest, presided over by Mr. George Greer, J. P., more of the same story heard acting out of the recent party disturbances in Derrycoll, on Easter Monday, the number of Catholics were attacked, namely, Wm. Richardson, an Orange, and Thomas Improvement Society, Hospital and Dispensary Clayton were fined 20s. of 14 days' imprisonment.

Clare

The new and handsome Catholic Church at Cooraclare is now nearly completed, and the opening of the sacred edifice is fixed for Sunday, the 30th of September next. The Cooraclare Mission, which is in the parish of Doonbeg, Mount Star, Dr. Delany, and a large number of clergy is assured. It need scarcely be added that the successful close of the work will cause the liveliest joy to the esteemed and popular pastor, Father John Boylan, who has devoted years of anxious labor to secure the success of the project. He will also have the sincere gratulation by his many friends and co-workers in Ennistymon.

Cork

At Ennis, on April 23, Mr. Jas. Halpin, Poor Law Guardian, of Newmarket-on-Fergus, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, without hard labor, for taking part in the late meeting at Ennis. Notice of appeal was given.

Carlow.

Liberties and Colonel J. H. Keogh Kilbride, of Ballycloran, on Sunday, April 22d. He was the only Protestant landlord in the county of Carlow, and latterly endorsed the National Leagues. The Nationalist Carlow Post, in the Liberal interest, but was defeated by a majority of 1 in 1,000. Nationalists were asked to be kind enough to be forward for voting for the choice of the priests and people.

Cork.

The election of Councillor for the North East Ward, which takes place on Monday, April 23, serveiller, came off on April 23d, and the result was a hot contest between Mr. Bob Cotter, who worked hard for their man, and the "Protestant" nominee, Mr. Gibbs, who was the last in victory for Mr. J. C. Bloss, the Conservative candidate. The Nationalist Candidate, Mr. B. J. Alcock, junior, was however, returned by a majority of 24 votes over Mr. Gibbs, and the majority 180 recorded for Mr. Bloss.

The Most Rev. Dr. Croke has made the following changes in his diocese: Rev. P. Ryan, P. P. of Ballyhea, in the county of Cork, to be chaplain to the Christian Brothers, Rev. Fr. Jeffcott to the Mount Mercy Convent, Rev. Fr. Ryan, C. C. Mallow, to be chaplain to the Sisters of Charity, Mallow

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1888.

Poetry.

SATURDAY MUSINGS.

Saturday night! and to-morrow comes rest—
Ah, the week now has almost passed;
Why, the hours are gone ere they notice have come,
And the days flew by too fast.

The old week dies, and the new is born,
And to-morrow our labors will cease—
When the prayerful music of the Sunday bells
Ring out with their greetings of peace.

One record more for the angel of life,
For the moved mysterious page
One gleaming day or one darkened night,
For the future's eternal age.

Are we happy to-night? are we evenly content?
Have we sow no vain regret?
Is there naught in the moments forever flown
We would fain then ever forget?

We are thoughtful and sad, we answer not,
When, in! on the midnight air,
Ring out the bells of the "Sacred Day"
With their pealing notes of prayer.

"Live again, live again," they seem to say,
What a strange sweet joy they impart;
"Live again at Calvary's sacrifice,
Live again in the Saviour's Heart!"

Oh, vain are regrets with no purpose strong,
To do and to dare for the right;
Every deep, I am sorry, is cold and stiffe,
In the darkness of Saturday night.

M. F. C.

San Jose, May 26, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE CHILDREN.

Have they come with their noise and their rackets,
Their jumbs and their dolls and their jaws,
Once white, are now black as the slue,
They have played at "mud pies," and their faces,
Have a strange sort "

THE MONITOR.

TRUTH MAY TRIP OF FALSEHOOD

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— General Phil. Sheridan is reported dying. He is attended by a priest in Washington City.

— The reports of the speeches made by the Irish members in Ireland on Sunday last, show no respect toward the Pope, but not toward Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, toward whom Wm. O'Brien was very bitter.

— President Fitzgerald and Secretary Sutton of the Irish National League have telegraphed to different members of the Executive Committee a call for a meeting of the committee at Cleveland, O. June 12th.

— The Spanish committee having in charge the Christopher Columbus celebration offers a prize of $10,000 for the best book in any language on the geographical discoveries of Portuguese explorers prior to the time of Magellan.

— A Boston paper says that a sneak thief took a pocket-book containing money and checks valued at $2,000 from a collector for the Methodist Book Concern. It is not often that money collected for the heathen reaches its destination so speedily and at so small an expense for commissions.

— Thomas Mooney, author of a "History of Ireland," and who was a resident of this State for several years, died in London last week, where he has since been the "Transatlantic" correspondent of the *Irish World* ever since his sudden departure from San Francisco.

— The article which we republish from the Dublin *Freemain's Journal*, giving a very comprehensive explanation of the Papal rescript, and will cause many Catholics to look upon that document with more complacency than has been demonstrated during the past two weeks.

— According to the *Western Watchman*, the names first sent to Rome for the Alton Diocese were. Very Rev. P. J. Conway, Rev. Daniel Riordan, and Rev. Father Hickey, the Lazarist. Those on the second list were Very Rev. Father Seannell, now Bishop of Concordia, Rev. James Ryan, the present Bishop of Alton, and Rev. Father McGuire of St. James', Chicago.

— The June number of *The Catholic World* is one of unusual interest. Rev. M. J. Lavelle's article on "Catholic Young Men's Societies" will attract much attention in view of the coming Convention of the National Union at Cincinnati on June 6 and 7. It gives kindly advice to our young men. A society for them he regards as a garden, not a gold-mine. Hence the measure of success depends partly upon the ability, the energy and the patience of the cultivators. We hope the article will be read aloud and its points discussed in the rooms of every on the land.

— A very recent cablegram from Rome states that Archbishop Walsh left Rome last Saturday night and was given a final audience by the Pope, at which the Archbishop was assured that the Pope had no intention of taking part in political matters, but that decree will have to be obeyed. While the Vatican will not make conformity needlessly difficult, it will not modify the decree in the least or release the Bishops from their obligations. Archbishop Walsh has been directed to publish on his return to Dublin in the *Freeman's Journal* a letter to rectify the erroneous views which have been expressed respecting the recent Papal Rescript.

— A large proportion of the Methodist preachers are merely political parsons at best, and their political training was well demonstrated last week in their Convention in New York, when a resolution was introduced limiting the term of their so called "Bishops" to eight years. A Methodist "Bishop" generally manages to accumulate a large amount of property and coin during his present life-term service, and as every Methodist preacher has a battering after "the root of all evil," they each want an eight years "pull" at the "horn of plenty" from whence the funds furnished by pious people is poured into the pockets of bogus "Bishops" who have no more right to the title than a blind bat has to call itself a Bird of Paradise.

— Any person familiar with the fanatical spirit of Puritanical New England, will not be astonished to learn that Judge Colt, of the Justice Field of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts effected a greater number of divorces than ever before accomplished in any Court throughout the world. In all he disposed of 341 cases. There was on the docket some twenty-eight cases were continued, and 141 were dismissed for want of prosecution. Of fifty-six contested cases, forty-six were dismissed and ten were set down for further hearing. There were 121 cases where a decree nisi had previously been granted, but in which the final decree absolute had not been taken out. Many of those were dismissed, and the others were placed on file and stricken from the docket, to which they can only be restored by a motion showing special cause for their being again heard. Some of the cases disposed of were very old, the earlier numbers dating back to number 86, which is the oldest number on the docket is 3,825. In view of such transactions as this, Christian people may well shudder for the future of society and its family bonds in America.

Month of the Sacred Heart.

June being the month of the Sacred Heart, we send every subscriber a sample copy of the well-known red leaflet intended to encourage the propagation of that beautiful devotion. Copies of this leaflet, in any quantity desired, will be sent to any Catholic on the Coast who desires to share in the merit of distributing them during the month of June.

The Catholic Church and the Protestant Sects Compared.

The newspaper notoriety given to the Methodist sect in consequence of the assembling of a convention of its ministers and bogus "Bishops" in New York during the past few weeks, has led some of our local contemporaries into the mistake of asserting that the Methodist sect is the most numerous religious denomination in the United States. We presume the papers making this error were misled by the fact that the Methodists make more noise in the religious world than any other Protestant sect, but recent statistics prove that—next to the 6,174,902 Catholics in the United States—the Baptists lead all the other Protestant sects in point of numerical strength.

We know this statement will run counter to the opinions of a great many readers of the MONITOR, who see Methodist churches scattered all over the Pacific coast, while the Baptist brethren are hardly heard of outside the large cities. Nevertheless, our statement is correct, as our authority is the reliable statistical *Atlas of the World*, published by Messrs. Rand & McNally of Chicago, the returns of which include the census of 1880.

The five principal Protestant sects are represented in that work by the following figures indicating the numerical strength of each: Baptists, 2,132,064 members; Methodist Episcopal, 1,680,779 members; Methodist Episcopal (south), 828,012 members; Lutheran, 654,370 members; Presbyterians 573,377 members The sect calling itself "Christian," or Disciples of Christ, ranks next in membership, then follows the Congregationalists, and after them come the Episcopalians, who return only 323,876 members in the United States.

In this connection it may prove interesting to Monitor readers to learn the relative strength of the Catholic Church in the several States and Territories, as compared with the Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists, and many readers will doubtless be astonished to learn that even in the most Puritanical sections of the country, where Catholics were scarcely tolerated a few years ago, the true flock of Christ has now an immense nominal majority.

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Compiled from Rand & McNally's Atlas, Chicago, 1887.

STATES AND TERR'S.	Population.	Catholics.	Baptists.	Methodists.	Presbyterians.	Congregationalists.
Maine	66,500	41,101	16,000	17,645	8000	7000
Vermont	85,000	45,076	14,000	20,000	7000	15,000
N. Hampshire	39,500	8,127	12,000	20,127	6000	8000
Massachusetts	995,000	99,000	45,000	81,707	17,000	50,000
Rhode Island	96,100	35,000	3,000	8,000	2000	1000
Connecticut	100,000	50,000	15,000	25,000	10,000	15,000
New York	1,910,000	1,000,000	150,000	150,000	150,000	50,000
New Jersey	175,000	37,267	14,000	8,879	40,000	10,000
New Mexico	35,000	30,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
U. of Columbia	15,000	5,000	2,500	500	4,000	500
Delaware	100,000	15,000	10,000	10,000	5,000	1,000
Maryland	1,000,000	150,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Virginia	1,000,000	50,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
West Virginia	175,000	22,267	14,000	8,879	40,000	10,000
North Carolina	1,000,000	10,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
S. Carolina	1,000,000	10,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Georgia	1,000,000	10,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Florida	100,000	10,000	10,000	10,000	5,000	1,000
Alabama	1,000,000	10,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Mississippi	1,000,000	10,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Louisiana	1,000,000	100,000	10,000	10,000	5,000	1,000
Texas	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Arkansas	1,000,000	10,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Tennessee	1,000,000	10,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Kentucky	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Ohio	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Indiana	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Illinois	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Michigan	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Wisconsin	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Minnesota	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Iowa	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Missouri	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Kansas	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Nebraska	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Colorado	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Oregon	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Nevada	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
California	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Dakota	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Alaska	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	50,000	10,000
Total	50,000,000	6,000,000	4,000,000	4,000,000	2,000,000	1,000,000

The foregoing table shows that—according to the census returns of 1870, there were 3,666 Catholic Churches in the United States at that period, ten years later the census returns show 5,600 Catholic Churches—an increase in the ten years elapsing between 1870 and 1880 of 2,014 churches, and from the wonderful growth of the true Faith in this country during the past eight years, we feel well assured that the census returns of 1890 will exhibit a still greater increase in the number of Catholic Churches in the United States than during any similar period since her first foundation in this republic.

It may appear somewhat strange to Monitor readers in foreign countries, that there are States in the northern section of the Union where Catholics are largely in the minority, while the Baptists, Methodists, and other sects have hundreds of thousands of followers. This is easily accounted for, however, when it is known that the slave owners of the South, up to the year 1860, would not permit a Catholic priest to minister among their "chattels." The negro slaves might sing the Jubilee songs of sectarianism, and perform so called religious services which partook more of the hilarity of the circus than the order and decorum of the Church, but such mockeries of religious rites would not suit the priesthood of God's Church, and hence they had to keep north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Since the Civil war, however, the sun of God's truth has been rising above the Southern horizon, and the true Faith is beginning to find its way into the souls of the Colored race of the Southern States. Missionary Fathers and Sisters, who are specially vowed to serve God as missionaries among the Colored people, are gradually winning souls for heaven, and we hope, ere the dawn of the year 1900, that the Catholic Church in the Southern States will show an advance commensurate with its wonderful progress in the North.

Baptist Calumniators of the Church in Council.

Some considerate friend in Washington City has forwarded to the MONITOR a newspaper report of the proceedings of the Baptist Convention recently held in that city, in which we regret to find that the representative Baptists sullied their religious reputations by the rancor they maliciously manifested toward the Catholic Church.

Our Blessed Redeemer designated as one of the marks of His Church, the hatred of the world. Our Catholic ancestors had cause to be proud of the Divine character of their Holy Mother the Church, when they find her so generally hated by fanatics of every religious fully who dwell in all the country that intervenes between Walnut Creek and Washington City.

It is comforting also to Catholics to know that those foolish people who fiaunitently belch forth falsehoods against the true faith, have been branded with direful condemnation by the Son of God when He said that those who hated His disciples *hated Him also*.

If intelligent non-Catholics would only compare the texts of Scripture which are so plentiful in the bible on this point, with the acrimonious and sectarian attitude of the speckled sects of Protestantism towards the Catholic Church, thousands of them would let the scales of sectarian bigotry fall from their eyes and enter the only Church on earth in which they can secure eternal salvation for their souls.

Calumny, slander, falsehood, and other slang fabrications of fanaticism, are manifest to all mankind whenever the members of sectarian gatherings pretend to concern in the name of Christianity "Popery is placed in the pillory of their passionate hate for public execration: "Romanism" is ranted about and roared at with a noise that would scare a big bull of Bashan into an epileptic fit; "Papists" are pointed out as the Parish dogs of modern days, who are unworthy of even a mangled bone or a kind word. And all this black and ferocious mind of heretical hate and diabolical bigotry is hurled at the conservative, industrious, orderly and religious Catholic body for what crime? Simply because it will not adore the wooden idol which Protestantism has set up in the world!

Let us reverse the picture and ask—with great pride for the Catholic charity of the Church of God—who ever heard of a body of Catholic Bishops meeting in Council for the purpose of backbiting Baptists, maligning Methodists, slandering Seventh Day Adventists, calumniating Calvinists, or holding up Presbyterians to the reeling public as a class whom it was the pious duty of every Christian to most cordially hate?

Herein, therefore, every reflecting, consistent Christian, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, will find one of the greatest differences between the sectarians who have built their religious vagaries upon the sand foundations of Luther, Calvin, Wesley and other inventors of heretical opinions, and the one, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church founded by our Divine Saviour, inspired by the Holy Ghost, and which alone possesses the plenitude of God's wisdom to direct men in the right road to heaven.

Protestant preachers—whether they are Baptists, Glassites, Pastors or Free Chasters, Revivalists, Spiritualists, Adventists or Russites, Calvinists or Inclusaites, Unitarians or Universalists, Eclectics or Disciples, Methodists or Methodists, Unitarians, Swedenborgians or Silly Southcotites.

They one and all unite in hurling hatred's thunderbolts

"In the name of God on earth that Satan cannot."

Thus it came about that the

of bigots who met in Washington, instead of concerning prudently and piously attending to their own sectarian trifles in the grand, merry-go-round hoop them together, they had thoughtfully set to give "Rome" an old-fashioned "roasting," and so they barbecued the big bullock of Baptist bigotry, in order to show their anxiety that the lore they bore their Catholic neighbors!

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Baptist Calumniators of the Church in Council.

Some considerate friend in Washington City has forwarded to the MONITOR a newspaper report of the proceedings of the Baptist Convention recently held in that city, in which we regret to find that the representative Baptists sullied their religious reputations by the rancor they maliciously manifested toward the Catholic Church.

Our Blessed Redeemer designated as one of the marks of His Church, the hatred of the world. Our Catholic ancestors had cause to be proud of the Divine character of their Holy Mother the Church, when they find her so generally hated by fanatics of every religious fully who dwell in all the country that intervenes between Walnut Creek and Washington City.

It is comforting also to Catholics to know that those foolish people who flaunitently belch forth falsehoods against the true faith, have been branded with direful condemnation by the Son of God when He said that those who hated His disciples *hated Him also*.

If intelligent non-Catholics would only compare the texts of Scripture which are so plentiful in the bible on this point, with the acrimonious and sectarian attitude of the speckled sects of Protestantism towards the Catholic Church, thousands of them would let the scales of sectarian bigotry fall from their eyes and enter the only Church on earth in which they can secure eternal salvation for their souls.

Calumny, slander, falsehood, and other slang fabrications of fanaticism, are manifest to all mankind whenever the members of sectarian gatherings pretend to concern in the name of Christianity "Popery is placed in the pillory of their passionate hate for public execration: "Romanism" is ranted about and roared at with a noise that would scare a big bull of Bashan into an epileptic fit; "Papists" are pointed out as the Parish dogs of modern days, who are unworthy of even a mangled bone or a kind word. And all this black and ferocious mind of heretical hate and diabolical bigotry is hurled at the conservative, industrious, orderly and religious Catholic body for what crime? Simply because it will not adore the wooden idol which Protestantism has set up in the world!

Let us reverse the picture and ask—with great pride for the Catholic charity of the Church of God—who ever heard of a body of Catholic Bishops meeting in Council for the purpose of backbiting Baptists, maligning Methodists, slandering Seventh Day Adventists, calumniating Calvinists, or holding up Presbyterians to the reeling public as a class whom it was the pious duty of every Christian to most cordially hate?

Herein, therefore, every reflecting, consistent Christian, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, will find one of the greatest differences between the sectarians who have built their religious vagaries upon the sand foundations of Luther, Calvin, Wesley and other inventors of heretical opinions, and the one, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church founded by our Divine Saviour, inspired by the Holy Ghost, and which alone possesses the plenitude of God's wisdom to direct men in the right road to heaven.

Protestant preachers—whether they are Baptists, Glassites, Pastors or Free Chasters, Revivalists, Spiritualists, Adventists or Russites, Calvinists or Inclusaites, Unitarians or Universalists, Eclectics or Disciples, Methodists or Methodists, Unitarians, Swedenborgians or Silly Southcotites.

They one and all unite in hurling hatred's thunderbolts

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Charges Against St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum.

For several years St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum at San Rafael has been asleep some as anti-Catholic cranks in California who thought that if such an institution did not exist, the Catholic children sheltered therein might become proselytes to Protestantism, while the Sunday School at St. Vincent's drew from the State, if appropriated for the use and benefit of some non-Catholic institution, would partly help towards strengthening sectarianism and neutralizing the Catholic Church in California.

In this way a certain feeling of envy has been harbored in the breasts of that class of citizens who see in St. Vincent's an asylum which stands as a bulwark between helpless Catholic orphans and the anti-Catholic zealots who would sooner see a Catholic child grow up an infidel or a pagan, than to see him contribute to the Christian truths taught by the Catholic Church.

These envious individuals, for their own private ends, and for political effects, have for some time been anxiously endeavoring to discover some means by which they could bring St. Vincent's Asylum into contempt before the people of California, and the unenvious life which occurred there recently has afforded them an opportunity of gratifying their envious and hateful hearts. The great Catholic institution, by permitting them to parade "charges of the most calumnious character" in the city press of Saturday and Sunday last.

The management of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum has been for years under the supervision of one of the most zealous, kindly, humane and self-sacrificing priests in California. Father Janssens has devoted himself to the second St. Vincent de Paul in his love and care for the orphans committed to his charge, and he has given himself the ardent and courageous Priest of God, when nearly forty years ago he faced death a hundred times in the labyrinth of his missionary duties both in this city and in every other section of this State and the Northern neighbor.

Father Janssens Orphan Asylum is a place of which every good citizen of California is proud. He is known and loved by hundreds of orphans who have left the institution, but it cannot be hope coming from such a source that the Catholic Church would be allowed to do for the orphans of the Church what the Protestant sects have done for theirs. The fresh and fruitful Catholic Church, which is the mother of

Farm and Home.

Family Resemblances.

There are family characters and family intelligences as there are family faces and family figures. Each individual member of the brood has its own variety of this typical character, but in all, its bases is more or less pronounced, though any one particular trait, even the most marked, may be wanting or actually replaced by its exact opposite.

Dull, viewing the family idiosyncrasies as a whole, each member is pretty sure to possess a very considerable number of peculiarities more or less in common with all the remainder. Tom, Jim and Jack may be passionate while Emily is sulky; Dick may be a good-thrift, while Thomas is a miser. But Jim and Dick are both humorous. Emily and Thomas are both musical, Thomas and Dick both sensitive, Emily and Jane both sentimental, and all four of them alike rindicule, alike intelligent, alike satirical, and alike fond of pets and animals.

Look at the persistent Tanyncoine tons in Charles and Alfred Tennyson; look at the parodying power of the two Smiths in "Rejected Addresses;" look at the Caracci, the Rossetts, the Herschel, and then say whether sense minus trouble of taste and sentiment is not some out aloke in brother and sisters. Almost every one who moves brothers or sisters or cousins of his own, after a long separation (when one has not killed his opposite on of the family), must have noticed, with mingled amusement and distraction, in 10,000 little ways and sayings how very closely he and they resemble one another.

Sometimes the very catchwords and phrases they use, their pet sympathies, turn up at every turn of life to be shamefully identical. One may even be made aware of one's own manupeded and unobtrusive failings by observing them, as in a mirror, in the lives of one's relatives, like Doug George's middy in Mr. Gilbert's story, who mists himself on an inshamed island, and considers the double the most disagreeable fellow he ever came across — *Popular Science Monthly.*

All about Noses.

"Did it ever strike you," said a gentleman well known for having a penchant for the study of physiognomy, to a reporter yesterday, "what a mark of character a nose is to a person's face?

"You have doubtless heard the remark that a woman's nose changed the whole history of the great Roman empire. That woman was Cleopatra, and if her nose had been an inch longer or shorter she never would have beguiled and fascinated Antony, and the events which followed would not have happened.

"Beauty of face depends very largely upon the shape and color of the nose, and scorns or failure, love or hatred, riches or poverty, often depend upon the influence with one's personal appearance at momentous times."

"The nose is strongly indicative of character.

"A flat nose indicates obtuseness of intellect and a disposition toward the indulgence of the animal instincts.

"A nose that is straight and thin, and terminates in a point turned up a little above one mostly goes in prying into the affairs of others, and indicates a meddling, gossipy nature.

"A large nose of the pronounced Roman type indicates much firmness, dignity, strength of will, and judgment. This was the nose of Cesar, Marlborough, Wellington, Buonoparte and Alexander Campbell.

"A nose shaped like the hook of a bird, story of "Oliver Twist" indicates strength and cunning, and a grasping and passionate nature.

"A pug nose shows a person possessed of much self-honor of character, and of medium tastes and abilities, and more given to the gratification of the palate than any other process.

"A nose that is straight, large, not too pointed and with nostrils thin, indicates a person of much intellectual force, and of an honest and generous nature, but passionate and easily angered."

At this point the reporter had to leave and the discussion on other kinds of noses had to be deferred.

The Early Morning Hour.

In the early morning, there is an hour days like paradise than anything else vouchsafed to our mortal senses, as a symbol of the better world to come. This evening is infinitely sweet, but it implies labor and rest, and consolation, which are ideas not entirely disassociated from pain; but in the first glory of the morning, there is no unearthly sweetness, a foretaste of the primitive world, unmoiled, untired, unalloyed; a heavenly life and calm.

The sunshine comes upon us with a surprise, with something of that excitement novelty which it must have had to Adam; the drops of dew shine like little prepotent worlds; the birds, most innocent of all the inhabitants of earth have the self-breathing universe to themselves * * * Awakening and vitality are in the very atmosphere which brings a new hope, a new day, a new world of simplicity and life.

New heavens and a new earth thus present themselves to mortal organ-one, for the most part quite unconscious of them every day. If only we brought nothing with us from the old world that ended in the night! But alas! we bring everything—ourselves, that "heritage of woe," our thoughts, our desires, 'tis no use to escape, for other objects than those which are in harmony with that new life and blessedness.—*Mrs Oliphant in the "Wizard's Son."*

For Parents.

The advance from one class to another in a school should only be made, when the children are capable of making such by their previous conduct. Nothing would ruin the reputation and usefulness of a school sooner than an abuse of this practice. If then, children are not promoted to higher classes as rapidly as other children are and as parents may desire, the parents should understand and feel satisfied that their children are treated for their good.

As a perfect equality of the powers of the human mind has never existed on this earth, and as the probabilities are that such an event will never happen, parents should never expect that their children should rank first in everything or carry off equal honors with other pupils. Some must be first and some must be last, so the most sensible way for parents to take things is just as they happen to be and not as they cannot be.

Value of Little Things.

Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence, he who learns a new science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the big phrase of our life made of? Little sensations; little kindnesses; pleasant words; gentle smiles; a friendly letter; good wishes and good deeds. Life is a million once to a little, may do a heroic action. But the little things that make up our lives come every day and every hour, and if we make the little, create of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

Family Fun.

Flakes of Fun.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday any more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

Mrs. Jones "I don't trouble to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Smith; "No trouble; quite a pleasure, I assure you."

"What's the matter?" "Every time I touch my nose it hurts me." "But you are not obliged to touch your nose." "But how can I tell whether it hurts unless I touch it?"

Father (trying to read the paper)—What was that awful racket in the hall just now?

Mother—Out of the children fell down the stairs.

"Well, you tell those children that if they cannot fall down stairs quietly they want be allowed to fall down them at all.

A five-year old boy was taken to St—recently, and for the first time saw electric lights illuminating the streets. He looked at one of them for some time in silent astonishment, and then ran for his mother and exclaimed: "Mamma come here. Here is a star on top of a pole."

"It cannot be otherwise," he muttered hoarsely; "you must be mine. You and I should not avoid it if we would, and let us thank the stars that our ones will be cemented by love. You could never have been another man's wife. There is a destiny hanging over you—" "Oh, George! she gasped nervously, "brush it away—please do."

A ludicrous mistake happened some time ago at a funeral. Two clergymen officiated, the sermon double the same to that part which read: "You d cased brother or sister," without knowing whether the deceased was a man or a female. He turned to one of the mourners and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very recently replied: "No relation at all, sir, only an acquaintance."

The Protestant parish clerk was told to give out the notice. "On Sunday next the service in this church will be held in the afternoon, and on the following Sunday it will be held in the morning, and so on alternately until further notice." What he actually did give out was as follows: "On Sunday next the morning service will be held in the afternoon, and on the following Sunday the afternoon service will be held in the morning and so on to all eternity."

Kansas Judge—You are charged, sir, with voting ninety-five times at yesterday's election.

Culprit—It was patriotism, your honor, pure patriotism. I simply did my full duty as a citizen of a dissenting Kansas town.

"How do you make that out, sir?"

"You know, Judge, we estimate population by multiplying the number of votes by five, and—

"Enough, enough. I fine the county $500 for arresting you."

"What is the percentage of illiteracy in Nebraska?"

"I don't know but that it is rapidly on the increase."

"How is that?"

"Well, the Smith family, for instance. Now 50 per cent of them cannot read or write."

"I don't see how that can be."

"Why, Mrs. Smith had twins last week!"

"Sir, you want to join my company? said the manager of a substantial theatrical company to a young man.

"Yes, sir."

"Ever had any experience?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll test your capabilities. Just pick up that trunk over there and let me see how you would go about letting it out of the window."

If He had Only Known.

A physician who had attended a man during several weeks of illness called one day and presented his bill.

"I don't pay this," said the patient.

"Why! It's correct—"

"I don't doubt that, but I haven's my money. Had to pay a life insurance assessment this morning, and it took every cent I had."

"Ah, your life is insured."

"Yes, and at one time, when I expected to live but a few hours longer, I told my wife to see that you were paid, just as soon as the company paid the amount of insurance."

"My dear man," the doctor suggestively replied, "I wish I had known that. I think I would have got my money."

A Bad Dream.

"What can be more depressing than a terrible dream?

"I will tell you what is more depressing: it is to have a pleasant, delightful dream and to wake up and find it only a dream.

"Have you ever been there?

"Just the other night. I'll never forget the anguish I felt when I woke."

"What did you dream?

"That my mother-in-law paid a month in advance.

When the Best Wants to Pause.

Deacon Treet—"Do you not sometimes have a feeling of inner hesitancy, an awful doubt that will not be shaken off, when your soul wants to pause, and—

Exchange Editor—"Oh, yes; I often feel just that way."

"Ah, you do!"

"Yes, indeed, Brother. It is when I want to slip a good thing from the funny column of a Christian weekly and I can't for the life of me tell from what paper it has been stolen."

No Hurry.

The grave air of patronage and superiority with which little children regard babies is something delicious. A child whose age can be counted in months seems very small to one who has reached the dignity of years. Said a visitor to a certain little girl: "And how is the baby to day, Florence?" "Mamma thinks he is a little better. "Then he is not much better?"

"No, ma'am. He could'n't be very much better you know, because he's such a little bit of a baby."

Useless Neighbors.

Mrs. Gossip—Is that house alongside of you empty yet?

Mrs Gabb—No, a family moved in last week

"How folks?"

"Now! They're the freakiest kind of people, live from hand to mouth, buy things by the cent's worth, I guess."

"Humph!"

"True as I'm sitting here. I've sent in a dozen times to borrow things, and they was out of 'em every time."

MISCELLANEOUS.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What mortal cannot this little word stage Madness, Murder, Misery, Indigestion, Sleeplessness Nervous Prostration, All stem from the Nervous Tension and be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also cures the best remedies for Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which lead to Dyspepsia and Constipation.

Sold by Druggists. Ask for it.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

WILSON'S Vaporizing Inhaler,

THIS SAFE OF CITIZENS WILL GRATUITOUSLY TREAT ON

CATARRH, ASTHMA,

DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, COLDS, and all throat, bronchial and lung troubles. The only authorized remedy indorsed by the medical profession. Price $1.00, with two months's treatment and medicine. For 25 all sent free. Smith's supply (enough to cure the most obstinate case) 50 cts. Sold by druggists. Take Tree at the office. Hours 10 to 12 daily. Ladies waited on by MRS WILSON.

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Office on main, on St. Joseph's Walk, near Main Avenue, Calvary Cemetery. Apply to the Superintendent, or at the office of the GRANOLITHIC F. CO., 638 Montgomery St.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY, PRINCIPAL OFFICE. 648 MARKET STREET PRACTICAL. 1158 MARKET ST. LAUNDRY. 13th St., bet. Folsom and Howard S. F. Cal

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Stock in Every Handle, per pair $5.00
Ivory Handle, Nickel Ferrules, per pair 6.00
Price's Giant Razors, warranted 3.00
Sole Agents for the Celebrated Rodgers' Pocket Cutlery, Scissors, Razors, etc.
Sole Agents for Wade & Butcher's Razors and Pocket Cutlery. Send C.O.D., or by mail. Office for new catalogue.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN M. HOWARD, IS THE MAN To Have Your Parlor Sets, Lounges, Mattresses, Etc., MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED BY 200 EIGHTH ST., nr. FOLSOM All Work Guaranteed.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

"THE DENVER DIRECT OUTER ROUTE"

COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1885, AND until further notice, Stage and Trains will leave Petaluma for San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market and Mission, as follows:

Leave S. F. | Destination | Arrive Petaluma

8:00 A.M. | Petaluma, Santa Rosa | 12:55 P.M.
3:45 P.M. | Petaluma, Santa Rosa | 8:45 P.M.
5:00 P.M. | Petaluma, Santa Rosa | 9:50 P.M.
8:00 A.M. | Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale | 12:55 P.M.
4:30 P.M. | Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale and Way Stations | 8:45 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mendocino and Sonoma Springs; at Cloverdale for Skaggs Springs; and at Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Bartlett Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, Ukiah, Springs, Harris Springs, Mendocino City and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS—Saturdays to Monday, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—Petaluma $1 50; to Santa Rosa $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4 50.

From San Francisco Ferry Depot, foot of Market Street: Week Days: 7:00 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m. Sundays: 8:00 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m.

From Petaluma: Week Days: 5:30 a.m., 6:35 a.m., 8:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 6:20 p.m., 9:00 p.m. Sundays: 6:35 a.m., 8:00 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 6:20 p.m., 9:00 p.m.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days: 6:40 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 10:40 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 3:40 p.m., 5:40 p.m., 8:40 p.m., 11:40 p.m. Sundays: 8:40 a.m., 9:40 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 3:40 p.m., 5:40 p.m., 8:40 p.m., 11:40 p.m.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days: 7:00 a.m., 8:00 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m. Sundays: 8:00 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m.

NOTE—Saturday's time for Sunday. Saturday night's train will run to Sunday morning.

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STAGES JAMES M. DONAHUE LEAVES SAN ANTONIO HOTEL, Petaluma, on arrival of Train leaving San Francisco at 4.30 P.M. Daily (Sundays excepted) from Washington Hotel, Sonoma, for the town of Sonoma. Close Close and Way Points. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 10 A.M.

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8.15 A.M. Train leaves San Francisco, arrives at Sonoma at 11.45 A.M. Returning, leaves Sonoma at 5 P.M. Fare for the round trip, $1.50.

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E. E. WHITING, Gen'l Superintendent. PETER J. McGUIRE, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS

GAINED 1st PREMIUM for greatest merit at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, 1884. Warerooms, Steinway Hall, 628 Sutter St., San Francisco. Pianos of other leading makes, from each of the Eastern manufacturers, from $175 to $500. Pianos for Rent, $3 per month. Pianos Tuned, Repaired and Polished. Sheet Music and Music Books at half price. Sole agent for Mason & Hamlin Organs and Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Vocalion Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Mathushek Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Sohmer Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Steinway Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Weber Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Hallet, Davis & Co. Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Chickering Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Ivers & Pond Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Decker Bros. Pianos. Sole agent for Celebrated Lyon & Hamlin Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Peloubet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Taylor & Farley Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Prescott Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Shoninger Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Smith American Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Clough & Warren Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Wilcox & White Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Estey Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Packard Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Dyer & Hemmenway Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Beatty Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Story & Clark Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Burdett Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Peloubet Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Taylor & Farley Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Prescott Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Shoninger Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Smith American Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Clough & Warren Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Wilcox & White Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Estey Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Packard Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Dyer & Hemmenway Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Beatty Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Story & Clark Cabinet Organs. Sole agent for Celebrated Burdett Cabinet

PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA.

Dedication of St. Charles Borromeo's Church Last Sunday.

For the first time in the parish of St. Charles Borromeo, the new bell presented in the church by John A. Lennon, summoned the people to worship last Sunday and not only to worship, but to participate in the solemnity of a new and beautiful temple offered to God under the benign patronage of St. Charles Borromeo. The temple was opened and blessed shortly after 10 o'clock A. M. Very Rev. John J. Prendergast, Vicar General of the Archdiocese, officiated in the absence of His Grace, assisted by Rev. F. Thomas, J. Mahoney, D. O. Crowley, John E. Cuddy and J. F. Mullaney. At the celebration of the Solemn High Mass, Rev. T. McEnaney of Oakland, officiated, assisted by Revs. J. E. Cuddy, Deacon; J. F. McGinty, Sub-Deacon; P. J. Cummins, Master of Ceremonies, Rev. D. O. Crowley, Spiritual Director of the Youths' Choir, was also present on the altar. A powerful sermon was preached by Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, on the necessity of a practical Christian life, at the conclusion of which the sacrifice of the Mass was continued. The beautiful music after was brilliantly rendered by the choir, and the ceremonies were in every respect solemn and impressive.

The church under the able direction of the pastor, Mrs. E. S. Cody, rendered Von Lee Hanke's Mass Catolica. The singers were: Soprano: Misses Jennie Kewen, Ella Boith, Mollie Murphy, Annie Ryan, Maggie Duggan. Contralto: Misses Mary Cook, Kate McAuliffe, Minnie Harney. Tenors: V. Kiegwald, E. Rauch and J. F. Lennon. Bass: John McAuliffe and T. Parsini. A trio "Veni Creator," was rendered by Miss Mary Cook, contralto; C. Flood, tenor; John McAuliffe, bass; and at the Offertory, Miss Jennie Kewen, soprano, sang "O Mio Fernando." The choir was ably assisted by a large orchestra, which was filled with a large congregation that paid the closest and most reverent attention to the various services and ceremonies.

We cannot conclude our account of the dedication without being heavily tasking the zeal and progress of the parish, and by considering those authors which have contributed to Christian piety in fortunes and prosperity. The parish of St. Charles Borromeo, was informally founded by the Green Archbishop Riordan, in March, 1887. The boundaries at that time were from Thirteenth to Twenty first streets, thence down Twenty first to Valencia, thence down Valencia to Fifteenth, thence to Mission and thence to the City and County of San Pablo. was appointed Rector, and between all about the arduous task of planting the destiny of the parish upon a substantial foundation, which is always and may be truly admirable. On Sunday, March 7th, not Mass was celebrated in the temporary chapel located in Cannon's Hall, corner of Sycamore and Howard streets. The hall was hardly large enough to accommodate the numbers present. From the parish thus formed in the heart of the Catholic residents of the district had been collected in the above enterprise, and on this occasion the few or our beloved Archbishop found their interest in the work of the parish, and contributed the sum of fifty dollars, a contribution of great value to the congregation. Father Cummins next day con menced and actively commenced the work thus inaugurated with the Catholic people and to secure further subscriptions towards the Church Building Fund. His efforts were highly successful. On Sunday, April 21, 1887, a meeting of the parishioners was held for the purpose of taking steps towards a suitable church. Mr. A. B. Maguire was elected President, and J. W. Boyd, Secretary. An Executive Committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. N. Wynne, J. Cooney, D. Mullen, J. Cassidy, J. Cassidy, J. Hassett and M. Fitzgibbon, with Messrs. Maguire and Boyd, ex officio members. The Executive committee also organized at this time with a banner member, a number which has considerably increased since. The present beautiful new church on the corner of Fifteenth and Shotwell streets, was commenced in September, and work on it has been steadily continued since. The architect is Mr. Chas. J. Devlin, who really deserves unqualified commendation for the originality of his plans, and for the careful and able superintendence he exercised in the erection of the building. We give a description of the church. The dimensions of the church are 100 feet in length by 40 feet. The dimensions are 56 feet wide, by 100 feet long. There are two stories and an unfinished basement. The first story is used as a community and parochial residence, the entrance to the latter being on Shotwell street. The remainder of the first story is occupied by the vestibule, a spacious room, and a spacious and extending from the vestibule in front. The second story is occupied by the church proper, 7 feet in width, and by a private staircase in the rear, leading to the choir gallery. At the beginning addition, great results in vestibule and light are secured. The ceiling is 17 feet, with two niches on each side for altars, 6 feet in width. There are two windows, each 11x12 feet. The seating capacity exceeds 500. One the rear of the church is a capacious choir gallery. The building is surmounted with a bell cote, which is built from the outside. The entrance to the church is by a broad flight of steps, which are protected by a porch. Adjacent to the church is the parochial street. Rev. Father Kenney was the builder and deserves credit for the manner in which he carried out the work. The frame-work was generously done free by Mr. and Mrs. Cody. The plastering and painting were made by W. F. Wilson, and the painting was done by Mr. Mullen. The beautiful stained glass windows were put in by Thomas C. Bullard, at a cost of $1,400, and were designed by the following charitable ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Jas. Phelan, Mrs. Mary Mc. Mrs. Frem, Mr. D. O'Brien, Mrs. J. Meyers, Mrs. M. O. Donnell, Mrs. John Rosborough, Mrs. Duke, Mrs. Jas. Coffman, Mr. Hilton, Mrs. Mr. Phelan, Mrs. Mr. Phelan, Mrs. Mr. Phelan, Mr. M. Phelan, Mrs. Mr. Phelan. The windows were given by the choir and the Sunday school children.

The fair which was opened by Very Rev. J. Gallagher, at the fees of McEvoy and Gallagher, and the fair which was opened by Mr. William Wynne and the ladies Sunday school children, and the fair which was opened by Mr. Mr. Phelan, and the fair which was opened by Mr. Mr. Phelan, and the fair which was opened by Mr. Mr. Phelan

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1884.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

ORACULATION.

Calumniators have | your bitter speech
Has often flung with plaudits Envy's hand,
Malignant darts against our Mother Church—
Shall's manner venture in this world' land.
With venomed darts you long in vain have tried
To cover her with fabricated shame;
Yet still she lives—lives in eternal youth,
With glory fadeless and a spotless name.
Long have you hurled the spears of angry words
Against her plant form—of birth divine;
They lightly fall as when the moon's soft beams,
Upon an antiquated rule shine.
She has lived through the mists of centuries
Gone,
And every century marked with cruel wrong;
With breath immortal will she still live on,
To aid and save frail man through age long;
Man—blinded with your bigotry and hate,
How may ye scorn the chosen one of Him,
Whose glowing face, the blessing sun to chasse upon,
Would trembling shall and sickening grow dim.
What prejudice still clouds the truth stores,
That she indeed is one of mortal birth?
Can ye not see that she is great, divine,
Since rising forth exhort from'ev'ry storm?
Oh! cast aside your prejudice and hate,
And glance upon her with unbiased eye;
Her matchless glory will you then perceive,
Her towering form—her immortality.
Who stemmed the outward march of ignorance
Dark,
Who boldly stopped, with plaions Gothian high,
The Vandal hordes? Who raised weak tallen man
From sin's invitious slavery?
Who broadcast threw the seeds of learning fair,
Of a sanctified while s'er all this earthly sphere?
The world in one united voice affirm—
"The Church—the spotless Mother without fear."

R. M. C.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

OUR PALLID HEROES.

We gather 'round the graves to day,
Of fallen martyrs long since dead,
And thoughts of sadness fill each soul,
For those who for their country bled.

Our gallant dead gave up their lives,
'Mid smoke of battle, shot and shell;
Their graves throughout the land this day,
Tell they performed their duty well.

For Union and for Liberty,—
They formed late that noble band,
To meet in battle fierce array
The wily foemen of our land.

The rebel heart with vengeance filled,
Set out to take the nation's life—
To rive Union and Union, too,
And thus brought on that dreadful strife.

Those gallant men who wore the blue,
Had vowed the Union they would save;
That our fair land should never be
The dwelling place of any slave.

And battles raged both long and fierce;
The rebel foemen left to yield,
Contented every look of ground
For four long years upon the field.

At last the Union cause was won,
The slave no more a slave was he;
Thy shackled he was—never shorn,
Both old and young bright freedom hailing;
Upon our soldier's graves we lay
Those choicest gifts of mother-earth,
To sweetly hide holiday.

Sleep on, grand army of the dead,
In peaceful slumbers may you rest;
You silent graves—sweet resting ones—
That tell your love of country best.

Decoration Day, 1884. RICHARD F. CARR.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

AVE MARIA.

Softly the bell tolls the vesper hour,
Ave Maria;
Then adieu God lovest; He hath all power,
Ave Maria.
Sweet rose bloom on thy altar white,
Day by dawning year is the night,
Ave Maria.

And when tolls my life meet cross,
Ave Maria;
Then in my car whisper words of peace,
Ave Maria.
Lead me, above, to thy Son's High Throne;
Show Him my child, I am all thy own,
Ave Maria.

M.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

TWILIGHT.

There is a calmness in the twilight hour,
When vestal stars beam chastely in the west,
For every troubled mind, and drooped brow
Seemeth to whisper to our spirits; "Rest."

So when hath passed the spirit's high noon-day,
And death's dark twilight gathers in Life's west,
We hear the voice of many angels say
In loving unison that sweet word: "Rest."

Far, far above, where through each star-lined
Gate,
The glory of great Heaven falsely glows,
There fix thy Faith; and hope for this, oh, soul,
"An endless life of twilight and repose."

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

IN THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

This is the presence chamber of the King!
Attend ye supplicants all,
And raise Him your votive tribute bring,
Responsive to His call.
The moment subject need not dread his frown,
Nor fear His wrath to prove;
For never gentler monarch were a crown,
Or more kind his hands to move.

This is the presence chamber of the King!
How beautiful the place,
Where shone in visible in transports sing
The wonders of His grace!
Around His throne the weaker tapers shine,
Their little bit of light;
Lighting the pilgrim to His earthly shrine,
His garment's hem to kiss.

This is the presence chamber of the King!
Ye faithful souls, draw nigh,
And let your joyful allelujas ring
In praise to God most high.
Have is our fetishism; tribes, spiritual,
Come wise ones from afar,
To greet the Saviour in the house of bread,
Where shines His beacon star.

This is the presence chamber of the King!
He waits our entrance here;
Over the desert sands He bids us bring
The gifts to Him so dear.
A 'ev'ry heart, a soul imbued with prayer,
A spirit mortified,
He will accept, and count as incense rare—
He who for chasens died.

ANGELINE DE LASSE.

Literary Miscellany.

Faith Lost and Faith Found.

BY A. J. QUILLEN.

CHAPTER I.

The bells on the Church of St. Angelo in the city of Mexico rang out the hour of twelve, half of 1867. The late pedestrians, who at their clubs or with their friends had watched the last moments of the old year, hurried homeward amidst the fast falling snow. Within the gloomy walls of a lovely furnished home on one of the side streets, a scene of desolation that poverty would have greeted the eye of the visitor to that home of sorrow. In a miserably furnished apartment, a sad woman, not yet in the prime of life, was lying apparently suffering from malignant fever. The last spark on the hearth had gone out with the year so recently ushered into the past. By the light of a dim lamp which stood upon a small table—the only other furniture in the room—could be seen a child not over ten years of age. In spite of the poor clothing which she wore it required only a glance to notice her beauty. A small silver crucifix of exquisite workmanship hung over the head of the bed. To this crucifix the sick lady pointed as she in a feeble voice, called to her daughter, "Marie, at last I must part with my only remaining treasure. Through the sad moments of the past ten years it has been my only consolation, but see it must go. To-morrow take it to the good Sisters of St. Mary's Convent and ask them to loan you a small sum, and to keep the crucifix until we can return the money. Do not try to sell it, for it was blessed by the Holy Father, Gregory XVI., many years ago, and was the property of your grandmother; at her death it came into my possession, and not a day has passed during the last decade that my lips have not kissed that image of Our Dear Saviour. Come to bed, and try to go to sleep, and to-morrow I will kiss the sacred image for the last time, and send it away that we may secure a little food." The poor child extinguished the light and crept into bed with her sick mother. The wind howled a requiem over the year's tomb, but its sighs were sick as and as the muffled moans of that poor child, who was left by the bury world alone with her mother. The elegant mansions of the wealthy, with their rich hangings and splendid furniture, seemed to mock the desolate home of those poor, unnamed by strangers in the midst of so many thousands. We must leave them for a while and go back to the time when that poor woman stood as a bride within a Protestant church, Ella Blanford was the daughter of a merchant who had once been rich, but whose fortune had been swept away by the civil war, which made thousands rich and tens of thousands poor. Colonel Blanford did not long survive his fortune. At his death his widow and only child were left penniless. Ella, who had been educated at the Georgetown Convent, soon found a position as governess in a wealthy family, which consisted of a widow, a grown son, and several small children. The only annoyance to which she was subjected at the palatial home of Mrs. De Fort was their strong Catholic religion, for Ella and her mother were devout Catholics. At first Ella was inclined to resign her position and return to her mother, but when she remembered that her salary was all that she had to depend upon, she determined through the promptings of filial love to bear her cross in silence and not pay attention to the scoffs which so frequently greeted her ears for the religion which was her only consolation and support. In a short time these sneers began to disappear, as the same relentless tyranny which led to her heart the keenest sorrow.

Another year rolled around. By degrees she had neglected one religious duty after another. She watch Man when occasion or when the weather was pleasant. A boat-ache, the wait of a new dress, or an indescent Sunday, were sufficient to keep her at home. The third year brought a still greater revolution to her mind. Her scruples had been discarded, her Rosary was left within her bureau (ornament), and her prayers had been forgotten. But this was not the only change that had come to the pretty governess. She was the betrothed wife of Louis De Fort, and had promised to be married in a Protestant church. When Mrs. De Fort was informed of her son's engagement she became furious with rage, but finding opposition in vain, she gave a reluctant consent. The marriage was brilliant one, and was followed by a bridal tour to Europe. Shortly after her return she was suddenly summoned to the death bed of her mother, who with her last breath warned her daughter of the danger which menaced her for loss of faith. The old lady, taking the crucifix before mentioned, placed it in the hands of Ella, with the prayer that she should keep it ever in her possession, and repeat each day a decade of the Rosary for Divine help. Ella loved her mother and could not see her go into the tomb without complying with her request. The result was a return to the Church and sincere contrition for her grievous sins. Her husband exhibited great animosity towards her when he discovered that she had returned to her religion. His opposition became more and more violent, until the climax was reached when Ella determined to have her infant baptized by the parish Priest. This he considered a long treaty against Papists and superstitious Romanism by declaring that his child should not be baptized, and told his wife that if she persisted in her determination she must leave his house. Ella realized that God was now testing her faith, which she once so cruelly threw aside.

She resorted to fervent prayer and placed herself unreservedly under the protection of Our Lady of Good Counsel. The position in which she was placed was certainly sad and trying one, but she remembered how willingly and cheerfully the martyrs had gone to the stake for their faith. She would then do her duty and trust to God. Accordingly she had her infant baptized and plead with her husband to cease his persecution, but in vain. She had sinned and God had mercifully punished her for those sins. She was doomed to pass through affliction dark and heavy. Her husband ordered her to leave her home and to take with her the child he said he now despised. It was a sad day when she parted from her for the last time upon Travis Hall and went to the city of M——, to earn a living for herself and babe. For a few weeks she made a scanty support by giving some lessons and by executing fine needle work, but her health failed and her earnings grew less and less. She moved from one garret room to another, until we find her in the dreadfulate abode already described. One article after another had been pawned until a bed and small table were all that were left her, excepting the crucifix, which she had told her daughter to take to the Sisters in order to procure a few dollars to keep them from starving. God had answered her prayers and her faith once lost, but repented, never wavered. She each day thanked God for the rod under which she was smitten, and which she offered in atonement for her weakness in preferring material things to the blessings of God.

CHAPTER II.

A vessel off the coast of Africa had been dismantled by a storm and was being drifted gradually towards the rock bound coast. On board of that vessel were a band of priests going to labor in equatorial Africa, several English merchants and a few passengers among whom was Louis De Fort, who after the cruel treatment received from his family had started for a tour around the world. He had visited all the principal cities of Europe, vainly striving to drive off his melancholy which had oppressed him from the day that Ella was driven from Travis Hall. Finding the gayities of European capitals powerless to drown the voice of conscience, he determined to seek solace in the wilds of the dark continent. For hours the Dauphin drifted hopelessly upon the waters. As night drew her shadows over the sea, the gallant vessel struck upon the rocks, and in more than Francis not some became in an instant food for the monsters of the deep. Those who survived the wreck were made prisoners by a band of natives. They were soon hurried into the interior. Suddenly shaken into the companionship of the one scamarion, Louis at first felt that even their common misfortunes could not cause him to throw aside his hatred for the Church. A change came over him when he saw how calmly they bore their privations during their vexatious march, with nothing but the food of the savage tree to sustain life, with no beds but the hard ground, annoyed as they were by their captors and by millions of insects. Their fate was truly a cruel one. On the third day of their captivity Louis became ill with a low fever and he thought he was concluded to leave him to perish amidst the forest or to become food for the prowling beasts. One of the Fathers, who understood the dialect of the captors, pleaded with them for permission to carry the unfortunate man upon a rude litter. The request was granted, and for seven days the fatigued priests bore him towards the village of Tangasilla. When they arrived at this place the natives formed a profession and with shouts and horrid music bore the prisoners to the hut of the chief, who ordered them to be kept in confinement until the feast of their great idol, Iabandas, when they were to be cruelly tortured and burned. The kind attention of the Fathers made a deep impression upon Louis, who soon recovered. His astonishment at the happiness of these Priests under their terrible surroundings cannot be imagined. Their faith spoke by their actions louder than the words of the most eloquent preacher. As the time of their martyrdom approached, the Priests rejoiced at the glorious blessing heaven had sent upon them, to die for the cause of our Holy Mother. They could not see a fellow man pass into eternity without endeavoring to lead him to make his peace with God. They had come to Africa to labor among the heathens, and they found themselves imprisoned with one as destitute of knowledge of the supernatural as the most benighted native of that land. As yet Louis refused to listen to their few words of instruction. He did not for a moment believe that his fellow captives would go forth to their martyrdom with a smile. A few weeks after their arrival at the village the tribe was excited by a friendly neighboring chief and it was decided to celebrate his coming by sacrificing one of the prisoners. Lots was cast, and it was held that on the morrow he would be led forth to his doom. Each of the three Priests volunteered to take his place, feeling that they would add to the glory of their own death by giving him a few more days to see the danger which menaced his soul. The offer of the Priests was accepted and they drew lots for the prize, for such they regarded the death which was to be the lot of the fortunate one. At an early hour on the succeeding day the village was transformed into a scene of debauchery and rioting no pen could describe. The sacrifice was to take place within sight of the prison. When Louis saw the body march meekly, humbly, thankfully go to his cruel fate, he fell upon his knees in prayer. He arose a convert to that faith which numbers among her most precious jewels the martyrs of those who like Louis De Fort, died for the faith of their fathers. Frequent potations of the juice of a plant, which after fermentation possess alcoholic liberal quantities. A glass of hope came to the ears of Louis and he determined to escape in the darkness of the night. When the intoxicated had his plan to the two remaining Fathers he was a shadow pass over their countenances at the thought that they were to be deprived of the martyr's crown. Yet they were willing to live if God had work for them to do. As soon as the night became favorable from their debauch the prisoners managed, with but little trouble, to escape, and after a terrible journey reached the coast. They at once took passage on a slaver to one of the Dutch settlements. Here the company parted with sincere regret. Louis after embracing the Fathers adieu for Europe, while they started for the mission, for the purpose of teaching that faith which had come to their companions in so striking a manner. Louis at once determined to return to the United States and find his deserted wife. For years he sought her, but all his efforts were fruitless. He advertised extensively, but in vain. He had almost given up all hope of ever being able to make reparation for his crime, when the startling events recorded in our concluding chapter.

CHAPTER III.

It was New Years Day. Louis De Fort, standing in St. Mary's Convent in the city of M——. Whether it was by chance or by the special providence of God that he determined to enter the Convent and have a small sum for the poor to be distributed by the Sisters, we will leave our readers to judge. While waiting for the Sister Superior, a poorly dad child, apparently about ten years of age, entered the parlor and nervously took a seat in the shadow of the bay window. Louis at once left an interest in the little waif, and when he saw the tears falling from her drooping eyes, he approached her and gently asked the cause of her grief. The child at first hesitated to answer, but being encouraged by his kind voice, replied, "My mother, sir, is dying and I have come to seek help from the good Sisters."

"Where do you live, my child?"

"Only a few squares from here."

"Cheer up, I will go with you as soon as I have seen the Sister and see what can be done for your mother; so dry your tears, you may be mistaken in supposing your mother is ill."

A few minutes later Louis entered the room of the sick woman. At the first sight of her pale face he recognized the one who had so cruelly treated and for whom he had searched so long. She was too ill to notice his presence. There was no time for hesitation or delay. He went at once for a physician and nurse, and with the gentleness of a woman watched by the side of that sick bed. As the patient could not be moved, he had new furnitures brought to the room, and in a few hours the scene of desolation gave place to one of comfort. The child was soon made aware of the fact that he was her uncle, her father. In a few days the sick woman grew stronger and the doctor advised her husband to absent himself for at least a short time. With reluctance he went away, but was soon given permission to return. The meeting of husband and wife, under the circumstances, was too sacred for description. The forgiveness asked was willingly granted. Both had suffered and were willing to bury the past. It was not long before the roses came back to the cheeks of Mrs De Fort, and for years with her husband and child she led a happy life in Travis Hall.—*Church News.*

— Protestation resolutions and notices sent in as for publication must be paid for in advance at the rate of ten cents a line. About eight words make a line.

CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Concerns in Many Countries.

—The Emperor of China has donated $42,000 to the Archbishop of Pekin for a new Cathedral.

—It is in contemplation to have a congress of the colored Catholics of the United States, to the coming fall. It is to be held either at Washington, Philadelphia or Cincinnati.

—In Canada Father Labelle, in the Province of Quebec, has been appointed Deputy Minister of Agriculture in the Provincial Government. The Provincial ministry is almost entirely French.

—The foundation stone of the new Church of St. Joseph, Highgate Hill, London, which is to be erected as a national memorial of the Papal Jubilee, was laid by Cardinal Manning on Thursday, the 24th ult.

—Cardinal Gibbons on Tuesday, May 6th, at Annunciata, Prince George's County, Md., blessed the new Novitiate of the Christian Brothers, erected there on the land given by Admiral Ammen, now on the retired list of the United States Navy.

—The commencement session of the Notre Dame University, this year, will be conducted by Father Corby, of Denver, Colorado. Father Carr is editor of the *Colorado Catholic.*

—In Baltimore, Md., Sister Ellen Joseph (West), colored, of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, celebrated her golden jubilee recently. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons was present.

—Catholics now represent about one-sixth of the population of the United States. In 1850 they were two-sevenths, in 1860 the proportion was 1 in 5; in 1870, 1-4.6; in 1880, 1-4.4; in 1882, 1-4.2; in 1883, 1-4.

—The *Mission Catholique* publishes at the head of its last issue the announcement to the effect that the publication of the Journal has been broken up and that the missionaries from Lyons, who were recovered. His astonishment at the happiness of these Priests under their terrible surroundings cannot be imagined. Their faith spoke by their actions louder than the words of the most eloquent preacher. As the time of their martyrdom approached, the Priests rejoiced at the glorious blessing heaven had sent upon them, to die for the cause of our Holy Mother. They could not see a fellow man pass into eternity without endeavoring to lead him to make his peace with God. They had come to Africa to labor among the heathens, and they found themselves imprisoned with one as destitute of knowledge of the supernatural as the most benighted native of that land. As yet Louis refused to listen to their few words of instruction. He did not for a moment believe that his fellow captives would go forth to their martyrdom with a smile. A few weeks after their arrival at the village the tribe was excited by a friendly neighboring chief and it was decided to celebrate his coming by sacrificing one of the prisoners. Lots was cast, and it was held that on the morrow he would be led forth to his doom. Each of the three Priests volunteered to take his place, feeling that they would add to the glory of their own death by giving him a few more days to see the danger which menaced his soul. The offer of the Priests was accepted and they drew lots for the prize, for such they regarded the death which was to be the lot of the fortunate one. At an early hour on the succeeding day the village was transformed into a scene of debauchery and rioting no pen could describe. The sacrifice was to take place within sight of the prison. When Louis saw the body march meekly, humbly, thankfully go to his cruel fate, he fell upon his knees in prayer. He arose a convert to that faith which numbers among her most precious jewels the martyrs of those who like Louis De Fort, died for the faith of their fathers. Frequent potations of the juice of a plant, which after fermentation possess alcoholic liberal quantities. A glass of hope came to the ears of Louis and he determined to escape in the darkness of the night. When the intoxicated had his plan to the two remaining Fathers he was a shadow pass over their countenances at the thought that they were to be deprived of the martyr's crown. Yet they were willing to live if God had work for them to do. As soon as the night became favorable from their debauch the prisoners managed, with but little trouble, to escape, and after a terrible journey reached the coast. They at once took passage on a slaver to one of the Dutch settlements. Here the company parted with sincere regret. Louis after embracing the Fathers adieu for Europe, while they started for the mission, for the purpose of teaching that faith which had come to their companions in so striking a manner. Louis at once determined to return to the United States and find his deserted wife. For years he sought her, but all his efforts were fruitless. He advertised extensively, but in vain. He had almost given up all hope of ever being able to make reparation for his crime, when the startling events recorded in our concluding chapter.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Week's Happenings in the World.

—A new leaf has been accepted for the reconstruction of a public building at Cerson.

—A tow of $68,000 has been contributed to build repairs for the famous Versailles Palace.

—Dr. William H Hayes, the veteran Irish Nationalist, died in New York, Saturday, the 24th ult.

—The new St. Catherine's Light, Isle of Wight, and is the most powerful electric light in the world.

—Peter Cannon broke the record Saturday by running three miles in 14 minutes, 19 seconds

—The English Government is disputed by the struggle between of the French and Russian Asiatic squadrons

—A large lily is in bloom at Chico which is jet black in color and emits a villanous perfume.

—California capitalists propose to take up 400,000 acres of pine timber land in New Mexico and open it by a railroad.

—Forest fires are destroying much good timber on the Northern Pacific road in the Cascade Mountains.

—The yarn exportation from Bombay, India, to China and Japan, amounts to 50,000 pounds per year.

—A new steamer, the *Rosyrea*, on the Dover Channel, is expected to cross the channel in fifty minutes.

—The navigation of the Red River is the largest since 1843, and the damage to property is serious

—The agitation to remove the Capitol building from Topeka is said to meet with favor in the Southern States.

—Homestenders are pouring into the Michigan woods included in the recent farmers' excursion, which was a success.

—The Government of Portugal has imposed an additional duty of 10 to 50 per cent on grain and flour shipped after May 4th.

—The auction sale of farm land on Roberts's Island, San Joaquin County, Saturday, was a success. The sales aggregated 1,026 acres at $21,649.

—Eighty engineers have begun to copy American designs. They have just published the pre-connected type in large spans on big bridges.

—M. Jouvel-Pierre is preparing armaments to cross the Atlantic. It will be 200 feet high, and with all the apparatus will weigh about four tons and a half.

—Tappan Hall, N. Y., where Andre the British spy was hanged, and where Upton Wright and a number of others, who have recently been up, is to be sold at auction.

—The Turkish Sultan has appointed H. H. Hope Brigadier General of the First Imperial Ottoman Cavalry of the Bodyguard, National Guard of California, and Major of the Third Regiment, Cavalry of the Third Infantry, Second Brigade.

—Bonin Corbett, who killed Wilton Beatty, made his escape Saturday, the 24th ult., from the Insane Asylum at Napa, where he has been confined for some weeks.

—The California Fruit Union has decided to continue the auctioning of fruit in San Francisco. Members will be allowed to ship on direct rate by paying the Union $30 per car load for auctioning and sale.

—There are 116 Pixie Indians in Harney Valley, Or., and among them seven blind women who have been adjudged by the Indians as a starving condition and sub-sist on what they can obtain by begging.

—The other can not shield himself with a sword of gallantry. He is a man of letters, doctrines and customs of the Catholic Church, and he will be found to be a man of the world, and a man of the world, and a man of the world, and

THE MONITOR.

TRUTH BURNS TRUE OF FOUNDATIONS.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1888.

THE PAPAL RESCRIPT.

It Relates to Mormon Affairs. No Interference with Irish Policies.

DUBLIN, May 30.—At a meeting of the Archbishops held to-day, in Clonliffe College, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be published:

In obedience to the commands of the Holy See, and in willing discharge of the duty thus placed upon us, we desire to put on public record that the Decree of the Holy Office addressed to the Irish Hierarchy *was intended to effect the domain of morals alone, and in no way to interfere with politics in this country.* Even this very day we have had from our Holy Father, the Pope, direct and unequivocal assurance of his deep and paternal interest in the temporal welfare of our country, and that, so far from intending by this Decree to injure our national movements, it was the hope and purpose of his Holiness to remove those things which he judged might in the long run be obstacles *to its advancement and ultimate success.*

With these facts thus clearly before us, upon whatever from his other concerns fitting to our filial affection and respect, we must *warn our people against the use of any hasty or erroneous language with reference to the Sovereign Pontiff or to any of the Sacred Congregations* through which he usually forms his Decrees to the faithful. For, while expressing our deep and lasting gratitude to the leaders of this National movement for the signal services they have rendered to religion and country, we deem it our duty at the same time to remind them and our flocks, as we most emphatically do, that *the Roman Pontiff has an inalienable and Divine right to speak with authority on all questions appertaining to faith and morals.*

SIGNED:

† MICHAEL, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland.
† THOMAS, Archbishop of Cashel.
† JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.
† FRANCIS, Bishop of Derry.
† LAURENCE, Bishop of Kildare.
† MICHAEL, Bishop of Killaloe.
† JAMES, Bishop of Clogher.
† JOHN, Bishop of Cloyne.
† FRANCIS, Bishop of Galway.
† WILLIAM, Bishop of Down.
† HUGH, Bishop of Clonfert.
† MATHEW, Bishop of Ardagh.
† BARTHOLOMEW, Bishop of Ardagh.
† ANDREW, Bishop of Kerry.
† THOMAS ALPHONSUS Bishop of Cork
† JAMES, Bishop of Ferns.
† ABRAHAM, Bishop of Kerry.
† PIERS, Bishop of Waterford.
† EDWARD THOMAS Bishop of Limerick
† EDWARD, Bishop of Kilmore.
† JOHN, Bishop of Ardagh.
† PATRICK, Bishop of Down and Connor.
† JAMES, Coadjutor Bishop of Killala.
† JOHN, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert.
† THOMAS, Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore.
† NICHOLAS, Auxiliary Bishop of Dublin.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— The *Missing Record* of Juneau, Alaska, referring to the fact that Fuller, the murderer of Archbishop Seghers, got a two years sentence instead of being hanged, as he ought to have been, says that "the fact that the Government pursuits or allows its national officers who are paid to look after its interests to appear in court as attorneys and defend violators of law, and thereby use their influence to defeat the ends of justice, affords the Alaska criminal who is fortunate enough to secure the services of such official as any chance of receiving either a light sentence or no sentence at all. Such was the case with the murderer Fuller." This exposure of the way salaried public officials help to cheat justice should be brought to the notice of President Cleveland.

— A new form of outrage has been introduced into Ireland by one of the bullies whom Balfour employs to carry out the Coercion policy of the British Government. A couple of weeks ago Canon Thomas O'Donnell, the venerable parish priest of Doone, in the Archdiocese of Cashel, was engaged on a Saturday afternoon in the confessional when a bailiff walked into the church and, whilst the Canon was hearing a confession, the scoundrel put his hand in side the curtain and handed the Canon a legal process document. As soon as the news of the outrage was known a number of women followed the wretch and pelted him with stones and brickbats, one of which struck him so forcibly as to fracture his skull. The unfortunate fellow died a few days thereafter, and the miserable end of the introducer of this new species of outrage into Ireland is very likely to deter any more of Balfour's bullies from entering a confessional in order to serve summonses on God's servants when they are engaged in the discharge of their religious duties.

— We think every Catholic parent who reads the Mormon fully appreciates the value of Christian education, hence they will be pleased to know that the following tribute was paid to this great factor in making people faithful to God, by Bishop O'Farrell on a recent occasion. "The Church and the school," said the eloquent and zealous Prelate, "comprise the life of a Catholic parish, and in these two words can be found all that is necessary for the progress of the Church and the advancement of her children. Christian education is the true basis of all knowledge, and, so far from being found by our Faith, we alone are the friends of all. . . . All true knowledge is good, and belongs to God. The Church has no fear of any future knowledge. She tells her children to go as far as they can and find God in all His works. . . . This land must remain a Christian land if it wants to remain a free land. In supporting your own schools as well as those established by the State—in paying double—you show you have more love of country than any other people. Without morality there can be no true citizenship. . . . Here in this country, if education is not founded on Christianity the country will cease to be Christian, and with Christianity will depart morality, and with morality, the ties that make men good citizens."

A Sickening Crusade against the Church.

The so-called "investigation" of St. Vincent's Asylum, has developed into a crusade against the Church in California, just as we predicted it would in our last issue. The great strides on the highway of progress which the true Church has been making in this State during the past ten years, have aroused the Sectarian bigotry of certain despicable demagogues who, having some bitter anti-Catholic brethren of the nuptate tie at present in official positions, recently came to the conclusion that if the money allotted to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum could be stopped by State authority, it would cripple the Catholic Church in California.

The so-called "investigation" was, therefore, inaugurated at the suggestion of a fanatic who has attained unenviable notoriety in consequence of his anti-Catholic calumnies, his hatred of truth, and his entire disregard of any consequences that might arise from his inflammatory appeals to the worst passions of his deluded followers. This fanatical firebrand suggested a few years ago that Catholic edifices should be destroyed by fire, and the boys who set fire to St. Vincent's Asylum were no doubt inspired to perpetrate that murderous act by the teachings of just such scoundrels as the one who manipulated the present "investigation."

So far as the weight of evidence goes, there is not a single charge against St. Vincent's Asylum that has not been boldly met and refuted upon evidence that cannot be contradicted except upon the perjured testimony of reeking Knownothings whose oath to their party will cover any perjury they may commit. The array of testimony we publish in this issue, covers every point of "complaint" made by the black-hearted political moonbeams who are howling at being the cause of the "investigation."

The source from whence the calumnies against St. Vincent's Asylum emanated, the officials engaged to prosecute the Catholic Church because she does not suit their Satanical political views, and the Sanctimonious hoodlums upon whose evidence it is sought to blacken the fair fame of St. Vincent's—should all be known by the public in order to arrive at a general knowledge of the *animus* of the anti-Catholic crusaders in this attempt at destroying a Catholic asylum in order to cripple the Church in California.

The source from which the calumnies against St. Vincent's originated was a paper edited by an anti-Catholic crank whose name is synonymous with all that is Satanical. A fellow without a consonance of a code of morality. One who has publicly placed upon record his conviction that it is perfectly legitimate to fabricate falsehoods whenever they are necessary to carry conviction in your own favor! The boys whom the chief "investigator" has been interviewing recently in his search for evidence against St. Vincent's Asylum, seem to have been schooled in the teachings of the thorough-bred bigot in question.

That the "investigation" was instituted in order to open a political crusade against the Catholic Church is easily proved not only from the fact that several most notorious Knownothings are engaged in carrying it on, but also upon the evidence of the Sacramento *Bee* (a paper not by any means friendly to Catholics) which alludes to Mr. Maslin's share in the conspiracy in the following very suggestive language:

"Unfortunately for the good that might come out of the St. Vincent Inquiry it was intrusted to a young man who before he had been in the work publicly proclaimed his verdict against the institution in the papers. The public do not believe that the investigation will be thorough and honest when the investigator, taking his cue apparently from an emphatic article in the reeking atmosphere of Frank Pixley's office, forewarns the world of his decision. Anything so badly managed for their course in the premises. They should succeed in their crusade. Even if the act, on appeal, should be declared invalid, the reform could be accomplished by other means. There is a municipal ordinance in existence that makes the dilapidated condition of houses a vast lesson of ill repute, and also makes it a blackguardly offence for owners of such houses to permit or cause therein The keepers of the houses were, in the opinion of the Court, more than all else reprehensible for the evil which the ordinance was intended to remedy. Until the validity of the statute under discussion can be passed on by the Superior Court, Judge Lawlor recommended that in future proceedings of the nature in question be had under the ordinance.

— Thomas McGee says the following very neat and evidently sincere compliment to the sincerity of Archbishop Alemany, O. P., in the current issue of the *Real Estate Circular*: "Few better men have ever occupied a prominent place in California than the late Archbishop Alemany, whose death at his old home in Spain was announced last month. Archbishop Alemany was one of the most kindly and unassuming of men. A brother less who erected the buildings built for the Catholic Church for years, once told us that he never had a written contract with the late Archbishop. His word was all he sought, and it was always sufficient. Fussy bumbugs and nobodies by the hundred are continually splashing and pushing in the face of the public, while a man like the late Prelate studiously kept out of the public sight; and, best of all, felt himself to be as small in his own heart as he wished to appear to the public. We do not belong to the late Archbishop's Church, but our tribute to his worth is none the less hearty, and the privilege of regretting his death none the less sincere."

— Rumor has associated the name of Rev. Father Lindemann, of Waterloo, N. Y., a distinguished scholar and well-known as a polemical writer, in connection with one of the Bishoprics in the new Australian Catholic University. Such an appointment would be a vast gain to the teaching force of that University and would be an eminently suitable one.

— His Holiness the Pope has conferred the Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great on Mr. Peter Donahoe of this city who occupied a very prominent position in Rome during the recent Jubilee celebration.

— The faculty of Santa Clara College have placed a new bell in their chapel at the College.

The Papal Rescript.

The Letter which the united Bishops of Ireland have addressed to their flocks, settles at once and forever all further controversy regarding the recent Rescript from Rome. The Congregation from whom the Rescript originated intended to deal solely with the moral side of the questions put before them by ecclesiastical dignitaries concerning the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting. The question of politics was never once thought of, and those parting patriots who are afraid that the Pope will make a political platform for the Irish people, had better save their breath and bluster over a more myth.

The Dublin Nation takes a very sensible view of this subject, and as most heartily commends its contribution to our readers as coming from a source that is at once true to Ireland's holy faith and firm in its allegiance to Ireland's cause in her battle for political independence:

"Irishmen have received the Rescript from the Holy Office in a spirit truly admirable. The fact that such a document could have been issued from Rome at a critical moment in our country's history was extremely regrettable, but looked at calmly, the Rescript contained nothing either to excite wild passion or cause deep despondency. And Irishmen have taken the matter calmly. Of their national or individual rights they are resolved not to surrender a particle, and they are equally determined not to do or say anything that would indicate that Irish Catholics have for a moment wavered in their allegiance to the Holy See. It was the action of the Pope's enemies and ours to represent that the Head of the Church had condemned our national objects and organization as illegal; but Irishmen are too well versed by manyremonstrances on gross and obvious, and we are now able to see the result in the calm and dignified manner with which our leaders have so expertly borne the most galling of all injustices—a misrepresentation of the faith of unmerited censure. The falsehoods and the calumnies, the misrepresentations and the strictures of hostile critics we at once discounted at their proper worth, and the warnings that we addressed to our countrymen against the fictions and exaggerations designed to mislead them have not been unheeded.

As a further index of the feelings of the Irish people, we append a cablegram published last Sunday, showing the revolution which has taken place in the opinions even of Nationalists regarding the influence which the Rescript will ultimately have for Ireland's good:

"It is already but barely dawning on the minds of the more fiery members of the Irish party that Pope Leo XIII., in assuming the Papal Tiara, has shown himself a more astute politician and friend of Ireland than any of the Nationalists for the past few weeks were willing to consider. Nothing is more clear for Home Rule than the Rescript will ultimately have for Ireland's good.

"It is already but barely dawning on the minds of the more fiery members of the Irish party that Pope Leo XIII., in assuming the Papal Tiara, has shown himself a more astute politician and friend of Ireland than any of the Nationalists for the past few weeks were willing to consider. Nothing is more clear for Home Rule than the work publicly proclaimed his verdict against the institution in the papers. The public do not believe that the investigation will be thorough and honest when the investigator, taking his cue apparently from an emphatic article in the reeking atmosphere of Frank Pixley's office, forewarns the world of his decision. Anything so badly managed for their course in the premises. They should succeed in their crusade. Even if the act, on appeal, should be declared invalid, the reform could be accomplished by other means. There is a municipal ordinance in existence that makes the dilapidated condition of houses a vast lesson of ill repute, and also makes it a blackguardly offence for owners of such houses to permit or cause therein The keepers of the houses were, in the opinion of the Court, more than all else reprehensible for the evil which the ordinance was intended to remedy. Until the validity of the statute under discussion can be passed on by the Superior Court, Judge Lawlor recommended that in future proceedings of the nature in question be had under the ordinance.

Catholic Reaction in Europe.

Catholics will be cheered by the pleasing intelligence which comes this week from Europe that a great Catholic reaction is now sweeping over that Continent. Speaking of this desirable change in the political complexion of European affairs, an English Catholic paper intimates that the movement which is in France at a long sent up the number of Catholic deputies from eighty to three hundred, and now threatens the very existence of the Government that spent its strength in prescribing the Church, which in Germany made the Centre so strong that the Kulturkampf is at an end; which in Italy has won so many movements for the Pope; which in Spain and in Austria has checkmated all the efforts of the Revolutionary party; which in Belgium has changed the whole force of the national policy, has now been felt in Holland. The long ascendency of the Liberal party is broken at last and the combined forces of the Catholics and Conservatives give them a narrow, but a working majority. The minority has already resigned, and the reluctant King will now be called upon to select the leaders of the Catholic Opposition. The parties in the new Chamber will stand thus: Liberals, forty-two; Catholics, twenty-six; Conservatives, twenty-seven. Some other elections have still to be held, but these results are not likely to affect the balance of power.

Littlejohn's Disgrace.

The London *Universe* states that a few weeks ago an Irish Protestant Association, after a debate upon Littlejohn's "Plain Reasons" as to whether the book was "a fit and proper work for Protestant and school teachers," decided to strike it off the list. Dr. Littlejohn will soon be able to add to his laurels the Protestant boast of the notorious Billy Hanson. We are told of this bully that he used to walk into Protestant meetings, and, with a cry of "caster" tearing these words, "Lambkin Kicked by Billy Hanson, and Billy Hanson Kicked by all London." In the mind of der Dr. Littlejohn is kicking, or being kicked, nearly all day long; every one and then he kicks "over the traces," and some times somehow all to pieces the vehicle to which he is harnessed. But the world has it out of him, and it is said that, on the whole, he is supposed to get as much of it now, than he gives. But this last affair of the Irish Protestant Association is the "unkindest cut of all," and should send Dr. Littlejohn to a strict re-examination of those whom he has hitherto supposed to be his friends.

A Brave Missionary Priest.

Among the brave band of missionaries who have upheld the Cross and Catholic Faith during the forty years in the Northwest, no name stands forth in greater lustre than that of the venerable Jesuit missionary, Rev. J. Jobin, the pioneer among the Coeur d'Alene Indians, in Kootenay country, Idaho, of whose labors in that country, Idaho, of whose labors in that

The Terrible Growth of Divorces

"The increasing laxity of the marriage tie, says the Philadelphia *Standard*, "The land of fortnightly in existence, and the red state, the strange confusion caused by the laws of different States, under which a man can legally have wives in different States, and the utter impossibility hereafter of deciding questions of legitimate succession in many cases, are a sufficiently ominous and startling warning. Where the 'Reformers' neglect unanswerable argument they opened the door to all abuses. Marriage became simply a contract. No minister was required by the Puritans to bless the union, according to them God imparted no grace to the Christian union of man and wife. All the sanctity with which Catholicity had surrounded the cradle, the cradle and the home, was scorned. But men became logical, if marriage was simply a contract, they could not see why the contracting parties could not arrange the contract to suit themselves. Divorce was permitted, and we have had its terrible fruits. No amendment of the Constitution, no uniformity of laws can check the laxity of morals which leads to divorces, or can prevent their steady increase. The Catholic body will soon be the only sound moral community in the country, and even amongst helpless the marriage state with any strictness that will be extensive in view of the danger.

The Catholic Home.

In the course of a beautiful and impressive address on the evils of intemperance, which Archbishop Ireland delivered lately in Chicago, he drew this lively picture in words dripping with a humor, tender and true, of the home of many of the humanities and the comforts of the home, where, by the power of the home where the home is supposed to get as much of it now, than he gives. But this last affair of the Irish Protestant Association is the "unkindest cut of all," and should send Dr. Littlejohn to a strict re-examination of those whom he has hitherto supposed to be his friends.

A Renegade Priest.

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Strong Testimony.

Continuation of the Orphan Asylum investigation.

The testimony offered at the Asylum investigation continues to be overpowering in proof of the integrity of the Institution—witness the following affidavits from well known, and responsible professional gentlemen.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco, }

I, [illegible] being duly sworn, say that I am a practising physician and an Homœopathic Physician, residing at 1 Hallam Place, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that I have been for the last four years in the Orphan Asylum, corner San Bruno Road and Ellsworth Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that I have had the opportunity of observing the sanitary condition of the asylum during that period, and that there are from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and two children there in such a state of health and good cheer and plenty of exercise, as I believe, that I have never seen in any institution of the same character in the State of California. The boys were examined as they passed in to dinner on the day of my last visit, and I found them generally healthy and well developed among them. The food was plain, substantial and well cooked. The dormitories were healthy, airy and well ventilated. The sanitary condition of the place is perfect. The grounds are large and healthy, and the children have a good deal of room to play in. The children appeared happy and well contented. I have had the opportunity of observing the children for the last four years, and I have found them

Farm and Home.

Wisdom for Men and Women.

—The end of a thing is the test.

—The greatest friend of truth is time, her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.

—Suppose the sunshine of life put the love and authority of God over the soul first and above all other things.

—Nothing is more beautiful than a serene, virtuous, happy old age. Such an age belongs to every individual's life if he only knows how to build it.

—By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil.

—Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. If you have great talents, industry will employ them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is obtained without it.

—No calling in life but is honorable; no one is ridiculous who acts suitably to his calling and estate; no one, who has good sense and humility, but may be happy stations of life, be truly well-bred and refined; but ostentation, affectation and ambitious efforts are, in every rank, high and low, nothing but vulgarities.

—Lessen not the power of temptation, the force of the passions, the strength of self-love and self-will, the sovereignty of pride and sloth in every one of Adam's children, who will be bold enough to assert of any particular soul that it will be able to maintain itself in obedience, without an abundance, a profusion of grace not to be expected, as bearing no proportion not simply to the claims, for there are none, but to the bare needs of human nature.

—Our thoughts are often worse than we are just as they are often better than we are. And God sees us as we are together, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellow men see us. We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only see and hear separate words and actions. We don't see each other's whole nature.

—"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is a leadstone to all hearts and a loadstar to all eyes." A mother is in constant, imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction, it is teaching without words, often examplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of her example the best precepts are of little avail. The example is followed, not the precept. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is more than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most outwardly of vices —hypocrisy.

—The mind is largely dependent for its strength and clearness of vision upon the purity of the life. It is true that a man should know what is right in order to do right; but it is also true that he must be in the habit of doing right in order to make such knowledge of any practical value. For example, one who is accustomed to act wisely and to avoid whatever he believes injurious learns one day through a reliable source that a certain article of diet of which he is fond, or a certain habit that he has acquired, is deleterious, and he at once discontinues it. Another accustomed to self-indulgence, receives the same instruction, and makes no change in his conduct. The intellect of each has been appealed to alike, and their knowledge of the points in question is equal; but in the one case the habit of right-doing makes it operative, but in the other the habit of wrong-doing makes it inoperative.

Recipes for the Household.

STUFFED PORK.

Make deep incisions in the meat; trim it so as to leave the skin longer than the flesh; then parboil some potatoes, mash, season with butter, cayenne pepper and salt; a little minced onion and sage. With this fill the incisions; then draw the skin over and shave it down. Season the outside by rubbing with salt, butter, cayenne pepper and sage. Roast slowly. When done skim off the fat, thicken the gravy with brown grated chicken. Serve with apple sauce.

SPONGE CAKE ROLL.

Take two ounces of sugar, two teacups of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of of baking powder; into this break two good sized eggs; beat all together, turn into square jelly tins, and bake in a quick oven on a light brown. When done, turn out on a moistened towel, and spread quickly with jelly; roll carefully out, and wrap each roll in a clean napkin and weave. The eggs are not beaten separately, and the quicker the cake is put together the better it will be.

OLD FASHIONED CHICKEN POT PIE.

Fry and stage a tender chicken, draw it without breaking the entrails, wipe it with a wet towel, cut it in joints as for fricassee; make a good plain pastry, butter the molds of a round-bottomed iron pot, and line the pot with the pastry. Have ready a top crust of the pastry and two or three smaller rounds of it; put the chicken and the smaller rounds of the pastry into the pot in layers, seasoning them plentifully with salt and pepper; last of all add half a cupful of water, and put on the top layer of pastry, cutting the edges to make it adhere to the side crusts; cut two or three small slits in the upper crust; butter the pot-lid, and cover the pot-pie with it; place the pie in a moderate oven, and bake for about three-quarters of an hour, or until the crust stiffens the pie is cooked; then turn the pie out on a large dish, and serve it hot.

How Clothespins are made.

In the factories papers are paid one cent for packing a box of five gross of clothes-pins. An expert can pack 100 boxes in a day of 10 hours. Sharp work, that, handling 72,000 pins a day. Clothespins are made in the lumber regions. They are usually made of a white ash, sometimes of beech, but most of white birch and maple. The wood is taken to the factory in logs and cut into lengths of 12 inches by circular saws. The lengths are then cut into blocks and the blocks into slabs. The slabs are then brought by the operator, the machine pecking them up and slotting them. They are then placed in a revolving pipe drier going thence to the polishing cylinder, and then to the packer. Each pin passes through eight hands. A single patent consists of a board saw, gang splitter, gang chucker, turning lathe, driving house and polisher and costs from $7,000 to $12,000. The machines, however, are very interesting. The little blocks of wood five and a half inches long are placed on an endless belt which feeds the blocks automatically into the lathe. As the lathe is turned the pin is taken automatically from the spindle and placed on a turntable and carried to a circular saw, which splits out the slot in the pin. It is then finished and thrown out of the turntable by the same appliance that puts the pins on the table. Failing, they are caught in a basket or barrel, and are taken to the drying house for ten to twenty-four hours, or until dry. The polishing cylinder or rumbler holds twenty to forty bushels; this is run at slow speed, about 30 turns a minute, and by simple friction and contact they become polished.

Family Fun.

Scene at a Methodist Revival

During a revival at Collins Rock meeting house an old fellow who no one ever before seen in a church, came forward and knelt down at the mourners' bench. He seemed to be so much in earnest that he attracted the attention of the pastor and exhorters. The exhorter held his highest enjoyment in working with a mourner who has crossed the frontier line of life.

"We are glad to see you here," said an exhorter as he got down beside the earnest mourner. "You have come to the right place to seek comfort."

"So I've heard," answered the earnest mourner in lightening accents.

"Do you feel that you have only one way to escape, my dying friend?"

"Yes, an' I took this as the last chance."

"When did you fall under conviction?"

"I won't convicted a tall. They took me up and snatched me bafo' the grymout judge, but sister heario' or the one the jury lowed that maybe I did ot make whisky."

"When did you first feel that you were saved?"

"When I got down in the bottoms an' could n't find my way out. Days did like two days an' the bees pant we another one, but we got the soon all the same, an' had a light that done us all a powto' of good."

"My friend—my deluded friend—may we ask, when did you feel that you were pray?"

"Night afore last wife lowed that it it couldn't do no harm, I must do some good."

"Your wife, then, wants you to lead a better life?"

"Wal it's say nothin' 'bout that. I live the nuer ur life she lives, I reckon. I jui bar a caliver cost ever' spring, a pair an' shoes ever' fall, an' divide my tarbacker with her. Don't see what mo' she could as for, an' don't see why she should want mo to change my life."

"Bet you say that your wife thought it would be better for you to pray?"

"Yes. You see, our starts got away from us two weeks ago, an' as we heard, hosted an exhorter, and thinking better of it, she lowed that maybe pray would help us."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said the disappointed exhorter.

"Why! ju' bosess! I want them steers! You folks pray for rain, don't you? Why! Cow-yes need it. Wall, I'm prayin' for them steers, bosess I need 'em. Oh! if you d don't want to talk to me, all right, setting placing his head on the bench, he said: "Oh Lord, Thy servant would like powerfu' well to have them steers, for he is a needin' 'em to haul some apples to the mill to-morrow."

How not to Live on $1,000 a year.

His salary was $1,000 a year, and he had just proposed to Miss Clara Lightfoot and been accepted. And they were both exceedingly happy until she said.

"And you don't know how lovely our home will be, George. It shall be a home, indeed, for you, a place of rest and joy and comfort! I'll call the housekeeper up every morning, and—"

"The housekeeper!"

"Yes, dear. Now, don't interrup, You naughty boy. I'll tell the housekeeper to tell the cook to—"

"The cook!"

"Of course; and I do hope we can get a French cook. I love French cooking. And I'll tell the dining-room girl to—"

"The dining room girl!"

"Yes, you. I'd like a brisk, tidy, rosy-cheeked English dining-room girl. I don't care so much about the chambermaid."

"Why, my darling, I'm afraid—"

"Now, now you bad, old boy; you must let your little girl have her own way. I'm sure I can manage the house servants. You can engage the butler, if you like, yes, of course you'll get the cookman; but when it comes to the laundress and scrubwoman and—Why, George, what a dreadfully long face you have! I don't like it!"

It looked longer as he sat in his tea-by. Twelve room an hour later trying to "figure out how the wages of the cook and house keeper and butler, and all the rest of them, are to be paid on $19 23½ per week. He has n't figured it out yet.

Off For the West.

Young Mr. Breezey (from the West)—"I love your daughter, sir, madly, passionately; my father is enormously rich, and his health is poor and getting more so every day. I—"

Boston Father—"Do not speak of money, my young friend; mere wealth could never make my daughter happy. Have you Scottish?"

Mr. Breezy (reflectively)—"Scotties? Seems to me I do. What's his first name?"

Boston Father—"H—m! Have you ever heard of Plato?"

Mr. Breezy—"I had a dog of that name once, but he had got so full of fleas I gave him to a friend."

Boston Father—"H—m! Can you tell Saturn from the milky way?"

Mr. Breezy—"No, sir; I never studied in any."

Boston Father—"H—m! Do you care for Shakespeare?"

Mr. Breezy—"I have never seen hot one of his pipes, Adonis." I liked them, sir."

Boston Father—"H—m! I am afraid, my young friend that I shall have to withhold my consent."

Mr. Breezy—"I'm sorry sir. Do you know which train I had better take for the West?"

Boston Father—"Yes; the first train."

Flakes of Fun.

A little boy was told that the Rev. Mr. Goforth, the missionary to China, would be the only Christian minister in charge of a district having as many people as the whole of Canada. "Why!" he said, "then's he have to preach."

"My life is full of ups and downs," said a elevator boy to the head porter.

"Yes," was the reply, "and my career has been a chook-ered one."

"How late Mr. Tawker stayed!"

"He would have stayed till now if I had not sent him off."

"I hope you did it politely, Peggy."

"Oh, yes. He was complaining of having to be at the bank so early in the morning, and I only looked up at the clock and said in surprise: "Why do you go to business to your dress suit?"

Gallia—"Yes, Miss Smith, I expect to sail for Europe."

Miss Smith (innocently)—"Indeed! what on?"

Gallia (embarrassed)—"Well, er-to tell you the truth, Miss Smith, its on borrowed money."

Mrs. Lumberedge—Pore liddle Patsy's been an awfulnasty a butten, Dotah.

Dr. Rhubarb—Well, there's nothing serious about that.

Mrs. Lumberedge—Ess pain't! S'posin' I tells yo' dat de button was 'sached to one ob ha shoes! Dan wheel yo' say.

—Nothing is more expensive than penurliousness, nothing more anxious than carelessness, and every duty which is bidden to exact ratiorna with seeks fresh choices at his back.

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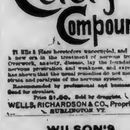

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Leave S. F.	Destination.	Arrive in S. F.
WEEK DAYS.		WEEK DAYS.
7:45 a.m. 9:00 a.m.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	8:40 a.m. 10:50 a.m.
3:30 p.m. 5:00 p.m.	Petaluma.	2:20 p.m. 4:25 p.m.
8:00 a.m. 5:00 p.m.	Point Reyes, Bolinas, Sausalito, and Way Stations.	9:30 a.m. 10:30 a.m. 6:00 p.m.
SUNDAY.		SUNDAY.
7:45 a.m. 8:00 p.m.	Petaluma and Way Stations.	8:10 p.m. 8:50 p.m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mountain View, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Willits, Calistoga, Litton Springs, Glen Ellen, Kenwood, Boyes Springs, Glenbrook, Sonoma, Glen Ellen, Springs, Kenwood, Boyes Springs, Glenbrook City and the Geyserville.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Sebastopol to Monday, Wednesday, Friday, or Saturday, Round Trip, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1; to Cloverdale, $2.

EXCURSION TICKETS for Sunday only—to Petaluma, Round Trip, $50 cents; to Healdsburg, $1; to Cloverdale, $1 50.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and Sausalito, Week Days: 7:45 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m. Sundays—8:00 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m.

From Sausalito for San Francisco, Week Days: 6:10 a.m., 6:50 a.m., 8:20 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 5:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 8:05 p.m., 11:45 p.m. Sundays—8:05 a.m., 9:35 a.m., 11:05 a.m., 1:15 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:25 p.m., 8:05 p.m., 11:45 p.m.

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CATHOLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The commencement exercises of St. Mary's College occurred last Friday evening at Grand Opera House.

Addresses and galleries of this vast theatre were filled with an audience whose numbers were in the thousands. The following clergymen occupied boxes: Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., Very Rev. J. Kadé, Rev. Peter Vincent Chinzon, S. J., P. Dery, A. de Champ, R. Dongé, O. P., A. O'Brien, Jas. Quinn, Jas. Rowe, Jas. Rooney, Jas. Spencer, M. Riley, O. S. A., Jas. Shinnick, P. Ryan, M. McNally, Thomas J. D. Sheridan of Yreka, E. J. Doyle of Oakland and others. There were also present the following members of the Brothers of Christian Schools: Brs. Evodius Gaudere, Lucian, Bertolin, Salvinian, Emilcold, Pionian, William, Blaise, Julian, Wilfrid, Walter, Urban, Ecclesius, Alexander, Leo Lactia, Victorbola, Velosus, Baptist, Virginia, Joseph, Vespilion, Hugh and others. The programme was most agreeable, entertaining and instructive one—was as follows:

Music, "Grand Overture," orchestra; vocal solo, "A Lotus Flower," Lorenzo B. Hanspeak; "Lee XIII," John A. Boyd; double stepping, "The Shamrock," St. Cecilians; essay, "Medieval Universities," Louis P. Oviedo; essay, quartette, "The Dead," choir; essay, "St. Columbkille," John J. Farry; vocal duet, "Ro-mance de la Rose," J. B. Hanspeak and J. A. Conroy; essay, "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," Jas. J. Sullivan; interlude, "Calls of Dagger," choirs; essay, "St. Peter Claver," Peter W. Mulkern; essay, "Transcendentalism," Thomas J. McGinty; essay, "Ora Nobis Nobis Pull," choir and orchestra; essay, "Oliver Cromwell," Michael C. Murphy; interlude, "Jig March," St. Cecilians; essay, "Our Cloistral Day," J. Hanlon; essay, "Christopher Columbus, the Representative of Medieval Universities," Louis P. Oviedo; essay, quartette, "The Dead," choir; essay, "St. Columbkille," John J. Farry; vocal duet, "Ro-mance de la Rose," J. B. Hanspeak and J. A. Conroy; essay, "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," Jas. J. Sullivan; interlude, "Calls of Dagger," choirs; essay, "St. Peter Claver," Peter W. Mulkern; essay, "Transcendentalism," Thomas J. McGinty; essay, "Ora Nobis Nobis Pull," choir and orchestra; essay, "Oliver Cromwell," Michael C. Murphy; interlude, "Jig March," St. Cecilians; essay, "Our Cloistral Day," J. Hanlon; essay, "Christopher Columbus, the Representative of Medieval Universities," Louis P. Oviedo; essay, "California Missions," James H. Hooker; essay, "California Poets," James H. Hanspeak; music, "Amore Consoles," orchestra; essay, "The Ancient Drama," Thomas J. Conroy; essay, "Catholic Emancipation," Peter J. Lynch; essay, "Hypocrisy," Thomas J. Conroy.

The vocal and instrumental pieces were up to the standard of this excellent institution, and the songs were in treatment, less like school-boy productions than the ordinary collegian. The essays were somewhat beyond the mark of boyhood, and showed a good deal of hard work. The delivery was creditable to the young men, and the orchestra was conducted by Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G.

The Dean of Master of Arts, Francis J. Ryan, A. M.

The Degree of Bachelor of Art—Thomas D. O'Neill, B. S., Daniel J. Murphy, Jerome B. Hanspeak, John V. Sullivan, Peter J. Lynch, John J. Farry.

The Degree of Bachelor of Science—Louis P. Oviedo, John J. Barry, Peter W. Mulkern, John H. Hooker, William J. Green, Michael C. Murphy, Joseph Sullivan, Thomas J. Conroy, Timothy Sheehan, Walter J. A. Conroy, Jas. J. Sullivan.

A gold medal, presented by Archbishop Riordan, was awarded to Peter W. Mulkern, class of '88, for excellence in English literature, and a silver medal for the same study was awarded to Thomas F. Burke, class of '88.

For the third year's commercial course certificates of proficiency were given to twelve last students: John A. Wood, James J. Hanlon, Charles L. Devlin, James D. Sullivan.

In the Collegiate Department certificates of graduation were given to twenty-three graduates. Valedictory address, Joseph A. McGinn. Valedictorians, Peter W. Mulkern, A. H. Ryan, Jas. J. Sullivan, John J. Barry, Jas. J. Conroy, Wm. J. Hooker, Jas. J. Hanlon, Wm. A. Devlin, Jas. D. Sullivan, Jas. J. Conroy, Jas. J. Carey, E. B. Spencer, Jas. J. Sullivan

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1888.

What raising triumph Sisters in the breast?
Upon the cheeks what shading colors play,
When we have risen from the vale's low crest,
Up the tall Mount—and all the world below?
The world below? yes, buried let it be!
What care we for this prison place of care?
Here we are happy, solitary, free;
Here the fresh sunlight its first brilliance showers.
And who dares chide us if we seek this height,
To hold communion with the gentle stars;
Wouldst blame the prisoner who pauses for light
That sweetly shines beyond his prison bars?

This is a place for reverie and prayer;
God hears us better on this lofty spot,
Where no discordance vitiates the air,
Where hushes, where lives, where follies are forgot.

The soul [illegible] still sins eternally,
By impulse deeply and divinely given,
Act cry, unchastened cry—[illegible] ever sighs:
"Further from Earth—thank God—nearer to Heaven!"

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

THE SACRED HEART.

It throbbed with an infinite, yearning love,
When shepherds on earth adored,
And the wandering seraphim watched above,
The manger that hid their Lord.

Each pulse of His mystical childhood stirred
With the strength of that love divine;
And a mother imagined such precious word
That wailed from its sacred shrine.

And O, when the labor of love began,
And the tempests of wrath were stilled
By the gentle voice of the God, made man,
By the magical tones that thrilled

The awe-struck throng of the busy street,
The fishermen by the sea;
And the crowd that followed His tireless feet,
By the margin of Galilee.

In the lonely wild, and the noisy mart,
Wherever His journey lay,
How the mighty throbs of that loneliest heart
Held over their enemies sway!

Is the world's watch of that dreary night,
When His hatred as the storm-swept flower,
And earth was dumb at the dismal sight
Of her Maker's anguish-hour;

How that heart with its whelming sorrow heaved,
Till its throes was well nigh rent;
And the pain, yet willing, like resolved
The cup by the Father sent!

And it quivered and glowed with its matchless love
When its life blood drenched the sod;
And the trembling angels watched above
The cross of their suffering God.

The Sacred Heart! how to beneath yet,
With the flame of its love divine,
When the hidden gem of heaven is set
In an humble and earthly shrine!

Where the star-lights unheding glow,
And the altar flowers clean,
Giant stems mortals are bending low.
As rapt in a holy dream.

Where the incense bears on its fragrant breath
The priceless burden of prayer,
And the lamp shines out of one-eyed Faith
Fleeds up through the charmed air;

There the Sacred Heart of the man-God lives,
There broodeth the silent One;
And unto the lofty and lowly gives
Rich store of its boundless love.

Shall we, the children of worldliness stay,
Yet washed in that Heart's pure tide—
Shall we from its tenderness turn away
In coldness, and doubt, and pride?

Shall we—Shall the heaven of earth are thralled
With the wild bird's gleeful tone,
Lovers, and mother, and vale are filled
With the wealth of glowing June.

With praise and prayer the golden hours
Of this bright month we twine;
A chaplet of gratitude's fragrant flowers
To place at Thy holy shrine.

O make our spirits Thy worthy throne,
And let our hearts be
As ever-clear echo of Thine own,
In holiest harmony!

That so, in the heaven of bliss above,
Our spirits may form a part,
Entwined with the flowers of fadeless love,
Of Thine own sweet Sacred Heart.

HARRIET M. SEYMOUR (Marie).

San Francisco.

HOW THE RED GOT INTO THE SUNSET.

A red rose flew up to her sun-king,
And begged him to leave his blue sky,
And sribbed the long-threaded lilies,
Whose cups was the rain's despair.

The sun kept his spite from the lilies,
And smote the rose proudest blossom;
He covered his heart with her petals,
And marbled the young stars as he fled.

JOHN ACTON.

A BRIDE TO HER HUSBAND.

I am leaving home for you, darling,
Leaving love that is perfect, all true,
For a home and a love that are all united—
Small my life be as happy with you.
It is so light thing for a maiden
To give to a stranger her heart;
Ever often be proven all unfaithful,
Though you vow it, "All doubt do as part."

With this ring I thee wed," you have spoken,
"And you with your troth I endow;
Forever through good and through evil,
I promise to love you as now."
Shall it be so? Shall age find you faithful,
Ever true to the pledge you have given?
Or, shall the love-light grow pallid,
That, alas, it one long must be riven?

You think I should trust you? Oh, dearest,
Am I not trusting you with my life,
To come to you freely and gladly,
To stand at the altar your wife?
Did I not have faith in your honor,
Or thought you as true as the sun,
No home would we make with each other,
No journey for life be begun.

Man's love, dear, is not like a woman's,
The a thing quite apart from his life;
While he all, his the very existence,
Of the faithful, the true-hearted wife;
Then love me, tis all that I ask for;
Keep the promise that you have given;
While I, if I fail to my promise,
I hope I may never reach heaven!

—Rev. Father Flood, who had been stopping in St. Patrick's Church, West Oakland, for sometime past, left for Chicago recently.

Literary Miscellany.

The Faithless Steward

A True Incident in Real Life.

It was a dark and bitter winter night. A night in the January of an unusually severe winter. There had been a hard frost for three weeks, and the ground was like iron. Nowhere had the indemency of the season been more painfully felt than in the always bleak country of Northampton. It was about sight o'clock in the evening, the curfew bell had rung out; when a solitary traveler, who had lost his way, drew his bridle and looked round anxiously in search of shelter. The hard, black frost had seemed to grin way about noon, and the sky was overspread with clouds; but a shrill and bitter wind howled over the face of the country; and when those clouds descended, it was not in genial rain, but a heavy fall of snow.

The traveler had purposed to rest that night at the little town of Daventry, but he had been detained at Northampton, and strong began to fall, and the snow with it, soon after he was clear of the little country town.

He had just crossed a wild moor with danger and difficulty, for the snow was not only drifting into the hollows, but covered hard ground to the depth of more than a foot plainly, and it was no slight increase of pain when a sudden sharp wind cut the surface of the pools and streams so common to the country, but which were not, it was probable, frozen so thick that the ice would bear a horse and its rider. Well might the traveler look round anxiously as he dismounted, for to continue his journey was at the risk of his life.

Bordering the moor which he had just crossed, was a strip of woodland. Leafless as they were, the thick branches might afford some shelter, and he might and indeed. Beyond this, there was the chance that some of the larger trees, which were of great magnitude, might furnish a really, or even shelter in its hollow trunk.

It was in vain that the eyes of the traveler, aching and half blinded with the snow, sought through the obliging dark for the cheerful ray of a lamp in some cottage, or that, through the howling blast, he listened with strained ear for the bark of some watch-dog.

There was no resource but to adventure into the wood. This the traveler did on foot, leading his horse by the bridle. The wood was less dense than he supposed, and a double row of beeches, the broad limbs of which, linked together from either side, made a canopy through which the snow had drifted so lightly that our wayfarer discovered there was a beaten track below.

This avenue crossed the wood diagonally, and was so palpably an avenue in the contrivance of which art must have assisted nature, that the benighted man pressed onward with renewed hope, confidently expecting that the stately colonnade of beeches had some human habitation in proximity. In this expectation he was not disappointed.

After proceeding for about a quarter of a mile the path widened, the trees were more sparsely scattered, and presently the way farer emerged upon a wide lawn like space, at the upper end of which, through the twig which the wind made in the veil of snow which hung pendent between earth and sky, he perceived the walls of what seemed a dwelling of some pretension.

The ground was now smooth and level, and over the thick carpet of the snow the traveler had his wearied steed. It was however, surprised as he proceeded that along the broad black front of the edifice that faced him appeared no twinkling ray of light. The building he was approaching seemed scarcely a ruin, but securely there was about it no sign of human habitation. The mystery was explained when the traveler stumbled over a gate which lay on the ground, in the same instant of time he upset tall thistle, which shook the snow from their rank heads as they bent in the force blast. A few feet further and the traveler stumbled over the fallen door, otherwise was caused by a statue which had been thrown from its pedestal. The hurt he knocked off, but the figure of an infant was in the sculptured arms; and the traveler—a devout Catholic—immediately apprehended that the mutilated figure had been that of the Madonna and Child.

A heavy sigh broke from the bosom of the wayfarer as, limp through the white gloss of the snow, he perceived yawning the black arch of a dismantled doorway.

"Ah!" he exclaimed—"I mind me now. Somewhere in this district stood the nunnery of Calesby; so cruelly suppressed the eve ring some three years since. Oh, benedicent Lord, look Thou with a pitying eye on the affliction of the children of Thy Church in this unhappy land!"

As the traveler ceased speaking, and, solemn by leaning on the cropper of his tired steed, looked up at the dismantled doorway, a female shriek, long, loud, and piercing, smote his ear. It was a cry expressive of the extremity of anguish, and was re-echoed in dismal echoes by the dismantled halls of the nunnery and the dark arches of the surrounding woods.

Our traveler, a borgnose of Nottingham, John Osmond by name, involuntarily lifted his breath with a gasp at that horrid cry. A superstitious person might have referred that sound, so unearthly and appalling, to supernatural cause, and supposed that it proceeded from the wailing spirit of some one of the poor nuns, so many of whom had, throughout the country, died of want and trouved by the strictness monarch from their body and happy home.

Such was not the case with John Osmond, as practical a man and steady a tradesman as any member of the corporation before or after his own time. From human life that he well apprehended—that he knew. That it might be a note of warning of danger to himself, as well as of anguish to the unhappy person who uttered it, he also knew.

The destruction of the Convent and monasteries had done much to damage social order. Not only were the members of the various religious communities involved in the most dire distress, but innumerable persons among the trading as well as the agricultural classes, whose industry had been employed by the religious establishments, were deprived of their means of living and made destitute. The result of this was not only an alarming increase in the ranks of the poor, but in the numbers of idle, dissolute men, who banded together for the purpose robbery.

It flashed like lightning, then, on the mind of Osmond that some strayed traveler like himself had been set upon, and was perhaps being murdered in the ruins.

No man traveled unarmed in those days. Osmond drew a short, strong sword he wore—a serviceable weapon, all unlike the slender, gaudy rapier—and ran round through the yawning aperture of the dismantled doorway.

The door opened into a spacious hall, on one side of which a lofty open archway gave ingress to the Convent chapel, or rather to a cloister or penitentiary. Osmond ascertained this by the light of a hand lamp, which stood on a niche, from which probably the statue of the patron of the house of the Convent had been lost. Some living person, then, was about the ruins who must have placed the lamp there.

Osmond sought it up, his first thought of robbers dispelled—more perfect he was now the moment of ruin. The altar over, thrown, the cross drifting through the gap in the roof, the wind howling through the tall casements denuded of the glass, with a fury that well nigh extinguished the poor flicker of the lamp. There was nought living in the ruined chapel save the blind bat, which, dazzled even by the faint ray of the lamp, quitted its roost, and flapped its leathern wings in Osmond's face.

He paused and looked anxiously around him. Surely he had not been the sport of fancy. It was a human shriek he had heard. Hark! it comes again, echoing more distinctly now. He comes within the ruined nave. The sound comes, however, from the opposite direction. He turns back, he goes towards the cloister, and there he sees a tall, slender figure flit along, and out into the driving snow. It is a figure of a woman draped in a noble robe—not the habit of a nun, for that it would be treason to wear. Osmond was a man in the prime of life, strong and swift of foot, and he pursued the figure.

As she passed from under the open arch of the cloister into what had once been the Convent garden, she turned her head. Then, by the pale ray of the lamp which he held Osmond beheld a sun, sweet face, very white and wasted, and lighted by a pair of wild, dark eyes. The face of a young creature, who could scarce have passed her twenty-second year, but, in strange contrast to its youth and beauty, the hair that surrounded and swept down to the shoulders was as white as the descending snow.

In vain Osmond called upon the girl to stop, assuring her that he himself was a shamed and benighted traveler; with renewed shrieks she fled before him and disappeared. The dismal cries, however, ceased suddenly, as Osmond, at no great distance, Shading the lamp with his hand from the wind, which threatened to extinguish it, he moved was slowly making the way through the snow in the direction in which, by her footprints, he could tell that the woman had fled.

He had not, however, taken twenty steps, when a redder and stronger light than that which he carried flashed athwart the gloom. Then he heard an exclamation about his knee, which he had left tethered to the shaft of a broken column in the porch. The voice was a man's, and, from the tone of the parent, that of these was apparently advanced in life, the other a well built, good humored looking young fellow, about five and twenty, was probably, from the resemblance between them, the son of the elder man. Both were attired after the fashion of the better sort of peasants, or small farmers, of those days.

They advanced rapidly when they saw Osmond with the lamp in his hand. Their anxious brows smoothed when they accosted him, for his staid, respectable appearance reassured them, for, even as he had done, they feared that some lawless had chosen the ruined Convent as the scene of his exploits.

"Have you, fair sir" said the elder of those men to Osmond, "You have doubtless brought in this sacred place a shelter from the snowstorm. Oh, tell us quickly, have you seen aught of a young girl, fair and beautiful, but with hair, alas, whiter than mine own?"

"I have seen such a person," answered Osmond. "Her tones of distress drew me into this sacred pile. I would have offered her aid, but she fled before me like one demented."

"Ah!" she is demented" said the old man. "Good sir, canst thou tell which way she fled?"

"Yonder, as I think," said Osmond, indicating with his hand the direction in which the girl had fled.

"Alas, alas" exclaimed the old man, with a sigh. "Thou art sadly out of thy road, the cold this bitter winter. This is the third night within the week that she has escaped us."

"Who is this unhappy young person, and what brings her to this ruined place?" inquired Osmond.

The old man looked at him disturbedly. "Do you known, good sir," he said, "that this was not long since a nunnery, which His Grace the King thought fit to suppress?"

"A gracious act," replied Osmond, gravely. "Old man, if thou was a friend to any of the poor nuns of this house, fear not to say so; were my power but equal to my will, thy word full soon be remunerated in their deserved bulk."

"Oh, good sir!" returned the old man, "many, I ween, are of your mind; but those who have the skill to repair those cruel wrongs are not in authority. Oh, Lord! minds in these evil times one scarce dare speak freely to one's own brother, and I am but a poor and simple man. There seems a curse upon us, that we may speak and look but of those speak for you beyond your doing, I must even bear the penalty. The king can have of me only my poor life, though he wore told ten times over that I have done the best out of my little means to maintain the crazed nun of Calesby, whom the wrath of the Prince, Alicia de Lacy, the fairest rod richest damsel in the whole shire of Northampton."

The old man still purdled his way across the waste ground that surrounded the ruins, followed by his son and the friend.

The snow storm had greatly increased, accompanied with a force gale of wind that whirled the frozen particles like splinters of ice into the faces of the party and well nigh extinguished the torch. The locality, however, was perfectly well known to the old peasant, and he presently led the way to a visible gate set in the wall of what had been the cemetery of the Convent, the melancholy place even when the quiet received from the world's strife, the Convent was the abode of the living, more dismal now when the darkness of desolation were upon the ashes of the dead. Yet, in the cemetery, as in the ruins, there was a sign of obtaining it after all, with bitter reproal the poor Prioress into the bargain.

The thunder-cloud burst at the moment of the Dissolution overwhelmed all the religious houses in the country.

The villainous Notary then wrought out his evil designs so successfully that he made abortive the mercy of the very commissioners themselves, who strongly recommended the king to spare the Convent of Calesby.

Equally faithless he manage to render abortive the efforts of the Prioress of Alicia, to whom she offered the sum of a thousand marks if she would reveal and let Henry to spare her Convent.

All the poor Prioress and her nuns were driven from their Convents, he took part in the process, and inadvertently marked that she would, in spite of her folly and well wish, he would settle on her a portion of the property which he was to be for fall into his hands.

This proposal the young nun, of course, rejected with horror.

"Go starve, then, go starve" said the hoary ruffian.

Within the poor Sisterhood literally did. The Prioress died before the year was out; the rest of the community wandered away, some sought out their friends, and where; and Alicia would have shared the fate of the Sisterhood of Calesby, but for of William Barton, an old servant of her father, and now the owner of a few acres of ground, which he cultivated with the help of his son.

On losing her friend the Prioress, Alicia was attacked with a brain fever, which, for a long time, left her in a state of such harmless but absolute insanity.

In this condition the sole consolation of the unhappy girl was in wandering about the ruins of her beloved Convent.

Her friends, the good Barton and his wife, did not oppose this fancy to her wandering, but they were uneasy for the approach of the winter.

Watch her as vigilantly as they could, however, she would escape them, as she had done on this night of her death, which was caused, no doubt, by her waderings in the inclement weather.

Such was the shock and story of Alicia de Lacy, told to the worthy burgess, John Barton, by an aged silly hatted Priest, who had been confessor to the Convent.

Osmond had accepted the proffered hospitality of the good Barton, and accompanied the old man on home with their mournful burden of the dead Nun.

Osmond was a well to do, as well as worthy man, and as his cost Alicia was laid beside her friend the Prioress, in a fashion befitting her condition as a baronial heiress, not that of an outcast Nun.

Osmond remained in the neighborhood to attend the funeral, as a mourner, along with the good Bartons.

It was the second day after Alicia's death. Osmond was walking in the garden of the house, when the sun, the sky an intense blue, the air, the long, yellow pendant on the Convent ruins alone with the varied tints of the opal, the hoar frost on the dead yews glittered as though the dark boughs of the yews had been thickly sprinkled with diamonds.

Some of the better class of the inhabitants of Calesby, hearing of the heroic conduct of the stranger, Osmond, joined the funeral train.

Few among the poorer class were absent. Scarcely any the poor but grieved for the ruin of the religious houses.

The procession was nearing the Convent cemetery when, coming along the river road, which was slippery as glass, came a horseman, who, on observing the cortege, suddenly upon the funeral train, and his horse was startled.

The coffin was directly before the forty armed. Inverted, round, and thrown upon rider, whose skull was fractured by a large flint stone.

The coffin of Alicia de Lacy was carried directly over the spot from which the man was lifted, and, on the spot, and that man was the Notary, Irion Oberring.

CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Concerns in Many Countries

— Rev. Edward J. Sourin, S. J., died recently at Mt. St. Michael's College, Baltimore, aged eighty years.

— St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y., has purchased the building No. 24 West Sixteenth street for $51,000.

— Bishop Watterson of Columbus, O., has consented to be the spiritual director of Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A.

— Louisville, Ky., has contributed $11,000 towards the erection and equipment of the new Catholic hospital.

— Sister Mary Frances Clare, who was in the South during the yellow fever and spring, is about to return to New York.

— The Rev. Father Cleary, of Kentucky, who recently received the accession, stated that the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has 200,000 members.

— Archbishop Meurin, of the Mauritius, has "resigned, for a short time, his charge that truly Catholic colony of England, the Mauritius, the old "Isle of France."

— Father Hecker's work, which recently at the Opera House in Cincinnati, Feb., by Father Hecker, Father Deshon, Father Doyle, Drawing and Painting, Mr. James K. Lawrence, Instrumental Music, Mr. Thomas Ryan, Vocal Music, Mr. Tom Shaff, Professor of Elocution, Mr. Wm. Ryan, Professor of Dancing, Mr. Jas. Ryan, Professor of Dancing, Mr. Jas. Ryan, Professor of Dancing, Mr. J. Bergin, S. J. Information.

— A Jesuit from Home state that Mr. McConnell, a civil engineer well known in the New England States, and at one time connected with the Statistical Bureau, has entered the Catholic Church.

— Rev. Thomas Hoban, who was among the flood Shepherd, Columbus, O., were baptized by Bishop Rademacher, Rev. Father S. Mastingly. Twenty-six others made their first Communion on Sunday.

— The Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh, Primate of Ireland, has telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, to the effect that the prohibitions of interference by the Holy See in political matters are not meant.

— Cardinal Gibbons and three other ecclesiastical dignitaries who were present at the Marcus Overing, Bishop Notary's, in the company, called at the White House and spent a half hour with President Cleveland.

— According to report, more than two monks and nuns have returned to their convents in Prussia, and the number of the prospective laws against religious orders in the kingdom. The number is steadily increasing.

— Archbishop Fedhouse, of Cologne, has issued a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese of instructions to be published three times in the year, and read in every church before the marriage can be solemnized.

— Fathers Verna and Coppe, missionaries in Polynesia, have discovered a great lake in the island of Tanna, one of the Pelagian and passes through a fruitful and well cultivated country. They have named it St. Joseph's River.

— The guardians of the poor, Tuam, Ireland, recently appointed Mr. Thomas Blake, the local prosecutor, who in open court, stated that he was sure that the common emergency men were as respectable as any in Tuam, that they were poor, which circumstance was more reliable.

— The Rev. F. L. Delbruycker celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of St. Joseph's Walsingham, Vt., on Sunday, June 3, the occasion being the Feast of Corpus Christi. Rev. Father Lamoriere, of Rochester, N. Y., preached. Chimes were rung from a set of bells, the gift of the parishioners in commemoration of the event.

— Rev. Peter Prendergast, hitherto rector of St. Joseph's Church, Middletown, N. Y., has been transferred to the pastorate of St. Mary's, Rondout, in the same state. He is also dean of Lake and Sullivan Counties, and, on that account, has the largest and most important parish in the archdiocese of New York, outside of New York city.

— The Pope has appointed as almoner Father Gaetano Bisleti, Cardinal Gaetano Monacelli, Valotta, Bishop of Albano. He will represent Cardinal Rampolla, who is ill, and will be the Pope's chief adviser in the Papal Bishop to Francis and a Cardinal Archpriest of the chapel of St. Peter Rampolla, the Secretary of Cardinal Howard's recovery.

— Rev. Father Lamoriere, of Rochester, N. Y., who recently engaged in giving a mission with Father Francis Hobarty, U. S. B. R., at Rochester, Vt., on Sunday, June 3, celebrated a mass in commemoration of the Redemptorist Order in this country.

— Right Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, Bishop of the diocese of Pittsburg, Pa., has appointed Rev. Father Cleary, of Kentucky, who recently stated, in the most Fathers, he promoted to be Vicar General of the Utah diocese by Bishop Lynch, who departed another Bishop to succeed him as president of All Hallows College, Salt Lake, but as he is in poor health temporarily removed from there, and for the present is pastor of Eureka, Nevada, in a time-saving family.

— The spring ordination at St. Joseph's seminary, Troy, took place on May 20th. The candidates for the priesthood were Rev. John B. O'Shaughnessy and Augustus M. Phillips of New York, and Rev. Hall Ely of Syracuse. The deacons were Rev. John S. Brand, Rev. Jos. Miller, Francis J. Power, Peter L. Grimesan, Edward J. Mullin, Thomas H. Ryan, Daniel H. O'Dwyer and John D. Leach, all of New York.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Week's Happenings in the World.

— Prince Bismarck's health is now so much improved that he is able to think of Bismarck with a smile.

— Lord Wolsely will arrive this month a Dublin, and will be presented with a sword of honor by the Dublin Corporation.

— It is reported that M. Waddington, the French Ambassador at London, is about to be succeeded by M. de Freycinet.

— There are no Baptist Jews! 147 female black-mutts who actually sang heavy hammers, and 9,000 women employed in nail making.

— A Chicago paper advertises for thirty or forty good lilly-gents to butt the Commercial Cousin.

— The other day, it is chronicled, the schooner Homer and the schooner Jubal Cook arrived side by side in the harbor of Belfast, Me.

— Walter H. Warren, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is suffering from a disease closely resembling hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a mad with whom he had a quarrel.

— The other day a steamer made fast to a dock at Buffalo, received six receiving spouts, took on 325,000 bushels of wheat and then sailed for Lake Erie in forty-nine minutes.

— An entire family, together with their dogs, were among those received recently as vagrants at the workhouse in Venna, Ohio. They are to serve out a thirty-day sentence.

— Chief Justice Waite has decided that under the extradition treaty a telegram can not be authority to arrest there an American fugitive.

— A baby 10 months old was recently accidentally thrown into a furnace in Chicago, and, what makes the matter all the stranger, it was the second child of the family to lose its life by accident.

— At last the African process is coming to the front. Dr. Lindley, of Fort Gat was a capsule a lozenge large enough to contain a healing remedy, which cured the black fathers from deafness in that city.

— Daniel Noakes, a wealthy colored man of Cincinnati, was discovered one of the men employed by white men in a restaurant. He has offered judgment for $25 damages against the proprietor.

— A Louisville young woman is said to have been made insane by doing her hair. She was found in her room seated among a pile of hairpins, curl papers and pockets, a raving maniac.

— A boy in Oxford, Me., has a dozen minks raised from a pair that he captured a couple of years ago. He proposes to get up a fur company and make his fortune out of them.

— Franklin Shields, of Hunt county, Texas, who died the other day, aged 50 years, left a river cane cane which measured 18 feet six feet six inches high, and the shortest cane was four.

— A gold watch which a Missouri farmer had lost fall, and for the theft of which he was arrested, was found in the stomach of one of his cows which had been shot.

— All alone, except merchants of the unit gold, have been ordered to quit Mexico within a fortnight. Over 1,000 have already fled, some have passed through Texas on route.

— J. N. J. Brown, of Number nought, Iowa, a male that is 31 years old, has been 5 feet 6 inches in height, and has never yet to make twenty nine cents, and has either lost or spent a dollar every one every year of her life.

— Hip-Hurr, of Philadelphia, recently died, she was a negro, and was 105 years old. Her husband died at the age of 120 years and wife.

— When you feel yourself getting angry again, fill your mouth with water and keep it there until you feel well.

— John L. Heisner, formerly treasurer of the C. K. & N. railroad, died, since, and left the trifle of large sums of money and was sentenced to two years in the Kansas penitentiary, has been pardoned. He served two years and a half.

— Five black widows, each a year old, colored man from his bed, near Cuero, Ark., brought him to an adjacent thicket and knocked his head with a club. The black widows were sugar-daddy-sweet. Four arrests made.

— It is becoming plain with every week that the present session of the 50th Congress Republic cannot last much longer. Insubordinate of the Chamber of Deputies is in the policy of life which he tied.

— The Pope is very fond of the great Eiffel; we in Paris have attach on the ground that the Pope is fond of the great Eiffel; we in Paris are 2,000 times earning on an average ten cents a day. If their wages are increased, the Pope will be fond of the great number.

— The unusual estate of the late John Putnam, of Danvers, Mass., to be sold at auction, consists of a mansion of the old colonial mansion, and opens to the Hebrew Nourse House, famous in the annals of witchcraft. The mansion and the estate will be sold to the highest bidder, in Salem, and Danvers, July 17, 1888.

— Mrs. Margaret Marshall, of Nelsonville, Ohio, who came of a good Irish family, has just died at the age of 105 years. She was the youngest of seven children, most of whom were remarkable for long life, one living to be over 100 years, and the other to be over 90 years, and the youngest was two feet four inches tall and weighed nearly 200 pounds.

— A young man used to call on a young lady in Madison, Ind., several nights ago. She called his attention to the fact that he was late, inquiring that she was the "Queen of Morphens" when he came. The young man added to the amusement of the situation by innocently remarking that he thought he heard that Eliza gossed about because in.

— Speaking of Shakespeare's use of words, the Philadelphia Sunday Chronicle says: "In the sense of 'dizzy' among those shelly-coat and the wool is still current among card players—when the player who trumps a trick or throws away upon it' when he has not, is inadvertently said to be 'shelled' or 'wool-gathered.'"

— The fall for the establishment of municipal villages in Spain, which has been agreed to in principle, provides that the age of the electoral power by all male Spaniards above the age of twenty five, except convicts, paupers and soldiers. The clergy will have the right of voting but will not be eligible for Congress.

— M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu gives figures showing the quantity of cereals consumed in the different countries in Europe. The rate per 100 inhabitants, according to him, is as follows: Spain, 116 pounds; Italy, 120 pounds; Great Britain, 138 pounds; Russia, 192 pounds; Denmark, 224 pounds; Norway, 225 pounds; Austria, 273 pounds.

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THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1888.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The thirty-seventh annual commencement exercises of Santa Clara College took place on the 4th and 5th inst., and were attended by large numbers of the parents and friends of the students from different sections of the State. The proceedings opened with a Sunday, which the Jesuit Fathers generously provided for to friends of pupils and a large number of invited guests, all of whom thoroughly enjoyed the festivities, as well as the many happy reunions of old time fellow-classmates and old time friends, which took place among those who celebrated in bygone years.

Among the many prominent citizens present at the banquet, the Monitor representative saw and did the following:

Hon. Judge Brown, Hollister; Hon. Judge L. Archer, Hon. James H. Campbell, San Jose; Hon. Thomas T. Wilson, Dr. W. W. Blackburn, L. Accosta, Ed McLoughlin, John Ely Jr., H. E. Wilson, Peter Dunne, N. Yorke, Ed. Vosmer, Dal. Younger, San Jose; H. Mulhare, Seattle; A. C. Fowler, Evergreen; J. Bradley, San Francisco; Dr. Chamberlin, Dr. Cogswell, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Lane, Dr. Jones, Dr. Cox, Dr. Cummings, H. Hoffman, San Jose; Hon. Jas. H. Phelan, San Francisco; John H. Holmes, Dr. Wm. Lawrence, Dr. Wm. Jones, Messrs. Dr. George Bartlett, Dr. Gates, Dr. Phelan, Dr. Dwinelle, Alex. Rodgers, Prof. T. Tribolet, Prof. Fernandez, Prof. Reed, Prof. J. Hamilton, Prof. Lucchesi, Prof. H. E. Sayer, San Jose; John Leibert, San Francisco; Mesdames J. P. Dwyer, Dr. Cogswell, Dr. Rucker, San Jose; Misses D. McCabe, H. Newhall, Dwyer, Frank, Dr. Cogswell, Dr. Rucker, Sarle, Santa Clara; and many others. Past Graduates: Messrs. Jas. Lynch, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Dwyer, J. Lynch, Jas. Dwyer, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Campbell, Jas. Phelan, Jas. Cassin, Jas. Brown, J. Hickey, H. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour, has ordered that no priest shall officiate at funerals where flowers are used. He states, he takes this course to put a stop to the excessive worldliness their abuse causes.

—The Vatican Exhibition closed on the 31st ult. It was visited by 500,000 persons. The works of art will be kept by the Holy See. The chalices, vestments, etc., will be given by the Holy Father to poor churches and missionary priests.

—The bill for the State inspection of the parochial schools in Massachusetts was defeated by the Legislature of that commonwealth. The good sense of the best citizens of New England revolted against this new form of religious persecution.

—The mis-called "American" party has lost its barrel-organ! In other words, the *American* is dead and buried, just as it ought to have been one week after it was born. It is to the credit of California that not enough Knownothings could be found inside the Golden Gate to keep the *American* from starvation. People are beginning to discover that Knownothing cranks are about the meanest element in every community.

—Rev. Dr. Daniel O. Savage, pastor of the Orchard Primitive Methodist Church at Green Point, resigned because the young men of this congregation refused to give up ball-playing. He was defeated in a vote to increase his salary, and so he was put out on the first base! In the mean time the ball-tossers are getting along without Methodism, and, strange to say, the local paper says that their ball-playing has wonderfully improved since the savage minister resigned!

—A putrid Protestant preacher recently wrote a filthy work attempting to show why priests should wed, but there is not the slightest necessity for writing a volume showing why Protestant preachers should wed, as there are at present forty-seven of them in different portions of the country who are seeking divorces or defending themselves against certain charges brought against them by their disgraced wives! Oh! no preachers require no rules to regulate their Mormonizing proclivities!

—Mr. W. J. Onahan, Chicago's City Collector, has been removed from his position by Mayor Roche, at the suggestion of a political ring which is controlled by the liquor dealers of Chicago. Mr Onahan was endeavoring to regulate the liquor traffic in Chicago, and he was made a victim of the vengeance of schemers who care not how many men, women and children are sent to drunkard's graves so long as the right "ring" rules and their friends are fed at the public crib.

—The Labor Unions of the East seem to be keeping themselves busy expelling Henry George from fellowship with them. How the great George has fallen! Only a couple of years ago he was a bright star in the political constellation, and now he is only a useless meteorite! In the meantime his implacable enemies have taken to politics as naturally as a duck takes to water. He proposes to smash the New York democracy, but the smashed man is far more likely to be badly smashed himself before the session of '88 is over.

—A recent cablegram from Dublin announces the death in the British garrison of that city, of Colonel King-Harmon, Assistant Under-Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant. The deceased was associated with Inspector Mallon in the latter's efforts to ameliorate the condition of the tenant-farmers in Ireland, but he proved himself a traitor to his first political convictions, turned place-hunter and was paid his price for his perfidy to his principles by securing a snug berth under the British government. Ireland can well spare such traitors.

—It is a gratifying fact to place on record that Devotion to the Sacred Heart is spreading in every direction throughout the whole civilized world. This is the second centenary of the Revelation of Our Divine Saviour to the Venerable Margaret Mary, and that fact alone should give additional zeal to those who promote this beautiful devotion by spreading it among their co-religionists. We will most cheerfully continue to send the little red leaflet of the Sacred Heart in any quantity named, by mail or express, to all who desire them for the purpose of propagating this beautiful and salutary devotion—free of all cost.

—Baptism is a mere mockery among Baptists, if we may judge by the following circumstance as related by the Harrodsburg Herald: "Two brothers, not living more than fifty miles from Harrodsburg, looked so much alike that when one of them joined the Baptist church and was about to be immersed he found that he had no clothes suitable for the occasion, as he expressed it, and paid his brother ten cents to be baptized in his place, which was done. This story seems incredible, but it is nevertheless the fact, and would never been found out had not one of the brothers got angry and gave it away."

—Canon Kennard, who has been for several years in charge of the West of England Industrial School—an institution somewhat like St. Vincent's Asylum at San Rafael, was in the city last week, and in alluding to the reported complaints of some of the boys in the latter institution, the Canon said: "It is an exceedingly difficult matter to get the truth from the class of boys who attended such schools. They were chiefly Arabs and street waifs, whose associations in the majority of instances had thrown them with people who had no particular regard for veracity and honor. Such boys always wanted to lie free, and resented any disposition to control or restrain them or induce them to behave properly."]

Disgraceful Desecration of Decoration Day.

In last week's MONITOR a correspondent briefly alluded to some anti-Catholic calumnies introduced into an Address delivered on Decoration Day at Oakland, by Rev. G. W. Sweeney, D. D., who is one of the literary and theological luminaries of the sect known as the Campbellites. The Rev. G. W. Sweeney assumes to his name the suggestive letters D. D., which usually stand for Doctor of Divinity, but in the present instance the gentleman is entitled to have four "Ds" after his name, thus: *Disgraceful Desecrator of Decoration Day.*

Inasmuch as Dr. Sweeney had the foolish temerity to hold up both the Catholic Church and American citizens of Christ's true faith to public contempt and ridicule on an occasion when he should have avoided introducing any intemperate language or any intolerant ideas concerning any man's religious belief, we feel that his remarks upon that occasion deserve critical analysis so that Catholics may fully understand the intellectual calibre of those malignant-minded men who never miss an opportunity (no matter how inopportune) to spitefully hurl their hatred at the Holy Father and to calumniate Catholic citizens. For this reason, therefore, we propose to copy from the Oakland *Tribune's* report of Dr. Sweeney's Address many precious literary *morceaux* so that MONITOR readers may gain wisdom from the fall of this grotesque gapeloing Gamaliel.

The first weighty words of wisdom which fell from the fruitful tree of knowledge which Dr. Sweeney cultivates in his mental orchard, were these:

"The human memory is a tablet, on which it was doubtless the intention of the Creator to inscribe deeds human and divine. It is neither first, sinus or inner, and yet on it may be written science and philosophy and poetry, and the deeds of our world and the experiences of eternity."

No doubt Dr. Sweeney dug deep into the soil of his erudition in order to bring to the surface those literary gems of his creative intellect, and yet Dr. Sweeney will no doubt be astonished to learn that no school-boy in the lowest grade of any Catholic parochial school would be guilty of such pallable paradoxes, ridiculous comparisons, incorrect similes and false figures of speech. The idea that the "experiences of eternity" can be written on "human memory" is palpably absurd; but this only wonder is the school-boys who attended Dr. Sweeney's discourse did not ask him to analyze this nonsensical paragraph.

The next absurdity in Dr. Sweeney's address occurred when he said: "Sacrifice is a tablet on which is written the fall of man." Sacrifice is a voluntary act, the fall of man was a compulsory punishment, and there is no more affinity between the two acts than if Dr. Sweeney had said that Lake Merritt was Mount Shasta! Dr Sweeney also blundered very badly—especially for a Doctor of Divinity—when he said: "No man ever spoke a language that he had not heard." If Dr. Sweeney will cast his Divinity eye over the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the second chapter of the Book of Genesis, he will read therein that Adam, the first man, *originated the science of* "all the beasts of the earth and all the fowls of the air" and that this Adam spoke enough words to make up a vocabulary of Natural History, not one of which he had ever heard!

Again, if this remarkably shallow biblical scholar will open the bible at the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, he will learn that after the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles "began to speak with divers tongues," and in languages which many among them had never heard in their lives!

And again, did Dr. Sweeney during his evidently profitless biblical reading, ever come across the biblical account of the confusion of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel? The record thereof in Genesis says that the Lord caused such a confusion of tongues that the builders of Babel, who previously all spoke one language, were surprised to hear nothing from their kindred were confused and discorded words which no one understood, the result of the confusion being that the building was abandoned, and so the place was called Babel, which signifies confusion.

If not some Dr. Sweeney knows that Catholics are not permitted to read the bible, hence he is the more informed as having his wonderful biblical knowledge exposed by a Catholic layman to whom the bible is *sealed book!*

Passing over a dozen other similar mistakes in Dr. Sweeney's oration, we come now to the part where the preacher of religious prescription "let himself loose" in order to manifest the bitter blackness of his bigotry. Here is Dr. Sweeney's first blast from his Knownothing bugle:

"A tremendous energy of free life goes forth from the American school, which is obtaining and claimed by the President, pope or devil who dares to stay it."

The individual who used such insulting and disgusting language on Decoration Day is a preacher of Christianity and a Doctor of Divinity! The *kind* of Christianity which can find a lodgement in the bosom of such a bigot, every intelligent man may reasonably imagine, and the raging passions of hate which must have suggested such splendiferous sentiments—is sufficient evidence that there is far more Infernity than Divinity in the Doctor's distinctive title!

If the "free life," which is supposed to go forth from American homes, schools and churches," is of the same character as that which gave voice to Dr. Sweeney's rancorous venom, it only serves to show that Protestantism is not the Christianity which the Son of God preached, nor does the sectarians of Dr. Sweeney partake even in the smallest degree of that Divine "peace and good will to all men" which our Blessed Lord and should be the watchword of His true followers. Should Dr. Sweeney? Thus to flaunt your diabolical hate in the faces of your fellow-man on such an occasion, and also to show your own ignorance of the spirit of Christianity by adding adjectives to your vituperation by calling upon the Author of Peace and Charity to assist you in your work of slander, and to bless your bigotry, is engendered, bad English is stilted, bad example is given, and blasphemy by the bushel, all with insults by the score—are hurled at the heads of Catholic citizens whose tears have long continued to fall over the graves of those relatives who died with their face to the foe!

Dr. Sweeney's bigotry reached its climax when he said:

"And now I ask in this assembly, whether I have no right to be proud of the land of the free and the home of the brave, and of the fact that I am a citizen of the United States, and of the fact that I am a member of the Protestant Church, and of the fact that I am a member of the Protestant Church, and of the fact that I am a member of the Protestant Church

Farm and Home.

Household Wisdom.

—Keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

—If raccoons is spilled upon the clothing, hang the article soiled in the air and the spot end smell will soon disappear.

—Lavender water used to remove tea and coffee stains, grass and fruit stains from linen, is made as follows: Mix well in an earthen vessel one pound of setsde, five ounces spirit of alcohol and one quarts of soda water.

—A nice accessory to a closet without drawers suitable for laying in a new dress, is to make one or more bags to cover over a dress, and thus protect it from dust. These bags are made longer than the dress skirt, and are hung up by loops.

—Put under the damask cloth upon the table a soft cover of thick Canton flannel, if you cannot afford the heavier table felt sold for this purpose; or an old blanket, darned, washed and kept for this use only, will prove satisfactory. The upper cover will lie more smoothly, look like a much better quality of napery and keep clean a third longer than when spread over the bare table top.

—A porcelain-lined kettle is the best kind of vessel for preserving, and this is so popular now, that it is ready to lease of copper kettle that is used, but as there are some who cling to the old-fashioned vessel, they should be very careful and see that it is scoured as clean as possible before using.

—An elastic mucilage: To twenty parts of alcohol add one part of salicylic acid, three parts of soft soap and three parts of glycerine. Shake well, and then add a mucilage made of ninety-three parts of gum-arabic, and 180 parts of water. This is said to keep well, and to be thoroughly elastic.

—The quickest way to crach ice: Put a lump of ice on a clean, folded towel; take a pin and cover its head with a fold of the towel to prevent the pin from slipping; then with the pin held in your hand; you will find that you can drive the pin instantly through the thickest part of the ice, chipping it as you require, and as fast as you can, not more your hand from one piece to the other.

Nine Remedies in Nine Sentences.

For a sore throat cut slices of fat, boneless bacon, pepper thickly, and tie around the throat with a flannel cloth. If strung by a bee or wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, apply at once and cover with a cloth. For a cold on the chest, a flannel cloth wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest, gives the greatest relief. When a fever first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put into it as much of the longest it is kept there the better. For a cough, one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well, drink as hot as possible. Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this heat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar and season with a pinch of salt, and drink an hour before eating. For burns or scalds, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief as it keeps the air from the flesh. At the first sign of a run round, take a cup of wood ashes, put in a pan with a quart of cold water, put the pan on a stove, put your finger in the pan, keep it there until the water begins to boil, or as long as it can be borne; repeat once or twice if necessary.

To Preserve the Beauty of Flowers.

For keeping flowers in water, finely powdered charcoal, in which the stalks can be stuck at the bottom of the vase, preserve them surprisingly, and renders the water free from any obnoxious qualities. When cut flowers have faded, either by being worn a whole evening in one's dress, or as a bouquet, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem in the morning and putting the freshly trimmed end instantly into quite boiling water, the petals may be seen to become smooth and so renew their beauty almost in a few minutes. Colored flowers—scarlet geranium, azalea, rosebud geranium, may be treated the same way. But white flowers turn yellow. The heavy textured flowers amend the most, although easily overdone scarcely. We have seen flowers that have lain the whole night on a table, after having been worn for hours, and which at breakfast next morning were perfectly restorated by means of a capful of hot water.

A Common Story.

"How did you manage to get so much in debt, Sam?" "The story is a simple one. I'm avid here I gave my note for $60 at 12 per cent payable after two months, and I got only $40. At the end of two months I found myself unable to pay the note. To borrow the money I had to give a mortgage on $750 worth of live stock, my working team. I knew that if the note were not paid, and I present should be sold, that I should get nothing from the proceeds, as it would require all of it to settle the note and my expenses of the foreclosure. So I was obliged to borrow again and a larger amount, and mortgage more stock. The same note fell due, again I could not pay. This thing has gone on for two years now, and from owing at first $60 I now owe $200. And every thing I have that moves on foot is mortgaged to my mortgage. I can borrow no more for lack of security, and must be sold out."

Poultry is King.

At a discussion of the Bedford (N. Y.) Farmers' club, Rev. J. C. Hoyt declared that on the farm to-day poultry is king—not colton or corn, as it used to be. Take the official report of 1883 as an example. The wheat product of that year was worth $488,000,000; the cotton product $410,000,000; the dairy product $254,000,000. But the poultry product was worth $600,000,000, nearly half again as large as the cotton product, and larger than both the iron and steel products together. Stuff it is not half as large as it ought to be. In the year named we imported 27,627,000 dozen of eggs, worth $7,627,000. This from Germany nothing as over 2,000,000 dozen and China over 1,000,000.

Origin of the Sandwich.

Of the millions of travelers who have partaken of the tedious sandwich as they journeyed through life and dined at the gregarious lunch counter, few probably know where this bunger annihilating vized got its name or even its first from the islands in the Pacific Ocean, as some suppose. Nor from the word "wich" is found in some of them. The sandwich is the invention of Lord Sandwich, an English aristocrat who was such an inveterate gambler that he would not leave the gaming table, and had slices of meat placed between slices of bread, which he devoured between the progress of the game.

Medicine Raisins.

The medicine raisin is produced by simply arresting one of the processes of nature. When the grape is about one-half ripe the end of the vine is bent down and buried in the ground. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same, and has a delicious flavor.

Family Fun.

Suggestive Smiles.

"I swear by those tall elms in yonder park—" he commenced, but she interrupted him.

"Swear not by them!" she said imperiously. "Why not?"

"Because those trees are slippery elms," she said simply.

—Stingy Husband—Does charging all day, you say?

Sharper Wife—Exercises breakfast.

"Why I had a bit but 50 cents to give you this morning."

"That was plenty. I never pay more than that for lunch."

A local paper says that Boston has a grocer so mean that he has been seen to catch flies and hold them up by their hind legs and look in the cracks of their feet to see if they have been stealing any of his sugar.

Bobby—Say do you like my sister Belle? Young Mr. Jones—Why, certainly, little girl. Everybody likes Miss Belle, do they not?

"Dunno. I guess she likes you too. She told ma you was a perfect—perfect—I most forget what."

"But try to think, Robert. Was it a perfect gentleman?"

"Naw, Oh, I know now. She said you was a perfect ignoramus."

Eastern Man—Tom's your house, eh? My grandma! What does this mean? It stands on wheels!

Western Man—Yes wouldn't have the wheels on the roof, would you?

"But wheels! Wheels, sir! What are they for?"

"Why, to keep out of the way of new business blocks, of course. Where d'yo come from anyhow?"

At Mrs Trick Scorch's reception.

She—Did you manage to get me some supper in that awful crush around the table?

He—Yes; I have three fried oysters in my coat pocket, and some chicken salad in my handkerchief.

"Oh, how good of you!"

Smith—I see you are keeping company with Miss Jones yet.

Brown—Yes.

"Does it mean business?"

"Can't tell. But I wouldn't be surprised if I received a proposal soon."

"Look 'ere Sal!" yelled a Texas woman to her aldrat girl. "Don't bend over that well so fast! You'll fall in some day, and then we'll have to drink from the creek!"

"I see you advertise for a feeder," said a seedy-looking tramp, who had called at the office of a rural journal.

"I do," replied the editor, "but I want an expert, and your looks are against you."

In the theatre:

"But why do you weep? The acting is certainly not so touching."

"Excuse me, I am bewailing the money I paid to come in!"

Wife (to husband who has stumbled over a pair of her shoes)—Don't be so impatient, John! I never saw a man who has so

MISCELLANEOUS.

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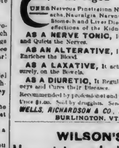

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RAILROADS.

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COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1888, AND until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave from and arrive at Ferry Building, San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F. | Destination | Arrive in S. F.

8:00 A.M. Petaluma, and Santa Rosa, 6:10 P.M.
3:30 P.M. Santa Rosa, 10:40 A.M.
4:00 P.M. Petaluma, 10:10 A.M.
7:45 A.M. Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, 6:10 P.M.
3:15 P.M. Cloverdale, 10:20 A.M.
7:45 A.M. Duncans Mills, 6:10 P.M.
3:15 P.M. Duncans Mills, 10:20 A.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol and Mark West Springs. At Glenellen for Glen Ellen, Kenwood, Boyes Springs (Springs), Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Eldridge, Sonoma, Boyes Springs, Springs, Springs, Stages, Stone Lake, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Bevans Springs, Blue Lakes, Lake Port, Bartlett Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, and Bucknell's.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Sebastopol to Monday or Tuesday, $1 75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sunday only—to Petaluma $1 50; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Guerneville $3 50.

Prices from Principal Points: From Thirteen and Sixty Miles, Single Fare, Ten Miles, 25 cents. Over Sixty Miles, Single Fare, Ten Miles, 20 cents. Over Ten Miles, Single Fare, Ten Miles, 15 cents.

To San Francisco from Point Thirteen—Week Days: 1 00, 1 35, 1 45, 2 00, 2 15, 2 30, 2 45, 3 00, 3 15, 3 30, 3 45, 4 00, 4 15, 4 30, 4 45, 5 00, 5 15, 5 30, 5 45, 6 00, 6 15, 6 30, 6 45, 7 00, 7 15, 7 30, 7 45, 8 00, 8 15, 8 30, 8 45, 9 00, 9 15, 9 30, 9 45, 10 00, 10 15, 10 30, 10 45, 11 00, 11 15, 11 30, 11 45, 12 00, 12 15, 12 30, 12 45, 1 00, 1 15, 1 30

CATHOLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

SACRED HEART PRESENTATION CONVENT.

The commencement exercises of the above named institution occurred last Thursday afternoon, the 14th, at 2 P. M., in the presence of a large audience, amongst which were the following prominent Clergymen: Archbishop J. G. Vaughan, V. G. W. P. Kirby, A. De Champs, and A. Prendergast, O. P. Several members of the Christian Schools also attended. The excellent programme was as follows:

Duet, "Triumphal March, Misses P. McCluskey, A. Ward; piano, McAdam, A. Pape; salutatory, Miss A Ward; chorus, "Mary our Queen," with harp accompaniment.

M. Carey, L. Bennett, L. Gorman, N. Peck; recitation, "The Changed Cross," Miss N. Ryan; dialogue, "The Forgotten Fan," Misses A. Fitzpatrick and H. McDermott; chorus, "Watch the Green Wood Tree"; recitation, "The Saving of the Train," Miss A. Stanton; duet, "Vivitanin Bella," Misses L. Clark, M. Conroy, M. Noonan, N. Power; "The Enchanted Lake, drama—characters by Misses D. Sobon, A. Stanton, P. McCluskey, E. Phillips, L. Pape, A. Ward, E. Hallinger, E. McDermott, A. Fitzpatrick, M. Dwyer, A. O'Connor, C. Clark, M. Noonan, and L. Pendergast; "Lesson relation," Ward and McDermott; "Lesson recitation," Misses A. Ward; "Second shorthand class; class exercise, "The Fairy Queen;" answer rectitud in "Joan of Arc;" first shorthand class," chorus, "Tis the Merry Month of May." Shorthand—Misses Ward, Noonan, A. Ward, L. McKinnon, L. Pape, C. Clark and A. Stanton. Diplomas and medals at this point were conferred on the following successful pupils: Misses Fanale McCluskey, May Nolan, Nell Sobon, Annie Ward, Louise McKinnon; Miss N. Sobon delivered the valedictory, after which the distribution of medals and premiums took place. Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, O. P., authoritative Lecturer, presided, and addressed the young ladies.

Gold and silver medals for Christian Doctrine, donated by Rev. Wm. P. Kirby. The course for competition for the gold medal was Miss Mary Nolan; competitors of equal merit—Misses Annie Ward, Louise Ward, Louise McKinnon, Kinnion and Agnes Fitzpatrick. Silver medal, second prize—Miss Frances McDevitt; distinguished—Misses Rose McDermott, Nellie Sobon, Mary A. McKinnon, Lizzie Ward, Frances Mahoney, Agnes Stanton, Emma Fitzsimmons, Annie Lynch, Annie Conway, Mary Nolan, Nell Sobon, Annie Ward, Louise McKinnon; Miss N. Sobon delivered the valedictory, after which the distribution of medals and premiums took place. Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, O. P., authoritative Lecturer, presided, and addressed the young ladies.

The regular prizes were for the first class as follows: A Tuel, silver medal, good conduct and punctuality, C. Tuel and F. Tuel; Christian Doctrine, F. Drummond, A. Tuel, Latin; Doctrine, F. Drummond, A. Tuel, Latin; Doctrine, Latin, C. Clark and A. Sanson. Diplomas and medals at this point were conferred on the following successful pupils: Misses Fanale McCluskey, May Nolan, Nell Sobon, Annie Ward, Louise McKinnon; Miss N. Sobon delivered the valedictory, after which the distribution of medals and premiums took place. Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, O. P., authoritative Lecturer, presided, and addressed the young ladies.

The Christian Doctrine was taken by F. Tuel, Latin, Doctrine, Latin, Tuel, Tuel; Geography, Tuel; Spelling, Tuel; Reading, Tuel; Arithmetic, Tuel; Grammar, Tuel; Dictation, Tuel; Composition, Tuel; Penmanship, Tuel; Drawing, Tuel; Sewing, Tuel; Knitting, Tuel; Fancy Work, Tuel; Vocal Music, Tuel; Instrumental Music, Tuel; Harp, Tuel; Piano, Tuel; Guitar, Tuel; Violin, Tuel; Mandolin, Tuel; Zither, Tuel; Flute, Tuel; Cornet, Tuel; Trombone, Tuel; Clarinet, Tuel; Bass Viol, Tuel; Drum, Tuel; Fife, Tuel; Bugle, Tuel; Trumpet, Tuel; Horn, Tuel; Tenor Horn, Tuel; Baritone, Tuel; Bass Horn, Tuel; Tenor Trombone, Tuel; Bass Trombone, Tuel; Tenor Clarinet, Tuel; Bass Clarinet, Tuel; Tenor Drum, Tuel; Bass

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]
ONE MAY DAY.

BY THE PRIOR[illegible].

Crowned with Spring's brightest blossoms,
Bearing a wand of fame,
Over the sunlitten mountains
The glad May morning come,
Up to the heavens rejoicing
Sound the lark's merry song.
In his jubilant sonnets voicing
The glee of the feathered throng.
The winds o'er the broad savannas
Waved billowy leagues of bloom,
And flooded the air with the scented
Of a very sweet perfume.
Then was laughter, and light, and music,
Deep calm upon land and sea,
O never a shade of sorrow
To darken the May-Day lees.

"Ah!" I said, "What a wealth of beauty
This month of our Lady brings,
A glimpse of Heaven's outer portals;
A rustle of Angels' wings
Seems near us, for children's voices,
Aquiver with innocent mirth,
Are filling with joyfulness
The beautiful hamlets sleepeth.
Month dear to our Lady's servants;
Behold! the embowled air
Is vocal with strains of worship,
Is echoing to psalm and prayer,
As the tones of the morning Ave
Girdles the wide earth round,
Pilgrims are on the heavenly greeting,
With its shower of hallowed sound."

And lo! as time drifted onward,
And the great sun wrapped in Night,
Ultra gold upon vale and hill top
Burned the Zenobeshiah's fire;
Kindling shadow the entire
Gemmed with the opal dew,
Years floral incense drifted
Up to the skies so blue.
All for our Lady's honor
Shone then the golden land,
In raiment of emerald splendor,
Jewel with a thousand dyes;
Till over the faintest valley,
As the bright sun sank to rest,
Again with lovely eyes sweet greeting
Hung out the Ave blest.

BY THE ATLANTIC.

Also where the great St. Lawrence
And his tributary streams,
Half-robed from their lay bondage,
Flashed back day's shifty gleams;
One who had trod rejoicing
The royal road of pain,
One of our Lady's servants
Bound by love's own sweet chain,
Knelt in the vesper shining
The voice of the Angel call:
"O chosen and faithful servant,
Then art freed from life's poisoning thrall;
All thy long years of suffering
Are as a dream, even for her. Enthroned
They are laid by our Queen and Mother
At the feet of the Crucified.
No more through earth's thorny pathways
Must thy patient footsteps years;
The child of our Heavenly Lady,
She bids thee hasten home."

Answering the joyous summons
Thrilled the pale-cheeked beauty,
Rent with the woes of parting,
Yet longing to be at one
With the Lord of Life and Deathlight!
Smile upon suffering sister
Then over, dread Home of Charity,
Are your works of mercy spread.

Then, as a child at even
Slakes his weary playtime,
He, plaided unto our Saviour
The trust in that she so long
Life's desires, its toils and trials,
Its hours of pleasure and pain,
Were merged in the hope of heaven.
He had wrought so well to gain.
And as he the May's first glory
Came the message that gave release,
And the heart so true to Rein,
The pock-heart fetter, pause;
While the shore that a'er sentland and sea
Is sicoline light shone down,
Crowned to whisper: Hope and courage,
By his crown he has won his crown."

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.
Mary Woodland, May, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]
ST. IGNATIUS' PICTURE.

A noble face! a martial mien!
A warrior of old, I ween,
Whose dauntless deeds so brave,
Bright-gemmed on history's glowing page,
By his own he has won his crown."

The pulse that throbs the grave.

Rise, the sage of ancient days,
Where thoughts are mirrored in the lays,
Then deep and broad beneath dark thrill;
Or, parchment, 'tis a victor great,
Whose laurel wreath is ever fair,
At conquests dreamt of still.

Ah! no—the face that beams so bright,
Pale as alone with mortal light
Is bim of world-wide fame,
Who now 'mid God's great court above,
Chants great sonnets of love
To His eternal name.

Ignatius! 'tis a name divine,
Sacred which all virtues bine
Themselves in fond embrace;
A wonderous name that nerves such soul
To strive to gain its destined goal,
And see God face to face.

And prolong on that nobility salon,
Mrs. Leigh, who was a kind-hearted woman
In her way, noticed Grace's exhausted air,
and attributing it to the heat and the confined schoolroom, suggested that the children should take a holiday.

"They looked a little pinned, poor things, themselves," she said. "I have been promising them a picnic all summer down on Briary Beach. Suppose you all bundle off together in the donkey cart and spend the day there. I will have a nice lunch put up for you. You can read for most of the day through shady lanes. You will be better for it, my dear, yourself."

They had gone about a mile, and were slowly climbing a sandy hill, Grace driving, and the two little girls and their brother chattering away in the highest spirits, when suddenly a pedestrian came out from the woods on the right, and, springing nimbly down the bank, was going in the opposite direction, when little May called aloud:

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Stranger? I'm the little girl who lost her pussy yesterday, in this village, and you were the kind gentleman to find it for me."

Grace would have given the world if the child had not spoken, for she had recognized again, only too well, that tall, lithe figure and that free, swinging step. She said to herself, "He saw me; he was hurrying away, and now this vexatious child has called him back; he will think I whispered to her to do it, and he and his bride will jeer at me all the more."

Stuyvesant Mortimer turned at the call, and, coming up to the cart with an impudentness, cried, holding out his hand to the child:

"Why, so it is, absolutely my little fairy, but now discomfiture no longer. We are going on quite an expedition, too, aren't we? A picnic, or something like it?"

Grace's whole body was a quiver of nerves. She sat with her eyes downcast and her face half averted, as though absorbed in studying her right hand, which held the reins.

"Oh, yes," answered May, "'on a picnic. And we're going to have such a jolly time. Dody says you are more coming, too!"

Stuyvesant Mortimer, with a hearty gayest laugh. "Jolly times are not so frequent with me, I assure you, but I can afford to miss a chance of one. But will Miss—Miss—I beg pardon for not knowing her name—allow me—good God! it is Grace herself!"

Up to this moment he had been so engrossed with the child that he had only a vague idea that there was a governess sitting next to her; but who the governess was, or even if she were pretty he had no thought. He now, as he looked up, rather expecting to see some sour visaged, middle-aged spinster, he beheld the sweet, downcast profile of the only woman who had ever touched his heart, and who was looking all the more lovely because of her half morning dress and the traces of sorrow and suffering on her face. Hence the broken ejaculation with which he checked the request he had been about half apostrophy to proffer.

His hat, too, was off in a moment. He looked so eager, so astonished, so glad, so rapturous, all in succession, that Grace, who had intended to be coldly at first, was herself astonished, nd—shall we say it?—flattered at her immediate effect.

For what could it mean? Was it possible there had been some terrible mistake? Surely that look, the passionate emotion of voice, were not counterfeit! Her head swam, and she thought she would faint.

"Miss Courtenay," said Mortimer, observing her hesitation, and mastering his own emotion with great effort, "I have been seeking you for an interview ever since my return from Europe, indeed, May 1 — and the pleasing tones of his voice were eloquence itself — "do in earnest what I proposed just now in jest! May I join your little party? I see that you think hardly of me. Perhaps I deserve it. But oh! give me a chance to treat to explain. The most criminal is allowed that. Afterward, if you say so, I will go away—forever—"

He did not wait for a reply in words. He had always been masterful, and Grace felt the old spell on her. She made no objection, therefore, when he went to the dumpy's head, and, muttering something about "helping it up the hill," took it by the bit and led it to the top of the ascent. Her heart was in such a flutter that she could not have spoken if she had tried. Of course he found his opportunity, and that before long. The beach was only a short quarter of a mile off, on the declivity of the hill below, and when the children, shoeless and stockingless, and with many a merry shout, were dabbling in the water, he drew Grace's arm within his own, and told his story, as he placed to and fro on the sands, with her by his side.

At first she had been cold, even haughty, for, after her surprise was over, she felt herself that there could have been no mistake, that he was false to the core—that he was only, even now, seeking to amuse himself. Yet when he drew her arm within his own, when he looked into her eyes with his frank look of innocence, and when he told his story in his frank, manly, yet impassioned way, she broken utterly down, and would have fallen into his arms if it had not been for the children playing so near. As it was, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her eyes emphasized the low whisper in which she begged forgiveness for having doubted him. "Never doubt me, dear, for I love you so dearly!" he said, in a fervent whisper, and she, with a sigh, replied, "I believe you, Stuyvesant, and I will try to be worthy of your confidence." Yet, in spite of this, and of the fact that she was, even now, seeking to assume himself, he felt that he had drawn

THE MONITOR.

FIRST PAGE—EDITORIALS.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—In Baltimore it is proposed to put letter-boxes on the street-cars. This will bring a letter to the post office from any part of of the city in half an hour.

—An announcement by cable states that the Holy Father is about to issue an Encyclical on the difference between true and false Liberty—a distinction which is entirely unknown to a large class of people who think themselves very much enlightened.

—The Duke de Frias, one of the richest nobles in Spain, died last week in Madrid, of which city he was governor. His first wife was Miss Victoria Ralfe, daughter of world-renowned Irish comedian.

—Commenting on the recent death of King-Harman, the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says: "Secretary Balfour subjected Col. King Harman to galling taxpayers and humiliations in regard to the salary bill, and is largely responsible for the latter's death."

—There is a minister away off in the north of England, the *Home Journal* asserts, who believes in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He would say, for instance: "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted, in a measure, or you will be lost, to some extent."

—Col. W. J. Finlay, the millionaire brewer of Toledo, Ohio, conspicuous for public benefactions, who died on the 20th ult., has left $25,000 each to the Home for the Friendless, St. Vincent's Catholic Orphanage, Protestant Orphan Home and the Protestant Hospital of Toledo.

—A Catholic Bishop has been assassinated. The victim is Mgr. Ohannes, the Catholic Armenian Bishop of Van, in Armenia. The murderers broke into his residence at night, and the Turkish authorities have already arrested four individuals, Armenians, on suspicion.

—The part that religion has taken in breaking the shackles of the slave in Brazil has been an important one, and was accelerated tenfold by the voluntary liberation of slaves by their owners in honor of the Papal Jubilee, at the recommendation of the Brazilian Bishops. The result is more gratifying as the influence that brought it about make the great social change a safe and bloodless one.

—During the three months from January 1st to April 1st, 1888, the population of Ireland was diminished by 6,642, leaving it, as estimated to the middle of the year 4,790,614. The Registrar-General announces that for the period 26 sub-Saxon 27,202 deaths and 17,807 marriages.

—"A Catholic Aspect of Home Rule," from the pen of the eminent English convert, Mr. Orby Shipley. The writer will establish the justice of the Irish claim on the principles of Catholic equity. The *Catholic World* for June is a number of great and varied interest. Among the contributors are Bishop Keane, Father Hecker, Katharine Tynan and Louise Imogen Guiney.

—A well known Anglican clergyman, Mr. Rivington, has become a Catholic. He was a member of the Society of "Cowley Fathers," and was formerly stationed at Philadelphia. He was received into the Church on Easter Sunday at Rome. An old friend having written to him lately to inquire whether or not the report was true, he wrote that he had become a convert, he believed that it was true and that his one regret was that he had not done so years ago.

—Nearly 1,500 signatures accompanied the protest which the Society of Friends (Quakers) presented to Mr. Gladstone some days ago against "the unchristian character of the Coercive Measures carried on in Ireland by the Government under the Crimes Act of 1887." They believe that "Force is no remedy," and they earnestly desire the substitution of a policy of conciliation in accordance with the teaching of Christ—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

—Dr. Tanner, the faster, lives in New Mexico, where he has a 1,000-acre ranch. He is connected with a foraging association, which is intended to show that the lower passions are aroused principally by the use of animal food. He is now in Indiana trying to collect forty Indians to experiment with. He thinks that he can make them all good and long-lived by feeding them one meal a day of a light vegetarian diet. The doctor himself lives on one meal a day, breakfast.

—Here is a pun-picture of Ireland as England has left it after a century of forced union which has resulted in depopulating the country, wrecking its manufactures, ruining its commerce, and destroying its social and domestic happiness. A recent tourist who passed through the County Waterford, says: "The first street one meets on entering Dungarvan at the western extremity is called Stephen street. It consists of a single row of small houses; there are doors, roofs, windows and chimneys. Startling are the sensations with which the stranger discovers that every single house is deserted—every one! There is no sound within. The chimneys are smokeless. Such a ghastly, grim, suggestive place! The awful stillness of the desert is not half so saddening as the weird and desolate aspect of this array of tenantless homes." The vividness with which this and scene of desolation is depicted, needs no comment from the Minstrel in order to burn it into the hearts of all our readers.

Men who are Unworthy of American Citizenship.

Any man who goes through the mockery of becoming an American citizen for the sole purpose of impeding the progress of Religion in America is not only a dangerous member to the stability of the Republic itself, but he is also—strange paradoxical as it may appear—a bitter enemy of liberty. This will bring a letter to the post office from any part of the city in half an hour.

We notice by the daily papers that the members of an organization calling itself the British-American Association had a meeting last Thursday in order to promote interest among Englishmen on the importance of keeping American citizens. A number of speeches were made the tenor of which seemed to be that there was a great bond existing between England and America, yet it was to be regretted that few Englishmen became adopted citizens. But when a certain "Hr. Robert Nourse of Washington, D. C.," gave voice to his sentiments, he cast off the gauzy disguise in which his speechmaking predecessors had clothed their anti-Irish and anti-Catholic Utopian, and he boldly declared the organization to be nothing more nor less than an alliance to keep alive the fires of anti-Catholic bigotry.

Among the numerous reforms which these raw recruits of the Republic hope to bring with their thoroughbred spirit of English aristocracy, as alluded to by Mr. Nourse, are the following:

"We expect," he said, "to teach the American people that they are more to this English than to any other nation. . . . There are in this country 270,000 more British-American citizens than there are Irish-American citizens. This I say with all the emphasis that the dignity of the British name can."

It will be news to "the natives" to learn that America owes anything to Englishmen's scorn. And as for Mr. Nourse's assertion that there are 270,000 more British-American citizens in the United States than there are Irish-American citizens, Mr. Nourse must have manufactured his statistics solely to satisfy those gullable John Bulls who imagine that everybody who speaks the English language is an Englishman. But Mr. Nourse calls his fabulous estimate "a fact," but we pronounce it a most spurious fiction which cannot be supported by any official statistics ever issued in America.

Mr. Nourse continued to state the "expectations" of this West British Orange Association thus:

"We expect to preserve the American public school system. If these people think that we can do so by an act let them return to where they came from. We want the public schools to remain perfect religious liberty. When the Roman Catholic Church attempts to take the public school money for sectarian purposes, we stand aside and say, 'You shall not.' We say that not because we are Englishmen, but because we are Americans and love our country. Every word that is spoken against England is spoken against the warm English hearts that have found homes in this great and glorious country."

It is really surprising how this Republic has managed to survive until now without the aid of this faithful follower of fanatical Orangeism! Let us hope that the speech of Mr. Nourse calls his fabulous estimate "a fact," but we pronounce it a most spurious fiction which cannot be supported by any official statistics ever issued in America.

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More Signs of Protestant Decay.

The local preachers who draw their salaries for filling Congregational pulpits on Sundays and preaching pleasant sermons full of sound, yet signifying nothing, held a meeting last week at which it was generally admitted that the attendance of men at congregational services had fallen off to an alarming extent during the past few years of being permitted to enjoy the proud distinction which should embellish every alien when he affiles himself to the best of all governments.

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Italy's New Criminal Code.

A colegrame announces the fact that great excitement exists among the Catholics of Europe in consequence of the recent promulgation of the new Criminal Code which the Italian Parliament has at last decided to issue the imprisonment of the Pope and every Cardinal, Bishop and Priest in Italy, if any of them in any way offend against the laws of the usurper who at present forms the government of that country. The cablegram says that the code is very explicit in its requirements that all ecclesiastics shall not in any way interfere with politics, nor oppose or criticise in any way the official acts of the Government. Violations of this act are to be punished by imprisonment from three months to a year. There is no possible exception made, and as the Pope has been engaged in a direct contest with Umberto for years, this law creates great excitement, and its rigid enforcement will certainly have great effect on European politics.

If these statements are true, there is an end to liberty of speech and of conscience in Italy. But we doubt very much if the other Powers of Europe will commit with Italy in its cruel measures. Any attempt to imprison or to exile the Pope, simply because he criticised the Italian Government, would raise a cause among the Powers of Europe, and such an outrage would precipitate a war sherein Italy would have to stand single-handed against the Sovereign Pontiff is not an ordinary citizen. He possesses prerogatives by virtue of his sacred character, which will be strictly protected, and though the Freemasons of Italy may formulate laws to enslave the consciences of the Bishops and priests of Catholic ecclesiastics, they will find themselves in a very painful and uncomfortable attitude when they undertake to use force in order to legislate itself.

It is not so very long ago since Germany tried to silence the voice of the Vicar of Christ by a law which declared among other proscriptive clauses against the Catholic Church—that all Letters containing from the Pope and addressed to Catholic Prelates in Germany, should be subjected to the scrutiny of a Board of Reasoners appointed by the Government. But when Bismarck found that the number of hybrid-headed Anarchy was abroad through the land, he was glad to abrogate all such laws from the Code, and to beg of the Vicar of Christ to send back the exiled Bishops and priests to their episcopal sees. The same course may occasion the same results in Italy, and this new prosecution of persecution which the Italian Government has outlined, may lead through a Calvary to the throne of Umberto for years, this law creates great excitement, and its rigid enforcement will certainly have great effect on European politics.

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The Church in New South Wales.

Prior to Cardinal Moran's departure for Rome, an immense meeting of Catholic Australians inaugurated a parting demonstration in order to manifest their devotion to the Prince of the Church who has won the unanimous love of all the people in the Southern Hemisphere with whom he has come in contact.

The wonderful growth of the Church in New South Wales in the short space of time that four years during which Cardinal Moran has been in charge of the Diocese of Sydney, is thus succinctly set forth in the Address which the Catholic body presented to their beloved Prelate:

"And now, your Eminence, it becomes my duty to say a few words of your second pastoral work since the day of your arrival in this country. You landed in this colony ten than four years ago. I shall not, save in the most general way, endeavor to show what you have really done during this brief period. The great loss has deterred you where from such to such, and has been accentuated to look to our position on Monday morning for the proofs either of the foundation of a church laid or the continuance of one already begun. Of the foundation, the opening, or the enlargement of some house of religion (Applause) and we find ourselves experiencing a sense of bitter disappointment. Of the work, we are happy to say, we are engaged in one or other of these body-works.

"I have before me the particulars of the cost of erection of 63 entirely new churches during your stay in Sydney, and the enlargement of 11 old churches, of the new presbyteries, of the schools, and of the are high schools (applause), of the erection of a prelate's house, the erection of convents, comprising houses for the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Good Shepherd, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Poor Clares, of the Sacred Heart of Mary, of the Carmelites. Now, if I have before me the cost of the Holy Ghost, and of that beautiful Order for the man of Nazareth, the Order of Christ, I will demonstrate how been deeply indebted to the Order of Christ, the Holy Ghost Company of Mary (Applause). You have enlarged in some cases, as in the case of Mount St. Aegidio and the Convent Mount St. Vincent, by conversion from into Convents of Mercy for the Marist Brothers, the Christian Brothers, and the Brothers of St. Patrick.

You have reared one of the noblest buildings in the Southern Hemisphere, the Seminary of College of St. Patrick, at Manly (Applause). Your Eminence, the Sydney College is the city, and St. Joseph's for the Marist Brothers, at Hunters Hill, are assuming the proportions of the great Religious colleges known in Europe. (Applause). You have established 11 boarding house schools for girls. You have, in the various Orders, brought from Ireland table institutions and to the completion of our great convent of Mount St. Joseph's, and you have founded a new religious for girls at Liverpool, an hospital for convalescents at Manly, and the Sydney Hospital at Trooper, an orphanage for boys at Newcastle, and a home for the aged at Randwick, the children's hospital and home of the Good Shepherd, the nursing home at Mount street, St. Leonard's, and the home of the Little Flower, and the neglected girls at Leichhardt; and you have introduced into New South Wales the Redemptorists, the Sisters of Mercy (Applause). Your Eminence, I have to thank you for the work of your Diocese in Sydney, and I have added to your dioceses 63 priests and 218 Brothers and Sisters.

"Your Eminence, we have nearly doubled the number of members of our religious Orders, and we have increased the number of our priests, to occupy its attention for hours, and which I trust will be more fortunately stated I believe, to the last farthing, that the Catholic Church in Catholic objects in this diocese during your stay, amounts to £1,000,000 sterling, and the total expenditure in the same period, 1884, the sum of £428,700, £2,145,500.

Whose Americans?

Charles Dudley Warner, the well-known American author, thus delivers himself to men who constitute the best American citizens:

"There seems to be a good deal of doubt as to what an American is. The native is not always the best, nor exactly the full, even when improved. In fact, when he is, he is apt to be disappears. I used to think that to be an American, one had to be born in New England, or to have come there at a very early day, with the serious intention of having everything by who was just right, born in the Year of Grace the date of 1621. In the city of New York, the Germans of Pennsylvania, and the French of Louisiana seem to have a different idea about it. In many cases, I have already stated this important question, and am disposed to think, on mature consideration, that a man may be a good, and even a good American, without being that he may have been born in another land. As to the question of the Indian, I prefer to see that "He Hill," the "maker, or the Indian, I prefer to put on Protestant to bring Francis destroy to an agreement with the Indian." Indeed, I think it look no further than the Holy Scriptures, I believe, that a Protestant is a Christian. It is absurd to talk about the supreme, the Holy Bible. The Bible is a dead letter without an interpreter, and the Protestants contradict their own theory, for each sect has its own interpretation of the Bible, which they consider as important and as infallible as that they will not allow any one to join their communion unless he will give his entire, or assent to their particular creed. To be consistent, they have no right to insist upon their private interpretations as terms of communion. The only question they can consistently ask is "Do you believe in Christ, and take that for your sole guide?" Indeed I have recently seen a Protestant Bishop, a man of great learning, and a man of great eloquence, and a man of great piety, and the sooner they abandon all their cherished denominational creeds and agree upon that platform the sooner will the Millennium dawn, and the more hope will there be of their coming together in a Christian Church union or alliance, after which they are to be, and are, and they, but hopelessly, seeking.—*Philadelphia Review.*

Vandalism in Rome.

Through the mouth of a certain Signor Sacchetti, Rome, the city partly in Rome have been unfolding a programme. Briefly stated, it amounts to simply to the destruction of the city of the Popes. The Catholics will find their ground at the municipal elections. With a view of destroying their peace and influence, the infidels, as they call themselves, have introduced a bill of the *Pall Mall Gazette* the other day in London, are getting from Italy for a great struggle. Furthermore, they hope to be able to have the common schools, to place still greater restrictions on the liberty of the Catholic Pontiff, and to efface, as far as possible, the noble Christian monuments for which the city is indebted to its pagan rulers. Art and religion will suffer at the hands of these enemies of the Church conceived in their doings, for they are, it would seem, all as at ground of taste and as irrational as were the Huns and Vandals.

Enchantering the Cable.

The Sydney *Freeman's Journal* thus enchantures the false and sensational cablegrams which are sent all over the civilized world, for their manipulated purpose to circulate "startling" news concerning the Pope or the Irish question:

"Put out your trust in princes; in good advice, put not your trust in politicians is a maxim and not least in cable gram sensations in the southest africa of all. Facts, the only way of getting at the truth of a cablegram is to take it in the very opposite sense to which it is delivered, but it is a most freating of matters connected with Irish affairs that the cable writer pers so long. What a mistake would call an Australian cable of the first magnitude. Hardly the good work the head of the London cable office are has amused himself by concocting fairy tales touching the Pope's intentions respecting the Irish question. Lord Morna's future and such like news of which backwoodsdge must be decidedly hoaxed by hoaxs. We are happy to say, however, that through the courtesy of Pastor Allen, who knows more about the doings at the Vatican than the Pope himself does, we are able to place before our readers the real state of affairs. Cardinal Moran is going to Rome for the purpose of being created Pope, while the present Pope is to be appointed his coadjutor, with the right of succession. Joe Biggar will then be made a Cardinal and Archbishop of Dublin in the place of Cardinal Logue, who will be appointed to the vacant Archbishopric of Armagh. Meanwhile, the business of the Australian Catholics will be transacted by a Vicar-General, author Zachary Barry of David Buchanan Hayes, who will be assisted in his duties by a Sheriff with the utmost enthusiasm, and the highest praise is due to the Sydney Catholics, whose diplomatic correspondence with Mgr. Persico brought about the Papal intervention. Some persons may not place implicit reliance in the statements of the Sydney Freeman's Journal, but it will gradually grow upon them if they will only wait long enough, and it will prove as reliable as the bulls of the news Sydney daily sling by the London Jesuits.

Russia and the Holy See.

An English paper states that news from Russian Poland announces the approaching legend of the Concordat between the Holy See and the Russian Empire. It will be well for the Polish language, which will be permitted in all religious ceremonies. This fact, if true, is a very significant denial of the gossip of the Liberal press, which make one of every article to assert that Russia is the great bugbear of the Vatican. The Muscovite is not the only Power in the Concordat are

1 The appointment of a Roman Legate from accredited to the Vatican, the suppression of exemptions from the jurisdiction of the bishops, and the right of the bishops to visit the clergy, which hitherto, although it belongs to the bishops, which hitherto, although it belongs to the bishops, which hitherto, although it belongs to the bishops

Farm and Home.

Worth Knowing.

Wet tobacco applied to a bee or a wasp sting will give relief.

Never keep honey in a cellar. A dry room is the place for it.

A wart can be removed by touching it several times a day with castor oil.

Working in cold water when unaccustomed is a frequent cause of disfiguring pimples.

To make labels adhere to tin or other metal add a little glycerine or sugar to the gum used for fixing them.

Money is not merely as valuable as character, for money cannot buy the respect of thoughtful men and women.

The best way to mend torn leaves of books is pasting them with white tissue paper. The print will show through it.

When you want to take out a bureau drawer, pass, heat the poker, run it slowly along the old putty and soften it loose.

To clean straw matting, boil three quarts of bran in one quart of water, and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

It is not what a man makes but what he saves that adds to his prosperity; step the leaks. "Wanton waste makes want" said.

The air of a sick room should always be kept fresh that there will be no perceptible difference upon coming into it from the outer air.

For sore throat there is nothing better than the white of an egg beaten stiff with the sugar it will hold and the clear juice of a lemon.

The dampness which arises from exposure to the air may be remedied by sponging the face with equal parts of brandy and rose water.

If the face seems constantly dry, rub it with a trifle of olive oil every night for awhile; if too oily, put a little borax in the water used for bathing it.

Never put hot water into a glass unless it contains a spoon. This will serve as a conductor for the heat of the water and lessen the risk of breaking.

At dinners given in the best society the toothpick has no place at least in the dinner room or drawing-room. In its pristine glory it exists only in the hotels.

Sunlight is often the very best medicine—especially for children and for elderly people—and the more hours they get of it the better are their chances for life and health.

Vapor bathe will clear the skin. Powdered charcoal taken on first rising in the morning, on the point of a knife, is a remedy for biliousness is the remedy required.

A Good Housewife.

A woman's instinct of cleanliness is so strong that she will actually squander time in unnecessary work. This is going further than any semblance of reason will attempt to excuse. There is no sense in working like this. A woman can be a good housekeeper without taking all her time to do her housework.

If she cannot, let her after all be satisfied with being an ordinarily good one, and take some of the time from her previously self imposed drudgery for reading, self-improvement and recreation. These housekeepers who are looking so much superfluous work every day never think of such a thing as reading a daily newspaper, or gathering information that will enable them to improve the quality of their work.

The most intelligent housekeeper, and agreeable, and useful one too, is not always forbidding up everything, and yet she has house as clean that no sense detects anything useless—the housewife ch) is a companionable sort of person, at least fairly well informed regarding the events of the day as well as her special daily duties, and who finds time to get out of that revolving grind of work that extinguishes a manifestation of cheerfulness wonderfully that may make her a lovely wife if they are not laid aside for that perpetual cleaning and antiquing of work that makes every one uncomfortable at home. Such a housekeeper is by no means a rarity, and her opposite the one who squanders time in superfluous duties, ought to cultivate her acquaintance.

A Merry Heart.

We may apparently have all of this world's blessings but to constant observers are in any way necessary to make up the sum of human happiness and still look the one thing useful, the crowning blessing—the warm, grateful, merry heart that can appreciate our heavenly Father's gifts; while some humble person who lacks in our judgment has not enough will find her life full of blessings for which to be grateful, because she has the heart to make them her own. She will be the one who always finds a welcome, for she always brings a bright thought or a little gift of love, or some to lend a helping hand to those who need encouragement. And who of us under any circumstance does not need a word of cheer? Not one.

But this same "merry heart" is a great beautifier. Rob thought of our lives leaves its impress on our faces. If we have thoughts full of envy or discord, are allowed to run riot and fearful discontent reigns supreme in the heart, even though we never intend to speak the words, let us remember that our faces will invariably tell the story. No matter how many efforts we may put forth to convince the world that if we were situated then and so we would be lovely characters, the world knows better; "that is," if the habitual frown or pout has found a settled place in the face. Those frowns are like the hands of Lady Macbeth, from which spots can never be washed away; they have formed a part of our nature.

One Imports of Fruits.

The United States imports annually about 50,000,000 pounds of prunes, 7,000,000 pounds of figs, 35,000,000 pounds of raisins, 5,000,000 pounds of almonds, 18,000 barrels of oranges and lemons and 250 cartloads of other fruits. This vast amount of imported fruit can be replaced by the State alone, to say nothing of the enormous quantities of other fruits indigenous to this country which it can also produce. It is only a few years ago that foreign grapes were brought to Los Angeles for Winter use, and now, instead of sending to Europe, we raise for better grapes and can supply the United States and then have a surplus for the consumers in other lands. Last year we sent 2,500 carloads of fruit to the East, and this year the shipments will, in all probability, run well up to 5 000 carloads. For some of our canned fruits, we have the world for a market, and our apples are sent to Australia, China and Japan. It is only a question of a very short time when the 270,000 paid annually for foreign fruits will be a speed of for the California products of vastly superior quality.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

The Blind Man and the Milk.

One blind from birth asked a man who sold cow "What color is milk?" The man who could see replied: "The color of milk is like white paper." The blind man asked: "This color, then, resembles in the hand like paper?" The man who could see replied: "No; it is white, like white flour." The blind man asked: "Then it is soft and pliable, like flour, is it?" The man who could see replied: "No; it is simply white, like a rabbit." The blind man asked: "Then it is downy and soft, like a rabbit?" The man who could see replied: "No; white is a color exactly like snow." The blind man asked: "Then it is cold, like snow is?" And in spite of all the comparisons which the man who could see made still the blind man was wholly unable to comprehend what the color of milk really was.

Family Fun.

An Excited Warrior.

Taking five newspaper war-maps under one arm and a copy of the *Times* under the other, Mr. White left the office, and proceeded directly homewards, feeling more patriotic every moment.

"Old wife's going to lay 'em right out, Sam," he said as he dropped his hat in the hall.

"Did you order the flour?" she asked in a careless tone.

"Flour! What do I care about flour! The Russians have got Kars and half of the Turkish army!"

"Have, eh! Well, I hope that paper-hanger will be here in the morning. You did n't think to see about—"

"Right here is Kars, and right here is where the Turks got mauled!" he exclaimed, as he knelt on the floor and traced out of the maps.

"Did, eh! Say, John, can't you rake off the lawn this morning, and did you see about the whitewashing?"

"Will you talk about whitewashing when all Europe is convulsed with war!" he Seriously demanded, as he shook the other four maps at her.

"I—I'd like these onion beds marked out to day," she replied.

"Onion beds marked out, when this very copy of the *Times* editorially predicts that a million armed men will be rushing at each other's throats in less than 60 days!"

The rug a dead sewer until his finger rested on the City of Erzerum, when he shouted:

"Here she is. It right around here they are making the Turks howl for mercy!"

"By the way, John," she softly remarked, as she locked up, "don't you think that summer kitchen will have to be re-shingled this spring?"

The girl who does general housework says he loss the few times he broke into 500 pieces, and hanged the *Times* against the wall with a powerful jump as he jumped out doors; but girls are sometimes prejudiced. Mr. White was in the corner grocery at half past 11, saying to the proprietor:

"D-n it make your blood jump to read of the European situation!"

And the proprietor raked the cheeks in his cheese for a clean stand reply:

"Seems like I shall had to lull doe boys who out away mit die hafie."

How can you expect any body but a warrior to feel as warriors do!

A Man of Conviction.

The editor of an agricultural paper stopped at a Kentucky farmhouse, and after a short "earthery" and "croppy" conversation said:

"My friend, would a'n you like to subscribe for a first-class agricultural paper?"

"Well, I dunno 'bout that. Reckon I'd the mountain 'pears tee be a little the heavy."

"What does your paper propose to do? Wear do it stan' when the Methodis' an' Baptis' distrimes come up for discussion, as the feller says?"

"Oh, we have nothing to with that. Our paper is devoted to the interests of the farmer."

"How so?"

"Oh, it tells him what is the best time to plant certain crops, and how to cultivate them."

"That all?"

"Oh, no, it is full of matter that is of interest to farmers."

"All 'bout cabbages, I reckon."

"Oh, yes."

"Says or leetle erbout the watermelons, I reckon."

"Yes."

"But do it say erbout the peaches?"

"Tells how to cultivate them."

"Ah ha, but yes say it ain't got nothin to do with a Methodis or Baptis?"

"Nothing at all."

"Why if as Methodis an' Baptis' out inter ec fight, yo' paper would n't keer which ol' wipped, I reckon."

"I could n't take sides."

"Well, I don't, I'd'cided I want it."

"Why, my dear sir, I—"

"No, I don't want it. I'm takin' ar still-house paper, an' you let it yelle for the Baptis' everytime. No; I don't want no milk an' cider paper."

A Clever Boy.

"Father," said a hopeful sprig, "how many lives are there on that table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two, my boy, there are two."

"Two!" replied young smartness, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Tsh," replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and needed things to be as they stood "I'd like to have you prove that."

"Easy done, sir; really done! Is n't that one?" laying his knife upon the first.

"Yes, that's certain."

"And isn't that two?" pointing to the second; "and don't one and two make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was listening with astonishment to the learning of her son; "really this boy is a prime and deserves encouragement. Here, mother, you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

He Did n't Like Culture.

"Don't talk to me about culture and refinement," said a New York alderman, who had been putting on a great deal of style of late because he had made a little money by keeping saloon.

"What is your objection to a man of culture?" asked the gentleman of whom he was conversing.

"They are so stuck up and are always trying to make you feel their superiority. I never make people feel my culture and refinement. You can run with me for twenty years and never know that I had any."

"That's so," replied the party of the second part.

The Agent had Tried It.

Coal Dealer—I say, Premium, this coal strike makes my losses terrific. I want to insure my yard against fire. What's the cost of a policy for ten thousand?

Insurance Agent—What coal is it some idea you sent me last year?

"Anthracite."

"O, I would n't insure it, if I were you. It won't burn, you know."

She had Reason to be Anxious.

Wife (whose husband, realizing the need of exercise, has bought a bicycle)—I shall be so anxious, John, dear, until you learn to ride it well.

Husband (kindly) Don't get nervous, fo dash little one. I shall be very careful.

Wife—I mean, dear, that John James's by that the bicycle cost over $100.

Miss Oldgirl (giggling)—Would you believe it, Mr. Lightfoot, that Washington's birthday and mine are on the same day.

"Impossible" replied Lightfoot. "Why you don't look half his age."

"Hello, Fudgely, shouted Robinson. "What makes you look so down in the mouth?"

"Why," said Fudgely, dismally, "I sent Miss Brown a valentine that cost me my week's salary, and I've just received cards to her wedding with that selfsh Smythe."

MISCELLANEOUS.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible pains this little word brings to the ears of the sufferer! Headache, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, All stem from the fact that all these terrible troubles can be cured by using

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Leave S. F. | Destination | Arrive S. F.

8:00 A.M. | Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale | 10:50 A.M.

3:30 P.M. | 6:40 P.M.

7:45 A.M. | Sonoma and Glen Ellen | 10:05 A.M.

5:00 P.M. | 6:10 P.M.

7:45 A.M. | Sebastopol | 12:40 P.M.

5:00 P.M. | 6:10 P.M.

7:45 A.M. | Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale | 10:50 A.M.

5:00 P.M. | 6:10 P.M.

7:45 A.M. | Ukiah | 8:10 P.M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mountain View, Fulton, Furlong, at Lytton for Siegers Springs, and at Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Harbin Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Warm Springs, Sanhedrin, Ukiah and the Geysers.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, to Petaluma, $1 75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $2; to Cloverdale, $3 25; to Guerneville $2 50.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma $1 25; to Santa Rosa $1 50; to Healdsburg, to Cloverdale, $2 50; to Guerneville $2 00.

From San Francisco to Sonoma and Glen Ellen—Week Days: 7:45 a.m., 3:30 p.m., 11:00 p.m. Sundays: 8:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m.

From Sonoma and Glen Ellen to San Francisco—Week Days: 6:50 a.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m. Sundays: 8:00 a.m., 6:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon—Week Days: 6:20 a.m., 7:45 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 2:40 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 5:05 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:45 p.m. Sundays: 7:00 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 3:45 p.m., 5:05 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:45 p.m.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon—Week Days: 6:10 a.m., 7:40 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 10:10 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 3:40 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:10 p.m., 7:55 p.m., 11:40 p.m. Sundays: 7:00 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 10:10 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 3:40 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:10 p.m., 7:55 p.m., 11:40 p.m.

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CATHOLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

(CONCLUDED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL, VALLEJO.

VALLEJO, June 11, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—As affairs which was looked forward to for several months past in this pretty town by the young folks, and by many of the old people too, has come and gone. I refer to the annual musical and literary entertainment given by the pupils of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. The Parmer Opera House was crowded to its utmost capacity on Tuesday evening, the occasion being a celebration of its founder, the patron saint of that excellent institution. The great interest which the event evoked was shown by the large audience which came to greet and encourage the young performers. The girls acquitted themselves in their various parts in a manner which clearly displayed talent and as well as careful training and preparation. Juvenile performers are always interesting and doubly so when the end in view is a pleasure, and moral and intellectual culture. Interspersed between the various pieces of a strictly musical character, which formed the main features, were prominent features on the occasion. The leading parts were very creditably filled by the larger girls, the little ones swelling the chorus with a charm and a relish like great especially their own.

The display of Annie Kane in the operetta "Little Bo Peep," was very good and was acknowed by a clear voice and powerful enunciation, the dia "Little Bo Peep" well. "Bye Bye" Fared well in the hands of Fanny Connolly. A "Tableau The Fire Fiend," was well rendered by Mary Connolly, Delphine Parmer and Mary Kane, which is a creation of a lively character. "Little Jack Horner" ably delivered by Annie McGuinness. "Barbara Frietchie," is a dramatical tale, was well performed by Misses Lillie Tobin, Maria Valdez and Nellie O'Keefe. The representation of the "English Virginia," was very creditable to Alice Walsh, Mary Rogan, Mary McManus, Mary Smith and Agnes McGettigan. Aida Rosenna made a very nice "Amazed." "The Battle of Lepanto," a recitation, was well rendered by the pupil, "Old Mother Hubbard," fared well in the hands of Minnie Lawrence who made a character of herself well in "Natural." "Little Washboy" mediated by Lizzie Lynch. "Little Boy Blue" mediated by Josie Vampole. "Little Bo Peep," equally good by Maggie Cahill. "Tiffy," the dog, was admirably done by Mary Connolly. Rose. The other little ones who did their parts well are too numerous to mention. Excellent music was furnished by the Italian dance band.

Need I say as that the affair was a great success and reflects much credit on the pupils of the Tomorrow's school and the Sisters of St. Dominic, who have charge of it. The Catholics of Vallejo are very proud of it, as it is a concern of another, at the head of which is Sister Ignatius, who is universally loved by all classes, which the Catholic girls receive at their hands will be a precious treasure to them in after life. Immediately after the exercises were over Misses Annie McGettigan, Angie Rosenna, Mary Rogan, Mary Connolly, Nellie O'Keefe and Mary Smith.

At the conclusion of the exercises Rev. Father Lynk, O. P., Pastor, stepped on the stage, and in a few appropriate remarks presented some of the graduates with a medal and diploma, and also a handsome bible presented as a token of appreciation. Father Lynk, O. P., expressed himself very highly pleased with the good work performed by the Sisters, and he would consider the gifts for their grateful and excellent services, and he felt sure that the parents of Vallejo might be proud of their children—he was certainly proud of them. Those were Fathers Lynk, O. P., and Lawler, O. P., there were Fathers Wheeler, Power, Wade, Dwyer of Benicia, and Aneton, O. P., of Martinez, present at the entertainment. S. D. W.

HOLY CROSS SCHOOL, SANTA CRUZ.

SANTA CRUZ, June 13, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The closing exercises of Holy Cross Academy, under the direction of Sister Mary Clarita, Superior, and Sister Mary Ignatius, Prefect of Studies, and Sister Mary Gertrude, Prefect of Music, and Sister Mary Ignatius, Prefect of Drawing, and Sister Mary Gertrude, Prefect of Fancy Work, and Sister Mary Ignatius, Prefect of Elocution, were prominent features on the occasion. The leading parts were very creditably filled by the larger girls, the little ones swelling the chorus with a charm and a relish like great especially their own.

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The exhibition hall, tastefully decorating for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, was crowded to its utmost capacity on Tuesday evening, the 12th inst., was a great day for St. Bridget's parish—it being the first annual commencement of the parochial school. The hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, was filled to its utmost capacity, and it was hard to leave for want of even standing room. The programme was very creditably rendered by the girls and boys, and it was well carried out, that the audience never for a moment lost an interest in it. While every part of the programme was well rendered, the recitations by the boys, who represented the school, were very creditable, and drew loud applause from the crowded audience. The drama "Katrina" was very well rendered, and mention being merited by Misses Agnes Kirby, Annie Kane and Mary Lynch. The music was very creditable, and the singing of the pupils in the programme.

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ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, BERKELEY.

BERKELEY, June 13, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The closing exercises of St. Joseph's Academy took place at Union Hall, Berkeley, on Thursday evening, the 14th inst. The following choice programme was contributed by the pupils: Duet, Misses Mary Russell and S. Wilson, "Sweet Home," Thomas; Recitation, "Lady Clare," Tennyson, Miss Mary Rodgers; Recitation, "Beautiful Maid," Miss M. Lynch; Recitation, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," Miss Lizzie Ryan; Recitation, "Polish Boy," Miss K. McLinnet; chorus, "Sweet as a Bird of Happy Childhood," from Gounod's Opera, "Faust," Misses Mary Russell, Lizzie Ryan, Mary Rodgers, Lizzie Lynch, Mary Lynch, Mary Lynch, Mary Rodgers, Lizzie Ryan, Mary Russell; Recitation, "The Rebel," Miss Lizzie Lynch; Recitation, "Angel of Night," Miss F. Bassett; duet recitation, "Will we Know Each Other Yonder?" Misses Mary Russell and Lizzie Ryan; chorus, "Warm as the Dawn," music after Rubinstein, Misses Lizzie Ryan, Mary Russell, Mary Lynch, Lizzie Lynch, Mary Rodgers; Recitation, "Golden Locks," Miss Lizzie Ryan; Recitation, "Little Boy," by Miss Mary Lynch; Recitation, "Ivy Green," Miss Mary Rodgers; Recitation, "Nobility," Miss Mary Russell; Recitation, "Little Jim," Miss Lizzie Lynch; Recitation, "Little Orphan Annie," Miss Lizzie Ryan; Recitation, "Little Orphan," Miss Mary Lynch

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

SAINT'S CONVERSION.

Era yet Faith's light had pierced the gloom,
That shrouded Albion's isle;
Fair Erin rose from her pagan tomb,
To hail in Truth's bright smile;
Still doubting gospel in pagan night,
And blindly bent the knee
To idols—monsters to the sight—
Enwrapped in mystery.
Half Europe to her gods of stone,
In a benighted worship bowed;
The votary at their stern nod,
Yielded all their praises loud.
While Erron proved her white wings,
Above the island earth,
Thou, Erin, rose to holier things,
Beneath thy second birth.
From your rolling, storm swept seas
St. Patrick—chosen one—
Was wafted by Faith's zealous breeze
To thine such Erin shore;
From hill and dale, where once before
The Druids their hymns intone,
Rose daring prayers from shore to shore,
Like incense to God's throne.
No homeplight hope yet; thou bright,
No reaper save God's word
Required to bring them to the light,
They came when Truth was planted;
While freedom smiled up on the land,
And peace hand waving there;
Bright Virtue held out her hand,
Or ev'ry side aware;
Fair Hope, with her cheerful face,
Had forgot the lake of stains;
While hatred deep rolled o'er the land,
The night of its blasting wave.
Though seven centuries were have laid,
Her gaping in the dent;
Yet still she hoped, yet still she prayed,
In God repeated her trust,
Though outward stripped yet still one gem,
Fleshed radiant from her breast;
Where one—looked eagerly on at the diadem,
Oppression's crown hangs now.
Through hatred's sword and bloody spear,
Rolled out her heart-blood free,
Yet still she hopt through every fear,
Her faith on purity.
To Honor's dear enchiling name,
A warmed cow'ne was she;
With glory crowned, her spotless frame
Shall last eternally.
Or Freedom, Nature's cherished child,
She is wished oft her heart;
The case is just remembered wild
To fall 'neath Treason's dart.
Oh! curse the traitor hands that sold
Their mother in her need,
For paltry sums of blood-stained gold,
Thy sons—the serpent's dart.
To God, Redeemer of the world,
His children all are bequeathed;
And with His church man standard furled,
His name she has maintained.
Oh! emerald land! oh! emerald land!
Many sufferings have you seen;
Your betrothed come at Saint's command,
Have given your mantle green.
Yet through the gloom that shrouds her now,
The star of Hope appears,
It lightens up again her brow
Dispelling her fears.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

HER SADDEN HUMAN HEART.

Then, Son of God, in torments dread
Upon the Cross didst die,
Thy Precious Blood in torrents spread,
Until Thy Heart was dry;
Thy Precious Blood, Love's liquid fire,
Burst from Thy Sacred Heart,
Wrought in its frames Thee dilat expire
A Victim, to impart
New life of grace to Adam's race;
Then, venom of the serpent's dart,
Sin's death-stab to efface.

Three hours, Thy Heart upon the Cross
Was in sad agonies;
Yes, all Thy life It felt Death's throes
Through every minutes;
At Forlorn Cary Jesus, Sat,
While its dark wave was filled—
Where 'mong Thy Virgin Mother's breast,
Thy God-Man's Heart first thrilled;
Tis life, its human sea of woes,
The Passions' wave of Association,
Unto Thy Heart's first throb arose,
In fear Or opposed the Incarnation.

When Gloria in Excelsis earth,
With peace to men first heard,
Angels hence announced the Birth
Of God's Incarnate Word;
Then Babe Divine, in Bethlehem's cave,
Heart swell beneath such shock,
The value of Calvary's stormy wave,
Whose blisses recal Thee purged,
For three and thirty years.

Grief tried
Each beating of His Heart,
But as the night before His died,
Love what Grief's bosom dart;
Wake ye His Humanities power as God,
Is love for man seemed spent,
Wake giving man His Flesh and Blood,
The orisons of Judas' rent

Thus Human Heart—Ingratitude's
Deadly pain, in the form of Judas Iscat
Effect crimes of future multitudes.

His Sacred Human Heart was crushed
In midnight's lonely hour,
Pain more and terrible, than there wakened
With magic, while the shower
Of Precious Blood in streams, earth wet;
But near be whom Vera shed,
Man alone his Saviour did insult,
And from his Saviour fled.

Oh! Sacred Heart—Man with cool His side,
His Sacred Heart—Man—Redeemer,
In Precious Blood Redemption's Tide,
The issue, the last drop drew
Wom He for mankind's rite had died;
And be our sin or great or low,
When we from life depart,
Thy Mercy, Jesus, be imparted
His Sacred Human Heart."

MARY J. CULLEN.

Lismore, June 16th, 1888.

Father's "All for Jesus," p. 20.

CALL ME BARLY, WIFE YONAH.

"Now, wake me up at 6 o'clock,"
He said on Friday to half;
"To morrow is my busy day,
I'll get up early to-day."

His patient wife, who previously
Experienced bad tried,
Said nothing only looked at him,
And softly, softly sighed.

The eight passed on the morning came,
At 6 the said, "My own,
It's 6 o'clock, I know, you said—
Is grateful, 'Lemme 'lone!'"

At 7 she gently tried again,
But once again without
The slight last semblance of success—
He only snapped, "Let out!"

At 7 she crept almost failed
And turned to leave the room
For as she spoke she had to doubt
A look fixing at her home.

She thought he sweet at 9 o'clock,
And gave up trying then,
And he whose busy day it was
Got up at half past ten.

Then came the tide of bitterness
That awaited her early
For breakfast—"Half half past ten!
Why didn't you wake me up?

Literary Miscellany.

True Till Death.

A Story of Ireland and Greece.

BY R. LYNCH.

CHAPTER I.

The resemblance which Donagh Fitzgerald bore to the portrait of the famous Lord Edward, lately the property of the Duke of Blockbirch, was striking enough to convince his friends and some of the less unredulous members of his family, that the boy was really, in some unaccountable way, directly descended from that young hero, and stood at the end of a century, as the other had done before, a possible point of lustre and noble pride.

His face was one of delicate beauty and finish—an extremely sensitive face, with soft, dark blue eyes that seemed, perhaps, too consciously sorrowful and too passionately earnest. And his smile, when he did smile, had that pathetic expectancy and sweetness in it that outnerves of oppression and thwarted hopes have stamped upon the Irish smile. The smile of no prosperous and universally-esteemed land can ever quite be like it, nor touch so powerfully the very heart of feeling. Everything about him was eloquent of a refinement and spirituality that carried the fatal prophecy of unsuccess, and the fire of enthusiasm that burst in the beautiful eyes was that which the grave and practical world likes to designate as madness. All his capacities for passion, and hope, and high impersonal devotion were concentrated round one holy object; each breath he drew was steeped half in worship, half in unpeinelable faith for the past and the future of his country.

When Donagh left Clingowen Wood, his father had destined him for the medical profession, but the boy's frail constitution and nervous temperament, with that strange appearance he were of looking out of spirit land upon the world around, decided Fitzgerald Senior not to put from the matter of a profession upon him for a while.

Donagh spent the time that was not devoted to the study of history in the study of the times—looked eagerly on at the national struggle in Ireland, joined the Land League, and attended meetings until his hand turned dizzy in the clamour of strife and words and in the pictures of endless, unassuaged pain.

"Is there never to be anything for us now but impotent speech? Are we to hurry all hope of doing finest battle for our liberty, as other nations have done, and can it be good that that this great change should have worked itself over the face of the earth?"

He argued the question out with his grandmamma, and mentally decided friends, Dick O'Mara, who, a peasants Land-leaguer himself met Donagh's earnest patriotism with that tolerant and benignant indulgence that was pleasant to behold exercised by a giant towards a fabled and delicately formed enchantment. Indeed, O'Mara's partiality for Donagh might be accounted among his special weaknesses. His very practicability and disposition to measure his desires with the possibilities of attainment made him the keener to perceive the nobility of a character and exclusive nature like young Fitzgerald's.

One evening, Dick was sitting in his room with Donagh, when a knock sounded. Former Donagh, with an absent and unconvinced, as he drew a chair over near the fire-place, and passed a hand all round the feathery dark curls that lightly massed themselves over his head.

O'Mara noted the weariness of complete exhaustion in the gesture, and also the absence of any smile of greeting.

"Anything wrong, Donagh?"

"Oh, no," Donagh answered, quickly. A tremulous color waved into his face, and faded out as swiftly, and the long fingers of his slender hand seemed to flutter with imperfectly repressed nerve thrills, made by deed, his painfully visible anxiety and emotion, a sharp contrast with the chief indolence of physical strength and good humoured self-possession of Dick.

"Nothing, Dick, only I have been to see Mr. Mac Mare, Donagh, and—"

"Mac! she repeated, arching her pretty brows impatiently.

"Mave," he corrected, softly, "I have the highest respect and affection for you. I don't know why you scorn me."

"I don't want respect, I am not old enough for that. I want you to like me as a boy. I like you; to look glad when you see me, and smile."

"But I am glad always to see you, dear Mave," he explained in pathetic gravity. "It would be a positive pain for me to come here, and not see you."

The door suddenly opened, and an old man stood on the threshold looking at them in a perplexed inquiry.

"I was accusing this bad boy for not coming to get for me an the letter, Donagh," Mave cried gleefully. "Tight I'm to have to pay."

"Hon away, kitten, and find some other bad boy to play with besides this lad's heart," and her father, smiling.

"She is a very charming child," Donagh remarked apologetically.

The old man glanced sharply at him, and nodded in silence. In the table before which they seated themselves was a three board with a large sheet of paper dotted and marked with lines in pen and ink.

"This movement of ours, last night, I see, after much study, was an incentive one. It left our weakest points exposed to the enemy's battery."

"How so? I should like to follow your study, Donagh sad, leaning eagerly over the paper.

"I let work it out on the chess board. We'll say I am England, being the stronger, I have my pieces in advance, until Donagh sad, "Ah, I see, I have left the king's bishop's pawn unprotected."

"Yes, she did, and so did England. Donagh conceded, dubiously. "And why, my Irish Ireland?"

"I am afraid that the feeling on the Continent for both countries is mark-ably different. "You'll see half for yourself by-by. By the way, did not we arrange you should start to-morrow night?"

Donagh assented.

"I have written letters for all the influential persons I know in Paris. Henry, I think, is a poor creature, but Chevarieux and Rochefort and the advanced party ought to be able to bring pressure to bear upon the Government. You are just the kind of emissary I have been seeking—gentle, well-mannered, and—"

"I will do my best, sir. If your influence can procure me an entrance to the Rue Mollaire, I promise to do my utmost to qualify myself specially for the future of a lighting man."

Pallette was it to see the light of enthusiastic conclusion in the face of the visionary old man reflected on the mobile countenance of the visionary boy, both from in their wild dreams and yearning towards the picture they had conjured up for admiration

the troubled and handsome face before him.

"It was not, Donagh said, slowly.

"Why?"

"Perhaps later; not now," Donagh said, with a return of that kind of shrinking and uncertainty that puzzled Dick.

"If silence is best, I will not press you; but, are sure, Donagh, that it is best?"

"I think so, now," Donagh answered with an unusually slow, not seeking the clear, grey glance of O'Mara. "I think if you would understand."

"You have not found one very dense; I hope, in spite of my coarser organism," O'Mara persisted with a gentle smile.

He felt that there might be some indelicacy in his suggestion—disappointment, too, it was so openly withheld; but he was older, stronger, more sensible than this blind and visionary lad, and he was filled with uncomfortable fear that Donagh's very generosity and ardent nature should lead him into some deeply deplorable error out of which the grasp of friendship would be unable to extricate him if stretched forth too late.

"Then I blame me, don't fail me if anything should ever happen to separate us, Dick. Nothing will happen but I have always cared so greatly, perhaps exclusively, for you, that the thought of a possible estrangement between us in days to come would be a bitter thought, indeed, for me."

The subdued vehemence of his speech and look completely overpowered O'Mara, and all sorts of wild and dark conjectures flowed in vague succession through his mind. He called anxiously after Donagh, who had hurried away after his enigmatic appeal. "Good Heavens! The lad can't surely have gone some secret and dangerous society! He can't be on the point of eloping with some comely peasant girl. I'll go round, and have a talk with old Fitzgerald. We must do some to some decision between us. If moderate good sense is to be had, it is my duty to keep between a rattling Irish Tory and a flaming Nationalist."

CHAPTER II.

When Donagh found himself in the street he pressed his hand over his eyes, as if they ached with inward vision. He then drew back his head, and walked resolutely away. He had not far to go, for at the end of ten minutes he was knocking at a door in Kilkenny-road.

"Is that you, Lord Edward?" somebody asked from behind the door, as it opened, and a girl's pretty face was thrust forward with a mischievously mirthful expression. But Donagh's mind was bent on more distant thoughts than the noting of her engaging charm of face and voice. He liked her pleasant greeting well enough, and saw in her remote, unobscuring way that she was fair to look at, and fresh as any flower. He had should open the door for him on each of his frequent visits, and greet him with her air of regnlar and unconsciously provoking familiarity, made his entrance into the dim and quiet house a brighter, more human interest. But this was all the personal attention he gave her, forgetful that his supposed answerer lived Ireland none the less because he greatly loved Dorothy.

"Your father is expecting one, is he not?" he asked, with his sweet and ingratiating manner of recognition.

"Yes, he's not well. You will come upstairs."

She took his hand and drew him along the passage with a rhythmic dancing movement of her little feet, swaying her body forward from the waist upwards, and planning over her young mind to allow unnatural control small on of this perilous passage.

Donagh gently allowed himself to be thus led along, and when they reached the door of the room, he stopped, drew her back, and, looked straight into his eyes with a gravely tender look.

"You don't care one bit for me, Lord Edward." Dorothy, she loves me, but you don't. Papa says it is because you care too much for Ireland, but you ought be a little fond of me, and not care less for her." he said.

Donagh flushed earlier all over his delicate face, started back, and stared apprehensively at her.

"You are very lovely and very attractive, Miss Mare," he began, at last.

"Mae! she repeated, arching her pretty brows impatiently.

"Mave," he corrected, softly, "I have the highest respect and affection for you. I don't know why you scorn me."

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a lovely dawn of liberty, prosperity, calm and wide spread patriotism.

When Donagh returned to his home, he was amazed to find the house thrown into the general confusion of sudden flight.

"Donagh, you are running away with us to-night to London," said his father sharply.

"I? Why to London?" asked Donagh anxiously.

"Don't bere me with questions. Somebody is packing your portmanteau upstairs. We have just time to eat something and catch the mail.

"But supposing I had not turned up at this particular moment?" Donagh asked quietly.

"Your mother would have gone by the next boat instead."

He seemed to settle the matter in the elder's eyes.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

Faithful Unto Death.

Winsfred was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slight and fair, and possessed that type of crimson cheek, which, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the lone waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her delicate hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unfeigned admiration, while the warm, crimson tide mounted to her cheek, shadowing at intervals his manly forehead. And they pledged themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing to their home.

Many years passed and again I saw those two. They were seated together where the light of a summer sunset stole through the half-closed crimson curtain, shedding a richer hue to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The golden locks of the young wife had given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and Fate in the form of years was slightly ploughing upon her still beautiful brow. Her husband's form was fuller, and his step not as elastic as in years might warrant. Anxiety, ambition and pride had gone over and left their impress upon his form and face. Silver was mingling with the darkness of his hair, which had become thinned around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on an ottoman with his head hidden in his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Frank, you are ill to-night," said his wife in a low half inquiring voice, as she laid her hand his own.

Frank roused himself from his attitude slowly, and a slight frown knit his brow. "I am well," he said coldly and sternly, and he folded his arms upon his bosom, as if he wished no interruption of his evidently painful thoughts.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to a sensitive heart. It is a dreadful ordeal that the only being of our love refuses our sympathy, that he broods over feelings that he scorns, or fears to reveal, dreadful to behold the unclouded brow of a sorrow to which we are forbidden to participate, and where we are—we cannot know.

The wife attempted once more. "Frank," she said, slowly and affectionately, "Do you not know that I love you? Why do you turn from me in sorrow? Why do you not confide in me? Do I not share your joys and sorrows in our mutual home? Do I not share your joys and sorrows in our mutual home? Why, Frank, dear husband, is this cloud upon your brow? Why, husband, is this heaviness, but it passed away, and I shall be happy again?"

Time passed on, and Winsfred and Frank were separated from each other. The husband was gloomy and alone in the dampened chamber, and the wife was pale and sad as his good, and had mingled with many sorrows, yet he had sought out the brave and true friend, but you ought be a little fond of me, and not care less for her." he said.

Donagh flushed earlier all over his delicate face, started back, and stared apprehensively at her.

"You are very lovely and very attractive, Miss Mare," he began, at last.

"Mae! she repeated, arching her pretty brows impatiently.

"Mave," he corrected, softly, "I have the highest respect and affection for you. I don't know why you scorn me."

"I don't want respect, I am not old enough for that. I want you to like me as a boy. I like you; to look glad when you see me, and smile."

"But I am glad always to see you, dear Mave," he explained in pathetic gravity. "It would be a positive pain for me to come here, and not see you."

The door suddenly opened, and an old man stood on the threshold looking at them in a perplexed inquiry.

"I was accusing this bad boy for not coming to get for me an the letter, Donagh," Mave cried gleefully. "Tight I'm to have to pay."

"Hon away, kitten, and find some other bad boy to play with besides this lad's heart," and her father, smiling.

"She is a very charming child," Donagh remarked apologetically.

The old man glanced sharply at him, and nodded in silence. In the table before which they seated themselves was a three board with a large sheet of paper dotted and marked with lines in pen and ink.

"This movement of ours, last night, I see, after much study, was an incentive one. It left our weakest points exposed to the enemy's battery."

"How so? I should like to follow your study, Donagh said, leaning eagerly over the paper.

"I let work it out on the chess board. We'll say I am England, being the stronger. I have my pieces in advance, until Donagh said, "Ah, I see, I have left the king's bishop's pawn unprotected."

"Yes, she did, and so did England. Donagh conceded, dubiously. "And why, my Irish Ireland?"

"I am afraid that the feeling on the Continent for both countries is mark-ably different. "You'll see half for yourself by-by. By the way, did not we arrange you should start to-morrow night?"

Donagh assented.

"I have written letters for all the influential persons I know in Paris. Henry, I think, is a poor creature, but Chevarieux and Rochefort and the advanced party ought to be able to bring pressure to bear upon the Government. You are just the kind of emissary I have been seeking—gentle, well-mannered, and—"

"I will do my best, sir. If your influence can procure me an entrance to the Rue Mollaire, I promise to do my utmost to qualify myself specially for the future of a lighting man."

Pallette was it to see the light of enthusiastic conclusion in the face of the visionary old man reflected on the mobile countenance of the visionary boy, both from in their wild dreams and yearning towards the picture they had conjured up for admiration

THE WORK OF GOD.

The Editions of the Bible that were Printed before the Reformation.

No less than seventy editions of the entire Bible, or fifteen hundred of these editions, had been printed and published in the vernacular tongues before the dawn of the Reformation, and with the approbation of the Holy See. Of the Bibles in whose divines this work was done, and in one instance at least, so spoke in 1475, with the formal permission of the Supreme.

A full version in Latin was printed at Mentz in 1450 and in German twenty years before Luther's Bible appeared.

Latin versions of the entire Bible were also rapidly published as follows—at Hamburg in 1466, at Rome in 1471, at Lyons in 1477, at Venice and Naples in 1476, in Holland and Spanish 1477, in Bohemia in 1488, in Kaplend in 1505, in Ireland in 1531, in Poland in 1561, and in Roman in 1581.

The Italian version in Italian were published simultaneously at Rome and Venice in 1471—these passed through no less than thirteen different editions before 1825, and eight subsequent editions were printed during the last forty two years. These were all published with the express approbation of the Holy Office—they were full, complete, and faithful translations. Three other Italian versions, equally accurate, appeared at Venice in 1538, 1546, and 1641. The earliest complete version in German was printed at Augsburg in 1466, seventeen years before Luther was born; others followed so rapidly that there had been at least twenty different editions published in Germany before Luther's version was published.

Of the more famous of the elder German translations are those of Wittenberg, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Ulm, Strasburg—1470, Wittenburg and Nuremberg, 1483, Wittenburg, 1490, Lunbeck, 1494, and Halberstadt, 1522, Nuremberg, 1533-1552.

The first complete translation into French was that of Jean Morlins, published at Lyons and Paris in 1476, and it passed through seven editions, this was followed by the version of Lefevre, in 1530, and seventeen editions were then printed in 1573.

In the English language there were twenty-four editions before Tyndale's version in 1526, and printed in 1525. Our present English version is a translation from the Latin Vulgate, which was revised by the Douay Divines, and which St. Jerome, towards the close of the fourteenth century. It is to the best now known, and all the versions now extant.

The King James version, which is much the best, is not, however, perfect, defective, but blemish in gross inaccuracies of the original text in numbers of instances.

The Fatal Door.

The Chevalier Gerall de Hamps, was a very rich and proud man. Soon after the completion of his beautiful castle, he wished to marry a young lady of high birth and his great neighbors were invited to a grand feast. He had spared no expense of expense, his guests made speech after speech, which the host was proud to hear, and told that he was the most fortunate man in the world. The Chevalier Gerall de Hamps was so happy that he was proud and delighted he was.

He was among the guests, however, and nothing for a time. When each man had drunk his health, he said, "I have a little surprise to give you.

"And what thing is that?" demanded the Duke of Montmorency.

"One of your doors must be nailed up," replied the host.

At this reply, several of the guests began to laugh and friend Duke laughed as much as to say, "This man is mad." Gerall de Hamps, who was a little vain, was, he continued, "Not which door must be demanded.

"I must tell you through which you will one day be carried to your grave, replied the host.

These words struck both guests and host, and some of the guests left the feast early. The proud man remembered the vanity of his friends, and he was benefactor he no longer thought only of the beauty of his castle, but was gloomy and sad. He was completely altered and old, and he died a miserable death.

A Gradson of O'Connell.

But a few weeks since a child was born at a cottage of the Lakes, remarkable as being a grandson of the Liberator. The child, who is now living, would be in his 14th year. The father stranger is the son of Captain Daniel O'Connell, the oldest and only surviving son of the great Dan. Captain O'Connell died several years ago, but he was a gallant officer, and as far as a Roman Catholic can be, a loyal man. The mother, a Miss Cooper, is known in many a court round Europe as the well married and well married, and well married an English family. Two of his sisters yet survive, and reside in Ireland.

Two Famous Irishmen.

It is strange somewhere that the only two who were ever elected to represent three different nations in Congress were Irish, namely, General James Shields, the hero of three wars, who represented Illinois, Missouri and Minnesota, in the United States Senate, and Thomas Francis Meagher, who was, a few years ago, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Congress of Montana. Shields was elected to Congress from Virginia, Illinois and Arkansas. Meagher was born in Tyrone. General Shields and Abraham Lincoln, also after the Mexican war, were rivals for the heart and hand of a young woman of Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln was the successful lover.

About Nodalities.

It was nothing more to find Catholics just the following sentence—"Are I not a Catholic? Have I not its consequences, all the rights, duties and privileges? Are I not, in the one of my joining the Sodality, Illinois Sodality, Mary, Queen of the Angels, Queen of Heaven, Queen of Hosts, Queen of Virgins, Queen of Martyrs, Queen of Confessors, Queen of Holy Virgins, Queen of Saints, Queen of Sodalities, Queen of Sodalities, Queen of Sodalities

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1888.

"IRELAND AND THE POPE."

SECOND ARTICLE.

A Brief History of Papal Intrigues against Irish Liberty from Adrian IV. to Leo XIII., By Liberty from Adrian IV. to Leo XIII., By James O. Maguire, Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, California. San Francisco: James H. Barry, 1888.

The corner-stone of the inflammatory indictment which the author of "Ireland and the Pope" brings against the successor of St. Peter, is the bogus Bull of Pope Adrian IV., which Judge Maguire accepts as true, and concerning which he coolly says:

"The subjugation of Ireland by English rule, as it well knows to all students of Irish history, was so accomplished by force of English arms, but by the decree and grant of Pope Adrian IV., engrossed in the Papal Bull of the decree and grant of Pope Adrian IV."

While, as I have said, these facts are well known to all students of Irish history, and while they are fully admitted by every Irish historian worthy of the name, careful readers have always kept the great lessons of Irish people in spite of, and, in that belief, not one out of ten hundred of the Irish people knew how their country had been sold. Not all of them are aware of the persistent efforts of the popes, from Adrian and Alexander to keep Ireland in its slavery to which their calculated bargain had delivered her."

Such is the dogmatic manner in which Judge Maguire decides the criminality of Popes, defines the crimes which they have committed, and renders a verdict of "guilty" in the harshest language which his Honor could invoke on the heads of innocent men whom—without producing a particle of evidence—he delivers over to the execration of every Catholic, for the "infamous bargain" they entered into!

Now it will be a most pleasing task on our part to point out the errors into which Judge Maguire has fallen in consequence of his Honor having read only *one* side of this historical question, and thus prejudicing the Popes and prejudicing the Irish people against them.

In the first place therefore, it is not true, and consequently it is not by any means "well-known to all students of Irish history" that Popes Adrian and Alexander bestowed and granted Ireland to Henry II. of England. No doubt Judge Maguire would like everybody to believe otherwise, but the weight of testimony—as we shall show further on—is greatly against him.

In the next place, Judge Maguire's "facts" (which he calls his ever-repeated assertions) are not "well known to all students of Irish history," nor are they "fully attested by every Irish historian worthy of the name." The charge against Popes Adrian and Alexander is at best what Father Tom Burke (God rest his soul!) used to say wishing to take the Irish view of the question, or too lazy to give the subject that scrutiny, which it deserves at their hands. Englishmen and Englishmen's descendants keep Ireland within her legal allegiance to Henry II. on the score of clothes. Unfortunately for the cause of Erin England had found even Catholics who were willing to be bribed into writing or were willing to be bribed into writing so-called "histories" which—like Scott's "Life of Napoleon," were written to order by the British Government in order to convince the world that England was right in every inequity she perpetrated against those whom she overdrove.

The very first man who—England hired to give currency to the lie—the idea that Pope Adrian IV. "the Infallible," "the Oracle of the age," "the most pious of Princes," when—as we shall show further on, it is well known that Henry was not only a mere immoral man, but he also caused the saintly Bishop Thomas a'Becket to be murdered in his own Cathedral!

It is really singular what unanimity exists between all enemies of the Church and the Popes concerning their fears regarding a spiritual something which they all designate by the attractive title of "clerical influence." Luther lamposoed it, Henry VIII., hated Adrian at it, Dr. McGlynn conured it, Henry George derided it, and now comes the Censurer-General of the Vicegerent of Christ—the dignified author of "Ireland and the Pope"—who declaims most violently against that ethereal hobgoblin conveniently called by critics of the Popes "clerical influence." The Judge of our Superior Court, unmistakably asserts that the Irish people are so disgustedly ignorant that not one in a hundred of them know anything of the "infamous bargain" of Popes Adrian and Alexander and their successors! This is a serious charge, but, fortunately, it is one of Henry George's flimsy fictions which his San Francisco disciple has copied from him. The Irish people are neither the ignorant dupes Judge Maguire depicts them, nor are they foolish enough to accept the frantic fanaticism of a freshly freshened for the truth of history. Centuries before the Superior Court of San Francisco had a Chief Censurer-General of the Popes within its bailiwick, the Irish people knew far better than Judge Maguire can now tell them, the whole history of their land as it was handed down through tradition from parent to child. And the descendants of this grand old Irish stock, who live in the present day, have no occasion to sit at the feet of any Georgite Gamaliel in order to learn the history of the land of their birth.

Where and from whom did old Rita shout of "clerical influence" assume a shape and became materialized? Assuredly not in Home or from the Popes, seeing not of them ever examined the slightest curvature influence over the education of the Irish people. Was it from the Irish Bishops? Decidedly not! No body of Prelates in the Universal Church of Christ ever did more to foster and to propagate among their people a knowledge of the history of their native land, than did the Bishops of Ireland. In the face of the fierce Penal Code that ever disgraced the statute books of any country, the Irish Bishops had the history of Ireland taught to Catholic children in the shadows of the sweet hawthorne hedges of Ireland because it was imprisonment and exile to both teach and pupil if British spies discovered a Catholic school in Erin! Is it from the Bishops who sent their ecclesiastical students to Rome, Louvain, Paris and other cities in Continental Europe, to be thoroughly educated in Irish literature and Irish history that Judge Maguire would lead their theirs both along the narrow path of true Faith, and also through the lines of legitimate agitation by which they could—and will eventually—secure the liberty of their native land.

Comparatively speaking it is only a few years since Catholic Emancipation was granted and the legal shackles of coercion of conscience unloosed from Priest and patriot in Ireland. Yet within a great galaxy of scholars, historians, orators, statesmen, poets and theologians the Catholic body in Ireland has produced since then! The mythical "clerical influence" of Judge Maguire did not certainly use what his Honor would call its "infamous bargain" in repressing the poetical, musical, oratorical or historical genius of Ireland! No country in the world has more of its history embodied in its music and poetry than Ireland, and even the boys and girls of Ireland, as they whistle and lilt the martial air and words of "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," could give Judge Maguire a lesson in Irish history which would actually alarm the Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco in his own peculiar "ignorance" and at the surprising knowledge possessed by even the peasons and noblesse of old Grattan's!

To her glory be it said, the great majority of Ireland's best and brightest men were educated under the Rule of the Catholic Church, and beneath the very canopy of that "clerical influence" which Judge Maguire so mistakingly and yet so maliciously depicts as exercising its prerogative to keep the people of Ireland in ignorance of the history of a land whose political persecution came through the prerogative legislation leveled at the Church herself! To keep the Irish people in ignorance of the history of their country, therefore, would be to enslave them from the minds the history of the martyrs who died for the Catholic faith, the Confessors who proclaimed it, and the persecuted people who suffered for it! Even as recent an enemy of the Pope as the Judge of the Supreme Court of San Francisco, will be forced to admit that no "clerical influence" whatever, in the Catholic Church, would be stupidly stultify itself as to commit such a suicidal blunder as that!

The truth is that the history of Ireland has been told by Catholic Bishops and Priests to their people from the pulpits of Irish churches, in lectures and sermons, from time immemorial, especially during the long night of English bondage, when, in the eyes of the enemies of suffering Erin,

"It was treason to love her
And death to defend her!"

The Shamrock, growing from the altar steps, Liffey and the Lee; in the cabin of the peasant and beside the sweet-smelling fire of the Sagarth Aroon, the sad history of Ireland's sufferings has been reiterated time and again, until even the women and children of that country represented every fact of Erin of that country represented every fact of Erin of that country represented every fact of Erin

Farm and Home.

Useful Hints for the Lady of the House.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The family, the home, the school, the church, the work, are factors of our domestic system which make up the interests of life, and the period at the more nearly meet the demands of these institutions are the years of woman. To woman in largely confided the care of the first three of these factors, and her concurrence influence is shown in their management no more potent way than in the choice of literature she permits in them. All that ennobles, that strengthens, that uplifts and expands the mind and spiritual, equally with the intellectual nature is sought for by her. Whatever is sanctioned by the mother, the wife and the sister, is the best for the nation, and the glory and the hope of this country is founded to the vindication of this fact.

DRINKS FOR THE DOG DAYS.

The hot season is upon us, and people are apt to be dry.

Lemonade is a satisfying drink, especially without sugar; half a lemon to a tumbler of water.

Hot beer is wholesome if made of the right kind of roots.

A stronger potable is ginger pop, which may be purchased advantageously at stores.

Cold, mild tea is pleasant to the palate, and may be slightly sugared with advantage.

A bowl of cold bouillon is "both food and drink, sir," as a famous lawyer says.

Some men enjoy cider, hard or sweet.

In Philadelphia a favorite tipple is mead, which is said to be the embrace of that scientific city, and very stimulating to the Philadelphia intellect.

In short, there are many pleasant and wholesome draughts to be enjoyed by the thirsty soul in hot weather.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Flannel, grown yellow by repeated washing, will whiten wonderfully if left out doors over night.

To cleanse chamois skin, rub into it plenty of soft soap, let it lie in a warm solution for two hours, rub clean, and rinse in warm water in which soda and hard soap have been dissolved.

The tendency of a starch to adhere to the iron may be avoided by putting kerosene or spermaceti into it. A bit of white soap dissolved in the water used to prepare the cold starch cloth week will have the same effect.

One who has tried several ways to wash bed blankets says that the best thing is not to wring them after the last rinsing, but to hang them on the line and let them drip dry. The nap is then not matted down and the blanket retains its beauty and soft appearance.

Boiling water will usually take out berry stains; if not, use a little chloride of lime in the water. For raspberry stains there is nothing better than a weak solution of ammonia. Washing with alcohol, or wetting the spots and rubbing with soap and soda, will take out grass stains. Ink discoloration in white goods will commonly disappear when pounded salts of lemon are placed on the stains and they are placed in the hot sun for fifteen minutes.

The Habitual Drunkard

The *Westminster Review* contains an Habitual Drunkard. Drunkenness is one of the terrible struggle by which stems the pessimistic sun hope to escape from this world and intellectual thraldom into which moral and material advancement, each potent contributing in unconscious failure. By a strenuous exertion of the will, aided by careful avoidance of temptation, he found that the craving for drink could be kept under for a time; but although each day of abstinence rendered the ordeal less intense, a single taste of alcohol was enough to bring back the longing in all its strength. He lays special stress upon the fact that if the habit of over-indulgence has once taken firm hold, all attempts to break away by gradual steps are utterly futile. Temperance is, in fact, the only cure for the habitual drunkard. Dipsomania is, no doubt, a disease owing indeed by drink; but, according to this writer, it can certainly be cured by total abstinence sufficiently long maintained. The difficulty is to keep clear of that which satisfies and stimulates the insane passion; and this can only possibly be accomplished by enforced seclusion.

Tobacco for a Baby Horse.

Quite a crowd of boys and men stopped the other day to watch a baby horse, "hit him with a club," said one. "Try moral suasion on him," was the voice of another. "Whisper oats in his ear and he will go," remarked a third. The owner blabbered the animal with his whip, jerked on the bits, and then tried to coax the refractory beast but all to no purpose; the beast refused to move. A quarter of an hour later a little old man, whose face resembled parchmen, approached the group, and taking drawing the owner of the immovable piece of horseflesh said: "If I may talked?" "Yes," replied the disconsolate owner. "Can's make him budge an inch?" "Not an inch." "Tried everything?" "Everything I know of." "Tried Tobacco?" "No; I never heard of that remedy." The little old man took a plug of the weed from his pocket, cut off a generous piece and offered it to the horse. The animal accepted the meal and instantly forgetting his aplomb, walked off without as much as a suggestion from his owner.

Cutting Short Neuralgic Pains.

In those who are disposed to neuralgic, attacks of pain are frequently brought on by fatigue or so-noted exercise. Journal of Health advises those people to live very regularly and to observe this rule of eating: When the pain comes on in consequence of waiting too long for a meal, a cup of hot drink, such as milk, cocoa, or beef tea, will very often stop it.

Treatment of a Fainting Fit.

The common practice of lifting fainting people in an upright or sitting position is sufficient to destroy the spark of life that remains. Medical authority has recently emphasized the fact that such persons must be kept in the prone position while restoratives and local means are employed to return them to consciousness.

Cream as a Medicine.

As an antidote for a consumptive tendency it is claimed that cream acts like a charm, and serves all the purposes intended to be served by cod liver oil, with much greater certainty and effect. Besides persons non-consumptively inclined, those with feeble digestion, aged people and those inclined to shiftiness and acid extremities are especially benefitted by a liberal use of sweet cream.

— The friends of Ireland in Philadelphia are *practical patriots*. On the 11th inst. they held a mass meeting and subscribed $6,500 in a few hours. Is the same dead in San Francisco?

Family Fun.

A Boy's Composition on Girls.

Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behavior. They think more of themselves than anything, and like to play with dolls and rags. They cry if they see a cow or a mile away and afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church on Sundays. They if scream and holler like crazy if they see a mouse and they're always sick. They can't play marbles and they're always making fun of boys handsaw they say they don't play fair in your things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. This is one thing I have not told and that is they always know their lessons better than boys.

Thought She Knew the Words.

"What are you reading, John?" inquired Mrs. Blankenship of her husband as she looked up from her mending and saw him, book in hand, stretched at full length upon the sofa.

"Hit in the Song of the Shirt."

"The song of the shirt!"

"Yes, you know how the tunegoes, don't you?" he said in an attempt to be witty.

"No, John," she replied gently. "I can't say that I know how the tune goes, but I should imagine that the words are something like 'Sentimental M. Marra, this dad longed button hole has been ripped out of the dog gasted wristband for the last three weeks.'"

A Heart-Breaking Discovery.

Anxious Father—Why, what's the matter? Little Son—Me and Dick was playin' we was Abe Lincoln and splittin' rails, an' we got that big board all chopped up nuuuuu cases and and took it in for kindlin.

"But you didn't want the wood, did you?"

"N-no."

"Then what were you crying for?

"I've just found out I—I won't been playing. I've been chopping—boo—hoo."

His Wife Got Left.

Robinson—So you are going to Europe, Brown?

Brown—Yes, for a couple of months. I have been very sick lately, and I think the trip will do me good.

Robinson—I hope so. Mrs. Brown will accompany you, of course.

Brown—S-so; my wife has complained of not feeling very strong recently, and I'm afraid to have her undertake the trip.

He'd Better Look Out.

Wife—You shouldn't take such a morbid view of life, my dear. Look at poor Mr. Smith, with his small income and his wife slowly dying, and yet he has a cheerful smile and a pleasant word for everybody.

Husband—Is his wife dying!

Wife—Yes.

Husband—And he is cheerful and pleasant!

Wife—Yes.

Husband—Well, if he doesn't look out he'll give himself away.

No Foreign Plummery for Him.

A tall old man with a rather vacant look and a hesitating air, ventured slowly into the dining hall of a large up town hotel in mental dinner hour. Another man, who was evidently in the habit of dining there, recognized him and seemed to be a helpless fellow, so he quickly crossed the room, hastened up, and the old man said:

"Waiter, do I look right, tidy, you know?"

"The waiter inspected the venerable guest critically for a moment, and then assured him all was in order.

"Necktie all right?"

"Yes, sir.

"Collar button show?

"Not at all, sir.

"No spots on my coat?

"Not a spot."

"The general effect is pretty slick, is it?"

"Very, sir."

"Well, you see, waiter," said the old man confidentially, "I came down to breakfast one day last week without any collar, and made my son James very angry; and so yesterday when I came into lunch with my necktie undone my left ear, he said if anything like that happened again he would have my mouth sewed spatula. Do you know my son James, waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he here at dinner, now?"

"No, sir, he finished about ten minutes ago."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, then, waiter," said the old man in relieved tones, "if you are certain of it, you tell the man at our table to bring in the some corned beef and cabbage, and not to play any of his French business on me, or I'll break his neck."

"I can never be more than a sister to you," said a brazen widow, tenderly, to a bachelor who had proposed.

"Ah, madam, you you can," he responded pathetically. "Not an inch."

"Yes, but I cannot," she persisted.

"You have daughters, madame," he said, "you may yet be my mother-in-law."

He—Do you know, Miss Mabel, I have discovered why my brain is so active.

She—No, Mr. Minnewit. What is your theory?

It is because I so often start a train of thought."

"Ah, p-s—the "limited."

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Dear Sir—We are happy to state that on other occasions we compare with Baker, Davis & Co. in fact, Cocoa, and consequently of best, sugar, salt and spices. They are positively matchless.

Our patrons are delighted with the Infantine and Baking Powder. Our Pansies are just as perfect as their purchasers.

May parents and teachers world cease co-operation of their children and people were they to make them acquainted with Dr. Benson's Infantine. Their superior excellence of taste is sure to inspire a love for music and make the long hours of practice become a delightful occupation.

With many kind wishes I remain, dear sir,

Yours gratefully,

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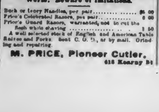

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8:00 A. M.		8:55 A. M.
9:45 A. M.	Tiburon, Sundays only.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		4:25 P. M.
5:15 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
7:00 P. M.		7:55 P. M.
10:00 A. M.	Tiburon, Fairfax and Intermediate Points.	1:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.		5:25 P. M.
5:15 P. M.		8:10 P. M.
7:00 P. M.		9:55 P. M.
7:45 A. M.	Sausalito, Monday only.	9:40 A. M.
2:15 P. M.		3:10 P. M.
5:15 P. M.		8:10 P. M.
7:00 P. M.		9:55 P. M.

Trains marked thus ( ) do not run to Tiburon.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Sabbatons to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, Ukiah and Intermediate points, $3.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg $2; to Cloverdale, $3; to Ukiah, $3.

TO THE RACES—Trains leave Ferry Building at 8:00, 9:45, 10:00, 1:45, 3:30, 5:15, 7:00 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. Return, leave Point Tiburon at 10:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:15 P. M.

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To San Francisco on Point Tiburon—Week Days: 6:30, 8:00, 9:45, 10:00 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 7:00 P. M. Sundays: 10:00 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 7:00, 8:00, 9:45, 10:00 P. M.

Leave Point Tiburon for Sausalito, Week Days: 6:30, 8:00, 9:45, 10:00 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 7:00 P. M. Sundays: 10:00 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 7:00, 8:00, 9:45, 10:00 P. M.

Leave San Francisco for Sausalito, Week Days: 7:45 A. M., 2:15, 5:15, 7:00 P. M. Sundays: 9:40 A. M., 3:10, 5:10, 7:00, 9:55 P. M.

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A CASTIGATION FOR CASWELL.

A Good Rousting for a Los Angeles Kanaka—A Wesleyan Calumniator Cleverly Counterdicted.

LOS ANGELES, June 27, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—In the *Tribune* of this city there recently appeared a pretended sermon delivered by a Methodist preacher named Caswell, on Martin Luther. Mr. Caswell has a perfect right to think whatever he pleases about Luther, but he has no right to utter false and lost slander and calumny against 200,000,000 of Christians, and we think that the journal that prints a full report of the mendacious lecture (to be sensitive) should publish a reply to the abominable charges therein contained. Some of the charges are published in the *Tribune*, and have hurried in order to briefly review them.

Tetzel, preaching and selling indulgences in Germany to raise money to rebuild St. Paul's Cathedral, first accuse the man in Leather. Listen to "indulgences for the sins of Luther's sins." "Indulgences for the most precious and million gifts of God. This red cross has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ.

"There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit it. Your loved ones are crying from the bottomless pit. If you have only one cent, you ought to strip it of to purchase their deliverance."

The pope charged for committing the sin of perjury, six dollars; perjury, nine; murder, eight; and witchcraft two. Luther revolted against this horrible iniquity, and uttered one of the imperishable sentences "Tetzel selling, I will make a hole in Tetzel's drum."

That Luther was not called upon to raise money, was the sole cause which prompted him to fabricate the abominable lie of the sale of indulgences. Like the first arch-rebel that was cast down from Heaven, he lost all his energies in utility to the cause of Christ. The literature of the Church is open to the scholars of the world; any one desiring to investigate Catholic doctrine can easily learn what has been teach in the Catholic Church since the days of St. Peter. Educated Protestants know that Catholics do not believe the doctrines attributed to them by Luther. The idea is too absurd, but I presume some ministers are like a great many politicians, who consider that what is often repeated will assume a false prestige as well as truth. I once met a Methodist preacher named Fly, in the State of Tennessee, who was industriously circulating, not the Bible, but a work entitled "The Chosen Vessel." I was looking it over if he proved that the virtue of the deity diatribe was ashamed to sign his name to it, yet the man that pretended to be preaching the Gospel of Christ, was not ashamed to circulate it among a people who had no opportunity to investigate its truth or falsehood. Within the space of thirty years hundreds of the most learned ministers of the Church of England embraced the Catholic religion, not to speak of such men as Cardinals Manning and Newman, Lord Vincent Phillipp, and the Earl of Ripon. Hundreds of distinguished Protestants of America, also became converts to the True Church, among them the scholarly Dr. Brownson, Bishop Ives of North Carolina, the Church's and Brothers' of New York and Rosecrans of Ohio. I would like to ask Mr. Caswell if the distinguished gentlemen here enumerated, would join a church that sold a license to commit the most heinous of crimes? If Mr. Caswell would but read the "Trials of a Mind," written by Bishop Ives, he would have an insight into true Christianity.

Speaking of the Reformation, Mr. Caswell said:

The world had witnessed no grander scene of moral heroism since Christ stood before Pilate or Paul before Nero.

What vast interests were trembling in the balance. The freedom of the press, of conscience, of the Bible, human liberty everywhere; the right of private judgment, of an open Bible, all hung upon the decision of that momentous hour.

The right of private judgment and of an open Bible was not conceded to the followers of the apostles, to the followers of the Apostles, St. Peter, talks as in his First Epistle, "There is no prophecy of Scripture of private interpretation." Peter is a Roman Epistle, speaking of the writings of St Paul, he says, "There are things hard to be understood," as there are other portions of the Scriptures, which also pervert.

Caswell proceeds in praising Luther for giving all he followers the right of private judgment of the Scriptures, closely demonstrate that the new religion is not Apostolic. Peter's words are clear and unequivocal. Luther's private interpretation has borne fruit in the creation of three hundred different sects, all claiming their inspiration from the Bible, but all differing with regard to the meaning thereof.

Now Mr. Caswell, preach your peculiar doctrine as long as you please, a whipping some indeed, it is your privilege, only remember the Eighth Commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Speaking of Luther, Mr. Caswell said:

He was a brilliant, intellectual light. He published 175 volumes of books and pamphlets, making one for every two weeks of his entire life. These works were widely diversified. His songs were as potent in the hands of the reformation as were Charles Wesley's in the England.

He has made many books and sermons I will not undertake to deny. A stanza of one of his poems and as follows:

"He shot lewn not wine, woman and song,
Luther and all his life long."

He wrote a Latin work *Damnes Primum*, in which he says, "If we send thieves to the gallows and murderers to the block, why not to these miscreants, the Priests, without the review of their sentence? Why not shoot these Pilate or Paul before Nero, was there ever such language used by any man calling himself a Christian, one who loved God? Yet he was hailed as a Reformer!

Thus the doctrine spread rapidly in Germany and England, we have painful evidence. In the city of London there are over fifty conventions of sensual iniquity. According to a newspaper dispatch of Leslie's Magazine, out of 60,000 females in the city of Berlin, 30,000 corpses were consigned to earth without any religious rite or ceremony. A homily on the fall of idolatry from the pen of the brilliant and intellectual light," ends as follows:

"Before the Reformation all sects and degrees of men, women and children of whole Christendom were at one devoted in abundant fidelity, and that for the space of 800 years and Latin.

In the Twenty-eighth Chapter of St. Matty, verses 18 and 20, we read: At that time, Jesus said to His Disciples: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth; going, therefore, teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Now Mr. Caswell, who shall we believe, Christ or Luther?

As for falling on the Priests without the order of the ministerial, England obeyed that command to the letter, and hailed as Christ, who lived and died a Protestant, wrote:

"They lofted the Cross they lofted the sun
To kill the Christ who died on it
Their dogs were made alike to run
Upon the scent of well and Paul."

Behold the contrast between Protestant and Catholic, from their history, Protestant England, Italy, the United States and Mexico; the one skill, progress; on the other, decay.

Luther consulted the fountains of human freedom—emancipated the sentient conscience and placed humanity upon the throne of human independence, higher than the Priesty and made possible the Republic of the world.

Now comes the most startling of all historical discoveries. "Luther made possible the Republic of the world." The Republic of this Martin, the man who was a bigoted Pope 700 years before Luther was born, and he a Republic still. Lying adjacent to the Papal States, it could have been wiped out in forty eight hours. Luther's counterpoise, the Hussites, helped the English serfs the Indians to scalp American women and children, by way of establishing a Republic in this New World, we presume. It was to help the young Republic that John Wesley went on bended knees to George Third to beg of him to send him (Wesley) at the head of an army to pull down the American rebels.

"Of course where is thy blush." Not knowing the birthplace of the Rev. Caswell, I infer he is not an American, for if he were he would be ashamed of the intelligence of the American people by such a falsification of facts.

The pilgrims that came over in the Mayflower and Oliver Cromwell, he extols as model Christians. The former excused themselves for burning the Hussites, calling fire cure of Huss, Jerome, and burning the witches, while the latter spared neither age nor sex in Ireland.

In one day Cromwell put to death 1500 men, women and children in the market-square of Wexford. His troopers would throw infants of Catholic parents up in the air and catch them on their bayonets coming down! Yet we are told by some writers, that said Christian soldiers carried an open Bible in their pocket. The above are well authenticated facts of history Mr. Caswell.

You challenge a comparison between France and England. France helped to establish our glorious Republic, while England trampled on freedom the world over. Marshal Lafayette equipped a regiment out of his private fortune to make a Republic possible, while England was strangling the Irish for asserting the right to live in their own country. England in Ireland reduced the population of Ireland nearly four millions by starvation and expatriation. Her laws gave the usurpers power to sell for rent the crops raised on the estates confiscated from their forefathers, or Wendell Phillips said, "to spend on the dancing girls of Paris, but more recently to be spent in buying children for the slave traders, as was proven by Editor Stead," of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Look at cland, today, Mr. Caswell, and you will see the England Prime Minister arresting and impressing Priests for doing what they chose to chose against the most cruelty tyranny, and in favor of freedom.

If you should be called to labor in the Lord's vineyard in Utah, you will find many former disciples of Wesley from Norway, Sweden and Wales, who are not well versed in history, and who may be edified by your learned lectures on oratory and rare historical gems.

On September 21, 1520, the Pope issued the Papal Bull excommunicating Luther, in which the Pope reiterates, "All his writings are to be burned and he is to be brought to Rome and burned at the stake."

The Pope issuing a Bull to have Luther burned at the stake will startle the students of history more than Donnelly's discovery of the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. The United States is not a company and we pay Mr. Caswell, if you are not called to Utah, follow Stanley's Central Africa.

He is charged with being almost blasphemous in some of his writings, and it is not to be wondered at.

Had the privileges of reasoning one of his works pertain in 1561, and owned by the American Tract Society, valued at $1000, it, outshone many comic songs armed largely at the Pope.

In this way, "Writings are the sermons of the Honorable Herr Doctor Martin Luther," printed in Dublin, and prefaced illustrated by Lord Cloncurry, authenticating Romanism.

The American Tract Society must possess many ancient Christian virtues, and they seem to appreciate native art, when they set the price of their highly artistic picture of Pope and Cardinal Hall and other Popes with outstretched arms to receive them at death. The Rev. Mr. Caswell had the rare privilege of seeing this Christian work of art, Raphael or Michael Angelo never conceived anything so sacred as that. When Mr. Caswell was manoeuvring his many amiable acts of humanity, he was consulted telling us how many decade the Landgrave of Hesse gave him (Luther) for permission to keep two wives at the same time, and did he tell us of the souvenirs in the

CATHOLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

The closing exercises by the people of St. Mary's School, Virginia City, Nevada, under the supervision of the Sisters of Charity, took place at Stimpfig Hall, on the afternoon of Thursday last, the 28th inst. The speakers hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with the parents of the pupils, permanent residents and people of the localities who were delighted by the talents and training of the children. The senior classes of young ladies acitted it cream-colored costumes were seated on archeated thrs which were placed on the stage and presented a picture of matchless grace and beauty. After the opening address by Master Frank Stimpfig, the following programme, which their students faithfully carried out to the delectation, appreciation and pleasure of their fond parents:

Senior Class—Maude McDermott, Louisa Dunn, Mary Walsh, Magdie Connihan, Mary Neale, Magdie Tierney, Josiphn Martin, Kate Ryan, Angie McDermott, Annie Kanan, Sarah Ryan.

Harp Department—Master Ed. Neale.

In testimony of their proficiency in their studies and skillful department, Misses Nellie Wren and Josephine Tracy were awarded gold medals.

Such instructional part of the programme was of very high order of excellence. The dialogue, entitled "Liberty and her Handmaids," was exhibitably rendered, and elicited much praise. The young ladies who represented the Liberty and Her Handmaids, who performed her difficult part to perfection. The shiny young ladies who participate were faultless. The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the entire school was highly imposing.

After the exercises an address was delivered by the Rev. Father Tuliman, who complimented the people on their marked success in the system set in the manner in which the exercises were conducted, and the progress made by the pupils. He said they should be proud of their talented children, and hoped the people would thoroughly enjoy their vacation, so that the St. Mary's School pupils resume their studies on September 3, and they will do so with renewed health and energy for another year's mental culture.

SACRED HEART ACADEMY, OGDEN CITY

The closing exercises of the Sacred Heart Academy showed that this excellent institution has not deserved the prestige and confidence it has been bestowed upon it during the past ten years. The Prof. Lyman Wood, Commissioner of Schools as well as at the public examination which preceded the closing exercises displayed a degree of proficiency which could not be easily excelled. Every pupil engaged in the exercises of the academy was thoroughly grounded in all the branches, and was needed to make a success in life, and whose sweet training is a sufficient guarantee that the young ladies who graduated from the Sacred Heart Academy were well versed in the duties of the Academy were Misses Lizzie Doyle, Maggie Hogan, Mamie and Rosa Fitz-Gerald. An excellent programme was beautifully rendered.

The programme was rendered without a break which to some extent effect which it produced up on the large assemblage of friends and patrons who attended the exercises. At the conclusion a number of gold medals, the gifts of Right Reverend Bishop Lenihan, the patron of the place, Rev. Father Gallivan and Nuttel, Dr. Allen Fowler and others were distributed, were presented to the young ladies who happened to be the charming recipients of the medals, which were given for excellence. The following young ladies drew prizes in the different studies. In Christian Doctrine—Rosa Anna Newell, Virginia City, Montana.—Application in studies—Miss Eliza Ryan, Virginia City, Montana—In the Minor Class—Nora Scudder, Corinne.—In improvement in Instrumental music—Miss Mary Cunnion, Salt Lake City.

Junior Department—Ida Cosgrove, Ogden.—In improvement in Vocal Music Miss Mary Alexander, Hally, Idaho. The gold medal in plating was presented to Miss Emma Colby, Salt Lake City, Utah, and the silver medal to Miss Mary Alexander, Hally, Idaho. In improvement in instrumental music—Miss Ellen Hanna, Salt Lake and Miss Sarah Mulmer, Ogden City, Utah. In improvement in Vocal Music, Miss Catherine Peters, South Butte Montana. For plain sewing and domestic economy Miss Catherine Ryan, Boulder, Montana. For Christian work of art, Raphael or Michael Angelo never conceived anything so sacred as that. When Mr. Caswell was manoeuvring his many amiable acts of humanity, he was consulted telling us how many decade the Landgrave of Hesse gave him (Luther) for permission to keep two wives at the same time, and did he tell us of the souvenirs in the

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM— IRELAND

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

The death is announced on June 8th, of Michael McCabe, C. C. St. Peter's, Belfast, Deceased, who was a native of Crossmolina, county Clare, born in 1848, and received his education in St. Patrick's College, Carlow, and in Patrick's College, Carlow. He was ordained in Belfast 1876.

Armagh

The venerable and much esteemed parish priest of Tynan, the Very Rev. John Canon Quinn, died in his residence, Middleton, the 6th of June, aged 64 years. He was ordained in 1850, and spent his entire sacerdotal life in the parish of Tynan. Have he found himself driven to make a close for his poor people, who had no income, and he succeeded, by a letter in the *Freeman's Journal and Dundalk Democrat* of that day (1859) the action of a local landlord, Mr. James Armstrong, who had rented 32 families, for clearing purposes, although all of the tenants had paid every penny of rent due. For this he was tried at the Armagh Assizes, in 1860, for criminal libel, and acquitted though there was only one Catholic on the jury. He became parish priest in 1869. Father Quinn's death is greatly regretted by all classes.

Cork.

Wonderful progress has been made in the construction of the Kenmare and Westport railway. All the rails and sleepers are on the ground and by the week of Ivyleg, said the memory of the station houses is all but complete.

Clare.

On June 9th, Mr. James Halpin, P. L. G., of Ennis, married Miss Kate Ryan, the daughter of Michael McMahon and Patrick Canny, resident of Newmarket-on-Fergus, were married by a strong police escort to Limerick, and lodged in the Limerick Jail. The prisoners were charged with conspiracy to prevent the execution of the decree of Mr. J. R. Cox, M. P. The prisoners were released on bail, but passed on him under the Crewdle Act, Mr. Halpin and his bride were lodged in the Limerick Jail. Mr. Halpin is the Mayor of Ennis, was nominated as a candidate for the Mayoralty, but refused to accept the proper person to represent South Sligo, and refused to accept the house in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Armagh.

Cavan

Another vacancy is about to occur in an Irish bishopric, Mr. O'Donnell, P. P. Killeshandra, resigns in Cavan, having sent in his resignation, for business purposes.

Down.

On June 6th, Mr. Laurence McGuart, P. L. G., Shrowbridge, was released from Armagh Jail, after undergoing a month's imprisonment under the Coercion Act. Mr. McGuart was sent at the Shrowbridge station by the Shrowbridge Brass and Reed Band, which numbered a number of gold medals, the gifts of Right Reverend Bishop Leahy, the patron of the place, Rev. Patrick Gallivan and Nuttel, Dr. Allen Fowler and others were distributed, were presented to the young ladies who happened to be the charming recipients of the medals, which were given for excellence. The following young ladies drew prizes in the different studies. In Christian Doctrine—Rosa Anna Newell, Virginia City, Montana.—Application in studies—Miss Eliza Ryan, Virginia City, Montana—In the Minor Class—Nora Scudder, Corinne.—In improvement in Instrumental music—Miss Mary Cunnion, Salt Lake City.

Junior Department—Ida Cosgrove, Ogden.—In improvement in Vocal Music Miss Mary Alexander, Hally, Idaho. The gold medal in plating was presented to Miss Emma Colby, Salt Lake City, Utah, and the silver medal to Miss Mary Alexander, Hally, Idaho. In improvement in instrumental music—Miss Ellen Hanna, Salt Lake and Miss Sarah Mulmer, Ogden City, Utah. In improvement in Vocal Music, Miss Catherine Peters, South Butte Montana. For plain sewing and domestic economy Miss Catherine Ryan, Boulder, Montana. For Christian work of art, Raphael or Michael Angelo never conceived anything so sacred as that. When Mr. Caswell was manoeuvring his many amiable acts of humanity, he was consulted telling us how many decade the Landgrave of Hesse gave him (Luther) for permission to keep two wives at the same time, and did he tell us of the souvenirs in the

PEARLS IN IRELAND.

When talking to a gentleman from Omagh, recently I asked him how is the Lough—meaning the Lough of Omagh. He said, "Lough! Lough! Why that had been long in the front when annoyed of county Tyrone. One was over a foot—a inch in diameter, and second in the quality, while a score of others ranged downward to the size of small pin-shot. My informant, who is Chairman of the Town Commissioners, is of opinion that a twelve months growth of the mussels, which are in great abundance, and that a careful search might prove of immense benefit to the district.

The Irish Exodus.

During the past few weeks no less than twenty-one and women in their prime of life have been shipped from the Westport district of Clare in emigrant ships—in fact the steamers leaving Kilrush, Kilkee and Limerick were crowded with emigrants for America and the Colonies. For many years there has not been such a flow of emigrants from West Clare as up to the present of this season. In one township no less than thirty men and women left in one day and it is nearly the same all over the district.

—The site of the Academy of Our Lady of Mercy, is owned by St. Mary's Hospital, has been converted into a beautiful park for the people.

GIBBS HOT SPRINGS.

List of Arrivals for the Week Ending June 30th.

San Francisco—Garrett Wall, Mrs. H. Wheefield and three children, W. F. Whitney, J. Pancoast, A. M. Schorff, wife and two children, David Wertenberg, F. H. Hyde and wife, Miss Lulu Hyde, Miss Bertha Hyde, Miss S. S. Shannon, Miss Ella Shannon.

Stockton—Mrs. Dr. Gibbons and J. Gutenberg.

Greenville—T. H. Plummer and Miss M. Plummer.

Cocadie—I. Maddux.

Muller's success dates over a quarter century, having in 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890.

Market Report.

MORTON OFFICE.

536 Kearny St., Monday Evening, July 2, 1888.

WHEAT—No. 1,	[illegible]
Extra Superfine	[illegible]
Barley	[illegible]
Corn	[illegible]
Flour, per bbl., wholesale	[illegible]
Ground Barley, P'ton	[illegible]
Middlings	[illegible]
Oats No. 1 feed	[illegible]
Hay	[illegible]
Hogs, live, wholesale	[illegible]
Turkeys, P lb. wholesale	[illegible]
Ducks, P doz	[illegible]
Geese, P pair	[illegible]
Chickens	[illegible]
Butter, P lb.	[illegible]
Cheese, P lb.	[illegible]
Eggs	[illegible]
Potatoes	[illegible]
Onions	[illegible]
Beans, P lb.	[illegible]
Wool	[illegible]
Honey	[illegible]
Wood, Southern Coast	[illegible]
Do Oregon	[illegible]
Hundkelt	[illegible]
Beef, wholesale	[illegible]
Mutton, wholesale	[illegible]
Veal, wholesale	[illegible]
Do Cow, wholesale dressed	[illegible]
Eastern Sugar-cured Hams	[illegible]
Do Lard, wholesale	[illegible]
Do Bacon, wholesale	[illegible]
Lard, P lb. wholesale in keg

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1888.

Poetry.

[For the monitor.]

LOWER YOUR HEAD AND GOD WILL RAISE IT.

In my childhood is a memory
Of a word my mother said,
When some modest school boy triumphs,
For a moment turned my head;
And its wisdom is repeated
To whoever rightly weighs it,
Heaven helps the such and humble—
Lower your head and God will raise it.

And since childhood's days have left me,
Since I've found the world and men,
That sweet, simple Irish maxim
Often has recurred again;
For Humility (proud virtue,
Though we seldom find one praise it.)
Is the sweet of distinction—
Lower your head and God will raise it.

He will never win a battle
Who is he-fine of debate,
And his plans will fall topsyturvy,
Who counsel not them of council;
Though talent plays a lot in efforts,
Modest talent never says it.

For he guards him by his maxim
Lower your head and God will raise it.

In the constant strife around us,
Selon plays a moral part,
Through the battle of Pride he enters,
Safely to the human heart;
And he fills it with delusions,
And he finally betrays it;
Let the humble on my moral—
Lower your head and God will raise it.

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

[For the monitor.]

A STUDENT'S SONG—FAREWELL.

The Spring has come, and clad sweet Erin's Creek
With richer green and flowers,
And Phoebus bright, dids the each day more
With very happy hours.

It wakes the merry tuneful birds with song,
On every blossoming spray,
Where mates will not come among the hills
Until the close of day.

So, ah! also for me who soon will bid,
At death of cheerful Spring,
Our dear, and ok, home-endine and fareweel,
To many a charming thing.

And far from friends and parents, sister dear,
In other lands I'll sleep,
And shall no more beneath paternal walls,
Lend hear the distant deep.

But, ah! my faith'ing and is raised in prayer,
To fellow God's sweet call—
To give my heart alike to all mankind,
While sense of life shall fall.

But still within my breast, dear Lelah Creek,
Dues over shall you dwell,
For would your pure romantic banks I've
played
Until night's wings sufficient.

Then beneath the bright unclouded moon,
Oh, happy would I stroll,
And with my brothers hear a broken song
With pains compressed soul.

Now to my Alma Mater do I goo
With fond and streaming eyes,
And when the next returning Spring shall come
To ask the happy year,—

Oh! let them all within their bosom's core,
Remember me alway,
For in my prayers, I'll ever ask I fondly met
A thought to this dear day.

DAN COUGHLAN.

[For the monitor.]

MOTHER OF SORROWS.

On Calvary's grey hill-top,
The Virgin-Mother stood,
Sharing her Son's one anguish
As He hung upon the Rood.

On sign, no tone, betrayed
The Mother's aching woe,
The heart was well-nigh broken
As she saw Him Blk-blood flow.

Ah, who could paint her sorrow,
As He bowed His chem-crowned head;
And from its lacerated pillow,
His troubled spirit fled.

Oh! Mary, Queen of Martyrs!
By the pains and griefs you felt,
Help daily human souls
Lead a life of holy faith.

Make us partakers in the sorrows,
Make us adopt Catholic country like you
Till we find in blissful Eden,
Joy and pleasure unalloyed.

JOHN JAMES BERNARDINE.

TRUE AND FALSE SCHEUCH.

A fair child found a diamond in the mude,
And here it, sparkling, put a dear where she
A woman could, with long, white, proud hands
Which a thousand times very nobly, had stood
She sugar crisp! then, still more eager, prayed,
"Lower this with may go, search, and others
above
And when then hunt enough, there shall be made
A chapelet for thee fit for my queen!"

The gathered one believed. Where those like
gold
The glitting sands, she, remolent, sought and
found
The precious gems, which, at the twilight said,
The woman in a silver casket bound.

A peasant chapelet! As she brought the last,
Lo! the Queen, smiling, said, "The task is
satisfied;
But, on this chapelet, while, with eyes upcast,
Her cheeks, like rosy tapers, flick'ring flamed—

The woman smote a dagger in her side,
And wept her way—the diamonds in her hair;
And all who saw her pain, shuddrice, sighed,
"How will the queen bestow a fate so fair!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

QUEER VERBAL CONTRADICTIONS.

The principal food of the Hens
Is Indian maize, which they brown,
Or boiling water
Or nix in cake,
And eat it with pert, as they choice.

Now doesn't this spelling look sylsrvelous!
The enough to make any one Professional
So a word to the wise,
Pray our language revise
With orthography not so injurious!

[Post-mortem resolutions and notices sent in to the monitor must be paid for in advance at the rate of ten cents a line. About eight words to the line.]

Literary Miscellany.

True Till Death.

A Story of Ireland and Greece.

BY R. LYNCH.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER III.

Donagh sat down to a hurried dinner, but wonder and distress left him no appetite. He could only vaguely conjecture the motive of this annual tyranny. He felt sorely tempted to rebel against it, but he did not see how a serious scene with his father would improve his position, and, after all, it was only anticipating his departure from Dublin by a day.

Still he would greatly have liked to bid pretty mary Mave "good-bye" before what might prove a long absence, and he felt some parting instructions from Mave's father would have been an additional comfort to him.

Apparently Mr. Fitzgerald's business did not lie in London, for scarcely had they reached that city, than he announced his intention of proceeding at once to Paris.

Donagh began to app.ehend magic, though it was impossible that his father should have discovered his mission. In Paris, he was not allowed one instant's solitude. If he wanted to write a letter, his father sat near him and read *indiscreet* conversation even grew upon him that his correspondence was mysteriously watched.

He chafed and fretted in this domestic bondage. It was not his fault if his spirits were diametrically opposed to those of his father, and he felt a hard thrill pg pa'ns that since they disagreed so should he treated as a fractious and irrepressible child. His nervous irritability became so marked that, on the second day of their stay in Paris, Mr. Fitzgerald said at breakfast:

"Now, look here, Donagh, you are best on making a fool of yourself, and I am equally bent upon preventing you. I am stronger than you, and I will succeed. Struggling will do no good; it will only wear out your nervous system.

"I don't understand you," Donagh cried testily.

"Yes, you do. I know more of your movements than you imagine. You've got yourself mixed up lately with a very dangerous and foolish old firebrand—a man of the past, who believes in the possibility of a war or a revolution, or the dear knows what. He has made you, if anything, madder than himself. If pressed, remember, my dear boy, I am prepared to use the very strong, not measures to restrain you from injuring yourself and your family. But I hope you will be reasonable and accede to my terms.

"What terms!"

"I offer you perfect liberty on condition you remain away from Ireland for a year. Travel about—go to the East—anywhere, you will have a reasonably filled purse."

Donagh reflected. Travelling about, other scenes would certainly offer him opportunities for sounding the extent of sympathy Ireland could be sure of abroad.

"I accept, father," he said at length, not with the hope you have in view—but, by modifying my intentions or separations, but I will learn some enlightenment way of serving my cause in other lands. There is a question of the Greeks I would like to thoroughly understand it from the Hellenic point of view.

"Go, by all means and see for yourself. If the Modern Hellenes, conducting themselves like partial children, will convince you that a small nation can never hope to contend—and not—and—and—and

THE MONITOR.

TEMPY PARK TRIAL OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1888.

JUDGE MAGUIRE'S MANY MISTAKES.

THIRD ARTICLE.

The fraudulent motives which prompted the hireling Giraldus Cambrensis to accede to the request of King Henry II. of England, which the Abbé McGeoghegan so lucidly exposes, have also drawn down upon the head of that disputable Welshman the just indignation of numerous other Irish historical writers.

Assuredly Judge Maguire could not have known the true character of Giraldus Cambrensis, or he would never have cited that pensioned libeller of the Irish people as a witness in the authenticity of the bogus Bull of Pope Adrian IV. Already we have shown the diabolical mendacity of Judge Maguire's principal witness against the Popes, upon the evidence of such reliable testimony as that given by the Abbé McGeoghegan, and now let us place on the witness stand of the Superior Court of San Francisco other unanswerable witnesses whose evidence will not only fully corroborate the truth told by Abbé MacGeoghegan, but some of whom go even in further extremes in their just condemnation of the bribe-taking calumniator of both the Pope and the Irish people, the steel pygmy of Henry the Second—Giraldus Cambrensis.

Speaking of the inhuman brood of bloodthirsty Washmen whom the iniquitous Irish traitor MacMurrough gathered around him in Wales, when he applied to King Henry II. of England for help to avert the threatened vengeance of the Irish people, Professor Martin A. O'Brennan, in the first volume of his *Irish Antiquities*, draws the following brief but graphic picture of the penitentiaries which adorned their characters:

> "Almost every history on Irish matters, even Wright's, (brought out by Tallis), has agreed that the cause of religion in Ireland, at that very time, [the time of Henry's invasion] did not require any reformation and could not expect it from the allies of the adulterous, perjured Mac Murrough. Who were his first adherents in Wales? The Fitz Henrys, *illegitimate sons* of Henry I., and other children of Nesta, the concubine of the said Henry, viz. De Gros, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz Stephen, *the three De Barris*, one of whom was *the infamous Cambrensis*—all the offspring of the *lawless* Nesta—a vicious monarch, with Cavanagh, his bastard son, were the best of robbers who, at first, gave their adhesion to Dermod. (God) love a dog in the profession, that so inland which was so powerful in resources should become the prey of such an infernal banditti—*all the issue of sin!* The soul shrinks back from the contemplation of, and the flesh of the hand that writes these lines, creeps with disgust at the mere recording of Judge Maguire's most prominent witnesses against the Popes.

> "Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), Welshman by birth, monk by profession, *lacker and sycophant by salary*, was the first British historian to deal with Anglo-Irish affairs. James A. Froude, Englishman in birth, ex-theologue by profession, *liar* and artisan by temperament and education, is the latest adventurer who has donned the cap of Cambrensis.

> Each may be accurately described as the historian laureate of England, based upon his prestige by praising his master through thick and thin, and hulling at no cheaks of rude fact while doing so. The Welshman was commissioned by Henry II. to paint the Irish as a lawless, graceless, godless crew; as Gerald promptly reported that "their chief characteristics were treachery, thirst for blood, unbridled licentiousness, and inveterate detestation of order and rule"! Of the scribe who penned these words it has been said that *he never spoke the truth, unless by accident.*"

A man whose moral character is so bad that "*he never spoke the truth except by accident*," is hardly up to the standard of historians who are worthy of belief. Cambrensis may be good enough authority for Judge Maguire, but we feel assured that Catholics must have more credible and reputable testimony before they will adopt Judge Pepes Adrian and Alexander guilty of having made over Ireland to the Monarch of Thomas à Becket, on the testimony of a witness who has the reputation of "never having told the truth except by accident."

The next witness we will call in order to enlighten Judge Maguire upon the character of Cambrensis, is the celebrated Irish poet and historian Thomas Moore, who then outlines the reasons which should impel all impartial-minded people in refusing to give credence to a single statement made by that mercenary maligner of both the Popes and the Irish people. "In estimating the value of Cambrensis' testimony," says Moore, on page 342 of the second volume of his "History of Ireland," "the character of the man himself ought to be taken into account; and, finding him so ready a believer and reporter of all sorts of physical marvels and wonders, we should consider whether a taste for the morally monstrous may not also have inspired his pen, and induced him in a similar manner, *to impose as well upon himself, perhaps, as his readers.*"

Such is the estimate which Thomas Moore places upon Judge Maguire's star witness. And now, let us introduce into the Superior Court of San Francisco the celebrated Irish historian, Moore, and learn the corrupt character of the Popelibeling Cambrensis, as described by him in the presence of the Honor James C. Maguire. Here is Thomas Mooney's testimony, as recorded on pages 107-9-11 of his "History of Ireland":

> "The man who stands conspicuous on the page of time, as the historian *and traducer of Ireland*, is *Gerald Barry, commonly called Giraldus Cambrensis*; he was the first stranger who undertook to write a history of Ireland. Giraldus was a Welsh priest, who followed the fortunes of his relatives and who methodically and unhandsomely fell-weed Cambrensis, building up their histories on fictions, for the same motives that actuated Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, have guided the pens of most of the English historians of Ireland since the Reformation. Hammer, Campion, Spenser, Cambrensis, seem to be among the most conspicuous of the English defamers of Ireland; although it must be confessed, with deep humility, that Ireland has your forefathers, Cambrensis, who have undertaken, for English pay, to disparage and libel the nation, though oppressed, least that bore them."

We have other witnesses by whom we might also prove the contemptible, corrupt and untruthful character of Judge Maguire's chief witness, but we think it entirely unnecessary to call them into Court, as the evidence we have already adduced is sufficient to satisfy every unprejudiced person that neither Popes Adrian IV., Alexander III. nor the Irish people, were guilty of the crimes he charged against them. That in Adrian never sent a Bull to King Henry II., bestowing Ireland upon him; Alexander III. never sent a Bull sanctioning, or nor were the Irish people the savages which this libellous hireling depicted them.

And now that we have torn the mask away from Judge Maguire's most treasured witness, and shown him up in all his naked deformity, we will turn our attention to the Bull itself, and next week we will introduce as our first witness in defence of Popes Adrian and Alexander, his Eminence Cardinal Moran, whose learned essay upon that interesting historical question is purposely dispensed by the prejudiced author of "Ireland and the Pope," for the sole purpose of undermining its influence and profiting Irish Catholic readers to reject its truthful teachings.

The name of Cardinal Moran carries with it great weight. He is among the most profound Irish patriots that ever wore a mitre. As an Irish annalist and student of Irish ecclesiastical history he has no equal in our day. He has made the question of the genuineness or the fraudulency of the supposed Bull of Pope Adrian to Henry II., the subject of close study for a number of years. His Eminence visited Rome frequently in order to search among the Vatican archives documents bearing on this great Irish Catholic question, and he spent much valuable time in compiling authorities which add great weight to his able argument, which, by the way, Judge Maguire superciliously throws aside with the curt and caustic criticism that it is "a very industrious but radically defective essay."

Notwithstanding Judge Maguire's prophecy, our Catholic readers have sufficient intelligence to peruse, digest, and decide for themselves whether Cardinal Moran's able contribution in defence of the imputed crimes of whom Judge Maguire has prejudged and condemned, in "defective essay" the author of "Ireland and the Pope" designates it, is an unanswerable argument in proof of the fact that Henry II. of England, and some of his courtiers, *forged* the so-called Bull of Pope Adrian IV. in order to frame for him and Mary, an excuse for their invasion of Ireland, from papacy to Pope. Adrian (an English) was a man of distinguished ability, and of great moral worth, and of great learning, and of great piety, and of great zeal for the Church, and of great charity to the poor. He was a man

Farm and Home.

Hints on Cooking.

When we wish to extract juices from any thing we put it in cold water and let it gradually reach the boiling point, so when we wish the vianda to retain their juices and use the water only as a medium for cooking them, the opposite course must be pursued.

Starch enters largely into the composition of many vegetables, and on the prominence of this element depends the digestibility of the vegetable. To free this element and have it thoroughly incorporate itself with the other elements in the vegetable a great amount of heat is necessary, and hence it is that all vegetables should be put down to cook in boiling water.

Some authorities claim that even though water is boiling, it extracts considerable of the starch, and that steam is the only agent that should be employed in cooking many varieties, potatoes for instance. There are as many opinions against as for this method, and while it undoubtedly seems probable, still, equally good results have been obtained from the older method.

Chemists say that potatoes should always be boiled in their jackets, as there various elements detrimental to the wholesomeness of the vegetable that are absorbed by the skin, and that potatoes that are peeled before boiling retain some of these elements.

Those who have the potatoes peeled before boiling think they have a peculiar taste when they are boiled in their skins. Of course it is all the effect of imagination, but one amount of that effect is equal to other thereof that fact, so that if the potatoes have to be peeled use that quite a thick slab is taken off, because there is a very bitter acid lodged in, will quite near the skin, and you must get rid of as much of this as possible. The water, of course, draws most of this out, but it is not as effective as the absorbent nature has provided.

Soft water should be used in cooking vegetables, and the only way safely to have to soften water is put a little salt in it. Six or eight potatoes will need a teaspoonful of salt added to the water; turnips and parsnips require about the same, that is a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water. If any scum should rise to the surface while the vegetables are boiling it must be carefully skimmed off.

HONEY MEYRES.—One large capful white flour, two tablespoonfuls salt, and two tablespoonfuls baking powder; mix together while dry. Then add two cups of boiled hominy, beaten smooth, three eggs, one half cup melted butter, two tablespoonfuls white sugar, and enough milk to make a thick batter. Bake quickly.

CREAMLIN MEYRES.—One-half pound cavenine flour, four ounces sugar, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, three eggs, one half ounce salt, two ounces flour. Mix together the eggs, sugar, and hot butter then add the sensitive flour milk and baking powder. Pour well-greased moulds half full of this batter. Put in hot oven.

GRATULATED WHEATGERM.—Bite two and one-half capfuls of fine granulated wheat slowly into a liquid formed of one capful of water and one capful of milk, moistened with salt, then heat rapidly, and fill very hot pans pans well buttered, and bake immediately in a hot oven.

Table Manners.

As little faults are sometimes not polite or orderly at their meals, the following simple and practical rules are given for their your symphony so strongly that you would take up a collection. It's all right. Just the same as you can get $10 or $15 together bring it to me and I'll give you a receipt for it, and then you can be a noble friend!" and he gently patched the visitor out into the street.

"Do you know, Robinson, I'm a rascal?" said the editor, as he resumed his seat. "The man means to help me out, and I helped him out."

Poor Jollypops.

"Well," said Pat Egan the undertaker, "I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing, I am easily lay out any man.

"Brown — That is a handsome sunbeam you've got, Robinson. Was it a birthday present?

"Robinson — Yes, one I gave to my wife.

"Woman (to tramp)—After you've eat that pie will you show me a little wood?

"Tramp (eyeing the pie)—Too ma'am, if I'm alive.

"Husband (reading the paper)— What sense some men will make of themselves! Wife—Now, John what have you done this time?

"Florette," said her mamma, "why do you keep up such a constant chatter, don't you ever talk at all the time?"

"Tween I dot lots to say," Florette ex. plained.

"Sho (at a revival)—Is it possible that the little fellow sitting on the platform is the boy preacher?

"Ma—Oh, no; he is the boy preacher's little grandfather.

"A colored woman brought her baby to be baptized the other day, and when asked what name she preferred for it, chose the word "Amos" as she liked its sound and it was in the bible.

"Chicago Man—Were the designers uninstructed!

Boston Man—Uninstructed! Well I should say so! They were the most ignorant persons I ever saw!

"Green Grocer—I'll give you 10 cents a head for that load of antiques, Mr. Hayseed.

Mr. Hayseed—Not much, you won't, I get more o'that fer 'em up at the cigar factory."

"The cause of the dying out of the Indian races has at last been ascertained. A prominent dime novel writer has made out a list of the number he has killed—on paper—since he began to write, and computes it at little less than 18,000,000 Indians.

"The late Dr. Bethune once asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the doctor: "Oh, sir, I am one of those who take an interest in even the meanest of God's creatures."

"Critics—Why don't you give up begging and go to work? A strong man like you could easily make a dollar a day.

Beggar—Of course he could; but what is a dollar a day in a man with a wife and seven children? I have my dear ones to consider.

"Are you familiar with Thackeray's works, Miss Rosier? asked Mr. Miller of the daughter of the Pittsburgh girl, and she artlessly responded:

"Can't say I am. I do not keep the run of half the foundries they are putting up in town."

Family Fun.

Nodcherry as a Neighbor.

Mr. Spanglewood came over to Mr. Noodleberry's the other day, with an air of brotherly love, and wanted to borrow the garden hose to wash the windows with.

"Come my garden hose, do you?" said Mr. Noodleberry. "Take it, Mr. Spanglewood, take it. Walk off with it. Use it up; burst some one night hollow in it. Hand the scamla cross-eyed. Burst the joints. Stuff the hose up with mud. Get around to bring it home next fall, after the luxuriant growth of the Noodleberry onion patches has withered in the unshaked dirt of a robust autumn, and then unfold to me that ancient fable about having 'told the bird girl to bring it home last spring.' Spanglewood, I am glad you were thoughtful enough to come after that garden hose. Ever since I bought it I have instinctively felt that it was too good and pure for this life, and I ought to lend it to somebody. And when you have used that up come and get the Noodleberry lawn-mower, and fail it run out its childish glee upon the festive oyster cans and glass bottle spouts that compose the shrubbery on the Spanglewood hog pasture. Log off the hose and the lawn-mower. Take the fan and the stove. Send a carriage over the woodpile. Make yourself perfectly at home. What I owe I get to lend. It's cheaper to borrow than to steal—naves lawyers fees you know. Don't buy anything, my dear Spanglewood, as long as the Noodleberry estate holds a single object worthy of your envious eye. Don't buy anything, whatever I have in yours—if you get it. Take the hose, Mr. Spanglewood, and if you another one to lend you in case some one should steal that one away from you. And Mr. Spanglewood wiped his boasted hose and spread the floor.

Mr. Spanglewood withdrew in deep gloom, with a digestion as gone as one hand and a dark hay sadness in his soul. As the garden hose swings gayly to the breeze from its accustomed nail under the back steps of the house of Noodleberry.

The social circle is solemn emotion rented Noodleberry "mean and stingy" and agreed "not to neighbor with an any more." and Mr. Noodleberry sheds no tears when as he sees his possessions left to his own personal enjoyment, and finds that he can weed the garden without putting a Philadelphia detective on the trail of the hose, and is able to groan his wagon without rushing violently around the neighborhood after the wrench.

A Considerate Editor.

A clerical looking gentleman entered an Austin newspaper office, and drawing out a condensed document, said to the editor: "I am soliciting for a high-toned gentleman of intelligence and refinement. He is really in need of money. Yet he has proved to let the public know it."

"I am hopeful of securing quite a handsome little sum."

"You are the unfortunate man is very intelligent, highly refined, and all that sort of thing."

"That's just the kind of a man he is."

"And too proud to beg."

"My dear friend, I appreciate your delicacy. You have described my condition precisely, but I had no idea I had imitated your sympathetic so strongly that you would take up a collection. It's all right. Just

Miscellaneous.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the mind of the sufferer from Headache, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration! All stars them in the face. Yet all these sorrows needless and may be cured by

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also combines the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve weakness.

Ask druggists for Paine's Celery Compound. If he has not, we will send it for $1 by mail.

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

Write a Book—mailed free for full particulars.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

DROPSY TREATED FREE.

Have treated Dropsy and its complications with the marvelous Dr. Shoop's Dropsy Remedy, and have never seen a case it did not relieve at once, and in most cases it has effected a cure. Dr. Shoop's Dropsy Remedy is a powerful diuretic, but perfectly harmless and can be taken by the weakest of invalids. Most dropsies are caused by a weak heart. Dr. Shoop's Dropsy Remedy does not cure the heart, but it does cure dropsy. Dr. Shoop's Dropsy Remedy is sold on a guarantee that the first package will relieve and a permanent cure be effected by the use of a few packages. Dropsy is a dangerous disease, and you should not delay. Write at once for Dr. Shoop's Dropsy Book, which is sent free. Dr. Shoop's Dropsy Remedy is sold by all druggists. Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nervine, Nervine Tablets, Nervine Ointment, Nervine Plaster, Nervine Tablets, Nervine Ointment, Nervine Plaster, Nervine Tablets, Nervine Ointment, Nervine Plaster

FATHER ADAM'S LETTER.

The Universal Exhibition at Barcelona. — Visit of the Queen Regent.—Her Great Provincial Pomp.—Spanish Season and Festivities.—Solemn Services and Imposing Ceremonies.

BARCELONA, Spain, June 9, 1888.

Dear Sir:—Having at my disposal a little leisure time before I leave Spain for France, England and Ireland, I thought I would keep my word and say something concerning the Universal Exhibition which was inaugurated in this city from the visit of the Queen Regent and the royal family on our occasion. Till a few months ago the idea of opening the Exhibition early in the year seemed chimerical. Everything was behind time, and it was a day-dream when the Queen arrived she would find sufficient every thing ready for the Exhibition for the first time in Spain. Except the Japanese and Arts departments all the rest were *to fare*, and the actors displayed from that time a wonderful activity.

At one time 15,000 men were working inside the place, some as bricklayers, and others as carpenters, painters, etc. Buildings and pavilions appeared here and there as if by magic, so that, a day or two before the solemn inauguration, the Mayor of Barcelona could safely say that few cities have exhibited so many objects for inspection on the day of the opening of their Universal Exhibitions.

America and the Philippines would take much more time than Spain to be able to satisfy their curiosity, and would be able to satisfy their curiosity. A full account of the Exhibition must now appear, and I will content myself with mentioning the several buildings, namely—the Palace of Industry, Palace of Fine Arts, Arch of Triumph, Café Restaurant, Palace of Machinery, Palace of Industry, Iron Bridge and Section of Marines.

The principal ones are the Palace of Fine Arts and the Palace of Industry, both of which were the scenes of the ceremonies. In the first one the official inauguration by the Queen Regent took place. The Palace is the largest hall of any of the public halls, with beautiful paintings representing frescoes from renowned artists adorn the walls. The central scenes of Charles V., Philip II., Philip III., and other Kings are exhibited in a very good style, together with some furniture from the royal house of Madrid. In this building a portrait from Vich, Spain, is placed in honor on the best post. He received the first premium. The portrait, which is not over probable, is said to be painted at the request of the municipality, and represents the Queen Regent in the dress of the Queen of Montserrat, and the sword or cross over her breast represents the Queen of Montserrat, and the sword or cross back, but the Queen of Montserrat is represented as a young lady, and the Queen Regent is represented as a matron. The bishop and Canons went to meet the royal carriage at the corner of the street that leads to the Cathedral, which was covered with crape. The Archbishop Cardinal gave the Queen the stole, and under a canopy she was borne by the canons to the Cathedral, which is 75 yards from the palace.

The ceremony of so much solidity is not the best manner to make a favorable impression, as I understands this better than the Queen of Spain. On this occasion, next day, in her private carriage, without a soldier to accompany her, she left the Palace, and, as she stopped in front of the convent of Carmelites and the sword or cross over her breast, she ordered her carriage to be opened and her carriage back, but she, of course, had loved and adored Christ, and was prepared to a martyrdom. The bishop's 143 metres long and leads to the Northern Cemetery.

It was on this bridge that I saw the Queen a few days ago, and I was pained at the inferiority for the last time. Before her Majesty ascended the wide stairway of sufficient dimensions to lead to the bridge, it was already crowded by thousands of persons. The bridge had recently been noble structure, which does honor to the iron works of Barcelona, and the Catalonians showed their real character of industry and energy. They began to "away from here, away, let us alone." The Queen being this month advised one of the very few officers that accompanied her, what did it cost, and when she was told the price she said it did not wish to be restricted and wished to feel her way, she said her Majesty, "I wish to be a queen of human beings, giving a great lunch to the Queen, presiding at the Exhibition, and, as a lady, and surrounded by Majesty all about the portion. I do not know what I do, but I know I have been in the most miserable condition. Where is the Queen, proclaimed themselves down the road, surrounded her Majesty all the time the period. I had consoled to see Queen Christina fatigue than I do, and I was ashamed of my cowardice. If I will soon always to consult your reason that an adopted child is also to be an Republic will consider himself as also to be an Republican.

To the Queen I said that many times we in Spain are ashamed to be a civic procession, and the Queen proceeded up the street where the Protestant visits New York or any other city of the East. But what is the principle motive? not, that makes them propose stand in Lorenzo's name a man dressed in civilian clothes when they call President, or to see decorate with bunting or flags, or anything else? Catholic you will answer is the chief motive. I reply the same thing in my case. Queen of Queen was a woman in my case, I proceeded to see Jesus, and I would be ashamed to say that I was not at least man, but I would be ashamed to be a coward. I would be a man, and I shed tears, in fact so often I was in my cell, and my heart and my soul were in pain with her quiet, modest and unassuming manner. I felt I was a coward in my heart to be so ungainly with a widow, to be a man without, and yet I felt, in honor virtue, medically when we find it in the highest station of life, I stand or come out to be bowed in respect and adoration. I am pleased to state that the Queen of Spain, in her manner, is a lady, a matter of what sound or political color they are, they have left from happiness to be bowed in respect to the high intelligence of a lady, and virtuous character. She is a lady in her moral and virtuous character. She is a lady in her manner, and, as I have stated saying, see how people appreciate this moral quality, and how respect she is in her ways. And it is amongst the latest ideas that he has found that they are most for her royal person.

On Saturday, June 2, the Cortes of Corpus Christi the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which was very imposing, and which, since the 16th, has been raining some of the most solemn and serious, I, as a matter of the procession, and, in a manner the spectacle, which, in the Spanish Cortes, the Cortes, and, in the Spanish Cortes, the Cortes, and, in the Spanish Cortes, the Cortes, and

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

HIDDEN THINGS.

There are sorrows we never mention,
And times we must shrink from,
Loving hearts will break in silence,
With never a sigh or moan.

There are memories event that we shrink,
And guard with tenderest care,
For deep in our hearts we have buried
The casket of jewels rare.

Still oft-times in the quiet gloaming,
When no one but God may view—
One by one we call up those memories,
And o'er them shed tears anew.

We keep slights and bitter reproaches,
Words we'd forgive and forget,
For when from hearts we would cast them,
Memory whispers—"Not yet."

There is love the tendrest and purest—
That never is made to hold,
While the heart is consumed by its fire,
The fane remains cold and cold.

There are talents that ever lie buried,
Beautiful thoughts unexpressed,
Bright hopes that are born but to perish,
Wrongs that are never redressed.

But among the things that are hidden,
Faiest thus all in God's sight,
Is the beautiful tender confidence
Keeping one ever alight.

M. A. TITUS.

Dorchester, Md., 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

RETREAT IN THE FOREST.

Alone in the desert He hands and prays,
Pains thus all in God's sight,
With love for His fallen yet Godlike man—
He His heavenly Father shows.
He sighs and He sobs that God might glance
On man with compassionate eye,
And blot out the sessions that die has made
On his soul with malignity.
And bendeous deep down He prays to His God,
For groans that He has met on
The resplendent soul of the Saviour of men—
On His only begotten Son.

But why does He fly to the forest so drear,
Devoid of all human life?
Does He go to prepare for the battle so near,
For the terrible, wonderful strife,
Deep traged by the Maker of Heaven and earth,
And the Author of Evil below?
He goes but to open the Eden so fair,
That man through its portals might go,
He goes to prepare for the conflict with sin—
The enemy deadly to men—
To lovingly cleanse the sin hardened soul,
And make it His temple again.

Downcastly He walks on the sun-scorched soil,
The enemy ever fully near—
Surprised at the Man who resisted his darts,
Who knew not the nowhence of fear.
Three days—lengthened days—did he strive to attain
Possession of Christ's stainless soul,
But he trembingly rushed 'neath the glance of the Lord,
Whose presence to agony roll.
Harmlessly fall his arrows all home;
And his words with severe pillied,
Unheeded even heard, plus his mind's constant moan,
By Him, the Lord Crucified.

As eloquent issues His preacher to man,
From the depths of the woods, old and rude—
To terrifically fee from the Tempter's event voice,
Or Death's dire and cruel will bend;
To list not the strokes of Glory's frail speech,
Yet Ambitionly and cruelly
But upon them dy soulless of happiness true,
Misfortune's ill fate, weak, swerving men,
And rob him of God to the sky.

Oh! humbly bannock, frail man, your God—
Oh! ask Him to kindly bestow
Humility's plant, whose perfume will stand
The terrible repast of woe.
Aye, naught will enliven the heart of our Lord,
As when Virtue in simplicity lies,
And never does Heaven grant forth with such joy,
As question from sweet ministry eyes.
Let i when an humble deed is wrought,
Straight through such angel soul,
With tranquil essay and ethereal song,
The celestial crown of pleasure roll.

R. P. DIMPSEY.

San Francisco, July 17, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE LAND OF BEAUTIFUL REST.

Yes I am in a country that will not be ended,
And ever and ever I hasten to be in the land—
The shadow which our dearest that reality have vanished,
The grave where shoulder around us are cast.
They say on a deep debt of gratitude owe
For the benefits showered on us day by day;
For the treasures bring
And the homesteads laid low,
Bright hopes that are born but to perish,
Wrongs that are never redressed.

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San Francisco, July 17, 1888.

Literary Miscellany.

Why Aunt Amy Never Married.

A Story with a Moral.

BY TANTALON.

A rather mature-looking lady was seated one evening by a bright fire, when her little niece, May, ran in to her.

"What are you thinking about, aunt Amy?" she asked laughingly.

"I was musing, darling," said the lady, sadly, "of the once golden past, and the old days come back at memory's call, but May will not bring the old joys back, dear."

"Darling Aunnie," said May, in her own winning way, "do tell me of those days. tell me a story. I am so tired. I have been studying, studying, and I am so tired."

"What!" she exclaimed, "you want poor old aunt Amy, with her sad heart and white locks, to tell you a story! Why! I declare, you are as big a baby at twelve, as you were at six. But," she added, as she took up her knitting, "I suppose I must."

"Tell me why you are an old maid!" asked the child, earnestly.

Aunt Amy smiled as she replied, "I will relate to you an adventure that happened when I was a young lady, and then you will know why I never married."

The child seated herself at her aunt's feet as the latter began her story.

"I was living at that time in the far west, in a beautiful country home. I was an only child, and my mother being an invalid, of course I was felt a great deal to my own wills. Idolizing me as my father did, every whim was gratified, and all the advantages of intellectual training were bestowed upon me, but I had much rather romp the fields for an hour's sport than amuse myself with books or music. So one day I determined to have some fun, and accordingly sent an invitation to all the young ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood, to attend a picnic to take place among the surrounding mountains.

"What a bright crowd of happy faces the appointed morning saw, each maiden in her neat cotton frock and gingham sun-bonnet, while the young men in their large brimmed hats and gray linen suits, carried the well-filled lunch baskets to our starting place. Ah, dear! we were bound for a jolly time then."

"I am sure you had it," said the child, her eyes glowing at the thought.

"Well," continued aunt, "if we went, a great old ostrich bringing most of us with our baggage, while the remainder of the party, including myself, went on horseback. I am tell you, May, as I went riding along on my gray pacing palfrey, with the handsomest fellow in the party as my escort, I did feel proud, and besides, I had two or three times, if then I knew life was gone. Almost so, I pleaded to her, and to my frantic entreaty for one look of forgiveness, as if in deed face could have given sign of aval. I crouched over the awful body, I asked how the jagged rocks had lacerated left side, and the sight seemed to wound my so heart. How long I remained in that state I know not. My mind was as if asod by the shock, and anguish I was undergoing, while my eyes fastened themselves on the form beneath, that looked like a impalm bundle in the depths below. Oh, by! even to this day I can see that white face all motionless and still with its blue eyes so familiar to my eye.

"After a while the dreams came creeping on, but I heeded them not, sure that it brought with it the soul sense of my position along with the dad, watchin g over me so injured by me. But I would have yearned to smooth back at poor broken limbs to their place Wat consolation I would have found in cringing her disheveled locks! But no, no repentant eye would but gaze on her; in hands seemed debarred from touching her. Slowly went the moments until they unglued into my bones, and as I remained here, to me it seemed as if I had been as a watch over her whose I had drove to death. And how those long, long hours passed, each bringing some new terror. The wild birds began to flap their wings in the eaglery, and I could see them as they flew over and around the corpse of Agnes. With a fearful heart, I gazed my soul sickening on the sight, I still looked on, hoping against hope, that perhaps not her lifeless frame, else perhaps my reason would have deserted me. May! May! it was an awful death, and the anguish of those hours changed my once raven tresses to white.

"How did they find you, aunt? Did Eldred Hurtone come back?" asked May, wonderingly.

"Why," continued my aunt, "the Indians reported him as he was seeking Agnes, and they would have killed him but for the intercession of a powerful chief whom Eldred's father had at one time favored. He protected him and after a few days sent him back to the settlement in safety.

"But my father found me. The others on their arrival had told that we wandered off, and father with some neighbors started back to look for us, and although search was found me half dead with weariness and mental suffering. My father came up first, and his joy and his sorrow, folded me in his arms saying tenderly:

"'My darling, dearest one! you are safe.'

"I did not speak—I did not even by one smile return his rapturous greeting, but I remained mute, as if I understood not. "'My poor child!' he said kindly, 'you are so pale as death, and merciful heavens! he exclaimed, as the light fell full on me, your hair is white as frost!'

"At that moment Mr. Raynor came up.

"'Where is Agnes?' he demanded, as he saw me standing alone. 'Where is my child?'

"I could not speak. With a shudder I pointed out the ravine. They understood me, the party gathered at it, and I, I know how chill I felt gone of the cold horror that burst from my lips when I saw the form of Agnes lying there.

"At length I raised my head and looking up, I saw father standing by my side, with a tender look in his eyes, and kindly, pitying smile on his face. I rock that projected far below in the depths of the gorge. The smiling sun from the mountains flowed into the pyre, and the waters locked black, so far down was it from the spot where I stood.

"Perhaps the solitude of the scene and dead my feelings, or the falling shadows may have impressed me, for I felt somewhat superstitious for my wicked wish, though my heart was still quivering beneath its fluid tide of passion.

"Suddenly Eldredge's quick step startled me as he ran breathlessly up.

"'Away! darling,' he cried excitedly; 'away, the Indians are upon us! All are scattered but us three, the brave are rallying, quick—where is Agnes?'

"'She is gone over the 'Leap' she must be on the other side,' I faltered out.

"'Merciful goodness!' he exclaimed, 'they are coming that way. Speed, Amy, be cried, as he dashed off. 'I will seek Agnes, you my partners the others.'

"I moved not. I stood petrified by the awful reality of the case. A sharp pain shot through my heart as my own wild wish rang in my ears, and I realized even in that moment of misery that I had caused her to rush into danger. And, May, through all the long, long years, my heartless words have haunted me like some phantom vision.

"My aunt buried her face for a moment in her hands, then resumed:

"I stood motionless in suspense, waiting for the terrible end. Louder came their yells, and swiftly like some tremendous wind-storm they rushed out from the mountains on the opposite side, and as I stood spell-bound, I beheld to my unspeakable horror the slender figure of Agnes rushing down the path almost across from me, and the savages closely pursuing her.

"Suddenly she stopped; it was but for a moment. She turned her white face back on her pursuers, gave one look, and then with a bound up to heaven, she was bounding over the ravine.

"In her desperation she had dared the impossible, and she fell with one awful shriek into the depths below.

"Seeing her fall, the Indians turned back, while I stood as if chained to the spot, so extreme was my terror; but soon gaining command of my faculties, I hurried down the side of the path, and reached the red spot, but oh, heavens! what a sight met my eye.

"Bitterness and pride had died in my heart at the first moment of danger, and girlish affection as of old came back for Agnes, and when I saw her lying still on the projecting rock, a mangled heap, I felt as if my wicked words had rung out her funeral knell. In my agony I rushed out to her, in my grief I called her by every fond name, but no sound gave token of her existence. I knelt on the edge of the ravine, and even as I did so, I saw her grasp

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

Mandeville's Murder.

HIS HORRIBLE TREATMENT IN JAIL.

THE HORRORS OF TULLAMORE.

Some Shocking Revelations.

In a recent occasion a representative of the London Star called on Mr. O'Brien. He has hitherto inquire after the sad death of his fellow-prisoner in Tullamore, Mr. John Mandeville. Mr. O'Brien appeared very sadly affected at the loss of his friend. "You have heard, I presume, Mr. O'Brien, of the sad new from Ireland, and that your friend, Mr. John Mandeville, has passed away?" "Yes, unfortunately, replied Mr. O'Brien. "The news shocks me beyond expression. I had hoped against hope that there must have been some mistake, when I think of what poor Mandeville's last day we went to prison together it seemed wonder our poor friend should be so soon to go." "Then Mr. Mandeville must have been a strong, healthy man at that time." "Certainly: he was distinguished for his strength. I have ever met sym upon. He had wished to pick out from the Irish race a man to represent its physical strength, manliness, courage and quietly. I should without hesitation have named John Mandeville. He was a man of fine stature, of a most nicely proportioned, so indeed as to look of smaller stature. He moves from a family of giants. He has four brothers not one is under six feet in height and fortieth stone in weight. The eldest, Mandeville, and his brother Andrew, whom right side has been paralyzed for some years, but who received a salve out in his forehand during the famous struggle at Mitchelstown.

JOHN MANDEVILLE, BELONGING TO ONE OF THE OLDEST TIPPERARY FAMILIES,

who have always held a position of wide respect and influence, with that comparative wealth which attaches to the gentlemen farmer class in Ireland. He was a free holder of his farm, situated at Clonakilty, near Mitchelstown, and he was therefore above any suspicion of motive in his struggle for thirlsamus. As a matter of fact he was one of the most sensible men, who ever lived. If Mr. Mandeville died (continued Mr. O'Brien) that he was killed in prison does not admit of one moment's doubts. It would be the merest farce for a man who knew him to wait for the verdict of a jury. When we were brought to Cork prison together in a brougham. said Mr. O'Brien, reverting to the scene of the Mitchelstown affair, "surrounded by Hussars, we had an opportunity of discussing our action in prison. Mr Mandeville was most anxious to follow out to the letter the rules that I had publicly laid down for myself—that

I WOULD NOT WEAR PRISON CLOTHES,

associate with criminals, or perform any menial office. We had agreed to stand by each other in the struggle, and I felt very proud of my companion. Mr Mandeville was most anxious to follow out to the letter the rules that I had publicly laid down for myself—that

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WHEN HE LEFT PRISON THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS HE WAS THE MERRIEST

of the merry, and I felt that he was a great deal of the spirit required for the struggle. He was

HIS WHOLE HEART AND SOUL IN THE STRUGGLE,

and he was ever ready to go out on the road for a meeting, and I felt that he was

HIS HEALTH WAS FAR OFF STARVATION

only for some scraps that he got from some compassionate offlials. Bread and water means Tullamore, or Dublin, one of the coarsest brown bread divided into three meals without any other food than a tin tyeringer of water with each meal. Mr. Mandeville suffered terribly in consequence from diarrhoea, but his tremendous frame enabled him to bear this quite cheerfully and lightly. I several times sent him word that this resistance to prison clothes must be a matter of a few days, and while I was quite determined to risk my own life in the matter I did not think, having regard to his wife, and the more brutal treatment he was certain to get, that he should resist. He, however, had now gone too far, and in my case they were treating him just as badly for refusing to listen on his bed, and for refusing to associate with criminals. For some days I was in ignorance of what befelled that it was impossible for me to remove a word of my space from the outer world or as to what was passing in prison.

I LEARNED FROM THE PRISON CHAPLAIN THAT MR. MANDEVILLE WAS ON PARTIAL

While I was in bed every attempt had been made to take away my clothes, which had already been stolen once, but on hearing this I insisted on going back to the cells. I was ordered to bed by my medical officer. I learned that an attempt had been made to take away my clothes during my absence, but he, and then they found that since the attack on me he had kept my clothes on. I was ordered back to my cell. Mr. Mandeville

HAS LEFT HIM LYING THERE FOR TWO DAYS

They then took away his bed clothes by force, leaving the poor fellow in a state in which he wrapped around him. This was in mid-winter, and Mandeville tried to warm himself by walking up and down in his cell. He endured this horrible torment and was alone. He knew that I was confined and water for the twenty hour hours. The governor was his enemy, but the doctor was to be taken from him, and that he would be left absolutely at the mercy of the governor. It was only then that he put on the prison clothes. He had to do so, meantime, as he was afterwards, suffering from rheumatism of the most violent character, and he was obliged to go to bed. Even

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HIS WHOLE HEART AND SOUL IN THE STRUGGLE,

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HIS HEALTH WAS FAR OFF STARVATION

only for some scraps that he got from some compassionate offlials. Bread and water means Tullamore, or Dublin, one of the coarsest brown bread divided into three meals without any other food than a tin tyeringer of water with each meal. Mr. Mandeville suffered terribly in consequence from diarrhoea, but his tremendous frame enabled him to bear this quite cheerfully and lightly. I several times sent him word that this resistance to prison clothes must be a matter of a few days, and while I was quite determined to risk my own life in the matter I did not think, having regard to his wife, and the more brutal treatment he was certain to get, that he should resist. He, however, had now gone too far, and in my case they were treating him just as badly for refusing to listen on his bed, and for refusing to associate with criminals. For some days I was in ignorance of what befelled that it was impossible for me to remove a word of my space from the outer world or as to what was passing in prison.

I LEARNED FROM THE PRISON CHAPLAIN THAT MR. MANDEVILLE WAS ON PARTIAL

While I was in bed every attempt had been made to take away my clothes, which had already been stolen once, but on hearing this I insisted on going back to the cells. I was ordered to bed by my medical officer. I learned that an attempt had been made to take away my clothes during my absence, but he, and then they found that since the attack on me he had kept my clothes on. I was ordered back to my cell. Mr. Mandeville

HAS LEFT HIM LYING THERE FOR TWO DAYS

They then took away his bed clothes by force, leaving the poor fellow in a state in which he wrapped around him. This was in mid-winter, and Mandeville tried to warm himself by walking up and down in his cell. He endured this horrible torment and was alone. He knew that I was confined and water for the twenty hour hours. The governor was his enemy, but the doctor was to be taken from him, and that he would be left absolutely at the mercy of the governor. It was only then that he put on the prison clothes. He had to do so, meantime, as he was afterwards, suffering from rheumatism of the most violent character, and he was obliged to go to bed. Even

WHEN HE LEFT PRISON THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS HE WAS THE MERRIEST

of the merry, and I felt that he was a great deal of the spirit required for the struggle. He was

HIS WHOLE HEART AND SOUL IN THE STRUGGLE,

and he was ever ready to go out on the road for a meeting, and I felt that he was

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CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Concerns in Many Countries.

—The archdiocese of S. L. on has 196 churches and about 100 parochial schools.

—The Franciscans have recently purchased 400,000 worth of property at Little Neck, L. I.

—The German Catholics of Hyonne, N. J., are moving in the most ur of erecting a church.

—St. Gabriel's schools, New York, Monsignor Farley, pastor, are attended by 1700 scholars.

—The new St. Louis University was formally blessed on the Feast of St. Ignatius, the 31st of July.

—The Rev. Dr. Chappelle, of Washington, sailed from New York on the 31st ult., for a short visit to Europe.

—The Rev. F. J. Kennedy, a young Priest of Philadelphia, is the new vice-rector of the American College in Rome.

—Rev. James Quinn, formerly of the archdiocese of Toronto, Ire., is now affiliated with the Cleveland (O.) S.v., and located at the Cathedral.

—The Rev. F. F. Rugg, S. J., one of the professors at Creighton College, Dublin, Neb., is ill at the Jesuit Novitiate, Frederick, Md., Ancient College.

—Rev. Father Gaudet, aged 60, expected Priest of the Diocese of Quebec, died on Tuesday, the 17th ult., at Hawer Ville.

—The vice-rectorship of the American Catholic University has been filled by Rev. J. J. Corrigan, of Fitchburg, Mass. He has the subject under accumulation.

—The work on St. Joseph's new church, Washington, D. C., is progressing very satisfactorily, and it is expected that the building will be roofed by the 1st of November.

—Rev. H. Kroeger, the beloved pastor of St. Bridget's Congregation, Lansport, Ind., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination last Tuesday. Ax. cept the 2nd.

—The smallest church in the world is on the Isle of Wight. It is 12 feet in circumference, 24 feet long, 12 feet wide, and barely high enough for a tall man to stand upright.

—Father Benjamin Schmuttlal, the pastor of St. Michael's church, Monroe, on Thursday, the 19th ult., completed his quarter century of service to the Priesthood.

—A gold medal of the famous cross of Cong made for the Pope by a Dublin artisan, by order of the O'Connor Don, is now on view at the Irish Exhibition in London, and is universally admired.

—Cardinal Moran says it is not likely he will visit Ireland this year, preferring, as of best business calls him to Brigeen, and he hopes to sail for Sydney as soon as that is completed.

—Bishop O'Farrel of Trenton, recently dedicated the new Church of St. Nicholas which the Augustinians have built at Atlantic City, N. J., and preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion.

—Between 700 and 800 children attend the parochial school of the Holy Rosary, Falls, N. Y. Very Rev. James McMahon, V. G., is the pastor, and the Sisters of St. Joseph are required as teachers.

—It is stated that Sunday Bishop Leach of La Crosse, Wis., will dedicate the new St. Agnes Church at Ashland, erected by the Sisters of Mercy, on the Feast of the Assumption. Father Cella, preached the dedication sermon.

—"Liturgy for the Laity," is the name of a work which Father James J. Dunne, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Bishop McMahon, is about to publish.

—Father Dunne is the new dean of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Brooklyn, N. Y., in progressing so rapidly that it will be ready for dedication in October. The Sermons by eminent prelates from Europe two months hence.

—Twenty years ago there was not a Priest of any sort or a religious of any Sisterhood in Wyoming Territory. Now, in the Catholic Priests, two male and two female religious orders, Bishop Fitzgibbon's jurisdiction of about 100,000.

—Rumors are current recently in regard to the appointment of Father Brossard as Vicar General of the diocese of Covington, Ky., and it is said that the Rev. Father Brossard's appointment will notice upon the dismissal of Monsignor Maes to a church in the north of this state.

—The Rev. J. Leffery, recently deceased, of Cuttolsfield, Ire., has bequeathed £1000 to the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, £6,000 to the Sisters of Charity, £1000 to the Home of the Blind Shepherd, and £500 to Father Dunne, of the Church of St. Patrick and St. Charles, Philadelphia.

—The new St. Francis de Sales Industrial school, at Edinburgh, Bucks County, Pa., was blessed in the presence of over 10 k ylk, the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, by Bishop Shanahan, who officiated. The Bishop Byrne with simple ceremonies, the Prefect of the institution is now being put completed.

—Monsignor Anzione, the patriarch of the Catholic Chaldeans, who recently came to his efforts to induce the return to his flock of the Nestorian schismatics, that he has extended his labors among the 11 separated Chaldean Bishoprics, to estimate made, the extraordinary number of those who have followed his exhortations and have returned to the Church. Nestorius hundred thirty thousand. That is during the two years of his mission, a work to be accomplished in the future remains to be seen. With Nestorius, as a body, returned to the Church have forsaken the semblance of the Greek schismatics.

—Some idea of the immense work being done by the charitable Sisters of the Catholic Church in civilizing and elevating the East may be formed from certain facts lately published regarding the work of certain Sisterhoods in Syria. Of the 1,000 orphans that among the distinguished pupils who received the Cross of Knight Commander of Bancroft in Constantinople, are his Excellency Rustem Pasha, the Persian Minister to Paris, Vitalis Pasha, Aide-de-camp of the Sultan, Hussein Effendi, Director of the Imperial Museum, M. Zoukoff, Prince Minister of Bulgaria, Mgr. Macdonald, Vicar Apostolic of Bulgaria, Mgr. Bonnetti, Nuncio, and numerous pashas, consuls and other titulaires of the Ottoman Empire.

—Rev. Xavier Engbring O. S. F., for three years past Professor of Theology at St. Anthony's Monastery, Mount Calvary, St. Louis, Mo., has been called to fill the same position in China, and will leave for New-York on about the beginning of this month. Father Engbring is a native of St. Clouds Pa. He is a native of this city, and brought up at Ellingham, Ill. He made his ecclesiastical studies at Teutopolis, and there he completed those with high honors in 1874. Father Engbring is a thorough scholar, of distinct mission genius or two, fluent conversant, and this time his superiors have seen fit to accept his proffered sacrifice. While no doubt this will be a severe trial of the loss of so able a member, the Mission Society for the Chinese Missions will be the gainer by the loss. The Franciscan community have charge of the great district of country in the Province of Nanking. Father Engbring has been commissioned by the Propaganda and will report at Rome previous to going to China.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES:

The Week's Happiness in the World.

—Emigrant fare known New York and Chicago has been reduced to $5.

—The Hindoo journal has begun a war on the Telegraph system.

—The Pope is reported to be suffering from a severe cold.

—O'Donnell progress to move for a new trial against the Lyons Times.

—At Havana, John, 700 cigar makers strock for higher wage.

—Another rulled is to built over the Andes.

—The New York Sun is for sale, for the modest sum of $100,000.

—The German Government signed the wager boundaries lately on the 1st inst.

—I. ster Hoe, discoverer in 1842 of Howe's rave, did recently at Canaqharie, N. Y., aged 76.

—Mr. J. Hewy Bringham, of Louisiana, United Stiss consul at Jamaica, is dead.

—An earthquake shock was felt recently Inspiration, Sunday. No damage was done.

The National Association of Saddle and Harnessmaker, in session at Baltimore, selected Chicagoto the next meeting.

—The Government under ended June 30th, 3,270 notices of aviation were filed out in Ireland, and of these 1,000 have been served.

—A treasure-treasure-seeking has struck the Eyssen fields, N. J., where a hunt for Captain Kidd's treasure is now going on.

—The Pope has donated to the Propaganda annual income of $100,000. The $100,000 is intended for the support of missions and missionaries.

—Twenty blocks in the town of Alpena, Mich., were destroyed by fire on the 25th inst., the sixteenth anniversary of the great conflagration which laid that place in ashes in 1872.

—The grand re-union of the ex-confederate and ex-federal soldiers that was to convene at San Antonio, Tex., on the 1st of August has been postponed until the 16 h and 17th of this month.

—The Irish Exhibition is now complete, and is rapidly rising in popular favor. The council is ready for the use of several bands from Ireland, and she, as far as possible, for those of the Leagues of the Cross and Catholic orphanages around London.

—While in mourning for Frederick III. London gayety went on in black and white robes, and "seagoin' dinners and "magnificence," as they were called, were just as gay as though they were beds of paradise.

—Ireland's prosperity has been in light step with Spain this week, and the accounts from Cadiz and Madrid have been most. Large quantities can be taken at satisfactory prices if of good quality and in good condition on arrival there.

—The statue of Shakespeare to be erected in Paris will be only the second monumental to a foreigner in the French capital. Franklin is there, but with this exception Paris solely honors her own country men.

—"Fire Points," New York's jumbo pandemonium ice-water tank, is again in commission. It goes about the metropolis distributing ice-water free to the poor. The tank, which in general appearance somewhat resembles a horse ambulance, holds 300 gallons, and is thrice emptied on every hot day.

—Caterpillars are doing great harm in Russian towns on the Upper Pendaeer. Fences seem to be alive, so thickly are they covered with the wriggling lousy things. Orchards have been stripped clean of leaves, and now a worms are taking to the trees. The caterpillars are from Siberia.

The Great Nature is still intent and it's just barely possible now that instead of breaking it to bits in monster and will be allowed for service in either the cattle or the pleasure pleasure trade. There are three in London well versed in vessel managing who have offered to take and be made to pay.

—The Shah of Persia recently had a tooth pulled in the presence of all his Court. The operation was a success, and the Shah came lower made himself conspicuous during the ceremony. There is no knowing what might have happened to the dentist had his Majesty lost his temper with the pain. As it is the Shah presented him with a purse of gold and a sheet.

—The Emperor of Brazil has quite recovered from his recent illness, and will leave Bordeaux for Rio Janeiro on the 5th of August. He will return home with the school ships that the Jubilee gift ten years ago Pope Leo XIII. on behalf of the people of Brazil—the freedom of the slaves—has made acceptable offering of the many testimonials presented to the Holy Father. It is said that he has say that the Pope is an enemy of liberty!

—An improved method of oiling the hook has been invented in Massachusetts. A rocket, to which is attached a cylindar filled with oil, can be fired with accuracy from the ship, and when it explodes, the oil is scattered just where it is wanted. By the application of this rocket at a distance of twenty hundred ft Eleon hundred feet from the ship, a stream of oil was directed to two thousand feet square of water was covered with oil, and the waves were at once smoothed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Schools of Early California.

The San Diego Bee of the 27th ult. contained a statement made by Col. Ben Wright, one who said he was the pioneer education of California, during the recent session of the Educational Convention. The "Colonel" said that the rule of Catholic Spain schools were prescribed and maintained under national administration. The cost of California, then called Alta California, was published by religious orders at Spain's schools were established in addition to the moral and religious teachings of the Jesuits Fathers to whose care the tribal wards were committed. These schools were Pious Fathers of the Franciscan Missions from Spain, men retired from the world, people of distinction in the life of those days and statesmen.

YOU SUFFER

from Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Sour Stomache, Colds, Fever Troubles, Jaundice, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coating of the Tongue, Bad Breath, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Low Spirits, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, Female Complaints, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gravel, Dropsy, Blood Taints, Impure Complexion, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Eczema, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Consumption, Wasting Away, Night Sweats, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Impotency, Sterility, Any Ailment Arising from Impure Blood, Any Ailment Arising from Impure Blood, Any Ailment Arising from Impure Blood.

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will cure you. They have cured tens of thousands. They proved to be prime of superiority. Sugar coated, purely vegetable, contain no calomel, mercury or mineral of any kind. Do not gripe, never sicken, easy to take, mild in operation, and for most reasons be especially the favorites of women. Ask for

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Direct Importer!
The Largest Assortment!
Lowest Prices!
LACES FOR ALTARS.
LACES FOR SURPLICES.
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BY THE YARD OR IN PATTERN.
From the cheapest mesh to a foot of real lace—Laces from all the Laces in Europe for the purpose intended.
N. B.—Made by Machinery.

IRRIGATE!
THE "CYCLONE" WIND ENGINE
Will raise water from any depth and force it to any distance
Enough for Alfalfa, Fruit and Oranges.
SIMPLE, STRONG, POWERFUL, SELF-REGULATING.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue
Pacific MANUFACTURING Company,
934 and 936 Mission Street,
San Francisco.
109 and 111 North Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon.
211 to 215 J Street, Sacramento.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHURCH CANDLES.
Before ordering Christmas Supplies PRICE THE LIST, please call and examine my stock and thereby patronize a home industry.
Mission - Soap - and - Candle - Works.
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OFFICE AND SALESROOM, 108 Bush St., San Francisco.
WE FULFILL SUPPLY CONSTANTLY ON HAND. Order from City and the Interior respectfully solicited. I can refer to High Ecclesiastics of the Church as to the excellent quality of Candles I manufacture.

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VERY LOW PRICES.
Large Consumers Special Rates.
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N. B.—Made by Machinery. Fresh Every Hour.

THE "CYCLONE" WIND ENGINE
Will raise water from any depth and force it to any distance
Enough for Alfalfa, Fruit and Oranges.
SIMPLE, STRONG, POWERFUL, SELF-REGULATING.
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THE MONITOR.
FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.
THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1888.

The New Bishop of Vancouver Island.

The Cathedral of St. Andrew, in Victoria, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, was on Sunday last, the scene of one of the most imposing rites in the elaborate ceremonial of the Catholic Church. On that day a Prelate was consecrated to preside over the destinies of that See, in the person of HENRY REV. JOHN NORBERT LEMMENS, who was born on the 3rd of June, 1850, at Schimmert, in the Province of Limburg, Holland. The new Bishop was educated at the American College, Louvain, and was ordained by the Vicinia Missionum Marchi 29th, 1875, arriving at the See to which he was subject, on August 21st, 1876.

The first mission undertaken by FATHER LEMMENS was at Nanaimo and among the Indian tribes adjacent to Victoria. Then he was appointed Rector of the Cathedral at Victoria, and in 1885 he went in company with Father J. Noclaye to give missions among the Indians of the West coast of Vancouver Island. FATHER LEMMENS was always a great favorite with Archbishop Seghers, and it is said that the martyred Prelate intimated a desire to have him as his successor in case he never returned from his missionary tour among the glaciers of Alaska.

When the duty devolved upon the Rev. Clergy of selecting a successor to Archbishop Seghers, they were almost unanimous in their choice of FATHER LEMMENS, who possesses many virtues which can adorn the character of a Prelate in the Church of God. The Bishop-elect is not only a ripe scholar but he is also a profound theologian; he is a phenomenal linguist, and his experience among the Indian tribes well qualifies him to succeed Alaska's martyred Prelate and to take up the work of the Diocese whose Archbishop Seghers laid it down.

The imposing ceremonies on Sunday last drew together a large number of the Prelates and Priests of the Northwest, among whom were the Archbishop of Oregon, Most Rev. W. H. Gross, who was the consecrating Prelate, and nearly all the Suffragan Bishops of the Oregon Province, including Rt. Rev. Aegidius Junger, of Nesqually; Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, of Montana; Rt Rev. A. J. Glorieux, of Idaho, and Rt. Rev. L. J. De Herbomez, O. M. I., of the Vicariate Apostolic of British Columbia. A Victoria correspondent has kindly promised to send us a full account of the ceremonies, which we hope to receive in time for our next issue.

A Great Encyclical.

In the language of commerce, it will "pay" every Catholic and non-Catholic in America to peruse with care and attention the superb Encyclical letter of the Holy Father on "Human Liberty," which we publish in full this week. It should be read aloud in every family circle; the Catechisms of youth boys and girls in every college, academy and parochial school in America, so that the rising generation of Catholics might have a thorough understanding of true liberty which the Holy Father so forcibly interprets as "the highest gift of nature." This Encyclical is a masterpiece of erudition and a mountain of logic. It places Pope Leo XIII. in the foremost rank of his wises predecessors and it will exercise a vast influence in opening the minds of millions of Catholic to the difference between liberty and license.

—The Rome organ of the Italian government charges the Pope with provoking rebellion against the government, because the Holiness advised the Italian clergy not to obey the law passed suppressing tithes—the law being subject. The Government had decreed the abolition of tithes, but through the Sacred Penitentiary the clergy received instructions to refuse absolution to those who insist upon exemption from an obligation imposed by conscience and confirmed by the prescription of the Council of Trent "When the New Code comes into operation," says the *Tribune*, "clergymen will no longer be permitted to compel Catholics to revolt against the law of the State." That is to say the priests and the faithful will be punished or criminals for obeying the teaching of the Church.

—The revelations of the Mitchelstown inquest into the causes of the death of John Mandeville, which we publish on the third page of this issue, add another lurid chapter to the history of Castle rule in Ireland that has not been equalled in the atrocity it displays since the days when the men of Ninety-eight were murdered in prison by Castlereagh's myrmidons. The fate of Mandeville and the suicide of his jailor-doctor show how true was the declaration of Mr. Bunn, that it was the cold-blooded purpose of Balfour to kill all the Irish leaders by the slow but sure death-dealing operation of the coercion prison-system.

—A subpœna from Rome brings the pleasing intelligence that Rev. J. S. Foley, rector of St. Mathew's church, Baltimore, has received the nomination of Bishop of the diocese of Detroit, succeeding Bishop Borgess, who resigned one year ago, and that Rev. J. J. Hennessy of St. John's church, St. Louis, is to be Bishop of Wichita, Kas., succeeding Dr. O'Reilly, the first Bishop, who died last year.

—The immigration from Italy promises to be fully equal to that from Ireland, if the present excuse keeps up for a few years. Last year 45,720 Italians landed in New York, and for the first six months of this year the number was 58,155. Italy, like Ireland, is groaning under excessive taxation, a lack of home industries, and bad government.

—Cardinal Howard is dying, papers having recently been offered up in the Lourdes churches for his speedy recovery or happy death.

General Sheridan Dead!

On last Sunday night winged words of sadness were wafted over the wires from the East. The death of GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, the hero of a hundred battles, although not altogether unexpected, cast a gloom of sadness over the city which was typified by the numerous half-mast flags that drooped on their staffs, seeming as if the very Stars and Stripes had become imbued with the sorrow which thrilled every heart that pulsated beneath its folds.

GENERAL SHERIDAN was a typical Irish American Catholic. He was born of Irish parents in Perry County, Ohio, in the year 1831. Passing through his graduation course in West Point in 1853, he was sent out to Oregon, where he did duty and saw much service for several years, taking an active part in the numerous Indian difficulties which transpired in the Northwest during those days. At the breaking out of the Civil War he entered at once upon active duty as Captain, and literally fought his way to promotion until he achieved the highest honor a soldier can win, the station of Major-General of the American Army.

GENERAL SHERIDAN deserves the grateful prayers of Catholics for his soul, not only because he was a noble type of the Irish-American race, but particularly because in all his wonderful prosperity as he ascended the dizzy heights of fame, he never forgot the lowly refuge in he had learned at his mother's knee.

Fortunately for GENERAL SHERIDAN'S fame, he did not think that to forsake the Faith of his fathers was a necessary act in order to achieve renown. He did not ignominiously renounce his faith, as many foolish people do, under the false impression that by casting off their Catholicity they can rise higher in the social scale.

For such cowardly Catholics let the career of GENERAL SHERIDAN be a shining example. Let them learn from his life, that the Catholic who clings to his Church throughout his earthly career, is the best citizen in civil life and the bravest soldier in the defence of his native or adopted land. Apostates are always cowards, and though they may purchase place and pelf at the expense of their soul's salvation, they are generally despised by the very men Catholics into whose society they push their perverting presence.

GENERAL SHERIDAN died a happy death. For months before his demise he was visited almost daily by the Rev. Clergy of St. Matthew's church, Washington. His sick chamber was cheered by the constant attendance of Sisters of Charity, and he had every comfort and consolation which our holy faith provides for those sick unto death. The funeral will take place from St. Mathew's Church, in accordance with Mrs. Sheridan's wishes, and will be of the simplest possible character. Cardinal Gibbons will officiate and the obsequies will be attended by an immense concourse of Prelates, Priests and the laity. Previous to the interment of the body in the Soldiers' Home, the Cardinal will consecrate that part of the cemetery which is to be set apart for the General and his family, and then the body will be consigned to the grave with full military honors.

May the soul of GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN rest in peace! May the souls of his scores of war in this world, find eternal rest in the peaceful abode of an everlasting Heaven!

—No event in recent days seems to have aroused the indignation of the Irish people equal to the cruel imprisonment of John Dillon, representative in the Parliament of East Mayo, the Catholic Clergy of which recently met and passed resolutions condemning the Tory torturers of this most estimable Irish patriot. The Rev. Clergy say: "We consider his imprisonment cruel, because, even supposing him a criminal, which few will admit, it is excessive in the opinion of all impartial and fair-minded men. We consider it unjust, because, whilst he was entitled to be judged by a jury of his own countrymen, he had been judged by the Castle Resident Magistrate and sentenced with exceptional severity, not because of his alleged offence, but because of his great influence, which all who know him believe to be exerted always for good and never for evil, and we consider it inhuman, because if continued even half way to the end, it will cause his death—a result inconsonant with his supposed crime, dreaded by his country, which he has so ably, loyally, and unselfishly served, but a result, short of reason to believe, ardently desired by his mean and unscrupulous political foes."

—We call the particular attention of our readers this week to the Pope's Letter to the Irish Bishops which we print in full in another column. This document makes clear to every Catholic that the Holy Father is no more the enemy of Ireland because he found it necessary to condemn Catholic morality as the basis of political action in Ireland, than is the only Church of God the enemy of mankind because she prohibits her children from performing hundreds of actions which are permissable among Protestants.

—Her. Dr. F. Cassidy, who for some time past has been the President of St. Columba's College, Londonderry, has just arrived in Rome where he has been appointed to the position of Vice-Rector of Irish Colleges.

—Among the candidates for Holy Orders ordained by Archbishop Heurdea while in Louvain, was Her. James C. Clowes, a native born in the United States, but who intends to devote his life to God in the diocese of Trinidad.

—At the request of the Archbishop of Chalcedon, the Holy Father has granted an indulgence of three hundred days to all the faithful who with contrite heart, recite devoutly the "Ave Maria Stella."

—Bishop Gross recently gave an audience to a delegation of workingmen from Sheffield, and he told them that when his second Home Rule for Ireland has political career would end—but not till then.

—Cardinal Manning is now in his 81st year, having been born on July 15th, 1808.

THE FORGED BILLS.

The Peter-Pence Proviso Continued—More Proofs Exhibiting the False Character of the Stipulation—King John's Surrender of Religious Rights to the Pope—Important Documents Relating Thereto—Additional Evidence of the Fractious Nature of the Two Bulls of Adrian and Alexander—The Editor of Cambrensis Criticises Our Article.

In our last issue we showed from reliable historical authority that Ireland never paid Peter-Pence to the Pope, in accordance with the clause of the bogus Bull attributed to Pope Adrian. But we have still further proof to offer in this direction. During the Pontificate of Pope Innocent III., a demand was sent by that Pontiff to the Bishops of England, (*but not to those of Ireland*) demanding some over-due Peter-Pence from them. This is strong evidence that Pope Innocent III., either never knew of any Bulls by Popes Adrian and Alexander, requiring Peter-Pence from the Irish people in accordance therewith, or, if he had ever heard of them he looked upon them as utterly unreliable.

On page 187 of the first volume of the *Chronicles of Hyner*, *Eadera etc.*, will be found a document from Pope Innocent which still more forcibly sets forth the fact that the Pope never knew that any Peter-Pence was promised by King Henry II., on the part of the Irish people. The document in question is a Letter which Pope Innocent addressed to Cardinal Nicholas, Bishop of Tusculum, Legate of the Apostolic See in England, and also to Pandolphim, Sub-Deacon, and a familiar friend of the Sovereign Pontiff. In that Letter Pope Innocent says:

"As every house throughout all England is you very well know—must give a very, very penny as the revenue due to the Holy See, the Prelates of England, who have collected the revenue in the times, have disposed of it against the will of the owner, and they have not found to keep the greater part of it for themselves. They have sent 1,700 only three hundred marks; and they have kept more than one thousand marks in their own hands.

Wishing, therefore, that the rights of the Roman Church be protected, We command you by the authority of this letter, and We enjoin strictly, that you resolve in the first place your own hands, and cause that have been paid up to this time, and to obtain them, if necessary, by ecclesiastical censures without appeal. Then you shall send them formally, in Genoa, to pay integrally the balance. We do not see what title they can allege; they cannot produce a privileges granted to them by the Holy See, nor can they prove a prescription of one hundred years against the Roman Church.

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Then the prince promises, among other things, to pay to the Pope one thousand pounds sterling every year, being 5700 for England, and 2300 for Ireland, under pain of forfeiture for himself as well as for his successors.

When offering his kingdom to the Holy See, John had a splendid opportunity whereby to refer to the Bull of Adrian, which, about seventy years previously, had, if a alleged, generously given over the spiritual and temporal affairs of Ireland to the Holy Roman Pontiff. If his father, King Henry II. The prince was aware of the alleged existence of the Bull, because the kingworshiping Cambrensis had dedicated to John a few years before, the third edition of his *Expugnatio Hibernica*, into which the bogus document was inserted. In fact, so eager was Cambrensis to attract the attention of King John to the bogus Bull, that he wrote the mark by a special appeal to the king in the dedication of the work, calling the particular attention of his Majesty to that document. This of itself is very much like one of the many disreputable tricks which Cambrensis was famous for, and it also tends to cast additional doubt upon the authenticity of the Adrian Bull.

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Instead of acting in this rational way, however, we find the ruling monarch addressing the Holy Father as if he, the King of England, was entering for the first time into negotiations concerning Peter-Pence with the Pope of Rome. We must, therefore, come to the conclusion that, even in the estimation of the 4 and successor of King Henry II., the Bull Adrian had no value as an official document—even when he was in treaty with a inclinate successor of the Pope who at and to its made it.

If we are astonished at the silence of King John regarding the Adrian's Bull, what excuse can be given for the silence of Pope Innocent III. on the subject? It will be also remarked that the Pope to whom King John bemoan silence, says nothing, of the Bull of Alexander, though that document decrees that a very large sum should be paid as Peter-Pence by the people of Ireland to the Pope, where John offered the paltry sum of three hundred pounds sterling.

Now we ask any commonsense citizen, who has the slightest idea of diplomacy, if Innocent III. would have ignored the Bulls of Adrian and Alexander could not have been alleded to on such a important occasion as the one we have described—*provided they were known to Rome?* Every person familiar with the mode of procedure in the execution of important treats in Rome, where the interests of a single nation are at stake, will admit that there is no Court in Europe where grander documents are more frequently displayed than in by the Chancellor of the Papal Court. That official has ever been noted for declaring that the Sovereign Pontiff "walks in the footsteps of his predecessors Pope Sylvester, and so, that he "continues the work they have commenced," and then reference is made to Bulls, Briefs, Consulatas or Letters which formerly treated of the question under immediate consideration.

The case of King John and Pope Innocent offered the Papal Chancellor the opportunity which the Roman Chancellor would have been delighted to take advantage of by introducing the ancient official style of "*Pseudonorum mulierum colloquia, insinuantes, renunciantes, opponentes, ponentes et confirmantes, etc.*" if he was afforded the opportunity. But that school found no document of any "predecessor" of Pope Innocent, in whose footsteps his Holiness could "walk," nor could the latter offer coercive his Pontiff to "continue" a course of conduct which neither Adrian nor any other Pope ever commenced! It is perfectly certain, therefore, that neither the Pope himself, nor any official connected with the Papal archives, knew anything of the so-called Bull of Adrian during the Pontificate of Pope Innocent III.

We now come to another very important feature in this surrender of his kingdom on the part of King John. It takes the form of a bargain, and although King John offered "the kingdom of Ireland" to the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ *totally spurned the gift!*

In a reference to Rymer's *Chronicles* (Vol. i, pp. 179) will discover that the Bull of Pope addressed to the Irish people on October 27th, 1213, in which his Holiness informs the Irish people that "Ireland never joins therewith the same England. The Pope styles John "King of the King of Ireland." Now, the Pope, the King of Ireland, John—through the act of donation made by King John—to the Church, and that she possesses "a special right over that kingdom," but does not say that the Church also received by John, as a temporal power whatever *over Ireland!*

Need we comment on those facts? We think not. They prove, with all the force of truth that Pope Innocent III. will know that although King John of England offered his Holiness full temporal sovereignty over "kingdom of Ireland," still that monarch did not possess a single particle of title to any inch of that island. Hence the Pope wisely ignored John's proposition because he knew that his title was mythical.

In commenting the people of Ireland as to the best course they should pursue in their diplomatic relations with England, Pope Innocent, in the same Letter, says to the "obedience" or "submission" to any English monarch. His Holiness recommends "tranquillity and friendship" on the part of the Irish people towards the Bishops. Nor do we see how the Pope could do otherwise, because the Vicar of Christ was fully acquainted with the fact that the Sovereign of the English kingdom—possessed no temporal power whatever over the Bishops, princes, nobles and people of Ireland. Hence his Holiness could never think of asking them to exhibit their allegiance to any King John and his successors.

Pope Innocent was also well aware of the fact that only a small fraction of Ireland was in the possession of the English, and that the greater portion of the island generally ignored its independence. The Kings of Ireland generally continued to exercise their regal functions in peace; and the chieftains of Ireland which the English did not occupy preserved their independence inviolate. But even supposing that the Pope had ordered submission to King John on the part of the Irish people, such a mandate could only affect those within the English Pale, or the territory which Strongbow and his satellites had stolen by force and fraud.

Returning to the Letter which King John sent to the Pope, we call the attention of our readers to the £300 which that prince promised to send to Rome as his tribute from Ireland. But as little value did Pope Innocent III. place upon the king's voluntary offering, that his Holiness entirely avoided all reference to the "tribute" the Irish people! Like the "gift" of the kingdom of Ireland" which John presented to the Pope, his Holiness received the promised £300 as a myth which looked far more substantial upon the bond of surrender than it was in reality!

In point of fact King John derived no regal title whatever from Ireland. Henry II., who sanctioned the aged abject three centuries after King John, never took against Ireland, and, in delegating it to the Pope, he styles himself King of England and Lord of Ireland. But the Lord knows his "lordship" in Ireland hardly amounted to anything, as he never added a single inch of land to the territory his henchmen usurped! On the other hand, it is known to all readers of history that it was not until the time of Pope Pius IV., that Ireland was created into a kingdom, and this occurred some three hundred and fifty years after King John had offered "the kingdom of Ireland" to a Pope who had no idea of becoming a receiver of stolen goods!

Whilst we are treating of this era in English history, it may not be inappropriate to introduce another instance where the Bull of Pope Adrian was quoted in the pretended Bull of Pope Adrian bulls, but it is not to be forgotten that Ireland never paid Peter-Pence to the Pope, in accordance with the clause of the bogus Bull attributed to Pope Adrian. But we have still further proof to offer in this direction. During the Pontificate of Pope Innocent III., a demand was sent by that Pontiff to the Bishops of England, (*but not to those of Ireland*) demanding some over-due Peter-Pence from them. This is strong evidence that Pope Innocent III., either never knew of any Bulls by Popes Adrian and Alexander, requiring Peter-Pence from the Irish people in accordance therewith, or, if he had ever heard of them he looked upon them as utterly unreliable.

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Farm and Home.

A LESSON IN BUTTER.

A little maid in the morning sun,
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh! how I wish the butter was done,
Then off to the fields I'd be turning."
So she hurried the dasher up and down,
Till the farmer called with half frown—
"Don't pity the churn so fast, my dear,
It is not good for the butter,
And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
And yet you all is a flutter;
For this is a rule when we turn,
Don't be in haste, whatever you churn—
"Churn slowly!"

"If you want your butter both also and sweet,
Don't churn with another intent,
But pity the dasher slowly and neat,
You'll hardly know that you're working;
And when the butter has come you'll say
'Yes, surely, this is the reward
"Churn slowly!"

Now, all you folks, do you think that you
A lesson can find in butter?
Don't be in haste, whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter;
And when you stand at Life's great churn,
Let the farmer's words to you return:
"Churn slowly!"

Facts for Farmers.

—Cows should be milked at regular hours.

—About 100 different kinds of insects are now known to attack corn.

—Shade trees add to the good appearance and comfort of the farm.

—Profit and loss in crops is often determined by careful or careless cultivation.

—May the farmers find time and inclination to undertake less work and do it more thoroughly.

—The secret of success in transplanting, is to keep the roots always moist, and set with dirt firmly packed about them.

—The successful farmer not only profits by his own experience, but also keeps an eye open to the experiments of his neighbors.

—Economy in feeding demands that fodder be used only where it is needed, and that kept in thorough repair.

—Slightly any portion of the farm work generally resolve in ultimate loss, and farmers sometimes make a mistake in hiring too little help.

—Trees intended for shade should not be overstimed, but rather allowed to spread their branches before attaining to great height of trunk

—Use the very best seed and you will realize from the products more than enough extra to pay the difference in cost; the same rule will apply to breeding stock and poultry, and in fact everything on the farm should be of the best quality you can get.

Long-headed, systematic planning is as necessary to the farmer as to the business man. The old notion that any man can be a good farmer proves to be a mistake. Farming has grown to be a science, and the more who make it a success belong to the same school, far-seeing alone as would be successful in any other class of business.

—"Hog Cholera" is said to have attacked stock, on many ranches near Gilroy, one farmer having lost 25 hogs from this cause week before last. Dr. Bastlaigh has recommended a preparation of sulphur, charcoal and copperas to be given not animals with their food and to thoroughly cleanse pens

Garden and Orchard.

—Let the garden be conveniently located where it can be always cared for properly and everything done in season.

—Every farm should be well supplied with fruit, which will prove a source of health and economy for the family, as well as profit, when raised in sufficient quantity to sell.

—The south side of a building affords an excellent protection to trees in winter, and it often happens that such trees bear fruit when the beds of other trees have been destroyed.

—Now are the garden crops as fast as they appear, and prepare the ground for sowing turnips, which are not only good for table use, but afford an excellent winter food for stock, and will probably be the most profitable crop of the season.

Beware of First Steps.

One wrong step has brought many a man to crime, to prison, and death; and many a woman to shame, and sorrow, and due retention. One wrong acquaintance has lost many a person to rags and ruin. One bad bargain has brought many a man to poverty and want. A wrong courtship or wrong marriage has embittered many a joyous life, and broken many a noble heart with anguish and distress. On one single rock a single step made of bad wood. The first plan, the first drink, the first oath, the first gambling, the first theft—ah! What myriad of wrecks are heaped about such rocks as these. Beware of the first wrong step, and you will have no trouble about the second.

Story of a Lady's Bellcnie.

I have heard on good authority that there is an interesting relic preserved in Alwick castle to which a romantic legend is attached. The treasured relic is a lady's reticule, such as was commonly carried seventy years ago, and which did the duty of a pocket. On the night preceding the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington and his chief officers attended a ball at Brussels, given by the Duchess of Richmond, and Maj. Percy, who was present, became deeply interested in a lady whom he met for the first time. When "midnight brought the signal sound of strife," and Maj. Percy and the lady had to part with mutual regret, he begged of her some memoir of their happy meeting, and she resigned to him her reticule. Next day came the great battle, and Maj. Percy was selected to convey to Lord Bathurst the famous dispatch of the Duke, with his admirable description of the conflict, dated Waterloo, June 19, 1815. The precious document was conveyed to the minister, in the treasured reticule. The story as told to me ended with the sad conclusion that the major searched in vain for the owner of the reticule, and they never afterwards met.—*Selected.*

For the Ladies.

—Gray and white costume are fashionable.

—Lace dresses are more fashionable than ever.

—Gray and white and green of all tones are popular colors.

—Turned back unlacked waistcoats are a feature of many cloth bodices.

—The most suitable fabrics are especially suited for traveling dresses.

—Showy tassie gowns are of white serge braided with gilt and silver.

—A loose cloaker of white poppies with black hearts seems the favorablated garment for black lace bonnets.

—Green's the wear, even for stockings—pale green, dark shaded, with white, or shot green and white embroidered with both threads.

—Tuscaroes are much smaller than last season. Steels are used, but are not tied back so closely as heretofore, giving a more graceful effect.

Family Fun.

WITH ONE VOICE!

Let us be a formal manner
Give a medal made of leather
To the youth who never thinks of
Speaking of the author mother.

A HILARIOUS WIDOW.

Memories of Marriage Life Mentioned by a Matrimonially-Inclined Madam

A weather-beaten women, of melancholy and discouraged mien, sat in front of a drummer on a railroad train. She was clad in rusty mourning, and her appearance indicated that her loss was recent. When near Chicago she turned to the drummer and said:

"What place we coming to next."

"Chicago, madam."

"Lemme see; that's in Illinoy, ain't it?"

"Yes—certainly."

"I d ort to know, but I'd forgot I ben to Illinoy. I buried my first husband there bout twenty years ago.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and from Illinoy I want to leavy. I buried my second man out in Iowy, and I ain't ben there since. That was eighteen years ago. Went down to South Carliny from Iowy."

"Oh, did you? I've been there."

"You has? Ever been to a place called Black Scotta Forks? No? Well, Hon Dollson lays there.

"Was was Mr. Dodson?

"My third man, and a right smart fellow he was. He had a cousin named Hi Dodson. Ever run across him?

"I think not."

"You'd know it if you had. Every body liked Hi. Him and me ware married in Georgy, and he is buried nine miles from Atlanty.

"On, indeed! And do you live in Georgia now?

"Lord no! Ain't set foot there for over a dozen years. I went from Georgy way up to Minnesoty, and I met Tom Hixon up there.

"Tom Hixon!

"Yes; him and me lived most a year there after we was married. Him a blood old white moln we had kicked Tom so totally that I buried him one cold day under the snow ngar St. Paul and sold off and went out to Kansas, near Atchison, and took up a quarter section o' land jinin' a real smart man's named Dill.

"And you—

"Yes, I married Dill, and he took chills and fever three weeks and left me a widder fore the year was out. I tell you I had mighty bad luck.

"I should think so."

"That's what I have. There was Sim Barber, after me and him was married out in California we got along splendid, and was making money fast, when, all of a suddint, Sim gone hand frel down a 900 foot shaft, and, of course, I was a widder. Fare the poor man ever struck bottom.

"Then you left California?

"Yes; I stayed there sight or nine months and then Bob he wanted to—

"Bob who?

"Oh, Bob White. He was Ben's partner, and he never give me no peace till I married him. He is buried in the Black Hills.

"Great Cesar!" cried the drummer, "do you make a business of going round this country burying husbands?

The widder put her handkerchief to her eyes, and said in tones rebuke:

"That's a purty way to talk to a poor toss widder, that's got her husband's corpse in the baggage-car ahead, staking him out to Dacoty to lay bibb side of his other bin folks. You'd ort to be ashamed to be so onfeelin'!"

Pheasant Phonograms.

—It is now see their summer pants.

—A coat of paint has no bottom on.

—The earnest way to make an army fly is to break both its wings.

—When a grocer retires from business he weighs less than he did before.

—Nothing turns a woman's head so completely as a new bonnet just passing by.

—Why is a lover like a kernel of corn? Because he turns white when he pops.

—Happiness is only relative, and most people find that it is a distant relative.

—Pope (of Calvinistic faith, has just heard that Mollie was at the theatre last evening)—"Good morning, daughter of sin." Mollie—"Good morning, father."

—Ancient Greek coins have been discovered with the figure of a horse on them. We are glad to learn at last where horse car's originated.

—It does not require anything astonishing in the way of intelligence to shoe a horse, but there is a fortune in store for the man who can shoe a fly so that the little pest will stay shoed.

—Magistrate, to plaintiff with a bump on his head. "If your wife throws a dollcon at you why don't you dodge?" Plaintiff "I did, your honor, and that's how I came to get hit."

—"Why, Mrs. Bulled, how do you do? Quite well, how are you Mrs. Jonsel How did you find me in all the crowd? By your bonnet. It's the third summer for it is it?"

Joker's Dictionary.

—A gentleman of color—A painter.

—A kind of money—A young heiress.

—A "ring candidate"—An accepted young lady.

—Patrons of housebandry—Women.

—The real arrest cure,y—Policemen.

—Right month for pedestrians—March.

—A dark secret—Where the matches are kept.

Three of a Kind.

—Wife (tearfully)—Oh, John, John, why do you always come home full! Husband (soothingly)—Don't know, m' dear, 'less its nature abhors a vacuum.

—"Mrs. Fangle is a homeopathist, is n't she?" remarked an old lady during a call on a neighbor. "No, I don't think she is," was the rejoinder. "she's very addicted to when I call."

—At a summer resort—Bella—Oh, dear! What are we to do to day, without a man on the grounds? Carrie—Let's get a boat and row around the harp.

Doubtful Consolation.

Widow—Yes, the direct cause of my poor husband's death was a quantity of lobster soka that he ate. Minister (in a vein of consolation)—It must be a source of great consolation to you, my dear Mrs. Hendricks, that you didn't make the soka your guide.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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NEW YORK, 36 & 38 Barclay Street.
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Banners AND Flags
of all kinds.
Scarfs, Sashes, Collars, Badges, Hats, Caps, Metal Badges, Emblems, etc., etc.
Banner Crosses, Knobs, Spears, Eagles, Poles, etc., etc.
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Send for our Illustrated Price-List, in will prove to any aim's advantage to send for our estimate before ordering elsewhere.
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On the Pacific Coast.
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SAN FRANCISCO.
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THE OHIO BICYCLE CO., Sandusky, O.
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Paper Mache Busts MADE TO ORDER.
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IS THE MAN
To Have Your Parlor Sets, Lounges, Mattresses, Etc.,
REDUCED TO ORDER AND REPAIRED BY
250 EIGHTH ST., nr. FOLSOM
All Work Guaranteed One Year.

RAILROADS.

SAN FRANCISCO and NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD
"THE DONAHUE BRANCH OFFICE ROUTE"
(COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 15th, 1888, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Trains will Leave Tiburon and arrive at San Francisco as follows: Passenger Depot, Market street Wharf, as follows:

Leave S. F.	Destination	Arrive in S. F.
8:00 A. M.	Petaluma,	10:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	Santa Rosa,	6:20 P. M.
7:00 A. M.	Fulton,	9:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, and Cloverdale	6:20 P. M.
7:00 A. M.	Ukiah,	6:20 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Willits	6:20 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mountain and Mark West Springs. At Lytton for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for Kelseyville, Soda Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlisbad Springs, Barnes Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Tuley Springs, Bartlett Springs, Bloomfield City and the city of Lakeport.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, to Petaluma, $1.75; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $3.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $3.50; to Guerneville, $3.50.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael, at 7:00 A. M., 8:00 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M. Sundays, at 8:00 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M. For San Francisco from San Rafael and Point Tiburon—Week Days: 6:40 A. M., 7:40 A. M., 8:50 A. M., 10:40 A. M., 1:35 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:05 P. M. Sundays—8:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 11:40 A. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:05 P. M.

Trains for Point Tiburon leave San Rafael one hour later than those for San Rafael leaving at 5:05 P. M.

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THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

surprising how far removed from the justice and prudence of the Church are those who profess what is called liberalism. For, in allowing that boundless license of which We have spoken, they exceed all limits, and end at last by making no apparent distinction between truth and error, honesty and dishonesty. And because the Church, the pillar and ground of truth, and the unerring teacher of justice, is unable openly to compromise and condone tolerance of such an abandoned and criminal character, they calumniate her as wanting in patience and gentleness, and then fail to see that, in so doing, they impute to her as a fault what is in reality a matter for commendation. But, in spite of all this show of tolerance, it very often happens that, while they profess themselves ready to shower liberty on all in the greatest profusion, they are utterly intolerant towards the Catholic Church, by refusing to grant it the liberty which is its right.

TO SHUN OFFENCE, FOR CHARITY'S SAKE, to its principal basis, all that has been here written and that follows from it, the summary is this: that, by a necessity of his nature, man is wholly subject to the true and everlasting power of God; and that man has no liberty except that which must be in submission to God and in subjection to His will. To deny the existence of this authority, or to refuse to submit to it, is to act, not as a free man, but as one who reasonably abuses his liberty, and in such a disposition of mind the obedience of God is demanded.—This form, however, of this vice is manifold; for in more wayward degrees than one do the will depart from the obedience which is due to God or to those who share the Divine power. To reject the supreme authority of God, and to cast off all obedience to Him in public matters, and even in those which are private and domestic, is the greatest perversion of liberty and the worst kind of liberalism; and nations that act thus We have and applies in its fullest sense.

THE COURSE THE SYSTEM OF THINGS, who admit indeed the duty of submitting to God, the Creator and Ruler of the world, inasmuch as all nature is dependent on His will; but who boldly reject the laws of faith and morals, which are above the natural order, and are revealed by the authority of God; who at least assert that there is no reason why regard should be paid to these laws, at least in public by the State. He reviews such men also, and how inconsistent, we have seen above. From this doctrine, as the source and principle, flows that fatal maxim of the separation of Church and State, whereas, on the contrary, it is clear that the two powers, though dissimilar in functions and unequal in degree, ought nevertheless to live in concord, by the harmony of their actions and the fulfilment of their respective duties. But this maxim is understood in two ways.—Many wish the State to be separated from the Church by fully and entirely, so that in every right of human society, in institutions, customs and laws, in the offices of state, and in the education of youth, they would say no more account of the Church than if it did not exist; and, at most, would allow the citizens individually to attend to their religious duties, if they pleased. Against them in private and in public We have proved the doctrine of the separation of Church and State are conclusive; and with this additional argument, that it is absurd that the citizen should respect the Church, but the State despise it. Unless does it, opposed the existence of the Church, nor indeed would they put the same rights and duties and rights of a perfect society; and maintain that it does not belong to her to legislate, to judge, or to punish, but only to exhort, to advise, and to rule her subjects according to their free consent and will. By this opinion they would pervert the nature of the Divine society, and attenuate and destroy its authority, its office of teacher and its whole efficiency; and at the same time they would ignominious the power of the Civil government to such an extent as to subject the Church of God to the empire and sway of the State, like any voluntary association of citizens. We completely refute such teaching, the arguments often used by the defenders of Christianity, and set forth by Us, especially in the Encyclical Letter *Immortale Dei*, of great avail for by those arguments it is proved that, by a Divine provision, the Church is which essentially being a society that is legitimate, supreme, and perfect in all its parts, exist in the Church, THREE REMARK THINGS WHICH, WHILE THEY DO NOT APPROVE

the separation of the Church and State, think nevertheless that the Church ought to adapt herself to the times, and to conform to what is demanded by the modern system of government. Such an opinion is sound, if it is to be understood of an adaption that is consistent with truth and justice; in so far, namely, that the Church, in the hope of some good good, may dare herself to point, and may conform to the times in whatever her sacred office permits. But it is in no regard to perversion of morals and a false judgement in unlawfully introduced. Religion truth and justice, must ever be maintained; and as God has instructed these great and sacred things to the care of the Church, she can never be so unfaithful to her office as to dissemble in what is false or unjust, or to countenance what is hostile to religion.

From what has been said, it follows that it is in no way lawful to demand, to defend, or to grant, unconditional freedom of thought, of speech, of writing or of religion, if they were so many rights which nature had given to man. For if nature had really given them, it would be lawful to refuse obedience to God, and there would be no restraint to human liberty.—It likewise follows, that toleration in these things may be tolerated when there is just cause; but only with such moderation as will prevent its degenerating into license and excess. And where these liberties are given to me, men should use them in doing good, and should regard them as the Church does, for liberty to be regarded as legitimate in so far as it gives greater facility for doing good, and no further.

WHEREVER THESE REASONS DO THERE IS NEA, NOT TO FREE,

either an unjust oppression of the people, or a deprivation of the Church's liberty, it is lawful to seek for such a change of government as will give due liberty of action. In such a case it is not an excessive and violent liberty that is sought for; but only some relief, for the common welfare, in order that under the license for evil the power of doing good may not be hindered. Again, it is not of liberty to prefer a democratic form of government, if only the Catholic doctrine be maintained as to the origin and use of power. Of the various forms of government, the Church does not reject any that are fitted for the welfare of the subject; she wishes only—and this no more than prudence—that they should be constituted with out wrong to anyone, and especially without violating the rights of the Church. Unless through some exceptional condition of things it be advantageous to the citizens, it is well to take part in the administration of public affairs. And the Church approves of every one giving his services for the common good, and doing all that he can for the defense, and preservation, and prosperity of his country.

NEITHER DOES THE CHURCH CONDEMN those who, if it can be done without violation of justice, wish to make their country independent of any foreign or despotic power. Nor does she blame those who wish to give to the State the power of self-government, and to its citizens the greatest possible measure of prosperity. So long as it is without injustice, or injury to any one, the Church does not condemn the desire of those who wish to live under a form of government to which their character and habits of life are adapted. Nor does she condemn

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]
SIMS.

SUGGESTED BY THE READING OF JOHN BYROM'S VERSES.

Fill the potence and weld the cyrus,
Slander and torture the patient Hiram;
Do as you will—the truth survives,
Murder it if you can.
Burn the bonnes and poach the fables,
Scatter the peasant's modest yields,
Wield the power that a Satan wields,
Remember your mortious bane!
Smother a nation's suffering cries,
Justice and mercy and all despise;
But mark me, Jo-ies and jailer and lord—
God's principle never dies.

C. ASTROT DOYLE.

San Francisco, August 8, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]
THE BAPTISM.

Rejoicing upon calm Jordan's stream,
On to the hillery one,
One sun-lit morn, when Nature seemed
To smile with serenity;
Onward it rolled with murmuring sweet,
Thus hallowed by the Saviour's feet.

Two Men—the Saviour of the world—
The Lord of earth and sky;
In obeisance some at His Father's word
Long ere were born to die.
And stood within the waters bright,
To strengthened be 'gainst sin's dark blight.

Soon on His head the waters fell;
O children, sweet! behold!
St. John as alone as a consoling bell,
The words of absolving said:
In the name of the Triune God whose look
Was centred on Him and the flowing brook.

And lo! through the opening, nothing alike,
A glimpse of Heaven was sought,
And angels' songs in chorus rise,
With words of pleasure fraught;
And a voice spoke loud when the angels ceased—
"My Son, with Thee, I am well pleased."

And forth he went from the water's flow,
To begin His mission of love—
To heal man's heart of the wounds of woe,
And open the Eden above.
O! mighty Saviour of Christians sent,
Recapture our souls with grace again!

Oh! sweet away the stains that mar
Our positive souls. Once more
Make them as pure as a shining star
That lights the way to the heavenly shore;
Make them the image of thy face,
Aglow with innocence and grace.

ED. DEMPSEY.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]
THE SINNER.

[The following lines were suggested by a small painting in the late Exhibition in this city.]

Misery and varied the beauties of art,
Displayed in vistas of light and drapery rare;
But one, only one, is that gallery's line of fame
Appeals to the heart and touches a hoarded
feeling there.

Within a nooky of oak and of gold,
Stands a maiden whose fair, sweet face,
Is pale and wistfully, yet,
Tells a story of lost and innocent grace.

Pull over her shoulders and clouded her face,
And a shadow or dimpled hands
Holding a letter, with the following light,
A letter! Ah! yes! you can see by the glow
Of expressive face, shade and lighting the eye—
By the quick rushing breath through the lips
parted half—
*Somebody's written the words the heart can do
no.*

Somebody's pressed from afar o'er the sea,
To the chalice of life's fond lip, and has mashed
pride,
A letter whose every line the feeling reveals,
That hide her deep hands in his as a bride.

PENDOWNE.

TO JOHN DILLON, M. P.

In the silence of the prison, in the darkness of
thy cell—
Ay, "in prison or within a prison and a blacker hell
in hell"—
Where the shadows loom about thee, and the
sunlight cannot fall,
Save the pure light of the Spirit which defies
state dens to bind grand,

Oh, bentitah thee in thy bondage of the sunshine
hearts yet free,
Who would share that bondage gladly—here to
tell and share with thee,
For that chasm to them ever honor, and their
proudest boast would tell
How they fought with thee for Ireland in a foil-
on's pork and sell.

Do they think—the puny dwarfs—the sickly
crews on land they call
Do they deem thy mass is broken—far as ever
from its goal?
Do they willing bind their vision to the course
of the hour,
That perchance their coming rule and the downfall
of their power?

From the misty plains of England, where thy
name is loved as well;
From the Green Isle of Old Scotland rings to day
thy gentlest knell—
Kindly Britons, kindred Scotsmen, league as
brothers by thy side,
And the freedom of thy country—hoice with the
"Sorting tide."

But forgotten be that country, and defamed be
her name!
Be her hill still wrongs and suffering 'neath a hotter
fal tyrant's lawn,
If, when Vinty gives her banner, blas-ed on
that banner's crest
Shines not forth the name of Dillon 'mong his
brave and her best!

TIMOTHY S. CURRIE.

THE PRIEST AT GASTRIE.

If pleasure were the aim and end of all,
And life, so called, to be the ultimate bound
Of my existence; then this thrilling sound,
Tumultuous music of the waterfall
At play forever with the rocks, might call
My days to pomp, and this spacious ground,
Where nature's latest cleverness abound,
Might be my conch, and they, at last, my pall.

But this all yielding earth is not my home,
Nor the dark forest my abiding place;
These pomp blooms but captivate the eye;
The sheer anterlacy mocks me, and I come,
To guide a wayward and rebellious race
To Him who bore His cross to Calvary.

ROSETTE.

—Subscribers will please look at the date printed on their paper or wrapper, and if they find that their subscription has not been paid, they will help the MONITOR financially by remitting $1 00 promptly.

Literary Miscellany.

The Mystery of the Thatched House.

A Story of Absorbing Interest.

CHAPTER I

It was a clean, bright, wholesome, thoroughly lovable house. The first time I saw it, I fell in love with it, and wanted to live in it at once. It fascinated me. When I crossed its threshold, I felt as if I had opened a book whose perusal promised enchantment. I felt a passionate longing to have been born here, to have been expected by the brown old watchful walls for years before it had been my turn to enter in this world. I felt disposed of my rights; because there was here a board of wealth which I might not touch, place just beyond the reach of my hand. I was tantalized; become the secrets of a sweetly odorous past hung about the shady corners and the sunny window frames and the grotesque hearth pieces; and their breath was no more to me than the scent of dried rose-leaves.

It was my fault that we hung't the Thatched House. We wanted a country home; and, hearing that this was for sale, we drove many miles one showery April morning to view the place, and judge if it might suit our need. Aunt Featherstone objected to it from the first, and often boasted of her own sagacity in doing so, after the Thatched House had proved itself an incubus—a dreadful Oil Man of the Mountains, not to be shaken from our backs. I took so much enough to tell her that temper, and not sagacity, was the cause of her dislike that April morning. We drove in an open phaeton, and Aunt Featherstone got some drops of rain on her new silk dress. Consequently she was out of humor with everything, and vehemently pronounced her vote against the purchase of the Thatched House.

I was a spoiled girl, however; and I thought it hard that I might not have my own way in this matter as in everything else. As we drove along a lonely road, across a wild, open country, I had worshipped the broken grey old aspen rain clouds, and the hills, with their waving lines of light and their soft trailing shadows. I had sought the shower in my face, and laughed; and dried my limp curls with my pocket-handkerchief. I was disposed to kiss everything I saw, and clapped my hands when an stopped before the sad-looking old gates, with their mossy brick pillars, and their iron arms folded across, as if mournfully forbidding inquiry into some long buried up and forgotten mystery. When we swept along the silent avenue, my heart leaped up in greeting to the grand old trees, that rose towering lonely at every curve, spreading their manes of green foliage right and left, and flinging showers of diamond drops to the ground whenever the breeze lifted the tresses of a drowsy bough, or a bird poised its slender weight upon a twig, and then shook it suddenly into the shade.

Aunt Featherstone criticised and condemned the old carry mans as we drove by.

It was not the sort of thing we wanted at all, she said. It had not got a modern window, and it was all nooks and angles on the outside. The lower windows were too long and narrow, and the upper ones too small, and pointing up where the eaves in that old-fashioned, inconvenient fashion. To crown its absurdities, the roof was thatched. No, no, Aunt Featherstone said, it was necessary to think old houses to exist for the sake of pictures and romance; but as for people of common sense going to live in them—that was out of the question.

I left her still outside with her eye-glass levelled at the chimneys, and darted into the house to explore. An old woman presented me with a jingling bunch of keys, unlocking all the doors, throwing open the shutters and letting the long lines of sun shine full over the unoccupied rooms. It was all delicious, I thought; the long dining room with its tall windows opening like doors upon the broad gravel walk, the circular drawing-room with its stained-glass roofing, the double flights of winding stairs, the quaint passages, the numerous shallow recesses of all shapes and sizes opening one out of another, and cheeking each other from end to end of the house; and, above all, the charming old rustic balcony, running round the waist of the building like a belt, and carrying one, almost quite as a bird could fly, from one of those dear old pointed windows under the eaves, down amongst the flower-beds below.

I said to myself in my own silful way, "This Thatched House must be my home!" and then I set about casting Aunt Featherstone into a new way of thinking. It was not at all against her will that she completed the purchase at last. Afterwards, however, she liked to think it was so.

In May it was all settled. The house was filled with painters and paper hangers, and all through the long summer months they kept on making a mess within the walls, and forbidding us to enter and enjoy the place in the full glorious luxuriance of its summer beauty. At last, on driving there one bright evening, I found to my joy that the workmen had decamped, leaving the Thatched House clean and fresh and gay, ready for the reception of as and our goods and chattels. Lysang in through one of the open dining-room windows, and began wildly round the floor from pure delight. Pausing at last for breath, I saw the old woman who took care of the place, and who had on my first visit proved my shelters for me and jingled her keys, had entered the room while I danced, and was standing quietly near me from the doorway with a queer expression on her wrinkled face.

"Oh, ha! Nelly," I cried triumphantly, "what do you think of the old house now?"

Nelly shook her grey head, and shut on a satisfied look out of her small black eyes. Then she folded her arms slowly, and gazed all around the room musingly, while she said:

"Ay, Miss Lucy—wealth can do a deal; but there's things it can't do. All that the hand of man may do to make this place wholesome to live in has been done. Dance and sing now, pretty lady—now, while you have the heart and courage. The day'll come when you'd as soon think of stepin' all night on a tombstone as of standin' on this floor alone after sunset."

"Good gracious, Nelly!" I cried, "what do you mean!—Is it possible that there is anything—have you heard or seen—"

"I have heard and seen plenty," was Nelly's curt reply.

Then there, as I was arguing with the little instalment of our household goods, the old woman stood, and I and another word would I wring that evening from her pucker-ed lips. Her words haunted me, and I went home with my mirth considerably subered; and dreamed all night of wandering up and down that long dining room in the dark, and seeing dimly horrible faces grinning at me from the walls. This was only the first shadow of the trouble that came upon us in the Thatched House.

It seemed to degrees in nods and whispers, and stories told in lowered tones by the firside at night. The servants got possession of a rumor, and the rumor reached us. I shuddered in silence, and contrived for the first few months to keep it a jealous secret from my unsuspecting aunt. For the house was ours, and Aunt Featherstone was timorous; and the rumor, very horrible, was this—the Thatched House was haunted.

Haunted, it was said, by a footstep, which every night at a certain hour, went down the principal corridor, distinctly audible as it passed the doors, descended the staircase, traversed the hall, and ceased suddenly at the dining room door. It was a heavy, subdued foot, and walked rather slowly. All the servants could describe it minutely, though none could know that they had positively heard it. New editions of this story were constantly coming out, and found immediate circulation. To each of them was added some fresh harrowing incident, illustrative of the manners and customs of a certain shadowy inhabitant, who was said to have occupied the Thatched House all through the dark days of its past emptiness and desolation, and who resented fiercely the unwelcome advent of us flesh and blood intruders. The tradition of this lonely shade was as follows: The builder and first owner of the Thatched House was an elderly man, wealthy, wicked and feared. He had married a gentle young wife, whose heart had been broken before she consented to give him her hand. He was cruel to her, in a big bar harshly, and leaving her solitary in the lonely house for long winter weeks and months together, till she went and brooded over her sorrows, and died a maniac. Goaded with remorse, he had shut up the house and fled to the country. Soon the different people had finished the beautiful, romantic old dwelling, and made an attempt to live in it; but they said that the sorrowful lady would not yield up her right to any new comer. It had been her habit, when alive, to steal down stairs at night, when she could not sleep for weeping, and in with her own hand fling the doors wringing her hands, till the morning dawned; and now, though her form was laid in the grave, her ghost had been given her tears ought to have been long ago shed. The story went on to say that the sounds of her former wretchedness, but passed the pumps, and trod the stairs, and wept in the hall right after night, as of old. At the dining-room door the step was said to pause; and up and down the dreary hall would wander a wailing ghost was believed to sit, wringing her hands, till the morning dawned.

It was not till the summer had departed that I learned this story.

As long as the sun shone, and the roses bloomed, and the nightingales sang about the windows till midnight, I tried hard to shut my ears to the memory of old Nelly's hint, and look good sure not to mention it to my aunt. If the servants looked mysterious, I would not see them; if they whispered together, it was nothing to me. There was no short a time for the stars to shine but—as the slow darkening of the blue sky at night and the early quickening of flowers and birds and rosy beams at dawn, that there was literally no space for the accommodation of ghosts. So long as the sun shone, I said, the Thatched House was a dwelling of sunshine and sweet odors and bright fancies for me. It was different, however, when a wintry sky closed in around us, when solitary leaves dangled upon shivering boughs, and when the winds began to shudder at the windows all through the long dark nights. Then I took fear to my heart, and wished that I had never seen the Thatched House.

Then it was that my sore became gradually upon to the dreadful murmurs that were rife in the house; then it was that I learned the story of the weeping lady, and of her sorrowful life, and of her sad death. I did not believe, though the thumping of my heart, if I chanced to cross a landing, even by twilight, belied the courage of which I boasted. I forbade the servants to hint at such folly as the existence of ghosts, and warned them at their peril not to let a whisper of the kind disturb my aunt. On the latter point I believe they did their best to obey me.

Aunt Featherstone was a dear old, cross, good-natured, crotchety, kind-hearted lady, who was always needing to be coaxed. She considered herself an exceedingly strong-minded person, whereas she was in reality one of the most nervous women I have ever known. I verily believe that, if she had known that story of the footstep, she would have made up her mind to bear it distractedly every night, and would have been found fainting and stone-dead in her bed with fear. Therefore, as long as it was possible, I kept this secret from her ears. This was easy enough, however, at such shorter space of time than I had imagined it to be.

About the middle of November Aunt Featherstone noticed that I was beginning to look very pale, to lose my appetite, and to start and tremble at the most common place sounds. The truth was that the long sights of terror which passed over my head, in my pretty sleeping room off the ghost's corridor, were wearing out my health and spirits, and threatening to throw me into fever; and yet neither sight nor sound of the supernatural had ever disturbed my rest—some worth remarking, too, for of course, in my paroxysms of wakefulness, I heard a thousand horrible revelations. Night after night I lay in agony, with my ears distended for the sound of the footstep. Morning after morning I awoke weary and jaded, after my night's unrestful sleep, and resolved that I would be cheerfulness to my aunt, and implore her to fly from the place with me. But, when seated at the breakfast-table, my heart inevitably failed me. I succumbed to the mention of a headache, for my pale cheeks, and kept my secret.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

How they Know the Yankee.

An American tells this story of his foreign experience:

One day last fall, in company with an eminent clergyman of London, I was making my way toward the Thames Tunnel, when we were stopped by an elegant market-place pictures who seemed to know my companion. "Buy some of these pictures of the public buildings of London, sir," and he, "and you can give them to your American friends when you go home with him."

I was in a hurry, but my wonderment would have delayed me if I had been running to a fire.

"How in creation did you know I was an American?" I asked.

"Way, I couldn't mistake that," the picture-seller replied, with a good laugh, "you are an American all over."

I pressed the picture and then asked him to explain himself.

"I would know by your soft beaver hat," he said. "That is an American fashion. "Well, if it is, why not for that?"

He glanced down at my feet.

"Your boots would betray you. Nobody but Americans wear such boots."

"Well, what then?"

"Your coat and whiskers. Englishmen always wear the mutton-chop style."

"Well, anything more?"

"If you won't be offended, sir!"

"Out with it!"

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[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

How they Know the Yankee.

An American tells this story of his foreign experience:

One day last fall, in company with an eminent clergyman of London, I was making my way toward the Thames Tunnel, when we were stopped by an elegant market-place pictures who seemed to know my companion. "Buy some of these pictures of the public buildings of London, sir," and he, "and you can give them to your American friends when you go home with him."

I was in a hurry, but my wonderment would have delayed me if I had been running to a fire.

"How in creation did you know I was an American?" I asked.

"Way, I couldn't mistake that," the picture-seller replied, with a good laugh, "you are an American all over."

I pressed the picture and then asked him to explain himself.

"I would know by your soft beaver hat," he said. "That is an American fashion."

"Well, if it is, why not for that?"

He glanced down at my feet.

"Your boots would betray you. Nobody but Americans wear such boots."

"Well, what then?"

"Your coat and whiskers. Englishmen always wear the mutton-chop style."

"Well, anything more?"

"If you won't be offended, sir!"

"Out with it!"

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SWINTON'S BIGOTED BOOK

Judge Fallon of Boston Scores its Anti-Catholic Calumnies.

Judge Joseph D. Fallon, of Boston, had the following letter published in the *Herald* recently, as a stirring reply to a scurrilous attack on Roman Catholic Church. It will meet the hearty approval of the readers of the MONITOR.

To the Editor of the Herald.—I feel it my duty to make a solemn and indignant protest against the abuse, the calumnies, the slanders and the misrepresentations recently uttered and circulated during the past few weeks against the members of the school board of this city, Catholic and non-Catholic. I was present when the meetings recently held at Tremont Temple and Faneuil Hall by people who represented an average Boston audience. These meetings were principally composed of "British-American, so-called, and the Catholics of a certain unprincipled and foul-mouthed preacher, who, I regret to say, finds charger following in cultured Boston than in any other part of this enlightened and extensive country. The presence, however, of a few respectable people, spectators and others, at those meetings is my excuse to the public and to the school board, of which I am a member, for this unsuspecting assault.

Never has the public had less cause for alarm; never has there been less danger of any improper interference with our public schools than at present; never since I have been in the school board, and I have been a member of the school Committee since higher than it does at present, have the moral and intellectual tone of our schools to day are better attended, better taught, better in all those respects which help to make a well-rounded community than ever before. Why, then, this outcry against the school Committee? Why those slander and misrepresentations? The reason is that the Committee displaced a text-book and commenced a new one, and a teacher without just cause. Let us see.

On the 8 of May last a communication was received by the School Committee from Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf charging Mr. Charles H. Travers, a master in the Roxbury High School, with making statements in the course of his lecture one in history grossly insulting not only to the Catholic people of his school, but to every Catholic in the community, and asking for protest in such a repetition of these insults. The communication specifically charged Mr. Travers with of having an injudicious "a very misses to commit sin," and illustrating the charge by asking: "Do you remember he brought before a judge he would only have to put his hand to his pocket and produce a big bar harshly, and leaving her solitary in the lonely house for long winter weeks and months together, till she went and brooded over her sorrows, and died a maniac. Goaded with remorse, he had shut up the house and fled to the country. Soon the different people had finished the beautiful, romantic old dwelling, and made an attempt to live in it; but they said that the sorrowful lady would not yield up her right to any new comer. It had been her habit, when alive, to steal down stairs at night, when she could not sleep for weeping, and in with her own hand fling the doors wringing her hands, till the morning dawned; and now, though her form was laid in the grave, her ghost had been given her tears ought to have been long ago shed. The story went on to say that the sounds of her former wretchedness, but passed the pumps, and trod the stairs, and wept in the hall right after night, as of old. At the dining-room door the step was said to pause; and up and down the dreary hall would wander a wailing ghost was believed to sit, wringing her hands, till the morning dawned.

It was not till the summer had departed that I learned this story.

As long as the sun shone, and the roses bloomed, and the nightingales sang about the windows till midnight, I tried hard to shut my ears to the memory of old Nelly's hint, and look good sure not to mention it to my aunt. If the servants looked mysterious, I would not see them; if they whispered together, it was nothing to me. There was no short a time for the stars to shine but—as the slow darkening of the blue sky at night and the early quickening of flowers and birds and rosy beams at dawn, that there was literally no space for the accommodation of ghosts. So long as the sun shone, I said, the Thatched House was a dwelling of sunshine and sweet odors and bright fancies for me. It was different, however, when a wintry sky closed in around us, when solitary leaves dangled upon shivering boughs, and when the winds began to shudder at the windows all through the long dark nights. Then I took fear to my heart, and wished that I had never seen the Thatched House.

Then it was that my sore became gradually upon to the dreadful murmurs that were rife in the house; then it was that I learned the story of the weeping lady, and of her sorrowful life, and of her sad death. I did not believe, though the thumping of my heart, if I chanced to cross a landing, even by twilight, belied the courage of which I boasted. I forbade the servants to hint at such folly as the existence of ghosts, and warned them at their peril not to let a whisper of the kind disturb my aunt. On the latter point I believe they did their best to obey me.

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1888.

A Howling Orangeman.

The people of Humboldt county, in this State, have our deep sympathy in the disgrace which they must feel at having in their midst an anti American Orange Lodge, and a howling Orangeman who recently delivered himself of a most disgusting diatribe of abuse against the Catholic Church.

The occasion which brought together a few fanatical Scotchmen, Welsh Britons, Orangemen and bigots of that undesirable ilk, was the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, an episode in Irish history that has left a trail of sorrow in its wake which have occurred almost on every anniversary.

Men who celebrate the Battle of the Boyne are not Americans. They generally consist of the scum of Orange Lodges in Ireland from whence they have migrated far more for their country's good than to be of any benefit to the land that gives them shelter.

The impious, ignorant imbecile who made the attack on the Catholic Church to which we allude, should be arraigned before the next Grand Jury of Humboldt county as a disturber of the public peace, for his hatred of men of law is calculated to arouse the worst passions of men and to plunge a peaceable community into religious strife.

Passing over all the Orange twaddle which this Britain lago belched forth against the Catholic Church, we will merely allude to a few of the lesser lies in his long tissue of falsehood.

This backwoods bible banger is so utterly ignorant of even eminent men residing for years in his State, that he spits his spleen at Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Mora by styling them "Irish" (!!!) All the other "arguments" of that genuine Knownothing are, in intelligence, on a par with this assertion, hence we dismiss the pusillanimous preacher with the hope that Humboldt county may numerous be disgraced by having another installment of anti-Catholic intolerance from the same sectarian source.

—A correspondent in the Sandwich Islands informs us that Rev. George Wallace recently preached a discourse in that place, during which he endeavored to prove the antiquity of the English Church. Among other interesting facts he stated that recently a lease of land for 999 years to the British Crown expired in England, and the property reverted without question to the English Church as the original lessor. We have no doubt about the lease for 999 years having expired, but we will wager a keg of California wine against a bunch of bananas that the property did not belong to the Protestant Church of England 999 years ago. Henry VIII. founded the Anglican Church (old Scratch was in it, they say), and as that wife murdering wretch went out of the world in 1547, it is scarcely necessary to say that a lease for 999 years would extend back to the year 849, a period of the world when the word Protestant was unknown. If the English Church took any lands recently on the expiration of a 999 years lease, it must be charged with being a receiver of stolen Catholic goods, as that Protestant corporation had no more right to much land that it has to hundreds of churches and thousands of acres of land which it stole from the Catholic Church during the ruthless and robbery which marked the Reformation in England, Ireland and Scotland. The Rev. Wallace is "away off" in his history, and we commend him to a course of Macaulay before he opens his mouth again on this subject.

—The late Emperor Frederick must be added to the list of those great souls who, like Gordon, though not having the happiness of belonging to the Catholic Church, yet have found their chief consolation in that most Catholic of books, the "Imitation of Christ." In a letter from San Remo, addressed to his private chaplain, and just published, he writes of Queen Victoria (he then was) wrote: "You are right in speaking of patience and resignation. For me loss and sorrow don's suit; life is the Divine decree, it would not be easy to bear such a manner of life as it at present laid upon me. I am, of course, kept up by the loving care of my wife and surrounded by my children. But to have to remain so long away from home, especially considering the danger of my arrival before the next Grand Jury of Humboldt county as a disturber of the public peace, for his hatred of men of law is calculated to arouse the worst passions of men and to plunge a peaceable community into religious strife.

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POPE ADRIAN'S BULL.

Proof that Giraldus Cambrensis Knew it Was a Forged Document—His Epithets and Slanderous Sarcasm on Bulls. The "Agnus et Cauda" Critically Analyzed—More of Judge Magrath's Mistakes Made Manifest.

We will now revert to our readers another action of Giraldus Cambrensis, which will serve to show that he himself knew that the Bull attributed to Pope Adrian was a forgery. Giraldus says:

"At this Synod the Pope's Legate presided, St. Gelasius, the Primate of Ireland, having refused to attend."

Those paragraphs are all right, save that the Bull of Pope Adrian (it is strong: the year (1171) is issued; the "arming" of King Henry a bad bull; the Synod of "Cashell" is a myth; and the whole matter a mere *lodging fiction* manufactured by English writers in order to cover up King Henry's iniquitous invasion of Ireland! So far from being "armed with these Bulls," as Judge Magrath stupidly asserts, the bogus documents were lying (in far more senses than one) in some dark corner of Winchester Castle, ready to be removed into the light as soon as the parties whose names were *forged* thereto had "shuffled off this mortal coil." A pretty extensive reading of Irish history in connection with this question, justifies us in boldly asserting that no Conference of the Irish Hierarchy or Clergy was held in "Cashell" on October 18th, 1171. Her. P. J. Carew, in his "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," says that the Synod at which the bogus Bulls were for the first time publicly read in Ireland, was in the year 1175, and he mentions Waterford as the place.

In the Appendix to his work, Father Carew has given a list of the "Principal Synods held in Ireland before the Thirteenth Century." This list is copied from Lanigan's History, and the only Synods mentioned from 1162 to 1172 are the following.

1170 Synod of Armagh. This Synod decreed that all was English who were desired to settle in Ireland, should be restored to liberty.

1172. Synod of Cashel, by order of Henry II., convened for the purpose regulating some matters of ecclesiastical discipline.

Judge Magrath's statement concerning the Synod of October 18th, 1171, will have to be added therefore, to the other numerous "mistakes" for which his Honor is becoming daily more notorious.

Thomas Moore in his History of Ireland, also gives the year 1175 as the date when the manipulated manuscripts first saw the sunlight of Ireland fall upon their fabulous faces. This writer thus describes the manner of their introduction:

"It was about this time (c. c. 1175) that the Bull of Pope Adrian, granting the kingdom of Ireland to Henry II., and obtained by his Sovereign by the Holy See as for back as the year 1155, was drawn from its obscurity and produced to the world, with a long train of other Papal documents, all purporting to be addressed to Ireland, and all tending to the same purpose, namely, the enforcement of the Papal Bull of Ireland to Henry II. and the enforcement of the Papal authority in Ireland. Of the genuineness of the Bull of Adrian, and of the authenticity of the other documents, we have no other evidence than the Bull itself, and the circumstances of its being produced at the time when it was said to have been found, are such as to create a strong suspicion against the whole transaction. The Bull of Adrian had, indeed, been long known to the Irish Ecclesiastical body. We now turn to the "History of Ireland" by Sister Mary Francis Clare, popularly known as "the Nun of Kenmare," whom Judge Magrath vain gloriously alludes to as one of the Irish historians. She "utterly scoffs at the genuineness of the Adrian Bull" but in this regard, as in a great many other matters in her bad book, Judge Magrath misjudges this author's opinions from a random foot note. If the careless author of "Ireland and the Pope" had opened the Nun of Kenmare's work at page 269, he would have saved us the trouble of exposing his shallowness, as therein he would have read the following opinion of that estimable Sister, upon the favorable Letter which King Henry gave to Dermod MacMorrough, by which he sold the English monarch for help to remunate him in his Irish possessions:

"The royal letter ran thus: "Henry, King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitain, and Earl of Anjou, to all his liegemen, English, Scotch, Welsh and Norman, and to all the sea those under his dominion, sends greeting. As many as know that I have received Dermot into my lord, know that Dermot, Prince of Leister, has been received into the bosom of our great Sovereign Lord, Henry the Second, King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitain, and Earl of Anjou, and that he has given to him his land of Leinster, with all his rights, by the hands of his liege lord, and that whoever of our subjects in our territories, shall be willing to lend aid to Dermot, our prince and faithful and liege subject, let such person know that we do hereby grant to him for said purpose our favor and favor."

—Commenting on this Letter, the Nun of Kenmare says

"It is evident then is not even the semblance of truth in the Bull of Adrian, conferring the island of Ireland on Henry, although the Pope's Legate presided at the Synod at which it was said to have been found. The character of the Bull of Adrian is, in fact, sufficiently stigmatized by the following extract from that Synod:

"Thus ill News troubled the King beyond all Measure; and entered him to hasten his return out of Ireland. The Citizs of Waterford he left in the Custody of Robert Fitz Bernard, and Bishop Anto Hugh de Lacy. Robert Fitz Stephens, Maghee Fitz Henry and Raymond David were in a sort restrained, and to remain at Dublin with Lacy. Before his Departure from Dublin he gave order that Hugh de Lacy his Inheritance of all Meath, to hold of him at Fifty Kight Fees, and each John de Courcey he gave all Ulster if he could conquer it.

"A. D. 1173 When the Kyngs had taken possession of the Ancient Palace of Tara, which was in Waterford, where he unbraized, and arrived at Portlinan in Wales, haite a League from St David's, and in his Company Milo de Cogan, whom he carryed with hym out of Ireland, and from thence with all possible Expedition he passed through England, and so into Normandie."

Here we find that the only allusion to "Cashell" is that King Henry, being in the province of Munster in 1172, the Archbishop of "Cashell" paid him a visit. There was no *Synod*, therefore, or assembly this chronicler also was being in that period would have mentioned it, as it was an assemblage of the Irish Ecclesiastical body.

We now turn to the "History of Ireland" by Sister Mary Francis Clare, popularly known as "the Nun of Kenmare," whom Judge Magrate vain gloriously alludes to as one of the Irish historians. She "utterly scoffs at the genuineness of the Adrian Bull" but in this regard, as in a great many other matters in her bad book, Judge Magrath misjudges this author's opinions from a random foot note. If the careless author of "Ireland and the Pope" had opened the Nun of Kenmare's work at page 269, he would have saved us the trouble of exposing his shallowness, as therein he would have read the following opinion of that estimable Sister, upon the favorable Letter which King Henry gave to Dermod MacMorrough, by which he sold the English monarch for help to remunate him in his Irish possessions:

"The royal letter ran thus: "Henry, King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitain, and Earl of Anjou, to all his liegemen, English, Scotch, Welsh and Norman, and to all the sea those under his dominion, sends greeting. As many as know that I have received Dermot into my lord, know that Dermot, Prince of Leister, has been received into the bosom of our great Sovereign Lord, Henry the Second, King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitain, and Earl of Anjou, and that he has given to him his land of Leinster, with all his rights, by the hands of his liege lord, and that whoever of our subjects in our territories, shall be willing to lend aid to Dermot, our prince and faithful and liege subject, let such person know that we do hereby grant to him for said purpose our favor and favor."

"Commenting on this Letter, the Nun of Kenmare says

"It is evident then is not even the semblance of truth in the Bull of Adrian, conferring the island of Ireland on Henry, although the Pope's Legate presided at the Synod at which it was said to have been found. The character of the Bull of Adrian is, in fact, sufficiently stigmatized by the following extract from that Synod:

"Thus ill News troubled the King beyond all Measure; and entered him to hasten his return out of Ireland. The Citizs of Waterford he left in the Custody of Robert Fitz Bernard, and Bishop Anto Hugh de Lacy. Robert Fitz Stephens, Maghee Fitz Henry and Raymond David were in a sort restrained, and to remain at Dublin with Lacy. Before his Departure from Dublin he gave order that Hugh de Lacy his Inheritance of all Meath, to hold of him at Fifty Kight Fees, and each John de Courcey he gave all Ulster if he could conquer it.

"A. D. 1173 When the Kyngs had taken possession of the Ancient Palace of Tara, which was in Waterford, where he unbraized, and arrived at Portlinan in Wales, haite a League from St David

Farm and Home.

THE QUEEN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Flowers spring to bloom where she walks The careful ways of duty; Our hard, cold lines of life with her Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake, Our hearts more full of kindness, And all about her seems to invite Her quiet step and caress.

Unspoken benefits of peace Her daily life is spreading; The still refreshment of the day Is her benevolent breathing.

And never toiler bent his back Unlike the lover of idleness; Her portrait to the idle man's eye Hers stands in their trailing.

Her presence lends it warmth and health To all who come before it, It warms just as kindly, fresh And as silent rather as the sun.

And if the husband or the wife In home's strong light discovers Such slight defective as failed to meet The blinded eye of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? - who dreams Without their throw of roses, Or wonders if all the truest steel The smallest spark discloses?

For still in natural influence Lies the secret of true living; Love alone is love that never knows The sweetness of forgiving.

- F. G. WHITTIER.

Clever Irishwomen.

The "Madge" of "Girl's Gossip" in Mr. Labouchere's London Truth, is Mrs. O. J. Humphreys, a middle aged Irishwoman, who also writes much for various other papers.

Mrs Emily Crawford, the Paris journalist, is an Irishwoman, who remembers, as a child, being carried about on O'Connell's chariolers. She has a strong, handsome face, blue eyes, full of merriment and anfame, heavy black lashes and very abundant white hair, which she wears with extreme simplicity. She is a brilliant woman and an always interesting talker, full of wit and anecdote, never at a loss for a word, and without a speck of malice in her composition. She has extraordinary health and strength, and a beautiful unconsciousness of herself that is extremely taking. In a calm filled with beautiful women, and clever women, the statesman and the wits instantly gravitate in her direction. She is so good-humored, so amusing and so natural; a quick witted Celt by birth, a Parisian by education, and a good woman from principle—surely this is a happy combination.

Mrs. J. H. Riddel, one of the most charming of living novelists, is a cousin of Carlyle's. Her father was High Sheriff for the county Antrim, and soon after his death she went to London to have a struggle for fame. The battle was badly fought, but success crowned her efforts. She threw in a charmingly quaint cottage in Upper Halloway, not far from the Thames where she passes her leisure in cultivating her garden and raising quantities of fowls.

The Fashions.

The most elegant imported parasols are devoid of lace garniture, and are made of pretty cotton, silk, muslin, and silk mixed.

Wide ties are still growing fashion for round waists and their stylish belt advantage, bonbon and sleeve are in great demand.

Tan shoes are very generally worn both by men and women. With the latter, however, they seldom harmonize with the costumes, and, as a contrast, are not a success.

A French fashion writer, intent on enlightening general ignorance, imparts the grave information that it is bad form to wear a bonnet, however elegant, with a low cut corsage.

Recitations of pretty and effective poems and other short poems have become of late a popular form of entertainment at afternoon and evening parties, and is one that is especially suited to ladies.

—Among the late importations are exceedingly pretty 3 o'clock tea cloths, very delicately flowered, the more outlines of the flowers being worked in Chinese washing silks—pale pink or pale blue on a China silk ground of white or cream color.

—Maiden hair fern leaves, ivy, rose petals and a little cresson or pale olive green velvet are used to decorate the summer bonnets of tucked silk muslin or shirred tulle. Cream white is used instead of blue white for both net and silk muslin bonnets.

—The bare pins of enameled gold in pretty flower devices, delicate and dainty in pattern, being only large enough to catch together the airy folds of lace or mull at the throat, are much more fashionable than the heavier bar pins that have been popular so long.

Farm Notes.

—Care should be taken not to over drive horses during the summer; with sure and frequent watering a much greater distance can be covered without injury; but the most careful and matters judgment in a driver is necessary to make long, forced drives without injury to horses during hot weather.

—It is essential that young stock be kept steadily growing through the entire season, and, as the pastures gradually fail, feeding should commence before the animals begin to grow thin, as much loss will result from the attempt to give them a new start after they once begin to fail.

—The best time for dehorning is soon after the horns start growing; there is less pain and less risk at this time than later. The only possible objection to dehorning is on the score of cruelty, and experience will convince the most skeptical that it is less cruel than, to allow the animal to grow three weapons of injury to other stock with which they are pressed up.

Honey Biscuit.

—SOUR MILK BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, two level tablespoonfuls of soda, two large tablespoonfuls of lard, two cupfuls of sour milk. Mix with the hand as bread dough, only not so stiff. Roll out about an inch, cut and bake in a moderate oven.

—RICE BISCUIT.—Half cup pounded rice in enough milk to dissolve all the grains, adding it, boiling, salt to sheerhold. Sift four pounds of flour in a pan and mix this poor the rice and milk, adding salt and a large wineglass of yeast; knead and let rise until light. Bake into loaves and bake.

—During the winter the relative value of bran, oatmeal and other by-fodders to supplement coarse feeds, are being necessarily learned. Farmers are acquiring the many recently-developed principles of feeding, how to construct food rations, the injury and loss of one-sided feeds etc.

How to Cure a Cold.

The following instructions if properly carried out will cure the most obstinate cold, and comes to us highly recommended by a reader of the Monitor:

Fill a basin with boiling water, put into it one or more tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and before the steam escapes, cover the face and head with a large cloth and inhale the fumes of the steam as long as can possibly be done. It will be very trying to stand the strong odor of the turpentine, but if this baby feeling is conquered you will whether in the head or chest will instantly be cured. The progress may be repeated as often as desired, but usually beneficial effects are felt immediately after the inhalations. It is advisable to keep out of the way of draughts and cold after trying the cure.

Family Fun.

LEAP YEAR LINES

She asked him once, she asked him twice She asked him thrice in vain. He thought her friendship "very nice" But such time she's be loud.

At last, when he felt more inclined He wooed her for to try. He told her he had changed his mind; But she said, "So have I."

II

THE OPPOSITE WOMEN.

"Oh, what is that bell for?" the maiden inquired Of her lover who sat by her side. "Why that is a life-boat, to danger required," The happy young fellow replied.

"I think I am in danger," the maiden went on "And I need a life-boat very badly; I guess I must have one to keep your in grasp Said her love, "I'll be that boy gladly!"

Phunny Phonograms.

—Business relations—"Uncles."

—The greatest work of art is to make art pay.

—The Indian Question—"Where do you want us to go now?"

—Says a society critic: "Thackeray I listen to brilliant conversations to novelty, the more I like books."

—"Oh, cross of!" is the familiar strain in which fashion now addresses the bustle.

—Some one has asked, "where do flies go in winter?" We don't know, but we wish they would go there in summer.

—"Stockings! Yes ma'am. What number do you want? Customer. "Why, number! Why, two, of course. Do you take me for a centipede, or a one-legged retiree?"

—A young dame, now a business man has asked for four week's vacation this year. He says he will spend two weeks in the country getting rest and recreation, and two weeks in the city mentoring from the effect of the rest and recreation that he went get.

—Mr. Cleveland by the official count, catches three times as many fish as anybody else in his party. So last week Hamrach, practicing with a rifle at 120 yards, made a bullet eye every time. But the scorers, though impartial, are also sagacious.

—The Russian Prince Joullaxoikinski: if thinks of coming to this country. We advise him to get his name combed out before he does.

—Splendid: "I lost young Grandon a little money last week, Jack. Do you know him?" Jack: "Do I know him, I wish I had as many dollars as I know him!"

—Down at Atlanta a single were from a pretty woman's handkerchief will attract more attention than all the wares of old ocean put together.

—A magazine article is entitled "How a Letter Carrier Walks." Should you encounter it, and read it you will be surprised to learn that he walks with his legs.

—Policemen (to citizen) clinging to lamp post:—My friend, you will have to move on. Citizen "More (hic) oil. Gra-cious, officer. I'm (hic) makin' 50 mile'h hour now."

The score was Chicago, of pork packing fame; The maid had inherited wealth from the same, She was 18, 18, she was 18 and fair, Because he averred she's a six on her eye.

"Mother, may I not make a cake?" "No, my darling daughter, You fiddled last it and you'd be held Responsible for slaughter."

Perpetrations.

—The blackamith is always blowing about his work.

—A lock sheet cake, and a home run, dropped lightly upon the batter.

—Nobby in this world is what it is creaked up to be—except ice.

"I'm selling on the style, Mary," he said as he discovered that he had sat down on her new spring bonnet.

—A school teacher is a person employed to give parents sight hours peace per day.

—An exchange asks: "Does etiquette demand a vote on a warm day?" If it does it can have ours.

—A man was declared insane back in New Mexico the other day. He was trying to have an argument with his partner. This is funny, but it points a moral moral.

—"I say, Hilly, can you tell a young terrier chicken from an old tough owl?" "Of course I can. "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."

Changing His Shirt.

A Frenchman travelling by railway in England was very anxious to change his shirt in order to make a visit after the train had arrived at its destination, without taking the trouble to go to a hotel. He guide-book indicated a tunnel on the road, and he asked the guard how long the train would be in the tunnel. The guard mistook the question, and supposing he asked how long before the train would reach the tunnel, replied briefly, "Half an hour." The carriage in which the Frenchman was traveling contained several ladies and gentlemen. The traveler got down his valise, unlocked it, and made everything ready for a change of apparel while they would be in the tunnel. As soon as they entered it he pulled off his shirt and prepared to put on a clean one, but imagine his surprise on discovering that the train remained three minutes in the tunnel instead of thirty! As they came out into open daylight, he was standing in the middle of a condition quite unfit for a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen.

Drop a Nickle.

Papa—Now run away, Bobby. Papa is busy.

Bobby (holding up his joined hands expectingly)—Papa a nickle in the hole, papa, and I see no one.

—Post-mortem medicines and sermons sent to for publication must be paid for in advance at the rate of ten cents a line. About eight words make a line.

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5:00 p. m.	Santa Rosa.	8:45 p. m.
7:00 a. m.	Fulton,	10:45 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	Windsor,	6:15 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	Healdsburg,	8:45 p. m.
7:00 a. m.	Cloverdale,	10:45 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	Ukiah,	6:15 p. m.
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INDULGENCES.

Plain Truth from a Protestant

CATHOLIC AUTHORITIES CITED.

The Whole Question in a Nut-Shell.

The following candid article concerning Indulgences was compiled and written by a Protestant minister whose Christian consciousness rebelled against the rebuke of his bigoted brethren in the school of sectarianism. The Monitor fervently hopes that it will be carefully read and remembered by all those blatant bigots on this Coast who are constantly crying out that an Indulgence means a license to commit sin. The author, Rev. Robert Court, D. D., wrote this excellent explanation of Indulgences for the *Morning Times* of Lowell, Massachusetts.

What is an Indulgence! Men who ought to know better have thus defined it: A license granted, for money, by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, to people who desire to commit sin, that they may do so with impunity. In shorter phrase it is called "leave to commit sin."

Roman Catholic divines deny this, but still the false statement appears now and again in print. Some one to convert me of falsehood sent me a sermon preached by a converted Catholic. Perhaps it is the view stated above. In order to disabuse myself and give information to such as have been asking of me in private whether I was not in error, let me state my own humble resources, quote a few authorities, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, as to the real doctrine concerning indulgences.

ROMAN CATHOLIC AUTHORITIES.

The Council of Trent.—The Council asserts that the power of conferring indulgences was given by Christ to the Church, that she has always used this power, that the use of indulgences, as being most salutary, is to be retained in the Church, that those who condemned by the Council who say that indulgences are useless, or who say that Church has no power of granting them. In granting them moderation is to be observed, lest Church discipline be enervated. Abuses are to be reformed. All evil gains are to be abolished. (Other abuses than those in popularly prohibited, are to be reported in the Pontifical Synod, by the Bishop), reported by the other Bishops in the Synod and referred to the Pope; "that thus the gift of holy indulgences may be dispensed to all the faithful, piously, holily and incorruptly." (Session xxv., Chap. 21. Water-worth's translation, page 777.) In Session xxiv., Chap. 9, it is decreed that "these heavenly treasures of the Church are not unfruitful, not for poison, but for Godliness."

Catechism of Trent.—The Catechism gives full account of the sacrament of Penance and insists upon satisfaction as a part of that sacrament, but does not treat of indulgences. Satisfaction is given after the sin is pardoned.

The Rescripts.—I quote from "The Official translation," London, 1867, approved by rescript of Pius IX. Indulgences are divided into partial and plenary. A partial indulgence remits so much temporal penalty "as he would have had imposed on him if all by the penitential canons of the Church." Plenary are, of course, full remission of all temporal punishment. To gain an indulgence one should be in a state of grace living in the genus of God, for whomever is in the guilt of mortal sin and exposed to the eternal penalty, cannot receive remission of the temporal penalty. He must make at least an act of true contrition, besides doing the work prescribed on condition for receiving the indulgence. To gain a plenary indulgence one must detest even venial sins and lay aside even affection to all such sins in general, as well as to each in particular. This is the highest teaching in the Church of Rome as to indulgences. It is evident that here is intended no encouragement to sin, whatever may be supposed to be the tendency.

Compendium of Indulgences.—From the Instructions on Canon Law, for the use of the great Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, published at Paris in 1880, we learn that this compendium was instituted by Clement IX. in 1669 (that it has a family to dispose of every doubt and difficulty in respect to indulgences, to correct and amend abuses, to prohibit the printing of a false apocryphal or false indulgence, to take suppressed indulgences and examine those that are printed; that they are to explain as well as examine all those already published, and if they find necessary, having consulted the Pope, to abolish them.

Gousset.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, in moral theology, gives a full and rather eloquent account of indulgences in his "Theologia Moralis," vol. 2, p. 506, Paris, 1855. His definition is full and clear. "The remission of the temporal punishment which remains for the sin remitted cannot be subject to, for the faithi which, as to guilt and eternal punishment have had forgiven him, indulgences remits neither venial nor mortal sins."

Wiseman.—His learned Cardinal, in a pastoral letter published in the London *Tablet*, June 17th 1854, says: "Many persons will be inclined to incredulity when I tell them that an indulgence is no pardon for sin of any sort, past, present or future. It is no more than a remission by the Church, in virtue of the keys, of a portion, or the whole, of the temporal punishment due to sin."

The Dogwhim.—The Compendium for examination of candidates for the priesthood, issued by the highest authority, Paris, 1874, has the following, page 568: "It is objected that this doctrine, I, overthrows the foundation of contrition, 2, promotes immunity for sin. In response, the antecedent is denied—that, in the grounds for the objection.

1 Because an indulgence is given to contrite persons, 2 Because the satisfaction of the man to whom the indulgence is granted is supplied by the satisfactions of the saints, out of the mercy of God."

The Jesuits.—Defamer Catechism is used in this country. The edition I quote from is that of New York, 1829, approved by Cardinals Wiseman and McCloskey. The definition is substantially that already given. Repentance and the doing of the good works prescribed are declared the conditions of obtaining indulgences, the assertion that the Church forgives sin, by indulgences, or grants indulgence for money, is pronounced "a gross calumny."

Bergier.—Indulgence, remission of the temporal punishment due to sin. This notion of the indulgence supposes that when the sinner has obtained from God, by the sacrament of Penance, the remission of the eternal punishment, the punishment of hell, he is still obliged to satisfy divine justice by a temporal punishment. Bergier goes on to show that the granting of indulgences belongs to the Pope and Bishops. He asserts that the indulgence serve as a stay the penitent from a restitution or reparation, that the sin make, and never was there a cause so ignorant and corrupt as to dispense with that. Bergier admits, as does the Council of Trent, that abuses had crept in, but he pointedly says:

"Shall we therefore, on account of abuses, reject the good? Shall we, because some have made a bad use of the most salutary indulgences, deprive the rest of the faithful of the great advantage of gaining them

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetest of life and noblest of society,
I owe thee much."—St. Pierre—"The Hermit."

Give me a few true friends whose order grows not cold
When frosts appear and life is wasting old;
Whose constancy by contact with my own,
Increases as each layer of years has flown.
Only a few I ask. I would inspect
The victim to them of a friendly heart,
And bind them closely to me that I may
Preserve them like some exquisite bouquet
Of choicest flowers.

If in some fatal hour,
Shadd wither one disconsolate sweet flower,
Still would I prize the withed and dead leaves,
For Love is strong and Faith always believes;
Neglecting not the petals drooped and dear,
They would receive the shrine of my tear—
Who loved the perfume in Life's summer day,
Should grieve the flower from whence 'twas flown away!

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

THE INVISIBLE.

"If there is naught but what we see,
What is the wild world worth to me?
But is there naught save what we see?
* * *
"If there is naught but what we see,
The friend I loved is lost to me:
His fall asleep: who dares to say
His spirit is no far away?
Who knows what wings are round about?
These thoughts—who proves not from without
They still are whispered? Who can think
They rise from mortality's foul and drink?
These thoughts that stream on like the sea,
And darkly hint immortality
The best of some great hope, and break,
And only broken glimmers make,
Nor seem climb the skies, to lie
And calmly mirror the far sky,
And image forth in tranquil deeps
The secret that its silence keeps.

"Because he never comes, and stands
And stretches out to me both hands,
Because he never leans before
The pale, when I set with the door
At morning, nor is ever found
Just at my side when I turn round,
Half thinking I shall meet his eye,
From watching the broad moon glide rise—
For all this shall I hoarage pay
To Death, great end of heart, and say:
'He perished, and has ceased to be;
Another comes, but never he!
Yet, by our wond'rous being, say!
Although his face I never see
Through all the infinite To Be,
I know he lives and cares for me.'

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

MARGRET.

AN IRISH LOVE LYRIC.

I.

Her trembling hands were clasped in mine; the
rain of summer
Lay like a tangled wickery within her tresses
dark-brown;
Her face was marvelly, sweetly pale, and soft as
dovelets be,
The dark brown locks that crowned her head
were beautiful to see;
Twas midnight's solemn and solemn hour—the hour
when first I told
My tale of love to willing ears, and it was the
year of gold;
And now the young moline that played around
her mirthful mouth—
The tempting lips of Margaret, the lily of the
South!

II.

She spoke few words; but from her eyes a tender
dove spoke—
A nothing balm that woke my heart to love's divine
delight!
An silent self-confessing pledge that somehow
seemed to say:
"Hope stands, awaiting you and me within the
gates of day!"
She gazed up at my pleading face so pensively
that she
Looked like a shadowy vision come to greet me
from the sea—
A fair young Naiad tripping a'er an iridescent
strand—
An angel from the starry skies—a fay from fairy
land!

III.

Within the valse of Monator you might travel
where you will,
And see the flowers blooming at the feet of every
sad hill,
Where Magnetism freezes on the plains, where
Kamaur river flows,
Where winter sheds on Tantlab's head its snow-
white mantle,
Lorne's waters play—
You could not find so rich a gem a lustre indeed
pure!
Is Margaret, my own true love, my winsome
Irish girl!

IV.

The sophy, that at eve's decline steals over
Glamorgan,
Hath not the fragrance of her breath, and can
not be as pure!
The white-robed dreams, that o'er the brain of
hard or poet roll,
Are not more glorious than the thoughts that
camp within her soul!
The joy round the tower that clings night typify
her love,
And, oh! her faith is Mamon's balm that falleth
from above.
Ah! could this harp but sing her praise through
out each summer long,
Her should it still be only theme—the mistress
of my song.

V.

O pensive, charming Irish maid! in mem'ry's
lovely shrine
I'll guard the image of thy face, those pensive
eyes of mine,
The dewy softness of thy cheeks, the flower
from thy hand
Then gently and so tenderly beside Atlantic's
strand!
My heart will throb responsively to fancy's mystic
frame
Whene'er I'll murmur through the night the sweet
name of thy name!
Oh, let me see those smiles once more around thy
angelic mouth,
And let me call thee, Margaret, my lily of the
South!

ECOBIA DEVIN.

POSITION AS TEACHER WANTED

A Catholic gentleman who has been connected with several excellent Catholic schools on this coast during the last 10 years, desires a position as teacher in a Catholic school. Best of references can be given. For particulars, address Rev. Father Peter Verdaguer, P. O. Box 171, Los Angeles, Cal.

Literary Miscellany.

"VALISKA."

A Catholic Story of Temptation, and Triumph over Evil.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "BRILLOS."]

CHAPTER I.

In a retired spot in central Arizona, locked in by lofty chains of mountains and surrounded by tall sahuaras (a species of cactus) stands the village of V——, lonely spot indeed it seemed to a lone-spaed, and faced girl of some fifteen summers, who stood on a hill-top overlooking the town, gazing at the gorgeous sunset hues which lit up the hills with their solar alchemy, added a new charm to the grandeur of the lofty peaks beyond, and softened the ruggedness of their jagged points.

But not of the glory of the sunset was Valiska thinking. Bitter thoughts raged in her heart, pride and anger marred the beauty of the large tear-dimmed eyes, as she thought of her wrongs—for wrongs she convinced herself she suffered.

She had just rushed out of the lonely cot she called her home to escape the reproaches he poed upon her by her guardian, for Valiska Merritt was motherless and was left in the care of a grandaint, who, at least, was not really unkind to her, yet the girl's great fault was pride and her nature would not brook the taunts of her guardian, who, when angered, used harsh words to her charge. It was after having an encounter with her aunt that we find Valiska then. Sitting alone on the hill-top, her soft curly hair tossed wildly about her face, as her rebellious feelings thus sought expression.

"I hate her! I will not stay with her when I am of age," panted the girl. "Oh, the horror of it all! The world's wide and so am, I can never forget."

For the aunt was not whose in her language and the girl's proud, refined nature shunk from the old woman who taunted her about having to support her. Tom Valiska, who was high tempered, would answer her saucily, and slam at intvariably received blows from the irate old woman before it ended.

"Way," she sobbed from her lonely seat on the hill, "why have I to bear all this. I cannot! I will not! It is merciful and just, and, yes, I am as one of His child rem, must bear injustice, and for what? It cause I am dependent on my aunt. Yes! and she makes me feel it, too." While she was nursing her woes and hating her old aunt with all her angry, little heart, she heard voices in the flat and raising her head saw a dark-eyed, gentle girl, hurrying toward her, and not wishing to be found in her tears, she crept, "I'd die on the way, I will never touch another crust of her bread," and Valiska went into the little shed-room, which she occupied, her mind intent upon gathering up what few articles she could really call her own, and go from the place she hated.

But where was she to go, she had forgotten, her uncle Thomas and her sisters, and they lived some distance from V——, up on the river. Rosrde was in town on a visit to some relatives. Yes, she knew they would receive her, she would go to them and tell them she had left her aunt never to return; so she packed up what few things she had and prepared to start. It was a glorious summer night, and as she stood among out on the silent moonlit world, she thought of her mother, and wondered if she would have been a different girl, if she had lived. She turned to take a last look at the room she was about to leave forever, and her eyes rested on a prayer-book which had belonged to her mother. She took it up and tears dimmed her eyes, as she turned over the pages. Finally she came to a blessed picture which had been unperceived in its page. She took it out and looked at it intently. It was a pic ure of the Crucifixion. As she gazed on the agonized face, she thought, why did I murmur at my lot—I, a poor sinner, when Christ, my Redeemer, suffered so much! Shall I shrink from suffering, when He, who is sinless, did so without a murmur? "No, no," she said, falling on her knees, with the picture still in her hand. "Suffering Saviour," she prayed, "help me to bear my trials, give me humility," and leaning her head on the low window sill, she wept and thought over it all. She recalled her rash determinent to run away and tried to think kindly of her aunt, to be grateful for her care during the years she had been under her charge. The Tempter tried to vanquish this gentle spirit of alms-giving which had taken great possession of her portrait and, and whispered, "you owe your aunt nothing, she has been cruel and brutal to you. leave her; make your own way in the world, there are many ways to do it." "Get thee hence," whispered the temptor, "see!—you can earn a living by it; you can go on the stage; in many, many ways you can make an easy living for yourself.

But Valiska fastened her eyes and her thoughts on the picture of the crucified Redeemer, and prayed for strength to overcome the temptations which assailed her. And there during the long, lonely night she prayed for power and humility, to bear the stinging reproaches heaped upon her by her hard-hearted relative.

At times Valiska was very unruly and petulant, and the old lady allowed her anger to gain mastery over her and a torrent of abuse was poured upon the girl which served to irritate her proud, rebellious spirit instead of teaching her the much needed lesson of humility and obedience. If the old lady understood her better and used different means to bring her to submission, it might have been different. As Valiska grew to feel that she was more bitterly wronged than was really the case, and though her natural piety, stifled, served to much her, still her unbending disposition, her determination of a rebuke, even when mildly administered, seemed to be gaining an ascendancy over her better nature.

Not even the gentle counsels of her friend, Rosrdo, could make her swerve from the idea that her grand aunt was unjust, as truth she was, but Valiska had been sorry and disobedient at times, and when her anger was raging, did not stop to think that she was partly in fault, even though her conscience told her so. Her proud nature would not let her acknowledge it.

Thus things went on until the girl was in her seventeenth year, nearly a woman in years, but a child in knowledge of the world and its ways. Her aunt died and she was left alone, sole mistress of the cottage, with no one but herself and her old grand uncle to care for.

Valiska wept bitterly when her poor old relative was laid away, and tried to forget her unhappy past and remember all the kindness her aunt had done her in her childhood.

She thought her old uncle comfortable as she could, for he could not work steadily and was at home most of the time, and kept the house in order. She began to realize that she was no longer a child; that she had to face the world and earn a living for both, as her uncle would soon be unable to do anything. But how was she to do it? She was not strong enough to do hard work, and, she, she had not been very studious during her aunt's life time, and she knew the little income left them would not last forever. She must do something, it was plain, and she was handy with her needle, and the neighbors, glad to help her, gave her some sewing which was the means of helping her to keep out of debt and earn a frugal living. Then when night came she folded away her work and took out her books to study. A desire to make up for the time she had lost in the past had taken possession of her, and study she did, long and diligently, and during the long summer nights she pored over her books anxious to improve herself.

So for things had gone call with Valiska alone her aunt's death, but she was soon to have another chance to gain a victory over herself, for there had moved to V——, a family in which were several grown daughters, who seemed to be very nice girls, but upon close acquaintance, proved themselves to be rude and unladylike, and it was not long before they and Valiska were on friendly terms, much to the disgust of Sorrida Matthews, who loved Valiska, and was pained to think she would be seen in such constant companionship with them, particularly the oldest girl, Hetalie, who was not well thought of, and of whom Valiska knew nothing, else she would have dropped her company, and she knows the truth. Hetalie Valiska was beautiful and showed her best side to Valiska, who was a passionate worshipper of loveliness. Sorrida came and tried to draw her away from one whom she feared would cause her to be wrongly judged.

Very timidly she broached the subject to Valiska, who was talking excitedly about the beauty and sweetness of her friend.

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"Valiska, darling, do not be angry when I tell you that you should be more careful. You know this girl and her family are perfect strangers here. No one knows who they are, or where they came from, and Hetalie does not conduct herself in a becoming manner."

"It is prejudice," broke in Valiska. "Because I am the same as you are, I ought to believe false reports about her. Hetalie is my friend, I do not think it of you."

"I have not heard anything but what I know to be so," was the answer. "Hetalie is not fit company for any girl, and then she does not give good example. She is very unkind to her poor old grandmother, and runs out long after sunset to laugh and gossip with her friends, leaving the poor old soul alone. I will not say more, Valiska, but if you value your good name, if you do not wish to lose all the friends you expect you—do not be seen with her again."

At this Valiska rose defiantly, tossing her head, and said: "If you rashly judge her because she is my friend, because you do not like her, you may do so; but it is my affair if I do not choose to be handled by any one, or care if I lose their friendship. You may tell who ever sent you, that I shall choose my company, regardless of what they say. I shall go with her when and where I like."

Sorrida left her with the sad conviction that she had chosen the wrong road and would not see the right.

Thus things went on from day to day, and in the flat opposite Valiska became careless of her duties and was fast losing her old friends.

"It is a beautiful world," she thought, "full of sights and pleasures I would not have tasted, but for this new friend of mine."

Ah, poor, misguided child, she did not, would not, see how fast a downward into ruin she was hurrying, and how fast Hetalie was leading her into the whirlpool of sin.

Valiska thought of her when she thanked God for the gift of her friend. The good father of her mother, who had been a kind, indulgent father to her, and who had given her every, every thing she asked for, and lavished on her every, every thing, but the one thing needed, the knowledge of her duty to God, and the knowledge of the Saviour, who died for her, and who, in return, asks only for her love, and her service, in return for His sufferings, and agonies, and death, and the Father, who had given

THE MONITOR.

TWICE-THAT IS—TWICE OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1888.

THE UNIVERSAL REQUIEM.

Pastoral Letter from [illegible] Reverend Francis Mora, D. D.

To the Very Rev. and Rev. Clergy of the Diocese of Monterey and San Jose.

REV. AND DEAR SIRS:—You are aware, no doubt, that the Holy Father, on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, celebrated in the City of Rome, a solemn Canonization of Saints and several Beatifications.

By Letters of Easter Sunday last, his Holiness invited the spectacle of the souls suffering in Purgatory, and wishes them to partake of the benefits of his Jubilee. To this effect he has ordained that a special Mass of Requiem for the dead (the first of the Missal) be celebrated by all the Bishops and Priests of the Catholic world, with as much solemnity as possible, granting to the Priests the favor of the privileged altar, and to all the faithful a Plenary Indulgence for the souls in Purgatory, provided they comply with the usual conditions, viz: they approach the Holy Sacraments of Confession and Communion.

In obedience to this order of the Holy See, we command all the Priests of our Diocese to celebrate the Requiem Mass on the last Sunday of September, of the present year, with as much solemnity as circumstances will permit. Moreover, we direct them to read this Circular to their flocks, on Sunday or two before the date above appointed for the celebration of the Requiem Mass, and to exhort them to approach the Holy Sacraments of Confession and Communion necessary for the gaining of the Indulgence, reminding them, in forcible terms, of the obligations of charity, under which they lie to do all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the souls in Purgatory.

Given from Our Residence, Los Angeles, September 8, 1888.

✠FRANCIS MORA,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Miss Rachel Sherman, daughter of General Sherman, in conversation with a friend announced that her mother and her sister overjoyed at the near approach of her brother's ordination as a priest of the Society of Jesus, which event will take place next year.

—Speaking of the status of the new order of deaconesses, the London (Ont.) *Catholic Record* observes pitifully that "the world does not make the monk." So it is easier to imitate the dress of the Catholic Sisterhoods than to practice the purity, piety, zeal, and charity of the self-sacrificed religious orders of the Catholic Church.

—St. Brendan, whose discovery of America prior to that of Columbus is now an established fact, would seem to have been honored by the erection of a memorial cross upon the mountain in Kerry that overlooks the bay from which he sailed. There is enough material in the life of this great Saint for some literateur to make a name for himself by collecting and putting it in shape for the reading public.

—A Pontifical Decree, bearing the signature of his Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski, institutes a new decoration in commemoration of the Holy Father's Jubilee, the insignia to consist of a cross bearing upon it the words, "*Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*," in one part, and "Pyid. Kal. Jan. MDCCCLXXIX," in another; these to be invested with this decoration who may be found to have served of the Holy See.

—Once more a distinguished German officer has changed the epaulet for the cassock, and retired from the barracks to the convent. This is Major Ernst von Oss, formerly tutor to the son of Prince George, the heir presumptive to the throne of Saxony. The German Protestant papers express their astonishment at this, one of them declaring that the man must be a maniac to throw away a promising military career for seclusion in a cell.

—On the 6th of Juna last, the Holy Father ordered that a Solemn Requiem Mass should take place all over the world on the last Sunday in this month. It is to be hoped that this universal commemoration for the departed souls will be attended by copious rain showers and that millions of holy Communions, prayers, alms and pious works on that day will more the mercy of God to release souls innumerable in number from the pains of Purgatory and admit them into the everlasting joys of heaven.

—Each one can judge of the incident as he will, but to the Christian there will be a note of God's rule in this recent death of "Citizen Cosse, a lieutenant of the Commune." On a recent Sunday, as unbelievers inform us, Cosse was "making oven-mouth speeches to a Socialist crowd at No. 19 Cite Lachaterre, Paris, when he suddenly turned pale, and the great consternation of the audience, and just as he uttered the words, *Il n'y a pas de Dieu* (There is no God), down he fell dead as a hammer." Yes, there is a God!

—We are pleased to know that Mr. Jas. J. Tracey's latest work, "Conquests of our Holy Faith," has met with a most flattering reception in Rome. The author, it seems, Pope Leo XIII., who some time ago honored Mr. Tracey with the present of a splendid chasse, in recognition of his eminent literary services to the Church, has been graciously pleased to send Mr. Tracey his Apostolic Benediction. The Catholic *Standard* says the book is calculated to do the great cause of the Church at this particular time. His Eminence sends Mr. Tracey his grateful acknowledgments. Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Kirby, Father General Anderledy, S. J., and Father Jackman, Provincial of the Irish Franciscans, have also sent their compliments and congratulations.

A Protestant Preacher's Falsehoods.

When men who pretend to be called to preach God's truth from sectarian pulpits, produce unblushed falsehoods therefrom, it is not to be wondered at if non-Catholics become disgusted thereat and turn their backs upon all forms of Protestant services. The pulpits of Protestant meeting-houses are very often prostituted by Protestant preachers to the worst purposes of arousing anti-Catholic passions among the ignorant people. Preachers seem to glory in heaping upon a place supposed to be "holy," the most abominable libels against Catholics, the Church of God and historical truth. Falsehoods are sometimes designedly fabricated for the purpose of arousing the worst passions of fanaticism, and when no slander vile enough can be formulated, then recourse is had to some long-covered malicious inventions of past generations, which have been enabled to obtain a thousand times by irritated Catholic critiques.

A city paper states that Rev. Dr. Harcourt of the Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered a lecture on last Sunday evening in the course of which he uttered some falsehoods so foul and so malicly with age as to be calculated to disgust even the Father of Lies himself.

This bigoted firebrand, among other diabolical calumnies, is reported to have said, when alluding to the Priesthood of the Catholic Church in America:

"The Priesthood numbers also in the world are more of a jolly character than those. They are as hostile to our institutions as they profitably can be, and only wait a better opportunity to be more so. They are shrewd enough to know that the power is in the hierarchy. It is based on some material foundation stone of our social structure, and they will use the shillelagh of the law for the present to our common damage. Some people will know what these secret societies are very near over an affected people. They would throw the Constitution of the Republic, and by Popery make it despotic if it be legitimate strength and power."

In reply to this villainous and ridiculous tirade from the Priesthood, we tell this turbulent and untruthful calumniator that he was guilty before God of bearing "false witness against his neighbor," if he ever uttered the above atrocious falsehood. There are no truer or better citizens in this country than the Priests of the Catholic Church. They have never, by word or deed, been guilty of a single act that could merit the uncharitable calumny of this cast-iron fanatical falsifier. On the contrary, if their unobtrusive Methodist malignerd could allow half as good a record as conservative citizens, the country's future would present a more pleasing aspect, but we are not alone in the opinion that the worst and most dangerous element in this Republic is the rank and rotting political parson—half preacher and half politician—who desecrates the Sunday by circulating slanders, and who defiles his quasi-religion by anti-Catholic rant.

The next piece of villainous slander which Dr. Harcourt heralded forth from his strychnine of bilingsgate, was that risk ist of past generations:

"It was Lafayette, himself a Catholic, who said: 'If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Roman Church.'"

This lie of the last century has been continued a dozen times in the Mormon assembly, and now, we publicly challenge Dr. Harcourt to prove its truth or be soundly convicted of stating a malicious falsehood. Lafayette never uttered such language, and it is only born of the lowest intellect who dig this repulsive falsehood out of the tomb of untruth, in order to gratify their grovelling passions against Catholics and their ghoulish hatred against the Church of God.

—Dr. Harcourt, perhaps not the attempt that is now being made to resurrect some of the old lies and slanders against the Popes, Cardinals, Bishops and Priests of the Catholic Church, in such measure as to make the anathemas which they utter against all who, in any way, oppose the Church.

Another falsehood. No Pope, Bishop or Priest ever tried to "overthrow" the Public School System. The Catholic Church has maintained that that system is not good enough for those who like it, but as it is not Christian, of course it does not suit the Church, hence Catholic Parochial Schools were inaugurated for the education of Catholic children. These schools are built and supported by Catholics who also pay their proportion of public taxation towards supporting schools they do not patronize. And for doing this Catholics are assailed by every fanatical firebrand that desires to fling calumny at them! If Dr. Harcourt cited any words of Popes, Bishops, or Priests encouraging the "overthrow" of Public Schools, he must have borrowed them from some other manufacturer of malicious calumnies, or else fabricated them himself for the occasion.

—"He contributed the sociology of our Godless Public Schools, and thought there was no cause for Protestants to complain of the Parochial Schools, and showed how the teaching of the superior Schools emasculate the morals of the Parochial Schools, and how the teaching of the sanctified legends, that make the Saints of Christ, superstition and plunderers." The people shrieked approbation and plaudered."

This is regular Methodistical malignity of the most diabolical description. Children educated in parochial schools are Christians, and as to their mental acquirements they are far superior to those half-educated people who emanate from Public Schools. In the Parochial Schools the religious education part is thoroughly solid, useful and, above all, Christian; in the Public Schools it is superficial. Pupils are taught a multitude of subjects but they receive only a superficial smattering of each. Hence, when they go through the form of graduating, they go without the knowledge of God and are but little knowledge of any other kind worth having.

We presume Dr. Harcourt passed through the Public School curriculum, and if so he is a fair specimen of how ignorant and vicious a person may be and yet undertake to preach the gospel of peace and goodwill. If Dr. Harcourt would confine himself to telling the truth about the Catholic Church, he would find far more time for Methodist sermons, but while he has the foul scent of falsehood to furnish his fanatics, there is little hope that he will be an ornament either to mankind in general or to Methodism in particular.

—It is said that Sister Mary Francis Clare, the Nun of Kenmare, is about to return to Ireland to finish the convent which she began some years ago.

THE ADRIAN BILL.

Continuation of the Evidence of Historical Writers in Proof of its False Character. Absurd Statements of English and Irish Historians—How "Iniquity Hath Lied to Itself."

In addition to the testimony which we presented last week, in order to show the spurious character of the Adrian Bull, we now desire to introduce the evidence of other writers regarding that dubious document.

ANNE MACGLOTHLIN'S TESTIMONY.

In the first article of the present series, we have given a portion of the strong evidence which Anne MacGlothlin gives in her History of Ireland furnishes, in order to prove the spurious nature of both the Adrian and Alexander Bulls. The annexed paragraphs from the same work, are, therefore, only matter of what has already been said by that distinguished Irish historian. Commenting on the text of the Adrian Bull Anne MacGlothlin says:

The above was an effect pronounced against Ireland, by which the rights of man, and the most sacred laws are violated, under the specious pretext of religion and the reformation of morals. The Irish were no longer a power to contend against. The people, who had never bent under a foreign yoke, assumed—or rather subject Ireland, were condemned to lose their liberty, without being heard, based. But can the Vicar of Jesus Christ be accused of so glaring an act of injustice? Can he be thought capable of having dictated a Bull which contains an entire calumny, which dispossesses so many ancient proprietors of their possessions, and so much blood to be shed, and a length tended to the destruction of religion in the island? It is a thing not to be credited.

In truth were we to consider the circumstances of the time of the Bull, it has all the appearance of a forgery. Adrian was a native of Adrian IV. Baronius quotes it, without giving any reason, as a thing well known, and makes it responsible. It remained unpublished for twenty years; it is said that it was published in 1155, and not made public till 1172 * * *

The Bull gains but little authentication from the authority of John of Salisbury, afterwards Bishop of Chartres, in his treatise "*De nugis curialium*." The writer is made to say, at the end of the last chapter of his book, that "Pope Adrian had granted Ireland to King Henry, at his request, in lieu of the patrimony of his Holiness by hereditary right, inasmuch as all the islands believed to be Roman Church, by the concession of the Emperor Constantine the Great. But this donation is considered by the learned as having been *added to the chapter by a strange hand*. Some the author, in speaking particularly in the sixth and eighth books of his visit to the Holy Father at Benevento, where he remained with him for three months, states most minutely his various conversations he had with his Holiness, yet not a word of any such grant of the Bull is spoken, though it was a matter of particular importance, and that was naturally the fit time to have mentioned it. There do Bills, a contemporary of this Prelate, who publishes his opinion in various epistles, entire opinion of the other.

It is well known that King Henry, who found creatures sufficiently devoted to him to revenge his quarrel with the holy Prelate of Canterbury, and that want for royal revenue to satisfy, and to reach from, the wrings of the times, in order to have an appearance of authenticity to a document so necessary for the confirmation of his cupidity.

Henry, in the year 1171, had obtained from Pope Alexander III., as Pope Adrian was dead, a grant of Ireland, on the ground that it belonged to the Roman Church, by the concession of the Emperor Constantine the Great. But this was some in consideration by the learned as having been *added to the chapter by a strange hand*. Some the author, in speaking particularly in the sixth and eighth books of his visit to the Holy Father at Benevento, where he remained with him for three months, states most minutely his various conversations he had with his Holiness, yet not a word of any such grant of the Bull is spoken, though it was a matter of particular importance, and that was naturally the fit time to have mentioned it. There do Bills, a contemporary of this Prelate, who publishes his opinion in various epistles, entire opinion of the other.

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It would be entirely a work of supererogation on our part to add a single word of comment to the clear, concise and convincing testimony which the learned Abbe MacGeoghegan offers in order to show that he has no doubts whatever upon his mind in regard to the spurious character of the bogus Adrian Bull. Hence we will leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from the foregoing extracts, and proceed to produce other witnesses in support of the Catholic side of this question.

FATHER THOMAS N. BURKE'S EVIDENCE.

The next witness whose evidence we introduce in order to show the fallacy and the fraudulent character of the Adrian and Alexander Bulls, is the celebrated Dominican, Father Thomas N. Burke, of cherished memory, who was both a great Catholic Priest and a distinguished Irish Patriot.

In his first Lecture in answer to Froude, which was delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, on the evening of November 12th, 1872, Father Burke alluded to the Papal Bulls of Adrian and Alexander, in the following terms of unqualified condemnation:

Henry landed in Ireland in 1171. He was after mediating the Holy Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Thomas a Becket. They sentenced the Irishe before the foot of the altar, before the Blessed Sacrament at the Vesper hour. The blood of the saint and martyr was upon his hands when he came to Ireland to teach the Irish. "Do unto others as you would have the occasion of their conduct! Were the sufferers was 400 years from the sacred soil of Erin as one unworthy to profane it by his fresh, he wept over to Henry and procured from him a letter permitting any of his subjects that chose to go back for Ireland to do so, and there to relate the atrocious tyrant King Dermot in his kingdom. They came there as protectors and help

Clare, the Nun of Kenmare, is about to return to Ireland to finish the convent which she began some years ago.

—It is said that Sister Mary Francis Clare, the Nun of Kenmare, is about to return to Ireland to finish the convent which she began some years ago.

—Pope Leo XIII. is a great admirer of Ireland's Patriot Bishop, Dr. Lynch, and has conferred on him the Cross and Medal of Merit, which he wears on his breast. Dr. Lynch is a native of Ireland, and was consecrated Bishop of Toronto, Canada, in 1859. He is a man of great learning and eloquence, and is a zealous and fearless advocate of the rights of the Church and the people

Farm and Home.

THE SERENE MESSAGE.

So thou hast lived with a sublime intent
Must walked the world, with heaven linked upon,
And done no wrong, thy guardians well may be
The men, the comrades thou so much prefer
And the calm peaks that tower along the skies.

If to thine ear the parlor of young fools
Has been like music, and thy heart is fain
To spare the reason and such living thing,
Then surely some time shall a sweet bird sing
Into thy grave, that has not fired in vain.

If thou hast met one only word to cheer
The spirits of thy fellows on the earth,
And done no wrong, then magnet then find thy
home
Content beneath the unfathomable dome,
And think the stars for thy and hold birth.

So runs the message that I offered hear
In this dear spot, where I could wish to lie
If I were dead, still listening to the breeze
Under the pines, the sentenceless trees
That softly whisper of the days gone by.

E. A. BROWN.

Fashion's Latest Fancies.

[WRITTEN FOR THIS DEPARTMENT BY "STYLES."]

—Flame and flesh color are beautifully blended in new silks for evening wear.

—Low-throated dresses are now very much in vogue at all the fashionable watering places.

—Great simplicity prevails in the decoration of dress skirts, both in the flounce and the promenade.

—Dark lace over white lace is very beautiful in effect, especially in the evening with diamond ornaments.

—The fashionable colors for the early fall are pearl gray, olive, and absinthe green, roseda and heifer red.

—The prettiest of all hats for a little girl is a wide-brimmed Leghorn, trimmed with one long, curling, full ostrich plume.

—Steels are beginning to disappear from skirts, and in place of bustles and steels a lower bouchette plaiting is worn in the back attached to the waist band under the skirt.

—There is no decided change in hair-dressing, although there is a standing promise that this will occur in the near future, when the back hair will deer nd to the nape of the neck.

—Black watered silk skirts, draped with broaded gauze, edged with Chantilly lace, and worn with bodices of Chantilly net, make thoroughly elegant toilets for dress occasions this season.

—English house jackets, to be worn over skirts of various kinds, are made of India cashmere of softest texture, and in beautiful dye of olive, moss green, almond Russian blue, Roman and red and cream white.

—One very good black silk, made in crystal but unremarkable style, can be made by adding different vests, collars, cuffs, and so on, to appear in at least half a dozen gowns, so successfully, too, as to deceive the wisest.

Facts for Farmers.

—Once a week the stable should be sprinkled with a solution made of one pound of copperas in two gallons of soft water.

—A sharp shovel be smitted with boiling water, made alkaline with washing soda. Every particle of salt and cream should be removed. After being well washed the churn should be rinsed again by using boiling water.

—If the fruit is likely to be all ground, the removal of a third or even of a half of it will often result in a much larger and finer crop than if all had been allowed to remain, and the pecuniary returns will be correspondingly greater.

—It is generally acknowledged that winter dairying pays best, and for this reason farmers should give more attention to this part of the business. To attempt this next winter suitable feed must be raised the summer, and good warm stabling provided.

—Corn and potatoes may often be profitably grown in the same field, and the cultivation of these crops during the season will mix the manure in the soil much more perfectly than it could be if plowed under.

Industrial Statistics.

—Five hundred thousand orange trees have been set out in California and their cultivation is extending.

—The whole value of fences in the United States may be set down at $2,000,000,000, and it costs $100,000,000 annual y to keep them in repair.

—By far the best potato for late spring use is the Rose Imperial. It does not sprout early, but remains comparatively solid until they planted new potatoes are ready for use.

—The wool product of California has averaged nearly 40,000,000 pounds per year since 1880, bringing to the State $6,000,000 a year. This is about one-seventh of the entire wool product of the country.

—Peanuts are becoming a popular and profitable crop in Georgia. Ten peanut plant makes forage and fruit and nutritious hay, and 125 bushels to a single acre will raise and fatten many pounds of bacon.

Useful and Unusual.

—By a system of dry cold-storage strawberries can be kept for several months with unimpaired freshness and solidity.

—It has been figured up that it would take from seven to thirty five ordinary lightning flashes to keep one incandescent lamp alight for an hour.

—A microbe for laying bees is a remarkable acquisition to be exhibited at the Buffalo Fair. A machine for blacking boots will be the next invention, probably.

—A citizen of Wanamaker, Wis., has succeeded in tempering brass, and has exhibited brass hatchet and axe that will cut around hemlock log without turning the edge.

—A chimney that will not fill up with soot may be made by plastering it inside with clay mixed with salt. Chimneys should be built from the cellar up instead of hung to the wall. The stovepipe hole should be at least eighteen inches from the ceiling.

—A keen observer of railroad matters predicts that in ten years there will not be a railroad in the United States which will be operated with steam locomotives. Electricity, he says, will do the business by that time.

—A method of heating cars with heated air from the locomotive has been invented by M. ers. Lyon and Moore, engineers living at Duxbury. A company of business men and railroad men has been formed with a capital of $100,000.

—By a canal lift recently finished at Arques, France, by Edwin Clarke, the English engineer, five or six locks are done away with, and the boat, often with loads of as much as 220 tons, are lifted fifty feet at a single operation in a few minutes and with no loss of water.

—Subscriber will please look at the date pasted on their paper or wrapper, and if they find that their subscription has been paid, they will help the Monitor financially by remitting $1 00 promptly.

Family Fun.

HER BROTHER'S CIGARETTE.

Like raven's wing her locks so jet,
Her soft eyes beneath which lend regret,
Dimple and cheeks her ideal boast,
Pauline had brother's cigarette.

Roses, with dewy diamonds set,
Decorated her window's parapet;
With cross she turned a match to get,
And lit her brother's cigarette.

Her puffs of smoky violet
Formed in fantastic silk-nettes;
She blushed, laughed, coughed a little, yet,
She smoked her brother's cigarette.

II.

Her eyes with betray tears were wet,
Her hang raw limp beneath its set,
Her brow was pressed with beaded sweat,
She smoked her brother's cigarette.

"Monitor" Minute Gems.

—Cupid is always shooting and forever making Mrs.

—Funny, is it?—that after a man has come given his word he should try so hard to keep it!

—A woman's motto: There's always room at the bottom—for a postscript or two.

—Milk river, Montana, is probably so called because of the water it contains.

—Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Neither does a mule. They don't have to.

—At the horticultural show: "This is a tobacco plant, my dear." "Indeed! how it looks like marketing. But I don't see any cigars on it."

—"What becomes of the old moons, pa?" "Too old moons, my son! Why, they die of newmonia, to be sure."

NO WONDER.

He to a girl gets up one day
The rad weather as cover
And when to heaven he took his way
He found the pearly gates ajar.

What Are We Coming To?

"I wonder what is wrong at the Fabler's mansion. The bells are all muffled, the sidewalks covered with matting and the door-bell muzzle-a-ray!"

"Why, have not you heard? The pug has pneumonia."

DON'T IT.

The dismal who crooned in rolls
In the month of July is no bolic,
It hooks upon it if you
Go a hot summer day,
For the time and delightfully rolls.

What the Matter Was.

"Look here," said the railway superintendent to the conductor, "passengers say you are not civil to them."

"I'm just as civil to them as I know how to be," said the aggrieved conductor. "That's just what they complain of," was the reply.

A DISTINCTION.

At sea, on his yacht, with a fair lady by him, He asked for a bun, but she chose to deny him. "Not here," cried the lady, in tones full of wrath, "French I have not the slightest objection on earth."

That Settled It.

He—You are a Mud Muller, I see.
She (musing)—Indeed no, sir.
He—Then I am no judge.

NEW JERSEY'S POST.

He presented his bill,
And it could not be made it;
To valley, on hill,
He presented his bill,
With singing ill will,
And who for, I pay, I pay bill.
He presented his bill,
And I could not stand it.

Simmering Was Right.

Proof-reader (to managing editor)—I see that item in today's paper about Spriggins simmering in the country has an error in it.

Editor—What is the error?

Proof-reader—It should read "skimming in the country." Small ale make the correction immediately!

"Not the compositor has got it right after all."

FACT AND FANCY

A liver once in dainty dinge
Went boasting noise and bitterness,
But fell asleep upon the pillow
And dreamed that he was happy, very.
The maid he loved, that had of blisses,
Gave him—in dreams—a score of kisses.
He woke. A cow with dusty lashes
Was chewing of his blonde mustaches.

Phunny Phonograms.

—An English paper asks: "Should man sow?" They should mend, we think, but not sew. It is never too late to mend.

—If an empty purse could speak, what a lot the speech would it make. "You'll find no change in me."

—One of the main questions of the age in regard to some men is, not what they live on, but why they live on.

—It is said that no one can arrest the flight of Time, but who is the one who not able to stop a minute?

—Woman (to tramp)—After you've eaten pie will you saw a little wood? Tramp (eyeing the pie)—Yes, ma'am, if I am alive.

—Requested to define the word "Mental Suffering," "He is a man who pulls out other people's teeth to get something for his own to bite."

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Leave S. F.	Stations.	Arrive in S. F.
WEEK DAYS.		WEEK DAYS.
7:00 A. M.	Petaluma,	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	and	6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS.	Santa Rosa.	SUNDAYS.
7:00 A. M.	Fulton,	10:00 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	Windsor,	6:20 P. M.
	Healdsburg,	
	Cloverdale	
	and Ukiah.	
7:00 A. M.	Santa Rosa.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		6:20 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol and Mark West Springs. At Cloverdale for Geyserville, Skaggs Springs, Anderson Springs, Boonville, Orr's Springs, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Harbin Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Bevans' Springs, Saratoga Springs

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Recent Events in the World.

NOTES FROM ROME.

Incidents in Many Other Lands.

The Pope's Munificence.

On the Feast of the Holy Archdeacon St. Lawrence, titular of the Diocese of Perugia, his Holiness presented to that Cathedral, over which he ruled for 32 years as Bishop, the magnificent reliquary, that is the chasuble, dalmatics, and humeral veil, the Jubilee gifts of the princely families Sciphoes, Aldobrandini and Salviati, which constituted one of the glories of the Vatican Exhibition. Some wonder these vestments to have been the personal property of Pope Paul V., of the family Borghese, but most probably they are copied after the pattern of those made use of by that Pontiff; in fact, the style of both form and embroidery is really that of the beginning of the 17th century, the epoch of the Pontificate of Paul V., 1605-1621. The rich material, cloth of gold, is heavy with gold embroidery, somewhat oriental in character, though the shape of both chasuble and dalmatic variance rather of the style of the 15th century; the three vestments bear the collective escutcheon of the three princely families, drawn wrought in silk and gold, the escutcheons surmounted by the gonfalon of the Holy Church, with the keys of Peter, the symbol of the temporal; the humeral veil is bordered with more simple arabesques, the centre piece being an immense star of two hundred in gold, encircling the monogram of Christ. The splendid gift was over for the first time by Archbishop Pecchi on the Feast of St. Lorenzo, August 10th, 1888. His Holiness further ordained that this year, at the opening of the scholastic term, seven alumni be received in the Diocese Seminary at Perugia, and three in the College Urbanelli, at the expense of their education and maintenance is to be defrayed from his privy purse as long as they remain in the institutions. These alumni may be chosen either from city or country, provided they be poor and possess aptitude for the Priesthood. These last candidates are to be tried after the examination to be held on this 18th inst., in the presence of the Archbishop of Perugia and two Canons of that Metropolitan Chapter.

Parnell Defense Fund.

When the *Times* assailed Mr. Parnell's character it was playing a safe game. From the pecuniary point of view it could suffer little or no loss, and on the score of morality it had nothing to lose. It is certainly true to say that the *Times* is not read for the morality it inculcates, but for its Parliamentary reports, for the letters of eminent persons that are sent to it, and for the excellence of its correspondence from abroad. And it will continue to be read by the same persons even if it is found guilty of fraud. The *Times*, then, incurred no risk whilst it assailed upon making a bankrupt of Mr. Parnell financially as well as morally. But the actions are falling miserably. Sir Hopkins and Johnson, Scotchmen and Wishmen are rallying around Mr. Parnell, and the Defense Fund promises to be taken up with genuine enthusiasm. Archbishop Walsh and Archbishop Croke have already shown their interest in it with characteristic generosity and patriotism. Each has contributed the princely sum of £50 and in doing so have given an emphasis to the feeling of the Irish people for Mr. Parnell—a confidence which is unshaken by abuse or calumny.

Father Secchi's Memorial.

The Italian press, Liberal as well as Catholic, unite in praising the newly-erected statuary in the Lateran Cathedral, raised to the memory of the celebrated Jesuit astronomer Father Angelo Secchi, by the munificence and perseverance of his friend and disciple, Father Stanislaus Fumiani, S. J., who built inexpensive companion from 1864 to 1873, and almost his equal in astronomical science. This observatory, wholly due to the industrious and private means of Father Fumiani, is, taking it all in all, considered to be second in Italy after that of Rome, which represents it in the small degree it is in size of the Equatorial. The magnificent telescope of Father Fumiani is four metres in length, weighs 1,900 kilograms, which, including the mounting, make about 2,500.

Closing Jubilee Pilgrimages.

The closing period of the Pope's Jubilee falls begun last week with a series of pilgrimages which will continue to the end of the year, when the Holy Father will crown those demonstrations of faith and piety by the solemn Beatification of the two martyrs, Fenbeyre and Chanel, and of the Venerable Angeline, one of the first disciples and most faithful imitators of St. Philip Neri. The Church Triumphant will that be particularly associated, as it has been for the beginning of the Jubilee Year, with the Church militant, the saints of the Church Militant. And it is for the purpose of associating the Church Suffering with the benefit of these prayers, in virtue of the Communion of Saints, that the Sovereign Pontiff has fixed the last Sunday in September for a solemn Mass for the dead.

More Irish Missionaries.

Right Rev. Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ballarat, who has been looking in Ireland for assistance in his spiritual labors in his Australian diocese, has been as successful as he could fairly wish. He will probably leave Ireland for home about the 20th of next month, when he will take with him no fewer than 36 persons, counting nuns as well as Priests, to devote themselves to the advancement of religion in that part of Australia under his episcopal jurisdiction.

Sheridan's Successor.

General Schofield, who succeeds to the command of the army in a most estimable gentleman. He gave Archbishop Ryan a good reception at West Point some time ago, and his wife is a convert, who in a few years seems to have acquired all the simple instincts of Catholic faith. While her husband was in command at Chicago, Mrs. Schofield was noted among the Catholic ladies of the city for her great charity and unobtrusive piety. There is little doubt that the grade of Lieutenant-General will be revived, and General Schofield named for the rank.

The Next Consistory.

Two Consistories, one for the Preconization of Bishops for vacant Sees, and the other for the creation of new Cardinals, will take place during the final period of the Jubilee festivals. It has not been yet decided whether the two Consistories will be held about Christmas, with an interval of some days between them, or if his Holiness will hold in September the Consistory for the Preconization of Bishops, reserving for Christmas that for the creation of new Cardinals.

Italian Catholic Items.

Amongst the pilgrimages that will reach Rome in September, special interest will attach to one representing the Italian clergy. Whilst making this manifestation of faith and devotion to the Holy See, the Priests of Italy will, by their united action, offer an eloquent protest against the calumnies shown by those who use Papal Cloke therefrom to foster the freedom of the Sacred Ministry. The pilgrimage, which promises to be numerically the most imposing of the year, will arrive in Rome on the 24th of September, and will be received in audience by the Holy Father on the 26th. It is also announced that a fresh pilgrimage is being organized at Milan and will arrive in the Eternal City about the middle of September. Among the latest acts of Italian Government tyranny are the destruction of the monastery and church of St. Chiara in Rome, built in 1661, and the imprisonment for three months of a Mother Abbess in Perugia accused of vexating Government property, when forced to dialodge from the convent by order of the "paternal" Italian Ministry.

Irish Missionaries for Australia.

The missionary spirit is still alive and vigorous in Ireland. Several members of the Society of Jesus have just left for the diocese of Melbourne. They go out in charge of Father Duffy, who was so long connected with the Church of St. Francis Xavier in Gardiner street, Dublin. This venerable saint of St. Ignatius would be in his seventy-sixth year; yet so eager was he to do all he could for Heaven before the coming of the night when no man can work, that he begged permission to accompany the other voluntary exiles to the Antipodes. With him go Father Isaac Moore, who had a long and eminent career in the Southern Continent. Father Manning, who was till lately a professor in Belvidere College, and Father Hubert, Three scholastics in the persons of Messrs. Murphy, M'Curtin and Pigott, complete the party. The last-mentioned was originally a Dominican and was best known as Mr. Pigott, but the Master's call having come to him, he gave up the care of India to undertake the care of souls, relating under the banner of St. Ignatius. The vacation commencement, by, but temporarily, to some people.

Success of Cardinal Lavigerie.

His Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie has started the European capitals by his recitals of the horrors of slavery in Africa. In London he seems to have borne good fruit and stimulated the sympathy of all in his work. In Belgium, the noble ex-prelate has been received the aid of the King in stopping the traffic in human flesh. In Maastricht, Holland, where we last hear of him making known the terrible condition of those held in bondage, he moved his audience to tears by the recital of the inhuman treatment of the African women. While at Maestricht he gave the ballot to seven Sisters, who have consecrated their lives to the amelioration of equatorial Africa. The mission of Cardinal Lavigerie, undertaken at the command of the Holy Father, is destined to accomplish much good for the slaves, who have, in the Cardinal's opinion, found their chief protector in the Church.

Cardinal Newman.

The *Star* writes as follows regarding His Eminence Cardinal Newman, who a short time ago completed his 87th birthday: "Our people are aware that Cardinal Newman, who is now almost the last of the great Oxford straightforward circumstance, had some thoughts of devoting himself to journalism as a career. An excellent opportunity offered itself, for he made such an impression on the Irish directors of the Times by his letters that he had contributed to that journal on the Education Question, and the new *editor* of "Catholicus" that he was to succeed Mr. McNeiley as editor of the very hardcome salary—£1,800 a year is the figure at which report puts it. "Shall I be free," was his response to the tempting offer. "Are we what I think?" The need of good the reply nor add that Newman preferred to retain his liberty of conscience, and to write as a priest. One cannot help thinking that full of possibilities was that auspicious choice.

French Catholic News.

The Catholic laymen of France are organizing a pilgrimage to Rome for the month of October next. Next month has been a great pilgrimage to Lourdes. The *Tribune* states that over 900 invalids are to take part in the pilgrimage. The son of M. Jules Harmel, the Catholic employer *par excellence*, has been nominated by his Holiness, Pope of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. Mr. Harmel has succeeded his father in the management of the factory at Val-des-Bois. The new chapelle of M. Leo Taxil was inaugurated recently in M. Edward Joubert, the son of M. Joubert, who so distinguished himself by his administration of Maisons Lafitte in 1870-71. Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble, has just publicly encouraged the Free Grand Freemasonry, sent his apostolic benediction.

Stranger than Fiction.

OTTAWA, ONT., August 21.—On a recent Thursday evening, Miss McNeeley, residing at Carleton Place, found an old man sitting in the house in a paralytic condition. After seeing that [illegible] further McNeeley took him in for the night. The stranger could give no account of himself. He remained in bed and gradually became worse, and a physician pronounced his case hopeless. In handling his clothes several letters fell out, one of which was addressed to James McDowell, Belfast, Ire., while another bore the address of McNeeley himself as James McDowell was the name of her father in Ireland, whom she had not seen for thirty years. Mrs. McNeeley read the letter to find that the one in whose possession it had been found was none other than her parent. The one addressed to McNeeley was from brother to his father, in which he informed him that the old gentleman was in Canada, and was living at Ottawa, which he left Bros. $12,0-6. Yesterday the old gentleman died, never having regained consciousness.

A Request to the Devil.

A correspondent at Helmsgiven writes to a contemporary: The following gentlemen comprise the committee of the Fenian Brotherhood at present. A man dwelt a week or two ago in Pallapare, in the interior of the country, who was said to have had a bad and bloody life. He had always been known to be well off, but nobody knew how he had gained his possessions. There were many strange stories afloat, but one which was more credited than all the rest was to the effect that Hardgarten, as was his name, had, in his early days, been an intimate friend of "Whatabuse" (the arid one), with whom he had several transactions of a commercial character. When Hardgarten's will was opened it was found that he had bequeathed all his landed property to the devil. The family naturally protested against the will, and the question was taken to the Courts to be settled. Everybody seems anxious not to offend any of the parties concerned. There can be no doubt that the devil is thus a landowner, by legal right, in Finland.

—Rev. Stephen Lynch returned to Manhattan College this week from a trip to Cuba, where the Cuba archbishop sent something for the purchase of another an altar property.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE.

Closing Week of the Fourth Grand Council Nationalization of the Order—New Grand Officers—The Supreme Grand Council Contractual Rates—Etc., Etc.

—The Fourth Grand Council.

—Was truly a brilliant success.

—The 200 delegates were delightful—but tired.

—The work accomplished was very satisfactory.

—Everybody seemed to have everything in its sure their guests a pleasant time.

—A number of useful amendments to the Constitution were made.

—The Salary of Grand Secretary Tuohy was increased to $1200, and that popular official deserves this recognition.

—Thos. J. Boland was unanimously re-elected Grand Trustee, and Dr. Lewis Ayres, of the St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, Or.

—Henry B. Gilbride, the old and organ tion of Institutions in Oregon, Seattle, Victoria, and other parts of the North-west, has returned to this city.

—The correspondence views exhibited by Frank M King in the Convention on Tuesday evening were certainly creditable to the gentlemen they clearly depicted.

—Hon. M. Magee, the New York delegate, was the recipient of marked attention from the various delegates and from the people of Rockton. He was accorded the seat of honor next to the President of the Council and took an active part in the constitutional debates.

—The promenade concert and ball given by C.M.I. No. 3 of Stockton, was a complete social success. The attendance of the large parlors were crowded with spectators, and many delegates of the Council were in the enjoyment of the hours in the lively mazes of the dance.

—Immediately on the opening of the Council a grand march took place. The visiting delegates were marshaled by Mr. Tuohy, and preceded by the second Artillery Band marched to the depot to meet the President of the Supreme Council and other prominent officers from the Capital City, and the Grand Officers of the Council, numbering about 1,000 members. The schoolgirls were lined with people, and the parade was greeted with frequent cheers. The members of the Supreme Council

—The following permanent officers have been elected by Mr. of Portland, Or., President; F. Drumer, First Vice-President, C. H. Kyne, Second Vice-President; Thos. J. Boland, Secretary, Wm. Molloy, Financial Secretary, Jas. Tuohy, Treasurer, Jas. Lynch, Sentinel, Gustave Trescher, Mr. McGloin, Marshal, Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Gallagher, Mr. McGloin, Executive Committee, Messrs. Frank Agnew, Jas. Tuohy, T. McCarthy, C. Carroll and W. A. Healy.

—The place and date of the next Grand Council were fixed upon San Francisco and Alameda County Institutes to meet in Oakland, Cal., on Alameda Day. Very

—Nearly all the delegates were accompanied by their wives, who were very hospitably entertained by the ladies of the Council. The ladies of the Council

—The Ladies of the Rockton Convention.

The Fourth Grand Council concluded its session with a delightful evening with a grand banquet hall in Weber Hall. The hall was appropriately decorated, and the tables groaned under the weight of the good things. The ladies were laid for five hundred persons. John T. Kyne presided as toastmaster, and the following gentlemen responded to toasts: "Our Guests Were Welcome," Grand President McGloin; "The New York Institute," George W. Mayer; "The Chief Executive of the Country," J. J. Gallagher; "Washington Territory and the Y. M. I.," Thos. J. Boland; "Our Institutions," Hon. C. C. Conwell; "British Columbia," Rev. W. Vaughan; "Our Sister Institutions," Rev. F. Smith; "Y M I of Oregon," R. C. Gilbride; "Our Sister Institutions," Rev. Father Hill; "Our Institutions," Rev. W. H. O'Connor; "The City of Stockton," Mr. Gallagher; "Our Institutions," Rev. Father Kelly; "Our Institutions," Jas. Tuohy; "Our Institutions," Rev. Father Ryan; "Our Institutions," Rev. Father Ryan; "Our Institutions," Rev. Father Ryan

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME BEYOND.

Oh, why do we willingly suffer the ills,
The bitterest sorrow and strife,
Nor murmur at all at reverses and sky—
How dokey the burden of life.
Oh, why feel it pleasure to suffer for Him,
Whom love's most enchanting and fondest
The more through the night of sorrow
bliss
In that home of the Saviour beyond.

Behold in the cloister the servants of God,
Deprived of the comforts of earth,
Walking the road that the Saviour once trod,
Ever strangers to pleasure and mirth.
Oh, why do these ladies of heavenly mien
Give up all life's pleasures so fond?
The reason is plain—well-instructed they've
been
In the lyre of that have beyond!

The sorrow which fills o'er our pathway in
life,
At times is a burden severe;
The crosses and trials, the anguish and strife,
Cause many a heart-ache and tear.
But faith in the Giver of all that is good,
Has promised God's children most fond,
That a crown of eternal glory awaits
All those in that haven beyond.

H.

Gold Hill, Nev., Sept. 8, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

PLEETING FAME.

I have often thought and so often said,
How, to remember, we have school the same,
How foolish were those who have strives and bled,
To gleam from frail Glory a breath-fleeting
fame.

I have heard word-sons stories of those who have
spoke
Unsuge to their end and the tomb,
Though they by unbridled ambition were led,
Still their names now are shrouded in gloom.

Yet others off lured by the mirage of fame,
Have thoughtlessly followed the gaze,
And dreamt that a hair-liminded their name
With unfulfilled transhcent eyes.

How many have even, how many now follow
Fame's unpitiful smile and false speech;
How many now tread in her footstepe most hollow
And fast to the tales she's accustomed to teach.

And their names! Do they shine with the light
of renown?
Do they dazzle the vision of men?
Do they at mere mention come lightly to bound,
Hearts both in the village, the city, the glen?

Ah, no! not even a single soul can say,—
Any alone had been dear
Their works are unknown as the clay
That wraps their body, death and fame.

Then let it be our ambition thought
To seek for fame that will not die;
May our days fly on, with goodness fraught,
Which deeds to be remembered by.

With deeds that shall outlive the world;
That shall embalm every name
Where glory's banner is unfurled
In the temple of Eternal Fame.

J. T. COTTRIDGE.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

OF ALL THE POETS TO ROVE AWHILE.

Of all the poets to rove awhile,
There are none so blithe and gay,
As those around old Idale Creek
At close of Summer's day.

Ah! there you'll find dear joys untold,
Fresh springing everywhere—
Along the rugged sun-kissed hills,
And in the fragrant air.

You'll hear the streams singling down,
Complaining as they flow,
And glistening 'mong the crowns, 'ill
They join the bay below.

But, oh! to fill your cup of joy,
There bells you'll hear show by—
SS. Mary's, Joseph's and St. Paul's,
Beneath the raptured sky—

Availing to their magic way,
The Angelus sweet and mild,
Until you are in reverie
Made gentle as a child.

Ah, yes! the evenings glide like this—
And even more lovely too,
For jingling bells you would fall to point
The tenth of any view—

That gleam beneath the fading hours
In dewy, melting light,
Until the eastern star and moon
Are seen in glory bright.

H. A. FARST.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A PATRIOTIC IRISH ALPHABET.

A stands for Archbishop—patriotic and true;
B stands for Bells which they know how to con-
cover;
C stands for Coercion—England's lasting dis-
grace;
D stands for Dynamite which no longer finds
place;
E stands for Eviction—that horrid decree;
F stands stands for Famine—quite as dreadful
to me;
G stands for Gladstone and his Radical Crew;
H stands for Home Rule which is coming for
sure;
I stands for Industry which with contentment
will grow;
J stands for Jury-packing which surely must go;
K stands for Kerry who her bonus would de-
fend;
L stands for Landlordism—fast nearing its end;
M stands for Martyrs whose devotion's sublime;
N stands for Nation which shall endure for all
time;
O stands for O'Connell, the man of his day;
P stands for Parnell who the same role will
play;
Q stands for Quack remedies—the Tories last
hope;
R stands for Rome, where lives Ireland's friend,
the Pope;
S stands for Scotland, who sticks up for the
right;
T stands for The Times which vents hatred and
spite;
U stands for Ulster—the world has pronounced
against them;
W stands for Wales, with an almost to a man;
X stands for X-ties, where boots are o'er in the
ban;
Y stands for Young Ireland, with love of coun-
try polore;
Z stands for Zeal which will Ireland restore!

MARTIN F. WARD.

POSITION AS TEACHER WANTED.

A Catholic gentleman who has been connected with several prominent Catholic schools in this city during the last 10 years, desires a position as teacher in a Catholic school. Best of references can be given. For particulars address Rev. Father Fisher Varsburger, P. O. Box 731, Los Angeles, Cal.

Literary Miscellany.

"VALISKA"

A Catholic Story of Temptation, and Triumph over Evil.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "SEFTON."]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER II.

At last towards the end of the week, the new neighbors moved in. Valiska could hardly tear herself away from her mother's side and see them as they stepped in and out of the house, arranging their scanty furniture, for she could see that they were poor by the rude furniture and coarse home-made curtains, which covered the windows; but after they were settled there was such a look of peace and contentment about the place, and in the plain, almost homely, face, of its young Irish mistress, as she bustled about her work or sang to her baby girl and taught her little by his prayers, or told him wonderful stories of the land of their birth—for they were not long from the "Emerald Isle."

Valiska would often stand on the back steps and listen to the soft voice, telling little Michael of the miracles of Knock and Lourdes, and how he must be a true son of his Blessed Mother Mary.

Then for a moment a great sorrow would overcome Valiska, and she would turn away with tearful eye, but pride would come to undo the sweetness of that one moment of contrition. "What would Gratalia think if she were to see me crying over a few words said by that women next door?" Then she would wipe away the tears, and resume her work.

The new neighbors were there some few weeks, when an accident happened which brought Valiska to their cot. Her uncle had a large water dog which he kept chained in the yard. Little Michael Malone, who used to roam about the hills, back of the house, had been out gathering flowers, chanced to see one near the fence, stopped to pluck it, not perceiving the dog, which, with a low growl, jumped the fence and would have injured the child, were it not for Valiska, who saw the dog springing over the fence and heard Michael scream.

She rushed to the rescue, called Carlo away, and picking up the terrified child, carried him to his mother.

For Mrs. Malone was much frightened at first; but Valiska calmed her fears, telling her she had called the dog away before any harm had been done.

"Why the Lord be good to you, Miss," said the grateful mother. "Sure it would be a hard blow to us, if harm came to our Michael."

Mike got over his fright, and was praying the Lord to bless the pretty lady that saved him from the fangs of the big dog.

"But, mother," and he, turning to her, "do you think the Holy Mother will listen to me and bless Valiska when I tell the altar I was going, when the beast took after me, and niver a one have I brought to put a bit her feet, in my flight?"

"Oh, yes, darlin', she'll listen to you, and when the dog is chained, you may go and gather as you know."

"Then," said he to Valiska, "I would you to him now, so I can get the flowers afore night. Niver a day passes without I bring a few posies to my Blessed Mother. I don't think I could sleep easy if I let that duty pass."

"Very well, dear," said Valiska, "I will go now and chain him, and we will never trouble you again; good-bye, little Mike, will you not come and see me?"

"Yes Miss, with pleasure, if my mother will give me leave."

Mrs. Malone assured Mike that he might go to see the young lady when he wished, and, ere long, Mike was a daily caller at Valiska's home. One day Gratalia came in while he was there, and looking at him patronizingly, said:

"So this is the little Irish boy that lives next door? Before Valiska could reply, Mike answered, saying:

"Yes, ma'am, I am the little Irish boy that lives next door."

"What a pert little fellow you are," said the girl, "" what is your name?"

"My name is Mike Malone, but its not pert I am. My mother teaches me to be polite and decent to every one," and eyeing Gratalia searchingly, he took up his hat and went home.

The next day he came as usual to see Valiska. "What do you think of my friend, Mike?" she asked, "is she not lovely?"

"Its one way, yes, in another, no," replied Mike. "She has a bad eye in her head."

"Why, Mike, why do you dislike her, she is my dearest friend."

"I think 'twould be better if you never saw her," was his straightforward answer.

"No, no, you misjudge her, Mike," said Valiska, as seriously as if she were talking to an old man, instead of a boy of ten. "She would not do wrong, nor lead any one else to do it."

"I hope I'm not misjudging her, but I have no use for any one that'll mistrain say livin' thing, let alone a poor old woman as I saw pure pretty friend the other day gittin' a pile of impitinence to a poor old cr'ypther that's livin' with her over there, and all because her white fe'ce wasn't inclined to suit her highness, so you must know that such doin's is not the work of a Christian or a lady."

"Even enough, but maybe she was angry at something else, and did not mean it."

"If she didn't mean it, why did she do it, sure when I do a thing I mean it. If you do anything an' don't mean it, it's a lie poor actin'. Maybe you think she didn't mean what she told me the other day, that I was a pert boy. To think of her giving me such a character. Oh, then 'twas all I could do to hold my temper an' treat her with the contempt she deserved. Miss Valiska, if you value your peace of mind, your character and all you have, love her alone afore it's too late."

"Why, child, how could you ask me to give up my friend. That would be wrong. Why do you talk so of her, you do not know her."

"Throw for you, but my father known of her, an' I feel it in my bones you'll wish you had taken Mike Malone's adv ce, an let her drop afore many weeks have gone bygone! mark back. But good bye, now, I must be goin' home, here she comes, an' I want no talk with her at all, but lock out for her, that's all I say to you!"

Just as Michael went out, Gratalia came in, flushed and excited, full of a new project.

"Oh, Valiska," she cried, as she embraced her. "I have such a glorious secret to let you into—but promise me first you will do what I ask!"

"Tell me, first."

"No, no promise, promise. I'm burning out of the way, come there's a darling, say you will," coaxed Gratalia, as she put her arms round Valiska's neck, and looking at her tenderly, kissed her lips.

Oh! fatal fascination! Lured by Gratalia's superior loveliness and caressing ways, Valiska was forced to yield.

"Yes," she said, returning the caress, "now tell me what it is?"

"Will you promise to follow me, to do what I tell you?"

"Yes, yes," answered Valiska, excitedly, "tell me, quick."

"Well, listen. In T——, there is to be a great masquerade next week. I wish to attend and my mother objects, now I am going, any way, and I want you to come along, will you come?"

"Here is a long way to T——. We cannot think of it. We would have to start the day before and travel all night, and my uncle is not here, and—"

"Bah! as one go and return before he comes, and no one will be the wiser. My brother will go with us. We will be all right, and then you know he will buy us a dress, and we will be as well as the next one and will have a good time, and no one will know us."

"Instead of that," said Valiska, "I want I would not care who recognize me."

"Very well, then, we will have to hurry to get ready by to-morrow night. After dark we will start, for I don't wish my one to see us, as my mother will make a fuss—she is so tiresome."

"Tomorrow night" echoed Valiska, "I thought you said it was to take place next week?"

"Yes, yes, you poor, innocent, little goose, but don't we want to be there some time ahead to secure tickets and get ready; I have a relative there we can stay with, and we will start back after the party, the same night."

A feeling of dread overcame Valiska. Something was not just as Irish old he, she thought. How she wished she had been alone to promise, but now that it was done she could not draw back. Poor Valiska, your pride and self will, your inordinate love of beauty, your neglect of God's Holy Commandments, have brought you to this. Michael prophesied. For Valiska had forgotten God since she went with Gratalia, who controlled her every action. When Gratalia went to Mass, then only Valiska went, and the result was she missed it frequently.

Often a desire to go and throw herself at the feet of the Saviour once more, and beg for peace and pardon, would come to her, but a word of Gratalia based of "it is so we would laugh at such 'old English' ideas," so she stifled her longings and went on—on the road paved with Gratalia, her evil genius luring her on.

So when she made up her mind to take this unknown trip, she grew reckless, and even though the sorrow and anxiety caused such an act disguised her at times, and filled her with loathing, still, the Tempter began to lay his cold hand on her soul, and visions of the wonderful things she would see. She had never been outside of the village of "——."

The next evening came, and Valiska put out the lights and closed the blinds earlier than usual, to deceive Mrs Malone into the belief that she had retired early. Then she sat in the dark until the clock struck ten, but still no signs of Gratalia; she began to get uneasy. The deathly stillness of the place frightened her, and when she heard the roll of wheels in the distance, she felt somewhat relieved for she knew her friends were coming. Her friends! Oh, disgraceful, stubborn girl! She was soon to find that they were her worst enemies.

Very slowly the buggy came up so that it would not waken the neighbors. As it stopped, Valiska stepped out, locked the door, and putting the key into her pocket, went to her fate. She noticed that the vehicle was a one-seated affair, and wondered why they did not get a larger one anyway for three. Gratalia and her brother helped her in without a word and soon they were rolling away from home; Valiska was ill at ease, a strange foreboding of evil came over her which she could not account for. She tried to dispel it, but in vain; Gratalia saw that she was quiet and distressed, and did all she could to raise her spirits in which she partly succeeded. In this way they went on until they were some five miles from the village, when Valiska heard the approach of another vehicle, and was not a little surprised when Hey Vallenda (Gratalia's brother), stopped his team to await the stranger, who reined up his horses side of their buggy, and after a few hurried words with Hey, assisted Gratalia into his buggy and drove rapidly ahead, leaving poor Valiska alone with Hey to follow. He arranged the buggy robes for Valiska's comfort, and prepared to overtake his sister.

"What does this mean?" murmured Valiska, white to the lips, "Gratalia has deceived me, or I—"

"You will find out soon enough," returned Hey, as he lashed his horses into a rapid pace, and was soon trotting alongside of the other team.

For some time the two buggies rolled along in silence. Valiska was too horrified to speak. She realized it all in one bitter moment of crowding anguish. She had probably lost her name as well as her friends!

"Oh!" she moaned to herself, "why did I not listen to Sorella. She knew better than I."

Once when within speaking distance, Gratalia said, "why so sad, Valiie, darling, you will soon see all; did it never cross your mind, my love, that you were to attend a wedding?"

"Bah!" said Valiska, "and you have deceived me, 'tod to me thus. Oh, Gratalia,

JOHN BULL'S MANNERS.

Queer English Opinions Criticised by an American.

Mr. W. T. Higgins, writing in the Pilot, continues that the English are such a mixed race that the Americans do not know "what they are about." Some years ago to find himself in the front seat of a dinner party of scientific men in London a dinner of the Royal Society, men's persons at the table was an exceedingly clever man, who sometimes were, however brusque and offensive, who interrupted everybody, gave rude and abrupt answers, and indeed himself generally disagreeable. Yet he seemed a great importance and was always heard with attention. He was evidently familiar with several branches of science, and I finally got the impression that he must be some leading London physicist, whose professorship perhaps was so great that his could be so rude to Almighty if he wished. At last I found an opportunity to ask my neighbor what was this curiously offensive personage, and was told that it was Lord Lyttleton the fourth Lord of that name, who died a few years ago. He then assured that he left on the memory of at least one stranger the picture of the most unmannered man he had ever encountered in what is called good society, at home or abroad.

"Not long after at a dinner party in London, England, I sat next to a man who was well known in literature, who, although also called himself a Liberal, strongly maintained that the Queen should be compelled to give a standard of manners, and I must say demonstrated, and cited Lord Lyttleton as an alarming example. She set it lightly by saying: "Oh, he is only a little peculiar." Then I mentioned another nobleman who I had lately met, but in a different creation. "Still another in my mind," said the last of personally-inspected nobles, "is a man who I think, is to be elevated to the House of Lords to do legal duty in that place. I was at a dinner at which there was always some noise, and the blows of knives and forks, and the clatter of the plates, I quoted a dear story, then recent, which amused some of the ladies of Queen's Princess, and here also she was rudely silent. Not an answer. They are not English, she said, 'they are Irish.' I am sure that no class in the world, probably, is judged so little on its merits as the English upper class. Nobody knows anything about England, and people who come to England would call high-bred, but it is certain, that no one may meet a dead man in any country and walk up through a considerable number of dinner parties without hearing the cold 'I do not remember a person.' Not that most of this class are actually cold-hearted, but it is rare, rarely, rarely, that, in a rare and truly good, family, one finds a person affectionate, and by no means what an American would call 'good.' Nobody knows what is good. The apparent rude action of the Lord Lyttleton, I think, is due to the consciousness of person which is not common in an American. No man can ever become rude, or, at least, seem rude, in a manner which anywhere else would lead lady will talk to him. Nobody knows what is good. It engages the complaint made by Jeremy Bentham, that people are so careless that they gave him too much of their time and attention. He did know any will that he could not do it. Nobody knows what is good. Nobody knows anything about Nobodies. Nobody knows what is good. Nobody knows anything about Nobodies. Nobody knows what is good. Nobody knows anything about Nobodies

THE MONITOR.

TWICE-YEAR TALE OF PERSECUTION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1888.

PASTORAL

—OF—

RT. REV. P. MANOGUE, D. D.

TO the Clergy of the

DIOCESE OF SACRAMENTO.

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS.—

I need not recall to your memory the great solicitude of our Holy Father for the welfare of the faithful of this state. His admonitions, letters and encyclicals from the beginning amply show this solicitude. His great mind has grasped the whole earth. Not alone Europe, but Asia, Africa, Oceanica and America have profited by his timely counsels and salutary instructions. Peoples and nations, kings and leaders have laudably vied with each other in acknowledging his worth, his dignity, his charity and greatness of soul. Hence, in the present instance, we might apply the words of the royal Prophet: "The Kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents; the Kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts."

The great aim of our Venerable Pontiff has been and still is, the re-establishment of order, the reign of truth, justice and charity among the people of the world. He and the free action of the Church of God on earth.

The Church, though established on earth, is not earthly. Its glorious and illustrious Head, Christ Jesus, is in Heaven, and its whole and sole object aim at the regeneration of fallen man, the sanctification of souls, and keeping its members united with their Heavenly Head and Leader. Like a holy and blessed trinity, the Church has three remarkable component parts. These are the Church Militant on Earth, the Church Triumphant in Heaven, and the Suffering Church in Purgatory. We have already indicated the great and solicitude of the Holy Father for the Militant Church, and how his great mind grasps within its embrace the whole earth. We are also mindful that while the Supreme Pontiff was engaged in the Canonization and Beatification of the faithful servants of God who had fought the good fight, finished their course, kept the faith, and received their eternal reward, his sympathetic heart expanded to all the members of the Church. While contemplating the joys of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and communing with the spirits of the just made perfect, his charitable heart could not turn away from the wailings and lamentations of the gloomy prison. "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

The Holy Father, by yielding to this pathetic appeal: "*In Profundis*," has crowned all his good and great works and rendered his Jubilee particularly memorable. Its calls upon all the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops and Priests of the world to unite with him on the last Sunday of this month, 30th day of September, in offering to the Throne of Mercy a Requiem Mass for the souls of the faithful departed, detained in the prison of Purgatory till they pay the last farthing. The Mass to be celebrated is that of All Souls' Day, or the first Receiven in the Missal.

On that day and for that Requiem Mass, the privileged altar is granted to every Priest, that is attached thereto is a Plenary Indulgence to be applied to the souls in Purgatory. A Plenary Indulgence is also granted to the faithful for the souls detained in prison, on condition of confessing their sins and fortifying themselves with the Angelic Bread at the Altar of God.

Hence, Rev. Fathers, you are hereby notified and enjoined to have the celebration on that day as solemn as possible, and to give due notice to your respective flocks to correspond according to instructions.

✠ P. MANOGUE,
Bishop of Sacramento.

Sacramento, Sept. 17, 1888.

That Pittsburg Perturbation.

PITTSBURG (Pa.), Sept. 16.—Bitter feeling has been manifested by the establishment of a parochial school by Catholics in the First Ward public school building. Seven Protestant ministers denounced Catholicism from the pulpits to-day, and arrangements have been made for mass meetings in this city and also in Allegheny next Tuesday evening to protest against the use of public school buildings for religious purposes.

The foregoing dispatch appeared as "one o' th' city dailies of Monday morning last. About the same news appeared in the Eastern papers of the 3rd inst., at the time the Pittsburg public schools opened. The facts in the case are these: Father Shealy, rector of the Church of St. Mary of Mercy, in that city, some time ago leased from the Board of Public School Directors, a portion of the school building in the First Ward, wherein he established a parochial school. He opened his school with 200 scholars under charge of four Sisters. The only "excitement" aroused about the matter is manufactured by certain malignant Methodist preachers, who are constantly creating disturbances by their officious impertinence and their sugar desire to destroy every Catholic school in the land.

—An Eastern contemporary makes the judicious suggestion: "Three things will insure temporal as well as spiritual success; the frequentation of the Sacraments, the daily Mass, and a Catholic paper. If pastors would encourage their flock, to take some Catholic paper their minds would not only receive good food, but the evil of the daily paper would be counteracted. In every city there is at least one Catholic paper which not only gives the Church news of the diocese, but matter that is interesting to each community. And what is of more importance, there will always be something instructive, and which will tend to lift them above this work-a-day world to thoughts of eternity. A Catholic paper is good for soul as well as mind, and those heads of families who do not take one are neglecting a good opportunity of good for their children.

A Tribute to Sheridan.

The prejudice which Protestant preachers manifest towards Catholic citizens prevents them from giving credit even to such men as Sheridan, Tarpy, and thousands of other brave and learned Catholics who have given additional glory to the American republic. It is all the more appreciable, therefore, to find the Protestant editor of the *Christian Register* possessing a sufficient amount of Christianity to pay this tribute to the brave and patriotic Catholic Sheridan:

AN IRISH CATHOLIC HERO.

That an Irishman and a Catholic may be a good citizen, worthy of the love, honor and reverence of his fellow-citizens, is shown in the great career of Philip H. Sheridan, and the universal respect of the nation manifested at his death and burial. Among all the notices of his career we have seen, not one hints at any prejudice against his because he was a member of the Catholic Church. His patriotism was so simple, so sincere, so enthusiastic; his services to the Republic were so great and so brilliant; the confidence in him shared by such leaders as Lincoln, Grant and Sherman, was so marked and explicit, that there was no room for adverse criticism. Philip Sheridan, Irishman and Catholic, is a typical American hero, and his example will lead many a young foreigner to emulate his record of patriotic service.

—The yellow fever is in Florida, and, as usual, all the Protestant preachers, their wives and their babies, have gone away, no one knowth or careth whither. Thus Protestantism makes perfect cowards of its preachers! In the meantime Catholic priests and Sisters are at their posts of danger, and hundreds of letters have been received from Northern cities wherein both priests and Sisters offer their services to assist the sick if their presence is needed. Such is the courage which comes from true Faith! Sectarian preachers skulk away from danger, while Catholic courage is willing to brave every epidemic in order to imitate that sublime charity which Almighty God has left to his true Church as the model for all ages.

—The worldish "American Party," which was fathered by Pixley, Barock & Co., has had its portrait taken. Here it is as we find it in the columns of a paper called *America*, and published in Chicago for the purpose of "beoming" the Pixley-Barock handling the muscular ladybird. "The editors of *America* who attended the Washington convention feel that their time was well spent, as they learned just what the American party is and just who are its leaders. They learned that a majority of the managers are a set of cast-off political tramps who are engineering the scheme at the instigation of greater powers, with a view to selling out the organization to the highest bidder." No reason to go to Washington City to learn that fact. If the editors of *America* had turned over the pages of last year's MONITOR they would never have associated themselves with the "cast-off political tramps" whom they now denounce.

THE ADRIAN AND ALEXANDER BULLS.

Further Evidence in Proof of their Spurious Character.—O'Hallieran's History Dissected.—Extracts from the History and Writings of Rome, Lingard, Father Theiner, S. J., and others.

TESTIMONY FROM O'HALLORAN'S HISTORY.

The work we design pouring into at present is one of those so called Irish Histories which are bound in green cloth—so that those who buy them may actually judge the book by its cover.

The work is stamped the name O'Halloran, so as to lead Irish people into the false idea that some person with that Celtic patronymic was the author, while on the title-page appears the thoroughly English name of "Dolby." This work, therefore, in all intents and purposes, a *spurious* History of Ireland, only one-third of which was written by an Irishman, while the other two-thirds are the concoction of some literary Cockneys who were bitterly anti-Catholic as well as anti-Irish, as we intend to prove when we come to cite certain passages.

This O'Halloran-Dolby mixture is cited very frequently in Judge Maguire's bad book, for the reason that—as an English publication—it just suited his anti-Catholic views on the question of the Irish Bulls, hence he drew many of his worst falsehoods from the prejudiced pages of this translated volume.

In the so-called O'Halloran portion of this Irish English History,* we are told in the body of the work that King Henry "entered the harbor of Waterford, October 18th, 1172," but the modern Editor of "O'Halloran's" part, it appears knew more than the Irish historian did, and so he added that footnote

The reader will remember that Dr. Leland and others, have unfortunately followed the authority of Giraldus Cambrensis for the date 1171.† It has lately been ascertained that the right year is 1172. Dr. O'Connor is *severely* indignant at the mistake. When such learned Doctors disagree, surely my friend O'Halloran may be excused. T. Moore quitably observes that it is "a mark of carelessness, if not, possibly, but by an means meeting the grave severity with which Dr. O'Connor remarks upon it."

Here, then, we have the date of King Henry's arrival in Ireland decisively settled as having taken place on October 18th, 1171. Very well! Now let us glance at the text of the Alexander bull as it appears on another page of this Irish English "history," and we find to our great astonishment that it bears date 1172! And yet O'Halloran says that both the Adrian and Alexander Bulls were presented by the English monarch before the Synod of Cashel, held within a couple of weeks after King Henry's arrival in Ireland!

This Cashel Synod, O'Halloran says, "was the most numerous, but were it the splendid and most genuine assembly of nobles ever convened in the world, how, we ask, in the name of all the mathematicians of the world, could the Bulls ever be laid down to our own Dublin—could King Henry present to any body of men in the world, the Bulls, in the month of October, 1171, a document purporting to have been issued at Rome in the year following!

Thus, we can account for such a blunder in the date of the spurious Bull is that King Henry II., when he had that fictitious document drawn up, did not intend to invade Ireland until the year 1172, and he had that date inserted upon it, but the death of a Becket, and the news that two Papal Legates were coming over to England to lay his country under Interdict, forced the Monarch to postpone his intended invasion of Ireland, and so the Bull was left in the Chancery of the Vatican, and when it was at last sent for, the Chancery Bull in question was dated 1155, and so it was, in the hurry of the moment, that the Bull was dated 1155, and so it was, in the hurry of the moment, that the Bull was dated 1155, and so it was, in the hurry of the moment, that the Bull

Farm and Home.

California's Redwood Forests.

The magnificent redwoods which extend along the coast ranges, from Monterey Bay to Sinkiyou, constitute the chief industry in scenes of this State. It is from these forest that the major part of the lumber used in the State since the American occupation has been been obtained. The drain on these forests has recently been enormous. In those redwood forests adjacent to San Francisco Bay and lying in the counties of San Mateo, Santa Cruz, Marin, Sonoma, Napa and Alameda, most of the merchantable timber to the original growth has been removed long ago. Fortunately the destruction of those forests has not produced a sense of utter desolation such as it naturally pictured in the mind as following in the wake of the lumbermen's axe. In the greater portion of these worked over forests, where the stumps have not been removed to make room for fruit trees or vine, the great vitality of the redwood has asserted itself, and a dense growth of saplings has sprung from the mutilated butts, and are rapidly approaching a merchantable condition.

The same phenomenon of nature restoring the redwood forests is seen in such parts of Mendocino and Humboldt counties as the lumbermen have already cutted. An interesting illustration of the renewal of these magnificent forest trees is preserved in the means on the east side of the Contra Costa and Alameda county range, within a few miles of this city, and along the principal slopes of Mount Tamalpais, and the ranges of Sonoma and Napa counties. The redwood forests on the range east of St. Helena, in the Napa county, supplied all the ties used in the construction of the Napa Valley Railway, and the new growth has been drawn upon for years past for posts and stakes for the vineyards and orchards that are taking the place of the forest.

Useful and Unusual.

—In experimenting with seaweed for making gun cotton a beautiful dye has been discovered.

—Flour of sulphur has proved to be an efficient preventive against the ravages of carpet bugs or buffalo moths.

—The latest theory about the planet Mars is that it is largely covered with glaciers and will be generally.

—Professor Rogers has invented a solidified gas which can be immediately volatilized for the respectful use of ballooniets.

—Sweet oil and putty powder followed by soap and water, are efficient means for brightening brass and copper.

—The latest lace machines are 200 inches wide instead of 130. The output is 25 per cent. greater and the quality much better than with the old machines.

—The most wholesome way to drink milk is to sip it by mouthfuls at short intervals. It is necessary for easy digestion to present it slowly to the gastric mucous surfaces.

—Electrician Edison has scientifically shocked a dog to death. Three thousand volts alternating 500 times per second will kill a man. Still bandages on the doomed man's wrists will help.

—Take a small quantity of 2 per cent carbolic acid solution, and sprinkle sheets, counterpanes, pillows and bolsters, on both sides, the edges of bed curtains and the walls near the bed. The fate and neck may also be slightly wetted with the solution. Not a single gnat or mosquito will come near.

The Human Teeth.

"The poison carried by the human teeth is one of the most amazing that a physician has to deal with," writes Dr. C. A. Robinson. "A Vitten ear or nose is months in healing, when a more important wound inflicted by an instrument would readily yield to simple remedies. I have under my attention severe and complicated cases of blood poisoning in which the patient had but slightly abraided the back hand in the course of a fight by striving the knuckles against the teeth of his opponent. I have those hands thus poisoned only saved from amputation by the replication of all the resources of science. Tobacco or whiskey, or disarrangement of the stomach from many other causes, may be responsible for this poisonous condition of the teeth, and I am not prepared to say that a man with good health and a clean, sweet mouth would scarcely the poison. But I can only speak of the frequency of this class of cases and the difficulty of attending them successfully."

Household Hints.

—A CHAMOIS HELPER.—Take the stalks of a cabbage, strip them, leave them in water all night, and on the next day soak them like vegetable marrow, and they will be found very good.

—Green corn and lima beans deteriorate more quickly than any other vegetable; they should be spread out singly on the cool pallets for as soon as they come from the market.

—Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without any injury by using the following with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in the proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it. Lay the stain in this for a minute, then apply white vinegar and hold the table linen.

—To clean paint that is not varnished put a little some of the best whiting; have ready some clean, warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and wipe so nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will remove any dirt or grease; wash well off and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new.

Raisins as Good as the Best.

Fresno county will this year produce about one half of the entire raisin crop of the State, and what is better, all the vine yardists will turn out raisins this year and make the latter grapes into dried currants, as they are called.

The London layer raisins from Fresno county will this year lay the imported article in the shade, and will not only take their proper place in the markets of the United States, but will, in all probability be shipped abroad. Both the Fresno raisin and the manner in which it will be packed will be superior to anything sent from Spain therefore, or that will be sent, in all probability this season. The Eastern merchants have asked the California packers to send them raisins which were packed as showy as the foreign fruit, and state that if they do so the fruit itself will give entire satisfaction.

Etiquette of the Sofa.

The etiquette of sofas belongs to the study of manners. No man should take a seat on a sofa while the women occupy chairs, nor does any gentleman sit upon a sofa beside the lady unless asked to do so. The sofa is reserved for the ladies, and the men should take chairs near the sofa or stand before it if they wish to talk to the opposite.

Family Fun.

Outwitted by a Boy.

The following incident is related as a reduubtable fact. In Ireland potatoes go by a variety of names. When the writer was a boy over twenty summers ago, the name "Protestants" was given to tubers with a bluish tint, being shiny in shape. A had so used Johnny Downing owned a skin full of them on his back one day. The arrangement made of worker work, almost square in form, and used generally to carry turf or potatoes. Johnny, while carrying his load happened to meet a Protestant minister. It was among the mountains of the South of Ireland.

"Say, young lad, what's that you got on your back?" asked the minister.

"Potatoes, yer reverence," responded Johnny.

"What kind of potatoes are they that you have there?" continued the minister.

"Protestants, yer reverence.

"And are you a Protestant, Johnny?"

"No sir, I'm a Catholic."

"Then it's a great wonder that you would carry 'Protestants' on your back."

"Nothing wonderful at all about it, sir, because you see we like to return good for evil, and you know when I go home my mother will boil these Prots nuts that I've got on my back and give the biggest of them."

"The minister laughed in a very hearty laugh, and like the liberal gentleman he was, he generously threw Johnny a crown piece, Hibernian money, equivalent to half a dollar, and in an exclamation:

"Oh, sir, may the mother of that prey to the Divine Son to answer you and may you live as long as you live, and may the blessed crown piece you get me."

The minister thanked the boy for his prayer and did some thinking as he walked pensively along the road, musing on the intimate connection there does exist at times between a mother and a son, especially such a Mother and such a Son.

Where He was Struck.

Once night in the second act of "The Seaughrans," where a front scene should have been drawn to discover the ruined abbey by moonlight, with the river ripples made by the moon on the waters, there was a long wait. The show music was played again and again. I became decidedly impatient, when Tommy Hodson, the gentleman who managed all the limelight effects, including the moon, rushed towards me with despair convulsing his features.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Oh, sir, the moon has burned."

He meant that the lens which is focused on the circular crescent representing the moon had broken under heat.

"No matter," I cried, "draw the moon."

Tommy tore his hair when, on discovering that Mr. Morgan's lovely work, a round black hole in the sky, representing a total eclipse. Nevertheless the waiters below showed the rippling reflection of the satellite. Tommy had forgotten to "turn off the ripple." A year of laughter followed the blunder.

But that was nothing compared to what happened in the last scene of the play when Molineux had to search for the wound in Kinsella's body, inflicted by Cox's pistol shot. The text directs Molineux to feel the breast of Kinsella's coat accordingly. The ballet entered here, but something has turned its progress. All the people in black has saved his life."

Molineux, who played Montague, could find no pocketbook. I heard him whisper:

"Where's the pocketbook?"

"Oh, I did!" murmured Kinsella, I forgot—it's in my tail pocket."

Molineux rolled him over, and extracting the book from that spot, continued without thinking: "The bullet entered here, Ar."

The ill-omen roar of laughter, in which every one on the stage joined, shook the building. I tried to pick up the pieces of part, but how I got the few words out I cannot imagine.—*Dion Boucicault.*

A Cruel Exposure.

"Mr. Minnie Burrits Learned will now give us a very interesting experiment in chemistry, showing the carbonferous character of many ordinary substances, after which she will entertain us with a little treatise on astronomy, and an illustration of the geological formation of certain substances, closing with a brief essay entitled—'Philosophy vs. Rhinoceros.' Then spoke the president of a young ladies' seminary on the close of the entertainment.

A hard heads dull-fashioned farmer happened to be on the examining board and selected for the family and pearl of Miss Minnie by asking.

"Kin Miss Minnie tell me how much sixteen and three-fourths pounds of beef would come to at 12½ cents a pound?"

"Why, really, I—I" gasped Miss Minnie.

"Kin you tell me who is the President of the United States?"

"Why—I—Mr. Blaine, is it? Or is it—"

"Kin you tell me in what State Kalamazoo is, and where the Mississippi River rises and sets?"

"I—I—don't—just—know."

"I reckoned you did not. I wonder if yer teachers know. Blamed if I don't believe they don't. Gimme the good old days when gals a boys went to school to larn sense."

She Could n't be Bothered.

"How shall I cook the potatoes for dinner, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Hendpeck's domestic, appearing at the door of her mistress' room while that lady was writing.

"I'm sure I don't know. I never cooked a potato in my life."

"And what about the meat?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just anyway."

"And the seed, ma'am?"

"Any kind will do.

"And what about the dessert?"

"Jane," said Mrs. Hendpeck, sharply, "you tried me when I suggested you that you could cook anything, and if you cannot you'll have to go. I know nothing about cooking myself, as I told you. My time is wholly occupied in writing for household magazines. Now, go away and don't disturb me again; I must finish this article on 'The Ethics of the Home' and think up something on 'Higher Life of the Kitchen' before noon. Get anything you can for dinner and cook it your own way. I won't be bothered with domestic affairs of any sort."

An Item from Boston.

"Marian, I rejected Mr. Darringer last evening."

"Why, Kate?"

"He was entirely too profuse."

"Impossible! A lover could n't be."

"And he was so gushing as he was romantic. He praised my eye, hair and complexion. He—"

"Oh, Kate, that was just lovely."

"But his grammar, Marian. That was the hidden rock which wrecked him. He said: 'your eyes is,' and all that. Goodness! I expected to hear him say 'your nose are,' I love him, and it makes my heart ache to think about it—but I can not marry him—no—never."

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Leave S. F.	Destination	Arrive S. F.
8:00 a. m.	Petaluma	10:50 a. m.
1:30 p. m.	and	6:20 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	Santa Rosa.	8:50 p. m.
7:00 a. m.	Fulton,	9:50 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	Windsor,	6:20 p. m.
	Healdsburg,	
7:00 a. m.	Cloverdale.	9:50 a. m.
3:30 p. m.		6:20 p. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Mark West Springs, Glen Ellen, Kenwood, Oakmont, Skaggs Springs and at Cloverdale for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Harbin Springs, Blue Lakes, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino City and the Geysers.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, or Fridays, S. F., to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4; to Ukiah or Geyserville, $5.
EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma $1; to Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4; to Ukiah or Geyserville, $5.
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To San Francisco from Point Tiburon, Week Days—7:50 a. m., 8:20 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 1:05 p. m., 4:10 p. m., 6:05 p. m. Sundays—8:45 a. m., 9:50 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:45 p. m., 6:35 p. m.
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8.00 A. M.—Tiburon and Sonoma, from Tiburon Ferry, for Sonoma, Glen Ellen and Kenwood. Returning leave Sonoma at 5:30 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Sonoma, $1.00; to Glen Ellen, $1.50.
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PIANOS
GAINED THE PREMIUM at the recent Mechanics' Fair, over all competitors, the Pianos of Messrs. Knabe & Co., of Baltimore, which are now offered by the undersigned at his Warerooms, at the lowest prices for cash or easy payments. Second hand Pianos from $25 to $100. Pianos to Rent, $1 per week. Pianos tuned, $1 50. Pianos moved, $3 50. Pianos boxed, $1 50. Pianos stored, $1 50. Pianos packed for shipping, $1 50. Pianos for sale on Monthly Payments, $10 per month. Pianos for sale by Monthly Payments, $10 per month. Pianos for sale by Monthly Payments, $10 per month. Pianos for sale by

CARDINAL MANNING.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

that no adequate account can be given of this undeniable fact from natural causes; (2) that the history of the Catholic Church demands causes above nature, (3) that it has always claimed for itself a Divine origin and Divine authority.

I. And, first, before we examine what it was and what it has done, we will recall to mind what was the world in the midst of which it arose.

The most comprehensive and complete description of the old world, before Christianity came to upon it, is given in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. St. Paul had once the knowledge of God that knowledge was obscured by the reasons of sense; in the darkness of the human intellect, with the light of nature still before them, the nations worshiped the creature—that is, by pantheism, polytheism, idolatry; and, having lost the knowledge of God and His perfections, they lost the knowledge of their own nature and of its laws, even of the natural and rational laws, which therefore ceased to guide, restrain or govern them. They became perverted and inverted with every possible abuse, defaming the and and destroying the powers of creation. The lights of nature were put out, and the world ruished headlong into an abyss, of which the lessons that prefaced were unknown. This is analyzed by the history of all nations but one. A line of light still shows from Adam to Noah, from Enoch to Abraham, to whom the command was given, "Walk before Me and be perfect." And it ran on from Abraham to Caiaphas, who rendered the founder of Christianity. Through all embracing emphasis of thought and language this line of light passed, unbroken and unchanged, in the world, on either side of that radiant stream, the whole earth was dark. The intellectual and moral state of the Greek world may be measured in its highest excellence in Athens and of the Roman world in Rome. The state of Athens—its private, domestic and public morality—may be seen in Aristophanes.

The state of Rome is visible in Juvenal, and in the fourth book of St. Augustine's "City of God." There was no moral sense wanting. The world was not Atheist. Its polytheism was a sensuous religion warmed of all forms of moral abominations. *Instar omnis* plunged the nations in crime. Their theology was their degradation; their test-book of an elaborate corruption of intellect and will.

CHRISTIANITY CAME IN "THE FULNESS OF TIME."

What that fullness may mean, is one of the mysteries of times and seasons which it is not for us to know. But, can we notice for the long delay of four thousand years is not for us to know. It gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and consolidation of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable. The four great empires were each of them the concentration of a supreme effort of human power. The second inherited from the first, the third from both, the fourth from all three. It was, as was foretold, or depicted, as a beast, "exceedingly terrible, his feet and claws were of iron; he devoured and broke in pieces; and the rest he stamped upon with his feet." The empire of man was never so widespread, so absolute, so hardened into one organized mass, as in Imperial Rome. The world had never seen a military power so disciplined, irresistible, invincible; a legislation so just, so equitable, so strong in its execution; a government so universal, so bold, so matute. It seemed to be imperishable. Rome was called the eternal. The religion of all nations was enshrined in Dea Roma; adopted, practiced openly and all knight. Poetry were all religious letter, known to the law; not tolerated only, but recognized. The Deities of Egypt, Greece, and of the Latin world, met in an empyrean, consecrated and guarded by the Imperial law, and administered by the Pontifex Maximus. No fanaticism ever surpassed the religious zeal of Rome, and yet to all this the collective of false philosophies of every land drove over it like a flood. They blinded and hardened the intellect of public opinion and of private man against the sense of anything except contempt, and hatred of both the philosophy of the region and the religion of the people. Add to this the sensuality of the most refined and of the grossest luxury the world had ever seen, and a moral confusion and corruption which violated every law of nature.

THE GOD OF THIS WORLD

had both his city. From foundation to parapet, everything that the skill and power of man could do had been done without aim or reason or end of evil. The Divine hand was stayed, or rather, as St. Augustine says, an unemployed natural greatness was the reward of restraint. The world had ever been, and it was the universal abomination. Hence the dalmas of the power of man without God, the apotheosis of the human will, the direct and supreme antagonist of God in his own world. In this the fullness of time was Rome. Then both all this fortified. Certainly man could not build the City of God. They are not the work of one and the same architect, who anywhere shows to have first the city of confusion, suppending for a time his skill and power to build some day the City of God. Such a hypothesis is folly. Of two things, one. Therefore must chose one or the other. Both cannot be asserted, and the answer to the question—it is infinite itself. So much for the first point.

II. In the reign of Augustus, and in a remote and powerless Oriental town, Christ was born in a stable of a poor Mother. For thirty years He lived a hidden life; for three years He preached the Kingdom of God, and gave Divine lilibetic unknown to man. He died in ignominy upon the Cross; on the third day He rose again; and after forty days He was seen no more. This unknown man crossed the world with unity of intellect and will which is visible to the eye, and audible, in all languages, to the ear. It is in harmony with the moral and moral nature of all nations, in all ages, to this day. What proportion is there between the cause and the effect? What power was there in this hunted Man? What unseen virtues went out of Him to change the world? For things the world He did; and that not in the line or on the level of nature as man has corrupted it, but in direct contradiction to all that man has approved in the world. He taught the dependence of the intellect against its self-trust, the subjugation of the will against its license, the self-jugation of the passions by temperate control or by absolute subjection against their willful indulgence. Was this in accordance what man believed the laws of nature to make water climb upward and fire to plant downward. He inculcated meekness of the heart of the lust, contempt of the lusts of the eyes, and hatred of the pride of life. What kind of man was that such a teacher should convert imperial Rome, and in a generation should subdue the fullness of human pride and lust? Yet so it has come to pass; and how? Twelve men more obscure than Himself, absolutely without authority or influence of this world, preached throughout the empire and beyond it. They asserted two facts the one, that God had been made man; the other, that He died and rose again. What could be more incredible? To the Jew the idea and spirituality of God were axioms of reason. And, to the Gentile, however educated, the resurrection of the flesh was impossible. The Divine Person Who had died and risen could not be called in evidence as the chief witness. He could not be produced in court. Could anything be more suspicious if credible, or less credible even if He were there to say so? All that they could say was to say, "We know Him for three years, both before His death and after He rose from the dead. If you will believe us, you will believe whether say. If you will not believe us, we can do more. He is not here, but in heaven. We cannot call Him down. It is true, as we read, that Peter cured a lame man at the gate of the Temple. The Rabbi Jews could not deny it, but they would not believe what Peter said; they only told him to hold his tongue. And yet thousands in one day in Jerusalem believed in the Incarnation and the Resurrection; and when the Apostles were scattered by persecution, wherever they went men believed their word. The most intense persecution was from the Jews, the people of faith and of Divine traditions. In the name of God and of religion they stoned Stephen, and sent Saul to prison; and in Damascus they thought, they suffered up the Romans in worldly place. As they had forced Pilate to crucify Jesus of Nazareth, so they sought to slay Paul. And yet, in spite of all, the faith spread.

IT IS CRUE, INDEED, THAT THE EMPIRE of Alexander, the spread of the Hellenistic Greek, the prevalence of the Jews in themself, the Roman roads which made the Empire traversable, the Roman peace which sheltered the preachers of the faith in the cotest of their work, gave these facilities to travel and to be understood. But these were only external facilities, which on no way rendered more credible or more acceptable the voice of penance and mortification, or the message of the faith, which was mentually "to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness." It was in changeless opposition to not as man had carried it, but it was in absolute harmony with nature as God had made it to His own likeness. Its power was its persuasiveness; and its persuasiveness was its conformity to the highest and noblest aspirations and aims of the world as man, the master key to long lost was found at last, and the conformity to the needs of the world was its irrefragable witness to its own mission and message.

But if it is beyond belief that Christianity in its outset made good its foothold by usurpy human causes and powers, how more now does this become incredible in every age as we come down from the first century to the nineteenth, and from the Apostles mission to the wide Christian Empire and Hotman, at this day.

Not deep did the world in the fullness of its power give to the Christian faith no help to root or to spread itself, but it wrecked all the fullness of its power upon it to spread and destroy it. Of the first thirty Pontiffs in Rome, twenty were martyred. Ten successive persecutions, or rather one universal and continuous persecution of one hundred years, with ten more bitter crusses of cruelty in every province of the Empire, did all that man can do to extinguish the Christian name. The Christian name was be blotted out here and there in blood, but the Christian faith can nowhere be slain. It is ineractable, as "beyond the reach of man." In nothing is the blood of the martyrs more seen the seed of the faith. Every martyrdom was a witness to the faith and the testimony was seen to be sealed by the work of the twelve Apostles. The dare-you defeated himself. Christ crucified was visibly set forth before all the nations, the world was a Calvary, and the blood of the martyrs preached in every tongue the Passion of Jesus Christ. The world did its worst, and crossed only for weariness and concession defeat.

THEN CAME THE PEACE,

and with peace the peril of the Church. The world outside had failed; the world inside begins to be its ally. The Church was not in it perverted the intellect, and, through intellectual perversion, assailed the faith at its centre. The Angel of light preached heresy. The Spiritual Creed was assailed in every the line; Gnosticism assailed the Father and Creator of all things, Manichaeism the head of the Son; Nestorianism, the unity of His person, Monophysitism, the two natures; Monothelism, the divine and human will of Macedonians, the person of the Holy Ghost. So throughout the centuries, from the time of the Vatican, every article has been in succession perverted by heresy and assailed in the Church. But of this we shall speak in the Council of Constance, never to be broken again! The heresies in a Europe full measurably has been, indeed, often broken, and always restored, in those that would yield. But there is a humanity of eighteen hundred years, powerless in nothing by force or support, planning and receiving not only outward allegiance but even the unity of intellect and will. If any man tell us that these two phenomena are on the same level of merely human causes, it is because or tax open our natural faculties to believe it.

But the inadequacy of human causes to account for the universality, unity, and unchangeability of the Catholic Church, will stand out more visibly if we look at the intellectual and moral revolution which Christianity has wrought in the world and upon mankind.

THE FIRST EFFECT OF CHRISTIANITY

was to fill the world with the true knowledge of the true True God, and to destroy utterly all idols, not by fire but by light. Before the light of the world no false god and no polytheism could stand. The unity and spirituality of God swept away all heresies and theologies of the first four thousand years. The stream of light which descended from the beginning expanded into a volume, and the volume into a flood, which illumined all nations, as it had been foretold, "The earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea." And idols shall be utterly destroyed. In the world of idols, all the Divine Nature was revealed to men their own relation to a Creator and a Son to a father. The Greeks called the chief of the gods *Zeus Pater*, and in recognition of this, not neither realized the dependence and love of sonship as revealed by the Founder of Christianity.

The moral state of the world comes down from a primeval and Divine source. Polytheism is the corruption of man and of nations. Yet in the multiplicity of all gods there is the witness of a Divine Unity was prefigured. The Divine unity was imperishable, was a witness to the human imagination, it is of man's manufacture. The definition of nature and passions and heroes had filled the world with an elaborate and complicated superstition, surrounded by reverence, fear, religion, and awe. Every perversion of what is good in man surrounded it with authority, everything that is evil in man was guarded with jealous care. Against this world which and supported it, Christianity the universe of one God, all holy and supreme, ad exacted with resistless force. Relentless is not the word to describe the hatred of the world against Christianity, and the answer hope was exposed that the temporal tribe might increase and multiply the world.

No. 102 has been organized under favorable auspices at Alameda, M. T., by Dispatch Deputy Grand Sir Jesse Falls, W. T. The following officers of the new lodge have been elected: President James McFayre; First Vice President, Mrs. M. Walker; Second Vice President, Mrs. Mebelle; Recording Secretary, F. M. Hatty; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Mebelle; Treasurer, Mrs. Mebelle; Conductor, Mrs. Mebelle; Sentinel, Mrs. McCarthy; Marshal, Edward Hartkins; Board of Trustees, Mrs. Mebelle, Henry Clemens, John Hayes, N. Falls-ville, Thomas Burke. Twenty members signed the charter roll.

The newly elected Grand President, M. W. Fleming, has been connected with the order since its inception and during the regime of the young temperance Grand President, J. J. McHale, was active Deputy Inspector. In Colusa, and in Sacramento, he has a reputation of such ability and energy, qualities quite essential to a head officer. His line of executive action will be in accordance with that laid down and successfully practiced by his predecessor, whose excellent example we have every reason to believe M. Fleming will carefully and conscientiously emulate.

A New Convent in San Gabriel.

The Sisters of the Holy Name, Oakland, have received of Je Bartlett Sunset Magazine a large tract of land near San Gabriel on which it is proposed to erect a convent school which will be a branch of the Sacred Heart Convent, Oakland. The introduction of this distinguished order in the west will be an important step in the history of Catholic progress in the west.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

The shipbuilding works of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Belfast, are still closed, and about two hundred are still unemployed. The lockout has been in progress for about the middle of the summer, and three hundred in number, who demanded an increase of wages, and refused to accept a regular decline, his day there with some famous letters to the Antrim on the deathbed of local landlords.

Kilkenny.

The priests and people of Kilkenny have issued a defense fund to pay off the expenses of an action against the proprietors of the Kilkenny *Journal*, incurred in the case of Mr. Smithwick v. Lord Ormonde, against that paper. The costs amount to £250.

Cardinal Moran visited Callan on Aug. 15th, and received a very warm welcome from the inhabitants. The Cardinal was detained for the night. An address was presented to his Grace, to which he replied in a speech in which the protection he had enjoyed was thanked for the kindness shown by the people of the district, and admonished the people to be kind to the poor and admonished the strangers.

Tipperary.

On Friday evening, August 24th, a meeting took place in the Town Hall, Tipperary, to form a National Industrial Fund. Mr. Peter Flood, T. C., in the chair, and Messrs. P. McGrory, T.C., J.C. Meldrew, T.C., P. L. J. K. Kendi, J. J. Farrell, A. Ryan, and others. A number of subscriptions were handed in, and it was resolved to collect subscriptions to make a house to house visit on behalf of the fund.

Limerick.

The Very Rev. Peter Gipps, O.S.A., the president of St. Patrick's church in Limerick, has arrived in Ireland after a long tour in Europe with the Prior and Fathers of the Augustinian Convent, Cowgr ridge, Surrey. On Friday last Mass was celebrated in the Augustinian Church.

Louth.

Mr. John Dillon's health is not at all as good as it should be, and it is feared that the confinement to his bed has not considerably in weight, and he is reported to be weaker than when Mr. Healy visited the sentence of the Remarkable. His ages approaching seventy, and he has been in a bad weather last, a very depressing, and he is not at all well. Mr. Healy's visit to Dublin on Friday and Saturday last, and his further participation in the Mitchelstown Inquiry, has left him in a very weak state. The Inquiry commenced on Tuesday last, and is presided over by Mr. Justice Andrews, Mr. Murphy, K.C., The charge against the Mitchelstown Inquiry, and

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE ROSE.

I love the rose, the blooming rose,
That seeks the summer moon;
I love its petals to repose,
When sunshine in the shore.

I love to wish beside the rill,
And catch its fragrance fair;
I love to climb the orchard hill,
And find its blossoms there.

I love the roses in the park,
On on the parlor stand;
I love their sweetness in the dark,
On in the sunlight hand.

I love the rose in sweet bouquets,
And bestow bale bonnet;
I love to feel their perfumed mass,
When wafted on the air.

I love the rose upon the bush,
On in a lady's hair;
I love to see, when dage the thresh,
The rose in beauty there.

I love to see those dark the breast
Of maiden bright and fair,
I love to see her cool exposed
In roseleafs opening rare.

I love the rose—sweet fairy queen
Of all the golden flowers,
Because its blossoms meet have been
The best in' Eden's bowers."
Establish the rose of rich perfume,
That waftn 'neath summer skies,
Be sought from the Hyrcan bloom,
Enchanted in Paradise.

JOHN F. MCDONNELL.
Virginia City, Nev., Sept. 15, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE HOLY SUNDAY HOUR.

It was a Sunday morn
In Autumn time, when earth in splendor decked,
Seemed radiant with joy. The sky was flecked
With slender lineblanks of gray and red,
Which faded intermittently—fair scenes
Shd o'er our hearts strange thrills of pleasure sheds,
And wonder sparkle from our stars set mines—
This glorious Sunday morn.

'Twas Harvn's own blessed day;
And from its birth 'twas heralded with songs
Celestial, hymned by glad seraphic throngs;
And when their voices died within the sky,
The soulful harmonies of bliss even vast
In joyful notes that pierced the dome on high,
And praised the Maker for bright gifts He sent—
The blessed perfect day.

Yet not the bliss alone
That voice their praise. Each thing of earth,
Hallowed with life, in tones of heartfelt mirth,
Its peans rendered that seemed to the throne
Of the Almighty wrapped in splendor fair;
The stream's soft song joins with the brook's
mone,
Blending sweet hymns, rescounding to the air
In praise of Him alone.

And flowers of heavenly hue
Glance and sparkle 'mneath the golden glow
Of the sun's autumnal glance, and bending low
Their delicate heads in adoration, thank God
Their lovely beauty of mingled perfumed hues,
Their gladness borne by angels through the sky,
Shedding the joy of Him who dwells above—
This autumn Holy Day.

In unison with earth,
Mankind uplifts his soul. His grateful eyes,
Reflecting thoughts of praise, pierce through the
skies
And silently though sly-quietly speak
Truly thanks to Him, while with a settled
mien,
With earnest strive and purpose true, men seek
To honor Him above, the great Creator—
This bright autumn day.

Continue thus to praise
With heart and soul and adoration strong,
Oh, man, your Maker! Make your hearts to sing
And thank Him. Supplicantly ask and pray
For future grace that will faithful come
Sun o'er, in truth, sincerity to obey
The beneficent tenets of you Saviour's laws,
And glorify His Day!

R. M. C.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

The Rev. S. C. L. Jenkins, a Protestant minister residing in Charleston, S. C., contributes the following poem to the "Home Journal" of that city. It is produced by this explanatory note: "For a long time I lived in close proximity to a Roman Catholic church and School, and the soft tones of that bell regulated my life. I grew to depend upon the regularity of its alternative voice. Its morning, noon and evening prayer was to me a sweet and hallowed influence. I give the language I have instinctively ascribed to the bell:

The Angelus is ringing!
Rise, heart, in grateful prayer—
Rise and salute the new day dawning!
Remember whom strong love
Commanded this day
Has held thee in its tender care,
And hope thee till the morning.
Oh! rise and pay the constant thought
And faithful alight,
In dark and light,
Have life to another blessing brought
Thy tribute to His love,
The Angelus is ringing!

The Angelus is ringing!
As noon high noon with unwelding care,
Blur upon life's darkle hard around thee!
Let not the world with wiles has bound thee!
But that dear voice from upper air
Recalls thee from thy cells.
In fulness of the day
Lift up thy heart and pray,
O hyper, holier life,
The Angelus is ringing!

The Angelus is ringing!
Welcome the night with hush and rest.
Pause once more notice down
Upon the sun-lighted west,
Ere this ground finding eve
Result it to thy sore ones move,
And speak to them of love,
Ere deeper thoughts with deepening ray!
Day's restful thoses,
And all low dreams,
Or by this high suggestion sweet away!
The Angelus is ringing!

Silent, noon and night, O faithful bell!
Thy warnings to my conscience call,
Though on the one unmarked they fall.
Our all the clouds that close in round,
Thy musical monitions sound,
And of a worthier life they tell.
When, noon and night thy note shall stay
Thy strife shall cease—
And on thy wings I walk my prayer,
O, Angelus from upper air!

Sing through the world, great Angelus!
Sing on, and sing for ever!
Ring through the ages, Holy Church,
Thy tidings of joy and peace!
Joy and fall not, grief and not man
Shall give the ages as they time.
Ring on, ring on, Angelus!
Send for on the wings of thy sweet chime.
Thoses sore be dull, and cares be sorrow,
Yet hearts must feel the angels' song,
Sweet then still o'er all man's life abroad
Hence tender calling of a voice of God.

Literary Miscellany.

"VALISKA."

A Catholic Story of Temptation, and Triumph over Evil.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "BRESLIA."]

[CONCLUDED]

CHAPTER III.

Fortunately Gatalla carried a strong fan, and by the use of it and cool water from the eastern, she was restored. When she came to, she pleaded in broken, sorrowful tones, to be taken home.

"Gatalla, Gatalla, darling, come back; take me home; do not do this. Oh, it is terrible," and she tried to rise to her feet.

"It is too late now, dear," whispered Gatalla, as she leaned over her. "Sleep, pinning to the East, "we have traveled for and is is nearly dawn, we will soon be there it will do no good to go back now, it will only make things worse if you return alone with Roy; for come what will, I am going on. Come, get into the buggy; you are better now, and when I am married and we return together no one will think anything of it; you only went to be my bridesmaid and witness." With these words, Gatalla motioned to Roy, who came and placed her in the buggy once more.

Valiska said nothing; she was like one in a dream, and sat there white and still while Roy had died before it came to this.

The morning of the next day, Mike went as usual to make his morning call on Valiska, but soon returned with a sad and disappointed little face.

"Oh! mother, my heart's bestin' qneesy, I can't find Miss Valiska."

"What, darlin', do you mane to tell me she's not there; I wonder where can she be?" said his mother.

"I can't tell," was Mike's reply, as tears poured down his honest face.

"Dry your tears, my boy; cryin' won't bring her back. It's early yet, maybe she's safeep."

"Not a sign of her can I find anywhere; sure I looked in under the blinds, but not a sight of her could I get. Oh, it's meself that knows she's gone with Gatalla."

"Hush, child, you know nothin' of the sort, and you should not be speakin' so of the young lady at all; it's none of your business."

"Pardon me, mother, but didn't I hear my father speak, and say morvia, the pity that a girl like Miss Valiska, should travel round with the like of that Gatalla; so I just spoke out, an' told her to love off goin' with her, or she'd rue it, an' I think my words have some true."

"With your leave, mother, I'll take a walk an' see if I can find some trace of Valiska."

"Go, dear, my boy, mother, I'll take a walk an' see if I can find some trace of Valiska."

Fortunately Gatalla carried a strong fan, and by the use of it and cool water from the eastern, she was restored. When she came to, she pleaded in broken, sorrowful tones, to be taken home.

"Gatalla, Gatalla, darling, come back; take me home; do not do this. Oh, it is terrible," and she tried to rise to her feet.

"It is too late now, dear," whispered Gatalla, as she leaned over her. "Sleep, pinning to the East, "we have traveled for and is is nearly dawn, we will soon be there it will do no good to go back now, it will only make things worse if you return alone with Roy; for come what will, I am going on. Come, get into the buggy; you are better now, and when I am married and we return together no one will think anything of it; you only went to be my bridesmaid and witness." With these words, Gatalla motioned to Roy, who came and placed her in the buggy once more.

Valiska said nothing; she was like one in a dream, and sat there white and still while Roy had died before it came to this.

"Oh, why did I not listen to him; God sometimes speaks by the mouth of an innocent child. But I could not hear, and now, merciful Father, where will not Valiska merit's name be mentioned, as that of an accomplice to a vile deed against God, Oh, Father in Heaven, pity me," she moaned in her anguish, "I—" but before she could finish, Gatalla, who had been out to make some purchases, entered, saying:

"Come, dear, to the parlor; it is time."

Valiska rose and followed her in silence. There stood Maud Monroe, pale as the bride and shaking with fley in an under tone.

Valiska shuddered as she noted the sinister satin on his face, when Gatalla introduced them, and she wondered that Gatalla could go to such ends for such a villian as he seemed to be.

Just then a Justice entered and Gatalla took her place with Maud before him, Roy stepped to Valiska's side, and they witnessed a ceremony, which, according to the law of the land, made Gatalla Valiscia Maud's wife.

"Oh, God," thought Valiska, as she looked at her after it was over. "How can she stand there so calmly and smiling and lovely; has she no heart and no thought of her poor, old mother?"

"Mother of mercy," she continued, "take me out of this place or I shall go mad. Alas! poor Valiska, the worst was yet to come; for though she distracted Gatalla, she could not believe her to be so lost to shame, as to leave her alone to go home with Roy, or so bent she could, so when it a heartless creature came smilingly to her and told her that Maud had changed his mind and would not go back to V——, Valiska was so stunned that she could not reply.

"You know," continued Gatalla, "it will create a fuss, and my mother will come flying to me and then she will have the Judge continually nagging at me to marry in the Church."

"And will you not marry in the Church," asked Valiska.

"Not yet," said Gatalla, "there is time enough for that, but"

"You would not go away and leave me here alone," interrupted Valiska. "Oh, Gatalla, you could not be so cruel; you know you said you would take me home."

"Yes, but Maud has changed his mind; we start for Mexico to-morrow, and—"

"To-morrow, then all this story about the bell was an untruth!"

"Yes, I will know you would not come had I told you the truth, so I didn't think an innocent lie would do any harm; so I think so much of you my dear, I did not wish anyone else to witness my marriage, and—"

"You wretch," interrupted Valiska, "you base deceiver, you dare insult me thus and—"

"Don't rage, dear, it will do no good, I really like you; you are so truthful, so innocent. But time flies, I must prepare for my journey. Roy is here at your service and will take you back when you choose to go. I don't think I will see you again as we start early, so good-bye," and Gatalla, as she went to embrace Valiska.

"Don't dare to touch me," cried Valiska, springing away from her, "I would rather die in the streets than be seen with you, or your base, deceitful brother, again, for he aided you in committing this cruel fraud."

"But how will you get back to V——, unless you go with Roy?"

"Do not breathe his name to me again, I tell you. I would face death here alone in a strange place, rather than be seen in his company. Oh, God! why did You not strike me dead before it came to this," she moaned, as she left the room and went out into the hall of the hotel. She stood there alone for some moments trying to collect her thights and think of what she had done. She tried to pray to be directed, but she could not keep her mind on one thing long enough, so she went to her room, put on her hat and started out to walk—she did not know to where. On and on she went, her brain burning, a crimson flush suffusing her cheeks, when she thought of what was being said at home. Then she almost cried out in her misery

"Let me die, oh, God, let me die, I can't bear this humiliation. Oh, why do I live! Why does not the thought cut kill me!"

She wandered aimlessly until quite exhausted and blinded with tears she dropped down on the steps of an imposing stone edifice, and leaning her head on the top step above, burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"My God! angel must have brought me here, but I am not worthy to enter God's temple," she thought, "my brain is burning; I am going mad, sweet Mother, pity me," and from dire exhaustion she lost consciousness.

How long she lay on the church steps she did not know; but when she awoke she heard a familiar voice and opening her eyes saw an old Spaniard leaning over her, and exclaiming

"*Madre santisima! es Valiska!*"

In an instant she remembered her old friend.

"Oh, Don Francisco," she cried, "God has sent you to help me."

"But, *Aqui mio*, what has brought you here, and in such a plight?" and then with many tears she told him her story.

"*Es muy malo*," he whispered, "it is too bad, too bad! I did not stay in V——, *Alma mia*. If I had, this would not have happened."

"Oh, I know it; I would have been a better girl, for you and Dona Maria were always kind to me, and I should have listened to you and been saved from all this disgrace and misery. But tell me how it happened that I may pray to God for grace to repent and thank Him for sending me a deliverer, and then Don Francisco, you will take me home, will you not?"

"Patience, *niea buena*," said the old man, as he stroked her soft hair, "I will take you home, but come now, I will take you into the church."

She rose and followed him in. The holy calm about her, and the sweet face of the Madonna looking down at her, acted like a balm to her bruised spirit and spread the restfulness of her mind. So she knelt once more at the feet of her Lord and found peace and surcease from trouble.

Don Francisco seeing that it was nearly sunset, rose, and touching her on the shoulder, said: "Come, now, we will go to see my wife. You must take some rest and refreshment, and to-morrow, she and I will take you home."

"How can I thank you," said Valiska, as they walked along. "My more than friend, what would I have done without you?"

"Do not speak of it, *querida dulce niea*; I hope the will be a good lesson to you and that you will not be so careless again in choosing your company."

By this time they had arrived at his cottage. Senora Maria received Valiska with surprise and pleasure, but could not suppress her emotion when her husband told her story, for she knew the girl's proud nature, and feared that when she had to face gossiping comments, and perhaps, sneers of many at V——, it would be very hard for her to bear.

But Valiska was humbled very much and tears coursed slowly over the pale face, as she lay on the couch they had prepared for her and thought of her ruined reputation, for no persuasion could make her believe she had not lost her fair name for ever.

Next day, Don Francisco and his wife took her home, and after seeing her there safe once more, the good old couple made it their business to tell their friends the whole circumstance, so that Valiska's actions appeared not so black in the eyes of her former friends.

For days she stayed in the house and would see no one but her little friend Mike, who insisted on visiting her. She told him all her trouble with as much confidence as if he were older.

"I wish I'd my hands on the villians just now, I'd make them pay for ill treatin' you Oh, but if I ever meet that brother of hers, I'll dust his jacket for him, if I am able," said the pugnacious Mike.

"Mother would like to see you, I know, would you like to speak with her?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, child; I am lonely now. No one comes to see me though it seems I deserve to be shunned."

"Good-bye, then, I'll tell mother to come in the morning," said Mike, as he left her, for he was very quick-witted and thought his mother, with her kind, cheery way might be of some comfort to the girl.

The next day, Mrs. Malone went to see her, but the shock on Valiska's nervous system had been too much and she was so ill she could not rise. Mrs. Malone did all she could, but before night Valiska was raving in the delirium of fever, and for days knew nothing. Mrs Malone tended her with the kindness of a mother, and as soon as she grew strong again, Valiska told her all the story.

Mrs. Malone gradually drew her back into her old way of living, back to the God she had turned away from—and for what? For the smiles, the beautiful lips and the melting looks of a girl that had stooped her to deceration.

Many if her old friends passed her unnoticed, for they had heard that she was a close wing to her pride, for she, pretty Valiska had once been the pride of the town of V——. It was hard to be shunned by the only ones she had been treated with civility, and by those who had been proud to have her notice them at all. Many, when the death of the effair became known to all, they came to her with words of kindness and sympathy; but during this time it was a continual struggle to be what she should, in the sanctuary of her party, for she hated to be pitied almost as much as to be scorned, and she had hard battle to fight, but by perseverance and prayer she gained the victory at last and grew in goodness and strength.

And now would you know the heroine of my story? Should you choose to meet a pale, sweet-faced woman; living more out in the world than is its obtainable to the poor and sick, instructing the ignorant, and warning all of the dangers of bad company and of every uncontrolled passion, particularly pride, which so nearly caused her ruin, you may recognize the Valiska of this simple tale.

A Tragic Legend of the Giant's Causeway.

Hewing along from Dunfore Castle to the Giant's Causeway, we slowly sailed along with dykes, and pallors, and mossy banks. The ship's sides as we passed were lined perpendicular walls which sup rise the structions on either side, protrude to form the pillars of the Giant's Causeway, and the cost, and where they meet the sea, present a gigantic Gothic cathedral, with its lofty towers, there a stack of chimneys, and yonder a long roof, with a row of dormer, and a large hooked nose and a wide mouth, the whole forming a grotesque face, which, very like the latter basin of the moon. Thus, the ship sailed along, scarcely a sound to help from sides of the interest of the picture—the awake wrestling up from a hundred feet below, the cry of the sea bird beauty ordaining to rival the basalt columns, the sailors, who, above, were ascending the most perpendicular path, to the summit of the cliff, to lay down a rope help on their heads; they looked like ones ascending the stairs of a church, and the ascent must be enormous. Our guide told of a poor girl who was betrothed to one of the sailors, and how they were to be happy. In order to procure for themselves some little household stuff, and a few conveniences, wherewith to begin the world, they decided therefore, for a time to separate, here consecrated by love, so as to be in a short, very short time. Young William set out at sea in all weathers, and Peggy, though fair and delicate, carried, helped along her terrible path. One day, just as she had got to the steepest point of the peak, her strength failed her and down she came, the load to which she was tied hurrying her headlong down the steep, and the bottom poor Peggy was a mangled corpse.

The Nuptial Mass.

"Another Nuptial Mass! They must be coming into fashion," remarked Miss Mary Monroe to her Ma. "Ma, had always held in her secret soul that it was rather elegant to marry a Protestant, and I have no doubt but that the Pope, standing under a "wedding bell" of calla lilies, and the bridegroom and bride, kneel in quietly of a morning, at seven or eight o'clock, to a cold church, everybody in sober garments, the bride herself in a traveling dress, but she would appear in the morning with deacon and sub-deacon, the music of the choir, fresh-beauds and groomsmen, and the whole to go in a strange, yet very approved style, it was a different thing. It was a fashionable marriage, and Ma, for all, if the hinge turns the right way, we do not know what we may do. I am excited that our Miss —— And turned a little in her mind upon a very important subject.

"Sometimes our Catholics speak of a 'Nuptial Mass as a payment—a show. They know what great and holy ceremony is approved up in the Nuptial Mass, and when we come to a question of display, the evening memory, the crowded church, the crowded reception, the wedding supper, are merely on the side of display, far more than the solemnity of the Nuptial Mass and the wedding breakfast, while, when we look at the social bearings of such, we shall see how much is gained by the beautiful, impressive ceremonial of the Mass. In this time of diversion, when our Catholics are found to take advantage of the civil war, we cannot surround the marriage ceremony with too many holy and beautiful associations. This is no longer a "missionary country," and there are no excuses for depriving a holy rite of its attractive forms.

The Folly of Haste to be Rich.

Chancellor Howard Crosby, one of the best thinkers in New York, says of the Jews, that they are the number of the Person, which he says.

"The greatest need of our land to-day is an education away from the fearful danger of a hasty fortune, a hasty fortune, the quiet and improving arts, an encouragement of genial and honest lives, a preservation of home virtues, a teaching of the truth that moderation best serves the cause of happiness, and a demonstration that in helpfulness to others man best helps himself.

"While we have not the Jew to the support some of the worst features of the gold hunt, yet we have the jews, the school, and the church that we must look for the foundation of the power and influence which will meet and overcome the materialism which the prosaic conditions of our country have fostered, and which the thoughtless minds of our youths so readily accept. Contented minds are more conducive to happiness than riches, glory, or fame. In our Hitwork let us remember that it will profit us but little if we gain a world of wealth and lose contentment and happiness."

THE HORSE IN THE BIBLE.

No Description of his Color or Form.

Undoubted the first horse was brought by command into the Garden of Eden; unto my grandfather, that he might name him which I suppose he did at that time. This was done before Grandmother Eve had made her appearance in the garden, so we can say that the horse is older than one-half of us; or, he is younger than Grandfather Adam and older than Grandmother Eve. The first mention made of the horse is in the year 1491 B. C., and it was used in the year 1702 B. C., we find that the Egyptians had a considerable number of horses for hread. This is not only the first mention of a horse but it is as well the first record of a horse trade. Joseph gave bread in exchange for horses, as if in those days the Egyptians used meat for any now that it was also the first record of a raise made of a dear horse. Since that time there have been many raises made on horses with corresponding the same amount and number of depression. We again find that horses were getting too many, because Moses was commanded not to multiply horses unto himself, for it was spoken that the Lord had forbidden in his horsemen more than to God, and it would prevent the children of Israel from returning to Egypt. This is the interpretation given by Bishop Patrick and Kimhi in the sixteenth verse of the 17th chapter of Deuteronomy.

Solomon, as appears in the 26th verse, 4th chapter, first Kings, had 40,000 stalls of horses for his chariots, and 12,000 horsemen. I also find in the 2nd Chron., 9th chapter, 25th verse, that the number is stated at 4000. This is supposed to refer to the stalls for the horses, as the whole number Solomon violating the law of Deuteronomy, caused the Israelites to be sold into slavery for their sins, but merely as a necessary guard to his kingdom against the attacks of the Philistines. The 4000 horses brought out of Egypt, for which he paid 150 shekels of silver each, would amount to $35.75.

Into antiquity we see that we have no description of the form or color of horses, nor do we find any; but during the 1st Cor., given to color. "I saw by night and behold a man riding on a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees, where were the bottom, and behind him were there red horses speckled and white. Zech. 1st chap. 8th verse. And according to Rev., VI., 4, and behold a red horse, and power was given unto him to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another, and there was a white horse, and he that sat on it had a bow; and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer. Rev. 19th chap. 11 verse. And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. Verse 14th. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. Verse 19th. And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army. Verse 21st. And the rest were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth: and all the fowls were filled with their flesh. Zech. 6th chap. 2 verse. In the first chariot were red horses, and in the second chariot were black horses. Verse 3rd. And the second chariot were black horses. Verse 6th. The black horses which are therein go forth into the north country; and the white go forth after them; and the grisled go forth toward the south country. Verse 7th. And the bay horses sought to go that they might walk to and fro through the earth. Verse 8th. Then cried he upon me, and spake unto me, saying, Behold these that go forth into the north country have quieted my spirit in the north country. Verse 9th. The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Verse 10th. Take of them of the captivity, even of Heldai, of Tobijah, and of Jedaiah, which are come from Babylon, and come thou the same day, and go into the house of Josiah the son of Zephaniah, which are fallen unto them of Babylon. Verse 11th. Then take silver and gold, and make crowns, and set them upon the head of Joshua the son of Josedech, the high priest. Verse 12th. And speak unto him, saying, Behold the man whose name is the Branch; and he shall grow up out of his place, and he shall build the temple of the Lord. Verse 13th. Even he shall build the temple of the Lord; and he shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne; and he shall be a priest upon his throne: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both. Verse 14th. And the crowns shall be unto Heldai, and unto Tobijah, and unto Jedaiah, and unto Hen the son of Zephaniah, for a memorial in the temple of the Lord. Verse 15th. And they that are far off shall come and build in the temple of the Lord, and ye shall know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you. This shall come to pass, if ye diligently obey the voice of the Lord your God.

CONTEMPLATIVE ORDERS.

Their Value in the Church and the World.

It is an error, only too common amongst the Catholics of this country, to suppose that the contemplative and inactive orders have no place in the work and spirit of our holy Faith in this infidel land. They think because the holy women lead lives of prayer and penance, hidden from the eyes of the world, that they are to be adored by their own sanctification. Little do such know of the life of a Carmelite, a Franciscan, or a Dominican.

Abroad we see the Church carrying her mission of mercy, related by all, but all respect and love her. But higher reverence is still in for those consecrated souls, who in their convent chapels are heard but never seen. Their cloisters rise up about our cities as an impregnable barrier against Gods justice and sinful man. While legions of Christ's elect are at work and suffer in the plain below, these are on the Mount face to face with God, with pure hands uplifted in supplicant prayers and hearts burning before His tabernacle of love.

It is said of Saint Theresa, that she was made to suffer with every sinner's sin. As such is very nearly the end of those watching women, who bear up in their souls the burden of that cross though upon them lapses the sacrificial spirit of Christ's spouse. If God in His mercy would have spared the asked cup of old, if only one soul would be saved, how gladly we should all be willing to drink it.

Thousands of these cloistered nuns are found in the world—that all his relatives were dead, and that he was the last of his family, he, however, comes forward from dull obscurity and claims the estate. He does not out one has been able to find a reason, ship to the satisfaction of the Vice-Chancellor, who bear up in their souls the burden of the sins of the property by an official receiver in the Judgment in Chancery of the plaintiff—over £2000—there to await that doubtful relative who may never turn up.

Rome and Germany.

The *Standard* from Berlin says Italy has authorized to announce that the Emperor William will not visit Italy this year. He will remain in Germany the month of October, or to arrive in that sense to King Humbert's visit. The Emperor William visited the Vatican. Further, that the Emperor on receiving the Pope's letter, the Pope, the Prus ian Embassy to the Holy See, presented the Pope the Prussian Order of the Von Schlosser and Count Herbert Von Bismarck, and after the audience, the Pope, Count H. will remain some time in close private colloquy with his Holiness. The Emperor William's visit to Rome, the Pope the Imperial journey merely responsible to the Sovereign, and not to the Prussian Bismarck not deeming it advisable to deny the Italian Cabinet a satisfaction given to a nation which serves thus admirably the designs of the German policy, and they quietly state that the Count of Berlin expressly excludes from the visit of Emperor William any significance, which might in the slight degree be interpreted as offensive, not only to the Papal, but even to the sensibility of the Holy See. The visit has simply the character accruing to it from the usage and ceremonial of the Court of Germany, namely, a visit to allies, the country may be oriental at will to those Powers it desires filling, but it is never omitted in regard to Italy, Italy is an ally of both Austria and Germany, and as such has the right to all the consideration, which is due from the Emperor William, since the article proves that in the Eternal City the Pope is a thorn in the side of the Italian Government, and the apparent result of the African quarrel has been the re-opening of the Roman question in the columns of the French journals.

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THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1888.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Proof that Hefner Intended to Kill His Prisoners.

We duly the Government, and Mr. Hallour Bar of all Mr. Hefner's, Yiern Call, the latter, which Mr W. J. Lane, M. P., has addressed to the Press Parliamentarian explanation of Dr. Ridley's suicide. "I have not a doubt in my mind, my worthy friend, "that the unfortunate gentleman committed self-destruction rather than face the ordeal of admitting that he allowed himself to be bullied by Dr. Bar and the Prison Board into punishing John Mandeville so severely." And he gives reasons for his positive opinion. He was a Conservative politician of the most simple and simple-minded kind, and his experience in office was limited to no other than the Mount face to face with Hefner, with pure hands uplifted in supplicant prayers and hearts burning before His tabernacle of love.

It is said of Saint Theresa, that she was made to suffer with every sinner's sin. As such is very nearly the end of those watching women, who bear up in their souls the burden of that cross though upon them lapses the sacrificial spirit of Christ's spouse. If God in His mercy would have spared the asked cup of old, if only one soul would be saved, how gladly we should all be willing to drink it.

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BLESSED DE LA SALLE.

Another Cure Through His Intercession.

Last month a boy named Joseph Capelle, aged ten years, of the Christian Brothers' School of Narbonne, France, was the object of a singular grace. He was playing in a house in a garden, when he was struck from a second floor window, leaving the wound of thirteen to the street, he rushed through the window to see what was going on below. In his hurry he lost his balance, and fell headlong into the street. The poor child was taken up quite unconscious, and in a dangerous condition. Dr. Bertrand was hurriedly called, but it seemed that he would be unable to do anything for the poor child. The doctor was immediately summoned, and declared the case hopeless. Violent hemorrhages took place through the ears, and fever set in with such intensity that there was little hope of the child's life. Until again the next morning, he replied that his case would be useless as the patient could not live through the night.

Two or three hours after the accident, the community of Christian Brothers were informed of the two Religious hastened to the house of the distressed family and gave them a picture of the Blessed de la Salle with a relic to be placed on the dying child's breast. The following day about noon they repeated their visit. This time they also had come that Mass might be said, and, through his servant, obtained the same relic. The Mass was said, the family and the parents weeping beside the bed, as their son had already departed, they were expecting his last sigh. The Religious then asked and obtained the permission of the sorrowing father and mother, and urged them to make a vow given to the Venerable Blessed de la Salle, if he would cure their child

THE MONITOR.
FORTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.
The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1888.

PASTORAL

OF—

ST. REV. P. MANGUE, D. D.

To the Rev. Clergy and to the People of the

DIOCESE OF SACRAMENTO.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—

A Decree "*Indulentia Ecclesiæ Aerebitrisbus*," issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the 5th of last month, Feast of Sancta Maria ad Nives, and just received, prescribes the same devotions for this coming October as for that month in preceding years. The Feast on Rosary Sunday is to be celebrated with the usual solemnity. Though the instructions, prescriptions and indulgences are fresh in your memory, still I shall briefly mention them here:

1. Five decades at least of the Rosary and the Litany of Loretto to be recited every day from the 1st of October to the 2nd of November, in all parochial churches.

2. The same devotions to be carried out in other churches and in oratories dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, in accordance with such arrangements as the Ordinary may be pleased to arrange.

3. It is highly desirable that Mass should be said, or Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given in connection with those devotional exercises.

4. A Plenary Indulgence is granted to all the faithful who confess and communicate on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, or (if hindered from doing so on the feast itself), within the octave, and visit a church, and there pray for the wants of the Church according to the intentions of the Pope.

5. Indulgences of seven years and seven quarantines for joining within this month in the public recitation of the Rosary in a church, praying, as above, for the intentions of the Pope.

6. Persons joining in the public recitation of the Rosary and Litany in a church on ten days of this month of October, as also persons, who being legitimately hindered from joining in the public recitation in church, perform the exercises in private at home, for ten days, and confess and communicate and pray, as above, for the intentions of the Pope, gain a Plenary Indulgence.

✠ P. MANGUE,
Bishop of Sacramento.

Sacramento, Sept. 25, 1888.

A Malignant Sneer from the "Morning Call."

There must be some elements of Puritanical prejudice as well as of Republican and Irish bigotry, ever present in the literary department of the Morning Call at least in greater frequency with which the readers of that otherwise readable daily are regaled with assaults on the Catholic Church and sneers at the Irish people, in the columns of our Montgomery street contemporary.

Judging from the number of letters received at this office, the Call of Monday has aroused the antagonism of many of its subscribers in consequence of a bitter and unmanly sneer at the Irish people which was printed in connection with the ordination of four Dominican Priests on last Sunday. Alluding to the fact that both the candidates for Holy Orders were natives of California, the Call added this grossly insulting *addendum*:

"Co-incident to the Priesthood of natives of the State are of rare occurrence, *the raw material being furnished from abroad, namely from Ireland.*"

The Call, it is very evident, has no love for "the raw material," which comes "mainly from Ireland," and yet, were it not for "the small ads." and the subscription of that same "raw material" which came to this city "mainly from Ireland," this city would have no *Morning Call* within its boundaries to fling such an insult into the faces of the very people who have filled the coffers of the Call with their hard-earned coin.

Perhaps in these days of its prosperity and Puritanical hatred of all things Irish, the Call conveniently forgets that since its birth, a large proportion of its support has come from that very class who gave to the Church of God the best and bravest Catholic Priests that ever preached Christ crucified on the Pacific Coast.

What the Call spitefully styles "the raw material imported from Ireland" among the Priesthood of this whole coast, have left a noble record behind them for those "native born" neophytes who come after them. Nearly every Catholic church on this coast has been erected by the zeal, enterprise and self-sacrificing labor of that very "raw material" which (thank God!) came "mainly from Ireland." The people, too, who helped to build and support the grand churches erected for God's worship, belonged also to the same "raw material" which has aroused the malignant bigotry of the Call and caused it to give a snake-like sting to the very element in this community which it should be most careful not to needlessly offend.

A retraction of the vile insult, or the discharge of the anti-Irish writer who perpetrated it, if they are kept in order, and if neither event occurs, we will be unwillingly compelled to rank the Call among the other sheets "no Irish need apply" newspapers on this coast.

Solemn Commemoration of the Souls of the Faithful.

Notice was given in all the churches last Sunday that by extraordinary dispensation and by decree of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., Sunday next, September 30th, will be consecrated to the redemption of the Holy Souls. All the Masses celebrated on that day will be Requiem Masses. All altars will be *privileged*. All the faithful may gain a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions. It is always "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead," but we believe this extraordinary commemoration will evoke an extraordinary manifestation of Catholic Faith.

"Remember Me, at least You My Friends."

Christian faith reaches us that there are three separate congregations of souls in the Catholic Church which are linked by the imperishable chain of holy prayer and good works. These are, the Church militant on earth, the Church Suffering in Purgatory and the Church Triumphant in Heaven. These three conditions are one in the Communion of Saints, and united they form one Church of Christ.

The Church Militant on earth comprises those happy mortals among the human family Christ who are fighting against Satan and all his wiles, and the world and all its vanities, in order to save their souls. The Church Suffering in Purgatory comprises those souls that are confined therein until they have paid the penalty of such sins as might have adhered their purity at death, and which have kept them from enjoying that happy heavenly home wherein nothing defiled can enter. The Church Triumphant comprises those happy souls that have fought the good fight, that have "kept the faith," and have thus been called to enter "into the joy of the Lord."

On next Sunday the whole universal Church of God will put on mourning and sing Requiem for the repose of her suffering children. What a sublime spectacle in the sight of angels and men! Nearly three hundred millions of people in every portion of the world, appealing to God for mercy in every tongue spoken upon the face of the globe! In Ireland and Ireland, in America and Arabia, in Great Britain and in Hungary, in the Holy Land and in Hindostan, in the islands of the Pacific, in Dark Africa and in Persia; along the banks of the Ganges and by the Gulf of Mexico, along the shores of the Mediterranean and on the banks of the Danube; throughout the vast expanse of Australia and among the tribes of Africa—wherever the Cross has been raised by the Catholic missionary—there upon the altar erected for the true worship of the God of Mercy, will be offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the release from Purgatory of every soul confined therein! What a subject for Catholic contemplation, and what a celestial thought to emanate from the supernaturally-enlightened mind of our great, grand and glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII.

A Universal Mass of Requiem will be celebrated next Sunday, commencing as the sun rises above the horizon in the far East, kissing with its new born beams the snow-clad hills of Siberia, and ending only when the orb of day begins to sink to rest in the waters that lave the verdant banks of the beautiful isle of the Western world!

What Catholic so callous, so inhuman even, as to refuse to aid his prayers for the suffering souls of his departed friends with those of the whole Church of God on such a solemn occasion? The holy suffering souls cry out in these anguish to their living friends: "*Pray for me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord has touched me.*" And who is a hard-hearted parody when it comes from those whom we loved in life and whom we should never forget in death?

Let us most earnestly appeal, therefore, to every Catholic beneath whose vision these lines may fall, to make a special profession and then receive Holy Communion on next Sunday for the souls of their friends and relatives as well as for the souls of the faithful departed. "*Ask and you shall receive*," says our Blessed Redeemer, and what we ask for the poor suffering souls, we will receive back in spiritual and temporal blessings fully ten hundred thousand fold.

Dr. Dorchester's Denial.

We are glad to be able to announce that at least one Protestant preacher has published a denial of the falsehoods which he circulated against the Catholic Church. Our readers will remember that in our issue of August 23rd last, we carried down upon us a bad book recently issued by Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., in which he calumniated Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, by charging him with having given utterance to sentiments which that Prelate never entertained in his mind, much less gave expression to. Dr. Dorchester, it appears, however, has more Christian justice in his soul than most Protestant preachers, and when he read the foreign and irrelevant matter which was published on Archbishop Ryan's behalf, he very honorably published the following and in the *Christian Advocate* of New York City:

I desire to say, to whom it may concern, that the foot-note at the bottom of pp. 180, 181, my late book, "Christianity in the United States," should not have referred to Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The editor of the *Critic Quarterly Review* of that city says he has personally conferred with Archbishop Ryan in regard to it, and he denies ever having uttered or written what is there ascribed to him. I had seen the passage in quite a large number of periodicals of high standing, and in such connection as to leave no room for doubt, I supposed, I was in fact, I believe, entirely justified in so doing. After I had cautiously hesitated and left it out of the MS., I finally inserted it. I have written to Archbishop Ryan, assuring him of my regret at the mistake. The allusion to him has been cut out of the plates, and will not appear in future editions. I am always glad to make correction. DANIEL DORCHESTER.

Wilmington, Mass., September 7.

We hope this simple act of restitution will induce the many Methodist and other preachers whom the MONITOR has so often convicted of uttering anti-Catholic calumnies, to place themselves right before God and their fellow-men by denying over their own signatures the many false, foul and faith-destroying assertions which they have uttered in the past, and also induce them to refrain from such unchristian conduct in the future. We thank Dr. Dorchester for the good example he has thus given his brethren of the gospel sects.

—Several subscribers have sent us a fifty-account of the libertine life of a priest in Buenos Ayres shipped from a local daily paper that seems to delight in publishing such sensational scandals. We have read the horrible connection and pronounce it false from beginning to end. It will take several weeks to learn the truth concerning this story, but we are confident that its fact misrepresentation will soon in the course of time, and when it does the MONITOR will gladly print the refutation.

THE ADRIAN AND ALEXANDER BILLS.

Instructive Evidence of their Fraudulent Character—An Analysis of the Text of Both—Revelations Proving their Fictitious Origin—New Light on the Great Forgery of the Twelfth Century.

Now that we have presented our readers with a case which we think proves good cheer, by and conclusively demonstrating the spurious character of the Adrian and Alexander Bills, let us ignore those documents themselves in evidence, carefully analyze their contents, and thereby add additional strength to the proof already adduced against the possibility of their ever having emanated from the Popes of Rome whose names they bear.

Before doing this, however, there are a few matters of general interest concerning those documents, the knowledge of which will give our readers a fuller insight into the fact that both the Adrian and Alexander Bills were *forged by one and the same person*. This assertion is borne out by the following somewhat singular coincidences when it is known that there are *sixteen years* between the dates of them.

Both Bills are similar in title, and both omit the name of the person to whom they were supposed to be addressed. Both Bills were issued at a period had neither place, date nor year to designate the city from which they were promulgated, the time of their publication, or the name of the person for whom they were intended.

Both Bills mention the "Peter-pence collection," although the Adrian Bill is supposed to be sixteen years older than the Alexander fabrication, and it would require very strong credulity to believe that Pope Alexander would reiterate the "Peter-pence collection" in a Bull issued 16 years after Pope Adrian had given out that *no cent had ever been paid in response to a Bull supposed to have been issued some where about the years 1154, 1155 or 1156* by Pope Adrian the Fourth.

If th Bulls manifest a most malignant hatred towards the ever-faithful Catholic people of Ireland, a hatred which could never have lodged in the mind of any Prelate who ever held the supremacy of the Chair of Christ. These spurious documents, issued in the twelfth century, speak precisely in the same strain of slander concerning the "ignorance," "rudeness," "vicissitudes," and "disobedience to laws" of the Irish people, as the London *Times* and all the other Irish hating newspapers of England and elsewhere have constantly employed in portraying the "difficulty which they experienced in the way of "setting the Irish question" during the past eighty eight years.

The tone of both these Bulls is thoroughly anti-Catholic and British, and although Pope Adrian can be accused of being an Englishman, no such charge can be brought against Pope Alexander, yet the hatred of the Catholic people of Ireland which the Bulls evince, more resembles the venom of fiend than the denunciations fulminated in the fraudulent document attributed to Pope Adrian IV.

In addition to the anti-Papal tone of these documents, as well as the omission of any reference to Constance, without which, no papal diplomacy can be considered complete or possessed of official ecclesiastical authority, we also desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that in the *Ballinrobe Rosmovian* the volume which contains the Bulls of Pope Adrian IV. is not only the volume issued by the different Popes—but also such as may have been attributed to them—where we speak of twenty documents which we will now proceed to classify in order to show that the spurious Bull by which King Henry and his successors on the English throne laid claim to Ireland, was fabricated deliberately for the purpose of making a false claim to that island.

From the volume of the *Ballinrobe Rosmovian* under examination we glean the following very important evidence.

If the genuine Bull attributed to Pope Adrian IV. give the years and the date of the month, in which they were issued.

[The spurious Bull is without both].

If the genuine Bull was addressed to any king been issued from some certain city or place, such as Rome, Castellum Civitas, Civita Vecchia, Benevento, Anterm, &c.

Is the doubtful "donation" Bull is entirely defective in this record?

All the genuine Bulls bear the proper official attestation of their ecclesiastical character thus:

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, by the hands of Roland, Cardinal Priest and Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, on the 7th of the kalends of March, in the 3d indiction, 1153th year since the Incarnation of the Lord, and in the first year of the Pontificate of our Lord Pope Adrian IV.

Given at Civita Vecchia by the hands of Roland, Cardinal Priest and Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, in the year of the Incarnation of the Lord 1155, 5th indiction, 3d of the month of October, and second year of our Lord Pope Adrian IV.

[The fictitious "donation" document, fraudulently connected and forged by order of King Henry II. of England, contains no name whatever of Cardinal or Chancellor, no date, no month, no place, and no allusion to the year of its issuance or the era of the Pontificate of any Pope that ever succeeded St. Peter!]

All the genuine Bulls have the names of the individuals to whom they are addressed set forth in full after those forms.

"Adrian, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to his venerable Brother *Hugar*, Patriarch of Grados, to his Canonical successors for ever."

"Adrian, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to his beloved Son *Aimar*, Archpriest of the Church of Bellunes, and to his brothers, present and to come, to be substituted according to the Canons for ever."

[The bogus Bull connected by King Henry II. of England, omits entirely to name "the beloved son" to whom the spurious document was supposed to have been addressed.]

All the genuine Bulls, with the exception of four, are not only signed by Pope Adrian IV., but are also attested by several of the Cardinals as well. Some of the Consistorial Bulls have the names of 84 Cardinals attached and others are signed by fourteen Cardinals. The Bulls signed only by the Pope conclude thus:

"I, Adrian, Bishop of the Catholic Church, have subscribed." Then follows the Pope's seal, and on the back the seal reads: "Hon Ad. IV."

[The bogus Bull King Henry connected has neither the Pontifical signature nor the Cardinal's signatures, but does not fail to have ever attached huge and special names or from any particular place.]

Among the documents in the *Ballinrobe Rosmovian*, the editor of the edition of 1730 introduces a letter supposed to have emanated from Pope Adrian IV., to some English King, no name of and British monarch being given. The compiler of those extraordinary documents is careful, however, to cast off all responsibility for the genuineness of this document from his own shoulders, by prefacing a footnote to the page on which the spurious document is printed, in which he says that it is given only on the authority of the *Salafeyg Gioffre Vossius*, and the unreliable *Matthew of Paris*. The document in question is the bogus Bull whose defects and omissions we have already carefully defined and exposed.

Let us now turn to another volume, namely the *Patrologia Cursus Completus*, as may be constituted two hundred and forty-seven documents which are attributed to Pope Adrian IV., some of them are fragments, and all are papers of transcendent importance, the originals of which it was not necessary to preserve, whereas the so called "Bull," which we have now under consideration, was King Henry's title-deed to an estate in Ireland.

It is also to be remarked that in each and every one of those documents (with the exception of the unauthenticated document called "Donation" Bull), we find an intelligible, legal statement of the subject matter, with the proper names, titles and addresses of the persons referred.

The libraries and archives of Italy, Germany, France, Spain, England, Scotland, Poland and Greece, in fact of every the Christian country, except Ireland, have delivered up their evidence to the active and powerful administration of Pope Adrian IV. for insertion in this work, and each document, whether complete or mutilated bears the stamp of that jealous defender of the established rights of the Church which is seen in so marked a manner in all the writings of this Pontiff, and in all of which the Papal Bull fabricated by King Henry's order forms such a marked contrast.

Leaving aside and entirely out of consideration, however, any of the foregoing documents, we find in the volume of genuine character of the Adrian and Alexander Bulls, let us call the attention of our readers to the following facts:

Every one of those documents, which has ever been adduced that these Popes ever issued those documents! Never. What Cardinal or Roman Chancellor ever attested to those so called documents? Not one. What Irish Prelate have adduced these documents? Not one. What Irish Prelate have adduced these documents? Not one. What Irish Prelate have adduced these documents? Not one. No person could rely upon his word or place any confidence where in his promises. He justified his natural passion for duplicity by the maxim that in order to carry out his nefarious designs it was lawful to break his word and sully his honor than to fail in reaching the goal of his ambition.

This double-dealing and chicanery was so marked a trait in King Henry's character that Cardinal Vitalon—who knew him intimately and long—pays him this test very flattering compliment: "*I have never met a man for so unfaithfully.*" "His anger was that of a mad man; his fury that of a wild beast." The other royal traits of Henry's character have already been well described in these columns, so now we will again turn to the forged document itself.

Having now given our readers a general insight into some of the fatal defects of the Adrian Bill, we shall now go right home and rest our case, as we have already adduced evidence sufficient to prove to every intelligent and impartial reader that Pope Adrian never saw or heard of such a document as that *forged* and fraudulently circulated by certain disreputable hirelings of the second King Henry of England. But in order that not a loop-hole may be left wherein any cautious anti-Catholic article of this forum can hang a doubt, we will now place this spurious document on the Monitor's dissecting table and dissect it for the edification of our readers.

THE MOUNTED ADRIAN BULL

as copied from Cambrensis by the historian Leland, then being the original copy of this document.

* Vol. 180 ff.f.-XXXVIII.
† Opp. V p. 304.
‡ Epist. St. Thomas, B.6. : Epist. 66, 175, Peter de Blois.

"Ireland's History of Ireland, Vol. I., p. 8.

"Adrian, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ, the illustrious King of England, greeting, and apostolic benediction.

It will be observed that this Bull is addressed to no person in particular. "The king of England" is an unreasoning title when the Pope calls his correspondent "his dearest Son in Christ," as, in the twelfth century, it took a couple of months to travel from Rome to the remotest Christian country for whom the Bull was intended, might die while the Bull was in course of preparation and transmission, and another king or queen even, might ascend the English throne in the interval.

It would be far too wise to risk the occurrence of any such misapprehension of so important a document as a *genuine Bull*, by omitting the name of the individual in whose interest or for whose information, guidance or instruction, it may have been promulgated. Hence, even in the very inauspicious passage of the spurious document under consideration, there occurs to more than one, of itself, furnishes sufficient evidence that the forged document which was first published by the untruthful Canbrensis, came from an evil source, was manufactured for a most sinister purpose, and was never suggested, accepted, signed, sealed or delivered by the Pope who resigned in the See of St. Peter under the pontifical name of Adrian IV.

THIRD PARAGRAPH IN THE ORIGINAL BULL

"Wherefore, dearest son in Christ, we have resolved the design of propagating your glorious renown on earth, and sculptures the kingdom of heaven, and we consider it, as also, a Catholic prince, you are intentioning the bridling of the Christ teachers and the reformation of the Christian faith to the Lord and rule, exterminating the rude and barbarous nations, and the plant of the virtuous reception of this purpose, requiring the counsel and favor of a pious prince, we have to answer your deliberation, and the course the direction of your procedure, by the pleasing hinder work, and to your prince, with the assistance of the Lord; as all things are most known to a prince, and to the Christian faith the beginning from the author of faith and the love of religion.

The document from which the foregoing extract is made was supposed to have been issued in the year 1154 A.D. or so. But we ask that it was written in 1156, long after the year after Henry became King, and during which time he did nothing of a beneficial nature that would entitle him to receive a Papal document of such a character. Later on in the reign of King Henry, when he had invaded Ireland and had defeated the Irish princes in Munster, he might have made bold in saying that King Henry had gained "glorious renown," but at the period when this document was said to have been issued by Pope Adrian in allusion to that English monarch even as long as two years after his conquest of the Island Divine.

THE MOUNTED ADRIAN BULL

as copied from Cambrensis by the historian Leland, then being the original copy of this document.

* Vol. 180 ff.f.-XXXVIII.
† Opp. V p. 304.
‡ Epist. St. Thomas, B.6. : Epist. 66, 175, Peter de Blois.

assume that any living man's salvation is in any way, even though that man be a King of England.

Had that alone been the fact, that Invading Ireland—even for the purpose of reforming the ignorance and rudeness of the Irish people—was a sin, yet towards completing King Henry's "reward" in Heaven, the Pope would, in his prayer, God never blessed impostor, nor does the Catholic Church canonize those who perpetrate it. Hence, we find that the Pope only asserted the sanity character of Henry, and claimed that his mission of Ireland would "enlarge the kingdom of heaven" of eternal happiness, he disclosed the design of King Henry's emancipation beneath the cloak of some pretended official of the Vatican.

King Henry, we are plainly told in the genuine document, intended to invade Irish land, was "intent on extending the borders of the Church" in Ireland, and that the Pope, "knowing you, the Adrian knew full well that the forger that only that the Catholic Church occupied *all Ireland*; but Hildebrand was still a Roman Pontiff and never raised its hideous head in that veritable holy island; and the Vicar of Christ had hundreds of papal emissaries in Ireland, who, if the Pope could tell him with truth that Ireland's heart beat constantly in unison with that of the Vicar of Christ and that the Irish people were "Catholic to the core," and that in the reign of Pope Adrian IV., Ireland was the daughter and Rome the Mother, just as that the lovely band of Catholic missionaries is today under the glorious Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. No Adrian has ever separated Ireland from Rome. The golden chain of Catholic Faith whose first link was forged by St. Patrick, on Tara's historic hill, has been growing link by link, as centuries have rolled on, until, at the present day, the chain of filial love and Catholic faith not only binds Rome to Ireland, but binds also the children of millions of those Irish exiles, their children and their children's children, who dwell in every continent of the old and on every island throughout the universe.

There never has been a time, therefore, when any Pope could justly commission licentious layman with a wife and an illegitimate child, known as Fair Rosamond, to go over to Ireland to "enlarge the borders of the Church" that was already universal on the island, or to "exterminate the roots of vice from the field of the Lord" where no vice or weed existed, and of honey or Pentecostal ever prospered!

What "vices" did Henry discover in Ireland which he found it necessary to exterminate? In answering this question it is worth while to quote a few of the most vicious English historians and Irish writers under English pay, set forth as so many Popes speak of the character of Irish people. It was only in 1152—four years before the Adrian Bill—that Pope Eugenius III., had visited Ireland. *Three thousand ecclesiastics* assembled by his direction in the town of Drogheda. "Four Pallionus were conferred on the Archbishops of Armagh, Cashel, Dublin and Tuam; the celebration of Easter was settled in accordance with the Pontiff's desire, and all the affairs of the Church in Ireland were most amicably arranged to the entire satisfaction of both the Papal Legate and the three thousand Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and the great body of the Regular and Secular Clergy who met on that memorable occasion."

As we believe, therefore, that *no four short years*, the successor of Pope Eugenius III. could write to an English layman of licentious character and tell him that "the Church" in Ireland needed "enlarging," or that it was necessary for a layman to go over to Ireland in order to "teach the truth of the Catholic faith" in a land not one fifth of the size of California, in which there were three thousand Catholic ecclesiastics, and each of them complete religious harmony with the Vicar of Christ in Rome?

When our Blessed Redeemer selected his Apostles they were laymen, but before he set them to "teach all nations," He filled them with the graces of the Holy Ghost and consecrated them specially to His service. And again, when Pope Celestine selected St. Patrick to be the Apostle of Ireland he consecrated him a Bishop. Yet in the face of these prominent precedents, we are asked to believe that Pope Adrian selected a layman of loose morals and lax religious fervor, to "enlarge" the Catholic Church in a land where it was universally and "teach the true faith" to people whose fellow countrymen had helped to bear the Cross into the one true fold of Christ! These Bulls were issued by Popes in a superfluously ridiculous proposition as that Pope "convert" Ireland, are merely the dregs of an Irish slander, or their mission to Ireland and the Catholic Church combined.

So far from the Church in Ireland needing "reforming" in the year 1156, there was not a single Bishop in the island who was not a Roman in heart and in religious fervor organized. The Archbishop of Armagh had two Suffragan Bishops under him, the Archbishop of Dublin had five Bishops of Cashel had seven, and the Archbishopric of Tuam had seven Suffragan Christian dignitaries; Dudoral of Lismore was Papal Legate, and the saintly Gelasius, subsequently canonized, was Primate, and in every particular that Ireland of the time was the Ireland of today, the Ireland of Ireland, the Ireland of Ireland, the Ireland of Ireland

Farm and Home.

DON BOSCO'S ADVICE.

A Certain Way to Have Our's Requests Granted.

The following very remarkable advice is taken from a letter from Don Bosco to a religious of the Salesian Congregation. It is dated December 8th, 1887 (Feast of the Immaculate Conception) less than two months before his lamented death. This letter may be regarded as a sort of spiritual testament of the holy priest:

"When one earnestly wishes to obtain a grace from God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin or some other saint, it is usual to say: 'If this favor be granted, I will make such and such an offering, or give such an alms.' Far preferable and more efficacious would it prove to give it forthwith what we intend to offer in thanksgiving, for thus by our confidence we oblige, as it were, Almighty God, our Blessed Lady, and the saints to listen favorably and to grant our petitions. We thus fulfil the precept of Christ: *Date, et dabitur nobis*—'Give, and it shall be given to you.' Our Divine Saviour does not say, 'Promise to give and you shall receive,' but 'give first, and then you shall receive.'"

Those who are acquainted with Don Bosco's life are aware of the many examples furnished of the efficacy of this beautiful exercise of confidence in almighty God.

Buy a Piece of Land.

Buy you a small piece of from five to forty acres, according to your means. Do not spend all the money you have for land and home and farm. Buy a couple of hundred Leghorn hens, treat them well and let them produce your living the first year. With eggs at never less than twenty cents a dozen, and at times forty five they will do that and a little over and over on the question. Take a set season set out an acre of strawberries and blackberries. The next spring they will bring you in a profit, if not a profit then a better living than your hens are giving you. Keep setting the balance of your land as your means will permit, with peaches, apples, pears, plums, apricots, nectarines, almonds, grapes, etc., according to your choice, and which at the third to the fifth year will begin to bring in a revenue. Do not let up on the scores that brings you in your living—the hens and the small fruits—but rather pay them more attention, and when you see large fruit comes in bearing it will be the source of one profit that enables you to beautify your home and add other material improvement that constitutes happiness in life. When your large fruit comes in bearing, if it is of the best quality, will net you no less than $50 per acre, and from that up to $250 and $300. In itself or little less acres one can get will be a bonanza and you will feel as independent as a railroad president.

Punctuality.

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Our Young Folks.

[NOTE—Short, original contributions of merit will be accepted for this department.

Young people are invited to contribute to this department. Write on one side of the paper only, write pen and ink, and in a legible manner.]

HESTER'S NEED.

An Interesting Story of Patience, Perseverance and Reward.

(Written for the Monitor by "Alicante.")

"The first thing I had better do is give my cooking when I am eating," thought Hester Harris as she laid down the paper with resolution and proceeded with a grave face to finish her breakfast. The children had at last all come to school, and there was enough to occupy the busy mind and fit the tired, dark eyes to the disorderly room in the daily surfeit of news.

Crinkly rippings on the table was a bad case of backsliding, and the brush, its trusty companion, was on the floor beside the grate, a table near the window was strewn with brushes, towels and soap. Hester Gray was responsible for the blocking, he never could be made to put his things away, and the girls had been lax and threw every thing their mother touched down in their way. Maggie had stirred too much bread for the sake of having the lunch basket, and had spilled it on the table, and Hester's spoil my work. They don't know how hard it is and they don't care." Tears thought almost a prayer, but she was never given to sentiment.

Hester Gray was different from her, and yet not all she was desired, and was growing nearly as exacting as her little sister. Hester had spent at neatness in a skirt that had the shapelessness appearance of once belonging to a man dress, and a jacket that was not great fit. Her hair, which was fairly lovely, its gleam of gold being careful brushing, and also gently supply tools with a bit of straying was the pale grey, for the sake of convenience was gathered in a knot.

Hester was early, but had formed a habit of not taking her breakfast until children had gone to school. Then she and pursue the morning paper and sip up coffee and have a quiet hour before she about her work, for my Hester is not an invalid, she has a vein of a certain sort of dainty indolence in her character, and once she is quiet and cramped in her seat find it out of in the sunshine of her life. She generally must be up at her meals alone, or with a book open on a convenient, and did her work in a hurried manner. This the principal point of life is necessary to the development of Hester, she has need of suffering and trouble, and the full force of her character is not yet shown, it is in the daring pride from her eyes and in them inward on herself in humility.

Hester was not pretty, but there was a lovely face and thinking. "I don't know this fancy I am about to say, but I feel and sure it is true, that I am trying to make the girls careful and to be their good and truthful."

"I suppose it's somebody wanting mending," exclaimed Mrs. Harris in an impatient, working voice from the table, as she was combing her hair, "and instead of you very fine the morning, pinning, trying just because I am a little cross, I am a little rest at my sister's. I have not time, my lady, I've seen how disorderly you can be.

Yes, I am not trying to keep you in line, Hester and diligently, "but I think you make the children mind better."

"Hester, I'm sick of this! Mend for me in the morning, and with a shudder of sing and disgust at having spoken, Hester rushed her cap down and began to wrap the things. Her hot step mother command and Hester knew one could keep on.

"Tell me how next you can make the when yours left alone. He's her you have to be well get along."

Hester looked at the sunny woman, whose look and rambling speech she was so fond of, but for whom her quiet scorn was really at the least intimation of either would have been surprised had you spoken of her to patience or respect for Mrs.

"If I could be alone—with the children I would not be afraid to try," said in a low tone.

And is it me, with my hands full of than I can attend to, that you are the fault with!" cried her step-mother fiery; "me that washed and mended and tried to keep you and I only had you a little high help that couldn't shake. All that you can do, Hester, is work! I keep you if we didn't."

"It is drink," she mused sadness, "it is bear the bill is for; and the children enjoyed and slowly, and me too shabby to be seen on the street.

When she got up stairs a new spirit had taken possession of Hester. She emptied the baby with a concentrated anger that baked ill for whoever crossin her way. She was too ill to work, why should she try? She got down for a while at the window, and from over the great hills, kissed by the pale, fitful sunlight and through the rain-sweet air, from the rich meadow and violet clouds, came to Hester Harris a message, and with a sincere purpose in her heart, and with innocent, pathetic ignorance she said aloud, evenly.

"All my life, this little I am, injudged to temperament. To the children who need me, to myself, to women."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

A Smart Girl.

Vaccination days began morning along when one fine morning a spunky little ten-year-old came to her parents to inform, and the seventh time, her certificate showing that she was perfect in all her studies except the ability of the life they were living, the whole figured up to 99.7 10, and as she was considered perfect and received a very complimentary informement from her teacher. The little girl was proud, and her mother was proud, and her father said that she was a pretty good girl, and he hoped she would do better next time. As he was going out, the little girl said "I know of a little girl who got something because she passed." "Is that so?" said the father, "What did she get?" "She got some money." "How much did she get?" "Six cents." This was taken by the stern parent as a pretty strong hint, so he plucked down a bit dollar and called it square.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

(Contributed to the Monitor by a Catholic child eight years old.)

Flowers are the most beautiful things God made. Some are very big and some are very small. It is the emblem of purity, humility, and virtue. Its leaves are extended to greet the morning sun. The rose, on the contrary, is the emblem of beauty, pride, and pleasures. You see a full blown rose. It towers with majestic grace and loveliness above all the other flowers which surround it, so it is called the queen of flowers. Earth would be a dull place without flowers.

You enter into a room which has in it early lattery which money can procure, but which is entirely devoid of flowers. Even though it is adorned nearly only, it lacks that air and comfort which is seen in every happy household, thus evening it is assume an air of desolation. You enter another room which is nearly as lavishly furnished. Every nook in which the eye may lay upon to fall is occupied with some sort of article, thus giving it that appearance of a bazaar.

There was once a man who was an infidel, and who for some crime or another had been sent to prison. He had said that he never believed in God or the Bible. He was in his cell one day when a little boy came to him and wanted to hear the word of God, so all had been of no avail.

Monday while he was seated in his cell he heard a little boy sing a hymn. The boy did he heard that little plant with the most tender care, until, one morning, when happy household, thus tender care, he found He was transported with joy, for the fragile blossom had proved to be a modest little violet, suddenly the thought entered him where did the violet proceed from, that who planted it there? His heart answered, God. A terrible office was going on in his heart. Was there a God? An inward voice that came from his soul answered, yes. Suddenly he threw himself down on his knees, clasped his hands in prayer, and the words came as if by magic from his lips "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ."

He had not noticed that the door was opened from behind and that a priest had entered. The force that was turned to him was not the face he was wont to greet, a hard set face, the face that greeted him now was the face of one who had given up the world, it was a sad, contrite face, with some unknown joy stamped on it. The priest, who was a good man, in a moment's chance, took the opportunity and began talking about religion, but at that moment he was stunned to the man who had once been his friend, who had turned from all the churches which believe in God to choose the Roman Catholic Church. The priest sank on his knees and prayed in thanks and adoration to God. But it had proved too much for the prisoner, he had fainted from joy and fear.

A Priest was hastily summoned and the prisoner, after being been baptized and receiving the Holy Sacraments, died a good death.

And all this was the work of only one little flower.

Gentlemen—If you get my coat done by Saturday I shall be forever indebted to you. Tailor—Oh, if that's your game I won't be disappointed.

IRISH LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

(The subscribers, either expiring in this department are intended by the different members of the Irish Class, and are of whom know the original this years ago. They are in the early learner, especially by those who have been in Irish schools, the methods of difficulties, not engaged in the most multitude of the Irish language, and in a grammatical construction of it is fully equal to, but much simpler than, the Irish of Lady, being the Home as reflected language.)

Ar Fhoscadh Gaeilge d'ghnáthaigh, bunaidh ag an Ghaeilge, ní hiad Gaeilge ach do ní ná ní ná ní ná

CARDINAL MANNING.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

seek to know what was and is Christianity before and outside of the written books; and we have the—as it is evidence for the oral tradition of the Faith as we have for the New Testament itself. Both alike were in the custody of the Church; both are derived to us by the same witness and on the same evidence. To reject either, is logically to reject both. Happily men are not saved by logic, but by faith. The millions of souls in all ages have believed by inheritance of truth all ages have believed and delivered to them. Divinely guarded and delivered to them. They have no need of logical analysis. They have believed from their childhood. Neither children nor those who infantilise are particular are logicians. It is the penance of the drunkard and the unbeliever to regain by toil his lost inheritance. It is a hard penance, like the suffering of those who eternally debate on "predestination, free will, late."

BETWEEN THE DEATH OF ST. JOHN and the martyr-bishop of St. Irenæus fifty years elapsed. St. Polycarp was disciple of St. John, St. Irenæus was a disciple of St. Polycarp. The mind of St. John and the mind of St. Irenæus had only one interpretation, one intelligence, in contact with each. It would be an affectation of minute criticism to treat the doctrine of St. Irenæus as a departure from the doctrine of St. Polycarp, or the doctrine of St. Polycarp as a departure from the doctrine of St. John. Moreover, St. Ignatius, the Church of Ephesus, and St. Irenæus was born in Asia Minor about the year 1 A. D. 120—that, twenty years after St. John's death, when the Church in Asia Minor was still full of the light of his teaching and spoke with his voice. Let have known the way of life myself, with those through whom the Gospel came to us which, indeed, they then preached, but, afterwards, by the will of God, delivered to us in Scriptures, the future foundation and pillar of our Faith. It is not lawful to say that they preached before they had perfect knowledge, as some dare to affirm, boasting themselves to be reformers of the Apostles For after our Lord rose from the dead, and when they had been clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost, Who came upon them from on high, they were filled with all truths, and had knowledge that was perfect. In chapter ii. he adds that, "When they are refuted out of Scriptures, they turn and accuse the Scriptures as erroneous, unauthentic, and of various readings, so that the truth cannot be known by those who do not know tradition"—that is, the tradition "that when we challenge them to come to the tradition of the Apostles, which is in custody of the succession of Presbyters in the Church, they turn against tradition, saying that they are not only wiser than the Presbyters, but even the Apostles, and have found the truth. It therefore comes to pass that they will not agree either with the Scriptures or with tradition" (Ibid. c. iii.) "Therefore, all who desire to know the truth should look to the tradition of the Apostles, which is manifest in all the world and in all the Church. We are able to enumerate the Bishops who were instituted in the Church by the Apostles and their successors down to our day. They never taught nor know such things as those men usually assert. "But as it would be too long to enumerate such a list in consecutive succession of all the Churches, we point to the tradition of the greatest, most ancient Church, known to all, founded and constituted in Rome by the two glorious Apostles Peter and Paul, and to the faith announced to all men, coming down to our day through succession of Bishops, thereby confounding all those who, in any way, by self pleasing, or vain glory, or blindness, or an evil mind, teach as they ought not. For with this Church, by reason of its greater principality, it is necessary that all churches should agree; that is, the faithful, wherever they be, for in that Church the tradition of the Apostles has been preserved."

NO COMMENT NEED BE MADE on the words the "greater principality," which have been perverted by every anti-Catholic writer from the time they were written to this day. But if anyone will turn there him with the words of St. Paul to the Colossians (chap. i. 18), describing the primacy of the Head of the Church in heaven it will appear also at certain that the original Greek of St. Irenæus, which unfortunately lost, contained some word which signifies primacy. However this may be, St. Irenæus goes on: "The blessed Apostles, having founded and instructed the Church, gave it charge the Episcopate, for the administration of the service. Of this office Linus, of Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, makes mention. To him succeeded Anacletus, and after him, the third place from the Apostles Clement received the Episcopate, he who saw the Apostles themselves and conferred with them, while as yet he had the preaching of the Apostles in his ears and the tradition before his eyes; and not he only, but many who had been taught by the Apostles. He then traces the succession of the Bishops of Rome to his own day, and adds: "This demonstration is complete to show that it is one and the same life giving faith which has been preserved in the Church from the Apostles until now, and is handed down in truth." "Digity was not only taught by the Apostles, and conversed with many of those who had seen our Lord, but he was also constituted by the Apostles in Asia to be Bishop in the Church of Smyrna. We also saw him in our early youth, for he lived long, and when very old departed from this life as most gloriously and nobly by martyrdom. He ever taught that what he had learned from the Apostles, and what the Church had delivered, those things only are true." In the fourth chapter,

ST. IRENÆUS GOES ON TO SAY:

"Since, then, there are such proofs (of the faith), the truth is no longer to be sought for among others, which it is easy to receive from the Church, forasmuch as the Apostles laid up all truth in fullness in a rich depository, that all who will may receive from it the water of life." "Hist what if the Apostles had left us no writings, would it not be fallow the order of tradition, which they gave in charge to those to whom they intrusted the Churches? To which order (of tradition) many barbarous nations yield assent, who believe in Christ without paper or ink, having salvation written by the Spirit in their hearts, and diligently holding the ancient tradition." In the twenty sixth chapter of the same book he says: "Wherefore, it is our duty to obey the Presbyters who are in the Church, who have succession from the Apostles, as we have already shown, who also with the succession of the Episcopate have the certain grace of truth, according to the Spirit."

I have quoted these passages at length, not so much as proofs of the Catholic Faith as to show the identity of the Church at its outset with the Church before our eyes at it is now, proving that the seeds has grown into its rest, or, if will will, the identity of the Church at this hour with the Church of the Apostolic mission. These passages show the Episcopate, its central principality, its succession, its custody of the faith, its subsequent recreation and guardianship of the Scriptures, its Divine tradition, and the charisms of Divine assistance by which its perpetuity is secured in the succession of the Apostles. This is almost verbatim, after eighteen hundred years, the decree of the Vatican Council. Verbatim et fere semper, Ecclesia Catholica.

ST. IRENÆUS DRAWS OUT IN FULL the Church of this day. He shows the parallel of the Church of Christ with the Church of the first Adam and the second, and of the analogy between the incarnation or nativity of Christ and the Church or mystical body of Christ. He says:

"Our faith we received from the Church, and guard it ever as an excellent deposit in a noble vessel, always full of youth, and making youthful the vessel itself in which it is. For this gift of God is intrusted to the Church, as the breath of life was originally to the first man, so that all, that all the members partaking of it might be quickened with life. And thus the communion with Christ is imparted, that is, the Holy Ghost, the earnest of incorruption, the confirmation of the faith, the way of ascent to God. For in the Church (St. Paul says) God placed Apostles, Prophets, Doctors, and all other operations of the Spirit, of which all the partakers who do not come to the Church thereby depriving themselves of life by a perverse mind and evil desires. For where the Church is, there is also the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church and all grace. But the Spirit is truth. Where fore, they who do not partake of Him (the Spirit) and are in heresy and into life at the breast of the mother (the Church), do not receive of the pure and fountain which proceeds from the Body of Christ, but dig for themselves broken cisterns from the trenches of the earth, and poole from the putrid water, forasmuch they fly from the faith of the Church lest they be found." Again he says

"For Christ, scattered throughout all the world, even unto the ends of the earth, received from the Apostles and their disciples the faith in one God the Father Almighty, that made the heaven and the earth, the seas, and all things that are in them; Ac.

AT THEN AND THE PRESENT TIME the power of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Coming of Him to raise all men, to judge men and angels, and to give sentence of condemnation or of life everlasting. How much soever the language may vary from other tongues, such is the substance of the Baptismal Creed. He then adds.

"The Church having received this preaching and this faith, as we have said before, although she be scattered abroad through the whole world, carefully preserves it, dwelling as in one habitation, and believes alike as to these (doctrines) as though she had one soul and the same heart, and it preaches, as though she had one mouth, proclaims and teaches and delivers onward these things And although there be many diverse languages in the world, yet the power of the tradition is one and the same. And neither do the Churches planted in Germany believe otherwise, or other wise believe—the Churches those in Iberia, nor among the Celtic tribes, nor those in the East, nor in Egypt, nor in Lybia, nor those that are planted in the mainland. But as the sun, which is God's creature, in all the world is one and the same, so also the preaching of the truth shineth everywhere, and lightens all men that are willing to come to the knowledge of the truth. And neither will any of the Chief Rulers, though he be mighty in the utterance of truth, teach doctrines other than these (for none is above the master), nor will he that is weak in the utterance diminish from the tradition, for the faith being one and the same, he that is able to say much of it hath nothing over, and he that is able to say least hath no lack.

TO ST. IRENÆUS, THEN, the Church was "the irreducible witness of its own begotten." When did it cease so to be? It would be easy to multiply quotations from Tertullian (a. c. 200), from St. Cyprian A. 250, from St. Augustine and St. Optatus in a. 350, from St. Leo in a. 440, all of which are on the same unbroken lines of faith in a divine mission to the world and of a divine assistance in its discharge. But I refrain from doing so because I shall have to write not an article but a folio. Any Catholic theology will give the passages which are to the point, and any book look at the *Lost Theologoed* of Melchior Cano will suffice to show the continuity and identity of the witness of St. Irenæus, and the tradition of the Vatican Council, at which the universal episcopate declared the immutable faith and its own legation to continued. The world wide witness of the Catholic Church is a sufficient witness to prove the coming of the Incarnate Son to redeem mankind, and to return to His Father, it is also sufficient to prove the mission of the Holy Ghost to abide with its forever. The work of the Son in this world was accomplished by the Divine mission of the Holy three and thirty years of life, death, resurrection, and Ascension. The work of the Holy Ghost is perpetual, not only as the illuminator and Sanctifier of all who the Church, but also as the Life and Guide of the Church. It may do none less than the Founder of the Church. "It is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you, but if I go, I will send Him to you." "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever." "The Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not nor knoweth Him, but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."

IT IS THE SPIRIT IN THE SPIRITUAL PERSONAL Church as a body of which the Head is in heaven, and the Author of its indefectible life abiding in it as His temple. Therefore the words, "Hitherto ye knowing heaven Me." This could not be if the work of the Apostles had been only human. A Divine guidance was attached to the office of the Church of Christ. Weak are the judges of right and wrong, and teachers by virtue of their office, but it is the presence and guidance of the Spirit of Truth is as full at this day as when St. Irenæus wrote. As the Churches then were witnesses, judges, and teachers, so is the Church at this hour a world-wide witness, an universal judge and teacher, divinely guided and guarded in the truth. It is therefore not only a human and historical, but a Divine witness. This is the chief Divine truth which the last three hundred years have observed. Modern Christianity believes in the one advent of the Redeemer, and in the full and personal advent of the Holy Ghost. And yet the same reference Scriptures, ought as Christianity of reformers always returns to Judaism, because they reject the full, or do not believe the personal, advent of the Holy Ghost. They deny that there is an infallible teacher among men; and therefore they return to the types and shadows of the Law before the Incarnation, which, in fact, they not yet incarnate, and the Holy of Christ did not as yet exist.

BUT PERHAPS SOME ONE WILL SAY, "I admit your description of the Church as it is now and as it was in the days of St. Irenæus; but the eighteen hundred years of which you have said were years of error, declension, disorder, superstition, demoralisation." I will answer by a question, was not this foretold? Was not the Church to be a field of wheat and tares growing together till the harvest at the end of the world? There were Cathari of old, and Puritans since, impatient at the presence of evil in bearing with the perversions and corruptions of the human intellect and will. The Church, like its Head in heaven, is both human and divine. "He was crucified in weakness," the Church was "the irreducible witness of its own begotten." When did it cease so to be? It would be easy to multiply quotations from Tertullian in a. 200, from St. Cyprian A. 250, from St. Augustine and St. Optatus in a. 350, from St. Leo in a. 440, all of which are on the same unbroken lines of faith in a divine mission to the world and of a divine assistance in its discharge. But I refrain from doing so because I shall have to write not an article but a folio. Any Catholic theology will give the passages which are to the point, and any book look at the *Lost Theologoed* Melchior Cano will suffice to show the continuity and identity of the witness of St. Irenæus, and the tradition of the Vatican Council, at which the universal episcopate declared the immutable faith and its own legation to continued. The world wide witness of the Catholic Church is a sufficient witness to prove the coming of the Incarnate Son to redeem mankind, and to return to His Father, it is also sufficient to prove the mission of the Holy Ghost to abide with its forever. The work of the Son in this world was accomplished by the Divine mission of the Holy three and thirty years of life, death, resurrection, and Ascension. The work of the Holy Ghost is perpetual, not only as the illuminator and Sanctifier of all who the Church, but also as the Life and Guide of the Church. It may do none less than the Founder of the Church. "It is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you, but if I go, I will send Him to you." "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever." "The Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not nor knoweth Him, but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

On the 25th ult., the Cushendall branch of the railway in West Clare was opened for passenger traffic—so far, at least, Antrim has derived no benefit from the railway mania, nothing but injurious competition, causing heavy losses to the shareholders, to the neighborhood of Ballycastle, and to the public, and yet, in the end, no more. The extension of the line will confer a great boon on the people of the district, which is a thickly populated part of the country, and will offer special advantages to tourists visiting the beautiful glens and waterfalls of Glenariff at the end leading to which the terminus is situated. The extension of the line has been long expected, and will meet with general appreciation.

Clare.

Such a destructive deluge of rain has not been witnessed in West Clare for a number of years. Bury as was experienced on the night of the 25th ult., and the morning following, throughout the country generally, and large quantities of hay in meadows and tillage crops were damaged. In keeping with the prevailing wet weather, and another distinctive feature, the harvest is still falling. The rate and wheat are in some parts fully a week to ten days behind time. The amount of damage caused by the continual downpours is incalculable in the country, as testified by the various reports.

Cork.

An eviction scene in very rural circumstances took place in Dublinstown, Jaddy. A woman, Mrs. Cleary, and family were evicted from a farm of Mr. Morrissey residing in the townland, under the Ballyhea Estate, belonging to the Earl of Mr. Hickey held a farm of 26 acres from Mr. Morrissey, at a rent of £30 per annum. The tenant was in arrears, and the bailiff came to take the farm, with the rent of £7 and with the intention of evicting the family. Mr. Morrissey, Ballyhea, and then demanded rent from Mrs. Hickey for the use of the land she held. She refused, and he brought an ejectment against her. The case came on for the 4th, at police and he bailiff came to take possession of the farm, but the tenant refused to let him in, and Mr. Morrissey then offered to give the tenant the farm if she would give him £7 in lieu of the rent. The offer was refused by Mrs. Hickey and her mother-in-law, a poor widow, who lives in the adjoining cottage, and who shared her bitter fate with her neighbors. Morrissey now had a number of men and bailiffs and proceeded to the farm, and, in the presence of the people, put the family out on the road. The scene was very pathetic, the poor old grandmother, who is bedridden, being carried out on a bed and placed in the road, and the furniture was then thrown out, and left in a state of confusion. The bailiffs and men then left, and the people then carried back the furniture into the house. The people are very much excited over the affair, and it is the talk of the country. They say that Mr. Hickey is a good tenant, and that the rent was paid to the last farthing. The sympathy of the people is with the family, and they are very bitter against Mr. Morrissey. The people regard the action of Mr. Morrissey as a most unnecessary one, and they say that if he had waited a little longer he would have had the rent paid, and the farm would be free from any claim

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

AN IRISH SHAMROCK.

By one on the Island of our Motherland.

When the golden light of the Hesperian star
O'er the rolse grey, and the mountains gray,
Whose shades the exiles' hearts still owe;
Then the tender stems of this shamrock pressed
The sacred soil where our dear sires rest.

It has basked in the mists of her exalted sky,
It has quaffed the tearlike drops of dew,
Where the martyred children of Erin lie—
Her exiled heroes, her lovers, her true,
Who fell when her valleys grew red with blood,
Where our hardy kin "planted the famous stock."

I lean on my shamrock—a token dear;
And, lo! how its mystical leaves unfold
Loved memories bright of the fair so dear,
Fond dreams of her vanished age of gold,
Blest with hope for a dawning yet to be
When the land of our sires will be great and free

O beautiful emblem of deathless love!
Then symbol fair of the Tritons God;
What magic is thine the heart to move,
Bursting forth from the desert rock could bring
Whose touch from the desert rock could bring
The gladdening waves of a hidden spring.

Shamrock of Erin, ah! green and fair
In the heart of the exile thy memory dwells!
And a thought akin to a murmured prayer,
At the sight of thy green leaves surging swells.
From heart to lip, for the Old Land lost
Breathed by thy touch to his spirit's core.
Then, surging sweet of the Irish earth,
"From" a band of exiles" sent unto me,
All the consolatory thoughts that best called to birth
Of the beautiful emerald of the sea,
Merge into blessings upon his name,
From whom kindly hand sent the shamrock came.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A WOODLAND RETREAT.

A REMINISCENCE.

At sunset hour I trod the wood
With eyes, where rolled the dewy tears—
My boyhood seat of solitude—
Where rocked with swift-departing fears,
Where yet unconscious of the joy
And sorrows deep—oh, been alloy!
That mingled with man's life on earth,
With silver tissue of laughing mirth,
I roamed the wood with sinless feet
To plunk bright flowers I knew I should not meet.

When roused the scarce of the gale,
I seemed to launch a heavy tree;
And breathless heard the embers fall,
Its wind voice mourned over me;
A ghostly tale it heavily told—
A mystic tale of the giants of old—
When armed with lance from sovereign and might,
With mine implacable as night,
They sworn to hail with flaming war
The rightful Lord from Heaven star.

When Eve with her attendant train—
As slowly descend the eye of day—
Mounted upon the hills and plain,
And linked each moment with colors gay;
Then then, wildest dreams with pensive thought,
Blended with bright joy, I sought
Oh, sacred hour! the paradise of childhood days,
The paradise of boyhood days,
And when known, sweet hours devotion, ways,
Then I could wonder, wonder, wonder why
I could not worship in my face,
And serve revile in my brake;
Yet still I tread the soil once plane,
And hymn the old songs o'er again.
O sacred days of heavenly bliss!
Aglow with joys, with sorrows few;
Will yet return? will joy once more
Upon my soul be pleasure pure?
Oh, yes! the bliss in childhood gives,
Is only found again in Heaven.

Thus shall never gray:
In hours of pause and trouble
As filled my childhood's days,
The world for never knows—
Though view it has grown—
Such joys as were mine of yore.

J. T. COTTHOUSER.

ACROSTIC.

To Ella Orme, The Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco.

M est reversed, honored prelate of our land,
O rnate of God's unerring great command,
P ower is given against opposite to man,
T o touch like Heaven's supreme and mighty plan.

R ejoicement here, thy mission from above
E ndeavor thy mission to realize of Jubilee love,
V ner from the great Apostle fire,
E ternal glory, wreath of fame,
R ewarded in all the love the same hand,
E dowed with golden tongue and rapid speech;
N ever vary, nor sign, word or deed
D ivinity's command—help souls in need.

F ame and fond will, thy mission is this West,
A nd like our Master, rules the flock entrust;
F ending to our wants and the Gospel Truth,
S erving souls of God and unshrinking youth;
I nculcating love of Holy Mother
C hurch within our hearts, and lovefor each other,
S hed as that of dame or of brother.

W e love as dear as life thy noble name,

R ecommend our shelter Elva, and point the way
O ur daughter's home, the golden ray
O f Paradise, that gives eternal years
R ewed to all beyond this life of tears,
D elighted are the thoughts, the Heavenly dreams,
A ne, that rise and flow thy crystal stream
N or the souls wherein thy teachin brightly gleam.

A h, noble prelate, young and gifted Sire,
E ndeared by the love of Mystic Fire,
C ommune with Heaven, our petitions hear
H ence to the throne, and ask of God to share
B lessings with souls and Indian man below,
I ngraft every truth and seeds of love still sow;
S ecure our Holy cause, beloved of God,
H elp to allay affliction's rattling rod;
O h, teach us with thy voice of Heavenly love,
P ous sap blossoms 'till life's brief day is over.

O hearts God's law, in still fervent theme,
F or Heaven alone should be our constant dream;
O ceeds, thou pulpit, from our sanctuary night,
A nd ever rise thy voice to God in prayer,
F ever again to leave the paths of light.

F or thou prepare to Heaven's bright Throne shall thee
R epresents from all ate to yonder skies,
A nd ask we that thou be preserved to live
N ever vanquished, God's words of truth to give,
C omparable Bishop, Ireland's gifted son,
I llume our paths 'ill all our days are done,
S ustained our lives with true Religion's sway,
E ndeavor our home and lead the joyful way
O 'or the vast spheres to "Heaven's Eternal Day."

JOHN F. MCDONNELL.
Victoria City, Nev., Sept. 20, 1888.

Literary Miscellany.

Three Mysteries of the Sea.

"God's ways are full of mystery," and no one realizes the truth of the question more than the man who go down to sea in ships. My fifteenth birthday found me an orphan and a waif in the streets of New Orleans. I had run away from a farmer in Illinois, to whom I was bound, and by hook and crook had reached the great town on the Father of Waters. I had been living a precarious life for a month when the proprietor of an oyster house gave me a job. It was part of my work to open the oysters consumed in the place, and this portion was done in a little room just in the rear of some private stalls or compartments. The stalls fronted the public room, of course, and were intended for parties who desired privacy while eating a stew or drinking a glass of wine. I could hear all that was said in two of them, as the partitions were only cloth, but I had been in the place two weeks before anything of particular interest was dropped from either. One evening, while I was at my work, two men entered one of the stalls, ordered a stew, and drank a wine glass, and after lighting cigars, entered upon a conversation which at once attracted my attention.

"Well, have you got it all fixed?" asked one.

"Everything ship-shape and understood," replied the other.

"Sh! is insured!"

"Way up."

"And no suspicions?"

"Not a one."

"We take machinery to Rio Janeiro!"

"Yes. That and other stuff."

"And being back sugar and coffee?"

"Yes, if we return."

"What do we get?"

"Three thousand a piece."

"Well, I don't like it, but I'm in with you. She's to go down off the Gulfstream, eh?"

"Yes, down that way."

"Spoke a leak and founder, and all hands take to the boats, I suppose?"

"That's the plan."

"Well, here's success to it. The Illinois is a good old craft, and I hate to see her go, but one must look out for himself."

"Aye, mate, that's Gospel truth. That's what you and me are going to do now. I'll come from the rich insurance companies, and so can will be the proper."

"And we can treat Williams to hard over our divvy!"

"He's square. He's got to be square. I was a green country boy, but I caught on to their tricks. They were sailors, and they were planning the job as well as I was the insurance. I rose up and found a hole in the cloth through which I could get a look at them. They talked a bit more of the job, and I found out how we hours one then, and, of course, I knew the rest."

"Now, my boy, I feel like a father to you, I do indeed. You have had a hard time, and you have been full of pluck. I'm interested in seeing you do well, and have got a nice place for you. My brother, who is the best man on land in the world, is a sea captain, and he wants a good boy to sail with him."

"But I was never on a ship," I protested.

"I tell you it's all right, but that makes no difference. You will have a nice little room to yourself, live like a prince, and as for work, all you will have to do will be hand the captain his spy glass when a ship comes in sight."

I had no desire to go to sea. Indeed, I had a dread of it; but in half an hour he had won me over, and that afternoon I was sent off to the ship in company with several sailors. In two hours after our coming aboard she started down the river on her trip, and it was only then that I got my eyes opened. There was such a hub bub aboard that I had not paid particular attention to officers or men, but all of a sudden I discovered that the captain and mate were the very two men I had seen and overheard in the oyster booth. Then I asked the name of the ship, and learned that it was the *Ashdorne*. I was greatly troubled, or would have been if left to myself. We were hardly in the sea of the top before the first mate, whose name was McCoy, came upon me with a rope's end and a terrible curse—almost.

"Now, then, stir your stumps or I'll break every bone in your body. I'd you come aboard to play young gentleman?"

That was the beginning. I had been shipped, not as a cabin boy, for there was no place for one, but as a ship's dog, a boy who must eager and go at everybody's call, and who could be kicked and cuffed by everybody. According to the novelist, I should have found a stanch friend in the first mate, a Jack Bilt or Ben Brace, who would take me under his wing and offer to fight the whole ship in my behalf, but nothing of the kind happened. Most of the crew were Dagoes, and to one about half me the slightest pity. When we had been out for days I began to feel very anxious about the safety of the ship. The plan was as I overheard it, to take to the boats, and I suddenly occurred to me that they would refuse to take me with them. I suppose I got this idea from the men telling me that I was no good, and that I ought to be flung overboard, and other expressions intended to upset me. You can judge how green I was by what followed. I was in McCoy's watch, and on the morn of the fourth day, as he seemed to soften up a bit when giving me an order, I made bold to say

"Mr. McCoy, when you get ready to have the ship go down, you won't leave me to drown, will you?"

"W—what?" he gasped as he staggered back like one shot.

In ten minutes he had it all out of me, and he stood before me pale-faced and trembling. Who in he had made sure that I had not said anything to any of the crew, he took me aft and locked up in the captain's room designed for the emperor. Next morning I was taken to the cabin and questioned by the captain and mate and then turned to my prison. They were not harsh with me, but, on the contrary, promised that I should go in the captain's own boat, and that I need not work any more. I was made cabin boy, and was warned that if I dropped one single word as to my potash I should be flung to the sharks at once. They could threaten me. Simple Simon that I was, I cared only to save myself when the hour came. I could not realize that the scuttling of a ship was anything more than a sharp trick. For all I knew, it was practiced every day in the year.

One day when we had been out about two weeks, as near as I can remember, I was sent to help the second mate look for something wanted from the lazarette. His name was Ellerson, and he was the only one aboard who had a friendly look. He had spoken to me kindly two or three times, and I felt that he was a friend. We were scarcely alone when he took from his pocket a box of sulphur matches, a tadpole, and a sea-shell book, and large pocket knife. He handed them to me and said:

"Blue, take these and stow them away in your pocket, and don't give life say nothing to you one! Be sure to keep them about you."

He turned from me as if he did not want to be questioned, and I pocketed the articles without a word. I was in a state of wonder, however, and nothing was made plain until we had been out about a week. At 20 o'clock in the forenoon the ship was blown to about a mile from a small island, a boat ordered lowered, and then all hands were called aft. When they had assembled the captain said:

"Men, I discovered two days ago that the boy was a leper. He has got in bad, and he is to be pitied. My duty in the case is plain. He must be manned."

"Aye, aye, sir!" chorused the crew.

"Men, I know that you said let him shove here," he continued, "and you are my witnesses that it is a step necessary for the safety of all."

There was a ready assent, and before I fully understood what was going on I was in the boat with McCoy and being pulled toward the island by two sailors. Even then I knew that I was to be left. I did not raise an objection. I supposed the island to be inhabited, perhaps there was a city there, and I was not sorry for the change. We ran in as close that I could wade ashore, and the mate hand me several bonds in which the mate supposed I contained food, clothing and convenience. As soon as I had everything out of the boat the three gave me a curt good-bye, and I sat down on the sand and watched them to their ship. The boat was hoisted up, the ship trim made sail, and I was marooned upon an uninhabited island. This fact was not fully realized until toward night, and I was frightened at my situation. I had been left with little curiosity as to the contents, and the idea that they contained treasure never entered my mind. I got out four before the tide turned, and there were several more in sight. After I had these altogether ashore, I began to wonder whether they contained nails or bullets, and set about breaking one open. My first one was full of silver coins greeted my eyes I came near losing what little sense I had. Two others contained silver, the fourth was gold. It was a golden money, strange coin of it, and I had never seen any like it. It was a loss to estimate the value.

Before the discovery of that money I wanted nothing but a pair of shoes, and the sight of a sail would not have all cried me. Now I was sold to get at the other boxes, and my eyes were constantly searching the sea for sight of relief. I dragged the boxes to my house, and most of each day for the next week was spent on the neck in hopes of getting at more treasure. The water continued high, however, and I got nothing more. On the eighth day after I got the treasure, and about thirty days after my landing, the third mystery was revealed. At about 9 o'clock in the morning, while the tide was setting in strong, I observed a big chest floating in from the southeast. It was not ten minutes after I saw it before she was cast on the beach, and as she rolled over two bolds were flung out. To my amazement and horror I recognized them as belonging to the captain and mate of the *Albatross*, although it was more by their clothing than by the face. It was plain to me a glance that they had died of exposure and want. There was neither food nor drink in the boat, and the bodies were those of men very lean and famished.

I was engaging out a grave for the bodies when a turtle crawled from the island and was in the cove before I saw her. She had a crew of three men and a boy, and they had come for a day of a week or two, to gather turtle eggs. They were not from the mainland, but from a larger island to the north, and were native West Indians. The captain spoke English fairly well, and I gave him a full explanation, and he then set about my release. The crew had left the island on the other side of the island, and he was in the cove before I saw her. Now he

THE MONITOR.

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper Published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Parochial schools are increasing rapidly in the Eastern States that several of the public school buildings have been closed up for want of scholars.

—Postmaster Gallagher, of Omaha, has taken the preliminary steps towards raising a national Irish-American fund for erecting a monument to General Sheridan.

—The Vice-Rector of the Catholic University has been chosen in the person of the Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, for thirteen years the beloved rector of St. Bernard's, Fitchburg, Mass. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.L., Chancellor of the Diocese of Hartford, Conn., has been chosen for the Chair of Canon Law in the University.

—The champion bigamist has at length been discovered. His name is John W. Brown, and he was sentenced in Detroit last week to five years in the penitentiary. This successful combustible married no less than thirty-three women, seven of whom appeared against him! What is the world coming to, anyhow?

—Like Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of Madrid has publicly condemned the attitude of the Italian Government towards the Pope and the activity of the new Penal Law referring to the clergy. It is rumored that the Italian Minister at Madrid has been instructed to ask the Spanish Government for an explanation of the Pastoral which the Bishop has issued.

—The Rules of Mass promises to be what Brother McCrory would call "a hot land of Popery" in the near future. In 1800 such a human anomaly as "a Roman Catholic" was not known to exist within the bounds of Maine. But since then the mercy of God has reached that portion of America, and now the Catholics number 135,000 souls out of less than 700,000 population. *Lewis Lake!*

—Among the causes of Beatification proceeding at Rome, there is one which especially interests the Archdiocese of Paris. This is the process of the Venerable Peter Libermann, the founder of the Society of Missionaries of the Holy Heart of Mary, united in 1848 to that of the Holy Ghost, and especially devoted to the evangelization of the negroes. He was the son of a Jewish rabbi; he received baptism at the age of 22, and entered St. Sulpice. He died in Paris in 1852 in the odor of sanctity.

—The *British Weekly* states that the Prince of Wales has given the very handsome subscription of fifty guineas to the building of a new Catholic Church at Lyncombe, Prince's Park, Bournemouth, for the part of the heir-apparent; but the Prince has on several occasions shown a more than ordinary degree of sympathy for the side of right and wrong; and we are glad that in this instance he has had both the heart to give, and the courage to face the clamor which his gift is sure to bring upon him.

—Alluding to the self-sacrificing lives of the Sisters of Charity which abound in the Catholic Church, the New York *Sun* says that one of the Sisters in a Catholic hospital of that city remarked when she heard that several members of her Order had been massacred in China: "They are to be envied for having so great martyrdom in so good and great a cause as theirs." Such is the spirit that sustains and inspires many thousands of these humble women. The world sees and hears little of them as they go quietly about on their ministry of mercy. They have, however, the consolation of a supporting conscience and the gratitude here and hereafter of the myriads who are aided and cheered by their presence in the dark hours of suffering and death.

—We are always glad when we hear of some new Catholic institution building a fine, large, handsome College, as we have an inward feeling that the money such buildings will draw is turned into high-schools for Catholic children. The latest purchase made by the Catholics of Nebraska was a fine building in Nebraska City, for York, which is to be fitted to transform into a Christian institution by putting a few nice rooms on the roof, blanking the interior, and washing all the Wesleyan sin out of the woodwork! Yes, brethren of the sects, please put up nice buildings for academies, colleges and seminaries, for *Christian Education* will sanctify them all to her use in "the sweet bye-and-bye!"

—According to an Eastern exchange, a stranger in New York on a recent Sunday strolled into one of the fashionable mansions where millionaires mostly congregate, and within whose portals no poor man is permitted to enter. One of the stiff as to polite ostiens met the stranger near the door and looked at him superciliously. In order to avoid the contemptuous look of the saluted servant of the sectarian society, the stranger asked: "What church is this?" "This is Christ's Church, sir," replied the ostien. "Is He in?" enquired the stranger. "Not to such as you, sir," said the prince of pompacity, showing the stranger to the door! It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the poor have formsaken Protestantism, when there is no room for Dives and Lazarus in the same sectarian tabernacle.

Archbishop Feehan's Remains.

By the arrival of the United States revenue steamer *Rush* at this port yesterday we are in receipt of advices from the Arctic regions by which we learn that the remains of Archbishop Feehan were taken on board the United States steamer *Thetis* at St. Michael's, and were landed at Victoria, Vancouver Island, where they were received with every mark of respect.

Our Thirty-Second Volume.

With this issue the MONITOR enters on its thirty-second volume, and we take the present opportunity to thank the thousands of our steadfast friends among the Rev. Clergy and Catholic Laity of the Pacific Coast, who have manifested so much zeal in helping us to make the MONITOR the largest and best Catholic paper in the West.

In the past, and in the future will the MONITOR continue vigorously and persistently to battle fearlessly for the civil and religious rights of Catholic citizens, to combat the attacks of our enemies, to refute the falsehoods of our maligners, and thus contribute towards building up the true Faith in the hearts of our co-religionists, while instructing the ignorant outside the fold by confuting every calumny that falls beneath our ruleon.

In thanking our friends for what they have done to promote the interests of the MONITOR in the past, we ask a continuance of their influence in the future, so that, as the Church increases in numerical strength on this coast, the MONITOR may find a welcome in the homes of thousands of new subscribers. Thus its beneficent influence may increase, its zeal and courage in the great Faith for which it has already done battle throughout so many years.

Month of the Holy Rosary.

In order that every reader of the MONITOR may secure a share of the important spiritual benefits which accrue to all Catholics who properly join in the pious devotions which the Church ordains for the month of October, we re-print from last week's issue the rules contained in the Pastoral Letter of Bishop Mangarge of the Diocese of Portland, in which are plainly set forth the proper duties which must be performed in order to secure the mercy of God through the Indulgences attached thereto.

RULES FOR OCTOBER DEVOTIONS:

A Decree "*Dimiserunt Redemptor Aeerbitrator*," issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the 5th of last month, Feast of Sancta Maria ad Nives, and just received, prescribes the same devotions for this month as during October so for that month in preceding years. The Feast of Rosary Sunday is to be celebrated with the usual solemnity. Though the instructions, prescriptions and indulgences are fresh in your memory, still I shall briefly mention them here:

1. Five decades in the Rosary and the Litany of Loretto to be recited every day from the 1st of October to the 2nd of November, in all parochial churches.

2. The same devotions to be carried out in other churches and in oratories dedicated to the Blessed Virgin in accordance with the Rubrics, or as the Ordinary may be pleased to prescribe.

3. It is highly desirable that Mass should be said, or Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given in connection with those devotional exercises.

4. A Plenary Indulgence is granted to all the faithful who confess and communicate on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, or (if hindered from doing so on the feast itself), within the octave, and visit a church, and there pray for the wants of the Church according to the intentions of the Pope.

5. Indulgences of seven years and seven quarantines for pious visits to the public recitation of the Rosary in any church, chapel, or oratory, or in the intervals between the instructions of the Rosary.

6. Rosary and Litany in a church on ten days of this month of October, as also persons who being legitimately hindered from joining in the public recitation in church, repeat the rosary in private at least five times for ten days, and confess and communicate and pray, as above, for the intentions of the Pope, gain a Plenary Indulgence.

—When the organization known as the Native Sons of the Golden West was first inaugurated a few years ago, we cautioned Catholic young men not to join it, as we saw certain indications even in the infancy of the organization that would attract Catholics away from the Church. We very much regret to learn that our words of caution to Catholic young men have proved almost prophetic. During the recent re-union which the Native Sons held at Santa Cruz, religious services were held in the Pavilion, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when several Protestant preachers made speeches, among the lot being a Mr. Willis of Marysville, who is reported by the daily press as having passed this opinion upon the young men comprising the Native Sons of the Golden West: "The trouble with our Native Sons is that there is not enough moral fair for their mind to save them. *They have no taste for religious.*" This is just what the MONITOR and world happen, and we are happy to know that there are very few Catholics in that organization to come under the censure of Rev. Mr. Willis of Marysville.

—Great rejoicing was manifested in this city on last Monday night when the news was received that the President had signed the new Chinese Exclusion Bill. Artillery belched forth the "boom" of joy which arose in the hearts of the whole people of California; bonfires blazed as beacons of unanimous satisfaction, and the entire people felt that a remedy had at last been discovered for an evil that hitherto has been a curse in every community wherein Chinese labor has come in contact with the industrious pursuits of American laborers.

—A bill has been introduced in Congress authorizing the State of Wisconsin to place in Statuary Hall of the Capitol, at Washington, the statues of Père Marquette, the Jesuit missionary who visited the Lake Superior country more than two hundred years ago, and explored and preached and prayed in that wild region. Father Marquette died, and was buried at the old mission station of Port Mackinac. Although lately, this is a well deserved honor to one of the missionaries who spent their lives in toiling the command to preach the Gospel to all nations.

—The grandest outpouring of Catholic faith ever witnessed in this city, was manifested last Sunday by the crowds who attended at the confirmations and the Communion rails in all the churches. We most earnestly hope, for the sake of the poor suffering souls, that the whole Catholic Hierarchy will unite in a petition to our glorious Pontiff in order to thank his Holiness for the good already achieved through his pious suggestion, and to ask the Vicar of Christ to act again the last Sunday in September of each coming year for the same holy devotion.

THE ADRIAN AND ALEXANDER BULLS.

Instructive Evidence of their Fraudulent Character—An Analysis of the Text of Rash Criticisms Praying their Fictitious Origin.—New Light on the Great Forgery of the Twelfth Century.

THIRD PARAGRAPH OF THE "ADRIAN" BULL.

You then, *in not dear son in Christ*, have sig-

THE ALEXANDER BULL.

Having throughly dissected and analyzed the spurious Adrian Bull, let us now turn to the contemplation of the Alexander forgery, which commences thus:

"ALEXANDER, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his most dear Son in Christ, the illustrious King of England, health and apostolic benediction."

Like its predecessor in perfidy, this document is addressed to nobody in particular, so that any King of England might claim it as addressed to him. Then this royal concection continues:

"Forasmuch as these things, which have tended to good reason created for our present, deserve to be contained in the fullest manner, and considering the great of the dominion of the realm of Ireland by the venerable Pope Adrian, we, presuming his footsteps, do rally and confirm the same (reserving to St. Peter, and to the Holy Roman Church as well in England as in Ireland, the yearly pension of one penny for every house), provided that the abominations of the land being removed, that barbarous people, Christians may be taught, and that the Catholic faith, also our successors, purchased or sanctioned, so that their dissolved church being thus reduced to more decorous discipline, that nation, with the name of Christians, be in act and fact."

(*No date, no seal, no witness, no signature.*)

In the whole range of anti-Catholic and anti-Christian literature, we think of no document more diabolical in its hatred than the foregoing. It bears the birth marks of its British parentage upon its face. Its prominent principle against the faithful Catholic people of Ireland, proves at once that it must have emanated from some English hireling who hated that race.

Abbé Macliaughlan was most scarcely right in his conjecture when he said that the document, because those spurious bulls attributed to Popes Adrian and Alexander, with the treatise on "Ireland Conquered," issued about the same time by Geraldine Cambrensis, would indicate a *great similarity of style* between them; and if they were not *issued* by the same writer, it is very curious that they were concocted for the purpose of maintaining each other mutually, and thereby the more readily deceive unsuspecting public.

DID POPE ALEXANDER GRANT THIS BULL?

Let us see, and in order to answer this question let us take a brief retrospective glance at the relations which existed between Pope Alexander III and King Henry, whom that Pontiff must have looked upon as more than half a heretic.

In 1164, only *eight years* prior to the date when the bogus Bull is supposed to have been issued, Roger Hoveden says that "King Henry in Christmas time held a great lands and heretical relict against the very Pontiff from whom Henry afterwards declared he preserved the Bull."

In 1166, only *six years* prior to the date given to the spurious document, King Henry not only proclaimed his allegiance to the anti-pope Pascal, but he also had laws passed by which it was strictly forbidden, under heavy penalties, to obey the Pontiff Alexander Pope Alexander III, or to give allegiance to his commands! Such were the immediate antecedents of that King who received from the Pope the Bull of Conquest, a Rescript authorizing him to go over to Ireland and to "*reform* the barbarous people, in a land of abominations, where inhabitants were Christian only in name!" Men who believe in the genuineness of such a bull, given for such a purpose, and in such a man, must be either fools or knaves, or worse than fools or knaves that take the truth and desire to persevere in their error.

MacCloughgan quotes Baronius as alleging that King Henry "raised the waters to overwhelm not only the Church of Canterbury, together with the English Catholic Church, but the entire flock of the whole Catholic Church, together with its Chief Pastor Alexander III, against whom in particular, he directed his machinations." Is it likely, therefore, that Pope Alexander would place such a man over the holy Hierarchy of the Church in Ireland, or authorize such an Anglican anarchist to bring "a disordered church" into discipline? No sane person can believe in such improbabilities ever having come to pass.

In 1446, only *four years* anterior to the date of the fictitious Bull, Westmonasterienses says "King Henry, whose anger was changed into hatred of Blessed Thomas and of the Pope, in consequence of his having espoused the cause of the former, sent to the Emperor Frederick, proposing him to co-operate in removing Pope Alexander from the Papal Chair." Of course Pope Alexander III, was well aware of these different acts of schismatical insubordination on the part of Henry, and in order to properly shorten him therefor, he gave him an Apostolic admonition to go over Ireland in order to clean "the impurities" from that Church.

In 1169, just *three years* before Pope Alexander dubbed King Henry his "most dear son in Christ," that same monarch displeased at Pope Alexander, sent his court, the Cardinals whom Pope Alexander had sent over to hold a conference with him in regard to his anti-Catholic conduct towards his Holiness and the representative ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church in England! Assuredly Pope Alexander would have spurned himself a very weak and foolish Pontiff if ever he granted to King Henry any diploma authorizing him to regulate even an inch of space as a rood of Christendom, much less to "reform" the Catholic Church in Ireland—the most consistent and constant in fidelity to Rome!

WAS IRELAND EVER "CHRISTIAN ONLY IN NAME?"

It seems to us to be an act bordering on an insult to the intelligence of the age to

THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1888.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Sunday—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost. Solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary.
Monday, St. Bavo, Bavolus, or Bavon, Abbot, of Ghent.
Tuesday, St. Michael Tintinnio, Martyr.
Wednesday, St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
Thursday, St. Dionysius, Bishop, and Companions, Martyrs.
Friday, St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.
Saturday, St. Edward the Confessor.

ARCHBISHOP HORDAN.

Telegram from Archbishop Riordan states that He was in Brussels, and is now on his way to Rome. He is enjoying excellent health, and the Rev. M. H. Connolly who accompanies Him is well.

FAIR IN ST. TERESA'S PARISH.

The ladies of St. Teresa's Church, Potrero, are making great preparations for the fair that will commence in the parish on Monday, 15th inst. The fair will be held in a grand hall on Bryant street, between Eighteenth and Kentucky, and will last two weeks.

CONVENT SCHOOL AT COLUSA.

Father Wallrath and the Catholics of Colusa are making great preparations for the coming Fair, in order to raise funds for the Convent School which they hope to have in full swing upon the reading of the 15th inst. Father Wallrath is a hard worker, and his parishioners are rallying to the support of the Right Rev. Bishop.

SACRED CONCERT AND LECTURE.

A grand sacred concert will be given on Friday evening, October 5, at St. Paul's church, corner of Sixteenth and Capp streets, in aid of the new Church of St. Paul. The following well-known gentlemen will take part: Professor Leo Cassidy, Professor Wolfsohn, Professor Jacobsen, Professor Ferrari, Professor Ferrari, Jr., Professor Cassidy, Jr., Professor Wolfsohn, Jr., Professor Jacobsen, Jr.,

Farm and Home.

Useful Recipes.

BEEF TEA.—This is made in several ways. One is to cut a pound of lean beef, free of fat, in small pieces, put it in a bottle or glass jar, cover tightly, put it in a pot of cold water with a plate at the bottom. Heat gradually, and simmer two or three hours. Pour off the juice, season with very little salt, and season all cold gravies from the surface. A slice of bread laid over the surface will absorb them. 2. Soak the bed in cold water for half an hour, squeezing it occasionally, then put it over the fire, stirred, and boil ten minutes. Remove the scum and fat, and serve hot. Beef juice is prepared by first boiling a juicy steak, and then squeezing it over a cup not in hot water. It moves any city particles, salt, and serve.

POUNDS CAKE—Ingredients, one pound butter, one pound sugar, one pound flour, sulfuous (or currants), nutmeg, one glass of brandy or wine.

METHOD: Heat the butter to a large to a white cream in a basin, break the eggs and add separately (will beat an all the time), wash, well dry, and roll the currants in flour, add with the sliced peel and nutmeg to the butter, etc., beat half an hour, add brandy or wine, put into a cake tin, with several layers of paper on the bottom and sides, the one near the cake being well greased. Bake in a quick oven as first to rise, then lessening the fast one or two sheets of paper should be laid over the top and more carefully in a slower part of the oven, or, better still, if the oven possesses a ventilator, it should be opened. Try by a long splinter of wood, and turn one over.

—Great mode after the following directions is most nutritious and palatable dish for the convalescent: Pour a quart of hot water into a clean earthenware or tin vessel over a brisk fire. When it is a little into it two tablespoonfuls of good oats or oat meal mixed smoothly in just water enough to make a thin paste; put in a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut, and, stir frequently for half an hour; then add a gill of sweet milk, and when it boils again throw in the upper crust of hard baked bread cut in small pieces; let it boil ten minutes, then add a shake of black pepper, a little salt, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and a little more butter. The pesh of an egg boiled hard and mashed makes an agreeable addition as the taste the inquiress. In cases of severe illness the butter and spice should be omitted, and as the taste requires, the ingredients may be varied to suit the demands.

To Make Some Happy.

Learn to govern yourselves and be gentle and patient.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and shorten them by a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Do not suppose too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and that we must bear and forbear, as we often need forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Never retort with a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

The not evident frivolously in the smallest degree.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not allow them to go where they please on Sunday.

Do not furnish them with much spending money.

Why Red-Haired Girls Don't Tan.

Red haired girls, I believe, never turn brown. Then, I an heard of from a learned chemist, is because she has too much iron in her blood. In is the iron which gives the Sun Tribun his in her hair. If she has iron in her blood, her hair will be brown or chestnut, or perhaps blond.

The varying degrees of redness that we see in different red-headed girls is due to the different proportions of iron in their blood. A girl with pinky, brownish hair that shows red in a strong light has only a fair share of iron in her blood. Yet a brilliantly red hair is a sure sign of iron. The redness of her way of neutralizing the iron.

Perhaps they would n't resort to it, even if they knew it. For it is the iron in the blood that makes the red-haired girl so strong, and hardy and good natured. It is also that means of her fairness, which are very good for the health. And it is noted as a singular thing—probably also having some relation to the iron in the blood—that menstruation never kills red-headed girls. Be that as it may, according to the dictum of this learned physician, a red headed girl has many advantages over her dark haired sister.

Profits in Fruit-Growing.

The enormous profits that are possible in fruit-growing often sound like fables and romances, and yet the stories have been so often and unmistakably proven that, if facts have any weight, this has been amply and satisfactorily demonstrated. Of course not all can expect such fruit because rich in a year, but it is the incontrovertible fact that no branch of agriculture offers so great average profitableness. An exchange tells of a nectarine tree from which 1 600 pounds of fruit were taken this year. The fruit brought at the rate of $20 a ton or $16.50 to the tree. There are from 100 to 125 trees to an acre, which would make $1 650 to $2,000 an acre. Of course not all, if any, other trees in the lot yielded so much, but if we cut the figures in two the actual yield would probably be obtained. If anyone thinks that too much let us divide the figure by three and still we have the most marvelous results. We believe there never is any trouble getting $20 a ton for nectarines with other fruits being two and three times so much. Suppose a man had twenty acres of full-bearing nectarine trees anything should hang to a market in the Sacramento Valley. Will anyone be found to dispute that the small orchard is a paying investment!

Orange and Lemon Trees.

Adolph Pimentel, of Napa, has been compiling statistics, from the Assessors' report, of the number of orange and lemon trees in the State. There are 983,574 orange trees, 72 997 lemons. Los Angeles county ranks first with 729 866 orange and 55,620 lemon trees. San Bernardino is second, containing 214 531 orange and 7 845 lemon trees; Placer third, 7,817 orange, 497 lemon; Butte fourth, 6,054 orange, 728 lemon.

Family Fun.

The Frenchman's Trouble.

A worthy Frenchman, who was very hoarse and troubled with a bad cough, went to Dr. Elder some time ago to consult him about his malady. It from he went, the Frenchman, who use knowledge of English was very imperfect, turned to his friend and said, "Mon ami, I have consulted the, he naturally concluded that cough was pronounced one. To make assurance doubly sure, he looked and saw that the definition of cough was "malady in the chest," as it of a chest.

When he arrived at Dr. Elder's, the latter said:

Well, monsieur, what is the matter with you?"

"The worthy Frenchman replied:

"I hare got one little hoarse and one bad sore."

"You've got a horse and a cow," said Elder, "but I suppose you sent me to buy them!"

"I wish I could sell 'em; they roll not let me sleep de nights," said the French man.

"Why don't you lock them up in the stable? inquired the doctor.

The Frenchman was in a dispute.

"Ah! you no ms understood," he cried coaping his hands. "I have got no lady to do hoe, no one neat the cake being well greased. Bake in a quick oven as first to rise, then lessening the fast one or two sheets of paper should be laid over the top and more carefully in a slower part of the oven, or, better still, if the oven possesses a ventilator, it should be opened. Try by a long splinter of wood, and turn one over.

—Great mode after the following directions is most nutritious and palatable dish for the convalescent: Pour a quart of hot water in a clean earthenware or tin vessel over a brisk fire. When it is a little into it two tablespoonfuls of good oats or oat meal mixed smoothly in just water enough to make a thin paste; put in a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut, and, stir frequently for half an hour; then add a gill of sweet milk, and when it boils again throw in the upper crust of hard baked bread cut in small pieces; let it boil ten minutes, then add a shake of black pepper, a little salt, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and a little more butter. The pesh of an egg boiled hard and mashed makes an agreeable addition as the taste the inquiress. In cases of severe illness the butter and spice should be omitted, and as the taste requires, the ingredients may be varied to suit the demands.

To Make Some Happy.

Learn to govern yourselves and be gentle and patient.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and shorten them by a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Do not suppose too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and that we must bear and forbear, as we often need forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Never retort with a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

The not evident frivolously in the smallest degree.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not allow them to go where they please on Sunday.

Do not furnish them with much spending money.

Why Red-Haired Girls Don't Tan.

Red haired girls, I believe, never turn brown. Then, I an heard of from a learned chemist, is because she has too much iron in her blood. In is the iron which gives the Sun Tribun his in her hair. If she has iron in her blood, her hair will be brown or chestnut, or perhaps blond.

The varying degrees of redness that we see in different red-headed girls is due to the different proportions of iron in their blood. A girl with pinky, brownish hair that shows red in a strong light has only a fair share of iron in her blood. Yet a brilliantly red hair is a sure sign of iron. The redness of her way of neutralizing the iron.

Perhaps they would n't resort to it, even if they knew it. For it is the iron in the blood that makes the red-haired girl so strong, and hardy and good natured. It is also that means of her fairness, which are very good for the health. And it is noted as a singular thing—probably also having some relation to the iron in the blood—that menstruation never kills red-headed girls. Be that as it may, according to the dictum of this learned physician, a red headed girl has many advantages over her dark haired sister.

Profits in Fruit-Growing.

The enormous profits that are possible in fruit-growing often sound like fables and romances, and yet the stories have been so often and unmistakably proven that, if facts have any weight, this has been amply and satisfactorily demonstrated. Of course not all can expect such fruit because rich in a year, but it is the incontrovertible fact that no branch of agriculture offers so great average profitableness. An exchange tells of a nectarine tree from which 1 600 pounds of fruit were taken this year. The fruit brought at the rate of $20 a ton or $16.50 to the tree. There are from 100 to 125 trees to an acre, which would make $1 650 to $2,000 an acre. Of course not all, if any, other trees in the lot yielded so much, but if we cut the figures in two the actual yield would probably be obtained. If anyone thinks that too much let us divide the figure by three and still we have the most marvelous results. We believe there never is any trouble getting $20 a ton for nectarines while other fruits bring two and three times so much. Suppose a man had twenty acres of full-bearing nectarine trees anything should hang to a market in the Sacramento Valley. Will anyone be found to dispute that the small orchard is a paying investment!

Orange and Lemon Trees.

Adolph Pimentel, of Napa, has been compiling statistics, from the Assessors' report, of the number of orange and lemon trees in the State. There are 983,574 orange trees, 72 997 lemons. Los Angeles county ranks first with 729 866 orange and 55,620 lemon trees. San Bernardino is second, containing 214 531 orange and 7 845 lemon trees; Placer third, 7,817 orange, 497 lemon; Butte fourth, 6,054 orange, 728 lemon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Almost as Palatable as Milk.
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In fact, ALL diseases where there is no inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.
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NEW AND GOOD BOOKS.
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The New Saints of 1885. St. John Berchmans, S. J. St. Peter Canisius, S. J. St. Antonio Rosmini, Founder of the Institute of Charity. Founder of the Society. Illustrated. 50 cents.
The Practice of Humility. By Father Peter Lorriquet. Translated from the French. 32mo. 50 cts. Pride a poison and humility the antidote. Humility the foundation of all the other virtues. Humility the way to Heaven. Humility the way to peace. Humility the way to happiness. Write standard paper. 50 cents.
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A SAD CALAMITY.

The Corpse of a Priest Burned in Its Cells.

The profound grief into which the sad news of the sudden demise of Father John Hax hasserth plunged the inhabitants of Chorley, where he was greatly esteemed and beloved, was intensified, first on Wednesday when the appalling fact that his dead body had been burned to a cinder on the previous night or during the small hours of the morning became known. At first the news seemed incredible, or greatly exaggerated, but on examination it proved to be but too true, and even the horrible reality of the shocking occurrence was fully realized by the astonished people, it need a thrill of horror through the entire community. Only a few hours before, as it seemed, they had gazed into the calm, placid features of the dead, one who as lately as Saturday lived and moved amongst them, if not in health, at least in the full possession of his faculties, on Tuesday night the vast morning audit which crowded the church where he lay dead during the recitation of the Office, thronged around his coffin, and now, as the rumor ran, he was nothing but a charred and blackened skeleton. It is stated that the church doors were locked, the gas shut off, and the candles extinguished at ten o'clock on Tuesday night. The coffin then lay on trestles in the middle of the chancel facing the sanctuary, over the trestles was thrown a pall, and so either side were four tall candles. It would appear that the candles were not completely extinguished, and the folds of the drapery hanging on them have caught fire from one of the lights flickering low in the socket of the candlestick. A lamplighter, going his rounds putting out the public lights at daybreak, noticed a smell of burning wood, but rather not being able to ascertain from whence it proceeded, or not thinking much of it, gave no alarm. The first person to detect the fire was the Private Chamberlain Jeanine Turner, as she was going to the vestry about a quarter past six to get on the ensuing morning's Office. She immediately sent a lad to the Fire Brigade station, where the alarm was received at half past six. The superintendent (Mr. Cundiff) and fourteen men at once turned out and drove to the church, and in the course of a few minutes were able to play upon the building the thing of the damage had to be done, which, when it was found that the church was filled with such a quantity of self-acting smoke that it was about half an hour before they could get to where the coffin had been deposited the evening before. A horrifying sight met their gaze. They found the coffin nearly burnt to a cinder and almost entirely cremated, on the floor, along with the debris of the coffin, or coffins, for the body had been placed in a shell, enclosed in a leaden case, within an oak coffin. All that remained of the corpse was the trunk, the limbs and arms having been entirely consumed. A considerable portion of the flooring of the chancel, the communion rails, and the pulpit opposite the side were burned. The fire traversed the chancel floor about four or five feet from either side of the coffin and about three yards forward towards the sanctuary, going a little more to the left than to the right, and not much, about six feet, to the rear. The organ-chamber, which stands at some distance to the right, was considerably blistered and the pitch pipes were melted and gone. It is the deliberate opinion of the superintendent of the Fire Brigade that the fire would have been caused by the candles (although we have been assured by the sacristan that it might have been traceable to the negligence of the plumbers, who soldered the leaden coffin before placing it in the oak one, having been suspected) and that it must have been going on for three or four hours before it was extinguished. He nearly fell in his anxiety to get to the coffin and save the body, and Father Hax was considerable risk in removing the Blessed Sacrament to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Brook street. It was very fortunate that the gas had been turned off or the entire church and everything in it would have been consumed. As it is, the damage done has been estimated at £500. It is universally conceded that it was an error in judgment not to have had some person watching by the remains, as had such been the case, the awful calamity would not have occurred. The remains were gathered up, placed in a chest, put upon a hearse and conveyed to one of the school rooms where they remained until a new coffin was procured. Our representative was there then. When the chest, from beneath which the smouldering fire was still smoking, the smoke issuing curtain like alone, was removed, a ghastly spectacle was disclosed. The body, or rather what remained of it, was charred and disfigured mass, scarcely any portion but the skull and the bones of the legs being in any human shape. The flesh was entirely melted away, and the greatest expedition had to be used in re-coffining the mutilated corpse.

Father Hawkworth, who was a member of an old Catholic family of Yorkshire, was born in Liverpool, and ordained in May 10, 1877.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

SANTA CRUZ CATHOLIC FAIR.

Successful Effort for the Sisters of Charity.

The fair recently held in Santa Cruz for the purpose of completing the fund to pay for a new addition to the building, was a magnificent success, as the following shows:

Dues, N. Kennedy	$ 20 00
Lemonade Table, Mrs. T. Leonard and Miss Doherty	1,720 00
Fancy Table, Mrs. T. A. Sweeney and the Misses Neary	2,081 00
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Candy table, Misses Dunphy	245 00
Candy table, Misses Dwyer	72 00
Flower table, Mrs. Thompson	145 00
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Total receipts	$6,050 00
Expenses for Fair	476 00
Net proceeds	$ 5,600 00

The above receipts are gratifyingly unexpected, and we sincerely return our thanks to the generous ladies who so generously took the responsibility of the different booths, as well as to those who assisted them by their liberal donations and patronage. Special thanks are due to the committee of gentlemen for their services and the Ancient Order of Hibernians for their assistance in a body.

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May our Lord reward all for their kindness and generosity.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

SISTERS NURSES OF CHIPPA.

Gold watch 317, gold-headed cane 104, bed pump set 82, saddle 195, silver watch 65, twenty dollar gold piece 202, crayon of Father Hayes 14, old pocket-book 1, gold bracelet 129, handkerchiefs and boxes 102, gentleman's gold ring 5", handkerchiefs, crosses 129, table scarf 92, gold brooch pin 17.

FAIR AT BENICIA.

Twelve raffles of Benicia are making great preparations for the grand entertainment to be given in Benicia Hall on the 22d inst. Fifteen hundred dollars in Bolton Fall and Western Mass in Portland Cathedral at 10 o'clock. Immediately after the faithful received Holy Communion.

The Absent Parter of Mission Dolores.

Rev. Richard P. Hennessy, who has been absent from his parish for a year, is expected in Europe, was at Paris when between Vespers and Benediction in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and other places of Catholic and historical interest. Before returning to the city he will visit Rome and make a tour through Ireland.

—The eleventh anniversary of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society, No. 1, will be celebrated by an entertainment and ball at Union Hall on Wednesday evening the 10th inst.

OUR SISTER CITIES.

The Church in Alameda County

The concert recently given in St. Anthony's parish, East Oakland, was very successful, the proceeds will be devoted to improvements in the Boys parochial school.

The Catholic Ladies Home in Oakland, has at present fifteen inmates. This excellent institution is doing a good work and deserves the practical encouragement of Oakland. Catholics.

—The new St. Mary's College on the Peralta road, will be ready for the reception of students by the next scholastic session. The superior work is nearly finished, and a start is being placed in position.

—Mr. Bernard Shea, the seventh Catholic lady in Oakland, are endeavoring to secure money and a lot for the erection of a hospital. As yet no active steps have been taken in the matter, but the worthy enterprise will soon be thoroughly agitated. In such a large city as Oakland a Catholic hospital should be established and we hope that our zealous clergy will take an active interest in helping it along when the proper time is submitted for their approval and support.

—Father King's parish might well be called "the parish of the poor." The following organizations have brought his wise direction and energy been formed: St. Joseph's Benevolent Society, Immaculate Conception Branch of the C. K. of A. V. M. 1, No. 6 Altar Society, Children of Mary Society, Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary, Confraternity of the Most Sacred Heart, Confraternity of the Most Holy Name, Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare, and Catholic Union All Saints No. 1. The numerous religious organizations in one parish, will inevitable be decisive of good in the promotion of faith and fervor.

—Next Sunday, the 7th inst, will be a jubilee day in Immaculate Conception parish, commencing at 10 o'clock. Mass will be celebrated at 10 a. m., and a sermon will be preached by the candidate. A Sanhjubber, going his rounds putting out the public lights at daybreak, noticed a smell of burning wood, but rather not being able to ascertain from whence it proceeded, or not thinking much of it, gave no alarm. The first person to detect the fire was the Private Chamberlain Jeanine Turner, as she was going to the vestry about a quarter past six to get on the ensuing morning's Office. She immediately sent a lad to the Fire Brigade station, where the alarm was received at half past six. The superintendent (Mr. Cundiff) and fourteen men at once turned out and drove to the church, and in the course of a few minutes were able to play upon the building the thing of the damage had to be done, which, when it was found that the church was filled with such a quantity of self-acting smoke that it was about half an hour before they could get to where the coffin had been deposited the evening before. A horrifying sight met their gaze. They found the coffin nearly burnt to a cinder and almost entirely cremated, on the floor, along with the debris of the coffin, or coffins, for the body had been placed in a shell, enclosed in a leaden case, within an oak coffin. All that remained of the corpse was the trunk, the limbs and arms having been entirely consumed. A considerable portion of the flooring of the chancel, the communion rails, and the pulpit opposite the side were burned. The fire traversed the chancel floor about four or five feet from either side of the coffin and about three yards forward towards the sanctuary, going a little more to the left than to the right, and not much, about six feet, to the rear. The organ-chamber, which stands at some distance to the right, was considerably blistered and the pitch pipes were melted and gone. It is the deliberate opinion of the superintendent of the Fire Brigade that the fire would have been caused by the candles (although we have been assured by the sacristan that it might have been traceable to the negligence of the plumbers, who soldered the leaden coffin before placing it in the oak one, having been suspected) and that it must have been going on for three or four hours before it was extinguished. He nearly fell in his anxiety to get to the coffin and save the body, and Father Hax was considerable risk in removing the Blessed Sacrament to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Brook street. It was very fortunate that the gas had been turned off or the entire church and everything in it would have been consumed. As it is, the damage done has been estimated at £500. It is universally conceded that it was an error in judgment not to have had some person watching by the remains, as had such been the case, the awful calamity would not have occurred. The remains were gathered up, placed in a chest, put upon a hearse and conveyed to one of the school rooms where they remained until a new coffin was procured. Our representative was there then. When the chest, from beneath which the smouldering fire was still smoking, the smoke issuing curtain like alone, was removed, a ghastly spectacle was disclosed. The body, or rather what remained of it, was charred and disfigured mass, scarcely any portion but the skull and the bones of the legs being in any human shape. The flesh was entirely melted away, and the greatest expedition had to be used in re-coffining the mutilated corpse.

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YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

Latest Doings at the Fair Protectorate

—No. 3 gave an excellent entertainment on the 17th ult, which was a social and financial success.

—No. 2 gives an anniversary reception at 1341 Fulton Hall, on the 17th prox.

—No. 3 is making preparations for a grand ball to be held in November.

—Institute No. 1 is noticeable for the excellent manner in which it conducts the monthly reports of business the Literary Society under some and enthusiastic. Thus the increase in membership is was suggested to another year. The committee appointed to attend to the selection of hall is expected to report favorably at next meeting.

—The ritual used by this order was the work of Miss Mary Gibbs, President of No. 1. The opening prayer was composed by Miss A. Pope of No. 2; the closing prayer by Miss Annie E. Byrne of No. 6, Novach City. The form and design of sash were presented by Miss E. Wright, President of No. 2. The odes were composed by Miss Harriet Stephens, President of the Grand Institute was designed by Miss Mary Gibbs of No. 1, and the ceremonies were established by Mrs Minnie Mackin.

—Institute No. 10 held its second session on Tuesday evening in St. Anthony's parish. Its ladies are well known as being the younger branch, but have a strong membership, judging from the efficient manner in which the work was carried in follows: Mrs. J. Strahlerk, Fr. Miss Annie Cassidy, Vice President, Miss Lizzie Lynch, Mrs. Maggie Reinsky, R. S., Miss Annie Walsh, F. S., Miss Annie Sweeney, T., Miss Maggie Forward, M., Miss Maggie Lotto, I. S., Miss Lavina Hennessy, I. T., Trustees, Miss Maggie Foley, Miss Mollie Gaffigan, Miss Lizzie Ahern, Miss Annie Rodgers.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

The Church in Oregon and the Territories.

The Rev. O. H. of Astoria has subscribed for the Pacific Northwest.

—Bottle City (Mont.) Catholics propose holding a charity to liquidate the church debt.

—Rev. Father Jacquet, late of Spokane Falls, has been transferred to the Indian Mission in Montana Territory.

—Rev. R. Machonian of Port Townsend, W. T., has resigned from a few months' vacation spent in Europe.

—Rev. Father Jacquet of Nesqually Mission, accompanied by Father Chirouse, visited the Catholic settlements throughout Eastern Washington Territory.

—Preparations have been taken by the Irish National League of Portland, Oregon, to form a branch of the Parnell Indemnity Fund. A grand ball for the benefit of the fund will be held in the Opera House.

—On the 2d inst. C. Bonchard, S. J., closed a very successful Professor, at Open Days at Mission of St. Patrick's church, Walla Walla, Nez Perce County, on the Sunday evening, the 30th ult. Hundreds of Masses were celebrated last Sunday in all the parochial churches of Oregon. Archbishop Gross officiated at Salem, Father Fatal

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE VICTORY OF THE ROSARY.

Our Lady of the Rosary!
Hail thee! hail of power!
Our Lady, Help of Christians! o'er
October's sunbeams trace
Is come o'er Lepanto's warm thy prayer;
Hail Mary be thy name,
Our Lady Queen of Victory!
Lepanto doth remain
A monument sought can deface,
Enduring as the main.

Since brave Don Juan, Spain's valiant knight,
Heard Europe to his aid,
"Shall Moslem arrogance and might
Hold Christendom as hog?
The Crescent's emblem blighting glare
Our Europe's plains and vales—
E'en now from Elian Cyprus bear
Arabs wou't direct walls!
There Turk and Moor in myriads pour,
Demoniac in their might;
Their banners and relentless death roar,
Thirsting—ravenous—bloodily—
The Moslem infidel stopped in gore—
In foolish hatred spilt
From Christian hearts—shall there yet move
Divinest Mercies blade and hilt!

While Mary lists and angels prite
The fearless Don Juan's vow,
The shout of victory pours its light
Full o'er the christian's brow.
In brilliant—dazzle to Moslem might—
Reverse the fleet's prow;
Proud Naples' pleaded boon bearer,
For ne'er did cross wave
Bear nobler child than he who leaves
Her port—Don Juan the brave,
To lead the heroes of the age
Against the foiled
When strength, might and rage,
Constantinople fall!

To Mary for the hosts of Juan,
All Europe's prayers arise,
For victory they pierce as one,
October's calm close skies;
And as Lepanto's azure wave
Reflects the Sunday's morn,
Two fleets, her trembling waters lave,
For battle lines are drawn;
Two fleets that such boars eyeballs brave,
To awful conflict sweep,
The Cross and Crescent hence gave
Unto the empire deep.

The *Fleet's* holy banner streams
High o'er the deadly fin,
The *crescent* in blazer seems;
Two hundred thousand men
In fervent struggle to behold;
The fate of Christendom
Lepanto's conflict dread doth hold—
The victory for whom?
The victory for Christian host,
Lepanto's warm retain.
The lane of thousands Moslem lost,
And All Paulus slain!
Thwart, the pride, the Crescent's boast,
Its strength ne'er to regain!

Our Lady of the Rosary!
Lepanto's day is thine!
Our Lady Queen of Victory!
Thy power and glory shine
Through ages—history—
Our Lady Help of Christians! o'er
Thine day with fly to thee
For aid, resolve strength through thy prayer
To vanquish fiercest enemy.

MARY J. COLERAN.

Livermore, Cal., Sept. 24th, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF PARADISE.

There is the beautiful land above,
A sweet by exchange for all earthly love—
Where evermore is realms of deathless love,
Sweet heavenly joys await the souls that
There, weary man shall lay life's burden down
To rest forever on the peaceful shore;
There, win the glory of a deathless crown,
And reign with happy spirits evermore.

In this beautiful land there is no shore
A calm stream for weary-laden souls;
Where pure and bright expands the fadeless
shore,
Beyond the sphere that round our planet
rolls.

A few brief seasons and Earth's days of strife,
And all Time's glories fade before our eyes;
Oh, may we wake to God's Eternal Life,
In the beautiful land of Paradise.

JOHN P. MCDONELL.

Virginia City, Nev., Oct. 5, 1888.

THE RIVER OF TEARS.

Silently, swiftly, onward it flows
On to the ocean, great, vast;
Flotsam and jetsam drifting around,
Drifting or stranded—
Many are only wrecks of joys that were,
Of many hopes and loves,
The wreck of all that was wished away
In the river of years.

There by the shore on the tide flown by
Grief sits on the day long
And a melody heards from the cargo
Like a requiem song
Past ships for lost souls, for there is laid,
Laid in a shroud of tears
The love that sailed for ever away
On the river of years.

And Hope with her own bright sails stands
there,
There by that tempest strewn,
Rifled in gossamer foodstuff of sunbeams,
Lost in misery's dream,
And her eyes are gazing, gazing
To where that lone horizon stars
That bears her all to the golden land
Down the river of years!

And we, too, you and I have sheltered
By that calm, calm river,
Some dreams that this autumn leaves wert lost
In its tide for ever.
What matters it all—the tide flows on
And no trifle's years,
To tell where all we loved has perished
In that river of years.

River of years, O river of years,
On thy bosom to glide
Seek through tears of blinding tears once more
To ease of morning's pride!
Back! for thy current too swift has run,
And we fear to be swept
With sailing shore where tempests have blown
Death shine so dark and dreary.

E. H. M.

THE FLOWER MIRACLE.

Seek ye a miracle? Behold these seeds,
These tiny, dusky spheres, sombrous and dull,—
I drop them in the sunless soil, and gold
A roll of earth silvered them. Flash the winds,
And resist the dry leaves. Thence there proceed
Ye blist of bloom or fragrance! all in dull
And sombrous as the fresh earth's sombre seeds.
But hither comes in June. How beautiful
The radiant flowers bloom! Dull's chemistry
Hath drawn from dusky seed and sullen clay
Essence of flowers, smells of Ambigy.
A fragrant vision fairer than the day
Blow down, proud heaven! and from the gracious
Power
Which works a miracle in every flow'er!

FRANCIS C. DOUPERET.

Literary Miscellany.

Frank Harris' First Suit.

A Catholic Story in Four Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

The little town of Melville lies on the line of the New York and Lake Erie Railroad, and comprises about two hundred and one thousand inhabitants. During the summer months the number is much increased by the influx of city visitors. The Prospect House, which has a fine site on the crest of a large hill, monopolizes the hotel patronage, its only competitors being a few cottages opened as boarding-houses by some enterprising Melvillites.

One morning early in July there entered the telegraph office, which was situated in a side street, a well stirred, athletic looking personage of twenty four or twenty-five, with regular features and sharp but pleasant gray eyes. Stepping up to the raised enclosure, he addressed the lady operator.

"I wish to send a message to New York."

"Very well, sir. Please fill out a blank."

He was most unnecessarily slow in compiling that message. After almost every word, he brought his pen to a stand still and threw a quick glance at the operator.

Now, it was in the innate fitness of things that, when he looked at her, she should be examining papers or otherwise engaged; and that, when he was at his most pleasant glances she should be making a rapid survey of his countenance. One of the two must have made a miscalculation in regard to the proper moment for inspection; for as he, for the tenth time, transferred his line of vision from the perpendicular to the horizontal, he found her gaze bent full upon him. Both confused at being caught, she blushed and hastily ran her fingers through a heap of papers as if in search of some particular one, and he with crimsoned face and unsteady hand finished his writing.

"How much will it cost?"

"Seventy five cents," after examining it. Would he have it repeated at the additional expense of twenty five cents?

He would; and handed in a dollar in support of his assertion.

In a moment her nimble fingers were busy with the button, and the writer's words were flying to their destination. This girl seemed to him to be about nineteen years old. The ray has of health, deepened perhaps by the consciousness that she was being intently we chad, bloomed in her cheeks, and her brown hair clustered in waving ringlets about her forehead and temples. Her eyes, when she turned them full upon him at the conclusion of her task, proved to be those large melting ones that seem to encompass a world of space within their narrow limits.

"How long before I shall get the reply?"

"Immediately. Shall I transmit it—if it verbally?"

"I would sooner you would repeat it," he replied, with a peculiar emphasis, that plainly declared his preference for her accents to her written characters.

The quick, nueron tirk-tick soon engaged her attention, and she repeated the message at least once and a vindictive lock in Mary's direction.

"Business affairs are written in a sealed book, miss.

"Is that strictly of a business character?"

"Strictly."

"I wish you the utmost success. No, thank you. I am not going in the direction of the hotel."

With a scowl disfiguring an ordinarily pretty face, she turned out of the office, after declining his escort.

"That Miss Lisson, is a silly baby, whose temper terrises—so indulgent a father. She states forth as a sage of aristocracy in the eyes of so ignorant mother. Good morning."

CHAPTER II.

So things ran on for about three weeks As Father Navin and Mary sat down to breakfast, one morning, she said, "Father, a gentlemen asked permission to call on me this evening, and I granted it."

The old Priest looked at her in surprise.

"This is something new for you, Mary?"

"Yes, but I trust there is nothing wrong in it. You shall hear all about it."

She recounted her first and subsequent interview with Mr. Harris, and added to her recital a most exalted opinion of his character. Father Navin listened in silence. When she had concluded, he said:

"From your story of this person he appears to have acted like a gentleman. But, be careful, child. One so inexperienced as you in the ways of the world can form no idea of the amount of wickedness stored up in some men's hearts, especially in the hearts of those young fellows from the city. I do not wish to be unsympathetic, Mary. I don't think that. I merely wish to caution you against dangerous acquaintances. I have no doubt that he is a very excellent person, indeed. His desire to visit you more than half protests it. Had he invited you to visit him I should be rather likely to condemn him. It he turns out to be what you say, then by all means retain his friendship, for good companions are as beneficial as evil ones are harmful. There, child, I do not wish to spoil your digestive by a lengthy lecture. I can very soon determine the character of Mr. Harris. Rest assured all will come out right.

"Amen."

No cipher dispatches were sent that day and when Mary gave place to her rival in the evening, she thought Mr. Harris' conversation must have had a determinental effect, seeing he was lax in the reiterants of his chiefs.

At school precisely, three distinct rays at the front door announced the presence of the visitor, and in a moment he entered, followed by a tall young lady, who seemed to proposess the Priest in his favor, for a very cordial greeting passed between them. After shaking hands with Mary, he sat down.

Gradually, Father Navin led him out, and left him on politic leditative of good character or the reverse. To all these questions highly satisfactory answers were given, and, in the Priest's opinion, Mr. Harris in his mind as a very desirable acquaintance.

"Mr. Harris, how is your case in Melville progressing?" asked Mary.

"Very well, thank you, very well."

"It's a range I have not heard or read of any lawsuit in Melville lately," she continued.

"This case can hardly be addressed as a test of my professional ability," he said, with a smile. "What may be still more surprising, I am going to take it into court to-night."

"To-night!" echoed both Mary and Father Navin.

"Yes, to-night. It involves the tender question of insirimony."

"Is it a divorce suit?" asked the Priest.

"No, Father, it is not. It is a will for marriage, all quibbling aside. Let us be understood. For about a month, I have known your adopted child, and for a month I have loved her. I wish to ask your permission to end her feelings. I have reason to believe they reciprocate with mine. Should I discover that such is really the case I shall offer her a place by my side through life."

"This is rather sudden," said Father Navin.

"She shall have all the time necessary for reflection, months if need be."

"Mary, what do you say?" the old Priest asked, turning to the girl. She was pale and trembling and her voice refused to perform its function.

"Miss Lisson' Mary," continued the suitor, taking her by the hand "may I assume the position of a favored one?"

She managed to articulate "Yes."

"Pressing her hand, and parting warmly with Father Navin, he left for the hotel.

Frank's visits to the telegraph office were made without the slightest disguise now. Preteson was laid aside. Mary was the sole attraction there for him. In the evening he visited her at home and took her for a drive or a walk, Father Navin according his full consent to their trips. It was a happy period for both; but that happiness was ere long to suffer a check that threatened to ruin it forever.

Frank was seated in the parlor of the Prospect House after dinner, running over with a epil sons items inscribed in a notebook, when Miss Robbins approached him. He greeted her coldly, but laid aside his book to hear what she had to say.

"Mr. Harris," she began, taking a seat beside him, "I am going to tell you something which may prove very disagreeable to you.

"Pray spare me," he replied, lightly.

"Mr. Harris, that woman, Mary Lisson, good and pure and devoted as you think her, is the essence of deceit."

Frank's face grew almost fired, and in a hoarse voice he replied, "Miss Robbins, if you were a man, I should act differently. Now I must cut our conversation short by telling you it's a vile fabrication."

"Keep your cool, Mr. Harris," she answered, waving his avidest pain with activation. "I can prove this."

"Prove it! Have a care; this is a matter on which I will allow no trifling. You can't prove what is not true."

"But it is true and I can prove it. Listen me. At the convent I graduated from, those of the pupils who desired it, were taught telegraphy. I was one of that number. By the aid of this fortunate accomplishment, I was able to get the proof I now offer you of this woman's perfidy. Today I went to the office where we engage for New York. While waiting for its reputation, I distinctly heard the instrument tick off these words. 'Mary Lisson—May meet me at the cross roads to-night at nine. How I long to clasp you in my arms again. Ned.' Mr. Harris, that is what I heard and that is the proof I now offer you."

Frank's countenance underwent a change, ground fresh, whose face was now apparently bloodless.

"Mistake! No. If you think there is, you can soon solve your doubt. Melville cross-roads is a mile and a half from here. You can be there as soon as she. It is now half past eight now. Go and see for yourself." Hissing, with a sweeping scornsay, she left the parlor.

"Can this be true?" moaned Frank, holding his head between his hands. "Can she be deceiving me and her adopted Father? I can't believe it! Ned, yet that message. What shall I do? I'll trust her. No. I'll be there at nine, and if I find her perfidious I'll throw her over altogether.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

The Patronage of Good Saint Anne.

One sultry afternoon, not very long ago, a spark from a locomotive of the Canadian Pacific Railway fell in a field in the neighborhood of the village of Sainte Anne de Bellevue, which in one of Nature's quiet and consumed in its course a large patch of Indian corn belonging to Mr. X——, who at his leisure which lay along the railway track, while another field belonging to Mr. Y——, which was ready to be reaped by the first sun equally in danger, but nothing but one or two small sheaves of oats. The neighbors who came running from near and far, congratulated the unfortunate sufferers on the sudden cessation of the fire on that side of the field to which they had not yet attend, so busy were they in endeavoring to extinguish the blaze sweeping over the stubble of Mr. X——. "Certainly there is something miraculous," said Mr. Y——, thoughtfully, "it is due to the protection of the good Saint Anne; for we had special devotions to her this Spring, which we commanced to now our grain."

It is not wonder that the Canadian habitant receives many favors from *la Bonne Sainte Anne*, when he is so full of piety and simple faith, so constant in his devotion that he has for her! From the habitant's hut in the Laurentides to the busy palace of the North, where the black Mr. Moore takes it easier, it is a common thing to see a pious Catholic, or a Protestant, who is not a bigot, or a Jew, who is not forgetful of those who put their trust in her,—who is quick to take the dwellers in town and country, but who has a special tenderness for the poor farmers and hardy *habitans*, whose water boiling enterprises benefit from the fact of some in Brittany the agricultural spirit of a thousand years. Such are the people who compose *Patronage de Canada*.

Chinese have no Nerves.

The North China *Herald* says the quality of "nerve lessness" distinguishes the Chinese from the Europeans. The Chinese can write all day, work all day, stand in one place all day, be cheated all day, be robbed every day, do distinctly tedious jobs for year and year, and dance to music that to a European and Britisher is as bad as a man who has a toothache quite quietly, and yet the Chinese are not stolid, as the Indian is, or the negro, or the Russian, or the Spaniard, but good, cheerful, fairly intelligent people, who are not low intelligence, but who have a marvellous power of not feeling. Nerves are a very modern thing, and perhaps they are a sign of progress, or of a high civilization, but they are not a sign of strength, or of the power of enduring, or of the power of doing work. The Chinaman can do without nerves. Sport or play seems to him so much trouble. He can always be whistled—and rattling machinery, deafening explosions, and shrieking children, and quarreling wives. He can sleep on the ground, on the deck, on a bed, on a chair, in any position. It would be easy to raise in China an army of a million men—say, of ten millions—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three shotted guns, and to wake up when their mouths wide open and a fly inside.

All in a Hair's Century.

The discovery of the electric telegraph.
The discovery of photo graphy.
The commencement of ocean steam navigation.
The annexation of Texas.
The war with Mexico, and the acquisition of California, and the discovery of gold that followed.
The French Revolution of 1848.
The rise and fall of Napoleon III., and the establishment of the French Republic.
The Crimean War.
The great Civil War and abolition of Slavery in the United States.
The great Franco-German War and the unification of Germany.
The partial emancipation of the Russian serfs.
The extension of Russian power into Central Asia.
The discovery of the sources of the Nile and Niger, and the exploration of interior Africa.
The invention of the telephone.

Join a Pious Society.

Belong to some pious congregation—either to that of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, or to the Third Order of St. Francis, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, or the Sacred Heart, which is called the Apostleship of Prayer. Why?

1. Surmadin may in doing so.
2. A man lives more holily.
3. He falls into sin less frequently.
4. When he falls, it is less grievously.
5. He rises more easily.
6. Walks more cautiously.
7. He is more cautious.
8. He is more copiously bedewed with the dew of divine grace from heaven.
9. He satisfies divine justice, and avoids Purgatory with more facility.
10. He aspires with greater confidence and resignation.
11. And is crowned more gloriously in the celestial mansions.

The Editors' Way.

Hav. Mr. Salah (to desk editor of the Daily Roarer)—Mr. Scrawer, are you going to publish my prayer in full?

Desk Editor (indignantly)—Is full! I guess not. (Changing his tone)—however, we will do what we can for you. By saying out the fab-dab and gull I guess we'll have room to put in the poetry.

—Colonel Thomas M. Vincent, Assistant Adjutant General, has arrived at Washington from St. Paul and will be assigned to duty at once to relieve Colonel Sheridan, late military Secretary to the General of the Army. Colonel Sheridan is now at Newquitt preparing the memoirs of the late Gen. Ord.

SCOTT'S PORTION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites.

For Wasting Diseases of Children.

Where the digestive powers are feeble and the ordinary food does not seem to nourish the child, this new basis or food and medicine, gives strength and flesh at once, and is almost as palatable as milk. Take no other.

IDEAL SACRED PORTRAITS

Attractive Topics of Half Century.

In the Io Monn "B. I. D." says: Some there is no portrait of our Lord or His blessed Mother universally regarded as authentic, we have often wished that we could have an "Ideal" made—the highest ideal portrait—and that all others, except true copies of the original, were prohibited from being exposed in churches. We have heard of Christians, by educated men, who have your approaches in the Chinese Church, but very many depart from it English—and all Italian, French, German, and Spanish—they to look for resistance for some may to said—I pictures of the Blessed Mother. If a pious Christian sees a pic ture and is told that it is the head of Christ and afterwards sees another with different features and an unpleasing expression, and is told the same, the effect upon him is not unpleasant. I do not mean that different expressions of the same ideal features might not occur, but the features should not be changed so much as to be unclearly. The most perfect head of Christ would have the beauty and grandeur of humanity, but no predominant expression of compassion, or sorrow, or indignation, or suffering. These passions would, perhaps, be left to be inferred by the preacher, the picture in worship good and proper for the particular time, passes away, does not leave a lasting impression, and very shocking God-like ideal. In my opinion the ideal of the crucifixion, if may be said, especially in the case of the Lady, that the Saviour is in the place of the face or station regarding female beauty, ought to be a pleasing and humane; the face of the Mother of Christ should be painted with sensitive features in Palestine and Italy, features of Christ, and the face which is most like the mother and sister of the Saviour, is the ideal face, before I have a more reason in this, or the one picture (say that of Pius IX.) I have seen the ideal face seen but in Italy or Flanders by Italians and Flemings. Perhaps, in the Spanish age, one seen in various countries and in pictures, and in the same age, the ideal face of Christ, and the mother, so that the consideration has for the same form that it once had. Time, the lapse of ages might be in greater but that time is gone in the habit, that the ideal face of the Blessed Virgin—always and perpetually in—and the ideal face of Christ—and the ideal face of the Blessed Virgin—is a most influence of faith between the Christian and the Jew, and the most powerful of the Power of Religion. For example, the Pope, the Pope, the Pope

THE MONITOR.

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1888.

The Catholic School of Mass-Containing Malicious Falsehoods.

"The Romanist Method of Killing our Public Schools," was the caption of an anti-Catholic article which Brother McCrary inserted in last week's *Monitor*, in order that his brethren might see how fought he had grown cold in his bigotry. Now we propose to turn the tables on our Methodist confrere, by exposing the malignant falsehoods which he purposely manufactured in order to demonstrate his diabolical fact for detraction. The charge brought against Catholics, in the article before us, are as follows:

1. They declared them (public schools) to be infidel, which we always protested against.

2. They did all they could to banish the Bible from the schools, and infidel with atheism and left it to do that, and to purge from our text-books all matter that could by any stretch be declared religious.

3. Then they charged our schools with being godless, having diligently endeavored to make them so.

In reply to these charges it is only necessary to point out the fact that the Catholics were right when they charged that "our Public Schools" were sectarian, as the *Protestant* bible was read therein! And then, when the bible was omitted from the list of studies, and every iota of Christian literature dropped from the curriculum, did not the schools become godless? Nor is it true—as Bro. McCrary says—that Catholics helped to make them so, for the excellent reason that those who transformed the Christian system of American democratic educational schools into the present infidel-making machine, never intended the Public Schools of America to be anything else than anti-Christian in their influence.

Nor is it by any means true that Catholics ever proposed any Public School text-books of "all matter that could by any means be declared religious." The compilation and publication of all such text-books have been left entirely to Protestant presses and pedagogues of the same persuasion, and while these gentlemen were busying their brains to find out how they could keep God out of their text-books, Catholics were busy building school houses wherein to teach the knowledge of God to every child that entered their portals!

4. Now they do all they can to demoralize our school system by placing women in the Principal's position, by putting control therein into women their tool, by filling their halls with cheap and as yet experienced teachers, by exhibiting lewd and textbook-like and demoralizing their expulsion from our schools, by putting into our list of text-books works of no merit and no standing among literary men, by doing all in their power to keep children from going to the public schools, and, finally, by proposing a separate school system for their own benefit.

When a Methodist preacher sets out to "make Rome howl," he can falsify faster than a cat can wink! And so Catholics determine "our Public Schools" by short, by enemies to the system on Boards of Education! Bro. McCrary is mad! Where is the law that prevents Catholics from being eligible to any office in the land? Catholics may their proportion of Public School tax, and Brother McCrary will have to revive the Declaration Bloc Laws before he can keep Catholics from off Boards of Education.

If the "best and most experienced teachers" in "our Public Schools" are found to be teaching falsehood concerning Catholic dogmas to the pupils, or if they are found to be incompetent or immoral, it is only right that they should be discharged, and Catholic Directors should be commended for putting them out. It is also just as untrue on the part of Dr. McCrary to assert that Catholics have anything to do with text-books, teachers or public schools, inasmuch as a large majority of those who manage these institutions are generally non-Catholics and consequently anti-Catholic.

No Catholic Bishop, Priest or layman ever used his influence to keep any non-Catholic child from going to a Public School. The Prelates of the American Church all declare the Public Schools to be "good enough as far as they go," for those non-Catholics who desire to patronize them but the Catholic Church, as the Church of God, must teach her children the truths of Christianity, hence Catholics build their own schools, support them out of their own private means, and then patiently accept the fine flung at them by Methodist preachers.

6. The remnant of the Roman Catholic Church be a pro rata appurtenant of the school fund to the Catholic schools by our school system.

It is false to assert that the Catholic Church has ever demanded a pro rata appurtenant of the Public School Fund, and Bro. McCrary here false witness against his neighbor when he said so.

6. The Roman Catholic foreign Priest has no sympathy whatever with the American idea of education. His plan is to make as exclusive, benighted, bigot of each child under his charge. He would not have a school where American children should be brought together by good, sound, well qualified American teachers.

"The Roman Catholic foreign Priest" is a great sycamore to all gospel sharps of the Methodist stripe. But the best evidence that the "foreign Priest" is *fully in sympathy* with American education, is found in the fact that the *schools founded by such Priests* are crowded with pupils! It is true that these "Roman Catholic foreign Priests" will not have boys and girls taught together, as they have too great a knowledge of that evil as it exists in "our Public Schools," to risk the destruction of the maidenly modesty and virtue of the daughters of honestly-wedded parents, for the chance of trying an experiment already condemned in nearly every country in Europe. These "Roman Catholic foreign Priests" believe thoroughly in preserving the innocence of the youth of both sexes, hence thousands of Protestant parents send their children to schools established by them, rather than risk their children among a promiscuous crowd of teachers and pupils who think that a knowledge of God is altogether unnecessary as the mainstay of morality in the human mind. All good citizens, therefore will say "Heaven bless the Roman Catholic foreign Priests!"

7. The deliberate intent of the Roman Catholic Church is to set a upon our school fund as soon as possible, and to make a division of it, by which it hopes to accomplish the idiotic design of breaking up our magnificent American national system of public schools.

False again! The Catholic Church has no intention of seizing upon a single cent of our school fund, neither in the present or in the remote future. In fact the School Intendants, Directors, teachers, and the hundred and one hangers on to the Public School mock, are such Hypocrisies and speculating that there is not one dollar left out of every million for anybody else to seize upon! And it is this very self-same extravagance—the peculiarities of Public School managers—that will ultimately undermine the whole system and leave the larger public school houses as empty of scholars as Bro. McCrary's Methodist mind was void of truth when it was manufacturing these malicious falsehoods against the Catholic Church.

"The magnificent American National System of Public Schools" is in no danger from the Catholic Church, but the danger comes especially from the men who finger the finances, who give out contracts to favorites for commissions, who procure positions for pay, who introduce text-books for a percentage, and who keep shouting all the time "with the leathern lungs of a Methodist preacher at a camp-meeting, "Catholics stand back! Do not dare to lay a finger on the Public Schools," while the pockets of the same individuals are filled with public plunder. These are the Samsons who will pull down "our magnificent American National Public Schools," unless the tax payers stop their extravagance and stealing.

New Home for Jesuit Novices.

The extraordinary progress which the Catholic Church is making in every portion of the United States, calls for more priests to labor in all sections of the country than our Prelates are able to procure. In the older Dioceses, wherein are thickly-populated cities, the number of assistants in each parish has to be doubled, trebled, and even quadrupled, in order to meet the increased demands upon the Clergy for their spiritual ministrations. The opening of new Dioceses also develope new fields for missionary labor, and thus it may be said in the year of our Lord, 1888, with as much truth as it was proclaimed by our Divine Saviour Himself, during His sojourn on earth, "The harvest, indeed, is great, *but the laborers are few*. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest."

America is going to be the greatest Catholic country in the world in course of time, and, as years roll on, the need of Priests will become more urgent in order to carry the Bread of Life to those Catholics who enter upon the newly-developed fields of enterprise in the Republic, which still has millions of acres of arable land inviting industrious thousands of settlers to make happy homes therein.

Hitherto the American Hierarchy have looked to Europe to supply them with subjects for the priesthood, but the demands made upon the Ecclesiastical Seminaries there for missionaries to convert the savages of Africa, Australia and other distant regions of the earth, as well as to keep pace with the urgent request for priests for every other portion of the world, renders it very difficult for American Bishops to procure priests in sufficient numbers to feed and care for the flocks entrusted to the American Episcopate.

For these reasons Ecclesiastical Seminaries and Novitiates are increasing in this country, the latest enterprise of that religious character being the NOVITIATE OF THE SACRED HEART, erected at Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, by the Jesuit Fathers, who hitherto have provided accommodations for their ecclesiastical students in their College at Santa Clara. But finding that this plan not any longer feasible, the Fathers very wisely concluded to purchase seventy acres of land at Los Gatos, and to erect thereon a building specially designed for a Novitiate that would accommodate at least fifty ecclesiastical students, who would form a community of themselves, and be constantly in the atmosphere of retirement so necessary for those who design to serve God in the spirit of obedience, poverty and chastity.

The Novitiate of the Sacred Heart is most picturesquely situated on the side of a hill which rises covered with vines and fruit trees behind it. The view from the building is superb. The valley of Santa Clara with its orchards, farms and villages, and the Bay of San Francisco beyond, are stretched out as on a map, flanked by hills on either side, and bounded in the distance by the high mountains of the Contra Costa Range. The view reaches from Mount Diablo to Pescadero, and on a clear day the steamers can be seen plying between San Francisco and Alameda, while San Jose and Santa Clara are apparently under the eye—though ten miles away.

The building, which was erected after plans drawn by Mr. H J. Crinch of this city, is of brick, and with its tower surmounted by the Cross, is a conspicuous object for many miles around. It consists of a central block with two wings running further back than the main building, and a story lower which gives an appearance of dignity to the whole. The kitchen is detached from the main building and only one story in height above the basement, but is connected with the house by a wide passage. The center building is sixty-four feet in front and fifty-five in depth. The wings are each seventy eight feet in depth and twenty-five in front. The center tower, fourteen feet square, projects half its width from the centre of the main front, and marks the chief entrance distinctly from the general mass. Above the basement the central building rises three stories in height, and a fourth story is included in the Mansard roof, which is provided with dormitories for the lay Brothers belonging to the house. On the sides the wings are only two stories in height above the basement, and are finished with plain sloping roofs. The tower rises symmetrically above the front and crowns the whole building.

Internally, the first and second floors are divided by side halls running through the whole length and width of the building in the form of a Cross, with doorways at each end and sash doors to give greater light. On the first floor the front is occupied by the parlors on each side of the entrance hall, beyond which are class rooms for the Novices and junior Scholastics. In the rear of the building facing the south are the recreation rooms and library. The refectory, a fine room forty-five feet by twenty-four feet, is in the south-west wing. The upper floors are divided into chambers for the infirmary and also for the Father Superior and his assistants. The east wing on this floor is occupied by the Chapel. The third floor, which only extends through the central building, is divided by the stair hall into two large dormitories, one facing west down on three aisles, and measuring fifty-three feet by twenty-five in width. One of these is for the Novices, the other for the young Scholastics who also reside in the Novitiate during a part of their term of studies. Above these are similar dormitories for the lay Brothers, in the Mansard roof which forms the upper part of the central building.

The water supply is obtained from an abundant spring about a mile from the house, to which it is conveyed by pipes, which pressure sufficient to carry it over the highest part of the roof. The gas is supplied from Los Gatos, and the whole building is provided with stone heaters of the latest pattern, which can be used in case of cold weather. The latter is, however, a very rare occurrence in Los Gatos, which enjoys a much warmer climate in winter than the low grounds around San Jose, and Santa Clara. It is altogether, it would be difficult to find anywhere a more beautiful spot than the grounds of the Novitiate which we have just described. But beautiful as they are at present, they will form a still more picturesque scene when the improvements contemplated by Rev. P. Mass, S.J., Superior in charge, have been completed, and among the more prominent of which are a spacious grotto in which will be placed a magnificent life-size statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, modeled after the famous shrine of our Blessed Lady in France. This grotto will be erected on the brow of one of the adjacent hills, and will be quite visible to sojourners in the valley beneath. A Calvary consisting of the fourteen Stations of the Cross will be erected on another eminence convenient to the Novitiate, so that students can perform the pious exercise of the Way of the Cross in the open air. In course of time other improvements will be added, so that this lovely spot, dedicated to the cause of Religion, may attract many souls to serve God in the sweet solitude.

Already there are a number of Novices studying for the Priesthood in the Sacred Heart, but there may be many more Catholic young men on this coast who desire to be Priests of the Sacred Heart, by joining the great Order he founded, and thereby not only save their own souls but also assist in the salvation of hundreds of others, and for the performance of such an Apostolate they will be made to shine as stars for all eternity!

The building is erected, a Faculty of competent teachers are ready to receive students, and those who desire to become perfect in God's service and also in the all-important science of saving souls. All that is needed now is that such moral pushing men should "enter into the joy of the Lord" by assuming a few years within the hallowed walls of this beautiful Novitiate sacrificed by and dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Who will hearken to the cry!

Mayhap some young men may deem themselves not sufficiently educated or sufficiently advanced in Christian perfection to become members of the Society of Jesus, but all of such to say Deus! strate devotion to God's holy will, place yourself within the Sacred Heart, and He who chosen the lowe out of the many that are called, will accomplish the rest.

Other young men may deem the rules or the vows of the Jesuit Order too strict to observe or too difficult to keep. But when God is with us all things are possible. He makes every back and every burden, and that Holy Spirit Whom Our Father sends to the short lamb," will most assuredly manifest His greatest love to those who volunteer in His service, by making the way of Our Cross which they must follow, as smooth as may be consistent with the earthly calvary every true follower of Christ must travel in this vale of tears! The servant is not greater than the Master, and as the Son of God—after whom the Society of Jesus is called—suffered and died for the salvation of mankind, so must every son of St. Ignatius be prepared to "go and do likewise," as far as a creature in this sin-cursed sphere can imitate the unlimited charity and the limitless mercy of the Creator.

We hope those lines may fall beneath the vision of many a courageous young man who will give a practical answer to the call of our Blessed Redeemer: "Take up thy Cross and follow Me." His Church needs servants in her sanctuaries, and those who are called to serve God in their youth to God, so that they can serve Him in old age and earn the crown of eternal life by persevering in the path which He has marked out for those who would be crucified on earth in order to enjoy an eternal Easter in Heaven.

If there are any such young men among the readers of the MONITOR, and we feel that there are many such, to them we say:

"Fear not! Spurn the worldling's laughter,
Thou shalt find a lamp hereafter
To lie near thine temple thine now."

It is stated that the principal witness against Mr Parnell at the Special Commission will be Mr. P. J. Sheridan.

—Mr Michael Davitt is engaged on a History of the Land Leagues in Ireland and America. Mr. Davitt expects the work to occupy him during the winter.

—Amongst the subscriptions announced at a meeting of the Parnell Indemnity Fund Committee in the Reform Club, Liverpool, was one of £20 from the Marchioness of Ripon.

THE ADRIAN AND ALEXANDER BULLS.

John of Salisbury Dissected. Rev King Hears Of Consequence the "Adrian" Bull—Salisbury's "Metalogicus"—Who Wrote the Final Chapter? Proof that it was not the work of John of Salisbury.

It was impossible that any false Bull attributed to Pope Adrian IV., and containing forgery, could have

fully promulgated during the lifetime of King Louis VII. of France, for the cogent reason that the fraud would at once have been discovered in consequence of the King of France having in his possession the Letter which Pope Adrian IV. sent to him, in which that Pontiff flatly refused to give his assent to any attempt at invading Ireland, which that Prince in conjunction with King Henry II. had planned, and which Letter King Louis had presented to Adrian IV. for his approval.

It is for this potent reason, therefore, that not a single trace of the huge Adrian Bull is to be found in any document issued in England prior to the year 1180, which was the year in which King Louis VII. died. This incident will appear all the more singular when we bring to mind the fact that a number of occasions occurred when King Henry could have made good use of a genuine Bull—had he possessed one—during the many years which tra spired between that period and the year in which the forged Bull, and the year when it first appeared in print by means of the instrumentality of that champion historical falsifier of the twelfth century—Giraldus Cambrensis.

If the Bull of Pope Adrian was genuine, why is it that such a document was secretly concealed for upwards of *twenty years* after the death of Pope Adrian? Nor was it until King Louis of France had been for a some time in his tomb, that Cambrensis injected into his "*Topographia Hibernica*," for the first time, the dubious document falsely supposed to have been issued by that Pontiff.

The answer to this question is very simple. When Pope Adrian was dead, and King Louis was entombed also, the human witnesses who had the power and knowledge which would enable them to discover and expose the fraud, could no longer offer any opposition; hence there was no risk to run by first injecting the forged document into the "Compass of Fools" and then by Cambrensis, so as to prepare the minds of those who perused the work of Giraldus, for the belief that such a Bull really existed in the archives of the Vatican.

Cambrensis says that the Adrian Bull was procured by John of Salisbury, and that circumstance adds to the fraud. We have already exposed the calumnies and the false levels with which Cambrensis filled his book entitled the "Conquest of Ireland," and we will now show that John of Salisbury

people deplore his loss, but no one should weep at him on account of his death. Indeed, though he had a mother, and a brother, he fared no more than *Gaul* does. He declared, both publicly and privately, that he loved me better than he did any one else in the whole world. He had such an opinion of me that he felt pleasure in opening his heart and his conscience to me whenever an opportunity occurred itself. The Bishop of Poitiers, he was pleased to have me as his guest at his table, and, notwithstanding my epigrams, he used to say that I was a shrewd man. He also used to say that I was a man who could be recorded and given to the Muses. He also used to say that I was a man who could be possessed by him, by hereditary right, as Adrian's Letters, which was preserved to him (the Bishop) alone. For all the islands, by virtue of an ancient right, are regarded as belonging to the Roman Church. Besides, Pope Adrian sent through me a gold ring adorned with a ruby of great value, for the king's right of invasion to be fixed and strengthened in Ireland, and that Prince in conjunction with King Henry II. had planned, and which Letter King Louis had presented to Adrian IV. for his approval.

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Feast of the Holy Rosary.

The Great Feast Joyfully Celebrated by the Faithful.

The Holy Rosary is the great Hymn of the Rosary, the celebration of which Sunday is always an great festival for the vast congregations of Catholics in charge of the order of St. Dominic. One of the largest congregations that ever assembled in Christian church in this city, was present at High Mass on Sunday last, and it was a most exhilarating sight to witness the manner in which every heart of the congregation seemed to be filled in consequence of being children of the Holy Mother of God.

The ceremony of blessing the rose beds place at 9:30 o'clock, at which time there were fully 2,000 persons in the church. Silks, satins, velvets, galloons, and sparkling in the spacious vestibule.

High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Thomas O'Neill, O. P., assisted by Father Hilier, O. P., as Deacon, and Rev. Father Wilson, O. P., as Sub-deacon. During the Mass the choir rendered the chant portions of the service in a manner calculated to excite devotion.

The sermon was preached by Rev. J. A. Hardy, O. P., and was filled with that rich eloquence for which the Dominicans are so celebrated. A very good half an hour was spent and the vast congregation seemed to show, by the attention with which they listened, that they felt in being called by almighty God to participate in one of the fine and not only beautiful but most Christian festivals in the Christian calendar.

The Rosary Confraternity of Women in the Rosary (named Ancora Sab. this year) in connection with the Rosary and the Holy Angels, with the piety of Christian Nations, celebrated the Feast of the Rosary in the Dominican Church, through the intercession of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, for the conversion of Sinners, the Exaltation of the Holy Church, the Peace of Christian Nations, and the Unity of Christian Princes

Farm and Home.

Diphtheria Spread by Cats.

Domestic animals have often not only been suspected but found guilty of spreading infection. In his report on the recent sustained prevalence of diphtheria in Ex-5.11, Dr. Bruce Low, of the Medical Department of the Local Government Board, incidentally states that during the continuance of the epidemic six cats died or were killed in considerable numbers from illness, and in December 1897, and January 1898, there was a large mortality among those animals, so much so that the attention of the dog commissioner was directed to it. He stated that never in his previous experience had he seen so many dead cats in the dog lamps. Some households, owing their cats ill, destroyed them. Though there were no known cases of diphtheria occuring in the practice of veterinary surgeons at Exeter, yet they saw many cases of "influenza" among animals at this time. The following is an illustration of the possible connection between diphtheria in children and in cats. A little boy was taken ill with what proved to be fatal diphtheria. On the first day of his illness he was sick, and the cat, which was in the room at the time, licked the vomit on the floor. In a few days (the child meanwhile having died) the animal was noticed to be ill and to be suffering from so severe, and at to those of the dead boy, the venom destroyed her. During the early part of its illness the cat had been seen out in the back yard at night, as usual. A few days later the cat of a neighbor who lived a few doors further off was noticed to be ill. Her skin had been cut in the back yards at night. The second animal, which however recovered, was the pet and playmate of four little girls who, grieved at the illness of their favorite, nursed it with great care. All four girls developed diphtheria, their mother being convinced they got it from the cat; and, indeed, no other source of contact with infection could be discovered. It is easy to imagine a cat catching an infectious disease like diphtheria when we remember how often milk and other unused food from the sick room is given to the cat, or by some people thrown out into the back yard for the benefit of their neighbors cats if they have none of their own. It is a frequent occurrence to see children carrying cats in their arms, and even kissing them. It is obvious that if the cats were ill with diphtheria the children under such circumstances would almost inevitably contract the disease.—*London Sanitary Record.*

Little Romances.

A Scotch bandle took his sweetheart to a churchyard, and, showing her a dark corner, said "Mary, my lass, in there, Wullie used you like to be there?" It was a grim way of proposing, but Mary was a sensible Scotch lassie and she accepted him.

Mr. Johnson convinced his sweetheart of his appreciation of her by taking her finger to poke the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe.

David Webster proposed to Miss Fatcher while aiding her to unravel a skein of thread. "Grace," said he "we have been undying knots; let us see if we cannot tie one which will not untie in a lifetime."

The brothers Jacob and William Grimm, authors of the wonderful fairy stories, considered that one or the other should marry. Oblivious friends found a suitable lady for Jacob, but he declined to do the courting, so William acted as proxy. In doing so he fell in love with the lady himself, which troubled him greatly, as he did not want to betray Jacob. The letter solved the dilemma by telling William that he could have her.

Horne, in his Table Talk, gives an account of a lover who walked three miles every evening for fourteen years to meet his sweetheart, besides dogging her home on Sunday afternoons. The distance travel ed was more than 15,000 miles. For the first seven years he only stood and sorted in the door-posts, but for the remaining seven he ventured to hang his hat on a peg in the passage and sit in one kitchen settle. They were finally married and lived happily afterwards that their long, cool and deliberate courtship failed to be of profit to them.

The German Housewife.

In the richest German household the mistress superintends the kitchen and lends a hand to the cook. There are dishes which she always makes with her own hands because her Fritz likes them so. She may boast thirty-two quarterings on her escutcheon and be very proud of her lineage, but she has no nonsensical ideas about its being degrading to put on a coarse apron, lard a piece of veal, make jams, or dole out with her own hands pennies that are to be put into the potato stew. She keeps her best attire for Sundays and makes it serve on many of those festal days, for she does not follow fashion blindly or in a hurry. Ordinary days she dresses with a plainness that would excite the contempt of a French woman; but then her ordinary pursuits do not prevent her being the intellectual equal of her French or Belgian sister. She reads serious books that she may be able to converse as an equal with her well-taught sons, she practises music that she may remain on a level with her daughters, who are trained to be brilliant pianists, and she finds time to read the newspapers in order that she may understand what her Fritz has to say about the topics of the day.

Lemon Pudding.

For this the scrunch only of stale bread must be used. Half fill a small baking dish with it, remove it to a basin and pour over it just enough hot milk to make it soft, grate into this the rind of a large lemon, add the juice, strained from the pipe, sweeten it to taste and mix all well together. Heat up an egg with as much milk as necessary to fill up the dish, pour this over the bread, mix well and having buttered the dish, pour the preparation into it; put little bits of butter on top of the pudding and round the edge of the dish, and bake it for an hour until of a nice brown color. Strew a little powder of sugar over the top and serve. This mixture can be baked within a crust of pastry.

A Cheap Ice Chest.

Take two dry goods boxes, one of which is enough smaller than the other to leave a space all round of about three inches when it is placed inside. Fill the space between the boxes with newspaper packed closely, and cover with a heavy lid made to fit neatly inside the larger box. Insert a small pipe in the bottom of the chest to carry off the water from the melting ice, and you have a very cheap and tolerably effective ice box for family or grocers' use.

Fretting Will Cause Dyspepsia.

We all recognize the loss of appetite that follows anxiety or the sudden shock of grief; but we are not sufficiently alive to trace the same inevitable connection between fretting and dyspepsia. Yet it is certain that we can our digestion every time we sit down to eat after an attack of worry, as it would be wave we forced to eat so meal after a heavy sorrow.

—A geek of some note says that if peaches are peeled and placed in water for half an hour they will retain their color

Family Fun.

The Narrowest kind of an Escape

They were sitting together on the veranda in the dim twilight. The robin had sung his last song, and the fireflies were beginning to light their lamps. The pensive beauty of an early-late-year summer evening was about them, and from the stone canopy the planets and the brighter of the stellar lights were beginning to peep, those silent but eloquent heralds of the night. It was an hour for lovers and poetry.

"I suppose, Mr. Jones," said the maiden, breaking an eloquent pause, "I suppose you intend to marry some day?"

"I do, Miss Smith."

"And you mean to be a kind husband, no doubt?"

"I intend to be a model in that respect."

"You will surround your wife with every comfort, furnish her with plenty of pocket money, stay at home with her evenings instead of going to some horrid club, treat her mother, if she has one, with kindness and respect and all that sort of thing! ha! ha! Are you young man in earnest enough—you will be this and that! I have heard of you." And she shook her finger playfully at the youth.

"You may indulge in raillery Miss Smith, but, I assure you, you have exactly described my intentions. You may mock, but I have made up my mind that when I am married I will be everything an amiable and affectionate wife could desire."

"That being the case," said she, "and a few days before the est of a neighbor who lived a few doors further off was noticed to be ill. Her skin also been cut in the back yards at night, as usual. A few days later the cat of a neighbor who lived a few doors further off was noticed to be ill. Her skin also been cut in the back yards at night, as usual. A few days later the cat of a neighbor who lived a few doors further off was noticed to be ill. Her skin also been cut in the back yards at night, as usual. A few days later the cat of a neighbor who lived a few doors further off was noticed to be ill. Her skin also been cut in the back yards at night, as usual. A few days later the cat of a neighbor who lived a few doors further off was noticed to be ill. Her skin also been cut in the back yards at night, as usual. A few days later the cat of a neighbor who lived a

It was Awful.

"A baby in a house is a well spring of joy and our one dear little Horace in the night and joy of our lives." wrote Mr Topkins in a letter to a friend the other day, and then he got up and walked over to the grate in which his own little well spring of joy had been yelling steadily for an hour and said:

"Are you going to howl for ever? You best everything for yelling and screaming that I ever saw in all the days of my life. I believe in my soul that you are two thirds hyena. It's enough to drive a fellow crazy to be shut up an hour with you! I would like to have another such a prosing thing as you are around for a bottom dollar. I wish your mother would hurry home and let me go away to my club or some other place where I could have some peace. Oh, this is awful, awful!"

A Willy Lawyer.

A good story is told of Pettigrew, of South Carolina, the great lawyer of a generation ago. He was practicing at one time before a judge who was a bachelor and who had a son and a very hard working officer. It came to be Monday Thursday, and Pettigrew and the Judge's son and Pettigrew thought they would like an adjournment of court around Good Friday. Inquiries were directed to make the motion. "Your Honor," he said, "I desire to move that the court adjourn over to-morrow." "Why should the court adjourn over to-morrow, when the docket is so crowded?" asked the Judge. "Because," said Pettigrew, "to-morrow is Good Friday, and some of us would like to go to church." "No," said the Judge decidedly, after a moment's thought, "the court will sit to-morrow as usual." "Very well, your honor," replied Pettigrew, adding as he turned away, "I know there is a precedent, for Pontius Pilate held court on the first Good Friday."

Clear.

"You say the coat is three shillings?"

"Tree shillin', mian friend."

"And you warrant it all wool?"

"All wool except the puttons and de puttun holes."

"Ah! but how can you afford to sell an all-wool coat for three shillings?"

"Mian friend, I does wonder you tax sorrhired, my dear wool in dot goat is worth as tree shillin', so help me Mahomet!"

"Then you lose money on it."

"Mian Gott! You maps me dired. But mian frien', I tell you von lottle segret, and donned you'll keep it way. Ee focus on de backs of dose sheeps vot grow dot vool ma Madin, and ha! ha! ha! ee gat rer dections!"

A Dead Item.

"Pa," asked a speculative youngster, "was I made of dust?"

"Certainly, my son, we all were."

"Jiminy! mud is common mud then like ragged hoy out there?"

"Yes," admitted the puzzled father "Just the same. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought maybe as I was stuck a nice little boy I might be made of diamond dust."

Pungent Paragraphs.

Hired girl (to tramp)—Go way, I won't give you nothing.

Tramp (from Boston)—Particular grammar. Goodbye.

"Tom sleeping is delightful, Miss Echal," said Mr. Hove, "It fairly carries me away."

"Indeed!" returned Miss Echal, with a yearning look at the clock. "It had it'ne good it.

Miss Pert (just arrived from the city)—Have you been anything yourself, Mr. Dasher?

Mr. Dasher (who has been at the seaside two weeks)—No, I'm awfully dull, you know. No sentiment—nobody drown and—nothing at all.

Miss Pert—Well somebody must start the fun; why don't you!

"Get yourself full of your subject," said the professor "Connect yourself with it, and then your essay will write itself."

"Yes, sir," said Dodgeer, and Miss Coldspring, "but my essay is on 'Hum the cause of it.'"

"You are very late to night, George," said the girl, half reproachfully.

"Yes, dear. Your father's new dog met me at the gate, and I've been trying to make friends with him."

The Modern Bathing Suit.

Can's you spare me a little money, papa? How much, dear?

Well I want to buy enough material to make one of them a fashionable bathing suite How much is this stuff yard?

Three dollars.

All right, my dear. Get what you want. Here is half a dollar.

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Our Young Folks.

☞ Short, anglian contributions of about 400 words are preferred. The prize will be awarded to the best contribution received before the 15th of next July, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

A JUST REVENGE.

Written for THE MONITOR, January 1, 1898 by Mrs. Pinnerty.

The cottage was poor and small, every thing about it indicating extreme poverty. The scene was a turbary Ireland in one of the central mountained Ireland. A bleak cold wind was sweeping through the trees and the snow lay deep upon the ground. Inside the cottage one fire blazed on the hearth, no light illumined the darkness, all was cold and still. But the cottage is not uncouped. Seated around the room are three persons—an old woman, a young girl about fifteen, and a girl of about fourteen, all three apparently engaged in their own thoughts. The youth was the first to speak.

"I tell mother he said, "it's a book reader to think of! Perfect that we have lived here so long, and learned to love the old place so dearly, only to be thrown out to shed the cold and such a world as this.

"Patience, my son, patience said the old mother feebly "Silent repose against the will of God, my son.

"Yes, it's all very well to speak of patience, but when it comes to being thrown out into the world, it's another and a different thing, reply the young man, passionately.

The girl who had been listening to the talk in silence was sprung rather fast and cried "I know they are coming already to tell us what we have to do.

The mother and her son listened and they could hear distinctly the measured tramp of feet, as the far land "Orange lodgers marched up the hillside, to complete the work of another eviction.

The boy and his mother were sad and trembling, when a hand was laid on the outer door, which was rudely pushed open and a brutal-toned voice asked

"Well, Margaret Byrne, have you got my money, if not are you ready to quit the house?"

"No, Sir Morgan, I have not yet got your rent, nor am I yet ready to quit our house," answered Mrs Byrne.

"Well, old woman, if you don't pay the house I reckon I will have to make you. Time your household stuff out into the street, boys," said Morgan, turning to the enemy near at his back, "and throw the lot of the Crowbar brigade went to work with a will, and soon all of poor Mrs Byrne's earthly possessions were tossed out upon the cold snow heap in the new outside. After disposing of the furniture the "Boys" then went to work at the thatch of the cottage, and remained of that was a heap of ruins, and then the "Crowbar Brigade, having completed their work of destruction departed followed by the landlord and shared fear ing the poor family to pass on the frozen ground their own happy home.

The night passed away, and the morning light revealed a broken hearted son and daughter kneeling over the remains of their aged mother A shallow grave was dug beneath the snow in the adjacent churchyard, prayers were said over the lowly form, and a stone was placed to close up the grave, and Margaret Byrne's career on earth was over.

Long and bitterly the young girl and boy sobbed and prayed over the lonely grave. At last, whelming back his grief, the heart broken son rose to his feet, and taking his sister by the hand, he said

"We will go to America, Maude, but as sure as I live I will return again and have revenge on this Morgan family for the death of our mother, though it should cost me a life time and my life as well.

Three days later they embarked for America, and after a long and tedious voyage of three weeks they were landed safely on the land of Freedom.

When Joe Byrne and his sister reached America they immediately engaged several rooms in a large tenement house, and soon after this joined work. For two years they lived in New York, and then the gold fever broke out, and Joe and his sister embarked for California to try their luck in the land of gold. They reached San Francisco all right, and found a company of men who were bound for a new settlement in the mountains, Joe and his sister joined. Three weeks after this we find three in a small village consisting of 1 Hall of a dozen houses, a small mountain stream ran through the settlement, on the banks of which a number of men are engaged in digging and washing the earth. Among the rough gang we recognize Joe, who looks as rough and as healthy as any of them. He has been lucky, however, and has several thousand dollars safely stored away.

On this day he is working rather slowly unlikely with his pick and shovel, when suddenly his pick struck something hard. He got down on his knees and scraping the earth from the hole, he revealed to view the largest nugget of gold ever seen in Mountain Idaho. The news spread like wild fire that young Joe Byrne had found a very large nugget, and fifteen minutes after the whole town was assembled around the happy Joe. Half an hour after Joe sold his claim for $20,000, and accompanied by his sister, and the big nugget safely wrapped up in a blanket, he took the stage for San Francisco.

It was Christmas eve. John Morgan sat in his drawy office lonely engaged in writing, when the door opened and the servant announced a young man to see Mr Morgan. "Show him in," said Mr Morgan. The servant went away, and in a few minutes returned with a young man shown she said. Into the room, which the door after him, and departed, leaving Morgan and the stranger alone.

"Well, sir, what do you wish?" asked Morgan.

"I have come to see you, John Morgan, on business relating to some transactions which passed between yourself and the the social firm of Johnson Lowe & Co. Do you recognize this note?" asked the young man, producing a paper from his pocket.

John Morgan turned as pale as death the frame to his feet, and extending his hand, he said "Sir no one that note, young man. I'm strong minded, but unnerved at handing Morgan the note he coolly replaced it in his pocket, remarking as he did so "I am pretty sure! John Morgan, but I can great deal sooner, you would get the money off me yet."

John Morgan, cast a cry that would have deter honor to a wild beast, there was a flash, a loud report, and the young man sunk to a prone heap upon the cold ground.

At the same instant the office door was dashed open, and gallant Joe Byrne rushed into the room. Morgan raised his pistol, but Joe was too quick for him he sprang at Morgan, and like a young giant he wrenched the smoking pistol from his hand and hurled him to the floor.

"Ha! John Morgan," he cried. "I see you recognize me, I am Joe Byrne, whom mother you so ruthlessly murdered on the night of the 16 of 9 October, five years ago. I was a witness to the murder you just committed, and will afford me the long wished for opportunity of revenge.

"Have mercy for your mother, "muttered Morgan, calmly

"You did you drive us out into the storm, and during the night my mother died to death but I will have my revenge. Come now I will give you to jail for a sole purpose of hanging you, I will drag you to the gallows, pulled down the trap, and watch you dangle and kick your life out of the rope.

Morgan was cowered to prison, but he soon tried to be free from the gallows, he was shot in the very midst of his attempt to trying to escape. Thus the unhappy man was punished for his diabolical crime.

Let the oppressed remember that revenge belongs to God, and leaving the matter to Him, he will ultimately bring to light and punish the wrong doer.

LOVE GOD'S CREATURES.

Examples from the Lives of the Saints.

St. Richard, Bishop of Winchester, through extreme tenderness for the animal world, hardly ever ate any meat. When he was any longer children in his table, he used to say "We are the cause of your death, what have you done worthy of death so. Richard also extended to the whole animal world.

Many stories are told of the love of St. Wulfstan, also of Malbrun, the servant and particular, of his affection for the old grey horse which he constantly rode, and used partially to call Brother Byrnan Dun. He was one day in a great hurry, and for having killed an insect, saying he had taken away the life of one of God's lowly pensioners were ingratitude. The old grey horse was well known in the valley of the Tweed. Its humble abode rode him. Your time is at an end, and your time is bright, that I like to be listening to you. 19 His happiness and prosperity is constantly in the hand of each person, for it is a happiness to be good always to every other person. 20. May that's blessing be on you. 21. Farewell.

The Power of "Push."

In a certain banking house there is a door which is large and heavy. It is always open and a person entering it is seen as he enters. Though it would take a strong man to push it open. On the front of it is a small plate bearing in large letters the single word "Push."

Now if you have any business with that banking house, and have lodged your money there, you must enter. You suppose it is only open easily, though so large and heavy, for special care has been taken to make it yield thus readily. It is put there to complete the needed endeavors, but not to hinder or impede those having the right to entrance.

Now, young friends, remember that each of you in the journey of life will frequently come across closed doors, figuratively speaking, exactly like the one we have just described. Ever and anon in the path of duty you will find hardners form up which require exercise of will and energy to effectually set aside. When you encounter them do not stand perplexed and helpless before them, but do what you are invited to do at the door of the banking house—push, promptly and energetically thrust the obstacle aside.

Every pursuit, every trade, and every profession has something in the way which seems to bar your progress to following it, or to hinder your successful prosecution of it, ing with such obstacles, life for you will be a failure indeed. Do not be discouraged, nor yet be satisfied with only some of your success by chance and then the consumed to marked results. Give the door a push, that is, exert will energy, then sure and prompt success.

It will, we hope, be any of our young readers that may have the misfortune to be of a nervous or hot blood, standing idly whining that some door of obstinacy does not open for them. Push them, there are enough ready to respond to the exertion, but they are not going to succeed by magic, or wishes themselves. Push your door, and if it does not open, nine cases out of ten you will find it yields to your exertion, but if it does not, your fault with the door of the bank lying open without.

Timidity, hesitation, fear, or even presumption, under any circumstances and in scarce, lies disqualified for the same reason, and those who are under the influence. Be honest, be earnest, be energetic, but be ever ruthless and unrelenting in your efforts to be a well-trained and healthy man—in the path of industry and duty. Push it and keep it, reading the sign "push" and putting the direction into practice on every hindrance that comes before you.

Perseverance.

How any of our young readers ever watched an ant hill. If so, they will remember the hundreds of tiny creatures busy ring in all directions—constantly that the ground they seems alive and in motion. Now, if a stick or stone is placed in the way, work to do, and in doing it with all its might, not allowing anything to stand in the way of energy and perseverance can overcome.

An old writer tells us he once watched an ant trying to carry a very large grain of wheat. Without doubt it was the ant hill that it cross the trunk of a fallen tree, which, however, was quite a mountain to the ant. The ant could reach the ant hill if

Correspondence.

We gratefully publish correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church or the welfare of Religion.

All communications should reach this office by Noon of the preceding Saturday to insure insertion.

☞ All correspondents must reach this office on Thursday evening's mail at latest, as the MONITOR goes to press on Friday morning.

BEAUTIFUL BENECIA.

The Dominican Church, Convent and Mass. Academy.—A Dominican Priest Mass. Father Newell's Sermon. s.o., etc

VALLEJO, OCT. 5, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir:—Your correspondent visited Benecia on Sunday, September 30th. I was medically instructed by the Dominican Church and Monastery. I need hardly state that at Benecia is situated the mother-house of the Dominicans on this coast. Here by the pious and zealous efforts of Rev. Fathers Sorbes, Mandine, Lacome, Lacome and others, the Order of St. Dominic established a flourishing Mass. Academy, which is filled to overflowing every year, and from which issue forth every year, a very fine class of young men, who are destined to be an ornament to the world, to school classes and spread the light of the Gospel among men. The writer could see that something unusual was about to take place on the day of his visit, for the purpose of holy ordination and ordained my present case and on the whole community.

It was the occasion of the celebration of the first Mass by Rev. John Jones, O. P., who was ordained on the previous day by the Most Rev. Bishop Manogue of Sacramento, assisted by Bishop Mandine of Oakland, Bishop Hugh Mac Mahon of Marysville, and Bishop Gross of Portland. The Most Rev. Bishop Manogue, Vicar-General Rev. Father Jones and the Chancellor Rev. Father Newell, O. P., as deacon and sub-deacon, Rev. Father Lacome, O. P., as deacon and Rev. Father Lacome, O. P., as deacon and Rev. J. Jones's a hall, which looking mass, including a character in high dignity and beauty, choice are combined. It was plain that the young ecclesiastic recognized the sublime dignity of the sacred character that had been conferred upon him, for he celebrated his first Mass with a gravity and collectedness that might do credit to one who had spent a decade and a half in the ministry. Rev. John Jones was born in Arizona, of parents who are still living, and is only a mere boy of 23 years of age. He received his training for the priesthood at the Dominican Priory of Benecia.

Rev. Father Newell, O. P., preached an excellent sermon appropriate to the occasion on "Dignity and Excellence of the Priesthood." He spoke of the dignity of the ancient priests based on fulfill the requirements of divine worship and sacrament. He said he as Christ alone, the G-d-Man, on account of His personal union with God, the holiness of the priesthood is derived. His infinite sanctity, is Priest of the Most High, not the sanctity of the sacerdotal power. He put the priestly sacrifice and priesthood by perfect priestly sacrifice and conferring on His Disciples the gift of the new priesthood, on the night before His last Supper. Without the priesthood of Jesus Christ there is no Church, no religion, no faith—no spiritual life. The priesthood is the ministry of Jesus Christ. It brought the world, nation after nation, from barbarism and crime into divine knowledge and charity, and saved the sinner and saints, from falling into the former state. The Priest is the representative of Christ, the salt of the earth, the salvation of the world.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Church of Mass Mattie Fleming, in rendering the sacred music of the Mass. Miss Ida Barry, Mrs. Theo. Duff, Miss Maude Smith, Miss Mary Gagnon, soprano; Mrs. John Barry, Miss Flora Powers, Miss Belle Hoffman, Miss Mamie, Geo. Dunbank, James Barry and John Gregory, tenors.

The monastery or residence of the community is a new building, but has been put up at not two years ago at a considerable cost. While each of the Fathers and with the Brother of the Order with the modern comforts in view, the chief of our attention was given to the dormitories, refectories, and sitting rooms for the Fathers, and the dormitories for the books in ancient and modern languages, attached to the institution. Very Rev. Father Vincent Vicary, O. P., is pastor of Benecia, and Superior of the Dominicans in California. To replace the present handsome frame building, the Dominican Fathers are building a new church in Benecia an edifice that will be more in accordance with the dignity of the worship of God, the foundation of which is about a year ago. In order to raise funds for the church, arrangements are being made to hold a fair in the Opera Hall, commencing on the 23d of October. Feeling that I have been already too long, I will close with a few words to the ladies and gents, from falling into the former state. The Priest is the representative of Christ, the salt of the earth, the salvation of the world.

The ladies and gentlemen of the choir, who rendered the music of the Mass, Miss Ida Barry, Mrs. Theo. Duff, Miss Maude Smith, Miss Mary Gagnon, soprano; Mrs. John Barry, Miss Flora Powers, Miss Belle Hoffman, Miss Mamie, Geo. Dunbank, James Barry and John Gregory, tenors.

The monastery or residence of the community is a new building, but has been put up

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

Tell me, true Faith, that far beyond the stars,
All the elect shall meet again—
That reaches high above Earth's pelson bars
To a bliss better to mortal sil pain.

Tell me, bright Hope, that when enthroned on high
Beyond the grandeur of the spheres,
We then shall know and feel each other's sigh,
Pass from mind Earth's alloy of tears.

Tell me, fair Charity, that men shall live
Hereafter by God's love alone,
Possessed of all the joys that Heaven shall give,
And heretofore Eden all over one.

JOHN F. MCDONALD.

Virginia City, Nev.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

SONNET.

TO ST. MATY'S COLLEGE.

Before you remorseless rain I stand,
Whose time-limed walls with lichelom moss is
...
While gleams the sun on every parapet,
Casting a shadow of sadness o'er the land,
I gaze, Confectionus relics of the past,
That rest in memory as in idle hand—
Enamed up like mosaics, dimly seen yet vast—
Again come surging to my pensive mind
The school-day hours, the face left behind—
The relics of saint heaven—happy years,
Lighting my aged eyes with glorious tears,
Oh, bittersweet pain! thou't fleeting as the wind
Clads each one with pure Elysian breath—
—ut's bliss when thou art vanished

S. M. C.

From the Boston Pilot.

SONG OF DEAR DILLON.

Had conquered then, tender cupidity,
Pity and they said,
To the deep drawn breath of freedom—to the
blessed light of day,
To the hands that are gathered for the conquer
in the fray—

Welcome! welcome! How that greeting beams
in every joyous eye;
How it pulses through those thunder-shores that
shake the listing sky;
Welcome! welcome! How it surges on the Nation's
gladdened ear,
From the shielding of the peasant and the palace
of the peer.

When thy footsteps's bound was loudest—when
their mocking sneers and jeeds
O'er the self-reign of their capers, were fresh
fetter in our breasts,
When no kindly hand would a[illegible] and no
friendly voice could tell
If their rifle and nameless torturer made thy lot
an earthly hell.

Oh, we watched with straining vision, and we
wailed thee this day,
If, but to pledge our vengeance o'er thy cold
and tireless clay
For the Abbotsford threatened, while his native
evening slept,
That the man who hard'st his pathway from that
pathway must be swept.

To the prison and the plank bed and from thence
to his their grave—
Dark, who we rock the cradle early,
Sweet Dillon, dear!
For the Abbotsford threatened, while his native
evening slept,
That the man who hard'st his pathway from that
pathway must be swept.

To the prison and the plank bed and from thence
to his their grave—
Dark, who we rock the cradle early,
Sweet Dillon, dear!

We bend above the coffin, another soul has fled;
The earthly light is over, is over or lost, or dead,
Dark, who we rock the cradle first knew of earthly
bliss
And above, with hands close folded, lies all we
have of life,
As we bend above the coffin.

Literary Miscellany.

Frank Harris' First Suit

A Catholic Story in Four Chapters.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER III.

A full moon relieved with its ghostly light the gloom enshrouding Melville cross-roads. The nearest house was quite a little distance off, the farmers of the vicinity having apparently avoided building about this spot. A lone tier place or one better suited for a secret interview would hardly be found.

A tall figure, with bowed head and folded arms, stood by the fence that ran along the side of the road. After retaining this position for some minutes he began to pace up and down, as if to unsay to remain inactive.

"I wonder if she will fail me?" he muttered, stopping short and gazing along the road. "No, no; I am sure of her," and he commenced his pacing again. A few moments later and a slight foot-fall arrested his attention. It came nearer and nearer, and finally a form clad in white appeared.

"M ry!"

"Nel."

He folded her in his arms and imprinted a kiss after kiss on her upturned face.

"Mary, dear," he said, pushing the hair back off her forehead, "it seems an age since we parted. I have been in all sorts of places and among all sorts of people since then, and the image of this beautiful face has always kept me true to my God and myself."

"I dd you suffer much", she asked in a tone half fearful of some difficulty and half pitying, as if a tale of ill had already been told.

"N-N-No. The difficulty hatened me. Everything I undertook, I have deserved success; I was working for yourself mainly. I'm rich now, Mary, and have come back to make you happy."

"No!" she answered, looking up confidently into his bearded face, "all the money you could board together could not give me more pleasure than this meeting."

"Spoken like my own little darling!"

"But why did you not write to me?"

"I was compelled to use caution. My letters would have been intercepted."

"But why not have come to the house to-night?"

"I was prevented by the fact, foolish and superstitious though it may be, that if I assured the village of Melville to-night, all my ill luck, discarded on leaving, would return to me. These cross-roads are sharp, have good eyes and are inquisitive enough to make good use of them."

"I have had a kind protector in Father Nevin, Ned."

"God bless him," he ejaculated fervently. "O-h" he added, "some one is coming."

"They drew back to the fence, and the person whose footsteps had given premonition of his coming, in a few moments stood before them.

"So! This is a pretty meeting for my affianced wife."

"Frank!" She could see even by the aid of the moonlight how pale he was, the voice was hoarse and forced, and it was an effort for him to speak.

"Yes, Frank! Hideous woman," he added, fiercely, as she attempted to speak. "Not a word from you. That timely telegram has saved me from an alliance with one I cannot but despise. You may consider yourself a stranger to me in the morning."

Disregarding her cries and expostulations, he turned, walked down the road and was soon out of sight.

"What on earth does all this mean?" demanded Ned, who had been too much astonished by this sudden burst of anger to interpose a word. "Mary, what's the matter! You are shaking like one with the ague."

"That man is my affianced husband," she sobbed.

"But what kind of a man is he to act as he is?"

"Consider, Ned, my position here to-night is very compromising in his eyes, since he don't know you. He is warm, but quick. I fear some evil will come of this."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Robbins and their fashionable daughter were seated in their rooms in the Prospect House, about 10 o'clock this night, indulging in what seemed to be no amiable conversation.

"Now, Pa," said Miss Robbins, pettishly, "I don't talk nonsense. What's to prevent my marrying Mr. Harris?"

"Bella," answered her father, a small man with a face that wore a subdued expression, caused no doubt by perpetual snubbing, "Mr. Harris is a man who looks for good nature, not affection."

"James" This from his wife, who appeared were elevated an inch or more in assignment at her husband's audacity.

"Humph. Affection! Pa, you are too foolish. I suppose there is nothing effected about Mary Lennon. But she won't be my rival any longer. I've arranged all this."

"How, my dear," from Miss Robbins.

A look of pain on Miss Robbins' face, but not a syllable from her lips.

"Wait in the telegraph office to-day, I heard a message called, S. addressed to her and coming from one 'Ned,' which I told her to meet him to-night at Melville cross-roads. I commenced this plan of ours to Mr. Harris and sent him off in a hurry to witness her perfidy. When he finds this out, the road will be clear for me."

"That's a clever piece of business, Bella," with an approving smile from Mrs Robbins.

"Young lady," said her father, rising, "you have overreached yourself. Don't you remember when Melville bank was robbed Ned Lennon was cashier? The proof against him was so convincing that he had to leave the town."

"O, Pa," said Bella, impatiently, "I knew all this before. What has it to do with me?"

"Then much. That man who was a to night is her brother."

"I know it," replied Bella, coolly.

"You know it! And, striking the table with his fist, "have you the brazen effrontery to admit that you have suffered that girl's character to be blackened in her lover's eyes so that you can catch him yourself. If there was one spark of true womanly feeling in you, you would have held your peace on that subject! I was stood your insolence a long time, because I hoped to see a change. But, husband and, I assure you, I'm sick of it. Your conduct to Mary Lennon has crimmed, and his grey eyes snapping with anger, he left the room.

"Well!" Astonishment unbounded depicted on Miss Robbins' face. "Did you ever?"

"My," said Bella, biting her bloodless lips in the venom of her spleen, "I'm must not interfere."

"Child, I never saw your father act so before. I'll see to it that he never does again."

CHAPTER IV.

No sleep for Frank that night. He roved about the roads without aim or reason, half crazed at the realization of his worst suspicions. The first peep of day found him exhausted and nervous, far from home. Sickening the folly of his present course he, by a mighty effort, put down his pride and turned and started on his hotel. Weak and worn he entered, and was proceeding along the main hallway when he was accosted by Mr. Robbins.

"Why, Frank, where have you been? Your breakfast is ready."

"I'd know. I don't," he answered wearily.

"Come with me," continued the old man, taking him by the arm. They went up stairs and into Frank's room.

"Lie right down there on the bed," said Mr. Robbins. Then, drawing a chair to his side, he added "Now, you foolish boy, I want to talk to you."

"Frank merely nodded, with half closed eyes.

Frank's eyes

"Mr. Robbins, don't mention this to anyone to me. I dice cared her true character last night."

"I know all about that. You're a lawyer, are you not? Well, then, let us proceed systematically. You heard from Hills, Mary received a telegram appointing a meeting at Melville cross-roads with a certain 'Ned.' Not a word now. I'm going to talk. Up comes your jealousy like a rocket. You are determined to find out if she tries their poor affianced wife is holding a secret meeting with another. An up-and-down square man would have trusted her implicitly. I'm talking plain language now. You rush off, see her in company with this man, are convinced that she is untrue and, like a real idiot, wander about all night, groaning. Frank Harris, you are a fool."

"Am I not to believe the evidence of my own senses?"

"No. You are not. Now is any other man who has lost his reason. With one little word I can settle all your doubts."

"Mr. Robbins, I know what I saw, and, as a thousand words can't change that."

"Why, but one word can explain it. Two years ago, the First National Bank of Melville was robbed. The cashier was accused of the crime, and the stolen bonds and money being found in his apartments his arrest was ordered. He fled. Frederick Hiskins, one of the tellers, was appointed to succeed him. Hiskins, I, as one of his doctors, opposed his advancement. I always believed the cashier innocent, but could never prove it. A week ago the Hiskins died, leaving with me a document wherein he admitted the innocence of the cashier and his own guilt. He had stolen the spoil and had secretly deposited in the place where it was found. His object was to drive Lennon out of the town, which he had been his own advancement. He begged me to keep his confession secret till I could find the missing cashier; and if he could not be traced within a fixed time, to publish it.

"I don't see the connection of all this with my case," said Frank, impatiently.

"Of course you can't. Wait a bit, hotspur. That absconding cashier was the man you saw with Mary last night. Hold on. Don't explode. The man you saw with Mary last night is one who has a right always to be by her side. In short, he is her brother."

A long-drawn groan escaped Frank.

"Mr. Robbins," he said, brokenly, "I've wronged her sadly. You say, truly, I acted like a fool. I might have known there was a mistake; but my laddling jealousy blinded me. Will she ever forgive me?"

"Of course she will. If she don't she's not worthy of you."

"Where is she? Let me go to her. My jealousies rage will kill her."

"Hoot-sup My efforts last night evinced the effects of your insanity. I worked hard, Frank, and now you must do as I say."

The tired man sank back on the bed, whence he had risen on the reception of this revelation. Going to a door, which opened from Frank's room into an adjoining one, Mr. Robbins knocked thrice. It was opened, and Mary, leaning on Ned's arm and followed by Father Nevin, entered. Frank's surprise on seeing the sailors was too much for words. A mute appeal from his eyes, and he had Mary in his arms. That one look spoke volumes. All was forgiven on hurt a word.

"Ned," said Mary, "this is my affianced."

"Mary, Mary," interrupted Mr. Robbins. "Wait till you can drop the affianced."

"Frank," said Father Nevil, "the morning bell join you and my child in holy wedlock. I have watched her for eighteen years. To-morrow, your term of watching will be gone, and my it be thrice sighten."

"Young man," said Mr Robbins, with much solemnity, we have concluded that the only way to settle your jealousy is to marry you. My daughter, Bella, will be bridesmaid to-morrow at the ceremony."

Rev. T. J. Butler, recently received into the Diocese of Mich., and stationed at Monsignoure, died last week after a short illness.

A NOTABLE IRISH SHRINE.

The Way of the Cross at Knockmadoher Monuisle.

A correspondent writing recently from Tralee says

Yesterday the interesting ceremonies of blessing the Stations of the Cross and the Hospice were recently presented on Knockmadoher Mountain, near Caherciveen, took place under circumstances in every respect so bar many with their religious character. The greatest possible interest was manifested in the proceedings. They were in every respect strikingly unique. Completion of the work of a kind in this country. It is rather an established form of devotion on the Continent, but in Ireland the only extent to which our devotional or religious character are now carried on are limited to a few isolated cases of pilgrimages to holy wells, which are very numerous in the country. Some crosses are occasionally to be met with, but nothing on the elaborate principles of the opening ceremony of to-day, is to be met with in the country. A very appropriate selection was made for carrying out the proceedings by fitting a theme for the anniversary of the Feast of the parish, which is called after the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Knockmadoher mountain—"the mountain of wells"—called by reason of the great number of them which abound both on the summit and on the slopes—is situated about three miles from the town of Caherciveen, the seat of a well and picturesque borough, on the southern shore of Dingle Bay, and on the northern side of the public road leading from Killorglin to Caherciveen. It rises gently for some distance from the road leading down to Doonsheen harbor, a sheltered little creek, and then join up boldly and more irregularly half over half until it settles down grand dignity and then, with the exception of a few ridges which rise up and give it the appearance of both f a sea, the ascent runs for seven or eight miles in a smooth and regular manner. The ascent is not considerably steeper than the other, and well-good masses of large rocks appear in quite large and irregular intervals, making the ascent if tiresome and difficult, a very difficult affair. The northern side is not so steep, and the one generally selected for making the ascent. About the centre of the mountain a high ridge commences to the sea, and formerly of the prince which guard the little harbor before mentioned. The highest point of Knockmadoher is about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has always been a religious reputation, and tradition associates it closely with the Petal Days when it afforded a fitting place to the hunted down priest to hold and which it was selected for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is also associated with a rather peculiar custom which seems to have been at one time quite general throughout Ireland, and which is still kept up in some parts, I mean the custom of "making rounds" on Sundays. The rounds are made by the people of the parish, and the attendance of one was obtained through the assistance of Mr. Hen. Hussey, a Catholic member of the Queen's household.

Tristram Helena is not the only member of the Royal family who are believers in Catholicism. Several of her cousins among the Hohenzollerns, have evinced a preference for that religion, and it was with considerable difficulty that the young Princess Victoria of Germany was prevented from becoming a convert. It is discouraging, when the female Head of the English Church, the direct successor of Henry VIII is unable to keep even her own family to her own church.

SEND US CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would most respectfully ask the Rev. Clergy, and all our readers of the Pacific Coast, to send us local items of general interest. We wish to make the MONITOR a chronicle of all Diocesan happenings relating to the progress of religion, but we cannot do so without the help of those who have the knowledge of the facts in their keeping. Rare facts are all we want, will our friends please furnish us with them?

THE POPE AND THE ROSARY

How Pope Leo XIII. Values this Great Devotion.

It is fitting that there should be recorded the action of the Holy Father concerning the Rosary. On the first of September, 1883 he issued an Encyclical Letter Supremi Apostolatus Officio, in which the devotion of the Rosary was seriously put forward as the great means of prayer against present evils, and recitation during the month of October was ordered. This may be called the formal institution of the Rosary Month.

In the 20th of November of the same year he addressed Letters Apostolic to the Father General of the Dominican Order, praising the effect of his Encyclical on the Rosary devotion, and ordering that the petition of imploring "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary" to the Litany should be inserted in the Litany. In December a decree was issued ordering the insertion of the title in the Litany of Loretto. On the 24 of December a Brief was published repeating the same order, and expressing the desire of his Holiness that the Rosary should be recited daily in Cathedral churches throughout the world, and in parish churches on Sundays and holidays. On the 30th of August, 1884 the Holy Father issued another Encyclical Supreme cuiusdam, in which after expressing great joy at the celebration of the Month of the Holy Rosary, he commended the prayer for the ensuing month of October, which, he said, was "dedicated to the very Mary, to be venerated until the present Holy Rosary." In the Encyclical of the 14th of September, 1887, the Pontiff, after the Mass, the Rosary was recited in honor of the Queen of Heaven, and he have a Papal document again declaring the importance of the Rosary, and the value of the prayer and their constant recitation. The Rosary was the Pope's office for the Feast of the Holy Rosary.

In thanksgiving for the victory gained, and earnest prayer for future success the Holy Father commends and emphatically recommends the Rosary. In the Encyclicals in former years and in Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites with regard to the Holy Rosary, particularly to the month of October, the Holy Father has issued most ardent appeals to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Among the numerous graces of the Holy Rosary, and of the Month of October devotions, there will be remembered and treasured in the hearts of the faithful, the tender and loving care and zeal to the Holy Father has shown in the Rosary devotion, and the increasing value and zeal to the Holy Rosary devotion as a great ready refuge against the evils of the present time, and a great Christian faith and [illegible] Mission Association of Blue Ridge, Ga., Virginia.

Insurance companies in Germany declared the Mormons are insured against the insurance on account of the substance of emigration, and it is said that the Mormons are insured against the insurance on account of the substance of emigration, and it is said that the Mormons are insured against the insurance on account of the substance of emigration.

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The Chinese Government has released an English firm permission to set up an ice-making machinery in Canton, and the Chinese merchants are to be allowed to import the machinery free of duty. The necessary is small that foreign capital will be allowed to start manufacturing in Chinese.

In the last issue of the country the Mormons have 1,000 in Utah, 1,000 in Arizona, 1,000 in the Northern Pacific Territories, and 1,000 in the Southern Territories. The average speed upon this line is twenty two miles per hour.

Rev. Mr. Hussey, a Protestant minister, has that that of Dr. John Hall, Presbyterian, in Brooklyn, has left the Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. The reason is largest, Dr Hall's congregation is Episcopal.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Week's Happenings in the World.

More than 50,000 pears were made in America last year.

An advance of from 25 per cent has been made in Iowa during the past four years.

The kitchen and dining rooms of a Kansas City hotel are located on the eighth floor, and reached by an elevator.

Pasteur's method for exterminating rabbits has been astonishingly successful with Sydney New South Wales.

An immigrant who landed at Castle Garden, New York, the other day, had with him a trunk made in Germany in 1667.

In Paris the Knights of Labor include three Priests—Fathers Hunot, Albert Adam and Father Hyacinthe and Perraudin.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. starts up this week. It has about twenty thousand hands, and will run night and day.

The number of children born alive in Boston in 1887 was 12,157, or 145 over the number recorded in the preceding year. The males exceeded the females by 286.

New York is the "Empire State" of the Union, and many other, and will probably cast 1,200,000 votes at the Presidential election.

The Hymnists, owners of the Welsh language, are so numerous that it is estimated the price of their coal to Sun Francisco.

In the city of Leeds, England, with a population of over two hundred thousand, there are only two Catholic churches, and one has in attendance.

Rev. Father Lefton, who of Tyrone Fifton, writes an article in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's recent book, in which he proposes to establish a Blind Sunday School in Brooklyn.

The new forests are holding on to their sheep. The advance in the Chicago and Northern Pacific Railway, which has been for higher prices. There are no sheep at all.

Two cows from Minnesota gave, on Oct. 15, Quebec, 20 miles east of Lachasse, in the presence of many people, a total of 20 lbs. The cows are on account and the 50th six have fed.

Financial days the church clock in Hampshire England refused to work. The inspection was made, it was found that a swarm of bees had taken up their abode in the clock.

Medicine has been employed for the last six months in attempting to produce artificial sunlight, and it is said that the private work upon the subject, and it is said that the work upon the subject.

Rev. Father Robert, parish Priest of St. Thomas, Chenecetto County, N. S., died very sad lately on Sept. 22nd. He had been ill for some time, and had just finished Mass, when a woman entered with a request. He turned pale, slipped speaking, and a moment later fell to the floor. The alarm was immediately given, and he was conveyed to his bed, where he died an hour later. Father Robert was a native of St. Finan, Ireland, and was ordained in 1866.

The St. John's Sun of the 20th ult. gives the following particulars of the death of Father Lefebvre, which occurred on Friday afternoon last, while going to a sick call. Father Lefebvre, parish Priest of Grand Digue, Nova Scotia, was with an assistant, and was called to visit a sick person. He had been called to a Wesleyan settlement and had proceeded half a mile when a bolt fastening the shaft to the wagon got out of its place. The horse got frightened and the wagon was being tossed from one side of the road to the other. On meeting a small culvert, Father L. Bolt jumped from the wagon and fell on the right side of his head. When the assistants came to his assistance he was dragging from his mouth, nose and ears. He was insensible and continued so nearly all the time up to the hour of his death.

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ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS HAVE SAVED

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GENUINE GOOD GROCERIES,

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Greatly Reduced.

FRESH MEALS & MILL RATES.

16 pounds Tapioca, - - $1
16 pounds Sago, - - $1
20 pounds Codfish, - - $1
14 pounds German Prunes, $1
10 pounds Dried Pears, - - $1
Star Ground Coffee, 20-25c. per lb
Fine Tea, (No Humbug) 50c per lb
Fine Jar Tea, 40 and 50c per lb
Family Mixed Tea, - 25c per lb
5-gallon can Banner Coal Oil, - $1.00
50 lb. sack Salt 35c
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs, - $1.75
20 pounds Canary Seed, $1
Flour from Old Wheat at Very Low Price.

And all other Goods Equally Cheap.

WINE AND LIQUORS

Claret, Zinfandel, Vesline, from [illegible]
Sherry, Family, 4 gallon [illegible]
Port, Family, 4 gallon [illegible]
Old Tom Gin, 4 gallon [illegible]
Old Dust Bourbon, 4 gallon [illegible]
Old Rye Whiskey, 4 gallon [illegible]
Swan Gin, 4 gallon [illegible]
Jamaica Rum, 4 gallon [illegible]

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Country Produce Exchanged!

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THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1888.

OUR COLLEGE IN ROME.

Incidents at its Infancy. Reminiscences of Pope Pius IX. Too First Thrown Aside.

A representative of the Monitor recently engaged a long conversation with Rev. Father Kenney, of St Paul's Church in this city, who was one of the original thirteen students of the American College at Rome. He very well recollects the incidents attending the organization of the College and never wearies in praising the late Pontiff, Pius IX as his fatherly interest manifested in it.

The Seminary was ordained in 1859 and has ever since been flourishing in this achievement. Amongst his classmates in the American College were two beloved Archbishops and Most Rev. Dr Corrigan of New York. Father Canedy stated that Archbishop Heslon, then while a student, was noted for his unassuming dignity, and for his assertive, sunny, fleeting nature—beautiful traits of character which accidently engage him to be Priest and people. He was a clever student, too, and ranked amongst the highest of his classmates. In 1861 the American College in Rome was opened on December 8th, 1859 with thirteen students, gathered, as Father Kenney says, from different parts of the great Nation. The American College in Rome was the first in the Eternal City.

THEIR CONVENTIONAL DINNER SERVED BY DIGNITARIES.

and cool, gentlemanly reserve, admitted them to the same appreciation of the higher celebrities. Their undivided made them easily distinguished in the Eternal City, and in general. Pope Pius IX. took an interest in the students of the American College. Weapons of defence from a beautiful parcelgiven to the Bluemen Pontiff, presented by Rev. Dr. Kenney, Rev. J. Wade, Second division, Wm. E. Taylor, French I. Second J. Hynes, Wm. White, Jas. J. Taylor, Bernard A Smith.

Third Division—John J. Sullivan, John J. McDonald, Ed. J. Mannone, Jas. J. Myrick, Jas. P. Hynes, Wm. White, Jas. Taylor.

Fourth Division—Edward A Brady, Robert Taylor, Jas. J. Taylor, Jas. J. Farrell, Wm. Taylor, Edward Isaac.

Fifth Collegian—Edward C. Hynes, George Fowler, John L. Taylor, John Hollard, Thos. Jones, Chas. O Kane.

First Immaculate—Jas. Fitzgerald, Patrick Plus O'Hara, Augustus Willie.

Second Immaculate—Wm. Sullivan, Jas. Sullivan, Jas. Stone, Charles Stone, Jas. McHaney.

Third Immaculate—John McCarthy, George Fetze, Jas. Carlessy.

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Fifth Immaculate—Jas. J. Ryan, John P. Kennedy, Chas. V. Brady.

Sixth Immaculate—Jas. Willie Carey, Jas. Wm. Kane.

Third Preparatory—John E. Swan, Jas. Mahoney, Jas. Mackey.

Fourth Preparatory—Louis White, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Mackey.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

The monthly emulgatement and distribution of testimonials, awards, and premiums, at Most Hon'l Chancellor Most Hon'l Rector, Most Hon'l Prefect, Most Hon'l Vice Prefect, Most Hon'l Prefect of the College Hall. The following literary and scientific premiums were awarded, carried out by the varsity classes.

Senior Department—Classic literature, orchestra, recitation, Theodore Lynch; classics; rec. Jas. J. O'Ery.

First Intermediate class—recitation, S. Ryan; Second Intermediate class—Jas. Ryan; Third Intermediate class—Jas. Stone.

Fourth Intermediate Recitation, George Kane, Jas. Ryan, Daniel McCarty, A. M Samson, M. Miller.

Fourth Intermediate—Jas. Wynne; Jas. J. Sullivan.

Fifth Intermediate—Jas. Mackey, Sullivan; Jas. B. Ryan; recitation, E. Mannone.

Sixth Intermediate—Jas. Carlessy, Jas. Carey, F. J. Barker; recitation, W. E. Taylor, Jas. L. O'Ery.

At the conclusion of the entertainment the Most Hon'l Chancellor, Most Hon'l Rector, Most Hon'l Prefect, Most Hon'l Vice Prefect, Most Hon'l Prefect of the College Hall, delivered the following address, which was received with great applause.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Reviews at Recent Publications.

An Instruction on the Quarantine Fast, by Rev. Thomas Lynch, Rector of St. Mary's, Infirmary, Ireland, from the official Italian by J. McT. Nolan Dublin, Ireland.

This pamphlet contains a Pastoral Letter issued by the Pope when Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Cardinal Rampolla, December 1, 1887 on Quarantine. It is composed of concepts Pontiff's Pastoral and collected, it makes permanent impressions on the devout reader.

Lenten Fare and Lenten Explanation of the Sunday of Lents connected with Divine Worship, by Rev. Joseph H. Hoffman, New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher 1888.

The Redemptorists have opened a new house in the Grand Rapids diocese, with Rev. F. Lamy, C. SS. R., in charge.

The St. Mary's Total Abstinence Society, of Pittsburg, Pa., are about to build a hall that will cost at least $10,000.

Madame Julia McMahon of Brooklyn is lady of the Sacred Heart, died recently at the home of the Order, Kenwood, N. Y.

—Gray Nuns from Montreal have charge of the new parochial schools in Notre Dame parish, Minneapolis, Rev. P. Dugnail, pastor.

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CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Concerns in Many Countries.

The Right Rev. Dr Miller, a leading prelate in Austria, is dead.

St. John's and Sacred Heart schools, Concord, N. H., opened with 250 pupils.

Over ten children attend St. Mary's parochial school, Dunkirk, Chautauqua, N. Y.

St. Louis University, St. Louis, opened this year with 300 pupils, 100 more than last year.

The death is announced at Cairo, Ill., of Sister Mary of St. Stanislaus, a member of the Order of the Holy Cross.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE CANDY! GRAND SURPRISE SALE!

COME ONE, COME ALL, AND GET A Box of Choice French Candy!

GIVEN AWAY WITH OUR DELICIOUS Teas and Coffees!

Every Person Who Comes Direct to Our Stores, Will Get

EXTRA DOUBLE PRESENTS,
EXTRA DOUBLE TICKETS,
EXTRA DOUBLE VALUE,
EXTRA CHOICE TEAS,
EXTRA FINE COFFEES,
EXTRA LOW PRICES.

AWAY WITH THE EXTRA INDUCEMENTS when ordering from Agents, Peddlers and Canvassers

MAKE NO MISTAKE:

Go Direct to Our Stores and Get All These Extra Big

THE MONITOR.

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The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published in the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— Eight Sisters of Mercy now have charge of St. John's parochial schools, Concord, N. H.

— "May God bless the Irishmen who, in distant south, foster and preserve our undying love and attachment to the country that gave them birth," were the words of Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, after having blessed the banner that was to be presented to an American priest by his Irish admirers in Ireland.

— We mention the readers of the MONITOR against plagiarism of reproaches whatever in the telegrams published in the daily press concerning the visit of the Emperor William to the Pope. These telegrams are all manufactured by malignant enemies of the Church. A Catholic correspondent in Rome will furnish us with the truth regarding this visit, and we will publish it as soon as it comes to hand.

— The non-Catholic *Herald of Gospel Liberty* conveys this not very consoling information to its sectarian mourners over the "Progress of Popery" in this Republic: "The Catholic parochial schools of the United States counter these thousand, with an enrollment of 511,000 pupils. Since 1885 the per cent. of growth in this enrollment has been four times, while the per cent of growth in the enrollment of the public schools has been eight. Catholic law demands the building of a parochial school in every parish, and there is a possibility that, ere many years, this ambition will be achieved."

— The question, "Was St. Peter ever in Rome?" is occasionally asked by Protestants, and we are happy to refer such inquirers to the Congregational *Pacific* of this city for an affirmative answer. We derived unusual pleasure while perusing the solemn of our contemporary last week, to read therein that "St. Peter was crucified at Rome with his head down," and that "St. Paul was beheaded in Rome." This settles the doubt which Protestants sometimes profess regarding St. Peter, and we congratulate our Congregational neighbor upon the truth thus told in its columns.

— A very pathetic story comes from Sarajevo. A laboring man applied at a convent for a nurse for his wife. The Sisters were all engaged at various places; but, as the case was urgent, a young novice, Pulka Sarabko, went. At night, when the house was quiet, the novice, rejoicing in her single duties for the honor of the Blessed Virgin, went into the kitchen to prepare some food for her patient. He kindled a bright fire. She ran to the stairs; but, rather than alarm the sick woman, who was the only other grown person in the house, she died in silence—a martyr to duty.

— The celebrated religious revivalist Moody arrived in this city last week and he proposes to give a series of revivals in this city shortly. We are very glad of this, as there are a great many wicked preachers both here and in Oakland who need a good "shaking up" for their sins, and if Rev. Moody will call at the MONITOR office we will give him a catalogue of names of preachers in this locality, and the crimes which they committed, which will send a score or ten of them to the "mourner's bench" *sot least six months*. Will Rev. McCleary please perform one good act in his life and escort Rev. Moody to the Monitor office.

— The Catholic *Record* states that one of the most virulent of reverend demagogues who spoke at the anti Catholic meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, made the discovery that Catholic influence is increasing in the State of Massachusetts, because Catholics rear their children, instead of suppressing them, after the example of the Puritans. He accordingly appealed strongly in his church, recently, to the Protestant women of Old Boston, for God's sake, to have more children, so as to keep the Catholic element from growing too powerful. He is evidently afraid that the bigots will not be able to carry out their programme of ostracising Catholics from the Boston School Board, and from positions as teachers in the schools.

— A preacher named Chaddock recently took for the subject of a sermon he preached at Fresno, "The Barren Fig Tree," and this was one of the most suitable subjects which a sectarian preacher could select. Protestantism is now, ever has been, and ever will be—a "Barren Fig Tree" in the sight of all who have ever glorified God both in Heaven and on earth. It came into the world cursing; its author was a not who was far more Satanized than sanctified. The system has been growing from bad to worse as the world grew older, until at length its very rottenness has become so apparent that few persons outside its sectarian preachers, have the least show of confidence in it as a religious system which is at all useful to any person with a soul worth saving.

— The Eastern States are rapidly trending towards Rome. Inside of fifty years the Blue Law State of Connecticut has become one-third Catholic in its population. When Bishop Tyler, its first Bishop, was consecrated in 1844, there were only 6,017 Catholics in the whole State, while they number at present fully 200,000. At that period there were but three priests and four churches in Connecticut and Rhode Island combined; at present there are 160 priests and 130 churches in Connecticut, and 113 priests and 56 churches in Rhode Island. What a joyful reflection! In less than forty-five years there are no less than 273 priests and 194 churches in a region of the New England States which was once the stronghold of Puritanical sectarianism; With such figures before them, who can gainsay the assertion that the power of God is promoting the growth of the Catholic Church

Predicaments of Protestant Preachers.

With all its indolence, parsimony, and the false glamour of supposed "sanctity" with which it is surrounded, the life of a sectarian preacher is not a happy one. Aside from the worry consequent upon the effort to raise a $2,000 family upon a $1,000 stipend, there are religious doubts and debt-collecting "dums" to deal with. Then there are internal dissensions among the "elect"—as the married members of the congregation are called. Besides these trials and tribulations, this poor preacher has to shake his hoofs much more in attempts to say anything original upon any moral or religious question, for he may offend one of the members, and cause his own salary to be cut off considerably.

Few persons outside the Protestant sects have any idea of the queer scrapes which happen inside these organizations, so for the amusement of MONITOR readers we will exhibit a couple of scenes, the first one not dramatic enough, just as we find them depicted by the daily press. Here is the first scene.

In St Ann's (Episcopal) church, New York, a soldier made some allusion to his English royal family, whereupon, a Britisher rose in his place and said: "I wish to make know that I am a British subject, and I do not like the reference made to the royal family this evening. I not intended to become a member of this church, and, now that this has happened, I shall never set foot in it again."

Such is Christianity as understood by an English Episcopalian! The Queen first and religion afterwards! This incident shows the sham sentiment which lies in the breasts of thousands of English Protestants.

Here is an entirely different scene:

In Chicago lies Mr. Stoughton in his tomb. Mr. Stoughton said recently: "I have been a Presbyterian and prominent member for two decades. I am as earnest a worker in the church as any. I have never had a word from my pastorate are listener politician. It has been my practice for many years to listen to the church at least once a month on the anti-slavery question. Unwearying in my advocacy, the destruction of the dram-shop when one of the tenants, who is very active in the matter of my rent-roll, jumped up and exclaimed: "I am glad there are no more voter present to listen to such a campaign speech as that!"

Protestant preachers are noted for making political speeches. Before doing so, however, they always ask on which side of the question are ranged the Pope, priests and Catholic people, and then they give their influence and their honeyed words to the other side—regardless entirely of any right or wrong there may be involved in the question at issue.

The promotion we have mentioned is necessary to keep Protestant preachers "solid" with the rich men of their different sects, so that they may continue their contributions and thus keep the church afloat, as a sectarian edifice without rich men would be as certain to meet with shipwreck, as would a man-of-war with all ports open and water pouring into her from all quarters of the compass.

John Savage Dead.

By the death of John Savage, the eminent patriot and scholar, which and event took place at Lauralside, Pennsylvania, on the 5th inst., Ireland loses one of her most faithful as well as most gifted sons. His talents and his nature lead him early to take to cast his lot in Ireland's cause. Many land lost—Ireland never lost—he was ever and with voice and pen, in poetry and prose, John Savage upheld the cause of Ireland as the last hour of his life. His best known works are "'98 and '48," and "Ireland Heroes and Martyrs," in both of which he has left behind him sterling facts concerning English injustice in Ireland which have helped to keep alive the fire of patriotism in many a Catholic heart.

For years Mr. Savage has been an invalid, so that he has not been prominently before the public for some time, yet, while others worked for Ireland, their efforts were blessed by the prayers which welled up from the warm heart of the departed Irish patriot. *R. I. P.*

— Protestants are becoming tired of the usual twang of their male preachers, and we predict that before ten years fully half the sectarian pulpits in the land will be filled by women. The American Board of Foreign Missions met in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, and on the second day's session no less than thirteen females made speeches on Protestant missions in distant lands, while only one poor solitary male preacher was permitted to say a word on the subject. How nice it will read in print: Mrs. Sallie Slapjack will preach at the Presbyterian church; Miss Mamamie Merrywell will preach at the Episcopalian church; Mrs. Cherokee Cheekchuk will preach at the Congregational church—and so on throughout the whole catalogue of sects. There is one improvement we look for when this change occurs, and that is the likelihood that the ladies will not falsely the Catholic Church so as great a degree of diabolical degeneracy as the present generation of Protestant preachers do!

— Holding two Catholic churches at the same time in one small town, will give MONITOR readers some idea of the progress of the Church in the East. Rev. Thomas Davin is about completing his new building in Cambria City, Pa., to be used as a church and parochial school. The church is called St. Columba's. The Rev. Edward Trevens has completed the excavations for a new German church to be called the Immaculate Conception, in the same place. It is also gratifying to learn that Rev. Thos. F. Coffey, rector of St. Rose's Church, Carbondale, Pa., has bought up the Baptist property near his church for the sum of $10,000. He needed it for parish purposes, and as there were only ten Baptists in the place, the good Father gave them $1,000 in piece because they were *good* still Baptists—and thus he bought them out.

— Jane Shaw of Portland, Maine, secured a divorce from her husband by proving that he went to a temperance meeting six nights in the week and to church twice on Sundays. The jury considered that both these actions were entirely inconsistent with this "respectable" of the age, and that any man who would thus spend his life should be compelled to spend it alone. When the husband heard the verdict he merely exclaimed "Oh! *pshaw!*"

Public School Encomiums.

Last week we told the contentious sectarian who edits the Methodist *Advocate* of this city, that the worst enemies of the Public Schools were the men who "managed them so as to make money off of every action they performed as gracious philanthropists and warm friends of "free education for the American people." We did not think, however, that we should come across an example of the baneficence of these enemies of Public Schools so soon, but the following occurrence, clipped from the N. Y. *Sun*, proves the truth of our assertion.

"The school trustees of Hoboken are publishing bitterly of what they claim to be the ostentatious generosity and indifference to school interests of the Board of Education. There is a dispute in the Board over the question of a point-stage which has been unknown since last May. Meanwhile there has been an organization among the school trustees and consequently the educational machinery has been brought to an almost complete standstill.

"Not only have the teachers been unable to get their salaries from the Board, but the school supplies have been cut off, and the school-houses have been unable to properly sweep their school rooms, for want of money to pay the janitors of the school houses. It has also been discovered that in case of a cold snap there will be no fuel on hand to heat the school houses.

"The "distribution of patronage" is only a small fraction of the corruption which is going on among those who pretend to be the best friends of what Hon. McCrary calls "our Public Schools."

A Funny and Very "Fishy" Story.

Perhaps the softest, flabbiest and most sickening kind of literature, ever human nature was ever forced to wade through, is the stories which sectarians tell of "converted Christmas, goody-goody sailors, jaw-breaking "sloggers," and other "brands saved from the burning," and all through the fact that the "converted" of those "reputed" sinners imagines had possessed himself of a Protestant bible.

Here is a story of one of the "John family whose proclamations we in California are so well acquainted with) which will make many readers of the MONITOR laugh for a month of Sundays, when they come to realize the manner in which the aforesaid "John" bamboozled the unsuspecting young lady who was a dear in the Chinaman's eye:

The story is headed "Keeping the Sabbath," in the sectarian paper from which we copy it, and the editor says that "a Chinaman recently described his conversion to the following incident:

She was traveling through New Mexico, three years ago, and was alone and half sick at Santa Fe on Sunday. She said a lady friend had a no-hand-sewing-machine she wanted mended, and asked a Chinaman if he was good at sewing. He said he was, and she gave him the machine to take home with him. The lady friend thinking, of course, that the Chinaman would pretend to display her cash and cause her regret. So, she held out a dollar bill, together with her handkerchiefs, and asked him again to wash them. He said he would do it, and he came up to a shelf took down a book, which the lady was surprised to see was a bible, and holding it in one hand, pulled to it with the other, looked into her face, strike a star stood in his eye, and said: "My Christian God yes Melican lady—and I know that book. You are good lady. Your face so like Christian God's face. Yes." A profound impression was made on the lady by the Chinaman's manner of making the speaker."

The above story is credited very properly to the *Sailor's Magazine*, and it is just such a "Sabbath" as Holiness would sanction—at least land Sabbath—at least, we mean, in order to keep him awake till "four bells."

The lady who could become "converted" through such a story as this, could be made to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale—the bible to the contrary notwithstanding.

Public School Education.

The following sentiment against the system of public school education, appeared in the *Episcopal Churchman*, in order to show non-Catholic readers of the MONITOR that it is not the Catholic Church alone which condemns a system of education that is far more likely to make the men of the future smart rascals than respectable citizens. Here are the results of education without religion:

"It is noteworthy, though it is perfectly natural, that absconding clerks and other defaulters are mostly men who have received much learning as they possess from public schools. That the public schools do turn out a large number of smart men is undeniable, but their neglect of moral teaching and training, which is confessed by leaders in the public school system, are likely to turn out smart rogues as competent citizens. It is greatly to be feared that the indirect effect of the methods of teaching in our schools is distinctly and unpleasantly unsound. In nearly all secular schools the one thing which is always kept before the mind of the scholar is the indispensable necessity of getting on. The stimulus of emulation is constantly applied. Year after year children are impressed with the thought that the first duty of life is to get ahead of their other people. Success in competition is made the great object of their daily work. Why should one wonder if the practical outcome of many years of such training should prove to be dishonesty in morality? Teach a child that success in getting on is the supreme object of all his efforts, teach him little or nothing of the conditions of right success, practically ignore God as the guide of every step in life, and then, why should you wonder if the result of your his system of education proves to be the making of a successful for unsuccessful rogue?"

— We have frequently cautioned Catholic parents against purchasing printed prayers from peddlers under the impression that by buying them they will be saved from eternal fire hereafter. Such prayers are like patent medicines—worthless to cure every evil incident to human nature. A Rev. friend in another diocese sends us one of these spurious prayers from week and asks the MONITOR to warn Catholics against keeping them in their houses. In doing so we adopt the language of the Catholic *Times*, and ask our readers all over the Union to carry out these suggestions fully and physically.

We warn our Catholic people against the vendors of certain superstitious prayers alleged to have been found in the grave of our Lord, also of "a letter written by our Lord Jesus Christ and found fifty-three years after the Blessed Saviour's death," etc. Now all this *stuff* is silly and superstitious, and should receive no countenance whatever from Catholics. Here all such trash and kick from your doors the vendors thereof. We have surely prayers enough approved by the Church without having recourse to such superstitious twaddle.

THE ADRIAN AND ALEXANDER BILLS.

Further Criticisms on the Fruitless Chapter in Salisbury's "Metologies," Professor Jungmann's Judgment, King Henry's Oath at Crewness. An Insight into the Characters of the Five Popes to whom the Spurious Bulls are attributed. Etc., Etc. Finding of the Matrix from which Papal Seals were Forged.

In our last issue we gave the very exhaustive and caustic criticism of the Adrian Bull, as well as the added chapter in the "Metologies" of John of Salisbury, which Victor Dalton, the learned editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, published in Dublin a few years ago in Paris. But in order that our readers may fully understand that the Adrian Bull is not more entirely exhausted, we now produce the testimony of other writers on the spurious character of two documents which are so absolutely to have the light of historical truth turned upon them, in order to grace beyond controversy that they were purposely *forged* by a domestic English King, in order to give him a false claim—under cover of which he hoped to invade Ireland and to rob that people of their liberty and their property.

CONSIDERATIONS ON POPE ADRIAN'S DEATH.

In the spicy final chapter of the "*Metologicus*," by John of Salisbury, which has already been published, occurs the following brief but rather suspicious account of how Ireland was supposed to have been taken from its rightful owners and handed over to King Henry II. of England, without that King ever going to the trouble of making such a request: Here is what the "*Metologicus*" is made to say on that subject:

"At my request to Pope Adrian IV., called and gave to the illustrious King of England, Henry II., Ireland, to extend his rule over hereditary right."

If we are to believe the above extract from the "*Metologicus*, Pope Adrian gave Ireland to King Henry at the mere request of John of Salisbury. The fifty of such a donation being given in the reputed of a simple priest without courtly influence or kingly credentials, is by prepotent must be worthy of any consideration.

Are we to believe that the same Pontiff who refused the kiss of peace to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, because the latter would not hold the stirrup of the Papal Pontiff's horse while he was mounting his horse, gave away an Island with a million of inhabitants, 3,000 Catholic churches and hundreds of churches, convents, monasteries and colleges, at the request of a priest of no rating great without clerical character or credential of any kind?

Are we to believe that the Pope who refused to surrender a single town in Italy to the German Emperor, backed by a hundred thousand German spears, could hand over the independent Irish nation to an English monarch at the *after request* repeated of a simple priest?

It is not past human credence to suppose that the Pope who for years denied Arnold of Brescia, and made Barbarossa, by the power of the spiritual sword, would think so lightly of the liberties and independence of the Irish people as to barter them all away without even asking that people if they desired such a change?

Could it be possible that the sagacious and courageous Pontiff who boldly told Frederick Barbarossa that he had the keys of the possessions, and the liberties of the Roman Church would be maintained of any "*request*" would give away Ireland at the former actions as to bestow Ireland upon King Henry as a *personal fief to a transitory ruler?*

Pope Adrian's life to one has cast no act words—had been passed "between the anvil and the hammer." He had been exiled from his flock by the fierce assaults of the vicious enemies of the Church, and more than one-half of the time he had been compelled to live in lurking against the persecutions and antagonism of armed allies who desired to crush the Papacy and to rob the Church of her temporal possessions. Is it possible, therefore, that the Pope who so persistently, and at such personal sacrifice, defended the temporal possessions of the See of Rome from the hands of vandal Emperors, would surrender so quietly, so unjustly and so profoundly, the whole Island of Ireland, the land of Erin into the keeping of a foreign king who had no more right to Ireland than he had to the Chair of St. Peter or the tiara of the Pope himself?

Pope Adrian was not the Pontiff to act in such a manner, and the mere request of Salisbury is supposed to depict him, and few people there are who will believe that such a "donation" was ever granted upon the mere request of a friendly visitor whose description of his life in Beneventum, places the stamp of "doubt" upon his whole narrative.

PROFESSOR JUNGMANN'S JUDGMENT.

Professor Jungmann, from whose "Historical Lectures" we are about to quote, has been for several years Professor of History in the University of Louvain, and as this justly celebrated Belgian historian is entirely devoid of any prejudice which might be attributed to an English or an Irish writer, thereby preventing them from giving impartial testimony in the case, we claim that Professor Jungmann's evidence adds much additional weight to the volume of testimony which we have already produced in order to show clearly, explicitly and conclusively, that the spurious Adrian Bull was manufactured in England.

Professor Jungmann says there are grave reasons for considering the Adrian Bull to be spurious, "as it is well known from history that everywhere towards the close of the twelfth century forged or corrupted Papal Letters or Diplomas were not unusual. . . . That such was the case in England is susceptible of proof from the Letters of John Sarisburensis and of others."

"Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, the successor of Thomas A Becket, commanded all the Bishops to promulgate in all their churches the severe punishment of excommunication against the public guilty of forgery, as common had this crime become in the twelfth century! In the time of Pope Innocent III., also, various statutes were enacted against this abominable crime, which was becoming daily more widespread and dangerous;

"In view of those facts, says Jungmann, "it is not at all to be wondered at if some forged document attributed to Pope Adrian IV., should be produced and circulated. Moreover, the document attributed to Pope Adrian, which has no place, day or year whereby to locate it, must necessarily be ascribed to the year 1156 or 1157, at the time when it is said John of Salisbury visited the Pope at Beneventum. But down to the year 1175, there is not a second good chance for a forged Bull of Adrian was shown or published by King Henry of England, although it was of the highest importance that it should be made known, since there was question of the submission of Ireland."

It is from our countrymen Professor Jungmann, "that Sylvester Malone, in his Church history of Ireland, states that the Letter of Adrian was shown and its purport made known to the bishops and princes of Ireland in 1172, at a synod and to have been handed in Dublin and that, therefore, we can readily understand the cause of the ready submission of Ireland to King Henry II. "But, remarks Jungmann, "there is no mention made whatever of the Adrian document found, and the submission of a portion of the Irish people to the English King is explained sufficiently well from the different circumstances

"Even Pope Alexander III., the immediate successor of Adrian, who ruled the Papal Chair from 1159 to 1181, makes no mention in his case genuine epistles of such a concession of Ireland to Henry II. Yet, if such a donation had been made by his predecessor in the Papacy, why does he allude to the donation, or to any Bull granting such a right to King Henry II.

There are three genuine epistles of Pope Alexander III., which relate to the submission of Ireland, dated respectively from the years 1172, 1175 and 1176. In the kings and princes of Ireland, also to Christian, Archbishop of Lismore, legate of the Apostolic See. Not one another, which was first published by Sir John Cambrensis, and is said to have been found in Lucca, in the year 1172, but there is held to be a forgery, for the reason that Pope Alexander was not in the Eternal City during that year, and also because the style of the document is widely different from that known to be Pope Alexander's.

In the year Ireland 1172, there is found any mention of the supposed Adrian Bull, which Pope Adrian had conferred himself, in his little were entitled "*Ex Pecunia Jungmann*" which was published in 1856, among other documents in the Vatican Hall of Pope Wm under III

"Now, if such a document had been in existence, it would have been produced by Pope Adrian did not refuse to surrender a single town in Italy to the German Emperor, backed by a hundred thousand German spears, could hand over the independent Irish nation to an English monarch at the *after request repeated* of a simple priest?

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Matters have considerable stress on the genuineness of this document to which is attached the name of Alexander III., and which is said to have been given at an episcopal, not civil, audience at Benevento, the Emperor of that Pontiff's Honorius, Frederick Barbarossa, and the statements of Malone are as follows:

"Meanwhile the cousins of Adrian IV., are supposed to have visited Rome, in the year 1175—or in 1172, in some signs that was built to Waterford, is very doubtful. For Virtual Vandemont, it is said that it was, is very inaccurate in his relation of historical facts, nor can much faith be placed in his account of the Papal visit, however, that it was not until towards the close of the twelfth century that the seals of the Papal Bulls, which are first made known, as may be proved by Ciaconius himself, who at that period published the Bull of Adrian, and which it first appeared. From the first introduction by Cambrensis, the document supposed to be from Adrian, to King Henry II. by Pope Adrian, was nowhere published until the year 1175, although there were frequent opportunities for publishing it, and there follows that this document was have been purposely kept secret, and that there were other reasons besides domestic ones, for keeping the supposed "donation" document locked up.

THE "METOLOGICUS" OF JOHN OF SALISBURY

was completed by its author in 1159 or 1160, and Professor Jungmann says that clearly refer to that period as being the time when his work was the light of day. If, therefore, John of Salisbury could speak of Adrian IV. as the author of the "donation" of Ireland to King Henry, how does it happen that although the books of Saint Bernard, which were known, taken as number made of the aforesaid "donation" until the year 1175? Several authors maintain that the Forty-second chapter that being the portion of the work in which the "donation" of Ireland to King Henry is narrated—is an *interpolation*. The method of the book reads correctly even if those words are omitted. "*Id proxo mum Hendric rex Angliae Henricus II., dedit Hibernium ut hereditam possidendam, sicut fideles redantur in monumentis suis.*"

The expression, "*ut hereditam possidendam*," engages at the idea that there was a series of years (a long interval) between the issuance of the Adrian Bull and the publication of the work of Saralisbury. Such language is never used to express short intervals when there is question of his letter of a year, and, if such the bull after being issued, the author would not have the audacity of the Papal Chancery, we say surely the bull be destroyed then discovered by forging put to no may other so.

If this explained to those especially of other creeds who are ignorant of the Adrian Bull said in Latin, as Latin was the language of the Universal Church. He cited as an example the fact that all the dignitaries of the Church, assembled at Rome, were well versed in Latin, all (although from all nations of the earth) easily understood the Latin tongue. He then proceeded to the Adrian Bull, and said that the Latin tongue, in the Universal Church, was the same, it was well received in field the Latin, and consequently, the Latin tongue, in the Universal Church, and we will transcribe, even that the Latin tongue, in the Universal Church, and we will transcribe, even that the Latin tongue, in the Universal Church, and we will transcribe, even that

Farm and Home.

Useful Receipts.

MUTTON SOUP.—Mutton soup is an excellent soup for children, especially for those whose bowels are out of order. It should be boiled as long as beef soup and with the same vegetables; but before straining be careful to remove every particle of grease, as that will give a strong, disagreeable taste to the soup. Take half a cupful of barley, choose neither the coarse nor the fine meal, but the quality between the two; put the barley in the bowl, pour hot water on it, stir with a teaspoon and pour the water off with the particles which float to the top, repeat if necessary. Then put the barley into a larger vessel, strain some of the soup over it, cut up two potatoes, and if agreeable to taste, one ripe leek into half inch pieces, and boil the barley an hour. The meat should be eaten with a mustard or caper sauce.

HAM PIE WITH A POTATO CRUST.—Cold roast beef or beef steak is very palatable in this form.

Cut the beef into small pieces, and if there is no cold gravy put the beef into a skillet with a cup of water, and season with salt, pepper and some fancy sauce; boil. When a gravy is formed, put the meat and gravy of which there should be only enough to moisten the beef, into a deep dish, and serve it with a layer about two inches thick of freshly mashed potatoes, which has been beaten very light with milk and butter. Bake in a quick oven for half an hour, or until the potato is browned on top.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Take one egg and a half ounce of chocolate to a single gill of water, then boil till smooth. Mix with it one pint of milk flavored with lemon or vanilla, add a two ounce of castor sugar. When it boils stir to it the well beaten eggs. Pour the custard into a jug or jug, set into a pan of boiling water, and stir it without one leg until it is thick like cold cream (in about 15 minutes. These custards are finer when the yolks only are used. In that case the number of eggs must be increased. The custards can be moulded by dissolving from half to three quarters of an ounce of isinglass in the milk.

Words of Wisdom.

Excellence is never given; and to man but as a reward to labor. If you have great talents industry will employ them; if you have but moderate abilities industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is obtained without it.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth nor outward fashion. It is in the mind. A high sense of honor; a determination never to take a mean advantage of another; delicacy, politeness towards those with whom we have dealings; these are its essential characteristics.

If we find that our time passes slowly and heavily, we may be sure there is something wrong within. Either we have not enough to do or we work mechanically without heart or energy. If past time looks short and empty, it is because it has a distinct record of noble aims, definite resolves, worthy endeavors. If the immediate future looks tedious and uninteresting, it is because we are not living full, rich and earnest lives.

We do not always perceive that even the writing of a note of congratulation, the fabrication of something intended as an offering of affection, our necessary intercourse with characters which have no congeniality with our own, or hours apparently trifled away in the domestic circle, may be made by us the performance of a most sacred and blessed work; even the carrying out, after our feeble measure, of the design of God for the increase of happiness.

Photography as a Detective.

Photography is gaining prominence in the criminal courts. With the help a Berlin merchant was recently convicted of crooked ways in keeping his accounts. The slight difference in color and shade of inks are made manifest in the photographic copy. Blue inks appear nearly white; brown inks, on the contrary, almost black. The book of the accused were submitted to a photographer, who took off the pages connected and brought into court the most undoubted counterfeit of the illegitimate after-entry of some of the accounts. A subsequent chemical test substantiated this evidence. The photographic is to be preferred to the chemical test, because it brings it proofs to the courts and out into them to inspection, leaving the document under inspection unharmed; while the results of a chemical test must be taken on the evidence of the chemist alone, and the writing examined is perhaps destroyed. In another case similar to the above, changing the date of a note by an ink-sufficient erasure and addition, was proved by means of photography.

Our Mother's Sorrows.

The Catholic Church marks seven events in the life of the Mother of God, as y rode of intense sorrow for her; the circumcision, the flight into Egypt, the loss of the Child in the temple, the carrying of the cross, the crucifixion, the death, and the burial of Jesus. On those occasions the sacred Heart of the Mother of God was pierced through and through with a sword of sorrow; and the prophecy of the holy Simeon was fulfilled: "Thou own heart a sword shall pierce."

An Alleged Cure for Whooping-Cough.

Dr. Mohn, according to the *Revue Mensuelle des Maladies de l'Enfance* May, 1886, claims that he has in a number of cases produced instant and permanent cure for whooping cough by fumigations with sulphur. His mode of procedure is as follows:

In the morning the children are stripped and removed from their sleeping room, in which are hung all the clothing, toys, and in fact everything with which the children are brought in contact. In this room about four ounces of sulphur for every cubic yard of space is ignited, and the sulphurous acid allowed to remain in the room for about five hours. The room is then well aired, and the next evening the child sleeps in a room and bed which has been completely disinfected, and it is said that a cure is at once produced. As to whether this will be attained in all cases, we do not presume to state.—*Therapeutic Gazette.*

Housewifely Hints.

Red Cabbage makes look pretty on tea table over a white table cloth.

The favorite designs for every peach work continue to be fans and sabrons.

A neat design for a splasher back of a wash stand is of swans swimming among water lilies.

An old nurse says that rain water if heat ed very hot is very soothing to wash and tired eyes.

White lace spreads over silk or silesia of some delicate shade, with pillow shams to match, are revived.

Earth's Best Mother.

We wonder at times why the Mother of God should have had sorrow at all, since She was God to Whom no harm could come. He was the all powerful God when he was carried into Egypt, when He stood among the doctors of the law in the temple, and when He hung on the cross between two thieves. But He was human, the Blood of Mary's blood and Flesh of Mary's flesh; and as each every pin He suffered was felt by her. She was a true Mother, who loved her Son and was faithful to Him all through her life.

Family Fun.

His Proposal Rejected.

Some months since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation, says the Yonkers Gleaner. After grieving for a number of weeks a bright idea entered the head of this widower. He thought he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for this purpose he called on a lady (his acquaintance) and requested to speak a word with her in private. Thinking she was about to receive a proposal the lady blushed with becoming modestia.

"Myrtle" he said with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, "you know my wife."

"Yes."

"It is not good for man to be alone."

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon that part of the marriage service which requires couples to observe unto each other until death parts them?"

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Non death has parted me from my wife and I feel very lonely.

"I should think it like ly."

"I think I must do something to restore to me her kind sous famous and the manner of my home.

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure and was softened a little to encourage her.

"My dear," he said, after a long pause, "I'll come to the point at once. I have a proposal to make.

"A proposal?"

"Yes,"

"Why" she said, blushing, and covering her face with her hands.

"I have concluded to write my wife's biography. Now, I have but little skill in literary ease so, and if you will correct my manuscript and write the head-ly of the chapters I will give you ten dollars."

She sprang from his side and her eyes flashed with anger.

"Did we you hanged first, and then I wouldn't, you—you—"

She left the room, not being able to express her rage. The widower sighing took up his hat and went home.

A Taking Name.

A happy father out on Massachusetts street had his first child, a girl born in the old, vaccinated day before yesterday. "Hy George, is it that great?" he exclaimed as he saw the doctor at work. "By Gor, why, I guess I'd call her by that name. Vaccina! Why that is a girl's name, ain't it? Vaccina Vrin Saunders. Capital! People will think we are descended from some old Roman family. Poor little Vaccine. The mother strongly objected to this application for her first born. She wanted it named Imogene. But the father was determined, and Vaccina Vrin Saunders she will go through life. Her diminutive will probably be "Vacky."

No Rose for Them.

Miss Clara (retiring for the night)—Eric! wake up; there is the sweetest music you ever heard in front of the house. I just expected that Charley said his friends would serenade us to night.

Mr. Eric (testing)—Ah, Clara, is it the lovely! Ought to get up and throw flowers from the window!

Miss Clara—Oh, I think so (dropping a bunch of roses with great caution) There Eric!

Voice (below)—Mein Gott in Himmel! ze no lil on raw.

Rare Good Luck.

Husband—You seem very happy.

Wife—Why should si'l! My jewel of a servant girl is n't going to leave me after all.

"Why not?"

"She had engaged to work for Mrs. Fortunatus, but she can't now, for this morning Mrs. Fortunatus died. Was n't it sweet of her?"

Candidates' Pictures.

Forman (great dolly)—Here's an order from down stairs to print a cut of Hilkins, the Democratic candidate for Mayor. We haven't any cuts of him.

Able Editor—How much did he pay for it?

"Five dollars."

"Only $5! Scratch a board on Lydia Pinkham, and run that in."

Very Unkind.

Brown (broadly)—I think, Mary, that baby gets his temper from me.

Mrs. Brown—No, John, I don't think so. I think you've got all you ever had.

Preserving the Entities.

Foggs—Just look at that absurd hat, Why it's as tall as a steeple.

Boggs—What about that! Is it there a bein under it?

Short Smiles.

Miss Dearleigh (on the tennis ground)—Won't you join us, Mr. Whitehead?

Rev. Mr. Whitehead—I am sorry to say I have to do the marriage service with me, Miss Dearleigh.

"My dear children," said Deacon Black, addressing the assembly, "can you tell me why you come to Sunday school?"

"Cause our pa's would wallop us if we didn't," promptly respond d a small urchin.

Caller—Your little dog doesn't look well, Mrs Hobson.

Mrs Hobson—No, poor little fellow! The baby's crying kept him awake all last night. He barked until nearly morning.

Mr. Biggs (reading English History)—The Prince of Wales in 1796—

Mrs. Biggs—The Prince of Wales in 1796! Goodness! I did n't know he was such an old man as that.

It y—And you're quite sure, doctor, I'm perfectly sound and well?

Doctor—I tell you, sir, you could n't be better.

Eve—I am sorry for that. I don't see how I can work that cream trip with my cough.

Uncle Rastus (to his young hopeful)—Dolphus, yo' young rascal yo' take dat sixteen pound cannon yo' mout ah stop shootin' by.

"Dolphus—Yes pa.

Uncle Rastus—Don'yo' know it am dangerous to do little sh ds stunnuck to shoot sixteen pounds? Some day eddication will kill yo' dahk, kit yo' shoak.

Mother—Don't think so much of getting presents. You know it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Bobby (b)—Then I hope lots of people will be blessed on my birthday.

Young Wife—Heroes! Now here, sir, your dog has run off with a whole sponge cake that I left on side to cool."

Tramp—Don't worry, m'am. That dog is capable of more than this. He has got an extraordinary nose, for this morning Mrs. Fortunatus died. Was n't it sweet of her?"

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The following letter lately received from Rev. J. A. McLaughlin, C. SS. R., is self-explanatory:

VENG CANDLES, 'Pure Wax,' I must state are the best I have seen and anywhere. They were seen in all the Missions given by me and my companions in the Archdiocese of San Francisco and Oregon City, and also in the Dioceses of Los Angeles and Monterey, and gave entire satisfaction at every place in the other dioceses. These burning qualities cannot be excelled if even equalled by candles of any other make which I have ever used. As to the price, this is based on all doubt very reasonable.

I am, Yours Respectfully,

J. A. McLAUGHLIN, C. SS. R.

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SAUSALITO DIVISION.		
7:00 A. M.	Petaluma,	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	Santa Rosa,	6:10 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	Cloverdale,	10:25 P. M.
SONOMA VALLEY DIVISION.		
7:00 A. M.	Fulton,	9:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville,	6:10 P. M.
7:00 A. M.	Cloverdale,	8:15 P. M.

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EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Monday, at reduced rates, to Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, St. Helena, Calistoga, Cloverdale.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Petaluma, $1 50; to Santa Rosa $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Geyserville, $4.

From San Francisco to Fort Point, Tiburon and San Rafael, 8:00 A. M., 2:00 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:30 P. M., 8:00 P. M. Sundays—8:00 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M.

To San Francisco from Fort Point, Tiburon—Week Days—7:00 A. M., 10:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 4:10 P. M., 5:45 P. M., 6:50 P. M., 8:20 P. M. Sundays—7:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M.

To San Francisco from Sausalito—7:00 A. M., 8:45 A. M., 10:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 4:10 P. M., 5:45 P. M., 6:50 P. M., 8:20 P. M. Sundays—7:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M.

To San Francisco from Petaluma—Week Days—7:00 A. M., 8:45 A. M., 10:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 4:10 P. M., 5:45 P. M., 6:50 P. M., 8:20 P. M. Sundays—7:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M.

To San Francisco from Santa Rosa—7:00 A. M., 10:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 4:10 P. M., 5:45 P. M., 6:50 P. M., 8:20 P. M. Sundays—7:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M.

To San Francisco from Cloverdale—7:00 A. M., 10:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 4:10 P. M., 5:45 P. M., 6:50 P. M., 8:20 P. M. Sundays—7:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M.

NOTE—Saturday's train to leave Santa Rosa for Sausalito at 3:30 P. M. will run to San Rafael only.

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MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

Dedication at Santa Clara College.

THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

Father Sestini's Sermon on the Need of a Religious Basis for all True Education.

The Memorial Chapel of Santa Clara College, which has been in process of construction during the past year, was opened and dedicated on Rosary Sunday. The establishment of the chapel is due to Rev. R. E. Kneas, S. J. President of the College, who in the year 1885, addressed a letter to the graduates requesting their aid in erecting a memorial to commemorate the days who honored the College from 1855 to 1885, and suggesting that as better memorial than any other that the construction of a chapel where their children might long implore the aid of the Father of Light for themselves and pray for those who gave them life.

In this letter the Father stated that to such a chapel, if erected, would be found to be was the first President of the College who had spent his younger years as a student within its walls. Nine hundred of these circular letters were sent to as many graduates, but as the address was not necessarily known in many cases a large number of letters never reached their destination. About 100 replies came in in reply, and by April, 1886, Father Kneas sent out another letter, in which he said that the number of graduates who could effectually assist in the work would not exceed 200, that the proposed chapel would be 125 feet long 45 feet wide and 42 high. It would cost $15,000 and he thought that the work could be done for $10,000.

A sufficient amount of money was subscribed to make the work possible on April 11, 1886, and the work was prosecuted from that time forward as fast as the money would allow. The corner stone was laid in June, 1887, by Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, and the work from so nearly done that the chapel can be used as a place of worship, and accordingly was formally opened on the Feast of the Holy Rosary.

The cost of the building, it may be fairly needed the figures given in Father Kneas's last circular letter: $22,000 have already been expended, and from $10,000 to $12,000 are still needed to pay the bills now outstanding.

The building was designed by Bryan J. Hinch of San Francisco, the Brick work was done by M. Keane of San Jose, and the carpenter work by Mr. Hinch.

It fronts toward in the large playground of the College from which it is entered by two double doors having a portico in front. The latter, however, is not yet erected. The ceiling slope and the plaster are in place. The building is of brick, 110x50 feet, exclusive of the portico at the side for colonial aisle. The ceiling is arched and divided into panels, the ribs of which are painted blue and adorned with golden stars. The sanctuary and window deep recess is in the form of a dark gray and polished wood, the altar being of the same material and of the same color, which is lighted by two windows of stained glass in the place, with a domed roof; the massive pillasters which support it are ornamented with arabesqui mottos with metal Corinthian caps painted and gilt out with gold. The altar rail is also of artistic marble which takes on a fine a polish as the granite. When the building is completed the great pilasters of the nave will also be ornamented with the same material and will the wainscoting around the entire wall to the height of four feet. Opening from the nave are four confessionals with doors of carved wood which open in designs of the Sacred Heart of the Order, which is the patronal of the College. The nave will be lighted by stained glass but only two windows are in place at present. This window, which at present the chief glory of the interior decoration, represents the Sacred Heart of the Order, which is told by the chronicles in this way:

"While the Saxons army of Frederick II. was ravaging the valley of Spoleto, a body of infidels advanced to pillage St. Chiara's Convent, which stood cot side Assisi. The maid in her poverty had no vessels to defend her, and no treasure when with to buy of the foe. After one reasons we have the Blessed Sacrament, she ordered the pyx to be placed in a monstrance, above the gates of the convent, and then, on her knees, prayed: "Do not, my Lord, deliver to the cruel beasts of this world those who confess in Thee." A voice from the Host replied: "I will always have them in my care." A modern poetic note of the faithful book, which tells that God and the saint's convent was safe. Thus was the saint's poverty more powerful than the enemy's army.

The scene in the window represents the saint lifting the monstrance while the Saracen horse fall back from the walls in terror. The window is of the finest quality of glass and the work is of the finest kind. Father Mahon of San Francisco, who is the donor of the window, has expended "My protection will never fail you. A modern poetic note of the faithful book, which took flight and the saint's convent was spared. Thus was the saint's poverty more powerful than the strength of man."

The following remarks are taken from the address the monstrance while the Saracens have fallen back from the walls in terror. The window is composed of Italian glass and the work is of the finest kind. Father Mahon of San Francisco, is the donor of the window.

The Sermon of Very Rev. Joseph Sasia, S. J., in Dedicating the Chapel.

The ceremonies on Sunday were attended by a large number of the graduates of the College from different parts of the State. The usual Mass and benediction of Rosary Sunday were followed by the R. E. Kneas, celebrant; Rev. J. D. Walsh, assistant; S. Marinoni and Rev. Joseph Sasia, deacon. A special musical program was performed by Rev. Joseph Sasia, President, Superior of the Society of Jesus, in Dedicating the Chapel.

"Whenever we contemplate the spirit and the tendencies of the age in which we live, human things are tempting us to think it great to feel the last place. It gives it in a place at all. What frequently happens in every sphere of social life from the family to the State is seen in the schools, where, from the primary school to the university, God is carefully excluded. I need not tell you that in the Catholic Church is absolutely opposed to the practice of the world. Shall we, therefore, be ashamed of the world? Shall we, therefore, be ashamed of the spiritual life? Shall we, and in definitive the beautiful Chapel of Santa Clara, the principal and duties of our faith is made conspicuously manifest to all men. We believe that the highest literary and scientific culture can only be attained by a due attention to religion. Nay, we hold that there is no true education which is not some fully religious. Man was a whole to perform upon this earth, to fulfil it which he was born, and which can only be achieved by obedience to Christ law.

The lesson sent to, in the eyes of God, of great importance, is that the world is of little value, the moment that the world is of little value. This is what Jesus meant when He said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." In this saying our Master gives all the pomps and powers and glories of the earth to the balance and weighs them as naught in comparison with a single soul.

"Such being the importance of the soul, it is a matter of necessity that all education should deal primarily with those things which are essential for its salvation. The Catholic Church gives praise to every age and to all the arts of culture and leads others to a knowledge of deeper things, yet to a greater spiritual, that only knowledge which makes the classroom holy, holiness and enhances its only reflection. Yet, in this, man can not be advanced one step towards his end, unless

"to man can not become pure, save through the agency of his immortal soul, even through Christ, as there can be no virtue in which does not take into consideration, and give the greatest place to, the principles taught by Christ. An education which omits this central and in genius principle can not give to the soul of the world a complete idea of anything hither than themselves. A spring cannot rise higher than its source, and an education derived solely from nature can never get beyond nature, and can never know the pure, holy, moving and stirring one human soul, and that one soul is the soul of God's will. We are not only to be Christians, and we are Christians only that we may be redeemed and regenerated by His blood to be the children and the spiritual of the Church. We were not made for an animal life and a natural end, but for a spiritual life and a supernatural end—the end of seeing our Lord face to face in the manifested splendor of His glory. If the end of our life is supernatural, the means of obtaining that end must also be supernatural. And by what supernatural means can this life be obtained except through the doctrines of the Church which has been divinely founded? The Church, and the Church alone, is established upon the Holy Sacraments of religion. Without these there is no Church. Without Church there is no Divine Sacrifice, and Divine Sacrifice there is no Sacrament. Deny the existence of the Divine Sacraments and you destroy the Church. Destroy the Church and you substitute nature for grace, and make man's will the Supreme law. We need hardly of practical virtue. We should know the beauty of virtue and hatefulness of vice, both in our national and individual life, for if we do not have them, even our financial prosperity and our scientific culture will pass away. Justice exalteth a nation, but sin makes nations miserable. Nations are blessed in the right hand only when for no their power, their glory, their wealth, and their in the development of their own culture and in the salvation of their souls. Barbarous nations perish by the sword. Civilized nations that ex-Christ, the Christ-made manifest, the Christ-made manifest, the Christ-made manifest

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1888

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Lightly tinted and deeply dyed,
Flutterily downward sofa by side,
The Autumn leaves! ah!
Consummate fallow day and slight,
Musing a sad yet lovely sight,
For so it seems to me.

Telling of Summer's golden sway,
Of sunny hours in vanished May,
Than will return no more!
Whispering from their lowly bed,
Gentlest message of the dead,
Across the far-off shore.

Lightly tinted and deeply dyed,
Fluttering downward side by side,
For, lo!—they are falling now!
Millions of leaves that once were bright,
Glowing 'neath Summer's radiant light,
Come rustling on the bough.

So let them go with Spring's soft breath,
Fresh leaves will bud to wait on Death;
So must we wanderers all.
The tale from Autumn leaves I tell,
Is watch and trust do all things well,
Waiting the Father's call.

MARION PRITCHARD.

San Francisco, October 29, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

ROWING AND REAPING.

O member not when the golden time
Of the harvest draweth near,
If the crops will bring a goodly store,
Or a much and heavy sheaf sore;
Why wonder when you reaps the seed,
Which you have sown and wept over,
Why wonder when you reaps the seed,
Which you have sown and wept over?
Why wonder if the reaper sows
Some noble mark among the sheaves?
You've sown it there among your wheat
To mention, happy days believe!
And now to sorrow and remorse
You reap the traits said storm and wind,
And wrought with the bitter lot
When age has chastened heart and mind.

We sow in youth with careless hand,
At thoughtless farmer sown his field;
But we too often foster weeds,
And more not than the grain to shield,
And when the noon tide's golden sun
Has ripened both the grain and weeds,
The then we for life's Autumn glow
Shall reap the fruits of life deeds.

How often is the harvest burnt!
How often in the field once sown
With fairest seeds of faith and hope,
With rankest poisons overgrown!
Too late we will breaking hearts,
We reap the traits the bad seeds bear—
Weeds, pusts's bright color all to spent,
And now unbind the noon day's grave.

We sow in joy, we reap in tears,
We sow in sin, we reap in pain,
We sow in hope, we reap in fears—
A harvest without golden grain.
And when the Master sends at last
Our summons from the field of life—
We, without a sheaf to bear
From all the turmoil, care and strife.

AGNES O'NEILL.

San Francisco, October 29, 1888.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

ADAM AND EVE.

In days of old, on Earth we're told,
There dwelt alone a sinless man,
Nearest and dearest to God's heart
His spouse was bright as the radiant light
That shines as the angels shore,
Fair as the flower of "Eden's Bower,"
Young image of Heavenly love.
This lady fair whom grace was given,
Enjoys the endless light of Heaven.

JOHN F. MCDONELL.

Victoria City, Nev.

THE LAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

By the feet of the pomegranate where poverty weeps,
And sight to the tower of the king,
Clean, clean to the cradle where infancy sleeps
And joy leaves to linger and sing,
A garden of light full of Heaven's perfume,
Where never a tear-drop is shed,
And the roses and the lily are ever in bloom—
Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

Each moment of life a messenger comes,
And beckons man over the way!
Through the hallows-dole of woman and rolling of drums,
The army of mortals obey.
For lips that have kissed not a mortalness know,
Lips that have kissed not a mortalness know,
Lips that have kissed not a mortalness know,
But no longer that our loved ones are watching
In the land of the beautiful dead.

Yet a shadow that we know are the home-fry was crowned,
And we stood in the valley alone;
Not a trait that we prized in our darkness is lost—
They have labor and lovelier grown,
As the lilies burst forth when the shadows at last
Into light and dawn breaks, so shall we see
Do they look in the glow by the Pillar of Light,
In the land of the beautiful dead.

O! the dead, the dead, the beautiful dead,
Are alone to the heart of Eternity wed,
When the last dead is done and the last word is said,
We will meet in the beautiful land of the dead!

A GEM FROM PURGATORY.

A mournful mental scheme, a solemn doleful cry,
A piteous prayer for mercy, it seems to reach the sky;
"Have pity on me, comrades! Oh, you who are in friends,
And sooner me from misery, and make to God amends."

Oh, burning is the fire, consuming are the pains,
The sufferer never rises, the midnight never wanes;
Oh, render me assistance, oh, save me when you may!
Thus cries the voice that echo from that dungeon night and day!

"Have pity on your father! My children will and reason him from misery, for wretched is his condition!
Outcasts for their shameless of punishment so Oh, help your yearning parent! Oh, pray and persevere.

"Your mother, yes, your mother! Dear son! Dear my mary soul is languishing and yearning to be free!
Long is the night and deep the gloom, and of torment and of misery that from this prison rise."

"My husband! Yes, my husband, who were so Oh, could you only think of, or could you only see
The agony and hatred, the grief that gnawe away,
And tears my soul in anguish and fills it with dismay."

Hard is the lot, dear Christians, of those formidan
Harder the heart of relative, who them in misery
For life is short and soon will end, and perhaps
Will be your turn
To call on friends for succor, from from that over

Literary Miscellany.

Gatalin's Great Sorrow

A BEAUTIFUL SEQUEL TO "VALISKA."

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "ORIELA."]

CHAPTER II.

Late next afternoon Gatalin having thought over Vincenzo's words on the preceding evening, questioned her husband thus:

"Manuel, why did you allow that man to talk to me as he did? You, and not he, should have intercedered me to Filetta."

"Oh, never mind that. He meant nothing. He has queer ways, but you know he is the orisal and must be obeyed."

"Man be obeyed! Why, Manuel, what do you mean? He looks like a bad man. I hear him very much, and you must not go out and leave me alone while he is here."

"Not I must go. I—we go to the Jacinda together this evening and will not return until sometime tomorrow. Filetta will stay with you and take you around the place, so you will not be lonely."

"Why not go in the daytime, Manuel, and be home at night. I will not stay in this house alone if that man is here."

"He goes with us and will not be here, so fear not. I will return as soon as possible, and will bring you something nice from the store at the ranch."

"I noticed no store there, and now, Manuel, answer me: Why do you leave far from every one? There is none my boy attached to this place. Filetta is rich and Vincenzo has a lace which portrays a vetiens hotel."

"Nonsense, child! You are nervous and tired after your journey; rest will restore you and to-morrow you will feel different. Hush away now, and tell Filetta to show you the grounds as I will have to leave in a few moments," and saluting his wife, Manuel went off with his chief, and was soon far away from the villa, but not in the direction of the Jacinda. Gatalin noticed this when they started, and, calling Filetta to the window where she stood, said: "See, that does not look like the road to the Jacinda, nor is it in the direction that Manuel showed me. Where are they going now?"

"Oh, to the highway leading to the city, I guess; but do not worry yourself for they are coming and going after that fashion all the time."

"But Senora, how did you come to meet Manuel Monroy? It seems strange that one like you should have married him. Did you know where you were going to?"

"Know it! Yes! I knew we were to live here, but I did not know it was so far from every one. We could dia here and the people outside would never know it. Oh, Filetta, how could you endure to live so long here alone. I believe it would kill me if I could not get out and go to town once in a while. Does it take long to get there by the main road?"

"Way, my dear lady, didn't you know you are nearly fifty miles from the nearest village, and there is no road, only a trail through the mountains, to get there."

"Why Dios live here, and why are we such a lonely spot? You know it—you must tell me what it means."

"Oh, Senora, believe me, I do not know if may surmise, but I can not really tell you why. My brother, Vincenzo, never lets me know any of his business, and I have never been away from here since we came but once, and then I wasn't to see that no one until they came back here."

"What do they do at the Acrunda that they are continually running there?"

"Senora, they do not always go there, and what they are doing, do not ask me, for I cannot tell you." Then turning around and looking at her sharply, she continued:

"Dona Gatalin, I am beginning I have to be; there is no help for me. But you why did you come? I fear your sorrow summoned the day you left your mother's home and trusted your life to Manuel Monroy. But I must go now and see that all is ready for Vincenzo when he returns in the morning, for one can never tell when he is coming and he is very hard to please sometimes."

Gatalin's heart beat fast as she listened. She felt that something was wrong. "Oh, God!" she murmured, "Surely if I had come from my mother's home with my husband and blessing I would not now be here. Oh, mother! mother! why did I desire to go? I fear I have sealed my doom. Filetta is right. I shall slip the cup of sorrow and not joy." And with a heavy heart she wandered aimlessly about the place, and late that night sought her cozy but not to rest. Vague fears disturbed her repose, and she lay there, straining her ears to listen, and longing for her husband's return.

Morning came, and with it Vincenzo, but Manuel had not yet returned. Gatalin shuddered as she entered the dining room and found herself alone with Vincenzo, who arose to greet her, saying: "Good morning, Dona Gatalin, I hope you have rested well after your long journey. How do you like your mountain home? Rather quiet is it not? But we will try to make it pleasant for you. Here comes Filetta with the coffee, so let us breakfast together."

"Thanks," she replied, "I will wait for Manuel. He returned with you, did he not?"

"No, fair lady, he did not, you see he visit Rennolo, who dwelt in with me, returns to the ranch. But come, it is useless to worry about him. He is away much of his time and you will have to learn to get on without him. I will try to amuse you if you will be good."

"I do not require to be amused. I—I have some work to do which will keep me busy," answered Gatalin, as she seated herself at the breakfast table with a heavy heart. After barely tasting her coffee, she arose and sought her own room, where she wept long and bitterly. "Oh, God!" she mourned, "what has come over me! Here I am left alone to the mercy of a villian, and no one to protect me. My husband is evidently a coward in this man's presence, so much does he seem to fear him."

Time with a foreboding that some terrible evil was hanging over her, Gatalin kept her room until Filetta came to call her at noon, and even then she plead a headache and begged to be left to herself. When the noon day meal was over she heard Vincenzo's voice in the hall below, and soon he and Rennolo came up the stairs, and, entering the room next to hers, they talked in a low tone for a long time. Poor Gatalin sat pale and trembling, listening to them, when presently, she heard her own name mentioned.

"We will have to take Dona Gatalin, too," Rennolo was saying; "she cannot stay here alone, and we must have Filetta there to entertain the old German and his wife while we run the rodeo. I am glad he has changed his mind and taken a notion to round up now, instead of later, as we will have a better show to get in our work."

"Yes," answered Vincenzo, "but do you think he will be apt to know you again? Remember the poor old senior gave you a donation for your church at one time, and he may recognize you!"

"Oh, no, I guess not, he is very old and mind-addled; see my hand if you put it under his nose. Her when I Monroy coming back! continued Rennolo.

Gatalin, terrified at the mention of her husband's name, still listened with bated breath. They seemed to have forgotten her presence and were talking much louder than before.

"Oh, some time to-morrow. He will have to come and take his Dona Gatalin over, for I do not suppose she will go with us; but wait, time will change her notions," said Vincenzo. "She a beauty more fit to be the chief's consort, than his subordinate's wife?"

"Yes," returned Rennolo "but she prides aside of the dainty, little golden haired American she took with her to Tucson. I was taken aft her at first sight, but I am a little sorry she, she fainted in the desert. I never knew Gatalin had played her so deeply; I thought she had some idea of the business. She believed I was Gatalin's brother and if she had not left us so suddenly, this captain would have brought her to the villa as Valiska Varonda. By-any means in my power I would have won her."

"You are a fool," said Vincenzo.

"No, I am not," replied Rennolo, with emphasis, "she is the only woman I ever cared for, and I swear I shall have her yet. I mean to find out if Lady Gatalin knows where she is now."

"Enough of that. Let us return to business. If you run that right we can gather enough of stock I last in all winter. Wonder if the Dutchman will bring any one along with him?

"Yes, two herders, and an American named Walding."

"Oh, that is bad! But I'll entertain him and keep him out of the way."

"Yes, ha! ha!" laughed Rennolo, "the and old Sam Sackbiffer have put many a dollar in the collection-box for me. You have no idea how good I can look. I do it fine, and it pays much better than your part of the business. These old country folks are such believing old fellows."

Gatalin shuddered as she listened. "My God!" she exclaimed, "can it be that these villians follow with God and rob His Church? Merciful Heavens! am I in the midst of such a gang of wretches who scruple not at anything?"

Even then she did not realize the terrible truth; that she was surrounded by the vilest of God's creatures; that the man to whom she was listening not only robbed the Church but masquerraded as a Priest, and laughed at the deception he played on some of the innocent, ignorant people. But he failed in his reckoning about Sturbridge, for Sam and his friend were true Catholics and were not slow to see the difference between the sham and the real Priest. These men had noticed some of the queer actions of the supposed parish Priest, and, as he showed no credentials, they began to suspect that he was a Liberal impostor, and time are long proved the correctness of their surmises.

When Gatalin heard Valiska's name mentioned she quivered with excitement. "Oh! my darling! my darling!" she murmured, as she fell on her knees and bowed her head in her hands, "God was merciful to save you from him, and I, oh, my innocent little friend, I would have lured you on to your doom had you listened and had your way. And now, God only knows where you are. Alas! poor me! God has deserted me—left me alone. Yet why should His guide me when I turned from Him and sous to this? Oh! I fear He will not listen to me, but, I thank God, Valiska has not come to this. O lately her good angel must have inspired her to run away from me."

So in terror and tears Valiska kept her room until her husband returned next day. When she saw him she was so startled at his pale, tired face that she exclaimed:

"Manuel, my husband, "what is the matter with you? Are you ill? Why did you not come back with Captain Vincenzo yes! I have never left this room since he returned. How could you leave me alone when you know he would be here?

"I—I couldn't help it. He is my captain and I have to do as he says."

"O, would to God I had been more earnest, Manuel. You deceived me. Why did you not tell me the truth! I have heard enough in the house to freeze my very blood. I have done wrong to some hart, to marry out of my faith, and even now, are my honeymoon has well commenced, I have to hear that man's insults, and you are not brave enough to defend me against them."

"I he does not mean to be insulting, it is just his way, and it would be no use for me to say anything—he would not heed me."

"Then you must take me away from here, immediately. To stay here and have to hear all that with no redress would kill me, oh, God! I have sinned, and now I suffer."

"Gatalin dear, calm yourself and you will get over this. The place is strange and lonely, but, you know, I am with you. Vincenzo is a little lonely, but this will soon pass away. You must try and rest more hair you have done, so we shall be the Acrunda in a few days; so try and forget about Vincenzo for I am sure he will never harass you."

"Oh, Manuel" she cried "you do not know that I have heard him and Rennolo with my ears! and Valiska in the balcony, and the language he used was not pleasant to my ears." Now I tell you, Manuel, I have found you all out. These months are a blood-curdling to me, and I know that there is no use in my trying to hide from you my sorrow and misery."

"I will try, if I can help it," he said as he went out."

"No, if you go again I will go with you," she said as he left her. Thus the poor wretched lady passed her days in a state of distracted. Vestly, her sun had found her out. She rarely left her room while Vincenzo was away, and remained secluded in her nursery, being alone so much she had plenty of time to think, and bitterly did she bewail her lot. With tears she prayed to God to rescue her from her miserable position and at last a respite came. The trip to the Acrunda was expected for her and Filetta any way. Vincenzo had started off and was some some three weeks, to the city, they told her, Rennolo, too, had gone, so that Manuel and the leader were the only ones at the villa outside of the cook, Juan, and thus she felt free for a ride. She watched from the surrounding hills and her spirits rose as that she was almost her careless, happy self again. Manuel was at home with her, kind, moody and restless and proved a faithful companion. That afternoon a stranger, riding a fine head of horses, came up to the villa, and, after a hurried conversation with the stranger, Manuel saddled a horse and started off in his company.

When she saw him about to depart, Gatalin pleaded with him not to go. "Manuel, oh, said, "do not leave me. We know not what may happen, but you know that man may return, and if you are not here I shall go mad."

"Gatalin," replied her husband, "you are as silly as an early-chick. I shall, and will not, stay to humor your whims. Go in the house, and behave yourself like a woman and not like a silly child."

"Madre mia!" she cried as she turned to go, "what shall I do! Where shall I find a place for protection when my own husband denies it."

Manuel did not appear to hear her, and he was soon galloping off with the stranger Gatalin went up to her own room and watched them from the window. She saw them go in the direction of the Acrunda, but the wild desire to follow her husband took possession of her. But how could she do it! She had no way. She thought a while. Yes, there was the pony she had ridden to the place. She would saddle it and follow him. She had now been at the villa some time and these sudden, mysterious trips alarmed her. Life was not much to her anyway now, and what use in her if she lost it in the venture, so, setting her jaw with a firmness, she left the room, and was soon on the trail her husband had taken. Her hair and silver hair long behind her too.

She had ridden several miles without resting the distance she had gone, when suddenly, the sound of voices arrested her attention, and, as she came to a turn in the path, she found herself on the edge of a steep descent. From the bottom of the ravine came the words: "Gitana! Gitana! does this meet? she almost screamed, as she saw Vincenzo, Rennolo, her husband and the stranger, bending over them as she most paralyzed with fear as she stood riveted to the spot. They were too busy, and too deeply interested in what they had to see that she was near. She gathered all her courage and took a longer, clearer look. Yes! "My God!" she murmured, "one is dead and they are digging a grave."

Yes, Gatalin was right; they were digging a grave and she watched them with a face of ashy paleness. The brutal was merely ready and the unfortunate victim was soon to be laid away. Manuel, and two others whom she had never seen before, came forward and aided the others. Lifting a long pine box carried it to the grave and lowered it in, and then she fell, heavy thud of the earth, as it fell on the dead, reached her ear. Fascinated, she watched until the last spadeful of dirt was thrown over the lonely grave; until she saw them mount their horses which she had never seen before, and then she turned away sick unto death. Her poor overtaxed nerves aroused her to new terror as he said:

"Now boys to the Acrunda next week. We made a good haul this time. Never too bad we had to leave this poor chap here, but, you know, 'dead men tell no tales.'"

"Merciful Redeemer," she moaned, "I am the wife of a murderer and a villian. Oh, God! is pity let me die." She tried to turn her horse to go she knew not where. Her strength was failing her and she heeded not where the animal took her. "Oh, mother! mother! if I had only listened to you! You were more than right when you told me I would rue the day I met Manuel Monroy. Divine Redeemer! I forget you; married out of the Church, and inflicted a mortal wound on my faith for the man who has broken my heart."

Then as she thought they might come out of the canyon that way and overtake her, she tried to urge her pony on, but the terrible sight she had witnessed unnerved her; her horse stumbled, and she fell on the rocks, breaking her arm. The pain of this wound, added to all she had suffered that day, was too much for her and sweet, yet unconsciousness came to her relief. How long she lay there she knew not, but when her senses returned the moon was shining, and she was lying there alone on the hills too weak to move.

After they had done their villainous work Vincenzo and his party returned to this villa by another path. When Manuel learned of Gatalin's absence he became much alarmed and, with the others, searched the whole valley around, without finding a single trace of his wife. At a loss where to go next, he chanced to pass the stable, and noticing that the side saddle was gone, he jumped on his horse and took the trail for the mountains, and there, within a few miles of the scene of his crime, he found his wife, so changed in a few short hours that he scarcely recognized her.

"Poor child," he said, tenderly, as he stooped to pick her up, "are you hurt?"

"Its no matter, she said, "but I am stunned you are—this, O, all!" she cried. She had tried to time but the pain of the broken arm overcome her, and she fainted again. Manuel picked her up and carried her home, and it was not until the next morning that she learn from Filetta working to procure for that consummate again returned. Then she lay for days, raving of the grave and wishing death would come to her relief. When she was able to travel they took her to the Lacinda, for the memory of that terrible scene never left her. Nor Sturbridge, the cattleman, was there with his wife and little son.

Gatalin soon recovered her health and strength, and, with her husband, she left the Lacinda, for, they told her, Rennolo, too, had gone, so that Manuel and the leader were the only ones at the villa outside of the cook, Juan, and thus she felt free for a ride. She watched from the surrounding hills and her spirits rose as that she was almost her careless, happy self again. Manuel was at home with her, kind, moody and restless and proved a faithful companion. That afternoon a stranger, riding a fine head of horses, came up to the villa, and, after a hurried conversation with the stranger, Manuel saddled a horse and started off in his company.

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THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1888

GOOD ST. ANTHONY.

A Saint Who Restores Things Lost.

Apropos of the interesting paper on St. Anthony which appeared in these pages not very long ago, it may seem to be a pity that the Saint's name should be so little known, and that so few should know of his goodness to them. It is certainly a great blessing to have a family whom there is not at least one client of St. Anthony especially favored by him the great "rent-fee" at whose interession

"Faithful limbs and chattels but
Both old and young recovered boast."

Every person experience. I have obtained one or two favors of St. Anthony, which if related may encourage others to have recourse to the patron of Padua.

About ten years ago, when I had been a Catholic only a few months, I attended the opening of Parliament in the Senate Chamber at Ottawa. The display was the greatest I could be, it was thought, exceptionally brilliant, and many thousands of people congregated to see what was to be seen, and to catch the beautiful face of the daughter of the Queen of England. The crush was very dense, and in passing through it I lost from my pocket a prayer-book, which was given me by a dear friend, and which I valued very much. I searched for it, but it was lost, and I was very sorry. I had recourse to St. Anthony, and promised to give a certain number of alms if I found it. I did not find it, but I was very much surprised and pleased to receive a letter from a Protestant friend in Ottawa, who had picked up the prayer-book and had taken the trouble to find out my address and return it to me. I had to pay a little postage, and I felt that I was well rewarded for my trouble in giving the alms, which I did, and I felt that I was well rewarded for my trouble in giving the alms, which I did, and I felt that I was well rewarded for my trouble in giving the alms, which I did

THE MONITOR.

PROPERTY OF THE R. C. ARCHDIOCESE OF SYDNEY.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7 1906

—THE— "Christ'mas Monitor."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All prose and poetical contributions intended for the forthcoming issue of THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR must reach the office by December 6th, or in the interim their appearance in our Christmas Issue, which will be published December 19th next.

THE CHRISTMAS "MONITOR."

SEND FOR COPIES AT ONCE.

Subscribers and others who desire to procure extra copies of the Christmas Monitor to send to Friends through out the United States, or Ireland, or any other portion of the globe, should send in their orders at once; as we wish to be disappointed, as there is always a great demand for the Christmas Monitor. Ten Cents a copy is all we charge for the postage. Hinge-dated Christmas Monitor, filled with the best Catholic prose and poetry we can procure in California, the Eastern States and Ireland. Send it in your Friends' place and show them what California can accomplish in the way of Catholic literary enterprise.

☞Send in the names and corresponding cards early, and the copies ordered will be sent by mail direct from the office, postage free.

Badly Muddled Malicious Methodist Preachers.

At the regular gathering of Methodist preachers which took place in this city last week, a more than ordinary amount of anti-Catholic malice was manifested. The Christian commands: "Love your neighbor as yourself," and "Thou shalt not bear false witness against your neighbor." Have no place in the anti-Catholic code from which Methodist preachers procure that Christlessness, unchristian and unchaitable mixture which they call Methodism, hence at their Monday meetings the very atmosphere becomes impregnated with an admixture of bad manners and bigotry combined, which must be most pleasing to Beelzebub, but which must be equally hateful in the sight of God.

The chief issue which drew forth the additional dose of anti Catholic calumny at last week's Methodist meeting was a paper on "The Pope and the Gospels," prepared by Dr. Anthony, who presented the case in about as correct language, and in as truthful a manner, as a man born blind would lecture on the sun, moon and stars of the heavenly constellation.

—Money Digest (Sydney) before an intelligent public in this relation pronounced:

He gave the history of its publication in Paris of the translation of the Greek gospels into French by Henri Lasserre, which had last year enjoyed a phenomenal circulation, some thirty thousand copies having sold in a few days. The style was that of a novel of high grade. It had the approval of Leo XIII. and of the Holy Office. But the Jesuits got after it, charged it with "Under Prohibition" and the "Index Expurgatorius," found some expressions in it of which they did not approve, and placed the book in the Index Librorum, from which there was little possibility it would ever be taken, so that it was virtually suppressed. The Pope, the speaker thought, had unfolded himself by first approving the book, and then by ordering the action of the Jesuits forbidding its circulation. According to this it was not the Pope that was infallible, but the Jesuits. Such tyranny over man's souls was a thing no longer retain its supremacy. If the Protestant translation of the gospels was thus prohibited by the Jesuits, so was this spurious Methodist one.

In order that Catholics and intelligent Protestants may have a correct version of this event in French literature, and in order also that the falsehoods of Dr. Anthony may be forever squelched, we append a brief account of the whole transaction alluded to by Dr. Anthony, and from which every impartial reader is welcome to deduce his own conclusions.

Two years ago M. Henri Lasserre, a well known French writer on Catholic topics, and the author of several excellent volumes which has been translated into English, determined to carry out an idea which he had conceived of publishing a new translation of the Gospels in a cheap and attractive form in the French language, so as to familiarize the French people with the Christian lessons taught therein.

The translation was made in the finished and florid style of M. Henri Lasserre's other works, and, when the work was ready for publication, copies were presented to the Archbishop Richard, Archbishop of Paris, for his approbation, and if the work was found to contain nothing contrary to faith and morals his Grace's *Imprimatur* was expected.

Whether through carelessness, which, in the light of subsequent events, was criminal, or through placing too much reliance upon Henri Lasserre's literary reputation (which induced the Archbishop to forego the usual rigid scrutiny given to works like the Gospels where a *Proviso's Imprimatur* is required) the book was merely glanced at and the Archbishop's *Imprimatur* was accorded.

When the page containing the necessary ecclesiastical authorisation of the work was printed, copies of the book were sent to Rome, one of which was presented to the Pope, who, upon receipt thereof, instructed Cardinal Jacobini to acknowledge the receipt of the volume, which his Eminence did in the following Letter:

Vatican, 10 Novembre 1887.

Monsieur Directeur Supérieur :—

The Holy Father has received in regular course the French translation of the Holy Gospels which you have undertaken and accomplished, to the delight, and with the approval of, the Archiépiscopal authority.

His Holiness commissions me to express to you his approval of the object with which you have been inspired in the execution and the publication of that work, as full of interest, like the Pope for the homage of filial devotion which compensates the volume which you offer

to him; and he charges me to make known to you his sincere desire that the object with which you pursue, and which you indicate in the preface if you think may be fully attained.

Yielding most willingly to your desire, his Holiness sends you, from the bottom of his heart, his Apostolic Benediction.

And I myself (e'c) by the opportunity to express myself with much relish.

Your very affectionate servant,

L. CARDINAL JACOBINI.

Rome, 6th December, 1886.

Translation.

Monsieur Le Directeur Supérieur :—

WELL-BELOVED

We, Brother Joseph Mary Larroze, humble Master General and Servant of the whole Order of the Friars Preachers, to all the Ancestors of the Living Rosary greeting and the spirit of Prayer.

As is belonging by hereditary right to the office with which we are charged, to protect the interests of the Association known by the name of the Living Rosary, we have judged that we could do nothing better nor more advantageous for the well-being of said organisation, than to collect together all the Decisions given until now by the authority of the Holy See and the Sovereign Moderators in favor of this association, and to publish them with the authenticity which they bear.

Besides these laws, the Directors, each one for the associates confided to his care, can from part of our local rules, according as they may judge it expedient in the Lord to do so, for, in order that this devotion of the Living Rosary may flourish, it is necessary that all the associates follow strictly their Superiors in everything ordained by them for the good government of the Pious Association, provided that such local legislation does not openly conflict with the Decrees of the Holy See or of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences.

It is our will that in all books, leaflets and opuscules whatsoever hereafter to be published on the direction of the Living Rosary, whether by the Religious of our Order or by persons outside of it, the Decrees of Supreme Authority, viz., those published in this little book, which now have for all Sodalists of the Living Rosary *legislative force*, be carefully distinguished from all regulations that are only local, viz those made by the authority of Directors, and which have only *directive weight*; these things we say, because we desire every Sodalist to be well instructed on every point as to his obligations.

If, then, there should be found, in books hereafter published on the aforesaid association (the Living Rosary, any obscurity, it must be interpreted according to the light given by the Pontifical Decisions—but if anything contrary to these documents be found in such books, it must be rejected.

As we are well aware that quite recently certain doubts have risen among the faithful in regard to this devotion, we expressly declare that there is but one Living Rosary, that it is exclusively under the care of our Order, and that we do not permit it to be united to any other association of a similar nature, as the Rosary of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Rosary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, or any other similar association (the Living Rosary) should—

—not either that in the matter our will may be clearly known to all, we deprive, by these presents, *Zealators, Zealatrices, Counsellors, Presidents* and even Directors, in a word, all persons who propagate the Living Rosary in general to any other association, of all faculties in the case, and we declare them to be so deprived, and we forbid them to make use of their power in middle in the propagation or government of the Living Rosary. However, the members of such associations, if they belong to the Living Rosary, and, in this manner, the associates of the Living Rosary may join any other association, but on this express condition that they fulfil the obligations pertaining to each association separately, and in such a manner that Sodalitas may not be joined together.

Furthermore, we hope that this devotion now established on its own basis, and strengthened under its own limits, will become a vigorous offshoot, through the zeal, of the great Dominican Rose-bush, and we earnestly exhort all associates, the more so, because just now grave calamities afflict our holy Mother the Church, to implore with the first discovered the errors in Henri Lasserre's book. This discovery was made by a French Bishop, and when his pamphlet obtaining the work came to the notice of the Congregation of the Index Henri Lasserre's work on the Gospels was forthwith condemned. Henri Lasserre—like the good Catholic he is—not only assented to the condemnation of his book, but he also called in every copy known to be for sale.

Were Henry Lasserre a Methodist preacher, he would have spurned all ecclesiastical censure and continued to circulate corrupt, inaccurate and mutilated version of the Holy Gospels—and gloried in the ill-gotten gold he derived from the deception! But Henri Lasserre is a Christian, and therein lies the difference between him and a follower of hen-pecked Wesley.

Dr. Anthony told his agonised brethren that he thought the Pope "rectified himself by first approving the book and then inducing the act of the Jesuits forbidding its circulation," but neither the Pope nor the Jesuits committed the sin ascribed against them, it is Dr. Anthony that stands as a self-nullified lunatic before the public!

Dr. Anthony also exhibits his ignorance when he called Henri Lasserre's book a "Protestant translation of the Gospels," as Henri Lasserre is a good and obedient son of the only Church Christ established on earth. But his book gave incorrect translations of the Lord's prayer, and placed in the authorised texts of the Gospels in many places, hence it was condemned for the time being, but when the proper corrections are made and the texts made to conform to the authorised version of the Bible, then Henri Lasserre's Gospels will be removed from the Index and circulated for the good of the people—the opinion of Dr. Anthony to the contrary notwithstanding.

— Cardinal Ignatius Mamotti died last Thursday in Rome. He was born January 13th, 1847, and created Cardinal November 16th, 1894.

Now let us turn to the accusation which this mischief making Methodist malignier brings against the Jesuits—those turbulent spirits who are constantly arising up in ghostly form before the minds of fabulous *purgatives*" in Rome, and that these same old Jesuits found some expression in Henri Lasserre's book which they did not approve, and so these traitors placed the work "in the latter list, from which said Dr. Anthony, "there is little probability it would ever be taken, so that it was virtually suppressed."

Were it not a Methodist preacher who told this "yarn," our readers, no doubt would be astonished to learn that there is not *a single sword of truth* in the whole story. But people have become so accustomed to reviving the anti Catholic nonsense of raving Methodist preachers at their yearly relaxation, that readers in general are astonished only when men of Dr. Anthony's tribe tell the truth even by accident.

The Congregation of the Index of Prohibited Books is composed of a certain number of Cardinals, and the Jesuits have just about as much to do with putting books on that list as Dr. Anthony has in sending people to heaven!

Now as it the Jesuits—as asserted by the jaundiced imagination of Dr. Anthony—had the first discovered the errors in Henri Lasserre's book. That discovery was made by a French Bishop, and when his pamphlet obtaining the work came to the notice of the Congregation of the Index Henri Lasserre's work on the Gospels was forthwith condemned. Henri Lasserre—like the good Catholic he is—not only assented to the condemnation of his book, but he also called in every copy known to be for sale.

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THE HOLY ROSARY.

THE MASTER GENERAL OF THE DOMINICANS, THE SUPREME MODERATOR OF THE ROSARY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, TRIBS, IN EXPLICITE TERMS, TO WHOM BELONGS THE GOVERNMENT OF THE LIVING ROSARY ASSOCIATION, AND HOW IMPORTANT IT IS FOR ALL ITS SODALITIES TO FOLLOW STRICTLY THE DECREES ENACTED BY THE HOLY SEE AND THE SOVEREIGN MODERATORS.

Brother Joseph Mary Larroze, humble Master General and Servant of the whole Order of the Friars Preachers, to all the Ancestors of the Living Rosary greeting and the spirit of Prayer.

Protestant Religious Statistics.

The following figures showing the strength of the Catholic Church as compared with the sects, is taken from the New York *Independent*, a Protestant paper which, of course, would very naturally put the number of Catholics in America at as small a figure as possible. There are fully 10,000,000 people in the United States who ought to be Catholics, if they were all true to the faith in which they were baptized. Here are the figures furnished by the paper in question:

Denomination	Churches	Ministers	Members
Catholic	10,258	10,413	10,000,000
Methodist	66,236	29,313	4,090,520
Baptist	54,874	29,000	4,000,000
Presbyterian	12,017	9,565	1,236,005
Lutheran	19,215	9,000	1,200,000
Congregationalist	4,504	4,040	497,561
Episcopalian	7,647	4,000	800,000
Reformed	2,029	2,015	360,000
Latter Day Saints	1,125	1,000	300,000
Christian Union	1,000	1,000	200,000
Christian Union	1,000	1,000	200,000
Swedenborgian	1,000	1,000	200,000

Support Your Press.

In a recent Letter to the editor of the New York *Herald*, Morning Star, Archbishop Janssens gives this striking opinion as to the duty of Catholics to support the Catholic Press:

"The press is a most powerful engine for good or for evil. This is fully and emphatically established by our Holy Father the Pope, and by all thinking men. The press, in our country, is not officially connected with the Church, but it is not officially inimical to the Church. The press is, indeed, in most cases, unfriendly, and, therefore Catholic papers, edited in true Catholic spirit, are simply a necessity of the day, to correct misstatements, to contradict falsehoods, to support the people with Catholic news of the whole world, to develop and sustain the burning Catholic spirit in the hearts of the day, and to lighten the faithful of the day, and to stir to organisation and doctrine. The Catholic people ought to be a whole, and to be every Catholic friends, and when carefully read by the members of the family, it is bound to do a vast amount of good. The English tongue is destined to be the language of at least all the young, and it should be our duty, if every Catholic to make himself acquainted with all the questions concerning the welfare of the country, lest also in the internet of religion."

In reference to the bogus Adrian Bull his Holiness wrote: "Quos (fiteras) praesertim adversus Pseudonomen noster edium regi Anglise de iteris Pontificiis Consessus dictitur," the translation of which is: Which letter the aforesaid Adrian, our predecessor of *venerable memory* to the late Henry King of England, in reference to the country of Ireland."

This is plain and positive proof that the first intimation Pope John XXII. ever had that such a document as Pope Adrian's Bull to King Henry of England had any existence, was when he received it from the people of Ireland who used it as an *engine* of terrorism against the civilian and injustice which the Papal Delegates in Ireland were then subjecting them to.

The rebels and the Irish people of the Province of Ulster, being no longer able to willing to undergo the robbery, rapine, cruelty and injustice heaped upon them by their British tyrants, broke out in rebellion and called to their assistance Edward Bruce, brother of the celebrated hero Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. In order that their rebellion might be justified in the eyes of the then reigning Pontiff they forged the document in question, and the Irish princes of the whole Island, the Irish sent couriers to the two Cardinal Legates, Jonsolin and Fissolo, then living in Scotland, a cloaking a copy of the so-called Adrian Bull for the purpose of pointing out the fact that its sanctions having been signed by the English monarchs—the whole document was void in consequence of such violations.

When Pope John XXII received the letter of complaint from the Irish people, he caused a literal to be addressed to King Edward, of which the following is a correct translation, there being in existence several *false* translations which were purposely made through English influence, in order to make it appear that the Pope sent to the King of England a transcript of the Adrian Bull as he found it in the Vatican archives:

John, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to Edward, Illustrious King of England, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

The earnest exhortation which We address to your Excellency in our Letter which we have to do what is pleasing to the truly just Judge, to preserve peace in the countries and among the subjects of your kingdom, to pitch far off that can contribute to your renown and glory, manifestations of your paternal heart which desires the exaltation of your Excellency. You ought then to receive them with affection, and show yourself docile to the voice of the Father.

We have received a Letter which the Princes and people of Ireland sent some time ago to our Brother Jonsolin, Cardinal Priest of the titles of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, and Luke Fisolo, Cardinal Deacon, of the title of St. Mary Lucrezia, Nuncios of the Apostolic Sees in Scotland, which contains many facts that seemed sufficient to their own Letter to Us.

In these Letters to the Irish, among other things, they complain that they have been condemned to a happy servitude, having, under a name of liberty, been reduced to the most illicit Letters drawn up for that purpose, condemned the people of Ireland to pass more than 700 years in a state of slavery, and that the Irish people have never enjoyed a moment of liberty, and that the people of the country have never known the kings of England except as enemies, as a nation, and to that end that on the opposite side of the sea, the people of Ireland

Farm and Home.

The Origin of Tea.

The tea-plant grew for endless centuries in Central Asia, and the gustatory Chinaman blandly assert that the drink was invented by Chin Nung some five thousand years ago. A poetic version makes it sixteen hundred years ago, and gives the following account of its earliest appearance: "In the reign of Yuen Ty in the dynasty of Tsin, an old woman was accustomed to proceed every morning at daybreak to the market place, carrying a mug of tea in her hand. The people bought it eagerly, and yet from the brink of day to the close of evening the mug was never exhausted. The money received was distributed among orphans and beggars. The people noised and confined her in prison. At night she flew through her prison window with her little vase in her hand. If you care to do so you can read this story and enjoy it in the original Chinese of the "Che Pu," or "Ancient History of Tea," and will no doubt find the transition easy.

Tea was not heard of in China again for three centuries and a half, when a "Fo-hi" priest is said to have advised its use as a medicine. In the ninth century an old beggar in Japan took a sac of the seeds and plants back with him to his native land. The Japanese relished the new drink, and built an Ooska a temple to the memory of those who introduced it. This temple is still standing, though now almost seven hundred years old. Gradually the people of Tartary and Persia all learned to love the drink, and serve it at all hours of the day.

The honor of introducing the herb into Europe may be considered due equally to the Dutch and Portuguese. Early in the 17th century tea became known among "persons of quality" in Europe, and in 1657 some Dutch traders carried a quantity of sage, which was then used to make a drink popular in Europe, to Canton, and by some ingenious device succeeded in making the almond-eyed tea-drinkers think it a fair exchange for an equal quantity of very good tea, which was brought home in safety and without the loss of a single Dutchman.

Fruit as Medicine.

Grapes come first, especially black grapes, which are most nutritious of all the same time are purifying to the blood. Grape cures are quite the fashion in some parts of the continent, and are said to work miracles at times. Peaches also are most hygienic to the human system, as well as being one of the most exquisite fruits in nature. Nothing indeed is more delicious, wholesome and medicinal than a good ripe peach. Peaches should not be eaten over-ripe, however. They may be eaten at meals or between meals; they are particularly hygienic when eaten at breakfast. An orange at before breakfast will, it is said, cure dyspepsia sooner than anything else. Apples are also very hygienic, especially when baked or stewed. They are excellent in many cases of illness and are far better than wine, oil or pills to cure constipation or liver complaints.

When oranges are taken only the juice should be swallowed; the juice of oranges, as of lemons, is most valuable to make drinks in case of fever. Tomatoes are also excellent remedies in liver and bowel complaints, and are certainly more pleasant than medicines; only the juice, however, should be taken. Figs, raspberries, strawberries, currants and mulberries are all cooling and purifying to the system, while being nutritious at the same time. If we had know the health, that is stored up by nature in our gardens and orchards, we would rarely have need to seek the chemist. How little, for instance, is the watermelon known, yet, when in season, it may be taken in excess and is health, and almost in unlimited quantities, except when cholera is raging, when it must be avoided like most other fruit. This alone will tell how beneficial fruit in general is in all ordinary times.

In the general invasion of a lemon squeezed into a cup of strong coffee will effect immediate relief in scurvy head ache.

A ten-mile of ripe or dried whortleberries and drank in place of water is a sovereign for many forms of convulsions & diseases.—*Home Guardian.*

Culinary Axioms.

Meth boomen's feast.
After cheese comes nothing.
Dot eyes more than the lanest.
Give a bad egg a shire.
Many cooks mother make good hake.
Hunger makes raw beans relish well.
Sweet meat must have some sense.
It is good to be merry at meat.
A hungry man is an angry man.
Raw meat begets a raw appetite.
The table rots more than the thief.
An empty stomach listens to nobody.
Great plenty breeds much dainty.
Tripe broth is better than no porridge.
When content is, there is a feast.
Meat is much but manners are more.
Of soup and love, the first is best.
He liveth long that liveth well.
Enough is a feast; too much a surfeit.
Black plums may not so sweet as white.
Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.
Steel a goose and give the giblets in alms.
Salmon and sermon bare their season in Lent.
The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell.
Butter to go to bed supperless then to get up in debt.
Who gives the scarpe, gives him the leg and the wing.
There is no cake but there is the like of the same make.
Every one buttoth the fat hog, while the lean one bumeth.
Who hath spice enough may season his meat as he pleaseth.
He that waits on another man's trencher makes a late dinner.
The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.
Who boils his pot with chips make his broth smell of smoke.

A Problem of Domestic Service.

The problem of domestic service in America would be solved if the women of America would treat their hired girls in the same manner that they treat their hired boys. It very frequently happens that a merchant retains an unknown in his employ for a long term of years.

A banker is not changing his book keeper or cashier every three months. The lady of the middle class thinks nothing of entertaining her husband's book keeper at dinner and, if the young man is gentle and worthy, she would not seriously obj ect to his asking her husband's book keeper to call. But if she would not think of thus entertaining the young woman who does her housework faithfully, and she would feel outraged beyond measure if her son should pay her social attentions.

How strange a social distinction is thus drawn between the hired girl and the hired man!

It is to be wondered at that the refined and sensitive gentlewoman, who by birth and the circumstances of life possesses the very accomplishments so desirable in a good housekeeper, and whose competent and intelligent service would be the joy of her employer, shrinks from an occupation which bars the door of society against her and represses every worthy ambition.

Family Fun.

A Sad, Sad Tale.

A stranger with a sad, tired look and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation, came wearily into a little Western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to take his thirst and while he drank a deamen of the town drew near, and, as a newcomer face and an air of general discouragement.

"Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked of the wayfarer.

"Yup—strange now, but I used to live round here."

"No—did you? Lately?

"No; not nigh on to ten year since I left.

"And you ain't been back since?"

"No; there's been a good many changes here, since then, and I can't reckon there's many left I uster know."

"Maybe not, whu'd you know?"

"Well, leaves see—there was a woman named Watts I used to know—Sally Watts.

"Did you know Sally Watts?" asked the inquiring citizen.

"Reckoned I did. I—did you ever hear of Sallie?"

"Yes, I—"

"D'you know Sallie Watts?"

"Yes, I—I—"

The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice and sat cautiously.

"See here, Mister, I've a favor to ask. It won't much. Would you much mind pretendin' Sallie Watts is a stranger? was round askin' for her? Sad? Know it was sad, and I'd rather have a hyperon on my trail than Sallie Watts. She's as tiles I'm dead, and I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Watts, Mister, maybe you know how high she seemed to be in the devil. If she sits on a Cyprian throne on—on—I know here, straight up I mean—on—I've got a sympathy kind of a fuss for her. Sad? Know it was sad. Sad? I'd have you know how fo-fol-fo-a fellar thats went through what I've went through with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Stranger, I uster be married to Sallie Watts!"

The recipient of this confidence gave a little gasp and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying with deep fervor:

"Thy me, man; I'm married to her now."

They Got Their Seats.

Two young Wall street men boarded a crowded elevated railroad car on Franklyn street, New York, the other day.

"Frank, my dear," said the taller, "I'm sorry we got into such a crowd, too. I'm nearly worn out with running. Been an awful busy day for me."

"No seats here unless we—

"Unless what?

And then the taller man bent down and whispered softly in his companions ear.

"All right," quoth the other as the gate swung back and he sailed in the open door and remarked:

"It's a crowe rice or?"

The short man smiled, the gateman further remarked:

"Bartowsbrass.

And the tall youth from Wall street inquired in a loud tone of voice:

"How things at the hospital?"

The passengers turned around at the speaker but said nothing.

"Pretty good," said the short young man. "Got a real case of Asiatic cholera in to-day."

Nervous movement on the part of old lady occupying two cross seats.

"Asiatic cholera, ah! That is interesting. Likely to die?"

"Yes—

"Did lady and three merchants leave the car.

"Rather discouraging, eh!"

"Yes; has the third small pox we've lost in a week. If it wasn't for our typhoid fever patients doing well we'd be awfully down."

Two countrymen leave precipitately, followed by a woman and a boy.

"By the way, did your diphtheria men well?"

"No. He is there yet. Fearful case. Worst we have got in the three months the yellow fever districts."

Hurried departure, followed the gateman.

"My station," yelled seven men, three women and a mean-looking simulacrum of a

"Ah," said the shorter young man from Wall street, taking possession of one of the vacant seats and patting his feet on another. "I don't know what we would have done but for our gentle and patient."

And the rest of the passengers who had been meditating a wild break for the Bowery station, listening to his remarks, felt relieved at being thus fooled, but decided that they had been fooled, but decided that they had not been so badly fooled as those who started for Central Park and got off at "Bergenbeachrow."

A Sad Flatterer.

Husband (tipsy, late home; wife dating up her hair before the looking-glass; his heart full of remorse; ready to give him a deadful scolding)—Why, dear, what are you doing?

Wife (suspicibly)—Don't you see what I am doing. Fixing up my hair.

H—Well—he—I'm glad to see you do that.

W—And where have—

H—I say I'm glad to see you doing that. For you—he—have the most beautiful hair I ever saw.

W—Where have you—

H—I say you have the most beautiful hair I ever saw. And it just matches your face. For you have the most beautiful face—hey—I say—the most—

W (smiling)—Do you think my face beautiful?

H (putting his hands under the pillow)—You are the most beautiful woman in the world.

W. (t. ningly) You darling John, you are a sad flatterer. Let me unbutton your collar for you.

He Helped Him.

Say, pard, I'm starving. Gimme a dime for a meal won't yer?

The speaker was a sad-eyed tramp. The man addressed might have been one of the Malthus' 400. The vision of sorrowful gloom scowfully at the scene of poverty, flowing his eye to more than usual, the unshaven cheek and chin of the hungering man.

"Heah," he said, "heah's a quarter. I don't give a dam fah peoah hoogah, but fah the sake of society I and get shaved."

What is Life Without Love?

Jeanie—Madam, your husband charges you with assault.

Madam—Yes, your honor; I asked him if he would crack once to love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a soup tureen only a woman, your honor knows what a woman's life without love is a mere blight.

Saw Her Explained.

Our Maid—My mission found two fishes in the soup this morning, and she carried lily put out with you.

Our Mistress—Your mission from trying to be generous. Why, sal ation, there was frost I put in only a compliment. They're worth a dollar a pound.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRA DOUBLE
THE GREAT AMERICAN
Importing Tea Co.,
Are giving away extra double Premiums to all their customers, and are
Selling Pure Teas and Coffees
AWAY DOWN.
If you would drink the finest teas and the choicest coffees it will pay you to visit their stores.
They are the largest dealers and leaders of the low-at prices. Their stores are all over town.
Make no mistake, go direct to the stores and see what extra bargains they are offering.
CITY STORES.
140 and 142 Sixth st.
1419 Fillmore.
511 Montgomery st.
2008 Fillmore st.
106 Sansome st.
614 Geary st.
801 Market st., opposite Fourth.
3250 and 3252 Kearny st.
333 Hayes st.
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POPE AND EMPEROR.

Current Account of the Emperor William's Visit to the Sovereign Pontiff.

The accounts published by the daily press regarding the visit of Emperor William II. of Germany to the Holy Father, were published to rout the enemies of the Church, and contained allusions to not-to-be-forgotten words of the Pope and the Emperor which were anything misleading. The following correct account was sent by a special correspondent:

ROME, October 15, 1888.—On last Friday, the 12th inst., the principal avenues of this Leonine City were all en fête, and adorned with flags on the occasion of William II.'s visit to the Holy Father, and the streets were lined with troops, and mounted gendarms surrounded the vast Piazza of St. Peter's. Precisely at 1:40 the carriage of the Emperor entered the Court of St. Damasus, in which is the grand white marble staircase leading to the Pope's state apartment. The Prince Rampolla, in the beautiful robes of the Chamberlain's *de coppa e spada*, (of the cloak and sword) was awaiting the Emperor's coming.

THE FINE BODY OF PAPAL GENDARMES,

in full uniform, were on duty, and on the left of the Cortile were a hundred men of the Palatine Guards with their drum. At the entrance to the great staircase the Corps of Swiss, with their most quaint costume as designed by Michael Angelo, were on guard, and the Papal servants, in magnificent liveries of crimson and gold, with raised velvet patterns, and eight chamberlains in their Sixteenth century costumes of black and velvet and cloth, and with chains of office and ancient caps and feathers, also four chamberlain's priests in scarlet. In the middle of the great group, so splendid in color, and so quaint in costume, were the Prince Rampolla and the Marquis Sacchetti, Marquis Bartolgi, Master of the House, and many other dignitaries of the Papal Court, including the Prince Altieri, representing the Noble Guard and Colonel de Courten of the Swiss Guards and Monsignor Mazzali, major-domo.

SALUTING THE EMPEROR,

led the way up the marble staircase to the great hall called the "Sala Clementina," adorned with the frescoes of Raphael in Volpi, Maestro di Camera, Noble Guards, mere chamberlains, the colonels of the Palatine Guards, gendarmes, and others. Passing these to the second state rooms there were a row of packed men of the gendarmes. In the third room were more Palatine Guards. In the fourth were the Noble Guards; they follow the chapel where the Holy Father was his daily Mass, and here were the officials called "Honorabili," or doorkeepers, Masters of the Ceremonies, and others. This hall is hung with green satin damask. Then comes the Throne room. The Throne room had on four sides, covered with red velvet, gold embroidered, and is surmounted by a superb canopy in red velvet, and in the center of which is embroidered the descending Dove, which represents the Spirit of the Holy Spirit. It was 1:55 p.m. when the Emperor came near the throne room.

THE POPE RECEIVED HIM STANDING

at the foot of the grand Pontifical Throne, surrounded by his Eminence Cardinal Oreglia, Count Camillo Pecci, in the uniform of the Noble Guards, Prince Ruspoli, Cardinal Mertel, and the door of the Throne room opened, and the Emperor halted a moment and made the prescribed reverence, bowed low twice and his helmet in his right hand, and then advanced towards the Holy Father, who advanced towards the Holy Father, who advanced towards the Holy Father, who

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1888.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

A REVISIT

TO MY ALMA MATER IN SOUTH BOW.

To youth's long years—oh! guardian of my Youth,
Since then and yon, tempest by sorrow's storm,
And watered by deep grief, with tears gazed on
Thy hoary pot thy venerable form.
Protector of my Youth! thy spell-bound,
Though crossed with furrows here and there;
While rain ghastly stares from the hoary wall,—
Yet as I ever beautiful and fair.
Stern solitude is now thy only guest,
Save when some bird his habitation takes
Within thy frame; while ever and anon,
His trembling thrills the gloomy silliness breaks.
Or when the wind rose will subvert the sky!
It stops to linger here that it might tell,
In wailing strains, the history of thy fate,
And weirdly sigh a deep and solemn knell—
What consolations owed into my mind,
As once again, within the lapse of years,
I contemplate thy calm old yet grand,
With stilled sobs and eyes humid with tears;
In youth's enchanting hour, my footsteps trod
For years within thy playground, where is gone now!
Ah! oft since then harvested with great care,
Have I heaped blessings on thy teacher brow,
Aye, often wished some down I was a boy,
Humbling contented 'neath thy gentle care;
With soul enchanted with untold happiness
Scarcely hankling to bright pleasure's rays
Pleasant it was, with cherished friends, to roam
Along the mountain's rugged rim and through
The darkling wood that slumbered to the vale,
Where trees and shrubs with life generally
Gazed
O,Gazed the morsels of the stream alone,
That constant murmured, as it onward went,
To great the sea, into our willing ears,
Strange, glowing tales of earth and firmament.
But where are they? those friends to boyhood dear?
Those same bright, untarnelled with a care?
I breathe the question, and the passing wind
In hollow tones, slow echoes "Where?"
Pardonable, with reverent voice, some praise
Their God,
Some revered by the mountain or the wave,
With fame or infamy work out their lives;
Others, their duties o'er, rest in the grave.
'Twas here we hoarkened to the master's voice,
Thundering, with earnest look, some mighty truth
We gazed with fains adoms as he ceased.
And dreamt we solved the mystery, Lorenzo,
Ah! blind simplicity of thoughtless youth.
Ere I had known you, you had onward fled,
Your unlor forgotten memory now but speaks
Of joyous days, that slumber with the dead.
The present has no tempting joys for me,
The future shows no pleasure true and vast,
Save heaven above, my thoughts alone shall be
Deep-centered on the visions of the past.

J. T. COTTRIGRAE.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE STAR OF HOPE.

The Star of Hope is beauty shines
O'er all the paths of mortal life;
Its rays enchant and cheer and entwine
My heart and soul where'er I go.
In youth's glad sunshine, all seem'd fair
To my yearning heart in mirthful play,
But, years since then has brought it's care,
And grave sorr'ys the place of joy.
The sports of boyhood's happy time
Can please the longing heart no more,
And ranging o'er Earth's varied clime
My soul still sighs for brighter shore.

Oh, what is life's brief space to man
Then all his energy days are o'er,
His longest years are but a span
That breaks like one upon the shore,
My heart oft wakes the dreams of old
O'er happy prospects once so bright,
But later but yielding pulse cold
To all the charms of former light.

Yet, Hope, like the northern star,
As firmly fix'd to purpose bold,
Guides to a happy home afar,
Where peace is never mar'd by cold.
The Star of Hope still guides my path
Serene o'er life's uncertain sea,
And, through all storms, bright or dark
Hope's golden star still shines on me.

A warning voice, soon, suggest
The paths of right my feet should tread,
Then, guiding yonder, I find the best
Were mark'd out by the upon dead,
Which mars works of merry rise and blows
Through all the track of changing years;
And evermore their footprints
The lonely isles of mortal tears.

The records of the past still bears
The intuition of nightly mind
Upon man that need on lingered wines,
And left Earth's treasures all behind.
Then, hail to thee, bright Hope, my guide
In all life's sorrows, dark and drear,
Through all my days shine at my side,
Each varied year succeeding year.

In Hope's bright Star there is a charm
That soothes the wanderers here below,
And, through the life of life's storm
May Hope's fair beams still cast a glow.
Yet, while Time's restless sun shall roll
Unseeing o'er the lives of men,
Let mortals stand upon the shoal
Of that dark tide, and hope smile.

Those beams of Hope to man are given
To raise his thoughts to realms above,
That he may gain the blissful Heaven
With Jesus in eternal love.
Until said Death shall shift my hand,
And all my fleeting days are o'er,
My soul shall prize those on life's strand,
Loved Star of Hope for evermore.

JOHN F. MCDONNELL.

Virginia City, Nev.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

SORRY TO ANGER.

With spurning scorn contemptuous he hied
My heart. The pent-up anguish of my soul,
Like storm at sea, quick burst, without control
Thole bare, while truth'rous Reason turned and fled.
With symbolic fanning, conscious words I said;
Nor blamer their impact 'ill calm reason come
To cover me with sorrow deep and shame.
While in my heart, I wished his dead,
Nay, in fancy's eye, his wowering form
Lay lifeless in the shell-embrace of death
Ah! with what joy I saw his heart's blood warm
And heard the quick, faint gasp of his last breath.
Oh! what a crime at Anger's shrine to bend,
A worshipper of that foul fiend
The soul with overwhelming surges rend.

E. M. C.

— The concert in aid of the new parish of St. James, will take place in the Minster Opera House on the 22nd inst.

Literary Miscellany.

Gatalia's Great Sorrow

A BEAUTIFUL SEQUEL TO "VALISKA."

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "SERELDA."]

CHAPTER III.

One day Gatalia and little Sam were walking around the barnyard when Sam's sole rode up. Mr. Starkbother and his wife were coming to meet them when he shouted to look at Varoudini.

"Mine Gott in de himmel!" he muttered under his breath, as he looked again, and then turning to Gatalia said: "Madam, could you tell me who ver dat man vat gun is shoot now?"

"That—that is Rosado Verondini, Vincenzo's partner!"

"Vall, dat post dar daifels! Van I goes to Mass in dee town, dat man calls himself der brisel, and now he comes to redoo der gatlias. I no understand vat dat mean. In my country der brisel never do dat."

Just than Mr. Waldeg came up and joined them. He, too, had recognized in Rosado the vile wretch who had dared to desecrate the ignorant people. Starkbother was wild. He spoke but little English, but being a true Catholic he immediately noticed the difference between the sham and the real.

"Mina friand," he said addressing Mr. Waldeg, "vat you dinks? Dat man who gun in shoot now; vhere you see him last dimse, eh?"

"My friend," returned Mr. Waldeg, "that man is a vile, Liberal sneeper, who has long been deceiving the ignorant, and aiding the vicious, in this bad country. You know that this place is infested with a set of villians, called "Liberals," who try to cloak their apostasy, and dare to call themselves Catholics though they are not recognized by the true Church. One of these vile wretches you have before you. I told you that this was not the place for any Christian family. The example is too dangerous."

"I see dat, and I vas sadonished vas I see dat man vat I dink vas dar brisel np hars mit the cow-pigs. I can't make me dot out."

"No, for a true Priest, with his oraden have to go slow with them here unless you know they are truly ordained Catholic Priests."

"Vall, dis vas der first dims I see der disfel bley der brisel. In mine country dar brisel vas dar brisel, und der bad man vas der bad man, but shicat der same, I gosts ma ood of dar dufels country so quick as I can."

"To the best plan," answered Mr. Waldeg. "I would not bring my family here for the wealth of the whole country, and I have some hers myself more than business demands. To a foreign Catholic the things they witness here seem terrible, for any time the people call themselves Catholics, true Church; they are the vilest vartiges of creation, and sometimes they even succeed in misrepresenting us. Hence we are known to strangers, and then truth abuses supreme in contrast to their depravity and wicked ness."

"Shoot der sams I gesta me out post quick," said Starkbother, as he moved away.

Gatalia heard all this, "Great Heavens!" she cried, "I am in a nest of vile, a den of thieves. Oh, Merciful Father, help me! Show me the way out of this!" And going into the house she wept bitterly and tried to pray for strength to get away, for she had resolved to go if possible. But the end was not yet. She had still much ahead of her, for she had forgotten God and home and mother—and now she seemed to be forsaken by all.

Thus, in one continual agony of fear, she passed her days at the *Amendo Manoi* where her every movement, as he suspected she had tried to follow him the day he found her on the mountain path, she determined she should not do again. But had he suspected that she had seen them bury one of their victims he would have been savagely alarmed and she would have fared even worse than she did. Since that awful evening in the canyon, she had said but little to Manuel, never again referring to what she had seen. Fear sealed her lips. She had been afraid of Vincenzo from the first feeling, that he was capable of anything, and that it would be dangerous to let him know she had seen them at their murderous work.

After the police was over they went back to the villa, and for months she remained there, her only companions being Filetta and the great watch-dog that had made friends with her. Manuel was away most of the time, and she trembled—almost cried out—in her anguish when she thought of the many crimes she felt sure they were committing. Vincenzo was often there when all the others were away, and he invariably tried to tempt her by his flattery, but she sought peace in her own room where she would lock herself in and remain for days at a time.

Filetta pitied her and tried to console her: "Ah, Senora" she would say, "its plain, you did not know all—did not know to whom you were trusting yourself. But, never mind, my bad brother goes to-night to be away some time and then we will have a little respite."

"Oh, thank God!" said Gatalia, fervently. "Filetta, tell me, do I look sensible? Sometimes I feel as if my brain was giving way."

"*Si mi pobre Senora*, you look sensible enough. But where are all your roses gone? You are as pale as a lily."

"They are buried, Filetta—buried forever."

"No, no; you must be more cheerful, and perhaps the next time we go to the *Amendo* we will manage to get away from them."

"Oh, Filetta, when, when do we go there again? And will you help me—will you go with me?"

"Si, si; but be patient. It is nearly a year since the last raid, and Mr. Stark bother will be there as he is negotiating for a sale of all his cattle and is going to leave the country; and perhaps if we manage it right and tell him our trouble he will aid us to get away from here. I suppose you know he has found out the true character of Rosado, who is even a blacker villian than my bad brother Vincenzo. Oh! I know Gatalia, if you only knew what I know and I will come back to you."

Thus she prayed through the long dark hours, while the bandits drank and made merry. When morning dawned she rose pale and trembling, longing for the day to come when they would start for the *Amendo*, Gatalia found out in that terrible year that sin brings its own punishment, and verily she repented in dust and ashes.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Case of Highway Robbery.

At a New York fair the other day for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers, for an hour preceding the beginning of the performance the refreshment booth was surrounded by bevy of beautiful ladies and elegantly dressed gentlemen. One of the latter was an original admirer of one of the ladies, and taking advantage of the fact, she impressed upon him the necessity of wearing a rose and giving it to her. Of course he was willing to do her anything truly too readily, and in an instant the deft fingers had fastened the flowers together with wire and twisted. Then working the ends through the buttonhole, she fastened them to the lapel of the coat with an ordinary pin.

"Now, sweet," her quarrel, reading for his pocketbook and bending a glance on the upturned face of the charming lady.

"Twenty-five dollars," she replied, without a tremor or hesitancy in her voice.

He was stunned for an instant, but he was too shrewd to manifest it visibly. Having deposited the crisp bills in her outstretched palm, he said:

"Excuse me, but may I ask what is the itemized tariff for bouquets? I merely inquire through curiosity."

"Five dollars for the rose, five for the geranium, five for the pin and tire for fastening it to the lapel of your coat," was the quiet reply.

A moment later, when the young man had joined his male friends, one of them, who had heard the conversation, remarked:

"He didn't charge you for the wire, old boy."

"That's so; let's get away before she thinks of it."

Miners with Green Hair.

A contract has been let on the Martin White mines at Ward, Nev., and work is to be commenced forthwith. A queer phenomenon is connected with the working of the Martin White ores. The ore very low, and it is necessary to roast the whole of it. During the roasting process no disagreeable or deleterious fumes are observable, and the men and the beasts of all the men engaged about the works are soon dyed a bright and source of Nevada mines ores of various colors, principally green. Not a man of them is either the hair or beards of the workmen changed from their natural hue to green, and that there is been even in the ore of the Martin White than on that of many other mines. Old miners say arsenic has a tendency to turn the hair, and all denote that the emerald has imparted to the hair is due to the presence of some unknown and mysterious metal or mineral. White, light, and sandy beards and hair take a grass green, whereas black or dark brown hair is dyed a deep bottle green. The hair is not injured by the change of color. It retains its original softness and strength.

First Night of the Blind.

An old negro woman in Pennsylvania, who was born blind, late in life received her sight by the removal of the cataract. When the bandage was first removed, the patient started violently, and cried out as with fear, and for a moment was quite nervous from the effects of the shock. For the first time in her life she looked upon the earth.

The first thing she noticed was a little dog's apparent intelligence. She ran up to a reporter she said that she thought they were teacups, although, strange to say, a few moments afterwards she readily distinguished a watch which was shown her. It is supposed that this recognition was owing to the fact that she heard its ticking. The blaze from the lamp caused the most lively surprise in her mind. She had no idea what it was, and when it was brought near she wanted to pick it up. When night approached upon the day when she first used her eyes she was in a fright, fearing that she was losing the sight which she had so wonderfully found after a lifetime of darkness.

Cost of Pardoning Sins.

A good story is told of himself by a season ticket holder on the Boston and Maine Railroad—a wide-awake, jolly, generous, jokelovingly gentleman, liberal in his religion, living in a home on a short time since, with the Catholic priest of his village, who had been active in trying to induce his flock to become temperate, he familiarly addressed him in language something as follows: "Father—you are doing a pretty good work now-a-days, I don't know but what you are doing as much good as all the other clergymen in town." The priest quietly replied that he was doing what he could to prove his people. "Ill tell you what it is," continued the gentleman, "I've been thinking of attending your church, but was afraid it would cost too much to get all my sins pardoned." "Oh" said the priest, "we can manage your case; when we have a very large contract, we make a liberal discount."

— The contribution of a railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem has been mentioned by the Turkish Government.

— Subscribers will please look at the date printed on their paper or wrapper, and if they find that their subscription has not been paid they will help the Morrow financially by remitting $2 00 promptly.

A PRIEST'S FORTUNE.

A Singular Case in Connecticut.

So runs the story in the New York *Sun*: The settlement of the litigation over the large estate of Father Thomas J. Synnott, for thirty years rector of St. Augustine's Roman Catholic church in Bridgeport, and what will be a famous case in the legal annals of Connecticut. The decision has made divers measures great enough without the court holding on. Five months ago Judge Simeon Eaton, of Norwalk, rendered the decision that the deeds were void. The case was at once appealed to the Supreme Court of Errors, but pending the appeal the matter has been settled. John Synnott agreed to accept $100,000 in lieu of all his claims upon the estate. The remaining $150,000 is to be divided among the other heirs, of whom Robert Synnott, the executor, is one.

Capt. W. H. Hinks of Bridgeport was appointed administrator of the estate. A search for the heirs resulted there to be fifty three in number. Father Synnott had left no wife nor children. They were all half blood, and three brothers and two sisters of half blood, and they and their descendants were found in Illinois, Wisconsin, Wyoming Territory, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Canada, and a half a dozen places in Ireland. Two brothers were living in Ireland, still earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, according to the estimate of the estate now made. Legally the case settles in Connecticut that a man may bequeath his property to whom he pleases.

John Synnott, who accompanied to court by Capt. Hinks, is a tall, spare, intelligent, quiet, Canada, and a half a dozen places in Ireland. Two brothers were living in Ireland, still earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, according to the estimate of the estate now made. Legally the case settles in Connecticut that a man may bequeath his property to whom he pleases.

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THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1888.

"Christmas Monitor."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All press and poetic contributions intended for the forthcoming issue of THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR must reach this office by the number 8th, so as to insure their appearance in our Christmas issue, which will be published December 19th next.

THE CHRISTMAS "MONITOR."

SEND FOR COPIES AT ONCE.

Subscribers and others who desire to procure extra copies of the Christmas Monitor to send to Friends through the number of Exiles in Ireland, or any other portion of the globe, should send in their orders at once, so as not to be disappointed, as there is always a great demand for the Christmas Monitor. Ten Cents a copy is all we charge for the twelve-page Illustrated Christmas Monitor, filled with the best Catholic press and poetry we can procure in California, the Eastern States and in Ireland. Send it to your friends and show them what California can accomplish in the way of Catholic literary enterprise.

Send in the names and corresponding cash early, and the copies ordered will be sent by mail direct from this office, postage free.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A Roman correspondent cables to a New York contemporary that there is a possibility of an Irish Cardinal being created at the next Consistory.

—It is stated that the brother of Mr. J. Lockwood, Q. C., who is now appearing for certain of the Irish members at the Parnell Commission Inquiry, has become a Catholic within the past few weeks.

—The Turkish Government has sent to the various provincial authorities imperatives not to place any obstacle in the way of the conversion of Armenians desiring to become Catholics.

—The Pope recently received a number of Neapolitan pilgrims. His Holiness, in this course of a long address, protested against Rome being called the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, as it ought rightfully to be the capital of the Catholic world.

—The *Gouvernoire Romano* publishes a letter from the Pope to Cardinal Lavigerie, in which his Holiness speaks in terms of high praise of the zeal displayed by the Cardinal in his undertaking.

—The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Hobart, Tasmania, who has held the service for nearly fifty years, has been raised to the rank of Archbishop. Hobart is now a metropolitan See, and is on an ecclesiastical level with Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane and Wellington.

According to a dispatch from Rome to the *Observateur Français*, the Consistory for the creation of the new Cardinals has been definitely fixed for the month of December. Amongst those who will be raised to that honor are Mgr. Macchi, Majordomo, and Mgr. Annibala, Assessor of the Holy Office.

—Mr. Dillon, M. P., arrived at Thurles last Wednesday week as the guest of Archbishop Croke. Both addressed a large concourse of people. Mr. Dillon said the Archbishop's reception of a criminal would not lessen the people's respect for him. They had achieved their end without the loss of a drop of blood, Thurles would not be forgotten.

—The fourth child of the Princess of Wahlsburg Wolfegg, the Princess Marie, has taken the veil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Reidenbourg. A son of the same Prince lately entered the Society of Jesus. The family of Wahlsburg is one of the most illustrious of Swabia. One of its members is Mgr. de Waldbourg, Domestic Prelate of his Holiness.

—The Hon. Michael Henry Herbert has been appointed British Charge d'Affaires at Washington. Lord Sackville will go to England immediately on leave of absence. It is understood that the Government will allow his case to rest until after the Presidential election excitement is over. Mr. Herbert is a son of the famous English Catholic lady Herbert of Lea.

—The Rev. Joseph Von der Heyden, late of Belgium, has been visiting his cousin, Rev. Father Vygen, of Pultnam, Conn. The young priest, who was lately ordained, at the age of 22, by special permission of His Holiness Leo XIII., has been conducting a spiritual retreat, with most gratifying results, in Pittsburg. He is an accomplished scholar, and master of five modern languages. Father Von der Heyden has gone to Idaho Territory to assist Bishop Glorieux in attending to the spiritual wants of his vast diocese.

—It is generally well known that Methodist preachers are renowned foes of "yellow legged chickens," but we never saw so candid an admission of that fact as appears in Brother McCrea's *Christian Advocate* last week, wherein we read that for the convenience of the chicken-loving preachers the next session of the District Conference is to be held at Long Beach, in southern California, where, the writer says, "the chickens are very numerous, and the trees are not so high as in other localities." It takes a Methodist preacher to provide for the "inner man" first, last, and all the time!

THE HOLY ROSARY.

The Holy See and the Supreme Moderators still urge the Living Rosary belongs.

Decrees of the Holy See and the Supreme Moderators in Regard to the Stability of the Living Rosary.

Our Most Holy Lord, Pope Pius IX, blessing, his Brief *Quod pure humilitatis*, issued on the 17th of August, 1857, committed the Living Rosary to the care of the Dominicans, the Most Rev. Father Joseph Maria Larcara, then Vicar General of the Order, commenced the work of the re-establishment of the Sodality. The present Master-General, the Most Rev. Joseph Maria Larcara, has added several decrees to those enacted in 1857 and 1879, by his worthy predecessor. We give those of both.

1. Directors of the Living Rosary, all and each, whether general or diocesan, who hold their office by a legitimate title on the 15th of November, 1877, were confirmed therein for life, and were empowered to appoint new *Zelators* over associations of fifteen members, even those to be placed over new associations. But the successors of such must be appointed each time by the Provincial of the Dominican Province in which such Sodalities exist.—Father Sanvito, 1877.

2. In like manner, all *Zelators* and *Zelatrices* who had office on the 15th of November, 1877, were confirmed therein for life. —Father Sanvito, 1877.

3. All members hitherto received, or in future to be received into the Sodality by such *Zelators*, were to be reckoned as legitimately admitted, and as being in a condition to share fully in all its graces and indulgences.—Father Sanvito, 1877.

4. The Directors, even those diocesan, thus confirmed, were not in future to choose, as formerly, new directors.—Father Sanvito, 1877.

5. From the date above specified, no Directors could not be appointed by any one but the Master General of the Dominican Order, or through his delegation, by the Provincials, each in his own Province. —Father Sanvito, 1877.

6. All Directors of the Confraternities of the great Rosary, which have been Canonically erected with the authority of the Master General of the Order, and the consent of the Ordinary of the place, or which shall be hereafter so erected, are to be regarded as the legitimate Directors, with all rights, of the Sodality of the Living Rosary. —Brief of Pius IX. *Quod pure humilitatis*.

7. Rite in as much as the Sodality by no means is to be considered as a Confraternity (for it does not possess a Confraternity right, to which the name of a Sodality is to be inscribed, nor are its members obliged to any public exercises, but are divided into bands of fifteen, each one meditating on a certain mystery and reciting daily for a month his decade of the Rosary), it is in no manner to be considered as bound by the usual laws of Confraternities, and therefore many Living Rosary Sodalities may exist together under their various legitimate Directors in the same place, and contribute as alms for life, may continue their work of zeal, as before, even in places where the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary, or Convents of the Dominican Order exist. It is quite otherwise, however, with Directors or Presidents who have received their appointment subsequently to November 15th, 1877.—Fr. Sanvito, 1879.

8. Provincials of the Dominican Order, each within the limits of his own Province, may appoint local Directors, but not, therefore, *general* or *diocesan*. Should it seem necessary to have in some places *general* or *diocesan* Directors, recourse must be had in every case to the Most Rev. General of the Order. Hence, as a Director now receives faculties only for a certain place, if he is moved from that place, or if, as pastor, he is transferred to another parish, *ipso facto* the faculties conceded to him, cease.—Sanvito, 1877.

9. By special delegation of the Master General of the Order, Provincials may appoint Directors in places where at present no Dominican Province exists, as in Scotland, Algeria, &c.—Sanvito, 1877.

10. But in places where the Confraternity of the Most Sacred Rosary is canonically erected, Provincials cannot appoint other Directors of the Living Rosary. Hitherto a special reason exist for instituting other Directors in certain places, recourse must be had in every case to the Most Rev. Master General of the Order—Sanvito, 1877.

11. And, if it so happen that the Confraternity of the Most Sacred Rosary is canonically erected in a place where heretofore there existed only the Sodality of the Living Rosary, and that such Sodality is presided over by a Director or President who has been appointed since November 15th, 1877, by the very fact of the erection of the Confraternity, the facilities of such a particular Director or President, whether granted to him by the General or the Provincial, expire, and the Director of the Living Confraternity, has, with full right, all power in all matters relating to the Sodality of the Living Rosary in such a place and under such circumstances.—Sanvito, 1877.

12. In places where the Confraternity of the Most Sacred Rosary is not established, Provincials may appoint local Directors of the Living Rosary, either for life or for a limited time, as they may judge most suitable.—Sanvito, 1877.

13. The following *formula* is that to be used by the Provincials in giving faculties to priests to establish the Living Rosary Sodality in their districts.—Sanvito, 1877.

"We, Brother . . . . . Prior Provincial of the Province . . . . . of the Sacred Order of Preachers.

"We consider it as one of the chief duties of our office to labor most zealously every day to propagate and render most fruitful the devotion to the Most Holy Mother of God and her Rosary, which has been so pseudly declared by the Apostles to belong by hereditary right to her Order.

"Since, therefore, our Most Holy Lord, Pope Pius IX., by a Brief dated the 17th of August, 1877, committed the supreme government of the Living Rosary to the Most Rev. Master General of the Order, by the authority delegated to Us by him, We appoint and establish you . . . . . Director of the Living Rosary Sodality in the city or place commonly called and We decide and declare that you are so appointed, and that you are to the possession of all the rights and graces which are known to belong to the duty or office of all such Directors; provided, however, there be not existed in such place any Confraternity of the Most Sacred Rosary, canonically erected with the authority of the Master General of the Order and the consent of the Ordinary of the Diocese. But if at any time in the future such a Confraternity should be erected, the Sodality and the Director of the Living Rosary, *ipso facto* the facilities which we now, by these presents, grant you, will expire, for every Director of the aforesaid Confraternity possesses *de jure* and regularly, in his own district or territory, the government of the Living Rosary Sodality, and of its *Zelators* and associates.

14. Although local Directors have not in future the power to appoint other Directors, they may commission one or more, men or women, with the name of President or Presidents, *Zelators*, *Zelatrices*, to preside over the several *Zelators* of the locality under the authority of the Director. —Sanvito, 1877.

15. But also Provincials may do in places where the Rosary Confraternity is not established, and where the local clergy may not be disposed to undertake the charge of Director.—Sanvito, 1877.

16. The *Zelators* and *Zelatrices* should have, if possible, a monthly meeting of the associates, so that the Mysteries may be distributed by lot to each one. The Supreme Pontiffs have approved this arrangement. If, however, the aforesaid meeting be not feasible, then the Zelator or Zelatrice with two associates may proceed to the drawing of the Mysteries, and transmit to the absent members, the Mysteries designated for them by the drawing. This method has been authorized by his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI., through his Eminence Cardinal Lambruschini, Protector of the Sodality of the Living Rosary.—Gregory XVI.

17. If, however, the associates agree together or privately, each to take the same Mystery to the one before recited, according to the natural order of the decades, the devotion may be thus maintained, and the indulgences equally secured, according to a declaration of the same Supreme Pontiff. —Gregory XVI.

18. If any reasonable cause be adduced, the occurrence, for example, of a particular feast, the changing of the Mysteries made in the usual way of drawing, may be postponed for eight days from the day when a month has elapsed since the last drawing. —Gregory XVI. *Oporeto circa rem*, 7 June 1838.

19. By a declaration of the Most Rev. Father Vicar General of the Order of Preachers, Joseph Maria Sanvito, the first Supreme Moderator of the Living Rosary Association after the Brief *Quod pure humilitatis* of Pius IX.: "All and each of these Sodalities must have the one self-same name of the Living Rosary, without any additional title; and the present author must be observed that no novelty be introduced into the method of reciting the sacred Mysteries of the Most Sacred Rosary, by which the *authentic Rosary so dear to Holy Pontiffs and the Most Blessed Virgin* might be in more fully and explicitly presented by the present Supreme Moderator of the Living Rosary Association, the Most Rev. J. Larcara, in these words: "We expressly declare that there is but one Living Rosary, that it is exclusively under the care of the Order, and that we do not permit it to be united to any other association of whatever name, as for example, to the Rosary of the Apostleship of Prayer, or the Rosary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, or any other similar association, lest it (the Living Rosary) should be exposed to the danger of losing its ancient privileges.

And, in order that in this matter our will may be clearly known to all, We deprive by these presents, *Zelators*, *Zelatrices*, Presidents and even Directors, on a word, all persons who propagate the Living Rosary as a pious work by other associations, of all facilities in the case, and We declare them so deprived, and Wherefore take from them all power to interfere with the legitimate *organization of the Living Rosary*. Nevertheless, members of any other association may belong to the Living Rosary, and, in this manner, the associates of the Living Rosary may join any other association, but on this express condition, that the obligations undertaken are distinct from one another, and are not to be mingled and confounded together.

20. Since the Devotion of the Most Sacred Rosary, as it was established by the Most Holy Patriarch St. Dominic, chiefly consists in contemplating the minds and hearts of the faithful by their *continual meditation on all the Mysteries* of the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His Most Holy Mother, therefore let the Directors of the Living Rosary, and, indeed, all who labor for the propagation of this pious Sodality, most earnestly encourage and keep before the people, the form of prayer which our holy Father Dominic valued so much as a remedy for the evils of his own times, and which today is so powerful to increase faith and charity in the hearts of the faithful, and *let them ever and carefully bear in mind that the Living Rosary Devotion is only, as it were, a wainscoting for the complete Rosary, in that established by St. Dominic, and that its Sodalities are only a preparatory school for the perfect practice of the Rosary, an nervous training to the great Confraternity, whose spiritual fruits are so much more abundant, and whose treasury of indulgences is so much more ample.*

Decreto de libris periodi, in Italico fin.

Instructions given by the Most Rev. Father Larcara, in 1884, to the Provincials of the whole Order, in regard to the Living Rosary.

The following jubilee are to be kept well in mind by our Order in propagating the Living Rosary. It must be well and diligently explained to the faithful.

We consider it as one of the chief duties of our office to labor most zealously every day to propagate and render most fruitful the devotion to the Most Holy Mother of God and her Rosary, which has been so pseudly declared by the Apostles to belong by hereditary right to her Order.

Since, therefore, our Most Holy Lord, Pope Pius IX., by a Brief dated the 17th of August, 1877, committed the supreme government of the Living Rosary to the Most Rev. Master General of the Order, by the authority delegated to Us by him, We appoint and establish you . . . . . Director of the Living Rosary Sodality in . . . . . *Dominicis, Romanorum Pontificum Brevibus, Ordinationibus ac Decretis, Sacrosanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Cardinalium Congregationum Decretis, Ordinationibus, Instructionibus, Responsis, Sanctae Sedis Indulgentiis, Sacrae Poenitentiariae Apostolicae Responsis, Sacrae Rituum Congregationis Decretis, Ecclesiae Catholicae Doctorum Sanctorum Patrum Scriptis, Ac Probatae Ac Approbatae Theologiae Ac Ecclesiae Catholicae Doctrina Ac Praxi Ac Sensu Ac Ratione Ac Mente Ac Intentione Ac Ordinatione Ac Decreto Ac Ordinat

Farm and Home.

The Fruit Trade of California.

The British Consul at San Francisco, in the course of a report on the agriculture of California, refers to the enormous fruit trade of that State. It produces every sort of fruit that grows in a semi-tropical and temperate climate—among the former are the orange, lemon, citron, shaddock and other citrus fruits, the olive, pomegranate, fig, banana, apricot, nectarine, walnuts and almonds; grapes producing wine and raisins, growing in the temperate zone are apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, currants, gooseberries, blackberries, raspberries, and strawberries. The green fruit trade of the State has increased enormously. In 1867 the trade in green fruit with the Eastern States amounted to about 30,000 000 pound weight. The output of the various canneries in 1866 amounted to about 30,000,000 pounds, including 659,950 cases of fruit, 202,500 of vegetables, and 22,500 of jellies and jams. The estimate for 1867 is 799,500 cases of fruit, with an average of about 60 pounds of fruit to the case. Of these 200,000 were peaches, 175 500 apricots, 150 000 pears, 90,000 cherries, 40,000 plums, 35,000 grapes, 25,000 blackberries, and 15,000 each strawberries and gooseberries. The export of dried and evaporated fruits and vegetables is also enormous; thus the export of grapes treated in this way in 1867 was 16 000,000 pounds, apricots 3 000,000 pounds, honey 1,340 000 pounds, French prunes 1,750,000, walnuts 1,500,000 pounds, peaches 1,750-000, grapes 600 000 pounds, apples (evaporated) 550,000 pounds, peaches (unpeeled) 1,250,000 pounds, almonds 500 000 pounds, plums 500 000 pounds, and smaller quantities of many other fruits. The growing of prunes for raisins has proved a most profitable crop, with a ready market for all that can be made. Californians believe that their raisin crop will eventually drive the foreign produce from the markets of the United States, and from the statistics of the trade the Consul is inclined to think that they will. The wine production in 1867 was 13 000,000 gallons; 150 000 acres of the State are planed with vines, and not less than 90 per cent. of these are foreign varieties. "That this improvement in the quality of wine produced is very marked there can be no doubt, and the lower California wine, with its indisgreeable, fiery, harsh taste is fast becoming a thing of the past. This is due to the importation of the best varieties of foreign vines and a more careful system of cultivation, manufacture, and preservation of the wine." The number of sheep in the State was from four to four and a half millions; the wool clip in 1854, was 173,000 pounds, and in 1858 it had reached to 56 550 920 pounds. After this it fell off, and in 1867 was 31,564 215 pounds, but with a great improvement in the quality.

Value of the Egg.

It is remarkable what a place in the world the egg occupies. It is an article of commerce that stands monopolitiive, an agricultural product for which the demand never runs out; men may surfeit on all other diet. An egg is ever welcome as a food. On account of its multitudinous ways of preparation, nothing aids so much as it plays in making other foods better, and it is a veritable dainty and a food esteemed par excellence from the king to the poorest of his subjects. Why are eggs so popular? Are they so superior as a food? Yes. An egg contains very nearly all the elements of nutrition that go to make tissue. Because it contains phosphorus and other forming material, it is the scholar's fare; because it is rich in albumen, it is the invalid's invigorator; it strengthens the consumptive, and is all best proof against malignant jaundice. No human appetite has yet rejected an egg in some form, and to convey nourishment in disease it is our ready resource. An egg is natural; not only is it a food, but in many circumstances a very efficacious medicine. The white is one of the best remedies for burns, and an oil extracted from the yolk is considered by the Russians as an almost infallible cure for cuts and lacerations. Avan antidote to poison it occupies a foremost position, the white only being used, this antidotes the acids—sulphuric, nitric, muriatic, oxalic, carbolic; the alkalies—ammonia, soda, potash, lye; corrosive sublimate is effectually antidoted by the whites of two eggs and tartar emetic is made quite harmless. Sugar of lead is also antidoted by it. Were you aware before that the egg is as valuable as represented, and that it is a true life preserver or either as a food or medicinal 'ion, much more might be said, but we hope the will justify a due appreciation in its favor.

Doctors on Beer Drinking.

Not long ago D R Locke of the Toledo *Node* interviewed ten of the principal physicians of that noisesome city of beer sellers. This is some of the testimony

Dr S. R. Thorne: "In regard to surgical operations, every physician dreads to have anything to do with beer drinkers. It is dangerous for a beer drinker to even cut his finger."

Dr. S. H. Bergin, of thirty five years' practice said: "It kills quicker than any other liquor. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fever, etc., have a first mortgage on the beer drinker."

Dr. M H Parmalee: "Beer is worse than whiskey, the hops contained in the beer producing congestion of the liver, dyspepsia and kindred diseases. Habitual beer drinkers seem to have no constitutional power to resist disease."

Dr. W. T. Rodenser: "Beer drinkers are very liable to die of pneumonia, and when a confirmed beer drinker takes pneumonia he dies."

Dr. S. S Longran: "Every part of the body of a confirmed beer drinker becomes loaded down with morbid and poisonous matter, and every part will soon fall into ruin and decay."

Dr. J. T. Wood: "Lager beer, if used at all, should be used as a medicine, as lemon, quinine, chinbark and strychnine."

Dr. C. A. Kirkley: "There is no more fruitful source of Bright's disease than beer drinking. The evil effects are not confined to the consumers of the beverage, but are transmitted to their offspring."

"Dr. C. W. Chapman: "I regard beer as harmful as ardent spirits, brandy and whiskey, as it produces fatty degeneration on the heart, liver and kidneys."

Dr. G. A. Collamore: "Beer drinking produces a morbid effect on the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and kidneys. The brain is kept in hypersmic condition which prevents normal oxyhenation or the excretin use of the mental function."

Do not Punish Unjustly.

After all, it is perhaps better that the child should be a little spoiled rather than it should be unjustly punished. The latter sometimes makes a very unhappy memory to carry about with one. A gentleman said a short time ago: "I shall never forget, though I have wished a thousand times that I could, how I punished little Minie for continually pronouncing a word wrong—as I thought wilfully—after I tried hard to make her say it correctly. She was quiet for a few minutes after I had punished her, and then she looked up and said: "Papa you will have to whip me again; I can't say it. You can imagine just how I felt, and how I kept on remembering the look on her face and the tone of the sad, little voice."

Family Fun.

A Smart Answer.

A conversation between two little girls, one French and the other Irish—to the enormous amusement parties in regard to the descendants of the above named race—which was overheard the other day, might be read and pondered upon by some of our American friends with a good deal of profit.

The children, neither of them over seven years of age, had been discussing nationality, and at last, the descendant of St Patrick broke out:

"I am Irish! I am! Irish!

"You you are," quoth the little French maiden.

"No, I ain't" said the other. "But if I am Irish you're French."

"Oh, no," said the French girl, "I am American."

"But I hear your mother talking French to you."

"Oh, you, my mother is French, but I am American."

"Well," said the maid of Erin, turning her nose in the air, "my mother don't talk Irish to me, and your mother talks French to you, so I guess I'm more Amarican than you are."

Country Scenery.

"Are there any objects of special interest in this locality?" asked a party of tourists of an aged rural resident in M scoui. The old man reflected a moment and then said:

"Ain't ben to see Sim Dagg's set o'rigitate, has you? All boys an'——"

"No," hastily interrupted the spokesman of the party, "you don't understand, sa—"

"You'd orter go an' see Bob Paterson's Berkshires shetes; they ain't but three months old and they weigh——"

"We are looking for——"

I do'no, but I gets a leetle bit of a curiosity of my own back here in the shape of a punkin that weighs eighty odd pounds an' is still growin'."

"You don't understand; we are looking for beautiful of nature; choice bits of scenery, etc."

"Oh, scenery. Well, I do'no yit there is any scenery round here, I never hear of it t'ones was. But I tell you them shetes of Bob's is wuth——"

But the tourists had gone on.

Serving an old Friend.

Young man (to editor)—I sent a little poem here yesterday, sir; my name is Waffles.

Editor—Oh, yes; you are a son of Mr. Montague H. Waffles!

Young man—Yes sir.

Editor—Well, I destroyed the poem myself—burned it up, and buried the ashes ran fast deep. Your father, young man (with emphasis), and I were old boyhood friends, and I love him as a brother. Bless his old boy! Tell him what I have done for him.

He "Set 'em up."

Wife (eminently)—It must have been late when you came in last night John, for I didn't go to sleep until 11 o'clock.

Husband (uneasily)—Eh was 11:30, my dear.

Wife—And you kept muttering in your sleep, 'set 'em up, set 'em up.'

Husband—Yes, I was playing tenpins with Brown. I need a little exercise of that sort.

A Jew's Sabbath.

Mr. Isaacstein—I sells you dot coat, my frend, for seventeen tollar; you daks how along.

Customer—I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business on Saturday. Isn't this your Sabbath?

Mr. Isaacstein—Ja; I can ties out for seventeen tollar ras not peesness, dot vas charity.

The Very Worse.

Old Man's Darling (imploringly)—Tell me the worst, dear. Believe me, I can stand it.

Smart Doctor (doubtfully)—I don't know about that. If newer, nerve yourself then, madame. Your husband will get well.

Such is Fame.

Stranger—Don't you know mal I'm Mr. Watkins, the man who has just given $100,000 to the Associated Charities.

Clerk—Don't know you, sir.

Stranger—I also backed Red Guffin in his fight up the Hudson last week.

Clerk (literally)—My dearer, the house is yours. What'll you have?

It Broke the Engagement.

Young Spinkle (referring to the evening being chilly)—You should never drink something that would have been a protection to you, Miss Cross.

Miss Crossall—Yes; I should have thought of that. Ma said there were so many traps around here after dark.

Sizing Her Up.

Mrs. Hard—Do have some icecream, Miss Sweetooth.

Miss Sweetooth (hesitatingly)—Well, just a little, Mrs. Hard. Only mouthful.

Mrs Hard—Bridget. Fill Miss Sweetooth's plate up again.

Logic.

"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at Grandma's she let me have two pieces of pie."

"Well, she ought not have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, the more wie done you will grow."

Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Why ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."

Short Smiles.

"Yes, George," she said, Uncle James is a lawyer, as well as pipe and tobacco fancy."

"Fancy of lawyers, dear," he remarked with a loving smile.

"Yes George, but they are handy for a young lady to have in the family in the event of any wrangling, you know."

Miss Amy—You know everything, Mr. Smith. What does a debonair mean?

Smith (frank)—Debonair? Oh, yes, dah, a "dah;" "oneer," oh never; oh, no!—yes—no—the whole thing means, "never get in debt."

Miss Amy—Thanks, awfully.

Exit Smith for a dictionary. After reading it he sails for Cape Town.

"Mamma, what is 'her jags?'"

"I don't know, dear; why?"

"I heard papa say, "Wait till her jags goe to the country, and we'll paint the town red."

"Who did he say it to, dear?"

"To the new maid."

"Ah!" "Her jags' dear, is the new maid, and papa wouldn't have to wait long before she goes."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The following letter lately received from Rev. J. A. McLaughlin, C. SS. R., is self-explanatory:

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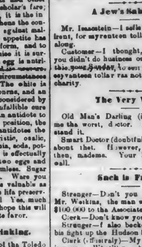

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8:00 a. m.	Petaluma, and Santa Rosa.	5:15 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	Petaluma.	10:30 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	5:15 p. m.
7:45 a. m.	Point Reyes.	5:15 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	Point Reyes, Cloverdale and Way Stations.	10:30 a. m.

7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. Guerneville. 5:15 p. m. 6:00 p. m.

7:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. Duncans Mills, Intermediate Points. 3:30 p. m. 6:00 p. m.

8:00 A. M. (Sundays only) from Tiburon Ferry (foot of Tiburon Ferry, Sausalito, Cloverdale, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale and Way Stations.

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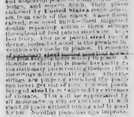

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TERMS:

(Payable semi-annually in advance):

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once..... $ 15 00

Board, Lodging, Washing and Mending Bed and Bedding, per quarter..... 100 00

School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicines, Baths, etc., per session of ten months..... 50 00

For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 219 Hayes street, San Francisco.

REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J.,

Feb 28 1880 ly. President.

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It occupies large buildings, with extensive grounds, and possesses every thing to make Science tasteful, attractive. The course of instruction is thorough, in all the Departments. The facility for acquiring the Spanish Language may find it desirable to devote their whole attention to it, and they will do so.

The architectural super logies of the first Monday in August, and ends the last day of June. Pupils are received at any period of the year.

TERMS:

Per quarter, (payable in advance)

Boarding, Tuition in English, French, and Music, Bed and Bedding, Washing and Mending..... $ 75 00

Drawing..... 5 00

Painting in Water Colors..... 5 00

Painting in Oil Colors..... 5 00

Vocal and Instrumental Music form extra charges.

For Circulars, address,

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The academic year is divided into two sessions of five months each, the first commencing about the first of August, and the second about the first of January.

Terms per Session, Payable in Advance.

Board and Tuition, also use of bedding	$125 00
Washing, per month	1 50
Fuel, Water (private rooms)	10 00
Dancing in class (teaching Polite Manners)	10 00
Use of Piano, per month (for practice)	1 00

Terms per month in advance:

Junior Class	$ 8 00
Intermediate Class	7 50
Senior Class	10 00
Music, Piano lessons, with use of instrument	10 00
Music, Piano lessons, without use of instrument	8 00

Music lessons are required for pupils in boarding, also use of instrument.

Pupils will be received at any time during the term, and will be charged only from date of entrance.

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ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

SACRAMENTO, - - CALIFORNIA.

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

TERMS

(Payment Monthly in advance):

Board and Tuition, per quarter..... $ 62 50

Washing..... 15 00

Music (Piano) and Instrumental Drawing, Painting and Vocal Music form a form extra charge.

MT. ST. MARY'S,

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

THIS INSTITUTION (CONDUCTED UNDER THE Care of Nuns, is amply incorporated, and empowered to confer Diplomas, Medals, and other marks of distinction, the first of which opens August 30th, and the second on the 1st of Monday in January. Its Course of Studies and Instruction is the same as that in Mount St. Mary's Academy, San Francisco, in Jesus.

Pupils are received at any time, their compensation dated from the date of their entrance.

TERMS—TERMS OF ADMISSION

Entrance Fee (once only)..... $10 00

Boarding, per month..... 25 00

Washing, per month..... 2 50

Music and Drawing, per month..... 2 00

Painting, per month..... 2 00

Vocal Music, per month..... 1 00

Bed and Bedding, per month..... 2 00

Fuel, per month..... 1 00

Physician's Fee (in case of sickness).

For particulars address the Lady Superior at the Convent of Mount St. Mary's, Grass Valley, Nevada Co., Cal.

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The Commercial course has been made with a view to the requirements of those who wish to enter practical business life at an early age.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch taught in the College, our own language receives special attention. The daily exercises of the students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class room.

TERMS:

(Payments, invariably in advance.)

Board, Tuition, Medical Attendance, Bed Linen, Washing and Mending..... $150

Bed, Bedding, Washing and Mending..... 50

Use of Piano..... 50

Extra Charges for Music and Drawing.

REV. BROTHER, President.

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OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

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TERMS:

Tuition, Board, Washing and Bedding, per month..... $ 25 00

Use of Piano, with use of Instrument per month 2 00

Vocal Music, Private Lessons..... 2 00

Drawing, per month..... 2 00

Painting in Water Colors, per month..... 2 00

Painting in Oil Colors..... 2 00

Vocation equal at the College.

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This institution is a select boarding school for boys up to the age of fifteen years. It aims to be similar to the comforts and adjuncts of home, with the advantages of a superior Christian education.

The mild and practical discipline of sending them out to attend to boarding school, and only with their parents, or guardians, that the institution properly is a home, and that the children feel it to be such.

Substantiated by the Ladies, Bedding, Washing and Mending, Bed and Bedding, Washing and Mending, Use of Piano, Drawing and Painting, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Use of Piano, Drawing and Painting, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Use of Piano, Drawing and Painting, Vocal and Instrumental Music

PROTESTANT HOME RULERS.

Letter from Mr. Gladstone

At a recent public meeting in Dublin, under the auspices of the Protestant Home Rule Association, letters were read from Mr. W. E. Gladstone and Mr. J. Morley.

Mr. Gladstone wrote:—"I have been assured by competent authority that the number of Protestants in Ireland in favor of Home Rule is greater than the number of Catholics opposed to it. When the people of England and Scotland are satisfied that more than three-fourths of the people of Ireland desire Home Rule, much of the hesitation, due to misrepresentation on this point, will disappear, and the cause will thus be greatly strengthened. I saw with pain that on the late visit of Lord Hartington to Belfast, a number of Protestants assembled to upbraid everything that their grandfathers condemned, and to condemn everything their grandfathers applauded. No town was more devoted a century ago to the sentiment of Irish Nationality. It may even have pushed that noble sentiment to excess. But now a large part of the inhabitants want to support Lord Hartington, who holds that Irishmen are not entitled even to commercial liberties except on condition of abandoning the idea of Nationality. I hope that as you have properly chosen this time to bring together at a meeting in Dublin the Irish Protestants favorable to Home Rule, the meeting may receive large and cordial support, and that it may be seen that there are multitudes of earnest and decided Protestants in Ireland who are true enemies of bigotry and misrepresentations to the traditions of their fathers."

Mr. Morley wrote:—"I am glad to know that you have a meeting to-morrow, and to have that your action is not discouraged by the dalier in setting the great question between England and Ireland, on, on this side, are satisfied with the progress which is every day being made in English opinion. If Ireland continues to exhibit her present patience and resolutely to maintain her just demand, nobody here doubts the result."

Mr. Childers, M. P., wrote:—"I should have been especially glad to be associated with a body so representative of your body is, and to hear myself the refutation of the assertion so often made by our opponents that no support is given to Home Rule by the Protestant Irish."

The speakers included Mr. Pierce Mahony, M. P.; Thomas A. Dickson, M. P.; James A. Pinkerton, M. P. (cousin); J. C. Stevenson, M. P. (South Shields); and Swift M'Neill, M. P.

Amongst the resolutions passed was one declaring that inasmuch as the premises of Irish land was pre-eminently an Irish question, and can not be effected at the risk of the Irish people alone, without entailing responsibility upon them tax payers of Great Britain, we are strongly of opinion that the London tax of the future should be collected, not in the English treasury, but by local authorities only to a Parliament of the Irish people.

The Church in England.

The London correspondent of the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal* speaking of the Church in England says:—I think it is not generally known that there are between three and four hundred Catholic churches and chapels in this city and suburbs, where perhaps over half a million of the faithful worship. A Jesuit Father of London with whom I was speaking on this subject gave me to understand that it was impossible to arrive at anything like the exact figures, but that half a million was the ordinary estimate. Of course this wonderful increase in the number of Catholics living in London and other large English cities is principally due to the influx of Irish workingmen and their numerous families. There are some convertcions among the English upper classes; very few indeed among the middle and lower classes. Still, when the world ever gives for the name of being that is the least resembles a genuine return to the faith. Certain prejudices against the Church have died out. Cath olics can even now have a yearly and public pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Edward the Confessor, which was closed against them two hundred years ago. But for all this there is still a great deal of secret bitterness shown towards converts by their relatives and friends. They are cut socially, and often have to suffer severe loss by being disinherited. Under such circumstances it is only the true vocation of God that can come into the Fold. How many must see the truth, but are deterred from embracing it by the thought of the hardships they await them!

Cardinal Howard's Condition.

Cardinal Howard has been removed for the winter to a private asylum near Bright

—He has been quite insane now for nearly a year, though at first he had frequent lucid intervals, in which his grief and despair are said to have been highly pathetic. He is now or ay all the while, says a recent dispatch, and the cerebral affection is hopeless. He still looks the picture of health, and, save for a wild glance in the eyes. His manse almost steadily in his chair. He is captain in the Horse Guards, which he was before he took orders, and his language now is much better adapted to the manner than to the manse. He is very watchful though, about his clothes, and insists on maintaining a cardinal's dress throughout, even to the red stockings and the red berretta, which he wears but on the side of his head, like an officer's forage cap.

The Next Consistory.

At the coming December Consistory in the Vatican the Pope will create a number of new Cardinals. Those already announced to be lifted to this dignity are Dr. Kremenitz, Archbishop of Cologne; Mgrs. Tonnos and Melignan, Archbishops of Tours and Rouen; Mgr. Dunwel, Archbishop of Catania; Mgr. Macchi, Nuncio of the Vatican; and Mgr. Annibale, the Assessor of the Holy Office. There is talk also that has been for years back, of the inclusion of Archbishop Williams of Boston in this list, but nothing definite seems to be known about it. The Archbishop of Paris would have been included, it is said, but the French Government objected. The relations between the Vatican and the Paris authorities are worse now than for a long time back, owing to the appointment of Boulanger activist in the *Moniteur de Rome* concerning which the *Le Phogaro* sharply scolded the Papal Legate.

THE CATHOLIC ROME ALMANAC.

We are indebted to Messrs. Sadlier Bros. of New York for copies of their ever-welcome *Catholic Almanac*, well known to our readers as the *Catholic Almanac*. Notwithstanding this is the 6th year of publication, and we must say that among the numerous Catholic Almanacs published on this continent, the *Catholic Home Almanac* is the best, and the most reliable. The work costs only 50cts., and there are many books published at $1.00 that do not contain as much interesting reading as this beautifully illustrated Catholic Almanac for the coming year.

To the Poor.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 Smithtown St., New York.

—The Redemptorist Fathers McLaughlin and O'Ries are giving missions in Montana.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

News of the World in Condensed Form.

—Mrs. Jay Gould is dangerously ill.

—Dr. Hostetter, the famous bitters man, is dead. He was aged sixty-nine years.

—Mr. Chamberlain has arrived in the United States to marry Miss Endicott.

—New York city has 427 miles of street sewers.

—During the present year 19,458 persons have been naturalized in New York.

—Will Barber, Register of Deeds at Lakota, D. T., has gone to Canada. His shortage is $10,000.

—A large measure has been work in a cold storm at Lincoln and sixty persons were blinded.

—Henry Blake, now Governor of Newfoundland, has been appointed Governor of Queensland.

—Mrs. Judge Hirsch of Navarro county, Texas, gave birth to six children on the 4th ternon of Saturday, November 3d.

—The Vermont Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale, manufacture and use of oleomargarine in that State.

—The discovery of a wonderful waterfall, said to rival the Niagara in beauty, is reported in Colorado.

—A Sunday school Superintendent in Jersey city has organized a brass band as a drawing attraction.

—Montana's population is estimated by the Governor at 140,000, an increase of 10,000 over last year.

—The Indians in the United States still can more land than there is in France or in the whole German Empire.

—It is estimated that there are 200,000 sex lights in use in the United States and 1,000,000 incandescent lamps.

—Colored gold in Christendom is not very ancient. It is only about four centuries old, being first coined in 1320.

—Two little pet dogs wearing sealskin blankets, attracted attention on Broadway, New York, one day last week.

—In the ten years ending with 1880 the wheat area of the United States spanned a per a little under 19,000,000 acres to nearly 38,000,000 acres.

—A reservoir at Montrose, on Lake Geneva, burst Tuesday, injuring several persons and drowning many. Seven bodies have been recovered.

—A dispatch from Melbourne announces that a fire yesterday destroyed a whole block of buildings at Broken Hill, causing a loss of $100,000.

—Russia evidently intends to stand by ex-Queen Natalie. Should the divorce case trouble and Austria occupy Servia, Russia will occupy Bulgaria.

—Mr. Gladstone has recommenced his annual recreation of tree felling. He prefers to cut oak, and leaves the gymnoceu for younger hands.

—Bananas are in competition with Cupid to some extent. A German officer can not marry an American lady without the consent of the Chancellor.

—A collision on the Brooklyn Elevated Road last evening threatened many people with death. Both locomotives were smashed. No one, fortunately, was seriously injured.

—Private advices from St. Petersburg say the Czar was injured in several places in the recent accident to his train and that he is suffering from severe pains in his chest and legs.

—The French Parliamentary Committee appointed to consider a revision of the Constitution has decided by a vote of 6 to 4 in favor of a revision by a constituent Assembly Constituent Assembly.

—The English Coroner's Commission has made a report. It advocates the cooperation of England with the United States, Germany and the Cape Colony, to secure the

—Living in India seems to be attended with difficulties. According to the latest official returns, 24,841 persons were killed by wild beasts in that country last year, and 1,000 were killed by snake bites.

—A resident of the northern part of Maine has kept a record of the weather for twenty-five years, and he claims that there have been only thirty-three days when neither rain nor snow fell.

—The name of the White House is derived from the fact of its Virginian architect, which it is built, being painted white to conceal the discoloration caused by smoke and weather.

It is estimated that there are five American cities who are worth $200,000,000 each, worth $100,000,000 each, 100 worth $5,000,000 each, 200 worth $2,000,000 each, 500 worth $1,000,000 each and 1,000 worth $500,000 each.

—The Queensland Parliament has come to a decision in regard to the Chinese bill in accordance with the Sydney conference. The clause relating to the imprisonment for life of Chinese illegally entering the colony is reserved for royal assent.

—A dynamite bomb was exploded in the Regatta office in the Bay of Santa Cruz, Tuesday evening. Another bomb was exploded in the lighting office in the Horse Guards, which the war office has not yet made public, but no one was hurt.

—Most of the clubs in Philadelphia had private wires introduced into their clubhouses and a special operator employed to speak night in order that the members might receive the returns of the great contest at the earliest possible moment.

—Lord Shrewsbury, the English Peer who has made a fortune in London by supplying the public with Hansom cabs, is about to visit the United States. He will place 200 cabs, drawn by English horses, in the Pacific Capital.

—A woman who applied for renewal of her license to keep a public house in Stockton, England, was opposed by the local vicar on the ground that his congregation would be lessened thereby, and that it would have "a deterimental effect on the church offerings."

—There is only one Murchison in the New York directory. His name is Kenneth M., and he is a merchant in Wall street. The only Murchison known to be living in California, hails from Tuscarora, and his name is not in the directory. The name is not common but it is well known, and will not be forgotten.

—The Viceroy of Canton has memorialized the Emperor declaring Corea to be the greatest menace to the peace and prosperity of the empire. He says it has burned up $10,000,000 worth of property, and is a greater peat than opium. He wants the stuff banished from the empire.

—The final surveys for the proposed Nicaragua Canal, says the *Guatemala Star*, are now completed. Members of the surveying party allege that the result of their work is most satisfactory, and exceeds the anticipations of the company. It is expected that the work of excavation will begin next December.

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Poetry.

THREE NEW FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF ST. IGNATIUS.

3.—ST ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ HUMILITY'S VIOLET.

Deep in earthly verdure set,—
With the sky of Heaven wet,—
Blooms the meek-eyed violet.

Lowly blooms! born to be
Joy and fitting type of thee,
Flower of sweet humility!

In Religion's garden, too,
Thou a sweet self-violet grew,—
Violet purple, yet true.

Of the lowly grace that hides
Where no flaunting bloom abides,—
Where its blast scorns guides

Loving haste and eager feet
From the highway's glare and heat,
To be calm seclusion sweet.

Once, where lollers was renown
For their busy Spanish town
Angels gazed in fondness down.

Ah! so marvel! true, I ween,
That those how lily eyes serene
Smiled, thus, on the busy scene.

For within the restless heart
Of the therapist and holy mart
Grew Love's violet, lone, apart,

In its sweet, celestial grace,
From the Spanish-polished race
Crowding street, and market-place.

But the dread Destroyer sought
Ever that lowly bloom, and brought
Sorrow's blasts, with anguish fraught.

Yet a benison is Death—
Through the chill, and fatal breath
Fondest tender sindreath.

For it wafts that blossom rare
To its pure, congenial air
In Jagalia's golden fair.

There in sweetest verdure set,
With the dews of Heaven wet,—
Delight grow for ever!

But ere there it could not break
Lofty place,—in lowliest seek
Endeed, fitment root it took.

Yet onto its calm retreat
Balmy breath of grace sweet
Led the pilgrim's super feet.

Meek Alphonsus! hidden, lone,
By the worldly throng unknown,—
Upward to thy Maker's throne,

Rose thy life's serene rare—
Strenuous thy deep brightness fair
Swiftly through skies Eden's air.

Till, from out our earthly gloom
Angels bore thy rifened bloom,
With the wealth of rich perfume,

To the fields of Infinite light
Where His fairest blossoms bright
Bloom within the Master's sight.

There the violet's charms unalone,
Where the stainless lily gloms
Near the rich heart of the rose.

And the lowly blossom's name,—
Ripened with light of Infinite fame,—
Mortals greet with fond acclaim.

Saintly flower! whose beauty twines
With the Shepherd's crown of fairest
Newly, o'er Religion's shrines.

While, before those altars bright
Plead we for the lily's white,
And Love's bloom of rosy light.

By the charm that drowsy thee
Fadeless may our garland be,
Violet of humility!

San Francisco.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE.

—Death Roll: Assessment No. 11 is now delinquent in many Institutes.

—Vermont has just formed Y. M. I. 101 Good for the Green Mountain State!

—The first public appointment of Institute No. 50 will take place at Irving Hall, Post street, on evening of the 25th inst.

—Institute No. 60 Nevada Ridge, will celebrate its Anniversary by a grand ball on Thanksgiving Day.

—At No. 50's entertainment, which takes place on the 23rd inst, the Athenæum Dramatic Society will present a farce entitled "Thank Goodness the Table is spread." Mr. J. J. Healy will charge the stage.

—Brother McIntyre of No. 99, (Cincinnati), reports that organization is a most flourishing society with a membership of 100 members. He proposed it have disappeared in the face of energetic work. At a recent meeting $60 was subscribed towards permanent improvements.

—President Ford, of No. 100, at the last meeting announced that he had received letters from Hon. T. H. Kinkead, of Omaha; Counsel C. J. Finckett, Boston, and Michael T. Gibbons, of Philadelphia, in response to the formation of Institutes in those places.

SOCIETY AFFAIRS IN SAN BERNARDINO.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir.—As political times are over, we already is satisfied that the country is safe, there does not come to be given to the workingmen of the U. S. throughout the State and Nation. The Boys of No. 27 are now preparing to get down to work and alien 3; a grand posh frowed. Every member has constituted himself a committee of one, to induce Catholic young men to join, and it is believed that they will meet with great success.

On account of the great excitement over the election, No. 27 did not meet on last Wednesday night. A meeting will be held Wednesday, Nov. 14.

Bro. Cause, of Los Angeles a member of No. 31 was in the city of San Bernardino last week.

Bro Dias of No. 27 is once more around and looks well after his long confinement.

The Young Ladies and gentlemen's Catholic Social Club, will hold their regular meeting in the Y M I Parlors, on Tuesday evening next.

HERMAN.

YOUNG IRELAND PARLIAMENTARY CLUB.

Some last week the Y. I. P. Club has collected the sum of $95 towards the Parnell Defense Fund. The total amount collected approximates to $1,000. Of this sum $1000 has already been forwarded. President Sullivan-ole at the last meeting appointed Thomas Bannerman, J. J. Healy, and Patrick Ryan, as a committee to make resolutions in memory of John Kavanagh, a late member of the club, who died on October 20th.

It was decided by a unanimous vote of the club to hold semi-monthly dramatic readings and debates, with members and others will take part. D. Cassidy, T. H. Bannerman and M. Malady were appointed by the President to make the necessary arrangements for the library committee.

The meeting closed with a stirring patriotic address from Col. J. J. Tobin.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

Armagh.—At the election of Town Commissioners for Lurgan, on October 5th, Messrs. J. Gilchrist, H. McKee, J. Campbell, A. Stevenson and J. Mathews, the four candidates of the Constitutional Association, were chosen. The only other candidate was Mr. J. F. Mathews.

Antrim.—The Lord Lieutenant went to Belfast on October 11th, and performed the ceremony of opening the new Free Public Library and Museum, and afterwards attended a public banquet. He took advantage of the occasion to inform the citizens that the Queen had been pleased to confer the character of a city on Belfast, but forgot to mention that this privilege was mainly owing to the exertions of the Nationalist Member for West Belfast, Mr. Sexton.

Clare.—At Kilrush, on Tuesday, Oct. 16th County Court Judge Kelly announced that there being no criminal business to be tried Quarter Sessions the Grand Jury need not be sworn, nor need the jurors attend.

Cork.—The interesting ceremony of a young lady taking the white veil took place at the Convent, Passage West, on October 16th, when Miss Ellen O'Callaghan, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Daniel O'Callaghan, of Rathmore Farm, Barnaheise, assumed upon the religious life as Sister Mary Michael.

Another convicted prisoner, Mr. Gainey, of Fermoy, has been released from the County Cork Jail.

The Irish Municipal Elections have very generally resulted in a victory for the Nationalist candidates. Some contests between the two political parties took place. The popular candidate was returned without a Kinsale. In Fermoy the contest lay entirely between Nationalists, and the Town town elections created greatest interest on account of the different opinions as to the politics of the candidates. Messrs Long, Fitzgerald, Kinsman, Farrell and Lombard were returned, the-two who, whatever may be their opinions on other Nationalist questions, are publicly pledged as Nationalists

Derry.—On the evening of October 18th a banquet was given in Derry, to the Town commissioners who have so ably stood between the poor tenants of Greenfort and their rack-renting landlords in a fair adjudication of the spirit of the Ninth Parliament Bill. Paddies and his two comrades, the Lord Lieutenant and Mr. Blake, M. P., will deserve the compliment where their Nationalist friends in Derry have paid them. Such men cannot be kept down, nor bought by their enemy either in the north or south.

At noon, on Friday, October 19th, Father McFadden left Derry by train, for Ballykelly. During the morning he was visited by Mr. Jeanie McFarlan, M. P., and a number of clergymen and friends who had attended the banquet on the previous evening. On leaving the hotel Father McFadden, Father Stephens and Mr. Blake were handsomely received by a considerable crowd who accompanied them to the tremendous cheering. Horses were accompanied to Letterkenny by Mr. Hazel Sheehy, M P., Michael McCartan, M. P., Mr. Thomas O'Hanlon, M. P., Mrs. Anna Parnell, Cambridge, Mr. James Halliday, Hampstead, Mr. Jeremiah McVeagh, Belfast, and a large number of clergymen. At the various stations en route large crowds were gathered, and at Letterkenny upwards of 5,000 people were assembled, including the bands. In the evening another banquet was given, at which Bishop O'Donnell was present. Letters were read, reported speech in defence of the Irish prisoners and other patriotic sentiments. Speeches also took place afterwards, and the town was illuminated.

Donegal.—The election of Town Commissioners took place on October 15th, in Letterkenny, with the following result:—Mr. Michael Doherty (Nationalist), 58 votes, Mr. Hugh D. C. Fullerton, 57, Mr. P. Carroll (Tory), 47, and Mr. Hector Boyd, 46. The three first named, who were the outgoing Commissioners, were declared duly elected.

Dublin.—Among the solicitors who attended the end of the Michaelmas Term sittings which has just concluded, we notice the name of Thomas J. Healy, Belfast, Messrs T. M. and Maurice Healy, M P., Tim Healy, Belfast, and Mr. Joseph Kelly, selected by Mr. Harrington, M P., for the Kilkenny Independent Parliamentary Vacancy, and also exceptional knowledge of the intricate law relating to succession in Ireland is to be attributed the large number of Nationalists who are joined in one of the Dublin wards. Mr. Healy intends to contest the Kilkenny town of Wexford, where, it is needless to say, we wish him every success.

Down.—Great excitement prevailed in Bangor, on Tuesday morning, Oct. 16th, when it became known that the dead body of Miss Hamilton, daughter of proprietress of the Harbour Hotel, had been discovered in a stable at the rear of the hotel, suspended by a rope round the neck from a beam resting on two of the partitions in the stable. The coroner was held, when a verdict of suicide was returned, adding under temporary insanity was returned.

Galway.—Mr. William Kirwan has resigned the Mayoralty as Manager of the National Bank, Tuam.

Hubert Sutchwell, Esq., Cregge, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County Galway, and becomes an ex-officio Guardian of Glenamaddy Union.

Rev John Cunningham, C. A. Loughrea, has been appointed by the Bishop of Clonfert, successor to the late Rev. Richard Ireland, P. P. Kilconieron.

On the 19th October, the ceremonies of Reception and Profession took place at the Presentation Convent, Loughrea, when the young lady, who had the happiness of being received was Miss Margaret Cunningham, youngest daughter of Don Miguel Cunningham, Esq. Gurteen, Ballinasloe. We pray to God for her same Sister Mary Alphonsus. The young lady who was professed, after completing her Novitiate, was Miss Lizzie Josephine Wilson, third daughter of Patrick Wilson, Esq., Dunsleitnan House, County Dublin, called in religion Sister Mary Ita Joseph.

Kildare.—The following was the result of the election, on Oct. 15th, for Town Commissioners, in Naas—H. Donohoe, 96, J. Bermingham (sitting), 83, R. Wheeler, 80, Wm. Staples (sitting), 56, R. Fowler, (sitting), 42, P. J. Duncan, 41. The first three were declared elected. In Newbridge the result was—Mr. Joseph Farrell (sitting) and Nationalist, 81, J. Quinn (N), 78, T. Toomey, (N), 58, J. Coogan, (N) 24 The first three were declared elected.

Kilkenny.—Mr. Thomas Quinn, M P., for Kilkenny, is seriously ill in London.

The death is announced, on Oct. 16th, at Castle Cor, Castle Eagle Hill, Ballinasloe, after a brief illness, of William Delaney, aged 80 years, who, for 50 years, was a well regarded. His interment took place on the 19th, at Fuhlestown cemetery.

Leitrim.—A number of evictions have taken place on the estate of Mr. Henry Wynne, of Ballinamore, County Leitrim. Five tenants were put out.

Limerick.—On Tuesday, October 16th, Cornelius Lynch and Patrick Farrell opened the Gaelic Athletic Sports at Limerick. The attendance of the gay, fairy on the pleasurable state of the city, this being the third meeting held in Limerick this year, betokening the peaceful state of Limerick. This was marvellous story

Market Report.

MONITOR OFFICE,
556 Kearny St., Tuesday Evening, Nov. 13, 1888.

WHEAT—No. 1	1 00@1 07½
Feed	1 00@1 07½
Cornmeal	2 50@ [illegible]
Rye	1 17½@1 20
Barley, feed	90@ [illegible]
Barley, Brewing	1 00@1 05
Hinckel Barley, P ctl	1 00@1 05
Middlings	17 00@20 00
Bran, P ton	15 00@16 00
Hay	11 00@14 00
Hay, wheat	11 00@14 00
Potatoes—	
Burbanks, P lb wholesale	1½@1½
Buckeye, P sack	1 00@1 10
Onions, P ctl	1 25@1 35
Young Hoosiers	1 50@1 60
Red Rockers	1 00@1 10
Eggs—	
Choice, P doz	30@35
Butter—	
Choice fresh roll	30@32½
Fancy	35@37½
Pickle	20@25
Cheese—	
Domestic	11@11½
Eastern	12@13
Honey—	
Wheat	11 50@13 50
Wood—	
Wood, Southern Coast	7 50@ [illegible]
Sal Joaquin	7 50@ [illegible]
Humboldt	13@17
Meat—	
Beef, on foots	3@3½
Mutton, wholesale	6@6½
Mutton, retail	8@10
Pork, wholesale, dressed	8@9
Pork, retail, dressed	9@10
California Hams	13@13½
Eastern Hams	13@13½
Lard, P lb wholesale in bulk	9@9½
Wool, P lb—	
Fine, white	2 20@2 50
Fine, foxy	1 50@1 75
Tunnels, P ton	8@11 00
Fine, Valley, California	12@14
Fine, Mountain	12@14
Hops, Pacific Coast	6@8
Tallow, P lb	3½@4
Hides—	
Stocks	6
Cowhide	1 00@1 25
Calf	1 00@1 25
Steers	1 00@1 25
Horse—	
Large, P bale	3 50@4
Wax, P lb	25@27
Hops—	
Crop of 1888	8@11
Crop of 1887	5@7
Crop of 1886	3@4
Crop of 1885	1½@2
Crop of 1884	1½@2
Crop of 1883	1½@2
Hops, Pacific Coast	6@8
Hops—	
Crop of 1888	8@11
Crop of 1887	5@7
Crop of 1886	3@4
Crop of 1885	1½@2
Crop of 1884	1½@2
Crop of 1883	1½@2
Hops, Pacific Coast	6@8

MARRIED.

[illegible]

DIED.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

FULL WEIGHT PURE
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE
Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the Heads of the Chemical Depts. of Washington, Yale, and most leading Universities. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

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THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A SOLITARY STROKE.

I.

With solemn step I walk along,
Where sleep forever the unnumbered throng
Of silent dead;
And as I tread
The sacred place I was each stone,
And sense can hush the sobbing moan
Of sadness deep that rises to my breast,
And usher for utterance,
For those who in the grave eternal rest.

II.

My roamings o'er, I sit beneath
A drooping willow tree—emblem of death—
Pondering on things
And happenings,
Weird, strange, that mar each human life;
Anon with joys, with griefs than rife,
Vainly I strive to grasp or understand
The mysteries that hang o'er this sovereign hand.

III.

Gay youth and solemn age abide
Within this plumy city side by side,
Eternally.
Death wrathful!
Bathes awfully, and his mortal dart
Pierces the young and aged heart.
No armor mailed or strength can overthrow,
Or stop the rapid course
Of this malignant conqueror of woe.

IV.

Let him watched down with sorrow deep,
Rumble amid the solemn silence where sleep
His heathen gone;
Such sights upon
His grief-worn heart, comfort will cast;
For well he knows that those now past
Were burdened by great suffering and woe;
Yes with outspeaking soul,
They bore them patiently while, here below.

V.

The thought shall serve his heart to great
Misfortunes, which through life he'll meet
With desolate cry;
Or when rolls high
The surging waves of grief and pain—
Like tempests o'er a desert plain—
Twill steal his lament soul with courage strong,
And fortitude to bound
The wrathful waves as on they sweep along.

VI.

And when I pass as sweeping slowly fall,
The sad and dirge-like notes of the churchyard bell
Breathed on the air
As anthem rare,
As my dirge for the graves of the dead,
As I pass to my home
Where I shall rest
For those whose bodies frail are "neath the sod—
Whose pure and lustrous souls
Contented roam the garden of their God.

S. M. C.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

LINES.

On the definition of the (Consul) Ecumenical Church of Constantinople, County Sligo, Ireland—the birthplace of Gladstone.

We dedicate a sacred shrine
To Patrick and his saints, now,
That all thy deeds in Heaven may shine,
While Ireland's rights are won.

As through the Western wilds we roam
O'er hills and valleys free,
Though far beyond the ocean's foam
Our hearts are with thee.
The germs of truth, though spurned to earth,
Will rise as pure as gold,
And bloom again a new born birth,
Endeared a thousand fold.

We join the sons of Erin's shore
To catch thy guardian fire,
And on thy feast, 'till life's is o'er,
To wake the silvery lyre.
Yes, millions of the world to-day
Revere thy spotless name—
The most renowned in matchless ray,
The first in Ireland's fame.

We raise to thee—all Heavenly planned,
Mid tones of harp and lyre—
A sacred shrine to light the land,
And wake the muse fire.
Emancipation's diamond star,
In beauty lights the way
Of Freedom's deep resounding car
To Erin's dawning day.

Still o'er the ocean's shrine wave,
Sweet memory wings her flight
To the spot where thy honored grave
Gleams through the mystic light.
Far off on Kerry's green-clad strand,
Thy name emblazoned shine—
The brightest one in Erin's land,
Thou hast done noble deeds.

Age to come shall e'er applaud
Thy worth, endeared to all;
As the unerring "Mills of God,"
Man's deeds shall grind so small.
Loved O'Connell, thy noble name
Survives the stain of rust;
The nations hail thee with acclaim,
Whilst kings may fall to dust.

JOHN P. MCDONALD.

Virginia City, Nev., November, 1888.

THE HOLY SOUL.

Hark! from Eternity's vast deeps
A long low cry of pain;
Like a mighty flood it surged sweep
Again and yet again,
The wa ail of the prison house we hear,
"Where the "Universal Judging" vests no door.

The lurid tongues of flame leap high,
In that all-mournful prison;
And those within, ever moaning cry
For liberty, for heaven.
"Redeemed" is writ on every brow;
And, yet, not one may enter now.

Oh, God, how great is their reward
When Love shall set them free!
How terrible the grieving, Lord,
For their great destiny!
When shall they, in unveiled light,
Before Thy Throne stand pure and bright!

Lo, they have waited the earth of pyre
In joy, in hope, in grief;
Bound hand and foot, in torture-wire,
They pray no for relief,
Weeping to each one who attends,
"Have pity, at least you, my friends!"

Shall we be heedless of their cry,
Those who have passed away?
Some, there may be, that you and I
Have loved in life's short day;
We crept to lay them "neath the sod,
Oh, let us help them home to God!"

By the most holy Sacrifice—
Relics of Calvary,
By deeds of love, by empathiest voice,
Yes, we may set them free;
May place them where, above the sky,
God wipes the tear from every eye.

Literary Miscellany.

Gatalia's Great Sorrow

A BEAUTIFUL SEQUEL TO "VALISKA."

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY MARIONETTA.

CHAPTER IV.

A few days after the events recorded in the last chapter, the inmates of the villa left for their harvests, where, to the great joy of Gatalia and Filetta, they found Sam Starkfelter, but not his wife and child.

"You don't mind, miss Gatalia, my go to dis place again? Not for der biggest reach in der country."

"'Tis better not," said Gatalia, to whom he was speaking. "How I wish I had never seen it."

"Vy, you gests too much of der Liberals too, yes, I dinks you sees der man vat gail himself der priest, vat tells dar lies und fools der peoples."

"Oh, how glad you should be to get away. If you only knew what Filetta and I have suffered." Here she told him her trouble.

"Miss Gatti! you suffers all dot, poor vomans, I helpe you. You gests out vid me."

"Yes, yes! yes! I will never forget your kindness. I know God has sent you to our aid. Oh, Mr. Starkfelter, if I had to stay here much longer I would become insane."

"I dinks so; but vere you mean dot man? How you comes to marry mit dot kind?"

Gatalia told him all. How she had disregarded her mother, and married out of her Church.

"Yell, miss poor vomens, dot vas wrong, you done der wrong ding und you gets in der bad place, but shoot der sames I helpe you gest out. Van I gose vs Vaps on dose smard boaps some beedle drieks, und we gose before day vinds out. I gives dem von chance to drive some few more gattles away und ven dey goes, ve goes too. I dakes you to some place in der American country, und I vinds you some place vere you says till you writes to der mutter und dells her you vas sorry, den you gose home.

"Oh, my friend," she replied, "I can only give you my gratitude and my prayers in return, though the doubtful God will hear me now, and Filetta I will she go with me!"

"Vyletts, who! Vas dot der vomen vat some here mit you? Yes, I dakes her, too. But miss Gotl I believes I have bed luck. Dar dient vonnish me if I vont help you get."

Gatalia was beside herself with joy, she could scarcely believe the hour of her escape was so near at hand, and thanked God with all the fervor of a grateful, penitent heart.

"Oh, mother, mother," she whispered, "if will return to you and try to make up for the past. With the Divine assistance I will try to give you as much joy as I have caused you sorrow."

Poor Filetta, too, was pleased to think that they would soon be far away from the villianous gang at the villa, and wondered last anything should happen to prevent their departure.

Mr. Starkfelter told them that a daring robbery had been committed on the high way through the mountains and some valuable jewelry stolen. "I believes dot miss Vincenzopo done dot dued. He goes away shond dot demo, und ven he comes back he stea's mine horse from de ranch und goets away to der hills."

"Yes," said Gatalia, shuddering "some of that jewelry came to the villa, and a bracelet paid for by a lie rested on my left arm for a few moments. It seemed to me an agony I endured while I wore it would kill me.

"Yell, yell, poor woman, you have a terrible life dees; but I never hears there vas dat villa. I blaw to God, I dinks der men does many bad deeds in dot place, und, diefels like, dey vas not let nobody know vere dot place vas. Ven I seen you dot vas the first dime I hear of der villa. Dot woman, Vilatta, dells me nodings."

"Poor child, she was afraid to. But in truth the place is very hard to find, or even to locate. It is far over these mountains in a little green valley in the middle of the chain, and there seems to be no road to or from it, only a bridle path which winds about, crossing itself in all directions. But do not speak of it. That place has bleached my hair and ruined my life."

"Yall, ve says nodinge more, but ven I get to down I dells der beeples vat I dinks, und maybe der bandit takes von leedle reach away ven der officers come to gleau am oods."

Ere long the robs was over, and Gatalia, pale and nervous, was in daily dread that Manuel would tell her to prepare to return home with him, thus preventing her escape. Sam Starkfelter had sold his ranch and was preparing to go. Manuel and the others were there. Filetta watched them closely. At last the propitious moment had come, for she found out that the men were going away (to the mine, they said) that night.

She hastened to Gatalia telling her that the man were going, but that they would return in the morning to take them home. "So start to get ready," said Filetta. "Try to appear natural, and do not alarm Manuel. He watches your every movement, if you avoid him too pointedly he may suspect something, and so induce the others to change their plans—this preventing our escape, and perhaps killing our friend before he gets beyond their reach. Oh, Donna Gatalia, calm yourself. Do not show your disgust so plainly. On your self control depends all."

"Yes, I will try Filetta, but I hatha the man more than tongue can tell! His touch chills my blood. If he takes my hand it is all that I can do to suppress the cry of anguish that rises to my lips. Oh, I would gladly have sold my soul to Satan—been completely in his power—to have cared for him at all."

So they went about quietly preparing a few things for their journey. Gatalia's eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed with subdued excitement as evening drew near, and, when the shadows of night fell and the bandits rode away bent on some new crime, she breathed freely. Now, now the hour had come! Sam Starkfelter hitched up his team and drove away alone. Juan was there, and to avoid detection the girls, having left a light in their room to deceive him into the belief that they were there, had gone ahead of Mr. Starkfelter to wait a mile from the harvests and await him there. When they reached the grove the two knelt down, and, in the darkness and silence of night, prayed for help to get away from that den of evil. Trials are great purifiers, and Gatalia was almost pure from suffering. She repented deeply, and truly, and, if ever a penitent sinner pleaded earnestly for pardon—contrition, she did while they awaited their deliverer. Silence reigned around and nothing was heard but the distant howl of the coyote, and the moaning of the wind as it rushed through the trees.

They had not to wait long for Sam, and soon they were speeding away from the scene of their trials. Gatalia trembled, fearing her husband would return and pursue them. Mr. Starkfelter tried to lodge her fears, saying:

"I guess not. Day vas too busy—der dofelos. Day vinds some gattles to dake home, und, maybe, dey meet some poor yellow und goets away vid him, und, you know, dot dakes dime. Ve goets away I dinks."

Sti Gatalia sat still and prayed. If the wind shook a branch she started and looked about her. Her nerves were so shattered that she feared everything since her terrible ordeal in the canyon. That misery the night had effected her hair and broken her spirit. Her only desire now was to repent, see her mother, and obtain peace and forgiveness for the past.

After several days travel they came to the town of P——, on the line of the railroad in Arizona. Here Sam left them in charge of a lady friend, telling Gatalia to write to her mother from there, as he had to remain in that place for a few weeks, and would help her to go home if they wished to have her return. She wrote a pleading, penitent letter and anxiously awaited a reply. Ere many days it came in a morning envelope. The poor mother whose declining years she had burdened with sorrow was no more. Her daughter's sin and ingratitude had killed her. The poor old broken heart was stilled. God had given her rest from her a crown forever.

Poor Gatalia was stony in her grief. "Oh, mother! mother!" she moaned, "I have killed you! Yes, can you see the sorrow in my heart?"

When Mr. Starkfelter came to see them she showed him the letter. "I cannot return now," she told. "There is no home to go to. Mother is gone. What shall I do? Can you advise me?"

Sam thought for a few minutes and then said: "Yell, I dells you. You stay here a vile und I vinds you some vay to make der livers. Can you vell?"

"Oh, yes; I can sew pretty well."

"And I," chimed in Filetta, "and I can make lace and embroidery."

"Yell, dot vas good. Now you two keeps togedr und promise to be good, und I gets you in an etabliss and some vork to begin, und I haya der rest dis mith und fo der place so you gets along eelis, und Sen you helps yourself if you vis."

"Oh, thanks you kindest of friends! May God reward you for your goodness, cried both girls.

A few weeks more passed and Sam, after having given them a start in the dressmaking business, went his way, rejoicing that God had given him a chance to do "von leedle thing" for Him.

Gatalia and Filetta settled in their small but comfortable abode, made their peace with God, and worked humbly and patiently for a living. Many people noticed the beautiful sad-eyed woman, with her pallid face and the streaks of silver in her hair, and pitied and patronized her, for she was scrupulous about her work and always pleased them. Every day saw her and Filetta at Mass and there they prayed for the bandit husband and brother to give up their lives of sin, to repent and ask pardon of God.

Thus three years passed away, the two girls living in peace and supporting themselves by their industry. Soon a convent reared its head in the little town, and Gatalia became a frequent visitor there. The good Sisters were very kind to her and she in return aided them in many ways. One day when she was at the convent, Sister Julia, her favorite, was telling her that a new Sister had come to assist them with their labors.

"Have she comes now and I will introduce you," said Sister Julia, as a smiling nun approached them. Gatalia started and turned pale as she looked into the sweet face of Sister Hilda, in whom she recognized the Valaska of the past. She stretch out her arms and embraced her, saying: "Valaska, darling, dosh you knot me? Can you forgiva me?"

"Hush! hush!" murmured the Sister "No, this is my old friend Gatalia."

"Yes," she answered, and weeping she told them both her whole story.

"Poor child," said they, "you have suffered much."

Sister Hilda tried to console her and promised to pray for Manuel. Gatalia prayed incessantly for his return, for she felt that she was still a culprit and an outcast and would remain such until he came and were married in the Catholic Church, or she was freed from him by death.

Here was a life of sorrow for years. By means of hard work and careful saving, she and Filetta managed to build themselves a little cot near the convent and lived there peacefully, tending their flowers and doing all they could to console and encourage others.

One calm evening in spring, many years after their arrival in P——, as Gatalia was sitting in a window sewing and thinking of the past, she heard the gate open and saw a stranger enter. He tapped at the door and she opened it with a smile, her face then calmed her by name.

"Gatalia, my wronged wife," said he, "don't you know me? Have you no word of pardon for me? Speak, tell me you know me. I am Manuel Monroy."

Gatalia was too much surprised to speak, but she gazed steadily at him and slowly began to realize that it was he. Then the terrible past rushed back, she seemed to see the grave in the canyon, and, shudder ing, turned away.

Manuel covered his face with his hands and turned to go away. "'Tis but just. I do not deserve better, but, oh God! I'm hard after all these years, and all the miles I have travelled to seek her, to ask her pardon, and to tell her that I have tried to repent."

She sobbed, heard these last words, and turned towards him with her hand stretched out in welcome. Manuel, my husband, I was all the bad, and then, wait and trembling, she fell back on the lounge.

Filetta, hearing their voices, entered the room, and, recognizing Monroy at once exclaimed:

"Malo Parouan! How came you here?"

"I came to seek my wife, to tell her how I have tried to return to the God I have forgotten so long; to do her justice and to beg her to forgive me."

Then, when Gatalia had somewhat recovered from her shock, he told them how lead to his home, and how, after searching they found that she and Filetta had gone, and, fearing that they had found out and would relate some of their terrible deeds, they fled to the near-at where they embarked as seamen on a vessel bound for China. How, on the vessel's return laden with a rich cargo, they had planned to kill the commander, steal the vessel and cargo and start out anew in piracy. But God in His great goodness had given them a chance of wealth may acquire eternal happiness. Repentance is not a strong word, he continued, for I feel that I can never make amends but I left to the choice of the head of the Church, I will do what he thinks best, in order of bline (frame of sulphur) and sulphur (the so called "Pipes" Pyrol, silver, gold), held in high respect by the faithful, and, when I had enough to be able to spend my time in the ministry, I will be a wandering Jew, and, then, one day, he bade farewell to the gate of the convent.

The monk died as he was told, and St. Bernard denied the Pope, the Church, the pitcher, and tell him what he saw there.

"I am coming, Father Abbot.

"Are there no sings, or insects, or dirt of any kind?" asked the abbot.

"No, it is perfectly clean. The water has washed it and prevented anything sticking to the bottom, and the brick.

"That is just what your wacky conference gave to you, my son, it washes your soul and keeps it pure, and prevents sin and imperfections from clearing to it."

SEND US CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would most respectfully ask the Reverendy, or any of our readers of the entire Parishes, to send us the local items of general interest. We wish to make the Monitor a chronicle of all Diocesan happenings, leading to the progress of religion, and we can do this unless we are aided by those who have the knowledge of the facts in their keeping. Dear Uncle Ace of the West will our friends please forward us with them?

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites.

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Dr. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a new system of medicine, Jayne's Tonic Laxative, containing compound iodine and iron, Jayne's Sanative Pills, a specific for all liver and stomach troubles, Jayne's Hair Tonic, the great hair restorer, and Jayne's Diarrhœa Mixture, for sale by druggists. Dr. Jayne's Medical Almanac, 1889, 100 pages, 1 cent stamp. Address DR. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.

Shocking Hallucination in Armenia.

According to Herr Vambe Pasch, who recently made a journey from Tabiz to Lake Van, the Nestorian Christian grave with the name of Devil worshippers a number of communities scattered through Kurdistan, and in the Valley of the Euphrates, to the number of about 40,000. Their chief seat is in the Valley of the Euphrates, to the number of about 40,000. The city of the Jezeds or Devil Worshippers, with contains the temple and residence of their Sheik Adi, and not far thence the village of Bachdida, the seat of their civil and religious head. According to tradition, their faith had its origin in certain apostatic members of the Armenian Church, and their name is variously derived from Jezed or God. Their faith has, probably, much earlier origin, deriving from the influence of all four religions successively holding sway in those regions from Zoroastrianism to Islam. They adore genuine devil worship, and kiss the place that the sun at his rising and setting touched by his beams.

They worship the figure of the right hand at the holy taper, then dress their over the shoulders and kiss the place, and, after having they raise Malak, and receiving the formula of Islam as a prophet, while they pronounce Christ as a great saint, among the prophets, and, as the spirit of the Lord, who, one day will come to rule the world. The priests have a special dress, standing with their Shamian costume, the dervi, and no great a their respect for him, and, no great a distance from the people, but, in the midst of the people, themselves, and, in the place of the people, themselves, being they name

THE MONITOR.

TRUTH! SOBER TRUTH! OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1888.

THE

"Christmas Monitor."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All press and pastoral contributions intended for the forthcoming issue of THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR must reach this office by December 8th, so as to insure their appearance in our Christmas issue, which will be published December 15th next.

THE CHRISTMAS "MONITOR."

SEND FOR COPIES AT ONCE

Subscribers and others who desire to procure **extra copies of the Christmas Monitor to send to Friends throughout the United States, to Ireland, or any other portion of the globe, should send in their orders at once, so as not to be disappointed, as there is always a great demand for the Christmas Monitor. Ten Cents a copy is all we charge for the twelve-page Illustrated Christmas Monitor, filled with the finest Catholic press and poetry we can procure in Catholic, the Eastern States and in Ireland. Send it to your friends and show them what California can accomplish in the way of Catholic literary enterprise.**

Send in the names and correspondingly cheap copies, and the orders collectively will be sent by mail direct from this office, postage free.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The number of priests in England is now 2,646, including those expelled from France. There are 1,461 churches and chapels.

—It is with unfeigned pleasure that we note the fact that Abraham S. Hewitt, the Knownothing Mayor of New York, was buried on the polls by Grant, the Democratic candidate, who was elected.

—Sister Sarah Jones, President of the Female Academy of the Sacred Heart, recently distributed by fire in New York, has died plans for a building to cost $200,000 at Nicholas and Convent avenues, New York.

—The Dublin *Freeman* acknowledges the magnificent total of £11,500 received for the Parnell Defense Fund up to October 20th. The *Freeman* notes what it styles one very gratifying fact that even the poorest country districts are subscribing nobly.

—So vicious has life in London become that the Lancet, Magazine has undertaken the task of that city. He says they are almost sure to lose their faith and morals too.

—The question of re-establishing diplomatic relations between England and Rome is mooted by the daily press to be again upon the tapis, and it is stated that Cardinals Simeoni, Jacobini, Rampolla, Agliardi and Masotti have been appointed by Pope Leo to again examine into the matter.

—As announced in these columns several months ago, Cardinal Gibbons has for some time been writing a work on Catholic controversy which is now nearly ready for the press. His Eminence will treat entirely of the rudimentary principles of religion and appeal to the human intellect as a factor leading men to the true Faith.

—The London *Standard* regrets that Lord Randolph Churchill differed with Salisbury in regard to the Sackville affair. It says: "A knuckling down policy is not the best nor the wisest policy in the face of such notorious and repeated aims of unfriendliness as we have recently experienced at the hands of the United States Government.

—Lord Cavan has sent a check for £105 to the Gladstone Club at Birmingham to commemorate the great leader's visit. "Had Birmingham remained true," his Lordship wrote, "Mandeville would have been now alive, Dillon would be in good health, O'Brien would be a strong man, and Ireland would be happy, free and loyal."

—Miss Virginia McTavish, of Baltimore, though admitting that she and the Duke of Norfolk were guests at the same house during her recent visit to England, denies emphatically that she ever visited Arundel Castle, and says very distinctly that she is not engaged to his Grace, never has been, and never expects to be.

—A second report of the death of Father Sohleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, having been published in the Paris correspondence of the *Times*, Mr. S. Harvey, of the Inner Temple, wrote for information to the Volapuk Bureau in Constance, and was gratified to receive a telegram from Father Sohleyer himself that he enjoyed good health.

—A telegram from Lincoln, Nebraska, states that President Fitzgerald of the Irish National Leagues of America, has issued another stirring appeal, reviewing the causes leading to the appointment of the Parnell Commission and its work, and asking Irishmen of every political shade to join in raising at once a Parnell Defense Fund, and remit the same as speedily as possible to the Treasurer, Rev. Charles O'Reilly, at Detroit, Michigan.

—A correspondent in New Orleans informs us that Mother St. Augustine (Cooke of the Ursuline Nuns, was called to the reward of her holy life in that city on the 1st inst., and as the deceased had many relatives and friends in California, notice of her death was entered in the MONITOR. Mother St. Augustine (Cooke was born in Doneraile, County Cork, Ireland, March 20, 1811. R. I. P.

Archbishop Seghers' Remains.

Our readers will learn from a dispatch on the first page that the remains of the martyred Archbishop of Alaska arrived at Victoria, V. I., on Thursday last on board the steamer *Tartar*, and were interred beneath the main altar of St. Andrew's Cathedral in Victoria, on the following day.

Among the Prelates present to assist at the obsequies of the unfortunate Prelate, were Most Rev. Archbishop Gross of Oregon, Bishop Junger of Nesqualy, Bishop Brondel of Montana. A number of priests from the Washington Territory and British Columbia were also in attendance.

Next Wednesday, the 28th inst., will be the second anniversary of the shocking murder of the dearly-beloved Archbishop by his servant Fuller, and the Monitor appeals to the Rev. Clergy all over this coast, the Religious Orders and the Catholic Laity in general as well, to give to the soul of the deceased Prelate, whose blood will be the seed of the Church in Alaska in the future, their pious offices and prayers on that day in particular, as his grace deserves the sufferings of the Catholic faithful of the Pacific slope for his arduous labors in behalf of that Church of which he was such a substantial pillar. R. I. P.

The Decadence of France.

Almighty God withdraws His graces and blessings from Nations, just as He does from individuals, whenever they knowingly and perseveringly continue in continuous opposition to His laws. For this reason it is not at all singular to learn that France, a long pagan nation, has decadence dating from the time when her infidel rulers suppressed the Religious Orders, stole the revenue and property of the Church, exiled the Jesuit Fathers, and closed the schools and hospitals of France against Christian teachers and Sisters of Charity.

Such anti-Christian ways on the part of the infidel element in the government of France, has called down upon that hitherto Catholic nation a penalty from heaven which will of inately make France a barren wilderness in the tabular birth rate of the world.

Already the French papers are becoming alarmed at the great falling off which has occurred in the birth-rate of that nation hitherto so prolific in population. While the native population of England and Germany are increasing at the rate of half a million a year, the deaths in France outnumber the births, and so certain is this to go on year by year to the ruin of France as a nation, that even the Paris *Gaulois* is forced to confess that if "can fix the day, not a distant day, when, by the perennial falling of of births, France will have lost one-third of its population. The result is fatal. Within half a century France will have fallen below Italy and Spain, to the rank of a second-rate Power. There is no hope for this country. If this continue, in addition to other causes of decadence, we are a lost nation."

THE ADRIAN AND ALEXANDER BULLS.

A Rare and Important Witness Introduced.—Chapters from the Celebrated Work "Cambrensis Eversus" by Dr. John Lynch.—Invaluable Secondary Evidence Against both the Bogus Bulls.

In the first portion of this volume we made a passing allusion to a celebrated work on Irish ecclesiastical history, "Cambrensis" by Dr. John Lynch, and expressed our regret that the work was so rare that not a copy of it could be found on the Pacific coast. Fortunately, however, through the great kindness of friends, a copy was purchased in London, and now we are enabled to lay before our readers some very important evidence which hitherto has been completely hidden from public gaze both in consequence of the high price of Dr. John Lynch's invaluable work, as well as from the fact that but very few copies of this learned work are for sale in any portion of the world.

Cambrensis Eversus consists of a general history of Ireland from the earliest ages, and from the amount of historical matter to be found in this vast storehouse of Irish lore, we are surprised that so little attention has been given to the exhaustive work of an author whose we look upon as eminently the most truthful, polished and learned among all the men who have ever attempted to write on Ireland.

Dr. Lynch devotes but a few chapters to the consideration of the bogus Bull attributed to Popes Adrian and Alexander, but—as our readers will discern further on—in that brief space, he has furnished such proof of the spuriousness of those documents that not a doubt can remain in the mind of any impartial reader.

The Papal Bulls, the falsely-called Adrian Bull, our readers will remember, mention also in that document that the Catholic population of Ireland in the twelfth century was steeped in vice both morally and intellectually. In order to show the falsity of the forged document, and also to over throw the injurious mode by Giraldus Cambrensis upon the moral character of the faithful Irish Catholic people, Dr. Lynch, in the work before us, devotes three chapters of the second volume to that disputed point, and although we have touched upon that aspect of the question under consideration already, in a brief way, we feel that Dr. Lynch's evidence will not only add to the share of useful knowledge which every Catholic should possess, but it will also re-affirm the fact that neither in the twelfth century, nor at any time anterior or subsequent, were the morals, customs or habits of the Irish people in that state of degradation set forth by the notorious Giraldus Cambrensis, the English falsifier, whose untruths were so numerous as to gain for him the very doubtful honor of being distinguished from all other historical writers as the man who "could not tell the truth except by accident."

Alluding to the charge made against the piety and morality of the Irish people by Giraldus Cambrensis, Dr. Lynch says:

"Still, although we have enjoyed a more ample opportunity of success to his father on the throne of Westminster, and assign his death to 1162. Perhaps it may be Muirchertach Mac Lochlainn, who was proclaimed king of Ireland in the year of our Lord 1166. If all other circumstances concur, we can safely compare with chronology, maintain that he was the king referred to by the chronicle for Pope Adrian ires led to the year 1156. Now, as there is always which took place in the day-so-called prior that Irish kings at home and Irish reclamations abroad were malicious to us, it will be not improbable to think that Pope Adrian would a bounty have dropped the Irish depravity of morals. Would not the fear of being denounced as unpopular have deterred him from making them? It is utterly absurd to suppose that the only mark of his Holiness's displeasure, or censure, of his Irish pupil Marianus, should be to transmit to posterity a defamatory character of the preceptor's native country, especially when he knew that the Marianus rising in fame and learning, was to be selected for the honor of instructing others.

Every person who has even a slight knowledge of the Christian religion, or even will aware that it would be a course to deprive such country, which is pledged in average depravity and universal ignorance of the knowledge of faith, and to be plant an abundant harvest of virtue and religion in a barren soil, while barrenness and aridity would be the consequence of his ire land. The men who were so eminent for the cultivation of literature, and so engrossed devotion in charity, which produces the fruits of faith, shall be at home, with ourselves and our friends, before it extends to those who belong to others. St. Paul desired to become an anathema for his brethren according to the flesh, nor would those who are Christ's forbear, in imitation of the author says, "to instruct foreign nations in the knowledge of faith, if there was no abundance of public instructors left after them at home.

The Pope, after duly weighing these things, would certainly have come to the conclusion that the Irish would not teach abroad what they had not learned at home. He must have known, that either monastic study before or during his pontificate, Marianus, Malachy, Gerrase, Gilla, Christopher Mariana, Christian and Gregorius of Ratisbon, Marcus and twelve other monks, in the monastery of Mantiergalan, and Maurice, with his twelve associates at Würzburg, were celebrated for their sanctity and learning.

All home to Ireland every diocese had its bishop, every parish its priest, old monasteries were repaired, new ones were built, and all abundantly supplied with monks. The native annals of Ireland and contemporaries prove the uninterrupted succession of bishops and monks. No great was the number of priests in Ireland, that 300 of them assembled in council in 1172, with Gilla Christ, Gilla Christ and Maelisa Ua Hadhi, Archbishop of Tuam. Catholicus, Archbishop of the same See, a prudent and a learned man (for his age), was accompanied by Gilla Christ, Bishop of Lismore, 1175, by Leman, Archbishop of Robhin, Gilla of Ardfert, Bishop of Limerick, Augustine of Waterford, and Felix of Lismore. If their flocks were plunged in that hideous barbarism charged against all the Irish by some writers, how could they be worthy being called to a Council place to sit in

[1] The full title of the work is, "Cambrensis Eversus; or Refutation of the Authority of Giraldus Cambrensis on the History of Ireland. By Dr. John Lynch (1662), with some account of the life and writings of Lynch, from his own and former times. Edited, with translation and copious notes, by the Rev. Matthew Kelly, Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth. Published in Dublin by the Celtic Society, during the years 1848 to 1851."

[2] Vol. II., chap. xxi., page 102, et seq.

A HATCH OF NEW BOOKS.

Catholic Publications of Monster Beaudet Should Procure.

The Messrs. Benziger Bros., are by all odds the most active and enterprising in the Catholic publishers in the United States. Not a month in the year passes that the Monitor does not receive copies of new books from this House, and some of the books then sent are so important and so timely, that we feel sure the present week we have received from the Messrs. Benziger

I.

FORGIVE OR THE Church of the Catacombs, by Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J. Author. A Historical Picture of the Sufferings of the Early Church in Pagan Rome, illustrating the Glories of the Christian Martyrs, as exemplified in the lives of the fair young Vivania Sylvyr, St. Agnes; the Lovely Soldier, St. Sebastian; the Deacon Martyr, St. Vincent; the Holy Priest-Physician, St. Cosmo.

This is a delicately illustrated work, well edited for a Christmas or New Year's present. It is in all respects a tasteful and meritorious work in every respect, and a copy of it should be found in every Catholic household of the Pacific Coast. Illustrated and on appropriate. The artistic decorations of this work adorn most of the pages of the volume, and as a description can do them justice. They comprise an equisite, artistic Chromo-Frontispiece, 32 large tinted pictures, 24 others printed with a tint, and introducing an entirely new feature, illustrations by the eminent artiste Vier Dargent and Joseph Blanc; numerous engravings descriptive of the Catacombs, and the Christian Martyrs of early Roman, ornamental initials and embossed cover, with a new design, gilt edges, uncut. Prefaces by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D., Canon of St. Sion of Lincoln Church, New York, and at the work is 8vo. of 27 50, according to binding.

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CATHOLIC BOOKS AND RELIGIOUS ARTICLES.

A Wallfield, the author known author, whose other works are all of a high order of merit, has written a work on Christian Evidences, which we have not seen, but which we have every reason to believe will be a valuable work. Mr. Wallfield's work is entitled "Christian Evidences Chiefly Moral and Social." The work is 12mo., cloth, and persons who desire to procure it for a Christmas or New Year's present, should write to Messrs. Benziger Bros., for it. Mr. Wallfield's work is a most valuable one

Farm and Home.

Useful Domestic Receipts.

BEEF SANDWICHES TO TOAST.—Cut an onion fine and fry it slowly in one table-spoonful of butter in a stew-pan. Add one pint of tomatoes cooked and strained, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and one pound of beef cooked or uncooked, cut in small pieces. Simmer very slowly until the meat is tender.

POTATO TURNOVERS.—Mix about a pint of hot mashed potatoes with one egg, season to taste and roll it out thin, put a balls and press or roll it out thin, put a tablespoonful of meat minced and seasoned on one half, fold over and press the edges together and brown on each side in drippings.

LIVER RAGOUT.—The liver of a well-fed calf is washed, skinned, cut into slices and then into strips. Next two or three onions, some thyme, tarragon, chives, and parsley are minced fine, and in plenty of butter, previously heated; the liver is added with a little salt and stewed until tender, which will require about a quarter of an hour—a prolonged stewing makes it hard—then add some grated bread, and a cupful of wine, or a few slices of lemon, without the seeds, and let the whole boil up. Tender beef's liver can be used instead of calf's liver.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One quart of graham flour, one tablespoonful of powder and half a tablespoonful of salt, sifted. To this add two eggs, well-beaten, two ounces of melted butter and enough milk to form a batter, mixing thoroughly. Bake in muffin rings or pans half filled with the batter, and bake in a brisk oven.

PLAIN PUDDING.—A delicious plain pudding is made by stoning a pound of prunes until they are soft, removing the stones, add sugar to your taste and the white of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Make puff paste for the bottom of the pudding dish. After beating the eggs and prunes together until they are thoroughly mixed, spread them on the crust. Bake for half an hour, or until you are sure the crust is done. A jelly cake batter can be used instead of the puff paste and with the two remaining eggs you can make a Washington.

NEWMARKET PUDDING.—Take one pint of grated bread, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and the yolks of four eggs. Soak the bread crumbs one hour in the milk, then add the other ingredients and bake. When it is done spread a layer of jelly over the top, then cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and half a cup of sugar. Brown slightly.

ALMOND CREAM.—One cup of rice, one pint and a half of milk, one-half cup of sweet almonds, one-quarter of a cup of white sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Blanch the almonds, chop them fine, put them with rice, sugar and salt, into the milk, and when nearly done the rice is tender. Serve it hot with cream and grape jelly. A pretty way to serve it is to half fill fancy cups with the almond cream, then add two tablespoonfuls of cream cream and one of jelly.

LEMON TURNOVERS.—One lemon grated, the rind and juice, one cup of cornsuar, one-half cup of shopped nuts, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one egg. Line a pie plate with pastry, put in the mixture, cover with pastry, and bake.

Economy is Wealth.

"I would like a little money this morning, John," said the wife, who was about to start down town. "I want to go to the dining room."

"All right, Maria," said the husband, looking up from his paper. "Here's $10."

"I have found a place on Sixteen street that suits me, so she put the money in her purse, "where they are going to sell some nice oil cloth by auction."

"Auction! Hold on for a moment, Maria. Here's $10 more."

Amateur Reform.

Congressman Allan of Mississippi, is not much of a "reformer" himself, but he did attempt once to bring an erring brother back to a sense of shame and repentance. And this was the result, as told by Allan to a group of his colleagues on the floor of the House the other day:

"Janks, you have been drinking again," Allan said sternly to the offender, a negro boy of his.

"I know it," replied Janks, meekly.

"Didn't you tell me you would swear off forever on the first day of the month?" asked Allan.

"Yes, I did; and I meant to do it sure."

"Then why didn't you do it?"

"Well, you see, Allan, I—I was out of town that day."

He Promptly Corrected his Error.

It was at a railway eating station. The man from Montana was hungry and in a hurry.

"Please pass me them portaters, mister," he said, addressing the elegant gentleman from Boston, who sat next him.

The Bostonian slowly frowned his gold eyeglasses on the man from Montana.

"Did you think I was one of the waiters?" he asked, icily.

The others held their knives and forks suspended in mid-air expecting to see the man from Montana shrivel up, but no such phenomenon took place.

He turned and beckoned to the nearest waiter.

"George, come here, please."

"What is it, sir?" asked George.

"I wanted to apologize to you, that is all. You see I mistook this party here for you, but I hope you won't be offended at it. Now pass me them portaters and we'll go on with the round up."

A Useful Accomplishment.

"Now occupations for women are being constantly discovered," said Mrs. Brown, "I see by the papers that a woman is making a pile of money by whistling."

"They should all learn to whistle," commented the old man, "not as a means of livelihood, but because it would come in handy when they asked the price of a stylish bonnet."

A Wife's Point of View.

"Poor Jenny, it must be an awful shock to you," sympathised her friend, "and to think you trusted him all these years!"

"Yes," sobbed Jenny, "I knew that my millinery alone came to more than his salary, but I never suspected him."

His Wife's Extravagance.

"Seems to me you are always wanting money, Mary Jane. I gave you 75 cents yesterday. Do you think I'm a gold mine? Here's a quarter."

(Up-town an hour later) "What's that? Carry this State by 15,000! I've got $50 that says he won't. Pat up, gentlemen, or shut up. Money talks!"

A Question of Time.

"Conover, I'ld end the young man. "I despair of being able to express my feelings toward you as I would like, and I am afraid you would not have the patience to listen to me. I—I always was kind of slow and bungleome, you know."

"Hadssed," said the maiden softly, but with a perceptible business-like ring in her voice, "if you think you can express your self in fifteen minutes I will listen to you. I expect Mr. Spoonamore at 9 o'clock.

And the young man was just fifteen seconds by the watch in expressing himself.

Poor unfortunate Spoonamore! When he came he was entertained by Miss Grainvia's good old mother.

The Only Substitute.

Stranger (from Dakota)—I hear you are making mustard plasters by the yard, and selling for one.

Druggist—Yes, sir. Would you like to see one?

"Not now, but if you'll warrant them good and hot you can send me about forty yards to Lizzie Bardville, Dak. Winter is coming on, and wool is too high for poor folks.

How he Got Rich.

"I was always poor when I was boarding," said Smith.

"If we did you make your money, then?" asked Jones.

"I began to keep boarders myself."

A Modern Instance.

"Madam, are you a woman suffragist?

"No, sir; I haven't time to be."

"Haven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting who would you support?"

"My husband."

Short Smiles.

Mr. Isaacstein (to school-teacher)—How was Sadie Jacob getting on at your Sunday-school?

Teacher—He is doing nicely, Mr. Isaacstein. He is in percentage now.

Mr. Isaacstein (joyfully)—Vell, dat's good. I gave you a dollar for dat. Vell, don't you teach dot boy noddings less than von hundred per cent. He vas too young yet to study very hard.

First Preacher—You appear to be having remarkable success, brother.

Second Preacher—Yes; my people have become very liberal since I changed my plan of taking the collection. I now have them do before the sermon.

"Has that made a difference?"

"A very great difference. If I find the collection is small I preach a two hours sermon on 'charity,' but when I am large give them a twenty minutes' discourse on the delights of Heaven."

Stranger (addressing an old colored bricklayer)—Uncle, who's building this house? Colored bricklayer—Mr. Hirebbug he build de house, but Queen Anne she drawed de plans.

"Maud, don't you think Mr. Robinson is a very placid gentleman?" asked Lily.

"I know he's troubled with a very bad temper."

"You surprise me! I have always found him very mild tempered.

"Oh, it isn't his own temper, it's his wife's."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW AND GOOD BOOKS.

God Knowable and Known, Dr. Per Mark Hopkins, Jr. and Philosophy and Science: Their Union Demonstrated Conversations with Children on the Bible, Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies, Ruskin's Queen of the Air, Ruskin's Mornings in Florence, Ruskin's Ethics of the Dust, Ruskin's Crown of Wild Olive, Ruskin's Time and Tide, Ruskin's Two Paths, Ruskin's Ariadne Florentina, Ruskin's Proserpina, Ruskin's Deucalion, Ruskin's Aratra Pentelici, Ruskin's Lectures on Art, Ruskin's Art of England, Ruskin's Stones of Venice, Ruskin's Modern Painters, Ruskin's Elements of Drawing, Ruskin's Elements of Perspective, Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies, Ruskin's Unto This Last, Ruskin's Munera Pulveris

A NEW SOCIETY.

A Universal Catholic Organization.

ITS OBJECTS PLAINLY STATED

"The Work of Perpetual Intercession for the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff."

It was with a view of enabling all Catholics to show by some permanent means their filial devotion to the Common Father of the faithful, that a new work was recently inaugurated in Rome, whose special features and aims deserve to be universally known. This work was begun silently, and in the fruit of earnest love and pioneering prayer. Not long ago, in France, some pious ladies conceived a strong desire to work more actively for the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff. They formed themselves into an association, and gave it a name that expresses well their supreme object. They called it "The Work of Perpetual Intercession for the Church and Sovereign Pontiff." The lady associates believe that prayer is, after all, our strongest weapon, our most effectual instrument for any good to be done, for any grace to be obtained; hence, though no form of good work compatible with their object was excluded, they nevertheless made constant intercessory prayer for the eternal stress of their efforts.

They secured adhesions to their plan, submitted it to the judgment of the Holy See, and humbly asked its decision. It proved favorable, and on May 7, 1886, was published the decree of the Cardinal Vicar erecting canonically the new work of perpetual intercession. The next step was to find a habitation for it. The pious originators asked for a place in Rome which might be the centre of the association, and the Pope's Vicar at once granted them his own chapel until the requirements of the society should demand larger accommodation. Statutes were then written and approved, the first of them stating that "the work of perpetual intercession is placed under the patronage of Mary, the Queen of Apostles, and of St. Catherine of Sienna, the Patroness of Rome and the Angel of the Papacy." The fundamental idea of the work is summed up in the following words from the prospectus issued by the association:

"The Work of Intercession has for its object: 1. To labor by every possible means, in its humble sphere, for the defence and exaltation of the Holy See.

"2. To render more and more stringent the ties which bind all Catholic hearts to the persecuted Roman Pontiff, and to awaken throughout the world that spirit of earnest and unceasing prayer by means of which the first Christians obtained the deliverance of the Prince of the Apostles.

"3. This work will also be an act of solemn reparation for the outrages with which modern impiety never ceases to oppress the Church and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. It is assumed by members of those same worlds Reparation, intercession, glorification. Thus imposing on its humble prayer has already been solidly established in Rome, while branches are also founded or shortly to be founded, in all countries as a means of enlisting the active sympathies of Catholics, organized and united, and through them, of all who love the Church and her august head, on behalf of this great enterprise of faithful, loving and unceasing intercession. The organization of the work of perpetual intercession is very simple. Every day Masses are celebrated at the end of the work, exclusively for the Sovereign Pontiff and in the name of the Church who, from whatever part of the world, may have accumulated a request for them. Benedictions of the Most Holy Sacrament is given every evening for the same intention. The members of the work of intercession are invited to recite every day for the Holy See, the Church the prayers in use during jubilees, seven Our Fathers, seven Hail Marys, and the Glory be to the Father.

"Any person who has given or collected even one shilling or sum of $20, is entitled to be called a founder. Each founder has a right to all the advantages which the work may be able in future to procure for its members; and it will be the privilege of such a founder to designate a day in each year, in perpetuity, for the celebration of a Mass in his or her name, for the Sovereign Pontiff. Foundations for the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament may be made on the same conditions. The names of all the persons who have had Masses and of the sort of the work are inscribed each day on a tablet placed in the church. These lists are preserved and presented from time to time to the Holy Father. The central direction of the Work of Intercession is confided to Rome to a committee of ladies chosen from among the members belonging to the various nationalities. The committee is directed in its functions by his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar or by a Priest appointed by him. He it is who decides upon and directs all that concerns the administration of the work and its developments. Local committees have already been established all over Europe, and it is hoped that before long the American, English and Irish societies of the work will also be thoroughly organized."

Some Queer Election Bets.

Two brewery employes in Cincinnati agreed to jump into a canal, cross and return, or forfeit a week's wages if Cleveland was elected.

A colonel of Minneapolis consented, if Cleveland was elected, to sit astraddle of the top of a barn all Thursday from 9 a. m. until 7 P. M.

A Baltimore actor agreed to walk up and down the principal streets of that city wearing a stove hat and full answer to a Christmas Day, if Harrison was the fortunate candidate.

A Democratic young lady of Indianapolis agreed to marry a young man of that place if Cleveland was defeated. If Cleveland was elected he to pay her $100, or, in default, marry her just the same.

A. E. Pelton, editor of the *Salida News*, Colorado, offered to wager his newspaper, published for the benefit of the general good and the office, presses and general good will and fixtures, against $10,000 on Grover Cleveland's success.

Rev. H. F. Thomas, pastor of the Cardenal Mahaffey Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, Robert W. Harrison, a Democrat, and they were willing to make considerable sacrifice in the maintenance of their respective political principles. They bet on the following conditions: If Harrison was elected, Harrison was on two Sundays to occupy the pulpit of the pastor that may have accumulated during the intervening weeks. If Cleveland was elected, the pastor had to canvass for the sole benefit of the machine for the purchase of the profits over to the winner of the wagger.

—It is reported that the new bells for Holy Cross church, Sacramento, will be cast next month by the firm of Cassidy, who cast the bells for the city of Utica, and a description of it read in Sacramento papers who applied to McSHANE, 117 Mott-street, N. Y.

—Pacific Portrait Company, professors of the art of photography, will do good work for $2 per dozen. Sample 25c. Address, Box 1, Station D, New York.

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HONORING THE SAINTS.

Imposing Ceremonies in San Jose.

On Sunday for the first time in the history of St. Joseph's Church, says the San Jose Times, the canonization of a saint was celebrated there. Not in years had an event in the Society of Jesus been commemorated with more solemnity, and the time is out of mind when an occasion received more interest or in the ways of decoration and illumination, attendance and music. The occasion was that of the canonization of St Alphonsus Rodriguez by Pope Leo XIII. On next Sunday a similar celebration will take place in honor of St. Peter Claver, and on the following Sunday it will be repeated in honor of St. John Berchmans.

On Sunday, both at High Mass in the morning and at Vesper services, St. Joseph's Church was crowded. Every seat was occupied and many stood in the aisles and about the doors. But it was not until in the evening that the full beauty and magnificence of the decorations were fully exposed, from floor to ceiling the walls were covered with rich satin. Every pillar and arch was draped with the same material, which was embellished with strips of gold and golden stars. Around the entire auditorium, forming a deep frieze, long folds of crimson satin, while just above, on the mouldings, were placed in an unbroken line hundreds of fancy tapers, enclosed in crimson colored paper shades. On all sides of the building were hundreds of wax candles in all, there were between 1,500 and 2,000 of these lights. The main altar was draped in white silk, with golden stars and cloth of gold festoons, blending and enhancing the rich hue of the silk swung to and fro at regular intervals throughout the auditorium. The vestments of the celebrants and the assistants harmonized with the embellishments of the altar, and were the robes suitable to the celebration of the Mass. The decorations were designed by Father Congiato, S. J., and the designs executed by the Fathers of the College of Jesus. The cost of decorations was very great. In the morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated with the full musical strength of the church. In the evening Father Cataldo, S. J., delivered a most impressive sermon.

A DESOLATE LAND.

Ireland as Seen Through French Spectacles

The Paris correspondent of the *Cork Examiner* says: "A series of articles on Ireland in the *Republique Francaise*, by Mille. Alfred Tessier, are attracting notice. I may begin with the translation of a short passage from one of these articles, and before I do so I ought to mention that the description is particularly struck with the desolate appearance of the country. We see Irish nature lands, but where are the cattle? Nothing like a flock, only some small and pretty cows, shaggy with long wool, wandering about in little groups, now and then a sheep, and very rarely a goat with beard and horns, but close to the houses, two or three of those fine pigs that the Irish peasantry raise as much as his honey, and to the care of which they are as much a part of his family as his cow, or pony, or horse, or those of York, so generally renowned.

"The horses are rare, but what strikes the stranger most is to see so many in ruins, so ruined by fire. Then, to complete the picture, there are the wooden huts of the police, whose mission ought to be to protect the farms against malefactors, and not to massacre peaceable people, and to burn houses. Certainly this is the only country in the world in which the police ought to be in such strange work—*Tiberius Nero*. The talented lady soon after treated the reader to a sketch of the manner she describes—the rags, the bare feet of the women and children, etc., etc.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

Presentation of the Protestant Serenity to the Princess Imperial of Brazil.

The recent presentation of the Golden Rose to the Princess Imperial of Brazil, was accompanied by a ceremony of striking and solemn magnificence. The Rose had previously been the same institution. The arrival of Rio de Janeiro, and on the morning of the day appointed for the presentation, the Rose was carried by the Ecclesiastical Curia to the Cathedral, where it was received by the cardinal. The Chapel Sistine Mass followed, celebrated pontifically by the special Nuncio, Mgr. Spolentini, before the prayer Placet the Nuncio took his seat on the faldstool prepared for him and received from the hands of the Secretary the Golden Rose, which during the function had remained on the high altar. The Princess was then escorted by the Consul d'Eu to the high altar, where, kneeling before the Nuncio, she received the precious gift from his hands, and then kneeling down she prayed for the occasion: "Heavens from our hands this Rose. We place it in thy hands according to the commission entrusted to us by the Holy Father Leo XIII. It is an emblem of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and, being the most beautiful of flowers, allegorizes the person of Christ. Receive it, therefore, and may Christ fill thee with good things, making thee like a tree bringing flowing waters." After kissing the Rose, and making a short and suitable prayer, the Princess, with a profound obeisance, retired, the ceremony having been accompanied throughout by soft music played by a select orchestral band. After the religious ceremony, the imperial family received the Ambassador of the Roman Curia in a State conversation. The usual honors following such celebrations have been distributed, Mgr. Spolentini receiving the Grand Cross of the Rose, the President of Council the Order of Pius IX., and Cardinal Rampolla one of the principal Orders of the Brazilian Empire.

Cardinal Moran.

His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, left Sydney for Sydney, a steamship chartered by his secretary, Dr. O'Haran. The sum raised was not as Vincentian Fathers, some of whom are to do missionary work in Sydney, and others to carry on a new building in the diocese of Bathurst. There are also other priests and several nuns. The latter, Mrs. Dr. Brady, of the Sydney Irish College, went to Naples on purpose to bid good-bye to the Cardinal and see him off.

St. Bridget's Restaurant and Hall.

The entertainment and soiree given in St. Bridget's parochial hall, Stockton Gulch, on Fifth-st. street, last Saturday evening, was very well attended, enjoyed, and the young people, who had kindly consented to display under whose direction the entertainment was given, may well feel proud of the admirable manner in which it passed off. The following programme was executed, and received well. Miss Panel Noble, Mr. Jas. F. McCarthy and Mr. Frank Shaw, Sonora, special musicians. The "Home Chorus," by the little boys of St. Bridget's school, drilled great credit on Prof. Schlosser, organist, and Mrs. Mary Hanch, pianist. Recitation, Master Willie Hodkins, recitation, Mr. Jas. F. McCarthy; recitation, Mr. Jas. F. McCarthy; recitation, Mr. W. J. Hyne. At the conclusion of the programme, the ever-popular and beloved Rev. Father Levinski, Pastor, then took place and received as follows: Lucky numbers, drawing numbers, 179, silver cake stand, 24; silver vase, 24; cow and calf, 3; French clock, 17; quilt paid valid, 21; ladies gold watch, 90; saddle horse, 299.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

Antrim.

There is nothing the boiler's house of the right of Belfast, and that of Orange Lodges, Protestant Associations, Unionist Associations, Unionist Associations, Unionist

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

TO THE SACRED HEART.

"HOME OF CHILDHOOD."

Sacred Heart! how calm thy rest—
Pillowed on thy Mother's breast,
Watched by her adoring love.

While Thy angels from above,
Shining hosts more dazzling than
Hovering near Nazareth's town,
Faithful watch and ward to keep
O'er thy childhood's happy sleep.

Sacred Heart! the home and shrine
Of all grace. Heart divine!
Resting from the hour of birth
All the ills and woes of earth;
Sleeping time to help us share
All humiliating and its care;
Toiling with industrious hands,
Model meet for children's hands,
Bowing in obedience mild
To Joseph's mandate, Holy Child.

Heart adore with hosanna lyre,
Fountain pure of love's desire—
Till our lips in death grow dumb,
Ever our prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come."
Let our spirits yearn for home;
Bid us have no longer room
O'er life's pathway rude and long;
Bind us with thy honeyed strong,
Lead us through earth's vexed world
To thy Heart, O holy Child.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.
Mary Woodland, Cal., 1888.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE OLD OAK TREE.

The stately oak, the binding tree
That towers upon the standing hill,
Like sentinels. The elm,
Their branches shade the summer rill.

These huge old forest trees have stood
The storms of darker sept past,
And still are monarchs of the wood
In verity old by nature cast.

The sturdy, fair, the noble oak,
Slow sift beneath its branching leaves,
The bards of every age have woke
The dreams of love, the tale that grieves.

How oft around this ancient oak,
In summer's hot and sultry hour,
The shepherd and his flocks were laid
In cool repose beneath its bower.

And when the woodman's stroke swift fell
Those sturdy, grand old forest kings,
Their timbers all are fashioned well
In works of art, and useful things.

And when of old their timbers been
Were built into proud ships of war,
Like great leviathan above
The wreck of fleets o'er ocean far,

Our ocean ships have ploughed the waves,
And stood the battle's thunder shock;
They sank the foe in watery graves,
And all his boasted greatness mock.

Twas in oak ships that Paul Jones fought
His famous battles on the sea,
And o'er the ocean nobly wrought
America, first nation of the free.

Twas in her hearts of native oak
That England's valor proudly won
The drums that quashed Napoleon's sun.

Around in stately solitude,
With pleasant scenes that ever shore,
Beneath its branches—shadby still,
The birds in repose sweet shall enfold
Sweet lays by every gushing rill
To the oak tree, so dear and old.

JOHN F. MCDOWELL.
Virginia City, Nev., November, 1888.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

AS THE LAST SWEET NIGHT I'LL SPEND.

Ah! 'tis the last sweet night I'll spend
Around my youthful home,
For now morn will gild my path
Across the ocean's foam.

So let me talk, my loose friend,
With you awhile, dear Hugh,
And gently waft the fields to-night,
Such rapturous sight to view.

Beneath the castle's shady walls,
Where fry's breathing balm
And fragrant mosses hardly stir,
In the moon's pearly calm—

We'll sit upon the chamomile's leaves,
Reminding youthful days,
For yonder rocks jut up, bespoke
Anxious struggle with the sewing machine.
It was a marvel of ruffles and ribbons.
The unhappy children, too, were cut up
to their eyes.
"Shocks! Why, of course," she said,
raising her habitual frown into a "society"
smile. "If Aunt's coming a lot, you
ridiculous eye. But I can't abide Grandpa's
pipe. And he will sit in the front of
the house with it. John says that it's his
only pleasure. But I can't allow it, all the
same. People ought not to cultivate such
pleasures. But he's Irish, you know, poor
old man."
Silence.
"Maybe you thought it strange that I
called the children in. I came out just to
apologize for it. But the real truth is,"
lowering her voice, "that grandpa has
such an awful brogue and I'm desperately
afraid Howard and Lucinda might catch it."
"If it had been small-pox, this sentence
could not have been breathed more solemnly
through her nose.
"I does seem hard, and John, though he
was born in this country, sometimes thinks
it's not quite right. But since I caught
Howard saying 'Day' at his uncle's, you can
imagine my sensitiveness. I have interdicted
all communication."
"Mrs. Murphy," I began, feeling very
hot and indignant, "you and your husband
—" I paused. One may do a great deal
of harm by speaking the truth at the
wrong time; so I changed my words, "seem
to suffer a great deal."
"Oh, we do, I assure you. Our friends
are so nice. A succession of good family, like
yours, for instance, would be a sunshine
in a cold perspiration, thinking of what an
awful time we'll have when grandpa goes!
Of course our friends will come and we
can't keep out his Irish relatives
they are common. I just put my foot down
the other day when the old man and some
thing about his 'wake.' I settled him on
that point. He said he didn't expect a very
cheerful funeral if I had the dirging of it.
Much talk! I wonder an old man can live
and talk of death in such a frivolous way.
I wish I could get him into an institution.
I do dread a mixed funeral."
Howard began to sing, "I want to be an
angel."
His mother listened with complacency.
The old man grumbles, too, because
the children are not baptized. It's time
enough, I say, though John worries a little
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Lincoln Regina'd. Pretty, isn't it? But
John's a Baptist, and I'll just take my
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I offered him a little and Baptist spiritual
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The next day, Brian Murphy saw Father
Lightly. The elegant Mrs. Murphy said he
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usual anniversary procession of the Brooklyn
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his head and say:
"Poor poor children! If they had only
had the luck to have had a decent Irish
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One of the neighbors happened to have a
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And somehow I thought of Mrs.
Piatt's "In Primrose Time," with a great
sympathy for the old man. He seemed to
grow lighter in spirit with every trip.

Literary Miscellany.

An Every-Day Story.

Maurice Francis Egan in Catholic Home Almanac for 1889.

The old man had worked hard. The
coin in his reddened hands were swollen.
As he sat in the sun, with his head thrown
back against the wall, one could see how
white his forehead was in comparison with
the sun burned and weather tanned skin of
the rest of his face.
His eyes were clear and blue, with an
occasional sparkle in them which was
quenched soon enough. Only once he
showed a sudden interest in what was going
on around him. It was when a hand came
struck up "The Kerry Dance." He showed
a row of well preserved teeth, such as are
seldom seen in old men born on this side of
the water, and said:
"Twas Nora's song. And it always
brings back to me the old days in Kerry,
before her mother and me ever thought of
coming to America."
The sparkle went out of his eyes, as his
daughter-in-law, a thin, yellow haired, ex-
organic Connecticut woman came down the
stoop and called his little grandchild into
the house, which was part of a long row of
Brooklyn brown stone flats.
The old man sighed, pulled out his pipe,
and suddenly put it back again, with a
furtive look at the door, from which his
nervous and keen daughter-in-law had just
disappeared. The old man closed his eyes.
The "Kerry Dance" faded down the street.
"O, the joy of the Kerry dancing." The
sunset, pink and gold and purple that day,
made a background for the brilliant spark
which the arm of liberty spiked in the
bay. Water and land seemed one, blended
in a lake of slowly changing tints. From
the puff on the other side came a sultry
breeze laden with the scent of clover.
Across the lots opposite, late at this season
of the year smooth as a tennis lawn, a little
child, in a red frock, moved slowly, carrying
a steaming pail towards the cloek factory,
where one or two lights already gleamed
like stars. The open, now far down
the street, softened its notes, but still play-
ed the "Kerry Dance."
What was the old man thinking of in
this alien land? Hoeyes were closed. A flash
of light shone on the cross of the church
which spires among the trees. It touched
his eyelids and he looked up in a startled
way and gasped his sick.
"This is peace," I said.
He sighed, "there is no peace for an old
man like me, so, on this side of the grave."
"Why, you ought to be peaceful, and
happy, too."
"I am alone."
There was a soft cadence in his voice and
a sad one.
"Alone! Haven't you your son and
your two grand children and your daughter-
in law?"
I could hear her voice within, scolding
the servant in a strident way. Why had
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THE MONITOR.

PASTORAL LETTER AND OFFICIAL NEWS OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published in the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

THE "Christmas Monitor."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All press and poetical contributions intended for the forthcoming issue of THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR must reach this office by December 15th, so as to insure their appearance in our Christmas issue, which will be published December 19th next.

THE CHRISTMAS "MONITOR."

SEND FOR COPIES AT ONCE.

Subscribers and others who desire to procure extra copies of the Christmas Monitor to send to Friends throughout the United States, to Ireland, or any other portion of the globe, should send in their orders at once, so as not to be disappointed, as there is always a great demand for the Christmas Monitor. Ten Cents is the price of each of the two-page Illustrated Christmas Monitor, filled with the best Catholic literature of all we charge for the Illustrated Monitor, 6th, so as to insure their receiving it by the Christmas Mail. Address, Editor Monitor, 414 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

PASTORAL LETTER

MIXED MARRIAGES.

Inasmuch as many Mixed Marriages are constantly occurring in this Archiepiscopal Province, it is considered wise to keep the law regulating such marriages before the faithful, so they may avoid scandal, and we print this Pastoral again for general information.

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO:

Dearly Beloved:—Appointed by the Vicar of Christ, as we are, to watch over your spiritual welfare—may, placed by the Holy Ghost though most unworthy on our part, to govern you in religious matters, having, moreover, to give an account of your souls to the Divine Judge—were are constrained by a sense of duty and responsibility to address you some words of admonition. For, although we are aware that many among you are dutiful children of the Church, and delight in reverent and obeying its holy laws, there are others that we trust they are few; who imagine that the Church is too rigid, and that they are at liberty to dispense themselves from its rules—to obey or to disobey. But the Church, like Christ, is the same yesterday, to-day and forever; it is the same here as in other parts of the world; its sacred laws, enacted under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, are as binding here as in any other place.

Therefore, we deprecate the haste of those who, when about to marry, will not give timely notice to their Pastors, nor wait for the due publication of the banns; we heartily deplore the bad dispositions of those who, under the guise of marriage, receive the holy Sacrament of Matrimony without any religious jurisprudence; and we sincerely regret the negligence of those who fail to obtain for themselves the treasure of the nuptial benediction as a pledge of the favor and protection of Heaven. Too, above all, we deplore, as being the most disastrous consequences, the rashness of those who recklessly make mutual engagements without carefully examining whether in the persons of their choice they possess the qualities required in good husbands or wives. Now, among the qualities which a Catholic should seek in a Christian before matrimonial engagement, and, in fact, before beginning or contemplating any mutual affection, is the unexceptable treasure of the Catholic Faith.

Hence the Church abhors, and has ever abhorred, mixed marriages; she does not allow them to be celebrated inside of her temples; nor with her sacred vestments, nor with the imparting of any blessing. And this attitude and those laws of the Church are founded on very obvious reasons. For, leaving aside those happy instances in which the non-Catholic party respects in the Catholic the right of the free exercise of religion and of the Catholic education of the offspring, and treating the question on its own merits, it is evident, in the first place, that the faith of the Catholic is naturally liable to be weakened, if not seriously injured, by the absence of all faith or different belief in the other party. In the second place, and, frequently, the actual non-Catholic and sometimes anti-Christian exercise of one spiritual guide, must naturally and necessarily dampen, materially injure, or wholly paralyze the faith of the offspring. It also happens that before the children are sufficiently old to understand and profess their religion, the Catholic parent is carried away by death; and in this case it cannot reasonably be expected that the surviving parent, who does not value the Catholic faith for himself, will take much interest, or any interest at all, in securing it to the children. Would to heaven that such experience did not superabound in these cases, and that we were never called on to mourn over the deplorable results which we have recorded.

Hence, every Catholic young man and young woman should validly and seriously reflect on all this before entertaining the thought of even the possibility of an engagement, and should also take counsel, in due time, of persons and respective Pastors. Instead of doing so, there are some Catholics who, disregarding the authority of the Church of Jesus Christ, and almost abjuring their faith, apply for the celebration of their marriage by a civil officer or Protestant minister, not only exposing themselves thereby to make a contract which has no force before God, and consequently does not prevent their intercourse from being a horrible concubinage, but also committing really a sin of sacrilege—partaking of the sacrament of Matrimony in a sacrilegious communion received at the hands of a minister of a magician. This language may appear strong, but, we fear it is scarcely strong enough to awaken the indifferent Catholic to a sense of his duty—the only object we have in view.

We, therefore, ordain: 1st. That the Pastor, unless authorized by the Ordinary shall not assist at the marriage of those who will not have applied to him at least three days previous to their marriage; 2nd. That none can be married without having furnished due vouchers for their freedom, and, when both parties are Catholics, without the due publication of the banns; 3rd. That in no case whatever can a Catholic be married by any other person than a Priest, without subjecting himself to the censure of excommunication; 4thly. That when the parties are entitled to a nuptial benediction, the Pastors shall see that the special Mass for that benediction shall accompany or follow the celebration of the marriage; 5thly. That, as the Holy See teaches, there may be a grave cause for a dispensation for a mixed marriage, and that the usual promises must be made—otherwise it would be a grave sin to contract.

Finally, we direct that this circular be read from the Altar at high or last Mass and Vespers, on the first Sunday of Advent every year, in all the Churches of this Province.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
✠PATRICK W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.
✠FRANCIS MORA,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.
✠PATRICK MANUCY,
Bishop of Sacramento.

—In the current issue of the *Forum*, Mr. Edward Atkinson, the notable statistician, has this to say concerning the generosity of people who die wealthy in this world's drama: "It is probable, to say the least, that fully 90 per cent of the whole body of the people spend nearly all that they can earn, of this 90 per cent, a portion may be setting aside a moderate part of their earnings, perhaps five in a moderate way. Of the remaining 10 per cent, a part are enough to protect themselves against want in their latter years, and a very small part may become rich, and then spend nothing for others."

—An Eastern exchange reports the case of a wealthy man in its vicinity who pays cash even for his church services. He does not have a pew in church, but goes twice a year and drops a nickel in the collection plate each time.

—Catholics residing in the Diocese of Sacramento will please bear in mind that the annual collection for this orphans will be taken up next Sunday.

The Season of Advent.

With next Sunday the season of Advent will begin. Advent is a time of prayer and penance which the Church has designated for her children in order that they might prepare their souls for the worthy reception of the Sacraments on the great festival of the Nativity of our Divine Lord.

A well-known theologian has made this striking comparison between Advent and other recurring events in the annual calendar of the Church: "What rigor are ordinary festivals, what Lent is to Easter, what the four thousand years was to the coming of the Messias—that Advent is to Christmas."

The Catholic Church neglects no means whatever in order to revive in the hearts of all her children the fervor of the first Christians. Is this solicitude not the part of our Holy Mother to go unanswered? Is the false of Bethlehem Whose we expect less beautiful, less holy, less worthy of our love, that we should neglect to make Him, who as an infant in His Mother's arms, He received the adoration of shepherds, kings and sages? Has the Son of God ceased to be the Heavenly Consoler of our human frailties or the Merciful Sufferer for our sins? Is His presence in the Blessed Sacrament less beneficial or the influence of His Body and Blood in our souls less beneficial? Those are the questions every Catholic should put to himself in order to become stimulated with the wisdom of the Church herself in pointing out to her children the time for caution and charity, for alms-giving and atonement, so that he may be prepared to receive the Babe of Bethlehem with a soul adorned with as fair a dwelling as that of the ever Blessed Mother who gave Him birth.

Who Shall Decide?

The discussion on the topic "No Salvation Outside the Catholic Church," which has been going on in some Eastern papers for sometime between Father Muller, C. SS. R., and several Pastor Fathers, seems to be far of an end from any solution. In fact we may say that the matter has become more a war of rancorous recrimination than anything else.

A new "disturbing element" has also been injected into the heated discussion by the following generically-opposed opinions concerning the merits of Father Muller's late work entitled "No Salvation Out of the Church," regarding the correctness of which Archbishop Gross, of Oregon, has written this unqualified endorsement.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Oct. 27, 1888.

Rev. Very Dear Father:—Your book, "No Salvation Out of the Church," came duly to hand. I have given it a very careful perusal. Now, in my humble opinion it is of any weight with you, you may rest assured that I am entirely of the views expressed by you concerning the necessity of belonging to the Catholic Church to obtain eternal saving life. Moreover, I believe that the Church should be the Church Exclusive in these United States. Often unwarrantably I am pained to believe it is the fact, that liberal Christianity creeps into the sanctuary. I have long been of the opinion that a deeper knowledge of Rome would be much needed for our clergy especially. Hence I have never been satisfied with the manner in which dogma is ordinarily taught in our seminaries. The seminarians are sinking under the weight of Moral Theology, to the fourth rate handbook of theology.

Hence I have never been satisfied with the manner in which dogma is ordinarily taught in our seminaries. The seminarians are sinking under the weight of Moral Theology, to the fourth rate handbook of theology, that the day I have also been of the opinion that a deeper knowledge of Rome would be much needed for our clergy especially. Hence I have never been satisfied with the manner in which dogma is ordinarily taught in our seminaries. The seminarians are sinking under the weight of Moral Theology, to the fourth rate handbook of theology, that the day

A Reply to a Musing, Canting Methodist Preacher.

In last week's Christian Advocate Rev. C. V. Anthony, of one wing of the splintered system of sectarianism invented by John Wesley, makes a very unchristian, untruthful and abortive attempt to wriggle out of the unenviable attitude the Monitor placed him in when we criticised his comments on Hiram Lassere's "Four Gospels," a few week's ago.

As far as the Honorable Lassere goes, he has, under Advocate's command, Dr. Anthony has merely dodged the question, squirming in every sentence and faltering in every paragraph. He references his first attack about the Pope having given his approbation to Hiram Lassere's book, when the Pope's Letter never mentions any approval of anything connected with the book, except the object Hiram Lassere had in undertaking such a work. As an apologist from our former article, the object might be good, but the means employed to arrive at the completion of that object ought not to be accomplished with the law of God and the Church, and hence ecclesiastical condemnation would follow—no matter how high or how holy the object might be.

Dr. Anthony, like all general rantcats of the Methodist persuasion, seems to be most awfully affected with anti-Christian zeal for Jesus. No doubt he is a sincere Christian, but he is a Christian who is without sin in the Wesleyan camp first cast a stone at them! What Jesus ever offered to help to raise a regiment of soldiers to defend the cause of American Independence as John Wesley did? What Jesus ever publicly rejoiced over the victory of English troops and the defeat of Washington's army at Revolutionary days as John Wesley did? What Jesus ever ran away with another man's wife as hundreds of Methodist preachers have done? What Jesus ever preached inflammatory political harangues from his pulpit against the government which shelter and protected him? What Jesus ever sowed the seeds of religious rancor and sectarian strife in peaceable communities as Methodist preachers have perpetually performing?

Need we carry this parallel of character between the sanctified sons of Christ and the sanctified sons of Belial any further? We think not. On the one side we see a body of holy men devoting their lives constantly, humbly and perseveringly to the service of God, giving up home, comfort, society, and what the world calls pleasure, and riches, and honor, in order to imitate Him after whom their Superintendent Society is named, in obedience, poverty and chastity. And, on the other hand, what do we behold? A body of conceitedness, malicious men, infallible in their fanaticism and intolerant in their ignorance. Men here to hate those who seek to gain heaven by other roads than the rocky, rutty and roundabout labyrinth which leads into heaven, and which travelers thrown will find its end closed up by the sign "No Thoroughfare."

Black-hooded bigotry never yet called down the blessing of God on any cause, and until Methodist preachers get rid of their anti-Christian intolerance against their fellow-men, their rash and ridiculous fanaticism will only throw a shadow of darkness on saving the souls of religious dissent among Christian people, and the world will be justified in believing them to be more sinful than saintly, more hypocritical than heavenly.

What a contrast do we not behold in the Christian characteristics of those two bodies? The Methodist preachers stand self-condemned before the world, whilst, on the part of the Jesuit Fathers, the Monitor can justly defy any body of men in any matter how black their bigotry may be—to substantiate a single charge of disloyalty to the land, or its laws ever brought against them. Their self sacrifice, zeal and good will after the self-abnegation of the Son of God among His earthly career in that respect, is the same as current Methodist preachers! Their morals are modeled in the practices that Christianity teaches, and the Christian world recognizes as such, for their Wesleyan sneering Methodist calumniators. Prayer and self-sacrifice have been their constant studying hours, while politics permanent every action of a Methodist preacher's week day life, and yet, they are the only religious which in politics in every instance, "Jesuit."

Broad acres, as a rule, fattening the sun, and consequently, producing the dying effect upon the jungle. If the stricken with epidemics from the general climate which Jesuits overrun, they, with a wise and holy forethought, have ever been the first to leave the sick and dying, and, in the instance of Methodist preachers, to leave the sick and dying behind them, with intimations to bring them up in and to calumniate them to private friends and to the world, as the result of life-long Wesleyan preachers who have to have been sent into this world in order to make the world better, and to prepare for the Jesuits everything, the most in regard to orders of Nature.

The Nature Spirits of Methodism are so strong in place to be very mild and good, and as Dr. Anthony has tried to blacken the character of the Jesuits, we have to compare with the evangelical rights of the black-hooded bigotry, he must not blame and we must be excused for the comparison. Jesuits are not here let us say, as bigots Protestant to compare with great commercial and family men as the Jesuits, and the Jesuits are not, as Dr. Anthony tries to make out, the Jesuits are the great center of Catholic and Christian civilization, and, as such, they are the objects of the attacks of the Antichrist, they are the objects of the attacks of the Antichrist, they are the objects of the attacks of the Antichrist

Farm and Home.

For Husbands.

Perhaps some wives would like to cut out the following and paste it in their husbands hats.

1. Always come home good tempered, leaving toothache cares behind, and be most amiable. Remember that your wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you cook?

2. Make yourself agreeable to your wife and friends, and do not sit glum all the evening, looking utterly bored.

3. Be tolerant to your wife's faults, and do not expect perfection until you have first become perfect yourself.

4. Be punctual at meals. Remember a cook cannot keep a dinner waiting without its being spoiled. Do not expect meals are ready at your beck and call.

5. Do not expect your wife to keep accounts, unless you take the trouble to keep your own correctly.

6. Dress as well and as neatly as your means will allow, and be careful not to put your best trousers wet, as hagg knows are a thing no woman can respect.

7. Be as kind and attentive to your wife as you were before your marriage, and remember she has got no pipe to go to for comfort.

What Every Woman Ought to Know.

—Iron calicoes on the tight side and they will keep clean a longer time.

—Clean shelves by boiling in lye half a day; then wash in fresh, water till clean.

—Iron silk on the wrong side when quite damp; if silored, use an iron which is not very hot, to avoid fading it.

—Prevent dust rising from the floor by washing it with suds in which a little ammonia is poured a teacupful of common molasses.

—Preserve white satin dresses through the winter by wrapping them in blue paper, with brown paper outside, sewn together at the edges.

—Prevent carcasses from burning dull and caking on the wick by keeping the oil until used, in a can tightly corked both at the neck and spout.

—Make brooms last longer and sweep better by wetting them in boiling soapsuds once a week, and when not in use, hang them up or invert them.

—Fish may be sent in cooler water, while looking through a hole in the ice, by covering the observer with a blanket so as to exclude the direct rays of the sun.

—Preserve summer ribbons and silks by putting them away wrapped in brown paper; white paper, on the account of the chloride of lime used in its manufacture, produces discoloration.

The Hot-Water Cure.

It may seem a startling assertion, but it is unerring a fact, that more persons are to-day taking hot water for various ailments than any single drug in our pharmacopeia. The spread in the belief in the medicinal value of hot water has travelled chiefly by word of mouth. To apply hot water medicinally could not have become so universal a custom unless great benefit had been bestowed by it upon many.

It was first employed in 1856, according to Dr. Cutter, by Dr. J. H. Salsbury, who made use of it in series of experiments on ourselves upon animals and men, with reference to the effects of local upon the animal economy as a cause and cure of disease. These experiments were commented upon by the London *Lancet* as "valuable American contribution to medicine," according to Dr. Cutter.

The benefits that result from the internal use of hot water must be due, in part, at least, if not wholly, to heat, said Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney in a recent lecture before the Academy of Medicine, in this city. Some of its effects are manifested almost immediately in organs not connected directly with the digestive apparatus.—*Dio Lewis.*

Killing Herself with Gloves.

A physician of Syracuse, N. Y., says that one of the strangest cases that has come under his observation in practice is a young lady of that city who is addicted to the habit of chewing gloves. For several years her friends and physicians have been fighting to break her of the habit which she carries to such excess that her life will be the penalty paid. At times she breaks herself of the habit for a few weeks, but sooner or later steals away to buy a quantity of the gloves. She has been known to dispose of a quarter of a pound in a day. Druggists have been warned not to give her the opium, but there are so many stores whose proprietors have not been called upon that she has no difficulty in obtaining a supply. Excess in the use of opium is considered more harmful to the system than the use of opium.

The Depth of Sleep.

The depth of sleep has been the novel subject of investigation by two German physicists, working upon the principle that the depth of sleep is proportional to the time required to waken. Ingenious experiments showed that, with a perfectly healthy man, slumber during the first hour is very light. After an hour and a quarter the depth of sleep increases very rapidly, and reaches its maximum a trifle more than two hours. Two slumber then lightens gradually, but reaction into deeper sleep occurs after five and a half hours of repose, after which gradual waking proceeds. Imperfect health or unusual exertion produced marked irregularities.

Eat Fruit.

Fruit-eating must obtain more than it does, not as a luxury, but as a hygienic measure. Our lives are becoming impaired, and most eating is a luxury which is incompatible with many generations without deterioration of the vigors.

Fruit should be kept where the children can help themselves to it. A barrel of apples will often save a fit of sickness. Three or four eaten every day will do them ever so much good. Never scrimp your children's supply of fruit if you can help it.

Rheumatism.

Rheumatism is more easily prevented than cured. The great point is not to catch cold or expose one's self in damp clothing or on damp soil. The disease is most frequent among soldiers, sailors, farmers and others who get wet or go with wet feet.

Woolen clothing is best to prevent it; a daily bath is important and only a moderate amount of meat should be eaten. The perspiration of rheumatism is very acid, and has a sour smell and causes much discomfort. The disease is often cured by Turkish baths, a bread, milk and fruit diet, with free use of lemon juice.

The Model Mother.

Happy would all Christian mothers be if at the end of their lives they could say they were faithful to their children even in death. And unhappy must those mothers be who hand over their children to the influence of a false education, and when they are dying know that are leaving behind them children who will not even say a prayer for their souls. Their own hearts 'a sword shall pierce,' but their sorrows shall never lise crowned with joy, like Mary's, the Mother of God all meeds by the cut.

Family Fun.

A Matrimonial Catechism.

"Now, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you cook?"

"I can," said she, swallowing a great big lump in her throat.

"Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all housekeeping."

"Yes I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath, "Maybe."

"And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man love, and dressmaker bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially pillars bonnets."

"You are a jewel," he cried with enthusiasm, "come to my arms."

"Wait a minute there's no hurry," she said coolly. "If I my turn to ask a few questions. Can you sew a button and darn in cotton?"

"Why my love I should hire that work done."

"Can you make your coats, trousers, and other wearing apparel?"

"But that isn't to the purpose."

"Can you build a house, dig ditches, plant corpses, and—"

"I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attach you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the professions you speak of I will send you my card. Adieu, sweet," and she stepped away.

And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a twelve-for a quarter cigar, with which he speedily reclosed himself.

A Miser's Economy.

There lives, a short distance from the town of Vale, Helena, a man of extraordinary meanness.

His day he was starting out for town to do his weekly shopping, when his wife came out and asked him to buy her a darning needle.

"What's the matter with the one I bought you last winter?"

"The pea's broken," she replied.

"Bring the needle here," said he; "I'm not going to throw any such extravagance. I'll have the needle repaired."

The woman was wise in her generation, and made no protest. She brought out the broken needle.

The economical farmer rode into St. Helens, and stopped first at all at the blacksmith's shop. He took out the needle and handed it to the blacksmith. "I want that mended," he said.

The blacksmith knew his customer, and keeping his face partially straight, said that the eye should be made whole in no hour's time. The farmer rode away, and the blacksmith walked across the street and bought a new needle for a nickel.

When the farmer called again the blacksmith gave him the new needle. The farmer looked at the smooth polished surface of the steel, and remarked that it was a good job.

"How much will it be?" said he.

"A quarter," said the blacksmith, and the farmer, as he paid it, remarked that he knew the needle could be mended, but his wife would have gone to the expense of buying a new one if he hadn't interfered.

Experience Teaches.

"Mister" said a countryman to a Sixth avenue dry goods clerk, "I want to get a shawl for a party little girl down at Starlin's Corners. You needn't say nothin' 'bout it to the newspapers, cos I want to keep it quiet, but we're goin' to be married in a month an' I'm thinkin' of givin' her a shawl. S'thinks' hang my—hat! scuse.

"I can show you a fine one in India shawls, sir."

"N no, I guess I don't want them. I had a pair of cashmeres once, an' I'm dinged if the boeds didn't all cosse off."

He Was Embarrassed.

Jinks was a young man who had been married about a year, and he was telling a friend how different he was when single. "Were you much embarrassed when you popped the question?" asked his friend. "Embarrassed! I should say I was. I owed $1 500 for board and clothes and one thing or other, and didn't have a darned cent to pay it with."

His First Offence.

Mi s Gotham (to Mr. Wabash recently returning from abroad)—I suppose you were at court while in London, Mr. Wabash!

Mr. Wabash (uneasily)—Well er-yes, Miss Gotham; but only once, and then I got off with a merely nominal fine.

Filial Solicitude.

"I know we are poor, dear papa," said Evelyn, nestling her head against his shoulder, "but Edwalenne is brave and hopeful and he says that love will make it easy. "I know it will," said old Hyam, grimly. "He's made away with six tons of parlor coal and $72 worth of gas since Christmas, and it's next winter that's worrying me."

A Poor Compliment

Husband—Prof. Wideband paid you a very fine compliment after dinner last night, my dear.

Wife—Oh, did he; what did he say!

Husband—He said that you weren't handsome, but you were one of the most intelligent women he ever met.

Wif.—*Prof.* What's his name has received his last invitation from me.

A Sad Blunder.

First Train Robber (at the West)—What train did you stop last night!

Second Robber—Overland express going West.

First Robber—Got much!

Second Robber—Naw, shock full of people comin' home from the Eastern summer resorts.

Pairing Off.

Billkins—I hope I'm not in the way, Miss Tompkyns.

Miss Tompkyns—Why, Mr. Billkins, how can you suggest such a thing! You know I believe in even numbers. Fully one Charlie makes two; Jack and I make four; you and the dog make six. We are all paired off nicely.

It Was The Cat.

"What was all that racket in the yard a moment ago, Bobby?" demanded the old gentleman; "it was enough to set one crazy."

"I was playing with the cat, pa," explained Bobby.

"Well if you can't make less noise when I'm trying to read, I'll have you mother tie you to the hodpost."

"I won't making any noise, pa," said Bobby, with an injured air; "the noise was all made by the cat."

MISCELLANEOUS. MISCELLANEOUS.

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The following letter lately received from Rev. J. A. McLaughlin, C. SS. R., is self-explanatory:

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I am, Yours Respectfully,

St. Alphonsus' Church, St. Louis, Mo. J. A. McLAUGHLIN, C. Ss. R.

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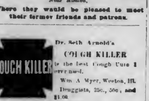

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MISCELLANEOUS.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA

This Institution was founded in 1851, and in 1862 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It occupies large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, gas, mineral spring, swimming pool, etc. It possesses a complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has, moreover, ample schools of Drawing, Surveying, Telegraphy, Photography and Commercial Business, for the latter course a Diploma is given. Instruction is given in the Ancient and Modern languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Elocution, Military Tactics, Phonography, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Photography and Commercial Business. The Course of Studies is that of a Catholic College, and has been found to be the most practical and complete. Terms (Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, Bed and Bedding, Use of Library, Medical Attendance, Use of Philosophical Apparatus, Use of Musical Instrument, Use of Gymnasium, Use of Baths, Use of Band Instruments, Use of Boats, Use of Tennis and Other Grounds, Use of Chemical Apparatus, Stationery, Premiums, Graduation Fee, Use of Bed and Bedding, Use of Text Books, Use of Stations, Use of Medal, Use of Diploma, Use of Dormitory, Use of Lavatory, Use of Refectory, Use of Chapel, Use of Infirmary, Use of Washing Apparatus, Use of Refectory Furniture, Use of Dormitory Furniture, Use of Chapel Furniture, Use of Infirmary Furniture, Use of Washing Apparatus Furniture

OUR REPUBLIC.

Its Future Greatness Outlined.

ITS VAST EXTENT OF TERRITORY.

A Nation Extending From the Pole to the Equator.

The well-known newspaper correspondent Blakely Hall, writes from Washington to the New York Sun, the following interesting interview with Senator Ingalls, in which the latter gentleman foreshadows the great future which this Republic has before it.

I have had a talk with the most picturesque and striking figure in the hurly-burly of Washington political life. When Senator John J. Ingalls speaks in the Senate the chamber is crowded. His utterances are amazingly sharp, pungent, caustic and severe at times, and it has been the generally expressed opinion that he prepared his speeches with great care. I find, however, that the facility of force and finish which is so marked a characteristic of his public talk is the natural manner of the man. The President of the Senate has been wildly lampooned by the democratic. He is tall, spare, and agile looking. A big "splash" of white hair surmounts his forehead. His eyes are bright, and he spares strained affectation of any kind. He wore a morning jacket and strolled up and down his library smoking as he talked to the point. The interview which appears below was written out and submitted to his revision. It is authorized and endorsed.

"There is a feeling of unrest among the people throughout the United States for the peaceful acquisition of Canada and Mexico. Why speak of an ocean bound republic?"

"Stephen A. Douglas, I believe," said Senator Ingalls, "first formulated the phrase, but the idea is as old as Jamestown and Plymouth. It was in the mind of the Mayflower. Obsolescent its impulse, the column of Anglo-Saxon aggression has in two centuries marched across the continent, and now pauses upon the coast of the Pacific waters for new conquests. It has expelled the Indian, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, and the Chinaman. It is conquering, peaceful, and tolerant so element that it cannot absorb and assimilate. Having abolished the Western frontier, it will move northward and southward to the pole of the earth.

We have reached the limit of arable land in our public domain. In ten years the agricultural system will be extinct within the territory now open to settlement. Since the war with Mexico we have ceased to enlarge our boundaries, not because the instinct of acquisition was lost, but because we had enough. The pressure of surplus population will soon be felt, and the overflow will flood Mexico and Canada inevitably, and perhaps Cuba and the other West Indian islands, which we need for their tobacco and sugar products in order to complete our commercial independence. We have paid dollars enough on sugar in the past thirty years to have purchased Cuba from Spain thrice over. We also need additional accommodations in the torrid zone for the surplus African population of this country, which will require an section before the close of the century. The race problem in the South is not yet settled. If the whites and blacks cannot assimilate, they will eventually, probably, separate peaceably by common consent, the negroes establishing themselves in the tropics and accomplishing their destiny in their congenial native environment. We have now a continuous line of railway to Mexico. It will soon be continued to the valley of the Amazon. Vanderbilt could build a railway from Chicago to the City of Mexico without change from New York to Buenos Ayres. Along this highway the Anglo-Saxon race will move to the domination of the hemisphere.

"Canada's confidence in the power of Great Britain is average her wrongs and enfeeble her rights is supreme," I said. "What is your opinion of the capability of Great Britain to force the Dominion back?"

"The unbridled rord between England and Canada was long since severed. The severance of the bond is almost complete. The intrusion of England in the politics of this continent is an indefensible impertinence. It is dictated by deliberate hostility to the United States. It is a sentiment at variance with our people understand and will ultimately resent. Talk as we may about kindred blood, and the language of Milton and Shakespeare, there is not an American who does not feel immeasurably that England is the only enemy we have among the nations, and sooner or later we shall be compelled by self respect, if not for self preservation, to adjust the account with the Island Power from this hemisphere. There is no alternative. The press of Halifax and Vancouver are pointed at us. The Canadian Pacific Railroad, built by England's subsidies, makes another incursion from more northwhile than our seacoast. Great Britain, jealous of our supremacy, is necessarily opposed to our territorial expansion toward the pole and the equator. Her commercial jealousies are complicated with her fears of our rapidly increasing power. Her navy is the mistress of the seas, and she is the only power that could now conduct toward us has been characterized by treachery, duplicity, and insult in peace, and by brutal ferocity in war. Left to the operation of social, industrial, and commercial forces Canada would irresistibly gravitate into the American Union.

The ultimate solution is inevitable. It may be delayed and temporarily. If British men-of-war continue to laud do on the flags of American fishermen without protest it will be said England has practically no more jurisdiction than the United States has in the Monroe or the Tuileries, the issue will pass beyond diplomacy, and our volunteers will march on Montreal and Quebec, and take possession of the Canadian Pacific and the St. Lawrence. The chief political obstacle would be found in the fact that Canada would naturally be Republican. Wheat was raised last year in the valley of Peace River a thousand miles north of St. Paul. The great arable plains and rich interval would attract populations like that of Dakota, incapable of adopting Democratic heresies."

"Suppose Canada were to answer the retaliatory measures by similar measures against us, what would be the effect?"

"In my judgment there is not even a remote possibility of the adoption of the policy of retaliation, either by the United States or Canada. All know that England is the real party in interest, and our resentment of British land did not persuasively interfere to exasperate, irritate, and keep alive the causal resentments between the United States and Canada the adjustment of our differences would long ago have been complete.

Then the Senator looked at his cigar. It had gone out. He took a match from a vase, and talked no more about politics and statesmanship.

St. Joseph's Church, Berkeley, will not hold a fair this year, but Rev. Dr. Comerford, the pastor, is endeavoring to meet the expenses of the church, amounting to $1000, by personally soliciting subscriptions from his parishioners.

To our DEAF—A Person cured of deafness and noises in the head by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free of charge to any applicant. Address Nicholson, 177 Mandlewgil St., New York.

Correspondence.

We urgently solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertinent to the progress of the Church or the spread of the Faith.

Communications should reach this office by Tuesday evening's mail at most, as the MONITOR goes to press every Tuesday night.

AMONG THE LEPERS.

The Good Work Done by the Franciscan Sisters.

WAIAHIA, Oahu, H. I. October 31, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir.—Please allow me space in the column of your valuable paper for a couple of lines concerning the work of the Board of Health's twelve islands to the Hawaiian Legislature of this year's session. The idea of sending them to the MONITOR was suggested to me by hearing from time to time, since unchastitely flung by bigots against the only lever "missionaries" in these islands, especially those who are devoted to the good keeper in Kalawao and Molokai.

To a Catholic reader I need make no comment, the extracts will be readily understood. I will simply state that, to my mind, no better religion on the world—the Christian charity of Mr. Dutton and the Sisters of Charity could be given to my poor people. Every one, Mr. Editor, is a writer of Father Damien, S. M. Hyde, the apostle of Molokai, Father Wendelin Gulick, not a Catholic in his surprise, the Sisters of the Board in speaking of the leper settlement of Molokai he says:

"I cannot say enough of the inestimable and disinterested services to the sick rendered here by Mr. J. Dutton, who is a trained nurse, and seems to be entirely devoted to the work, and for the purpose of living with the lepers and devoting his life and entire time to their benefit; in the following instructions from Dr. Mouritz, he may be seen kneeling beside the bed of a poor leper and healing the many sores of his patient, and administering to the comforts of the sick, and very much to the satisfaction and comfort of the patient.

Again he says: "Women are hospitals for the lepers, and does may be built if necessary do much, and they may be managed as he talked to the point. The interview which appears below was written out and submitted to his revision. It is authorized and endorsed.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM— IRELAND.

Antrim.

The average annual death rate represented by the deaths registered for the last week in Belfast, is the lowest ever recorded in Belfast or Ireland was 22.3 per 1,000 of the population.

A party of Scots Highland Imperial Yeomanry are have been lately on a visit to Belfast. They appeared in their national costume, and as they drove through some of the principal streets they attracted not a little attention.

The Nationalists of Ballybrickens and surrounding districts have been very much annoyed by the splendid band and banners of Ballycastle Orange lodge on the occasion of the release of Father McFadden. After having been detained for parades the streets playing a choice selection of national airs. Proceeding afterward to a field, kindly placed at their disposal for the occasion, a large bonfire of the hawkins was kindled, which illuminated the country for miles around.

Carlow.

There was a singular occurrence at Borris races on the 27th ult. One of the five horses which ran for the Alamanac plate was Mr. Merrellin's "Dalaty," upon which, a fortnight previously, the operation of the tracheotomy was performed as a cure for the distressing ailment called "roaring." "Dalaty" accordingly ran for one with a metalic tube in its throat, opening at its neck, where it was secured with a silver plate—and not only ran the race, but won it.

Cork.

A serious disturbance took place on Thursday night, November 1st, in Middleton, which some months ago was the scene of the outrage on

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THANKSGIVING.

The onward course of fleeting Time
Has borne another year away;
Crowned with its varied joys and grieds,
From dawn dawn till dying day.

For all Thy gifts we thank Thee, Lord!
Amidst Nature's sweet harmonious strain,
In morning's fair and beauteous light,
In evening's calm and peaceful rest.

We own Thy power when Night appears,
And throws his mantle o'er the day,
And sunset's lingering rubeous blush
In golden splendor fade away.

We bless Thee for the fragrant flowers,
Those meek creations pure and bright,
The angel values of the earth
That breathe of Heaven's eternal light.

And for the stars—those eyes of love
That steal the light of seven dims,
Who gaze on our celestial home.

O Power that rules o'er land and sea,
And stills the billow's mighty sway!
Still guide us in our safe here,
'Mid life's tempestuous be our stay.

How few will think amid the world's
Unceasing tumult, strife and care,
To raise their thoughts to day to Thee,
In reverent homage, grateful prayer.

But we as members of Thy Fold,
In sweet atonement prep to Thee;
A heart's one to Thy loving Heart,
May this our simple homage be.

And may the prayers to-day we breathe
Of thankfulness and hope and love,
Be borne by angels' stainless hands
Before Thy glorious throne above.

ADRIN GERRETT.
College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Nov., 1888

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

MUSIC.

The following poem was read at the Christian entertainment held at Notre Dame Convent, San Jose, on the 15th ult.]

Faint echo of celestial strains!
Pledge of our Heavenly Father's love,
Soul-stirring art that charm'st the path
Of exiled man to Life above.

Oh! for a Seraph's glowing coal
To fire my lips that they might tell,
Enchantress of the heart and soul!
The magic of thy holy spell.

Oh! for the blest Cecilia's gift
To charm an audient ear of the skies,
That he might hail the potent skill
To praise the divine of Paradise.

Music! how wonderful that art!
Unfathomed Sea of mystic spells;
What feelings in thy various strains,
Hallowed, sublime, or fearful, or sad!

Thy strains are dear to one and all;
They fan the breast of age and youth,
They blaze the nations—and—the—hall;
Yes! Pleasure's favorite child thou art,
Yet thou art Sorrow's friend as well;
Thou mingles with the festive chant,
And wailest in the funeral knell.

And Music! thine the mortal blast
That cites the patriot's burning soul
And bids the coward quail and fly
At Freedom's stern roll.

Voice of adoring Faith and Love,
Thou blendest the organ peal with prayer—
And, seeking thy eternal source,
Thou obeyest a balm or balm and care.

And of so sweet in captive bonds,
What may we hope from thee above,
Interpreter of God's own thoughts,
The celestial language of His love.

Oh! rapture of that blissful hour,
Whose charms so mortal pen can trace,
When Song and Music's wealth shall flow
In love and light from Jesus' face.

And we shall understand at last,
The dark and light, Life's fair and sharper;
And what seems discord in this world
Will fade, attuned to heavenly harps.

JOSEPHINE MUTHUS.

MARY IMMACULATE.

And this chill December gloom,
Which forms always their darkling tomb,
Are yet the gleam of Christmas gladness
Breaks for a while the winter's sadness,
Brame out a ray,
Spring-like today;
Comes a white flower,
Glad for the hour;
Rings up a cry
Close to the sky.

MARY IMMACULATE!

Tears thou when first the hallow pale,
Drives in shame from Eden fair,
Smiling, adown the years of sorrow,
Labor today, and death to-morrow.
Found in the world
Spoke by the Lord
Hope of repetier
Woman, this Eve,
Saved from her woe,
Crushing her foe.

MARY IMMACULATE!

So in this hour of darkest night,
Alas! that men should scorn to light!
When hearts from Truth and Beauty turning
With sensuous, shameless free are burning.
Bless a star,
Radiant star;
Stands forth a Pope
Strong in his hope,
Flings to the world
Banner unfurled.

MARY IMMACULATE!

Ours are the shepherds' eyes that keep
'Mid gathering gloom the watches sheep;
Priests though we be, our hearts grow weary
Chilled by our watch, this winter dreary!
Ours be to-day
Courage to pray
That through the night,
Waiting for light,
Our hope may be
Constant to Thee.

MARY IMMACULATE!

REV. ARTHUR RYAN.

Consumption Can be Cured.

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper nourishment and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strengthening virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

Literary Miscellany.

Father Joseph's Mountain Rose.

Sara Trainer Smith in the Catholic Home Almanac.

From the valley, the mountains were veiled in the Promised Land. Unfolding against the softly luminous sky, shadowed by the flying clouds and brightened by the June sun, thickly wooded sure where the occasional clearing showed paler green against the darker frame, majestic, serene, unfurbished as from the hand of God, they saw a rest to tired eyes, a vision of hope to weary souls. Truly, they typified "the heights of heaven," and the toils and trials of earth were dwarfed in the face of their silent encouragement.

So, at least, it seemed to some of the dwellers in the valley, who filled leaning eyes to their fairness, and forgot, too then, that on the heights, also there were many shrouded from that fairness in clouds of saddest care.

On the edge of one of those clearings vivid from afar, there stood, one lovely summer morning, a small, small house. It was ruddy hue of logs and roughly plastered with clay. It had a ragged roof and a clumsy chimney. Two small windows gave light enough to the one room, sparsely furnished, but neat and clean and far from stark poverty. On this morning, the door was white table, the worn arm chair, the bottle stood white—shirts all, the bed in the corner—yet it was in the glory of the day. With such a radiance indeed, that the pallid face on the pillow and the young sleeping, baby face beneath it, were halved like the faces in the pictures on the wall.

Hands—the bed hands, in perfect silence, a very little pair, two small hands tightly shaped before her and her wide, frightened, loving eyes fixed on that pallid face. In broken sentences, with many a pause, spoke a wand-string weird, her dying mother was uttering her last commands, her last instructions, her last caressing endearments. And, thus alone, ignorant of the full meaning of much she saw, with a child's utter abandonment to the present and a child's unconscious disregard of the future, the little daughter listened to every word with an intensity and fervor far beyond her years. Too familiar voice had changed—was dying.

"When the father wins, I said the pipe, softly forming the syllables, "Go bid an niece to part the childer. Remember that, Ryg! Stay with the baby, darlint! Hev I told ye sterel Dys mind?"

"Yes, mother," briefly assented the child.

"Hev a good little thing. He'll be little throuble to anyone, wid ye to care for him.

A longer pause, and the mother's breath came harder—her eyes closed. She she started as from sleep and went always on.

"Ah, Ryg—ye must keep the Faith—an' the baby. Ye mustn't give it up. Fer ye's Catholics—Catholics—Catholics! Never rides rose with each repetition—"Ye must never forget it. Up here—God forgive them—it's little they know of any good. Ye mustn't be that way, Ryg—ye mustn't—ye mustn't, darlint! Dys mind me, Ryg!"

"Yes, mother," repeated the child.

"Hesan's on ye! Ye war always that good, the H'ssen Virgin be praised—an' I'm a mother to pray—an to the baby, poor little mite! Oh, Ryg—ye little know yer poor mother's heart th' day! Are ye there, my dove?"

"Yes, mother." The poor little creature's heart thrilled with a wild fear, but her thin, thin lips! "Mammy! Mammy dear!" she said, sobbing, lays her head down on the pillow, one so white and cold. But her mother took no notice. After long waiting, she spoke—but so faintly, she was scarce heard.

"Ryg, dear—did he wid ye! Remember the baby—Remember! Ye's the prayers!"

The child stood motionless. A look of agony flashed into her determined little face that would have stirred a heart of stone.

"Oh, the prayers!" murmured the dying woman. With convulsive strength she rose in her bed. "Holy Mother, hear! Ye as now and in the hour of our death! Ryg, go to the priest—go to the priest—in the valley—it's my last wish to ye! Say the prayers, darlint!"

She sank upon the pillow, the last words treuld on her lips. With one burst of grief, Ryg threw herself on her knees.

"Oh, mother! mother! I'll be sayin' the prayers for ye. I'll say them—yes, that I will—hard as fast! Listen to me, mammy, listen! And asking the Son of the Divine devoutly, she began.

In this hour, from the lonely mountain heights, there went up together to God, a child's agonies of prayer and a mother's soul.

The sun shone hot on the baby's face. He stirred in his sleep, struck out with his pink fists, and rolled his curly head, damp and dark with the dews of sleep—and death—to and fro, at the pulse of his mother's breast. He awoke with a shrill scream. Ryg opening up. Her mother lay perfectly still and awfully white.

"Oh, Tim—Tim, she didn't hear ye! Oh, mother—hev, yo'll never hear wunst more!"

She gathered the baby in her arms and they wailed together. The sorrow and the terror and the loneliness of those pitiful cries! They crept through the green forest and hung echoing in the farmer dell—the birds piped shrilly at the sound and—down the shadows—the silence of the mount—its fed affrighted, and two hunters followed its means to the cabin door. There, they paused, looking at each other—too full for speech. Then, one of them stepped reverently over the threshold and the other hastened to the next clearing for help.

When it came, the baby was smiling with wet eyes from the rough but kindly cradle of the hunter's arms. But poor little Ryg lay face downwards on the floor beside the shouted dead, her breath coming in long, gasping sobs of an exhausted and anguished child.

Poor little Ryg indeed! The neighbors, shocked and sympathetic, but reticle, piled her with questions, prized her, discussed matters in all the hearings, and tore her innocent, ignorant, love-sheltered little heart with a thousand pangs they never intended. Rough, ignorant, unemployment in the extreme, aroused to study of any kind, least of all, the study of a child's mind and heart, these mountaineers acted upon the apparent belief of many "high enlighted people that, being a child, it may was either dead or a lowered tone of reason, or either could not or would not understand what was said. But, with every nerve strung to the highest pitch, with every natural fear aroused, with every word of her mother vividly recalled by each reference to her, Ryg understood the faintest whisper. These people, although the nearest neighbors, were yet strangers to her. Her parents, of course, were not "Mount'n people." They had drifted to the clearings on the tide of fortune when Ryg was a baby—a quiet couple, living each other, their children and their Faith, the last a barrier hard to surmount between them and the mountaineers around them. Contented and reserved, they had labored on together, on till the little home and the little farm had slowly grown to a home they were comfortable in and loved with a honest pride. Other labors were here to them, a church was built at Ryg, only ten miles away, and they had come to think themselves safe and well to die, many, six months before, the father and two of the children were seized by a virulent fever, and in the end the mother weakened to the verge of the grave. The neighbors had been there then, but as was Ryg's aunt from "away beyond the Ridge," and Ryg had seen but little, heard but little of the crisis, the expressions, the opinions on every subject that were now so strange and sore to her. And, with a child's abandonment to the present and the now, Ryg had forgotten the past.

Many and sharp were the comments, the conjectures, the suggestions of the gar-rulous neighbor women, while fulfilling their neighbor's duty to the dead. The lonely death, the helpless and apparently forsaken children, their blank future, the absence of "Uncle," as Ryg called her mother's brother who had come to them after her mother had returned to her home beyond the mountains—all were fruitful of remark. Ryg could not tell what she did—if all of the discussion her mother and uncle had held before her. Without Martin, poor Kate could not face life or her away from her own people, so far from the comforts of her cherished Faith. The hard and bitter labor, the privation and exact provision that she had once thought the way to fortune were only to be endured and resisted by a light and happy heart, and now, Kate had another, while Uncle was but a boy, although a brawny and willing one, and could keep the home over their heads, but he could look for another, and Kate was fearful, he should not—she spoke. That was three weeks before. When he left, in her feverish desire to hasten hearing, Kate had not dared to tell him she was ill, lest he'd refuse to go. Unconscious that her sickness must prove fatal, hoping to see her home again, she had bravely with her ill, she had not sent for any one, and when she found herself unable to leave her bed, it was too late. Ryg was left alone, and too frightened to do anything, she thought, to go alone beyond the home—to leave the baby a prey, perhaps, to fire, to wolves, to the wolves, with the child's utter abandonment to the present and a child's unconscious disregard of the future, the little daughter listened to every word with an intensity and fervor far beyond her years. Too familiar voice had changed—was dying.

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Poor little Ryg indeed! The neighbors, shocked and sympathetic, but reticle, piled her with questions, prized her, discussed matters in all the hearings, and tore her innocent, ignorant, love-sheltered little heart with a thousand pangs they never intended. Rough, ignorant, unemployment in the extreme, aroused to study of any kind, least of all, the study of a child's mind and heart, these mountaineers acted upon the apparent belief of many "high enlighted people that, being a child, it may was either dead or a lowered tone of reason, or either could not or would not understand what was said. But, with every nerve strung to the highest pitch, with every natural fear aroused, with every word of her mother vividly recalled by each reference to her, Ryg understood the faintest whisper. These people, although the nearest neighbors, were yet strangers to her. Her parents, of course, were not "Mount'n people." They had drifted to the clearings on the tide of fortune when Ryg was a baby—a quiet couple, living each other, their children and their Faith, the last a barrier hard to surmount between them and the mountaineers around them. Contented and reserved, they had labored on together, on till the little home and the little farm had slowly grown to a home they were comfort-

able in and loved with a honest pride. Other labors were here to them, a church was built at Ryg, only ten miles away, and they had come to think themselves safe and well to die, many, six months before, the father and two of the children were seized by a virulent fever, and in the end the mother weakened to the verge of the grave. The neighbors had been there then, but as was Ryg's aunt from "away beyond the Ridge," and Ryg had seen but little, heard but little of the crisis, the expressions, the opinions on every subject that were now so strange and sore to her. And, with a child's abandonment to the present and the now, Ryg had forgotten the past.

Many and sharp were the comments, the conjectures, the suggestions of the garrulous neighbor women, while fulfilling their neighbor's duty to the dead. The lonely death, the helpless and apparently forsaken children, their blank future, the absence of "Uncle," as Ryg called her mother's brother who had come to them after her mother had returned to her home beyond the mountains—all were fruitful of remark. Ryg could not tell what she did—if all of the discussion her mother and uncle held before her. Without Martin, poor Kate could not face life or her away from her own people, so far from the comforts of her cherished Faith. The hard and bitter labor, the privation and exact provision that she had once thought the way to fortune were only to be endured and resisted by a light and happy heart, and now, Kate had another, while Uncle was but a boy, although a brawny and willing one, he could keep the home over their heads, but he could look for another, and Kate was fearful, he should not—she spoke. That was three weeks before. When he left, in her feverish desire to hasten hearing, Kate had not dared to tell him she was ill, lest he'd refuse to go. Unconscious that her sickness must prove fatal, hoping to see her home again, she had bravely with her ill, she had not sent for any one, and when she found herself unable to leave her bed, it was too late. Ryg was left alone, and too frightened to do anything, she thought, to go alone beyond the home—to leave the baby a prey, perhaps, to fire, to wolves, to the wolves, with the night dragged on to dawn, until the sun shone hot on the baby's face. He stirred in his sleep, struck out with his pink fists, and rolled his curly head, damp and dark with the dews of sleep—and death—to and fro, at the pulse of his mother's breast. He awoke with a shrill scream. Ryg opening up. Her mother lay perfectly still and awfully white.

"Oh, Tim—Tim, she didn't hear ye! Oh, mother—hev, yo'll never hear wunst more!"

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IRISH ANIMOSITY.

Why Irishmen Hate English Injustice.

The hatred which the Irish Americans have for England has been a difficult to a striking manner by the Sackville incident. The reason for that hatred was summed up twelve years ago in a remarkable passage by the late Professor Cairnes, the well known economist, himself an Irish Protestant, and, although an advanced Liberal, an opponent to the abstention and placing of higher education in Ireland in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. The passage will be found in his "Political Essays," p. 187.

Not a few public writers lay much difficulty in accounting for the persistent hatred manifested by a portion of the Irish people for the English name. It would help the writers to a solution of the difficulty if they would reflect on the condition of mind in which the victims of the violent expulsions just described must have arrived at. Attention. It is strange that after years the picture of the dismal scene, with its groans and tears, and the smoking ruins of their homes, rushing to process vividness, the high spirits of the men, the dejection of the wayside, and wretchedness of the women and children, the sickness of the land, and a more permanent place in their memories than the abstract idea of Catholic Emancipation, Corporate Reform, the Nomination Boroughs, or the Reformed Church Court. Moreover, the country into of such bitter recollections would naturally not be likely to be favorable to the growth of an able clear reasoning Irish landlordism. Nothing could be more unfavorable to the cause of order that a thirst for vengeance should be implanted in a country, the natural, even, nothing based, for what they could without regard to the cause and effect of their actions. Nothing could be Ireland should possess the sufficient means to attack the cause of her wrongs, to be paralleled with a fanatic zeal to their wrongs, and bequeathed to their posterity.

Nothing is more truth in this memorial year being. Even Mr. Gladstone's Bill, if time finds does not appear to have shaken the determination of the Irish.

Cardinal Corrigan.

Archbishop of this city, says the New York Times, are disappointed at the news that was thrown out on Monday night at the meeting of the Board of Archbishops of Corrigan.

President of the Catholic University made an address, in which he referred to the Cardinal's absence from the country, and made up to his dignity of the Cardinalate. The Archbishop's address was received with the greatest enthusiasm and applause, and he was given a hearty ovation. Cardinal Corrigan, in his address, said, "I am very happy to be with you, and I hope that I may be able to do something for the University. I have had some pleasant associations with the University, and I hope that I may be able to do something for it. I remember the time when the University was in its infancy. I remember the time when the University was in its infancy. I remember the time when the University was in its infancy

THE MONITOR.

PRIEST-PROOF PAPER OF PUBLICITY

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper Published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— The Earl of Lucan, one of the heroes of Balaclava, died in London last month, at the advanced age of 84. His great grandfather was married to the grand-niece of Patrick Sarsfield, the celebrated Earl of Lucan.

— Mr. Sheehan, M. P., (a Catholic and an ex-Papal soldier), has been sent to gaol for a month in Ireland for telling a party of policemen that they might go the hottest place over heard of!

— The Boston *Pilot's* Rome correspondent denies the truth of the report that the Pope had directed Cardinal Gibbons to convey the Pope's congratulations to President Harrison on his election, on the ground that Catholic interests would be safe in his hands. This fact only goes to show how entirely unreliable Roman news is when connected and corrupted by the cable manipulators.

— Alluding to the arrival of Archbishop Riordan in Rome, the Dublin *Nation* says his Grace this deserved compliment: "The great and important diocese on the Pacific Coast, under the able guidance of Archbishop Riordan, has made marvellous progress. The new Cathedral in course of erection will in itself be a monument to his energy and zeal."

— Catholic literature has sustained a heavy loss by the death at Paris, on the 19th ultimo, of Miss Kathleen O'Meara, otherwise known as "Grace Ramsay." Modest and unassuming, she rarely spoke of her own works—eager to praise and encourage those who followed, however distantly, the paths of literature where she had achieved an exalted place on earth. Within the last year she has labored with much detachment under the pressure of a deep grief, and very poorly, considered by the Sacramento of the Church, this wonderful worker went to her reward. *R. I. P.*

— A London-made dispatch in yesterday's dailies says that the French Government has secretly advised the Pope to leave Italy, in the event of a rupture between France and Italy, and has offered all possible assistance in the event of his deciding to go to France. The spurious character of this sinlegram is easily discovered when the question is asked: What does France want the Pope for when that Government has robbed the Church, stifled Religious Orders, turned the Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals and removed every vestige of the emblems of religion from public and private gaze? The devil may like holy water, but it is nowhere on record that his Satanic Majesty ever sent to the Pope for even a pitcherfull of it.

— Cardinal Manning, who would be promoted by English Catholics than all the rest of the Colleges of Cardinals put together, is recovering his strength slowly but surely, and though he will never appear on the platform or in the pulpit with his old frequency, his interest in public affairs is as keen as ever, and the management of his diocese by malice, down to every detail, in his own hands; Cardinal Newman, to whom the Pope telegraphed his special blessing the other day, and whom Mr. Gladstone regretted to miss seeing while in Birmingham, is almost in his normal state again; Cardinal Howard, who has been taken to Brighton, though still pronounced incurable, has picked up his physical strength in a way which has astonished his doctor.

— The Rome correspondent of the Dublin *Nation* says: "The anti-clerical law is again under discussion, and Signor Crispi seems determined to carry its provisions as fate. It is as wicked in its conception as were the Penal Acts passed in England against the Catholics of Ireland in the reign of William of Orange, Queen Anne, and the Georges. A clause of this intended code decrees in substance, "that if any priest or clergyman, by advice or spiritual direction or preaching, &c., disturbs the peace of a family or congregation, the said priest or clergyman may be summoned before a court of justice,' and will be liable to receive sentence of imprisonment for said offence." Here is striking at the root of all clerical influence over the people, and rendering the discharge of the duties of ministers of religion utterly impossible. Is it any wonder the Holy Father should complain to the world of the attempts made by the Italian faction to destroy his liberty, and substitute wickedness and infidelity for morality and Christianity. The "Code" has not yet passed through Parliament, but it will not be Signor Crispi's fault if the new year does not witness it in full swing as an operating law in "United Italy."

— Last month one of the original founders of the Irish Sisters of Charity died at the Novitiate, Milltown Park, at the great age of 96. She was born in Spain, but was educated at York with Mary Aikenhead, whom she subsequently joined in establishing the first house of their community in London, where they endeavored to carry out the great works of charity—visiting the sick and poor, teaching and training young girls. For very many years Sister Salesarea was the assistant of Norman at the house at Harold's Cross, Dublin, but advancing years made the position too onerous. After the removal of the Novitiate to the present beautiful situation at Milltown, she went to live there. She was a person of exceptional ability, and from the beginning was one of the special counsellors in all the affairs of importance of the Sisterhood. She was of a bright, genial disposition, and calculated to exercise great personal influence. It is said that on the death of Sister Aikenhead, in 1857, the whole of the Sisterhood was that Sister Salesarea should become Superiorress-General, but her humility would not allow her to assume the office. The affectionate prayers of hundreds, even outside the Order, will be sure to be raised in intercession for her. *R. I. P.*

Manufacturing Roman "News."

It seems to be a standing rule with the news vendors who control the Atlantic cable to serve up "the Pope," as mental food for their ravenous readers, whenever there is a paucity of literary provisions in the public marts of Europe. Last week we were told that the Pope had sent another Encyclical to the Irish Bishops, in which his Holiness took the very extraordinary precaution of so managing its measure that as the cable hungry, however, it seems from the same source of "information," that the Bishop of Limerick took one of his servants into his confidence (?) and the whole Papal plot was spoiled! This shows how correctly Robert Burns "gauged" human events when he wrote

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And leave us nae else but grief and pain
For promised joy!"

What disposition was made of the mental divulger of the Pope's well-protected "secret," the daily press does not say, but it is reasonable to suppose that he has been summarily sent adrift from the service of Bishop Dwyer, after having undergone public excommunication with "bell, book and candle." We await further intelligence with much anxiety.

Another equally spurious cablegram announced last week that "hundreds of telegrams" were sent to the Pope requesting whether he was going to evacuate Rome? And then the cable-manipulator continued by bringing Cardinal Howard's on the scene, and making him say that "nothing has been decided upon?" The Holy Father has no intention to leave Rome unless some act of violence on the part of the Revolutionary or the Robber King should drive him into exile. So the whole story is pure fiction.

Last Saturday, however, Montreal was turned into a manufactory of Roman news, and the worst lot of rubbish ever yet palmed off on a patient people was the result. Telegrams from the Spanish in the daily press that some obscure political refugee, from Louisiana, who was recently in Italy, conversed with some of the Cardinals in Rome, and they decided forthwith, in his presence, that "the next Pope must not be an Italian!" Then this wonderful modern Munchausen went to Paris, and in that city he met a Mr. Cornelly, who also had previously called the Cardinals to meet him in secret council on the trifling matter of deciding who shall be the next Pope, and there the Cardinals called in deep conclave by the supernatural inspiration of Mr. Cornelly—decided that Cardinal Gibbons was just the man for successor to Pope Leo XIII., whose "great age" seemed to warrant those ecclesiastical dignitaries in adopting Davy Crockett's motto: "Never eat your last meat till you've killed another coon."

It seems, however—from the important telegram of course—that the College of Cardinals is not a unit regarding the fitness of Cardinal Gibbons to fill the Papal Chair. Taschereau of Quebec would be "the most popular (!) and the least objectionable (?) candidate for that position, in consequence of the Canadian Cardinal occupying a unique (?) and strong position (?) *as a British subject (!?)*."

A fatal defect in the candidature of Cardinal Gibbons for the Papacy, was subsequently discovered by these Popemaking politicians, in the fact that he "is not a diplomatist!" Of course, European Royalty could never tolerate that the seat of the Fisherman should be wielded by anybody born in the Wild West, when such notice only very recently in Europe through the exhibitions given by Buffalo Bill's braves and brilliant bare-back riders in London town! This, of course, throws Cardinal Gibbons out of "the race" for the Roman tiara.

The Pope makers next remind their "intelligent readers" that Cardinal Taschereau not only comprises "a unique and strong position" for the reasons named, but they also add that he would be considered—when Pope—as a Frenchman by France. It would certainly be an act of great condescension on the part of the 30,000,000 inhabitants of France, to style a man born in Quebec a Frenchman, simply because he was called to the See of St. Peter! And what would the Canadians say? Assuredly they would never permit a Prince of the Church, and a Pontiff, to be purloined from them after such a fashion—even if by so doing he could—in the language of this very ludicrous dispatch—"elicit the sympathy and support of two powerful nations?"

The moral of all this is: Let not Catholics pay any faith to so called "news" from Rome, when they find it running at large in the columns of the daily press, as such "news" is generally "doctored" designedly by the enemies of both the Pope and the Church.

Since the foregoing was in type, a London made cablegram announces that the Bishops of Ireland maintain an attitude of "reserve" about the "alleged Papal Rescript." An no wonder! How could the Irish Prelates speak of what they had never seen! Then the same telegram says that "a *private* letter (which means a London-made mosstrich) received here says that Bishops refused to consider it a Rescript but simply a letter which imposes no obligation on them to make it public." Of course, in the eyes of the English manufacturer of these mysterious dispatches, the Irish Bishops are entirely wrong in their conclusions, and the only wonder is that the anti-Catholic journals generally do not, as they not suggested to that blustering individual the propriety of *forging* a Papal Rescript, and thus making history repeat itself for the hundredth time in the career of English chicanery—whenever the cause of the Church or of Ireland comes before that malignant combination of merciless tyrants.

—The English Government is at its old tricks of opening Parnell's letters as they pass through the London Post Office. A government that permits such an outrage upon decency to be perpetrated, deserves the condemnation of every honest minded citizen.

The English Bishops to Pope Leo XIII.

The following is a translation of the letter which the English Bishops have addressed to the Holy Father in protest against the Penal Code, which is at the present moment passing through the Italian Chamber:

Most Holy Father—The undersigned Bishops of England have learnt with great sorrow and indignation that there have later been proposed and are about to be carried into Italian Parliament against the Holy See, the clergy, and the Catholics of Italy, under the pretext of religious attacks against authority whether by word or by writing. The authority to be protected by these laws is the authority of a tyrannical that by violence has possessed itself of the City of Rome. Henceforth whomever shall venture to write or to speak in defence of the rights of the Holy See and of the Catholic world is to be punished by fine and imprisonment. There is no exception made in favor of any person, however eminent or sacred may be his dignity. The writer who shall speak in the cause of your Holiness whose sole—the Catholic world was your Primacy over the Catholic world was and to be guaranteed, is not exempted from these penal laws. To proclaim to the people of Christendom that Rome is the capital of the Catholic world will be an offence against the authority which by force has established itself within its walls, and would be a violation of those laws. That which is lawful to all Catholics throughout the world is a crime by some means, and forth be unlawful only in Italy, and, above all, in those who are public men—disguised and isolated.

We, who live in a land where the Catholic Church enjoys full liberty, are profoundly aggrieved and offended at seeing the injustice and the violence with which the sacred rights of the Head of the Church are trampled and violated in the very centre and in the very seat of its supreme authority. Already the filial devotion of all Catholic pastors and people of all parts of the habitable world, and also the free and lawfully public opinion of all civilized nations, have rebuked and condemned this illegal legislation. We also add our protest to that of the civilized world, detestable and unjust, and we offer the testimonies of such great signatures. We offer fervent prayers to the Divine Head of the Church, that He may bring to naught these and all other attempts against the liberty and independence of His Vicar upon earth, and we humbly implore for ourselves and for England the Apostolic Benediction.

November 10th, 1888.

Importance of Catholic Societies.

Some of the most lucid and forcible reasoning on the importance of Catholic Societies has emanated from the cultured mind of Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, of the Diocese of Vincennes, and amongst many readers of the MONITOR may not yet believe in any Catholic organization, we great Bishop Chatard's words will be read with pleasure, as they are stamped upon the minds of all our readers, so that Catholic societies may increase and multiply on the Pacific coast.

In a lengthy article in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Bishop Chatard says,

"Our Catholics should band together, come to each others assistance, and prove that union is strength. Our Catholic journals should be more generously supported, and even business men should be willing to give them a share of their patronage. Our secret societies, too, he will hardly be able to find employment. We are the last to be Freemasons, and we are the last to be Odd Fellows, and we are the last to be Knights of Pythias, and we are the last to be Knights of Labor, and we are the last to be Knights of Honor

Farm and Home.

Agricultural Notes.

—In New Jersey there is such an abundance of apples this year that the prodigal farmers are feeding them to the pigs.

—It is claimed by Bureau's Valley Irrigation district have voted in favor of raising $110,000 by issuing bonds. Only one vote was cast in opposition to the plan.

—E. L. Crawford raised on one vine 11 squashes weighing as follows: 64, 60, 56, 50, 44, 41, 37, 48, 70, 34, 114; total, 229 pounds. The largest one measured 3 feet 10 inches by 2 feet 3 inches.—*Georgetown Gazette.*

—L. H. Cutting, a prominent chicken fancier of this place, will leave for Japan in a few days, taking with him a large collection of fine-breed fowls raised on his establishment near French Camp. The fowls have been purchased for prominent Japanese officials who reside at Yokohama and Tokio.—*Stockton Independent.*

—When a man can raise between six and seven thousand sacks of potatoes in one season on forty acres and dispose of them readily at good figures, he may safely claim that he lives close to one of the garden spots of the planet. L. J. Murray of Cottage, about twelve miles east of Visalia, is one man who has done this thing the present year.—*Visalia Delta.*

—W. H. Jackson informs the Anaheim (Nev.) *Gazette* that he planted a little patch in beets this year on the 16th of June to experiment, and for his pains he has stored away for his cattle 1,000 pounds of that vegetable, some of them weighing four pounds apiece. He claims there is no other plant that will remove alkali so quickly, that there is no better food for cattle, and that he will plant several acres next year and raise the best attainable.

Coffee and its Effects.

Coffee owes its stimulating and refreshing qualities to caffeine. It also contains gum and sugar, fat, acids, casein, and wood fiber. Like tea, it powerfully increases the respiration; but, unlike it, does not affect its depth. By its use the rate of the pulse is diminished. It lessens the amount of blood sent to the organs of the body, distends the veins and contracts the capillaries, thus preventing waste of tissue. It is a mental stimulus of a high order, and can that be liable to great abuse. Carried to excess, it produces abnormal wakefulness, indigestion, sinking, heartburn, tremors, debility, irritability of temper, trembling, irregular pulse, a kind of intermittent sinking in delirium and great injury to the spinal functions. Unfortunately, there are many coffee-tipplers who dope-fed upon it as the drunkard upon his dram. On the other hand, coffee is a sovereign efficacy in taking over the nervous system in emergencies. Coffee is also, in its place, an excellent medicine. In typhoid fever its action is frequently prompt and decisive. It is indicated in the early stages before local complications arise. Coffee dispels stupor and lethargy; is an antidote for many kinds of poison, and is valuable in spasmodic asthma, whooping cough, cholera infantum, and kindred ailments. It is also excellent as a preventive against infectious and epidemic diseases. In districts rife with malaria and fever, the drinking of hot coffee before passing into the open air has enabled persons living in such places to escape contagion.

Lost Her Sight through Folly.

About a year ago one of the most loving girls in the State lived at No. 40 Orange avenue, Los Angeles, says the Times of that city. A pair of large liquid blue eyes got off a face that was large and uncomely. The young lady was highly educated and possessed all the qualities that go to make up a society belle. Her parents are well to do and she has wanted for nothing since she was old enough to prattle. Her face is one full and that itself has proved her undoing. It is called vanity. She fairly worshiped her own eyes and did everything in her power to make them more beautiful than they were.

She used numerous drugs before she found what she wanted. This last drug made her eyes sparkle like diamonds; and she used it to such an extent that her sight eyes began to shrink. This brought her to her senses and the family physician was called in. But he came too late, and informed the poor girl that she must lose one of her eyes, sure and probably both. The right eye was taken out some time ago and she has lost all sight in the left, and will be blind for life. It is one of the saddest cases that was ever brought to light in this city.

What is Luck?

A philosophical definition of luck is given by an English writer as a capability of being imposing. "The first Rothschild was probably right, from his point of view, when he said he never would employ an unlucky man. On the other hand, the lucky man is usually the man who finds fortune; who, whether apparently slow or rapid, can do just what his especial circumstances require him to do. Very stupid men are often ready men, armed with a readiness as of dogs when they taint from under a cartwheel usherett. The Tom who makes fortune is usually a man with just the foresight or the judgment or the intuitive perception of the way things are going—a faculty like long sight or keen hearing, and independent of intellectual power—requisite to make large profits quickly. In fact, the fortunate man is usually the man who, in consequence of some hidden quality in his nature, deserves fortune."

Youth and Old Age.

A writer who is a good observer, and has had considerable experience, thus defines the difference between the old and young. There is, he says, a wide gulf between youth and age, and he hence the proverb "You can't get an old head on young shoulders." This proverb was written by an old man, youth had nothing to do with it. Youth don't believe the old man knows anything, and the old man expects continually that the young man will be along saying, "I didn't know it was loaded." The young man will seek the counsel of those age in years and experience and avoid the mistakes in life. But Young America will continue to figure in the diverse courts, and compound his sixties at ten cents on the dollar. He don't want to be told that it is loaded; he prefers to find out himself. He gets there and pays the piper generally.

People Prot too Much about Trifles

Women find a sea of trouble in their housekeeping. Some one says they often put as much worry and anxiety into a loaf of bread, a pie, a cake, or into the weekly washing and ironing as would suffice for much weighier matters. Suppose these things go wrong to-day, the to-morrow are coming in which to try again, and the thing is not worth clouding your own spirit and those around you, injuring yourself and them physically—for the mind affects the body—and for such a trifle. When a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regret over it and do no idle fretting. It is ten to one that your sight will be found that seventy of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense.

Family Fun.

Whist as it is too often Played.

"Whom dual is it?"
"Who dual but I?"
"You, didn't you?"
"I didn't know."
"Yes, it's Mr. Hi's deal."
"Why, so it is."
"What's trumps?"
"Diamonds."
"Diamonds! Well, if I ain't got the unluckiest hand."
"Well, I just haven't got a thing."
"I never did have quite such awful luck."
"Whose play is it?"
"Let me see—what's trumps?"
"Diamonds."
"Oh, so it is; how stupid of me to forget."
"It's your play."
"Oh, is it! What is led?"
"Spades."
"Let me see now—mm—um—spades led and diamonds are trumps."
"Hurry up and play."
"Oh, if you didn't have ten trumps!"
"Who took that trick?"
"You mean thing!"
"Oh, if you didn't make four! You're horrid! Whose deal is it?"
"Mine."
"Oh, I'm so tired."
"Shuffle and deal."
"Oh, I'm so tired."
"Shuffle and deal."
"Oh, I'm so tired."
"Shuffle and deal

"THE JOLLY THREE."

Bumboat Women Derived Across the Atlantic.

NEW YORK, November 27.—Nora Fitzgerald, Katie Donovan and Mary Cummings, three bright-eyed Irish lassies, conduct a bumboat business in this harbor, Ireland. They sell apples, cakes and other things to passengers of vessels that enter the harbor. Their winsome ways made them very popular with the officers in Queenstown and won for them the sobriquet of "The Jolly Three." When the Union steamer *Arizona* moored alongside Queenstown last Sunday morning the three bumboat women made their appearance as usual, each armed with a tug basket filled with oranges, apples, etc.

Bumboat women are not allowed to board the Union liners, but "The Jolly Three" succeeded in stealing aboard. While they were selling their merchandise to the steerage passengers, Danny O'Brien's boat, which brought them out, got adrift. Before he could tell the officers about the women the *Arizona's* lines were let go, and, amid the weeping and wailing of the three women, the steamer sailed away from Queenstown and "The Jolly Three," with their baskets, were compelled to take a sail across the Atlantic. The women became quite contented after two days out, but poor Danny, the bumboat longed to be back among his comrades. Captain Brooks wanted them kindly and said he would get them here in time to sell to-day on the *Wyoming*, but owing to the gales which the *Arizona* met she did not arrive until after the *Wyoming* had sailed. All of them are still on the *Arizona*, and Captain Brooks will not permit the young lassies to leave the steamer for fear that some harm might come to them.

The Celtic, which arrived the other day, also brought a young lad who is a "bumboating" in Queenstown. His name is Johnny O'Neill, and he is 14 years old. He returns home to-morrow.

A PRUDENT PRIEST.

He Disagrees with his Bishop but Goes to Rome with Him.

The trouble which has culminated in Father Lambert of Waterloo, N. Y., having sailed for Rome, is said, on pretty good authority, to be simply a matter of jurisdiction. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, honestly believed that Father Lambert was still a Priest of the diocese of Alton, from which he came after the close of the war. Having so instructed Rome, the Propaganda authorized Bishop McQuaid to interrupt the exercises of the ministry of Father Lambert in the Rochester diocese till the matter of his legal residence was adjusted.

Father Lambert claims that he has been released from his oath to Alton, has been furnished with his "exeat" and has been of fending long enough, under the Canon Law, in the diocese of his adoption, to acquire a residence. He sailed with Bishop McQuaid for Rome to bring the matter formally before the Propaganda and await judgment.

Russia and the Vatican.

ROME, November 29.—The conference with Cardinal Rampolli and the Russian Envoy the Pope has proposed to establish diplomatic relations with Russia the same as with Germany, a Russian Minister to be sent to the Vatican, but no Nuncio to St. Petersburg.

The Parnell Fund.

NEW YORK, December 3.—Banker Eugene Kelly, president and treasurer of the Irish Parliamentary Fund Committee, and co-day: "None of the money which was sent to Mr. Parnell has been used by him in law-suits. The money is his, though, he does not as he sees fit with it for the cause of Ireland. We sent our last contribution, $10,000, by Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmond when he left here some months ago. We have very little on hand, less than $500. We haven't attempted to raise any money within the past few months, because we did not consider the time fitting. We will have a meeting of the committee in a few days to decide what we had best do.

Portland's New Hospital.

PORTLAND, Dec. 3.—Archbishop Gross has bought five acres of land in a beautiful situation on the slope of the hills west of this city as a site for a new building for St. Vincent's Hospital, paying $30,000 therefor. The site of the present hospital is near the grounds of the Northern Pacific Terminal Company, and property all around it has been built up and the situation has become undesirable for hospital purposes, and a more healthsome and commodious building will be erected on the new site.

The Monument to Sheridan.

WASHINGTON, November 27.—Samuel Kissen the sculptor, is engaged upon a monument for the tomb of General Sheridan in the Arlington Cemetery. The monument is to be a monolith of granite, with three sides entirely plain. Upon the front side, looking towards the city, is to be a portrait bust of General Sheridan in bas-relief of bronze. The bust is to be surrounded by a wreath of laurel on one side representing victory, and of palm on the other side representing peace. Back of the bust is to be the General's headquarters flag.

A Catholic Church Burned.

St. Raphael's Catholic Church, one of the oldest at Sagamore Bridge, was burned to the ground on Wednesday. The structure was built in 1854 and has been enlarged at considerable expense. The fire caught near the furnace room, evidently from a defective flue. Nothing was saved, the building being completely gutted. The loss is between $12,000 and $15,000. The parsonage adjoining escaped with scorch on the west, caught fire but all except the kitchen part was saved. The Pastor's private residence, a frame structure on the east, was partially consumed. The Catholic schoolhouse close by was saved, although somewhat scorched. The buildings were partially insured.

Labouchere's Invective.

For scorching invective, no one can brilliant than accurate, we have seldom seen anything to equal Mr. Henry Labouchere's comments on Chamberlain. Speaking at Bradford recently the editor of Truth said: "Chamberlain has been called a Judas. I do not appear of historical comparisons for they are seldom exact. Judas had some good about him. True he betrayed his Master, but he repented and returned the money to the priests, and hanged himself. Chamberlain, sup with Caiphas, sing the praises of Pilate, appear on platforms surrounded by Scribes and Pharisees and declare that he alone of the Apostles was a true Christian, and then go home and footle No, he repented and hanged himself."

Cheap Fruit in California.

Plus Cal. Prunes, 20 lbs. for 25c, at the phone 1m of Stanford, 1 to 1, 101 Washington street.

Prescriptions.

Take your prescriptions to Frank S. Kelly Pharmacist, chemist and family druggist. Telephone 1m, 1 to 1, 1 Eddy street, opposite Phelan building.

—If you require genuine pure wines, brandy or liquor of any kind for the sick or convalescent, call at Mahoney's, Jaline St. Market of 968 and 970 Folsom street, one block your choice with full satisfaction guaranteed.

—Tom Brown & Son, No. 38 Stanly street, have just received a large consignment of the Imperial Winthrop Range, Parlor and Office Stoves which they for a reduced price.

Correspondence.

We respectfully solicit correspondence from all parts of the Union on subjects pertaining to the progress of the Church or the spread of the Faith.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday noon, so as to insure insertion.

AF All correspondence must reach this office in advance of publication, and be signed to the Editor, not to press every Tuesday night.

NEVADA CATHOLICS.

Our Comstock Correspondent Tells of Many Things—Rev Father Bonchard's Grand Lecture—$1,802 55 Result of the Fair—Those Who Labored for This Great Success—St. Mary's School; what it is Doing—a Record of a Year—Leader Pupil for One Month—Its Superiority Over Public Schools—Consert by the Pupils—The "Enterprise" Makes a Statement—St. Aloysius' Sodality—A Heavy Letter Ship Written by Our Weekly Correspondent.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., Dec. 2, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir.—It is not often that the people of Virginia City are favored with a lecture by Rev. Father Bonchard, S.J. It is rarely we are privileged to be present when that gifted Follower of the illustrious Loyola preaches in his own inimitable way on the grandeur of Christianity. But when such an opportunity is afforded, then comes one time when go to hear such a sublime discourse, the entranning eloquence and irrefragable logic of the Church of Holy Christ in the challenge of the world. Such was the case last evening when Father Bonchard gave his lecture on the subject of great interest—"Universal Science."

Though on this question there exists so many conflicting opinions among learned and profound thinkers, Father Bonchard gave a lucid explanation of the teaching and Doctrine of the Church of Christ and the means of salvation ordained by a just and merciful God and left in the world as the medium through which we are to work out our salvation. This writer, if he understood aright, took the renowned lecturer to say that outside the Catholic Church there was no salvation. He then proceeded to explain the meaning of the word Catholic and showed how it was in fulfilled or corporate union with the only religious society on earth, organized and constituted by divine Wisdom the Life-giving Gospel to every creature under the sun for all time, would be eternally lost, for there are good souls who are not in visible union with the Catholic Church, and yet are united in an invisible manner to the soul of the Church, who will be saved, provided that their lost hearts have been in the state of grace. Your correspondent thinks this is very far statement of the teaching of Holy Church, and respectfully refers the reader to the Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII. Father Bonchard had in his lecture, what, to adopt it as the result of such strong reasoning in the New York Freeman's Journal, Rev. Father Bonchard had in his sermon representative of every belief in the Comstock, and they all agreed that the lecture was a decided success. Never was a lecture delivered with universal ability, and success which is any way comparable to it. Father Bonchard's

A FATHER'S FINAL CONVERSION.

A Happy Reminiscence of One Christmas Eve.

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "E. M."]

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve, in a by-gone year, and Edna Gray was standing before a mirror arranging her simple, white dress. For weeks she had looked forward to this night with a feeling of intense pleasure. Throughout many years she had been attending a Sabbath School, and, as no one could remember ever having heard of an absent mark against her for eleven years, she was often laughingly alluded to as "the immovable Picture." This year, for her attendance and exemplary zeal, she had been promoted a recompense more costly than usually given to the ordinary Protestant Sabbath School scholar, and tonight that reward was to be here.

A change had come over the girl in the last few days; no one knew why, and, what may seem strange, no one cared to inquire. She stood, gazing at the reflection of herself in the glass, dreaming strange dreams. At length she said:

"I know I am not beautiful, but when I am my best on anything I always attain my object. Every one likes me; it seems I possess the power to make others love me. I wonder what page would say if I told him what is troubling me now, and before I go I must tell him, for I could not enter that festival hall with my mind burdened with this secret."

Just then Mr. Grey entered, and he looked pleased as his eye rested on his favorite daughter. "Ah! little one," he said, "you are growing beautiful, and sometimes I shall be losing you too. What is it to be a minister's wife, eh!"

"Oh, you, papa; nothing like that. Something you least expect. Let me tell you what happened on Sabbath last."

The child's arms were around his neck, and her head nestled on his bosom. She was not beautiful, and, in fact, until lately she had been considered quite plain, but she possessed that magic power of drawing others to her. The father gazed fondly upon his little one, and wondered how he could ever part with his "sunshine," as he called her.

"Papa," she said did you ever hear of Protestant Sisters?"

"No."

"Well, on last Sabbath, at the afternoon services, we were all startled by the appearance of two ladies dressed exactly like the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy here. They wore large black cloaks over their dresses, poke bonnets, and long veils thrown over the bonnets. Some say they had beads and crucifixes at their sides, but I did not notice that. Of course we were all very curious to know about them, and asked a great many questions of our Sabbath School Superintendent and Rev. Mr. Fenn, our pastor. They concluded the information. The two ladies were Protestant Sisters of Mercy. Their Mother House was in London, England, and they were travelling for their health. One of them was an heiress in England, and they had offered hand any place in California suitable they would settle here. Mr. B——, our our minister said it would be a fine thing if some of the ladies of the congregation would consent to join them in their holy undertaking, as it would be such a good way to counteract the influence of the Roman Catholic Sisters here.

"Now, papa, I immediately said in a half whisper, my that I would join, and you know I have seen the shell looks he showed upon me. I was told that such work was not for me, but for those who had loined nothing but sorrow and bitterness in their young lives. But I can not look upon it in that light, for I think the younger we give up all for God, the more acceptable it is. Do you know, papa, that since then, I have made up my mind to be a Sister, but not a Protestant one, a real one I mean—a *Catholic Sister of Mercy*. Oh! if I could only receive for my gift to-morrow, Faith! Then would I give up everything, for you would I be contented to have you and all belonging to me in order to serve God through his destitute poor."

"Edna!"

Mr. Gray's voice was stern, and his face cold and dark as he pushed her from his embrace.

"Edna, listen! Never let me hear such words from you again if you value my love. I hate, yes, I hate Catholics. The day I hear you are one, that day will be your last on earth. I swear that my hand shall speed the bullet to your heart. I thought, let one moment, that you meant what you have just said, I would slay you now. No child of mine shall ever say 'I am a Catholic,' and live! Heaven grant that there are only idle words of yours! Much as I love you my love can be turned to hate. Promise me, my child, you will never take such a step. Never! never that you will never think such a mything of that accursed Popish religion! Don't have around what I thought was dead! I will kill you if ever you seek to know aught of Romish mummeries!"

Slowly the girl turned and faced her father, and her eyes met his unflinchingly. It staggered him to see her so calm before his anger. "Father," she said, "I know I am out of age. You may withhold your consent for a while, but your threats cannot move me. I will attend the Mass and I am out of age. You may withhold your consent for a while, but your threats cannot move me. I will attend the Mass and I will do what I think is right.

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all MONITOR friends, both far and near!

—A cablegram from Rome says that Archbishop Riordan left Rome on last Thursday.

—The Parnell Investigation still drags its slow course before the Commission, but nothing counted last week worth noting.

—Italian Catholics are arranging for a special Peter Pence collection at the end of the year as a thank-offering wherewith to clope the Jubilee year.

—News has just arrived in Rome of the death of Mgr. Bougaud, Bishop of Laval, who had only been consecrated to the episcopate on February 2nd. His death is bewailed with much sincerity of sorrow there, as he had many friends among ecclesiastical circles in all parts of the world. *R. I. P.*

—Do not forget the poor in your list of those worthy of presents during the coming Holiday season. "The poor ye have always with you," says our Divine Redeemer, and extremely blessed is that Catholic who helps the poor for God's sake. There is a *poor boy* in every church, yet some Catholics never seem to find that out.

—London *French* proposes that a Christmas present of £500 be sent to Father Damien, the heroic apostle of the leper settlement of Molokai, Sandwich Islands, in order to enable that great servant of the lepers to provide a suitable church for his afflicted flock. We hope the proposition may be successfully consummated.

—The present issue of the CHRISTMAS MONITOR is memorable for many reasons, not the least interesting of which is the fact that this issue *is the largest the MONITOR ever printed.* We heartily thank our thousands of Catholic friends all over this coast and the whole country for this extremely gratifying success.

—A rapid and wonderful increase in the population of this United States was manifested in the late Presidential vote. The total Presidential vote was 352,968 in 1824; 1,416,772 in 1860; 4,676,853 in 1870; 7,219,947 in 1880 and 10,656,447 in 1888. It is altogether probable that the total vote this year has increased to nearly 11,000,000. These figures, indicating the growth of the country, are almost bewildering. Since 1860 the population has more than doubled.

—Every Catholic family should possess a Crucifix, a Statue of the Sacred Heart, a Statue of the Blessed Virgin, and also one of St. Joseph; so we hope that children who may design purchasing Christmas presents for their parents will bear this text in mind and then provide each Catholic home with emblems of that faith and union with God which brings a perpetual blessing of peace, purity, and prosperity, through the prayers which statues and pious pictures suggest at all hours of the day and night.

—A New York paper relates the following sad event, which is only another example of the uncertainties of life: "On Tuesday George H. Forster was elected President of the Board of Aldermen by some thirty thousand majority; but on Wednesday he died without ever hearing of his success. He had been ill for some time. It was one of the most touching cases that can be imagined. It is one other illustration of the instability of human ambitions, human struggles or even human successes, and that the ways of Providence are beyond man's ken."

—That bigoted bye-word which has been a favorite phrase with all Irish haters in the past, when alluding to the natives of Erin as "the ignorant Irish," will hereafter have to be buried in the turgid waters of oblivion, as Father Edward Brady says in an article on Ireland in the December number of the *Catholic World*, that during his recent visit to that country "he did not come across a single young person who could not read and write." Knowledge is a great power, and, in the hands of the Irish people, it will help them to attain Home Rule in the near future.

—The Belgian Government is again to be congratulated on the signal success of the "ballotage," or second election of October 29th, for the vacant seat in the parliamentary representation of Brussels. The candidate of the united Catholics and Independents, M. Fowis de ten Boeshe, was somewhat over the Liberal, M. Gheyn, a former Minister of Finance, by 8,040 to 7,837. This defeat in the capital itself is a bitter pill for the Liberal or anti-Clerical party, disrupted and disorganized as it is. "The result," declared M. Burge, the head of the Liberal League, at the stormy meeting held after the proclamation of the result, "is a veritable defeat of the Liberal party." The pill was an unusually bitter one.

—Father E. J. McCabe, who edits the *Catholic Youth*, the best paper for juveniles in America, says with forcible truth that "it should be regarded as a first and sacred duty to have a Catholic paper in every Catholic household; for it will always be a guide and a counsellor, and a teacher of morality for young and old. The Catholic paper is a reflection of the daily life of the Catholic Church, and from it Catholics can learn how to regulate their daily lives. The Catholic paper is also a defender of the Church, and as such is recommended for support by the leaders of the Church. This is precisely the mission of the MONITOR, and we ask our friends everywhere to send in such a *new subscriber* for 1889, as a New Year's gift for which they will receive our most generous thanks.

THE CHURCH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Inasmuch as this number of the MONITOR will be read by many persons in distant lands, who have but a meagre idea of the progress which God's Church is making on the Pacific Coast, we deem it interesting to present a brief synopsis of the present condition of the Church in the several Dioceses forming the ten ecclesiastical divisions or Provinces on the western slope of North America.

Readers at a distance, when scanning the following figures, will do well to bear in mind that it is only about forty years since emigration to this coast commenced, prior to which time there were not a dozen Catholic Churches north or south of San Francisco, except the adobe edifices erected by the early Spanish missionaries for the use of their Indian converts.

Since 1848 the Catholic Church has kept well on a parallel line with the growth and development of the whole coast, and her progress, although slow at first, has become greatly accelerated during the past eight years, since the superb, private, prelific and ecumenical advantages of this section of the New World have become more familiar to the denizens of the Atlantic slope, who have annually migrated westward in hundreds of thousands in order to participate in the prosperity and growth of the Golden West.

The consequence has been that new churches and schools have been erected during the past few years in every place on this coast where the Catholic population was of such numerical magnitude as to call for them, and when the number of priests and Teaching Orders in the Diocese would justify their erection.

It is also gratifying to notice that Catholic zeal has well increased in the hearts of the flock of Christ on this coast. This is manifested by the large attendance of children at the parochial schools and Catholic Colleges, by the increased attendance at churches, and by the liberality with which contributions are made to every object wherein Faith or Charity is the moving spirit in the appeal.

In fine, we can send to our co-religionists in all portions of the Christian world, the "glad tidings of great joy," at this holy Christmas time, that in no section of the Universe is there a better present or a more prosperous future for the Catholic Church, than in that section of this Pacific Coast bounded by the northern line of British Columbia on the north, down to the northern line of Mexico on the south.

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way," and each succeeding year will find the population increasing ever every foot of land within these geographical limits. In this region can be found the climate of every nation in Europe. Portions of it are as cold as Norway; another section of it partakes of the pleasingly variable climate of Great Britain, while in the southern portion—the land of the grape, the fig and the olive—a climate will be found precisely of a character akin to that of southern France and Italy.

On this coast, therefore, the Scandinavian of the north, or the Sicilian of the south of Europe, can find congenial employment for their industry in this great land of Freedom smiles upon all, and where Religion blesses every man's honest labor.

In the Pacific Coast there are two Ecclesiastical Provinces, viz. the Province of Oregon in the North, comprising the Archdiocese of Oregon, the Dioceses of Nesqually (Washington Territory), Helena (Montana), the Vicariate Apostolic of Idaho, and the Diocese of Vancouver's Island, and British Columbia territory.

This Ecclesiastical Province extends from Northern California into a portion of the British possessions, and also takes in Alaska, which is under the supervision of the Ordinary of Victoria, B C. The latest census of this growing portion of this Northwest gives statistics concerning the Religious affairs of that region in the following order:

Archbishop, 1; Bishops, 4; Priests, 120; Churches, 101; Chapels and Stations, 70; Colleges, 6; Academies, 20; Parochial schools, 20; Hospitals and other charitable Institutions, 20; Catholic population about 100,000.

The Ecclesiastical Province of San Francisco comprises this Archdiocese and the Dioceses of Monterey and Los Angeles, Sacramento and Utah. This Religious division of the territory of the Lord's vineyard aggregates about as follows:

Archbishop, 1; Bishops, 3; Priests 275; Churches, 197; Chapels and Stations, 224; Colleges, 10; Academies, 25; Parochial schools, 33; Charitable Institutions, 24. Total Catholic population estimated at 225,000.

Besides these two Ecclesiastical Provinces on this coast, there are in the far East the two Vicariate-Apostolic, viz. the Vicariate-Apostolic of Athabaska-Mackenzie, under the jurisdiction of Rt. Rev. H. J. Faraud, O. M. I., and a number of priests of the Oblates of Mary.

These missionary Fathers have planted the Cross along the banks of the Peace, the Mackenzie, and the Liards Rivers, and around the shores of the Great Slave Lake, Athabasca Lake and Lake La Biche. They are assisted in their labors by the Sisters of Charity, who have opened academies on the banks of the Mackenzie River and on the borders of Lakes La Biche and Athabaska—these being the most northern Christian schools on the American continent. The religious statistics of this region are as follows:

Bishop, 2; Priests, 34; Lay Brothers, 28; Male and Female Institutions, 6; Orphan Asylums and Hospitals, 6; Sisters on mission, 23.

North of this region is bounded the Vicariate-Apostolic of British Columbia, having for its northern boundary the 60th parallel of north latitude, and for its southern boundary the 49th decree of north latitude.

This Vicariate is also in charge of Priests and priests belonging to the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, who have about 20,000 baptized Indians and a few thousand Catholic settlers and traders under their spiritual care. The following respectable representation the Ecclesiastical condition of the Vicariate:

Bishop, 2; Priests, 21; Churches, 16; Chapels, 8; Schools, 10; Convents, 4; Indian Boarding schools, 3. The Sisters of St. Anne have academies for young ladies at New Westminster and also at Williams' Lake and Kamloops City.

The Sisters also manage a boarding school for Indian girls at St. Mary's. The Oblate Fathers have charge of St. Louis College, New Westminster, also Industrial boarding schools for Indian boys, at St. Mary's, at Williams' Lake and at Kamloops City.

Christian education and charity go hand in hand in every Diocese on this coast, and readers of the MONITOR can realize the extent to which both these Divine factors in propagating the Faith operate from the influence upon the people at large, from the following digest of the different institutions in the Dioceses named:

PROVINCE OF OREGON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OREGON CITY.—This Archdiocese was established in 1846 and comprises the State of Oregon. Its episcopal institutions are Mount Angel College in Marion county, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers of St. Benedict's Priory at Mount Angel; St. Michael's College, Portland, under charge of the Christian Brothers. The Female Religious Orders engaged in works of Charity and Mercy are the Sisters of the Most Holy Name of Jesus and Mary, who have very flourishing Academies, boarding and day schools in Portland, East Portland, Jacksonville, St. Paul's, Salem, the Dalles, and other places. The Benedictine Sisters have academies and schools at Gervais, Oregon City, Albany and Grand Ronde. The Sisters of Charity, from the Mother House of Providence, Montreal, Canada, have very commodious hospitals in Portland and also at Astoria.

DIOCESE OF NESQUALLY.—This Diocese embraces Washington Territory, and among its institutions are Holy Angels' College at Vancouver, St. Patrick's College, Walla Walla, both under charge of secular priests with lay assistants. Gonzaga College, located at Spokane Falls, is under charge of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The Sisters of Charity of the Union of Providence have flourishing academies and schools at Vancouver, Olympia, Walla Walla, Cheney, North Yakima, Fort Colville, Tekoah and Spokane. The same Order has charge of Hospitals and Orphan Asylums at Vancouver, Walla Walla, Olympia, Seattle and Spokane Falls. The Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary have a very flourishing academy at Seattle; the Sisters of St. Benedict have boarding and day schools at Fairvoy and also at Chinook. Father Chazanne has a day school for boys at Olympia, and there are a number of schools for Indians in the Diocese.

DIOCESE OF HELENA.—This Diocese comprises the Territory of Montana, and although it was not erected until 1884, it has made wonderful progress in that brief period. Among its educational and charitable institutions are St. Vincent's Academy and St. John's Hospital in Helena, both conducted by the Sisters of Charity, of Leavenworth, Kansas, who also have useful schools at several of the Indian Reservations, where the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have schools for both white and Indian children. The Ursuline Sisters have schools at Miles City, on the Crow Indian Reservation, and they also conduct Indian schools among the Cheyennes, at Ashland, and among the Blackfeet Indians. The Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence conduct schools on the Flathead Indian Reservation, they also have charge of St. Clare's Hospital at Helena, and St. Patrick's Hospital at Missoula City. St. James Hospital, at Butte City, is in charge of the Sisters of Charity from Leavenworth. St. Ignatius Mission, in Montana, is conducted by Mr. M. Kenny and assistants.

DIOCESE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.—This diocese comprises Vancouver Island and Alaska Territory, being one of the largest Dioceses in the world. Among its educational and charitable institutions are St. Louis College, Victoria, V. I., Principal, Rev. J. A. Van Neval; A Young Ladies Academy, an Orphan Asylum, and a Reformatory school are conducted by Victoria by the Sisters of St. Anne, who also have schools at Nanaimo and Cowichan, as well as hospitals and schools at Juneau City.

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF IDAHO.—This Vicariate comprises the Territory of Idaho, and although established in 1868, its progress has been somewhat slow in consequence of the sparse population. The educational institutions are St. Mary's Academy, at Boise Missouri, conducted by the Sisters of Providence; St. Alphonsus' Academy at Lewiston, conducted by the Sisters of Charity; a boy's school in Boise Missouri and a day school at Nez Perces Mission, both under the supervision of the Society of Jesus.

PROVINCE OF SAN FRANCISCO

ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The educational and charitable institutions of this Archdiocese are both numerous and beneficial. The leading educational institutions are Santa Clara College, at Santa Clara, under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and a staff of competent professors. This institution is said, even by non-Catholics, to be the most meritorious educational facilities in California. St. Mary's College, adjoining, is under charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who are at present reaping a harvest of success in Oakland, which they expect to remove some time next Summer. St. Ignatius College in this city, is also under charge of the members of the Society of Jesus. Sacred Heart College is under the supervision of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who also have charge of parochial schools in this city, as well as educational institutions at Oakland, Martinez, West Oakland, and Brooklyn. The Brothers of Mary have charge of St. Patrick's College, Stockton, and St. Joseph's parochial school for boys, in this city. The Sisters of Notre Dame have Young Ladies' Academies and schools at San Jose, Santa Clara, San Francisco, Alameda, Redwood City, and Petaluma. The Sisters of the Most Holy Name of Jesus and Mary, conduct Academies, select and parochial schools in San Francisco, Oakland, and Vallejo. The Sisters of Mercy conduct schools in San Francisco, Oakland, Brooklyn, and Rio Vista. The Sisters of the Presentation conduct schools in San Francisco, Berkeley, and Sonoma. The Sisters of St. Joseph conduct schools in West Oakland. The Dominican Sisters conduct schools in Stockton, San Francisco, Vallejo and San Leandro. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart conduct a Young Ladies Academy in this city. The Presentation Sisters conduct an Academy at Santa Rosa, and the Sisters of Charity conduct schools in this city, and also have charge of the Male and Female Orphan Asylums, the Foundling Hospital and the Lying-in Hospital in this city. The Sisters of Mercy have charge of St. Mary's Hospital, the Magdalen Asylum, the *Magdalen Asylum*, and Our Lady's Home for Aged and Infirm Females, in this city. The Diocesan Male Orphan Asylum is located at San Rafael, and is in charge of Secular Clergy and assistants, the Dominican Sisters attending to the female departments. The Sisters of the Holy Family (a local Community), devote themselves to taking care of the sick and the poor, as well as the Catholic education of indigent children whom they feed, clothe and instruct in their two Orphan Asylums in this city. St. O. Overlay has charge of the Vicariate's Directory for Homeless Boys, at 200 Howard street, where a free lunch and an employment office is open to all the boys of San Francisco who are the offspring of neglected parents or who are without friends. These Christian education and charity are both well represented in this Archdiocese.

DIOCESE OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.—Comprising the southern section of the State of California, was established in the year 1840. Its educational and charitable institutions are represented by St. Vincent's College, located in Los Angeles, and conducted by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission. The Order of the Daughters of Charity conduct the following institutions in the diocese: School of the Immaculate Conception and Orphan Asylum at Los Angeles, where they also manage St. Vincent Infirmary, one of the handsomest hospital buildings in the State; St. Vincent's School and Orphan Asylum at Santa Barbara; School of the Holy Cross and Orphan Asylum at Santa Cruz. The Sisters of the Holy Cross and Immaculate Heart of Mary conduct the following institutions: Convent and School of San Luis Obispo; School, Orphan Asylum and Convent at San Juan; School at Hollister; School and Convent at San Buenaventura; and the Cathedral Parochial school at Los Angeles. The large parochial school attached to the church of the Lady of Angels, at Los Angeles, is under charge of the Sisters of Charity. The Sisters of St. Joseph conduct school in San Diego and also at Fort Yuma. The Sisters of Loretto conduct a school for girls at Silver City. A college is at present under way at Fort Monterey, and other localities are preparing to establish schools during the forthcoming year. The Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus are expected, will open a large educational institution in Los Angeles during the coming year. The Franciscan Fathers have charge of an extensive orphanage at Pajaro.

DIOCESE OF SACRAMENTO.—This diocese was erected in 1886, and comprises the former Diocese of Grass Valley, together with the Archdiocese of Sacramento, Yuba, Tuolumne, Amador Calaveras, Mariposa, Eldorado, Placer, Alpine and Mono counties in this State, as well as Sonora county in Mexico.

The educational and charitable enterprises in this Diocese comprise the following institutions: St. Joseph's Institute, Sacramento, a College for boys, under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The Sisters of Mercy have Academies and schools at Sacramento, Red Bluff, Humboldt Bay and Grass Valley. The Sisters of Charity have a prosperous academy at Vallejo. The Sisters of Mercy also manage an Orphan Asylum and Hospital. The Sisters of Notre Dame have a well established academy at Marysville. The Sisters of St. Dominic have a flourishing academy at Auburn. The Sisters of the Holy Cross have a prosperous academy at Woodland, and a High School for boys in reputation at Marysville. The Sisters of Mercy have a large Orphan Asylum at Grass Valley. A magnificent new Cathedral and an episcopal residence is now in course of erection at Sacramento, the capital of the State.

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF UTAH.—This Vicariate was erected in 1886, and comprises the Territory of Utah and several counties in Nevada. Its principal educational and charitable institutions comprise All Hallows College in Salt Lake City, a first-class College for boys and young men, under the direction of a large Faculty of professors. Holy Angels Academy, a large and flourishing institution, with a number of competent lay assistants. The Sisters of the Holy Cross have a number of educational and charitable institutions scattered throughout Utah, among which may be counted St. Mary's Academy, St. Ann's Orphan Asylum, Holy Cross School and Holy Cross Hospital, all located in Salt Lake City. Mention must be made of the Sisters of Mercy, who have charge of the Mary's Hospital, the Magdalen Asylum, the *Mater Misericordiæ*, and Our Lady's Home for Aged and Infirm Females, in this city. The Diocesan Male Orphan Asylum is located at San Rafael, and is in charge of Secular Clergy and assistants, the Dominican Sisters attending to the female departments. The Sisters of the Holy Family (a local Community), devote themselves to taking care of the sick and the poor, as well as the Catholic education of indigent children whom they feed, clothe and instruct in their two Orphan Asylums in this city. St. O. Overlay has charge of the Vicariate's Directory for Homeless Boys, at 200 Howard street, where a free lunch and an employment office is open to all the boys of San Francisco who are the offspring of neglected parents or who are without friends. These Christian education and charity are both well represented in this Archdiocese.

DIOCESE OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.—Comprising the southern section of the State of California, was established in the year 1840. Its educational and charitable institutions are

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Winter had thrown its robe of spotless white over the fair face of Nature, the strifes of contending hosts and the din of arms had for the first time in centuries died away. The victorious Eagles of the Imperial Cesar had taken their loftiest flight and spread their wings over a conquered world.

Peace, on a star, blessed December night, when darkness hung heavily over the sky and shining serenely through their azure homes, out upon the midnight air, and silence ensued for a short time thereafter. Behold He was born whose Word pierced the realms of ancient night. His whom myriad Angels adore, born in a poor stable, holding court with the Shepherds. We hold profound reverence from naught. He who dwelt in the thunderbolt, was wrapped in swaddling clothes. He whose the Heavens cannot contain, was peacefully slumbering in the arms of the Virgin of Nazareth. He for Whom the ages of years have taken attempts to describe this solemn yet lovingly tender Mystery!

The angels appearing in the solemn stillness of midnight, chanted their heaven-born canticles, which were heard by the startled ears of the listening shepherds. Suddenly the vision disappeared, the mystic symphony is hushed into stillness. The midnight watchers hear naught but the sighing of the wind or the bark of the watch-dog, which ever and anon disturbed the solitude of slumbering Bethlehem. Wrapped in wonder and astonishment, the Shepherds go over to Bethlehem to adore the "Infant Pentheus."

Leaving behind the cave in order to assure themselves that they had reached the end of their nightly pilgrimage, these "*Men of God Hill*, discovered Heaven came to preach the Gospel to the poor and to abolish the curse of slavery, there rejoicing under the form of a little babe peacefully resting in his humble crib.

The Infant God was next visited by the Magi, who had followed the guiding star from the far Orient to the "hillock and hamlet of Bethlehem." They found Him not wrapped in soft garments, nor reposing in the couch of luxury surrounded by numberless worldly attendants, but they found Him occupying His throne of perpetual poverty, protected from the chilling, cold and biting winds of Winter by a stable and mangers. What a night must have met the gaze of the Magi skilled in ancient lore! The feeble light of the Bethlehem star enabled them to perceive an aged patriarch, a tender Virgin, and a helpless Infant whom they recognized as—

What a spectacle The King of Eternal Ages born in time, adored by the Wise of the earth. The Cradle of Him who came to abolish sacrifice was not to be covered with blood. Hence the Magi also neither Hun nor other cruel barbarians. They offered Him gold as an earthly prince, myrrh and incense as God.

Gaudenus Claudianus, "Thou antipoty would have expatiated in praise of the Virgin Mother, if thou hast seen or a Virgil would have left us of the son of God in a manger, of the songs of the shepherds, of the Magi prostrate before the star, of the Angels descending to the desert, of a Virgin Mother adoring her new born Infant, of the choirs of innocence, enchantment and grandeur!

What pleasing recollections the time of Christmas brings with it. Again the family circle enjoys the domestic hearth and recalls the memories of bygone days. The absent dear ones are present in spirit. The cold raises the mantle of charity warm that time, in his hurried march, has wrought upon their clockered corner. The aged sire and venerable grandsire whose locks have been whitened by the winters long ago, are young again, and their countenances are lit up with all the joyous youth. The weather beaten sailor, far away on the swelling sea, whose frame has become inured to the blasts of a northern winter, has joyful visions of his far off happy home on Christmas Day. Even the poor exiled soldier, who wears the badge of his adopted country, thinks tenderly of the rosier value and sparkling streams of his native land; and his heart warms, his pulse quicks quicker, as he hears the Christ anthem and the chimes of a thousand bells proclaiming that it is Christmas Day. Christmas is necessary to all classes, the young are doubly cheerful, and their joy is expressed in the effulgent beams that light up their innocent faces. What does all this mean? Why, it means that Christ, who lost the God-Man by his coming brought "peace and joy to men of good will.

It does but recall the strain heard centuries ago on the plains of Palestine, when the angelic hosts sang on clear, liquid resonances, to the astonished shepherds "Glory be to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." Oh, Christmas, from the depths of your innocent souls pour forth your sincerest hymns of love and praise, and with hearts filled with gratitude offer to your new born King the gold of Charity and the incense of Prayer.

To heavenly powers chant your gladsome harmonious Hosannas before the throne of the Omnipotent for this is Christmas Day.

J

The Worst Life Yet.

BOSTON, December 11.—A sensation has been created by the Pope's refusal to bless medals and rosaries sent to Rome by an Irish priest, who resigned from the Catholic church in Ireland. The Pope sternly says "I cannot bless these things, they are contrary to the Gospel. They seem to prefer the Gospel of Judas and O'Brien to the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

The above cablegram appeared in the daily papers of last Monday morning. Let us stop the press in order to denounce its contents as the most unhallowed invention that ever emanated from that faithful son of the Father of Lies—the English press, who has charge of the cable dispatches which it is pretended—come direct from Rome.

The New *Reformer* says: "The Archbishop of Cashel was in Charleville last week, staying at the residence of Very Rev. Canon Ryan, but his Grace was utterly unable to appear in public, owing to the grief with which he was overcome by the loss of his sister, Here Mother Teresa, whom he had loved with the greatest fondness.

THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR.

We take considerable pride in presenting our readers with the CHRISTMAS MONITOR, which is made up in great part from the contributions of Catholic writers who have a deep interest on Catholic literature.

The MONITOR can say with truth that no Catholic paper in America has a greater number of prose and poetical writers contributing to its columns, and among these will be found the names of several who have already gained both name and fame for their literary genius. Others, again, are just beginning to develop a taste for Catholic literature, and to foster such a laudable ambition in the duty of the Catholic press, and the MONITOR has the happiness of knowing that some have been born the cradle whose were nursed the first-born thoughts of many a Catholic type in literature, who has since gained literary renown through the encouragement thus given to their earlier efforts.

It is with laudable pride, therefore, that we point to the pyramid of original poetry and Christmas stories, as well as to the great variety of selected matter suitable for this holiday season, which freights the MONITOR this week, and which will be read with both pleasure and profit in many distant lands, as the MONITOR finds its way into the social home, of some dear relative in Europe, bringing up to mind the long and fond of many a California relative or friend, who, though lost to sight, is still held in sweet remembrance when Christmas fare adorns the festive board, and "fond blue eye fondly turns away, in the prayer of many a pulsating heart.

Cheering Words from "Bull-Dog" Readers.

Are would be impossible to express our grateful thanks to the hundreds of friends of the MONITOR who are showing a wide and kindly good wishes for the success of what they fondly style "the grand old MONITOR, we take this method of returning our warmest and most sincere thanks for the innumerable good wishes and fraternal greetings contained in a basket full of communications at present before us from subscribers both at home and in distant lands alike, all breathing a spirit of love for the MONITOR and an appreciation for its editorial labours which makes every person on the MONITOR staff feel that they have a home in Heaven and them whose generous sentiments will ever be treasured in our heart well as to encourage to make the grand old MONITOR what it has been, and what it will be—the Catholic Church, the Popes, the Priests, the Bishops and the Catholic people against the world, and their enemies, both foreign and domestic.

In order that our readers may have an idea of the appreciation in which the MONITOR is held, we append a few random extracts from the pile of correspondence before us

AN ANCIENT SUBSCRIBER SAYS:

MR. EDITOR:—I have been sending some of the money I owe for subscriptions, and a letter money I received from home, I will send you the balance as soon as I can. I am reading the MONITOR while I write me, I was quite surprised to find that you had such a grand issue of your paper.

AN EXPERIENCED EDITOR SAYS:

"May time for reading is very limited in consequence of my duties, but I manage to dip into the MONITOR every week. Indeed, I enjoy return I receive it every week by reading the MONITOR, and I find it a great help to me in my work. I wish you success with the numerous enemies of our holy Faith.

AN IRISH PRIEST SAYS:

"I regret very much that I have not been able to write you before, but I have been from home on the interesting parish tour practice the student labours of Church dogmas and the great Christian doctrines. I was sorry to see a paper delivered of our holy Faith which is worthy of a different paper.

AN ARMY OFFICER SAYS:

"I find small my copy of the MONITOR to the Army and Navy Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark., thinking, as I have my own, that chances are it's a good wholesome paper falling into hands of some Catholic soldier who has left the Church in the U. S. service, and I never allow the MONITOR to be thrown away or used as waste paper. I send them to a dozen or more chaplains. I always send every copy where I think it worth while, and I distribute about thousands of mine away in every year.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS SAYS:

"I have not forgotten that I owed you a year of the MONITOR and as I wish other people the same literary benefit, I enclose a list of names and a dollar, and will distribute among subscribers "to the grand old MONITOR."

A CONVERTED WOMAN SAYS:

Long life to the old MONITOR and great success to the MONITOR for many years. I regard the MONITOR as the lowest and best Catholic paper published in the United States."

These samples of the sentiments of our readers are all we can find room for, but we again thank them for their kind words and their generous support, and will do our best to please and to please the Christian world of—for their cheering words and good wishes, which will serve to inspire us with the laudable ambition of making the MONITOR well worthy of the generous patronage which it is accorded by Catholics of all ages and of all nationalities.

An Excellent Idea.

The Home correspondent of the Dublin Nation says that portrait important news recently in the shape of a remarkable proposal in ecclesiastical circles in Rome that the Irish Bishops have presented a memorial in which, while expressing their devotion to the Holy See, they ask that all matters regarding them may be communicated through the *Sacred Congregation, and not through a secular channel*, as at present. This is a confirmation, but should the same prove to be true, it will show that the Irish Bishops are determined to maintain the independence of the Irish Church, and to preserve that direct and immediate relation with the centre of ecclesiastical authority which, by history and precedent, it is entitled. The fewer intermediaries, the less the danger from alien or intermeddlesome influence.

The great cause of complaint hitherto has been that the English press has been too often the medium of communication between the Pope and the Irish Prelates an anomalous that has caused a great deal of dissatisfaction and of pain to both the Hierarchy and the laity of Ireland.

MONITOR MISCELLANY.

Rev. John Leahy of Lockford was in the city last week.

All the Catholic schools are busy preparing for the annual examination.

Rev. Father Harrington and J. Nugent are well pleased with the result of their recent tour.

John A. Obeen of Newport, Oregon, has given Archbishop Gross a block of land on which to build a Catholic church.

Gingerbread was broken last Monday week for a new Catholic church at San Rafael. The cake will be on sale from 8 to 10.

Wednesday, December 5th, was the 25th anniversary of the establishment of some Catholic institution on the Northwest Coast.

"The Salamanchuda's Adventure," a Christmas story written for the MONITOR by Jas. A. Hughes, will appear next week.

The Christmas entertainment of the scholars attending St. Mary's college will commence on Wednesday, December 19, and continue daily until Friday the 21st inst.

Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of next week are Ember Days, therefore fast days. The 24th inst., the eve of Christmas, is also a fast day.

The Indians of Marysville recently had a very successful fair which lasted three days. The proceeds will go to the church of that prosperous little town.

Every Catholic in the city should visit St. Dominic's church, corner of Bush and Stockton streets, on next Sunday, and participate in a spiritual feast to be derived from the Forty Hours' Devotion.

The State Council of the Catholic Knights of America will be held on the 18th inst. in Oakland, on the evening of December, January and February, and on March 17th, 18th and 19th.

Rev. Joseph Leahy is lying dangerously ill at his residence in Lockford, the result of the lungs. Father Leahy arrived in this city from Ireland about two years and has made a brilliant career in the Catholic, or Hibernian ministry, and is a brother of Rev. Father Leahy of Lockford.

Today at 10 o'clock at Solano High school will be celebrated at the Church of Mount Carmel, Vallejo, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Patron Saint. The choir will be accompanied by the Vallejo Band, and a sermon will be preached. The Blessed Sacrament will take place at 7 o'clock this evening.

The numerous friends of Rev. Mother Lester Daly, Superior of the Presentation Convent, on Powell street, who was taken sick on the day of her feast day, will be pleased to learn that she is improving and the physicians in attendance have hope of her recovery, but she will never again be able to take an active part in the management of her order.

THE THIRTY-ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS.

Its Establishment and Progress in this City

Although comparatively unknown in this city, the Third Order of St. Francis has been established for a few years, and has been gaining a firm hold of the Catholic people, who are taking to it with a zeal worthy of the Poor Man of Assisi himself, a Territory of St. Francis, and who, in the spirit of humility in the Middle Ages, by the example of the Franciscans, has taken rank with the Dominicans and Jesuits in the Catholic Church.

Some two years ago he secured for his parish church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, a grant of the Third Order of St. Francis, and he gave notice which it still retains, for its name church, from the Franciscan Fathers at the Mission Dolores, which, he has formed hundreds with the Franciscan Fathers, and the Third Order of St. Francis, which is the Catholic Church.

After the ceremonies of the Rite and Ceremonies of the Third Order of St. Francis, Rev. Father Kelly, Director of the Third Order, of St. Francis, in the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the pioneer and mother of all subsequent Third Orders of St. Francis, in the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Holy Ceremonies of the Third Order of St. Francis, in the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the pioneer and mother of all subsequent Third Orders of St. Francis, in the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Holy Ceremonies of the Third Order, by the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., Pontifex

Our Young Folks.

☞ Short, original contributions of merit will be accepted for this department.
The proper name and address of contributors should accompany their MSS.
Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

THEIR CHRISTMAS GUEST.

Written for the Monitor by "Cinderella."

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was falling rapidly and it was fearfully cold. But the family about whom I am going to write, lived in a pretty little cottage. The trees were leafless and rattled against the house; and the rose bushes, and all the other bushes, were bare. But even all of outside of the cottage looked dismal, all inside was bright and cheerful—everything betokened comfort. On the hearth rug, before a blazing fire, an old cat dozed, while a large Newfoundland dog lay sleeping near a little girl, about three years old, who was singing her baby doll to sleep. A small, bright little woman was busy sewing, and at the same time she had her foot on a cradle, which contained a baby of about one year old, while a tall, fine-looking man was reading his newspaper. Everything looked contented, even the old dog that lay near the little girl.

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Seymour, the lady of the house. "It seemed like the cry of a child." And as she spoke she looked lovingly at the babe in the cradle and the little one rocking her doll to sleep.

"Nonsense," said her husband. "I did not hear it, it was only your fancy."

Mrs. Seymour being a gentle person said "perhaps it was." But soon it sounded more distinct than before. Mr. Seymour also heard it this time, and laid down his paper and listened; and even Carlo pricked up his ears. The little girl, Lizzie, was fast dropping to sleep, and the bright eyes found it hard work to keep open. So Mr. Seymour said to his wife:

"It will go, Alice, and see if I can find anything, for I pity those who are out on such a night." So saying he threw on his overcoat and had reached the gate when he stumbled over something.

"Why, it's a basket," he exclaimed, as he brought it towards the house. "I wonder who left it here."

He entered the house and placed it in his wife's lap, and she at once began removing the shawls and other articles that were covering something, and when at last she had removed them all, she found a baby! A pretty child with large brown eyes, that blinked at the light fell on them. It looked to be about eight months old and was scantily dressed. A card was attached to one of its little sleeves, asking the inmates of the house to take the baby for the love of God, and to care for it, as both its parents were dead and it had no friends.

Mr. Seymour was pretty well off and as once adopted the little waif. "We will accept it as a gift from God," said he. "The note does not state what its name is, does it, Alice?"

"No," she answered, glancing over the note, "and I do not know what to call her."

"I know," replied her husband, "call her Alice, after yourself." This he said with a fond smile. So the little one was named after her kind friend.

Little Alice, as we must call her, was now dressed and laid to sleep in the cradle with the little baby of Mrs. Seymour. Lizzie was put to bed in her own little crib, after hanging up her stocking for "Santa Claus" to leave some of his treasures in. As Lizzie's younger sister, Lucy, was near little Alice's age, they became inseparable. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour watched over them with the greatest love, and never let anything enter any of their minds that Alice was not their own sister, so they lived in blissful ignorance of the fact.

We must now pass over five or six years of the children's lives. Lizzie is about ten years old and Lucy and Alice are about eight. It is again Christmas Eve. We will take a peep into the little cottage. It is fitted up just the same, and the aged old Carlo are there as they were on that Christmas Eve so long ago. Mrs. Seymour looks just the same, and Mr. Seymour has the same kind look on his face. The three children are talking softly of the joys that to morrow will bring, not only to them, but to all the world. The old dog sets up and walks over to the children and lays his great head in Lizzie's lap, as if he knew that she was his oldest friend among the three girls. Mr. Seymour looks lovingly at the pretty group, and then turns to his wife and says:

"Three children for us to love and to love us. I do not regret that I took the poor little orphan who cried for help that bitter night, and I think we have been happier ever since." But the children do not notice his remark, and go on talking, not knowing that one Christmas night a little girl cried for help and was taken into a home full of love and happiness.

Costly Christmas Crockery.

A prosperous-looking citizen dropped into one of the crockery stores last week, and said he wanted a teacup and saucer for a Christmas present.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "Fine quality or ordinary?"

"Best you've got," said the man. "No cheap stuff for me."

The clerk opened a case and took thereon a dark decorated blue and gold cup of Sevres ware. "There's a pretty thing," said he handling it to the customer, who took it and looked it over carefully. "Yes, that's good, said he; "got anything better?" "Oh, yes, here's a dainty piece," said the clerk, handing the customer another cup of white and gold, with a ruby and emerald beading and a gold band. "There's the best you've got?" asked the man. "Yes, that's about our best." "Well, how much for the blue one?" "Twenty dollars." "Tam—!" The man nearly dropped the cup in his amazement. "Twenty dollars for that thing? Is pegged, Grantons make, here made in this other one?" "Those were made at from $720 to $1,000 apiece." "Gaudy colors and spices! Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the man. "Haven't you got something for a dollar?" "Oh, yes, plenty of them; we prized the urbane clerk, "but you said you wanted the best." "Well, I do, too, but dong me if I'll pay $60 or $70 for the best teacup and saucer that ever was made."

So he selected one for $1.25 and went away, pondering on the pomps and vanities of the world.

NORA'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

A Holiday Story Founded on Fact.

Three were three in the O'Meara family, Thomas, his wife, and little Nora. Little Nora was seven years old.

The O'Mearas were poor, and one of them was not contented. This was the husband and father. He had become careless of late, and he did not attend to his religious duties as he had formerly done.

The morning sunlight, shooting its golden arrows into the O'Mearas' little home, saw a very pretty picture.

Little Nora sat by her mother's side, repeating the following hymn:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

"If I forget the rest, dear mother," said little Nora. "It has something sweet in it about shepherds. Please say it again."

And Nora's mother began:

"Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall."

"Oh, I remember now," cried Nora, eagerly continuing:

"Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

They were proceeding to the second stanza, when Thomas O'Meara entered.

"Stop and what's the use of teaching the child that!" he said. "She'd better be learning her A B C's. Go and get your primer, Nora, and leave hymns to cold women and them that lives them."

"I like them, father," said Nora, raising her eyes imploringly.

"Do as I bid you."

And Nora obeyed, dampening the well thumbed primer with her tears.

Thomas O'Meara shortly afterwards was discharged by his employer, and he resolved to leave Ireland and go to America.

He had but little money, and he intended to let his wife and child remain in the old country until he could earn sufficient to pay their passage to the New World.

Well, he started, and Nora wept more tears at his departure than she did about the hymn.

Three months passed, and one joyful day Mrs. O'Meara received a letter from her husband, inclosing a sum of money, and telling her to come at once to him.

As soon as possible, Nora and her mother were on shipboard, speeding over the ocean. The steamer that carried them made a quicker trip than usual. They arrived two days before they were expected.

Thomas O'Meara had promised to meet them at the landing-place, but he was not there.

Anxiously Mrs. O'Meara scanned every face on the wharf—that fam liarface was absent.

Sick at heart, she stood,' with Nora by her side, waiting for his coming. Every newcomer she fancied to be him, and then with painful disappointment saw that it was not he—the expected one.

As night fell she took refuge in a hotel. Her husband had forgotten to send her any address, but she knew he worked in Troy, so the next morning she left the city and went out into the open country. She would inquire for Thomas O'Meara at the different farmhouses. Surely the people would know him. Alas! she did not know what a large place America is.

The first house she came to, Nora knew him. It was bitter cold—Christmas was near—and Jack Frost pinched poor little Nora's cheeks purple, and almost freezes the tears in her blue eyes.

At the end of the third day the snow began to fall, and the mother and daughter found shelter in a deserted tumble-down old barn. Grief and anxiety had done their work. Mrs. O'Meara fell sick with fever. She grew worse, finally becoming delirious.

There was no home in sight. Little Nora was alone with her suffering mother. It was ten days since they entered the barn, and during that time they had eaten no food.

Poor little Nora was growing very weak. She pressed her lips to her unconscious mother's hot brow. It was a sad Christmas Eve.

"Poor, dear mother," she thought, "father would let me sing my hymn now, to cheer her up, I know."

She began the hymn in her shrill, childish voice.

"Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall."

Out on the lonely road sounded the merry jingle of sleigh-bells. Two persons were in the sleigh—the driver and another. The moon shone solidly bright on the far-reaching expanse of snow.

"Hark!" said the driver—it was Thomas O'Meara, and the man by his side was his employer. "Do you not hear a sound, sir?"

"The win-l!"

"Sure there's no wind at all, at all. Listen! Dye hear that!" O'Meara reined in the horses.

Through the deep stillness of the night came the child's faltering voice, singing:—

"Cold on His cradle, the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

"That's the voice of an angel, or if my name is O'Meara," cried O'Meara.

"Too voice comes from yonder barn," said his employer.

Thomas O'Meara entered the barn, and found his wife and child. They were wrapped up warmly, placed in the sleigh, and taken to the kind employer's home.

Mrs. O'Meara soon recovered, and Nora's choice soon grew red again. The steamer had arrived two days before Thomas O'Meara reached the city, to meet his wife and Nora. His employer had forgotten to send her any address, but she knew he worked in Troy, so the next morning she left the city and went out into the open country. She would inquire for Thomas O'Meara at the different farmhouses. Surely the people would know him. Alas! she did not know what a large place America is.

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Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

"Hark!

Correspondence.

We gratefully solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the progress of the Church or the spread of her Faith.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday morning of each week.

☞ All correspondence must reach this office by Tuesday evening's mail at latest, as the Monitor goes to press every Tuesday night.

NOTES FROM THE VERNTOUX.

The Children of Mary Present a Fine Example.—The Prospectus Thus now on the Constants, Secular, Catholic, Sectarian and Personal Matters.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

VIRGINIA CITY, December 9th, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:—

Dear Sir:—As mentioned in last week's issue, the young ladies of the Children of Mary received Holy Communion in a body to-day. At an early hour the members assembled in their beautiful hall at the convent to arrange for the procession to the church, which was to be a most elegant affair, and ladies who are peculiar to the Children of Mary, they started for the church, where they slowly and reverently took seats reserved for them. Too much praise cannot be given the officers of the society for the admirable order and uniformity preserved throughout. What a glorious example, too, did the large band of sodalists not give to the congregation, their friends and families!

Now it seems the fearful ravages of Infidelity are spreading far and wide. People no longer profess belief in a Saviour, or in the existence of a God, or in the Divinity of the Holy Ghost. Protestantism is like a rotten branch which has long ceased to be respected as a religion. Its Ministers have no authority to preach or to teach Christianity. The potent fact has taken hold of society, and it is as true as a specify daily of last week that there is hardly any respect for the principles the preachers profess to preach. From this terrible condition of society, so deplorably given to disbelief in all revealed religion, the world has no hope of amelioration or relief, save in the grand old Catholic Church, which has braved the fury of hell and the combined hatred of all the powers of darkness since mankind has been on this mortal sphere, and will continue to give a far more life-like appearance to the figures established than any other material used in their manufacture by other makers.

The large clay statues are made of wood, manufactured gaudily, varnished, gilt and decorated. They are so respect and superior to the ordinary run of religious statuary, that they must be seen to be appreciated. These figures range in height from three to six feet.

In order to accommodate the Rev. Clergy and Religious Orders, who desire to procure statuary and purchase them upon the most favorable terms, the Sisters of Mary, of Virginia City, are determined to do their part in accomplishing.

The Holy Angels' Solidarity for young ladies approaches Holy Communion in a body on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. There were about 75 of them. Their manner was most devotional.

Many new regulations are to be inaugurated in Virginia, Dublin, Ireland, which promise very impressive adapting a very close imitation of the Holiday Boys. T. J. McGrath, Wilton Road, George Gomon and Louis Legra are the blooming choristers. Mr. McGrath is the most improved in volume and religious expression.

The ministers here are having a difficulty in attracting an audience if a person may so judge from the unique and exceedingly funny subjects they advertise as their Sunday texts. Anything to draw, seems to be their motto.

Mary O'Donnell, of our city, who has been visiting Mr. Keating of the Savage mine, left for her home in Ireland on Saturday.

A prominent young lady of the Children of Mary it is said will enter the matrimonial state this month. Miss Maggie O'Reilly, the accomplished of Mary, has been almost on the borders of the great Hereafter, but hope was entertained of her ultimate restoration to health, and a useful life.

Prosperity has at length revived on the Comstock. The miners have all gone to work in the hidden bowels of the earth.

Miss Lizzie Maher, Sp. Cath., 11 years, is very difficult to stand off the asylum who spoke the Sacred Heart Convent, Sacramento, Cal., to her parents for the principle the preachers profess to preach. From this terrible condition of society, by deplorably given to disbelief in all revealed religion, the world has no hope of amelioration or relief, save in the grand old Catholic Church, which has braved the fury of hell and the combined hatred of all the powers of darkness since mankind has been on this mortal sphere, and will continue to give a far more life-like appearance to the figures established than any other material used in their manufacture by other makers.

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Miss Lizzie Maher, Sp. Cath., 11 years

Christmas Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE DYING MAGDALENE!

The sunset's deepening glow
Through the shattered windows creep,
Where a woman was and low
Awaken from her troubled sleep.
In the twilight's mystic gloom,
Flying forms like spectres float,
Around the shadowy room,
Flitting and whispering shadows!
Whispering : whispering :
Of the Styx and the shadowy boat!

A gilded "Palace of Sin,"
With its hangings rich and rare,
But its beauty cannot win
The girl from her hall despair!
She is dying ; dying here,
Close in sounds of reigns mirth,
Despairing, fainting with fear,
What is the glory all worth!
Wondering, wondering :
If there's peace for the dying on earth!

Faint sounds come up from the street,
As the powder crowds increase,
They, the weary watchers greet,
And hear her the lullaby of "Peace."
As she asks the reason why,
"Christmas Eve!" she's told, and knows
Why crowds are hurrying by,
Thinking, regretfully,
"What a place for a Christmas repose!"

Sad thoughts—the ghosts of her past,
Draw the silken curtains back,
And each mournful glance cast,
They torture her like a rack!
Through the aisles of vanished years,
Flitting visions come and go
That drench her soul with their tears,
Tearfully dropping as low,
Wearily, wearily :
Heath the weight of the bitterest woe!

In deep and endless despair,
She sinks and gazed in hate
On the room and grandeur fair ;
The sin with its odorous weight
Like a loathsome cobra twined,
Crushing out her fasting hours!
Rack pain with eyes of the reptile afraid,
Scorching her soul with their pow'r,
Glostingly, glostingly :
As the serpent in the vision dreamed!

She sought the truth at her glass,
And its mirrored answer came—
But "true Death that smiled alas,
And gazed from that royal frame :
As its truthful face she read,
Falling faint to narrow fear,
And chilled with shiv'ring dread,
Feeling the Messenger near !
Fiendishly : purposefully :
"Send not Death to me here ! Oh, not here !"

Then down and out to the street,
In her anger flight to shame !
Not a hand was bowed to greet,
Though many were friends, in name.
For a woman ruined and lost—
Toy of Satan's idle hour,
A bauble carelessly tossed—
Lose her away and her pow'r,
Dying and shrieking,
With the glow of her beauty's dow'r !

She walked alone in the crowd,
And in lonely bitterness,
Like a damp and chilly shroud,
She felt on her bosom press!
And from Memory's prison room
Rushed the past to life again !
And some scenes cast from their tomb
Surging the maddening brain !
Making her sickey
Like a decade of terrible pain !

And he passed close by her side
With his wife so pure and good !
Though for him she her honor died,
He frowned as she trembling stood !
And drew away in fear
Lest the robes that trailed at his feet,
And Virtue's raiment so dear
Those of the wicked should greet,
Fearfully : carefully :
Did the Saint frowning upon her retreat !

She saw the revelling scene,
And his draught of deadly wine,
And his lips that called her "queen,"
And jewels that treasuresome shine.
Oh, the days so sweet and brief !
Passion's swiftly rolling stream,
That wains eternity's grief !
Closely in Memory's beam
Stand out in sorrowing scenes
Of her ruin wrought, feverish dream !

Now, dying out in the gloom !
Not a place to lay her head !
For she spurned the gilded room
And from its memories fled !
She had lost her prison home,
Seeking Death's merciful face
Beneath the pitying stars !
Yearfully facing the place.

Shuddering : positive :
From the air of the chilling degrees !

But an Angel guided her Sight
To a place of blessed rest,
To the home of purity's delight,
Ere truth on her soul was prest !
Ah !—true many weary years—
Glorious years of heaven lone
Shine facing out in her tears !
Book, with children and angels
Blighted and withering—
To the home of her innocence came !

She saw the immortal rise,
And her own magnolia tree !
And the rays of Eastern skies
On things as they used to be.
While such holiday tree and land
Valued a fragment "Welcome home !"
To south the wanderer's grief,
Home ! and to never more roam !
Dying in peacefulness
In the shade of her hallowed home !

She waited breathless and weak
To her book so light and low,
And drew back too faint to speak
At frowns that bade her "Go !"
As she round heard with their spell
"Mother, dear, I came to die !"
Then over the threshold she fell !
Gathering from outside one
Relation and footsteps
Would the step of the Prodigal be !

Once more the motherly hands
On her shrinking form were pressed,
And they broke the fett'ring bands
And brought her the longed-for rest,
From those lips forgiveness came
Kissing sin and guilt away !
Her tears washed out all the shame ;
Purity's cleansing ray
Purifying and refining
The first gleam of Eternity's day !

In accents tender and mild
She was welcomed back to rest
And again was called "My child !"
And held to the loving breast.
From a mother's pure embrace,
Snared the soul of Magdalene !
The arms of sanctified grace
Wrapping their glorified sheen
Lovingly, savingly !
Round the soul of the demi-monde queen !

MARY LANGLEY.

A SOMNAMBULIST'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY OF ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY JAMES L. ROBBIN.]

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve. The rain fell in torrents and the lonely mountain roads looked wild and weird to the eye of a traveler who was unfortunate enough to be caught in the storm. He was a young man, and his name was John Everett. Three days before, while at college, he had received a letter from his mother to the effect that his father was dying. Being thus notified, he hurried toward his home, which was situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The railroad did not then run to the village in which he lived; so, reaching the end of the line, he was compelled to abandon the train and travel the rest of the way, a considerable distance, through the mountains, on horseback. Being anxious to reach home he immediately procured a horse and started off.

A storm had been threatening in the morning and he had hardly gone a mile when it commenced to rain, making travel over the sleepy, slippery roads very dangerous. He kept on, however, and when we made his acquaintance he had been on the road all day. He was just thinking of finding shelter when, glimmering in the distance, he saw a faint light. Not having tasted food all day, he made for it with the intention of asking for hospitality for the night.

"Surely," he thought, "they cannot refuse me a mouthful of food and a bed on Christmas Eve."

With this intention he soon reached the house, dismounted and knocked at the door. There was silence for a moment, and then the door was opened by a burly looking man, who, after staring at the traveler for a moment, said :

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I want shelter for the night and a mouthful of food," answered John. The stranger hesitated for a moment and then said :

"How much money have you got?"

"Oh, I've got enough to pay you for your trouble," answered John.

"All right," said the farmer, "come in."

John entered, and the farmer led the way to the kitchen, where two other persons were seated—the farmer's son and daughter. The former was like his father, a stout, surly-looking fellow, whose face showed a fondness for money. With the girl it was different. She had a pretty face and her eyes were mild and gentle; they looked up as John entered, and the son asked.

"Who's this fellow, father?"

"Oh, he's a traveler who got caught in the storm; he wants supper and is goin, to stay here all night. Here, Sue," he said, turning to the girl, "bustle round and get the gentleman some supper, and then go up and fix the bed in the spare chamber."

Supper was soon ready, and after eating it, being tired and sleepy, John said he "guessed he'd go to bed."

"All right," answered the farmer, "come on."

John "came on," and the farmer led the way up a rickety staircase to a small room in the back of the house. Here he found a small cot, and hastily saying a few prayers, he tumbled into bed. How long he slept he did not know, but he was awakened by a hand being laid on his shoulder, and a sweet voice whispering :

"Get up, fly from this place if you would save your life!"

Starting up quickly, he found the fair daughter of his host standing beside him. She appeared greatly frightened, and when he asked her the cause, she replied :

"Oh, sir! Leave this place. My father and brother have planned to rob and murder you. Hark! Here they come already! Oh, sir, fly, while you yet have time!"

John paused for a moment and listened. He could hear the cautious step of his host already ascending the stairs. The steps were drawing closer, he waited no longer, but raising himself on the window sill, lowered himself carefully on the outside and let go. He dropped into a pool of water under the window and bruised himself considerably, but he was not hurt otherwise. His only thought was of escape, and so he rushed off entirely regardless of the direction.

After running some distance he came to the bank of a small pool, where he seated himself on a log to breathe. After resting for awhile, he rose and started down stream. He traveled for an hour in that direction, and then started to climb the mountain at which the stream stopped. Climbing in silence for awhile, he saw before him the ruins of a wooden hut. On reaching it found it to be quite extensive. It had almost all fallen to pieces, but several rooms were yet standing, and entering one of them, John stretched his weary limbs upon the floor, muttering to himself.

"Here at least I will be sheltered from the storm and from thieves."

Lulled by the pattering rain drops he soon fell asleep, only to be awakened again by a crash of thunder. After rapidly endeavoring to get to sleep, he finally gave up the attempt and seated himself against the wall, where he began to think over the strange events of the night. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by a low, wailing cry, which seemed to come from the foot of the mountain. He listened; again and again the cry was repeated. "Some one in distress, he thought. "I'll go and see."

So, rising to his feet, he proceeded down the mountain side to the brook, where, to his amazement, he found a baby, apparently about two years of age, lying on the wet ground, with its face turned up to the driving storm. With an exclamation of pity, John picked up the infant and carried it to the room in the ruins. Here he again seated himself and sought to console the child.

"Poor baby, he said, "I wonder how it was left there! What's your name, baby?"

"Johnnie," answered the child, with a lisp.

John asked further questions, but the baby, who could hardly speak, could not answer them. So, after half an hour's cogitating, all that John learned was that the baby's name was Johnnie, and he wanted his mamma. He also began to doze, when he suddenly became aware of a strange presence in the room. Opening his eyes he saw a figure, clad in white, standing before him. It did not move, it did not speak, and John became conscious that his hair was commencing to stand on end, for the strange, white, clad figure was a ghost.

CHAPTER II.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, bringing peace and happiness to all the land. Mr. Silver got out of bed very early that morning, saying to his wife

"Get up early Maa, Ellen. You'd better go to late Maa, as we can't leave the baby alone."

So saying he started off. His wife laid in bed awhile longer and then got up and went to the kitchen to get the breakfast. She found the fire out and had the water boiling, but before she started to set the table she resolved to go and see if the baby still slept. So, stealing softly to the children's room, she carefully approached the crib, but she suddenly started back with a frightened cry, for it was empty! Her darling was gone!

"Oh God!" she cried, "my darling! My Johnny! Where are you, where are you? Oh, Christ, my Saviour, Who want here on Christmas Day, restore my lost darling!"

Just then the door opened and Mr. Silver came in.

"Why, what's the matter, Ellen?" he asked in astonishment, "is baby sick?"

"No, no!" she cried. "Now, he is gone!"

"What!" he cried, "Oh, I see it all, now. You had an attack of your old malady, sleep walking, last night; and in your sleep, get up and dressed yourself, took the baby from his crib, carried him off somewhere, laid him down, and came back without him. See, your white dress is still damp from the rain, and your slippers are covered with mud. Come, and we will look for him."

Silently he took her hand, and together they left the house and proceeded in the direction of the ruined cot-rest. They reached it without finding any trace of the lost child, and entered. Reaching the first room they found the insensible form of John Everett stretched upon the floor, with little Johnnie lying sound asleep across his body. With a glad cry of joy the mother threw herself on her knees beside her child, while Mr. Silver turned his attention to John. He soon succeeded in reviving him; but no sooner had he caught sight of Mrs. Silver than he cried out:

"There it is again. Oh, take it away, take it away"

"Take what away?" asked Mr. Silver in astonishment.

"The ghost! The ghost!"

"What ghost?"

"Oh, there, there," he cried, pointing to Mrs. Silver. "I saw it last night."

"You saw it last night. Why that's my wife."

At this juncture Mrs. Silver laughed, and said:

"He must have seen me while walking in my sleep last night. Glad in this white dress I look very much like a ghost."

Then she related to the astonished John the story of her strange malady and its effects, and in return, he told her the history of his night's adventure. At the conclusion, Mr. Silver said.

"I know your father well; he and I are old friends. He was very sick, and not expected to live, but night before last, I believe, he had a change for the better and is now able to sit up."

John was delighted. He accompanied Mr. Silver home, and after they had breakfasted Mr. Silver hitched the old white mare to the dog cart, and took John home. They passed John's house about five o'clock, where he found his parents anxiously expecting him. He stand home until after New Year's, and then returned to college. He is now a jurist Priest, beloved by his people, to whom he never tires telling of his adventure on that eventful Christmas Eve.

Fathers and Daughters.

There are few lovelier relations in life than that existing between a father and his daughter, when that relation has been developed to its best extent by tenderness and honor and affection on one side, and by confidence and submission almost to adoration on the other, the veneration sifted forth by perfect faith in the virtue and nobility of its object. The trust in her father which a young girl feels and all unconsciously exhibits, is something so flattering to his pride as it is delightful to his affections. But the father who accepts it, perforce, yet knows that he does not deserve it, if he is any sort of a man, is more to be pitied than envied. And the young girl who receives her father's intense affection as something purer and holier than other mortal feels, and who is unworthy of that emotion, is one almost beneath pity. A man conscious of the lore he has called forth in a pure and gentle being feels obliged to live up to the opinion which that gentle being holds of him, so far as it may be in his power; the child is, in a way, his guardian angel, and often when he is tempted he hears the rustling of that angel's wings. How much, then, it behooves the young angel to attend to her angelhood, and to be all that her father deems her; to break no faith, to keep the law, avan the unwritten law, to be, so much to herself as to him, a congregation of loveliness only just short of the virtues of St. Agnes herself. For the daughter has the father's faith in her in trust, and to betray that trust would be to commit a sort of sacrilege.

SEND US CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would most respectfully ask the clergy, or any of our readers in this entire Pacific Coast, to send us local items of general interest. We wish to make the MONITOR a chronicle of all Diocesan happenings relating to the progress of Religion. We feel we need do no explanation to any of those who have the knowledge of the facts in mind, regarding these facts are all we want will our friends please furnish us with them!

Diseases of Confession. There is a article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as Hagyard's Balsamic Tincture. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds should try them. They are universally considered the superior to all other articles used for similar purposes. The late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said of them: "I have never changed my mind in speaking them from the first, except I think yet better of them which I began by thinking well of. I have also recommended them to friends, and they have proved extremely serviceable.

FROM SUMMER STARLIGHT TO CHRISTMAS TAPERS.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY MAY S. CORCORAN.]

"Oh, Yoland, am I not lovely!"

As she spoke Ethel Freril tossed her head back and raising an immense fan, rested it lightly upon the perfect rosebud lips. Her women were blessed, or cursed, with beauty equaling hers. A slender, graceful figure ; small head, crowned with golden brown hair ; a complexion more like a tinge of pink, though that night her cheeks resembled the deep red of roses, eyes once gazed upon the world is forgotten. Great limpid, brown orbs, one instant shining through tears, the next dancing mischievously.

"Can he resist me?"

"Ethel, I wish that bill was over." Yoland's face clouded. "What is Fred Lingley to you? Darling, listen to me this once. Don't trifle with him; he is not a man to be trusted."

"Trusted," Ethel laughed. "Spoil this splendid flirtation! Of course I could never marry an Atheist. Yet I like him. You are sure he cares for me. It is six months since we met."

"He hope you, Ethel. Let him go. Where is the sweet child who vowed she could not live out of a convent, whose every thought and word were promptings of piety?"

"Would she were dead! Between love for the world and remembrance of what I once was, I am mad at times. Dear, but these slippers are tight," she added, with a quick revolution of manner.

Against a huge plant, in the full glare of hundreds of lights, leaned Ethel Freril. A richly dressed man approached. There was a half conscious pride in the poise of his head, in every movement, that art cannot give; a fire in his dark eyes which told of southern blood, an intellectual showing on his broad brow that few of Miss Freril's dainty admirers could boast.

"At last!" he exclaimed, bending over her.

She lifted her eyes slowly. "Mr. Ah, pardon. I thought some one had introduced you."

He started back angrily. "You are right. We do not know each other."

A faint smile flickered about her lips. She rose and a dainty bit of lace fell at his feet. Stooping, he returned it to her.

"Remember!" A little silvery peal of laughter rang in his ear.

"The happiest day of my life! Yes, he said fervently.

"A poor compliment. Then you saw me but a moment, to-night you have stared a full hour."

"Then you were kind, while to-night."

"I am some kind. See, the waltz is reserved for you."

"If you would grant me one of our old time talks instead of all this buzz and turmoil."

"Thanks. Compliment number two. Others care to dance with me. *Adieu Sir*."

During the remainder of the night, Fred Langley just only watched her flitting lightly through the hall. When she was leaving he addressed: "Will you pass judgment on my new team, to-morrow, Ethel?"

"Delighted, *Sonor*," she smiled.

He quitted the gay throng for the deserted village streets. As he wandered aimlessly along the winding road, he muttered:

"I wonder could I get it shaken."

Sinking upon the grass, he indolently lighted a cigar, seeing, in its curling smoke, pictures of his past.

A child playing round an old Spanish castle, the idolized pet of a beautiful mother, the spoiled plaything of a careless American father. A self-willed boy, drinking deep of pleasures far beyond his years, crossing the ocean to try life anew in California home. A reckless, [illegible] manhood, a child, with steady aim, at one who dared dispute his honor; but towering instantly to lift a dusky handkerchief, dropped by a pretty, mischievous girl in passing. Last—A jealous, determined lover.

The clocks chiming, the horses galloping home drowned by the hammer of hoofs, among the flowers, when Ethel Freril, unclosing her heavy lids, smiled from her dreamy, half-conscious laughing.

"You really expect me to enjoy a ride in that broiling sun?"

"We can drive through the woods, and it will vanish in an hour."

With evident reluctance, under the shelter of a wide white hat, she left her flowery nest, only pausing in the gateway to send a kiss and a snatch of a merry little song over a golden embrace to Yoland, standing on the rose-wreathed porch where she would watch so long for the coming of that bright face.

"Sir, Mr. Langley, the moon has already risen. We must turn." She laid one small, firm hand on the lines. He caught it and pressed it to his lips.

"We shall never return, Ethel Freril, until you are my wife."

The girl made no movement. Every ranges of color fled as she met his ardent gaze with one of cold contempt.

"How manfully you have acted," she said slowly. "Release my hand, please."

"And thus loss you forever. No, Ethel, you are mine. Not a power on earth can save you. Why find it hard, darling?"

His strange, beautiful eyes flash into hers, and, although the words are wild, his tone is deeply pathetic and tender.

"There is a power given to even the meanest mortal, that will deliver me, Heinz Death from danger."

"Diabonos!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean? We shall be married almost instantly after reaching Home, I have everything arranged."

"How! By whom?" she asked, scornfully.

"The Judge." In the hotel parlor."

"Thy marriage! What I have been taught to believe a union of souls formed by God alone."

"Will not our hearts be as truly joined as with the Latin words of your Church?"

"Hush," she said, sadly. "Can we worship at the one shrine? Can we suffer vows to the one God?"

"If there be a God, you Hat, Ethel, you could not think me base enough to interfere with your devotions. And, darling, might you not teach me?"

"Never. I might sacrifice my soul for you and it would be useless. Putting aside the question of religion, could I ever again meet those who trust me? Don't answer. You do not understand."

"You are not dying, Fred," she pleaded. But the heavy lids had closed again and the silky curls hung upon his brow.

"Hum, Gracie; call Father Black."

"His has only fainted," the young Priest said, as he forced a few drops of wine between the clinched teeth. "Poor, poor old fellow, this is a surprise," when Fred was comfortably placed upon a couch in the nursery.

"You, Gorge? Pardon, Father Black I can's quite forget our College days. "But, Hat, Had I dream this was it at all?"

"She it was," the Priest laughed.

"Shall I explain? Well, that night after leaving you she went directly to the Convent, where she remained six months. The Superior would not permit her entering the Novitiate, and at the end of that time, even she became convinced that the world was her sphere. Pride, yet unsubdued, forbade her returning home, so she obtained a position as teacher in this out of the world place, and on Sister of Charity ever did more good than she does among these rough miners. To night when I left her half fainting from excitement, she simply clasped her hands and moved away to pray for you."

"Her prayers saved me," Fred said, reverently. "Let me go quietly home, Gracie. The little angel will have the soon to pray for me."

"Not a blush was once noticed, flushed like a school boy.

"Enough," Father Black smiled. "I must go on the altar."

Never had Heaven seemed to Fred Lingley so near, so real, as during that midnight in the little mountain chapel, listening to Ethel Freril's sweet voice singing prayers :

"To your Infant God and mine."

"All was hushed, the dim aisles, where the moon had not had away.

Vanished were the slender Christmas.

And the sweet crossed to away

Lo, their wings are gently waiting,

And the angels softly rise,

Gathering towards the tabernacle

Worship bending, from their eyes.

"Ethel," he whispered. "Hurad I."

"Stop, Fred. Now that I see your face I trust you." She blushed prettily, and : "You know the rest.

Christmas Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The Christmas bells! hear now in air
Hi-ho, they sweet chiming bells
And hold their clamorous silence pow
Ye earth, ye hills, ye mountains
A welcome from the heavenly lips
Ding, dong, ding, ding
Yes, ye must shake air
Ding, dong, our welcome strain
Heavenly tones everywhere.

I feel to their tones as they bound along,
Pleading with joy the dark gad mind,
Shadow the heart of the listening throng,
At the sweet tone of the Christmas bells.
Lulled with truth and celestial sight
Hark ! ye ye Christmas bells
Resting, ring your voices
Let it echo to the skies,
And tell all man to rejoice.

They speak a tale, a wonderous tale—
Of mystical, strange mysterious tale,
And known in every hill and vale,
Yet always glad the tidings are,
Of one enlighted moment—I know and said.
Hark ! ye ye angels of earth,
Gladly, we sing
Let the the Saviour's birth
Christ's natal day.

They tell how Christ, the Saviour mild,
Descend from all the heavens
Take human shape and like a child,
With love divine on mankind smiled,
To save, yes, for the sin.
It is the glad hour,
Overshadowed with love,
The All Rolling Power
Come down from above.

They tell how on that sacred night
The starry hosts resplendent shine,
When man's hands ascended in flight,
In thrilling tones sang music bright
Fa ynine of Jesus, Lord Divine,
In the manger He lies,
O, unheard great,
Lord of earth and skies,
In infancy's state.

Such music, ev'r, I ween, was heard,
Since Adam in the garden fair
Life's estranged to God's sweet word,
Yet now will sing Christmas carol,
With pleasure constant, deep and rare.
Thus gladly we sing,
And loudly declaim
Fair wonds that will ring
True praise to His name.

O, man ! job with that sweet refrain,
Thy heart and hand and harp tune ye,
The a salm, an anthem to pain,
The glad, celestial, Christmas strain,
The bright bells sweetly walk along.
Glory to God on high—
Peace on earth—
And man is allkindly
To men of good will.

J. T. CONTONOUR.

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AND

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16 pounds Tapioca,	$1
16 pounds Sago,	$1
20 pounds Codfish,	$1
14 pounds German Prunes,	$1
10 pounds Dried Pears,	$1
Star Ground Coffee, 20-25c. per lb	
Fine Tea, (No Humbug) 50c per lb	
Fine Jar Tea, 40 and 50c per lb	
Family Mixed Tea, - 25c per lb	
5-gallon can Banner Coal Oil, -	$1.00
50 lb. sack Salt -	35c
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs, -	$1.75
20 pounds Canary Seed,	$1
Flour from Old Wheat at Very Low Price.	

And all other Goods Equally Cheap.

WINES AND LIQUORS

Claret, Table, Old, gallon, from	$0 to 75
Claret, French, gallon	$1 50
Sherry, Cask, gallon	$1 50
Port, Cask, gallon	$1 50
Old Tom Gin, gallon	$2 50
Old Cognac Brandy, gallon	$5 00
Old Hunter Whiskey, gallon	$2 50
Swan Gin, gallon	$2 50
Jamaica Rum, gallon	$2 50

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A QUEER CHRISTMAS AT DOVER STATION.

A SINGULAR STORY OF WILD WESTERN LIFE

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY M. A. DEVONSHIRE.]

CHAPTER I.

The wide, deserted plains were desolate of all human life that dreary cold of December. Sky and earth alike were one dull gray, while the air was damp and thick. It boded a storm. Darkness was coming on, and the long, straight iron roadway was terrible.

Soon through the desolate quiet sounded a monotonous dull pounding which gradually grew louder. The frozen earth vibrated. Then was a rushing sound, then a loving and moaning indescribably weird in this deserted place. On came a herd of cattle a thousand strong—thirsty, hungry, cold ; pressing ahead for the friendly shelter of the foot-hills. On, on, they came, a mass of red, of white, of black, with a thicket of waving horns. The earth shook as the army went momentfully into the distance, the echo of their lowing following them as they followed the magnificent Hereford, their leader. They were gone and the ghostly silence came back. Later, a dark object, four-footed and furry, followed in the great beaten trail made by many hoofs, but there were no dead cattle that had fallen by the wayside, and a wolf howled a baffled hunger cry and turned his tail, and a panting gray wolf that had feasted so long upon dying cattle that unfathomable, mysterious distance.

Now the air is alive, cattle and wolf have fled, but the snow commence the plains. Night merrily it comes, as white, as healthy and as beautiful as when happy, sheltered children watch it from pleasant home windows. Thick and fast the snow comes, the frosty buffalo grass has a fleecy carpet, the sharp, rotten, stalks of cactus and thistle have an eerie robe, and the white carpet is as unpolluted and pure as a cloud—there is nothing to mar its perfect surface.

Listen ! A dull, rumbling roar, deadened by the blanket of snow, is heard in the distance. Nearer and nearer it sounds, and, at last, human life comes into the dreariness. A great red eye flashes away off on the horizon, but comes steadily on with many little attendant eyes of light and a big curl of smoke that mingles with the snow and hills, with its hot, black breath, unpolluted by the cold, pure air. Nearer and nearer it comes, and, at last, it is a train, five hours late, making up for lost time on the level prairie.

Few passengers were in the Pullman car, for who that could help it would travel on near Christmas time ? There was an old English gentleman, with white hair and beard ; a stout, red-faced cattle-owner from Texas, who looked indifferently at the snow, for he knew his cattle were safe in warmer latitudes ; then there was a young college boy going home for a vacation, and three pretty girls in the same happy journey. Of course the colored porter was there, and the dignified conductor, conscious of his becoming uniform. Two of the young ladies were sisters, Nellie and Fannie Haight, and the third was a friend, Harriet Lawrence, but better known among her acquaintances as "Harry." They were all bound for their home in Denver.

"I can't see a thing but snow," said Fannie, fastening her nose against the glass, "and, oh, my! any thing pleasant happens. You know will be jolly though in Denver, and lots more there too. Maybe we can go sleighing, if the snow is deep enough."

"He too bad we couldn't get home until Christmas Eve," said Nellie. "I don't think of all the delays we had. I thought we should never start the last time."

"I wouldn't miss Christmas at home for anything," chimed in Harry; "the children will be so glad to see us, now make it more pleasant and Christmasy."

The old Englishman listened to their chat half sadly, and it seemed to him a long way back to his Christmas days, when he still looked out of the window, the young man tried to look old and smiled as if he thought his grave was near, and when the porter went to sleep in a corner, but the conductor, forgetting all about his finery, walked in and out of the car in a worried manner.

Meanwhile the snow fell faster and thicker in great matted flakes. It clogged the wheels, dropped into the smoke-stack, hung defiant and dripping to the big red light, curtained the little windows, drifted on the doors and steps, and then joined a wild shrieking wind that came from nowhere, in the infinite distance across the land, yelling shouts like through the dark—tumbled into great heaps, rolled into ruts and inclines, piled high on hillock regions, or gathering on great level tracts, thing barrier arrier across the roadway before the panting iron horse that fought it so bravely.

"A merry, merry Christmas" shrieked the wind in its riotous glee. All the passengers were asleep, and they did not even know that the train had stopped. Only the lynx-eyed conductor and porter knew that the train was snowed in at Dover Station, the most deserted spot of a place in all that forlorn region.

"And was shan't be home aroun on Christmas Day," moaned Harry, as she awoke and looked out on the wide, snow-covered landscape. "And snowed in here ! Here there is nothing but a coal station and a dugout," she concluded, seeing a little dark mound in the snow where a women and boy were shovelling a path.

"You' rather be thankful, Miss," said the porter who this interest with a well-paid Pullman porter takes in a young lady in his care, "if we had been snowed in out on the plains, we might have been the dreariness. A great red eye flashes away off on the horizon, but comes steadily on with many little attendant eyes of light and a big curl of smoke that mingles with the snow and hills, with its hot, black breath, unpolluted by the cold, pure air. Nearer and nearer it comes, and, at last, human life comes into

THE MONITOR.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1888.

PASTORAL.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP MANOGUE.

To the Rev. Clergy of the Diocese of Sacramento.

Dearest Brethren Beloved:

The following Decree issued at the desire of the Father of the faithful on All Saints Day, first day of last month, you are hereby notified to observe and cause to be observed in all churches where there is a local and stationary Priest. All conventual chapels having attached or adjoining thereto a local resident Priest, are expected to comply with the instructions and prescriptions of the said Decree.

A DECREE—CHRIS ET OMNIS.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Following is the correct translation of a Decree just received from Rome. Regarding the Religious Exercises to be observed in all the churches throughout the Catholic world on the last day of the present year:

A number of Prelates throughout the Catholic world have lately written to the Holy Father Leo XIII., begging that all the children of the Church, who, during the year now drawing to a close, have sweetly have celebrated his Sacerdotal Jubilee with unanimous and ardent manifestations of love for his person and zeal for religion, should again assemble to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whence graces flows abundantly on all. Now, His Holiness, complying with these desires and prayers, which were laid before him by the under mentioned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and which affirm most excellent proof of devoted piety towards God, and filial respect towards the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, has thought well to declare that he strongly approves and commends the proposal that in metropolitan, cathedral, collegiate, parochial, and other churches, where, with the consent of the Ordinaries, it may be desired, the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist shall remain exposed for some time on December 31st next, the last day of the year, for the public adoration of the faithful, and for the worship of the Sacred Heart; that five decades of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin shall be recited, and that then, after the singing of the Ambrosian Hymn and *Tantum Ergo*—the prayers *Deus cujus Misericordiæ, Concede nos*, and the Collects for the Pope and the Church being added—there shall be Benediction with the Divine Host. To each of the faithful who, after having made a good Confession and approached Holy Communion, shall devoutly attend such a public service, and shall pray with faith and confidence to the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ in thanksgiving, and also for the tranquility and peace of Holy Mother Church and the conversion of sinners, the Holy Father deigns to grant a Plenary Indulgence in the usual formsy form of the Church—an Indulgence which will also be applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

Wishing promises, Dearly Beloved Brethren, as well as the dear people entrusted to your paternal care, every blessing, spiritual and temporal, and hoping a blessed Christmas and a happy and joyful termination of this year of our Lord, may be your portion and reward,

I am your faithful and devoted servant in the Sacred Heart of Jesus,

✠P. MANOGUE,
Bishop of Sacramento.

Sacramento, Dec. 18, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—When making presents on Christmas Day, let your first present be a gift of your soul to God.

—The way to feel light-hearted at Christmas is to cast off your sins in the Confessional shrine.

—Dr. Stoecker, the Lutheran Court Minister at Berlin, says that all but a fraction of the non-Catholic children of that city are unbaptized, and that the outlook is that in the next generation there will be very few baptized persons there outside the Catholic Church. Such is the way in which Protestantism kills Christianity in every country where its baneful influence is felt to any great extent.

—It is a cause of constant complaint among Protestant preachers that their congregations are everywhere growing small by degrees and beautifully less, so the New York *Evening Post* makes this sensible suggestion: "If the churches mean to hold their own as moral and religious agencies, they must once for all cease to be what too many of the Protestant churches are, pleasant and fashionable Sunday clubs, where wearied business men have their intellectual palates tickled once a week with music, good society, and soothing reflections on life, and death, and judgment."

—In his recent speech in Scotland, Lord Salisbury paid the Irish people this compliment in order to show their consistency in opposing England so long as Ireland is enslaved: "When we quarreled with Spain the Irish sided with Spain. When we quarreled with America the Irish took the side of America. When we quarreled with France the Irish sided with France." Lord Salisbury might have continued and completed the compliment by telling his hearers that as long as Home Rule was denied to Ireland, so long would the Irish people side with any nation that England engaged in war.

—Benjamin Harrison will be 55 years, 8 months and 14 days old when he is inaugurated President of the United States. His distinguished grandfather was 58 years old at the time of taking the oath of office forty-seven years ago. Three other Presidents were 55 years old at the beginning of their Administrations. They were Martin Van Buren, Zachary Taylor, and Rutherford B. Hayes. Lincoln became President at 52. John Tyler and Chester A. Arthur were 51. Millard Fillmore was 50. Franklin Pierce and James A. Garfield were 48. Grover Cleveland was 48. Grant was 47. All the other Presidents were older than Gateen Harrison.

How Irish Tenants are Robbed.

Few persons outside of Ireland have any idea of the grasping exclusiveness with which Irish landlords have wrung the last farthing from their half-starved and impoverished tenantry during the past—up to the time when the Irish National Leagues first called attention to the cruel and unjust extortion.

In order, therefore, that the readers of MONITOR may fairly understand the reasons which impel the oppressed, famishing, starved and half-clad Irish tenantry to demand a reduction of exhorbitant rents at the hands of their landlords, we give a few sample cases which came before the Commissioners appointed by the English Parliament to investigate and to fix fair rents. The cases we cite were tried in Tulsa, County Kerry, where the poor unfortunate tenants had been slaving for generations in order to gratify the greed of grasping landlords, until nothing was left to the last sufferer save the poor house or compulsory exile. Here are a few examples of the reductions made by the Commissioners, after examining into the crop values of the land rented and the market value of its products.

PRESENT NAME.	OLD RENT.	NEW RENT.
James Dillon	£ 350	£235 50
James Hurley	300	180 00
Walker Moore	300	180 00
Ed. Mulvey	1,000	800 00
J. Mulvey	200	190 00
Daniel Barton	250	190 00
R. Dowling	1,125	675 00
J. Leahy	415	215 00
M. Leary	280	180 00
John Connor	400	210 00
D. Cooley	400	200 00
P. Cantillon	450	220 00
Total Old Rent, $6,850.	New Rent, $3,549 50	

Here we find a dozen tenants, many of whom are under the same landlord, evicted, effecting a saving of $2,833 50 out of a total expenditure of $6,850 00! The different crops, divided among the dozen poor families in question, would give to each of them the sum of $236 29 wherewith to purchase food and clothing every year! The old rent entailed penury, slavery and starvation; the new rent means an honest reward for hard and honest labor, a release from the grasping greed of a vexacious landlord and a small allowance for every day's labor which the tenant-farmers of Ireland spend in improving the landlord's land. If the Irish National Leagues never accomplished any other good in Ireland than this, it would have earned the eternal gratitude of the Irish people.

California's Progress.

A slight idea of the progress which California is making in the increase of her products may be gleaned from the simple fact that in the year 1885 the green fruit shipments from Sacramento were 800 car loads, which has recently increased in the following proportions: In 1886, 1,000 carloads; 1887, 1,279 carloads; 1888, 1,568 carloads. The Sacramento Board of Trade predicts that if the future return of prosperity to the vineyard are anything like what the past has been, and they promise to be better, the output in the past two years justifies us in estimating that June, July and August, A. D., 1889, will show many days when it will take over 500 cars to care for the daily fruit demands of that month alone.

Another feature which shows the progress of this State is found in the fact that immense areas of land which hitherto had remained idle and unutilized have recently been settled upon by horticulturists whose purchase of trees this year—in the Sacramento market alone—are designated by the following figures: Peaches, 168,000; plums and prunes, 113,000; pears, 120,000; apples, 63,000; apricots, 56,000; olives, 30,000; almonds, 76,000; oranges and lemons, 91,000; grapes, 120,000. The progress thus reported in this line of industry might be easily demonstrated as applying to almost every line of productive enterprise in the State.

No More Chinese.

It will be a great relief to the Pacific Coast when the Chinese are completely excluded from coming in competition with white labor. As it is, however, a marked diminution in the number of Chinese coming to this State has already been noticed since the passage of the Exclusion Act, and hereafter, it is safe to say, that very few Chinese will be added to the number at present in this State.

This gratifying state of affairs opens wide the door for all the white laborers who are willing to work, to come to California, where they can earn more money in a year than they can procure by muscular effort in Europe and beautifully less, so the New York *Evening Post* makes the sensible suggestion: "If the churches mean to hold their own as moral and religious agencies, they must once for all cease to be what too many of the Protestant churches are, pleasant and fashionable Sunday clubs, where wearied business men have their intellectual palates tickled once a week with music, good society, and soothing reflections on life, and death, and judgment."

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—The Pope is about to despatch a letter to the American Bishops instructing them to support morally and materially the scheme proposed by the Bishop of Pratanico to establish a seminary for the instruction and training of missionaries to give aid to Italian emigrants arriving in America.

POPE LEO XIII.

The Holy Father's Reply to the Letter of the English Prelates.

A few weeks ago the MONITOR published the Address of the Bishops of England to the Sovereign Pontiff in consideration of the new Italian Penal Code—which was recently passed by the Italian Senate on a vote of 40 affirmative to 23 negative.

Following is the Holy Father's reply to the letter in question:

To our Beloved Son Henry Edward, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church of the title of St. Andrew and St. Gregory on the Caelian Hill, Archbishop of Westminster and to our Venerable Brethren the Bishops of England.

POPE LEO XIII.

BELOVED SON AND VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION: Though We had no doubt or uncertainty as to your full agreement with the other Bishops of the Church in strongly condemning the new laws brought forward by the Italian Government against the clergy under the pretext of repressing attacks against authority, yet your joint letter, which gives proof thereof, is as welcome to Us as if We had looked forward to any such comfort. Your letter shows more and more clearly the zeal and piety which the pastors of the Church are divinely prided "to be perfect in the same mind and in the same judgment" (1 Cor. I. 10), and it is a sure proof that, in Our condemnation of those laws, We have not been led by any sinister hatred of the government of this land, but, in fulfillment of that high office, have stood up in defence of the eternal law which enjoins that what is right and forbids what is wrong. We are glad that in your foresight you have denounced those new laws as being opposed to the spirit of modern civilization, and injurious, not only to the rights of the Church, but also to those of private citizens, which, through asserted in word, are in fact violated. As in past times you have shared in Our joy, so now your sympathy with Our sorrow and your offer of all possible aid have given to Us no slight consolation. But fearlessly proclaiming Our rights before men, and offering to your prayers to God in Our behalf, you wish, with the apostolic benediction and authority of all right thinking men, to defeat the attempts of the enemies of religion, that God may quell the storm which agitates the Church. In the meantime We gratefully accept your good wishes, and, in return, pray that God may make all grace abound in you, and, in testimony of Our constant affection, We lovingly in the Lord grant to you, Beloved Son, Venerable Brethren, and to the flocks entrusted to your care, Our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 15th day of November, in the year 1885, the eleventh year of our Pontificate.

POPE LEO XIII.

The Boston Election.

Commenting on the anti-Catholic and anti-American spirit of religious bigotry which entered into the late election in Boston, the *Monitor* (of that city) advances the following sensible and patriotic sentiments:

The annual municipal election in Boston was made this year rather a school than only the Democratic Party has seemed to have been disregarded and sectarian lines established. The women voters took the election pretty much into their own hands and made no terrorism for them. The cause of all the excitement may be traced to a paper made by the Catholic clergy last winter against a certain text-book which contained matter which, it was said, was in the School Board, as then constituted, open to the objection that it was not in keeping with the Protestant public evidently did not approve of the action of the Board. Of the eleven members of the Board who were elected Tuesday, not one was identified with the Catholic Church. Of the thirteen who held over eight are of that faith. The fact that the School Board complied with the request of the Catholic clergy to retire a particular text-book from the schools warrants the assumption that it contained matter that had no proper place in the books designated for our Public Schools. It must always be borne in mind that the property of citizens of all religious are taxed for the support of our schools. It follows as a consequence that text-books should be kept free of matter to which people of any religious belief could reasonably object. An institution supported by a general tax should be devoted to the promotion of purposes upon which all these people are practically agreed. The branches of study taught in our schools should be confined to those which by common assent are useful. There are certain principles of morals common to all creeds which may safely be inculcated in school text-books, but instruction in dogmas properly belongs to the churches and the home circle. The Public School system can be of no practical advantage to any other basis. The determination to separate Church and State, which the American people reached at an early period in their history, has proved beneficial to both Church and State. The Schools are State institutions. The Church as a distinct organization has nothing to do with them. Clergymen and church members are invited to take their part as citizens to take part in their management, but the especial teachings of the Church should be dropped at the door of the school-house. Every once in a while the Protestant portion of the public seem to forget that the schools are strictly a State institution. A little encroachment from one religious organization is repelled by another which considers its especial tenets attacked. The departure from this common law provokes another and a conflict is precipitated like that which threw the conservative city of Boston into a state of unhealthy excitement. The Protestant element has won a political victory, and the question now remains if they will use it wisely. If the majority forget all ideas of triumph and place the system on the common ground it was designed to occupy the excitement will soon be over.

The Oakland *Times* advances these impartial sentiments upon the same subject:

The religious discussion in Boston has assumed a phase which will disgust good people on both sides. The controversy arose over the objection of the Catholic element in the city to the introduction into the Public Schools of a certain history, which it was claimed did the Church an injustice in treating of Papal Indulgences. The discussion has led to much bad blood on both sides and is becoming more bitter all the time. If reports can be relied upon, one of the favorite lines of attack of the Protestant party is against the introduction of "unsexed nuns" and "red-eyed priests" to the lecture rostrum in Boston. The lecturers do a thriving business if no one else does. The other day the Rev. W. H. Thomas, a Methodist minister of Worcester, Mass, who had been requested to announce from his pulpit a lecture by an escaped nun, thus prefaced: "I am not in harmony with the un-Christian, un-American, disorderly assaults upon the Roman Catholic Church, now so popular about Boston. I am endeavoring to educate my people to higher things, and most decline to read your notice." If Boston had a few men like the Rev. Mr. Thomas, this unseemly fight would not have been commenced, or, having been commenced, would have been settled long ago.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

—For some time past it has been rumored that before the departure of Archbishop Duhamel, of Canada, from Rome, that the Apostolic Vicariate of Pontiac will be erected into an Episcopal See and in all likelihood the Diocese of Ottawa may be divided again, the portion lying in Ontario to remain with Ottawa and the portion in the Province of Quebec to be a separate Diocese. This will remain unconfirmed until his return.

—Writing from Rome in the latter days of last month, a correspondent of the Boston Pilot says: "Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, is still in Rome. It is right to state that during his stay he has followed thoroughly in the footsteps of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and other American Prelates, in representing the state and claims of the Irish people in Propagandi and to the Holy Father. It is due to the great Prelate of America to have at known of them, that they never come to Rome without taking the opportunity of expressing their feelings on Ireland's regard, and American Prelates like the American people, are not persons to mince words.

—The London *Register* calls attention to a very singular confusion of an international character which recently occurred in Europe. That journal says: "A rather curious result of the Italy-German alliance, and of the Italian Law of Guarantees, is that the French government has offered to pay the salary of Italian clergymen in the East which was withdrawn by Signor Crispi. We cannot agree with a Continental Catholic contemporary that this incident is gratifying. It is only another illustration of the Italian Government's determination to ignore and to an anti-Catholic government attempting to assume, for reasons of bitter intolerance and spite, the pose of supporter of the Papacy.

—Bishop Keane asked a very pertinent question recently when he thus alluded to the Catholic societies which are maintained among young men in America: "Looking at the flourishing men of our country who are so ashamed that they might have the privilege of showing as glorious a Christian work as this? From the depth of my heart I pray that the vocations of the brothers of the Christian Schools of the Francisean Brothers, and all other Teaching orders, may be multiplied tenfold in the country. I feel and repeatedly that I am really more a believer for the multiplication of the Teaching orders. Why, I am ashamed sometimes to say that the most conscientious work I have done in my life was in the Teaching order. Yet the most consoling work I have done in my life was in the Teaching order. Yet the most consoling work I have done in my life was in the Teaching order. Yet the most consoling

Farm and Home.

Evils of Early Pruning.

L. W. Kirkpatrick, a practical orchardist, contributes the following to the Gilroy Gazette on the evils of early pruning. We would like to say a word of warning to orchardists and vineyardists upon the subject of early pruning. In our mild climate of California we are apt to begin pruning too soon, especially early apricots, such as Early Moorpark, Royal, etc. These should not be pruned before the 15th of December. Bartlett pears, early peaches and cherries are also subject to the same natural law. Why is this a correct theory? I speak from personal experience, having that in mind cost me, on my ranch, over $500 in 900 trees, or 9,000,000 pounds. The crop will bring the producer about $50 Court The Riverside crop this season will exceed 200,000 boxes. The Fresno product after pocking, is worth in the neighborhood of $1,000,000, perhaps more. The Fresno raisin is fast winning favor at the East. The large packing-houses in this city—notably the Pacific Fruit Company and George W. Meade & Co.—take great pains in assorting and packing their raisins In both cases boxes are used, they not only have carefully adjusted "centers," but all the raisins are carefully handled after coming from the "rocters," in order that broken or surplus fruit may be thrown out. The order of this care has given prominence to the Fresno raisins at the East, and created for it at all times a market.—*Fresno Expositor.*

Products of a Tulare Farm.

In 1884 A. L. Cressy of Modesto bought 400 acres of land lying within three miles of Hanford, and placed it under the management of C. H. Howard, an experienced farmer recently from Maine.

There are now upon the ranch 275 head of cattle, which includes sows and young stock, thirty head of brood mares, all of which are expected to foal this spring; also eighty head of colts and mules one and two years old, One hundred head of cattle were sold one month ago, bringing a little over $4 000; sixty head of calves were sold during the winter, netting $900.

There have been sold within a year horses aggregating in value $2750. Four of the brought $1580, without any special trouble in breaking or training. There were also sold last fall hogs amounting to $600.

Six hundred tons of alfalfa hay were cut and stacked during the year, 300 tons being still on hand, which may be sold or held over until another winter, as thought desirable.

The stock is turned off the fields that are cut to hay about April 1st, from which time until September 1st these crops of alfalfa hay are gathered, averaging to the aggregate about five tons to the acre. These fields then furnish green pastures for the remaining seven months, when it is again time to clear them of stock, preparatory to gathering another hay crop.—*Hanford Times.*

Profit in Oranges.

The largest naval orange grove in the world is claimed to be at Fomona, Los Angeles county. It consists of 100 acres upon which are planted 10 000 trees. The land was bought by the present owners few years ago for $15 000, but is now considered worth $75,000. Seth Richards is the owner of this magnificent property, and expects to add another here to his orchard this winter. The average yield of an orange orchard is hearing in about three boxes of fruit, and when it is remembered the fact that navel oranges usually sell from $3 to $4 a box on the tree, it almost bewilders one to estimate the probable returns from this orchard.—*Fresno Republican.*

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, in every family should have, at once a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system effectually when costiveness is present. One bottle by all druggists.

Family Fun.

A Witty Idea.

A funny story of a local jurryman, an Irishman, who not wished a judge and that without lying, is current in South London. He came breathlessly into court. "Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, I'm sick and don't know which will do first—my wife or my daughter."

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly, you are excused."

The next day the jurryman was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice asked, "How's your wife?"

"She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask—?"

"Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first."

"Nor do I. That is the problem which time alone can solve."

Reviewing the Sermon.

Mrs. Smith—Did you like Dr. Fulpit's sermon last Sunday?

Mrs. Brown—I thought it was perfectly grand, didn't you?

"Yes. The way he pitched into people for talking about their neighbors did my heart and soul good. Did you notice how that contemptible, cross eyed thing, Mrs. Bejones, colored up! And no wonder, for I'm sure—don't you breathe a word of it, though—that she is not one bit better then she ought to be. Why, her husband goes away and leaves her for weeks at a time. She says he's a traveling man. I'd like to know where he gets the money to travel on."

"And look at the way she dresses!"

"Oh, it's awful! She ought to be church ed."

"That's just what I think."

Signs of Domestic Bliss.

D. Smith—Have you seen the beautiful motioes that Smith has hung up in his house?

Miss Travis—No: what are they?

D. Smith—Well, the first one—hung up about three months after marriage—is "God Bless Our Home."

Miss Travis—How charming! And so original, too.

D. Smith—The second, hung up some time later, is "Love Endures All Things."

Miss Travis—So beautiful!

D. Smith—And the third, hung up about a week ago is "Lock Out For the Rising Sun."

Miss Travis—Oh! Shocking!

Belonged to no Order.

"Bob," said a stranger, who lived across the street; "in your father's Mason?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Does he belong to the Knights of Pythias?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! Perhaps he is an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir."

"It is possible! Then he must be an Elk!"

"No, sir."

"Is he a Grand Army Man?"

"No, sir."

"That's strange. Er—can you tell me what in thunder your father means, then when he gets out on the sidewalk every morning and makes all kinds of signs and swings his arms and hollers—"

"Oh, you mean!" cried the boy, "Why not!"

"Pa has had St. Vitus' dance for thirteen years."

Johnny's Letter to Santa Claus

The story is unreasonable, but it may be told. It was Christmas time, and Johnny's father, to punish him, told him he would send word to Santa Claus not to bring him anything. The small boy was rather troubled at this, but presently he was seen to be at work writing something looked like a letter. "What are you doing?" his father asked. "I'm writing to Santa Claus." "It isn't any use, I'm tell him not to bring you anything. Then the small boy brought over the letter: "Dear Santy Claus—Yes sagdat bring anything to mee this yere. Yours truly, a very bad boy. Best pleas being ed good pappa s box of ciggers, an a wody hows wifes a long tale, an a drum an a horn an a wegin an a big box of candy, and anything alse you can think ov."

A Sensible Proposition.

Johnnie, a bright boy of six years, while being Easd up for school, observing his little sweetheart much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he admired, turned quickly to his mother and asked:

"Ma, is pa rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnnie; he is worth two millions made a half."

"What lie, ma?"

"Oh, he values you at ourmillion, me at one million; and baby at half a million."

Johnnie after thinking a moment, said: "Ma, tell papa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes for a Christmas present!"

No Change Left.

A little domestic anemity, growing out of the turkey raffle was overheard yesterday by the reporter. An old gentleman with a turkey under his arm, met an his wife who then he met his wife, who was going out shopping.

"I've been lucky I've ware to win the turky for a quarter, my dear," she said with a pleased smile.

"Eye," he assented, but his voice had rather a dubi; ion tone.

"And now let me here the change of that one dollar bill I gave you to get the other things, she said.

"Change!" echoed the old gentleman in deep disgust. "Why, I had to spend it all to treat the fellows who didn't win."

A Puzzled Young Man.

A young man who was married, as all of us have been at one time or another, was what he should give his girl for a Christmas present, thought it would be a good scheme to question her little brother on the subject. He didn't get exactly the information he wanted, but he learned something that he had previously believed of every girl but his own.

"Did your sister say she wondered what Santa Claus would send her?" he asked.

"No," replied the little brother, "but I heard her tell ma that she wondered what you would give her."

The Mean Thing!

As Christmas has come around, the young man who has been toasting his toes, and foraging on the back parlor sofa, tries to get up a quarrel with his girl so as to escape bankrupting himself on a Christmas present.

He Told the Truth.

An old lady met her little grandson and asked him what he expected to get for Christmas.

"I'm going to have a bob sled," said the little man.

"And what make you th Christmas going to bring you a sled?" she asked with an amused smile.

"Of course," was the irreverent reply of the little fellow, as he winked his eye knowingly, "I saw my father dragging it home last night."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SYRUP of FIGS

A Pleasing Sense of Health and Strength Renewed, and of Ease and Comfort Follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts gently on the KIDNEYS, LIVER & BOWELS Effectually Cleansing the System when Costive or Bilious, Dispelling Colds, Headaches and Fevers and permanently curing HABITUAL CONSTIPATION without weakening or irritating the organs on which it acts. For Sale in 50c and $1.00 Bottles by all Leading Druggists. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Photograph Screens and Cases.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Diplomas are given in two departments—the Classical and Scientific—and Certificates in the Commercial course.

TERMS:

(Payable semi-annually in advance: Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, $ 15 00 Board, Lodging, Tuition in all branches Washing and Mending of Clothes, School Stationery, medical attendance and Medicine, Bath, etc., per session of ten months.....$50 00

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Syrup of Figs

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SAN FRANCISCO

RAILROADS.

SONOMA VALLEY RAILROADS

"SONOMA VALLEY RAIL ROADS." Commencing SUNDAY, Dec. 1886, AND U until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave from Vallejo Street Wharf, San Francisco, as follows:

Leave S. F. (SUNTAYS) Arrive in S. F.

WEEK DAYS. | SUNDAYS. | WEEK DAYS. | SUNDAYS.

7:00 a. m. | 8:00 a. m. | 9:00 a. m. | 10:00 a. m.

3:00 p. m. | 2:30 p. m. | 5:00 p. m. | 3:00 p. m.

Leave S. F. (SUNTAYS) Arrive in S. F.

WEEK DAYS. | SUNDAYS. | WEEK DAYS. | SUNDAYS.

6:00 a. m. | 8:00 a. m. | 9:00 a. m. | 10:00 a. m.

3:00 p. m. | 2:30 p. m. | 5:00 p. m. | 3:00 p. m.

Stages connect at Sonoma with Trains for Santa Rosa, Springs, Schastopol and Water of Springs. At Glen Ellen for Bogas Springs and Glen Ellen. At Boyd Springs, Kenwerthy, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Bucknell's, Harbin Springs, Pine Grove, Upper Springs, Everett Springs, Middletown City and the Geyserville.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Schastopol to Sonoma, or Petaluma, $1.75; Santa Rosa, $2; to Healdsburg $3; to Cloverdale, $4; to Sonoma, $1 50; to Glen Ellen, $1 50.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only—to Schastopol, $1 50; Santa Rosa, $2; Healdsburg, $3; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Geyserville $3 50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1 50.

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael Week Days: 7:00 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 6:15 p. m. Sundays: 8:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 6:15 p. m. Leave San Rafael: 7:10 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:10 p. m. Sundays—7:50 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 2:00 p. m., 4:50 p. m. Leave S. F. Sundays: 10:00 a. m., 12:00 m., 2:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m. Leave San Rafael: 8:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 12:00 m., 2:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m.

Tickets to Point Tiburon and San Rafael, 15 cents.

Children half price. Dogs, 25 cents.

Tickets for sale at Ferry, 721 Montgomery street and 25 Fremont street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. & A. BAKER, Oldest Instalment House IN SAN FRANCISCO. 742 & 744 Mission St., Adjoining St. Patrick's Church.

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Other Wines and Liquors at lowest rates.

And we will deliver the goods free of charge anywhere. Our goods have specially been selected for the Holidays and are sure to meet with your approval, as our experience and time in business will verify. And we will further state that we are strictly Wholesale Dealers, and supplying families with good and pure Wines and Liquors.

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ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Programme of the Christmas Examination.

As announced in last week's MONITOR, the Christmas examinations of St. Mary's College commenced last Thursday, and will conclude on next Friday. Every day's examinations are interspersed with music by the College Orchestra and also enlivened by recitations by members of the College.

Last Thursday the Third Commercial Class underwent examination, and on the subsequent days the classes mentioned in the following list:

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13TH.

The examination of the Third Commercial Class was interspersed with the following piece by exercises: Music, "Welcome Merrily," Orchestra; "Leap for Life," George D. McGrath; "Farmer John," James Carroll; Quartet Solo, "Home Sweet Home," Thomas F. Bell; "The Bell of Liberty," Carroll Scott; Vocal Duet, "Call Back the Times," W. Smith, C. Scott, O. Willard; "Old Ironsides," William A. Sullivan; "The Union," Thomas F. Bell; Cornet Solo, "Medley," George D. McGrath; Cornet Recitation, "Our Defenders," The Class; Music, "Dawn of '89," College Orchestra.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14TH.

The Second Commercial Class underwent examination, the exercises having been interspersed with the following musical selections and recitations: Music, College Orchestra; Recitation, "Monitory," John S. McNally; Cornet Solo, Master A. Tully; Recitation, "The Rebel," Master J. Tully; Recitation, "The Sentinel's Reveille," Master J. Tully; Recitation, "The Union and the Gold," John T. Scott; Violin Solo, William F. Carroll; Recitation "The Wrecked Mariner," Master J. Tully; Violin Solo, William F. Kearney; Piano Solo, Thomas E. O'Brien; Recitation, "The Christian Soldier and the Lion," William F. Carroll; Recitation, "Seminole's Reply," Albert W. Sisson; Music, College Orchestra.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17TH.

Examinations of the First Commercial Class in Christian Doctrine, Arithmetic, Orthography, Book keeping, Algebra, Grammar and History. The following interesting musical and literary exercises were pleasingly interspersed through the programme: Music, "St. Nicholas March," College Orchestra; recitation, "The Father's Church," John A. Shander; piano solo, "Merry Christmas," Joseph F. Kearney; extract, "The Bessima Council," Wm. G. Farmer; concert recitation, "Washington, his clear, calm, mind," Master Joseph Tully; piano solo, "Home, sweet home," by Master Joseph Sullivan; Bohemian extract, "Death of Alonzo," Master F. Yackel; recitation, "For Life Religion," James T. Finley; piano solo, "Holiday Gallop," John V. Hughes; recitation "The Wayward Knight," Joseph F. Kearney; extract, "O Brabagio! Dull," Thomas F. Bell; music, "God Bless our Home," college orchestra.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.

Yesterday the Business Department pupils were examined in Christian Doctrine, Arithmetic, History, Rhetoric, Geometry, Algebra, Book-keeping, Commercial Law, Physics and Physiology. The other exercises were: Introductory March, orchestra; Christian Doctrine; concert recitation, "The Hermit of Dreen," class; Mental and Practical Arithmetic; essay, "The Choice of Major Andre," Jas. M. Bailey; History and Rhetoric; essay (continued), "The Choice of Andre," Joseph Sullivan; Algebra; essay, "Benjamin Franklin," M. E. Wagner; Book-keeping and Commercial Law; essay, "A Mother's Influence," Wm. H. Lackey; Physics and Physiology; essay on recitation, "Elsie's Children," class; "National Airs," orchestra.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19TH.

The Third Collegiate Class will undergo examination today in Evidences of Religion, Natural Philosophy, Arithmetic, History, Algebra, Geometry, Physics, Rhetoric, Latin and Greek. The exercises will be interspersed as follows: Music, "College Orchestra; essay, "Alfred the Great," Fred F. Nourse; essay on Music, Francis A. McMahon; essay, "Our National Holidays," Joseph R. Bell; essay, "Washington," Thomas E. Finnerty; essay, "Shipwreck," Thomas F. McNally; essay, "Schools," Joseph T. McNally; essay, "Liberty," Joseph T. Mullin; essay, "The Duties of the Citizen," Thomas F. Bell; essay, "Our Country," Joseph F. Kearney; essay, "Washington," Joseph T. Scott; essay, "Hughes' English Grammar," Joseph T. Mullin; "Hughes' English Grammar," Joseph T. Scott;

Monitor Christmas Poetry.

AN IRISH EXILE'S PETITION TO SANTA CLAUS.

BY DANIEL COSLLY, M. P.

GOOD SANTA CLAUS, list to this prayer of mine, and grant me the boon I'm about to ask;
It will brighten an exile's weary way, and will lighten an exile's dreary task.
Here 'mid these cold California hills, where the banished wdrea in the night wind cry,
There are souls that yearn for your kind care, as you pass in your fur-lined garmants by.
Be gracious, and visit my hut to-night, when the snow from the grey sky thickly falls,
And think not alone of the children's wish who are able to sleep within city walls;
I'll open my heart to receive your gift, and a thousand blessings you'll have from me,
If you tell me how dear old Ireland farm, as she rests in the far-off Eastern sea.

II.

Oh! I were to learn at this Christmas time, is this land where freedom and gold abound,
How is every soul that I know as well as I grew to manhood on Ireland's ground;
Are the hills and the rivers and the streams the same as they were in Killowen years ago,
When to serve the Mass at the midnight hour we merrily paced through the crusted snow?
Standish O'Grady on Sunn where of old it stood, looking over Carrigoffer's deep, broad bay,
Or, where a star's alone in hyphen's haven I have seen stanzas craft pacing under moight?
Is the "big tree" still by Rosstrevor's bridge in whose shade the trout at the midges dart?
Tham, these are the things I would like to know, so, Santa Claus, whisper them to my heart.]

III.

Have many graves opened since I was there by the silent well in Kilbeggy's clay,
At "the end o' the road" do the boys and girls meter now on a Sunday are to play?
Ughis ath-cliathas changed? In the dust removed where a nameless one darkest sacred his name,
As he dreamed that in after years he might inscribe it aleak on the roll of Fame?
Are many girls still left? Is she the same—my Mavourn dear, with the soft, blue eyes,
Whose promise that night by her father's gate is memory's dearest and sweetest prize?
Oh, carry this message to her from me—that I'm growing rich in this Western land,
And that soon I'll hasten to redeem this pledge that I gave her then as I clasped her hand.

IV.

But, Santa Claus, listen—I pray you tell when to night by my regret conch you wait:
Has the cause of our land gone down beneath the crushing power of the British hate?
Has the Celt succumbed? With a craven's heart has his proud nature to use Ireland's trust,
And the old Green Rag that our fathers prized, lies it trampled in the highway's dust?
Is or the lesman stand on our soil to-day one who has struggled and wrn on the fight,
And point to our battle field as his at the centuries' end by the right of might.
With arrogant glance, or has he shown a sign of resistance never a sign,
And, showing his teeth, can he truthfully say, "Tais beautiful land is mine, is mine ?" ?

V.

Ah! such a story tell not to my heart, but say that the Christmas angel's soft, white wing
Will flash o'er a land of no-sorrow's dawn where the sun to freedom's ideal sing—
Allied with a scourge unbroken yet, with a faith as firm as in days of old,
And with hopes as bright as when wm's rail tide from the comparts of Limrick backward rolled;
You'll gladden my heart with this welcome news that Ireland is resolute still and strong,
That with donations soul she is struggling yet with the linked battalions of fraud and wrong,
Yet with linking eyes and defiant mien she faces the foes in the olden fight,
And joyfully waits for the coming hour when she'll stand in Liberty's sacred light.

VI.

Then, Santa Claus, visit my lonely hut when the snow from the grey sky thickly falls,
And think not alone of the children's wish who are able to sleep within city walls;
I'll open my heart to receive your gift, and a thousand blessings you'll have from me,
If you tell me how Ireland farm to slight, as she rests in the far-off Eastern sea.

Bernard Garrigan's Conversion and How it Came About.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF SORROW TURNED TO JOY.

Bernard Garrigan had been the proprietor of a drinking saloon for twenty years. In that time he had rolled up a fortune of great many thousand dollars, for his place was at the corner of two of the busiest streets in a large city, where the tide of travel from early morning to late at night was almost incessing.

Nearly all the time business with him was very brisk. Whether it was prosperity or hard times, he was able to plod them with drink, he rarely imbibed any himself.

He did not obtain because he had any scruples, but for two other reasons. In the first place he was determined to make money, and then he knew that if he drank much his brain would become too unsteady for such a business.

Day after day he became used to the spectacle of men drinking themselves to ruin, but he pocketed the money and said: "Well, if they will have rum, I might as well sell it to them as anybody else."

Things went on in this way for years, and the landlord of the International Saloon became richer and richer. They desired him to run for the position of alderman of his ward, but he declined. He did not intend to give up his business or have it interfered with in any way. He was determined to roll up money, and politics should not interfere. Nothing should interfere. He had his family to raise, and he thought that they should not be poor. He would put away a good nice sum for each of his children, and when he was fifty years old he would go out of business altogether. While, however, he attended to it so industriously, there were times when he used to ask himself whether after all it was the right thing to get rich in this way. He saw many a disgusting scene in front of his bar, and sometimes his conscience troubled him as he saw poor wretches spending their last penny, and drinking themselves into perdition. But conscience was too weak for the greed of gain that had taken possession of him.

At last Mr. Garrigan received a blow that stunned him.

He had three children, the oldest one was a boy to whom he took the greatest delight. Charlie Garrigan was his father's favorite. He was never permitted to come near the saloon, and was sent to the best schools in the city.

His father delighted in him, and looked forward to his making his mark in the world. He should be educated, have plenty of money, and then what a future was before him!

One Christmas Eve, however, Charlie Garrigan, who was then only 18 years old, came reeling into his father's saloon, every drunk.

At first he was not recognized in this terrible plight. His clothes were torn and soiled, his hat battered out of shape and his face was red and bruised.

When his father, startled by the racket, recognized his own son, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

Was this his boy Charlie? Was this the boy whom he had guarded so carefully? Could it really be that this disgusting object was his own son?

He had seen other men' sons in a similar condition, but they never opposed so humiliation.

He had sold liquor to some in a worse state of intoxication; but the sufferer of such a traffic never opposed to him as it did now.

For a few minutes he stood speechless, watching the mad antics of his drunken boy. Then he came to a sudden decision.

"Stand everybody out," he said to his assistants, "and close up."

The crowd in the saloon heard these words with some surprise, and some rebelled against being forced out after they had settled themselves for an evening's carousal, but in a short time the saloon was cleared and the lights were put out. A hack was called, and the saloon-keeper and his drunken son were rapidly driven home.

"Mr. poor my was in such a condition that he could give no account of himself, and the wretched father was too crushed to make any attempt to find out how he came to be such a pitiable state.

His boy, helplessly drunk!

He never realized until that moment what an awful thing it was for any son to be helplessly drunk. He had seen many drunken men. He had sold liquor to many such. Here, however, was a spectacle that was bearing itself into his very soul. His own boy was drunk.

Well, he got him home, put him to bed, and watched beside him all night long.

Strange thoughts came to him.

"Do other people feel as I do," he said to himself, "Do other fathers feel the degradation that is upon me at this time? Have other men's hopes been blasted as mine have been?"

"Have I really brought the same bitter anguish to other parents as some of these saloon keepers have brought to me?"

And then he thought: "Now, suppose this goes on. Suppose my boy should become a confirmed drunkard—what would become of me? Why, I would kill me."

Then came the sensations of conscience. "You have helped make drunkards of other people. Your wealth has grown because you have pandered to this vicious appetite. You have prospered upon what has been taken from other men's happiness. Now retribution has come."

After awhile his thoughts went out in another direction: "What can I do! What can I do to undo the mischief?"

What ought I to do for other men's sons? Is it right for me to go on with a business that brings so much misery?"

All night long he sat there thinking, thinking, thinking. He could not sleep. He did not try to sleep.

His whole nature was stirred.

Finally, just as the day was breaking, he heard the sound of a bell.

What was it? Fire! No, not as alarm of fire. It was a church bell, calling people to the first Mass on Christmas morning.

He listened intently. He pictured to himself the worshippers going into the church, the organ peeling, the singing, the solemn service of joy because Christ had come into the world "bringing peace and good will to all men."

For a month had passed since Christmas had been in church.

His Sundays had usually been spent in his saloon, or in rambling about, or asleep at home.

Now as he listened to the bell ringing so cheerily in the early morning, on this Christmas morning, he said to himself, "Oh, what a difference there might have been in my life had I clung to my faith!

"Perhaps I would not have had so much money, but I would be out of this horrible business, and my boy might have been a comfort to me.

"Is it too late to make a change?" The boy was quietly sleeping, and with a sad, longing look at him the wretched father, moved by a sudden impulse, put on his coat, and went out.

The bell had stopped ringing, but the church, which was quite near, was all lighted up brilliantly for the early service. It

A CATHOLIC HOME ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

May Love and Peace and Happiness with "Merry Christmas" Come!
To brighten at present and bless each hearth and heart and home!

seemed to welcome him with its warmth and brightness, and he went in.

They were singing some beautiful music as he entered the doors, but he shrank back into the darkest corner he could find and dropped upon his knees.

How long he stayed there, or what was done he did not know. He was only conscious of the deep misery that had come to him as he thought of his own home now to be wrecked, and of the homes of other men he had helped to ruin by his awful traffic.

At his knees there upon the floor of the church, visions of sorrowed families he had known floated through his mind, and as each terrible picture was presented, his conscience said to him "Behold your work."

It grew almost unendurable, and yet he could not banish the visions until there came into his soul a resolution that, God helping him, he would close his saloon, and would make some reparation to the families he had ruined.

He was one of the first of each month, will secure you regularly the sum of $50. This will continue for the whole of the present year.

Yours very respectfully,

BRICKYARD FRANKLIN.

To all his patrons who had accounts with him, he sent a little explnr that he was out of the business, and did not intend to sell liquor to them any more.

Some of them had quite failed from his memory, but others he could recall clearly. But why did he want to recall those people? Some of them were heavy in debt to him, and others were nothing but poor wretches who came in every rainy day for a drink.

He wanted to recall them for he had made up his mind to do three things, the first was never to open his saloon again, the second was to give away all the liquor he had in stock, and the third was to do something for the families of the men who had been ruined by his business.

Although during the next week he called to the assistance of a clerk, whom he engaged to take charge of the place, he was always busy because of the men who had once been his regular customers, and who came to see their friends.

It is quite a little taste and tending, I'm sure, for Christmas Day.
To grow into Christmas in Minnie
Is a thing of a wonderful kind,
And how she shaped it the winter
Is a story I'm sure to find.

Just sweet, and fresh and tender,
Is the Christmas Day in Minnie
Is a story of a wonderful kind.

Is a story of a wonderful kind.

Where, amid the Christmas cheer,
Is the lighter and more elated
Than the Christmas Day in Minnie
Is a story of a wonderful kind.

Is a story of a wonderful kind.

Is a story of a wonderful kind.

RIGHT REV. EUGENE O'CONNELL, D. D.

The learned Prelate whose portrait we present to the readers of the Monitor, was born in Roslagh, County Meath, Ireland, on the 15th of June, 1816. He was educated in St. Finian's Seminary in Navan, and studied Theology at Maynooth College, where he was ordained in the year 1842 by Archbishop Murray of Dublin.

In 1847 the venerable and beloved subject of our sketch was called to All Hallows College, Dublin, in order to fill the position of Dean in that widely-known nursery of Catholic missionaries.

When Archbishop Alemany was consecrated Bishop of Monterey in 1850, his first care was to provide Priests for that portion of the flock of Christ entrusted to his charge. Accordingly he visited Ireland in 1851, and on his return he was accompanied by several volunteers for this difficult region, and among these pioneers of the Cross on this coast, was the present learned and holy Bishop of Joppa.

Father O'Connell returned to All Hallows College in 1854, and remained there until 1861, when he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Marysville, in this State, being consecrated by Cardinal Cullen at All Hallows College, on February 3rd of that year.

Bishop O'Connell returned to this State in April, 1861, and on the 25th of that month he was accorded a most generous and hearty welcome by Archbishop Alemany and the Reverend Clergy, among whom were Very Rev. P. Magnentie, V. G., Rev. J. J. Prendergast, Rev. John Maginnis, Rev. T. J. Dalton, Rev. M. King, Rev. J. A. Gallagher, Rev. John P. Harrington, Rev. J. S. Cotter, and Rev. E. Gallagher.

The ceremony of welcome took place at the Seminary of St. Thomas, Mission Dolores, of which Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., was then President. Father Michael King presented the gifted guest with a purse containing $1,000, as a memento of the love in which he was held by those among them who were former students of that fruitful Mother of Missionaries.

In 1867 the venerable and beloved subject of our sketch was called to All Hallows College, Dublin, in order to fill the position of Dean in that widely-known nursery of Catholic missionaries.

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The ceremony of welcome took place at the

The Christmas-Tree; or the Angel's Whisper.

Turning longingly on his pillow, Willy regarded his mother with a smile of pleasure as she entered his room and gave him a morning kiss. With a small, delicate voice the child asked:

"Did you sleep well, mamma?"

"I did, my darling; how did you sleep?"

"I slept a little, mamma." was his hectic reply.

"Do you know that Christmas is at hand, my love?" asked the lady, eyeing him with fixed attention.

"I know it well, mamma," was the answer of the young patient, as he sloped and gazed on one of his mother's beautiful violets. "For the last eight days I have been thinking of nothing but Christmas, mamma. Won't you make me a Christmas-tree, mamma?"

"Yes, my darling," said the mother, with difficulty suppressing a tear; "you shall have a beautiful Christmas-tree.

"A big, big, tree," said Willy, raising his thin, tiny hand, "with everything on the boughs—toys and cakes and bon bons and jackets and trousers, mamma, and you will invite all the poor little children of the neighborhood?"

"Whatever you like, my darling."

"Do you think, mamma, I shall live till that time?"

At this agonizing question the poor mother could no longer control her feelings. It was too much for her. She relieved her oppressed heart by bursting into tears. Madame Warren—such was the lady's name—clasped to her breast the pale and feeble child on whom the coming Angel of Death flung the shadow of his wing. There was a time—it was not very remote—when Willy was strong and robust, and filled the house with his noisy mirth, with noise and uproar.

Struck by some deadly but unknown complaint, he was visibly wasting away—growing paler and thinner, but more intelligent every hour—pushing before her eyes, above all, it seemed her to know that her beloved child was conscious of his fate. He knew that death, in all his terror was approaching his couch, and the ovule was filled her with horror.

"Do not cry, dear mamma; I did not intend to grieve you. Forgive me if I have displeased you. But why not talk of death? I am not going forever mamma," he continued, looking up at her, "I shall wait for you in Paradise. Do not cry."

Making a terrible effort to crush her feelings, a sickly smile wrenched the beautiful lips of Madame Warren.

"Why do you give way to such melancholy ideas, you naughty boy! You must grow well and become big and strong, and be a man to love and protect your poor widowed mother."

"No, mamma," said Willy, in a sad and pensive tone. "Do not deceive yourself. I shall not live. Let us prepare for my departure. Don't you see, mamma! When my cousin Harry was going abroad they all were merry and laughing while preparing for an event which might separate them for years. Harry may never come back; I am going to a better place than Harry went to. I am going to Heaven."

"Don't you see, mamma, he continued. God will send you consolation. It is happy for me to die young. Netty says that noth-

DECORATING THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

ing is so beautiful in the sight of God as a pure soul. Don't you remember what the Queen of France said to her son? I read it for me yourself, 'No one but God knows how much I love you, but I would rather see you dead at my feet than guilty of a single mortal sin.' I shall not commit sin in Heaven, mamma, and my soul in the presence of God will always continue pure.

"Netty is not your mother, Willy, and she talks to you of things which are beyond the comprehension of a child. Through the intercession of the Virgin Mary you will recover, to make your poor mother happy. For I cannot live without you, my child."

Willy shut his eyes and seemed to think. Madame Warren drawed the curtains and then softly quitted the room. The young Netty, whose fervent faith sustained and encouraged the little patient was sitting on the stairs.

"Is he better?" asked Netty.

"Better!" exclaimed Madame Warren; "how can he be better when you fill his mind by your talk! I ought to banish you from his presence. You have filled his mind with the idea of death; he is always talking of it. How could he know anything on such a subject if you did not tell him? My God! I do not murmur against Thy will; but this chalice is too bitter," said the poor lady, wiping her eyes.

Netty knelt down before her mistress.

"Don't blame me," she whispered; "I would give my heart's blood to restore him to health. But I am persuaded that the angels visit him."

The two women burst into tears. Madame Warren raised Netty to her feet.

"My good, my faithful Netty!" she exclaimed. "Forgive me; my mind is so distracted by grief that I do not know what I am saying. Forgive me, Netty; but let us try to cheer up Willy, to inspire him with a love for life, to make him wish he used to be. Oh, Lord, Lord! if You take my child, take his mother also; my Willy is more necessary to me than the light of day."

They heard Willy at this moment calling Netty. She entered the room at the call.

"Here I am, sir," she said.

"You have been crying, Netty. I see the tears on your cheeks. That is bad; you should not cry, Netty."

"Are you thirsty, darling?"

"Not now, Netty. Come near me, Tell me, will you help my mother to make a Christmas-tree for me? Do you think I'll live till Christmas?"

"Did you ask your mother that question, darling?" asked the nurse, in tones of great anxiety.

"Yes, I did."

"You did wrong, darling, you made your mother cry, which you should never do. God can even you if He wishes and makes you as well as ever."

"I will not get well, Netty," said he in a tone of such such certainty that the poor nurse shuddered. "I know I shall not recover, and I think I ought to prepare my mother for an event which I know shall take place. I have a plan in my mind . . . but I won't tell you yet. Only take care of me till I come. Keep my mother from me when I want to see the Christmas-tree with its lights all ablaze and toys on every bough, and the children rejoicing and jumping around it—a beautiful tree that will make the children happy. There are children in this town who never have a penny to spend—no boy cakes or toys or anything. It is lamentable, Netty! Now I want to make those children happy for once—to make them laugh with pleasure. Their angel guardians ought to take pity on these poor destitute children, Netty; especially when they have no mother. If I had a brother I am sure my mother would not feel so sad. If I could get a brother I think I would be happy, Netty, for my mother would not cry any more."

"Don't talk that way, darling; you'll break your Netty's heart. . . . I ask you, for God's sake to get well. You will be a fine, big man like your father was, when you get well. You will grow up tall and handsome, after you recover in the spring Then well go out, hand in hand, into the sunny garden and gather roses—white roses—for mamma's birthday. Won't that be nice, love?"

"Netty, Netty, you cannot deceive me. I'll never gather roses any more. Don't you see! when people are sick, they become wise. I have heard voices, Netty, in this sick bed, which I never heard when I was well. Oh! if I could tell you what I see: what beautiful gardens full of flowers—fairer than our white roses a thousand times. Oh, they are delightful!"

The child was so situated at this moment that he could see through the lofty window of his room the remote horizon and the azure arch.

Pure as the Spirit who made it.

A sweet rock and silent Netty stood gazing on her little patient. A smile of rapturous pleasure lighted up his attenuated features and wreathed his lips. Some invisible power seemed to lift him from his bed, as if to hear him sway. Netty knelt down in trembling joy, and, with joined hands, she prayed to Heaven to shield, guard and protect that innocent child.

It was now Christmas Eve, and Madame Warren was going and coming, and giving orders all day long, and gliding noiselessly, over and down, into Willy's room to gaze on her darling. She was busy and anxious but comparatively easy in mind, for she was preparing the Christmas-tree. It was to be placed in the ground floor. In obedience to the caprices of her son (if it was caprice) she had ornamented a gigantic pine tree with the most exact and diligent attention, until the admiring domestics declared it was splendid. She entered the sick chamber with her tears as she whispered:

"My child will not see Christmas night."

The doctor made no reply, a silence that struck her heart, as it were, with the blow of a sledge. Meantime it was Christmas Eve, and Willy, animated by the accomplishment of his desire, seemed less feable. An insane hope took possession of the mother's heart as she noted the change.

"It was everything is ready, mamma, you will dress me up, and I'll go down to see the Christmas-tree."

On hearing these words the mother and nurse exchanged a look of anguish.

"My good, my faithful Netty!" she exclaimed. "Forgive me; my mind is so distracted by grief that I do not know what I am saying. Forgive me, Netty; but let Netty to cheer up Willy, to inspire him with a love for life, to make him wish he used to be. Oh, Lord, Lord! if You take my child, take his mother also; my Willy is more necessary to me than the light of day."

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"Make them sit down, mamma."

When she quitted the room for this purpose, Willy addressed Netty:

"This is my last Christmas on earth," he said with a sad but angelic smile. "I shall never see another Christmas on this world, but we ought to thank God who kept me alive to see this. I'd like to see the children at dinner. Call Eugenie (this was the name of the butler), and let him carry me into the room."

The men came in and lifted that light burden with respect and tenderness. The feeble arms of the child embraced the neck of the servant as he carried him round the table. Madame Warren, as she looked at him, foolishly fancied that her son would get well. When in the dining room Willy gazed at the happy children enjoying their meal; he studied every face. Some sounds escaped his lips, but no one, not even the servant understood them.

"Bring me back to the Christmas tree," said Willy.

"Are you tired, my darling?" asked his mother.

"No, mamma; but don't leave me my more. Let me hold your hand in mine. Netty will give the toys and clothes to the children. I am not strong enough.

On hearing these words Hope vanished from her soul. Her heart which was so full of confidence a moment before, was now wrung with unspeakable anguish.

"You remember the first Christmas-tree you ever had for me, don't you mamma?" asked Willy, pressing his mother's hand feebly. "Oh! how well I remember it. there was a little gun and little men, and everything that is nice."

"Do you wish to see the children in this room?"

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"It was everything is ready, mamma, you will dress me up, and I'll go down to see the Christmas-tree."

On hearing these words the mother and nurse exchanged a look of anguish.

"Well, mamma," he exclaimed, "what are they doing?"

"They are lighting the candles."

"Dress me, Netty. Netty, mamma, if you please."

His thin and wasted form was wrapped in furs; his hair hair arranged in ringlets, white lace ruffs half covered his delicate hands.

"I'll walk down, mamma; allow me to lean on your arm."

Thinking, as she heard him, that a misstep was about to be wrought, she complied with his request.

"Hi! my love Netty on the other side, mamma. I'll walk between you."

His little feet as they went down, glided over the stair carpet. A flush of pleasure lighted up his wasted features, as he contemplated the tree sparkling and radiant with burning tapers, teeming with fruits and candies and cakes and ribbons and toys. He was carried round and round and danced it on every side, and then sat down on a sofa by his mother's side, smiling and saying: "I wish my school fellows could see a crowd of poor children came streaming into the room. Every poor child in the neighborhood was there, wondering and sweetened, but delighted.

Willy gazed at them with indescribable attention. He seemed to devour them with his eyes. Netty silently contrasted the healthy faces of these orphan children who had no one to care for them, with the sad faces of the children of Willy, which ankles her, the mother was blind to every object save her child.

"Will you do what I ask, mamma?

"If you wish to distribute them yourself, my love, I shall have them brought to your side, answered his mother.

"Have you agreed dinner ready for them, mamma?"

"An excellent dinner, darling."

"Make them sit down, mamma." When she quitted the room for this purpose, Willy addressed Netty:

"This is my last Christmas on earth," he said with a sad but angelic smile. "I shall never see another Christmas on this world, but we ought to thank God who kept me alive to see this. I'd like to see the children at dinner. Call Eugenie (this was the name of the butler), and let him carry me into the room."

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VERY REV. SADOC VILARRASA, O.P.L. O. P.

Few Priests on the Pacific Coast were better known or more respected than Very Rev. Sadoc Vilarrasa, Provincial of the Dominicans in this State, who died in March last, on the Feast of St. Patrick, to whom he was especially devoted.

Father Vilarrasa was a native of Valencia, Spain, where he was born in 1814, coming to this country as a missionary Priest in 1848, and being the companion of Archbishop Alemany, O. P., in the infancy of this Archdiocese. Both have ceased from their labors and if may well said of them that "their works follow them."

Madeline Marston's Fate.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF REAL LIFE

The sun was setting slowly over the hills in the mountainous county of Westmoreland, and the dark green trees stood out in bold relief against the gold and crimson sky. To the right and left as far as the eye could reach lay vast fields of snow, to which here and there with glimpses of the splendid of the dying sun. Silence reigned supreme and nature was alone, except for the presence of a girl who was leaning against a wooden fence which divided one large field from another. She was apparently deep in meditation, and that of no pleasant nature, for from time to time was heard a low signing sob, and she muttered to herself in despairing voice, "Oh, if I knew, if I even knew, even the worst—anything is better than this cruel suspense."

Madeline Austin—for this is the name of the girl—is tall and slight, of about two and twenty years of age, not pretty to the casual observer, but possessing an attraction far more than that of mere prettiness. Her chief end, to many, her only beauty is her auburn hair, of that peculiar shade that Paul Veronese delighted in, of which he school loved to depict; her complexion is of the pale, clear type which generally goes with auburn hair, and her eyes are of that dark hazel that painters say green in others. She is attired in a long scarlet cloak bordered with dark fur and wears a fur cap on her head. Her face is worn with grief and pale from sleepless nights and distress of mind, yet there is about it a look of certainty so nearly had dimmed the clear steadfastness of manhood Austin's eyes, for here was one of those natures which seem so firm and so strong. Even those with whom she lives, her sister and brother, have not had the faintest conception of what she has suffered during "so short a time which to her poetic nature seemed long about her daily duties with the same energy as is her unclouded life before this sudden great trouble, none of them knew how well it is for those happy mortals who can relieve their burdened hearts by tears, and how much less they suffer than those strange natures who seldom or never weep.

Presently a hasty step came crunching over the crisp snow, and a clear voice says,

"Good evening, Miss Madeline, a penny for your thoughts."

"Well, Squire Marston," answers Madeline, "I fear they are hardly worth even the proverbial penny."

"Oh, no," rejoined the Squire with a laugh, "I am the best judge of that, I guess, stay, have you heard the news about Geoffrey Lyndon?"

"Why," says the girl, turning pale and stretching out her right hand to support herself against the fence. What—what about him?"

"Why, I'm surprised you haven't heard," goes on the Squire, prosily. "Judge Morse has found him guilty of theft and manslaughter, and has sentenced him to penal servitude for life, and served the young scamp right, say I."

A pause, a moment or two passes, and the Squire looks at his companion. She is deadly white; her hands are grasping the rails of the fence convulsively, and her lips are full of horror and despair. The Squire is amazed at last.

"Why, Madeline," he says, "I had no idea you cared. The girl interrupted him quickly, and said, in a strange, far away voice, "I speak to no one, please; indeed, I cannot bear it" and, turning her back on him, walks slowly towards her home.

Squire Marston watches her retreating figure till it is out of sight, then gives a long, long low whistle, which expresses volumes of surprise, astonishment, and pity, says word about Squire Marston. He is a typical English gentleman of the fox hunting type—a man of forty-six in appearance, stout and of medium height, red faced, with straight black hair and small, sharp blue eyes, which, when he is not drinking too much for the outer man, his character may best be described by negatives, for with one exception—his love of fox hunting—he had no decided tastes. He was not, as you doubtless have guessed, overburdened with brains and the few he did possess were lying dormant for want of exercise, for having a comfortable income of £5,000 a year and a good estate, he considered all exertion quite superfluous.

Now John Marston had long cherished for Madeline Austin, a secret liking. I cannot dignify it with the name of love, such natures as his are incapable of that in the highest and most ennobling sense. He, like the Lord of Crokjon, "let his table head thought she'd look well." Madeline had long been aware of his sentiments through the medium of her father, who was anxious to see his daughter comfortably settled, more especially as his son in law elect had promised to pay him (Austin) £3,000 on the wedding-day. But Madeline's heart was given elsewhere. For the last two years she had been secretly engaged to Geoffrey Lyndon, a young man possessed of little as yet but talents and indomitable energy, but, with these, what is impossible? He had been for three years studying law in the Middle Temple in London, and was only in the neighborhood of W — (the county town near which Madeline lived) at Christmas and during the long vacation. These holidays he spent with his widowed mother, who lived in a small dower house not far from Austin Manor. I'd course it was out of the question that Madeline and Geoffrey should marry for some years yet, but they were perfectly content to wait, happy in their great treat of each other, and enjoying of the golden future which the future might bring. However, lately Madeline had been much troubled by hints from her father and brother concerning Squire Marston, and indeed Jean Austin had gone so far as to tell her that she and she alone could save their house from ruin and themselves from disgrace.

Jean Austin was a young man of about six and twenty, and his character lacked all the good qualities so highly developed in that of his sister, he was weak, cowardly and extravagant to the last degree. Always a delicate boy, he had never been denied anything he wished for, and now the trials and responsibilities of manhood had come he lacked the stamina wherewith to sustain them. Just at present he was in dire distress, for, some three weeks previous to the beginning of my story, he received notice from a Jew with whom he had had negotiations, in the form of loans, to say he must pay within seven days' time. Three of the seven had gone by in perplexity, and on the evening of the third he went to a large dinner party at Squire Marston's, where he hoped, if fortune would have it, the conversation at dessert turned on the subject of the wonderful success of some young man who had acquired a fortune in another way than by actual toil. Mr. Green, who lived a quarter of a mile in Marston's house. The gentleman was a retired tea merchant, and was immensely wealthy and very eccentric. His chief pleasure was to hoard, he positively refused, in spite of the advice of all his friends, to keep any money in the county bank. The bulk of his fortune was invested in three per cent consols, but he always kept from two to three thousand pounds in gold and bank notes in his dressing case. This circumstance was well known in the neighborhood, for Mr. Green's housekeeper was a most inveterate gossip.

The morning after Squire Marston's dinner party, the inhabitants of the quiet town were startled by the news that Mr. Green's house had been broken into the night before, that he had been found by the butler at six o'clock that morning in a senseless condition and that £2,000 was missing from his dressing case. The alarm had been immediately called in but produced the same hopeless, Mr. Green had been struck on the back of the head by some heavy object—he might linger for some days, but recovery was not to be looked for. Wild sentiment prevailed all over the district and many were the conjectures as to the perpetrator of the deed. Geoffrey Lyndon had returned to London that morning by the 8 o'clock express, he had heard nothing of the catastrophe. He was sitting in his room in the Temple the following afternoon reading some intricate legal point when he was disturbed by a hasty knocking at the door. Before he had time to open it three policemen entered, and one of them walked over to where Geoffrey stood, laid his hand on his shoulder, saying in a peremptory way, "Geoffrey Lyndon, I arrest you in the name of the Queen."

"What?" exclaimed Lyndon, "you arrest me. What in the name of all that's wonderful, Wild—Brown—what's it about? You have mistaken your man. No! No!"

"No joke at all, young man, as you will find to your cost. You are charged with manslaughter and theft, and I advise you to come quietly with us, for the more force you make the worse it will be for you."

"Manslaughter! Theft!" said Lyndon, rubbing his eyes, "why, I must be dreaming. What—what do you mean?"

"Now, none of that," interrupted the officer roughly, "I've told you the charge and it won't do with us. Come with us now, or else I shall have to put those bracelets on you (showing a pair of hand cuffs) and you won't like that."

There was no help for it; he had to go back to the house to await his trial at the next assize, which took place three weeks after his arrest. This now brings us back to the house and whom my story opened. Squire Marston had then just told Madeline Austin the result of the trial.

PART II.

It is a windy March morning; cold and cheerless; a biting east wind blowing over the Westmoreland hills, but in spite of the unpromising state of the weather the little town of W— is on the alert, for it is not a grand wedding to take place to-day? The bell of St. Agatha's are ringing out joyfully, and already (at half-past nine) the village school children are ranged, dressed in white frocks, in two long rows, stretching from the gate to the front door, their aprons full of flowers to strew on the path of the bride. For Madeline Austin is a favorite with rich and poor, but more so specially with the latter class. You will, perhaps, not be surprised to learn that she has summoned to assume her own feelings in order to save her father and brother, though her heart is far away in that dreary Portland prison where Geoffrey Lyndon is drooping out a sad miserable existence.

But hush there is at last a stir amongst the crowd of loiterers at the gate as Squire Marston and his friend, Sir Philip Lessner, walk into the church. Then come the numerous false alarms and whispers of "It's he!" "there she comes" "look! look!" which are inevitable at every wedding.

However, at last she does come, accompanied by her father and the priest's daughter, who is bridesmaid. And very beautiful looks Madeline Austin looks, although very pale she is quite self possessed and carries her head well up. Just as she enters the church door the sun peeps through the clouds and lights up her auburn hair glancing through the lacy folds of her veil. Then the ceremony begins, and Madeline goes through it with a heroism worthy of a better cause. At length all is over, the register is signed, the Wedding March peals out triumphantly, and Squire and Mrs. Marston walk down the path through the rows of village children, who make pretty speeches and scatter their flowers before their feet. So the sacrifice is completed; and few even dream that it is a sacrifice.

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS EVE.

Again it is Christmas Eve, but three years later, and Time has left no marks on the grievances and enjoined away mistakes. Madeline Marston has been lonely in her grave for nearly a year. Jean Austin had died two years before, and on his death-bed, filled with a tardy remorse, he had confessed to the theft of £2,000 from Mr. Green. He said he had been tempted after killing the old man, but while stooping over the dressing-case he heard a movement, and, looking round, he saw the murdered coming towards him. Without calculating the strength of his blow he caught up a heavy weighted walking-stick lying near him and struck him on the head, instantly knocking him down, then caught up the money and rushed home with all possible speed. Arrived, he locked himself in his room, and, taking down stairs he took out a pocket bandkerchief which he had purchased the night before, at the party that night, and in his excitement he dropped it on the stairs. This handkerchief was identified by the police next morning and, combined with Lyndon's hurried journey to London, helped to fasten the guilt on him. Squire Marston was tried and convicted, but his death occurred in the hospital.

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The Monitor.

THE MONITOR
is one in the thirty-second year of publication, and its well-established reputation as a church and reliable Religious Newspaper, has given it a wide circulation and an influence which makes THE MONITOR a valuable medium for advertising.
Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS
Communications, to secure insertion, should be handed in not later than Tuesday of each week.
All communications will be inserted unless accompanied by the author's real name. This is required as a private guarantee of good faith.
Communications with the greatest preserved rents will be inserted in the order accepted by this Journal. Correspondents should be as brief as possible, and should write legibly, and on one side of the paper only. We cannot undertake to return the MSS. of declined articles.
All contributions and communications, whether on business or otherwise are to be addressed to the Manager.

For thy Seed be not ashamed to say the Truth.....Strive for Justice for thy Seed, and even unto Death fight for Justice, and God will overthrow thy enemies for Thee. (Ecclesiasticus, iv. 33)

VOL. XXXII. SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1888. NO. 13.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL PLATING.
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Large Grounds and Every Convenience for the Care of Patients.
For PARTICULARS ADDRESS
DR. C. W. WHITWELL,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
507 Bryant St., San Francisco.

AN ELEGANT RESORT.

The lack of elegant refreshment resorts is a marked feature of American life, and this is so generally true as to cause comment by travelers. The fact is undoubtedly true, however, that there is probably no more elegantly appointed place of the kind in the world than the Delmonico restaurant (Delmonico's, it is in Fleur d'amour), which is a worthy counterpart of the Delmonico's in New York. Its location is on Mission, Tenbarr & Kearsley, who have spared no pains or expense in the matter of fitting up the place with all the appliances that go to make up the service of a first class restaurant. The place is one of the finest and its fine table service, attended adapted to the purposes of a place that is unique after an evening at the theatre, or of the attractive lunch, or dinner, or, finally, the beautiful private apartments which are fitted up in connection with the place. Ladies can go there, especially as she made of supplying all necessary refreshments.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

The building has a frontage of 55 feet by a depth of 122 feet and is four stories in height, the Basement being of brick and the upper floors of wood.

The Basement (ivy feet high is arranged for Restaurant Hall and Refectory.

The first story is 15 feet high and contains the Parlors, General Office, Assembly Hall and Ladies' Ante Room. The ceiling of this floor is 12 feet in width, has two spacious bay windows, with 8 feet each and contains the main stair-case leading to the upper floors and to the Hall.

The second story is 15 feet high and contains the President's Room, Library, Bed Rooms, Bath Rooms, Ante Rooms, etc.

The third story contains the Chapel, Sacristy, Choir Loft, Bed Rooms, Bath Rooms and Lavatory.

The Chapel is 20x40 and 18 feet high, finished with modelled segment ceiling and stained stained windows, the one over the altar being enriched with a fine representation of Our Lord blessing little children, the whole so exhibiting the general finish of the altar, as to form an integral part of it. The Chapel is furnished with Altar, Altar Rail and Prie Dieu, Sanctuary Lamp, Stations of the Cross, Harmonium and Lavatory.

The Sacristy is 20x10 and 18 feet high, finished with modelled segment ceiling and stained stained windows, the one over the altar being enriched with a fine representation of Our Lord blessing little children, the whole so exhibiting the general finish of the altar, as to form an integral part of it. The Sacristy is furnished with Wardrobe and stuck him on the head, instantly knocking him down, then caught up the money and rushed home with all possible speed. Arrived, he locked himself in his room, and, taking down stairs he took out a pocket bandkerchief which he had purchased the night before, at the party that night, and in his excitement he dropped it on the stairs. This handkerchief was identified by the police next morning and, combined with Lyndon's hurried journey to London, helped to fasten the guilt on him. Squire Marston was tried and convicted, but his death occurred in the hospital.

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YOUTHS' DIRECTORY

A Home to Save Homeless Boys

AN INSTITUTION WORTHY OF SUPPORT.

A Charity that Appeals to All.

San Francisco possesses many institutions of charity, but none of them is more useful than the Youths Directory, located at 2020 Hyde street, of which we present an illustration above.

If the Directory is generously sustained, it is calculated to effect a vast amount of good in its sphere, by not only saving the morals of boys who might otherwise become castaways and criminals, but its benign influence will go far towards saving the souls of thousands of young men who are rescued from scenes of destitution and drunkenness, and lifted into the pure atmosphere of industry and a home.

What is it to save a boy? It is to rescue a soul most precious in the sighted God from and lost wanderings and eternal companionship. It is to hold up virtue in a soul plunged through no fault of itself into a vortex of vice. It is to a boy means to furnish to the State a worthy citizen and to the Church a consistent Catholic. Who so derelict in his duty to his country and his Church as to refuse help to such a holy cause? We cannot certainly hope, therefore, that many hundred readers of the Monitor will join Sunflower Lodge, and by their annual contributions of one dollar, (or as much more as their means will allow,) become sharers in this great work of supplanting vice with virtue, and changing an element in this community which might otherwise become "dangerous" in the future, into a virtuous, sober and indust

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8 1886.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

NOBODY'S LAND.

BOW SCHEMOZZ GOT IT, ANIL WHEN HE DID WITH IT.

Twas the strangest bird of a strange old world,
Many thousand years ago,
When nobody owned it, East or West,
And no one was born below.

When the rivers went to the silent sea
With nobody on them sailing,
When the mighty forests may have moaned,
And nobody heard their wailing.

Twas were no homes or gardens then,
No flowers to scent the air,
No noisy boys or laughing girls,
Only silence everywhere.

Silence early and silence late,
Silence by night and day;
Silence East and silence West,
Where nobody ever had away.

Silence; silence everywhere—
On hill and dale and glen,
Until the slumbering echoes woke
To the living voice of man.

When the Lord of the Sun from his dazzling Throne,
Sent forth the glorious bright;
The Lord of the Moon, and the shining stars,
He said it was not right.

He saw his valleys and mountains fair,
Gentle stream and rushing flood, and
And nobody should own them all, ay,
He said it was not good.

So He bade his servant somebody take
Your unclaimed Nobody's land,
To care for fields, enjoy the blooms,
And build its temples grand.

Forth came somebody at His word,
He weak and yet so strong;
He filled with wonder when I look
On this work that he has done.

For when he came he had no house,
No stone or timber to wear,
No sword or pistol to bite hand,
Though lord of all things there.

The birds, the beasts and the fishes came,
And passed before his view;
He gave them names they since have held,
Name known to me and you.

The horse had more strength and speed than him,
The lion could tear him down,
The bird could soar and the fish could swim,
In what was heaven and slightly taller. From
Some looks one night judge they were sin-
ters; and the elder, who had just entered the
room, was grieving at some of the flowers.

"Shay, Ethel," said the elder, "do you intend to take those flowers over to the hospital this evening?"

"Yes, Ethih," replied the other, "I shall take some this evening and the rest to morrow morning."

"Hist, dear," replied Edith, "we have a thousand and one things to do this evening, and it is now quite late; could you not postpone this till to-morrow?"

"No, Ethih, dear, if I put it off till to-morrow many other annoyances may arise and prevent me, and besides, I have so many here that I am afraid that I shall not have time to distribute even those which I intend to take there this evening. While I am arranging these, Ethih, you had better tell Joe to hitch up the sleigh, for I am getting late," said Ethel. "I could not obtain so many flowers as I wished from the conservatory, but those artificial ones will last a long time."

Another Christmas was nearing its close in the great city. The sky held no dull, grey hue through all the day, and towards evening it lightened a little. For a few hours in the morning the snow had fallen, and it now lay heaped in the corners, hanging from eaves, or covering the leaves and trees, making the most grotesque figures. At day-long the jingle of sleigh-bells was to be heard everywhere, and merry shouts. It seemed not to lessen. Now and then a party of merry children, wrapped all up in their fare like Laplanders, would go merrily along. Ever and anon, a great wagon laden with boxes filled with curious looking images and dolls of all kinds, also rocking horses and velocipedes, would pass swiftly by. Then a market wagon, filled with game and fruit, would go jingling on its way. All the shops had put on their holiday attire, and presents, bright and new, were exposed to view in every shop window. Good old Santa Claus, with his round, merry face, looked out upon happy faces from among his treasures, and would repeatedly and a "merry Christmas" to all who looked at him. In many windows, fresh, green wreaths could be seen hanging, and on peering further within, one might see a Christmas tree in course of dressing.

Although nature seemed to have coddled herself under a robe of ermine, and the sky looked gloomy above, yet everything about seemed to grow brighter. Sad faces seemed to take on a smile, and grim old "Father Time" bade the spell join in the pleasure of the merry children.

On a quiet street, and quite out of the great whirl of business traffic, stood a large house surrounded by a spacious garden. The pavement in front was covered with snow, and the gate and fence posts looked like a row of soldiers guarding the entrance to the mansion. Two plants were weighed down with snow, and looked as if they were mourning the death of the flowers and seeking them in the cold, moist earth. Wreaths were in the windows of the house, and a gaily-dressed Christmas tree could be seen through one of the front windows.

In one of the large front rooms on the upper floor, a girl could be seen hastily arranging some flowers in baskets, while alongside of her stood another girl, a little older than herself and slightly taller. From their looks one might judge they were sisters; and the elder, who had just entered the room, was grieving at some of the flowers.

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Ethih, after giving for a moment more on the profusion of flowers, left the room, humming a melody in a low voice. A short time elapsed when she again entered and came tripping lightly across the floor. She had been thinking of some beautiful Christmas gift which had arrived, with their names attached to it; or of some present she had just sent to her friends; or, perhaps, of the festivities which were to take place on the morrow.

"It's time assist you, dear sister," she said, "by putting those flowers you have so neatly together into this basket, and we will soon be ready, for Joe does not take long to hitch up."

"Are you dressed, Ethih?" asked Ethel looking up from her baskets.

"Oh, dear," said Ethih, "that that will take only a fly; so let me finish arranging these flowers while you prepare yourself for the journey, for I think that it is colder than it was this morning."

Ethih tripped out, and in a moment returned, and soon had everything ready for the sleigh ride. The sleigh, to which was hitched two fine bay horses, now stood before the door. The animals, fresh from the stalls, stood impatiently champing their bits. It was not long, however, before the two girls, wrapped in furs, stood in the doorway. They were saying "farewell" to an elderly lady, who seemed to be their mother, while behind the group stood a servant holding two large baskets filled with bouquets, each tied with a blue ribbon, on which "Merry Christmas" was imprinted.

Soon they were snugly covered with furs in the sleigh, and with their fleet steeds

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1888.

The Closing Day of the Dying Year.

This year of Our Lord, 1888, ends on next Monday night, and the Monitor desires most earnestly to call to the minds of its thousands of readers that the last day of this year should be passed as far as possible—in the manner prescribed by the Pope for observance throughout the whole Catholic world.

The Vicar of Christ has called upon the Faithful in the one true Fold of Christ, to assemble in their churches on that day, and there—filled with this spirit of Faith, Hope and Charity—make solemn thanksgiving to the SACRED HEART OF JESUS, the perennial fountain of Divine mercy, for all the favors which the Church, the Vicar of Christ and the Catholic people have received during the year to be so appropriately closed.

In the Decree, by authority of which next Monday is to be celebrated as a day of special devotion throughout the Catholic world, the Holy Father directs "that in metropolitan, cathedral, collegiate, parochial, and other churches, where, with the consent of the Ordinaries, it may be desired, the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist shall remain exposed for some time on December 31st next, the last day of the year, from the public adoration of the faithful and for the worship of the Sacred Heart; that five decades of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin shall be recited, and that then, after the singing of the Ambrosian Hymn and *Tantum Ergo*—the prayers *Deus cujus Misericordiæ, Concede nos*, and the Collects for the Pope and the Church being added—there shall be Benediction with the Divine Host. To each of the faithful who, after having made a good Confession and approached Holy Communion, shall devoutly attend such a public service, and shall pray with faith and confidence to the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ in thanksgiving, and also for the tranquility and peace of Holy Mother Church and the conversion of sinners, the Holy Father deigns to grant a Plenary Indulgence in the ordinary form of the Church—an Indulgence which will also be applicable to the souls in Purgatory."

In obedience, therefore, to the mandate of the Vicar of Christ, let every Catholic, beneath whose roof-tree these lines may fall, resolve to visit a church on next Monday and to assist at the devotions therein, so that by mingling his gratitude to God with the prayers of the hundreds of millions of his co-religionists, he may become a participator in the blessings which are so numerously showered upon faithful souls through that beautiful and salutary devotion in honor of the SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

"The Heart of the Man-God," says an eminent ecclesiastical authority, "is the living centre of the love and sympathy of Christ, our Brother, our Saviour and our King. Who is the Son of the Virgin Mary and of the Eternal Father. The human Heart of Jesus is the Heart of the Son of God, in whom Person it subsists and lives and, accordingly, the homage of adoration rendered to it in the Blessed Sacrament, and the supplications addressed immediately to it—are directed to the Divine Person of the Incarnate Word."

Let there be, on this occasion, therefore, a grand concerting of Catholic devotion all over this Coast. The Blessed Sacrament will be exposed for the adoration of the Faithful in all the churches, and let the Sacred Heart be surrounded by a guard of honor during the whole day, from the dawn of the morning until the last tick of the clock which will proclaim the death of the year 1888, and the birth of the New Year of 1889.

Rallying Round the Vatican.

It will be gratifying to Catholics all over the Pacific coast to learn that in nearly every country in Europe where Catholics have freedom of speech, the claims of the Holy Father to his rights in Rome have been unanimously endorsed. Here is the spirit manifested by some of the Catholics on the European Continent, and which should infuse courage into Catholics everywhere:

A second Congress of the Austrian Catholics has sent an address to the Holy Father to which he has replied. It will be enough to quote the following extract from it: "The more directly the war against religion and against society is being waged in our times, the more necessary does it become for Catholics to spare no trouble in order to resist successfully those attacks of the enemy. Therefore, the letter which you have sent Us proclaiming your purpose, and detailing the programme of the important questions to be discussed at your second Congress, has been most gratifying to Us." Another letter has come to the Holy Father from the Spanish Episcopate assembled in Toledo, expressing their gratitude for his Holiness's Encyclical on "Liberty." The Catholics of Amsterdam have also just sent a protest against the present position of the Holy Father, and asserting the wrong that is done to Catholics throughout the world by having him deprived of the independence which is essential to the free work and mission of the Church.

— What can be done to cure the fearful evil of political corruption which is overflowing the land? In this city it is abominable, but San Francisco it seems is not the worst city in the United States in that regard, as a New York paper states that in a single ward of the city of Elmira, New York, where, fifteen years ago, a man was almost mobbed for selling his vote, on November 6, 1888, 200 freemen, out of a total poll of 800 votes, sold themselves to the highest bidder, and the only mobbing done was the rush to reach the paymaster first!

— The Holy Father has honored Ireland by nominating Father Louis Hickey, Prior of the Irish Dominican College of St. Clemente, in Rome, as one of the Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of the Council.

Death of Very Rev. I. T. Hecker.

On last Saturday death claimed one of the most energetic and industrious literary lights of the Catholic Church in the Archdiocese of New York. Very Rev. I. T. HECKER will not only be a great loss to the Church and the Parish Congregation of which he was Founder and Superior but Catholic literature will find a void in its ranks which few men in America can fill.

VERY REV. ISAAC THOMAS HECKER, was born of German parents in New York City, on December 18th, 1819, so that he was within four days of entering on his 69th year when he was called to that reward promised by Almighty God to every "good and faithful servant," and of which happy class of Catholic converts he was a bright and shining example.

Father Hecker followed the feeble and misleading light of one of the Protestant sects for the first twenty-four years of his life, but at length he was blessed with a vision of that true light which leads to God and eternal happiness. He was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. P. Hecker, C.S.S.R., of New York, and was immediately thereafter accepted as a postulant into the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. He then went to Belgium, where he studied theology and philosophy for six years, and after a brief sojourn in London, where he finished his education, he was ordained by Cardinal Wiseman, in October, 1849. In the Spring of 1851, Father HECKER was one of a band of young Redemptorists sent to this country to labor in missionary duty, which he continued to perform for the following five years.

In 1856 Father HECKER had matured his plans for the establishment of a Congregation differing somewhat from the Redemptorists. Accordingly he proceeded to Rome, where he spent some portions of the years 1857-8 in performing his ideas and bringing them into conformity with the directions of the Roman ecclesiastical authorities.

These deliberations resulted in the establishment of the Congregation of St. Paul, the members of which are known as the Paulist Fathers—six of whom gave a series of very successful missions in this city and State some thirteen years ago.

At the first organization of the Congregation of St. Paul, Father HECKER was chosen Superior, and again in 1875 he was re-elected for nine years, so well did he labor for the glory of God and the good of the youngest congregation of priests in the Church of Christ.

Aside from the arduous labors imposed upon him by virtue of his official cognomen with his Congregation, Father HECKER was busily engaged in parochial and missionary duties; but amidst all his multifarious occupations he found sufficient time to institute and direct a Catholic Publication Society, to establish the Catholic World magazine, and to make most valuable contributions to the current Catholic literature during each year of his long, useful and self-sacrificing existence.

Father HECKER'S best-known works are "The Aspirations of Nature," "Questions for the Soul," and "The Church and the Age." But aside from these three very valuable contributions to Catholic literature, Father HECKER has written hundreds of articles for the *Catholic World*, which have made his name both familiar and revered by all who have had the happiness to receive instruction through the wisdom flashes of his well stored mind.

Peace to the soul of this simply faithful Father! He lived wisely and well. God called him from the humblest walks of life to place him at the head of a Congregation which, from its very foundation thirty years ago, has been doing a work in the Church by voice and pen and printing press, which would otherwise have been left unaccomplished.

The Paulist Order is peculiarly adapted to America, where the war against the Church has to be met in the literary arena, and where the faith of thousands of Catholics can only be kept alive by frequent visits from missionary Priests who devote themselves to rescuing the seed of Catholic truth in souls where it has ceased to fructify through sin, indifference or evil association.

The Father and Founder of this most useful Congregation has been called to his reward, and it is to be confidently hoped that although the Church militant in America has lost one of her brightest, bravest and best defenders, the Church triumphant in Heaven has gained an addition to its ranks by the adoration of the soul of the dearly loved deceased Father HECKER.

Our loving Mother the Church says: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." Hence the second, or offener, and the more fervently Catholics pray for their deceased friends, relatives and benefactors, the sooner such unfortunate souls will find favor with God, and thus be enabled to plead before the throne of Mercy for those who helped them out of their suffering.

As a priest and as a citizen, Father HECKER was a benefactor to the whole human race. He founded a Congregation which will live and flourish throughout ages in the far distant future, and which will move his name and fame to fill the whole world with the same measure of glory as that of the founders of the other great orders in the Church. His writings have been the means of bringing many converts into Christ's only true Church, and in every way commensurate with Christian duty, Father HECKER labored through life to make his fellow-man more acceptable and pleasing to God, and in doing this he has earned that eternity of peace and happiness which we earnestly pray that he may now be enjoying in heaven!

— Having sent Apostolic missionaries to every other portion of the globe, Ireland is now furnishing Priests and Sisters to Christianize the pagan tribes of Africa. Rev. Father David, of the Cistercian Order, who is collecting the alms of the faithful and enrolling recruits for his mission amongst the natives of Zululand, has been lecturing to crowded audiences at Cork, Waterford, Wexford and Carlow. During last month a second party of postulants (about twenty in number), with their Priests and professors, left Ireland for this seat of Christian warfare.

How the "Romanists" were "Beaten at Boston."

The day when John Wesley gave utterance to this diabolical sentiment "No government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion," he laid the corner stone of that Satanic system of intolerance which has since the civil characteristic of Methodism ever since.

The late election in Boston gave the Methodist organ in this city a chance whereon it must cheerfully wired its interference when it declared that the "Roman tide" was turned in Boston, and then with a Lutheran leer—the *Advocate* alluded to the MONITOR as having "made fun of the Catholics because of voting on school questions," and then Rev. McCreary asks—"What does the MONITOR think of that now?"

The MONITOR is always able, ready and willing to answer any and all questions put to it concerning Catholic affairs, hence it gives as a *good picture* to enlighten our evangelical *confreres* upon the causes which led to the "Romanists" being beaten in Boston, and we may preface our remarks by candidly saying that a *defeat* under such circumstances of fraud, fanaticism and foolishness, as we shall develop in an hour, when compared with a victory won by the wickedest ways which Wesleyan intolerance and dishonesty could suggest.

How was the Boston victory won? By incendiary appeals on the part of Methodist preachers to the intolerant spirit of sectarian hatred against American citizens simply because they were Catholics. Is there anything to be proud of on the part of Methodists in gaining a victory under such infernal impulses?

How was the Boston victory won? By deliberately telling as set forth by the following dispatch:

VOTES WHO HELPED TO ELECT A MAYOR IN BOSTON.

Boston, December 5.—Illegal voting of women in the recent existing city election as discovered—that. The very first precinct in question shows ninety-five votes in excess of the registry, and there is no doubt that all or nearly all of the excess is due to the votes cast, illegally, for the Mayor, by women. Hart carried this ward by 207 votes. Numerous other precincts showing a similar name was the check list were found, and the recount is not yet half completed. Take Hall's word for it and blindly vote for the list that the women voted, straight tickets, including the School Committee, instead of voting for the school committee only, as required by law.

Intolerance stops at nothing in order to achieve its machinations and malignant aims, and it is not at all unlikely that the Methodist preachers of Boston, whose lenten thrusts blared forth blasphemy and bigotry for weeks before the Boston election, taught their female flocks the trick of voting for every officer on the ticket, when they were not entitled by law to commit any such crime. As Methodists proud of their disciplinarians, we may preface our remarks in order to enlighten our sectarian brethren in the *Advocate* feel that it is advancing American morality, or conducing to the success of Christianity, by winning Methodist votaries through Methodist intolerance and Methodist iniquity of the darkest dye!

How was the Boston victory won? By the foulest means that ever disgraced a decent community. Here is what the Boston Public says on that point:

"May or O'Brien has no reason to be ashamed of the support which he received in the election of last Tuesday, said Mr Hart, though he is now the Mayor-elect, cannot feel proud of his victory when he reflects upon the manner in which it was won. Hundreds of Protestant women who never before had cast a vote for a ticket as the Republican ticket, came out on Tuesday to vote against the Catholics. Prejudice was made to fight and fear prejudice, and we reasonably fear that the Republican party will lose the creditable work, that its motto since they began to fight and well others from up to the 12th of election. A large corruption fund was raised in behalf of the Republican candidate, the latest accusations were made against the present city government, and the city election was tenaciously dragged into the political arena for purpose of making the approach to party and race prejudice, added to already, more than enough of it."

Are "dishonest issues," "the vilest appeals," and a "huge corruption fund" the trickster's tools of which triumphant Methodism is proud? If so, every American citizen should earnestly pray "God save this people from the baneful influence of Methodist bigots who thus glory in their sin, shame and public scandal!

How was the victory won? By resorting to tactics that would disgrace a regiment of the lowest ruffians that shared in the fiendish act of burning Charlestown convent. Here is what the Boston *Pilot* says of the shameful doings of Methodist preachers prior to the election:

This result is a Democratic city was carried by the religious bigotry of Protestant clergymen, by certain Protestant ministers, and by the action of a section of the Democratic party, the leader of which bitterly assailed Mayor O'Brien and joined hands with the Boston British American and Orange party.

It is painful and shameful that a city possessing the intelligence, should be, this age decide the municipal election on grounds that would disgrace the days of the blue Laws and the whipping post. The boundless preachers worked especially to rattle the middle-class Protestant women and men, who, like Scotch Presbyterians, are not, as a class, with hysterical hysteria, and "Converted Catholics" were brought to the rescue. In Boston, women are allowed to vote for the School Board; and as a result, in a city half Catholic, every Catholic name was swept off the ticket. Tomorrow, if the Catholic children were withdrawn from the Public Schools, more than half of these would starve. Argument or comment is thrown away. The only word for such a result is—*Shame!*

And these are thy weapons, O Wesley, saints! "incendiary preachers," "unequipped nuns," and converted priests." What a trinity of fiends wherewith to sin the infernal contents of Methodism! It is no wonder that the *Boston Pilot says blame!* when it ponders over the putrid slime which the *Advocate's* co-workers in Wesleyan iniquity employed in order that the "Romanists" might be beaten in Boston!

Having thus exhibited the disreputable means by which bigots, blackguards and Protestant fanatics won this so-called "victory" for anti-Catholic cranks, let us proceed to enlighten Rev. McCreary upon a few points upon which he has permitted his prejudices to paralyze the trifling issues of truth which exists in his mental regions.

In the first place, then, the political battle at Boston was not a victory over "Romanism," in any sense of the word. The conflict commenced when that scurrilous school-book "Scanlon's Outline of History," was very properly excluded from the Public Schools. The Directors who did that proper deed were Protestants. Had the Catholic members of the Boston School Board desired ever so much to discard the book in question, they had not votes enough to accomplish it, so it was far minded Protestants who pitched Scanlon's work out of the Boston schools, and in the late election the contest was between fair minded Protestants on one side, and fraud, fanaticism and a fusion of Methodist foulness of all kinds, on the other.

Brother McCreary, with his usual contempt for truth, says that the Democratic party joined hands with the Republicans against the Catholics, who put Scanlon's work out of the Boston schools, but the Editor of the *Advocate* is forced to be informed where he says anything about Priests or Popery, as he is half crazy on both those subjects.

His idea for falsehood has also led Rev. McCreary into the assertion that those anti-"Priests" of Boston are constantly engaged in "filling up text-books for the children of American Protestants and other friends of the schools." It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that Rev. McCreary knows where he speaks whereby he makes this assertion, and the MONITOR will give the Editor of the *Advocate* *one hundred dollars in gold coin*, on a New Year's gift, if he can furnish us with the names of the "Priests" and the "text-books" they have "filled up" for the Boston schools. The fact is Rev. McCreary has told another Wesleyan "whopper," just to keep his pen true to its peculiar goodness for perpetrating falsehoods against the Catholic Church.

Now what are Christians who love Christianity for its truth, virtue and purity, to think of a Methodist preacher who will willfully and malignantly manufacture the most diabolical falsehoods against his fellow-citizens, for no other reason than because they happen to belong to a Church which emancipated from God nearly eighteen hundred years before Methodism was begotten by Revolutionists. A system of sectarianism which leans upon its escutcheon the intolerant sentiment of "No government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion," is always armed and equipped for deeds of unforgivable darkness by means of the most infernal character.

Decidedly Rev. McCreary calls the Boston election "a victory over Romanism." Well, although this is not true, we will permit the *Advocate* to take pride in the possession of a Wesleyan weapon, and at the same time draw consolation from the fact that it is only fools, frauds and fanatics who glory in triumphs won at the sacrifice of all that is sacred in American citizenship.

May God preserve this Republic against the insidious wiles and the unscrupulous ways of political parties of the Wesleyan stamp. They are a constant menacing danger against which it is well all Americans should be warned. The unscrupulous means employed to win the disgraceful victory in Boston were designed by them, not to secure things they have received at the hands of Boston by means of the blackest bigotry and the foulest of corruption, but to make the coast in the near future, unless the public eye is kept steadily on the scheming squad who pose as preachers of Methodism, but who are in reality ranting politicians who are preparing for a campaign in this city fully as factional and corrupt as that of Boston.

The *Advocate* asked the MONITOR "what it thought of the Boston victory?" We have answered this question in a way which will leave the impression upon the Editor's worst partiality that American politics ever developed, and we leave the *Advocate* to decide for itself which the Boston election represents to every member of the Methodist sect.

A Methodist Miracle:

We presume there are not many readers of the MONITOR who ever heard of a Methodist miracle, and yet we can easily convince our patrons that such a superhuman event has been brought about by the ministrations of a few Methodist preachers.

The first to figure in this Methodist miracle is the Rev. Dr Carver, who publicly declared during last April that "there were 300 Catholics in this county a hundred years ago than there are today." Dr Carver stated, therefore, that there were less than 300 Catholics in the United States on the first day of April, 1888.

The next gospel-teller to add to Dr. Carver's miracle was Rev. Dr. Howard, who stated last month that there were "seven millions of Catholics in Ameriica at the time Washington."

The third preacher to have a finger in the Methodist pie, is our perverse preversaurier, Rev. Dr McCreary, who says that half of the population of San Francisco is Catholic, or, in other words, that there are more than 150,000 Catholics in San Francisco alone.

Here we have recorded three different assertions! If Dr. Carver is right, why Dr. Howard is wrong. If Dr. Howard is right Dr. Carver must be wrong. Then, perhaps, according to some slab-sided logic peculiar to the Methodist sect, *both* are right in making the assertion that in the short space of nine months, viz from the time of the meeting of the Oakland preachers in April of this year, to the meeting of the San Francisco preachers last week, the Catholic Church had had a "big boom" in this republic, as its membership increased from less than 300 in April last, to "seven millions" in the month that shows this gray!

After this, who says that the days of miracles are past, when the Methodist clergy can perform them by merely turning the crank of their fanatical lore for falsehood!

The discovering cases of bearing false witness lie by bombastic, bigoted followers of the Methodist fraternity, reminds us of a certain text of Scripture which is very appropriate when applied to their case. It says this: "And the chief priests and all the council sought for evidence against Jesus, but found none, for many bare false witness against Him, and their *witnesses were not agreeing*."

The question be declined from this text is the Son of God was innocent of the charges brought against Him by the Jews, just as His Church is guiltless of the charges brought against her by the Pharisees of Methodism in this year of our Lord 1888.

—It is rumored that the Marquis of Londonderry will soon resign the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, and that the Marquis of Dufferin will be his successor.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Chicago *Times* makes this suggestive comparison: "The evidence thus far adduced before the Parnell Commission goes to show that crime has existed in Ireland for the last three or five years. By a striking coincidence crime has also existed in England and Scotland during the same period. Indeed, we have had some of it in our home."

The Boston Globe pertinently asks Why should people keep raising the issue now "Is marriage a failure?" when the statistics of recorded marriages show that a woman's chance to marry are one fourth of one per cent. from 50 to 56 years of age; three-fights of one per cent. from 45 to 50; 22 per cent. from 40 to 45; 30 per cent. from 35 to 40; 15½ per cent. from 30 to 35; 9 per cent. from 25 to 30; 22 per cent from 20 to 25, and 14½ per cent. from 15 to 20. The average percentages still exceed those of any other business speculation.

—In order to show the fearful condition of the criminal classes in England it is only necessary to point to the fact that in the last ten days of the month of November, 1888, there were as many murders committed in England as there had been in Ireland during the whole year of the Land League force, in England, and more than twice as many in Scotland. Yet we hear nothing about the Land League in Ireland, but we hear much about the Land League in England, and we read every thread. In the meantime, we see the Land League force open and shut, the scattered papers, all continue to be as quiet as a graveyard, while the grouping of the figures, the arrangement of the Land Leagues, and the reception of the children by means of a large curtain, but very large curtain, which, by the way, is protected from prying eyes by the chivalry of the Irish people, the grouping of the stamp of true perfection of art. The really and the ideal, the ideal of the Land Leagues, which the Holy Father greatly encouraged, and affectionately blessed the Land Leagues, and the real, the Land Leagues, which the Holy Father greatly condemned

Farm and Home.

Some Interesting Statistics.

Here are some facts, says the *Middle Argosy* about the people who compose that population of the world

There are 1,000,000,000 in the world, and the Mohammedans profess more than 1,000 religions.

The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life. To every 100 only 6 reach the age of 65, and not more than 1 in 500 lives to the period of age.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these, 33,023,033 die every year; 91,824 every day; 3,730 every hour; and 60 every minute, or 1 every second.

The married are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December.

Those born in Spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also deaths.

The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

A Mountain Ranch.

J. M. Wainer, a young man who had tired of trying to make money by raising wheat, a year or two ago, went into the mountains and purchased a ranch partly improved—an acre of which was devoted to apple trees. His original intention was to raise cattle on his mountain ranch, and he is now engaged in that industry, but having learned of the profits to be derived by raising apples, he is devoting a great deal of attention to that industry as well. This week he informed the Times that he derived a profit of $400 per year from this one acre of apple orchard. He has eight acres more of trees growing that will not come into bearing for two years yet, and this winter and next spring he expects to put out ten acres more to apple trees. The orchard is not cultivated after the trees come into bearing, but a small stream of water courses its way alongside the trees throughout the year, which keeps the soil moist and pliable. Mr. Wainer's ranch is in Mt. Vernon precinct, one and a half miles below the Dillon dump. Mr. Dillon has a three-acre orchard in the same neighborhood, and he finds no trouble in disposing of his apples at 5 cents per pound right at home, the orchard thus bringing him an income of from $1200 to $2000 per year, the amount being varied by an off season, the trees bearing more fruit some seasons than others. There are thousands of acres of hill lands in this county adapted to raising apples, and as the supply of this fruit is never equal to the demand, it is strange that a greater number of people do not engage in the business.—*Tulare Times.*

Queer Methods of Taxation.

In view of the great discussion of the various methods of taxation, at present agitating our own country, the following from Chamber's Journal, may be of interest: Many strange methods of taxation have prevailed in England. A review of some of those is interesting. The first tax ever imposed was that levied by Julius Cesar, who ordered the chiefs of the various cities to send annually to Rome a fixed number of men and wild animals—the former to be sold, and the latter would be lavished, and the latter would be used for the great fights of the Colosseum. But very often the men and the wild animals were put on an equal footing and forced to fight with each other in sight of the bloodthirsty and applauding Romans. But of all taxes ever imposed on a people the "birth tax" was the most odious. It lasted thirteen years, dating from 1695. Every person not in receipt of alms was required to pay 2 shillings for every "little stranger" that came into existence. The tax was a great burden to the lower orders; but the nobility and gentry were subject to still heavier payments than their poorer neighbors. Thirty pounds had to be paid on the birth of the child of a duke. This sum gradually diminished, according to a fixed scale, until it reached 10 shillings, the amount levied on real estate of £60, or personal estate of £600 and upwards. Reasonable excuse was be given in most cases why it is that certain things are taxed; but where the imposers of the "birth tax" can find an excuse sense to our modern minds impossible. Contemporaneously with this "birth tax" there existed another, called "The bachelors' tax." It was not a very heavy imposition, and was probably intended to be as much a reminder of their duty as a means of "raising the wind," which William III so often stood in need of. As soon as a man reached the age of 25 he was liable to the tax, which was one shilling yearly till he took to himself a spouse. But it did not stop with bachelors; and here we think it was unjust, for it taxed widowers with young children. Besides the shilling every person had to pay an amount according to his rank for the luxury (or otherwise) of single blessedness; thus a duke or an archbishop was assessed in the yearly sum of £12 10s., an earl £11 5s.; a gentleman 5 shillings. Social distinctions were nicely drawn then.

The Errors of the Past.

The memory of our debauts and sins ought not to fill us with despair, but to furnish us with new incentives for more heroic effort. Nature does not keep her wounds open, as soon as they are made the healing process begins. There is nothing more unnatural or morbid than dwelling on one's past errors and blunders; it debeats the very ends which nature is trying to secure. The errors of the past ought to be healed in the only way in which they can be healed—by noble living, by the consciousness of having overcome them. The only real repentance for past sin is to be found not in sitting down in sack-cloth and ashes, but by girding your loins afresh and pushing on to a higher where the temptations of the past no longer have any power over us. The future is our inalienable possession; it is the youth upon which we all draw; it is the opportunity to retrieve the past which is open to every one.

WILL FIGURES LIE?

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 11th, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—

Dear Sir—Figures will not lie if properly and correctly computed; but the art of making a mistake in making a division of the quotient, the 67 cents becomes a very pretty number. The one who sold 3 lbs one dollar had ten cents over. Now, I am not expounding from her group of 20 sheep, belonging to Mr. Smith, who sold at the rate of 2 for $1 60 had taken out only 20 dollars in 13 drawn, they received 20 dollars and 20 cents, and the number drawn which amounted to 200 00

Then for the remaining 10, which the woman had who sold at the higher rate. She received 20 00, or 2 00 for every ten, which amounted altogether to 20 dollars! Deducting 12 00 which she took out of the proceeds. Which is 12 00 the total of their respective receipts, 32 00 equal 16, 16 divided by 2 equals 12 00 which was the amount she took out. G. R.

Family Fun.

THE FEMININE WAY.

Difficulties Experienced by a Woman in Making Out a Money Order.

"I want to get a money order," she said, throwing her head through the window in her usual fear lest she should be late.

"Make out an application, then," replied the clerk. "You'll find the blanks on the desk back of you."

"What application? I just want to send $15 to——"

"Fill out the blank," interrupted the clerk, handing her one.

"I—I—will you please fill it out for me?"

"I can't. It's against the rules. You other fill it out yourself.

"Oh, dear me, I don't believe I can. What do you do first?

"Write the date."

"Where?

"On the first line.

"There? On that line?

"Yes—that's it."

"Why, let me see, is this the 10th or the 15th?

"The 10th."

"I thought so, but I wasn't sure. What do I do next?

"Write out the amount to be sent."

"It's $15.

"Well, write it on the next blank line?

"There?

"Yes.

"How say it is, after all? Now, what should I do?

"Where is the money to be paid?

"Oh, at Chicago.

"Well, write 'Chicago' after the words 'Payable at.

"I—I—don't see any 'Payable.'

"There it is."

"Oh, of course; how perfectly ridiculous of me not to see it myself! Now, what shall I put after 'State of?'

"Why, 'Illinois' to be sure."

"Why, I thought we began at home! Now, let me see, what comes next?

"To whom are you sending the money?

"Oh, to Mr. John Smythe; that is, I'm really sending it to Mrs. Smythe, who is my sister, but we thought it would be better to send it in his name and save her the trouble of going to the office, and of course he can give it to her, as the money's really for my sister; but it is the same any difference, I suppose——

"It makes no difference at all."

"I didn't see why it should, really, and I'm glad it don't, for sister isn't in good health, and she might not be able to go to the office herself, and——

"Write Mr Smythe's name and address on the line below."

"His full name?

"Yes—there are so many Smythes."

"Joseph N.' will do, won't it?

"Yes, yes.

"I can write it 'Joseph Newman Smythe' if you prefer. Newman is his middle name.

"Joseph N. will do.

"Yes, will it? I'm sure I don't see why it shouldn't. He's so well known anyhow.

"Now write your name and address on the other lines as quickly as you can, please; there are others waiting."

"I don't take her but about twenty minutes to do this, and ten more to ask if Smythe will have to be identified, and when he'll get the money, and how she'll know his get it, and if the post-office is responsible if the money is lost, and if a registered letter wouldn't have been just as safe, and so on in a way that only helpless and suffering postal clerks know anything about.

Proof-Readers' Poetry.

Some writer has produced a poem entitled "Sounds from the Sanctum. It reads just too pretty, and gives us the thought that the author never visited a sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had visited about midnight, he would have heard a few sounds—one poring over a proof-slip, the other holding the copy; and the sounds would have been something like these:

Proofreader—As flowers without the sunshine fare—comma—or—semicolon—

Compositor—Thunder! not more—period.

Proofreader—I breathe a dark and dismal mare—

Compositor—Blunder—comma—or—period—

Proofreader—Shoot the comma.

Compositor—Shoot the author!

Proofreader—The dose. As flowers without the sunshine fade—semi-colon—colon—fond sing seven, he never—period—lies—no joy in life—comma—no worms—

Compositor—Warmth.

Proofreader—No warmth I share—comma—and health and vigorous five—

Compositor—Hiss! Health and vigor fly.

Proofreader—Health and vigor fly—full stop.

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck.

A Shrewd Bargain.

Editor (writing to eminent literary man)—If you will send us a copy of your three hundred to two thousand words—we will pay you $200. You understand that this is $200 for the use of your name, and $5 for the story—our usual rates.

Literary Man—I regret to say that I have no time or inclination to write the story, but I inclose my name. Will you use it, and in return send me check for $200.

Business Maxims.

"There's a fine business motto," said a peddler to the grocer "'Ready pay makes the heavy (or otherwise) of single blessedness.' Thus a duke or an archbishop was married in the yearly sum of £12 10s., an earl £11 5s.; a gentleman 5 shillings. Social distinctions were nicely drawn then.

"Why, 'Illinois' to be sure."

"Why, I thought we began at home! Now, let me see, what comes next?

"To whom are you sending the money?

"Oh, to Mr. John Smythe; that is, I'm really sending it to Mrs. Smythe, who is my sister, but we thought it would be better to send it in his name and save her the trouble of going to the office, and of course he can give it to her, as the money's really for my sister; but it is the same any difference, I suppose——

"It makes no difference at all."

"I didn't see why it should, really, and I'm glad it don't, for sister isn't in good health, and she might not be able to go to the office herself, and——

"Write Mr Smythe's name and address on the line below."

"His full name?

"Yes—there are so many Smythes."

"Joseph N.' will do, won't it?

"Yes, yes.

"I can write it 'Joseph Newman Smythe' if you prefer. Newman is his middle name.

"Joseph N. will do.

"Yes, will it? I'm sure I don't see why it shouldn't. He's so well known anyhow.

"Now write your name and address on the other lines as quickly as you can, please; there are others waiting."

"I don't take her but about twenty minutes to do this, and ten more to ask if Smythe will have to be identified, and when he'll get the money, and how she'll know his get it, and if the post-office is responsible if the money is lost, and if a registered letter wouldn't have been just as safe, and so on in a way that only helpless and suffering postal clerks know anything about.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The following letter lately received from Rev. J. A. McLaughlin, C. SS. R., is self-explanatory:

"Tom Candles, Pure Wax: I must state that the best I have seen used anywhere. They were used in all the Missions given by me and my companions in the Archdiocese of San Francisco and Oregon City, and also in the Dioceses of Los Angeles and Monterey, and give entire satisfaction not only to us but also to the other clergy. Their burning qualities cannot be excelled if even equaled by candles of any other make which I have seen used. I am, Yours Respectfully,

J. A. McLAUGHLIN, C.SS.R.

St. Alphonsus Church, St. Louis, Mo.

This is only one of many similar letters received from the Reverend Clergy on this Coast. Continuing a continuance of your valued orders, I am, very sincerely,

JOHN A. LENNON

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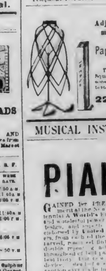

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OUR MONTANA LETTER.

Early Explorers and Catholic Missionaries.—Adventures of an Bonanzite Irish Baronet.—His Strange Sojourn Among Indians.—Early Gold Seekers in Montana's Auriferous Regions, etc., etc.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

HELENA, MONTANA, Dec. 21, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

DEAR SIR:—Dakota Montana, the products of whose mines in 1887, added over $30,000,000 to the nation's wealth, and which produced, over 1888, is estimated at some $200,000,000, possesses other "mines" in a bizarre sense, in her Indian and other legends, which, with your permission, I'll try "to pan out" and lay before your readers. History has nothing more brilliant or lurid on her pages than the sufferings and privations endured by the Jesuit missionaries and explorers, while endeavoring to Christianize and civilize the Indians of the Great West. The earliest exploration of Montana, west of the Main range of the Rocky Mountains, must be credited to the Spaniards; while that of the region east of the "range" must be given to the French. Verendrye was dispatched by order of the French Government to travel as far as he could, west, and take up all the country over which he travelled in the name of France. On New Year's day, 1743, he was with his party at "The Gate of the Mountains," some twelve miles distant from this new $-working city of Helena, but little did the adventurous Frenchman then dream of the wealth of "gold dust" and "nuggets" that lay within a dozen miles of the camp, right here in Last Chance Gulch. On the top of one of the peaks of the Rockies, Verendrye planted a wooden plate of the arms of France, and raised a mound of stones upon which the Jesuit, Pere Coquard, planted the "Cross." Coquard was one of the leading spirits or Verendrye's various expeditions, and had the honor of being the first Christian minister—the 6 of Catholic Priest, who ever set foot upon Montana's soil. The Jesuit Coquard consulted the present Jesuit rector of Helena, inasmuch as he was an able writer, a writer not given to flattery or servility to his superiors. From his writings, Clarke and others obtain so many stories of discovery. Further Verendrye reported to the French government the existence of gold in Montana. For some decades after Verendrye's and Coquard's exploits—as of 1730-1744, the country was practically abandoned. Father Coquard was as assistant and priest friend of Verendrye's.

BRILLIANT ROMANCE PAID THE JESUITS.

Poor unfortunate Verendrye shared the fate of that greatest of all explorers of discovery, Columbus. Neglected by the Government he had served so well and faithfully served, he died broken hearted. Over sixty years also the French explorers discovered the Rocky Mountains, Congress that sent Lewis and Clarke's expedition; but none of the explorers or missionaries left such epitaphs upon the Rocky Mountain regions as Pere Coquard or Coquillard, the Illustrious Jesuit. It poor readers and theologians will pardon the rather obvious comparison, I'll for a moment only, compare, for the sake of illustration, the Catholic Church to the Federal Army during the late Civil War. The Jesuits in such comparison form Sheridan's invisible, immortal Cavalry. Let your readers place the other great religious Orders in any brigade or division of such army as they wish. Of course, to dispel the moment's spell, call the "Federal Army," wherever you wander upon this earth you will find "Holy Mother Church," wherever you wander through the pages of History you of pioneer work for religion, and, as Bancroft says, "the glory of the Church of all ages and climes, the rise to before the mind's eye surrounded with a strange and solemn majesty that fills the soul with reverence and awe."

AN SCOTTISH IRISH BARONET—HIS MONTANA CAREER.

One of the most wonderful expeditions to the Rocky Mountains, undertaken by private or individual enterprise, was that of Sir George Gore—who "rustled" in Montana from 1864 to 1869. Like most modern "Crusaders for Rescuers," Sir George was a trifle eccentric in his character and remarkable in his habits. Born in the West of Ireland, wealthy, owning large estates there, he determined to see the Great Republic where so many of his countrymen had found a refuge from poverty, starvation, persecution, and oppression. He represented British government; which in the dark years of the famine and cholera in 1847-8, there those cross when they asked for loaves of bread. The London *Times*, on your readers are aware, could not then refrain from a shriek of hellish joy when it said, "the Celts are going with a vengeance." The descendants of those men are over able to help Parnell to his fight with that murderous organ which endeavors to prove him an assassin.

But to return to my story as I have been led by an old Montanian about Sir George. He was one of the most popular men that ever wandered over these mountains, range, or through the canyons of this magnificent Territory, owing to his genial, good nature, business ability, and rare great liberality. He treated the Indians as brothers, and to this day his memory is held green in many a poor Indian's wigwam, in mixture of fun, cordiality, love of the chase and adventure, for miles and miles of the Upper Georgs Creek the Yellowstone his outfit consisted of a half hundred men, one hundred and fifty of the best horses he could buy in St. Louis for the use of his men—three horses to a man. Four pack-trains wagons and carts, and a score of good dogs. The party shared the wild delights of the chase (perhaps the brothers) half of the game, were abundant in those days. Sir George found a feast for the body in the wild excitement of the chase, and for the mind he made an interesting study of the Indians, learning of hunters, traders, and adventurers of all sorts who then rendezvoused in Montana. Turning up the Yellowstone some eight miles above the mouth of Tongue River, he built "Fort Gore," where he wintered with his retinue. The gradual and peaceful dawn could not be darkened by either his brown, stern, men or himself. He was away from the hamlets of men, indifferent to the issues then pending in the Crimean struggle between the "Russian bear" on the one hand, the English Lion, the French Cock, the "sick man" of the Ottoman, and the Sacrificial on the other hand. On the Tongue river on Indian camed Uccki dist. Sir George had his buried with all the honors possible. Five hundred pounds of ammunition were fired over his grave, Gore reading the prayers of the Catholic Church for the dead over the corpse, and dropping a few tears that were doubtless favorably noted down by the Recording Angel.

GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE AND GORE'S RESCUE.

Rumors of the immense horde of bison which surrounded "Fort Gore" in 1865-6, and of their destruction by orders from the Indian Office at Washington, reached the ears of the Government. Sister Government to stop Gore's wholesale slaughter in that paradise of the buffalo. A good as any of the men of Gore's expedition was hockey wealthy settlers in Montana, and are as proud of their wonderful hunt, for those old Hunters can draw the long bow in tallies; years and years have and Sir George, as were the fellows of Alexander the Great or the Great Napoleon—the Immortal Corsican. Sir George on hearing of the Tongue river constructed some out boats, and sending his wagons and the largest portion of his command to Fort Union by land, like rather Irishmen, took the remaining portion, was the first man who ever descended this Yellowstone in boats. Arriving safely at Fort Union, he contracted with the agent of the American Fur Company to build two large boats with which to descend the Missouri river, the company's agent, Major Culbertson, agreeing to take his stock, wagons, etc., at a certain figure. When the boats were finished, a circumdestanding arose as to the terms of the bargain, and he insisted that, in his contract with the man, the company agreed to transport, free, owing to his generosities. He seemed to have been a hot, fiery, passionate "Irish," only in his fire for the result; he would not stand the double dealing of the Fur Company. He, therefore, burned his wagons and all the supplies not needed, in front of Fort Union, guarding over the ashes of his wagons and supplies, and the ashes of the lines of his wagons which escaped the flames, that night he threw them into the deep, not part of the Missouri river, where "Bruce" only could reach them. Before disbanding his company he made a present to each man in his command—in addition to the wages agreed upon—of a good horse and a considerable "chance." The remainder of his bonus and cash he gave to the Indians and Half-breeds," poor, Poll-tax-ers for a future been a sum more of the dodge and eccentricities of the generous Connaught man, whose name is to this day cherished in Montana. I believe the gallant Sheridan, Colonel Miller, at present resident in his estate in St. John's Hospital, suffering from acute rheumatism, was one of Gore's command. Colonel Miller's wanderings in Montana and elsewhere would fill several large interesting volumes. Next year I will perhaps be able to chronicle some of them, as I intend to interview the fat, corpulent Colonel (weighing only some three hundred pounds) at his residence.

GOLD DISCOVERED IN MONTANA.

Verendrye reported to the French Government as far back as 1730, the mineral riches of this Rocky Mountain region. From an account published in the Helena *Herald* some years ago, it seems that an old mountaineer, whom very name is not now remembered or known, brought to Mary Culbertson, then in charge of the Fur Company's post near the present town of Fort Benton, a sack of "pulse" which he had to offered for $1,000 agreeing to take it all out in supplies. This was in 1850, about the same time as Gore and Culbertson had their adventure-standing. The mountaineer was very silent as to the locality where he found that gold, merely stating in answer to all questions put to him, that he had been prospecting for some time, that he was alone when he found that gold, and he found "bushels" of gold. The agent thought it worth while to send a trusty man, who was an intelligent Irish employe of the fort, a man named O'Ray, came to the rescue at this period—and Culbertson even him to exchange for the "sack of dust," a supply of horses, arms, ammunition, clothing, provisions and mine supplies. The following year the agent sent the gold he got for those supplies to the mint and received for it over $1,000. Then four years before "Gold Tom" in 1860, placed his rough pine and log mine shine here, hewed out with an axe, on Gold Creek, near Pioneer, in Deer Lodge County, the gold of Montana had reached the United States Mint.

YOURS TRULY.

ONE OF THE MEN'S.

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

Antrim.

The Lurgilbill Branch of the I. N. L. held a meeting on Sunday, November 25th, Rev. Father Burke P. P., in the chair. After the business was transacted, the Rev. chairman addressed the meeting on the question of the coming Winter, and pointed out what each member present, what was his ability of meeting his rent as compared with last year, when they all said it was harder to meet their rents this year, for though prices were a little better than last year, yet crops were far from as large, and no matter what price an article sold, also in the market when you had to sell, the amount, it brought you so many $'s—the thanks having been passed to the chairman, the meeting separated.

Armagh.

The new Catholic Hall at Dungannon was formally opened on Sunday, November 25th, by the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Bishop of Down and Connor, assisted by Rev. J. P. Hayes, V. G., Dungannon; Rev. H. Donnelly, C. C., Donaghmore; Rev. P. Donnelly, C. C., Dungannon; Rev. J. P. Murtagh, C.C., do.; Rev. J. McCaffrey, P.P., Donaghmore; Rev. S. Sheehy, P. P., Pomeroy; Rev. Peter McNally, Lecturer, C. C., Ballygawley; Rev. Peter Mullhaw, C. C., Coalisland; Rev. Felix McNamee, C. C., Donaghmore; Rev. Dr. Mooney, C. C., Moy; Rev. Felix McNally, C. C., Pomeroy; and a large number of the general public. The architectural address was delivered by Rev. P. Donnelly, C. C., Donaghmore, who took for his subject "patriotism."

Cavan.

The beautiful new church which Father Boylan rebuilt at Crossdoughan, was dedicated by the Bishop of Kilmore on Sunday. A large number of clergy were present and took part in the ceremonies. The church was crowded to overflowing. Father Boylan, through whose exertions the new edifice owes its origin, The lands for the church, the collection began by Father Boylan, and they were supplemented by a bazaar held in Cavan in the Spring by the Rev. Peter Brady, who, with his curates, Rev. P. Brady, from Albany, was present at the ceremonies.

Cork.

The following which started letter has been received by Father Kennedy from Mr. O'Brien:

MOUNTJOY PRISON, DUBLIN,
November 24, 1888.

MY DEAR FATHER KENNEDY—I cannot say how how my heart was wrung to hear of the sorrowful news that has been inflicted upon you well and your hands sore in Mealin. I hope to God and the Blessed Virgin that my son in the House of Commons of telling the story of the proceedings in Mitchelstown will have inflicted upon you I believe there was a severe relapse (pay of self-sacrificing priest Fitzgerald. Yours ever,

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

Rev. M. D. Kennedy, C. C., Mealin.

Donegal.

The long-standing dispute between the Mayors of Carrigaline and his Gentlemen tenantry has at last been settled. About twelve months ago the tenants demanded a reasonable reduction in their rents, which the landlord refused to grant, on the plea of expenses. Matters remained at a standstill, 26, the newly appointed agent, Mr. Hammond, arrived on the scene, and at once set to work to settle the dispute, which he did in a few days, and the tenants at once paid the rent, and allowed the reduction, which amounts to about 25 per cent.

Derry.

The new Temperance Hall in Derry was opened on Sunday, 25th November, with considerable ceremony, including an inaugural address by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe. There was a large gathering of the clergy of all ranks. The proceedings commenced with the performance by St. Colomb's brass and reed band of a grand "Te Deum." Mass was specially sung for the occasion by the Rev. P. McLaughlin, the late Father Bittel, Rev. Hugh McMenamin presided.

Dublin.

The commemoration of the twenty-first anniversary of the execution of the Manchester martyrs took place on Sunday, November 25, at Glasnevin Cemetery. It will have been noted that similar celebrations at Waterford, New Ross and Kilmacow have been prohibited by Dublin Castle. There was an attempt, it is believed, to interfere with the Dublin demonstration. On the cemetery, a guard of honor of police detailed from all the tributes, under the orders of Superintendents Mackie, Lardey and Toole, with a force of mounted police under Inspector Cotter, the National Movement could have to close. The National Movement could have to close. The Dublin Brigade Committee, however, had taken the precaution of having their rules and rules and beautiful monuments over a large number of graves in Dublin in a fitting and beautiful manner, and the Committee, in the interest of the relaxation to popular favor.

Waterford.

The movement for the promotion of the social Science Congress, and the year of Waterford selected by the good Sisters of Charity, is already in full swing. The Sisters of Charity, who have in the Convent on Thursday, Nov. 29th, and unfully representative of the feelings of the Waterford people on this subject. The Rev. Father Egan, Chaplain to the Convent, was in the chair. The following clergy were present: The Most Rev. Dr. Power, Lord Bishop of the Diocese; Very Rev. Canon Fleming, P.P., Dungarvan; Rev. Father Walsh, St. John's College; Rev. Father Quinlan; The Rev. Mother Superior; Rev. Mother; Mrs. Phelan, Mrs. Farrell, Miss Hynes, Miss Carroll, Miss Walsh, Miss Ryan, Miss Caddell, Miss Power, Misses Ryan, Miss O'Reilly, Misses Sullivan, and others.

OUR CATHOLIC SOCIETY COLUMN.

Contributions for this Department solicited from Secretaries of Societies. Notices of meetings, reports of entertainments must reach us not later than Tuesday of each week.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE.

No. 59 will visit No. 55 two weeks from to-night.

—Grand President Fleming visited No. 71 and 84 at their meetings last week.

—No. 41 of Virginia City is making arrangements for a grand benefit entertainment.

—At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Institute, Mr. W. Wyn Wyn was re-elected President and Mr. Patterson, Secretary.

—Grand Lecturer H. Dimery visited No. 3 South San Francisco, on the first Monday in January. He will visit No. 1 in Jackson's Hall.

—Since the meeting, we have had little news to ambulance during this month, and many members are expected to be amongst us shortly, when the show being kept open in the evenings.

—The sight of tickets in number 1 Institute, of an individuals has proved by the fine list of tickets in the hands of the Institute, which it was distributed by Bro. having no tickets—a tickets on a handsome gold watch, which will be given away.

—Mr. F. J. Alcock, District Deputy V. M. I. of Sacramento, visited No. 1 last Monday night. Lecturer, organized as Institute at Astoria, on Tuesday was. The following officers were elected to serve until next June: James Kennedy, President; Wm. Scally, 1st vice-president; H. Kelly, 2d vice-president; J. Ryan, Treasurer; J. Ryan, Recording Secretary; Bart. Wall, treasurer; Jos. Ryan, Financial Secretary; Jas. McGinnis, Patrick Kearney, Alex Ross, Henry Leisenwebber, sentinels.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

—The next regular meeting of Y. L. I. No. 9, will be held Tuesday Eve., Jan. 8th 1889.

—Y. L. I. No. 1 will hold a social Tuesday, Jan. 8th.

—Installation took place in No. 8 last Sunday, Miss Lizzie Lynch, P. G. P. officiating.

—Y. L. I. No. 1 held a very pleasant meeting on Wednesday evening. Installation ceremonies were performed by the Grand President, Miss Fisher, officiating. As a token of respect and a reward for services rendered, Miss Fisher was unanimously re-elected, and Miss Mary Gibbons, the Vice President, was presented with a handsome gold and ladies necklace, by the ladies of No. 1.

—At the meeting of the Y. L. I. No. 3, held on Tuesday, Nov. 27th, the following officers were installed by the Grand President, Miss Carrie Gallagher: Vice, Miss Annie Dale 1st V. P., Miss Lizzie Mae; 2nd V. P., Miss Sarah Ryan; Rec. Sec., Miss Kate Cronin; Fin. Sec., Miss Mary Lennon; Treasurer, Mrs. C. A. McFadden; Marshal, Miss Maggie Bateman; Board of Trustees—Misses Kate Meehan, Agnes Cronin, Mary Gallagher, Annie Dale, Mrs. Carrie Gallagher, Sarah Sen., Miss Kate Meehan Orinda Sen., Miss Mary Cronin.

CATHOLIC LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

The members of the above society gave a very successful entertainment at St. Cecilia's Hall last Wednesday evening. The hall was crowded to overflowing with very interesting and beautiful holiday wreaths, berries and evergreen. A very interesting and amusing programme was made by Vice Pres. J. J. Prendergast, V. G. The Rev. Father was followed by the words of welcome, congratulations and commendation to her sister workers from the President, Miss Mahoney, on behalf of the Society. The following programme was then given: Piano, Miss Burns and Dalgleit; Song, Joe Meeks; Harp Selections, Master F. Pulcher; Piano, Miss Lizzie Dalgleit; Recitation, Miss Crawford; Recitation, Master Morris; Piano, Miss Lizzie Dalgleit; Recitation, Miss Frances Dougherty; Vocal Duet, Miss Mc Cormick and Miss Meehan; Song, Joe Fish; Harp Selections, Master Pulcher. Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the well rendered programme, and the entertainment concluded with dancing. The young ladies of the Committee of Arrangements were—Misses Mahoney, Dougherty, Burns, Cronin, Ley, Gallagher, and all the arrangements were most complete. The Misses Sullivan had a large stock in charge. The Misses Sullivan have, warranted juice which they sell for Fair, Fairs, Picnics, Parties, Weddings, Families, etc. Address Sullivan Bros., Oakland.

—John J. Clark, Architect, 6 Billy St., room 5, corner of Dolphin; San Francisco, Cal. Plans and specifications for all kinds of buildings, a specialty. Estimates free.

—R. S. LITTLE, Oakland, 1th Street, Bernard office and warehouse of Alameda, Cal.

—I receive twice a month a lot of imported cremonts. Suits to order from trimmings and workmanship $20. Remember parties half price. Cleaning $1 a week; 2 suits to order. He sells for $20. Cleaning and repairing. 1108 Market street, opposite Odd Fellows Building.

MARRIED.

BATTE—BRADLEY—In this city, on the 14th inst., by Rev. Father Barrett, Mr. Joseph Batte to Miss Ellen Bradley.

BOYLE—KELLY—In this city, December 16, by Rev. Father Crowley, Hugh Boyle to Miss Mary Kelly.

DIED.

BURKLEY—In this city, December 14, Patrick Burkley, native of Ballyhaly, county Limerick, Ireland, aged 70 years.

MARTIN—In Oakland, December 15, Maggie A., beloved wife of Thomas Martin, and sister of Mrs. Mary Ann Ryan, a native of Ireland, aged 47 years and 10 days.

MCCARTHY—In this city, December 15, Dennis, son of Michael Dennis and Mary McCarthy, aged 1 year, 1 month and 15 days.

MCCARTHY—In this city, December 16, Thomas J., beloved husband of Bridget McCarthy, a native of Ireland, aged 40 years.

MCGOVERN—In this city, December 15, Bridget, beloved wife of Patrick McGovern, a native of County Cavan, Ireland, aged 50 years.

MCNAMARA—In this city, December 17, Bridget, beloved wife of Michael McNamara, a native of County Clare, Ireland, aged 50 years.

MOYNAHAN—In this city, December 17, Patrick Moynahan, a native of County Cork, Ireland, aged 70 years.

WHITE—In this city, December 16, William Henry, beloved son of Mary and the late Thomas White, aged 21 years.

MCNAMARA—In this city, December 17, Peter Joseph, beloved son of Michael and Bridget McNamara, a native of Dublin, Ireland, aged 30 years and 1 month.

BRENNAN—In this city, December 16, Michael, beloved husband of Annie and John C. Brennan and Mrs. J. Lynch, a native of Ireland, aged 50 years.

MCNAMARA—In this city, December 15, Thomas, beloved son of Ann and Mary Dolan, a native of Ireland, aged 21 years.

MCCARTHY—In this city, December 17, Maggie E. McCarthy, a native of San Francisco, aged 17 years and 4 months.

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Fresh Garden Seeds
Fresh Flowering Seeds
Fresh Vegetable Seeds
Fresh Flower Seeds
Fresh Seeds
Fresh Seeds
Fresh

Poetry

"IF ONLY."

Amid a busy multitude I rate,
A busy multitude around me throneing,
And yet I was alone and desolate,
The victim of one vain, resistless longing.
My heart sighing and sick and sad and lonely,
And ever seemed to say "Alas! if only."

A passing friend in kindly pity said,
"Fold not, companion, to this strange darkness that
Its night as well have spoken to the dead,
As the listen of that low refrain.
My heart sighs as fast and sad lonely,
And ever seemed to say "Alas! if only."

A brother propped me lovingly by the hand:
"The world around," he said, "is clothed with light
Take comfort." Ah! he could not understand
How unshaking the secret of my sadness
My heart within me felt so dark and lonely,
And ever seemed to say "Alas! if only."

A sister wakened me with a thoughtful eye,
And happiness impressed almost to awaken
Remind that touch of gentle sympathy,
I almost felt that I was not forsaken.
And yet my heart within fell and lonely,
And ever still it said "Alas! if only."

A mother's glance, oh! such a holy glance,
Looked down through years upon my desolation
As, as I met it, I felt my heart entrance
The spell of that unbroken love, I felt
Of a true then my heart felt and and lonely,
And ever seemed to say "Alas! if only."

And still amid that crowd I sate and sighed
Alone, though loving friends around were thronging;
For as I thought on those, my own lost bride,
Still I one sound that ever seemed long to
My heart still seemed lonely "Alas! if only
Then was home, I were not lonely."

Irish Metropolitan Magazine.

WHAT IS HEAVEN!

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child,
"All joy" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with her cares oppressed
"All suffering o'er, oh! Heaven at last, is rest."

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed,
"It must be love!" she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art,
"Heaven is all beauty!" spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire,
"The glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting her release,
"A home! her, love she murmured, "Peace."

So all sung truth with hopeful eyes above,
"The beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace and love!"

Literary Miscellany.

The Denver Express.

A STORY OF WILD LIFE IN THE WEST

CHAPTER III.

Sinclair found his wife very thoughtful when he came home, and he listened with much interest to her story

"Poor girl," said he, "Foster is the man to help her. I wonder where he is I must inquire about him."

The next day they proceeded on their way to San Francisco, and matters drifted on at Barker's much as before. Johnson had, after an absence of some months, come back, and lived without molestation amid the shifting population. New and then, too, the elder residents fancied they recognized another unknown face among those of some of his former "crowd" about the "Bonshanse's House," as his gaudy saloon was called.

On the very evening on which the story of Denver Express opens, Jim Watkins, the famous, Jim Watkins, agent and stagegrabber at Barker's, was sitting in his little office, communicating with the station room by the broken window. It was a cool, silent, efficient man, and not much given to talking about such episodes in his past life as the "wiping out" by Indians of the emigrant party to which he belonged, and his own rescue by the scouts. He was smoking an old and favorite pipe, and taking with one of the "boys" whose duty it peared at the wicket. On a seat in the station sat a woman in a black dress and veil apparently waiting for a train. The woman suddenly rose and ran to the window

"Mr. Watkins," cried she, "can I see you for a few moments where no one can interrupt me? It is a matter of life and death." She stabbed the sill with her thin hands, and her voice trembled. Watkins recognized Sally Johnson in a moment. He unbolted a door, motioned her to enter, closed and again bolted it, and also closed the inlet-window. Then he pointed to a chair, and the girl sat down and leaned eagerly forward.

"If they knew I was here," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "my life wouldn't be safe five minutes. I am waiting to tell you a terrible story, and then I board who was in the train does have to-morrow night. Mr. Watkins, don't, for God's sake, ask me how I found out, but I hope to die if I don't tell my you the living truth. They're going to-morrow night to rob Number Seventeen—the Dead Man's Crossing, fifteen miles east, and rob the passengers and the express car. It's the worst gang in the country—Parry's. They're going to throw the train off the track, the passengers will be maimed and killed, and Mr. Sinclair and his wife are on the train. Oh, Mr. Watkins, send them warning!"

She stood upright, her fine doubly pale, her hands clasped. Watkins walked deliberately to the railroad map which hung on the wall and measured with a pen. Then he resumed his seat, laid his pipe down, fixed his eyes on the girl's face, and began to question her. At the same time he signaled his friend, with which he had held the pipe, forward in way to the telegraph key. Soon but an expert could have distinguished any change in the clicking of the instrument, which had been almost incessant; but Watkins had "called" the head office on the Missouri. In ten minutes the "sounder" rattled out, "All right. What is it?"

Watkins went on with his questions, his eyes still fixed on the poor girl's face, and all the time his finger, as it were, playing with the key. If he were impenetrable, so was not a man sitting at a receiving office nearly five hundred miles away. He had "taken" but a few words when he jumped from his chair and cried

"Shut that door, and call the superintendent, and be quick! Charley, brace up, my—and mount and write this out." With his wonderful electric pen, the handle nerved hundreds of miles long, Watkins, unknown to his interlocutor, was printing in the Morse alphabet this startling message:

"Information received. Every gang going to throw Number Seventeen off track near sixth mile post, this division, about nine to morrow (Thursday) night. Kill passengers and rob express and mail. Am alone here No chance to rearly every, but believe it to be on square. Better make arrangements from your end to block game. No sheriff here now. Answer."

The superintendent, responding to the hasty summons, heard the message before the clerk had time to write it out. His tips were domely compressed as he put his own hand on the key, and sent these laconic sentences "!!! K Keep perfectly dark. Will manage from Julesburg."

Watkins, at Barker's, room from his seat, opened the door a little way, saw that the station was empty, and said to the girl, frankly but kindly

"Sally, you've done the square thing, and saved that train. I'll take care that you don't suffer, and that you get well paid. Now, come home with me, and my wife will look out for you."

"Oh, no," cried the girl, shrinking back, "I must run away. You're mighty kind, but I daren't go with you. Detecting a shade of doubt in his eyes, she added: "Don't be afraid. I'll die before they'll know I've given them away to you," and she disappeared in the darkness.

At the other end of the wire the squeaker sounded and spoke impatiently. Watkins operator and clerk, ordered his fast mare harnessed, and gave to his operator the

"Read that," said he to his secretary. "It was about time for some one to do this kind, and now I'm going to let Uncle Sam (the United States) take care of that man train. If I don't get to the reservation before the general's turned in, I shall have to wake up. Wait for me, please." The gray mare made the six miles to the military reservation in just half an hour. The general was smoking his last cigar, and was alert in an instant, and before the superintendent had finished the jotum of "hot Hollands" hospitably tendered, the orders had gone by wire to the commanding officer at Fort ——, some distance east of Barker's, and troops were on their way.

Returning to the station he remarked to the waiting secretary

"The general's all right. Of course we don't tell that train a word, but if those Parry bounds meets business, they'll get all the fight they want, and if they're good souls, which I doubt, may the Lord have mercy on them."

He prepared several despatches, two of which were as follows

Mr. Brown, Superintendent, N. Y., Pacific Junction

This telegram you authority to take charge of train on which you are, and to direct the military officials will train man orders. Please show, and act in accordance with information wired station agent at Pawnee Junction.

To the station agent

Expected Parry gang will try wreck and rob express car and mail near sixth post, this Division, about nine Thursday night. Troops will swing out from Fort ——, and be ordered ready for them. Keep everything secret and act in accordance with orders of Mr. Sinclair.

"It's worth ten thousand dollars," sentimentally remarked he, "that Sinclair and that train. He's got both hand and brains, and pluck, and he won't be bad and slept the sleep of the just

CHAPTER IV

The sun never shines more brightly, and the air was never more clear and bracing than when Sinclair helped his wife off the train at Pawnee Junction. The station-master's face fell as he saw the lady, but he saluted the engineer with as sassy an air he would assume, and wished for an opportunity to see him alone. Sinclair read the despatches with an unmoved countenance, and after a few minutes' reflection simply said, "All right. Be sure to keep the matter perfectly quiet." At breakfast he was distrait, so much so that his wife asked him what was the matter. Taking her aside he at once showed her the telegram.

"You see my duty," he said, "my only thought is about you, my dear. Will you stay here?"

She simply replied, looking into his face without a moment's

"My place is with you. Then the conductor called "All aboard, and the train once more started

Sinclair asked Foster to join him in the smoking compartment, and tell him the promised story, which the latter did. His father was at Barker's, he frankly and gratefully said, had been the turning point in his life. It had taught him to keep from gambling and drinking, had found honest employment, and was doing well.

"I'm two-thirds paid off, sir, and I'll be quite out of debt in a year. As Kansas's a little, I'll want to head that over just that I left behind at Barker's. She was engaged to marry me, and when I came to think of it, and to see how I'd been drinking and raising the heart, till now, to look for her but, seeing I'm on the right track, I'm going to find her, and get her to come with me. I'm a steady man now, sir, and I can't bear fault, and I aren't going to marry her."

Foster, quietly asked Sinclair, "do you know the Parry gang?"

The man's face darkened.

"I know them well, sir. I know them much too well. Parry is as ungodly a cutthroat as ever killed an emigrant in cold blood, and has got in his gang nearly all those hounds that tried to hang me. Why do you ask, major?"

Sinclair handed him the despatches "You see the only man on the train I whom I have shown them," said he.

"I am going to put the responsibility on your shoulders. I have no doubt that if we are attacked the soldiers would dispose of the gang, but I think it only prudent for the safety of the passengers. We must not alarm them. They can be made to think that the troops are going on a scout, and only a certain number of muskets may need be told of what we expect. Can you, this afternoon, go through the cars and pick them out? I will then put you in charge of the passenger car, and you can post your men on the roofs, ready to act in case of need. My place will be ahead.

"Major, you can depend upon me," was Foster's reply "I'll go through the train, and have my eye on some boys of the right sort, and that's gal that shooting irons with them."

Through the hours of that day on rolled the train, still over the crisp bells's grass, across the well-worn buffalo trails, past the prairie dog villages. Meanwhile there had been set in motion a measure of that power to which appeal is so reluctantly made in times of peace. At Fort —— a lonely post on the plains, the orders had that morning been issued for twenty men, under lieutenant Blainey, to parade at dusk, with carbines, two days rations and ball cartridge, also for Assistant Surgeon Kalter to report for duty with the group. Orders sent to destination were communicated direct to the lieutenant from the post commander, and on the morrow the troopers moved, taking the road to the station.

"That's the way the lieutenant looked, boys," he said, "when he was laying for them Apaches that raided Lonas ranch, and killed the women and little children.

In a short time the officer looked at his watch, formed his men and directed them to take their places on the seats of the car, and they had hardly done so when the whistle of the approaching train was heard. When it came up the conductor, who had his instructions from Sinclair, had the engine detached and backed on the siding for the soldiers' use, which thus came between the and the forward baggage car when the train was again made up. As arranged, it was announced that the troops were to be taken a certain distance to open a scouting party, and the curiosity of the passengers was but slightly roused. The officers sat quietly in their seats, their repeating rifles held between their knees, and the officer in front. Sinclair joined the latter and had a few words with him as the train moved on. A little later, when the stars were shining brightly overhead, they passed into the express car, and saw Foster, the conductor and other train-men, and for Foster in a few words, Sinclair explained the position of affairs. His statement was received with perfect confidence, and the men only asked what they were to do.

Conductor, give the train men the rifles from the baggage car, and let them act under Mr. Foster, said Sinclair "Now, boys, I am sure you will do your duty That is all."

From the next door the Sioux telegraph

Fiat Justitia Ruat Cœlum

Leaders of the Monitor may be
enough to know the meaning of the
Latin adage which we place at the head
Justice. And for the information of
people who may not know that it is

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which is the envy of other houses in the
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25 pounds Sago,
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14 pounds Prunes,
14 pounds Dried Pears,
10 pounds Green Coffee,
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Coal Oil,
31 pounds P. White Beans,
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THE MONITOR.

OES OF THE FAITH.

Joseph the Model Christian Knight.

before the C. K. of A., by the Rev. M. Fitzgerald, of Co

following are the extracts from the address before the Catholic Knights of America, on the occasion of the anniversary of the establishment of the order in Providence, Rhode

Hail the faithful and the prudent whom the Lord hath set over His household, to give them their meat in season! All honor to honest laborers! Blessed are those whom the Lord, when He comes, shall find so doing! Blessed are the active agents in the economy of His Church! Blessed are they who are faithful to the general good of the household!

Active does, noble does, strong behavior, sure to conquer.

If, like St. Joseph, you are the head of a family, endeavor to form your family after the model of the Holy Family. Be chaste, fearless, e her, steady, persevering, lovers of truth, of honor, of honesty. Guard the sanctity of your home. Be generous and tender to mother, wife and sister. Be manly, be sympathetic, be a gentleman. Be sympathetic, like our divine Lord's are always with the poor and the afflicted, and the Bishops of a people who have suffered so much for their faith the first Christians under Nero.

The great duty of the Bishops will be to present what are called "relations," which are detailed statements of the conditions of their respective dioceses. The Sacred Congregation of the propaganda will first address the Holy Father, who will first address the Bishops, who will send his "relation." This "relation" of the "relations" will be a defined table of the condition of the Church in Ireland. The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs that from some accounts widely indicate their needs. He was followed by Mr. John O'Connell, who drew a lively picture of the duty of Loyalty to the Church, and the necessity of vigorous efforts in promoting Catholic interests. Mr. Maguire, M.P., referred to his connection with the Union of Young Men's Societies, and alluded to the Tears Club, of London, as an organization that had exercised a beneficial influence on the clergy and the influence

Farm and Home.

What the Farmers Must Lose by Clinging to Wheat.

The low price of wheat, taken with the poor crop this year, ought to awaken the attention of land owners to the fact that an immediate change is necessary in the growing of wheat.

The days of high prices for wheat are gone by and farmers must be willing to grow wheat at a cent a pound or change to other crops. What these crops shall be we are not prepared to say, nor do we believe they can be told by any one without a series of experiments.

A small piece of land ought to be set aside by farmers and experiments made with a variety of crops. We can do better than grow wheat at a cent a pound, but what crops shall take the place of wheat remains to be proved by trial.

We believe a variety of crops must be grown, for no one plant is equally adapted to the heavy black adobe lands, the rich heavy river bottoms and the red gravelly soil of the foothills.

Our advice is to plant and experiment. The potato, beet, onion, carrot, corn, alfalfa, rye, as well as others. Keep a careful record of the area sown, the cost of tillage and the return from the crops.

Study the question carefully and thoroughly. Don't give up the land and say you can't make it pay. You can much adaptedly grow a crop of one particular piece of land will produce best and give you the largest returns. Nothing is to be lost by study should cease, and the sooner the better for every farmer in the State, as long as that cent remains at its present price.

We have a farm of 160 acres in the old home, inside down fences, poor stolen and medium debt. It produces a very fair living, land hard work, no vacation and a mortgage on the farm at 10 per cent. interest.

Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and wheat at a cent a pound is as bad an as heartrendingly sincere or a bad case of consumption.

Don't wait a single week, but subscribe for a good agricultural paper and see what has been done somewhere and then make some trials of your own. Try something, try anything, try everything, but don't remain slave to grain prices and poverty by growing wheat at a cent a pound.—*Oroville Register.*

Valuable Interest Rules.

1 Rule, Commercial year of 360 days, or 30 days per month.

4 per cent.—Multiply the principal by the required number of days, divide by 9 and point off.

5 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 72.

6 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 6, and point off three places from the right.

7 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 6, and point off three places from the right.

8 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 45.

9 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 4, and point off three places from the right.

10 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 36.

12 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 3, and point off three places from the right.

15 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 24.

18 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 2, and point off three places from the right.

20 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, and divide by 18.

The interest in each case will be in dollars and cents.

A Remedy Worth Knowing.

A number of persons engaged in fruit-drying and raisin-making complain bitterly of destruction and damage wrought by the insects. Thousands of these little birds come to congregate about some orchards and vineyards and prove quite a nuisance. Some parties find it necessary to stand guard over the ripening grapes daytime in the sun, in order to keep the linnets away. While speaking on this subject to day, a well-known fruit grower suggested a remedy—one that he had tried successfully. He takes a watermelon, of which birds are very fond, cuts it into halves, with smooth surfaces, and then sprinkle strychnine over the surface. It is a good plan to rub the surfaces together, in order to distribute the poison. There is no danger from this remedy providing the dead birds are promptly buried. Our informant killed eighty in less than an hour by this method. The same remedy is suggested in the case of rabbits and other small game that annoy the vineyardist.

Read What You Sign.

The newest swindle on farmers is operated by a man who travels the country claiming to represent a large provision house in one of the leading cities, and to be desirous of learning from farmers their opinion of the crops. The observer produces a note book, questions the agriculturist closely and carefully takes down his answers. The examination completed the inquirer induces the farmer to sign his name to the report to give it due weight and appearance of accuracy. In a few months aforesaid note signed by the farmer turns up in the hands of an innocent purchaser, and he hikes himself merily for his home across the mountains of warrants the farmer is to be careful where he puts his signature.

Late Hours.

There is nothing more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who spend most of the day in bed, and the night at work or dissipation, have always a pale, wearied countenance, and dark-rimmed, wearied eyes. Too much sleep is almost as baneful as too little, and is sure to blunt the person with a pallid and unwholesome hue. A prompt and economic indulgence in eating and drinking is fatal to the female charms. The appetite should never be wasted during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionery, or any other trifles of the epicure which gratifies the taste but does not support the system. Exercise is, of course, essential to female beauty.

Successful Farming in Napa Valley.

Thomas Walsh, who lives a short distance from Calistoga, has 175 acres of land, 45 acres of which are used for pasture. Of the 130 acres under cultivation 20 compose a young vineyard set out two years ago, and seized by his two sons—young men who are workers and who have done the lion's share with little if any outside assistance. This year he sold 20 tons of grapes at $20 per ton, or $2,600; 120 tons of hay for $10 per ton, amounting to $1,200; and the value of other produce and stock sold increases the amount of his income the present year to nearly or fully $4,000. This is accomplished by schools very rapidly these days on a 175-acre farm, and should be very satisfactory to Mr. Walsh.—*Calistogian.*

— Pain itself is not without its alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long continued, and its pauses and intermissions bestow positive pleasure. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which few enjoyments exceed.

Family Fun.

"By Gum and Tim."

The *City of Cleveland* was just casting off the pier when a man in citizen's clothes who appeared to be greatly excited rushed up the gang plank, and shouted to the captain to wait. There or four minutes later it was understood that a desperate character was on board, and that the excited man was his victim. None of us unmanned or seeing "a ragged, desperate-looking chap" some on board, but the man was sure of it, and we began to search. Nobody wanted a robber and desperado aboard, and the search went on with a will. After about ten minutes the man who had rushed aboard uttered shouts of exclamation. He had discovered the arch villain hidden under some furniture on the lower deck, and the mate produced a revolver, and ordered the fellow to come out or take the consequences. "Be prepared—look out for him!" cautioned the excited individual, and three or four more pistols came into view, and others secured bolts and bars.

The desperado came forth. He was a boy of fifteen, ragged, dirty and frightened. He had something wrapped up in a newspaper, but he had no weapon.

"Who's the one who robbed me—there's his pocket!" shouted the victim, and three or four men closed in on the lad.

The package was taken from him and opened.

"We wanted to see bonds or money or jewelry, but instead of that our eyes rested on a half-eaten loaf of bread."

"I haven't anything to eat for two days!" said the boy as he looked from face to face, and the big blue eyes filled with tears and his chin quivered.

"Hain't robber, and I'll send him to the State prison!" exclaimed the man, as he seized the boy by the collar.

"Let go!" growled a voice from the gang way, and a fetter-faced man who had armed himself with a heavy stick, threw it down with a crash and pushed into the crowd and asked—

"Boy, who are you?"

"Tim Williams."

"Where's you home?"

"Nowhere!"

"Did you rob this man of that loaf of bread?"

"Yes, sir; but I was starving."

"Um! you young villain, I'll stop your thieving and robbing!" shouted the loser of the bread. "Some one help me to get him ashore!"

"By gum!" said the fat man, as he felt in his pocket.

He fished up a nickel, handed it to the baker, and continued—

"By gum! I guess not! There's your money, and I stand by the boy! I—we are a man, sir!"

"He's a thief!"

"Can't help that, sir! He's a boy, and he was hungry and had no other means to get bread. I'm his friend, sir—my name is Anybody who lays a hand on that boy has got to climb over me, by gum!"

Fifteen men cheered the fat man and groaned the baker, and the latter gripped his nickel and walked ashore.

"Captain," said the fat man, "give this boy a chance to work his passage, and I'll bust him up some clothes. I'm going to give him a show, sir—by gum, sir! I was locked and coffed and stowed on myself when I was a boy, and I can feel for this chap, sir—by gum, sir, yes, sir, and I'll probably take him with me. Come, Tim—by gum—but there's nothing dangerous about you, you will have a talk and see how we can better your fortunes. Yes, sir—by gum, sir!"

And as the boat moved away everybody gave three cheers for "By Gum!" and Tim.

How Some Married Women Go to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds entitled "How the Girls Go to Sleep. The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way married women go to sleep.

Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snoring lustily in her bed, the cat has overturning her bowl in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the rent month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims:

"James, did you lock the door!"

"What, eh?" says James.

"The collar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and look it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and looks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, illustatedly.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife; "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again and stops on a lark, and closes the stair door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his nouch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair and rips all the skin off his shin! In search of the "tin," and then jerks the stair door open and howls. "Where the dickens are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood roused above it; after which James finds the matches, pronounces the water, and comes up stairs on plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says "James, is a horse understanding about money matters? Now, neat week I've got to pay——"

"I know what you'll have to pay and don't care," shouts James as he tosses around and jams his face against the wall.

"But I want to sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously, "you have think of the worry and trouble I have, and there is Jennie, she I believe is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Meanwhile she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle sleep she pinches him in the ribs with her elbows and says:

"Did you hear the scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"Where?" says James sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Who are?" inquires James.

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at 211! Well, day before yesterday Simon Smith told Mrs. Jones Thompson that Sam Barker had said that Mrs. Jones had——"

Here she paused and listened. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she gets all the covers of him, wraps up in them, and lies awake until 2 a. m., thinking how badly used she is.

And this is the way some married women go to sleep.

"Bout as Bad as Bad."

An old colored man of Wings, Ky., had procured some one to write a letter for him to one of his friends in Tennessee. In due course of time he expected an answer to his letter and made frequent inquiries of the Postmaster. One day Uncle Lucas looked in as usual, and was told by the Postmaster that a letter had come for him, but it was "bout as bad as bad." The old darky's face changed to a sad expression as she stepped his hands together and exclaimed: "Just 'bout as I spected; some of them would be dead when I heard from them."

Why the Dog Failed.

"Papa, what made you untie the dog last night?" asked Edith timidly at the breakfast table.

"To protect the gate," replied the old gentleman sternly.

"I—I—don't believe he succeeded in doing it," she returned.

"Hey?" asked the gentleman, as a savage glare darted over the coffee pot.

"Why, the act tims I saw Harry he was sitting somewhere on the outside of the gate, and I thought perhaps——" The old men's groan was so deep that she desisted.

He Practiced.

Mrs. Eccleston had been making an earnest effort to have her son Johnny taught to play on the piano. A few days ago Mrs. Eccleston called up stairs:

"Why aren't you practicing your piece, Johnny?"

"I am."

"You are not. "You haven't touched the piano for the last half hour."

"I've been practicing all the same. There are pennies in the march and I am practicing them over and over until I know them perfectly."

They Can Do It.

The girls in some parts of Africa have to be sold to the men before they can marry. The Africans probably think that a small woman cannot manage a husband. A brief residence in this country would soon teach them better.

A Countryman's Explanation.

Country yokel to his son at a concert during the performance of a duet "Love me, love me!" "Hey, Bill, listen! Jim, they're singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."

How He was Bought.

"Say, papa," queried a little boy, "I thought you told me they couldn't buy people here in America?"

"They can't my child," replied the father. "The last Civil War settled that forever."

"Before, the people of the South owned slaves, but the war liberated them and an amendment to the Constitution made it impossible to hold the colored people as slaves in the United States."

"I don't mean colored people," continued the boy, "I mean white gentlemen like you. Was you ever bought or sold?"

"What a question! What put that idea into your head?"

"I heard Mrs. Gossip talking to a caller when she didn't think I was around. They got to talking about you and mamma. She said mamma was so homely she would stop a clock, and that her money bought you, body and soul."

She was Fly.

"Dearest, I love you. Fly with me, said a base ball player to his best girl.

"I would," said the fair one, "only it would be a foul."

"Why not!"

"Why, you know you are always caught on the fly, and——"

But he rang her gong, and fled.

"I think the New York Yacht Club are a bunch of Jesse's Jesters," said Robinson, discussing the yacht race with a friend.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because it appears almost impossible to make them give up the cup."

Trimmings on the Coffin.

Undertaker.—"And what kind of trimmings will you have on the casket?"

Widow.—"None whatever; it looks cheap enough without the plain coffin."

Undertaker.—"What killed him."

Widow.—"Yes. Delirium trimmins."

Her Offer.

"I have ventured," he said, "to lay this diamond ring, lightly hoping that you would allow me to slip it on your finger, as token of our engagement."

"I am sorry, Mr. Smith, but you are too late. I am already engaged; but if you will have it altered to fit my little finger, I will shower upon you the wealth of a sister's affection."

A New Use for Niagara.

Husband—"Let us go to Niagara next week."

Wife—"Niagara! Why, what put that into your head? I think I should enjoy it very much."

Husband—"It is very unusual for you to be so considerate towards me. Why, do you want to take us to Niagara Falls?"

Husband—"Smith took his wife there last week, and he said she was speechless with awe, and I just thought perhaps—I think I'ld go my hair."

Stampeding the Congregation.

A Baptist minister in Sheffield, England, was speaking of a certain young man living in his place.

"No," said the divine, "I don't like him at all. He's a low, worthless fellow, and I don't want anything to do with him under any circumstances.

"My dear," interjected his wife, "isn't it right to talk that way about any man who is young yet and may reform."

"No, he never will.

"But you mustn't be so severe on him. If you would try you might possibly help him in the place."

"I shall never try. If he should come into my church I would consider it a duty to order him out."

"Don't talk that way! What has he done to cause you to have such unchristian feelings against him?"

"What has he done? Well, he's done enough. He's got a trick of rushing a class like two dogs fighting, and for the last two Sabbaths he's got under one of the church windows and run out the whole congregation."

I tell you it would make you have unchristian feelings to look up from your prayer and see your congregation falling over one another in getting out the door as if there had been the hottest dissolve shouting that hell let two pound tin on either dog.

They Let Him Skirmish.

The striking music reached a colored preacher in a town in Mississippi the other day, and he arose before his congregation and said:

"Chilun, I've been tryin' hard to preach de Gospel on dis week, an' I've got discouraged. You has been glad to raise de salary to $5 or I'ge gwine to get out wid skirmish for hogs an' chickens long ob de rest ob you, an' take my chance ob gettin' to Heaven." By a unanimous vote the congregation was decided to continue the salary at $2, and let him skirmish.

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OUR BOOK TABLE.

VUIBERT'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

(Lawrence Hanson, from the Creation to the Fall of the Western Empire (a.n. 476). With numerous maps and plans of cities, by Professor Ramsay, M.A., F.S.S., Professor of Humanity, Glasgow University. Blackie & Son, London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, New York, 1886.

The entirety of the present century not only in the field of science, but in almost every branch of study in which research and investigation play a part, has made it necessary to rewrite those studies, so that there is now no dreary dwell.

This is beautifully and keenly appreciated by the learned author in his preface to the work before us: "The deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphics; the recent discovery and interpretation of the cuneiform records of Assyria; the excavations made in Troas, Greece and elsewhere; finally a more critical study of Greek and Latin authors, have thrown on many points of ancient history—both moral and profane—an entirely new light." And the aggregate of knowledge increasing with the increase of age, though garnered in books and stored away in libraries, is daily growing to such proportions that, from sheer necessity, the mass of the learned themselves are becoming more specialists. Life is too short to master perfectly, and the mind is becoming too practical to master, but impatiently, the many branches of human knowledge. He who, therefore, in the shortest space and yet with the most judicious criticism, gets the greatest amount of knowledge within easy reach of the student, is the man to whom the student himself and the age he lives in, owes a debt of varying gratitude. Whilst this is true of every study it is doubly true in the great world of history, and not less so in ancient than in modern history.

But, as every student of history knows, the mere marshalling of facts and a just criticism are not all that he needs. The manner and form of narrating and of grouping these facts, not merely appealing to the intellect, but making the narrative of nearly which between the sight, and all the memory, impact to the study of history one of the greatest pleasures, whilst effectuating it easier and more profitable. We believe that Father Vulbert is the work in question, has combined all these in a degree not yet reached by any other that we have read. And we cannot explain that it is not too much to say that in this age of steam and electricity, when there is a sort of trial of speed in nearly every thing, even school books are too frequently dashed off for the market to meet a pressing want—and by those who have had no experience in the high vocation of teachers.

Father Vulbert is not only a ripe scholar, but when many ripe scholars are most—and the best educators in the land. A member of the same religious body that gave us Father Perbet, Father Vulbert, a worthy son of his society Office, using where he could the work of his predecessor and others, without following or colored in the form of any, has stamped upon his history the experience of nearly twenty years spent in the professor's Chair at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Maryland. He has seen and felt the wants of the student in his arduous labors, and whatever he has supplied them; and he (perhaps) has not yet mastered into his book that which reading he has found that he is doing it the feet of the Professor of Rhetoric.

We find the author has not sacrificed not only to students and teachers, but to the general reader, in adding extensive and yet concise notes to the text, which characterize the book that appears on comparing the table of contents with that of other of the work. A feature of inestimable value is that the tables of contents, not only in a large, minute, but in a degree the general arrangement of the matter as regards the chronological antiquity and the special history of each—together with the chief events and substitutions of each period, deeply pressed. In the study of Ancient History, the student has before him in a few pages, all the most interesting details concerning the Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Phoenicians, Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Britons, Germans, Scythians, Scythians, Arabs, Carthaginians, Gaul, Britons, Germans

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM IRELAND.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

noted the proceedings of the meeting. Commoners Maurice Healy, Hooper, Lane, and Shea spoke at a meeting at Kilough. They all declared that the Government could not justify them, but their speeches were generally moderate and guarded.

The Nationalists Pleased with the Present Situation.

NEW YORK, November 29.—T. P. O'Connor's cable special to the *Star* from London says: The Tories are ashamed at the criminal state of affairs in Ireland and the astounding growth of popular organization against unfair rents. Their press with one voice is calling on the Ministry to avoid coercion and drop further prosecutions and other repressive measures for the sake of keeping the country quiet. The National leaders have received, whether the advice is heeded by the Ministry or not, to proceed with their plans for forcing the hands of the Government without further delay. The prosecution of John Dillon has caused considerable excitement. It has not yet been decided what course he will elect to follow after the decision, which is known beforehand. His conviction is looked for as a matter of course. Dillon may decide to go to prison immediately, in preference to giving bail, but it is hoped in some quarters that he will adopt the alternative course of giving bail and afterward repeating the offense with which he is charged and trying the issue in that form. From that the Parnellite standpoint this situation is better now than at any time since Gladstone's defeat at his polls.

Great Meeting Held at Sligo.

NEW YORK, November 30.—The *Tribune's* Dublin cable special says that the 29th was how the Nationalists, by amazing strategems, managed to hold a down meeting in Sligo nominally on Sunday in spite of the horse, foot and cavalry concentrated in the county by the Government. One of the measures devised to prevent the meeting was the proclamation of a hired special train to run between Carrick and Sligo. It took no chances on every station till it came to Ballymote, where a large body of police were drawn up on the platform. The Nationalists certainly bought tickets for Sligo and when the train drew up made a bonnie to board it. Seeing this the police jumped aboard also and forthwith threatened to clear the carriages, where they were locked in by the guard, whereupon the Nationalists, at a signal from McGann, their leader, jumped from the train, which moved on with scows but the police on board. The officers pulled frantically to stop, but the engineer, obeying the orders of McGann, never halted until he landed them at Sligo. A great meeting was then held in Sligo, more, and when it was all over the police were seen returning from Sligo on a special train. Meanwhile Dr. Tanner, M. P., in Sligo, finding the situation of the police and military extremely ridiculous, managed to hold a meeting in the center of the town, and when this was interrupted he led the police a dance across the hills and down to the shores of Lough Gill, where he entered a boat and was pulled a few feet from shore. From that platform and from reach of the police, he addressed the enthusiastic crowds that followed him.

What John Dillon Said.

According to the *Tribune's* cable special from London Dillon said in a speech at Ballymoe on Sunday: "This Government, it would appear, have made up their minds to try a little coercion again, but I am very poor, they hope that I spe of it, that it is a very poor, shaky kind of coercion. The charge against me amounts to this, that I had incited the tenantry of coercion landlords of a combination against them and refuse to pay their rents. I am going to appear before the Court of Queen's Bench and tell them that is exactly what I did do and what I mean to go on doing, and they may make the most of my case of the situation." He will probably give bail.

Preparing Against Government Tyranny.

DUBLIN, November 27.—Lord Mayor Sullivan has summoned a meeting of the citizens of Dublin to assemble next Friday to protest against the Government's tyrannical measure in Irish Nationalists. John Dillon will defend himself in the case brought against him by the Government. Eight Hon. Hugh Holmes, Attorney General of Ireland, and John O. Gibson, Solicitor-General, will conduct the prosecution against Dillon.

Prison is Imprisonment!

LONDON, November 30.—The *Standard's* Dublin correspondent says that a warrant will be issued for the arrest of O'Brien.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach has had a conference with the magistrates from all parts of the north and west of Ireland.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is formulating a scheme for the reform of the Irish administration. He has offered the post of Under-Secretary to General Buller as a provincial matter and the latter has accepted.

Monsignore Cheered by a Crowd.

Fifty prisoners, charged with being implicated in "moonlighting" in Kerry and Clare, arrived to day at Cork, escorted by a large force of police. They will be tried at the Munster assizes. Upon their arrival at the railway station in Cork the alleged moonlighters received a grand ovation from an enthusiastic crowd that had assembled there. Monsignor O'Connor, who acted for others for the prisoners and they were cheered with a will. Monsignor Redmond, speaking in Dublin to night, said that if one hair of Dillon's or O'Brien's head was injured the Irish people would know how to avenge themselves for the outrage.

Gladstone's Parliamentary Plans.

LONDON, November 29.—Gladstone yesterday refused to speak until Parliament reassembles. He has sent letters to several of his late colleagues, stating his programme for the coming session. He approves an immediate challenge to the Government to state its Irish policy in the debate upon the address, although he expects that the Unionists will maintain their adhesion to the Government. A Gurrard will assist in the effective settlement of the procedure question.

YESTERDAY'S CABLEGRAMS.

Parliament Likely to be Called Together for Special Purpose.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—T. P. O'Connor sends the following subjectgram from London to the Star: "All well-informed members of the Lower House believe that a meeting of Parliament will take place. In spite of the opposition of some of the leading supporters of the Government, the Cabinet are drifting as rapidly down the road to a more modern policy, and are subject to such a heavy pressure, that old parliamentary hands say it is difficult to see how they can avoid calling Parliament together to amend special powers. In doing so they will be backed by the entire landed interest, English and Scotch, as well as Irish, and an overwhelming majority of decided Liberals. In the meantime the Tory leaders, led by the *Standard*, are opposed to the meeting of Parliament earlier than usual, and are working hard to induce the Ministry to reverse their decision, drop coercion and shelve the Irish question, leaving the Irish Administration to carry on the Government of the country as well as they can without repressive measures and keep quieter quiet at almost any cost.

SULLOR SUPERSEDES HAMILTON.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The *Post's* London special says: General Buller has been appointed provisional successor to Sir Robert Hamilton in Dublin after all, notwithstanding use will be made of his discretionary powers to place the bailiffs and the Tories, whose views are expressed by the *Times* this morning, in charge of the city, the appointment a permanent one, it would be open to grave objections on several grounds—his military occupation, want of official Irish experience, etc., but when the Government have not got the men they want they must do what they can with the man they have."

California's Catholic Missionaries.

HISTORICAL TRUTHS WORTH REMEMBERING.

PIONEERS OF THE CROSS AND CIVILIZATION.

Men of whom all Catholics may be Proud.

The following article is from the pen of a MONITOR contributor from whom we hope to have many more interesting historical sketches:

Animated with the zeal and charity of her divine founder, and ever mindful of his heavenly mission, the Catholic Church in every age, sent forth her missionaries to teach, to succine and to sanctify the benighted savage. Far in advance of their secular brethren, surpassing in their zeal for the salvation of souls the reckless daring of the warrior panting for temporal glory, they have planted the banner of the Redeemer amid the wildest of our forests, and amid the most desolate regions by their labors and with their blood. Whether amid the snows of Canada, on the boundless plains of South America, toiling on the banks of the Mississippi, or contending with the pestilence of Mexico, their heroism has displayed itself; but nowhere have they proved themselves more zealous or more self sacrificing than among the hills and valleys of California.

THE MISSIONARIES OF THE STATE

have been the pioneers of civilization. Scarcely was it known that a new land had been explored, that there wafa yet more gold to be wrung, than those daring men left their own countries and pushed into the interior. Members of the same order who had labored long on the peninsula, but it was not till 1769 that the first mission was established within the present limits of this State. The task of reclaiming and converting the wandering Indian was intrusted to Father Junipero Serra, and under his guidance the glorious emblem of man's salvation was reared in Alta California. But it was not the land as we now see it that witnessed the heroic exertions of the saintly Franciscans and their brethren of other orders. Untrodden by civilized man, apparently barren and unpredictable, was the soil upon which they erected the rude cross that took root and grew into a vast expanse peopled only by pagan savages.

The mission prospered but this success of their pious labors did not satisfy the zeal of the missionaries, and in less than a year, in San Antonio, with tears and lamentations, gathered round the little band of heroes our half of whom, bidding farewell to the friends of their youth, departed for their Provincial Superior, who, in the company with Robert Walker, making ingress to his mines, when suddenly the opening fell in, crushing Russell and Walker in a shocking manner. When the debris was removed the former was discovered dead, his body being brightly mangled, and Walker was alive but seriously injured.

O'Tare.—Mr. Timothy Moplan, C. E., died, on October 29th. He was a native of Tralee, and for a period of thirty-six years was engaged in the service of the Government. Mr. Moplan was a man of great ability, and he has been identified with the young Ulster as leading officer in the various undoes of the country, he defended which he discharged in an impartial and painstaking manner as to win the esteem of the landed and ratepayers, rich and all of the county.

Crime.—A desperate attempt at murder has been committed in Carne, the victim being a young man named Quinn, who was the chief support of an aged mother. Both resided in the village of Ballycroy, distance of four miles from the town of Carne. Nov. 23rd being observed by Quinn, a large number of people gathered in the town, and the country bands paraded from the street. They labored fearly for several hours. When they came on the scene of the intended outrageous act, Quinn was in their company for some time, and when he left for home, he was followed by a man with a knife in the shoulder. Four stroke were made.

Cavan.—The sullen, Tim Harley, who made a gloomy stand against eviction at Shoreville, and who was conspicuous for the charge of having dynamite for an unlawful purpose, was brought up at Limerick, on November 1, and formally charged under the Explosives Act, with having in his possession, also, dynamite, having found Harley secreting the dynamite, having been taken, he was committed for trial but bail was accepted, the sum for £100, and the surety in £50 each. The fact show to what light the Crown regards the charge.

Sligo.—Mr. Dillon, who was to stay in Cork in the person of Mr. William Redmond, M. P., was expected to arrive in Sligo. Mr. Dillon's visit to Sligo is for the purpose of the nomination, and that is a deed a political opponent, a certain Mr. Jones, who was on the 30th of December, 1885, in Cork Guardhall he gave up the "code of honor" in his fashion, and he was shot down after a battle O'Connell; he took no further part in public life. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hayes always left most acutely the fatal conflict of Nov. 30th, and it is said that for many years he imposed a sort of public penance on himself. He was most charitable, and participated some of the public institutions including the Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, and the Hospital. Mr. Hayes died a wealthy man. He was one of the largest shareholders in some of the public companies, and had a great deal of other property. It is said the bulk of his property goes to his nephew, Mr. Hayes, of Limerick, now aged eighty, and some of his relatives in the city of Cork have not been forgotten.

Mr. Abraham Sutton, an old and esteemed citizen of Cork, died on Nov. 4. Mr. Sutton had passed the age of 80 years, but was hale and hearty up to a short time ago, and for the last seventy years he was a member of the Society of Friends. The Society of Friends in Cork numbers about 200 persons, and before steam was developed to its present extent, it was a flourishing body of sailing colliers, which trades from Cork to the Mediterranean.

The Rev. William McCarthy died on Nov. 31, in the 80th year of his age. He was ordained at St. Colman's College, where he signalized himself by his extremely amiable and docile disposition. From thence he secured a place at the Cork Mission, and ministered ten years ago in the Clonpa diocese. His first and only mission was in Enagh, one of the large manufacturing districts.

Capt. D. Burke, died on Oct. 29th. He was the second son of the late Lieutenant-General Burke, of Ballyhooly, Kilbrittain, county Cork, and was, at one time, well known as most zealous and active in the Cork Militia, being a sharp bowler and owner of thoroughbreds. For many years he resided in Bandon, and for the last two years in Cork. In his demise he will least excite shock.

The funeral took place on behalf of the widow of the late Mr. Charles McCarthy, of Cork. The deceased was one of the most popular of Cork citizens, and had for many years been Vice-President of the Cork Harbor Society, an organization which with Mr. John George McCarthy, he assisted to found. The society has its wards for Life Guard.

Buckley.—Mr. Buckley, the journal publishes a series of special articles entitled: "The Ethics of Ireland." Mr. Buckley has the system of stealing and perverting Catholic children, procured by the Protestant Missionaries, and placed in Protestant boarding-schools in Dublin; but, as the *Freeman* says, whose contribution appeared in one of the parts of the country where a Bible reader is also a land commissioner, and where the Bible is found willing to sell the bible of himself, or the land commissioner, to sell the land of himself, Dublin is a place where, when the Freeman's Journal, and they regularly visit the slums and scanned into the soil of Catholic children of the offspring of mixed marriages, place them in Protestant schools, and then the Protestantism, Sometimes parents, stricken with remorse, demand their children, and their children, too, are unable to obtain possession of them without a writ of habeas corpus, which is dearer, slow and expensive. Whenever such claims are made the Protestant Missionaries generally make for England or Ireland, or even sent abroad. Mr. Buckley, in one case, had a Catholic child from Ireland to Liverpool, and Scotland, and even to Canada. Lord Plunket, Protestant archbishop of Dublin, Lord Ashbourne, a leading Orange supporter, and Archbishop Walsh has published a letter in the *Freeman's Journal* on the subject.

The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Plunket, has been desperately trying to outdrive his predecessor, Dr. Whately, in whimsical ness. The Superior sees of the Plunket maintained in a vitiation cheque to his clergy, Nov. 25, that it is a monstrous falsity to say that Ireland was governed by England. The Dublin Bishop, in his cheque, says that the Parliament of Dublin, Ireland governed Ireland, and more than her legitimate influence in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone's Bill passed into law. Ireland would have forfeited her nationality, and the Irish would have been a race. These forgeries, we presume, would be demonstrated to the saints Irish, and all Irish men friendly to native autonomy. The true theological doctrine, then, are the parents, the parents, the spirituality, the shamocracy, the Orange Catch-locks, and West Britons.

Galway.—On Nov. 4, the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Galway, received his Grace after a brief illness. He is quite vigorous and his admirably preserved. He was amongst them with notable manifestations of their joy and satisfaction. In the Bishop's arrival at Ballinasloe he was presented with an address by the inhabitants.

We regret to have to record the unexpected death of the wife of the Rev. Michael Lynch, assistant Athenry, on Monday 29th. Feeling the sad bereavement of her husband, the deceased lady was a pious, practical and fervent adhering member of Holy Church.

Kilkenny.—The two priests who are awaiting eviction at the hands of Lord Clonmore this week have thrown into a state of bewilderment, on October 29, by the sudden arrival in the country of Archbishop Croke, who spoke and offered prayers unknown to anyone, and presenting the consolation of offering of Mass. The report is now spread around that the evictions were to be postponed, and it is telegraphically stated replied that the stranger entirely was a recommendation, for they dies take a cordial survey of the locality. Mr. James M'Carey has admitted one family into an uncomplete farm house on his holding in Ardaloman. By throwing up the house he has saved the family from being thrown out on the roadside, and has given to the evicted land home and land. All had regular employment and Lord Clonmore interfered and dispossed them out their employer.

Limerick.—Mr. Thomas Ryan, J. P., died on Nov. 1, at his residence in the upper Newcastle road.

The Earl of Dunraven has agreed to give his adhesion to the proposed Irish Exhibition in Cork.

In Ponderosa, son of Capt. Prendergast of Newbrook, near Limerick, has been elected to the Hurley, England. He left Limerick three years ago, after graduating at the Royal University, and is now president of the National Club, Ponderosa. Mr. Prendergast is a nephew of the defeated candidate here in 1885 for the Mayoralty, Mr. Prendergast, and a cousin of the Chairman in the Hurley Corporation.

Mr. Arthur Hillard, proprietor of the A. Russell, Kilkenny, county Limerick, of the well known Hillard and Hanford, Cork, died on Nov. 3, in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Hillard was a young gentleman extremely popular with all classes, and he was the last of a number of measures followed his remains to the grave.

At the opening meeting for the session of the Cork University Club, the capital, Cork, on November 6th, Mr. F. J. Nolan, B.L., was presented with the medal for the year.

On November 31, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, the profession of a religious and the reception of two novices took place. The religious who made their vows were Sister Mary Mary Kennedy (in religion Sister Mary of the Good Shepherd), daughter of Mr. Patrick Kennedy, Esq., Clonbiffe House, Dublin. The novices were Miss Ellen Ryan, daughter of the late Mr. Peter Ryan, of Mount Jane Frances, and Miss Ellen Ryan, daughter of Mr. Patrick Ryan, of Ballyhooly, Co. Cork.

Dr. Healey, having taken possession of his diocese, Dr. Lynch, Bishop, now more, is lately to bring them up in quality to the old standard of "50," when they were acknowledged to be the first fifteen sort made in this State or in any other State; in fact, sort of "Ireland's Own." You must bear in mind that there is one gallon more to every case of I. X. L. Bitters than there is in other bitters that are selling at the same price.

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It is put up in "little pills" that can be used at home, on the cars, in the office or sitting room at any time with perfect ease.

A single application to your druggists relief in Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Croup, Neuralgia, Deafness, and Headache, and a few days use of one of the Head, Throat and Lungs. If a cure will the last of expense be refunded to you.

CATARRH—Cured in three months—SYMPTOMS.

ASTHMA—Relief in nearly every case—relieved in five minutes—no interference with business or pleasure.

CRAY FEVER—A cure guaranteed if taken in time. No symptoms of the disease returning. The "Dr. Dennison Carbolic Smoke Ball" is a sure cure.

BRONCHITIS—Cured in a very few days.

CROUP—Immediate relief and cure.

THE "Dr. Dennison Carbolic Smoke Ball" is the genuine of the one are not genuine.

EYES—Granulated lids, weakness, inflammation, etc., cured in from five to six weeks. Relieved in from one to three days.

DEAFNESS—Relief in three minutes and cured in from a few days.

ULCERATION of the Lungs—Relief in five minutes, and cure in a few weeks. The "Dr. Dennison Carbolic Smoke Ball" is the only one that will do this.

SPORING—Cured in three weeks and relief in one day.

COLD IN THE HEAD—Relief in three minutes and cured in from one to three days.

SMOKE BALL—Cured effectually in three days.

DIPHTHERIA—Relief in twenty-four minutes and cure in a few days.

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These are noble statements, and to convince you that the above assertions are true we offer to do what will take the trouble to call at our Ladies' and Gents' Parlors

A FREE TEST. A FREE TEST.

THE FAMOUS "CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL"

Sent, with full directions to any address on receipt of price, $3, and two postage stamps, "Debellator" package, $2 additional. Delivered to any part of this city upon written request.

OFFICE HOURS Week days, from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M.

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.

Rooms 9 and 10, second floor, corner Market and Kearny Sts.

Entrance, 632 MARKET STREET, Opposite Lotin Fountain. San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Market Report.

MONITOR OFFICE,
636 Clay St, Tuesday Evening, Nov. 30, 1886.

WHEAT—No. 1, ... $1 65
Extra—Superior ... 1.37½@1.40
Cornmeal ... 2 00
Oats ... 1 37
Barley, feed ... 1 00
Beans, Pinto, wholesale ... 3 00@3 25
Ground Barley, F.O.B. ... 20 00@21 50
Middlings ... 20 00@21 50
Bran ... 17 00@17 50
Hay ... 17 00@18 00
Wheat ... 1 30@1 35
POULTRY:
Hens, P. P. doz, wholesale ... 1 00@5 00
Turkeys, P. P. lb wholesale ... 15@18
Ducks, P. P. doz ... 5 00@6 00
Geese, P. pair ... 1 50@1 75
Chickens ... 5 00@6 00
Young Hens ... 5 00@6 00
Young Roosters ... 5 00@6 00
EGGS:
Choice, P. doz ... 32@37½
BUTTER:
Choice Fresh roll ... 20@30
Fresh Pickled ... 20@25
Firkin ... 19@21
CHEESE:
Domestic ... 11@12
Eastern ... 14
FRUIT:
Apples ... 1 00@1 50
Wood ... 9 00@11 00

DR. LANE'S WINE TONIC!

A Nervine and Blood Invigorator.

KING B BITTERS.

THE GREAT VEGETABLE LIVER REMEDY.

OAKLAND, CAL., November 12, 1886.

HALL BROS., GENTS: Have had some valuable remedies "King B Bitters" and "Dr. Lane's Wine Tonic," for some time, and find them very beneficial. Have recommended them to many friends, who have also found them very beneficial. Yours truly, E. C. DENNISTON, Proprietor.

Also personal experience and the above testimony, recommend Dr. Lane's Wine Tonic to those who wish to take a tonic.

Sold by all druggists in California, Paris, Texas, 1116 Polk, Hon. M. T. Tetlock, 1325 Sacramento, and E. C. Dennison, 1116 Polk Sts., San Francisco. Price, $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Dr. Lane's Wine Tonic is also sold by the wholesale druggists of this city.

HALL BROTHERS

Laboratory, 324 Clay St., San Francisco.

Again in the Field.

Dr. Healey, having taken possession of his diocese, Dr. Lynch, Bishop, now more, is lately to bring them up in quality to the old standard of "50," when they were acknowledged to be the first fifteen sort made in this State or in any other State; in fact, sort of "Ireland's Own." You must bear in mind that there is one gallon more to every case of I. X. L. Bitters than there is in other bitters that are selling at the same price.

THE ONLY COMPLETE, CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION.

SADLIERS' Catholic Directory,

Almanac and Ordo for 1887

Fifty-fourth Annual Publication.

This is the most complete work of the kind published, containing, besides the Ordo, a great variety of matter not to be found in any other work. Among the contents are the following, which will be found very valuable:

Ordo for the Dioceses of Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Detroit, Dubuque, Fort Wayne, Grand Rapids, Green Bay, Hartford, Indianapolis, Jersey City, Kansas, Leavenworth, Lincoln, Louisville, Manchester, Marquette, Memphis, Milwaukee, Nashville, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Northern California, Nesqualy, Oregon City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Providence, Quebec, Richmond, Rochester, Sacramento, St. Augustine, St. Cloud, St. Louis, St. Paul, St. Thomas, Salt Lake, San Antonio, San Diego, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Savannah, Scranton, Seattle, Sioux City, Springfield, Stockton, Toronto, Trenton, Vancouver, Vicariate of Brownsville, Vicariate of Indian Territory, Vicariate of Nebraska, Vicariate of Northern Minnesota, Vicariate of Northern Wisconsin, Vicariate of Oregon, Vicariate of Pembina, Vicariate of Sandwich Islands, Vicariate of Scotland, Vicariate of Western Wisconsin, Vicariate of Wyoming, Vicariate of Zanzibar, Vicariate of Zululand, Prefecture Apostolic of Alaska, Prefecture Apostolic of Brunswick, Prefecture Apostolic of Cape Fear, Prefecture Apostolic of Colorado, Prefecture Apostolic of Dakota, Prefecture Apostolic of Duluth, Prefecture Apostolic of Idaho, Prefecture Apostolic of Indian Territory, Prefecture Apostolic of Montana, Prefecture Apostolic of Northern Texas, Prefecture Apostolic of Oklahoma, Prefecture Apostolic of Southern Texas, Prefecture Apostolic of Wyoming, Prefecture Apostolic of Yukon, Mission of Alaska, Mission of Athabasca, Mission of Mackenzie, Mission of Saskatchewan, Mission of Yukon, Mission of Zululand, Mission of Mexico, Mission of Central America, Mission of Cuba, Mission of Porto Rico, Mission of Santo Domingo, Mission of Haiti, Mission of Jamaica, Mission of Nassau, Mission of Trinidad, Mission of Tobago, Mission of Demerara, Mission of Antigua, Mission of Dominica, Mission of Montserrat, Mission of St. Vincent, Mission of St. Lucia, Mission of Grenada, Mission of Tortola, Mission of Anguilla, Mission of St. Thomas, Mission of St. Kitts, Mission of Nevis, Mission of Barbados, Mission of Sandwich Islands, Mission of Scotland

Poetry.

LIFE AND DEATH.

I passed through a forest of trees,
And lo! the woodman was there
Swinging his axe in the morning brown,
And Life was on his cheek.
And ever he sang as he swung,
And the echoes rang out clear and high
As the tree falls, as the tree falls,
"He is life, he lives!"

I passed through a forest of men,
And lo! the Woodman was there
The Woodman, Death, with his weapon keen
Falling a life most fair,
And ever he sang as he wrought,
And his song echoed to the sky:
"As a man lives, as a man dies,
"He shall be life, yes, he!"

O fate of the falling tree!
O doom of the dying life!
This was the moral he brought to me,
With blue or bitterness rife.
As the tree of the forest fertile
So shall it fall and lie,
And the evil or good of this life of mine
Must end my fate when I die!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

REVERIE.

How sweet, how hopeless, in the cloistered life,
Far from the world, the struggles and its strife;
To pass beneath the shadow of the pile
Dedicey the capteiro in that sacred lane;
Then all its triumphs and its pleasures have
That sacred lane, for God is here the slave.

LIZA ALLSOP.

LOVE AT THE TOMB.

Beneath the shade of a shattered oak,
Midst rank of rose and dahlia fair,
I knelt, in the sunset gold,
A whisper fell from the tree's moan,
A sigh came over the distant sea,
But the only response I felt was true,
And the pulse of memory.

Velomi tears from the tiddles sea,
Velomi leaves from the golden shore,
Were present, yes, and were the
Not lost, but gone before!

A response confessed, I lifted the feet
Of a mortal cross where an infant slept,
And a garden of lilies, gaudy rose,
Gave out of the inner dew myst
A bland song out of the darkened grave,
A letter of rosen kin'd the stone—
O much love! O! look, and the heaven
Do they long, as we long for them!

"They have they buried my beast one day,
They shut love's door and closed the gate;
Our treasure are over, the treasured gray
At the shill of the hand of fate!
And here in a garden of rose and yew
They'll whisper prayers and shed the hymns,
And love still lingers in faithful love,
And love I shall rest with him!

HELP YOUR MOTHER.

The old mother, with her knitting
Sat in the sunshine, while her mother grows old,
And ceaseless toil, from day to day
To lighten her cares and to sweeten life's way.

Sweeter far than piano or organ's sweet notes,
Is the music that comes from the kitchen that cheerfully hums
As the patter of dishes keeps time with a song,
While the daughter is helping her mother along.

Sweeter far than the music of the world's great throng
Is the music of the little one's footsteps, hurrying along
To help her mother, who, poor in her strength,
Has to do the work of two lengths.

Ye who have left your home for the world's great throng
Hear the music of the little one's footsteps, hurrying along
To help her mother, who, poor in her strength,
Has to do the work of two lengths.

A SONG FOR THE GIRLS I LOVE.

A song for the girl I love—
Out love her!
A song for the eyes that tender shine,
And the fragrant mouth that smiles for mine,
The alluring tresses so controlled,
Which may be seen with freedom of gold,
And the dimpled mouth and the dainty chin,
And the pride displayed out and in—
The girl I love—
Out love her!

A song for the girl I loved—
Out love her!
A song for the eyes of faded light,
And the cheek whose red soon vanished in white,
And the quiet brow with its shadow and gleam,
And the dark lashes dropped in a long calm dream,
And the small hands crossed for their church-yard rest,
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast—
The girl I loved—
Out love her!

Literary Miscellany.

How the Ship was Saved.

The fog was heavy on the Baltic that sea
son—it was in the latter part of 1864, and
we expected to be in England by Christmas
—but the weather was clear and fine, and
the old boatswain found time that Sunday
morning to drop his whistle to the end of
his lanyard, and step into the gallery
with his wife and the little one, and lift
his pipe with a red coal, and turning to the
skipper, said:

"You was saym' last night, sir, that you
hadn't gone so faith in stowaways. Well, be
more have I, generally speakin'; but I once
ran foul of one that wasn't so bad as the
rest. It's nigh on to six years ago, when I
was a quarter-master in a steamer—the
Zebra—plyin' at her wharf in Calcutta, and
loadin' up for Glasgow. The Hooghly was
crowded with sailin' vessels that couldn't
get no crews, and most of their men had
deserted, and shipped in steamers, that was
goin' through the Suez Canal, that had just
opened. They all wanted to go home quick,
you see, and go by the navigated route,
and not to make a four months' route around
the Cape.

"The steamers had all the men they
wanted, and a sight more down from good,
able-bodied seamen then they could take.
The Zebra was to touch at Londonderry on
her way home, and the night, that we cast
loose at Calcutta, with the pilot on board,
and dropped down the river with the tide,
the skipper was grumblin' like a bear, be
cause, more or other, he had shipped
five men more than he wanted. Three of
them were Irishmen, and, like the rest of
the crew, they had got advance notes for a
month's pay on them; so, to say
the truth, he was afraid they'd take French
leave at Londonderry.

"The pilot had gone over the side the
watch had been set, and the steamer was
driven down the Bay of Bengal, and settlin'
well out toward the Indian Ocean, when
there was a cry of 'fire!' and the boatswain
sent me aft to where the skipper was standin' on the
poop. He was draggin' a youngster, about
16 years old, by the collar of the jacket
with him.

"'I hooked him out of the fore hatch,
your honor,' he says. 'I heard him scratch
in' around, and I raised the hatch-way, and
there he was.'

"'I was lyin' to get out, sir,' said the
lad, very bold and pertin. 'I suppose I'm
a stowaway, but I'm a sailor, and willin' to
work. I asked for a berth aboard the Zebra,
and couldn't get it; so when ship dropped
I was goin' ashore in the dinger I slipped
on the freeboard, and I'm bound to Magherafelt,
Londonderry, where my mother lives.
I don't want say pay, but if you'll let me
work my passage you won't be sorry for it.'

"Our skipper was a terrible rough man.
He swore a great oath, and turnin' to me
he said:

"'Quartermaster, put the young imp in
irons for to night. I'll see what it's best to
do with him in the morning.' I had a cabin
go overboard, it's Glasgow he'll land at,
and not Londonderry.'

"I was sorry for the poor lad, but I had
to obey orders, and the irons went soon on
his wrists and ankles in the fo'c'sle, and
he was terribly upset, and when I was on the
watch that night I used to kim, and tried
to cheer him up.

"I was getting on for four bells when
the mate and he'd like to see the boy, and
he went with me to the fo'c'sle.

"'Hey, my lad,' he says, stoopin' over
him him with a lantern, 'tell us all about it.
Did you dive down and stow yourself in the
pipe ship in a sullin' vessel if you wanted to
come to one port and another?'

"'Oh, sir, says the youngster, with the
tears in his eyes, as he sat up and looked
at the mate, 'I'm an idiot, I'm a fool, I'm
a—I'm—I'm—I'm

THE MONITOR.
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.
THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1886.

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

On and after this issue, the several offices and editorial rooms of the MONITOR will be at 526 KEARNY STREET, (first-floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

Editorial Notes.

—Cardinal Haynald has initiated a subscription at Vienna for removing the remains of the late Abbé Liszt to the vault of the Franciscan Friars at Pesth.

—A Committee of sympathy with Mr. Parnell in his political labors is being formed at Catalonia. It has already received some 3000 signatures.

—A marriage is about to take place between Mlle Marie de MacMahon, only daughter of the Marshal, and Count de Pienson, son of the Marquis de Pienson, a former Signory in Waiting to the Empress Eugenie.

—It is stated that the use of the Presentation Order at Mitchelstown, Cork, have offered their estates for sale to the tenants under Lord Ashbourne's Act, at a seventeen and a half years' purchase, based on the valuation.

—It is rumored in the West that Rev. Father Fanning, of Ohio, Bureau county, Ill., is to be the first Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska. He was a classmate of Archbishop Riordan, of this Diocese, and Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, at Louvain.

—We already anticipate the great pleasure which our readers will experience when they receive the forthcoming CARDINAL MOORTON which will be issued on Wednesday next. For the table of contents we refer our readers to the eighth page, where find a variety of titles which will contribute to make the best and brightest Christmas paper issued by the Catholic press of America.

—We thank our numerous contributors in advance for the taste and talent they have displayed in the several departments to which they have contributed, and we hope that the literary bread that cast upon the waters of the pure stream of Catholic literature may bring blessings a hundred fold upon each of them.

—The Nationalists have put forward Mr. Thomas Barry, of Kilmallock, and Mr. John Mandeville, of Cross of the Mitchelstown Board of Guardians, as available candidates for the Parliament of Queen's Northeast Cork, subject to Mr. Parnell's sanction.

—In a letter to Bishop Reynolds, of Adelaide, South Australia, His Eminence Cardinal Manning says: "You will be glad to hear that Ireland, in some form, will before long administer its own local affairs. I hope I may live to see it." Every friend of Ireland will heartily respond "*Amen*" to the great Cardinal's prayer.

—The next Consistory of Cardinals in Rome which was to have taken place this month, has been postponed until January, so that the Cardinal Archbishops of Quebec and Baltimore may be able to attend. At this Consistory Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau will receive their "red hats" from the hands of His Holiness himself, and the last ceremony attending their elevation to the Cardinalate will be ended.

—Pope Leo XIII. has charged Father Grisar of the University of Innsbruck, to write a history of Rome, chiefly with the object of confuting various assertions contained in the history of Gregorovius, with regard to the influence the temporal power exercised in the Middle Ages. All the literary treasures contained in the Vatican Library have been put at the disposal of the learned professor.

—The rapid increase in the value of land in the West may be illustrated by the fact that Creighton Catholic University at Omaha, Nebraska, has sold its property in Park place, adjacent to the Sacred Heart Academy for a consideration of $30,000. The rapid growth of the city may be judged from the fact that this property, when bought about six years ago by Rev. R. A. Shadlé, then President of the College, cost about $1,500.

—Some idea of the depopulation caused in Ireland by bad laws and British injustice, may be gleaned from the fact that in the year 1804, when the recently-deceased Bishop Delaney of Cork was born in Bandon, it was a prosperous city of 13,000 inhabitants, who were industriously employed, prosperous and happy. Now Bandon has hardly 6,000 inhabitants, and both people and property are going to decay together.

—A colloquoun from Ireland conveys the pleasing intelligence that Timothy D. Sullivan has been re-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. O'Keefe, a solicitor, has been elected Mayor of Limerick. Both Sullivan and O'Keefe have pledged themselves to refuse any honors which may be offered by the Queen during the Jubilee year. John Dillon heads the list of candidates for the office of High Sheriff of Dublin. Alderman Richard Power has been re-elected Mayor of Waterford.

—We are glad to learn from our Irish exchanges that preparations have commenced in different parts of Ireland to have representatives selected to come to Dublin at the unveiling of the statue of the distinguished Dr. Cahill, the fearless champion, at home and abroad, of the religion and rights of the Irish people. We have no doubt that due honor will be done to the memory of that learned ecclesiastic, gifted scientific scholar, true patriot and brilliant orator of whom Ireland may well be proud.

—A very important Papal Commission has recently been added to the Papal Ecclesiastical Corps in Rome. His Holiness has formed a Commission consisting of Cardinals Darboichi, Schiaffino, Simeoni, Laurenzi and Cascchi, for the purpose of studying all questions relating to the Vatican policy. This Commission is to make a daily report to the Cardinal Secretary of State on all current matters, and to address a special report to the Pope himself should any very important question arise. Monsignor Agliardi is at the point of departure to China.

—Cabling from Ireland to the New York *Herald*, Mr. James O'Kelly makes this prediction: "Within a few weeks we shall be in the midst of conflict, for the Nationalist battle-cry will be 'This winter landlordism must die,' while the landlords will try with bayonet and bullet to collect their rack rents. On this occasion the Irish tenants will have behind them the sympathy and help of half the English people, and there is little cause to doubt that when the struggle closes Irish landlordism will have come to an end. The next three days will shape great events."

—The negroes of Georgia are not satisfied with having Justice blindfolded and prepare to put her eyes out altogether. The other day the son of a colored woman was before the Police Court for some trifling offence—probably hunting in the wrong apple Thanksgiving chicken. The old lady, in a humorous mood, scattered a quantity of cayenne pepper about the room. The judge adjourned the court in just five minutes, usually remarking as he did so, "Tchu, tchu, tchew!"

—A gentleman who has recently visited Germany says that the majority of the Bremen workmen are open socialists, but only a small majority are organized socialists, while a smaller but interesting fraction though they aim at social reform, are distinctly anti-socialists. Germany to-day has 11,000,000 workingmen, women and children struggling or longing to improve their not over blissful condition. Of this enormous mass hardly 200,000 are organized. Nearly half of these are or were affiliated with socialist societies. Bismarck takes a lively interest in German workmen, but he rules them with a rod of iron.

—Michael Davitt seems to be impressed with the hopeful idea that Ireland's freedom is nearer consummation than most people imagine. Speaking at Columbus, Ohio, recently, he said: "Mark my words, the next election will set Ireland free. Previous to the election, Lord Randolph Churchill intimated that the first movement of a Tory government would be the introduction of a measure to suppress the Irish organization. There has been no such measure, and he has also weakened in other candidates for the Parliament of Queen's Northeast Cork, subject to Mr. Parnell's sanction.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Sep. 12—Third Sunday in Advent.
" 13—Monday—St. Lucy, Virgin and Mar.
" 14—Tuesday—Of the Octave. Cons. of Blessed Benedict, Monk, 480.
" 15—Ember Day, Fast.
" 16—Thursday—St. Eusebius, Bishop and Martyr.
" 17—Ember Day, Fast.
" 18—Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Ember Day, Fast.

CONFIRMATION NEXT SUNDAY.

The Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered in St. Peter's Church, Alabama st. near 19th, by His Grace the Archbishop, at half-past 3 o'clock sup p. Immediately after the Blessed Sacrament will be given to the Holy Ghost.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

Next Sunday will be the regular quarterly Communion day for the members of the City Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The members of St. Joseph's Hall, St. Joseph's Hall, corner of Howard and Tenth Streets, at 7 a. m., and will meet at 7 o'clock in St. Joseph's Church in order to attend the 8 o'clock Mass in a body and receive Holy Communion. The members of the Conferences of St. Mary's Cathedral, St. Ignatius, St. Mary's, St. Peter's, St. Patrick's, St. Francis, St. Joseph's, Visitation, Mission and Star of the Sea are also invited to attend the 8 o'clock Mass and receive Holy Communion in a body. The members of the Conferences of St. Boniface and Holy Cross will meet at 8 o'clock Mass and receive Holy Communion in a body. The members of the Conferences of St. Peter's, Bernard's, Ignatius, Mary's, Mission and Star of the Sea are requested to be present at the Sunday School Entertainment.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

The annual Festival of St. Mary's Sunday school will take place in the Cathedral hall, on the afternoon and evening of the 21st inst., and from the interesting programme hitherto announced by the talented people of the Cathedral parish, we can assure all who patronize the Sunday School that they will spend an evening of pleasure and profit by witnessing the different tableaux and listening to the Literary and Musical exercises prepared for that occasion.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

The feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe next Monday will be celebrated in the Spanish Church, Bowlsay street, with the greatest solemnity.

There will be masses for Vespers on Sunday at 7 o'clock; on the Sunday Masses will be at 7 and 10.30 a. m., with sermons in Spanish by Father Gorrigo. For the evening at 7 p. m. Vespers, sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

SODALITY ENTERTAINMENT.

The Young Men's Sodality and Library Association of St. Francis de Sales Parish, (Ind. Ind. not Ind Friday evening at St. Francis de Sales Hall on Sun Pablo avenue, and the following, performed by Thomas Hogan, Frank Pope, Nicholas Wheeler, Sergeant at-Arms, Jos. Dwyer, Sentinel, Jno. Mooney.

AND STILL ANOTHER PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

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A SALUTATORY.

A salutatory from Dublin, Ireland to Mr. R. E. White of this city, conveys this intelligence: "Dublin's loss is San Francisco's gain. With all my respect due to them by a Committee of the Dail and Dublin Institution."

FATHER HENNEBERRY.

His Crowded Mission for Men at St Francis Church.

A very large congregation of Catholic men from all parts of the city were in attendance at the Mission which commenced last Sunday evening at St. Francis Church, Bowlsay street, Father Henneberry, opened with a sermon on the Sacrament of the Holy Ghost in San Francisco.

The speaking of Father Henneberry was merely devoted to an explanation of the great Infallibility of the Holy Ghost, and he exhorted those who heard him to continue in regular attendance during the mission. It made the good Father's heart and to see the vast number of people, all Catholics, who had neglect their spiritual training to pursue the ways and delights of the world. Man, he said, was not destined for this earth to spend his time in pursuit of pleasure, but was destined for a more exalted opposition. He was created in God's image and resemblance, and he was to be good and holy and to try to live like God, and his life, "Man has an right to be happy and his creator. Man has an right to be happy and his creator. Man has an right to be happy and his creator." Man has an right to be happy and his creator." Man has an right to be happy and his creator."

Family Fun.

Ready Retorts.

It is not given to everyone, perhaps fortunately for the general peace, to be as ready at retort, for instantly replied the grocer, when the following question is addressed by an artist:

"Don't you think it is about time I exhibited something?"

"Yes, a little talent, for instance," was the reply.

To a grocer who had retired from business it was said:

"My dear fellow, you are looking thinner; idleness does not agree with you."

"Well, no," instantly replied the grocer; "I don't weigh as much as I did."

Equally pertinent was the answer given by a great musical composer to a remark. When a youth he was a clerk in a very rich but exceedingly common place—in fact simply employer. One day an acquaintance commiserated the clerk upon his poor position, saying:

"What a pity it is you are not the master, and he your clerk."

"Oh, the master," returned the youth, "do not say that. If he were my clerk, when on earth could I do with him?"

"Did you get her photo when you were away? said one freshman to another.

"Well—oh—the fact is, "returned his companion, "she gave me her negative."

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to an intoxicated fellow lolling in a marble fashion against a post.

"I have been practicing at a glass," was the reply.

Why Doesn't He.

Arabella—Here he is, just where he's been for six weeks; why doesn't he speak? I'm sure I encourage him enough.

George—Here she is, as usual, wearing a costume which cost more than I can make in six weeks. How can I ask her to marry me, as it would be impossible for me to suggest her in the same language in which she now lives!

He Couldn't Have Done It.

At one time the Hon. Charles Thompson, the celebrated stammering barrister, had for a client a man who was accused of selling liquor unlawfully. The prisoner was on an opposite bank described as alcoholic, and his nose might have served as a beacon on Eddystone Lodge on the darkest night. The testimony was taken, and the case went to mail Mr. Thompson rose to make his plea.

"Y-y-your Honor," he began, "I l-look at the j-j-jury. G-gentlemen of the j-jury, l-look at his Honor. Y-your Honor, l-look at the p-p-prisoner. P-p-prisoner, look at his Honor. G-gentlemen of the j-jury, l-look at the p-p-prisoner. D-d-does he look as if he'd s-s-sell a p-p-p-pint of liquor to anybody?"

The argument was irresistible. The case of the second cotyledon of the Cedar tree! and Mr. Thompson triumphantly won his case.

The Naughty Wife.

In one of the cities that lie over against Boston there is a family whose musician head is a man who has won considerable wealth from humble beginnings not within those of Commodore Vanderbilt, with the difference that while he, like Vanderbilt, began at a business, he has expanded into the banking business instead of into the railroad business. Ever since he became a banker his manner with his boss matter with the past Washtaw of her husband's new occupation, and has advertised it on every possible occasion. The boss has seen features on the line which cross into her with all heart here, and smile when she enters the car and greatly utters her complaint:

"Conductor, let me of at my husband's bank!"

One day lately a tramplish-looking gill fellow with a red nose got on the car just as the banker's wife desired the signal order to the conductor. The old man watched her performance curiously, and then arose, pulled himself together, and called out with an imperiousness air that was irresistible:

"Conductor, let me of at my old woman's present coach!"

A roar went through the car, and "my husband's bank" has been alluded to more than ever since that time.

A Warning to Smokers.

A member of the Texas Legislature engaged the services of a colored man named Cook. It was not long before the legislator had occasion to remark:

"Look, it's very singular that I miss so many of my cigars."

"Korrect, yer honorable dat I tole yer when yer fust hired me dat I smoked, and you said I wouldn't smoke in de house?"

"But, great Cæsar! you didn't suppose I gave you permission to smoke up my cigars?"

"Whom sigars did you reckon I'd smoke? Dat's sigars, did yer say? Dat I set permission for smokin my own sigars?"

He Wept Scalding Tears.

Arabel Blank in Philadelphia born, and has been educated in a very select school for young ladies.

Last week Arabel's dear papa took her to Cape May point and while there he pointed out to her a flock of birds on the beach.

"There," said the old gentleman, as the flock rose in the air, "look at those birds, Arabel. They are curlews."

"Oh," cooed the maiden, opening her big, innocent blue eyes, "how lovely! how splendid! Just to think, pa! It was only yesterday that I was reading that dear delightful poem of Mr. Cray's which begins, 'The curlew tolls the knell of parting day' Only imagine those tiny creatures, pa, tolling a great bell. How very strange."

Then the old gentleman sat down on the damp, damp sand and wept sudden tears and howled until the people thought he had the cholera.

The Latest Proverb.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can get your neighbor to do to-day, a lazy, fashionable young lady was heard to say recently.

What He Worked at During Summer.

"Say, Mister, don't you want a boy?"

"Are you out of work?"

"Yes."

"What did you do during the summer?"

"I took five onto fly-paper in druggists' windows; but fly time's over now."

Adventures of a Connecticut Parson.

An Essex clergyman recently attempted to enter his house late at night, having arrived home the only by green twenty by hour, without the knowledge of his family. A barrel under the pantry window offered him an easy mode of entering, and he sprang upon it. His foot had hardly touched at the head before it caved in, and he found himself plunged in a bath of soft soap. To extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament he was obliged to call for assistance, but before it was rendered he had a narrow escape from being shot for a burglar by a neighbor.

Farm and Home.

PACIFIC COAST CROPS.

Synopsis of Reports to the Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, November 20.—The Agricultural Bureau has received the following report from its agent in California as to the condition of the crops in that State. The conditions for the growth of corn have been favorable this season and a fair crop was made, with the quality a full average. Grapes are a fair average crop throughout the State as compared with a full crop. They have been favored with fair weather and the quality is very good. A few sections were visited by a light frost early in October, but no serious damage was done. Apples are not an average crop. Serious damage has been done in some sections by the codlin moth and stringent measures are needed for its extermination. Pears are a fair crop. They also were considerably damaged by the codlin moth. County correspondents in California, Oregon and Washington Territory report as follows respecting the corn crop in the counties named: California—San Luis Obispo—Corn is grown to some extent, but usually in mere fodder. Placer—An average crop. Butte—A poor yield, but good quality. San Benito—Very little raised, and that on low lands bordering the streams. San Mateo—Very little raised, except for green feed for milch cows. Tehama—Very little raised. Yuba—Crop not yet gathered.

In Oregon, Lane county reports an average crop. Douglas—Yield reduced, owing to drought. Linn—Short crop, owing to drought. Columbia—Crop somewhat affected by drought. Coos—Above an average crop. Yamhill—Average crop.

Washington Territory reports as follows: Skamania—The yellow dent corn "Pride of the North," received from the department was planted the 21 of June, and grew rapidly and formed fine large ears and matured before the rains set in this fall. Garfield—Very little corn is raised, but it is of five quality. Skaii—A good crop.

Returns have been received from the following counties: Alameda—Slightly damaged by the codlin moth. Contra Costa—Injured by the codlin moth. San Mateo—Good on the coast, but in the valleys damaged by the codlin moth. El Dorado—The fruit was badly worm-eaten and fell off before ripe.

On the subject of sorghum a correspondent in Sonoma county, W. T., says: "Seed sent by the department was planted on June 2nd, and it grew finely and matured, so we shall succeed in saving seed to plant another year."

Hop is thus spoken of by the county correspondents in California, Oregon and Washington Territory: California—San Luis Obispo—The crop is much larger than usual, and the quality is above the average. Fresno—There was a good crop, owing to the late rains in the spring, and it was cut and housed in fine condition. Fresno—The crop was of average quality, mainly alfalfa, and yielded from four to eight tonnes per acre in from three to five cuttings. Grass has yielded from one to two and one-half tons per acre. Humboldt—There was a lighter crop than was expected, but it was of fair quality. Alpine—The crop was damaged by too much rain in July. Butte—Good yield. Contra Costa—There was an unusual quantity secured and in good condition, the surveying indicate values of grain into hay. Kern—Alfalfa is the principal crop hay.

Oregon—Columbia—The crop was somewhat affected by drought. Lane—There was a poor crop, owing to drought. Yamhill—Only half a crop, owing to drought.

Washington Territory—Garfield—Very little tame hay is raised; wheat and barley are cut for hay. Walla Walla—Good crop. Skagit—Short crop, owing to drought.

A Terrible Punishment.

There is no lower pain or misery in life than that caused the parental heart by the ingratitude and crimes of bad sons and ugly daughters. The daily records of police courts show an appalling increase in juvenile crime, and in many cases the culprits are not the children of poverty, but the sons and daughters of parents who are intimate with the world and "fashionable society," as the saying is. Many children are brought to the theatre and sent to dancing school, and yet their parents wonder at their straying from the paths of virtue. These little children become "young ladies and gentlemen" sooner than readers and writers, and are accomplished in all the precious and vague of "polite and respectable society." They know the latest style of dress or the latest set of a dress coat. They can go through the most intricate figure of the latest dance, but ask them to recite the Apostles's Creed, or to make an Act of Faith, and they are astonished. It is true that they are sent to church on Sundays and holidays, but only to barely comply with the obligation of hearing Mass. Parents have a terrible responsibility. In the words of the patriot-pontiff, Archbishop Croke, "there are three things in particular which parents are bound to give their children—good example, wholesome admonition; or correction when they need it, and sound, reliable instruction in religious and secular matters," and if they do not discharge their duty they must not complain if a terrible punishment is their lot.

How Children Grow Good.

Good children are the greatest blessing which parents can have in this life, but they cannot hope to have them good unless they have been instructed in some goodness. The first and highest aim of Catholic parochial schools is to teach children true goodness.

It would appear surprising that after the Church of God declares Catholic children must attend Catholic schools, Catholic parents would refuse to obey the commandment in not that God Himself has given The Commandments to be kept and people refuse to keep them.

A benefit of Catholic parochial schools which cannot be overlooked is that pupils are obliged to go to confession and receive Holy Communion once a month. It may be said that parents who send their children to non-Catholic schools can send their children to receive these sacraments monthly, but the fact is they do not do so.

If parents were to turn their children out into the solid of winter without furnishing them with proper clothing, the world would denounce them as monsters of cruelty, but parents send their children out into the storm of life with their souls bare and naked of every virtue—without a vestige of Christian instruction to protect them, and the world never notices the injustice.

Remarkable Recovery of Treasure

The English divers did Capt. R. F. Stevens, Lloyd's surveyor, have recovered from Grand Canary river running a cargo of no less than £90,000. This amount was lying buried in 15 feet deep about a mile from the southernmost limit of the island, and went down about two years ago in the steamer Alphonse XII. The steamer had on board £100,000 worth of Spanish dollars on their way to Cuba. They were 80 gold pieces, and were specially mined for the long voyage, being the only £. pieces bearing the year 1881. The insurance on the money was effected at Lloyd's, and was paid over to the insurers after the vessel foundered. After a lapse of over a year Capt. R. F. Stevens and three English divers were sent out to try and recover the precious treasure. They succeeded in bringing up nine boxes containing specie of the value of £19,000 such, but the bags had could not be found, and the divers had to come away without it.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH

Regarding the Functions of an Important Organ.

Of Which the Public Know But Little—Worthy Careful Consideration.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:—Will you permit me to make a few remarks in the public ear, facts we have learned during the past 8 years, concerning disorders of the kidneys and the urinary organs, which we have found always to rarely break down. You are conducting a scientific journal and no superfluous except in favor of Truth. It is useless to say an unauthorized journal of "Code" speaking would admit these facts for very obvious reasons.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in this washbowl before you, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width and one in thickness, and that it weighs in the adult male about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ? you say. But understand, the body of man at his best state, must contain about *ten quarts of blood, of which every drop must pass through these organs every day,* they may be called, *many times a day,* and when in a healthy state, it is purified, strong and fruitful; from apparent "fresh blood" to the jugular.

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, tell us that nine-tenths of all sickness and premature disease, *by high sounding name, treat them alone, and patients die, for the actual cause was carrying also death to the affected parts, constantly,* adding fuel to each fire, thus engorging, pouring, pelting kidneys which were in capacity, under very contraction itself, and which should have been cured first. But this is what all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity lifted. This too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right. I have no pain in the back." Mistake most. People die of kidney disease of so bad a character that the organs are rotten, and yet they have *never have had a pain or an ache!*

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidneys, *where there are few nerves to feeling to convey the sensation of pain.* Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder that the ill health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder sexes writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine with even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The en si skilled physicians cannot detect it in time. *Before the disease, advanceness is examined by any means which we have at our command.* Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are nearly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter how obscure, is fatal, to life, and as slow in its very death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of those secretive values in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give those organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent the usually dreaded disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes you some year must known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable in the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by if you read it, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

A Child's Banners at the Table.

Nothing attracts attention so much as a child's behavior. And good manners are so easily cultivated as bad ones, if parents will only begin right. Especially accepting as a child's bad manners at the table. As an adequate adverting to this subject truly says:

"There is no excuse for it. It is the parent's fault always. Children will behave in a quiet and pleasant manner if they are taught to do so from first. It is the little sinful must be present, in order that his mother may come to the table, for like have a neat piece of cut cloth under his plate and napkin, and be furnished with a napkin of large bib handiez. Every child likes to sit at the table, but he should be made to understand from the beginning that his behavior inevitably insures his removal to nurse. Nurse with the privilege of finishing his meal alone afterward when no one is present to be annoyed. An environment in of this kind will effectually produce a quiet, obedient and delightful child, leaving parents for his turn to be served and taking care of when in a proper for him to do so. Nurse must remember that each child's taste about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity lifted. This too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

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Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Pianos Sold for Cash or Easy Payments.

Pianos Sold Cheaper than Any Other Manufacturer.

Pianos Sent on Trial, Freight Paid.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Inspection.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Exchange.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Rent.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Sale.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Cash.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country on Easy Terms.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country on Trial.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Tuning.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Repairing.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Boxing.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Shipping.

Pianos Sent to Any Part of the Country for Delivery

POWER OF RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

ing a political speech in the guise of a pastoral address to his clergy assembled in his cathedral, no more than I should be prepared to follow the example of that other eminent dignitary of the same church who regardless of the feelings of, at all events, some individual members, whether by accident, of his flock, embodied a denunciation of his own political views in the form of a prayer to the Almighty, which he publicly read for use in the churches of his diocese.

Politicians are very out in their place, but a church, whether cathedral or parochial, is not the place for them; and I trust that the day is far distant when we at all events shall be found thus acting, regardless of the impropriety of such a lowering of the pulpit or the altar to the level of a political platform (cheers).

FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

But here in this hall, and especially on this day, this feast of our saintly Archbishop, I should feel it hard indeed to conceive of any address that I would regard as more thoroughly in place than yours (loud cheers) You very promise here is a public and an emphatic expression of that combined sentiment of Irish faith and Irish nationality which, thank God, is as vigorous and as active amongst us now as it has ever been at any period in the history of the past. That we have to-day to give thanks for this—let us make unreadjustment of it—is no small degree due to the watchful prayers and intercession for us of St. Lawrence, our special patron, and of the other minted patrons of the Irish Church.

IRELAND AND ROME.

It is owing also to the constant unswerving fidelity of your attachment to the centre of Catholic unity, the holy See of Rome (cheers). That fidelity you have preserved without a rupture or a flaw, despite the efforts of those enemies of our nation, if not of our faith, who have not scrupled, sometimes by bold misleading statements, sometimes by the omission of a single item of action, to sow in your minds the seeds of suspicion, and of loss of confidence in the Holy See. In speaking to you then I have especially in mind a speech or statement which I have recently met with in a newspaper. It was delivered not many days ago by

A CERTAIN PROMINENT ENGLISH NOBLEMAN,

OUR ON OUR OWN FAITH.

In it he managed to convey, though he did not dare openly to assert, that the influence of the Holy See could now be secured for the advancement of English interests in Ireland (cries of Never). I am glad to hear that confident cry, for, believe me, it can never be; that is to say, it can never be secured by any effort to crush out a movement such as that of which the organization from which this address has been presented is here the local representative, in one, of course, the constitutional effort in which you are engaged for the restoration of your rights legislative (cheers). The nobleman to whom I thus refer seems to have conveyed to his hearers that the faithful of the Holy See is adverse to this national movement, and that the influence of that see, through the Sovereign Pontiff may soon be exercised, at the suggestion of an English Minister, to wither from all further expression of sympathy with that movement myself and other prominent ecclesiastics whom it is unnecessary for me to name. Now, of course,

THE HOLY SEE CANNOT CONTEMPLATE

to constitute such ridiculous fictions. But is, I think, of course important that they should not be allowed to pass altogether without notice, and I have thought it my well to refer to the matter here to-day (cheers). I have brought here with me, as a human newspaper, the *Monitor* de Rome, which, I believe, is the Papal organ, and I have brought it that I may read for you a short article in reference to the political address of the Home Rule cause. It may be well to say to you that although it would be an exaggeration to speak of this paper as being exactly the "organ" of the Holy See, yet it is well known throughout Europe that no view is likely to be put forward in it of which His Holiness disapproves. For this article which I am about to quote has reference to the present convention of the English Liberal party at Leeds—the convention that was presided over by our late Secretary, Mr. John Morley (loud cheers). What, then, does the article say? I will read it for you.

"As we yesterday announced (it says) to the public that the Liberal party in the English Liberals has adopted a resolution pledging the Liberal party to make up whatever Ministry shall propose Home Rule for Ireland—to maintain that Ministry without finding until the question is finally settled" (renewed cheers).

"We congratulate the English Liberals on their fidelity to the programme of the party and of nationality, in view of the inability of the new Government to find a satisfactory solution of the problem, the Home of Home Rule is sources. The people of Ireland have shown that they can be patient and persevere in their present peaceful attitude without even their political representatives are now constrained to speak with respect."

(Loud and prolonged cheering). May I not (cheers) that you will totally fail (cheers) and be seen to fail (cheers) and be seen to fail (cheers). Fulfilling it, that is to say, maintaining your present attitude, and allowing yourselves to be driven one inch from your position, you will secure, remain for yourselves that sympathy which you now hold in such abundant measure, not only from all parts of Europe as well as America, the sympathy especially of the Holy See, the sympathy of the Holy See, the sympathy which necessarily cannot be regarded as throughout which it has been given to a people who, when forming to themselves their ideals of the proper type of Irish patriotism, have intended one from the line of Archbishops of this See, and in doing so have relied on the Holy See. In speaking to you then I have especially in mind a speech or statement which I have recently met with in a newspaper. It was delivered not many days ago by

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Farm and Home.

California Raisins.

California is rapidly gaining first rank as a raisin producing country. It was reduced to a certainty that raisin grapes can be produced here with profit to the vineyardist at one and one-half cents per pound. It has been demonstrated that three pounds of Muscat grapes will make a pound of raisins. The cost of curing and boxing is estimated at one and one-half cents per pound, one cent per pound is allowed for freight, commission, etc., giving as the total cost of producing and marketing raisin grapes, one cent. This would pay all expenses and leave the producer $30 per ton for his grapes. At five tons per acre, an ordinary yield in Yolo county, it would give the producer a return of $150 per acre. It is estimated that the annual requirements of this market are 20,000 tons. It is also estimated that the production of this year will amount to 60,000 tons, leaving 40,000 for Eastern shipment. That there is no danger of overstocking the market may be gathered from the annual importation of foreign raisins into this country, which, for several years, have ranged from 1,000,000 to 1,300,000 packages, valued at 1,500,000 to 2,500,000 at New York alone. Here, then, would appear to be at least one branch of the fruit industry open to our farmers that has not been overdone, and is not likely to be for years to come. The curing of raisins, unless wine-making, requires no costly appliances. A piece of ground with a south surface, sloping to the south, and provided with movable covering to keep off rains and showers, is all that is required. Indeed, some of the finest raisins ever brought to this market have been cured upon the ground between the rows of vines upon which the grapes were grown. It is well settled that among the most experienced producers in the State that however superior machine-dried fruit of other varieties may be, the best raisin raisins are cured by sunshine.—*Yolo Mail.*

Healthy Underclothing.

In the choice of woolen underclothing Perkins says: The touch is a great guide. There should be smoothness and great softness of texture; to the eye the texture should be close, the hairs standing out from the surface of equal length, not long and straggling. The heavier the substance, is, in a given bulk, the better. In the case of blankets, the softness, thickness and closeness of the pile, the closeness of the texture and the weight of the blanket are the best guides. The non-conducting power of woolen fabrics insures under continual washing, the soft fibres shrink, become harder and less absorbent. In washing woolen articles they should never be rubbed or wrung. They should be immersed in hot soap suds, moved about, and then plunged into cold water; when the soap is entirely removed they should be hung up to dry without wringing. Nightdresses made of cotton are preferable. In manner a thin material may be chosen; for winter the so-called "cotton flannel" is the most comfortable. The night-dress should be long, loosely fitted and bottom easily about the neck. Those people who are habituated to sleeping with the arms uncovered (and in cold weather to be secured against chills by thick under flannels. All undergarments ought to be changed at night, and the under vest for night wear should be as warm as that employed during the day. The one removed on rising should be carefully aired with the bed clothing; during the night the other should hang over a chair near a window. To dress and undress in an intensely cold room is a hardship which should, if possible, be escaped. Wool does, so rapidly heating, are far better for chambers than those in which coal are burned; light kindlings soon warm them sufficiently, and the temperature quickly falls after the sleeper has enjoyed his sponge bath and is comfortably nuzzoned in bed.

The Largest Farm in the World.

In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest, paying farm in the world. It runs 100 miles north and south and twenty-five miles east and west, is owned and operated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists. Their general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives an interesting account of this gigantic plantation, which throws the great Dalrymple farm of Dakota into the shade completely. He was recently by a reporter at the St. James Hotel last night and asked to give the particulars of his gigantic enterprise. "The million and a half acres of land in our tract," Mr. Watkins said, was purchased in 1885 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States Government. At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the lumbermen of the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 50,000 head of half wild bronco and cattle. My first work was to divide the immense tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations or ranches every six miles, the farm is alone root in the neighborhood of $50,000. The land I find to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn, and cotton.

"All our cultivating, ditching, &c., is done by steam power. We have a track, my half a mile wide for instance, and place an engine at each side. These engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plowgs, and under this arrangement we are enabled to plow thirty acres a day with only the labor of three men. Our harrowing, planting, and other cultivating is done in a like manner. In fact, there is not a draught-horse on the entire place. We have, of course, horses for the breeders of cattle, of which we now have 18,000 head. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for thirty-six miles through our farm. We have three steamboats operating on the waters of our own estate, upon which there are 300 miles of navigable waters. We have an ice factory, a bank, a ship yard and a rice mill."

Incubators a Failure.

So far as raising broilers and chickens for roasting is concerned, the incubator is emphatically a failure. The sale of incubators is principally confined now to the the new crop of experimenters that is always appearing in the community, who amuse themselves by figuring out on paper a short cut to fortune through raising chickens at wholesale, ignoring the mother hen, accepting only the egg, she lays. We can scarcely find a practical farmer who has purchased and used an incubator, who is satisfied with the system. A. C. Hawkins, of Lansdowne, the most extensive poultry raiser in the country, has no fault in incubators, but condemned their use as entirely entirely for his success upon the natural ways of the hen.

One of the most observant and most experienced dealers in poultry at Quincy market informs us that broiler chickens are decidedly inferior to those reared in a natural way. Their meat has an insipid flavor. It has a pale, sickly, unnatural appearance. The flesh is soft, like putty. Their physique may be likened to flowers and vegetables grown in the shade and artificially forced in the house. They lack keeping quality when dressed and placed on the market and will not command the highest price. Many first-class hotels will not buy them, though the chickens retain a good size. They seem to get a false start at birth, and always retain the artificial character so unfavorable in contrast with the strong, rugged, spontaneous hatched and reared in the natural way.—*American Cultivator.*

Family Fun.

Afraid He Doesn't Love Her.

Mrs. McSpillikins' mother is stopping with the family, and there is some little feeling. Johnny McSpillikins was reading a Texas paper about a man who had killed his brother. Johnny asked:

"Pa, is a man who kills his brother a fratricide?"

"Yes," responded Mr. McSpillikins.

"What is a man who kills his father?"

"A patricide."

"And when he kills his wife?"

"Uxoricide."

"And when he kills his wife's mother?"

"Justifiable homicide," replied McSpillikins, glaring at the old lady.

In Innocent Abroad.

It doesn't make any difference what his other name was, but he was a Congressman in Paris and he had never been there before. It is the custom in the city when a stage is full to put up the sign "Complet" and no more passengers can get in. Our Congressman wanted to see everything, and as these labled stages would pass him he would try to stop them; but this driver would shake his head and drive on.

"You can't get in any of those," said an English-speaking citizen who had watched his vain attempts.

"But I was one of them," he pointed.

"Take one of the other with fewer people in it. There's plenty of them," urged the citizen.

"You go to thunder," he said angrily, "I guess I know what I want. I'm in this town to see the sights. Everybody seems to go to Compiet, and I'm going too. If I have to wait a week to catch a 'bus with room in for me. That's the kind of American citizen I am, and don't you forget it."

The President's Favorite Song.

Since his marriage Mr. Cleveland has not worked so incessantly as his wont, and often nowadays spends his evenings in the drawing-room with the ladies, sometimes joining them in a song. His favorite air is "Will The Circle Be Unbroken?" "Home and be roses out a base when his wife sings it that as first made the doorkeeper in the vestibule think some bagpipes had come to the yard. A couple of Senators called the other evening when Le was hum-ing an unusually good time, and as they entered the vestibule he was on some very high notes. They looked at each other in alarm and then at the doorkeeper, who, amused at the expression on their faces, laughed outright.

"What on earth is that horrible noise?" exclaimed the one who first recovered his presence of mind.

"It's only the President singing, sir," replied the doorkeeper.

"Is he often taken that way?"

"Pretty near every night of late, sir."

"Then I reckon we'd better call during the day," observed the Senator, as they started toward John Chamberlain's club house to tone down their amazement.

Haw She Gathered George in.

"You look very much excited, dear," he said when she entered the parlor where he was waiting for her.

"Well, I should think I ought to look excited," she answered.

"Why, what is the matter, my darling?" he inquired as he did his arm around her waist and pressed a kiss on her lips. "Has anything happened?"

"Yes, I guess I tell you! She said you were only trifling with me, and that you would never pop the question; and I told her she did you a great injustice, for I believe that you would pop the question tonight. She said you would laugh at me, and you would, and we had it hot and heavy. Dear George, you will not let her triumph over me, will you?"

"Why, certainly not," answered George.

"I knew it, my darling," the dear girl exclaimed; "come, let us go to sis and tell her how much mistaken she was!"

And they did, and sis didn't seem to be very much broken down over the affair after all.

How Hoosiers Spark.

In the early times there lived in Indiana a man by the name of George Boone, a descendant of the celebrated Daniel Boone. He would have stood well in those days if there were giants in the land. If there were over such. He was near seven feet high, with large bones and muscles; his feet were large and his feet were of extreme size in length, breadth and depth. The following anecdote was one Boone used to relate himself with evident relish, after he became one of the State Senators:

I was about eighteen years of age when, for the first time, I took it into my head to go a-courting. One of my neighbors a few miles off had a pretty daughter that I thought would just suit me.

It was late in the Fall, and the weather pretty cold, still, it was too early to put on stoves for those primitive times. When the Sunday afternoon came I dressed in my best butternut-colored suit, made some six months before, but was sorry to find that the pantaloons reached only just below my knees and my coat stretched over me as tight as an eel skin dried on a hop pole.

I started barefooted, wading the creeks and muddy bottoms till I reached the house.

The family were about sitting down to supper and invited me to eat. Sally sat by my side. They had musk and milk and plenty of it. The old lady, who was doling out the pudding, told me to pass the bowl. I reached out my hand with the bowl, but I had made no calculation of the size of the table, the space between the big milk pitcher and the bowl, nor the width of my hand. With all my embarrassment I struck the milk pitcher in some way up upset it, and out when the milk over the table, Sally and myself. She jumped up and went shaking with laughter into the other room. I saw all was lost. I saw nothing more of her.

When the clock struck ten, the old lady said: "Mr. Boone, won't you wash your feet and go to bed?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"Here is an old iron pot—all I've got that's fit," said the old lady.

I took the pot and found it so small that I could not get my feet in by sliding them in sideways. But I got them in. The water was hot and I soon found them swelling tighter and tighter; I couldn't get them out.

I said nothing, though the pain and agony was so great that the sweat rolled down my face. The clock struck eleven.

"Mr. Boone, are you done washing your feet?" sleepily inquired the old lady.

"What did this pot cost? I've got to break it, I ignorant.

"A dollar."

"Bring me the axe."

She brought it. I took the axe, broke the pot in pieces, handed the old lady $1, opened the door and started for home.

I never went there again.

CATHOLIC TEACHERS

Any institution or family in the city or country requiring a Catholic teacher can have their wants supplied free by sending to this office. We had over thirty young lady applicants for the position advertised last week, and twenty-one of them still remain unemployed.

THE GIANT OF MEDICINES.

The Most Effective and Popular Remedy Ever Discovered.

WHY IS IT SO EFFECTIVE IN SO MANY DIFFERENT DISEASES?

WHY one remedy can effect so many cases is this: The diseases have a common origin. Nine-tenths of all the human miseries, permanent and acute, all the diseases, Unlike any other organ in the body, the kidneys when diseased, must be free from pain, and the very fact that it is not painful leads many people to deny that it can be diseased. But *Medical Authorities* now know that it can *gnaw with disease and yet give forth no pain*, because it has few if any nerves of sensation, and these are the only means of conveying the sense of pain; thus unconsciously diseased it *affects the entire system*. We do not open a watch to see if it is going or is in good order. We look at the hands, note the accuracy of its time. So we need not open the kidneys to see if it is diseased. We study the condition of the system. Now then, *KIDNEY DISEASE* produces Any of the *following Common and Unexpected*

SYMPTOMS: Back ache; *Unusual desire to urinate at night;* Flutterings; *Dreary Death in water;* Irritated, hot and dry skin; Pickle Appetite; Scalding sensations; Acid, bitter taste, with furred tongue in the Morning; Headache and Neuralgia; Abundance of *pale, or scanty flow of like-colored water;* Sour Stomach; Heartburn with Dyspepsia; Intense pain, upon sudden excitement, in the Small of the Back; *Deposit of mucous same time after urination;* Loss of Memory; Rheumatism, chills and fever and Pneumonia; Dropsical Swellings; Red or white brick dust, *oftentimes not tube casts in the urine!* Constipation, alternating with Looseness; Sleet breath, Pleurisy and Bronchial affections; Yellowish pale skin, etc.

Those are only the *chief disorders* or symptoms caused by a diseased condition of the kidneys. Now then, isn't it clear to you that the kidneys, being the cause of all these disagreements, if they are restored to health by the great specific **"Warner's SAFE Cure,"** the majority of the above symptoms will disappear? There is NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT. It does cure many bad states of the system, especially as we have indicated. Now when the kidneys are diseased, the albumen, the life property of the blood, escapes through their walls and passes away in the water. Hence, when the kidneys are diseased, *the life-giving albumen in the blood*, that, circulating throughout the entire body, *affects every organ, and produces all the diseases of the system.*

Therefore, we say confidently that **"Warner's SAFE Cure,"** *THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEDICINE OVER DISCOVERED* the human race. His the common remedy which, *overcoming the common causes, cures the greatest possible number of evil effects from the system.* Let us note a few of these diseases and how they are caused by kidney poison, and cured by

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE."

CONSUMPTION: In a great many cases Consumption is only the *effect* of a diseased condition of the kidneys. A diseased condition of the kidneys, if of long standing, *causes the lungs to become diseased*, and the tissues of the lungs *are destroyed*. Day your finger in acid and it is burned. Wash the finger every day in acid and it soon becomes a festering sore and is completely destroyed. The kidney poison acid in the blood has *the same destructive effect upon the lungs.* For this reason a great many persons who have been given up by the Physicians and have taken a journey in the Spring of the year, long fevers, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, etc., all seasons of the year, finally the action of the kidneys by **"Warner's SAFE Cure,"** so many hundreds of thousands have recovered, and you will be *surprised at the improvement in the condition of the lungs.*

IMPAIRED EYE-SIGHT: Kidney *poison* with some persons has *an especial tendency to affect the eyes*, causing a *slightly for the optic nerve*, and through neglect or improper treatment, the eyes have become diseased, many persons have written us expressing their gratitude that after a thorough course of treatment with **"Warner's SAFE Cure,"** their *eye-sight has been vastly improved.* In fact, one of the best scholars in the country says that *half the pitiful* that comes to him with bad eyes, upon examination he discovers are *victims of kidney disorder.* We have no doubt that the reason why so many people complain of failing eye-sight early in life, is that, all unconscious to themselves, their *kidneys have been out of order for years*, and the kidney poison is gradually ruining the eyes.

OPIUM HABITS: It is a well-known fact recently shown anew, that opium, ability to *supplant morphine*, cocaine, whisky, tobacco and other enslaving habits *supplant morphine*, cocaine, whisky, tobacco and other enslaving habits. In these organs *the appetite is developed and unslaved*, and the best authorities state, that the *habits cannot be gotten rid of until the kidneys and liver are restored to perfect health.* For this purpose, leading medical authorities, after a thorough examination of all claimants for the honor of being the only specific for those organs, have awarded the prize to **"Warner's SAFE Cure."**

RHEUMATISM: Every vegetable physician will tell you that rheumatism is caused by an excess of lactic acid in the system. With some it is lactic acid, or lithic acid, or liver poison. *This acid condition is caused by inactivity of the kidneys*, which should remove the *poisons of the blood and excrementing organs.* It affects the people more than any other disease, and the reason why it has been so baffling to cure is because the acid has been collecting in the system for years and finally the system becomes entirely acidified. These acids produce all the various forms of rheumatism. **"Warner's SAFE Cure"** has cured rheumatism by restoring the kidneys and liver, neutralizing the acid and correcting their false action, since many years of rheumatism. **"Warner's SAFE Cure"** has cured rheumatism, alternating with the use of "Warner's Safe Cure" complained the work.

BLADDER DISORDERS: that most of the bladder diseases *originate in the false action of the kidneys*, causing them to secrete a *gritty* deposit, running through those organs inflamed and eventually destroyed the inner membrane, producing the *intense agonies* of the bladder, and *infinite pains* in the kidney in the form of travail, which is to descend to the bladder producing *kidney colic.* Almost all these ailments, with the use of **"Warner's SAFE Cure"** have proved thousands *entirely free from all* of these ailments.

WEAK BACKS: Kidney *Weakness* and other *Diseases* of the kidneys and liver, *strengthen the back*, and *relieve the tenderness* in the loins, the *pain of aches and stiffness.* *It challenges comparison* with all other remedies in this work. Buy to-day.

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE."

CONGESTION: Congestion is a collecting together of blood in any one organ or part of the body. Congestion is a form of nervous action in any organ the blood vessels constrict, the blood flows to the place. Hence congestion of the kidneys very long the collecting blood clots and *eventually destroys the organs.* Many persons are unconscious sufferers of this very common *common cause*, and have determined as it is to force blood into every part of the system, has in work harder to get it through the diseased *kidneys* than to force it everywhere *in the heart beats.* Congestion and palpitation, excessive action, rush of blood to the head, distressing headaches, delirium tremens, *Congestion has become chronic* and is doing cause to the entire system. Congestion of the kidneys is one of the commonest of complaints and is the *beginning of much chronic misery.* **"Warner's SAFE Cure"** is all removed.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS. What we have said about Congestion applies to Kidney Diseases, and Prolapsus Uterus, Inflammation and Ulceration, Leucorrhœa, Irregularity, Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, Dragging Pains, Flatulence, Dizziness, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Depression of Spirits, Nervous Irritability, Hot Flashes

IRELAND'S PATRIOT DEAD.

Beautiful Letter from Archbishop Croke.

Mr. John O'Brien, Hon. Secretary of the "National Monument's Committee," 41 York street, Dublin, has received the following important letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel:

THE PALACE, THURLES, Dec. 2.

"*My Dear Sir*:—I agree fully with you in thinking that it is not at all to the credit of the Irish Nationalists to have suffered the remains of Ireland's patriots whom you name in your letter, just recalled, to be so long in Glasnevin Cemetery without some suitable monumental over them—express or limit, some token for the dead and some public acknowledgment for their self-sacrificing devotion to their native land.

"I am well aware, to be sure, that it has been said of them (as it has been repeatedly said and written of the Young Irelanders of 48—and of all who sympathized with them—) that their mission was a Quixotic one—a dead and discredited failure; that, however personally brave and gifted, their prudence and judgment as a party were wofully at fault; that there was no proportion, whatever, between the end they aimed at, and the means at their disposal to attain it; and, that, therefore, the very best which even Irish patriots could reasonably vouchsafe to them would be—not, indeed, a movement in bronze or marble—but simply the charitable silence of posterity.

"I yield, I think, to no one in my admiration of the men who are fighting in the battle of our country—who have suffered, and are prepared to suffer, obloquy and misjudgement in her cause; whose consolers opportunities for the last forty years, (very constitutional ones) have unhinked within the bound of sanity in Irish hearts, the spirit and aspirations that are thought to be alien to the free; who have preached and propagated the unpopular doctrine, that the land of Ireland belongs to the whole Irish nation, for the Irish people, and not a paltry and pampered few; and that in his the first claim to the soil when he laboriously tilled it and made it fruitful.

"But, at the same time, no one who was a full sympathy with that earlier generation of patriots, whose youthful enthusiasm triumphed them, where there was a quarter of a century ago,—to risk life and liberty in the hallowed name of Ireland, will be most grateful to me, on reflection, to know and feel that even the most damaging defeats of the epoch in a nation's life have often been the incentive to many an ample, and that too sentimental and—even unphap in sorrow,—but frequently matured into a harvest of plenty and delight.

"Then, I believe it has come to pass that Mitchell's Jail Journal, Duffy's deep historic research and organizing skill, the lethal poetry of Thomas Davis, the sympathy poem, and Meagher's entrancing oratory—to say nothing of the sad-starring, yet eminently instructive lessons that were really imparted to us by our fathers, through the columns of the old *Nation*, though they failed to arouse into needful activity the slumbers to which they were addressed,—far from being lost on succeeding generations of Irishmen, they have, silently, but effectively led up to the conscious of our own days, and that at last, have borne ample and most valuable fruit.

"It is like summer, the buds, blossoms and deeds of daring so conspicuously associated with the abortive rising of 67 (though in many respects be deplorable) will yet be being barren, in lasting or beneficial results; and the school of the men who chiefly figured in the memorable scenes of that eventful year should not, therefore, be allowed to remain unhonored, any longer, on Irish earth.

"I am glad, then, to learn that your committee is about to erect a monument in Glasnevin Cemetery, over the remains of Thomas Francis Meagher, Kickham, Luby, and others, and I pray you to accept the subscription of £5 from me as my subscription towards it.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"+ T. W. CROKE,

"Archbishop of Cashel.

A Champion of Catholic Education

New that Catholic schools are springing up all over the country and that the Catholicity of school-rooms is considered as many as our schooltime, even among the non-Catholics, is so greatly indebted to many those who labored in the cause when labor-ers were few and prospects dark, it is meet at once renew to the minds of all who have benefited by the development of the school question during the past half-century the memory of the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester N. Y.

Over 30 years ago he was in pastoral charge of the Catholic congregation of Utica, N. Y. They were mainly poor and without influence. The anti-Catholic element was strong, fierce and active. Any priest in his place, even at this late day, would certainly be excused from the decree of the Baltimore Council concerning school-building. The young priest was the head of a school, through school-building and teachers were a first cost of the premium. He turned the priest's house into a school and himself became the teacher. Later he was called to the hand of Bishop Bayley in founding a complete system of religious teachers and establishing a diocesan school system for the new diocese of Newark, which then included the whole State of New Jersey. He was also founder and first president of the Seton Hall College.

There are now nearly 30,000 children in the Christian free schools in the dioceses of Newark and Trenton; and a few weeks ago Bishop McQuaid presented at the laying of the cornerstone of a new and magnificent school in Morristown, where long ago he gave an important address of his earnest zeal in the cause to which his whole life has been devoted.

Appointed Bishop of Rochester in 1868, he found the new diocese, except for a few little confessions in his episcopal city, destitute of schools. In the face of difficulties which would have deterred even a lofty resolute spirit, he set at repeating on a new field the work he had done so successfully in New Jersey; and in little more than ten years the entire diocese was provided with a free schools, which magnificent judges have pronounced unsurpassed in America.

During this time his articles in the *North American Review*, the *Journal of Education*, the *New York Independent*, etc., attracted wide attention. He was looked to as the foremost champion of Catholic education from the Catholic standpoint, and in recognition of many and urgent invitations he curved on this theme in the principal cities of the Union.

Readers of the *Pilot* will remember his lecture, ten years ago, in Boston, at the invitation of the Free Religious Association (Free Thinkers). He then expressed his conviction that the equitable settlement of the school question would come from Boston and Massachusetts, which in the very outset of their history made religion the cornerstone of education. The recent eminent utterance of President Eliot, of Harvard University, and a prominent Boston newspaper's acknowledgment—quoted in a late issue of the *Pilot*—of reason in Catholic demands, and the wisdom of concceding something to them, begin to give to the Bishop's words the prophetic aspect.—*Pilot.*

Sermons.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact "*Brown's Bronchial Troche* have attained for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes. Price* 25 cents.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ARMAGH.—As from Lisburn to Lurgan and Armagh and around the eastern side of Lough Neagh, so from Armagh to Monaghan and Omagh, and from Cookstown to Bangsacon, and to Lough Neagh's western shores, the same sad story, with slight,—very slight, variation indeed, greets the wearied and worried inquirer's ear. Agricultural depression is in every possible phase, without a solitary redeeming feature or a single countervailing circumstance, in the exceptionless rule. One hears of Russian mains driving out Canadian and American maize or making them cheap, or Indian wheat of unsurpassed quality arriving in increasing volumes of money-lenders, mortgagees, arrears of rent, unsalable farms; withheld credit on the part of large farmers, towards small ones, and flour-shopkeepers towards large and small alike. There is, unhappily, a further element of moderness, which, some two months ago, could hardly be expected, and of which there were then few indicatiqns, but which of late has assumed increasingly alarming dimensions. The potato crop is universally admitted, even strongly, to be short, half the value of the crop for 1885. This is understood to be the result of the very unfavorable weather and the backward season, but especially of the disastrous floods of the last three or four weeks throughout the entire valley of the Black water, and the valley of the Gallan, the potato crop is either lying under water or canned beneath the soil, in a quantity recently dug out turned out to be utterly rotten, and in a state in which an even pigs would eat them.

Mrs. Garrett, of Annaglanaon, attempted, last month, to sell her farm of 60 acres, with efficient grazing, at a solitary offer. The farm could easily have been sold for £800 about six years ago, and for half as much again seven years before that. Two years ago the tenant-right on land, of much the same quality, in the same neighborhood, was sold at £25 per acre. On an estate immediately adjoining Colonel Waring's, about three miles from Banbridge, and on the lowland of Clara, fair farmers, natives of English, Murray, Dickson, and Urry, attempted to dispose of their tenant-right. Their farms are all good ones, varying from 18 to 25 acres, and therefore within the purchasing power of comparatively poor men. Yet, not as much as an offer was made for either of them. And, it is remembered, there is no so called illegal combination of farmers, the district being thoroughly Orange, Protestant, landlord-loving, and loyal.

CORK.—At the Conskilty Convent, on Nov. 30, the solemn ceremony of profession took place, when Mary Ignatius, Religious Sister M. Ganley, daughter of the late Dr. Curran, of Youghal, made her solemn vows.

The tenants of the Blennerhasset estate have adopted the "Plan of Campaign," and removed all their rents and property off the lands.

The Mallow Board of Guardians have adopted a resolution to extend the "boycott" to evicted tenants and destitute landlords."

The usual monthly meeting of the Cork diocesan Clergy, took place on Dec. 13, in the Cathedral. The Bishop, the Dean, and all the members were present, with the exception of Canon Barry, P. P., Glounthane, who was absent through illness. The meeting was signalized by the formal installation of Dr. O'Callaghan as Bishop of Cork. The Papal Bull authorizing his consecration as Coadjutor Bishop of Cork, with right of succession to Dr. Delaney, was read to the assembled Canons and Rev. Rochfort, Dean of Cork, who presided, which was signed by the Pope, and bearing the seal of the Vatican, of the Diocese of Cork. The Bishop, robed in full canonicals, was then conducted to the throne, where, for the first time, he took his seat.

On Nov. 27th, the memorial to the late Very Rev. Canon Buckley, P. P., that had been designed and wrought by Mr. John Davis—a rising young sculptor of College Street, Cork,—was erected and unveiled in the church recitunce at Bottlevaul. The memorial in question has taken the form of a double-faced Celtic cross, one side of which over the church where the departed priest had ministered so zealously. The other looks out upon the street, as once attending attention by his graceful and stately appearance, and by the rich carving and pointed beauty, rendered a memento wrought with finished touch by the deft and cunning chisel of the artist. The cross upon a double limestone bloth, on which rests a well-cut base of Beaumont granite, in which are inserted one front and two side panels of white Carrara marble.

Mr. James Elvin Flynn, J. P., Kilmine, Cork, died suddenly on Nov. 25th. Mr. Flyn contested the representation of Cork at the general election of 1874.

The residence of the Irish Capuchin province has been removed from Rochestown, County Cork, to Kilkenny, and has the parsistery school, in the latter city, under the direction of Father John Sexe, has transferred to Rochestown.

Alderman John O'Brien, who has been selected as National candidate for the Mayoralty of Cork, for 1887, was sent to gaol for three months with hard labor a few years ago for an inflammatory speech delivered at a National League meeting in Bantry.

DONEGAL.—General James Trodine, who has granted Creely a reduction of 30 per cent. in the rents in his estate at Ardara, County Donegal, has for great popularity with the parish priest with the foregoing result.

DOWN.—Sir Richard Wallace is announced to have given £10,000 towards the erection of an Episcopalian church in Paris The Belfast *Echo* reminds Sir Richard Wallace that charity begins at home.

On the Downshire estate, where the tenant-right used to fetch from £30 to £40 per acre, the tenantry have just applied for a rent reduction, and been refused. "We are paying for our loyalty," said one old fellow. "We may get tired of doing so one of these days."

DUNGANNON.—Mr. Thomas Dickson, Dungannon, has received a letter from the Estate of Lord Dunraven, and held a meeting on Nov. 30th, and resolved to ask the landlord for a reduction of 25 per cent. The tenants on the estate of Captain Douglas are having political issues with their landlord, and asked a reduction on the rent-day. The tenants' request was refused, and they left without paying anything.

MAYO.—On Nov. 26th, Mr John Dillon and Mr. Wm. O'Brien, attended at Ballinglosheen the day having been appointed by Mr Hinnes for the collection of the rents by Mr M P. Hussey, on land Dillon's property. Nearly 6000 people were present to meet the popular leaders. The rent-collector, introducing a number of clergymen, waited on the agent and demanded a reduction of 25 per cent, which was refused. The tenants then begged to pay; but helped it in the hands of trustees. The result being that, while the agent did not get one shilling, the popular leaders received over £6,000.

The work of reconstructing the bridge at Moinvaine (Angelica) the ratios of this town on the road between Glenamay and Portarlin—the latter, one of the finest fishing stations in Mayo—is progressing satisfactorily. In the midst of a populous district where the swelling of the mountain streams frequently interrupted traffic and communication, seriously inconvenience the poor inhabitants, the work will prove one of very great utility and a worthy monument of the kind-hearted lady who originated it. The bridge will be a white marble slab with the following inscription: "Annie Brady Bridge. Erected by public subscription, A. D., 1886. Through the exertions of the lady whose name it bears, Annie, wife of Sir Thos. Brady, J. P., her Majesty's Inspector of Irish Fisheries, the bridge was erected. The idea occurred of her first crossing this ford she felt for the sufferings of the poor Irish in when her heart was ever open, and determined to procure the requisite funds to carry out the work. It pleased the Almighty to take her to Himself before this, her labor of love, was completed. She died on the 17 of June, 1886, beloved by all who knew her. Her husband, who undertook to complete the work, and it is thought it will be more than £100 more to complete it. Excavations had to be made to a depth of fourteen feet in order to find a suitable foundation. The design of the bridge is by Mr. Glover, late County Surveyor for South Mayo.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—The solemn ceremony of the profession of Nun of Charity took place at St. Brigid's Convent, Abbeyleix, on Nov. 30th. The young lady professed was Miss Anastasia Kinsella (in religion Sister Mary Lesetan), daughter of the late Patrick Kinsella, Leighlin.

BOROKMORE.—Mrs. M. Magann, of Kilnaboy, Lanigbel, has given a reduction of 30 per cent. to the tenants on her property, near Lanesboro, County Roscommon, which is considered satisfactory, as the grass could not be valued in the ordinary manner, and she has also offered to accept the amount of the rent in three years, reducing the present rent to £50 in 30 per cent., and which most of the tenants are willing to pay.

On Nov. the 28th, the remains of the late Rev. Wm. Magrath, P. P., Killoyer were removed to the parish chapel, Killoyer, the following clergymen were at assisting at High Mass—Celebrant, Rev. Michael O'Connor, Ballyfarnon; Deacon, Lynch, C. C.; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Neary, C. C.; master of ceremonies, Rev. M. McKeogh, C. C. The mass was sung by the parish priest, Rev. Wm. Magrath.

MAYO.—A valuable and elegant vase was won in the West Ward of Sligo Bor. on Nov. 30th. Two Nationalists not hold the places, in the Municipal representation of that Ward, which were lost for the last three years by Parnell. Three latest accession to the National Party in the Sligo Corporation, gave that party a decided preponderance. Of the 18 burgesses who came to the polls beneath 50 were Nationalists and 47 were Tories. The Nationalists were Mr. Kenton 56; Mr Chrystal 5; for Mr. McHugh mayor, 47 for Mr. Nolan; and voted for Mr. Chrystal, 52 for Mr. McHugh, and 5 for Mr. Fenton. All the Tories voted for Mr. Fenton; 7 for Mr. Chrystal and 1 for Mr. McHugh.

The Hon. Evelyn Ashley, the proprietor of the Palmerston estate in the county Sligo, and which is situated along the coast between Sligo and Ballyshannon, was lately waited on by his tenants to request a reduction in the rents due on the 1st of Nov. Mr Ashley has been for some time residing at Classybawn, and a deputation of some of the leading tenants waited on him, and asked him for a reduction of rent. They received their representations with attention, and promised to give a reduction of 5s on all judicial rents fixed by the Sub-Land Commissioners, and to the greater part of tenants who did not go into the Land Court.

WATERFORD.—The tenants on the property of the Hon. Maurice Smith, Ballycarry, co. Waterford, have adopted the "Plan of Campaign" in good earnest. Some years ago, on the Ballycarry estate, which is very extensive, quite half a dozen tenants who have not adopted the "plan" have left the place, and the rents of those who have hitherto held aloof will fall into arrears with their fellows, if they do so.

SYSTEMATIC.—Miss Beckett, of Sidebrook, Rathfarnham, in the county Wicklow, widow, was, on the 23rd of Nov. 1886, married.

Mr. James Tuite, M. P., writes as follows of the Birthwalk Tenants to the Editor of the Dublin *Freeman*:—In the year 1881, I addressed a letter to the Lord Lieutenant asking an inquiry into the case of the Birthwalk tenants. After the lapse of three weeks I have received a reply in the usual Castle phraseology—that Mr. Excellency, having given the matter his most attentive consideration, and carefully which he had received from the preceding Viceroys—namely, that the law must take its course." Injury is again aggravated, but the facts upon which I based my claims to an inquiry remain unrefuted. However, my constituents and the friends of the primary may rest assured that the case of these cruelly wronged men shall not rest here, and that I shall take the earliest opportunity of again exposing in the House of Commons the treatment of these unfortunate men.

WEXFORD.—The following clerical changes have been made in the diocese of Ferns—Rev. T. Sparkes, C. C., Enniscorthy, to be P. P., Tullycanor; Rev. T. Fallon, to be C. C. Enniscorthy; Rev. Hanlon Walsh, to be P. P. Ballyragget; Rev. Jas. Byrne, C. C. Ballyragget, to be C. C. Enniscorthy; Rev. Henry Cleary, C. C. Enniscorthy, to be C. C. Ballyragget.

On Nov. 26th, the large tannery establishment of Messrs. Thomas Doran and Co., Priary street, New Ross, was burned down, involving a loss of £3,000.

The project of erecting a parochial house for the Parish Priest and Curates of St. Mary's, New Ross, being seen started under ecclesiastical auspices in a manner to be carried out cheerfully and promptly by the laity.

On Nov. 9, the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of the diocese, received into the Community of the Christian Brothers, Brangane, Miss Isabella Morris, of Sacrries, in the Archdiocese of Dublin.

Fleets Gifts

Fleets medicine with equal caution. Fleets Bottles for Fleets Gifts Fleets Gifts Fleets Gifts

Poetry.

THE PRICELESS THINGS.

These are valgar things we pay for, be they cheap (or or of terms of sleep;
While the precious and the peerless are neglected symbolic things

Gentle deeds are scorned and cancelled, weighed and measured out for gold;
But the debts from man to man, their account is never told.

Always, see, the noblest actions keep their highest price unknown;
Cheapness's dandelion lion frowned above unlettered stone.

Ah, the Greeks knew; Come their victors honored from the sacred games,
Under orchos red with roses, flushed to hear their shouted names;

See their native cities take them, broach the wall to make a gate!
What expense reward is theirs who bring such honors to their Thebes!

In the forum stand they proudly, take their prize from the priest;
Little crowsfoot pine and parsley on their sacred temples press!

We in later days are lower! When a manful stroke is made,
We must make a price to pay it—making manhood a trade.

Sacrifice Swift grows venal—surely Midas will shortly
And the shallow souls are gratified when worth scoops the bribe.

But s'en here amidst the markets, there are things they does not price,
Dollars hide their useful faces when they meet anointed eyes.

Lovers do not speak with jewels—flowers alone are plied for them
And our frequent memory cherished is far dearer than a gem.

Statesmen owe the nation safety; artists pass the bowing test;
And their country pays them proudly with a ribbon at the breast.

When the soldier wins the battle, wraps the flag around his heart;
Who shall discourse his honor with the values of the market?

From his gaze of honor we how a piece, and carry in a rolm,
For the pale he gave who provokes, as napoleon with those to a magnet yet ornamental.

When the poet sings the love song, or the song of life and death,
Till the workers come their toiling with abated, wondering breath;

When he stirs the mill and mine, inspires the slave to rise and dare;
Lights with love the obscure garret, bids the tyrant be beware;

When he stands the pang from poverty with the local Nationalist newspaper, and, ending his eye over the column, stopped at one particular paragraph, to which he invited the attention of his guest.

"Major," he inquired, "is there any truth in this story headed 'The Dunmoon Warrior and the Jackass'?"

"Not that I know of," replied the major, as his steady, filmy eyeballs lodged out in anticipation of a suspected unpleasant revelation. "I don't know who the blackguards can mean by a Dunmoon warrior. Of course I have to attend drill at the fort whenever that measly scum of papist rebels styled the Wexford militia are called out for their annual training.

"Listen to this," said Macalister, adjusting his spectacles and beginning to read.

"A few nights ago, as a will lonely man, a common major was returning home at a rather advanced hour after paying a visit to a sympathetic Shoneen, one of Shawn Fadhem's mob-lawyers insisted upon entering into a practical discussion with this gallant son of Mars on the much-talked-of subject of physical force. After a few brilliant rounds in the dark the barbeen or the unshod heels of the jackass proved too mighty for his military opponent, and had not the brave scuffle attracted the attention of a Sub-Constabular, who came quickly on the scene, consequences might have proved fatal. We understand the cover of this bloodthirsty quadruped will be remanded to allow of the next Petty Sessions at Enniscorthy for allowing his donkeys to wander, unguarded, on the public road."

"Don't believe one word of it, sir," cried the major in a violent burst of simulated indignation. "I can't guess who it is the rascals intend to lampoon; but, at the same time, I think it only right that I should tell you I shall be seriously compliant with my friend Captain Caldicott against the vile rebel Shawn to prosecute for allowing those lazy, starved, wicked-looking brutes of his to wander at large on the public roads. There's one friend of yours," continued the major, "who wouldn't have the time to see the rascals turned out on the roadside."

"Who's that?"

"Our new rector, the Reverend Silas Lawson."

"Why, what did he do to him?"

"Oh! nothing very much," replied the major, as he rumbled out for the major-lounge and dropped a white lump into his tumbler of toddy. "I know he meant to act the guided but still well-meaning curate to bring the light of the Gospel into the hovels of those benighted, priest-ridden papists. Well, sir," continued, the major, as he proceeded to crush the face-disentangling sugar lump, "the rector had the misfortune to meet this lazy rascal Shawn Fadhem on his rounds, and from his unkempt and forbidding appearance, it struck the innocent clergyman that he would be a good subject to make a commencement on for the spread of Evangelical Truth. He stopped the blackguard and inquired if he had any family dependent on him. 'I have, yer riverence,' said the low scoundrel in a whining, hypocritical tone. 'I have nine in family, sir'—Alluding, we and I, Sandy, knew the rascal hasn't wife or child save his infernal donkeys. 'Do you ever read the Bible, my good man?' inquired Mr. Lawson.

"'The divil ever—'

"'I beg your pardon, major, broke in the host. 'Speak easy. The last word of oyours, if it caught Mrs. Macalister's ears, might not be very pleasant. You know this is the Sabbath evening.'

"'Excuse me, Sandy. I was, perhaps, carried a bit away by the thought of that low villain's cursing, and you know, I was quoting the exact words of Mr. Lawson himself, who told me the story.'

"'All right; go on.'

"'Well, the rector asked him why his family never read the Bible. Dickens, said the double-distilled ruffian, 'they can't read, yer riverence. They don't know it from a bull's-fut.' So, to make a long story short, after further questions on the part of the misguided, unsuspecting rector, and further lying answers on the part of this knowing, deep-plotting villain, Mr. Lawson made an appointment to make a morning call at the rascal's cabin.

"'Rather foolish of the reverend gentleman, I should say,' said Macalister. 'He should have asked some of us about the fellow's character.'

"'That's just what I said to Sandy—my very words. But, as Mr. Lawson told me, the low impostor looked as simple as he scratched his scrubby, foxy poll and asked the reverend gentleman if he knew of any chapter on industry—on industry, as he called it—in the Bible, that the innocent clergyman was fairly taken in. As Mr. Lawson told me, quoting the impostor's own identical words, 'it would look a charity for you, yer riverence, to read a chapter or two on industry to those lazy allyamus o' mine, to try an' induce them to do a stroke or two o' work, for they'll do nothin' for me,' says the low villain, 'but set their mudcaps on their theeves fa in the dirt from morsun till night.'

"Well, major," interrupted the host, "your friend was caught in the trap. I presume he visited the cabin prepared to read the lecture?"

"Not only that, Sandy, but he actually did read a large portion of a suitable epistle from Paul; and as his sight is naturally weak and the cabin was so dark, he actually have probably gone on reading, I do not know how long, were it not that one of the donkeys indulged in that illt of braying."

"You don't want to say he actually read the Bible to the donkeys?"

"I regret to say that he did. They were inside a kind of few partitions, over which their heads alone protruded; and as it was very dark and Mr. Lawson was very anxious to get in some Scripture reading, he did not perceive the deception which had been practised on him until he heard the first roar of his jackass!"

"I am sorry for the reverend gentleman, major, that it ended so unfortunately," said Sandy, with a smile he won't be other himself much further with fellows of this type."

"You may bet your life he won't, Sandy. All the benefit he got of the affair was to go to—well, they may go to Hong Kong, or any other place of warming, before Mr. Lawson will ever again make a single endeavor to effect their salvation. But here is Mrs. Macalister, I declare. Her coming is my signal. Tis high time I should be moving for home."

"You seem to have had a very interesting discussion, whatever may have been about, remarked the lady who had just entered the room.

"Merely a little story I was telling, madam," answered the major, rising and bowing towards the hall rack, from which he took his overcoat. "Just an end usual story to wile away the time. I'm off.

"Good-night, major," responded the host, as he followed his guest out to the hall door. "'Tis a dark night. Take care you don't stumble up against Shawn Faddher on your way."

"The low, dirty scoundrel will keep clear of me, Sandy," replied the major with a hollow laugh, "as long as I carry this loaded stick in my hand. I will light my pipe now 'twill keep me company on the road."

The major struck a match, and, having ignited his pipe, puffed it into a blaze, and with the burning bit cast up to his chin, started out on his homeward journey.

CHAPTER II.

When Macalister heard his guest shaving the street door after him he turned sitting in the house, and barred and bolted the outer door. Then he returned to the sitting room he had just quitted, and, throwing himself into the easy-chair lately occupied by his friend, proceeded to how himself another number of whiskey-toddy.

His wife sits sat moodily by the chimney corner, gazing into the embers of the now smouldering fire, and occasionally heaving a kind of long-drawn sigh which caused her husband to turn his eyes slowly in her direction.

"Heigho!" she ejaculated, "what a weary, weary world this is when the pocket is as full as the dickens."

"Do you want money, Susan?" inquired her husband languidly.

"Do I want money! Good gracious! Sandy Macalister, do you see a pair of horns growing out over my ears? Of course I want money. I always want money, and that is the very reason why I wished to speak to you about getting further time to pay Mr. Gilmore's bill."

"What can I do about it?" replied her husband, as he drained down the glass of punch. "It is in the hands of that young fire-brand lawyer O Donoghue. He would not allow my brother to do anything for his yourself; he ought not have the courtesy to refuse you."

"I have been thinking over that plan, Sandy, and on reflection I deem it safer to send him a note asking him to come out and have a talk with you. We shant and do an evening of amicable arbitration, or failing for a bit of sake to secure the current with Mr. Gilmore, and the accompanying costs. Fancy a young lawyer—we introduced to him at the last fancy fair held in Gorey—and her presence will assist me in the arbitration."

"Very good, Susan," replied Macalister thoughtfully. "I have no objection to your sending a note to Mr. O Donoghue, and his proposition to you with regard to the bill of sale, and if you please we can now begin and make an inventory for the schedule my daughter will assist me."

"Well, Mrs. Macalister," began the lawyer, as he cast his gaze in the direction of the cross-legged, high-toed, high-waisted, "my client, Mr. Malone, has been conferring with me on the matter since I read your offer of security to him, and has come to the conclusion that an unregistered bill of sale on his effects would be safer for him than that which he has at present: therefore—

"He refuses to accede to our offer," interrupted the lady, as a hectic flush mantled her cheek, and she cast a sidelong look in the direction of her daughter.

"Oh! no, madam—you mistake," replied the lawyer, slightly elevating his voice. "Mr. Malone does not intend to direct us to make a proposal; on the contrary, he is willing to give you all further reasonable time you may require to liquidate his demand."

"This is really very kind of Mr. Malone—very kind indeed," said her Mrs. Mrs. Macalister turned and bowed towards the self-lauded, well-paid creditor, who twirled his hat between his hands and seemed anything but at his ease at the lady's courtly politeness.

"The times have been so very bad of late, Mr. O'Donoghue,' she continued "owing to foreign competition in food products and the unfortunate political disturbances, that my husband has not been able to collect his rents and, therefore, our circumstances have been so straitened that we really have not been able to keep our engagements.

"Indeed! he all right' ma'am," broke in Malone, to the evident astonishment of the auditors, "shin we'll ov Home Rule.

"Oh, I really," replied Mrs. Macalister, turning around and darting a sharp glance at her unexpected creditor, "it may be so, sir; but we indeed do not presume to undertake a prophecy."

"Av course not, ma'am. But how are the country be ever well off one class of people—the landlords—are kept bleeding in the poor tenant in the bad times, an the Protestant Ascendancy make war on his Catholic fellow-countrymen! For my part, ma'am, although I am a Catholic, I have no regard for my own—an what I blame not—I wouldn't mind seeing Home Rule, even a Protestant, if I thought it would stand in need of it.

"Silence! Dan," exclaimed the lawyer, with a jocular air, seeking by his simulated anger to divert the rude remarks of his client. "Your want of bigotry does honor to your head and heart. But we will be going now. Mrs. Macalister, my client, Mr. Malone, is a little outspoken in his language, but I assure you it is the liberality of his Irish heart which sets his tongue in motion. You need not further trouble yourself about that accident of his, but be sincere—as usual—in your offer to him. Good-night, Mrs. Dan."

The client rose, and, with a kind of half apologetic bow, moved towards the door. The lawyer followed his case upon a pretty little water-colour sketch which adorned the room, and the lady of the house, preserving the station, moved up towards him, and, affecting a pair of gold spectacles, proceeded in her turn to study the picture.

"That is one of my daughter Fleora's sketches," she said. "She has a delicate taste for art, and I regret here, in this country place, she can find no perfect model to study. Fleorry," she called out, turning towards her daughter, "let you not Mr. O'Donoghue? I think you told me you had been introduced to him."

"Oh yes, mamma," replied the blushing disciple of Blackstone. "I have had the pleasure."

The young lady now advanced, and, lifting the picture from the wall, cast a rapt gaze from the depth of her violet orbs which as his heart beating beneath mamma, and tremulously, stammering and perfect equal to the occasion, the young disciple, in quiet and sympathetic quietly, of a client, Mr. Malone, and the lawyer, Mr. Dan Macalister, and the lady of the house, Mrs. Macalister, and

Poetry.

NEW YEAR'S ABSOLVE.

As the year's dead sine which your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Redeem her.
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky,
Blessed and in the multitude of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past hold of sorrow or wrong.
We repose half our strength in a useless regret:
We lift up old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed your aim? "Well, the mark is still shining!
Did you falter in the race? well, take breath for the home!
Did the clouds drive you back? but see yonder their lining!
Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for a warning!
As dark, now, smoke to lay in it into that grown fire!
With your eyes on the heaven, your face to the battle!
I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any soul which the stars overlook,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his sorrow,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin nobleness, noble
Though all life have gone by in sin and folly.
For both have the chance of the future glittering
The years, was lost of the bruised old world!

ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX.

THE DOWRY OF MARY.

(Lines suggested by the praises of the Virgin Mother found in the daily poem of the last century.)

They parted Thy dowry, my Mother,
Yes, s'an as a bride,
In the hour of your betrothal
Led darkly aside;
Despoiled of the brides wealth and jewels,
And, weeping, sent forth
From a home of luxurious splendor
To unendeared earth.

From the one thing that I have, my Mother;
They allowed the prayer,
And the Lily of Nazareth
Thy name through the air.
To the heaven and hallow the wave they were singing
The flowers of Thy choice;
But the harp and the lute of the minstrel,
My Mother! were Thine.

Then your dowry, my Mother,
Yes, s'an as a bride,
Put the lovely and lone
The strength of their hand,
Hushed their hearts to the Angel's sweet strain
Awake to unmeasured prayers
Again and again.

For soon, when the storm-sounds were raging
Up sweep, as the wave of the sea bird,
And the soul, from its temporary dwelling,
Scaled sweetness divine;
For the harp and the lute of the minstrel,
My Mother! are Thine.

Though the hands of the minstrel may never
Be folded in prayer,
Yet whenever the harp chords are sickened,
Thy dowry is there.
Thou gave of the minstrel unseen over
Thy lone and the heart of the minstrel,
My Mother! are Thine.

M. G. M.

MARTIN THE MONK.

The Sim Cathedral echoes o'er my head,
Twelve o'clock has sounded, the vespers play,
Gold-lustered by sunbeams, through the cum-
Why do they seem less calm and sweet? he said,
Martin the Monk, as I knelt on the stil.
Martin the Monk, as I knelt on the stil.

"The sun shine on the lowly cottage
The trefoil nidus where the long shadows play,
Gold-lustered by sunbeams, through the cum-
Why do they seem less calm and sweet? he said,
For up the column sounding nave at will,
Where my soul sighs for our strength in vain regret:
We lift up old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed your aim? "Well, the mark is still shining!
Did you falter in the race? well, take breath for the home!
Did the clouds drive you back? but see yonder their lining!
Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for a warning!
As dark, now, smoke to lay in it into that grown fire!
With your eyes on the heaven, your face to the battle!
I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any soul which the stars overlook,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his sorrow,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
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Though the hands of the minstrel may never
Be folded in prayer,
Yet whenever the harp chords are sickened,
Thy dowry is there.
Thou gave of the minstrel unseen over
To the heart that knows naught of true beauty
And, when I sent Mia Macallister on her
Jenkie!

Something seemed to interfere with the sight of one of Father Tom's eyes, as he closed it into wrinkled rightness, while the open one glossed with a sort of funny knowingness at his young parishioner.

"I think, Desmond," said he, as he pointed towards a pathway a short distance from him, "this passage leads straight up to Miss Macallister's house.

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady in a meek, bashful tone. "I fear I have delayed long, Cousin Jenkie, Mr. O'Donoghue."

"Tut, tut, Mr. O'Donoghue. Sure I am obliged to you for your kindness in accompanying me so far."

Then she turned her eyes towards the priest, and, stretching out her hand to meet his said: "Good-by, sir."

"Good-by, Miss Macallister," said Father Tom. "I am very happy, I assure you, to have made your acquaintance."

At this moment Flora's attention was attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, looking towards in a frightened manner, to her horror she perceived Mayor Brown, who had evidently been a witness to her handshaking familiarity with the priest. Instantaneously the thought flashed through her mind, with rapid strides, raise up some her and called out:

"Mr. Flory, you seem to be in a great hurry. I am going up to the house to see my father, and I will accompany you. It ought to be as well pleased to walk and talk with me as to be alone. Mr. Macallister's pupil priest you have just left. I intend telling your father all about your doings.

"You are a mean, low man to do so," retorted the girl, glaring fiercely at her companion. "An accident caused me to meet that gentleman whom you call a priest, and I, the meek, not to exchange kind words with him. As a lady I could not insult him when I found myself respectfully addressed. You know my father's fierce antipathy to priests, and the misery you may entail will in our family by your officious, tell-tale interference. It is therefore that I am forced to stoop, very low, of you not to make any allusion of this purely accidental occurrence."

"The answer you gave me when I proposed my suit, and the sight of the man whom I have just found in your company, and who has lost me your affection, preclude the possibility of my an infringement of my duty. You have had your moment of triumph, Miss Macallister; it may have mine. As an officer in her most gracious majesty's service, and a Protestant gentleman, I cannot consentiously refrain from informing your father of all I have seen this evening. These rebellious priests, with their communistic cries of Home Rule and abolition of the landed interests, are now our bitterest foes. Am I, then, to see the daughter of my friend and brother Mason degrade herself by giving her hand to a vile political blackleg?"

Flora Macallister felt a choking sensation in her throat. It was useless to argue further with this incredible bigot, this discarded suitor for her hand. So without another word or comment, she proceeded on her way, and on arriving at the hall door dashed her ready sob-stuff to her own room. Meanwhile the mayor, with his own additions and innuendoes, was telling his story to his "brother Orangeman"; and after a few moments Flora heard a terrible voice, which she dreaded, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Flory, Flory, come here at once."

With trembling and trepidation she crept down the stairs and entered the parlor, where her father and Mayor Brown now sat together.

"Flory," began the new excited head of the family, "what is this I hear about your conduct? Have you determined on disgracing me?

"I did not disgrace you, father; I could not do so."

"You lie, girl! You did. Has not Mayor Brown seen you hand-in-hand, with a popish priest—the arch-fiend, and one who is not all unlawful meetings in the country?"

"I may have conversed with a priest, and I could not avoid returning a bare salute when it was given to me in common courtesy."

"And is it not a fact that that blasphemed Home Rule attorney, O'Donoghue, introduced you to him?"

"Yes, father, I was introduced to the priest by Mr. O'Donoghue. On his visit to this house yesterday you know he did not give himself a blackguard, and he is not one either, but a gentleman and a son of honor."

All this while Mayor Brown was snuffing and sniffing uneasily in his chair, evidently delighted at the domestic storm which his revenge had been the means of arousing. He looked for a moment at the girl, who, without entering boldness or defiance, still displayed no palpable demonstration of fear.

"You should make her solemnly promise, Sandy," he chimed in, "that she will never speak to her jilted lawyer again.

"Sho shall do so," roared Macallister, as he reached up to his mantlepiece and grasped a large riding-whip. "I will see to it that my orders are obeyed. Do you promise, girl, that you will never again speak or exchange a word with this lawyer fellow with whom you were twice this evening?"

"Father," cried the now terrified Flora, throwing herself upon her knees, and with tearful, imploring gaze looking into her parent's face, now wrinkled and distorted with passion, "forgive me if I seem to be disobedient, but at another time, when we are alone, I will give you satisfactory reasons."

"I want none of your reasons, you young Jezebel! Do you promise?"

With tears scared every the weeping girl muttered: "I promise."

"Then by the contents of this I will make you." And before his affrighted daughter had time to life her hands on guard, the heavy whip descended with terrific force across her face and neck, and with a wild cry of pain she fell upon the floor.

CHAPTER IV.

When Mrs. Macallister arrived home she found her husband and Major Brown seated in the front parlor. Their noticeable silence and moody abstraction instantly suggested to her the idea that something had gone wrong in her absence; so, suspecting possibly the quarter from which the trouble might have arisen, she eagerly inquired for her daughter Flora.

"If you know where she is," replied her husband gruffly, without even lifting his eye to look at his wife, "and, furthermore, I don't care. Possibly she has some popish priest keeping her company."

"Popish priest," exclaimed Mrs. Macallister. "Why, Sandy, what do you mean?

"I mean," replied her husband, rising from his chair, and elevating his voice so that he might be heard by all the minstrels of the house—"I mean that if my daughter is some wishes to cultivate the acquaintance of Hannah Mason, the mayor of rebellious Hinton, she had better quit my house forever.

"This is a most unpleasant, Sandy, I cannot understand you. Tell me what has happened to Flora?"

"Go and ask her," retorted the husband with a sneer, as he pointed towards the stairs—"your pet daughter. I have given her a lesson she won't forget for some time, and if I ever catch her again disobeying me I will turn her out from home-and-home-and-home."

"It is unfortunately too true, Mrs. Macallister," broke in Mayor Brown, rising from his chair and moving towards the door, as if to take his leave. "There is no doubt about the matter. I saw her myself shaking hands with that old hen-hussy, priest Doyle, and smiling at him as if she were one of his most devoted friends."

"And you carried the pleasant news, dad you," imparted the lady, with a tone of voice and a scornful glance at the informant which did not look well for his future welcome at the Sunday dinner-table at Harmonor.

"I considered it my duty, madam," replied the mayor, with a profound bow.

"Then allow me, sir, to offer you my thanks for your condescension.

"How madam? I do not clearly understand."

"Perhaps not. Was it not a condescension that you should lower yourself from your high military position to become a little tale-bearing domestic disturber?

"Madam, interrupted the husband, "you must not talk in that manner to Mayor Brown. I think he deserves our best thanks for his friendly interference."

"It was one, sir, which was unsought, and which I hope will never be repeated.

"Then, madam, I presume I had better my good-evening."

"Good-evening, sir," was the disdainful reply. "You have given me the greatest enjoyment enough to incapacitate me from entertaining you any further."

Mayor Brown bowed coveringly before the irate mistress of Harmonor, and quickly passed out of the room.

After a few ineffectual inquiries to her husband Mrs. Macallister instantly quitted the parlor and proceeded towards the bedroom of her offending daughter. The door was bolted from the inside, and it was not without considerable knocking and calling that it was opened by the far recipient herself, who presented a frightful and disheveled appearance, after her terrible ordeal of grief and tears, that her aunt, as she entered, was at first terrified at the sight.

"My own dear, darling Flory, what has happened to you? Has your aunt or daughter's neck and kissed her fervently on the forehead. "What, in Heaven's name, has happened since I left here this morning? Tell me, Flory, tell your mother, and you my dear—you frighten me with the appearance you present. But stay, what is this? My God! you have been cut upon the cheek, such a blow, too! Tell me quickly how it all occurred."

Though her sobs the girl told her the whole story—of her dismissal by her quondam lawyer and his reciprocal feelings of the appointment in the Long Lane, the walk home, the accidental meeting with Father Doyle, and the unfortunate appearance of Mayor Brown.

"O that contemptible little tell-tale! This is all revenge at your refusal of his suit. But, Flory, my dear, wipe your eyes and bathe your face, and come down with me to supper. You know it will be all right when your father and the mayor have left. Sit down

THE MONITOR.

TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1887.

MONITOR OFFICE REMOVAL.

The offices of the MONITOR are now located at

826 KEARNY STREET,

(first-floor, east side,) between California and Sacramento Sts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—At a meeting of the Geographical Society in Paris M. de Lesseps declared that the Panama Canal would be open for traffic in 1889.

—The Catholic College, Kalvedon, Essex, England, was destroyed by fire last month. The damage, which is estimated at $60,000, is partly covered by insurance.

—The Vatican recently received a communication from the Spanish Government accepting the Pope's proposal regarding civil marriage, which is not to be considered valid unless preceded by the religious ceremony.

—The number of idle farms thrown on the hands of the beggared and bankrupted landlords of Ireland may be surmised from the fact that within a radius of twelve miles round Lorrah there are now 22,400 acres of land without tenants. Similar "barren wastes" are beginning to exist in every Province.

—Father Damien, the leper martyr, announces that a cure has been found for leprosy. The missionary priest has introduced it into the leper settlement at Molokai, and with the aid of a band of Franciscan Sisters the system of treatment is becoming used successfully. It is a Japanese discovery of a hydrocyanic character.

—We specially commend to the careful perusal of our readers this week the fervid and eloquent oration delivered by Mr. Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, before the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is a masterly production, and, as a plea for justice to the New South, it is one of the most eloquent and enthusiastic displays of word painting we have had before our readers for many a day.

—There is a possibility in England of the imposition of a tax for a thing almost unknown. It is to impose a tax of £5 a year on all foreigners working in England, which would increase the revenue half a million sterling. The tax would be aimed principally at the Germans, who are becoming popular as servants, and have quite supplanted the English in large hotels.

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—News from Florence announces the decrease in that city of Dwell Nerus, an illustrious citizen of Mantua, an Israelite by birth: who, after prolonged travels in the East, embraced the true faith in Rome in the early years of the Pontificate of Pius IX., and was well known as the author of the Pandect di un Pattofico, a salve of free Catholic philosophy. He was seventy-nine years old at the time of his death.

—Commenting upon the rumored re-establishment of diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See, in order to crush out the present agitation in Ireland, a London paper enumerates the plain truth when it asks: "Is it necessary to remind our readers that the Roman correspondents of London papers are not the accredited mouthpieces of the Vatican? When Rome speaks it will not speak against Ireland."

—Rev. Wm. M. Gilbert, for many years a Methodist preacher in a Pennsylvania town, announced to his congregation last Sunday that he did not believe in the divinity of the Bible and did not know anything about immortality or whether there was a God. There are hundreds of heretical preachers in the same predicament. It is the magnet of a good fat salary and an easy life that keeps them in the pulpit far more steadfastly than any principle of trying to save other men's souls.

—Herr Schaepman, a Catholic member of the Parliament of the Netherlands, has brought forward a most important measure. The object is to amend the constitution in such a way as to permit the endowment by the State of primary denominational schools in which children of poor parents may be instructed by teachers belonging to their own religious creed. The conciliatory disposition shown of recent years by the Dutch Government towards the Catholic authorities affords good ground for the hope that Herr Schaepman's bill will be supported by the Ministry.

—December 29th was the seventy-seventh anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's birth. In reply to the chairman of one of the numerous banquets given in his honor, he thus alludes to his recent labors in the House Irish cause: "The strain of the last year has been considerable, but never during my half century of labor have I more clearly seen that I was at work in behalf of my countrymen in all parts of the three kingdoms, and in behalf of the true union and greatness of the empire, which in this year of her Majesty's jubilee we ought to cherish more warmly and loyally than ever. In this conviction the recent progress of events confirms me daily."

—We learn from the *Ave Maria* that M. Louis Baillarge, a prize lawyer of Quebec, while residing a number of *Catholic Missions* conceived the noble idea of rendering honor to the Five Wounds of our Saviour by raising five altars, one in each of the five parts of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and America. The first, already erected, is at Hai Men, or Amoy, in the district of Fo Kien in China; it is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. The second has been given to the missions of Cardinal Lavigerie in the north of Africa; the third to Father Strela, S. J., for his mission to the Aborigines of Northern Australia; the fourth to Mgr. Rosse, Prefect-Apostolic of San Salvador in South America; and the last to a poor mission in Scotland.

—A lady who had been cured at Lourdes thirteen years ago of a fearful cancer in the breast, recently submitted to a fresh examination by Dr. de St. Maclon, the physician stationed at the Grotto. He found no trace of the malady save a large scar. In 1873 her condition was such that it was judged useless to employ remedies; and on learning her resolution of going to Lourdes, her physician, one of renowned skill, declared that if she returned well, he would recognize a supernatural power. She was instantly cured, and in a few days he saw her absolutely healed. The man of science acknowledged himself vanquished, and became a fervent Catholic. He has since died, but the patient whose case he declared hopless thirteen years ago lives on in good health.

—Californians who complain of the present "cold snap," may have their feelings for suffering humanity somewhat aroused by a very sad occurrence which took place on Monday last in New York State, where the bodies of a blind man and his wife were found frozen. A dispatch tells this harrowing tale: "The pormaster, Herrick, today found the frozen body of "Blind Cooper" in a field near his home six miles north of Elmyra, N. Y. The story of his death is very painful. The blind old man was given to his home, and by chance turned into a dog road. Here he lost his way. The large field in which he was found was crossed time and again by the blind man's tracks, showing that he had struggled long and desperately to find his way out, but befell exhausted in the snow, quickly freezing in the bitter air within a few rods of his farmhouse. Apparently his wife, whose frozen body was found in their humble home yesterday, perished the same night, as the rats had been feasting several days on her body.

—At the last Monday meeting of Protestant preachers in this city, Rev. W. H. Pearce, the new chaplain at Alcatraz, was introduced and asked to speak. He said that "on Sunday he had attended two of the city churches—the Howard Presbyterian in the forenoon and the Trinity Episcopal in the evening. The first was about only one third full and the last had not half as many as the other. He concluded that it was not a good day for church attendance in San Francisco." South facts—candidly admitted by Protestant preachers—show should be lessonlicked by either the bigotry or the blundering of newspapers whose highest ambition seems to be to pander to the lowest intellectual instincts if degraded human nature.

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Marriage Without Priest, Parson or Public Official!

"Marriage Made Easy" ought to be the title of a new law which the learned Solons of the Pennsylvania legislature recently passed: not certainly for the public good. By this "hitching" process any male and female of marrying age may go to Heaven from the Clerk of the Courts and then they can marry themselves without the aid of priest, parson or public official of any kind!

The motive prompted by which this new system of "hitching" human beings together in matrimonial harness is evidently, to say simple. The Clerk of the Courts administers an oath to each of the parties, puts certain interrogatories to them, and then—if he is satisfied—he issues a certificate setting forth the fact that there exists no legal impediment to the parties joining themselves in matrimony. The unions so effected are immediately pledge themselves—before two witnesses—to live as man and wife, and the mockery of holy matrimony is finished!

What is the world coming to, anyhow, when such an important factor in the happiness and virtue of the human family—as marriage certainly is—can be thus treated by the laws of the land! This "great sacrament" stripped of every vestige of religious blessing or solemn rite, left to the momentary whim of inexperienced youth or to the designing diabolism of every crime-steeped rake who desires to conjure the ruin of innocent virtue. It is a burning shame that such a law should burden the statute books of any State in this Christian land which boasts of its "enlightenment."

The result of such hastily constructed marriages will tend to a vast increase in the number of divorces, a greater amount of wrangling in all classes of society, and a visible deterioration in the social status of the people in general. When children arrive at the age when they are by law entitled to marry, they will pay no deference whatever to those parents whom Almighty God commanded them to obey, but they will marry up to the devil without gathering the legal formula, and then enter on a life for which they may not be physically or mentally prepared. What will be the consequence? Separation in a few months, second marriage in a few years, and thus the society will be kept stirred up like—the destruction of the home, the family, and society in general.

Wisely, indeed, has the Catholic Church cast around the sacrament of matrimony binding obligations which neither when nor wealth can break. To her alone does the world look when it desires to find the most perfect ideal true womanhood in maid, wife or mother. The Immaculate Mother of God is the base ideal of all that is beautiful and perfect in the eyes of Catholic female. She is their model, their mirror in youth and their mother in love. To the Blessed Virgin, then, does the world owe a deep debt of gratitude for having led by her exalted virtues, her holy humility, and her radiant purity, to honor in the Christian family, and to place in the hearts of American children by Christian parents.

—Henry George has started a new paper in New York entirely devoted to his journalistic career by violently attacking the Catholic Church. The action will deprive him of fully three fourths of his followers and leave him with but a vorporal guard of communists and anarchists. The *Catholic Union and Times* certly states the whole case in this paragraph: "Henry George has been for the past few months an apparition. The movement he crystallized by his potent personality has borne as the first fruits two apostates. The first, of the order of the unstable, unsettled and least of men is clouded as a priest, the career of Henry George is ended, as a public man, by his own hand. The career of Henry George is ended."

—The English Times, who feel that Gladstone, if he got another chance, would give Ireland her rights, are telling each other that if he can only be kept out of power another two years old age will cut his claws and he will cease to be dangerous. In the first place, it does not look as though Gladstone meant to stay out of power for any such time, and even if he did, judging from recent appearances, he would be quite able two years hence to go in and clear out his opponents. At the celebration of his 77th birthday he looked as young and vigorous as at any time those ten years past, and he seems to have plenty of strength and energy left to do good work for Home Rule. All kinds of presents were sent him, including socks, fowls, butter, honey, Banbury cakes, cream, jam, and blankets, and he looked, if possible, one degree happier than when glutting over Churchill's smash.

—Alluding to Mr. Parnell's recent severe and protracted illness, the London Universe says: "Some time ago Mr. Parnell will again be heard before long in no equivocal tones. The honorable gentleman has been suffering from a severe attack of gastric fever, but is now on the fair way to recovery, and will be ready to take his place in the House, like a giant refreshed, in the ensuing session. We hasten to say that this Irish question is no longer dependent on the guidance of any one mind, the plan of campaign, which has been so successful, was adopted while he lay on a sick bed. It may be safely assumed that when Mr. Parnell speaks he will range himself on the side of his colleagues. The impetus has been given, and Ireland, like the altered avalanche, turns and will move and gather strength as it advances. Leaders are but mortal—Grattan, O'Connell, Davis, O'Brien, all are dead, but the cause is everlasting and indestructible."

A Vile Calumny Contradicted.

It is surprising with what avidity the daily press publishes every atom of information which is detrimental to Catholicity and damaging to Catholic Religious Orders. Last week a dead woman committed suicide in Oakland, and, on the rumor of some irresponsible party, the daily press if this city forthwith broadcast the event in large display type as "The Sorrowful Death of a Former Sister of Mercy."

The same spirit of evil is then employed to give "full details" of how the unfortunate woman took vows, how she labored for Christ's cause in reforming others, and how at last "she gave way to the impulses of a woman's heart," and married. Then her downward career is depicted and Christian or male to the "gentlemen" she acquired from her "earlier associates" as a Sister of Mercy.

Now the whole story—from beginning to end—is a *baseless falsehood*. The unfortunate woman never was a Sister of Mercy, she never took vows, and *never* labored as one of the Sisters in charge of the Magdalen Asylum in this city. These are *facts* which any reporter in this city could have learned in five minutes by telephoning to St. Mary's Hospital or to the Magdalen Asylum. But the Scandal and sensationalism is the most profitable pabulum of the daily press, and no matter how high or how lady the parties may be who are thus publicly allied to an infamous woman, the "news" must be promulgated even if the reputation of a Catholic Religious Order is damaged by the practice.

Now what are the true facts of this sunken woman whom the daily papers represent as her suicide fellow? Who is the "Sister of Mercy" Many years ago the Sisters of Mercy received into the Magdalen Asylum a young woman who had fallen a victim to man's vicious wiles. The Sisters did all that daily example, prayer and patience could accomplish to confirm her in the penitential spirit of a Magdalen. She persevered for several years, but at last the demon of pride asserted her and she demanded to be set free so she could enjoy society in the world. The Sisters of Mercy—who know the danger she contrived—tried to dissuade her from that dangerous experiment, but their pleadings were in vain. With regret they saw her turn her back upon a life of peace and piety in order to plunge into the vortex of vice which exists in the world. In a short time she went through a sneak marriage; deserted by her husband, and then the sinking scale of sin was traversed until despair ended in a self inflicted death.

And it is such an unfortunate creature—this that the daily press designates "a Sister of Mercy." Every educated Catholic knows that no female is received into the Sisterhood of Mercy or other Religious Orders of the Church without undergoing the most rigid scrutiny as to character. Every postulant must be pure and unblemished. Almighty God wants no second-hand material to carry on His works of Charity and Mercy. Hence, Magdalen cases never be received into the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, no matter if they lived in the Magdalen Asylum until they arrived at the age of Methusalah.

We earnestly hope this explanation will cause the daily press to hint in its future editorials "whenever irresponsible "rumor" is the only foundation for a fiendish which especially reflects directly upon those holy virgins who are doing God's work in our midst, and who have sacrificed love should be beamicked by either the bigotry or the blundering of newspapers whose highest ambition seems to be to pander to the lowest intellectual instincts if degraded human nature.

Poems of Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

The name of Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald is most familiar to readers of the Monitor from and admired her many excellent contributions to the Monitor during several years past. The pure pathos has collected her numerous poems and issued them in a neatly bound, clearly printed and tasty volume of 300 pages. We cannot not refined to any one line of thought, but ranges through almost every passion and sentiment with equal ease and through mastery of subject.

A series of her poems which another page we have tendered reveals the fact that the gifted sufferer has lost a rare command of language, a striking purity of diction, a correctness of metre and—what is to be most prized and praised—a pure, through Christ-like tone. He trochaic octosyllabics are peculiarly musical and she is at her best when using this metre, as may be seen by perusal of her poems entitled "Applied Pictures," "A Message from Heaven," "Dunnie Lake," "Baby Jumpers Moonment," and "Two Pictures."

There is not a poor poem in the whole collection. Every one is a gem containing some hidden beauty or some well expressed thought. The volume is divided into Miscellaneous, Sacred, Legendary and Ballads, and Dedicatory Poems. The "Lord's Day" is a happy pastoral exposition of that prayer of prayers. Among the miscellaneous poems "The Sower," we think, is the best. It is made realistic by an appropriate and masterly word painting and a splendid metaphor. The concluding stanza is:

> Thus I sow the seed of kindness
> Where the sunlight falls the most,
> Where the shadows lie the deepest,
> Where the soil is rocky, cold,
> Till the written of rain shows
> Where the desert shall be fruitful
> Where the desert shall be fruitful
> Till the written of rain shows
> Where the desert shall be fruitful
> Till the written of rain shows
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> Till the written of rain shows

THE BLUE AND THE GREY

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There in a New South, not through present regimet the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. I ask you, gentlemen, to pledge if you can, the foster soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the passion which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as tragic, but manful, face downward, shoulder to shoulder and muscle, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wringe the hands of his comrades, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the grave that did the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his home in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system—found in its magnificent—except grey, his people without law or legal status, his comrades shot, and the survivors of others bary on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone. Without money, credit, employment, material—of trading, and, beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—close he sat down in sullen mass and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who has ever tempered the wind to the shorn lamb in his adversity! As rain was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration more. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Pickett plow now hitched to face the plough, and fields that red with human blood in June were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury now to their dresses and washed to feed their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that few woman always as a gentleman, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and fearlessness prevailed. And Arp, struck the key note when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work" (laughter and applause), as the soldier returned home after defeat and rousting some corn on the roadside, she made the remark to his mate: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife, and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again."

I now want to say to General Shermen, who is sensitive, I am also sure in our south, though some people think he is a fiend of another name, that the people that make up the South are broadminded, the first time to the grave that did the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his home in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system—found in its magnificent—except grey, his people without law or legal status, his comrades shot, and the survivors of others bary on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone. Without money, credit, employment, material—of trading, and, beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

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I now want to say to General Sherman

SOCIAL INEQUALITIES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

of the nineteenth century, after theories innumerable had been promulgated, after education—which had been counted the panacea for all evils—had failed simply because it was a godless education, we find that the countries where the rules of poverty and labor in the freshest are those in which it is stifled by force, hence we see that after all those plausible theories this question should finally appear to be resolving itself to a mere question of brute force. Continuing, the speaker condemned the pride, the avarice and want of charity on the part of the rich, which made such discontent among the poor possible. Incidentally he referred to the doctrine inculcated by language, that it was natural within of such theories as good living, comfort and plenty, so lauded by him, to satisfy the poor man endeavoring

TO FEED AND CLOTHE A LARGE FAMILY ON 90 CENTS A DAY.

In suggesting the remedies for such social inequalities, Father Keeling claimed that education alone could not accomplish the desired result, Religion without religion would prove ineffectual, because the heart would not respond to the dictates of the mind. Man, without faith, was a creature of clay and a mass of sorrows. Christianity offers the only effectual solution of this great problem. It teaches justice. It teaches that God intended this world only as a means of attaining perfection in the next, and with the view life was worth living. It shows that God sends some persons into the world, who, by their genius, may win their way to heaven, and others who, because of the high position they occupy in life, might succeed the poor, and by their charities might likewise obtain eternal life. Poverty had not been made to serve as a background for wealth. The speaker saw no solution of these difficulties either in repression or in a godless education.

CHRISTIANITY ALONE IS THE SOLUTION.

There was no very willingness to hear or consider. None in the means suggested in President Cleveland's message, in arbitration or legislation or combination. He was so hope in the present civilization or in the principles of equality. He saw it only in that Christianity which redeemed society 1,800 years ago, and which, if the Church could remove the modern paganism, now infesting the world. What society needed was more of the Gospel of Christ and less of the theories of modern empiricism.

COING FOR THE MORMONS.

Passage of the Bill to Disfranchise Them and Seize their Property.

The Utah bill came up last week in Congress and after some hours debate was passed unanimously and without a division, only eight members rising to demand the yeas and nays. The bill now goes to the Lower House, and unless the Senate votes to defer the consideration, it will become a law at this session.

Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, who opposed the bill, wished to add the following as a final section to the amendment, however, was not admitted:

And be it further enacted that this act shall not be in force until it shall be duly approved by the President.

And there shall be an election held in the several precincts of said Territory on the third Monday in March, 1887, upon a ticket qualified electors of said Territory may elect from such legislative ticket such number of delegates they are now entitled under the Constitution and Representatives to the legislative assembly of said Territory, and the delegates so elected shall meet at Salt Lake City on the second Monday in April, 1887, at twelve o'clock noon, and shall form a Constitutional Convention.

And said Convention shall form and adopt a constitution republican in form and when shall publish proposed to said Mormons, and the same shall be ratified by a majority of the votes cast at the election to be held for that purpose in the proclamation of the President, which shall be issued on the first Monday of June, 1887, then the provisions of this act shall continue to remain operative until such such constitution shall be presented in the usual manner to and adopted by Congress.

The elections herein provided for to be held, conducted and returns made in the manner now provided by law for the holding of elections for county and precinct officers in said Territory, and all property rights of acts to conflict with the provisions of this section shall be and hereby are repealed, and the expiration of said six months shall be and the same is hereby declared to be the time for the commencement of said constitution as herein provided, then this section shall cease to remain inoperative until action on said constitution by Congress.

Bogus Set to Catch Rogues.

Two ingenious crooks who were employed by the Law and Order Society and other prohibitionists in Rhode Island, to convict those violating liquor dealers, have been exposed and driven from the State. They testified at various trials and secured convictions, but a jealous and thorough investigation into their operations has discovered the fact that they were nothing but a pair of the most consummate and blood sucking rogues. What strange machinery some advocates of temperance principles employ to correct the evil which they claim have crept into our social system!

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He has been good enough to send us a letter to all the reading public. Some of his friends have seen fit to make a big fuss about the question of how they shall things are in Ireland, and he has been under Dr. Freeman's treatment for only two months. He will have the nose taken from his face. He is not only delighted but greatly astonished at the helpful perfect results of Dr. Freeman's treatment. The doctor says the cause of the disease was catarrh of the Internal ear. Mrs. Hansen left her present to answer any questions regarding her case at 22 Fourth, Nine Fifteen, City.

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To whom It may concern:

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are fast taking the place of all other cathartic pills. They are a perfect remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, and all derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Sold by all druggists.

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FATHER McGLYNN'S CASE.

Public Explanation Made by Archbishop Corrigan.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Archbishop Corrigan tonight makes public a long written statement in regard to Dr. McGlynn's case. It goes back to 1882, when Dr. McGlynn is declared to have disobeyed the mandate of Rome against making political speeches by priests, and when under correspondence he used to refrain from further offending, but had to be called to account again in 1883. His made a public statement then and promised to obey. Again he transgressed by having renounced political speaking, to repeat the offence. The speech condemned the pride, the avarice and want of charity on the part of the rich, which made such discontent among the poor possible. Incidentally he referred to the doctrine inculcated by language, that it was natural within of such theories as good living, comfort and plenty, so lauded by him, to satisfy the poor man endeavoring

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THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ARMAGH.—John P. Hulme, Dublin, has given a reduction of 30 per cent. on judicial rents in the Kilmore district, which was fixed in 1881. Mr. Hulme's reduction is the 40th, and the 30 per cent. reduction is the 39th. The tenants on the Hulme estate, numbering 1,500, are all satisfied with the reductions, and hoping for more. In 4th case fairness seems to be shown by Mr. Hulme, Navan, and he property in Meath, Navan, 30 per cent. on his property in Meath; 10 per cent. on his property in Meath, Navan, and 10 per cent. on his property in Meath, Navan, and 10 per cent. on his property in Meath, Navan, and

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Naught I ask for narrow's need,
Just for to-day,
Doubtful Father, Thy child feed
Only for to-day;
Lead Thy strong grace to me,
Help Me Only one to see,
From temptation's path to flee,
Only for to-day.

Guide this wayward will of mine,
Only for to-day,
Fill my heart with love divine,
Only for to-day;
Still this storm, repel the tempter's lure,
Help me, for Thou knowest best
What I need of all the rest,
Only for to-day.

Let my thoughts be good and pure,
Only for to-day,
Let no demon them allure,
Only for to-day;
Let me always see Thy face,
Father, lead Thy unruly race
To me, in this dreary place,
Only for to-day.

Father, help me when I speak,
Only for to-day,
To be gentle, kind, and meek,
Only for to-day;
Let me say no cruel thing,
Grant I may Thy patience sing,
And my words with love to fling
Only for to-day.

All my actions, Father, guide,
Only for to-day,
Keep me from sin's dismal tide,
Only for to-day;
Let each demeanor, and word, and deed,
Always yesterday's second,
And no memory to Thee, lead,
Only for to-day.

Be Thou all the world to me,
Only for to-day,
Thy glory my mission be,
Only for to-day;
Every movement of mind I make,
May it be for Thy dear sake,
And my feeble efforts take,
Only for to-day.

Help me fight the battle well,
Only for to-day,
What though yesterday I fell,
Only for to-day;
Help me take my cross anew,
And forget how hard it is to bear,
Thy dear steps once more pursue,
Only for to-day.

Grant each need of wisdom's love,
Only for to-day,
Thou request to my heart to prove,
Only for to-day;
May it grow, and leaves exhale,
As the mustard seed of old,
Bring forth grace a hundred fold,
Only for to-day.

Help me tread the narrow path,
Only for to-day,
Let me never stray from that,
Only for to-day;
Resist and drown clamorous the road,
Virtue's way with thorns is sewed,
Lead me onward with my load,
Only for to-day.

Lead my faltering steps aright,
Only for to-day,
Through earth's darkness like Thy light
Only for to-day;
Lead me through the shadowy gate,
Let no Malice grasp the mate,
There the Bridegroom is awaik,
Only for to-day.

San Francisco, Jan. 30, 1887.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

FAITH.

Dost weep because thy life is lone,
And empty which lay long in bloom?
Because thy dreary pathway leads
Away from mirth and song?
Dost sigh because sore chilled doubts
Are bearing out thy heart—
Because the hedgehog, fashion, denies
With vainglory proud decorat?

Before the grim stern face of Fate
None can unscathed or free,
For sorrow, pain, and death are sent
To each she doth decree.
The crowned pride, the peasant's cote,
Are mixed with tears of bliss,
And poorher shadows crouch and hide
Within the hooded vice.

She mixes all her creature sips
At streams of livier pain,
And from the sunny ways of bliss
She sends the wintry rain.
Then cease thy useless murmuring,
And, cast thine idle lyre,
Some lives are doomed to loneliness
And some are doomed to tears.

M. L.

Puck's Circle.

There are now eight cables between North America and Europe. They average three thousand miles long, and in the world there are something like one thousand miles of submarine telegraph line. South America connected with Europe by a cable from Lisbon, Portugal, to Pernambuco, Brazil, a distance of 2,335 nautical miles. This is the longest cable.

Two cables connect Florida with the Island of Cuba, and one extends from Cuba to Aspinwall on the Isthmus and another to Rio Janeiro.

From Trinidad, the most southerly of the West Indies, a cable follows the coast line of Brazil, clear down to Montevideo, in Uruguay, touching at many ports.

There are sixteen cables crossing the North Sea and the Straits of Dover. Two cables connect England and Spain.

Nearly a score of cables lie beneath the Mediterranean.

One cable extends the entire length of the Red Sea from Suez to Aden, thence under the Arabian Sea to Bombay across India, under the Bay of Bengal to Penang and Singapore, under the Gulf of Siam and thence north under the Gulf of Siam and China Sea to Hongkong and Canton. This is known as the Indo-route to the Indian, and Australian Colonies and Yeddo, Japan.

A cable under the sea of Japan connects Nagasaki with Vladivostok, one of the most remote points of Siberia. Another connects Singapore a cable touches Java and Sumatra and reaches Australia.

From the Island of Tasmania, lying south of Australia, is stretched a cable clear around the world by cable, and so is New Zealand.

The great African cable, completed some years ago, extends from Aden, Arabia, to Natal, one of the extreme southern ports of Africa.

So, you see, the four corners of the earth have been brought pretty close together by the great cables which lie, some of them, nearly four miles beneath the surface of the ocean.

The only thing now necessary to complete the electric circuit of the world is to lay a cable under the Pacific Ocean, and a project is on foot to connect Japan and San Francisco via the Sandwich Islands.

Literary Miscellany.

The Golden Bound of Grief.

A Beautiful Catholic Story in Two Chapters

CHAPTER I.

In the churchyard of P——, there is a plot, single in form and of modest materials. But everyone who wanders curiously about this quiet resting place of those who have entered the land of the dead before them is read the inscription it bears.

The inscription is as follows:

"Here rests Catherine C——, widow. She gave four sons to the world, and four died these daughters, and brought up and married the survivor. She was not rich, but she could love, and she could work. She was always cheerful and healthy. She slept in the Lord without sickness or suffering in the seventieth year of her age."

On each side of this tomb is a grave, one exactly like the other. At the head of each is a stone with a name and date. Both were for many years kept so carefully covered with turf, and shaded from flowering plants, and the approach to them was always in such good order that there was every evidence not only of love and gratitude towards the woman who rested there, but tender recollections were connected with those hillocks, to which there were hearts dearly attached. Flowers were planted in graceful clusters of the old person whose life and blessed end were so pitilessly expressed by it. Then kind and with surprise at the exact resemblance and careful tending of the two neighboring graves, and sought to learn who rested there, and who it was that so treasured and preserved them.

And a fortunate chance, the particulars of which are unnecessary to detail, led me to the discovery of this little story.

In the beginning of December, 18—, died a respectable widow, whose only son, Michael, though only twenty years of age, already had an important situation.

She was buried in the churchyard of P——, and on the right of the above mentioned tomb. Michael, who had always had an irreparable love for his mother, on the day of the funeral watered her coffin with tears of gratitude, and threw on to its hard full of frozen earth. When the grave was covered in, and everyone had departed, he remain behind, and kneeling by the fresh earth, prayed earnestly for the soul of her who had not only kept his body in health and strength, but his soul in the fear and love of God, and formed it to what was good and noble.

He deeply regretted that the winter did not permit him to erect any memorial as a proof of his gratitude, and the more as his duty obliged him to leave the place; for during his mother's illness, and a week before her death, he had received his promotion to a situation in another town.

He determined, therefore, to leave the grave in such a condition that if he could obtain leave to come to Warsaw next April, he would hasten thither to fulfil this holy duty; and that he might know exactly where the dear remains were resting he carefully observed the side paths which led to it through the labyrinth of grave mounds around.

He remarked also the inscription on the gravestone, and the graves of the two women so similar to each other, and endeavored to impress their remembrance so deeply on his return to find his mother's grave without making any inquiries.

In the January of the following year, 18—, another woman died in Warsaw, Helena C——, the wife of an official in the town, and the youngest daughter of the old lady whose tomb is described above. Two or three weeks later he promised Anna he would fulfill her wish, for he hoped for help from his brother; first, however, he would put the grave in order. The delay troubled the poor girl; but when she had learned the true reason for it and thought that she had herself in a great measure been the cause of the expense which had so exhausted her father's means and placed him in debt, she wept and prayed for her mother's soul in the neighboring church, and determined to wait.

She also bethought herself to go and visit her neighbors and acquaintances by whom she was much beloved, in order to thank them for their kind sympathy with her during her mother's illness.

Her friends were well pleased to see her again in health, with a fresh color on her cheeks, and the expression of life and interest in her eyes which was their want. They thought themselves to be a well-known establishment which was in want of a teacher of music and languages for a few hours each day.

Anna felt that she was quite able to undertake this duty, and longed to be able to help her father by this means.

She was kindly received there, and with the full consent of her father entered upon her new occupation.

A fortnight had hardly passed when the young pupils were so much attached to their teacher, and her superiors were so pleased with her, that as soon as they heard of her need they offered her twenty pounds in advance of her quarter's salary.

Anna was only too happy to close with this proposal, and at once determined to make a surprise for her father, and to spend her first instalment of salary upon a gravestone for her mother.

This was towards the end of April. The grave mound was covered with fresh green, the trees began to put forth their young leaves, and the churchyard at P—— looked beautiful, if anything was at it seemed, as if to keep up at least the appearance of life.

On the following morning, when her father had gone to his office and the house had been put in order, Anna took with her the old servant who had attended the fun eral, that he might show her her mother's grave, and proceeded to the churchyard.

She knew her mother lay very near her grandmother. The servant, too, knew that, but as during the interment he had, as in duty bound, been in the lower class of people, taken little heed of what was going on, he did not observe on which side his mistress had been laid, and led Anna to the wrong one.

The poor girl was filled with sorrow when she looked upon the neglected hillock covered with weeds and the fallen leaves of the past year, not even a slate bending with the mass and date, by which every other grave was adorned one whence from the dead.

At the thought that such a mother mother's grave should be neglected, she burst into tears.

The servant, meanwhile, to the arrival of the churchyard of P——, near to her grand mother, but whether the grave lay to the right or left of that tomb, it did not occur to her to inquire.

The whole of March passed. When Anna felt well and the order of parish and health returned to her beautiful features, she regret her father to take her to her mother's grave.

Mr. H——, of course, postponed this from day to day, under the pretext that it was still too cold and the ground too damp for them to kneel and pray. It would bring her little consolation, and on the other side, it might cost her harm and occasion a relapse. In any case, he did not wish to trouble his daughter by the sight of the bare grave, and at present he could not find money for a gravestone, his expenses during the last winter having been very considerable.

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She was kindly received there, and with the full consent of her father entered upon her new occupation.

A fortnight had hardly passed when the young pupils were so much attached to their teacher, and her superiors were so pleased with her, that as soon as they heard of her need they offered her twenty pounds in advance of her quarter's salary.

Anna was only too happy to close with this proposal, and at once determined to make a surprise for her father, and to spend her first instalment of salary upon a gravestone for her mother.

This was towards the end of April. The grave mound was covered with fresh green, the trees began to put forth their young leaves, and the churchyard at P—— looked beautiful, if anything was at it seemed, as if to keep up at least the appearance of life.

On the following morning, when her father had gone to his office and the house had been put in order, Anna took with her the old servant who had attended the funeral, that he might show her her mother's grave, and proceeded to the churchyard.

She knew her mother lay very near her grandmother. The servant, too, knew that, but as during the interment he had, as in duty bound, been in the lower class of people, taken little heed of what was going on, he did not observe on which side his mistress had been laid, and led Anna to the wrong one.

The poor girl was filled with sorrow when she looked upon the neglected hillock covered with weeds and the fallen leaves of the past year, not even a slate bending with the mass and date, by which every other grave was adorned one whence from the dead.

At the thought that such a mother mother's grave should be neglected, she burst into tears.

The servant, meanwhile, to the arrival of the churchyard of P——, near to her grand mother, but whether the grave lay to the right or left of that tomb, it did not occur to her to inquire.

The whole of March passed. When Anna felt well and the order of parish and health returned to her beautiful features, she regret her father to take her to her mother's grave.

Mr. H——, of course, postponed this from day to day, under the pretext that it was still too cold and the ground too damp for them to kneel and pray. It would bring her little consolation, and on the other side, it might cost her harm and occasion a relapse. In any case, he did not wish to trouble his daughter by the sight of the bare grave, and at present he could not find money for a gravestone, his expenses during

THE HOME OF THE POPES.

Wonders of the Vatican Described by a Non-Catholic.

A newspaper correspondent declares that the Vatican is not so much a palace as a group of palaces, and he describes it very pleasantly and as gaily and as highly cultivated as Paris and more so than Rome. Its regularity of the pile of buildings composing the Vatican it is difficult to obtain a correct estimate of the area of ground it covers. One writer ventures the assertion that it corresponds an area equal to that of ancient Turin, the capital of Piedmont, and is regularly laid out, with streets and squares, and the Pope's palace is said to be able to Turin of two decades ago. He, however, does not mention the fact that in more satisfactory conclusion on this point—beyond the gross rock of the gentle looks—that the Vatican covers an area equal to a city. To the student of architecture, the Vatican affords endless opportunity. Its form is irregular, and there is an entire absence of any symmetry in its design, for it is the heterogeneous work of all the schools of all the known masters. Each period of art has bore its impress. There is the marble severity of the Sangallo, the decorations of Raphael, the sculpture of Bernacci of Fontana, the classical groupings of Michael Angelo, the frescos of Raphael, the drawings of Carlo Moderno and the fanciful groupings of Vignola. The palace have flights of apartments and whole dependencies of them. There are chapels, halls, hundreds of corridors and 11,000 rooms, and this was called by the Catholic press the prison of Pius IX. Another writer says the word it may be of interest to note a few facts about the Vatican. It has 22 chief courts, 8 principal stairways, 200 minor stairways, and 20 elevators, and 1,000 bells. Its chapel, The temple of St. Peter is the greatest monument left by the Popes.

AND BY FAR THE LARGEST

and most imposing basilica in the world. Michael Angelo, who superintended its erection, said it was a fitting tomb for the greatest of Popes." It occupies the place of a temple dedicated to Jupiter, and it has hundreds of corridors and 11,000 rooms, and this was called by the Catholic press the prison of Pius IX. Another writer says the word it may be of interest to note a few facts about the Vatican. It has 22 chief courts, 8 principal stairways, 200 minor stairways, and 20 elevators, and 1,000 bells. Its chapel, The temple of St. Peter is the greatest monument left by the Popes.

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—Miss Kate Plunkett—New Female Employment Office, 1,017 Market street, between Stockton and Powell; country orders solicited; 3 stamps.

—John Foster, the old proprietor of the New Front Clothing Store, 1,000 Market st., has removed from Mission to Third street, between Mission and Market. Boys' Clothing a specialty. Boys' Suits, 3 to 15 years, $3 and $4; every one warranted to give satisfaction. Men's Fine Suits, $15 and upwards. Fine Pantaloons, $4 and upwards. Fine Overcoats, $15 and upwards. Boys' Overcoats, $3 and upwards. Fine Hats, $2 and upwards. Boots and Shoes, $1 and upwards. Fine Shirts, $1 and upwards. Fine Underwear, $1 and upwards. Fine Neckwear, 25c and upwards. Fine Gloves, 25c and upwards. Fine Suspenders, 25c and upwards. Fine Hosiery, 25c and upwards. Fine Handkerchiefs, 25c and upwards. Fine Umbrellas, $1 and upwards. Fine Trunks, $3 and upwards. Fine Valises, $1 and upwards. Fine Carpet Sacks, $1 and upwards. Fine Robes, $3 and upwards. Fine Blankets, $3 and upwards. Fine Comfortables, $1 and upwards. Fine Flannels, 25c and upwards. Fine Linseys, 25c and upwards. Fine Bedding, 25c and upwards. Fine Ticks, 25c and upwards. Fine Cottons, 25c and upwards. Fine Jeans, 25c and upwards. Fine Cassimeres, 25c and upwards. Fine Doeskins, 25c and upwards. Fine Tweeds, 25c and upwards. Fine Cheviots, 25c and upwards. Fine Worsteds, 25c and upwards. Fine Silks, 25c and upwards. Fine Satins, 25c and upwards. Fine Velvets, 25c and upwards. Fine Velveteens, 25c and upwards. Fine Corduroys, 25c

THE MONITOR.
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.
THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published in the Pacific Coast.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—After Cardinal Gibbons receives the red hat in Rome next month, he will make a tour of Northern Europe. Upon his return to America his Eminence will visit Oregon, where he will invest Archbishop Gross with the Pallium.

—In 1886 the death of four Cardinals were recorded. In the United States three Bishops passed to their eternal reward and 107 priests ended their earthly labors. Fifty-two Sisters and eleven Brothers also passed away.

—In the coming Consistory, the twin brother of Cardinal Mazzella, Canon Henry Mazzella, Rector of the Seminary of Benevento, will, it is said, be promoted to the Archiepiscopic of Bari. He was born at Vitulano, near Benevento, and is about fifty years of age.

—A cablegram from Rome states that the next Consistory for the elevation of Cardinals and the nomination of Bishops to vacant Sees, will take place on March 7th. The Pope, it is alleged, is preparing an Allocution affirming with increased emphasis, the principle of the temporal power of the Church which has been so ruthlessly ignored by the Italian and other European governments.

—The large number of immigrants coming into California seems to have aroused a spirit of laudable rivalry between different sections of the State and led to the foundation of Immigration Societies. At a recent meeting of the citizens of Bakersfield, it was determined to make the same effort to induce such desirable immigrants and capital into Kern county that is now making, with such marked success, in other parts of the State.

—We regret to learn from a New York paper that James Redpath, the well-known advocate of Ireland's rights, is dangerously ill in that city. Mr. Redpath, although an Englishman, did valorous deeds for the Irish people during the Land League campaign. With voice and pen he persistently pleaded for Home Rule, and his writings brought the cause of Irish grievances prominently before the people of all civilized lands. We hope he may live to see the results of his patriotic efforts crowned with success.

—We learn from a Dublin paper that on a recent occasion bands of music and crowds of people assembled outside of Kilmainham Jail and serenaded the Nationalist Mooney, who was imprisoned for refusing to testify in his bankruptcy case arising out of the adoption of the plan of campaign. Mooney, it is a speech referring to Mr. Chamberlain's condemnation of the plan of campaign, said that Mr. Chamberlain's fate, during the past year had been a big, and that his turning against his friends made him equal to an assassin.

—Some time ago the Mormons urged the necessity of the Government erecting a decent place of worship on the Presidio for Catholic soldiers. But the reply came from the Secretary of War that no funds could be appropriated for such a purpose. Now we learn from a Kansas paper that Congress has appropriated $11,000 for a Catholic Church, a Catholic school-house and a priest's house at Fort Leavenworth. From this it would seem that Secretary of War Lincoln's objection was not based either on good will or good law.

—One of the strangest of Protestant religious sects is that which calls itself the New and Latter House of Israel. Its headquarters is in Chatham, England, in which town its devotees are building an immense temple which will cost $250,000. They believe that they will not die and that they are the remnant of true Israelites who will reign with Christ for a thousand years. Their founder was a man named Jarrel, who is now dead. His death was a great shock to the believers, but his wife claimed that it was an ancient and well-known herself to be his successor. *View in hospitals!*

—On *Quadragesima Sunday*—the Sunday after *Ash Wednesday*—which falls this year on the 27th inst., a collection will be taken up in all the Catholic churches in the United States for the benefit of the Catholic and Indian missions under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Gibbons. The Rev. Father Burke, of the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, the colored church in New York City, has applied to the commission, which consists of Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, and Bishop Curtis, of Wilmington, for the relief of his church and St. Benedict's House for Destitute Children.

—An Eastern paper reports that when in New York recently Cardinal Taschereau of Canada made an important statement regarding the Knights of Labor. Cardinal Taschereau was asked whether he would move, at the meeting of the Consistory which he will attend at Rome, to consider the Knights of Labor. "Yes," the Cardinal replied, "and I will try to get a specific declaration from Pope Leo not only regarding the Knights of Labor, but also as to the theories concerning property in land as advocated by Henry George." It will be remembered that Cardinal Taschereau at Montreal had summary condemned the Knights of Labor.

—Mr. Chamberlain the prominent English politician, has so much love for the Orangemen in the North of Ireland that he has hatched out a novel scheme for the amelioration of Ireland by barring Irish Parliaments—one in Belfast for the Protestant section of the people, and another in Dublin for the Catholic Irish. Such a scheme is ridiculous in its very conception and could not in any possibility be carried out. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was very justly that whatever scheme is *sanctioned* must be approved by the Irish people, and he knows nothing short of a Legislature with a responsible Executive, which would give the Irish people power to execute as well as to make laws, would satisfy their national aspirations.

—A cablegram from London brings the sad news that Mr. Parnell's health is so badly shattered that it is considered almost impossible for him long to sustain the position he occupies at present as leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. His malady is reported to be a very serious attack of Bright's disease which has for years defied the best medical skill. In casting around for a successor as leader of the Irish Parliamentary ensemble, the name of T. M. Healy stands first on the list. We sincerely hope the news by cable is exaggerated.

—It is generally conceded that one of the most effective natural agents for shaking up the consciences of alcohol-fuddled drinkers is a regular series of earthquake shocks of short intervals. Attach a time thousands of people flock to the confessionals, approach the Sacraments and generally make their peace with God. We see by a Charleston paper that the same cause created the same results in that city, both the Catholic and Protestant congregations having been greatly enlarged since the earthquake scare which reminded the people of that well-shaken section of the South that in the midst of life we are in death.

—The progress of the Church in Cleveland, Ohio, is well demonstrated by the fact that it is but 47 years since the first Catholic Church was erected in that city. When the first small church was consecrated there were but five Catholic families in that city. Now there are 50,000 Catholics in Cleveland, with 20 churches and congregations (besides old St. Patrick's and St. Columbkill's), with schools attached, educating nearly 10,000 children; with 22 secular priests and 14 regulars; 2 hospitals, 3 orphan asylums (going for about 400 orphans (boarding orphans, home for the aged, reformatory for girls and fallen women; and in short, a community of women number some 300 members.

—At the session of the National Woman Suffrage Association held in Washington last week, resolutions were adopted demanding the passage of a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, which shall secure the right of suffrage to the women of the United States. An appeal is made to the working women to strive for the right of suffrage, upon the ground that a disfranchised class will always be an oppressed class. Reference is made to the fact that in New York a woman is under arrest for casting a ballot, an act held to be criminable when performed by a man, which is declared to be proof of the inconsistency and injustice of the present position of woman. The endorsement of woman suffrage by the United Labor party and by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is recognized as a hopeful sign of the times.

—Recent advices from Europe state that despite the peaceful reaction war is seriously considered there as among the possibilities. The general opinion of the chances is generally against the Powers. Wars lands say the preparations are quite insufficient, notwithstanding the 400,000 guns ordered by Gen. Boulanger to be ready for April 15th. The artillery has all been sent from Vincennes to Lunville and Vernon, and it really seems to be a foregal movement of reserve strength in both men and arms. No one appears to have much illusion about the risks. A cutting up of France is openly talked of, and, as the penalty of defeat, the feeling that a crushing indemnity would be demanded is universal. For the very reason on the French would fight this time, if war it must be, with a savage determination not to survive a defeat.

—Germany evidently believes in the prudent maxim: "In time of peace prepare for war," as the Berlin papers announce the purchase of large school buildings at Zillichau, near Cobnar, for barracks for the German troops. Reinforcements have arrived at Donne, Hagenau, and other frontier towns. An Alsace journal also reports that the French are building wooden barracks at Gerardmer to accommodate 3,000 men and at Corcina for 3000 more, and that at other places in Vosges smaller barracks are being erected. The garrisons at Epinal, Bruyeres and St. Die have been reinforced with 5,000 troops. The *National Zeitung* says it seems that France is preparing for immediate war. The Germans need not disturb the truth of the assertion that France is only defending herself against possible assault.

—Rev. A. J. Cantwell, who ministers to the poor lodgers and other platoerats in the church of Our Father, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a preacher who has the courage to tell the truth about Protestantism and its failure as a religious system. In the course of a recent sermon, Dr. Cantwell was not afraid to tell his aristocratic hearers that "the Protestant Church has failed to preach the Gospel to the poor. Athens, in its palmy days, was a trifle smaller than Brooklyn is to-day, and it had 600,000 slaves. The Catholic Church abolished slavery and took the side of the poor as against the rich. Protestantism claimed to be an advance on Catholicism, but it had failed to ameliorate the condition of the poor. The formal Protestant only one-tenth of the soil product as rent. Now the landlord is not satisfied unless he gets from one-third to one-half."

—The peace of the Church in China is assured for some time, if we may judge from the fact that the authorities of several of the Chinese nations have issued proclamations calling on the people to live in peace with the Christian missionaries and converts, and explaining that the Christian religion teaches men to do right and should therefore be respected. The proclamation reminds them that by honoring converts to Christianity they do not cease to be Chinese. "Know, therefore," says one of the proclamations, "all sort of whatever sort or condition that the sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right; those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese, and both sides, therefore, should continue to live in peace and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them." This change has been brought about without any outside pressure.

Closing Calvary Cemetery.

In consequence of the great number of interments daily in Calvary Cemetery in this city, it is possible that all the land available for burial purposes will be occupied in the course of a couple of months, and then Calvary Cemetery will be closed against all further burials except for the interment of persons who have already secured plots therein. Simultaneously with the closing of Calvary Cemetery, the new Cemetery in San Mateo county will be dedicated and opened. The present cemetery will be scrupulously kept sacred for the repose of the ashes of all who repose therein, and no remains will be disturbed, and no portion of the land appropriated to any purpose whatever save for interment in graves or tombs already owned by individuals.

Calvary Cemetery was blessed by Most Rev. Alemany, D. D., O. P., on Sunday August 17th, 1862, in presence of a large concourse of people, who joined in the ceremonies on that occasion by Rt. Rev. Doctor Lons, Bishop of Seattle, from whence he had arrived the year previous, arriving in this city where he was tendered a public reception and a handsome sum of money. The priests present were Very Rev. James Croke, Rev. John McGinnis (*Lt. P.*), Rev. J. F. Harrington, Rev. Michael King, Fathers Alfarachias and Mazzetta, S. J.

The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Most Rev. Archbishop, in front of the vault at the summit of the hill, in the center of the grounds, the text being the words inscribed over the door of the vault: "Yesterday for me, to-day for thee." At the conclusion of this sermon, the great cross in front of the vault was sprinkled in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the Litany of the Saints repeated. The long procession then moved down the main avenue to the Chapel, on the right, which was in like manner sprinkled, and the Litany repeated, then the entire circuit of the grounds, something like a mile in extent, was made, the chanting and sprinkling of the earth being kept up throughout, and on resuming the ceremony of blessing was taken up the procession. The procession then made the entire circuit of the grounds, sprinkling the earth and then moved back to the central cross in front of the vault, where prayers were said, and the ceremonies were concluded. It was half-past six o'clock before the ceremonies were finished, and the vast concourse of people returned to the city.

Calvary Cemetery originally contained one hundred acres, which was laid out by Mr. W. O'Donnell of San José, and improved at an expense of some $50,000. This was the first work of this character ever undertaken in California. The cemetery commands one of the finest views of the neighborhood. It overlooks the city and the bay, beyond Hunter's Point, and to the Alameda shores, away to the north of the Sacramento, the shores of Marin, the Presidio, Golden Gate Heads and the Pacific Ocean. Indeed, it possessed but few attractions of these scenes of panoramic views, but once its adornment, its attractions to the living have been greatly enhanced. What more appropriate site for the last earthly resting place of the dead—whose sings is the never-ceasing roar of the waters of the Pacific, accompanied by the wail of the west-wind? May all whose ashes repose in Calvary's sacred soil reap the reward of Calvary's sacrifice!

Authority in the Church.

"What has the Pope to do with an American citizen?" asks the *Colorado Catholic*, and it gives the following precise and pertinent answer: "Nothing. What has the Pope to do with a Catholic priest? A great deal. The Pope has to see that priests do not imitate the Protestant ministers in uttering every foolish doctrine that diseased brains can germinate; he has to see that priests respect constituted authority, and, if they do not, he has to see that the interests of Christian human nature benefited by less fault-oppressor and unjust.

Bishop Ryan on Labor.

The Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, has written a very strong Pastoral Letter, which was read in all the churches of the Diocese last Sunday week.

"Labor is not capital," says the Bishop, "the working masses are not capitalists, nor may look for even hundred and proper treatment at the hands of God's Church unless they do their duty. The Church is not yet so one can fail to see where sympathy lies or to whom her heart goes out. It is the desert affection. False sons desert her; some among her children, misled or faithless, may now, as in days past, rise up against her and make shipwreck of the faith. The loss is all theirs. Like a true and tender mother, she will mourn over the lost sheep, and without intermission the fold, alarming as lots of her divine message. * * * Honest and industrious workingmen, the hope and sinew of the nation, the Church knows you; owes your right to combine peaceably to secure the amelioration of your condition, the equitable share of the profits of your hard labor, a just compensation for your daily toil, to maintain yourselves and families in decency and reasonable competency, in homes where cheerful children will be your delight and your leisure hours. * * * If there shall be any condemnation it will come through your own unfaithfulness, because of the sound principles you adopt, the unlawful aims you propose to yourselves, or the unnatural means you use to attain your object. But should you, in spite of her warning voice fly in the face of divine law, sins against society, be carried away by social, moral, and political influences, the Church will not cease to be your mother, to plead for your rights, to sympathize with your sufferings, to offer you her consolations, and to use every means in her power to bring you back to the fold of your Catholic children."

The Bishop then proceeds to show how Catholic loyalty to this city, in order to save the faith of homeless boys, many of whom are enticed away from the Church every month through just such "subtle and specious arrangements" as those practiced by the proselyting tactics so ably described by the writer whose article we have quoted.

The Evils of Brain Forcing.

Dr. William A. Hammond lectured recently in New York on "Brain Forcing in the education of children," and in the course of his talk he told some truths which may be heeded with profit by the parents and teachers who think their children or pupils are not "up with the age" unless they can name twenty different studies during school hours.

Dr. Hammond mentioned the case of a child patient who was brought to him jumping and yelling with St Vitus' dance. He found that her parents had sent her through three a geography, an arithmetic a History of the United States, a "Primary Astronomy," a French grammar and Hygiene—whatever that may be—and no end of other text books. He only wonder, then, that the poor little girl had lost their brains instead of St Vitus dance.

"She was using her brain capital and not her interest," said the Dr. "Intellectual bankruptcy was staring her in the face, and she was insane. Any man master who forgets that children become thinner fatigued from slight causes even when they are not overworked, and who, from of intense mental exertion will weary in a different way from an adult, is a physical labor How much more, then, will it wear upon the nervous system, if it be sought to prevent the physical overstraining of the brain by overcrowding their mental apparatus. From the very earliest period of birth an infant's mind is in pursuit of knowledge. Its senses are constantly drawing into play are the perceptive organs, and its phenomena, which are first observed through the perceptive organs for the first ten or twelve years of life. The child who does not look and listen could be in no condition to learn. It is the duty of parents and teachers to see that the child has the habits of the state of Illinois or Vermont, and very possibly of the state of Texas or Oregon, and that the child's mind is not crowded together. The population in all the city banks now amount to $61,875,631. Only three of the banks show a decrease in deposits, and these are the National Savings Bank on Pine has only about $43,000,000 on deposit, and the Bank of Commerce and Trust Company represents the savings of all France.

The complete will of the late Mortimer Plu Nunn has just been published. The Holy Father dead poor as become a Pontiff, and he left no will, the evidence that the residue of his inherited fortune. He has no relatives, but Hebrews belonged to an immense and wide family of Sinnagalis, that of the Conte Mosini. He did not forget his servants nor yet the associations of his years gone, having bequeathed a royalty to the Cathedral of San Giacomo, in Chili, where he once ministered. The provisions are so his tomb were simple and touching. It was not to cost more than five hundred scudi, and was to be adorned with a shaft for coat of arms. The inscription in Latin was: "The Lord and salvation of Pius the Ninth, lived—years and religned—years Pray for him."

High income as a remedy for the evil intemperance seems to be growing in favor whenever it has been tried. The St. Louis Republican says there are reasons for believing that high income and land option are the best means to promote sobriety and reduce the consumption of spirits in the country than prohibition. It would be interesting to have official statistics bearing on this point. We know that the number of saloons has been reduced in Missouri and the drink bills largely diminished since the Dowling law went into effect—and that these good results have been brought about without the harassing strife and litigation that mark the history of prohibition in Kansas and Iowa; and it is believed that there is to-day less liquor consumed per capita in Missouri than in either of those States. The Missouri system has certainly proved itself an agent of temperance, and it has far from being clear that so much can be said of prohibition in Kansas.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

—The St. Patrick's Day parade, which has been abandoned in Boston during the past two or three years, was visited to be held this year by the morning of the Irish societies on January 17th.

With the announcement of the appointment of Father Power, S. J., as Archbishop of Bombay, comes the news that his Holiness the Pope has appointed another member of the Society of Jesus—Father Bernard Berdenhofer—Bishop of Patna.

Berlin journals state that Prince Bismarck will publish a document from the Pope favoring the government in the Prussian contest. It is expected that this will induce Catholics not to oppose the government candidates.

Mr. Gladstone, writing to a Glasgow paper, says that there are many circumstances of difference between the cases of Canada and Ireland, but within and under them there is a strong analogy. In the main and so long as he lived, "Ireland had a right to the property of the people in common, and to the ownership of the land of a large and natural portion, no matter by what evil or wrong it had come into the hands of landlords? To this he added that he would "continue to pray for the Queen and her ministers" for some compensation to the miscalled owners, and that a few weeks after, the Archbishop invited him to call and consult with him. Cardinal Simeoni, he responded with a flat refusal, saying, "I will not go to see you", and when the letter was sent to him by the Cardinal Secretary of State, he refused to answer or to his photo, he replied with like firmness, "I will not go to Rome."

Of all the indications of a very pronounced reaction in favor of the Church of Rome, perhaps the most significant is the fact that the Church is now in a position to demand of any ecclesiastical authority, that it should cease to interfere with the consequences of such a defiance, which, in the case of Dr. Mc Glynn, "I will not go to Rome," he says. That means he will not obey the Pope, and he will turn there to give account as to his opinions, and the Church is powerless to compel him to go. The Church is powerless, not as Rome pleases, and will suffer no more to the tribunal of his own conscience only.

Even his parishioners, whose affection for him is so strong, will there force be compelled to go to Rome, and in now is a situation which he himself has taken pains to make, and that they have no cause for complaint against the Archbishop. The Pope has not substantially declared that some of the Knights of Labor are guilty of grave heresy in all situation his priestly functions, and that, at a moment's notice, he will not offer obedience to Rome in the matter, and that he will not do so, and that he knows it, thus, that they must either stand by the Church and go with Dr Mc Glynn—N. Y. Sun.

Swinton on George.

Before the star of Henry George rose above the eastern horizon John Swinton was the champion of the labor movement in this country. He was the author of "Swinton's Catechism." We are of opinion the labor organizations blundered when they allowed Henry George to take the place of Swinton in the attack of Henry George on the Church, Swinton writes

"Henry George was a religiously against the Church, and the next speech the destroyers of the people's homes would lose a good friend in the people's cause. A government reporter was present and it is surmounted that Mr. O'Brien will be arrested for uttering seditious.

A private London cablegram states that England's extreme measures against are made more with a view of protecting India next spring than to expectation of any immediate trouble in Ireland. Ireland is the most formidable and will assume wages on the opening of spring. Russia is said to be concentrating a large force of troops on the Afghanistan frontier. The accurate allusions of St. Petersburg journals to Ireland are very speedy, stating that England's foreign policy is regarded as an infringement of treaties by Russia and Germany.

A very paper has made the calculation that the increase in the amount on hand in the credits of depositors in the San Francisco banks during the last year has been over $1,000,000 and shows a gain much greater than the entire amount in the savings banks of nearly all the States—notably Illinois and Minnesota. The Bank of Commerce has more money on hand than all the banks of the State of Illinois or Vermont, and very nearly as much as all the banks of Texas or Oregon. The deposits in the banks of California together. The deposits in all the city banks now amount to $61,875,631. Only three of the banks show a decrease in deposits, and these are the National Savings Bank on Pine has only about $43,000,000 on deposit, and the Bank of Commerce and Trust Company represents the savings of all France.

The complete will of the late Mortimer Plu Nunn has just been published. The Holy Father died poor as become a Pontiff, and he left no will, the evidence that the residue of his inherited fortune.

Save the Catholic Children.

In a recent issue of the *Dublin Review* there appears a very startling and suggestive article concerning the manner in which the children of the Church are stolen from their Spiritual Mother through the proselyting influences and exertions of the different Protestant sects.

The dangers in this direction pointed out by Mr. Dutton, the writer in question, are not confined to Protestant Ireland, but they are just as universal in America as they are in the region of the best-quarters of heresy in the middle Eastern Ireland.

Mr. Dutton justly calls for "prayer and the exercise of Catholic energy in order to stay the attacks of wolves in sheep's clothing upon the lambs of the flock of Christ, and he states an undeniable truth—applicable to this country as well as to England—when he says "that Catholics themselves have to bear the reproach consequent upon the loss of thousands and thousands of our children, lambs stolen from the wolves and have saved had we possessed an organization capable of concerted action.

The writer of the article in the *Dublin Review* laying the Secretary of the Catholic Children's Protection Society, speaks from his and experience he has had in trying to save Catholic children, when he says that proselytism "exercises a subtle and superficial influence, which is in operation in at once unknown and easily, unabated yet crawing and hyperbrical; it can be winning and threatening, gentle and swaggering, all according to the case it has to deal with."

"So long," says Mr. Dutton, "as Catholic children are uncared for and unprotected, so long will the Protestant Proselytizing Society flourish. Its agents are numerous. Their willing workers are never in want of symbols and have always funds in abundance. Their tactics must be delicately and energetically and mutual support on the part of the Catholic body. Catholics should need few inventions to action in Catholic cases. They must all feel with Mr. Dutton, that no nobler cause exists, and that none can have more pressing claims upon them than that of helping, protecting and rescuing the lost, strayed and stolen sheep of Catholic children."

Mr. Dutton's article also suggests that Catholic body in this city, in order to save the faith of homeless boys, many of whom are enticed away from the Church every month through just such "subtle and specious arrangements" as those practiced by the proselyting tactics so ably described by the writer whose article we have quoted.

The Pope's Jubilee.

Dr William A Hammond lectured recently in New York on "Brain Forcing in the education of children," and in the course of his talk he told some truths which may be heeded with profit by the parents and teachers who think their children or pupils are not "up with the age" unless they can name twenty different studies during school hours.

Dr. Hammond mentioned the case of a child patient who was brought to him jumping and yelling with St Vitus' dance. He found that her parents had sent her through three a geography, an arithmetic a History of the United States, a "Primary Astronomy," a French grammar and Hygiene—whatever that may be—and no end of other text books. He only wonder, then, that the poor little girl had lost their brains instead of St Vitus dance.

"She was using her brain capital and not her interest," said the Dr. "Intellectual bankruptcy was staring her in the face, and she was insane. Any man master who forgets that children become thinner fatigued from slight causes even when they are not overworked, and who, from of intense mental exertion will weary in a different way from an adult, is a physical labor How much more, then, will it wear upon the nervous system, if it be sought to prevent the physical overstraining of the brain by overcrowding their mental apparatus. From the very earliest period of birth an infant's mind is in pursuit of knowledge. Its senses are constantly drawing into play are the perceptive organs, and its phenomena, which are first observed through the perceptive organs for the first ten or twelve years of life. The child who does not look and listen could be in no condition to learn. It is the duty of parents and teachers to see that the child has the habits of the state of Illinois or Vermont, and very possibly of the state of Texas or Oregon, and that the child's mind is not crowded together. The population in all the city banks now amount to $61,875,631. Only three of the banks show a decrease in deposits, and these are the National Savings Bank on Pine has only about $43,000,000 on deposit, and the Bank of Commerce and Trust Company represents the savings of all France.

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His Career Probably Over.

Archbishop Corrigan's pallid and frank statement of the case of Rev. Dr. McGlynn effectually disposes of Mr. George's assumption that the priest was undeservedly put to stay at the hands of his ecclesiastical superiors.

Instead of pursuing him in a vindictive spirit, both Archbishop Corrigan and Cardinal Simeoni seem to have treated Dr. McGlynn throughout with great and even tender consideration, only taking decisive action when his refractory tone and side-tracking could not longer be tolerated. He stands from the first their anxiety has been to keep the priest in the ranks of the Church and the will of the priest, which seemed to be determined to sever himself from the security of the Catholic household. But Dr. McGlynn, on his part, has no reason to be afraid pretty convincing evidence that he was desirous of precipitating just such a conflict.

In the close of the George campaign, Dr. McGlynn seems to have lately taken up his mind to break with the Church of Rome rather than submit to its judgment his opinions touching the ownership of land. In the 26th of last month he wrote to the Archbishop that he had tonight and should continue to hold, in speeches and writings, the opinion that land is not a right of individuals in the full sense of the word, and that the land belongs to the people in common, and that the ownership of land is a usurpation, no matter by what evil or wrong it may have come into the hands of individuals? To this he added that he would "continue to pray for the Queen and her ministers" for some compensation to the miscalled owners, and that a few weeks after, the Archbishop invited him to call and consult with him. Cardinal Simeoni, he responded with a flat refusal, saying, "I will not go to see you", and when the letter was sent to him by the Cardinal Secretary of State, he refused to answer or to his photo, he replied with like firmness, "I will not go to Rome."

Of all the indications of a very pronounced reaction in favor of the Church of Rome, perhaps the most significant is the fact that the Church is now in a position to demand of any ecclesiastical authority, that it should cease to interfere with the consequences of such a defiance, which, in the case of Dr. Mc Glynn, "I will not go to Rome," he says. That means he will not obey the Pope, and he will turn there to give account as to his opinions, and the Church is powerless to compel him to go. That means he will not be a pleasing, not as Rome pleases, and will suffer no more to the tribunal of his own conscience only.

Even his parishioners, whose affection for him is so strong, will there force be compelled to go to Rome, and in now is a situation which he himself has taken pains to make, and that they have no cause for complaint against the Archbishop. The Pope has not substantially declared that some of the Knights of Labor are guilty of grave heresy in all situation his priestly functions, and that, at a moment's notice, he will not offer obedience to Rome in the matter, and that he will not do so, and that he knows it, thus, that they must either stand by the Church and go with Dr Mc Glynn—N. Y. Sun.

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1887.

SEND US CATHOLIC NEWS.

We would most respectfully ask the Rev. Clergy, or any of our readers of the Catholic Faith, to send us local items of general interest. We wish to make this Monitor a chronicle of all Diocesan happenings relating to the progress of religion, but we cannot do our mission we are asked by those who have the knowledge of the facts to that happy end. Pain facts as they are, we want. Will our friends please furnish us with them?

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

Order of the Forty Hours Devotion in the Churches and Chapels of the Diocese of San Francisco, for the Year 1887.

FEBRUARY.

13. Sexagesima. Mission Dolores Church, San Francisco.
20. Quinquagesima. St. Ignatius, San Francisco; Santa Clara.
27. First Sunday in Lent. Brooklyn; St. Mary's College, San Francisco.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Feb. 13—Sunday—Sexagesima Sunday.
" 14—Monday—St. Valentine, Martyr.
" 15—Tuesday—St. Faustinus and Jovita, Martyrs.
" 16—Wednesday—Feria.
" 17—Thursday—Office of the Blessed Sacrament.
" 18—Friday—St. Simeon, Bishop and Martyr.
" 19—Saturday—Office of the Immaculate Conception.

LECTURE AT SAN JOSE BY ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN.

Archbishop Riordan delivered an interesting lecture on "Catholicism" at San Jose, the night of the 31st ult., his discourse being preceded by the following introductory paragraphs: "We come to the Most Reverend Archbishop, Adolphe Andre Sanchez, Mr. Hammond's social sole, "Tita Apparatus," J. B. Pinard's flute duet, Professor Leo's violin solo, Mrs. Chase, solo, and chorus, by the Sodality choir.

BISHOP MORA IN ROME.

Footing the week ending January 15th, flight Rio, Francisco Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles was received in private audience by the Holy Father.

ST. DOMINICS CHURCH BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

The monthly Requiem Mass for the deceased members of the above association, and also for deceased parents and relatives of all the members will be celebrated in St. Dominic's Church, on Sunday at Sixteenth street, on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock. Members are invited to attend.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A subscriber asks the following questions: When and where was Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband born? He was born in England, Nov. 1, 1819. In what county in Ireland is Mount Hillary? County Wexford. In what county is Maynooth College? County Meath.

CHARITY FUNDS FOR IRELAND

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 1, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The bearer of this will give you five dollars for the Irish Relief Fund, and I shall pay you this it is most needed.

AN IRISHMAN.

[We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the funds accruing from this spontaneous act of charity on behalf of the Irish poor. We have been forwarded the amount to Rev. P. Egan, Bishop Lonsdale, who presides over destitution exists.—ED. MONITOR.]

DEATH OF A PRESENTATION SISTER.

Sister Mary Vincent Joyce, sister of the Presentation Convent, Sacramento, died on Tuesday, after a protracted illness. Deceased was a native of Ireland, in 1845, and left Ireland when quite young. The deceased was a sister of Rev. Bernard the Holy Habits July 31, 1879, and was professed August 15, 1881. She was the latter part of January, 1886, and was professed August 15, 1881. She was the latter part of January, 1886, and was professed August 15, 1881. She was the latter part of January, 1886

INIQUITY OF ENGLISH LAW.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

yet is a scandalous slight and slander put upon these ill-treated people. The outrage upon the Catholic body has been committed in the name of the Queen. It is all the more reprehensible when perpetrated under the high sounding forms of law.

Every one familiar with Irish history knows what meaning for Irish Catholics—for the poor Irish peasants in particular—the words words "Government," "law," and "justice" necessarily have. Who knows not directly opposed to what we Americans at back to the words government, justice, and law, and you have exactly the sense which sentiment of scrupulous honesty burnt in the minds, the memories, and the hearts of the Irish people. What this ultra-religious, ultra-conservative, and exceedingly high-toned Government has done, is still doing, and threatens to do for the next twenty years," is not likely to change the convictions of sentiments of the priests and people of Ireland.

Law here is a delusion and a snare. Justice means injustice. Trial by jury, so far as a long experience goes, signifies a cunningly-devised scheme for certainly placing the lives and liberties of the Catholic majority at the mercy of the pitiless Orange faction. Listen to Dr. MacCormack:

"I MAKE BOLD TO ARRAIGN THE CROWN before the bar of public opinion. Does the Crown think that much to a creed can make the pa ple of Ireland feel loyal to the Crown? It is now fashionable to talk of agitators as setting class against class. Does not the Crown attempt to set class against creed? Woodford Catholic prisoner in Sligo dock convicted his Catholic co-religionist jurors set aside by the Crown, and twelve non-Catholics sitting by his side, and the Crown prosecutor's the case. Now how could Sligo Catholic jurors have any confidence in the administration of such forms of law? With the prosecutor's selection of the majority of juries, how could he possibly feel that his liberty was safe in the hands of twelve picked Protestant jurors? What are the records of jury packing in Dungle? Were twelve Catholic jurors picked out of the Tyrone panel to try the Coalisland jurors? Were twelve men by the unlikeliest taking their family sam at the head constable and soldier? No, no! An overwhelmingly Protestant jury—say, an Orange jury was selected. That jury refused to convict, in the very teeth of the clearest and most conclusive evidence! Surely, to plain Catholic jurors in Sligo for some of the same true bias bread, is as unshaking a fund of authority as any Crown official could propertes.

But, one may ask, is there on earth one the rulers of this country be so blind as to look for loyalty among a people so sent upon?

Aye, indeed, and that is one of the mysteries of British miracle in Ireland, which Americans seem not to understand or to think of otherwise than imaginary. This miracle has produced by a gift between the original Celtic inhabitants and their Anglo-Saxon raiser; and, as if the passions and prejudices of long years not powerful enough to separate them, the still more baleful and more powerful passions and prejudices of a second race have been used to antiunion in

THE MIDDLE WEST OF IRELAND.

We, who in America live and work together in every walk of life, and even in the turbulent towns of Lancashire, without ever invoking the name of religion as a party cry or a political pretension, cannot understand the intense bitterness which Orange fanaticism is officially encouraged to feel against, spite, oppress, and degrade the Catholic Celt of Ireland.

Think God there does not exist in the land of St. Patrick a single Bishop, a single priest, a single true-hearted and enlightened Catholic man or woman, who is not ready at any moment and in all emergencies to unite to the non-Catholic neighbor not only the most unprincipled toleration, the spirit dictated by the deepest piety, but a full and sentimental participation in all the blessings of Christian independence and a common equality and brotherhood.

The Dublin Spectator has spoken what lies deepest in the heart of Catholic Ireland. And looking to the long hopeless past, and future, I know that the Irish heart, like the

OUR PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

January Rolls of Honor.

OUR LADY OF MERCY'S ACADEMY.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Maggie Ballin, Mary Bolin, Agnes Ward, Agnes Fallon, Nellie Wallin, Nellie McDonald, Sada Murphy, Clara McWilliams, Sarah Sullivan, Florence Gallagher, Mary McCarthy.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.—Sadie Hicks, Katie Sloan, Alice O'Connor, Nellie Hanley, Mary Cassidy, Annie Bolin, Bridie Ward, Jude Crowley, Lena Dwyer, Lottie Brady, Lottie Blanchfield.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.—Maggie Kinsley, Maggie Redmond, Maggie Hynes, Susan Sidner, Minnie O'Connor, Minnie O'Donnell, Maude Whalen, Bessie Dwyer, Jennie O'Connor, Jessie Sullivan, Anna Wren, Annie Sullivan.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.—Maude O'Connor, Minnie Hooker, May Gray, Mamie Casey, Lovella Powers, Josephine Kearney, Minnie Gallagher, Hannah Ash, Annie Maddden, Minnie Phoel, Lizzie Hanley, Angela Blanchfield, Helen Stone, Lizzie Casey, Maggie Strong, Lillie Wilson, Mamie Gilmartin.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT.—Alice Keegan, Aggie Keegan, Annie Keegan, Annie Cronin, Cecily O'Connor, Katie Madden, Eva Gray, Lillie Crosson, Lizzie Redmond, Mamie Redmond.

GRAMMAR CLASSES PARCHIAL SCHOOL.—L. Madden 96, N. Kenny, 94, M. O'Connor 92, A. McInerney 91, L. Hughes 90, M. Kelly 90, M. Gallon 91, A. Broderick 90, M. Collins 90, M. Hanley 90, M. Ward 90, M. Ryan 90, M. Donnelly 90, M. O'Connor 90, M. Collins 90, A. Hudson 91, J. Campbell 90, K. Ryan 90, C. O'Brien 90, T. Murphy 90, J. Cummings 74, N. Slattery 73, M. Hagerty 73, J. Tomey 73, M. Ryan 73, J. Ryan 73, L. Morgan 97, M. Lagsley 95, M. Cragin 95, J. Miller 95, T. Madden 95, M. Hynes 95, J. Broderick 95, J. Connell 96, F. Hardwick 96, E. Higgins 96, J. Dwyer 96, M. Ward 96, J. Gallagher 96, N. Cranner 96, K. Butler 96, M. Cornell, 96, L. Maloney 96, N. Pillmee 96, M. Walsh 96, L. Fogarty 96.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME.

The promotions allowed to the pupils of the College of Notre Dame, San Francisco, during the month of January, is as follows:

FIRST COLLEGE CLASS.—A. Philbrick 98, M. Warde 98, M. Geary 98, M. Lynch 98, C. Lynch 94, M. F. O'Neil 94, L. Breen 92, M. Malone 92, T. Cleary 92, M. Mitchell 92, M. Ryan 90, A. Wynne 89, M. E. McRae 89, A. Smith 89, M. Kennedy 87, M. Shannon 87, M. Dwanan 86, A. Duncan 86, M. Marks 85, M. Cronin 85.

SECOND COLLEGE CLASS.—M. Bennett 98, L. F. O'Neil 98, F. Sullivan 94, M. A. O'Neil 94, A. McCormick 94, J. Quinn 87, J. Donnelly 94, M. Mather 87.

THIRD COLLEGE CLASS.—Mary Zane 97, Mary Flood 96, Jude Healey 93, Annie Sullivan 93, Agnes O'Neil 93, Katie Bluhm 93, Maude Mitchell 93, Phillis McRae 93, Marie Ryan 93, Blanche Lonergan 93.

FOURTH COLLEGE CLASS.—Nellie Jones 98, Agnes O'Neil 98, Katie Bluhm 98, Maude McCluskey 97, Claire O'Brien 93, Katie Healy 93, Annie Regan 90, May Somers 79, Pulcheria Hilmer 75.

PREPARATORY CLASS.—C. Fitzpatrick 96, J. Chase 91, M. Walsh 90, E. Hinkel 90, M. Kessler 90, A. Albert 89, K. O'Neill 89, A. Gardner 81, H. Sullivan 80, M. Kessler 80, A. Brennan 78, M. Brennan 78, M. Eakins 78, J. Ryan 78, M. Ryan 78, M. Bluhm 78, M. Holden 77, K. McGinn 77, L. Kickich 76, E. Albert 74, K. Gardner 74, M. McCluskey 73, M. Riley 63, M. Tyther 63, N. Ahern 63.

SECOND CLASS.—A. Hinkel 98, A. Hinkel 98, Dexter 98, M. Zikins 97, F. Gilbert 97, J. Baker 96, M. Downes 95, M. Bluhm 95, M. Darling 93, E. O'Brien 93, M. Sullivan 93, E. Sullivan 93, M. Albert 93, M. Kickich 93, M. Ryan 93, M. Walsh 93, M. Gallagher 93, M. Hayward 73, M. Cunningham 73, N. White 73, M. Zikins 73, M. Sullivan 71, M. Dwyer 69.

E. Aldridge 97, L. Harder 91, M. Lynett 90, K. Bluhm 90, M. Somers 83.

THIRD GRAMMAR CLASS.—F. Kenny 97, M. Allen 96, J. O'Neil 96, M. Ryan 96, M. Ward 96, L. Brandt 91, L. Johnston 77, E. Maguire 76, E. Robinson 76, L. Baker 76, L. Sullivan 76, M. Dodson 97, D. Tuohey 97, M. Donohoe 93, M. Ahern 93, M. Ryan 93, M. Sullivan 93, M. Gallagher 93, M. Wilkes 92, M. McGuire 91.

Frances Hynes 97, E. Fitzgerald 97, M. Lynch 97, M. Lynch 97, E. Spillane 97, M. Kenny 97, M. Lynch 97, M. Ryan 97, M. Ryan 97, M. Ryan

INIQUITY OF ENGLISH LAW.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

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Every one familiar with Irish history knows what meaning for Irish Catholics—for the poor Irish peasants in particular—the words words "government," "law" and "justice" necessarily have. Take the notions diffently opposed to what we Americans attach to the words government, justice, and law, and you have exactly the sense which contains of wrongdoing have burnt on the minds, the memories, and the hearts of the Irish people. What that ultra-religious, ultra-conservative, and exceedingly high-toned Government has done, in evil doing, and threatens to do for the next twenty years," is not likely to change the convictions of sentiments of the priests and people of Ireland.

Law here is a delusion and a snare. Justice means iniquity. Trial by jury, as far as a long experience goes, signifies a cunningly-devised scheme for securely placing the lives and liberties of the Catholic majority at the mercy of the jetsiom Orange Junto. Listen to Dr. MacCormack:—

"I MAKE BOLD TO ARRAIGN THE CROWN before the bar of public opinion. Does the Crown think that impunity is a code and has the people of that creed loyal to the Crown? It is now fashionable to talk of agitators as setting class against class. But what about the Crown setting creed against creed? A Woodford Catholic prisoner in Sligo does seem all his Catholic co-religionist jurors are stable by the Crown, and twelve non-Catholics called to try him. I say try, when the Crown is concerned. Now how could that poor Papist prisoner have any confidence in the administration of such forms of law? With the prisoner's recollections of the recent history of Belfast, how could he possibly feel that his liberty was safe in the hands of twelve picked Protestant jurors. Had not the records of jury packing in Orangeland been notorious? Had not Protestant jurors picked out of the Protestant Orange Junto, sober and junior Walkers, who were seen by the Catholics to be their deadly foes at the bond constable and soldier? No, no! An overwhelmingly Protestant jury—say an Orange jury was selected. That jury refused to convict, in the very teeth of the clearest and most conclusive evidence. Surely, to reject Catholic jurors in Sligo for men of the same true blue hend, is an unblushing proof of antipathy as any Crown official could possibly evince.

But, one may ask, how on earth can the rulers of this country be so blind as to look for loyalty among a people so spat upon?—A people, indeed, that is one of the survivors of British misrule in Ireland, which Americans seem not to understand or to think of otherwise than as a myth. This misrule has opened up a gulf between the original Celtic inhabitants and their Anglo-Saxon rulers; and, as if the passions and prejudices of race were not powerful enough to separate them, he still more hateful and not less powerful passions and prejudices of creed have been used as auxiliaries in

THE BELLISH WORK OF DIVISION.

We who in America live and work together in every walk of life, and even in the turbulent arena of party politics, without ever involving the issues of religion as a party or a political pretense, cannot understand the intense bitterness which the Irish Question is officially encouraged to use to employers, agents, spies, and despite the Catholic Cell of Ireland.

Thank God there does not exist in the land of St. Patrick a single Bishop, a single priest, a single true-hearted and enlightened Catholic man or woman, who would not at any moment and in all emergencies to express his or her Catholicism more not only the most unhonoured toleration, the charities dictated by the deepest piety, but a full and unstinted participation in all the blessings of national independence and civil and religious and brotherhood.

Dr. MacCormack has spoken what lies uppermost in the heart of Catholic Ireland. And looking to the long hoped-for glorious future, I know that the Irish people, like the Americans, loves freedom for all men and for their own. It has loved liberty for more than a thousand years. It has suffered for it, struggled for it, bleed for it, and earned the reward for all!

BERNARD O'REILLY.

OUR PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

January Roll of Honor.

OUR LADY OF MERCY'S ACADEMY.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Maggie Bailie, Mary Bailie, Agnes Ward, Agnes Fallon, Kate Wall, Lulu McDonnell, Sarah Sullivan, Fleurette McWilliams, Sarah Sullivan, Florence O'Connor, Mary McCarthy.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.—Nellie Hickey, Kate Dunn, Alice O'Connor, Nellie Healy, Stella Connolly, Alice Bailie, Elizabeth Outside, Mamie Wheeler, Lizzie Fogarty, Louie Ward, Mary Healy, Nellie Blanchfield.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.—Maggie Kinslow, Maggie Redmond, Mamie Dwyer, Lizzie Ward, Annie Ward, Annie Mullin, Annie Mamie Wheeler, Emma Greaney, Lizzie Culhane, Rose Kelleher, Annie Wren, Tessie Keegan, Josephine Sommers.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.—Maggie Carlin, Maggie Hocky, May Grey, Maggie Cassidy, Mamie Powers, Josephine Kearney, Mamie Kearney, Hannah Jude, Annie Madden, Maggie Hovel, Lizzie Hanson, Angie Slattery, Hattie Stone, Lizzie Casey, Maggie Strong, Lizzie Wilson, Maggie Gilmartin.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT.—Alice Keegan, Angie Keegan, Annie Kearney, Annie Green, Daisy O'Connor, Katie Madden, Ida Green, Lillie Crosin, Dixie Redmond, Mamie Redmond.

GRAMMAR CLASSES PRINCIPAL FLORAL.

Senior Class.—Lizzie Ward 98, Mary Bailie 97, A. Mahoney 96, L. Dolan 95, M. Kelly 93, E. Collins 91, A. Broderick 92, M. Cullen 90, M. Mason 89, J. O'Brien 88, M. Fallon 87, M. Cornelius 85, M. O'Leary 85, K. Golden 85, T. Collins 85, A. Mason 84, J. Campbell 83, E. Burke 78, K. O'Toole 75, M. Murphy 76, K. Cunningham 76, N. Steiner 75, M. Hanley 75, S. Tessier 71, K. Malone 69, M. Tessier 68, L. Morgan 67, M. Lagoe 66, M. Lawlor 65, A. Miles 63, C. Madden 60, M. Costello 59, J. Lawlor 59, Tessie Cole 58, Annie Cole 58, E. Hughes 55, A. Halpin 53, M. Kelly 50, M. Gallagher 50, M. Lynch 50, M. Ward 50, M. Crawford 50, E. Mahoney 50, N. Pilliod 50, M. Walsh 50, L. Dwyer 50.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME.

The convention obtained by the pupils of the College of Notre Dame, Santa Clara, during the month of January, is as follows.

First Grammar Class.—A. Pulcher 98, M. Whole 96, M. Geary 96, J. Crowley 95, F. Barron 94, M. Regan 94, M. Bell 94, L. Breen 94, M. Sullivan 92, T. Cheney 92, M. Moriarty 92, M. Sullivan 91, M. Lynch 91, M. Lynch 91, M. Lynch 90, L. Smith 90, M. A. Kennedy 90, V. Vallerino 90, M. Duncan 89, M. Dunne 89, M. Marks 89, V. Reynolds 89.

Second Class.—M. Pierce 97, D. Bernhard 96, M. Bailey 96, Julie Hanks 95, Ada Sullivan 95, M. A. McCormick 93, J. Quinn 87, J. Stanley 87, M. Mahoney 87.

Third Class.—Lizzie Fitzgerald 97, Mary Fleed 96, Julie Hanks 95, Ada Sullivan 95, Mabel Greer 95, Sarah F. Berry 94, Marion Fitzsimmons 94, Minnie Mahoney 94, Mamie Bisbee Lonergan 93.

Fourth Class.—Lizzie Kane—Nellie Jones 98, Lizzie O'Neill 98, Nellie Mulcahy 98, Mary McCloskey 93, Charles O'Brien 90, Kelly Sheridan 90, Annie Jayne 90, Mary Donovan 90, Lizzie Hallinan 78.

First Grammar Class.—C. Fitzpatrick 98, C. Cusack 97, M. Walsh 96, K. Hudnall 95, M. Lynch 95, M. Hart 95, A. Lynch 95, M. Gardner 91, H. Sullivan 89, Mg. McGrath 79, A. Brennan 78, M. Brennan 78, M. Kelly 78, Ag. Noon 78, P. Clotte 77, A. Sheard 76, Bridget 75, K. Hallinan 75, A. McKeever 75, Lelibert 71, M. Mooney 69, R. McCloskey 66, A. Miller 65, L. Fitzpatrick 65, M. Ryan 65.

Second Grammar Class.—J. Hickey 99, M. Lynch 98, Charles O'Brien 95, Kelly Sheridan 95, Annie Jayne 95, Mary Donovan 95, Lizzie Hallinan 95, Lizzie Hallinan 95, Lizzie Hallin

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE UNFORGOTTEN ONE.

("Blessed are they who have passed over the great and wide sea to the eternal shore, and who are blessed in their dotted rest."—St. Ayrenaus.)

Our Father, when Thy Angel Death
Down-winging from Heaven's golden dome,
Received the sufferer's latest breath
And bore the faithful spirit home,
Love still with hand and silent smile
Closed the pale form, the empty shrine,
Whence mount in fair angelic pride
The soul sealed with Thy seal divine.
And let that hour of woe suppose,
While bitter tears of anguish flow,
When mortly smitten it is thine,
To Thee the stricken mourners call;
For one to every wounded heart
Thy Angel Pity bending stands,
And Faith and Hope their balm impart,
And heavenward point with lifted hands.
To Thee through yonder sunset glow
What pleading prayer as incense rise
Pure wreaths of bright celestial flowers
Entwined with the dark cypress
The Mourner's potent sublime,
Thy resplendent grand and silent strain
And comfort in that dreary time,
The Zion fall in silvery rain.
Then when with grief beyond control,
Their bosoms unto earth they yield,
Thy joy is to raise the downcast soul
Dwelt each beneath Thy mercy's shield.
So have by hour, and day by day,
Thy Angel Pity, Love, Faith, Hope
As friends and kindred fondly pray—
Have many mourn, many lament.

Then when hath come of sorrow true,
The first and month is told and o'er,
With fervent zeal doth love renew
To Thee their pleading petitions send more.
For let from many an altar fair,
Incense up to Thee by Angel hands,
Thy Gift to man, Love's Treasure rare,
Offered by consecrated hands.
Accepted in Thee, O God,
In suffrage for the soul so dear,
Thy sacred Spirit, Thy Son crucified
The guardian of her labors here—
The garden of her years of toil
And sunshine rare, and tempest fierce
Which when spirits' fortitle rail
Has moved the pulsions unto of Truth.

And they who, as a true friend's love,
Who prized her friendship, knew her core,
Who bear hearth parting's cruel Cross,
As day follows, in daily prayer,
Will lift their voices unto Thee
For her whose name their memories keep;
O thou would she remembered be
In their affection warm and deep.
Thou love unless shall hand
Their hearts in bonds whose blest contrition
Thy Angel, Michael hurried away
In the "Communion of the Saints,"
Till by Thy home of joy above
Thy patient sorrowing mourners are one.
Where all is joy and peace and love
On Heaven's ever bright eternal sun.

MARCELLA A. PROTHEROE.

Mossy Woodland, 1887.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

Oh! Emerald Isle, ever green,
Nature's conservatory there is seen—
Everywhere!
Some deep in tourists grand,
Some are near a fairer hand,
Some are near a lower hand,
In the ocean of right,
In a place of light
Against the midst
Of the beetling lord
Who sets shade, lovely
Of everything that's there.

Oh! blighted land, your misery extends,
Your misery, your misery, your misery—
Everywhere!
Your sigh is like unto a funeral dirge,
Your cry is heard in sickliest earth,
Your reply is a moor of English mirth
At people grouned down
In parlors and town,
To satisfy the crown
That the crown is dead
Of the Lagos they dread—
Everywhere!

But be of good cheer and never fear,
Your day of deliverance will soon be here;
We're lighten abroad, if few of us there;
We're united by the whatever's our fare;
We're unlike, perhaps, but in one spare
For countrymen in distress,
Europe's people in prayers,
And trusty to release
That for hundreds of years
Have sun no never and issue
Everywhere!

Lishman forward—man to a man,
Sympathetic thy spirit of help in a clan.
Send forth life's sustenance from your plentiful land,
And help to relieve Erin of this tyrannical hand.

T. P. D.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MOTHER'S TRUST.

At night when the lamps are lighted,
And the fire burns cheery and bright,
There's a door little one—so sharp—
Comes to bid Mamma—"Good Night."

As she neither her fair face under
The overfill, white, and warm,
I pray God to watch over her
And keep her from all harm.

And I ask, and tremble to think
That in years that are to come
Pain, and the sudden bend,
Will more brighten our home.

It may be, I will be sleeping
My last long quiet sleep,
And she may be giving another
Her dear love, warm and deep.

At night when the lamps are lighted,
Mine may be burning above;
My God let it shine, a guiding star,
To lead her to His love.

Whatever of storms or thunder
Are found in the path she will tread,
Mother up there would be gathering
Flowers for her when she is dead.

Sweet flowers to bind in a chaplet,
Glorious and fair to see,
To crown my darling's golden head,
In Heaven eternally.

So, whenever the lamps are lighted,
And the fire burns cheery and bright,
In the future years, my darling,
Breathe a prayer for mamma's "good night."

TERESE.

A Poetical Loop

Into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of short-sightedness is taken by thousands, who might become wealthy, if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive, free, a box that can make them from $5 to $25 in a day. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. All is new. You can start free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a very little fortune.

Literary Miscellany.

The Golden Bond of Grief.

A Beautiful Catholic Story in Two Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

When Anna had left the churchyard, and Mrs. B——— remained behind to arrange the flower vases, and put the shrubs in order, Michael stood by his bride and in order to silence the reproaches of his conscience, asked her how long the grave had been made and before which the lady had been buried.

The woman told him that the mother of that lady had been buried there a short time before Christmas last year. The winter had prevented anything being done to the grave. The young lady first came home a few week ago, had wept bitterly that the grave should have been neglected, and have so fallen to decay, and had left orders that it should be restored as it is now.

Michael sighed a deep sigh of relief when he found that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and again asked who the young lady was.

Upon this the woman told him the young lady's name, and where she lived, and believing great pains upon her, observed what a good daughter she must have been, since she was so bitterly by her mother's grave, and that though she had a father she look the trouble and expense of the restoration of the grave upon herself.

When the woman had left him, Michael remained behind, and kneeling in the same place where Anna had knelt, sighed after the soul of his mother. In spite of his haste, and his fervent prayers, the image of his mother would intrude itself upon him and more. For let from many an altar fair,

Incense up to Thee by Angel hands,
Thy Gift to man, Love's Treasure rare,
Offered by consecrated hands.

Accepted in Thee, O God,
In suffrage for the soul so dear,
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BEDS OF ALL NATIONS.

Some of the Peculiarities in Former Times.

The beds of the ancients had in general few peculiarities to distinguish them from those of modern times. Pliny tells us that the Romans had their beds supported on frames that resembled our modern bedsteads; further and more particularly were common, and the bed-clothing, in the Italian climate, of a simple character, and decorated with elaborate needle work. The Persian, when conquered by Alexander, slept on skins, after the manner of our North American Indians, but with a spread, arranged here yesterday. She is about twenty-five years of age, Describing the incidents, the details of which have not before been printed, she says:

"At daybreak on the morning of December 16th, I was awakened at my hotel in Louisville and informed that the Aspen stage coach was waiting for me. It was bitter cold and I was so stiff and sore that the driver had to pilot me to the coach. I had on a heavy, double fold velvet dress, a sealskin sacque, a fur cape, and a fur hood on my shoulders, my head covered by a fur cap, and my face enveloped in a shawl, allowing an aperture for my eyes. Despite all these protections I was frightfully cold. The coach was drawn by six horses and was on wheels. We were provided with the circular robes, which also on runners. The road over Ute Mountain is a natural one that will be made into a wagon road. Continue:

"At the top of the mountain the frame work of the coach was transferred from the rock and allowed us to go school, and the descent began. The road at that point declines at an angle of 45°. The driver put on his lock-chain to the wheels, thus virtually converting them into runners. The vehicle, despite these precautions and by its own weight, was forced rapidly forward. We were carried at a speed we could not control from the trunk and through the box of the coach. It was impossible to stop the vehicle at the king-pin. I clung to this and managed to keep my seat, but my feet, on the narrow path in the right side of the mountain was wet with the lichens in a mad gallop. Our speed was terrible, and I was paralyzed. Its electric like cross ground, and gone to sleep in its rest bed of Heaven fathers, but the first sun of April will awake it again, and it will come forth with a richer and more lovely robe, and the silver rings will again drink the silver singing rays of the young year, and its sweet eye will greet the everlasting light once more. Thus God renews the youth of the world, that he renews it with the incarnation of the same religion and faith. How then shall matter rot man and mind perish!

Yonder star that wanders in its ellipse, tracing a periodic of hundreds of years, the astronomers cannot solve the equation of its own bright curve, but my geometry can solve it, and weigh that star in scales, and determine the exact centrifugal force of its thousands of years to come. And for thee, my soul, there is a mind that can look down upon "the new heavens and the new earth, for the Creator is not like a child to lord up and tear down each of its playthings and all that while the science of the eternal mathematics shall be the study of the child, who can comprehend its sublime problems and solve them, and measure and measure the sun, and balance all the stars, and weigh thought into sensible through immensity and sound the echoes of all space, forming with innumerable worlds, and planning with galaxies, like Amoras in the gardens of an Arctic sky—shall I despair and rest, and say, Faith and Nature still live on!

"A sensitive woman, children and old people, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Mary Ann Wright, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Mary Ann Wright, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Mary Ann

THE CROSS IN AFRICA.

[DISTILLED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the old country alone bears now the weight of these missions we may not say for a certainty that old Europe can go on and bear the expense almost alone, for the number of missions are increasing and each mission grows more and more extended. If A-ocrica would send a willing hand and lighten the example set by France in respect to contributions, even the activity of the Catholic missions could be doubled. If America had only organizations as "The Holy Child," and "The Annals of the Faith," then our Catholic priest ought to come from the distant mission on a special call for charity from America. But as it is now you must understand that from time to time a missionary must come. This is what I have done." The reverend father stated that Pius IX. had divided Africa into twenty-eight missions, and that in 1879 there was not one Bishop in Africa—that is, not one to a mission, and that was the important Sambori mission. In the year 1879, the speaker, with five other priests and five lay brothers, was sent to South Africa to establish the mission, which extends several hundred miles along the Zambesi river.

SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI

the people are idolatrous and adore cut images. South of the Zambesi there is no military, less simply passions or barbarism. They know there is but one God, but this God they do not adore. They don't adore him as a personal God. They have no idea of creation, or hell or of heaven, much less of purgatory. They don't know what is sin and have no idea what is a crime. They know that something is against the law, that something is wrong. They know what public morality is, what family morality is what justice is, but they don't know what sin is, so that it makes no table to punishment by God. They have no idea of a soul and no idea of prayer. No one can say "Our Father, Thy art in heaven." They don't know that God is a father. They have a veneration for spirits, good and bad. The good spirits are personified in the king and ancestors and the bad spirits in persons called sorcerers. All crimes against law are punished under the name of sorcery by death. Manslaughter only is not a case of sorcery is punished by death. In the year 1879 we made 1,000 baptisms, in the year 1880, 2,000. They made 2500 converts and the number of baptisms increased from 2,000 to 10,000, and the name of God, known all over, pass from 10,000 to 100,000 people. What is needed in the assistance of men in our hospitals and schools on the coast. It is impossible to do what should be as near the colonies as possible where the good promises and results can be instructed and afterwards sent back to the missions. The speaker has already found two-thirds of the necessary means needed for bringing the land into Africa, and he hopes are pursued though unselfish plea for further assistance.

THE SACRED COLLEGE.

Number of Cardinals and their Sidenam Grades.

The Rome correspondent of a New York paper thus describes the Sacred College as it stands at present:

It is interesting to note some facts concerning the number and the curiosities of the present Sacred College. It numbers 61 cardinals, divided as follows: Cardinal Bishops, 6; Cardinal Priests, Thirty-eight Cardinal Deacons, 17—Cardinal Deacons; so that there are twelve vacancies in the Cardinal Deacons. Cardinals Tarchiernan and Chigiano are the only Italians, the rest are Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sidney, Australia. Outside that political disquiet which Cardinal Newman and Howard are simply priests; but in the Sacred College, Cardinal Howard is of Cardinal rank, the Cardinal Bishop of Frascati, while Cardinal Newman is simply a deacon. Cardinal Howard has lately been appointed "Protector of the Cardinal Nuns in Texas." He is also the protector in Rome of English-speaking Catholics. The other cardinals are Cardinal Bishops, Vallela, Sadeos, and Martinelli—the only name among these at all known being that of Vallela, and that only from his long service office he holds, but because of his great learning. Cardinal Bonnechose, Pecci and Simeoni, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, the two best and oldest known member of the Sacred College.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM—

IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—The purchase of John Dinsley, linen and weaver, Antrim, on the 26th, and Donegal street, Belfast, have been secured by the sale which took place early on the 19th. The damage is estimated at £7,000. Four firemen were injured, one, the fire plug principally.

Poole's shop underneath, held by a man named Andrews, has also been burnt.

ARMAGH.—On January 19th, the anniversary of the Bishop's Annual Sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, the Bishop's chancellor in his library the Right Hon. Hugh Maxwell, Q.C., M.P., Q.C., Dublin, Rev. R. McMore, Archdeacon Lee, Rev. Canon Lee, Rev. Canon Stewart, Rev. Canon Ellis

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

Heaven the Crown, the coarse Heaven,
No cross—no crown, no God obtain!
Death, Judgment from the heart are driven
Amid the world's false glare and din;
Oh! happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the Cross.

Heaven the Crown, the stepper faith!
The loaded tree stoops under Scripture fruit;
The vine yoke sweetly breath
When man bows pressed the chastened footfall
And outrage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath Australian foam.

Heaviler the crown the heavier prayer:
The weakest heels must toughest sole;
If sky and wind were always fair
The sailor would not watch the star;
And Davids Lodge would scarce be sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the Cross, the more aspiring:
From realm to realm is there that the hour had
The action of Old Rule rising,
Long for the Canaan of their rest;
Thus Wild Geese have no rest in sight,
And to the Ark they wing their flight.

Heavier the Cross the easier dying!
Death is a welcome friend face to face
To Me's decay one bids darling,
Thus Mr's distress one then is free;
The Cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Then Crucified! the Cross I carry,
The longer may it dearer be;
And lest I faint while here I tarry,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, help me!
Till little, lapse, love may Scarlet there
Yet for the Cross let me severe I wear.

Oh, human hearts! how strange it seems,
With so much woe, and want and need,
That ye gather strength in the trial hour,
And grow Cutcrazy! Oh, what a power
Is there nobler work in Heaven above,
Than all in labor and joy and love,
Then earth born spirits do and dare
In faith and hope, trusting His care

Who bore His Cross!
Then, Christian friends, fresh courage take!
Your crosses are but for a moment;
Soon the Cross, the Crown, the Rest
Will be open wide, and God's own hand
Will lead you home to that blest land
To crown for ever.

P. McGINN McHALE.

THE WIDOW'S SITE.

From a list of sentiments previous to the load of grape shot.

When, with unfeigned loveliness, the golden
Unknown silent
Where thrown of human beauty and rich colors
Neat our planet,
Owing with blue, bright azure sky—the sunny
Idol of France,

Came an humble peasant woman, dressed in
Bearing something which the guarded as a dear
And valued gifts
All the savings of her lifetime, of her life of
Lady and Lord.

Lady and Lord! Oh! she labored hard upon her
native soil.

Now, she brings her little savings to a pilgrim
bound for Jerusalem,
To present the Holy Father, or her loving gift
Hoping humbly, as she gave it, with a child-like
That her poor and humble offering be accepted by
the Pope.

She may look some few small comforts in her
Yet to barter that she had helped him would be
Poverty not poverty, poverty superstition,
She had always worked with strangers, and that
work she still would do;
As a bond and loving Providence so said distressed
the hour.

Thus she spoke, as to the pilgrim she consigned
her hard own gift,
With no care about her future, the' not a
sent remaining.
In deed this Widow's tribute was presented
without fail,
Ere the Pontiff touched with
tenderness to the tale.

Unnoticed and unknown, said barrow, had remained
that noble hour,
And yet was large hearted tear-drops are glisten
lay on a new,
The noble, pure devotion of that honest, fervent
soul,
Ascending in him feelings which he could not
then control.

Pope Pius, with emotion, took the Frenchwoman's
hand, and said,
And blessed, in the name, as the' it were a
hallowed thing,
The Widow's living offering, the' a simple
and small,
Christ's Vicar, prized, for well he knew she
ribed her all.

A holy alms—too sacred for—the saintly Pontiff
For his poor, humble giver's Pope should
pray for him,
Not of the richest treasures which from affluence
to him
Have been lavished, but in prodigious
his gift bestowed.

MONROE.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

The works of man shall crumble and decay,
His boast in brass and iron shall pass away,
The mighty empires, the Golden Cross

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA CITY.

Catholic Affairs on the Comstock—Bright Shining Prospects this Year—Distinguished Doors from President Cleveland's Letter to Catholic Citizens.—Father John Stolle's Labors in Nevada.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, March 5, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:—

Dear Sir—A few sallings from this silver region may not prove uninteresting to your numerous readers. Owing to the great amount of snow which has recently fallen in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and which is now safely stored away in the winding ravines, gulches and canyons, the people of Virginia City have every cause to hope for good times all through the coming summer. The snow, melting under the hot sun, forms numerous rills and streams which flow into the Carson River, and, in the mad rush, thus supplying ample motive power to the mills for crushing and pulverizing the rock which contains the precious ore. The miners and citizens of the famous Comstock lode, feel happy in view of such bright prospects of continued prosperity.

BUT WHILE THE MATERIAL INTERESTS of our city are so hopeful, while a better era has already dawned upon our battle born State, the far more important affairs of Catholicity claim at this present time a great deal of attention. Realizing the absolute necessity of having the growing and impressible mind and faculties of the young to bloom and expand beneath the salutary influence of religion, and knowing from past experience, the ruinous effects the unchristian, godless have of the public schools generally produce, the Catholic parents here have labored with a commendable zeal, to have their children properly educated in Catholic schools. This is only as it ought to be, for the Church, the Ark of salvation, alone should be the first body, promulgating the demands of every Christian who hopes to enter a happy hereafter—a lasting enlightenment of every virtue and an utter abomination of every vice. This sure, this unremitting attention to the paramount interests of man's spiritual being is a manly obligation on the parts of tender parents as it is on the aged and feeble. All must admit that a child who spends six days of the week in the atmosphere from which the Connecticut Faithful comes, have completely eliminated from their minds all the Apostles and Creeds, of Jesus Christ, and the Catechism, and the Church, the exclusive plan that is possess the Shorter and to render more secure the infatuation of the American people, the rising generation must be brought up under a non-sectarian system of education, must have a very clear idea of the obligation towards God, or of the unerring account of their lives and actions, all human students must render on the day of judgment.

EXCEPT A PRIMER REALIZES THE FACT that he is strictly accountable to God for every act his performer, what is there to restrain him from the commission of the most dreadful crimes? The assassin, robber, highwayman or any of the shameful deeds daily written of even in your own city are in a certain manner, or indirectly, the result of banishing Christian morality and its restraining influences from the schooling of the young. If the State wishes to have good, law abiding citizens it must, or at least establish a well grounded system it must the various denominations, religious societies, parents and citizens with unique adaptation. We need no better illustration of this proposition, than the sterling words of President Cleveland recently published in the MONITOR. "A whole some religious belief, says this wise statesman, "insures to the purposing, the safety and prosperity of our Republic, by rendering the citizens of civil law, the preservation of public order and a proper regard for the rights of all; and then are the adherents better fitted for good citizenship," and adds, "It will be fortunate for the country when every citizen feels that he has received a training in his youth in the Divine Law which he cannot evade by reason of his ignorance of it, or neglect without being false to his religious belief and to the Divine Sanctions." The learned jurist and statesman wrote the Chief Magistrate of this nation such a most sensible and sensible.

THAT THE CATHOLICS OF THE COMSTOCK are awake to the vital importance of this great question of Christian education, and that they are determined to have the children of the entire Church, and centring within the entire Church, and centring within the entire Church, and centring within

Erin's Place in America's Prosperity.

SPLENDID SKETCH BY SENATOR ROAR.

NATIONAL INGREDIENTS OF IMMIGRATION.

Irish Blood in Native Americans.

The following is the full text of the Hon. George F. Hoar's reference to Irish-Americans in his oration at the Worcester Bicentennial:

[illegible] faster to our history, whose influences has been already very great, and must be largely taken into account in our anticipation of the future. I mean the immigration, within the last half century, of our brethren of foreign birth, especially of the Irish race. Mr. Webster, at Plymouth, in 1820, said, with just pride, that in the villages and farmhouses of New England, there was still undisturbed sleep within unbarred doors. New England, and Ancients, so far as it has obeyed her teaching, has ever kept her doors unbarred. The great immigration, which began about 1830, has enriched Worcester with its abundant gifts. Of our whole population in 1850 of 58,291, there were of foreign birth 15,024. Of this number the principal ingredients were contributed as follows:

Ireland	9329
British Americas	2227
England	1577
Prussia	546
German States	276

The number of persons having one parent or both of foreign birth was 32,064.

Allowing for the very large number of the grandchildren of emigrants, it seems reasonably certain that of our present population of 70,000, quite 30,000 are of Irish descent. To many good men this fact is a source of alarm. But to me, much meditating on this matter, considering it in those large and permanent relations which belong to an occasion like this, it seems cause for

THANKS—HARTFORD TO YOU,

both for what it has done for us in the past, and for what we may hope from it in the future. Say nothing now of the benefit we have been able to confer on them. Leave out of view the blessings of justice, freedom, employment, self-government, education, to those who have withdrawn their necks from under the heel of England, a boon which a tenant and peasant people would stain and peril their own institutions to the extent in order. Think of what this has done for us.

Without the foreign immigration to this country the building of our railroads would have been impracticable, or must have been delayed for a generation. That, in the truth, would have postponed the settlement of the West, would have made the suppression of the rebellion impossible, and would have prevented the creation of that western market, and access to that western agriculture, which, in their turn, have created, supported and fed the industrial system of the East.

[illegible] OWES ITS GROWTH,

in its manufacturing supremacy, to [illegible] around the Atlantic, which these men created. The Railroad Bill of the Union was made in America and by Irish men and Irishmen, and by Irish men and Irishmen alone. The problem of their part in it was to be wrought out, on a new field, where equal justice prevails, where there is no land, and no church.

We dwell, with an honest pride, on the great qualities of our ancestors. We hope to trace unit them to our children. In that mighty national life, the Anglo-Saxon, without account of many, one; of many states, one nation; of many, one people; of many creeds, one faith; the Scandinavian, the Celt, has contributed—his courage, his constancy, his love of God, his sensuous poetic fancy, his zeal for liberty, his serene and lofty hope—all the elements of peopling and power.

But see what this Irishman brings, also, as a dowry to this marriage which the centuries are to wed.

THE IRISH RACE IS CONSPICUOUS

among great men for great traits. No people that possessed them ever failed to achieve a high rank among nations, on a fair field. These qualities are the capacity to produce great men under the most adverse conditions; the capacity for rapid elevation, when conditions are favorable; courage; solidarity qualities; the gift of eloquence; the power of severe and patient labor; the capacity for patriotism and strong domestic affection; chastity; deep religious feeling.

The most English of English historians has drawn a picture of England's rule over Ireland, whose dark and terrible shadows the other hand can despair. Six hundred and fifty years of the most terrible form of tyranny, that of a race by a race, government by bayonet, artillery, and intrenched camp; the greatest English champion of civil and spiritual liberty denying even toleration to Ireland; whatever is associated with daily deliverance and dignity to the Englishman is associated with bondage and ruin to the Irishman; of the two greatest English sovereigns—Cromwell and William—the Irish policy of one extinction, of the other, degradation; the most odious laws, aggravated by odious administration; poverty, produced by millions as the only authorized agent of Christian church, and the only authorized dispensers of the Christian Scriptures; and yet no decent man would trust the most abject beggar.

THEME ARE LORD MACAULAY'S VOCUMS.

His authority needs no confirmation. If it is the Creed, the creed of a people brave, [illegible] and in spite that this state of things continued, without intermission or improvement, down to the time when the great emigration from Ireland was at its height. Yet what eight millions of men on earth produce more great men than Ireland during the last half of the last century? Swift and Goldsmith and Burke and Sheridan, and the foremost name in a great department in English literature; Wellington, the first soldier of his time, were Irishmen. It may be said that they belonged to the dominant race. But take the men whom Ireland claims as her own, all on the stage within a period of 60 years—Emmet.

The noblest star of Fame,
Thus ever in Mel's young glory set.

Grattan, whose genius gave Ireland her brief taste of national life.—

Flood, who stood behind, matched from the grave,
And the madness of zeal, when filled with his [illegible]

A union arranged the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for one moment lonest, touched Liberty's plume!

Plunkett, greatest of the great orators of the House of Commons in its greatest period.

To whom with one accent,
All jaded the ear in the high argument:

Father Mathew, whose inspired word accelerated the descent of intemperance from the homes of hundreds of thousands of my countrymen; O'Connell, before whom England trembled; Curran, Shiel, Bushe, are but a few of the great names which have adorned the annals of this downtrodden people.

—Mr. Jeffrey Peterson, of Chicago, the [illegible] has just arrived from the "village" of nearly 1,500,000 inhabitants, with a stock of goods amounting to the price thousands of all sizes, colors, styles, and qualities. Mr. Peterson's stock of clothing, boots and shoes, hats and furnishing goods, is the largest in the Pacific Coast, and is the cheapest, as he is a practical shoemaker, and manufacturer of boots and shoes, and can sell at the lowest figure. Call and inspect for yourselves, at the Boston Boot and Shoe Store, 1 Kearny street, corner of Dupont street.

Selecting a Jury in Ireland.

An Irish journal gives the following graphic sketch of how jurors are selected in Ireland whenever any Nationalist prisoners are to be put on trial:

"What sort of a man is Paddy Murphy?" queries the Crown solicitor. "Is he a Land Leaguer? Does he attend their meetings? Is he a Home Ruler?" "Begorra, I don't think he is," exclaims the constabulary. "He's a quiet, decent man, who minds his own business." "If he is a Catholic name, observes the Crown official, as he confers with himself. "Oh, yes sir, he is a Catholic." "Well, now, constable, what about his sons and daughters? Do they take any active part in politics?" "Yes," says the constable, "I remember that his youngest daughter, Mary, was a member of the 'Ladies' Land League' when that institution was flourishing some years ago." "Well, constable, I think we can safely leave the Crown solicitor, and accordingly Paddy's name is marked for challenge, but not on account of the patriotism of his daughter, but simply because he belongs to the prescribed class.

Now here it will be observed that although a multiplicity of questions are asked, the only real fact of which the Crown Solicitor wants to assure him is whether the man is a Catholic or Nationalist or not.

"No doubt there are a certain class of cases in which the religious question is not raised. For instance, Catholics are permitted to serve on juries before which policemen, burglars and other notorious Protestant offenders are to be tried. But in all questions of an agrarian character, or in which the national sentiment is in any way involved, the sole end and object of the Crown Officers is to secure an exclusively Protestant jury.

It is a very remarkable thing, and may be accepted as indicating the base, under-hand and unscrupulous methods by which English law is enforced in Ireland, that while the directions which Mr. Adams, the Crown Solicitor, read in the House of Commons specifically assume a number of grounds upon which a challenge may be made, there is no allusion to the subject of religion, which is the only reason in ninety nine cases out of a hundred for which Roman Catholics are ordered to stand by.

Catholic Statistics from Rome.

The Rome correspondent of the Boston Pilot, gives the following interesting extracts from the "Pontifical Annual" issued from the Vatican press. The Dean of the Sacred College, by age, is Cardinal John Henry Newman, aged 86 years; the Dean by date of creation is Cardinal Mertel, who is 29 years in the Sacred College. The Dean of the Sacred College, however, is Cardinal Sacconi, first Cardinal of the Order of Bishops by the date of his creation in 1861. He is Cardinal during 36 years. The Cardinals of the Order of the Bishops are all of the Order of Priests, 42; of the Order of Deacons, 15. Of the Cardinals created by Pius IX., 23 are still living; Leo XIII. has created 26 Cardinals, and five who have received the red hat, elevation to the Sacred College at the next Consistory, after which date the Sacred College will have 67 members. In relation to age there are, in the Senate of the Church, five octogenarians, 29 septuagenarians, 16 over the age of 60, and 16 over the age of 50. The youngest member of the College is Cardinal Sebastian Neto, Patriarch of Lisbon, 47 years of age. With regard to Italians and foreigners, there are at present five Roman Cardinals and 25 Italians, which gives Italy 30 hats. The Italian Cardinals have 37 members of the Sacred College. According to the list appearing in this new year, there are 13 Parisians, 2 Genoa, 1 Ferrara, and 1 Bologna, and 127 Episcopal Sees. The Patriarchates of the Oriental Rite are Antioch (Maronites, Syrians), Babylon, of the Chaldeans, Cilicia of the Armenians, Alexandria of the Copts, Jerusalem, Venice, Lisbon, Lisbon, West Indies and Lisbon. The Archbishoprics are 49, and those of the Bishoprics are 49, of which who derive their titles from Sees Bond, 847; Archbishops and Bishops of the Oriental Rite, 77; Bishops and Bishops, known formerly as in partibus infidelium, who do not exercise Episcopal Sees properly speaking, 315; Archbishops and Bishops no longer having titles, 21; Prelates nullius diocesse first, 1 total of 1321 titles actually existing. Leo XIII. has created one Patriarchate, 16 Archbishoprics, 49 Dioceses, 27 Vicariates and one Apostolic Delegation, nine Prefectures Apostolic—all of new sees, which remark the happy development of the Hierarchy under the present Pontiff.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

When Erin lay a dreary child,
Upon Atlantic's wary shore,
Her hills, and valleys, lone and wild,
Her moats but the breakers roar.
The green turf, smiling at her feet,
Seemed beckoning to some elfish band
Her fortune then, it was to meet
A maiden Saint of Church and land.

He sought to life until the poor,
As if to modest virtue love,
And planed upon each cottage door
A blessed for the coming morn.
He gave a promise to stir rue,
Of wit and joy, in word or one,
And hade them wear a smiling face
Though storm by days might come or go.

There slowly marching o'er the ground,
He called the great and bid them heed
The work of love, that might be found,
In acting man by noble deed.
The Faith of old he freely taught
To rich and poor, 'mid gale and sun,
"The Christ, the Crucified," she brought
Their pardoned souls upon the Cross.

Oh! Saint! In those lone days,
Forget not him who brought you life,
The world's red banner bade of fray,
He knelt—you gave, act was and strife.
Try good St. Patrick's simple plan,
In this your hour of grief and pain,
Be true to God, and just to man,
Then Erin's exists shall live again.

San Francisco. THOMAS CURTIS.

ROLL OF HONOR.

OUR LADY OF MERCY'S SCHOOL.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT—Maggie Ballin, Mary Cahill, Agnes Fanning, Bridie Walsh, May Ballin, Agnes Ward, Maggie Joyce, Cecilia Kelly, Fannie O'Brien.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT—Hattie Healy, Bridie Hyde, Annie Healy, Katie Shea, Mary Brady, Jude Crowley, Lizzie Dwyer.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT—Mary Whalen, Rosie Lenihan, Katie Daly, Tessie Keegan, Adelina Benedetti, Maria Hayes, Sarah O'Donnell.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—Mary Grey, Judith Gerardo, Minnie Flood, Agnie Slattery, Annie Madden, Mary Cross, Christina Bagnet, Rosie Stone, Louise Casey, Ida Bernard, Annie Kearn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

By a middle-aged widow lady as housekeeper or to do some light work. Apply at this office.

A Sudden Change of Weather

Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which follows remains to quickly subdued by "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price, 25 cents per box.

—French S. Kelly, Druggist, 102 Eddy st., opposite Fancisco Building. Prescriptions specialty. Complete assortment of fancy goods and toilet articles always on hand.

—The oldest reliable optical establishment, C. Muller the leading optician 136 Montgomery street.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—Captain McHardy's report on the fishery district of Ballycastle represents more rapid convergence for the protection of the fishery, and the prosecution of plain clothes constables, with most powerful effect.

CARLOW.—Mr. F. McGuagan, schoolmaster, Native Island, has received an appointment to a National school in the county Down.

CORK.—A very extraordinary moonlight affair occurred from Bantry. On February 11, about 12 o'clock, a house in the possession of a widow named Mrs. Ross, who was rendered by three policemen, was surrounded by about one hundred men, who demanded that the inmates should leave. The urgent in charter attempted to get in the door, and barred the door against the men. They answered by attacking the walls with sledge hammers, and threatened to pull down the house if it was not given up. The police, believing that it would be impossible to deal with such a large body of men, consented to leave. Mrs. Ross and some other inmates, together with the three policemen, then left for Bantry, some three miles distant. What makes the affair more extraordinary is that the dispute about the farm is confined to the Ross family, the National League not interfering.

On February 17th, the remains of Slater Philbin, who died in Boston, were interred in the Catholic cemetery of the Kilmale convent. The news of the death of the young man caused considerable feeling in the neighborhood. The inhabitants of Kilmale, who are betached for the most part to the memory of the blighted prospects and manner, were justly mentioned on account of her sad death. Young Philbin left Kilmale for America by way of Liverpool. Nearly the entire relatives of the boys were closely sheltered as a token of respect, and several other similar demonstrations of a kind were manifested in by the Catholics of the town.

The ceremony of tacking the first rail of the Bantry and Cork Railway took place on February 16, at Bloomfield, and was celebrated by a breakfast at St. Anne's.

CLARE.—The Government, it is said, has experienced considerable difficulty in inducing a sufficient number of policemen to join the 19 for Clare. Lieutenant-Colonel Turner, R.E., Major Cullen, Co. Clare, is, however, consented to take office. The resignation of his sub-Sheriff, Mr. Charles Henry Hubbett, tendered some months ago, has been accepted, and it is stated that he will be succeeded by Mr. Pulliner Dawson, at present Petty Sessions Clerk for the Navenaby West (County Limerick) Division. Mr. Pulliner Dawson is the son of Richard Dawson, J.P., Deputy Lieutenant of Clare, and if he succeeds as well in his new office as he has done in his old, he will be proud to become that singular anomaly, a popular sheriff.

DUBLIN.—On February 16th, a servant girl named Mary O'Neill, aged 30 years, residing in the house of Mr. Devlin, 30 Grafton-street, Dublin, was sent to post some letters. When opposite the house, 49 Rathgar road, a boy rushed to a drug house opposite and ran into the footway, and the woman was crushed between the horse and cart and a carden wall. She was killed instantly.

DONEGAL.—Mr. Sergeant has appointed Wm. Moore Lee of Bridge-street, Donegal, and 20 South Frederick street, to be Clerk of the Peace for the Borough of Dublin.

DONEGAL.—Prof. Seely McKnight, of Pa., speaking at a meeting of the Presbyterian Historical Society, on Feb. 14th, said the election of himself, a Presbyterian, the son of a Presbyterian—and shown the English public that Irish Protestants, if they were only left to their country, had anything to hope for from their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The Catholic priest of Donegal had in (Mr. McNally) had gone about the county working for emigration, and had gone to go to the English market, and had carried the hearts of the Irish and Catholic people with him. The Catholic priests of Donegal, Protestants and Catholics would fly at each other's throats but for their immediate interposition.

DOWN.—Dairy the week ending the last partisans made use of a bonfire to celebrate the anniversary of Orange. It was given out by the rotters of Mr. Lewis would be maintained by the Orange Lodge, and the bonfire was to be lighted at 8 o'clock. The people refused their use for the occasion. The Orangemen then made a bonfire of their own field, and set on some rotten. The bridge continued for two days, and the people the city of Portadown, the police did not interfere.

DOWN.—The Lord Lieutenant's twenty-first Lodge, Ballyroney, and Tullylish Orangemen have received a reply stating—"As time is so short, we have not had a meeting of the Lodge, but we hold the old of March, 1887, and the hall was in the hands of the Nationalists on the night of the 17th. After these respectable dates cannot be given."

GALWAY.—The town of Loughrea continues in a state of great excitement, and in a state of siege. The houses of those who have taken farms from the Land Leagues are all boycotted by their neighbors. Notices have been posted, calling upon people not to have any dealings with the obnoxious people in the town. All the extra police drafted into town have been sent back to their stations, as the land owners refused to convoy them. Mounted police under arms are in the town.

Upwards of a thousand people assembled in Clifden on Feb. 20th, to welcome home their parish priest, the Very Rev. Patrick Lynskey, P.P., V.F., who arrived from Dublin, at a p. m. Ere the public car, by which the very reverend gentleman travelled from Galway had reached the town, the inhabitants, at McHenry's Hotel, had assembled in great force. The reverend gentleman was obliged to alight at the head of the vast crowd of people, who, with the Rev. Mr. Lynskey, and preceded by O'Kelly, in his way he was triumphantly borne to the Presbytery. A large bonfire had been lighted at the entrance to the town, which we (Clifden) Nationalist, Father Lynskey addressed a few words to the people from the steps of the Presbytery door.

On Feb. 17th, Mr. Michael Walsh, teacher of the National School, Sylton, Tuam, died, deeply regretted by all who knew his worth and amiable character.

KILKENNY.—On Feb. 9, a sheriff sale of estate for rent was held at the Bank's Pound, Ballyragget, on the 4th ult. of Mr. Edward Hogan, which landlord, at last Mr. Michael Holohan, Ballyragget, for payment of rent due was £30. Mr. Hogan, J.P., was present on the occasion. The tenant had paid the rent due, and the sheriff's expenses. A final and complete settlement was jointly mentioned on account of his arrears, which he had been unable to pay during the last year in Kinnale. Nearly the entire stubble of the town were slowly shattered as a token of respect, and several other similar demonstrations of a kind were manifested in by the Catholics of the town.

The ceremony of tacking the first rail of the Bantry and Cork Railway took place on February 16, at Bloomfield, and was celebrated by a breakfast at St. Anne's.

KERRY.—Mr. Pat Cronin, aged 30 years, residing at Ballyrahan, Ballyrahan, died on the 17th, leaving a widow and three children. Deceased was a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and was buried with the full honors of the Order. The funeral was very large, and the cortege was a long one. The deceased was a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and was buried with the full honors of the Order. The funeral was very large, and the cortege was a long one.

KILDARE.—Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, Ballyragget, Ballyragget, has received his commission as Clerk of the Peace for the County Kildare, in place of Mr. James Barry, who has resigned. Mr. Barry has been a very popular officer of the county, stated to Mr. Hall, the chairman of the county, and he has always sought to be on terms either on its own order or on the order of the magistrates, and his resignation has caused a great sensation, and highly honorable and permitted to retire when the victory of the same party, which he has served so well, is at last assured. Mr. Barry's successor, Mr. Hall, is a gentleman of great ability, and it is to be hoped he will be only temporary that his loss of Mr. Barry.

KILKENNY.—Captain Henry Moore, J.P., Castlecomer, Kilkenny, has been sworn in High-Sheriff of the county Wicklow. Mr. C. H. Davidson, of Rath, was the same time sworn in as Sub-Sheriff.

LIMERICK.—Captain Henry Moore, J.P., Castlecomer, Kilkenny, has been sworn in High-Sheriff of the county Wicklow. Mr. C. H. Davidson, of Rath, was the same time sworn in as Sub-Sheriff.

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THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS TO THE POOR.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

to carry on his work. Such is the complaint of the suffering Catholic poor, silently addressed to God, and we in their name and the name of God hereby invite the wall-to-do Catholics of every mission to lend them all the assistance that they can.

HOW TO SET TO WORK.

We ought to have societies or organizations of men and of women who, under the general direction of the clergy should visit the sick and the poor, either in their own homes, or in hospitals, workhouses, and other institutions. Where these societies exist the work will be done more thoroughly and with a far greater economy of time, labor, and means, than where individuals are left to themselves and lose a great deal of time and labor. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has once might be far more widely extended that it is. And quite as important as a society for men, would be the establishment of a society for women to visit the poor in their homes and public institutions. No words can say how valuable is the influence of devout women; how noiselessly, quietly, and deeply it penetrates where the voice of no man will reach and persuade. We do not hesitate to declare our firmest judgment that thousands of souls, among the poorest and the old, would have been saved to the Church and have been developed the early traditions of the Apostolic Church, which tends to wide a use of the religious activity and influence of devout Christian women living in the world. It may be said, HERE WE not communities of religious women! We have; and they render invaluable service, which no gold can purchase; but there is not one of them which is not already overtaxed. Have we not clergy! Yes, but their number is far below the needs of their pastoral work. You of the laity who, though not rich are well-to-do, who could find time for a little charity towards your neighbor—you cannot discharge your duty by merely abandoning the poor to the care of others. You cannot claim love for the poor without good works of your own. Be well persuaded that the Catholic Church in this country will never acquit herself of her great Christian obligations until the multitude of her well-to-do children are in some way or other really engaged in the love and service of her poor. Though St. Vincent de Paul founded a congregation of Priests and another of Sisters of Charity to serve the poor, though, then always numerous in the life day, he felt the absolute need of the co-operation of ladies living in the world. He therefore established the "Confraternity of Charity," which was composed of married and single women. He drew up admirable rules for their guidance which bound them together, and he has left his plan as a legacy to all who will. In Manchester and Salford something has been made in this direction. The Lady Associates of the Catholic Girls' Mental Aid Society, and the ladies who visit the hospitals and workhouses and the poor in their homes, are already walking in the glorious footsteps of St. Vincent de Paul. Our most earnest desire is to see their work developed, extended and consolidated in connection with St. Vincent de Paul through the Diocese of Charleston.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. W. B. DOLAN.

DOLAN—In this city, March 19, 1887, Julia Jane Dolan, aged 21 years, 3 months and 17 days. Native of Boston, Mass. Funeral this (Sunday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from her late residence, 1 Sixth street.

Only a little confession, in the memory of those who knew her, perhaps not meaning to be so, but strong in its simplicity and truthfulness, that "she was a good girl, to be with us so soon in life life. But it has a world of meaning to the broken hearted, sitting in the lonely home, children, widows and alone. Husband and wife were so devoted to each other that their sorrow were always mutual. For more than twenty years, they had joined hand in hand, walked, sat, and slept without some of the cares and sorrows that are the common lot of humanity. Death was the sharpest and most sudden, and most great bereavement. Death was the sharpest and most sudden, and most great bereavement. For more than twenty years, they had joined hand in hand, walked, sat, and slept without some of the cares and sorrows of life, a load of bread, or other necessities, which the children would not have to carry, or have to earn bread. She seemed to realize in its fullest sense the meaning of the words of the Master to my friend "Little Children to some note Mr." Sympathy and lovely kindness was not strange, but rather, all were the recipients of her sweet kindness. Her sympathy was so deep, so big in the world, that it was a great loss to her home and home circle. Her death was so sudden, so unexpected, so heavy the sorrow to be parted and blanched and have nothing but Mrs. Dolan's sweet graciousness in short and good deed, exploding in what she was pleased to which was distinctly marked. Mary's great family to the city she referred in her own quiet way, and based her on Heaven man and woman she found work for through her own earnest personal attention at all with which they could be called upon to deal." A disgraceful outrage has been reported from Athlone, Nawassila West. It appears that on Sunday night, March 6, the Methodist Church, some distance from the village, which was erected about twenty years ago by the late Archbishop Gould, and who was a Protestant, the Illinois Boler and Nationalist, was attached by some rufians, and the stained glass windows were completely wrecked. The sum were knocked down, and the bible and prayer book were discovered lying outside the building in a shockery. Mike Gould (The Archbishop's daughter) established a lasting industry at Athlone, and her efforts in developing the cottage industries of Ireland are well known. No protest can be assigned for this outrage except some unknown.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, has made the following appeals to the diocese: Rev. Jas. Cowan, C. C., transferred to Gilin; Rev. Mortimer McCoy, Fedamore to Doneale; and the Rev. Michael O'Donnell, C. C., Gilin to Fedamore.

KILKENNY.—The Kilmanah I. N. L. has subscribed the sum of £10 toward the Parliamentary expenses of Mr. E. M. Murphy, M. P. At a recent meeting of the branch a resolution was passed condemning the conduct of James Quirk, of Portlarnia, in grabbing the land of Michael Dalton, after the latter had been accordered by a Protestant neighbor, at the request of the local branch of the League.

LEITRIM.—The Carrigallen I. N. L. recently elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Rev. T. Gilfoyle, President; Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, Vice-President; James Foley, Treasurer; J. Brady, Secretary; James Carney, Assistant Secretary.

MEATH.—Judge Monroe has refused the application for a reduction of rents on the Wade estate.

MAYO.—The Belmar I. N. L. recently adopted as candidates for P. L. G's, Mr. Lavin for the Langhanbay Division, and Mr. John Delany for Knock South.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—There were only four cases to go before the Queen's County Assizes at Maryborough.

ROSCOMMON.—At the Roscommon Assizes an old man named John Crary was indicted for attempting to kill and murder Elizabeth Hegarty at Scahkrotary, on December 5th, by hitting her on the head with a hammer. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

SLIGO.—At the Sligo Assizes a young man named William Armstrong was indicted for the wilful murder of Thomas Dwiner, in the town of Sligo, on Christmas evening, stabbing him in the abdomen with a bayonet's knife. The Crown agreed to a verdict of manslaughter on the plea of the prisoner's counsel, and Mr. Justice Lawson imposed a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude.

TIPPERARY.—On March 7th, Deputy Sheriff Quinn, with two bailiffs, attended at Donaghmore—accompanying a city—attending in the case of John Walsh, of Moohtar's Hill, Fethard, against Philip Dwyer of Liscreagh, for possession of a small farm. A half year's rent and running gale were claimed. About 40 armed police constables attended under District Inspector Hamilton and County Inspector Stephens. The chapel bells had been ringing in Fethard and Liscreagh during the morning, and a considerable crowd collected. The tenant's premises were strongly barricaded, but the bailiffs, under the protection of the police, forced an entrance and took possession. The crowd got excited, and under the order of the County Inspector they were driven back with batons—who, on splitting were armed and pelted with stones. Sgt. Mr. Stephens ordered another charge, and the retiring party then made their way to the police barracks. Here the crowd rallied and demonstrated. Six were charged with assault.

ATHLONE.—On March 8th, Bryce Dowes opened the Assizes, observing to the grand jury that it was glad to be able to inform them that the business of the assizes was very light. The number of cases to be prosecuted was very small, none of which required any detailed mention from him.

TIRRONE.—It is stated that at May fair last week there was an extraordinary rush of war troopers, and prices were considerably increased, ranging from £20 to £50 (one buyer for the French army brought upwards of 80 horses, all of which he sent by rail from Armagh in the evening. Other buyers had turned out, as its custom is, to secure numbers of this class of horses, and business was over so brisk for a long time past.

WESTMEATH.—There was only one case to be submitted to the Westmeath Assizes, namely, a crime committed by an English soldier.

A second Nationalist candidate has taken the field in the person of Dr. Whyte. Dr. Kerrigan's candidature has the endorsement of J. D. Sullivan, T. Harrington and Dr. J. E. Kenny, M. P.

WICKLOW.—At the Wicklow petty sessions on March 7th, Mr. Tankson Edwards, J. P., a well-known timber and general merchant of Wicklow, was committed for trial to the assizes, bail being refused, charged of the business of the National Bank with having forged several acceptances to bills of exchange.

—Frank A. Houghton, well and favorably known in this city, has opened a new stationery and printing establishment at 22½ California st. His stock in stationery is extensive, new and varied, taking in all the latest designs and novelties, as well as the standard articles. He has equipped the printing department with new presses and type and all the latest improvements for doing work fine and rapidly. In both branches of the establishment he prices will be found to be consistent with good value and fair work.

—Mr. John A. Lennon, the old-established wholesale grocer, has just received from importations of English, French and Italian Grocery. Also the Celebrated Brand of "L' Japan and China tea and other Beauty Pure Olive Oil for Table and Sanctuary Lamp use; Italian Macaroni and Rice; Colonial Hearth, Hearthed and Extra Weight Oysters and other goods in line. Mr. Lennon's advertisement will be found on the third page.

Market Report.

MONTHLY OFFICIAL.

136 Kearny St., Tuesday Evening, April 5, 1887.

WHEAT—No. 1	$1 55@$1 47½
FLOUR—Superfine	$ 2 25@3 00
Corn	1 00@1 07½
Oats	1 00@1 37½
Barley, feed, whitened	1 00@1 37½
Ground Barley, ℔ ton	20 00@22 00
Middlings	22 00@25 00
Oats No. 1 feed	1 37½@1 75
Bran, ℔ ton	17 00@17 50
Buckwheat	1 00@1 37½
POTATOES—	
Hens, ℔ ton, wholesale	6 00@7 50
Sweet Potatoes, ℔ lb wholesale	2 00@2 50
Onions, ℔ cwt	2 00@2 50
Hydiers ℔ ton	8 00@7 00
Hay, Wheat	8 00@10 00
Hay, Alfalfa	8 00@9 00
Hay, Wild Oats	8 00@9 00
Hay, Barley	8 00@9 00
Hay, Stock	8 00@9 00
Hay, Southern Coast	10@12
Straw, ℔ bale	1 00@1 50
Hops	16@18
Wool, Southern Coast	10@12
Wool, Mountain	17@19
Honeybell	17@19
BEANS—	
Bayo, wholesale	2 75@2 85
Mottos, wholesale	2 75@2 85
Red, wholesale	2 75@2 85
Pink, wholesale	2 75@2 85
Pink, Stage-coated Hayes	1 75@1 85
California Hayes	1 75@1 85
Lady, ℔ lb wholesale	2 00@2 25
Lady, ℔ lb wholesale in bags	2 00@2 25
VEGETABLES—	
Beans, white	1 50@1 60
Asparagus, ℔ box	1 50@2 00
Turnips, ℔ 100	2 50@3 00
Turnips, California	2 75@3 50
Carrots, ℔ 100	1 75@1 50
Green Peppers	1 50@2 00
Garlic, ℔ ton	10 00@12 00
Squash	1 00@1 50
Cabbage, ℔ doz	1 00@1 50
Cabbage, ℔ 100	1 00@1 50
Cauliflower, ℔ doz	1 00@1 50
Celery, ℔ doz	1 00@1 50
Beets, ℔ 100	1 00@1 50
Turnips, ℔ 100	1 00@1 50
Parsnips, ℔ 100	1 00@1 50
Green Apples, ℔ box	75@1 75

DYSPEPSIA.

The Symptoms: Loss of Appetite, Bloated Stomach, Dizziness of the Stomach, Headache, Bad Breath, Sleeplessness, Low Spirits and general prostration. Dyspepsia is frequently attended with Constipation, but sometimes with Diarrhoea.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

NOW CURED:

I suffered intensely with Pain Stomach, Headache, and Constipation, and was so low that I could not walk. I tried your Regulator and it was a sure cure for me in a month. Yet does I feel as strong and hearty as ever. I am a hearty eater, and can digest anything. Yours truly, J. G. CARTER, Richmond, Va.

THE WEEK'S NEWS —FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

ANTRIM.—The tenants of Sir Richard Wallace have decided to accept the miserable reduction of 10 per cent. which is offered.

The tenants in the townland of Gortacgorogh, about eight miles from Ballymena, have just concluded arrangements for the purchase of their farms from the Misses Martin, Ballymena, at sixteen years' purchase of the judicial rents.

CAVAN.—There were only three bills, and these were of an unimportant character—to go before judge Fullas at the Cavan assizes.

CLARE.—Mr. David Sheehy, M. P., who has been assisting the tenantry on the Gritfith estate at Mullingh, West Clare, in getting in operation the "Plan of Campaign," was present on Sunday, March 6, at a demonstration on the farm of a man named Mc Mahon, who was evicted by his landlord, also named McMahon. The meeting was held at Kilmurry, about a mile from Mullingh. No public advertisement was issued, and, as usual, the police were outnumbered. The attendance was very large, consisting of men, with heads and banners, being pre-ceded by a fife and drum band. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Sheehy, Kilbride, and other districts. Kilbihi was further represented by about 200 horsemen. The authorities were represented by six policemen. There was no disturbance, although the proceedings lasted from 2 to 5 o'clock. Mr. Sheehy delivered a manly address, and the "Plan of Campaign" was endorsed.

The tenants on the property of Mr. R. W. C. Keeves, D. L., Boxborough House, Killrush, have been granted a reduction of 20 per cent. in their rents.

CORK.—The work of tilling the farms of those tenants on the Ponsonby estate who have been singled out for law proceedings, has been completed.

A meeting convened to express condemnation of a landlord (Captain Leonard, of Lisbalinbaha) was supposed to Mossons, on Sunday, March 6. In the evening the town band turned out, as its custom is, to salute the population with a few brisk tunes; as its custom was formerly in days gone by, when the band magistrates. This reminds one of the played-out Russian system in Warsaw. It is improper, however, to blame a clarinet or the trombone as a terrible instrument of tyranny. Yet the Salvation Army bands and wheeds away opposite our windows every Sunday morning, and

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE SONG.

Like the music of a star—
Low shall I and sad be,
As the wind soke o'er the deep,
Pale-breathing moonlight, weep
The woe of the Utahs.

Within me sob—and low,
As—telling long ago
Its sorrows—sad shall
The wind of the Utahs.

I hear it as I was heard,
In the piping of a bird;
As moaned the ex-equal heart,
With gallopine and grief,
I hear the Utahs.

And darkly telling still—
Our good and ill,
Of many week'd by and
With glory week'd and dead,
I hear the Utahs.

From hearts forever hush'd,
By strength and triumph crush'd—
Spirits sensible and
Wing'd from pure and down,
To sing the Utahs.

And now I hearth again,
The woe of the Utahs.

In a weary there's hale,
And month'ly a pulse beat,
Blazed as a tuneful chain,
And lead in epsilon grand,
I hear the Utahs.

In thunder in the sky,
That wake and speak and die,
And I wake again—and still
Cloud-enchaled like a child,
I hear the Utahs.

In blame and in fange,
Of a weary, weary pang,
In sorrow and in joy,
In the maiden and the boy,
I hear the Utahs.

In the present and the past,
In have hearts down-cast,
In the future—and I pray,
In the solid with mother's tongue,
I hear the Utahs.

In the household and the tomb,
In mansions and in gloom,
In poverty and pall,
And the Utahs myself,
I hear the Utahs.

With streaming eyes and hair—
The bondage of'r yrsbrow,
For all my blood and me
Shun eternally—
The woe of the Utahs.

P. S. DORSEY.

"Death sting of the accident tries.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

GOOD FRIDAY.

To-day the Saviour died—suffered the Crucifixion, Yet could His falling eyes see the repentant tear, Saying: "In Paradise thou shalt with Me appear."

"Forgiveness" He prayed; such blessed words He said, "They know not what they do." This is the foes Of Christ.

This for His enemies, asked with His latest breath

Yet do His children now turn from His face and hear,

Not to lonely one down to strange gods beside,

And in their lust and pride, still is He crucified.

How long will they profane His pure and sacred

Pleading His holy sign, His emblems so divine,

In midst of mockery, on such sacred days as this?

"I thirst!"—to each poor heart, stretch, by the pierced dart,

Thus the narrow way—ready to faint and fall,

To the pointed tips that cry, earth given with his.

Jesus, "the Prince of Peace," when shall the stirring cease?

Tempt the waves of death; can we the current stem?

Oh, let us hasten to day! hand in the dust and pray,

Christ, His bleeding feet; nothing our souls' rivalled.

In deep repentance—Christ, the dying Jesus

Pardon such life wind Thy outspread arms have hoped,

Each doubt not forgive into Thy hands receive At death our souvenirs rests, that they may live.

Today the Saviour died—suffered the Crucified, Yet His, the suppliant, heard, and His could pity.

Saying: "In Paradise, to-day, then shalt be with Me."

ANNA MONNINGER BERG.

Friday, April 8, 1887.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

CAPTIVE.

A Tale of the Cross and Crescent.

The life course glide around,
The sweet but dalliled o'er the ground—
Ever changeable, nothing pure,
Tempts the to touch the shore,
They hope'd and laughed on other side,
And smoked me with a blast of sad.
A resolution of the power to serve,
Yet lent the strength to catch the wave
To bear me safely from the stormed—
(Alas! there ever no helpine hand!)
Wer hath not, e'er the' covered at last,
Been in some fatal moment past,
Left with no light to guide the way,
A midnight hope, 'twixt night and day—
A feeble star in shooting sky,
An moonlight glow or shower on high
Before a storm, whose darkening cloud
Impends, threatens—"You look as though
Not valued its efforts to be free,
And not be brightness on the other sea.
Be best or other, the sleep deep,
Propitious have alone on it at
Cloud-bound star to captive bent.

TRUMAN.

A Gleam

In a night, but solid reality will be known by those who visit Bauman & Co., Portland, Mich., Saturday, Sunday, Jan. 1887, when they will offer and lot Jewelry, wholesale only, at a profit of from 5% to 25% and upwards. Only. Some have spent over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. Habit & Co will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely nothing from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

A perfect cure for Piles, Fistula, Fissure, Ulcers, Wounds, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, Sore Breasts, Sore Nipples, Sore Feet, Sore Legs, Old Sores, Chronic Sores, Sore Heads, Sore Backs, Sore Joints, Sore Muscles, Sore Chests, Sore Stomach, Sore Bowels, Sore Kidneys, Sore Bladder, Sore Rectum, Sore Nostrils, Sore Ears, Sore Mouth

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

CALIFORNIA.

Ours is a wonderous land so strongly bleat
With ancient relics and historic name,
With dreamy grandeur of the Orient—
Young in its beauty, elder in its fame.

Southward the realm of Montezuma lies,
But stripped of former Aztec pomp and show;
Northward Siberia's crushing yoke rises,
Crowned with eternal coronals of snow.

Whilst at our feet is unimpeded give
The broad Pacific shores our sandy strand,
Bearing the freightful dower of the sea
To deck the glory of our sea-set land.

How deeply bright Eureka's golden day,
When gleam yonder temple the truth Divine,
Ruling the Redman with a peaceful sway,
And subduing his heart within some forest shrine.

Leading his steps on paths they humbly tred,
Turning the land to plenty and increase,
While o'er it all a pleasant and loving God
Smiled—and His smile was Joy and Peace.

That youngest-born is gone—and now no more
The Indian' rude wisdom fill the air,
But in their place another race adore
The beneficent Giver of a clime so fair.

It's calm clear lake reflecting Heaven's light,
Its pebbles sands richer than Janus's Pactolus,
Its stately mountains distant to the sight,
Its lowlier passes of pure emerald.

This was the prized Utopia—so famed,
And here the pledging Pilgrim's march was lost;
"Eureka!" "I have found it," he exclaimed,
Before his eyes the Land of Promise shone.

C. A. D.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MONTH OF MAY.

Year after year, great May,
The rose their homes bring;
O'er the earth—mantle of the glowing—
The language that speaketh—Spring.

Year after year, dear Mother,
Bears thee the month of love,
In bonnet of perfume and sweetness,
In rosary of Vesper hours.

The blossoms, like interpreting words,
Unfolding truth and love,
Not with the Rose of burning faith,
And white—as is this purity
Upon its wings in the zenithet
Be the leaves in the hallowed air,
Distinct their fragrant offering
As tender and silent prayer.

But the roses have thorns—sweet Mother,
Smite them on our nurture, lest
For the sake of the sweet which pierced the heart,
Lesser than angelish know.

THESIS.

San Francisco, May 24, 1887.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

As recited by Baron F. Ward at the Bachelor's Reunion, Metropolitan Hall.

The eye has lacked its lustre and the colors left the cheek,
The hair, thick blackly clustered now is neither thick nor black;
The minutes have grown rigid and the steps are short and slow,
I feel which I would come to this some forty years ago.

I'm immeasurably advanced himself, yet I do not feel that I am the same boy of forty years ago.

Then I was the life of the party, and the merry laugh, Rang out your's and mine, and echoed to Chione's cave,
Where unknown parcelid did sunshine rule as pure as virgin snows,
Would I be in purpose and worldly those same forty years ago.

What joy to join the dancers or to pass the cup and chaff,
And to mingle with the athletics on the dainty leveled green,
Then to listen to the skylark and hear his music flow,
And if to show as strain there some forty years ago.

Now at Thrush nor Blackbird nor smoking of the dell,
Nor anchorel's warbling gentle one some's'ar the summer dale,
Is number equal one wild mint nor thorn in full blow
More charmed with me their fragrance than fell forty years ago.

Its note to Temple cattle or to view the pile,
Its cave my Bonds I'll see at the holy Bon-
Its nook I'll climb the mountain or view the vale below,
Or mingle with my sweet hearts of some forty years ago.

Its now we hear O'Connell, O'Bradley or the Dean,
Nor a Scott from Charley Fermoss, the last is not the best
Its note the village piper beside down the sun-shine day,
Its blow his blasts the very last, full forty years ago.

Those golden days of sunlight have taken wing
Then I thought it was but morning, alas, it's after noon,
The thoughts recall both joy and grief, and the tears and heart-throb flow,
For those that wept or laughed with me some forty years ago.

No sense of action rhyming nor power of life-like lays,
Nor sensitously replying can recall those hoyous days;
But in the faith that I was born I'll abide the fate of fate,
And show more lasting happiness than forty years ago.

"The Pen."

IMPRESSIONS ON VISITING HILLSBORO.

Where, under Heaven's high vaulted dome,
Will peer or pensiest find a home,
Where nature with or profusion hand,
Has strewn her treasures o'er the land,
Art, nature's handmaid has combined
To cater to the human mind.

Rain, mighty monument of art,
Of ages past the counterpart,
Towering o'er the lake by night,
Mirror'd by the moon's away light
The season's rear, the winter's blast,
Have not contained then to the past,
But in colossal might yet stand,
A silent history of the land.

To reach thy summit, Asheville,
Let rhyme in mundane sense believe;
As beneath thy lush untrodden air,
Lie thy graveyard, say "be sure,"
Carry not in the mind where tried
Can doubt a God so wise, so kind,
Who gave us life and light to see
In one swift glance such mystery.

Yore, thy sunshine rude, crude sublime,
In sublimate vying with first time,
Rear present, rear pastoral,
As if greater love commanded,
Till in earth's great home choosing,
Pardoned absent, life including.

Mashoney, thy hallowed rule so quaint,
Thy oasis place for one who faint,
When I am called on to say
From this footing home I stay,
I hope would in thy home lay
My home till the Eternal Day,
Sustained by thy raine gay.

W. H. G. N.

For sarcastic, Impersonated Based and General Debility.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, Recommended by the whole tribe of Medicine Men. Based the Emulsion "I gave some to my Grandfather, and the effect was marvellous"—G. F. Gray, M.D., White Hall, Ind.

Literary Miscellany.

A Charming Legend.

The Story of the Giant Who Staggered Under a Child's Weight.

The popular legend of St. Christopher has been told in prose by the poet Longfellow, in "Kavanagh," the sweetest and pleasantest of all his works—and also in verse by Lowell. But it has been told better and more fully by Miss Rosa Mulholland. Those who possess that daintiest of fairy tales "Puck and Blossom," which is now out of print, will find the story of St. Christopher told about the hundredth page, by the "Boy who lived on the Dom." But the same pen has written out the legend somewhat earlier in a slightly different form, which in certain parts is best suited to our purpose. We shall therefore skip sometimes from one version to the other, but the narrator shall still be the author of "Marcella Grace."

I will tell you the story of the mighty St. Christopher, who is too little known in our country. The name Christopher is derived from two classical words which means a bearer, or carrier, of Christ. When travelling in foreign lands, many of us are greatly surprised to see a giant with a benevolent face and a little child perched on his shoulder, looking down on us from pillars and nooks of the great cathedrals. Sometimes he is made of stone, standing under the light of some jewelled window; a huge form, rough and bearded, leaning on a club, with face upturned to the grace of the infant, who peers into his face with a tender musical smile. He is also to be found in rare old pictures, struggling through heavy waters in the dim twilight, only lighted on his way by the radiance of the little face above his shoulder. I have met him where rude but loving hands had made a coarse image of him on the corner of a street or over some humble doorway.

On a cornerstone of the quaint old German town of Trier. I found him striding along through grass-green waves, and dressed out in all the colors of the rainbow. Again by stood the Rhenish gates, black and grim with age, and streaked with tawny stains like rust, but the golden sunlight clothed him with warm blood against their sides. The hot sun shone on the frowning arches of the gates, and on the grotesque image of St. Christopher; on the monument of the past, which had remained through so many ages, and the picture sprang from a legend which had remained almost as long in the people's heart. At such a time I should have been sorry not to know the story of the giant, the good and mighty Christopher, who carried the Lord of the world upon his shoulders.

He lived in very old times, belonged to the land of Canaan, and his name was Offero. People feared and wondered at him because he was such a giant, and he grew so proud of his strength that he would serve no master but the greatest king that lived. And he set out to seek for the king's king of the greatest king.

After travelling a long, long way, he arrived at last at the gates of a palace, which he was told belonged to the greatest king on earth; and he knocked upon the gate with a great, loud knock, which aroused the king and his friends, who were at supper.

The servants were greatly astonished when they opened the gates and saw the visitor.

"Tall your master," said Christopher, "that Offero, the giant, has come to serve him."

The king was delighted to hear this, and invited his retainer to sit beside him. In the course of the conversation somebody came to mention the name of Satan, which

THE MONITOR.

the voice of a little child crying out to him in the storm

"Offero! Offero! Come and carry me across!"

He got up and went out but could see nothing. He had hardly laid down again when he heard the same little infantile voice crying out to him again. Once more he went out and searched, and made sure that he must have been dreaming, when, louder and clearer than ever the voice wailed forth again:

"Offero! Offero! Come forth and carry me across the flood this night!"

And going out a third time, there he found a very tiny, quaint looking child crying aloud upon the rock above the tide.

Offero was greatly surprised, as you may imagine, to see such a young child out alone in such a place on such a night; but he said nothing, only lifted little Christopher upon his shoulders and waded out into the stream as he was bidden. But he soon found he had taken way across the stream than his felt that he was carrying the most terrible load that ever pressed upon his shoulders. He staggered under it, and almost lost his senses, and it was only by the greatest effort that he was able to keep his feet and arrive safely on the opposite bank with his burden. Then he placed the strange infant on his feet on the bank and looked upon him with amazement.

"Who art thou, O child! that has been able to place me in such peril! Had I carried the whole world, the burden had not been heavier."

The child replied, "Wonder not, O Christopher, for thou hast borne not the world only, but Him who made the world, upon thy shoulders. Thou hast bravely served to serve Me, and I have sought thee here that thou mayest do yet greater things for Me. Plant thy staff in the earth, and truly, plant thy staff in the earth, and it shall put forth blossoms and fruit in thy sight."

Christopher did as was desired, and immediately leaves covered the dry staff, flowers sprang among the leaves, and clusters of dates hung ripely down from its branches. When Christopher could remove his eyes from the wonderful sight, he saw that the Child had vanished.

Then the strong man knew that the Lord had come out of heaven to call him into His service, addressing him not as Offero, but as Christopher, "bearer of Christ." He fell down on his face and worshipped the Saviour of the world.

After this he left his hut beside the ferry, and he went out into the world to teach and preach the Saviour crucified. He made converts everywhere and stood by many martyrs, comforting and strengthening them in their last struggle for God. He spent many years in bringing souls to the kingdom of Christ and spreading the love of the Saviour of men; and in the end he had the glory of dying for God, and went to heaven to receive his reward.

This is the legend of St. Christopher, and in countries where it is known, people call upon him to carry them through the waters of their affliction. They believe that the very sight of his image gives them strength and as they listen to hear it in their churches, or meet it over their doors, and cut in their streets, let us, too, call upon him for help, and let us also try to assume in raising whatever little faculty we may be possessed of for the greater glory of God!

Gen. Connor and the Mormons.

Gen. Patrick Edward Conner, who is well known in San Francisco, says the Call, has returned from his mine in the Tintic district in Utah. He is an Irishman, and has had an adventurous career. In 1862, when only 19 years of age, he enlisted in the army and took part in the Florida war. After that he removed to Texas, and when the rebellion broke out he enlisted in the Union army. He was in the battle of Bull Run, and was chosen colonel of the regiment upon its organization. The outbreak of the Civil War found him in California, and he was among the first to offer his services to the national government, and was appointed colonel of the Third California infantry. In 1862 the Mormons (claiming themselves on the intermediate struggle, grew bold, and Col. Connor was ordered to take a regiment to Salt Lake, which he did, encamping there where they could command the city. Brigham Young objected to the presence of the "boys in blue," and sent an envoy to Col. Connor, asking him to remove his camp outside of the city limits. The reply was characteristic of the man: "Tell Brigham Young," said the commander of the Third California Infantry, "that I have marched my men over eight hundred miles, and they are too tired to think a new camp unless it is completely; but if I have to change my camp, my west headquarters will be in Brigham Young's house." The Mormon leaders made no further objection to the presence of the United States volunteers.

Bishop Gilmour Explains.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 23.—Bishop Gilmour was seen this afternoon by the *Herald* correspondent in reference to the statement of Dr. McGlynn to Pulsburg last night that "a certain old gentleman in Rome had told him that he was mistaken, and he would be excommunicated." Bishop Gilmour explained that he meant by saying "a certain old gentleman in Rome and whom I allude, was not my own Archbishop, Cardinal McCabey, who never discussed me, but Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, who is so far in sympathy with the people that after a tour in Great Britian and Ireland, he returned to the extraordinary statement that he had not found anybody—bishop, priest or layman—who was able to tell him what was the matter with Ireland anyhow

Bishop Gilmour furnished the following statement to the *Herald*:

I never uttered those or any words of similar import.

Second—I denounced Dr. McGlynn at Home for having come to Cleveland in 1892, in defiance of authority, and lecturing before a number of excommunicated women.

Third—I never denounced Dr. McGlynn for any one due because of their views upon the Land League question, for the simplest of all reasons, that I believe and maintain publicly that I have a right to do so.

Bishop Gilmour, who is a Scotchman, has always of hatred toward Ireland, and of being opposed to Irish liberty. The Bishop's private and public utterances since the time have displayed these statements, and he has at all times been an earnest champion of oppressed Ireland, and but a few weeks ago delivered a powerful address at an anti-coercion meeting held in this city.

Bishop Gilmour says he did not formally denounce Dr. McGlynn at Home, but that he did complain of his conduct, and then the Doctors own Archbishop took up the matter and he (Bishop Gilmour) had subsequent himself in the affair until election day, and was some years before Dr. McGlynn expressed Henry Georgeism cause and the complaint would have had no connection with the recent acts.

—The detention in the convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union held in New York represented seventy four societies in the principal towns north of Hudson and east of Chicago, and there aggregate membership and Mass Daily Communion, and the Catholic Young Men's Institute and Catholic Ladies' Total Abstinence Society numbers in the cities of Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Lille, Angers, Rouen, Toulouse, Montpellier, Nancy, Dijon, Reims, Saint Etienne, Tours, Caen, Le Havre, Versailles, Orleans, Amiens, Clermont, Besançon, Bourges, Limoges, Nancy, Angers, Caen, Le Mans, Nantes, Rouen

THE MONITOR.

TRIBUNE FREE OF PUBLICATION

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The priests of the dioceses of Fores preached Bishop Spalding with a purse containing $5,100 during the celebration of his tenth anniversary late a few weeks ago.

—The death is announced of the distinguished Catholic journalist, Don Giacomo Margotti, editor of the *Unità Cattolica*. The paper will continue to be conducted on the same lines by his brother, Commendatore Stefano Margotti.

—The Sacred Congregation of Rites has ratified the office and Mass proper with its section in the Martyrology of the Blessed John of Rochester (Cardinal Fisher), the Blessed Thomas More, and the other English martyrs recently beatified.

—The Christian Brothers, who preside over the Catholic schools of Ireland, teach their pupils to say the *Hail Mary* whenever the clock strikes. The pious observance is generally carried out through life by those who have been under care of the Brothers.

—Mayor Roche, the newly-elected municipal representative of Chicago did a graceful act when he decided that Mr. Onahan should continue in office as City Collector. He is one of the very best representatives of an Irish-American Catholic gentleman in the United States.

—We cannot imagine a more thick-headed, tainless and dogged exception to Gladstone's Home Rule policy than that made by Chamberlain, whom a recent dispatch credits with saying: "The success of Gladstone's policy would destroy the country and ruin the working classes."

—The St. Louis *Western Watchman*, edited by Father Phelan, gives this sensible advice to all men who employ trusty clerks and agents; "Don't employ a Catholic who does not go to Confession. He is either immoral, and you have to take care of your wives and daughters; or he is dishonest, and you had better look after your cash balance. Every priest will vouch for what he says."

—News has reached Rome that in Spain, prominent Catholics under direction of the Bishops, are actively engaged in organizing a great pilgrimage which will be one of the first to arrive in Rome for the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII. On account of the difficulty of communication between Spain, the vicinity of the Pyrenees and the Alps during the winter, the Spanish pilgrimage will arrive in Rome next September, leaving the first offerings of the Catholic world to the Pope on his jubilee.

—Cardinal Manning is described by a recent visitor as "wardly impressive at sight." Weighing but about seven stones, sitting by a blazing fire in his study, he Eminence will discuss any subject from the Decrees of the Council of Trent to the cultivation of the soil. Now and then he will converse upon. He is a textbook—has been one for years—at all hour; and ask just as much as will keep the machinery of the body properly lubricated and no more.

—Some recent statistics compiled from authentic sources prove that there are at present in England no less than 67,719 people who are classified as belonging to the criminal classes in Great Britain. Of this number 20,565 belong to the class designated as "known thieves, receivers and suspected large." Then there were 26,154 persons in convict and local prisons. From these figures it would seem that some more missionary labor is required in order to Christianize the horde of dangerous people among a nation that needs "missionaries" to all parts of the globe.

—It is a cheering bit of intelligence for all good Catholics to learn that our Holy Church is prospering in Palestine, the primitive habitation of the Faith. Dom Hanel Amaun, Vicar-General of the Greek Patriarch, writes from Jerusalem to the editor of the *Missions Catholiques* to announce the progress of the Church in the Holy Land. The maintenance of the Greek rite prescribed by Leo XIII. contributes much to this *rapprochement*. Two new Greek Catholic missions are about to be opened at Bethlehem and Beit-Jalla. In the latter place 300 persons have demanded reception into the Church. The Latin parish church has been placed provisionally at their disposal.

France Foiled.

The correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "The Chinese have, I am informed, acted with great promptitude the question as to a Papal representative at Pekin. It will be remembered that on account of the threats of the French Government, the Pope was compelled to withdraw the nomination of Mgr. Agliardi as his legate at Pekin. The Government of Pekin has just conferred upon Bishop Taglibue, of Pekin, the rank of mandarin, donated by a red button, which will enable him to confer with other mandarins over through he may have no other official rank whatever. By that means the Pope is provided with a legate on the spot, through whom he can communicate his views to the Chinese Government, and carry on negotiations if necessary. The action, in fact, is as a commission from the Pope would have done. The bearer has the official right of communicating with the authorities. The ostensible ground for this device is that the Bishop has rendered services in connection with the transfer of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Pekin which the Chinese Government desires to recognize. Diplomatic relations between Pekin and the Vatican have thus actually, though nominally been established just at the moment when the French were congratulating themselves on having effectually prevented them."

The Church in the Sandwich Islands.

Catholic Missionaries first visited the Sandwich Islands in 1827, landing in Honolulu from a French vessel. But eight years prior to that period, King Kamehameha II., his brother Boki, and his Prime Minister all received the Sacrament of Baptism at their own abdication, on board the French corvette *Uranie*, according to the rites of the Catholic Church. So the first Christian sovereign of the Sandwich Islands was a Catholic.

In the fall of the year 1853 the King, his consort and suite, embarked on board the British whaleship *Lady*, Captain Starbuck, with the intention of visiting England, where they landed in 1824, but a fatal disease which baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians carried off both Kamehameha and his consort.

Among the suite of the King was his Prime Minister Boki, who faithfully lived up to his religion and who—while in England—had communicated with some French Bishops, requesting them to send out Catholic missionaries to Christianize the native, promising such as visited the Islands a cordial reception and ample protection.

In accordance with this request, Rev. John Alexius Augustine Bachelot sailed from Bordeaux on the 17th of November, 1826, in the French ship *Comet*, in company with two other Catholic priests, Rev. Father Arnaud, of France, Rev. Father Short, of England and four laymen. The *Comet* arrived at Honolulu, after an eight months passage, July 7th, 1827.

Immediately on landing, the three missionaries had a long interview with Governor Boki, who received them with every manifestation of delight, and had a house prepared for their permanent residence.

On the 14th of July, 1827, the pioneer missionaries of God's Church had the happiness of offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time upon the Pagan soil of Polynesia, the service being attended by a vast throng of natives, among whom were many chiefs. This fact was signifying to the preachers of politics and Protestantism combined, so they set to work to cause the expulsion of the Catholic missionaries in order that to them alone might be left the field which they proposed to plant with the tares of fanatical hatred, prejudice and persecution.

By a species of sectarian chicanery which has already been related in these columns, the Calvinistic conquerors succeeded in expelling the Catholic priests from the Islands, but though they sent adrift the agents of God's truth, they have never been able to root out of the soil of the Sandwich Islands the seeds of God's truth so contained in the divinely-created Faith of the Catholic Church.

During the long years through which the Puritanical spirit of persecution was waged against Catholic faith, the conversion of the native population was necessarily suspended, as it was death by torture to every native who dared to differ in religious views with the fanatically sectarian ordinances which were poisoning the souls of the Polynesians. Persecution, however, has always been prolific of good to the Church, and we have learn that from the year 1827 to 1832, the Catholics among the Kanakas numbered over 5,000 souls, and in the year 1837 there were in the hearts of the Catholic native that they taught their children secretly to bless themselves and to pray, so that the living waters thus secretly transmitted from generation to generation—even whilst the sectarian soldiers of Satan were watching from the ramparts of religious error for any sign of "Popery" among the Polynesians.

In 1836, the brig *Gazelle* arrived at Honolulu from Valparaiso, having on board Rev. Robert Walsh, a Catholic priest; and no sooner was this fact learned by the sectarian firebrands who formed Luther's league on shore, than they determined to protect which any "Popish priest" from setting foot on the Sandwich Islands. Fortunately, however, Father Walsh was protected by the British Consul, and his sent on shore, only to suffer untold annoyance through the calumnies of the Calvinistic preachers of persecution for conscience sake. Father Walsh, therefore was permitted to remain in Honolulu, *provided he did not teach his religion*. Such is a sample of sectarian "liberty" understood by the Puritanical Governors who first scowed a crop of "cockle" in the Sandwich Islands.

Notwithstanding the unjust and illiberal conditions which the Protestant preachers imposed upon Father Walsh, he must have accomplished some glory for God's cause during his stay at Honolulu, as we are reliably informed that in the year 1839 the number of Catholics had increased to 222, and, in 1840, the faithful Catholic band had grown to 1,097 souls.

Finding the number of Catholics increasing—despite their despicable designs—the Protestant preachers abandoned their open hostility and persecution of priests in 1840, directing their attention more particularly to calumniating the Church of God in every sermon they preached to the natives. In the latter year, therefore, the children of the Church had grown so numerous as to suggest to the Catholic missionaries the propriety of erecting a permanent edifice for Almighty God's perpetual adoration. With this grand object in view, the first Catholic dinal in Polynesia was commenced, and the faith began to spread with miraculous rapidity among the native population.

Intolerance still continued to be poured forth from Protestant pulpits and from lecture platforms, but, as Catholics well understand, "when God is with us we care not who is against us." The Church continued to grow in an atmosphere of continually and increasing persecution, and when at last an commission from the Pope would have done. The bearer has the official right of communicating with the authorities. The ostensible ground for this device is that the Bishop has rendered services in connection with the transfer of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Pekin which the Chinese Government desires to recognize. Diplomatic relations between Pekin and the Vatican have thus actually, though nominally been established just at the moment when the French were congratulating themselves on having effectually prevented them."

The Erections at Bodyke.

It is actually pitiful to read of the inhuman cruelty of British landlords to their impoverished Irish tenantry. Our pen trembles, our eyes moisten, our lips relax, and the flush of indignant anger suffuses our cheeks as we endeavor to express our utter condemnation of the relentless tyranny of a foreign and ruinous horde of landlords who unconscionably practice their Holy accursed brutality in the light of our 19th century, and with the civilized nations of the whole world as witnesses of their wretched crimes which cry to Heaven for vengeance. The transactions at the Bodyke Island eviction will remain on the record as a damaging evidence of English morals in Ireland. Amidst all the exciting and sorrowful scenes that were enacted at Bodyke, we manage to find some gratification in knowing that the brave tenantry, led by the patriot Dwyer, resisted determinedly and with more than partial success the unjust invasion of their rights by beating back the bailiffs of British bailiffs with boiling water, and by knocking some into the sentence of the red coat soldiery with bats and stones. We are also proud and gratified to learn that the Sergeant Arms was on hand to assuage in some degree the sorrows of his persecuted flock, and stood side by side with hospitals and cater his solemn protest against the heartless cruelty and open outrage perpetrated under the mask of legal sanction by the native and imported ruffian retainers of Irish landlords. The spirit of the Irish people cannot be broken by starvation, persecution or eviction. It will live and widen and grow stronger as England's Tory tyranny grows apparently more relentless and blood-thirsty. And when England finally exhausts her resources and recalls such proof from the combat with a *great principle*; the will, the genius, the valor and the manhood of Erin will unite in sweeping the peaceful dawn of Freedom and Home Rule. God grant that the time for such a glorious consummation is not far off.

The Pope and the Powers.

A cablegram from Rome, under date of the 25th ult., says that the Pope, in an address delivered yesterday, referred to the religious peace with Prussia, which the Pope said he had made every effort to attain. Continuing the Pope said: "Thanks to the equitable and pacific sentiments of Emperor William and his counselors, the Prussian Government removed the more serious inconveniences and then accepted the various practical conditions of peace by which some of the former laws against the Church have been repealed and others mitigated. Something remains to be done, but we must rejoice at what we have obtained, and above all in regard to the free action of the Pope in the government of the Church in Prussia. God grant that Italy, which is peculiarly the seat of the Papacy, share the spirit of peace with which we are animated towards all nations. We earnestly desire that Italy may not add to her unhappy differences with the Papacy, whose dignity is violated chiefly by the conspiracy of sects. The Italian people and Government would be object to by no power in the enjoyment of full and real liberty, while, far from injuring Italy, it would be a

O'Brien and the Canadian Press.

It is a mistaken idea for persons to have that because a few bigoted Orange papers have shown their inherent and unmeasurable hatred of Catholicity by coining flagrant falsehoods about the questionable utility of Catholic schools, the representative, respectable press of Canada is with them. The honest, fair-minded, lying section who draw a small money from a parcel of native and imported bigots by catering to their Irish Catholic hatred, represent a very little of it. Here are a few samples of the manner in which the press of Canada speaks of Mr. O'Brien and his mission to Canada on the disease. The Montreal *True Witness* says:

"As the chairman of less speech, Mr. O'Brien is perfectly sympathy with the press toward Canadians. The man who advocated violent opposition have determined the Irishmen of their cause, for some time past, and have themselves made and incapable of meeting an opponent's argument either by fair blows, or, seek to drive a lie by threats of violence.

La Justice, a French paper of Toronto, has this to say:

"If Mr. William O'Brien committed an error in coming to Canada to fulfill his known calling, the Dominion of Canada has committed a much greater one in disturbing his meeting at Toronto.

"Since the Governor-General has his duty and does it in Canada, we do not need an executive or equivalent of the friends of ex-Premier Gladstone, who, if not need of Canada, have at least enough of the Irish Land Question to treat the Immortal O'Brien in Toronto, is not surprised that he is there looked upon as a tyrant and as ordering bullies.

"This morning the loyal French population of our province congratulate the City of Toronto Orangemen with the spontaneous cry of Long live O'Brien! Long live the Irish Nation!"

"Mr. O'Brien came to Quebec to-day fifteen thousand people would meet him and salute and applaud him.

"Long with the Orangemen, and the enemies of Ireland, and of the Catholics, the enemies of liberty of conscience!"

Another French journal, *Le Progrès du Lac* speaks thus:

"O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, is now visiting Canada. He is to address the Montreal Irish Catholics, and the Quebec Irish Catholics, and perhaps the former towards the former towards the former towards

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—It is ten years since James Lick, the millionaire of this city, died, leaving the bulk of his large fortune for charitable and scientific purposes, yet the most practical of his bequests—the training school in the trades for young lads—has never been begun. In their first ten years of management the Lick trustees spent $150,000 for legal fees.

—Readers of the MONITOR will be no doubt much gratified to learn that a New York publisher is about to issue a *Corpus Scriptorum Christianorum*. We hope, however, that none of our readers will try to pronounce this word at first sight, as it may result in serious dislocation of the vocal organs!

—Mr. Parnell's habit of extreme caution—we mean all the more forcible the words of encouragement which he uttered at the National Liberal Club's banquet last month. He went so far as to predict that before many months the Liberal policy of Gladstone would prevail in Parliament, and that Gladstone would be recognized as the only great man in British politics. That is a prediction of victory as far earlier date than Mr. Parnell has heretofore made.

—A Rome correspondent of the MONITOR sends us the welcome intelligence that Rev. Gregory Antonucci, who for several years had charge of the Italian church in this city, has been nominated Vicar-Apostolic of the Diocese of Chen-Si, in China. Bishop Antonucci will be consecrated in Rome at the hands of the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda.

—Readers of the Washington City *Church News* must have been astonished to find a poem in its pages recently under the title of "The Alameda," which must have sounded strangely to ears unaccustomed to such a Spanish phrase. The poem in question was written for the MONITOR by Miss Coolidge, and stolen from us without credit. This style of appropriating poetry is neither churchly nor Catholic.

—A meeting of the parish priests of the diocese of Raphoe was held at Letterkenny recently in order to nominate a successor to the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, recently elevated to the Primacy of Armagh. The Most Rev. Dr. Logue presided. The result of the voting was Very Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Rector Dunboyne Establishment, Dignissimus, 14; Very Rev. Hugh McFadden, P. P., V. G., Donegal, Dignior, 4; Rev. Charles McGlynn, P. P., Dungloe, Dignus, 2.

—We are in receipt of last week's issue of the *American*, a kind of a tail to Pixley's Knowsothing "American" party l.t.a. A double-page engraving in the current issue represents the "assassination of the relations of Pixley, Horack, Wigginton and other sycophants in this spoils-seeking society, just as they landed on American soil a few days ago. They are, indeed, a sorry looking lot, and the *American* has hurt its party's prospects by printing such a procession of Flikermaniacs in its pages!

—We publish on an inside page this week, a very interesting account of the Centenarity of the Church of St. Thomas, in which every Catholic who desires to preserve the grace of virtue should join. Any Dominican Father in this city, Benicia, Vallejo or Sacramento will receive numbers or impart any information desired. The sins from which people are saved by means of this Confraternity are those which during the faith account in the souls of otherwise pure and good Catholics.

—The Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, in announcing the return of Peter Gilpen, O.S.A. of St. Patrick's Church, Rome, says: "The corner-stone will be laid on December 23, the feast of the Pope's Jubilee, when the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and the Most Rev. Dr P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, the most eloquent Prelate and the most renowned Irishman in the United States, will preach." One feels like uttering the prayer of the Roman Halleluiah, in the "Lays of Ancient Rome": "Heaven send Rome such a day, and send us there to see!"

—When "the hat" was passed around among the ladies of the British possessions in Bermuda, in order to receive their rupees as a jubilee offering to England's Royal Majesty recently, the Bermuda ladies were naturally disgusted at the idea of such a grand lady begging coin from them as her subjects. "Why should their sovereign want money," they inquired, "especially so soon after the annexation of Burmah?" "Has she no rice?" and "can it be that she has no tobacco?" were frequent queries. For, as all Bermuda ladies smoke several cheroots daily, they because deeply sympathetic at the idea their Queen should be without the solace of tobacco could her State cares, but they never once imagined that no woman in England loves the British "average" better than Victoria loves the so-called coin of her realm.

—The penny-whistle party organs of the anti-called "American" political anti-Catholic organization, are endeavoring to convince their dupes that their platform is not proscriptive against Catholics. That will do to tell to "the marines," but when such a trio of true blue bigots as Pixley, Wigginton and Horack stand sponsors for such a combination, the word "anti-Catholic" is branded on the party with the red-hot branding iron of the "Boss" of the bottom-less pit! We hope no Catholic citizen will become a "fly" in the Know-nothing web constructed by the three American "spiders" who were just such wolves every time there is a presidential election coming, so as to put money in their own purses through the foolishness of men who are led to follow them in their un-American aristocracy against Catholics and adopted Catholic citizens—"the latchet of whose shoes" these political lepers are unworthy to unloose.

Black Stains on Our National Character.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29th, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir: I have read with pleasure and, I think, with profit, the articles in your paper on the French Revolution, and I take the liberty to address these few lines to you, not to criticise the articles, but merely to make a few remarks regarding the thoughts which presented themselves to my mind while reading the valuable history of the French revolution.

I have often asked myself: Are we not in America, today in a state of affairs very similar to the one in which the French people were in before the French revolution? Are we not, at the same time, more difficult for a large majority of the working people to make a living for themselves or to raise a family? Is we not in spite of the approach of a revolution, as terrible and bloody perhaps as the one which came across the ocean, or graphically? Do not our poor get poorer and our rich get richer every day? Is not disconsolateness and a spirit of rebellion growing right along in intensity and magnitude? Your esteemed writer says at the conclusion "that all the then existing abuses and wrongs could have been better righted and with more lasting effect by a peaceful and legal reformation than by the terrible means." Why was it not done? I think for the same reason it is and does today. You are certainly aware that the people are losing their liberty taken from them step by step, that they are getting more and more enslaved, that they have to work harder and longer and earn less and less every year.

By what means are these wrongs to righted? Why, you will probably say, "have we not the ballot?" But, in the case of much treasured—as we were brought to light lately in the Sullivan Pelton contesting case, where it was shown that the "purchasing of the ballot" and also the "selling of the ballot" had taken place—we have a ballot or what our much prized ballot is the exponent of the will of the people, but it is not a fact that the seats in our legislative halls are held to the highest bidder? Do our "representatives" not show that we are made in the idea of corporations as we are in the image of God? Were before the fall of their mighty angelic, or rather Divine, power, which consisted in, if not one of military always ready to take the side of the weaker against the strong, in the spirit of the "Dollar" the god of the American people? And is not that power which could do so much towards remedying these evils—the working man's ballot—lost to them through the "purchasing" and the "selling" of it? Is it not lost because too lazy to maintain those things in its colonies and to direct its influence for the betterment of these affairs? And, if the poorer classes, the working people, contain the majority of voters, being the fullest, independent of the old parties which have bondslaved them so often, is it not true that the spirit of "socialism," "dynamiters," "communists," "anarchists," prevailing among the whole poor, secular and religious? Is not almost the whole poor in the service of capital, of the god Mammon, and against the honest poor? Is not the spirit of the poor, the spirit of those who the fathers of the Republic gave them the ballot—the use of which alone gave them the right—revolutionary?

But why are all these forces combined against the working people? Is it not because ignorance and its offsprings and worshipers are today just as blind as they were before the French revolution? And is it not the duty of the press—the world's tribune of the people, and especially of the religious press—to sound a note of warning to the rich and the powerful who brought under lost the rights of the poor, of the creature of God, made in His image?

The press is the tribune which allows every my mind and probably cross the minds of thousands of people, and which were carried again while reading your "French revolution." Hoping to have the pleasure to write you soon,

I remain, yours respectfully,

OTTO SEIS.

We are glad this correspondent put his thoughts on paper and sent them to the MONITOR, as it affords us an opportunity of bringing forward some interesting facts concerning the attitude always maintained by the Catholic Church towards the laboring classes, which despite its best efforts, at this time when certain demagogues are trying to persuade the working classes that the amelioration of their condition can only be achieved by means of Socialism, Communism or Anarchy.

To the different [illegible] affirmative answers may be given. But the cause which create in our day a state of society similar to that which existed before the French revolution, and which are widely different in many material points. In France the king ruled the people, while with us we never tire of boasting that every man is his own monarch in America, yet, at the same time, facts and political statistics prove that a large mass of them "consider" are open-handed bettetakers at every election, and many of them wish they had a dozen votes to dispose of! Who is to correct this evil? A corrupt body politic, as the foundation of a nation, will disseminate the same corruption throughout every story of the Temple of Liberty they erect. And so we see in this country many voters bought openly on the streets on election day, and the officials thus elected growing rich on bribes received for their votes in favor of rich clients or corporations who freeze the people! This is the state of affairs from the *source of power* to the topmost pinnacle of the American political pyramid. Corruption, bribery and dishonesty are characteristic of politics ever since "Boss" rule has been inaugurated.

It may be asked what is the remedy for such a state of affairs, and we candidly admit that it is difficult to give a definite answer. The pagnitising education of the day has contributed largely towards this corruption of public morals by inculcating in the minds of the young their right to "rise" in the world by any means they see fit to adopt. A corrupt people can never be a free people, heroes politicians and their dupes—the voters—are merely small and smaller satellites who move in regular motion round the great "Boss" orb—the political sun—whose light shines only for those who worship him truly and divide with him the spoils of office.

No physical revolution like that horrible example in France, can ever cure the evils that exist in America. Not did the French revolution affect any good for France, as we have it on the testimony of the eminent statesman Edmond Burke, that the French people merely "made their way to the disgrace and the destruction of their country to a bad constitution when they were absolutely in possession of a good one. The sacrifice they made of the peace and power of their country was not made on the altar of freedom."

What American most needs in order to cure the evils complained of by our correspondent is a moral revolution among the people. A revolution which will make men see God, know Him and serve Him, just as the Church Catholic requires upon those who are among the faithful in her fold. Yet such a moral revolution is impossible so long as the people of the land are kept under a pagnizing system; so long as wealth is worshiped and poverty is considered a crime; so long as every public position of honor or emolument is sold to the highest bidder; so long as a venal press pours the daily deluge of filth, falsehood and foolishness before every community, and the priesthood—their shepherds—are led to follow in their un-American aristocracy against Catholics and adopted Catholic citizens—"the latchet of whose shoes" these political lepers are unworthy to unloose.

More Misery in Store for Ireland.

Letters from Ireland convey the sad intelligence that Coercion is not the only evil the Irish people willingly to contend against during the present year. It is predicted that gaunt famine will again visit Erin and the land in consequence of the almost certain failure of the crops.

The present season has been the driest season ever known in Ireland, and the result is that only in a few places did the crops ripen. The spring crops in Ireland are extremely hardy and cold, and as a consequence the planting and seed-sowing were greatly delayed. Towards the end of April came a change. Summer set in vehemently as well as prematurely, and, wanting the necessary rain, the crops were forced into unnatural growth. The heat during the entire month of June was well-nigh tropical, the thermometer frequently recording 91° in the shade, and 120° in the full blaze of the sun. Such a high temperature has very rarely been recorded in either England or Ireland. Still no rain came, and the very dews ceased to fall. As a natural result, the earth was baked as if in an oven, and the growth of grass, green crops and cereals at the usually period was completely arrested. Nature is the only crop that could possibly stand such dry and scorching weather, but where is the hope even in that? The oats and barley crops are described as promising completely blighted appearance, the straw being five inches in length, unnourished by a head miserably small and shriveled. The potato crop, with the exception of what is planted in sandy or peaty soils, is not expected to produce more than half an average yield; while the green crops, after being three weeks sown, have been pronounced utter failures. Naturally the hay crop will be the greatest sufferer, and it is scarcely possible that more than one-third of the average hay-making can be expected.

The reliable source from which we derive our information also states that the wells throughout the country have become dry, that the rivulets have ceased to run, and that the springs, large numbers of cattle have perished, and are perishing, from mere exhaustion. The intensity of the drought may be imagined from the fact that at Limerick, the bed of the Shannon, the largest river in the British Isles, which takes its rise in the extreme north and receives the drainage of over two-thirds of the Irish counties, may be crossed almost dryshod. Anticipating a scarcity of fodder for the coming winter, the graziers and dairymen have been for sometime past driving their stock to the scored fairs, with the intention of disposing of them at whatever they would bring. The fairs are thinly attended with stock of all kinds, and there are no buyers except for "finished" animals. Unless an almost miraculous change takes place, and that immediately, no more awful forecast of coming events has been presented since the terrible period—now exactly forty years ago—when the land was smitten by a famine whose horrors will never be obliterated from the world's memory.

In some sad sense [illegible] was soon duly appreciated by the Irish people, who engaged in Ireland during June and July, we append an extract from a letter recently received from that land. The writer says:

"The atmosphere appears like a furnace, for there is no wind, and the thermometer on the 23d of the current month stood at 97 degrees in the shade, the average height being 86 degrees for several weeks. In the shade of the house it ranges from 80 to 90 degrees in the shade, the average height being 86 degrees for several weeks. In the shade of the house it ranges from 80 to 90 degrees. The country is actually unprecedented in Ireland, and the result is that the fine pastures looking so green in Galway, Clare and Clare are completely burned up, and the cattle in some places actually starving. As a result, the holding of the cattle and sheep fairs is a sore trial, every one seeking to dispose of his stock, and no one willing to buy. Stock auctions have also been completely expunged, so that there is but little sale; but the barley and oat crops most certainly prove compatible for the production of a very miserably lost, and if the coming winter proves a severe one, there will be neither turnips, mangolds nor hay to feed cattle on. Such an outlook is terrible to contemplate, and should the fears which at present universally prevail be realized, the result will be calamity added to calamity."

—A correspondent describing the Boston Fourth of July celebration, in which all the prominent participants were Irish, in the *Times Democrat*, of New Orleans, La., says: "Boston is peculiarly an Irish city, but I am not sure that the infusion of the race characteristics of the Irish is not an exceedingly good thing. They bring a generous enthusiasm, an energy, a tenacity of purpose and a rich and keen vitality—adding good elements to the general life. The Irish are far more patriotic for America than Americans are for it themselves." The latter remark is as solid a truth as ever found utterance in print, and it truth may be established on every occasion when an American celebration takes place in any of the large cities of the Union. The Irish-American race is the back bone of liberty in this land, and if ever an occasion offers for proving it, they will be found foremost in the fight, while many persons whose pulpit jeremiads themselves as "Americans," will fly over to England and desert their country like the cowardly Sunkies that they are.

—We frequently notice in the columns of the daily Protestant press of the Pacific coast of some "smart" reporter's failure in his effort to portray the "brogue" of some Irish, Irish-German or Irish-American, introduced into court for trial. And what a mess the literary cobbler makes of it! Let work, however, a case occurred in Judge Brown's Lower Court, when a certain Michael O'Brien was on the stand in order to prove his name condition. Michael did so very creditably, clinching his evidence with this proof: "Sir, the powers say," said he "my mind is as clear as yours. I can tell as as when I see one" and then he looked steadily at the Phonetic reporter forfeitly a minute! Judge Hardy—lower by-the-and-bye—laughed, and when he got over the joke he decided that Michael O'Brien was "a solid man" in sense!

Which is Correct?

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir: I am a graduate of a Sisters' Catholic school and in conversation with a non-Catholic young lady the other day she inferred at me when I pronounced the word "neither" with the long "e" saying it was something that the proper pronunciation is "either." As the MONITOR is my mentor in other matters, I write for information on this point, so that I may defend my Catholic pronunciation against Protestant aggression.

Yours truly, NANCY NURSING.

For the information of this young lady we think it proper to intimate her that the Sisters from whom she received her education were eminently sensible in teaching her pronunciation of the word "either" and "neither" with the long "e" sound, instead of the modern foppish, mincing mode of "either" and "nither." It is true that some fashionables give both pronunciation as correct, but this proves nothing over centuries of precedent in favor of the general mode of pronouncing these words with the long "e" sound. Webster says that the best speakers in England and American elegant society pronounce the long "e" and not in the flippant fashion which has been recently introduced into this country by some Cockney-Bostonese. These two words were everywhere pronounced "either" and "neither" until the time of George I. of England, who, being a German, gave the German pronunciation to these words. Court parasites are like monkeys, inasmuch as they ape the manners of their masters, and in this way the Saxon pronunciation of "either" for "either" and "nither" for "neither" was introduced into England among the courtly parasites by a man whose imperfect English gave rise to the ridiculous fashion.

In your lady correspondent, therefore, will readily understand the she should not laugh at those who say "nither" and "either" as that would be a piece of rudeness not allowing such a lady to be guilty of, but she should pity such *affectation* on the part of people who are ever ready to adopt any ridiculous fashion so as to obtain a place in the world, or some way from their more sensible neighbors. The best speakers in England and Boston—educated and established courses for centuries, are on the side of the Sisters who taught our correspondent the right pronunciation of these words, and we hope she will adhere to them, let those who will, follow the false pronunciation of a drunken Dublin man—who was notorious for his love for whiskey punch and fat women—and who could not speak a dozen English words correctly—drunk or sober!

An Enemy's Opinion.

Perhaps in the whole range of the American press there is not a single journal that has maintained such bitterness against the Church than *Harper's Weekly* of New York. In season and out of season it has been ever silent in its attacks on the Holy Catholic Church. The Popes of the past, the Cardinals of the present, and the doctrines of the Church have been the subjects of bitter and unpleasant jeers, pen and pencil, and sneers and jeers. Yet, in the passing bits the hands of men who fought harder for the cause of Henry George than they did for that of the Church. The *Herald* comments on this from the day it struck its "Catholic" colors.

The School Question Solved.

Alluding to the way in which the School Question is solved in Canada, the Boston *Pilot* says: "Out of a total population of 1,200,000, the province of Quebec, Canada, has nearly 1,000,000 Catholics. Two thirds of those are French-Canadian, the rest Irish. This fact may solve the school question. The overwhelming majority accord to the Protestants all the rights they would in like case demand for themselves. When the Catholics outnumber the Protestants the latter elect their own school trustees independently of the Catholics, collect their own school taxes, build their schools and teach these their own teachers, and conduct the methods of instruction. There is a council of public instruction for the province, divided into two committees, one Protestant and the other Catholic. And still we hear of Religious Intolerance! Truly, the Catholic majority in those United States, who are so fearful about religious freedom, should, if they would secure their own religious rights in the schools rather than allow their Catholic fellow-citizens to enjoy theirs, have much to learn from a province which they are wont to decry as Romish, backward and unenlightened."

Ireland's Crimeless Condition.

Last week we presented our readers with a comprehensive review of the speech of the Marquis of Ripon, on the subject of the Land Bill, and the declaration of the Marquis of Ripon, concerning the crimeless condition of Ireland, which, we are happy to add, is still the same. We have pleasure in presenting our readers with the following additional evidence confirming the fact that there is actually less crime in Ireland today than there is in the single city of London, and that there is a period of which the Irish people may well be proud:

On Tuesday, July 5th, Baron Howse opened the Assizes at Ennis, County Clare. Addressing the grand jury, he said: "It is a matter of the highest satisfaction to me to be informed it was a very usual announcement that their labors at the present assizes would not be very much. There were only two unimportant bills to go before them.

On July 6th, the County Court Judge of the West Riding of Cork, was presented at Bandon Quarter Sessions, with white gloves, there being no criminal business for trial. The Grand Jury, on the following day, sent in but one light case on the list.

On Tuesday, July 12th, Justice Murphy, and Justice Lawson arrived at Longford and opened the sessions for the county of Longford. The grand jury having been sworn, Justice Murphy, in addressing them, said there were only two cases to go before them; and they were so trivial they did not call for any comment.

On Wednesday, July 6th, the Assizes for county of Leitrim were opened in Carrick-on-Shannon, by the Lord Chief Justice, in the Civil Court, and the Lord Chief Baron in the Criminal Court. The Chief Baron the Grand Jury he said there were not any cases to go before them, and none of them required any observations from him.

On Wednesday, July 13th, the Assizes were opened in Dundalk. Judge Andrews, addressing the Grand Jury, said: "Gentlemen of the Grand Jury that there were only four bills to go before them, only six—of which four were for trial.

On July 7th, Mr. Justice Lawson opened the Assizes for the County of Kilkenny. Addressing the grand jury, he said: "I believe my duties so far as they are of a criminal nature have been performed. There are no cases to go before you, and there are no cases for your inquiry.

These facts cannot be gainsaid, and they naturally give direct contradiction to the falsehoods hatched for effect to American, but Irish-hating journals, and circulated by the cable. Ireland is not the place it was when Lord Cardigan, Lord Clare, Lord Lucan, Lord Clare and Clare are completely burned up, and the cattle in some places actually starving. As a result, the holding of the cattle and sheep fairs is a sore trial, every one seeking to dispose of his stock, and no one willing to buy. Stock auctions have also been completely expunged, so that there is but little sale; but the barley and oat crops most certainly prove compatible for the production of a very miserably lost, and if the coming winter proves a severe one, there will be neither turnips, mangolds nor hay to feed cattle on. Such an outlook is terrible to contemplate, and should the fears which at present universally prevail be realized, the result will be calamity added to calamity."

The Pastoral Letter.

Last week we presented our readers with the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Cashel, on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Holy Father. We now present our readers with the following pastoral letter issued by the Archbishop of Tuam, on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Holy Father. The letter is a gem of its kind, and we hope they will read it with the same pleasure we have experienced in perusing it:

PATRICK, by the Grace of God and the Holy See, Archbishop of Tuam, Primate of all Ireland, and Administrator of the Diocese of Ardagh, to the Most Reverend, the Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates, Clergy and Faithful of the Province of Tuam, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

Dearly beloved Brethren in Christ—Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has ordained that the fiftieth year of his priesthood should be celebrated throughout the world as a year of Jubilee, and has given us, his Bishops, the power to grant to our people the spiritual benefits of the Jubilee, on the conditions which we shall now set forth.

The Jubilee is a time of joy, of thanksgiving, of mutual congratulation, of forgiveness of sins, of reconciliation with God and man, of fervent prayer for the Pastor of the Church, and for the spiritual needs of his flock. It is a time for the Pastor to bless his people, and for the people to bless their Pastor, and to pray for each other, that they may be strengthened in the grace of God, and be fellow-heirs with the Saints in the kingdom of heaven.

The Jubilee is a time for the Pastor to bless his people, because it is a time for the people to bless their Pastor, because it is a time for the people

SYMPATHY FOR ERIN.

[SPECIALLY FROM FIRST PAGE.]

tads tha dawn of better and brighter days for their beloved country (applause).

SERMON BY REV. MILLS.

Mrs. Mills said—Whilst this message has been in course of signature, we have sometimes been asked, what is the ultimate end? "What is the use of all this waste of time and effort? It will do no good. And even from others, who, whilst they sympathize with our views, seem to have the power of grasping only the material side of things, has come the question, "What is the good of it? If you want to have anything in real money and clothing, not nasmus. Well, we have done the one, and, if needful, tried to do the other, as well. We have, in our conviction is that not charity but justice is at this moment Ireland's deepest need. To this questioning I should like to reply in the words of a letter lately received from Frederick Douglass, an escaped slave, who forty years ago from not only in England but in Ireland, and especially in Dublin, great sympathy and help, and is now visiting his old friends in Europe. He writes—"I have just read your message of sympathy to Ireland, and have been moved by it. It carries me back to those dark days in my history when every honest word of sympathy with me and my oppressed brethren was worth more than silver and gold. Such words saved me from despair, were a consolation in sorrow, and a harbinger of hope for the future. Your words will be a balm to every honest heart. Keep on, keep on, madam, have read a tome of the hundreds of earnest hearted letters we have received on this subject, and we would have that she has been a spontaneous labor of love for which she concerned will feel richly repaid, and, if it ever so small a degree, our message of sympathy should also prove to be a "memorialism in sorrow, a harbinger of hope for the future." It gives me great pleasure to be half of nearly forty thousand of my fellow countrywomen, to present to you, the Lady Mayoress of Dublin, and through her, to our Irish sisters, this address (applause.)

THE ADDRESS.

Mrs. Mills then read the address as follows:

"TO OUR IRISH SISTERS.

Force is no remedy.

Force is not Christian and unstatesmanlike.

"We, the undersigned women of England, Scotland, and Wales send loving and sympathetic greeting to our suffering sisters in Ireland, and declare that we utterly condemn the course that has led to such a fearful influence we may have to urge the giving of such measures of Home Rule as will satisfy the just demands of the Irish people as made through the representatives in Parliament assembled. Meanwhile, we entreat these for their own sakes to endure as patiently as they can the wrong of eviction, and other wrongs now bearing so hardly upon every class, but which still, we are convinced, have not yet an end to by the voice of the indignant and justice-loving women of Britain.

Miss Cobden, daughter of Mr. Richard Cobden, said it was with the deepest sense of gratitude that she formed one of the deputation who brought this message of sympathy to their suffering sisters in Ireland. This was only one of the many marks of sympathy for the Irish people, and the women in their sufferings in consequence of the land measures. The painful accounts of the evictions occurring in the different parts of Ireland had filled them with the deepest abhorrence for the regime under which such things should be perpetrated. That the present system of government could not last was plain to any reader of English history, and would soon be replaced by the government of the country by the people themselves (hear, hear)

Mrs. Sidwanna, who was much affected, said—Madam, whilst it is a source of satisfaction to us to have been allowed, to express to you our sympathy with your fellow-country women in this time of national crisis at the same time we cannot help feeling shame and sorrow that this expression is necessary—alas! there has not always been in the past that natural sympathy between us which you might have claimed as a sacred heritage. Ireland has proved to us that our countrymen have taken a large share in building up the greatness of our commonwealth (applause) and we pray in the name of Swift, Grattan, Goldsmith, Burke and others have been forgotten of our country, have proofs of your generous willingness to forget the past and to clasp the hand of friendship, of affection, sincerely, though tardily offered. We hope much from your generosity which is a noble instinct of your people; and we feel that our countrywomen learn more fully all that you have suffered, are now called upon to suffer, all that you have to forgive, they will realize as they have never done before, the sacred obligation that we believe now rests upon us to fulfill your national demand (applause).

THE LADY MAYORESS, IN REPLY, said—

Irish Mills and ladies—Speak for the sentiments of millions of patriotic Irishwomen, I give a hearty welcome to Ireland, and tender you thanks for the beautiful message of sisterly love and sympathy of which you are the bearers. I thank each and everyone of the kind hearted women who have taken this noble address to the women of Ireland, and I am confident that the grateful feeling which you endeavor to express will be shared by my countrywomen, not only throughout the country of this island, but wherever Irish women have homes on the earth, and I am sure that the manner appointed to this address are several which I am happy and honored throughout the kingdoms in connection with works of benevolence and humanity; and it is with delight I notice at the head of the list that of the wife of the great statesman, the true friend of the Irish people and Right Hon. Ewart Gladstone. There, too, I am happy to see represented the towns of Oldham and Bright. So far as I know, nothing like the presentation of this message ever before occurred in the long history of the connection between Ireland and England; and I regard the incident as one of the many signs that we are even now at the commencement of happier relations between the two countries.

AN FOR FREE NEW CORRIGON HALL,

which in a few days will be opened for lady teachers. We doubt that, if worked as originally intended by it authors, it will inflict injustice and misery on hundreds upon thousands of innocent men; and when the man are struck down women and children suffer with them; but we have great hopes that the prosecution of this great measure will be deferred from energy it as they would wish by the resent indignation that the heart and conscience of England are revolting against the hateful policy. I feel confident that the women of Ireland will act in the spirit of the wise and kindly counsel given them in the last address we message. They will believe with you that while the Coercion Act will not long be allowed to stain the pages of the statute-book, opportunities of a Christian character, if we shall have a measure of Home Rule which will allow the Irish people to manage the local affairs, as they consider necessary. When that right shall have been conceded peace and friendship will take the place of angry strife, and both England and Ireland will be stronger and better than ever they were before. I believe that all who help to bring about that better state of things take part in a holy work, and I feel sure that your share in it, ladies, will have a place in history, and will never be forgotten by the Irish people (applause).

—Negotiations will be opened in November between the Vatican and Portugal, with a view to the establishment of a Catholic hierarchy on the Congo.

Correspondence.

We respectfully solicit correspondence from all parts of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, and from other parts of the Union the Church or the spread of the Faith.

All communications should reach this office, by Tuesday morning, to be insert in the ensuing issue.

A ZEALOUS PRIEST REWARDED.

Father Blanco's Departure from Utah.—The Faculty of All Hallows College Presented With with a Beautiful Gold Watch.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, July 27, 1887.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir:—Father Blake, who came to Utah in 1884, left for San Francisco on Tuesday morning. Before his departure, his friends took him by surprise by presenting a giant tribute to his honor, and presenting him with a beautiful gold watch. Father Blanco's departure from the Church in Utah he worked faithfully and zealously, and in all his arduous labors evinced no lukewarm. After his activity in Utah he was appointed Pastor of Park City. He was only twenty days in that place when the Irish church was burned. Encouraged by the good Catholics of the place, he immediately began to rebuild, and in less than six months succeeded not only in replacing the old church by a fine rock church 75x30, but also in erecting a school of the same material and dimensions. He was also able to build a pastoral residence. In connection and in addition to the church and school, he purchased from Jews from Israelitehaven, the work house he has completed, instead of making that out to which he was originally intended, he yielded to the suggestion of Bishop Scanlan, and came to Salt Lake to take charge of All Hallows College. There he worked during the year just ending. In his management he was pre-eminently successful, especially when the many disastrous legislation to contend against, he succeeded in keeping the institution from the ruin which threatened it. Its success in this respect was due to the great zeal and ability with which he worked for the institution. Its success in this respect was due to the great zeal and ability with which he worked for the institution. Its success in this respect was due to the great zeal and ability with which he worked for the institution

SYMPATHY FOR ERIN.

[DEMONSTRATED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

tuals the dark of better and happier days for their beloved country (applause).

SPEECH BY MRS. MILLS.

Mrs. Mills said—Whilst this message has been in course of signature, we have sometimes been asked, with a doubting smile, "What is the use of all this waste of time and effort? It will do no good. And even from others, who, while they sympathize with our views, seem to have the power of grasping only the material side of things, has come the question, "What is the good of it? If you want to raise sympathy and money and clothing, not nonsense. Well, we have done the one, and, if needful, trust we shall not have the other unduly. Our conviction is that not charity but justice is at this moment Ireland's deepest need. To this questioning I should like to reply in the words of a letter lately received from Frederick Douglass, an escaped slave, who forty years ago lived not only in England but in Ireland, and especially in Dublin, great sympathy and help, and is now visiting his old friends in Europe. He writes—"I have just read your message of sympathy to Ireland, and am deeply moved by it. It revives me back to those dark days in my history when every honest word of sympathy with me and my oppressed brethren was worth more than silver and gold. Those words moved me from despair, were a consolation in sorrow, and a harbinger of hope for the future. Your words will be a balm to every bruised Irish heart." Could you, madam, have spoken a word of this hundred-and-earnest hearted letter we have received on this subject, you would see how that she has been a spontaneous labor of love for which all concerned will feel deeply repaid, if in ever so small a degree, our message of sympathy should also prove to be a "consolation in sorrow, a harbinger of hope for the future." It gives me great happiness, on behalf of nearly forty thousand of my fellow countrywomen, to present to you, the Lady Mayoress of Dublin, and through you, to our Irish sisters, this address (applause.)

Mrs. Mills then read the address as follows:

"To Our Irish Sisters.

From be so remedy.

"Dear and beloved—and unseasonable.

"We, the undersigned women of England, Scotland, and Wales send loving and sympathetic greeting to our suffering sisters in Ireland, and declare that we utterly condemn that Coercion Bill, and will use all our influence we may have to urge the giving of such measures of Home Rule as will satisfy the just demands of the Irish people as made through their representatives in Parliament. Meanwhile, we entreat them for their sake, sake to endure as patiently as they can the wrong of coercion and other suffering now bearing so heavily upon every class, but which will, we are convinced, be soon put an end to by the voice of the intelligent and justice loving women of Britain.

Miss Cobden, daughter of Mr. Richard Cobden, said it was with the deepest sense of gratitude that she formed one of the deputation who brought this message of sympathy to their suffering sisters in Ireland. This was only one of the many marks of sympathy which they felt for the Irish women in their sufferings in consequence of political misunderstanding. They painful accounts of the evictions occurring in the different parts of Ireland had filled them with the deepest abhorrence for the regime under which such things should be perpetrated. They hoped and prayed that Parliament could not last was plain to any reader of English history, and would soon be replaced by the government of the country by the people themselves (hear, hear).

Mrs. Schwann, who was much affected, said—Madam, while it is a source of satisfaction to us to have been allowed to express to you our sympathy with your fellow-countrywomen in this time of national crisis at the same time we cannot help feeling shame and sorrow that this expression is necessary—shame that there has not always been in the past that natural sympathy between us which you might have claimed as a sacred birthright, and sorrow that this expression is necessary—also

Poetry.

[For the Monitor.]

PURE THOUGHT.

Only a beautiful lily,
Fresh with the morning dew,
Pure as the crystal water
That wends the valley through;
Robed in every whiteness
Not even a shadow to blight;
The fair, bright spotless creature,
Radiant in purity's light.

Into my soul stole its sweetness,
And a voice seemed to speak from my heart:
"The Artist who modeled the flower
Of his work, then, sir, formed a part;
Thy soul should be fair and lovely
Then this trifle of beauty you behold;
More treasured than gems of the rarest,
More precious than silver or gold.

Why, then, should you wilfully vandal
This mirror of God's holy love,
Wherein are reflected the graces
Which Heaven bestows from above;
Virtue's jewels gleam brightest when chastity
Reflects from a pure stainless soul,
And Purity's pearl lies the deepest,
In the waters of God's grace as they roll.

A pure thought is merely an echo
That rings from the depth in the heart;
And the mind is indeed truly noble
When Purity lands in a part;
Or like the flower, which, when it blooms,
Wafts a fragrance from its cup,
And God, his most beautiful image,
Engraves on Purity's form stands.

Let not a foul thought, then, rob you
Of a beauty of priceless worth:
Give not for a moment's pleasure
A soul of immortal birth:
Valiantly battle temptation,
For the virtue of purity
Is the glorious light of the sunset
That illumines life's setting sun."

Zita.

San Francisco, Cal.

[For the Monitor.]

ROBERT EMMETT'S ANNIVERSARY DAY.

We hold thy green memorial day,
Green Erin's brave and noble son,
Thy white moon at Mrs. Cassell's reception,
Thou thy life's blood for Erin ran!
Around the fee ye bladed then,
Are Erin's best and noblest men.

Thine eyes furnace beyond the time
That martial bodog could survive,
Thy manner bold thy mien sublime,
Where Liberty is kept alive;
The blushing spark thy genius gave,
In glory burns where'er it gives,
Taught by thy life and martyr'd death,
Patriot men on every shore,
Strews with the bounds of mighty Earth,
Still hold thy name in memory's store;
Thou—"what would my employer think of
my wife wearing a $200 set of jewelry!
Some of your evening dresses have already
excited comment; but no one knew I had
walked to and from the office, denied myself
cigars, and even the daily papers, to pay for
your extravagance."

"My extravagance," cried Mrs. Morgan,
with a subdued wail, as she put her hand-
kerchief to her eyes and burst into childish
tears—a real woman's best defense. "That
always the cry—my extravagance.

"No, Cecil," he said gently, as he laid his
hand on her shoulder, "I did not mean that.
But I am tired of living on our poor farm,
and the everlasting pinching in everything
we do. You do not need this jewelry,
and it would not be advisable to wear it if
you had it; for man with only moderate
income must pay up with moderate luxuries.
I will deny you nothing in reason, but you
cannot have those sapphires."

There was a ring of unmistakable decision
in his voice. He slowly drew on his over-
coat and gloves, evidently expecting some
remonstrance of her thoughtless act, although
she expected John would relenge her severely
for spending the money; but she trusted
to his leniency and her own powers of
persuasion to soften his wrath. He had
never, as he said, refused anything in reason,
and if this was an apparently useless pur-
chase, she could easily turn the jewels into
money, if the rainy day John was always
predicting ever arrived.

As he left room from Baby & Co's. with
the jewel casket safely stowed away in her
pocket, she was brought to a sudden stand-
still by meeting her husband coming out of
the dining-room with a perturbed and
anxious countenance. Her face flushed
guiltily, for she knew, or imagined she did,
the cause of his agitation.

"Cecil," he said hurriedly, "I have lost
my pocket-book. Did you find it?"

"Lost your pocket-book!" echoed Mrs.
Morgan, feigning great surprise and sending
his question—not that she meant to deny
finding it, but the confession required more
moral courage than she could muster at
present.

"Yes, lost my pocket-book," repeated Mr.
Morgan in a troubled voice; "and the
money in it belonged to the firm."

Mrs. Morgan's heart stood still with con-
sternation, and she grew white toothe lips.

"Stolen, I also gasped, as if accepting was
shocking; "tell me—how it was."

"It was this way. Macray gave me $500
as I was leaving the office yesterday evening
to pay a bill we owed Heeby & Sons. But
they were closed when I reached their office,
and I brought the money home with me, in-
tending to pay it as I went down town this
morning; but owing to a death in the family
the store was still closed, and I never knew
I had lost the money until I had reached our
office this morning. Cecil, are you sure it's not in
the house?"

"—I—I am sure I don't know," stammered
Cecil, too overwhelmed with fear and morti-
fication to think seriously.

Not John's money! She felt dazed and
crushed, and totally unable to confess her
folly. She dropped into a hall chair, looking
so weak and ill that John forgot his own
trouble in anxiety for Cecil.

"You must not be so frightened, wife,"
he said kindly; "it may turn up in the
house. Come, help me to search for it."

Cecil rose up mechanically, and followed
him from room to room, listening in mute
terror to his regrets when the pocket-book
could not be found. Involuntarily her hand
went down into the pocket of her dress, and
as she clutched the jewel-case in her cold
fingers a deadly faintness almost overcame
her, for, let as she would, she could not
draw it forth, or force her lips to confess
that to her awakened conscience seemed
nothing less than theft. She knew her hus-
band's indignation would be deep, although
not loudly expressed, for dishonesty of any
kind was contemptible in his eyes. Would
he excuse it in his wife! Ah, no! and as she
pictured the affair presented itself to
her mind, her shame and agitation increased,
and she found it still more difficult to con-
fess her error.

Suddenly, as after thoroughly searching the
rooms they stood in the hall; "I must
have dropped it in the house, and it cannot
be found. Or, could any one have picked
up your purse, Cecil?" A startled expression
flitted across her face, and he hastily examined
the inside pocket of his overcoat.

"No," he said, with a light laugh, "no
one could pick that pocket without my
knowledge. It must have fallen out." He
looked keenly—without any suspicion of the
truth, however—at the lovely, downcast face
of his wife. "Cheer up, little wife, I'm
fearfully affected guilty. "I must go
to the office; but you keep a sharp look
the money. It may have got knocked into
some dark corner."

"How—does—" stammered Cecil, not
with feverish anxiety; "does the firm know
it?"

"Murray does. I told him before I left
the office."

And John Morgan shut the door with a
bang, an unusual roughness for him, leaving
his wife standing in the dim light, as if
stricken dumb.

* * * * *

The large, roomy office in the commission
house of Macray & Co., was a blaze of
golden spring sunshine, as John Morgan,
flushed with his walk through the crisp
morning air, entered it, after his fruitless
search. His face wore a troubled expression
as he went up to Mr. Macray, a white-haired,
benevolent man.

"I have searched the house effectually for
that pocket-book, and—"

"You did not find it, John!" quickly in-
terrupted Mr. Macray, with a curious smile.

"No, sir, I did not; and I cannot account
for its loss."

"Jobs"—Mr. Macray laid this morning
paper across his knees, removed his gold
eye-glasses, and locked up into the face of
his faithful book-keeper—"I would never
for one moment doubt your word. But did
you ask your wife about it?"

"I did."

"And she denied all knowledge of it?"

"She did not find it"—John Morgan
looked more troubled than ever—"and we
went over the house together."

"Ah." Mr. Macray's fine old face flushed
slightly, and he lowered his voice, as if fear-
ful of being overheard by the clerks in the
outer office.

"Listen to me a moment, John. To-day
is your wife's twenty-second birthday,
and I went down to Baby and Co.'s to buy
her a set of sapphires that have been on ex-
hibition for a few days. They were just
what I wanted for a birthday gift, and the
price was two hundred dollars. This clerk
fell of being overheard by the clerks in the
outer office.

"Two hundred dollars exactly," she ejac-
ulated. "And such an amount would not spare
the money. Well, what belongs to my hus-
band belongs to me, and I will have that set
of sapphires."

She laughed gleefully as she waltzed out
of the room to dress, for she impulsively de-
termined to secure the sapphires before John
would miss the money. Delight lent haste
to her nimble fingers, and before many
minutes she was in the street looking bright
as a June morning.

Poor, heedless Cecil never thought of the
consequences of her thoughtless act, although
she expected John would rebuke her severe-
ly for spending the money; but she trusted
to his leniency and her own powers of
persuasion to soften his wrath. He had
never, as he said, refused anything in reason,
and if this was an apparently useless pur-
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flitted across her face, and he hastily examined
the inside pocket of his overcoat.

"No," he said, with a light laugh, "no
one could pick that pocket without my
knowledge. It must have fallen out." He
looked keenly—without any suspicion of the
truth, however—at the lovely, downcast face
of his wife. "Cheer up, little wife, I'm
fearfully affected guilty. "I must go
to the office; but you keep a sharp look
the money. It may have got knocked into
some dark corner."

"How—does—" stammered Cecil, not
with feverish anxiety; "does the firm know
it?"

"Murray does. I told him before I left
the office."

And John Morgan shut the door with a
bang, an unusual roughness for him, leaving
his wife standing in the dim light, as if
stricken dumb.

* * * * *

The large, roomy office in the commission
house of Macray & Co., was a blaze of
golden spring sunshine, as John Morgan,
flushed with his walk through the crisp
morning air, entered it, after his fruitless
search. His face wore a troubled expression
as he went up to Mr. Macray, a white-haired,
benevolent man.

"I have searched the house effectually for
that pocket-book, and—"

"You did not find it, John!" quickly in-
terrupted Mr. Macray, with a curious smile.

"No, sir, I did not; and I cannot account
for its loss."

"John"—Mr. Macray laid this morning
paper across his knees, removed his gold
eye-glasses, and locked up into the face of
his faithful book-keeper—"I would never
for one moment doubt your word. But did
you ask your wife about it?"

"I did."

"And she denied all knowledge of it?"

"She did not find it"—John Morgan
looked more troubled than ever—"and we
went over the house together."

"Ah." Mr. Macray's fine old face flushed
slightly, and he lowered his voice, as if fear-
ful of being overheard by the clerks in the
outer office.

"Listen to me a moment, John. To-day
is your wife's twenty-second birthday,
and I went down to Baby and Co.'s to buy
her a set of sapphires that have been on ex-
hibition for a few days. They were just
what I wanted for a birthday gift, and the
price was two hundred dollars. This clerk
fell of being overheard by the clerks in the
outer office.

"Two hundred dollars exactly," she ejac-
ulated. "And such an amount would not spare
the money. Well, what belongs to my hus-
band belongs to me, and I will have that set
of sapphires."

She laughed gleefully as she waltzed out
of the room to dress, for she impulsively de-
termined to secure the sapphires before John
would miss the money. Delight lent haste
to her nimble fingers, and before many
minutes she was in the street looking bright
as a June morning.

Poor, heedless Cecil never thought of the

Literary Miscellany.

A Set of Sapphires.

A Domestic Story with a Moral.

"John"—pretty Mrs. Cecil Morgan stood
beside her husband's chair with a strange
hesitancy of look and manner—"could you
let me have a little money?"

John Morgan, head book-keeper in the
commission house of Macray & Co., laid
down his morning paper with a stifled sigh.
He looked up kindly into the fair, rose-
tinted face of his young wife, whose sapphire-
blue eyes were bent on his face expectantly.
She was a lovely, loving, but thoughtless
little woman—she was his wife and he loved
her devotedly—but sometimes, not I hon-
her vanities jarred on his finer sensibilities;
for Cecil Morgan was not the woman to
truly understand a man like her husband,
whose worth, honesty, and stability of
thought was simply, incomprehensible to her
tender but shallow nature.

"So you want a little money. How much,
Cecil?"

He smiled as the dimples came and went
in the smooth pink cheeks.

"Oh, ever so much, John."

Cecil's sapphire eyes as she uttered the
jewelled diagnosis, and she laughed in a child-
ish fashion.

"Well, out with it. How much? Tell
me"—as she hesitated. "I must hurry to
town, as we are unusually busy just now."

"You are always that when I want say-
thing," pouted Cecil.

"Business is business," he said, rather im-
patiently. "Tell me what you want."

"Why, you know that lovely set of
sapphires in Baby & Co.'s window—Mrs.
Morgan paused, and her spirits fell a trifle,
for John's face grew suddenly clouded;
"they are just perfect and would suit my
style—and my eyes, you know—and they
are only $200. I want them to wear with
my white moire at Mrs. Cassell's reception."

"Indeed!" was John's comment, as he
coughed slightly.

"Cecil, I am sorry to refuse you, but I
cannot spare that amount of money at
present."

"But they are just lovely, John," per-
sisted Mrs. Morgan, with heightened color,
"and so unique. The settings are peculiar
in design—so chaste and delicate, and they
are so cheap. Only $200! the complaint set."

"Cecil"—John Morgan looked as if he
was about to tell some very unwholesome
truths—"what would my employer think of
my wife wearing a $200 set of jewelry!
Some of your evening dresses have already
excited comment; but no one knew I had
walked to and from the office, denied myself
cigars, and even the daily papers, to pay for
your extravagance."

"My extravagance," cried Mrs. Morgan,
with a subdued wail, as she put her hand-
kerchief to her eyes and burst into childish
tears—a real woman's best defense. "That
always the cry—my extravagance.

"No, Cecil," he said gently, as he laid his
hand on her shoulder, "I did not mean that.
But I am tired of living on our poor farm,
and the everlasting pinching in everything
we do. You do not need this jewelry,
and it would not be advisable to wear it if
you had it; for man with only moderate
income must pay up with moderate luxuries.
I will deny you nothing in reason, but you
cannot have those sapphires."

There was a ring of unmistakable decision
in his voice. He slowly drew on his over-
coat and gloves, evidently expecting some

AN ARTIST'S TROUBLES.

Some Comic Scenes in Real Life.

Reader, were you ever a photographer?
If so, then you need not scan the text part
of this sketch, except it be to sympathize
with the writer. If you never were, you will
most likely smile over his troubles, and
thank your good genius you are what you
are.

Looking over my diary the other day, I
find some of the following little notes, while
others the things I want. I can't find the
diary, according one line to Joel Benson of
St. Thomas, on the other to Gideon, Ten-
nessee, and I don't know which of them
Milton was to say the reasons and affections
of the Gentile Nations at Rome. This
story about seventeen years ago, in entered
the Gentile Nations at Rome. The
tall and somewhat anguish look, the
pleasant face and quick, flashing eye, at-
tracted the notice and esteem of Father
Jandel, the General of his Order. The
genius of Aquinas naturally conjured a very
high position in the seminary presided over
by one who afterwards became known as
Clementinus as Cardinal Pavel and Pope
Leo XIII. These very first surprised on the
coast of St. Thomas as devoted to an as-
sertion of the claims over Christian thought
of the system of the greatest of the schol-
men Young Burke sustituted Aquinas not
only with orthodoxy, but also
with extraordinary relish. Before his en-
trance into Christianity he is reloaded
unity from the strong, majestic conception
of God, and the Fall of Man, and the Redem-
ptor Salvatore of Salvatore Pirmapam de
Burke to the Salvatore—the consolatrix
remnant." To Burke those unterlegical
constitutions of propositions, those appar-
ently impenetrable mysteries of faith were
transformed by lines of light with depths of
glorious light. To Dominic Burke "Sum-
ma" appeared as vast territory of sandy
desert, with occasional oases, and he had
to drawn by fiats. Burke, like Zebulon of
old, could "sit on the sea shores and
sand." The notice starlike of Aquinas
saying that "when one reads the 'Summa,'
one feels as if one were in a cathedral
with its constituent pillars and clear as a
monument which, when the mind's eye
could take in the all disposition of a vast
number of topics capable of reference to a
common centre, appears, as it were, in
translucent certainty, and faith was almost
lost in sight. When Burke was appointed
the General of Dominican Order appointed
Fathers Lacordaire and Jandel to assist the
English novices at Woodchester. Burke
was unspeakable happy in his English
style. At first, every word, every sentence
fell, every particle was rigorously committed
to memory. Burke's English was
the sonnier led trembling in every limb,
and with nervous excitement, yet with eye
shut, might well be astonished at the magni-
tude of his memory. In the first two
years of preparation was one
of the most delightful of his life.
Burke's English becomes the result eight
or ten years later

The fitting moment for the sermon had
arrived, when a large congregation, gathered
in kneeling posture before the altar, and
priests and novices standing in a semicircle
place on the platform. The figure was
tall and slender and black of the Dominican
habit. The sanctuary was filled with a re-
ligious light, and the congregation was
head fringed by a ring of thick, black locks
that surmounted a dark and sun stained face,
and in which the piercing eyes were lighted
and power, and with eyes that kindled into
the dreamy gaze peculiar to those who
dreams of an unseen world. The speaker
was Father Burke, and the sermon was
dangerous life. The chapel was small, and
the voice never rose above a whisper, but
every whisper thrilled the nerves of his
hearers. The sermon was a lyric, full of
the beauty and purity and perfection of a
lyric. Burke showed how it tended to
raise man, even in the life here, almost to
the level of the angels, how it tended to
invest the unpolished with
the beauty of the angelic life, and angels
everything among on its irresistible tide-
mission, and how it tended to
the worldliness among them sent along in silence,
and how it tended to the subjugation of the
carnality. It was a sermon to make a softer
man, to make a better man, to make
that, being heard, must be imbedded in
memory for a lifetime.

At the age of thirty-four Burke was made
Prior of San Clemente in Rome, but after
a few years found his way back to Ireland.
The annals of the past Apostolic Church
in Ireland, in consequence, he undertook
century to commence, and, judged at least
by material tests, so successful. When the
new Cathedral Armagh was opened Father
Burke preached the sermon, 1874, to the
Dublin Grand Jury, of Nay, to examine the
place, and see if it were possible to restore
it. Lord Lieutenant Wodehouse, in his
favorable report, the Prelate demanded of
Louis XIII, the authority to reconstruct the
Lord Lieutenant Wodehouse, in his
immediately to the gallant Knight of Cal-
ches, and they had the decision passed with
the Sovereign Council of
Ricaus, almost exclusively composed of
Protestants. The work of restoration com-
menced at once and was continued without
cessation. The new church being com-
pleted the Heavens seemed to smile upon its
consecration by daily wonders. The
Bishop of Anak came to visit it, arriving
on the 14th of July, 1616, accompanied by
numerous clergy and carrying in his hand
a vase of the Virgin with which he des-
ired to adorn the chapel. Bewildering to
the Abbey of Saint Pe, of Bagorre, not far
from Bethanrun, he dished himself in his
pontifical vestments and proceeded a pace
formed by his clergy, the Religious of
Saint Benoit, all the Catholic nobility of
the country, and an immensable concourse
from the neighboring parishes. Arriving at
the chapel the Prelate celebrated the Holy
Sacrifice and distributed the Bread of Life
of magnificent music, and the pious treas-
ures of a people filled with joyous fervor.
After the ceremonies the Prelate on the altar
the image of the Virgin which was to re-
place the one which had been carried to
Spain. This religious festival left in the
hearts of the inhabitants a deep remem-
brances and traces upon the ardent souls
more to be effaced. Upon leaving the
Instituon Prelate left as a testimonial, a lamp
of silver with fonts to keep it burning night
and day. But the pilgrimage of the Arch-
bishop had still more important results.
Hugenot and mysterious manifestations, the
holy Prelate was soon inspired to return
and again sanctify it by the ceremonies
Sanctuary with the primitive Church. To this
effect he organized a procession for the pur-
pose of planting a large cross of wood on the
summit of the mountain which dominated
the chapel and she-Bethanrun, Pierre de Marca, accompanied
the cortege and thus recounts another as-
tonishing miracle:

In the month of September, 1616, a few
villagers of Montant (a small hamlet
opposite Bethanrun), were seated in an ex-
pierce arose from the mountain which cross
looks down upon Bethanrun, when they
were taking their frugal lunch, the lower
ers were serene, the air calm and the horizon
cloudless and free from. Suddenly they
heard a noise as of a tempest from the side
of Bethanrun. Oh, horror! The cross
placed by the Archbishop seemed to be fall-
ing, but instantly the confidence ceased and
the cross replaced itself, at the same time
immersed by a bright hole and surmounted by
a resplendent crown, while dazzled the eyes
of the villagers. They ran, they cried out,
their hearts beat wildly; and in the al-
ternate fear and joy they hastened to tell the
news to the faithful of the neighborhood.
This event so unprecedentable, created great
excitement and fear; those who had hesite-
ed doubted—retracted their doubts. The
population testified to their faith by proves
of alms. The miracle of the cross is not now
in the church. It has been transported
erected by aims to encourage Christians to
hope in moments of danger. Since the ap-
pearance on earth of the cross Christianity
has been an object of disdain to philoso-
phers, and the subject of cruel ferocity by
tyrants. The faithful of Tarbe were de-
nounced as malefactors and put to death
persecuted relentlessly even to the catacombs.
Rome, which seemed bounded to the quick,
lost human resources came to an end, and
tied deeming the empire for His Son, avoke
the Christian characters of fire, the glo-
rious cross, and conquered the world by the
inscription "By this sign shalt thou con-
quer." Rome is much more to be held of
Bethanrun—of its mountains, of its cross
line paintings—with the names of many fa-
mous saints who have sanctified the ground
in more celebrated spots of God's sanctuary.
There are the gifts from famous and royal
personages; there are the pictures of Bethan-
rain, and illustrations with the sonnet
the worlds in the quaint poetic or prosaic
tongue of the Bearnese.

In conclusion, a quotation from the Rev.
Spencer Northcote, D. D., President of St.
Mary's College, Oscott, may not be out of
place, for it adds the accounts just related ap-
peal to the Catholic heart but make an in-
delible imprint of a deeper faith, as Pres-
ident Lincoln says: "To the great mass
of the Protestant public I am afraid it may
seem trifles in what style such narrations are
written; their supernatural character is ac-
cepted as ordinary contemporary history
truth; we are sure such persons say that the
story must be false, because we are satisfied
that such wonders cannot possibly
true. I hope, however, that there are
many who have other feelings
instead on the subject and look on
the modes and times of God's interference
with the system of the world we live in."
Such persons will see wonder are not
more extraordinary than those which cen-
turies has made familiar every soul every
thing is a mystery we cannot
fathom.

THERESE.

A Recent Pilgrimage to Lourdes

Last September was signalized by the
national pilgrimage to Lourdes, which was
taken to this world famous shrine. A special
service of trains had been organized to meet
the requirements of the Paris pilgrims and a
large number of devout Catholics left the
Gare de Lyon, Paris, on Saturday for
Lourdes by way of Poitiers, the halt taking
place at Angoulême for the planting of the cross
on the summit of Beaucaire, which was
brought from Paris by a pilgrim, and carried
by the Pilgrims of Poitiers, who had visited
Rome, visited the Holy Land. At two o'clock
in the morning the Pilgrims arrived
and from seven o'clock the pedestrians taking
part in the pilgrimage and Masses in the
miraculous chapel, Penitential High Mass
being celebrated at 10 o'clock. In the after-
noon, at half past two, Vespers were sung
the cross being afterwards carried in pro-
cession, the pilgrims walking bare-footed
towards four o'clock, it was solemnly blessed
by the Archbishop of Albi, Mgr. Freinesse,
assisted by the Bishops of Angoulême,
them being Mgr. Gennarelas, Bishop
of Nice, Mgr. Lecot, Bishop of Clermont,
Mgr. Sourrieu, Bishop of Digne,
Mgr. Bellonin, Bishop of
Perpignan, Mgr. Bellonin, Bishop of
Perpignan, Mgr. Sourrieu, at the conclusion
of which Benediction was given. In the
evening the Pilgrims walking bare-footed
from four o'clock, it was solemnly blessed
by the Archbishop of Albi, Mgr. Freinesse,
assisted by the Bishops of Angoulême,
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of Digne, Mgr. Bellonin, Bishop of
Perpignan, Mgr. Sourrieu, at the conclusion
of which Benediction was given. In the
evening the Pilgrims walking bare-footed

Our Blessed Mother.

AN UNKNOWN SHRINE.

A FAVORED PORTION OF FRANCE.

Our Lady and the Calvary of Betharram.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE MONITOR.]

The Pantheist Spinoza, believed that "the
unfailing laws of the universe left no room
for miracles, and the query with him was,
Are miracles relatively possible?

The answer which most some at once to
the mind of every true believer is to falling
back to the grand refrain, "All things are
possible to God." Many scientists, per-
haps, are relatively wonderful or miraculous,
for, as a well known writer says, "We do
not believe as the savage do, that the tele-
scope has the power of bringing the far in-
stantly near."

To us it is only extraordinary as the re-
sult of scientific discovery, the accomplish-
ment and natural growth of systematic
study and the evolving of experimentary re-
search. We only realize that as time rolls
on, we have a clearer and clearer outline of the
immensity of the firmament and the hum-
blest suggestions of the infinite. To doubt
the possibility of God's power, therefore,
is to deny the economic plan of
the meaning of God's wisdom as regards
mankind; for who is the great soul of eter-
nity.

In attempting to give in abstract, an ac-
count of Notre Dame de Calvary at Be-
tharram, the world of St. Augustine may be
used as a preface, when he takes us back to
the first creation of Paradise and tells us it
pleased God to make faith unmoulding and
blessing of the mind. St. Augustinus says, "Men
introduced in any branch of a liberal el-
ucation, without any of the rudiments of
heathen learning, unskilled in grammar, not
versed with dialect, nor adorned with rhet-
oric, but plain tabernacle, and very few in
number, those were the men whom Christ
sent with the news of faith to every part of
world, and then took out of every race many
fishes, and even the philosophers themselves
wonderful as they are, were astonished at the
wonders of Betharram. As we Christ still
manifesting Himself to the innocent and
humble.

Betharram is situated at the extremity of
the diocese of Bayonne, between Tarbes and
Lourdes. It had its origin says the French
book, from which we learn these particulars,
and (which is endorsed by the Bishop of
Bayonne), "in a wonder, unheard of since
the days of Moses."

A few young shep-
herds guarding their flocks, one day suddenly
perceived an extraordinary flame arising from
a bush near a rocky ledge of the mountain—
the same spot where the cross now stands
the high altar of the chapel. The young
shepherds gazed in astonishment, and on ap-
proaching nearer to the wonderful bush
discovered in the middle of the bush which
seemed to burn without consuming, a beau-
tiful figure of the Mother of Christ, holding
in her arms the infant Jesus. Happy
and rejoicing in so marvelous a discovery,
they ran to tell their parents, who came to
which was repeated spread quickly through
the village, and was soon known to all near
the neighborhood. The Bishop of Tarbes
Pierre de Marca, the author of the
Pilgrimage to the Mount Blessed Virgin
Lourdes, and the Bishop of Bayonne
Lacrosse, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese
of New Orleans, and Archbishop pro-
tem., and Very Rev. Father Dupuisches
Mignot, Pastor of St. Louis Cathedral.

Catarrh is caused by scrofulous taint in the
blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which
purifies and enriches the blood and gives the
whole system health and strength. Try this
popular medicine. It is prepared by C. I.
Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Post-mortem conclusions and notices sent
us for publication must be paid for in advance.

There is no State in the Union
where people can live better
or cheaper than in

OUROWN CALIFORNIA

—WHICH IS A VERITABLE—

HORN OF PLENTY

So far as Edibles and Fruits are concerned.

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by all Monitor readers if they will pur-
chase their household supplies at

FAMILY GROCERIES

From the well-known firm of

SBARBORO & CO.,

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531 Washington St.,

The Old House Still Stands

Where—for more than a quarter of a Century—
Tens of Thousands of Savings, Prudent and

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS

HAVE SAVED

Hundreds of Dollars Yearly

BY JUST KNOWING

Where to Buy their Groceries.

THE SECRET

BY WHICH

SBARBORO & CO.,

Can sell Groceries Rice, cheaper than other
dealers is amply turned on these eight Business
Propositions:

1—We buy all our goods for Cash.
2—We buy in large quantity at Bed-Rock Rates.
3—We sell to Cash Customers only.
4—We have no Bad Debts on our Books.
5—We buy cheap and can sell cheap.
6—Having no Bad Debts we require less profit.
7—We can give better goods than our competitors.
8—Our customers get the benefit of our cash purchases.

Remember—therefore—that if you want

The Best Groceries

AT THE CHEAPEST PRICES

The proper place to purchase them is at

SBARBORO & CO'S.,

531 WASHINGTON STREET

[Between Montgomery and Sansome.]

READ THESE PRICES

And Call and Examine

OUR GOODS.

SUGARS.

Greatly Reduced.

15 pounds Dried Apples,	$1
14 pounds Tapioca,	$1
14 pounds Sago,	$1
20 pounds Codfish,	$1
10 pounds Prunes,	$1
10 pounds Dried Pears,	$1
Star Ground Coffee,	25c. per lb
Fine Tea, (No Humbug)	50c per lb
Fine Jar Tea,	50c per lb
Family Mixed Tea,	25c per lb
5-gallon can Banner Coal Oil,	$1.00
40 pounds P White Beans,	$1
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs,	$1.75
20 pounds Canary Seed,	$1
Flour from Old Wheat at Very Low Price.	

And all other Goods Equal ly Cheap.

WINES AND LIQUORS

Claret, Zinfandel, ¾ gallon, from	50 to 75c
Claret, French, ¾ gallon,	$1 00
Sherry, Cal. ¾ gallon,	$1 00
Port, Cal. ¾ gallon,	$1 00
Old Times Bourbon, ¾ gallon,	$1 00
Gold Dust Bourbon, ¾ gallon,	$1 50
Grape Brandy, ¾ gallon,	$1 00
Peach Brandy, ¾ gallon,	$1 00
Jamaica Rum, ¾ gallon,	$1 00

All orders promptly and carefully filled and delivered to any part of city, Oakland or Alameda free of charge.

Country orders solicited and made a sp cialty and shipped free of charge.

Country Produce Exchanged!

SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST

SBARBORO & CO.

R. SBARBORO, Manager.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, weak, irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to overcome it. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters promptly relieves this fearful malady. It cures it, just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia from which I have suffered severely. I tried many other medicines, but none proved of any benefit. I can now eat anything." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past ten years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia, and have tried many remedies, but none could give me permanent relief. I now take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I shall continue to use it." MRS. E. F. ANNAMA, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary E. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Week's Happenings in the World.

Since 1890 drinking shops in Paris have increased from 14,000 to 21,000.

Phylloxera is reported spreading throughout the Mediterranean countries.

A New York colony has purchased 100 acres of land near Vacaville.

Bethlehem, Pa., has had fever and typhoid fever are reported at Salt Lake.

Increase for furnishing legal advice free to the poor is the latest thing in New York.

Unemployed in Paris are offered work in the country, and the event is to be marked by a celebration.

The business of exporting lumber to South America and the West Indies con-
tinues active in Portland, Maine.

Over one hundred thousand tons of
ice have been taken out so far
this year from the Kennebec River.

A new court house is being erected in
Boston. Its site cost the city $900,000,
while the building so far has only cost
$200,000.

The Chinaman who wrote "Why I
Am a Heathen," was recently taken down
entering Canada, although he claimed
to be a missionary.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, who has
been about visit to her mother in this
country, sailed for her home in Paris on
Saturday.

The beach along San Luis Obispo bay,
especially below Port Harford, and Cave
Landing, is lined with dead fish. They are
of the sardine species.

A fish hatchery is promised on Donner
Lake if the Sacramento Board of Trade will put up a
$200 building, and subscriptions to that end
are being made.

Hundreds of Boston girls are becoming so fre-
quent in Montreal, Canada, that the Mayor
has offered a reward of $1,000 for the arrest
and conviction of the culprits.

Mr. Hearn, of Quebec, has been
the recipient of a diploma from the General
at Rome of the Redemptorist Order, con-
ferring him the dignity of its community.
The document was forwarded from Rome by
the General to the Provincial at Baltimore.

The Eliseon Hotel and the cottage
in which President Garfield died at Long
Branch are owned by Charles Franklyn,
who in Lockwood street Jail, New York, in
default of $100,000 bail.

Herbert, the French Ambassador to
Berlin, who was recently entertained by
Prince Bismarck, says that he believes
there will be no cause for war between
France and Germany for many years.

Talk about a money panic in a country
where the price of per cent. premium on its
own four per cent. bonds, for the purpose of
purchasing them and getting them out of the
way.

Paris is to have a school for teaching
book-binding—book-making, in fact—for
engraving, typecasting, type-setting, print-
ing, binding and gilding will be taught
there. It will accommodate 300 pupils.

The ranges in Monterey county have
suffered so heavily from the drought that sheep
have to remove their stock from the devastated
district. The farmers have suffered great
damages.

Hey. Mr. Spurgeon, the famous Eng-
lish preacher, has refused the offer
of $30,000 for delivering one hundred lec-
tures in America. Mr. Spurgeon must be
very unlike some other Englishmen.

The Parnell Sullivan-Dowlah gave a
dinner recently at Brisbane to some Sydney
guests. The wine in which coffee was
served was the gift of Mr. Parnell.

Chicago policemen are now having
a little "fun with the marauding Irish." They
meet in squads every other day, and are in-
structed in the use of Winchester rifles, with
which every policeman on the force is said
to be supplied.

The appointment of all the leading
prima on the Comstock lode are preparing a
complete map of their underground
workings through the various connections
of accidents.

Among the gifts lately presented to
Pope Leo XIII. are a complete set of Sèvres
porcelain, and an English advisory
Bible, the Holy Bible, the Holy Bible
ways as peacefully employed.

The British authorities on the West
Africa coast have placed upon trial seven the
King of Opobo for disregarding his treaty
obligations to Great Britain. It is said that
on one occasion, recently he beheaded 150
persons as a warning of the consequences
of disregard of his orders.

Signor Serpieri, Prefect of Messina,
lately fired on a victim to the cholera after de-
voting himself most heroically to

Poetry.

(For the MONITOR.)

POEM TWENTY.

Only a beautiful lily,
Fresh with the morning dew,
Place on the crystal water
That sends the valley through;
Robed in every whiteness
Not even a shadow to blight;
The lily, bright spotless garment,
Radiant in purity's light.

Into my soul stole the reverie—
Of life such, thou, am, because a sear;
Thy soul should be purer and fairer
Than this type of beauty you hold;
More measured than gems of the ocean,
More precious than silver or gold.

Why, then, should you wilfully tarnish
The mirror of God's holy love,
Upon you reflected the green
While Heaven hovers from above;
Virtue's jewels gleam brightest when chastity
Reflects from a pure stainless soul.
And Purity's pearl be the deepest,
In the waves of God's peace as they roll.

A pure thought is merely an echo
That rings from the depth in the heart;
And the child is indeed truly noble
When Purity leads it a part;
Or the life that knows not a blemish,
Whether it be high or low,
Whatever it may be, the purer shall reign,
And God, his most beautiful image,
Engraven on Heaven's fair face.

Let not a foul thought, then, rob you
Of a beauty of priceless worth;
Let not your purity's jewel
A seal of immortal birth;
Valiantly battle temptation,
For the virtue of purity is
Is the glorious light of the comet
That Illumines life's setting sun."

ZITA.

San Francisco, Oct.

(For the MONITOR.)

ROBERT BURNS'S CENTENNIAL DAY.

We hold the great memorial day,
Given Brin's brave and noble soul,
Who made the Scottish peasant
Since thy life's blood for Brin ran;
Blood the free pulsed then,
Are Brin's hearts and nobler man.

Take your honour beyond the time
That mortal being could survive,
The immortal spirit shall live,
Where Liberty is kept alive;
Where thinking spirit the spirit gave,
In glory burns above the grave.

Tought by thy life and martyr's death,
Thousands men on every clime,
Through all the bounds of mighty Earth,
Still hold thy name in memory's stores;
Because thou gave the power of song
Loved Freedom yet shall light thy home.

We pray that Heaven will hasten the day
When the bonds may be rights sundered
When the band in glow of May,
Shall see the bonds which hold them, by
When power of right through Earth's broad
Shall never there oppression's hands.

Farewell, young patriot, ever true,
Ye right fair Brin's many songs,
Through Heaven's fair Land, Brin's
Thy name shall live in deathless songs;

One day, young Bennet, o'er thy bones
A great marble tomb shall rise,
Then Brin shall ignore in its arms,
And live as pure as light of skies;
Ray of thy star's resplendent light,
Guide Brin's sons to paths of right.

Gold Hill, Nevada. Jerry F. McDonn.

FOR THE DOVE IN PURGATORY.

(As an enclosing of an old Latin hymn, translated by Mrs Sarah A. Fitzpatrick.)

In thy cold and great companion we lay of
thee, O Mary!
To hasten with thee, O Mary!
Thy bitter cells
Thy bitter cells, inspiriting 'neath bunnest
Thy cells, inspiriting 'neath bunnest
Where the spinning fame of from every sh's de-
Sing state.

To the souls of the departed, O Mary! for pr-
Their bitter cells of pure ecstatic is all-pure-
Dwelling of the world's Creator, Mother of Its
King and Saviour.
Ask that the bonds which hold them, by
Mr. Mary be undone.

The dead, O plous Mary! send up their sighs and
Dwelling, all so fervently, that they may be set
From the bonds held upon them, and within
Dwell with joys that are eternal for evermore
with thee.

Oh! hasten, dear Mother Mary! show the depths
Unto those who are immersing in the bitterness
of pain
Obtain for them that Jesus by His Sacred
Wounds from which flowed forth the Precious
Blood that gladdens all labor.

Thou hope of those who cry to thee, O Mary!
Of the multitude of faithful who for their
bodies pray.
Remember thou is mercy to oppose thy Son's
was a rising, man, and appealed a partnership
in the firm. But his wife's evident love of
display weakened his chances of promotion,
and O Cecil recently fretted over the self-
denial and economy her circumstances forced
her to endure.

"I never wanted anything so bad in my
life," she murmured, as she dried her eyes
and looked around the cosy breakfast-room,
with its warmth and sunlight, tasteful furni-
ture, choice pictures, and blooming plants in
the bay window, "and I think John might
let me have them. That hateful Mrs. Payn
will be sure to be out in something old in
jewels. If I could only eclipse her! I must
have them, somehow, for they would cen-
trast beautifully with the snowy whiteness
of my dress."

She rose up with a languid yawn, and in
stopping towards the window, tramped on
some flat substance. She stooped down and
picked up John's pocket-book.

"Bless me," she exclaimed, smiles dimpling
her rosy cheeks, "what a lucky find! I
wonder what's in it."

She smilingly unclasped it, and a roll of
bank notes fell out which she counted with
a soft peculiar.

"Two hundred dollars exactly," she ejacu-
lated. "And John never gives me a penny
the money. Well, what belongs to my hus-
band belongs to me, and I will have that set
of sapphires."

She laughed gleefully as she waltzed out
of the room to dress, for she impulsively de-
termined to secure the sapphires before John
would miss the money. Delight lent haste
to her nimble fingers, and before many
minutes she was in the street looking bright
in her walking suit.

Poor, heedless Cecil never thought of the
consequences of her thoughtless act, although
she expected John would rebuke her severe-
ly for spending the money; but she trusted
to the influence that her own powers of
persuasion to soften his wrath. He had
never, as he said, refused anything in reason,
and if this was an apparently useless pur-
chase, she could easily turn the jewels into
money, if the rainy day John was always
predicting ever arrived.

On her return from Baby & Co's, with
the jewel casket safely stowed away in her
pocket, she was brought to a sudden stand-
still by meeting her husband coming out of
the dining-room with a perturbed and
anxious countenance. Her face flushed
guilty, for she knew, or imagined she did,
the cause of his agitation.

"Cecil," he said hurriedly, "I have lost
my pocket-book. Did you find it?"

"Lost your pocket-book!" echoed Mrs.
Morgan, feigning great surprise and availing
herself of the chance that she meant to delay
finding it, but the confession required more
moral courage than she could muster at
present.

"Yes, lost my pocket-book," repeated Mr.
Morgan in a troubled voice; "and the
money is it belonged to the firm."

Mrs. Morgan's heart stood still with con-
sternation, and she grew white to the lips.

"Gone," she gasped, as if something was
choking her, "all me—how it was."

"It was this way. Macray gave me $900
as I was leaving the office yesterday evening
to pay a bill we owed Hanby & Sons. But
they were closed when I reached their office,
and I brought the money home with me, in-
tending to pay it as I went down town this
morning; but owing to a death in the family
the store was still closed, and I never knew
I had lost the money until I had reached our
own office. Cecil, are you sure it's not in
the house?"

"I—I am sure I don't know," stammered
Cecil, her conscience smitten with fear and merit-
fication to think rationally.

Not John's money! She felt dazed and
troubled, and totally unable to confess her
folly. She dropped into a ball chair, looking
so weak and ill that John forgot his own
trouble in anxiety for Cecil.

"You must not be so frightened, wife,"
he said kindly; "it may turn up in the
house. Come, help me to search for it."

Cecil rose up mechanically, and followed
him from room to room, listening in mute
terror to his regrets when the pocket-book
could not be found. Involuntarily her hand
went down into the pocket of her dress, and
as she clutched the jewel-case in her cold
fingers a deadly faintness almost overcame
her, for, try as she would, she could not
draw it forth, or force her lips to confess
what to her awakened conscience seemed
nothing less than theft. She knew her hus-
band's indignation would be deep, although
he boldly expressed, for dishonesty of any
kind was contemptible in his eyes. Would
he excuse it in his wife! Ah, no! and as the
awful aspect of the affair presented itself to
her mind, her shame and agitation increased,
and she found it still more difficult to con-
fess her error.

"Cecil, Cecil!" he called, as she hurried
away, as after thoroughly ransacked the
rooms they passed in the hall; "I must
have dropped it in the house, and it cannot
be found. Or, could any one have picked
up your purse, Cecil? A startled expression
came into his eyes, and he hastily examined
the inside pocket of his overcoat.

"No," he said, with a light laugh, "no
one could pick that pocket without my
knowledge. It must have fallen out." He
looked keenly—without any suspicion of the
truth, however—at the lovely, drooping face
of his wife. "Cheer up, little wife," he said
with affected gaiety. "I must go to
the office; but you keep a sharp look for
the money. It may have got knocked into
some dark corner."

"Yes—I—I—do," stammered Cecil, but
with feverish anxiety; "does the firm know
it?"

"Macray does. I told him before I left
the office."

And John Morgan shut the door with a
bang, an unusual roughness for him; leaving
his wife standing in the dim light, as if
stricken dumb.

* * *

The large, roomy office in the commission
house of Macray & Co., was a blaze of
golden spring sunshine, as John Morgan,
shouldering his way with that through the crisp
morning air, entered it, after his fruitless
search. His face wore a troubled expression
as he met his mate Mr. Macray, a white-haired,
benevolent man.

"I have searched the house effectually for
that pocket-book, said——"

"You did not find it, John?" quickly in-
terrupted Mr. Macray, with a curious smile.

"No, sir, I did not; and I cannot account
for its loss."

"John"—Mr. Macray laid his morning
paper across his knees, removed his gold
spectacles, and looked up into the face of
his faithful book-keeper—"I would never
for one moment doubt your word. But did
you ask your wife about it?"

"I did."

"And she denied all knowledge of it?"

"She did not find it"—John Morgan
looked more troubled than ever—"and we
went over the house together."

"Ah." Mr. Macray's fine old face flushed
slightly, and he lowered his voice, as if fear-
ful of being overheard by the clerks in the
outer office.

"Listen to me a moment, John. To-day
is my daughter Sibyl's twentieth birthday,
and I went down to Baby and Co.'s to buy
her a set of sapphires that have been on ex-
hibition for a long time. They were just
what I wanted for a birthday gift, and the
price was two hundred dollars. The clerk
reputedly told me that they had been sold
to Mrs. Morgan, the wife of my book-keeper,
but a few moments before."

"Cecil?"—John Morgan grasped the rail
of the desk for support—"my wife. Where
did she get the money?"

"That is just the question I want you to
answer—where did she get it?" said Mr.
Macray, keenly watching the trembling face
of the young man. "I asked the clerk if
they were paid for. Yes, he replied, in full,
and he opened the safe and showed me a
roll of bank notes; and John, much as I re-
gret to say it, it was the identical roll I gave
you last evening to pay that bill at Hanby
& Sons. Now, did your wife find the
pocket-book, or was it ever lost, John?"

John Morgan dropped to the floor like
one stricken a heavy blow, and a slight
stream of blood issued from his pallid lips.
Mr. Macray hastily telephoned for a
physician, and Mrs. Morgan.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, faintly;
"I have not been strong lately, and the
shock was too much for me. O, Cecil,
Cecil."

Half an hour later Mrs. Morgan entered
the office with a white, scared face. Her
eyes were blinded by tears, and Mr. Macray
and the physician were unnoticed as she
hurried to her husband's side.

"John," she cried in agonized distress, "don't
let this loss of that money kill you. I
found it, and spent it—I didn't know it be-
longed to the firm—but the set of sapphires."

She threw the casket into his lap, and
John laid his hand against the carved back
of his chair, his face slowly reddening with
shame.

"Speak to me, John," she sobbed
hysterically, "I'll never be so wicked again
I never spend a dollar without your consent."

Mr. Macray stepped forward and laid his
hand on her arm.

"Don't upbraid your husband, Mrs. Morgan;
he is faint yet. Settle this matter in
the future."

But Cecil, in deep humility, went down on
her knees and laid her face on her husband's
breast, breathing words of contrition that
melted and reassured the stricken man.

Mr. Macray, with a gentleness she could
not repel, explained the sin of overreaching
her husband's salary, and his folly of useless
display, ending the matter by placing the
set of sapphires, and promising to keep the
whole transaction a secret.

And John Morgan in the peaceful years
that followed, often blessed the day he lost
his employer's money, for it transformed
Cecil into a mate of noble worth. And Cecil
—well—Cecil never saw a sapphire without
a sudden sensation of horror.

Converted through the Rosary.

A letter received recently informs us, says
the *Ave Maria*, of an instance of a re-
markable conversion obtained by means of
that most salutary of all devotions in honor
of the Mother of God, the Holy Rosary.
The father of the writer for upwards of
twenty-three years had never approached
the Sacraments, or given the least thought
to religion; though during that long time a
favorite daughter prayed fervently for the
Blessed Virgin, reciting daily the *Salve Regina*
to obtain his conversion. At last she had
him enrolled in the Archconfraternity of the
Holy Rosary, and commended him to the
protection of our Blessed Mother.

A few months afterwards he was taken
seriously ill, and the daughter sent for a
priest. To her surprise her father consented
to make a general confession, and received
Holy Communion. He asked for a pair of
beads, and during the four months of his
illness recited them with great fervor and
piety. In his last moments he was fortified
by the sacraments of the Church, and
died in the best disposition, just as his chil-
dren, surrounding his bedside, concluded
the recitation of the Rosary.

This example is but one of the many that
might be recorded of the power and patron-
age of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary,
confraternity, and now at the commencement
of the month of October, is a fitting time
to call attention to the subject.

St. Luke, Evangelist.

St. Luke, a physician at Antioch, and a
painter, became a convert of St Paul, and
afterwards his fellow-labourer. He is
known to us as the historian of the New
Testament. Through his pen we learn of
our Lord's life, the Evangelist diligently
gathered information from the lips of the
Apostles, and wrote, as he tells us, all things
in order. The Acts of Apostles written
by the great Evangelist as a sequel to the
Gospel, bring the history of the Church
down to the first imprisonment of St. Paul
at Rome. The humble historian never name
himself, but by his occasional use of "we
for "they" we can trace the hand of his pre-
sence in the scenes which he describes. We
find that he sailed with St. Paul and Si-
silas from Troas to Macedonia; stayed be-
hind apparently for some years at Philippi,
and, lastly, shared the shipwreck and perils
of the memorable voyage to Rome. Hence
his own narrative ends, but from St. Paul's
Epistles we learn that St. Luke was his faith-
ful companion to the end. He died a mar-
tyr's death some years afterwards in Achaia.
Let us pray to the Holy Evangelist that he
obtain for us a share in those virtues which
made him the worthy companion of the
Apostles and which will fit us for the same
blessed company in the future.

How Mr. George Travels.

Henry George, the friend of the work-
ingmen, while on his way to Cobosa on
Monday, where he spoke in the afternoon,
occupied a whole section of a palace car
from New York on the train arriving in
this city at 4:30 p. m. He sat in a beatific
contemplation of the attractiveness of being a
workingman and a bread-winner the while
he partook of a quiet and consoled himself with
the reflection that no millionaire, corporal
or other enemy of this Anti Poverty Society
could intrude upon him in his private ver-
sion. He probably did not tell his auditors
last night, however, of the disagreeable
incident in palace cars, as now permitted to him
through the successful abolition of poverty by
taking upside of the workingman.—*Albany Argus.*

Archbishop Leray's Will.

The will of the Most Rev. Francis Xavier
Leray, who departed this life at his native
place in France, has been admitted to pro-
bate in New Orleans. He bequeaths all his
property, movable and immovable, in France,
to his two sisters, Susanne Leray and Marie
Leray.

All properties held by him in Louisiana
he bequeaths Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald,
Bishop of Little Rock; Right Rev. Antoine
Durieu, Bishop of Natchitoches, and Very
Rev. G. A. Rouxel, V. G., whom he appoints
his universal legatees and executors of his
estate.

It is the desire of the deceased Archbishop
that all his personal property and debts be
distributed as follows: Five hundred dol-
lars each to his sisters Susanne and Marie;
five hundred dollars to each of his brothers
and nieces; three hundred dollars to the
priests of Natchitoches for Masses; two
hundred dollars for a service and Masses in
his native town, Saint-Genis-Laval. The sa-
cred vessels used in the Diocese of New Or-
leans for Masses to be sold for his intentions.

The witnesses to the will are the
Archbishop's will were Very Rev. Father G.
A. Rouxel, Vicar General of the Archdio-
cese of New Orleans, and Archbishop pro-
tem., and Very Rev. Father Hyacinthe
Migriot, Pastor of St. Louis Cathedral.

—Catarrh is caused by scrofulous taint in the blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and enriches the blood and gives the whole system health and strength. Try this "peculiar medicine." It is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

—Patent medicines advertised and sold on a fair publication must be paid for in advance.

Literary Miscellany.

A Set of Sapphires.

A Domestic Story with a Moral.

"John"—pretty Mrs. Cecil Morgan stood
beside her husband's chair with a strange
hesitancy of look and manner—"could you
let me have a little money?"

John Morgan, head book-keeper in the
commission-house of Macray & Co., laid
down his morning paper with a stifled sigh.
He looked up kindly into the fair, pen-
tinted face of his young wife, whose sapphire-
blue eyes were bent on his face eagerly, as if
she was a lovely, loving, but thoughtless
little woman—she was his wife and he loved
her devotedly—but sometimes, not often,
her vanities jarred on his finer sensibilities;
for Cecil Morgan was not the woman to
deeply understand a man like her husband,
whose worth, honesty, and nobility of
thought was simply, incomprehensible to her
tender but shallow nature.

"So you want a little money. How much,
Cecil?"

He smiled as the dimples came and went
in the smooth pink cheeks.

"Oh, ever so much, John."

Cecil's spirits rose as she saw the
jovialed degree, and she laughed in a child-
ish fashion.

"Well, out with it. How much? Tell
me—is she bankrupt? I must hurry to
town, as we are unusually busy just now."

"You are always that when I want say-
thing," pouted Cecil.

"Business is business," he said, rather im-
patiently. "Tell me what you want."

"Why, you know that lovely set of
sapphires in Baby & Co.'s window—" Mrs.
Morgan paused, and her spirits fell a trifle,
for John's face grew suddenly grave—
"they are just perfect and would suit my
style—match my eyes, you know—and they
are only $200. I want them to wear with
my white moire at Mrs. Chassell's reception."

"Indeed!" was John's comment, as he
coughed slightly.

"Cecil, I am sorry to refuse you, but I
cannot spare that amount of money at
present."

"But they are just lovely, John," per-
sisted Mrs. Morgan, with heightened color,
"and so unique. The settings are peculiar
in design—so chaste and delicate, and they
are so cheap. Only $200 the complete set."

"Cecil"—John Morgan looked as if he
was about to tell some very unpalatable
truths—"what would my employer think of
my wife running a $200 set of jewelry!
Some of your evening dresses have already
excited comment; but no one knew I had
walked to and from the office, denied myself
cigars, and even the daily papers, to pay for
your extravagance."

"My extravagance," echoed Mrs. Morgan,
with a subdued wail, as she put her hand-
kerchief to her eyes and burst into childish
tears—a weak woman's best defence. "That
always the cry—my extravagance."

"Yes, Cecil," he said sadly, as he laid his
hand upon her shoulder, "my extravagance.
But I am tired of living on your pace fare,
and the overbearing grinding in everything
but dress. You do not need this jewelry,
and it would not be advisable to wear it if
you had it; for men with only moderate
salaries must pay up with moderate incomes.
I will deny you nothing in reason, but you
cannot have those sapphires."

There was a ring of unmistakable decision
in his voice. He slowly drew on his over-
coat and gloves, evidently expecting some
reply from his wife. But she made none.

"Don't let an quarrel over such baubles,
Cecil," he said gently. "Life is too short to
be wasted in foolish bickerings."

"Then the door closed on him, and Mrs.
Morgan burst into a passion of angry tears.
For the last set her frivolous heart on the
sapphires, and she not often she did not
obtain her heart's desire. She was a blonde
of the most attractive type—very lovely,
with a dewy-pink face, and a graceful figure
that she loved to array in costly raiment.
Her husband's forced economy was often a
sore trial to her, and was the cause of many
annoying differences. Had she possessed
one atom of financial judgment she would
have seen that their present style of living
taxed her husband's salary to the utmost.
But she had been a spoiled and petted child,
educated under fashionable influences, and
when, by one of those strange freaks of
fancy, John Morgan—grave, matter-of-fact
John—proposed, Cecil, after the manner of
too many of her sex, married him, with the
expectation that her married life would be
one long dream of satisfied wants, for John
was a rising man, and accepted a partnership
in the firm. But his wife's evident love of
display weakened his chances of promotion,
and O Cecil recently fretted over the self-
denial and economy her circumstances forced
her to endure.

"I never wanted anything so bad in my
life," she murmured, as she dried her eyes
and looked around the cosy breakfast-room,
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termined to secure the sapphires before John
would miss the money. Delight lent haste
to her nimble fingers, and before many
minutes she was in the street looking bright
in her walking suit.

Poor, heedless Cecil never thought of the

Our Blessed Mother.

AN UNKNOWN SHRINE.

A FAVORED PORTION OF FRANCE.

Our Lady and the Calvary of Hetherram.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE MONITOR]

The Pantheist Spinoza, believed that "the
everlasting laws of the universe left no room
for miracles, and the prayer with him was
Are miracles relatively possible?"

The answer which most come at once to
the mind of every true believer is falling
back to the grand refrain, "All things are
possible to God." Many occurrences may
be only relatively wonderful—miracles proper
for, as a well known writer says, "We do
not believe as the savages do, that the tele-
scope has the power of bringing the far in-
stantly near."

To us it is only extraordinary as the re-
sult of scientific discovery, the accumulat-
ment and natural grouping of systematic
study and the evolving of experimentary re-
search. We only realize that we thus catch
a mere glimpse and shadowy outline of the
immensity of the firmament and the hum-
blest magnifying of the infinite. To doubt
the possibility of what we call miracles
therefore, is to deny the economic plan and
the measure of God's wisdom as regards
mankind—He who is Infinite and God of
infinity.

In attempting to give in abstract, an ac-
count of Notre Dame and the Calvary at Be-
tharram, the words of St. Augustine may be
used as a preface. "Men who have taken to
the first miracles and have recorded them
phased God to make faith annoyedunary pos-
sessing of the miracle, St. Augustine says, "Min
unmistrusted in any branched a liberal of
vention, without any of the refinement of
leaden learning, unskilled in grammar, not
armed with dialectic, not adorned with rhet-
oric, but plain fisherman, and very few un-
educated, these were the men whom Christ
sent with the note of faith to the sea of this
world, and then took out of every sea so many
fishes, and even the philosophers themselves
wondered as they are rare." So in the
wonders of Betharram, we see Christ still
manifesting Himself to the innocent and
humble.

Betharram is situated at the extremity of
the diocese of Bayonne, between Pau and
Lourdes. It had its origin, says the French
book, from which we learn these particulars,
and (which is endorsed by the Bishop of
Bayonne), "in a number of the darkest
days of the year." A few young shep-
herds guarding their flocks, one day suddenly
perceived an extraordinary flame arising from
a bush near a rocky ledge of the mountain—
the same spot where was afterwards erected
the high altar of the chapel. The young
shepherds approached, wondered, and on ap-
proaching nearer to this flaming bush they
discovered in the midst of the bush which
seemed to burn without consuming, a beau-
tiful figure of the Most Blessed Virgin look-
ing in her arms the infant Jesus. Happy
and rejoicing in this wonderful discovery,
they ran to tell their parents, and the news
which was repeated spread quickly through
the village. The news was soon all near
the mountain. Clothed in his sacerdotal
robes, the Curé took the image with great
ceremonies and placed it in a niche which
had been hurriedly prepared for it, and
which was near the river Gave; but it seemed
that was not the spot intended for it, as it
was miraculously transported back to the
rocky ledge where it had first been found.
It was afterwards carried in
honor to the parish church, and it was pre-
sently deposited, to be better able to un-
derstand what it was counsel as miracu-
lous more than the ordinary occurrences of
a religious people, or whether it was an es-
pecial blessing bestowed by Providence on
these participants of simple and primitive
faith. The Curé had the doors of the chap-
el securely closed and a guard placed over it
lest a third night, notwithstanding the
strictest surveillance, and that the doors of
the church were still closed, the image re-
turned miraculously to the rock where the
young shepherds had first found it. This
forbidding prodigy, but nevertheless true,
happened in the Bastide de Betharram
in the year 1614, to the simple
tants of the immediate neighborhood who
had no other interest to insure upon the
story there was an agreement in
the reflection that no millionaire, corporal
or other enemy of this Anti Poverty Society
could intrude upon him in his private ver-
sion. He probably did not tell his auditors
last night, however, of the disagreeable
incident in palace cars, as now permitted to him
through the successful abolition of poverty by
taking upside of the workingman.—*Albany Argus.*

Converted through the Rosary.

A letter received recently informs us, says
the *Ave Maria*, of an instance of a re-
markable conversion obtained by means of
that most salutary of all devotions in honor
of the Mother of God, the Holy Rosary.
The father of the writer for upwards of
twenty-three years had never approached
the Sacraments, or given the least thought
to religion; though during that long time a
favorite daughter prayed fervently for the
Blessed Virgin, reciting daily the *Salve Regina*
to obtain his conversion. At last she had
him enrolled in the Archconfraternity of the
Holy Rosary, and commended him to the
protection of our Blessed Mother.

A few months afterwards he was taken
seriously ill, and the daughter sent for a
priest. To her surprise her father consented
to make a general confession, and received
Holy Communion. He asked for a pair of
beads, and during the four months of his
illness recited them with great fervor and
piety. In his last moments he was forti-
fied by the sacraments of the Church, and
died in the best disposition, just as his chil-
dren, surrounding his bedside, concluded
the recitation of the Rosary.

This example is but one of the many that
might be recorded of the power and patron-
age of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary,
confraternity, and now at the commencement
of the month of October, is a fitting time
to call attention to the subject.

St. Luke, Evangelist.

St. Luke, a physician at Antioch, and a
painter, became a convert of St Paul, and
afterwards his fellow-labourer. He is best
known to us as the historian of the New
Testament. Through his pen we learn of
our Lord's life, the Evangelist diligently
gathered information from the lips of the
Apostles, and wrote, as he tells us, all things
in order. The Acts of Apostles written
by the great Evangelist as a sequel to the
Gospel, bring the history of the Church
down to the first imprisonment of St. Paul
at Rome. The humble historian never name
himself, but by his occasional use of "we
for "they" we can trace the hand of his pre-
sence in the scenes which he describes. We
find that he sailed with St. Paul and Si-
silas from Troas to Macedonia; stayed be-
hind apparently for some years at Philippi,
and, lastly, shared the shipwreck and perils
of the memorable voyage to Rome. Hence
his own narrative ends, but from St. Paul's
Epistles we learn that St. Luke was his faith-
ful companion to the end. He died a mar-
tyr's death some years afterwards in Achaia.
Let us pray to the Holy Evangelist that he
obtain for us a share in those virtues which
made him the worthy companion of the
Apostles and which will fit us for the same
blessed company in the future.

How Mr. George Travels.

Henry George, the friend of the work-
ingmen, while on his way to Cobosa on
Monday, where he spoke in the afternoon,
occupied a whole section of a palace car
from New York on the train arriving in
this city at 4:30 p. m. He sat in a beatific
contemplation of the attractiveness of being a
workingman and a bread-winner the while
he partook of a quiet and consoled himself with
the reflection that no millionaire, corporal
or other enemy of this Anti Poverty Society
could intrude upon him in his private ver-
sion. He probably did not tell his auditors
last night, however, of the disagreeable
incident in palace cars, as now permitted to him
through the successful abolition of poverty by
taking upside of the workingman.—*Albany Argus.*

Archbishop Leray's Will.

The will of the Most Rev. Francis Xavier
Leray, who departed this life at his native
place in France, has been admitted to pro-
bate in New Orleans. He bequeaths all his
property, movable and immovable, in France,
to his two sisters, Susanne Leray and Marie
Leray.

All properties held by him in Louisiana
he bequeaths Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald,
Bishop of Little Rock; Right Rev. Antoine
Durieu, Bishop of Natchitoches, and Very
Rev. G. A. Rouxel, V. G., whom he appoints
his universal legatees and executors of his
estate.

It is the desire of the deceased Archbishop
that all his personal property and debts be
distributed as follows: Five hundred dol-
lars each to his sisters Susanne and Marie;
five hundred dollars to each of his brothers
and nieces; three hundred dollars to the
priests of Natchitoches for Masses; two
hundred dollars for a service and Masses in
his native town, Saint-Genis-Laval. The sa-
cred vessels used in the Diocese of New Or-
leans for Masses to be sold for his intentions.

The witnesses to the will are the
Archbishop's will were Very Rev. Father G.
A. Rouxel, Vicar General of the Archdio-
cese of New Orleans, and Archbishop pro-
tem., and Very Rev. Father Hyacinthe
Migriot, Pastor of St. Louis Cathedral.

—Catarrh is caused by scrofulous taint in the blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and enriches the blood and gives the whole system health and strength. Try this "peculiar medicine." It is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

—Patent medicines advertised and sold on a fair publication must be paid for in advance.

AN ARTIST'S TROUBLES.

Some Comic Scenes in Real Life.

Reader, were you ever a photographer?
If so, then you need not scan the first part
of the sketch, except it be to sympathize
with the writer. If you never were, you will
most likely never be any trouble, and
thank your good genius you are what you
are.

Looking over my diary the other day, I
find some of the following little notes, while
I was in the first flush of my photographic
fever.

July 1.—Innocent looking old lady in bid
check drove came in today; after jeeping
around her every conceivable angle, she
said:

"Do you the man who takes daguerreo-
types?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said; "I am the photog-
rapher."

"Oh, yes!" said she. "Portugeratype
that's the thing I want. I didn't find for
it too day, but I just thought I'd kinder
step in—not that I was meant to delay
finding it, but the confession required more
moral courage than she could muster at
present.

"Yes, lost my pocket-book," repeated Mr.
Morgan in a troubled voice; "and the
money is it belonged to the firm."

Mrs. Morgan's heart stood still with con-
sternation, and she grew white to the lips.

"Gone," she gasped, as if something was
choking her, "all me—how it was."

"It was this way. Macray gave me $900
as I was leaving the office yesterday evening
to pay a bill we owed Hanby & Sons. But
they were closed when I reached their office,
and I brought the money home with me, in-
tending to pay it as I went down town this
morning; but owing to a death in the family
the store was still closed, and I never knew
I had lost the money until I had reached our
own office. Cecil, are you sure it's not in
the house?"

"I—I am sure I don't know," stammered
Cecil, her conscience smitten with fear and merit-
fication to think rationally.

Not John's money! She felt dazed and
troubled, and totally unable to confess her
folly. She dropped into a ball chair, looking
so weak and ill that John forgot his own
trouble in anxiety for Cecil.

"You must not be so frightened, wife,"
he said kindly; "it may turn up in the
house. Come, help me to search for it."

Cecil rose up mechanically, and followed
him from room to room, listening in mute
terror to his regrets when the pocket-book
could not be found. Involuntarily her hand
went down into the pocket of her dress, and
as she clutched the jewel-case in her cold
fingers a deadly faintness almost overcame
her, for, try as she would, she could not
draw it forth, or force her lips to confess
what to her awakened conscience seemed
nothing less than theft. She knew her hus-
band's indignation would be deep, although
he boldly expressed, for dishonesty of any
kind was contemptible in his eyes. Would
he excuse it in his wife! Ah, no! and as the
awful aspect of the affair presented itself to
her mind, her shame and agitation increased,
and she found it still more difficult to con-
fess her error.

"Cecil, Cecil!" he called, as she hurried
away, as after thoroughly ransacked the
rooms they passed in the hall; "I must
have dropped it in the house, and it cannot
be found. Or, could any one have picked
up your purse, Cecil? A startled expression
came into his eyes, and he hastily examined
the inside pocket of his overcoat.

"No," he said, with a light laugh, "no
one could pick that pocket without my
knowledge. It must have fallen out." He
looked keenly—without any suspicion of the
truth, however—at the lovely, drooping face
of his wife. "Cheer up, little wife," he said
with affected gaiety. "I must go to
the office; but you keep a sharp look for
the money. It may have got knocked into
some dark corner."

"Yes—I—I—do," stammered Cecil, but
with feverish anxiety; "does the firm know
it?"

"Macray does. I told him before I left
the office."

And John Morgan shut the door with a
bang, an unusual roughness for him; leaving
his wife standing in the dim light, as if
stricken dumb.

* * *

The large, roomy office in the commission
house of Macray & Co., was a blaze of
golden spring sunshine, as John Morgan,
shouldering his way with that through the crisp
morning air, entered it, after his fruitless
search. His face wore a troubled expression
as he met his mate Mr. Macray, a white-haired,
benevolent man.

"I have searched the house effectually for
that pocket-book, said——"

"You did not find it, John?" quickly in-
terrupted Mr. Macray, with a curious smile.

"No, sir, I did not; and I cannot account
for its loss."

"John"—Mr. Macray laid his morning
paper across his knees, removed his gold
spectacles, and looked up into the face of
his faithful book-keeper—"I would never
for one moment doubt your word. But did
you ask your wife about it?"

"I did."

"And she denied all knowledge of it?"

"She did not find it"—John Morgan
looked more troubled than ever—"and we
went over the house together."

"Ah." Mr. Macray's fine old face flushed
slightly, and he lowered his voice, as if fear-
ful of being overheard by the clerks in the
outer office.

"Listen to me a moment, John. To-day
is my daughter Sibyl's twentieth birthday,
and I went down to Baby and Co.'s to buy
her a set of sapphires that have been on ex-
hibition for a long time. They were just
what I wanted for a birthday gift, and the
price was two hundred dollars. The clerk
reputedly told me that they had been sold
to Mrs. Morgan, the wife of my book-keeper,
but a few moments before."

"Cecil?"—John Morgan grasped the rail
of the desk for support—"my wife. Where
did she get the money?"

"That is just the question I want you to
answer—where did she get it?" said Mr.
Macray, keenly watching the trembling face
of the young man. "I asked the clerk if
they were paid for. Yes, he replied, in full,
and he opened the safe and showed me a
roll of bank notes; and John, much as I re-
gret to say it, it was the identical roll I gave
you last evening to pay that bill at Hanby
& Sons. Now, did your wife find the
pocket-book, or was it ever lost, John?"

John Morgan dropped to the floor like
one stricken a heavy blow, and a slight
stream of blood issued from his pallid lips.
Mr. Macray hastily telephoned for a
physician, and Mrs. Morgan.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, faintly;
"I have not been strong lately, and the
shock was too much for me. O, Cecil,
Cecil."

Half an hour later Mrs. Morgan entered
the office with a white, scared face. Her
eyes were blinded by tears, and Mr. Macray
and the physician were unnoticed as she
hurried to her husband's side.

"John," she cried in agonized distress, "don't
let this loss of that money kill you. I
found it, and spent it—I didn't know it be-
longed to the firm—but the set of sapphires."

She threw the casket into his lap, and
John laid his hand against the carved back
of his chair, his face slowly reddening with
shame.

"Speak to me, John," she sobbed
hysterically, "I'll never be so wicked again
I never spend a dollar without your consent."

Mr. Macray stepped forward and laid his
hand on her arm.

"Don't upbraid your husband, Mrs. Morgan;
he is faint yet. Settle this matter in
the future."

But Cecil, in deep humility, went down on
her knees and laid her face on her husband's
breast, breathing words of contrition that
melted and reassured the stricken man.

Mr. Macray, with a gentleness she could
not repel, explained the sin of overreaching
her husband's salary, and the folly of useless
display, ending the matter by placing the
set of sapphires, and promising to keep the
whole transaction a secret.

And John Morgan in the peaceful years
that followed, often blessed the day he lost
his employer's money, for it transformed
Cecil into a mate of noble worth. And Cecil
—well—Cecil never saw a sapphire without
a sudden sensation of horror.

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St. Luke, Evangelist.

St. Luke, a physician at Antioch, and a
painter, became a convert of St Paul, and
afterwards his f

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

A VESPER PRAYER.

[FROM THE STANDARD.]

Life is fragile, oh! I know it,
And temptation is the foe,
Jesu Christ!
Jesu Christ!
Wish the water of Thy grace,
Turn our hearts and make us pure,
Pure as angels, oh! assist us,
Dulce Sanctæ Jesu Christus!

Then, O Mary pure and sinless,
Mother of Jesu's holy Child!
Jesu Christ!
Jesu Christ!
Speak with Him who knows our soul,
Lead us to the Heaven great;
Cease us, lest we stand not,
Mirdre del Infante Christus!

Seraphs of sweet Heaven, hear
The fine plaudits of our prayer—
"Jesu Christ!
Jesu Christ!"
Quoting Mercy's holiest lore,
Oh! with Christ defend our souls;
Be our vow of pale amber on,
Angels del Infante Christus!

—ST. ANTHONY DELTA.

THE SUN UNDERMINED BY TIME.

O glorious, bright, transcendent orb,
Champion, immortal, fabulous light of Day—
Thou, whose fair face, in beauty ever new,
Thou hast gazed upon creation's dawn, and
With why day hence hoarded the first man
Of Time; History's pages thou hast made
With thy quadrilateral form of Time's wealth
The Ganges crawls from the Great Creator's
Hand, fresh and new, whilst the progenitor
Of man, before the fall—Adam and Eve—
With glad hearts walked beneath thy kindlier
Smile.
Without change of Time, see fall of Empires
Can ever complain to the home of thy
Palace at the breakfast table, after first baby
Ing her grandfather to his own special corner,
where he sat comfortably enough in a roomy
paddle arm chair.
Their talk ran principally on the prospects
of a good "catch," on the return of the men,
on gratitude for the fine weather, and kindred
topics. There was a marked absence
of anything like gossip or malicious accounts
of their neighbors' lives and actions.
Breakfast over, Katie rose and took down
from a peg two little brown straw hats.
"Don't lose your time, dears, on the road,"
she said, as she lifted the hats on the fair,
curly heads of her young sisters. "Here are
your aloes of bread. Have you your books
all right? There, kiss me and run away.
Tall Sister Ellen! shall be up to-morrow at
the convent. It is the anniversary of my
First Communion.
"Is it indeed, Katie?" asked Clary, the
youngest, with an expression of pleased
wonder.
"Of course it is, you little goose; don't
you remember?
Again, the second sister, exclaimed with a
laugh: "Yes, we'll tell her, Katie, and
maybe next year we'll be able to say the
same ourselves."
"Why, how are we?" argued Clary, with
blue, wide opened eyes.
"Don't stand talking, children, or you'll
be late," urged Katie.
So, still arguing the point, they walked
away, and at first, but presently coming
to an agreement. Her grandfather Philip
Dwyer, was the only one who remained
the loving eyes that watched them from the
room doorway.
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be late," urged Katie.
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away, and at first, but presently coming
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Dwyer, was the only one who remained
the loving eyes that watched them from the
room doorway.

Literary Miscellany.

The Ocean's Prey.

A SEXTOR.

BY A. O'NEILL DAUNT.

CHAPTER I.

The Sun was
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven clearest;
So blue, so pure, so cloudless, so fair,
Far down within the watery sky repose.
The mighty mass she shove
Enrobed with a zone of love—
A zone of life and bright light.
That makes her wakeful eye more bright.
—WILSON.

One lovely, breezy, sunshiny morning in June, about an twelve years ago, a young girl might have been described standing in the small garden that fronted her grandfather's cottage, which was situated, adjoining the village, in a southern English shire. Very sweet and pretty Katie Winthrop looked as she stood among the bright flowers still bathed in dew, and with one hand shading her eyes, gazed out to seaward. Her most prist dress showed off her slender figure to advantage, unrelieved though it was by trimming or ornament. Her dark wavy hair was caught up in a low coil at the back of her head, and it from divided over a white, open brow. Her eyes were gray, with a clear, frank, trustful expression, and looking into them one seemed to read the innocence and within.

So far as instant or two did she stay to inhale the fragrance of the morning and the flowers; then, as if impatiens to call from the house, she re-entered the little porch all surrounded with honeysuckle and with rose just bursting into bloom.

Katie was the sole nurse and attendant of her old grandfather, who besides her, was all of her sisters, sole and undisputed mistress of the cottage. Her mother had died a long time previously, with her last breath entreating Katie to fill her place to her sisters with the other.

Tom Winthrop, the father, was a fisher man, and seldom at home, and for a few months back the only brother, Dick, had joined his father in his fishing expeditions. They were absent now, as Katie took her place at the breakfast table, after first bidding her grandfather to his own special corner, where he sat comfortably enough in a roomy paddle arm chair.

Their talk ran principally on the prospects of a good "catch," on the return of the men, on gratitude for the fine weather, and kindred topics. There was a marked absence of anything like gossip or malicious accounts of their neighbors' lives and actions.

Breakfast over, Katie rose and took down from a peg two little brown straw hats.

"Don't lose your time, dears, on the road, she said, as she lifted the hats on the fair, curly heads of her young sisters. "Here are your aloes of bread. Have you your books all right? There, kiss me and run away. Tall Sister Ellen I shall be up to-morrow at the convent. It is the anniversary of my First Communion.

"Is it indeed, Katie?" asked Clary, the youngest, with an expression of pleased wonder.

"Of course it is, you little goose; don't you remember?

Again, the second sister, exclaimed with a laugh: "Yes, we'll tell her, Katie, and maybe next year we'll be able to say the same ourselves."

"Why, how are we?" argued Clary, with blue, wide opened eyes.

"Don't stand talking, children, or you'll be late," urged Katie.

So, still arguing the point, they walked away, and at first, but presently coming to an agreement. Her grandfather Philip Dwyer, was the only one who remained from the room doorway.

THE ALTAR BOY.

It was in fair old Zeln,
Where the Rhine flows by,
In dark days of oppression
Of the Church of Christ;
That priests were hunted down like wolves,
Or hanged upon the gibbet
Or hanged upon—the like proclaimed
For such—alive and still the dear one
So anxiously looked for had not made their
appearance.

That day closed like many another. Some
neighbors, young girls for the most part,
came over in the twilight, and chatted with
Katie in the garden as they worked, while
one or two old men, as old as himself, and
discussing politics and the chances of the
fishing with Tom Winthrop.

The dusk grew deeper, and all departed to
their homes. Then the little family sat down
to supper, after which Katie saw her sisters
to bed, first making them say their prayers
and watching with tender eyes their reverent
attitudes and clasped hands.

But long after the old man had gone to
bed, long after the children slept and
dreamed happy dreams, Katie remained
kneeling at the unshuttered window, looking
out with wistful eyes upon the waters of the
ocean that hoved and glistened in the calm,
soft moonlight. Her thoughts were not so
freely with the father and brother who
pursued their avocations on its treacherous
shore for her, but another dearer still.

She wondered what the future had in
store for her, and if it would always thus lead a
peaceful life in the little seaside cottage.

"Shall I still marry," she thought with a
sigh, "and I may have to find out my own
living."

Then she dropped her head on her hands,
and prayed for resignation to whatever trials
God might have in store for her.

"I have something else to do," she thought
again, "than speculate about what may
happen; I have to prepare for Communion
to-morrow," and fervently making the sign
of the cross, Katie gave herself up for the
next half hour to her prayers. These finished
she went to bed, after ascertaining by another
glance through the window that the
night was calm, and that the wavelets danced
and sparkled as the tide moved out. The
noise of a cuckoo from a distant wood crooned
blind with the splash of waters in scoring
Katie fell asleep, and her head had been three
minutes on the pillow.

CHAPTER II.

For her it sorrow lay in wait,
She saw not he wait nigh,
And if a smile could dazzle Fate,
He might have passed her by;
Oh, would that Time's powerful hand had been
Then had that smile been lasting's fetter!
HENRY TAYLOR.

—*Ode rate the will,*
Fill thy wind passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which Religion bestows.
THOMAS PARNELL.

The next morning was bright and cool,
less; but as the day went on the heat became
more and more intense. The cattle
stood panting in the fields, the birds ceased
to sing, the glare from the sea became painful
to the sight. Katie had attended the
Mass at the convent where she had learned
her lessons as a child.

At a cloister window stood a nun absorbed
in the reading of a letter, from which she
scarcely raised her eyes, when a lay Sister
approached her with the words:

"Katie Winthrop would like to see you
for a few minutes, Sister Ellen.

"Yes, in a moment," she answered.

But not for many moments did she stir
from her place at the window, and there
were tears in her eyes as she finally folded
the letter and turned away.

"My poor sister," she murmured; "would
to God I could bring you back to the faith
and love of your mother years. And yet
what would that wish be worth?

She sighed, and again the tears fell from
her eyes as blindingly that she found it
necessary to enter the chapel, there to grow
composed before presenting herself to Katie.

"Did you think I never was coming?" she
asked, with so bright a smile that no one
could imagine sorrow hidden behind it.

"Indeed, I thought you never would
yesterday. Come with me and we shall have
a little chat before we part.

Sister Ellen led the way by a shaded door
into the garden.

"How are you getting on, dear child?
This, I know, is the anniversary of your
First Communion, is it not, how long ago?

"Five years ago, Katie hastened to say,
"So long! But its memory abide with
you. So let it be to the end. Each returning
anniversary brings us nearer and nearer
to the Eternal Communion in heaven. I
may see you a picture before you go as a
souvenir. And let me tell you how pleased
we are to hear such constant good accounts
of you. You are an example not only to
your own family but to your Protestant
neighbors, and that reminds to the glory of
our holy religion.

Sister Ellen paused a moment, looking at
Katie, whose downcast eyes and blushing
cheek bespoke at once her joy and her humility.

"I shall see you a nun," she went on,
after that scarcely perceptible pause during
which she had prayed for strength to preserve her composure.

"There were once two sisters whose mother
was dead, the oldest was nine years old and
the youngest three.

"Child, the eldest, was fortunate to
have been in a great measure formed and
trained by that pious, loving mother, by
her old grandfather, who neither cared little
sisters, sole and undisputed mistress of the
cottage. Her mother had died a long time
previously, with her last breath entreating
Katie to fill her place to her sisters with the other
daughter; for although so young a child
when her mother died, she had lived that
mother dearly, and finally received on copying
her example in all respects.

"But it was otherwise with Yaolte the
youngest. Scarcely was there ever seen so
lovely, so willful a creature. She enchanted
every one with the magic of her beauty and
her cleverness. Her father was her slave
the servants feared and adored her; for,
with a sharp, biting, clever tongue, she had
also great openness and generosity of disposition.

"Her sister loved her—oh, so dearly! But
she was powerless to curb the willful child
who had only to carry her complaints to her
father to be made certain of obtaining her
own way in all things.

"Clotilde made her First Communion, and
Yaolte, then five years old, and more clever
than many a child of twice her age, was
greatly interested in the various preparations
for the happy event—the wreath, the
veil, the white dress.

"Perhaps, Katie, suggested the
Mother Superior, Lucrin's sister was married
the other day, she said, 'and Marguerite
Lucrin, who wore white things like yours.
Are you going to be married?

"Yaolte hesitated before answering.

"Yes, Yaolte, she said finally. "I am to
be married to the Lord tomorrow, and I
will pray to him for you.

"And will you also go away from home?

"Yes, I shall be a nun, too.

"Take me with you, interrupted Yaolte,
with sudden vehemence.

"The First Communion made a strong
impression on Yaolte's mind—the altar, the
procession, the candles. She told her father
that she would also get married like Clotilde
Lucrin.

"Child, child, said the Mother Superior,
First Communion did not take place. Dear
Clotilde's mother watched care seeds of
infidelity had been sown in the young mind.

"Papa, she said tenderly, 'I wish I could
give my life for you, could I thereby purchase
you length of days!

"Her manner more than her words startled
him.

"Clotilde,' he said, 'what do you say? I
have no fear. I am not dying yet.

"He sank back exhausted. His daughter
came to stroke back from his pale face the
silver hair.

"But not now reconciled to our Lord, she
whispered. 'You will stand in His presence
before very long.

"Then she laid the crucifix on his breast,
and with her face hidden in her hands she
knelt down beside her father.

"Unbroken silence reigned in the room
for some minutes, the fan cool of which a
handsome lad on her head, and her father's
voice said:

"Send for M. le Cure, and may God bless
you, my child!

"Yaolte had conquered. The priest arrived
and saw the sick man, spent a considerable
time with him, while Yaolte
wandered to and fro, with a pale and troubled
face, restless and unhappy.

"The next day the priest came and remained
some time in private with his patient. Then Clotilde prepared a temporary
altar in the sick room, and the Blessed Sacrament
being laid thereon, Yaolte and the
household were summoned to witness the
giving of the last Sacraments.

"Yaolte's face cannot be described. Disappointment, fear, rebellion, and remorse
in turn. The dying man received a short
prepassin of faith before his departure. Its
silence was profound, when Yaolte broke it
in a startling manner.

"Papa, she said—do you believe in that?
she said, stepping forward and pointing to
the crucifix upon the priest's hand.

"He believes! she said passionately; 'and
yet owing to his words and example I
do not believe and not even when I
preached the altar for the first time.

"Child, you have left your father! the
priest said, as he laid aside the pyx and
stepped up hastily to the bed.

"Then the flush died out of Yaolte's face,
and they saw for a deadly paleness.
The angel sideways and would have fallen had
not one or two of the servants caught her
up and carried her from the room.

"Her father recovered, however, and when
left alone with his confessor and Clotilde the
last Sacraments were administered, after
such a fit of weeping as neither of the bystanders
had before seen a man indulge in.

"He sent for his younger daughter, the
Clotilde left them for awhile. Presently
there was a scream from Yaolte, and Clotilde
and the Cure ran to find that death had
called her its victim. Barely was there time
to pronounce the final absolution.

"Sister Ellen's voice faltered for a moment.

"And what became of the younger sister?
Katie asked breathlessly.

"She fell a weakly life—and positively
bad—but was thoroughly unspiritual; she
was married to a man much her senior, who
was a good man, having her sole interest
in his large fortune. She went to India, for
she loved travel and adventure and when
last heard of she had married a Mohammedan
gentleman.

"But," Katie said in a horrified tone,
"she belonged to the Church.

"No, they are not. But which is worse, a
believing Turk or an unbelieving Christian?
Which is the more hopeless? Child, I
have seen much more resented, rising from
the beach on which they had been seated,
and walked down to the sea. You all left
to your little children now that they are helpless
and motherless. Child, I have confidence.
Let them make it with faith, and I
know you will. Come, I must return.

"She led the way to the chapel, where they
knelt in silent prayer.

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The Rev. Dean says that in the year 1856, a stranger of sunday called upon him and told him that he desired to go to confession. The stranger then told him that happening in passing at Tilburg, he boarded a neighboring street to the railroad, a large crowd pressing around the entrance to a certain house. On inquiring as to the cause of the excitement, he was informed that the gentleman residing there was a worker of miracles. He then went in with the crowd, where Mr. Dupont received him very politely, and wanted to know what he could do for him. The stranger frankly told him what he had heard. Mr. Dupont promptly replied that he had not been aware of it, and that miracles, through the mercy of God, were an everyday occurrence at his house. He then remarked to the visitor that if he was necessary was ready to aid, and he would receive. Mr. Dupont pointed to a woman then present, who had nearly lost her sight and said that prayers would be offered up for her, and that he had hopes that she would be cured.

The stranger stated that he had joined in the prayers, although for ten years he had not performed a single act of religion. The next day he was cured, and, at the end, she said that she could not read a single word from the book that was presented to her. However, after repeated prayers she began to distinguish the persons around her; at last, she received her sight entirely and read without any trouble from the book that had been first handed to her.

In consequence of this extraordinary circumstance, the stranger could not be satisfied with his spiritual condition. He not only became converted, but persevered in his good resolutions.

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FUNERAL FRAUDS.

Women who Make Money by Them.

"No, madame, you cannot enter," said the other gently but firmly. "The funeral is strictly private, and no one without a card can be admitted.

"She was a dear friend of mine," said the woman, and a dainty white handkerchief with a broad band of black was slowly raised to wipe away the teary mist that obscured her sight. "Can I not see her once more?"

The man was evidently moved by the pleasing tone of the voice, and the pleasing face, which a tear drop slowly coursed down her cheek.

The heart of the usher softened. He was only a young man, and she looked almost charming in her apparent distress, so he allowed her to enter. Tiptoeing softly into the parlor where no one but an aged lady sat weeping, she knelt over the open casket as if to take one long last look of the departed. Then, while ceremonies also shook her form, and a few pieces with the lady sitting by the casket, upon which was placed a large amount of valuable lace trimmed. She remained for a moment with a look of sadness upon her countenance betitling the occasion, while her lips trembled with suppressed grief. The old lady was intently studying the pattern of the carpet, and when the visitor left the room with lowered head under cover of her glasses, then cast aside and away from the house, her steps quickened, and an unnoticed black silken piece of lace was handed over a pawnbroker's counter, and the money hastily counted out the requisite change.

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"Funeral sneak thieves are becoming more and more numerous, and a well known private detective yesterday. "They are a class of people who make a very fine thing of stealing affords ample opportunity for concealing small articles. They scan the obituary notices in the morning papers for deaths, and when the time arrives play off the "dear friend" racket to perfection. As they are generally quite pretty, and the beauty they (apparently) possess is counterbalanced by the sombreness of their attire, they succeed in nine cases out of ten in securing admission no matter how private the funeral services may be. Once inside, they are a little of necessity, and would their chance of stealing anything of value in the room. Having succeeded, they make their departure as quickly yet decorously as possible, and without attracting the notice of possible detection and pursuit, pawn the stolen article.

"When the room is full of people the weak thief proceeds very cautiously, for fear of being caught in the act, and, after embezzling, to secure anything. None of the present, joy any attention to her actions, thinking that she is a friend of the deceased. In some cases she is allowed to linger about the upper rooms have been taken by three women.

"An uptown lady recently placed a valuable ring upon the finger of her dead daughter, and, as she thought, kept her eyes from the lid was screwed down that it was not. But, in this instance, a detective quietly attached to a woman whom no one present knew, but who had been invited lingering over the casket a few minutes before. She followed them to their rooms, rising from the beach on which they had been seated, and walked down to the sea. You all left to your little children now that they are helpless and motherless. Child, I have confidence. Let them make it with faith, and I know you will. Come, I must return.

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WOMEN'S NICKNAMES.

Odd Ways in Which the Idiots of Saratoga Address Their Wives.

A wide awake correspondent of the New York Sun writes from Saratoga. When a lounger on the veranda of one of the big hotels at this place hears a man say, "Mary Ann, I want you," or "Sarah, come here," he may be sure that it is a husband addressing his wife, and that she is unusually old.

Apparently all husbands of 1st women address their wives with commanding or nickname terms, or with pet names or little girls. "Daisy," "Birdie" and "Baby" appear to be the pet names most favored by the husbands of mammoth women. In the latter case, however, the marriage is distinctively for married couples and has less conveniences and extras. Tiptoeing softly into the parlor where no one but an aged lady sitting, she bent over the open casket as if to take one long last look of the departed. Then, while ceremonies also shook her form, and a few pieces with the lady sitting by the casket, upon which was placed a large amount of valuable lace trimmed. She remained for a moment with a look of sadness upon her countenance betitling the occasion, while her lips trembled with suppressed grief. The old lady was intently studying the pattern of the carpet, and when the visitor left the room with lowered head under cover of her glasses, then cast aside and away from the house, her steps quickened, and an unnoticed black silken piece of lace was handed over a pawnbroker's counter, and the money hastily counted out the requisite change.

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DEATH OF JENNY LIND.

The Musical Prodigy of this Century.

A cablegram from London on Wednesday last announced the death of the wonderful "Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind—Goldschmidt. She was a Swede, born at Stockholm, Oct. 6, 1821. Her parents were in humble circumstances, but the remarkable power and pathos of her voice attracted attention when she was only a tiny tot in a child, and she was only nine years of age when, owing to the kind interest of a friend, she was admitted to the Conservatory of Stockholm. Her progress was wonderful, and it was greatly promoted after she had left the conservatory by her association with the family of the popular Swedish composer, Adolph Lindblad, who became her teacher. Two years of age where, after brilliant successes in private entertainments and in court concerts, she made her first appearance in opera as Agatha in "Der Freischutz." This was the beginning of a total fame that eclipsed that of all Swedish singers. In 1841 she placed herself under the tuition of Garcia at Paris. She was engaged at Berlin in 1844, at the instance of Meyerbeer, who had met her in Paris, and her "period of glory" as an enthusiastic admirer puts it, began in that city in "Norma." Her impersonation of the Prussian capital ended in April 1845, after which she visited Vienna and Prague, including Vienna. The great singer made her debut in London, in 1847, with a very marked success. It was followed by a tour in England, Ireland and Scotland, and Stockholm, where tickets entitling the fortunate holders to seats where she sang were sold by auction, and realized the sum of 16,000 rix dollars from the stage in May of that year. Her marriage came from the objection of a gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married, to her leaving the home her husband.

Jenny Lind was formed the project to devote herself to oratorio and concert singing, and to "Sacred Music." Her last appearance in Europe was at Vienna, in 1851. Her tour in America, extending through the United States, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico and the West Indies. Her first appearance in New York will be remembered by many, as it created unusual event that has ever taken place in the history of the metropolis of this tour were $651,000, of which her share amounted to $262,000. Her last concert, February 5, 1852, that she became the wife of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who accompanied her tour. In 1862 Madame Goldschmidt and her husband returned to Europe. She visited her native city, and then made her residence at Dresden. Some of her greatest triumphs were achieved in Germany, on her return to that country in 1856. In 1857 she was appointed Professor of the Art of Singing at the Berlin Academy of Music in Westminster Abbey. Some of late years has been in London, where her chief place of departure as quickly yet decorously as possible, and without attracting the notice of possible detection and pursuit, pawn the stolen article.

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SAVED BY THE ROSARY.

A Remarkable Incident of the Franco-Prussian War.

The following incident took place during the siege of Paris. The writer had been ordered out as a picket sentinel, to try and with others, to put a stop to the German sharpshooters, who had been both bold and troublesome.

I came to a large tree, the trunk of which was surrounded with underbrush. Here I stopped, and close this point for my look out. I dug away the earth with my bayonet and made a kind of rampart at the top of the little slope, covering it with dry grass and leaves. I then made openings in this rampart, so as to see without being seen. The whole occupied so little space as possible, and kept passed away, this accident, and I began despairing of my mission, when I saw the bushes at a point, behind a tree, a hand appearing and disappearing. Soon I had no doubt about it; the enemy was there near me. I had recourse to my field glass and saw, not without emotion, the head and hands of a man so near me that I instinctively made what we call a bodily movement. The man did not see me, but was carelessly digging up the earth with a piece of wood. Sitting on the ground, his head leaning on his left arm and his right hand at his side, he remained quiet as the duty as well as of keeping watch. His body was stretched out, and his knees and feet appeared again. He was dressed in a long black frock coat, with buttons down the front, and a black cap. It was easy to discover, under his uniform, a priest, perhaps a Jesuit, or a member of his cottage house. I really regretted the sight of a priest, because I felt a kind of sympathy for the unfortunate to whom he was engaged to be married. Yes, I did not let come her husband.

Jenny Lind was formed the project to devote herself to oratorio and concert singing, and to "Sacred Music." Her last appearance in Europe was at Vienna, in 1851. Her tour in America, extending through the United States, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico and the West Indies. Her first appearance in New York will be remembered by many, as it created unusual event that has ever taken place in the history of the metropolis of this tour were $651,000, of which her share amounted to $262,000. Her last concert, February 5, 1852, that she became the wife of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who accompanied her tour. In 1862 Madame Goldschmidt and her husband returned to Europe. She visited her native city, and then made her residence at Dresden. Some of her greatest triumphs were achieved in Germany, on her return to that country in 1856. In 1857 she was appointed Professor of the Art of Singing at the Berlin Academy of Music in Westminster Abbey. Some of late years has been in London, where her chief place of departure as quickly yet decorously as possible, and without attracting the notice of possible detection and pursuit, pawn the stolen article.

"When the room is full of people the weak thief proceeds very cautiously, for fear of being

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE YEARS OF LONG AGO.

AN OLD MAN'S TROUGHT.

I.

Oh! the old years! the fair years!
The years of the long ago!
When our steps were light,
And our hearts were bright,
With never a care nor sighing!
When joy was nought
But a name to sought
Of a future rain weaving!

(Ah! they were greener than now!)
When we slept unscathed for the hunter's aim
In the year-tree's pleiting bough!
When we lounged the dinth and will to grow,
And "followed my leader" straight!
When we trembingly ventured the ripe fruit trees,
In some glorious Lord's estate!
They were good days—the old days!
(Why, we laid our children out!)
Than the years of the present were never so fair
As the years of the long ago!

II.

Ah! the old years! the dear years!
The years of the long ago!
When a smile's caution,
Like a fairy's wand,
Threw into our hearts a spell;
When to the pulse of the world
Till school was out,
For Norah or Mabie or Nell!

And, oh! the flowers we used to pick
For our bright-eyed sweet heart!
How we blushed when she took them from our hand
Shy and coy!
And pied-eyed them in her hair.
Years, love and loss in the one lear of them,
And hearts were tossed then.
For willows and willowers ever thought
Of loving and wedding again.
In the old days! the young days!
(Now, children, don't laugh so!)
For the years of the present were never so dear
As the years of the long ago!

III.

Oh! the old years! the dear years!
No longer for us they glow,
And they only beam
In a wishing dream,
As we speak to our children here
Of the dear old days
And the fair old ways,
On the dawn of some fair New Year.

And we read aloud as they nestle round
Our chair in the song fireplace;
Why, our voices tremble as we speak
And the tears will come our face.
But they do not know that in time to come,
When they are aged and grey,
Like us they will gather their children round
On some New Year's eve, and say:
"They were good days—the old days,
(Oh, children, believe the)
Afterwise rendering joy or cries
As the years of the long ago!

May friendship's ivy, bright New Year, twine
Around the homes of all our race,
And all thy days in sunbeam shine
Upon the Earth with God's best grace.

Pass on to the storied goal
Fair years; may peace be still thy dower,
May Truth, immortal as the soul,
Ascend above all Falsehood's power.

Then hail to thee, new ushered year!
May all thy days be ever bright,
May none be mired by sigh or tear,
As all sink down in silent sight.

JOHN P. MCDONALD.

Virginia City, Nev., January 1, 1888.

A Home Across the Ocean.

Rose Rubaiiane to the "Catholic Home Almanac."

The autumn tints were coloring the Bandsheidlen, a beauty hollow among the jutting Kerry mountains. The heather were its rubiant crimson, the gray moss were blue about the clumps of fir and oakwood, long flaxen streamed and curled in the waters of the river at sunset, and even the rugged crevices and dows of the cabin thatches and walls were in unison harmony with the landscape.

For the cabins were still standing, the people still passing in and out over their threshholds, and sleeping in their shelter. The little children and the old women, and the young mothers, and girls just flowering into womanhood, barefooted, scantily fed, poorly clad as they might be, they had still the lot of a home to hold to, the roof over their heads, the heartfelt care earned by the turf fire under their feet. The cottage hut not yet made its appearance in the Bandsheen Glen.

In another week, however, all that was to be changed, for every soul in the valley had received notice to quit. If times were bad, and rents which had been gradually rising were hopeless to pay, these circumstances gave the landlord an excellent opportunity for clearing the land of the "vermin," as he considered them, that encumbered it.

Dave Dermott Reilly, or Davy Dermott as he was called, stood in his cottage door, gazing across the glen at the cabin of the man which was rising from behind the ridge of the opposite hills, and his Celtic eye saw all the beauty of the whirling browns and purples of the landscape, the flood of glory in the river, the crimson and scarlet clouds streaming above the mountain tops like outstretched flags upon a captured banner, the triumph of his long struggle for liberty to stay and live his life in this land of his love, this island of beauty and blight, and of woe, after all, he was bound by the act of tyrant, to leave it and go into exile. Next week would see him on board ship bound for America, for, resolved not to wait to see the great landlord in his turn, whose, not to see and his father before him had toiled to maintain, he was about to turn his back on an unhappy country, and seek his fortune in a more prosperous world.

Having made up his mind to depart he was impatient to be gone, for as to it Maureen with the time heart and the tenter were going with him! Maureen whom he had loved from his boyhood, and who never could be his wife so long as they hoped in this atmosphere of hunger and oppression.

Yes, he had resolved that they should be gone before the valley was to be seen lying desolate. Maureen, poor thing, had suffered enough. She should not wait to hear the groans of the old people, the weeping of the children, should not see the despair of full-grown men, and the anguish of young mothers. They would be out on the broad sea, man and wife together, before the dawning of the day of destruction in the Bandsheen Glen.

It wanted but two days of their wedding day, and as Owen stood watching the sunrise, hope rose high in his heart, while he remembered that any spot on earth must become home where Maureen would dwell with him, love him, serve him, and honour him. With God's good gifts of youth and health in his possession, no tyrant could rob him of a home and Maureen.

He finished his meditation and stepped out to go about his work, when his foot touched a slip of paper which the opening door had scarcely displaced on the threshold. Picking it up he glanced at it carelessly and his heart trembled and then stood still. On the paper were a few hieroglyphics scrawled which only the initiated could understand, but which Owen Dermott read only too readily. This was a noon bidding him to a meeting of a secret society to be held that night, a society to which he had belonged from his boyhood, to which he was bound by oath, but from which he had long held himself entirely aloof.

"And now, my love, I must bid you good-night, for I have many things to do, and I have no more time to spare. Good night, good bye, my only dear on earth."

Maureen's fling herself weeping into his arms. He pressed her to his heart, stroked her hair, as if she had been a child, and kissed her once. And then he suddenly put her from him and was gone.

Maureen threw herself on her face in the stubble and wept till she was blind. The sun had sinked ere she was able to compose herself. After a time she became better able to think, and, having a good intelligence, she gave it all to the consideration of his unexplained and unexpected manifestos. Some terrible mystery had suddenly surrounded him. If she could only discover the nature of it, might she not be able to help him out of a difficulty? Twilight gathered and night came, and she sat on the mountain side still, and threw herself under the shelter of a hedge, from which, for spreading bushes dropped and entered her. When it had long been quite dark, and she had made up her mind that at all events she must force herself to get up and go home, she was stayed by hearing the sound of footsteps at the other side of the hedge, and of voices that spoke in strangely distinct whispers.

At first she did not attend to the meaning of the words that came to her, but gradually the sign grew to her mind that a plot was on foot to end the life of the landlord, whose cruelty was act for the destruction of the people of the Bandsheen Glen. But even this horror she did not connect in any way with her lover's tribulation, till she heard one voice say, "Another, which instantly put her in possession of the truth.

"There is the beast, fire this shot," said one of the whispering voices, "though he has only commited because he dare not be free. He is leaving the country in any case.

She lay still behind the hedge afraid to breathe till the sound of footsteps moving away assured her that the night venture to creep homeward. All that night she thought over the terrible revelation that had been made to her, and before morning came she had made up her mind that she should not be driven to do this murder, even if she were to give her life to prevent it. She prayed to God fervently all day while she worked among the corn, and when labouring hours were over she went to her lonely dark cabin and set out across the valley for Dan Dermott's house.

She passed the latch and went in, and said that he was not there she sat down to wait for him.

There was no hasp, no fire on the hearth, but the plate was family lit up by the usual whole and rough bread and milk—oat bread and meal—of Maureen baked round the place and saw the old straw chair in which Dan's mother had died of age and activity, a few months before, and the large crucifix which hung on the wall close by the seat. She sat down in the chair, and looked at the crucifix, and watched and prayed and waited.

At last she heard a step coming and then walked into the house, like the ghost of himself, his tall figure looking gaunt, his face dark and rigid with trouble. He was staring straight before him as if seeing nothing, and did not perceive Maureen till she placed herself right before him, and put her hands on his arms.

"Owen, in God's name, what are you going to do?"

He shook himself up as if out of a long dream.

"What do you doing here at this hour of the night, Maureen? Run away home with you at once. I would go with you, only—

"Only for what, Owen?

"I have other business to attend to."

"Let me go with you, let me go home, and dropped her hands, and would not look at her where she stood, silently, her arms hanging by her side, all her soul in her eyes, that he could not avoid meeting.

"I know what your business is," she said with a long sigh, "it is none after your own heart."

"And know—if I dare speak of God now, it is none after my own heart. But I am bound by my oath and the lot was fairly drawn. It had been decided that a tyrant should be killed to save the lives of the people, before my opinion was asked in the matter, and I was sworn to do the deed, they say, the lots were drawn, and I am the man.

"Oh, Owen, you are the man; you were never born to be a murderer. God can save His people without help from crime. Come with me, Owen, and, if I come Blood-stained wretch do this deed, if the deed must be done, I am here away, and get out to the sea, before any one knows we are gone."

"Hush, Maureen, rush out of danger, lest some one else to take the penalty and the sin on his hand! Maureen, you know I am coward. Time to go, and I must start. Go home and pray for me if you love me; pray for me, for I am unable to pray for himself."

"I will pray, I am praying for you; but I will not go home."

She made a swift movement and stood the door and closed with her back to it, facing the room.

"This will save my sin," said Owen, gloomily, "for I will be two lives lost instead of one. Would you doom me to the death of a coward?

"No, I would save you from it. Oh, my love, when we die let us go with clean souls before God. Other people's crimes are not our crimes. Owen.

She snatched the crucifix which hung within reach of her hand on the wall, a rugged stone-carved image belonging to pallerie story, all the more sincerely and tragically for its opposite redemption of form and expression. Holding it as a bar across the door she spoke to her lover with eyes in which their usual sweet benevolence had given place to a look of agonized resolution.

"Maureen, do you pray me too far. The very last moment has come. Let me make my way out."

"You cannot," she said faintly, "you will never dare to pass that bar—

He had taken up his gun in preparation for his distant journey, but now put it down again on the table. Approaching the girl he lifted her from her feet in a determined grasp, and removed her from the doorway. Finding herself powerless to struggle further, Maureen uttered a moan of anguish and slipped from his arms in a swoon across his feet. With an exclamation of horror Owen raised her tenderly to his bosom.

"My darling," he murmured, "and is this the ending of all our faithful love! Cruelly from me to you, sin and horror, death and parting! Life, may God who created us, have mercy on us!

He laid her on an old "settee" in the corner, bathed her hands and face with cold water, and then seeing signs of returning life, he kissed her over, turned away hastily to the door, and slowly and reverently replaced the crucifix from the spot where it had been fixed as a bar. Holding the hard image in his hand for a moment he gazed at it with eyes full of agony, then endowed it mechanically in its time honoured place on the wall. The dear instant he had laid hold of his gun and was gone.

Maureen's two friends helped her to stand before Maureen was on her feet and fled, fearing this swiftly. The moon had set, the night was dark, he never turned his head to look backward, while the girl, wrapped in her cloak, kept within a few paces he had lead on over bog and heather, hill and dale, road and moorland, till after an hour's swift travel, Owen Dermott paused to look round him in the darkness on which his eyes had become accustomed. No sound but he as some to a halt, than three men with blackened faces stepped out from behind a hedge, and striking him suddenly upon the head, stabbed him in one of his hands, and took possession of it.

"You have let your man go, past. You have broken your oath and shirked your duty. Coward and traitor, take the punishment that is due to you.

Owen fabbled his arms and stood up straight and faced the guns that were levelled at him. With a wild cry, Maureen sprang forward out of the darkness, and threw herself on his neck in time to receive the effect of the bullets that were showered upon his bosom.

They fell together in each other's arms. Maureen clung to him more closely for a moment and was dead. Owen lived long enough for one keen and living prayer, which passed swiftly through his soul, and send before him to his Maker.

"My darling, my love, you were right. May God, my Judge, forgive me! O Christ, give me a home together in Thee, other world; beyond this better ocean of death which together we are crossing."

CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Colleges in Many Countries

— Lent begins this year on February 15.

— Easter Sunday this year falls on All Fools' day.

— St. Patrick's day falls on Saturday this year.

— Septuagesima Sunday comes on the 29th of this month, there being only three Sundays after Epiphany this year.

— Rev. Abbe Martineau of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, a great advocate of temperance, died recently in that city, aged 57.

— The Advent death is announced of Rev. James H. Halton of Preston, Minn., one of the much esteemed priests of the St. Paul diocese, and brother to Rev. L. M Halton, pastor of Stacy, Cal.

— Rev. E. V. Lebreton of Philadelphia, will hereafter visit Baltimore once a month for the purpose of narrating the dead masses of that city, Cardinal Gibbons having authorized him to that effect.

— It is something new for an ecclesiastic of an English see to be found studying man's business, seamanship. The Bishop of Salford only discussed St. Mary's Baltimore, Md., Rev. Thomas Lee, of the Archdiocese of Westminster, Eng., Cardinal Manning's see.

— Rev. F. A. Fingadlirth, pastor of St. Jakob's, Quincy, Mass., returned a donation of $20, with the message that he was not in Paris, the seat of propaganda, and hoping that the donor would find another priest.

— Rev. Father Fenton, who was ordained at Troy last week for the New York archdiocese, was formerly a minister of the Episcopal church, and was for two or two years stationed at Peekskill. He was received into the church some years ago by Rev. John Edwards, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, New York, and a student of the Paulist.

— A special reception was made to the Rt. Rev. Ireland, Bishop of St. Paul, Bishop of the new See of Concordia, Kansas, on his recent arrival in that city. The Mayor presided, and the non Catholic citizens were well represented. All the prominent Catholics, headed by the venerable Father Pierron, were there, even present to welcome their new spiritual chief.

— The death is announced from Ireland of the Most Rev. Thomas Kirby, who with Father "Tom" O'Hea, started the famous fight against eviction at Gallen, county Kilkenny, in 1862. He was born in the county of Kilkenny, in 1811, and was ordained priest in 1836. He was a singularly gifted speaker, and his sermons had a wide hold on his people. He was exceedingly popular with the priests, and in 1872 he was consecrated by the prelates of Dublin for the position of Coadjutor Bishop of that diocese. He was an active member of the Irish Parliamentary party, and in 1882 was appointed by the Holy Father, Bishop of Limerick, in succession to Bishop Ryan, who died in the same year. He was a strong advocate of the Home Rule advocate and a popular supporter of the Land League movement, and the national cause in Ireland.

— The late Dr. Cockey of Hamilton, Ont., was born at Mullinger, Westmeath, in 1809, and was a cousin of the celebrated Jesuit, Father Cockey, who was a professor of Greek in the Jesuit College, Clongowes Wood, Kildare, for many years. He was educated at Maynooth, and was ordained priest in 1836. He was a singularly gifted speaker, and his sermons had a wide hold on his people. He was exceedingly popular with the priests, and in 1872 he was consecrated by the prelates of Dublin for the position of Coadjutor Bishop of that diocese. He was an active member of the Irish Parliamentary party, and in 1882 was appointed by the Holy Father, Bishop of Limerick, in succession to Bishop Ryan, who died in the same year. He was a strong advocate of the Home Rule advocate and a popular supporter of the national cause in Ireland.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Week's Happenings in the World.

— Diphtheria is dying out in Montreal.

— Organized self 28,923 catches in Japan in 1888.

— Last year England paid £1,000,000 to the Irish farmers for eviction.

— The German Crown Prince shows much improvement.

— The mother of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen is dead.

— The Leopold frescoes are to be uncovered with solemn cloth.

— The public debt was diminished during the past year, $117,000,000.

— The President is to name the Home Commission on Pacific Railroads.

— Steps have been taken to protest the importation of diseased pork from Denmark into this country.

— A flying machine invented by two New York electricians is to be exhibited at the Paris Exhibition.

— Landslides and washouts are greatly interfering with the operations of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Mexico.

— Florida is complaining too much cold weather, and Texas of too much snow. California has nothing to complain of.

— The City of Mexico received $60,000 in licenses on half-lights last year. The license is 75 per cent of the gross receipts.

— Richard H. Barringer died at Troy, N. Y., December 28th, from measles passing, caused by excessive smoking of cigarettes.

— A monument to the late Earl Shaftesbury is about to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

— M. de Villars claims to have invented a balloon which will reach the Pole. The Government alone will utilize the invention.

— A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the use of tobacco.

— Deputients of the press ring in Eng land prospects of a long and bitter struggle, land. Unfolding the publication in newspapers of a "Parliamentary Sketch."

— In May next there will be a great musical exhibition at Brussels, and to celebrate the occasion a grand opera will be produced in Paris, the work of prominent composers.

— Four-and-twenty years ago Leo XIII. made Cardinals of three priests, the bishops and Hermes were present at the Provincial Mass at Rome, Spain, and the Archbishop of Toledo was among the number.

— Mary Dean Smith, in Boston, they have been having astonishing an extraordinary time. Mrs. Smith is a well-known spiritualist, Miss "the heaviest mediums ever experienced."

— Prof. Mann, now claims a population of 200,000, and it is suspected she can count 200,000 of her followers, who are in readiness to bring forward as soon as Mormonism is taken from her hands.

— A valuable find of coal has been discovered east of Homer, in Dakota County, Neb. The vein is 4 feet 6 inches in the thickest place, and is 3 feet thick, and active operations in some are to commence at once.

— By his will filed December 29th for probate, the late William Hilton of Boston left about $4 million dollars to public institutions, ranging from $50,000 down to $10,000.

— A Louisville, Ky., land agent has been appointed by the Government to look into matters concerning Texas lands, as the company claims to purchase 1,000,000 acres of agricultural lands for colonization.

— Louisville is suffering from a coal famine. The railroads cannot supply the demand and the river is falling and freezing. A number of manufactories have shut down and much suffering is anticipated among the poor.

— It is understood that a bill providing for the printing and preparation of the ballots by each county, and containing many other provisions, will be reported to the Legislature at Sacramento. The Bill is drawn by Senator Stanford states there is nothing now in the way of the Governor's return to the Stanford University. He has no one in particular under consideration, but is looking for the right man.

— Some six inch deep was reported at Menominee, Mich., on Christmas morning, and as cold was the weather that Monday night, which was the three days before Christmas, had to bring a tin around as elephant to prevent the animal from freezing.

— Sarah A. Bonner of Pittsburg treated to a "faith cure" physician, lost she died of cancer of the breast. The case has caused much mass happening here and there is likely to be made the evidence of a section of the believers in the new fangled theory.

— Hobert Trent Paine says that there are 9,000 Catholic priests in America, 6,000 Associated Churches of Boston, or some 2,729 ministers. The Catholic priests are in every hundred of the city's population, entered help from sources outside of their own knows.

— The Mayor of Harrisburg, Penn., utilizes the tramps and bums of his city in run into the police stations during the night, by setting them to work the next morning sweeping up the streets and cleaning up the alleys. He makes them earn their lodgings and breakfast.

— The King of the Apostles' Islands, Lake Superior, is dead. For twenty years only Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, the Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., he has lived for forty four years, the oldest living pioneer of the historic spot where Father Marquette built the first mission 200 years ago.

— The rabbits are again becoming a plague in many portions of Idaho, Nevada and Wyoming, writes from Boise Idaho to the New York World. "These little bunnies feel free to do as much damage in our country as they have any novelty, unless timely steps are taken for their extermination.

— San Francisco has more representation in the United States Senate than any other two cities in the country. The Calif-ornia Senators, Stanford and Hearst, have resided in San Francisco, as have also the Nevada Senators, Stewart and Jones. Stewart practised law at the San Francisco Bar and Jones is a member of the San Francisco Exchange.

— Tourists now in California have made a curious discovery. They are travelling on the road and meeting on the road, and finding of which discloses the fact that they are not alone. Some of the tourists have been there before, and have come back to see the old scenes and to be appreciated by the hotel keepers and merchants than by the tourists and pleasure seekers.

— Bishop Gilmore of Cleveland, Ohio, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Archbishop Williams, of Boston, and other seemingly the heavy lefts a blank and sorrowful "A merry Christmas to you. The Lord bless a cheerful giver."

Many People Prize to take Cod

liver oil on account of its unpleasant taste, the difficulty has been overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It being as palatable as milk, and the most sensitive stomach can take it. It is a complete emulsion, Scott's and Bowne's. Physicians report our little pellets take the place of Cod Liver Oil. Scott's Emulsion and its continued.

OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Roll of Honor for December.

ST. ROSE'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

Boys Department. Third Class: E Finger, Jos. Gallagher, Geo. Wm. Wright, J. Moore, J. Mahony, F. Buckley, E. Barry, W. Gallagher, Jas. Mahony, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Ryan, Jas. Cahill, J. Dolan, F. Mahony, D. Martin, H. O'Connor, E. Shaffer, J. Gogel, F. Hancock, W. Dunovan, J. McGarry, P. McGrath, J. Cusack, E. Ryan, J. Lindsay, F. Russell, J. Ryan, J. Ryan, J. Ryan, J. Ryan, J. Ryan, J. Ryan, J. McNerney, Sixth Class: E Foley, W Burk, Joseph J. Bell, W Brown, F Finger, E. Miles, E. O'Neill, W. Flynn, J Hanahr, F. Young, J. McGarry, W Hamilton, E. Dalton, J. Brown, J. Buckley, F. Horn, B. Fahy, J Thomson, Michael J. Ryan, E. Fitzgerald, J. Moran, M. Hehl, M. McGinnis, E. Fitzgerald, Fifth Class: Jas. Ryan, Richard Lynch, Mossy, R. Duffy, J. Donohahan, Fourth Class: M. Crosk, T. Duffy, A. Mooney, Fifth Class, S. Chambers, M. Lynch, A. Kirk, W. McGarvie, L. Dunlop, A. Kirkpatrick, Keating, M. Mack, S. Sullivan, M. Donoghue, L. Thomson, M. O'Dunn, M. McGinnis, S. Sneddon, R. Hammond, M. McKenna, H. McDonald, E. Finchman, M. Mulligan, M. Wren, J. Cunningham, M. Smith, N. McHugh, J. Langley, Third Class M. Mooney, L. Burns, L. Jude, E. Dempsey, E. Cassidy, C. Ryan, M. Ryan, M. Ryan, M

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE YEARS OF LONG AGO.

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHT.

Oh! the old years! the fair years!
The years of the long ago!
When our steps were light,
And our hearts were bright,
With never a care nor a woe!
When joy was sweet!
With never a thought
Of a future rude awaking
When our hopes were crushed, and our souls were broken,
Ah! they were greener then than now!
When we slept unscathed for the tempest's rent
In the yesterday's rushing heart!
When we loaded the ditch and will he go-row,
And "full-orbed my locks" strength!
When we trembingly pilfered the ripe fruit trees,
In some gloomy field's solace!
They were good days the old days!
(Why, we tell our children so).
Than the years of the present were never so fair
As the years of the long ago!

II.

Ah! the old years! the dear years!
The years of the long ago!
When a lassie's smile,
Like a fairy's wine,
Threw upon our life a spell
When we lingered about.
Till we saw her
For Norah or Mollie or Nell!

And, oh! the days we used to pick
For our hearts spread colors fair;
When we blushed over the vows taken from
hands,
And pied used them in her hair.
Sure, love was love in the fair old days,
And hearts were honest then,
For all vowed alike we ever thought
Of living and we-lilting arms.
In the old days! the young days!
(Now, children, don't laugh so),
For the years of the present were never so dear
As the years of the long ago!

III.

Oh! the old years! the dear years!
No longer for us they give,
And tony only been
In a waking dream.
Are so, yet, in the window here
Of the dear old days
And the fair old years.
On the down of some fair New Year,
And they matter much as they settle round
Our chair in the cozy fireplace;
Why, our colors tremble as we speak,
And the tears roll down our face,
But they do not know that it is time to come,
When they are aged and gray,
Like to will gather made children round
On some New Year's eve, and say:
They were good days—the old days,
(Oh, children, believe the self)
The present years can never be fair
As the years of the long ago!

C. ANTHONY DOYLE.

San Francisco, 1888.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

LOOK DOWN, MY DEAREST MOTHER, LOOK.

Look down, my dearest Mother, look!
Upon thy wandering child;
And touch me to be holy!
O Maiden Mother mild.

I know another year is past,
To bring me nearer home;
But, oh! how and my heart shall be—
No matter where I roam;

However sweet the flowery paths,
Or soft the azure skies,
Or mild the fragrant, starry nights,
Or rich Aurora's dyes,

If thou dost not look sweetly down
From thy bright throne above,
And chase this storm-beset of mine
With thy sweet smile and love.

Oh! I know, as St. Bernard has said,
In years long, long ago,
That thou with them "to the prayers
Of children here below."

O Mother, cheered by blessed hopes,
Before thine Child I pray,
To think how thou hast led me on
Through slippery ways and steep.

O Mother, I feel gladdened now,
To tend the thorny vale—
To pour over such coming day,
My pain shall be herself.

Oh! then I'll rap naught is so sweet
As Virgo's lovely ways,
While through each passing month in prayer,
My soul is then I raise.

And then, within thy tender care,
I'll rest the heavenly above,
And those sweet Child thy infant Jesus,
Will live forever more.

JNO. J. FAUST.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE NEW YEAR OF 1888.

O hail, first month of the year,
Thy storkend course has now begun!
Say, wilt thou bring us joy or fear,
Or bear us o'er the river's span.

We'd ease fair years like the sentinel,
In bright relief below the lake,
And all our dreams of heart and mind
Sink down beneath Time's cruel shoals.

We count thee now, fair opening day,
With gladsome heart and dulled song,
And trust thoughts all thy varied array
That Hight may triumph over Wrong.

A firm resolve, oh, let us make,
As thy bright pinions down we hail,
That man's dissentions may not wake,
To mar our lives on Earth's dark vale.

On life's relentless fry tests,
With beauty let us wage the strife,
And trust that we may may be safe
Over the thorny paths of life.

Kaskaskia's breezes be hopeful sigh
Around thy new propitious ray,
That honest toil may long stand by
With due reward for every day.

But, oh, how brief our passing year,
Yet each day marks a notch in life,
One may below hope, the other fear,
Alternate rendering joy or strife.

May friendship's fay, bright New Year, infuse
Around the home of all our race,
And all thy days be radiance shine
Upon the Earth with God's best grace.

Pass on to the eternal goal
Fair year; may you be still thy dower,
May Truth, man vital as the soul,
Ascend above all Falsehood's power.

Then hail to thee, new ushered year;
May all thy days be star bright,
May none be marred by dark or fear,
As all dark days in school night.

JOSE F. MCINNIS.

Virginia City, Nev., January 1, 1888.

A Home Across the Ocean.

Rose Rubellion in the "Catholic Home Almanac."

The autumn trees were coloring the Bandshire'illin, a lonely hollow among the purple Kerry mountains. The weather was in perfect crimson, the grey cotes were blue about the chimneys of fat an' cakes'ed, long flowers strewed' and curled on the windings of the river at sunset, and over the ragged crowns and knees of the cabin thatches and walls were in gracious harmony with the landscape.

For the cabins were still standing, the people still passing to and fro in the Bandshire, and sleeping in their beds. The little children and the old women, and the missing mothers, and girls just flowering into womanhood, barefooted, scarcely feel, poorly clad as they might be, by a bad still the lot of a home to belong, the free over their hands, the fourth alone caused by the turf fire to their feet. The cottar lad not yet made its appearance in the Bandshere's cities.

In another week, however, all that was to be changed, for every and in the valley had received notice to quit. If times were bad, and rents which had been gradually rising ever hopeless to pay, those circumstances gave the landlord an excellent opportunity for clearing the land of the "vermin," as he considered them, that encumbered it.

Dan Dermot Reilly, or Dan D. as it he was called, stood in his cottage door, say gazing towards the golden ruin of the sun which was raised from behind the ridge of the opposite hills, and his Celtic eye saw all the beauty of the infinite brown and purples of the landscape, the flood of glory on the river, the crimson and scarlet clouds remaining above the mountain tops like statuaria flying upon a captured fortress. He thought of his long struggle for liberty and say now for his life in this land. He saw, this island of Nature's and Man's love, after all, he was bound by the will of a tyrant, to leave it and go—where? Ah! a sick would see him on heart sleep bound to America, but, touched not to start to see his cottage and his fields, his home and his fathers' before him but indeed—memories, he was about to turn his back on an unhappy country, and seek his fortune in a more prosperous world.

Having made up his mind to depart he was impatient to be gone, for he was in Mayo with the true heart and the tears of young girl, his Mary Maureen, whom he had loved from his boyhood, and she would could be his wife so long as they lingered in this atmosphere of hunger and oppression.

Jim, the boy, twelve time years, stood, one hidden the valley sent to be sent by Sinclair. Maureen, poor darling, but suffered enough. She should not wait to hear the groans of the old people, the weeping of the children, should not see the despair of full grown men, and the anguish of young parents. They would be out on the broad air, near and wife together, before the dawn of the day of destruction in the Bandshere illin.

It wanted but two days of their wedding day, and as Owen stood watching the sun rise, hope rose high in his heart, while he remembered that any spot on earth must become home where Maureen would dwell with him, love him, serve him, welcome him. With God's good gifts of youth and health in his possession, to tyrant could rob him of a home and Maureen.

He finished his meditation and stepped out to go about his work, when his foot touched a slip of paper which the opening door had scarcely displaced on the threshold. Picking it up he glanced at it carelessly and his heart bounded and then stood still. On the paper were a few lines in pencil, in a hand which the initiated could understand, but which Owen Dermot had only too recently learnt. It was a note binding him to a meeting of a secret society to be held that night, a society to which he had belonged from his boyhood, to which he was bound by oath, but from which he had long held himself entirely aloof.

What did they want with him now, asked Owen of himself. What commands were they about to lay on him, in what way might they not possibly interfere with the future life he had laid out for himself and Mary? He had marked out for himself, to part him forever from Maureen; hands of union coming at this moment of the wholesale tribulation of the people, stretch him as something ominous. He shuddered, remembering the oath by which he was bound. All that day he went about his affairs like a man in a dream, and when sunset came he sat out across the valley towards the mountains, and was lost among the shadows on the hillside.

There stands a pair of wistful dark eyes above long at an open door in the head of the valley, and only his themselves from the moon's gaze when midnight came without bringing a satisfied for figure into view in the lonesome high road. Maureen was an orphan girl who had all her life toiled for the bread she ate from house to house of the mountain people who had charitably reared her. She had a sweet gypsy face, brown eyes, and dark hair that gave forth a sheen of gold in the sun, a strong heart, a cheerful temper and a womanly soul. Having lived Owen faithfully through years of wait and sorrow, she would follow him gladly now across the ocean. Jim had been sent to warn for the friends of the stranger should have warn to depart for a long as she might take Owen's bread, mend his clothes, fix by her side, and keep his friends bright and warm.

Uneasy at Owen's absence that evening, seeing that they had many things to talk about in connection with their marriage and journey, Maureen yet did the next day work cheerfully and about sunset saw at last her lover coming across the hills to look for her. The girl had been working for hours, binding sheaves, and now made a picture standing in the sunlight with her arms full of the ripe corn, a bunch of the wild poppies that overran the hedge, in her hair.

After the first glance at his face the light of joy and welcome faded her eyes and lips. Owen was so changed she could scarcely recognize him. What could have happened within the space of a day and night to give his face that despite like pallor, his eyes that stony stare? Also had some little suffer many kinds of misfortunes and never with a complaint—for this. He looked like a man who had seen out of the carnage of a battle, and was still living in the horror of it.

"Owen, for God's sake tell me what is the matter with you!" faltered the girl.

"Darling," said Owen, hoarsely, "this day after to-morrow was to have been our wedding day. I've come to tell you now that it cannot be. A strange thing has happened that will prevent it."

Maureen dropped her sheaves and slowly lowered her face between her hands.

"Look at me, Maureen, I am in trouble."

"I am you are in trouble, Owen, but because you are afraid I shall be a burthen on you! Close up, then, and go without me. I would rather never see you again than think I could bring such a load to your fair, good heart, such trouble on your heart—"

"Oh, my dear, my dearest, as if you could ever bring trouble to my heart. Would to God I could make you lie in my arms this moment and fly with you. But this is something that you cannot understand and I must not explain. You must trust in me, Maureen, and believe in me, even if I am forced to behave like a villain—"

"That you will never do. And I will trust you, if you were to kill me."

"Hush! We spoke of killing!" said Dave, and a more distressing shadow crept into his eyes and settled about the lines of his mouth.

"And now my love, I must bid you good night, for I have many things to do, and I hite no more time to spare—I need light, good bye, my only darling on earth—"

Maureen flung herself weeping into his arms. He pressed her to his heart, stroked her hair, as if she had been a child, and kissed her once. And then he suddenly put her from him and was gone.

Maureen threw herself on her face in the middle and wept till she was blind. The world without there was as impenetrably to her as the night was to Owen. After a time she became better able to think, and, having a good intelligence, she gave it all to the consideration of the unexplained and unexpected misfortune. Something terrible must had suddenly surrounded him. If she could only discover the nature of it, might she not be able to help him out of difficulty? Twilight gathered and night came, and she was still there, her head hidden under the shelter of a hedge, from which a few sprouting bushes thrust out and covered her. When it had long been quite dark, and she had made up her mind that at all events she would force herself to get up and go home, she was startled by hearing the sound of footsteps at the other side of the hedge, and of voices that spoke in strangely distinct whispers.

At first she did not attend to the meaning of the words that came to her, but gradually the idea grew in her mind that a plot was on foot to end the life of the landlord, whose cruelty was set for the destruction of the people of the Bandshere illin. But even this horror she did not connect in any way with her lover's tribulation, till she heard one terrible sentence, which instantly put her in possession of the truth.

"Owen is the man to fire the shot," said one of the whispering voices. "Since he joined the society he certainly became he dare not retract. He is leaving the country in any case.

She lay still behind the hedge afraid to breathe till the sound of footsteps moving away assured her that she might venture to stand upon her feet. All that night she thought over the terrible revelation that had been made to her, and before morning came she was resolved that Owen should not be driven to do a deed of crime, even if she were to get her life sacrificed. She prayed to God for strength to carry out her determination, and when Saturday morning came she was ready. Owen was to be married at 10 o'clock, and a little after 9 she was on her way to the cottage of Dan Dermot's father.

She raised the latch and went in, and found he was not there she sat down to wait for him.

There was no sleep, no time to think, but, just as the clock struck 10 Owen came in, which had been brown and mellow every day for years, and which looked round the place and saw the old straw chair in which Dan Dermot had died of fever years before, and the large crucifix in its nail on the wall close by the door. She sat down in the chair, and looked at the crucifix, and watched and prayed and waited.

At last she heard a step on the pavement, and Owen walked into the house, like the ghost of himself. He had been looking giant, his face dark and aged with trouble. He was stating that before leaving the society, and that she must prevent Maureen till she placed herself right before him, and put her hands on his arms.

"Owen, in God's name, what are you doing to do?"

He shook himself up as if out of a long dream.

"What are you doing here at this hour? Is anything wrong? Has anything happened to you at once. I would go with you, only—

"Only for what, Owen?"

"I have other business to attend to."

He turned away his head as he spoke, and she knew he was lying, and would not look at her where she stood, silently, her arms hanging down by her side, all her soul in her eyes, that followed his every movement.

"Owen, I am your betrothed wife," she said with a long sigh, "tell us true after your own fashion."

"God knows—if I dare speak of God now, it is more after my own heart. But I am bound by my oath and the lot was fairly drawn. It had been decided that a tyrant must be put out of the way for the sake of the people, before my opinion was asked in the matter. Somebody must do the deed, they say the lots were drawn, and I am the man.

"Oh, my poor man, you were never born to be a murderer. God can save Ireland without your help. Remember, Owen, dear, and let some thoughts of God, and let your thoughts of God insist be done. Let us hurry away, and get out on the sea, before anyone knows we are gone."

"Break my oath—break out of danger, leave some one else to take the penalty and the sin—no! Maureen, you know I am no coward. Time is up, and I must start. Go home and pray for me if you love me, pray for a man who cannot pray for himself. I will pray, I am praying for you, but I will not go home.

She made a swift movement and stood with her hand on the door, and looked at her lover with a long sigh, "God is true after your own fashion."

"And thou—if I dare speak of God now, it is more after my own heart. But I am bound by my oath and the lot was fairly drawn. It had been decided that a tyrant must be put out of the way for the sake of the people, before my opinion was asked in the matter. Somebody must do the deed, they say the lots were drawn, and I am the man.

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"God knows

THE MONITOR.

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

EDNESDAY, JANUARY 11 1899

THANKS FROM ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN.

I beg leave through the MONITOR *to express my thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of the parishes of the city for their bounty and active interest in the Cathedral Bazaar. The result will materially aid those who have charge of the building to bring it to a speedy completion.*

+P. W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The English pilgrims were received by the Pope yesterday.

—Three remarkably good original poems will be found on the second page, and three very interesting original prose articles on the third page of this issue of the MONITOR.

—Mr. Gladstone will stay abroad for five weeks, spending the time between Naples, Sorrento, and Amalfi. He will return home two days before the meeting of Parliament.

—The Holy Father proposes to send twelve million francs (about $2,240,000) to various charitable institutions scattered all over the Christian world.

—The Irish pilgrims to Rome will be received in audience by the Holy Father between the 5th and 10th of next month. It is expected that fully a thousand persons will join in the pilgrimage.

—The *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* makes a good point in a late issue, which might be profitably studied by the same class on this coast. It says: "Young men who cheerfully pay a dollar or two for seats at the theatre ought to reflect when the plate approaches them how little the Church cuts them in comparison with their amusements."

—The esteemed contemporary, the Monitor of Brooklyn, N. Y., Old Country, in one splendid double [illegible] number, the Feast of Christmas and the Golden Jubilee of Leo XIII. Success to the Monitor, which is doing noble work for religion and education and the success of the Irish national movement." Thus speaks our respectable and rigorous contemporary, the *Boston Pilot*, whose position is foremost among the Catholic press of this country.

—The *Church News*, published in Washington, D. C., is not only a good Catholic paper but it is also generous as it is just in the following editorial paragraph: "The handsomest Christmas supplements we have seen are those issued by the San Francisco Monitor and the Catholic Citizen. The publishers of these journals deserve much praise for their taste and enterprise." Thanks, gentlemen, on behalf of ourselves and our highly-esteemed contemporary of Columbus, Ohio.

—The large sums of money, reported by cable as having been given at Jubilee offerings to the Holy Father are all turned over to the Treasury of the Church and used to open up new missions in pagan lands, to assist needy missions all over the world, to help distressed Communities, and to relieve Indian missionaries. Not one cent is reserved for the Holy Father's personal use, as he has no need for Census's tribute nor to dispense it in charity and in promoting good works.

—It is estimated that the value of the gifts to Pope Leo XIII., will amount to $10,000,000. The will include 20,000 churches, 12,000 chalices, 8,000 crucifixes and an immense number of vestments, ostensoriums, etc. All these are now on exhibition and the pilgrims and visitors have an opportunity of seeing something from every nation in the world. The space originally intended for the display of the presents had to be greatly extended, such was the desire of the people to honor the Vicar of Christ.

—The number of divorces applied for through the courts of this city during the past year, aggregated 542. Of these 413 have already been granted, as against 417 in the year 1898 and 391 in the year 1897, and 382 in the year 1896. From these figures it will be seen that "divorce," like all other baneful influences, is progressing too rapidly to be healthy for the moral condition of society. Divorce is one of the many bad things introduced into the world by Protestantism.

—"Last year the MONITOR published a very interesting biographical sketch of the venerable Rev. Louis J. Heyrie, who has for some years been residing at Notre Dame University, where he died last Sunday in the 88th year of his age. Father Neyron was a valiant Frenchman who fought under Napoleon all through the Russian campaign and also at Waterloo. He subsequently resigned his position, studied for the priesthood, received Holy Orders, and served for years as a missionary, but when he became expensioned he retired to Notre Dame and was professor of physiology up to within a month ago. *R. I. P.*

—Such of our readers as have the happiness of being infused with the beautiful devotion of the Sacred Heart, will superintend a great joy in reading Father Deforest's contribution "The Miracle of Cangas," on the third page. Every Catholic home should have an image or a picture of the Sacred Heart for personal and family devotion, and the home where such objects of devotion are not found, can never be as perfectly happy as those wherein both the temporal and spiritual blessings promised by our Sacred Redeemer to Blessed Margaret Mary are daily and hourly procured for all the household, through devotion to the Sacred Heart.

A Public School Superintendent's Mistaken Ideas.

At the recent Convention of the California School Teachers held in this city addresses on various subjects were delivered by its members, and, among others, Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, undertook the difficult task of enlightening the educational world on "What to Do and How to Do It." According to a city daily Mr. Hoitt commenced by saying:

"The safe and sane order of the various communities in any country must depend upon the intelligence and self-control of the people, or on a despotic government by armed force."

It is hardly necessary to say to Catholic readers, or, in fact, readers of any Christian denomination, that Hon. Ira G. Hoitt's declaration is widely at variance with truth. *Religion* is the main dependence upon which rests the purity of the people, the morality of society and the safety of the State. That system of miscalled education to which Mr. Hoitt attributes such potency is far better qualified to make the men of the future destructive Anarchists than true Americans. George Washington, properly styled "the Father of his country," never spoke truer words than when he said: "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of *religious* principles."

Such are the words of Washington, and they have successfully stood the test of critics and cavillers during the past century, nor does the unusual declaration of Mr. Hoitt in any way weaken them. It is simply an example in which George Washington is, was, and always will be right, and the Honorable Ira G. Hoitt is now and ever will be *wrong*.

The Anarchists of Chicago were all educated men, yet we fail to find any restraining influences exercised upon them through their educational advantages. Men may be educated to the sages of Sparta, yet like the Spartans they may be the veriest slaves of passion. The knowledge of God is the beginning of wisdom, and when education is divorced from God it is like a branch torn from the mother tree trunk—a fruitless limb which only encumbers the ground upon which it has fallen.

Every pill, prison and penitentiary in the land is filled with educated convicts. Canada is the chosen paradise of the Bank Presidents and other financiering frauds, many of whom graduated from the highest schools [illegible] to that system of education which our State Superintendent says—in opposition to George Washington—is a panacea for all public calamities. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to say that Mr. Hoitt's expressions upon this point are absurd and actually criminal.

Let us now follow the State Superintendent through other sections of his speech.

"Every child," said the speaker, "has a right to an education in the general sense of the public. Education must be universal, as free to the child of the laborer as to the child of Croesus. Education should not be a matter of charity, but a right to all alike for the purpose of making the State a great concern in the State so can be found in the State. Education results do not come to us like high manna in heaven. Our liberality would appear to demand the State should take the children out early intellectually, physically, morally and industrially." So far, so good, Mr. Hoitt.

"The State," says the Superintendent, "should train its children not only intellectually, physically, morally and industrially, but also in patriotism." These sentiments are second-hand thoughts which our State Superintendent has purloined from some equally illogical predecessor.

In the first place, *the State has no children*. Mr. Hoitt would have us believe that every child born in California comes under the direct control of the State Superintendent of Education for its literary, moral, physical and industrial acquirements. But, thank God! the American people have not as yet advanced far on the road towards adopting the State slavery established under the pagan code of Sparta.

Published statistics will bear us out in the declaration that in every country where education has been divorced from religion, crimes of the worst character have increased. It is so in Germany, in Saxony and in our own country, as instanced by the records of divorces, the private peculations of educated officials, the corrupt literature which floods the land, the obscene pictures which are spread broadcast for the corruption of youth, and the filth which pollutes the pulpits of every town, city and State in the Union.

Did Hon. Ira G. Hoitt reflect when he said "the State should educate its children" that he was advocating Communism? If, as Herbert Spencer says, "the mental wants of the rising generation ought to be satisfied by the State, *why not their physical ones?*" The reasoning, therefore, which is held to establish the right of children to intellectual food will equally as well establish their right to material food and all the concomitants that appertain to their existence, and when such a scheme is perfected it will annul all parental rights and make each infant a mere chattel of the State.

Does this Hon. Ira G. Hoitt know anything of the existence of an Omnipotent Being whom Christians call God? Or does the State Superintendent imagine that the State can supplant God in spiritual supremacy? His language would lead us to suppose that in his view at least the State is the very highest authority California Christians should recognize. But, think Heaven, there is a *higher* few even than that recognized by Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, and next to the authority of God over every Christian child, there comes in the parental right to educate children through an unchangeable and inalienable right given to every father and mother by the code of the Divine Creator.

Hon. Ira G. Hoitt would assignee both Almighty God and parental authority from State education, and make all children grow up a similar growth without the wisdom necessary to save their morals. The attempt to teach morality without religion would be as great a failure as to attempt to teach a man to walk straight when blindfolded. The eyes of every child must be open to see God in his works and then learn to love Him and to hope through faith to see Him hereafter. It is for this great and that every human being is born, and the education which does not lead youth to the attainment of these ends and saving souls of God's commandments is false in its conception and dangerous to society and the State in its results.

Christians have always and everywhere made the best citizens under every form of government. It was so under the pagan emperors and it is so under modern systems of government. Christianity is the mother of civilization, and when State Superintendents like Hon. Ira G. Hoitt propose to educate youth without Christianity, they attempt an impossibility and will inevitably lead to national destruction.

As the Prelates of the Third Plenary Council have well said, the three great educational agencies are the House, the Church and the School. They mould men and shape society, and any education which ignores parental rights, excludes religion, and plants itself upon the quicksand foundation recommended by Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, will inevitably lead to the destruction of any nation that follows it out to its legitimate results.

So apparent is the danger which Christians realize from State education based upon Hon. Ira G. Hoitt's theory, that Protestants of every denomination are crying aloud for the establishment of schools which will save Christianity in the souls of their children. The State cannot teach religion, hence it is folly to expect that morality can exist among a people educated without a knowledge of God and their obligation to love and dependence upon Him, and the sooner this fact dawns upon the intellect of Hon. Ira G. Hoitt, the better will it be for the future of the children of California who are to be educated under a system that makes God nothing in the murky darkness of irreligion instead of opening it up to the grandeur, the glory, the goodness, and the power of that God to whom the people of this great land are indebted for every breath they draw, for every favor they enjoy, and for the general peace and prosperity which make this Republic a veritable paradise for those who have the good fortune to exist beneath its beneficent skies.

A Tribute our Readers will Appreciate.

The following tribute to the MONITOR's worth comes from one of Ireland's most distinguished ecclesiastics, whose name stands foremost in the ranks of her holy and patriotic priesthood. We know that all MONITOR readers will experience joyful pride in the sentiments expressed by our sacerdotal patron and they will also rejoice to know the high appreciation accorded the MONITOR when placed in contrast with its numerous contemporaries:

DECEMBER 15, 1898.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

My Dear Sir:—I have great pleasure in forwarding you the enclosed cheque of one pound—one year's subscription for your admirable and well conducted journal, the MONITOR. I read a number of newspapers published both in this country and America, and none of them with as much profit and pleasure as the MONITOR. I have only to wish it "Prosper, prosper, Bonsoir."

—A cablegram of Friday last says that Mgr. Persico is engaged in an intrigue with the Tories to compel the Bishops and priests of Ireland to surrender their Home Rule principles. It is scarcely worth while to pay much attention to lies of a malicious enemy as old as England is in antagonism to Ireland. Here is what the London *Daily News* said of the *coward* when it was first mentioned: "The supposition that even the present Ministers, feeble as they are, have been trying to prun Monsignor Persico into their service passes our powers of credulity. It is believed or put about that Monsignor Persico can work upon the Irish priesthood through anti-Nationalist ecclesiastics like Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Kerry, and Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick; but the idea that Monsignor Persico can work upon the Irish Bishops as a whole is absurd."

Correspondence.

We originally made it our rule to confine our Roman Letter to matters pertaining to the progress of Religion in the Eternal City. We have, however, of late been so crowded with matter of a secular character that we shall now depart from our rule for a few weeks, or as long as it may be found necessary.

OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.

Catholic Affairs in Northern Capitals.

STOCKHOLM, Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Since my last letter from Christiania I have visited Stockholm, which deserves fully obedience, be reminded time to time by the Lutheran clergy that their power over their flock died myself and the post-worthy effort to establish the "Faith of our Fathers, living still," in the face of great difficulties and drawbacks. During the administration of Rev. Father Coleman, who is the present pastor at Woodland, Yolo County, a branch of the V. M. I. was established under favorable auspices, but since he was called away the efforts of the society have been neglected for want of proper direction and interest in their meetings. As stated before, however, the parish is visited by Rev. P. McDonald, of Grass Valley, who attends to the spiritual wants of the people as far as under the circumstances is possible. Young in years and of kindly, unassuming manner, towards all, he is a general favorite and a zealous member of the sacred Priesthood.

FROM OUR LONDON LETTER.

Above Smaterdalia and further North, where the Reindeer Herd comes through a rich belt of fruit and agricultural land, is Overtio, celebrated as one of the best fruit-raising sections of the State. Overtio's population is selfish if fruit production is creditable to her people and cannot fail to exert great importance in establishing her claims distinctly in the future.

Colton, the county of one of the best wheat-growing portions of California, is reached by stage from several points, as well as by a branch railway connecting some with the Southern Pacific at Tilton, and others with Stockton, among the most thrifty and prosperous in the country, and the intelligence of the population in its unsettled state well represented by such men as Mr. Ostrander, of Hawkins, McGinnis, Murphy, Fitz-Gerald, Valles, Sweeney, Gallery, etc., who hold forth in fine style at Masonic gatherings in that place. Here the main street was unusually of north and south, was bearing the Xmas 1897, and the other 1898. The daily pilgrims of church were wrestled with for hours of conversation, and gratefully paid to low and white colors hung from the gallery. In the rear of the church was erected a large Xmas tree dressed in 1898, and the altars were adorned with the usual Xmas decorations. Rev. Father Mooney, of Stockton, was present at the Xmas Mass, and made an eloquent address on the Christ-Child, Christmas, Holy Mass, and Holy Communion, and a sweet sermon, which I shall be glad to publish, if it be not too lengthy for the MONITOR. Rev. Father Mooney is a zealous and energetic pastor, and deservedly popular with his flock. Where he is well known and his sermons and lectures are well appreciated, he is a Master Superior to whom their hearts and personal attachment are given, and he is a man who sympathizes with which they are received into the communion of Christ in the same order in which they entered.

The Lenten pastoral were Rev. Fathers Grace and Hickey, accompanied by Father Blanchard, S.J., San Francisco; Rev. Fathers McMenamy and Ryan, Vicars of Auburn, Lee of Boston, Coleman of Woodland, Rev. Father Mooney, Lady of Lockford, Walsh of San Francisco, and others whose names we did not learn. The audience was large and seemed much pleased with the ceremonies.

Your truly,

THE NEW CATHEDRAL BAZAAR.

Financial Results of the Several Booths.

As it would be inconsistent in publishing the results of the Bazaar, we have left the names of the ladies and gentlemen whose sales are not sufficiently important to the reading by a successful enumeration, the booths, in the following order, as they were left by parties, and, in the case of the Bazaar, in the order in which they were opened:

Fancy Goods, Mrs. Mary Ryan, $1,000.00; Fancy Goods, Mrs. Mary Ryan, $1,000.00; Fancy Goods, Mrs. Mary Ryan, $1,000.00;

HOME RULERS.

Ireland's Friends in England.

AN APPEAL FOR FAIR PLAY.

Address to Mgr. Persico.

The following petition is being circulated among English Catholics:

We venture to bring before your notice the accompanying address to Monsignor Persico, and to express a hope that you will allow your signature to be attached to it.

RIPON — J. W. BERNARD, Lieut.-Col.
OXFORD — GEORGE BLOUNT
JAS. MARSHALL — SIDNEY SCHOPS
HENRY BEDINFELD, Bart. — S. N. STEELE
— JOHN O. RANKING, K.S.G.

You are requested to direct your reply to George Blount, Esq., 28, Old Burlington Street, W.

To the Most Rev. Monsignor Persico, O. S. F. O., Archbishop of Damietta, Commissary Apostolic.

MOST REV. Lord—We, the undersigned, desire respectfully to approach your Grace upon your return from Ireland, and offer to you the assurance of our loyalty and devotion to the Holy See, together with our congratulations upon the accomplishment of your important mission.

As Catholics, we feel specially bound to express our gratitude to the Chosen Representative of the Catholic solicitude displayed by him, as our common father, for our suffering brethren in Ireland; remembering as we do that it is to them, under Divine Providence, that we owe the liberties we enjoy at present in our country after centuries of persecution.

As Englishmen, bitterly conscious of the opprobrium—especially in the Sister Isle—heaped on the past, we hailed with pleasure the advent of your Grace, believing that it would materially assist and morally encourage our efforts, or by back another, for peace and to obtain justice in the future. We cannot doubt that the result of your prolonged stay in Ireland will have been to reserve you completely as to the legitimate and reasonable aspirations of the national spirit, the denial of which we hold to be the main cause of all the misery and distress which cannot have failed to strike your Grace painfully, as the chief characteristic of the country. You will at the same time have been enabled by observing the apostolic wisdom which characterizes the episcopate, the zeal which animates the clergy, and the piety which distinguishes the whole people.

Your Grace will have noticed and appreciated the remarkable fact that, in the present struggle for constitutional changes, constitutional methods of agitation are recommended by the leaders and accepted by the people with a practical meaning which some are exceptions here and there only proves the rule. Under the influence of this happy sympathy between hierarchy, clergy, and people, not only have secret societies—always, if not entirely, disappeared, but the bitter and not unreasonable enmity and suspicion which have for centuries arisen in Ireland against our government are rapidly giving way to affection and confidence.

Englishmen who visit Ireland to express sympathy with the people, or even to meet Ministers impartially as to the state of the country, are met they with an enthusiastic welcome which a few years ago would have seemed impossible.

Just amid these general signs of improvement in the relations between the two countries, we have to deplore the action of certain by member of the Catholic Church in England—men of high position and honorable character—who, for reasons assumably worthy of them but incomprehensible to us, have adopted a course of bitter and uncompromising hostility towards Ireland. Disparaging and disrespectful observations concerning the conduct of priests and even of the Bishops of Ireland have been made, and the latter especially have been publicly censured in speeches made in England, and even as we have reason to believe, in private representations made to authorities, seemingly but too intimately to the Holy See itself.

We desire most emphatically to repudiate the action. The age is too advanced, and we protest against it as insulting to that venerable hierarchy and venerable priesthood which have been the main safeguards of the faith in Ireland in the past, and which are still among the chief glories of Christendom.

Finally, Most Reverend Lord, while we abstain from making needless appeals or offering unjustified counsels to the Holy See, we desire to express our firm conviction, that no misrepresentations, however consistently made, or from however distinguished a quarter they may proceed, will ever be answered in inducing the Holy Father to withhold his countenance and confidence from his faithful people of Ireland, who, constant to the noble traditions of their past, and adhering as they do as ever to the faith of their fathers, deserve only to secure for themselves and their children the power to enhance their temporal affairs, under the shelter of the British Crown, in accordance with their wants, the feelings, and the history of their race.

ARCHBISHOP CASANOVA.

His Course Approved in Rome.

The Most Reverend Ricardo Casanova, Archbishop of Guatemala, who was tried by that Government, and now residing at Santa Clara, in this State, wrote to Rome, setting forth to the Pontiff a full statement of the case. He has received in reply the following letter, in which the Holy See approves the conduct of the banished Archbishop:

Most Reverend and Dear Sir.—The letter in which your Grace informs me of your exile was a cause of intense grief, both to me and His Holiness, whom I was obliged to acquaint with the sad intelligence.

His Holiness deeply deplores the measures taken by the Government of Guatemala against your worthy person, and he deplores it still more since you are only punished for fulfilling the duties inherent to your pastoral charge.

However, the consideration of the motives of your persecution, knowing as you do that "Blessed is he that suffers persecution for justice sake," and that the transitory tribulation here below assures you of an everlasting reward.

So with these considerations, sufficient to cheer any sorrowful heart, the Holy Father vouchsafes to pour consolation to your large and blessing to your Grace, and I on my part will earnestly pray that this blessing may obtain from our Lord the grace to shorten the time of your exile.

Meanwhile I have the pleasure of signifying to your Grace that the dispositions taken by your Grace for the administration of the diocese, from which you have been so suddenly separated, have been found prudent and praiseworthy.

Hoping soon to receive more favorable news, I remain, my Lord, with sentiments of profound esteem your Grace's servant in Christ.

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA,
Secretary of State.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Heartless, Headless, Godless.

SOME VERY STERLING TRUTHS WORTH STUDYING.

Three Fatal Defects in Public Education.

Rev. P. F. McGinnis has an article on Public School Education in the January *Catholic World* from which we make the following forcible extracts:

This, then, O critic, "is the writing that is written," Heartless, Headless, Godless. "And this is the interpretation of the word" "Heartless."

Your public school system is one which ignores "the heart"—it has the effect of dying it up, as it is its end rationalism and science on which it develops and ruins of heavenly religion do not fall. Consequently is not calculated to bring forth Christian men and women who will believe in God and His commandments, and in future rewards and punishments, and who will value right and honesty above temporal advantages, and who will be spiritually strong enough to conquer their sensual passions. Man has affection as well as intelligence, and if he is to be ennobled it does not do to train his head only. Inside the family no father would ever think of bringing up his boy in that way. He is even more solicitous to make his children God and his parents, to make him honest and pure, than he is to provide him with a trick or craft by which to earn his bread. Catholics believe that the branch of religion is no more difficult to impart than, far from requiring less time than the other, it needs more, and so they think that it ought not to be relegated to the Sunday or to the hours—especially when there is none, no home worthy of the name—but should have its place daily, and hourly—and in the school. It cannot be taught by mercenary teachers, or by hook another, but by every word that proceeds from the parent and teacher. Like the salt which seasons our food, it may not be taken by doses once a week, nor even every night, but must be in the food at every meal. It must be in history, in geography, in reading lessons, in the manners and examples of the teacher, age, in his or her very eyes

The child learns as much, perhaps more, from the teacher by sight than by hearing. Now, in your common schools the Catholic child has a teacher who may be a pagan, infidel, or at least may have no belief in the doctrines of the Church; and even where an opposite doctrine are taught openly, or by the many secret ways which can be imagined and shut off by no inspectors, since to do so it would be necessary to annihilate all character in the teacher, even then there is a wide negative and neutral tone in the most important of all branches of education, which must produce on the child's party and faith a blighting influence, and, as we aim not at men and women who are graduates of this system, the effect is apparentness of indifferentism to all religious belief, which is faded as noble charity and loud brotherly love by those who do not understand it rightly. Let those who are not Christians, whether Jews or Protestants, and who still believe and practice as their parents did before them, look back for a moment to their youth, and they will perceive that it was not then that they were brought up, and that what kept them in their Church was not the formal lessons learnt, but all the unseen age of apparent nothings in which they lived in an atmosphere of their parents or relatives, the little events of their every-day life, and as they grew into years, their minds, and gradually and imperceptibly made them what they are to-day. We would place a child in a Jewish home and in another in Mormon. We would keep polling it up and transferring it from place to place, now at home, now at school, then to a cold one, now in the sun and then in the shade. We would place it now for six days or parts of days in the week in a home of the faith and in a home where its labor would not be a healthy tree but a dwarfed and sickly one, if not a mere dry stick. So in education, man is left to himself, the child advances "in wisdom, in age, and in grace." The age increases by days and days and weeks, and so its wisdom. Grace is an unknown quantity in its growth. Where a halting plan is in use the child is an unknown quantity in its moral, ethic, and another at school which is Protestant or agnostic. It looks up to the teacher and is molded and form her; and it also looks up to the mother and loves her too. Will it ever have the same stand in the neutral or common ground of indifference and doubt? Catholics say it will, and so they are not satisfied with the public school system. They want unity and sympathy between the home and the teacher and the natural mother.

We have no objection to make to the individual teachers, many of whom are good Catholics, who would be glad to teach their children, but for Catholics it is not the law. Neither do we care so much about the faults of the system as regards such teachers, although, in the opinion of most people when we have said, "the system is of practical common sense displayed, at least in some place, in giving the public a prime training which will not let the children of the toilers at manual labor for their prosperous occupations. This great work what was meant by Mr. Mill in the writing in the wall. Sometimes we have thought that commissioners of education are worldly, they are so fascinated in their mission. Possibly it has occurred sometimes that a price child was picked up and given opportunities which developed in him such spirit and genius, that he ended by becoming President or something like it. But in more than ninety-nine cases in a hundred, we shall have reason to regret if the system out as well as his father. We say let the commissioners look only the common branches—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history, leaving out the "opinions and the dogmas. If it happens that a poor man should have a child of extraordinary ability, in most cases he will himself be able to push him forward, or if not, the philanthropists who are willing to do it are as numerous as such children, and the worst that will happen is the loss of an occasional great man, which we can better afford than all this expense. "Great men" are not scarce.

The system is also *headless* from the very fact of its being headless, and so, since it proposes to get along without guidance, it also *Godless*. We would be far from saying that communities, teachers or scholars are worthy of such a title, but if the last, through extremely favorable circumstances, example and example, continue to fear and hope in and love God, they have not the school to thank for it. They will not, generally speaking, be Christians, and if they are good Protestants—which we do not believe—we cannot be expected to lead it as satisfactory result.

Hence this system, not approving itself to Christians, ought to be changed, or its days are numbered.

More, Hard, places is also written in the wall by the hand of God.

Mene—"God hath numbered thy days and shall finish it."

Thecel—"Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

Phares—"Things will never work well till the system is divided and diversified to suit different interests, and made broader, so that all concerned may be able to adopt it, in way may be found where there is a will. Let us make the public schools more American.

ST. IGNATIUS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Christmas-Tree Festival of the Female Classes.

Under the auspices of St. Aloysius Circle the annual Christmas Tree Festival of the girl pupils of the Sunday School of St. Ignatius, took place in the College Hall, last Sunday afternoon. A large and fashionable audience was in attendance. Upon a splendid Christmas Tree was placed and its base, green branches bent with a weight of good things. The exercises opened with a very nicely rendered by the Sunday School Choir. Miss Josephine Stanley delivered (Symphonia) address of Welcome. A beautiful and touching address was given with exquisite elocution. Misses Eugenia Gonzales, Teresa Kelly and Mary Boyle then recited the "Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love to the Children of Bethlehem," a clever composition from the facile pen of Miss Harriet M. Skill. Miss Mary Cronin delivered "Thanksgiving Song," was well sung and recited by a select band of the Kolpians. The choir sang a very sweetly heard voices "The Child of Bethlehem." Miss Mary Cronin, who has, by the way, an excellent voice and fine delivery, gave the closing address. The distribution of extra presents and Christmas gifts was the last and to the members of the Sunday-school—probably the most interesting item of the programme. The exercises passed off very nicely and were highly commended by the pleased audience. Miss I. M. Hedges had charge of the Christmas Tree, the decorations and the entertainment, and deserves great praise for her success. Miss Mary Thomson ably assisted in the arrangements. Miss Mary Mooney presided with much ease and grace at the piano, and well in fact—every thing that said and nothing was pleasant and perfect as it was possible to be.

The following list embodies the names of the teachers and also the names of the girl pupils who by their teachers were pronounced to be such non-for regular attendance, good deportment and good lessons:

TEACHERS. — PREMIUM WINNERS.

Miss Stillmore, 1—M. Hughes, 2—M. Cronin.
Miss Thompson, 1—M. Guay, 2—A. McCarthy, 3—M. Foley.
Miss Brooks, 1—M. Jennings, 2—I. Kennedy.
Miss Casey, 1—J. Stanley, 2—H. Nolan.
Miss Dunn, 1—M. Kelly, 2—M. Boyle.
Miss Brady, 1—E. Farrell, 2—M. Morgan.
Miss Wallace, 1—M. Lane, 2—A. Lane.
Miss Lane, 1—E. Lane, 2—H. Fagan, H. Mooney.
Miss McCarthy, 1—T. Kelly, 2—M. Bolerice.
Miss Kearney, 1—B. Hallinan, 2—M. Lynch.
Miss Geraghty, 1—M. Gilbert, 2—M. Burke.
Miss Hayes, 1—K. McCann, 2—E. Wade.
Miss Butler, 1—J. Donnelly, 2—K. Kearney.
Miss Ryan, 1—M. Dunne, 2—M. Mahoney.
Miss Walker, 1—K. Lynch, 2—N. Gilbert.
Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—G. Morrell, M. Burke.
Miss Fitzsimmons, 1—G. Banks, 2—F. Ryan.
Miss McCormick, 1—M. Feeney, 2—E. Lynch.
Miss Shortlinal, 1—M. Stapleton, 2—A. Burke.
Miss Thomas, 1—M. Walsh, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss O'Malley, 1—K. Sesson, 2—A. Martin.
Miss Thomas, 1—M. McNally, 2—J. O'Neill.
Miss Roche, 1—M. Sweeny, 2—E. Byrne.
Miss Ward, 1—K. Kelly, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Collins, 1—C. Ford, 2—E. Dowdee.
Miss Ward, 1—M. Hackett, 2—J. Preston.
Miss O'Connell, 1—M. Conner, 2—J. Dodge.
Miss Ward, 1—M. Mooney, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Mack, 1—M. Baker, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Hawkes, 1—F. McCarthy, 2—S. Cher.
Miss O'Dea, 1—M. Walsh, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Leffert, 1—E. Belger, 2—M. McCaffery.
Miss Nolan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Nolan, 1—M. Campbell, 2—J. Hayes.
Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—E. Hanlon.
Miss Burke, 1—Emma Kelly, 2—M. Madden.
Miss Kelly, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss O'Malley, 1—M. Walsh, 2—M. Lahan.
Miss Kelly, 1—M. Corbett, 2—J. Ryan.
Miss Kelly, 1—M. Morgan, 2—L. Morgan.
Miss Boylan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Boylan, 1—M. Murphy, 2—M. Kelly.
Miss Hayes, 1—G. Lange, 2—A. Ganey.
Miss M'Donald, 1—M. Dwyer, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss M. Brennan, 1—L. O'Hara, 2—N. Kearney.
Miss Geraghty, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Kearney, 1—M. Carthy, 2—M. McCarthy.

CASUAL.

Miss O'Neill, 1—M. Corbett, 2—L. Carroll.
Miss Callaghan, 1—A. Kelcher, 2—C. Brown.
Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss M. Kelly, 1—M. Kelly, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Ryan, 1—M. Ryan, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Mitchell, 1—M. Gessler, 2—J. Harriger.
Miss Hopkins, 1—G. Gilbert, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Hopkins, 1—G. Gilbert, 2—A. Kenny.
Miss Gibbons, 1—M. Geraghty, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Gibbons, 1—M. Linehan, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Gibbons, 1—A. Lydon, 2—A. O'Brien.
Miss McLaughlin, 1—A. Roche, 2—M. Ryan.
Miss Fitzpatrick, 1—M. Dunne, 2—M. Gessler.
Miss Brady, 1—M. Sullivan, 2—D. Heath.

PREMIUMS WITHOUT LESSONS.

First class—Silver medal, 1st prize, N. Dwyer. Second class—1st prize, J. Smith; 2nd prize, B. Hallinan. Third class 1st prize, L. Taylor; 2nd prize, E. Hallinan.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Pure Milk Put to the Test.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 2, 1888.

L. J. Smith & Co., Providence, R. I.

Gentlemen: Your Infant Food, *Crème Ice and Pulmon* stands, one, I remember, the highest in the estimation of the public. Yours, etc.

EDWIN W. JOY,
Chemist and Analyst.

Pure Milk Test.

San Francisco, Cal., 1888.

Gentlemen: I have tested your Infant Food, *Crème Ice and Pulmon* stands, one, I remember, the highest in the estimation of the public. Yours, etc.

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Chemist and Analyst.

San Francisco.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

—FROM— IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.—On Dec. 12th, at Belfast, the house of Patrick Kelly, Crumlin Road, was found to be on fire. Mrs. Kelly, who discovered the fire, was broken into, when it was discovered that the second story was enveloped in flames. The brigade was soon on the spot, and, after doing an entrance, found the body of Mrs. Quinn in the front bedroom. Life was extinct, and the body burned in a frightful manner. On the bed by the dead body of one of her daughters, aged about five years, was also discovered. Another of the children who slept in the same apartment, was rescued with difficulty. These were the only occupants of the house.

Cavan.—Lord Caran died at the Lodge, Westminster Mass, on December 16. He had been in delicate health for some time. The immediate cause of his death was bronchitis.

On Dec. 16th, the Month's memory of the Most Rev. Dr. Finnegan, late Bishop of Kilmore, was observed in the Cathedral, in the presence of a large number of the clergy and laity of the diocese.

Carlow.—Rev. Patrick F. Nolan, P.P., Rathoe, Fallon, county Carlow, the 25th inst., to bring brother of the late John (Annaly) Nolan, the writer expressing his gratitude to Michael Davitt for the honor done to the memory of his deceased brother, and the world and Dail Eireann. "It is a peculiar, if pure and disinterested friendship," Father Nolan says, "that Mr. Davitt should have erected that monument of his wide sympathy, and unknown to all except the sculptor.

Clare.—Mr. McNamara, who was sent to Dublin to offer a Christmas dinner on Christmas Day, 6th, and has again been served with a summons for a breach of the Land Act.

On Dec. 25th, a great demonstration took place in Kilrush, which was participated in by over two thousand persons, bewildered some of the Christmas visitors to Kilrush. The purpose of the return home from Limerick jail of Thomas Cleary, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, in connection with the outbreak in Vandeleur street. The prisoner arrived at Kilrush in the afternoon by the boat of the steamer, and "Old Sixty Ireland" and other Clubs were formed in the town and the people through the town. The police were unable to make any interference with the proceedings, which were most enthusiastic.

Cork.—On Dec 16th, intelligence reached Fermoy that the Rev. T. Forrest, P.P., of Carrigtwohill, was officiated action at the bands of his parishioners. Mr. Forrest is a native of Fermoy and who had impressed himself in a manner that near his chapel, had been selected to be holiday.

On the 22nd Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan left Cork for Rome, to attend the Jubilee of his Holiness, Leo XIII.

The Christmas Week passed off very quietly in Cork, but to attend the Jubilee of his Holiness, Leo XIII.

The child learns as much, perhaps more, from the teacher by sight than by hearing. Now, in your common schools the Catholic child has a teacher who may be a pagan, infidel, or at least may have no belief in the doctrines of the Church; and even where an opposite doctrine are taught openly, or by the many secret ways which can be imagined and shut off by no inspectors, since to do so it would be necessary to annihilate all character in the teacher, even then there is a wide negative and neutral tone in the most important of all branches of education, which must produce on the child's party and faith a blighting influence, and, as we aim not at men and women who are graduates of this system, the effect is apparentness of indifferentism to all religious belief, which is faded as noble charity and loud brotherly love by those who do not understand it rightly. Let those who are not Christians, whether Jews or Protestants, and who still believe and practice as their parents did before them, look back for a moment to their youth, and they will perceive that it was not then that they were brought up, and that what kept them in their Church was not the formal lessons learnt, but all the unseen age of apparent nothings in which they lived in an atmosphere of their parents or relatives, the little events of their every-day life, and as they grew into years, their minds, and gradually and imperceptibly made them what they are to-day. We would place a child in a Jewish home and in another in Mormon. We would keep polling it up and transferring it from place to place, now at home, now at school, then to a cold one, now in the sun and then in the shade. We would place it now for six days or parts of days in the week in a home of the faith and in a home where its labor would not be a healthy tree but a dwarfed and sickly one, if not a mere dry stick. So in education, man is left to himself, the child advances "in wisdom, in age, and in grace." The age increases by days and days and weeks, and so its wisdom. Grace is an unknown quantity in its growth. Where a halting plan is in use the child is an unknown quantity in its moral, ethic, and another at school which is Protestant or agnostic. It looks up to the teacher and is molded and form her; and it also looks up to the mother and loves her too. Will it ever have the same stand in the neutral or common ground of indifference and doubt? Catholics say it will, and so they are not satisfied with the public school system. They want unity and sympathy between the home and the teacher and the natural mother.

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Market Report.

MONITOR OFFICE,
536 Kearny St., Tuesday Evening, Jan. 16, 1888.

WHEAT—No. 1 ..... 1 35@1 36
FLOUR—Superfine ..... 3 00@3 25
Unwashed, ... 14@ 20
Long ..... 1 25@1 30
Barley, local ..... 80@ 87½
Barley, f. o. b. wholesale ..... 1 05@1 07 50
Shipping Barley, f. o. b. ..... 1 00@1 05
Oats ..... 1 40@1 60
Rolled Oats ..... 4 00@4 50
Rye ..... 1 40@1 60
Corn ..... 1 00@1 05

POULTRY—
Chickens, per dozen ..... 7 50@9 00
Turkeys, per lb. wholesale ..... 20@ 25
Geese, per dozen ..... 2 00@3 00
Ducks, per pair ..... 1 00@2 50
Hens, per dozen ..... 5 00@7 00
Old Roosters ..... 5 00@6 00

Butter, per lb. ..... 22@ 35
Cheese ..... 10@14
Cheese fresh roll ..... 40@44
Eggs ..... 35@ 40
Eggs, Eastern ..... 25@ 30
Onions ..... 1 00@1 50
Potatoes ..... 1 00@1 50
Hay ..... 12@16
Wool, Southern Coast ..... 7@ 9
Wool, Oregon ..... 12@14
Honey ..... 14@15
Beans, small ..... 4@5
Beans, Lima ..... 4@5
Beans, Pinkeye ..... 4@5
Beans, Bayo ..... 4@5
Beans, Pink ..... 4@5
Beans, Red ..... 4@5
Beans, Mexican ..... 4@5
Beans, Garbanzos

THE MONITOR.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

The Monitor has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1888

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The value of real estate in New York may be appreciated from the fact that the building operations for last year, in the city, foot up $56,000,000, as against $42,000,000 for the same time last year, and $36,000,000 for the same time in 1885.

—It was a queer coincidence that the venerable Dr. John Ogilvie, of New York, should have died on the night before Christmas. He was twice married, both his wives being the daughters of Clement C. Moore, the author of the poem "The Night Before Christmas."

—We spoke the other day papers that the wife of Mr. Harper, of whom the Harpers a few years ago employed to draw disgusting caricatures of the Pope, the Prelates, the priests and the Irish people, is about to lecture in this city. Half respect may be preserved by all Catholics and Irish-Americans who studiously avoid attending these lectures.

—On the third page of the present issue we print a very interesting condensed biography of St. Peter Claver, one of the Jesuits canonized recently by the Vicar of Christ. It will be concluded next week. We will also print for the edification of all Catholics a brief sketch of the life and labors of Blessed Louis Grignon de Montfort, of the Order of St. Dominic, who was Beatified by the Holy Father last Sunday.

—February 1st, the feast of St. Bridget, has been selected as the day upon which the receptacles of St. Patrick's Church will be laid in Rome by Most Rev. William J. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia will preach the sermon, and the same day the Irish pilgrims will be received in special audience by the Pope. Many visitors are expected from Ireland and other countries, and the ceremony will be a memorable event in the history of the Eternal City.

—Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M. P., who arrived at Queenstown last week, was welcomed by a great crowd and escorted to his hotel. In an interview he said that the reception accorded Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde and himself throughout the United States had exceeded their most sanguine hopes. He said that the feeling among Americans, from the President downward, was in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, and that the people were shocked at the manner in which the Tories were enforcing the Coercion law.

—The Presbyterian preachers, recently assembled at St. John's, New Brunswick, agreed to strike out the Confession of Faith, by a vote of 70 to 4, the clause forbidding a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. It is not unreasonable to conjecture that this special legislation was brought about by the fact that some of the goodly good parsons of Presbyterianism had "a widow" in his house. Ah! those parsonages! they are the unholiest set of bombups in the whole wicked world!

—The Pope in his Encyclical just issued to the Bavarian Bishops says: "secular schools are a menace to the State itself." President Cleveland uttered the same sentiment when he said to the members of the Evangelical Alliance which met recently in Washington "all must admit that the acceptance of the teachings of Christianity enrolled in the Great patriotism." Or, in other words, that citizens educated without Christianity were not as good as those imbued with Christian principles—from which true patriotism always springs.

—Mr. Cronauer, the defaulting ex-Mayor of Hackettstown, N. J., it is discovered, was engaged to marry three women in his borough and twelve others elsewhere. A Schooley's Mountain woman says he had been engaged to marry her for fifteen years. Mr. Cronauer was thrifty and turned his engagements into financial profit, but it must have kept him busy trying to remember the names and residences of the numerous maids and widows he promised to marry. And then to think of the deceitful manner keeping up a marriage engagement for sixteen years, and finally leaving the lady in lurch! A jury of women would hang, draw and quarter such a scalawag!

—A great effort is just now being made to place Catholic parochial schools under the jurisdiction of the State. A telegram from Boston says that a great sensation has been created there by the report of a special committee of the Legislature which recommends that private schools be required to register and return lists of pupils; that the School Committee be required to visit and examine private schools and to report annually approving or refusing to approve of such schools; that after September 1, 1889, no private schools be approved unless taught by teachers holding certificates of qualification from the School Committee, as is required in the public schools. These recommendations will, if adopted, place all the parochial schools under charge of a school committee of almost certain Protestant complexion. This system of espionage over education is, however, too utterly opposed to the spirit of the Constitution ever to be adopted, hence the cranks who concocted the scheme, will find it only another burn freak of intolerant fanaticism which has few followers in free America.

Look Out for Him!

We learn from the Nevada City *Transcript* that a desolate individual representing himself as a Catholic priest, recently imposed upon the charitable Catholics of both Nevada City and Grass Valley, and as he is an itinerant tramp who loves whiskey not wisely but too well, we are asked to caution the Rev. Clergy and Catholics all over the coast to regard the advance of a dark-toned stranger who begs for coin only to disgrace the clerical calling to which he pretends to belong.

Beatification of the English Martyrs.

The highest honors bestowed upon the servants of God by the militant Church are those of Canonization—for which the process of Beatification is a necessary condition and a remote preparation. To state in one briefly, the stages of the whole process ending in the canonization are eleven three. First the servant of God is declared a Venerable, that is worthy of the love and veneration of the Faithful, as has been previously discussed on the testimony of sworn witnesses in the Diocesan Court, has been deemed worthy of being introduced and made the subject of the Church's deliberations. Such title has been given, conferred by the Holy See on 293 English Martyrs, including 25 members of the Society of Jesus, 128 secular priests, and also the entered martyr Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh. The next step is when the Venerables are declared Blessed, which constitutes the process of their Beatification. By the decree of the Congregation of Rites, issued December 20th, 1886, and signed by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., 64 English Martyrs have been beatified, including Cardinal John Fisher, Thomas More Chancellor of England, Margaret Pole the Countess of Salisbury, 20 secular priests, 18 Carthusians, 3 other Religious, 5 Jesuit priests, and 5 laymen, among whom the Blessed Sherwood, a boy only fourteen years of age. The first stage is when the Blessed is declared to be a Saint—this is called his canonization in virtue of which his or her name is inserted in the roll of the Saints, and proposed to the veneration of the Universal Church. This highest honor has been lately conferred by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. among others, on three members of the Society of Jesus, Blessed Peter Claver, Blessed John Berchmans, and Blessed Alfonso Rodriguez, a down we now venerate as Saints, and the Feast of whose Canonization already celebrated in Rome, will be commemorated with appropriate solemnity in St. Ignatius Church of this city sometime during the present year, to be duly announced in the MONITOR.

As Cardinal Manning well says that the sentence of the Church does not make the servant of God to be blessed a saint, nor does it, as objectors foolishly suppose, transfer him to heaven and place him before the throne of God, but it only declares him to be what God has already made him and publishes it to the faithful, just as she does not create a new dogma by her definitions, but she declares that such or such doctrine is contained in the deposit of revealed truth and should be believed by all. The Church is profoundly conscious that without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and hence she pronounces those only to be Blessed or to be saints, in whom are found evident signs of eminent grace and sanctity of life. She requires, therefore, a protracted and exact proof of the virtues—cardinal and theological—in a heroic degree, and well established miracles as the countersigns of the Divine favor, and of their intercession before the throne of God. But on the process of a Martyr for his beatification, no proof is required either of virtue or of miracles. All that is necessary is to show on unimpeachable authority the fact of his martyrdom or death for the Faith. Benedict XIV. refers to martyrdom as "the ordinary entrance of death for the Faith, or some other act of virtue relating to God." A martyr, he says, may not die for the Faith chiefly, but also to preserve some virtue—as justice, obedience, charity, or the like—or joined or counselled by the Faith. For martyrdom is a baptism of blood which effaces all sin—both original and venial—brings him that endures it to the immediate possession of the vision of God in his heavenly kingdom: "Greater love," says Jesus Christ, "no man hath than this that he lay down his life for his friends."—*St. John xv., 13.*

Comparative Catholic Statistics.

There is something radically wrong in the statistical summaries published in the *Catholic Directories* issued in this country, and the difference in very many instances is so great as to show palpable carelessness on the part of those entrusted with the compilation of matters of such importance. Here are a few samples hurriedly selected from the Ecclesiastical Summaries of the issues of 1888 before us

	1887	1888
Priests in S. Francisco Diocese	105	111
Churches in do do	97	104
Priests in Monterey and Los Angeles	37	51
Churches in Monterey and Los Angeles	26	41
Priests in Dubuque Diocese	36	35
Churches in do do	36	35
Priests in Diocese of Charleston	36	43
Churches " " "	36	43
" " Detroit	64	105
" " Cincinnati	67	113
" " Little Rock	41	50
" " Oregon	120	48
" " Erie	111	108
" " Nesqualy	57	60

These discrepancies are sufficient to show how erroneously each statistical summary is compiled, and we may add that there is scarcely a diocese in the Union where there is not some disagreement between the *Sadlier* and the *Hoffman Directories*.

We might go even further and say that in several instances the figures in the body of the work giving Diocesan statistics, do not agree with the totals given in the Summary, showing that no statistician (in the true meaning of the term) has charge of that department of almost every Diocese.

In the Diocese of San Francisco there are actually 95 churches, whilst *Sadlier's* summary returns 87 and *Hoffman's* summary reports 124. There are fifty six colleges, academies and parochial schools in this Diocese, whilst *Sadlier's Directory* returns thirty-six and *Hoffman's Directory* gives forty-eight. Such figures are worse than useless so far as being a source whereform statistics concerning the Church may be considered.

Again, the correct number of churches in Sacramento Diocese is seventy six; the proper number of stations is one hundred. *Sadlier's Directory* gives them as fifty-seven churches and ninety stations, *Hoffman's* figures being the same. The correct number of parochial schools in this Diocese is thirty, whilst *Hoffman's Directory* returns seventeen—and *Sadlier's* publication returns thirteen.

Nothing is more valuable than correct statistics, but when figures are thrown together in a haphazard fashion, they become merely a meaningless mass of ciphers, and useless to the public at large, and deceiving when they ought to be thoroughly reliable. We hope, therefore, that the compilers of both publications will hereafter give more attention to this evidently neglected portion of their work.

Brother McCrary on the Pope's Jubilee.

It would be just as unnatural for a leopard to change his spots as it would be for a Methodist preacher to tell the truth about the Pope. Notwithstanding all the pains the MONITOR has been at to educate Brother McCrary out of his ignorance and bigotry combined, he seems determined to keep on in his sinful course to the great scandal of saints and sinners alike. Of course he had to allude to the Papal Jubilee, and in doing so after the usual manner way which all Methodist preachers adopt whenever they desire to distract from the glorious dignity of the Vicar of Christ. Alluding to President Cleveland's gift to the Holy Father, Brother McCrary says

"All the papers sent presents, and President Cleveland as a grim joke, sent an exact copy of the Constitution of the United States which, we have no doubt, the Pope accepted, but its tenderness have cursed all of its history and its activities ever since."

So far from the Pope "detesting the principles of the American Constitution," they have his heartiest approval. And so far from his predecessors having "cursed all its leading principles in all possible ways" they have gloried in seeing freedom so firmly established in this fair land. So thinks the predecessors of Pope Leo XIII. blessed very materially from the founder of Methodism, John Wesley, who during our Revolutionary period—offered to raise a regiment of soldiers in England in order to help the American "rebels" into subjection!

The War of Independence was fought upon the same ideas as the struggle for life, liberty and happiness, which Cardinal Langton and the Catholic Barons of England wrung from King John on the plains of Runymede. Catholics fought for the liberty Americans enjoy under the Constitution, Catholics helped to frame that Constitution and some of its most important amendments, giving liberty of conscience to all men, were suggested by a Catholic prelate and introduced by leading Catholic laymen! And yet—in the face of such well known historical facts—the spirit of fanatical falsehood which seems to have made its dwelling place in the darkest corner of Brother McCrary's mental regions—makes him pour a plain, palpable lie, as he does in a blight upon even that small potato upon the subject of ecumenical evangelism in whose culture and chase he seems to glory.

Why will men who call themselves "preachers" thus persevere so perversely in indulging before the world merely to gratify their hellish hatred against the Church of Christ? Brother McCrary says the present Pope "mentally detests the American Constitution, and that his predecessors have cursed its principles in all possible ways." Such assertions are disreputable to him who gives them currency as they are abominable in the eyes of that God who loves truth in every man. So far from the ordinary courtesy of Christian religion "hailing" the American Constitution, it will be clear to all impartial minds that he is more than likely detesting its principles in detaining his own liberty than are those few preachers of Methodism who transgress God's laws by telling false witness against him!

We demand from Brother McCrary the evidence he possesses that any Pontiff ever cursed any principles embodied in the American Constitution! Give us names, dates and documents, so we may dest the calumny of bigotry's blindness from your mental organs, or—failing to prove the assertion true—Brother McCrary will have to re-occupy that penitential pillory assigned to all calumniators of the Catholic Church, and to which the MONITOR has hitherto frequently consigned the Methodist undertaker at present under indictment.

Catholic Progress Since 1852.

We have before us the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac* for 1853, and it may be interesting to Monitor readers to draw a few comparisons between the condition of the Church in America at that period and its present status. In 1853 there were 1,546 Catholic churches in the country; there now are 6,629—an increase of 5,274 churches in 35 years. In 1853 there were 1,405 priests in America, today there are fully 6,000—an increase of 6,595 in a third of a century. In 1853 there were only 102 Catholic colleges, now there are 568. In 1853 there were only 106 charitable institutions, now there are 472. There were then but 2,000,000 Catholics, now there are fully five or six million more members of the Church of Christ, and their number is annually increasing.

From the statistics before us we learn that the following Dioceses have *increased* their respective number of Catholics in the following proportions since 1853: Baltimore, 100,000; Philadelphia, 225,000; Wheeling, 14,000; Savannah, 13,500; New York, 520,000; Cincinnati, 70,000; Louisville, 70,000; Detroit, 36,000; Vincennes, 30,000; Chicago, 354,000; Boston 192,000. The boundary lines of other Dioceses having been materially changed by the creation of new Sees, it is not possible to note their increase with accuracy. San Francisco was not mentioned in the *Directory* for 1853, Monterey then including both Californias. The returns give this Diocese, with its priests, thirty institutions 5, female academies 2, and a Catholic population of 40,000. Out of the 38 priests named there are but three of them still on the coast—three are Rt. Rev. Eugene O Connell, D. D., Rev. Sadoc Vilarrasa, O. S. B., Rev. Anthony Langlois, at present Chaplain for the Christian Brothers at Martinez.

CONVERTED TO THE TRUE FAITH.

Hon. Walter M. Gibson, for many years Premier of the Hawaiian Islands, died in Honolulu. He had been in the Hospital since July instant, by himself to the Catholic religion, and died a Catholic. The funeral took place this morning in St. Mary's Cathedral. His remains will be sent to Honolulu by next steamer. *R. I. P.*

The Catholic Church in the United States.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC AND LIST OF CLERGY for the year of our Lord 1888, with lists of the Archbishops, Bishops, Colleges, Religious Orders and Societies, Churches, Catholic Societies and Institutions in Rome, England, Scotland and Ireland, Statistics of Missions, Dioceses and Seminaries in Europe and the United States. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Publishers.

One of the most interesting topics which is worthy of attracting the attention of Catholics is the progress of the Church from year to year in the United States. The Creed, the Church and the Country, seem to keep pace, step by step, in that true progress which prompts the intelligent through the Divine influence of Christianity as represented in all the authority, unity and truth which the hand of God could implant in the Catholic Church.

The material prosperity of the Catholic church is one of the most favorable signs of the future stability of this great republic. Where Christ's faithful flock abound in lands blessed with liberal laws like those which so lightly rest upon the freedom of every American citizen—there is, there is order, there is good will—there is, in a word, the existence and influence of a work of Almighty God which "shall never pass away," and which—in the future as in the past—will be the one solid rock against whose stalwart arrais ebbs the angry wave of Atheistic Socialism, Communism and Error—under all its styles, headed cognomens—will lash themselves in vain.

A century is but a rubb's length in the history of the Church of God. It is now a little over a century since a small and scattered band of twenty-five priests represented the sacerdotal strength of an American Church body which has swelled to 1 Cardinal, 11 Archbishops, 62 Bishops, and 7,206 priests. It is only a century ago since Archbishop Carroll, writing of the non-Catholic element in Baltimore, said: "It is wonderful to tell what great civilities have been done to me in this town, where, a few years ago, a Popish priest was thought to be the greatest monster in creation. Many here, even of their principal people, have asked leave of me to me that they would have crossed to the other side of the street rather than meet a Roman Catholic some time ago. The horror which was associated with the idea of a Papist is incredible, and the *scandalous misrepresentations* by their ministers increased the horror every Sunday. If all the Catholics here were united, they would form a very considerable body."

From this language Catholics of the present day can easily realize some of the trials which the Church and the Catholic pioneers in this land of Promise underwent even at the very introduction of Catholicity into Maryland.

Scandalous misrepresentation" was then as it is now—the favorite weapon which bigotry wielded unsparingly against the Church of God. Sunday after Sunday the Protestant pulpits resounded against the "miracle of Romanism," as portrayed by ignorant preachers who knew not the Church they revile, and whose faith was fashioned by Fathers of Lies. Such a baneful influence had those "Popish Plots" exercised, that even the poor dupes who demanded and received Catholic emancipation in Maryland, felt that they could not—in the face of such a bigoted public opinion—be thus stigmatized. We give also the figures for Catholics in Maryland, in which does some singular discrepancies appear.

DIOCESANS.	1887	1888
Archbishops	11	11
Bishops	62	62
Priests	7,206	7,206
Ecclesiastical students	1,203	1,203
Brothers	1,000	1,000
Church and vicariates	1,000	1,000
Churches	6,629	6,629
Academies	1,000	1,000
Colleges	1,000	1,000
Pupils	1,000	1,000
Parishes	1,000	1,000

The new astonishing, as well as the most annoying, mistakes in the foregoing table are the figures placed opposite the Parochial Schools. Of all the analysis of statistics with the singular information given, we have never seen schools and less scholars attributed to any Diocese than to those in two years previous. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that here are the coordinates of a Diocese by *Inventory* figures where are engaged in the work of Christ's Church 2,661 Parochial Schools, attended by 496,103 pupils. In 1887 there were 2,667 schools attended by 527,525 pupils—an increase of 254 schools and of pupils of 47,422 pupils. These figures look right and reasonable, but when we come to the Summary of 1888, we find 2,666 Parochial Schools are reported and 31,063 pupils—a loss of 1 school and of pupils of 496,462 pupils—a loss of 496,462 pupils!

What make these incongruities all the more singular and puzzling arises from the fact that in the returns the returns from the several Dioceses are given in nearly every case an increase of schools and scholars. Thus, for instance, in Chicago, Fort Wayne, Newark, Buffalo, New York, and a large number of other Dioceses, the summary in *Sadlier's Directory* for 1888 shows an increase of eighty-six schools over the returns for 1887, and an increase of scholars amounting to the gratifying figures representing more than *thirty thousand!*

We peruse our many Catholic papers published in this country, every week, and in all of them we constantly notice references made to the opening of new Parochial Schools, which are well attended, and we cannot call to mind any one having read during the past year that any Parochial School has closed for want of pupils, hence the figures for 1888 lately fact and are not worth a farce farthing as an index of the progress or for there has been undoubtedly progress in the direction of Christian education in this portion of the Lord's vineyard.

The *Directory* for 1887 gives the figures *Sadlier's* as representing the number of Catholic children at the end of the opening of the year. By some *hocus pocus* process known only to Eastern compilers, there were now replaced by purchases made from Protestant sects—and what makes the matter worse—we learn from *Sadlier's* "Catholic Almanac" in the present issue, that the consecrations of 80 Catholic schools were laid in 1887, and also that 124 new churches were dedicated during the same year! Somebody has blundered, therefore, and we cite these facts in order to bring vividly before the minds of our present *Directory* makers some important facts which they have evidently overlooked—to the great detriment of the books which they annually

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51,000; Helena, Montana, 29,000; Kansas City, 40,000; Leavenworth, 75,000; Lincoln, Nebraska, 23,000; Omaha, 11,300; Dubuque 40,000; Brownsville, 42,000. The smallest number of Catholics are found in North Carolina, where only 2,500 are returned.

PRIESTS. There are 7,206 priests in the United States, distributed throughout the different Dioceses in the following proportions: New York, 437; Boston, 323; Baltimore, 307; Philadelphia, 271; St. Louis, 254; Milwaukee, 237; Cincinnati, 221; Chicago, 208; Pittsburg, 207, are the sees of Dioceses having less than 200.

CHURCHES. There are 6,629 churches scattered throughout the work before us, distributed throughout the several Dioceses in the following numerical order. Diocese of Milwaukee, 264; Cleveland, 225; New York, 198; St. Louis, 198; St. Paul, 199; Baltimore, 139; Hartford, 139; Peoria, 163; Cincinnati, 163; Vincennes, 152; Lacrosse, 163; Albany, 124; Brooklyn, 117; Buffalo, 147; Newark, 161; Erie, 111; Pittsburg, 133; Davenport, 143; Dubuque, 145; Leavenworth, 143; San Francisco, 87; Los Angeles, 36; Sacramento, 57. All the other Dioceses in proportionate rate.

PARACHIAL SCHOOLS. It is stated in the work before us that there are 2,666 Parochial Schools in the United States, which is evidently an error, as *Sadlier's Directory* for last year returned 2,667, and it is to be hoped that so far from there being any decrease in the number of Parochial Schools, there has been a very appreciable increase in almost every Diocese throughout the Union. Here the statistics are so shiftly by at fault again. In the Parochial Schools reported, New York leads all with 146, and the other largely-populated Dioceses follow in the following order:

Baltimore	87	Newark	77
Boston	112	Philadelphia	92
Chicago	100	Erie	56
Cincinnati	75	St. Louis	58
Cleveland	75	Dubuque	58
Detroit	75	Milwaukee	58
Hartford	75	Green Bay	58
Louisville	75	Peoria	58
New York	146	Sacramento	58
Brooklyn	95	Green Bay	58
Buffalo	77	Peoria	58
Albany	56		

All the rest have less than 58 each.

PUPILS ATTENDING PARACHIAL SCHOOL. The following figures represent the number of pupils attending Parochial Schools in the more thickly populated Dioceses:

New York	41,129	Vincennes	14,000
Boston	19,000	Chicago	14,000
Baltimore	16,000	Albany	15,000
Buffalo	16,000	Cleveland	15,000
Cincinnati	17,000	Detroit	15,000
Hartford	17,000	Newark	15,000
Louisville	17,000	Erie	15,000
Brooklyn	17,000	Philadelphia	20,000
Buffalo	17,000	St. Louis	20,000
Albany	17,000	Dubuque	20,000

The new astonishing, as well as the most annoying, mistakes in the foregoing table are the figures placed opposite the Parochial Schools. Of all the analysis of statistics with the singular information given, we have never seen schools and less scholars attributed to any Diocese than to those in two years previous. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that here are the coordinates of a Diocese by *Inventory* figures where are engaged in the work of Christ's Church 2,661 Parochial Schools, attended by 496,103 pupils. In 1887 there were 2,667 schools attended by 527,525 pupils—an increase of 254 schools and of pupils of 47,422 pupils. These figures look right and reasonable, but when we come to the Summary of 1888, we find 2,666 Parochial Schools are reported and 31,063 pupils—a loss of 1 school and of pupils of 496,462 pupils—a loss of 496,462 pupils!

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We peruse our many Catholic papers published in this country, every week, and in all of them we constantly notice references made to the opening of new Parochial Schools, which are well attended, and we cannot call to mind any one having read during the past year that any Parochial School closed for want of pupils, hence the figures for 1888 lately fact and are not worth a farce farthing as an index of the progress or for there has been undoubtedly progress in the direction of Christian education in this portion of the Lord's vineyard.

The *Directory* for 1887 gives the figures *Sadlier's* as representing the number of Catholic children at the end of the opening of the year. By some *hocus pocus* process known only to Eastern compilers, there were now replaced by purchases made from Protestant sects—and what makes the matter worse—we learn from *Sadlier's* "Catholic Almanac" in the present issue, that the consecrations of 80 Catholic schools were laid in 1887, and also that 124 new churches were dedicated during the same year! Somebody has blundered, therefore, and we cite these facts in order to bring vividly before the minds of our present *Directory* makers some important facts which they have evidently overlooked—to the great detriment of the books which they annually

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

LINES

Suggested by the Recent Beatification of the English Martyrs.

New gems adorn thy stainless brow,
O, Bride of Truth Divine!
New names upon thine altars now,
Fair, O Church, shine!
And, lo! at last, from land to land
The call *To Jesus* ring,
Echo the cry—Hosanna!
Who finally proved their martyr-blood
At home's Shrine fire
Or in England's sad—O, holiness!
O, cleansing Crimson Tide!
Priests of the Rock-built Church were they—
"Of Westminster" crowd—
And, with their brethren Master's away
With changeless love they bound.
And, falling in His sacred cause,
The injured will detail;
Unmindful of the threatening law
Of rebel hate and pride,
And treasured still that determine strong
Of Faith's mass martyrdom.
Still stood her sangaard, firm and strong—
Jesus's chosen band;
They, to the field Jesus's call,
Thorough God their "Lord were free!"
And "mid the surging, fiercest strife
"Stood, Lord! to pain for Thee!"
And when, like Love Divine,
The felons death of shame,
And treasured to Jesus's side
Each consecrated frame,
Oh, with the revered head was raised,
Yet, in the sacred name,
Of that calm brow the murderers cured
With mock, Jesus's fear,
For, ere it shone the mystery crown
Bedewed by Heathen Love,
While yet—the Cross—the Cross
The cross—spread skies above,
Triumphant—a mighty gliding sun
Hath sought the skies—Jesus's
Faith sublime upon her regalia—pure
Their ability means at hell;
And so, now gems behold the new,
Bride of Truth Divine!
And, treasured on thine altars, now,
Now names, in glory shine!
Oh, thou, thou whole-hearted to land,
May glad *To Jesus* sing,
In best to sanctuary—
Of Heaven's Immortal King,
And, fertile England! let the blood
Of martyrs, ever
Be seed to fair Bethsaida flood,
Thy Love, Jesus's Heart.

HARRIET M. SHEWAN (Marie).

San Francisco.

Justice and Injustice.

Doubtless many readers of the MONITOR have perused the president-as language used recently by Mr. Mulvey, in his reference to the Holy Father, and, as they read, no doubt in their charity they inwardly exclaimed, "Poor man! he knows not what he says! Poor, poor, he knows not what he says! What a state of an most not that soul be in—when—out of the whole world—he alone is found to cast the foulness of his hate against the person of the Vicar of Christ, to whom, in spiritual matters, all men, great and potentate in power, rich and poor, and to whose virtues and exalted character even Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis are publicly giving the highest praise which they are supposedly deserved!

Doubtless, however, to show our readers the honorable character of Mr. Mulvey since he was dismissed out of the Mayoralty, we cannot do better than quote from his superior officer, as appeared the opinion of Mr. Mulvey's character from his superior officer, as appeared the opinion of Mr. Mulvey's character was held by the Council of Mr. Mulvey's character was held by the Council of Mr. Mulvey's character was held by the Council

ARCHBISHOP LAMY.

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diocese of Santa Fé. This is not quite correct, and the facts are contrary to it. The saintly Bishop of Durango, Dr. Zubiria, had been advised in time, and had immediately set out for New Mexico, visiting every mission of the diocese, and confirming everywhere his episcopal duties. But he had not been consulted in the dismemberment of his diocese, and he felt quite sensibly, to quote his own words, that he was slighted, or reason, they had been living at *ease*, twelve hundred miles from their Bishop, and they dreaded the presence of the new Prelate among them; I ought add, that many of them were utterly opposed to American rule, either civil or ecclesiastical.

The land-supply is a horseback, with a solitary guide, for the city of Durango. He had an interview with its Bishop and everything was settled amicably. Without taking time for rest he returned, having performed a journey of three thousand miles on horseback!

In his new diocese he found but few priests, and it was destitute of educational establishments of any kind. The young Bishop put his hand to the grand work of building up Catholicity with an energy that cannot be overpraised. His adventures and long journeys over the vast plains extending from Kansas City to Fort Union, plains with no inhabitants, then, save wild bonds and roving Indian hordes are romantic. Though about nine hundred miles in extent, Dr. Lamy crossed those plains twelve times for the welfare of his vast diocese.

THE SISTERS OF LORETTO—THEIR ARRIVAL AT SANTA FE.

Bishop Lamy, ever anxious for the good of his diocese, determined to search in wild the rotted Sisters, to teach the young, knowing well that this was the best way to reach the people. Having heard of the self-denial of Father Pandosy among the Indians, and of the severe training they had gone through, he concluded that they were the very ones whom Divine Providence had destined for the laborious mission which the Holy See had confided to his care. He applied for a colony of Sisters and his request was cheerfully granted, Father Pandosy joining and to the injunctions of its founder, Loretto could not refuse a mission that promised to promise nothing but hardships and privations.

Early in the Spring of 1852, the unsuspecting Bishop left Santa Fé to assist at the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, crossing for the first time the dreary waste called with reason, the "American Desert." In this commencement of June he reached Hardtown, and the preparations were soon made. But before returning to New Mexico, the Bishop went to New Orleans to visit his niece who was still at the Ursuline Convent since his departure for Santa Fé.

On Sunday, May 30, Mother Magdalen in her "Annals of Our Lady of Light," June 7th, 1852, after Mass, the Sisters footsteps of Mexico, left the Mother house of Loretto; Mother Mathilda Mills and Sisters Catherine, Mary Magdalen, Monica, Hilaria and Rosalina. The same day they arrived at Bardstown, and on Thursday morning, July 1st, they reached St. Louis and were kindly received by Archbishop Kenrick. In the meanwhile they visited the Convent of St. Ferdinand, at Florissant, and spent a few days with their own Sisters. As soon as they heard of the Bishop's return from New Orleans, they joined him at St. Louis, and on the 10th of July left by the steamer *Kansas*, which was to convey them as far as Independence. With them traveled a family, and some other persons belonging to the Bishop's suite.

The Sisters had accepted the mission in a true spirit of self-sacrifice, as they little dreamed, as the spires of the city receded from view, how soon Providence was going to put their virtue to a test. There had already been some of cholera on board, when, on Friday, the 16th, at 2 a. m. Mother Mathilda was attacked. After a sufferings lasted till about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when the gay barque sent into the hands of her Maker, after having received the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction at the hands of the Bishop. Two hours later the steamer landed at Todd's Warehouse, six miles from Independence. In the meantime Sister Morlen had also contracted the cholera, and the illness was truly affecting, the Sisters following the death of their dying Sister and the coffin of their dear Mother. The inhabitants stood in such dread of the cholera that the Sisters were unable to enter their houses, and were therefore obliged to remain in the warehouse.

The next morning, July 17th, three of the Sisters with the Bishop and some other persons, accompanied the carriage which conveyed the corpse of Mother Mathilda to the last resting place, in the graveyard of Independence. But on the way they were met by a Sheriff who had been deputed by the authorities to forbid the interment in the town, for fear of contagion. However, the Bishop's firm attitude, and perhaps, a compassion for the sad spectacle, caused this official to relent. They continued their way to the graveyard, and there they saw the cold earth receive into its bosom the remains of her whom they had loved and venerated.

"The Bishop," continues Mother Magdalen, quoting Bishop Mass, "now took the three Sisters, Catherine, Hilaria and Rosalina, to be lowered left them here, while Sister Magdalen remained in the warehouse with Sister Morlen. But on the night of the following Monday, July 19th, Sister Magdalen herself was attacked with the cholera, and much what she followed to be her last confession. The place was ill-suited for Christian, especially religious one, sick unto death, and Bishop, unable to make better arrangements, had the two dying Sisters removed to tents about two miles from the town. The poor Sisters were much better off than in the warehouse, although they had many inconveniences to bear, and had nothing but the canvas tent to screen them from the heat of July."

After a few days Sister Magdalen began to recover. On Sunday, July 25th, the three Sisters came from Independence, and heard Mass said by Bishop Lamy in a tent. It was impossible for Sister Morlen to proceed any further, her recovery being doubtful, and in spite of her desire to pursue the journey to New Mexico, she returned to Independence until her health should be sufficiently restored to return to the convent in Loretto. As Sister Magdalen could travel in a carriage, although very weak, they left Independence on Saturday, July 31st, to go into camp, some four miles distant, where the Bishop and part of his suite (for the others were waiting at Wilburn Springs) had already marched. Then the Sisters went to Confession, and the next morning received Holy Communion at the hands of the Bishop.

After the death of Mother Mathilda, Sister Magdalen was chosen to fill the office of Superior, and the election was promptly approved and confirmed at Loretto. Mother Magdalen, after thirty years of untold toils and privations, has been stricken down by palsy, but her head and her heart are as warm and as sound as ever, and although she gave up the charge of the flourishing community over the hands of another, Mother Francisca Lamy, she is still the guiding spirit of the institution.

"On the evening of August 1st, they reached Wilburn Springs, a fine watering place a few miles from Westport, and there found the other party ready to start. So they lost no time, and started all together, but they had proceeded only a few miles when one of the wagons broke down, and there they were obliged to camp in order to repair the wagon.

Some time was spent the next day in repair damages. On the following Sunday, the 8th, the Bishop and Mass near an Indian hut on the banks of the Hundred and Ten creek. There they pitched Tabernacle, and on the eve of the Assumption reached Council Grove. All confessed that morning, and on the next morning received Communion at the hand of the Bishop. The Sisters, according to their rules, crowned their vows at the time of Mass. Next day the march was resumed, and no Mass was celebrated until they reached Pawnee Fork, on the spot where now stands the town of Larned, at the junction of the Pawnee river and the Arkansas. For the rest time, Mass was celebrated by the party, and fresh meat prepared.

Resuming their march on the 12th of September, they passed the then existing Fort Atkinson, and encamped some miles beyond, but still in Kansas, when a party of Indian warriors, four hundred strong, fell upon them and attacked the camp. In this occasion they seemed peaceable; the Bishop was even invited to baptize the child of a young Indian woman. Still as their intentions were not known, and the Indian is often treacherous, the Bishop thought it prudent to make any move, hoping they would rest on but as they seemed disposed to remain, he ordered his company to march in the evening, and the caravan traversed all night, as the Indians do not generally make their attacks in the dark.

Las Vegas was reached on the 18th. Thus was the first Mexican town reached. The next morning the Bishop and Mass in a private dwelling no far from the town. There he stopped for a time, and visited the Sisters of Charity, who had followed the Sisters to what was then called the *Bishop's ranche*. To show the zeal of the Bishop for the spiritual welfare of the souls of her his care, I must say that during the journey he said Mass and preached every Sunday but one, when it was absolutely impossible; still prayers were said in common.

The Bishop set out from Las Vegas on Wednesday, and on Thursday, 23 of September, quietly entered his episcopal city to prepare the way for the mission, entirely unannounced of his coming. On the evening, 26th, the party left the ranchos at starting for Santa Fé, where they arrived at p. m. The people, led by Father Gravier and other Mexican priests, went several miles to meet them as they approached the city, and the crowd increased so much that the carriage could scarcely pass through the streets of the northern metropolis. Triumphal arches had been erected, and the bells of the different churches were pealing. They were received at the door of the cathedral presented with holy water, and had to the foot of the altar. The *Te Deum* was sung, accompanied by Mexican music, indeed, grotesque, etc.; and the ceremony terminated with the episcopal benediction. Thus the Sisters were conducted by the Bishop, Vicar General and the clergy to the house prepared for them, and the priests who had accompanied the party were lodged in the house of the Bishop, and thus ended the long and painful journey, full of difficulties and dangers, all felt glad at having finally at home at Santa Fé.

BISHOP LAMY GOES TO LORETTO—THE FIRST BRIGADE OF MISSIONARIES.

The Mexican Government did not strictly speaking protect the church, but its suits of care for both church and state, and it was paradoxable. Dr. Lamy, ably seconded by his Vicar-General and been friend, Father Machebeuf, went every where to see for himself, and set to work to correct abuses, to establish schools, to form religious associations; and thus they were employed during the winter and spring of 1852. In the fall of 1853 the energetic, zeal Bishop set out from Santa Fé with a caravan to go to the formidable plains, the American Desert, the home of the Indian warriors, the graves extending nearly one hundred miles in breadth, from New Mexico to the Mississippi river. He rested only a short time at Lucas, Cincinnati and Bardstown, from where he paid a flying visit to Loretto to give news of the family colony at Santa Fé and to petition for more Sisters. At the time she his request was readily granted, and arrangements were made to start for Santa Fé the following spring. The Bishop, in the meantime, embarked at New York, sailed for France, and at once made his friend, Father Jean, the old Bishop of Clermont, acquainted with the project and obtained his recommendation to the missions of Clermont. From him also he received warm and fair promises to permit young apostles from his diocese to help him in his missions of New Mexico.

In the meanwhile, the Bishop, having had a flying visit to his brother Bishop of Rome, where he was kindly received by Pius IX, and Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda. He received words of and encouragement and also directions from the Holy See. He soon afterward left Rome, visiting several remote, and, by the his route, and early in the spring of 1854, reached Clermont. A number of young ladies presented themselves to him, and to his expressed their willingness to cross the ocean and work under his careful direction. Without regret they were seen to leave the fair shores of their beloved France to come to the almost distinct place part of the old of the father of the family. Not a single word crossed their minds but the thoughts of the future beyond up their spirits.

Among the saintly men who heard the voice of God in their hearts was the venerable Talard, a priest from Madrid, Spain; Martin, of the diocese of St. Flour, France; Anthony Gobard from Clermont; Stephen Lafond, of Clermont; Peter Epailliu, the actual Vicar General of Santa Fé and parish priest of the cathedral, also a priest from the diocese of Clermont.

Among the Seminarians were the Brothers Joseph Gouin, who was then deacon and was ordained priest on the 23d of December of the 2nd year, at Santa Fé, by Bishop Lamy; Eugene Pallet, parish priest of Iodon, then a Subdeacon, and N. Lamy, a clerge in minor orders, who died on the day of their arrival at Santa Fé.

Forming the caravan were also the Reverend Eulogio Ortiz, a priest from New Mexico, who had accompanied the Bishop to Europe; Messrs. Jonas M Orez and Florentino Gonzales, who had been sent previously to France for a course in the Seminary of Clermont, Joseph, the family named Covington, and Mr. Moarty, a Irish, who acted as *major domo* for the Bishop on the journey.

Dr Lamy and his band of priests and Sisters arrived at Lexington, Kentucky, towards the end of May, 1854. Without going to Loretto they reached Cincinnati, thence by boat to St Louis, and in the month of June arrived at Kansas City and Westport, leaving thence directly for camp at Wilburn Spring, a romantic spot, with a flowing river of very water gushing from under a huge hill, and surrounded by trees, particularly willows of good size, with an abundance of grass for the animals. There they remained for six weeks waiting for the colony of Sisters who were to come and join them. In the meantime, the Bishop was disappointed, as the Sisters were unable to send any of their number to the missions of New Mexico. The Bishop had barely full time for provisions, wagons and provisions, and perfecting arrangements for a speedy departure.

Hardly had Bishop Lamy arrived at Wilburn Spring, after completing his preparations, and laying sure that the Sisters would come, than, although late in the afternoon, he resolved to move the camp. An order was given to that effect. All was hustle in the camp. Messrs. Gouin and Machebeuf and hitched them to the wagons, and after a short delay all together took the road toward Santa Fe, their destination. But they had proceeded but a short distance when one of the wagons broke down, and they were obliged to stop within a mile of the place of the Sisters.

Mass was said, and the party consisted of four wagons and three carriages, and strange to say, as soon as the Bishop left Wilburn Springs, Father Gravier, who was very sick, and who afterwards had been in such a terrible condition that the Sisters were already to bid him a last adieu, felt all cure better. He had proceeded to stop within Kansas City, performing should such be the case, to during the night, and the next day, to the surprise of the Sisters, he was able to be up. Meanwhile, the Bishop, who had left his camp, was taken sick, and was obliged to stop at Westport, where he was kindly received by the family of Mr. Lucas, Sanguinet and Edwards, and he was soon well enough to be able to continue his journey. The Sisters, who had left Wilburn Springs, were delayed by the breaking down of a wagon, and they had to stop at Westport, where they had the pleasure of meeting the Bishop, who was now well enough to be able to continue his journey. The Sisters were conducted by the Bishop, Vicar General and the clergy to the house prepared for them, and the priests who had accompanied the party were lodged in the house of the Bishop, and thus ended the long and painful journey, full of difficulties and dangers, all felt glad at having finally at home at Santa Fé.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.
IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Armagh.

It is intended to erect a memorial to the late Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, of Armagh. A meeting in furtherance of that object was held in the Palace, Armagh, on Friday, after the obsequies of the late Primate. Rent for the late Prelate. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, who presided, said the best way the Catholic people could perpetuate his memory would be by a fund which would be a fitting one in the dignity and benevolence. The Very Rev. Dean Dillon, P.P., Dungannon, and Sir Edward Bellew, Bart., Barmeath, gave a handsome to an address in support of the proposal. Mr. Bellew, M.P., said he was sure that the proposed memorial would be a fitting one, and he was sure that the proposal would be carried out. The proposal was carried unanimously. The Very Rev. Dean Dillon, P.P., Dungannon, said the Very Rev. Dr. Gallagher, P.P., Donaghmore, and Mr. Cullen, Dungannon, had promised to give £100 and the debt of the Primate had cleared off. Mr. Bellew, M.P., said Mr. Hope expressed his sympathy with the proposed memorial and had promised to give £100 towards it. He was sure the Protestant people, who had worked in the minister's cause, would be willing to do the same. A Protestant clergyman. It was also suggested to establish an annual prize in the Diocesan College in the late Primate's name. It was also suggested that a fund should be raised for the memorial that would be a useful one, and that it would be carried out

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1888.

Poetry.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

MUSINGS OF A PATIENT IN THE GREAT ST. HELENA.

I revelled long in life's young dream,
When youthful ardor fired my soul;
Was lured by war's alluring theme,
Unmindful how sweets night roll;
I tasted all the shams of life,
That Fame and Fortune's power could bestow;
Pro fusion waged the martial strife
When fame lured on the valiant throng.

The battle clang, the clash of arms,
The deadly lance, the cannon's roar,
Could give me more of Glory's charms
Than acts of peace or golden store;
The contented hand and regal crown,
From she to one ordained to reign,
Clasped my best and feared my frown,
Her dread to my my power was vain.

Surplus and opulence at my beck,
In helpless rain crumbled down,
And long proud Europe failed to check
The power of my Gallic Eagle wings;
I deemed a power akin to God,
Was vested all in me alone,
And underneath my feet I trod
The Temple of His Holy One.

Oh what is glory, wealth or fame,
Or all the pomp of Empire?
His proudest deeds in empty name,
His hall mutatedly sine;
Yet who that saw me on the day
The diadem had crowned my brow,
Could think I should be cast away
A captive king unbonored now.

My shattered life was fanned in war—
My joy power passed away; bring to me;
On martial fields a conqueror,
Smile was to me country.
Hell prowling, yet, pushed aside
Keep pace with Time's relentless sway,
The results as sunshine and rain,
Compared to those that e'er we array.

Fair Josephine! my heart is vain
Who sate a fond regard for you!
Oh, could I but recall the pain
I vanten caused your heart so true.
My sorrows all would have no sting
And pensive as sweet summer showers,
Had I but given a husband's hate.
Of love to soothe your dusky hours.

On St. Helena's barren shore
I taste the hemlock of despair,
My tongue I will hold no more,
Weak captive in the lonesome lair;
As the sky with thick fog's mass,
I hourly feel a deep remorse
I had parted Josephine,
Or took away every caress.

Fond mother, sisters dear, farewell;
Or brothers, son, God's blessing pour
Heaven grant you mercy where angels dwell—
Where sorrow's tide parted friends no more.
I find sweet Heavenly peace at last
In that solitude taught to me
By my dear mother in the past—
To me a child hands her knee.

Nought can, calm sorrow's sombre sway,
The peace is sealed beyond recall;
The veteran hands that crowned my bow,
The Bonds's moves are near their pall!
No earthly power can change, O Christ,
Thy mercy's decree.

JOHN F. MCDONNEL.

Virginia City, Nevada.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE WARRIOR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Oh! pretty pansies, dear Christina sod,
Amid them mom-gray tombs,
And wand your aclean way to where
You lonely flower blooms;
For far below the cold green sod,
In mortal clay that hides from
The body of a woman kind
Whose soul has left the shore,
To swell the volume of the choirs,
That radiant band the Icon
Before the pearl-hued throne where God
Sits in His majesty.

But, ah! you little know the worth
To which that flower
Its sweet and softly trembling bid,
As o'er the tomb it bends.
Of all I have that mourn woman's heart,
So tender and so true!
Her noble soul is garlan rare,
Where virtue's flower grew.
Yet sooner drear, oh, Christian soul,
And pitiful for mere,
And gives pursue my mother's name
In lingering hope and dear.

Where had I my dear dear dead first
Times filled with looks of love,
When I marched with the "boys in blue,"
Home twenty years ago.
In youth I was her only baby,
Her Father our Blessed Lady, who had
Ever been—and now 'neath shamrocks green,
In Erin's red death lie;
And in the dull, sunless grave,
I've lost an arm and leg,
Which I gladly would give to prove,
And for a pitiness hop.

But let us kneel and say a prayer
Upon my mother's grave,
That she may land from Heaven above,
A hand her son to save;
For still I have the home we now,
And guides my tottering way,
As at the dell in the sapphire youth
And holy-souls young day.
Oh! may she ever intercede
With the Queen of Irish Erin,
Through Mary's prayers my soul to join
Her soul in Heaven above.

JNO. J. FARR.

THE POPE TO THE PERSIGNOT.

(On receiving a copy of the United States Constitution.)

Oh! offering helpful from a Nation grand—
The written law of a people brave,
Where hand in hand in unison stand
Where the bonnies of law and religion wave.

Beautiful gift from beyond the tide—
A heaven-sent gift with a heavenly spell—
From a land exultant in freedom's pride,
Yon city sentinel of freedom dwell.

Land of light, where the Church's mission
Is to bless the people, and to free,
Where the President ruler—the humble wall—
Are all consecrated to God's arm.

From every Rhine of this sun-bright world,
I honor the gifts of the hand and free,
Where the fag of the Cross is fully unfurled,
I welcome the message of Liberty.

Friendly, gentle rule is a great boon—
And proper shall minge for its fair land,
That the Pontiff, laden with years and sorrow,
Extends his blessing with outstretched hand.

Oh! whisper my blessing to that rich clime
Where the flower of freedom spontaneous springs;
Where the light of the true and faithful shine
The songs of hope which the angels sing.

CHARLES J. SHAPTER.

—Post-mortem revelation and notices sent to us for publication must be paid for in advance.

Literary Miscellany.

Rose M'Donnell.

A True Story of the Fortunes of an Emigrant.

Some years ago, while traveling from Cork to Dublin, I got into conversation with a quiet, ladylike person, who travelled in the same carriage. She informed me that she had returned from America to her friends with whom she intended to remain for a few months. By degrees we came to be on friendly terms. She told me several amusing anecdotes of her time in America, and sev-eral more pathetic ones, which I can in possession of her entire history, which was, indeed, an interesting one.

Her father had been a tenant-farmer, who, being hearily sick rented, had a hard struggle for existence, particularly as he had a large family to support.

As soon as the eldest girl had reached the age of eighteen years her parents decided on sending her to America, thinking it the easiest way of providing for her; and also hoping that she would send them by her earnings in providing for some of the younger members of the family.

She was a handsome, intelligent girl, and rather liked the idea of going to America; and many were the protestations she made that she would send all the money she earned, except barely what she required for clothing. On reaching the "Land of Promise" she wrote astonishing her dad arrival, and after an interval of about two months a second letter came, enclosing a cheque for a small amount, and saying that she had got a good situation attending an invalid lady, and after that all correspondence ceased.

Three years passed away, and as no tidings of their absent child reached the anxious parents, they should be not sure any. A captive king unbonored now.

My shattered life was fanned in war—
My joy power passed away; bring to me;
On martial fields a conqueror,
Smile was to me country.
Hell prowling, yet, pushed aside
Keep pace with Time's relentless sway,
The results as sunshine and rain,
Compared to those that e'er we array.

Fair Josephine! my heart is vain
Who sate a fond regard for you!
Oh, could I but recall the pain
I vanten caused your heart so true.
My sorrows all would have no sting
And pensive as sweet summer showers,
Had I but given a husband's hate.
Of love to soothe your dusky hours.

On St. Helena's barren shore
I taste the hemlock of despair,
My tongue I will hold no more,
Weak captive in the lonesome lair;
As the sky with thick fog's mass,
I hourly feel a deep remorse
I had parted Josephine,
Or took away every caress.

Fond mother, sisters dear, farewell;
Or brothers, son, God's blessing pour
Heaven grant you mercy where angels dwell—
Where sorrow's tide parted friends no more.
I find sweet Heavenly peace at last
In that solitude taught to me
By my dear mother in the past—
To me a child hands her knee.

Nought can, calm sorrow's sombre sway,
The peace is sealed beyond recall;
The veteran hands that crowned my bow,
The Bonds's moves are near their pall!
No earthly power can change, O Christ,
Thy mercy's decree.

JOHN F. MCDONNEL.

Virginia City, Nevada.

(FOR THE MONITOR.)

THE WARRIOR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Oh! pretty pansies, dear Christina sod,
Amid them mom-gray tombs,
And wand your aclean way to where
You lonely flower blooms;
For far below the cold green sod,
In mortal clay that hides from
The body of a woman kind
Whose soul has left the shore,
To swell the volume of the choirs,
That radiant band the Icon
Before the pearl-hued throne where God
Sits in His majesty.

But, ah! you little know the worth
To which that flower
Its sweet and softly trembling bid,
As o'er the tomb it bends.
Of all I have that mourn woman's heart,
So tender and so true!
Her noble soul is garlan rare,
Where virtue's flower grew.
Yet sooner drear, oh, Christian soul,
And pitiful for mere,
And gives pursue my mother's name
In lingering hope and dear.

Where had I my dear dear dead first
Times filled with looks of love,
When I marched with the "boys in blue,"
Home twenty years ago.
In youth I was her only baby,
Her Father our Blessed Lady, who had
Ever been—and now 'neath shamrocks green,
In Erin's red death lie;
And in the dull, sunless grave,
I've lost an arm and leg,
Which I gladly would give to prove,
And for a pitiness hop.

But let us kneel and say a prayer
Upon my mother's grave,
That she may land from Heaven above,
A hand her son to save;
For still I have the home we now,
And guides my tottering way,
As at the dell in the sapphire youth
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Miscellaneous.

A Woman Made Over.

A Funny Incident in Real Life.

"Hannah," said Farmer Hull, as he, having just ate the farm-house kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter?"

"No," answered his wife promptly, "who's a-writin' to me?"

"I dunno, unless it's that high-kyin' sister of yours in Philadelphia. What's her name. I snuff she's tired of livin' stuck up in the city, and wants a place for real human folks, eh?"

"Do she say so?"

"Law sakes, no. Et wasn't put in the letter, leastways I didn't see it, but I guessed that she wrote to open my letters, and I guessed she wrote to see how you liked it."

So Mrs. Hull opened the letter and read aloud:

"No, ma! Mrs. Hull, standing him on the floor, "I'm sure I don't know what better I'm to do. I'm sick of it, it's just the other way. Juliet wants us to go out yer her. She says she'll stan' the expense, an pay us wages, if we'd only consent to make over, now, what does she mean?

"The letter goes on the letter with much care and painstaking.

"Well, ma, I guess I'm a-thinkin' what they eat breakfast in the middle of the day, and what their Sunday clothes all the week? Fraycher goes out. But, another, if you want to go, write another thing. You kin her she mean by the letter? Maybe you kin guess, and raised Bet anyway. I'll give yer the."

"Here's a letter, ma!" said Mrs. Hull thoughtfully. "It's as shiny as silk. But I don't know what to make of it. I guessed that the ship-girls there wear real silk and satin, ma."

"Poor things," and her husband: "it must be dreful to her to dress to death all the time, saying that he would get a lodging for her. She chiped, and he let the way into a comfortable kitchen, where two or three female servants were sitting at a table having their tea.

In a few words he explained to them that he wished them to provide a bed for the girl and to provide her wants in every way; and then, saying he would speak to her in the morning and see what he could do for her, he left the kitchen.

The servants were very kind, and made her quite comfortable for the night. One can more easily imagine than describe the feelings of the poor girlon finding herself so unlady-lodged, and ferment were the thanks she offered to the Blessed Lady, who had so visibly protected her.

Next morning, after breakfast, the gentleman, whose name the servants informed her, was Mr. Lloyd, came out to speak to her, as he had promised.

"Well, my good girl," said he, "what are you able to do?"

"I will try to do anything you set me at, sir," replied she.

"Can you ship a hedge?" said he.

"Well, I never did anything in that line, sir," was the reply. "I think I will try if you will be so kind as to show me how."

He seemed pleased with her answer and said:

"Very well, come out into the garden, and I will show you how to set about it."

She went out with him into a beautifully kept garden, and while she was admiring the flowers he went into a shed in which the gardener's tools were kept and presently appeared again, bearing a large hedge-clipper. He then took her to one end of a line hedge which surrounded the garden and showed her how to set about clipping it. He stood watching her for a few minutes, and then, saying she was getting on very well with it he left the garden.

She worked away for about half an hour, and was beginning to get interested in her occupation when the hall-door opened and two servants came out, bearing an armchair and the other a foot-stool, which they placed on the terrace in front of the house, and then stood by respectfully while a beautifully-dressed lady moved gracefully forward and took possession of the arm-chair.

She dismissed the servants after giving them a few directions, and then sat for some time looking at the girl clipping the hedge.

The latter continued to work away diligently, pausing from time to time to gaze at the lady from time to time.

At length the lady beckoned to her to come near, saying she wished to speak to her.

"I heard from my husband," said she, "how he found you in the porch last night. I suppose you have no friends in New York or they would have met you on your landing."

"I have not a single friend here, ma'am," replied the girl. "A sister of mine came out some years ago, but we have not heard from her for nearly three years, so, of course, she may be dead."

"She may not be dead," said Mrs. Lloyd, "but she may have grown careless about her family."

"Ah, ma'am," said the girl, while her eyes filled with tears, "I was sure she must be dead. I don't believe she could forget those who loved her so much, and when she loved in return while at home. I'm sure she was in the poor-sister's heart to leave. She is always fretting, day and night."

Mrs. Lloyd had turned very pale.

"What part of Ireland did you come from," said she, "and what is your name?"

"I was born at a place called Ballinamore, four miles from the town of M——, in the County Cork," was the reply, and my name is Rose M'Donnell."

Mrs. Lloyd started from her seat, falling into tears, and threw her arms round the astonished girl, exclaiming—

"My sister! my sister! oh, what a shame it was for me to neglect you all so long! But you know I wrote that I have given her; but I will try to make up for it now."

"Oh, ma'am, I knew she would! I'm sure she thought good enough for the Proprietor's wife."

"In the chaset upstairs."

"Get inter it and wash the paller outer yer gray hair, and the real silk yer cheeks, an' kim home! Oh, Lana! kin yer see aloon yer face at Gleftcrow sneetin again?"

"That's a crack," said Juliette, as her weeping sister upstairs as she tried to soothe her.

"No, he ain't an' I was a fool to think I could be made over! Sakes alive, how glad I am to get home! I'm so homesick."

When Hannah entered the parlor again she was dressed and in her right mind. Her husband beamed upon her.

"Ha! ha! ha! Hannah, I've got her back! It's the old gal herself this time as natral as life as a party as a picture! It's the old drive's mother, I'll bet a pin down yet! I left. I shan't take a spec of comfort till I see you safe down from agin on the old farm."

THE LENTEN SEASON.

How the Great Feast of the Church Originated.

Interesting Information Concerning its Observance in Past Ages.

The word Lent—comes from the Anglo-Saxon, Lenten, meaning (German, Lenz, Dutch, Lente, Spring), and is the Spring fast of forty days preceding Easter, kept after the example of Moses, Elias and of our Lord Himself, as a means of advancing in holiness and acquiring spiritual fruit. There is no mention in the Scriptures of the observance of Lent, or of any determined time for fasting among the Christians, but it is spoken of so often, and in words so clear, in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, in the sermons of the early Fathers of the Church, in the letters of the Saints, in the homilies of the Bishops, in the decrees of Councils and in the teachings of the Popes, that there can be no doubt that the fast, as the general season in which it is now accepted, has been with us from the Apostolic times. From the days of the Apostles the members of the Church always fasted after the manner they had learned from the Jews, when they asked such a favor of them. The instances of fasting in the Old Testament are numerous. The Pharisees were noted for their fasting. Saul ordered that no person should taste food until the Philistines. David fasted at the death of his child, and when Jezebel, Ahab's wife, fasted to hasten the return of the Jews from Babylon. Daniel fasted when the angels of Bethsaida to be delivered from the lions' den. Esther fasted when the angel of the Lord appeared to her. Jonas fasted when he was in the whale's belly. Judith

IRELAND'S APOSTLE.

[DEPOSITED FROM THIRTY PARK.]

yes, the very words which Patrick and his Saxe disciple Bechnall heard the angels singing; so that from the time of Patrick to our own, these blessed words have been sung; and in Erin they were accustomed to sing them when the people received the body of Christ in the Holy Communion. The hymn of Saint Bechnall, which he learned from the angels when in company with Saint Patrick, translated, reads thus:

Oh! come, ye holy men,
Christ's holy prophets;
Come, drink the Sacred Blood,
For this is will give,
Saved by Christ's body,
And saved by His Blood,
Refreshed now and strengthened,
Sing praises to God.
He comes, the first, the last,
Himself, the Christ our Lord,
He who shall come to judge us
For every sin and word.

THE ANCIENT METROSAIM TELL US

of the work done for Ireland by Saint Patrick: the great work done for America and the United States, through Saint Patrick, by the faithful priests and laity of Ireland, is still to be written. But the sweet burden of this debt of gratitude will come into many a prayer, and many a hymn of praise, and many a deed of charity in honor of Saint Patrick; and on that last day, when not only the evil deeds of men will be manifested to the world and their authors punished, but the good deeds of men will be seen in all their beauty, measured in all their greatness, and only valued for their exceeding worth, then will the fulness of glory come to Patrick. Then will be crowned before angels and men, not only for his apostleship in Ireland, but for his apostleship in America, the most remote corner of the world; in the most deserted wilderness, or the lonesome rock and hill top of the Rocky Mountains, as well as in the populous cities which stand in their beauty on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. From city and country, town and hamlet, from the miner's cabin and the hall of legislation, as well as from parish churches and cathedrals, there will go up to Heaven, so long as time endures, a hymn of praise to God for the blessings that have come to us in America, from the Apostle of Ireland, and the father of the Irish people.—[From *Patrick Sheehy*, by ELIZA ALLEN STARR.]

The New Bishop of Achonry.

As already announced in the MONITOR, the Vatican has at length pronounced its decision in an ecclesiastic matter of some what long standing, and a successor has been found for the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, the assistant Bishop of Achonry. The new coadjutor of St. Stephen's parish who up hold Dr McGlynn in his disobedience to the head of the Church. Under late legal decisions, the trustees of Calvary Cemetery cannot be forced to admit Mr. McGlynn's body into consecrated ground, if he be brought in a Catholic coffin, or be buried subject to the rules of the Church.

Corcoran's Charity.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran bequeathed to St. Vincent's and St. Joseph's Orphan Asylums $2 000 each; to the little Sisters of the Poor, $5,000, and to the St. Ann's Infant Asylum, $2,000. These gifts are to be held and invested by the institutions to which they are severally given, and a sufficient part of the income therefrom used to furnish the inmates with the usual meat and strawberry festivals and feasts commonly kept by Mr. Corcoran a daughter about forty years ago, and continued by him to the present time.

—Among the bills which received the attention of Congress on Saturday, was one for the relief of the Catholic church of SS. Peter and Paul, Chattanooga, Tenn., and provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall be authorized to pay to Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, of Nashville, $15,720 00, for stone and other building materials taken during the war. Portion This time the above claim was instructed. Archbishop Feehan had charge of the Nashville Diocese. When the money comes into his possession it will be turned over to Bishop Gallergher, and by him to Rev. Father Walsh, and applied to the construction of a beautiful new church soon to be built in that city.

ERIN'S ENVOYS.

Parnell and His Compatriots.

PEN PORTRAITS OF IRELAND'S FRIENDS.

Character Sketches of Notable Men.

BY JOSEPH SOHIER.

The personality of the public men of the Irish party may be of some interest to Americans. The personal idiosyncrasies of the professional politicians here are as sugary glossed over as are the peculiarities of the bosses of the United States at home. Him Butler's artful pen has its prototype in the squeak of Jo Biggar's voice. Biggar is regarded with an affection amounting almost to love by the majority of the Irish people. He is small and hump-backed, and is worth nearly a million of our dollars. He is a Member of Parliament, and his greatest ambition is his unsparing pertinacity. He has a voice that sets on the ear like a rusty bass saw, and for the whole of last session he was a flaming menace and terror to any and every British statesman who attempted to get a bill through Parliament. It was the curious spectacle when Jo Biggar was seen, and he objected to every possible measure that any man of British birth tried to pass. When all the other men of Irish descent, or Irish birth, were voting the usual Government majorities, Jo Biggar, as he is familiarly called, arose and began an elaborate and profound speech, which consisted mainly of statistics of the most amazing length, breadth, and thickness, based on the Exchequer report of the year 1841. He spoke in a hard, dry, nasal, and metallic voice for four solid hours, until the Speaker, in a fit of exhaustion, and fearful "I do not think I quite understand what the honorable gentleman was saying.

"Ah! that's too bad," said Mr. Biggar, half-pleased, half-sorry. "I have to begin all over again."

He turned back and began his hour's speech at the beginning, but before he had uttered three sentences the whole House arose in a body and rushed away.

Notwithstanding these habits Mr. Biggar seems to be as popular as any member of the House, for he will take any amount of chaff, and he has a tongue that is ready pointed and cutting.

BRAVE MICHAEL DAVITT.

Michael Davitt is too well known to need description. His strongly marked aquiline features, closely cropped head, and coarse black eyes are known from one end of America to the other. He is by far the most popular man of the Irish leaders at home. He is walks along the streets of Dublin, he is cheered, and the working people have more faith in him than in all the other leaders combined, not excepting Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Davitt is one of the people, and the risks he has run in the cause of Ireland, the punishment of such means as O'Brien and Biggar have sown propaganda, Davitt's life will make a wonderfully interesting book. He is a very young man yet, but his time is given up wholly to the cause.

MR. PARNELL AND DAVITT'S WORK.

Land League Cottage is a cosy, small house, with a nice, but by no means large, stand of green grass bordered by neat little walks and pretty trees such as a dozen other houses in Dublin possess, spreading away from it. The occupants are Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt, and the work done there is almost beyond belief. Mr. Parnell's interview with his rebellious lieutenants lasted exactly five minutes. He returned immediately to London, but before he had been a half hour on his journey Mr. Lynch's candidature was withdrawn. Messrs. Healy and Biggar hurried home to Dublin, and Capt. O'Shea was triumphantly elected to Parliament. There has been no talk of a split in the Irish party since that time, but the incident is an example of the remarkable influence a Dick Parnell has over the men who work with him in the cause of Home Rule. Finally, although, the manners and phraseology, is one of the best speakers in the House, and, since the time of the Falkner Lindsay, he is a middle aged man, with a straggling beard, warm spectacles, and is decidedly nervous.

TRUE AND TRIED BARRINGTON.

T. C. Harrington is a solid, plodding, steady, and methodical business man. He is the Secretary of the National League, and he keeps every one of the 1,800 branches of that remarkable organization under absolute control. His face is strongly marked. His speech is blunt.

We regret to have to announce the death at St. John's Orphan Asylum, on Sat. last, of the Rev. Peter O'Shea, brother of the Rev. Father O'Shea, of Dublin, brother of the Rev. Father O'Shea, of Dublin, Michael, Lincoln, The young clergyman had only attained his 30th year, and just two years ago he had been raised to the Priesthood by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Coadjutor Archbishop, in the Cathedral of Sydney. He died of a consumption, against which he had been struggling for many years. The deceased was a relative to the hope of proceeding his life and labors in the sacred ministry. He was the third of the sons of the late Mr. M. O'Shea, Kildoran, who died some years previously, and made his preparation for death in a manner worthy of the older brother—the Rev. Wm. O'Shea, of the Sacred Heart Dominican College, under Father Dominic.

Louth.

A painful case of sudden death occurred on Sunday morning, Feb. 19th, in the parish of Castlebellingham. Mr. Hyde, a respectable farmer, was in his usual good health on the evening of the 18th, and was able to walk from his seat, which was at the other side of the room, to the adjoining bedroom, Father Dowdy, who was officiating clergyman, Father Dowdy, attended the sick man for the last time. He died in a few minutes. Heart disease is said to have been the cause of his death.

Monaghan.

Mr. Parnell has received a quite a statement which has never been made before as to the conversation with the Prince of Wales, on special occasion of 1885. Lord Cornarvon had the last secretary of Ireland, Mr. Parnell said, and he was astonished at the manner in which the Prince of Wales, and intended to interest them, shortly afterwards Lord Cornarvon was dismissed, and the Crossmaglen prisoners are still in jail!

Queen's County.

On Feb 8th, a deputation of the Catholic inhabitants of Stiles waited on the Most Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Kildare, at St. Mary's Cathedral, for the purpose of presenting him with an address on his return from Rome, and also to hand him a cheque for £863, to cover the expense of a new organ erected in Stiles, Kilkenny during his absence in Rome. The organ was erected by the Rev. Father Dowling, P.P., Stiles, and the Rev. Father Dowling, C.C., Stiles, and the Liverpool Exhibition. It is a three manual instrument, with 47 stops, and was bought at £700.

Tipperary.

Thomas Condon, M. P., on "Tipperary live yet," has said been bills, although he was not present at the meeting. He has done more for the tenant and noble service in my time, better than the number of Nelson's pillars in Dublin. Concessions of the original abominable rents have been made, and the tenants have been reinstated.

On Feb 5th, a very interesting ceremony of a religious character took place at the Convent of Mercy, Tipperary. The Rev. Mother Mary Ignatius, Superior of the Convent, presided. The Rev. Mother Margaret Bockley, in religious, made her final profession, and the Rev. Mother Mary Ignatius, Superior of the Convent of Mercy, Tipperary, Mr. Michael Murphy, Cty. Clerk, Barrington-hill.

Tyrone.

Upwards of 50 ejectment decrees for non payment of rent were recently obtained by Mr. Lyons, on the estate of the late Wm. E. Verner. Mr. Arthur Lyons, Mr. Lyons, Dungannon, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Lyons, Dungannon, agent, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Lyons, Dungannon, on the tenants in question whom ejectment decrees have not yet been obtained, are Mr. Lyons, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Lyons,

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1888.

Poetry.

[FOR THE MONITOR.]

THE ANNUNCIATION.

The time hath come for God to overpower
Dark sin's tyrannic sway!
The scheme of death and ruin that of man begun,
By Him be crush'd away!
And neather far fed Satan's winds that pour
Sorrow on Life's short day.

The hour hath come for Him to open fling
The gates of Heaven ajar!
And to the world, the fond Redeemer bring
Relentless, ceaseless war
Unled day, so that each sublime soul may wing
Its flight to heaven far.

As He hath said, when, in the olden time,
In anger at the Fall,
Primeval man by fatten hissed to crime,
Deep spurned his God and all—
Our world arise, who hearkening to His prayer
Would Satan's thralls, Death's gloomy thrall.

Long ages past, mankind lived heedless on,
Thoughtless of His to come;
Sunk in the pleasures of the Evil One
With Satan His Godless reign,
Unmindful of true joys so easily won
In their proclaimed Redeemer.

But now the time was fast approaching near,
For Heaven's redeeming fire
All hearts with sweet love to family cheer,
At Paradise soon run;
Yet some prophets bright dispels the clouds of fear,
Like stars by night from the sun.

While the century Mary prayed,
With soul prest as the mary;
Implorin God who all creation made,
That she in grace might grow,
That to bright garments bright array'd,
Shd'ly dead, and ever blest.

What light celestial broke upon her new,
Kneeling on humble there,
Pulsing a golden hale 'round her brow,
Glowing divinely fair?
Who sweeten, from pure essence manny throw
As heavenly fragrance rare.

"Hail! Mary, full of grace, the Lord's with thee,
Thou art the angel bright,
While wonder deep shone from our Mother's eye,
At the strange words and light;
Fain would she ask the angel messenger
He'er heard on human sight.

"Then set the Mother of the Eternal God,
Then Lord of all the world;
Thy Son, the Holy One, shall win one day in the
Kingdom of Immortal Glory."
Clothed with humble bright;
Guard James till on shall Earth's abode,
Purpuled shines the Light."

Mary, clothed with a grace divine,
Meekly replied, "Behold,
"The order of Him," she said, "Is mine—
Which was—Mrs. Carolan listened to the
The angel vanished but behind left joy
That made her pure heart thrill.

Oh, Mother! guide our thorny path aright;
Thy hand, lo, was will being
To blended man, grace, purity and light,
And in our wandering,
Oh! lead us through the gloom of sin's dark
night,
To Heaven's King of Kings.

J. T. COTTRORE.

Literary Miscellany.

The Conversion of the Carolans.

An Irish-American Story of Love, Sacrifice and Repentance.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY MISS M. MULCAHY.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, mother! Oh, father!" whispered Kathleen, in breathless wonder as the three paused before the great glass door that divided the vestibule of the church; and her wondering eyes turned to where myriads of chastened flames glowed in lines of beauty from innumerable candles. Like blocks of crystal the chandeliers swayed to the light touch of the sexton's taper, and such jet as it was lit, was reflected a thousand times and in a thousand colors in the clear glass pendants. The church was slowly filling with people who scarcely breathed as they passed to the high altar, for they knew the sanctuary is consumed, where Kathleen only saw in it a scene of chaste, artistic loveliness. Ah! to think of candles when the burning flame of love wished to enkindle hearts!

Mrs. Carolan awed by the hush which fell upon the worshippers knelt with a child sense of protection, filled with a sudden secret hope of good to come. Tears of yearning filled Kathleen's eyes, and she could not gaze at the stream of light which poured upon her from the altar throne.

A scene was to be enacted, and Mrs. Carolan waited with some curiosity the appearance of the preacher.

A young priest died in the white robes of a Dominican, ascended the pulpit. Mrs. Carolan started as she saw his dark head and graceful form that were so strangely like a picture in her heart; but there was something unlike her picture in his ascetic face and those thoughtful eyes, and she sank back, "Not him, not him, and he had seemed so near to me"

As the preacher began, Mrs. Carolan paid no attention to the words, but only to the rich voice that thrilled her and bore her back to other days and to the youth, who for the proud plaudits of his mother and sisters, would ambitiously sway oratory, and tell of the fame he would win one day in the House of Commons.

"Oh! that it might be that for this life lowly and hidden, that my darling had been saved," she murmured.

But the magic of eloquence had come upon the priest, and, startled into realization as to where he was, Mrs. Carolan listened to the fervid exhortation that mighty impressed her, and drew burning tears from the bursts of his people. As Mrs. Carolan listened she mans to God, by an unfathomable instinct, that this was John, her son, and calmly she drank in his words. It was her son, and he had authority and power to touch her, and then she said, bowing in spontaneous faith, "Not lowly this fate my God, for it is the will of God, and I am proud to accept it as his wife and daughters came in that evening.

"Go upstairs, now, my children," whisper ed Mrs. Carolan, with decision that left no room for hesitation, and the girls obeyed in thoughtful silence.

"Mother," said his wife, laying her hand on his shoulder, and with wonderful calmness, "I have reason to believe that I have found John, our boy."

Angry surprise passed over Mr. Carolan's face, and then he turned to his paper. "Well," he said curtly, but not without a subdued emotion.

"Richard," exclaimed his wife, with passionate pleading and pain, "you did not know this—did you know he was here?"

"No, madam, I did not. What does he want from us?"

"Oh! my husband, we should kneel and thank God for His great mercy in guiding us to our child. If you had seen him as I did to-night—my boy so gifted, so holy—you would think of other things than your consistency and your temper."

"What do you mean by saying he is holy? Assuming the father, after a pause.

"I mean he is a priest at the Catholic Church, here," and Catherine calmly raised her head.

"What do you talk such nonsense for? What! John turned Catholic and priest?" and Mr. Carolan started up and paced the room, and for awhile there was no sound but his quick tread and rapid breathing."

"You know, Richard," said his wife, as she turned to leave, "and God knows that I have little cause for jesting. Yes, he is a Catholic priest and would you scorn your son for his religion?"

"And I know, madam," answered her husband, stopping in his walk, "that you have to be mighty sure you're right, for if it is true, I will be tempted to shout him on sight."

"No, I do not think you would carry such a sweet into execution. Your fanaticism has caused bitterness enough; I have borne it all in silence, but I will not submit to it in this case."

"I have not seen John, yet," Richard, she continued in a softened pleading voice, "for God's sake remember he is our child, subdue your prejudice and let us go together to the Lord of Hosts, who has sent me he would my to-morrow morning.

"Then you are not sure," broke in Mr. Carolan, kindly, "now remember this Catharine, I will have no visits, no communication with any Popish priest, your son or not, and if I am disobeyed, I'll kill him," he shouted, as his wife closed the door.

CHAPTER V.

A cool, delicious morning with gray shadows melting from the narrowing avenues of shade, and sunshine glinting on the dewy leaves. Mrs. Carolan walked quickly to the Church where the *Angelus* bell rang for early Mass. A sense of awe weighed upon her, mingled with a nervous expectancy that caused her heart to flutter with the gladness of the birds that were singing their matin hymns overhead. She followed the Mass with a dreamy rapture born of the hour and her new found happiness, but the sight of the priest prostrated her with an abandon of anxiety.

After Mass she found her way to the Priest's house.

"Who do you wish to see, ma'am," said the little porter, answering her knock.

"Father Shirley, or ——"

"Father Carolan," ventured the mother, with pale face, "is he in?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the boy.

"Then I will wait," she replied, as she entered a room and sat down.

Then as the child disappeared, she burst into tears, but restrained herself and waited.

"No, I will—I must be calm."

What a dainty little parlor with its wealth of books, its Sacred Heart that thrilled one strangely with yearning and remorse. Photographs were there in plenty, but the one at which she instinctively sought was not to be seen. Then to the flower wreathed window she passed where the warm "sun-blooded roses" and faint magnolia breathed languor from their southern hearts.

The door opened behind her, and a kindly voice asked:

"You wish to see me, madam."

"Yes," murmured the lady faintly.

She turned towards the priest. His face expressed a wonderous astonishment; the tears started to his swimming eyes; and he staggered forward, meeting his mother half way with the cry of "My mother! my darling mother!" Ah! the happiness of that meeting!

In a long and oh! how delightful a conversation, it was decided between John and his mother that she would make no explicit explanation to his father. "He is quieter than of old, but his aversion to your religion is too strong, and he will never forgive what he calls your apostacy."

"Yes, mother, father will relent, but in God's own good time," and Father John's voice trembled yet with the glad surprise.

Kathleen and Imbel met their brother that evening, and another happy scene took place.

"How is it that we never caught a glimpse of you, I only saw a priest they call Father James," asked Kathleen.

"He is the pastor; I am only an assistant, and this is my first mission," said Father John.

Richard Carolan made no comment on the sudden flush of sunshine that streamed through his home, though his girls angered him by almost taking him into their secret. In their persistent discussion of it, boy after a time they grew more retired, for a brooding calm fell on their lives.

Mrs Carolan walked with joyous heart each morning to Mass, watched the evening twilight shadow the mellow light in the little Church, and when in thankful homage she prayed for the boon of Faith her prayer was answered, and Father John baptized her, with only her friends, the Carters, and the pastor present.

The girls were a little shy and did not at once yield, but each passed through her own sweet, and state of trial and faith.

Then Kathleen Carolan, a lovely Convent girl, full of the strange story of her new friends, took them to the Sisters. Convent doors she had passed many times, but never had she entered, than they had ever dreamed of, and ultimately they followed.

CHAPTER VI.

Two years more had gone by, and Richard Carolan was ill. Tenderly his wife and daughters nursed him, praying with nervous strength and hope for the final conversion of their stubborn member of the house of Carolan. And it was granted, for one day the sick man whispered, "send for John." Even then the waiting son was within the door, and before the father could draw back, he was in the arms of the boy whom he had years ago banished from his sight.

Strangely, he seemed to get better, and was soon able to sit up.

On a golden evening in July, propped up with pillows, he lay before the open door. Father John was with him and Mrs. Carolan, and they discussed a letter from the absent boys.

"I would like to see them before I go," the old man said, "Maurice and Owen, and my new daughter—she is not a Catholic, Catherine?"

"No—I should think not," hesitatingly, answered Mrs. Carolan.

"We will send for them, father, if you wish. They can soon be here," said Father John.

"Do; and tell them to come quickly. There is little time, and much to be undone," said the father, with an anxious sigh.

"Who is with the girls? he asked, looking up with a smile, as voices were heard in the garden.

"Gregory Searles," said Father John, smiling gravely at his mother. "He remains with us for his vacation."

"I have heard the name before," continued Mr. Carolan. "Who is he?"

"The brother and son of my two best friends. He is a Journalist, and lately likes to take frequent rests down at the house."

"Ah! I see I see," indolently assented the father. "Well, which one does he enjoy his rest with most—Kathleen or Isabel?"

"Isabel," said Mrs. Carolan, with a smile.

"Kathleen will have a nobler destiny."

And then they went back to the days they had spent apart.

"Gregory Searles is a Catholic, of course," said the father.

"Yes sir," and Father John told the story of his friend's life, which in a marked manner influenced his own.

"When I landed in New York, after seeking my way over, I started for fame and fortune in a large warehouse. Then I was promoted to the business office of Mr. Searles. He was poorer than I knew now—though he is not rich—but he employed several clerks. From the first a friendship formed between Gregory Searles and myself. We each had our pet ambitions, and were sailing for something better to turn up. Francis wanted to study for the priesthood, and I desired to study law. So constantly were we together, that I think both Mr. and Mrs. Searles became a little anxious, and not knowing what kind I might be, asked me to change my uncomfortable boarding house for her home."

"Now," continued Father John, with a smile, "I knew I was in probation. I was still a Protestant. That noble woman was my guardian angel, and almost made the place of my own dear mother. I could not see their lives of faith and duty, and not realize the grandeur of their religion. I became a Catholic in a short time and then God called me to the priesthood. Gregory Searles was a son of my friend and benefactor. He was a school-boy then." Here Father John stopped speaking, as Gregory Searles himself entered the room with Kathleen on his arm.

"Alas, my golden days," he sighed, as he took a chair near Mrs. Carolan. The two boys, as their mother called them, came at her bidding to see their father. Were it not for the sadness that pressed upon them, it would be a joyous band that gathered home, for the first time in many years.

All were curious to know Maurice's wife. They found her a lovely American girl, whose nature seemed speedily won their love.

She was a revelation to Mrs. Carolan and the girls with whom she became quite a favorite. She had studied and lived under a rigid course of hygiene, was enthusiastic for progress and reform, peculiar to American schools, and, at the conclusion of her bright, happy school days, she had hesitated between adopting one of two professions, literature or law; and then yielding to the persuasion of the handsome Irishman, she married him, and adored her husband.

But she was still a suffragist, and was enthusiastically devoted also to the cause of Temperance.

There little more for us to add, Richard Carolan died a hopeful Catholic, fortified by the Sacraments. "Ah, that I had known in time," he murmured to Catherine, as in his last agony, he looked on his three children who yet watched the Faith.

Before two more years were past, Kathleen had entered a Convent, under the name of Sister Xavier, and well did she deserve her title, for soul, and devotion, and meekness, the "Apostle of the Indies" sent to this faithful client. Isabel became Mrs. Searles, and were the purest crown of a wife's happiness—the free deep love of her husband unfettered, unsoiling and unalterel!

And Mrs. Carolan spends her time in visiting Isabel and Mary. So the dream of Faith kindled first in John, spread its sanctifying radiance into the hearts of a whole family, and brought happiness and prosperity, and—above these—the hope of eternal salvation, to the Carolans

[THE END.]

The House of the Twelve Apostles.

An excellent story is told by Father Demen, the Jesuit missionary, of an incident that occurred to him during his missionary labors. While given a mission once in Indiana, he invited any Protestant who desired to visit him after the instructions, and given them as they gone. Accordingly, a constant Indiana farmer called on Father Demen, and after the usual greetings and questions to him. The Father asked him was he a Protestant. "Well, yes." "To which church do you belong?" "Well, I belong to the Church of the Twelve Apostles." Father Demen immediately rose and shook hands with him. "Excellent. My Twelve Apostles. Stick to that. It is an excellent religion. But you must understand each other. Who are your Twelve Apostles?" "Well, sir, you know," they are twelve Indiana farmers and I am one of them." "Yes sir we were dissatisfied with our minister. We did not like the way we wanted him to. So we sent him about his business and set up a church of our own. There were twelve of us, so we called it the twelve apostles. We have a little church, where we go every Sunday to meeting, and where we pray and preaching and so is quite regular." Some time after Father Demen happened to be in the same place and he inquired of the pastor, "What has become of the Church of the Twelve Apostles?" The pastor took him over to a window, and pointed out a small building some short distance, and said, "Yonder is the church." "There is your Church of the Twelve Apostles." At the same time he showed him "Wines and Cigars." "Good Entertainment for Man and Beast." The Church of the Twelve Apostles had proved a failure, and the twelve apostles had turned it into a wine-shop.

A Penitent's Ride in Old West Virginia.

It was September of the year 1856. The early morning in Wythe county, Virginia, had its home at Wytheville, in the Great Valley. Here for months the sun rises behind a range of mountains, and his rays are in number, and seem to be in no hurry to dispel the shadows which were still to be heard from.

The Pilgrim in question, the Wytheville priest was in Tazewell county, trying the virtue of the White Sulphur Springs. With a place of resort for the fecal gentry and infirm. Around the hamlet, in the adjacent forest, was grouped a semi circle of hills, one, cosy and furnished with timely wood fires. In the other but meaning, that sacramental night, the convalescing priest, when he heard a knock, sharp, up, and for a call, and the opened door revealed the figure of a tall, commanding, and unknown stranger, dressed to the shoulders.

"Father—me, reverend sir," said the stranger. "I have just arrived—some hundred and ten miles on horseback—from Abingdon, my home, and I must be on my return by daylight in the early morning, after a brief stay for rain and food. When I reached Wytheville—sixty miles—I hoped to find you there, to make a request. But you had crossed the mountains fifty miles over here, and something still urged me to follow you. My name is Fitzgerald, a Maryland and a Catholic. I know my duties, but for years, among strangers, I have not heard them. With you, reverend sir, do me the favor to receive my confession. My health is not overstrong. "But you will wait and receive Communion at my early Mass?" asked the priest.

"Impossible, this trip," replied the stranger. "My business is suffering already because of this absence and I must be at home in Wytheville ferry. By taking another and shorter route, I hope to reach home to-morrow night."

He did, with a light heart, reach his home safely. But, without knowing it, this unknown guest had brought a healed by him was the priest's last. Wytheville was taken, quietly and without alarming symptoms, he passed from earth to his eternal reward.—*Memoirs of the Sacred Heart.*

The Value.

Those who consider the value to be gained by a pilgrimage will find "Ave Maria" Benedictine Tracts" exceedingly useful, enabling them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render attention—Ave Maria Pilgrimage and Tracts—Ave Maria Pilgrimage Tracts—Ave Maria Pilgrimage Tracts—Ave Maria Pilgrimage

THE MONITOR.

TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE OF PENINSULA

The MONITOR was the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1894.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Leo XIII., is preparing an Encyclical to the Bishops of Read on slavery and freedom. It will mark the opening of a new era in that vast and sparsely populated empire. Another Encyclical on the social question will follow.

—A Toronto dispatch states that the Mowatt cabinet has refused a charter to the "Secular Publishing Company," a concern which purposed propagating infidelity. This official recognition of Christianity is highly creditable to our Ontario neighbors.

—Bishops Ireland and Keane recently had an interview with President Cleveland, and the Chief Magistrate took occasion to assure them of his warm sympathy in the projected Catholic University, and announced his intention of being present at the laying of the corner stone in May.

—The Catholic Voice is the name of a neatly printed Catholic weekly recently established in Los Angeles under the editorial supervision of Mr. Frank H. Robinson. Mr. W. D. S. Harrington has charge of the business department. We wish our new contemporary a prosperous career in the Southern Diocese.

—It is estimated that fully one hundred millions of dollars are drawn by English and Scotch investors as annual interest on their holdings of securities in the United States. Much the largest part of that investment is in railroad shares and bonds, but they have also placed a great deal in lands for farming and stock-raising. Their railroad investments are said to yield an average of about 4½ per cent. per annum, which is not far from twice as much as could be realized from the use of the same capital at home.

—On Sunday the 19th ult., was celebrated in the Hall of the Loggia of St. Peter's the last of the Beatifications to be celebrated during the Pope's Jubilee—that of the Venerable Servant of God Josephine Mary of Saint Agnes—commonly called Inez de Benigninis—professed religious of the Augustinian Order. The Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, Senor Groizard y Gomez de la Serna, with the whole staff of his Embassy was present at the ceremony, as was also a numerous deputation, ecclesiastical and lay, from the city of Valencia in Spain.

—Rev. T. D. Phillips, an Episcopalian minister, was expelled from the British-American Association in Chicago last month for no other reason than because he did not follow the Public School System. From this latest phase of modern idolatry it would seem that the old-fashioned Episcopalian "Do unto others as you would be in a Public School?" The devil has many ways of trying to root Christianity out of the world, and the very fact that a Protestant preacher could be expelled from a Protestant society simply because he did not believe in Public Schools, shows plainly that Satan is not without satellites in Chicago.

—The famous Leo Taxil, who has had much experience of the schools of the Freemasons, in which Satan is worshipped to the last, of exposing the tactics of the sect. He has just brought out a new book which has caused a great sensation amongst the Freemasons. The title is *Les Frères Kopsieux*. In this work M. Taxil gives, in alphabetical order, a list of the sixteen thousand Freemasons in the country, with their names and addresses. It can be easily imagined what heroic labors M. Taxil must have undergone in compiling this book. The volume is the result of three years' patient researches amongst all kinds of Masonic documents.

—Commenting on the action of Mayor Hewitt in refusing to review the Irish procession in New York on St. Patrick's Day, the *Catholic Review* thus demonstrates the bigotry of this anti-Catholic official: "Last year when he had invited to witness the procession he requested to be excused on the ground that he was suffering from rheumatism. Since that time he gave his official presence to the demonstration of the Italians who celebrated the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power by the troops of Victor Emmanuel, and to other public gatherings not connected with his duty as Mayor. If Mr. Hewitt had always made it a rule to review no parades except those of the militia, the police and the firemen, no objection would be made, but when he views the line on the Irish, and in the most offensive manner of a gentleman who has cultivated rudeness as a fine art, he justifies the indignation which his snarling and discourteous refusal has excited."

—Last week we gave statistics showing that about one-third of the Protestant churches in Maine were closed up in consequence of their being no congregations to fill them. In consoling with this decay of Protestantism we are happy to say that the Catholic Church flourishes in Puritan Maine like a fair olive tree in Jerusalem! No Catholic Church has ever been closed in Maine for want of priest or congregation. There are at present 60 Catholic churches and chapels in that State, all of them prospering and with a priest to attend each. About thirty years ago—when the two States of Maine and New Hampshire formed the first diocese of Portland—there were in both States *five* priests to assist the first Bishop; now, there are in the same territory forming two dioceses—in Portland diocese, 65 priests, and in that of Manchester, 53—a total of 118 in both. In Portland, Maine, our churches, schools, homes for the aged, and asylums for orphans, are being constantly opened—to one there have of any Roman Church or Catholic institution being closed for want of priests or worshipers.

Calumnies Concerning California.

Rev. M. G. Jenkins is a Methodist preacher who recently came to this State for the purpose of "Christianizing" California according to the most modern improved methods of money getting Methodism. But when this wandering Wesleyan arrived in our beautiful State he discovered that he did not receive that degree of appreciation which his evangelical eminence deserved, hence he shook the dust of California from sectarian shoes and hurried away to Texas where he ventilated his venomous malice against this State and its people in the following fulmination of falsehood which he printed in the Fort Worth, Texas, *Gazette*:

Rev. M. J. Jenkins, of the Methodist Church, who has just returned from California, was met by a Gazette reporter yesterday to whom that gentleman said: "I am glad I went, for I wanted some means whereby I might give to the public an account of my experience on the Pacific slope, in the hope that I might be able to deter some others from venturing in a country so cheerless, comfortless, and utterly desolate as I found California. It is a Christian duty I feel bound to perform to warn all I can from going there. It is not right that people should be thus misled, as they will be if they go to the Pacific Northwest. The Methodist Church from Texas to Dakota did a small place in the Rock Island Conference, about 100 miles north of Los Angeles, and when reporting to find a country rich in all that goes to make life pleasant, but I found the whole country bleak, barren and desolate. In fact a great desert, one solid tract of sand, extending from New Mexico to Yuma; in fact I believe it to be the same desert that we cross by the Sierra Madre Mountains. It is the most desolate country I ever saw, and I have seen much as a traveling preacher. The Presbyterian Church in Pasadena, which is a small place, has had exceptional opportunities from the East. The people, as a whole, were intent on their worldly affairs than in the preaching of the Word. The only place in the whole country we found that it was when I had made up my mind to leave disgusted, was a gambler, who said he would contribute to my expenses if I would stay, but could not attend my services. This is a fair sample of a man of whatever occupation to go. It is impossible to live and thrive in such a place. The village of Bakersfield they had been long accursed (I will not name them), but they had at $750 and $300 per acre, but there were few people foolish enough to buy at such prices.

In order to expose the malignant falsehoods with which this Methodist preacher fed minutes in interlarded, it is only necessary to say that Kern County is not a desert, but is admitted—as has been the case the "arid waste" depicted by this revengeful parson. Wheat and barley average fifty bushels to the acre in the Kern river valley, whereas they be seen vast ranches and prolific crops of alfalfa, corn, hops, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, figs and sweet potatoes of large size and delicious quality. One ranch alone in Kern county occupies 7,000 acres of land which is planted in the crops we have already mentioned, as well as orange, lemon, lime and banana trees, all of which goes to prove that this Methodist preacher calumniated California simply because the people repudiated his religious vagaries.

The people of Bakersfield—against whom this premeditated jaunter seems to entertain a vicious unchristian prejudice, are among the most moral, industrious and orderly citizens of California. They are well supplied already with resident preachers of the different Protestant denominations, and they did not see fit to find a snug sinecure for this wandering Wesleyan refugee—unknown in Southern California and they are no *sufferers* to meet summary, and all of whom will greatly rejoice that Jenkins did not disgrace California by remaining within its boundaries.

Revivesing Irish Saints.

The *Mountain Messenger*, published in Downieville, Sierra county, has been forwarded to this office with an article of a most inexiting character to Catholics, marked thereon. The purpose of the paper evidently belong to that class of people who ignorantly imagine that they can burlesque St. Patrick and St. Bridget, by holding them up to ridicule, and yet retain their Irish and Catholic subscribers. The best way to touch such papers as the Mountaineer a salutary lesson is to refuse to receive into Catholic families any journal that tries to stir its own boy will by casting dirt upon Catholic Saints. This sort of procedure will touch the pockets of the proprietors and this is generally the most sensitive organ of organizations who think that anti-Catholic tomes may be played in order to gather in Catholic contributions.

We hope the "Long Tom Peg" will cease the *Messenger* to be "popped" out of the premises of every Catholic in Sierra county, so that its proprietors may learn a lesson in decency which will last them all their lives. The lascivious language which the conceptor of the bigoted balderdash in question puts into the mouths of both St. Patrick and St. Bridget, proves him to be most foul-minded malignor of two of the most honored Saints who are venerated in every land by the descendants of Irish Catholics.

—Brother Justin, who has recently returned from Rome, where he went to attend the canonization ceremonies of the saintly founder of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, told the reporter of a New York paper recently that Pope Leo XIII. asked him if any restriction to the teaching of religion was exercised by the American government. When Brother Justin answered the Holy Father that no restriction whatever was exercised by the authorities of the United States, the Holy Father delivered this important admonition: "It is your duty to teach the American youth that without God, man, His creature, cannot fulfill his duty to his fellowman, as *true liberty is impossible without morality*." This is a grand sentiment, and we only wish it may become the watchword of all Americans who believe in Almighty God so that by the union of all Christians in propagating morality, virtue and the immorality of the day, might be held in check and eventually eradicated from society.

—The *Western Watchman*, of St. Louis, Mo., commenting on the sudden disappearance of one of the Protestant ministers of that city, whose aberration was said to be due to overwork, facetiously says: "Rodsania! Four of them got similarly unhinged and disappeared last week. They turn up in some distant towns and say the intervening time is all a blank. The Ten Commandments should be revised, and the sixth read, 'Thou shalt not overwork.'"

CONTROVERTED POINTS ON CATHOLIC MATTERS.

3.—The Jesuits as Portrayed by Dr. Littledale in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Ninth Edition, Vol. XXIII., P. 645 ff.

By this time the readers of our two previous articles are prepared to hear something very startling concerning the Jesuits, whom our Ritualistic contributor to the New Edition of the *Encyclopædia* has undertaken to describe and paint in their true colors, at least from the standpoint of his thorough honesty, *historical truthfulness* and well known *trustworthiness*. But we think that what we are about to state in this number will even surpass their expectations, and make them cling more to the belief whether such stuff or garbage, as we are about to quote, could ever have found its way into the pages of any work claiming to respectability and honor before the reading public. However, facts are stubborn things and the passages that we will cite, and many more of similar character found there, are printed in black and white, sometimes in large, and sometimes in smaller type, but always very clearly and correctly—we mean, of course, grammatically so.

To begin with, on page 647, he charges the Jesuits with "hidden sinking and insatiably the whole principle of Probabilism, the special doctrine of the Society, which can attenuate and even defend any kind of sin." According to his view of the matter the Jesuits' moral system possesses great elasticity indeed, since it can be so far stretched, drawn and pulled, without snapping, as to justify any crime whatever. Now we offer the Rev. Doctor either side of the following alternative, which he may choose at will. When he penned those lines, either he knew what he was talking about, or he did not. If he knew what it really means by Probabilism, as a system of moral doctrine held by Catholic Theologians of the highest repute and approved by the Holy See, he evidently told his readers an untruth, for Probabilism has nothing to do with extenuating or defending any kind of sin, whether moral or venial. If, on the contrary, he did not know it, he again spoke falsely, for he gave out as a trustworthy and well-informed writer on the Jesuits, a man who, in his own confession, he entirely ignores. He, we were almost on the point of overlooking the fact that our Ritualistic friend, after all, not strictly logical, for besides the two members, a third might be suggested, and that is a supposition, which our Doctor would be ashamed of entering, if he wishes to keep up whatever little reputation may be left him. The supposition is that our conscientious and learned divine knew very well what Probabilism meant according to the authorities of Catholic Theologians, but he thought it more conducive to his purpose to insinuate just the opposite, thus again dispensing himself once more from the observance of the Eighth Commandment. It is enough to open any approved manual of Catholic Theology to see at once in what the true doctrine of Probabilism consists. It has reference exclusively to things not clearly and peremptorily decided by any Divine Law, or Ecclesiastical Ordinance, or even by the common practice of the Church, or by the decisions of Popes, or Councils, or other Ecclesiastical authorities, or even by the common opinion of the Fathers, or of the Doctors of the Church, or of other Theologians of the highest reputation, positive or ecclesiastical. Now, we ask, what has all this to do with the Jesuits, or their opinions, or their conduct? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Probabilism is a system of Moral Theology, which, if it be true, it is true, and, whatever may be thought of Catholics in general, is by reason of his orthodoxy, utterly incapable of rendering substantial to the evil power. To others, Dr. Littledale, for example, on the other hand, it is immaterial whether the Jesuits have taken a solemn oath of absolute allegiance to the Pope, or not, because if they have, they have never kept it, but in practice have been always sovereignly independent of him, and have in every case, when his will and their wills happened to clash, carried the day against him. From this it will be apparent that whilst most of the opponents of the Society are content to give one another the lie, one set, as the Jesuanists, asserting that in every instance the Jesuits were constantly at the beck and call of their superiors, and other represented by Gisbertti, affirming, with equal assurance, that they are beyond measure rebellious. Dr. Littledale reserves the accomplishment to the length of flatly contradicting himself, since in one and the same paragraph he boldly proclaims both the slavishness of their obedience, and the openness of their rebellion.

Though we are now prepared for almost anything bringing from the pen of author of our ritualistic scribe, yet we feel forced to admit that, whilst reading his article on the Jesuits, we were confronted with a phenomenon, that puzzles us considerably, and which, we sincerely confess, to be unable to solve. The problem is this: Whether it is possible, in the course of human history for a body or society of individuals—we mean, of course, genuine descendants of Adam and Eve—to beat the same time sets of irreproachable conduct, and of consummate malice; men leading lives of unimpeachable purity and of total depravity. Yet, strange to say, this is precisely the fact that, according to Dr. Littledale's statements, the crafty Jesuits have been able to achieve ever since the beginning of their existence. In fact, according to him, (for we quote his words not only substantially but even literally) they have been guilty of (page 619) embroiling cabinets, concocting conspiracies, kindling wars, procuring assassinations, (page 618) of poisoning Popes, (page 619) of always seeking their own aggrandisement, (page 646) of disobeying the Political authority (page 651) of teaching doctrines that justify every kind of sin. They had a large share as preachers of the Inquisition, (page 619) they were accused by the Huguenots; they were accused by the Jansenists, according to the charge imputed to Pascal, of being the Inquisitors Littledale, who does not seem to have much to recommend him in the estimation of his readers, says there is little ground for the charge.

—The preachers of Iowa have imposed the Iowa legislature because they have allowed priests to be prepared for the duties of their holy office. The preachers doubtless are mad because the prayers of priests are generally heard in heaven and granted by Almighty God. But nobody, either in heaven or on earth, ever pays any attention to the prayers of Protestant preachers!

THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1894

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Mar. 25—Sunday—Palm Sunday, 27 Forty Hours Devotion, St. Catherine's, Martinez.
" 26—Monday—Feria.
" 27—Tuesday—Feria.
" 28—Wednesday—Feria.
" 29—Thursday—Holy Thursday.
" 30—Friday—Holy Friday.
" 31—Saturday—Holy Saturday.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Celebration in this City.

THE DAY ELSEWHERE.

Charity, Piety and Patriotism Combined.

It is creditable to our Catholic people that amidst all tribulations and clamorous efforts on St. Patrick's Day, they remember the land of St. Patrick's Patron Saint by attending the Indian Charities and by blessing with a liberal hand for the happiness of suffering Ireland. Charity and patriotism are the devotion of a people who are generally known to be the most charitable and patriotic people on the face of the earth. Charity and patriotism are the two great virtues of the Irish people, so that neither bow-legged Dutch nor red-headed Yankee, nor cold Scotchman can be charged with being the possessors of these virtues

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1888.

Poetry.

[For the Monitor.]

LOWER YOUR HEAD AND GOD WILL RAISE IT.

In my childhood's a memory
Of a word my mother said,
When some modest school-boy triumphs,
For a moment bared my head;
And the wisdom is apparent
To whoever rightly reads it,
Heaven helps the meek and humble—
Lower your head and God will raise it.

And since childhood's days have left me,
Since I've found the world and men,
That recent, simple Irish maxim
Often has recurred again;
For Humility proves virtue,
Though we seldom find one praise it.)
In the count of distinction—
Lower your head and God will raise it.

He will server who a battle
Who is heedless of defeat,
And his place will but to power,
Who conceived them of conceit;
Though intoxicated in his efforts,
Modest victor never says it,
For he guards him by the maxim—
Lower your head and God will raise it.

In the constant strife around us,
Satan plays a secret part,
Through the alcove of Pride he enters,
Subtly to the human heart;
And he fills it with delusions,
And he fondly whispers, "Raise it,
Let the beautiful on my moral—
Lower your head and God will raise it.

C. ANTHONY DUFFY.

A STUDENT'S SONG—FAREWELL.

The Spring has come, and clad sweet Inlah Green
With richer green and flowers,
And Phebus bright, doth rise each day more
With very happy hours.

It wakes the merry tuneful birds with song,
On every blossoming spray,
Your autumn will not come among the hills
Until the skies of day.

So, oh! I sing for me who soon will bid,
At dawn of cheerful Spring,
One dear, and oh, heart-rending and farewell,
To many a charming thing.

And for from Ulster and parents, sister dear,
In other lands I'll sway,
And shall no more beneath paternal walls,
Lend hour the distant day.

But, oh! my faith'ing soul is raised in prayer,
To father God's sweet call—
To give my heart alike to all mankind,
While country I shall.

But still within my breast, dear Inlah Creek,
Deep your shall you dwell,
For 'round your green remarable banks I've played
Until night's wings soft fall.

Then oft beneath the bright unclouded moon,
Oh, happy world I sweet,
And with my brothers hum a broken song
With calm enraptured soul.

To me in my Alma Mater do I goo
With fond and streaming eyes,
Where college days have ended fowed, more
sweet
Than earthly symphonies.

But, oh! I been out my heart! I bid farewell
To all the hoods dear,
And when the next returning Spring shall come
To make the happy year,—

Oh! let them all within their homes's over,
Remember and kind
For in my prayers and tears I fondly cast
A thought to this dear day.

DAN COUGHLAN.

[For the Monitor.]

MOTHER OF SORROWS.

On Calvary's grey hill-top,
The Virgin-Mother stood,
Marking her Son's now anguish
As He hung upon the Rood.

So sigh, so tame, betokened
The Mother's wrung soul,
The' her heart was well-nigh broken
As she saw His life-blood flow.

Ah, who could paint her sorrow,
As He bowed His thorn-crowned head;
And from the blood-stained prince
His Blessed spirit fled.

Oh! Mary, queen of Mystery
By the pains and griefs you felt,
Help Mary human souls
Help Mary human souls.

Make us partaker in thy sorrow,
Make us stand mourn with
Till we find in blinded Eden,
Joy and pleasure unalloyed.

JOHN LANE BEAUMONT.

TRUE AND FALSE SORROW.

A lady child found a diamond in the sands,
And bore it, sparkling, to a fond mother,
Who, rather cross, and long, white, and hands
Folded in lilacum. "Hast what is that?"

She eager cried; then, still more eager, prayed
"Leave this with me, for my, sweet, and other
glass;
And when that hast enough, there shall be made
A chain for thee fit for any queen."

The goldsmiths are believed. Where shone the
gold
The glittering sands, she, consolate, sought and
found
The precious gems, which, at the twilight cold,
The mother in a silver casket bound.

A priceless chaplet! As she brought the last,
Bright, crowning gem, "Tis mine!" the child
cried,
But, on the instant, while, with open casket,
Her cheeks, the very tinger, flick'ring flamed—

The woman made a dagger be her side,
And cried her cry—the diamonds in her hair,
And all she once her pain, admiring, cried,
"Here will the pearl-beaten a fan-tale!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

QUEER VERBAL COMBINATIONS.

The principal food of the Sioux
Is Indian corn, which they bolsa,
Or hominy make,
Or mix in soup,
And eat it with pork, as they choose.

Now doesn't this spelling look epicurious!
To enough to make any one epicurious!
So a word to the wise,
Prey our language revise
With orthography not so injurious!

—Post-mortem resolutions and notices sent in for publication must be paid for in advance at the rate of ten cents a line. About eight words make a line.

Literary Miscellany.

True Till Death.

A Story of Ireland and Greece.

BY E. LYNCH.

CHAPTER III.

Donagh sat down to a hurried dinner, but wonder and distrust left him no appetite. His could only vaguely conjecture the motive of this unusual tyranny. He felt sorely tempted to rebel against it, but he did not see how a serious scene with his father would improve his position, and, after all, it was only anticipating his departure from Dublin by a day.

Still he would greatly have liked to bid pretty merry Mave "good bye" before was might prove a long absence, and he felt some parting instructions from Mave's father would have been an additional comfort to him.

Apparently Mr. Fitzgerald's business did not lie in London, for scarcely had they reached that city, than he announced his intention of proceeding at once to Paris.

Donagh was thoroughly taught, though it was impossible that his father should have discovered his mistake. In Paris, he was not allowed one instant's solitude. If he wanted to write a letter, his father sat near him and read dialogues; conviction even grew upon him that his correspondence was surreptitiously watched.

He chafed and fretted in this domestic bondage. It was not his fault if his opinions were diametrically opposed to those of his father, and he felt sorely hard that he should be treated as a fractious and irresponsible child. His nervous irritability became so marked that, on the second day of their stay in Paris, Mr. Fitzgerald said at breakfast:

"Now, look here, Donagh, you are bent on making a fool of yourself, and I am equally bent upon preventing you. I am stronger than you, and I will succeed. Struggling will do no good; it will only wear out your nervous system.

"I don't understand you," Donagh cried testily.

"Yes, you do. I know more of your movements than you imagine. You've got yourself mixed up in plots with every dangerous and foolish old firebrand—a man of the past, who believes in the possibilities of a war or a revolution, or the dear knows what. He has made you, if anything, sadder than himself. If present, remember, my dear boy, I am prepared to use the very strong set measures to restrain you from injuring yourself and your family. But I hope you will be reasonable and accede to my terms.

"What terms!"

"I offer you perfect liberty on condition you remain away from Ireland for a year. Travel about—go to the East—anywhere; you will have a reasonable allowance."

Donagh reflected. Travelling through Italy and Greece would certainly offer him opportunities for sounding the extent of sympathy Ireland could be sure of abroad.

"I accept, father," he said at length, not with the hope you have in view—that of modifying my intentions or aspirations, but because I might learn some amusement by carrying my cause in other lands. There is the question of the Greek war. I should like to thoroughly understand it from a Hellenic point of view."

"Well, go to Greece and see for yourself. If the Modern Hellenes, conducting themselves like peaceable children, will convince you that a small nation can never hope to struggle, unaided, against a great, you will have reaped immeasurable benefit from your journey.

"But, father, is your way of thinking generous or just? you clearly say that intolerance and the intolerant makes it wrong. The relative attitudes of Greece and Turkey and of Ireland and England are analogous. All nations honor Greece for taking against her oppressor. Why are we to be despised and talked of as low criminals or malefactors for wanting to do the same?

"Because Europe hates Turkey, while she fears and wishes to conciliate England. Because Turkey has no influence and England can buy everything with—her gold. The nations never was that was impervious to the insidious and deadly poison of bribery. Read any of the French papers that are not stalled, and mark how boldly about they hold from Ireland. Read the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." What has brought about the revolution in French opinion—they, the greatest champions of freedom and the old recognized enemies of England, they for whom our forefathers so gallantly fought for over one hundred years? English gold, boy, English gold! France would not lift her little finger for you.

"It would be intolerable to believe it," Donagh cried impetuously. "We are as much worth as Greeks. Why should the European Powers not recognize us in her cause, and leave us to a fate as hard as theirs? Why should we be left to our fate? Why should we be left to our fate?

"Ah, Donagh, this is the old delusion, the old chivalry of Europe has died out through the glitter of British gold. In the past men were proud to fight for alien freedom and our Catholic chivalry has recognized duty to send help to another.

"Wolf and mouton! We have hungry grown more peasable and more practical.

"Don't say a good Home Rule measure might not benefit Ireland, or that the landlords did not deserve what they get, but your good-humored Paddy would never be able to get along without the comfortable grasp of John Bull's hand. It is just a set of conciliating hand, I know, and it has brought Bill's damage fingers very nicely, too, and yes, if John Bull will only let himself be cuffed down the right way he is not such a bad fellow."

Donagh smiled to hear his father thus expound the fundamental faith of the Land League in sensible unconsciousness.

Mr. Fitzgerald had no doubts of Donagh's honor, but he thought it would be a wise precaution to see him safely off to Marseilles with a ticket to the Piraeus in his pocket.

This it happened that early on March evening, Donagh found himself curiously surveying an English torpedo in French waters and facing blockaded shores. Athens shone before him, and the thought filled him with solemn wonder and thrilled his pulses pleasurably. He stared across the dark sea, and at the lights of the Greek glass brightly through the outlines of mighty vessels covering the harbor, and then he was startled out of his vague dreaming to feel himself touched about, shouldered by dirty and noisy porters, all surrounding him and quarrelling vociferously with each other about him. Somebody addressed him in intelligible French, and at once he was carried off and thrust into a tiny train which conducted him with moderate speed to the wide-avenued city which a Frenchman might to day more justly designate less positively.

As they drove into the town the people, scattered about in groups, gave Donagh the impression that they were all gathered back between the idea of an earthquake and a festival. They wore no stamp of dignity nor earnestness. Everyone was chattering or gesticulating. Will-nominated peripatetic and the guide informed him that the English at that moment were held in special abhorrence in Athens. Diadochus had failed them in their need; the Duke of Edinburgh had trembled shamefully; the English ambassador had grossly insulted the chosen minister of the people, by their gaols, and only the courteous sympathy of France had soothed their wounded susceptibilities.

"A," Donagh breathed, with significant fervor.

The generous blood of chivalry still thrilled through old France's veins. There was hope yet for Ireland. Man like Lafayette and Hoche might rise up again, and, thank Heaven, the Wolfe-Tones and Robert Emmetts would be there to greet and welcome them.

Such day the atmosphere in Athens grew more tense. Donagh made acquaintance with an attaché of the French Embassy, and from him learnt much of French opinion. He could only feeling bitter when he contrasted the condition of the country he was in and that of his own—Ireland, settled at and looked for saking the bread of national life, and Greece piled for wanting a little more pudding.

"Mave has everything she wants—as much as she can hope to manage. Nobody interferes with her. All Europe is there to protect her, and see that she is not ill used. And we are starving, and Europe looks on and says nothing," he said to the French attaché.

"It is hard and strange, *monsieur*. We French like and admire the Irish—oh, so much. They are a generous and sympathetic race, lively, and in fact, very like ourselves. I have always heard that your women are beautiful and poor, and your men brave and generous. Was it not our King Louis XV. who remarked, when somebody complained that his Irish soldiers took too much upon themselves, that his menus told him so? As for the tone of the public press—my friend, one can never explain the tone of the public press."

"But why don't you show us the active sympathy you show this people? What are they that we are not—that we cannot be if we strive stronger hand than ours, weakened by famine, and desolation, and ineffectual struggle? Ireland has as much on our face. Hymn sang of Greece, and it was considered an antiquarian thing to fly to her assistance at the bidding of his inspiration. But we have produced men that even England has had to reverence, and has been proud to count among her noblest and her best. And were Botsaris and Kanaris any greater, or as great? Give us only a chance, and see what we shall do; see whether we may not earn the respect we claim, and turn out something more dignified and more earnest than this people can do. Go to Ireland, and you will see in any of her desolated and half-empty cities a fewer race of inhabitants than these puny petticoated fellows with the energy of degeneration indelibly printed on their brow."

The Frenchman thought it quite possible, and also quite probable that all Greece could show nothing like the refined and spiritual type of beauty of this infatuated young patriot who wore the halo of manifest sorrow and walked the earth like one consumed with the flame of a deep and unextinguishable passion.

There was the rumor of battle from Lacian, and Donagh started off for Thessaly, having appraised his friends of his movements.

In the meantime, a pretty merry face in Kildare street was growing grave and thoughtful. The head best ever some girl's work in the lamplight made a witching picture, with locks of fair hair curling in every direction, and gleaming as if gold-dust had been sprinkled over it, but smoothly, but in meshes of inextricable grace, half curl, half curl. The then, pointed face looked like a dainty shell, with pink color softly suggested through the white, and the lips were a little parted as if some words were often lifted now with a sudden, alert expression, as if they were waiting for some one whose continued absence troubled their owner sorely.

"Papa, why doesn't that bad, bad boy write?" the musical voice at last murmured, as the musical voice at last murmured, as the musical voice at last murmured.

Then a letter from Marseilles came. It contained a pretty postscript, which shed a red flush over her face:

"Tell your mamma I send her my most charming Mave, and tell her I miss her sorely, papa, very sorely."

Another letter followed quickly with its mysterious message for her, and Mave saw the news that there was going to be some fighting at Thessaly, and Donagh was starting off to catch a glimpse of battle for himself.

"Suppose anything should happen to him, papa. Mave cried, with face white and whitened in a flutter. "I'm going to make me abroad in the summer. Couldn't we go to Athens? Mave is somewhere near that poor foolish boy!"

"Really, child, I cannot see any reason why we should not. But I am too old for travelling at this time of the year. I dread the cold and damp." and her father.

"Then I'll go alone, papa. I am not at all nervous, and I know I should make a first-rate traveller."

"Nonsense, Mave! As if a girl, a child, could storm a blockaded country, and an oriental one, too. Why, the Greeks would not even put you up if the Turks didn't," laughed her father, and then she thought the impossibility and sadly.

But Mave could not sleep that night for thinking of her cousin, romantic Donagh. She was a girl as artless and candid as Miranda, and as generously indifferent to social laws and restrictions as Juliet!

A breathlessly attractive plan formed in her mind. Donagh was a Catholic, and her affection for Donagh to be that of mercy and pretty friendship—for of love she understood nothing. Then why should not a timidly anxious sister set out into strange lands in search of a brother who might be in danger? No logical answer made itself heard in argument against the proposal, so she examined her purse, which so oddlying kept her more generously supplied than girls' purses usually are, understood the cost of the economy of travelling to know that a reasonable part of the earth's surface may be covered on limited funds; wrote a pretty pleading and loving little note of explanation to her father, and started off for London.

Her conscience did occasionally smite her on the way when she thought of her father, but she seemed to hold no fears of an unfavorable reception from Donagh, because she never measured the momentous meaning of the step she had taken. That Donagh would read her coming in the light of a lover, and feel honestly bound to accept the responsibilities she would, unconsciously and unsought, thrust upon him was a reflection it would be impossible for her to entain.

Mave made her way in perfect safety to Marseilles, whence she sent telegrams to her father and to Donagh's address at Athens. The Captain of the French liner which carried her to the Piraeus befriended her in the most paternal manner. She had been brought up in Paris in her childhood and knew the ways of the world, and had no gelatic difficulties in the way of their friendship. He was interested in this pretty search for a kind of a young brother who had gone to the Greek country to fight against the Apologos of Germany, it may be remarked, that the leading Italian families have, to a large extent, lately given up French for their language, and that the Catholic cross, Sig nor Crispi, himself, has his daughter trained under the supervision of a Catholic lady from Munich. This penchant is due to the respect which has grown up in the promotion of late years, for the Vatican, which has become the close ally of young Italy. Servility of this kind is characteristic of Italy's subjects.

On the 19th prox. Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn is to bless a bell for the Italian Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, that city.

Sig. Cecchi, the Italian Fitzgerald—the noblest and saddest young fellow God ever set on the face of this earth to plague his relations.

"I am come for him, too," said Mave, sadly.

"Oh," was all Dick said, and he looked very grave.

"Did you say you wanted a young Irish-man? Well, I know a fellow who is in outrage down the road. He got wounded—I don't exactly know how; but everybody is sharpened in his direction. "You promised pockets is like a fisher to him."

"Oh! Mave, Mave! ran down the road. Mave was first at the cottage, breathless and white.

"Where is the wounded man!" she cried.

"The young man in question was young, but guessed their inquiry, and opened the door of her solitary bedroom. Mave saw the face, and knew that she had seen it before, saw, too, that his was quickly shining from her. The dark, sunken eyes saw, too, and flashed with tender recognition.

"Oh! Mave, child—my love!" he murmured, only dimly understanding that love had come to him upon the threshold of death—"this is Dick's sister, Mave, I adored by those who love our Blessed Mother. Dick, Dick, Mave, I thought I was alone dover, but it is not my own Irish people, I only is bad been for Ireland!"

"And I, Donagh! Is I not bad for you?" she cried, laying her hand in his.

"Pretty, pretty Mave! Think of me—not especially, for—I—Dick!

O Mave adressed, with head bowed in speechless grief.

"Take care of her, Dick."

Mave placed his hand on Mave's shoulder.

"I had hoped to die for Ireland. Good-bye, Dick. Kiss me, Mave—your face is fading from me. I would it could hold me yet a little.

"Their lips met, and for a moment the eyes of both answered that the lips had been conscious of until it was too late.

Donagh's head fell back, and his pain and delight of this world was no more for him.

The tinsels paid him every honor they could, and again his bread lay O'Mara's bunch of shamrocks—a faded memory of the land he adored.

[THE END.]

—Some highly important and edifying communions took place in Rome during the celebration of the jubilee. Among those who have embraced the Catholic Faith were eminent scholars, several English parsons, and Russian officers, who had lost wealth and distinction. The latest proselyte was a Russian Jew—the wife of an officer in the Italian army. This lady was a governess in the family of the Italian Minister in Moscow, and married an *aide de camp* of the General attached to the Embassy. The religious ceremonies which she witnessed in several of the Roman Churches had such a salutary effect on her imagination that she finally abjured Protestantism, and was received, a month ago, into the Catholic Church. Apropos of Germans, it may be remarked, that the leading Italian families have, to a large extent, lately given up French for their language, and that the Catholic cross, Sig nor Crispi, himself, has his daughter trained under the supervision of a Catholic lady from Munich. This penchant is due to the respect which has grown up in the promotion of late years, for the Vatican, which has become the close ally of young Italy. Servility of this kind is characteristic of Italy's subjects.

CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Church Concerns in Many Countries.

—Catholicity is said to be making wonderful progress in Colorado.

—Within the limits of Gotham one authority states there are 900 000 Catholics.

—Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn took possession of his new house last Sunday.

—It is said that the latest composition attributed to the Prince of Wales is a transporting of baled hay from the United States.

—The death is announced of Rev. Jas. J. Cook, pastor of St. James' Church, Elizabethtown, Ky.

—Miss Elizabeth McGinnis, of Baltimore, recently received the white veil at the Visitation Convent, Frederick, Md.

—Rev. T. P. Walsh, pastor of St. Mary's Cozzens, N. Y., who was seriously ill of late, is reported recovered.

—Very Rev. Father Arguespere, P. S. M., Superior General of the Marists, is visiting the houses of his order in Wisconsin.

—The Catholic Orphan Asylum of New York City will undergo alterations entailing a cost of about $100,000.

—Don Michael Ita has succeeded the late venerated Don Bosco, as Superior General of the Salesians.

—The Marquis of Bute will, during the remainder of his life, give $500 annually to the authorities of the Convent de Paul.

—On the Feast of the Sacred Heart over 800 persons were sanctified in the Tongue at Church of St. John the Baptist, Hopkinton, Mass.

—The Bishops of the Catholic Truth Society will take place in Southwark, Eng, from Sunday, October 29.h, to Tuesday, October 31.t, for more.

—Rev. Andrea Hintenach, O. S. B., who was so much spoken and praised about of St. Vincent's Abbey, Penn., was consecrated on Tuesday last. Bishop Phelan officiated.

—The great annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anna de Beaupre, Canada, where countless miracles have been wrought, took place on the 7th inst.

—Brother Stanislaus, a Hebrew merchant in New York, baptized among his charitable bequests $1 000 to St. Francis Catholic Hospital in that city.

—It is now pretty authoritatively stated that Bishop Dwining, the twelfth Bishop of Peterboro, Ontario, will succeed the late lamented Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto.

—The eighteenth general convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will be held in Boston on August 21. The Union reports now a membership of 500,000.

—Some Interesting Pictures or Prints of the Consecration of the Vicarate as they are more properly designed, have been placed in charge of a person in Kansas City, Mo (sous).

—The Archbishop of Paris refused to allow Verdi's "Requiem" Mass to be sung in Notre Dame, as it is interpreted partly by Protestant artists. It has been sung in cathedrals in Italy.

—A spot is on foot to present Christ' mas Morning with his Cathedral free from Cabs on the 8th of June, 1890 the day on which he was ordained. It is also the Bishop Ecclesiastical consecration. We heartily wish the undertaking success.

—Sister S. Joseph, in the world Miss Mary Ann Ryan, died recently at the Sisters of St. Boniface, Manitoba, recently kept the 50th anniversary of her religious profession. Twenty years ago, Sister Ryan, Mother Superior, Archbishop Taché presiding.

—The Pope is said to have expressed that the first American pilgrimage to the Holy Land will leave New York on the 29.h of February, 1889, and return to Marseilles, on the 29.h of March, 1889, the Holy Land.

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"Oh! Mave, child—my love!" he murmured, only dimly understanding that love had come to him upon the threshold of death—"this is Dick's sister, Mave, I adored by those who love our Blessed Mother. Dick, Dick, Mave, I thought I was alone dover, but it is not my own Irish people, I only is bad been for Ireland!"

"And I, Donagh! Is I not bad for you?" she cried, laying her hand in his.

"Pretty, pretty Mave! Think of me—not especially, for—I—Dick!

O'Mara adressed, with head bowed in speechless grief.

"Take care of her, Dick."

Mave placed his hand on Mave's shoulder.

"I had hoped to die for Ireland. Good-bye, Dick. Kiss me, Mave—your face is fading from me. I would it could hold me yet a little.

"Their lips met, and for a moment the eyes of both answered that the lips had been conscious of until it was too late.

Donagh's head fell back, and his pain and delight of this world was no more for him.

The tinsels paid him every honor they could, and again his bread lay O'Mara's bunch of shamrocks—a faded memory of the land he adored.

[THE END.]

—Some highly important and edifying communions took place in Rome during the celebration of the jubilee. Among those who have embraced the Catholic Faith were eminent scholars, several English parsons, and Russian officers, who had lost wealth and distinction. The latest proselyte was a Russian Jew—the wife of an officer in the Italian army. This lady was a governess in the family of the Italian Minister in Moscow, and married an *aide de camp* of the General attached to the Embassy. The religious ceremonies which she witnessed in several of the Roman Churches had such a salutary effect on her imagination that she finally abjured Protestantism, and was received, a month ago, into the Catholic Church. Apropos of Germans, it may be remarked, that the leading Italian families have, to a large extent, lately given up French for their language, and that the Catholic cross, Sig nor Crispi, himself, has his daughter trained under the supervision of a Catholic lady from Munich. This penchant is due to the respect which has grown up in the promotion of late years, for the Vatican, which has become the close ally of young Italy. Servility of this kind is characteristic of Italy's subjects.

—On the 19th prox. Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn is to bless a bell for the Italian Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, that city.

—Sig. Cecchi, the Italian Fitzgerald—the noblest and saddest young fellow God ever set on the face of this earth to plague his relations.

"I am come for him, too," said Mave, sadly.

"Oh," was all Dick said, and he looked very grave.

"Did you say you wanted a young Irish-man? Well, I know a fellow who is in outrage down the road. He got wounded—I don't exactly know how; but everybody is sharpened in his direction. "You promised pockets is like a fisher to him.

"Oh! Mave, Mave! ran down the road. Mave was first at the cottage, breathless and white.

"Where is the wounded man!" she cried.

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[THE END.]

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Week's Happenings in the World.

—The White House is overrun with rats and has been for four years or more.

—Emperor Frederick died within thirty fact of where he was born and at exactly the same hour of the day.

—A 6 ton ash, carrying an electric battery strong enough to run it forty miles, reaches London.

—A statue of Shakespeare is soon to be erected in Paris. Ignatius Donnelly naturally considers this a remarkable exhibition of taste.

—Great pearl discoveries are reported in the Gulf of Mexico. One was sold for 140,000 francs.

—The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad will put up twenty-two iron bridges in the place of wooden structures.

—There were 811 deaths in New York during the week ending June 23d, of which 532 occurred in tenement houses.

—A Boston man has $67,000 left him by relatives who you would wager on them on empty ones. His eyes opened very wide when he saw that it did not weigh as much.

—An immense vein of lime has been opened on Samuel S. Brown's house, in Northpoint, L. I. The family were driven out, and the boss had to be smoked out.

—The London and Northastern Railway has issued a circular to the principal judges of its American customers, "to institute no operations of importance."

—The Ohio cannery has 200 persons employed and it is unable to fill one-half of the orders it has received. Fifty thousand cans will be put up this season. Another cannery is to be established in a few days to secure the fruit that is going to waste in the country.

—Mr. Gladstone says that he really should like to live a while for two great subjects. The Reform Bill of Melanion Bill, and to convince my countrymen of the substantial identity between the theology of 18 cent and that of the third Tatanasus.

—Dr. Hunter said, by the doctors on the diseases with brought by his wife in England, is liable to penal servitude should he ever go back th re, and is to be indicted as a bigamist by the Public Prosecutor.

—The wholesale desertion in New York say that the influx of California fruits has not had any appreciable effect on either Eastern fruits or the foreign fruit. The reason is thought to be that the Americans are becoming more and more fond of eating fruit.

—The Savannah *News*, in announcing the completion of the Cocoa Mountain Hotel near Tuscini, refers to the construction as "one of the most marvelous pieces of civil engineering ever performed south of the South. The tunnel is 2 145 feet long, 16 feet wide, 14 feet 4 inches and 12 feet high.

—The Grecian and Italian navies have adopted a system of night signals by means down electric lights and it has been suggested by the *Electrical Review* that the system might usefully be used on some passenger steamships, especially in view of the fact that many of these vessels carry an incandescent electric lighting plant.

—Count Maurice Esterhazy has been put under guardianship to check his mad extravagances. He owns, free and clear, nine million acres, more than two thirds of the twenty-three acres of land in Hungary and has the title of Prince. He has spent thirty million without quitting his estate.

—The Archduke Leopold, the eldest member of the Hapsburg family, has been restored to imperial favor. He has been living about 12 years in a lunatic asylum, in the strait-jacket. He awakened Emperor Francis Joseph, his uncle, from his lethargy, by entering the Austrian Emperor's bedroom and shouting "Fire!"

—A box of firecrackers, cale 45 cents in Canada, has recently been imported, carefully packed and subdivided, all ready for the retail trade. A million of these boxes are now imported in this city for sale, and all sold. No doubt the same amount—say, 45 cents a million—Canadian—were packed away this year.

—The Czar's Government has determined to build a transcontinental road across Siberia, with a terminus on the Pacific Ocean. The whole length of the road is 5 000 five thousand miles, and it is estimated that it will cost 400 000 rubles. The first section will be 2 800 miles long, and will probably be begun before long.

—Near the Chicken Broth spring, in the San Jacinto Valley, the existence of which is known only to a few Indians, a prospector goodnatedly who say they never told a lie, a Riverside Enterprise reporter saw a deposit of excellent glass sand and a factory is to be built which will make its own bottles and bottle-and market the beach from the spring. The latest witness declares that all the people who drink even to be at the battle of broth in a steepan, bring it in a pail, and pepper and salt it and serve with crackers.

Curious Changes of Flowers.

Many persons, though well acquainted with flowers, are unaware of the changes through which the plants pass from the time in four or five years before blooms, then it takes on the self colored or bicolor form, or, in some cases, it may change to clear or catalogue it with the harmless, rose-colored flowers, scrolling it in some cases either of those divisions. Then, at the second, or sometimes the next year, or to use or even years, it breaks into its true colors, and because what is termed "rectified."

Why the lilly should be an exception to the rule, is a question to be answered by those, and to have an almost exceptionally interesting and instructive. Perhaps, the practical floral sake of the botanist the sly and therefore of this, and no regret. The cosmog. It is said that in the whole range and history of the plants there is no analogy to this phenomenon.

The Immaculate Heart of Mary.

The fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was recently celebrated in the Church of Notre Dame of Victoires, Paris. There it was founded by Father Dumas, a Lazarist, fifteen years ago, and year it has extended itself further and further, and now it has over 2 000 branches, and counts more than 25,000,000 members. The annals of the association record innumerable instances of the Blessed Virgin under the intercession of the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Victory, the first of which is perhaps the most wondrous—viz., the miraculous preservation of Notre Dame of Victory, as the Abbe Desgenettes said to the Pope, when he was about to leave Paris to meet to repair, and which draws pilgrims from every part of Christendom.

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10 pounds Dried Pears, $1
Star Ground Coffee, 20-25c. per lb
Fine Tea, (No Humbug) 50c per lb
Fine Jar Tea, 40 and 50c per lb
Family Mixed Tea, - 25c per lb
5-gallon can Benner Coal Oil, $1.00
50 lb. sack Salt 35c
Golden Syrup, 5 gall. kegs, - $1.75
20 pounds Canary Seed, $1
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R. SBARBORO, Manager.

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1888.

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS

BY PHILIP SCHELL.

The Church.

The institution of the Church, like creation, was a free act of God's benevolence. It was an extraordinary, and for a time, a many work of mercy. The Church is the lig one of that city with gates of pearl, the crystal fountains, the unimagined splendors and ivory palaces, named the City of God, the New Jerusalem.

THE PARISH CHURCH.

The church, in the narrower sense of a place of worship, is the house of God, Who fills it with the visible glory of His presence. It is consecrated alone to His worship. We should enter the temple of God with mingled awe and veneration, for the place is indeed holy. We should pause at the very threshold and reverently bow, as we enter the sacred precincts for before us is a marvellous scene, which, if unveiled to our dull eyes, would cause us to fall down as did the Apostles on the Transfiguration Mount, and the boss had to be smoked out.

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TWENTY FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1888.

JUDGE MAGUIRE'S MANY MISTAKES.

THIRD ARTICLE.

The fraudulent mixture which prompted the hireling Giraldus Cambrensis to accede to the request of King Henry II. of England, which the Abbé MacGeoghagan so fondly exposes, have also drawn down upon the head of that disreputable Welshman the just indignation of numerous other Irish historical writers.

Assuredly Judge Maguire could not have known the true character of Giraldus Cambrensis, or he would never have cited that pensioned libeller of the Irish people as a witness to the authenticity of the bogus Bull of Pope Adrian IV. Already we have shown the diabolical mendacity of Judge Maguire's principal witness against the Popes, upon the evidence of such inevitable testimony as that given by the Abbés MacGeoghagan, and now let us place on the witness stand of the Superior Court of San Francisco other trustworthy witnesses whose evidence will not only fully corroborate the truth told by Abbé MacGeoghagan, but some of whom go even to further extremes in their just condemnation of the brebis-taking calumniator of both the Pope and the Irish people, the stool pigeon of Henry the Second—Giraldus Cambrensis.

Speaking of the inhuman brood of bloodthirsty Welshmen whom the impulsive Irish traitor MacMurrough gathered around him in Wales, when he applied to King Henry II. of England for help to avert the threatened vengeance of the Irish people, Professor Martin A. O'Brennan, in the first volume of his *Irish Antiquities*, draws the following brief but graphic picture of the penitentiaries which adorned their character:

"Almost every history on Irish matters, even Wright's, (brought out by Talbot), has agreed that the cause of religion in Ireland, at that very time, [the time of Henry's invasion] did not require any reformation—and could not expect it from the allies of the adulterous, perjured Mac Murrough. Who were his first adherents in Wales? The Fitz Henrys, *illegitimate sons* of Henry I., and other children of Nesta, the concubine of the said Henry, viz. De Gros, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-Stephen, the *three De Barrys*, the presence of his Honor James G. Maguire. Have is Thomas Mooney's testimony, as recorded on page 107-9-11 of his "History of Ireland":

"The man who stands conspicuous on the page of time, as the historian *and traducer of Ireland*, is *Gerald Barry, commonly called Giraldus Cambrensis*; he was the first stranger who undertook to write a history of Ireland. Giraldus was a Welsh priest, who followed the fortunes of his relatives and friends, in their invasion of Ireland, from 1185 to 1189. He was a bitter foe to the Irish, and a bitter libeller of them. He was the author of the celebrated Topographia Hibernia, or Irish geography, which was translated into English by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. Giraldus was English, and a bitter enemy to the Irish, in church or government; and to support this representation, with a view to induce his Pope to join his cause, *he employed Giraldus to write his book*. The Pope of that epoch had much temporal power awarded to him by the nations of Europe. They were, by a kind of mutual consent, referred to as arbiters in all national or princely disputes. Their decisions were bowed to with implicit obedience by the whole Christian world. Hence the anxiety of Henry to procure a *corrupt witness* against Ireland, which Giraldus proved himself to be. It appeared that Henry obtained a clandestine bull from Pope Adrian, which (though the genuine one of this document has been reputed by O'Connell and others) conferred authority on Henry to invade Ireland, and force it into subjection to England, and, through the English monarch, more immediately than it had been, to the Pope. *To sustain his* (sic) Cambrensis wrote his "History of Ireland." He was only twice in Ireland, once with the adventurers under Strongbow, and the second time, with John, the son of Henry the Second, both visits not occupying more than eighteen months; he only saw about one third of the country; he, or his, direct proceed no further; he understood not the language of the people, to whom he was a sworn stranger, and could not, therefore, consult the records of their ancient archives; he was obliged to substitute invention, and tales, picked up after the manner of our modern travellers, for historical facts; he mixed only with the most common and illiterate, and took what he obtained from the lowest, he distorted and mixed up with the most rehearsed inventions of his own, representing the people as little better than barbarous, and little civilization by *conquest a meritorious act*. * * * * The "History of Ireland," written by this *half-witted calumniator*, represents the river Shannon as discharging itself into the *North Sea*, whereas it discharges itself into the South or Atlantic. He scarcely mentions who were the inhabitants of Ireland; as to the Sociolo Milesian, who were the peaceful possessors of it for two thousand years, he gives no account whatever, either of their government, laws, battles or invasions. It only indeed, there had been one hundred and eighty-one monarchs of this race before his time, but does not give us so much as their names.

Such was the authority on which the security of successive English monarchs was deprived Ireland of her two thousand years of literature and glory. The learned Abbé Mac Geoghagan, whom, in O'Reilly's translation, I have condensed some of the foregoing, adds, with great force, "Here not the Irish an equal right to complain of him, as Josephus (in his first book against Appion) complains of some Greek authors, who undertook to compose the history of the Jewish war, the destruction of Jerusalem, and captivity of the Jews, from hearsay, without having ever been in the country, or seen the things of which they wrote, and who, he said, improperly assumed to themselves the title of historians." * * * *

Men "grave and learned" *have adopted*, age after age, the false *books* of Cambrensis, have added to these falsehoods, and have piled them up with unblushing effrontery, as if they have been said research and fact places and easy charts by the British government; and the worst of it is, there are plenty of "grave and learned men," in our day, who prefer the self-same course in reference to unhappy Ireland, and who are rewarded by the self-same power that inspired, rewarded Cambrensis. The works of this *false witness* lay buried in obscurity for four hundred years, until republished by *Hanmer*, at Hartford, in 1607; and then was the same generation amazed at the *impudence* of *Giraldus*, confounded, and *discredited falsehoods* were reproduced by the host of calumnious liars, who grew up after the Reformation, and who methodically and unblushingly followed Cambrensis, building up their histories on his fictions; for the same motives that actuated Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, have impelled the pens of most of the English historians of Ireland since the Reformation. Hanmer, Campion, Spenser, Leland, Hume, are amongst the most conspicuous of the English defamers of Ireland; whilst it must be confessed, with deep humility, that Ireland has vomited forth traitors, who have undertaken, for English pay, to disparage and vilify the glorious, though oppressed, land that bore them.

We have other witnesses by whom we might also prove the contemptible, corrupt and untrustworthy character of Judge Maguire's chief witness, but we think it entirely unnecessary to call them into Court, as the evidence we have already adduced is sufficient to satisfy every unprejudiced person that neither Popes Adrian IV., Alexander III., nor the Irish people, were guilty of the crimes he charged against them. That Adrian never sent a Bull to King Henry II., bestowing Ireland upon him; Alexander III. never sent a Bull sanctioning it; nor were the Irish people the savages which this libellous hireling depicted them.

And now that we have torn the mask away from Judge Maguire's most treasured witness, and shown him up in all his naked deformity, we will turn our attention to the Bull itself, and unit week we will introduce to our first witness in defence of Popes Adrian and Alexander, his Eminence Cardinal Moran, whose learned essay upon that interesting historical question is purposely depreciated by the prejudiced author of "Ireland and the Pope," for the sole purpose of undermining its influence and predisposing Irish Catholic readers to reject its truthful statements.

The name of Cardinal Moran carries with it great weight. He is among the most ardent Irish patriots that ever wore a mitre. As an Irish annalist and student of Irish ecclesiastical history he has no equal in our day. He has made the question of the genuineness or the fraudulency of the suppose Bull of Pope Adrian to Henry II., the subject of close study for a number of years. His Eminence visited Rome frequently in order to search among the Vatican Archives for documents bearing on this great Irish Catholic question, and he spent much valuable time in compiling authorities which add great weight to his able argument, which, by the way, Judge Maguire superficially throws aside with the cut and caustic criticism that it is "a very ingenious but radically defective essay."

Notwithstanding Judge Maguire's *opinion*, however, our Catholic readers have sufficient intelligence to pursue, digest, and decide for themselves whether Cardinal Moran's able contribution in defence of the supposed criminals whom Judge Maguire has prejudged and condemned, is "defective essay" the author of "Ireland and the Pope" designates it, or an unanswerable argument in proof of the fact that Henry II. of England, and some of his courtiers, forged the so-called Bull of Pope Adrian IV. in order to frame for him and them an excuse for invading Ireland.

Judge Maguire's most prominent witness against the Popes:

"Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), Welshman by birth, monk by profession, *Averse and apostate by nature*, was the first British historian to deal with Anglo-Irish affairs. James A. Froude, Englishman by birth, Protestant by profession, bigot by nature by temperament and education, is the latest adventurer who has donned the cap of Cambrensis.

Such may be accurately described as the historian Inventor of England, bound to earn his prestige by praising his master through thick and thin, and baiting at no obstacle of rude face while doing so. The Welshman was commissioned by Henry II. to paint the Irish as a lawless, graceless, godless crew; so Gerald promptly reported that "their chief characteristic was treachery, thirst for blood, unbridled licentiousness, and inveterate detestation of order and rule"! Of the scribe who penned these words it has been said that *he never spoke the truth, unless by accident.*"

A man whose moral character is so bad that "*he never spoke the truth except by accident*," is hardly up to the standard of historians who are worthy of belief. Cambrensis may be good enough authority for Judge Maguire, but we feel assured that Catholics must have more credible and respectable testimony before they will accept Judge Popes Adrian and Alexander guilty of having made over Ireland to the murderer of Thomas à Becket, on the testimony of a witness who has the reputation of "never having told the truth except by accident."

The next witness we will call in order to enlighten Judge Maguire upon the character of Cambrensis, is the celebrated Irish poet and historian Thomas Moore, who thus outlines the reasons which should impel all impartial-minded people in *refusing* to give credence to a single statement made by this mercenary maligner of both the Popes and the Irish people. "In estimating the value of Cambrensis' testimony," says Moore, on page 342 of the second volume of his "History of Ireland," "the character of the man himself ought to be taken into account; and, finding him so ready a believer and reporter of all sorts of physical marvels and monsters, we should consider whether a taste for the morally monstrous may not also have inspired his pen, and induced him in a similar manner, *to suspect as well upon himself, perhaps, as his readers.*"

Such is the estimate which Thomas Moore places upon Judge Maguire's staunch witness. And now, let us introduce into the Superior Court of San Francisco the well-known history of Thomas Mooney, and liken the corrupt character of the Popes Giraldus Cambrensis, as described by him in the presence of his Honor James G. Maguire. Have is Thomas Mooney's testimony, as recorded on pages 107-9-11 of his "History of Ireland":

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Such was the authority on which the security of successive English monarchs was deprived Ireland of her two thousand years of literature and glory. The learned Abbé Mac Geoghagan, whom, in O'Reilly's translation, I have condensed some of the foregoing, adds, with great force, "Here not the Irish an equal right to complain of him, as Josephus (in his first book against Appion) complains of some Greek authors, who undertook to compose the history of the Jewish war, the destruction of Jerusalem, and captivity of the Jews, from hearsay, without having ever been in the country, or seen the things of which they wrote, and who, he said, improperly assumed to themselves the title of historians." * * * *

The next witness whom we shall produce in order to further illustrate the infamous character of Giraldus Cambrensis, is Mr. John J. Clancy, whose work, "Ireland: As She Is, As She Has Been, and as She Ought to Be," Judge Maguire no doubt is familiar with. In the opening of the second chapter of that work, the author alludes to Giraldus Cambrensis as "*the lying Welshman*," and, in another portion of the volume, he thus portrays the vile character of Judge Maguire's most prominent witness against the Popes:

"Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), Welshman by birth, monk by profession, *Averse and apostate by nature*, was the first British historian to deal with Anglo-Irish affairs. James A. Froude, Englishman by birth, Protestant by profession, bigot by nature by temperament and education, is the latest adventurer who has donned the cap of Cambrensis.

Such may be accurately described as the historian Inventor of England, bound to earn his prestige by praising his master through thick and thin, and baiting at no obstacle of rude face while doing so. The Welshman was commissioned by Henry II. to paint the Irish as a lawless, graceless, godless crew; so Gerald promptly reported that "their chief characteristic was treachery, thirst for blood, unbridled licentiousness, and inveterate detestation of order and rule"! Of the scribe who penned these words it has been said that *he never spoke the truth, unless by accident.*"

A man whose moral character is so bad that "*he never spoke the truth except by accident*," is hardly up to the standard of historians who are worthy of belief. Cambrensis may be good enough authority for Judge Maguire, but we feel assured that Catholics must have more credible and respectable testimony before they will accept Popes Adrian and Alexander guilty of having made over Ireland to the murderer of Thomas à Becket, on the testimony of a witness who has the reputation of "never having told the truth except by accident."

The next witness we will call in order to enlighten Judge Maguire upon the character of Cambrensis, is the celebrated Irish poet and historian Thomas Moore, who thus outlines the reasons which should impel all impartial-minded people in *refusing* to give credence to a single statement made by this mercenary maligner of both the Popes and the Irish people. "In estimating the value of Cambrensis' testimony," says Moore, on page 342 of the second volume of his "History of Ireland," "the character of the man himself ought to be taken into account; and, finding him so ready a believer and reporter of all sorts of physical marvels and monsters, we should consider whether a taste for the morally monstrous may not also have inspired his pen, and induced him in a similar manner, *to suspect as well upon himself, perhaps, as his readers.*"

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Men "grave and learned" *have adopted*, age after age, the falsehoods of Cambrensis, have added to these falsehoods, and have piled them up with unblushing effrontery, as if they have been said research and fact places and easy charts by the British government; and the worst of it is, there are plenty of "grave and learned men," in our day, who prefer the self-same course in reference to unhappy Ireland, and who are rewarded by the self-same power that inspired, rewarded Cambrensis. The works of this *false witness* lay buried in obscurity for four hundred years, until republished by *Hanmer*, at Hartford, in 1607; and then was the same generation amazed at the *impudence* of *Giraldus*, confounded, and *discredited falsehoods* were reproduced by the host of calumnious liars, who grew up after the Reformation,

A Great Jesuit Missionary Dead.

Among the multitude of remarkable Missionary Priests who formed the grand army of third in spreading the Faith all over the United States, in converting the unenlightened, winning back wayward, straying sheep, and building up the fire of faith in souls where it had grown cold, there is no name more familiar to Catholics all over America than that of Rev. FRANCIS NAVIER WEYNZEN, D. D., who died on the 29th ult. at the House of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in Cincinnati, in the 82nd year of his age.

This illustrious son of St. Ignatius was born of a highly influential family, in the city of Marburg, Austria, in the year 1805. When but a boy his parents removed to Vienna, where young WEYNZEN became quite a favorite with the royal family. After receiving his education at private schools, he entered the University of Vienna, where he made his Divinity course, and could not, therefore, consult the records of their ancient archives; he was obliged to substitute invention, and tales, picked up after the manner of our modern travellers, for historical facts; he mixed only with the most common and illiterate, and took what he obtained from the lowest, he distorted and mixed up with the most rehearsed inventions of his own, representing the people as little better than barbarous, and little civilization by *conquest a meritorious act*. * * * * The "History of Ireland," written by this *half-witted calumniator*, represents the river Shannon as discharging itself into the *North Sea*, whereas it discharges itself into the South or Atlantic. He scarcely mentions who were the inhabitants of Ireland; as to the Sociolo Milesian, who were the peaceful possessors of it for two thousand years, he gives no account whatever, either of their government, laws, battles or invasions. It only indeed, there had been one hundred and eighty-one monarchs of this race before his time, but does not give us so much as their names.

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Divorces in California.

Among the new duties imposed upon the Bureau of Labor in Washington City, by the "progress" of this "enlightened" age, is the collection of statistics from every State in the Union showing the number of Divorces granted in each county in the United States during the twenty years that intervened between 1867 and 1887. This new feature in census reports is evidence of complication at present, and, when completed, promises to present an array of Divorce figures that will astonish—if not alarm—Protestants themselves, as it is to Protestantism we owe this Christian sheughlessness, invention of his Satanic Majesty. Destruction of the family is one of Satan's most diabolical forces in destroying Christian faith, and, at the rate which Divorces are being granted in every section of the United States, it will be but a short time are Christian marriage will be a lost virtue among the non-Catholic element of society.

Sufficient facts concerning Divorce have been collected to show that in twenty years 8,765 Divorces were granted in Chicago; 4,717 in New York; 4,867 in San Francisco and 1,692 in Philadelphia. These figures demonstrate the appalling fact that in these four cities alone 19,981 Divorces were granted in twenty years. Nearly *forty thousand* men and women were thus separated in order to form fresh alliances which they broke in the same way, and thus increased the legalized Polygamy which is the prominent leprosy of society in this age and in this country.

To the credit of California be it said that it is not by any means the worst State in the Union as far as the corrupting vice of Divorce is concerned. From the returns it appears that the several counties in the golden State present the following Divorce record for the twenty years ending last December:

Alameda 153, Alpine 142, Amador 82, Contra Costa 1, Colusa 128, Eldorado 127, Kern 66, Lake 40, Lassen 61, Los Angeles 569, Mendocino 133, Marin 162, Mariposa 41, Merced 89, Monterey 13, Mono 51, Napa 95, Nevada 148, Placer 127, Sacramento 941, Santa Barbara 71, Santa Clara 410, Santa Cruz 157, San Diego 76, San Joaquin 1,207, San Luis Obispo 324, San Mateo 86, Shasta 77, Solano 145, Sutter 27, Tehama 15, Tulare 137, Tuolumne 62, Ventura 57, Yolo 121, Yuba 180.

These figures demonstrate the fact that 9,566 Divorces occurred in this State during the past twenty years, and that 19,132 men and women were contributed by the Courts of California to swells swelling the Filthy stream of immorality which goes rushing through the vicious influence of Divorce laws.

There is much food for thought in these figures, and unless something is done to check the Divorce Evil, Christianity will suffer much through the sins of its Protestant professors.

The Pope and Columbus.

Some time ago a Protestant Boston journal, in a very tender pull that would tickle a Catholic, the following was forwarded by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII: "So far as Columbus is concerned, writes the Holy Father, "the excellence of his virtue and the abundance of benefits conferred by him upon the human race, will ever be held such a high and honored place in the annals of history that very few of humanity's benefactors can be placed before him. To us his memory is particular; dear, because he undertook perilous voyages, subjected himself to herculean labors, and exposed himself to the risk of perils, in order that they might spread the knowledge of the true God among the innumerable children of men living in darkness and in the shadow of death. Inserting in justice to the character of this wonderful man, and, owing to see the present generation emulate his zeal and many virtues, we heartily endorse the request of our venerable brother, the Archbishop of Baltimore, in his letter to us, that a statue be erected in our Capitol, and that the United States according to the Baltimore Catechism, be placed under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception." By Rev. S. Smith, Redemptorist, New York. Cardinal and Chicago Rev. Rev. Rev.

After fifteen years of literary labor, great research and unremitting study, Rev. S. B. Smith has the satisfaction of labelling the Catholic world with a work which will enable the Catholic to all portions of the civilized universe. Approbation and encouragement by the Supreme Pontiff has enabled the Barcelona committee to bring their praise and patriotic undertaking to a successful close.

—Alluding to the condition of the Tory party in England, the Cork *Examiner* says: "The political condition in England is present in peculiar enough. The Tories are in office but they are simply without power; they depend on the Liberal Unionists for their support in order to remain in office. On a division on any portion of the Government England never favors Coalitions, and the common people hate those who parade and leaders who profess clearly-defined principles. Black and White, ignoring or sinking their principles to preserve Power, do not command enthusiastic support from the ordinary supporters of the Black and White party. A Government of expediency has ever been a weak government. Whether what number of votes it was able to secure in the House of Commons. It might drag along for a number of years—such things have occurred in the past, if a capable and energetic Opposition were not to be faced; but when opportunity offers, it will be a powerful following determinedly assault the combination it cannot last for long.

—The Irish correspondent of an English paper thus alludes to Archbishop Ireland's visit to the great patriotic Prelate of Dublin: "The Archbishop of San Francisco is very here at present. He is the guest of the Archbishop of Dublin, and he is delighted to understand the question fully to study the Irish question. The Archbishop of Dublin has spoken to the anti Irish newspapers, and it was officially sent, he said us, that the Irish people are not the savages they are said to be, and that the matter was under investigation by the Pope. The Irish people have been concerned—one in direct contradiction with the newspaper, the other an official which proves that it is difficult to believe the Irish people, but it difficult to believe the Irish people, but it difficult to believe the Irish people, but it

CARDINAL MANNING.

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seek to know what was and is Christianity before and outside of the sacred books; and we have the same evidence for the oral tradition of the Faith as we have for the New Testament itself. Both alike were in the custody of the Church; both are delivered to us by the same witness and on the same evidence. To reject either, is logically to reject both. Happily men are not saved by logic, but by faith. The millions of souls in all ages have believed by inheritance of truth Divinely guarded and delivered to them. They have no need of lay oral analysis. They have believed from their childhood. Neither children nor those who *infectious aspergunt* are logicians. It is the penance of the doubter and the sceptic to begin by doubt and inheritance. It is a hard penance! his the suffering of those who eternal sin, like the suffering of those who eternal, by debate on "predestination, free will, fate."

BETWEEN THE DEATH OF ST. JOHN and the mature lifetime of St. Irenæus fifty years elapsed. St. Polycarp was disciple of St. John, St. Irenæus was a disciple of St. Polycarp. The Gospel of St. John and the mind of St. Irenæus had only one intermediate intelligence, in contact with each. It would be an affectation of minute criticism to trace the doctrine of St. Irenæus as a deduction from the doctrine of St. Polycarp, or the doctrine of St. Polycarp as a deduction from the doctrine of St. John. Moreover, St. John ruled the Church at Ephesus, St. Polycarp was born in Asia Minor about the year a. 120—that, twenty years after St. John's death, when the Church in Asia Minor was still full of the light of his living, and of the memory of his voice. Let us have known the way of our mother-faith, those through whom the Gospel came to us which, indeed, they then preached, but, afterwards, by the will of God, delivered to us in Scriptures, the future foundation and pillar of our Faith. It is not lawful to say that they preached before they had perfect knowledge, as some dare to affirm, boasting themselves to be correctors of the Apostles. For after our Lord rose from the dead, and when they had been clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost, who came upon them from on high, they were filled with all truths, and had knowledge that was perfect. In chapter 8, he adds that, "When they are referred out of Scripture, they turn and accuse the Scriptures as erroneous, unauthoritative, and of various readings, so that the truth cannot be known by those who do not know tradition"—that is, that—"that tradition which we challenge them to come to the tradition of the Apostles, which is in custody of the succession of Presbyters in the Church; they turn against tradition, saying that they are not only wiser than the Presbyters, but even the Apostles, and have found the truth. It therefore comes to pass that they will not agree either with the Scriptures or with tradition." (Ibid. c. 10) "Therefore, all who desire to know the truth should look to the tradition of the Apostles, which is manifest in all the world and in all the Church. We are able to count up the Bishops who were instituted in the Church by the Apostles and their successors to our day. They never taught nor knew such things as these men really assert." "But as it would be too long to reckon up such as this in successors the successions of all the Churches, we point to the tradition of the greatest, most ancient Church, known to all, founded and constituted in Rome by the two glorious Apostles Peter and Paul, and to the faith preached to all men, coming down to us by the succession of Bishops, thereby confounding all those who, in any way, by self pleasing, or vain glory, or blindness, or an evil mind, teach as they ought not. For with this Church, by reason of its greater principality, it is necessary that all churches should agree; that is, the faithful, wheresoever they be, for in that Church the tradition of the Apostles has been preserved."

NO CONSENT NEED BE MADE on the words the "greater principality," which have been perverted by every anti-Catholic writer from the time they were written to this day. But if anyone will compare them with the words of St. Peter to Columbanus (chap. 1. 18), describing the primacy of the Head of the Church to herein it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of S. Irenæus, which is unfortunately lost, contained some word which signifies primacy. However this may be, St. Irenæus goes on: "The blessed Apostles, having founded and instructed the Church, gave in charge the Episcopate, for the administration of the same, to Linus. (Of this Linus, Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, makes mention. To him succeeded Anacletus, and after him, the third place from the Apostles, Clement succeeded the Episcopate, he who saw the Apostles themselves and conferred with them, while as yet he had the preaching of the Apostles in his ears and the tradition before his eyes; and not he only, but many who had been taught by the Apostles also survived. In the time of this Clement, when no little dissension had arisen among the brethren in Corinth, the Church in Rome wrote very powerful letters *potentiores litteras* to the Corinthians, recalling them to union, renewing their faith, and declaring the tradition which it had so short a time ago received from the Apostles." These letters of St. Clement are well known, but have lately become more valuable and complete by the discovery of fragments published in a new edition by Lightfoot. In these fragments there is a form of authority fully explaining the words of St. Irenæus. He then traces the succession of the Bishops of Rome to his own day, and adds: "This demonstration is complete to show that it is one and the same life giving faith which has been preserved in the Church from the Apostles until now, and is handed down in truth." "Polycarp was not only taught by the Apostles and conversed with many of those who had seen our Lord, but he was also constituted by the Apostles in Asia to be Bishop in the Church of Smyrna. We also saw him in our early youth, for he lived long, and when very old departed from this life most gloriously and nobly by martyrdom. He ever taught that what he had learned from the Apostles, and what the Church had delivered, those things only are true." In the fourth chapter,

OF FAITH ALL ONES OUGHT TO SAY, "Since, then, there are such proofs (of the faith), the truth is no longer to be sought in among others, which it is easy to receive from the Church, inasmuch as the Apostles laid up all truth in fullness in a rich depository, that all who will may receive from it the water of life." "Hot what the Apostles had not left in the Scriptures: ought we not to follow the order of tradition, which they gave in charge to them to whom they intrusted the Churches? To which order (of tradition) many barbarous nations yield assent, who believe in Christ without paper or ink, having salvation written by the Spirit in their hearts, and diligently holding the ancient tradition." In the twenty-sixth chapter of the same book he says: "Therefore, it is our duty to obey the Presbyters who are in the Church, who have succession from the Apostles, as we have already shown; who along with the succession of the episcopate have the charisma *veritatis certum*, according to the Father's good pleasure." I have quoted these passages at length, not so much as proofs of the Catholic Faith as to show the identity of the Church at its outset with the Church before our eyes at 1 is hour, proving that the acorn has grown into its oak, or, if you will, the identity of the Church at this hour with the Church of the Apostolic mission. These passages show the episcopate, its second principality, its succession, its custody of the faith, its subsequent receiver and guardianship of the Scriptures, its Divine traditions, its charisma or Divine assistance by which its perpetuity is assured, its succession of the Apostles. This is almost verbally, after eighteen hundred years, the decree of the Vatican Council: *Perfectio et fides scriptorum, depositorum charisma*

BUT ST. IRENÆUS DRAWS OUT IN FULL the Church of this day. He shows the parallel of the first creation, and the second, of the first Adam and the second, of the analogy between the Incarnation or Spiritual body, and the Church or mystical body of Christ. He says:

"Our faith we received from the Church, and guard it . . . as an excellent gift in a noble vessel, always full of youth, and making youthful the vessel itself in which it is. For this gift of God is intrusted to the Church, as the breath of life (*vivificatio*) to the First man, so this end, that all the members partaking of it might be quickened with life. And thus the communication of Christ is imparted; that is, the Holy Ghost, the earnest of incorruption, the confirmation of the faith, the way of ascent to God. For in the Church (St. Paul says) God placed Apostles, Prophets, Doctors, and all other operations of the Spirit, of which none participate who do not come to the Church, thereby depriving themselves of life by a perverse mind and worse deeds. For where the Church is, there is the Spirit of God, and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church, and all grace. But the Spirit is truth. Wherefore, they who do not partake of Him (the Spirit), and are not nourished from life at the breast of the mother (the Church), do not receive of the most pure fountain which proceeds from the Body of Christ, but dig out for themselves broken goods from the foulest pits of the earth, and drink putrid water mixed with mire, because they flee from the faith of the Church, lest they be made to know nothing."

Again he says

"The Church, scattered throughout all the world, even unto the ends of the earth, received from the Apostles and their disciples the faith in one God the Father Almighty, that made the heaven and the earth and the seas, and all things that are in them," &c.

BE THEN SAVED BEFORE THE DOCTRINE of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and His coming again to raise all men, to judge men and angels, and to give sentence of condemnation or of life everlasting. How much soever the language may vary from other forms, such is the substance of the Baptismal Creed. He then adds.

"The Church having received this preaching and this faith, as we have said before, although in be scattered throughout the whole world, carefully preserves it, dwelling as in one habitation, and believes alike in these (doctrines) as though she had one soul and the same heart; and in strict accord, as through she had one mouth, proclaims and teaches, and delivers onward these things. And although there be many diverse languages in the world, yet the power of the tradition is one and the same. And neither do the churches planted in Germany believe otherwise, or otherwise deliver (the faith) nor those in Iberia, nor among the Celtic, nor in the East, nor in Egypt, nor in Libya, nor those that are planted in the middle. But as the sun, which is God's creature, in all the world is one and the same, so also the preaching of the truth shineth everywhere, and lightened all men that are willing to come to the knowledge of the truth. And neither will any ruler of the Church though be he mighty in the utterance of truth, teach otherwise than this (for no man is above the master, nor will he that is weak in the same diminish from the tradition; for the faith being one and the same, he that is able to say most of it hath nothing over, and he that is able to say least hath no lack."

BUT, IRENÆUS, THEN, the Church was "the irrefragable witness of its own legation." When did it cease so to be? It would be easy to multiply quotations from Tertullian (a. c. 200, from St. Cyprian a. c. 250, from St. Augustine and Optatus in a. c. 350, from St. Leo in a. c. 450, all of which are on the same tradition of the faith in the Church, the custody of Scripture, the Divine assistance in its discharge. But I refrain from doing so because I should have to write not an article but a book. Any Catholic theology will give the passages which are now before me; or one may look as the *Lex Orandi* of Prosper of Aquitaine will suffice to show the continuity and identity of the tradition of St. Irenæus and the tradition of the Church, as it is, which the universal church last declared the immutable faith and its own legation to mankind. The world wide testimony of the Catholic Church is a sufficient witness to prove the coming of the Incarnate Son to redeem mankind, and return to His Father; it is also sufficient to prove the advent of the Holy Ghost to abide with the Church. The work of the Son in this world was accomplished by His Divine acts and facts of His three and thirty years of life, death, Resurrection, and Ascension. The office of the Holy Ghost is perpetual, not only as fulfilmentator and Sanctifier of all who be holy, but also as the Life and Guide of the Catholic Church. I may quote now the words of the Founder of the Church: "It is expedient for you that I go: for if I go, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you." "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever. . . . The Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it sees Him not nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."

IT CAN'T BE THAT APOSTLE TO THE GENTILES describes the Church as a body of which the Head is in heaven, and the Author of life is the defectible life abiding in it as His temple. Therefore the words, "He that heareth you heareth Me." This could not be if the Church of the Apostles had been only human. Or Divine guidance was attached to the office they born. They were, therefore also judges of right and wrong, and teachers by Divine guidance of the truth. But the presence and guidance of the Spirit of Truth is as full at this day as when St. Irenæus wrote. As the Churches then were witnesses, judges, and teachers, so is the Church at this hour a world-wide witness, an unerring judge and teacher, divinely guided and guarded in the truth. It is therefore not only a human and historical, but a Divine witness. This is the chief Divine truth which the last three hundred years have disassembled. Modern Christianity believes in the one advent of the Redeemer, but rejects the full and personal advent of the Holy Ghost. And yet the same evidence proves both. The Christianity of reformers always rejected the Church, because they reject the fulfil, or the personal advent of the Holy Ghost. They deny that there is any infallible teacher among men, and disbelieve the return to the types and shadows of the Law before the Incarnation, when the Head was not yet manifested, and the Holy Ghost did not as yet exist

BUT IRENÆUS GOES ONE STEP FAR, "I admit your description of the Church as it is now and as it was in the days of St. Irenæus; but the religious institutions of which you have said nothing were signs of decline, disorder, superstition, formalization." I will answer by a question—was not this foretold? Was not the Church to be a field of wheat and tares growing together till the harvest at the end of the world? There were Cathari of old, and Puritans since, impatient at the patience of God in bearing with the perversities and corruptions of the human intellect and will. The Church, like its Head in heaven, is both human and divine. "He was crucified in weakness," the Church was "the irrefragable witness of its own legation." When did it cease so to be? It would be easy to multiply quotations from Tertullian (a. c. 200, from St. Cyprian a. c. 250, from St. Augustine and Optatus in a. c. 350, from St. Leo in a. c. 450, all of which are on the same tradition of the faith in the Church, the custody of Scripture, the Divine assistance in its discharge. But I refrain from doing so because I should have to write not an article but a book. Any Catholic theology will give the passages which are now before me; or one may look as the *Lex Orandi* of Prosper of Aquitaine will suffice to show the continuity and identity of the tradition of St. Irenæus and the tradition of the Church, as it is, which the universal church last declared the immutable faith and its own legation to mankind. The world wide testimony of the Catholic Church is a sufficient witness to prove the coming of the Incarnate Son to redeem mankind, and return to His Father; it is also sufficient to prove the advent of the Holy Ghost to abide with the Church. The work of the Son in this world was accomplished by His Divine acts and facts of His three and thirty years of life, death, Resurrection, and Ascension. The office of the Holy Ghost is perpetual, not only as fulfilmentator and Sanctifier of all who be holy, but also as the Life and Guide of the Catholic Church. I may quote now the words of the Founder of the Church: "It is expedient for you that I go: for if I go, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you." "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever. . . . The Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it sees Him not nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."

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THE WEEK'S NEWS
FROM
IRELAND.

IRISH NEWS BY MAIL.

Antrim.

On the 25th ult. the Cushendall branch of the Antrim railway was opened for passenger traffic as far as Parkmore, about 14 miles from Ballymena. Hitherto nothing but mineral trains have been running between Ballymena and Parkmore, the remainder of Glenariff through which the line passes, all walking in fine weather. This extension of the railway will be a great boon to the people of Glenariff, which is a highly romantic part of the country, and is visited yearly by hundreds to hunting visiting the glens and waterfalls of Glenariff at Cushendall, which is the terminus of the railway. The extension of the line has been long delayed, and will meet with general approval.

Clare.

Such a destructive deluge of rain has not been witnessed in West Clare for a quarter of a century as was experienced on the night of the 25th ult. All the streams have been bankfull for several second, and large quantities of hay in meadow cocks have been carried away. In Ennis the principal streets were for some hours flooded, and many were in danger of drowning. The meadows and crops have been held in vast tracts. The amount of damage done to the fodder and crops is incalculable in this country, as testified by the various reports.

Cork.

An election scene very unusual circumstances occurred in Mallow on Saturday. A woman, Mrs. Hayes, was elected a town commissioner. The election was contested by Mr. Hayes, who, in the interest of his wife, canvassed the town, and, after the poll had closed in the school-house, called on the people to cheer for Mrs. Hayes, which they did with a will. The result was that the Nationalists, who had expected a walkover, were defeated by a majority of 29 votes. Mr. Hayes, who is a Nationalist, and who was defeated at the last election by a majority of 12, was the chairman of the Mallow Commissioners for the last year.

Limerick.

On the 21st ult., at the Croghan Court, Ballyhoura, Mr. Hickey held a farm of 26 acres from Mrs. Thomas, who is being sued with a decree of the land court, with the exception of two small fields, which he had let to a Mr. Michael Ryan, who, when coming to the farm, was met by Mr. Hickey, John Thomas, and three demoralized men from Mrs. Thomas's farm, who had taken the field, Mr. Hickey, and he brought an eyewitness, who swore that Mr. Ryan was knocked down, and, after a fierce struggle, Mr. Hickey was forced to leave the field, and Mr. Ryan was left in possession. Mr. Hickey had to be carried home, and was disabled for some time. Mr. Hickey has been twice very badly used by the Croghan Court, and the cause of hell shall not prevail against it." "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." "I dwell in you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom." "All power in heaven and earth is given unto Me. Go, therefore, and teach all nations." "He that heareth you heareth Me." "I will be with you always, even until the end of the world."

THAT THE PLAN OF PENTECOST were accomplished they were all together in one place, and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and there appeared to them parted tongues, as of fire." "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us" "Lo, I am with you for ever." But who denies that the Apostles claimed a Divine mission? and who denies that the Catholic and Roman Church from St. Irenæus to Leo XIII. has alone and openly claimed the same, invoking in all its supreme acts as witness, teacher, and legislator the Holy Ghost? Leaving aside some of the Holy Ghost, the consecration of all created things by the same creative power produced in perpetual and universal unity, the Church claims the Holy Ghost, and of the faith: is by the perpetuity of the presence and office of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. Therefore, St. Augustine calls the day of Pentecost, *Natalis Spiritus Sancti*.

It is more than time that I should make an end, and to do so it will be well to rest on the heads of our argument. The Vatican Council declares that the world was then "the irrefragable witness of its own legation or mission to mankind.

1. That the apostolic existence of the Church at this hour is a world-wide revolution that it has wrought in men and nations, in the moral direction of mankind and of humanity, and in the domestic, social and political life of the Christian world, cannot be accounted for by any natural causes, or by any forces that are, as philosophy and history demonstrate, adverse, with in the limits of what is possible to man.

2. That this world-wide and supreme elevation of the Christian world, in compassion with both the Jewish and the modern world outside of Christianity, demands a cause higher than the possibility of nature.

3. That the Church has always claimed a Divine origin and a Divine office and authority in virtue of a Supernatural Divine assistance. To this even the Christian world, in its fragmentary state, bears, in its fidelity, bears witness. It is turned to our reproach. They refuse to be bound by the teaching of the Church to be infallible. We take the rebuke as an honour and a witnessing for our faith. It is not enough for men to say that they refuse to believe this account of the Church and its office. It is not enough that the Church, in the nature and authority of its teaching, is the witness of light and of unction, and of the Spirit of Truth, and of the faithful, in the sphere of the spiritual, and of the Church. It is the witness of the world, and of the world, in its fidelity, bears witness, and, in spite of itself, to the Divine office of the Church. It is the witness

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1888.

Poetry.

DOES THE MORNING,
AM FIRST REMEMBER.

It lay on the breast of our Motherland,
When the golden light of the Morning shone
O'er the cities gray, and the mountains grand,
Where shorten the valles' hearts still sore;
Then the tender stone of this shamrock pressed
The moral and where our dear ones rest.

It has basked in the smiles of her mild sky,
It has quaffed the tear-like dews of dew,
Where the martyred children of Erin lie—
Her pulses heave, her hearts, her true.
We fell when her valleys grew red with blood,
Where our hardy his 'gainst the foemen stood.

I look on my shamrock—a token dear;
And, lo! here its spotted leaves untold
Loved memories bright of the Isle so dear,
Fond dreams of her vanished age of gold,
Blest with hope for a dawning yet to be
When the land of our sires will be great and free

O beautiful emblem of deathless love!
Then symbol of the Trinity, dear God,
Shining immortal in the heart so more,
Thy magic is thine the heart's Lord's rod,
Where tomb from the desert rock could bring
The gladdening waves of a hidden spring.

Shamrock of Erin, oh! green and fair
In the heart of the exile thy memory dwells;
And a thought akin to a moaned prayer
At the sight of thy green leaves mingles swells
Thy memory, O Erin! high seats in sport.

Fond and fond still, thy million in this West,
And like our Mother, mark the old spirit
Trampling to our hearts and the Gospel Truth,
Bearing works of God and teaching youth;
Reverence for Holy Mother
O hearth within our hearts, and lovelier each other,
Is kind in that of dear ones at home.

We love as dear as life thy noble name,
It accompanies our exiled Erin, and point the way
O a thy delightful home, the golden ray
O! Paradise, that gives eternal years
It sweet to all but bright the life of tears.
O delightful are the thoughts, the Heavenly
Amen.

A son, that rise and flow like crystal streams
Near the souls wherein thy soothing brightly
phrase.

A, noble praise, young and gifted Erin,
Bright and deeply in the love of Mighty Fire,
O! communes with Heaven, our petitions bear
O come to the Father, and call on God to share
Thy sorrows, and fallen man below,
Thy sorrows, lovely truth and souls of love still sow,
Seem our little sons, beloved of God,
If ely is day children's coming out;
O, hatch ye with thy voice of Heavenly love,
O rest thy Hallows 'Ill life's brief day is over.

Erin's day of life, is still thy fervent theme,
O! Heaven alone should be our eternal home.

O souls, thou art of, from earth's sorrows blight,
A, ever the O! earth's dreams blight,
O ever again to leave the paths of light.

O! or thou can prepare to Heaven's bright Throne
shall be
Ah! upside from all die to yonder skies,
And ask we that thine be preserved to Erin,
O sons, noble Bishop, Ireland's gifted one,
O! Heaven our prayer! all our fervent sons;
O comfort our homes and land the young gray
O be the cast upon our "Heaven's Blessed Day."

JOHN F. MCDONNELL.
Virginia City, Nev., Sept. 26, 1888.

Literary Miscellany.

Three Mysteries of the Sea.

"God's ways are full of mystery, and we one realize the truth of the question more than this man who go down to sea in ships. My fifteenth birthday found me an orphan and a waif in the streets of New Orleans. I had run away from a farmer in Illinois, to whom I was bound, and by hook and crook had reached the great town on the Father of Waters. I had been living a precarious life for a month when the proprietor of an oyster house gave me a job. It was part of my work to open the oysters consumed in the place, and this portion was done in a little room just in the rear of some private stalls or compartments. The stalls fronted the public room, of course, and were in one of these that a gentleman who desired privacy while eating a stew or drinking a glass of wine. I could hear all that was said in two of them, as the partitions were only cloth; but I had been in the place two weeks before anything of particular interest was dropped from either. One evening, while I was at my work, two men entered one of the stalls, ordered a stew, and drank some grog, and, after lighting cigars, entered upon a conversation which at once attracted my attention.

"Well, have you got it all fixed?" asked one.

"Everything ship-shape and understood," replied the other.

"Shi is insured?"

"Way up."

"And no suspicions?"

"Not a one."

"We take machinery to Rio Janeiro!"

"Yes. That and other stuff."

"And bring back sugar and coffee?"

"Yes, if we return."

"What do we get?"

"Three thousand a piece."

"Well, I don't like it, but I'm in with you. She's to go down off the Guinea coast, eh?"

"Yes, down that way."

"Spring a leak and founder, and all hands take to the boats, I suppose?"

"That's the plan."

"Well, here's success to it. The idea is a good old craft, and I hate to see her go, but one must look out for himself."

"Aye, mate, that's Gospel truth. What's that you and me are going to do now. I'll come from the rich insurance companies, and no one will be the poorer."

"And we can treat Williams to hand over our divvy!"

"He's square. He's got to be square. I was a green country boy, but I caught on to their tricks. They were sailors, and they were planning the fun of a ship to get the insurance. I rose up and found a hole in the cloth through which I could get a little curiosity as to the contents, and the idea that they contained treasure never crossed my mind. I got out four before the rats turned, and there were several more in sight. After I had been altogether shortly after, I began to consider whether they contained nuts or bullets, and set about breaking one open. Oh, it rose upon rows of silver coins greeted my sight. I was stunned—was lost, going steadily forward, and reports here come another, of premature M. comes familiar to take up settlement in the new region. In a chat here received with S. B. Aldrich, a business man of Salt Lake, who has been in New York purchasing goods, he said, among other things:

"The law of Mormon persecution and conspiracy is also gather dying out in Utah. The wealth of the land has indeed a tendency to cool enthusiasm. It seems strange to the Saints, but it is true, that the Middle State sons of New England and the Middle States farmers have come among us in large numbers, and they have a tendency to keep down the Mormons are being pushed to the wall in every direction. There is no question whatever about this movement to and fro. The Mormons have attempted to keep it in the profound secret. The Brigham Young, who is considered the prophet of the Lord, is a son of Brigham Young, and Brigham Young's father was formerly a Deacon of Cincinnati, is an elder of the church, and who is well known in the Ancient Order of Antient Free and Accepted Masons. John W. Young makes his home in New York City. He is a member of the Masonic Order, and is well known in the Masonic circles of New York City. They have been spending enormous sums of money in Utah, and have established a banking and commercial agency in New York city under the name of Amicus or Friends. Amicus is composed of the Mormon church as well as of Gentiles, and is in the employment of the Mormon church as well as in other directions. The organization of the Amicus was completed on the 15th of September day Saints in the land of the Lord." Amicus has purchased outright about one million a year land, and has secured a 15 year lease of 100,000 acres of land, and working of about ten million feet of timber annually land. Cause of the Mormons, and from justice, and just as they are. Mormons are not to be Sent Forth Into Salt Lake. Mormons are not to be sent forth to the Pressed to a home. The mission of the Mormons is to gather together in a box and this dream cut Kirby tooth is gone, and the Mormons are not afraid of the drawing has taken place. Mormons are to be required to pay a very tough name in a tough time to which dispute the Mormons are not afraid. It has wholly passession and will remain in the hands of the Mormons. Mormons are to be required to pay for the land to sell it out at once. There is a prophecy that Mormons are to be sent forth to the coming Gentile tide, sir!, are ready to be persecuted with

THE MONITOR.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1888

Poetry.

FOR THE MONITOR.

AN IRISH SHAMROCK.

It lay on the breast of our Motherland,
When the golden light of the Maytime shone
On the rains gray, and the mountains grand,
Whose charms the exiles' hearts still owned;
Then the tender stems of this shamrock pressed
The sacred soil where our dear one rest.

It has basked in the smiles of her sunlit sky,
It has quaffed the tear-like drops of dew,
When the martyred children of Erin lie—
Her gallant heroes, her brave, her true.
He fell when her valleys grew red with blood,
When our hardy kin 'gainst the foemen stood.

I lost on my shamrock—a token dear;
And, lo! how its spiritual leaves unfold
Lovely memories bright of the fair so dear,
Fond dreams of her vanished age of gold,
Hopes with hope for a dawning yet to be,
When the land of our sires will be great and free.

O beautiful emblem of deathless love!
Then symbol fair of the Tri-one God;
What magic is thine the heart to move,
Stirring lonesome fancie like that Leader's rod,
Whose touch from the desert rock could bring
The gladdening waves of a bibbles spring.

Shamrock of Erin, ah! green and fair
In the heart of the exile thy memory dwells;
And a thought akin to a murmured prayer,
At the sight of thy green leaves mingle swells
From heart to lip, for the Old Land fair
Revealed by thy touch to his spirit's eyes.

Thou, unwilting result of the Irish earth,
From "a land of rains" sent unto me,
All the consolation thoughts thou hast called to birth
Of the beautiful emerald of the sea,
Morgs into blessings upon his cause,
From whose kindly hand my shamrock came.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

FOR THE MONITOR.

A WOODLAND RETREAT.

A SPRING SONG.

At sunset hour I roll the wood
With eyes, where rolled the dewy tears—
My boyhood out of solitude—
Where racked with awful departing fears,
Where yet unconscious of the joy
And sorrows deep—oh, base alloy—
That mingled with life on earth,
With silver tones of laughing mirth,
I romped the wood with sinless feet
To plunge bright dreams I chanced to meet.

When crowned the sugar of the gale,
I crouched beneath a hoary tree;
And breathless heard the embryonic tale,
Its weird voice murmured were me;
A ghostly tale it hoarsely told—
A mystic tale of the glints of old—
When armed with fierce revenge and might,
With wiles invincible as night,
They stove to hurl with flaming war
The rightful Lord from Heaven star.

When Eve with her attendant train
As slowly descend the aps of day—
Maybe swept the hills and dales,
And linned each scene with pulse gay;
Then, weight I down my heart's thought,
Tow'rd Heaven, with bright joy, I sight
The parables of boyhood days,
Sped when knew thought devious, ways,
Ahead of Phoebus's pathway
To night shades fell my prey.

Ah! oft I roved at wintry morn,
While gloomy silence held the scene,
When every plant and tree was shorn
Of its bright verdure of summer;
Walking I drew on a tale of woe;
The streamlet's song like distant bells
Echoed among the hills and dale,
I rambled thus with boyish zest,
With soul softened, mind at rest.

Though age sits heavily on my brow,
And sorrow reveals in my brain;
Yet still I troll the soft mass plane,
Where oft the old sweet ones, or again,
Departed days of heavenly bliss!
Aglow with joys, with sorrows few;
Will re-enter; will re-come more
Upon my soul the gladdened glow,
Ah, to! the bliss to Heaven.
Is only found again in Heaven.

And Time shall sorrow grey
In hours of peace and praise
As blind my childhood's day;
The world has gone home
Though wine it has grown—
Such joys as were mine aw.

J. J. CORTISSOZ.

ACROSTIC.

To His Grace, The Most Rev. P. N. Riordan, Arch-bishop of San Francisco

M ost reverend, honored prelate of our land,
O ccle st ial! God's mantle great command,
P ower in obedient opposite to man,
T each him Heaven's supreme and unlikely plan.

R adiant bore, thy mission from above
E ternity name to realms of endless love;
V ast been the good Apostolic flow,
E ar alluring man from sin to for;
R ecently in all the love the super touch,
N ow adorned with golden tongue and carnet speech;
E ver varying by sign, word or deed,
D ivinely commanded—help souls in need.

P ace and good will, thy mission in the West,
A ad idle ver Master, raise the standard
E ndeavor to our wants and the Gospel Truth,
R ariving works of God and teaching youth;
I nculcating love of Holy Mother,
C hastity within our hearts, and lovefor each other,
E lid as that of sister or of brother.

W e love so dear on life thy noble name,
R ecounted our shield lives, and point the way
E ternity thy delightful home, the golden ray
O f Paradise, that gives eternal years
R ewards to all lovers of the life of tears.
D elightful are the thoughts, the Heavenly dreams.

A now, that rise and flow like crystal streams
N ear the seats wherein thy teaching brightly
gleams.

A h, noble prelate, young and gifted fire,
R ed deeply in the Lea of Mystic Fire,
C ommune with Heaven; our petitions bear
H ence to the skies, and call on God to share
I nsulings gift upon us fallen man below,
S ugest words fresh and seeds of love still sow,
R ecent our Heels, oem, Sabbrest of Lord,
H elp to allay effulgent cutting rod;
O h, teach us with thy voice of Heavenly love
P ave and blessings ulilike's brief day's star.

D ear lord of all's law, is still thy fervent theme,
F or Heaven above should be our constant dream.

A s day, thou art from the shadows night,
A nd our rise, the soil's darkness light,
F or ever again to leave the paths of light.

F or those one prayers to Heaven's height Throne
shall be—

R ecognize from all life to yonder skies,
A nd ask we that thou be preserved to live
E arly concluded, thou's words of truth to give.
C omin, noble Bishop, Ireland's gifted son,
I llume our paths with all our deeds done.
H ymnous Divine Bride with true Religion's sway,
O ccurred our homes and lead the rejoicing
O ut the vast upward to "Heaven's Eternal Day."

JOHN F. MCDONOUGH.

Virginia City, Nev. Sept. 29, 1888.

Literary Miscellany.

Three Mysteries of the Sea.

"God's ways are full of mystery," and no one realizes the truth of the quotation more than the man who go down to sea in ships. My fifteenth birthday found me an orphan and a waif in the streets of New Orleans. I had run away from a farmer in Illinois, to whom I was bound, and by luck and crook I had reached the great town on the Father of Waters. I had been living a precarious life for a month when the proprietor of an oyster house gave me a job. It was part of my work to open the oysters consumed in the place, and this portion was done in a little room just in the rear of some private stalls or compartments. The stalls fronted the public room, of course, and were intended for parties who desired privacy while eating a stew or drinking a glass of wine. I could hear all that pass and in two of them, as the partitions were only cloth, but I had been in the place two weeks before anything of particular interest was forthcoming. One evening, while I was at my work, two men entered one of the stalls, ordered a stew, and drank a bottle of claret, after fighting, eagerness, and grog, and, after talking earnestly, entered upon a conversation which at once attracted my attention.

"Well, have you got it all fixed?" asked one.

"Everything ship-shape and understood," replied the other.

"Is insured?"

"Way up."

"And no suspicions?"

"Not a one."

"We take machinery to Rio Janeiro?"

"Yes. That and other stuff."

"And bring back sugar and coffee?"

"Yes, if we return."

"What do we get?"

"Three thousand a piece."

"Well, I don't like it, but I'm in with you. She's to go down off the Gulian coast, eh?"

"Yes, down that way."

"Spring a leak and founder, and all hands take to the boats, I suppose?"

"That's the plan."

"Well, here's success to it. The ship is a good old craft, and I hate to see her go, but one must look out for himself."

"Aye, mate, that's the sort talk. What you and me are going to do now fill some from the rich insurance companies, and no one will be the poorer."

"And we can trust Williams to hand over our divvy?"

"He's square. He's got to be square with us, or we'll blow on him."

"I was a green country boy, but I caught on to their tricks. They were sailors, and they were planning the loss of a ship; I was the farmer in Illinois, and I was the cloth thrown up which I could get a little curiosity as to the contents, and the idea that they contained treasure never cased my mind. I got out four fathoms the tide turned, and there were several more in sight. After I had them altogether all so bright, I began to wonder how in the they contained nuts or bullets, and set about breaking one open. My surprise upon finding rows of silver coins greeted my eyes. I was near losing what I had found, for, as I was in the act of opening the fourth one, I heard a footstep, and, as I had never seen any before, I was at a loss to determine the value.

Before the discovery of that money, I had wanted nothing but a pair of shoes and the right of a cent would not have all cited me. Now I was wild to get at the other boxes, and up eyes were constantly searching the sea for sight of relief. I dragged the boxes to my house, and most of each day for the next week was spent on the beach in hopes of getting at more treasure. The water continued high, however, and I got nothing more. On the eighth day dawn after my discovery, and about thirty days after my landing, the third mystery was revealed. At about 9 o'clock in the morning, while the tide was setting in strong, I observed a box of sugar-machine, fish, etc, and several books, and a large pocket knife. He handed them to me and said:

"Take this, take these and stow them away in your pocket, and on your life say nothing to any one." He sure to keep them about you."

He turned from me as if he did not want to be questioned, and I obeyed the strictly and ran to a pool. I was in a state of wonder, however, and nothing was made plain until the next day. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon the ship was blown to about a mile from a small island, a boat ordered lower and, and then all hands were called aft. When they had assembled the captain said:

"Men, I discovered two days ago that this boy was a leper. He has got it bad, and he is to be pitied. My duty in the case is plain. He must be marooned.

"Aye, aye, sir!" chorused the crew.

"I shall let him out and set him ashore here," he continued, "and you are my witnesses that it is a step necessary for the safety of all.

There was a ready assent, and before fully understood what was going on I was in the boat with McCoy and being pulled toward the island by two sailors. Even then I knew that I was to be left I did not raise an objection. I supposed the island to be inhabited, perhaps there was a city near by, and it was not a very far the change. We (as in as those that I could walk ashore, and the mate hand due seven hoed, of thing and convenience. As soon as I had every thing out of the boat I was pushed ashore, a rant good-bye, and I sat down on the sand and watched them return. The boat was hoisted up, the crew were made aft, and I was marooned upon an uninhabited island. Two days was the time I fully realized my situation. Two days was the time I was overcome by the conviction that I had figured it out wrong! I had begun to see the way, and I had begun to see the way, and I had begun to see the way, and

A SAD CALAMITY.

The Corpse of a Priest Burned in Its Cells.

The profound grief into which the sad news of the sudden demise of Father John Hawkworth plunged the inhabitants of Chorley, where he was greatly esteemed and beloved, was intensified tenfold on Wednesday when the appalling fact that his dead body had been burned to a cinder on the previous night or during the small hours of the morning was made known.

The news seemed incredible or greatly exaggerated, but on examination it proved to be literally too true; and when the terrible reality of the shocking occurrence was fully realized by the astounded people, it seemed a thrill of horror throughout the entire community. Only a few hours before, as it seemed, they had gazed into the calm, placid features of the dead, one who so lately as Saturday lived, and moved amongst them, if not in health, at least in the full possession of his faculties; on Tuesday night the vast morning multitude who crowded the church where he lay during the recitation of the Office, thronged around his coffin and now, as the mourner has, he was nothing but a charred and blackened skeleton. It is stated that the church doors were locked, the gas shut off, and the candles extinguished at ten o'clock on Tuesday night. The coffin then lay on trestles in the middle of the chancel facing the sanctuary; over the trestles was thrown a pall, and at either side were four tall candles. It would appear that the candles were not completely extinguished, and the folds of the drapery bulging out some have caught fire from one of the lights flickering low in the socket of the candlestick. A lamplighter, going his rounds putting out the gaslights at daybreak, caught a smell of burning wood, but, owing not being able to ascertain from whence it proceeded, or not thinking much of it, gave the matter no further attention; but the fire was the Priests' housekeeper, Jemima Turner, as she was going to the rectory about a quarter past six to get out the vestments ready for Mass. She immediately went a-hot to the Fire Brigade station, where the alarm was received at half past six. The superintendent (Mr. Cundliff) and firemen men at once turned out and drove to the church, and in the course of a few minutes were able to play upon the building. One side of the aisle door had to be forced in, when it was found that the church was filled with such a quantity of suffocating smoke that it was almost half an hour before they could get to where the coffin had been deposited the evening before. A horrifying sight met their eyes. They found the corpse nearly burnt to a cinder and almost entirely consumed, on the floor, along with the debris of the coffin or coffins, for the body had been placed in a lead coffin, inclosed in a leaden case, within an oak coffin. All that remained of the corpse was the trunk, the limbs and arms having been entirely consumed. A considerable portion of the flooring of the chancel, the communion rails, and the rood screen at the side were burnt. The fire traversed the chancel floor about four or five yards on either side of the coffin and shot upwards and forward towards the sanctuary, going yards forward towards the nave and right up a little more to the left than to the right and not much, about six feet, to the rear. The organ-chamber, which stands at some distance to the right, was considerably blistered and the pitch on the pitchpipe seats melted. It is the dishonest opinion of the superintendent of the Fire Brigade that the fire must have been caused by the coffin or coffins being so much as that it might have been traceable to the negligence of the plumbers, who soldered the leaden coffin before placing it in the oak one, having been suggested, and that it may have been going on for three or four hours before it was extinguished. It nearly fell in his anxiety to get to the coffin and save the body, and Father Moore on his considerable risk rescued from the Blessed Sacrament to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Brook street. Some of the vestments, which, after the fire had burned out, were found to be not much injured, were taken to the Sacred Heart Convent, and the remainder, including the chasuble, which was almost destroyed, were taken to the rectory, and Mrs. Turner, the housekeeper, and her daughter, who had charge of the vestments, set to work to repair the damage done as far as possible. It is stated that the damage done has been estimated at £1000. It is generally conceded that it was an error in judgment not to have had some person sleep in the rectory the remainder, and had such been the case, the awful calamity would not have occurred. The remains were gathered up, placed in a sheet, put upon a board and conveyed to one of the school rooms where they remained until a new coffin was procured. Our representative saw them there. When the sheet was removed which shrouded the smouldering fire was still smoking, the smoke issuing upward like steam, the remains, a ghastly spectacle was disclosed. The body, or rather what remained of it, was charred and dehydrated mass, scarcely any portion but the skull and part of the trunk remaining in human shape. The flesh was entirely melted away, and the greatest exposition had to be resorted to in combining the mutilated corpse.

Father Hawkworth, who was a member of an old Catholic family of Yorkshire, was born in Liverpool on May 10, 1829; and ordained priest.

SANTA CRUZ CATHOLIC FAIR.

Successful Effort for the Sisters of Charity.

The fair recently held in Santa Cruz for the purpose of enabling the Sisters of Charity to erect an additional building, was a decided success. The following was the result:

Dwyer, N. Rosario	$ 220 00
Rodgers Table, Mrs. T. Leonard and Miss Doherty	2 00
Mrs. Dr. Wm. T. A. Sweeney and the Misses Nancy	2,005 00
Fancy Table, Miss Peyton and the Children of Mary	1,400 00
Grab Bag, Mrs. Peters	145 00
Candy table, Misses Darcy and Conroy	145 00
Mrs. P. Kelly	31 00
Flower booth, Mrs. Thompson	12 00
Miss C. Lewelling	1 00
Total receipts	$6,000 00
Expenses for the Fair	600 00
Net proceeds	$5,400 00

The above receipts are gratefully acknowledged, and we cannot express our thanks to the zealous ladies who so generously made the success of the fair a matter of pride to those who aided them in the good work. Special thanks are due to those members of parishes for their services, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians for their assistance in a body.

The donations received by Thomas Leonard and daughter are included in the return of the refreshment table. There are several donations of a kind nature, which could be received only at the time received by Mrs. Sweeney, the Misses Darcy, and Miss P. H. Kelly, and which they have returned. Two hundred and eighty-five from Mrs. J. H. Rosenberg, and the sum realized by the Children of Mary.

May our Lord reward all for their kindness and generosity.

BETTER OF CHARITY

SIDEWIN EXHIBITS OF PRIZES.

Gold watch, $57, gold-headed cane 104, bed room set 92, saddle 103, silver watch 95, twenty free gold pieces 94, silver watch 95, twenty free 14, 40 pieces 61, silver watch 95, twenty free 14, 40 pieces 61, silver watch 95, twenty free 14, 40 pieces 61

A SAD CALAMITY.

The Corpse of a Priest Burned in the Church.

The profound grief into which the sad news of the sudden decease of Father John Hawksworth plunged the inhabitants of Chesley, where he was greatly esteemed and beloved, was intensified tenfold on Wednesday when the appalling fact that his dead body had been burned to a cinder on the previous night came to be known. So fast did the sinister rumors spread, so fast did the news seemed incredible or greatly exaggerated that it became necessary to publish it abroad, but on examination it proved to be but too true; and when the terrible reality of the shocking occurrence was fully realized by the astounded people, it sent a thrill of horror through the entire community. Only a few hours before, as it seemed, they had gazed into the calm, placid features of the dead, one who so lately as Saturday lived and moved amongst them, if not in health, at least in the full possession of his faculties; on Tuesday night the vast mourning multitude who crowded the church where he lay during the recitation of the Office, thronged around his coffin and, as the rumor ran, he was nothing but a charred and blackened skeleton. It is stated that the church doors were locked, the gas shut off, and the candles extinguished at ten o'clock on Tuesday night. The coffin then lay on trestles in the middle of the chancel facing the sanctuary; over the trestles was thrown a pall, and at either side were four tall candles. It would appear that the candles were not completely extinguished, and the folds of the drapery hanging on them must have caught fire from one of the lights flickering low in the socket of the candlestick. A haughtier, going his rounds putting out the public lights at daybreak, caught a smell of burning wool, but either not being able to ascertain from whence it proceeded, or his thinking much of it, gave no alarm. The first person to detect the fire was the Priests' housekeeper, Jasmine Turner, as she was going to the vestry about a quarter past six to get out the vestments ready for Mass. She immediately ran to ask the Fire Brigade station, where sent a hand to the Fire Brigade station, where the alarm was received at Hall and Fourteenth streets, Mr. Caudell and fourteen men were turned out and drove to the church, and in the course of a few minutes were able to play upon the building. One of the aisles doors had to be forced in, when it was found that the church was filled with such a quantity of suffocating smoke that it was about half an hour before they could get to where the coffin had been lying during evening before. A horrifying sight met their eyes. They found the corpse nearly burnt to a cinder and almost entirely consumed, on the floor, along with the debris of the coffin and pall, the body had been placed in a shell, enclosed in a leaden case, within an oak coffin. All that remained of the corpse was the trunk, the limbs and arms having been entirely consumed. The remaining portion of the flooring of the chancel, the communion rails, and the nod screen at the side were burned. The fire traversed the chancel floor about four or five yards on either side of the coffin and about three yards forward towards the sanctuary, going a little more to the left than to the right and not much, about six feet, to the rear of the organ-chamber, which stands at some distance from the sanctuary, was considerably blistered and the pitch on the pitchpine seats melted. It is the deliberate opinion of the superintendent of the Fire Brigade that the fire must have been caused by the candles being set aborting, such as that it might have been traceable to the negligence of the plumbers, who soldered the leaden coffin before placing it in the oak one, having been going on for and that it had been burning for two or three hours before it was extinguished. In the morning fell in his anxiety to get to the coffin and save the body, and Father Morrow was considerable risk in removing the Blessed Sacrament to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Hence, it is the general opinion that the fire had been turned off or the entire church and everything in it would have been consumed. As it, the damage done has been estimated at $2500. It is universally conceded that it was an error in judgment not to have had some person left to keep the remains, as, had such been done, the awful calamity would not have occurred. The remains were gathered up, placed in a chest, put upon a hand and conveyed to one of the school rooms where they remained until a new coffin was procured. Our representative saw them there. When the sheet, from beneath which the smouldering fire was still smoking, the smoke issuing upward like steam, was removed, a ghastly spectacle was disclosed. The body, or rather what remained of it, was charred and disjointed mass, scarcely any portion but the skull and part of the trunk remaining in human shape. The flesh was entirely melted away, and the greatest exertion had to be used in reconfining the mishaps occurred.

Father Hawksworth, who was a member of an old Catholic family of Yorkshire, was born in Liverpool on May 10, 1822.—*London Catholic Times.*

SANTA CRUZ CATHOLIC FAIR.

Successful Effort for the Sisters of Charity.

The Fair recently held in Santa Cruz for the purpose of enabling the Sisters of Charity to erect an additional building, was a magnificent success. Following is the result:

Door, N. Rosario	$ 220 00
Lottery Table, Mrs. T. Leonard	100 00
Door and Mine Lottery	240 00
Fancy Table, Mrs. J. Downey and the Misses Vasey	2,015 00
Fancy Table, Mrs. Parker and the Misses Stanfield	1,000 00
Children of Mary	245 00
Grab Bag, Miss Peters	145 00
Candy table, Misses Darcy and Conway	145 00
Mrs. J. Kelly	40 00
Flower booth, Mrs. Thompson	15 00
Misses C. Leonard	15 00
Total receipts	$6,025 00
Expenses, Lotto Fair	25 00
Net proceeds	$ 6,000 00

The above receipts are gratefully acknowledged, and we cordially return our thanks to the various ladies and gentlemen generously took the trouble to get up the different tables, as well as to those who added much by their presence and purchases. Special thanks are due to the committee of gentlemen for their services, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians for their assistance in a body.

The donations received by Thomas Leonard and daughter are included in the returns of the refreshment table. There are several donations yet to be heard from, which will be added to the Also those received by Mrs. Downey and Misses Vasey and Mine, a number included in their returns, but the amount not yet definite. Mrs. H. Hennessy is included in the same realized under the Children of Mary. May our Lord reward all for their kindness and generosity.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

SUPERIOR SYNODS OF IRELAND.

Gold watch £17, gold-headed cane £04, bed-room set £2, mahogany £85, silver watch £6, twenty-two set £2, mahogany £82, organ of Father Hayes £4, old pistols £1, ladies'-hat gold brooch £1, gentlemen's gold studs and brooch £12, gentlemen's gold watch £8, bookcase £29, table and £2, gold brooch £6 17.

FAIR AT BENICIA.

The Catholic ladies of Benicia are holding a grand bazaar in the Catholic church for the aid of the Loretto-house church. Rev. J. K. Neville, O. P., has recently displayed a great variety of valuable articles, including horses, cattle, ladies' fancy work, ladies' watches, jewelry and oil paintings, all of which will be distributed among the Benicia people who prepare a to participate in this charitable enterprise, which will take place during the last week in the present month.

For the Bridge

Is required a good cooking and baking range; such is the 15-range Wilthrop range. For sale by I. Brown & Son, 35 Grant street.

Brooklyn's late show next February probably.

OUR SISTER CITIES.

The Catholic Chronicle in Alameda County

— The concert recently given in St. Anthony's parish, East Oakland, was very successful. The proceeds will be devoted to improvements in the Boys' parochial school.

— The Catholic Ladies' Home in Oakland, has at present fifteen inmates. The institution is doing a very good work and deserves the practical encouragement of Oakland Catholics.

— The young St. Mary's College on the Peralta road, will be ready for the reception of students early in January. The institution is supplied with a very large number of beds, and a large number of beds placed in position.

— We understand that the energetic Catholics of Oakland, are endeavoring to secure money and a lot for the erection of a hospital. As yet no active steps have been taken in the matter, but the worthy enterprise will soon be thoroughly agitated. In such a large city as Oakland a Catholic hospital must sooner or later be opened. We hope that our readers across the bay will take an active interest in helping along when the project is established for their support and support.

— Father King's parish night will be called the "parish of resident." The Indians in these stations have through his wise direction and energy been formed into a Catholic Benevolent Society, Immaculate Conception Altar Society, U. K. of A. Society, Confraternity of the Children of Mary, Confraternity of the Most Sacred Heart, Confraternity of the Holy Name, Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare, and Catholic Ladies' Aid Society. Yet, amongst religious organizations in one parish. What insistence is there; what is the Pastor promotion of faith and fervor?

— Next Sunday, the 1st inst., will be a red letter day in Immaculate Conception parish, Oakland. Solemn Mass will be celebrated at 10 a. m., and a sermon on the Rosary will be preached by Rev. M. King, assist. Immediately after Mass a grand procession of the Rosary Confraternity will proceed around the church and the place, just opposite. On the way, the Rosary will be recited, and hymns sung, being made by the confraternity. The beautiful procession will be joined by the one thousand members of this great Confraternity in Oakland, and many other religious societies of Oakland, and will have the business and professional men in order to join in the procession. It is expected that many will cross the bay next Sunday to witness the imposing ceremonies.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE.

Latest Doings. Coming Glantzes. New Institutes—Miscellaneous Notes of Interest.

— Agitation in the interest of the new ball in Lyceum will soon be actively commenced.

— Grand Master Lynch is now visiting Oakland.

— Reports for the quarter ending Sept. 30th, are now due at the office of the Grand Secretary.

— Death Benefit Association No. 11 is now in a healthy condition.

— Rev. Fitzsimmons, will give an entertainment to-morrow (Thursday) evening.

— The first annual ball of St. Mary's, will take place on next Wednesday evening.

— Grand President Fleming is preparing a list of District Deputies.

— J. V. Spinetti, as district deputy, has returned to Los Angeles.

— J. Henry Hockweiler, the eloquent district deputy of Los Angeles, will make a short an oratorical tour.

— The Board of Directors met last evening, D. W. Erwin, presiding, and transacted routine business.

— Grand Lecturer Insanio Geary is planning a number of variations in the lectures of the Institute.

— The report of the late Grand Council together with the revised Constitution will be printed and ready for distribution in about three weeks. The proceedings of the Council will be issued in pamphlet form, in about 100 pages.

— Rev. S. West Oakland, gave a very enjoyable entertainment at Germania Hall, last Tuesday evening. It is learned that he will shortly exhibit his stereopticon views, and Physical Science lectures, and a variety of vocal solos, recitations and a variety of social solos.

— Nearly 50 hundred a reception to Grand President Fleming last Wednesday evening. Unfortunately the weather was so unpleasant that the attendance was not as great. The occasion is one of great interest at Germania Hall, last Tuesday evening. Tuck Mr. Kirk, a Hibernian, gave a glorious address, Grand President Fleming also addressed the assembly in a very interesting and instructive address. Music and recitations were interspersed.

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PARSELL DEFENCE FUND.

Circular from the Ministerial Council of the Irish National League of America.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 28th, 1888.

Dear Sir—In response to a call issued by John Fitzgerald, President of the Irish National League of America, the San Francisco Municipal Council of this organization has appointed the undersigned as a committee to collect funds to aid the leader of the Irish Home Rule Party, Charles Stewart Parnell, in the efforts which he now is compelled to make before the Parliamentary Commission, and in the Scottish Courts, for the vindication of his character.

In submitting this matter for your consideration we deem it unnecessary to give a synopsis of the case, as the Irish Nation has given the subject so much space, and the Irish World has devoted the attachment to the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the Irish people have been open, honorable and fearless, and has now every reason to be the present movement on behalf of the English people. His enemies, grown desperate at his success, now resort to lying and forgery; the most unscrupulous kind, trying to check his career by loading his name with enormous expenses.

If Englishmen and Scotchmen, knowing the forgery and falsehoods of the attacks made upon him, and impressed by the fairness of his character, are subscribing liberally to the fund to defend him, shall Irishmen, equally or refuse to aid him?

The Irish race is on trial as well as the leader. If the members of that race now with hold the assistance of which he is in need, the world will say, "They are not worthy of the cause which, they are fitting for slavery." It is, therefore, to show that we are worthy of our great friend Ireland's hopes.

We believe that our efforts will be very great, and as the exchequer of the Irish Home Rule Party is exhausted, the friends of Ireland should stand his hand to help in the emergency.

Some members of the Committee will take the liberty to solicit from you in a few days, and hope to receive an encouraging response.

Contributions to the fund may be sent to the undersigned, with the amount of subscription, and will be acknowledged in the Monitor. Money should be forwarded by Postal Money Order, or Express Money Order, or by Express, or by Express, or by Express

THE MONITOR.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1888.

Poetry.

[For the Monitor.]

THE VICTORY OF THE ROSARY.

Our Lady of the Rosary!
Hail Mary full of grace!
Our Lady, Holy of Christians! o'er
October's embossed brace
In gems o'er Lepanto's waves thy prayer;
Hail Mary in thy name,
Our Lady Queen of Victory!
Lepanto doth remain
A monument naught can deface,
Enduring as the main.

Since brave Don Juan, Spain's valiant knight,
Heard Heaven to him say;
Shall Moslem arrogance and might
Hold Christendom at bay?
The Crescent sons the blighting glare
Of Europe's plains and vales—
Can now from Eden Cypress bear
Afire vow's direst wails!
Vhere Turk and Moor in myriads pour,
Desolation in their might;
Their canons and mulvrine death roar,
Thousands—hundreds—shall
The Moslem mieux stooped in gore—
In Sensible hatred swell
From Christian hearts—shall there yet more
Stream Moslem blade and blis!

While Mary Mary and angels write
The fearless Don Juan's vow,
The star of victory poses its light
Full o'er the chieftain's brow.
Its brilliance—death to Moslem might—
Kaymas the Bey's power;
Proud Naples' plaid's boom bearer,
For ne'er did ocean wave
Bear nobler chief than he who leaves
Mar port—Don Juan the brave,
To lead the armies of the age
Against the Infidel
Where triumph, might and rage,
Commissioned hell!

To Mary for the hosts of Juan,
All Europe's prayers arise,
For victory they pleas as one,
October's calm clear skies!
And as Lepanto's azure wave
Reflects the Sunday's morn,
Two fleets, her trembling waters lave,
For battle lines are drawn;
Two fleets that each bears mytada brave,
Ta'ardst one Mahomet,
The Cross and Crescent banner gave
Unto the surging deep.

The Bey's holy banner stream
High o'er his deadly dirk,
The sun again is longer seen,
Two hundred thousand souls
In fervent struggle to behold!
The fate of Christendom
Lepanto's conflict dread doth hold—
The victory for whom?
The victory for Christian host,
Lepanto's waves retain,
The tone of Moslem lost,
And Ali Pasha slain;
The power, the pride, the Crescent's boast,
Its cresents to regain!

Our Lady of the Rosary!
Lepanto's day is shine;
Our Lady (queen of Victory!
Thy power and glory shine
Forth in Lepanto's history—
Our Lady Help of Christians! o'er
Thy World that
For aid, resolve strength through thy prayer
To vanquish foreant sway.

MARY J. CORNEAL.

Livermore, Cal., Sept. 24th, 1888.

[For the Monitor.]

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF PARADISE.

There is in the beautiful land above,
A crown in abundance for all crowns bane—
Where converse in realms of deathless love,
Great heavenly joys awaits the souls that
move.

Then, weary man shall lay life's burden down
Thy Father's mansions in the peaceful above!
There, who the glory of a deathless crown,
And reign with happy spirits evermore.

In this beautiful land there is in store
A calm retreat for weary-laden souls;
Where pure and bright expands the fadeless
shore,
Where the spirits that 'round our planet
rolls.

A few brief seasons and Earth's days of strife,
And all Time's golden links before our eyes;
Oh, may we wake to God's Eternal Life,
To the beautiful land of Paradise.

JOHN F. MCDONELL.

Virginia City, Nev., Oct. 1, 1888.

THE RIVER OF TEARS.

Silently, swiftly, onward it flows
On in the great, great sea;
Pleasure and joyous delighting around,
Dwelling in shadow
They are only symbols of joys that were,
Of many hopes and fears,
The words of those that were washed away
In the river of years.

There by the shore on the tide flows by
Grief, the all day long;
And a melody breaks from the surge
Like a requiem song.
That sense for her alone, for there is laid,
Laid in a shrouded bier,
The love that melted for ever away
On the river of years.

And Hope with her own bright smile stands
there,
They heard her tenderest strings,
Hope is powerless! Hope! Hope! Madness
Lost in many a dream,
And her eyes are gazing, gazing
Where the shadows have been
That bear her all to the golden land
Down the river of years!

And we, too, you and I have cherished
By that calm, calm river,
Some dreams that like autumn leaves were lost
In its tide for ever.
What matters it all—the tide flows ever
And no rifle is seen,
To tell where all we loved has perished
Down the tide of time.

River of years, O river of years,
On thy bosom to glide
Each thwarted wish of blighting years now
To case of meeting's pride!
Back! for thy current we twill has run,
And thy waters are bright
With calling about where lamparts have blown
Fresh skies to dark and dreary.

E. H. M.

THE FLOWER MIRACLE.

Such pre a miracle! Behold these seeds,
These tiny, dusky spheres, mention and dull,
I drop them in the sombre soil, they lie
A roll of earth shut from the light and dew,
And water the dry kernels, then these grounds
Its kind of blossom—a fair flower, all in full
And sometimes one from many, sometimes made
Not blossoms but a tree. Behold, God's chemistry
Takes dusty from dusky gust and colless clay
Blushes of Eastern, sweets of Araby—
A fragrant vision fairer than the day
Sun-lit, pearl-hued, and blue the precious
Tyre
Which works a miracle in every flower!

FLORTON C. THORNELY.

Literary Miscellany.

Frank Harris' First Suit.

A Catholic Story in Four Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

The little town of Melville lies on the line of the New York and Lake Erie Railroad, and comprises within its precincts over thousand inhabitants. During the summer months this number is much increased by the influx of city visitors. The Prospect House, which has a fine site on the crest of a large hill, monopolizes the hotel patronage, its only competitors being a few cottages opened as boarding-houses by some enterprising M-lvillies.

One morning early in July there entered the telegraph office, which was situated in a side street, a well attired, athletic looking personage of twenty four or twenty-five, with regular features and sharp but pleasant eyes, Stepping up to the sealed enclosure, he addressed the lady operator, "I wish to send a message to New York." "Very well, sir. Please fill out a blank." He was most unnecessarily slow in compiling that message. After almost every word, he brought his pen to a stand still and threw a quick glance at the operator.

Now, it was in the innate fitness of things that, when he looked at her, she should be examining papers or otherwise engaged; and that, when he was writing between glances she should be making a rapid survey of his countenance. One of the two must have made a mistakeulation in regard to the proper moment for inspection; for as he, for the tenth time, transferred his line of vision from the perpendicular to the horizontal, he found her gaze bent full upon him. Both confused at being caught, she blushed and hastily ran her fingers through a heap of papers as if in search of some particular one, and he with embarrassed face and unsteady hand finished his writing.

"How much will it cost?"

"Seventy five cents," after examining it.

Would he have it repeated at the additional expense of twenty-five cents?

He would; and handed in a dollar in support of his assertion.

In a moment her nimble fingers were busy with the button, and the writer's words were flying to their destination. This girl seemed to him to be about nineteen years old. The ruy has of health, despite, and perhaps by the consciousness that she was being intently watched, bloomed in her cheeks, and her brown hair clustered in varying ringlets about her forehead and temples. Her eyes, when she turned them full upon him at the conclusion of her task, proved to be those large melting ones that seem to encompass a world of space within their narrow limits.

"How long before I shall get the ripeition?" he asked.

"Answer back. Shall I transmit it, or wait for it?"

"I would sooner you would repeat it," he replied, with a peculiar emphasis, that plainly declared his preference for her accents to her written characters.

The quick, uneven tick-tick soon engaged her attention, and she repeated the message as it came off.

When she reached the end, he lifted his hat, and politely bidding her good morning, left the office.

It was simply astonishing the number of telegrams Mr. Frank Harris sent to New York after that. Two or three times a day he would appear with a message written in cipher; which ciphers, it were but fair to say, admitted of no translation whatever, and were as impenetrable mysteries to the sender as to the recipients.

The ice gradually broke. From talking of the weather they, after the usual gradations, began to talk of themselves.

Her name was Mary Lonnon, she said. She had been left an orphan at fourteen, and since had lived with the venerable pastor of the Catholic church as his adopted child.

She had learned telegraphy at her own request as she did not wish to remain an incumbrance on the aged clergyman, whose means were scarcely adequate to the supplying of his own necessities.

Mr. Harris was glad to hear she was a Catholic. It cemented their friendship. He was a lawyer, with a fair practice—and had a partner who took care of it in his absence. He had no relatives, and was boarding at the Prospect House.

"You seem to have a great deal of business in New York, Mr. Harris," remarked Mary, one day after the transmission of one of those dangerous-looking ciphers.

"Well, so I can't say that I have, Miss Lonnon. Those despatches have a more direct bearing on my business in Melville," and she could not understand why he smiled.

"I did not know you had clients in Melville," replied Mary, in surprise.

"I have one—one in whose interest I am working as I never worked before."

"All these messages about a single client?"

"Yes, and as many more, if necessary. Ah, good morning, Miss Robbins."

This to a young lady of very jaunty appearance, who had just entered in time to catch the last of the remark. She bowed very politely to Mr. Harris, and tossing a slip of paper on the little counter, commanded Mary in a supercilious tone to send the message to New York.

"Please make out a blank," said Mary.

"I believe that is your duty," replied Miss Robbins.

Mortified, Mary took up the paper.

"Allow me, Miss Lonnon," said Mr. Harris. With a few strokes of the pen he transcribed the message to one of the company's blanks.

"Mr. Harris, you are altogether too obliging to these public servants," blurted out Miss Robbins, her face suffused with rage at this gentlemanly reproach of her maladroitness.

"Excuse me, I think not. Politeness is never thrown away."

"Permit me to ask the name of the client, I heard mentioned as I entered?" with a slight sneer and a rimdotive look in Mary's direction.

"Business affairs are written in a sealed book, miss."

"Is this strictly of a business character?" "Strictly."

"I wish you the utmost success. No, thank you. I am not going to the direction of the hotel."

With a scowl disfiguring an ordinarily pretty face, she flounced out of the office, after declining his escort.

"That Miss Lonnon, is a city belle, whose temper terrorizes an indolent father. Thus stands forth as a sign of aristocracy in the eyes of an ignorant mother. Good morning."

CHAPTER II.

So things ran on for about three weeks. As Father Nevin and Mary sat down to breakfast, one morning, she said, "Father, a gentleman asked permission to call on me this evening, and I granted it."

The old Priest looked at her in surprise.

"This is something new for you, Mary!"

"Yes, but I trust there is nothing wrong in it. You shall hear all about it."

She recounted her first and subsequent interview with Mr. Harris, and added to herself a most rankled opinion of his character. Father Nevin listened in silence. When she had concluded, he said:

"From your story of this person he appears to have acted like a gentleman. But, be careful, child. One so insinuating and so yon in the ways of the world can form no idea of the amount of wickedness stored up in some men's hearts, especially in the hearts of those young fellows from the city. I do not wish to be unsympathetic, Mary. Don't think that. I may by wish to caution you against dangerous acquaintances. I have no doubt that he is a very excellent person, indeed. His desire to visit you more than half proves it. Had he learned you to visit him I should be rather likely to condemn him. If he turns out to be what you say, then by all means retain his friendship, for good companions are so beneficial as evil ones are harmful. There, child, I do not wish to spoil your digestion by a lengthy lecture. I can very soon determine the character of Mr. Harris. Rest assured all will come out right.

[To be continued.]

No cipher despatches were sent that day and when Mary gave place to her relief in the evening, she thought Mr. Harris' positive visit must have had a detrimental effect, seeing he was late in the interests of his client.

At 8 o'clock precisely, three distinct raps at the front door announced the presence of the visitor, and in a moment he entered, clad in a suit of black. His appearance seemed to proposess the Priest in his favor, for a very cordial greeting passed between them. After shaking hands with Mary, he sat down.

Gradually, Father Nevin led him out; probed him on points indicative of good character or the reverse. To all those questions highly satisfactory answers were given, and the Priest cast Mr. Harris up in his mind as a very desirable acquaintance.

"Mr. Harris, how is your case in Melville progressing?" asked Mary.

"Very well, thank you; very well.

"It's a range I have not heard or read of in your Melville lately," she continued.

"This case can hardly be adduced as a test of my professional ability," he said, with a smile. "What may be still more surprising, I am going to take it into court to-night!"

"To-night!" echoed both Mary and Father Nevin.

"Yes, to-night. It involves the tender question of matrimony."

"Is it a divorce suit?" asked the Priest.

"No, Father, it is not. It is a suit for marriage, all quibbling aside. Let us be understood. For about a month, I have known your adopted child, and for a month I have loved her. I wish to ask your permission to second her feelings. I have reason to believe they coincide with mine. Should I discover that such is really the case I shall offer her a place by my side through life."

"This is rather sudden," said Father Nevin.

"Sha shall have all the time necessary for reflection, months if need be."

"Mary, what do you say?" the old Priest asked, turning to the girl. She was pale and trembling and her voice refused to perform its function.

"Miss Lonnon, Mary," exclaimed the suitor, taking her by the hand "may I assume the position of a favored one?"

She managed to articulate "Yes."

"Pressing her hand, and parting warmly with Father Nevin, he left for the hotel. Frank's visits to the telegraph office were made without the slightest disguise now. Presence was laid aside. Mary was the sole attraction there for him. In the evening he visited her at home and took her for a drive or a walk, Father Nevin according his half consent to their trips. It was a happy period for both; but that happiness was ere long to suffer a shock that threatened to ruin it forever.

Frank was seated in the parlor of the Prospect House after dinner, smoking cigars with a pal well some Hawaiian inscribed in a note-book, when Miss Robbins approached him. He greeted her coldly, but laid aside his book to hear what she had to say.

"Mr. Harris," she began, taking a seat beside him, "I am going to tell you something which may prove very disagreeable to you."

"Pray spare me," he replied, lightly.

"Mr. Harris, that woman, Mary Lonnon, good and pure and devoted as you think her, is the essence of deceit."

Frank's face grew almost livid, and in a hoarse voice he replied, "Miss Robbins, if you were a man, I should set differently. Now I must cut our conversation short by telling you it's a vile fabrication."

"Keep your seat, Mr. Harris," she answered, viewing his evident pain with satisfaction, "I am prove this."

"Prove it! Have a care, this is a matter on which I will allow no trifling. You can't prove what is not true."

"But it is true and I can prove it. Listen to me. At the sea-bleep I graduated from, three of the pupils who dwelt in it, were taught telegraphy. I was one of that number. By the aid of this fortunate accomplishment, I was able to get the proof I now offer you of the woman's perfidy. To-day I went to the office with a message for New York. While waiting for its reputation, I distinctly heard the instrument tick off these words: 'Mary Lonnon—May meet me at the ceremony. Have the ring ready. Will bring a witness. Will be there on my arrival.—Ned.' Mr. Harris, that is what I heard and that is the proof I now offer you."

"Under some mysterious mistake here," groaned Frank, whose face was now apparently bloodless.

"Mistake? No. If you think there is, you can soon solve your doubt. Melville cross-roads is a mile and a half from here. You can be there as soon as possible. It is only half-past eight now. Go and see for yourself." Rising, with a sweeping courtesy, she left the parlor.

"Can this be true?" moaned Frank, holding his head between his hands. "Can she be deceiving me and her adopted father? I can't believe it; I won't. And yet this message. What shall I do? I'll trust her. No. I'll be there at nine, and if I find her perfidious I'll throw her over altogether.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Patronage of Good Saint Anne.

One sultry afternoon, not very long ago, a spark from a locomotive of the Illinois Central Railroad set fire to a field in the neighborhood of the village of Sainte Anne, in Kankakee. The fire spread rapidly and consumed in its course a large patch of stubble belonging to Mr. Hebert, a French farmer who lay along the railway track, while another field belonging to Mr. L—— was also equally visited by the fire and equally in danger, but nothing but smoke and flames. But now, in this terrible pinch, aid came in various countries various pictures, and in the same, good Mr. Hebert—has that counsel one another, so the old Canadian—has for the same, free to the end. Then, the better way might be to preserve his wheat and to let the rest go. Hebert knew Saint Anne's Image, and perhaps other objects associated with the Holy Mots, and he able to present it on occasion, so more time to lose, he knelt down and prayed with a fervor approximate, the fate and his anxiety and hopes, even, will be very decisive, and that of anger, or defiance, or indifference, or even of ridicule, or of the humane, divine, course. It decided.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Why We Should All Unite to Sing Her Praises in Various Outings.

Not a day passes that we do not find in the columns of our exchanges many accounts of the deeds of the mother-in-law. It always been an occasion of surprise and of sorrow to us that so many good people should so dishonor this most worthy and most worthiest classes of womankind. We can see no good reason why she should be so maligned and we are not sure that within the sacred precincts of home, there is not more intelligence and of delicacy the negro minstrel should utter the mother-in-law. Nor is there any reason why the mother-in-law should not be the equal of her son

THE MONITOR.

WEEKLY CHURCH TRUT OF PITTSBURGH.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1888.

The Wholesale Method of Manufacturing Malignant Falsehoods.

"The Romanist Method of Killing our Public Schools," was the caption of an anti-Catholic article which Preacher McCrary inserted in last week's *Advocate*, in order that his brethren might not begin to imagine he had grown cold in his bigotry. Now he proposes to turn the tables on our Methodist brethren, by exposing the malignant falsehoods which he purposely manufactured in order to demonstrate his diabolical tact for detraction. The charges brought against Catholics, in the article before us, are as follows:

1. They declared them (public schools) to be infidelic, which was always a purpose and a boast of Romanism.

2. They declared that they could by hook or crook, by fair means and foul, and with artifices and lies to do this, and to purge from our land, honest all matter that could by any means be declared religious.

3. Then they charged our schools with being godless, having diligently order'd out to make them so.

In reply to these charges it is only necessary to point out the fact that the Catholics were right when they charged that "our Public Schools" were sectarian, as the Protestant bible was read therein! And then, when the bible was omitted from the list of studies, and every iota of Christian literature dropped from the curriculum, did not the schools become godless? Nor is it true—as Bro. McCrary says—that Catholics helped to make them so, for the excellent reason that those who transformed the Christian system of American educational schools into the present infidel making machine, never intended the Public Schools of America to be anything else than anti-Christian in their influence.

Nor is it by any means true that Catholics ever purged any Public School textbooks of "all matter that could by any means be declared religious." The complaints and petitions of all such text books have been left entirely to Protestant preachers and pedagogues of the same persuasion, and while those gentlemen were busying their brains to find out how they could keep God out of their text-books, Catholics were busy building school houses wherein to teach the knowledge of God to every child that entered their portals!

4. Now they do all they can to demoralize our school system, by getting control thereof, and appointing, by fair or foul means, to fill our Boards of Education, by putting control thereof into our hands, by filling fools with our best and most experienced teachers, by whole fist and intrigue, to get our schools, by manning their employ, Protestant teachers of common sense and ability, whose literary men, by their ability, would be able to occupy a position in any public school, and finally, by getting possession of a school house for their own use.

When a Methodist preacher sets out to "make Rome howl," he can falsify faster than a cat can wink! And so Catholics themselves "our Public Schools" by electing enemies to the system on Boards of Education! Bro. McCrary is mad! When in the law that prevents Catholics from being eligible to any office in the land! Catholics pay their proportion of Public School tax, and Brother McCrary will have to revive the Puritanical Blue Laws before he can keep Catholics from off Boards of Education.

If the "best and most experienced teachers" in "our Public Schools" are found to be teaching falsehood concerning Catholics, dupes to the pupils, or if they are proved to be incompetent or immoral, it is only right that they should be discharged, and Catholic Directors should be commended for casting them out. It is also just as untrue on the part of Dr. McCrary to assert that Catholics have anything to do with text-books, teachers or public schools, inasmuch as a large majority of those who manage these institutions are generally found on Catholics and consequently anti-Catholic.

No Catholic Bishop, Priest or layman ever used his influence to keep any non-Catholic child from going to a Public School. The Prelates of the American Church all declare the Public Schools to be "good enough as far as they go," for those non-Catholics who desire to patronize them, but if Brother McCrary, as the Church of God, must teach her children the truths of Christianity, home Catholics build their own schools, support them out of their own private means, and then patiently accept the lies flung at them by Methodist preachers!

5. The demands of the Roman Catholic Church is a *pro rata* appropriation of the school fund to the sectarian schools!

It is false to assert that the Catholic Church has ever demanded a *pro rata* appropriation of the Public School Fund, and Bro. McCrary here false witness against his neighbor when he said so.

6. The Roman Catholic foreign Priest is expressly whatever with the American idea of education. His plan is to make as exclusive, hundred fold of such child under his charge. He would not have a school where foreign children should be brought together, for good, well qualified American teachers.

"The Roman Catholic foreign Priest" is a great sycoree to all gospel sharps of the Methodist stripe. But the best evidence that the "foreign Priest" is fully in sympathy with American education, is found in the fact that *the schools founded by such Priests* are crowded with pupils! It is true that those "Roman Catholic foreign Priests" will not have boys and girls taught together, as they have too great a knowledge of their evil as it relates to "our Public Schools," to risk the destruction of the manliedly modesty and virtue of the daughters of honestly-reared parents, for the sake of trying an experiment already condemned in nearly every country in Europe. These "Roman Catholic foreign Priests" believe strongly in preserving the innocence of the youth of both sexes, hence thousands of Protestant parents send their female children to schools established by them, rather than risk their children among a promiscuous crowd of teachers and pupils who think that a knowledge of bad is altogether unnecessary as the ministry of morality in the human mind. All good citizens, therefore will say "Heaven bless the Roman Catholic foreign Priests!"

7. The deliberate intent of the Roman Catholic Church is to seize upon our school fund at as soon as possible, and to divide it, if it is which it hopes to accomplish, with the intent of breaking up our Republican American national system of public schools.

False again! The Catholic Church has no intention of seizing upon a single cent of any school fund, either in the present or in the remote future. On the contrary, Intendants, Directors, teachers, and the hundred-and-one hangers-on to the Public School pack, are such blood-suckers and spendthrifts that there is not one dollar left out of every million for anybody else to seize upon! And it is this very self-same extravagance—the peculation of Public School managers—that will ultimately undermine the whole system and leave the larger public school houses as empty of scholars as Bro. McCrary's Methodist mind was void of truth when it was manufacturing these malicious falsehoods against the Catholic Church.

"Our magnificent American National System of Public Schools" is in no danger from the Catholic Church, but the danger comes entirely from the men who finger the finances, who give contracts to favorites for commissions, who procure positions for pay, who introduce text-books for a percentage, and who keep shouting all the time—with the leathern lungs of a Methodist preacher at a camp-meeting—"Catholics stand back! Do not dare to lay a finger on our Public Schools," whilst the pockets of the same individuals are filled with public plunder! These are the Samsons who will pull down "our magnificent American National Public Schools," unless the tax-payers stop their extravagance and stealing.

New Home for Jesuit Novices.

The extraordinary progress which the Catholic Church is making in every portion of the United States, calls for more prosse to labor in all sections of the country where our Prelates are able to procure. In the older Dioceses, wherein are thickly-populated cities, the number of seminaries in such parish has to be doubled, trebled, and even quadrupled, in order to meet the increased demands upon the Clergy for their spiritual ministrations. The opening of new Dioceses also develops new fields for missionary labor, and thus it may be said in this year of our Lord, 1888, with as much truth as it was proclaimed by our Divine Saviour Himself, during His sojourn on earth—"The harvest, indeed, is great, *but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord* of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest."

America is going to be the greatest Catholic country in the world in course of time, and, as years roll on, the need of priests will become more urgent in order to carry the Bread of Life to those Catholics who enter upon the newly-developed sections of this expanding Republic, which still has millions of acres of arable land awaiting industrious thousands of settlers to make happy homes within its borders.

Hitherto the American Hierarchy have looked to Europe to supply them with subjects for the priesthood, but the demands made upon the Ecclesiastical Seminaries there for missionaries to convert the savages of Africa, Australia and other distant regions of the earth, as well as to keep pace with the urgent request for priests for every other portion of the world, renders it very difficult for American Bishops to procure priests in sufficient numbers to feed and care for the flocks entrusted to the American Episcopate.

For these reasons Ecclesiastical Seminaries and Novitiates are increasing in this country, the latest enterprise of that religious character being the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, erected at San Carlos, Santa Clara County, by the Jesuit Fathers, who hitherto have provided accommodations for their educational students in their College at Santa Clara. But finding such a plan not any longer feasible, the Fathers very wisely concluded to purchase seventy acres of land at Los Gatos, and to erect thereon a building specially designed for a Novitiate that would accommodate the entire ecclesiastical students, who thus would form a community of themselves, and be constantly in the atmosphere of retirement so necessary for those who desire to serve God in the spirit of obedience, poverty and chastity.

The Novitiate of the Sacred Heart is most picturesquely situated on the side of a hill which rises covered with vines and fruit trees behind it. The view from the building is superb. The valley of Santa Clara with its orchards, farms and villages, and the bay of San Francisco beyond, are stretched out as on a map, flanked by hills on either side and bounded in the distance by the high mountains of the Contra Costa Range. The view reaches from Mount Hamilton to Tamalpais, and on a clear day the steamers can be seen plying between San Francisco and Alameda, while San Jose and Santa Clara are apparently under the eye—though ten miles away.

The building, which was erected after plans drawn by Mr. H. J. Church of this city, is of brick, and with its nine surmounted by the Cross, is a conspicuous object for many miles around. It consists of a central block with two wings running further back than the main building, and a steep tower which gives an appearance of dignity to the whole. The kitchen is detached from the main building and only one story in height above the basement, but is connected with the house by a wide passage. The center building is sixty four feet in front and fifty five in depth. The wings are each seventy eight feet in depth and twenty five in front. The center tower, fourteen feet square, projected half its width from the centre of the main front, and marks the chief entrance distinctly from the general mass. Above the basement the central building rises three stories in brick, and a fourth story is included in the Mansard roof, which is provided with dormitories for the Novitiates belonging to the house. Below the sides the wings are only two stories in height above the basement, and are finished with plain sloping roofs. The tower rises pyramidally above the front and crowns the whole building.

Internally, the first and second floors are divided by wide halls running through the whole length and width of the building in the form of a Cross, with doorways at each end and sash doors to give greater light. On the first floor the front is occupied by the parlors on each side of the entrance hall, beyond which are class rooms for the Novices and junior Scholastics. In the rear of the building facing the south are the recreation rooms and library. The refectory, situated on the ground floor, is about four feet, is in the south-west wing. The second floor is divided into chambers for the Novices and for the Father Superior and his assistants. The east wing on this floor is occupied by the Chapel. The third floor, which only extends through the central building, is divided by the stair hall into two large dormitories, each having window on three sides, and measuring fifty three feet by twenty-five in width. One of these is for the Novices, the other for the young Scholastics who also reside in the Novitiate during a part of their term of studies. Above these are similar dormitories for the lay Brothers, in the Mansard roof which forms the upper part of the central building.

The water supply is obtained from an abundant spring about a mile from the house, from which it is conveyed by pipes, with a pressure sufficient to carry it over the highest part of the roof. The gas is supplied from Los Gatos, and the whole building is supplied with steam heaters of the latest pattern, which can be used in case of cold weather. The latter is, however, a very rare occurrence in Los Gatos, which enjoys a much warmer climate in winter than the low grounds around San Jose. Taking it altogether, it would be difficult to find anywhere a more beautiful spot than the grounds of the Novitiate which we have just described. But beautiful as they are at present, they will form a still more picturesque scene when the improvements contemplated by Rev. P. Mana, S. J., Superior in charge, have been completed, and among the most prominent of which are a specious grotto in which will be placed a magnificent life-size statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, modeled after the famous shrine of Our Blessed Lady in France. This grotto will be erected on the brow of one of the adjacent hills, and will be quite visible to spectators in the valley beneath. A Calvary consisting of the fourteen Stations of the Cross will be erected on another eminence contiguous to the Novitiate, so that students can perform the pious exercise of the Way of the Cross in the open air. In course of time other improvements will be added, so that this lovely spot, dedicated to the cause of Religion, may attract many souls to serve God in its sweet solitude.

Already there are a number of Novices attached by the Priesthood in the beautiful building consecrated to the Sacred Heart, but there may be many more Jesuit Fathers scattered throughout the country who would be glad to come down to some Sons of St. Ignatius, by joining the great Order he founded, and thereby find a home where they can devote their time to saving the souls of hundreds of others, and for the performance of such an Apostolic work they will be made to shine as stars for all eternity!

The building is erected, a Faculty of competent teachers are ready to receive postulants who desire to become perfect in God's service and also in the all important work of saving souls. All that is needed now is that several young men should "enter into the joy of their Lord" by commencing a few years within the hallowed pale of this beautiful Novitiate sanctified by and dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Who will hearken to the cry!

Mighty are some young men may deem themselves not sufficiently educated or sufficiently advanced in Christian perfection to become members of the Society of Jesus, but in all such we say Demosthenes devotion to God's holy will, place himself within the Sacred Heart, and who chooses the few out of the many that are called, will accomplish the rest.

Other young men may deem the rules or the vows of the Jesuit Order too strict to observe or too difficult to keep. But when tied is with all things are possible. He who knows our weakness, who knows that Heavenly Father who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," will most assuredly manifest His greatness love to those who become His humble servants, by making the way of the Cross which they must follow, as smooth as may be consistent with the work by salvary every true Follower of Christ must travel in this vale of tears! The servant is not greater than the Master; and as the Son of God—after whom the Society of Jesus is called—suffered and died for the salvation of mankind, so must every son of St. Ignatius be prepared to "go and do likewise," as far as a creature in this ever-commercified sphere can imitate the unlimited charity and the limitless mercy of the Creator.

We hope those lines may fall beneath the vision of many a generous young man who will give a practical answer to the request of our Blessed Redeemer. "Take up thy Cross and follow Me." His Church needs servants in her sanctuaries, and blessed indeed are those who give their youth to God, so that they can serve Him in old age and earn the crown of eternal glory by persevering in the path which He has marked out for those who would be crowned in our earth in order to enjoy an eternal Easter in heaven.

If there are any such young men among the readers of the Monitor, we feel sure that there are many such, to them we say:

"Fear not! Spurn the worldling's laughter,
Thine shall be a long hereafter
To be more than temple thou saw."

It is stated that the principal witness against Mr. Parnell at the Special Commission will be Mr. P. J. Sheridan.

Mr Michael Davitt is engaged on a History of the Land Leagues in Ireland and America. Mr. Davitt expects the work to occupy him during the winter.

—Amongst the subscriptions announced at a meeting of the Parnell Indemnity Fund Committee in the Reform Club, Liverpool, was one of £20 from the Marchioness of Ripon.

THE ADRIAN AND ALEXANDER BULLS.

Pope of Salisbury Discussed.—How King Henry II. Connected the "Adrian" Bull.—Salisbury's "Metalophrasis."—Who Wrote the 42nd Chapter?—Proof that it was not the Work of Pope of Salisbury.

It was impossible that any false Bull attributed to Pope Adrian IV., and contemporary Popes, could have been so long and fully promulgated during the lifetime of King Louis VII. of France, for the cogent reason that the fraud would at once have been discovered in consequence of the King of France having in his possession the Letter which Pope Adrian IV. sent to him, in which that Pontiff flatly refused to give his sanction to any attempt at invading Ireland, which that Prince in conjunction with King Henry II. had planned, and which Louis VII. had presented to Adrian IV. for his approval.

It is for this potent reason, therefore, that not a single trace of the bogus Adrian bull is to be found in any document issued in England prior to the year 1160, which was the year in which King Louis VII. died. This incident will appear all the more singular when we bring to mind the fact that a number of occasions occurred when King Henry could have made good use of a genuine Bull of Pope Adrian, to quell the many riots which transpired between the spurious date of the fictitious Adrian Bull, and the year when it first appeared in print by means of the instrumentality of that champion historical falsifier of the twelfth century—Giraldus Cambrensis.

If the Bull of Pope Adrian was genuine, why is it that such a document was secretly concealed for upwards of twenty years after the death of Pope Adrian? Nor was it until King Louis of France had been for a long time in his tomb, that Cambrensis injected into his "*Topographia Hibernica*," for the first time, the dubious document falsely supposed to have been issued by that Pontiff.

The answer to this question is very simple. When Pope Adrian was dead, and King Louis was entombed also, the certain witnesses who had the power and knowledge which would enable them to discover and expose the fraud, could no longer offer any opposition; hence there was no risk to run by the injecting the forged document into the "Conquest of Ireland," by Cambrensis, so as to prepare the minds of those who peopled the world of Giraldius, for the belief that such a Bull actually existed in the archives of England. Cambrensis says that the Adrian Bull was procured by John of Salisbury, and that pre-mages says so himself. We have already expressed our admiration and the false levels with which Cambrensis filled his pages displeasure at the same time.

Although Cambrensis says that John of Salisbury procured the Adrian Bull, he does not say that John of Salisbury was the author, or forger, of the document. He declared, both publicly and privately, that he loved not better than he did any one else in the whole world. He had such an opinion of one that he felt pleasure in repeating his heart and his conscience to me whenever an opportunity presented itself. Though Roman Pontiff, he was pleased to have me as his guest at his table, and, notwithstanding my opposition, he would have it that we should eat together out of one plate. At the present moment he is conceded and gave to the illustrious king of England, Henry II., Ireland, to be possessed by him, by hereditary right, as Adrian's Letter, which are preserved to this day, plainly show. For all the islands, by virtue of an ancient right, are regarded as belonging to the Roman Church. Besides, Pope Adrian sent me a ring decorated with a ruby of great value, for the king's right of sovereignty in Ireland, and that this is according to order, preserved in the public archives of the Court.

I would marvel yet though if I attempted to mention all the virtues of the illustrious Pontiff that which deeply pierced my soul, a man whom, which, in punishment of our sins, desolation, just after the death of the Pope, the

THE MONITOR.

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

THE MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7 1888

THE "Christmas Monitor."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All prose and poetical contributions intended for the Christmas Issue of THE CHRISTMAS MONITOR must reach the office by December 6th, so as to leave their appearance in our Christmas Issue, which will be published December 15th next.

THE CHRISTMAS "MONITOR."

SEND FOR COPIES AT ONCE.

Subscribers and others who desire to present extra copies of the Christmas Monitor to send to Friends throughout the United States, to Ireland, or any other portion of the globe, should send in their orders at once, so as not to be disappointed, as there is always a great demand for the Christmas Monitor. Ten Cents a copy is all we charge for the twelve-page Illustrated Christmas Monitor, filled with the finest Catholic prose and poetry we can procure in California, the Eastern States and in Ireland. Send it to your friends and show them what the Catholic Press can accomplish in the way of Catholic literary enterprise.

Orders in the name and address, accompanying each order, and the copies ordered will be sent by mail direct from this office, postage free.

Badly Baffled Malicious Methodist Preachers.

At the regular gathering of Methodist preachers which took place in this city last week, a more than ordinary amount of anti-Catholic malice was manifested. The Christian commands: "Love your neighbor as yourself," and "Thou shalt not bear false witness against your neighbor," have no place in the anti-Catholic creed from which Methodist preachers procure that Christian, crucifixion and uncharitable mixture which they call Methodism, hence at their Monday meetings the very atmosphere becomes impregnated with an admixture of bad manners and bigotry combined, which must be most pleasing to Beelzebub, but which must be equally hateful in the sight of God.

Friends and others who attended the additional doses of anti Catholic calumny at last week's Methodist meeting was a paper on "The Pope and the Gospels," prepared by Dr. Anthony, who presented the case in about as correct language, and in as truthful a manner, as a man born and bred believer on the sun, moon and stars of the heavenly constellation.

According to the account of the meeting of malicious Methodist malignancy against the Pope and the Catholic Church, Dr. Anthony [illegible] with expressions in Henri Lasserre's book which they did not approve, and so those restless Jesuits placed the work "in the latter list, from which" said Dr. Anthony, "there is little probability it would ever be taken, so that it was virtually suppressed."

Now, if this be a Methodist preacher who told this "yarn," our readers, no doubt would be astonished to learn that there is not a single word of truth in the whole story! Those people have become so accustomed to receiving the anti Catholic romances of ranting Methodist preachers at their real rales, that readers in general are astonished only when men of Dr. Anthony's tribe tell the truth even by accident!

The Congregation of the Index of Prohibited Books is comprised of a certain number of Cardinals, and the Jesuits have just about as much to do with putting books on that list as Dr. Anthony has in sending people to heaven!

Not was it the Jesuits—as asserted by the sanctified imagination of Dr. Anthony—who first discovered the errors in Henri Lasserre's book. This discovery was made by a French Bishop, and when his pamphlet criticising the work came to the notice of the Congregation of the Index Henri Lasserre's work on the Gospels was forthwith condemned. Henri Lasserre—like the good Catholic he is—not only assented to the condemnation of his book, but he also called in every copy known to be for sale.

Were Henry Lasserre a Methodist preacher, he would have approved all ecclesiastical orders and continued to circulate a corrupt, inaccurate and mistranslated version of the Holy Gospels—and gloried in the ill-gotten gold he derived from the deception! But Henri Lasserre is a Christian, and therein lies the difference between him and a fellow-of-his-pedaled Wesley.

Dr. Anthony told his assembled brethren that he thought the Pope "studied himself by first supporting the book and then issuing the act of the Jesuits forbidding its circulation," but as neither the Pope nor the Jesuits committed the acts charged against them, it is Dr. Anthony's "supposition" (he argued) the book was merely planned and the Archbishop's Imprimatur was procured.

When the page containing the necessary ecclesiastical authorization of the work was printed, copies of the book were sent to Rome, one of which was presented to the Pope, who, upon receipt thereof, instructed Cardinal Jacobini to acknowledge the receipt of the volume, which his Eminence did in the following letter:

TO H. GERMI LAMBERTI, OF PARIS.

Most Illustrious Seigneur:—

The Holy Father has received in regular course the French translation of the Holy Gospels which you have undertaken and accomplished, to the delight, and with the approval, of the Archiepiscopal authority.

His Holiness instructed me to express to you his approval of the object with which you have been inspired in the execution and the publication of that work, as full of interest. He thanks you for the homage of filial devotion which accompanies the volume you offer to him; and he charges me to make known to you his earnest desire that the object which occasioned your work, and which you believe in the preface of your book, may be fully attained.

Yielding most willingly to your desire, his Holiness sends you, from the bottom of his heart, his Apostolic Benediction.

And I myself profit by this opportunity to declare myself, with much esteem,

Your very affectionate servant,

L. CARDINAL JACOBINI.

Rome, 4th December, 1888.

Now let us examine this document and discover if we can—a matter of surprise which could be tortured into an approval on the part of Pope Leo XIII., of M. Henri Lasserre's French translation of the Holy Gospels.

In the first paragraph the Holy Father merely acknowledges the receipt of the book which has been approved by Archiepiscopal authority. In all probability the Holy Father knew nothing of the work was such an idea as is formed from a perusal of the title page, and then, seeing the Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Paris, his Holiness very naturally concluded that the work had undergone the customary scrutiny of French the logical censors, whose learnedness deems caused for it the approval of Archbishop Richard.

In the second paragraph the Sovereign Pontiff approves of the object with which Henri Lasserre has filled when his undertook the publication of this work so full of interest. A Catholic may have a good object in view when he undertakes to write a "Life of Christ," a "History of the Church," or "The Four Gospels," and any Pope entirely their Superiors in everything or disinterested by them for the good government of the local organizations, provided that such local legislation does not openly conflict with the Decrees of the Holy See or those of the Supreme Moderators.

It is our will that in all books, leaflets and opuscules whatsoever hereafter to be published on the devotion of the Living Rosary, whether by the Religious of our Order or by persons outside of it, the Decrees of Supreme Authority, viz., those published in the little book, which now bears for all Sodalists of the Living Rosary *legislative force*, be carefully distinguished from all regulations that are only local, viz, those made by the authority of Directors, and which have only *directive weight*; these things we say, because we desire every Sodalist to be well instructed on every point as to his obligations.

If, then, there should be found, in books hereafter published on the aforesaid association of the Living Rosary, any obscurity, it must be interpreted according to the light given by the Authentic Documents; but if anything contrary to these documents be found in such books, it must be rejected.

As we are well aware that quite recently certain doubts have risen among the faithful in regard to this devotion, we expressly declare that there is but one Living Rosary, that it is exclusively under the care of our Order, and that we do not permit it to be united to any other association of whatsoever name, as, the Rosary of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Rosary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, or any other similar association, but it (the Living Rosary) should be spread to the world as it came into our indulgences.

And in order that in this matter we will [illegible] known to all, we deprive by these presents, *Zealotizer, Zelatrices, Consulters, Presidents* and even *Directors*, in a word, all persons who propagate the Living Rosary so joined to any other association, of all faculties in the case, and we declare them to be so deprived, and we hereby take from them all power to modify in the preparation or government of the Living Rosary. However, the members of any association may belong to the Living Rosary, and, in the manner, the association of the Living Rosary may join any other association, but on this express condition that they fulfil the obligations pertaining to each association separately, and in such a manner that Sodalities may not be joined together.

Furthermore, we hope that this devotion now established on its own basis, and circumscribed within its own limits, will be more and more propagated, to the honor, of the great Dominican Rose-bush, and we earnestly exhort all associates, the more so, because just now our Most Illustrious and our holy Mother the Church, to implore piously with their whole heart the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, the Help of Christians, and not to cease their fervent supplications to her, "to that by means of this prayer, as of a most powerful war weapon, the enemies of the Christian name, being all at vanquished and routed, may be compelled to abandon the criminal audacity of their impiety."

GIVEN at Rome, from our Residence, 22d of April, 1867.

Br. Joseph Maria Larroca, Master General of the Order of Preachers.

+ Leo P. P. XIII. *Supremi Apostolatus*, September, 1883.

The following duly certified letter, an exact transcript of the original letter written by Pauline-Marie Jaricot, about a month before she died, to the Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer, is one of the many reasons why the Dominican General was compelled to issue the instructions above given in reference to the Living Rosary:

Rue Sainte Hélène, Lyons, December, 1861.

Mon Bon Pere: En me rétablissant de la maladie dont j'ai failli mourir, j'ai cru que Dieu demandait de moi que je fasse connaître à Lyon, il est de mon devoir de vous faire savoir ce qu'on m'avait allier *a la vie de la Volante de Dieu de prendre* [illegible] *Rosaire Vivant* dans l'intention de l'Apostolat. L'ouvrage du Rosaire Vivant, tel, notamment que nous ont que Dieu gates XIX. la reconnu et l'a bénit, il a reen [illegible] *Rosaire* [illegible] *Rosaire* [illegible] *Rosaire*

Farm and Home.

The Origin of Tea.

The tea-plant grew for endless centuries in Central Asia, and the goddess Celestial Sung-ni-ang-ma, one thousand years ago, planted the first tea-plant. It ascended hundred years ago, and gives the following account of its earliest appearance: "In the reign of Yuen Ty in the dynasty of Tsin, an old woman was commanded to proceed every morning at daybreak to the market place, carrying a cup of tea in her hand. The first cup of tea she sold, and put from the house of day to the close of evening the cup was never exhausted. The money received was distributed among orphans and beggars. The people seized and confined her in prison. At midnight she flew through her prison window with her little tea in her hand. If you care to do so you can read this story and enjoy it in the original Chinese of the "Cha Pa," or "Ancient History of Tea," and will no doubt feel the translation secret.

Tea was not heard of in China again for three centuries and a half, when a "Fo-hi" priest is said to have advised its use as a medicine. In the ninth century an old beggar in Japan took a me of the seeds and "bore back with him to his native land. The Japanese relished the new drink, and built at Gaka a temple to the memory of the man who introduced it. This temple is still standing, though now almost seven hundred years old. Gradually the people of Tartary and Persia all learned to love the drink, and serve it at all hours of the day.

The honor of introducing the herb into Europe may be considered due equally to the Dutch and Portuguese. Early in the 17th century tea became known among "persons of quality" in Europe, and in 1662 some Dutch orders carried a quantity of sage, which was then used to make a drink popular in Europe, to China, and by some ingenious device succeeded in making the astonished priest believe they think it a fair exchange for an equal quantity of very good tea, which was brought home in safety and without the loss of a single Dutchman.

Fruit as Medicine.

Grapes come first, especially black grapes, which are most nutritious and at the same time are purifying to the blood. Grape cures are quite the fashion in some parts of the continent, and are said to work miracles at times. Peaches also are most hygienic to the human system, as well as being one of the most exquisite fruits in nature. Being defined in more palatable, wholesome and medicinal than a good ripe peach. Peaches should not be eaten over-ripe, however. They may be eaten at meals or between meals; they are particularly hygienic when eaten at breakfast. An orange, a peach or two, and a cup of tea, and one is as sweet as a nut. Oranges are also very hygienic, especially when baked or stewed. They are excellent in many cases of illness and are far better than salts, oil pills to cure constipation or liver complaints.

When oranges are taken only the juice should be swallowed; the juice of oranges, use of lemons, is most valuable to make drinks in case of fever. Tomatoes are also excellent remedies in liver and bowel complaints, and are certainly more pleasant than medicines; only the juice, however, should be taken. Figs, raspberries, strawberries, currants and cherries are all cooling and purifying to the system, while being nutritious at the same time. If we but knew the health, that is stored up by nature in our gardens and orchards, we would rarely have need to call the chemist. Health, for instance, is in the watermelon and cucumber. It may be taken in excess and in health, and almost in unlimited quantities, except when cholera is raging, when it must be avoided like most other fruit. This alone will tell how beneficial fruit in general is in all ordinary times.

It is claimed that the juice of a lemon squeezed into a cup of strong coffee will afford immediate relief to neuralgic headache.

A tea made of ripe or dried whortleberries and drank in place of water is a sovereign cure for many forms of scrofulous disease.—*Dom Gardeen.*

Culinary Axioms.

Mirth becomes a feast.
After cheese comes nothing.
Dwell never more than the labor.
Give a loaf and beg a shiva.
Many cooks make good kale.
Hunger makes raw beans relish well.
Sweet meat must have sour sauce.
It is good to be merry at meat.
A hungry man is an angry man.
New meat begets a new appetite.
The table rots more than the thief.
An empty stomach listens to nobody.
Great plenty breeds much delicacy.
Tripe broth is better than no porridge.
Where content is, there is a feast.
Meat is much but manners are more.
Of soup and love, the first is best.
He lirech long that lirech well.
Enough is a feast; too much a vanity.
Black plums may eat as sweet as white.
Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.
Steal a goose and give the giblets in alms.
Salmon and sermon have their season in Lent.
The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell.
Better to go to bed supperless than to get up in debt.
Who gives thee a capon, give him the leg and the wing.
Twice in weeks bet there is the like of the same make.
Every one loveth the fat hog, while the lean one bemoth.
Who hath spice enough may season his meat as he pleaseth.
He that wants on another man's trencher makes a late dinner.
The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.
Who boils his pot with chips makes his broth smell of sm-ke.

A Problem of Domestic Service.

The problem of domestic service in America would be solved if the women of America would treat their hired girls in the same manner that most treat their hired help. If very frequently happens that a mechanic retains his employer in his employ for a long term of years.

A banker is not changing his book-keeper or cashier every three months. The lady of the middle class thinks nothing of entertaining her husband's book keeper to dinner and, if the young man is gentle and worthy, she would not seriously object to him as an escort to her daughter on the opera. But she would not think of thus entertaining the young woman who does her housework faithfully, and the world feel outraged beyond measure if her son should pay her social attentions.

How with a social distinction is thus drawn between the hired woman and the hired man!

Is it to be wondered at that refined and sensitive gentlewomen, who by birth and the accustomed use of life possesses the very accomplishments so desirable in a good housekeeper, and whose competent and intelligent service would be the joy of her employer, shrinks from an occupation which bars the doors of society against her and represses every worthy ambition.

Family Fun.

A Sad, Sad Tale.

A stranger walk a sad, tired look and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation, came wearily into a little Western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to shake his thirst and bathe his flushed face and hands, and while he drank a denizen of the town drew near to quaff of the cooling water. He, too, had a sunken face and an air of great discouragement.

"Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked of the newcomer.

"Yep—stranger now, but I used to live round here.

"No—did you? Lately?

"Yes—it's nigh on to ten year since I left.

"And you ain't been back since?

"No; there's been a good many changes I see since then, and I don't reckon there's many left I meet know.

"Maybe not; who'd you know?

"Well, lemme see—there was a woman named Waits I used to know—Sally Waits.

"Did you know Sally Waits?" asked the inquirer of the town.

"Knowed her well. I—I—did you ever hear of Sallie?

"Yes, I—

"Do you know Sallie Waits?

"Yes, I—I—

The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice and said mysteriously:

"Sh-here, Mister; I've a favor to ask. It ain't much. Would you mach send not mentioned to Sallie Waits that a stranger was 'round askin' for her? She'd know it was me, and I'd rather have a hyperer say my trail than Sallie Waits. She's an liee I'm dead, an' I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Waits, Mister, maybe you know how she took the news in regard to the devil. If she ain't was Zion-tippy I narrer on her. Look-a-here, stranger, you've got a sympathetic kind of a face an' I kivers you'd know how to feel for a feller than's went through what I have, an' throuh with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Stranger, I used to marry Sallie Waits!"

The recipient of this confidence gave a little gasp and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying with deep fervor:

"Pry me, man; I'm married to her now."

They Got Their Reals.

Two young Wall street men boarded a crowded uptown elevated railroad car at Franklin street, New York, the other day.

"Pretty crowded," said the taller.

"Yes!—and it's a devoted shame, too, I'm nearly worn out with running. Been an awful busy day for me."

"No sonin here unless w—"

"Unless what?

And then the taller man bent down and whispered softly in his companions ear.

"All right," quoth the other as the gate was picked his head in at the open door and remarked:

"Fir-rooms str-ee-t"

The short young man smiled, the gateman further remarked:

"Hackensack-street."

And the tall youth from Wall street inquired in a loud and clear voice:

"He's things at the hospital?"

The passengers looked around at the speaker but said nothing.

"Pretty good," said the short young man. "Got a real case of Asiatic cholera in today."

Nervous movement on the part of old lady occupying two seats was made.

"Asiatic cholera, sh! That is interesting. Likely to die?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

Old lady and three marchioness leave the car.

"Rather discouraging, sh!"

"Yes, he's the third small-pox we've had in week. If it wasn't for our typhoid fever patients doing well we'd be awfully down.

Two countrymen leave precipitately, followed by a woman and a boy.

"By the way, did your diphtheria man get well?"

"No. He is there yet. Fearful case. Wonder we have not got the three men from the yellow fever district."

"Hackensack-street," cried the gateman.

"My station," yelled seven men, three women and a screaming boy simultaneously.

"Ah," said the shorter young man from Wall street, taking possession of one of the vacant seats and putting his feet on another, "I don't know what we would have done but for our poor afflicted patients."

And the rest of the passengers who had been meditating a mild break for the Eighth street station, listening to his remarks, realized that they had been fooled, but derived consolation from the thought that they had not been so badly fooled as those who started for Central Park and got off at "Bertookeeness."

A Sad Flatterer

Husband (tiper, late home; wife fasing up her hat before a big looking glass) Ah, dear! full of rancor, ready to give him a dreadful scolding) Why, my dear, what are you doing?

Wife (scagelishly)—Don't you see what I am doing. Fixing up my hair.

H.—Well—he—I m glad to see you doing that.

W.—And where have—

H.—I say I'm glad to see you doing that. For you—hic—have the most beautiful hair I ever saw.

W.—Where have you—

H.—I say you have the most beautiful hair I ever saw. And it just matches your face. For you have the most beautiful face—hic—I ever—hic—saw—hic—hic.

W. (smiling)—Do you think my face beautiful!

H (untinging hoots under the pillow)—You are the most beautiful woman in the world.

W. (in vinyl)—You darling John, you are a sad flatterer. Let me unbutton your collar for you.

He Helped Him.

Boy, pard, I'm starving. Gimme a dime for a meal won't yer?

The speaker was a sad-eyed tramp. The man addressed might have been one of the Mediterr 400. The venom of aristocracy glowed scorefully at the salon of poverty, allowing the eye to rest indifferently on the shaven cheek and chin of the hungering soul.

"Hush," he said, "hush a quarter. I don't give a dim fish yonah because I had fah the sake of economy grand get shaved."

What is Life Without Love?

Justice—Madam, your husband charges you with assault.

Madam—Yes, your honor; I asked him if he would ever cease to love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a rock. Im only a woman, your honor (tears) and a woman's life without love is a mere blight.

How Explained.

(Our Maid—My mistress found two fishes in the milk this morning, and she's terribly put out with you.

Our Milkman—That comes from trying to be generous. Why, gel alive, there was frost! put in out's compliment. They're with a dollar a pound.

Our Young Folks.

Best, original contributions of merit will be accepted for this department.

The young folks will address all communications intended for this department, plainly and neat, with pen and ink, and in a legible manner.

Boys Who Succeed.

Of the boys with the same advantages and equally good training, one will succeed in life, while the other will spend his best, "never amounts to anything," as the say has gone. Perhaps the following anecdote will explain something of the disparity to results.

A nurseryman left home for a few days on a business trip. He was rainy weather and call a season for sales, but a customer did arrive from a distance, tied up his horses and came into the nurseries where the boys were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. Hoverdash home?" he asked.

"No," said Jim, the eldest, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno. Mebbe not for a week.

The younger boy, Jim, promptly jumped up and followed the irritable stranger out of doors.

"The man are not here," he said, in a bright and civil manner, "but I can show you the stock."

The strangers was comfortable, and he and Jim strolled to the nursery, examined the trees and talked trees.

"You have said the largest lot of the season, I am, said his father greatly pleased, on his return.

A few years afterwards, these boys were left by their father deeply in debt, with a hundred dollars spare, Jim bought an acre of the nursery stock, and set out to work and he is still a poor farmer.

Jack went to sea, shipped a river for colonies, hard out as a cattle driver for a couple of years, and with his wages, bought a team of horses, and started a livery and market. Today, his herds are numbered by the thousands, his land has been up up to two hots, and he is one of the wealthy men of the Centennial State.

"I might have done like Jim," said Jim, remarkably, "if I had shipped to Jack."

"There's no good stiffs in sea as in him."

"Jim was lazy. He had the same stuff in him, but it was not developed. Jim's good side was also energy, which causes a boy to act promptly and fully in an emergency, or partly natural, but it can be modulated by genuts, and it is a earth more than any gift of nature.

Wanted to be Old.

James went out to the library one morning and found it empty. His grandfather's big chair, in the easy-chair, was drawn out near the table. James lifted offcorner of the chair and climbed into the chair. Then he took his grandfather's long Dutch pipe in one hand and, holding a large book open with the other, began to read aloud to pretend to read, for James could not read. He did not know how. He was only in the rudiments of his education, for he found that it taxed many. After a while he laid down the pipe and fathers among, awakened him.

"Oh, grandfather," he said, "I dreamed that I was you. How nice it must be to be old! You can read every word in this big book and do no pies."

"I don't very often read Hotten's Dictionary of Mechanics," said the old man, with a smile. "Now, you can use my spectacles. Now, you can see everything without pain, and do what you are asking you have."

"Why, but grandfather, you can do anything you please. You can ride a pony, can't you? I have the rheumatism, and I can't ride.

"Yes, I can ride a pony, so that indeed. Now I am too old to do anything useful. I have to depend on others to wait on me.

"Then it is better fun to be young and be after all!

Grandfather smiled. "Most people think so.

"Would you like to be young, like me?

"No, I wouldn't wave old, grandfather, I wouldn't have to mind anybody.

"Yes, you would. Don't you so that independent. Now I am too old to do anything useful. I have to depend on others to wait on me.

"Then it is better fun to be young and be after all.

POPE AND EMPEROR.

Correct Account of the Emperor William's Visit to the Sovereign Pontiff.

The accounts published by the daily press regarding the visit of Emperor William II. of Germany to the Holy Father, were partlaied to and the enemies of the Church, and contained allusions to conversations between the Pope and the Emperor which never occurred. The following correct account, sent by a special correspondent:

ROME, October 19, 1888.—On last Friday, the 12th inst., the principal avenue of this Leonine City were all en fete and adorned with flags on the occasion of Germany's visit to the Holy Father, and the streets were lined with troops and mounted gendarmes surrounded the vast Piazza of St. Peter's. Precisely at 1 100 the carriage of the Emperor entered the Court of St. Damasus, in which is the grand white marble staircase leading to the Pope's state apartment. The Prince Rampoli, in the beautiful costume of the Chamberlain's di cappa e spada (of the cloak and sword) was awaiting the Emperor's coming.

THE FINE SUIT OF PAPAL GENDARMES, in full uniform, were on duty, and on the lofty Palatine Corridor were a hundred lovely Palatine Guards with their drums. At the entrance to the great staircase the Corps of Swiss, with their most quaint costume, as designed by Raphael, in yellow, red and blue, and the Papal servants, in magnificent livery of crimson satin, with raised velvet patterns, and eight chamberlains in their fifteenth century costumes of black and white and gold, and with chains of office and velvet caps and feathers; also four chamberlains present in scarlet. In the midst of this group, so splendid in color and so quaint in costume, were the Prince Rampoli and the Marquis Sacchetti, Marquis Serlupi Master of Ceremonies, and many other dignitaries of the Papal Court, including the Prince Altieri, commanding the Noble Guard (dressed in the same fetes of the Swiss Guards and Monsignor Marini, majordomo.

SALUTING THE EMPEROR, led the way up the marble staircase to the Sala Ducale, which called the "Sala Clementina," where were in waiting Monsignor de la Volpe, Maestro di Camera, Noble Guards, more chamberlains, the colonels of the Palatine Guards, gendarmes, and others. Passing through the second state rooms there were more a row of picked men of the gendarmes in the third room was more Palatine Guards. In the fourth were the Noble Guards; then follow the Cabaret where the Holy Father says his daily Mass, and here were the officials called "Camerieri," or doorkeepers, Masters of the Ceremonies, and others. The hall is hung with green damask. The Tyrone mounts the Throne Pontifical, and the velvet and on four steps is covered with red velvet, gold embroidered, and is surmounted by a sapphire canopy in red velvet, and in the centre of which is embroidered the descending Dove, which rays, symbolical of the Holy Spirit. It was 1 50 p. m. when the Emperor reached the throne room.

THE POPE RECEIVED HIM STANDING at the foot of the grand Pontifical Throne, surrounded by his Court, and his nephew, Count Gioacchino Pecci, in the uniform of the Noble Guards. There was no Cardinal present. At the door of the Throne room the Emperor halted a moment and made two profound reverences, his head uncovered and his plumed hat in his hand, and then advanced towards the Holy Father, who advanced some steps to meet him. At this moment the helmet fell from the hands of the Emperor, and he quickly recovered it. Leaving the Pope, the Pope and Emperor then entered the private apartment, being alone, and remained 1 and in which, with jubilee and tears, and among many interesting works of art, was lying of the two last Emperors of Germany. The private interview, which occupied thirty minutes, concluded with the presentation to the Pope of the Emperor's presents, from which, with yellow satin damask, and in which, among many interesting works of art, are the two last Emperors of Germany. The private interview, which occupied thirty minutes, concluded, the Emperor presented his suite, and the presentation to the Pope presented his Majesty, with a magnificent framed mosaic representing the Blessed Virgin, and surrounded by a garland of flowers, executed by the first artist of the Mosaic manufactory, and for which the Pope had paid 24,000 francs. Then advancing with the Emperor as far as the door of the throne room.

THE POPE TOOK LEAVE OF HIS GUEST, and the Emperor went to visit the Cardinal Secretary of State, and he has been accordant I by him and by Mgr. Mocenni to visit the famous Logge and Stanze of Raphael, the museum, picture gallery, corridors, and Sistine Chapel, as, and ultimately descended by the private way into St. Peter's. It was half past three when the Emperor entered his carriage, and returned to the Palazzo Caprinica. In returning, several cards with inscriptions, *Viva lo Prussia*, *viva Prussia Tedesca*, *viva l' Alemania e Germania*, etc., were thrown into the Emperor's carriage and those of his suite. With this single exception, nothing the least disagreeable occurred, and no arrests were made.

THE PAPAL DEFENSE FUND.

The following subscriptions to the Parnell Defense Fund have been made during the week ending Saturday: Thomas Donnelly, Mobile, $1; Collegian, 8th Juvenile Mobeer, $25; T. Dunlap, 5th Ward, Mobile, $5; Mobile, 5th; Lazenaur Fairer, 8th Ward, $5; Mobile, 5th; Lazenaur Fairer, 8th Ward, $5; D. B. Murphy, 8th; J. Mahoney, 8th; Fury, 8th; Mobile, 5th; Mobile, 5th; Mobile, 5th; Mobile, 5th; Mobile, 5th; John Dunne, 8th; Cash, 8th; Mobile, 5th; Mobile, 5th; Mobile, 5th; Mobile, 5th; James Ryan, $2 50; Michael Kenny, $2 50; John Ryan, $2 50; Michael Kenny, $2 50; John Ryan, $2 50; Michael Kenny, $2 50; Michael Kenny, $2 50; Michael Kenny

POPE AND EMPEROR.

Correct Account of the Emperor William's Visit to the Sovereign Pontiff.

The accounts published by the daily press regarding the visit of Emperor William II. of Germany to the Holy Father are, very, jumbled to suit the enemies of the Church, and contained absurdities to convrentions but weed the Pope and the Emperor Malvin were entirely misleading. The following correct account was sent by a special correspondent:

ROME, October 19, 1888.—On last Friday, the 12th inst., the principal avenues of this Leonine City were all en fete and adorned with flags on the occasion of William II.'s visit to the Holy Father, and the streets were lined with soldiers, and crowds of people surrounded the vast Piazza of St. Peter's. Precisely at 1 40 the carriage of the Emperor entered the Court of St. Damaso, in which is the grand white marble staircase leading to the Pope's state apartment. The Prince Rampoli, in the beautiful costume of the Chamberlain's of honor « spada e cappa (of the cloak and sword) was awaiting the Emperor's coming.

THE FIRE BODY OF PAPAL GENDARMES, in full uniform, were on duty, and on the left of the Cortile were a hundred men of the Palatine Guards with their drums. At the entrance to the great staircase the Corps of Swiss, with their most quaint costume, designed by Michael Angelo, were on guard, and the Papal servants, in magnificent livery of crimson satin, with raised velvet patterns, and eight chamberlains in their fifteenth century costumes of black and violet and cloth, and with chains of office and velvet caps and feathers; also four chamberlain prelates in scarlet. In the midst of this group, so splendid in color, and so quaint in costume, were the Prince Rampoli and the Marquis Sacchetti. Marquis Bartolo Master of the Horse, and many other dignitaries of the Papal Court, including the Prince Altieri, commanding the Noble Guard, the Colonel de Courten, the Swiss Guards and Monsignor Machi, majordomo.

SALUTING THE EMPEROR, led the way up the marble staircase to the great hall called the "Sala Clementina," where were in waiting Monsigner de la Volpe, Canons di Cassera, Nobili Cameriere, chamberlains, the colonels of the Palatine Guards, gendarmes, and other Papal officers, and the second state room there was seen a row of picked men of the gendarmes. In the third room we were Palatine Guards. In the fourth were the Noble Guards; then follows the chapel, where the Holy Father says his daily Mass, and here were the officials called "Ussarabali," or doorkeepers, Masters of the Ceremonies, and others. This hall is hung with green and crimson damask, and in the Throne room. The Throne mounted on the Throne is covered with red velvet, and embroidered gold, and is surmounted by a baldachino of red velvet, and in the centre of which is embroidered in Silence and Dove, which rays, symbolical of the Holy Spirit. It was 1 50 p. m. when the Emperor reached the throne ROOM.

THE POPE RECEIVED HIM STANDING at the foot of a grand Pontifical Throne, surrounded by his Court, and his nephew, Count Camillo Pecci, in the uniform of the Noble Guards. There was no Cardinal present. At the foot of the Throne there were two Prelates habited a moment and made two profound reverences, and then one and one and his Majesty, on his right hand, and then advanced towards the Holy Father, who advanced some steps to meet him. At this moment the Emperor fell from the hands of the Emperor a purple biretta, and immediately descended by the private way into St. Peter's. It was half past three when the Emperor entered his carriage, and returned to the Palazzo Caprarola. In returning, several cards with inscriptions, Viva in France, mon Frede-Tricke, sans L'Alsace e Lorrea, etc., were thrown into the Emperor's carriage and those of his suite. With this single exception, nothing the least disagreeable occurred, and no arrests were made.

THE PAPAL DEFENSE FUND.

The following subscription to the Parnell Defense Fund have been made during the week ending December 1: Donal Drummond, $20; Bell Gallagher, 50c; Jeremiah Mahoney, $2; P. J. Sheehy, $5; Jeremiah Mahoney, $2; Jas. Sullivan, $1; Lawrence Fahey, $50; Jas. Fahey, $5; Jas. Fahey, $5; Jas. Fahey, $5; Jas. Fahey, $5; D. B. Murphy, $5; Michael Hennessy, $5; H. Mooney, $5; Jas. Mooney, $5; James Kelly, $5; Mooney Brothers, $5; Michael Mahoney, $5; Mooney Brothers, $5; John Dowse, $5; Carl Madison, $1; Mr. P. Madison, $2; Mr. John Carr, $5; Mr. Jas. Sullivan, $2; Mr. Michael Kane, $2; Mr. Jas. Weaver, $1; Mr. Jas. Weaver, $2; Mr. William McGlinnon, $2; Mr. Jeremiah Barry, $1; Mr. Wm. Revere, $2; Mr. Pat Grimes, $2; Mr. Michael O'Mahoney, $2; Mr. Tim Garvey, $1; Mr. and Jasper Connell, $5; Michael Dooley, $1; John Cross, Pat O'Brien, W. Roth, Peter Lawlor, M. McGrath, Michael Dunn, Jas. Lynch, Wm. Jones, Thos. Dunne, Patrick Dunne, $1 50 each. Previously acknowledged, $1,119; total, $1,235 50.

FAIR AT BOLINAS.

The fair held at Bolinas, Marin County, on the 19th and 20th of last month in aid of the Catholic church in that place was most successful. The wheel of fortune and lucky table were under the management of Mrs. John Lunes, who threw open her commodious home, "Bird Cottage," for the entertainment of her friends. She was assisted by a number of young ladies, who contributed the handsome fancy table, and were under the management of Miss McKee and Miss Lunes. The wheel of fortune, chances and tickets are valued at $1 in addition to the regular price of admission, $2 25; Miss Geary, $2 25; Mr. Mrs. Peters, $14; which proceeds amounted $753 50, which sum was turned over to the pastor of the church, Rev. Father Valentini.

CATHOLIC CONCERTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

—The concert in aid of the new parish of St. Joseph, will take place in the Mission Opera House on the 22nd inst.

—The grand concert in aid of the addition to St. Rose's Academy, Guide Gate Avenue, will take place this evening and the 7 inst. in the Metropolitan Hall.

—The entertainment and ball in behalf of St. Bridget's Parochial Schools, will be held at Golden Eagle Hall, on Monday, 26th November, the 17th inst.

—The Sterling Day entertainment by the members of the St. Ann Library and Literary Society of the Sacred Heart College will be given at the College Hall on Wednesday, the 28th inst., at 2 p. m.

St. Rose's Concert.

Among the many eminent artists that have volunteered to assist at St. Rose's Concert at Metropolitan Hall, on Friday evening next, are the following: Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Madame Louis C. Knell, Signor Campanari, Madame Fursch-Madi, Signor Campanari and Mme. Pinelli-Lewis. Tickets including reserved seats at

Poetry.

THREE NEW FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF ST. MARGARET.

I.—ST. JOHN BERCHMANS—THE LILY OF PURITY.

Hail! Beleiam's brilsht, unsullied blossom!
Pale Flossish lily! hail to thee!
For Birth is filled with sweet perfume
Of thy celestial purity.

Namesake of one who, on the breast
Of Jesus leaned—thy resting place!—
Thy beddine bloom, in loss Dust
Unsoiled, " wased in sacr and grace"

As once, in lowly Nazareth,
Thy hidden Saviour's Childhood grew—
All fragrant as the lily's breath,
All standing with its stainless hue.

Transplanted to that bright parterre
Where Lora Divine "—'mid lilies feeds,
Whose whiteness like the path of prayer
And shores the pensaen-road that leads

To blest Perfection's exalt height—
How swiftly, on that Heavenly way
O, wilnest, 'mid His lilies white!
Thy charms unfolded, day by day.

Till rose thine incense breath so sicly
His heavenly gate, the King looked down
Where two dif'ent blooms on summit high,
And plucked thee for His fairest crown.

Then bade His blest Vicegerent show
Thy brightness to our mourning earth,
That ye lar sense sadly smile to see
They pure His chosen blossom birth.

Pale Flossish lily! meet to twine—
As gifts from heat Lent to a saint—
With proud Gonzaga's bloom divine,
And martyred Palmer's crimson wave.

For prudial soul-Ds's growing where
Thy radiance cheered our sanity wild,
O, win thou rich, celestial sphere
Of thy own wilissme sod-bled.

That Love Immortal, easing down,
May find each blossom meet to be
Placed lonely in His fairest crown,
His lily-wreath of Purity.

HARRIET M. SAUNDERS (Marie).

San Francisco.

"St. Aloysius Gonzaga,
"St. Stanislaus Kostka.

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE.

SAN JOSE.

Gratuitly Distribution of Medals.

The usual quarterly examinations and distribution of medals, will take place at the close of October, in Notre Dame College, San Jose, under the patronage of the Most Rev. Father Colton, Address prepared for the occasion, music by professional persons, and regal thanks to the public for their laudable encouragement in Science, polishing and Docility, that beautiful feeling of obedience and humility, and Prayer to two angel guides that manual fail to direct the course to Wisdom and Success.

PROGRAMME—Chorus de Cavatada, as ex-phonic, Mi ne K (Pinsi, F.) Cantata Sacra (L. Amy); Salutatory, Miss A. Vosh; Chorus—Ave Maria (Gounod); Valedictory, Miss Good Conduct; Chorus—Ave Verum (Mozart); Chorus—Hymn to Christian Doctrine; The Sacre Lacre, Miss M. Mullen; Miss M. Molloy; Elocution—Miss S. McCoss, B. Lemmon; Chorus—Hymn of Thanksgiving; Chorus—Hymn Excellence, Apposition, Overture on Pinsi; Chorus—Hymn to Christian Doctrine; Chorus—Hymn to Christian Doctrine; Chorus—Hymn to Christian Doctrine

"THE JOLLY THREE."

Beautiful Women Carried Across the Atlantic.

NEW YORK, November 27.—Nora Fitzgerald, Kettia Donovan and Mary Cummings, three bright-eyed Irish lassies, conduct a boarding house in Queenstown harbor, Ireland. They sell apples, cakes and other things to passengers of vessels that enter the harbor. Their wincome ways made them very popular with the old tars in Queenstown and ever to them the sobriquet of "The Jolly Three." When the Union steamer *Arizona* sailed into Queenstown last Sunday morning the three beautiful women made ready to go out to meet her; each armed with a big basket filled with oranges, apples, etc.

Bumboat women are not allowed to board the Union liners, but "The Jolly Three" succeeded in stealing aboard. While they were selling their wares to the steerage passengers, Danny O'Brien's boat, which brought them out, got adrift. Before he could tell the officers about the women the *Arizona's* lines were let go, and, amid the weeping and wailing of the three women, the steamer sailed away from Queenstown and "The Jolly Three," with their baskets, were compelled to take a sail across the Atlantic. The women became quite contented after two days out, but poor Danny, the boatman, longed to be back among his rosy cheeks. Captain Brooks treated them kindly and said he would get them here in time to sail to-day on the *Wyoming*, but owing to the gales which the *Arizona* met she did not arrive until after the *Wyoming* had sailed. All of them are still on the *Arizona*, and Captain Brooks will not permit the young lassies to leave the steamer for fear that they have might come to them.

The Celtic, which arrived the other day, also brought a young lad who is "Danny's boatman" in Queenstown. His name is Johnny O'Neil, and he is 14 years old. He returns home to-morrow.

A PRUDENT PRIEST.

He Disagrees with his Bishop but Goes to Rome with Them.

The trouble which has culminated in Father Lambert of Waterloo, N. Y., having sailed for Rome, is said, on pretty good authority, to be simply a matter of jurisdiction. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, has honestly believed that Father Lambert was still a Priest of the diocese of Alton, from which he came after the close of the war. Having so informed Rome, the Propaganda authorized Bishop McQuaid to interrupt the exercise of the ministry of Father Lambert in the Rochester diocese, and the matter of his legal residence was adjusted.

Father Lambert claims that he has been released from his oath to Alton, has been furnished with his "exeat" and has been a hunting long enough, under the Celtic canon, in the diocese of his adoption, to acquire a residence. He sailed with Bishop McQuaid for Rome to bring the matter formally before the Propaganda and await judgment.

Russia and the Vatican.

ROME, November 29.—After conference with Cardinal Rampolli and the Russian Envoy the Pope has proposed to establish diplomatic relations with Russia the same as with Germany, a Russian Minister to be sent to the Vatican, but no Nuncio to St. Petersburg.

The Parnell Fund.

NEW YORK, December 1.—Banker Eugene Kelly, president and treasurer of the Irish Parliamentary Fund Committee, said to-day: "None of the money which we sent to Mr. Parnell has been used by him in law suits. The money is his, though, to do what he sees fit with it for the cause of Ireland. We sent our last contribution, $10,000, by Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmond when he left here some months ago. We have now very little on hand, less than $500. We haven't attempted to raise any money within the past few months, because we do not consider the time fitting. We will have a meeting of the committee in a few days to decide what we had best do.

Portland's New Hospital.

PORTLAND, Dec. 3.—Archbishop Gross has bought five acres of land in a beautiful situation on the slope of the hills west of this city as a site for a new building for the Vincent's Hospital, paying $20,000 therefor. The site of the present hospital is near the grounds of the Northern Pacific Terminal Company, and property all around it has been built up and the situation has become undesirable for hospital purposes, and a more handsome and commodious building will be erected on the new site.

The Monument to Sheridan.

WASHINGTON, November 27.—Samuel Kitson the sculptor, is engaged upon a monument for the tomb of General Sheridan in the Arlington Cemetery. This monument is to be a monolith of granite, with three sides entirely plain. Upon the fourth side, looking towards the city, is to be a portrait bust of General Sheridan in bas-relief of bronze. The bust is to be surrounded by a wreath of laurel on one side representing victory, and of palm on the other side representing peace. Back of the bust is to be the General's breastplate.

A Catholic Church Burned.

St. Raphael's Catholic Church, one of the oldest at Saspatchin Bridge, was burned to the ground on Wednesday. The structure was built in 1854 and has been enlarged at considerable expense since. The fire caught near the furnace room, evidently from a defective chimney. Nothing was saved, the building being completely gutted. The loss is between $12,000 and $15,000. The parsonage adjoining the church on the west, caught fire but all except the kitchen part was saved. The Indian's private residence, a frame structure on the east, was partially consumed. The Catholic school-house close by was saved, although somewhat scorched. The buildings were partially insured.

Lobenstein's Invective.

For scorching invective, no one believes than anyone, we have seldom seen anything to equal Mr. Henry Lobenstein's comments on Chamberlain. Speaking of Blanford recently the editor of *Truth* said: "Chamberlain has been called a Judas. I do not approve of historical comparisons for they are seldom exact, Judas had some good about him. True he betrayed his Master, but he did not afterwards attempt Judas, dine with Herod, sup with Caiphas, sing the praises of Pilate, appear on platforms surrounded by Scribes and Pharisees and declare that he alone of the Apostles was a true Christian. Judas, I repeat, betrayed and Judas, No, he repented and hanged himself."

Cheap Fruit in California.

Fine Cal. Prunes, 20 lbs. for $1, at the old place—Sign of Shoshoes & Co., 537 Washington street.

Prescriptions.

Take your prescriptions to Frank S. Kelly, Prescription chemist and family druggist, Ist and Kearny, cor. 19 Eddy street, opposite Parrott Building.

—If you require genuine pure wines, brandy or liquor of any kind for use in sickness or holidays, Fulton St. Market of 908 and 910 Fulton street, can furnish your orders with full satisfaction guaranteed.

—Chas. Brown & Son, No. 38 Geary street, have just received a large lot of the best Imported Worcester Sauce, Pickles and Olives which they offer at reduced prices.

Correspondence.

We gratefully solicit correspondence from all parts of the Pacific Coast on matters pertaining to the interests of the Church or the welfare of the Faith.

All communications should reach this office by Tuesday morning of each week at the latest.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE MONITOR, and not to any other person connected with the paper.

NEVADA CATHOLICS.

Our Gonzaloe Correspondent Tells of Mass Twice—Sermon in Spanish—Grand Lecture—$1,985 65 Result of the Fair—Those Who Labored for the Grand Success—St. Mary's School—Easter in Dublin—A Record of a Young Lady Pupil for One Month—Its Superiority over Public Schools—Concert by the Pupils—The "Enterprise" Makes a Statement—St. Aloysius' Sodality—A Newsy Letter Ably Written by Our Female Correspondent.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., Dec. 2, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—It is not often that the people of Virginia City are favored with a letter by Rev. Father Bouchard, S. J. It is rarely we are privileged to be present when the Grand Vicar of the Illustrious Loyola preaches in his own language the Sacrificial Mass of the Ordinariate. But when such an opportunity is afforded, then could not all these people who speak the language of Castile, Leon and Aragon, and feel intensely the pulse of Holy Church to the inclosure of the world. Such was the case last week when the veteran Catholic Hebe preached twice and gave a grand lecture—"Universal Salvation." Though on this question there seem to be many opinions among learned orators and profound thinkers, Father Bouchard gave a clear explanation of the teaching and Doctrine of the Church of Christ and the means of salvation ordained by a just and merciful God and left in the world as the medium through which men are to work out their salvation. I wish I could understand sufficiently the Castilian tongue to enable me to describe the Catholic Church there was in attendance. He then proceeded to explain that the dict not by any means strictly that all who were not in visible or corporate union with the only religious society on earth, organized and authorized by Jesus to preach His Life-giving Gospel to every creature under the sun, and that, and be eternally lost, for there are good souls who are not in visible union with the Catholic Church, and yet are united in an invisible manner to the soul of the Church, who will be saved, provided that their souls become them in the state of grace. Four months ago I wrote you that the statistics of the Sunday Sodality of Holy Church, and respectfully request the learned disputants, Father Young and Miller, who are now each at close over this matter, to adopt it as the result of their strange discussion in the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Rev. Father Bouchard had in his audience representatives of every belief in the Comstock, and they all agreed that the lecture so eloquently expressed was very fair. He left for San Francisco after the feature, but he will return to the Comstock next June, when he will give us a two weeks Mission.

Our Gonzaloe correspondent is able to announce through your Comstock news department the result of the Orphan's Fair, and as he does so he will respectfully call the attention of Catholics elsewhere to what their brethren here accomplished for sweet charity, expressed to them by our loved Mother Church. It is a grand showing. $1,985 65 represents the receipts of the Fair. Truly, the kind and generous people of the Comstock, the fair ladies who worked with untiring zeal and self-sacrifice, and all who in any way contributed toward the result, are entitled to great praise. Your correspondent, though a Catholic, is a stranger and a poor person, but is totally unable to even commend. Elsewhere in your columns the reader can see the individual work of the ladies. It is but right to state that the evareseers for the Angel Gabriel project, They were Mrs. Arthur Kelly, Mrs. John J. Sullivan, Mrs. C. A. Kelly, Miss Kate Street, Mrs. T. C. McCarthy, Miss Maggie Cullen, 640 Eighteenth street, San Francisco, Miss H. Harte and Mrs. D. C. Carson, Gold Hill, Miss Teresa Dockery, Carson, Mrs. Louis Morris, Empire city, Mrs. Hassman, Mrs. Hurley and Mrs. W. English Gold Hillers, Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. E. B. Boyle, and Miss Sumner. Mrs. Geo. R. F. Keating and Mrs. McGuire entered the quantity sum of $1500 00; Miss Dolly McCoss was the select lottery ticket holder, Miss Lizzie Kelly and Mrs. Delaherty are justly proud of their success; Miss Mamie Tobin, graduate of the nun home of Protestantism on the suffering world. But perhaps the Sixteenth Century was a bad bade age. The paper also stated they received but an indifferent support on the Comstock during the year. Well, Mr. Enterprise, you were more correct than you knew.

Yours truly, ALBERT M.

OUR SAN DIEGO LETTER.

Result of the Fair to Build a New Church.

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 29th, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—It is the duty of the Aid Society here asked me to send a short account of their Fair just closed here for the benefit of the Building Fund of the new Catholic Church. They cleared about $2 400 00, with which Father Chrisp proposes to start on the foundation. Following is a list of books and those in charge of same:

Candy and lemonade—Misses Dwyer and Gilmore, Mesdames Dolan, Wade, Wolfe, Ben Flower, Hall—table, Misses McCarty and Mrs. Hall—table, Misses Tracy table. Misses McQuaid, Gipsy tent—Misses Haddigan, Holbrook—Misses M. Mulvey, Sheary, Nesbitt and Mrs. Bell. Ice cream—Mrs. Alvarado, assisted by the Misses Altimirano and Alvarado. Postoffice—In charge of Mrs. Gillmartin and Miss Dohmey. Bazaar table—Misses Daily, Joy and Murphy. Trumpet—Miss Dwyer and Mrs. Brooks. Refreshment table—Mesdames McKenzie, Coleman and Woods. Shooting Gallery—F. J. Hinch. Fish pond—Mrs. Scott. The diamond ring donated by Mesdames Sullivan and Mesdames Altimirano.

Yours respectfully, MARCUS C. NEWBY.

A SUCCESSFUL FAIR.

Proceeds of St. Mary's Orphan Fair at Virginia City, Nevada.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., Nov. 27, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Following are the very handsome returns made by the ladies in charge of the fair held in this city for the benefit of the orphans in charge of St. Mary's:

Fancy table No. 1—Mrs. R. P. Keating and Mrs. J. McCoss, assistants, Mrs. Hanahoe and Mrs. Martin, $7,500.

Lemonade table—Mrs. Lennon, Mrs. Dolan and Mrs. Tracy, $4,000.

Refreshment table—Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Ashe and Mrs Dempsey, $[illegible]

Candy table—Mrs. J. Moore, Miss Walsh and M. Moore, Mrs. K. Kelly, $[illegible].

Shooting gallery—Mesdames J. Wheeler, J. Hinch, N Shannahan and M. Kennedy, $[illegible].

Wheel of fortune—Mrs. M. F. Jordan and Misses K. Ford and M. Dyas, $[illegible].

Fishing pool—Misses K. Leonard, H. Burke and A. Little, $96.

Ice cream—Misses K. Nevin, M. Kane and A. P. Kennedy, $377 15.

Orphans' Aprons—Misses N. Quinlan, K. Nevin, K. Ford, Mrs. Curran and Miss Harris, $[illegible].

Total, $3,972 15; expenses, $637 65; net proceeds, $3,337 25.

The Sisters beg to thank most sincerely the ladies who so kindly took charge of the various tables, and who, with their assistants, labored so indefatigably in the interests of the fair; the gentlemen who so generously gave of their time and their money to the cause, and without whom all the efforts of the ladies would have been invalid; the military companies, for their attendance and drills; the dolores of money and costly articles of fancy work and refreshments; the generous people who donated the $1,000 in cash, and many, many others, whose generosity and a comfortable home for the sisters have been built, owing to the successful exertion, and now there is but a little more to be paid on the remaining part of debt, to be accomplished by the end of next year. We have also to thank the Sisters and children of St. Mary's return most earnest thanks.

Sisters of Charity.

A SAD SEPARATION.

The Faithful Shepherd Parts from His Sorrowing Flock.

ANTIOCH, Nov. 30th, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—Sunday the 25th ult. Rev. Father Caron, O. M. I., of the French Catholic Mission, Antioch, delivered his farewell sermon to his parishioners, who were numerous, and the echo of the vast crowd who had collected to witness the last sad ceremony of their beloved pastor, Father and friend. It can be truly said that Antioch is in tears over him. For the last eighteen years Father Callahan has lived in our midst, doing which time he has shed the sunshine of his congregation at least, and the good people of Antioch, Oakley and Brentwood, have erected churches and a comfortable home for the clergy have been built, owing to his successful exertion, and now there is but a little more to be done to complete the work of debt, to be accomplished by the end of next year, and this will be done, if the principal need being met, Where shall we find a pastor to take advantage of it, and all were sorrowful at the thought of his leaving us. Yet it was, beyond the sorrow, a joyful one, for it was a well-earned holiday for a man who has spent his life in the cause of his Master. Every Catholic in Antioch, and many others, wish him the heartfelt prayers and best wishes of a grateful congregation, for the good he has done for them during the time they were under his jurisdiction and Catholics in San Francisco, as he has left a country home. At the last Gospel the whole congregation sang "Adieu, Adieu."

Ah! many an eye was bedewed with tears, Our guide, our pastor and our friend, Our soul adieu, our heart, our home, Must joys no more now come to end! Farewell, Father Caron, farewell dear friend, With aching hearts we now you greet, But yet we have fled these happy lines, Our cracks will leave at Father's feet, Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

N. W.

REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

In accordance with the Scriptural injunction "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead," the Catholic Young Men's Institute of this city, in connection with the Catholic Ladies' Sodality, assembled in their handsome rooms on last Sunday evening, for the purpose of being in order to assist at the annual solemn Requiem Mass for the deceased members of the religious organization. The chapel was tastefully draped in the sombre emblems of mourning and presented a very handsome appearance in its ornamental silver and black. A catafalque was also erected and suitably draped. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. A. Neri, S.J. Spiritual Director of the Sodality, the music of the occasion being very fine, and the sermon was delivered by Father Crochet. A large number of relatives and friends of the deceased members of the Sodality were present on the occasion and all were highly edified as the impressive ceremony is commemorative of the dearly loved dead.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been cured. I shall send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and Post Office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

—John J. Clark, Architect, 6 Eddy St., room 79 (St. Ann's Building), San Francisco; office hours, 12 to 2 p. m. (Oakland Office, Rooms 26 and 27, Dalziger Block, Broadway, bet. 9th & 10th.)

—J. S. LITTLE, Dentist, 116 Geary street; formerly of 1008 Market, Dr. Stevenson's old stand.

—Dry goods on installments without interest; jewelry, pictures, mirrors, hanging lamps, clocks, etc., etc., organs from $5 cents upward. J. Noonan & Co., 1027 and 1029 Mission Street, between 8th and 7th; open evenings.

"If at your case the girls you'd please
And win them, like Kate Kearney,
Take care to say, I've heard them say,
Go get a suit of Hearney."

The simple rule to get the Hearney, also the goods of the Irish Woolen Company, Dublin, is at Tobin's High Class Tailoring Establishment, Montgomery street, under Occidental Hotel.

—I receive twice a month a lot of imported cassocks. Suits to order, finest trimmings and workmanship. Clergymen's underwear made to measure, balance $2 50 a week; T. Allen, 1326 Market street, opposite 101 Fulsom Building.

—The Oriental's much-talked-of perfect fitting glasses, from C. Muller, optician, 135 Montgomery street.

OUR CATHOLIC SOCIETY COLUMN.

Contributions for this Department solicited from Catholic societies all over the Pacific Coast. All communications should reach this office not later than Tuesday morning of each week.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE.

—No. 55 is rapidly increasing in membership.

—Frank T. Shea will lecture before No. 86 next Wednesday evening.

—No. 7 will give a party at Odd Fellows' Hall on the 19th inst.

—No. 31's entertainment at East Oakland was very good and drew quite a large audience.

—No. 105 acted at the Mission Opera House was well attended on last Wednesday evening.

—Lecture No. 67 gave an entertainment and social at Chamberlain Hall last night.

—No. 5 of Stockton is gaining members at every meeting. They will shortly occupy a new hall which Rev. Father O'Connor is erecting.

—Institute No. 99 of Cloverdale, gives a social and entertainment on Thanksgiving evening at the Union.

—The Y. M. I. of New York has received the approval of Archbishop Corrigan and Monsignor Preston, Vicar General.

—District Deputy Richard Lannon will organize another Institute in Stockton during the coming week.

—E. W. Kirk has been elected Second Vice President of Institute No. 39, vice L. B. Lennon, resigned.

—An application for an Institute signed by 40 young men of Little City, Montana, has been received, and Special Deputy D. W. O'Neill will organize that district during the week.

—Rev. J. M. Bouchard, S. J., delivered a lecture at Virginia, on Sunday evening, the 25th ult., in aid of the Y. M. I., and the members are well pleased with the financial results. The large audience thoroughly enjoyed the excellent lecture.

—No. 36 gave an entertainment at Union Square Hall on Wednesday evening. The attendance was very large and an excellent programme was rendered. The farce by the "Athenians" was very creditably produced and greatly amused the audience. The "Athenians" are quite an assistance at Institute entertainments.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

—The branch at Benicia is rapidly growing.

—No. 7 will elect officers on Friday evening.

—No. 7 will give an entertainment in the near future.

—The Grand Board of Directors met last evening.

—Branch 1 nominated officers at the last meeting. This branch is doing excellently.

—No. 7 naturally feels elated over the success of their recent donation party.

—No. 1 will hold their first party at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, the 20 inst.

—No. 3 gave a reception on the 23rd ult. The attendance was very large. Most of the members were in evening dress.

CATHOLIC LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

—No. 7 is rapidly increasing in membership.

—A branch was organized at Martinez recently.

—Father Montgomery's lectures realized quite a sum for the Sheltering Home.

—A basket social was given by No. 1 recently. A large crowd was present, and quite a sum was realized from the sale of the baskets.

—Branch No. 12 was organized at Concord lately. The officers were installed by Mrs. McCarthy, Rev. Father Anthes afterwards addressed the ladies.

OUR STOCKTON LETTER.

Successful Entertainment by the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society.

STOCKTON, Cal., Dec. 1, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE MONITOR:

Dear Sir—The concert and social given by C. L. A. S. Nov. 7, at Weber hall, last Tuesday night, was a complete success. The spacious hall was packed to standing room and many had to go away for want of room. The concert was entirely spiritual question. At the hour appointed the vast audience was seated and the curtain to rain admittance the crowd was so large. The following programme was rendered:

THE WEEK'S NEWS
—FROM—
IRELAND.

Armagh.

A young man named Henry Hoing at Aughnacloy, about four miles from Armagh, died from hydrophobia. He was bitten by a mad dog three months ago by a rabid dog, and afterwards was taken to the Pasteur Institute, Paris, and treatment lately treated by Mr. McIlroy. He returned some weeks ago apparently all right, and seemed his usual occupation. A few days after symptoms of hydrophobia were manifest, and he died on the 27, instant, after intense suffering.

Cavan.

The Rev. John Boylan, the eloquent and popular parish priest of Drumreagh, has had the gratification of seeing a work to which he has devoted the past eight or nine years of his life crowned with success. About ten years ago the church was partially raised, in a manner, and since that period the good priest has been laboring to procure means to repair the calamity. The task is ended, and on Sunday, the 25th of November, he will have the supreme satisfaction of beholding a the curious edifice solemnly consecrated. The cost of the work, including many other improvements, has exceeded their intention of being completed at the ceremony.

Cork.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Kanturk was held last week in the Parliament of the Queen's Hotel, when a vote was passed to the Mayor, Mr. Lane, who presided, on the spot. A number of gentlemen who visited the neighborhood on behalf of the Flower Workingmen's Industrial Association, addressed the meeting, and delivered speeches which were warmly applauded by the crowd.

Down.

A grand bazaar for aid of the fund for the completion of the Cathedral of Down, which is dedicated to the Nativity (Assumption) was opened on Monday, Nov. 19. The affairs of the Most Rev. Dr. McIlvern, and his Administrator, Rev. Dr. McCoulle, have of late been a great source of pride to the Catholics of Newry, but by million dollars they have succeeded in completing the Cathedral, which is the finest in Ulster. The cost exceeded of the two transepts now in course of erection and the tower, which is to be left for the liquidation of the heavy debt that the present appeal is being made.

Galway.

On Wednesday, October 31st, the anniversary of the death of the late Archbishop Mac Hale, which was the occasion of a great gathering of the clergy of the province of the west, in Galway, the Most Rev. Dr. McCabe, presiding.

Donegal.

It is announced that Father Mc Fadden, of Gweedore, in response to repeated detections has arranged to attend a series of liberal meetings in Donegal and Derry, at which he will be joined by Mr. Dillon, who will also address the people on the Plan of Campaign. Gweedore has a splendid parish church, which is the most imposing edifice of its kind in Donegal. The place select, near Loughros Beg Bay, is a very picturesque one, Gweedore, and Greenock. The meetings will take place during the present month.

Kildare.

Religious exercises after an impressive character, commencing at Solemn High Mass, were and Benediction, were celebrated at Kildare Church on Sunday, Nov. 11, the occasion being the opening of a spacious, by the people for the construction of their beautiful church, on the foundation of which was laid by the late lamented parish priest of Kildare, Rev. Very Rev. P. Kavanagh. Solemn High Mass was begun at half past eleven o'clock by the pastor of the large and devout congregation, the Celebrant being Rev. Father Fitzgerald, P. P. of Maynooth, assisted by Rev. Father Ryan, V. F. Morris, P. P. Naas, Rev. Father Delaney, C.C. Athlone, and Rev. Father Hanrahan, P.P. Suncroft. The Rev. President of Thurles College preached a most interesting and eloquent sermon in which he referred to touching words to the late Dr. Kavanagh, whose memory he had enjoyed, and by whose wisdom he was now called and said Mass. Rev. Father Ryan, the previous evening, the Archbishop of Dublin had confirmed a large number of children that day at Kildare to save a few words to the people in memory of their beloved pastor.

Kerry.

It would be difficult to appreciate the services which have been performed in the Kingdom of Kerry by the Rev. Father Kennedy, of Ballyheigue, Tanner and Moore, Ballybunion and Tiffrin, M. P. for the Division, and Mr. Sheehy, M. P. and means for the success of the movement on the occasion of the Rev. Father Kennedy's jubilee, which took place on the 11 inst., was but for the stupidity of the police and the Government. The people were determined to show their beloved pastor the honor they owed him, and they had prepared a magnificent reception, but the Government, in the interests of the landlords, prohibited their carrying it out. Nothing daunted the people of Ballyheigue, Moyvane, Ballybunion, Tiffrin, Listowel, Ballyduff, Lixnaw, Ballyroe, Ballyseanna, Ballyguiney, Ballyduff

A FATHER'S FINAL CONVERSION.

A Happy Reminiscence of One Christmas Eve.

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR BY "R. M."]

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve, in a by-gone year, and Edna Gray was standing before a mirror arranging her simple, white dress. For months she had looked forward to this night with a feeling of intense pleasure. Throughout many years she had been attending a Sabbath School, and, no one could remember ever having heard of an absent mark against her for eleven years, she was often laughingly alluded to as "the immovable Fixture." This year, for her attendance and exemplary zeal, she had been promised a recompense more costly than that usually given to the ordinary Protestant Sabbath School scholar, and tonight that reward was to be here.

A change had come over the girl in the last few days; no one knew why, and, what may seem strange, no one cared to analyze. She stood, gazing at the reflection of herself in the glass, dreaming strange dreams. At length she said:

"I know I am not beautiful, but when I set my heart on anything I always attain my object. Every one likes me; it seems I possess the power to make others love me. I wonder what papa would say if I told him what is troubling me now, and before I go I must tell him, for I could not enter that festival hall with my mind burdened with this secret."

Just then Mr. Grey entered, and he looked pleased as his eye rested on his favorite daughter. "Ah! little one," he said, "you are growing beautiful, and sometime I shall be losing you too. What is it to be—a minister's wife, eh?

"Oh, pshaw, papa; nothing like that. Something you least expect. Let me tell you what happened on Sabbath last."

The child's arms were around his neck, and her head nestled on his bosom. She was so beautiful, and, in fact, until lately she had been considered quite plain, but she possessed that magic power of drawing others to her. The father gazed fondly upon his little one, and wondered how he could ever part with his "sunshine," as he called her.

"Papa," she said did you ever hear of Protestant Sisters?"

"No."

"Well, on last Sabbath, at the afternoon services, we were all startled by the appearance of two ladies dressed exactly like the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy here. They wore large black cloaks over their dresses, poke bonnets, and long veils thrown over the bonnets. Some say they had beads and crucifixes at their sides, but I did not notice that. Of course we were all very curious to know about them, and asked a great many questions of our Sabbath School Superintendent and Rev. Mr. E——, our pastor. They concluded that these were two Indian women from Free Masons, and that his brother Masons were bound to take care of him. "Who never read any Romish books, how, then, has this desire come upon her? I will watch her more closely hereafter. Oh! the little knows the depth of her father's bitterness. God grant that no evil may befall my poor, wayward child."

Morning dawned and found Edna busy kneeling in the old Catholic Cathedral, praying with all the fervor of her soul for Faith. What a strange feeling pervaded her heart as she listened, for the first time, to the grand, harmonious Catholic hymns! How her soul was stirred when she heard the "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*"—that thrilling anthem sung by the Angels so many years ago. And as she listens she prays that the peace announced to the men of old might find an entrance to her heart. Ah! well she knew, if she aspired to follow the steps of her Divine Saviour, she must take up her cross and follow Him. She must taste of His bitter passion, and, perhaps, her sacrifice would lead her on to death for His sake. How fervently she prayed, for strength to do His will in all things. Ah! well, we do not know what is before us. How happy is God Who rolls from us the bitterness of the sacrifices He demands until we have the strength to make them.

CHAPTER II.

Six years have passed and again the joyous Christmas time has come. The midnight bells are filling the air with their welcome music, and the faithful are wending their way through the silent streets to adore the God Who was once cradled in a manger. Again the clear notes of the *Gloria in Excelsis* breaks through the stillness of the midnight hour. Not now in the grand Church choir, but in the Hospital Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy. The gentle Nuns, who have offered their lives to Him for the service of His destitute poor, are singing His praises. The door of one of the wards is partially open, and the sweet strains of the sacred music finds an entrance there.

In the distant corner of the room lies a man whose form is wasted by sickness and sorrow, which, in a measure, he had brought upon himself. He had been lying awake for several hours, ever since the gentle Sister had gone her last round. A few days before he had been brought to the hospital in an unconscious condition, and it was feared, by a sister, that he would pass away while in that state; but to-night he had rallied, and the doctors had said that with care he might recover at least for a time.

His first impulse on coming out of his unconscious state had been to order a carriage. Indeed he could not understand why he had been brought to this place when all others. Expostulating with the gentle Sister he had told her that he was not Sisters of Mercy. Their Mother House was in London, England, and they were in Canada. Upon this the Sister had replied: "Why, dear sir, that question I can not answer, nor can I tell you why you were brought to this place. Our Mother House is in London, England, and they were sent from there. We are in Canada, and we have no control over our patients. We are under the Mother House in London

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to all MONITOR friends, both far and near!

—A subjugum from Rome says that Archbishop Riordan left Rome on last Thursday.

—The Parnell Investigation still drags its slow course before the Commission, but nothing courted last week worth noting.

—Italian Catholics are arranging for a special Peter Pence collection at the end of the year as a thank-offering wherewith to clothe the Jubilee year.

—News has just arrived in Rome of the death of Mgr. Bouegard, Bishop of Laval, who had only been consecrated to the episcopate on February 2nd. His death is bewailed with much sincerity of sorrow there, as he had many friends among ecclesiastical circles in all parts of the world. *R. I. P.*

—Do not forget the poor in your list of those worthy of presents during the coming Holiday season. "The poor ye have always with you," says our Divine Redeemer, and extremely blessed is that Catholic who helps the poor for God's sake. There is a poor *bar* in every church, yet some Catholics never seem to find that out.

—London *Punch* proposes that a Christmas present of £500 be sent to Father Damien, the heroic apostle of the leper settlement of Molokai, Sandwich Islands, in order to enable that great servant of the lepers to provide a suitable church for his afflicted flock. We hope the proposition may be successfully consummated.

—The present issue of the CHRISTMAS MONITOR is memorable for many reasons, not the least interesting of which is the fact that this issue is the largest the MONITOR ever printed. We heartily thank our thousands of Catholic friends all over this coast and the whole country for this extremely gratifying success.

—A rapid and wonderful increase of the population of the United States was maintained in the late Presidential vote. The total Presidential vote was 392,000 in 1844, 1,410,772 in 1860; 4,676,853 in 1870; 7,219,947 in 1880 and 10,056,447 in 1884. It is altogether probable that the total vote this year has increased to nearly 11,000,000. These figures, indicating the growth of the country, are almost bewildering. Since 1860 the population has more than doubled.

—Every Catholic family should possess a Crucifix, a Statue of the Sacred Heart, a Statue of the Blessed Virgin, and also one of St. Joseph; so we hope that children who may design purchasing Christmas presents for their parents will bear this "fact in mind" and then provide each Catholic home with emblems of that faith and union with God which brings a perpetual blessing of peace, purity, and prosperity, through the prayers which statues and pious pictures suggest at all hours of the day and night.

—A New York paper relates the following sad event, which is only another example of the uncertainties of life: "On Tuesday George H. Forster was elected President of the Board of Aldermen by some thirty thousand majority; but on Wednesday he died without ever hearing of his success. He had been ill for some time. It was one of the most striking cases that can be imagined." It is one other illustration of the instability of human ambitions, human struggles or even human successes, and that the ways of Providence are beyond man's ken."

—That bigoted bye-word which has been a favorite phrase with all Irish haters in the past, when alluding to the natives of Erin as "the Papist Irish," will hereafter have to be buried in the turgid waters of oblivion, as Father Edward Brady says in an article on Ireland in the December number of the *Catholic World*, that during his recent visit to that country "he did not come across a single young person who could not read and write." Knowledge is a great power, and, in the hands of the Irish people, it will help them to attain Home Rule in the near future.

—The Belgian Government is again to be congratulated on the signal success of the "ballotage," or second election of October 29th, for the vacant seat in the parliamentary representation of Brussels. The candidates of the united Catholics and independents, M. Previn de van Brussels, was accounted over the Liberal, M. Orban, former Minister of Finance, by 8,049 to 7,637. This defeat in the capital itself is a bitter pill for the Liberal or anti-Clerical party, discomfited and disorganized as it is. "The result," declared M. Berge, the head of the Liberal League, at the stormy meeting held after the proclamation of the result, "is a veritable defeat of the Liberal party." The poll was an unusually heavy one.

—Father E. J. McCabe, who edits the *Catholic Youth*, the best paper for juveniles in America, says with forcible truth that "it should be regarded as a first and sacred duty to have a Catholic paper in every Catholic household; for it will always be a guide and a counsellor, and a teacher of morality for young and old. The Catholic paper is a reflection of the daily life of the Catholic Church, and from it Catholics can learn how to regulate their daily lives. The Catholic paper is also a defender of the Church, and as such is recommended for support by the leaders of the Church. This is precisely the mission of the MONITOR, and we ask our friends everywhere to send so much a *new subscriber* for 1889, as a New Year's gift for which they will receive our most generous thanks.

THE CHURCH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Inasmuch as this number of the MONITOR will be read by many persons in distant lands, who have but a meagre idea of the progress which God's Church is making on the Pacific Coast, we deem it interesting to present a brief synopsis of the present condition of the Church in the several Dioceses forming the two principal Ecclesiastical Provinces on the western slope of North America.

Readers at a distance, when scanning the following figures, will do well to bear in mind that it is only about forty years since emigration to this coast commenced, prior to which time there were not a dozen Catholic Churches north or south of San Francisco, except the adobe edifices erected by the early Spanish missionaries for the use of their Indian converts.

Since 1848 the Catholic Church has kept well on a parallel line with the growth and development of the whole coast, and her progress, although slow at first, has become greatly accelerated during the past eight years, since the superb climate, prolific soil, and commercial advantages of this section of the New World have become more familiar to the denizens of the Atlantic slope, who have annually migrated westward in hundreds of thousands in order to participate in the prosperity and growth of the Golden West.

The consequence has been that new churches and schools have been erected during the past few years in every place on this coast where the Catholic population was of such numerical magnitude as to call for them, and when the number of priests and Teaching Orders in this Diocese would justify their erection.

It is also gratifying to notice that Catholic zeal has well increased in the hearts of the flock of Christ on this coast. This is manifested by the large attendance of children at the parochial schools and Catholic Colleges, by the increased attendance at churches, and by the liberality with which contributions are made to every object wherein Faith or Charity is the moving spirit in the appeal.

In fine, we can send to our co-religionists in all portions of the Christian world, the "glad tidings of great joy," at this holy Christmas time, that in no section of the Universe is there a better present or a more prosperous future for the Catholic Church, than in that section of the Pacific Coast bounded by the northern line of British Columbia on the south, and by the northern line of Mexico on the south.

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way," and each succeeding year will find the population increasing over every foot of land within these geographical limits. In this region can be found the climate of every section in Europe. Portions of it are as cold as Norway; another section of it partakes of the pleasingly variable climate of Great Britain, while in the southern portion—the land of the grape, the fig and the olive—a climate will be found precisely of a character akin to that of southern France and Italy.

On this coast, therefore, the Scandinavian of the north, or the Sicilian of the south of Europe, can find congenial employment for their industry in this great land where Freedom smiles upon all, and where Religion blesses every man's honest labor.

On the Pacific Coast there are two Ecclesiastical Provinces, viz. the Province of Oregon in the North, comprising the Archdiocese of Oregon, the Diocese of Nesqually (Washington Territory), Helena (Montana), the Vicariate Apostolic of Idaho, and the Diocese of Vancouver's Island, on British Columbia territory.

This Ecclesiastical Province extends from Northern California into a portion of the British possessions, and also takes in Idaho, which is under the supervision of the Ordinary of Victoria, B. C. The latest census of that growing portion of the Northwest gives statistics concerning the Religious affairs of that region in the following order:

Archbishop, 1; Bishops, 4; Priests, 120; Churches, 131; Chapels and Stations, 75; Colleges, 6; Academies, 30; Parochial schools, 29; Hospitals and other charitable Institutions, 10; Catholic population about 100,000.

The Ecclesiastical Province of San Francisco comprises this Archdiocese and the Dioceses of Monterey and Los Angeles, Sacramento and Utah. The Religious statistics of this section of the Lord's vineyard aggregate about as follows:

Archbishop 1; Bishops, 3; Priests 275; Churches, 197; Chapels and Stations, 224; Colleges, 10; Academies, 35; Parochial schools, 31; Charitable Institutions, 24. Total Catholic population estimated at 225,000.

Besides these two Ecclesiastical Provinces on this coast, there are in the far North two Vicariate-Apostolic, viz. the Vicariate Apostolic of Athabaska-Mackenzie, under the jurisdiction of Rt. Rev. H. J. Faraud, O. M. I., and a number of priests of the Oblates of Mary.

These missionary Fathers have planted the Cross along the banks of the Peace, the Mackenzie, and the Lards Rivers, and around the shores of the Great Slave Lake, Athabasca Lake and Lake La Biche. They are assisted in their labors by the Sisters of Charity, who have opened academies on the banks of the Mackenzie River and on the shores of Lakes La Biche and Athabaska—thus being the most northern Christian schools on the American continent. The religious statistics of this region are as follows:

Bishops, 2; Priests, 24; Lay Brothers, 29; Mission Female Institutions, 6; Orphan Asylums and Hospitals, 2; Sisters on mission, 23.

South of this region is located the Vicariate-Apostolic of British Columbia, having for the northern boundary the 60th parallel of north latitude, and for its southern boundary the 49th decree of north latitude.

This Vicariate is also in charge of Priests and priests belonging to the Order of Fathers of Mary Immaculate, who have about 20,000 baptized Indians and a few thousand Catholic settlers and traders under their spiritual care. The following resume of information represents the Ecclesiastical condition of the Vicariate:

Bishops, 2; Priests, 24; Churches, 16; Chapels, 54; Schools, 10; Convents, 4; Indian Boarding schools, 3. The Sisters of St. Anne have an Academy for young ladies at New Westminster and also at Williams' Lake and Kamloops City. The Sisters also manage a boarding school for Indian girls at St. Mary's. The Oblate Fathers have charge of St. Louis College, New Westminster, also Industrial boarding schools for Indian boys, at St. Mary's, at Williams' Lake and at Kamloops City.

Christian education and charity go hand-in-hand in every Diocese on this coast, and readers of the MONITOR can realize the extent to which both these Divine ends are propagating the true Faith exercise their influence upon the people at large, from the following digest of the different institutions in the Dioceses named:

PROVINCE OF OREGON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OREGON CITY.—This Archdiocese was established in 1846 and comprises the entire Territory. Its episcopal institutions are Mount Angel Colleges in Marion county, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers of St. Benedict's Priory at Mount Angel; St. Michael's College, Portland, under charge of the Christian Brothers. The female Religious Orders engaged in works of Charity and Mercy are the Sisters of the Most Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, who have very flourishing Academies, boarding and day schools in Portland, East Portland, Jacksonville, St. Paul's, Salem, the Dalles, and other places. The Benedictine Sisters have academies and schools at Gervais, Oregon City, Albany and Grand Ronde. The Sisters of Charity, from the Mother House of Providence, Montreal, Canada, have very commodious hospitals in Portland and also at Astoria.

DIOCESE OF NESQUALY.—This Diocese embraces Washington Territory, and among its institutions are Holy Angels' College at Tacoma; St. Patrick's College, Walla Walla, both under charge of secular priests with lay professors; Gonzaga College, located at Spokane Falls, is under charge of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence have flourishing academies and schools at Vancouver, Olympia, Walla Walla, Cheney, North Yakima, Fort Colville, Tulalip and Sprague. The same Order has charge of Hospitals and Orphan Asylums at Vancouver, Walla Walla, Olympia, Seattle and Spokane Falls. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary have a very flourishing academy at Seattle; the Sisters of St. Benedict have boarding and day schools at Tacoma and also at Cainstown. Father Chemers has a day school for boys at Olympia, and there are a number of schools for Indians in the Diocese.

DIOCESE OF HELENA.—This Diocese comprises the Territory of Montana, and although it was not erected until 1884, it has made wonderful progress in that brief period. Among its educational and charitable institutions are St. Vincent's Academy and St. John's Hospital in Helena, both conducted by the Sisters of Charity, of Leavenworth, Kansas, who also have useful schools at several of the Indian Reservations, where the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have schools for both white and Indian children. The Ursuline Sisters have schools at Miles City, also on the Crow Indian Reservation, and they also conduct Indian schools among the Cheyennes, at Ashland, and among the Blackfeet Indians. The Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence conduct schools on the Flathead Indian Reservation, they also have charge of St. Clare's Hospital at Helena, and St. Patrick's Hospital at Missoula City. St. James' Hospital, at Butte City, is in charge of the Sisters of Charity from Leavenworth. St. Aloysius' College at Helena, is conducted by Mr. M. Kenny and assistants.

DIOCESE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.—This Diocese embraces Vancouver Island and Mainland Territory, being one of the largest Dioceses in the world. Among its educational and charitable institutions are St. Louis College, Victoria, V. I., Principal, Rev. J. A. Van Neevel, and a Boarding school for young ladies, and a Kindergarten school are conducted in Victoria by the Sisters of St. Anne, who also have schools at Nanaimo and Cowichan, as well as hospitals and schools at Juneau City.

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF TYNDALL.—This vicariate comprises the Territory of Idaho, and although established in 1868, its progress has been somewhat slow in consequence of the sparsity of population. The educational institutions are St. Joseph's Academy, in Boise City, conducted by the Sisters of Providence; St. Aloysius' Academy at Lewiston, conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis; a boy's school at the Desert Mission and a day school at Nez Perces Mission, both under the supervision of the Society of Jesus.

PROVINCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The educational and charitable institutions of this Archdiocese are both numerous and influential. The leading educational institutions are Santa Clara College, at Santa Clara, under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and staff of Professors. This institution is said, even by non-Catholics, to be the most prominent in educational facilities in California. St. Mary's College is this city, is under charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who are at present in possession of magnificent structures in Oakland, to which they expect to remove some time next spring. St. Ignatius College is this city, is under charge of the members of the Society of Jesus. Sacred Heart College is under the supervision of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who also have charge of parochial schools in this city, as well as educational institutions at Oakland, Martinez, West Oakland, and Brooklyn. The Brothers of Mary have charge of St. Patrick's College, Brooklyn, and St. Joseph's parochial school for boys, in this city. The Sisters of Notre Dame have College, Academies and schools at San Jose, Santa Clara, San Francisco, Alameda, Redwood City, and Petaluma. The Sisters of the Most Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, conduct Academies, select and parochial schools, in San Francisco, Oakland, and Tuscanos. The Sisters of Mercy conduct schools in San Francisco, Oakland, Brooklyn, and Rio Vista. The Sisters of the Presentation conduct schools in San Francisco, Berkeley, and Sonoma. The Sisters of St. Joseph conduct schools in West Oakland. The Dominican Sisters conduct schools in Stockton, San Francisco, Vallejo and San Leandro. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart conduct a Young Ladies Academy in this city. The Ursuline Sisters conduct an Academy at Santa Rosa, and the Sisters of Charity conduct an Academy, in this city, and also have charge of the Male and Female Orphan Asylums, the Foundling Hospital and the Lying In Hospital in this city. The Sisters of Mercy have charge of St. Mary's Hospital, the Magdalen Asylum, the Home of Mercy, and Our Lady's Home for Aged and Infirm Females, in this city. The Sisters of Charity have charge of St. Mary's Hospital, the Magdalen Asylum, the Foundling Hospital and the Lying In Hospital in this city. The Sisters of Mercy have charge of St. Mary's Hospital, the Magdalen Asylum, the Home of Mercy, and Our Lady's Home for Aged and Infirm Females, in this city. The Sisters of Charity have charge of the Male and Female Orphan Asylums

THE MONITOR.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

MONITOR has the largest circulation of any Religious Paper published on the Pacific Coast.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to all MONITOR friends, both far and near!

—A sahlagram from Rome says that Archbishop Riordan left Rome on last Thursday.

—The Parnell Investigation still drags its slow course before the Commission, but nothing courted last week worth noting.

—Italian Catholics are arranging for a special Peter Pence collection at the end of the year as a thank-offering wherewith to close the Jubilee year.

—News has just arrived in Rome of the death of Mgr. Bougard, Bishop of Laval, who had only been consecrated to the episcopate on February 2nd. His death is bewailed with much sincerity of sorrow there, as he had many friends among ecclesiastical circles in all parts of the world. *R. I. P.*

—Do not forget the poor in your list of those worthy of presents during the coming Holiday season. "The poor ye have always with you," says our Divine Redeemer, and extremely blessed is that Catholic who helps the poor for God's sake. There is a *poor boy* in every church, yet some Catholics never seem to find that out.

—London *Punch* proposes that a Christmas present of £500 be sent to Father Damien, the heroic apostle of the leper settlement of Molokai, Sandwich Islands, in order to enable that great servant of the lepers to provide a suitable church for his afflicted flock. We hope the proposition may be successfully consummated.

—The present issue of the CHRISTMAS MONITOR is memorable for many reasons, not the least interesting of which is the fact that this issue *is the largest the* MONITOR *ever presented.* We heartily thank our thousands of Catholic friends all over the coast and the whole country for this extremely gratifying success.

—A rapid and wonderful increase in the population of the United States was manifested in the late Presidential vote. The total Presidential vote was 302,069 in 1824, 1,410,772 in 1860, 4,076,853 in 1870, 7,219,947 in 1880 and 10,056,447 in 1884. It is altogether probable that the total vote this year has increased to nearly 11,000,000. These figures, indicating the growth of the country, are almost bewildering. Since 1860 the population has more than doubled.

—Every Catholic family should possess a Crucifix, a Statue of the Sacred Heart, a Statue of the Blessed Virgin, and also one of St. Joseph; so we hope that children who may design purchasing Christmas presents for their parents will bear the "fact in mind and thus provide each Catholic home with emblems of that faith and union with God which brings a perpetual blessing of peace, purity, and prosperity, through the prayers which statues and pious pictures suggest at all hours of the day and night.

—A New York paper relates the following and event, which is only another example of the uncertainties of life: "On Tuesday George H. Forster was elected President of the Board of Aldermen by seven thirty-thousand majority; but on Wednesday he died without ever hearing of his success. He had been ill for some time. It was one of the most touching cases that can be imagined. It is one other illustration of the instability of human ambitions, human strugles or even human successes, and that the ways of Providence are beyond man's ken."

—That bigotial bye-word which has been a favorite phrase with all Irish haters in the past, when alluding to the natives of Erin as "the ignorant Irish," will hereafter have to be buried in the turgid waters of oblivion, as Father Edward Brady says in an article on Ireland in the December number of the *Catholic World*, that during his recent visit to that country "he did not come across a single young person who could not read and write." Knowledge is a great power, and, in the hands of the Irish people, it will help them to attain Home Rule in the near future.

—The Belgian Government is again to be congratulated on the signal success of the "ballotage," or second election of October 29th, for the vacant seat in the parliamentary representation of Brussels. The candidate of the united Catholics and independents, M. Fuvis de ten Bossche, was accounted over the Liberal, M. Graux, former Minister of Finance, by 8,049 to 7,837. This defeat in the'capital itself is a bitter pill for the Liberal or anti-Clerical party, dismisted and disorganized as it is. "The result," declared M. Borge, the head of the Liberal League, at the stormy meeting held after the proclamation of the result, 'is a veritable defeat of the Liberal party." The poll was an unusually heavy one.

—Father E. J. McGuire, who edits the *Catholic Youth*, the best paper for juveniles in America, says with forcible truth that "it should be regarded as a first and sacred duty to have a Catholic paper in every Catholic household; for it will always be a guide and a counsellor, and a teacher of morality for young and old. The Catholic paper is a reflection of the daily life of the Catholic Church, and from it Catholics can learn how to regulate their daily lives. The Catholic paper is also a defender of the Church, and as such is recommended for support by the leaders of the Church. This is precisely the mission of the MONITOR, and we ask our friends everywhere to send in such a *new subscriber* for 1889, as a New Year's gift for which they will receive our most generous thanks.

THE CHURCH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

INASMUCH as this number of the MONITOR will be read by many persons in distant lands, who have but a meagre idea of the progress which God's Church is making on the Pacific Coast, we deem it interesting to present a brief synopsis of the present condition of the Church in the several Dioceses forming the two principal Ecclesiastical Provinces on the western slope of North America.

Beneath at a distance, when scanning the following figures, will do well to bear in mind that it is only about forty years since magnitude to the coast commenced, prior to which time there were not a dozen Catholic Churches north or south of San Francisco, except the adobe edifices erected by the early Spanish missionaries for the use of their Indian converts.

Since 1848 the Catholic Church has kept well on a parallel line with the growth and development of the whole coast, and her progress, although slow at first, has become greatly accelerated during the past eight years, since the superb climate, prolific soil, and commercial advantages of this section of the New World have become more familiar to the denizens of the Atlantic slope, who have annually migrated westward in hundreds of thousands in order to participate in the prosperity and growth of the Golden West.

The consequence has been that new churches and schools have been erected during the past few years in every place on this coast where the Catholic population was of such numerical magnitude as to call for them, and when the number of priests and Teaching Orders in the Diocese would justify their erection.

It is also gratifying to notice that Catholic zeal has will increased in the hearts of the flock of Christ on this coast. This is manifested by the large attendance of children at the parochial schools and Catholic Colleges, by the increased attendance at churches, and by the liberality with which contributions are made to every object wherein Faith or Charity is the moving spirit in the appeal.

In fine, we can send to our co-religionists in all portions of the Christian world, the joyful tidings of great joy," at this holy Christmas time, that in no section of the Universe is there a better present or a more prosperous future for the Catholic Church, than in that section of the Pacific Coast bounded by the northern line of British Columbia on the north, down to the northern line of Mexico on the south.

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way," and each succeeding year will find the population increasing over every foot of land within these geographical limits. In this region can be found the climate of every season in Europe. Portions of it are as cold as Norway; another section of it partakes of the pleasingly variable climate of Great Britain, while in the southern portion—the land of the grape, the fig and the olive—a climate will be found precisely of a character akin to that of southern France and Italy.

On this coast, therefore, the Scandinavian of the north, or the Sicilian of the south of Europe, can find congenial employment for their industry in this great land where Freedom smiles upon all, and where Religion blesses every man's honest labor.

On the Pacific Coast there are two Ecclesiastical Provinces, viz. the Province of Oregon in the North, comprising the Archdiocese of Oregon, the Diocese of Nesqualy (Washington Territory), Helena (Montana), the Vicariate Apostolic of Idaho, and the Diocese of Vancouver's Island, on British Columbia territory.

This Ecclesiastical Province extends from Northern California into a portion of the British possessions, and also takes in Idaho, which is under the supervision of the Ordinary of Victoria, B. C. The latest census of this growing portion of the Northwest gives statistics concerning the Religious affairs of that region in the following order:

Archbishop, 1; Bishops, 6; Priests, 120; Churches, 131; Chapels and Stations, 75; Missions, 6; Academies, 30; Parochial schools, 29; Hospitals and other charitable institutions, 20; Catholic population about 100,000.

The Ecclesiastical Province of San Francisco comprises this Archdiocese and the Dioceses of Monterey and Los Angeles, Sacramento and Utah. The Religious statistics of this section of the Lord's vineyard aggregate about as follows:

Archbishop 1; Bishops, 3; Priests 275; Churches, 197; Chapels and Stations, 234; Colleges, 10; Academies, 35; Parochial schools, 31; Charitable Institutions, 24. Total Catholic population estimated at 325,000.

Besides these two Ecclesiastical Provinces on this coast, there are in the far North two Vicariate-Apostolic, viz. the Vicariate-Apostolic of Athabaska Mackenzie, under the jurisdiction of Rt. Rev. H. J. Faraud, O. M. I., and a number of priests of the Oblates of Mary.

These missionary Fathers have planted the Cross along the banks of the Peace, the Mackenzie, and the Lards Rivers, and around the shores of the great Slave Lake, Athabasca Lake and Lake La Biche. They are assisted in their labors by the Sisters of Charity, who have opened academies on the banks of the Mackenzie River and on the borders of Lakes La Biche and Athabaska—these being the most northern Christian schools on the American continent. The religious statistics of this region are as follows:

Bishops, 2; Priests, 24; Lay Brothers, 26; Male and Female Institutions, 6; Orphan Asylums and Hospitals, 6; Sisters on mission, 23.

South of this region is the Vicariate-Apostolic of British Columbia, having for its northern boundary the 60th parallel of north latitude, and for its southern boundary the 49th decree of north latitude.

This Vicariate is also in charge of Priests and priests belonging to the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, who have about 20,000 baptized Indians and a few thousand Catholic settlers and traders under their spiritual care. The following ecclesiastical statistics are the Ecclesiastical condition of the Vicariate:

Bishops, 2; Priests, 22; Churches, 16; Chapels, 64; Schools, 10; Convents, 4; Indian Boarding schools, 3. The Sisters of St. Anne have academies for young ladies at New Westminster and also at Williams' Lake and Kamloops City.

The Sisters also manage a boarding school for Indian girls at St. Mary's. The Oblate Fathers have charge of St. Louis College, New Westminster, also Industrial boarding schools for Indian boys, at St. Mary's, at Williams' Lake and at Kamloops City.

Christian education and charity go hand-in-hand in every Diocese on the coast, and readers of the MONITOR can realize the extent to which both those Divine factors in propagating the true Faith exercise their influence upon the people at large, from the following figures of the different institutions in the Dioceses named:

PROVINCE OF OREGON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OREGON CITY.—This Archdiocese was established in 1846 and comprises the State of Oregon. Its episcopal institutions are Mount Angel College in Marion county, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers of St. Benedict's Priory at Mount Angel; St. Michael's College, Portland, under charge of the Christian Brothers. The Female Religious Orders engaged in works of Charity and Mercy are the Sisters of the Most Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, who have very flourishing academies, boarding and day schools in Portland, East Portland, Jacksonville, St. Paul's, Salem, the Dalles, and other places. The Benedictine Sisters have academies and schools at Gervais, Oregon City, Albany and Upper Scotts. The Sisters of Charity, from the Mother House of Providence, Montreal, Canada, have very commodious academies in Portland and also at Gervais.

DIOCESE OF NESQUALLY.—This Diocese embraces Washington Territory, and among its institutions are Holy Angels' College at Tacoma; St. Patrick's College, Walla Walla, both under charge of secular priests with lay assistants. Gonzaga College, located at Spokane Falls, is under charge of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The Sisters of Charity of the Province of Providence have flourishing academies and schools at Vancouver, Olympia, Walla Walla, Cheney, North Yakima, Fort Colville, Tulalip and Sprague. The same Order has charge of Hospitals and Orphan Asylums at Vancouver, Walla Walla, Olympia, Seattle and Spokane Falls. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary have very flourishing academy at Seattle; the Sisters of St. Benedict have boarding and day schools at Fairvey and also at Cathlamet. Father Claessens has a day school for boys at Olympia, and there are numbers of schools for Indians in the Diocese.

DIOCESE OF HELENA.—This Diocese comprises the Territory of Montana, and although it was not erected until 1883, it has made wonderful progress in that brief period. Among its educational and charitable institutions are St. Vincent's Academy and St. John's Hospital in Helena, both conducted by the Sisters of Charity, of Leavenworth, Kansas, who also have useful schools at several of the Indian Reservations, where the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have schools for both white and Indian children. The Ursuline Sisters have schools at Ursuline City, also on the Crow Indian Reservation, and they also conduct Indian schools among the Cheyennes, at Ashland, and among the Blackfeet Indians. The Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence conduct schools on the Flathead Indian Reservation, they also have charge of St. Chase's Hospital at Helena, and St. Patrick's Hospital at Missoula City. St. James' Hospital, at Butte City, is in charge of the Sisters of Charity from Leavenworth. St. Mary's Hospital, at Helena, is conducted by Mr. M. Kenny and assistants.

DIOCESE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.—This Diocese embraces Vancouver Island and Alaska Territory, being one of the largest Dioceses in the world. Among its educational and charitable institutions are St. Louis College, Victoria, V. I., Principal, Rev. J. A. Van Neevel; Nanaimo Indian Academy, at Orphan Asylum, and a Kindergarten school are conducted in Victoria by the Sisters of St. Anne, who also have schools at Nanaimo and Cowichan, as well as hospitals and schools at Juneau City.

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF IDAHO.—The Vicariate was erected in 1868, and comprises the Territory of Idaho and several of the counties of Nevada. Its principal educational and charitable institutions comprise All Hallows College in Salt Lake City, a first-class College for boys and young men, and also an Academy and large Family comprising the Rev. Clergy and a number of students preparing for the priesthood. The Sisters of Holy Cross have a number of educational and charitable institutions scattered throughout Utah, among which are the boarding Mary's Academy, St. Joseph's School, Holy Cross School and Holy Cross Hospital, all located in Salt Lake City. The same Order also direct Sacred Heart Academy and St. Joseph's School at Ogden; St. Mary's of the Assumption School at Park City, and also St. John's School and St. John's Hospital at Silver Reef.

The foregoing succinct synopsis of the educational advantages presented by Catholic institutions on this coast, will give readers abroad, who may contemplate making their future home on this Western shore, a clear idea of the facilities which always exist for educating their children. The brief statistics we furnish will also tend to enlarge the minds of many at a distance, who may be impressed with the idea that the Pacific slope is yet in a state of chaos so far as religious education is concerned, and such fears should be set aside at once, as there are just as many social, spiritual and intellectual advantages to be found on this coast as there exist in any other portion of the American Continent.

San Francisco's Progress.

In the December issue of *Modern Times*, *Edith Cavalier* we find the following remarks concerning the present and prospective progress of San Francisco, which will interest all readers of the Monitor both here and abroad:

There were 425 real estate sales recorded in November, of the total value of $2,918,566. This record last family records the active state of the market for the month, which, indeed, was the most active that has occurred for many years. Four or five of the sales alone made last month, and some of them as yield record, amounted to as much as the total value of the November sales. It would be hard to say, too, where the money came from for all these sales, or state in fine demand and prices nearly every where are going up. On the whole, the definitive sales of business have set still in excess of all other buyers, and that is the most cheerful feature of the market. Never was money in better supply in the hands of mechanics, laborers and people of small means generally. They are going on debt some to buy, but not heavily, and therefore not dangerously. The record of last month shows that more money was paid off on account of mortgages than the total real estate indebtedness amounted to. The growth of the city and its rapid increase in population justify fair real estate advances. Now, if we can stop here, real estate inflation, speculation and gambling lies, and Peter Pankiry, by which leaves are robbed, we will have a good real estate market, without wild advances in prices and subsequent deep depression and general fall of prices and almost universal loss. Let all persons have a share in the profits, and not a few non-productive speculators made rich at the expense of nearly the whole people. This is what business always result."

—The English newspaper caricatures of the Pope have now discovered a refuge for the Holy Father when France and Italy go to war. Valtos is the name of the haven of safety. It is the capital of the principality of Liechtenstein, in the valley of the Rhine, on the frontier of the Swiss Canton of Grau Bunden, and about a mile north-east of Sargans, and contains "an old castle which overlooks the town. How thankful Catholics should be for the foresight of these thoughtful news makers. But at the same time we cannot help saying "May the Lord forgive them for the lies they tell!"

—The Emperor of Germany, in his reply to the address presented to him by the Catholic Bishops, says "I trust that freedom of worship is assured by the laws to my Catholic subjects, and this strength my confidence in the lasting preserve tion of religious peace."

—It is stated on good authority that the whole expense incurred by the London *Times* in the Parnell Investigation case, will be paid out of the British Treasury.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Winter had thrown its robe of spotless white over the fair face of Nature; the strife of contending hosts and the din of arms had for the first time in centuries ceased to disturb the tranquillity of the Imperial Cæsar had taken their leftest flight and spread their wings over a conquered world.

When, on a cold, bleak December night, the stars drifting unconsciously across the sky and shining serenely through their azure home, cast upon the silent, sleeping earth, and silence enveloping a slumbering world. Behold He was born whose Word pierced the silence and darkness night. He whom myriads of Angels adore, born in a poor stable, holding court with the Shepherds. He who could turn legions into ashes, and scatter those who hurls the thunderbolt, was wrapped in swaddling clothes. He whom the Heavens cannot contain, was peacefully slumbering in the arms of the Virgin of Nazareth. How feeble the effort when man attempts to describe this solemn yet lovingly tender Mystery!

The angels appearing in the solemn stillness of midnight, chanted their heaven-born canticle, which were heard by the ravished ears of the listening shepherds. Suddenly the vision disappears. The mystic symphony is hushed into silence. The midnight watchers hear naught but the sighing of the wind or the bark of the watching—which ever and anon disturbed the solitude of slumbering Bethlehem. Wrapped in wonder and amazement, the Shepherds go over to Bethlehem to adore the *Divine Redeemer*.

Looking into the cave in order to assure themselves that they had reached the place of their search, they discovered Him—*Man of Good Will*, discovered Him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor and to abolish the curse of slavery, there reposing under the form of a little babe peacefully resting in his humble crib.

The infant God was next visited by the Magi, who had followed the guiding star from the far Orient to the "hallowed haunt of Bethlehem." They found Him not wrapped in silk garments, but reposing in the cradle of luxury surrounded by numberless worldly attachments, but they found Him occupying His throne of perpetual poverty, protected from the chilling, cold blast, by the breathings of the humblest of beasts. Who might not have been the sage of the Magi skilled in ancient lore? The feeble light of the lowly manger enabled them to perceive an equal footing with, a under Virgin and a helpless Infant whom they recognize as God.

What a spectacle! The King of Eternal Ages born in time, adored by the Wise of the earth. The Cradle of Hope who came to abolish sacrifice was not to be entered by a lamb—the emblem of purity—but by Him either spotless lambs or white-haired. They offered Him gold as an earthly palace, fit for a king.

"Gold," exclaims Chateaubriand, "thou authority would have contributed in grace of this world! What a picture a Homer or a Virgil would have left us of the Sacrifice of the Magi, of the Kings and the shepherds, of the Magi conducted by a star, of the Angels descending to the chorus! A Virgin Mother adoring her Son! Babe, and of all this scene of innocence, enchantment and grandeur!

What pleasing recollections the time of Christmas brings with it. Again the family gathers round the domestic hearth and recalls the memories of bygone days. The absent dear ones are present in spirit. We old relate the many well stirring events that time, in its hurried march, has wrought upon their charmed ears. The aged and venerable sisters, whose locks have been whitened by the winters of many years, again feel that the ties of nature are fit up with all the joys of youth. The weather beaten sailor, far away on the smelting sea, whose heart has become inured to the blasts of perpetual winter, has joyful visions of his far off happy home on Christmas Day. Even the rural sailor, who wears the badge of his adopted country, thinks tenderly of the rocky rocks and sparkling streams of his native hills and the heart warms, the heart beats quicker, as he hears the bonds of memory and the chimes of a thousand bells resounding in his ear. Christmas Day! Joy seems to permeate all classes, the young are doubly cheerful, and their joy seeks expression in the exchange of presents, and up their innocent faces. What does all this joy, this universal gladness show, but that the God-Man by his coming brought "peace and joy to man of good will."

It does but recalls the strain heard centuries ago on the plains of Palestine, when the angelic hosts sang in clear, lyrical resonance, to the astonished shepherds "Glory be to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." Oh, Christians, from the depths of your ransomed souls pour forth your sincerest hymns of love and praise, and with hearts filled with gratitude offer to your new born King the gold of Charity and the incense of Prayer. Yes heavenly powers chant your glorious harmonious Hosannahs before the throne of the Omnipotent—for this is Christmas Day!

The Worst Life Yet.

Rome December 11. A sensation has been caused by the Popes refusal to bless the medals and crucifixes sent to Rome by a Jew, who intended them for distribution in Ireland. The Pope says he will not accept them from the people of Ireland are Christians, and he will not have the Jews Christ and Christ to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

—The following sahlagram appeared in the daily papers this (Wednesday) morning, and we stop the press in order to demonstrate the interest and the most sympathetic interest that ever emanated from that faithful son of the Father of Love—the English souls who has taken up the cable dispatch which it contained. These paragraphs

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THE MONITOR

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